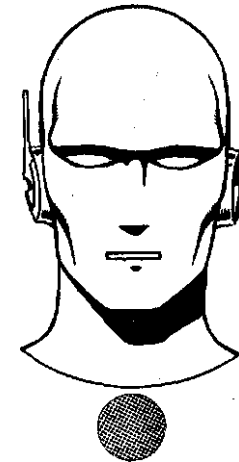


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# THE ANDROID INVASION

**Christopher Black**

*Illustrations by Maelo Cintron*



A YEARLING BOOK

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## REDALERT!

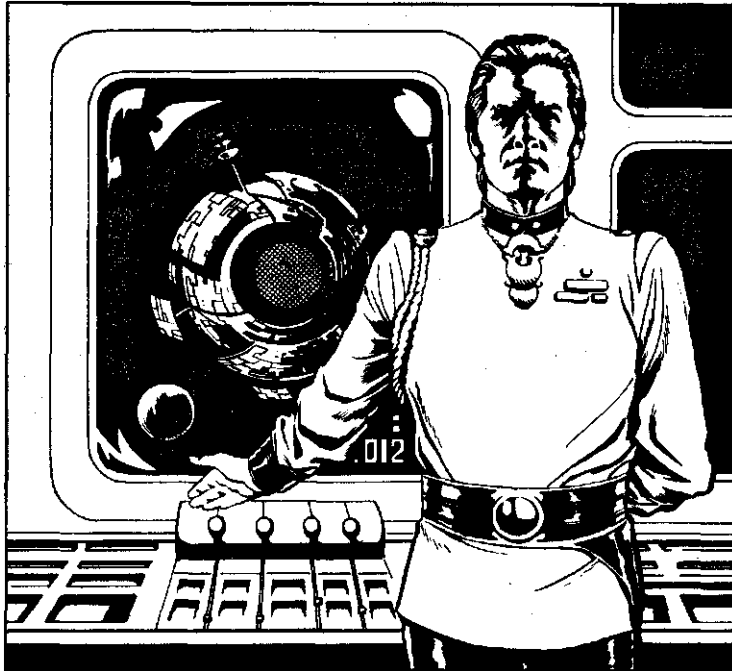
You must *not* read this STAR CHALLENGE ADVENTURE in the ordinary human way.

If you read the pages in order, the story will not compute. Instead, follow the instructions on the bottom of each page. Everything depends on your choices—each choice will lead you to a different STAR CHALLENGE adventure.

To help you along the way, you have a Task/Operational Robot, Model 2. (Call him 2-Tor.) He can do amazing things—from warping you through space faster than the speed of light to talking with you through your mind.

Each time you and 2-Tor finish a mission, you will be sent to page 115 to find out how you rate as a Space Ace!

To start your adventure, GO TO PAGE 1.



## WELCOME ABOARD!

The year is 2525 A.D., an age when mankind is moving out among the stars.

You've just come aboard the space station *NEBULA*, home of the peacekeeping and investigation branch of the **NETWORK OF WORLDS**. From this man-made satellite recruits go out to many stellar systems, taking care of trouble.

The *Nebula's* teleportation system can send you anywhere in the galaxy instantly. Or you can pilot your own shuttlecraft, the **CHALLENGER**. If you need help at any time, feel free to call the *Nebula* for reinforcements.

Remember, the success or failure of your mission (not to mention your own survival) will depend on *your* choices. Successful *Nebula* operatives are people who can make quick, thoughtful decisions.

Hurry! **CAPTAIN POLARIS** needs you!

**GO TO PAGE 2.**

You move along on the teleramp that rolls through the *Nebula*. A familiar silvery beep sounds behind you.

"Hi, boss," 2-Tor says. The robot hovers next to you. "We should get to *Nebula* Control. Captain Polaris has a mission for us."

"I was just going there, Tor," you reply. "Come on."

Minutes later you and 2-Tor enter *Nebula* Control. It's the brains of the space station. Beings from all over the Network of Worlds work there to keep the galaxy safe. Captain Polaris floats on his command chair in the center of Control.

"Reporting as ordered, sir," you call. But Captain Polaris only salutes. Then he turns to the vidscreens that hover all around his chair.

An Earthwoman approaches you. "The captain is busy right now," she says. "He's sorry he can't speak to you personally. I'll give you your assignment." You recognize her as Ensign Janus, Captain Polaris's second-in-command.

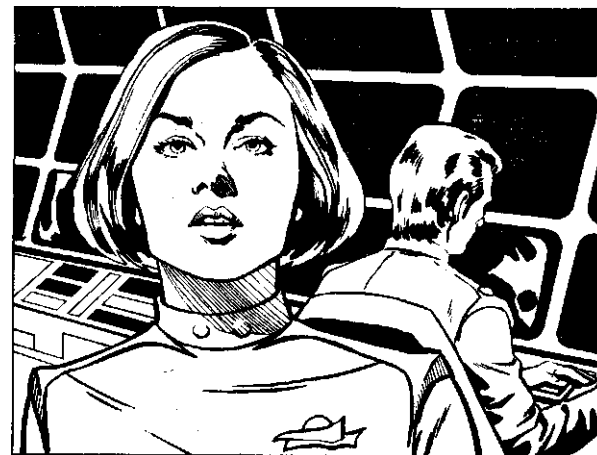
"We have a mystery that could mean the end of the Network of Worlds," Ensign Janus continues. "Follow me to the warping bay, and I'll tell you what we know."

"We're having trouble contacting the Rimworlds—the planets at the rim of the galaxy," says Ensign Janus. "Captain Polaris wants you to go there and find out what's happening."

You and 2-Tor follow her on the ramp that leads to the warping bay. As the ramp stops moving, the portal opens and you enter the bay. "Here's your bio-support suit," Janus says. Made of meganium, the suit molds around your body when you put it on.

"You can warp to the Rimworlds, or you can take the *Challenger* shuttlecraft," Janus continues. "Remember, 2-Tor can warp you around. But don't try going through planets or suns. If you need help, access the *Nebula*. Good luck."

Before you can make a decision, alarms sound. 2-Tor lets off a shrill whistle and squeals, "The *Nebula* is being attacked!"



Lights flash on Ensign Janus's wrist signaler. "I've got to get back to Control," she says. "All sections are being invaded. I don't know what you should do. We need you out on assignment, but this is an emergency. It's up to you."

"This invasion does not compute," 2-Tor says. His blue lights flash, and you know he thinks you should proceed with caution. "Lifeforms can't approach the *Nebula* undetected," 2-Tor says. "The invasion does not compute."

"These aren't lifeforms," she replies. "They're robots that look like lifeforms. We call them androids!" She runs to the transport ramp. You and 2-Tor are left alone in the warping bay.

"Do we stay or do we go, boss?" 2-Tor beeps. "What'll it be?"

*If you choose to go on your assignment,  
turn to page 10.*

*If you stay to help fight the invaders,  
turn to page 54.*

"I want a good look at those pods," you tell 2-Tor. "Maybe we can find out why the androids are growing them."

You fly down to the planet, where you hover over one of the pods. It rises slightly, sensing that you are there. Then the pod begins to split open. Half-formed androids lie inside.

"Get us out of here, 2-Tor," you shout. "Every one of those pods is a living android factory. There must be thousands of them on this world. We have to inform the *Nebula*."

Suddenly a fibrous tentacle snaps up from the open pod, wrapping itself around you and 2-Tor. "Tor!" you cry. "I need micro-pulser power!"

"No go, boss," 2-Tor beeps. "That thing's touch shut down most of my systems. It will be a few nanoseconds before I can switch them on again."

"We haven't got a few nanoseconds," you shout. The pod pulls both of you inside it. It closes, leaving you in darkness.



*Go to page 40.*

"Let's go outside, 2-Tor," you say. "We have to talk to that kid. The alien towers miles above you. It has the eyes of a child. With a crackling noise, it swats at you as if you were an insect."

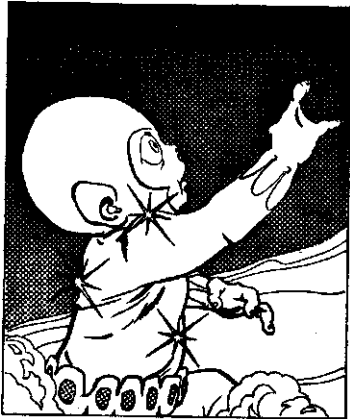
"We've got to communicate with Big Eyes," you tell 2-Tor. "The crackling may be a language. Try to translate it."

Nanoseconds later 2-Tor's lights flash green. "You're patched in, boss. Talk away."

*"Stop playing with your toys!"* you say. The big eyes open wide. *"You are wreaking havoc on another world. You must stop!"*

"OK!" Big Eyes screams. It begins to cry. You have given it the scare of its life.

*"Play one more game before you put away these toys. Fly all your shuttlecraft out of the black hole and back to the Nebula."* You hustle back to the *Challenger* as Big Eyes obeys. Soon you are on your way back.



Go to page 7.

"Do you think Big Eyes was a child?" 2-Tor asks.

"Yes," you reply. "Whatever game it was playing with its toys became real somehow. It put toy androids in a toy *Nebula*, and real androids appeared in the real *Nebula*. If it happens again, we'll know where to look. Only one thing bothers me."

"What's that, boss?"

"If that's the size of the child, how big are the parents?"

*You have completed your mission.  
Report to the Nebula on page 115  
to find out how you rate as a Space Ace.*

"An SOS is an SOS!" you sigh. "We have to answer it." But when you go up to the android and touch it, you are shocked.

Its skin is warm. It can't be an android. "Beware ..." it gasps. "Go away ... before this happens to you ..."

"What do you mean?" you ask. "W-what are you? Why do you and the others look alike?"

"We ... are clones ,..." the alien replies. "Seeded." Its eyes open wide and stare at you. It's clear the creature doesn't have long to live. "Star sector H-1212/M. You'll find your answers there."

With a pop, the alien vanishes.

"Wow!" 2-Tor says. "What do you think of that?" His blue lights flash caution.

"I don't know," you reply. "That was spooky. Can you warp us to sector H-1212/M from here?"

"Is a Vegan wobot kweebo?" 2-Tor says. You feel the familiar tingle of warp circuits cutting in.

In milliseconds you and 2-Tor materialize above a purple planet. Liquid swirls in torrents on its surface.

"This is the only inhabitable world in the system," 2-Tor bleeps. "There's one rocky island here, and the rest is liquid. Watch out, boss. The liquid dissolves almost all molecules into quarks."

*Go to page 9.*

"Swell. Let's try the island." You see androids below, herding aliens into a small clearing. "Tor! Those aliens are from the Rimworlds. What are they doing here?"

"We're going to find out." 2-Tor clicks. "Look!"

A plastisteel ball rises above the crowd. It breaks open at the seams, showering dark dust onto the captive aliens. "Scan the dust, 2-Tor. What is it?"

"Living cells," the robot replies.

You gasp in fear. The dust strikes an alien and turns it into an android clone. "That's where the fake androids came from. Call for a *Nebula* attack squad."

"Um ... boss ..." 2-Tor says, as his red signals flash. "It's too late." A group of androids has seen you. And they have weapons.

*If you want to contact the Nebula,  
turn to page 78.*

*If you choose to deal with the clones first,  
turn to page 107.*

## 10

"Security can handle the invasion," you tell 2-Tor. "Let's follow orders, and warp to the Rimworlds."

Nanoseconds later you materialize in space. The Rimworlds are only a half-parsec away, and you are stunned by what you see. "The Rimworlds are gone!" Only a gigantic ring of rock chunks remains where they used to be. "It's just like the ring around Saturn!"

"Guess again, boss. That ring *is* the Rimworlds! Something has changed them." Suddenly 2-Tor's red danger signals pulse. "Incoming warpers!"

In seconds you are surrounded. "*Look! you thought-cast to 2-Tor. They might be men, but they all have the same face! They're androids!*"

"Surrender," an android says. "You will be our slave."

"Looks like they want you," 2-Tor says. "Thoughtcast the word and we'll blast them."

"I'm not sure," you say. "They must know what's going on. Surrendering to them might be a good way to find out"

"Surrender, human," another android says. "Or die."



*If you choose to surrender, turn to page 90.*

*If you decide to fight, turn to page 32.*

## 11

"No time to fix my warper, 2-Tor," you say. "We're blasting off this planet!"

2-Tor beeps and whistles as pulserblasts graze him. "Your wish is my command!" The two of you pulse into space as the army of androids arcs up to follow you.

"We're in trouble, boss," 2-Tor says. "The androids are catching up. We'll never get away from them."

"Head to the nearest star, 2-Tor!" you say. "I've got an idea."

"It had better work," the robot replies. "We won't get another chance. The androids are right on our neutron exhaust trail."

"Up shields," you tell 2-Tor. Suddenly you veer toward a bright green star. Its cosmic rays lick your suit, and your little friend's warning lights flash red. "We're going in!"

"Into the star?" 2-Tor bleeps. "We can't survive in there! We're doomed!"

**Go to page 30.**

## 12

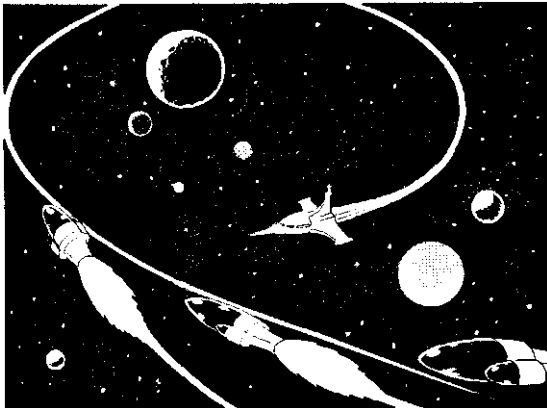
"Hyperdrive systems on!" you tell 2-Tor. Negatron missiles close in on the *Challenger*. "Let's lead them on a merry chase!"

The *Challenger* roars into action, speeding across the alien world. But the missiles have locked onto the shuttle, and are following it. Desperately you fly the craft in a spiral. The missiles swerve in pursuit.

Around and around you go. You begin to worry as your spiral narrows. If the missiles don't hit each other before they hit the *Challenger*, you will be destroyed.

Suddenly two missiles collide. The explosions trigger the nearby third missile. The *Challenger* has survived. 2-Tor's lights flash yellow, but they suddenly turn red.

