

HEROES AND LEGENDS

Alphatrimon

By Tony "Thunder" Klepack

I look up at the glittering stars beyond my home and find solace in their silent consistency. I have been alive countless millennia and for all intents and purposes the cosmos out there never changes, never falters.

There is something to be said for that. For remaining true to what you are, true to your beliefs no matter the cost. This sentiment of consistency is especially ironic considering I am one of the eldest members of a race devoted to change. After all, due to the war our people need to constantly adapt their bodies in order to survive.

Still ideals are not the same as technology. Technology changes so abruptly we struggle to keep pace, struggle to try to remain relevant in our own minds lest the world pass us by on its inevitable race to wherever it is going. A race to perfection? Destruction? Mediocrity? I wish I could say for a certainty but even I do not know the answer to that.

Ideals are something one should consider long and hard, truly appreciate and never waiver in once they've adopted them. Can anyone truly say dedication to peace and the preservation of life is something one should abandon simply because such commitments have become inconvenient?

That is the predicament my people have faced for more years than I care to count anymore. We were once a people of peace, of ideals, of truth... that was before the dark times. Before the Decepticons.

We were created perfect, in the image of our very Creator, Primus. He hoped we would stand eternally vigilant, on guard for the arrival of his greatest enemy, the cancer that is called Unicron. So concerned was he with Unicron, he committed the ultimate sacrifice, shutting himself down forever so that his brother could never locate him and feast on the world of new life he had given himself over to.

So we lived for countless millennia in peace, unconcerned with things such as greed or evil. We lived long, growing wise in science and information. We had a great power even then but it was a power to create, a power to do good. We did not concern ourselves with destruction back then.

But somehow Unicron's evil was able to permeate our paradise from afar, giving life to the first and greatest evil our kind would know—the Liege Maximo, a vast and wicked Transformer that emerged on our world and began the inevitable unraveling of our society. In mere decades of his arrival, chaos and anarchy began to permeate our society. Suddenly there was dissent where there had been none before.

I know for a certainty that the Liege Maximo planted the seeds for the emergence of the Decepticon cause. Through his indirect influence, he aided in making certain those first evil roots would take hold among our people and we would forever be changed as a result. Perhaps his greatest achievement beyond all others was Megatron, the most powerful and formidable of all Decepticons to ever exist.

Megatron caused the Great War through his actions and plunged our people into

millennia of warfare. Even after his disappearance the War continued, dwindling our resources and our peoples along with it.

During the early years of the Great War the Liege Maximo and his disciples left Cybertron forever, their mission accomplished. Their current whereabouts are unknown but certainly they continue to spread their pestilence of decay and destruction wherever they go even now.

Of course the Liege Maximo and Megatron alone do not share the blame for causing the Great War. Maximo created the conditions and Megatron campaigned for change, capitalizing on the climate. No, they did not begin the war.

I did.

During the dissent and chaos that gave rise to the Decepticon movement it was I that found Orion Pax and nurtured him, protecting him and teaching him to become the leader that the Autobots would ultimately need.

I didn't want to instigate the war but it was clear to me that if the Decepticons had risen to dominance and remained unopposed that our entire race would either become part of an unstoppable intergalactic juggernaut—or face total annihilation. Perhaps even both.

I tried my greatest to impart wisdom and knowledge in Orion Pax. He needed to know about tactics and combat, of course, but I also tried to teach him about power and trust. About faith and about opposing the darkness in life—greed, strife, corruption, oppression. About standing for something noble and protecting the weak, helping the oppressed and belief in the good things in life.

Did I succeed? I don't know for a certainty but I like to think I did. Certainly I didn't make things any worse overall. At least now our people have a chance again—something they wouldn't have had otherwise.

When the time was right and I'd taught him all I felt I could, I retreated to the bowels of Cybertron, close to the core where we were initially created. Optimus Prime as he was now known would need to be free to shape his own destiny, make his own choices. I could only guide him so far before he needed to trust in himself.

