

Autobus Prime's

BLURRY ROBOT THEATER



CYKILL
RULES

9

NO MATTER
THE COST

BLURRY ROBOT *CROSSOVER*



TransShinki World (and Friends)

MEANWHILE,
BACK IN THE CLEAN WORLD...

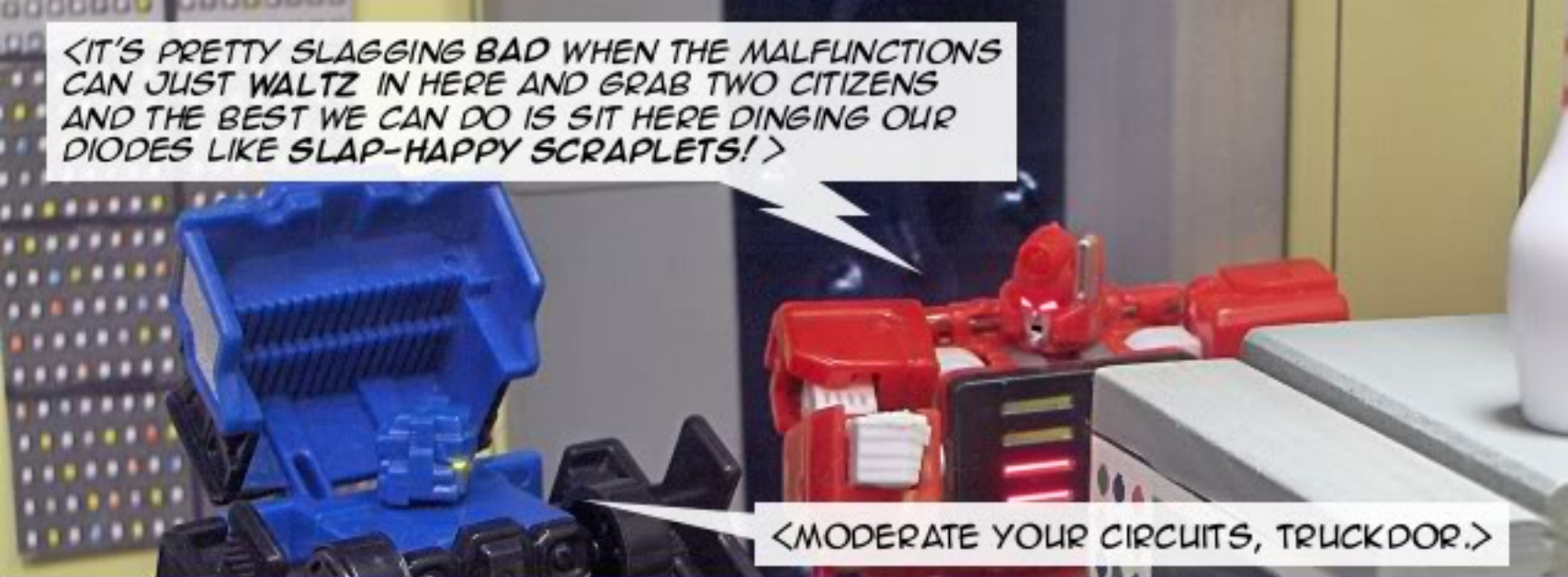
<COMMANDER, WE HAVEN'T
FOUND THEM ANYWHERE IN
THE CITY. WE CAN KEEP
SEARCHING, BUT IT'S TYING
UP A LOT OF MY MECHS.>*

<THE HOTEL ROOM IS TRASHED!
LOOKS LIKE A BOMB HIT IT...
THAT, OR A ROCK BAND.>

=KLINK=

<I SEE WE'RE GOING
TO HAVE TO GIVE
TRUCKDOR THAT TALK
ABOUT PERSONAL
SPACE AGAIN...>

*BEEP BEEP WHEELIE BEEP BOOP
*<TRANSLATED FROM MICRONESE>



<IT'S PRETTY SLAGGING BAD WHEN THE MALFUNCTIONS CAN JUST WALTZ IN HERE AND GRAB TWO CITIZENS AND THE BEST WE CAN DO IS SIT HERE DINGING OUR DIODES LIKE SLAP-HAPPY SCRAPLETS! >

<MODERATE YOUR CIRCUITS, TRUCKDOR.>

<I ASSURE YOU, I AM AS ANGRY AT THIS OUTRAGEOUS CRIME AS THE REST OF YOU...AND I AM SURE YOU REALIZE THE DIFFICULTY OF PURSUING THE ABDUCTORS OR RECOVERING OUR FRIENDS.>

<...BUT WE WILL!>

<IN THE MEANTIME, CONTINUE YOUR DUTIES AS ASSIGNED, BUT BE READY FOR NEW ORDERS.>

<DISMISSED.>

<...SPACE TEAM, YOU STAY HERE.>



<SO! CAN I WRITE
A COVER STORY,
OR WHAT?!>

<DID YOU SEE IT?
HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER!>



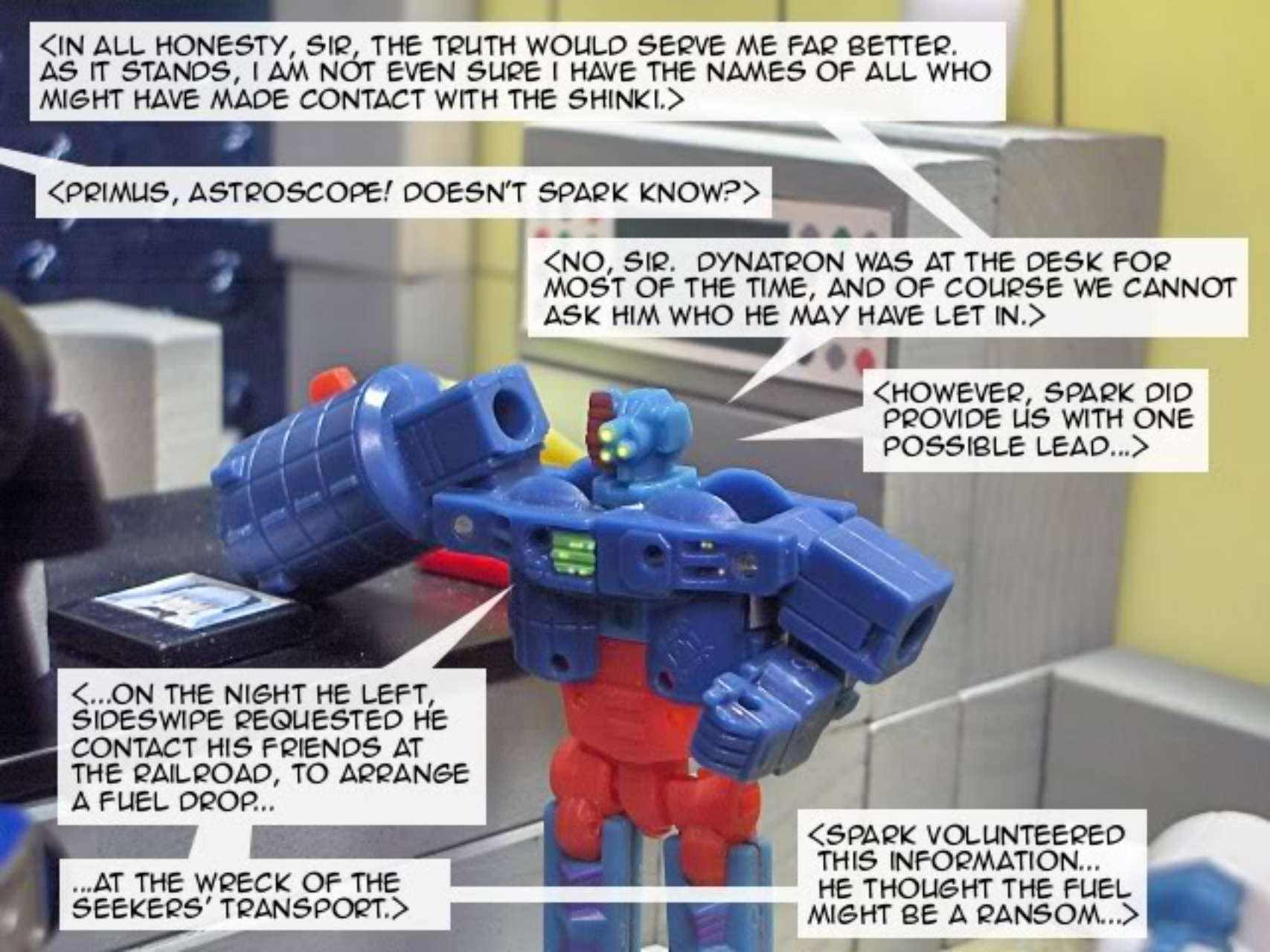
<SADLY, SKY BLAST, IN THIS PLACE,
A KIDNAPPING BY THE PREDACON
UNDERWORLD IS NO FISH STORY...>

<WHAT HAVE
YOU CAUGHT,
ASTROSCOPE?>



<VERY LITTLE,
COMMANDER.
SIDESWIPE'S
ASSOCIATES
WERE...WELL-
PREPARED.>

<NOT TAKING OUR BAIT, ARE THEY?>



<IN ALL HONESTY, SIR, THE TRUTH WOULD SERVE ME FAR BETTER. AS IT STANDS, I AM NOT EVEN SURE I HAVE THE NAMES OF ALL WHO MIGHT HAVE MADE CONTACT WITH THE SHINKI.>

<PRIMUS, ASTROSCOPE! DOESN'T SPARK KNOW?>


<NO, SIR. DYNATRON WAS AT THE DESK FOR MOST OF THE TIME, AND OF COURSE WE CANNOT ASK HIM WHO HE MAY HAVE LET IN.>

<HOWEVER, SPARK DID PROVIDE US WITH ONE POSSIBLE LEAD...>

<...ON THE NIGHT HE LEFT, SIDESWIPE REQUESTED HE CONTACT HIS FRIENDS AT THE RAILROAD, TO ARRANGE A FUEL DROP...>

<...AT THE WRECK OF THE SEEKERS' TRANSPORT.>

<SPARK VOLUNTEERED THIS INFORMATION... HE THOUGHT THE FUEL MIGHT BE A RANSOM...>




<EXCELLENT. THAT ISN'T EVEN VERY FAR. READY THE AERIALBOTS FOR IMMEDIATE DEPARTURE.>


<YES, SIR.>

<WE'LL HAVE THEM BACK HERE BY TOMORROW!>

<IN HOW MANY PIECES, COMMANDER?>



<YOU KNOW SIDESWIPE WILL NEVER LET YOU TAKE HIM ALIVE!>



<WOULD YOU REALLY SACRIFICE YOUR BEST FRIEND FOR ONE ENEMY AGENT?>



<NO, PAYLOAD.
I WOULDN'T...>

<...WOULD YOU SACRIFICE THE CITY?
YOU DO REALIZE THAT'S WHAT WE'RE
UP AGAINST NOW.>

<THAT CRYSTAL THAT THE MMS
APPARENTLY WANTS, WE NEED.
WITHOUT IT, WE CAN'T RUN
SYNCHRO'S WEATHER MACHINE.>

<IT'S GETTING WARMER.
IF THIS CONTINUES,
THE ICE WILL MELT.
THE CITY WILL FLOOD...>

<...AND THOUSANDS OF
MICRONIANS WILL HAVE
NOWHERE TO GO...>



<...EXCEPT VOS NOVA, AND YOU THREE, OF ALL MECHS, SHOULD KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS. >

<OH, SURE, SOME OF US MIGHT HIDE OUT. LIVING IN CONSTANT FEAR...WATCHING THE CHILDREN SHUT DOWN FOR LACK OF A LITTLE FUEL...>

<I WON'T GO BACK TO THAT, PAYLOAD.>

<BUT WHAT'S THAT TO THE MULTIVERSAL MANAGEMENT SOCIETY? ALL THAT MATTERS TO THEM IS KEEPING THE DANGEROUS TOYS FROM THE IGNORANT SAVAGES...>

<THEY'D TELL YOU IT'S ALL ABOUT MULTIVERSAL STABILITY...WITH THEM AT THE TOP, OF COURSE, TAKING WHAT THEY WANT, AND USING WHOMEVER THEY PLEASE.>

