

Brain Powered

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A novelization of the Tokyopop mecha and sci-fi manga. In the future, mechanical/organic beings called Antibodies come to an almost apocalyptic world. How will humans react?

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1. Volume 1 Introduction

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Brain Powered Novelization

Introduction

Disclaimer: I don't own Brain Powered: the story is by Yoshiyuki Tomino, the art is by Yukiru Sugisaki, and it is published by Tokyopop.

Brain Powered is a mecha/sci-fi manga that I have never seen anywhere besides the books that I own. There are only four books of it, all of which I picked up on a trip to Boston for the Arisia Sci-fi and Fantasy Convention (I was in the top 15 finalists for the Student Art Contest for a picture of Milena.)

Milena: *Does victory dance* Yeaaaah! ^_^

Ahem Anyways, as I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted . . . it goes quickly (a little too quickly, actually -_-;;) but I enjoyed it and thought that others would as well. Because I don't really feel like ripping out and scanning every page onto a site, I'm making this novelization of the manga. There are parts of it that I didn't understand (because it goes so fast, parts are left unexplained) but I'll try to make them understandable. XD Okay, I hope you like this!

Information from the back cover is as follows:

The future . . . Mankind has depleted Earth's resources. Now unexplained earthquakes, volcanoes, and tidal waves wreak havoc on the planet. In the wake of this destruction, strange metal plates erupt from the Earth's Crust. From these large disks emerge organic machines called Antibodies.

Yuu Isami pilots an Antibody called a Grand Cher. Hime Utsumiya is the unlikely pilot of an Antibody called a Brain Powered. Yuu works for Orphan, a mysterious and sinister group of scientists who dwell in an ancient alien vessel that lies at the bottom of the sea. Hime's not a big fan of Orphan. When the two cross paths, their fates are bound to change . . . but so will that of the entire world.

Rating: Teen (age 13 and up.) There's some violence, partial nudity (not too bad, people), and perhaps language (I can't remember at the moment.)

2. Revival 1: Antibody

Volume One

Revival 1: Antibody

The future. The earth has been rocked by a series of earthquakes and tidal waves heralding the rise of a mysterious underwater base known only as "Orphan." Huge disks composed of organic material-dubbed "Plates"-are rising to the surface all across the world. As these massive spinning disks wreak destruction, Orphan's agents scramble to collect them and take them to back to base.

Once these plates reach the surface they crack open like cocoons, undergoing a "Revival" that gives birth to organic armored robots dubbed "Antibodies." These towering organic constructs come in two types: "Grand Chers" and the stronger "Brain Powereds." The Antibody armor suits are fueled by a symbiotic link with their hosts.

In answer to Orphan's mysterious threat, the United Nations has created the Novis Noah, a survival ship that cruises Earth's oceans to defend it against the underwater sea base. What are Orphan's intentions? Where are these mysterious disks coming from? And what's causing all the earthquakes and tidal waves worldwide?

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Far to the east, a plume of smoke rising from one of Japan's many volcanoes marred the darkening sky. Gouts of lava spewed from the rents in its side like deadly fountains, but the glowing molten rock wasn't the only thing ejected; a deep grey disk, equal in size to most buildings, was also hurled out.

Workers in the city below cried out in shock. "Run!! The volcano's erupting!" one yelled.

"What the hell is that thing?! Is that another Plate?!" another shouted in response. Both were cut off when the disk collided into a skyscraper nearby with a deafening noise. Every person in the surrounding area ran away in terror as the building tilted toward the already devastated, fractured ground.

In the sky above the ruined city, two figures appeared. One might have taken them for birds at first, but the shapes that drew closer were distinctly humanoid. No human, however, ever looked like these. Each was even larger than the Plate, towering high above normal people. Armor covered every inch of the giant body, large shoulder armor and a helmet-like face making them seem almost like knights.

One landed heavily in the gravel, while the other hovered in the air above. A woman's voice, sounding impatient, came from the one in midair. "What are you doing?! We've got to get these Plates back to Undersea Base Orphan!"

The one on the ground just knelt lower onto the level part of a crushed building. A circular door appeared around the midsection and a teenage boy crawled out. He had unusual hair that was bluer than black and was dressed casually in a short-sleeved jacket over a t-shirt and jeans. Deep blue eyes, peering out from a young, handsome face, seemed exhausted.

Whoever was above, though, had no sympathy. "Pull yourself together! We've got to move that Plate before it hatches!" she urged.

The youth climbed to his feet. "Orphan can wait. I just wanted some fresh air." he called back, walking to the edge of the roof and shielding his eyes as he peered out. "I feel like I've been sucked dry."

