Forward

So as we write this it is November 2020 and I continue to move along in rewriting my stories. It has been very interesting revisiting my past, as if I stepped into a time machine to view everything through the lens of my younger self.

While I completely understand that these writing were 'heavily' influenced by my love of 'Star Trek' I am trying (once again) to take it from the viewpoint of 'how would the Zapbots have handled the same situation.' I'm attempting to provide an homage to the original stories, rewritten from my imagination. The goal here is to provide another viewpoint to these stories of imagination.

I am not sure if anyone will ever read these stories beyond my partner who at the time of writing this is Daniel. When I wrote rebooted I could not anticipate breaking up with my ex Shawn but such as life goes. Who knows what the future holds for us at this point. If I can complete this sage before it all comes to an end, I will be satisfied and hoping that some alien race will discover these writings as historical fact in the far future.

Anthony S. Anselmo

Robot Trek V
By Anthony S. Anselmo

Chapter 1

The sun broke through the slit of the tent. My eyes slowly opened as I breathed the fresh mountain air coming in. As the morning haze drifted away the realization of the situation started to creep in. It was a weird feeling having known that you made the impossible happen and yet completely have a sense of dread of an impending doom forthcoming.

I slowly wiggled myself from under the arm of my companion and proceeded to put on my dirty clothes that covered what was left of my human body, the rest robotic parts encased in the bright light sneaking into the tent. My companion a heavy sleeper did not move as I made my way out of the makeshift quarters.

As I came out of the tent my crew was already working hard to finish up the duties bestowed upon them. My Zapbots continued to put forth effort as they too might have been doomed by our own actions.

Not more than a few days ago, we had done the impossible. We had gone and saved our dearest friend, bringing him back to life. Through a large Herculean effort, we brought our comrade Boaty back from New Gearatron, right before the planet exploded, and after the destruction of our spaceship Fortress Misslemax.

Now on Earth with a stolen Nonocon ship we were making repairs to head back to Gearatron to see what faced us. Unknown of what the High Council would do as this situation was completely new to them.

I clicked the button on my body part to engage the recording of my daily log to begin yet another day of uncertainty.

"Stardate 2000.12.28 - My Zapbots and myself have decided to return to Gearatron and find what circumstances will be bestowed upon us. After our inditement, I have instructed all my Headmaster friends to remain on Earth and continue their duties as assigned until further instructed. A replacement Headmaster body for David's Windshield body is currently in the works. Jeremy who pilots Twirl has a special mission I have requested from him.

"The Nonocons that were captured have been taken into custody. The Protectors who were stationed here are escorting them back to Gearatron via Omega Dupreme.

"Beyond that, we have repaired the stolen Nonocon ship. Flier has so kindly named our vessel the 'Serenity'. Boaty is progressing well... at least I believe his memory is coming back. Only time will tell."

I proceeded to walk down the line. Standing in my Shortstop mode, connected with my X-O suit to my larger body I proceeded to interact with each under my command. Hightone, Scan, Speedy, Flier, Botimus Prime, Timetravel, Flash, Carry-On, Pick-Up, Pliers, Overload and Roberta all said the same thing.

"Yes."

"Let it be known, that the crew of the late Fortress Misslemax has voted to return to Gearatron and face the charges. Departure will be in two hours, dismissed." I replied. It was a bit melancholy as everyone was happy with our results, and yet also sad. I turned to Pliers as everyone was walking away.

"Pliers you told me this thing was fixed already." I replied.

"Oh I did Master, flying the thing is going to be easy. Reading Nonocon... that's hard..." he replied laughing, causing me to chuckle as well. Carry-On came up to me.

"It's bad enough we have to spend the next few weeks possibly getting reprogrammed but to go in this stinky ship all the back to Gearatron couldn't be any worse." he whined. "Couldn't they send out a ship?"

"They're too busy deciding if we should make a peace treaty with Nonocons right now. Don't worry I'm going to plead everyone's case. I'm hoping I still have some pull. " I replied.

As we walked and talked, I turned my head up; and from the top of the balcony of the Nonocon ship stood Boaty, outside staring the the surrounding. He saw me and if as embarrassed he walked back inside.

He walked into his makeshift room and interfaced with the computer. He began to continue his testing procedures of which were calculated at lightening speed. As his eyes were communicating with the screen his brother Flier came into the room.

"Hello brother," said Flier.

"Flier?" Boaty said turning around. "How are you doing?"

"I am fine. How are you?"

"I am trying to determine the logic behind Master's actions in returning to Gearatron."

"Is there some confusion on our actions?"

"Yes. It would seem advisable, that since Anthony was the creator of this generation of Zapbots, he would not have to yield to the High Council."

"But you see Boaty, if he did that it would go against everything he tried to build. There is a reason for government, there is a reason he wanted our society to exist."

"Understood, there may come a day when he no longer exists, so it would probably be inevitable that someone would have to take his place."

"Exactly, but even that person would have to have some sort of structure established to maintain law and order."

Boaty stood silent for a few seconds.

"I am concerned for everyone's welfare, especially yours." he replied.

"I will be fine. You must make sure you carry on-"

"What about Carry-On?"

"No... I mean go forward with helping the planet... the race... YOU Boaty are the key to keeping it all together."

"I will try my best Brother."

"So..." Flier paused. "What was it like?"

"What was what like?" he asked.

"Death?"

"It would be too hard for me to explain without a point of origin."

"Boaty, you have gone where no Zapbot has gone before, can you at least give me a view of what happened?"

"In order for you to understand you would have to experience the same thing," Boaty replied.

"So you're saying I would have to die to feel what you felt?"

"That's correct," Boaty replied most astoundingly.

Flier just shook his head and laughed. He looked at his brother lovingly.

"You haven't changed brother." Flier replied. With that comment Flier walked out of the room and Boaty went back to continue his diagnostic testing.

Meanwhile….

In the darkness of space an object moved slowly towards Gearatron. The object had become a solid spear. Long, cylindrical and composed of several pieces of metal all mismatched together to form its outer hull. A former self of what it was before the small object use to encase a large ship, surrounded by an ominous cloud. However, after it grew into a new planet, and combined with wreckage of a damaged Nonocon ship, its programming was a-skewed. When New Gearatron fell apart, the object reverted back to the original state, and original programming. It propelled itself towards its home-world to continue the original quest.

Duplaflex came up to the object and dropped out of warp. Unknown of the issue it only saw a small object, roughly one quarter it's size. On the bridge stood the team of Gaxator, Ultra-Attack, Vebox, Hot-Shot, Rup, Vision, Popper and Soundtrack.

"I'm picking up the object now," replied Vebox the science officer.

"Slow down to one half impulse power," replied Gaxator, Commander of Duplaflex.

Ultra-Attack stood stationed in the secondary chair. This looks strangely familiar and yet he couldn't put his transistor on it. Somehow he had a recollection of this before.

"Material scan Vebox." order Gaxator tapping his fingers.

"Working," Vebox replied, scanning the item from a far. The tiny vessel continued to move closer to the mighty floating spaceship city of Duplaflex.

