

Autobus Prime's

# BLURRY ROBOT THEATER

1

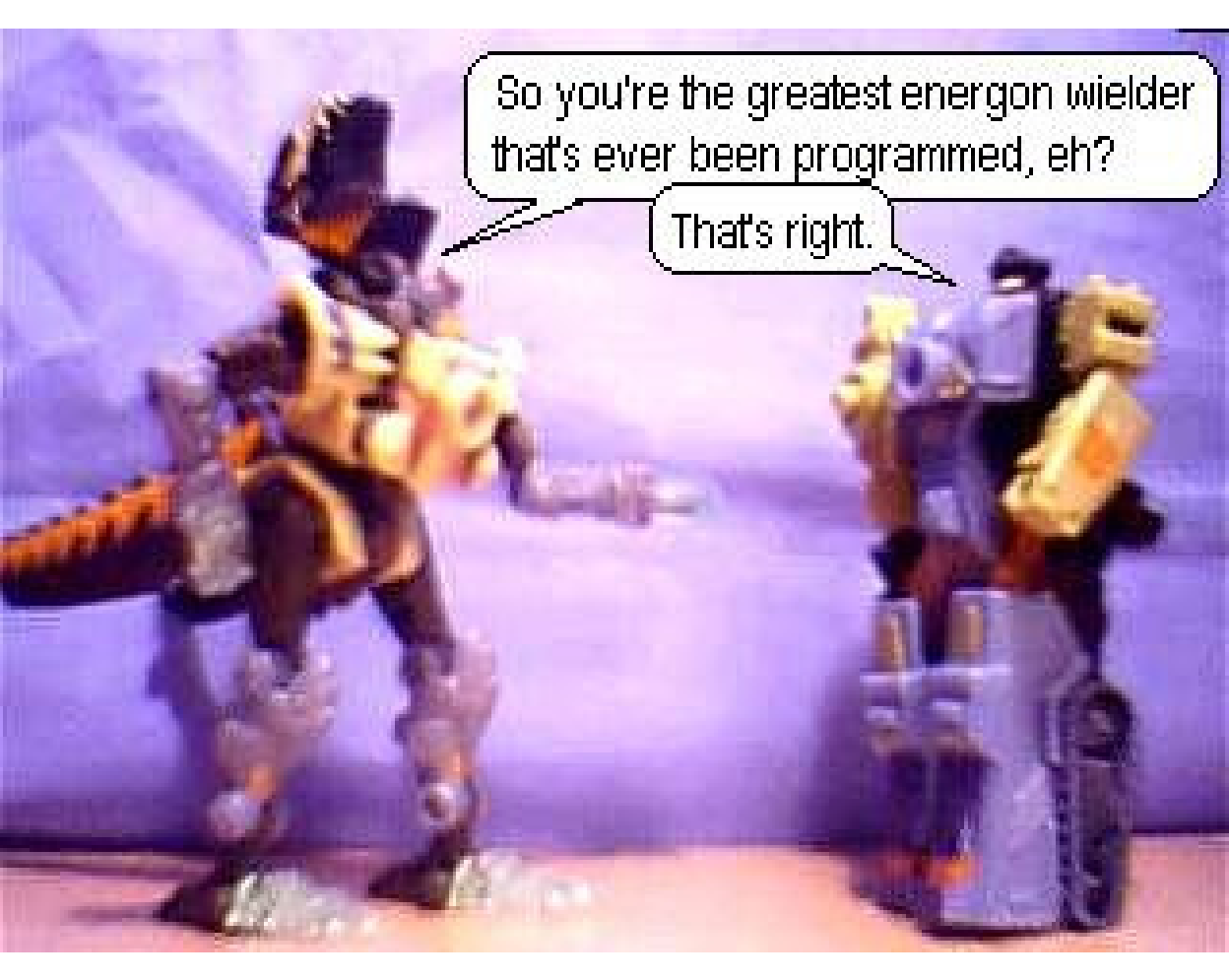
THE MISADVENTURES  
OF CRUELLOCK

*REVISED EDITION!*

*THE PREVIOUS VERSION WAS  
MISSING EPISODES 6  
THROUGH 12, CAUSING IT TO  
MAKE MODERATELY LESS  
SENSE THAN INTENDED.*

*FOR SOME REASON THIS  
WENT UNNOTICED.*

*I BLAME ROTF. -EDITOR.*

A still from a Transformers animated series showing two characters in a desert-like environment. On the left, a larger, more complex robot with a yellow and black body and a long, segmented tail is gesturing with its right hand. On the right, a smaller robot with a blue and yellow body is standing and looking at the first robot. The background consists of light-colored, rocky hills under a clear sky.

So you're the greatest energon wielder  
that's ever been programmed, eh?

That's right.

Prove it, then. Make something cool.

Certainly.  
Watch that spot.

VZT!





Hmf.

KSSHHHH

A scene from a Transformers movie featuring Optimus Prime on the left and Megatron on the right. They are standing on a dark, rocky surface. In the center, a large, bright fire or explosion is erupting. The background is a hazy, purple-tinged sky. A speech bubble from Optimus Prime is at the top, and the text 'BIP?' is in the middle.

HEY! Where'd you get that?

BIP?

Wow.

She's all yours, kiddo. Just  
don't kill yourself. So long!



This is so cool! I just gotta show it off. I think I'll ride to Macadams...








EEEEUU!  
EEEEUU!  
EEEEUU!  
EEEEUU!





Oh,  
SCRAP,  
SCRAP,  
SCRAP,  
SCRAP..

Your license and registration, please.

Uh,

Son?

Um,

Okay...yeah, officer...I got it right...right...

**PINK RANGER!**

**WHERE?**





PBBBBBBB

MAC FORDIS

1990-1991

1991  
1992

HUMANE  
AND WIND








...so, since I didn't HAVE a license or a registration, I took off.

Stupid, kid.

Why?

You probably would have gotten off with a fine. They catch you now, and you're going to jail.

