

The Techni-Crusader #5 - "The Visitor"

Written by Steven Bland

Inside a damaged Penn Station in Long Island, on a late Thursday afternoon, the Techni-Crusader was engaged in a battle with the Knights of Satan, a trio of terrorists clad in high-tech powered armor, who fired wrist-mounted plasma cannons at the Zeotronix-armored hero who countered them with his energy shield. As the combatants fought, the would-be commuters headed for shelter.

"Give in, dog," the terrorist leader commanded the hero. "You will soon fall before the Knights of Satan."

"Not gonna happen," the Techni-Crusader said as he flew toward the Knights of Satan at incredible speed via his boot jets, using his energy shield as a battering ram. The armored terrorists fell down like bowling pins. Soon, the Techni-Crusader was the last man standing in the fight.

"We Americans will *never* surrender to you, *or* to anyone else!" The Zeotronix-armored superhero told the terrorist leader. "We have *always* been free, and we will fight to *stay* that way!"

Then, the Techni-Crusader started stripping the Knights of their high-tech armor. By the time the superhero had finished removing the armored suits, three Penn Station guards were approaching.

Upon their arrival, the three guards saw the Zeotronix-armored hero standing next to the unconscious, unarmored Knights of Satan and their empty suits of powered armor.

"Here you are, guys. The *former* Knights of Satan," the Techni-Crusader said as he presented the terrorists to the guards. "They shouldn't be any trouble, now."

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Each guard arrested and handcuffed each Knight.

"Much obliged, Techni-Crusader," said one of the Penn Station guards, before he and they took them into custody.

With the Knights of Satan gone, the would-be commuters came out of hiding to thank the Zeotronix-armored hero.

"You saved our lives, Techni-Crusader," one of the commuters told him.

"You're a *hero*," said another commuter.

"Aw, shucks," gushed the Techni-Crusader under his helmet. "I just did what any red-blooded patriotic American would have done."

"Now, if you'll excuse me," the superhero said as he collected the armored suits he confiscated from the Knights.

"I'll just make sure these suits of armor can never be used again - - by *anyone*," Techni-Crusader said before scrapping and tamping them down into one big metallic block with the superhuman strength provided to him by his own powered armor. Using that same superhuman strength, he picked up the huge scrap block and walked out with it.

Once he was outside Penn Station with the huge metallic block, the Zeotronix-armored hero cybernetically activated his boot jets and flew off.

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Now, all I have to do is dump this tamped down pile of scrap someplace, he thought as he looked for the nearest scrap yard. He soon found one.

Perfect, he thought as he headed toward it. Stopping in mid-air, the Zeotronix-armored hero dumped the metallic pile into the scrap yard.

That's that. Now, to head on home, the Techni-Crusader thought before he flew off.

Later that night, in his observatory in Westchester, New York, a scientist named Eric Norton was fine-tuning a sophisticated device. With him, was his assistant, Brandon Raymond.

"At last, my Inter-dimensional Transportal device is finished, Dr. Norton told his assistant.

"Do you really think it can contact an intelligent life form from another world, Doc?" Brandon asked.

"We'll soon find out," the scientist replied, before he switched the device on.

Dr. Norton and Brandon watched as an inter-dimensional portal soon opened. Through it, came a hulking humanoid alien with armored blue skin and four arms. The scientist and his assistant could not believe their eyes.

"I've *done* it," Dr. Norton crowed with delight. "I have made contact with a real, honest-to-goodness *alien creature!*"

"Wow," a stunned Brandon added.

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"I must examine him more closely," Dr. Norton said, before he moved slowly toward the extra-terrestrial. Brandon, however, was apprehensive, as he sensed the creature's hostility.

"Uh, Doc?" Brandon asked. "Are you *sure* that's a good idea? I don't think it's safe to go near him."

"Nonsense, Brandon," Dr. Norton told his assistant as the former continued to gently move closer to the alien. "We just need to let him know that we mean him no harm."