"Translate all Universal Hello in all known languages," replied Gaxator pointing to Soundtrack his communications expert.

The lights dimmed, on the bridge of Duplaflex the various crew members began to check their systems. Gaxator looked around concerned that his strategy had a flaw in logic.

"Power seem to be draining, as the object is constantly waining," replied Popper helm officer and annoying rhymist.

"Raise shields!" order Gaxator.

"Non-functional," replied Hot Shot from forward con.

"Rup?" asked Gaxator.

"Crickey, it's just zapped Duplaflex of all its power, we're existing on battery backup only!" replied Rup the security officer slamming the console.

Gaxator now panicked, looking at his three dimensional image he began to inspect the scan coming in from Vebox's readings. Ultra who looked over his shoulder knew what was going on.

"It's the device!" Ultra-Attack cried.

"Device?" Gaxator asked.

"Yes the original device that was heading to Gearatron and ended up forming New Gearatron!"

"How can the be?" asked Hot-Shot

"I believe that if my scans are showing correctly," replied Vebox. "When New Gearatron exploded, the device reverted back to its original state and its original programming."

"Soundtrack, send a communication quickly to Gearatron! Use whatever power we can!" cried Gaxator.

"Already sent the message to them, but not sure if it went through!" replied Soundtrack the communications engineer.

The crew continued to punch their instruments, plug into their devices and communicate with the mighty Duplaflex's main computers. But it was to no avail, as the power from the device has proceed to drain Duplaflex of everything minus enough for life support and gravity. Duplaflex sat there in the cold darkness of space as the object flew past them, barely missing impact and continuing on it course.

Chapter 2

"I still don't agree with it," said my lover, Mike Quartz. We had been arguing over the situation for the last two hours. He still wasn't understanding the logic of the situation.

"Someday you will understand," I replied.

"NO TELL ME NOW!" he yelled.

"Dammit Mike, once you set the rules you can't go back on them!" I yelled.

He sat down on the rock and put his head into his hands. I could tell he was upset and concerned and I tried my best to provide him with some sort of compromise. From my standpoint I realized that either way, my life has seriously diverted at this point.

"So you're telling me, no matter what, I may never see you again." he said looking up with his dark brown eyes trying not to cry. I sat down on the rock next to him and nudged my shoulder to his.

"I don't know to be honest. But here's the thing, Let's say best case scenario, they let us off. I can't afford to get involved with someone and have something like this happen again. Let alone the whole super-hero issue where if any of my enemies found out about you... well..."

"They might use it to their advantage," replied Mike.

"Correct. And worse case scenario I'm in some robotic dungeon for the rest of my life."

Mike got up from the rock and moved toward the open area. He was clenching his fists with rage. The rage of someone who could not do anything to change their own situation. He turned around to face me.

"So what happens now?"

"I'm having Jeremy take you back home. I want you to go to that school I recommended for you. You need to have a life outside of mine." I replied.

"So this is just it? Just goodbye?" he said straining to hold back tears. I got up and walked to him and proceed to give him the warmest hug I ever gave someone I cared about. I took our heads and connected them at the forehead.

"For now my friend... just do what I ask and hope for the best."

Speedy my tiny yellow Zapbot rolled up in car mode and transformed.

"We're ready Master," he replied with a sad tone in his voice.

Mike turned away and headed towards Jeremy who was waiting in his Twirl vehicle to take Mike away from the scene. I re-engaged with my Shortstop body and walked with Speedy back to ship. Taking one last look at my friend, as he got in the vehicle and out of my life. Almost saying the words I wanted to say to someone for so long.

"Earnon, I'm picking up the undefined object as reported," replied Hologram from the command station. Located in the heart of Gearatron city, the Zapbot Command central station was the backup when the three giant cities of Misslemax, Duplaflex and Omega Dupreme were off-world. Various Zapbots from Misslemax had been reassigned after the supposedly rebuild/decommissioned of Misslemax went into effect. This was of course before we stole it and destroyed it to save our lives.

In the chamber, Cloud, Hologram, Dematerialize, Terrain, Heavy, Slick and Slide were running the show. In from the entrance corridor walked Council President Earnon.

"Any responses to the ships we hailed? Duplaflex? Dupreme?" replied Earnon.

"Dupreme landed an hour ago and is standing by," replied Cloud head of security.

"I'm getting no responses from any of the Earth or Zapbot vessels," replied Alert the strategy officer.

Earnon looked at the view-screen. The giant orb came close to Gearatron, and as it did it fired pulses of electric waves at the planet. The waves hit Gearatron's shield causing them to completely collapse. Gearatron's bright cities lost all power, with lights going out throughout the tiny planet like a candle flame being blown out.

Inside the command center the Zapbots were rushing around trying to control the situation. Without reason the whole planet began to lose power, with systems going down and causing a stir of confusion. Zapbots themselves who were outside fell down due to drainages in power, while the ones contained within the safety of the walls found that it was hard to maintain 100% compliance.

The ground trembled, the sky darkened as the whole planet became engulfed in an electric pulse ray. The device continued to fire a constant rate, zapping the planet of its much needed energy reserves.

"Have you tried communicating with it?" yelled Earnon.

"Everything by the book has been attempted." responds Terrain.

"That device is draining our entire planet of energy. We are running off of planetary reserves." replied Cloud from the back of the room.

In walked Windshield, my friend David in the newly built Headmaster body for him. He walked up to Earnon.

"What's going on?" he asked.

"The device that created New Gearatron, it survived!" replied Terrain.

"It survived?" How-"

"Vebox sent us some scans when it reached Duplaflex. When the planet exploded it survived and reverted back to its original course. It's trying to rebuild Gearatron!" replied Cloud.

Windshield looked over the screens, even technically a human in a robot body, he could tell this was a problem.

"Earnon, if this keeps up Gearatron's energy reserves will be depleted." responded Vebox.

"I know... Cloud, open up communications channels." Earnon replied.

"What are you going to do?" Windshield inquired, staring at the commander center, a hectic mess.

"Sending a distress signal for everyone to avoid Gearatron, before it's too late." replied Earnon slowly lowering his head.

The Nonocon ship moved at a steady warp pace. It felt odd to be in someone's else's chair. Here my arch enemy would sit plotting and scheming to destroy me. Now finally after the numerous battles he had finally fallen, and I sat in chair that was not my own, noticing the coldness of the ship, how my backup Shortstop body didn't really fit inside this heavy beast.

My Zapbots continued to wander around trying their best to understand the systems and react at a decent pace. It was a weird sight to see everyone somewhat in their usual places but yet more cramped, confined and not so assured.

"Master, I have an incoming message from Gearatron." Roberta spoke.

"Gearatron? Okay what do they want now? On screen." I replied.

Up on the screen came a somewhat fuzzy image of Earnon. I could tell from his stance he was frightened. Earnon known for his leadership normally never looked this bothered, but even as a robot, I could tell something was wrong.

"This is council leader Earnon of the Planet Gearatron. A probe of unknown origin has attacked Gearatron and rendered the planet's energy disabled. Any ship that comes within the radius of the probe has also been disabled. We are advising all ships to stay away from the planet Gearatron as we have no way to defend ourselves and no way currently to disable the probe. "

All my Zapbots became very quiet as we watched Earnon give his speech. Through the garbled screen we where somewhat able to make out about half of what he was saying.

