

Foreword

Greetings Heroic Reader!

Welcome to the beginning of the Zapbot Adventure. This is a saga I developed back when I was just a wee young lad between the ages of ten to eighteen. I like many Gen-Xers adored Sci-Fi TV shows such as Transformers, GoBots, Robocop, and Star Trek the Next Generation. Loving to draw and styling myself an "artist", I started to draw my own characters and write fan fiction loosely based on The Transformers television show. During my teenage years, I created over 160 different characters and wrote numerous stories about their world inside my head. This was the **Zapbots**, a variation on The Transformers with subtle inclusions of Star Trek storylines. The drawings, artwork, and stories were my distraction and survival—my outlet for growing up in the '80s and '90s.

The stories were very much a combination of all things Sci-Fi plus a secret way for me to express my hidden sexuality at the time. You will find a lot of adventures with various individuals who I was friends with and had a secret crush on.

I completed the initial saga right before I left for college. When I reached college, I started rewriting the saga, providing a much-needed grammatical and spelling update as well as additional expansion on the story inside of my head. This story here was the first start of the rewrites that began in 1994.

I got halfway done with rewriting the saga in 2000 when I simply stopped just due to lack of interest and life duties. The last story I wrote was Robot Trek II in 2000. In 2013 on a plane flight back and forth from California, I wrote a new story called 'Reboot', featuring the saga several years in the future. While I had stories that I needed to rewrite in-between these two stories I wasn't sure how I was going to finish them since some of the stories were slightly lifted from existing Star Trek movies.

In 2020, with the Coronavirus pandemic and a lot of free time on my hands, I decided to revisit these stories I wrote as a kid. I reread all the original saga, and then reread the revised saga, and started to pick up after Robot Trek II with Robot Trek III. I now *knew* how I wanted these stories to finish and even though some were lifted from existing stories I was inspired by in my youth, I had some ideas to throw some curveballs at the reader.

By the time we hit 2021, I have completed the entire saga revision now, and now it's time to go back to the original stories started in 1994 and give them some much-needed upgrades as well. So, if you are confused by this, I highly recommend you check out the Story Comparison wiki article on [Zapbots.com](https://zapbots.com). This will give you some ideas of what stories were written when. In fact, I recommend having the Zapbot Wiki open while you read this story, so you can bounce back and forth between the character profiles and understand the movie for your mind.

This provides the third pass to this story, to give it the much-needed love it deserves. Enjoy!

Anthony S. Anselmo

Prologue

MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO... ON A PLANET SOMEWHAT FAR AWAY....

"Hurry!" yelled a robot in the shadows of the darkened room. As two large robots rushed to enter data from their external keypads to the spaceship the motion of the room that they stood in surrounded them as it would occasionally rock from the explosions outside. Large explosions shook the floor and walls that contained the two large robots. In the darkness of the adjacent observatory, a lone rocket stood on a launchpad with its exhaust emitting smoke as it was warming up, preparing for launch. Outside a war raged around the futuristic planet.

The pair of robots feverishly worked to try and complete their task as they knew at any moment they would be discovered. As they continued to input the information into the rocket's guidance system, lights light up and emitted very quiet beeps and boops.

A third shadowed robot ran into the room as the deck continued to rumble around them.

"They've broken through the shield!" said the robot.

"Dammit! Knife, we have to finish this now!" replied the first robot.

"I'm trying, Lighting! I need just a few more seconds for computations!" replied Knife.

In the darkened room a lone opening stood high above their heads. As Knife proceeded to close the hatch on the rocket he turned to the last robot.

"Are you ready, Bridge?" asked Lighting to the second robot.

"Yes," said Bridge as he pressed a button on his robotic chest. The robot's chest opened to reveal its interior. Inside a glowing object encased in a ball of crystals pulsed brightly within him. With his hands, he took the ball out and carefully placed it inside the compartment of the rocket.

As he closed the panel to the rocket the three heard a ruckus come from down the far corridor. Loud noises of voices yelling out in pain and shots from laser rifles hitting other robots cascaded toward the three robots' audio receptors.

"It's now or never!" cried Bridge.

With that Knife hit the button on the rocket, it shook as it prepared for blast off. Within the few seconds that remained the door to the rocket room opened and four shadowy figures entered. The figures were oblong, undefined, and unformed shapes as if they were a hodgepodge of pieces put together. Some had weapons instead of arms, others were non-bi-pedal and had a hovercraft for mobility. In terms of warriors, they looked a mess, but it was that combinations of mismatched parts that provided them their ability for longevity.

"STOP RIGHT THERE ZAPBOTS!" yelled the one figure in charge. But it was too late. The rocket omitted its propulsion and left the room with such velocity that it entered warp speed immediately heading out of the area and into the cosmos above. Leaving the planet, the rocket carried the device far away from the battle into the great unknown of space.

Laser fire began between the peaceful Zapbots and the enemies in the room. What became of them is still unknown...

Zapbots the Beginning

By Anthony S. Anselmo

Chapter 1

EARTH, OHIO, 1987

Life possesses so many opportunities. Deciding which road to take and which path to travel. Some say we are only bound by our imagination, while others would say we are hindered by reality. Choices we take provide no guarantee. Sometimes they work out, sometimes they don't, and other times the right path is found, only after a person has a hard time seeing it. My life was a crazy road of twists and turns. Just like a roller coaster I had my ups and downs. Somehow, I always knew I was different. In time I would learn why.

It was your average day in a county town in Northwest Ohio. The sky was a little cloudy, and a bit windy, but truthfully, I didn't mind. The dark depression of the sky ironically enlightened me somehow. I didn't know why, maybe because I was depressed, again. I didn't quite understand myself, and I never liked myself to begin with.

As I turned the corner on the long winding road, I saw the trashcans sitting outside on the curb, waiting to be taken back to the side of the garage. So as not to irritate my father I carried them in, with a sigh. My father was someone I did not usually get along with. I loved him, but at times I wondered if he truly cared about me. He had a hot-blooded Italian temper, and, he was not to be messed with. When you were told to do something, you did it. Just like that, otherwise, you were subject to punishment. He never physically abused me, but he was a strict father, and I guess I turned out a better person than the other kids at school because of it.

Middle School was abusive and annoying. I had already received two 'C's' on my tests, and my teachers were no support to me. Some gave you the impression of "another day teaching these brats, and another paycheck", while others gave you the impression of "they're all idiots and need reprogramming to make it in this world." Occasionally, I came across an excellent teacher. Those who were compassionate and understanding, as well as invigorating those that they taught with material that was exciting to learn. However, this year I only had one of those teachers and I only saw her for only thirty minutes a day.

My social life was also in the dumps. I was a total outcast at school and that was what drove me to the point of suicide. I used to have a lot of friends, but I somehow became too weird for them as I entered my teenage years. My facial complexion was terrible with scarring acne, and I wore the thickest glasses you ever saw with typical teenager braces. I was a nerd not only because of my appearance but also because of the way I acted. I didn't know how to act, and so I would do exaggerated embarrassing things as I searched for a way to interact efficiently with people. I was so desperate for friends and companionship, and I guess that desperation didn't help my cause.

My only best friend was my computer. A 1982 Apple IIe machine. A simple machine that was always there and did just what it was told. It hardly gave me any trouble. Sometimes I got frustrated, but I tried not to complain. I was lucky to have what I had. I knew people were starving all over the world, but... I would trade it all for more popularity. I did have a couple of friends, but I never considered them *best friends* because I hardly ever saw them. My parents were extremely strict with hangouts with my friends, and it was a miracle when I was able to enjoy their company.

I had just a slew of individuals of what I would call close human friends. My oldest friend was named Rogish after his last name. I knew him from elementary school. One day on the playground he ripped my glasses off my head breaking them. For some odd reason, I invited him to my birthday party the next day and we had been friends ever since. We both would play together with our various robot

toys until we grew too old for them. He became a popular track star and as such, we lost touch a bit although he was always nice to me in the hallways and the classes we shared. Another whose name was Bill I met while helping manage the computers in the computer room. He was always reaching out to me for assistance with the computers. Yet another one of my friends was an individual I knew from church, whose name was David. I enjoyed spending time with him, but his mother was also extremely strict and as such we rarely got a chance to hang out together. Then there was a new kid at my school who just transferred here named Matt who was kind to me at times, but I was so concerned about offending him. He seemed to be an outcast as well, so we related on that level. Other interactions with individuals at school were ineffective at best as everyone had anger in their hearts dealing with typical teenage frustrations.