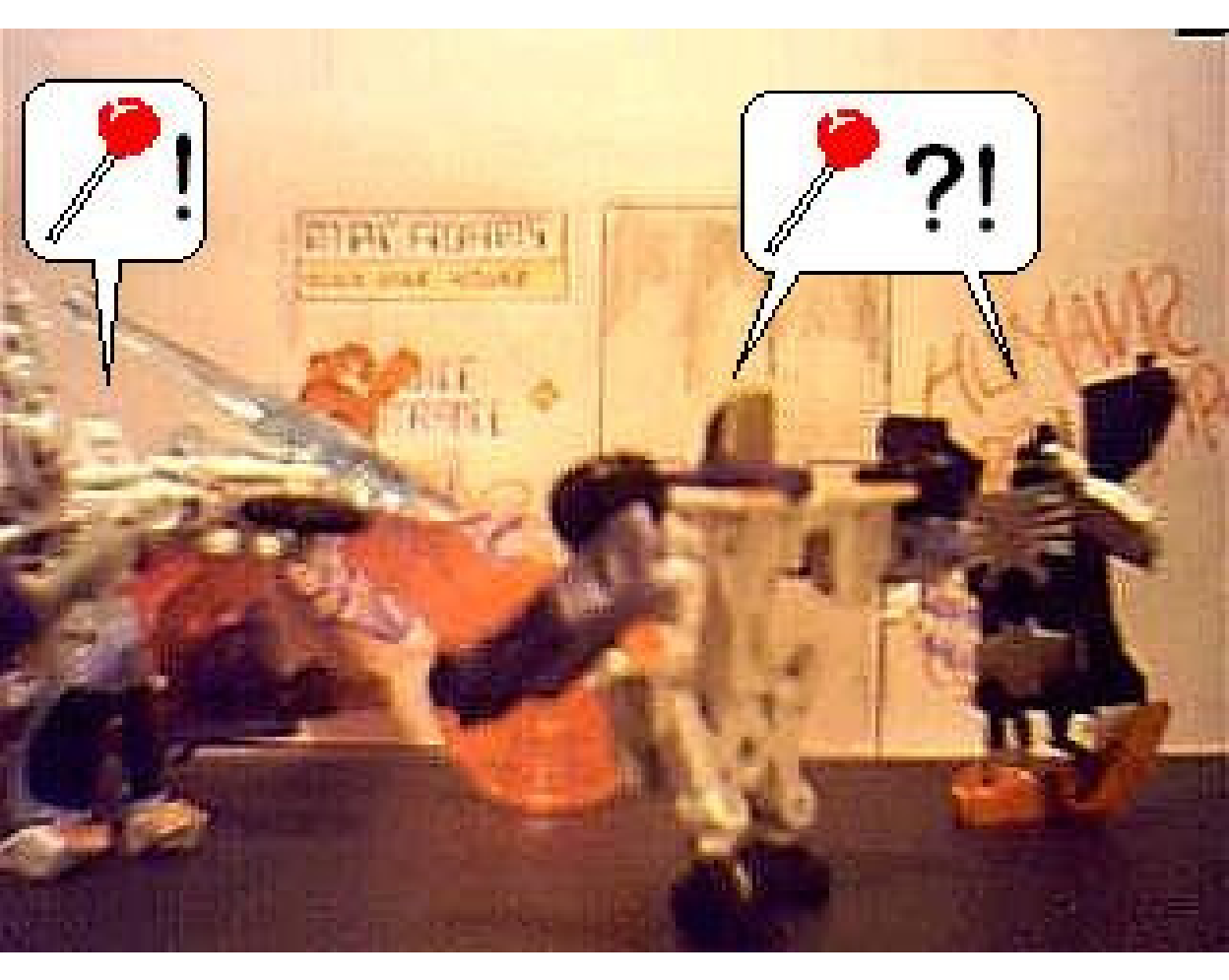
Scrap.



Jail. Great.  
Why am I  
so bolt-  
bendin'  
stupid--?

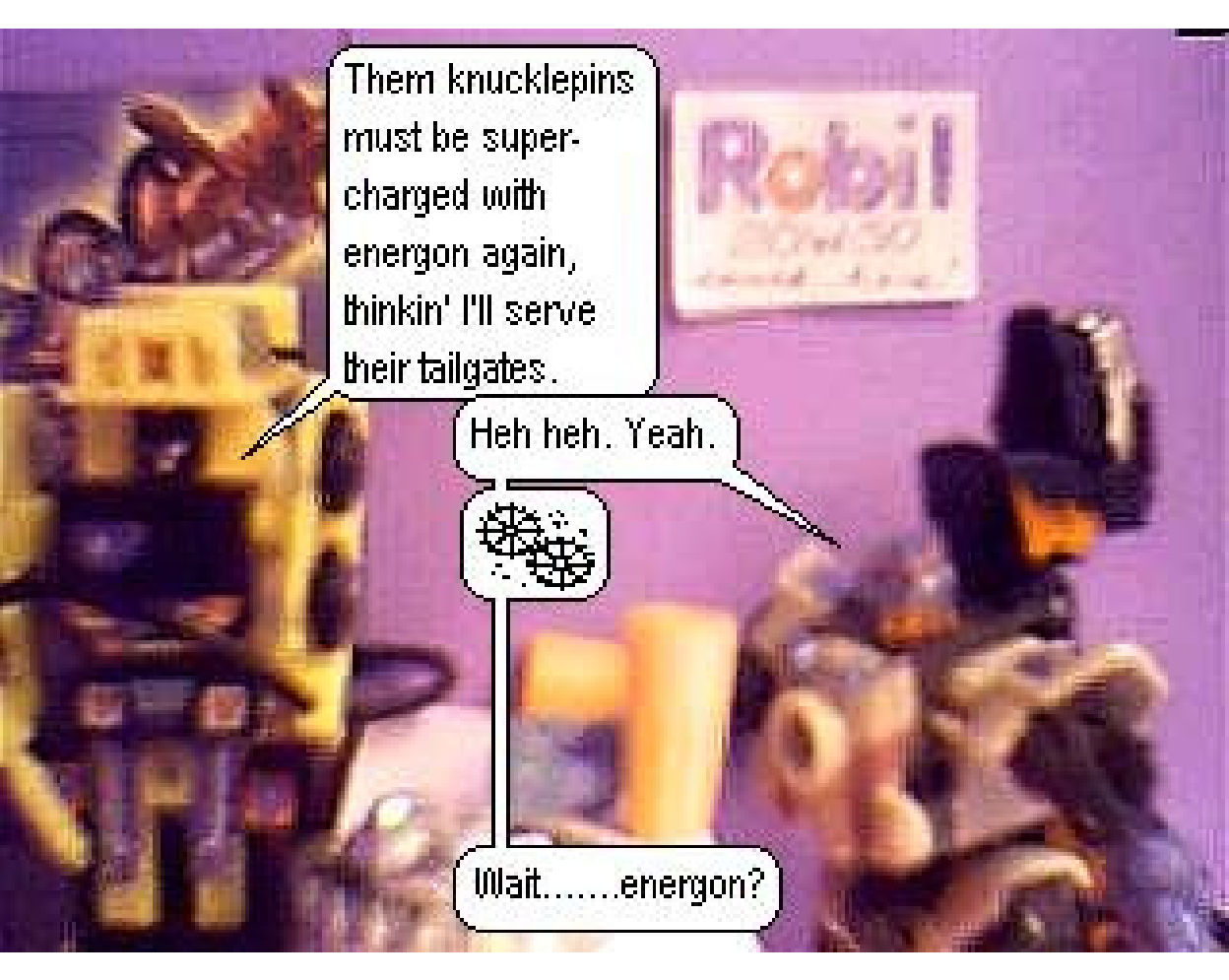
Heck, why am I  
worrying? That  
bike can outrun 'em.  
It's one sweet  
machine.





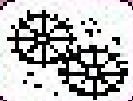


Get lost, punk.



Them knucklepins  
must be super-  
charged with  
energon again,  
thinkin' I'll serve  
their tailgates.

Heh heh. Yeah.



Wait.....energon?



Aw, no! My bike!  
Those lousy kids!  
Wait until I --

□  
□  
□

--no, Cruellock. Calm down.

There's no need to panic...



I can  
**REBUILD**  
it!

I have the  
**POWER!**


Some power, eh?

I don't understand!  
What happened?

O, about six  
quarts' a our  
straight 30.

**RAHR!**





That just galls the gudgeons.  
I'm miles from home, my  
bike was eaten, and I sure  
can't outrun the cops on foot.

