

Foreword

A now we begin what would be called the full length feature films of the Zapbot adventures. This story I can say was an original idea that I came up with. While other stories focused on my human friendships, this one is very much focused on the relationship with the Zapbots themselves as I really wanted this to be a grandiose adventure that was close to what you saw in the Star Trek movies.

In my original Preface for this story I noted about how I was over losing my various friends from High School (mainly Matt Eggbert,) as it had been four years since writing the story originally. So that puts the first draft in 1993, and the second revision in 1997. At that time I was happily enjoying my college life, while slowly coming out of the closet thanks to the advent of the Internet, and enjoying the world of great artistic friends that were around me. It really was a huge transformation for me as I realized that it wasn't anything I had done wrong in high school when attempting to build friendships, the majority of kids were just assholes. Coming to college allowed me to build new friendship as well as come out to them which allowed me to truly be who I was. Strangely this story was meant as a tribute to them even though once again, it is very Zapbot centric.

My Zapbots at the time became a passing joke amongst my friends with the typical line saying 'make sure Hasbro doesn't find out.' Needless to say though even though I was very much self-deprecating with humor my friends always knew they could call on me whenever. It was a moment when I realized even though we would go our separate ways, some of them were friends for a lifetime. Thus the reason I dedicated this story to them...

For my college friends.....

Anthony S. (Gump) Anselmo

Robot Trek

By Anthony S. Anselmo

Chapter 1

The rain beat down on Gearatron. The blue metal planet glistened, and the buildings, ground, all metallic, sounded with the patter from the rain. The Zapbot Sky Patrol was flying through the clouds, gathering pictures, information, and statistics, as it only flew four times a year on Gearatron. It only snowed four days out of the year as well, and the same for the sun. The rest of the days and nights were enveloped in darkness, and only the lights and the stars light up the sky. The second planet in the solar system eclipsed Gearatron with a dark shadow for 95% of the year.

The various Zapbots who decided to venture out into the rain were busily flying, running about, and scampering up the pathways. In a period of twelve years, a thriving civilization was created on this small planet, no bigger than Earth's moon. "The Perfect Planet" some had called it. A civilization of beings with almost no conflicts, no problems, no poverty, no hunger, and no homelessness. A perfect utopia was created, something the humans of the other solar systems could only wish for. Human beings were considered more imperfect than the Zapbots having problems agreeing on everything, and it took them longer to find solutions to these problems. The Zapbots however found every solution quickly and effectively, and when an answer was reached, most everyone agreed. An even the ones who still disagreed were still had given rights. In turn, no one was denied anything, and everything was fair on Gearatron. It was a time of happiness. Where artists, scientists, creators all blossomed. There was no dissatisfaction anywhere. This was all-hard to believe but true.

Many years of wars had proceeded this great bliss. The original civilization of Gearatron had perished, fighting for their utopia. A human created a new one strangely enough. A leader was chosen among the humans to save the Universe from the evil threats that the Zapbots had encountered. This included creatures from the sun, the depths of different realities, the innards of planets, consisting of all sorts of substances, kinds and makes. Some not even suspended to the known rules of physics, but still they existed.

The universe was becoming a smaller place. The Zapbots had charted their entire galaxy at this point. A thriving Universe of peace was established with numerous planets being recorded and part of a Federation, hundreds of races working towards a common goal, to explore life to every limit.

Now as the year turned on Gearatron, the rain fell and preparations were being made for exploration outside the known Universe. The Zapbots, a race of beings that could transform into a transportation vehicle were the leaders of this effort. Soon the spaceships that carried these vast robots would transport them to the other Universes at the other side of dead space.

Botimus Prime, the Leader of this race, a member of the High Council on Planet Gearatron walked onto the bridge of Fortress Misslemax, the giant Spaceship City. Misslemax was the leader in the Zapbot world in terms of spaceships, and robot advancement.

The bridge composed of a giant room, in front a giant view-screen, with various windows along the side, showing the exterior to space. In the front two robotic stations with chairs and consoles. In the center three chairs for the three captains of the ship. In the back various stations, consoles consisting of computer screens, three dimensional displays, with chairs that held the bodies of the crew.

Botimus walked up to his chair, next to the middle chair, in the center of the three chairs up front. He laid down his electric chip into the input slot transferring the necessary information. The bridge now dim, lit up, lights came on, and computer screen started to buzz with images and pictures. The bridge has remained dormant for almost a year. Misslemax itself was stationary on Misslemax, while the rest of the Universe was explored by other ships, other races, all reporting back to other planets pieces of information. In a small time, the vast universe had become a small federation.

Botimus watched the bridge become alive once again. Misslemax was going to be the first to venture outside the known galaxy. What mysteries lie ahead were unknown.

Another robotic body came upon the bridge, another leader who Botimus knew as a close personal friend.

"Strange to be back in the place, being away from it for so long," replied Ultra Attack.

"Yeah, tell me about it," replied Botimus looking over his console. The computer had gone into a self-check, and so far everything was working according to plan.

"A year away on vacation, seems too odd to get back to the routine of things," said Ultra Attack.

"My circuits have been running so smoothly for so long, I wonder what it will be like to get them running at overclocking again," replied Botimus.

Ultra came around to his chair, on the other side of the middle chair. Putting his chip into his slot. The rest of the bridge came online, and the bridge was full of lights and life once again.

"Have you informed him yet?" Ultra asked.

"No, everyone's been afraid to break the news to him," replied Botimus.

"So who's going to end up doing it?" Ultra asked.

Botimus was just silent.

WHOOSH! Went the sled, gliding through the snow as bystanders jumped to get out of the way. I watched my friend Mike Quartz return from the bottom of the hill, carrying the primitive gliding device. At the top of the giant hill, the snow fell softly to the ground. Back in my hometown, I had gathered my closest friends here to enjoy the snow, and sledding something I had not done in a long time.

"You going to go down anytime today?" asked Mike.

"Just waiting for my moment," I said nodding.

My other close friend Bill came up towards me.

"Are you going to go down?"

"YES!" I said, smiling. I jumped off the railroad ties and out of my body came a robotic suit. Encasing my humanoid body in a case of armor. Black with various attachments, giving me numerous special abilities. Out from the bottom of robotic feet came elongated pieces of sheet metal, which would serve for my rails.

I pushed off the cliff and flew down towards the bottom of the hill. The wind blew past my face, and I engaged my face guard to prevent wind chill. I then realized the whole point of this was getting back to basics, so I took the wind guard and helmet off.

Faster I sped down the large hill. At the other end we had created a ramp out of snow. I engaged my back boosters and flew towards the ramp. I reached the ramp and flew right up into the air. Instead of coming down, I engaged my anti-gravity boosters and flew high up into the air. I did a flip and landed back onto the Earth.

From the top of the hill there came applause. I bowed and flew back up towards the top of the hill. Bill turned and gave me a 'don't showoff; look on his face. Already kids were running up towards me asking for my autograph from the famous Anthony Anselmo, 'Leader of the Zapbots'. I wrote on their damp pieces of paper as they eagerly began asking me questions.

"With all that ego you figure his head would explode," said my friend Rogish.

"If it gets any bigger it will match Texas in size," replied Bill.

After the kids had cooled down and ran off to show their parents the signatures, I turned towards my friends and then stared at the horizon from the top of the hill. The snow softly fell on the white sky, and it was a picture perfect winter wonderland.

"Beautiful isn't it?" I asked.

"It's really pretty," said Bill.

"Hard to believe the times we're living in," I said.

"You can say that again," replied Mike.

"Hard to believe-"

"I was joking!"

