

Autobus Prime's

BLURRY ROBOT THEATER

3

HACKER X3
AND THE OFFICE
OF DOOM

Interviews, ugh.

I just know I've
forgotten
something...

Hm...

Resume of achievements,
prodigiously padded...



Roster of references,
slyly selected...



-My interview clothes!


OH NO!



This will never do!
I don't have time to go home and change!


Well, there's more than one way
to skin a turborat...



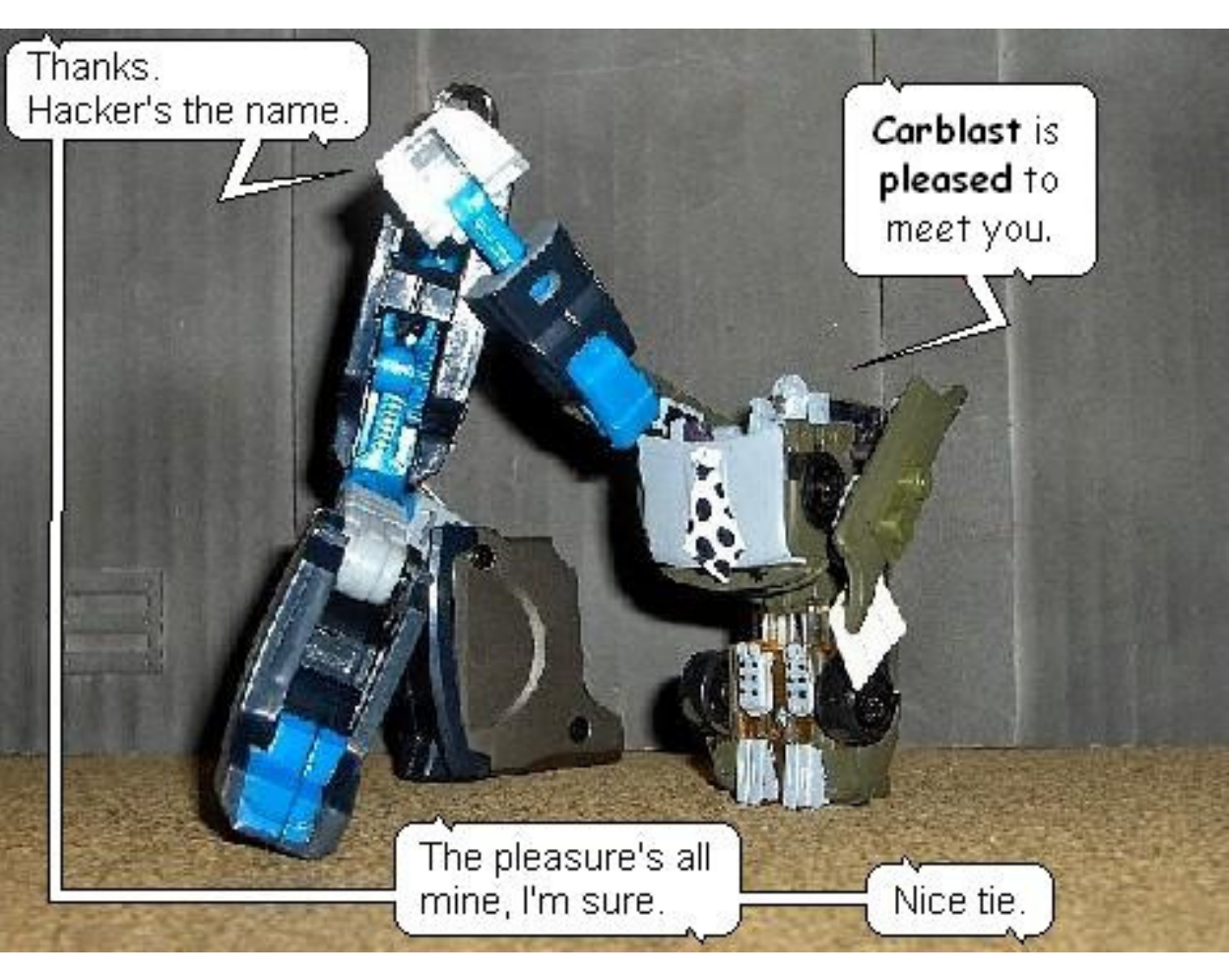


Costume of code-grinder,
skillfully simulated!

Stand aside, mortals!



Hey, nifty threads!



Thanks.
Hacker's the name.

Carblast is
pleased to
meet you.

The pleasure's all
mine, I'm sure.

Nice tie.

Yes, my **power** tie!

So I see.

You used the really **sharp** crayons, too.

Nicely done.

And that's not **all** I've got. I've got a **resume** that will **knock** them **deader** than **Brawn**!



So...

You're going for the sysadmin job,
too, I presume?

Nope!
Security guard!



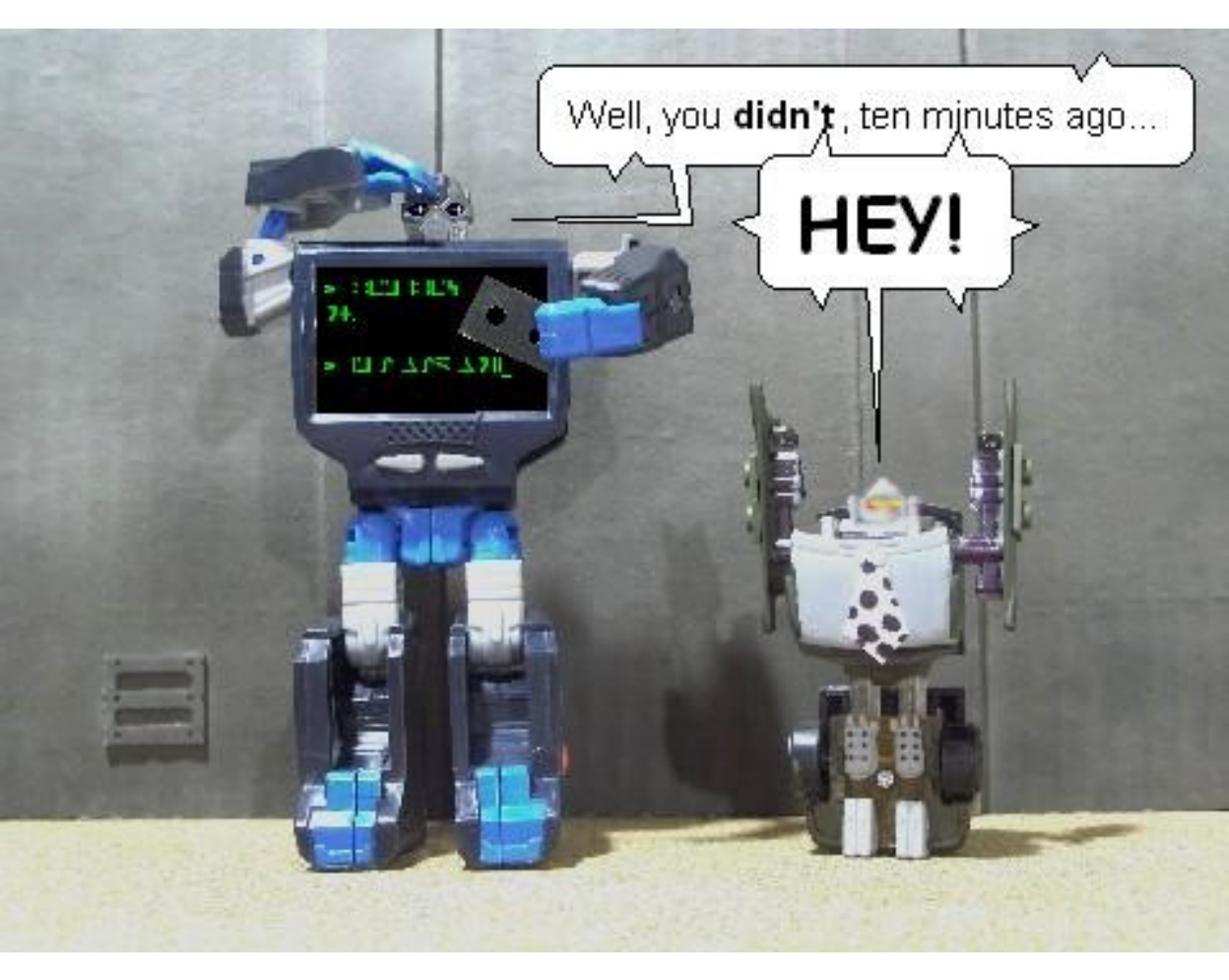


Good to hear that.

They'll hire you for sure.

...at least, they will after I clear all that embezzlement, fraud, and industrial espionage out of your permanent criminal record.

Um.....**thanks**...
but actually,
I don't have
a record at all.



Well, you **didn't**, ten minutes ago...

HEY!

...LOOK, I WAS...I MEAN...THERE'S REALLY NO NEED TO...

CYBER TIE POWER!

YOUR TIE!

MY GOD! IT'S
FULL OF STARS!

PREPARE FOR EXTERMINATION!

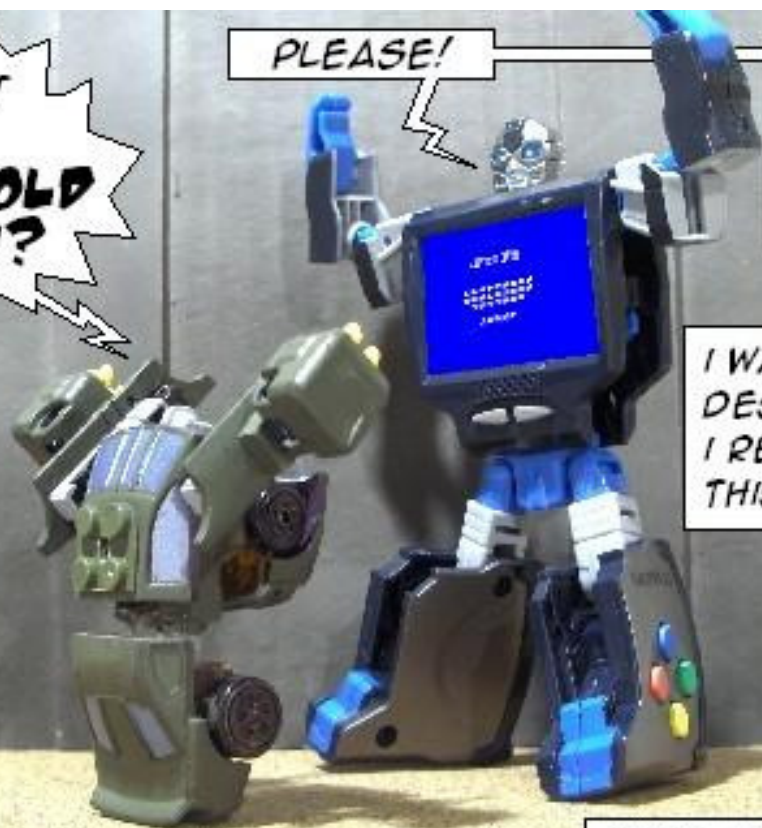
ANY LAST
WORDS,
**MANIFOLD
MOUTH?**

PLEASE!

DON'T
SHOOT!
I...I'M
SORRY!

I WAS JUST..
DESPERATE!
I REALLY NEED
THIS JOB!

I WAS FIRED FROM
MY LAST ONE...



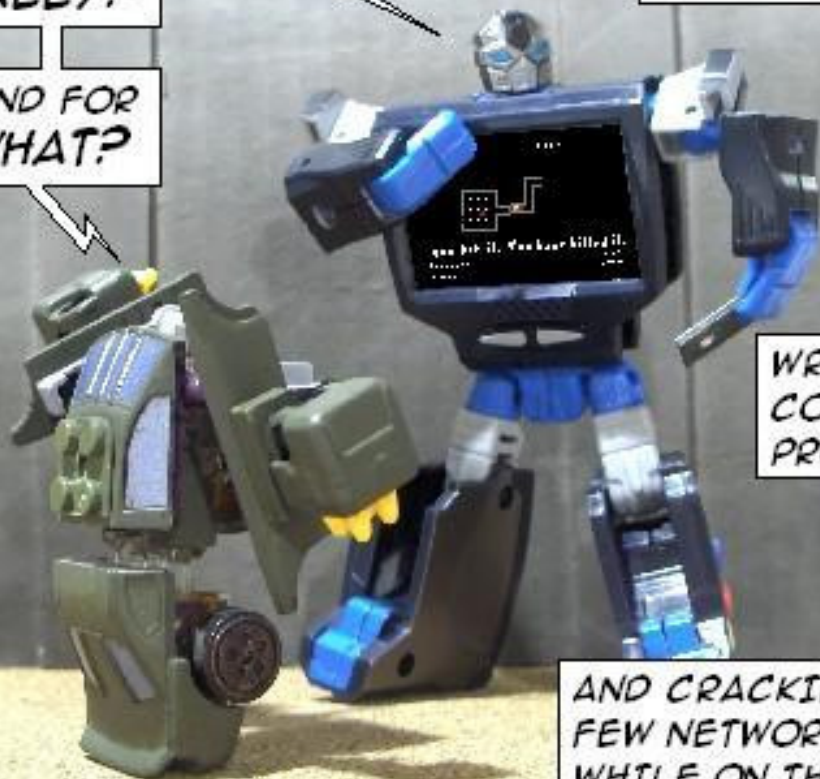
OH, REALLY?

AND FOR
WHAT?

WELL... TOO MUCH TIME
PLAYING GAMES,

WRITING
COOL
PROGRAMS,

AND CRACKING... A
FEW NETWORKS
WHILE ON THE CLOCK



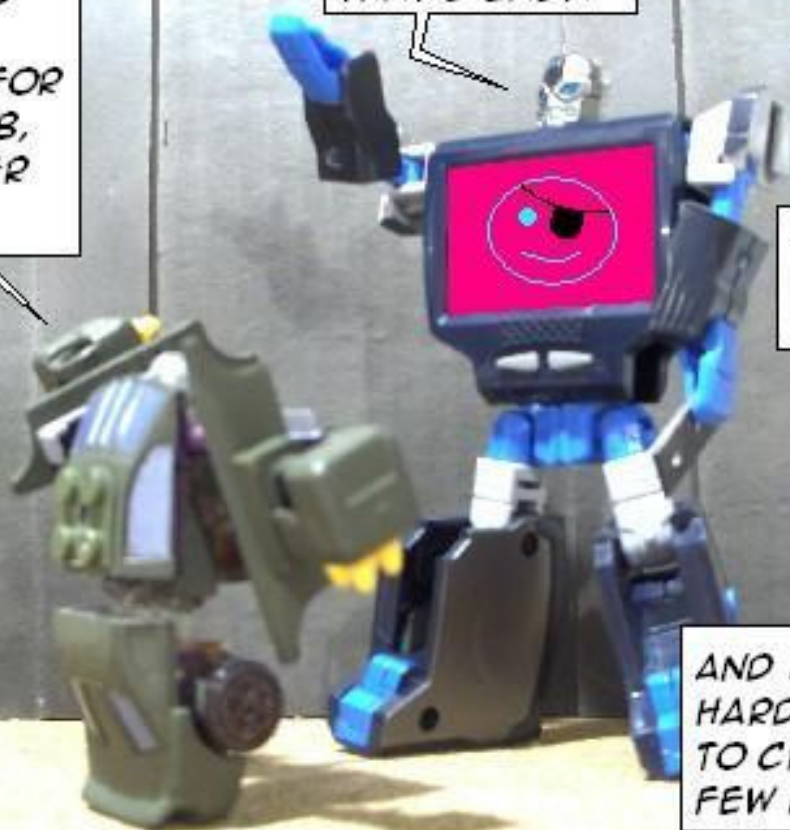
MM. AND
YOU'RE
GOING FOR
THIS JOB,
IN ORDER
TO --?

