Preface

So I use to copy the original prefaces in my original runs of these stories word by word here. However by this point I pretty much ran out of ideas to add to the preface. For example...

Gawd.... well I was only 16 at the time. Trying to keep things straight in these stories (and yes I did say straight) is hard to reconstruct. I would imagine my stories might need a third pass over them to flush out details and add some depth.

Beyond that, I would say I think I've said all I needed to say in these Prefaces. I thought it was a cool thing to have to your stories when I was young. Little did I understand the purpose of them back them.

I doubt anyone will garner anymore whit or insight from what I can provide. I'm not much, just a simple man who has an imagination. I consider each of these stories like mini-movies in my head that when I was young I hoped to make into a reality. Little did I know life does not always go the way you plan it.

That being said maybe someday some future civilization will dig up these stories and consider them works of art. If Walt Whitman or Mark Twain knew how much his life would be treasured now, would have he written his stories differently? Would he have written more? Who knows....?

The only thing I can say is right now at this moment in time in 2020, this world I still have inside of my head is therapy. A chance to get away from the stress we are dealing with as this world seems to be collapsing in on itself. I pull up a YouTube video with the house I always dreamed up, the writers den I always wanted to live in, and for about an hour my mind in elsewhere. In a fantasy land.

We all need a place to go inside our heads...

Anthony S. Anselmo

Robot Trek IV
By Anthony Anselmo

Chapter 1

Space... the big parking lot. At times for me it seemed the weirdest void to ever exist in the concept of a Universe. The idea of the a cosmetic reality of perpetual infinity going in all directions. Cold, silent at times and unbelievably non-caring whether or not you were a giant sun, or a miniature atom on a desolate planet.

In this giant vacuum of space, a tiny ship moved past the stars at amazing speed. Faster than light itself it ran through solar system to solar system. Space itself was a journey, but provided no map, no direction, just existence.

As this tiny ship moved back towards the planet we all knew as our home, it carried several hundred inhabitants. Robots of amazing power and abilities, that could shape their bodies in other forms to provide either the weapon of disguise or the extra abilities.

I walked on the bridge of Fortress Misslemax, our home as we continued back towards Gearatron. My Zapbot body was that of Shortstop, but inside I was Anthony, creator of these strange beings. My X-O suit could join with the larger body and I became the head of the robot. When I did that my human body shut down and I absorbed the world through the optical sensors of the larger body. My own human body, badly destroyed in a long lost battle, my limbs were mostly robotic with my last remaining human parts being my central being. I was a mix of man and machine and I lead a race of warriors to explore the galaxy.

Most of our damage from the last battle had been repaired but we needed... we needed closure. After the death of a few of our closest comrades, we needed a way to move on and that seemed like once we got back to Gearatron, it would come to a close.

The bridge seemed more quiet now. Where someone I cared for used to sit, another sat now, taking his place. I would occasionally look in that direction hoping I could see him, and yet feeling the utter sadness when the realization would hit me. On the walls charred marks from fires and smoke stained the metal, as once again our home had been attacked.

My Zapbots themselves were dealing with the loss as well and we all dealt with it in weird ways. Some blamed themselves, other blamed the Universe, and others didn't know who to blame.

"Approaching Section two," said Speedy breaking my concentration.

"Take us in," I replied, knowing there was no need for me to say it, but I did never the less.

Soar who had lost his brother was working on the bridge more of these days to keep busy. He spoke with still the sadness in his voice.

"Do you think they'll have a—"

"Welcoming party... " I replied. "I sure hope so, this time we paid for it with our own blood.. um oil...." I replied.

I realized I was serving no purpose on this deck. I walked to go back to the turbo-lift so I could separate with Shortstop and go back to my quarters, but suddenly Roberta our backup communications officer motioned to me.

"I'm reading a security alarm in Boaty's quarters?" she said.

"What? That should be sealed?" I replied.

"It was. I did it myself," said Botimus.

This was odd, I programmed the turbo-lift to take me to that floor to investigate. It moved with a short whirl as the bridge disappeared from view.

When I got to the room of my fallen friend, the doors were completely pried open, as if someone was determined to get in there. Security team of Terrain and Overload were standing by waiting for me to enter what appeared to be a dimly light room. I nodded to them and slowly went into the room. My metal feet slowly hitting the floor making the slightest noise. I could barely make out the walls. Nothing had been touched.

Suddenly I heard a voice...

"Master why did you leave me?" said the voice. It was the voice of Boaty but without reason and rhyme I couldn't believe it. I spun around and grabbed the imposter and brought him into the light.

There in the faint light of the room was Flier, Boaty's brother. He looked dazed and out of place, as if someone has scrambled his circuits.

"Flier... ?" I asked.

"Where are we Master?" he replied.

"We're home, on Misslemax.... what's wrong?"

"We must go to Mount Saint Helen..."

"Mount Helen, that's on Earth... we're on our way to Gearatron." I stated.

"Must go to Earth..." he said and suddenly his power went out. His eyes turned off and he fell into my robotic arms. Roberta came over on the speakers.

"Master, space dock has been confirmed for our arrival."

"ROBERTA, get Pliers down here now! HURRY!" I cried as I held my fallen friend in my arms.

Across space... another ship moved toward New Gearatron. This was a human ship that was recently built called the Tonka. On it were special cargo, two of our Headmasters, Twirl and Windshield or more respectively my human friends from many years ago, Jeremy and David.

Jeremy was an old pen pal from the days of my youth, just before the Zapbots came into my life. I met him when I visited my Grandma's house in Florida and we became penpals. He was one of the nicest guys who I knew and always wanted to be a pilot. When the Zapbots came along and traveling 1000 miles wasn't an issue, we became very good friends.

David was my friend from my church youth group, once again before the Zapbots entered the picture. We became friends over time as he seemed to be the only guy that wanted to hang out with me when I was considered a 'nerd.' Lately we had been fighting over some aspects of religion, in that he still was gung-ho about it and I wasn't. He kept trying to reconcile his faith with science and after a while we just had to take a break. However after Boaty's death he was decent enough to come to my side and comfort me, so we dubbed a 'cease fire' for the time being.

I had them jump on the next human ship to come conduct some exploration of 'New Gearatron' while Misslemax returned to 'old Gearatron' for repairs. Things were 'iffy' with the High Council right now and as such they were a few people I could trust. Their

Headmaster vehicles were stored in the space shuttle bay as the Tonka sped towards the planet.

Captain Rutherford Clock ran the crew, one of the Earth's finest newly built ships that provided the best in the modern technology the Zapbots had provided to Earth. There was only a few human ships so far, but they were being built at an incredible speed. A graduate of the newly designated 'Space Force' that the President had created, he was very proud of his new ship.

Jeremy and David stood on the bridge in their X-O suits waiting for the ship to drop out of warp. The ensign working the console turned around notified that Captain.

"Well we're here Gentlemen," said Captain Clock.

"Interesting... it looks just like Gearatron." exclaimed Jeremy.

"Strangely weird," replied David.

"I'm starting scans," said an ensign. David walked over to look over the ensign's shoulder as he proceeded to tap a few consoles to scan over the planet. Jeremy continued to walk around the bridge, somewhat annoying the Captain.

"What's this?" said David pointing at the three dimensional screen.

"I don't know.. it's a life form reading..." said the ensign.

"A life form? On a barren robotic planet?" asked the Captain. Jeremy came over and looked at the waveform.