From the distance I saw a semi-truck in aerial mode approaching the horizon. Its orange shine was all too familiar. I saw the truck approach the bottom of the hill and slowly descend, and then as if magic was happening, parts of the truck moved outwards, switched places, changed gears, and the orange truck slowly began to transform into a robot body. Then within seconds the robotic body stood on the frozen tundra and waved towards me.

"Master, we have news!" Botimus Prime said.

I came walking down the side of the hill towards to my dear friend. I was happy to see him again in such a long time. I was on vacation, till the High Council decided what to do about the exploration of space beyond our known universe's boundaries.

"Have they made up their mind?" I asked my friend, watching the snow fall on his metal body and melt away.

Botimus nodded.

I looked towards my friends. I had informed them that my vacation would probably be short, and now I sighed cause all the fun I had had this month was over. We had done everything I possibly wanted to do, so I was not dissatisfied. Getting back to the old routine would be good for my mental health.

"Well guys, vacations over," I said.

Everyone whined. Botimus retransformed into vehicle mode and everyone piled in his cab. I grabbed front seat in the sterile cab, and Mike grabbed shotgun. Slowly Botimus lifted up towards the sky, and soon the sky became stars.

Chapter 2

My foot stepped on the bridge, my robotic foot, in my larger body, my Shortstop body. It had been over two months since I was on this bridge, and almost over a year and a half since Misslemax was fully functional. Several upgrades, several enhancements later. The last time we had a problem upgrading, Misslemax was an utter disaster. Now the place felt like home again. The blinking lights, screens, all made the mechanical room come alive.

Misslemax the largest, most powerful ship/city in the fleet. Forty five square miles wide, and taller than the tallest tower on Earth. It was truly a feat of mechanical marvel. I would usually stand on my deck at the top of the tallest tower, watching the inhabitants of Gearatron move throughout their busy day in the tiny world below.

Up towards my position came familiar Zapbot faces. Boaty, my most trusted friend, and always willing to listen to my concerns. Fliers, his crazy, hectic brother, always trying to lighten us up, and keep the group jolly. Speedy, my moody consciences, always watching out and checking everything bud. Timetravel, his older brother, always concerned about his looks. Pliers, the doctor of Misslemax, working hard to impress others. Repairs his bro, always trying to fix Pliers' screw-ups on his inventions. Roberta, the female communication specialist, with a sensitive ear for all. Hightone, the rebel, letting music drive his robotic soul. Scan his comrade, always searching for the answers to life's impossible questions. Carry-On, the pessimist with a warm heart, and his brother Pick-Up always picking up where Carry-On leaves off.

Then there was Botimus and Ultra, my number one, and two. Working hard to please and learning how to be leader along with myself. The process of growing from a simple American boy to a hard working, driven leader was long, but at this point in my life everything was perfect, I could hardly imagine any problems arising. Still I kept my eyes and ears opened, (or optic and audio sensors). I knew at any moment a new enemy could surface, and cause chaos to what we had worked so hard to achieve. At the same time I also felt very self-assured, so I found myself thinking '*You worry too much, just relax, take it easy for a change, you deserve it*'. I found once you eliminate all the stress from your life, life became somewhat less of a challenge.

"Boaty, current status?" I asked sitting down in my chair, allowing the robotic machine to wrap its body around me. Misslemax was looking good, real good and I was itching to take the ship out for a drive again, and I'm sure every other Zapbot was too.

"All systems working with normal parameters," replied Boaty.

"Hightone radio to Starfleet command, prepare for lift off," I said.

"We already have clearance," said Hightone.

"Mr. Flier if you would please," I said. Flier smiled and pressed his COM panels. The ship's outer lights came up, and the main engines came on line. The inner chamber began to buzz and once again, the mammoth city became alive.

"We have clearance, all Zapbots who are staying on board have boarded and docking ports are retracting," replied Scan.

"All ship functions are functional and no problems," responded Botimus.

"Communications and main computer online," cried Hightone, a little too enthusiastic.

"Preparing for orbital take off," responded Flier. Misslemax began to move, and slowly lifted from Gearatron's surface. The dark shadow from underneath its belly began to incase the entire city below as Misslemax rose into the sky. The rain beat hard against the windows, and the main view screen came online, showing Gearatron's city slowly becoming smaller and smaller by the minute.

"We have full thrusters, one half quarter impulse power," responded Boaty.

"Well guys," I said turning to Botimus and Ultra, "where now?"

"I believe we have a date with the far corner of the galaxy," said Botimus.

"Flier, if you be so kind?" I said.

"Course laid in, and ready,"

"Well as they tend to say... 'Make it happen!'"

Misslemax flew out of Gearatron's atmosphere as a crowd of Zapbots below watched the spaceship become smaller and smaller into the distance. Then Misslemax jumped into hyperspace and disappeared from the solar system, and all my Zapbots just smiled.

I slowly sipped my tea as I sat and watched the ship course through space. My room had been remodeled, and was larger and split leveled now. The bottom part contained multiple couches, with a three-dimensional television setup. The kitchen was placed near the windows on one side, with an elevated dining room table. Over hung a study that was open to the space below and my full Zapbot air bed, and bookcase full of books. The side windows tilted inwards to show the beauty of the sky, or space that lay outside, and my bathroom now included a full hydro-bath.

I played light music in the background as it seemed the Universe itself was at peace now. As I stood in my room, peering out my window, I wondered what lay next? When we reached the end of our galaxy, and entered dead space, what would happen? Due to the fact, I was unsure how long we were going to be gone, I had all my close human friends transferred to Duplaflex for now. The next galaxy could be possibly years or months away. Everything was unsure, but I had done everything I wanted to do back home, and had everything I ever wanted or needed was here.

The door chimed...I ushered my familiar "YYYYeeesssSSS!" and the door opened and Click and Superrobot came in.

"Well Master, how does it feel to be back in your old place again ^{click?}" Click asked.

"Why am I suppose to feel different? Granted the remodeling looks nice," I said looking up at the walls.

"Boaty said we are due to reach the end of the galaxy in two days and rendezvous with the Starship Macintosh," said Superrobot.

I was silent, still looking out the window.

"Master?" asked Click.

"Something's not right..." I whispered.

"Huh? ^{Click}" replied Click.

"It's not right... Something it is not suppose to be like this now, like... What is wrong with me?"

I put my cup down and began to pace around the room. I climbed my steps and went to my computer screen to activate a ship wide system check.

"I have journeyed from one part of the galaxy to the next, the universe as we know it as been put at peace, and yet, I feel..."

My mind became dark and my vision blurred. I felt myself collapse to the floor, grabbing the chair and pulling it with my body on my way down. I saw darkness, and felt cold. Shivers of ice ran up and down my spine. I heard Click and Superrobot rush to my aid. In what must have been a second, but felt like a lifetime my vision and mind went blank and then cleared up again.

My miniature Zapbots helped me to my feet.

"MASTER?" the spoke.

I put up my hand so they would not ask the typical 'What's wrong?' question.

I was silent for a second and the responded...

"The Matrix, it was warning me," I said.

"The Matrix? Warning you, but of what?" asked Superrobot.

"I dunno, but something is wrong!" I responded

"Maybe it was just a glitch in your Zapbot system? ^{click,}" replied Click.

"No, I do not believe so."

Just like clockwork Boaty beeped in through the com speakers.

"Master, I believe you should come down here," Boaty said.

"I'm on my way," I said.

"Master you may need medical."

I looked at Click and he shut up real fast. I ran down to my closet to get my X-O suit and headed to my Shortstop body.

Chapter 3

I ran on to the bridge in Shortstop body, in a bit of spell, but I knew something was up.

"Status?" I asked.

"We're receiving a distress call from the human ship Macintosh at the edge of the galaxy," replied Botimus.

"On screen," I said sitting in my chair, staring directly at the view-screen, not looking at any of my Zapbots.

"We have audio only," replied Roberta.