<NOW IT'S HAPPENED TO SIDESWIPE!
I LET THAT SHINKI SHE-DEVIL GET HER
HOOKS INTO HIM, AND NOW HE'S GONE...>

<MAYBE DEAD...OR WORSE...>



<...TURNED...A
TOOL OF THE MMS.>



<DEAD? A TRAITOR? COMMANDER, I KNOW SIDESWIPE, AND THAT'S A LITTLE HARD TO SWALLOW...>

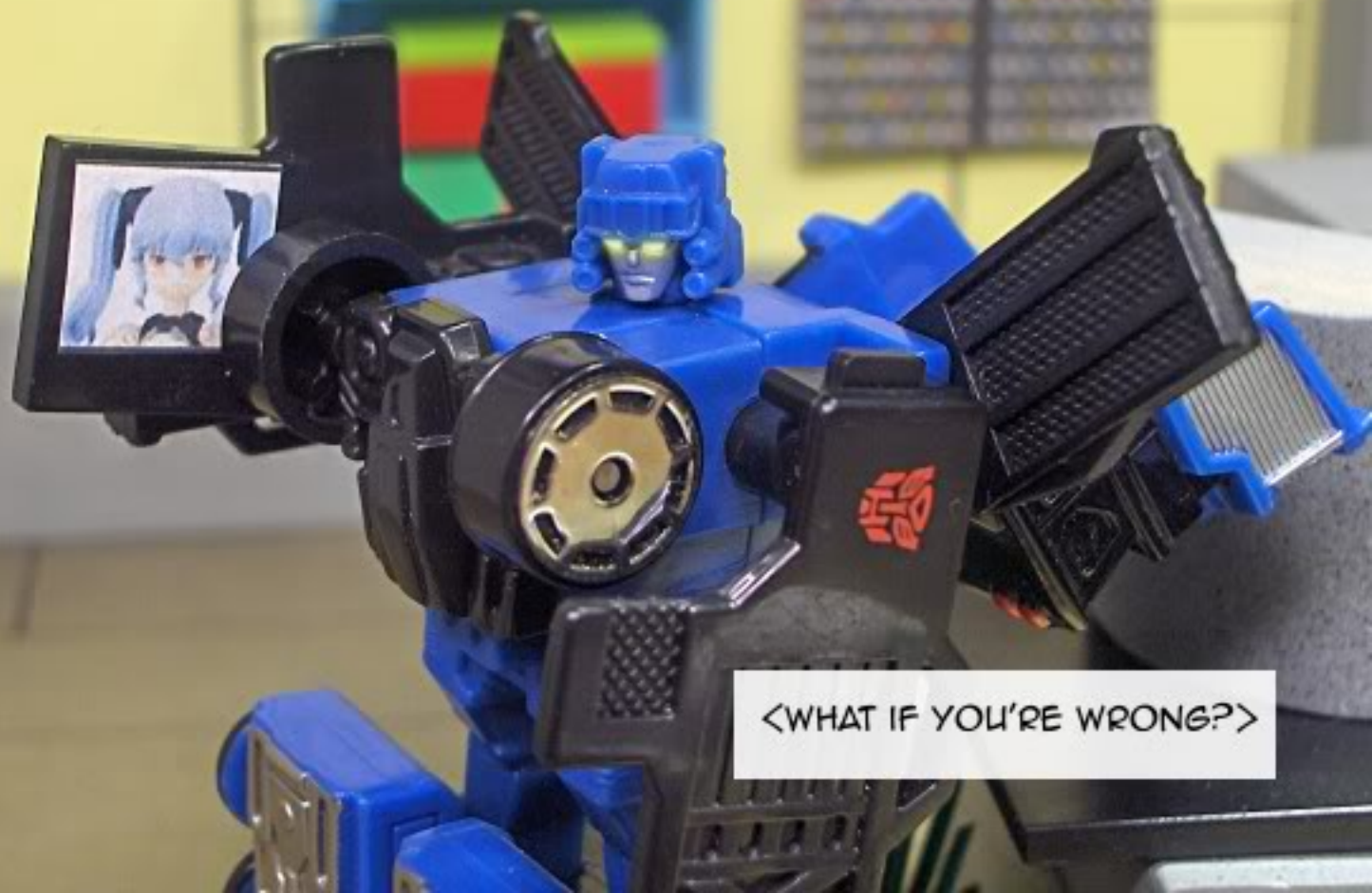
<...IN FACT, I'D SOONER BELIEVE SKY BLAST'S SILLY STORY.>

<HEY!>

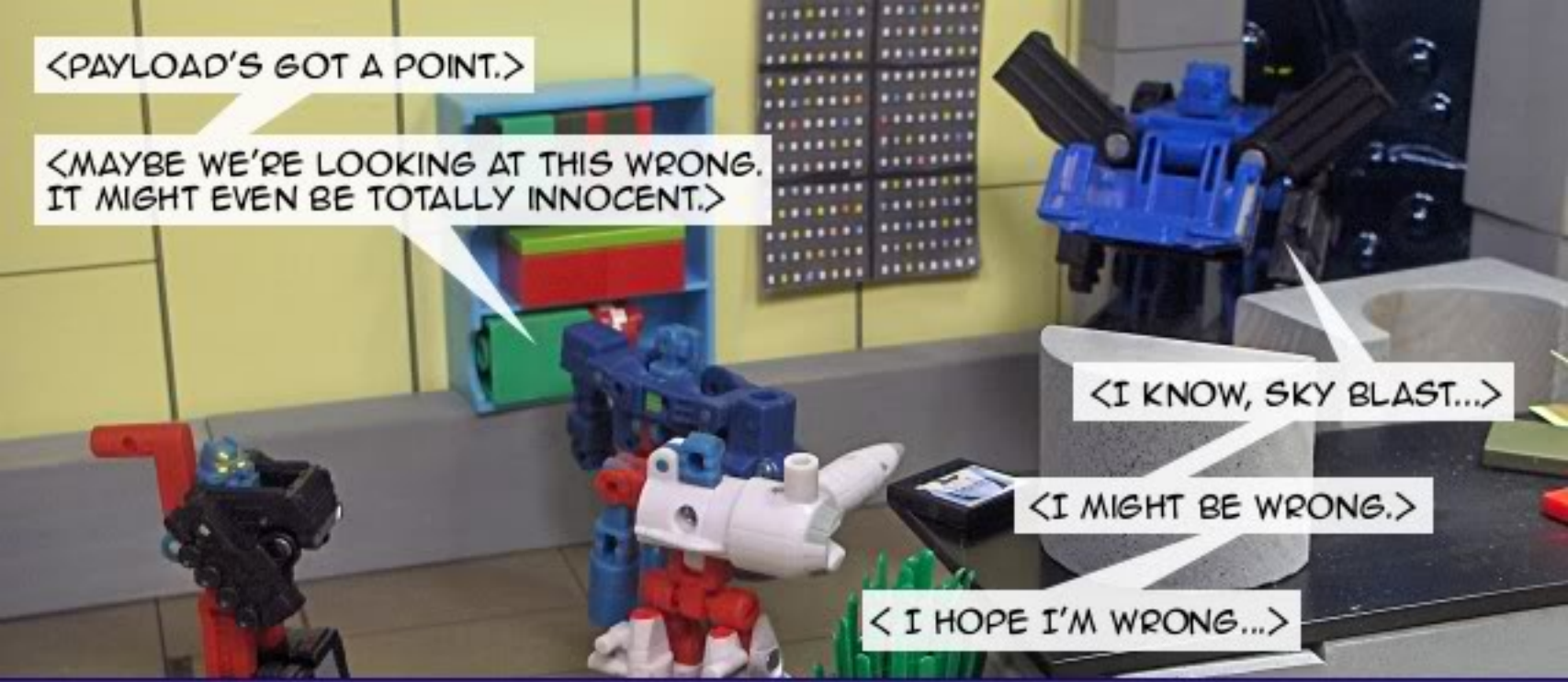
<SIDES MIGHT QUESTION YOUR ORDERS NOW AND THEN, BUT YOU CAN'T QUESTION HIS LOVE FOR MICRONIA! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY REASON TO DOUBT HIS LOYALTY!>

<AS FOR KILLING HIM...WELL...I'D LIKE TO SEE HER TRY! OBVIOUSLY SHE DIDN'T, BECAUSE CREEPER'S MECHS DIDN'T FIND LITTLE SHINKI-BITS SCATTERED AROUND!>

<YOU'RE ALL FIRED UP TO KILL HER,
COMMANDER, FOR BEING AN MMS AGENT,
BUT YOU REALLY DON'T HAVE ANY PROOF
THAT SHE EVEN IS ONE!>



<WHAT IF YOU'RE WRONG?>



<PAYLOAD'S GOT A POINT.>

<MAYBE WE'RE LOOKING AT THIS WRONG.
IT MIGHT EVEN BE TOTALLY INNOCENT.>

<I KNOW, SKY BLAST...>

<I MIGHT BE WRONG.>

< I HOPE I'M WRONG...>

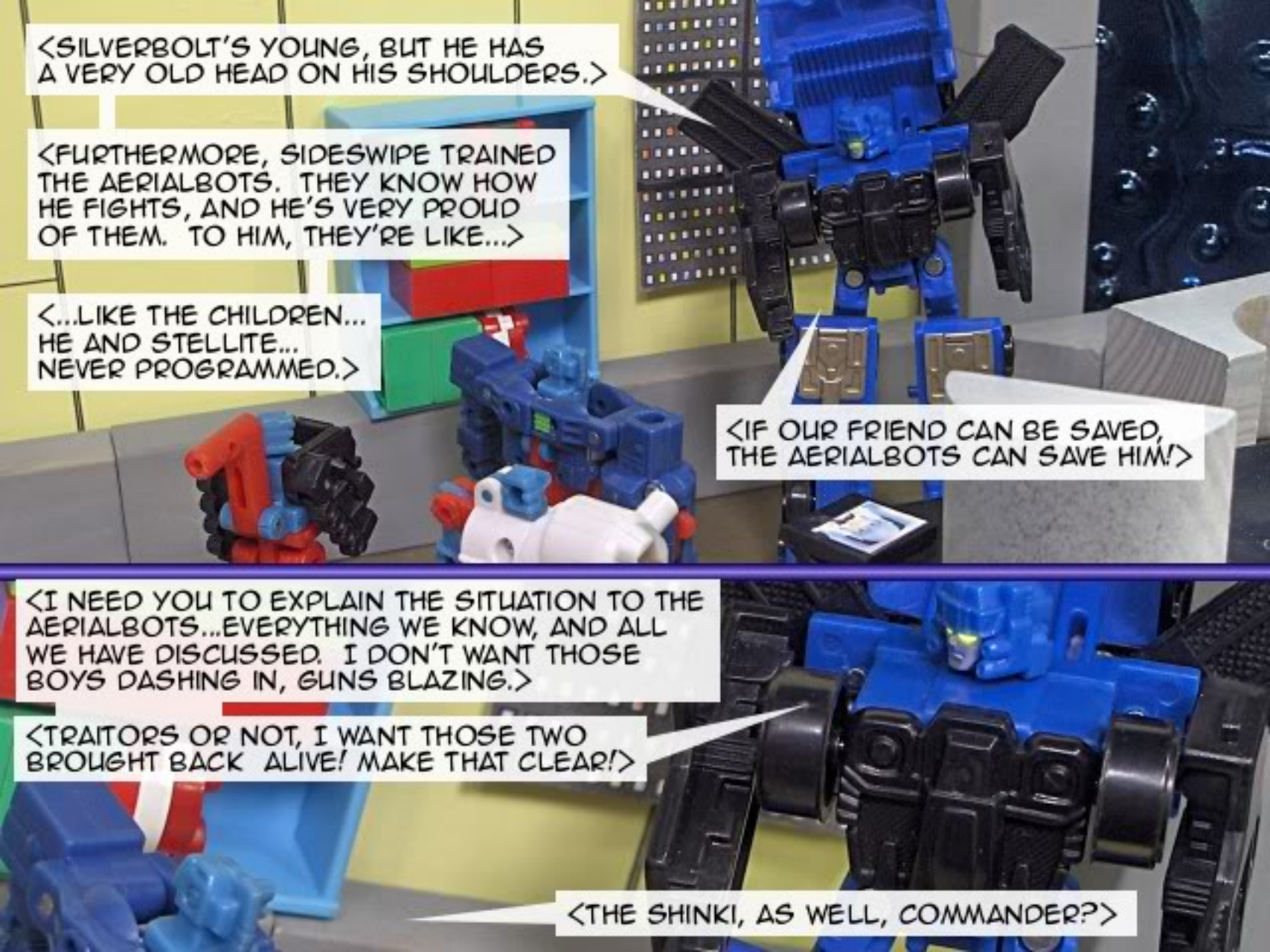
<...BUT IF I WAGER EVERY MICRON'S LIFE
ON THAT HOPE, AND IT PROVES FALSE...>

<NO.>

<WE CAN'T
AFFORD TO
GAMBLE.>

<STILL, WE CAN
ALWAYS HOPE...>

<THAT'S WHY I'M SENDING
THE AERIALBOTS.>



<SILVERBOLT'S YOUNG, BUT HE HAS A VERY OLD HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS.>

<FURTHERMORE, SIDESWIPE TRAINED THE AERIALBOTS. THEY KNOW HOW HE FIGHTS, AND HE'S VERY PROUD OF THEM. TO HIM, THEY'RE LIKE...>