Don't run,  
eh? Go in  
disguise.

Hmm...

...

Yeah.

...

Yeah!





That's a GREAT idea! I'll tie  
on a few cars and pretend to  
be Menasor --

Or--Jetfire!  
No, he's  
too big...

No, wait!

I'll be Thunder-  
cracker! I'll  
need blue paint...

Sigh.

?

--maybe  
Mirage--?



...or I could take some cardboard  
and paint it blue and make a Sound-  
wave costume. "Ravaage, eject!  
Operation: Fugitive" No, I can't do  
the voice. Hey! I could find that hat  
from Amadeus and a yellow jacket  
and be Sur...  
swipe? I c... enough...

This... has...  
gone... far...  
enough...

SLURP!



**Ahem!**

How's this for a hint?

Uh...

Well?

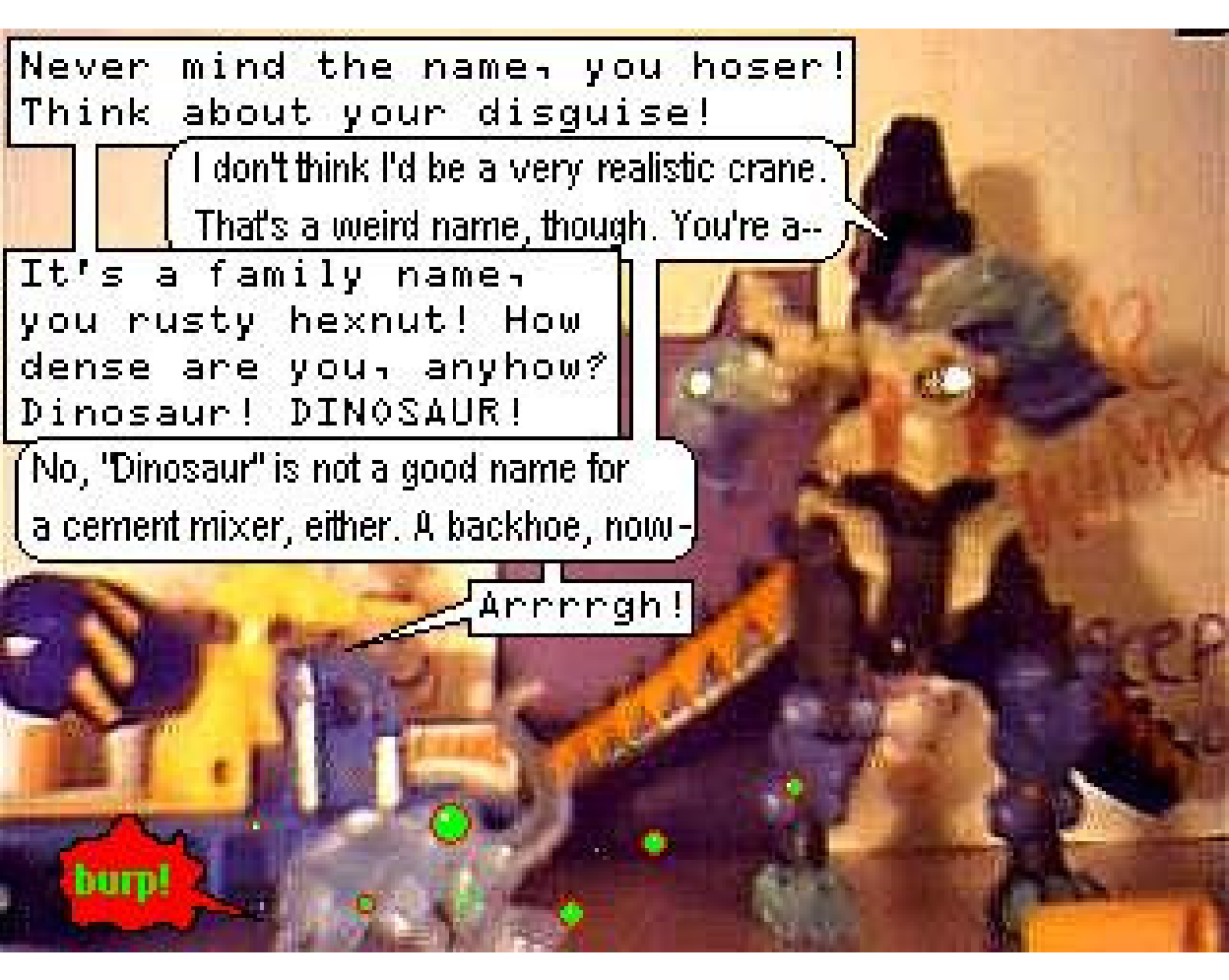
Why does your hood say 'Crane'?

Eh, well,  
that's my name.

But you're not a crane.

Sigh.





Never mind the name, you hoser!  
Think about your disguise!


I don't think I'd be a very realistic crane.  
That's a weird name, though. You're a--

It's a family name,  
you rusty hexnut! How  
dense are you, anyhow?  
Dinosaur! DINOSAUR!

No, "Dinosaur" is not a good name for  
a cement mixer, either. A backhoe, now--

Arrrrgh!

burp!



What a great disguise! That dinosaur guy was right.  
I'm half way home, and nobody has recognized me yet!

STOMP  
STOMP  
STOMP

\* □ □ <Primus! It is Gojira!  
I must warn the city!> \*

*\*Translated from Micronese*

TOMP  
STOMP  
STOMP

...and this mode is so cool, too! I can't remember why I don't use it more often...

<Gojira!  
He comes!  
RUN!>

<Gojira?>

<Looks more like  
Kiryu to me...>

<Gojira!>

Oof...tight corner there...sorry, building...  
Probably shouldn't have had so much oil...