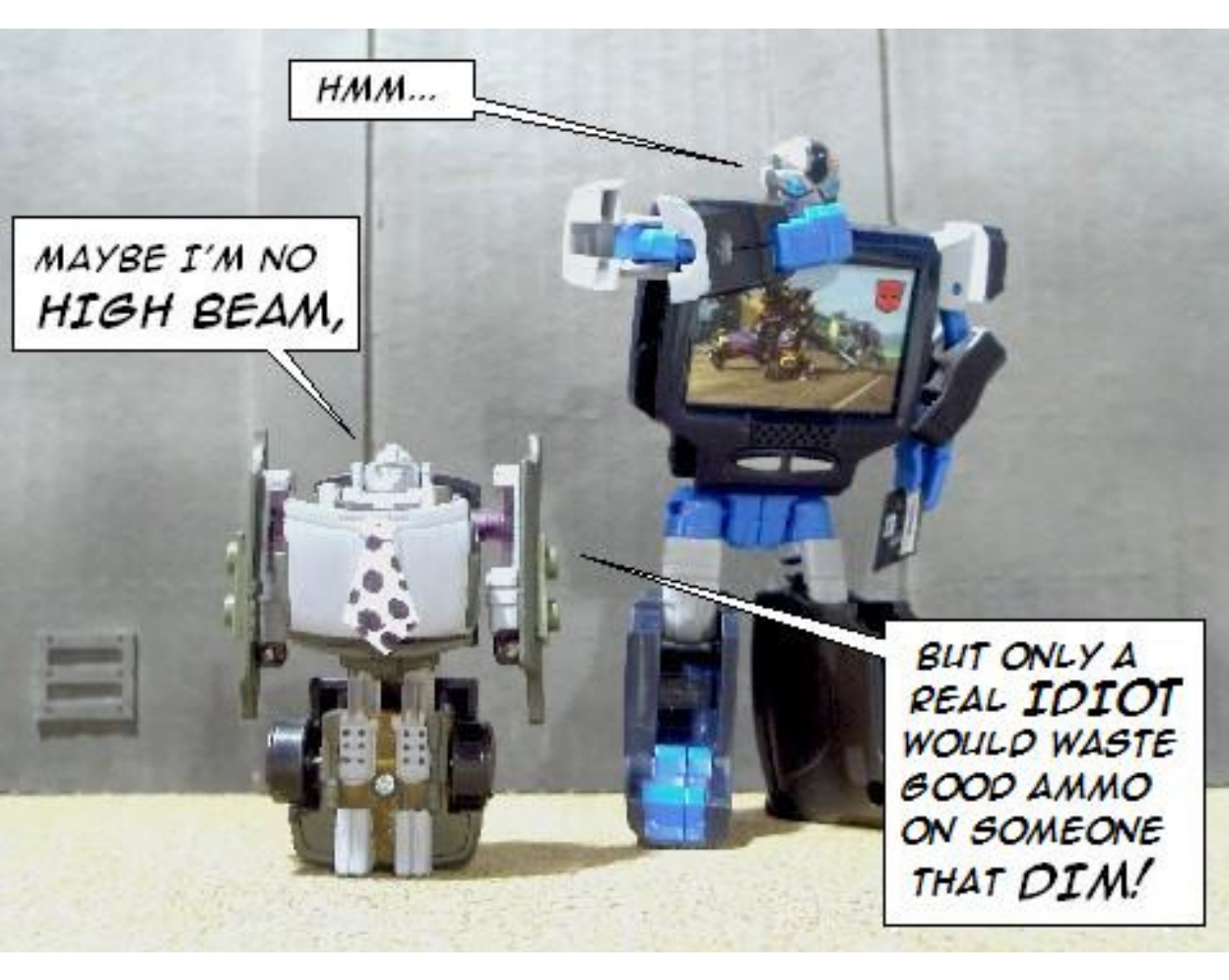
THAT'S EASY!

TO PLAY
GAMES,

WRITE
COOL
PROGRAMS,

AND USE THEIR
HARDWARE
TO CRACK...A
FEW NETWORKS!





HMM...

MAYBE I'M NO
HIGH BEAM,

BUT ONLY A
REAL **IDIOT**
WOULD WASTE
GOOD AMMO
ON SOMEONE
THAT **DIM!**

PACE

PACE

PACE

PACE

PACE

AND SEVERAL LONG
DEKABREEMS* LATER...

PACE

PACE

PACE

PACE

PACE

* 1 BREEM - CYBERTRONIC TIME
UNIT. APPROXIMATELY EQUAL TO 8.3
EARTH MINUTES. - ED.

PACE

PACE

PACE

PACE

PACE

PACE

PACE

PACE

THINK!

ENOUGH
OF THAT.

I'M NOT GONNA WAIT
ON THESE SUITS
AND PAPER-PUSHERS
ANY MORE

-OR SIT AND
WATCH YOUR
ONE-GOON
FLOOR SHOW,
EITHER!

WHAT? I
OUGHTA --

OKAY, LET'S GO.





-LEAVE? FATCHANCE! I'M NOT
GONNA LOSE MY PLACE IN LINE.

...

I DID NOT SAY "LEAVE". I
SAID "GO".

GO IN.

THROUGH
THAT DOOR.

BUT THE AD SAID
TO WAIT
HERE --

NONSENSE.
THINK OUTSIDE
THE BOX, RIGHT?

ONLY WE'RE
OUTSIDE,
SO WE GO IN!

SUITS DIG THAT STUFF.
YOU'LL SEE.

WELL...MAYBE...ARE YOU SURE TRESPASSING WILL
MAKE US MORE EMPLOYABLE? I DON'T KNOW --

--AND WHAT
HAVE WE HERE?
A KEYPAD LOCK?
IMPASSABLE?
HARDLY!

A MERE TOY, A
PROTOFORM'S
PLAYTHING!

--BREAKING AND
ENTERING, TOO?

YES, A TOY, FOR ONE OF MY
SKILLS IN INFILTRATION! YOU
ARE INDEED FORTUNATE TO
HAVE SUCH AN ALLY!

CAN YOU EVEN HEAR ME? HACKER?

GROUND CONTROL TO HACKER X3!

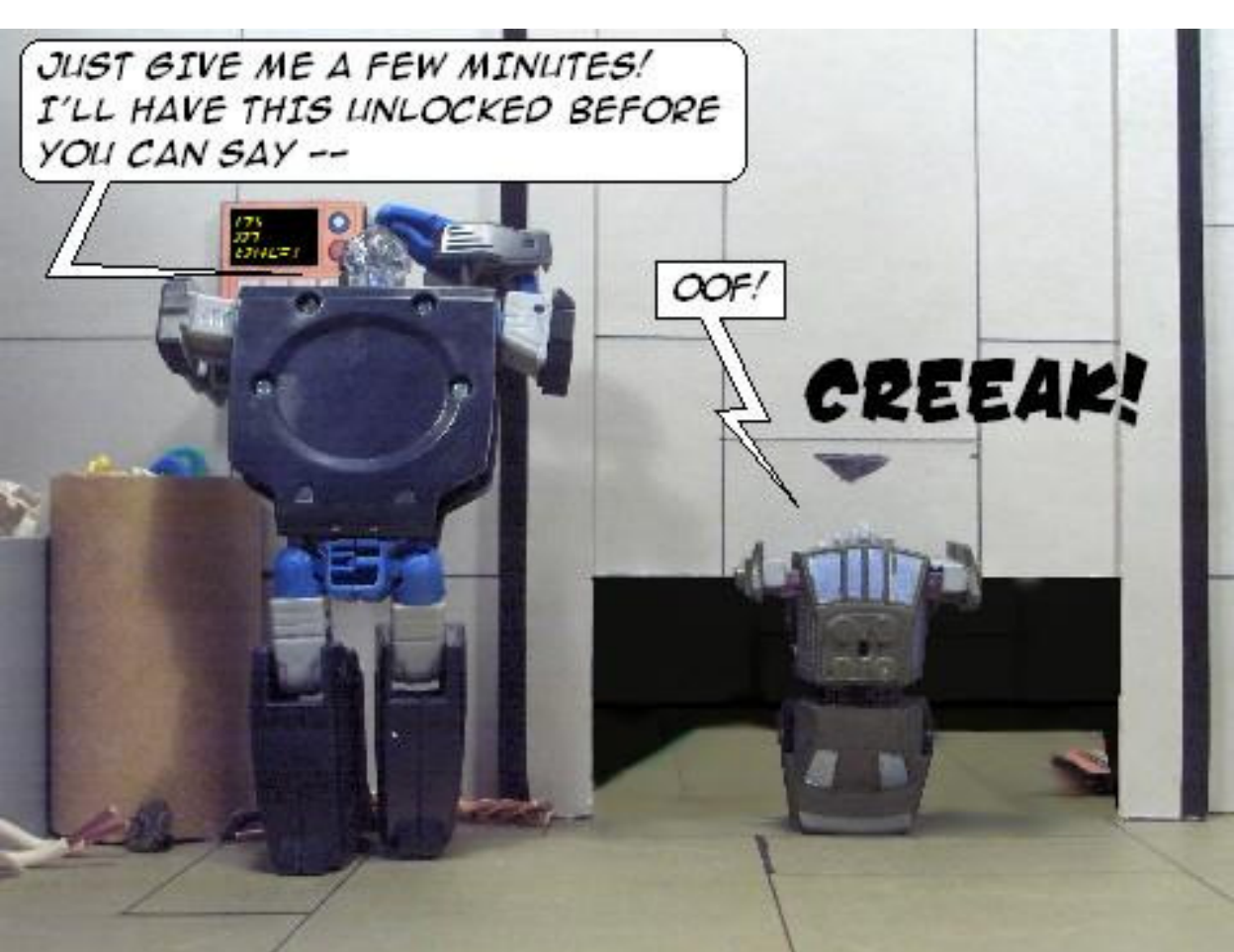



JUST GIVE ME A FEW MINUTES!
I'LL HAVE THIS UNLOCKED BEFORE
YOU CAN SAY --

17%
307
0.214L=1

OOF!

CREEAK!





THIS IS A
FILM STUDIO?
MORE LIKE A
MAUSOLEUM!

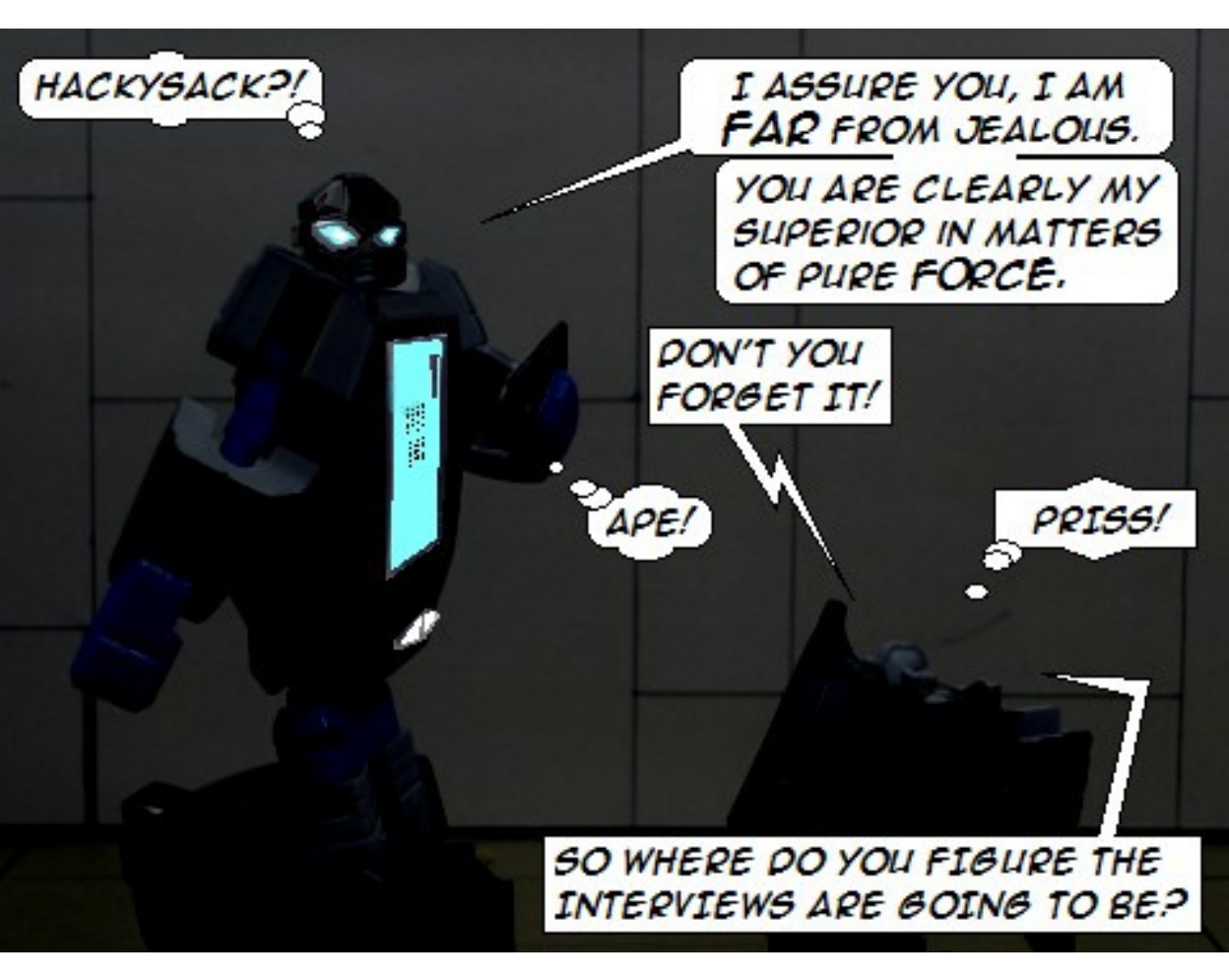
MAYBE IT'S A
DARKROOM.

