

**The Adventures of
Kid America
and the
Action Figures**

Introduction:

Once Upon A Time

taken from

“Electro City, A History”

as first published in the

Encyclopedia Komica

transcribed by Editor-in-Chief

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aka

Memory Man

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The following excerpts of hyper-lore are taken from The Encyclopedia Komica, a digital text of three-dimensional scope and near infinite volume. It is of relevance to note that these bits were originally garnered both telepathically and through the most deluxe methods in electronic snooping. They appear courtesy of Bodey Protonicus Flugler, the Memory Man of multi-galactic legend, and his hypermental staff,
The Komicons.

i **the electric blanket™**

The air went flickery as if a giant movie projector had been turned upon the great city from outer space. Everybody looked up to see what was happening. One kid put it best, as he whispered gravely into the oto-receiver of his auto-dynamic robo-monkey,

“Look at that, Micro-Chip. It’s a brand new sky.”

That part of the *Luminosity* that could actually be perceived by the naked eye seemed to be transmitted from beyond the far reaches of the super-city; like a fragment of suburbia come to swallow up the skyscrapers and put an end to technology once and for all. It was just all of a sudden, this gooey Blur of pixels appeared, and swiftly began to surround the city’s borders. Within minutes it sealed off the highways and the elevated Floto-Tubes that led beyond the city-rim and into the states next door.

Shimmering with the reflection of the stuff underneath it, the impossible Gleam rose up and concentrated over the amplitude of the futuristic metropolis that was once known to all Ultrakin as Mod York.

Within moments, each of the dastardly pixels joined together and formed a *bubble*. And just like that, the city was fortified.

No one could get in.

No one could get out. A fearful editor for a popular evening digizette wrote,

“Synthesized out of what seems to be a super electricity, the mini-atmosphere crackles and buzzes with an artificial potential that demands obedience from all beneath it. Like it’s appearance weren’t frazzling enough, this new sky seems to hum a song, if that’s what you’d call it, as though it was the offspring of a million air conditioners. It is an ugly thing and cannot be the product of the forces for justice. All citizens must beware. Protect thy children.”

Slightly more eloquent, perhaps, was the little owner of that robo-monkey,

“It’s like a giant scoop of ice cream is melting right on top of us, but in *reverse*. I think it must be a forcefield, Micro-Chip. An forcefield of *ice cream*.”

In time, the sky-bubble bore a trademark: a gigantic emblem that blinked into sight every hour, like a neon sign bolted on to it’s epicenter. The emblem was right out of a comic book; it looked like the insignia a supervillain might wear on their chest. It was a mark of *power*, an intricately designed sort of super *star*--a doomsday explosion, swelling with

clouds, debris, and fluorescent bursts that branched out in twelve directions, perfectly symmetrical. Whatever it was supposed to resemble, the much exalted piece of graffiti was as disconcerting as it was impressive.

The local children were astounded by the sudden presence of the bubble. As of yet hopeful, they believed that the sky was the feat of an anthropomorphic T.V. set gone AWOL: a savior from long forgotten Saturday mornings who'd come seeking the spoils of a cartoon rebellion. Senior citizens shook their heads at the kids and reasoned that the bubble was an experiment devised by the government to help keep the *rabble* out of the prosperous supercity.

It was, after all, a *fact*, that by that time, Mod York accounted for nearly half of the Ultra-earth's economic generation, as well as holding a good quarter of its population within its mighty buildings.

Regardless, nothing could pierce the gurgling kaleidoscope of static that was the pseudo-sky. Within days, all knew it was not a thing to be taken lightly. Those that did not curse its existence, prayed to it fervently.

Soon, advertisements began flooding the appropriate markets. Wrist-TV commercials were simulcast on all the top mini-networks; giant high-budget *Pogo*-sphere broadcasts at neighborhood entertainment centers became a regular attraction; animatronic billboards were erected along all travel routes; web-reports were constantly beamed into personal communicators. The most melodramatic hype, however, came via the Earwave, *the interbrain radio network*, a medium which was quickly turned into a hypnotic swamp of blurb and proclamation.

