SPACE BEAVERS PROLOGUE

NARRATOR

The far reaches of space hold mysteries both terrible and unimaginable. Although we may look, there is no way of knowing what, in the infinite void, may exist. Time gnaws away at the fast approaching moment when mystery, inevitably, comes looking.

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Dr. Shamanistikov chuckles nervously to himself as he furiously adjusts levels on the warp harmonic oscillator, a device, which, of course, stabilizes the violent vibrational frequencies of a wormhole so that it doesn’t shake itself apart.

Through Dr. Shamanistikov's mind races shapes upon shapes--he no longer thinks in a language like ours, but rather in visualizations of real structures.

SHAMANISTIKOV

You still haven't found me, you formless puppeteer!

NARRATOR

No one is present to hear the Doctor's outburst. Bits of concrete crumble around him as another blast rocks the bunker which houses much of his precious laboratory equipment. The automatic calibration system has already been knocked out by the battle raging overhead, and Shamanistikov is the only person able to predict the changes accurately enough to keep the wormhole open.

The Doctor's assistant rushes up to him, red-faced and wearing a horrified, yet naively confident expression.

ASSISTANT

Doctor, there's something strange happening on the edges of the wormhole...

NARRATOR

Shamanistikov looks up calmly amongst the urgent chaos of imminent death surrounding them.

SHAMANISTIKOV

Wormholes have been talked about for longer than anyone even knew they could actually exist, therefore I'll excuse your subsequent misconceptions on the matter. There is not an edge so much as a zone of transition. The reality is, a wormhole appears more like a tornado than anything resembling the tunnels of a blind, earth-loving hermaphrodite. Yet, just as a worm navigates the hidden core of an apple--while an ant must cross the relatively flat surface--so does this space-cyclone navigate the hidden core of the universe.

NARRATOR

The assistant looks up to Shamanistikov like a puppy after a ball. Shamanistikov furrows his brow.

SHAMANISTIKOV

Get out of here, this place is falling apart and I've got no more work for you!

ASSISTANT

But, Doctor, I'm staying with you! By tomorrow they'll all--

SHAMANISTIKOV

Oh, shut up and get out of here! There is no tomorrow! There's no place for things like time in the Void. Go make peace with what little of it you might have left on this world.

ASSISTANT

But...

SHAMANISTIKOV

Besides, you're useless to me now.

ASSISTANT

It's been a pleasure serving with--

NARRATOR

The assistant starts saluting but is cut off as a pillar breaks free from the roof and crushes him.

SHAMANISTIKOV

Damn it!

NARRATOR

The shifting lines on a segment of the wormhole map turn red. Shamanistikov picks up the transceiver to the radio.

SHAMANISTIKOV

My children, my 700's, there is another spike in the gravitational field over section G78 by B32.1, steer clear!

NARRATOR

The doctor is very protective of his android creations; he treats them as if they were the sons he never had. The radio buzzes back accompanied by a monotone, emotionless voice.

700

Yes, father. We confirm the anomaly.

NARRATOR

Thousands of kilometers overhead, in the cold silence of space, ten warships navigate a carefully planned confusion within the chaos of the battle for the planet, over the planet, in order to escape into the wormhole which the Dr. has just managed to open. Unbeknownst to the two warring factions, these ten warships are the last hope of humanity. And yet...the occupants of these ships are themselves not entirely human.

Another blast resounds in the laboratory, and a slab of concrete strikes the Dr. on the leg. He screams out, momentarily falling away from the console. A webwork of red lines begin to spread out from the center of the wormhole image.

SHAMANISTIKOV

You haven't much time! Go!

700

Father, there is something strange happening...

SHAMANISTIKOV

Is it vital? What is it?

700

Perhaps marginally vital-

NARRATOR

The doctor struggles to maintain the harmonic resolution of the wormhole's inertia

SHAMANISTIKOV

You have all the programming you need, my children, you must go now! I trust your decisions.

700

As you wish, father. Goodbye.

SHAMANISTIKOV

Goodbye, my beautiful children, and good luck...

NARRATOR

Shamanistikov watches as the ships disappear, one by one, through the wormhole. After the last one, he sees a strange anomaly: it had appeared that, for just a fraction of half a moment, that a third thread had entered into the trans-oscilliogenic receiver. Yet, he has little time to worry about it, as the bunker is falling apart around him. He leaves the harmonic oscillator and immediately red lines swell, filling the image.

SHAMANISTIKOV

We'll see how those thick-skulled puppets like my homemade supernova! A blast from a hyper-oscillating discombobulated wormhole!

NARRATOR

He laughs with more nervousness than confidence, rushing to the other side of the lab, as much as an old man with a broken leg can rush.

The doctor flips a switch on a device which has narrowly missed being smashed by a ton of flaming concrete. It spins up, and forms a thin line of plasma which glows like a small sun in the darkened room. The spinning of the machine winds up faster and faster, as the line grows wider into an oval, and then a circle. The bunker is moaning around the doctor and the machine as the pillars supporting the room give their last bit of strength. The doctor is about to step into the circle of light, when he sees something he did not expect within. It is a boy, and a woman looking back at him, scared and bewildered. Around them he sees the familiar landscape of crystalline towers, a virtual world which the doctor had created to interact with the minds of his android children, the 700 series. But the towers are crumbling around the two doomed figures.

SHAMANISTIKOV

How could you be--

NARRATOR

He is cut off as the bunker implodes on itself, swallowing the doctor and his machines.

Up in space, the wormhole collapses in on itself, then explodes outwards in a brilliant display which consumes the battle surrounding it.

END PROLOGUE