"Our bodies power the suits. That's why you're so drained. I'm older, so I don't get fatigued anymore." the other replied understandingly. A bit of playful teasing entered her voice as she continued. "Besides, I take the turns a little slower than you do, hotshot."

The boy rolled his eyes and stretched out his arm. "Here we go. Collect a Plate, go back to Orphan . . ." he said tiredly. ". . . get another Plate, go back to Orphan. When does it end?" He looked up at the Plate in question, which towered above him like the skyscraper it had crashed into, or the volcanoes that fumed nearby.

"Let's just get the Plate first . . . then we'll ask your parents."

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United Nations Survival Ship Novis Noah

A gigantic ship rested in a cradle of large pine trees, its sleek sides and the pyramid-shaped part that settled like a tomb on the top illuminated in the silvery light of a full moon. A hawk, apparently undisturbed by the large intruder in its forest, flew across the sky above.

Despite the still exterior, plenty was going on inside. "Initiate Organic Engine test. 100 seconds and counting."

Another voice answered. "All systems go. 80 seconds, 79 . . ."

A mechanic looking over a part of the bridge interjected. "Primary systems offline."

In the front, an older, grizzled man shifted his earphones and looked around as a woman approached. Activity continued in the background as he spoke. "Captain! Surprised to see you here. I don't think the Organic Engine's ready yet."

"We've got to the system tested. We're running out of time." she answered. This woman, like the man, was uniformed. Thick blonde hair was tied back into a large bun in the back of her head. A large nose made her more handsome than beautiful, but she still caught men's eyes. Intense eyes focused on the screen as the man continued speaking.

"Okay, old man Noah. Let's see what you got. Here's hoping we don't get any radio interference again."

A female recruit called from the side. "Prepare to initiate sequence!"

"One . . . two . . . Organic Engine . . ." A hand reached out to press a decisive button. "Engage!"

A humming noise filled the bridge as they waited for the results. "I'm getting some radio interference . . . Organic Engine is online." someone said triumphantly.

Suddenly, lights went out all along the hull's exterior. The signs that had been flashing brightly only moments before went dark. The man stood up and angrily smashed his fist into the switchboard. "Dammit! It's shutting down! Not again! Switch back to primary." He looked over at the woman in exasperation. "How many times do we have to do this? It's never going to work!"

"The Engine's an important new power source. We have to test it. But don't let it get to you." she replied calmly. "Even during development, it only ran for ten seconds."

The short-haired woman spoke up again. "We're picking up an earthquake in the Eastern Pacific Ocean! Looks like a Plate eruption!"

The captain paused for a moment, looking at the portrait of a young, fair-haired boy in her hand. She soon came to action, barking out orders. "Deploy Irando and check the area thoroughly for Plates. Let's go, people!" The enormous ship whirred to life, lifting up from its bed of the evergreen forest and heading out.

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In Japan, a short distance from the ruined city, a jeep rolled to a stop. The driver looked toward the site, curious. "What've we got here?"

The man in the passenger seat stood up, peering through his binoculars. "Looks like the Plate must've just emerged from the ocean. There's something around it . . ."

"Antibody armor suits?"

"Two of them. Grand Chers from Orphan."

"What are they doing? Wrapping it with . . . rope?" And indeed, the two giant suits were doing just that, fastening a cord around the Plate to give them better grip.

Taking an end of the ropes, one of the Antibody's pilots spoke. "Relax, Yuu. Lighten up."

"Excuse me, Kanan? We've got a job to do. I'm not into playing games." the youth replied in an irritated tone.

The woman leaned out of her robot's door. Thick hair, curly and golden, hung down over a

young, classically beautiful face. Like Yuu, she couldn't have been very old; 19 or 20, at the very most. "You're going to burn yourself out. I've seen it happen before. You're trying too hard." She smiled gently at him. "Yuu, I understand. Your parents run Orphan, and that's got to be hard on you. But if you don't . . . "

Yuu hung out of the cockpit. "This has nothing to do with my parents! So back off!" he shouted angrily. Suddenly, the ground shifted and buckled beneath them. He had to throw himself back inside the Antibody to avoid being flung out onto the ground. "Watch out! It's another earthquake!"

"I've got a Plate popping up in the east." Kanan said, scanning her screen. "I'm calling Quincy. She can pick it up . . . "

Determined, Yuu tightened his grip on the controls. "Does our mission directive say, 'pass the buck'? I don't think so! That Plate's ours." The two Antibodies rose from the ground and carried the Plate up, holding it swinging from the net of ropes.

The jeep owners, unseen and unnoticed below, looking up as the giants passed. "Where are they going?" asked one.

"Probably taking it back to Undersea Base Orphan."