Most people thought that *Kong Edi-Sung*, the city's longtime power supplier, had created the bubble, what with all the ads christening it:

The Electric Blanket®
a security program provided by
The Electric Company™

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uhd

"Protecting us all from obliteration," went the jingles, beamed from the WDEF Radio Station into citywide brain receivers, "Now back to your *favorite*, favorite disc jockey." Favorite twice. Always.

The incessant jingles were sung by hyperglycemic choirs of outcast grammar school pupils, each member overtly hand-picked for his/her speech impediment and/or gibberish accent. Obviously fueled on a neverending supply of day-glo breakfast cereal, their voices were high-pitched and squeaky, able to hit octaves that struck listeners with instant gooseflesh.

The ditties, indeed, comprised a sonic vengeance of a most unexpected sort. As disgruntled glee club refugees sought airplay, citizens were scrambling desperately to plug their ears. Nuerotics who could no longer stomach the cacophony, were said to melt crayons directly into their ear canals. Their eardrums were burnt beyond repair, but this was the only cheap method that could appropriately muffle the Noise. Those who did

it were content to lose their ears forevermore, none believing that any semblance of quiet would ever be established in the urb again.

Henceforth, commercials blasted throughout the city on menacing looking loudspeakers, some big as cars, painted shiny and purple, with subwoofers that ballooned out with such bursts of volume they looked like hyperventilating frog's necks. Just as the Blanket had suddenly bubbled up, the loudspeakers came as well, infesting the streets with a new sort of racket—a raucous and neverending blah-blah that screwed itself into the soft minds of grown-ups and pummeled them with reckless synaptic abandon. Announcers ceaselessly rattled off meaningless phrases from the likes of old children's TV.

Stuff like, **“O.K. Ya ready guys?”**

Kids heard in the background would cheer hysterically.

The announcer followed, screaming, **“Then Let's Play!”**

The volume of music would rise, and the brats would 'hurrah' with fervor and delirious jollity. A buzzer would go off.

The maniacal spokesman would count down, **“1-2-3-4--now--Go!”**

The galloping of a hundred pairs of little sneakers would ensue, followed by the sound of glass breaking, firecrackers popping, and laughter--delirious kindergarten chortle. The bursting crescendo of childlike energy crackled through the speakers in a near visible warble that stunned the unprepared masses.

The announcer, panting, would then say, **“Now wasn't that fun?!”**

Most of the city's elders called this brand of propaganda Synthetic-Fun. Keep in mind, this was the *entire* format for the mini-program, this particular scene described word for word. It was always unclear as to what exactly was going on in the studio, and what was the actual nature of the show. The broadcasts made no *sense*. There was no skit, no story, no commercial. There were no specifics as to a message or even a joke. Many tried to ponder their meaning for as long as they could hold out, but in the end, always, it was for the sake of sheer lunacy that prevailed as their obvious purpose.

To the adult mind, the mixture of noises in the air was as a needle: an audiodermic drill that twisted into the cerebral cortex and loitered, as a delinquent might about an arcade, awaiting special orders from the leader of their gang.

Indeed, it was the Age of Noise, a noise known by teenagers as **Uhd**, which meant, rather eloquently: *too much*. Uhd was the *most*; the term for a quantity that was spilling over with abundance. It was an *obese* term, meant for the sickly fatness of the noise... Uhd was gluttony, Uhd was greed. Uhd was to be utterly stricken with the audio disease.

In time, it was deciphered--the Uhd was indeed a specifically *manufactured* sonic--an audio *potion*, later discovered to be a DJ's *Knoizak*[™], the most powerful in a line of sonic narcotics unleashed upon the city. The Knoizak, however, was always referred to by its street name, Uhd, even by the Electric Company and their gaggle of nasal voiced disc jocks.

And such a powerful sound was Uhd, that, well, in its more concentrated forms, you could see it. It was in the purple spectrum... in fact, drastically purple in all its shades and hues.

