

Preface (written in 2012)

As the old song by Peter Cetera and Cher goes "Well here we are again..."

13 years later after I tucked away the Zapbots onto a single backup of a CD-Rom disc I'm strangely begun revisiting this collection from my past. What was once a collection of stories and drawing I had started with the advent of The Transformers (and yes some GoBot stuff there as well) had become just a moment of my childhood tucked away so I could concentrate on the important things in my so called 'adult life'.

When I was just a small tot I took the Transformers and reshaped them into my own creation. In what was to be complete plagiarism I created my own collection of characters and stories. What I really should of done was write stories and draw The Transformers but alas one problem. I wanted to be the center of the story, me as the integral character to everything. This combined with my desire to vent many hidden at the time sexual desires amongst the few friends I had; I created my own version of Transformers. The Zapbots.

Featuring myself as the main characters I created a vast world both inside my head and on paper where I could escape. Here in this tiny world, I was in complete control of any situation. Here enemies were vanquished and I was the hero saving my many friends from the evil wishes of the diabolical villains. Here my imagination flowed and I was able to project my ideal view of a perfect world.

While the drawings of the various characters were either lifted somewhat or directly from Transformers, I did end up changing the various personalities found in the Transformers Saga. The backstory dealt with a spaceship landing in my backyard would become the catalyst of the stories to come. As Transformers died down and Star Trek became a bigger focus on my life, the stories started to venture more into space territory and the characters became more a copy of the Star Trek worlds.

As I went to college the ability to draw these creations diminished in time. I put away my sketchbook for other required Art school duties. I was in the process of revamping the saga when I entered the so-called 'Real World' with a full-time job and responsibilities. I was halfway through rewriting the original saga when I lost interest, and quietly shelved the entire collection of drawings and stories for a time.

Flash forward to 1999, The Southpark series was in high swing and the creators of this show, whom which I enjoyed attacked my other hero Phil Collins for losing to best song to him at the Grammy's. Wanting to respond with the Internet and Animation I took my Zapbots and made them a flash animation similar to SouthPark. In this animation the Zapbots rescued Phil Collins from the evil SouthPark kids and all was well.

Conducting this animation when I should of been spending my time looking for a job (as I was just put in between positions). I released this to the world hoping for worldwide fame and recognition from the South Park creators. I even faxed the studios a link to the website, and promoted the animations on NewGrounds.com.

The response was somewhat minimal. I did get people all around the world commenting on the animation. Mostly for the lack of voices, but some individuals did get the joke. As time went on and Phil Collins continued to thrive as well as South Park, I soon realized I didn't have to shape my reality around other people's conceptions of life.

Continuing forward, in 2005 with the advent of the Life Action Transformers movie becoming a reality I started my own Podcast with TFormers.com (after being woefully rejected from the only other Transformers Podcast because I was Gay) I started to gather a fan following of the Podcast. Referencing back to previous audio work I did years ago for Radio Free Cybertron Brian Kilby brought up the Zapbots. I would soon meet my friend Doug (DMG) who became the biggest fan of our podcast and actually inquired about the Zapbots themselves.

This started the journey back into my childhood. I pulled out all the old drawings and scanned them up onto my website. I decided to create my own for the Zapbots. I then started to reread the stories I written so long ago. Yes the grammar was atrocious at times, but the imagination I had as a younger self still amazes me. The stories themselves were actually quite good in a Stand By Me meeting Gay Transformers type of way.

When I opened my box of old stories I was amazed I had actually wrote a synopsis of the saga for reference. The original Saga was written between 1986 to 1994 I believe. In 1994 in college I started to rewrite the stories adding improved grammar and details, as these were the complaint of my college friends at the time.

The original saga's storyline...

- Zapbots the Beginning
- Comic Reference
- Movie 1 (Hero)
- Movie 2 (The Next Generation)
- Movie 3 (The Return)
- Unicron Returns
- The Escape
- The Boys Town
- The Yellow Planet
- Back in Time
- Planet G
- Robot Trek I
- Robot Trek II
- Robot Trek III
- Robot Trek IV
- Robot Trek V
- The Wrath of Sliphead
- Zapbots meet TMNT
- The Boys Town 2
- Back in Time 2
- Mystery
- Epilogue

- Movie 4 (Fall and Rebirth)

Movies 1 through 4 actually were written first and then I started to go back in and add additional layers between the two. When I went to college (1994) and started revamping the saga I followed the following storylines.

- Zapbots the Beginning
- Movie 1 (Hero)
- Movie 2 (The Next Generation)
- Movie 3 (The Return)
- Unicron Returns
- The Escape
- The Boys Town
- The Yellow Planet
- Reality
- Back in Time
- Planet G
- Robot Trek I
- Robot Trek II

The new additional being Reality which was the bridge to include all my current college friends into the saga. I made it up to Robot Trek II and then just stopped, leaving off a big cliffhanger to add.

Thankfully I made these into a backup disc and 13 years later I was able to recover them and start going through the storyline. The expanded stories featured a lot more dynamics than my originals ones. I know why I stopped at Robot 2, because 3,4 and 5 were pretty much the Star Trek movies saga. The rest of the non-important stories were very much single adventures targeted toward friends of mine.

So I come to 2012, and revisiting this childhood fantasy of my past the idea did conjure, would I dare pick up the storyline? The possibility of continuing this saga of characters enticed me. With the advent of Games of Thrones and other long epics making it TV, could I possibly pickup my childhood fantasy, expand on the story and recreate the world once inside my head. Soon in my spare moments at work I started to conjecture the premise and the storyline.

The idea of revisiting the Zapbots and doing a Star Trek like reboot, where you would keep all your movies on one bookcase and reboot the saga on another leaving just a short string connect two grew on me. What if we revisited the Zapbots now 13 years later? The problem lies with the cliffhanger left off in Robot Trek 2. Revisiting the other Robot Treks seem silly now considering they weren't original ideas, although the other stories that followed were from ideas of my own.

So to continue this saga, we will reference the original writings of the saga after RT2 and go forward, letting this story pick up after all the original saga. The other stories will possibly get revamped in the future but I wanted to start this new story arc now, going with the 'several years later' idea. I'm going with the idea of those stories did happen similar to the original 86-94

writings, so they do exist in the universe, I just care not to rewrite them now.

And this we begin the adventure again...

### **December 2020/January 2021 Update**

So with the Covid plague upon us in 2020 I started writing the original stories again, picking back up with Robot Trek III. I should have the entire saga completed for 2021.

For reference of the stories and their order, you can check out [www.Zapbots.com](http://www.Zapbots.com).

If you are reading these stories in order the only thing you have to know is that Rebooted was written out of sync with the rest of the stories. I wrote this in 2012 on a plane back and forth from California. Then picked up the rest of the stories now in 2020. Read the Preface for Robot Trek III to catchup but just understand that THIS original preface was written in 2012.

That's All for Now.... Enjoy the film!

# Zapbots Rebooted

By Anthony S. Anselmo

## Chapter 1

It was a perfect day, besides the stench of the sweat of leather uniforms. Mike Quartz didn't seem to mind. As head security officer of the White House he enjoyed the hot sweltering weather that came to District of Columbia. Everything was quiet on the White House lawn, not much to write home about. As he walked up to the security entrance, he was greeted by John the gate guard. John didn't enjoy the hot weather as much, but thankfully his guard gate had an air conditioning unit in it. Mike walked up and gave the typical knock on the glass.

"How's the unit keeping up?" inquired Mike

"It's as cold as an ice locker in here," said John

"Nothing new to report?"

"We had a photographer out here earlier, check him out and he was fine. Nothing else to report."

"Eh tourists, always constant around here."

Suddenly, the air turned from a soft breeze to eerily calm. Mike's instincts suddenly reacted with Goosebumps and chills. He looked around, but saw nothing.

"What?" asked John.

"Nothing, its... just a bit too quiet." replied Mike.

Out from the distance came the sound of a military jet, soft at first but slowly increasing. Mike's eyes peered over the horizon, raising his hand to hide the sun. He could see the Jet now as it was coming closer to them.

"He's flying a little low, thank goodness it's one of ours." said John.

Mike kept his eye constant on the jet, it was coming closer now, it was directly in line with their entrance. Was this possible? Would a military jet even come this close to the White House without some sort of warning or call?

Before his mind has a chance to continue thinking along this path, the jet came lower into the horizon. At this point there was no mistaking, it was coming right for them. An item dispersed from the jet and Mike barely had the chance to yell out "Take Cover!" before the missile impacted with the ground, sending him flying into the air. He landed with a hard thud onto the ground below turning back to see the entrance gate completely destroyed and John was nowhere to be found.

A second jet came up behind the distance, coming much lower to the ground. Suddenly something began to happen to the jet. At first he thought it was falling apart but it appeared to be moving some exterior parts. "Wait... what that legs?" Mike thought, but soon out came not only legs, but arms, torso and a head. The jet has changed or morphed into a robot. A HUGE robot. Fear filled Mike's body, but somehow this fear was familiar. He knew of this before although he did not know how.

Grabbing his communications he radio an emergency single. "This is Mike Quartz, we have unidentified objects approaching the north lawn! I repeat, we have unidentified objects

approaching the front lawn. Code red! Code red!”

The robot slowly descended down from the sky as his feet emitted rocket propulsion of some type. He hit the ground leaving the grass completely charred and started to walk towards the White House.

Mike got out his gun and fired rounds. The bullets ricocheted off the robot as he continued to walk towards the White House. Mike continued to fire as he stepped backwards, the large two-story robot completely ignoring him and his attempts to destroy him.

Suddenly something came out of the robot, a small device of some sorts. In fact it was bird like in shape. It flew out and went right towards the door of the White House. Bright lights what seemed to be lasers emitted from it, blowing the side of the White House open, giving it enough room to enter.