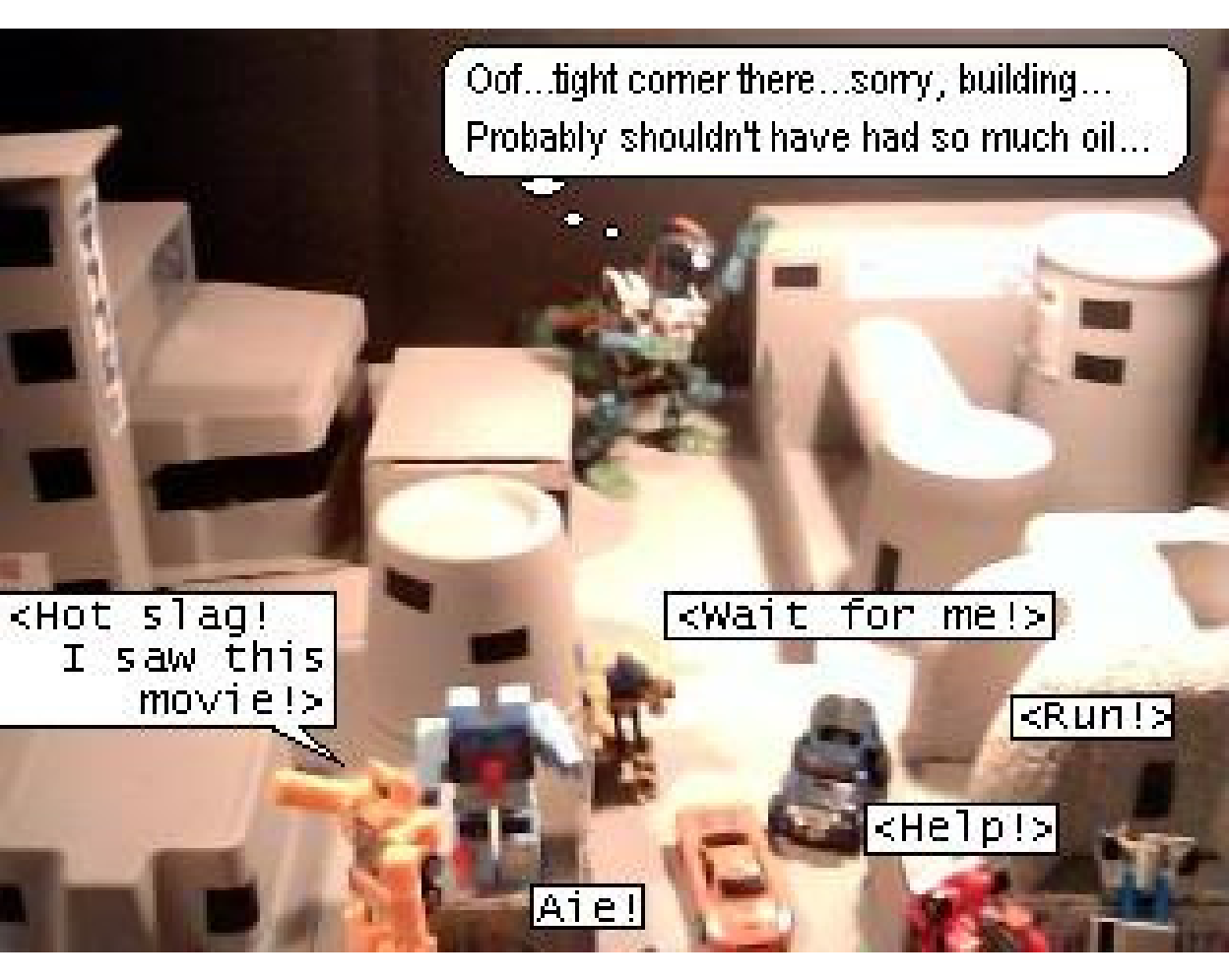
<Hot slag!  
I saw this  
movie!>


<Wait for me!>

<Run!>

<Help!>

Aie!





Micro City sure is quiet this morning.  
I wonder if they're all at Minibotcon...\*

...but who cares?  
A few miles, and  
I'm home free!

Nothing can  
go wrong now!

**STOMP**

**STOMP**

**STOMP**

*\*Ye blatant crazysteve reference*

<The sightings  
are confirmed,  
sir.>

<Then we  
have but  
one choice.>

<Prepare the strike force, general>

<Aye, sir.>

> MICRONIA DEFENSE FORCE HEADQUARTERS,  
0.23 BREEMS LATER.





<Astroscope to  
General Creeper>

<Creeper here>

<Target on  
Ammonia Ave.,  
ETA Py-Ar  
Square, 1.2  
breems.>

<Thanks, 'Scope.  
Will be ready.>

Oh.

My fuel system does NOT feel good.

OW!

GuRGle!

Squish!

I should DEFINITELY  
not have had all that oil...Oof...



A photograph of a LEGO minifigure scene. In the center, a minifigure with a black and green body and a red and black weapon is looking towards the camera. To its left, a minifigure with a blue and white body is looking towards the center. To its right, a minifigure with a blue and white body is looking towards the center. In the background, a minifigure with a green and black body is standing on a red carpet. A sign with the word "QUICK" is visible in the background. A speech bubble from the minifigure in the background says "<FIRE!>". A speech bubble from the minifigure on the left says "Uh...hi, guys.". A speech bubble from the minifigure in the center says "Are those all pointed at...me?". A speech bubble from the minifigure on the right says "Oh", "dear", and "Primus...".

<FIRE!>

Uh...hi, guys.

Are those  
all pointed  
at...me?

Oh  
dear  
Primus...

Ow!

**ZAPPO**

Oh...ow...my stomach...

That hurts!

**ZING**

**POW!**

It was just a traffic viola-- **OW!**

Stop it!

Please!

I...I can't...

...I can't hold it...

**Iup!**

**ZANG**

BLAAAUURGH!!

Aaugh--!

<Scatter!>

SH'BOOM!

Aaaaugh! Help m - !

<Nooo!>

<Aiee! The Atomic  
Fire Breath!>

<Broady, that's  
so cliché, and  
Yaaaargh!>

<Dualor to base: Casualties heavy, unable to retreat. Pinned down by fires. We need backup at once. We are trapped...>

<Magnus here. Stay calm, son. Help coming. Is target neutralized?>



<No, sir. We were! Scatter is dead, Fetch lost an arm when his missile blew up. Tank heavily damaged. Broadside and I are mostly okay, and I don't know about the rest...>