"Save yourselves, stay away from the planet Gearatron!" and with that Earnon's communication went dead. I sank in my chair pondering what the complexity of what I just heard.

"Scan?" I asked.

"Working on it Master," replied Scan transforming into computer mode and interfacing with the key computer. This time Boaty got up and went over to Scan to interface with him to help.

"The probe is made up of synthetic material," Boaty replied.

"Where have we seen that before," asked Botimus. I immediately new the answer.

"Two places," I said getting up to walk around. "Once in my backyard when the first probe landed there many years ago. And two, on New Gearatron!"

"That is correct Master," replied Scan.

"It seems the probe is made up of the same material that we saw on New Gearatron." replied Boaty.

"Interesting… could it be?" I pondered.

"Master, I'm picking up some information sent by Duplaflex just before it was disabled?" responded Roberta.

"DISABLED! What's its status?" I cried.

"According to their information, hanging on by life support." responded Roberta solemnly.

"Master, this probe is the same probe we saw create New Gearatron!" replied Scan.

"Yes, it appears that after New Gearatron's explosion the probe sent off on course back to its original trajectory." replied Boaty.

"So it just sort of continued it mission? After New Gearatron failed?" asked Speedy.

"From these read-outs, it appears that the original Nonocon ship that was destroyed caused the programming to become unstable when it formed New Gearatron. When the secondary programming failed, it dismantled itself-"

"Dismantled bro?" asked Flier.

"Yes, it exploded and reverted itself back to the original course towards Gearatron." replied Boaty.

"So that means that it's still programmed to reformat Gearatron!" I replied.

"And basically reboot existence on it…." replied Boaty.

We all stood still for a moment as Boaty's words echoed in our audio processors. We began to search for answers.

"Attack it?" asked Botimus.

"Any ship that comes close is rendered useless now." responded Boaty.

"There has to be a way... to deactivate it." I replied.

"Possible, Scan, I need you to pull up some schematics," replied Boaty inputting codes into his computer console. Scan responded on his three dimensional screen with original diagrams of the ship that landed in my backyard many moons ago.

"Boaty?"

"One second Master, I'm testing a hypothesis." he responded.

Boaty worked feverishly at the console, his skill and enguiniety combined with Scan's multi-threaded processors provided the perfect combination for solving problems.

"It appears logically that according to our data, since the probe is made of original material from Gearatron, we would need the original codes from its creators to deactivate it."

"Boaty, its original creators are no longer around!" I replied.

"Correct Master, there are *currently* no longer around?" Boaty looked at me somewhat with a look on his face of 'don't you get it?.' After some moments of silence it hit everyone, with Carry-On the curmudgeon saying lastly...

"Now wait just a nanosecond..." Carry-On started and I then interrupted.

"Looks like Boaty's memory is working just fine," replied Botimus smiling behind his mask.

"Timetravel, can you interface your programming with this ship's computer?" I asked.

"Possible Master, I would need Scan's help to do so. You're talking about..."

"Actual time travel yes..."

"Wouldn't it be easier to just go with me?"

"No.... we need everyone this time," I replied looking around the room.

"So you're telling me we're going to interface Timetravel with this piece of garbage's computer, and use that to—" started Carry-On again.

"Awwww bro it's easy, you warp around the sun, create a light pathway and boom you are back in time." replied his more cheerful brother Pick-Up.

Everyone just looked at Pick-Up in amazement.

"Well I saw it on a TV show once." Pick-Up replied.

"Master, it should be possible," replied Boaty.

"But how do we know what time period to go back to?" asked Botimus.

"Synthetic creations we carbon dated back to the very late Golden Age of Gearatron, approximately 100,000 B.C. for humans." Scan the computer replied as he transformed back into robot mode.

"So we just land at the end of that period. Hope the creators are still around, grab the codes and-" replied Carry-On.

"Head back to the future. To save our home." I replied.

"We have to try..." said Speedy speaking up.

"Okay, well here we go again guys... " I said clasping my robotic hands together. "Let's make magic happen!"

With the command my Zapbots went to work, as we slowed our speed to Gearatron to give time to prepare. We were going to warp back in time and hopefully get the codes that made that thing work, and hopefully this time, the darn thing would go away.

It had been a few hours, but my Zapbots had made their configurations. I had sent a message back to Gearatron explaining our intent, but we were not sure if it reached it's destination as we received no ping back from their servers.

My decision was not made lightly. Traveling through time was dangerous and from just our one experiment once before, it was something I did not want to repeat. We still were unsure if we lived in a A, B or C type universe for time travel. Would events of the past modified play a part in changing our future? Was everything predestined and could never be changed no matter what happened? Or were alternate timelines always created? I knew from my past experience there were at least multiple realities.

We had very little data on Ancient Gearatron as the society before my own creations. We only knew about Gearatron's history through bits and pieces discovered on the planet.

"Ready Master," replied Botimus. Timetravel sat in the corner hooked awkwardly up to the master computer. He mumbled something to Scan 'Just don't fry my circuits." Pliers stood by in case of medical need.

"Alright well, we are approaching Gearatron's sun. Let's make it work!" I replied.

Flier executed his commands and the Nonocon ship slowly shifted out into space, flying closer to the Gearatron sun. Our heat shields were already at maximum when we reached the sun's outer layer as Boaty did some configuration to adjust.

"Warp 1..." started Flier... as the ship began to shake a bit.

"Warp 2.... Warp 3..." replied Flier as the shaking continued to grow.

"Warp 4..., Warp 5," Flier started to yell as the noise from the ship began to over-drown his vocal circuits.

"Shields at maximum Master!" replied Botimus.

"Make them hold guys!" I replied.

"Warp 8...., Warp...9!" cried Flier.

"HOLD ON!" I cried.

With a gigantic explosion of light the Nonocon ship hit breakaway speed and flew right back the outer flare of the Gearatron sun. Barely holding together the ship rattled and shook with immense velocity as Boaty, engaged Scan to engage Timetravel's circuits to create a warp bubble to modify the space time continuum.

I began to dream, pictures of clouds, visions entered my head. I saw visions of Gearatron and all my Zapbots ever created. I saw doom and destruction, but I also saw a world without Zapbots? I saw myself once again as my own self. I saw myself typing on a computer in a lonely basement? What the hell was I typing?

My processors and human body both slowly came back online. I looked around and saw everyone else was booting up as well.

"Status?" I asked.

On the view-screen was Gearatron, but not the Gearatron we knew. Gone were the blue coated plates and towering futurist skyscrapers. Here was a sea of gold, yellow for as far as the visor could see. Gearatron shone brightly and reflected back the color and warmth of a much younger sun. No device was around it.

"Gearatron!... But what time?" I asked.

"From the surface detail I predict around 100,000 B.C." replied Boaty. Scan transformed back into robot mode. Timetravel got up and was recovering from what seemed like a deep sleep to him?

"You alright?" I asked.

"Wow... now that's a rush!" he replied but gave me a thumbs up.

