


Autobus Prime's

# BLURRY ROBOT THEATER

2

WAR IN  
MICRONIA



**<Well, if it's not the hero of Ammonia Avenue.  
I'm pleased to see you made it out alive.>**

**<So am I, Stormy. You going to hear our  
fearless leader make his speech?>**

**<Yup, I'm headed there now.>**

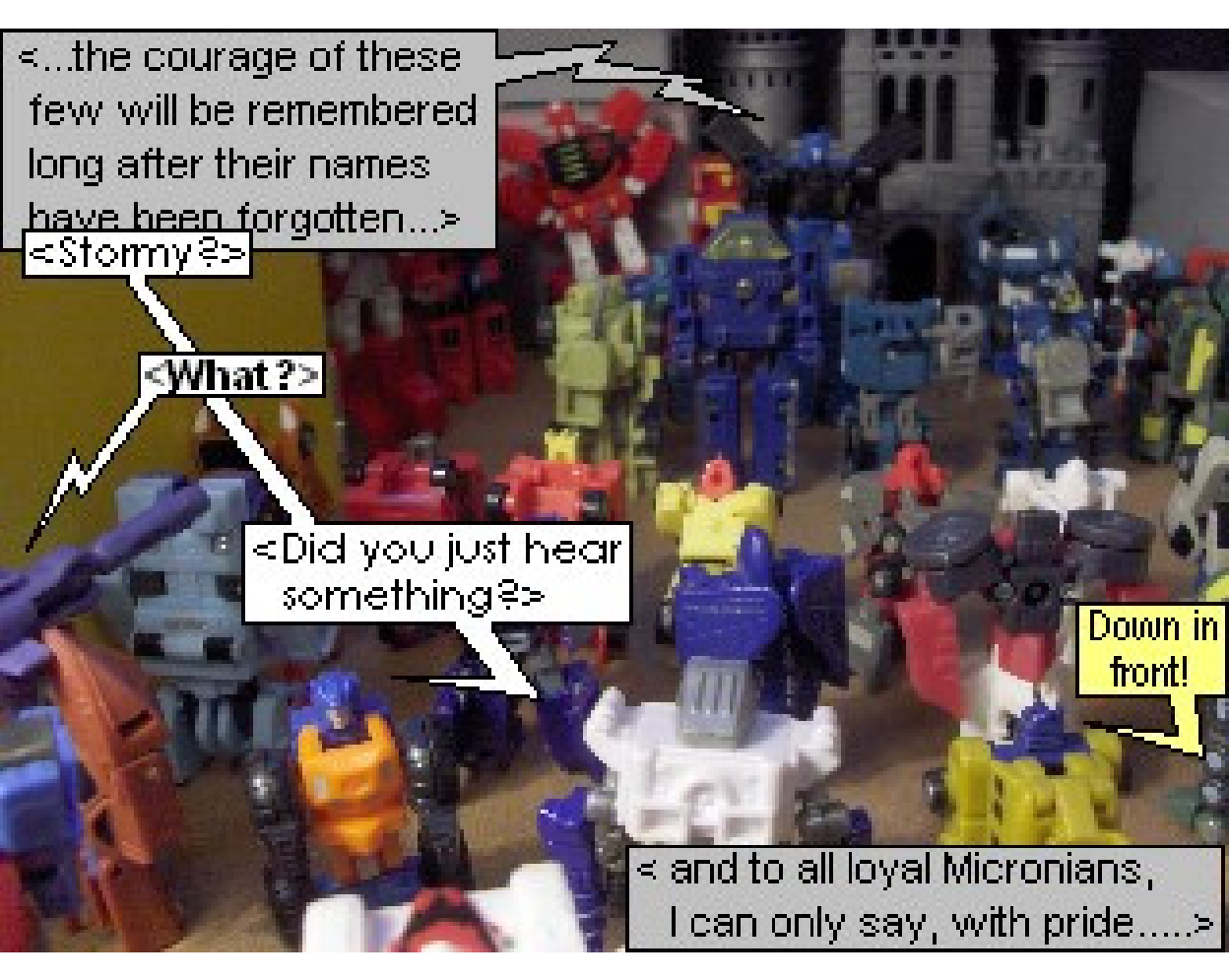
**<With that?>**

**<What?>**

**<The gun?>**

**<Call me sentimental, Mudster,  
but I'm rather attached to it...  
Come on, I'll give you a lift.>**

**\*Translated from  
Micronese.**



<...the courage of these  
few will be remembered  
long after their names  
have been forgotten...>  
<Stormy?>

<What?>

<Did you just hear  
something?>

Down in  
front!

< and to all loyal Micronians,  
I can only say, with pride.....>

<HIT THE  
M-F'N\*  
DIRT!>

<Not again!>

*BAM!*

*KABLAAM!*

<Omb!>

Stormy! It's  
an air raid!

<HELPI>

*POW!*

<Aieee!>

*BOOM!*

<It's a  
target!>


> \* "Malfunctioning",  
of course.

*KABLAAM!*



« By the Matrix itself!  
Who ARE they? »