SURE, A
DARKROOM
IN THE MAIN
LOBBY.

MAYBE EVERYONE
IS ON VACATION.
OR MAYBE...

CEASE! YOUR
RANDOM GUESSES
SICKEN ME.

I THINK YOU'RE
JUST MAD 'CUZ
I GOT THE DOOR
OPEN. BIT OF
A SORE LOSER,
HACKYSACK?



HACKYSACK?!

I ASSURE YOU, I AM
FAR FROM JEALOUS.

YOU ARE CLEARLY MY
SUPERIOR IN MATTERS
OF PURE FORCE.

DON'T YOU
FORGET IT!

APE!

PRISS!

SO WHERE DO YOU FIGURE THE
INTERVIEWS ARE GOING TO BE?

I DON'T THINK -- STOP! D...DID YOU HEAR THAT?

HEAR WHAT, A PRETER-
NATURAL MOAN OF
UNDYING DESPAIR?

WELL...NO. NOT THAT.
MAYBE?


PROBABLY
JUST WIND.






WHAT'S WITH THE SUDDEN
CASE OF NERVES, ANYWAY?

ARE YOU AFRAID OF THE
DARK OR SOMETHING?



NO! I...

...HE'S GOT A POINT.
WHAT IS THE MATTER?



IT'S JUST AN OFFICE BUILDING WITH
THE LIGHTS OFF -- CLOSED...
AND FOR A LONG TIME...DUST ALL
OVER, AND THOSE NEWSPAPERS
OUT FRONT WERE TWO YEARS OLD.

BUT IF THAT'S ALL IT
IS...THEN WHO
PLACED THAT AD?

JUST WHAT
COULD WE BE
WALKING INTO?



EH, IT'S PROBABLY NOTHING.



CAFETERIA. THE DINERS LEFT IN A HURRY...
A LONG WHILE BACK. LOOK AT THE DUST.

BUT THEY LEFT
FUEL! IF WE WERE
NOT LOCKED OUT,
WHY HAVEN'T
EMPTIES TAKEN IT?

WHAT ARE YOU
MUNCHING ON,
CARBLAST?

NOM
NOM
NOM

CRUNCH

CHEW

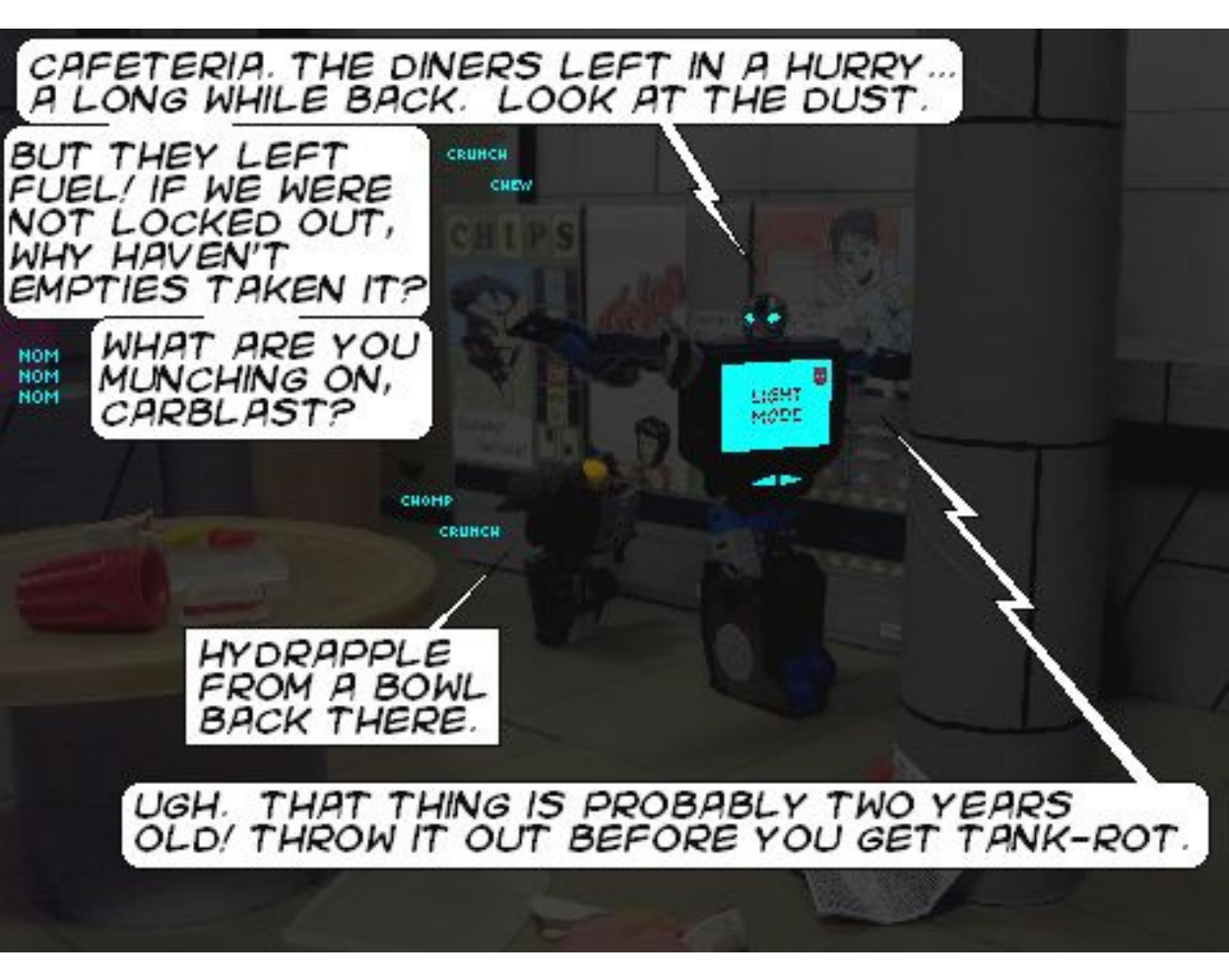
CHIPS

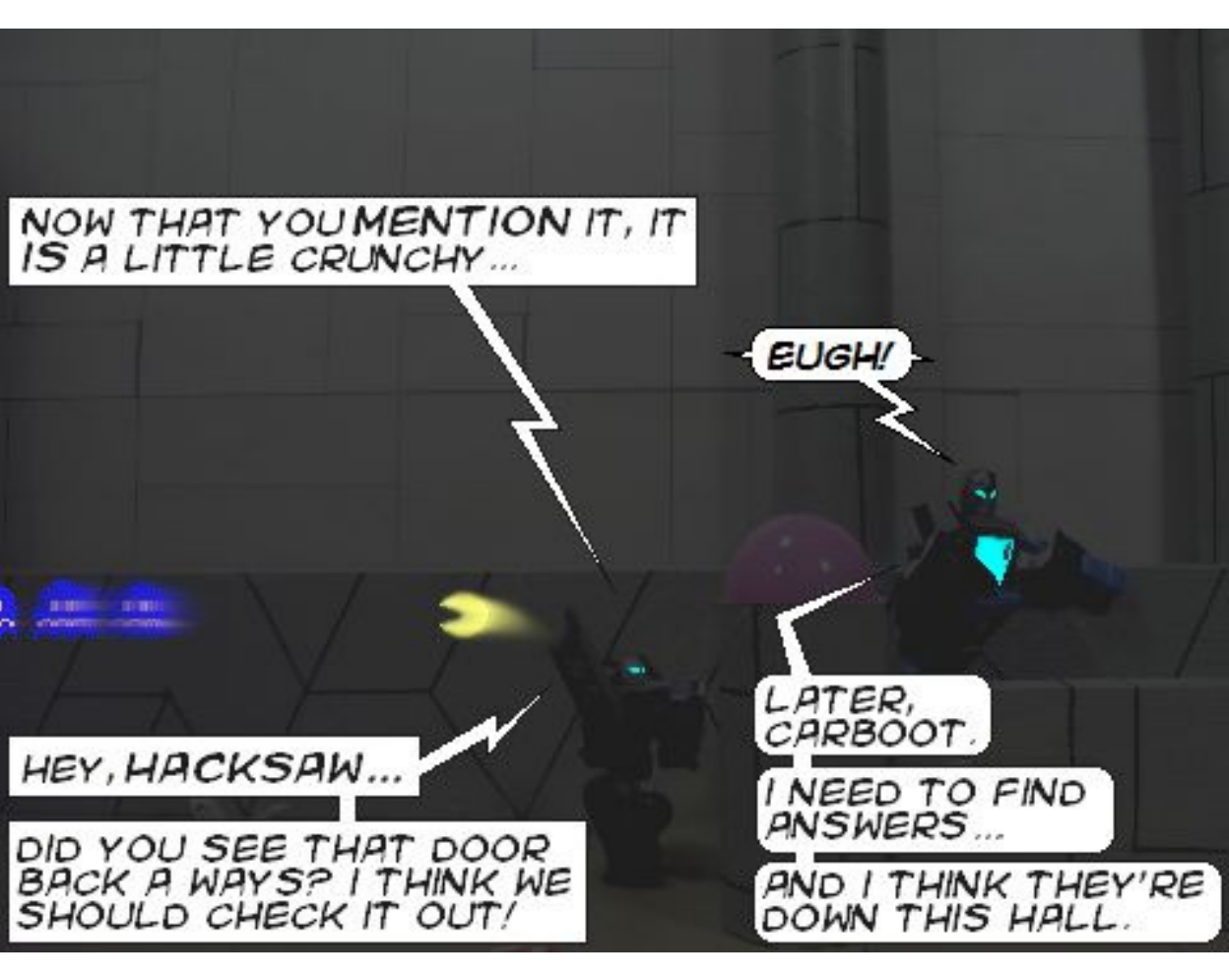
CHOMP

CRUNCH

HYDRAPPLE
FROM A BOWL
BACK THERE.

UGH. THAT THING IS PROBABLY TWO YEARS
OLD! THROW IT OUT BEFORE YOU GET TANK-ROT.





NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, IT
IS A LITTLE CRUNCHY...

EUGH!

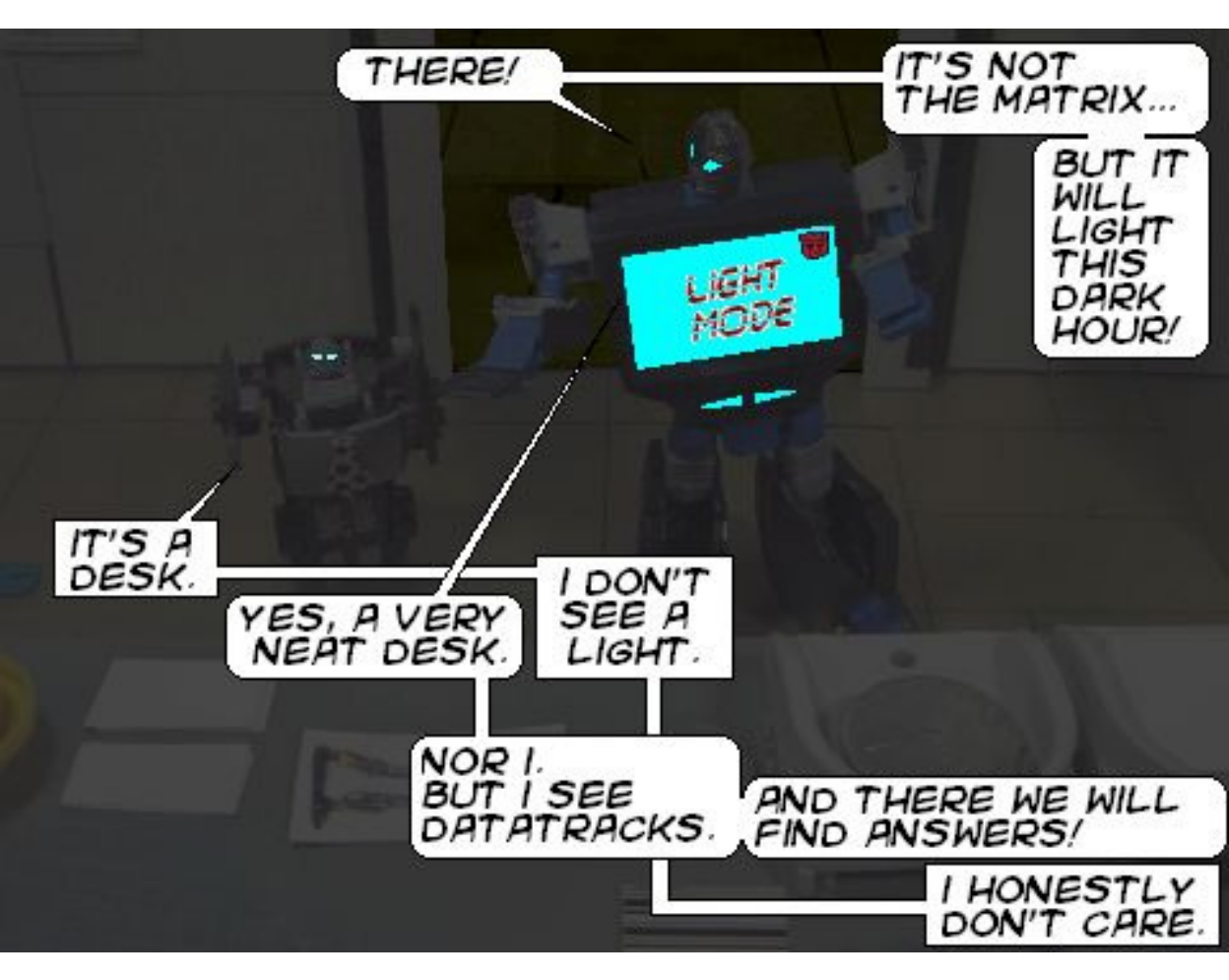
HEY, HACKSAW...

DID YOU SEE THAT DOOR
BACK A WAYS? I THINK WE
SHOULD CHECK IT OUT!

LATER,
CARBOOT.

I NEED TO FIND
ANSWERS...

AND I THINK THEY'RE
DOWN THIS HALL.



THERE!

IT'S NOT
THE MATRIX...

BUT IT
WILL
LIGHT
THIS
DARK
HOUR!

IT'S A
DESK.

YES, A VERY
NEAT DESK.

I DON'T
SEE A
LIGHT.

NOR I.
BUT I SEE
DATATRACKS.

AND THERE WE WILL
FIND ANSWERS!

I HONESTLY
DON'T CARE.



OLD...BUT USABLE...I
CAN POWER IT VIA
THE UNIMUX PORT...

