

Autobus Prime's

# BLURRY ROBOT THEATER

4

TERRIBLE NIGHT  
OF THE PINKY

...TRAFFIC REMAINS AT A  
STANDSTILL IN ALTIHEX...



...AS THE MAIN TRAFFIC  
CONTROL CENTER, AND A  
QUARTER OF THE CITY,  
REMAINS WITHOUT POWER.

SPOKESBOTS FROM  
GEN-ONE POWER BLAME  
FAILED EQUIPMENT...



MAKING IT THE TENTH  
SUCH FAILURE THIS  
STELLAR CYCLE...

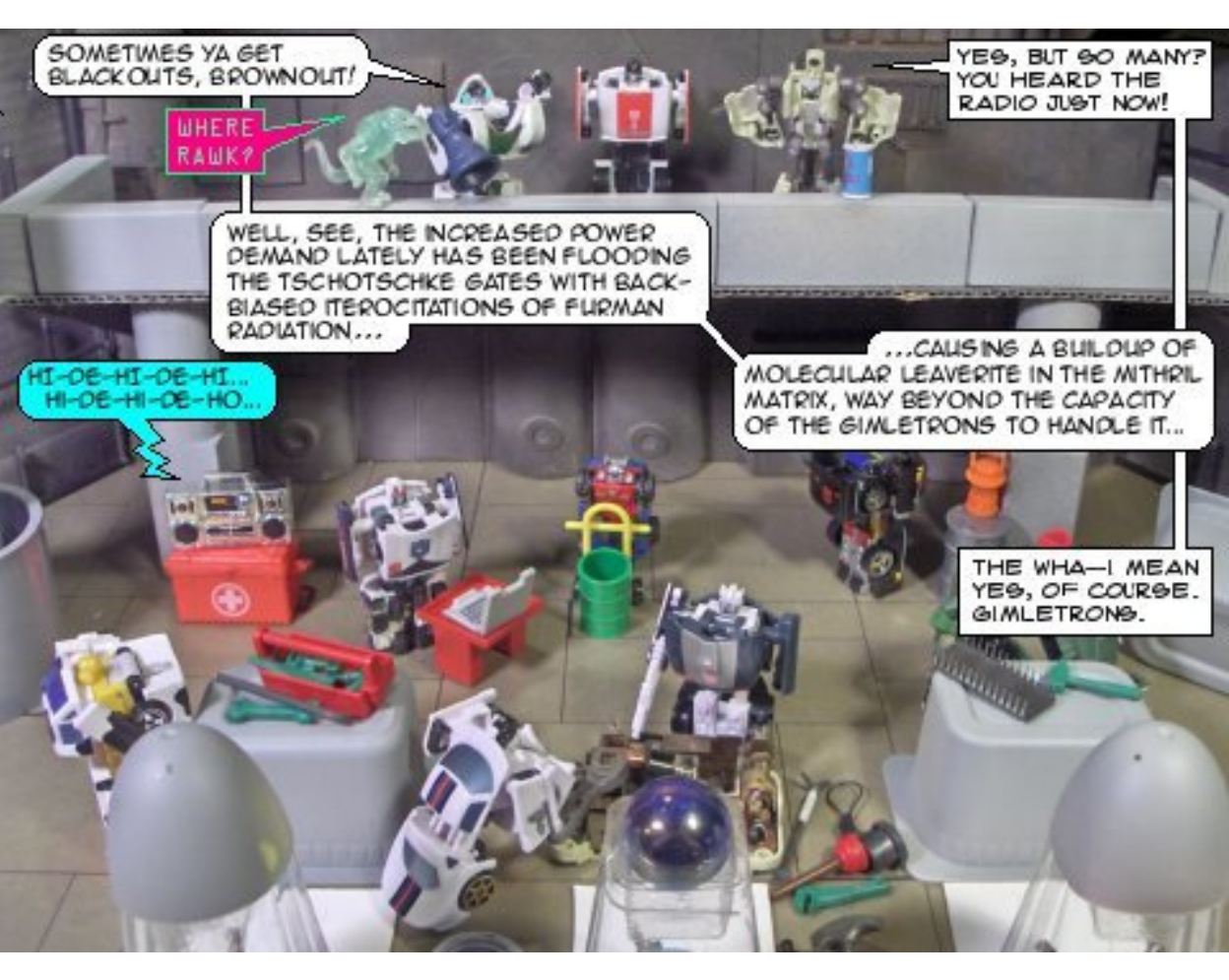
ALTIHEX ASSISTANT UTILITY  
DIRECTOR, MINOR BROWNOUT,  
HAS BEEN SENT TO EXPEDITE  
REPAIRS...



THIS HAS BEEN A KHEX  
SPECIAL REPORT. WE NOW  
RETURN YOU TO "CLIFFY'S  
CYBERTRONIAN TOP 40-"



ENOUGH OF THIS JIVE.  
I NEED ME SOMETHING  
I CAN GROOVE!



SOMETIMES YA GET  
BLACK OUTS, BROWNOUT!

WHERE  
RAWK?

YES, BUT SO MANY?  
YOU HEARD THE  
RADIO JUST NOW!

WELL, SEE, THE INCREASED POWER  
DEMAND LATELY HAS BEEN FLOODING  
THE TSCHOTSCHKE GATES WITH BACK-  
BIASED ITEROCITATIONS OF FURMAN  
RADIATION...

HI-DE-HI-DE-HI...  
HI-DE-HI-DE-HO...

...CAUSING A BUILDUP OF  
MOLECULAR LEAVERITE IN THE MITHRIL  
MATRIX, WAY BEYOND THE CAPACITY  
OF THE GIMLETRONS TO HANDLE IT...

THE WHA—I MEAN  
YES, OF COURSE.  
GIMLETRONS.

~SO I FIGURE A MACDONALDS TRIPLE BYPASS TO THE FLUX CAPACITORS~

NATURALLY. SO HOW SOON DO WE GET THE LIGHTS BACK ON?

WELL, LET ME ASK PROWL.

SCRACKLES

HEY PROWL! BROWNOUT WANTS TO KNOW HOW LONG! WHAT'S YOUR BEST GUESS?

OW!

"I'LL BE GLAD WHEN YOU'RE DEAD, YOU RASCAL YOU!"

I DO NOT GUESS. I ESTIMATE IT WILL BE AT LEAST TEN POINT SIX NINE TWO DEKABREEMS, PLUS OR MINUS ZERO POINT NINE FIVE FIVE-

\*1 BREEM = 8.3 EARTH MINUTES  
NAH HAUZABAUT THAT EH! -ED.



LERT!  
WANT  
RAWK!

AW, POOR  
SPARKY!

CRUELLOCK'S  
IN THE CITY.

WELL, THERE YA HAVE IT.  
YOU'LL HAVE POWER BY  
TOMORROW-

YOU BET WE WILL.

YOU'VE GOT FIVE DEKABREEMS.  
MAKE THEM COUNT.

YAY!  
RIDE!

ANY LONGER THAN THAT,  
AND I CAN'T ANSWER FOR  
THE BOSS.

HAVE A NICE DAY.

NPN

WHAT A NICE FELLOW!  
I THINK I WILL FOLLOW  
HIM OUT.

YEAH, GOOD IDEA.  
I'M PRETTY SURE WE  
LEFT THE SILVERWARE  
SITTING OUT.

OKAY! NOW THAT MR.  
BROWN IS OUTTA TOWN ...

WHAT DO WE DO?

WE TAKE TEN!

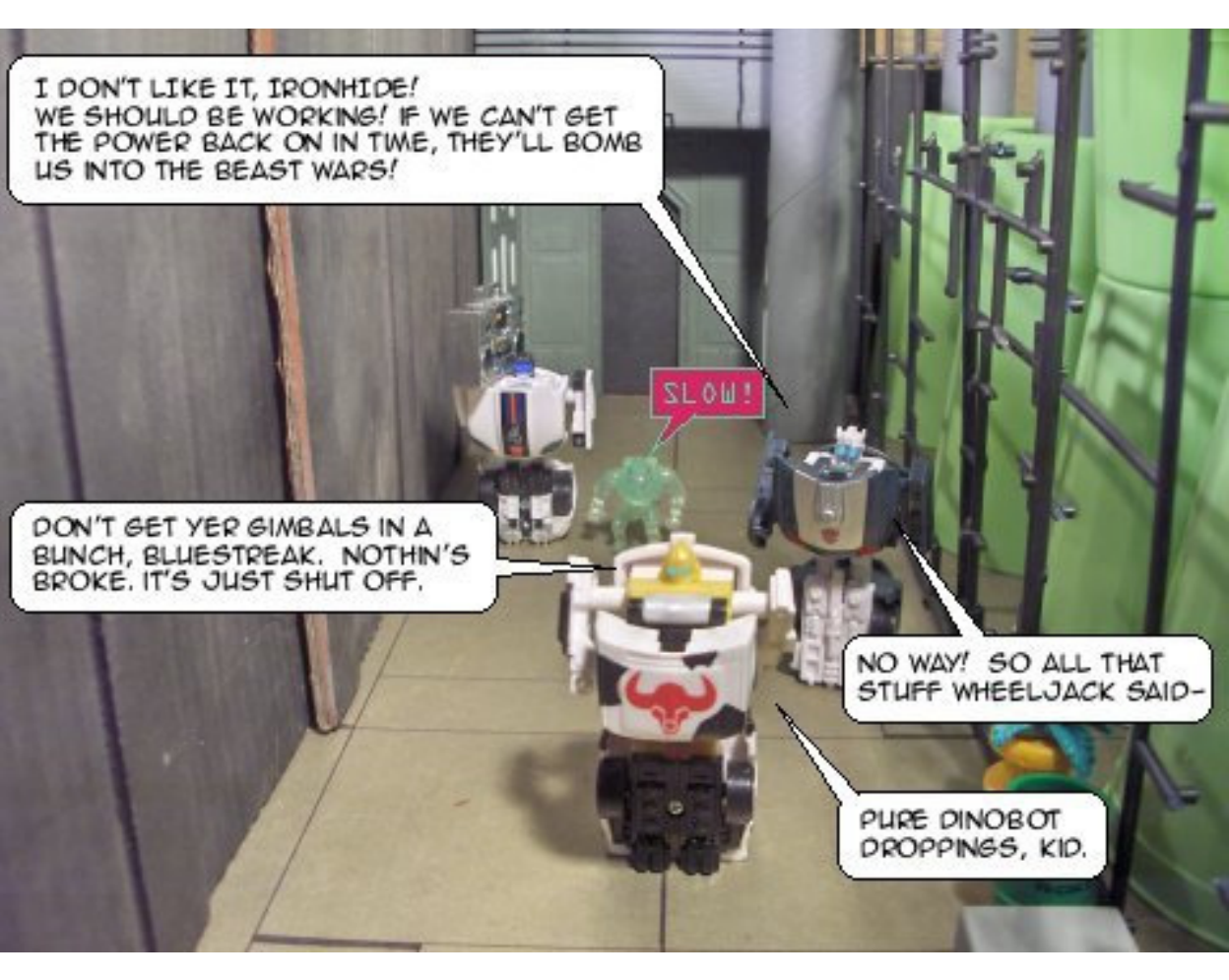
WHEN?

