Mistaken Identities

Sean Anderson  Robert Jung  Binoy Mohan
I've watched animation since I was five years old, but the real start of my love for the medium began with 1984's Mighty Orbots. A show definitely ahead of its time.

Produced by Intermedia Entertainment in association with Tokyo Movie Shinsha for both Western and Japanese audiences, the show was a rare venture in the world of animation; it was a joint project between American and Japanese artists, and had a hybrid anime/cartoon style. Although the show was squarely targeted at a young audience, the quality of writing, voice acting and animation was formidable and some say superior to anything produced in North America up until then. Even now, watched using its long-awaited re-mastered 2018 DVD release from Warner Brothers, Mighty Orbots stands out as better animated than almost any other North American animated TV show produced today.

A close second to Mighty Orbots in fueling my love of animation is 1986's Transformers: The Movie. I still watch this film at least once a year. I still get excited watching Hot Rod, Arcee and the rest of the Autobots fight their way to the final confrontation with the monster planet Unicron. And like any good Transformers fan from my generation, I still get choked up when Optimus Prime dies.

When these two masterworks of animation were well in the past, I then and still found myself thinking wouldn't it be great to have a crossover between those two shows?

An official crossover never happened, but imagine my happiness when I found a link to a wonderful Mighty Orbots/Transformers fanfiction titled Mistaken Identities written by Robert Jung. In his author's note before the story, he wrote:

"Okay, folks. After reading some...neat Transformers fan fiction..., I decided to give my hand at writing something. After bopping around a bit, I ended up with this. If you want to pass it around, or stick it in an FTP site, or whatever, go for it."

I decided to do whatever: I hired artist Binoy Mohan and adapted Jung's story into fan comic.

Robert, if you're out there, I tried to contact you, but with no luck. If you do manage to find this fan comic, I meant no offense with the changes I've made to your original story, and I hope you enjoy it. I hope all you readers do.

Sean Anderson
Dedicated to Robert Jung, the original author of the fan-fiction story adapted for this fan comic.

Thanks for writing a tale worth my time.
Previously on

UMBRA, the cyborg leader of the evil organization Shadow located on the shadow star, threatened to destroy the Earth's sun with his new weapon—the sun smasher.

ONLY THE EARTH’S UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER WOULD SATISFY HIM.

MEANWHILE, having found replacement orbots in their creator rob Simmons’s computer while trying to peek at their birthday gifts, the orbots decided to invade the Shadow Star and destroy the Sun Smasher in order to convince rob not to replace them.

THE ORBOTS were CAPTURED BY UMBRA SHORTLY AFTER THEY ARRIVED ON THE SHADOW STAR. BUT THEN they were SET FREE THANKS TO THE TIMELY ARRIVAL OF ROB WHO CAUSED UMBRA TO SUFFER A SHORT CIRCUIT.

THE ORBOTS TEAM REGROUPED, HACKED INTO UMBRA’S COMPUTER SYSTEMS, LOCATED THE SUNSMASHER, and OVERLOADED THE DEVICE JUST BEFORE IT FIRED ON THE SUN.

ROB and MIGHTY ORBOTS ESCAPED AS THE SUNSMASHER, and then UMBRA and the ENTIRE SHADOW STAR, EXPLODED!

TOP SECRET
What made you guys decide to invade the Shadow Star?

We wanted to prove to you we were worth keeping.

What are you talking about, Ohno?

Y’see, rob, it’s like this. we...uh...well...we...

We saw plans for new Orbots in your computer files. Is that what you’ve been working on?

Didn’t you look at the date on the file? Those were old plans! I scrapped them in favor of you guys.

Now, as for what I’ve been working on.

Happy Birthday Orbots
HAPPY BIRTHDAY ORBOTS!
Barely visible against the darkness of space, the planet Cybertron is quickly eclipsed by the spectacle of the stars.