"How's the ship?" I asked Pliers.

"She's holding up Master, let me go check some things," said Pliers exiting to the turbo-lift and going down towards the engine room.

"Master, if I am correct the Ancient Zapbots with their technology can already detect us, I advise we use the Nonocon cloaking device." replied Boaty.

"Yes, Overload!" I pointed at him and he hit the cloaking device. Within seconds the Nonocon ship disappeared from space and went into hiding. Technology we had yet to perfect on a large scale, that would come in handy.

"Flier, prepare for landing and try to find some place... um... as the humans say inconspicuous." I said. Botimus nodded in agreement.

"Master, can you come down here," replied Pliers over the com to us. Boaty, Flier and I ran down to the engine room on the lower deck of the Nonocon ship. I walked in to see Pliers tinkering away at the main crystal bank of the ship.

"It's the energy crystals, the time warp drained them almost scott-free," replied Pliers.

"Any chance of recharging them?" I asked.

"Only if we had a suitable source, and I don't think the ancient Gearatronians had energy cubes! Needless to say if we don't find something soon we're visible to the world in a few days." replied Pliers.

"There has to be a way Pliers! We can't come all this way for nothing," replied Flier.

"Master," butted in Boaty, "I believe it would be possible to harvest the energy from the main solar collectors of the planet?"

"Oh?" I asked surprised again my by old friend.

"Yes, the ancient Zapbots were big on solar energy, but the way they atomized the structure of the mol-"

"Boaty, spare me the details. Can it be done?" I asked.

"Absolutely!" Boaty replied in his confident voice.

The invisible Nonocon ship set down on the most deserted part of Gearatron. Unfortunately it was a bit away from the solar collectors. I had Roberta constantly monitor communications for any detections and for as far as we knew, we were not aware to the populace. Standing on the bridge I got up to give the usual speech before we set out.

"Okay, Team 1 will consist of Hightone and Scan, you two try to harvest enough energy from the collectors to re-power the ship. Team 2 will be Botimus, Speedy, Boaty, Flier and myself. We will try to find out how to get the code for the device. Team 3; Timetravel, Flash, Carry-On, Pick-Up, Pliers and Overload will continue to repair the ship and keep our cloaking device working. Follow Pliers orders and keep the ship in one piece. Roberta, you keep an eye on communications and keep us all tied in securely."

"How are going to blend in?" asked Speedy.

"I've modified everyone's transformation to a vehicle form that should be suitable to something similar to this time period. It's a bit primitive, but it should suffice," replied Scan giving everyone their new transformation chips.

"Something to note," continued Scan. "According to our logs ancient Zapbots did not have flight modes, so you're restricted to ground mode only."

"Awww man are you kidding me," replied Speedy.

"Hey I got the job of the whining Zapbot on this ship," cried Carry-On.

"Don't I know it," said his brother Pick-Up moving behind him carry a bulkhead.

Everyone nodded in agreement. As Team 1 and 2 left the invisible landing pad and transformed into our futuristic vehicle modes, we became visible and sped off towards the

main Gearatron city. We were strangers in our own homeland with very little time to save the future from destruction.

The inhabitants of ancient Gearatron were filling the streets. It was a very awkward feeling walking around places you knew but didn't know. It was as if we had left our home for many years and returned only to find that buildings had been constructed and roads had been moved. As we walked through the Capital City we tried our best to fit in and after a while realized we weren't even being noticed because everyone was so preoccupied with where they were going or what they were doing.

The ancient Zapbots looked simpler, more reserved than what we had become. But their hustle and bustle reminded me of me of my trips to New York back in the early days of us starting the Federation. Everyone so worried with what they had to do, no concern for what was around you or where you were going. People just always moving. Here on this planet in this time, robots were always moving.

It was odd.

Various discussions came into our audio receptors. Although we could interpret what they were saying, there was the occasional slang that ran outside our universal translator.

We walked as casually as we could and into what would be considered a restaurant. It was funny to see numerous vehicles stop, transform into a robot and then walk into the door. Everything was so fast paced it threw my sensors off.

When we entered the establishment, we all sat down at one of the tables. A friendly female-bot came up to us.

"What will it be?" she asked.

Botimus looked at me as if everyone was afraid to talk. Finally I spoke.

"A round of the whatever you consider your best," I replied. In this precarious state I kept a constant secure communication with Botimus, Speedy, Boaty and Flier.

"They are still using credits in this period," I noted to Boaty.

"I can program some false ones for the time being," Boaty responded.

Flier got up from the table and walked over to what would be considered a news terminal. He started to browse through the articles and information displayed on the screen. With a whip of his hand he was able to sort through various bits of information that was coming from local news establishments. His paused on one article that he motioned for us to come over and look at.

NEW DEVICE IS PLANNED FOR LAUNCH TODAY – Device will explore far reaches of the universe and collect data when finished.

"That has to be the ancient device that was sent out," Botimus whispered to the team.

"Can we locate its origin?" I asked.

"The article says that the device is being built at the Gearatron Space Center." replied Flier.

"We need to get coordinates to the Space Center so we can investigate," I replied.

"Let me see if I can ask the locals!" responded Speedy. He walked over to the bar and rang up the bartender.

"Excuse me," said Speedy, and all of sudden, he froze in his steps. What Speedy saw was a large green robot, with an obvious canon transformation. We all froze right along with Speedy and had what would be the version of a Zapbot jaw drop.

"BOP!" I whispered.

There behind the counter stood a Zapbot we knew all too well, delivering up both energy and laughs. Suddenly his history all made sense. Bop was an ancient Zapbot and must of been hiding in Gearatron all this time. That was why he appeared out of nowhere when he signed up for duty. Seeing our old friend exist here was already making the whole thing completely surreal.

Bop noticed Speedy standing there and acknowledged him.

"Hey little guy, sorry she's running a bit behind due to happy hour. We'll have your orders here shortly." Bop said.

"Sure... um... thanks," replied Speedy.

"Excuse me, good robot," I spoke up.

"The name's Bop, don't Bop it out! Ha haha" his humor and laugh had obviously not changed over the past million years.

"Yes, I was wondering, we are trying to locate the coordinates of the Space Center?" I continued.

"Ah you must be those brainy scientific types. You guys always have you nose in the console, yet can't find you way through a busy city." Bop humorously rebuked us.

"Um well yes, you got me there, but seriously if you could direct us in that general direction we would be honored." I replied.

"Sure, you go down the turnpike here," Bop pointed out the restaurant window and in the general direction. "Then you take a left and you can't miss it, big dome thing!" he replied.

"Thank you!" I replied.

We sat back down at the table as the waitress brought us our drinks. We continued to remain somewhat silent and communicate securely through com channels, as we devised a plan. Boaty scanned the local area map and noted the general location where we had to go.

"Well, this little trip just got a bit interesting," whispered Botimus.

"Remind me to have a discussion with Bop, once we get back to the future," I responded.

We rolled up to the Science Center and transformed into our robot modes. As we entered the large dome structure we saw statues of what appeared to be other notable scientists of the day. The ancient Zapbots apparently had a thing for grandiosity as the large statues loomed over the hall.