Dr. Norton extended his right arm and hand to gently touch the alien.

"It's alright, big fella," Dr. Norton said to the creature in a calm, assuring tone. "I won't hurt you."

Suddenly, the hulking alien swatted the scientist aside. The force of the creature's blow sent Dr. Norton flying into a nearby wall, knocking him unconscious.

"DR. NORTON," a concerned Brandon exclaimed as he went to his mentor's aid.

"Dr. Norton, can you *hear* me?" Brandon asked as he frantically tried to revive him. The scientist was still out cold.

The alien creature started tearing the lab apart. Brandon immediately grabbed Dr. Norton and did his best to carry him outside, which the young lab assistant managed to do. Brandon got his mentor to a safe distance, which was a few feet away.

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Back at the observatory, the hulking alien continued his destruction of the observatory. In the process, he destroyed the Inter-dimensional Transportal, the same device that brought him into our world. With the observatory in ruins, the creature left, leaping tremendous distances.

Meanwhile, inside Fort Hamilton, located in the southwestern corner of the New York City borough of Brooklyn surrounded by the communities of Bay Ridge and Dyker Heights, the officers had been tracking the blue-skinned four-armed hulking alien creature with the aid of their satellites.

"Col. Davidson, a huge, hulking alien creature with blue skin and four arms has just demolished an observatory in Westchester, New York and is heading for Fifth Avenue, but we have just sent out the red alerts urging everyone on Fifth Avenue to evacuate," one of the officers told the commander.

"Good work," Col. Davidson said, before getting out his walkie-talkie to speak into it.

"All right, men! It's time to lock and load," Col. Davidson ordered. "We've got a monster to stop!"

Meanwhile, back in Westchester, Brandon, who had just gotten Dr. Norton to safety, headed back to the observatory. When the young lab assistant got there, he found it completely destroyed.

"Oh no," the fearful lab assistant muttered.

He looked around the wreckage and noticed the damaged Inter-dimensional Transportal.

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"Oh, no, no no," Brandon fearfully muttered as he moved toward the damaged device and picked it up. Carrying the damaged Inter-dimensional Transportal with him, the young lab assistant headed back to where he placed Dr. Norton.

Soon, Brandon, with the damaged Transportal, reached Dr. Norton, who soon revived.

"Ooohhh," moaned the scientist.

"Dr. Norton, you're okay," a relieved Brandon cried.

"Yes. But, what happened?" Dr. Norton asked.

"Bad news, Doc," Brandon replied. "The alien creature you brought here *trashed* the observatory."

Then, the young lab assistant showed his mentor the damaged Transportal device.

"And he *also* trashed the Inter-dimensional Transportal," the young lab assistant added.

"This is all *my* fault," Dr. Norton. "I only wanted to make contact with an intelligent life form from another world, but instead, I unleashed a very powerful, very dangerous threat to all life on Earth.

Soon, the look on Dr. Norton's face turned from sorrow to determination.

"We must get to my private lab, *quickly!* I must fix my Inter-dimensional Transportal and make up for what I've done!" The scientist replied.

"That alien is probably headed for the city right now," Brandon told his mentor.

"Then, we must *hurry,*" Dr. Norton told him. "Speed is of the essence."

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Soon, Dr. Norton and his assistant, who was carrying the damaged Transportal device in his arms ran to the scientist's car. Once they were inside the car, they drove off.

Later, at Fifth Avenue, army tanks arrived on the scene. All of the soldiers in each of the tanks readied their weapons. When they were ready, they contacted the Fort Hamilton base.

"All of our weapons are ready, Colonel," one of the soldiers radioed.

"Good," Col. Davidson ordered via communications from his base. "Be on the alert, men! That creature could be here at *any minute!*"

Later, a WPIX news van also arrived on the scene.

Out of the news van, rushed a TV anchorwoman named Betty Tyler and two camera operators with camera equipment.

