

# SONIC

## THE HEDGEHOG™

### ROBOTNIK'S REVENGE

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BY MICHAEL TETTELBAUM

# **SONIC** **THE** **HEDGEHOG™**

## **ROBOTNIK'S REVENGE**

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again confront Robotnik and his evil robots.

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# Chapter

# 1

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**The planet Mobius was once a** wonderful place to live. It was filled with happy people, and it was ruled by a king king. The air was clean and the water was crystal clear.

But not anymore. Things have changed since the evil Dr. Robotnik kidnapped the king and made himself the dictator of Mobius.

Now all is dark and dreary on Mobius. Dr. Robotnik's factories pollute the air and water. Books, music, and fun have all been outlawed.

One by one the citizens of Mobius, called Mobians, are being captured. They are brought to Robotnik's fortress in a city called Robotropolis. There they are put into Robotnik's Ro-Bo-Machine,

Where they are turned into mindless robotic servants.

Few Mobians walk freely anymore. Those that do must always be on their guard, or they risk capture by Robotnik's patrolling SWATbots. Fear has a tight grip over the entire planet.



Deep within Robotropolis, Dr Robotnik sat in his master control room. On his shoulder stood his pet robot chicken, Cluck. Robotnik surveyed the landscape of Mobius on a bank of video monitors. It was gray and dismal, thanks to Robotnik.

“Lovely, isn't it, Cluck?” asked Robotnik in his deep booming voice.

Cluck snarled. His sinister mechanical growl revealed razor-sharp teeth.

“And it's all mine,” cackled Robotnik, petting Cluck with his thick glove. “I created this wonderful wasteland. This gorgeous gray planet.”

Robotnik slowly rose from his chair. He looked like a giant egg as he waddled across the room. He stopped in front of a large window. Cluck stretched his metal wings, then settled back down.

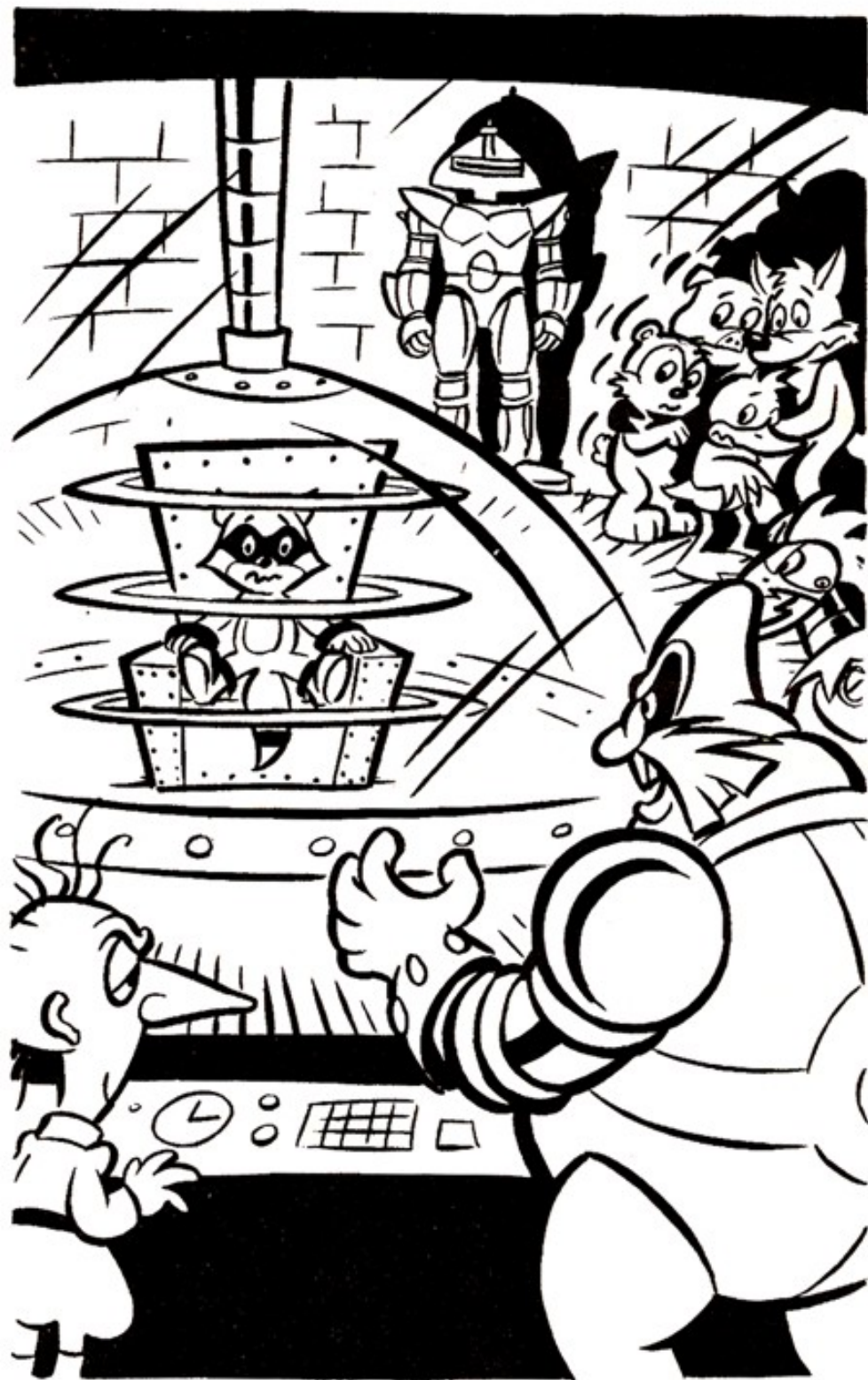
“I have changed the planet’s landscape,” said Robotnik. “I have taken over the government. But I will not rest until every happy, fun-loving Mobian is my robotic servant.”

