



A RAINY
NIGHT
IN THE
CITY.

BAD
TIME
AND
PLACE
TO BE
ALONE.

WHICH I'M NOT.

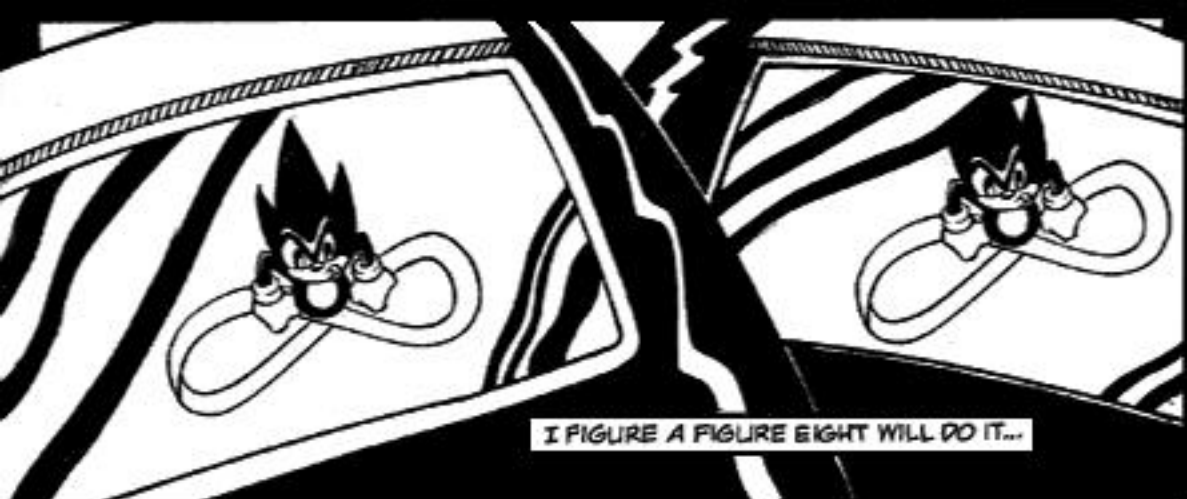
SWATBOTS!



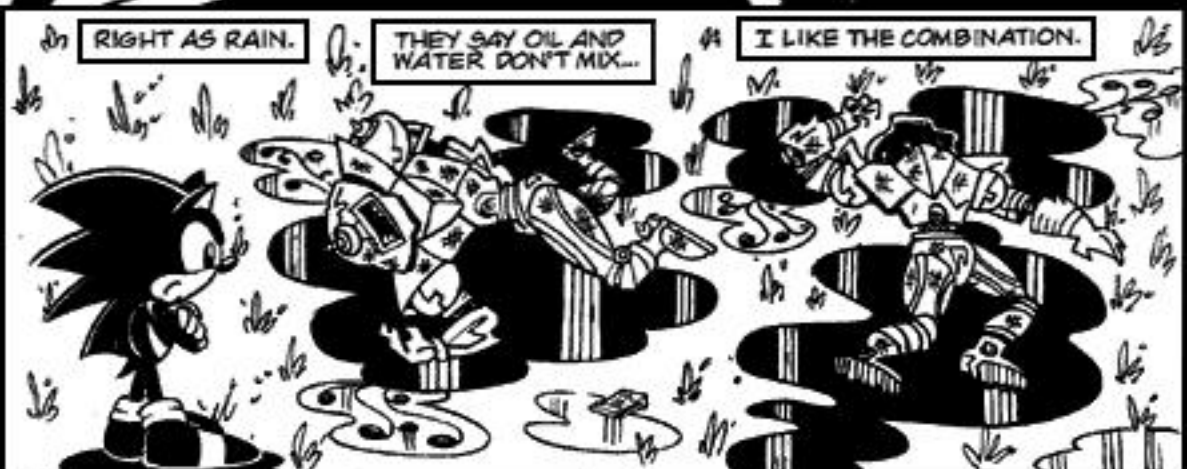
**Sonic
Spin City**



I HATE TO
BREAK UP A
MATCHED
SET, BUT...