**REAL SOON!**

MY LOYAL SLACKERS!  
WHO WOULDN'T BE PROUD?!

AW, BUT I WAS  
HAVING FUN  
SCRAPPING  
OLD CIRCUIT  
BREAKERS!





I DON'T LIKE IT, IRONHIDE!  
WE SHOULD BE WORKING! IF WE CAN'T GET  
THE POWER BACK ON IN TIME, THEY'LL BOMB  
US INTO THE BEAST WARS!

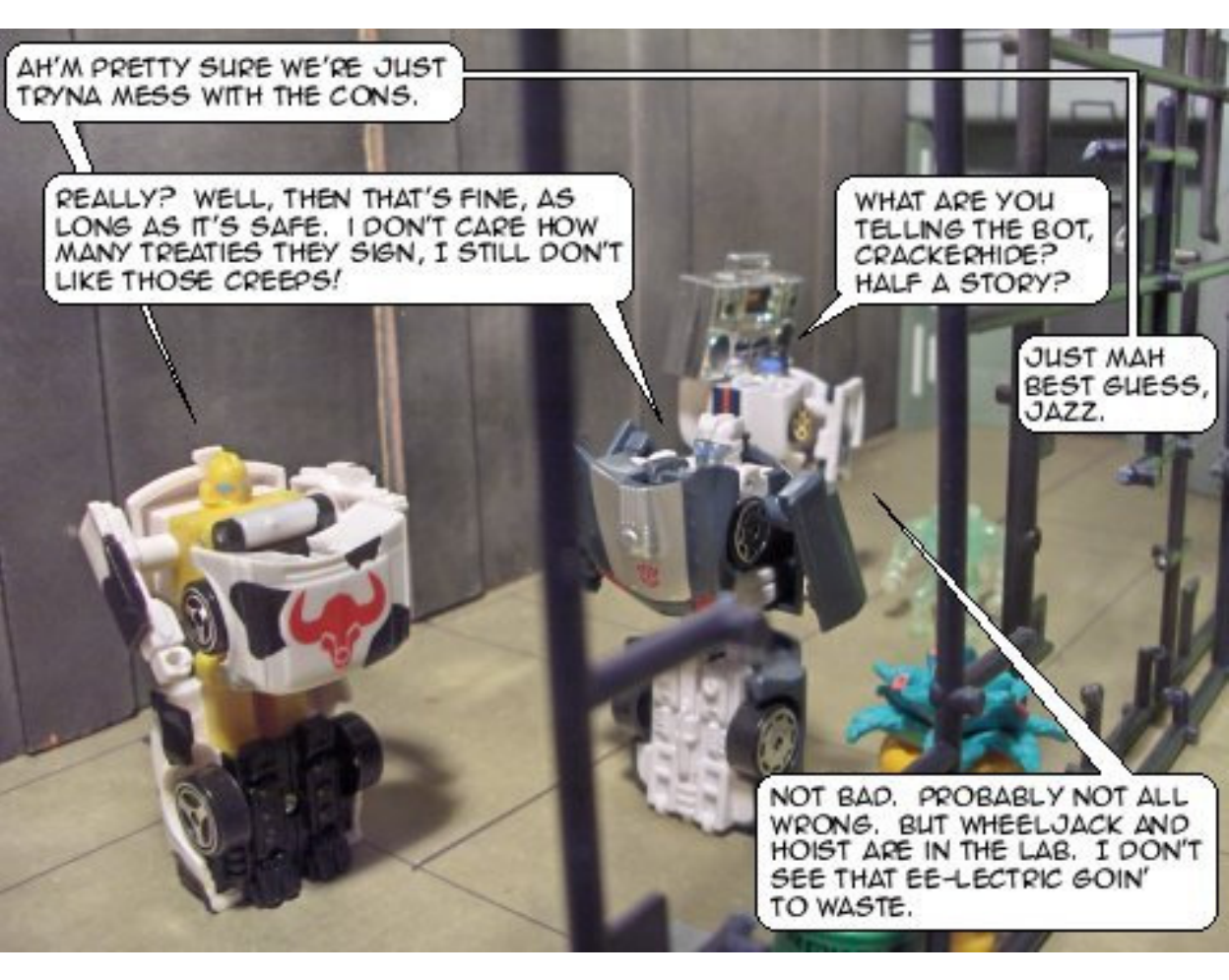
SLOW!

DON'T GET YER GIMBALS IN A  
BUNCH, BLUESTREAK. NOTHIN'S  
BROKE. IT'S JUST SHUT OFF.

NO WAY! SO ALL THAT  
STUFF WHEELJACK SAID-

PURE DINOBOT  
DROPPINGS, KID.





AH'M PRETTY SURE WE'RE JUST  
TRYNA MESS WITH THE CONS.

REALLY? WELL, THEN THAT'S FINE, AS  
LONG AS IT'S SAFE. I DON'T CARE HOW  
MANY TREATIES THEY SIGN, I STILL DON'T  
LIKE THOSE CREEPS!

WHAT ARE YOU  
TELLING THE BOT,  
CRACKERHIDE?  
HALF A STORY?

JUST MAH  
BEST GUESS,  
JAZZ.

NOT BAD. PROBABLY NOT ALL  
WRONG. BUT WHEELJACK AND  
HOIST ARE IN THE LAB. I DON'T  
SEE THAT EE-LECTRIC GOIN'  
TO WASTE.



SECRET EXPERIMENTS?  
C'MON, NOW, JAZZ.  
THAT AIN'T A BIT LIKE  
WHEELJACK!

NO JIVE. BUT THEY'RE NOT SECRET.  
HE'LL BRAG ALL ABOUT THEM IF YOU ASK.

THAT BIG BLACKOUT TWO WEEKS BACK?  
HE WAS WORKIN' ON A FUSION-POWERED  
*ESPRESSO MACHINE*.

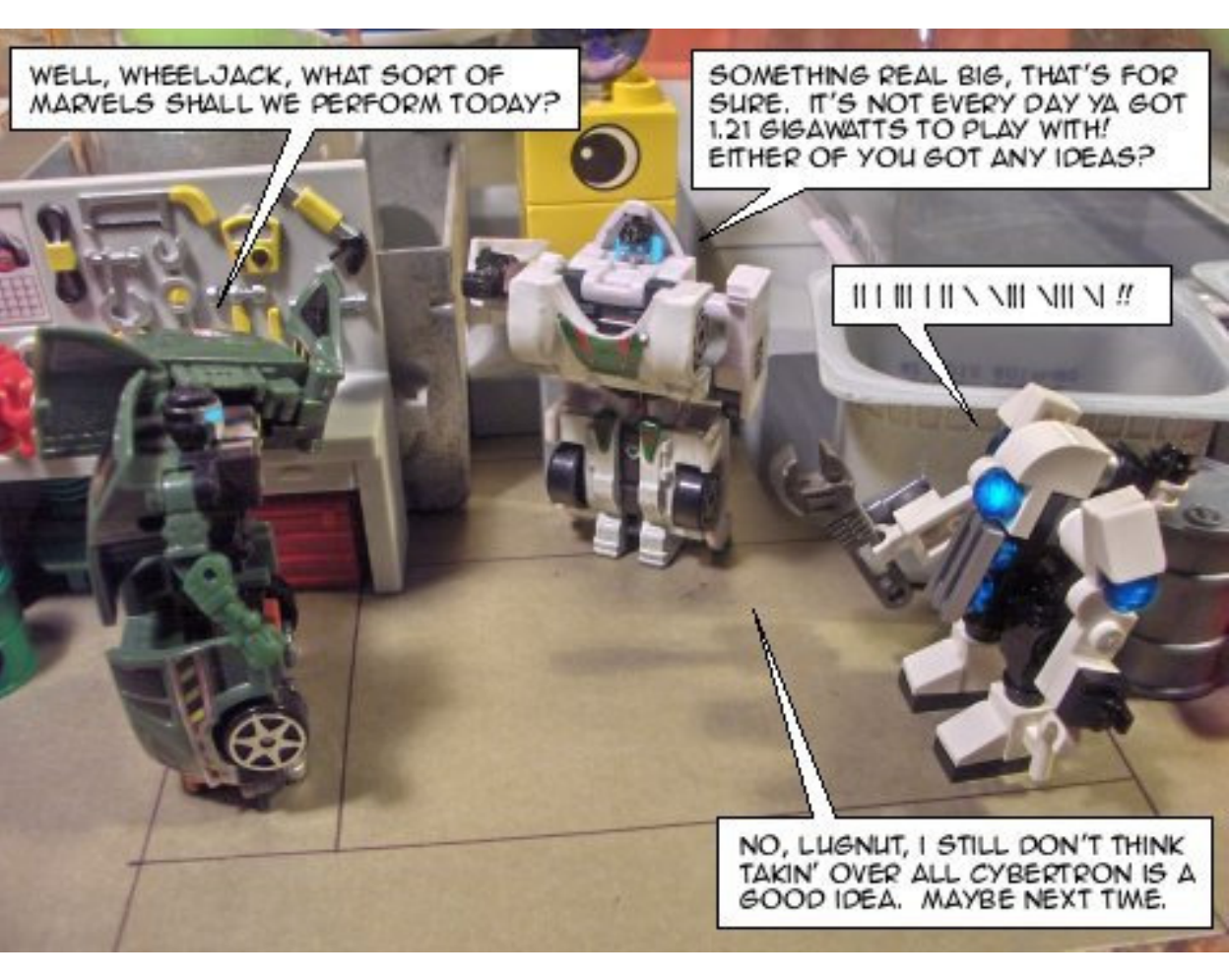


**FAST!**



HEH-HEH. NOW THAT *DOES*  
SOUND LIKE WHEELJACK.