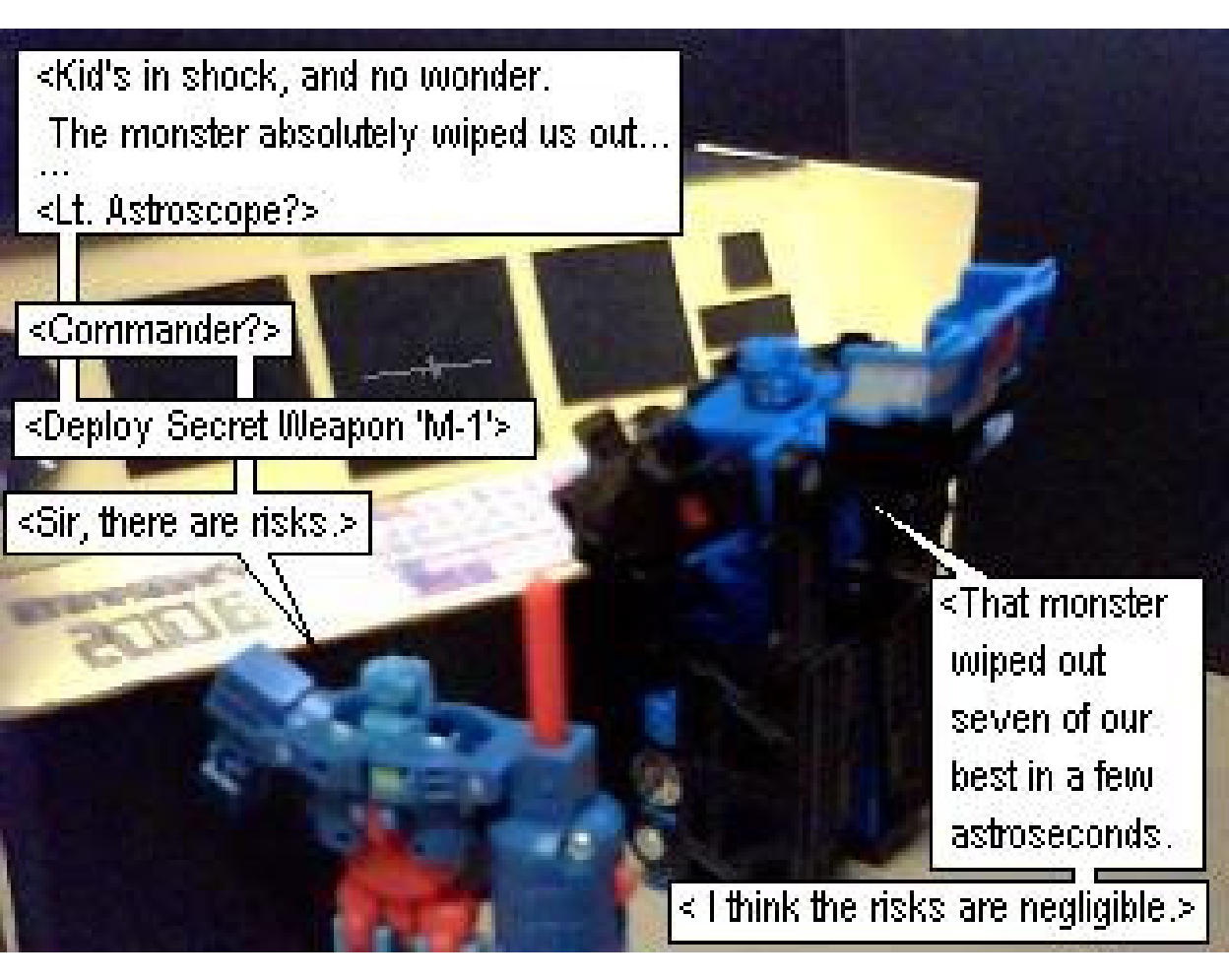


<Calm down, soldier. Are Tank and Fetch safe?>

<Y-yes. Broadside is patching them up, but he's no medic. Py-Ar Square is burning up -- I don't think I can reach the others...>

<Don't try. Look after Tank and Fetch, and stay alive until we get there. All right?>

<Yes. Yes, sir. Dualor out.>



<Kid's in shock, and no wonder.  
The monster absolutely wiped us out...  
...  
<Lt. Astroscope?>

<Commander?>

<Deploy Secret Weapon 'M-1'>

<Sir, there are risks.>

<That monster  
wiped out  
seven of our  
best in a few  
astroseconds.

< I think the risks are negligible.>



1.57 BREEMS LATER:

SHROOOOOM!

<Payload to Magnus:  
Sky Blast launched.>

WHOOSE

Got to get out..ow...  
...got to get out of here...

Mama mia!

What the hex-?

<Sky Blast to base. Payload delivered.>

< Our secret weapon's  
not too impressive.>

< Appearances may deceive, S. B.  
Such weapons nearly destroyed  
us all in the late 1980's, on Earth.>

< You must be joking.>



< Astroscope does not joke, Payload. This is a weapon of almost limitless destructive capacity >

100



POW!

POIT!

**WHUMP!**

Ungh! You...little...krockoff!



< Limitless destruction? Is that really safe, Commander? >

Dirty crankcase sludge-sucker!  
Get back here and fi--OOW!

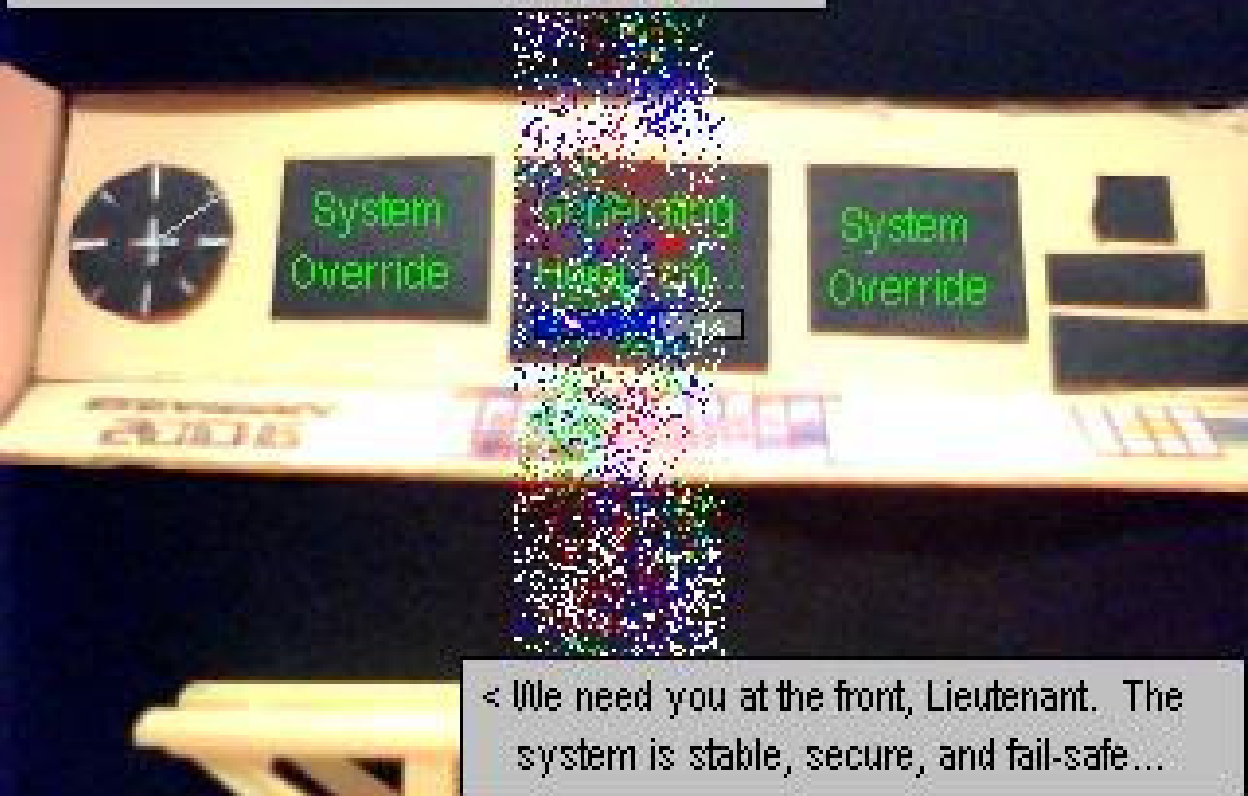
KABONG!

Take a throw!

< Deadly to our enemy, but safe for us. This computer maintains tight control at all times.

Enough of the talk, though. We have soldiers to rescue.  
Transform and roll out.>

< Are you quite certain it is safe to leave the computer unmanned, Commander Magnus? >



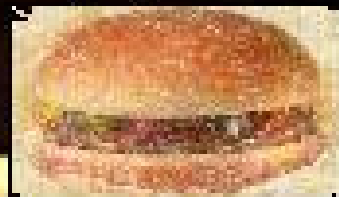
< We need you at the front, Lieutenant. The system is stable, secure, and fail-safe... >

...Nothing can go wrong.

Process  
Complete.

Process  
Complete.

>System Report:  
XPT-AI  
is  
ON LINE.





Die, you monster!

HURK...

HURRRK.

BLAAURGH

SN-BOOM!

>MEANWHILE,  
NEAR PY-AR SQUARE...