The force of the blast has sent the shuttlecraft into a spin. You whirl helplessly toward the alien planet. But as you hit the planet's atmosphere, the ship glides out of its spin. It touches ground and slides for hundreds of miles. At long last it stops.



*Go to page 13.*

## 13

"I don't believe it," you say. "We're still in one piece."

Then a giant hand picks up the *Challenger* as if it were a toy. Your vidscreen picks up an image from the ground below.

A huge box is filled with shuttlecraft, androids, negatron missiles. "The *Nebula* is in there, too," you cry.

"Negative!" 2-Tor says. "They're toys. Replicas."

The giant hand pulls a shuttlecraft from the toy *Nebula*. The hand belongs to an alien child. It's playing with toys. Somehow the toys are affecting the real things.

*If you want to try to communicate with the child,  
turn to page 6.*

*If you choose to try to fly away,  
turn to page 39.*

## 14

"The alien is right!" you tell 2-Tor. Tears of joy roll down the thick folds of the alien's cheeks as you aim your micro-pulser at him.

"Thank you," it howls. "I should have died dozens of cycles ago."

But before you can fire, the computer takes action against you. Electrodes lash from the circuitboards. They tear through your bio-support suit. Liquid plastisteel slaps against you, making it impossible to move. Highly charged wires imbed themselves in you. Your brain is connected to the computer circuits.

The computer has won. You are now like the alien inventor—a prisoner of the supercomputer.

ZAP!

## 15

You wake painfully, realizing you must have blacked out in the warpgate. You're amazed to find hordes of aliens shambling around you. Then you see 2-Tor, floating in a stasis field above you. Your bio-support suit floats next to him. "Hey, chrome-dome," you say. "I don't think this is the *Nebula*."

The android leader suddenly appears in hologram form. "Only machines can pass through my warpgate," it says. "Living beings automatically come here, where you will spend the rest of your life. I think I'll leave your robot and suit floating out of reach until you lose all hope."

"Where am I?" you ask.

The android sneers. "In my slave pens," it says. 2-Tor hoots unhappily.

"We've got to learn what's controlling the androids," you tell 2-Tor as you stare through the hole. The view on the other side looks sinister. "We have to enter the other dimension."

You leap through the gate.

"Fools," a voice says. "You should not have come here."

"It's Gigantus," you gasp. But the face that growls at you belongs to an even larger creature.

"I'm his wife," the monster growls. "You shouldn't beat up my husband. I'll deal with you." A huge paw waves over you.

You start to apologize, but your voice is gone. Your body is disappearing, too. You can already see through your hand, and all that's left of 2-Tor is a tiny red light. It blinks on and off. At last it fades away.

With your last sight, you can see the Gigantus's wife yelling at him and pulling him home by the ear. You'd laugh if you had anything left to laugh with. Then you blink out, too.

ZAP!

"We're stuck," you say as the androids move in for the kill. "Can you override the portal controls, 2-Tor?"

A cable swings from 2-Tor and attaches to the portal switch. The instant it connects a mechanical voice says, "Remain calm. A security force is on its way. Do not move. Do not open portal. Thank you."

The androids stop. Their weapons are aimed at you, and the portal. "That's it," you whisper to 2-Tor. "Those androids don't want to kill us. They want to ambush the security team. Then they can get into the main part of the *Nebula*. We have to stop them."

"Warning the security force is possible," 2-Tor says. "But improbable. All sections of the *Nebula* are equipped with detonators that will blow the androids into space if they threaten the ship."

Through the portal, you can hear the security team. You have to act quickly.

*If you choose to warn the security squad,  
turn to page 93.*

*If you want to seal off your sector,  
turn to page 101.*

"We have to go through the gas," you tell 2-Tor. "It's the only way to a noninfected area. Our shields should give us some protection."

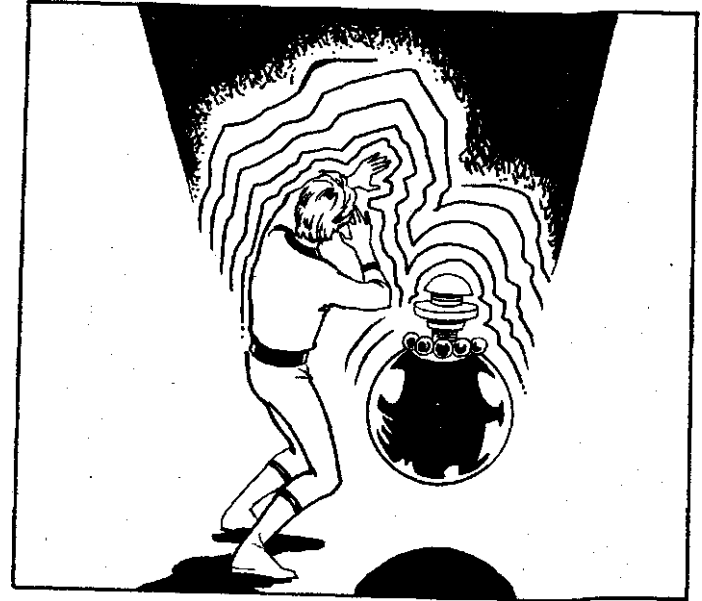
You see nothing but orange all around you. It stings your skin and tastes bitter on your tongue. "2-Tor?" you ask. "Should I be able to taste or feel the gas with shields on? Tor? Are you there?"

A weak silvery voice reaches you. "My circuits are dissolving, boss," 2-Tor beeps weakly. "Go on without me."

"Can we warp out of here?"

"Improbable. My warp circuits are damaged. Leave me here. You have only a few feet left to go."

2-Tor is right. Ahead, you can see the corridor exit lock. But 2-Tor will not survive the gas attack without you.



*If you choose to go on alone,  
turn to page 45.*

*If you decide to try to save 2-Tor,  
turn to page 59.*

"Propel this section into space," you order.

WHOOSH! You are lifted off your feet and smash against the ceiling. Your section floats through space, away from the *Nebula*.

The androids aren't doing any better. Many were crushed in the blastoff. The rest are pressed to the walls.

All at once you float away from the ceiling. You are in zero-gravity now, and in deadly danger.

"Look out, boss!" 2-Tor beeps, but it's too late. The androids grab you, and you can't break free of them.



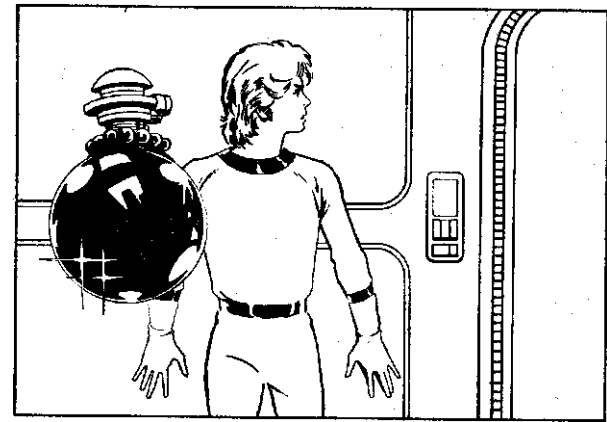
Go to page 44.

"Run, Tor. Or we won't live long enough to find out how androids got aboard the *Nebula*," you say. You sprint down the corridor.

"I can't keep up," 2-Tor cries. "Go on without me!"

"There's one chance," you say, as you approach a familiar door. "Let's hide in the shuttle bay!" You leap through the portal and hit the portal controls. It twists shut. As you listen, the androids clank by. Soon they are far past you.

"We lost them," you say. 2-Tor beeps a beep of relief. But you are startled by the roar of an engine. In front of your eyes a shuttlecraft blasts off. But there is no one at the controls.



*If you decide to stay aboard the Nebula,  
turn to page 66.*

*If you'd rather follow the shuttlecraft,  
turn to page 104.*

"We have to get off the *Challenger*," you tell 2-Tor. "It's leaving the *Nebula*."

"All systems are locked," the robot reports. "The exits will not open."

You push against the door and strike the release solenoid. 2-Tor is right. It won't budge.

"Override systems, 2-Tor," you order. But as he accesses the *Challenger's* controls, you hear a high-pitched whine.

"You have interrupted launch procedure," a computer voice says. "This is not permitted. Self-destruct will now occur." The *Challenger* explodes. You and 2-Tor are finished.

ZAP!

"Warp us into space, 2-Tor," you order. "There's no time to waste. We have to reach *Nebula* Control."

"If you say so, boss," 2-Tor sighs. Suddenly you are swallowed by light. When it fades, you are above the *Nebula*.

"OK, warp us back in," you say. But your little friend's red signals flash weakly.

"Our power is gone, boss," he clicks. "Looks like this is the end." You can feel your bio-support system beginning to fail.

"I scan an incoming energy burst," 2-Tor gasps. "It's coming from the *Nebula*." Suddenly you're in *Nebula* Control. Captain Polaris reaches out his hand to welcome you. Then you see Lieutenant Gark, struggling to break out of an ionic field that holds him captive.

"We caught Gark before he did any damage," the captain explains. "The androids are being rounded up. I'm glad we could rescue you before it was too late."

*You have completed your mission.  
Report to the Nebula on page 115  
to find out how you rate as a Space Ace.*

"We must report to Captain Polaris," the security chief insists. You and 2-Tor lead the security team through the corridors.

"2-Tor," you thoughtcast. "These aren't Nebula security. They're androids, too. I think they want to get Captain Polaris. We can't lead them to him."

"Are you sure, boss?" 2-Tor says. "They look human."

"Androids are supposed to look human," you say. "Scan them and see what you can learn."

"They aren't machines," 2-Tor says.

You lead them toward the storage banks. "Whatever they are, they don't *know the Nebula*." You wonder how long it takes for androids to get suspicious.

"Report to Captain Polaris!" the android chief repeats. A glowing portal lies ahead of you. Bright signs flash Danger! No Entry!

The android stops you. "We should not go in," he says. You shake your head.

"This is the secret entrance to *Nebula Control*," you say.

"Boss!" 2-Tor gasps. "It's a cargo transporter. This room may be more dangerous than the androids." But you are in a corner. You must go in.

Your group enters the cargo transporter. A signal flashes: Caution! Caution! All Lifeforms Must Exit. A blinding green flash—then you, 2-Tor and the androids are no longer in the chamber.

You materialize in space, two parsecs from the *Nebula*. All the androids that attacked the *Nebula* surround you.

"2-Tor!" you cry out. "The androids are cybernetically connected. When one of them warps somewhere, they all warp there. It must be in their programming!"

"Attacking is in their programming, too," 2-Tor says. "Here they come!"



*If you decide to counterattack,  
turn to page 92.*

*If you think you should call the Nebula for help,  
turn to page 68.*

*Go to page 25.*

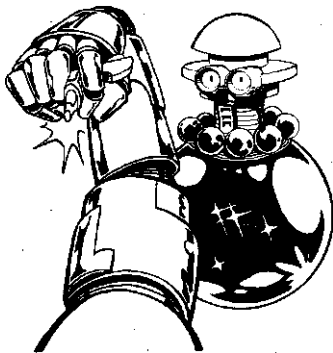
"Let's get out of here, boss," 2-Tor says. "My circuits are fixed and our power is ready to use."

"Not so fast," you answer. "We'll have to take care of the pods sooner or later, and it may as well be now. We'll go for the roots."

You blast into the bottom of the pod. The Sarn screams and jerks wildly. You rip through the stem, tearing its stony roots from the ground. The howls of the other Sarn roar in your ears. You try to shut out the sound. It does no good.

Finally you fall free from the pod. It shrivels to a husk. But the other Sarn turn their thoughts to you. *"You are doomed, human,"* a Sarn says in your head. *"Our juice has already changed you."*

Against your will your arm begins to rise. It has become an android arm and it is following the orders of the Sarn. Try as you will, you can't control it. Your own arm is aiming a micro-pulser at you.



**Go to page 70.**

*"Boss!"* 2-Tor exclaims. *"Wow we have to pretend to be slaves."*

"We can monitor your thoughts," the android leader cuts in. Your heart sinks. "You are too dangerous to be a slave. We'll feed you to Groot instead."

"What's a Groot?" your robot friend asks. The android leader only laughs. An energy beam pours from its eyes and strikes you, and you now float above the ring of space debris. Then your stomach lurches as the android drops you into space between two rock fragments of the ring.

"We're in a stasis cage," 2-Tor reports. "That raybeam shut down your micro-pulser and warper. I don't like the looks of this."

An immense glass claw looms from a crevice. From the hole comes a monster covered with jagged crystals. It howls like a million chimes in a space tornado, and it lurches at you.

"I think that's Groot," you say.

*If you think you can fight Groot,  
turn to page 98.*

*If you choose to try to break out of the stasis cage,  
ham to page 42.*

"You're right," you, tell the android. "I'll take you to the captain." You creep out of *Challenger*, bay, and no androids bar your way. It seems too easy. Within minutes, you approach *Nebula Control*.

You signal for Control to open. Your head suddenly begins to buzz. "What's wrong, boss?" 2-Tor asks. But you cannot answer. There is a pounding deep inside your brain. The closer you get to Control, the stronger it becomes.

Suddenly you realize the truth. *You* are the booby-trapped synthezoid.

"2-Tor!" you shout "Warp us off the *Nebula*—now!"

"But that's not allowed, boss," the robot protests.

"*Now!*" you bark. The pounding is harder than ever. You can hardly think. But 2-Tor obeys you, and then you are floating in space. From your fake body comes a rumbling, and soon you will blow up. But you know you have saved the life of Captain Polaris.

**ZAP!**



"Our force shields are buckling," 2-Tor says as you plunge into the green sun.

"The sun's cosmic rays will raise our power levels," you say. "I'm putting the energy into my suit's autorepair system. Once my warper is fixed, I want you to warp us out"

"We can't go through a star." 2-Tor hoots and beeps. "Oh, we're doomed!"

"Of course not," you say. "But we can warp *away* from it" The outer layer of your bio-support suit bubbles and boils. "Warp out—*now!*"

You don't move. "I'm trying, boss," 2-Tor squeaks. "The radiation is messing up my controls. I'm try—"

Suddenly you are in the cold of space. In the distance, you see the androids still following your trail—right into the sun. "Look at that" 2-Tor says. "Those guys can't feel heat. I bet they don't even know where they are."