I WONDER WHAT HE'S  
WORKING ON TODAY.

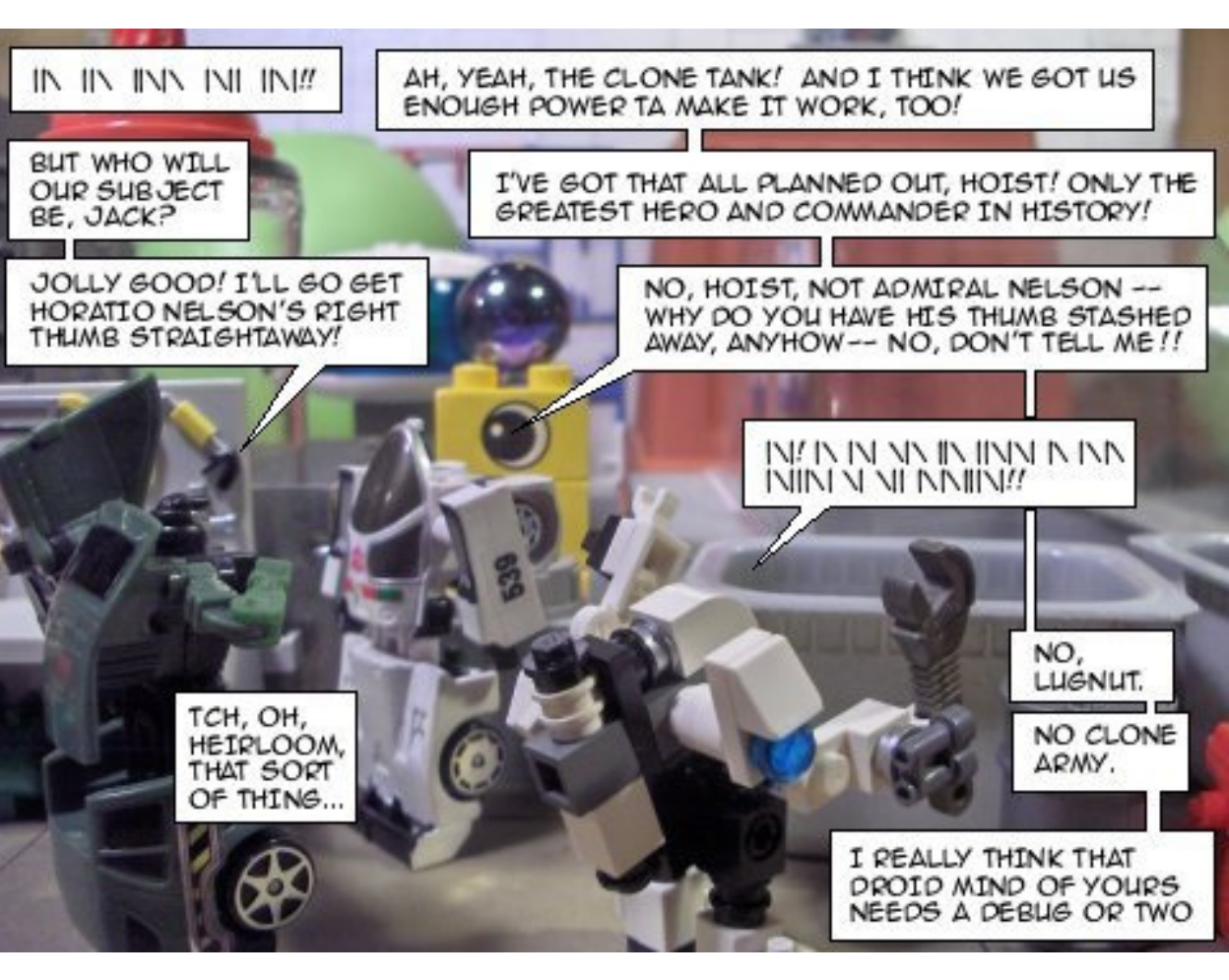


WELL, WHEELJACK, WHAT SORT OF  
MARVELS SHALL WE PERFORM TODAY?

SOMETHING REAL BIG, THAT'S FOR  
SURE. IT'S NOT EVERY DAY YA GOT  
1.21 GIGAWATTS TO PLAY WITH!  
EITHER OF YOU GOT ANY IDEAS?

||||| ||| \ ||| ||| \ //

NO, LUGNUT, I STILL DON'T THINK  
TAKIN' OVER ALL CYBERTRON IS A  
GOOD IDEA. MAYBE NEXT TIME.



IN IN IN IN IN!!

BUT WHO WILL  
OUR SUBJECT  
BE, JACK?

JOLLY GOOD! I'LL GO GET  
HORATIO NELSON'S RIGHT  
THUMB STRAIGHTAWAY!

TCH, OH,  
HEIRLOOM,  
THAT SORT  
OF THING...

AH, YEAH, THE CLONE TANK! AND I THINK WE GOT US  
ENOUGH POWER TA MAKE IT WORK, TOO!

I'VE GOT THAT ALL PLANNED OUT, HOIST! ONLY THE  
GREATEST HERO AND COMMANDER IN HISTORY!

NO, HOIST, NOT ADMIRAL NELSON --  
WHY DO YOU HAVE HIS THUMB STASHED  
AWAY, ANYHOW -- NO, DON'T TELL ME!!

IN! IN IN IN IN IN IN IN IN IN  
IN IN IN IN IN IN IN!!

NO,  
LUGNUT.

NO CLONE  
ARMY.

I REALLY THINK THAT  
DROID MIND OF YOURS  
NEEDS A DEBUG OR TWO



**R-R-RUMBLE - CRASH!**

"A BOWLING ALLEY! IS THERE ANYTHING THIS PLACE DOESN'T HAVE?"

COME TO THINK OF IT, THERE IS ONE THING...A LOGICAL EXPLANATION.

TALL!

WELL, SHUCKS, THAT'S EASY. WHEELJACK WANTED POWER FOR SOME EXPERIMENTS, BUT THE PO-CO WASN'T COOPERATING...

RIGHT!  
RIGHT!  
STUPID  
BALL!

PROWL!  
DON'T TELL  
ME YOU'RE  
WORKIN'!

TAP  
TAP  
TAP





BUSTED,  
LAWBOT!

...THEY CRIED ABOUT SHORTAGES. IMPLIED HE COULDN'T PAY. WHEELJACK DECIDED TO SHOW 'EM; TOOK OVER AN ABANDONED BASE IN THE ACID WASTES AND WENT INTO THE POWER BUSINESS. THAT BASE IS THIS PLANT. PRETTY SOON, HE WAS GENERATIN' ENOUGH FOR A SMALL CITY-STATE...BUT HE REALLY NEEDED ENOUGH FOR TWO...

NOT DOIN'  
SO HOT,  
GEARS!

DROP DEAD,  
IRONHIDE!

...SO HE ADDED  
CAPACITY FOR FOUR!  
AND TO PAY FOR IT,  
HE STARTED SELLIN'  
THE SURPLUS POWER.

WORKING? ME?  
HAHA..OF COURSE  
NOT! I WAS..AH...  
PLAYING ...POKER...

BEIN' A PUBLIC UTILITY,  
WE GOTTA SELL TO THE  
'CONS...BUT IT'S OKAY  
TO SHUT DOWN FOR  
REPAIRS...CHANGING  
A GENERATOR...A TRANS-  
FORMER...A LIGHT BULB...

...OR SENDING A LINE CREW TO RECONNECT A FILM STUDIO, WHICH WE DID THIS MORNING.

OH, THAT'S WHERE CRUELLOCK AND MIRAGE WENT OFF TO -

AHEM! NOT MEANING TO INTERRUPT, BUT SOMEONE NEEDS TO GET SPARKY BEFORE HE GETS STUCK IN THE BALL RETURN AGAIN. I CAN'T. I'M NOT WEARING BOWLING SHOES.

HEY! STOP!  
=OOF=!

WHEE!

JAZ, YA BOWL PRETTY GOOD...

...FER SOMEONE WHO LISTENS TA MADONNA!

LAY OFF, MAN. IT WAS THE '80S.

BUT HEY, THANKS. I SAY BOWL WITH STYLE, OR DON'T BOTHER PUTTIN' ON THE SHOES.

... WAY TO SUM-UP, BREAKER. ONLY Y'ALL LEFT OUT THE BEST PART...

