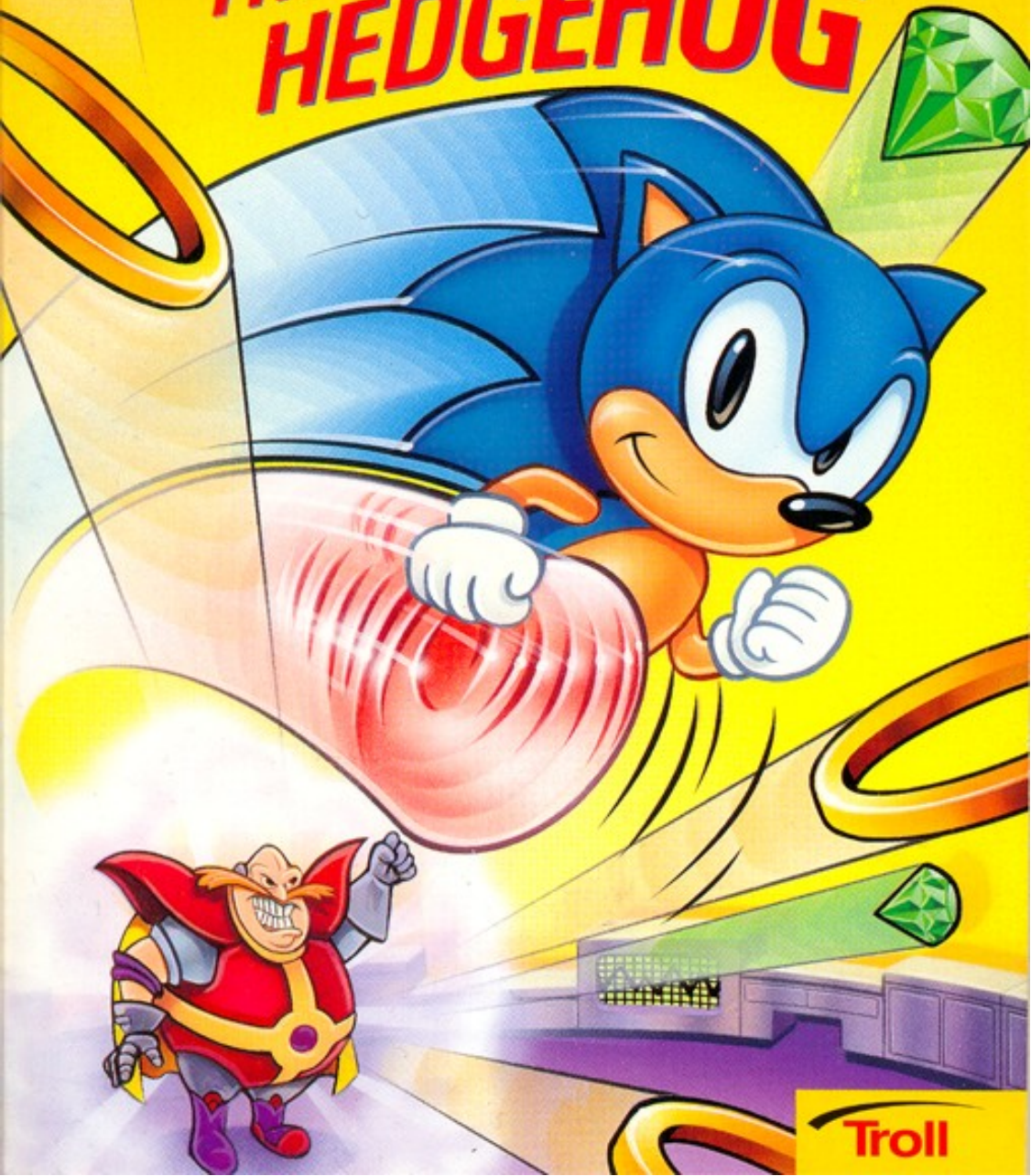


# SONIC

THE  
HEDGEHOG™



Troll

# **SONIC** *THE* **HEDGEHOG™**

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# SONIC THE HEDGEHOG™



# Prologue

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Welcome to the planet Mobius.

