

PROLOGUE

8:26 PM

Northwest Savannas

The last rays of the day revealed the large, dark visage of an incomplete base standing by itself in the grassy plains; the surrounding barbed-wire fence and metal frameworks appeared to be mere silhouettes generated by the setting sun. In the center of all this, a large tower—the only complete structure there—loomed over the construction site.

On the top floor of the tower was the command room, occupied by one Dr. Eggman. The alias of Ivo Robotnik, his creed is that knowledge is power. However, he only seeks to use knowledge to GAIN power over the world. Yet time and time again, his plans were ruined by one boy.

In mere moments, another skirmish between the two enemies would begin.

A red crab robot looked up at his master from behind the chair. “Uh, what are we doing out here again, doctor?” it asked in a synthesized voice.

Eggman groaned. “Once again, Crabmeat, this is going to be our newest weapons foundry. It will be from here that we mount our next effort to take South Island!” His expression shifted to one displaying sinister determination. “I’m going to revisit some of my older designs—as well as try some new stuff!”

Orbot, the small red robot on the mad doctor’s console turned to his master and spoke. “But sir, your older stuff was destroyed by Sonic. Why should you keep trying stuff that doesn’t work?”

“Because there’s always room for improvement!” he said, raising a finger. “Besides, some of them looked too awesome to abandon!”

WOO! WOO! WOO! WOO!

The alarm caused Eggman to turn his head immediately.

“Intruder alert?” Crabmeat asked.

Eggman pressed a button on his console and swiveled his chair ninety degrees to his right to face a ten-foot wide flat screen monitor on the wall. A map was displayed on the screen, displaying the complex’s surroundings in a forty-mile radius. A red blip was seen south-southeast of Eggman’s site and was approaching it.

A digitized female voice spoke, “Unidentified object approaching rapidly from five o’clock; possibly Sonic the Hedgehog.”

Eggman grinned. “Orbot,” said he “set systems to Combat Status 1.”

Automated spotlights scanned the area within and outside the incomplete base, shedding illumination upon the bluish-green plates and exposed orange framework. A trio of robotic pillboxes rolled up to the southern end of the base and began to fire off rockets at the far-off intruder as he got within firing range. Kaleidoscopic blossoms of flame erupted when they hit the distant ground—but

none hit their target, who leapt over the electric barbed-wire fence more swiftly than an ocean current. As soon as the first could identify the interloper as a hedgehog, it was already too late for it.

Sonic landed and faced behind him to see three small animals scamper away from the debris of their prisons. Smiling at the ease of his entry, he continued his advance into the construction site.

Elsewhere, a hatch opened near the command tower; a flight of four Buzzbombers, one after the other, rose into the air to Sonic off from Eggman. This effort seemed to work, as the hedgehog deviated from the path to the tower and into the construction site; the badniks gave chase, beams blazing.

From the viewport of the command room, Dr. Eggman watched as his nemesis change course. Brief flashes of bright, white light occurred sporadically in the incomplete sections of the complex. "Ho-ho! You won't be getting to me so easily, hedgehog!"

"Uh, doctor? What if—?"

"Oh, stow it, Crabmeat!" Eggman interrupted. "I've got Sonic on the run! If we get lucky, he'll probably get barbecued by the electric fence! Hmm? Orbot?"

The smaller robot had his head hanging down and was being quite silent until he finally spoke. "Uh, sir, Buzzbomber units 1, 2, and 4 are neutralized and Sonic is getting closer."

"WHAT!?"

"Correction, sir, all Buzzbombers destroyed and Sonic has entered the command tower," he said sheepishly.

"Sonic's in the building!?" Eggman yelled as he grabbed the microphone on his console. "Code red! Code red! Sonic's in the command tower! All units, terminate him immediately!" He banged his fists on the console and growled. "This place was good while it lasted! We've got to get out of here!"

"Shall I call up the Egg Manta?" asked Cubot.

"Send a message, hurry before Sonic—!"

Before he could finish, the command room door hissed open. "Lucy, I'm home!"

That voice caused the mad doctor to flinch. He slowly turned his head around to see a certain blue hedgehog casually walk in; his heart rate increased and his tongue tingled like a foot that fell asleep. "Oh, S-S-S-Sonic! Heh heh, w-what brings you here?"

"Eh, nothing much!" said the young intruder, almost nonchalantly. "You just let a giant mutated shrimp run loose on my hometown the other day, so I thought I'd return the favor by wrecking your little 'bot-making place before it was finished."

"W-Well, before you send me to the emergency ward," Eggman stuttered "There's something I need to tell you... bye!"

With that, Sonic watched as Eggman, Crabmeat, and Orbot dissolved a la *Star Trek*. Soon, the small lights of the underbelly of a giant aircraft came into view, flying in the same direction from which he'd come to the base; it quickly picked up speed in that direction.

Sonic reached into his right sock and pulled out something that looked like a flash drive with a button on it. "Tails, come in!"

"What is it, Sonic?"

“Old Blubberbuns went running with his tail between his legs. If you can get over here with the Tornado, we can follow his—Gyaah!” Before he could finish his sentence, huge multi-colored flashes from Eggman’s getaway ship caused Sonic’s eyes to snap shut.

“Sonic, what’s wrong? Are you okay?” Tails frantically asked.

“I’m okay, dude,” Sonic assured him “Eggman’s just putting on a huge light show to hide his retreat!”

“I can see it from here!” said Tails *“I’m on my way!”*

“Well, I’m in the tower, circle it and we’ll get out of here! Just head for the light!”

The flashing calmed down eventually and Sonic could see again. Eggman’s escape ship was already long gone and the soft hum of a plane engine gradually faded up.

Soon, a red biplane came into view; at first glance, Sonic crashed through the viewport and latch onto the top of the upper wing.

“You have fun?” Tails asked his friend.

Sonic looked down at the piloting fox and spoke casually. “Ah, nothing that special,” said he “Smashed a few badniks, wrecked the place a little bit, sent Tubbo packing; same old, same old.”

“Should we pursue Eggman?” asked Tails.

“I couldn’t see where he was going,” Sonic replied “Though I think I gave him enough of a whooping for one day. Let’s go home.”

The plane turned around and flew away.