I watched him from afar as best I could while he was still on Cybertron and he performed his duty admirably as I'd hoped. Alas, he was lost in space some time ago now when he went out there to defend our world and the Decepticons ambushed them. Fortunately Megatron and many of his top commanders disappeared at the same time.

With Optimus Prime lost, the Autobot resistance on Cybertron has wavered but they've continued fighting a covert war as best they can with what they have left. Warlords like Straxus and Scorponok haven't made things easy on them yet still they endure because they know they must.

Not all of them are perfect. Not now and certainly not even when Optimus walked the steel surface of our world. But they all fight on our side because somewhere deep inside they know it's the right thing to do. For every brute like Grimlock or Sideswipe, there is a Bumblebee or Ratchet or Fortress Maximus that well and truly understands what it means to be an Autobot in their core. Perhaps even Grimlock is not totally immune to what is right. If he does have a moral compass within he hides the knowledge of it very well.

It has been forever and more since Optimus Prime left our world on his fateful mission and I have no way of knowing whether or not this war will ever end nor if it will end in favor of the side of light. All I can do, all I've ever been able to do is follow my instincts in this matter.

They tell me to carry on and persevere no matter the cost. I feel that we will win ultimately even though I cannot explain it logically. Is it a gift from our lord Primus? Or simply some sort of refusal within my core to succumb no matter the odds stacked against us? I do not know.

I am literally one of the oldest of our kind, made at a time when we did not even originally possess names. I was called A-3 initially until I took the name Alpatrion some time later. All the others are gone now, lost to history or passed on to unity with the Allspark. I am the last, so far as I know. But with that great age comes an awareness and a wisdom no longer possessed by any of the later generations of my kind. I am alone and unique.

I use my technical knowledge to tap into the Decepticons communications system. It is prudent to monitor their system intermittently so that I can keep up on current events and troop movements. Knowledge, after all, is power.

If the Decepticons win, then darkness will prevail. Of this I am certain. Our kind cannot be conquerors in a vast intergalactic army. If we do, we will never reach our full potential. We will waste our uniqueness in the pursuit of power—and when Unicron arrives we will die in vain.

We must rid of ourselves of the scourge of the Decepticons once and for all, purify our cores and seek out the truth path we once walked. We must remember our unity with the Universe, we must be at peace and we must learn to be as one. Only united can we truly achieve our potential—only united can we defeat Unicron and spread the legacy of Primus to all the reaches of the Galaxy.

Peace, compassion, unity. These are the lessons Primus wanted us to learn and impart on others. Anything less and we are a failure to our celestial brothers—and to ourselves. For too long our people have lost sight of these simple truths.

My meditations are interrupted a moment as I detect new and significant news in the Decepticons comm network. A signal has been sent and received. A signal from distant space... the Decepticons that left our world millennia ago with Megatron have survived—Shockwave has transmitted a message to the Decepticon High Command in Polyhex informing Lord Straxus of their situation.

And there is more...

The Autobots that his force pursued are also still functional and being commanded by no less than Optimus Prime himself! I find a sensation of pure jubilation rising in my chest and I permit myself a wide smile at this news. All hope is not lost—the side of light has endured its worst test ever and passed, surviving against seemingly impossible odds.

I scour their system for all the pertinent news, finding that it is still scant in its nature. This has only just occurred in the last two days time and I doubt even the Autobot resistance is aware of it yet. I record all that I can until I am satisfied I have it all and disconnect. Xaaron and his forces will be excited to hear this news and I will make certain it find its way to them.

I consider matters once more, pondering my earlier thoughts.

We are indeed a people who are ever changing, ever adapting to the world around us. The Outworlders even call us *Transformers* because of our unique mechamorph abilities. But in our cores we must remain ever constant to our values. Immobile, unchanging.

As constant as the stars.