



SAM

FATE
REVOLUTION





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FOONGATZ!
STUDIOS

SAM: Fate Revolution.

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The story so far...

About one year ago, ASF ships along the outer rim of the Spaceways started falling under attack by a mysterious tyrant called Rancor. His army moved slowly down the Spaceways in his massive traveling home world, terrorizing everything in its path; hijacking ships, killing crews, and invading member planets all in an attempt to strong-arm the ASF into submission.



Meanwhile, another mystery has emerged in Goldenrod City, home to ASF Headquarters on Mandit. A young man was discovered with no memory and no clues to his past other than a collar with name "Sam" inscribed on the tag. After being treated at an ASF sponsored clinic, Sam took up residence in a small apartment along the outskirts of the city where he is now forced to start a new life while struggling to remember his old one. Is Sam simply an unfortunate victim of a strange and unexplained case of amnesia? Or is his sudden appearance during these troubled times more than a coincidence.



The peaceful morning has been shattered during an early meeting of high ranking ASF officers. As peacekeeping forces race to the scene, will Admiral Hart and his command staff survive? Or is the ASF counter-strategy doomed before it can even begin?



30 Days Ago...

ALRIGHT,
I'M HERE. SO
WHAT'S THE BIG
EMERGENCY?

OR IS THIS
JUST ANOTHER CLEVER
SCHEME TO PULL ME
AWAY FROM MY
WORK FOR SOME
ALONE TIME?

UNFORTUNATELY
FOR YOU, WE HAVE A
REAL SITUATION THIS
TIME.

PEDESTRIAN
VS. BTV*.

WHAT'VE
WE GOT?

VICTIM IS
MALE, MAMMAL, NO
ID, EARLY 20'S BY THE
LOOKS OF HIM. HE'S
BEEN UNCONSCIOUS SINCE
THEY BROUGHT HIM IN,
BUT HE'S IN STABLE
CONDITION.

*BULK TRANSPORT VEHICLE

STABLE?
HE'S LUCKY
TO BE ALIVE.
WHAT KIND OF
INJURIES?

WELL THAT'S JUST
IT, HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY.
NO BROKEN BONES, NO
INTERNAL DAMAGE THAT WE
CAN FIND...NOTHING.

HUH...YOU
SAID NO ID? DID
YOU RUN HIS GENE MAP
THROUGH THE DATA
MATRIX?

WE DID, NO MATCHES
CAME BACK. WE THINK HE MIGHT
BE AN OUTLANDER THAT WANDERED
INTO THE CITY, WHICH MIGHT ALSO
EXPLAIN WHY HE HAD NO
CLOTHES ON.

WHAT?!

DID I FORGET
TO MENTION
THAT?

HE WAS
NAKED?

EXCEPT
FOR THIS, SOME
SORT OF NECKLACE
WITH A NAME
INSCRIBED ON THE
PENDANT.

"SAM"...

OK, IT'S
STRANGE, BUT
IF THE PATIENT
IS STABLE WHY
DO YOU NEED
ME?

HERE, THIS
PICTURE WAS TAKEN
AT THE SCENE.

I DON'T
GET IT, WHAT
AM I LOOKING
AT?

THAT'S
THE BTV...AFTER
IT HIT HIM.

WE WERE
HOPING YOU COULD
EXPLAIN HOW SOME-
THING LIKE THAT
HAPPENS.

WELL,
NOW THAT IS
INTERESTING.

Now...



"AS YOU LAY THERE IN YOUR FINAL MOMENTS, KNOW THAT THIS WAS YOUR CHOICE."



YOU WERE GIVEN THE OPPORTUNITY TO STAND ASIDE AND LET THE INEVITABLE TAKE ITS COURSE, INSTEAD YOU CHOSE TO STAND IN ITS PATH.



BUT FATE DOES NOT ALTER ITS COURSE TO ACCOMMODATE THE PETTY STATUS QUO OF THE INSIGNIFICANT.