"It's definitely not human, but I'm not sure what it is?" he said.

"Permission to go investigate?" asked David to the Captain.

"Woah hold on... I know this is your mission but shouldn't we do some more analysis first?" the Captain inquired.

"Captain... we have giant robotic bodies that fly through space..." David replied.

The Captain looked over and not wanting to feel stood up in front of his crew, he nodded his head 'yes.' Jeremy and David went to the turbo-lift to go down towards the docking back to fly out with their Headmaster bodies.

Captain Clock radioed them as they flew out. "Okay just be careful will you. No funny stuff for our first mission."

"Understood said Jeremy," and they were off into the void of space, approaching the planet's surface below.

Misslemax started to enter Gearatron's atmosphere in preparation for landing. I was back on the bridge waiting for final sequences to commence. As we approached the landing spot for Misslemax we all saw on the screen the newly remodeled Duplaflex.

"By golly they've increased his size ten fold," said Pliers.

"Yeah I hear Gaxator is going to be running things over there." responded Ultra Attack a bit upset that he didn't get the command.

"Now now Ultra, your day will come. I'm sure there will be many more cities to build."

"I heard he has the new super warp drive," said Speedy.

"Ah I've heard it's a piece of garbage." replied Pliers.

"Now now Pliers... young robots... young ideas...." I replied.

Misslemax landed on the ground of Gearatron and intersected with the locking channels. As it landed various Zapbots from the ground saw the battle damage and stopped with sadness to inspect the damage that was done to it.

Later on the bridge, we where met by Council member Earnon who proceeded to give a great speech to us. I sat from the human balcony this time as I did not like the militaristic style the council had been taking lately. I always considered the Zapbots the Navy but 'nice.' Still Earnon felt the need to flex his skills. I sat above it all watching the parade.

"You've all done well and will receive the high recognition for your records." Admiral Earnon said. "Now please take some time to recharge, recuperate for your efforts. Dismissed."

Pliers and Repairs went to go walk away and Earnon stopped them suddenly.

"Gentle robots, you are needed to help complete final preparations on Duplaflex," he said.

"We thought that everything was completed?" asked Repairs.

"Almost, they need some help on the new warp drive. Can you help them out?" Earnon asked.

"Well to be honest sir, we'd rather help repair and refit Misslemax," replied Pliers.

"That won't be necessary," Earnon spoke.

I flew down to my Shortstop body and re-engaged. I walked up to Earnon.

"Won't be necessary...?" I asked in my Shortstop voice.

"Shortstop, Misslemax has been through how many battles now? It needs to be completely overhauled and we think we should just rebuild it from the ground up. Don't you think a ship that has gone through so much needs a fresh start?" he replied.

I was shocked... I felt like a little kid who had his favorite toy taken away from him and then pushed into the pool. I couldn't believe the sounds coming to my audio receptors.

"You do realize that Misslemax interfaces with Planet Gearatron in robot mode for emergency purposes?" I replied.

"Yes, we did some research on that. We lost quite a lot of buildings in the last battle when you did that. So we figured for the time being we let Duplaflex have the key for that."

"What?" I asked.

"We installed the same code in Duplaflex to allow him transform and control Gearatron as well. Don't worry, we'll give you a new Misslemax, we just want to start from scratch." he said.

I don't think Earnon realized the symbolic connection I had with the ship, the planet. Granted this was four transformations up, and it really was the weirdest feeling being a giant being in space. Your gravitational pull itself was a sight to behold. Still it felt like someone was destroying my body... again.

"Well would it be possible to occasionally go to New Gearatron to.."

Earnon cut me short. "New Gearatron if off limits for now. We're waiting on final orders from the council. We also are issuing a gag order on discussion for now. "

"Offlimits? Do you know who I a-"

"Relax Shortstop, I know the human side of you. It will all be handled soon. For now just relax and let us take care of everything." He patted my robotic arm and moved towards the turbo-lift. My human body suddenly felt very sick to its stomach.

Chapter 2

In a local bar on Gearatron my Zapbots and myself had taken refuge. The news had spread like wildfire through the team and everyone was upset. Suddenly the death of dear friends became the back part of our central processing units.

"So they're going to completely rebuild it?" asked Botimus.

"I don't know the details. The High Council is so worked up over New Gearatron I can't get anyone to respond to a single communication call!" I cried.

"What about Flier?" asked Hightone.

"Pliers is working on him. No clue what is going on. Never seem him this way. At first I thought he was upset over Boaty, but this is worse." I replied.

I slugged the last of the energy mix. Bop graciously poured me another as he just signed up to run the new local bar. He was not happy about being out of the loop on the security changes.

"This sucks!" replied Speedy. Timetravel put his hand on the shoulder of his younger brother.

"What can I say guys.. you'd figure creator of all things me would have some leverage." I replied.

Suddenly Pliers drove into the bar and transformed into robot mode. He motioned over to me to come near. I walked over to the robotic doctor.

"We have to go back?" he whispered.

"Where?"

"New Gearatron!"

"Why?" I asked.

"Boaty, he's alive! Inside Flier!" he replied.

"What! How?"

"Somehow Boaty devised a way to transfer his programming completely to Flier! Somehow with the early Zapbots their programming contained a hidden glitch that allowed them to merge their... as you humans would say 'essence' with another one. "

"Well can we re-build him a new body?" I inquired.

"I thought about that, the problem is I need his original layout that is in his body. I can't reconnect the program without that."

"So you're saying if we go back and get his original body, we can route that to a new body for him to be reborn."

"In theory, this is all new to me Master. Repairs and I have been scratching our heads trying to figure out how he came up with this. Scan is even a bit perplexed at the complexity as well. "

"I thought you two were ordered to help with Duplaflex?"

"Duplaflex is fine, they just don't want us messing with Misslemax right now. Rumor is they want to dismantle it completely."

"WHAT!" I said realizing the crowd around me heard that cry.

"Trust me we're not going to let them do that. But we have to get to New Gearatron sooner rather than later. We only have a limited time before Boaty's program deteriorates."

"I'll see what I can do. Brief the others... quietly." I said. I walked out the bar transformed my Shortstop body into vehicle mode and flew off to talk with Earnon at the council chambers.

The whine from a starship could do many things to many types of creatures. Some said that humans got use to it after a time. Stories of days long ago when early humans used submarines to transverse through the lower regions of water they too became accustomed. Others, now on starships of their own would become familiar to the sound of engine after only a few weeks. Yet the sound and stir of a ship did different thinks to different creatures. Some would say it could drive you mad in the right type of mindset. Thus when this creature would cross the path of the door, from hallway to the main bridge, he would soon relish in that madness. The madness of a mind of a Nonocon.

When Amphotron sat down in his chair he slowly observed the crew. Barely saved from the last encounter with the Zapbots, yet still functioning, he was able to completely repair his armada. He would lay and wait for the time to come, the time for his destiny to become reality. Only he knew his true purpose, and only he would be the one to relish in its humorous glory when it arrived.

Mercy one his very dedicated but faltered henchmen turned around from his chair and station.

"We have the data from the stolen human ship available." he responded.

"LET ME SEE IT!" Amphotron snapped.

Up on the dimly lit room with grey and red walls came the schematics of early scans of New Gearatron. Amphotron's electronic eyes glowed extra vibrant as he soon realized that not only could he could conquer the Zapbots, but he would take away the new planet that started his defeat.