Its own star, if it had one, has long been forgotten, for the planet hurls through space as an orphan.

On rare occasions it passes through a solar system, leaving chaos in its wake as it disrupts or shatters moons and planets.

Most often, though, it travels harmlessly, content in its seeming insignificance.

Only when the planet is seen from close up does its uniqueness becomes clear.

Cybertron is the home of the Transformers — an ancient race of robots, each able to change his or her shape into different forms.

And they are at war.

Some call themselves Decepticons, and seek a life of conquest and expansion, first with Cybertron itself, then with the rest of the universe.

Others call themselves Autobots, and devote themselves to stopping Decepticon plans.

The few who are unallied with either group often find themselves trapped between the conflicts of the two. So most do not remain neutral for long, by choice...
I've got the Decepticons dead to sights.

Relax Hotrod. This is surveillance, remember?

I know Arcee. I just hate to sit here and play spybot when I could be bending fenders instead.

The two of us, against the Constructicons? That's not a fight I want to be in. Stop being silly, and keep recording video, okay?

...or by fate.
Mixmaster! Aren't you finished yet?

Of course, Scrapper! I'm just refining the--

We're wasting enough time! If it's ready, apply it!

We're ready for you now.

Yes, it is time to produce the Energon cubes.

All systems are nominal.
Will you look at that!

Wow! That cube is already full of energy and has a 12% capacity increase.

I hope the lab guys can duplicate this. Good thing we're out here after all.

Voices detected!

Autobot intruders!!!

I see them!

Kaboom!

Jump!

Vrooom!

Vrooom!
That's the last one, Rob. Isn't it?

Yes it is, Tor. Just let me finish talking to Dia, and we'll start it up.

Just great, Dia. How's the baby?

She's with my father. I had to come into headquarters for a meeting.

How's it going out there, Rob?

I wouldn't put it past him.

So when will you be home?

Tonight, I promise.

You sure Rondu didn't just schedule your meeting so he could spend time with his granddaughter?

You sure Rondu didn't just schedule your meeting so he could spend time with his granddaughter?

I wouldn't put it past him.

Good. Then maybe we can start working on baby number two.

Don't be late, Commander Simmons out.

Whoa. Make that early tonight.

Good, because being out in the middle of nowhere is not my idea of a good time.

Sorry for the hold up, Tor. Now let's get this invention going.

OK, here goes!
DID IT WORK?

It worked fine. We're now in another dimension.

I don't see anything different.

Well, Boo, the reason we came to this planet is because it has the same location and the same orbit in both universes, but almost everything else is different.

Look!

Way to go, Rob!

Can we take a closer look?

Definitely.
L-L-LOOK, THE WHOLE P-P-PLANET'S MADE OF METAL. D-D-DO YOU THINK IT'S SOME KIND OF CONSTRUCT?

IT'D BE AMAZING IF IT WAS. LET'S KEEP GOING.

WE'LL AVOID THE LIGHTED AREAS. IF THERE'S PEOPLE HERE, WE DON'T WANT TO DISTURB THEM.

I W-WONDER WHY THESE BUILDINGS ARE ABANDONED.

I WONDER WHO LIVED HERE.

WELL, I DON'T THINK IT'S VERY PRETTY. NO FLOWERS, OR TREES, OR RIV--
What was that?

I don't know, but it didn't look friendly. Let's check it out.

I don't know, but it didn't look friendly. Let's check it out.

Reinforcements will be here soon. Surrender while you can Autobots!
Not gonna happen, Scrapper!

Good. Soundwave continues production uninterrupted.

Watch out!

What's that? Our reinforcements?

Good. Soundwave continues production uninterrupted.
WHO ARE THEY?

MORE AUTOBOTS!!!

CRUNCH!!!

WHAM!

CRUNCH!!!

KACHOW!

EVERYONE MOVE!

CRUNCH!!!

CRASH!

KLUNK!