IT WILL RUN YOU THROUGH JUST AS IT HAS THE COUNTLESS OTHERS WHO CHOSE TO DEFEY THE WILL OF A GOD.



RANCOR WILL REALIZE HIS DESTINY, AND THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO STOP--



SHHHRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEOOOOOOOOOOOMMM





HRMPH
WELL,
THAT'S *ONE*
WAY TO WAKE
UP. YOU OK
OVER THERE,
SAMMY?

SA--
WHOA...

**The
Ranconian
War**
Chapter II
"Revelations"





THAT WAS TOO CLOSE.

HE'S ESCALATING HIS ATTACKS, GETTING MORE AGGRESSIVE.

HE'S GETTING DESPERATE.

MY GRANDFATHER USED TO SAY THAT YOU KNOW YOU'RE DOING SOMETHING RIGHT WHEN THEY START TRYING TO KILL YOU.



LOOKS JUST LIKE THE ONE--

--FROM LAST MONTH, YEAH.

HOW DO THEY KEEP GETTING THROUGH OUR SECURITY?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT.



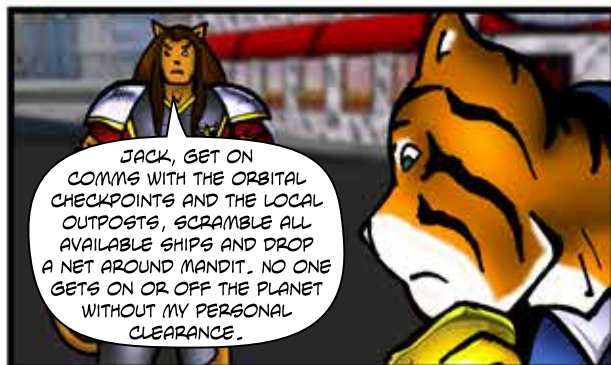
LOCK DOWN THE AREA

GET M.I.I.* DOWN HERE TO QUESTION EVERYONE, I WANT DETAILED ACCOUNTS FROM ALL ANGLES.

*MAJOR INCIDENT INVESTIGATIONS



LEX, COORDINATE WITH THE OTHER FORCE-TEAM LEADERS AND SET UP A MULTI-TIERED PERIMETER AROUND THE CITY. YOU SEE ANYONE ANYWHERE THEY SHOULDN'T BE, DETAIN FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER.



JACK, GET ON COMMS WITH THE ORBITAL CHECKPOINTS AND THE LOCAL OUTPOSTS, SCRAMBLE ALL AVAILABLE SHIPS AND DROP A NET AROUND MANDIT. NO ONE GETS ON OR OFF THE PLANET WITHOUT MY PERSONAL CLEARANCE.



MARTY, GET OVER TO--

MARTY? HAS ANYONE SEEN MARTY?

I'M UP HERE!



AND I'M
FINE, BY THE WAY,
THANKS FOR
ASKING.

HOW
THE...?

THE
BLAST MUST
HAVE--

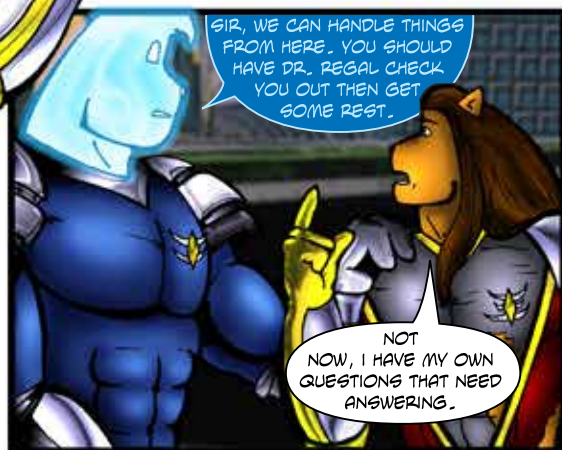
WOULD YOU
GET DOWN FROM
THERE!



SURE,
JUST GIVE ME A
SECOND TO PULL A
PAIR OF WINGS OUT
OF MY--

OH
FOR CRYING
OUT...