We walked up to the front desk and I hoped my personal skills would work to get us in. Behind the desk sat a female secretary bot, having four arms constantly interfacing with various ports to pass information back and forth. On her head stood two large antennas obviously used for wi-fi communications. She appeared to be a very busy robot.

"Good Afternoon, we're here to help research with the space device," I asked carefully.

"Sorry, Bridge is currently in a meeting and can not take any visitors," the female secretary snorted.

I stood still for a second trying to figure out my next action. As every action I made, I was curious if this would somehow destroy the timeline or the universe. Flier tapped me on my metallic shoulder and motioned to let him try.

We all walked over to the statues and waited for Flier to have a conversation with the secretary. We heard some mumblings, but tried to remain interested in our surroundings as not to provide suspicion.

I heard the secretary call us over with a loud annoying voice.

"You may go in now!" she cried.

I graciously thanked her and the five of us continued through doors.

"How did you wrangle that?" asked Speedy as we walked down the hallway.

"I made a date for tomorrow night!" replied Flier.

"Flier!" I cried.

"Hey with that many arms you know she's got to be good in-"

"FLIER!" I yelled cutting him off.

We walked down a long narrow blue hallway with very little illumination and came to a door that was open. Inside there was a very tall skinny Zapbot prodding his devices and consoles. He stopped for a moment to turn and acknowledge us.

"Good day, how may I help you fine gentlebots? Are you interested in purchasing some of our materials? My designation is Bridge!" he said holding out his hand, realizing it was full of some sort of oil like goop and then proceeded to wipe it off with a towel.

"Yes, my nam- er Designation is Shortstop. We are wondering about the device you plan to send up into orbit later this week." I replied.

"Oh no, sorry that is classified. That is a whole government project aren't you aware of that?" Bridge responded.

"I'm afraid we are new to town," I said hoping that was a possibility.

"Can you at least maybe give us some background, some purpose on it?" replied Boaty trying to be inquisitive.

"The Model X100 it is designated to record all bits of the universe. Planets! Suns! Basically record everything it can and then return here millions of years from now." Bridge continued as he galavanted around the room.

"And what happens when it completes it journey?" Boaty asked.

"Well, it will dispense its information to us here on Gearatron and provide us with hopefully, many new technologies to help move our race forward!"

I watched Boaty carefully communicate with the long slender robot as the rest of the team somewhat wandered around the room. Botimus stopped Speedy several times from touching various things as to hopefully not cause any trouble. I ran scans over everything as I looked for a possible hole somewhere. I scanned the local network and tried to find a hole in the firewall, something I could connect to gather information.

"Would this model have anything for repurposing synthetic energy?" asked Boaty.

All of a sudden, Bridge got very quiet as if he had asked the wrong question. He drew back and made a couple quick turns with his head to view us. Then very shortly and quietly he said.

"I don't understand what you are talking about?"

I grabbed Boaty by the arm and realized we may have overstayed our welcome.

"Apologies Bridge, I think we need to consider some of your other items on sale before a purchase, we'll be in touch." I said.

He said nothing as we walked out of the room and back down the hallway.

"Tact Boaty. Tact!" I noted.

"I believe we got the information we needed Master," Boaty replied. "However we need to find the device and interface with it shortly so we can grab a copy of its software."

"Agreed, but I don't think we can do that right now," I said.

"Recommend we come back in a few hours," Botimus said.

"I was able to find a small hole in the Firewall and grab some information off one of their servers. I have a general map of the place we can use to sneak in later tonight to find the device." I replied.

"Great work Master," replied Botimus.

"What do we do till then?" asked Speedy.

"Try to blend in and remain out of view, especially now." I answered.

"Why did he send the only two Zapbots without vehicles modes on this mission," asked Hightone.

"Probably because he knew a communicator and supercomputer were necessary for collection energy from a sun collector," replied Scan.

The two Zapbots had walked briskly a few couple of miles. They had flown low to the surface in robot mode until they started to see life, and then had to walk to the rest of the way. Along with ancient Zapbots not having flight modes, they also couldn't fly in robot mode either.

"I think we need some updated modes when we get back," replied Hightone.

"Oh, so you want to be a vehicle now?" asked Scan.

"Yeah, why not Soundtrack is, and he's a communications officer. Roberta as well. Even with my DVD adapter I have a feeling this technology is going the way of the dinosaurs on Earth," replied Hightone.

"I'm curious, what do you want to be?" asked Scan.

"I want some top the line Earth car. Something as the humans would say 'sexy'"

"I would be fine with just a Jeep mode," replied Scan.

"A jeep really?"

"You know even us super-geniuses need to get out to nature now and then." continued Scan.

They finally came up to the giant walls of the Gearatron solar collectors. The towering yellow gold walls reflected their presence as they walked right up to the front door. Strangely there were very few robots walking around.

"Huh not much security for something you figure would be so important." replied Hightone.

"I have a feeling the Ancient Zapbots were very over confident." replied Scan.

"Did they meet the Nono-um Junkicons at this point?"

"Unsure... I'm not sure when the first battles took place."

"Look over there, that looks like a delivery entrance."

"Let's go, but try to blend in."

"Two Zapbots that transform into old Earth technology, sure what's there to worry about."

Slowly the magnetic nuts of the vent came off. I found it amazing no matter how large or small ventilation vents were, you could always find a few to sneak around a building in. This was apparent even with giant robots into a giant robot room.

The room that the device was being held in was dimly light with various computers lined up around the walls. Various conduits of light cables connected parts of the floor to the walls and the ceilings. A gentle hum came beneath the device. It was a recreations of what we had seen when we first encountered the device only a few weeks ago. The device itself sat like an orb, situated within a cylindrical covering, floating just above a pedestal emitting small bits of light.

"This looks too familiar," Botimus said.

"Tell me about it." I replied. Walking slowly up to the device. But before I could get too close a figure emerged from the shadows.

"Hold it!" he said. As he slowly moved into what light was in the room we could see it was Bridge. Behind him two other figures came into view as well.

"Bridge!" I cried.

"I had a feeling there might be something like this planned," he replied. "Who are you?"

"It's a little bit of long story and unfortunately we don't have much time," I responded.

The one robot to his left came into view. He was extremely blue in color and very sharp for a Zapbot. To Bridge's right was a very round red-ish Zapbot with parts of white protruding from various places. We stood silently in the room waiting for the next move.

"Only a few individuals know about this device's construction. How did you know about this?" Bridge continued.

"We've studied your technology in great detail," Boaty replied.

"That is incorrect," said the one robot to his left. "The schematic are classified and not released to the public."

"Knife, hold still. Something tell me there is more to meets the eye here." replied the other unknown robot.

"Lighting! They know about the synthetic compound!" replied Knife.

As my Zapbots were talking to themselves remotely asking if they should engage, I stood firm ignoring their conversations and concentrating on our unlikely enemies.

"Regardless, I will ask you again. Who are you?" replied Bridge.

After a bit of bickering I attempted to deduce this and decided to throw caution to the wind.