SO! AHA!
READING...

TRASH,
TRASH,
SCORE!
NOPE,
TRASH.
HMM...

YES! SYSTEM
BACKUPS...
2 YEARS OLD...

MESSAGES...
BILLS...LOTS
OF BILLS...

OOH! CARELESS USERS!
JUST A BIT MORE POWER...

YEAH, FINE. HEY, I HEAR A
CHIP MACHINE CALLING ME...

I'LL BUY YOU AN
OILCOLA, OKAY?

HACKER?

OK.

RIGHT.

YOU'RE IN
THAT NERD
ZONE AGAIN...

I'LL BE GOING.

DON'T WAIT UP.

BYE NOW.

...WAIT
A KLIK!

THE FRONT DOOR WAS
UNLOCKED EARLY THIS
MORNING! MUST BE SOME
RESIDUAL BATTERY
POWER... BUT BY WHO?!

CARBLAST?
YOU HEAR?
SOMEONE --



--CARBLAST?

BOOM!

POW!

POW!

POW!

BLAM!

BLAM!

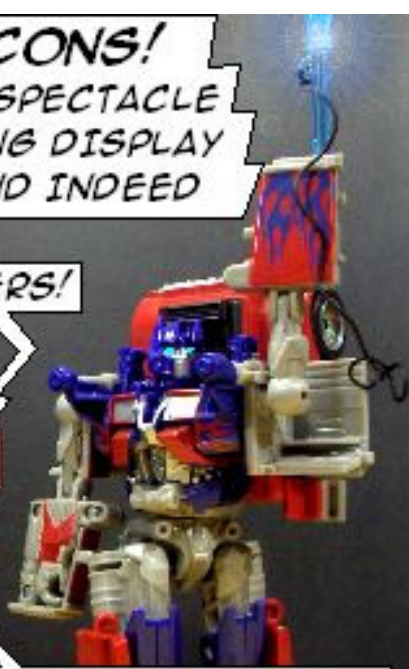
ZING!

RRRRRUMMBLE

CRASH!

FEMMEBOTS AND GENTLECONS!
PREPARE TO WITNESS AN AWESOME SPECTACLE
OF STRENGTH AND SKILL, A DAZZLING DISPLAY
OF DARING SUCH AS CYBERTRON, AND INDEED
THE GALAXY, HAS SELDOM SEEN!

OUR CONTENDERS!



VELOCITRON'S OWN
TOP FENDER-BENDER,
THE DOWN-AND-DIRTY
DIRT BOSS!

AND THE CHALLENGER,
THE 18-WHEEL INFERNO,
POWER HOOK

PRIME!!

BOOOOOOO!

HOORAY!!



I DON'T GET IT...I MEAN, SURE, I LIKE A
GOOD FIGHT, BUT HOW ARE WE EVEN HERE?

WEREN'T
WE JUST...

YES...

Prime
19:84

...AND NO. WE'RE
MOMENTARILY OUT
OF CONTINUITY.

AND DO YOU KNOW
WHAT THAT MEANS?

I BET
YOU'RE
GONNA
TELL ME.

ANYTHING
GOES!

OBSERVE.



YESSIR! ONE STYLISH,
STEEL-HEELED
CONSEQUENCE TO GO...

...AND RIGHT IN THE
PEDANTRIES, TOO!

WHAT A
SCHMUCK!



PROBABLY NOT TO BE CONTINUED!

hic!

IN RETROSPECT,
SOME UPGRADES TO
SELF-PRESERVATION
CIRCUITRY WOULD
SEEM IN ORDER.

APOLOGIES TO SHADOWDRAGON OF
"TRANS-SHINKI WORLD (AND FRIENDS)"
FOR NABBING HIS WAGE OF ARNAL.
BUT I SWEAR THE WHISKEY WAS HER IDEA.



CARBLAST?!
BY THE SEVEN
MOONS OF VEGA,
WHAT WAS--

--HACKER!
HACKER! I WAS
JUST GETTING
SOME CHIPS
AND I HEARD A
NOISE AND I
FIRED BUT I
MISSED AND IT
BROUGHT DOWN
SOME OF THE
CEILING AND
KNOCKED DOWN
A PIPE WHICH
PUNCHED A
HOLE IN THE
FLOOR AND--

SCREEEEEEEECH!

YOU
GOTTA
SEE
THIS!



GREAT NOVA!
WHAT ARE YOU, A ONE-
BOT WRECKING CREW?

WHY, THANKS! THAT'S
THE NICEST --
--NEVER MIND THAT.

THE BASEMENT! LOOK
IN THE BASEMENT,
HACKER!

RIGHT...BIG HOLE IN THE
FLOOR. I SEE IT...TAKING A
LOOK...

IT'S DARK. JUST A LITTLE
MORE LIGHT, AND...

BY THE ALLSPARK!



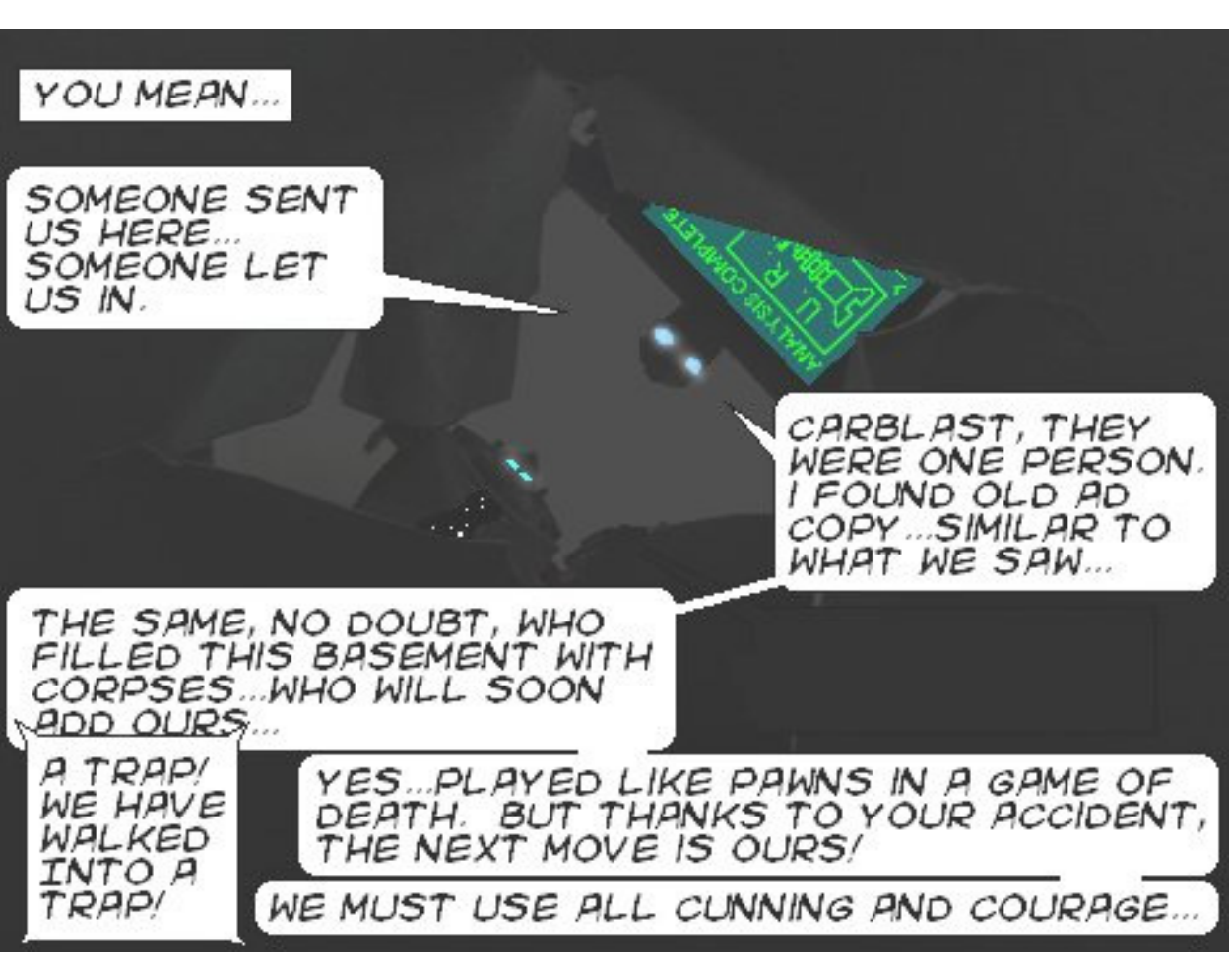
"H...HORRIBLE!"

"OH PRIMUS..."

"CARBLAST...
THIS IS A
VERY BAD
THING..."

"YES.
THEY'RE
ALL
DEAD..."

"WORSE.
SOMEONE
IS ALIVE."



YOU MEAN...

SOMEONE SENT
US HERE...
SOMEONE LET
US IN.

CARBLAST, THEY
WERE ONE PERSON.
I FOUND OLD AD
COPY...SIMILAR TO
WHAT WE SAW...

THE SAME, NO DOUBT, WHO
FILLED THIS BASEMENT WITH
CORPSES...WHO WILL SOON
ADD OURS...

A TRAP!
WE HAVE
WALKED
INTO A
TRAP!

YES...PLAYED LIKE PAWNS IN A GAME OF
DEATH. BUT THANKS TO YOUR ACCIDENT,
THE NEXT MOVE IS OURS!

WE MUST USE ALL CUNNING AND COURAGE...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUGH!



RUN AWAY!!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUGH!



WAVE

A dark, stylized illustration of a room. In the center is a closed door with a red light above it and another red light on the wall to the right. To the left of the door is a large, dark, egg-shaped object. In the foreground, a robot is lying on the floor, partially disassembled. A speech bubble with the text "OOF." is next to the robot. Another speech bubble with the text "TWEET TWEET" is near the robot's head.

OOF.

TWEET
TWEET



CARBLAST! CARBLAST!
WAKE UP! YOU GOTTA WAKE UP!

STRANGER? YOU CAME FOR A
JOB -- ANSWERED THAT AD IN
THE PAPER? JUST LIKE US?

YOU HAD BETTER RUN!
THERE IS SOMETHING HORRIBLE --



HORRIBLE, MY FRIENDS? WHAT A PITY!
YOU SEE, I HAVE BEEN...EXPECTING YOU!

YOU WILL
PERHAPS STAY...
FOR DINNER?

≡KLUNK!≡

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

B...BACK!

BACK!

PLEASE?

RRRRUMBLE!

BONK!

BONK!

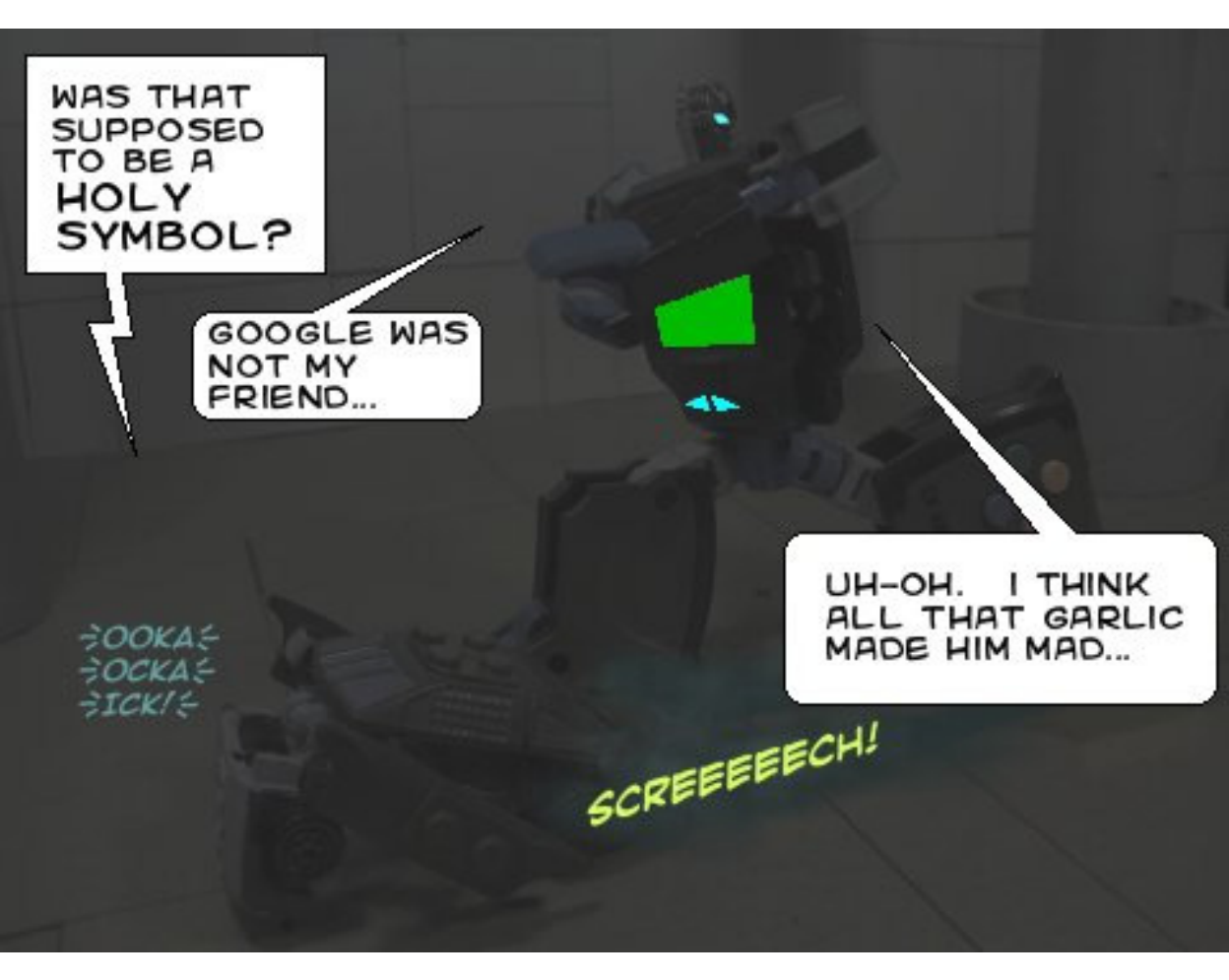
BONK!

BONK!

BONK!

BONK!

**CYBER TIE POWER!
TRIPLE OVERLOAD!**



WAS THAT
SUPPOSED
TO BE A
HOLY
SYMBOL?

GOOGLE WAS
NOT MY
FRIEND...

UH-OH. I THINK
ALL THAT GARLIC
MADE HIM MAD...