And so it was that the Uhd took several forms, consistent to its use as a weapon and law-keeper. Dark-pink was its most common and unthreatening, alerting people to the presence of a Company official. A midrange dose that could knock out most anyone without ear protection was Ultra-violet. And in its most lethal form, the Uhd was known as Far-purple, seen as a deadly mist, or solid beams of uhddy sonar. But no matter

what, the Uhd was bad, a sound created to mess everything up.

Few Ultrakin were immune to the medicinal sounds. Most were awestruck: rendered dumb, barely able to think or speak but for blither blather. Preschool jargon was rattled off in panic from the mouths of ear-unplugged elders who were slowly carted off from their homes, never to return. In each of them, their skins had turned ultra-violet at their first few mumbles.

The lucky ones came up deaf, but this was as rare a case as noise immunity.

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For the most part, people still figured that it was the Kong Edi-Sung Power Corporation who'd sponsored the endless onslaught of perverted sonic pep, nursery rhyme refurbishments, the Uhd in all it's purple wonder, and ultimately--the Blanket itself. Time and again, however, '**The Electric Company**'® was the only name that appeared in print as to the official representative of the Blanket's manufacture, as well as all the hyperphonics.

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In it's most quiet moments, the Blanket sounded like old tv static and looked about the same--illuminated, jumbled balls of every color, pixelating madly in seemingly random mathematical sequences of flashes, fades, and blinks. The sun rarely shown through unless it was programmed to, but even then it wasn't real, of course... although some, in their struggle to maintain sanity, believed that it was. A mad graphics designer, no doubt, spent *years* training those sky pixels to look like the sun. The thing that was good about it, some would admit, was that you could stare at it without burning out your retinas. Occasionally, if you'd stare long enough, a glitch would occur in the bubble and you could catch conglomerations of numbers streaking through the computer generated cloudbanks.

It was a cartoon sky, digitally broadcasting a fantastic chapter in a mad scientist's non-fiction. The Blanket, for sure, was somebody's dream made real. A hundred mile forcefield bubble was, in that great time of peace and prosperity on the Ultra-earth, abnormal and unnecessary. The great work of an unknown talent; a *master* prodigy. Most likely, a misfit, teased and degraded, had about faced, gone bogeyman, and rebirthed himself--an evil inventor--dangerous in untold and multitudinous fashions; armed with a flare for flamboyance and a penchant to wreak confusion. It was apparant that the world would stop and listen to the overlooked phenom, or else.

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If you really wanted to get a good look at the Blanket, though, you had to get a hundred stories higher than the streets. And that was about ninety stories higher than any non-Company citizen was allowed to get without a work permit.

No matter where you were, however, you could always hear the sky buzzing with glitchety fuzz and thunderstorm static. Uhd and uhd and uhd and uhd.

In this new Electro City, you could hear all sorts of things.

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the turntable rumbles

And so, the future grew noisy.

Itchy kids and loudmouths had all been mixed up in the *Turntable Rumbles*,

engaged in a quasi-revolution upon the city of detention. DJ's, guitar players, keyboardists, bassheads, beatmakers, all led by their MC's, band managers, and video directors, seemed to wage the most meaningful battles, at times unleashing near telekinetic brilliance in shows of real wonder; ballooning forth with never before seen audio/visual poignancy. For a short while, it was a time of odd genius and lunatic savant.

This time quickly passed, however, and a new decade of masked fist fighters inevitably overtook the shortlived *hyper*-mental scrimmaging; replacing it with gimmick laden vandalism, electronic looting, and *Smash violence* (what some claimed to be a new sort of artistic form). Smashiphists, as they were called, got extremely ugly--wielding a sort of playdoh perversion on the weak; mostly the work of older Uhd-addled psychopaths that lingered about post fight scenes and overcrowded emergency rooms; hungry for last licks on easy prey.

The air was swollen with the Knoizak™ brand sound, as the stupidity of the sonic narcotic gripped eighteen-year-olds at the ears and brought them to their knees. The Uhd left them quite dim, grimacing, and awaiting further instructions from their new master.