Mobius is a dark and dreary place. It is ruled by the evil Dr. Robotnik. Robotnik's Factories pour dirty smoke into the air. Schools and libraries are always closed. Music and dancing are against the law. So is playing games.

Evil robots patrol the planet. They make sure no one ever has any fun. Robotnik's law says, "If you have fun, you go to jail."

All in all, Mobius is a rotten place to live.

But it wasn't always that way.

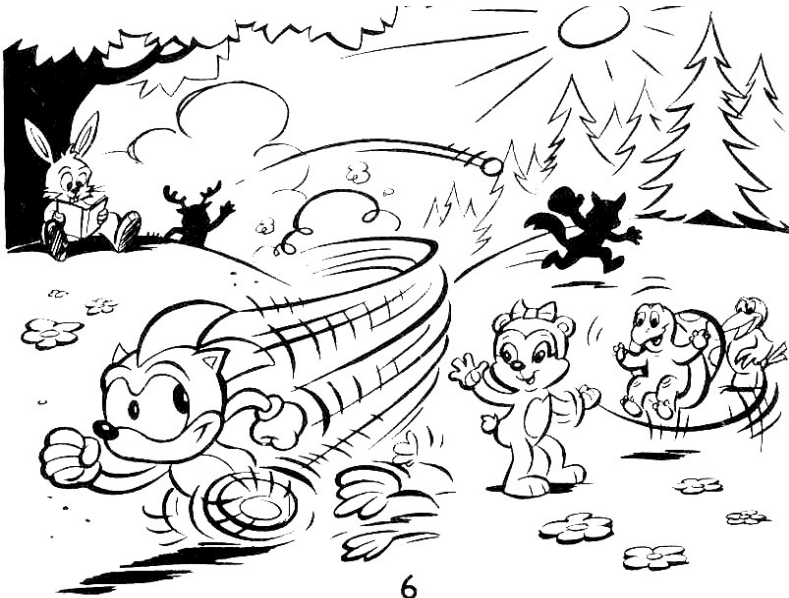
Once, Mobius was a wonderful planet ruled by a good king. The air was clean. So were the

parks and streets. Children played baseball and ate ice cream. People read books and went to the movies. Everyone had fun.

But that was all before Dr. Robotnik took over the planet.

How could such a terrible thing happen to such a wonderful place? Come back with us now to the time when all was well on the planet Mobius.

But hurry. You've got to move pretty fast to keep up with a speedy blue hedgehog named Sonic!



# Chapter

## 1

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Years ago, when things were right  
On Mobius, there lived a hedgehog named Sonic  
and a boy named Robotnik. Sonic The Hedgehog  
was a seven-year-old orphan. He lived with his  
Uncle Chuck. Robotnik was fifteen and also an  
orphan. He lived with Uncle Chuck too. Even as  
children, Sonic and Robotnik did not get along.

Robotnik was only interested in building  
robots. He would spend his days working with  
mechanical parts in Uncle Chuck's backyard. He  
wanted to build robots that would do anything he  
asked.

Sonic was only interested in running as fast

as he could. Every day he practiced. At the end of most days he fell right into bed.

*ZOOM!*



Sonic streaked across his Uncle Chuck's backyard in a blue blur. He was headed for Uncle Chuck's workshop.

Sonic was a short blue hedgehog. He had sharp pointy spines. The spines ran from the top of his head all the way down his back.

Uncle Chuck looked like Sonic. Except that Uncle Chuck had bushy white eyebrows and a thick white moustache.

Uncle Chuck was a great inventor. Sonic was very proud of his uncle.

“Hey, Uncle Chuck!” said Sonic, as he stepped into the workshop. Smoke curled from the soles of Sonic's sneakers.