In the cockpit, Yuu silently mulled over their conversation as he looked out the window at the smoke rising from the volcano. Anyone looking at his face just then would have noticed an amount of sadness and calm unusual in most normal teenage boys.

Orphan . . . My parents . . . I don't care what my parents think. I'm the one that decided to become a Grand Cher pilot.

This is my life. My decision . . .

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From beneath the surface of the Pacific Ocean a disk erupted, missing a ship by only yards. The dock it smashed through, however, wasn't as lucky. Moments later the two Antibodies arrived, following the trail of destruction.

Kanan looked around. "My Grand Cher says this is where it landed."

Yuu sounded doubtful. "Well . . . where is it, then?"

The older woman jumped with surprise as she spotted it. "Someone beat us to the punch! That's not Quincy. That's not even a Grand Cher."

Yuu stared at the machine below them, sweat trickling down his temple as he watched the other Antibody stand in the intersection of the crumbling streets. Its form was subtly different than his own Grand Cher's, with different markings and a sturdier look. "If that isn't a Grand Cher, it's not working for Orphan. Which can only mean we've got a rogue operative on our hands. It's a Brain Powered!" He quickly turned his head to look at Kanan's machine. "If it

gets to that Plate before it awakens . . . "

"Calm down, Yuu. We're not going to let it get away. Let's find out what it's doing here." she said. Her face was calm, but her brown furrowed as they advanced on the other mecha.

"We don't have any idea who's behind the wheel . . . " he said uneasily.

"Calm down. Let's see if we can talk to it." she soothed.

"If that Plate awakens in that Brain Powered's arms, we'll have to kill it."

Suddenly, dust formed around the other Anitibody's feet as it launched off the ground. Yuu stared at it, shocked.

Kanan yelled a warning. "Watch out, Yuu! It's coming straight at you!"

Yuu had to dodge as the other, unskilled pilot lurched into his airspace. "Hey you inside the Brain Powered!" he yelled. "I'm giving you fair warning!"

"What are you screaming about? You talking to me?"

"Step out slowly and put the Brain Powered down." he ordered, ignoring the puzzlement in the other's voice.

Whoever it was paused for a moment. ". . . That's not going to happen, sweetie!" they replied, and this time Yuu heard the voice enough to determine gender.

A girl?! he thought, bewildered.

"We're not bothering anyone. I have a right to be here just like you. Why don't you go threaten someone else?" the girl said defensively.

Yuu grew angry and dove at the other Antibody. "I don't think you heard me! Stand down!" he shouted.

"Yuu! Now's no time to get all macho!" Kanan cried as he hurtled down. "Yuu!!!"

The Brain Powered suddenly held up a hand, and the attacking Grand Cher was thrown back. Kanan stared in disbelief and foreboding. She knocked Yuu away like he was a toy. This is going to get nasty.

The Antibody stood up defiantly as the girl's voice rang out. "My name is Hime Utsumiya! My suit just hatched from its Plate! He's a newborn baby. All he wanted to do was fly, but now you've freaked him out!"

Yuu, recovering from the blow, reeled with confusion. Freaked him out? Antibodies might be organic, but, as far as he knew, didn't have gender or personality. For that matter . . . did they even have feelings?

The pilot of the other Antibody leaned out of the round door, copper hair swinging into her face. She had a strikingly pretty, angelic face, with vibrant eyes that seemed to change colors; one moment they'd be blue or purple, the next amber. "You attacked me for no reason. Back off or I'll slap you down again!" she yelled.

Yuu, enraged, came out of the opening and stared challengingly at her. "We're Grand Chers from Orphan, here to claim that Plate!"

"Orphan's just a pile of rubble in the ocean!" she shouted back, then was distracted by something her suit was doing. "Hey! Careful with that Plate, Powered! There's a living, breathing Antibody inside that Plate. Get a grip on it! If you drop it, you'll break it!"

Yuu raised an eyebrow as he watched the other teen wildly waving her hand at her Antibody. High-pitched shouts coming from the Plate it held caught his attention. Kids? he thought. Maybe it's time to strike . . .

Soon, though, Hime got back to him. "So why are you working for Orphan anyway? They're freaky and weird and nobody knows what they're up to! If you ask me, Orphan's endangering the planet! It's wreaking havoc and causing earthquakes all over the world!"

"Orphan's not causing the earthquakes!" he retorted.

"Oh, really? Are you sure? You Grand Chers are collecting Plates from all over the world. Wanna tell me why? What are you up to?" She glared at him. "You're Orphan's mindless slaves! What are you hiding?"

Yuu felt like he'd been punched in the stomach. ". . . I . . ." He hesitated. ". . . I just follow orders."

Kanan felt like they'd all had enough. "Yuu. We should get back to base."