"Well, fine. We're Zapbots from the future. We traveled back in time because 100 gazillion years from now this device is destroying Gearatron because of a flaw in your design. We need the code to de-activate it before all life is destroyed." I said.

The words caught everyone by surprise, especially my own team. They gasped in the fact that I would actually play that card.

"Why would a futuristic race need to travel back in time? Wouldn't we be there if the device came back?" asked Knife.

"No unfortunately, you are all destroyed by an evil race of warriors called the Junkicons. They destroy Gearatron leaving it almost dead until we recover it." I replied.

"WHAT! Impossible!" cried Lighting.

"It's true, at some point you send another ship off to with the Matrix of Leadership to find a new holder. I don't want to alarm you here." I continued.

The three Zapbots looked at each other in confusion. Then without reason Knife transformed his chest compartment open and revealed The Matrix of Leadership.

"I AM THE HOLDER OF THE MATRIX!" cried Knife. It was weird to see the Matrix again, this time being held by another Zapbot. He proudly held it in his hands displaying for the room to see as it sparkled around the walls and added additional light to the very dim situation.

He transformed his compartment closed and very assuredly made a pose to prove his worthiness. After continued silence I decided to prove myself and I disengaged from my Shortstop body, flew down to the ground in my human form and took off my helmet.

"I am a human from the future. At some point you send a Spaceship with the Matrix to Earth. I use the Matrix to rebuild the Zapbot race." I stated.

The three Ancient Zapbots gasped back in horror, as if the most grotesque thing ever appeared before their optic sensors. Bridge let out such a girly little scream that I thought he was going to jump into the air.

"WHAT ARE YOU!" cried Lighting.

"ITS A HIDEOUS CREATURE!!" cried Knife. He smashed his hand up against a console and a siren went off in the facility.

"Why do they always have to have red flashing lights?" cried Speedy.

Within second the doors bursted open and an army of Zapbot warriors came into the room holding their guns at us. We were surrounded by about twenty large bulky type Zapbots. I was unsure of our strength against them.

"SEIZE THEM!" cried Bridge.

"I don't seize so easily!" said Flier.

Two guards attempted to go up to him, Flier proceeded to knock out the one guard and then whipping his body around he knocked out the other one with ease.

The other guards started to open fire, I activated my force field shield and provided a circular bubble for us to stay in. Boaty in no time plugged his finger into the machine and began to interface with it.

"Guys! Their firepower is pretty strong!" I replied, charging all my relays to provide us protection. My energy levels were spiking all over the place. I really yearned for the Matrix at this point.

"I'm working as quickly as I can Master," replied Boaty.

My other Zapbots stood ready with their weapons to provide cover if the shield should drop. I stood behind the whispering wall of light as various weapon fire bounced off of it and reflected back. A few guard attempted to run up to it, but only fell back on their metal behinds as well.

"Almost there!" replied Boaty finishing up the transfer.

"Okay so how do we get out of here?" asked Flier.

"When I give the word, I'll drop the shield and head for the vent." I responded.

"You idiots! Concentrate your firepower!" yelled Bridge.

"You realize that if we're airborn they will-" started Speedy.

"Yes! Not an issue right now!" I replied.

"Done!" replied Boaty disconnecting from the device.

"Okay get ready! Guns on stun, no damage you hear." I cried. I dropped the shield and we engaged our attackers, and fired our booster rockets to head back up to the entrance way we came in. In the background I heard Bridge comment 'they can fly?'

We entered the shaft and transformed into vehicle mode, speeding down the narrow corridor. When we came to the place we had originally entered the shaft from, we lowered ourselves into the larger hallway. However our opponents were already on our tail in their own vehicle modes.

Down the long giant tunnel we progressed, flying at top speed, till we came to the entrance door that we had previously opened, but now was closing.

"By the speed of closure I do not estimate we will make it-" started Boaty.

"Fire at the damn thing!" I replied opening fire on the door.

We exploded from the laboratory shattering the outer door structure. Pieces of metal flew everywhere as five future Zapbots flew on continued to be chased by their opponents. However shortly after we lifted off the ground into our flight modes, leaving our opponents behind.

For a while we had escaped the situation.

Chapter 5

"You didn't have to knock out ALL the guards." replied Scan.

"I don't like to deal with drama, mama!" replied Hightone, finishing up tying up some of the solar collector factory guards.

Scan continued to draw the energy needed from the collectors through his connection. He rerouted some of his auxiliary systems to hold this energy and used his compression methods to find ways to store it efficiently. This allowed him to store up an entire ship-worth of energy in a small space.

Roberta pipped in from the com channels.

"Scan! Hightone! Status?" Roberta replied.

"Almost done here," said Scan.

"Team B is dealing with issues, so we need you two to get back here as soon as possible. Use flight mode if needed." she responded.

"I was going to ask if you wanted us to just walk for fun fifty kilometers or what," asked Hightone.

"Situation critical, you need to get back here as quickly as possible." Roberta replied.

"I'm finished," replied Scan.

As they proceeded to leave the room three large thugs ran in.

"Hold it right there!" the center one exclaimed.

"Woah hey there brother bots! We're just a little lost here," started Hightone. Scan standing nervously on edge.

"Put your hands up!" replied the guard.

"Sure not a problem!" said Hightone. Of course putting his hands up allowed him to eject several cassette Zapbots. Hightone's front side opened up, and out came Slywing, Scout, Steel and Muncher! They proceeded to rush the guards causing them to wobble around as they tried to capture the tiny miniature Zapbots. It was as if parents were trying to grasp their numerous children running around the house.

Muncher as usual proceeded to dig his teeth into the legs of the robots causing them to fall to the floor disabled. A quick punch from Scout or Steel knocked the guns out of their hands of which Slywing proceed to grab and fly away with.

At this point Scan and Hightone were already running out the door with the tapes not far behind. Scan threw down a Shut-Down disk utility which proceeded to transform into an array of weaponry that destroyed the entrance to the building.

"That won't hold them long," replied Scan.

"I know, but thankfully we can fly," answered Hightone as the team took to the air flying back to the cloaked Nonocon ship.

We reached the deserted side of Gearatron and slowed down to transform from vehicle mode and proceed to enter the boarding ramp.

"How we doing Pliers?" I radioed.

"We're about 50% recharged thanks to Scan and Hightone." he replied.

As we landed to the ground in our robot forms, we heard the sound of jets and turned around to see three jets flying towards our location.

Bracing ourselves we prepared to engage, but the jets transformed and we immediately recognized them as Bridge, Lighting and Knife.

"WAIT!" cried Bridge as he landed on the surface. The team was a bit surprised that these three had flight modes.

"*I thought you told me they didn't have flight modes,*" I whispered to Boaty.

"Fascinating, this is a very interesting exchange of events," Boaty replied.

"You must take us with you!" replied Knife.

"I'm sorry, you know we can not do that." I answered.

"If our destiny is already predetermined to be destroyed then we would rather change it."

"Sirs, as wise advocates of science you know that we can not allow any change to the future from the past. Bringing you back with us could have massive repercussions on the space time continuum," replied Boaty.

Boaty made the logical plea. At that moment I felt sympathy for these three. I could sense their fear and dread of hearing of their demise.

