REFLECTIONS OF DANGER!

SOTA! GIVE ME A READOUT ON THE NEW ASTEROID. WHAT'S IT MADE OF?

ASTEROID APPEARS TO BE RICH IN URANIUM, ALUMINUM, AND MOLYBDENUM. ALL EXTREMELY VALUABLE AND USEFUL TO US...

...BUT THERE'S SOMETHING I DON'T LIKE ABOUT IT.

I'LL TAKE COPTOR ON A SURVEY AND MINING MISSION. WE'LL EXTRACT ALL USEFUL MINERAL DEPOSITS.

DIG IT, MAXX!

THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS ASTEROID, COPTOR.

MAYBE SO... BUT OUR READINGS SHOW IT'S MADE OF METALS THAT WE NEED. LET'S GO TO WORK.

WE'D BETTER SPLIT UP AND DO A QUICK SURVEY.

I'LL GO THIS WAY AND DRILL FOR SOME MINERAL SAMPLES.

NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL USING MY HEAD!
He's fallen right into our evil trap. I told you it would work, Vulgar.

He goes on a scouting mission and falls into a cave! Not exactly what I'd call using your head!!

But we must still capture Maxx Steele. How do you propose to do that, cruel?

Soon you'll be scrap, Steele.

Now we've got you, Maxx Steele. Do you see that giant lens it's going to melt you?

You'll never get away with it.

This giant magnifying lens spells your doom. As the sun rises, it will reach the deadly focus point... that lump of metal's all that's left of a valuable space scooter we tested the lens on.

Concentrated rays of the sun's pure energy will melt you both down to liquid metal! We've fixed it so that the sun will reach the focus point at exactly 12:00 noon. Nothing can save you now.
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.

CALLING SOTA... WE ARE TRAPPED INSIDE THE ASTEROID... S.O.S.

AND INSIDE FORTRESS COMMAND POST...

WAIT A MINUTE—QUIET, EVERYONE! I'M PICKING UP A PAINT SIGNAL... IT'S FROM COPTOR AND MAXX... THEY'RE IN TROUBLE!

BLAZER, YOU AND WRECKER COME WITH ME. WE'VE GOT TO RESCUE OUR FRIENDS.

WE'RE WITH YOU, MARK.

I'LL TRY TO SEND A MESSAGE BACK TO THE FORTRESS OF STEELE. MAYBE SOTA WILL BE ABLE TO PICK IT UP.

SOTA WAS RIGHT. THERE WAS SOMETHING ODD ABOUT THE ASTEROID. I JUST HOPE WE CAN GET THERE IN TIME!

THEY'RE UNDER HERE. START DRILLING, WRECKER.

IT'S TOO HARD... BLAZER, SOFTEN IT UP FOR ME WITH YOUR TORCH.

BOY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! IN ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES, WE WOULD HAVE BURNED OUR CIRCUITS—FOR REAL!

NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED—WE HAVE TO CATCH CRUEL AND VULGAR. I HAVE A FEELING THE EVIL HUN-DRED IS BEHIND THIS.

LET'S GET SOTA UP HERE.

WRECKER TO SOTA—ALL CLEAR—JOIN US ON THE ASTEROID. WE MUST CATCH HUN-DRED'S GANG. THEY CAN'T HAVE GONE TOO FAR.
Mark, your plan is brilliant, but dangerous. Will it work?

My calculations show a 99.9 percent chance of victory, if everyone works together. I'd say this plan reflects our superior intelligence. I've taken quite a shine to it.

We have converted the lens into a giant and extremely powerful mirror. Covered with this retractable black screen, it will be invisible in outer space.

Our Robo-cruisers and command patroller will carry the mirror as a hidden weapon. And then...

The Robo Force blasts into space, carrying the special shield, which will soon become an amazing weapon.

Mayx, have you picked up hundred's ship on the radar screen yet?

There, they are. Mark! Two star quadrants to the north. Let's go!

Radar Force Command Patroller and Robo Cruisers, approaching fast. Cruel. I thought you said they'd be molten metal by now! You have failed me!

Let me destroy them now, hundred. Let me use the new ultra-laser. One blast can crack planets!

Permission granted. Vaporize the Robo-force.
There seems to be some kind of circular object between the Robo Force Patroller and Robocruisers, but I can't see anything on the TV screen.

Radar must be malfunctioning again. It's obvious there's nothing out there but the Robo Force. Attack!

Almost time to pull back the giant screen... Get ready.

Fire!

Ka-blowie!

You've beaten us this time, Maxx Steele. But I can rebuild my evil companions. We'll be back!

Good work, Maxx! You certainly turned the tables on Hun-dred's gang!

Yes, Mark. I guess Hun-dred couldn't stand the sight of his own... reflection!

We'll be back to destroy the Robo Force!