"Why, Kanan? I'm not afraid of her."

She firmly put her foot down. "It's time to go . . . C'mon." The Antibodies left the other suit behind, rising into the night sky under a cover of smoke and dust.

A little while into the return trip, Kanan tried to speak to her partner, but to no avail. "Yuu . . . helloooo!"

In his Antibody, Hime's words kept spinning around and around in Yuu's head.

"You're Orphan's mindless slaves!"

"Oh, really? Are you sure?"

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One Year Later

Inside Undersea Base Orphan

Walking through the corridors of the base, Yuu barely noticed the many workers, platforms, ships, and stairs everywhere around him. So much for my birthday. Looks like everyone forgot this year. he thought. He stepped onto an octagonal, wall-less elevator and let it carry him up.

"Who was that girl from my dream last night?" he mused aloud. Abruptly an image, as vibrant and real as any before his physical eyes, came into his head. The redhead stared at him with that angelic face and odd eyes of hers, her voice echoing in his mind. "Hime Utsumiya!"

"Oh, yeah. She was the one piloting that rogue Brain Powered." he said softly to himself. His expression had brightened for a moment in remembrance, but now it darkened again. ". . . I wonder what happened to her?"

Yuu, you're not a kid anymore . . . You're 17 now. Kanan, there's something I have to tell you. I know you're going to be disappointed, but . . .

Yeah, Kanan's not going to want to hear this.

Making sure that no one could see him, Yuu drew a gun from his pocket. Folding his arms behind his back, he hid the weapon between them and in the folds of his shirt. He trudged down a long hallway until he stood in front of a round hallway that looked a lot like the one in his Grand Cher. Standing up straight, he spoke loudly and clearly. "Yuu Isami, Grand Cher Division. Open."

The door whirred open and he stepped through into a room filled with equipment. Two people, both wearing white lab coats and glasses, were in front of a huge collection of screens and computers.

"Once you're done with that, can you consolidate the Grand Cher pilot data?" the man said. Something caught his eye and he turned around fully, catching sight of the youth. "Yuu! What are you doing here, son?" He was middle-aged, with blue-tinted black hair and goatee.

The woman turned around in her seat, light flashing off her spectacles. Long golden hair was swept up into a bun on her head with locks hanging down to frame a lovely but stern face. "Why didn't you call first? It's okay, we were going to call you in for some pilot tests anyway." She stood up and faced her son. "Go get prepped in the ready room." she ordered.

Yuu's arm shifted as he slid the weapon out slightly. His mother's mouth set itself into a frown. "Son? Do you hear me?" she asked, not satisfied with her offspring's behavior.

He suddenly whipped the gun all the way out and jammed it into her face. She stared at the metal shaft, the end only inches from her eye. ". . . Yuu! What are you doing?"

Yuu looked down, his shoulders shaking with tiny tremors. "The planet's going to be wiped out when Orphan surfaces, isn't it? I want out." He looked up at her with azure eyes full of pain and anger. "Why didn't you tell me the truth?! Why didn't you tell me what riding a Grand Cher was going to cost me?" he demanded. She moved forward, and he backed up a step. "I gave

you seven years of my life . . . " he gasped.

His mother tried to reason with him, taking on a wheedling tone. "Son, if you don't calm down . . ."

This just spurred him on. "We're Dad's science project! You, my sister. We've been lab rats since we came here!" The gun trembled in his grip. "I'm hitting the eject button. I'm out!" His eyes squeezed shut.

One gunshot rang through the room.

I had to say that Hime's eyes change colors, since on every manga cover she's one, they are a different color. Like Watanuki in Xxxholic; I've never seen one cover or anything where his eyes are the same color. XD

I think maybe these guys had a strong Wolf's Rain influence- Yuu's mom looks almost exactly like Cher Degre, and then there's the name-"Grand Chers." I wonder if there's a connection? *shrug* Might just be me.

Trixie: It's a conspiracy! Muahahahahaha! XD

Me: ^_^;; Riiaaaiight.

Anyways . . . it's kinda hard to convey how the pictures look in writing-I'll try to draw some pictures of them and get them up so you can picture them better.

Anyone else who had Brain Powered, please don't get mad at me for doing this. XD I was bored, and didn't want to do my homework; this was much more fun. ^_^

3. Revival 2: Utsumiya Hime

Revival 2: Utsumiya Hime

One Year Ago . . .

"Wow, can you feel it?" A young, dark-haired boy was scrambling up some rubble. He couldn't have been more than nine or ten and was panting as he bore a large pack on his back.