"Master, we're ready for takeoff," replied Pliers of the com.

Slowly and steadily the Zapbots walked backwards onto the loading deck of the Nonocon ship. As they passed the threshold of the cloaking field, they slowly disappeared into nothing as they slipped into invisibility . The three ancient Zapbots were dumbfounded by the technology.

"I'm sorry, I need to go," I said as I was the last to walk on the the ship. With that the door closed.

"Take us out of here Flier," I replied running onto the bridge.

Slowly and steadily the cloaked ship lifted from the ground and began to leave the area. I looked out the windows to see what our three great grandfathers were doing, and they had already disappeared.

Chapter 6

I sat once again in my enemy's chair, now pondering the whole process. We had dropped out of cloak to prepare for the second trip around the sun and to conserve our power.

I wondered, had I created my own circle of destiny by giving up this information? Was it possible that by telling these Zapbots of their future, they would be the ones who sent the original spaceship to me so many years ago (in my own present time of course.) I continued to ponder the cosmetic possibilities I just created by my actions. I was in fact, making my own destiny here today, millions of years from now.

Pliers strolled onto the busy bridge and proceeded to punch some consoles.

"We're all set again. The ship's as prepared as she'll ever be," replied Pliers.

"I'm not sure I can go through this again," said Timetravel.

"I've made some modification to the program to hopefully reduce the stress on your systems," replied Scan.

"Boaty did you process those codes?" I asked.

"Yes Master, I believe this will be the key we need in order to deactivate the device. I've been working with Scan for our return trip although I can only estimate our time of arrival."

"Just try your best Boaty, that's all I ever asked from you."

"You've asked me many things, there was the time that -"

I raised my hand and Boaty politely went silent. I chuckled a bit as his memory was was back, but he was still learning tact.

Overload spun around from his com chair.

"Master, I'm picking up three ships approaching us," he replied.

"On screen?" I said pondering what this was. On the rear view came three ships, obviously Gearatronian in origin, but obviously something we had not seen before. Cylindrical in shape, yet obnoxiously white these ships did not seem to pose too much of a hazard to the somewhat mighty Nonocon ship, yet caution needed to be observed.

"It appears we have some visitors," replied Botimus.

"Raise our shields, but hold all fire," I responded. Up on the screen came the hologram showing our shields surrounding the ship.

"We're being hailed, audio only." responded Roberta from the communication stations.

"Let's hear it," I replied.

"Attention renegade ship. Surrender and prepare to be boarded." I could tell it was Bridge's voice.

"They can't be serious?" asked Botimus.

"We could wipe them out in seconds," replied Flier.

Suddenly, the Nonocon ship shook as a blast from their vessel hit us. I turned around and looked at Boaty.

"Tactical?"

"Not as powerful as we are, but their three ships to one of ours does pose some challenges," replied Boaty.

"This is your last warning!" replied Bridge over the com. I waved my button for Roberta to close the channel.

"Roberta, respond back simply 'we are sorry.'" I said. "Prepare to cloak!"

On the bridge of the ancient Zapbot ship the three ancient Zapbots stood waiting for us to make our next move. To their amazement however our ship dissolved before their optic sensors.

"Where did they go?!" yelled Knife.

"Such technology!" cried Lighting.

Their crew began to scan the area but they could not find where our ship had disappeared. On their bridge everyone was going haywire trying to figure out what just happened.

From behind the three ships our ship de-cloaked as it came out from the rear and fired three torpedoes at their engines. The torpedoes did precisely enough damage to knock out there engines. The three ships dropped out of sub-warp and were floating at a slower motion in space.

Back on our bridge, I was giving Flier a nice pat on the back.

"Good shot son," I replied.

"Master their engines are disabled," replied Overload.

Suddenly more firepower came from their ships, hitting ours. The Nonocon ship rocked around, giving everyone a few moments to brace themselves.

"We don't need to wait here any longer. Head for it!" I replied.

With that Flier engaged the engines and we left our disabled friends behind as laser rays and artillery continued to be flown in our general direction, just missing us as we went to warp.

We once again approached the Gearatron sun as we began the process, this time in reverse to hopefully head back to our own time. My Zapbots all braced themselves as we had a bit more knowledge of what this was going to be like. The ship started to shake a bit as we proceeded to pick up speed again.

"Warp 5... Warp 6..." cried Flier.

Scan transformed into Computer mode and Boaty once again interfaced with Timetravel to help stability. The three Zapbots combined with the ships computer began to plug in the right calculations to hit the exact frequency we needed to hit to space time combination.

"Warp 8... Warp 9..." yelled Flier.

The ship once again grew to a feverish pitch of red hot as the heat shields were hitting maximum. We locked into our seats as the ship continued to rattle as we got closer to the ever glowing sun.

"BOATY DID YOU TAKE INTO CALCULATIONS THE SUN SIZE AT THIS POINT!" I asked.

"YES MASTER! STAND BY!" Boaty replied.

"Warp 9.5!" replied Flier.

"PUNCH IT!" I cried.

And again, All was silent and dark.

I dreamt again of another world, another reality. I saw myself in human form. Much older than I was now. My hair… it was gone, shaven. I was sitting at some sort of computer screen typing. The basement I was

in was barely lit but it was clean. Nice, homely. I slowly walked up to the older version of myself.

I tried to peer onto the screen to see what he was typing. The font was very small and my older self's head was in the way.

As if my older self knew I was there, he turned around and looked at me. For a split second I saw the pain and suffering in the older eyes. The years had taken his youthful glow as well as his hair and I could see this version of myself in pain. I jumped back afraid and then my optics reactivated and I woke up.

I looked around the Nonocon ship and my Zapbots as well were rebooting, coming back online.

"Status?" I said softly.

Up on the screen came Gearatron, and the device was engulfing the planet in a giant ray of lights and waves. Totally enclosing the planet in a wave that would appear to be holding it underwater, we saw the massive toll it was taking to the surface.

"Boaty! Can we transmit the signal!"

"Stand by Hightone," Boaty said with Hightone giving the thumbs up.

The power of the Nonocon ship went down. Our bridge went completely dark except for a few items running on their own battery power. I turned to my console and began to hit it hoping that would do something.

"Did you transmit?" I asked.

"Unsure?" replied Hightone.

"Master, we are falling into the atmosphere," replied Flier pointing at the windows.

It was true, the Nonocon ship was caught in the gravitational pull of the planet. As we passed through the wave that the device was emitting our ship shook badly from the power from the device.

"ALL HANDS BRACE FOR IMPACT!" I cried.

The Nonocon ship flew closer and closer to Gearatron. I flew over to Flier's console to help him try anything to keep us from crashing into the might planet's surface.

"Try to keep the nose up!" I yelled.

"Boaty, divert life support to thrusters!" Flier yelled.

"Stand by!" Boaty replied.

The Nonocon ship came closer, closer to the surface with a giant roar of a crashing plane heard from the sky. The ground was deserted as everyone who could had made it into the buildings for protections. The nose of the ship shot out some air to sustain its upper movement, but that wasn't enough.