Mike started running towards the house, the tall grey robot standing motionless, as if waiting for something. He reached the front door and ran down the hallway hearing the screams of other military people as if they were shot down in agony. As he rounded the corner he saw the fallen bodies of his comrades, some bloody, some half deteriorated in what seemed to be a pile of charred dust, and some too grim to even describe.

He followed the line of dead bodies to the room he knew so well, but prayed was not the final destination of this alien object. As he burst through the door he stopped to see the robotic bird like object grabbed the cowering President in its talons.

“STOP!” yelled Mike.

The bird’s head swung around and instinctively Mike dove for the floor, missing lasers emitting from the bird’s eyes as it fired a laser in his direction. The bird then fired at the windows of the Oval Office, blasting them outwards. Before Mike could get up on his feet, the bird was flying out the window with the President. He now saw the large robotic figure come into view, the bird robot dropping the president into the hand of the monstrous robot. The robot then put the President into his chest, and suddenly began to move again with sides changing and body parts re-arranging. Once again this robot was a jet and it took off towards the skies.

“NO” yelled Mike, as he saw the President of the United States disappear from view.

## Chapter 2

I awoke hitting the alarm clock with soft tap. Shawn my partner had already gotten up and left for work. I began first with a shower, followed by the ritual of putting contacts in, shaving and finally clothes for the day. I fed our collection of Parrots, jumped in my annoying crappy Chevy car and proceeded to my position at work.

It was a normal day in Columbus, the capital of Ohio. The sun was shining and the humidity was just enough to be annoying but not enough to be pleasant. I cursed at the idiot who cut me off on the highway and then stopped at the gas station to grab my usual cup of coffee.

As I got back to my car, I opened the door and turned the key. This time the engine didn't start.

"HmMMMMM" I said with my usual humor.

I tried again and this time it started. It was like the car itself was waiting for something.

I drove out and continued my average day as a technical personal at my job, which I hated. It was only something to pay the bills to help continue the roller coaster that was my life.

However it was Friday, and we had plans tonight, after a long day at work I came home, slinging my laptop on my desk. Dressing up in our semi-finest Shawn and I were going to downtown Short North area to meet some friends.

"Who's driving?" I inquired

"My car's been giving me problems," Shawn said.

"Mine too, great!"

After some initial discussion we decided on my standard nothing-to-write-home-about Chevy instead of his sporty Hyundi. Better to bring the less fancier car downtown; plus I got to play my music.

Parking downtown is always a pain, this and the lack of business slowly moving out of the downtown area and heading for the suburbs. However, it was a commune of our culture and something I tried to convince Shawn to do as often as possible.

We parked on the side street near the park and began our slow walk up to the main thoroughfare to meet our friends. Warm hellos and hugs as we waited outside the extremely small restaurant for a table to be ready. The city streets buzzed with people moving back and forth, observing the small shops with their fancy knick-knacks or deciding which restaurant to eat at.

Conversation was all around and sometimes I have been known to tune out the world around me and let me mind wander. Shawn was conversing with our friends about something out of the corner of my eye I saw something in the distance in the sky. A small helicopter was flying above us, extremely low for my thoughts. I tapped Shawn on the shoulder pondering some awkwardness of this. Any other day I might ignore this as the police doing their usual fly-bys. However for some reason, this instinctually got to me. Deep inside I felt something, something I had not sensed in years.

The helicopter came closer into view. Upon closer inspection this was a military copter. Why was a military copter flying over our heads in a commercial type district? Suddenly without warning the helicopter swerved around as if it was propelled by something other than its blades. A device came out of it, a device that appeared to be a missile. It flew right towards the main street!

The rocket hit the street with a gigantic explosion. People screamed in horror as cars flew into the air crashing into buildings and store windows. My friends gasped in horror as our

everyday lives suddenly became a war zone.

Without reason or rhyme I started walking towards the center of the street. In the faint background I heard Shawn and my friend's talking, no yelling at me why I wasn't bracing for cover. The helicopter came around and was aiming right in our direction, aiming directly for me. Another missile shot towards my direction, and suddenly life went into slow motion, as if the world itself came into a crawl. I instinctively went to cover myself, but slowly something happened. Out of nowhere I felt something crawling on me, something was happening to my body, and I looked down to see what appeared to be robotic layers slowly crawling over me. The robotic parts began to interlock with each other covering my body in what appeared to be a robotic layer. Then I realized what was on my self, was a robotic suit of some kind. Before I knew it the suit had encased my entire body encasing even my head and face.

The rocket was right in front of my face now; I closed my eyes wondering if I would never open them again. I heard a soft thud and opened my eyes to see a white glow encasing my body. I was suddenly standing in a white bubble and the pieces of the rocket had diminished around me.

And then like a surge of energy hit me, it all came back. I remembered everything.

I started running down the street in my X-O suit and jumped up into the air, my rocket boosters engaged and I flew up towards the helicopter. Out from my hand came a light saber that I took to the helicopter and sliced in half with amazing speed and precision. There was nobody in this empty helicopter and it sparked and crumbled as it fell to the lake below.

Flying back to the ground to my partner's in shock and my friends confused I ushered them to the inside of the building.

"Take cover" I said.

As soon as my words left my mouth, my body was struck with a force that jolted my entire being sideways. Little did I know that that a giant robotic foot had just kicked me outwards. As I landed on the ground with a large thud my robotic suit absorbed the impact, preventing my human body parts any harm. I looked up in terror as I saw the giant robotic figure getting ready to bring the complete amount of his foot down upon my friends.

"NO!" I shouted.

Suddenly out of the blue came a white car at amazing speed. It took me a few seconds but I soon realized this was MY car, my incredible inadequate white vehicle. It rammed the robot straightforward tossing him into the air. Then within seconds my car, the vehicle that for the past five years I had paid \$300 a month to own began to change. The doors swung out, the stained seats collapsed and the rear caboose grew into legs. My car became a robot in itself, stood up and from the side of the torso shot two rockets out towards the other robot. These rockets hit the robot full force in mid-air jolting him back several hundred feet until his body came careening into a depilated building on the street and crumbled to pieces.

As I got up I dashed towards my car stopping as he turned around to look at me from above.

"Wheelrun?" I said as my memory was slowly returning to me. He nodded approval and I quickly turned to survey the situation.

High Street in Columbus Ohio, had become a war zone, what had once been the beautiful part of a college town was now rubble and destroyed building. People were quickly helping others and running away from the situation. Another vehicle came up from out of nowhere. A yellowish sport car that seemed completely out of place. The car transformed into a robot and suddenly a face I knew very well came back to me.

"Timetravel!" I yelled.



"I came as quickly as I could staying in Earth Terrain mode," said Timetravel's raspy robotic voice.

"We can't stay here, cover's been blown and worldwide security has been compromised," said Wheelrun. They both suddenly turned to me.

"We need to get you to headquarters." replied Wheelrun.

"Understood, but first escort my friends home. Wheelrun you provide security at my residence until further notice. Do we have any available backup?" I responded.

"The Build Team is stationed near your earth residence to provide monitoring and safety."

"Hmmm that explains the weird construction I've been seeing all week."

"Your residence sector also has an emergency force field ready if needed. All part of the initial plan."

Shawn came wobbling over to me. White faced as can be.

"Anthony?" he asked looked at the metallic shreds encasing my body.

"You probably have many questions." I stated.

"Master, we have to get going." said Wheelrun as sirens began to come from the background.

"Wheelrun, take everyone home, Shawn you're with me!"

Wheelrun and Timetravel transformed back into vehicle mode. My friends were aghast at what was going on. I quickly ushered them into Wheelrun noting 'It's okay he will protect you.'

Shawn and myself climbed into the extremely fancy yellow sports car. When I plopped myself onto the seat, my X-O suit began to recede for space constraints, and I was once again my former self.

The doors locked and the car took off without any human steering. We slowly navigated the wreckage of the city until we where out on the highway racing at a speed I'm sure was not possible with human intervention. When we were far enough onto the highway with only a few cars around our transporter suddenly made a sound as if the wheels had hit something in the road. Instead I knew what what happening. The wheels were retracting inwards and converting into maneuvering jets. Suddenly the car jolted from the pavement flying high into the sky. I turned to Shawn to see a look of horror in his eyes. I quickly grabbed his hand and some blood came back into his face.

Timetravel slowly changed in his alternate fly mode, then took off for the Earth's outer atmosphere. The blue sky became darker and darker until the stars themselves appeared before our eyes. I turned to Shawn to once again help him calm down.

"Don't try rolling down the windows, they don't work," I said smiling. He began to laugh and breathed a sigh of relief.

The moon itself grew in size, until it was as large as the videos you would see back in the day of the old films. We flew at a side angle which kept it looking like it was tilted sideways, as we flew past the dark side of the moon, something metallic began to appear out of nowhere. Slowly from behind the moon a giant space fortress began to emerge. Enormous in size it just barely fit behind the shadow of the moon. We flew towards the structure as it zoomed in with ever slowness. Green metal and gigantic windows encased the structure as its rounded square bevels where combined with three protruding ramps. However, we did not fly towards the ramps which seemed to be the entrance, we flew around towards the back of the structure, here near the very top of the tower a compartment opened and what seemed to be a landing dock appeared.

Timetravel our space car flew into the arriving space dock. As we penetrated the force

field that kept air and oxygen in, a short blue flicker encased him. He landed on the ground of the grey lit docking bay. Inside the square compartment laid a bi-level section. The lower level had an enclosed office with a window, the top a balcony open to the air. The hanger had the appearance of any futuristic space layout, which triangular pieces of metal jutting out from the side of the walls, providing lights. What seemed to be barrels of storage material appeared on the right corner, with the windows outside facing into space.