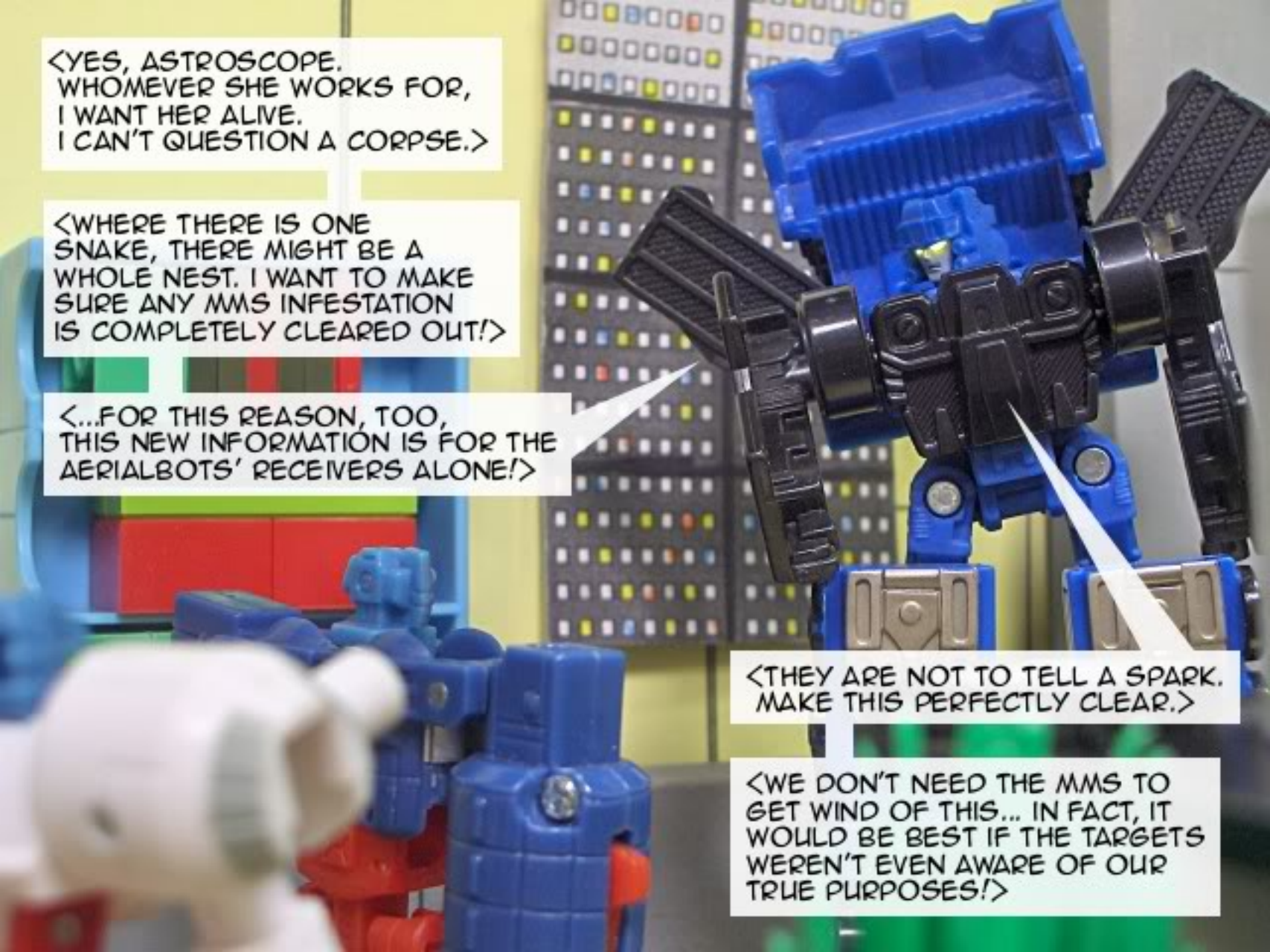
<...LIKE THE CHILDREN... HE AND STELLITE... NEVER PROGRAMMED.>

<IF OUR FRIEND CAN BE SAVED, THE AERIALBOTS CAN SAVE HIM!>

<I NEED YOU TO EXPLAIN THE SITUATION TO THE AERIALBOTS...EVERYTHING WE KNOW, AND ALL WE HAVE DISCUSSED. I DON'T WANT THOSE BOYS DASHING IN, GUNS BLAZING.>

<TRAITORS OR NOT, I WANT THOSE TWO BROUGHT BACK ALIVE! MAKE THAT CLEAR!>

<THE SHINKI, AS WELL, COMMANDER?>

A blue and black Transformer robot, likely a member of the Aerialbots, is shown in a control room. The robot is positioned on the right side of the frame, looking towards the left. The background consists of a grey panel with a grid of small, colorful lights (yellow, green, red, blue). In the foreground, there are other parts of the robot, including a white and red component on the left and another blue component in the center. The robot's head is blue with a black visor, and its chest is black with blue accents. Its arms are black with blue joints. The robot's legs are blue with black joints. The overall scene is brightly lit, typical of a toy photograph.

<YES, ASTROSCOPE.
WHOMEVER SHE WORKS FOR,
I WANT HER ALIVE.
I CAN'T QUESTION A CORPSE.>

<WHERE THERE IS ONE
SNAKE, THERE MIGHT BE A
WHOLE NEST. I WANT TO MAKE
SURE ANY MMS INFESTATION
IS COMPLETELY CLEARED OUT!>

<...FOR THIS REASON, TOO,
THIS NEW INFORMATION IS FOR THE
AERIALBOTS' RECEIVERS ALONE!>

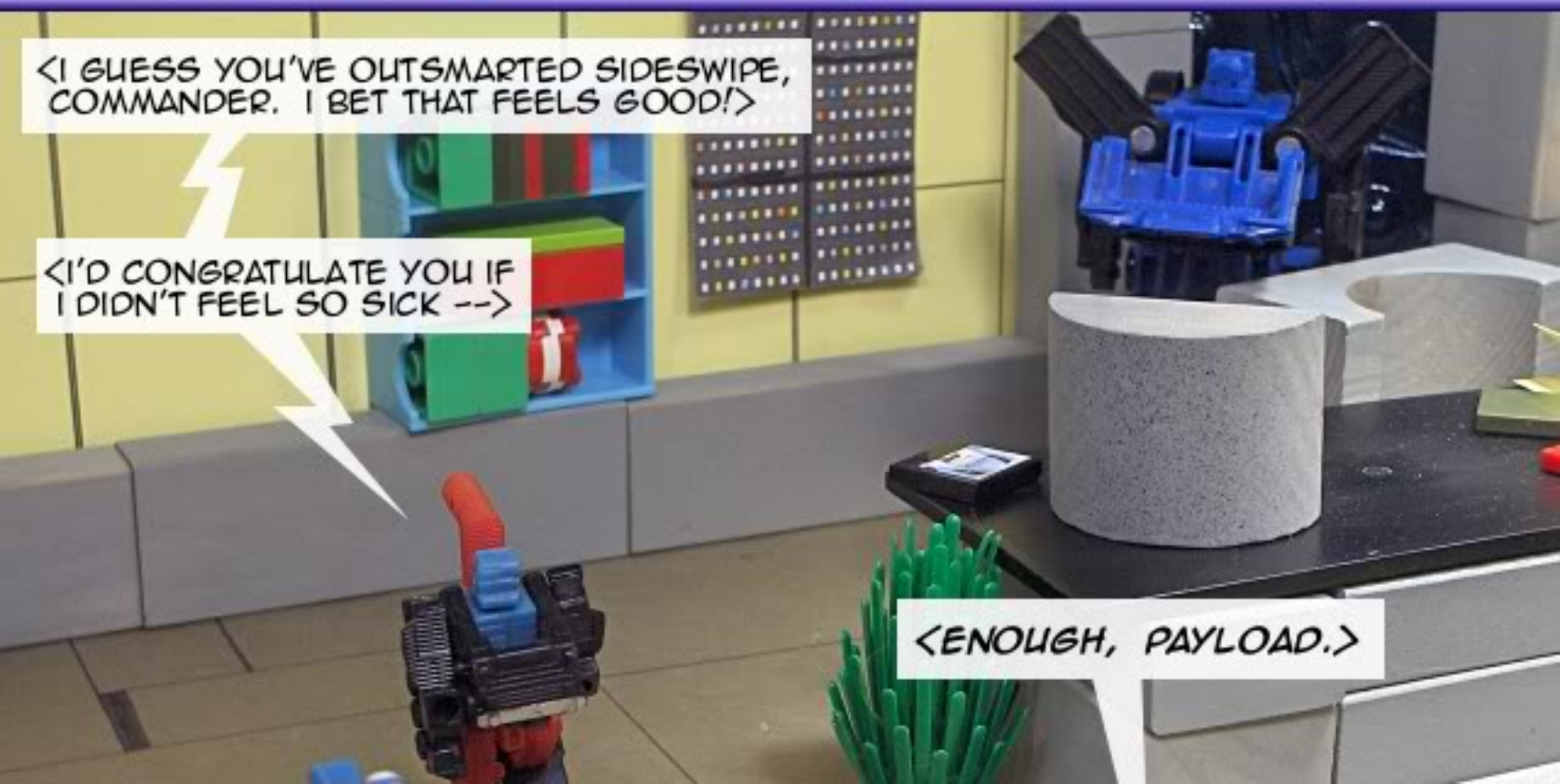
<THEY ARE NOT TO TELL A SPARK.
MAKE THIS PERFECTLY CLEAR.>

<WE DON'T NEED THE MMS TO
GET WIND OF THIS... IN FACT,
IT WOULD BE BEST IF THE TARGETS
WEREN'T EVEN AWARE OF OUR
TRUE PURPOSES!>



<WE SHALL DO OUR BEST, COMMANDER.>

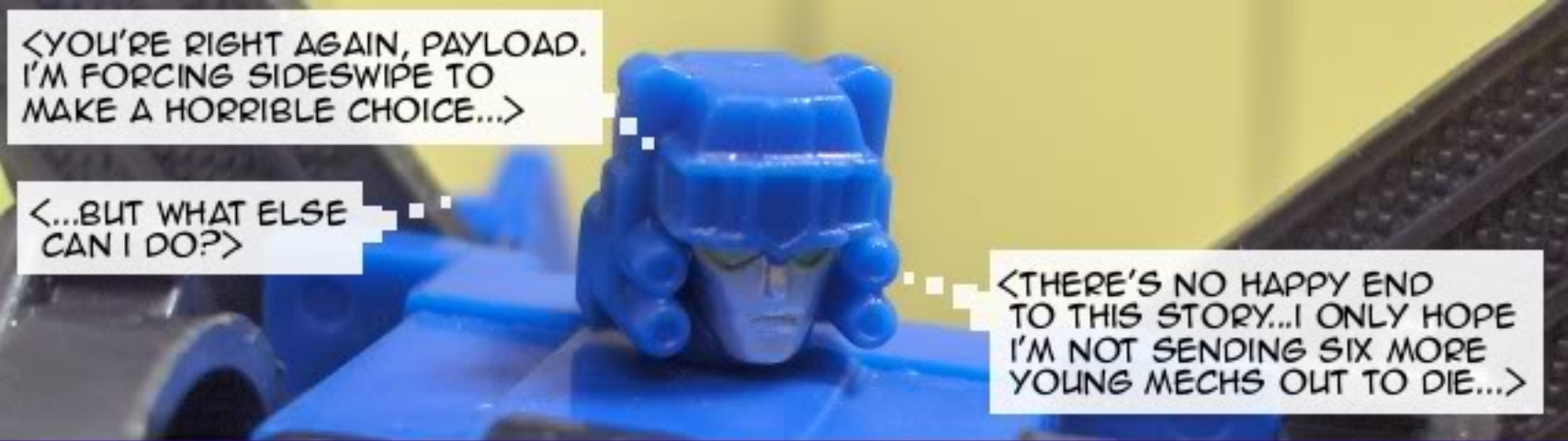
<COME WITH ME, SPACE TEAM!>



<I GUESS YOU'VE OUTSMARTED SIDESWIPE, COMMANDER. I BET THAT FEELS GOOD!>

<I'D CONGRATULATE YOU IF I DIDN'T FEEL SO SICK -->

<ENOUGH, PAYLOAD.>



<YOU'RE RIGHT AGAIN, PAYLOAD. I'M FORCING SIDESWIPE TO MAKE A HORRIBLE CHOICE...>

<...BUT WHAT ELSE CAN I DO?>

<THERE'S NO HAPPY END TO THIS STORY...I ONLY HOPE I'M NOT SENDING SIX MORE YOUNG MECHS OUT TO DIE...>



PRIMUS... I'VE DONE IT SO MANY TIMES!

LEAKS, MORE LEAKS!

ENERGON'S RUNNING
OUT AS FAST AS WE
CAN PUMP IT IN!

IT'S FULL OF HOLES TOO.

KEEP IT GOING! CAN
WE GET A FEED ON
THE LASER CORE
CIRCULATOR?

CUT IT BACK TO
GOOD PIPE!

GOT IT...SLAGGIT,
IT CRACKED!

I CAN'T INCREASE THE
ENERGON SUPPLY
ENOUGH TO MATCH
THE NEW LEAK!