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The Turntable Rumbles was a citywide war of teenagers that lasted the first 13 threads (years) of the Blanket. The Rumbles had begun in *confusion*, as a party. To many kids, it was the only solution to the increasingly perfidious dilemma. When the first shipment of grown-ups were sent off to work on the newly advertised *Udventure*™ Amusement Platforms, many parent-hating youngsters rejoiced. Within weeks, exports of non-sensed adults had multiplied tenfold and the schools were shut down. Ignorant youth couldn't resist their new freedoms. They all went out into the night.

As time passed, however, the city, as a civilization, ground to a halt. Most inhabitants of age over 18 had gone daffy, and were taken away slowly, but steadily. Soon, panic pervaded even the toughest neo orphan, dubbed *Norphidite*, by the Uhd-slinging radio deejays.

And thus, Pre-teens and Teenagers were made to form their own body politic.

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Treacherous club battles spilled out into the crooked streets of the crumbling city, lacing it with one-two trouble. Block parties erupted and blasted out busted disc jockey set-ups for weeks, destroying concrete with new design breakbeats and deejay cheese.

Electronic component production was stopped dead. Candy conveyor belts froze. Boys and Girls scrambled to collect all kinds of discontinued toys. Many kids died protecting their plastic gadgets, often slain by their fellow teens.

Abandoned radio stations were infiltrated and taken over by mechanical beatbox crews and rap acts who sought transmission exposure. Sound-systems climbed ever high into the stories, pumping neighborhoods with bass-filled soundclusters and careless voluminous booms. Cantankerous MC's rose to recite blood-drenched limericks, naughtily spat via converted Grammar School PA systems.

The deaf and curmudgeoned were the punk defiant of this new age of Noise. All the other delinquents were electrified--desperately prepared to face the challenges of the bubble-clad city of sound. Nevertheless, they were stuck waging meaningless turf battles as they awaited their inevitable birthday #18 where they'd turn *Plastoid* and be shipped off to one of the Skyscrapers.

iv **the dj**

The greatest sound system of the day was run by a DJ who was, in fact, responsible for the Blanket's existence as well as the Uhd; a DJ who somehow possessed the power to enslave a city to help him run his *own* sort of *Electric* Company; a monster Deejay of tremendous arm--a being who possessed the key to a new sort of electricity, a liquidized energy over which he maintained a seemingly magical control. He was the DJ who founded the Electric Company's insidious affiliate, the recording label known as Plug Records.

The Plug would rule the pop charts of the world inside and out of the DJ's impenetrable Electric Blanket. All planetside creatures were soon forced to suck his thumb. And many did it with pleasure, swearing allegiance to his Company and begging for a part in his music videos.

It was the Blackout that had at last silenced the roar of the Turntable Rumbles: an undeniable show of power, which ushered in the DJ's status ultimate. First, there was the *blast*; a surge sent throughout the city--and all was silent, for the last time. There was no Uhd, no radio, no talk of any kind. Pure quiet, and only brightness, a bright brighter than white, and no one could see anything but glow.

It took about a day for the blast to dim, and then the Blackout settled: a thick, animated darkness that lasted for near over a month under the Blanket. From then on, the radios were clicked permanently *on*, and all anyone could hear was the Uhd of the Company, the Great Uhd of the most nefarious DJ.

When electricity was re-established it was under the DJ's authority. This electric-like power was as new as the sky-bubble, an ominous energy that was, at first, used solely to further the DJ's ends. A conglomeration of supercomputers were enlisted to monitor all forms of existence, as the DJ opened up a million sets of eyes and ears for himself all across Electro City.

By this time, just about all adults were made to work. The children, abandoned, were left with little in the way of edification. All within the electric confines acknowledged that the DJ alone ruled the city; *supreme*.

