

“It looks like glue,” yelled Max, pulling hard on the joystick. “If that stuff finds its way into the engines we’ve had it. Hold on!”

Cat, Ant and Tiger lurched in their seats as Max made Hawkwing weave in the air, to avoid the glue missiles.

The Master-bot hovered above. It seemed to be observing the battle as if enjoying the thought of its enemy being destroyed.