"Something that with planet that large would have to have an INCREDIBLE power source!" replied Skyscream, his constant whipping boy.

"Yes…" said Amphotron. "I never realized that letting the device go about its business might be the best course of action after all. It might of just destroyed the Zapbots for us on 'old' Gearatron. Yes. I see the possibilities now."

"If we could take control of this new planet and harvest its energy, we would be invincible!"

"I WOULD BE INVINCIBLE!" cried Amphotron. "Set course! Maximum warp!"

With that the newly rebuilt Nonocon ship went into warp speed and through a dark black light ventured out into the far reigns of the galaxy, heading for the newly born planet. Inside the mind of a leader, evil thoughts calculated.

Chapter 3

David and Jeremy cautiously moved through the newly created planet. It was like visiting Gearatron again but only cleaner... newer. Everything was laid perfectly in precise square and octantal lines. The metallic surface shined bright with the might blue plates that would adorn many robotic planets. Here was a new world to discover.

David himself was feeling especially inspired. Ever since he had become stronger with his faith he realized that his meaning held a greater purpose. Who would of thought the nerdy little kid he befriended many years ago would turn out to be a God himself? While the human Bible never mentioned this in any of the books he studied, he knew this was all part of a plan. And now he got a chance to do something no one on else had ever did and find a new planet for both Zapbots and humans.

Jeremy on the other hands was as serious about the adventure but more so from the ability to use his newfound Headmaster body to fly over vast space without being disturbed. On Earth he would have to chart a flying plan, or follow some governmental procedure. Here he had complete freedom, a feeling that even the holorooms couldn't even provide.

As they were flying over the planet they continued to run scans on various signatures. Strange, this new planet registered energy readings not seen before in many places. Suddenly something caught Windshield's eye and David transformed from jet mode into Windshield. Jeremy followed soon after and recombined to form Twirl.

They landed a few feet away from a large energy reading.

"This doesn't make any sense? I've never seen anything like this," replied Windshield watching the strange lights dance on his electronic view-screen. They both landed on the surface and continued to walk towards the energy source.

"I can't believe the structure of this place," replied Twirl. Suddenly Windshield shot out his arm and with his other pointed. One part of the ground was out of place, as if someone has moved the ground itself. It did not match the perfection of the rest of the planet. When they walked up to it their scanner readings were off the chart.

"This has to be grave?" asked Twirl.

"Unknown... it appears to be something that contained something or someone at a point in time."

"I can trace the direction of this energy surge... LOOK." and Twirl pointed in the north east direction.

"Let's report back in..." David disengaged from his larger body but left it in robot form. "David to Tonka... come in." he recorded over the communication channels.

"Clock here... whats the scoop?" he replied.

"Captain, we've found what appears to be an empty grave."

"An empty grave? Of who... or what?"

"Undetermined at this time. We are following the energy signature generated here. Captain... I'm sending the readings back to you now. Please confirm receipt."

Clock moved over to his security's officers screen on the bridge and up came the large fluctuation on his screen.

"David... if I'm reading what you're sending... it appears...."

"That this planet has a renewable energy property." David replied. Now Jeremy transformed into human mode as well and was flying up to meet him.

"Wow... that's incredible..."

"I have some more information but I would rather provide it to you in person. We'll fly back shortly..." responded David.

Clock noted in agreement. Suddenly an alarm started to go off on the bridge. Clock turned to his first officer with an urgent look. The officer started pushing buttons to try and figure out what the situation was.

"Captain, we have a ship dropping out of warp!" he replied.

In the vastness of space that hung above New Gearatron a large ship warped into the area, stopping at just the right altitude to hover above the tiny human ship. Circular in design, containing horns and protrusions that flew out from it as if it was organic, just sharp as a blade. The dark ominous color meant only one thing.

"Nonocons!" whispered Clock. "Raise shields!"

"Captain what's going on?" David responded from the communication channel.

"We're being attacked-"

Clock and his crew never got to finish his sentence. Before he could complete his sentence the Nonocon ship shot a single laser from its stern and the human ship exploded into space, taking its crew and inhabitants with it. Back on the surface David felt a funny feeling in his human stomach. He immediately re-engaged with his Headmaster body and flew off in the direction of the energy surge. Jeremy did the same and sensed his urgency.

"What happened?" asked Jeremy from his cockpit.

"Someone attacked the Tonka, and that means they're coming for us. We have to find that energy signature because if it's what I'm thinking, he needs our help now."

"No out of the question," Earnon said. I had been trying for the past fifteen minutes to make him see reason. Ever since we established the High Council I had felt that my leadership was constantly waining and being tested. I was not happy with the way I was being treated and not happy with the results.

It was the proper thing to do. I could not run a whole society by myself. When my I finished creating enough Zapbots to protect Earth and Gearatron, I left it to them to start rebuilding from the ground up.

Before I knew it, Gearatron was pulsing with robotic bodies running around. Transforming and flying from point A to point B. Each living a newly blessed life created for them. As I went back to helping relationships with the Earth and other species, I trusted the High Council to make the right decisions for this new Generation of robots.

"But Earnon... it's Boaty...!" I exclaimed.

"Shortstop..... Anthony... when you started this you promised to let us govern it with rules and regulations. If I was to throw those away now you would be throwing away everything Boaty died for..."

"But Boaty isn't dead! As least... even if there is a chance he may be alive..." I replied. I slowly pushed my energy beverage away from my Shortstop body to express my discontent.

"No wait till the Tonka comes back! Please. If you go against the council now it would cause such a stir I wouldn't know what would happen. They might revoke your privileges."

The words felt to my audio receptors, that translated to the Shortstop circuitry to my the inputs that fell into my human brain. But at that point I had already stopped listening.

"Well... I had to try..." I replied.

"I understand…" Earnon responded as I got up to leave.

"Thanks for the drink." I said walking away from the crowded Zapbot bar. I knew the situation would never resolve itself this way.

"Anytime…" he said, finishing up his calculations with his credits.

I walked out of the room into the large hallway, the sun shone through the Gearatron windows and reflected off my black Shortstop body. I stopped to see my reflection in the mirror and realized once again my life was at a turning point.

"Well?" asked Botimus walking up to me starting out the window to the giant city the graced Gearatron with me.

"I was told no, therefore I'm going anyway."

Gaxator walked off the turbo-lift onto the bridge of the newly remodeled Duplaflex. Duplaflex himself wasn't so keen being sliced up like a cadaver, but when he was put back together, he had to admit himself he was feeling pretty powerful. This positive energy resonated throughout the entire Zapbot city ship. Every crew member who worked on the ship felt a sense of pride. Especially Gaxator. A newly built Zapbot he ran to the top of leadership quickly working hard to get the position. He was determined to be the best and no one was going to stand in his way. Human, Zapbot or whatever.

As he passed by Pliers he looked up and greeted him warmly.

"Pliers, calling it an evening?" he said.

"Yes sir,"

"I'm hoping to break some of Misslemax's speed records tomorrow," he replied.

"Ahhhh!" responded Pliers as he stepped onto the turbo-lift shaft.

"What level?" asked the computer voice.

"Blow it out your shaft…" replied Pliers. The door closed and he was glad to be leaving the arrogant Zapbot. It wasn't Duplaflex's fault. He was a great asset. Unfortunately he didn't take kindly to Gaxator's leadership. As the humans would say he was a 'pompous assbot.'