HE'S FALLING APART
AND STASIS LOCK WON'T
ACTIVATE...WE'RE GOING
TO HAVE TO DO A
POWER-ON SPARK
EXTRACTION...

REDSHIRT! DO YOU HEAR ME?
THIS IS THUNDERCRACKER.

YOU'RE SAFE. THE MEDICS ARE
TAKING CARE OF YOU.
YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.

YOU DID REALLY WELL, REDSHIRT!
YOU SAVED DIRGE AND RAMJET!




WE FOUND THEIR SPARKS,
RIGHT WHERE YOU SAID THEY WERE!

YOU SAVED THEM, REDSHIRT!
YOU'VE GOT A MEDAL COMING, KID!
I'M GOING TO PIN IT ON YOU MYSELF.

...BUT YOU'VE GOT TO STAY
WITH US, OKAY? OKAY, REDSHIRT?

OKAY?




THAT...IS ONE
TOUGH KID,
SPARKSTALKER.

THEY THOUGHT HE
WAS DEAD WHEN
THEY FOUND HIM...
UNTIL HE STARTED
REPEATING
COORDINATES...

HE DIDN'T KNOW
HIS NAME, BUT HE
KNEW EXACTLY
WHERE DIRGE AND
RAMJET'S SPARKS
HAD LANDED...


THAT'S ALL HE HAD
LEFT, SPARKSTALKER.
THOSE NUMBERS...
OVER AND OVER...

I KNOW,
THUNDER...



BLACKOUT TOLD ME ABOUT IT...
PRIMUS, THUNDER...THE LOOK ON HIS FACE...
I GAVE HIM THE REST OF THE DAY OFF.


ONCE THEY GET REDSHIRT STABILIZED,
THEY WANT ME TO TRY AND RECOVER
HIS DATA. I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT...



SAVE AS MUCH
AS YOU CAN.
I WANT THAT
KID REBUILT!

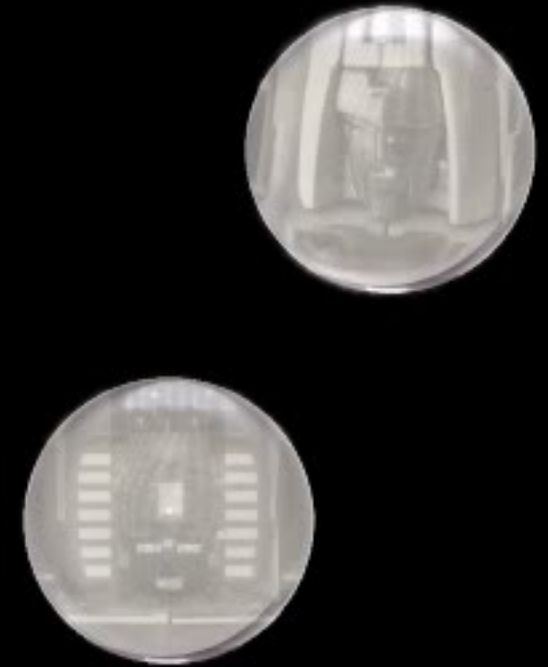
DO YOU HEAR
ME? I DON'T
CARE HOW
MUCH IT COSTS!

RECONSTRUCT HIS
MEMORIES BIT BY BIT
IF YOU HAVE TO!




HE GAVE EVERYTHING HE HAD,
TO SAVE DIRGE AND RAMJET.
WE NEED TO GIVE THAT BACK.
HIS LIFE, HIS MEMORIES...

...AND A
REASON
TO HOPE...



EVEN IF IT'S ALL A LIE...



DIRGE, AND RAMJET...
ARE YOU ABSOLUTELY
SURE THEIR SPARKS ARE
DAMAGED BEYOND
RECOVERY?

THEY'RE...HARDLY EVEN
SCRATCHED...DIRGE'S
LOOKS LIKE NEW...

THEY JUST WON'T
REACTIVATE.

I'VE NEVER SEEN
ANYTHING LIKE IT,
THUNDERCRACKER.

BOTH SPARK FIELDS ARE INTACT, THUNDERCRACKER. UN-DAMAGED. MEMORIES ARE BACKED UP...TO A POINT... TWO PERFECT STASIS LOCKS, AS NEAT AS CAN BE...

BUT WHEN I TRY TO UNLOCK THEM...

NOTHING, THUNDERCRACKER. THERE ISN'T ANYBODY IN THERE. THE DATA IS SAFE, BUT THE LIFE IS EXTINGUISHED...

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.


TURN YOUR RADAR OFF, SOON.

HOW DID YOU PAGE ALL IN...

IT'S...CREEPY. WHAT'S WORSE IS THE POINT WHERE THE MEMORY BACKUP ENDS... WHATEVER KILLED THEIR SPARKS DOESN'T WANT US TO FIND IT.

SOME SECRET MICRON WEAPON, MAYBE...


...OR SOMETHING MUCH WORSE...



WORSE? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I KNOW IT SOUNDS RIDICULOUS,
BUT DO YOU REMEMBER THE
STORIES THE YUSSITES USED
TO TELL ABOUT THE THUNDERBIRD?

PFFT. A SHAPESHIFTING MONSTER
THAT CAUSED STORMS, SHOT
LIGHTNING, AND ATE THE SPARKS OF
NAUGHTY CYBERTRONIANS...




A STORY
FOR
CHILDREN!

I...I KNOW...BUT, THUNDERCRACKER...
THE LAST MEMORY I FOUND...THEY
WERE TALKING ABOUT THE STANIX
RADIO ANOMALY...IT HAPPENS
DURING STORMS AROUND HERE...

...AFTER THAT, IT'S ALL
BLANKED OUT...
ZERES...
JUST AS THAT FREAK
SNOWSTORM WAS
BLOWING UP...

...AND THERE'S
ONE MORE THING...



THUNDERCRACKER,
RAMJET'S SPARK
SHOWS SOME
SCORING...AS IF
HE WAS...

STRUCK BY...
LIGHTNING...

SPARKSTALKER, YOU'VE BEEN UNDER
A LOT OF STRESS, LATELY, AND THAT'S
MY FAULT. HOW MUCH SHUTDOWN TIME
HAVE YOU TAKEN IN THE LAST WEEK?

WELL...SOME. ENOUGH.

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. LOOK, SPARKS,
AFTER WE GET THROUGH THIS INSPECTION,
YOU'RE TAKING SOME VACATION, OKAY?

I GUESS SO,
THUNDER.

MEANTIME, LAY OFF THE
LATE-NIGHT MOVIES!
WE'VE GOT SEEKERS TO
REBUILD...





OVERCAST CAN HELP WITH THE SPARKS...MEANWHILE, WE'VE GOT TO SCROUNGE UP SOME FUNDS FOR THE REBUILD...

STARGEERK WON'T AUTHORIZE IT... WE'LL HAVE TO GET CREATIVE. HOW DOES "MISCELLANEOUS CONSUMABLES" SOUND?




IT SOUNDS HIGHLY DECEPTIVE, MIGHTY THUNDERCRACKER!

HOW UTTERLY EXPECTED!

OH HELL NO.





GOTCHA, CRACKERS!

SKYWARP!
YOU BLASTCHARGE!

HEE HEE HEE!
PRIMUS, DID YOU
SEE HIS FACE?

THE STARScream
IMPRESSION GETS 'EM
EVERY TIME!

HEH. OKAY, YOU OLD WINGNUT...I GUESS YOU GOT ME. HOW THE PIT ARE YOU?

THEY KEEPING YOU BUSY UP IN VOS NOVA?


NOSECONE TO THE GRINDSTONE, EVERY DAY!



YEAH, SURE... THE QUESTION IS, WHOSE NOSECONE GOT SHORTENED?

WITH RESPECT, SIR, THE ANSWER IS POINTLESS.






HA HA! QUICK, ISN'T SHE?
MECHS, THIS IS PULSAR,
YOUR NEW TETRAJET.

GREETINGS, PULSAR.
I'VE HEARD GOOD THINGS
ABOUT YOU.

THANK YOU, SIR.

SO, SKYWARP, ARE YOU
STAYING, TOO? I TAKE IT
YOU HEARD ABOUT THE
THUNDER FORCE.



YEAH, I HEARD.
POOR GUYS...

...I ALSO HEARD SOMEBODY WAS
PLANNING TO DIVERT FUEL FUNDS
TO THEIR REPAIR EFFORT.

VERY INTERESTING!


YOU...YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO TELL
STARSCREAM...



TELL HIM WHAT? I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'.
YOU KNOW HOW LOW MY INTELLIGENCE IS,
AND THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE IT!

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT PULSAR,
EITHER...

THERE'S A REASON
STARSCREAM SENT
THE THREE OF US
TO THIS DUMP!




THREE?

THAT'S RIGHT, THUNDERCRACKER!
HOOLIGAN GOT SENT HERE, TOO.

TEAM WARP HAS OFFICIALLY BEEN
PUSHED DOWN THE STAIRS!
AREN'T YOU A LUCKY SON OF
A SIXCHANGER?

OH, FOR SURE...
SO WHERE IS
HOOLIGAN?

HE'S OUTSIDE,
PLAYING WITH
HIS BOOMER
DRONES.



BOOMER DRONES?
I ASKED FOR MORE
SEEKERS!

AND YOU GOT US, PLUS
TWENTY-FOUR BOOMERS.
I'M SURPRISED STARScream
SENT SO MANY! HE MUST
BE FEELING GENEROUS.

YEAH...GENEROUS. UGH.

THAT'S RIGHT, YOU DON'T LIKE BOOMERS!
NOW, STARScream, HE JUST LOVES 'EM...

THEY'RE CHEAP, THEY WORK,
THEY FOLLOW ORDERS...

THEY'RE...
STUPID.

PRIMUS! SHE'S
STARING AT ME!
SHE MUST THINK
I'M HANDSOME!

SO...HIDEOUS...
CAN'T...LOOK
AWAY...



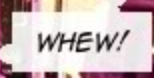
STUPID AND USELESS...
AND THE GEEK IS GONNA FEEL REAL CLEVER WHEN
HIS MUSH-BRAINED PETS BRING THE MAXIMAL ALLIANCE
DOWN ON OUR AFTERBURNERS!


BUT THAT'S THE
BEST PART,
CRACKERS!

IT'S ALL
TOTALLY
LEGAL!

IN
FACT...

WHEW!






--I'VE GOT GOOD MECHS DYING, HERE. I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR JETWASH.

SHOW THEM TO THEIR QUARTERS, SPARKSTALKER... AND THEN GET TO WORK ON THOSE SPARKS.

I NEED FIGHTERS I CAN DEPEND ON!




SLAGGIT, SKYWARP!
DID HE JUST SAY
WE WERE LESS
DEPENDABLE THAN
DIRGE AND RAMJET?

HA!

I DON'T THINK
SO, PULSAR!

CRACKERS ISN'T
SMART ENOUGH
TO BE THAT SUBTLE...

A blue and yellow Transformers robot, likely Optimus Prime, is shown in a three-quarter view. He is standing against a purple wall with a grid pattern. The robot has a blue body with yellow accents on his chest and arms. He has a purple Autobot symbol on his chest. He is holding a large blue and black object in his right hand. The background is a purple wall with a grid pattern. The floor is a light brown color.

"UNFORTUNATELY, HE'S
STILL TOO SMART FOR
HIS OWN GOOD..."

"THUNDERCRACKER
THINKS TOO MUCH."

"ALWAYS A MISTAKE..."



"YOU START LOOKING AT THE
CROWD YOU RUN WITH..."




"YOU START WONDERING
JUST WHERE THEY'RE
TAKING YOU..."

"YOU START POKING AROUND...
ASKING QUESTIONS..."

"WADING INTO HOT SLAG..."





"...AND THEN, MAYBE,
YOU SEE SOMETHING
YOU WEREN'T
SUPPOSED TO SEE..."

"I CAN'T TELL YOU
WHY HE DOESN'T
LIKE BOOMER
DRONES..."

"I CAN'T TELL YOU
WHY HE WANTED TO
GET AWAY FROM
STARSCREAM..."


"IT JUST
ISN'T SAFE TO
KNOW THINGS.
I'M GLAD I'M
SO STUPID!"

"ARE YOU SAYING HE
CAME OUT HERE TO
GET AWAY FROM
STARSCREAM?"

"YOU'RE THE ONE
SAYING IT, FIRECON."


"...BUT, IF I WAS HIM,
AND STARSCREAM
SENT ME BOOMER
DRONES...WELL..."






"...I'D PROBABLY
CONSIDER MORE
INSURANCE..."

BOOMER DRONES...
NO WAY THAT'S A
COINCIDENCE...



I NEED TO
GET OUT
OF HERE!



YES! I'LL DO IT.
I'LL LEAVE.

IF I FLY AT MAXIMUM
EFFICIENCY, I CAN
JUST MAKE ALTIHEX.

I'VE GOT FRIENDS THERE,
GOOD FRIENDS. THEY'LL
KEEP ME SAFE.