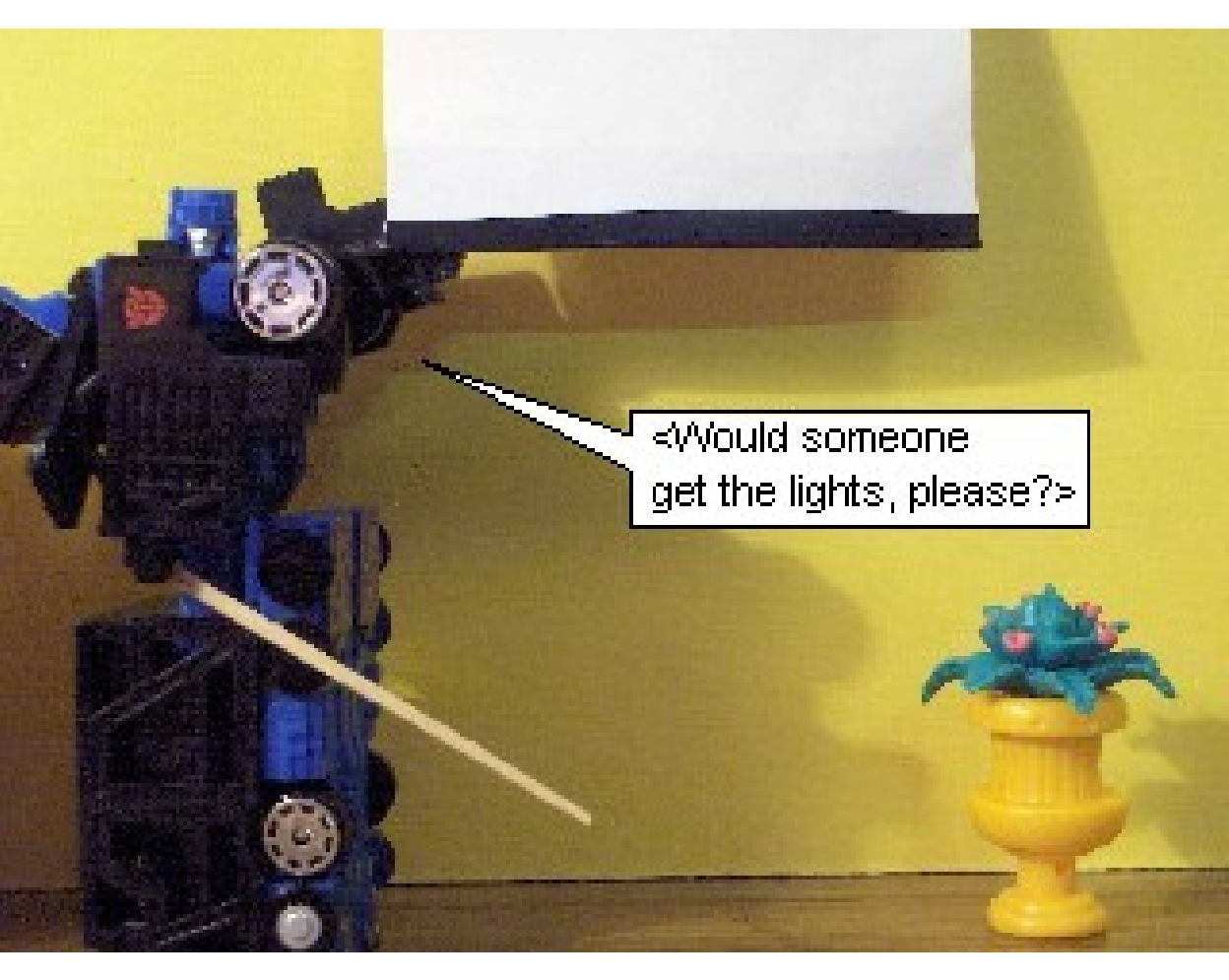
«I'm not sure...»

A close-up photograph of a black, circular hubcap resting on a light brown, textured surface. The hubcap features a purple, stylized logo that resembles a bird or a winged figure. To the left of the hubcap is a blue and yellow toy block, and to the right is an orange toy block. A speech bubble points from the top left towards the hubcap.

<What's that,  
a hubcap?>

<Don't know. I shot it off that  
funny-looking jet.

Got some kind of weird mark on it.>



«Would someone  
get the lights, please?»

<Thank you.>

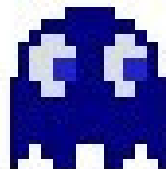


<As you know, this armor fragment was recovered from one of the unknown jets that took part in last night's attack.>

<With the sudden onset and speedy exit of our attackers, it remains our only clue to their identity or allegiance.>



\*click\*



« The symbol displayed on this armor, while similar to those of several well-known evil organizations, is an exact match to none. Furthermore, none of these groups have stepped forward to claim responsibility.>

\*click\*

<Therefore, this attack, though heinous,  
appears to be a local, isolated incident...>

EERT!  
EERT!  
EERT!  
EERT!

<Er...unlikely to be...  
ah...repeated...>

BOOM

BOOM

BOOM

BOOM

<Shall I sweep up the  
ceiling, commander?>



*\*brrring\**

<Moshi moshi. Micron Defense  
Force HQ, Payload speaking.>

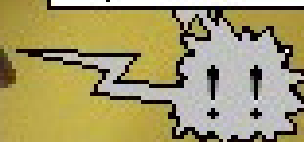
?!  
⚡

<'Fraid the C.O.'s too  
busy to talk right  
now, ma'm.>





<Oh, certainly I understand your concern...>



< Doing something?  
Of course we are!  
Our fighters are  
in the air right now>

&...?

< Oh, I'm sure our  
boys are crushing  
those winged fiends...>

*Afijn uitloot!  
Het brandt!*

<...ah, here they come  
now. Hm. I'll ask them  
how badly...we won...  
when they get settled...>

RUMMBLE

BOOM

YEERT!

!! ??

<N..noise? Oh, that...  
It's just the heating  
system, I think...>

YEERT!  
CRASH

YEERT!

RUMMBLE

YEERT!