"The nearest planet is 50 eons away. We don't have enough energy to get there in our Headmaster bodies," replied Jeremy in his cockpit, the planet below buzzing by their jets.

"I know, thats why we have to find… " started David but suddenly stopping in mid sentence. In the distance a familiar figure was walking the planet surface. Slowly, calmly. As if he had just been rebooted or brought to life. His body was not the same as it was before, and it was not in the sad state that it was before. It was newer, cleaner, and reborn. With a stereophonic cry both David and Jeremy transformed in their Headmaster robot modes and then Twirl and Windshield both said it at the same time…

"Boaty…"

Chapter 4

The turbo-lift opened onto the Yellow Ward floor. Zapbot hospitals were always known for their precise lines and delicate design. A bit of Frank Lloyd Wright mixed with Robert McCall they truly were futuristic design to behold. As I strolled in with Speedy in my Shortstop mode, I kept thinking 'I made this happen." I tried to keep my ego in check. Some days it was easy, and other days it was hard. Especially today.

We came to the holding area where Flier was being held. Pliers gave me specific diagrams to what the place looked like. I scanned the area with my visor and saw only a few robo-nurses and medic droids wandering around. Flier was held in a bit more secure area due to his ramblings that were considered 'highly-classified.'

I walked up to the security guard stationed at the desk. Showing him my 3D hologram for clearance he nodded and let me through. I could briefly hear the conversation behind me.

"They got you busy tonight eh?" said Speedy.

I saw the guard stand up and tower over Speedy. A large Zapbot indeed I think Slipstream could give him a run for his credit.

"Don't try anything... shorty!" he said.

He didn't need to say anything else, as my knockout ray Pliers had installed immediately took him out. Speedy grabbed his falling body and let him easily down to the floor.

"Shorty's my name," I responded.

Quickly I opened the door and saw Flier lying somewhat powered down on the table. I came in and helped him to his feet.

"What's going on?" Flier mumbled.

"Long story, no time to talk, transform and follow me." I responded.

The three of us converted to vehicle mode and flew out of the hospital at breakneck speed. We flew out of the emergency ramp of the hospital and headed straight for Misslemax. When we reached the entrance ramps we were greeted by Roberta and Pliers coming out. We transformed back into robot mode to greet them.

"We're all set," replied Pliers.

"And everyone else?" I inquired.

"Yes Master, Pick-Up, Carry-On, Hightone, Scan and myself are on the next ship to Earth. Pliers and Ultra are stuck on Duplaflex."

Up came Botimus, Timetravel, Flash, Overload to join Speedy, Pliers and myself.

"Okay guys we have limited time before they realize what's going on, let's move," I replied. Roberta turned back just before she went into Vehicle mode.

"Master... all my hopes." she replied. I nodded and went back to vehicle mode for the rest of the journey.

He had done this numerous times before. Every-time he had to take this action Amphotron felt anger, then joy. Even when Skyscream had messed up a simple program, he continued to display his arrogance. This time was no different as he held his hand on his neck holding him up against the wall, barely waiting to destroy him.

Yet he needed him. Even with all his incompetence he was a skillful commander and there would always be someone trying to destroy him. He was Amphotron.

"Does it hurt SkyScream? You see most would realize that once we recovered from our last battle, our next ship should have enough energy for a single warp jump. Something I left into YOUR capable hands!" Amphotron cried.

"I... didn't know... we would be going... out .... so soon!" Skyscream cried.

Finally he left the wounded creature go and powered down his arm canon. Once again Skyscream had to learn his lesson.

"Main batteries will be back online shortly," replied Lowtone.

"Well, since we're going to be here a while go down there and find that power source!" replied Amphotron. He motioned to Skyscream and Skydust who both hastily transformed and left the bridge.

"Any word from Secretish back at the base?" asked Amphotron.

"He has been unable to figure out how to use the Matrix of Leadership with his Black Matrix," replied Lowtone.

"Fool, he should of harnessed its power by now!" he replied.

Amphotron sat down in his chair again, looking over the newly formed planet on his screen. Soon this new world would be his new home, and soon the Zapbots would finally be destroyed.

We walked back onto the bridge of the deserted Fortress Misslemax. Everyone quickly ran to their seats. The walls still showed the battle-scars of the last fight. Everyone got to their stations and began to power-up the mighty Zapbot.

"Prepare for departure. Anyone who doesn't want to go along with the program... literally, needs to leave now." I replied.

Everyone just looked at me with a silent dumbfounded face.

"It's a human thing," I replied.

In his quarters on Duplaflex - Gaxator sat in his chair going over the latest results of reconstruction. He was incredibly thrilled with how everything was going. They had increase Duplaflex's energy output 120% and he was anxious to get back to space to continue exploring.

Suddenly a red alert siren came on and a message came over the communication com.

"Gaxator, I have some information about a Red Alert situation." cried Popper over the feed.

"Popper, how do you have a Red Alert when stationed on Gearatron?" he responded.

"Misslemax is taking off, won't be long before it's gone." he replied.

Gaxator was disturbed. He immediately got up and flew to the bridge.

Misslemax once again slowly moved off of Gearatron's surface. The inhabitants of the planet stopped to watch the mighty city once again head out of the atmosphere into the confines of the space. The shadow of the city eclipsed the moonlight and it shone brightly on the shiny surface below.

I sat in my chair watching my Zapbots work at incredible supersonic speeds, arranging everything. One of the biggest things we had to do is first get through the planetary shield. As we approached the invisible barrier our screens lit up with the image of the giant force field. A warning beacon began to go off indicating collision, I turned to Pliers.

"Pliers?" I asked.

"Working on it..." he replied....

We came closer and closer to the shield. If we made impact it would be all over for our little escape.

"Pliers.....!" I said more seriousness to my voice.

"Hold on! Got it!" he said.

The shield collapsed just before we made contact, we slowly moved pass the shield barrier and out into space. A breathe of relief came over my human body.

Gaxator walked onto the bridge. His Zapbot computer was ready for action.

"Go to Red Alert!" he said.

"We're already at Red Alert," replied Hot Shot annoying now reassigned to Duplaflex.

"Well then, prepare for departure. Let's get this old guy into the air," he replied referring to Duplaflex.

Duplaflex then began to move and suddenly lifted from its docking platform on Gearatron. A sentient Zapbot, it was well aware of what was going on, but did not act or intervene unless ordered.

"Who's flying Misslemax?" he asked.

"Who do you think?" responded Rup.

"Well! The old human is trying to have it his way isn't he?" Gaxator responded chuckling.

"Group 2 has left for Earth," said Overload.

"Sounds good." I replied.

"Master, Duplaflex powering up with orders to pursue," Overload responded.

Misslemax continued to move out of Gearatron's atmosphere as the planet slowly shifted in the distance.

"Full impulse power," I replied. Botimus who normally was barking these type of orders went about making sure everything was running smoothly. This time my Zapbots were completely interfaced making sure everything was happening with split second speed.

"Stand by with tractor beam," replied Gaxator.

"Standing by," said Hot Shot begrudgingly.

"Well if he tries to go to Warp, he's gonna have one big wake-up call." Gaxator chuckled.

"Duplaflex closing to 4000 kilometers," replied Botimus.

"Pliers we'll need everything you have," I replied.

"Yes sir!" Pliers responded.

On the communications channels Gaxator's voice came on.