< Commander! Onboard sensors report M-1 destroyed! >

Hey! It WORKED!



You miss-a me?

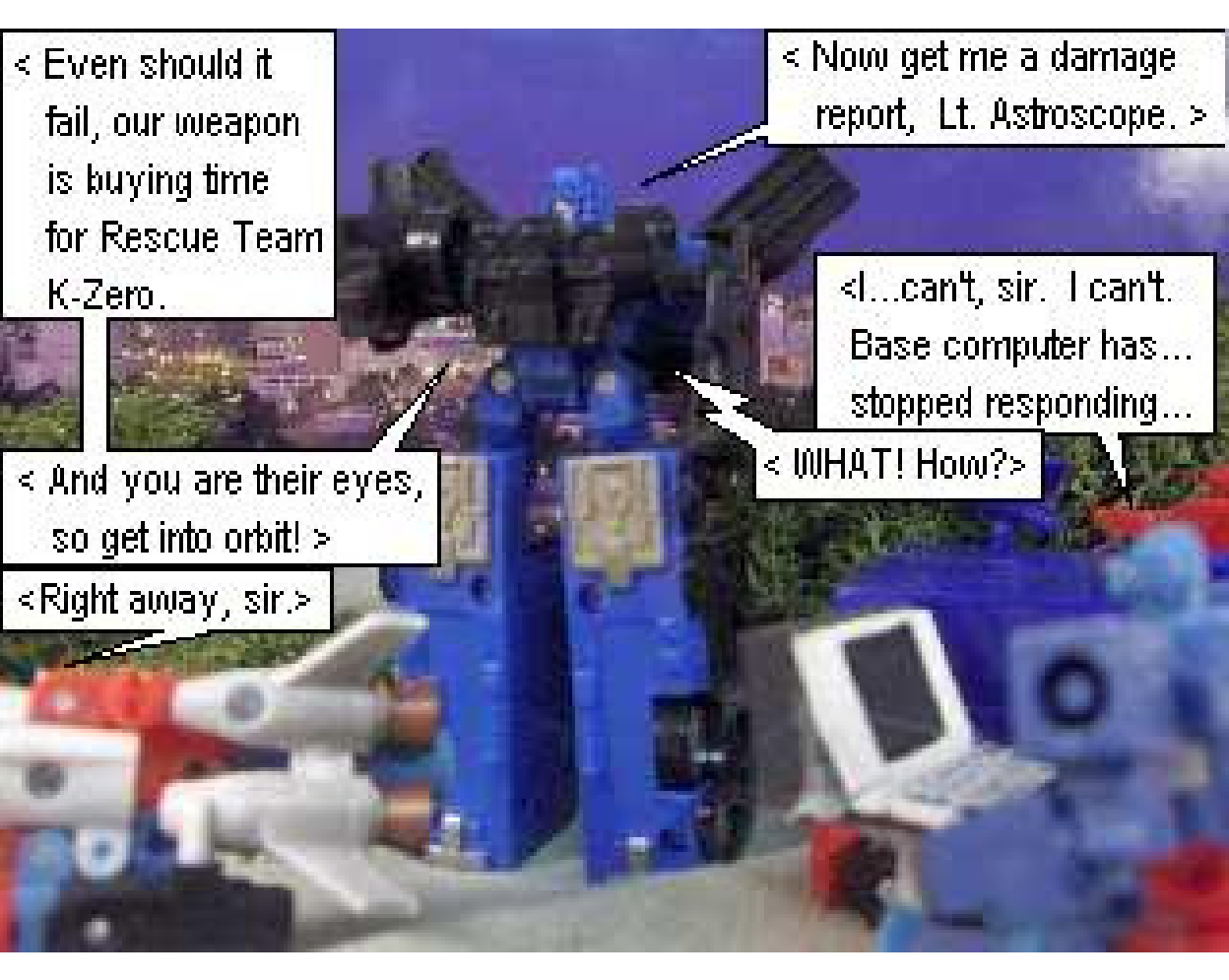
What the -?

100

**POW!**

**Arrrgh!**

< Merely a small setback, Sky Blast. >



< Even should it fail, our weapon is buying time for Rescue Team K-Zero.

< Now get me a damage report, Lt. Astroscope. >

<I...can't, sir. I can't. Base computer has... stopped responding...


< WHAT! How? >

< And you are their eyes, so get into orbit! >

<Right away, sir.>

< I don't know, sir! It seems to be running,  
but the system's just gone out to lunch! >





< K-Zero leader to Magnus: Four found.  
Still looking for the rest. >

<You'd better hurry, Truckdor.>

<Don't back  
up, E.R.V.>

<Roger, Frist Aid>



< Well, sir, we're skipping our ether breaks... >

< Listen. We've lost  
the base computer. >

< So Weapon  
M-1 is -- >

< Uncontrolled, yes. You have  
about three breems to get out  
of there. >

< I suggest you withdraw now. >

< Not until the job's done. >

< Sounds like insubordination, T. D. >

< Yup. Truckdor out. >

>Meanwhile...

<We interrupt  
As Cybertron Turns\*  
for this fast-breaking  
news story...>

NEWS  
FLASH

< The peaceful city  
of Micronia is now  
the scene of an epic  
showdown between  
bot and beast...>

Hey, Crane, you should come see this.

\* [www.spacebridge2000.com](http://www.spacebridge2000.com)

find from all these UFO landings

The monster, seen in this live footage taken by our completely sane reporters on scene, appears to be a good-bill because mutated by exposure to radiation..

**CRUELLOCK?**

I'm surprised, but not shocked, eh?



R... RAWK?

WHAA

**RAWK!**

WHAA



Hey! Where's that little guy off to?

**RAWK!**

**HELP  
RAWK!**

scamper

PLANET O' JUNK  
SCRAP & SALVAGE

HELP  
RAWK!



HELP  
RAUK!


KSSSSHHH



Hey!  
Meddling kid!  
Each sold  
separately!

Come back  
with my  
shooooooooow!





Aaaaaaah!  
Turn them cows loose!  
Cyclone's a-comin'!

SHHHROOOOAAAAR

Let me off  
this thiiiiiiiing!



CLANK

Uhh....  
hey Arthur,  
you dead?

Ye-ahh mon.

CLUNK

SKNX-xxxp...



>Hey.  
>Wake up.  
>I said  
wake up,  
UGLY.





>Heh-Heh.  
>That hat  
makes you  
look  
\_F-A-T\_

>Over here,  
Ex-P-Haach.