As Timetravel's door's opened and Shawn and myself got out, a small robot came wandering up to us. His body was mostly a blue orb like with an extension for his legs and hands, and his face was an almost orb in itself. His single eye was a band of yellow light that encased his entire head. Yet he had a mouth, and was humanoid in appearance. As throughout this process it was like rediscovering that old movie or that favorite toy you always loved, with the combination of seeing an old friend you haven't seen in a long time.

"Click!" I yelled. He came up to meet and we embraced in a heart hug.

"Master <sup>(click)</sup>, it's good to see you!" he said with his ever prevalent clicking sound.

"It's been a long time..." I said restraining tears.

"Timetravel please return to briefing room, Botimus will fill you in there <sup>(click)</sup>" Click stated.

"Will do!" Timetravel reversed back out of the dock and flew out of sight.

"Right this way Master." Click said.

We walked towards the back of the bay through doors that automatically opened for our arrival. Shawn was amazing silent during this entire time.

As we walked down the hall and came to the turbo-lift, we met another familiar face in the lift.

"Super!" I said.

"Well look who the catacon brought in!" The small robot was about the same size as Click, but instead of having legs what was a hovering skirt for his lower half. His gigantic robotic eyes stemmed on the edges of a triangular head, he body somewhat oblong itself with a dark black paint-job. He handed Click what would appear to be a computerized tablet of some sort.

"Everything's been cleaned for your arrival." he said.

"Well done, as I seem to remember never having a problem with the housekeeping before," I said jokingly.

"Beyond any specific damage you did for yourself <sup>(click)</sup>" Click chimed in.

"Oh yeah, forgot about that."

The turbo lift shot up at an amazing speed. The lights of the decks flew outside the windows. When it stopped the doors opened and I stepped into the weirdest sensation. Here was what was all appearances another hanger, but this one was a bit more custom, as if it was a working garage of some sorts. The yellow walls were all laden with mechanic equipment of the likes I knew all too well. A garage door which laid out towards space was at the front and a regular door was on the side of the one wall that jutting out. I could remember many images coming back to me now, memories of building, and experiments within this garage. But now what use to be a very busy and cluttered workspace was all clean and polished, as if it was a display for an apartment store's space garage section.

We walked through the set of doors into a living room. Here adorned with windows that showed the vastness of space, was a set of couches followed by a simple glass coffee table. A kitchen with numerous cabinets adorned the side of the room, with a TV screen encased the wall next to our entry. Feeling of home came back to me as I slowly walked into the room and sat myself down on the blue couch. I ushered to Shawn, still a bit out of things.

"You can have a seat, finest cloth in the galaxy!" I said.

He slowly lowered himself unto the incredible comfortable couch. As I peer around the room I could tell that although I hadn't set a foot in here for twelve years, my robot helpers had kept it up to date. I could see changes that made it more streamlined, more advanced. I could see that the technology had changed, but it was left in a way that I would appreciate it.

I walked over to the food processor in the kitchen and pressed a button. Out came a glass of ice tea. Click and Super went back down the long hallway to my office to continue their work.

"So um... I have a huge story to tell." I said.

"Yea fucking think!" Shawn said.

I sat down in my old home and began to retell the story I had almost forgotten.

## Chapter 3

An hours had passed as I began to explain the long history of my robotic warriors and myself. I explained to Shawn how a spacecraft had landed in my backyard, and how it blessed with technical knowledge beyond this world. I explained how I rebuilt a race of robotic warriors who in turn began to rebuild their race. I elaborated on the many adventures, the many battles I had fought for many years, as leader of the Zapbots, and help to repopulate their home world of Gearatron as Ambassador Shortstop. He had a bit of confusion over the whole, I transform into a head of a robot with my X-O-suit as the key, which transforms into the head of the space station we were in which transformed into the head of a planet, but beyond that he got the point.

“So you had no idea of this at all?” asked Shawn. It had been an hour-long conversation at this point. Earth’s moon had crept into the window view of my living room.

“My prefrontal memory had no recollection of anything. You could say, it was sort of erased.”

“Erased?”

“My subconscious however retained all info.”

It was a very confusing story to tell anyone, especially someone you had been with in a relationship for four years. To understand it you had to travel back to 2007. Here I was standing in the Office of the President of the United States. It was one of the few times in my life I was completely infuriated.

“So you’re telling me you did this! You... who’s suppose to be the protector of the Constitution! I can’t believe you would cause the death of your own people!”

“Oh don’t be so silly now Anthony!” the President Responded. “You really believed that the world was this black and white? We knew it would only take some time before your advanced robots discovered what was up. This has been going for years. You don’t really think that this nation is actually run by the people do you? It’s the elite my boy! We control everything, the rest of you are just slaves! You’re just a lucky slave with a conscious that happened to get a spaceship land in his back yard.”

“I’ve SAVED this world, and numerous others over and over again. “ I screamed. “I did this because I believed.. WE believed in the greater good of humans. Now you’re telling my that my own country has been responsible for the slaughter of human beings. Mr. President I can not let you get away with this!”

The President sat down in his office chair and lit a big cigarette. As he puffed the smoke flew carefully in my direction. My robot sensors immediately evaporated it.

“Unfortunately you’re going to have to, because as you can see they’re nothing you can do about it. If you were to take any sort of action, we project it would be viewed by the world as a takeover of your species of our planet. Now that you’ve done the work of completely destroying all ‘off-world’ enemies, who’s there to protect? You’re kind of pointless right now and interfering in the way this world runs would only cause you to be banished from this planet. Plus, we don’t want the world to get caught-up in this little dilemma of yours now do we?”

“Dilemma?” I said praying he wasn’t aware of what I was thinking.

“Oh come now. You don’t give us enough credit at all. You may be a superior race, and well.. you may be half human, half whatever, but we know about your little escapes with the those of a different persuasion. Even in this day and age not everyone’s on board with that, how would it sound if it was revealed the great Zapbot leader was found to be... a different persuasion?”

My robotic cylinders froze. The President stood up and walked around the room puffing

boastfully.

“Come see it now, you try to tell the world how the governments running them are completely controlling everything and you try to explain how we are the so called ‘bad guys’ are the cause for these wars, these attacks, this invasion. Hell, you may even have to take over the world to try and setup a new government. But here’s the thing you don’t get Iron Man! The humans will rebel, half of them will call you a monster for your professional for who you love and commit you to hell, the rest will take up arms against you for trying to control their lives. In the end unless you plan to enslave the human race, you will just have to leave this planet to itself.”

“So what did you do?” asked Shawn.

“Well, he had me there. Either way it was a no win situation. So we basically had to remove ourselves from Earth’s presence. We had to wipe our presence from the human history.”

“Huh?”

“Believe me it was no small task. We had to set up giant collectors on the four corners of the earth. When the sky lit up those days, everyone’s memory was erased and we replaced the memories of every person on the face of the earth?”

“The entire planet?”

“Well we got most everyone, a few stragglers here and there. That’s why you have the stories that leaked out from time to time. But we basically rewrote history in everyone’s minds. No one knew of the Zapbots, In short, we completely erased through either time or mental perception any notion of us ever coming to existence. All of our stories were erased, any presence was destroyed, and gaps in people’s memory were filled with out useless stuff. And then the Zapbots simply left Earth, at least from the aspect of being seen. They’ve been here just in case something or some one would return. As such they have maintained their secrecy, in cars and vehicles. Until the day they would return.”

“But what about you?”

I got up and began my pace around the room.

“So in order to provide full protection the group of us who were closely involved, mostly, myself and the other Headmasters, had our memories erased. Or not so much erased as in put away in the confines of our brains. We were re-assimilated back into the world as normal individuals. This was done to protect our families and love ones.”

“So they just turned off your mind?”

“Reprogrammed me more so. In order for me to have any sort of normal life, in order for me to find LOVE and especially because of my... our predicament, we all had our memories put on lockdown, reprogrammed with fake memories, and the dropped back into the world into normal average citizens, only to awaken if the action to call was needed.”

“So...”

“It was the only way I would find companionship. I knew about the progress the evil overloads of the Earth were trying to eradicate our people. But we also knew that they would never succeed. As such, I had my memory erased and history was basically rewritten for Planet Earth on the grand scale.”

“When was this?”

“Before all heck broke loose in 2001. We never could imagine that would happen. But at the point the rule was we where not to intervene anymore in Earth’s affairs. Stay, watch and protect but unless an enemy equal to our magnitude revealed themselves on Earth’s soil we would not reactivate our presence.”

“Wow, so those robots that attacked us...”

“Were looking for me. How they got through out perimeter defense shield we’re unsure. We have a whole force field setup around the planet, how this happened after all these years is news to me. But when they attacked, all my memories were immediately reactivated and here we are now.”

A sharp beep came to the door, in came Click and Super again.

“We’re ready for your briefing.” said Super.

“So Babe, I need you to stay here. We have some work to do and we need to figure out what’s coming.”

“Okay....”

I kissed him on the forehead whispering ‘I Love You’ and set down my drink. My X-O suit reengaged my body and my Zapbots and I walked down to the loading platform. It was all too familiar, I flew up into the air and my suit transformed into the monitoring head of the motionless robotic body below. Inside my human body was cushioned dominant, as my senses and experience all grew into the enlarged creature’s optics and sensors.

Once again I became Shortstop, Leader of the Zapbots.

From my loading bay I walked out the open doorway, now the doors and hallways were much larger. They stretched high to the ceiling to allow for space for giant robots, and I with my enlarged robotic body walked towards the briefing room.

The conference room was as same as I remembered. The soft subdued lighting, the curved supersized table, and the tilted windows to show space’s exterior outside. From an average person’s point of view standing at floor level, the table was a small building. Here giant sized robots sat around this giant behemoth. Here the decisions of what kept the universe safe were decided.

It was yet again another brief homecoming for me. I quickly nodded at everyone and clasped metal hands as I walked through the room and sat down in the control chair. As my Shortstop’s body steel hide met with primed metal, it produced that familiar tactile response that you could only get having your senses encased in a giant robotic body.