"Quick, guys," Betty told the camera operators. "Get those cameras set up! This is *news!*"

The camera operators quickly set up their equipment and, once the cameras were turned on, filmed Betty.

"Okay, Betty. You're on," one of the operators said.

"This is Betty Tyler for WPIX news," Betty reported. "I am reporting to you live from Fifth Avenue where army tanks from Fort Hamilton are awaiting the arrival of a huge hulking humanoid alien creature with blue skin and four arms. Citizens were warned to evacuate the area and not return until the creature has been dealt with."

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One of the soldiers inside one of the tanks sighted the alien creature's arrival and promptly radioed the Fort Hamilton base..

"HE'S HERE, COL. DAVIDSON!" The soldier announced over the radio.

"THIS IS IT, MEN! OPEN FIRE!!" Col. Davidson ordered via the communications.

The army tanks started firing their shots at the alien behemoth.

"This is it, folks," Betty reported. "You saw it here first. The alien creature has arrived and the army's brave soldier are attempting to stop him."

Meanwhile, Dr. Norton and his assistant arrived at the former's house in Westchester. Once they parked the car in the house's driveway, the two men immediately got out and headed for the entrance. Upon entering, they went to Dr. Norton's private laboratory in the basement, where the scientist opened up his desk drawer and searched inside it for some papers.

"Can we fix the Transportal in time?" Brandon asked.

"We *have to*," Dr. Norton replied as he kept searching. "The fate of the Earth *depends* on it."

Soon, the scientist found the papers he had been seeking.

"A-ha! *These* are what I'm looking for," Dr. Norton said as he took them out of the drawer. He brought them to the table and showed them to Brandon.

"I'm glad I saved these specs for the Transportal," added the scientist. "We're going to need them if we're going to fix it."

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"Turn on the TV, Brandon," Dr. Norton told his assistant. "No doubt our alien 'friend' will soon be a big news story."

Brandon turned on the television. It showed Betty Tyler at Fifth Avenue reporting the hulking alien's rampage.

"In case you're just tuning in, the army is firing every weapon in its arsenal at the hulking alien creature that is threatening the city," Betty reported. "But, so far, *none* of those weapons are having *any* effect whatsoever."

Soon, Dr. Norton and his assistant immediately got to work attempting to repair the damaged device as quickly as they could.

Meanwhile, at his home in Rego Park, Queens, Kevin Chase and his mother were also watching the television newscast of the situation at Fifth Avenue. The newscast showed the alien behemoth picking up one of the tanks, overturning it, and moving toward another one of the tanks

"This is *truly incredible* people," Betty reported. "The alien creature has just overturned the first tank and is moving toward the second one. Now he's *battering* it."

"Those soldiers are going to need some help," Kevin told his mother before leaving.

"Even though I know you're a superhero with a powerful suit of alien armor at your command, I still can't help but worry about you. After all, I *am* your mother. Be careful," Laura told her son, who soon approached the front door.

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"I understand, Mom. And, don't worry, I *will* be careful," a smiling Kevin assured her, before he walked out the door.

Outside the house, Kevin headed for and went into a secluded area. At the boy's mental command, the Zeotronix covered him head to toe in green and silver powered armor. Activating his boot jets, he flew off.

In minutes, the Techni-Crusader arrived on the scene, catching the hulking alien smashing the fourth tank with a turret that he ripped off the third one. Next to the creature, was the first tank, which he had just overturned, the second tank, which he battered, and the soldiers who were shaken out of the third tank and were watching helplessly.

"Look! It's the Techni-Crusader," one soldier called out upon spotting him.

"The Techni-Crusader's here to help, Colonel," another soldier radioed.

"Good. We can use all the help we can get. Let's see what he can do," Col. Davidson's voice said over the radio.

Betty's camera crew filmed the superhero's arrival.

"The Techni-Crusader has just arrived on the scene to help, Betty reported. "Whether or not he will succeed in stopping this alien creature, when the army couldn't, remains to be seen."