A little higher up were three others. A little boy stood next to a much older girl. He seemed a few years younger than the other boy, wearing a comfortable jumper and teddy bear backpack. Above them, a girl was standing on another part, adjusting her purse and pack. With dark hair fastened in high ponytails by large beads, she could have been the first boy's sister. They were around the same age, though she was a bit younger. "That was closer this time!" she agreed.

The teenage girl looked up at her, brushing long red-orange hair from her face. "Akira, find a way to get out of this." she asked. Her clothing was casual, jeans and a white t-shirt with a short, bra-like top over the shirt.

"You got it!" Akira climbed to the top of the heap of rubble and onto a still-standing wall. "Hey, look!" she shouted and pointed. "There's a road ahead!"

The other girl stood where she was as the boy helped the blonde one up. "Are you okay, Kumazo?" the older asked as he hauled the younger up.

"We've got some food. Now to get on the bus . . . " she mused quietly.

As the group ran along the street, the dark-haired boy looked back impatiently. "Hurry up!"

The older girl paused to look back at something, and saw a shape approaching in the sky. "What the hell . . . ?"

"Hime, help!" one of the children cried. A giant disk was headed their way, spinning through the air and tearing up the ground beneath.

The crowd broke into panic. "What is that?"

"It's a Plate!"

"Run! It's heading this way!"

Hime spun around. "Duck into that store!" she ordered.

The black-haired boy dragged the others behind him. "We're not going to make it!" he yelled.

People below milled and yelled, not noticing the kids jumping down into their midst. "It's a UFO!" one man yelled.

"Find some place to hide!" Hime told them. Everyone had run and for a moment, she was the only one in the intersection. The noise was coming closer and she turned around just as the Plate crashed into the ground, knocking her off her feet.

"Hime!" someone yelled.

The girl in question huddled on the ground, holding her hair back from her face. "Watch it! You almost killed me! What's your deal, mean flying saucer thing?" she yelled at it. Suddenly, the disk began to tilt and fell down almost on top of her. She scrambled backwards. "Quick! Behind that car!" she yelled as she ran back.

The group peered out at the humming Plate from behind the safety of a battered car. Hime poked her head around the corner. "Wha . . . what's it . . . It's opening!" she gasped. The children's sharp intakes of breath followed as well.

The dull surface of the Plate dissolved into fragments and light, which began to come together. The children watched in awe. "I think it's . . . giving birth?" Hime said softly. Quickly, the pieces and bits condensed into a recognizable shape. "I've heard about this. They call it a 'Revival.' " she said to the kids, watching closely. "It's like a butterfly coming out of a cocoon." She stood up and took a step forward.

"Hime! Stop it!" the boy hissed. "Are you nuts?"

The teen studied the newborn Antibody that had fully come together from the fragments. "It's okay, he's not going to hurt me." she said confidently. "He's a baby . . ." She turned around and handed her pack to the black-haired kid. "Can you hold this for me?"

"Earth to Hime! Circle and land!" His warnings were to no avail. She simply ran a hand distractedly through her bangs and walked forward. "You're gonna get killed!" he shouted.

A man's amplified voice called out as she stepped closer, filled with authority. "Young lady, this is the police. Step away from the Antibody."

She ignored him and patted the metal gently. "He's a newborn . . . he's not dangerous." She turned around as the circle door opened, a happy light illuminating her face. "He just wants to be taken care of! He needs a mommy!"

"She's gone cheese and crackers! Come back, Hime!" the boy yelled after her.

The policeman beside him spoke again. "Miss, back off! Or we're going to arrest you!" His voice got louder as she ignored him and lifted herself into the door. "You there! Do you hear me? Freeze!"

Hime felt an odd, familiar motion in the machine as her hand came down on the side of the tunnel. You're . . . breathing? she thought, awed. She crawled in deeper. "You're alive! You're not a machine!" She slid herself into a chair-like impression in the wall and touched it,

smiling with discovery. "No wonder they call you 'Antibodies.' You're organic, a living, breathing creature." She felt the wall move around her into a more comfortable position for her, and laughed with delight. "What's this? A cockpit? Did you make this for me?"

A screen-like opening appeared in the wall before her. She could see through it to the people outside. Sentences in many different languages were scrawled across the surface. Hime leaned forward. "I can see the street from here!" she said excitedly. "All these different languages . . ."

A specific one caught her eye. Right before her face, written in both kanji and the English alphabet, were two sentences with one meaning:

What do you want me to do?

Her face brightened. "You're mimicking me! You can understand me! I don't know, what do you want to do?" She paused for a moment, then smiled encouragingly. "Why don't we stand up first? Let's take it one step at a time."

The Antibody got up roughly, and the force threw Hime back in her seat. "Careful!" she cried as she snatched at the walls on either side. When it finally made it to its feet, she congratulated it. "Good job. You're doing great. Hey!" A helicopter was coming their way; she could hear the chopping of the blades from here. "Hey! Looks like company."