NOBODY WANTS THE ACID WASTES, THEY'RE NO-BOT'S LAND...AND THAT MEANS...

...NO TROUBLE WITH *THE MAN*!

" 'THE MAN'? WHO'S THAT?"

"THE MAN, IRONHIDE. KEEPS YA DOWN.  
THE AUTHORITIES HAVIN' JURISDICTION"

"SORRY, JAZZ. STILL LOST. RECKON AH  
JUST DON'T DIG YER JIVE, BROTHER."

SO, HOIST, THE PROJECT  
NEEDS A NAME. ANY IDEAS?

THE RUDDY COUNCIL WOULD  
PROBABLY CALL IT "TEN TO  
TWENTY YEARS", JACK.

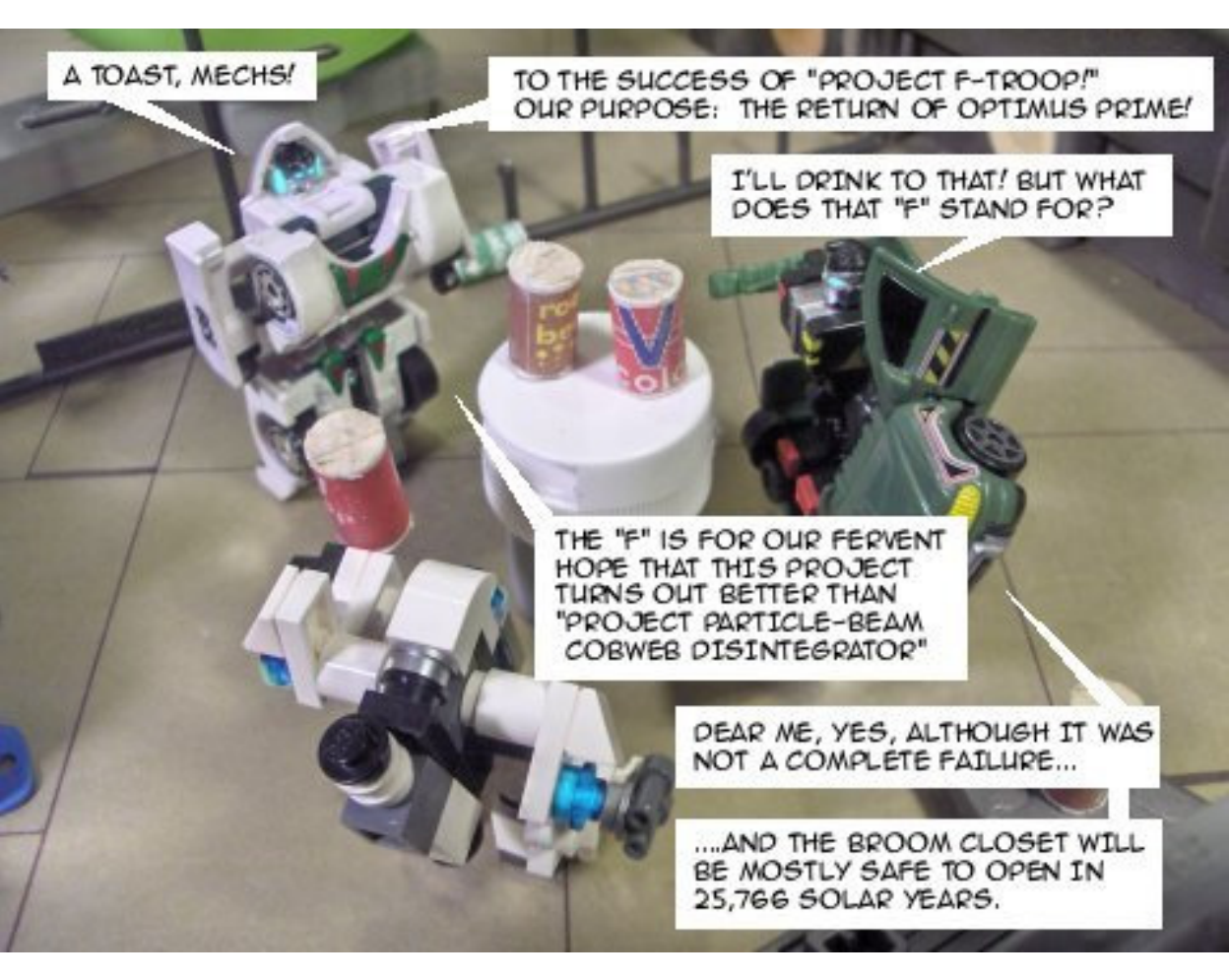
I BET. GOOD THING WE'RE  
OUT HERE, THEN. HOW ABOUT  
**"PROJECT MEGA-AWESOME!"**

AH...WELL...

INN NNINNNNNNNNN

THANKS, LUGNUT! I  
LIKE IT. SECRET, YET  
STILL DESCRIPTIVE,  
AND EASY TO REMEMBER.





A TOAST, MECHS!

TO THE SUCCESS OF "PROJECT F-TROOP!"  
OUR PURPOSE: THE RETURN OF OPTIMUS PRIME!

I'LL DRINK TO THAT! BUT WHAT  
DOES THAT "F" STAND FOR?

THE "F" IS FOR OUR FERVENT  
HOPE THAT THIS PROJECT  
TURNS OUT BETTER THAN  
"PROJECT PARTICLE-BEAM  
COBWEB DISINTEGRATOR"

DEAR ME, YES, ALTHOUGH IT WAS  
NOT A COMPLETE FAILURE...

....AND THE BROOM CLOSET WILL  
BE MOSTLY SAFE TO OPEN IN  
25,766 SOLAR YEARS.



*July 4,  
1776:*

*"We hold  
these  
truths  
to be self-  
evident,*

*that all  
men are  
created  
equal..."*



*...that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness...*



*...That to secure these  
rights, governments are  
instituted among men...*

*...deriving their just  
powers from the consent  
of the governed...*

KING GRIMLOCK SAY,  
CALL WHOLE THING OFF!

PO - TAY - TO!

PO - TAH - TO!





*That whenever any form of government becomes destructive to these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government...*



HEY, IT'S A  
WOODWIND,  
AT LEAST!

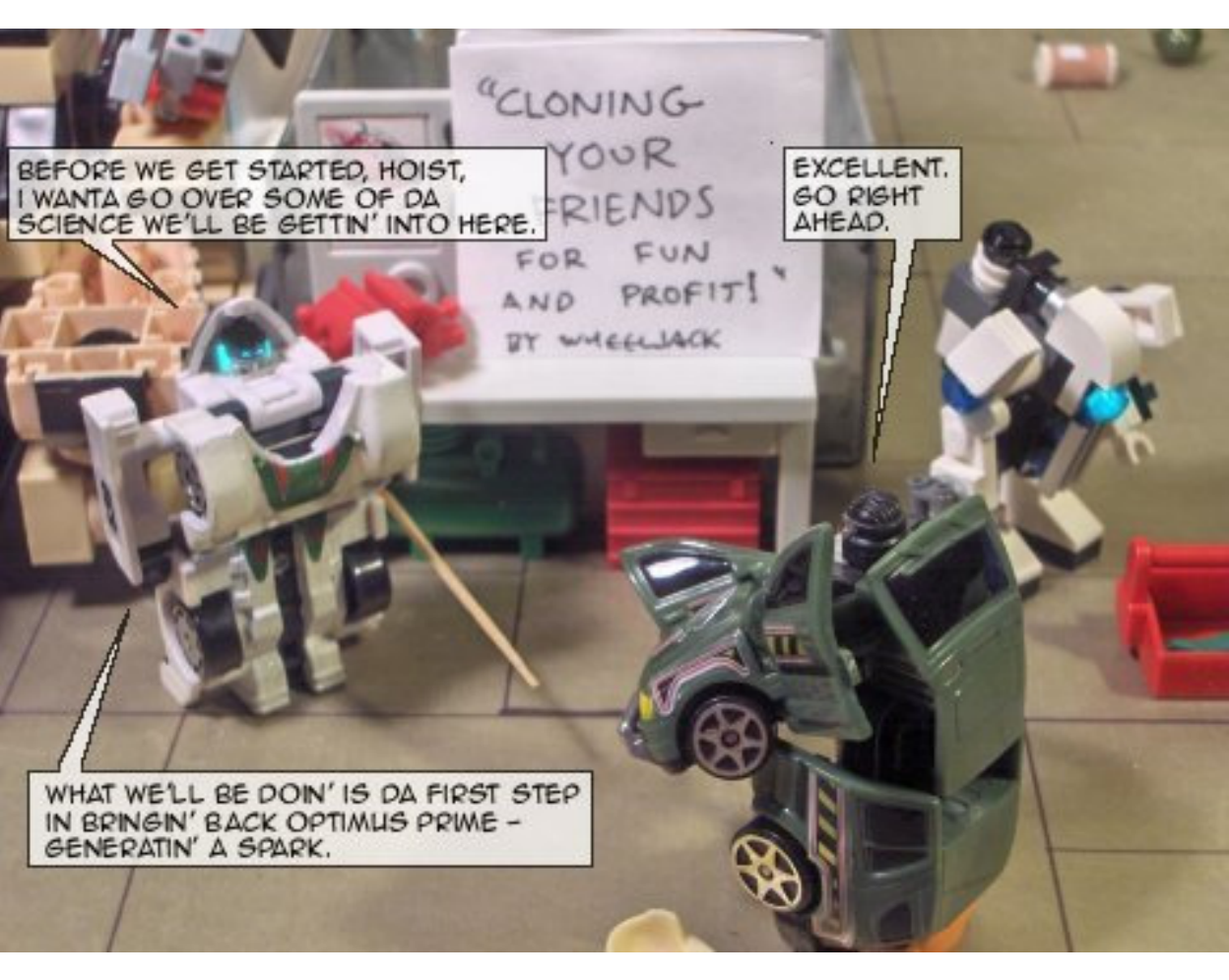
*...laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.*



*The staff of Blurry Robot Productions  
hopes all our readers had a pleasant Independence Day  
full of cheer and pyrotechnics.*



*"Proclaim LIBERTY throughout all the Land,  
unto all the Inhabitants thereof"  
Lev. XXV X  
Happy birthday, U.S.A.!*

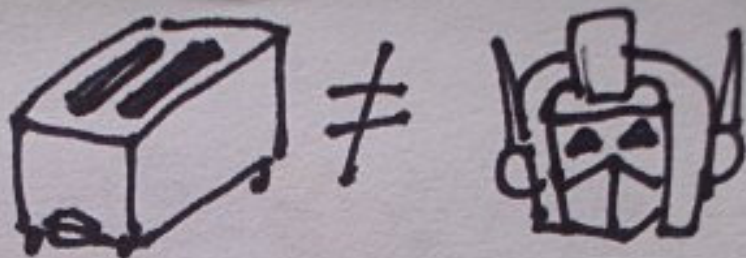


BEFORE WE GET STARTED, HOIST, I WANT GO OVER SOME OF DA SCIENCE WE'LL BE GETTIN' INTO HERE.