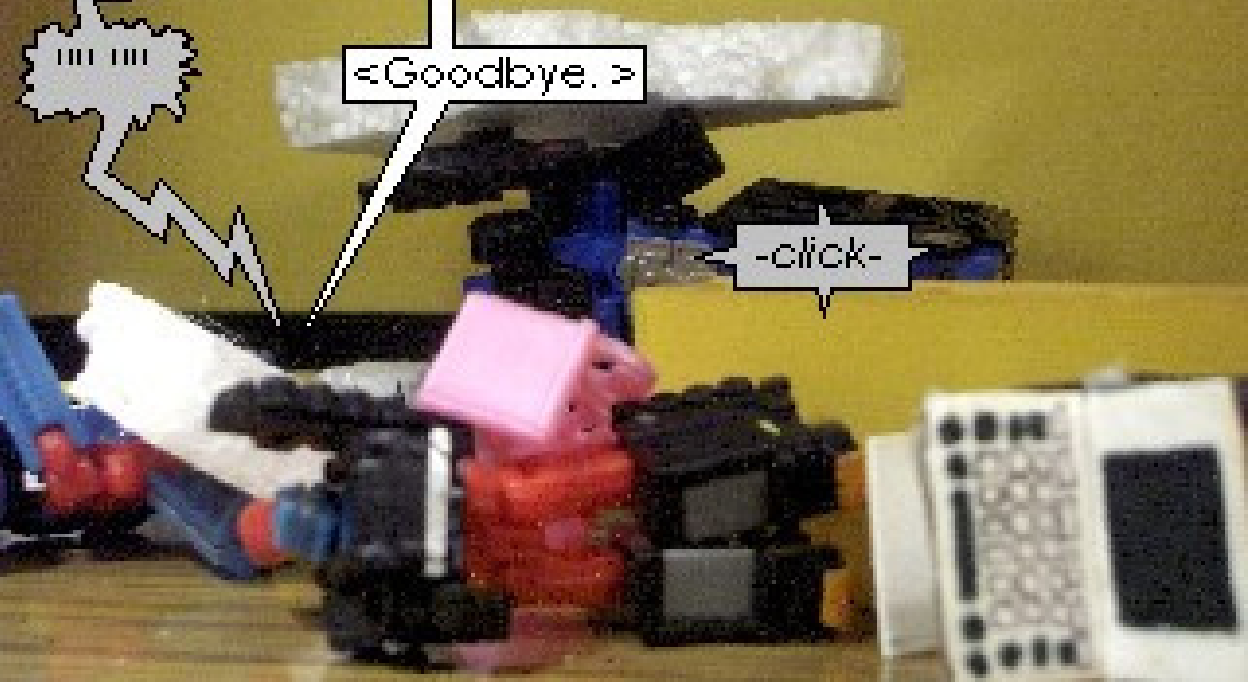
RUMMBLE



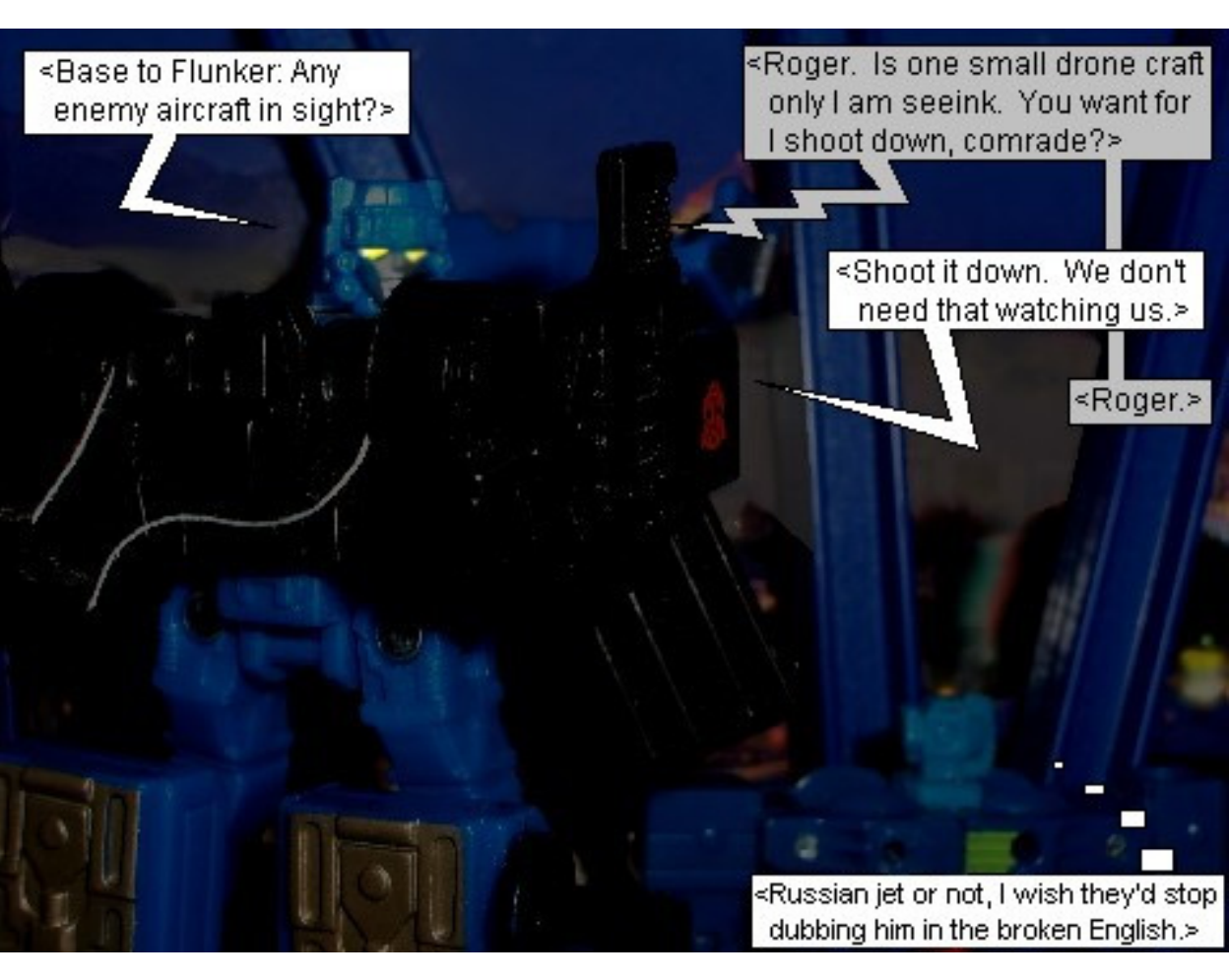
<You feel better now? Good.  
Remember, there's no reason  
to panic. Everything's under  
control.>

<Goodbye. >

-click-







<Base to Flunker: Any enemy aircraft in sight?>

<Roger. Is one small drone craft only I am seeink. You want for I shoot down, comrade?>