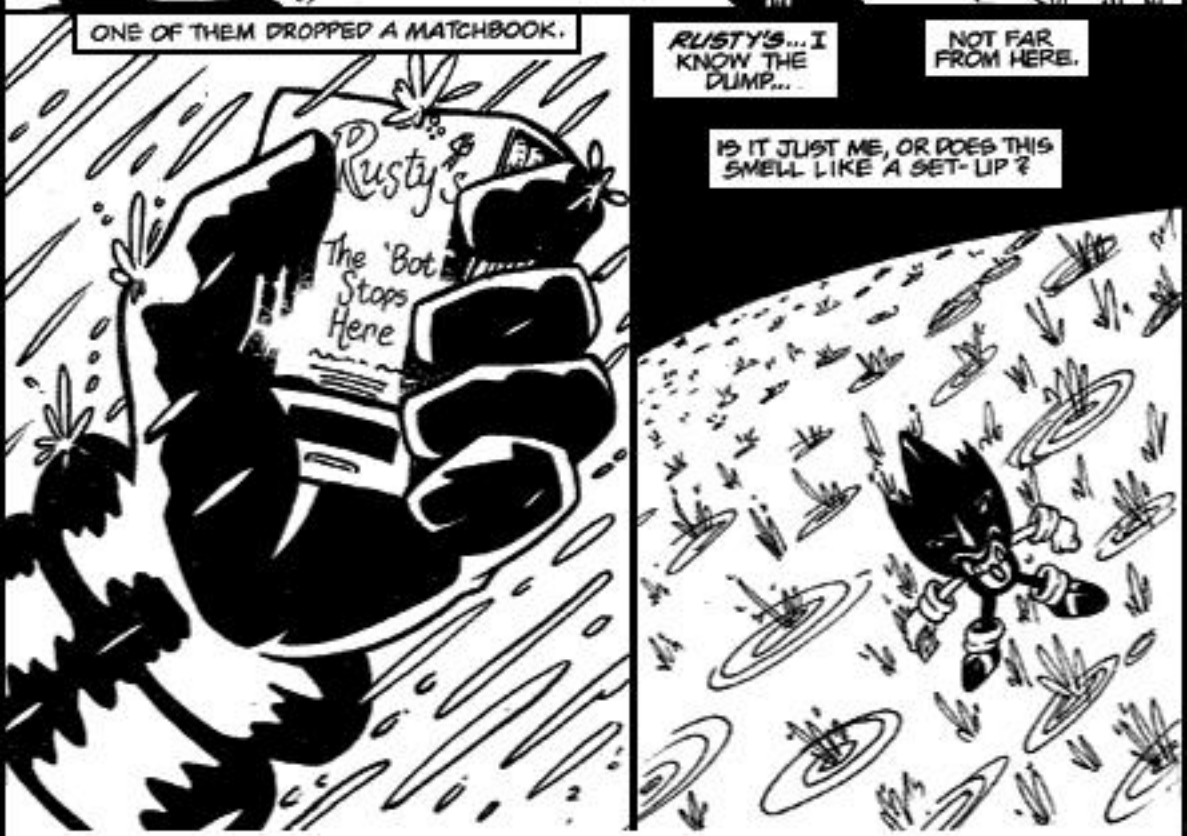
I FIGURE A FIGURE EIGHT WILL DO IT...



RIGHT AS RAIN.

THEY SAY OIL AND WATER DON'T MIX...

I LIKE THE COMBINATION.



ONE OF THEM DROPPED A MATCHBOOK.

RUSTY'S... I KNOW THE DUMP...