My team, my old dearest friends were once again surrounding my presence. And although their bodies had seen the likes of many upgrades over the year, spouting the latest vehicle transformation, their inner core form was still there. I could still see the pieces and parts that I had so put together so many years ago.

**Botimus Prime**, my commander. The leader I shaped out of my own spirit and will, and striking reason to build an orange tractor-trailer truck. Strong, and more confident as ever he was now the father figure for everyone at the table. His voice was as calm and warm as I day he came online, but now the energy that came from within was even more brilliant.

**Timetravel**, my dedicated warrior. Once vain and self absorbed now possessed the wisdom of many years of battles, and the skills of an expert marksman. His ability to react with split second timing only coupled his amazing special ability.

**Speedy**, once the runt of the group had now become a full-fledged fighter as well. Still the shortest, but now one of the strongest, he finally found himself over many years struggling for a voice and a purpose. His lighthearted candor had become the compliment to any meeting.

**Pliers**, our physician in charge. The prevail of healing who’s compassion and dedication won him the trust of everyone around him. His ability to bring focus and repair the wounded as well as pick up a gun and find when needed proved he was much more than just a medic.

**Terrain**, top of security and second to Botimus. Still ever the warrior spirit he was always

looking forward and thinking ahead before anyone else. Always watching everyone's back but his own and itching to get the job done.

**Overload**, the ever-quiet thinker. He still kept his transformation as a bus, but provided much more than just transportation of humans. Overload didn't speak often, but when he did it was profound.

**Hightone**, communications officer. He had ditched the alternate mode of many years ago and took a new vehicle car mode. While he still possessed the ability to blast large audio waves he now also could this at high speed.

**Scan**, scientific research. He too had ditched his old mode of a computer and now was a fully equipped military grade jeep. Scan who always had the problem of possessing too much information had now curtailed that info into a fine, razor sharp precision point. His instructions and abilities were more precise than anyone.

And then there were the two ones that were the closest to me.

**Flier** the impulsive yet light hearted individual who always waited till the last second to be serious. He never missed his mark either with a joke or a point, but he always was responsible and brought brevity any situation. Only to be outmatched by his brother...

**Boaty**... Yes, at the time of creation, the time of my youth, I was blessed with amazing intelligence. The machine that had landed in my backyard gave me, a human being the ability to recreate a robotic race. Yet when it came down to naming this race, my mind stuck to the very organic nature of my youth. And as such, one of the first made, was Boaty. His vehicle mode although still a boat, could navigate the stars with the special flight mode that all Zapbots had. He was my rock, my wisdom and my guide through the realms of being a Zapbot. He had not changed; he was still there all these years, even wiser, more patient than before.

A short greeting, and quick words to welcome me back, and we where off to the races.

"Let's begin." I said.

"Master," said Botimus Prime. "The Operation was a success. We were able to completely revert the memories of the human race."

"Well, I don't know if it was a complete success..." said Terrain.

"The consequences of leaving the humans to their own devise produced the results of September 11th, not our indecision to act," responded Scan.

"I still think we should have intervened." Speedy barked back.

"Even so, planet Earth continued onward as needed. The human race has shown that they are capable of existing without acknowledgement of our presence." Scan noted.

"It's been very boring up here since then Master," said Hightone. "Nothing to do but just watch from behind the moon."

"Gives a whole new meaning to the term Space Oddity," noted Flier.

Botimus held up his hand so he could continue.

"Unfortunately it appears, that someone, possibly the Nonocons have returned." he said.

"Which begs the question, how did they get past our defenses?" said Terrian

"Or stay concealed for so long?" piped in Overload.

"Considering our own abilities to stay concealed within the Earth environment for these many years, it's only logical to assume our enemies have developed the same pattern." stated Boaty. Scan who always say eye to eye with Boaty agreed. Kindred logical spirits with the exception Scan was always a bit more bravado.

"The attack on you was only the beginning, we have had several reports" said Botimus adjusted the three dimensional monitor, "that there presence has been felt in several parts of the world. Including, kidnapping of the United States President."

"The current President?" I asked.

"Just the same. This combined with the modern day onset of human technology..."

"Internet, video, social media..." interrupted Scan.

"Has completely blown the cover of masking any transforming presence." continued Botimus.

"Have the leaders of the world reacted yet?" I asked.

"They can't, they've all been seized," Botimus replied.

I felt a sharp thud in my robotic side.

"I would imagine that their governments are attempting to cover this up." I responded.

"Your wisdom has not dulled with age Master," responded Boaty.

"News media?" I asked.

"Already gone ballistic on the scene. Various news reports of an alien presence and of course poorly shot video footage everywhere on camera phones."

"So, it would seem that despite all our efforts to conceal ourselves, it was for naught." said Speedy.

"We did have 12 years of peaceful non involvement bot," responded Hightone.

Botimus held up his hand again.

"I recommended immediate action at this point. We need to take several teams down to Earth level and confront the enemy. With our goal to retrieve any governmental individual possible" said Botimus.

"I agree," I said.

"However, we have another situation as well."

"Oh?"

Botimus tapped a console button and up came a grid of a space sector with symbol of an audio wave next to it. A audio wave the only meant one thing.

"You... found it?"

"Possibly. We found the signal."

"Master, you should be made aware that..." started Timetravel and paused.

"What?"

"We have unconfirmed reports that the, the Tri-Star Headmaster body has been seen." responded Boaty.

"WHAT! How can that be? I mean... he was killed..."

"We do not believe it is exactly him..."

"You mean..."

"Your friend's body was destroyed, but somehow his 'essence' was transferred to the robotic body. As such he is no longer a Head Master but simply a Zapbot." responded Boaty.

"More like an evil jerk Nonocon if you ask me," stated Terrian.

I paused.

"This is uncharted territory, both for us literally and figuratively. Botimus, assemble a team and confront the Earth situation."

"Already in motion Master. Ultra-Attack is arriving with Duplalex within the next few hours. We will land on Earth and begin investigation." responded Botimus

"Good, I will take Misslemax and proceed towards that sector to see if I can investigate whatever THAT is. Hopefully we can recover the property. Meeting dismissed, let's get to work and put this nonsense to rest."

We all stood up and began to exit.

"Master, after dealing with the threat do you want to attempt to exercise the project



again?" asked Speedy.

"No. I think we've seen that no matter what we do we're in it for the long haul. At this point we'll stay out of Earthly affairs and stick to protecting them from Nonocon involvement. " I said tapping the table with my hands.

"I've a bit smarter than I use to be. Humans can fight their own wars. Our job is to give them the freedom to do that."

Everyone nodded.

"Move out!" I said and my family once again reunited sprang into action.

Up many levels of human stars, an individual watching this on the monitor began to cry.

## Chapter 4

The child ran softly across the grass. It was as if she floated over the air of the soft green landscape. Light blonde hair with a touch of darkness, a pink dress. It was the perfect dream for a young dad.

In another state, four kids ran across the yard as their Dad watched from the porch using the grille to make dinner.

Another state two girls... and their Dad.

Another state one girl... her mom and dad.

I sat in the driver's seat, far enough away to not be noticed. For some reason my companion Slide always blended in with the scenery. Once again he had chosen the most average car anyone would buy as his camouflage. We worked well together on these excursion trips. Sure I could just of taken an invisible pad and done the same, but there was something different about blending into the scenery around you while you watched the world from afar.

Slide was very patient with me during these trips. He never pressed to move on, he just let me be. In those moments he acted like a true vehicle would be. Silent and uncaring.

"So young," I said.

"Not far from your age when we first met you Master," said Slide, the dashboard glowing as he talked.

"Let's go..." I said.

"You sure?"

I wasn't sure. Part of the operation was my entire friends who had decided to join me in battle and become the other headmasters, had their memories erased too. A new life started for them. David, Jeremy, Shane, Mike, Bill, Rogish their whole life was reset to ground zero. They had wives, and they had kids. They all moved on from the Zapbots. From me...

The rule was, we where suppose to all be reactivated if needed. But as I saw them with their families, they're little boys and girls, I knew I couldn't take them away from that. I couldn't take those memories and bring them to the future. That would be selfish.

"I'm.... no we're... moving on."

Slide started his engine and begin to drive away.

"So we're not react-"

"Nope. I'm changing the rules."

"So who will pilot the Headmaster bodies?"

"I don't know yet. But if anything life has showed me is that I never stop making companions. I'm sure some other humans will come along to fit that role, but for now we'll cross that bridge when we get to it." I said.

We drove off into the country to take off into the sky, which once again led to the stars. We were leaving a part of the story behind now, but it was for the better.

The grip of the hand was pure metal touching metal. With pointy steel fingers pressed up gently towards the neck of the drone robot. There was no breath to take away, only the robotic sensors issuing pain alerts and notices that the body was about to break apart causing a rupture within the robot.

He struggled as best he could but he was too small and too weak to make any movement to escape the grasp of the mighty warrior. Fear began to creep into his robotic computations as he knew his existence was going to be short lived.

"YOU LET HIM ESCAPE!" cried the voice, with enough bass in his voice to shatter the

windows of the room and enough evil to strike terror in almost any being. Amphotron slowly tightened his squeeze on the robotic drone's neck. His mighty fingers slowly cracking the metal that lead to his main computation unit.

Suddenly another voice came out of the corner. "It was bound to happen with the lack of any real leadership in the attack. I should've been placed in his hometown!"

"SILENCE!" yelled Amphotron as he turned to Skyscream. Skyscream issues his typical disapproving scowl. The two had an utter hatred of each other, but both were fully aware that they needed each other in the grand scheme of things. Like a co-joined Earth couple that were together way too long they realized they were more powerful together than separate, however, if either had a chance to fully eliminate the other they would.

Amphotron threw the drone to the other side of the room. Drones came an energy stab a dozen these days. They worked well for primitive races, but not so much for full battles with the Zapbots.