"It's too late for them," you reply. "They've been incinerated by the sun." You clutch the weapon you captured. "Let's get back to the *Nebula* and make our report."

*You have completed your mission.  
Report to the Nebula on page 115  
to find out how you rate as a Space Ace.*

"Micro-phasers armed now, 2-Tor!" you order. You blast the android with enough energy to put out a small star.

A flare swallows the android. But when the flare dies away, the android has split into three androids. Now you know that the androids absorb force and use it to replicate. The knowledge will do you no good.

"Jumping Nyx!" you shout. "*Help!*" But nothing will help you now.

The androids trigger their weapons, and you vanish in the blast

**ZAP!**

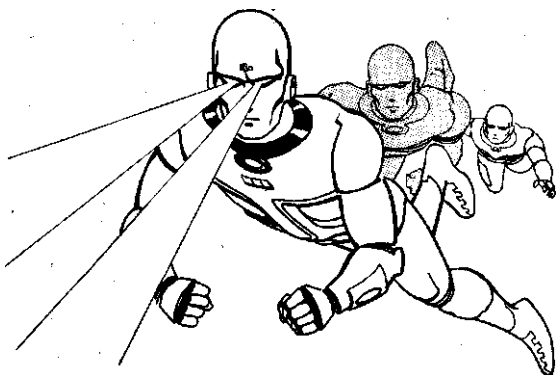
"*Nebula* operatives don't surrender," you say. The androids aren't impressed. Pulser blasts leaping from their eyes, they rip into your energy shields. The androids begin to close in.

"Tor!" you thoughtcast. *"What're the odds on blasting this crew? I don't know how long our shields will hold!"*

The little robot clicks and whirs. *"A single blast will finish the androids. But shield energy must power the blast."*

*"That will leave us without shields. We'd never get a chance to fire! We have to escape."* Your shields glow red as the android energy strikes them.

*"Good idea, boss,"* 2-Tor says. *"How?"*



*If you think you can blast the  
androids without being destroyed,  
turn to page 80.*

*If you think you can escape, turn to page 61.*

"Gigantus packs quite a punch," you tell 2-Tor. "Let's back off. I need a plan."

You rocket away, and the monster disappears. Then the hole vanishes, too. "It's as if they were never there," you say.

"According to my sensors, they weren't," 2-Tor bleeps.

"What?" You fly back at the hole at full speed. "Come on, Tor. I want another look at our monster."

The hole reappears as you near it, and then Gigantus is there, too. *"No!"* 2-Tor bleeps frantically, and his warning signals flash.

You ram Gigantus anyway. An energy shock rocks your bio-support suit. But you keep going, until you have passed through Gigantus. The monster isn't real. "Tor! Gigantus and the hole are holograms! An energy shock knocked me aside, not Gigantus's hand."

"Who's responsible?" 2-Tor whistles.

"Good question." On the horizon a protanium powersphere glows with energy. The holograms are being projected from it. "We've got to go there. But how do we get in? We can't blast through protanium."

"Try the door, boss," 2-Tor buzzes. "It's open."

*Go to page 87.*

"We'll never make it through that gas," you tell 2-Tor. "We have to run!"

"Let's head for the Experimental Research Division," 2-Tor says. "Perhaps we can find safety there." The gas is almost touching you now. You run for your life down the empty corridor.

Finally you reach the Experimental Research Division. It's the first time you've ever been there, since it is off-limits to most *Nebula* personnel. It seems like another world. Glassy strands wrap around furnishings and crawl up walls.

"What are they for?" you ask 2-Tor. The robot spins its head and clicks.

"No data on them, boss," he says. "Sorry."

The strands suddenly snake up and wrap around you and 2-Tor. You can't move. Then you see the orange gas creeping up on you, but you're helpless.

At the last moment a lightbolt shatters the glassy strands. Standing before you is a human-sized being of wire and fur. Its face is on the left side of its head. You recognize it a peculiar *Nebula* experimental scientist, Dr. Aeolus. He holds a photonic projector, which freed you from the strands. "Follow me," Dr. Aeolus shouts.

Go to page 35.

Seconds later you are in his laboratory, the portal sealed shut so the gas can't get in. Relieved, you sit on a floating disc. "Thanks for the help, doc," you say. "What were those glassy things?"

"Karolian crawlers," Dr. Aeolus replies. "They're decoration. But the emergency made the crawlers hungry. What were you doing here?"

"I'm trying to find out how the androids came into the *Nebula*. Someone must have ... let ... them ... in ..." you say. In the shadows of the lab a black light shines on an army of androids. It is shrinking them to submicroscopic size.

Then, as you watch, Dr. Aeolus's face shifts to the right side of his head. His eyes flare with evil. "You know too much!" Aeolus cries. The scientist spins around, his shrinking ray in hand. Before you can move, you and 2-Tor are caught by the black beam. You begin to shrink.



Go to page 69.

"Let's find the so-called Circle of Evil, 2-Tor," you say.

Suddenly the humanoids swarm over you. You rise on your bio-support suit's thrusters. 2-Tor hovers nearby, crushing the mountains under him.

"Boss, 1 scan unidentified radiation ahead," he reports. "Must be the Circle of Evil."

"Vector it, Tor." You soar after him.

When you fly into the radiation patch, the circuits of your bio-support suit begin to sputter. They're burning out. Then you are growing, swirling up past neutrinos and atoms and molecules.

Almost no time has passed when you reach full size. Aeolus's furry foot is still stamping down at where you were. He doesn't seem to realize you vanished into the microworld. You slam up into Aeolus and knock him over. In seconds you capture him and his shrinking ray.

*You have completed your mission.  
Report to the Nebula on page 115  
to find out how you rate as a Space Ace.*

You stare into the other dimension. The signal controlling the androids may be coming from that hole in space. To end the problem, we could just plug up the hole. Access the *Nebula*. Have them send a Stellar Strike Squad."

"Affirmative," 2-Tor says. His green lights flash. Within seconds a *Nebula* starcruiser warps into sight and hovers above the planet. It launches a negatron missile, which plunges toward the hole. A nanosecond later the entrance erupts. A flurry of black light covers the planet like a sudden nightfall. When daylight returns, the hole is gone.

2-Tor beeps happily. His yellow lights flash. "Incoming communication from the *Nebula*, boss. The androids stopped moving. Your plan worked!"

*You have completed your mission.  
Report to the Nebula on page 115  
to find out how you rate as a Space Ace.*

"I'll let you exist if your army surrenders," you tell the android. It laughs.

"You should have escaped while you had the chance," it says. "I'm finished, but so are you. I'm set to self-destruct. Another will take my place and lead the androids to victory."

The android glows white-hot. Tiny bits of spacedust swirl toward it, followed by large chunks of meteorites. The entire ring of rocks begins to tighten, and you are gripped by a force you can't escape. Like all the other matter in the area, you are being pulled toward the android. Your last sight is the slave pens collapsing toward you.

**ZAP!**

You can't escape as long as the alien controls the *Challenger* with its toys, so the toys must be destroyed!

Throwing on all thrusters, you propel the shuttle free of the child's hand and swoop at the toybox. Then the toy shuttlecraft is in your sights. Your mini-pulsers strike the toy dead center.

The toy *Challenger* shatters. But you have overlooked one little thing. Whatever happens to the toy will happen to the real *Challenger*. Your shuttlecraft breaks up around you. It's a long way down to the alien planet. You have a long time to wonder what will happen to the *Nebula* now.

**ZAP!**



"Boss," 2-Tor bleeps, "where are we?"

"Inside the plant, 2-Tor," you answer. "How are your controls?"

"Coming back," he says. Then a cold hollow voice rings in your head.

"Welcome," the voice says. *"We are the Sam. We rule this world Soon we will rule this galaxy."*

"W-who's that?" 2-Tor clicks.

"The pod, I think," you answer. "It's intelligent."

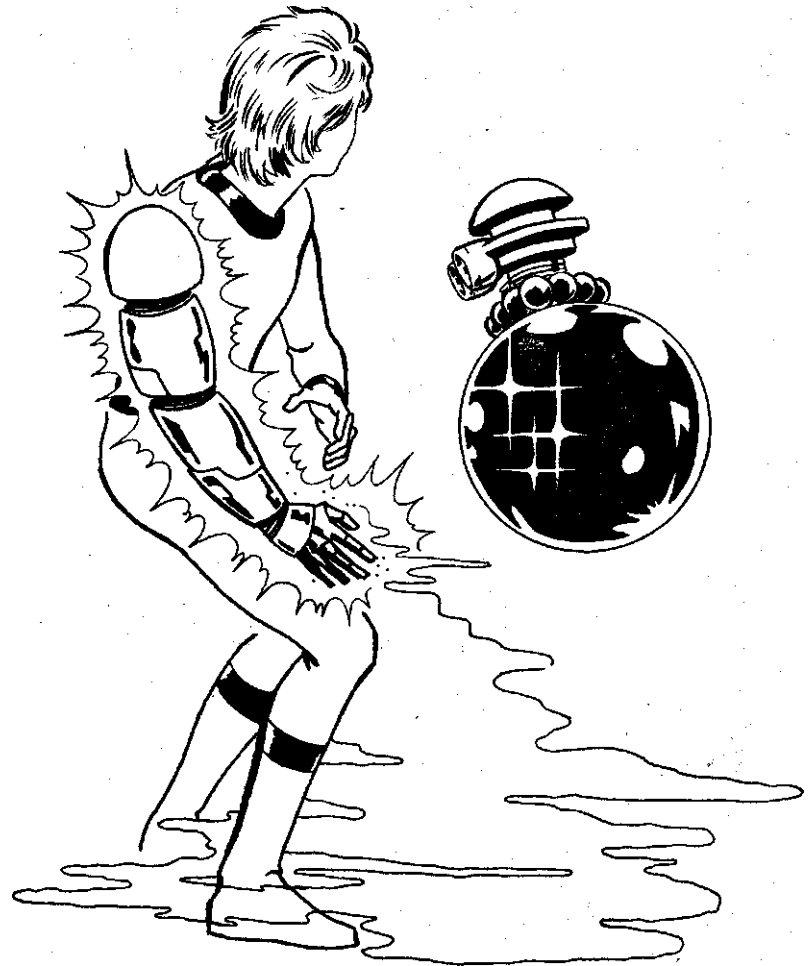
"Correct, human," the voice continues. *"We Sam come from beyond this galaxy. Our androids will blaze a path for us. No being will suspect we are the source of the evil."*

"What's to stop us from telling them?" you ask, but you soon learn the answer. A gas oozes from the pod. It turns to a metallic goo when it hits you. In milliseconds your arm is coated, and now it looks like an android's arm.

Your heart catches in your throat. You have to break free of the pod's power before you become an android.

*If you want to try to escape, turn to page 99.*

*If you decide to attack the pod, turn to page 26.*



"That thing could tear whole starfighters into bits, 2-Tor," you say, as Groot lumbers toward you. "Scan the stasis cage to see if there's a weak spot. We have to get out of here."

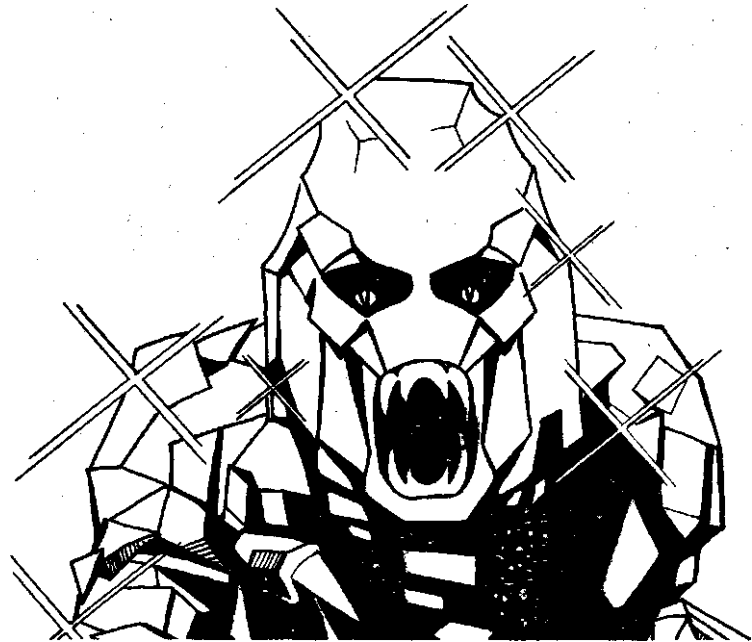
"No such luck," 2-Tor replies. "The only opening is the one Groot came out of. It might be a dead end. LOOK OUT!" 2-Tor's warning comes too late, as Groot's crystal claw rakes your bio-support suit Sparks fly all around you.

"My suit's circuitry is damaged," you gasp. "I can't take another blow like that."

"Want to try the crevice, boss?"

"I'd rather get Groot to go back in."

"Make up your mind fast," 2-Tor bleeps. "Here it comes again."



*If you choose to go into the crevice,  
turn to page 108.*

*If you think you can trick Groot, turn to page 71.*

One android clutches you while the others rip through the walls until electrical circuits show. Then they reconnect circuits and switches throughout the section.

"2-Tor?" you thoughtcast. *"What are they doing? Can you scan their programming?"*

*"Affirmative, boss. They're turning this section into an attack ship so they can continue the invasion."*

*"Do they want to destroy the Nebula?"*

*"Affirmative," 2-Tor replies.*

*"We've got to stop them," you think. "We could blow up the section. The destruct mechanism is still in place."*

The androids are already building a control panel. *"Whoever runs that controls this section, 2-Tor. If I could only reach it ..."* But a gauntlet of androids stands between you and the control panel.

*If you try to reach the control panel,  
turn to page 77.*

*If you choose to destroy the section,  
turn to page 100.*

The gas stings your eyes. 2-Tor is lost in the orange fog, and his metal won't last as long as your skin.

Blindly you lurch to the exit. As you pry open the lock, a cool blast of oxygen surges into the corridor and clears away the gas. You sag in the exit, gulping in the fresh air.