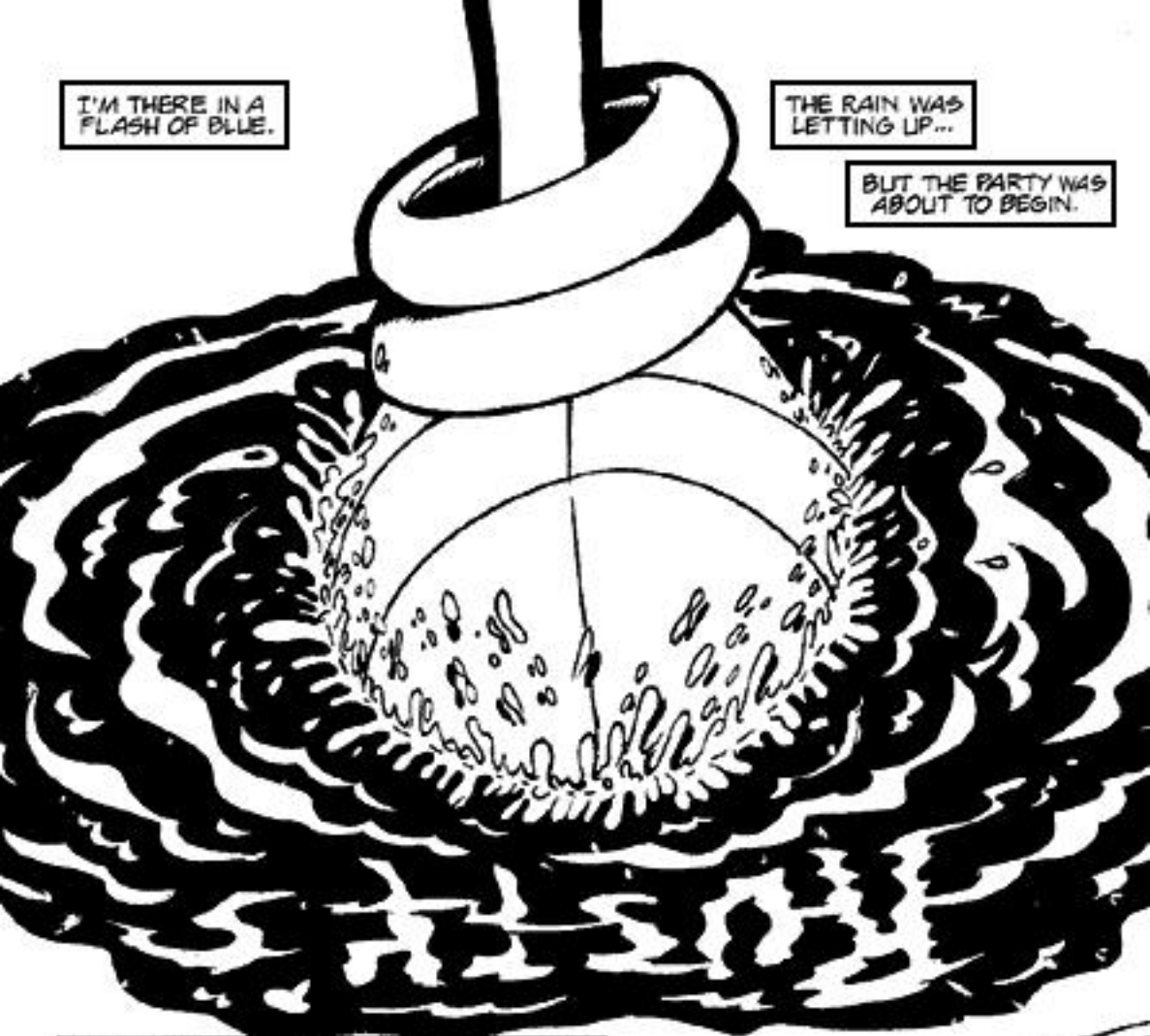
NOT FAR FROM HERE.

IS IT JUST ME, OR DOES THIS SMELL LIKE A SET-UP?

I'M THERE IN A
FLASH OF BLUE.

THE RAIN WAS
LETTING UP...

BUT THE PARTY WAS
ABOUT TO BEGIN.



THIS PLACE IS A WHO'S WHO OF HAS-BEENS.

INCLUDING LOTS OF MY OLD
SPARRING PARTNERS.





I STROLL IN AND
ORDER A
CHILI DOG FLOAT.

AS SOON AS I
SIT DOWN, I'M
SURROUNDED.



THAT'S WHEN THE
LIGHTS GO OUT.



A SPOTLIGHT PERCES
THE DARKNESS...

LIGHTING UP A
SMALL STAGE.

SCRATCHY
MUSIC
STARTS..