Robotnik peered through the window into a Huge room. A large group of captured Mobians huddled there in fear.

In the center of the room a SWATbot strapped a small raccoon into a large chair. The raccoon struggled and cried out, but he was no match for the SWATbot.

A glass dome dropped from the ceiling, covering the raccoon and the chair. Blue rings of light flashed and a loud hum filled the room. Robotnik’s dreaded Ro-Bo-Machine went to work.

The humming and the lights stopped. When the glass dome lifted, the raccoon was unstrapped



from the chair. But it was no longer a raccoon. It was now a robot.

“I-live-to-serve-Robotnik,” said the newly formed robot in a mechanical voice.

One by one, all the Mobians in the room were placed in the machine and transformed into robots.

Robotnik laughed. “Excellent. Everything is proceeding according to my plan.”

Suddenly, the door to Robotnik’s control room burst open. In stumbled Snively, Robotnik’s assistant. He was carrying a large stack of papers.

“Pardon me, Dr. Robotnik, sir,” began Snively.  
“I—“

“SNIVELY!” bellowed Robotnik. “What did I tell you about knocking?”

“I’m sorry, sir, but this is very import—“  
“Go out and come back in,” ordered Robotnik.  
“And this time do it right!”

“But I—“

“Do it!”

Snively left the room. A few seconds later he knocked again.

“Who is it?” asked Robotnik.

“It is I, sir,” said the timid voice from the other side of the door. “Your humble servant, Snively.”

“That’s better,” said Robotnik. “You may enter.”

As Snively stepped into the room, Cluck leaped from Robotnik’s shoulder. He flapped his wings in Snively’s face, causing Snively to drop his papers. Reports, maps, and diagrams scattered all over the floor.

“Get away from me, you stupid chicken!” yelled Snively as he bent down to pick up the papers.

“Now, now, Snively,” said Robotnik. “We must not be rude to my faithful friend Cluck.”

“But, sir, I though *I* was your faithful friend,” said Snively as he picked up the last of the papers.

“You, Snively, are my fumbling fool,” said Robotnik.

“Thank you, sir,” said Snively.

“Now,” continued Robotnik, “What was so important that you had to interrupt me?”

“I’ve just received the latest report from your network of spies, sir,” said Snively. “They have discovered that your sworn enemy Sonic The Hedgehog has joined Princess Sally’s band of Freedom Fighters.”

Robotnik’s face turn red with rage.

“WHAT?” he bellowed. “Oh, how I HATE THAT HEDGEHOG!”

Robotnik paced back and forth. “This is bad News indeed,” he grumbled. “I’ve never had to worry about the silly band of so-called Freedom Fighters before.”

“Princess Sally’s attempts to rescue her father, the king, have always been stopped easily, as you well know, sir,” added Snively.

“But now,” continued Robotnik, “with Sonic and his speed, and those magic power rings on their side, these troublemakers pose a greater threat to me. I need a plan.”

“Perhaps, sir,” said Snively, “you could capture one of the weaker Freedom Fighters to use as bait to lure Sonic into a trap.”