“Looks like you burned out another pair of sneakers,” said Uncle Chuck. “You're just too fast for your own shoes!”



“You bet, Uncle Chuck,” said Sonic, proud of himself.

With a *WHOOSH!* Sonic sped out of the workshop.

Uncle Chuck clicked on his stopwatch.

Trees and bushes swayed from the wind Sonic made as he zoomed around the neighbourhood.

A group of children playing nearby were blown off their feet.

“What was that?” asked one of the children.

“I don’t know,” said another. “But it was blue. And it sure was fast.”

A few seconds later Sonic returned to Uncle Chuck’s workshop.

“Once around the neighbourhood,” said Sonic. “How did I do?”

Uncle Chuck clicked off his stopwatch.

“Four point two seconds,” he said. “Not bad,

my boy. Not bad at all.”

The smoke from Sonic’s sneakers was thicker than before.

“One of these days I’ve got to invent a pair of special sneakers for you,” said Uncle Chuck.

“Sneakers that can handle your incredible speed.”

“What are you working on now?” asked Sonic.

“I just finished inventing this magic power ring,” said Uncle Chuck. He handed Sonic a golden ring. It glowed with a strange yellow light.

“What does it do?” asked Sonic.

“It will increase your speed and power, Sonic,” explained Uncle Chuck. “But it will work only for you.”

Someone called from the backyard. “Hey, Chuck! Bring me the turbo-wrench, will you?”

“Robotnik,” groaned Sonic. “You know, Uncle Chuck, I think he steals parts from your



equipment. Then he uses them for his dumb little robots.”

“Oh, I don’t know,” said Uncle Chuck. “He’s all right, I guess.” Uncle Chuck trusted everyone. “I’m busy working on this ring, Sonic. Would you take the turbo-wrench out to Robotnik?”

“Okay,” said Sonic, scowling. “But I’m doing it for you, not for him!”

Sonic took the wrench and zipped out to the backyard in the blink of an eye.

“What took you so long, slowpoke?” asked Robotnik. He grabbed the turbo-wrench. “Give me that.”

Sonic shook his head. Then he zoomed out of the backyard. He went looking for someone who was more fun to play with.

Robotnik turned back to the robot he was working on. This was the tenth robot he had built. The first nine each worked for a little while. Then they stopped. Some just blew up. The remains of

the first nine robots sat in a junk pile in a corner of the backyard. All of Robotnik's failures did not stop him from trying.

"I need steering parts for this robot," he said to himself. "Then it will be finished. Now, where can I get steering parts? Hmmm."

Robotnik stopped Uncle Chuck's tractor. "He won't miss these," said Robotnik, as he took apart the tractor. "he never uses this old thing anyway."

Robotnik removed the tractor's steering parts. Then he placed them in his robot. "Now for the big test."

He pressed a switch on his remote control. The robot sprang to life. Lights flashed. Buzzers buzzed and beepers beeped. The robot turned its head toward Robotnik.

"What-is-your-command-Master?" said the robot in a squeaky voice.

“It works!” cried Robotnik. “Ha! Ha! Robot, go to that pile of junk and bring me all the old robot heads.”

“Yes-Master,” said the robot. It took two steps, then stopped. The robot pulled its own head off. Then it rolled its head on the ground like a bowling ball.

“No!” cried Robotnik. “That’s wrong!” He sat on the ground and threw a tantrum. “They never work! Never! Never! Never!”

After a few minutes Robotnik calmed down. He picked up the robot’s head and began to put it back on.



Back in his workshop, Uncle Chuck remembered something. He had promised to lead his tractor to a neighbour. He went outside, climbed aboard the old tractor, and started it up.

The tractor rolled wildly around the backyard. Uncle Chuck tried to steer it, but he couldn’t control it. It would not respond.

“I don’t understand,” he cried. “Why can’t I steer this tractor?”

When he looked up, Uncle Chuck saw that the tractor was headed right for Robotnik!