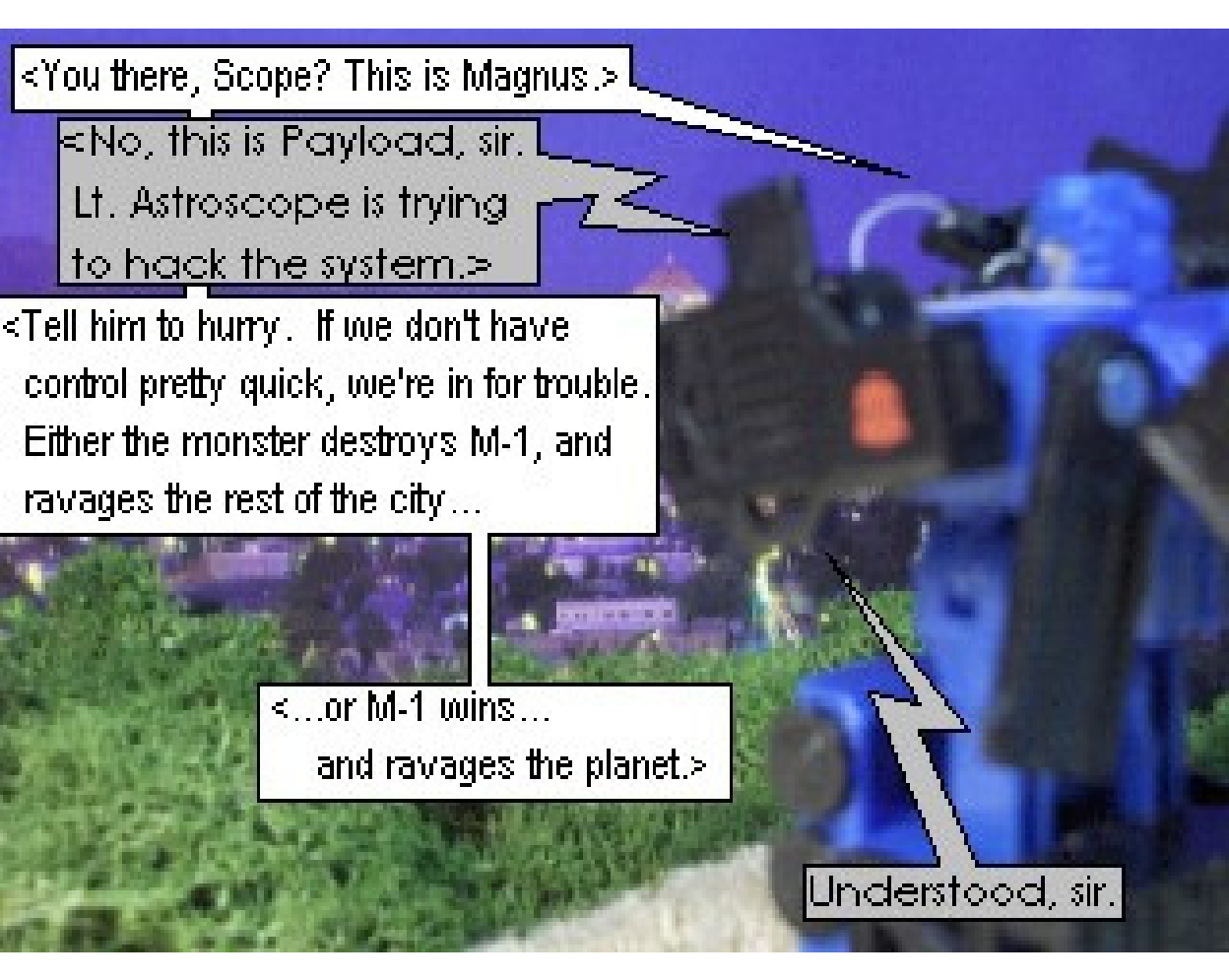




>Har har.  
Somebody's  
aaaaaangry.

>Must be that  
time of the  
month...





<You there, Scope? This is Magnus.>

<No, this is Payload, sir.  
Lt. Astroscope is trying  
to hack the system.>

<Tell him to hurry. If we don't have  
control pretty quick, we're in for trouble.  
Either the monster destroys M-1, and  
ravages the rest of the city ...

<...or M-1 wins...  
and ravages the planet.>

Understood, sir.

<He's making headway, sir. The system is starting to respond somewhat...>

<Excellent.>

<...Oh, and your face would make a Sharkdicon vomit...Heck, it LOOKS like Sharkdicon vomit...>

type

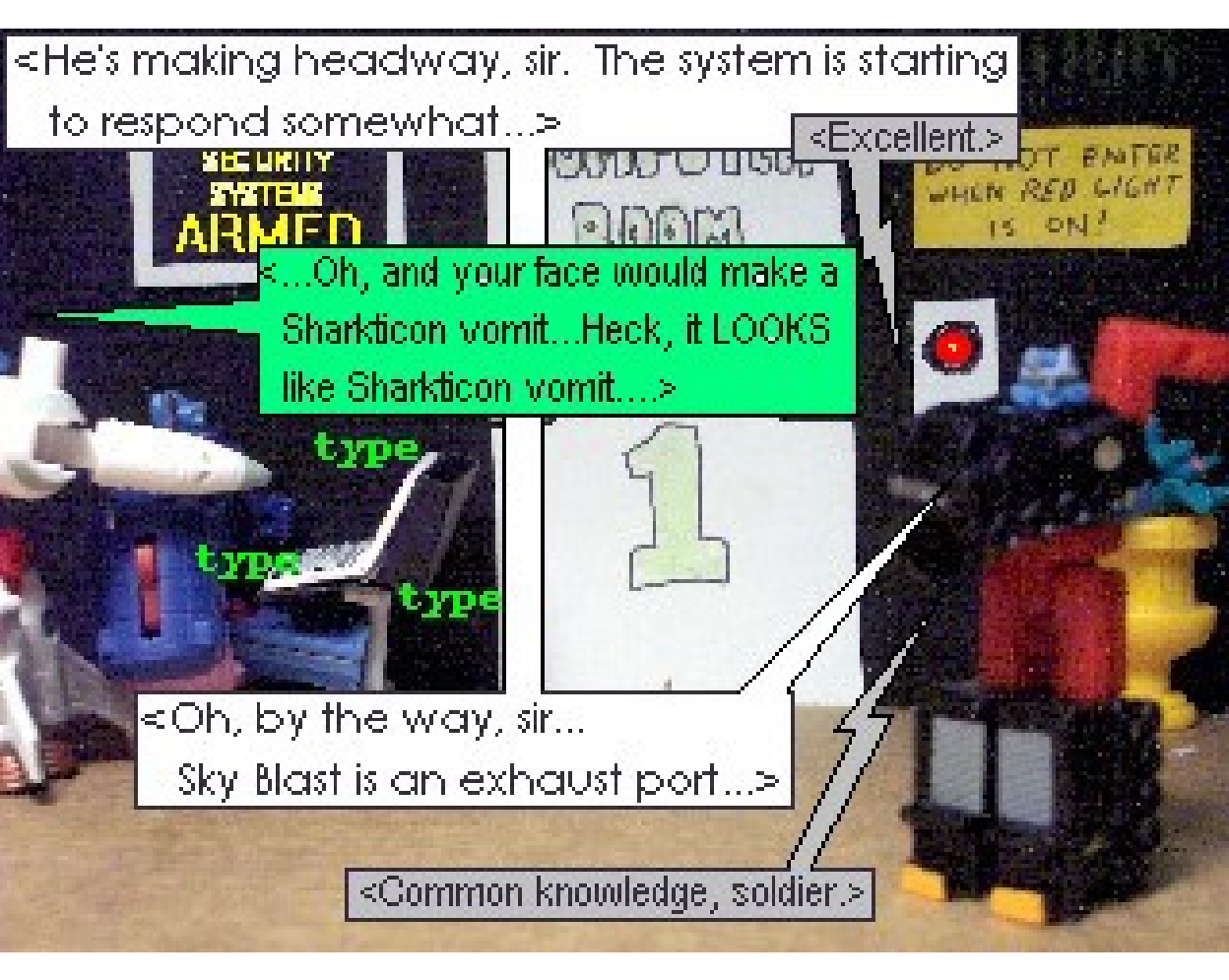
type

type

1

<Oh, by the way, sir...  
Sky Blast is an exhaust port...>

<Common knowledge, soldier.>





# ZZZINK!

<Magnus! They did it!  
We are in like Flynn!>

<Excellent! That's Commander  
Magnus, though...>

<Hack the planet!  
Hack the planet!>

I can't believe  
that worked...