Tonight, was my Church's youth group, but I hated going there because all the people behaved in a nicely ordered fashion and were very much like zombies. Their personalities were less than interesting, and they always seemed anxiously happy. It appeared to my conscience that I was the only person who had problems in the world although I knew this wasn't true. It's just how I felt.

My life wasn't completely horrific as occasionally I did have some high points, but it seemed like most nights that I cried myself to sleep. Life was a challenge for me, and the external factors of the world never helped. Daily on the news, we would see the problems affecting us and it only seemed to be getting worse. From the news announcers, we would hear about the latest increase in drugs, the spike in crime, or the latest disease that we had to worry about. There were many times when I just wanted to do myself in and commit suicide. But I never had the guts. Honestly, I wanted to live, I just wanted my life to be better. I wanted the world to be better.

I came home and flung my bookbag onto my bed. My mom yelled at me for not making my bed in the morning. After I made it, my sisters came into my room and began to annoy me in their typical fashion of wanting attention. I opened my math book and attempted to do homework, but they persisted. I finally yelled harshly at them and after my mom interceded, they finally left me alone.

At five o'clock, I went to youth group at our local church and learned all about God and everything else a good little boy was supposed to learn. Once again, my emotions got a hold of me, and I made a fool out of myself at the dinner table which responded with one of the adults asking me to settle down. Upon returning home, I put my pajamas on and sighed, knowing that tomorrow would be another meaningless day in the sad story that was my life.

And of course, the next day turned out to be problematic. I was walking down the hallway, trying to figure out how I was going to get all my homework done when I felt a sharp pain in my shoulder. I rebounded off the lockers and turned to find a common bully as my opponent. I saw a gleam of light reflect off a blade and saw that the guy had a knife in his left hand, preparing to intimidate me with it.

I wasn't much of a fighter, and I would rather settle things out peacefully than with blood. But he was taller and stronger than I was and even though my father always told me to fight back, I made a break for it and ran. I didn't stop until I reached my classroom and was glad to find no one chasing after me. A quick report to the teacher and she was dispatched down the hall to alert the principal of the incident.

Gym class turned out to be even worse. I was changing for class when suddenly, another bully came up to me and pushed me down to the floor, he then proceeded to pull down my pants, 'de-panted' me. I was naked on the dirty locker room floor. I started to cry and quickly got dressed and ran out. I hid in a corner until I could face them again until my face had returned to normal. I hated these kids. I wanted so much to get away from this school. It made me so mad that I was forced to go here and for the abuse, I had to endure. It was complete mental torture most days and this constant distraction made it impossible for me to even focus on learning anything.

In gym class, after an intense workout of climbing the ropes (on which I didn't get very far), I left gym class and heard, in the hallway, that some kid got busted for drugs. Once again frustration ran through me as if I lived in a society that could do nothing to prevent this. My frustration was that society could prevent this but just didn't want to spend the time or money to fix these problems. I was so mad at the world, so mad at life, so mad at myself!

I hated everything...

I wanted to be in a different world, a different place to live in. I went home and began drawing my robots in my sketchbook. My only escape into a world where I had total control, and everything was perfect. I drew so many of them, and I felt as if this was my family, my life. I submerged myself into a fantasy world where everything was peaceful and there were no problems. How I desperately wanted to live in this world.

Chapter 2

Later that night I laid in bed, looking into the darkness and wondering what my purpose in life was. Many times, in a person's life does he asks himself that question, however, it seemed that I would ask it to myself every night. I looked out the window into the blue sky and saw Orion's belt. I always wondered why those stars were so close together. I stood transfixed on those stars for the longest time, and as tears formed in my eyes again, I wondered why my life was so terrible.

Why did I constantly have to fight for both acceptance but also just existence? This world made no sense to me in either its logic or reason. I felt like a complete outcast to this world.

Then out of the corner of my eye, I saw it. It was a dim light. At first, I brushed it off as a typical airplane, but it began to get bigger and brighter. I pinched myself to see if I was dreaming, but I wasn't. The light was growing bigger and bigger, and fear ran through my body as I got up from my bed and pressed my face against the screen. I wanted to run and tell my parents, but my mouth and feet were frozen in time. The light was now enormous, and it was coming straight for our house! My immediate thoughts where it was a nuclear bomb, but I still stood there fixed in place unable to move. The light grew so big and so bright that I closed my eyes and waited for whatever to crash into our house. Closing my eyes and squeezing as hard as I could I waited for the explosion.

Then the light had vanished, and the sky was like before, except for a small dim glow coming out of my back yard that I could see out of the corner of the house.

I ran to our back porch and saw something: A glowing metal container was now sitting in the backyard behind the recently put-in pool. For reasons I can't explain I put on my robe and went outside.

As I turned the corner of our shed, I saw it. It was approximately the size of a truck, but round and bright. It looked like a small rocket with landing gear on the bottom. I walked slowly forward, still with fear encased in my body. I finally approached the huge machine and reached out to touch it...

Without warning the light dimmed and a door slowly opened. Inside the compartment were tons of complex wires and machinery. All alone on a platform stood a globe-shaped crystal, with two handles on it. Putting my fear aside I reached in and grabbed this globe pulling out of the rocket. As I held this in my hands, I felt a strange vibration as its power surged through my body like static electricity. It was a weird feeling as if this strange device was joining with me, reading my mind and yet becoming a part of myself. Then I heard a voice....

"Greetings Earthling,

"You have been chosen to save the universe from ultimate destruction. This space capsule has been traveling the cosmos for the last eight hundred light-years. It has chosen you. Because of your imagination, you will recreate a race of robots long passed. You are now in possession of the Zapbot Matrix of Knowledge. Our civilization has all but perished in galactic war millions of years before Earth's formation. You have been trusted in the protection of the Matrix and are now its new holder."

"Um.... okay?" I said not believing the absurdity of what was happening.

"Whatever knowledge you need to know this device will provide to you. Soon a race of evil robots will approach Earth. You must be prepared to stop them from destroying your planet and other races like yours. The Matrix is your intelligence and your guardian as it will protect you going forward till your mission is complete."

"Good luck from the Zapbots, human, may you save our race and our future..."

With that, the lights dimmed. I stood there holding the Matrix in my hands, full of different emotions, and knowledge, as I had never experienced before. A wave of knowledge hit my brain, more than I had ever experienced. It was like I had read a million books on technology, and I understood

much more than a normal fourteen year should. My mind was so swarmed with this knowledge I knelt down as if I received a massive migraine.

Without warning, I heard the wailing sounds of police sirens, as I turned around, I saw several police cars screeching into our driveway. The men jumped out and aimed their guns in my direction as they began to move towards me, the rocket and the Matrix.

"KID! BACK AWAY FROM THAT ALIEN DEVICE!" yelled the one cop.

I stood still, holding the Matrix in my hands. I tried to let it go, but it wouldn't leave me. It slowly stationed itself in front of my chest. As if it was tied to me.

"KID! BACK AWAY!" yelled the cop again. This time our backyard was now flooded with local police and fire. As they moved forward, I strangely felt no fear.

"Captain he's not moving!" yelled one of the policemen.

"Should we take him down?" yelled another cop.

"No hold your fire!" yelled the sergeant.

But it was too late, one cop out of fear let his trigger finger slip and once he started to fire, the other cops did as well. As the bullet passed through the air it seemed like time went into slow motion. I could see the bullets flying towards me.

All of a sudden, the Matrix grew bright and giant sparks of light flew from it towards the police. They all froze in space, and even the bullets stopped in mid-air. Words couldn't explain what was happening as if everything came to a complete halt. I felt protected and with a feeling of peace, I could not explain. The cops began to slowly walk back to their cars as if they were in a zombified state. One by one they got into their vehicles and drove away as if they were programmed to leave the scene and never remember what happened. From the back of my house, my parents and sisters came outside to see what was going on, the look of horror in their eyes.

The rocket began to stir again, and a small hatch opened from the side. Instinctively I climbed inside and sat in the confined chair, the Matrix still near my chest as if it was tied to me. Before I knew it the rocket was shaking and from the small window, I could see we had lifted off and headed into the sky. My family standing on the ground below seeing me flee our home.

As I rode the rocket it flew through space for about an hour. It then returned and traveled back to Earth. The rocket landed in an extremely secluded part of the Rocky Mountains. As it set down the engines cooled down and the hatch opened, and I found myself amongst the mountains next to a flowing river.

What happened next is hard to describe as my mind was in complete build mode for the next three weeks. It was like I was in a complete trance dedicated to one simple task. Using the tools, I found in the rocket I began to create a makeshift base of operations. First, there was a small room that sheltered me from sleep and various bathroom duties. Then the next was a food processor that absorbed atoms out of the air to create what I needed to survive. Then slowly I took apart the rocket to begin construction as a God would be creating his children from the flesh.