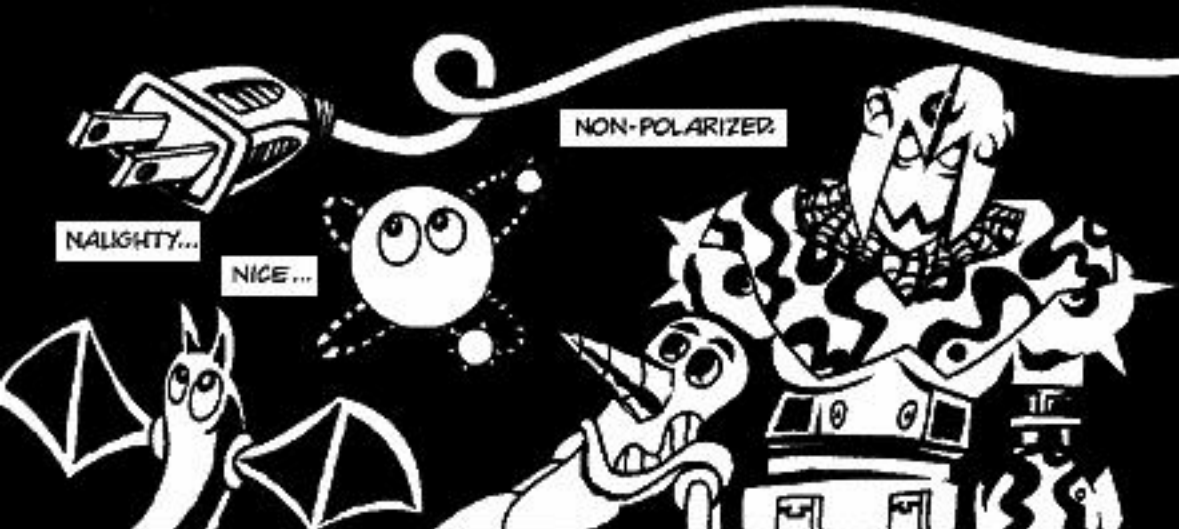
THEY TURN
AND GO
LIKE MOTHS
TO A
FLAME.

SHE SLINKS OUT...THE OLD
BOARDS GROAN IN HARMONY
WITH RUSTY'S CUSTOMERS.

SHE'S SLINGIN' A DOUBLE
PRONGED TWO-TWENTY CORD--



-WHILE HER MECHANICAL
ARM DANCES WITH
A LIFE OF ITS OWN.



NON-POLARIZED.

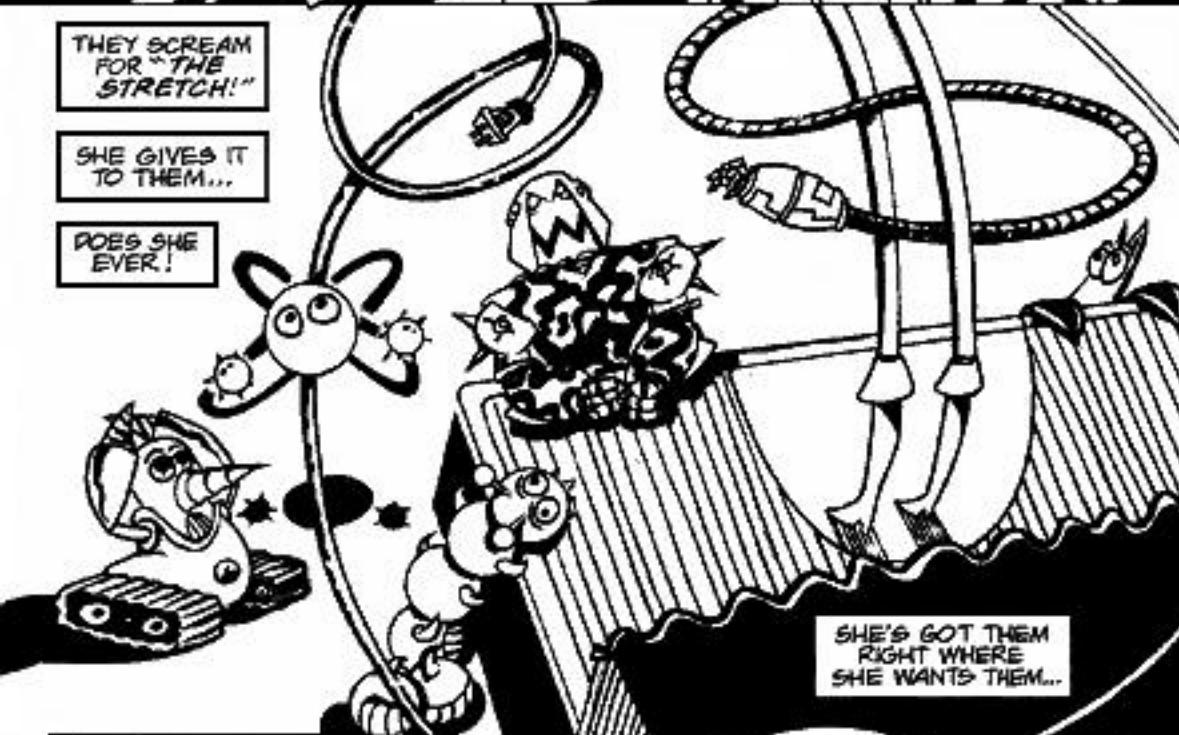
NAUGHTY...