"Shortstop. If you do this you'll never be a Zapbot again. Turn around now." he replied. I just turned to Speedy managing Flier's console.

"Warp Speedy Speedster," I replied.

With that Misslemax shook briefly and with a bright flash of light warped into space. This was seen on the bridge of Duplaflex and Gaxator was immediately was enraged.

"Prepare for Warp Speed, stand by Super Drive!" Gaxator barked.

All the Zapbots, braced by their stations. In went their arm controls as they connected with the main computers of Duplaflex directly. Side armrests came forward and connected with them directly locking their bodies in place.

"Warp speed at your command," responded Hot Shot over the com.

Repairs and Ultra Attack just ran onto the bridge.

"Where have you two been?" Gaxator yelled.

"Trying to get up to the bridge, we got um.. lost," replied Ultra Attack.

"Engage!" replied Gaxator who sat in his chair, the only one not connected.

Duplaflex powered up, the large roar of the engines began to fire, but suddenly they all realized something. The might Zapbot wasn't jumping to warp, he was Transforming into robot mode!

The giant city began to move, towers collapsed, levels rotated, and out came his hands and arms and Duplaflex suddenly awoke and with a large roar he cried out.

"NOOOOOO! YOU WILL NOT PERSUE!" he replied.

And then he just stood there... motionless in space, in robot mode. On the bridge Gaxator sat stunned while the rest of my Zapbots had a grin on their faces.

"So you had a little talk with the big guy?" I inquired.

"Yep, he completely agreed with our plan and we okay with it. He also wasn't happy with the tinkering the engineers did." replied Pliers.

"You got Duplaflex to stand down?" inquired Flier.

"Let's just say his loyalties were a bit re-programmed." replied Pliers.

"Reprogrammed?"

"Well I didn't want him to get in trouble, it's a viable excuse," said Pliers.

"Fascinating," responded Flier. We all turned and looked at him.

"Best speed to New Gearatron Speedster....." I replied.

In the darkness of space, the badly damaged Misslemax continued to fly on, heading back to the last place. In our computerized hearts we all longed for hope.

Chapter 5

The surface of New Misslemax shook, as the energy surge began to increase, it was obvious something wasn't right with the newly created planet. Twirl/Jeremy and Windshield/David has caught up with the strange walking Zapbot. They transformed into robot mode and landed right next to him.

The Zombie robot turned around, but what they saw wasn't familiar. The blue glow that use to be in his robotic eyes was gone. It was dark, as if no life was there.

"Boaty?" Windshield spoke.

The zombie did not speak. It only stared, as if it was confused.

"Something's not right with him?" replied Twirl.

"His pro-frontal cortex is not functioning. He's only running on his computer," replied Windshield.

The zombie Zapbot just stood there, not moving, completely still as if it was trying to determine its purpose.

Another explosion shook the surface and the Zapbots were caught off balance.

"Something's not right with him or this planet," replied Twirl.

"Yes, it appears there is a symbolic relationship with them both. This new energy is growing more and more each second. If my readings are correct it will not be able to contain this very much longer," replied Windshield. "I need you to take him away from here."

"No I'm staying with you," Twirl replied.

"I'm higher in command!"

"Fuck command, I'm not leaving you here!"

Suddenly from out of nowhere large lasers hit both their bodies. They fell down to the ground as the zombie Zapbot stood motionless still.

"ACK! my power it's gone!" replied Twirl.

From above the plane Skyscream flew down and transformed into robot mode. His disabling ray had knocked them both out and the two Zapbot Headmasters laid crumpled to the ground.

"WHAT!" cried Skyscream. He walked up to the zombie slowly. The Zapbot continued not to move.

"He's got no eyes!" cried Mercy as he transformed from tank mode into robot mode.

"The mighty Boaty! A zombiebot! I should destroy him right here!" replied Skyscream.

"NO! I want them alive!" cried Amphotron over the speakers watching from the ship. Skyscream dropped his arms and focused his attention on the other two disabled Zapbots.

Misslemax dropped out of warp and flew into the orbit of New Gearatron. Five hours seemed a lifetime for us as we wondered about the fate of our companion. I just finished reviewing the order sent to the Tonka wondering if they would help or hinder our expedition.

"Master, I'm picking up a strange radiation surge coming from New Gearatron," replied Botimus.

"On screen." I replied.

Up came a large wave I had not seen before. At times like this Scan would probably be working his magic, but we were short of a few crew members.

"What is this?" replied Flash looking over my shoulder.

"The core of the planet is very unstable, possible core deterioration," replied Boaty. Wait.. Boaty? We all turned around to see Flier looking at the science station. He looked up with a strange grin on his face.

"Well how did I do?" he asked.

"Fine... just fine. Flash open a channel to the Tonka. Let's hope they're willing to be friendly." I responded.

Flash commanded a few items on his screen and sent out the hail.

"Tonka, this is Misslemax, please respond...."

No response... we waited a few seconds, and Flash repeated the call.

"Tonka, please come in?"

"Master, I'm picking up ship parts orbiting the planet," replied Botimus.

Suddenly I realized that something had happened to the Tonka and my heart sank as I knew two of my best friends were on that ship.

"David... Jeremy... no..." I whispered.

"What's the funny distortion in space," cried Speedy pointing at the screen. We all looked up to see a weird wave floating in the star field. As if the field itself was under water. We immediately knew what it was.

"RED ALERT! Raise shields!" I ordered.

"Shields not responding," replied Overload. I turned to look at Pliers.

"I didn't plan to go into battle and didn't have time to work on the shield generators," replied Pliers.

"Damn," I replied "Load all weapons."

We watched the view screen carefully, as the wave continued to move forward.

"Misslemax coming into view," replied Lowtone.

"Ah.... finally the rematch I've been waiting for," replied Amphotron. He slowly caressed his seat as his circuits once again began to overclock for battle.

"Bring us around and prepare to decloak and fire, on my mark," he responded.

Lowtone punched the various buttons on his console. The Nonocon ship reverted from cloaked status to Red Alert.

"Aim carefully," I replied.

Suddenly out of the wave a Nonocon ship de-cloaked and was flying towards us.

"FIRE!" I yelled.

Lasers fired out of Misslemax and hit the Nonocon ship dead on. The ship rocked back from the explosion and began to fall through space.

"Fire again!" I replied.

Out from Misslemax shooter stars and knock-out missiles fired. They hit the ship again just before the shields engaged. The Nonocon ship moved slowly back again through space and its power fluctuated off and on.

On the bridge of the Nonocon ship the lights flickered as the Nonocons were pulling themselves together, both figuratively and literally.

Tri-Star stumbed onto the bridge as the gravity sensors were attempting to readjust to provide him some footing. He flew up to Amphotron's chair.

"You idiot! You let him fire on you just as-"

Tri-Star didn't get to finish the sentence. Within seconds Amphotron still holding onto his chair, swung his arm around and fire his arm cannon. The ray fired right through Tri-Star. chest area, leaving a gaping hole in the middle of electronics and wires. The Zapbot Headmaster shut down and fell to the floor next to Amphotron's chair. Inside the head what used to be the body of a human friend, someone who was my friend lay completely burnt to death.

"DIE YOU PATHETIC BEING!" cried Amphotron. Tri-Star had served his purpose to him. The Zapbot had brought him the Matrix of Leadership and destroyed his arch enemy's trust. He despised having to work with the the half-human half-Zapbot but it did what he needed to do.