Chapter 3

It's difficult to explain how I accomplished what I did in such a small amount of time. For I don't even know how I did it myself. The Matrix gave me so much knowledge that I couldn't stop cherishing the moments that passed. I was just in constant work mode. Not that I didn't feel like myself, I just felt dedicated to something. I knew that something needed to be completed soon. It was the oddest feeling of which I can only relate to when you are in the 'zone' as a computer programmer or a writer at his word processor.

I began building smaller devices to build other large devices with the tiny machines merely created to speed up my production. Within a week I had a small station built in which I could live in. About the size of a medium two-story building, it was a square metallic building with tracks. It provided me with a workshop and a new home. I instinctively called it my Battle-base and from that began construction on my first robots.

My devices would pull minerals out of the dirt and proceed to combine them with atoms to generate metal, ceramics, copper, silver, gold, and more.

I somehow needed only three hours of sleep a night which was odd. I woke up and continued to work for numerous hours, only stopping to take bathroom and twenty-minute food breaks. It was weird that I never got tired of what I was doing. I always enjoyed it and before I knew it, three months had gone by, and I looked up to see the oddest sight one could see.

Robots, large robots now stood before me. It was as I realized all the work I was doing. I had basically built large robots that towered over my human form. They looked just like humans with arms, legs, and faces, only somewhat different in their design for some reason. They stood motionless before me inside of my newly built base. All coming from the parts and resources of the rocket that was now gone.

With this realization, I began to revert to my former intelligence. It was as if I was coming out of a deep trance and felt more human. I looked up and saw these huge robots and became deathly frightened. One robot was three stories high and so enormous that I gasped in fear. I couldn't believe what was happening and I swore it seemed like a dream. Two robots were my size remained at the end of the line.

I went to the power switch and instinctively knew this was the big moment. Would my creations come to life? Was this real, or some kind of joke? Without pondering it anymore I flipped the lever on the machine connected to the floor and robots.

I was blinded by the light that flew from the complex machinery for about five seconds. Sparks flew everywhere. I climbed the scaffolding to the top of my Battle-base, so I was at eye level with my robots.

Suddenly it all happened...

The blue optical sensors on each of the robots lit up and the bodies began to move. I froze in fear, for there were giant machines moving a few feet away from me. If anyone would watch type of machinery it was always a jerky experience. Plows, tractors, ditch diggers, any type of machinery could scare a small human with its power. Here now I saw giant machinery began to move and awake and it frightened me.

They started looking around, and then they began to walk... then one spoke.

"Oh, creator what is your command?" said the white one.

I stood there for a moment not knowing how to respond.

"Ummm... don't call me that," I replied.

"Well, what should we call you?" asked the green one.

"I don't know," I replied. There were so many questions I wanted to ask them, but somehow, I already knew some of the answers.

"You are our creator; thus, we should call you Master," said the orange tall one.

"Well, I guess. I guess that would do for now."

"We require name designations... what shall you call us?" asked the yellow one.

"Good question..." I replied looking at them not knowing where to start. As I did, they began to move in an unexplainable way. Their bodies began to extend, reform, jerk or rotate in ways humans could not. I jumped back in horror only to realize that they were morphing into something else. Panels would open and go inside each other, other sides would combine with other ends, and various interlocking plates would begin to combine with others. In short, they converted or transformed into... vehicles....

Now stood in front of me several human-style cars and vehicles with the largest one being a tractor-trailer big rig. I couldn't believe my eyes; these robots had become alive and now changed into other vehicles! Two of them changed into smaller items that resembled a radio and computer. While the last two were smaller robots my size did not transform at the moment. When they reverted to their robot-like forms, I sort of had some ideas for names...

"What did I transform into?" asked the white one.

"Well... you appeared to be a boat, so... I guess... Boaty....? No that's a dumb name." I replied.

"Fine Boaty it is!" replied the Boat bot.

"No, wait.... that's kind of lame..." I answered.

"Hey what did I change into?" asked the green one?

"I believe you are hovercraft?" I replied.

"What's a hovercraft?" he asked.

"It flies over the water on air," I replied.

"Okay then I'm Flier!" said the robot.

"No wait... that's kind of...."

"And what am I dude?" asked the green orangish one.

"Well, you became a boom box radio?" I said curiously wondering why I built a boom box radio robot.

"What's a boom box?" he asked.

"It emits loud music and tones to people."

"Okay I say we call you Hightone!" replied Flier.

"Hey what's my name," said the taller yellow robot that changed from a very fancy Lamborghini.

"Well according to my scans, you can travel through time with a special ability, so I recommend we call you Timetravel," said the red robot that changed into a computer.

"Well since you seem to be the 'scanning' type I say we call you Scan!" replied Timetravel sarcastically back to the red robot. "And you shorty!" Timetravel said pointing to the yellow shorter one.

"Hey, don't call me that! I don't want that name."

"Well, you're so small I bet you zip around like crazy; we should call you Speedy!" replied Timetravel.

"That's fine I guess," said Speedy. Everyone turned to the large red robot.

"I'm Botimus Prime...", said the robot.

"What....?" said everyone at once.

"Bot-i-mus Primeeeee," he replied slowly.

"Okay works for me," I answered. The two smallest robots walked up to me.

"I believe we deserve designations, ^{click}," said the small blue one.

"Why are you making that noise?" I said.

"Unknown, ^{click}." Every time this robot talked; he ended his speech with a sound of a clicking machine.

"Okay well until we figure that out, I'm naming you Click," I said.

"HA, that's great! Hey, I'm feeling all powered up and Super!" said the other smaller black robot.

"Okay... for shits and giggles you are SuperRobot!" I replied.

"Alright! I'm super thanks for asking!" SuperRobot replied.

I paused for a moment as this weird surreal experience seemed to come to its conclusion.

"And what is your designation Master," asked Botimus Prime.

"I'm Anthony.... Anthony for now...."

Within a week I felt more comfortable around them. I realized I had put many different parts of my personality into them yet making them each an individual. The Zapbots were mostly robots but there was a part of their brain that was organic. From my observations, I guess I grew this out of some sort of Petrie dish in my lab.

As my intelligence appeared to return to standard human levels before the Matrix, I found myself asking questions on the reasons for many of my decisions. Thankfully I had these extremely friendly and dare I say loving robots to assist me with my understanding of this new world.

Boaty: He appeared to be the first Zapbot ever made and turned out to be the calmest and logical of them all. He always talked in a semi-monotone voice and always was ready to offer me advice. He provided me a guide to what was going on through this crazy adventure I was starting. Kind and polite and at this moment he appeared to be my best friend. His transformation into a boat was an odd one and I was curious why I did this.

Flier: Boaty's apparent brother who turned out to be a bit wilder and more outrageous. His comical side provided the necessary balance to Boaty's serious side. Although not as cautious as Boaty he did seem to possess the knowledge of when to turn off the comedy. His hovercraft transformation I did find fascinating.

Botimus Prime: The largest and the most complex character of the group. I believe he intended to become the primary leader of the group, but I couldn't tell as his demeanor tended to be slightly negative at times. I don't know why, but I still had high hopes for him. Also, very polite and always helpful whenever I needed assistance his main priority was my protection. He transformed into a Freightliner WFT-8664T cabover semi-trailer truck, but his back trailer part could split into a small battle deck. He also had a small satellite, which he could launch and record information with.

Speedy: The smallest of the bunch and the most immature he seemed to possess my childish personality that came up so many times back home. Pleasant to be around though and courteous. He transformed into a Volkswagen VW also known as an "Herby" car and I knew he would make an excellent spy.

TimeTravel: Speedy's apparent older brother which I apparently gave the ability to travel through time on special occasions. As this was something that I did not want to mess with at the moment I requested he not use his power until I understood the ramifications of it. I thought this rule would bother him, but he was too interested in partying with Flier to be concerned. He transformed into a Lamborghini Countach which delighted me as I could finally say I had a Lamborghini.

Scan: The scientist of the group. He transformed into an extremely large supercomputer with a three-dimensional screen. Scan apparently is a talker, and several times we had to politely ask him to calm down as the slightest scientific understanding made him elated. He found great joy in studying me and what happened with the Matrix to grant me the intelligence to build the Zapbots.

[Hightone](#): Another party animal, but more concerned with tunes and music. Reflecting on my musical side he transforms into a small communication radio but had many capabilities of broadcasting and receiving both audio and video signals. He shared my interest in all types of music from around the world.