“Shut Up, Snively!” said Robotnik. “I’m thinking. I know! I will capture one of the weaker Freedom Fighters to use as bait to lure Sonic into a trap.”

“Good plan, sir,” sighed Snively.

Robotnik smiled. “Then I will crush that Meddling hedgehog once and for all!”

# Chapter

# 2

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***ZOOM!***

Sonic The Hedgehog streaked across the barren plains of Mobius.

“Almost there,” he said to himself.

Sonic headed for a lush, green forest. It gave him a welcome break from the empty wastelands he had been patrolling.

Once inside the Great Forest, Sonic breathed a sigh of relief. *I don't have to worry about SWATbots in Here*, he thought.

The Great Forest was one of the few places on Mobius that had not yet been touched by Robotnik's evil.

Sonic came to a large stump in the forest. Lifting a hidden latch, he raised the top of the stump and jumped into the opening.

“Knothole Village, here I come!” shouted Sonic. Down he slid, gliding along the twisting slide. The stump and the slide served as the secret entrance to Knothole Village – the underground home of Princess Sally’s Freedom Fighters.

“Wheee!” yelled Sonic as he landed in a soft pile of hay. “Way past cool!” The other Freedom Fighters were waiting for him.

“Report please, Sonic,” said Sally.

“Oh, come on, Sal,” said Sonic. “You’re always so serious.”

“Sonic,” began Sally, “if we’re ever going to free Mobius and put my father back on his rightful throne, we’ve *got* to be serious. Now please report.”

“No sweat, Sal,” replied Sonic. “Everything is clear within a fifteen-mile radius. No sign of SWATbots and no sign of Robotnik.”

At the mention of Robotnik’s name, Sonic’s



Uncle Chuck and Sonic's faithful dog Muttski, who were both once robotic captives of Robotnik, grew frightened.

“What’s wrong, Uncle Chuck?” asked Sonic.

“Just hearing Robotnik’s name brings back bad memories,” explained Uncle Chuck.

Uncle Chuck was a great inventor. He created Sonic’s magic power rings. He and Muttski had been captured by Robotnik and turned into robots. Sonic and Sally risked their lives in a daring rescue mission to free them. After the rescue, Sonic used his magic power rings to change Uncle Chuck and Muttski from robots back to normal.

“Don’t worry, Uncle Chuck,” said Sonic. “We’ll stop Robotnik. Then nobody on Mobius will ever be changed into a robot again.”

“Hello, Sonic,” came a booming voice.

“Hey, Rotor,” said Sonic. “What are you working on?”

Rotor, the sea lion, was a terrific handyman and tinker. He could build or fix anything. He stood next to Sonic, holding wires and dials in one hand and a bunch of tools in the other.

“I’ve been working on a portable swatbot detector,” said Rotor. “Now when we go on patrol, we’ll know about *them* before they know about us!”

“Way past cool, Rotor!” shouted Sonic.  
“Sonic?” came a meek voice from behind the hedgehog.

“Tails!” said Sonic, turning around. “What’s up, little guy?”

Tails was a young fox with two tails. Sonic was his hero. The only thing Tails wanted was to be as brave and fast as Sonic when he grew up.

“Sonic, can I go out on patrol with you next time?” asked Tails.

Sonic didn’t want to hurt his little friend’s feelings. “I still think you’re a bit young. But soon, little guy. Soon.”

Tails smiled a big bright smile. He ran off to dream of the day when he would go with Sonic on a dangerous mission.

“Sonic,” said Sally. “I think it’s time we got down to business. We’ve got to plan—“  
“Howdy, y’all!” interrupted Bunnie Rabbit. “Hey,

Sonic, honey, it's good to see you. What's everybody up to?"

"We were trying to plan tomorrow's scouting missions, Bunnie," explained Sally. "But we keep getting interrupted!"

"The princess is right," said Antoine. "Enough of this foolishness and small talk!" Antoine was a palace guard when Sally's father was the good king of Mobius. When Robotnik captured the king and took over the planet, Antoine remained by Sally's side. He was her most loyal servant, protector, and admirer.

"It seems to me," continued Antoine, "that planning our scouting mission is far more important than all this chatter. I think—"

"Move aside, Antoine," said Sonic, brushing past the stuffy guard. "All this talking is getting us nowhere. Let's start jamming on our planning!"

Antoine clenched his teeth and grumbled. Sally just rolled her eyes and sighed. "All right," said the princess. "Let's get down to business."