"We have regained stability, powering up weapons." cried Lowtone punching his screen with just one arm.

"Come around and fire!" replied Amphotron.

We scrambled to keep Misslemax together as the rockets and laser hit us dead on. The panels on the bridge once again exploded and my Zapbots held onto their seats and the whole ship moved around. A piece of the bridge fell upon Speedy. Overload and myself ran to lift it off him.

"Master, they've knocked out our main weapons core," replied Botimus.

"Prepare for evasive maneuvers," I replied.

"Engines are dead Master," replied Pliers.

"Prepare for Emergency Transform-"

"Offline as well!" replied Flash.

"Shoot! We're a sitting robo-duck!" Speedy cried.

I watched the view screen, the Nonocon ship had stopped. Both ships clearly showing signs of damage, with the Nonocon ship as well just barely hanging in there.

"Why hasn't he finished us by now?" Amphotron spoke.

"Maybe we hit them harder than we perceived," responded Lowtone.

"Hail them!" replied Amphotron.

Up on the Nonocon screen came the Misslemax bridge, with my zoomed in picture, behind smoke.

"Amphotron! I should have known you wouldn't die that easily," I replied.

"Shortstop! My old friend." he mimicked.

"Surrender or you will be destroyed," I responded, knowing my bluff probably wouldn't work.

"Not at all Shortstop, you see on the planet below we have.. let's just say some friends of yours, and if YOU don't surrender, I shall kill them."

"Friends? Who! Let me speak with them?" I cried hoping and not hoping it was who I thought it was.

Amphotron motioned over to Lowtone who patched in the communication from Skyscream. Up on the com channel came a voice I knew all too well.

"Hi Anthon-Shortstop," replied Jeremy.

"Twirl!" I said sticking with his Zapbot form name for security. "Is Windshield there too?"

"Yes and an another friend of your acquaintance, although he is not himself currently," replied Twirl. Suddenly David/Windshield's voice came over the com.

"Shortstop don't bother with this! New Gearatron is a failure! The planet is unstable and falling apart! I don't believe they will kill us for it." he replied.

Amphotron's voice came over the com now ducking out the sound from the planet below.

"Your friends are wrong," replied Amphotron. "And to prove my intentions I shall now kill one of them."

"WAIT!" I cried.

"KILL ONE OF THEM! I don't care which one!" cried Amphotron.

On the surface, Skyscream moved behind the disabled Zapbots. He powered up the full range of his weapon and walked slowly behind my three Zapbot friends. When he came up to Twirl he slowly raised his arm.

Windshield jumped in front him and knocked him off balance, the engaged each other, rolling on the ground fighting. Robotic armor wrestled, punching back and forth. Suddenly there was a single fire-shot only heard on our communicators. A brief pause and no-one made a sound.

"Twirl? Windshield?" I replied.

A lone Zapbot body laid paralyzed on the ground of the new planet.

"Anthony…. Windshield is dead." replied Twirl.

Once again a second seemed like a lifetime as the emotional toil came over the speakers. I couldn't believe what I had heard as if the Universe itself had decided to play another prank on me. As if I was being punished for existence. I tumbled out of my Zapbot chair and my Shortstop head disengaging as my human body fell to the ground, barely able to breathe. Another companion lost. Another friend gone. I couldn't believe it and I did everything I could to hold myself together and not cry out in agony to the Universe.

"Damn Nonocon killed my best friend!" I muttered. Then I said it again, louder each time.

From the Nonocon ship Amphotron chuckled with delight. He had once again hurt me, and it brought him immense pleasure to see my pain. His superior intellect had finally won and with a strong stern voice he responded.

"I give you five minutes to surrender." he replied.

Chapter 6

With whatever composer I could muster, I got myself off the floor. I searched through my mind for possible ways to turn the tide. Timetravel was there, but messing with time I knew was not supposed to be used to revert death. But then suddenly the answer came to me, so clear and concise and yet solemn that I knew it was our only choice to survive.

"Alright Amphotron, prepare to board this vessel in five minutes, we will open the loading dock for you." I replied to the view-screen.

"No games.... Shortstop," he replied.

"No games..." I responded.

The view-screen turned off and once again the view of the Nonocon ship hanged on the screen. I reconnected with my Shortstop body and looked around. My valiant crew all stood by and watched, waiting for the right move or word to communicate.

"Pliers, Speedy, take Flier and go to the lower Space Dock. Wait for my orders." I replied.

"Yes sir," they replied and nodded as they walked off the bridge to the turboshaft. I motioned to Botimus and Timetravel to come over to the back computer on the bridge. There was one console that was never meant to be used unless it was for a specific situation. Unfortunately this was that time.

"Computer this is Commander Shortstop. Request security access," I replied.

The computer beeped and a prompt appeared.

Computer recognize Shortstop, Headmaster, Anthony, Destruct Code 1..0..2..9..3..8..4..7..5..6." I said.

The computer lit up and brought up a special screen with a hologram on it.

"SHORTSTOP RECOGNIZED" went the computer voice.

"Computer, recognize Commander Botimus Prime, Destruct Code 1..0..2..9..3..8..4..7..5..7../" responded Botimus looking at me.

"BOTIMUS PRIME RECOGNIZED" went the computer voice.

We turned to Timetravel.

"Computer recognize Acting Commander Timetravel. Destruct Code... 5...B...2...B... 3...B" responded Timetravel.

"TIMETRAVEL RECOGNIZED" went the computer voice. "DESTRUCT SEQUENCE ENGAGED AND AWAITING FINAL CODE FOR ONE MINUTE COUNTDOWN."

I replied.

"Code: R..O..P..Destruct...P" I replied.

The screen went blank and then came up with a map of our ship. On the screen numbers flashed as the countdown began from one minute.

"DESTRUCT SEQUENCE ENGAGED!" went the computer's voice.

Immediately Botimus, Timetravel and myself flew out the turbo-lift shaft down to the lower desk in our vehicle modes. The robotic voice disappeared in the background. We reached the lower back docking bay on the back of Misslemax. We all stood in our vehicle modes, me with my X-O suit driving my Shortstop spaceship alt mode.

"Wait till I give the word." I replied. I opened up my communication channel to the Nonocon ship.

"Amphotron, the front docking bay is ready for your arrival. We are standing down on the bridge." I replied.

"You're weapons better be offline," he replied.

"Believe me, we are not going to fight you here." I responded and cut the channel out.

Amphotron's goons flew to the open front docking bay and landed. They immediately transformed into their robot mode and flew up the turbo-lift shaft to the bridge. They stepped onto a deserted bridge with red lights flashing.

Murder opened up a hail to Amphotron.

"Amphotron, there's no one here, the ship look deserted." he replied.

"Deserted? They must be hiding! Find them!" Amphotron ordered.

"Sir, there is a lone computer talking," Murder responded.

"Computer? Let me hear it."

Murder walked over to the back console as it continued to talk.

"9...8...7....6..."

Suddenly Amphotron yelled with all his might as if the crew could hear him from across the galaxy.

"GET OUT OF THERE!!!!! GET OUT!" he yelled.

"3...2...1"

Under the distraction of the explosion my Zapbots flew out of Misslemax and down to the surface of New Gearatron below. Behind, I sadly saw the place I had called home start to explode. It started first with just levels and corridors, but then it grew in explosions, until finally the main center column exploded sending debris out everywhere. Then with one gigantic blast, Misslemax imploded and sent a shockwave across the immediate spacial region.