And there was [Click](#) and [SuperRobot](#): Two human-sized robots that changed into a floating spear and a floating box. I designed them to be my assistants, respectively because everyone else was extremely big! They ended up being my guide to the larger world that was going on around me.

It was at this time I reached out to my family to assure them I was alright. My mother breaking down over the phone was crying that I was still alive. My father was extremely upset for the harm and distress that was caused. As I knew that word of this getting out would cause some trauma in the good old United States everyone was advised to be quiet until we knew where all of this was going.

I would now ride my new fancy cars into a nearby local town and grab some supplies now and then. I had to be careful as a small boy exiting a car driving itself drew a few odd looks here and there from the locals. Carefully my new creations and I would gather materials to help continue our research to reinforce our defenses.

I realized what a miracle this had been and how much more advanced my Zapbots were than anything Earth had ever seen. There were so many fine-tuning pieces and masses of information that it continued to blow my mind daily. Day by day I slowly got used to living with giant automated robots in the middle of the Rocky Mountains.

Our plans for introduction to mankind were going to be difficult. We decided that an initial conversation with the President would be the best course of action. How we were going to do that we didn't know yet but figured an initial broadcast to Military Command would be the starting point. Hightone extended communication to the top military satellites. We received a response from the President in terms of 'we will consider next steps and let you know.' Cautiously we kept our location secret as knowing all well how humans could overreact to aliens from just watching movies, we did not want to provoke an incursion.

Beyond that excitement filled my day-to-day routine, because I knew of all the good my Zapbots could do for Earth. Every day I would wake up and proceed to learn more about them and the wonders of the Universe. We started making plans for the ability for my Battle-base to become a spaceship, leaving Earth's atmosphere, a long complex process of slowly upgrading the various parts in a very agile fashion.

In the back of my mind though the worry about this unheard enemy that may arrive did cause some concern. Through the information that Scan was able to pull from the old rocket computers, he discovered that there was once a planet called Gearatron. The home world of the Zapbots, and that they were destroyed by an evil race of robots called the Junkicons. In desperation to save the memory of their race, they built this rocket and sent it off across the stars to find someone to begin rebuilding their race. Strangely that person was me.

It happened to be one day we all were just lounging around pondering when these so-called Junkicons were to arrive. It was a typical summer day, and the temperature was mild in the mountains as the sounds of the birds rang in the background.

"How will we know when they are here?" Speedy asked.

"Believe me, you will know. They will seek out the Matrix and try to destroy it," Scan replied.

"Are you frightened Master?" asked Speedy.

"As long as you guys are here...."

My sentence was stopped midway from a giant explosion outside my Battle-base and we ran outside to see what it was.

In the distance far above the horizon, small specks began to move towards us, and slowly as they grew, I could see them as figures. Various robots of different sorts, made of strange metallic formations. As they flew closer, I knew who they were, and utter fear dispensed itself inside my body.

Chapter 4

Out of the gray clouds of the sky, they descended. Giant bodies of metal, shiny, fierce, and quick as lightning. There were approximately ten of them, and as they came closer to my Battle-base I felt fear once again creep inside of me, along with rage. A rage I never knew before and all at once I was angry with them for no apparent reason other than fear. Then I realized why. They had red glowing eyes and a sense of pure evil. It felt like I was standing in my worst nightmare.

Boaty pressed some buttons on a control panel which made the Battle-base lock up and prepared its automated weapons. My Zapbots opened the door and began to stroll out into battle. I tried to follow but Botimus insisted that I stay back.

"Master, please wait here," Botimus said walking out the door. I peered on through the window.

A few moments later laser fire and fire bolts rang out and for the first time, I saw lasers hit the ground. My Zapbots began running and transforming into their vehicles for battle.

This is when the action began to take place, with mass confusion of familiar bodies running, leaping, rolling, and firing every weapon at each other. One Junkicon landed and began shooting like crazy, obliterating rocks and other fragments of the desert into pieces. Botimus transformed and snuck around him and rammed right into him. He flew forward and crashed into a giant rock disabled for the time being. The rocks then crumpled upon the robot burying him.

Another Junkicon landed and shot a ray at Boaty and Flier as they ran up to him. They began to float in the air like they had magical force holding them up. Boaty fired at his opponent and the Junkicon stumbled backward, and then ran for cover.

I noticed that the Junkicons were not as well equipped as my Zapbots. Their abilities however did lie in their quick movements and merciless attacks. They were also a smaller size than my Zapbots, but still very nimble and powerful.

I saw Scan and Hightone dive for cover behind a large boulder and shoot at some kind of mechanical flying bird hovering above them. I saw what seemed to be a blue copy of Hightone, who was releasing robotic bodies from his chest compartment that changed into robots. They ran towards Scan and Hightone but were quickly shot down before ever reaching them.

There I stood watching out the window amazed at what was going on. Behind the glass I saw a war going on with larger bodies battling back and forth, exchanging laser blasts, bombs, and other types of weapons. A constant barrage that I had never seen before. Movies could not do this justice as it was a visual display beyond what my human senses could even begin to relate to.

I wanted to go out and fight them eagerly, but I knew I couldn't. I felt like I needed to do something.

Out of nowhere, I heard a voice. A voice so evil and chilling that it sounded like the devil himself.

"So, a new generation of Zapbots is born...." said the voice.

I spun around to find a Junkicon, towering above me. He had thick triangle body parts and a giant gun attached to his arm. His body gleamed with white and black paint and his eyes glowed down at me like a bat out of hell.

"Who are you?!?!?" I cried trying to figure out where I could run, which was nowhere.

"The name is unimportant human...."

"What... How did you get in here?!?!?"

"Also, not important. Your creations will be your death!"

He quickly raised his arm towards my face as I turned white from his presence. Boaty busted in through the main door and the Junkicon fired and that's all I could remember...

I woke up in immense pain and after a couple of minutes, I opened my eyes to find myself in my bed. Click and SuperRobot were at my side. As my vision began to return, I slowly looked around and found that I could not move.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Master you are alive, we need you to remain calm," said SuperRobot.

"Why what happened?" I asked. As I looked in the mirror, I saw my fear... I was in bed, and I had no arms or legs!

"Master are you all, right? ^{click}" Click asked. I began getting hot, sweat, and angry and I felt tears roll down my cheeks. My body was mutilated and now my dream, my dream had made me a monster! I started to ask God why, why me? Thousands of questions and fears ran through my mind. I started to sob and cry, and I began bawling out of the top of my lungs, crying out to the Universe.

"Master, please relax. Master, it's going to be all right, ^{click}" replied Click, putting his hand on my shoulder.

"My legs... my arms..." I said sobbing.

"Master, we can replicate your body parts with artificial limbs. They will function just the same and will look just like human ones."

"But..."

"Master, don't worry, please go back to sleep."

From emotion distraught, I passed out again.

I awoke later and as I opened my eyes; I saw myself as before. My arms and legs were back on my body. As I jumped out of bed I stumbled to the floor, as if everything felt very much like I was drunk. My arms and legs looked normal, but I felt very weak as if I was learning to walk all over again. Click and SuperRobot came running up to me.

"Hang on there Master, don't overdo it!" said SuperRobot.

Click then showed me they were mechanical ones with fake tissue on. My Zapbots had created artificial body parts to replace the damaged ones. While my main torso, neck, and head were mostly intact (as well as the most important thing,) my arms and legs were replaced with bionic limbs that looked like normal human body parts.

At first, I was a bit depressed because I felt I was now some kind of monster. But then Click showed me the possibilities. I could run faster, jump higher and lift more than any human. I soon began to realize that this helped the situation and in turn, I was now, more a part of my creations because I was like them.

It seemed that as Boaty busted in, the Junkicon began firing at me. Boaty fired and the hit knocked him off course, but his laser still hit me. After that, the Junkicons retreated and my Zapbots picked up my charred body. They salvaged what they could, and I retained my upper and lower torsos, part of my brain, and my face. I realized I could now help them in battle and if I ever lost a leg, I could replace it. I began to have fun running at 70 mph and lifting my smaller Zapbots high up into the air. I was still my old self, but I could remember anything, everything and any question I needed answered I could just call up with my computer. I had a digital input system with a computer screen for my eyes and I could do everything thinkable with it.

To provide extra protection for the rest of my body my Zapbots also constructed a set of special armor clothing for me called an exo-suit (or X-O suit.) It wore like regular clothing, but you could make it display a hologram of different clothes and in battle, a structured armor materialized on my body with all kinds of powerful weapons and tools. I was now an official Zapbot and although I suffered a loss, determination grew inside of me to get the Junkicon back for what he did to me.