WHAM!
Defend yourselves and each other! Give Bo, Ohno, and I time to help Crunch!

Nobody does that to my buddy!

Whoa!

KROOOM

What was that?!
Holey-- Rob, these guys are robots like us.

Sure as this guy's ugly.

Robots? Are you sure?

Betcha he ain't built as well as I am, though.

I'm w-warning you.

Don't m-make me hurt you.
Didn't you guys learn it's not nice to shoot at people?

Die insect!

Kroom!

KAOWOW

Kroom!

I'd better fly.

UHNNN!
POW!

All right, sleeping beauty, time for your nap!

WHAM!

FSSHHH

Be careful with that acid, Mixmaster!

What a revolting development this is.

AHHHH!

Be careful with that acid, Mixmaster!

AHHHH!

Whoa!

Get off me!

ARRRGH!
Crunch! Are you ok?

Yeah. Fall looked bad. But I'm okay. Just dizzy.

Look!

Astrotrain, you, Dirse, and Blitzwing keep the autobots from escaping!

Constructionicons, follow me!
CONSTRUCTICONS, FORM DEVASTATOR!
Prepare for Extermination!
ENTERING CHEST DOORS!

IGNITION, OHNO!

ALL SYSTEMS, ACTIVATED!
OK, ORBOTS, LET'S SHOW HIM WHAT WE'VE GOT!
BY THE MATRIX!
We've got to get out of here!

No kidding!

Here we go again!

CHOOM!

VRRRM!

WE’VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

NO KIDDING!
Grrrr!

DIE!!!

This is nuts!

Krooom!!

Whoa!

Vreeek!

Zrraaak!

Wham!

DIE!!!

Whoa!

This is nuts!
RAAAH!

KROOM

RRRR?
KROOOM!

AHHH!

UNNNH!

AHHH!

NOW!
VROOOOM

VROOOOM

VROOOOM

KACHOW!

KRUNK
We've got to help them!

Rob! Those other robots are trying to escape!

We've got to help them!

Devastator will destroy you!
ORBOTS! This planet of robots is not part of this solar system. It's passing through and starting to alter the orbit of the planet we arrived on!

OH NO! If we don't get back in time, we might materialize in solid rock when we try to go home!

K-KROOM!
Can't this guy take "No" for an answer?

ARRRGGH!

VMMMM

Autobots approaching!

One of us has to get back to base!

Split up! He can't hit both of us!

Attempting to lock on target!
What was that?

RAAAAH!

RAAAAH!

CLAMP!
COMPENSATING FOR SPEED.

TARGET LOCKED.

NO! THE ENERGON CUBES!
~GZZRRT~

Back to the inter-dimensional transporter ohno! Pronto!

KA-BOOM!
We've lost everything!

Then again, maybe not...

Where are they going in such a hurry?

I must catch up, if only to bring more information about these new enemies back to Megatron.
WHY FLY HERE? THIS WORLD IS LIFELESS.

MAYBE A SECRET BASE?

SCANNING...

ROB, WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED BY ONE OF THOSE ROBOTS FROM THE OTHER PLANET.

UNLESS HE MAKES TROUBLE, LEAVE HIM BE. WE'VE DESTROYED ENOUGH ROBOTS WE DON'T KNOW FOR ONE DAY.

THERE'S SOME SORT OF DEVICE ON THE SURFACE.

A TRANSPORTER!

THEY ARE ESCAPING!

I MUST DESTROY IT!

OH NO! IT'S TRYING TO GET A WEAPONS LOCK ON OUR TRANSPORTER RING!

BIG MISTAKE, PAL!

SHHHH!!!
ARRRGGH!

KA-BOOM!

HSSSS
ORBOTS SEPARATE!
SEPARATION COMPLETE!
Everyone into the ring! Quick!

We're home!
Megatron growled and slumped on his throne. Some of his best warriors were severely damaged, and the recordings salvaged from Soundwave were sufficient, but incomplete. Repeated examination showed no identifying marks on the unknown gestalt, and none of them were recognized transformers of any side.