Our home for the past several years, even my living quarters with everything I cherished was destroyed in a few seconds. Enough time to give us the opportunity to escape. The Nonocon ship once again was knocked back as the wave hit it's shields. Amphotron flew to the main controls to interface to safety distance themself away.

When we reached the surface we transformed into robot mode and I stood up and looked at the sky, seeing the remains of my great ship, a part of me, fly in flames to the surface below, burning up in the atmosphere.

"Great Gawd Botimus... what did I do?" I said.

"You did what you had to do. What you always do, save your friends from destruction and give life a fighting chance." Botimus replied putting his hand on my shoulder.

I turned around to pick up Twirl's signal, and pointed to the team to follow. We transformed and flew off towards them. As we flew just above the surface, New Gearatron like Misslemax began to fall apart. Explosions sent metal flying high above our bodies and we did our best to navigate around the damage.

We snuck up on the two remaining Nonocons holding our three friends. Skyscream and Skydust kept their weapons pointed at them. From behind their stance we flew up in vehicle modes and fired our lasers at them, causing them to get distracted. They fell back and transformed into their jet modes out of confusion and flew off the surface back to the Nonocon ship, leaving our friends.

We transformed back into robot mode and I ran up to Twirl checking on him.

"I'm okay," Twirl said.

I turned to see two figures. One a solemn figure just standing there, not moving, with no life in his eyes. It was Boaty, and his body was completely still. Only moving to adjust himself occasionally to the rumbling planet, as his internal balance systems would.

And then on the ground lay Windshield. I ran up to him. A giant hole in the chest of the Headmaster body. I turned to look at the head.

"David?"

The head suddenly disengaged and David fell to the ground with his X-O drained of power and he collapsed.

"I'm still reading human life signs," replied Pliers.

"Good old David... we have to get him to a med bay."

"Put him in here!" Pliers transformed into his ambulance mode and I carefully set my friends still body into the medical bay.

"Where to now?" asked Botimus.

"Wait... I said," I re-engaged my communication to Amphotron's ship.

"AMPHOTRON! It's me! Shortstop! I'm down here on the planet. You want me, you're going to have to fight me face to face! Prove to me that you the warrior you think you are!" I screamed into the com.

We waited, the planet exploding around us. We all looked for a place of refuge but it was apparent the planet was not going to be around anymore. Within about a minute a tiny spaceship came into view coming down from the main Nonocon ship. It flew at lighting speed towards us. My Zapbots stood ready.

"No hold fire!" I said.

Amphotron flew up and transformed into robot mode high above a metal cliff.

"So Shortstop are you a man of your word as you humans call it?"

"This is between you and me! Let them go back to the ship as your prisoners."

"Fine! But he stays here!" Amphotron said pointing to Boaty.

Amphotron looked at my crew, but they had already transformed and headed back in flight mode to the Nonocon ship. Boaty stood motionless.

"Give me the secret to the Matrix!" he barked.

"You fool look around you! This planet is going to explode with us on it!"

"Good then, we'll both die in glorious battle here!" he said whipping around to fire his powerful arm canon at my Shortstop body. I was quick enough to throw up my shield but he still knocked me back to the ground. He flew up and landed his body on me, reaching for my neck, my mechanic arms the only thing holding him back.

I engaged my boosters and we flew up towards a wall, crashing directly into the side. I got up and he fired again hitting my Shortstop body dead on, creating a huge hole in my side. I fired my laser at him hitting him directly in the head, knocking him over to the ground. I ran up to him at top speed, firing my hand lasers at him, causing his body to roll over. This time I leaped upon him, but he managed to stick his feet up into the air, kicking me over to the side of a cliff.

I grabbed the cliff and looked down to see molton lava flowing out below. Circuitry boiled as electrical bolts of lighting met fire. New Gearatron was on the near edge of explosion as the once bright new planet was falling apart. I pulled myself up just as he walked over, holding his arm canon at my head.

"I've waited a long time for this!" he replied.

Amphotron's cannon took half a second to charge and fire, but in that minuscule of a second, I disengaged from my Shortstop body and flew up to his head. His arm canon hit my Shortstop body and its headless torso flew into the ground below. I fired my X-O suit full power at his head and it hit him head on. His head exploded into a mess of fragments, and then now his headless torso fell over, falling into the pit below.

I landed on the ground, and walked over to the ledge to look over. I quickly scanned and could not see his body anywhere. I then turned around and flew towards my friend.

Landing on top of Boaty's head I opened one of his auxiliary compartments. He transformed into aerial mode and I quickly stepped inside his cockpit of a vehicle, just as a human would enter a vehicle that could fly.

"Sorry old friend, I need to take control for a bit. Don't hate me." I said.

I then engaged Boaty and manually flew off the surface of New Gearatron, flying up to the Nonocon ship and entered the docking back.

I landed Boaty carefully in the bay. No Nonocons were around. I ran out and flew in my X-O suit towards the door. Carefully I scanned the hallway for a turbo-lift and flew up to the bridge.

When the doors opened I stood poised for battle, but found my Zapbots carefully aiming their weapons at the few remaining Nonocons.

"Botimus. We have to get out of here. How's David?"

"He's going to make it Master, I got him held up in one of the meeting rooms." Pliers responded.

"Awesome work Pliers, go check on Boaty." I replied and Pliers headed out of the room to the docking back below.

I walked over to Skyscream and flew up near his head.

"You WILL help us!"

"I'd rather die!" he replied.

"Fine I'll kill you later," I answered. I motioned to Timetravel, Speedy and Twirl who pulled them away from their consoles aiming their weapons at their heads.

"We have to get out of here, New Gearatron is exploding," I said.

"I think I got it," replied Timetravel looking over the Nonocon console trying to figure out the text.

"Is it this one?" asked Speedy looking his big brother's shoulder.

"No it's this one." replied Timetravel.

"How bout that one?" asked Flash.

"No you idiots, if that one!" replied Overload.

Overload pressed the button and the engine on the Nonocon ship started up.

"I believe we have full power Master," replied Timetravel.

"Just GO! Timetravel!"

With that the Nonocon ship flew out of the atmosphere of New Gearatron and entered warp, flying back towards the place it all began.

"WAIT you said you would kill me!" cried Skyscream as my Zapbots led him, Skydust and Lowtone away with guns at their heads to the holding cells.

"I lied..." I replied.

Speedy just shook his head at me...

"What....!?" I exclaimed.

In the far region of space, a newly born planet flew apart. Thousands sheets of metal, wires, transistors, circuit boards... everything that held it together - became a giant dust molecule floating in the far corner of solar system.

In the center of this lay a lone power core, just slightly intact, maintaining a shield to retain its posterity. After a few minutes after the planet's explosion, it slowly started to drift away...powered by just enough energy for movement. As it went along it magnetized some pieces remaining forming a shell of a long circular tube that became its traveling vessel. It heading for a destination in space....

As it flew past the debris in space, it passed a lifeless Zapbot body. A yellow triangular Zapbot with a human body stored within the storage locker of its head. The dead Headmaster Tri-Star with the human body of Alan stored inside.

Chapter 7

"Ummmm…. Anthony…?" asked David looking up from his makeshift bed on an enemy ship. The Nonocon ship had no options for humans, so we found a way to turn a table into a hospital bay for David to recover. He lay on some fabric we found so to cushion his human body from the harsh cold table. I stood there on the gigantic landing pad, next to Jeremy, both of us in our X-O suits looking down at our recovering friend.

