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ROBOTIX

Bible

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ROBOTIX

THE OPENING

The dawn sky over the planet Skalorr V is fading from a lovely sapphire-blue night into a copper-hued sunrise when it is split with the fiery blasts of two fighting space craft which come zooming in from between the planet's two moons. A small craft is being chased by a huge battle ship. The fighting is fierce but one-sided and inevitably brief. The smaller craft is quickly disabled. It comes in for an emergency landing on the planet's surface and instead, crashes. The battle ship surveys the wreck from above for a moment, and then it zooms away, apparently satisfied that the ship is out of commission.

The crew of the disabled space craft disembark and look around. There are fifteen humans - refugees from an interstellar war which has left their homeworld devastated - Their leader is Exeter Galaxon.

At first, they are confused. According to their intergalactic maps and planetary guides, Skalorr was supposed to be inhabited, but the surface of this planet definitely looks as if some incredible form of devastation has destroyed everything and everyone. A shattered city stands before them in mute testimony to a civilization that is no more.

At least, the humans say to themselves, it will be a place to rest after all these endless years of fighting!

Just then, an incredible rumbling is heard and Skalorr's surface starts to tremble and shift. Suddenly, right in front of the humans, the earth bursts wide open, like a volcanic eruption and two frightening groups of gigantic, tremendously powerful robots - the ROBOTIX - come blasting upwards through the fissure, one group following the other. Exeter Galaxon and his people can only stand and watch the spectacle in disbelief!

A battle rages between the two groups of ROBOTIX - the Protectons and the Terracors, until it looks decisive that the Protectons, for the moment anyway, are winning. The Terracors fall back in retreat and the Protectons turn their attention to the tiny humans which stand before them.

Exeter Galaxon speaks to them in greeting but there is only silence in return. He keeps talking, worried now that these robots will be hostile, but just when their silence seems most threatening, the leader of the Protectons, Argus, informs him that they have been examining his speech patterns and have just found that their on-board computers can translate the humans' speech -- and so now they learn the humans' story and will be able to tell them their own.

THE BACK STORY

As Argus tells the tragic story of what happened to the inhabitants of Skalorr, we see images flashing by which illustrate what he is describing.

Once, there was a vast race of lizard-like Protosaurs who once populated Skalorr V. Three million years ago, searing cosmic death rained down from the heavens upon planet Skalorr V, as a nearby star went supernova, showering the planet with comets, radiation, and white-hot stellar ash. Much of the population died instantly. Millions more were perishing each day as the cosmic bombardment continued unabated.

With desperate haste, the world leaders of Skalorr V gathered in a protected chamber, deep underground, to address the catastrophe.

And though there had long been fear, distrust, and even war between the two opposing forces on Skalorr V - the Protectons and the Terracors, in the face of total extinction, their differences were set aside.

Diplodome, Science Counselor for the Protectons, explained that the environmental impact of the cataclysm would render Skalorr V's surface uninhabitable for thousands of years. He advanced a desperate plan to build millions of

stasis-tubes in the deepest caverns, where the surviving citizens might hibernate in suspended animation until the crisis passed.

Nemesis, overlord of the Terracor nation, disagreed vehemently with Diplodome's plan. Even after it was safe to come out, he argued, Skalorr V would be a barren wasteland, and would remain so for eons. He favored escape -- flight into space. He even has a nearly finished spaceship - the Terrastar - which could be readied in moments. At least then, some of their race might continue. Perhaps they would find another world, and, in time, rebuild the glory of Skalorr V anew. This spaceship would be powered by Compu-Core, the most powerful computer on Skalorr.

The Protectons, however, would not consider saving a few and abandoning countless millions. He voted for Diplodome's plan -- as did all present, save Nemesis. But, realizing that the survival of the Terracors depended upon cooperation, reluctantly, Nemesis agreed. In fact, he had not much choice as the stasis tubes option would require the use of Compu-Core. Nemesis was committed along with the rest.

Thus, work began upon the stasis tubes. Millions more died upon the surface while labor proceeded at a fever pitch miles underground. Some were killed by the ever-worsening cosmic storm, and many more from the ensuing chaos -- riots

over dwindling food supplies, fights over space in the few structures strong enough to serve as shelters, and random violence borne of mass panic. But, at last, just as the scorching heat and deadly radiation were rising to utterly lethal levels all across Skalorr V, the tubes were finished, and the frightened survivors hurried to take their places.

The core members of the council were among the last to enter the great hibernation chambers. There, sprawling before them, seemingly endlessly, they saw the millions of stasis-tubes containing their already-sleeping people. At the heart of the vast chamber stood the enormous Compu-Core...the mighty computer that would watch over the slumbering Protosaurs and awaken them when it had determined that the time was safe. And, most impressive of all, standing to one side, they witnessed ten massive, hulking machines -- ungraceful, unadorned, built for function, not beauty. These were...the ROBOTIX.