⇒OOKA⇐
⇒OCKA⇐
⇒ICK!⇐

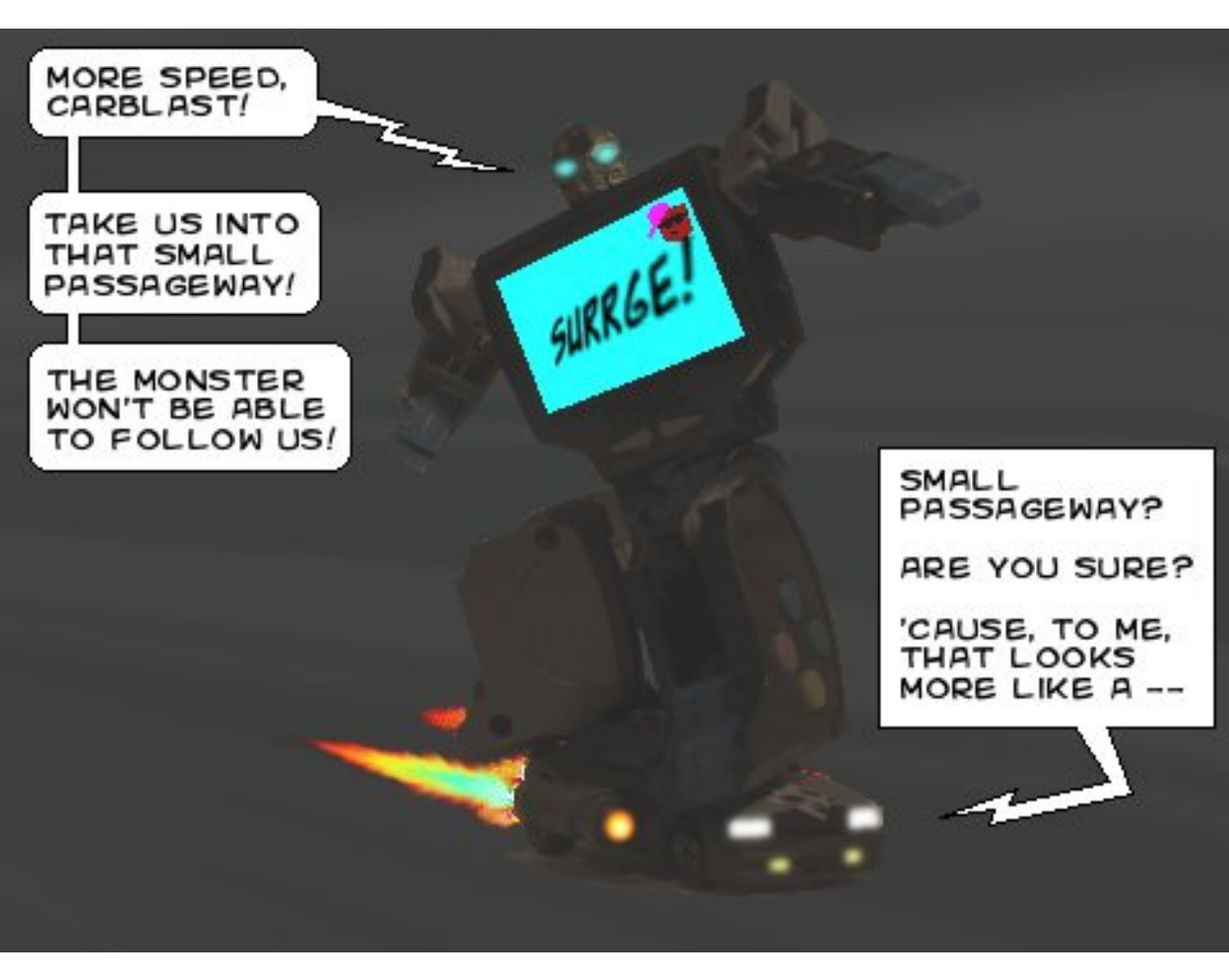
SCREEEECH!





'ALLO? 'ALLO?
BUT ZERE IS
NO ONE...?

ZOOM!



MORE SPEED,
CARBLAST!

TAKE US INTO
THAT SMALL
PASSAGEWAY!

THE MONSTER
WON'T BE ABLE
TO FOLLOW US!

SURGE!

SMALL
PASSAGEWAY?

ARE YOU SURE?

'CAUSE, TO ME,
THAT LOOKS
MORE LIKE A --

A character is falling into a blue trash can in a dark, industrial environment. The trash can is overflowing with green, glowing liquid. The character is wearing a dark suit and a helmet. The background shows large, grey, cylindrical structures.

"GARBAAGE CHUUTE!"

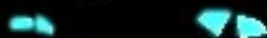
UGH. FISH HEADS AND
RANCID PROTON SALAD.



HEY, HACKBERRY?



WE'RE MOVING.



FLUMP!



OH SLAAAAAAAAG!

RUMBLERUMBLERUMBLEROLL



SCREEEEEEEEK



KABONK...KABONK...KA

STAIRS!

KA-BUMP!

KA-BUMP!

KA-BUMP!

RNG 125
SPD 012
HDG 007
HAS 34.99
PIT 5
PHI 1

TARGET MASTER Nr. 7.4 v 2

המכשיר ידוע כמכשיר מסוג 7.4 v 2
המכשיר ידוע כמכשיר מסוג 7.4 v 2

SpC-AP-006-D

'Carblast'

NOTE TO SELF-
INTERVIEW MON.
WEAR POWER TIE!

POWER TIE 0.20%
charge rate .02

TON FUEL 12.6%

shopping list

a loaf of bread
a container of milk
a stick of Butter

867.5309

NOW PLAYING:
KID'N PLAY - 2 HYPE
ALAN PARSONS - PRIME TIME
MIDNIGHT STAR - BODY SNATCHERS
ABBA - ON AND ON AND ON
BACHARACH - THE WAY TO SAN JOSE
B-52S - COSMIC THING
STEEL DRUMS LOST IN THE 80'S
JOESKI LOVE - JOE COOL
JETHRO TULL - LOCOMOTIVE BREATH

From: Roma's Interdimensional Produce
Re: Your recent garlic order
Read (Y/N?) > No _

Message from UltraGearCat1
KARTER LEDOC LIVES!!!! (more...)

start

ASTERIODS

PIGS ON HEAD

א ב ג ד ה ו ז ח ט י כ ל מ נ ס ע פ צ ק ר ש ת
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z



thud

28E4:1AA0 DC 29 43 49 39 0A B8 D7-67 CA 03 A8 0A E3 8D C5
28E4:1AB0 56 60 18 [redacted] 32 59 99 CA 0C
28E4:1AC0 [redacted] system X3 Ver. 0.9.2 9B B1 FD F4 6B
28E4:1AD0 [redacted] E9 7C 2C 62 33
28E4:1AE0 [redacted] 7C 07 10 00 D4 40 04 D7 D2 D7 F4 00

WHA...WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

"YOU HAVE BROUGHT
US TWO MORE I SEE!"

I CAN'T SEE!

"YES. I THOUGHT SOME
NEW BLOOD WUD BE
GOOD AFTER SO LONG!"

NO, WAIT...
HERE IT COMES...

I MUST HAVE BEEN
OUT FOR A WHILE...

THESE VOICES...

"WELL, I DO HOPE THEY
LIKE WHAT WE HAVE TO
OFFER!"

IS THE LATE MOVIE ON
ALREADY? SLAG! I MISSED
THAT APPOINTMENT!

"INDEED, THEY WILL
HARDLY BE ABLE TO REFUSE!
HA HA HA!"

"BUT WHY ASK ME?
THE SMALL ONE CAN
GIVE YOU ANSWER,
I SINK, ALREADY."

VISION'S STARTING
TO CLEAR A LITTLE...

Starting system idle process.
Boot sequence complete.
X3 Ready.
?_

28E4:1AA0 DC 29 43 49 39 0A B8 D7-67 CA 03 A8 0A E3 8D C5
28E4:1000 56 60 10 10 70 B3 A5 1D-46 71 88 32 59 99 CA 0C
28E4:10A0 AH! NOT A MOVIE! 17 93 A8-4F DB AC 9B B1 FD F4 6B
28E4:10E0 IT'S THE M-M-MONSTER! 77 76 75 74 73 72 71 70
28E4:1100 AND WORSE... 04 03 02 01 00 00 00 00

"OH YES, HE'S ONE OF
US NOW. AS HIS FRIEND
HERE WILL BE, SOON!"

I...I CAN'T...
NO...I MUST NOT
PANIC!

THERE ARE MORE...
FIVE OR SIX, MAYBE?

"I'M STARVING. WHEN DO
WE EAT?"

"SOON. VERY SOON."

I MUST STAY CALM...
THERE MUST BE SOME
WAY OUT OF THIS.

"REALLY? YOU DON'T THINK
HE'LL WANT TO LEAVE?"

NEED TO THINK,
TO CONCENTRATE.

MOTOR FUNCTIONS
SEEM MOSTLY INTACT...

"DIDJA GET TO HIS
FUEL LINES YET?"

"HA! A GOOD JOKE. ONE
TASTE OF THIS POWER, AND
HE'LL BE OURS FOREVER!"

POWER IS LOW...
BUT MAYBE I CAN MAKE
THE MOST OF IT...

```
?cps -e -q -p &HDC2943
Power est. 2.79 Mu/a (14%). Proceed with full test (Y/N)? N
?rtp -n -m -x -&HF4DA3C +&HDC2943
Rerouting.....
```

OH NO! CARBLAST?
THEY GOT YOU?

NO TIME TO MOURN
THE LOST...I MUST
SURVIVE!

AH! POWER IS
ACCUMULATING...
I CAN FEEL IT.

RELAX...LET IT BUILD...
THE CAPACITORS CAN
TAKE A LITTLE *URK*
OVERCHARGE...

URGH! ALMOST THERE...
A FEW MORE SECONDS...

AND

ULTIMATE EIGHT-BIT
POWER JUMP!



CLANK!

I DID IT!
I'M SAFE!

HANGING
FROM A
LIGHT, NO
MEANS OF
ESCAPE,
A FEW
MECHANO-
METERS
ABOVE
PRIMUS-
KNOWS-
WHAT...

ENERGY VAMPIRES, GHOULS,
FIENDS, I DON'T KNOW AND I
DON'T WANT TO FIND OUT!



WHY IS OUR
NEW I.T.
DIRECTOR
HANGING
FROM THE
LIGHTS?

BLESSED SAINT
PAPILIA! WHAT IS IT
YOU WERE DOING
TO HIM, BOSS?!

I WAS JUMP-
STARTING HIM,
I THOUGHT...

GONK!

WHOA.

YEAH, WOW.
IT TOOK THE
LAST ONE A
WEEK, AT
LEAST.

IF HE'S NOT
REFUELING,
CAN I HAVE
THIS FUEL?

IT WORKED, TOO!
LOOK HOW HIGH
HE JUMPED!

I WONDER IF I COULD CLIMB
THIS THING...

...I WISH I HADN'T HACKED THE
SCHOOL'S NUCLEAR-ATTACK
SIREN THE DAY WE DID ROPES...

...WELL, ALMOST.
THAT WAS PRETTY
AWESOME...

A LEGO Technic robot, possibly a MINDSTORMS NXT, is shown from a low angle. It has a grey base, blue and grey Technic beams, and two blue claw-like arms. The central screen displays a pixelated game with a red car on the left, a green character on a vertical track in the center, and two yellow enemy-like characters at the bottom right. The robot is positioned on a dark surface.

HACKER, COME DOWN!
LISTEN TO YOUR BUDDY CARBLAST!
THERE'S NO MONSTERS DOWN HERE.

OH, *SURE*. I KNOW THE *DRILL*!
YOU SAY IT'S FINE, I COME DOWN,
I GET TORN TO *KIBBLE-CHUNKS*
AND *DEVOURED* BY *GHOULS*!


EAT YOU? WE'RE
NOT GOING TO...

WELL, I *AM* REALLY
HUNGRY, YOU KNOW.

GRABBER! YOU'RE
NOT HELPING!

YOU *ZHOULD* REALLY COME
DOWN...WE HAVE *ZE* COOKIES!



A blue and silver mechanical contraption, possibly a vending machine or a specialized cookie press, is shown against a dark background. It has a screen in the center displaying the character Cookie Monster. The machine has various blue and silver components, including what looks like a hopper at the top and a dispensing area at the bottom. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text related to cookies.

COOKIES?
WHAT *KIND* OF COOKIES?


OH, ZE USUAL. SHOCKLATE
CHIPS, ZINCKERDOODLES,
SQUARENUT BUTTER...

COOOOKIES...
OMM NOM NOM...
AND I HAVEN'T
EATEN SINCE--

A blue mechanical device, possibly a robotic gripper or a specialized tool, is shown against a dark background. A black cable is attached to the top of the device. A white oval component is visible on the left side. The device has several blue and silver components, including what looks like a motor or actuator. Two comic-style speech bubbles are overlaid on the image.


SLIP!

**CUSHLA-
MOCHREE!**



THAT WAS WAY
TOO CLOSE.

BEGORRAH, WE
ALMOST HAD 'IM.



SHEESH.
HAS THIS BEEN THE
LONGEST DAY EVER,
OR WHAT?

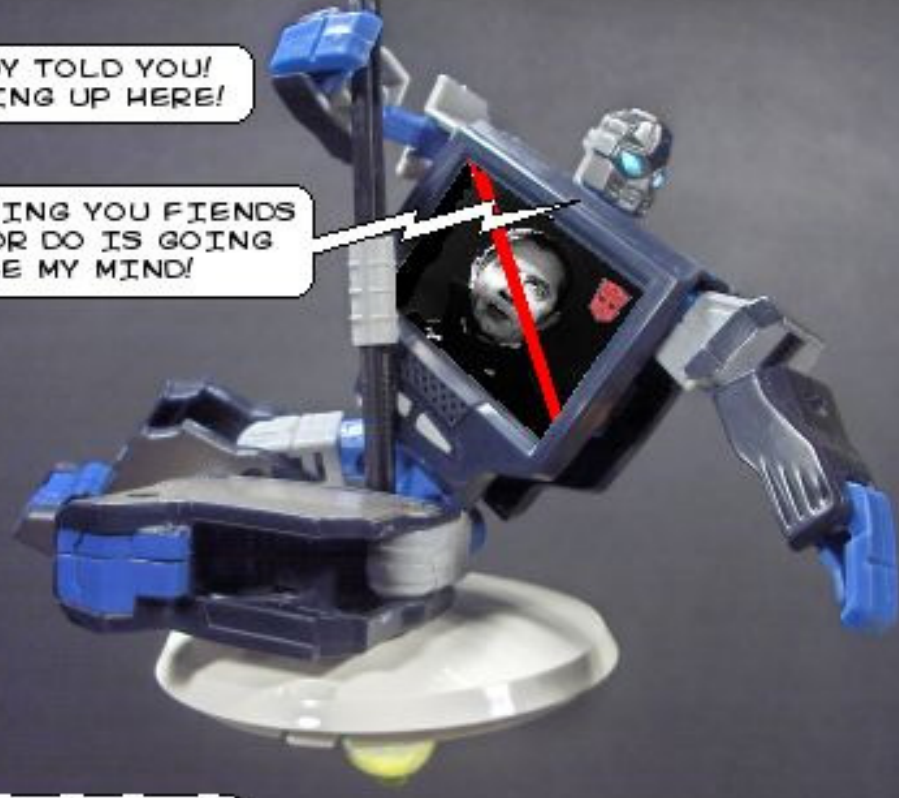
FEELS LIKE IT'S
BEEN SEVEN WEEKS.