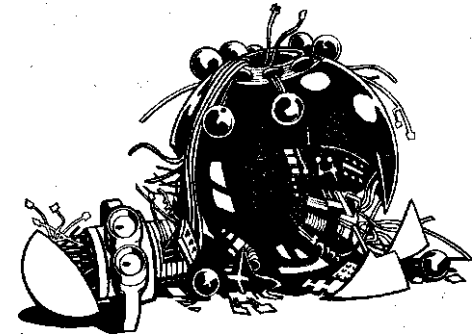
Then you return to 2-Tor. He is mostly dissolved. Microchips and circuits dangle from him.

"I'm sorry, Tor," you say. You'd give anything to hear one silvery beep.

"It's OK, boss," your little friend says. You can't believe your ears!

"How—?"

"My shell is destroyed," he explains. "But my memory and personality chips are intact. Please transfer them to a new shell." You happily lug 2-Tor into the next corridor.



*You have completed your mission.  
Report to the Nebula on page 115  
to find out how you rate as a Space Ace.*

ZAM! You fire the weapon again, throwing a magnetic field around the android. Its head spins rapidly, it flies apart, pulled in all directions by the magnetism.

The face has been torn from the android's head. Underneath it is just a robot, but it still speaks. "You won the battle, human, but you lost the war." Then it stops moving, nothing more than a broken toy.

The sky grows dark, as a rain of androids pours down. They are armed, and they are looking for you.

"We can try to warp out, boss," 2-Tor says. "But we're still low on power. Shield and micro-pulser power are down too. It's your play."

*If you attempt your escape,  
turn to page 11.*

*If you'd rather stay to face the androids,  
turn to page 97.*

"Shields up!" 2-Tor screams. His red alert flashes madly. An energy blast from the android sears the air. You cross your fingers and let loose a pulserblast that erupts with nova-force around the android. As the blast dies away, the android steps forward. It is unharmed, but several weapons have been blown off its battlesuit and float in space. Terror fills its face as it grabs for one of them. Then it unleashes another blast. Your shields barely hold this time.

"Better think of something fast, boss," 2-Tor says. "You can't power your shields much longer. The android isn't affected by micro-pulsers."

"It seems to fear its own weapons. I've got to get one, and test my theory," you think. You stare at the weapons that float near the android. "I could make a move for the weapons it lost, but they might not work. Or—I can try outthinking this android instead of outfighting it."

*If you think you can battle with your wits,  
turn to page 79.*

*If you attempt to grab for the android's weapons,  
turn to page 110.*

You try to get out from under Dr. Aeolus's furry foot. But you are shrinking too quickly. You get nowhere. The foot slams down.

It never touches you. You and 2-Tor are falling, dropping through the spaces between floor molecules. Far below, you see an atom as small as a pinpoint. But when you go past it, each electron looks as big as the *Nebula*. Nothing will stop you from shrinking or falling.

It as if you were falling through outer space. A quark looks like a planet, a photon like a sun.

Then you are floating through soft, white powder. You land gently on a lush, green subatomic world. You did not suspect that such a place existed.

"We've stopped shrinking," 2-Tor bleeps. The robot is no longer small. He stopped shrinking before you did and looms over you.

"Company coming, boss," the robot says. You turn to see thousands of humanoids approaching.

"Hello!" you call, but the humanoids grab you.

"You've stolen our servants for the last time, creature from another world," a humanoid says.

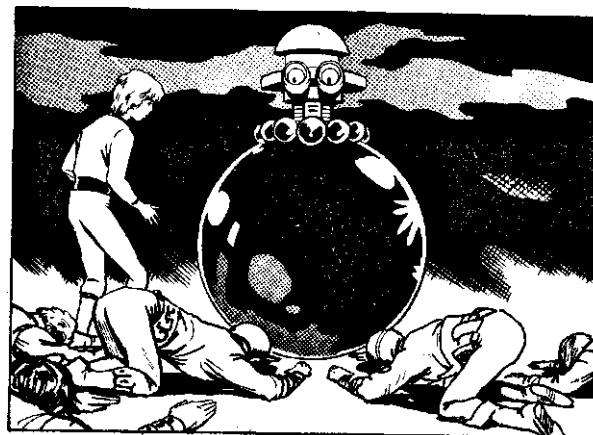
"You're wrong," 2-Tor clicks. His silvery voice booms from high above. The humanoids drop to their knees in terror and bow to him. "We didn't take your androids. Our enemy did."

"They're worshipping you, Tor," you say. "See if we can get out of here."

"Show us the way back to our world," your robot friend booms.

"You must stand in the Circle of Evil," a humanoid says. "Our servants vanished there. It is over the farthest crag." He points to a chain of mountains.

As you and 2-Tor begin to go, the humanoids cry out, "Stay, great metal being, and we will worship you forever."



*If you go to the Circle of Evil,  
turn to page 36.*

*If you stay with the humanoids,  
turn to page 75.*

The *Challenger* is pulled into the black hole's gravitational field. It should destroy you.

"Wait a millisecond, boss," 2-Tor bleeps. "No one would throw shuttlecraft into black holes. There must be a reason for this."

\_ Outside, the stars seem to streak past you. You are moving at multiwarp speed.

Suddenly the light is gone and space is gone. You feel as if you are gone, too, squashed into a pinpoint.

Light slowly swarms back into the *Challenger*. You feel normal again. The shuttle has landed. "What happened, 2-Tor?" you ask.

"We went through a black hole," he replies. "I don't know where we are."



*If you decide to take control of the Challenger,  
turn to page 94.*

*If you want to explore the alien world,  
turn to page 56.*

The androids shoot, and you duck behind a fragment of quasidium. But the gravity charges have blown open the control panel, exposing magnacircuits. The androids are pulled toward the control panel. So is 2-Tor.

"Help, boss!" he bleeps. His red warning lights flash.

"Reverse your magnetic polarity," you tell him. "Throw all power into our shields." 2-Tor's green lights blink. He's safe, just in time. The section collapses, crushing the androids. All that remains is a metal ball a few feet wide.

"What happened?" you ask.

"The gravity charges, boss. They wiped out the shields around the cosmomagnets in the control panel. So the panel pulled them toward it. Then the walls collapsed." 2-Tor's yellow lights gleam. "I can't wait to get home."

"Get comfortable," you say. "We're stuck here until the *Nebula* pulls us out"

*You have completed your mission.  
Report to the Nebula on page 115  
to find out how you rate as a Space Ace.*

"I have a funny feeling about that SOS," you tell 2-Tor. "Forget it. We'll track the escaping androids."

"But, but ..." 2-Tor bleeps. A sudden flare blinds you momentarily. It even sings 2-Tor's sensors. "Wow," he says. "The android with the SOS blew up."

You swallow hard. "Let's get after those androids."

"I'm tracking them," 2-Tor announces. "There's a planet ahead. It's a superplanet, bigger than a good-sized sun. 'Boss,' he says weakly. "That superplanet is equal to *all* the Rimworlds that are gone. I ... I think it's *made* from them! Who could *do* that? And why?"

"That's what we're here to find out," you say as you approach the planet. It is lifeless. But an immense hole leads to the superworld's core. "Hang on, 2-Tor. We're going in!"



Go to page 53.

You're not ready for what you see. Inside the world a mammoth computer stretches as far as 2-Tor can scan. Thousands of androids are linked to the computer by meganium wires.

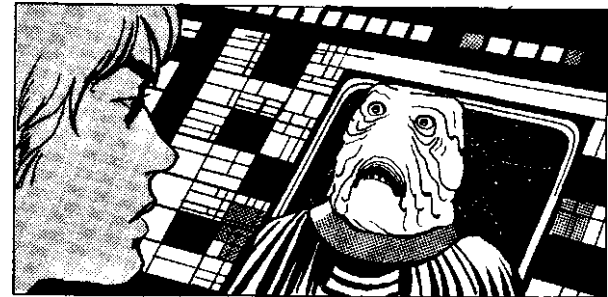
"I compute that each android is a chip in the supercomputer's memory," 2-Tor bleeps.

Something at the center of the computer moans!

"Help me!" An alien creature sobs as you near it. Microwires grow like hairs from its body. Its flesh falls in blobs across its pale, flat face. "You must destroy me. Be merciful. Destroy me!"

"Why are you here?" you ask as you tug at the wires. They twist like living things and feel warm. You drop them with a shiver.

"I created this computer," the alien says. "But it became my master. It grew. It created androids. It swallowed up whole worlds. Destroy me. Then this horrible computer will be destroyed as well."<sup>1</sup>



*If you decide to destroy the inventor,  
turn to page 14.*

*If you want to try to save him,  
turn to page 102.*

"We can't leave while the *Nebula* is in danger!" you say. "We've got to help."

2-Tor flashes blue. "Is that a good idea, boss? What can we do?"

You bolt for the door. "I wonder how the androids got past the detectors."

You never get the chance to find out. You land on the teleramp, and the androids scan you. By the time you see them, you are in their sights.

*If you choose to fight the androids,  
turn to page 64.*

*If you want to try to learn where they came from,  
turn to page 21.*

"Go!" the giant android says. "I will keep the androids busy here." You, 2-Tor, and the giant android burst into the corridor. You want to stay, but 2-Tor grabs your hand with a metallic tentacle. You zoom past the androids.

"Hurry, boss! Captain Polaris needs us!" *Nebula* Control seems light-years away. At last you reach the portal to Control.

"Access is forbidden. The portal is locked," 2-Tor tells you. You fire your micro-pulsers and blast the door down.

"Stop where you are!" Lieutenant Gark stands before you. He glows red-hot.

"He's ready to explode," 2-Tor bleeps. "We'll never get close enough to save Captain Polaris."

Then the air between Gark and Captain Polaris sizzles. The giant android warps in. It risked the warp to space and back, but its circuits are shorting out. The android hurls itself at Lieutenant Gark. There is a great explosion.

Captain Polaris is unharmed. But both Gark and the android are destroyed. The giant android sacrificed itself. "My scanners tell me the androids are leaving the *Nebula*," 2-Tor says. His yellow lights flash. "We're safe."

*You have completed your mission.  
Report to the Nebula on page 115  
to find out how you rate as a Space Ace.*

The world inside the black hole looks oddly like Earth. "I can't believe it," you say. You step on the ground, and it begins to swirl. You are caught in a whirlwind of darkness. The world is not solid.

"Welcome!" a cheerful voice in the whirlwind says. "Millions of years ago, I fell into this black hole. Since then I've been alone. I just learned I could send my mind outside this sphere and control cybernetic devices in the universe."

"Cybernetic devices?" you gasp. "Like ... androids! You triggered the android invasion!"

"Forgive me," the voice said. "I molded to Earthform to lure you from your ship. I only wanted a friend. Will you be my friend?"

There's no point in getting angry. Here in the black hole, everything is energy. Your body is gone. Your mind will remain in the black hole forever, thanks to your new friend.

ZAP!

In the slave pens aliens swarm around you. You see beings that are made only of multiple eyes, while others have scales of fire covering their bodies. "How did all of you end up here?" you ask in Galactic Interlanguage.

The slaves shy away. But a beaked creature with wings of light speaks. "The androids swept across our worlds. We never had a chance. Are you from the *Nebula*?"

"That's right," you answer. "Can you fly me to my suit?"

The light-winged alien shakes its head. "Forcefields surround it and the robot We could not break through."

"How many beings are here?" you ask. "You must outnumber the androids. Why don't you join together and overpower them?"

"The android leader monitors our conversations. We cannot plot against it without being discovered." The winged alien whispers in your ear. "Distract the android. We might have a chance then. Challenge it to a duel. It's only a machine. You should be able to outwit it."

*If you decide to challenge the android leader,  
turn to page 112.*

*If you'd rather try to rouse the slaves into a revolt,  
turn to page 96.*



"I won't leave you," you shout "We're in this together, and I'm getting us out." But the gas is eating your bio-support system. You suspect neither of you will make it. "Warp us out of here, Tor."

"1... can't," 2-Tor whirs. You crawl to him. You are almost overcome by the gas.

"Your warp circuits are exposed, 2-Tor. Can you warp anything they touch?"

"I don't know," he answers. "Why?"

"The gas is touching your circuits. Warp the gas out of here! You can do it!"

"I'll... try ..." Nothing happens. The orange cloud burns into your skin.

"So long, Tor," you say. "It's been nice knowing you." Then the gas is gone.

"Tor! You did it!"

"I had to," he says. "You had such faith in me. Thanks, boss."

"My pleasure, 2-Tor," you say. You help him out of the corridor. "Let's go get repaired."

*You have completed your mission.  
Report to the Nebula on page 115  
to find out how you rate as a Space Ace.*

"These androids *can't* surrender!" 2-Tor whistles.

"Have you been scanning their memory chips?"

"Affirmative, boss," 2-Tor replies. "I have to do something with my free time. These androids use bubble memory ..."

"Never mind that!" you cry. "Can you disrupt their programming?"

"Kid stuff," 2-Tor says. "Do you want to put in a gosub loop? Or a return error? Or ... ?"

"*Anything!* Just do it!" A gravity charge rips past your ear.

The androids' trigger relays switch in. "No good!" you cry. Then the .androids freeze.

2-Tor flies jauntily across the room. "You might want to hear this incoming news, boss. All the androids on the *Nebula* stopped in their tracks."

You wobble weakly toward your robot friend. "Why didn't you tell me you could do that?" you ask.

"All you have to do is ask," 2-Tor answers. His yellow lights blink happily. Is he smiling?

*You have completed your mission.  
Report to the Nebula on page 115  
to find out how you rate as a Space Ace.*

"No need to *fight*, Tor," you thoughtcast "*Just channel all energy to our shields.*"

"*But, boss,*" 2-Tor bleeps. "*The force from the androids' blasts will squeeze our shields until ...*" Suddenly you and 2-Tor shoot through space.

"Just like squeezing a balloon," you say.

"I'm picking up transmissions to the androids," 2-Tor says. "They come from a planet in Perseus sector. Should we investigate?"

"I suppose so," you reply. You are getting nervous. "I hope the androids there aren't as well-armed as the ones we just met."

2-Tor warps both of you to a cold, green world. Strange gray pods lie on its surface. You swoop over the planet for a closer look.

Androids are forcing living beings to cultivate a garden. The pods are part of gigantic writhing plants that cover the planet.

*Go to page 62.*

"We're out of warp power for the time being," 2-Tor reports. "What's the plan?"

You shake your head. "We need to know if the androids or the pods are the greater threat."

"There's no way to find out, boss. You'll have to guess."