"The Zapbot's demise will come in time, and Shortstop... heh heh Anthony will become the piece of rotted dust that he should of been years ago! WE have waited a long time!"

He walked around the starship scraping his hands against the consoles. The starship was an old familiar design, but brand new with the latest in weaponry and Nonocon technology.

Still it probably wouldn't last long with Amphotron's usual fits of rage and chronic fits.

"We waited twenty years to rebuild our army. To rebuild our WORLD and now, NOW we finally locate the one sole being that has lead to our defeat time and time again and the only robots available for battle where DRONES!"

"A slight miscalculation Amphotron," said Skydust. "However I think the more important part to deal with now is the fact that the humans are re-aware of mechanical beings on their world."

"Yes, The Zapbots were wise to wipe the minds of the humans on the planet. This gave us time to infiltrate their earth defenses and stay in disguise long enough to track down Anthony's location. Now we have to deal with those pesky insects now too."

"Humans will pose no problem to our defenses," counter Skyscream. "Soon we will have their world leaders in our grasp."

"Yes, Lowtone, what is the status of Operation Rapture?"

Lowtone proceeded computing data from his various mini collectors. All his various pets were sent out to capture and recover Earth's leaders. Once Earth's leaders were under their control chaos would start to consume the insignificant planet.

"Repositories are arriving shortly." Lowtone said in his monotone voice.

"Good, we shall proceed with a two front attack. Skyscream you will lead an attack on the Zapbot base on Earth. We will proceed with our full attack on Misslemax at the Moon quadrant. Once we've destroyed both the Zapbots and the Earth Defense systems, the planet will be ours for the plundering!"

He let out a short evil laugh as his circuits relished in the grand scheme of things. The Nonocons knew his plan. They had been with him for many eons, and now finally their will was about to be executed. The Zapbots were unaware of the danger that was forth coming.

"You're going to remain on lockdown for your protection," I yelled.

Shawn was stomping around the space-aged living room. His whole world had been turned upside down and now he was being forced to stay at space station.

It didn't matter what he thought however, as if the Nonocons found out anything about whom I cared about they would seek every way to maximize that advantage.

"And where exactly are you going to be?"

"I have resumed my command and will proceed with going back to Gearatron. I need to meet with the high council and proceed with preparing to protect the Universe."

He sat down now and was not saying anything. I could tell he was angry, but it was that nervous angeriness that he saw. He rarely got upset or worried about anything, but when it did he was the worse actor at hiding it.

I attempted to bring some comfort to him but he only drew away in anger. I got up and walked out of the room. He needed time to soak, and in time he would come around. For now I had more important things to do.

Click came up to me and handed me a holo sheet with the latest tracking information.

"I would ask if this is true but you're always precise in your reporting," I commented.

"Correct. Click." Click responded.

"We debark for Sector 49 in an hour Master," Super commented.

"What are you going to do with him?" Click asked.

"For now he stays here under guard. This is the safest place he can be. We have work to do so let's get to it."

"Set him down" said Ultra as the bridge was the typical flurry of activity. The team was usually busy conducting their regular chores but now with the threat of the Nonocons returning, life had suddenly become real.

"Supporting thrusters engaged," said Sand as the giant city of Duplaflex slowly landed onto the desert sand. They found the largest and flattest 50-mile spot possible. The support structures of the massive Space station city would take the rest into consideration, adjusted itself to perfectly match the contour of the land.

"Landing Operation Complete," replied Hot Shot.

"Roll out the ramps." responded Ultra Attack.

Out from Duplaflex came the supporting entrance ramps. They landed in the ground with a loud thud. Inches away from the ramps stood a robotic foot. The foot of Botimus Prime.

"He's still got it," said Botimus.

They transformed into truck mode and drove up the ramp. When they reached the top of what would be considered a 100 foot Earth building, they went back into Robot mode and were greeted by a familiar face.

"I don't know if we want to let you hoodlum's in here," said the robot appearing out of the shadows.

"I see time has not made you any nicer Rup," Said Botimus his robotic smile behind his mask.

"Good to see you again Botimus, sorry it isn't on better terms."

"Unfortunately we have little time," replied Scan.

"Hold the line there Science boy, we have security protocol we need to follow here," responded Rup with his evil optic sensor.

"Security protocol my caboose," said Hightone walking right past Rup. "Have you listened to those audio vibes I sent you yet" as he gave Rup a lighthearted tap on the back.

"You young ins always think we have time to play around. There's always work to be done. Granted sometimes that work is waiting for stuff to happen, BUT it's work!"

"Rup, Scan and Hightone will be conducting military communications. I'm sure Ultra will

provide the rest of the team."

"Well, you know where to find him. Just don't let the kids make a mess out of the place like they did last time."

"Yeah that was one heck of a party," Hightone replied.

"I do remember a certain amount of time was needed to clean Duplalex's corridors. I remember he wasn't please with his cleansing." Scan commented.

"Let's go, we got work to do."

Botimus, Scan and Hightone took the turboshafts up to the main bridge level. When they walked into the starkly warm white bridge, they were greeted by a familiar Yellow Tractor Trailer bot.

"Commander on the bridge," Ultra barked.

"At ease, so formal as usual, however your landing was perfect." replied Botimus.

"Not going to start letting you down now am I?" said Ultra with a smile.

"Sure hope not, so what's the tactical?"

"Bop?" Ultra turned and commented. The security officer turned to his console and engaged the holographic view screen.

"Nonocons sightings have been numerous," started Bop in his swaggish voice "we have dispatched various teams to relevant sectors to deal with the captured world leaders. Snow Team is in Russia, Water Team in near Australia, Animal Team, Africa, Air Teams across the United States, Ninja team in Asian sector, Combat Team near Israel and Space Team is monitoring Earth from orbit. So far we have no confirmed sightings since the initial Attack on Master Anthony. They're laying low and they're keeping quiet for now."

"No indications yet of their headquarters?" asked Botimus

"As of now no, we've run every sector we could on the quadrant, and nothing has come back. It appears while we've been away the Nonocons have upgraded their technology."

"Which probably means they've upgraded their weapons as well," said Ultra.

"We do have one lead, the helicopter used in the initial attack had various parts only found in Detroit. We have reason to believe they may be scanning objects for transformation forms starting there." replied Bop.

"That puts us an hour away if fly mode," replied Botimus.

"Shortstop is heading towards the sector isn't he?" asked Ultra.

"If that body is recoverable we should attempt to get it back," replied Scan.

"Ultra, assemble a team and let's head out to investigate Detroit. We need to hit the Nonocons before they hit us first."

The Combat Team can meet us there in a short series of time." replied Ultra.

Then a moment of silence, as Botimus asked the question everyone didn't want to ask.

"Where's Galaxtor?" asked Botimus.

"He's on board, currently prepping his tactical schemes." replied Ultra. "And before you start to worry, he's gotten a bit better over the years. He's a bit softer this time around."

"We'll once again, I don't care about his attitude, just his ability to lead. Which he has shown he has the ability to do just fine when left to his own accord."

"Correct, he'll have command here while we investigate. I do not have any concerns."

"Good, let's prepare and move out quickly. We have a lot of work to do and hopefully we can help the human race."

A short while later I was in Shortstop mode and riding the turbo shaft to the bridge. The door slid open and the giant display of the starship was on display. Every time I stepped onto the bridge it was like walking into a fantasy world. A marvel at engineering and technology, who knew a giant robot, that transformed into a floating starship and battle station would be what I called home.

Fortress Misslemax was an amazing feat of engineering. Not only did it cover the entire city of New York in a shadow when landing but also it included both living levels for Zapbots and humans. Allowing each to co-exist in their own environments with appropriate space and size for even the largest military Zapbots, although the Gestalts would sometimes hit their heads on some levels.

The bridge was a very square centric fortified area. Descending into steps as you progressed further down, a large computer console area engulfed the main entrance, followed by the sitting spaces for the commander, and second in commands. Another step down provided navigations and tactical. Last weapons and support system chairs outlined the front, followed along the side of the walls.

Enforced windows on the sides, with a giant view screen in front provided the outlook for travel. I sat down in my Chair and engaged my Shortstop connections to the system. When we were all together we worked as one unit, providing Misslemax everything it needed to navigate the stars to survive on a planet.

The bridge of Misslemax made its white noise. As I paced around the noises from various machines included beeps and sounds of instruments constantly checking and monitoring the moving Spaceship city. Like a symbiotic relationship the crew needed the giant robot, and likewise it needed us.

"Preparing to come out of warp," said Boaty from his command chair.

"It's been a while I've been this far out, let's see how we're doing."

Misslemax came out of warp speed and was immediately hit by large objects.

"What the devil?" I cried.

"Shields up!" Boaty noted.

Walking towards the view-screen it was obvious what it was.

"Are those.... Is that?" asked Speedy.

"Debris from other ships it appears." Boaty said, "And from the look of the make of them, it appear some of our allies ships have been destroyed."

"Master, I have confirmation that Botimus and his team are investigating human city Detroit" said Roberta, our Space Communications officer.

"Good, well... Let's take a look around." I said.

"Master, I'm picking up an approaching ship, seven hundred megameters." noted Flier.

A short pause as my inner circuits stopped for just a second.

"Estimated course?" I asked.

Flier, spun around. "Us."

The crew was silent, after all these years of peace; we had come back to this. Whether it was for naught or not wasn't the issue anymore. Now it was a matter of doing the right thing. It seemed inevitable that this fight was to go on, but whether it did or not was no longer a concern. This is what destiny had chosen us to do, and as such we were not inclined to do it.

"Yellow Alert, let's get this puppy ready. If it's whom I think it is, then I want to make sure we give them a warm welcome," I said.

## Chapter 6

"Look mom a flying truck!" cried a boy as he pointed towards the sky.