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Have to stop this creature before he does any more damage - - or kills someone, the armored hero thought as he fired a pulse bolt at the alien. Unfortunately, the energy blast had no effect on him, either. However, it did attract the creature's attention.

Uh oh, Techni-Crusader thought. Looks like I just made him mad.

The hulking creature grabbed a nearby street light and uprooted it. Swinging the street light with incredible speed like a baseball bat, the hulking alien swatted at the Zeotronix-armored superhero as if he were a fly.

Whoa! This is getting *serious*, the Techni-Crusader thought as he was dodging the blows.

Eventually, the street light connected but the Techni-Crusader managed to roll with the hit which caused him to fall to the ground. The fall merely stunned him.

"Oooohhh," moaned the superhero as he started to recover. "Anyone get the license number of that truck?"

The hulking alien moved toward the Techni-Crusader with incredible speed, ready to pound on him.

Uh oh, thought the superhero.

Reacting quickly, the Techni-Crusader activated his photonic energy shield just in time to protect himself from the creature's barrage of blows.

Unngghh, the superhero thought as the hulking alien continued to hammer away at him.. Even though my energy shield is protecting me, I'm still feeling the force of his blows! I don't know how much *longer* I can last!

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Meanwhile, back in his private lab, Dr. Norton and his assistant Brandon finished repairing the Inter-Dimensional Portal as the listened to Betty Tyler's news report.

"Things are looking grim, folks," Betty reported. "The Techni-Crusader is on the defensive as the hulking alien creature continues to hammer away at his energy shield. It is unknown if the hero can hold out much longer."

"Looks like we finished just in time," Brandon said, before he turned off the television. "But, will the Transportal be able to work again, now?"

"We'll find out when we get to Fifth Avenue," Dr. Norton said as he picked up the repaired Transportal. "Let's go."

The scientist and his assistant quickly left the private laboratory

Once they were outside the house, Dr. Norton and Brandon got into the former's car, pulled out of the driveway, and drove off.

"I just hope we can get there *in time*," Brandon said as he and his mentor drove through the city as fast as they could.

"So do I, Brandon," Dr. Norton said. "So do I."

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Meanwhile, back at Fifth Avenue, the blue-skinned four-armed alien hulk continued to pound away at the Techni-Crusader's phonoic energy shield.

This is *it*, the Zeotronix-armored superhero thought. I'm *history*!

The Techni-Crusader thought back to his past battles with Caliguax, James Lanza, Alphaman and ALEX, battles which he had won. Then, he thought of his family and friends and how much they mean to him.

No! Techni-Crusader thought. I *can't* quit now! The city's *depending* on me!

The alien monster may be able to crush my *body*, the superhero thought as he mustered up every bit of willpower and forcefully rose up.

But he *can't* crush my *spirit*, the Techni-Crusader thought as he delivered his hardest punch and it succeeded in staggering the alien creature.

I *did it*, the superhero thought. He's *reeling*!

The Techni-Crusader hammered the creature with even more powerful punches.

Can't let up, thought the superhero. Not even for a *second*.

Soon, the Techni-Crusader succeeded in knocking over the creature, who fell to the ground. The soldiers joined the superhero.

Standing over the creature, the Techni-Crusader and the soldiers looked into his eyes and saw what they didn't expect to see.

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"Oh man," one of the soldiers asked before turning toward the superhero. "Do you really think he's - - ?"

"Yeah," the Techni-Crusader replied. "He's *scared* - - and *lonely*."

He turned his attention toward the alien.

"So *that's why* you attacked," the superhero sympathized. "Being here on Earth, is a *scary situation* for you, isn't it?"

The alien creature silently nodded.

"But, *what can we do?*" One of the soldier's asked the Techni-Crusader. "We don't know where his home is, much less how we can get him there."

"Don't worry. I'll think of something," the Zeotronix-armored superhero answered before turning his attention back to the alien creature. Man, I sure hope Zimbor can help.