Boaty briefed me on the events of the battle and how the Junkicons found our energy signature but were completely overwhelmed by us in the attack.

"How do you want to designate these enemy names?" asked Boaty.

"What do you mean I have to name them as well?" I replied.

"Most of the time we go by just our serial numbers we create these names to make it easier for human conversations," said Scan.

"Well, that leader Junkicon sure made a mess out of Master Anthony," replied Timetravel.

"Timetravel!" everyone yelled at the crudeness of the joke.

"No... [Messy](#)... let's call the bastard Messy." I said.

"What about that Junkicon that was showing off his aerial skills?" asked Botimus.

"[Show-Off](#)...." I responded.

"And the one who apparently has anti-gravity powers?" asked Scan.

"[Magic](#)...." I responded....

"Hey how about we call that jerk of a communications officer [Lowtone](#)?" said Hightone.

"Sounds good to me...."

Weeks went by and the Junkicons seemed to have disappeared from our radar. Summer ran by and I prepared to return home to go back to school. My Zapbots would stay in the mountains in my Battle-base, ready for action and monitoring any development of Junkicon activity. Plus, I could always see them whenever I wanted to, and I knew that I would be spending my time with them on weekends.

My Zapbots had developed flight abilities that allowed them to fly in both robot and vehicle mode. It was a very interesting demonstration as Scan provided one afternoon.

"Timetravel convert to vehicle mode please," Scan said as Timetravel transformed into his car mode.

"Okay Master, so you see a standard vehicle with wheels...."

"Yes, I get it..." I replied.

"Okay now show him your alt mode," replied Scan.

With that Timetravel began to float slightly above the ground. His wheels turned inward and became what appeared to be propulsive jets. In turn, he was a flying car like what I would see in my modern-day futuristic movies, except for real. He began to lift off and head out over the mountains for a quick flyby.

"Holy cow, that's incredible!" I said.

"So, you see we can all now fly. This will allow you to visit us on the weekends quickly, although we will remain in standard modes if we are out in public areas," replied Scan.

"Yeah, just don't ask Boaty how he looks with jets on his transformation," replied Flier.

"I am quite comfortable with my appearance brother," said Boaty.

"Oh yeah, a flying Boat! I'm sure you're really comfortable," responded Flier laughing.

Before I left to go back home, I trained to protect myself just in case any Junkicon found me, and I memorized all the basic moves my Zapbots knew. Little did I realize how soon I would have to use those moves.

Chapter 5

School turned out better than before. It was my first year in High School and it was going well. I became good friends with people and my Zapbots were a real comfort for me. Homework became a snap with my computerized brain and the Junkicons had not appeared yet. The only thing I had to watch for was to act like my old self, so I wouldn't reveal my artificial arms and legs. A couple of times I slipped, but I was able to recover and make up some explanation.

My Zapbots continued negotiations for introductions with the United States military command, but we had not nailed down a specific date yet. It seemed the U.S. didn't believe in this Junkicon threat. While they were unsure how someone hacked their encrypted communication channels, they blew it off as a whiz-kid who just happened to get inside their system. In short, they did not believe in the existence of my Zapbots and started to ignore our communications. We were debating how to proceed next.

One weekday afternoon, I was watching my friend David at one of his soccer games when the unexpected happened. I was just sitting by myself in a somewhat crowded stack of bleachers wondering whether I should tell David and Matt about my Zapbots. I looked down the bleachers and saw the other kids from my class and felt sad that they weren't nice enough to me to be friends. I knew some were just too scared of me being weird or just too freaked that I lost my glasses, braces, and zits in one summer. I had somewhat grown-up rather quickly and it bothered the hell out of my old rivals.

I was watching David passing the ball onto the field. During halftime, he came up to the stands and tried to catch up to me.

"Nice playing," I said.

"Yeah right, I suck!" he replied.

"Naw, just keep it up. You are winning!" I said in an overly cheery voice.

"Yeah, but man is it hot out there. Hey, are we doing anything this week...." he said his face turned to a somber expression and I could sense bewilderment.

"What?" I asked.

"Why is that plane flying so low?" David asked. David was training to be a pilot and always wanted to fly, so he would know if there were a plane flying too low. I looked over my shoulder and saw in the distance a plane flying low in the sky, traveling extremely fast! I realized that this was no ordinary plane and then before I knew it the plane passed over us and zoomed to turn around. I instantly knew it was the Junkicons.

I jumped off the stands and landed on the paved track below. By now everyone had his or her attention on the plane. Lasers shot out from the plane, and I pushed David down to the ground, barely missing getting hit myself. Now I heard the cries of people screaming and everyone began scrambling for safety.

"Stay down!" I yelled. The plane flew past and began to turn around for another attack. I had no choice but activated the X-O suit on my body and instantly armor crawled out to protect me. I began running into the middle field and told everyone to stay down and crawl to safety. The plane came around again, and I fired my arm laser at it. It hit the broadside and the plane wobbled. Then falling from the plane came three devices that changed into Junkicon mini robots. They landed on the ground with a thud and began firing at me.

I held up my arm and set up a force field that protected most of the kids on the field. With that, I motioned them to run into the school. They got up and ran as the Junkicons continued to fire at my bubble shield. I was shot on my side and the shield dissipated. I fell to the ground and began rolling away from the continuing lasers coming at me. During that time, I made a call for help to my Battle-base.

I made it to an embankment and got up on my feet running and firing at the Junkicons. I hit them all and they stumbled back to the ground. They soon regained status and flew up into the sky trying to air attack me. I proceeded to do the same. First, I flew to the first bird-bot and rammed right into him.

He fell back and lost control falling to the ground. The second hawk tried swooping me and I dodged just as his razor claws came close to hitting me. I fired making contact with his body and he fell down towards the ground as well. The third Junkicon was a small biped and grabbed me and began to wrestle with me in the air. I lost control of my boosters and we crashed to the ground impacting the dirt making a huge crater. We continued to wrestle and finally, I pushed him off me and he walked away. I got up to find him aiming for a classmate named Erik Brown running for the building. The shots missed him but hit the ground and Erik fell stumbling.

My temper flared at watching the Junkicon attack a defenseless human, just like Messy had done to me. Without thinking I lashed out my hand and a giant lightning bolt flew from it and hit the Junkicon. It lashed a giant hole into the Junkicon, and he fell back stumbling, severely damaged.

Pausing for a moment I realized the power came from the Matrix. As part of my bionic and X-O suit upgrades, I had been giving a compartment to hold the Matrix, so that it would always be by my side. The Matrix had some strange energy that apparently increased my firepower. I ran to Erik's side and picking him up, flew to the school building dropping him off inside.

I ran back outside and as soon I stepped out into the field; a giant blast came from above knocking me over. I rolled over to find Messy standing not far from me. I got back up on my feet and realized that the X-O suit made us equal in height and now possibly in firepower.

"So, we meet again human," Messy said.

"How dare you come here! How dare you attack my home and school!" I cried.

"Oh now, why wouldn't I. You see we've been watching you for this short time. You didn't think we were gone, did you? We just waited for the right moment! It's pitiful how you try and protect these futile beings."

"Futile to only a monster! May you burn in hell Messy, and I'm telling you now, I won't stand here and let you harm these innocent people!"

"Just because you were bullied as a child doesn't mean you have to protect everyone in the Universe." This comment was supposed to get me angry and force me to make the first move, but I kept my cool and just replied,

"If we didn't have the scum-sucking monsters like you Junkicons, they wouldn't need me!"

"Enough needless banter! Prepare to die!" he replied.

He raised his arms and fired at me, but I leaped into the air and returned fire. It hit him and he fell backward. He got up and was just as he was about to leap into the air shots came out of nowhere forcing him to recoil in cover.

I turned west and saw Botimus and the gang flying out of the horizon firing their weapons at the Junkicons. Messy immediately sensing the calvary withdrew and flew back into the horizon. The rest of the Junkicons slowly left the scene as my Zapbots landed on the field transforming into robot mode.

"Damage Report?" I asked. Botimus proceeded to do an initial scan of the area.

"Minimal structural damage and no casualties Master," Botimus replied.

"Good, let's get out of here before the cops and media come," replied Speedy.

They transformed into cars and left the area. I looked down to see my friends coming out of the building and I knew my secret identity was now smashed to pieces. I heard sirens in the background, and I saw that more kids were coming out of the windows towards me. Although my face was mostly covered by my armor, they could tell who this armored human was.

"Listen, I can't explain everything now. I know the whole school would like to know, but I have to go before the cops get here. But please! Please do not tell anyone about me. I have to leave school for a while, but soon you will know all you need to know. Farewell for now my friends!"