CAN SOMEONE
GRAB AN AIR-ROD OR
SOMETHING AND GO GET
MCCRAB DOWN FROM
THE LEDGE?

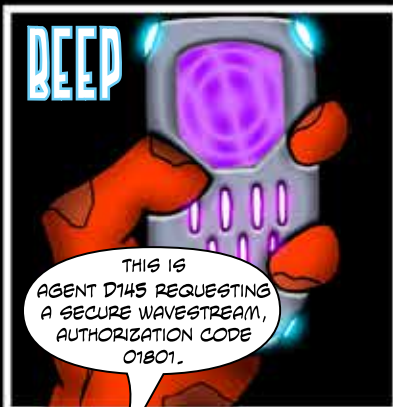


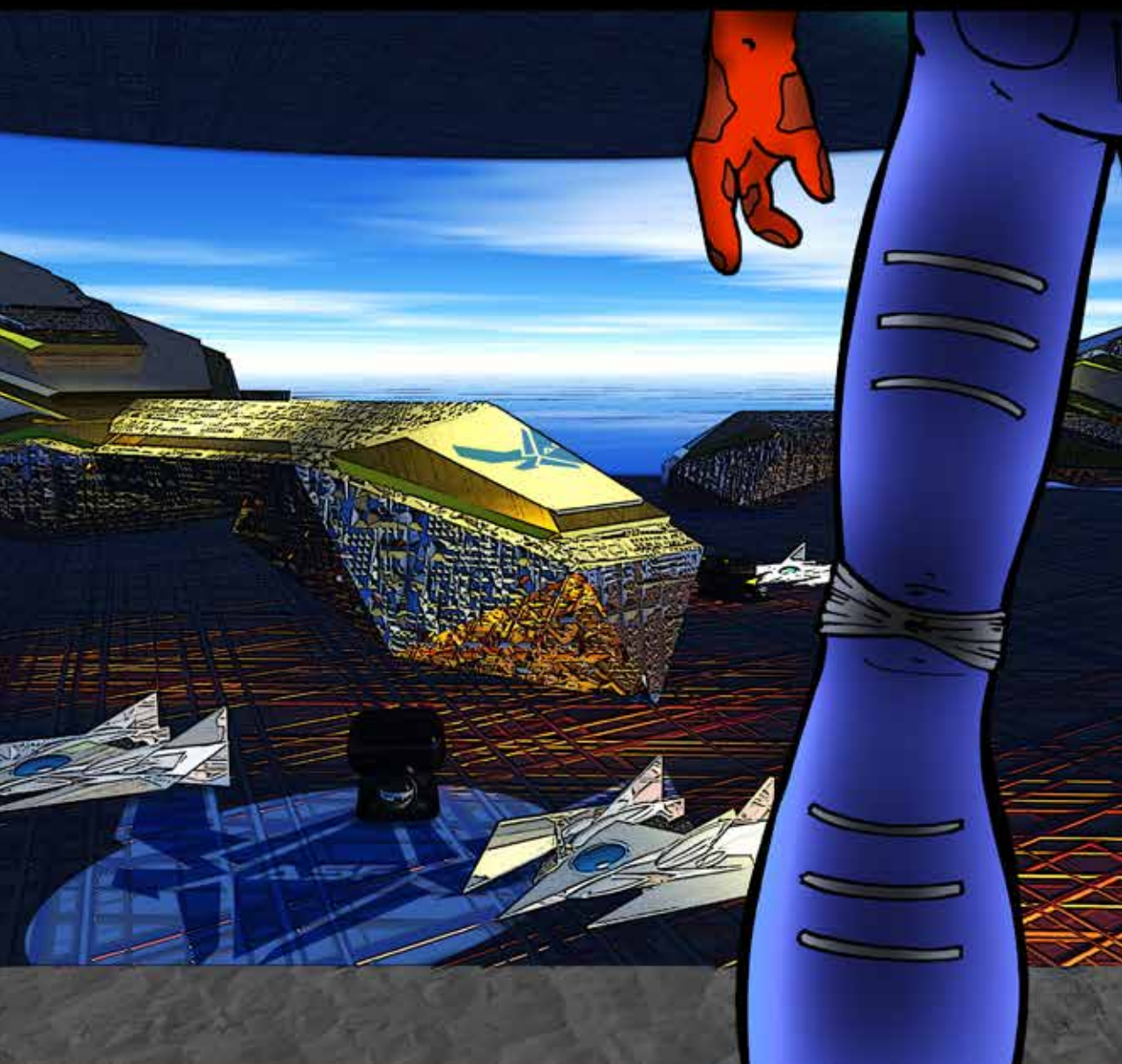
SIR, WE CAN HANDLE THINGS
FROM HERE. YOU SHOULD
HAVE DR. REGAL CHECK
YOU OUT THEN GET
SOME REST.