As the copter's searchlight fell on it, the Antibody staggered forward, trying to run away. "Relax. Quit freaking out." Hime soothed. "Don't let that helicopter rattle you. You can walk now. Come on, you can do it!"

Down on the ground, the police officers were dealing with the children. One of the men had picked up Akari and was carrying her off. The black-haired boy grabbed her leg and pulled. "Let her go!" he demanded.

"This is no place for children!"

"That's my sister in there!" he protested.

"Let me go!" Akari cried.

"Hey!" The ground shook with footsteps and they all spun around, startled. Hime leaned out of the cockpit and yelled angrily at the police. "Drop the kids, pig! Or me and my friend here will make sure you get your jollies somewhere else!"

The Antibody suddenly jerked its head to the side. Hime looked up, concerned. "Hey, Powered, what do you hear? What's wrong?" She caught sight of shapes approaching in the sky. More Antibody suits? she thought. "Are they friends? See if you can talk to them or something." she said.

The mecha staggered back, the displacement of air breaking windows in a building nearby. "Whoa, big guy! Be careful! Get klutzy and people're gonna hate the property damage!" she cautioned.

A few minutes later, the Brain Powered was walking more smoothly. Hime patted its side encouragingly. "Much better, spaz. A little coordination goes a long way." She then directed it to picking up the Plate and the children. Kumazo, Akari, and the black-haired boy fitted easily on its dull grey surface with plenty of room to spare. "Take your time picking the kids up. They break when you drop them." she said. "Good, you've got it."

The children fell back onto the Plate as the giant stood up quickly and looked to the sky. Two other machines hovered in the air above them. Those Antibodies! she moved in her seat as the mecha's head twisted toward them. "What's wrong?" she asked.

Suddenly a voice came from one of the Grand Chers. "Hey you, inside the Powered! I'm giving you fair warning!"

"What are you shouting about? Are you talking to me?" she replied, confused.

"Step out slowly and put the Brain Powered down." the other ordered.

She hesitated for a moment, unsure, then continued. "That's not gonna happen, sweetie! We're not bothering anyone. I have a right to be here, just like you!" she shouted indignantly. "Why don't you go threaten someone else?"

The other Antibody charged at her. "I don't think you heard me. Stand down!"

Shocked, she stared as it came closer. Hey, what are you . . . I don't think you want to go there, pal! Her Antibody responded to her thoughts and held up a hand. The other suit was sent flying backwards. The children cried out in awe, but she kept right onto business, shouting at the other suit. "My name is Hime Utsumiya! My suit just hatched from its Plate! He's a newborn baby. All he wanted to do was fly, but now you've freaked him out!"

The black-haired boy nearly fell off as the Brain Powered moved. "Yukio!" Akari cried, tugging at his hand and pulling him back up.

"You attacked me for no reason! Back off or I'll slap you down again!" Hime ordered.

"We're Grand Chers from Orphan, here to claim that Plate!" he stated.

"Orphan's just a pile of rubble in the ocean!" she snapped, then waved her hand at her Antibody as she saw the Plate in its grasp slipping. "Hey! Careful with that Plate, Powered! There's a living, breathing Antibody inside that Plate. Get a grip on it! If you drop it, you'll break it!" After she was sure that it understood she turned her multicolored gaze on the other pilot. "So why are you working for Orphan? It's wreaking havoc and causing earthquakes all over the world!"

"Orphan's not causing all the quakes!" he protested.

"Oh, really? Are you sure? You Grand Chers are collecting Plates from all over the world. Wanna tell me what you're up to?" Hime said, but her thoughts were confused. None of this makes sense. It's like he's a drone. He's too young to be a pilot! Gathering her wits, she

made one last remark. "You're Orphan's mindless slaves! What are you hiding?"

For some reason, it looked like she'd hit a nerve. He took a moment to respond. ". . . I . . . I just follow orders!"

The other Antibody drew closer, and Hime could hear a woman's voice issuing from it. "Yuu, we should get back to base."

"Why? I'm not afraid of her."

"It's time to go. C'mon."

This whole exchange infuriated Hime. "You should be afraid of me, tough guy! I just gave you a thrashing!" she shouted, but they were too far away to hear.

Sitting huddled on the Plate, the children looked up. "Aaaah!" Kumazo cried, pointing up.

"They're taking off?" Akari asked, staring with wide eyes.

"She scared them away!" Yukio said triumphantly.

The two Antibodies faded into a cloud of smoke, and had disappeared by the time it had cleared. "They're gone . . ." Hime said with relief. Wind blew her hair back from her face for a moment, then died down. "Thank god, they're gone." she breathed.