HECK, IF MY LIFE
WAS SOME SORT OF
COMIC STRIP, I'D
BE CORE-DUMPED
IF ANYBODY WAS
STILL INTER—

HACKER?
OH HAAA-CKER!

I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU THAT
GRABBER'S EATING ALL THE COOKIES
SO IF YOU WANT ANY, YOU'D BETTER
COME DOWN RIGHT AWAY!

'M RFUL FORRY!



I ALREADY TOLD YOU!
I'M STAYING UP HERE!

AND NOTHING YOU FIENDS
CAN SAY OR DO IS GOING
TO CHANGE MY MIND!

CAN I HAVE THE REST
OF THE COOKIES, THEN?

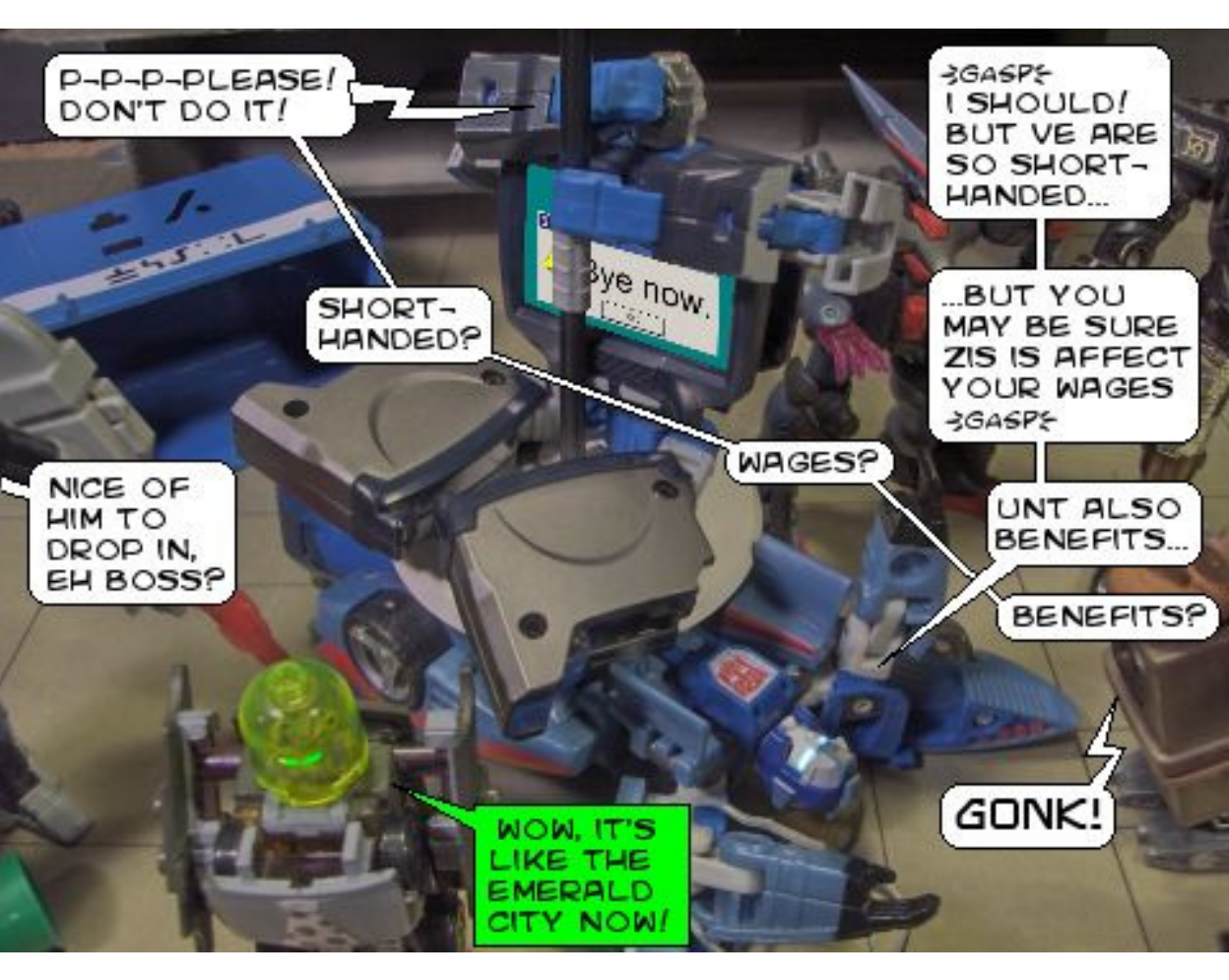
SCREEEEEEEEAK!

GROAN!

CRACK!

GRAVITY,
HOWEVER,
JUST MIGHT.





P-P-P-PLEASE!
DON'T DO IT!

SHORT-
HANDED?

NICE OF
HIM TO
DROP IN,
EH BOSS?

Bye now.

3GASP3
I SHOULD!
BUT VE ARE
SO SHORT-
HANDED...

...BUT YOU
MAY BE SURE
ZIS IS AFFECT
YOUR WAGES
3GASP3

WAGES?

UNT ALSO
BENEFITS...

BENEFITS?

WOW, IT'S
LIKE THE
EMERALD
CITY NOW!

GONK!



WAIT A KLIK...
DID YOU MEAN ALL THAT IN A
PURELY LITERAL SENSE...

...OR IN
SOME
VAMPIRE-
IRONIC
SENSE?

YOU ARE NOW
DOWN TO ZIX-
FIFTY AN HOUR,
AND ONE OF
WEEKS VACATION!

AH.

IT SURE WAS NICE OF THE BOSS
TO ORDER US SOME DINNER, WASN'T IT?
I MEAN, AFTER THAT WHOLE VAMPIRE-
BLOWING UP THE FLOOR-GARLIC BATTERY
AND TRASHBIN-ASSAULT EPISODE.

YEAH.

IXNAY ON THE OORFLAY,
THOUGH. THEY THINK IT
WAS STORM DAMAGE.

SELECTION
DISPENSED.
SHARE AND
ENJOY!

STILL, I'VE GOT A LOT MORE
QUESTIONS...TOO MANY
THINGS JUST DON'T MAKE
SENSE AT ALL.

YEAH. THEY
PUT ONIONS
ON MY
SANDWICH!

HERE YA GO,
GONKSTER.
CHOW DOWN!



WELL, I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS...
EVEN IF I HAVE TO...

~GASP~

ASK SOMEONE!

MR. BLURR? CAN I BOTHER
YOU FOR A MICROKLIK?

SURE, SURE.
WHAT IS MATTER?

MMMMM.
ENERGON
BURGERS
WITH
SQUARENUT
BUTTER!

PROCESSING...
PROCESSING...



JUST CURIOUS...
YOU'RE NO VAMPIRE,
SO WHAT'S WITH THE
STANDARD TEETH,
ACCENT, AND DARK
SPOOKY PLACE FULL
OF DEAD GUYS? AND
WHERE'D THEY ALL
GO?

≡CHUG≡

≡SLURP≡

≡GULP!≡

≡GLUGG≡

AND IF YOU'RE
BLURR, AREN'T YOU
SUPPOSED TO TALK
ALL FAST-LIKE?

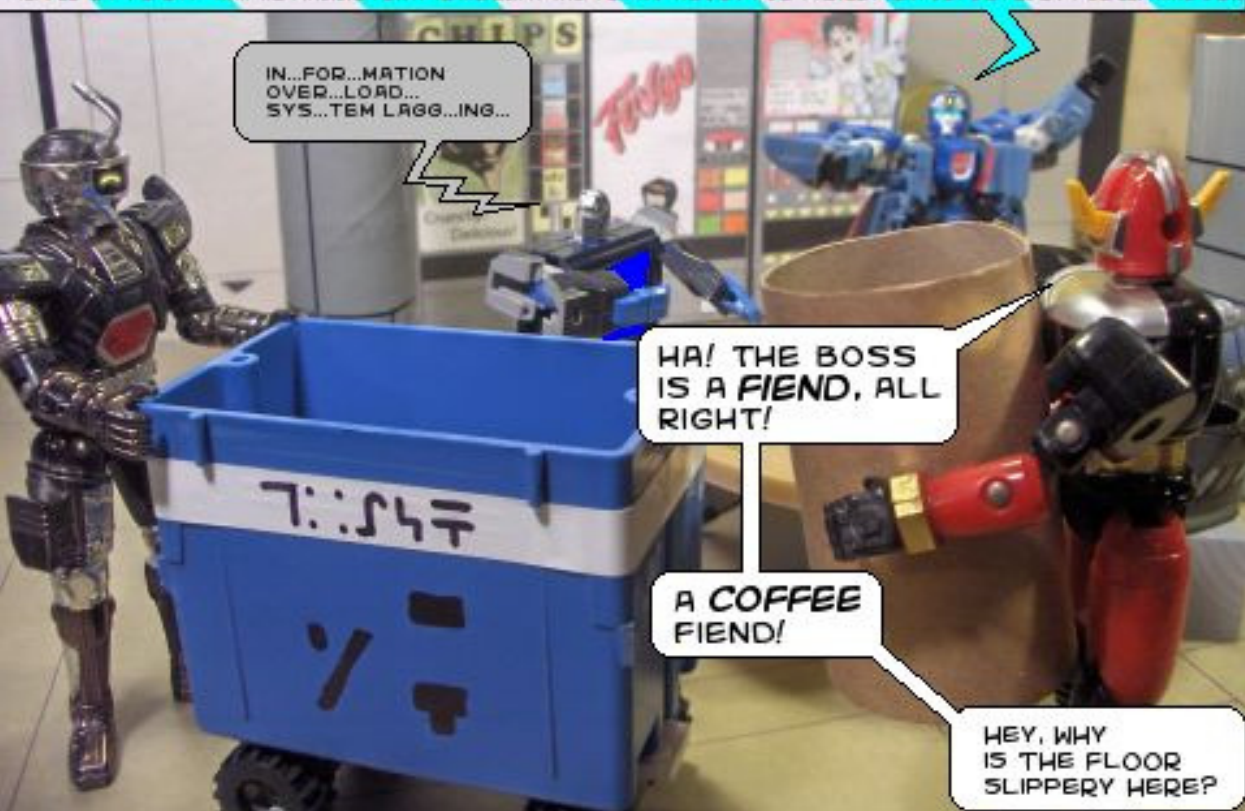
ACK!
PHTHBF!
BLAUGH!

≡VWORP!≡

WELL WELL WELL WELL WELL! LOTS AND LOTS OF QUESTIONS! BUT NO, I AM NOT SOME FIEND THAT FEEDS ON THE SPARK OR BLOOD OR TOMATO JUICE! THE TEETH, WELL, THAT WAS A TRAGIC TOFFEE INCIDENT IN MY YOUTH AND I DO NOT LIKE TO TALK ABOUT IT BECAUSE IT BRINGS PAIN BUT ANYWAY I AM NOT EASILY OFFENDED SO DON'T WORRY BUT AGAIN I'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT IT. AND AS FOR THE DEAD GUYS THEY WERE QUITE ACTIVE BUT IN DEEP STASIS AND CARBLAST HELPED, HE RECOVERED FAST, BUT A LOT OF THEM HAD LOW BATTERIES AND I DIDN'T WANT TO RISK REACTIVATION HERE SO I CALLED THE HOSPITAL AND THEY CAME TO GET THEM. SO THAT IS THAT BUT AS FAR AS WHY THEY WENT INTO STASIS NO ONE WAS ABLE TO REMEMBER MUCH GRABBER DID SAY THE POWER WENT OUT AND THEN THERE WAS SOME GURGLING SOUND AND POW, TWO YEARS LATER AND SO WHEN I SHOWED UP WELL, AFTER BEING GONE FOR A WHILE, OH, AND I HAD PHONED IN AN AD JUST IN CASE...



...SO YOU SEE IT WAS PURE LUCK THAT YOU SHOWED UP WHEN YOU DID AND THAT IS WHY I WAS SO HAPPY TO SEE THAT SOMEONE HAD SHOWED UP AND WAITED SO LONG BECAUSE I WAS DELAYED A LITTLE BUT IF YOU HAD GONE HOME WE WOULD HAVE BEEN THAT MUCH MORE SHORTHANDED SO I AM IN GENERAL VERY PLEASED ALTHOUGH I WOULD HAVE BEEN MORE PLEASED IF YOU HADN'T GONE AND PLAYED "TEMPLE OF DOOM" WITH THE PHYSICAL PLANT ALTHOUGH IT WAS FUN AND NOBODY GOT REALLY HURT BUT SOMEBODY COULD HAVE SO.



IN...FOR...MATION
OVER...LOAD...
SYS...TEM LAGG...ING...

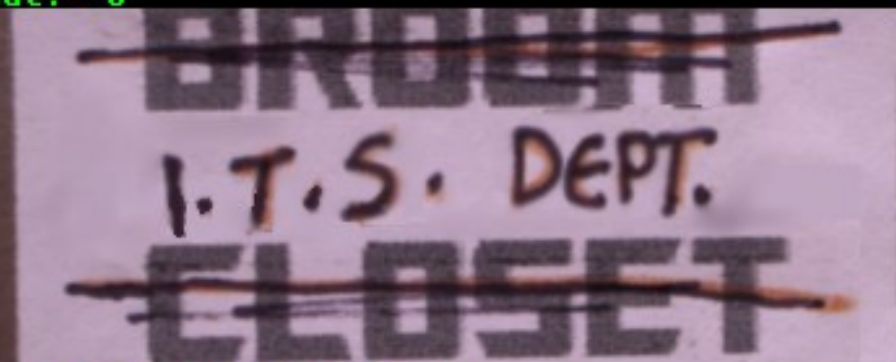
HA! THE BOSS
IS A *FIEND*, ALL
RIGHT!

A *COFFEE*
FIEND!

HEY, WHY
IS THE FLOOR
SLIPPERY HERE?