"Then let's hear it," I said.

Up came a garble of static, and noise. I motioned to Roberta to try to clear it up. On came the voice of a scared Zapbot.

"This is the Macintosh....we....are und.....tck.....pleas.....se.....help!"

"Boaty where are they?" I asked.

"At the edge of our galaxy, Master," Boaty replied.

"Flier, set in course to intercept, Maximum warp, and go to Yellow Alert," I replied. Still not looking at any of my Zapbots. Botimus and Ultra sat down next to me.

"What do you think?" asked Botimus.

"I don't want to think, cause if I... If I am feeling this right, from the Matrix, we are in deep, very deep trouble."

"Don't argue with me!" the shadowy figure snapped. His dark body was blocking the light in the dimly lit room.

"I am merely offering suggestions!" the second figure replied.

The first figure lunged his hand toward the other's throat. The second figure began to gasp, not for oxygen, but to relieve the pain.

"When I ASK for your opinion you miserable fool, you will give it to me."

The trip was sped up and what was going to take days was now reduced to hours. I sat looking at the screen, in a daze. My Zapbots although I could tell they were concerned did not want to bother me, and knew I did not want to be bothered. I became reacquainted with Misslemax, letting my third body adjust to my human and second body. I remembered the feeling, the raw edge of power I would feel in Misslemax robot mode. Why was I thinking of this now?

"Any word from the Macintosh?" I asked.

"None at all, they have not answered our hales," Roberta replied.

"Boaty?"

"All long range scanners show nothing in the area."

I was on the edge.

"Master, approaching Sector 590," replied Flier.

"Bring us out of warp and maintain Yellow Alert," I replied.

The ship moved to a crawl and I finally moved my head to view my panels.

"I am picking up a large tachyon surge," responded Scan from the back of the bridge.

"Tachyon?" I scanned my memory banks trying to figure out where I heard that before.

"Boaty, my banks are limited, what are the species that use tachyon beams?" I asked.

"Besides humans and us, no one that I am aware of," replied Boaty.

"No, there was someone else wasn't there," I said relying on my human memory engrams.

"Well besides the Junkicons when they were--"

Fear rose in me and panic struck, just as if a knife had been thrown in my face. I stood up from my chair.

"No..." I whispered.

Suddenly from out of nowhere on the view-screen dissolved a large ship, triangular in shape and mounted with numerous spikes and various weapons. The dark monotone colors were striped across it and it looked about the same size as Misslemax. Before I could yell Red Alert, or before my Zapbots' computer mind's could engage, the ship shot out a large green laser towards Misslemax.

Misslemax shook at the laser sliced right through the side of Misslemax!

"GO!" I yelled. Within seconds Boaty punched up shields, weapons and the Red Alert lights and klaxons sounded.

"What is it?" cried Botimus.

"Hail them!" cried Ultra.

"No response," responded Roberta.

"Their coming around!" cried Speedy.

The laser shot out from the ship and hit the outer shield of Misslemax. Misslemax shook and the lights dimmed.

"We have lost... All shields!" cried Scan.

"Flier, fire anything!" I cried holding onto my chair.

Torpedoes flew out from Misslemax towards the ship, like lighting bugs in space. It hit the ship knocking it around in space and causing it to back up and maintain a distance from us. Sparks resided off the ship as it came to a rest.

"Master, we are receiving a message from the ship, they are hailing us," replied Roberta.

"On screen!" I said.

Up came the image. Although the face was different, and the body was different. The red glow that encased the eyes was there. A glow I knew all too well. It struck fear, pain into me years ago. It had caused me grief more imaginable that anything in my life... I whispered only one word...

"Messy..."

"Well Hello Anthony," said the Robot. "I'm surprised you remember me, I am now called Amphotron!"

"How?"

"Oh it's really quite simple," cracked the deep gnarling voice, "A group of explorer ships from an alien race picked up our damaged bodies and accidentally rebuilt them! Lucky for us we took their ship over. As you can see we have gotten up to specs, thanks to your advanced technology," replied Amphotron.

"I thought I had destroyed you!"

"I thought you were dead!" cried the figure behind him. The robot voice I knew as Messy's sidekick's Show-Off.

"Shut up! Skyscreamer!" cried Amphotron. In new bodies their personalities still had not changed.

"Junkicons!" cried Botimus.

"No I'm afraid not, you may now call us... Nonocons! A bit more suiting considering we are not made of junk anymore." replied Amphotron.

"I don't care what the hell you are called or what you are!" I cried out, "You are not going to hurt anyone again!"

"Oh come on Anthony, or as you wished to be called in that body - Shortstop; you have nothing to say to your old friend."

I stared at the view-screen, my robotic fists clenched.

"Well I can see we have outstayed our welcome..."

"YOU! Are not welcome anywhere! Stand down and surrender your-"

"I don't think that would be very logical, or fair now would it? I mean you're the one without shields, and one blast from our ship could easily take you out while you, in your pathetic ship have to

pretty much penetrate our shields before any damage occurs to us...so I think you should be the one who stands down."

I was about to blow all my circuits. Then Boaty electronically whispered to me.

"Master, remember, don't let him intimidate you. You can also do the same to him!"

How correct Boaty was. I needed to remember, even with the big fancy guns, Messy or Amphotron was still the same fussy being underneath.

"I don't think so Amphotron, I would rather die again than surrender to you. You're still a piece of junk no matter what form you take!"

"OH REALLY!" Amphotron cried.

"YES REALLY!" I said and nodded to Boaty.

With a tap of a button an assortment of over lasers, and numerous rockets came out of Misslemax. All from new hidden parts and counterpoints on the ship. Our new giant heat laser powered up and was deployed out at the same time.

The result was amazing. A whole array of weapons hit Amphotron's ship with an enormous blow. The ship's outer hull was ripped through and the image of Amphotron went dead as the ship began to lose power.

"Now Flier!" I said.

Flier tapped in his controls and Misslemax engaged evasive maneuvers and flew out of the range of Amphotron's ship and around the nearest planet!

Amphotron in his rage shouted as his commandos.

"You idiots! How could you let your guard down!" he cried, his raspy, heckling voice screaming through the air.

Misslemax was safe for now as we removed ourselves from the battle scene.

"How did you know to do that?" asked Botimus.

"Before I came here I had a vision, the Matrix gave me," I said looking up at the human balcony where Click and the gang were watching the action. "It showed me what to do at that exact moment, and when Boaty spoke to me, it fell into place. We may have had no shields, but Misslemax has a nice new array of beauties."

"Well done Master," said Ultra.

"Damage report," Botimus asked.

"Several hull breaches, force fields are in place and holding, main battery is destroyed, and we are at 50% power, with no shields," responded Scan from his station.

"Wonderful, we're fighting someone with a full database of our technology," responded Ultra.

"Yeah the knew right where to hit us too, Boaty do a search and find a listing of any ships not reported back for a while," I said.

"What for?" asked Botimus.

"If I'm correct we've only had two ships destroyed by Amphotron. The alien one they took over and the Macintosh. I'm assuming that only one had an old database full of records, and being out here so far, I'm sure that ship might have not the most recent database from Starfleet."

"Intelligent thinking Master," responded Scan.

"If I am correct Misslemax's new weapons were classified and not released to any other database till yesterday. So we still have on advantage," I replied.

"Correct Master, last ship not reported in from this sector was the 'Big Blue'," responded Boaty, "Database was last updated three months ago."

"Botimus, Ultra, start repairs, call up our Build Team and tell them we need them badly. Repairs, Pliers you will coordinate the efforts."

"These repairs are pretty serious Master," responded Pliers.

"I understand, but realize we have a threat out there we need to stop before they leave this sector. Hightone..."

"Already dispatched a subspace message to Starfleet! Way ahead of you!" replied Hightone.