WE'LL GET
SPARKSTALKER
OUT, AND SKYWARP,
AND THRUST...

WE'LL BRING BACK THE
REAL DECEPTICONS!

NONE OF THESE
SLAVES, OR DRONES,
OR BUTCHERS...

"I'VE GOT TO DO IT NOW..."

NOBODY SAW ME LEAVE!
I JUST MIGHT PULL THIS OFF!

I DID IT! I'VE OULTRUN THEM ALL!



ALTIHEX!

I MADE IT!

**PRIMUS,
I'VE ESCAPED!**

**GOOD MORNING, RADIO FANS!
THIS IS KHEX RADIO, BRINGING YOU
A SPARK OF SUNSHINE
ON THIS OVERCAST DAY...**

OVERCAST...

...RIGHT.

I WAS GOING TO
HAVE HIM HELP
SPARKSTALKER...

I'LL GO GET HIM.
GOT TO KEEP THIS
PROJECT SECRET...





MEH.



PROBABLY WOULDN'T
HAVE WORKED, ANYWAY.

IN THE
DEPTHS...

IT'S QUIET.

CURIOUS...



WITH
CATLIKE
TREAD...

UPON OUR
PREY WE
STEAL...



IN SILENCE DREAD,

OUR CAUTIOUS
WAY WE FEEL...



NO SOUND AT ALL!

WE NEVER SPEAK A WORD...





...A FLIER'S
FOOT FALL...



...WOULD BE
DIS-TINCT-LY HEARD!



MASTER?!

IT IS A GOOD DAY, IRONHIDE! I HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED A MOST DELIGHTFUL TASK...

ALAS, I SHALL NOT REQUIRE ASSISTANCE.

PLEASE CONTINUE WITH THE MACHINE. HAVE YOU MADE ANY PROGRESS?

I AM SORRY, SIR. MY SKILLS ARE LIMITED.

STILL FAILS TO WORK, DOES IT? IT IS A GREAT PITY, REALLY...

IRONHIDE?

...SUCH A POTENTIALLY USEFUL DEVICE,
BUT AS IT STANDS, IT IS NO GOOD AT ALL,
NOT EVEN AS AN EDUCATIONAL TOOL...


THE PRECISION SIMPLY
IS NOT THERE. IT IS A
TERRIBLE SHAME.

YES, SIR.

I DO HOPE YOU CAN
MAKE IT WORK. IT IS SO
DISTRESSING WHEN I
MUST DISCIPLINE SUCH
A GOOD WORKER...
AND YOU REALLY ARE
MAGNIFICENT, IRONHIDE.

THANK YOU,
MASTER OVERCAST.


IRONHIDE!



I SHALL BE GONE
FOR SOME TIME.

SPARKSTALKER HAS ENCOUNTERED
A BRACE OF SPARKS HE CANNOT STALK,
IT WOULD APPEAR. HA HA!

THE POOR FELLOW IS AT HIS WITS' END.



I MUSTN'T KEEP HIM WAITING.

YOU WILL SUCCEED, IRONHIDE!


I WILL TRY,
MASTER.

ALWAYS BE POSITIVE!
HOW REWARDING THE FIRST
SUCCESSFUL TEST WILL BE!

YES, SIR!

HA! SUCH ENTHUSIASM!
NOW, I REALLY MUST BE OFF!

AM I REALLY
HEARING THIS?



WITH CATLIKE TREAD...
HMM HMM HMM HMM
HMM HMM...

PRIMUS!

WHAT IS THAT THING?

DO I EVEN WANT TO KNOW?




HE'S GONE,
IRONHIDE.



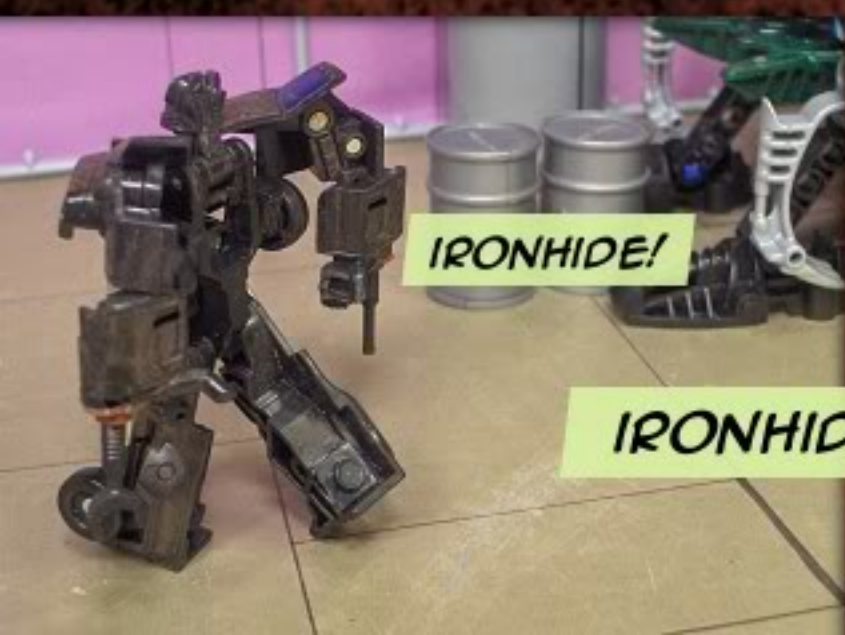
IRONHIDE?

CAN'T YOU
HEAR ME?



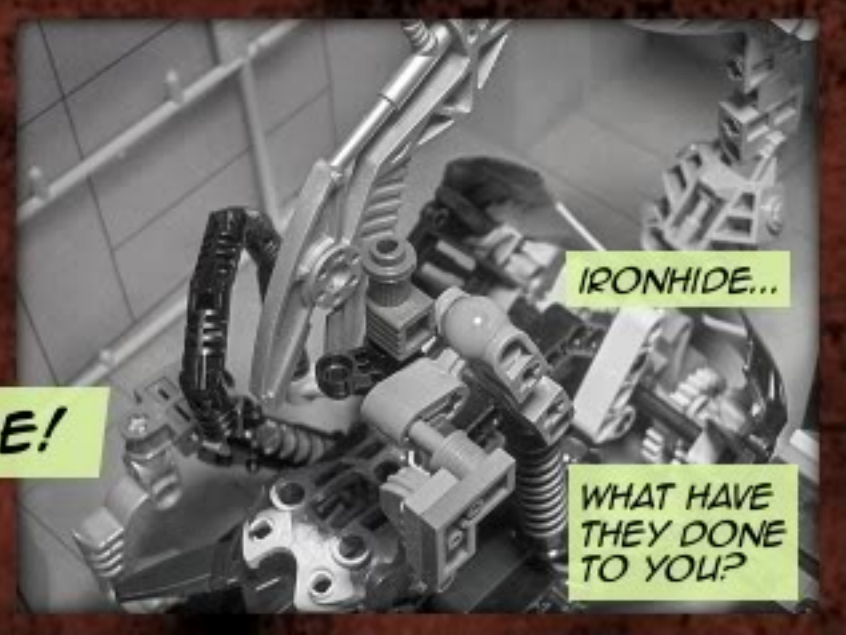
PRIMUS!

HE CAN'T
HEAR ME!



IRONHIDE!

IRONHIDE!



IRONHIDE...

WHAT HAVE
THEY DONE
TO YOU?

IRONHIDE, WAIT!

IT'S A JOKE, RIGHT?

**PLEASE TELL ME
IT'S A JOKE!**



IRONHIDE!

**IRONHIDE,
STOP!**

**DON'T GO
IN THERE!**

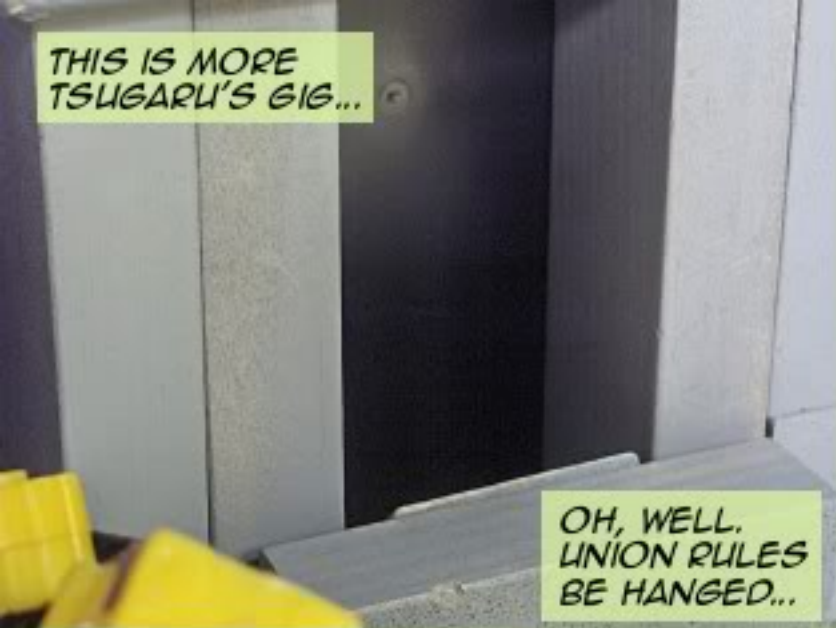
IT LEADS TO...



THE INCINERATOR.

**I HAVE TO
FOLLOW HIM.**






THIS IS MORE
TSUGARU'S GIG...


OH, WELL.
UNION RULES
BE HANGED...



WAIT...A PANEL'S MISSING.
HE COULD HAVE CLIMBED
OUT OF THE CHUTE!

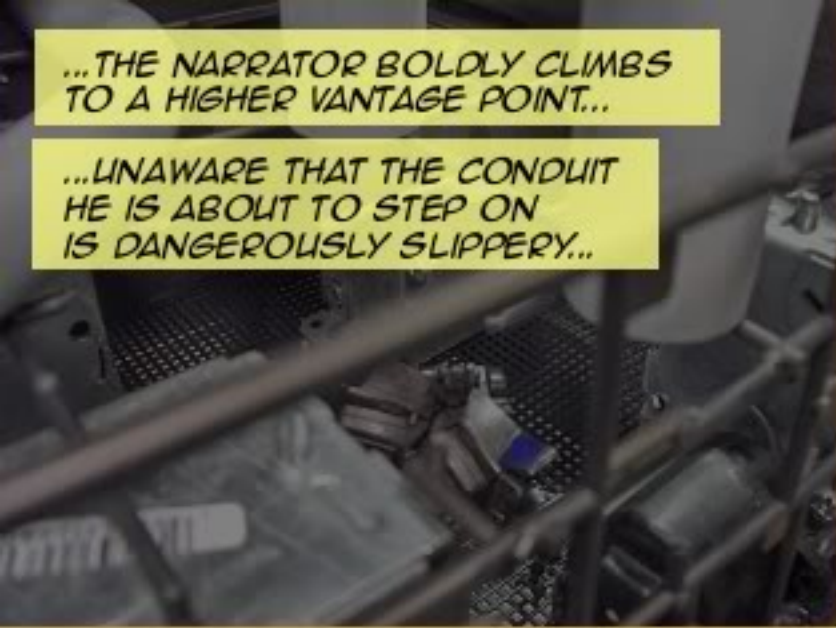


IRONHIDE,
WHERE ARE YOU?




OH, THERE
YOU ARE!
EXCELLENT!

HMM...I NEED A
CLEARER VIEW...



...THE NARRATOR BOLDLY CLIMBS
TO A HIGHER VANTAGE POINT...

...UNAWARE THAT THE CONDUIT
HE IS ABOUT TO STEP ON
IS DANGEROUSLY SLIPPERY...




OOPS.




AAAAAH!

OUCH.



HANDRAILS! CAN'T
THERE BE JUST ONE
EVIL LAIR THAT HAS
PROPER HANDRAILS?




NOW TO
SEE WHAT...

WHAT...



PRIMUS!
THAT'S KORLONIUM!



IRONHIDE!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
WITH THAT?

THIS.

FRAZZ!

GGH!



**IRONHIDE! STOP!
YOU'LL OVERLOAD
YOUR CIRCUITS!**

IRONHIDE!

**STOP!
PLEASE, STOP!**

**THIS IS NOT THE
WAY TO ESCAPE!**

FRAAAAAZZZ!!

GRAAGH!





THANK PRIMUS!
YOU DROPPED IT!

YEAH.



TWELVE
SECONDS.

THAT'S...GOOD?



NO.



I NEED
THIRTY.

WHY COULDN'T
YOU HEAR ME,
BEFORE?

THAT'S NOT
ME, UP THERE.

THAT MECH
IS A SLAVE,
A COWARD.

I DIDN'T
THINK HE
WAS IN
THERE.



OVERCAST TAUGHT
ME OTHERWISE.



HE THINKS
HE'S WON.



HE ALMOST HAS.

ALMOST.



THAT MECH UP THERE...
THAT COWARD...



HE KNOWS HE
HAS TO SURVIVE...