There was silence as the Brain Powered flew through the night sky, lit by the full moon. The only noise that broke it was Hime's soft musing, heard only by the mecha.

"I wonder where they went . . . and what Orphan's up to?"

I know, I know, it's the same events, but from a different standpoint. But don't you love it when it does that? I do. Has anyone out there ever read Ender's Game or Ender's Shadow, by Orson Scott Card? It does the same thing. Ender's game is from Ender's point of view, while Ender's Shadow is from that of his right-hand man, Bean. In any case, I find that it almost always helps me understand it better.

It doesn't tell you Yukio's name until the very end, so I had to keep using "the black-haired boy." -_-;; I hate it when I have to do that; repetitive description is irritating. -_-;; Anyways, I was happy when I first read the manga to see what was going on with Hime-I liked her from the first site. She's a cool character. ^_^ Don't worry, we'll get back to Yuu soon.

4. Revival 3: Brain Powered

Revival 3: Brain Powered

The Antibody flew over Japan. All of the land below was covered in trees, with ancient wooden wells, buildings, and shrines visible here and there. "Yukio, Akari, Kumazo, are you guys alright?" Hime called from the cockpit.

Kumazo burst out laughing, while Akari got an embarrassed and disgusted look on her face. "Yukio puked all over the robot!" she said. The face of the boy in question turned red with shame.

"Don't worry, I've got you." she reassured them.

"Hey! There's a house up here . . ." Yukio said. He had apparently gotten over his fear of traveling this way because he was clinging to the edge of the Plate and pointing ahead.

Hime studied the ground below. A large ranch like house was there, surrounded by trees and numerous gardens. It looked very homey. "You kids want to stop and get cleaned up? I suppose we're okay way out here in the country." she said.

The Brain Powered slowly descended, cradling the Plate carefully. With a swish of the circular door, Hime poked her head out. "Hope we don't wig them out . . ." she said doubtfully.

A woman stepped out of the door as the Antibody touched ground. Yukio stood with his back to the house, directing the other children. "Got it? Akari, help Kumazo down." he said as the mecha gently lowered the Plate to the ground.

The woman was older, in her early fifties, with short earlobe-length hair and comfortable clothes. "Is that Yuu . . . or liko?" she said to herself.

She then saw Hime lowering herself out of the cockpit, supporting herself with her arms as her feet dangled down. "There . . . we go." the teen said with relief as she got on the ground.

"It's not a Grand Cher . . ." the lady said regretfully, studying the giant.

Everyone spun around, surprised. No one had noticed the woman standing there. "Oh. We're so sorry for trespassing." Hime apologized, blushing.

The woman just walked over to the Plate and felt its edge. "Funny. It's not really soft or hard . . . It's kinda heavy. Strange texture." she commented.

Surprised, Hime walked over. "Do you know something about these Plates, ma'am?"

The other smiled. "You could say that. Do you . . . work for Orphan?"

Hime blinked. ". . . 'Orphan'? Are you talking about that thing they found in the Pacific trench . . . ?"

The lady turned around and headed toward one of the gardens. She sounded a little disappointed when she spoke. "Can you help me with these tomatoes? . . . Never mind."

"It's okay." Hime said and ran forward to help her. "What do you know about Orphan?"

The woman seemed to ignore her, and knelt down next to a group of staked vines. "You're staying for dinner, aren't you?" She held up a large red tomato. "Just got ripe a few days ago."

"Oh, no, we couldn't possibly-" Hime began but was cut off by Kumazo.

"Yay!! Tomatoes!" the little boy yelled in delight, throwing up his hands.

Hime sighed and smiled, looking slightly embarrassed but happy. "I'm sorry. The kids love tomatoes so much . . ."

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One Year Later . . .

Yuu tugged at one of the many doors surrounding him. The large room he was in was filled with obscure machines that just seemed to be in the way. "This place is like a maze. Every door leads to a dozen others." he grumbled.

Suddenly a blast of pain slammed into his back. His hand let go as he whipped around, accidentally releasing the gun to clatter across the floor. He spotted a girl standing with a smoking gun, pointed right at him. She was a bit older than him, wearing a uniform-like dress. The black skirt stopped high on her ribs, leaving a strip of yellow to separate it from the red top of the dress and red tights. Violet eyes bored into him from behind the barrel. "liko!" he cried. "Only my sister could be cruel enough to shoot me in the back!"

"Traitor!" she shouted accusingly. Shoulder-length brown auburn hair swung as she spun around.

Her father stood nearby, trying to reason with her. "Wait, liko! He's just . . ."

She snapped her gaze back at him and glared. "That's Quincy Issa to you. I'm not liko Isami anymore!"