<Shoot it down. We don't need that watching us.>

<Roger.>

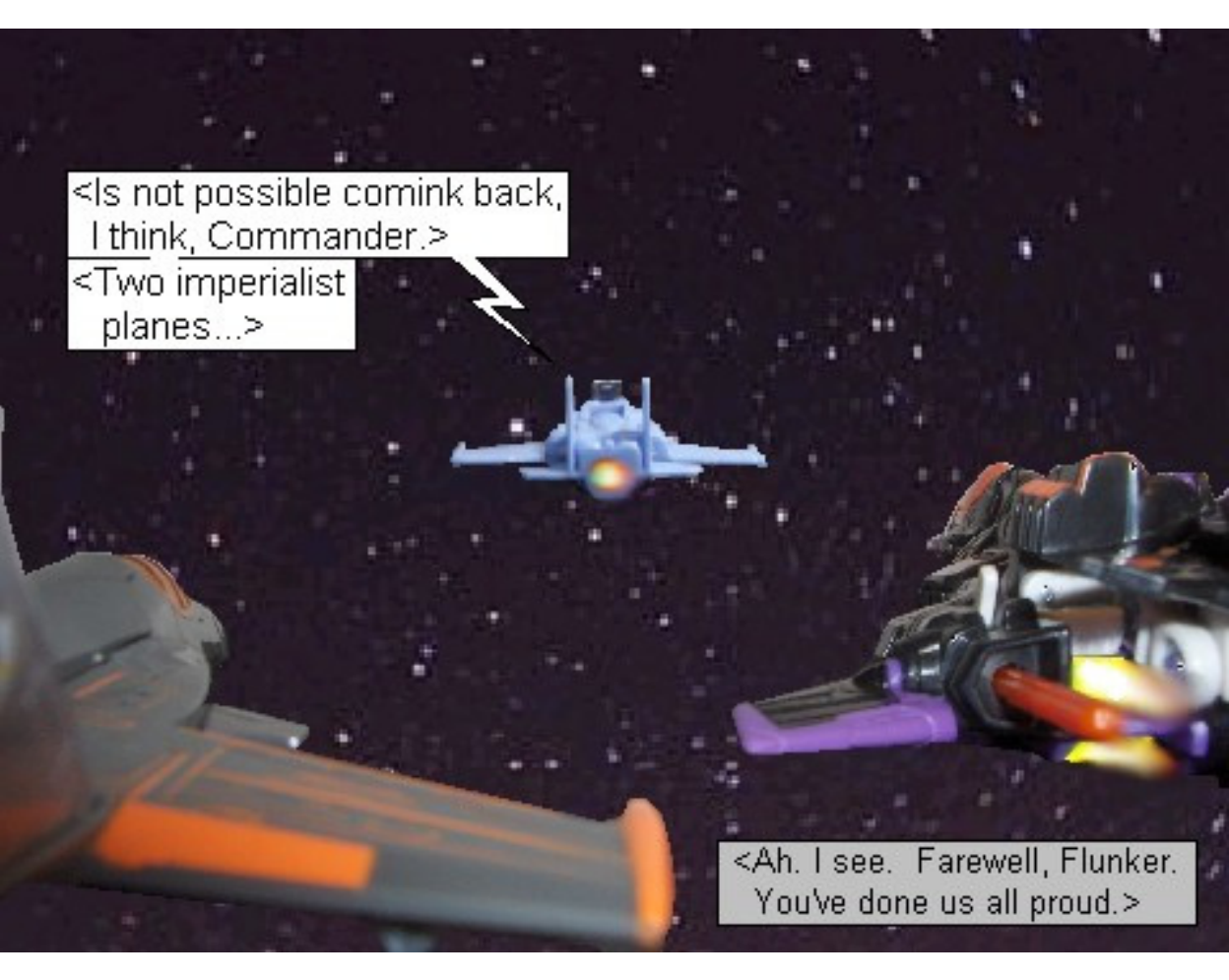
<Russian jet or not, I wish they'd stop dubbing him in the broken English.>

**KABLAAM!**

<Die, skatinal!>

<Is one drone vessel  
scratched, Commander.>

<It's the first kill anyone's made, Flunker. You'll  
be the envy of the squad when you return.>

A scene from a Star Wars toy set depicting a space battle. In the center, a small blue Rebel X-wing fighter is firing a red laser beam towards the viewer. In the lower-left foreground, the rear of a larger grey and orange ship is visible. In the lower-right foreground, the front of a black and purple Imperial Star Destroyer is visible, with yellow and orange lights. The background is a black field of white stars.

<Is not possible comink back,  
I think, Commander.>

<Two imperialist  
planes...>

<Ah. I see. Farewell, Flunker.  
You've done us all proud.>

Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz:

<...and because of your good work,  
the citizens of Micronia will all sleep  
a little more soundly tonight...>

<Commander?  
I've lost his signal...>

чёрт!!

<Naw, Lt. Astroscope. I shut  
it off. You don't want to hear  
Russian cusswords.>

000000000!  
Me mun-ky!

mumble... grumble...yawn  
Dino...thing...not munky...

\*YAAAWN\*. I smell...  
elephant...cooking?



>I am Cruellock. My vehickal has  
>broak down and am stranted in the  
>Asid Wastes. I am keepin this log  
>in kase I dont mak it back hoam.



>Day 1. Tryin to repara the vehickal. Not  
>bein too eazy with out skills or tools.



KSSSSHH

REPAIR!  
REPAIR!

>Day 2. Decided to let littel  
>dino-guy try to fix vehickal.


>Day 2, later: Desided idea not so good.

# WHUMP!



SHINY!





>Day 3. Stil stranted.  
>Vehickal stil broak.  
>Goin to try and drane its  
>fuel to keep us operatin.

FOOD?

>Day 4.

SLURRP!



>Early morning in the  
>Cybertronian wastelands...