Diplodome explained that these mechanical dreadnoughts were meant to be operated by the first Protosaurs to awaken. Four specially chosen Protectons and four Terracors would be the vanguard of their people. Seated in the ROBOTIX control capsules, they would use the massive mechanical robots to dig their way to their surface. Once there, the giant armored forms would protect them while they determined whether or not conditions were suitable to waken the rest of the survivors. If they were, then all would emerge and re-build Skalorr to

its former glory.

Satisfied with the plan, the world leaders entered their capsules and succumbed to the sleep mists.

But, three million years later, Argus, Commander of the Protectons' Vanguard awoke to find that, nightmare of nightmares, he - his whole personal living essence, his very being - had been transformed into a ROBOTIX! Looking around frantically at his fellow Protosaurs, he saw that they too had been transformed into ROBOTIX. Argus nearly went mad he was so overcome with the horrific realization of what had happened to all of them. Only his beloved Naja was able to bring him back fro the brink of the abyss.

What had happened? Why had this ironic fate befallen them? Argus, the only surviving leader of the Protectons, did some quick checking with the Compu-Core who explained that the radiation levels had exceeded all expectations, becoming lethal, even here, far underground in the stasis chambers. The Compu-Core sensed this, but could not protect the bodies of the slumbering Protosaurs. Thus, it did the only thing it could do -- drain away the memories, personalities, and thought patterns of the dormant millions -- moments before their flesh-and-blood forms perished. Thus, at least in some fashion, the Protosaurs would survive.

When the appointed time came to awaken the vanguard, the Compu-Core again, did the only thing it could -- it fed their brain-essences directly into the circuitry of the ROBOTIX on-board computer-centers -- the "heads" of the grotesque machines.

Thus, as the ROBOTIX themselves, the members of the vanguard lived again. Though the on-board control capsules which would have housed their flesh-and-blood bodies remained empty -- the Protosaurs existed as beings of cold steel and electronic impulse-matrices. For the moment, they thought thoughts, they felt emotions...they existed. And so, for now, they must act!

Once the initial shock of realization passes, trouble began. With no common cause to any longer keep them together, the old enmities sprang up once more between the Protectons and the Terracors.

And Nemesis raged at Argus! In the absence of the Protosauran leaders, he - Nemesis, was the ultimate authority -- and all Protosaurs must bow to his authority. It was time, he felt, that his will be done -- that he take absolute power. After all, he considered himself the "rightful" ruler of Skalorr V, now. He proposed to build more ROBOTIX bodies -- an army -- seize control of the Compu-Core and carefully, selectively, release from the databanks only those whose loyalty he was certain of.

Argus said that this could not be allowed to happen and a battle broke out. It was Argus, Bront, Jerrok and Naja against Nemesis, Tyrannix, Stegorr, and Goon. Battling heroically, Argus and his forces managed to drive away Nemesis and his company.

With defeat imminent, Nemesis ordered his forces to withdraw -- to the surface! Smashing up through the ancient shaft, clogged with debris and sealed up eons ago as a safety measure, Nemesis and company raced toward the air and light, with Argus's troops in hot pursuit. Both groups erupted through the planet's surface like a volcano, and the battle which ensued was the one that Exeter Galaxon and his people had witnessed.

THE PRESENT

Argus finishes his story and tells the humans that the Protectons task will be to restore Skalorr V to its former condition, whatever that will take. As for the humans -- Argus is uncertain. Will it be possible to live in peace with these interlopers while rebuilding the glory of their shattered planet? Argus decides that he must learn as much as he can about the humans and their technology before he can plot his course. Naja reminds him that Nemesis will also need to be kept under control and away from Compu-core or he will revive more troops of ROBOTIX to fight on his side.

One human steps forward to confront the monstrous mechanicals, though. He introduces himself as Exeter Galaxon, Chief of the human contingent. He tells Argus that the humans have come from another planet and if they can repair their craft they would like to leave as soon as they can in case their enemies return. Argus is intrigued with the idea of a technology so refined and advance that space travel is possible. Maybe they can work with these humans and their technology to rebuild the ruined planet of Skalorr.

Zarru, a twelve year old human, drifts from the main group and sees Bront building some defense positions in case there is another attack. Curious, Zarru climbs up onto the huge machine. Since Bront doesn't stop him, he gets into the

control capsule and starts playing with the controls. Much to his and Bront's astonishment, Bront starts to produce extra limbs, and change his body into different shapes. All because there a human at the controls.