DOWN HERE...THIS IS ME.
I AM IRONHIDE, TAKING LESSONS
FROM DOCTOR KORLONIUM.



THAT'S THE MISSING KORLONIUM
FROM HIS SHIPMENT, ISN'T IT?

YES. I
TOOK IT.

IF I CAN STAND KORLONIUM
FOR THIRTY SECONDS, I CAN
STAND HIS ATTACK AT LEAST
THAT LONG.

THAT'S ALL THE TIME I NEED.



I'LL TAKE BACK MY NAME...

...AND I'LL
FINISH THIS
MISSION.

SOMEBODY
HAS TO BRING
THIS STORY
HOME.

IRONHIDE!

THANKS.

...GOOD
LUCK.

FRAZZ!

MATRIX!

I BLACKED OUT...MUST HAVE OVERLOADED!

*HOW LONG HAVE
I BEEN LYING HERE?*

Not long.

A LEGO Technic robot with a grey body and blue eyes is positioned on a metal grating. In the foreground, a character with a grey head and a red collar is seen from behind. The scene is set in a metallic, industrial environment.

WHAT?!

Boob

MEL!

MEL!

THEY...
THEY SAID
YOU WERE
DEAD!

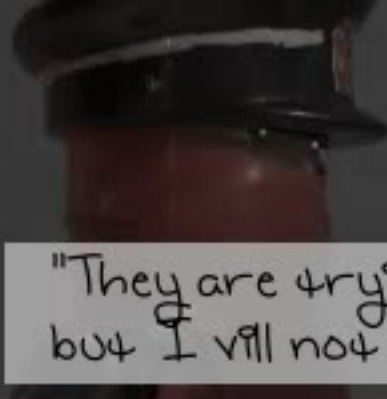


Zey did?

Hahah Very
interes4ink6



Long time ago,
Ironhide,
I made a vow.




"They are tryink 4o kill me,
but I vill not dieb"



It seems zey haf succeeded...
but my promise, I haf kept





I sink perhaps
I should explain
zis be44er...

"Here is ze story zat you do not know."

"I struck a guard, and vas taken to mine level 30...you do not come back from zere, und zo it vas, but not as zey had intended."


"Zey were tryink to starve me, but I found energon...poisoned energon."

"I could not move.
I heard ze door shut, boom..."


"...und zen I heard nothing..."

"...but it vas not ze end..."

"...and when I awoke, I am in anoder place. I see light... red light...like blood..."




⇒WHEEDLE
BEEP...⇐



Ah

⇒COUGH⇐




GREETINGS,
PRETENDER.


SLEPT WELL,
I HOPE?

⇒COUGH⇐

⇒HACK⇐




Who...
are
you?



CALL ME FOUNDER.

BEHIND ME IS DOCTOR CRUSHER.
SHE COOKED YOUR LAST MEAL.
AND HERE, TO MY LEFT...




WORM...

YO!

...PAPERCLIP...

=>BEEP!<=

...AND
SIDEWINDER.



LET'S GET THESE OFF.
YOU DON'T NEED
THEM, HERE...

...IN THE
LAND OF THE DEAD!

What?!


Back...back!
Or I will...

No!

...WILL WHAT?
KILL US?


YOU DON'T
GET IT,
DO YOU?

IT'S ALREADY
BEEN DONE.




THERE IS ONE WAY OUT OF FORT SCYK, PRETENDER.
EVERY ONE OF US HAS TAKEN IT...

...AND SO HAVE YOU!




Dead?
all dead?

How is this
possible?



THERE ARE
MANY WAYS
IN A PLACE
LIKE THIS...




AN EARLY-MORNING
AIR RAID CARRIED
WORM OFF...

CLIP GOT
STRAIGHTENED
IN A WEAPONS
PLANT BLAST...

I WAS WASHED
TO THIS SHORE
BY A MINE FLOOD...

...AND CRUSHER
LOST BY A
LANDSLIDE.




SIDEWINDER GRABBED THE SAFETY ROPE...
WITH THE HAND HE DOESN'T HAVE...

⇒BEEP
BRRRT!⇐

...AND YOU'VE BEEN
BLOWN TO DER HAMBURGER
IN AN ENERCON EXPLOSION...

...WITH SOME
VERY NICE
PROPWORK,
COURTESY OF
PAPERCLIP.



NOW, YOU HAVE
A CHOICE, MY DEAR.

YOU CAN JOIN OUR
LITTLE TROOP OF
GHOSTS, AND HALINT
THE DECEPTICONS...

...OR FICTION BECOMES REALITY...
BECAUSE WE CAN'T LET YOU
LEAVE THIS PLACE, ALIVE.

You are
resistance
fighters!

YES.

Count
me in!

WONDERFUL!

GIVE HER THE OTHER
HALF OF THE ANTIDOTE,
WORM. QUICKLY.


HURRY UP AND DRINK IT!
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

IT TASTES
WORSE THAN
IT LOOKS,
BY THE WAY.

Eh...I am
just reminded
of a movie
I have seen
once...

SLAG THAT!
DO YOU WANT
TO LIVE, OR NOT?

I hope I have
chosen wisely...

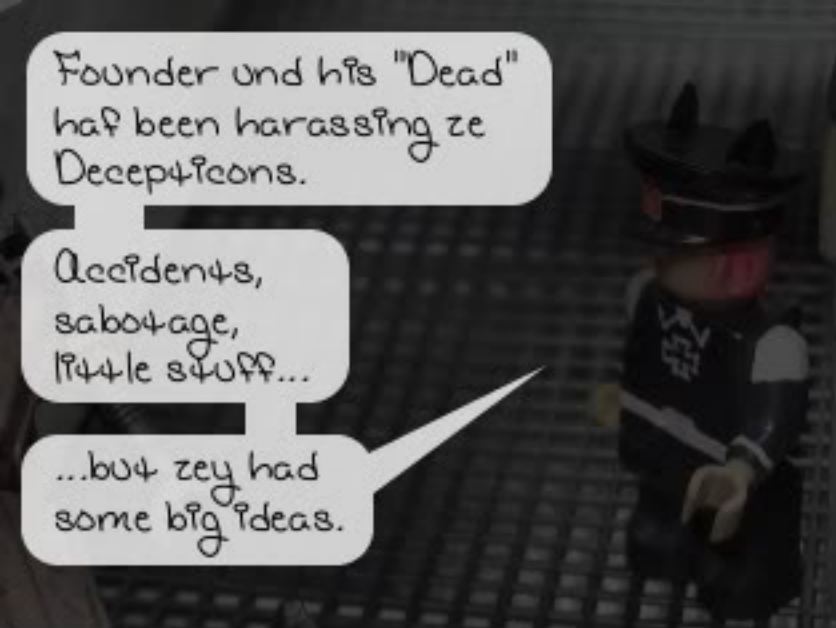


...and so, since zen, Panzer
Voodchuck has been among ze deadb

-It's nod a bad life.

MATRIX, MEL, THAT'S
A STORY! SO, WHY
DID THE RESISTANCE
WANT YOU ?


I vas chust get4ink 4o za4...



Founder und his "Dead"
haf been harassing ze
Decepticons.


Accidents,
sabotage,
little stuff...

...but zey had
some big ideas.



DEEDLE
BEEP
CLICK
PFFSSH!


SHE SAYS
YOUR SHELL
HAS HEALED
VERY WELL,
PRETENDER.



Y...yes...very
surprising,
given ze lack
of care...


Ach!

Good thing.
I would die
without it.
I am not
exactly a
Pretender.



WHATEVER
YOUR TYPE
IS, YOU'VE
GOT AN
ORGANIC
SHELL.


THAT'S WHY
WE NEEDED
YOUR HELP.



YOU SEE, THIS IS AN ENERCON MINE, PRETENDER...

...HM. YOU NEED A NAME... A NEW ONE.

GOT ONE HANDY?



How about "Schatten"?

PERFECT.

"AS YOU KNOW, SCHATTEN, THE ENERCON RADIATION IS INTENSE IN THE MINES, AND WE CAN'T STAY THERE LONG BEFORE OUR CIRCUITS START SIZZLING."

"WORM IS A GOBOT, A SQUISHY-BRAINED CYBORG. HE CAN STAY LONGER, BECAUSE HIS BRAIN ISN'T AFFECTED, BUT THE REST OF HIS ELECTRONICS ARE JUST AS VULNERABLE."

"YOU, HOWEVER, ARE COMPLETELY SHIELDED, LIKE A BEAST-MODE MAXIMAL, EXCEPT WITH OPPOSABLE THUMBS. VERY USEFUL!"

POCKETA QUEEP!

AH, PAPERCLIP HAS FINISHED YOUR NEW POLY-ARMOR. IT'S AS CLOSE AS WE COULD MANAGE.

WELL?

HOW'S THE FIT?

Sehr gut!

Dankel
I feel like a Shinki again!

"BITTE SCHÖN, SCHATTEN, AND WHAT'S A SHINKI?"

"It is vat I am. You vere sayink, just now?"

"ALL BUSINESS! VERY GOOD."

"WE'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR A WHILE. A MECH WHO CAN STAY INDEFINITELY IN THE ENERCON SEAMS WOULD ALWAYS BE AN ASSET, BUT ESPECIALLY IN OUR CURRENT PLAN..."

"...IT'S A BIG ONE."

"YOU SEE, SCHATTEN, FORT SCYK SITS RIGHT ATOP A LARGE BODY OF HIGH-GRADE ENERCON ORE."

"IT'S SEPARATE FROM THE ORE BODY UNDER THE CAMP - LESS STABLE, MUCH MORE RADIOACTIVE. THE SEEKERS HAVEN'T MINED IT, FOR THESE REASONS...ALSO, THEY DIDN'T WANT TO UNDERMINE THEIR HEADQUARTERS.

"NO SENSE OF ADVENTURE!"

"WHAT HE STARTED, YOU CAN FINISH!"

"STARSCREAM'S COMING TO THE FORT. WE HEARD IT ON THE SHORTWAVE, AND WE REALLY WANT TO PREPARE A NICE LITTLE PARTY FOR THE GUY."

"WE GAVE IT A SHOT. WORM MANAGED TO DRIVE A FEW SMALL TUNNELS."

"..AND SCORCH A DIODE OR TWO."

"WE NEED YOU TO CRAWL THROUGH THOSE TUNNELS, DECORATING ALL THAT PRETTY ORE WITH DEMOLITION CHARGES."

"A GOOD SHOCK WILL MAKE THAT ENERGEN OUTGAS LIKE A TECHNORGANIC RHINO...AND FOR THE FINALE, WE LIGHT THE GAS."



BOOM.

**FORT SCYK
WILL BE
CURED.**




PRIMUS!
YOU'RE GOING TO
BLOW IT UP!


I HATE TO BE THE
ONE TO SAY THIS, BUT...

ARE YOU SURE
THIS IS A GOOD
IDEA?

WE ARE ON
A MISSION,
YOU KNOW.



Yes, I know, Ironhide,
but zis thing, I must do.



We Shinki
do not
know a
lot about
ourselves.

Maybe
a good
thing...

For Shadow I work. Before zat,
I do not remember much...



...but Dollie
seemed to
recognize me.

She never
said from why.
Maybe she does
not know.



Ve are easy
to erase,
Ironhide.

But zere
can be
marks
left, I
think.



I haf ze
strangest
thoughts.


Used to be vague,
unclear, like
pictures in an
unkit room...
easy to ignore.

Someding about zis
cold, horrible place
is that turnpink ze
lights on...



...stirring up
memories zat
I should nod
have.

The time I hit
zat guard...




A prisoner was being beaten...

I tried not to look... but I did...

...and I saw myself, Ironhide.

The Decepticons could not break me. I would not let them... but that picture in my head snapped me like a twig.

I could not take it.




MEL...

LOOK AT ME, SHINKI. I'M STILL HERE.

YOU'RE HERE, MEL, AND THAT MEANS YOU'VE WON. YOU WERE STRONGER THAN THE TORMENTORS...

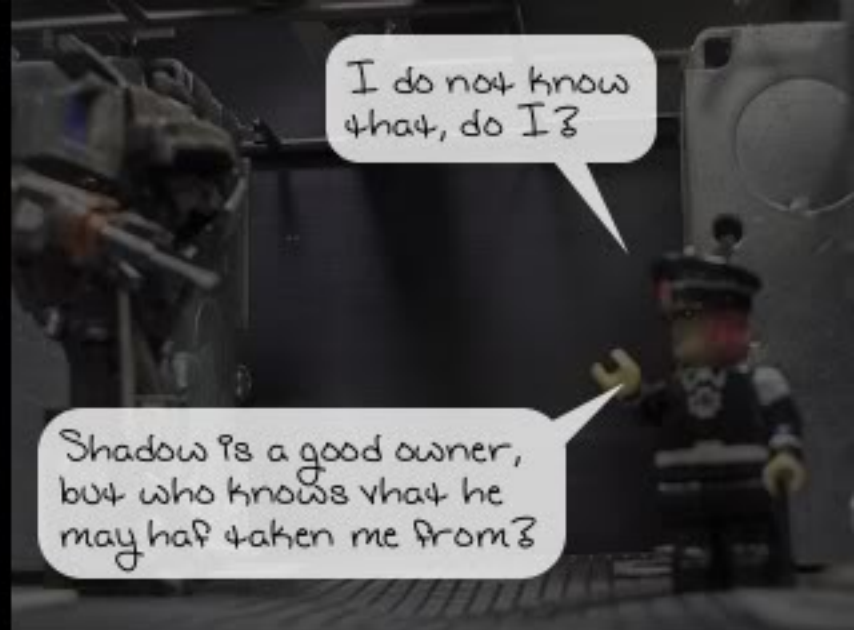
You don't get it, Ironhide...