"Uh oh," responded Scan.

"What?" asked Hightone.

"Our communications relays were hit, that beacon went nowhere!"

"Repairs, Pliers first job is already set for you, go to it! Boaty maintain a scan on this sector. As soon as we got shields we're going after them!"

"Understood."

I was trying not to be proud at myself for getting us through that one. In fact, it wasn't all of my thinking, the Matrix helped. But the idea, the notion that Messy was alive again, fate help us again...

Chapter 4

"I'm taking the warp engines off line," replied the Buildabot Teeth to Repairs. Repairs the main engineer was usually very go lucky and free. However, the pressure had returned, the problem had started all over again. Now, Repairs was at the edge.

"Watch the conduit, if it leaks anymore I won't be able to contain it," replied Repairs.

"I got a force field fully established around it," replied Scoop, another Buildabot in vehicle form, carefully maintaining his force field around the open space in the wall.

"I'm telling you we need to divert the power from the main battery to the backup, otherwise it is going to overload and explode!" complained Teeth.

"I understand that, but if we do that we'll lose all main power and that would leave us helpless for Matrix knows how long!" replied Hauler.

"Your always worrying about WHAT will happen Hauler," replied Two-Ton.

"Well if I got to do something besides just moving stuff from Point A to Giga Point B,-"

"GUYS! Concentrate! Don't argue," replied Teeth, "Cement we need a carbon base abrasive here!"

Cement in his vehicle mode had not stopped mixing chemicals since the repairs started. His gallon drum had already produced a room full of metals and materials. Teeth and Cast, the last remaining portions of the Buildabot crew came up from below the auxiliary deck of the engine room.

"So far no major breaks in the transfer connectors," replied Cast.

"Knock on metal," replied Teeth.

"Plenty of that stuff, that stuff over here," Cement repeated.

Botimus Prime walked in from the slow moving Turbolift. The engine room was an utter disaster. Pieces of machinery everywhere, panels torn apart, smoke spewing from ever nook and cranny. The newly remodeled Misslemax already looked like a piece of junk.

"Status report Repairs?" Botimus asked his shaking friend.

"Everything is so gosh giga new I can't figure out what goes where! They rewrote the entire reference manual and I was not notified!" replied Repairs. From below his seat Pliers lay on the ground working underneath the table.

"Probably that human friend of Master that always screws everything up!" Pliers said. Botimus put his hand on Repairs shoulder.

"Either calm down or turn your senses off," ordered Botimus.

"I can't, I NEED my senses. It's when I work best. Humans also work best, why should I be a normal computer?"

"Cause I hate to see you like this, you're a good technician, you have a great team, we need you at your best," replied Botimus.

"Botimus, trust me, I AM at my best now. I like being nervous!"

Botimus looked at Pliers who got out from under the table and nodded. Botimus returned the nod to Repairs and went on his marry way.

Hauler came up with a piece of metal and showed it to Pliers. Pliers then handed it to Repairs.

"Oh...pheptw, this is just great!" responded Repairs.

"Just don't make them like they use to, or I do, I do," cried Cement still mixing sheets of metal and solid chemicals.

"Repairs to Shortstop,"

"Shortstop here," I responded from the bridge monitoring the ship's diagnostics.

"Master we have a problem."

"Yes..."

"The A part of the emergency transformation control has broken."

I paused.

"What about B?" I asked.

"Still intact," responded Teeth over the same audio channel.

"Notify Click and the others."

"Will do."

"Shield status?" I asked.

"We're getting there, slowly, but steadily."

"Keep me notified, Shortstop out."

I walked along the back panel at the back of the bridge, watching Scan in computer mode compute various mathematical repairs and subroutines to Misslemax's computer. Trying to fix the small problems as the others fixed the big ones.

"Boaty any signs of them?" I asked.

"None yet Master, their cloaking device is not going to help us." replied Boaty.

"Flier, weapon's status?"

"Crap Master we are down to just lasers and photon torpedoes now! Why don't we just spray over the ship, Star Tr-."

"Flier, keep working on it," order Ultra. Flier stopped complaining and went back to his panels.

"Master, your energy level is extremely low," replied Scan from the table.

"I know, but my human part is fine," I responded.

"Master, you are unable to deceive me," replied Scan.

I looked at the computer as he transformed into robot mode.

"It's not like I can stop-"

"Don't make me get both your Zapbot doctor (Pliers) and your human body doctor (Click) to tell you to recharge your batteries."

I paused for a moment. I then realized there was something else I had to do.

"Ultra, you're in charge till Botimus gets up here, I'll be back shortly," I said, walking to my Shortstop garage elevator in the middle of the bridge. I flew up to my garage and disengaged from my Shortstop body. I went up to my bedroom and then took the Matrix out of my X-O suit body. I let it rest on the table. It had been so long since I did this that I almost forgot how to do it. The last time I choose to leave the Zapbots, what an error in judgement I had made then. I promised my people I would never do that again.

The Matrix rose up and shown a bright light. My room became illuminated and I heard a voice, a voice so warm and gentle it sounded like the caring voice of a good father.

"We know why you seek the Matrix Anthony," the Matrix spoke.

"They have returned, you have warned me, what am I suppose to do?" I asked.

"The warnings come because you have let your own comfort blind your true cause. In the search for bettering yourself, and both your people, Zapbot and human you have overlooked the important part."

"Protecting the Universe?"

"Partly, but also being true to yourself. The Anthony that stands here now is much different from the one that was chosen to take the Matrix upon himself. No further warnings can be given at this time, such the destiny of the Universe is predestined. You will know what to do."

"But-"

"Be true to yourself!"

The bright light faded away and the Matrix which had risen to the ceiling without me noticing fell to the table. I grabbed the Matrix and ran out of my room.

Chapter 5

"You fool! You let them get a clear shot at us!" cried Amphotron clutching Skyscreamer's throat, again pushing his body against the wall. Skyscreamer was lucky he didn't need to breathe, but that didn't stop the pain he felt through his sensors.

"How was I suppose to know they would have that kind of weaponry!" Skyscreamer cried.

"I left YOU, in charge of research!" replied Amphotron.

"We had an outdated databank!" cried Skyscreamer still struggling to move.

"He is correct," said Lowtone in his monotone voice. "Our sensor scans show Misslemax has gone through an extensive upgrade."

Amphotron let go of Skyscreamer.

"Interesting, I think we need to do some research before we continue, Lowtone..."

Lowtone nodded, out from his body, he ejected two mini cassette robots. Two spy birds meant to do exactly that, spy upon the enemy.

"Systems have reached 50% Master, and we have shields," replied Scan from the back of the bridge. I was working on my own chair, fixing the console that blew up from the attack.

"Good job guys, keep it up," I replied.

"Master, communications have been restored," responded Hightone. "I'm picking up an incoming subspace message."

"Put it online," Botimus responded. Up on the cracked view-screen came a scrambled image of another Federation spaceship.

"Help... This is commander Tacton of the United Ship of Caraboos, we are under attack!" said the commander through the hazy image with smoke and fire.

"Boaty warp drive status?" I asked.

"Warp drive is offline."

"Shit!" I cried slamming my hand on the table.

"Master, most of us are still capable of warp 1 in our vehicle modes," Boaty responded.

"Of course, Botimus, Flier, Terrain you, re with me! Shortstop to Build Team, meet us in docking bay 1 for departure! Ultra Attack, you have the bridge!"

The four of us left the bridge via the turbo-lift and with the Build Team headed out at Warp 1, the fastest out space modes could go. The Build Team were the only Gestalt group on board and so I brought them along for extra fire power, although there was still repairs need to be done on Misslemax.