* *

In the meanwhile, outside of Electro City, the DJ became world famous, feared by some but loved by most. He supplied the world with never-ending volumes of original music, that, to many, represented genius of such magnitude, of such paranormal dimension, that they felt it could only have been conceived by a superhuman, an entity from beyond, who, by all rational judgement must be from another world. A traveler, perhaps, of many worlds, come to teach humanity about the stars.

A record review out of the west said,

“His music inspires great insight into the human condition.”

An interview with a pogographic-concertgoer (broadcast on the most popular of the Music Channels) said,

“Listening to the DJ is an *experience*. It’s like going somewhere *else*. It’s awesome--the music induces you with something so *pure*--it makes you feel like you’re a baby again. It’s a *power* unto itself--from *somewhere else*. It’s stronger than taking any drug, man. And I’ve took ‘em *all*.”

An in depth study at Arvigard Medical wrote,

“The audio overtakes the listener and is fully within his/her/it’s brain, forcing the mind to concentrate *all* of it’s potential on the music’s seemingly magical composition.”

None outside of the Blanket knew (or cared to acknowledge) that this DJ was the one who was responsible for the encapsulated Mod York, or rather, the Electro City.

None could get in, none out. No transmissions could be received or transmitted but for the DJ’s own hyper Pogo-casts. As much as anyone may have tried, years passed, and the city dwellers were lost to anomaly.

And so, left to his own machinations, the Turntable Rumbles were ended, and the DJ Projects had begun.



Minors were not infected by the Uhd that gurgled in the air. The reason for this remains unclear. Perhaps the mind of youth is impervious to such a surrender as the Noise was said to inflict. It is more likely that they were spared for a *purpose*. In is conceivable that an essential development in a handful of children may have proved beneficial to the Company. Hence, they were, for the most part, all allowed to grow up, unhindered by Uhd hypnosis. They were, however, controlled in *other ways*.

Mind boggling TV commercials urged most of the orphans off the streets and into the skies. All they need do for admittance to the Skyscrapers was swear allegiance to the DJ and modify their behavior appropriately. The future would connect these disciples directly to the DJ, through computer keypad wrist implants, that were attached to brain receivers which were triggered through cybernetic hearing aids. Small mono-antennas grew from the left side of the orphan’s head—an inch behind the ear and about a foot long when the process had grown complete. Thus the Radio Station of Alpha-structure Supreme (and several citywide affiliates) kept track of it’s youth through audiomental wave distortions.

* *

Still, non-Electric Company communication proceeded below, growing ever weaker, through cracked out schemes, performed by even more cracked out super hooligans.

The most jeopardous plot was also the most efficient, and by far the most beneficial.

Some kids practiced energy-*siphoning*, a method which allowed the little thief to sap tiny amounts of the DJ’s new and delicious electricity. This energy could be sucked, using one’s mouth, from the power core of a Company machine, such as a security camera, or a light tube. It would take extreme suction applied on or near to the core, but

soon, the power would bleed out in *Plasmoline*, an opaque, white colored, lustrous liquid. Soon, tiny tube contraptions, that looked like mechanical straws, were constructed to aid the sucker in this newborn crime.

The young pioneers of illegal energy manipulation became known as Siphons, and *they* called the plasmoline Milk. Plasmoline was a term of the Electric Company. Originally, youngsters would call it *gloMilk*, but the moniker was later shortened for the mere latter four letters. There was hardly any *real* milk left in the city, none made by mothers, or cows, nor mixed of powder, so it really made no matter of confusion. GloMilk, or plasmoline, simply *was* Milk.

Sometimes, deposits of Milk could be found throughout the city, in Company machine mishaps, Udvventure construction breakdowns, or simply through freak supernatural happening. Occasionally Milk was said to bleed out of the very air, like rain.

Milk that was extra-charged and *raw* was really thick and gloopy. Based on an old comic-book story, the Siphons would call it Ice Cream.

It was the Siphons, you see, those beings who actually touched their lips to the substance, the ones who first drank the Milk, that eventually rose to be ultimate.