I was not the one
being beaten.



THAT...CAN'T
BE A REAL
MEMORY,
MURMELTIER.



I do not know
that, do I?

Shadow is a good owner,
but who knows what he
may have taken me from?



That's why I
have to do
this thing.

I cannot change
what I may have done
in the past...

...but I can stop it
from happening
here and now...

...and if it costs me
all I have got...

...it will be on my terms,
and not the Decepticons's!



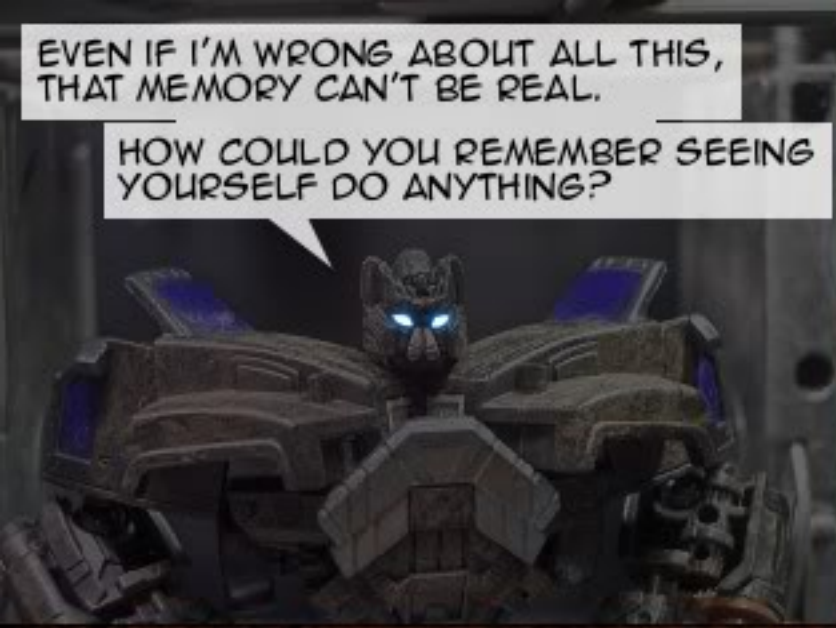
MEL, I KNOW MY WEAPONS. EVERYTHING ABOUT YOUR DESIGN SAYS "ARMOR", NOT "OVERSEER"...

INCLUDING, OF ALL THINGS, THE PALE PINK TRIM COLOR, BUT, OF COURSE, IRONHIDE DOES NOT KNOW THAT.

SHUT UP, YOU.

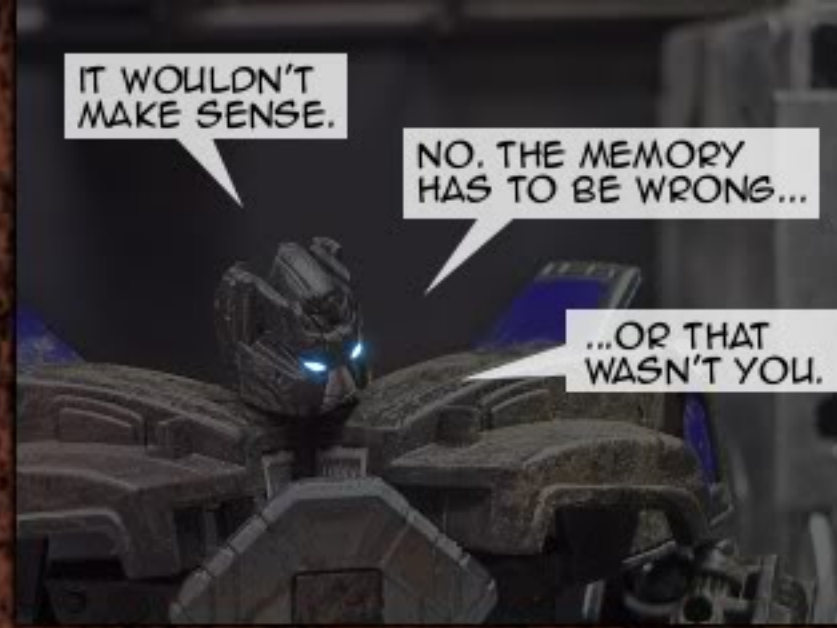
I WON'T SAY YOU COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED TO A PRISON CAMP, BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S LIKELY.

YOU'D BE OUT ON THE BATTLEFIELD, WITH THE SHELLS AND MUD.



EVEN IF I'M WRONG ABOUT ALL THIS,
THAT MEMORY CAN'T BE REAL.


HOW COULD YOU REMEMBER SEEING
YOURSELF DO ANYTHING?



IT WOULDN'T
MAKE SENSE.


NO. THE MEMORY
HAS TO BE WRONG...

...OR THAT
WASN'T YOU.



YOU CAN'T TRUST YOUR FEARS.


SOMETIMES YOU CAN'T EVEN
TRUST YOUR OWN BRAIN.
I'VE LEARNED THAT ONE.




YOU *SURE* CAN'T TRUST YOUR IMPULSES.

THAT HAMMER
YOU THREW
CAME BACK
HARD.

FORT SCYK IS A LOT BIGGER.




You don't want me to destroy this place?




MATRIX, YES!
DESTROY IT!

BLOW IT TO ASH,
AND THEN BLOW
UP THE ASHES!




WE'VE ALL GOT
SOMETHING
WE NEED TO DO...

JUST BE *SMART*.
KEEP YOUR HANDS
ON THE WHEEL.




ACT ON IMPULSE, AND
YOU'LL END UP LIKE
POOR TSUGARU.

I think she lived...



Somebody bandaged
me up, Ironhide...
with Shink's stuff.

I DON'T
THINK
SHE'S
HERE.



True, she is not.

Founder's mechs
never saw her.

However, zese little beepers have a city under ze ice. Tsugu may haf gone dere. You have heard noding, I guess.

BZZT.
I DON'T SPEAK MUCH MODEM.

SHE'S UNDER THE ICE, ANYWAY. LET'S HOPE IT'S THIS WAY. ...BUT...IF IT IS...BY THE MATRIX!

I'M... SURE... SHE'D KNOW BETTER THAN TO FRATERNIZE WITH THE LOCALS...


OH, I'M SURE.

WELL, WHEN WE'RE DONE HERE, WE'LL GO THERE, AND MAYBE TRY TO GET SOME INFORMATION ON THIS 'SPIRE OF SYNCHRO'...

GOT TO FIND THAT IRRITATING ARTIFACT...
THING COULD BE ANYWHERE.
STUPID VECTOR.

AND... MEL...
I KNOW YOU HAVE KEPT OUR MISSION QUIET. RIGHT?

Hab Silent as ze grave, Ironhided
GOOD. MAYBE WE WON'T DIG OURS.



Very well.

I come get you,
24 hours before
ze bombs go off.

Sen ve kill ze psycho
cyclops, und get out
before ze big bang.

Sound gut, Ironhide?



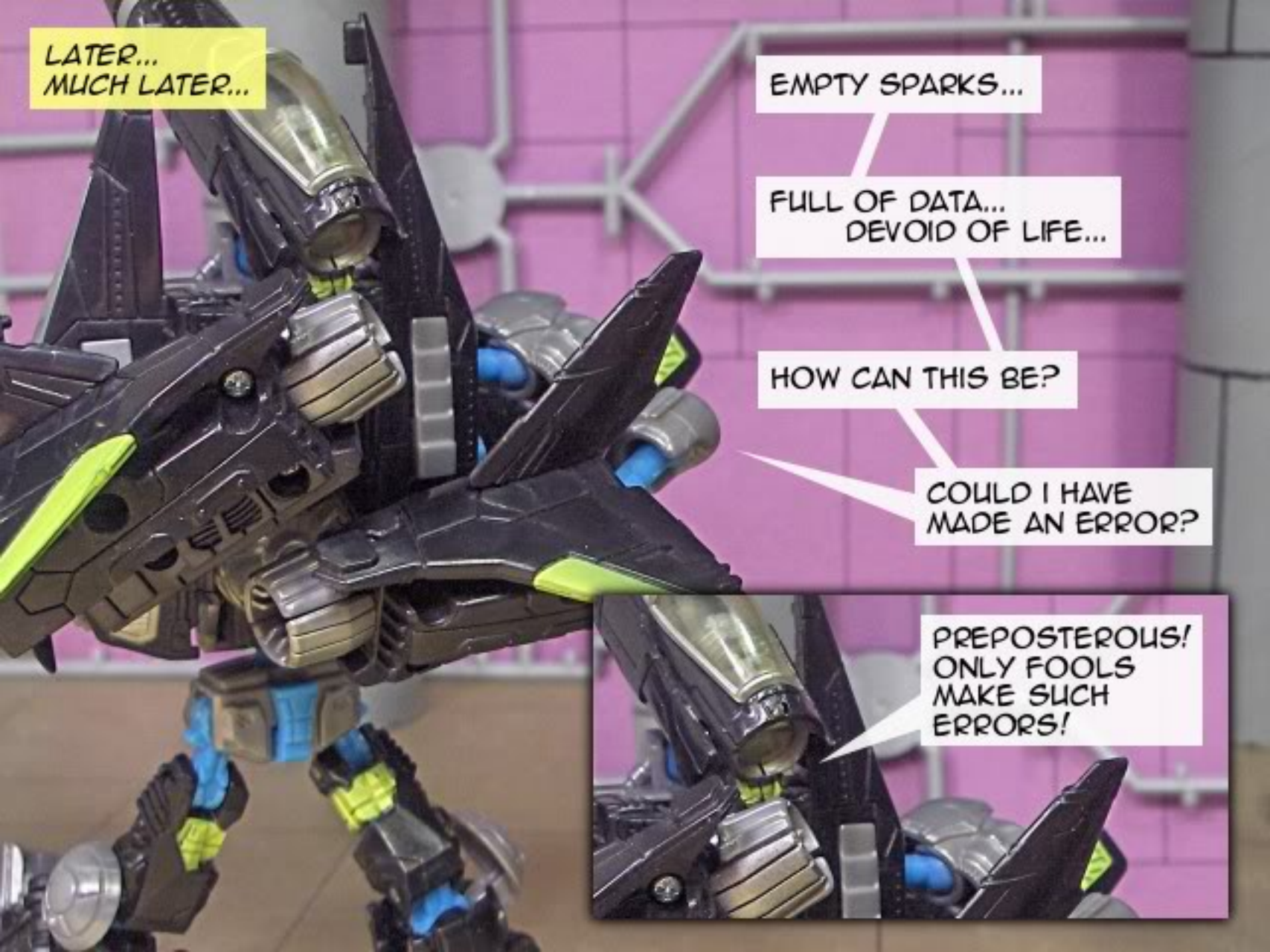
SOUNDS GREAT,
WOODCHLICK.

HARD TO ARGUE WITH SOMEBODY
WHO'S COME BACK FROM THE DEAD!

PRIMUS! I MISSED YOU, MEL.

PROMISE ME YOU'LL
BE CAREFUL OUT THERE.

I promise.



LATER...
MUCH LATER...


EMPTY SPARKS...

FULL OF DATA...
DEVOID OF LIFE...


HOW CAN THIS BE?

COULD I HAVE
MADE AN ERROR?

PREPOSTEROUS!
ONLY FOOLS
MAKE SUCH
ERRORS!



IT IS...SIMPLY
UNACCEPTABLE!



I AM SORRY,
MASTER OVERCAST!




EH?

I HAVE FAILED, MASTER.

F...FAILED?

I COULD NOT MAKE IT WORK.
MY SKILLS ARE INFERIOR.

INFERIOR?



INFERIOR.

YES.

YOU ARE
INFERIOR.

AND...YOU MUST
BE PUNISHED.

SEVERELY.



FRAZZ!



THIS WILL HURT,
IRONHIDE...
CONSIDERABLY.




...BUT IT WILL NOT TERMINATE YOU!
NONE KNOWS MORE THAN I ABOUT
THE LIMITS OF YOUR SPARK CORE!

NOBODY! DO YOU HEAR ME?

NOBODY!

≡GHRK!≡

ZZZZZAAARKKH!