We reached the area of the distress call in fifteen minutes. I gave the order to transform and floated in space scanning for any sign of the ship. It was nowhere to be found. We hung in empty space right above a blue planet in this sector, looking for any sign of the Federation ship.

"Was it destroyed?" I asked.

"Gosh gambit, where the hell are those Nonocreeps!" replied Terrain.

"My scanners are showing nothing," Botimus replied.

"Flier, you have the longest range scanner of all of us, any pieces of the ship?" I asked. Flier engaged his eye sensors and began to look around space.

"I'm picking up a tachyon field!" Flier cried.

Out of nowhere a huge ship de-cloaked out of space. It wasn't the one we saw before, but a smaller shuttlecraft looking ship, circular in size with spikes around the edges. Beneath it was the Federation ship held by a tractor beam.

"Zapbots, stand ready!" cried Botimus.

All of a sudden, the ship began to transform, out emerged a head, a torso, and two very long tunnel arms. They waved around frantically. I realized this was a newer version of a robot we fought a long time ago that the Combatabots would usually fight, called the Eaton robot.

"ARGHHHH!" cried the monster robot and with sharp movements his elongated arm flew out toward us.

"Zapbots scatter!" I ordered. We all broke up and began to open fire, flying around the huge robot. The claw turned around and caught Flier in its mighty hand.

"Hey, watch it Buddy!" Flier cried. Terrain flew up from behind and rammed his laser sword into the robot. The monster let Flier go and drew back.

"Thanks brother!" replied Flier.

"Ah the bigger they are, the bigger the baby they are!" replied Terrain.

On the other side Botimus and myself were concentrating our firepower on what use to be the weak spot of the robot. We were noticing this had now changed.

"Our weapon's are having little effect!" cried Botimus.

"Master, I believe we can handle this big bully!" cried Teeth.

"Like you have to ask Teeth," I cried.

"Build Team MERGE!" cried Teeth. The six Build Team flew together and began their gestalt transformation. Within seconds, two legs, a torso, a chest, and two arms all joined together and formed a large, bright yellow Zapbot; Almighty! Now a robot matching the Eaton came up behind him and slammed a fist into the Eaton's backside.

The Eaton robot turned around and fired his arm at Almighty. The two arms wrapped around Almighty like a giant snake and enclosed his body.

"We do not appreciate being hugged!" replied Almighty with several voices. With little effort Almighty broke the snake arms apart and the arms ripped in two. The robot cried out in pain and drew his arms back inside his body. Then within second two new arms emerged, fully-grown!

"Haven't seen that before," replied Botimus.

"Almighty use your eye laser!" I radioed.

Almighty drew back and collected the radiation from the nearest sun and then clasped his hands together. Then out from his eyes came a mighty laser blast. It ripped a huge crack right into the Eaton robot. The robot drew his hands toward his hole and held it like a burn!

"NOW!" I cried. Almighty and the four of us combined our firepower and aimed it at the crack. The lights from our lasers grew brighter and brighter and it continued to eat away at the mechanic robot's innards. The robot screamed out in agony as his body expanded!

"Back off!"

The robot exploded and the inertia of the mass pushed our bodies through space. We finally came to a stand still and saw the derbies of the robot lying in space.

"Botimus, contact the ship make sure it's okay."

"I'm trying Master, but I'm having difficulties with transmission. It appears...someone is jamming our transmission!"

How could I have been such a fool.

"Zapbots, back to Misslemax, NOW!"

We reached Misslemax under attack from the Nonocon ship. Misslemax was firing all it had, which wasn't very much. It was taking evasive maneuvers through space, but still getting hit by the awesome firepower of Amphotron's ship.

"How are we going to get in?" I asked.

"Communication is still down," responded Botimus.

"Almighty, create a distraction!" I ordered. Almighty nodded and flew towards the Nonocon ship firing. The mighty Gestalt was dwarfed by the mighty ship. Botimus, Flier, Terrain and myself flew towards Misslemax dodging fire blasts to the closest docking port.

Just as we entered the docking port we turned to see Almighty flying up towards the Nonocon ship. A torpedo came out of the ship, and Almighty as big as he was couldn't move fast enough to avoid it. He got a direct hit.

We entered the docking bay and took the flying tunnel towards the bridge.

"Master!" Speedy cried.

"How is he?" I asked.

"They separated into individual components and are lying afloat in space!" cried Scan.

"Flier, take the helm, bring us over their bodies! Boaty prepare the tractor beam! Transformation status?" I cried and asked.

"Unavailable at this time," replied Scan.

"Shit! Give us all he's got Boaty! All helm brace for impact!"

Misslemax flew towards the Nonocon ship firing and taking heavy damage. We held tight onto our seats as the Nonocons' weapons tore our shields apart.

"Master we have the Build Team in the docking bay!" cried Boaty.

As soon as Boaty finished the sentence, our shields went down and a high-end rocket hit the bridge dead on. The two front consoles exploded and Boaty and Flier flew out of their seats. I held onto my seat with all my energy my Shortstop body could provide and saw my two friends hit the ground. I stood up and as I did a rafter from the ceiling fell and knocked Botimus onto the ground. Another panel exploded sending Timetravel across the room. He hit the wall and slid to the ground knocked out.

"CARRY-ON! TAKE HELM! GET US OUT OF HERE!" I screamed.

Scan took over for helm from his station and engaged emergency power. Misslemax hit full impulse and flew out of the area of space. I ran over to Botimus and Ultra and I lifted the metal beam off Botimus. Speedy ran to Timetravel and shook his body frantically. Timetravel emerged from his unconsciousness, in a daze.

"Status friend?" I asked.

"My left leg is non functional!"

I turned around to survey the damage. Smoke and fire was everywhere. Pliers flew over to Boaty and Fliers, flying motionless on the floor.

"Pliers are they?" I asked.

He said nothing but transformed into vehicle mode and loaded both bodies into his trailer with a tractor beam and flew towards the turbo-lift. This was not good, not good at all.

"Master, the Nonocons are not following us?" inquired Scan.

I helped Botimus stand up. That was odd, why didn't they just finish us off? What was Amphotron doing? As Messy he would've killed us by now.

"Scan keep our sensors on guard. Ultra you have the bridge!" I grabbed Botimus and took him to the elevator, following Pliers to the sick bay.

Chapter 6

As I helped Botimus into the sickbay I cried out to Pliers and Repairs.

"Status?" I asked.

"We've got them on emergency life support! Their bodies are completely destroyed!" cried Repairs, coming over to help Botimus on the table.

"We have their minds online, you can talk to them," responded Repairs.

I walked over to the table and saw Repairs taking both Boaty and Flier's bodies apart, what was left of them. In two medical containers were their organic and computerized brains. What used to be a two-brother team had now become two brains, hanging to a thread of life.

"Can you save them?" I asked looking at Pliers on the emotion edge.

"I don't know, I will try my best, I promise!"

"Master!" cried Boaty's voice through the computer speaker. I moved towards his brain.

"Boaty..." I whispered...Almost crying inside, my human body in retched pain "Pliers do what ever you can!"

"Master you're damaged!"

I was so busy worried about everyone else I hadn't noticed my Shortstop body was slashed open with a piece of metal. I ripped it out of body, turning off my pain sensors and walking towards the door.

"Master you need medical attention."

"Your priority is to save those to lives and get everyone else back online!" I cried leaving the room.

When I reach the bridge again Timetravel was on his feet. The fire expert First-Fire and Alert were on the bridge taking care of the smoke and fire. I walked over to Timetravel and hugged his body.

"You okay old friend?" I asked.

"God Golly Miss Molly was that a blast. Oh geez it nicked my fender too!"

"Your still beautiful kid," I said jokingly. Vision flew in the battle deck, talking as fast as he could, which was even faster than normal.