NICE...

THEY SCREAM
FOR "THE
STRETCH!"

SHE GIVES IT
TO THEM...

DOES SHE
EVER!



SHE'S GOT THEM
RIGHT WHERE
SHE WANTS THEM...

AND THEN, SOME
"BOTHREAD GRABS
HER ANKLE.





BINNE GOES DOWN HARD.

HER HELMET POPS OFF--I MOVE IN.

THE JIG IS UP.



NOTHING ELSE TO DO EXCEPT...



WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP

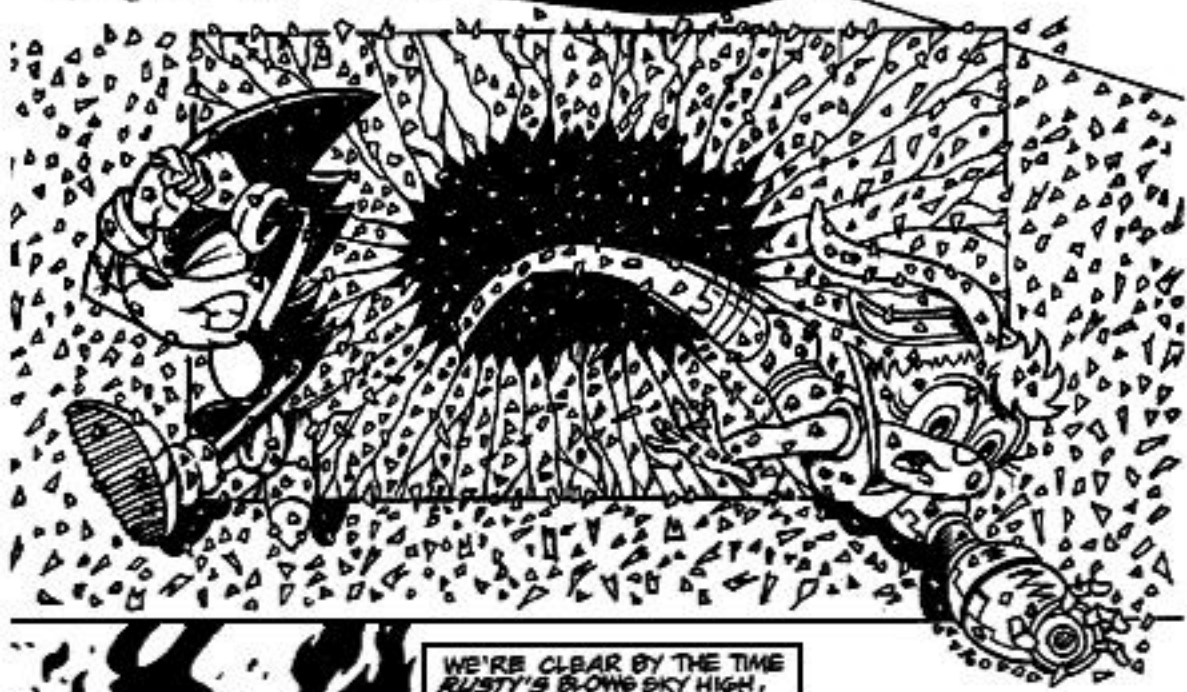
IT'S OVER--

--THEN AGAIN...

ONE OF ROBOTNIK'S
OLDEST TRICKS...

A COMBAT WITH
A SELF-DESTRUCT
SYSTEM IN ITS
HEAD...

TIME TO GO!



WE'RE CLEAR BY THE TIME
RUSTY'S BLOWN SKY HIGH.

LIKE I SAID,
IT WAS A
SET-UP.

ONLY THIS TIME, WE DID
THE SETTING UP!