"Now David, you know there's no such thing... huh" said the Mom and her comment was suddenly cut short. She looked up and the sight was differently odd and unbelievable. What seemed to be a flying truck, transport trailer and various other vehicles all sailing through the air. Instead of wheels they had jets. They flew right over the head of the walking female and slowly came softly flew down towards the street in front of her. They landed and as they did, their jets changed into wheels. Then she heard a voice boom out from one of the trucks, but then realized there where no human drivers.

"Landing successful, let's stay in disguise mode for the remainder until we need to reveal our cover," said Botimus.

The lady's mouth flopped open as the cars drove on by.

"I told you so!" said the young child.

Botimus, Ultra Attack, Hot Shot, Rup, Vision, Hightone and Scan all proceeded to drive into inner city Detroit.

"Keep your windows dimmed or use your holographic projectors for human drivers. Remember, low profile," commented Ultra.

The team hit rush hour traffic, which put them in a stand still on the expressway.

"Switch to radio communications," noted Ultra.

"Anything Scan?" asked Botimus.

"Nothing, if the Nonocons are here, they've changed their energy signature to something we can't detect." replied Scan.

"There has to be some way we can allocate them," said Botimus.

"Maybe it would be easier if we just lured them out by standing around in robot mode?" said Rup.

"Too dangerous with the humans around. There has to be a better way." replied Botimus.

"I've located the refinery that the wreckage from the helicopter bot provided, it's two miles away from here." Scan noted.

"Move out, slowly!" Botimus noted.

Sitting in my giant robotic chair provided no comfort. As we moved through space to meet our enemy, it was only natural to be impatient as we where going moving towards whatever was coming towards us.

"We have them in viewing range, and I'm already putting them on screen," said Flier.

"Magnify, I said."

Whatever it was, it was huge. The ship itself was spiny in structure, with huge pointed edges as if the attempt as to slide space in half. Birdlike in shape, it was at least the size of Misslemax. Most of all it did not look friendly.

"Master I recommend Spaceship Battle mode before we get there." replied Boaty.

"All hands prepare for Transformation!" I noted.

Within the confines of Misslemax all various Zapbots began to move to stationary positions. Developing a large city that could transform without crushing its inhabitants was always an amazing feature of engineering. However instead of moving walls or pushing objects, Misslemax would simply just rearrange its various rooms and corridors, al the while keeping its inhabitants safe.

The side towers came down and combined moving behind the protective ramps, which extended outwards to provide room for various gun turrets to extend. The city changed into a huge traveling battle station, the likes that left a dark shadow over the small moons below.

"Master, we're receiving a message," said Roberta,

"On screen," I replied.

Up on the holographic view screen came a robotic imagine I had seen so many times before. A little wear around the metal, but you could tell his body had gone through numerous upgrades. Behind the glowing red computer eyes were burning rays of evil, a-computerized soul that I had come to know over the course of many years.

When his mouth opened the angel of the death's voice came out. The new high definition screens only made it more real that his presence had returned.

"So Shortstop you're back. Took you long enough to come out of your mental hibernation. It's a shame you're so hard to kill," said Amphotron.

"Amphotron," I said. What was there to really say? Any endless struggle and hear again he was. I knew how this game went as we had played it out many times before.

"My name, which you shall be crying out as the last thing you ever say."

"It's been years but I still go tired of your endless games Amphotron."

"As do I, you continue to have hope don't you?"

"Something you will never understand." I replied walking towards the video screen.

"Have you not grown wiser throughout your exile Anthony? Or do you still prefer the name Shortstop in that giant robotic body you contain? While you may that enlarged body, your human presence still exists deep inside that cerebral cortex of yours.

"Doesn't matter what it contains, I was able to defeat you before even without a Headmaster body. Let's get to the point because you obviously need to gloat before we engage in battle."

"True, and normally I would either start attacking you first. I could of had your puny Fortress blown out of the sky, but this time I'm trying a different tactic."

"Oh?"

"You and myself, transport down to the surface there. No other robots allowed, no tricks. This is between you and I."

"Just you and I?" I replied?

"Yes, let's say I just want to ... as you humans call it... talk."

"Oh really?"

"Surely this must intrigue you? Instead of battle in the stars we finally settle it by ourselves? Robot to robot?"

"Master, I wouldn't," said Speedy. I looked at Boaty and he gave me that familiar 'It's up to you' glance.

"Okay Amphotron, I will meet you on the planet's surface below. I would say no tricks but I hardly expect that from you."

"I think this time, you will find yourself pleasantly surprised," the view screen went dark and returned to the space coordinates and view of the spaceship.

"What he's up to?" asked Flier.

"No good if you ask me," said Overload.

"No, he's up to something, but I don't think it's combat, at least not yet. He likes to take his time. Whatever he has up his robotic duct, I'm sure we'll find it due time."

"I don't think I need to remind you that leaving Misslemex will put us as a disadvantage, should we need to go into robot mode." replied Boaty.



"I know, but the same goes for them and their leader with a ship. Plus both of us need to get back to the ship to cause any real damage. " I replied. "Plus, last time I check I was still faster than him, although that may have changed now. Boaty you're in command, hold down the fort."

I walked out the bridge and proceeded down onto the loading dock to proceed to fly down to the surface. I wasn't anxious yet for some reason, I had a feeling this was different.

Botimus and Ultra slowly pulled into the parking lot of the abandoned factory. The cold rustic area was a prime example of the degrading city. It appeared no one; robot or human had been to this plant in years.

"You sure this is the correct location Scan?" asked Botimus.

"All my readings indicate that the metal alloy was produced here." Scan replied. "If you wish I could..."

"No, just hold on there. Move in slowly..."

The cars slowly drove into the old rotted architecture. It was huge, with multiple levels and lots of old machinery placed everywhere. Some in the condition it was left in, and the other left in parts and pieces.

"Robot mode," ushered Botimus and the Zapbots changed to the bi-pedal being they where.

"It's too quiet," noted Ultra Attack.

"I know old friend, something doesn't add up."

"My sensors are picking up the odor, " stated Rup.

"Your sensors are never calibrated right to begin with, " said Hot Shot.

Suddenly Hightone's radar went off.

"I'm picking up an incoming object heading straight for us!"

"Take cover now!" yelled Botimus. The Zapbots dashed out of the building as quickly as their modes could carry them. Suddenly an explosion of epic proportion rocked the ground and the factory, Scan ejected a force-field disc and it flew up into the air and encased the crew in a protective field. The derbies hit the shield and bounced down to the ground.

As the team began to recover weapons fire began to come from above. High intense energy lasers began to rain down upon the team. Out of the distance a familiar figure flew into view. A robotic plane bot with sharp canvased steel sides and pointy horns flew into view.

"Skyscream!" yelled Rup.

"HAHA," cried Skyscream as he changed into robot mode, "Welcome back Zapbots, now we're going to do what we should of done many years ago and that is, make you extinct!" He shot a laser directly at Hot Shot, and the intense energy blast ripped a hole right through his side!

"HOT SHOT!" cried Ultra. He took aim and fired his missile at Skyscream. It hit him directly and Skyscream fell back to the ground and collapsed into a building!

Normally a Zapbots force field would provide some basic protection, but the fire blast was something my Zapbots had not experienced before. Rup ran to Hot Shot's side and gave him the typical 'You'll live,' speech.

"It appears our opponents are more deadly than ever," said Botimus.

"They've increased their weaponry skills by 200%, that shot should have never penetrated his protection shield!" cried Scan.

Skyscream flew back up into the sky and yelled at the top of his audio range...

"NONOCONS ATTACK!" he cried.

"Zapbots take cover," cried Botimus. They quickly ran to surrounding buildings for coverage. Lasers would hit Ultra and Botimus and their holes would be burned in their sides. But not to be outdone, they turned around as they ran and fire back on the oncoming flying armada. Their lasers shot penetrated the opponents as well knocking the Nonocon air drones down to the ground, or destroying them all together. The battle just got more real.

I landed softly on the planet below; it was a strange greenish planet, with purple hues and beautiful flowers. As I landed a sole body stood in the distance. My Shortstop body changed into robot mode and I slowly walked toward the ominous figure.

"Strange is it, this planet?" said Amphotron.

"Get to it!" I said.

"Oh no no, you don't get to rush me this time. You see this planet, is void any life yet. Any micro, any subtle germ that we bring and who knows you may have the beginning of what is on your home planet. You.. humans."

"Yes, and?"

"Even your own kind is a retched race of humanoid garbage, you tried your best to save them, only to find out that the majority of them are just as determined to rule the Universe as I? They all have their own agenda; the ones at the top control the massive population. It's a whole system that keeps them in check. You didn't realize this until you found out the very government that all the humans look up to, are really just controlling them for their own purposes. The corporate elite, the very privileged few, basically control the slaves. There's no honor or value you once saw as a child."

"Yes granted there are some flaws with humanity, and granted I was unprepared to learn the various realities of how the world was run. But the underlying core of humanity remains the same. We're creatures of great good if given the chance, it is only the corrupted few who continue to run the world for their own purposes."

"Oh so naive Shortstop, do you really think a collaboration of 'good-will' will cause the world to be a better place? It's only through strong control, a strong FIST indicating what needs to be done can a species survive! What I want, heh is nothing more than what already exists, except instead of your human government I would rule."

I was remaining calm through this whole ordeal. I could see where he was going with this logic. I had found out the President of the United States was corrupt, the system of government controlled by a New World Order and everything I had held dear was basically a facade. I could see his determination. And as an older individual now with the knowledge of the world both from a Zapbot and human perspective I could see why it would easy to give in. However, my spirit is one thing that rarely gives in.

"Oh no Amphotron, I will not give into their order provided by you. For I have seen what you've done to planets and worlds in the past. You only have one determination and that is conquest, and for without it, you have no purpose."

"Once again you are a fool. I'm offering you a chance to become the ambassador to Earth. My rule will bring clarity to this pathetic race..."