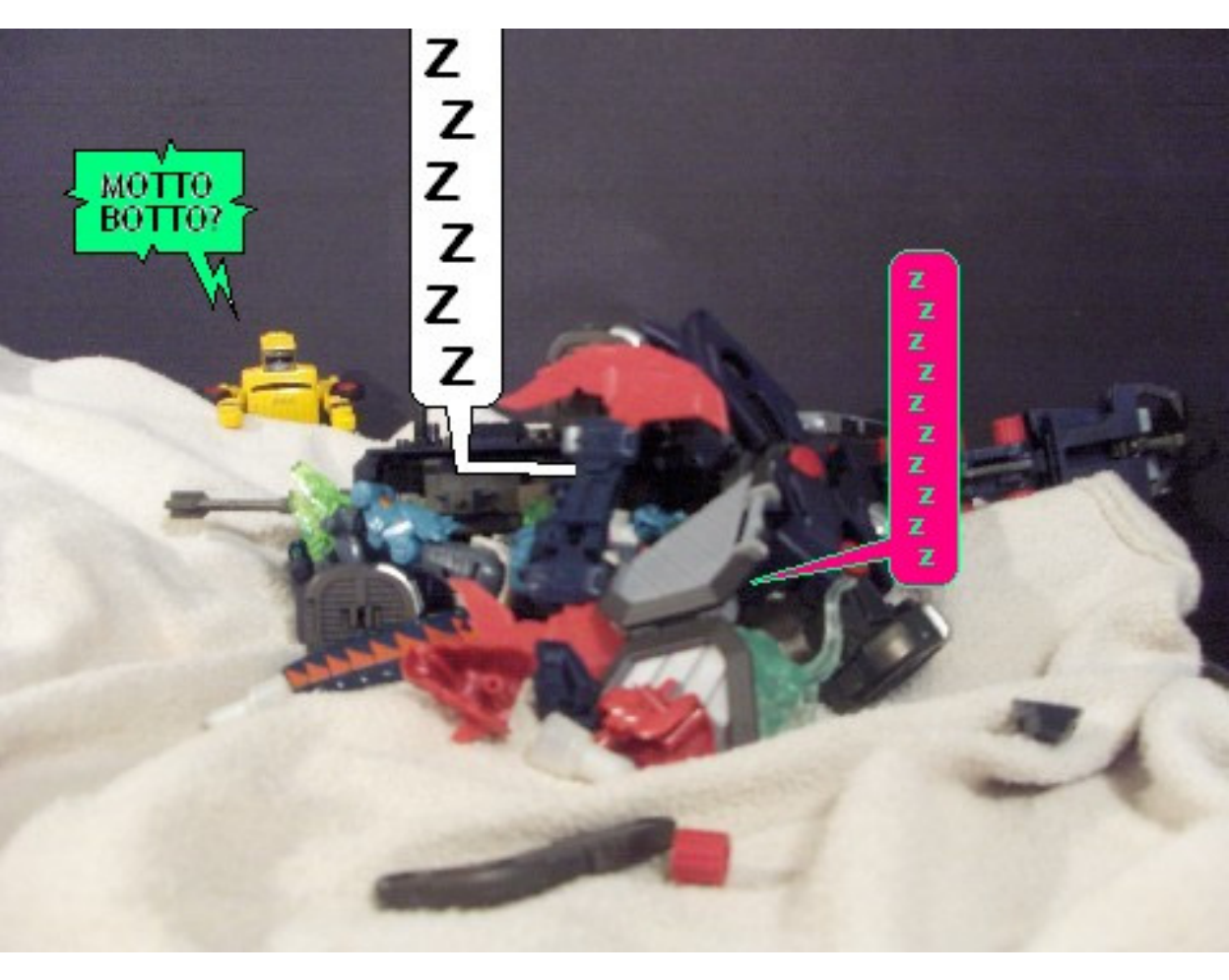
ZZ... mumble  
grumble...ZZZZZZZZ



MOTTO  
BOTTO?

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**MOTTO  
BOTTO!**

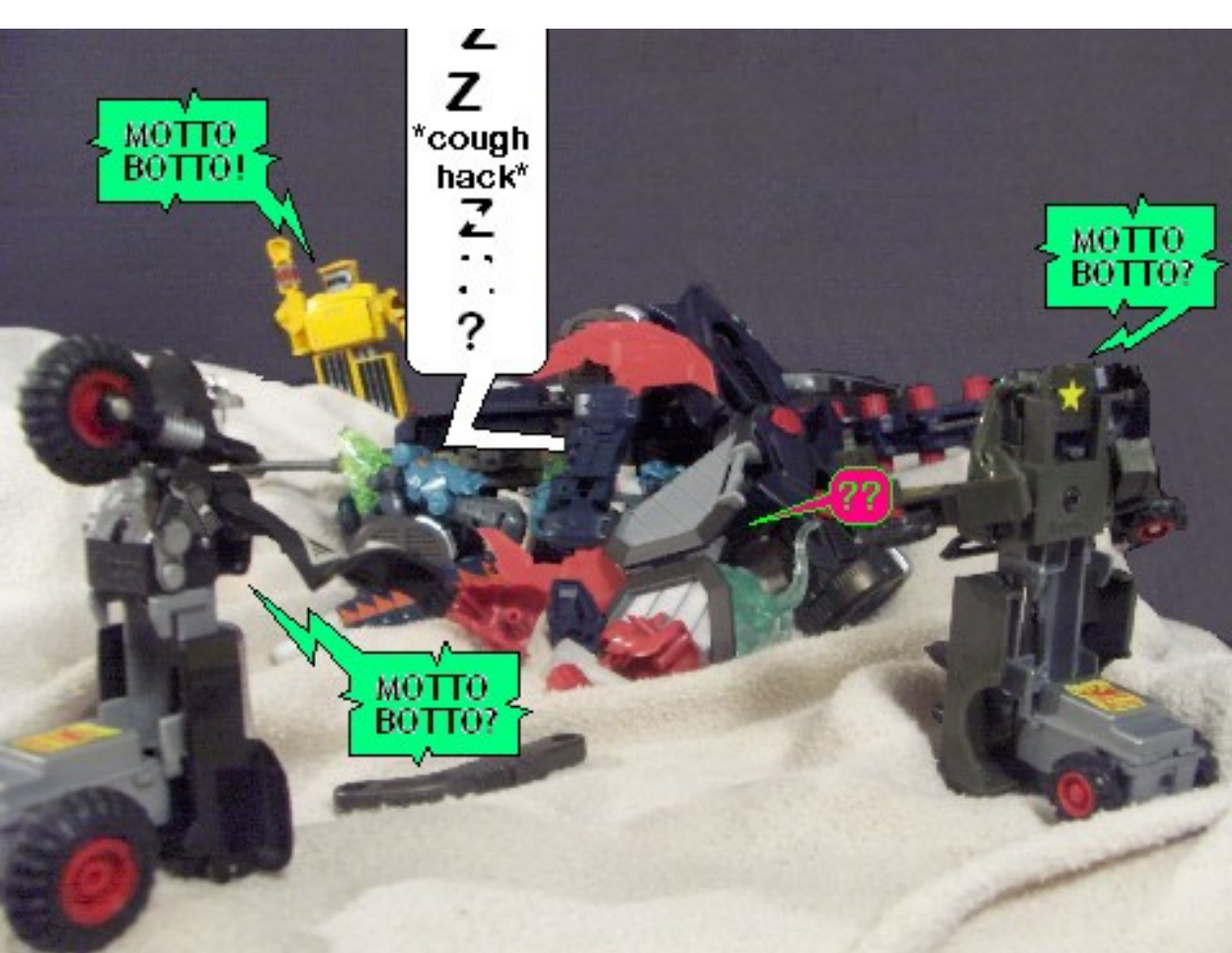
\*cough  
hack\*

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**MOTTO  
BOTTO?**



**MOTTO  
BOTTO?**



MOTTO  
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MOTTO  
BOTTO!

MOTTO  
BOTTO

MOTTO  
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MOTTO  
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MOTTO  
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MOTTO  
BOTTO

MOTTO  
BOTTO

Uh...good morning.  
You wouldn't be friendly...would you?