"CLONING  
YOUR  
FRIENDS  
FOR FUN  
AND PROFIT!"  
BY WHEELJACK

EXCELLENT.  
GO RIGHT  
AHEAD.

WHAT WE'LL BE DOIN' IS DA FIRST STEP  
IN BRINGIN' BACK OPTIMUS PRIME -  
GENERATIN' A SPARK.



AS YOU KNOW, WE CAN'T JUST BUILD 'IM.  
EVEN IF YA GOTTA SPARK TA START FROM,  
IF YOU AREN'T REAL, REAL CAREFUL, YA  
MIGHT GET MECHS WITH...PERSONALITY  
PROBLEMS...  
BUT WITHOUT A SPARK, PRIME WOULDN'T  
BE MORE'N A DROID. CAN'T HAVE THAT!



"SPEAKING OF  
DROIDS, WHERE'S  
MY LAB ASSISTANT?"

⇒WHAT A FEELING!⇐

⇒BEING'S BELIEVING!⇐

"HE'S UP ON THE  
OVERHEAD CRANE,  
WHEELJACK,  
GO-GO-DANCING  
TO THE MUSIC  
IN HIS HEAD."

"OH."

"I SEE."

"WHERE WAS I..."

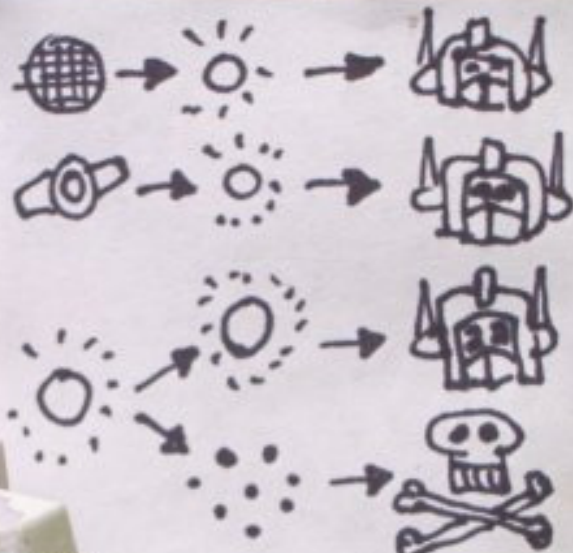
"...RIGHT. DROIDS WITH  
PERSONALITY PROBLEMS..."



OBVIOUSLY, WE NEED A SPARK..  
BUT WE CAN'T JUST GO PICK ONE UP  
AT ANY CORNER DRUGSTORE!

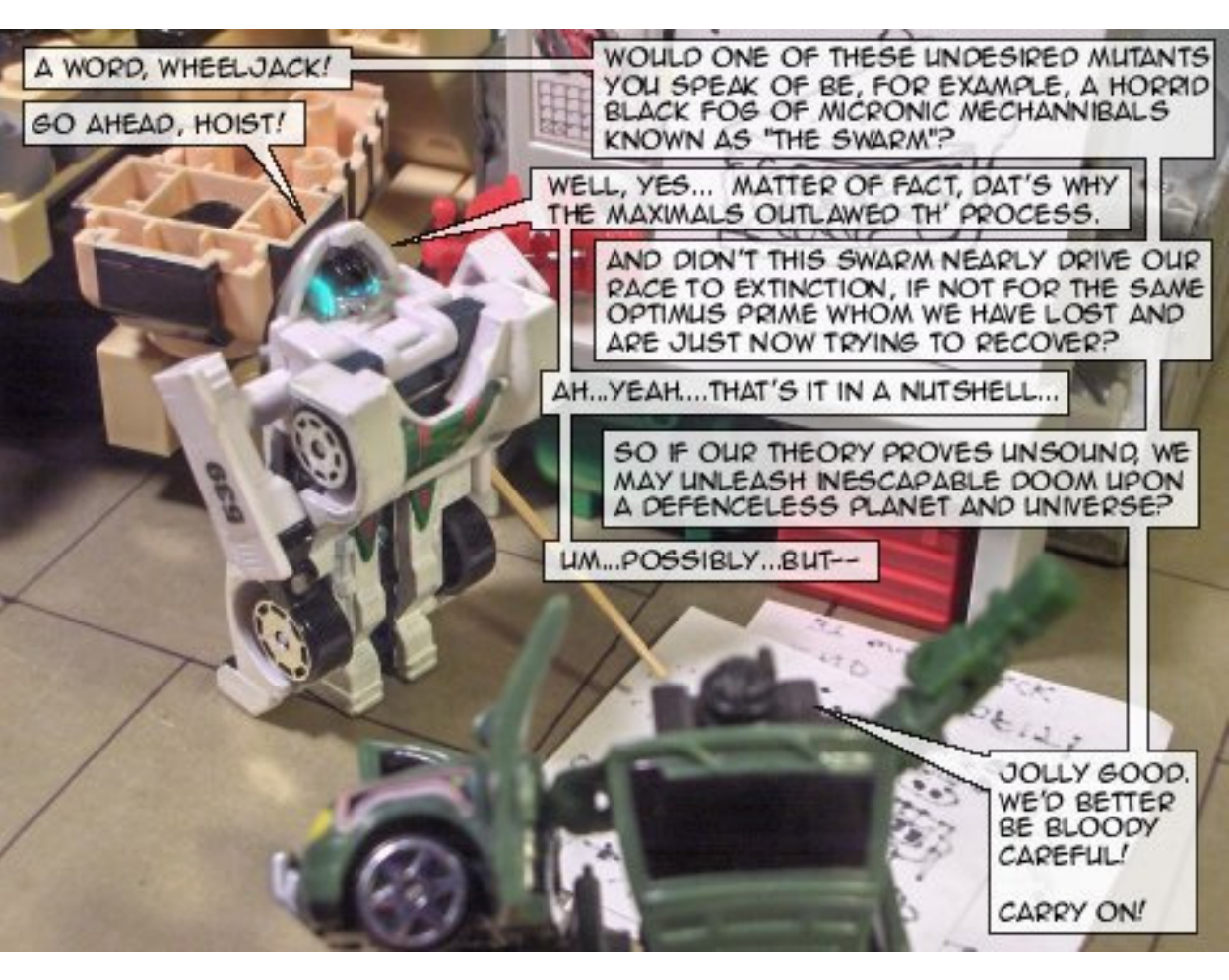
VECTOR SIGMA AN' DA MATRIX  
COULD CREATE SPARKS, BUT VEC-SIG  
IS THE MAXIMALS' OWN PRIVATE IDOL,  
AND ALL WE'VE GOT OF THE MATRIX IS  
A HANDFUL O'CODE FRAGMENTS.

AN' THEN THERE'S BUDDIN'. MATURE  
CYBERTRONIAN MECHANOCULES  
CAN BE MADE TA SELF-REPLICATE...



...THIS IS WHAT WE'LL BE DOIN'.  
IT WORKS, BUT IT'S RISKY. TA  
TAKE A FINGERNAIL CLIPPIN' AND  
MAKE, SAY, A BRAIN-IMPULSE  
CARRIAH, YA NEEDA INDUCE  
MUTATIONS. SOME OF THESE CAN  
BE UNDESIRABLE.

BUT WE CAN ELIMINATE THESE BY  
CAREFUL SCREENIN', FILTERIN',  
AND JUST A ZAP O' RADIATION --



A WORD, WHEELJACK!

GO AHEAD, HOIST!

WOULD ONE OF THESE UNDESIRABLE MUTANTS YOU SPEAK OF BE, FOR EXAMPLE, A HORRID BLACK FOG OF MICRONIC MECHANICALS KNOWN AS "THE SWARM"?

WELL, YES... MATTER OF FACT, DAT'S WHY THE MAXIMALS OUTLAWED TH' PROCESS.

AND DIDN'T THIS SWARM NEARLY DRIVE OUR RACE TO EXTINCTION, IF NOT FOR THE SAME OPTIMUS PRIME WHOM WE HAVE LOST AND ARE JUST NOW TRYING TO RECOVER?

AH...YEAH...THAT'S IT IN A NUTSHELL...

SO IF OUR THEORY PROVES UNSOUND, WE MAY UNLEASH INESCAPABLE DOOM UPON A DEFENCELESS PLANET AND UNIVERSE?

UM...POSSIBLY...BUT--

JOLLY GOOD. WE'D BETTER BE BLOODY CAREFUL!

CARRY ON!