"It's okay, big guy," Techni-Crusader assured the hulking alien creature. "I'll get you back to where you belong somehow."

Soon, Dr. Norton's car arrived.

"Maybe *we* can help, Techni-Crusader," the scientist said as he and Brandon emerged from the former's vehicle. Dr. Norton was carrying the repaired Inter-dimensional Transportal with him.

"After all, *we're* the ones who brought him here - - *accidentally*," Dr. Norton added.

The blue-skinned alien, upon seeing the scientist and his assistant, was about to attack them, only to be stopped by Techni-Crusader.

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"Easy, pal," said the superhero, before turning his attention to Dr. Norton and Brandon. "How *did* you bring him here?"

"With *this*," a sincere Dr. Norton said as he showed his Inter-dimensional Transportal to the Techni-Crusader. "It's an *Inter-dimensional Transportal*. I designed it to contact intelligent life from other worlds. When I activated it, it opened a portal and the alien creature, who now stands before you, emerged from it. Once he did, I tried to assure him that I, and my assistant, Brandon, meant him no harm. But the creature smashed my observatory, destroying the Transportal in the process. Fortunately, my assistant and I were able to repair the Transportal. We will now *hopefully* be able to send the alien back to his world."

"Hopefully?" The Zeotronix-armored superhero asked.

"Well, when I first turned on the Transportal, I stumbled onto this creature's homeworld," Dr. Norton replied. "Let's keep our fingers crossed that we can find it again."

"How about it, big fella?" Techni-Crusader asked the hulking blue-skinned alien creature.

"These guys really want to help you get back to your home, *if* you let them. If I were you, I *would*."

The creature silently agreed. Techni-Crusader turned his attention to Dr. Norton and Brandon.

"Turn on the Transportal, Dr. Norton," the Zeotronix-armored superhero told the scientist.

"And, if we are *lucky* in finding the creature's home dimension, let's just hope the rest of his kind *don't* come through the portal as well."

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Dr. Norton activated the Transportal and a rift opened in front of the alien, who looked inside the rift and found that his home world was indeed on the other side. The Zeotronix-armored superhero aimed his gauntlets at the rift in case more hulking humanoid aliens with blue skin and four arms were to emerge from it and into our world as well. The scenario didn't happen.

"This is *it*, pal. Your ticket *home*," Techni-Crusader told the alien, who soon entered the portal.

Once the alien was through the portal and gone, Dr. Norton turned off the Transportal and the Zeotronix-armored superhero stood down.

"Whew. Everything's okay," said a relieved Techni-Crusader.

"This was all *my fault*," Dr. Norton. "I never meant for *any* of this to happen."

"I hope you now realize that, by opening that dimensional portal in the first place, you tampered with forces you shouldn't," the superhero cautioned. "We were lucky that we were able to return that alien to his proper world before he was able to do more damage to Earth."

"I do. And, yes, we *were* lucky that we were able to stop that creature in time," Dr. Norton said solemnly. "When I get back to my lab, I will destroy the Transportal as well as the blueprints for them."

The Techni-Crusader watched as Dr. Norton and Brandon went back to their car and drove off.

"Thanks for you help, Techni-Crusader," one of the soldiers said as he and the superhero shook hands.

The soldier then radioed Fort Hamilton.

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"Situation's under control, Colonel," the soldier radioed. "Fifth Avenue is safe and the creature is gone."

"Where is he?" Colonel Davison's voice asked over the radio.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," the soldier responded. "But, we're all going to need a lift back to base."

"You got it. And, good work," Colonel Davidson's voice said.

The soldier put up his radio, before he turned his attention back to the Techni-Crusader.

"Thanks again, Techni-Crusader," the soldier said.

"Anytime," responded the superhero. "Now, if you'll excuse me, there's some place I really need to be."

Then, the Zeotronix-armored superhero, via his boot jets, flew off.

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