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"Tired what… happened?" he asked.

I briefly brought him up to speed. When I finished the story he drew a sigh of relief.

"Anthony… I dreamt I was trapped in a bubble… and I couldn't get out. But I wouldn't give in. I just kept trying… and when the bubble popped, I woke up!" he said holding back some tears.

"It's okay now. You're safe now. Jeremy will stay with you till we get to Earth," I replied holding his hand.

"I never gave up…"

"Take it easy, your mother will freak if she hears about this," I replied smiling breaking the mushiness of the situation.

"This ship… smells…." he replied.

"Yeah tell me about!" Jeremy replied. I winked at him to calm down.

Suddenly a communication came in from the com.

"Master, we're approaching Earth," said Flash. I hit the cancel button.

"If you'll excuse me my friends, I have to go take care of another 'old' friend." I replied.

As I Superman-like flew out of the gigantic room, where a few humans stood on a table, I heard David say to Jeremy.

"He did that all for Boaty? He blew up his ship? For us?" he cried.

Jeremy just sat with his buddy on the cold hard surface and nodded yes, with some tears forming in his eyes.

Flier sat there as his brother lay lifeless on the table. It was the weird feeling, having someone you known completely there yet not. He figured this is what the humans felt when someone was in a coma. As he watched his deactivated brother he wondered what must be going through his processors. As he felt a strange tinge in his own computational matrix, is definitely seemed like he was there. However all his visual sensors said otherwise.

I flew into the room in my X-O suit to find Flier looking at him very quietly. Not a movement from either of the two brothers. I landed on the shoulder of the mighty robot as a bird would its parent.

"Time to get ready buddy." I said.

"I know…" Flier replied.

With that we both got up and went out of the room, the lifeless body of our friend just laying on the table.

We landed at the birthplace of my Zapbots, our first home secluded in the Rocky Mountains. Many years ago where the original Battlebase was created far deep in the American country. The Nonocon ship slowly entered Earth's atmosphere and landed to the

ground, extending its landing legs and brushing away trees and other shrubbery as it came into contact with the dirt. It landed with a loud thump as everyone around was aghast with what they saw.

Misslemax was the size for a small city, it could cover Manhattan island when if flew over it back in the day. Now a ship just a bit smaller, landed in the only patch of level land in the surrounding recluse of the mountain's shadow. A small, battle-torn, flying piece of gigantic city garage was now between two mountain plains.

As we exited the spacecraft, carrying Boaty's body on a gainer, we where met by Scan, Hightone, Roberta, Carry-On, Pick-Up, Click and crew.

"Master!" cried Roberta!

Pick-Up and Carry-On brought over my backup Shortstop body. I was able to reengage and join them at their level again. Roberta flew up to me and provided a hearty hug. Scan immediately came up, started talking with Pliers and began looking over Boaty's body.

There in the shadow of an entrance ramp to a giant ship, laid the remodeled, reborn but still body of an old friend. It was like the time my father completely rebuilt his Cadillac and it was the same car, but all new.

"Bring him in," Scan said motioning everyone to follow him. In the tiny ship that brought the second crew here, they took Boaty into Scan's makeshift workshop. Here laid two tables one which we placed Boaty's body on. He motioned to Flier to lie down on the other one, then transformed into computer mode and connected the two. No Wi-Fi but direct connections.

And then we waited... Two, Four, Six hours went by and very few was said as everyone wandered around wondering what the next step would be. As Scan did his computations I walked outside to view the vast mountain range. The place where everything had begun so many years ago. I looked into the clear blue sky, saw the vast purple mountains with snow, and let myself be at peace for a moment.

Would this work? If it did or didn't we would have hell to pay once we got back to Gearatron. Was Amphotron finally destroyed and what the hell happened to the Matrix? If he didn't have it was it with Secretish? Most of all where was Alan with the Tri-Star body?

Botimus finally strolled up to me, as I could tell he needed to say something to just break the silence.

"You gave up it all Master!" Botimus replied. "Your life, your home, just to save this one Zapbot. I have never seen such sacrifice before. All of our feelings are mixed."

"I know Bot, I know. Let's just hope it's all been worth it. I ponder all that we have loss and I can't even begin to put a price on it. If there's any chance to bring our friend back, it had to be done." I replied.

"You did what you had to do Master," replied Hightone.

"I know... I know...." I said solemnly, picking up a rock and skipping it across the water.

After what seemed to be an eternity, Scan disconnected from the two. He transferred into robot mode and motioned to everyone he needed some time to recharge. Flier got up from the table and came out of the ship. He walked over to me and gave a thumbs up indicating he was okay. We turned to look over Boaty.

I had a `flash of something hit me`. It was weird. For a `few seconds` I saw another life of mine. Another place where I was just `my old self. Sitting in a`

chair drawing my imagination, and no Zapbots. For a split second I felt like I had jumped into another reality. I shook it off as I already had did that once and choose not to jump realities again. Once world without the Zapbots was bad enough.

Suddenly the body sat up, and we could see the glimmer from the blue light of his visor eyes began to stir. It looked and appeared to be a reboot sequence, and then Boaty got off the table and walked towards us.

When he came to the bottom of the spaceship ramp he looked around. As if he was someone that had gone away for a while and was just noticing how everyone had got old. We barely moved and stirred as if expecting him to be his old self again. He walked up to everyone and no one said a word as we waited anxiously in anticipation if this had actually worked. His eyes were back, his body was moving in a familiar fashion, but it was as if his programming was getting recoded with every second. Yet on every robots face was a smile at least of amazement.

Finally he came up to me and as if he was a robot just reprogrammed with understanding he gave me a look of perplexing curiosity.

"You... I know you?" Boaty said.

"I'm your friend... your creator... some might say your father." I replied.

He paused as if he was cycling through memories, old files.

"Ship.... ship safe?" he asked.

"Yes, you saved us all Boaty." I replied.

Boaty continued to look at me with an odd expression, and then as if everything was slowly creeping back to him, he turned to me...

"Is... it your birthday?"

My body felt elated. As if a miracle had truly happened that I could not understand, I could see that my friend was somewhat there. Finally me human body breathed a sigh of great relief and compassion.

"I am... and shall always be... your friend.... Shor.....Anthony!" Boaty said correcting himself.

"Boaty!" I replied.

He then turned to Flier, who looked at him and pointed at his processor with a smile on his face. In a mass amount of joy everyone ran up to Boaty and reached out to feel him. Smiles where on everyone's face. It was impossible to provide the happiness we all felt again.

Time would tell what happened next, but for now my child had been restored.

To Be Continued...

Epilogue

"Gaxator we have an unknown object flying into Zapbot space," replied Hot Shot punching his console.

"On screen," he said.

Up on the view-screen came a dot from an extremely large distance heading for Gearatron. The map showed a long trajectory distance between Gearatron and this dot.

"How far out?" he asked.

"Moving slowly enough according to early warning sensors, we have a few days to intercept," replied Vebox.

"Is the big guy willing to cooperate?" he asked.

Rup put in a command to Duplaflex and he answered back 'yes.'

"Alright, set course to intercept," said Gaxator.

In the far distance region of space, the strange device the emendated from explosion New Gearatron was now following its original course back to Gearatron.

The mission was far from over…