OKAY! TH' PLASMA FURNACE IS READY TA GO!

HOIST?

WHAP!

AH...YES. READY WHEN YOU ARE.

YEAH, I'M SURE IT'LL BE "GLORIOUS", LUG.

I TELL YA, THEY BROKE THE MOLD...

ALL RIGHT, MECHS. GIMME A MICROSEC TA GET INTO DA AUTO-WALDO.

GOOD - LUGNUT?

W! W! W! W!  
W! W! W! W!

THERE'S GONNA BE PLENTY A' HOT STUFF IN HERE!

ALL SET!  
LET'S MAKE DA MAGIC HAPPEN!

SYSTEM POWER ON!

⇒THINK⇐

⇒WURRAWURRAWURR⇐

FLOOD PLASMA CHAMBER!  
ELECTRODE CIRCUITS T' MAX POWER!

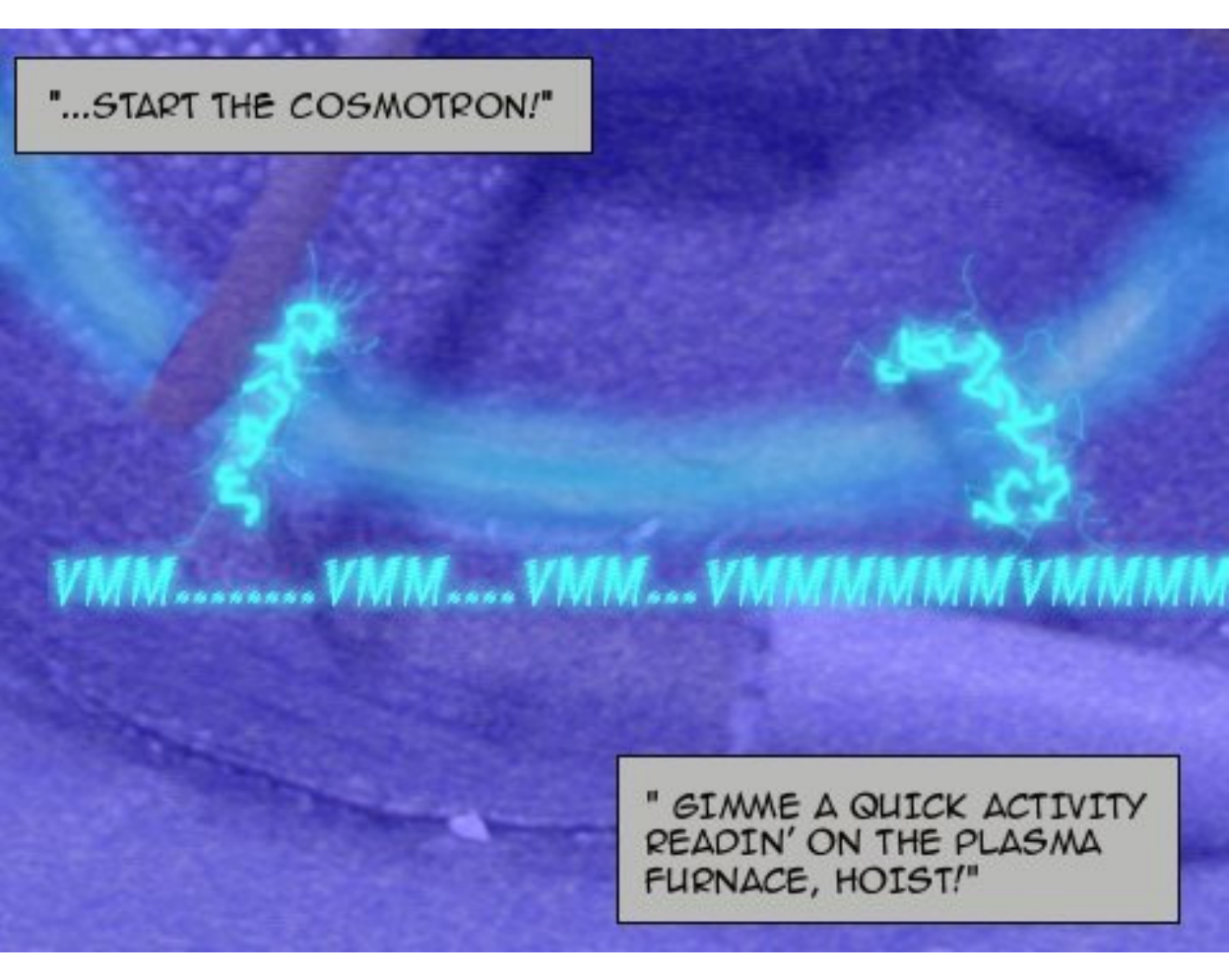
AND...*ENGAGE!*

**FROTZ!**

NOW WE'RE COOKIN'  
WITH IONIZED GAS!

OKAY, LUGNUT...



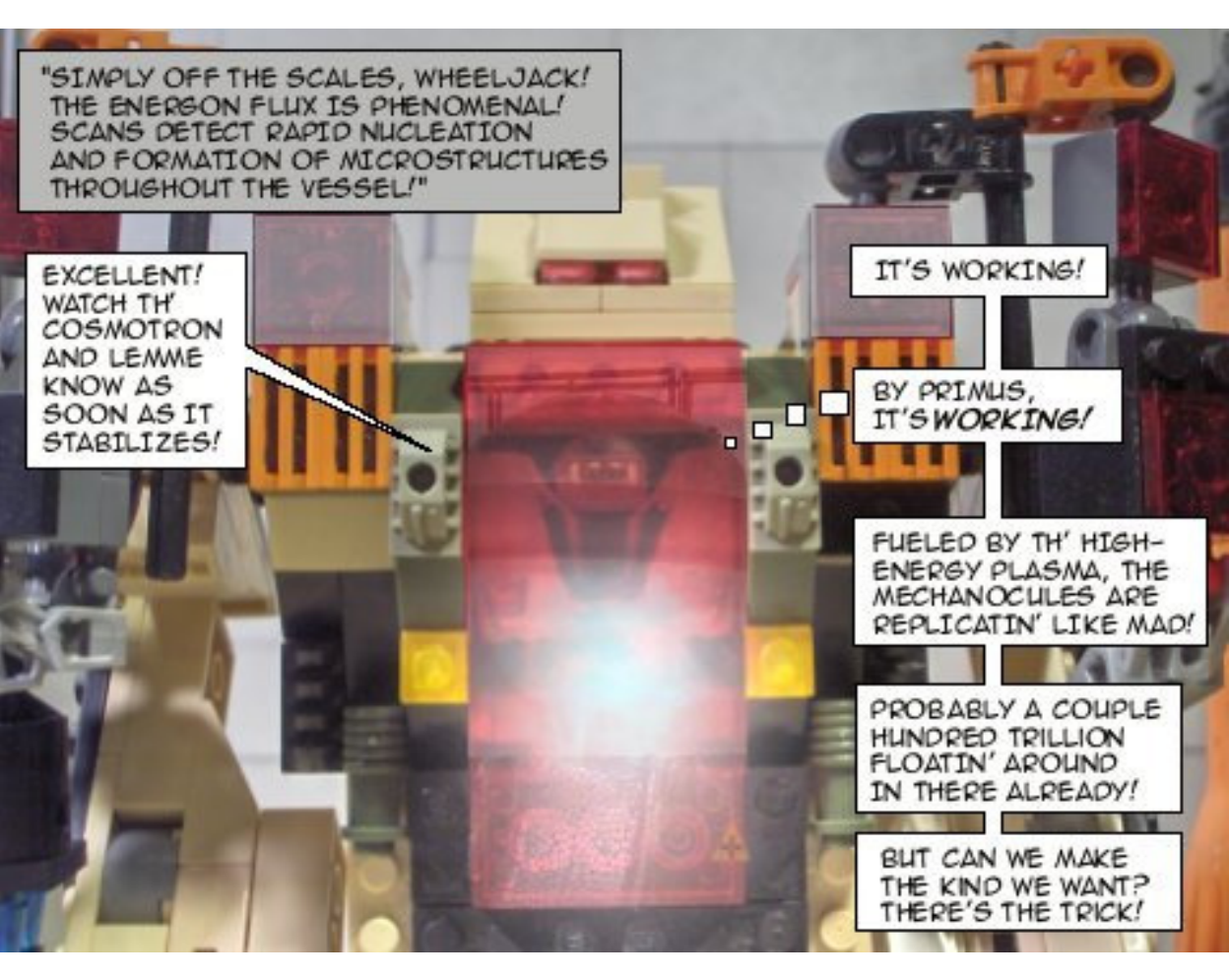


"...START THE COSMOTRON!"

VMM.....VMM....VMM...VMMMMMMMMVMMMMM

" GIMME A QUICK ACTIVITY  
READIN' ON THE PLASMA  
FURNACE, HOIST!"





"SIMPLY OFF THE SCALES, WHEELJACK!  
THE ENERSON FLUX IS PHENOMENAL!  
SCANS DETECT RAPID NUCLEATION  
AND FORMATION OF MICROSTRUCTURES  
THROUGHOUT THE VESSEL!"

EXCELLENT!  
WATCH TH' COSMOTRON  
AND LEMME  
KNOW AS  
SOON AS IT  
STABILIZES!

IT'S WORKING!

BY PRIMUS,  
IT'S WORKING!

FUELED BY TH' HIGH-  
ENERGY PLASMA, THE  
MECHANOCULES ARE  
REPLICATIN' LIKE MAD!

PROBABLY A COUPLE  
HUNDRED TRILLION  
FLOATIN' AROUND  
IN THERE ALREADY!

BUT CAN WE MAKE  
THE KIND WE WANT?  
THERE'S THE TRICK!