With that, I flew into the air crying because I had to leave a part of my life behind.

Chapter 6

The incident was somewhat glossed over which was strange. As the news media did not report on it, my hometown became a weird story that was starting to get passed down by word of mouth. A few photos of the incident began to surface in local papers. Few kids spoke of it and the media made a joke out of it. Needless to say, I had to leave school and moved in permanently with my Zapbots. I communicated with my family and my closest friends and explained to them the whole thing. They agreed to the secret that was now my life, and everyone at the school finally went back to their normal lives after a while.

We didn't hear from the Junkicons for several months after that incident. There was no communication from the government yet, so the public was still unaware of us yet. We continued preparing for space exploration as we needed to find the original Gearatron planet to rebuild the Zapbot race.

Two months later, it was our first space flight, and we were cruising along past the outer reaches of the galaxy. I was in awe of how we achieved this great feat and amazed at the simplicity of my Battle-base in orbit. The small ship soared through the heavens, and I just sat watching out of the main view-screen, viewing the wonder of space travel. As a child I had seen the destruction of the Space Shuttle Challenger on TV but always dreamed of one day, maybe going to the stars. Now I had the opportunity.

The Battle-base in space was basically a floating metal house, or more specifically a house the size of a mansion. So many questions I had that I wanted to understand. Scan explained how the artificial gravity systems allowed me to walk around normally. He also explained how as we entered the infamous warp speeds the integrity stabilizers helped to keep the ship together. It truly was a miracle to my senses.

We traveled the cosmos for about a week, heading out of Earth's solar system, to places no one had seen before.

One earth day, I sat at my giant view screen and watched the stars go by. My Zapbots were off in their separate rooms recharging and enjoying their games of entertainment. I propped my feet up on the control panel and sipped my soda as I began to look over some interconnecting fiber systems a university was working on back at Earth to help transmit information between colleges.

Without any notice, an explosion knocked me from my chair, and I fell to the floor, spilling my soda everywhere. Boaty came running and pressed some buttons on the main control panel.

"We've been hit by an asteroid!" he replied.

"Status?" I said trying to get up, but the shaking of the room kept knocking me down.

"Main engines are out, and I'm going to try and land on the nearest planet, hold on!"

With that Boaty steered the wounded Battle-base through space. My other Zapbots came through the door struggling to see what was going on. I saw the picture of a planet coming closer into view on the view-screen.

"Hold on I'm going to try and bring us in for a smooth landing," replied Boaty. A large planet was nearby, and we proceeded to direct our course towards it. It was extremely blue and from the screen, I could not make out what it was made of.

We hit the ground with an enormous impact and my Battle-base dug into the terrain and skidded about a mile before coming to a full stop.

I got up and looked around and saw that our newfound spaceship was in sad shape. After checking to make sure everyone was all right, I looked out the window to find us on some strange planet. A planet, not like one I ever saw, made entirely of metal with old buildings that looked like they had been destroyed in a nuclear war. A blue light surrounded everything, and my curiosity got the best of me.

"Master, we appear to have landed on a metallic planet, however, I am reading standard gravity and oxygen similar to Earth," replied Scan.

"Botimus how long to repair the ship without me or Boaty?" I asked.

"Give us a few hours and we'll be back in shape, looking brand new!" replied Botimus.

"Boaty lets you and me go for a walk. Something looks strange about this place."

We left the Battle-base and proceeded to explore the planet. As we walked, I saw vast towers and huge landscapes, enormous holes, and huge gateways. It was an empty futuristic planet that had been deserted apparently for years. No sound except the wind that went over the metal planes.

"Boaty, could this be the ancient home of the Zapbots?" I asked.

"It is possible Master, it would appear that the main building of government is up ahead," Boaty replied.

I saw what appeared to be a city hall as we walked up the long narrow steps to the main entrance. After moving the door and entering the main hallway, Boaty and I began exploring every room. Finally, we came to what appeared the main chamber, with a huge view screen and seats all around a table. Boaty walked up to it and accessed what he could. Up came the images of the past from the planet. We confirmed that this was the home of the ancient Zapbots and saw numerous newscasts, reports, and video images of what was now a perished civilization. Boaty proceeded to translate all the digital reels into English for my understanding.

I turned my head and saw in the corner heaps of metal bodies. I walked forward and saw that it appeared to be several dead robot bodies, totally damaged beyond belief. Boaty walked up to them and scanned them.

"Their organic minds are dead, but their bodies could be redeemable," Boaty said. "It would be possible to take these old bodies and revamp them into newer Zapbots."

"Huh... what a better way to help these Zapbots live on," I said.

"I'll radio Botimus to swing by to load them up into his trailer," replied Boaty.

We moved the bodies back to our ship and began construction, downloading all the information we could from the ancient Zapbots computers. Within a week of living on the planet, it was starting to feel somewhat like home. The idea of colonizing a whole new planet was invigorating.

Scan and Boaty began work on the recovered Zapbot bodies. The organic minds were once again grown and then combined with the computer minds into fully repaired bodies. With diligence my Zapbots worked to restore these ancient warriors, replacing metal parts, old gears, crankshafts, wires, computer plates, and more. I would occasionally offer a hand with what knowledge I still retained from my meditation-building incident.

Several weeks later, we activated our newfound friends...

We created the first combat group, with the five bodies we found. We called them the Combatabots because we beefed up their weapons systems.

Space Ace: The designated leader of the group. Always trustworthy and always providing direction to the team in what they should do. Space Ace could transform into a Space Shuttle and could carry about five other Zapbots for transport.

Bolts: An almost clone of Boaty so he instinctively named him to be his cousin. He was a bit more rugged than Boaty and somewhat outrageous at times. In a few instances, he got a little out of control and had to be calmed down. This wasn't to say he wasn't a friendly Zapbot, he just had an extreme side that occasionally would get carried away.

Flip: The first Zapbot with a transformation of a plane, a jet to be exact. Flip turned out to be very, very vain and in turn painted stars on himself for decoration. His concerns were more directed towards flight and soaring high amongst the skies, but once again a good Zapbot.

Passage: A very calm Zapbot, very interested in war tactics and protecting Gearatron. With a transformation as a drilling machine, he spent much of his time trying out his abilities on the planet's surface.

Bomb: The craziest of them all with some bi-polarism. Very outgoing, but still very comfortable showing his emotions. His transformation was a tank making him the most armored Zapbot of them all.

Over the next few weeks, we continued our progress on rebuilding the Zapbot race. We started a very large project, in that we started building a new Zapbot city. But not just any city, one that could transform into a robot himself. He would also have the ability to fly as a spaceship as well, so he could act as our transportation ship. This new warrior would be our new vessel to explore the universe and travel back and forth between Earth safely and securely. He also would be a great defense against the Junkicons.

Several months later, the unbelievable city was finished. The giant Titan was named **Duplaflex**. He was twenty-five square miles and four miles high in starship mode. It was the biggest building and Zapbot you ever saw and standing at the massive boarding ramps was a sight to behold. In starship mode, we estimated he would eclipse Manhattan in a large shadow. He had enough room for plenty more Zapbots and enough weapons to defend the entire planet.

At the top of Duplaflex, we created a small living area for me to live in. It was the size of a small one-bedroom apartment. When you walked into this very plain apartment it contained a sizable living area, where I had included some couches, and a coffee table, placed in front of a projection screen area. To the right was a door that led to a nice-sized bedroom with adjacent bathroom facilities. In front of the living room was a small kitchen area with room for a small table. Off from the kitchen was an office area which allowed me to conduct my official business.



We created a little liaison for Duplaflex named **Scramper** that stayed with or around him most of the time. Scramper turned out to be a Zapbot that had obsessive worry and acted neurotically at times, but beyond this crazy behavior, he still was generally fun to be around.

Finally, we kept the name of the planet as Gearatron, in honor of the ancient Zapbots. Thus, we set Duplaflex up as the base for Gearatron and took my Battle-base back to Earth as our other headquarters.

At this point, Hightone had intercepted communications from various government organizations that they became aware of our existence. We reached out to them again preparing to establish relations in the hope of bridging the gap to make peace with them. We began talking to government officials on how we would introduce the public to the Zapbots and how to avoid fear within.

I was riding in Botimus one day to meet the President when we had the next attack of the Junkicons.

Chapter 7

We were riding the highway passing through New York City to meet the President and some other world officials at an undisclosed location. I was in Botimus Prime trying to look somewhat like an adult as he did most of the driving. I had a fake beard on to give myself a more mature appearance. Speedy and Timetravel followed us, as Boaty, Flier, Scan, and Hightone remained inside Botimus's cab portion.