<Now restart the GENIE program and  
take control of M-1 before it's too late!>

>Meanwhile, near Py-Ar Square:

Ohhh...

...don't think I can last...much...longer...

No...no...I got to fight it...

Hu..hurk...

BLA-AROH!

..s-stomach...feels better...

EN'BOOM!

...oh scrap.

<Base to Commander Magnus: GENIE restarted.  
Control will resume in ninety astroseconds...>



**WHAM!**

*Ats-a good  
donkey!*

Ohhhhh...

*I...I can't...take...any...more...*

<T-minus fifty astroseconds  
and counting...>

<Thirty astroseconds...twenty-five...twenty...>

BANZAI-A!



FINISH HIM!

< ...six...five...four...three...two...>

# SQUISH!

## GAME OVER



<What in the universe WAS that thing?>



<Not sure, sir. It came, it  
blazed a trail of ruin,  
and it left...>

<You got here  
pretty fast!>

<Well, S.B., one  
bot's trail of ruin  
is another bot's  
highway...>

*...I...I fell asleep...no...no, I didn't...*

*I...died?*

*Yes...*

*...*

*Yes...I did...*

*Strange...it's just like they say it is...*

TRAMP  
TRAMP  
TRAMP  
TRAMP

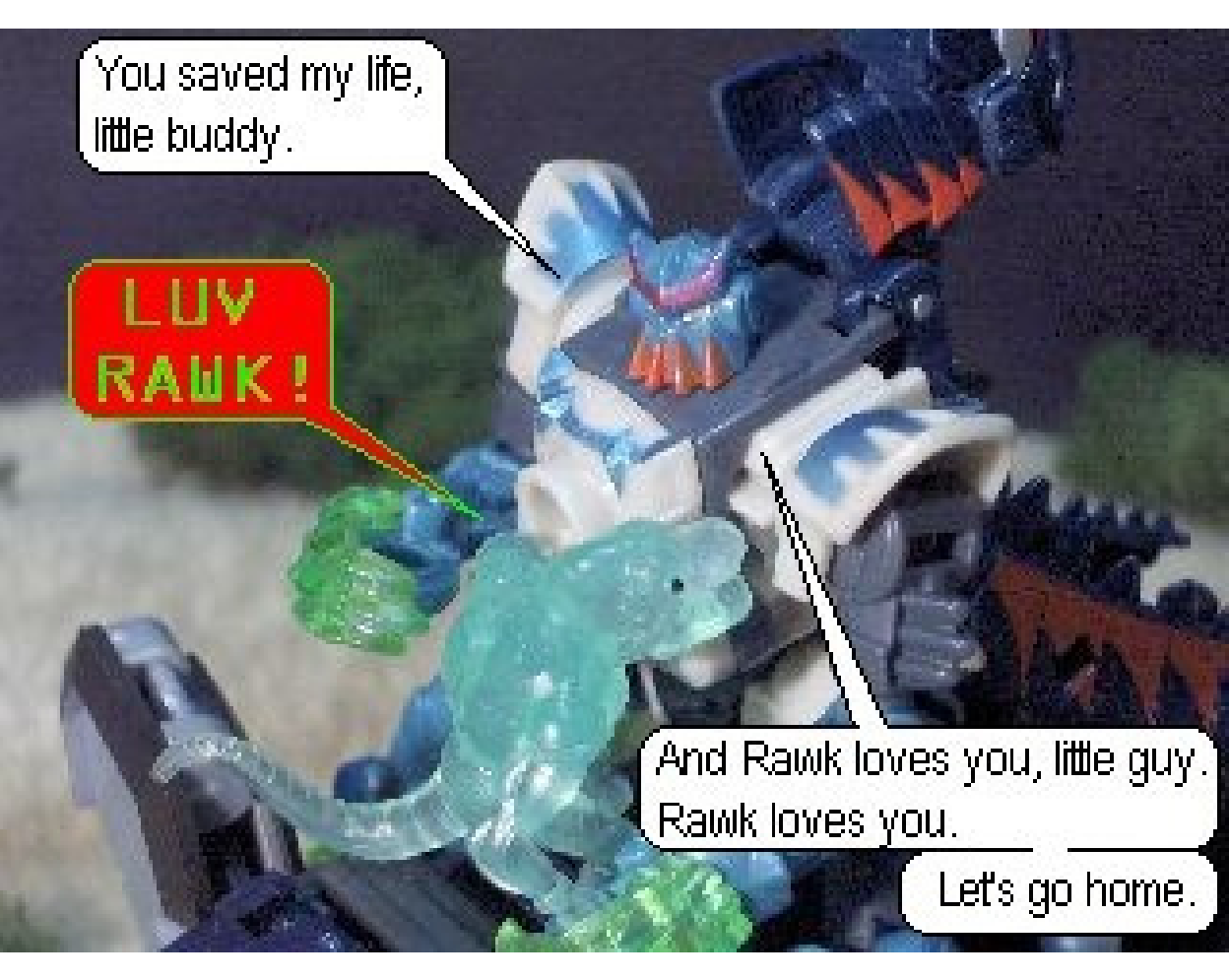


Well, some of it is, anyway...  
This part's a little different...



**YAY!  
RAWK!**

Bu....bu....bu....  
**LITTLE BUDDY?**



You saved my life,  
little buddy.

LUV  
RAWK!

And Rawk loves you, little guy.  
Rawk loves you.

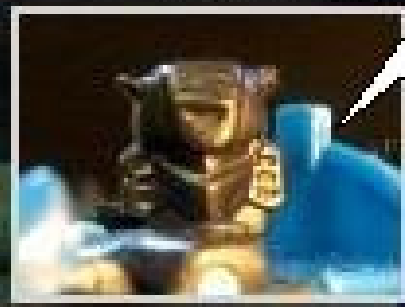
Let's go home.

Gold Senturion here.  
All units please report!



This is Officer Hans  
at Iacon Bridge --  
No sign of subject here.

Bumblebee here, in Micronia.  
Not much traffic since the kaiju attack.



P.B. not see  
nobody!



Heh heh. Four roads out of Kalis, and four roads blocked. I don't care how fast that hot-shot kid's motorcycle is...



...now what in the Lost Galaxy is THAT --?

Zzzzzzzzzzzzz...

**STOMP**  
**STOMP**  
**STOMP**

**RUNAWAY ZO000ORD!**



..zzzz-snort. Mph.  
...\*yawn\*...zzzzzzzzzz...

**STOMP**  
**STOMP**  
**STOMP**

**RAURY!**





**GRRRRR...**