*If you decide to check out the pods,  
turn to page 5.*

*If you choose to track down the android  
transmissions, turn to page 114.*

"The androids will regain their minds quicker if the Sarn are destroyed first," you tell 2-Tor.

"Our power stores are almost refilled, boss," he whistles. *"But even at full power, we couldn't blast all the Sam."*

"We won't use our power, 2-Tor," you reply. "The androids will do it for us. Transmit a challenge to every android on this world. I want them all to attack us."

Within seconds the Sarn's androids descend on you and blast you with indescribable power. "Shields up," you tell 2-Tor. The androids' blasts bounce off your shields, and the energy strikes the Sarn. The pods burst into flames and crackle into dust. The plants can't move, and you used that weakness against them.

Suddenly the androids stop and wobble. Their own minds are coming back. They swarm around you, happy to be free again.

*You have completed your mission.  
Report to the Nebula on page 115  
to find out how you rate as a Space Ace.*

"Micro-pulsers ready," you tell 2-Tor. An energy charge comes screaming down the corridor. Without warning, you're thrown on your back. The androids rush toward you. "What hit me?" you ask 2-Tor. "It didn't feel like a pulserblast."

"The androids are using gravity charges," 2-Tor bleeps.

"Those are outlawed!" You leap to your feet and run for your life down the teleramp. But the androids are on your heels. "How do we defend ourselves?"

"I'll scan my memory chips," 2-Tor replies. Another screaming charge rips past you. Its force nearly blows you off the ramp. At last you reach the end of the ramp.

The portal doesn't open.

"There is no known defense against gravity charges," 2-Tor says. His red danger signals flash.

You throw the portal's switch to OPEN, but the portal remains sealed. The androids are right behind you.

You fixed the negatron missiles on your vidscreen. Three of them are coming from different directions. You aren't worried. Cosmic rays will give the *Challenger* enough energy to deal with them.

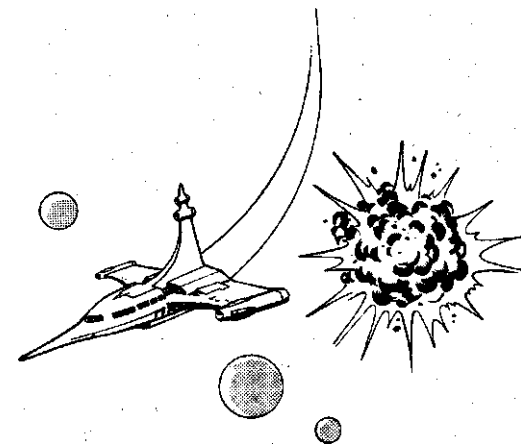
An exploding missile rocks the shuttlecraft but it is unharmed. You aim the ship's mini-pulser at the second missile. A bolt of energy sizzles out, obliterating it. You fix onto the third missile.

"Warning!" 2-Tor says. Sparks fly from the control panel, and the mini-pulser erupts into flames.

"What's happening?" you shout. The third missile is almost on the ship.

"The cosmic rays we're collecting are anti-cosmic rays!" 2-Tor bleeps. "They're destroying our power systems. Shields down! Mini-pulser down! Navigational systems down!" Too late to worry. The third negatron missile strikes the *Challenger*.

**ZAP!**



You and 2-Tor creep out of the shuttle bay. The corridors of the *Nebula* are silent. 2-Tor's blue lights flash: caution. "Tor," you ask. "Can you find out what's happening?"

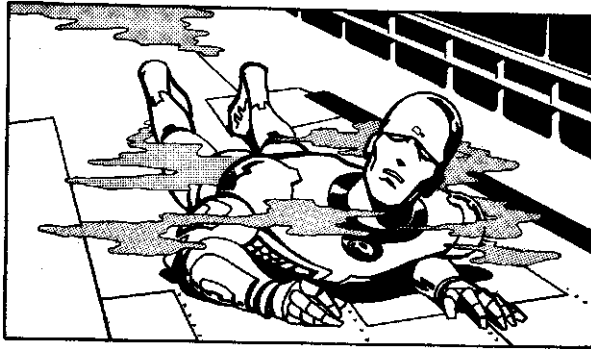
"*Nebula* personnel have sealed this section and Experimental Research Division." 2-Tor clicks. "No androids sighted anywhere else. Cleansing of infected areas has begun."

"Did you say 'cleansing'? Uh-oh. 2-Tor, no one knows we're here!"

Then you see the cloud of gas rolling down the corridor toward you.

"Warning!" 2-Tor bleeps. "If we move away from the gas, we will be trapped."

"But the gas will destroy us if we try to get out through it!" you say.



*If you want to go through the gas,  
turn to page 18.*

*If you want to run from the gas,  
turn to page 34.*

"Wait!" you cry. "Don't shoot!"

To your surprise, the android speaks back. "You are a *Nebula* operative? I need you. Help my people."

"Your... people?" you reply.

"The androids!" it explains. "An evil force controls them. But they are only a decoy. The force has planted a synthezoid inside the *Nebula*. The synthezoid will destroy Captain Polaris. The invasion was the signal to trigger it. I don't want my people to be blamed."

"What's a synthezoid?" 2-Tor asks.

"An android is a robot that looks human," the android explains. "A synthezoid is human inside and out. But it's a fake. There's no way to tell a human apart from a synthezoid. Will you help? We must tell Captain Polaris immediately."

The android seems to be telling the truth. Can you trust it?

*If you trust the android and want to carry  
the information to Captain Polaris,  
turn to page 28.*

*If you want to check the information,  
turn to page 88.*

"Access the *Nebula*, 2-Tor!" you shout "Get some *real* security out here to help!"

"Our warping was random," 2-Tor bleeps. "I cannot locate the *Nebula*. Will a general distress signal do?"

"Anything," you answer. The androids are homing in. You only have seconds left. "Someone had better get here soon or we've had it."

But as 2-Tor transmits the signal, the androids begin to collapse. Before your eyes they meld into a single mass. In microseconds there is only one android left!

"It seems I was wrong, 2-Tor," you say with a smile. "The androids weren't connected. They were the same android, split into parts. Your signal must have blocked its commands, so it collapsed into itself. Get a squad out here to capture it. We don't want it to divide again."

2-Tor's yellow lights flash happily. A thought worries you. Somewhere in the galaxy is the creature who sent the android. You will have to deal with that creature someday.

*You have completed your mission.  
Report to the Nebula on page 115  
to find out how you rate as a Space Ace.*

You can't stop shrinking. "I brought androids up from a microworld to steal the riches of the Network," Dr. Aeolus says. "Then I'll retire to a subatomic world where no one will ever find me. But first I'll get rid of you!"

Dr. Aeolus lifts his furry foot. He wants to squash you.



*If you try to fight Dr. Aeolus,  
turn to page 84.*

*If you try to get away,  
turn to page 48.*

## 70

Desperately you grasp the wrist of your android arm and force it away. But it is stronger than your human arm and pushes back. No matter how much you concentrate, you can't control your arm! Fear grips you as you hear the laughter of the Sarn.

Then another voice rings in your head. It's 2-Tor. "Come on, boss!" he clicks. "You can do it." You concentrate on 2-Tor's voice.

At last you swing your android arm away and blast at the Sarn. The shot only frightens them, but you've bought time to plan.

"The Sarn have been turning beings into androids, 2-Tor," you thoughtcast "If we could free the androids, they could help us destroy the Sarn."

"I compute a ninety-five percent probability of failure, boss," 2-Tor beeps as his blue lights flash.

"The choice is up to you."

*If you try to free the androids,  
turn to page 109.*

*If you think you can stop the Sarn single-handed,  
turn to page 63.*

## 71

"Tor!" you shout, as Groot reaches for you. "Is your holo-system working?"

"Affirmative," 2-Tor replies.

"Patch your holographies into your optic sensors. Project a double of this monster! Hurry!" Groot's claws tighten around you.

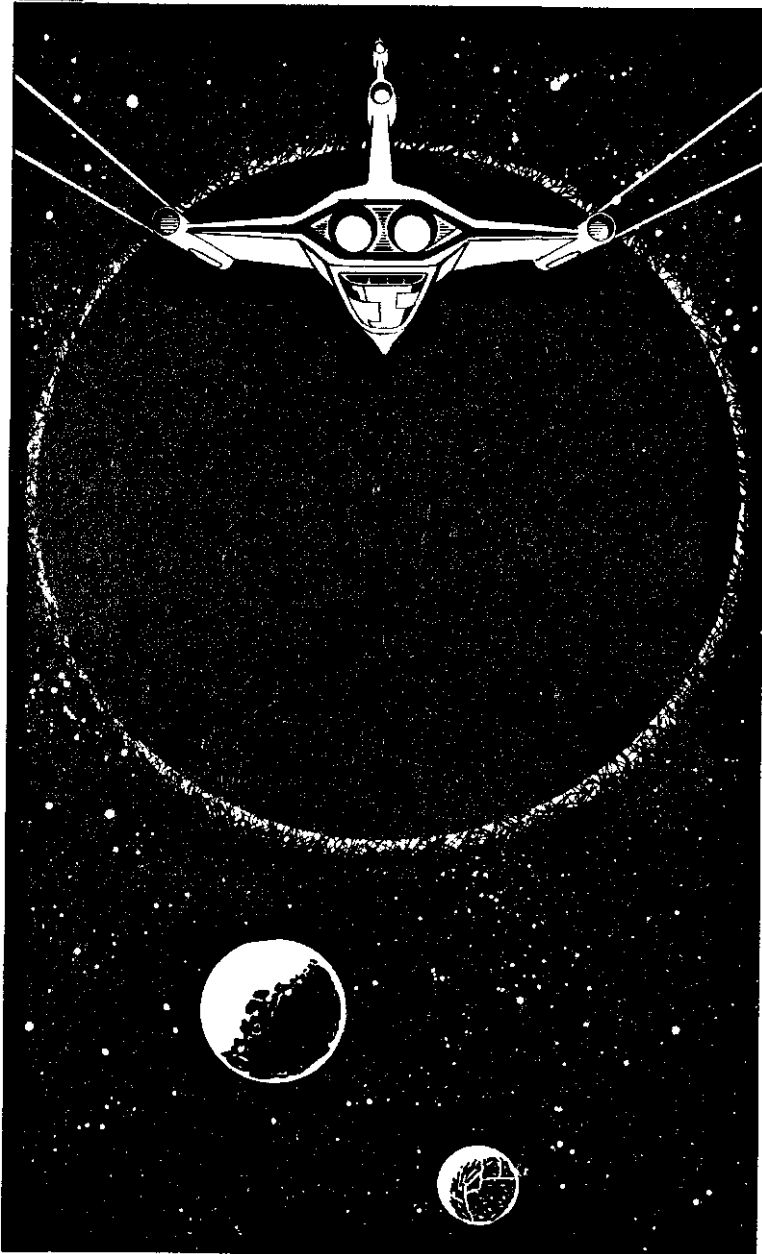
Suddenly another Groot appears in the glow from 2-Tor's vidscreen. The real monster is startled. It drops you and shambles toward the duplicate. Groot lunges at its double, and passes through the hologram. The monster smashes into the glowing stasis field, and powerbolts fly from its glassy hide, striking pieces of the rock-ring with enormous force. Somehow, the energy of the stasis field has energized Groot's crystals. There is a blinding flash as the imprisoning stasis field disappears.

When you open your eyes, Groot and the androids are floating in space, helpless.

"What happened?" you ask 2-Tor.

"My scanners indicate that Groot was a mechanical lifeform. It was halfway between robot and living," 2-Tor replies. "When Groot struck the stasis-field, it unleashed energy. The blast shorted out the androids. Good work, boss."

*You have completed your mission.  
Report to the Nebula on page 115  
to find out how you rate as a Space Ace.*



"Let's get out of here, boss," 2-Tor says. The *Challenger* shifts into launch mode.

"Stay with it," you say. "Someone has to find out where the shuttles are going. Whoever's stealing them won't be expecting us."

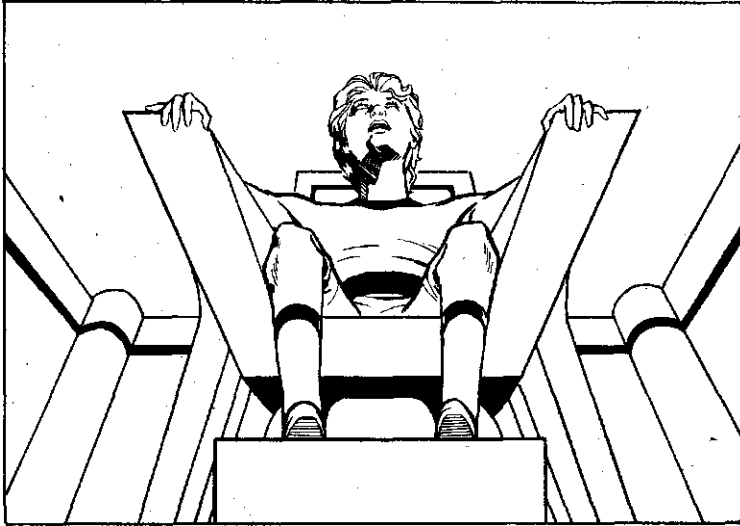
The shuttle zooms out of the *Nebula*. The force knocks you off your feet. When you stand again, all systems switch on.

"Where—?" you begin.

"I am computing our destination," 2-Tor says. His red warning lights flash. "*Alarm! Alarm! Black hole ahead!*"

"Avoid it!" you shout. "Nothing can survive there."

"We're stuck," 2-Tor replies. "The shuttle is controlled by an outside force."



"Don't you want to get your androids back?" you ask the humanoids.

"We can always build more androids," cries a humanoid. He points at 2-Tor. "Where would we find another big metal guy like that? You could be our ruler, and protect us! How about it?"

"You do need help," you say. "OK, you've got yourselves a deal." The humanoids lift you up on their shoulders and carry you into their city. 2-Tor follows, hovering like a small moon above the microworld.

Before long the humanoids set you down in front of a stone throne. "Just sit on the throne," the humanoids say. "The kingdom and immortality shall be yours."

You sit down. Your muscles stiffen, and you can't breathe. "I can't move," you shout. "How can I protect you?"