"Approximate arrival time fifteen minutes," replied Botimus.

"Well, this is definitely going to be interesting," I replied to my robotic driver.

"Why is that?" asked Botimus.

"Because here is a teenager with large robots approaching the Earth's leaders. This is going to be weird."

"Don't worry Master, no matter what you have us to protect you," replied Botimus.

"I know, but sometimes I still feel like I'm just another little kid trying to get attention at school."

"I would imagine you are going to get some well-deserved recognition for all your hard work."

"I hope so," I said somewhat feeling a moment of depression. It was then when the large-scale truck I was riding in responded so warmly it instantly perked me up.

"Someday you will realize how amazing you really are," replied Botimus. I smiled at my robotic car friend.

"Master I'm picking up in-coming unidentified objects," said Scan over the com.

"Where?" I asked.

"Coming straight for us!" replied Scan.

As I peered out of Botimus's windows I saw them. We came to an abrupt halt, and I jumped out of my tractor-trailer activating my X-O suit armor. As my Zapbots transformed into robot mode cars with humans came to a screeching halt and cries from women were heard. The Junkicons began flying all around the city blasting everything in sight and people ran everywhere for safety. My Zapbots returned fire and I scuttled everywhere picking up humans from the ground and dragging them to safety.

"Give up humans, your death is near!" cried Messy floating high above the ground.

"Go ahead and take your best shot Messy!" I cried running up to him and returning fire. The shot hit his head on, and he fumbled backward. He then transformed into his canon mode and his sidekick Show-Off grabbed him and aimed him towards me. The shot hit me dead on as my X-O suit took on heavy damage. I stumbled back up to return fire but when I looked up, they had disappeared.

"What the hell!?" I said.

"Where did they go?" asked Flier.

"That's not their usual tactic," responded Boaty.

At that moment we heard a gigantic sound, and the ground began to tremble. Down the street, I saw coming around the corner, from behind a building an extremely large Junkicon, over ten stories tall. He had a giant mouth of fire and two stretchable arms surrounding a very large accordion-style base of a body. He continued rolling over cars with his treaded wheels crushing them to bits and as he came down the street, lasers shooting out of his eyes firing at the various targets below.

"Fall back!" Botimus yelled waving the crew back.

We took cover as the giant Junkicon moved through the city destroying everything in its path. My Zapbot rushed to gather fallen human bodies.

"We need reinforcements!" I said.

"Already ordered Master, dude," responded Hightone as he pointed towards the sky. Up high a plane and Space Shuttle began to descend from the sky.

"We came as fast as we could!" said Space Ace opening fire upon the giant Junkicon. It roared back in anger as the laser blasts proceeded to distract him.

"Well, you called the best crew in town, mostly because I'm here," said Flip as he proceeded to launch several missiles at the opponent. They made a direct impact on the large enemy, causing damage to his side.

From the nearby bay, a boat came into port and flew up past the docking bay transforming into a robot. As laser blasts came out from Bolts his weapons hit the Monster rearing back to ascertain where the next enemy was coming from. As he did that a large tank appeared from around the corner of the street firing directly at the Junkicon. The impact from Bomb's weapons pushed the accordion-type monster back, and then out of nowhere, he began to topple backward, as we saw Passage coming out from below him pushing him up and over.

"Eaton! What are you waiting for, destroy them!" cried Messy standing from afar watching the battle. The giant Eaton then flexing his sling-like arms, pushed himself back upright and proceeded to whack Passage and Bomb backward as they flew several hundred feet down the street. They transformed into robot mode, readjusting their stance, as Space Ace, Flip, and Bolts joined the rest of us standing in the New York City Street.

"We're going to need more firepower to take him down," replied Scan monitoring the monster.

"Not a problem, Combatabots, UNITE!" cried Space Ace.

With a weird series of transformations, Bomb and Passage began to form extremely large extremities and converted into two legs. Space Ace then transformed and combined with the two to form what seemed to be the larger portion of a body. Bolts and Flip then transformed and combined with his sides to form two long arms. Two hands emerged followed by a head as now stood the indomitable Gestalt robot, [Salvor](#).

"Grawwwaaahhh" cried the Junkicon Eaton as he glided towards the larger Zapbot now facing him.

"What a lame-ass name," said Salvor in his loud voice.

Eaton launched his arms at Salvor, and they extended like hoses flying around him and tying him up like a snake. Salvor flexed his robotic muscles and destroyed the arms into pieces breaking out of the hold. However, when the pieces fell the remains of the arms flew back inside of Eaton's body and regenerated, emerging once again whole.

"It appears he has regenerative properties," replied Scan.

"Yeah, I can see that," I said snappily. "Salvor destroy this mother fucker!" I replied.

"Master such language," replied Boaty.

Finally, Salvor raised his hand and fired a massive ray of energy towards the Junkicon. It hit Eaton encasing him in a ray of light and he exploded into millions of pieces. With that, the Junkicons gathered what they could and retreated.

"Scan track them!" I ordered.

"I can't they've disappeared!" he replied.

"Dammit!" I said glancing around our surroundings.

I knew we were being watched by loads of people in the street and in the buildings. They began yelling at us, throwing things in our general direction as fear began to take over the populace. However, undeterred we began helping the injured and after a few minutes, the crowd began to change their attitude. As we helped the wounded humans into ambulances and provided some immediate first aid the crowd settled down.

In one area Scan applied a medical spray to a small child who had received some cuts.

Over on the street corner, Boaty and Flier provided a splint for someone with a broken leg.

Botimus and I started lifting debris off several cars and found a child with his dog hiding underneath one. He ran to his mother to which she replied, 'Thank you!' crying with the child and dog in her arms.

As a news caravan pulled up, I found myself at the head end of a microphone....

“Robin Svaboda NewsChannel 8, can you explain who you are and where you come from?” asked the reporter.

I saw the glow from the nearby camera light and slowly turned towards them and spoke.

“My name is Anthony, and these are my Zapbots... we’ve come to save the world from those robots that attacked you called the Junkicons,” I said.

It did not take long for the interview to spread as we were labeled heroes to mankind. Footage of the attack started to surface from all accounts and before we knew it, the world was aware of our presence. There were still many who had concerns about the possible power we retained, and some considered us the coming of the end of the world, however, my human boy face seemed to provide them with some assurance that this wasn’t a takeover of the planet.

We met with world leaders, and I let Botimus Prime do most of the talking. There was the initial explanation of everything, followed by who the Ancient Zapbots were, Gearatron, the Junkicons, etc.... Our goals were simple, protect Earth, help Earth, make lives better for everyone.

The various world leaders were hesitant at first but agreed to start working together to improve mankind. We worked towards common ground as that provided some direction of where would move. Obviously, the various religions of the world were having a hard time grasping our appearance. Either way, it was going to be a large effort to try and bring peace to mankind, but I continued forward with my hopes and dreams.

The Junkicons remained out of view for a long time after the battle as we presumed, they had begun re-evaluating their firepower compared to ours. With the new city on Gearatron, the Combatabots, and now Earth’s involvement, it appeared now that we had the upper hand. So, they waited patiently until that fateful day they decided to unleash all their firepower to attempt to destroy us.

Chapter 8

We discovered that Gearatron was a very odd planet. It hid behind another planet's orbit for more of the yearly cycle, but a few days of the year, the sun would reach its surface, causing the planet's temperature to jump dramatically.

It was one of those sunny days on Gearatron, and my Zapbots were going about their business. Everything seemed normal until the early warning sensors were triggered. Botimus was standing outside Duplaflex when he received the notification on his visors.

In the distance, lowering from the atmosphere the Junkicons' spaceship was flying low above the horizon and firing rapidly at Duplaflex. Botimus Prime standing on the docking bay saw the entire Junkicon army emerge over the barren landscape of Gearatron.

"Scan! Tell Hightone to radio back to Earth for help. Flier, Boaty transform Duplaflex into battle mode!" Botimus ordered.

"Acknowledged," said Boaty.

"Right on!" said Flier as his brother ran back to the bridge to input the various commands for the mighty city.

The bridge of Duplaflex was an amazing feat of engineering. Walking onto it from the elevator turbo-lift shaft, you saw giant windows encasing the outside of the tower, followed by a large view screen hanging in the center. There were two ops' chairs upfront, followed by a commander chair in the middle and several weapons and tactical chairs on the side. Boaty and Flier ran to their stations and began to input the command for Duplaflex's battle mode transformation. Scan ran in quickly behind them.