While they were speaking, Yuu had picked up his gun. liko (alias Quincy) picked up on the movement as he started to run and sprinted after him. "Yuu, wait! liko!" their father yelled. "She'll kill him!"

"Hmm . . ." His wife's face turned sad, but resigned. ". . . Maybe it's for the best."

Meanwhile Yuu ran through the halls of Orphan, dodging the machinery and climbing down ladders. Finally though, he reached a place where he could go no further. Before him was room with ladders leading to different floors and balconies, which would be useful if he could get to them: however, the floor ended at his feet. The drop to the floor would be fatal from this height.

He could see that the walls on one of the walkways hanging in the air nearby weren't complete-cloth was hung there instead. Only one way to go . . . he thought and, making a split-second decision, leapt. His weight and momentum let him tear right through the cloth and he fell through onto the floor.

After that little adventure was over, Yuu found himself in a hallway. He strode quickly down the hall and into a room where Plates were stored, lined up against the wall like waiting cars. He finally came to a stop, panting, as he reached the end.

"That's just what the doctor ordered. I think I need a little help. You up to it?"

Sitting motionless in front of him was the giant, tan body of an Antibody. Yuu grinned and climbed into the cockpit. The screen flashed to life in front of him as he slid into the seat. "Little musty in here. Must get cold and lonely." he said, working on a few buttons and checking other things. "I think that it's about time you saw some sunlight. I've never flown a Brain Powered before!"

The door to the room whirred open as Iiko stormed in. Workers were tending to the torn cloth in the hallway beyond as one followed her in. "I don't think that he came this way." he said doubtfully.

"He's in here. Trust me." she replied flatly.

Yuu looked down in alarm. "Hurry up! If we don't hoof it, you're about 30 seconds from becoming a smoking pile of metal." he warned.

The Antibody obeyed and climbed to its feet. Iiko saw the movement in the shadows and sprinted forward from the other end of the room. "Give it up, Yuu! You don't want to do this!" she shouted.

He ignored her and the Brain Powered got ready to take off. Iiko pointed her gun at him. "Yuu!"

"What are you doing, sis?" he asked, almost to himself. His mecha rose to the ceiling and toward the far end of the room. "Whoa . . ." Yuu said uneasily when its head brushed the ceiling.

Iiko threw her gun to the ground angrily. "You really want this, don't you?" she growled. An orderly had come up behind her with a huge gun and she snatched it from him. "Gimme that!"

Meanwhile, Yuu was directing his machine. "See that round thing in front of us?" he asked. There was a circular device directly ahead, with a handle coming out just the right size for an Antibody's hand. "Good." he said as his reached out and twisted it like a doorknob. Doors slid

shut from each side as he stepped into the next room.

"We don't have anything that can take them down!" a scientist said below.

"Don't fire!" another cried. "You'll damage Orphan!"

Iiko gritted her teeth in frustration and barked out orders. "Get Jonathan Glen and the Grand Cher force and prepare for deployment."

Once the doors had fully closed, water began pouring into the room from all sides. Yuu leaned back in his seat as it reached eye-level to his mecha. "I can't believe she was ready to take me out. I wasn't ever a mindless Orphan drone like that, was I?" He breathed out in relief as the Brain Powered became fully submerged. "You'd tell me if I was, wouldn't you?"

The doors to the outside slowly slid forward, revealing deep cerulean depths. Sunlight from the surface far above bounced off Orphan's sides and dappled the giant's body. "We're 7000 meters underwater. It's okay, you'll be fine." Yuu reassured. "Hull integrity's maintained." He paused for a moment, looking at the readouts, then grinned. "Heads up. It's time to get ready for a little taste of freedom."

The Brain Powered headed upwards, rising like a leviathan from the deep. "C'mon, let's go! If we can find the Novis Noah, the Earth might have a chance!"

You know something I've noticed? A lot of male, teenage robot pilots in anime look alike. I mean, look at Kira Yamato and Heero Yuy from Gundam SEED and Gundam Wing; they both have dark hair that hangs in their eyes. So does Yuu Isami, except his is blue. XD And another thing? They all have a "y" in their name somewhere. ^_^ Random moment there.

And chapter 15 of Magik is coming! It is! It's just . . . taking it's time. Walking slowly along the path. Maybe it got waylaid on the way . . . -_-;;

In any case, maybe you've noticed by now that they use a lot of slang. XD I haven't heard some of those expressions used in real life in ages. Maybe it's just the place where I live. *shrug* Anyways . . . There's two more Revivals in this book, so soon I'll start the next volume. Funfunfun! It's harder than I thought it would be, but satisfying. One word: FEEDBACK!!!
^_^