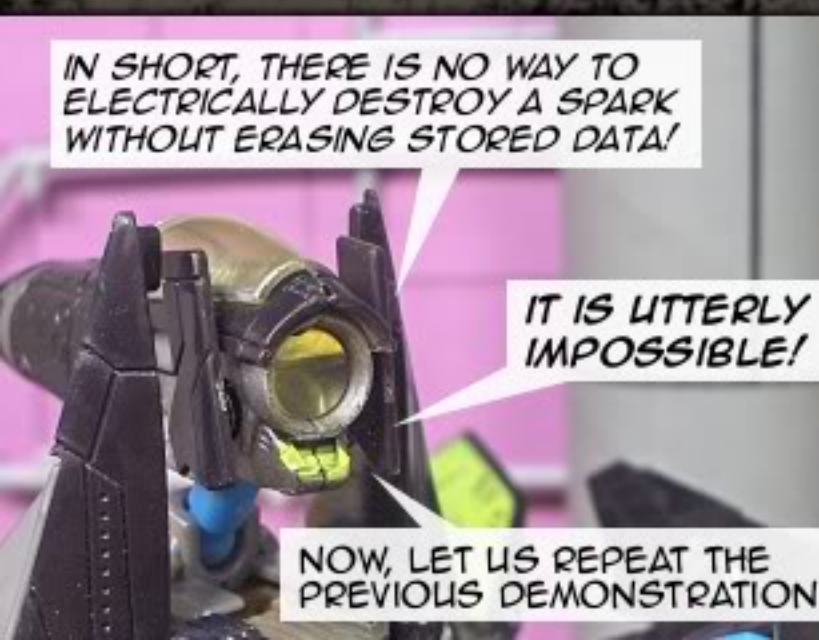


DO YOU SEE,
IRONHIDE?

YOU HAVE ENDURED
ONE MILLION VOLTS
WITHOUT PERMANENT
DAMAGE!

WERE I TO INCREASE THE
POWER A THOUSANDFOLD,
YOUR MEMORY COULD BE
COMPLETELY ERASED, BUT
YOUR SPARK WOULD
CONTINUE TO FUNCTION!

IS IT NOT WONDERFUL?



IN SHORT, THERE IS NO WAY TO
ELECTRICALLY DESTROY A SPARK
WITHOUT ERASING STORED DATA!

IT IS LITTERLY
IMPOSSIBLE!

NOW, LET US REPEAT THE
PREVIOUS DEMONSTRATION.



REPETITION HELPS ONE REMEMBER!
WE MUSTN'T FORGET OUR LESSONS!

DON'T WORRY, MASTER.
I'LL NEVER FORGET!

THIS IS THE SPIRE OF SYNCHRO...



THIS IS THE SPINEL THAT STOOD IN THE SPIRE OF SYNCHRO.



IT'S ACTUALLY ONE OF THOSE SHINKI ORBS, AND IT'S PART OF A WEATHER CONTROL MACHINE.

THIS IS THE SEEKER WHO STOLE THE SPINEL THAT STOOD IN THE SPIRE OF SYNCHRO.



HE HAS NO IDEA WHAT IT IS, OR WHAT IT CAN DO.

THIS IS THE SHINKI WHO SQUASHED THE SQUADMATES...



...OF THE SEEKER WHO STOLE THE SPINEL THAT STOOD IN THE SPIRE OF SYNCHRO...

SHE'S SUPPOSED TO DESTROY IT.

THIS IS THE SPEEDSTER WHO SLEPT...



...UM...LET ME REPHRASE THAT...

...WHO STAYED WITH THE SHINKI, WHO SQUASHED THE SQUAD, OF THE SEEKER WHO STOLE THE SPINEL THAT STOOD IN THE SPIRE OF SYNCHRO.

I DIDN'T MEAN IT THAT WAY!

THIS IS THE SLAGPIECE WHO SUSPECTS THE SPEEDSTER WHO STAYED WITH THE SHINKI WHO SQUASHED THE SQUAD OF THE SEEKER WHO STOLE THE SPINEL THAT STOOD IN THE SPIRE OF SYNCHRO!

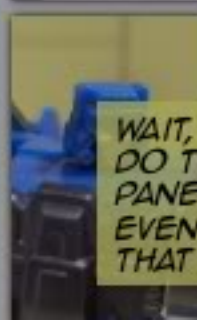
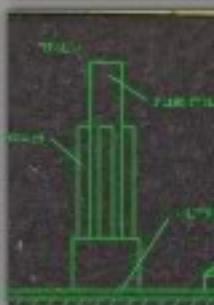
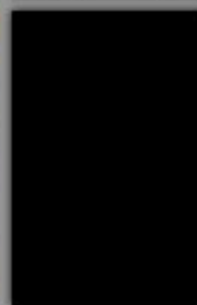
HE WANTS THAT SPINEL BACK!

HE HAS A PIECE OF PAPER THAT CONTAINS A LIST OF KNOWN TRAITORS.

IT STARTS WITH "TS".

THIS IS FORT SCYK WHICH SUPPLIES THE SEEKERS WE HAVE ALREADY MENTIONED WHO STRAFED THE CITY SUBJECT TO THE SLAGPIECE WHO SUSPECTS THE SPEEDSTER WHO STAYED WITH THE SHINKI WHO SQUASHED THE SQUAD OF THE SEEKER WHO STOLE THE SPINEL THAT STOOD IN THE SPIRE OF SYNCHRO!

THE SPINEL IS CURRENTLY DECORATING AN ENTRANCE HALL IN THE FORT.



WAIT, WHAT? DO THOSE PANELS EVEN WORK THAT WAY?

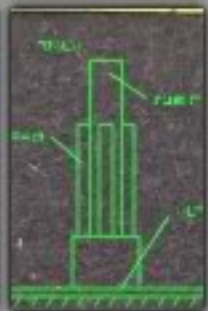


HIER IST DIE
GEPANZERTE-
PRINZESSEN
WHO WAS HELD
IN FORT SCYK
WHICH SUPPLIES
THE SEEKERS
WHO STRAFED
THE CITY
SUBJECT TO
THE SLAGPIECE
WHO SUSPECTS
THE SPEEDSTER
WHO STAYED
WITH THE SHINKI...



WHO SQUASHED
THE SQUAD
OF THE SEEKER
WHO STOLE
THE SPINEL
THAT STOOD
IN THE SPIRE
OF SYNCHRO.

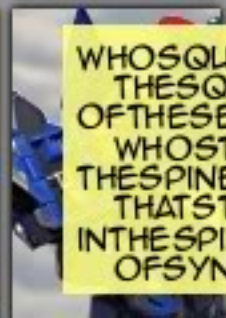
WHAT THE
HEX?!



THIS IS THE PSYCHO
WHO TORTURED
DER FREUND
DER GEPANZERTEN-
PRINZESSIN
WHO WAS HELD
IN FORT SCYK
WHICH SUPPLIES
THE SEEKERS
WHO STRAFED
THE CITY
SUBJECT TO
THE SLAGPIECE
WHO SUSPECTS
THE SPEEDSTER
WHO STAYED
WITH THE SHINKI...



...LUM...



WHOSQUASHED
THESQUAD
OF THESEEKER
WHOSTOLE
THESPINEL
THATSTOOD
INTHE SPIRE
OFSYNCHRO.

THESE ARE THE EXPLOSIVES
SET TO BLOW UP FORT SCYK
ALONG WITH THE PSYCHO
WHO TORTURED DER FREUND
DER GEPAENZERTENPRINZESSIN
ONCE EMPLOYED IN THE MINES



WHICH SUPPLY THE SEEKERS
WHO STRAFED THE CITY
SUBJECT TO THE SLAGPIECE
WHO SUSPECTS THE SPEEDSTER
WHO STAYED WITH THE SHINKI...



WHO SQUASHED
THE SQUAD
OF THE SEEKER
WHO STOLE
THE SPINEL
THAT STOOD
IN THE SPIRE
OF SYNCHRO.



...AND THIS
IS THE TEAM

HEADED
OUT TO
FORT SCYK...

...WHICH THEY
DON'T KNOW
IS WIRED...

GOOD
GRIEF!



...BY A FRIEND
ASSUMED
DEAD...

ALONG WITH HER
COMRADE...



...WHO
STILL LIVES,
AS WELL...

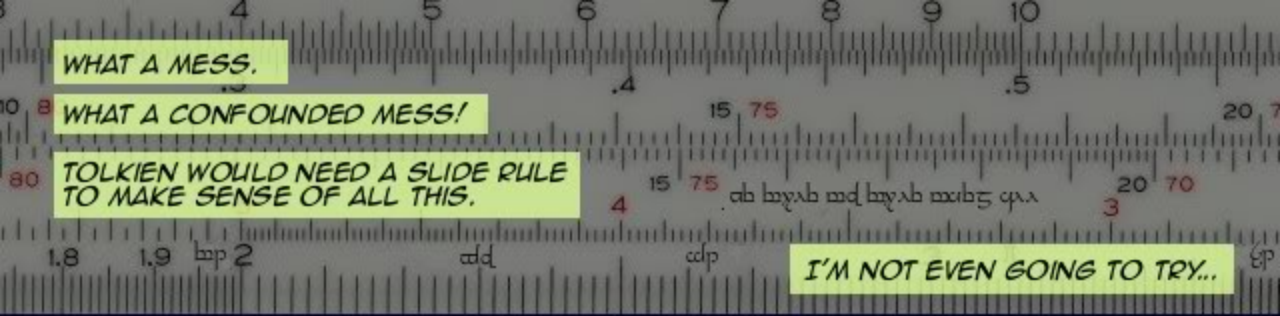
BOTH WITH PLANS
OF THEIR OWN...

UNAWARE OF
WHO'S COMING...

DESPITE MAGNUS
PURSUING...

TO SHATTER THE SPINEL
THAT STOOD IN THE SPIRE
OF SYNCHRO!



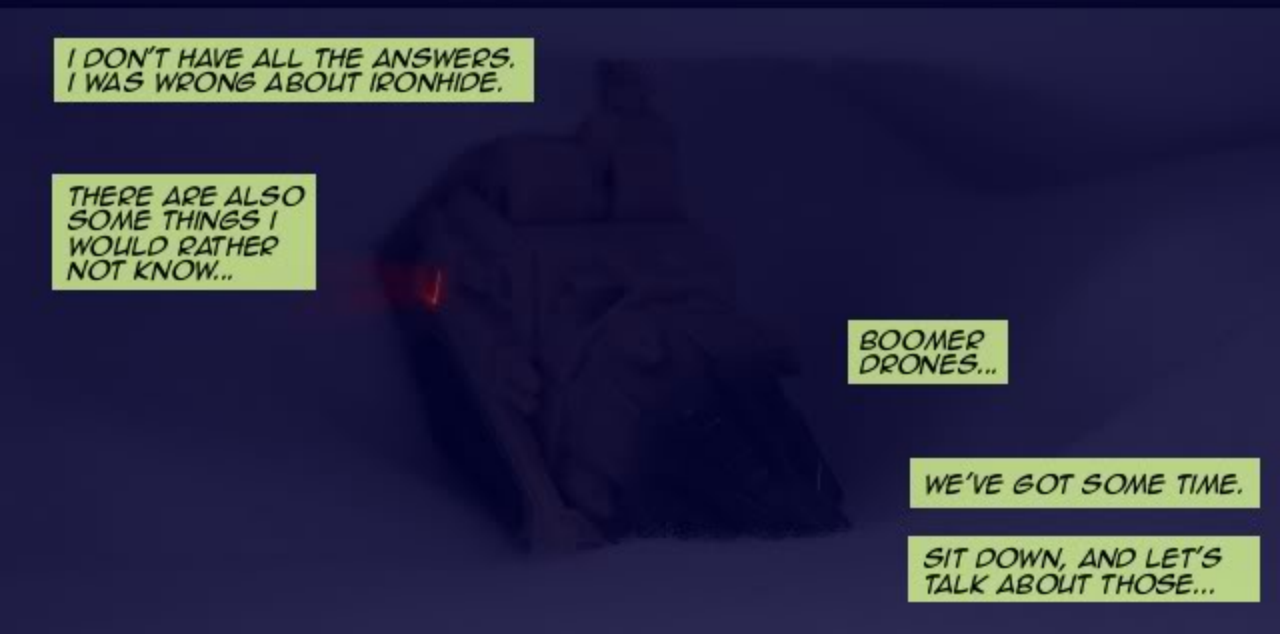
A ruler with a yellow highlight box containing text.

WHAT A MESS.

WHAT A CONFOUNDED MESS!

TOLKIEN WOULD NEED A SLIDE RULE
TO MAKE SENSE OF ALL THIS.

I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO TRY...

A dark, textured surface, possibly a book cover or a piece of fabric, with a yellow highlight box containing text.

I DON'T HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS,
I WAS WRONG ABOUT IRONHIDE.

THERE ARE ALSO
SOME THINGS I
WOULD RATHER
NOT KNOW...

BOOMER
DRONES...

WE'VE GOT SOME TIME.

SIT DOWN, AND LET'S
TALK ABOUT THOSE...