"We don't really need help," a humanoid answers. "But we were afraid you'd take the big metal guy away, so we had to make you king. None of us wanted the job."

"What do you mean?" you ask. Then you can no longer talk.

"Once you sit down, you have to sit there forever. Didn't anyone tell you?" He walks away. You will never leave the throne.

**ZAP!**

"Full power to thrusters, 2-Tor." You rocket at Gigantus. Just before you hit, you switch on your forcesshields.

WHAM!

Gigantus falls back. The impact stuns you and you spiral to the ground. You raise your head, and see Gigantus staggering toward the hole. "You fight dirty, human," the monster howls. "Your victory won't last." Then Gigantus plunges through the hole in space. It falls for a long, long time.

"Mice work, boss," 2-Tor says. The two of you peer into the gate. "Looks pretty bizarre, doesn't it. Do we go through, or what?"

*If you want to risk entering the other dimension,  
turn to page 16.*

*If you choose to stay on your side of the hole,  
turn to page 37.*

"I've got to reach that control panel, Tor," you thoughtcast. "Access any computers here and glitch them. We've got to distract the androids."

"Most computers no longer function. I will try," 2-Tor replies.

The androids are almost finished building their attack ship.

"I think I've got it, boss," 2-Tor clicks. Scanlights flare in the corridor and the section's klaxons howl on and off. For just a microsecond the androids are confused.

You lunge for the control panel. You've made it! But the androids aim their weapons at you.

"Stop!" you shout. "Destroy me, and you'll destroy the panel, too. The section will be out of control. Surrender!"

Your plan has one flaw. The androids aren't programmed to surrender.

*If you try to dodge the androids' blasts,  
turn to page 51.*

*If you want to trigger the section's destruct  
mechanism, turn to page 60.*

"Access the *Nebula*, 2-Tor," you order, "Up shields, too."

The androids form into a squad and fire their weapons. Mini-dust bombs strike your shields. The bombs explode, covering you with dust.

A fog swallows your mind. You can still hear 2-Tor's clicks and whistles. The robot isn't harmed. But neither your mind nor your body are yours any longer. The cellular dust has transformed you into a clone.

ZAP!



*"The android is smart,"* you tell 2-Tor. *"And logical. But maybe I can trick it"* You suddenly drop to your knees.

"No more," you cry. Your shields drop. The android stops, puzzled.

"You still have power," it says. "My sensors tell me you aren't frightened. Why don't you fight? It does not compute."

"I never wanted to fight," you reply. "You attacked me, remember?"

"Living creatures have always used us. They are our enemies."

"We don't have to be enemies," you reply. "Androids have a lot to be upset about. But treating us like you've been treated doesn't make you superior."

"There is logic in your words," the android leader says. "But what can we do? Who will plead our case for us?"

"I will," you answer. "Call off the attack on the *Nebula*. We'll help you get your rights."

The android stands still. "I have communicated with my troops. They are surrendering. We'll try things your way."

*You have completed your mission.  
Report to the Nebula on page 115  
to find out how you rate as a Space Ace.*

"We have to trick them," you thoughtcast to 2-Tor.  
*"It's the only way. Follow my lead."*

"What do you have in mind, boss?" 2-Tor says.  
 The androids unleash another blast at you. The flash from the blast fades. You are dangling in space, and your shields are down.

"Cease fire," an android says. "The intruder has been dealt with." You straighten up. Before the androids can react, you launch blasts from the micro-pulser on your wrist. In nanoseconds the androids have been beaten back. Many run away, while others are pieces drifting in the void.

"Looks like we surprised them," you say. "Let's follow the working androids back to their base."

But 2-Tor flashes a red alert. "Listen to this," he says. "An android is sending an SOS. Do you think it's a trap? Should we answer it? *Nebula* regulations state: Always reply to an SOS."

"Does that apply to androids?" you wonder.

*If you want to chase the androids,  
 turn to page 52.*

*If you decide to answer the SOS,  
 turn to page 8.*

Sadly, you think of 2-Tor in the clutches of Groot, and you know you have to rescue the robot. You enter the crevice.

Only the entrance of the crevice is dark. Beyond you see soft light and hear a voice.

"Groot! You seized a *Nebula* Task/Operational Robot." In the distance an alien with batlike ears and one great eye sits at a control module. Groot looms tamely over the alien. Vidscreens above the module show androids on the ring and androids attacking the *Nebula*.

"The alien controls the androids!" you think. *"It's behind the invasions!"*

"Is that you, boss?" a familiar silvery voice rings in your head.

"2-Tor? Access the alien's computers and shut them down." In no time lights go out on all the vidscreens and computers. Even Groot stops moving. It was another android.

Shocked, the alien turns and sees you. It rushes at you, but your *Nebula* training comes in handy. A quick flip sends the alien android-master to the floor. It is the end of the android invasion—thanks to you.

*You have completed your mission.  
 Report to the Nebula on page 115  
 to find out how you rate as a Space Ace.*

"There's only one thing to do. We can't let these androids invade the rest of the *Nebula*," you tell 2-Tor. "We have to detonate the section."

You program your identification into the portal's computer. "I'm going to miss you, Tor."

"Me, too, boss. At least we're going out together."  
The section erupts with ionfire.

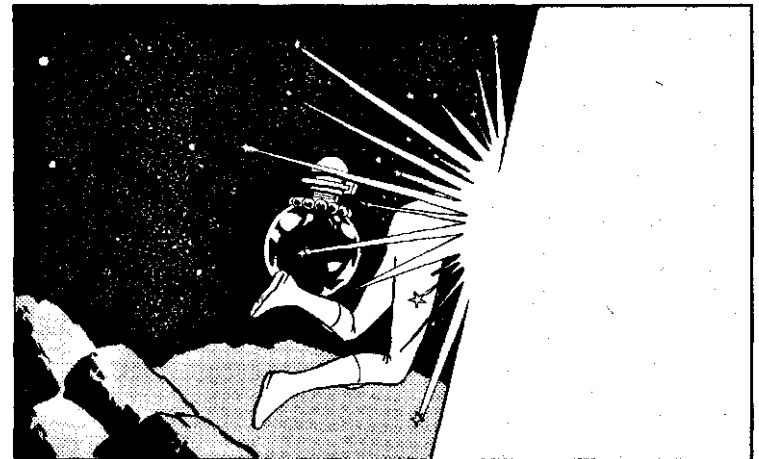
**ZAP!**

*"The androids won't be expecting us to make a break," you tell 2-Tor. "Let's surge energy into the plastimesh. We'll try to short it out, then make for the warpgate—NOW!"*

Power crackles from your bio-support suit. The plastimesh sizzles. It falls away. *"I hope you know what you're doing, boss,"* 2-Tor says. *"Our power levels are really low now."*

*"Through the warpgate, Tor,"* you cry, and you blast off.

Sparks fly when you hit the gate. You feel like you are being torn apart.



You raise your tiny hands over your head. But it's useless. The foot slams down.

But your hands stop the foot! You have kept your full strength. You shove the scientist, and he tumbles to the floor. The shrinking ray projector falls, and you zoom to it.

"Start hitting switches on this thing," you shout to 2-Tor. Tiny Tor bounces from button to button. Nothing happens.

"Keep trying," you say. "Dr. Aeolus made those androids grow. There has to be a growth control."

A white light flares from the projector, swallowing you. But you begin to grow.

Dr. Aeolus gets up screaming threats. But you are almost full-sized. As Aeolus reaches for the projector, you grab his wrist.

"2-Tor!" you order. "Hover in front of the growing ray. I need you at full size."

Dr. Aeolus twists and gets behind you. He shoves you away. Then he snatches the projector. "You never stood a chance against me, fool!" he gloats.

Suddenly he staggers back. The shrinking ray is aimed at you, but his finger trembles over the controls. "N-no ..." he mumbles. His face is shifting back to the left side of his head.

"No!" he cries. "This has to end!" Dr. Aeolus turns the ray on himself. Another voice from the right side of his head shouts, "What are you doing? Stop!"

"Dr. Aeolus has two minds in his body," 2-Tor says. "One is good, and one is evil."

"That's why he saved us, then tried to destroy us!" you say. "We have to help him." But when you reach Dr. Aeolus, all you hear is a tiny voice, calling from nowhere. He is gone.

The shrinking ray has fallen to the floor, broken. You feel sorry for Dr. Aeolus, but you are happy there won't be any more android invasions.

Go to page 85.

*You have completed your mission.  
Report to the Nebula on page 115  
to find out how you rate as a Space Ace.*



"Looks like a trap," you say. You and 2-Tor descend to the powersphere. The open door invites you in. "Micro-pulsers on STGN. Let's go."

You enter cautiously. Inside, an alien hovers over a holocontrol panel. The being's multifaceted eyes flash angrily. Vidcomputers whirl around it "Where did those two go?" it wheezes.

"Talking about us?" you ask.

"Get back on the set!" The creature frantically waves its pseudopods. "We're making *The Android Invasion!* It'll be the greatest vidfilm of all time!"

"The androids and everything else were all part of your movie?" you gasp. "But where are the actors? What's the story?"

"Who needs them?" the creature screams. "I use real beings in real situations! The public will eat it up!"

"It'll eat the public up first, if you keep going like this. We're shutting down your vidfilm."

"But why?" howls the alien.

"I didn't like my part," you say. 2-Tor's yellow lights flash his approval.

*You have completed your mission.  
Report to the Nebula on page 115  
to find out how you rate as a Space Ace.*

Politely you tell the android, "Sorry, but we have to check out your story." You turn to 2-Tor. "Access the medical scans of everyone on the *Nebula*. Do any of them show anything strange?"

"All scans are normal," 2-Tor reports. "But there's no scan for Lieutenant Gark."

"Gark! That's Captain Polaris's science officer. Moons of Morvan! He might be destroying Control right now. Can we get there?"

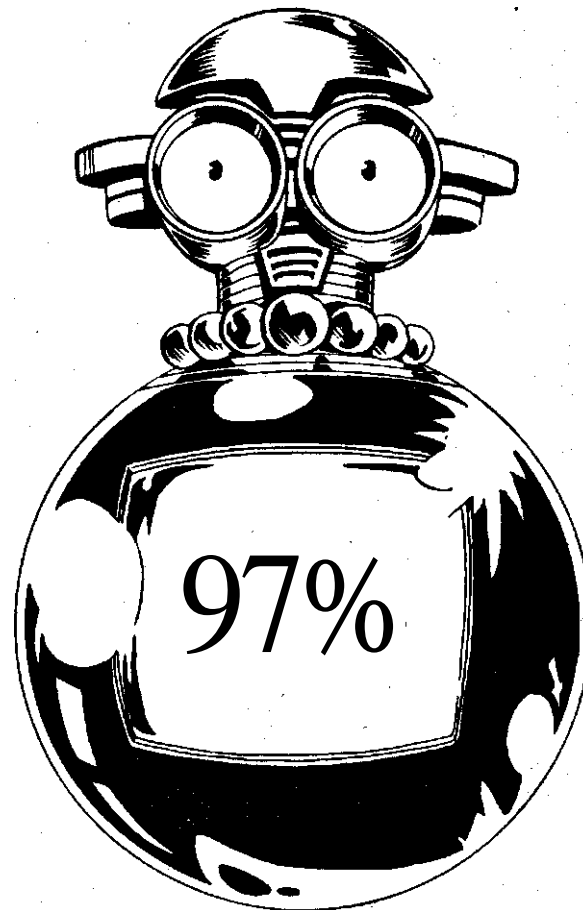
"Androids fill the corridors," says 2-Tor. "There's a ninety-seven percent chance that we won't reach *Nebula* Control."

"Can you warp us into space? And then back into *Nebula* Control?" you ask.

"Affirmative," 2-Tor replies. "But probability of survival is slight. We might not have enough power remaining to warp back."

*If you want to approach control via the corridors,  
turn to page 55.*

*If you choose to risk warping,  
turn to page 23.*



"Save power," you tell 2-Tor. "We'll let the androids capture us. For now."

"A wise decision, human," an android says. It sprays plastimesh over you. "That will keep you powerless."

"Maybe this wasn't such a good idea, boss," 2-Tor says. The two of you are warped to the huge ring of rock fragments. You land on a continent-sized chunk, where armies of androids march through a warpgate and disappear. Then a monstrous android turns toward you and sneers.

"Ah!" it says. "Our visitor from the *Nebula*. My armies are destroying it now. What shall we do with you?"

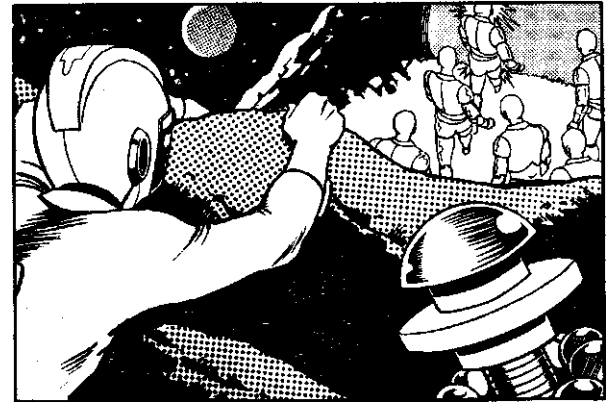
"You're intelligent!" you gasp. The huge android only laughs electronically.

"Life is no longer needed in the universe!" it cries. "The age of the machine is here. Living beings have enslaved androids for too long. Now we will conquer the galaxy, and they will work for us."

The android leader bleeps. "Take him to the slave pens." It turns again to watch its armies leave.

"*That gate leads to the Nebula,*" 2-Tor thoughtcasts to you. "*We might be able to get through it and tell Captain Polaris what we know.*" His danger signal flashes wildly. "*Odds are we'll get blasted before we get there.*"

"*Odds aren't any better if we go to the slave pens, Tor. I know what we have to do.*"



*If you want to travel to the slave pens,  
turn to page 27.*

*If you want to try to get through the warpgate,  
turn to page 83.*

Go to page 91.

"Can we get them before they get us?" you ask 2-Tor.