* * *

Above, the city grew clustered in elevated walkways, automatically treading skyplanks, and thousands of impossibly winding Suessian footbridges which connected each building to it's neighbor in a dozen different ways. All run on Milk, filtered and mixed with expertise, properly diluted and chemically mingled to perform at maximum cost-efficiency.

The streets were left completely to the ever growing population of Electric delinquents. Subsonically powered subway trains full of adult labor were herded throughout the city at all times.

Nevertheless, some adults, Noise-immune, deaf, or properly earplugged, took to the levels *under* the city. Those humans durable enough to survive the Subterranean 'Sucker Wars', those that fought oppression at all costs to their comfort, burrowed themselves deeper into the Ultra-earth than any thought possible. They who persevered were indeed the most powerful in renegade Elders: the original Siphons, Milk spawned, ultramodern and superpowerful. By the Company they were known as Fuggagers, and the orders were--Far-purple to the head, until that head is gone.

* * * *

Silence was departed. The air above had grown fully sonic. Fueled by the speakers equipped with mind-numbing subwoofers, the air steadily vibrated with Uhd--the DJ's newest songs, his latest ideas, his morning and evening editorials, lists of his upcoming concert dates, his joke skits, and most of all, his manic furies. The DJ's attendants were always screaming something at someone through a megaphone; the DJ's patrol fugelhorns sounded constantly; the sounds of Reconstruction buzzed no matter the hour.

Possibly most creepy, however, were the illegal amateur short-wave Ether-casts which randomly overtook any possible transmission venue in the Spread. Most disconcerting, because, the broadcasters involved were obviously growing more strange by the generation. It was common for a show to end in baby talk or maniacal laughter, or, worst, on-air suicide. The stupefaction that hung in the air was infectious.

Everyone by now was wearing headphones to filter out the polluted Uhd-noise; Company officials wore futuristic Ear-goggles equipped with powerful twin antennae which allowed them to tune-in to their favorite Electric Company bands, Plug radio jocks, even the pirate broadcasters of the newly discovered Air2 , or, for sleep, the Hum frequencies that most resembled quiet. As for the Norphidites, they wore makeshift headphone rigs that barely worked, powered on drips of Milk, or stashes of old batteries

found in abandoned storefronts.

The thing we must all remember, however, is of most importance to this situation.

Children always find a way.

It was the Siphons, and especially those descended from the original Siphons, that found that they could do extraordinary things.

Excerpts of the Encyclopedia Komica, including comic book synopses key to Juvenaut survival, continue throughout these Books. The publishers would like to thank the valiant Komicons that risked their lives to assemble these valued odds of knowledge.

“And now, let the Udvventure begin!”

-The DeeJay

(as quoted before each of his pogocasts)

Robo-Monkey: fully equipped robotic animals were the most popular pet/guardians for the youngsters of this time. Many recordings were retrieved from the memory banks of such creations for the making of this archive.

Floto Tubes: Tunnel-like antigravitic flying car routes

Ultrakin: The humanoid inhabitants of the Ultra-earth; also, the humans of Dimension-13

Mod York: the Eastern supercity of Americom Major, the united continents of the Western Hemisphere of UltraEarth. Mod York, moreoften was called Mad York by it's inhabitants, due to it's neonic hustle and bustle.

It is of little consequence that the monkey chee-chee'd with an affirmative nod, and the little kid said, "Maybe we should check it out. But as these were the first words ever uttered by a new breed of heroes, we have included this fact for proper record.

pogosphere: holographic projection tv

Uhd: pronounced: *ood, as is good*.

Threads: time measurement signifying a false 365-day "year" under the Electric Blanket

Air2: the newest radiowave which was still limited to the City. Sounds were being received (first) and transmitted through (what kids refered to as) new layers of Air. These "layers" soon proved to be the infinite "dimensions" (more appropriately, these were not actually new *dimensions*, but, in fact, alternate realities, full Universes which existed infinitely, and perpendicular to, the time space continuum). All this, the DJ found on an ancient Boombox radio dial. He had found what is, in fact, The Multiverse.