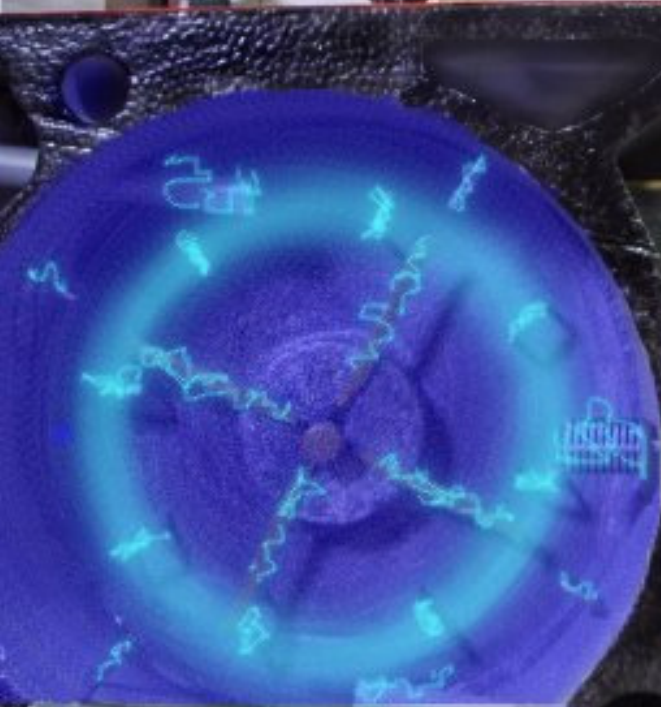
STILL NO PICTURE, IRONHIDE!

BETTER GIVE  
IT ONE MORE  
WHACK.

JAZZ, DID  
YOU HAVE  
AN ODD  
FEELING  
OF DREAD  
JUST NOW?

NOPE.

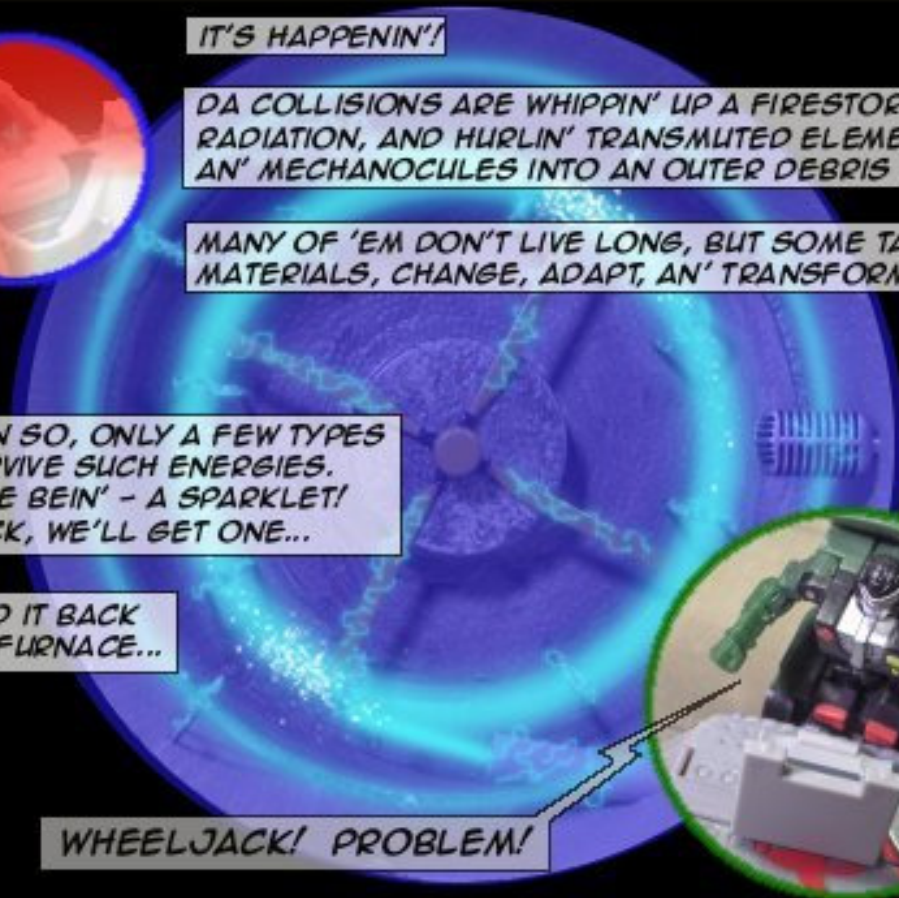
OKAY.



"BEAM ENERGY 19.84 TERA-ELECTRON-  
VOLTS AND HOLDING, JACK!"

"OUTSTANDIN', HOIST!"

"LUGNUT, PREPARE FOR  
MECHANOCULE INJECTION!"



IT'S HAPPENIN'!

DA COLLISIONS ARE WHIPPIN' UP A FIRESTORM A' RADIATION, AND HURLIN' TRANSMUTED ELEMENTS AN' MECHANOCULES INTO AN OUTER DEBRIS RING!

MANY OF 'EM DON'T LIVE LONG, BUT SOME TAKE UP MATERIALS, CHANGE, ADAPT, AN' TRANSFORM!

BUT EVEN SO, ONLY A FEW TYPES CAN SURVIVE SUCH ENERGIES. ONE TYPE BEIN' - A SPARKLET! WITH LUCK, WE'LL GET ONE...

AN' FEED IT BACK INTO DA FURNACE...

WHEELJACK! PROBLEM!





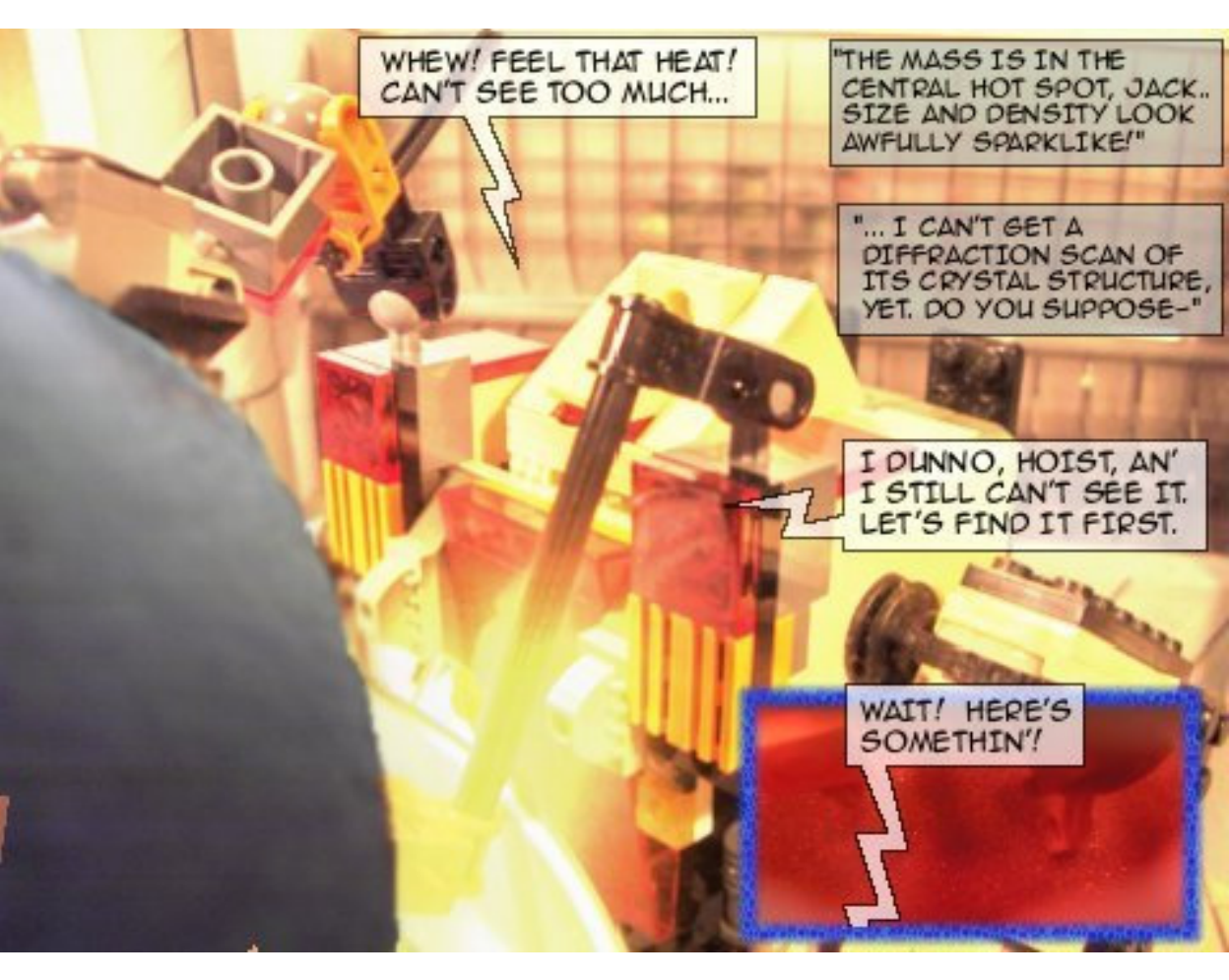
"THERE'S A STRANGE MASS FORMING IN THE PLASMA VESSEL!"

WHAT, ANOTHER STRANGELET?  
THAT AIN'T TOO CHARMIN'!

"NO. COMMON MATTER.  
BUT ODD; ROUGHLY  
SPHERICAL. PERHAPS  
A SPARK CRYSTAL?"

A SPARK?  
IMPOSSIBLE!

DROP DA FURNACE POWER TO BARE MINIMUM AN'  
HOLD DA COSMOTRON STEADY. I WANTA HAVE A  
QUICK LOOK AROUND IN THERE!