NOT
NOW, I HAVE MY OWN
QUESTIONS THAT NEED
ANSWERING.



SOMEONE
OR SOMETHING SAVED
MY LIFE TODAY, AND I
INTEND TO FIND OUT
WHAT IT WAS.







OHMANOHMANOHMAN
OHMANOHMAN...

THAT DID **NOT**
JUST HAPPEN.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT WAS,
BUT IT DIDN'T JUST HAPPEN.

WHAT **WAS** THAT? I MEAN,
WHAT WAS THAT?!

I SHOT A LASER BEAM...
OUT OF MY HANDS!!!



I COULDN'T DO
THAT YESTERDAY...
I DON'T THINK....

THIS IS CRAZY...**I'M CRAZY**...THAT
HAS TO BE IT, I'VE LOST MY MIND
AND GONE HEAD OVER TAIL CRAZY.



DID I HURT ANYBODY? I HOPE
I DIDN'T HURT ANYBODY...OH
MAN, **BRONTO!** HE WAS SITTING
RIGHT THERE...I HOPE HE'S OK.

OF COURSE HE'S OK, BECAUSE
NOTHING HAPPENED.

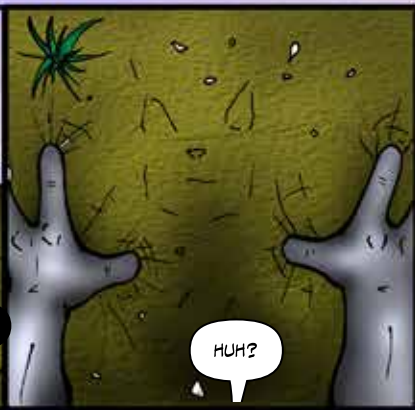


THEN WHY ARE MY
HANDS GLOWING?

GAH!

I HAVE TO PULL MYSELF
TOGETHER...COME ON
SAM, GET A GRIP.

OK, I'LL JUST GO BACK TO MY
APARTMENT LIKE NOTHING
HAPPENED-BECAUSE IT DIDN'T-AND
EVERYTHING WILL BE ALRIGH--



The Alcazar

"YOU SHOULD PROBABLY TELL HIM."

"YOU'RE THE ONE THE ONE WHO GOT THE CALL."

YOU'RE LESS DISPENSABLE THAN I AM.

WHICH IS WHY IT WOULD BE BETTER IF HE KILLED YOU INSTEAD OF ME.

HE'S NOT GOING TO KILL EITHER OF US.

THEN WHAT ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT?

WHAT HE'S GOING TO DO TO US WHILE WE'RE STILL ALIVE.

WHAT'S ALL THIS "WE" TALK?

WE WERE BOTH IN CHARGE OF THE OPERATION.

WHAT HAPPENED WASN'T *OUR* FAULT.

YOU REALLY THINK HE'S GOING TO SEE IT THAT WAY?

RANCOR IS A LOT OF THINGS, BUT HE'S NOT IRRATIONAL.

THEN *YOU* TELL HIM.

FINE.





LORD
CALLOUS, WHAT
NEWS DO YOU
BRING?