"RupandHotShotAreOnTheDeckandTrappedUnderneathRubble,WeNeedToGetThemOut,GetThemOut-"

"Okay, Ultra and Terrain, go help Vision with our two friends. Scan, Hightone status?"

"Communications are niller than an empty dance club Master!" responded Hightone.

"Weapons offline, warp drive offline, shield generators completely destroyed. Master come look at this." replied Scan.

I ran up to the screen.

"They knew exactly where to hit us, and this weak spot was changed AFTER the update the Macintosh had!"

"How did they know where to hit us?"

"Scan, do a scan on the ship. Look for any evidence of an intruder!"

Scan punched up his buttons on his control pad and began to search the ship. The screen flickered as it showed the map of the ship deck by deck and ran a scan over the area.

"Master, I'm picking up a type B life force from level 15!"

Level B was the frequency the Junkicon use to use, and probably what the Nonocons now used "Seal off that deck, I'm on my way down! Hightone you with me!" I cried running once again to the elevator.

I entered deck 15 my nerves on end. I needed to take care of my Zapbots and I needed to defeat Amphotron. I wasn't going to let him destroy everything I had created. Most of all I felt

enlightened, as if through all this torment my life has a purpose again. How could I let myself feel that? My two best Zapbots barely alive, and my ship in ruins, or maybe I needed to embrace the challenge.

Yes, that was it. Messy always wanted to challenge me, and I'm sure as Amphotron he is still up to his old tricks. His evil self never could resist it.

Fellow Zapbots Dodge and Iron, and Hightone came along with me to find out who our intruder was. I walked down the damage hallways in the almost light darkness. Our headlights shone through the darkness!"

"Where are those little buggers," said Iron.

"I can almost feel them in my circuits!" replied Dodge.

"Wait!" I said stopping them with my hand.

Out of the darkness a large robotic bird flew at us. We dodge and the robot flew down the hallway.

"A SPY TAPE!" I cried. We opened fire and all four of us got knocked out from behind us. I turned to see another bird flying over head.

"I got em!" cried Hightone. Out from his storage compartment came Muncher and Slywing. Our Zapbot cassettes flew out from the darkness towards the Nonocon tapes. Slywing flew towards the second bird and rammed his right into the wall. The bird fell down towards the floor and transformed back into a tape. As we came around the corner following the tapes, we saw Munch had cornered the first bird.

"Good work guys!" I said.

Over the com Scan radioed in.

"Master! We are under attack!"

Hightone encased the tape in an electric net and I ran to the bridge.

"Status!" I yelled through the smoke.

"Whadda think!" responded Speedy, now at helm from his side station.

I looked at the cracked view screen. Amphotron's ship was closing in, and was nailing us with everything it had. I grabbed my chair and began punching buttons, but to no avail. I hit the keyboard and then motioned to Roberta.

"Roberta signal our surrender!" I said.

As my robotic voice finished the sentence a torpedo hit the defenseless bridge, head on. All I knew is that I was knocked out of my chair and flew right out the side of the glass windows of Misslemax. The glass was reinforced, so to have done that it would have to been an enormous blast. I didn't know, cause I blacked out.

Chapter 7

A voice was calling to me. Far away, but oh so warm. For once I felt at peace with myself.

"Anthony.... Earth."

I could only see swirls of light and darkness. As if I was in some sort of dream. That voice sounded familiar.

"ROP will know..."

"WHAT...WHO....HELP!" I cried.

I felt pulled back from my dream into reality. I look up and saw I had landed on an asteroid. From my damaged Shortstop body I saw Misslemax off in the distance with the Nonocon Armada surrounding it. I picked myself up and saw my Shortstop body was completely useless. I disengaged and reverted back to my X-O suit mode.

My X-O suit was specially made. It could also transform into another small ship, for a few people. I didn't know what to do, but for some reason I knew I had to go to Earth. There was nothing I could do here.

I engaged my emergency reserve and transformed into my shuttle and flew towards Gearatron first.

Two hours later I found a way to connect my Matrix energy with the craft. I was able to travel at warp now in this tiny ship. Soon the familiar site of Gearatron came into view. I flew right towards the main city. As the ground came into view I saw the welcoming site of Duplaflex, the other Zapbot City, my first home.

I practically crash-landed on the landing pad. The Super Changers Lazer-Ray and Support ran out to help me to the sickbay. I tried desperately to explain everything in one minute.

"Go to planetary red alert! Tell Gaxator to meet me, I need to talk to him!" I said being scooped up by the two large Zapbots hands.

"What the hell happened Master," said Support.

"Yeah you look.... Dead, again," mocked Lazer-Ray.

"The Junkicons are back!"

Gaxator came into the sickbay where Vebox the other scientist began to work on my wounds. Gaxator was a very pompous Zapbot, but he was also a good leader when he needed to be. Granted he had a different approach to it, which usually made all the Zapbots want me as a commander and dread serving on Duplaflex.

"What is Sun blazes have you done!" he said storming into the room.

"Listen, take Duplaflex and"

"Can't, we're down without warp drive!"

"What!"

"Yes, your Headmaster Friend Alan told us to"

"We are under ATTACK!"

"I know that!"

"Look, get Gearatron on planetary alert, and get Duplaflex and all local ships out there as soon as possible! Where's the rest of the Gestalts?"

"All away on assignment! Your orders."

Then it hit me, the dream had given me the key point. The only thing close enough and actually capable of defending us was at Earth. I got up and flew out of the sickbay, not even repaired yet.

"Master...but..wait!" cried Vebox.

"You all have your orders."

"Yes but..."

"DO IT!"

Gaxator shut up and frowned. I flew out of Duplaflex and took off towards Earth.

I reached Earth an hour later and headed for the Rocky Mountains. As I lowered myself into the sky, my eyes showed the beautiful planet. My heart ached to have time to go skiing again. I descended towards a familiar spot on the ground below. I came upon a secluded spot in the mountains, very small and inconspicuous. Here tucked away for several years was a large secret. Something I didn't want to return to.

As I pressed the button hidden in the rock an opening appeared and I entered into the dark hallway. My robotic footsteps echoed throughout the corridor. I came to a door with one panel. I pressed my face up against it and it scanned my skin.

Here was my original battle base. The small station I built to help me start the Zapbots, and the mother of all my inventions. Here was the original laboratory I called home for a short time as I began building my family. I entered my old rooms, all-sterile and empty and came to the old computer console we called ROP. I typed the keypad and entered the activation code.

ROP came to life, the screen lit up and a blocky smile emerged.

"ROP ONLINE!

VERSION 1.2

LOADING....." said the terminal, then those words I didn't want to hear...

"Master, why?"

"ROP open door 12/21," I said. ROP got too demanding on us. When I finished the Zapbots he began to think 'too' much and almost took over the Battlebase, causing havoc. I deactivated him for good measure and we began building Duplaflex.

"Master, why did you deactivate me and..."

"ROP, PLEASE!"

Slowly behind me the large door began to rise, and five robotic bodies came from the shadows and emerged. Very few Zapbots knew but there were several Zapbots I designed before Boaty and the gang. I wasn't quite confident with their skills at the time, so I never activated them. Now I realized I needed them more than ever.

"ROP run activation program."

One by one their eyes lit up. I had deja vu of several years ago of when I first activated my Zapbots. Now a whole new generation was at hand.

Chapter 8

Amphotron pointed his gun at Botimus. His long narrow laser attached to the side of his arm held Botimus' face up against the wall.

"Oh for so many years I waited for this, the chance, the ability to hold your life in my hand!" Amphotron whispered.

Botimus said nothing.

"WHERE IS HE!" Amphotron demanded.

Botimus did not move, and he did not even fluctuate his optic sensors. Amphotron pulled his arm back and knocked Botimus upside the head. Botimus fell to the floor and landed with a loud clank.