Could this be a new Autobot strike force? The possibility was very real, and Megatron realized that he would have to revise his immediate plans just in case. The abilities those robots showed -- full-spectrum invisibility, telekinesis, temperature control, polymorphism, maybe more -- were formidable in themselves, but having them available in a combiner made for a truly dangerous foe. If they were Autobots, then the position of the Decepticons was in jeopardy.

A glance at the time strip on the wall brought a small smile to Megatron’s face. Starscream was due to report any moment now on whether the Decepticons could duplicate those feats with one of their other gestalts. Whatever else Megatron thought of him, Starscream was admittedly one of the top scientists in the ranks. If the outcome was hopeful, then work would have to begin immediately. And if the prognosis was dim, then Megatron would have a perfect excuse and a target to vent his frustrations.

As Hot Rod and Arcee gave their report, Optimus Prime had to admit that it was mostly luck that the Autobots did so well on this mission. Hot Rod and Arcee had escaped with relatively minor injuries.

What puzzled Optimus Prime the most were the sightings of the neutral robots. They were clearly not Decepticons, what with destroying the energy tower, aiding Hot Rod and Arcee in their escape, and severely injuring numerous Decepticons -- Devastator, even!

Optimus Prime was glad that his Autobots were prudent enough to only observe the stranger and do nothing more. Autobot intelligence had provided a report of the attack on Astrotrain and it had made him wince, even if it was one of "the enemy", to lose one of his troops like that was a risk he always tried to avoid. But they were not Autobots either. If only that team was on their side; their abilities and skills would make a major difference in the Cybertronian war. The idea of a robot/human gestalt alone was appealing to Prime, if only because it was such a perfect example of how their two races could work together. But from intelligence reports on the planet they flew to, it seemed evident that the unidentified robots would not be back any time soon. Perhaps they were time travelers from the future. That could explain their advanced level of technology.
Back in their home on Earth, the Orbots spent an animated evening talking about all they had seen and experienced. Though another trip to that reality was no longer possible, the idea of an entire planet populated with robots had everyone excited. Bo, true to form, teased Tor about a world full of “handsome hunks of metal men” for her to choose from. Ono and Bort speculated on what the planet’s society must be like. Boo shared in the talks, but her words were tinged with sadness at how dull and dark the world looked. Crunch sat quietly, listening with his usual lack of comprehension, content to idly nibble on a few chunks of iron ore.

In his nearby bedroom, Rob was isolated from the sounds of their talk, but could not rest. He sat awake next to his wife Dia’s sleeping form and their daughter in a nearby crib. The Orbots had constantly fought against Umbra and its evil schemes, yet in their trip to another reality, he had engaged in a fight and inflicted heavy damage, maybe even killed. Though they were robots, they were also sentient, also alive.

Rob had no knowledge of their society, their history, their causes. For all he knew, the two robots they aided were about to be captured before the Orbots arrived. He hadn’t even tried communicating with them, though some of the sounds made by the large green robot had not seemed very friendly. Then there was the massive explosion. Was that his doing?

But for all of this, the final assault on their pursuer bothered Rob the most. Sure the robot had targeted their way of getting home and needed to be stopped, but was there another way, an alternative he had overlooked? He had acted on impulse.

The Orbots were convinced that their opponents were evil, that their cause was just. After all, Tor had argued, there were ten of them firing on those other two, who were helpless. Rob tried to accept that, but could not be completely convinced. His doubts continued to plague him. He couldn’t be sure.
Thanks for reading this fan comic.

If you would like to read another fancomic work by this author, you can download Street Fighter: The Heart of Battle by Sean Anderson here. Be patient. It’s a large file and takes time to load.

If you would like to contact the author of this fan comic adaptation for any reason, send an e-mail to ryuxchunliproject@gmail.com