

BEYOND THE SPIRITS OF AN IRON HEART

S01 E01 - "You Got the Silver"

Magnum Ace heads to Silver Castle.

He couldn't figure out where he was. Or even who he was. Blocked by the visor.

Shells were flying in the glowing red sky. In his right hand he held a gun. He was in the midst of a hail of gunshot smoke and bullets. He was unable to advance or retreat from the constant explosions, dirt and debris that were attacking him. In the haze of smoke, he could see those who were being destroyed one by one.

Before he had time to chew on the situation, the enemy was locked on to his HUD. It was behind him. He turned around and slammed a bullet into it while reflexively avoiding the attack. He was an Iron Soldier; his aim was true. The enemy soldier was defeated and the head parts came rolling in. As soon as he saw it, an unearthly shock went through him. It was the same face as his own. Above his head, he heard the sound of falling shells, but he did not move. He couldn't move. For some reason, as the closest bullet exploded, he quickly shielded his right arm as quickly as he could. It was the only thing he could do. Consciousness was cut off.

He heard a distant, faint noise. It grew louder and louder, and then it shattered into a rage of sounds. The next thing he knew, he was in the midst of cheers. It was a stadium mound. There was a white ball in his right hand. He looked up at the scoreboard and saw that this one pitch would decide the game. The batter was full of energy and ready to hit. The bases were full. The crowd was packed.

The entire stadium was ringing with the sound of stomping on the ground. The eyes of the crowd of more than 10,000 people were focused on the whereabouts of his pitches. Bliss and abyss lurked there, back to back. Destiny was in his hands. The moment of excitement and nervousness rushing to a critical point gave him a sense of happiness. He was an Iron Leaguer.

He threw a straight shot, but the next moment, the ball exploded with a blinding light and a roar. His face froze in astonishment. The catcher, the batter, was blown away. The explosion continued to spread, engulfing the leaguers on the field. He let out an unvoiced cry of regret. He was at the mercy of the incoming explosive pressure and quickly shielded his right arm as quickly as he could. Everything was engulfed in a flash of light and his consciousness was cut off again. He opened his eyes. The unique red sky came flying in with an intense, unfiltered color. His visor was cracked and half of his body was buried in the ground. He picked himself up. The damage was deep. His left arm and both legs were completely scrapped. He opened all of his available sensors and looked around. There was nothing moving there. There was no sound. What there was, was a cumulative series of mismatched parts.

It was only the wreckage of the Iron Soldier. There was no distinction between friend and foe anymore. They were all just wreckage. He remembered where he was and who he was. The past was taken from him, he was left in the present, and there was no

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future. A tremendous feeling of emptiness washed over him. His strength faded, as did his consciousness. Then he heard a voice; distant consciousness was awakened. The voice said, "I'm coming..."

The words came up from deep within his memory circuitry. The voice was quiet, but with a strong will, it said, "go... to Silver Castle..."

"Silver... Castle..." he ruminated unconsciously. The sound of that word gave him a sense of hope that did not exist on this planet.

Resist.

A difficult impulse. But then, he was revived. Now that he had found the light, he couldn't just sit around and do nothing but decay, even if it was far away. "Go to Silver Castle... your name is 'Magnum Ace...'" he crawled with one right arm and began to wander through the wreckage.

Towards the future.