RAHR?

Didn't... think... so...

Scrap.



MOTTO  
BOTTO!

MOTTO  
BOTTO!

Oh dear. You guys wouldnt..  
not..be...cannibals...would you...?

MOTTO  
BOTTO!

MOTTO  
BOTTO!

ROTT0?

BOTTO MC BOTTO!

MOTTO  
BOTTO!

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BOTTO





MOTTO  
BOTTO!

MOTTO  
BOTTO!

MOTTO  
BOTTO!

Stay away from me,  
you **freaks!**

YAY!  
RUN!

MOTTO  
BOTTO!

MOTTO  
BOTTO!

MOTTO  
BOTTO!

MOTTO  
BOTTO!



> But,  
suddenly...

AH!  
KRONKA-  
DONKA!!



KRONKA  
DONKA

KRONKA  
DONKA!!

KRONKA  
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KRONKA  
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KRONKA  
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KRONKA  
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KRONKA  
DONKA!!

CHUKKA  
WHIRRR

CHUKKA  
WHIRRR

CHUKKA  
WHIRRR

CHUKKA  
WHIRRR

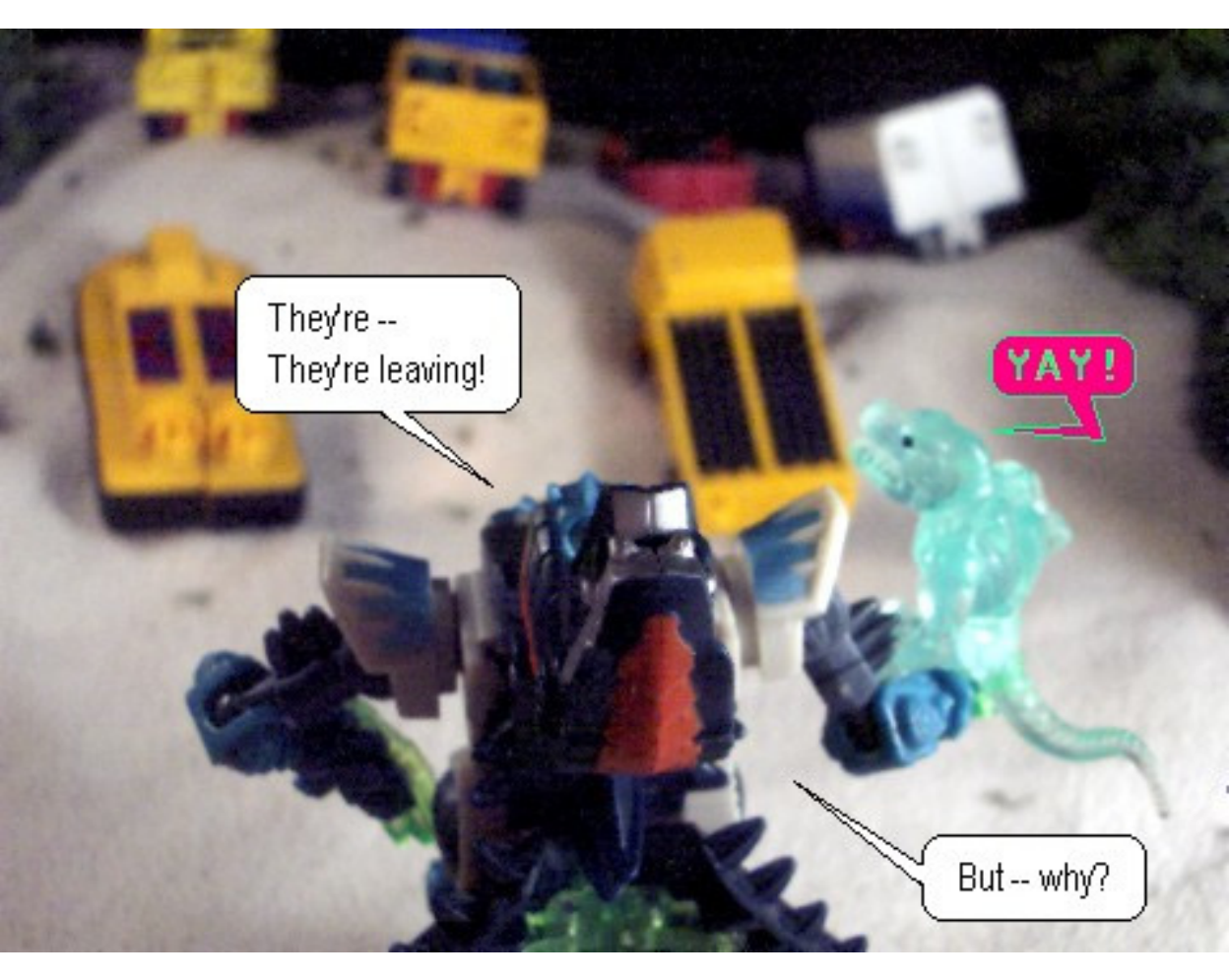
CHUKKA  
WHIRRR

CHUKKA  
WHIRRR

CHUKKA  
WHIRRR

CHUKKA  
WHIRRR




A stop-motion scene featuring a blue and black robot with a red chest piece in the foreground. To its right is a translucent green dinosaur. In the background, several yellow school buses are parked on a light-colored surface. A white speech bubble is positioned above the robot, and a pink one is above the dinosaur. A third white speech bubble is at the bottom right.

They're --  
They're leaving!

YAY!

But -- why?



A LEGO MOC (My Own Creation) scene featuring a large, tan-colored robot with a red chest and black eyes. In the foreground, a transparent, light blue figure stands on a blue and white base. A pink speech bubble points to the figure, and a white speech bubble points to the robot's arm.

UH-OH.

I really, really,  
**don't** want to  
turn around,  
do I...

Oh **PLEASE** don't eat me,  
Mr. Kronka Donka,  
**PLEASE** go away...I'm  
too lean...skin and bolts...