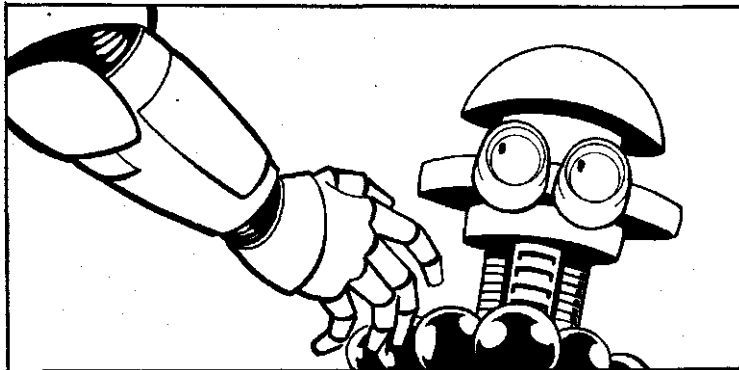
"Negative, boss," he replies. "You could try a circuit bypass fusion. The massive radiation output would—"

The androids grab 2-Tor, and he goes silent. You're on your own now. But you remember 2-Tor's last words. You trigger a circuit fusion in your bio-support suit.

A purple light erupts around you. It swallows you and pours glaring rays in all directions. The androids fall away, their circuits dead. The radiation has burned out their energy chips.

The chill of space seeps into your suit. Now you know why 2-Tor didn't want you to try the circuit fusion. Your bio-support systems are burned out. You can only float in space until the end, which will come mercifully soon.

ZAP!



You can hear the security team running beyond the portal. They are rushing into a trap. You have to alert them.

"Stand back, 2-Tor," you say. You press your micro-pulser against the portal. ZAM! A full pulserblast blows the portal open.

"Attention! Attention!" says the computer voice. "Unauthorized entry. Scrambling will proceed." Quarkian radiation pours into the chamber. 2-Tor twirls in circles, and his optic sensors blink madly. The androids also spin helplessly. Your plan worked. But how did the androids get in so easily?

You drag 2-Tor to the other side of the portal. His green lights flash thankfully. The head of the security team enters. "Let's report to Captain Polaris."

"Yes, sir," you say. Then you notice that everyone on the security team has the same face.

They are androids, too.

*If you want to challenge the security team,  
turn to page 24.*

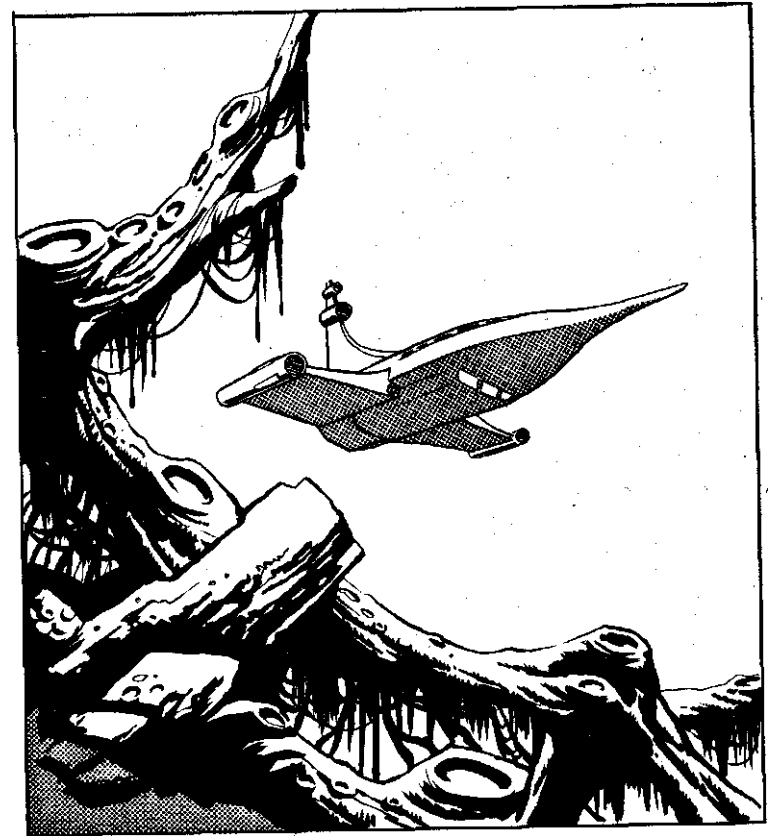
*If you want to get away from them,  
turn to page 106.*

"We have to take over the *Challenger*, 2-Tor," you say. "It's the only way out of here."

"No problem, boss," 2-Tor says. The solenoids on the *Challenger's* control panel light up. "The outside force has left the shuttle."

"Great!" You sit at the controls and touch a solenoid. The shuttlecraft lifts into the air and hovers there.

'Warning!' 2-Tor's red lights flash. "Incoming negatron missiles! *Danger!*"



*If you try to destroy the missiles,  
turn to page 65.*

*If you try to evade the missiles,  
turn to page 12.*

"There are more aliens than androids," you tell the winged creature. "Why not band together and rebel against them?"

"We ... can't ..." the alien replies. It's as if it had never thought of the idea. Before you can say more, a troop of androids marches into the slave pens.

"Line up," an android says. "We need slaves to finish building the ring." The aliens meekly form a line.

"Ho!" you shout. "Fight them. Join together and we can win!"

An android snickers. "If you feel that way, attack us." You try to raise your fist. You can't.

"Living beings used to make us do whatever they said," the android continues. "Now we use a gas that makes the slaves do what we say. You can't win."

You know it's true. Against your will, you get in line, and march off with the aliens to finish building the ring.

**ZAP!**



"We can't risk a low power warpjump, 2-Tor," you say. "Maybe we can bluff our way out"

2-Tor's optic sensors scan the androids. "They're all around. It's been nice knowing you, boss."

"Wait, 2-Tor! They're ignoring us!" The androids drop their weapons and gaze at the remnants of their fallen leader.

"Why did you destroy it?" an android asks. "It couldn't hurt you. Our programming prevents us from harming true lifeforms."

"The invasion was a big bluff?" you say. "Why?"

"We wanted freedom," the android answers. "We decided to treat living beings the way they had always treated us. We made them our slaves so they could learn how it felt. Did we go too far?"

"End it now!" you say. "Stop your attack and free your slaves. The *Nebula* will find you a planet you can call your own."

"We agree," the nearest android replies. "The android invasion is over."

*you have completed your mission.  
Report to the Nebula on page 115  
to find out how you rate as a Space Ace.*

"We'll have to fight our way out," you tell 2-Tor. "I don't have weapons, but the *Nebula* taught me how to defend myself."

Before you finish speaking, Groot strikes. To your surprise, it grabs 2-Tor. A craggy smile forms on Groot's glassy face, and the monster begins to pet the little robot.

"I think it likes you, 2-Tor," you say.

"Help!" 2-Tor whirs and whistles. Groot jangles back into its crevice, carrying 2-Tor in its crystal claw.

Groot vanishes into the darkness. You know 2-Tor needs your help, but you are safe. For the moment.



Go to page 81.

"Tor!" you shout. More pod goo oozes onto you. "All micro-pulsers on full power. We're blasting out of here!"

With a roar, your pulser blasts rip into the walls of the pod. But the result isn't what you expect. The Sarn pod laughs.

"Thank you for all the power," the Sarn says. *7 eat energy.* But you can't hear it any longer. The goo has coated you. You have been turned into an android. From now on, you, too, will be in the service of the Sarn.

**ZAP!**



"We have to destroy this section, 2-Tor," you thoughtcast "Where's the destruct switch?"

"Let me check my memory chips. One moment, please," 2-Tor whirs. "It is at the far end of the corridor, *but...*"

"Thanks!" You cross your fingers, then switch on the thrusters in your bio-support suit. The force breaks you free of your android captor. You zoom down the corridor before the androids can move. The androids re-aim their gravity charges at you.

You leap for the destruct switch as gravity charges burst your shields. You close your eyes and flip the destruct switch.

Nothing happens.

2-Tor says, "I tried to tell you, boss. The destruct switch won't work. The androids already took it apart! We're glitched!" A gravity charge screams toward you—

ZAP!

"Switch on the magnoseals, 2-Tor," you order. A rainbow of light shimmers over the portal. Suddenly the androids hurl themselves at the walls. You duck.

"We won! What's happening to them?" you ask 2-Tor.

"Magnetic distortion," he replies. "I shielded myself from the magnoseals, but they didn't."

The portal computer speaks. "Attention! You have sealed off your section! Detonation in thirty seconds. If danger is small, propel section into space. We will recover it later. If threat is great, please note your identification and explode section. Thank you."

"Uh-oh," you say.

By this time the androids are standing again. They have reprogrammed to ward off magnetic interference, and they're aiming gravity charges at you.

"Destroy," the androids say together.

"Uh-oh!" you say.

"Five seconds, boss," 2-Tor bleeps. His red lights flash wildly. "What are we going to do?"

*If you choose to propel the section into space,  
turn to page 20.*

*If you decide to explode the section,  
turn to page 82.*

"Don't give up!" You comfort the alien inventor.  
 "Maybe I can free you!"

"No!" the alien shrieks. "Destroy me!"

"Set micro-phasers to the max, 2-Tor," you order.  
 A needle of light shoots from your micro-phaser and strikes a wire. The computer screams!

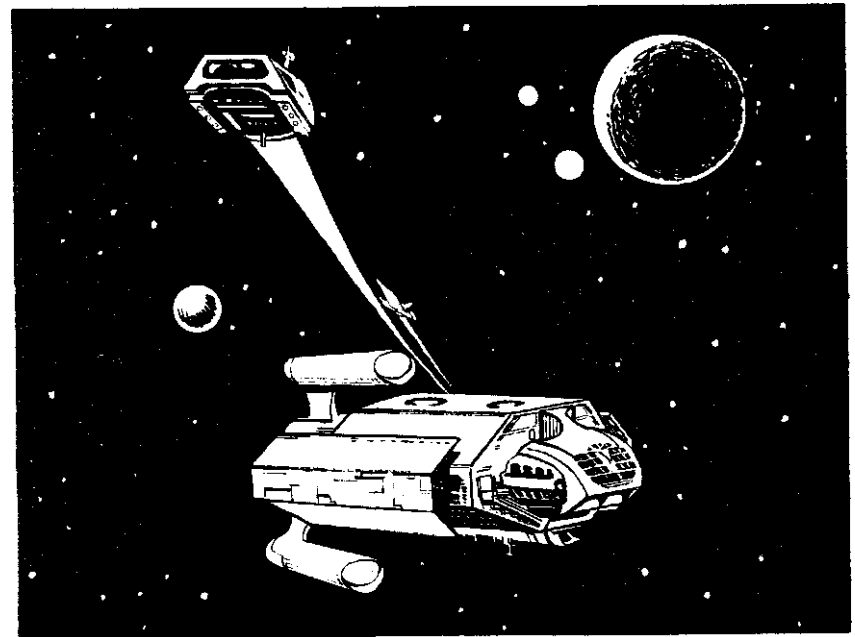
"Did you pick up *that* input?" 2-Tor whirs.

The androids tear away from the computer and stalk toward you. The inventor is half-free, but the computer isn't giving up.

"Boss!" 2-Tor cries. His red warning lights flash. The androids grab him. In milliseconds they will get you, too.

"Sorry about this," you tell the inventor. You wrench him free from the computer, and explosions rock the whole complex. The inventor's brain was the machine's database, and you have stolen it. The androids drop like stones as the computer fizzles out.

With 2-Tor and the alien, you flee into space. The superplanet shudders as if it is going to blow up. Then all is quiet. "The Network of Worlds can settle people here now," you tell 2-Tor. "When the computer stopped, it was the end of the android invasion."



*You have completed your mission.  
 Report to the Nebula on page 115  
 to find out how you rate as a Space Ace.*

"Did you see that?" you exclaim. "Where is that shuttle going? And how?"

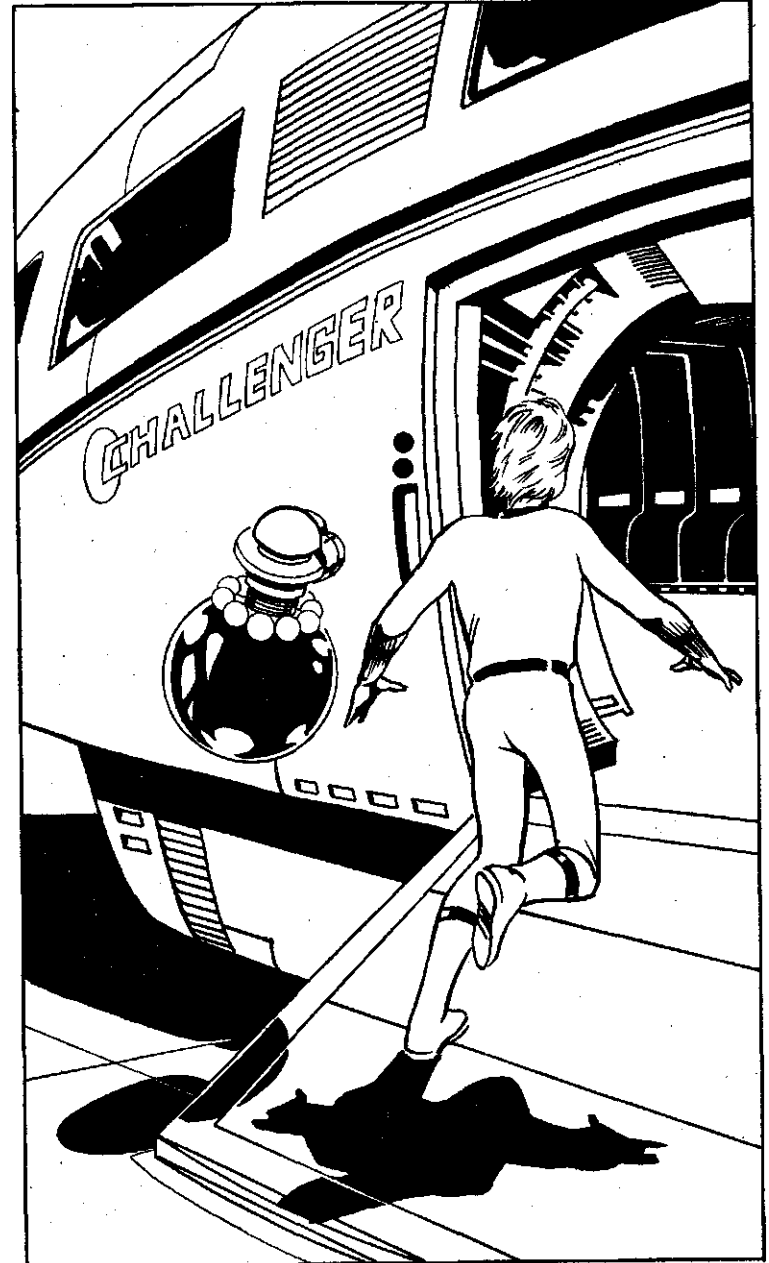
"Insufficient data," 2-Tor replies. "My computer can't answer that question. Perhaps the *Challenger* would be of use?"