>So, to make a long story short, that's how I ended up
>working for Blurry Robot Productions. -o
^D

Message from speedy800@cybertel.net...
Crazy, Hacker. That story has to be the strangest
thing ever. Did they ever find out why everyone shut down
like that? -o



>write speedy800@cybertel.net
>Shockwave's experiments? >:) Actually we still have no
>idea. The power went out, there were gurgling sounds,
>then pow! Maybe a gas leak? I'm supposed to be going
>through logs, right now, in fact, looking for answers.
>Of course I actually *did* that once already, but...:)



>Of course, the point of looking for clues on a system that
>wasn't even powered up pretty much evades me, but there
>you go, that's the kind of lovable nutjob the boss is.
>And don't even get me started on their *equipment* ■

ZING!

HEEEEEY NEW GUY!

ALGH!

THINGS WERE SO HECTIC I FORGOT
TO GIVE YOU THESE TAX FORMS I NEED
THEM LIKE, YESTERDAY, SO DON'T TAKE
TOO LONG TO HAND THEM BACK IN...

SITTING ON THE FLOOR?
THAT SOME SORT OF YOGA
PROGRAMMER THING?

THUD!

clatter

KLONK

...OH YEAH AND I NEED YOU TO MAKE A SPECIAL RUN TO
OFFICE MAXIMUS AND PICK UP SOME SUPPLIES,
WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH PATATRACKS FOR FULL-SCALE
OPERATIONS, I CAN'T GO I'VE GOT A MEETING, TAKE THE
COMPANY CAR SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO WALK, HAVE GRABBER OR
SOMEBODY GET YOU THE KEYS...I GOTTA RUN! BYE NOW!

ZOOM!

HOLY SIXTIES TV!
I DIDN'T EVEN
HEAR THE DOOR
OPEN!



WHAT IS HE, THE
FLASH--

ZIP!

NOT GONE YET? AWFUL SLOW OF YOU I'D SAY, AND WE CAN'T HAVE THAT, NOT AT ALL, TIME IS MONEY, AS THEY SAY, BUT NEVER MIND, NEVER MIND THAT, BECAUSE NOW I AM WASTING TIME EVEN TALKING AND SO I WON'T TALK BUT SINCE YOU'RE STILL HERE AND YOU HAVEN'T LEFT YET WHY DON'T YOU STOP ON THE WAY AND PICK UP A FEW GROCERIES I HAVE A LIST RIGHT HERE AND...

GYAH!

...HEY, YOU DON'T LOOK SO WELL ALL OF A SUDDEN. MIGHT WANT TO TAKE A FEW DAYS OFF! THERE ARE SOME NASTY BUGS GOING AROUND AND SPEAKING OF NASTY BUGS, I WONDER WHAT THOSE PRATTED INSECTIONS ARE UP TO THESE DAYS...

**AIEEEAUGH!
MAKE IT STOP!**

YOU'VE GOTTA PICK UP GROCERIES AND OFFICE STUFF, DROP OFF THE OVERDUE VIDEOS AND LIBRARY BOOKS, AND PAY THE UTILITY BILLS?

HOW'D YOU GET OFF SO EASY?!

SLOWED THE BOSS DOWN WITH A CHAIR AGAINST THE DOOR AND DOVE INTO AN AIR VENT.

IT WAS CLOSE.

ANALYZE
ANALYZE



MEET "**CHE**",
OUR SECOND-
HAND BATTLE
CHARIOT.

"CHE"?! WAS THIS BUILT
BY SOME WISE-CRACKING
FREEDOM-FIGHTER?

ACTUALLY, YES,
BUT HE WAS ALSO
A CHEETAH...

SO IT'S
EITHER
CLEVER
OR REAL
DUMB.

ANYWAY, CHE IS SUPER-FAST,
RUNS ON PIE*, AND DRIVES
REAL EASY...PULL TO GO,
PUSH TO STOP, STEER LIKE
A BIKE...

>OVER-ANALYZE<

* PLASMA INJECTION ENERGY - ED.



SO CAN THIS GLORIFIED
SKATEBOARD PLAY *MUSIC*?

UH...YEAH, SURE IT CAN.

JUST BE *CAREFUL*...
DON'T MESS WITH ANY
TAPED-OVER SWITCHES,

AND WHATEVER YOU DO,
DON'T SAY THE WORD
"O-R-G-A-N-I-C".

WHAT?
"ORGANIC"?!

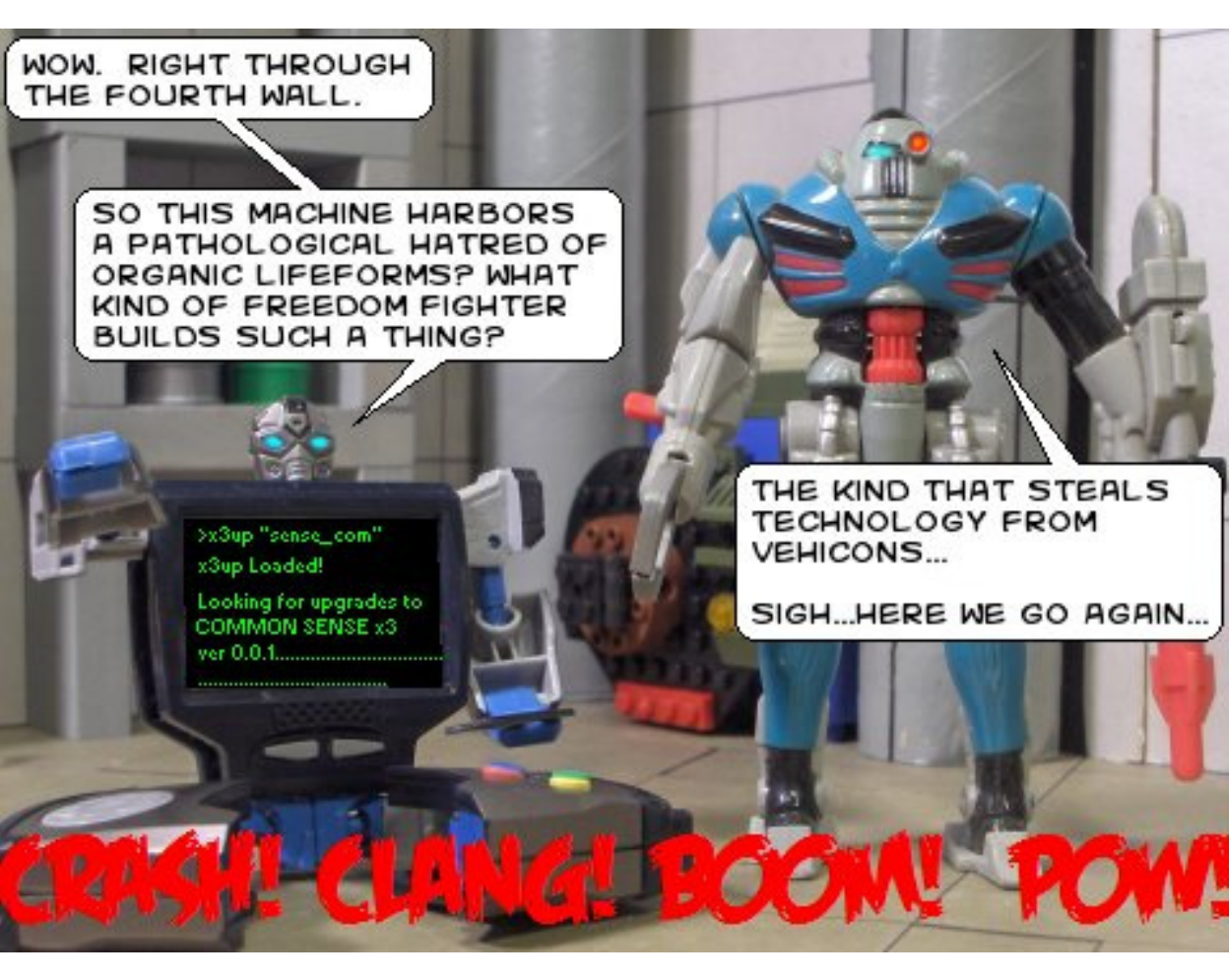
NO!
DON'T!

VOIT!



BZZORK!

ROBBLE ROBBLE!



WOW. RIGHT THROUGH
THE FOURTH WALL.

SO THIS MACHINE HARBORS
A PATHOLOGICAL HATRED OF
ORGANIC LIFEFORMS? WHAT
KIND OF FREEDOM FIGHTER
BUILDS SUCH A THING?

THE KIND THAT STEALS
TECHNOLOGY FROM
VEHICONS...

SIGH...HERE WE GO AGAIN...

CRASH! CLANG! BOOM! POW!



HappyFunShell

KILL! KILL! KILL!
KILL! KILL! KILL!
KILL! KILL! KILL!
KILL! KILL! KILL!

STOP!
DON'T GO OUTSIDE!



⇒PUFF⇒

THERE'S NOTHING
OUT THERE!

⇒PUFF⇒





WHAT THE PIT-?!

GARGH!

DAMN,
NOISY-

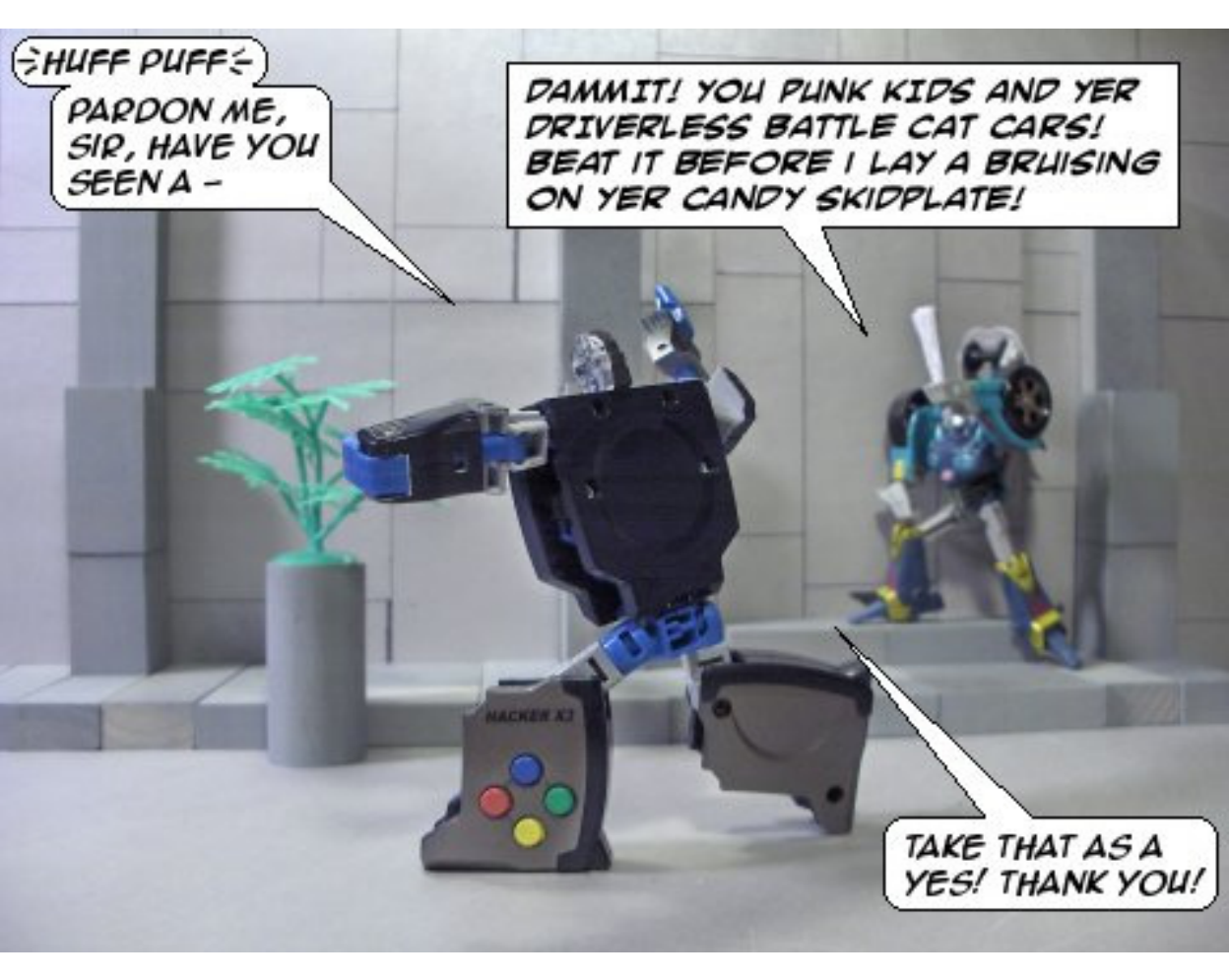
VRRRRRRRRRRROOM!

⇒HUFF PUFF⇒

PARDON ME,
SIR, HAVE YOU
SEEN A -

DAMMIT! YOU PUNK KIDS AND YER
DRIVERLESS BATTLE CAT CARS!
BEAT IT BEFORE I LAY A BRUISING
ON YER CANDY SKIDPLATE!

TAKE THAT AS A
YES! THANK YOU!

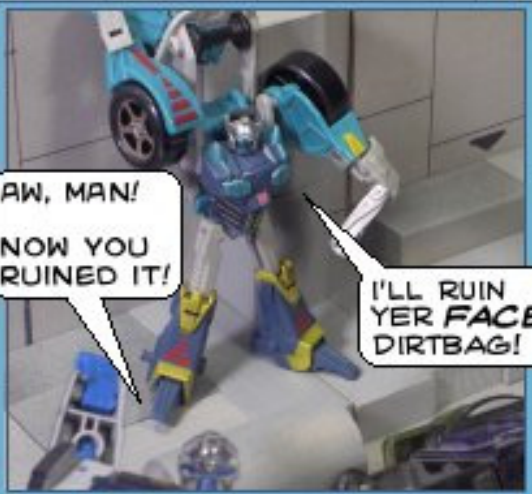


RAHROGANIC!!

MY PINE!

EAT VOLTAGE,
YOU SON OF A -


ZZITCH!



AW, MAN!
NOW YOU
RUINED IT!

I'LL RUIN
YER *FACE*,
DIRTBAG!

LISTEN, FRUITCAKE, I WAS USING LOW
CHARGES. YER JALOPY WILL BE JUST
PEACHY ONCE THE ACID DRIES OUT!



... 'COURSE,
SHE MIGHT
LEAK A LITTLE
CURRENT
UNTIL THEN...

MEANWHILE, IN KUP'S BACKYARD...

SHROOOOAR!

KUP SURE KNOWS HOW
TO THROW A PARTY!

HE SURE DOES, BRAWN!

WHERE IS THE OLD
GUY, ANYHOW?

I THINK HE WENT TO GET THE PAPER,
BUT HE'S TAKING AWFULLY LONG.
I'LL GO SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO.





HEY, OLD MAN!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT
IN THERE?