KRONKA

DONKA

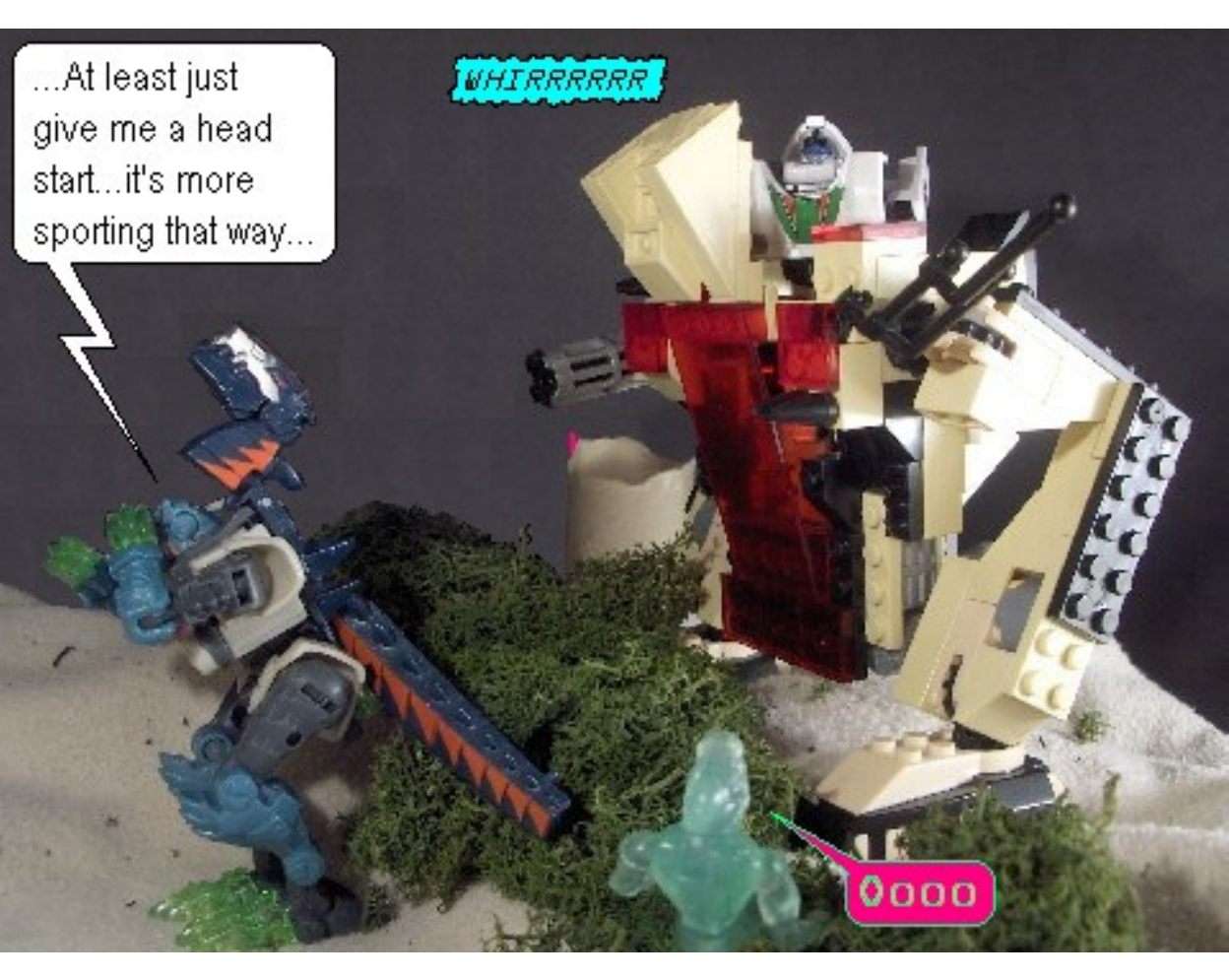
WHIRRRRRRRRR

WOW

...At least just  
give me a head  
start...it's more  
sporting that way...

WHIRRRRRR

0000





...and my cartoon  
just **ended**! I'm too  
recently **built** to be  
deactivaaaaaaated!



Calm down, kid!  
I'm **rescuing** you.



A LEGO Mixels scene featuring a large, multi-colored robot monster (a Mixel) in the background. In the foreground, a smaller, blue and green Mixel is being held by the larger robot. To the right, a white LEGO car with a black wheel and a blue figure inside is visible. The car has the number '539' on its side. A pink speech bubble with the word 'crunch' is in the top right corner. Two white speech bubbles with black text are positioned near the car, and a thin white line points from the car to the smaller Mixel.

crunch

R...rescue me?

But ... that robot monster...

Is quite harmless.  
I built it myself.



I ... knew that.  
Yes.

YIPE!

*craaackie*

Schmuck!





RIDE  
FUN!

Well, **you** can fit inside,  
little guy. I'm getting **sand**  
in my **turbochargers!**

SIDE?

Keep it down, guys.  
I'm calling the base.



Trailbreaker, you bucket of **bolts**! Haven't you got that door open **yet**?

Door will be open in three point five five, Wheeljack.

And Guardian-One?

«compu  
tury  
sounds»

Is **disarmed**, compadre.  
Quit worryin' and come  
on in!