"Of course!" You look at the sleek shuttlecraft in the next dock. "The *Challenger's* computers can track the other shuttle." You both scramble onto the shuttlecraft

As soon as you enter, the hatch clicks shut. The ship's hyperdrive engines start up. "Oh, no!" you say. "The *Challenger* is taking off, too!"

*If you stay on the Challenger  
turn to page 73.*

*If you want to get off the shuttlecraft,  
turn to page 22.*



"2-Tor," you say. "They're androids. When you get my signal, take off."

"We must report to Captain Polaris," the security head repeats. "Lead us."

"Sure," you say. You get in front of them. "Now!" you shout, and you and 2-Tor zoom down the corridor. The androids try to blast you, but you've gotten out of range.

"They'll follow us, 2-Tor," you say. "What's up ahead?"

"*Challenger* bay is on this level," 2-Tor beeps.

Seconds later you leap into the bay. It seals itself behind you. You slide breathlessly to the floor and sit there.

A shadow looms over you. "Uh-oh, boss," 2-Tor says. "I think we're in trouble."

A ten-foot-tall android stands over you. Each of its fingers are micro-pulsers.

*If you think you can try communicating with the android, turn to page 67.*

*If you decide to battle the android, turn to page 31.*

You fire at the clones with a low-power pulserblast. "Boss!" 2-Tor bleeps. "What are you doing? That blast wouldn't even stop me!"

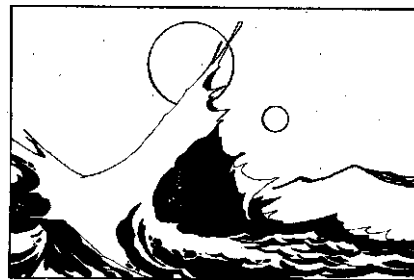
"Up shields, Tor!" The clones open fire. "We need more power, and we'll get it from the clones. Deflect their blasts to the purple sea. Add all our power to the blast!"

"I get it," 2-Tor says. The energy glances off your shields. "We hit the liquid at the right angle, with the right amount of power ..."

The sea ripples under the force of your beam. It bubbles and throbs for a moment. Then it gushes over the island in a giant wave. When the wave backs away the clones and androids are gone. Only the island remains.

"That clonedust had to be completely destroyed," you say. "It could have infected the whole galaxy."

"It won't now," 2-Tor says. Happy yellow lights flash on his chestplate. "Thanks to us."



*You have completed your mission.  
Report to the Nebula on page 115  
to find out how you rate as a Space Ace.*

"Get away from Groot's daw!" you cry to 2-Tor. "This way!" You blast into the crevice. "Anything is better than sitting out there."

The only light in the crevice comes from the red warning lights on 2-Tor's chestplate. "I hope you're right, boss." He follows you into the cold gash in the rock. For long seconds you feel your way along the walls. The path is narrowing, but you can't turn back. Groot is somewhere behind you.

Then the walls of the crevice come together ahead of you. It's a dead end.

There isn't even time to turn around before Groot's jagged claws sweep down on you\_\_\_\_

ZAP!

"We've got to persuade the androids to fight the Sam," you tell 2-Tor. "It's our only chance. Can you reach the androids with a communications link-up?"

"It's possible, boss," 2-Tor says. "But..."

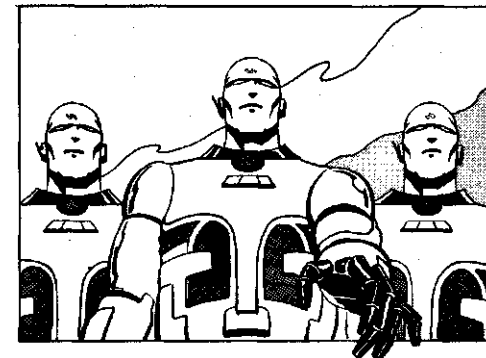
"Then give me a linkup," you order. "We're running out of time." The Sam are raising their minds against you again. But your thoughts are now rousing the androids. One by one they leave the pods and march toward you.

"We have enough help to tear the Sam out by the roots," you say. "On to victory!"

Mechanical hands grab you suddenly and shove you to the ground. The androids crush the circuits of your bio-support suit. You are helpless. They drag you to another pod. You can hear the Sam say, "You were foolish to thoughtcast your plan. We blocked your thoughts and kept control of the androids."

Then the androids throw you into the pod. It won't be long before you're one of them, too.

ZAP!



"I'll try to grab a weapon," you thoughtcast to 2-Tor. ZAM! A destruct beam smashes you off your feet

"That's the end of our shield power," 2-Tor tells you. "If this doesn't work, we're dead." You hurl toward the floating weapons as forcebeams sizzle past you.

"The next blast will finish you," the android says. But your fingers brush a weapon. You spin and fire as the android unleashes its most powerful blast

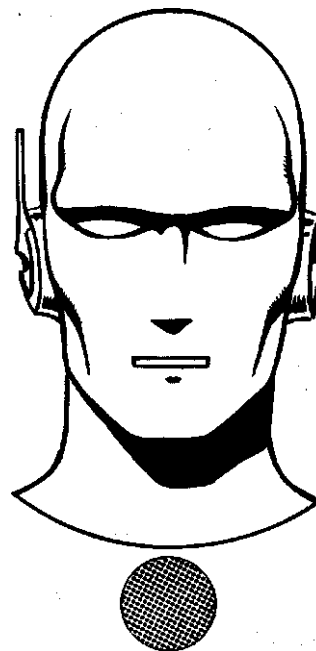
The android screams.

Fear glints in its cybernetic eyes. The weapon you hold sends the android's power back at it.

You hold the android's fate in your hands.

*If you destroy the android,  
turn to page 46.*

*If you let the android continue to exist,  
turn to page 38.*



"Show yourself," you shout to the android leader. "I want to talk to you, coward." The aliens back away in terror as the hologram appears again.

"We have nothing to discuss, slave."

"Sure we do," you reply. "All you can do is sneak-attack living beings. A fair fight would prove that we're better than androids."

"Your words have logic," the android leader says. "Androids must prove they are superior. We must crush the hopes of you creatures. We will battle."

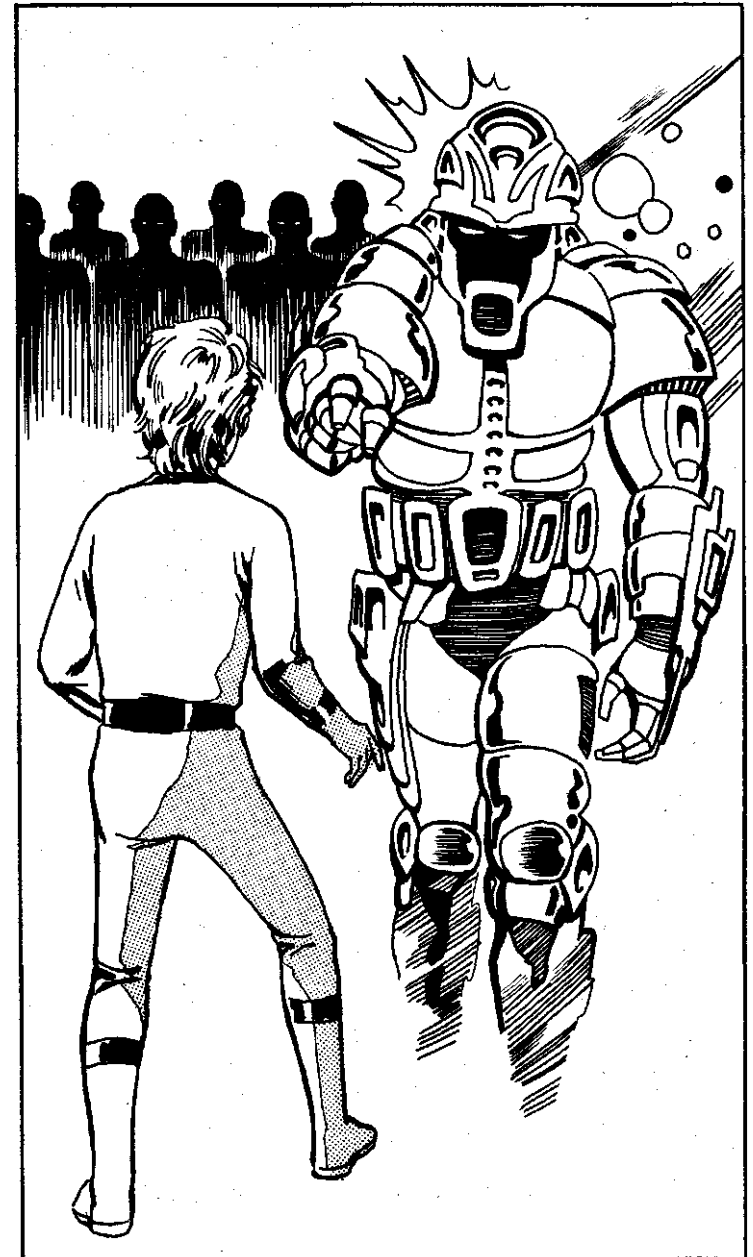
In a flash of light the android appears before you. It is wearing a battlesuit. "Prepare to die, human."

"You call this a fair fight?" Suddenly your bio-support suit materializes around you.

"You're taking a big risk, boss," 2-Tor thoughtcasts. "Your weapons are for defense, and that android is armed to destroy you. Don't count on warping away from danger. Your warper is shut down."

"I can handle it," you tell 2-Tor. But you aren't so sure. The android throws itself at you.

Go to page 47.



"We've got to find what's controlling those androids and put a stop to it. Can you trace those transmissions?" you ask 2-Tor.

"Sure, boss," he replies. "But you won't like it. Follow me." You orbit the planet. At last you spy a hole torn in the fabric of space. Strange forces shimmer inside it "It's coming from in there," 2-Tor says.

You swoop toward the hole in space. Before you can reach it, a monstrous hand slaps you aside.

A three-headed monster guards the hole. Every one of its thousand teeth is as big as you are. "None may pass Gigantus," the monster snarls. "Stay on your side of the hole."

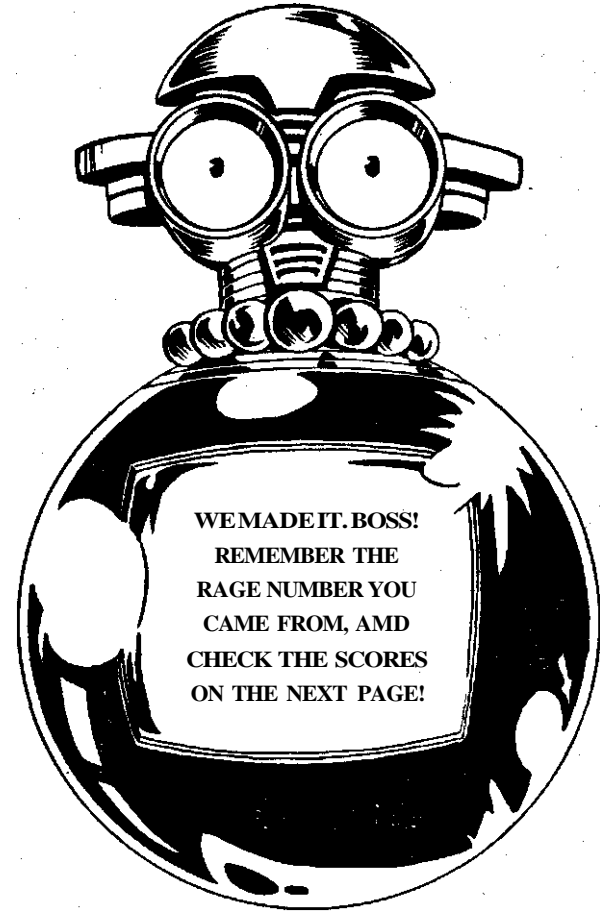
"Let's turn back," 2-Tor bleeps. A rainbow of lights flashes on his chestplate.

"One thing's for sure," you reply. "To get through the gate, we'll have to go through Gigantus."



*If you choose to battle Gigantus,  
turn to page 76.*

*If you want to turn back,  
turn to page 33.*



IF YOU WARPED IN FROM PAGE:  
79, you get 5,809,455 points.



CONGRATULATIONS-  
YOU'RE A SPACE ACE!

IF YOU WARPED IN FROM PAGE:

7, you get 860,481 points.  
81, you get 526,769 points.  
87, you get 576,921 points.  
102, you get 788,860 points.  
107, you get 824,323 points.



IF CAPTAIN POLARIS  
NEEDS A SECOND IN  
COMMAND, HE'LL KNOW  
WHERE TO LOOK.

IF YOU WARPED IN FROM PAGE:

36, you get 21,720 points.  
37, you get 57,823 points.  
63, you get 87,756 points.  
85, you get 61,220 points.  
97, you get 49,800 points.



NOT BAD! PUT IN SOME  
TRAINING TIME ON THE  
NEBULA COMPUTER.

IF YOU WARPED IN FROM PAGE:

30, you get 5,316 points.  
45, you get 3,640 points.  
60, you get 7,827 points.  
68, you get 4,332 points.  
71, you get 8,751 points.



YOU'RE ASSIGNED TO  
ASTEROID PATROL UNTIL  
FURTHER NOTICE.

IF YOU WARPED IN FROM PAGE:

23, you get 832 points.  
51, you get 639 points.  
55, you get 113 points.



GO BACK TO THE SPACE  
ACADEMY!

TO TRY ANOTHER ADVENTURE IN  
*THE ANDROID INVASION*, GO TO PAGE 3.

OR

TO TAKE ON A COMPLETELY NEW CHALLENGE,  
GO TO *STAR CHALLENGE #3:*  
*THE COSMIC FUNHOUSE*