"Pathetic, kind hard to say from a being who has defeated you, even destroyed you before!"

"I destroyed you as well once before, and I can do it again!" cried Amphotron as he turned around shot his laser towards me. My systems barely had time to react and my force field went up but quickly fell apart. An internal systems check, one blast had taken down my force field. He had grown stronger since last we met.

I jumped up to my feet just as another wave of weapon flew by me. I reached out my hand and returned fire from my palm gun. It hit him dead on, knocking him off a bit, but not out.

I dashed quickly towards him and he met me half way, our hands collide in a tight grip, once again emphasizing the eternal struggle.

"We've got them corner within the confines of the area, " reported the drone.

"Excellent, continuing providing firepower towards the central area," replied Skyscream.

"Scanners indicate a high voltage current running through-out the area, Remnants left over from the human power plant. Caution is advised," replied LowTone.

"I do not believe that would be of any concern to us at this time LowTone, however if you can define a possible opportunity please feel free to make me aware." snorted back Skyscream. He didn't like not knowing the entire situation; at the same time he despised LowTone for his continued ability to find things he had missed.

The team was taking cover within the wreckage of the factory building and around old cargo tanks.

"Status?" Botimus requested.

"Not good, they have us pinned down and out gunned. I've radioed for re-enforcements,"

"Did you convey new information of their increased firepower," asked Botimus.

"Affirmative," responded Hightone, "Definitely gave them the heads up on how much their stuff is stinging. Also I have some other information forthcoming,"

Slywing; Hightone's mini-bird flew down to his arm with a soft land. His eyes glowed sending Hightone and Scan both statistical information."

"Oh that's not good," said Hightone.

"What?" inquired Botimus.

"It appears we are basically sitting on a land mine, a huge collection of energy surged within the confined of the electrical grid located below our feet. " said Scan. "It would appear that the Nonocons are attempting to use this for their advantage."

"Is there anyway we can turn that around for our advantage?" requested Ultra.

"Calculating, " replied Scan. His internal computer began processing several outcomes.

"It's possible we could use this as a distraction to get ourselves airborne, thus providing us a better stance in battle. As per usual it's always better to attack from above than below."

"So basically, blow up the ground we're standing on?" inquired Botimus.

"What will that do to us?" inquired Hot Shot

"If executed appropriately we it provide a catapult for us to get air-born," replied Scan.

"Make it so, Ultra, Hot Shot provide coverage for Scan and Hightone to plant some explosive grenades,"

Hightone and Scan began running from hiding point to hiding point. Laser bursts shone from above hitting the occasional body part and burning holes right through the metal. Hot Shot and Ultra snuck out from various corners hitting the Nonocon drones knocking them off balance, providing a few moments of distracting,

Hightone and Scan ran up to the central location of the energy grid. Below their feet was over 100,000 kilowatts being pumped through a transformer. As they began to place their mine an explosion knocked them off the ground. Skyscream came into the area and touched down upon the ground.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," he replied.

Hightone got up from his hunched stance. "Thankfully I bear no resemblance to you!"

Out from his compartment flew his multiple pets and warriors. Muncher the robotic dog, Flapbat the devilish robotic bat and Scout and Steel his mini warrior twins.

The sudden entourage caught Skyscream off balance. His internal systems didn't know where to shoot first and when he did fire, he was completely off due the fast maneuverability of the tiny bots. Muncher dashed up to his leg and quickly implanted his energy charged teeth into it. Within second, Skyscream's legs were cut off, reducing his energy supply. Scout and Steel both fired multiple shots hitting him numerous times through the chest. Skyscream was able to fire at the ground they were upon causing it to explode and for them to be jarred up into the air. Flapbat however caught them providing them the opportunity to get their balance and return safety to the ground.

Skyscream quickly pushed off Muncher's attack and flew up again airborne crying out in pain.

"You mechanical mutt, you will pay for -" he tirade was cut short from Scan and Hightone both hitting him dead on. He fell back and attempted to change back into jet mode and flew off.

Hightone, collected his mini team and both him and Scan withdrew from the area.

"It's gonna blow!" Hightone yelled. Scan detonated the grenades causing the ground below them to implode, and the distance within a few 100 meters suddenly lifted the Zapbots up into the air amidst the dust and debris around the battlefield.

The Nonocon drones drew back and now the teams were in their airborne mode.

"Direct firepower on the enemy!" Botimus ordered.

The Nonocon drones began falling out of the sky as the team landed several shots one by one to their heads. Suddenly the drones drew back and from the dark distance came a large orb-ish looking ship. It flew slowly into the area and numerous tentacles began to emit from it. A figure began to emerge from the space above the ground, a torso propelled by a circular bottom, and then the familiar eyes of a previously known enemy emerged.

"Eat on!" cried HotShot.

"Zapbots evasive maneuvers," Ultra barked.

The tentacle arms flew out towards them at a dizzying speed. The Zapbots were decent in the air, but not to the capabilities of their Nonocon foes within gravity limit planets.

It wasn't long before an arm grabbed each member of the team and began to squeeze and shock their bodily casing. The Nonocons had not only returned as a definitive foe, but they had brought something with them they had never had before. Fear.

## Chapter 7

A short uppercut and I was knocked back onto the ground. I quickly rolled to the side to avoid the the electronic laser blade that missed my hide with millimeter to spare. Amphotron had become stronger, and he was now more of a foe than ever. Fifteen minutes into the battle both of our bodily casing shone of scorch marks, burnt holes and various other battle damage. Every blow I made he counteracted with another equal or more powerful blow.

It was not going well.

I concentrated all my firepower with my two hand lasers and proceeded to shoot a widespread beam. This hit him mid air causing him to fall back to the ground. I dashed up to his side firing a laser charge blast, which caused his body to be propelled back against the ground. I could see the numerous metal shavings falling from his carcass, but his determination was stronger than ever. Even as our robotic bodies were falling apart he continued to fight. He was determined to destroy me.

A quick rebound from him and a canon laser hit my left arm, causing the shoulder blade to malfunction. I spun around attempting to avoid another hit but to no avail as another shot penetrated my left side. I felt to the ground low on energy, and hurting. When the body mechanics started to infuse with the organic side, it turned into calculated pain.

"So not so strong are we after all these years. " Amphotron quoted as he walked slowly to my kneeled down body. He slowly raised his gun and aimed at it my head.

Pain, frustration, anger all were being calculated in the Earth Team's sensors. As they soon realized they were in trouble as their internal systems were beginning to buckle under the pressure of Eaton's newly designed body and arms. The cracking of the their outer metallic shells combined with the noise of gears and pumps grinding provided a sense of urgency.

Suddenly out of nowhere, a huge laser blast hit Eaton his underside, knocking his propulsion unit offline. Eaton slowly fell out of the sky and crashed upon the planet below. On the ground a giant tank named Confederate began to blast his repeatedly.

Out of the rear side a slick silver plane flew in and blasted the back of the mighty warrior.

"Looks like his old weak spots aren't so weak anymore Feddy," replied Flip.

"I'm sure he has one, all these pieces of garbage have them," Confederate replied.

From the air above, came firepower from a Space-shuttle and Travel boat in air vehicle mode. SpaceAce and Bolts began to fire their weaponry upon the giant monster. Suddenly from below the ground a drill came up and poked through Eaton's lower abdomen. Pass came out from the monster and proceeded to change into robot mode and concentrate firepower on his lower side.

SpaceAce transformed into robot mode along with Bolts and began severing the many tentacles, released the other members of the team. SpaceAce flew up to Botimus once he had recovered.

"Reporting for duty sir," SpaceAce noted.

"Good work, now take him out just like the old days!" Botimus replied.

"Combat Team, merge!"

SpaceAce flew up and each of the separate team members flew next to him. Suddenly what was once five power military robots began to merge into a singular body. Panels once again would move and swap around providing two arms, two legs and combining with SpaceAce for the larger torso. Suddenly a robot of equal size stood above Eaton, and his name

was know as Salvor.

Eaton cried out in frustration. He recoiled his arms and immediately repaired them, sending them back out again to fly all at once at Salvor. As typical he tried to encage Salvor's body all at once, but Salvor simply broke out of large elongated bonds and proceeded to fly at Eaton. Out from his hand formed a blazing sword, which he took with one hard swing at Eaton causing a massive flash of light that blinded everyone around them.

The light cleared and upon the Eaton body began to spark, the top suddenly began to shift and then the top portion fell off from the bottom portion exploding in a pile of mechanical pieces and fire.

Salvor set down upon the ground and the rest of Botimus's team soon began to survey the landscape. Massive destruction everywhere and the rest of the Nonocons had retreated. No sign of Skyscream or anything else for that matter. A collective relief came over the team.

Seconds seemed like hours as I waited to smell the energy status that would come from Amphotron's gun. I was here many times before. Pain, lack of energy, both my organic and mechanic body was just worn out.

"So, no Matrix to help get you out of this jam. No... miracle weapon to solve all situations. You simply have bowed to the greater warrior, and now your primitive race and body are doomed for my conquest."

Any other individual in this situation might of begged or pleaded. Not enough time to move your body to avoid a shot at this close range, no matter what robot you were. Yet I had one distinct advantage.

"Your internal computer are missing one calculation's," I noted as I began to delegate all power to my Headmaster ejection system.

"Oh!" said Amphotron curling a smile on his face.

He laser fired, it hit my Shortstop body, and it fell to the ground with large thud. However, it had no head!

I was able to disengage the head from the box transforming back into my X-O suit. I flew straight up to Amphotron's face and with all my combined firepower unleashed a power blast right into his cerebral cortex. He flew back and landed on the ground with a giant blast in his head, just seconds after my charred Shortstop body hit the ground.

"I AM RESOURCEFUL!" I screamed.

I had performed this move in another timeline and it was amazing how it worked yet again to hinder him.