BETTER NOW THAN
YOU WILL *EVER* BE,
YA TURBO-REVVIN'
PUNK!

WELL, WHAT'S KEEPING
YOU SO LONG?
WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?

"NOTHING MUCH, KID.
JUST REMEMBERING."



**"I only regret that I have but one life
to give for my country."
- Nathan Hale, 1776**

**We will never forget those brave souls
who made that ultimate sacrifice.**



**Memorial Day greetings from Autobus Prime
and Blurry Robot Productions.**

ONE
LONG
WALK
LATER...

THANKS FOR LOOKING
OVER THE CAR, BOLTY!

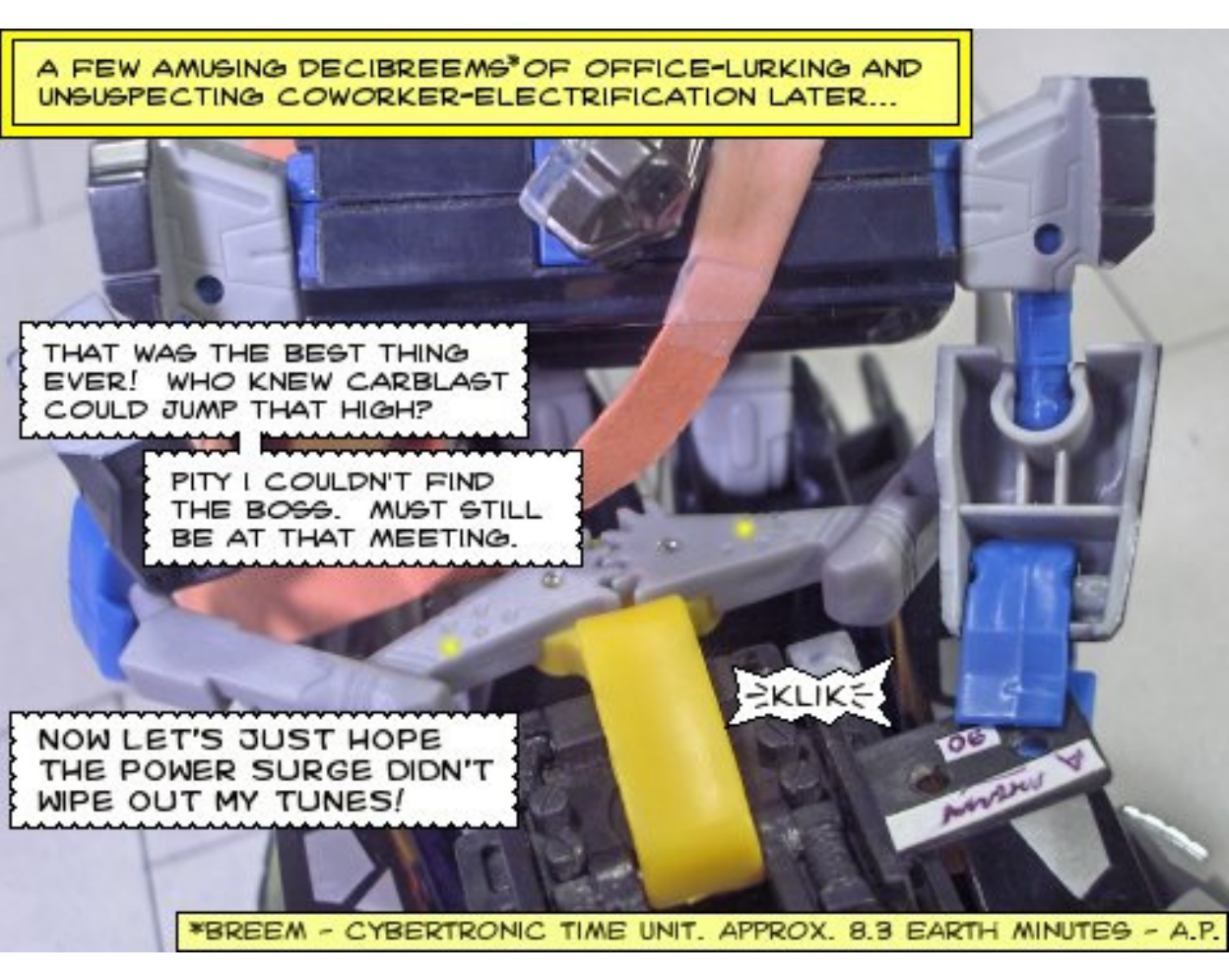
HEY, YOU NEED
HELP, YOU JUST
ASK BOL THEAD!

YOU'RE A PAL.
PUT 'ER THERE!

HEEHEEHEEHEE!

BRZAP!





A FEW AMUSING DECIBREEMS* OF OFFICE-LURKING AND
UNSUSPECTING COWORKER-ELECTRIFICATION LATER...

THAT WAS THE BEST THING
EVER! WHO KNEW CARBLAST
COULD JUMP THAT HIGH?

PITY I COULDN'T FIND
THE BOSS. MUST STILL
BE AT THAT MEETING.

NOW LET'S JUST HOPE
THE POWER SURGE DIDN'T
WIPE OUT MY TUNES!

≡KLIKE≡

*BREM - CYBERTRONIC TIME UNIT. APPROX. 8.3 EARTH MINUTES - A.P.

OH YEAH! I'M A FAST 'BOT IN A BAD CAR!



INTERSTATE LOVE AFFAIR!
INTERSTATE LOVE AFFAAAAAIR!

NOW THAT'S WHAT I LIKE!

THE ENGINE IS PURRING,

PURRRRR!

LITERALLY
PURRING.

THE MUSIC IS ROCKING,

AND IT'S A FINE DAY IN ALTIHEX!

AH, ALTIHEX! CITY OF A THOUSAND
TOWERS AND A MILLION LIGHTS...A
MYRIAD OF INDUSTRIES AND A
SYMPHONY OF SOUNDS!

CITY OF POETS, AND MUSICIANS,
AND COMEDIANS, AND ALL KINDS OF
ART! CITY OF CRYSTAL PARKS AND
MERCURY GARDENS!

YOU CAN STILL ROCK IN ALTIHEX!
OH YEAH, SO RIGHT!



ALSO THE CITY OF
UNCONTROLLED
VIOLENT CRIME,

RAMPANT
POLLUTION,

HALF-ROTTEN
INFRASTRUCTURE,

AND A GRAFT-
FUELED POLITICAL
MACHINE NOTABLY
CORRUPT EVEN
BY DECEPTICON
STANDARDS...

"TAKING MORE
THAN THEIR SHARE
TAKING MORE
THAN THEIR RIGHT"

BUT LET'S LEAVE
ALL THAT STUFF
OUT OF THE
INTERIOR MONOLOGUE
FOR NOW, YES?



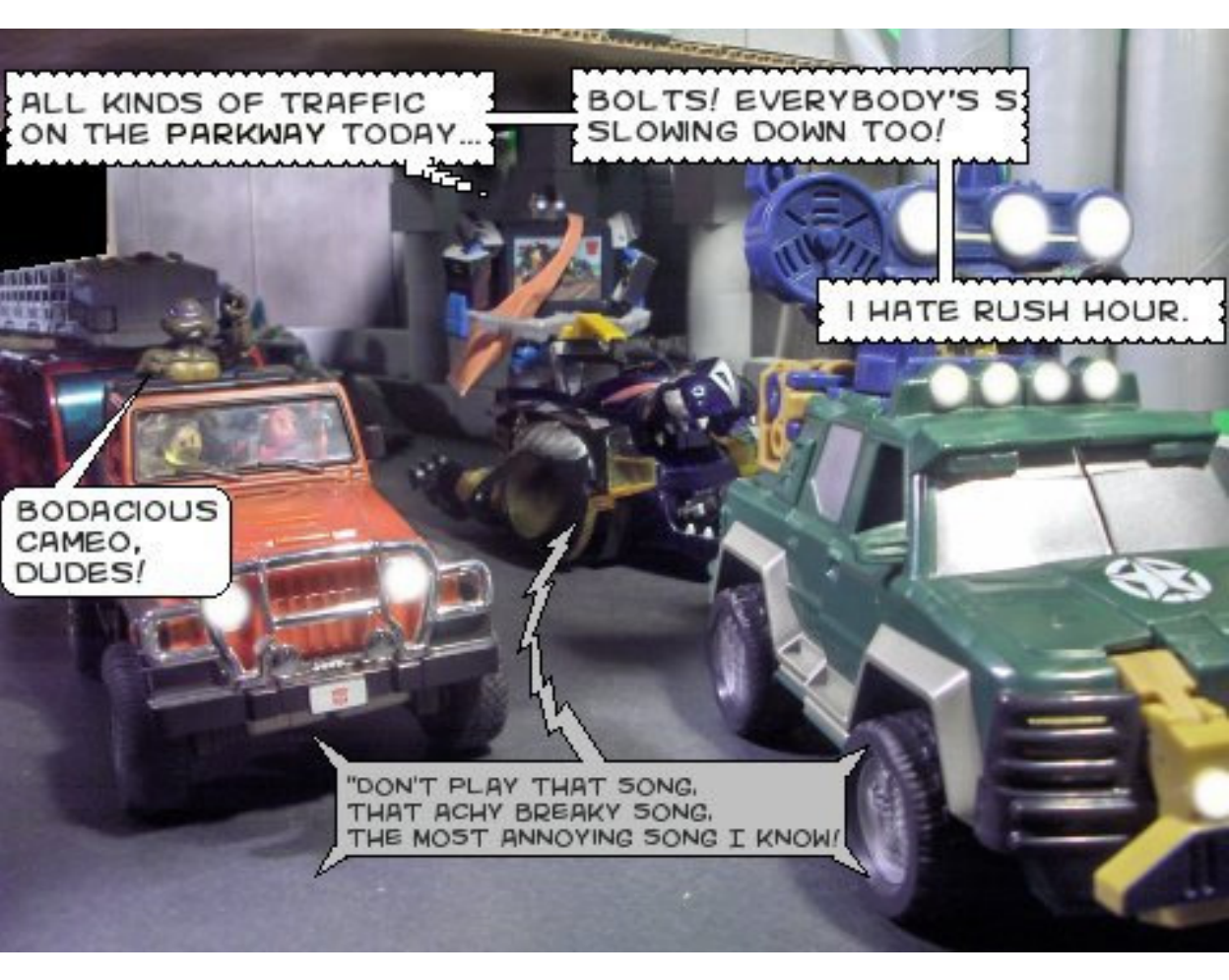
ALL KINDS OF TRAFFIC
ON THE PARKWAY TODAY....

BOLTS! EVERYBODY'S S
SLOWING DOWN TOO!

I HATE RUSH HOUR.

BODACIOUS
CAMEO,
DUDES!

"DON'T PLAY THAT SONG,
THAT ACHY BREAKY SONG,
THE MOST ANNOYING SONG I KNOW!"



AAAND...GRIDLOCK!
SLAG IT!

I REALLY HATE
RUSH HOUR!

SO HERE WE SIT.

WAITING.

SWELTERING.

WASTING TIME!

GOING MAD
BY DEGREES!

BEHOLD?

TRAFFIC JAM!
THE FREEWAY'S
ONE BIG PARKING LOT!







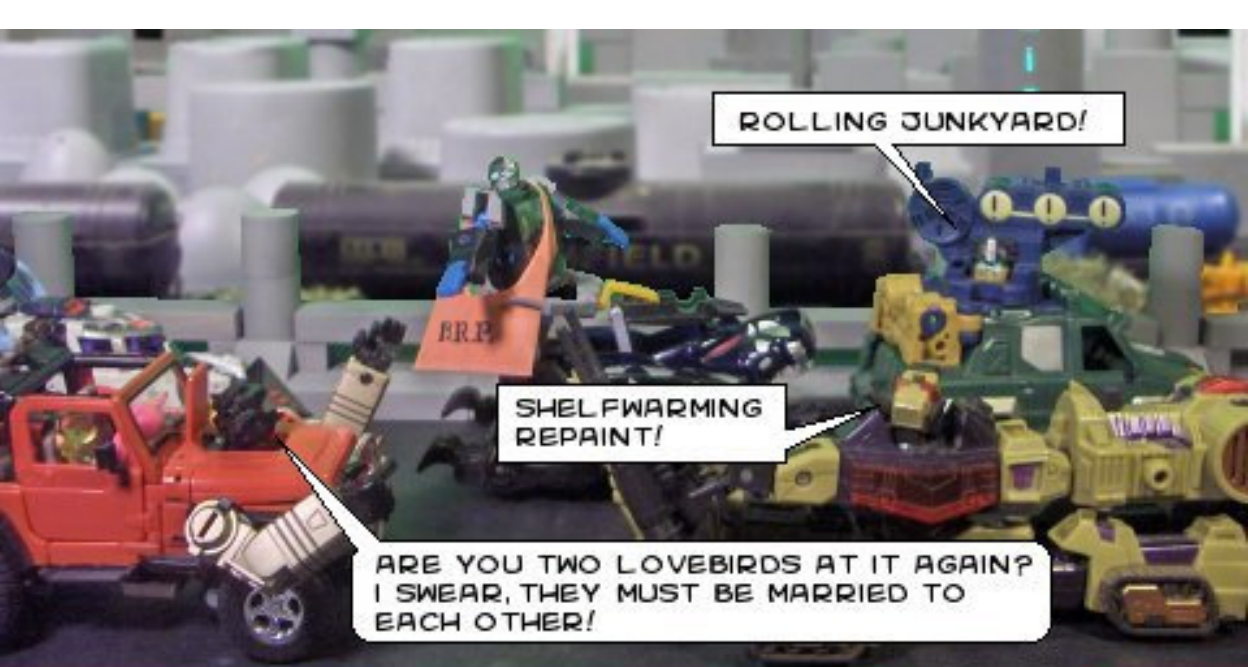
AW, CUT THE BOT A BREAK, IRONHIDE!
HE'S HARDLY BASIC-SIZED!

NO WAY! DID YOU HEAR
WHAT HE CALLED ME?

ANOTHER
ONE?!

GRR!

HE'S A HOTSHOT WITH A MOUTH AND A LACK
OF COMMON SENSE...LIKE YOU USED TO BE.
AND YOU PRETTY MUCH ARE A BIG PALOOKA.



ROLLING JUNKYARD!

SHELFWARMING
REPAINT!

ARE YOU TWO LOVEBIRDS AT IT AGAIN?
I SWEAR, THEY MUST BE MARRIED TO
EACH OTHER!

CLOWNS TO THE LEFT OF ME, JERKS TO THE
RIGHT...AND HERE I AM, STUCK IN TRAFFIC...

YOU FOLKS MIGHT WANT TO GO AND WATCH
TV OR SOMETHING UNTIL THIS BLOWS OVER...

