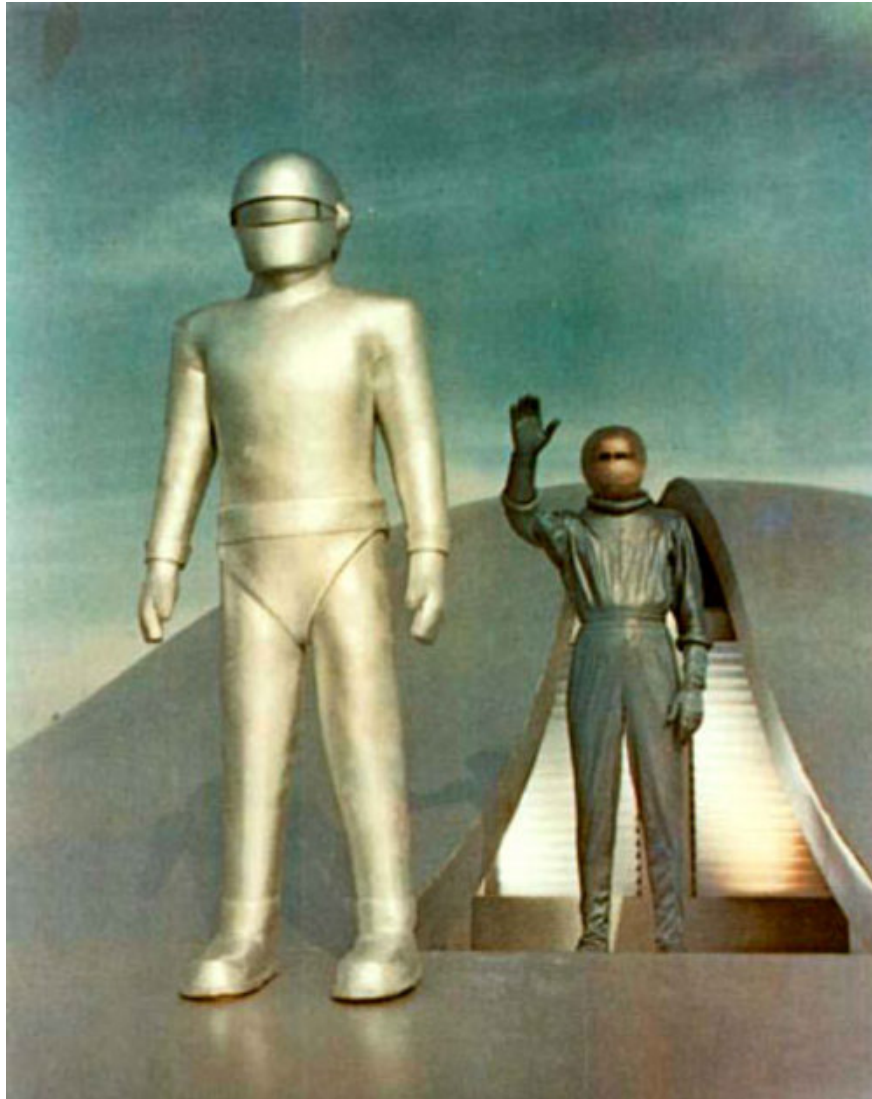


Gort



“Gort? What the ... *Gort!* Get back in here!” Zwarbbz poked his head out of the Zontamkian spacecraft in time to see the robot level half of the surrounding countryside with a blast from his formidable W ray. Shaking his head, Zwarbbz raised his hand, aimed, and zapped the automaton square in the keister with his laser tickler. “Sorry, big guy, but you asked for it,” he muttered. However, if the shot hurt him, Gort didn’t show it. Turning to face the platform on which the world’s leaders had gathered to welcome the aliens, he unleashed a barrage of energy beams that instantly turned the dignitaries into a collective mass of confused subatomic particles. “No Gort, *bad Gort!*” scolded Zwarbbz, as he watched yet another First Contact mission head down the tubes. But, as before, the mighty mechanical man paid him no heed. Impulsively, Zwarbbz boosted the voltage on his laser tickler to “Way High” and fired again. This time, Gort slowly spun around and confronted his traveling partner. Uh-oh, thought Zwarbbz, belatedly recalling why it didn’t pay to tick off robots, especially those that could vaporize whole planets without breaking a soldering joint. “Klaatu barada *nicto!*” he yelped, diving back into the spaceship. He managed to dodge the first fusillade of W rays, but then things *really* began to get out of hand.