Amphotron grasped his destroyed head and quickly jumped to his knees and legs, He began to ran away holding his internal parts from falling out. I continued my firepower attack with my X-O suit. Powerful still for what it was. Amphotron transformed into ship mode and flew off the planet back towards his star cruiser.

I looked up into the heavens and noticed firepower being exchanged between two ships. It appeared that although Amphotron had fled the battle was not over.

Amphotron stepped onto the bridge of his ship holding his head, which had parts falling out left and right. The medical droid began immediate repair on his head. Amphotron delivered a swift punch to the droid and he fell to the ground confused and shocked.

"BLOW THEM OUT OF THE STARS!" he yelled.

The Nonocons began moving through-out their stations, connecting to various consoles and waving their hands over various sensors. From the view of the main chair Amphotron could

see the lasers and missiles from the turrets firing projectiles at Misslemax.

The human, the small being has once again got the upper hand, but alas he was not going to lose this battle. He had waited too long, and worked too hard to lose now. The Zapbots' charred remains of their Battle-station would be floating at space shortly, he was sure of it.

I walked onto the bridge with my backup Shortstop body. As soon as the team saw the yellow paint job they knew the way things had gone.

"Problems down on the surface Master?" asked Roberta.

"No none at all, just wanted a change of pace," I jokingly responded.

The ship was being rocked left and right from the onslaught of missiles and laser hitting Misslemax.

"Status?" I inquired.

"Shield are down to 10%" responded Boaty.

"Maintaining all firepower on their ship," responded Flier.

The ship continued to shake. It was a massive array of firepower coming from both the Nonocon warship and Misslemax. The shields were barely keeping the weapons at bay,

"Master! We're about to lose shields!" responded Boaty.

"Evasive maneuvers!" I yelled.

Misslemax began to move out of the range of the Nonocon ship, this began to reduce he amount of weapons hitting the outer shield but we where still getting pounded. Suddenly the shields on the Nonocon ship collapsed and our assault of armory hit their ship dead on. Metal flew everywhere into space as their ship began to get punctured left and right from rockets and lasers.

"Concentrate firepower on their canons!" I noted.

An assortment of rockets hit their main canons causing their upper part to completely collapse. Various bits of metals flew off into space creating a giant garbage pile of debris.

Sparks fizzled on the Nonocon bridge, the ship started to make noises that did not sound promising. Shattered screens and destroyed panels lay next to busted Nonocon drones.

Amphotron sat in his chair holding his damaged face. After all this years his revenge was going to be slightly delayed, but that would make the conclusion that much sweeter.

"They have destroyed our armory!" replied Creator.

"ARGHHHHH!" cried Amphotron slamming his fist into the console completely destroying it.

"Well now that's extremely helpful, instead of letting them destroy the ship just do it ourslev-" Skydust was cut short as Amphotron fired his laser at his other leg completely knocking him to the ground.

"If you can't help Skydust, get out of the WAY!" he yelled.

"A concentrated fire blast should disable their power grid, however we would be weaponless as well!" replied Creator.

"Then what are you waiting for!" yelled Amphotron.

"Hold your fire!" I said. Misslemax had pretty much launched everywhere we had at their ship. At this point we were running out of ammo and energy. Standing from afar the Nonocon ship had multiple breaches and implisions were coming out left and right.

"Transform Misslemax to robot mode?" Boaty inquired.

"No, not yet," I said. "Let's wait and see what they do!"

Suddenly out of nowhere from the back of the ship, firing out throughout the center was a giant white laser blast. It hit Misslemax dead on, penetrating the shields and landing a massive blast on the center column.

Lights went off and bridge sirens began to sound.

"Hull breach on decks 10 and 11" cried Flier.

"Emergency Medical crews to decks 10 and 11," responded Boaty.

"What was that?" I cried.

"Concentrated blast of firepower forms their ship, it completed sucked our remaining energy. We're dead in the water," responded Flier.

"Look," replied Speedy pointing at the screen.

The Nonocon warship began moving away. Slowly they began pulling back at what appeared to be their fastest speed available. I couldn't believe my sensors.

"They're retreating!" replied Speedy.

"It appears they are running on low power. They basically bought themselves an escape route with that energy surge," replied Boaty.

I slowly walked toward the windows, I could tell from just a short distance Amphotron was enraged. He wasn't able to destroy us, but he knew he'd have a better shot of regrouping and repairing both his ship and trying again. Knowing him as I did for so long, it would be the first of many battles where he thought he had the upper hand, and when things didn't go his way he would run and return again.

"Maintain a track on their course, Roberta, alert command of our situation." I responded.

Misslemax was completely without power and the Nonocons were getting away. For now the battle was averted but I also knew this was only the beginning of the long fought war.



## Chapter 8

The damaged Nonocon ship landed on the planet below. At it made a rather harsh landing bits and pieces fell off as the structural integrity field was turned off.

A medium sized yellow robot flew out to the ship, he set down on the dusty surface below. He raised his arm and established a video link.

“Not a successful attack was it?” the yellow robot said. His voice was high pitched and maniacal.

“Grrrr, continue to aggravate me and we will end up being at odds with each other,” replied Amphotron.

“It is to be... expected. Consider this a beta test for your new systems. Some additional configurations and you... we will be unstoppable.”

“The tactical information you provide is most wise, but it still has not helped me defeat the Zapbots... Tri-Star”

“All in good time Amphotron. We have lots to do still, but I assure you their defeat is still at hand,” replied Tri-Star.

He began to laugh as a white light began glowing red in his chest. The light was pure as if being contained by pure evil. Inside his head a dead carcass remained of the friend of Anthony that once piloted the Zapbot body. Not a singular robot entity on his own he had grown into something much more than a Headmaster body. He had become pure evil.

I tried to avert my eyes across but unfortunately they kept falling back to the individual sitting across the elongated table. I could tell he was trying to figure out how he knew me. For him, this seemed all too familiar. If only he knew his mind had been wiped.

I stood in my X-O suit as several elderly men all dressed in military garb looked intensely at me. They were completely dumbfounded at the story I just gave them. They simply could not believe it. It wasn't easy explaining to the current backup military that several years ago the entire leadership of the world was sentenced to Zapbot prison. Worse off, we had no idea where the current world leaders were nor any idea of where the Nonocons had fled.

Mike Quartz watched from afar. I could sense he could not put his finger on it. How did he know me? Where had he seen this face before?

“So you're telling us that basically, there is a shadow government running...”

“Was a shadow government,” I replied.

“And what did you do with them once you found this out... before you wiped all of our minds,” said another dark skinned over weight general.

A short pause.

“We imprisoned them.” I replied.

A gasp.

“What?” I heard the voice across the room.

“They were evil,” I continued. “They were responsible for over one million deaths. So in order to save the planet, we removed them.”

“YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN YOUR OWN ENEMY!” cried the general across the room.

“No... I guess in some ways we are not, but it was not my decision. The high council decided the best way to solve the crisis was the remove the factions that were causing the issue. Those who had control over the world were removed, and the true powers that were presented to the people were put in place. Memory wipe, everything is reset, we leave. It was

supposed to work out just fine.“

Stone silence sat apart from the room.

“So now what?” asked the fattest and oldest general in the room.

“We will continue our search for the current world’s leaders, and we will continue our search to destroy the Nonocons. Gentlemen we are at war. “

“What about the civilian population?”

“In time, they will rediscover what is going on. For now we will remain in disguise. Our war is with the Nonocons. We will not interfere with any Earthly endeavors. That is your destiny to control.”

The meeting continued for several more minutes before everyone got up and left in quite a huff. The last people, the guard who had been there the first day of the white house attack kept taking second looks toward me on the way. Not going up to him was the hardest thing I had to do, but it was for his protection. He walked out of the room and once again out of my life.

Shawn sat on the couch across from me. I could not bear myself to look at him, nor could I try to reconcile the feelings I had at the time. I had too many other items I had to address first. Too many worldly, no Universe concerns if there was such a thing.

One of things that happened with my endeavors to become integrated back into the real world was to become involved in ‘earthly’ concerns. As such I left my guard down and gave into temptations, bad habits that were not healthy mentally or physically. I was able to break myself away from this drama because deep down I still had determination and respect for myself. However Shawn had not, and I knew that with the Nonocons back into the playing stage I could not risk him by having feelings. I would not put him at risk nor could I do deal with the drama that came from a relationship at this time.

Our children, our pets were delegated out. I would keep most of these wonderful beings and I stationed both Tiny and Experiment at my Earth house to keep things running and take care of them. I would continue my Earth life in tandem with my secret life to help keep my ear to the ground. In short, the Zapbots were now my full time job.

He finally got out and walked out, carrying the last of his things. I held back the tears for a good ten minutes before I began to break down. Walking into my old futuristic bedroom I looked out the window watching Zapbots work on repairing the massive Starship that was Fortress Misslemax. I sat down on the floating holographic bed, put my face into my hands and just wept profusely.

Much time had passed since I had last seen Gearatron. A beautiful planet combined of bright brilliant technology caressed in a plentitude of steal and metal. It was the technological marvel of the galaxy. The largest spaceship one could ever see and a body unto itself.

“This will be over soon Master,” replied Botimus.

“You know how I feel about the High-Council,” I replied in my Shortstop body. The High Council was created to maintain the daily routines of Gearatron. Over the years they had become a bit ambitious with their control and half of the time we did not see eye to eye. However, they had always deferred to my judgment calls when it came to military operations.

“They should agree with your plan to stay out of human intervention,” Botimus replied.

“It’s the only way. We can’t take sides anymore and it’s not our responsibility. We don’t belong to any country or nation on Earth, we are only there to stop the Nonocons.”

The lift came to the stop and Botimus and I got off to walk into the main chambers not looking forward to the discuss. The Zapbots has returned to my life, and while the direction was unknown I knew it was not going to be same ever again.

The End.