"Search this ship until you've found that Earthling worm!" cried Amphotron.

On the badly damaged bridge of Misslemax, Botimus and the rest of my Zapbots were being held captive. At this point the Nonocons had surrounded Misslemax and boarded the ship. Amphotron walked over to Lowtone who was at the main computer.

"Main command codes are locked out," replied Lowtone.

"Keep trying!" replied Amphotron. Lowtone changed into his communicator mode and plugged into the mainframe.

"This is pointless!" mumbled Skyscreamer.

"When I ASK for your opinion you may GIVE IT!" cried Amphotron.

As Skyscreamer and Amphotron argued Botimus and the rest of the bridge crew were stuck in the corner of the bridge surrounded by guards.

"I can see their personalities haven't changed," whispered Botimus.

"Do you think Master is still functional?" asked Scan.

"Uncertain. All I know is that he is probably better off than we are...I hope."

"We need to get their attention," replied Terrain.

"Just hold on there, let's watch them for a bit. They may have us, but we still have a few input cards in our panels."

The Nonocon Mercy walked on the bridge from the turbo-lift.

"All Zapbots on board have been contained to your knowledge," he gave to Amphotron.

"There could still be ones hiding! You can lock the doors to their rooms, but that doesn't mean they can't get out," replied Skyscreamer.

"Lowtone we need those command codes!" cried Amphotron.

An explosion occurred on one of the Nonocons' ships. Peering out from the broken bridge of Misslemax, with its entire front opened space, Amphotron saw his ship with a giant hole in its side.

"Amphotron to Creator, what happened?"

"Zapbots attacking!" replied the speaker.

From the underside of the Nonocon armada came five Zapbot vehicles each striking the ships with precision. The Nonocon ships were being ripped apart by the fast moving attack vehicles. As the vehicles regrouped two other Zapbots joined them in battle. Here were the Super Changers, Support and Lazer-Ray, and the newest group. The Tech Team! **Attacker, Pop-Up, Flashlight, Clipper and Road-Dust.**

Attacker the leader led the group in their vehicle forms, two ships, two cars and a tunnel machine towards the Nonocon ships.

Pop-Up with the overly large screw passed right through the Nonocon ships, ripping through the outer hull, the inner hull, and the decks of robots and back out into space. The Nonocon commanders on their ships scrambled.

"Raise shields!" cried Amphotron from Misslemax.

"We did! They have found a way to penetrate them!" cried Creator the command center

It was true, thanks to new technology I included with these ancient bodies the Tech Team could disrupt any shield frequency. I also gave simulations powers to the Superchangers. On a nearby asteroid I stood and watched the battle as I waited for the right moment to act.

"Take the big blue ship bro!" said Lazer-Ray transforming into ship mode and firing at the red Nonocon ship. The red lasers ripped through the hull as a child tearing apart a piece of cheese. Support fired at the back reactors and his laser blasts started a chain reaction.

"Our warp core is going to breach! Eject, Eject, EJECT!" cried Creator.

Out from the Nonocon ship came the warp core and flew past the armada towards the bottom of space. It exploded below us, knocking all the ships and Zapbots around.

"Interesting occurrence," replied Pop-Up.

"Hey pay attention to the battle," replied FlashLight returning from another hit.

"I was noticing that warp core explosion. If we concentrate our power at the same place in the other ships we can probably cause the same..."

"Yap Yap Yap," replied Clipper. "In stead of jabbering you should...LOOK OUT!"

Pop-Up moved out the way just as a Nonocon drone flew past him. The three opened up their firepower and destroyed the mindless robot. Attacker and Road-Dust called from the radio.

"Zapbots take positions, we have company!" Attacker cried.

From out of the Nonocon ships came an armada of Nonocon drones. A grey robotic warrior at with only one intent and that was to destroy and kill. It seemed in their absence the Nonocons had developed quite an army.

"Master, we are experiencing technical problems," replied Attacker.

"I know, keep them busy a bit longer, I'm there now!"

"I can't believe this, destroy those puny Zapbots!" cried Amphotron.

"Amphotron I have achieved the command codes!" replied Lowtone.

An evil grin came to the red eyes of Amphotron's face. "Excellent!" he cried. He walked over to my chair, sat down and began punching buttons.

"For once we'll use their own firepower on them!" cried Amphotron.

Just as he was about to press the button to fire a laser blast came from behind him ripping his body from the chair. Amphotron jumped back up and turned around. From the outer top human balcony a tiny Zapbot warrior stood.

"I don't like other people sitting in my chair!" I replied.

I jumped down into the lower atmosphere and as I did another Shortstop body (my backup) was released from above. I combined with the body and as I distracted the other Nonocons, Botimus and Terrain grabbed the guards and disabled them with one swift shot to the head.

"Anthony! I knew you would show you face!" cried Amphotron as Lowtone and Skyscreamer crowded around him. I could tell they were afraid as they stood with uncertainty.

"As I always say, keep an extra body just in case." I said.

"Lowtone!" cried Amphotron.

Out from Lowtone came three cassettes that transformed into mini-Nonocons.

"The battle is far from over Anthony!" cried Amphotron.

The small Zapbots raced towards us to attack, but just as they were about to hit us, an explosion hit the area of the bridge just before us. The tiny Nonocons bodies were shattered into a million pieces, leaving behind two gaping holes.

Out from the turbo-lift two bodies emerged. You could tell they were different in form, but behind the glow of their eyes you could tell who they were. They landed on the ground with laser rifles fully erected.

"Not so fast Messy!" cried Flier.

"DON'T CALL ME THAT!" cried Amphotron. The Nonocons opened fire, but my old friends Boaty and Flier has their weapons launched. From the side of their bodies came bombs that hit the Nonocons knocking them over and taking the floor of Misslemax with them.

"I'm glad to see you guys," I said also opening fire. Boaty just nodded and Flier smiled. I could tell they were enjoying their newly rebuilt bodies. Amphotron and his two person crew got up and flew out into space through the hole in Misslemax passing through the stability shield that was keeping the atmosphere in place. Once again the coward was running away.

"There's too many of them," replied Road-Dust.

"Nah really, you know I just couldn't tell," replied Clipper.

"He's right, they'll pick up off one by one in this mode!" replied Attacker.

The Nonocon drone army was closing in as the Super Changers were busily hitting the sides of the Nonocon ships, trying to disable their engines, but the drones were also distracting them.

The Tech Team then began their gestalt transformation. Within seconds two legs, a torso, and two arms formed, and stood a mighty Zapbot combiner, Circuitbreaker!

"Lazer look, another big ass Combiner!" replied Support.

"Great just what we need another combiner team," mocked Lazer-Ray.

The Nonocon drones now surrounded Circuitbreaker, but the giant Zapbot had no fear. His mind melted together had the intelligence of 2000 super computers with the ability to compute and determine strategic moves in a matter of seconds.

"Calculating drone movement," cried the multi-voices robot. "Calculations done, executing!"

Circuitbreaker opened up fire and with precision and quickness began nailing every Nonocon drone on the spot. One after another his lasers picked off the drones like knocking off fleas from a dog.

Within a matter of seconds the space was filled with disabled robotic bodies. Circuitbreaker stood there observing the results.

"Conclusion, extreme mess to clean," he said to himself.

At that moment, the final Nonocon ships that were not disabled began to move and they slowly approached the Zapbot combiner floating in space.

I strolled in Shortstop form with my other Zapbots onto the emergency bridge. The lights came on for this backup and the screen flickered with the current battle status. Located in the mid section of Misslemax this was the first time we had ever used this special emergency power.

"Status?" Botimus asked.

"One Nonocon ship is disabled, two are at thirty percent with no shields, and two are closing in on Circuitbreaker," replied Boaty.

"Bringing weapons to term," Flier said.