Naja is watching this display of dexterity with some amusement. She thinks it is very interesting, but can think of no practical purpose for the moment - other than the obvious one that it will be useful in the reconstruction of the planet. But for now, Naja must occupy her thoughts with some military strategy. For soon, the Terracors will be back!

Sure enough, there is another ambush almost immediately! The element of surprise serves Nemesis well. Battered, Argus and his Protecton ROBOTIX fall back -- both to buy time for themselves and to take the battle away from the humans, so that innocents are not accidentally killed. Quickly it looks as though this battle may be the last for the Protectons. The Terracors definitely have the advantage, bashing at them again and again until the strength of the Protectons is worn down. Nemesis presses his advantage and it begins to look like a hopeless struggle for the Protectons, sure to end in the utter destruction of Argus and his forces.

In the heat of battle, Naja has a thought and impulsively, she leaves the battle. Argus sees his love apparently deserting him in his hour of need, and is shattered. He fights on, and yet, his will ebbs...

Naja races back toward Exeter's group of humans hoping a slender hope... Desperately, she seeks out Exeter. He is still suspicious of these lumbering mechanical brutes, but he hears her out.

Naja explains the dire situation and asks him to help the Protectons by entering her control capsule and sitting in the control chair, and operating her controls.

Now it is Exeter's turn to hesitate. He ponders this request - Does he want to get involved in someone else's battles? But, then, thinking of the humans' future safety on this planet, he agrees. If a bond could be formed with these apparently good Protectons it will help the humans survive the wrath of the Terracors.

Later, back at the battlesite, the fight is all but lost. Only Argus remains standing -- but he is surrounded by the enemy, and being brutally battered.

Suddenly, faster than it seemed possible for so large a machine to travel, a ROBOTIX streaks toward the battle site. It is Naja! And yet -- she is different -- no longer a lumbering awkward ROBOTIX, she has been reformed completely into an incredibly versatile and multi-faceted land-speeder configuration.

The startled villains halt their bludgeoning and simply stare, as Naja, with Exeter in her control console, reshapes herself into battle-mode, her parts re-arranging themselves right before their very lenses into an awesome fighting unit, capable of taking on opponents from all sides.

They are still gaping as she thunders into them. Summoning up reserves of strength from the depths of his being, Argus, too, lashes out at Nemesis and company. Soon, stunned and battered, the Terracors flee.

Later, after repairing the damaged members of his group, Argus hears Naja's explanation of the Organic Interface with the humans and its vital importance. Exeter once again is hesitant, but he realizes the necessity of the alliance and he urges the people of his settlement to ally themselves with Argus so that if Nemesis comes back, they'll be ready.

WHAT THE FUTURE WILL HOLD

The ROBOTIX find out that the permutations of change that Organic Interface can produce in their bodies and limbs are unlimited! When working as a team with a human, the ROBOTIX can turn their legs into arms, their arms into legs, their hands into pincers and so on. If they have two legs and they need a couple of wheels - no problem! And this versatility is not limited to extra limbs - there is no end to the variety of weaponry that can be produced on the ROBOTIX!

This seemingly endless variety of fire power is at their disposal, but - all of these miracles are possible only as long as there is a human at the controls in the control module. If there is no human "at the wheel", or he refuses to co-operate with the ROBOTIX then the ROBOTIX remains his normal shape. He is unable to do any transformations. So, it is soon learned that "two heads are better than one". In order to accomplish the incredible tasks that will be required of them, the ROBOTIX and the humans must become great team-players. Accomplished fighters though they may be on their own, they are that much better when paired off with a human partner.

Another amazing phenomenon is the often used ability of the ROBOTIX to trade parts! They can exchange key anatomical parts at will, often saving each others' lives with

mechanical "organ transplants" just in the nick of time. The transference of parts also has a lighter side to it - along the lines of "Say, lend me a hand..."

Naja thinks that the importance of the Organic Interface was probably not lost on Nemesis. Very probably he and his cohorts are hunting human allies for themselves, and will ally themselves with Exeter Galaxon's enemies.

And indeed the words of Naja are prophetic. Nemesis realizes that in order to defeat the Protectons and get control of Compu-Core so that he can raise an army of loyal ROBOTIX he must also stoop to using the humans, as much as he loathes the very the thought of being dependent on such insignificant creatures.

Thus, the battle lines are drawn -- and both sides struggle for control of the Compu-Core, and for the raw materials (mostly Arimaxium, an extremely resilient and hard metal) to build new ROBOTIX bodies. In addition to the Arimaxium portions of the ROBOTIX, other parts are scrounged out of ancient factories and laboratories, and made from the wreckage of ancient machines.

The conflict ranges across the entire world of Skalorr V. It is an equal battle, and neither side can decisively defeat the other.

Thus, the war grows deadlier and the stakes grow higher.