"Hightone, send an emergency message to Master Anthony, telling him that we need tactical reinforcements to...." started Scan.

"Yeah, yeah I know!" cried Hightone transforming into his communication mode and sending the signal.

Within moments Duplaflex began to shake and transform. Towers lowered; components came out while parts joined together. Lasers and gun turrets arose, and battle armor appeared. The Junkicons left their ship and started coming in close for the attack.

We were stationed on Earth when we received the distress call from Gearatron. I was at a conference with the President when Click interrupted, notifying me of the situation, causing an immediate need to leave. With no time to spare, we jumped aboard Space Ace to head back to Gearatron as quickly as possible.

My Zapbots continued to scramble and move. The Junkicons had reached the platforms of Duplaflex and were running at top speed. Botimus and the others stood behind the safety walls and fired at the oncoming enemy.

"We're outnumbered!" replied Timetravel.

"But not outgunned, our firepower is still greater than theirs," replied Botimus. Duplaflex's automatic guns were firing all over the place and luckily holding the Junkicons at bay.

However, Messy was aware of this and already developed a plan. The evil Junkicon had the mind of a supercomputer, able to predict multiple scenarios where he could easily conquer any battle. It was only through rare incalculable situations that he was forced to retreat.

"Show-Off, we must disable Duplaflex's military system. I want you to invade it and destroy what you can," Messy ordered to second in command.

"It's futile! I'll never make it through that range of firepower!" whined Show-Off.

Messy grabbed him by the throat and raised him high above the ground. "If you don't my gun's firepower will be what you have to deal with!" he yelled pointing his cannon at his subordinate.

Show-Off pushed away and converted into jet mode. He flew as fast as he could towards the main center of the action. With such speed, he flew past all the laser shots and right over the heads of my Zapbots. They turned around and began chasing after him.

Show-Off crashed right through the front door and headed down the main hallway. He came to the bridge and transformed back into robot mode again. Immediately Boaty and Flier turned around, but Show-Off had already fired at them. They flew backward and crashed into the main control panels, which then exploded into fire. Boaty and Flier then tried to get up in time to stop him, but it was too late.

Duplaflex's systems went down, and the automatic weapon systems were disabled. As Botimus burst into the bridge, Show-Off transformed and flew right through the windows out to safety. He flew right back to Messy who was waiting for him.

"Now.... we begin the **slaughter!**" Messy said.

My Zapbots got up and looked out the window. Out of the horizon, another Eaton robot, apparently a copy of the original of giant Junkicon appeared. He was moving closer and closer to Duplaflex, smashing everything in his way.

"Botimus, what do we do?" asked Speedy.

"We stand our ground, for as long as we can," Botimus replied.

"Wait look!" cried Flier pointing his finger at the sky.

Out of the horizon, a Space Shuttle appeared. It was Space Ace carrying myself and the other Combatabots.

"Combatabots, stop Eaton!" I said.

"Will do Master!" said Bolts as they flew out of the bottom Space Ace, I leaped out of the Space Shuttle allowing him to follow his teammates down below. Halfway through the air, he gave the order.

"Combatabots, unite!"

Within seconds the Combatabots joined once again to form Salvor and with a giant crash, they landed on the ground. Eaton recoiled back in fear, not wanting a repeat of what happened last time.

"I've given you my last warning!" cried the might Salvor. Eaton began firing all of his weapons, but Salvor dodged them all. He flew right into Eaton knocking him onto the ground. Eaton quickly recovered, but not after Salvor unleashed the lasers from his eyes. They cut a hole right through Eaton and he quickly transformed back into ship mode and retreated in fear.

While all of that was going on I turned on my X-O suit and flew down to deal with Messy. I found him and his gang running towards the main door of Duplaflex. I landed in front of them and opened fire. My lasers hit them all except Messy and before I knew it, it was just my evil nemesis and myself.

"Be warned Anthony humans die easily," he cried.

"So do Junkicons from what I've heard," I replied.

"Don't fool yourself, we destroyed one race of Zapbots way before your human race ever emerged from the depths of evolution. It won't take that much to do it again."

"But that's where you are wrong Messy, it won't happen again. I won't let you!"

"You can't stop me."

"We'll just see about that, it's just you and me now!"

With that, he opened fire and I fell down and returned a blast. It hit him dead on and he got up and returned fire in my direction. I jumped back up and he ran forward and pushed me to the ground. We began wrestling and with all my might I grabbed his robotic body and tried to break anything I could. He had similar strength and was trying with all his might to break my X-O suit arms. I picked him up and threw him across the plane and he landed with a large crash on the metallic ground.

Messy got up and grabbed a piece of debris and threw it at me. It hit me dead on and I fell back and looked at the hole it had left in my X-O suit. I felt no pain, but only a power drain. Then he returned fire and that's when the pain started in my human body. My Zapbots could turn off the pain if they wanted to, but I couldn't. I dodged and ran to Messy this time punching him down to the ground and

then I began punching the daylights out of him chipping away at his armor and causing massive dents to his head. He finally jerked me off and leaped up into the air. As he began to come down to strike, I hit him in the chest before he could respond, and he recoiled back landing on the ground. I then opened up with my firepower and fired with all I had. He did the same and we began hitting each other back and forth, again and again. Finally, he fell to the ground exhausted, out of energy, and before I was about to unleash the Matrix he spoke.

"Wait, Anthony, please... have mercy!"

"Mercy! Mercy! Yeah right! Time to stop the reign of terror once and for all!" I cried. I was in pain and tired, but I knew he was in the same position, and I had the upper hand.

"Master Anthony look out!" cried Botimus. I hadn't noticed a pistol lying underneath a piece of metal hidden from my view and Messy grabbed it and began firing.

"Die **DIE HUMAN!**" he cried. As the lasers hit me again, and again time became slow motion. I finally fell to the ground as my body was so weak. Pain ripped through me as I felt blood ooze and my eyes became blurry. Messy got up, walking over to my body as I gasped for breath, he stood over me, his red eyes glowing with fire.

"It's over Anthony!" cried Messy. He began to laugh. With that laugh I heard the laughing of the bullies at my school for all the years I had attended. Rage grew inside my body, something I had never known before. With all my might I stuck out my hand and fired with the power of the Matrix coming forth from my body.

"**FUCK YOU!**" I cried and encasing Messy with firepower, forcing him back off the platform of Duplaflex and falling down several stories till he reached the bottom and split into pieces. Show-Off flew over to his fallen leader and looked at his body.

"Tsk Tsk... mighty Messy huh? Look where your power got you. Junkicons retreat!" Show-Off commented as he kicked the pieces of Messy's dead body.

With that, the Junkicons began to split and flew back to the Eaton ship awaiting their arrival. The Junkicon communicator Lowtone was the last one because he stayed behind to gather up Messy's broken body parts.

Meanwhile, I laid on the platform of Duplaflex, in the worst pain I ever felt. Non-stopping agony. As blood, sweat, and tears ran down my body, Boaty came up to me and picked me up, hurrying me to sickbay.

It's a weird feeling, knowing you are close to death. I had lost so much blood and as Click and SuperRobot scrambled to repair my human body, it came to the point of realizing it was impossible. At one point I just realized it was my time. My internal organs had been smashed, my bones were all but broken and only my lungs, heart, and brain continued to barely function. My Zapbots stood around me and I saw that inside they too were hurting. I looked up at my creations... my children as they proceeded as the sadness showed in their robotic faces.

Scan walked over to the table.

"I fear... the worst," he said.

I felt the pain ceasing and my body began to go numb. I knew I didn't have much time left. Yet I felt no fear only a calming peace coming over me, that I knew that everything would be all right.

"Botimus.... you must carry on. The Matrix must be handed down to you," I said softly.

"Master, I'm not ready," Botimus replied.

"You may not be now, but someday you will. You all must continue, protecting the Earth and everyone from harm. For a day will come when the Earth and all the universes will need this power and wisdom to save it."

The lights were so blurry now, and I was completely numb. I began to see a blue light and my pain was all but gone now. Even though I was dying I knew I had given both worlds, Gearatron and

Earth a fresh start. I knew my Zapbots would carry on taking Earth into the final frontier. It was only a matter of time. I had accomplished my goal; I restarted the race and saved Gearatron. It was up to the Next Generation of Zapbots to take it further. In my short time on this planet, I have overcome my doubts, my fears and became a better human for it.

With that, I opened the compartment of my X-O suit and shakily handed Botimus Prime the Matrix. He took the Matrix and put it within him and with that my body grew weak, my eyelids closed, and with my loving Zapbots around me. I saw a blue light... I saw a blue light....

To Be Continued...