MY LIEGE, THE
OPERATION... SOMETHING
WENT--THERE WAS A
COMPLICATION.



SO
THE LION
LIVES...



YES.
SOMETHING
UNEXPECTED
INTERVENED
AND--



AN EXCUSE? YOU DARE
TO STAND BEFORE ME AND
RATIONALIZE YOUR
INCOMPETENCE?



THERE
WAS NO WAY
WE COULD
HAVE--



YOU
FAILED
ME.



PLEASE MASTER,
I PROMISE NEXT
TIME--



AND IF
THERE IS NO
NEXT TIME?

WHAT *USE*
SHALL YOU BE TO
ME THEN, LORD
CALLOUS?



MERCY!



VERY WELL.



HOWEVER, THIS SETBACK DOES DEMAND A CHANGE IN OUR LEADERSHIP STRUCTURE.

LORD ILLS... YOU ARE RELIEVED OF YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES TO ME.



WHAT? ME?!



STYGIAN.



WAIT, BUT I--







HYNNNGH...

WHY...WON'T
...THIS STUPID...
DOOR...OP--



SNAP!

YIEEE!



OH GOOD
GRIEF.

MAYBE I'M OVERREACTING TO
THIS WHOLE THING. I MEAN,
WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL, REALLY?

SO I SAW AN EXPLOSION IN
IN MY HEAD RIGHT BEFORE
ONE ACTUALLY HAPPENED...

...AND THEN LOST ALL CONTROL OF
MYSELF AND SHOT A GIANT BLUE
LASER BEAM OUT OF MY HANDS...

...AND THEN RAN 50 MILES
IN ABOUT 30 SECONDS...

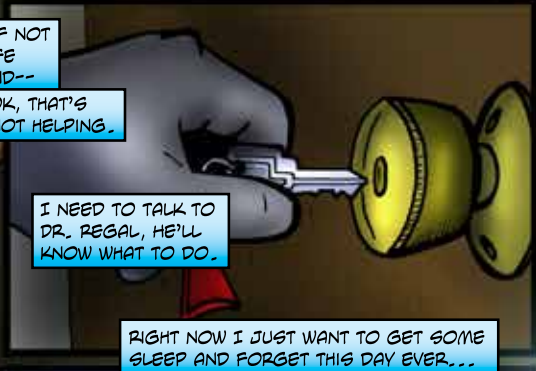


...AND ALL OF THAT ON TOP OF NOT
HAVING ANY MEMORY OF MY LIFE
BEYOND THE PAST 30 DAYS, AND--

OK, THAT'S
NOT HELPING.

I NEED TO TALK TO
DR. REGAL, HE'LL
KNOW WHAT TO DO.

RIGHT NOW I JUST WANT TO GET SOME
SLEEP AND FORGET THIS DAY EVER...



...HAPPENED...

...OR NOT.





UMMM...
HI?



YOU CAN
STAND YOUR TEAM
DOWN, LEX. I THINK
OUR NEW FRIEND
HERE GETS THE
IDEA.

DO
YOU KNOW WHO
I AM?



I'VE SEEN
YOUR PICTURE IN THE
PAPER, YEAM... HOW
DID YOU KNOW WHERE
I LIVED?

SON, I
HAVE AN ENTIRE
INTERPLANETARY
INTELLIGENCE
NETWORK AT MY
DISPOSAL.

HOW HARD
DO YOU THINK IT
WAS FOR ME TO
TRACK DOWN THE
BUSBOY FROM
CHACHI'S?

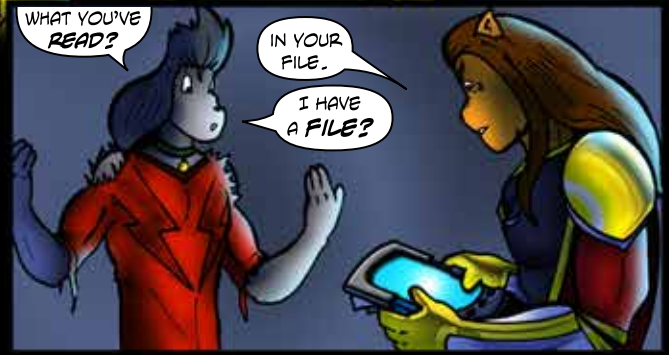
WELL I
DON'T KNOW
WHAT ANY OF THAT
MEANS, BUT,
SURE, OK.