"Scan, emergency transformation status?" I asked.

"Online and ready," replied Scan.

"Prepare for emergency transformation!"

The lights of Misslemax went off and the special siren rang as most of the Zapbot crew already were strapped in their spots in their rooms. Roberta and Hightone issued the emergency calls to each deck.

"All levels report ready Master!" replied Scan.

"Boaty initiate security codes! Click, Superrobot, Tiny and Experiment, prepare for emergency power-up compensation!" I cried.

Up in the secret headmaster compartment my tiny Zapbots transformed into their shape forms and interfaced into their component places in the special computer. I ran to the center of the bridge and flew up the Shortstop shaft.

"Here we go!" said Speedy.

Misslemax began to transform. Although badly damaged the metal still moved and shifted. My Shortstop body interfaced with the main circuitry towards the top of Misslemax. From the depths of the twisting robotic metal came a body. Click and the gang provided the extra power to maintain stability with the damage. Within a minute Misslemax stood there in robot form and a head emerged.

"Nonocons prepare to face, Fortress Misslemax!"

I opened fire upon the Nonocon ships. My matrix power engaged it disabled their shield instantly. Amphotron finally made it to the bridge of his main ship.

"Open fire! Destroy the damn Zapbot! DESTROY HIM!" he yelled.

Skyscreamer hit Amphotron and knocked him to the ground. Skyscreamer took command in the main chair.

"Fire at the Gestalt robot!" cried Skyscreamer.

Laser blasts came out towards Circuitbreaker, but he had preplanned the movement, and was calculating their every move. He swerved between the blasts and came upon the back engines, firing his lasers, trying to knock them out with the Super Changers, still working.

"We can't let them get away if they try to run!" cried Lazer-Ray.

I took my body and flew down towards the ship. I rammed my hand into the other two ships and their hulls buckled under the pressure and shattered into pieces. Two other Nonocon ships were already disabled. I turned to face the final Nonocon ship sensing Amphotron on it.

Amphotron grabbed Skyscreamer by the throat and through him against the wall.

"TRAITOR! LOWTONE GET US OUT OF HERE! RETREAT NOW!" Amphotron yelled.

"Warp Drives are offline!" replied Lowtone.

"Well use the backups!"

Unknown to us the Nonocons had a trick card. Without warning, the back engines came off from the ship and inside the ship was another bunch of engines.

"Warning, core unstable!" replied Circuitbreaker. He split apart into the separate Tech Team and along with the Super Changers flew out of the way of dissipating engine. The Nonocon ship hit warp speed and sped out of the sector before I could release my energy. I looked and saw the giant ship core about ready to burst. I fired my energy at it and pushed it out of the way of my Zapbots. It flew off into space and exploded, sending a shock wave toward us.

I checked to see if everyone was all right. As the wave dissipated I saw that the Nonocons were nowhere to be found, unless they were broken pieces of ships. The remaining two ships were torn apart from the shock wave.

"That makes 4 out of 5, not bad," I heard Clipper say.

I transformed Misslemax back into city/spaceship mode. The battle was finally over.

Chapter 9

"Stardate 1999.04.20, Gaxator brought Duplaflex to tow Misslemax back to Gearatron. Misslemax besides the ordeal has survived pretty well. Thankfully we had no casualties this time. Both the Tech Team and Build Team are repaired, along with the rest of my crew.

"The entire galaxy has been put on high alert. Current long-range scans show no Nonocons ship anywhere within the known Milky Way. We believe they have headed out into deep space. Where they could survive out there is unknown because their ship was badly. We have upgraded planetary sensors and shields through the galaxy.

"For now the threat seems over, but even through this demise of problems it seems everything will work out. All planets are conducting business as usual, and I am getting back in the swing of things..."

"Eh she held up pretty good out there," said Pliers.

"You mean he don't you?" asked Repairs.

"Humans refer to ships in the female vernacular," said Scan working in computer mode.

"Still I can't believe they are back, after all these years," said Terrain.

"Yeah, what's up with that?" asked Hightone.

Botimus and Boaty walked in from the ready room. I headed back to the turbo-lift to get to my Shortstop elevator.

"How is he?" they all asked.

Botimus. "Master is doing well, but the whole situation has been very emotionally stressful," replied

"I would have to say," responded Flier.

"So did the Matrix really give him hints?" asked Speedy.

"So is he going to be okay?" asked Flier.

Boaty. "Yes, he just got some very disturbing news and this time it did not concern Nonocons," said

The entire entourage of human friends and associates bombarded into my room. I stopped from grabbing my tea from the replicators and just held up my hand before they could start asking questions.

"Not now," I said.

"Anthony, what happened?" Mikey asked.

"It's all in the report, I do not want to repeat myself again,"

"They are really back?" asked Rogish.

I stood there and then walked over to the windows. They stood and peered at me as if I was some sort of God.

"My dad has a tumor." I said.

They all now were dumbfounded. I walked over to the couch and sat down. My friendly slowly did the same around the rest of the cushions.

"I received confirmation today from my parents. My dad has a tumor between his brain and ear. He is in danger of dying. In three months he will have surgery in hopes of removing it. However there are chances he may lose hearing in one ear and also facial muscles."

"Oh my gosh!" cried Bill.

"So what are you going to do? Can your Zapbots help?" asked Rogish.

"Boaty and I will be working on a new medical theory. An idea of taking atoms and recreating human tissue. This will be my task over the next few months. As well as coordinating all of the planets to upgrade their systems and prepare for another possible Nonocon attack."

"What are the chances of them coming back?"

"Unknown, but needless to say we need to prepare. It's funny, for the last weeks I've been complaining about being bored, unchallenged. Now it all starts up again. Another stage has begun."

"Well... It's not like you don't have help," replied Bill.

"I know, but needless to say my galaxy has been turned upside down."

There was a long pause, and everyone either looked at the ground, or flashed their eyes on each other.

"But despite all that, I'm excited."

"Excited?" they asked.

"I have new challenges. New ambitions to drive forward to. Life has become...worthwhile."

"Well I hope you realize what you are saying."

"I am, believe me, for the first time in my life, I am."

Alan walked into the room. I asked him to come when no one was around. Many times before we stood alone in this room. Many times we had argued. But this time I was short and sweet.

"You are off duty for now."

"WHAT?!" he cried.

"You heard me."

I expected him to rebuke but he just left the room.

"That was easy," I thought. "Too easy..."

Amphotron stood in the corner he stared at the wall of the cave. The silence allowed his evil mind to think. No one disturbed him now. This was his time. Days passed before he moved or bothered to recharge. Then he lifted his head and laughed.

Alan walked into his room pissed off. He began to finish his packing. His anger was boiled up deep inside and his hatred for Anthony unknown to everyone else was mounting. As he walked up the stairs to the kitchen he stopped dead in his tracks. A robot, someone he had not seen before stood there. Before he spoke he went through his mind the number of mini-Zapbots there were. Cassettes, Click, Superrobot, Experiment and Tiny... This was not one of them.

"You don't know me, but I am here to help."

"Who are you?" asked Alan.

"A friend..." said the tiny robot.

I strolled back onto the bridge, yet once again rebuilt like new. This time though I wasn't going to be taken for surprise. This time the Zapbot fleet was ready. Misslemax, Duplaflex and Omega Dupreme all headed out to search for the Nonocons and rid them of their evil that perturbed our galaxy.

I sat down in my chair with all my Zapbots looking at me. I stopped and stared at them. This time I knew what I had to do. This time I knew what I was born for. This time my destiny would not be denied.

"Coordinates Master?" asked Flier.

"Same as before Flier," I responded.

Boaty also nodded and I smiled.

The Zapbot fleet moved out into hyperspace and now the Universe began anew.

To Be Continued...