The Nonocon ship crashed into the shinny metal of the surface of Gearatron. We all held onto our seats as metal collided ripping pieces of the ship off as it began to carve a long trail into the planet's side. Inside the bridge the ship shook with ridiculous might as we tried our best to hold on or maintain some stability.

The deafening roar of the cutting into metal continued and then slowly came to a halt, with various planetary structures breaking the fall. The Nonocon ship came to a stop on the planet and as it did, we all flew straight out of our chairs and collided with the various walls before us.

Chapter 7

I pulled myself out of the mess of Zapbot bodies intertwined with each other. I found out that once again my Shortstop body was completely disabled. I looked around and saw my Zapbots lying together in a pile.

"Guys! GUYS!" I cried.

They all slowly came back online and all acknowledged that were okay. Boaty stood up and picked me up, placing me gently on his shoulder.

We crawled our way out of the wreckage and pressed the emergency exit door at the back of the bridge. I had expected to see a planet engulfed in flames and darkness.

But I saw light, I looked up and saw the sun brightly shining down on the planet. I scanned high into the heavens and saw a glimpse of the device slowly falling down towards the surface in a reign of fire. It had appeared that it did receive the transmission and with a heavy heart my human body breathed a sign of relief.

My team all now out of the craft began to cheer and grab each other in joy as we had done it again. We had saved our home and we WERE home, back in our time!

As we continued to walk away from the destroyed craft, various emergency crews came up to us to offer assistance. I sat on the shoulder of my dear friend finally happy to be back on Gearatron and that the situation was over.

As we walked into the nearby hospital a familiar figure came flying up to us and landed. We he landed on his feet he had a grin a mile wide and Speedy ran up to him.

"BOP! You knew!" Speedy cried.

Bop said nothing but grabbed his little friend and chuckled as he hoisted him into the air and spun him around.

The large chamber glowed with the rays of the sun, shining onto the metallic floor. Inside was the entire military of the Zapbots I had initially created. Every single car, plane, device, combiner and of course my Headmaster friends were all there waiting. My human friend Mike Quartz and my family were sitting in a human-sized balcony. There was a small rumble from the crowd as council with Earnon walked in.

We then all proceeded into the Council Room Chambers in our robot modes. Hightone, Scan, Speedy, Flier, Botimus, Timetravel, Flash, Carry-On, Pick-Up, Roberta, Overload and Pliers. As we finished walking Boaty came up to join us on the floor.

"Boaty, these charges are not directed towards you," replied Earnon.

"I stand with my brothers," he replied.

"Very well," replied Earnon. "The charges are as follows. Conspiracy, Assault on fellow Zapbots, Theft of Zapbots Property namely Fortress Misslemax, Sabotage on Duplaflex, Will-full destruction of Zapbot property, specifically Fortress Misslemax, and finally disobeying direct orders of the High Council."

Earnon slowly looked up from the council chair as he looked upon us.

"Shortstop how do you plead?" Earnon asked.

"On behalf of my team, I am authorized to plead guilty." I responded.

Well this was the moment. My whole life had come to creating a new race, setting up law and order, disobeying that laws that I created and now being charged for them. It was a very odd experience being in this position. I was not sure how my life was going to end now.

Earnon finally spoke again...

"However, under certain circumstances....all charges have been dropped." replied Earnon.

A gasp was heard from behind me and the crowd. My human body inside my Shortstop head immediately relaxed.

"Commander Shortstop, Ambassador Anselmo. You have proven time and time again to be the savor of our kind. You have saved us from our own destruction more times than we can count and for that we are forever in your debt."

A giant roar came from the back as everyone started cheering and applauding. I turned around to see my extended family over joyed! I turned back to Earnon to see a similar smile on his robotic face.

Everyone came down from the stands to congratulate us. It became a mosh pit of robots all talking with each other, cheering and hugging. I looked up to the human balcony to see my family waving and Mike just sitting there with a smile on his face. I knew he was never going to let this go.

We flew in Slipstream to the far side of Gearatron's moon. It had been several weeks after our trial, we had not been told what we were in store for, only that it was a surprise. Slipstream would not give us any indication of what this was, yet my immediate team was already thinking we were given a new ship.

"The governmental mentality is the only constant in the Universe, we'll get a freighter!" replied Carry-On.

"Come on bro! I'm hoping we go back to Duplaflex," replied Pick-Up.

"Now now, that's Gaxator and Ultra's home now," replied Pliers.

"What about the Yorktown?" replied Speedy.

"The Yorktown, why would you want that piece of garbage," replied Flier.

"A ship a ship!" Botimus answered. I just continued to smile in my yet again rebuilt Shortstop body.

"Slipstream you've been quiet," I said.

"I'm not suppose to say," said our Zapbot shuttle.

We came around the dark side of the moon, and as we did a ramp began to emerge. That ramp was connected to several towers, connected to other structures, connected to a giant central hub. As it emerged out of the shadows, we saw something we knew all too well. But it was bigger, taller, wider and definitely took up more space.

Then on the front were the letters that we already recognized.... we all whispered it out loud.

"Fortress Misslemax... B!"

"My friends... I believe we are home." I stated.

A short while after we were on the new bridge. Each Zapbot was overlooking their station. A brand new monitor here and there but mostly the same schematics. It was a brand new beautiful Headmaster base, and the team had taken extra care to recreate everything including my original headquarters at the top of the human levels.

"She's a beauty!" replied Flier coming back from his tour.

"Have we indicated the gender of this vessel?" asked Boaty.

Botimus and I just laughed. I stared at the screen as we began to take our maiden voyage on our new home. I sat down in my new 'old' chair and had a smile on my face. My

Zapbot's faces were delighted being back to the place they had grown up in for the past several years.

"Flier! Make it so!" I said.

With that Fortress Misslemax B hit warp speed and spun out of Gearatron space again heading for the far reaches of the galaxy.

THE END

Epilogue

The lone Zapbot security droid continue to walk over the various bodies of disabled Zapbots guards. The hallway had shown evidence of firepower scorching the surface. The droid was extremely nervous trying it's best not to make a sound. He had sounded the alarm but it would be a few minutes before help could arrive.

He came around the corner of the jail cell to find a large black robot standing in the center of the corridor, he proceeded to blast the panels for the various cells that kept its inhabitants secured and without weapons.

As each force field fell, various Nonocons crawled out of their holds. Skyscream, Skydust, Lowtone and his tapes. They all proceeded out to join this large Nonocon as he continued with their rescue.

"Did you figure out how to use it?" whispered Skyscream.

"Not yet, but soon. I've come close only to find it won't respond for any command," replied Secretish.

The little security droid ran down the hall for fear as an array of guards came running towards him. As they passed him and proceeded to engage with the Nonocons they did not last very long. The Nonocons made short work of the crew and blasted their way out of the side of the prison. They transformed and headed out of the atmosphere of Gearatron and took off before anyone could detect they were gone. The flew aboard the hidden Nonocon ship that Secretish had and once on board they warped out of the system to begin their next plan. With Amphotron gone Secretish now ran the show, and holding the power of both the Dark and Light Matrixes he was going to be a significant threat.