IT MEANS I
LIKELY KNOW MORE
ABOUT YOU THAN
YOU DO.



THAT'S ACTUALLY NOT
AS IMPRESSIVE AS
YOU'RE PROBABLY
THINKING.

AH YES,
FROM WHAT I'VE
READ, YOU'VE BEEN
HAVING SOMETHING
OF AN IDENTITY
CRISIS.



WHAT YOU'VE
READ?

IN YOUR
FILE.

I HAVE
A FILE?



A SMALLER ONE THAN MOST, BUT I HAVE TO ADMIT FAR MORE INTERESTING.

LISTEN, I DON'T WANT TO BE RUDE OR, Y'KNOW, GET SHOT OR ANYTHING, BUT, WHY ARE YOU HERE?

BECAUSE THIS MORNING YOUR FILE GOT A LITTLE THICKER.

RIGHT, THAT...I CAN EXPLAIN THAT.

BY ALL MEANS.



I GOT NOTHING.

I FIGURED AS MUCH.

ARE YOU GOING TO ARREST ME?

DID YOU DO SOMETHING WRONG?



WELL I THINK I MIGHT HAVE KILLED SOMEONE.

INCINERATED, REALLY, BUT HE WAS EVIL SO WE'RE SORT OF OK WITH THAT.

OH.

YOU'RE NOT IN TROUBLE, SAM. WE WANT YOUR HELP.

MY WHAT?



YOU'VE PROBABLY ALSO SEEN IN THE PAPER THAT WE'RE ABOUT TO ENTER A WAR THAT I DON'T MIND SAYING MIGHT BE A LITTLE MORE THAN WE CAN HANDLE.

SOMEONE WITH YOUR ABILITIES WOULD BE OF GREAT VALUE.

WHOA, WAIT...I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT FILE SAYS, BUT I'M NO SOLDIER.



THAT MUCH IS BECOMING CLEAR.

BUT LAST MONTH ONE OF THOSE THINGS THAT ATTACKED ME BROKE INTO A SECURE ASF FACILITY, STOLE CLASSIFIED INFORMATION, AND BLASTED IT'S WAY OUT THROUGH AN ENTIRE REGIMENT OF ELITE FORCE-TEAM OFFICERS.

THAT KIND OF POWER IS OF USE TO ME.

BUT YOU TOOK ONE OUT WITH A SINGLE SHOT.

BUT I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW I DID IT...I HAD NO CONTROL. IT WAS LIKE SOMETHING ELSE TOOK OVER MY BODY AND IT JUST HAPPENED.



WE CAN HELP YOU FIGURE ALL OF THAT OUT.

WE HAVE SCIENTISTS WHO LIVE TO STUDY THIS KIND OF PHENOMENON.

I DON'T WANT TO BE A FENOMAWHATEVER, I'M NOT SPECIAL LIKE YOU THINK.

I MEAN, IT'S NICE THAT YOU WANT TO HELP ME AND EVERYTHING, BUT I'D RATHER NOT GET INVOLVED.



MAKE NO MISTAKE, SAM... YOU'RE **ALREADY** INVOLVED.

YOU MOST LIKELY MADE YOURSELF A TARGET WITH THAT LITTLE STUNT.

CHANCES ARE THAT YOU'LL NEED **OUR** HELP AS MUCH AS WE MAY NEED YOURS.

STILL, I THINK I'D BE BETTER OFF MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS.

SAM... YOU SAVED MY LIFE, AND I'M GRATEFUL FOR THAT.

SO I'M GOING TO PUT THIS AS MILDLY AS POSSIBLE...

...YOUR BUINESS BECAME **MY** BUINESS THE MOMENT YOU WENT SUPERNOVA IN PUBLIC.