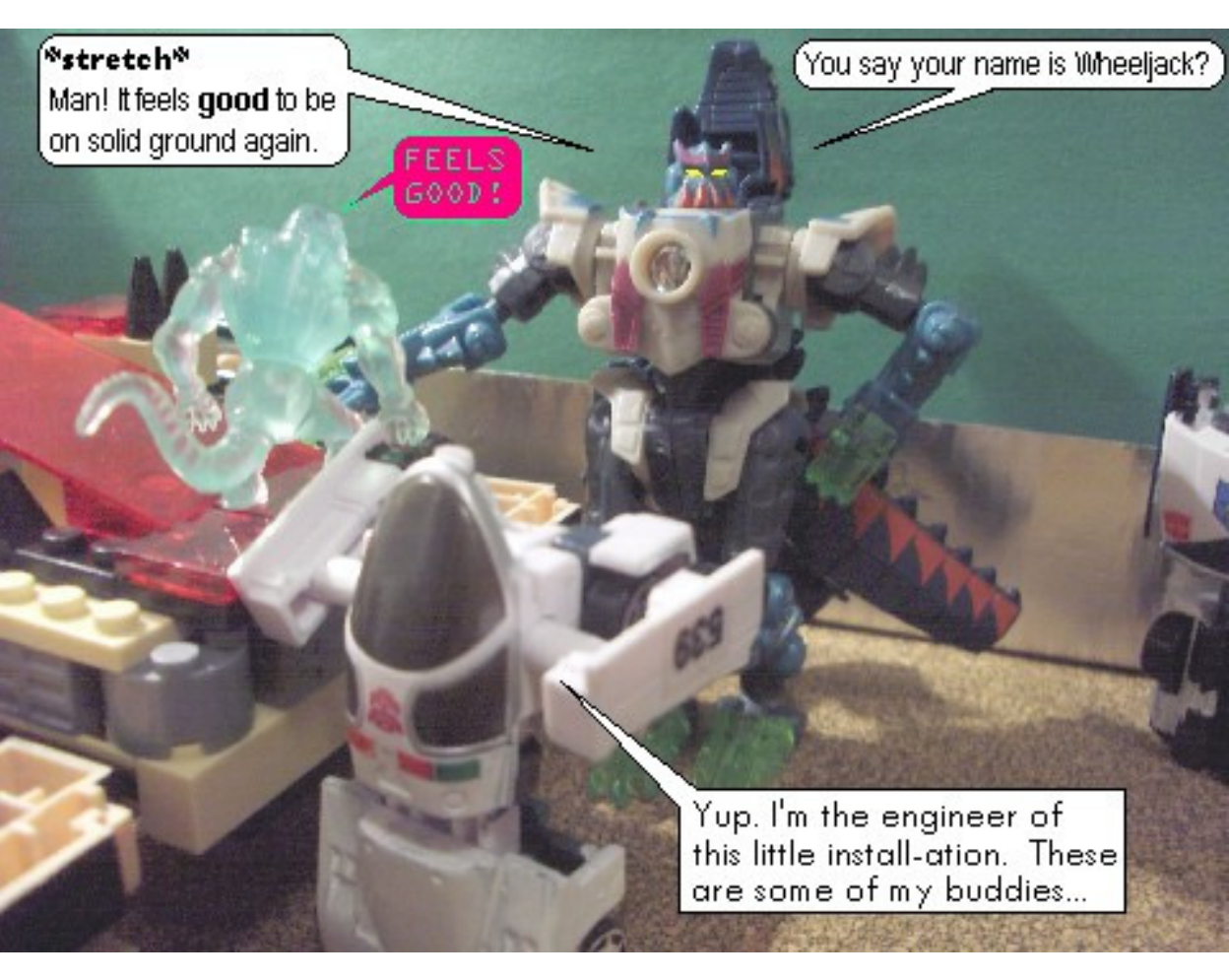
«stretch»

Man! It feels **good** to be on solid ground again.

FEELS  
GOOD!

You say your name is Wheeljack?

Yup. I'm the engineer of this little install-ation. These are some of my buddies...





...**Prowl**, strategist and  
logician extraordinaire...

...**Jazz**, special agent  
and all-round cool cat...

...and **Red Alert**, our --

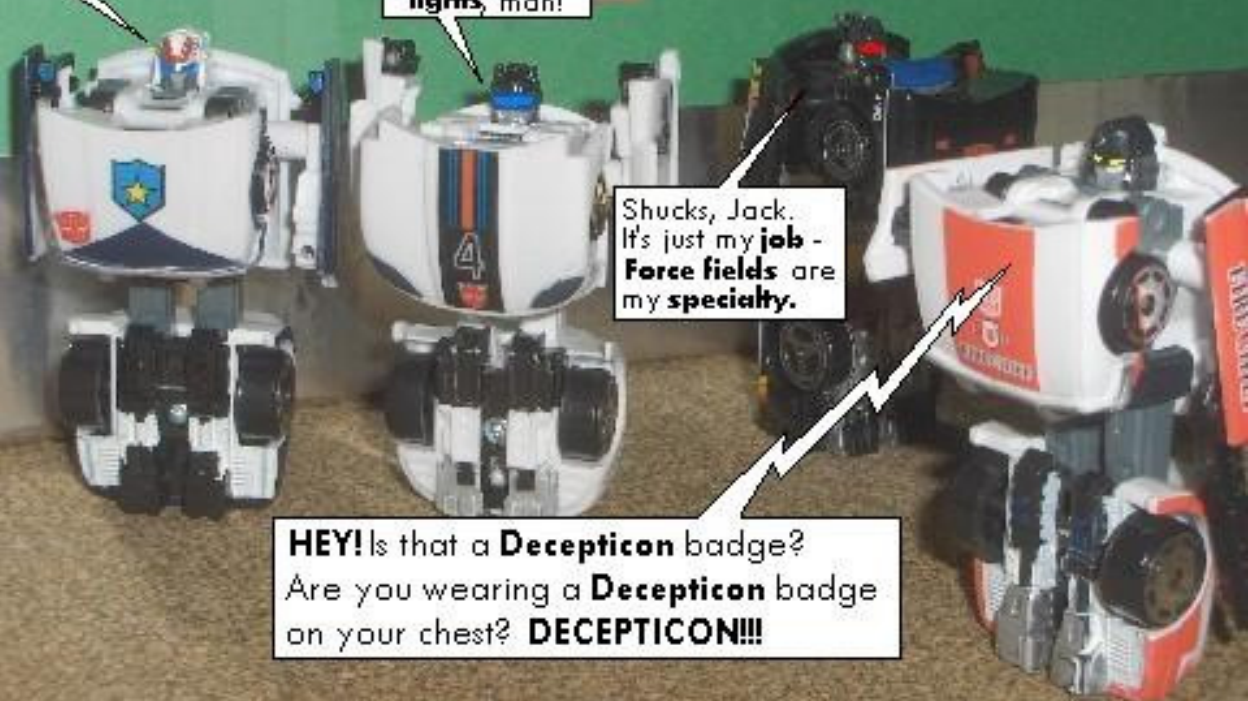
And with my  
**acid pellet gun**  
to back it up!

And th' master  
of **sound** an'  
**lights**, man!

...**Trailbreaker**, our  
defensive genius...

Shucks, Jack.  
It's just my **job** -  
**Force fields** are  
my **specialty**.

**HEY!** Is that a **Decepticon** badge?  
Are you wearing a **Decepticon** badge  
on your chest? **DECEPTICON!!!**



DIE, DECEPTICON! DIE!  
DIE! DIE! ARARRRR....

THEW!

THEW!

THEW!

THEW!

Jazz! Get  
his **gun!**

Someone  
find his  
**medication!**

...resident lunatic.  
Sigh.

Ya **wrecked**  
our comic-book  
style intro, Red!

??



# THE BLURRY ROBOT THEATER

IS EXPERIENCING  
TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES

THIS PLOT WILL RETURN  
IN CHAPTER 6

(SERIOUSLY, IT TOOK  
TWO YEARS...)