

Seaspray's log. June 8th, Early Morning.

'Meet our destiny?' Is it as simple as that? Are Powerglide's words the product of divine inspiration...or blind optimism? Only God knows...but he's not telling.

"God...." He mocks me. He gave me life only so that I would throw it away time and time again for my simple definition of what is right?

I'll show him. I will save Ariel. I will play hero again. I'll show him. I'll show them all.

Early Morning. Three a.m. A busy New York Street Corner

Powerglide yawns. "Man oh man, Seaspray, haven't you given up yet?"

"No. I gave up once. Never again."

"What? Megatron? That was good for a laugh...by the end of it all he cowered at the very utterance of your name...the name of Seaspray!"

"Yes. Yes he did." An abomination to decency...that's what you are, Powerglide. An abomination to decency.

"You were a hero...sort of, I guess. I gotta admit...I never expected that you would go that far."

"Be quiet, okay?!"

"Neither did he...."

"Silence, I say!"

"You need a woman...."

"Will you shut up!? I hear something! Someone's crying in the distance."

"That's probably Megatron...after you embarrassed him in front of his troops and all."

I make a note to kill Powerglide on a later date. "No...it's a girl. I think it's Ariel! It's coming from over there." I point to the west. She's here. I know it. I feel it.

"Yeah, she's probably crying because she ran out on a stud like me...."

I note to move the date of Powerglide's demise closer. "It is Ariel! If you would just shut up and listen, you'd hear it too!"

"Yeah, yeah! I hear it! It's coming from that dumpster over there.!"

"Okay, Powerglide, let's move in, this may be dangerous. Where's Cosmos."

"You don't want to know."

"Okay, cover me. There's evil at play here, I'm certain of it."

The two tip-toe over to the dumpster. Seaspray lifts the lid. "Ariel?"

"..." No answer.

"Ariel, is that you?"

The weeping returns. Between the deep sobs Seaspray is able to make out:
"What...what do you want with me?"

"Ariel...please...." Seaspray lifts up a large garbage bag and he sees her face. 'She's beautiful, he thinks....she can't be more than nineteen. "Ariel...please, let me help you."

She stops weeping. "I gave him the money...and his men...they did something to my ankle. It hurts. It hurts! I did what he said...but he betrayed me. My father! Oh, my father."

"What is it Ariel? Please...tell me, what's wrong?"

"I'm from the island of Mytaangi...I am Princess Ariel Muufa and my father is King Puntambi."

A...princess?

"Men came and took my father. They brought him here, to America, to produce a vile drug called Combsdane. I followed them here and they killed me for it. Or they did the next best thing. They sold me to a man called Shady Rhyne. He made me to horrible things for money. Horrible, unbelievable things. I hate myself for it but still, I love my father. I escaped from Rhyne and I applied the knowledge that I had learned from him to make money...I was going to buy my way into the organization responsible for my father's abduction and I was going to take him back. But when I saw you earlier I thought that your friend could

help me save my father but he wouldn't. He refused to help me. He wanted rather to dance like fools and he wanted...he wanted what all the rest do."

"Powerglide, you son of a--!" Seaspray turns around but he doesn't see Powerglide. "Where is he?"

"I do not know."

A subtle noise is heard above. "Did you hear something?"

"No, I--Oh my god!"

The air moves and the night howls personified....

"Ninja!" Yes, a half dozen of them. Well trained. Agile. Strong. They almost got the jump on me.

"Seaspray, look out!"

Six of them, brandishing blades of steel, razor sharp.

I've got something sharper.

I take the mantis position. One kicks at me with the force of a locomotive. He's young and strong. I guess that he's about twenty-five years old.

He won't make it to twenty-six.

I duck his kick and quickly move around behind him...a well placed blow to the back of the neck ends it. His eyes cloud over--Death has claimed this one. There are five more to worry about, though.

The other five are smarter. They gang up on me. Surrounded, I have no choice but to dance this deadly tango. I so hate to dance. I have two left feet.

Seaspray kicks one of the ninja with a sharp left kick, shattering his spine. Another one down, thinks Seaspray.

One of them runs behind the dumpster. "Coward!" yells Seaspray.

The dumpster begins to rumble.

Ariel screams, "He's on Combsdane! It gives him inhuman strength!"

"It does...?"

The dumpster rises into the air.

"Well I'll be...it does!"

The Ninja throws the dumpster towards Seaspray.

Undaunted, Seaspray deflects the dumpster, it barrels towards two of the other Ninja crushing them against a wall.

"Stuck between a dumpster and a hard place, eh?" Seaspray laughs! "This is all too easy. Where is the challenge?"

"Here I am."

"What? I hear a voice but I don't see anything!"

A swift blow hits Seaspray in the back of the head...a bright light pounds behind his eyes. "Who...how...what!?"

"I am the Master Ninja...you may call me 'Hard Wind.'"

"Where are you!?! I can't see you!"

"Everywhere...and nowhere...."

The remaining Ninja attack the stunned Seaspray. They strike him with their swords and their kicks tear into him...he falls to the ground.

He climbs to his feet...the best that he can. One of the ninja kicks Seaspray in the face. He falls again. Something sharp strikes his eyes and he goes blind. "God...no!" A sharp blade enters his soft spine and he returns to the filthy alley floor.

"Let me go! Let me go!" Seaspray hears Ariel's scream but he cannot see anything. His eyes are badly damaged and he is bleeding to death. His vision comes and goes. He sees the early morning sky. The stars still shine...but they won't shine for him much longer. He's helpless...beaten. He sees nothing again. But he can hear...he can hear himself giving up."

"I've failed. This is the end."

But he then hears something else....

"And awaaaay we go!" He feels his body rising into the air.

"Powerglide!"

"Yeah, that's me ol' pal....sorry that I ran out on you but I saw a girl standing on the corner and...uhmmm...I thought that she was my cousin. But she wasn't."

"Ariel! What about Ariel!"

"She's right here ol' Pal. She's on the stick."

"She's on the what!?!?"

"She's piloting, doofus. I can't fly right now, I'm busy planning out our mission. We're gonna build a ship!"

"What for?"

"We're gonna go to Ariel's island! I did some digging and I discovered that the bad guys brought her dad back to the island...I don't know why but that's what we're gonna find out."

"That's great, Powerglide! Okay...Ariel! Who were those Ninja and what did they want?"

"They were part of a mystic cult known as The Poseidon Conglomerate."

"Poseidon Conglomerate...hm?"

Powerglide asks, "You know of them, Seaspray?"

"By reputation. They're some of the best boat racers in the world. I hear that there's a boat race next week. Maybe we should enter our new boat into that race...maybe we'll find out some information."

"Good idea, ol' chum! Where did you find out about the boat race?"

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"Oh, yeah! I hear that RFC has a big interview coming up in the week of February 25, 2000. Could you tell us about that, Seaspray?"

"I'd be glad to...Larry DiTillio, mastermind behind the hit TV series Beast Wars...among others, was nice enough to do the interview with Túrin. Larry will talk about his feelings of Beast Wars and he may even get into what he thinks of Beast Machines."

"You have to love that man, Seaspray."

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"Powerglide...we have to get into that race."

"Yeah...but first we have to get you fixed up...and we need a boat!"

"And I think I know where we can get one!"

To Be Continued....