WHAT?

YOU JUST GOT THROUGH TELLING ME THAT YOU HAD NO CONTROL OVER WHAT YOU DID.

I HAVE ENOUGH PROBLEMS IN THIS GALAXY WITHOUT HAVING TO WORRY ABOUT A TIME-BOMB RUNNING LOOSE IN MY OWN BACK YARD.

IF YOU'RE NOT UNDER MY WATCH, THEN YOU'RE A **THREAT**, AND I HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TO THE PEOPLE OF THIS PLANET TO TREAT YOU AS SUCH.

BUT...



I'LL GIVE YOU THE NIGHT TO THINK ABOUT IT.

YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND, COME BY ASF HQ IN THE MORNING. IF NOT...

...WE'LL COME GET YOU.



I'LL LEAVE THIS HERE FOR YOU TO LOOK THROUGH.



I KNOW YOU DON'T THINK YOU'RE ANYTHING SPECIAL, BUT THERE'S SOME STUFF IN THERE THAT SPEAKS OTHERWISE.

I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW, SAM...

"...ONE WAY
OR ANOTHER."



Case File: 12734 — Accident Scene — Name: Sam

NEXT: Orientation

CHARACTER PROFILES

SAM



Sam was found after getting hit by a bulk transport vehicle and taken to a nearby clinic. There he was kept under observation for a week. During his stay he was cared for by Dr. Winston Regal and Fee Fee Champlain, to whom Sam took quite a liking. She got him a job as a busboy at Chachi's Bar and Grille, the favorite hangout of several ASF servicemen. While Sam spends his days trying to piece together the mystery of his origin, he spends his nights haunted by bizarre visions he can barely understand. While some suggest he just has a vivid imagination, Sam can't shake the feeling that somewhere, somehow, trouble is coming his way.

STRENGTH
SPEED
AGILITY
DURABILITY
ENERGY
INTELLIGENCE
COMBAT SKILLS



RANCOR



Rancor's beginnings are a mystery. His brilliant mind dreams of conquest and power. His thirst for dominion knows no limits. His empire spans hundreds of light years, and his spies reach well beyond its borders into the remaining free worlds. Seemingly invincible, who can stop this insatiable tyrant from possessing the entire galaxy? With Mandit in his sights, only Sam and the ASF stand in his way. But Rancor will let nothing stop him from fulfilling his destiny.

STRENGTH
SPEED
AGILITY
DURABILITY
ENERGY
INTELLIGENCE
COMBAT SKILLS



BRONTO



Bronto Power is responsible for designing most of the ships in the ASF fleet. A genius mechanic, he and his brother Beebo have been building their own engines and ships since they were youngsters. Bronto oversees all of the ASF's most top-secret projects as their Chief of Engineering for Research and Development. Always in high spirits and good humor, he's quite chatty, and his long-winded anecdotes have been known to clear a room or two. Bronto also has a special relationship with ASF Force Team raptor Ronda Enriquez, although they got off to a rocky start when Bronto mistook her affection for appetite due to her meat-eating heritage.

STRENGTH
SPEED
AGILITY
DURABILITY
ENERGY
INTELLIGENCE
COMBAT SKILLS



FEEFEE



As senior assistant to the ASF's Chief Medical Officer, Fee Fee Champlain devotes her life to helping others. She left home to join the ASF as a way of distancing herself from what she considered to be a shallow and sheltered life. Always a bit of a free spirit, Fee Fee was never comfortable with the restrictions and boundaries her family had placed on her. Outside of work, Fee Fee enjoys "extreme" sports and activities. They also help reinforce her image as an independent and self-assured woman, while on the inside she's not quite as secure as she'll lead herself and others to believe. She has a romantic relationship with her boss, Dr. Winston Regal, who ironically represents in many ways the safe and mundane life she was trying to get away from.

STRENGTH
SPEED
AGILITY
DURABILITY
ENERGY
INTELLIGENCE
COMBAT SKILLS