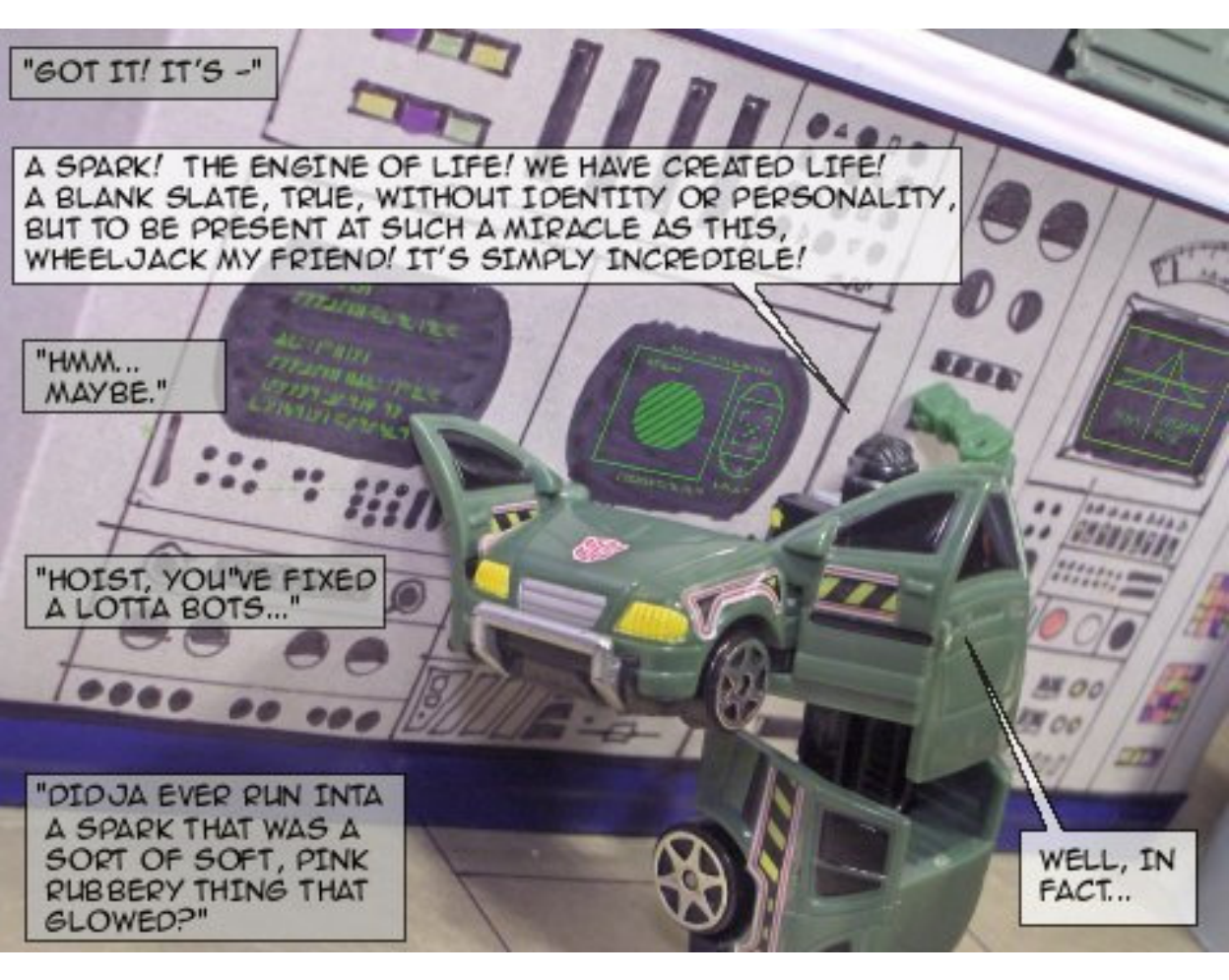
WHEW! FEEL THAT HEAT!  
CAN'T SEE TOO MUCH...

"THE MASS IS IN THE  
CENTRAL HOT SPOT, JACK..  
SIZE AND DENSITY LOOK  
AWFULLY SPARKLIKE!"

"... I CAN'T GET A  
DIFFRACTION SCAN OF  
ITS CRYSTAL STRUCTURE,  
YET. DO YOU SUPPOSE--"

I DUNNO, HOIST, AN'  
I STILL CAN'T SEE IT.  
LET'S FIND IT FIRST.

WAIT! HERE'S  
SOMETHIN'!

A green toy car, resembling a Volkswagen Beetle, is mounted on a black and yellow striped robot base. The car has a pink "SPARK" logo on its side. In the background is a large, detailed control panel with various buttons, dials, and screens. One screen shows a green grid with a circle and a face. Another screen shows a graph with a green line. The scene is set in a room with a blue wall and a white ceiling.

"GOT IT! IT'S -"

A SPARK! THE ENGINE OF LIFE! WE HAVE CREATED LIFE!  
A BLANK SLATE, TRUE, WITHOUT IDENTITY OR PERSONALITY,  
BUT TO BE PRESENT AT SUCH A MIRACLE AS THIS,  
WHEELJACK MY FRIEND! IT'S SIMPLY INCREDIBLE!


"HMM...  
MAYBE."

"HOIST, YOU'VE FIXED  
A LOTTA BOTS..."

"DIDJA EVER RUN INTO  
A SPARK THAT WAS A  
SORT OF SOFT, PINK  
RUBBERY THING THAT  
GLOWED?"

WELL, IN  
FACT...





"...NOT TOO OFTEN. NEVER, IN FACT.  
NOT EVEN ONCE. NEVER EVEN HEARD OF -"

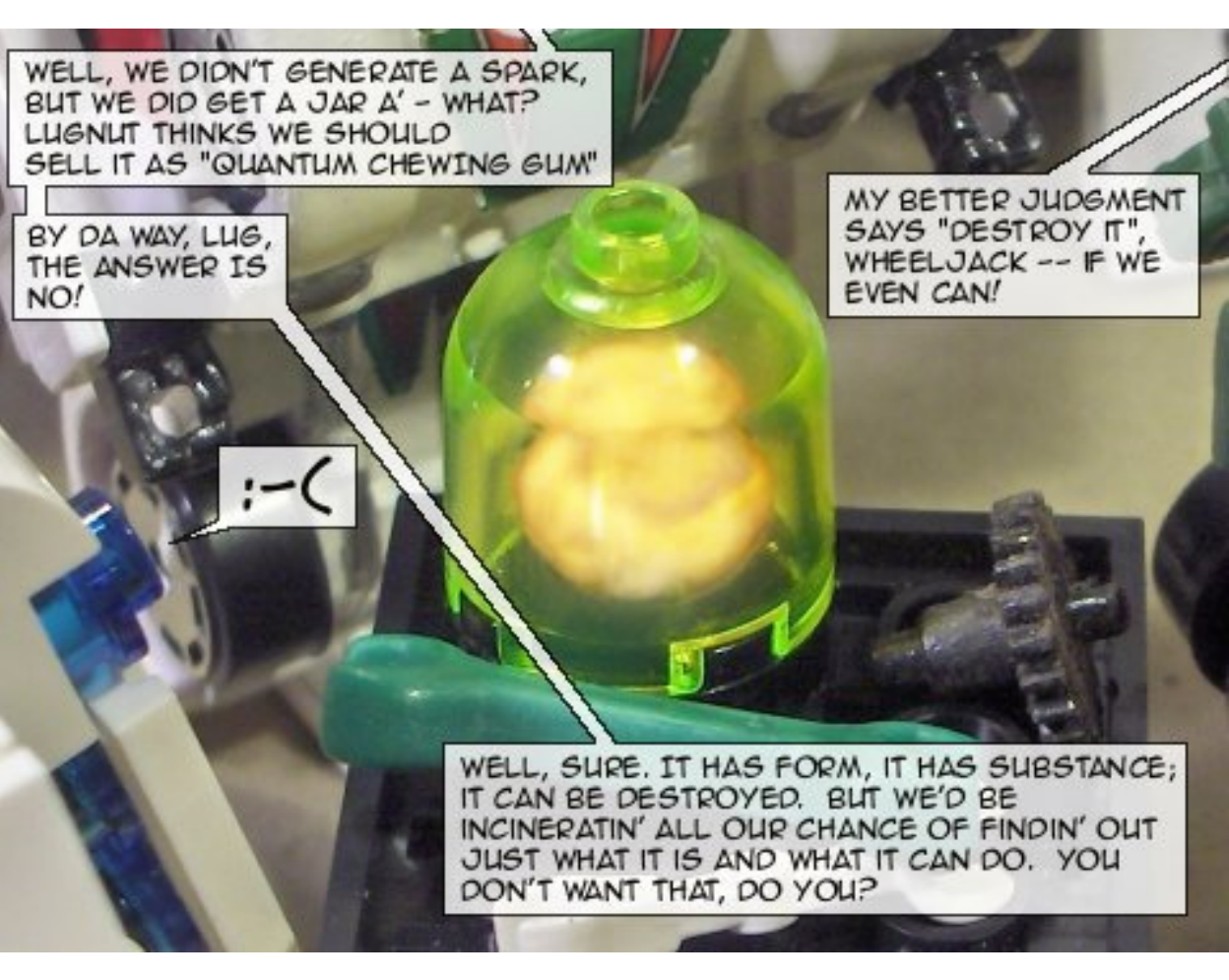
OKAY.  
THEN WE DIDN'T  
MAKE A SPARK.

"WHAT DO WE  
HAVE, THEN?"

I'M NOT SURE...

...BUT I AM  
SURE A'  
ONE THING...

THIS EXPERIMENT IS  
**OVER,**  
**FINISHED!**



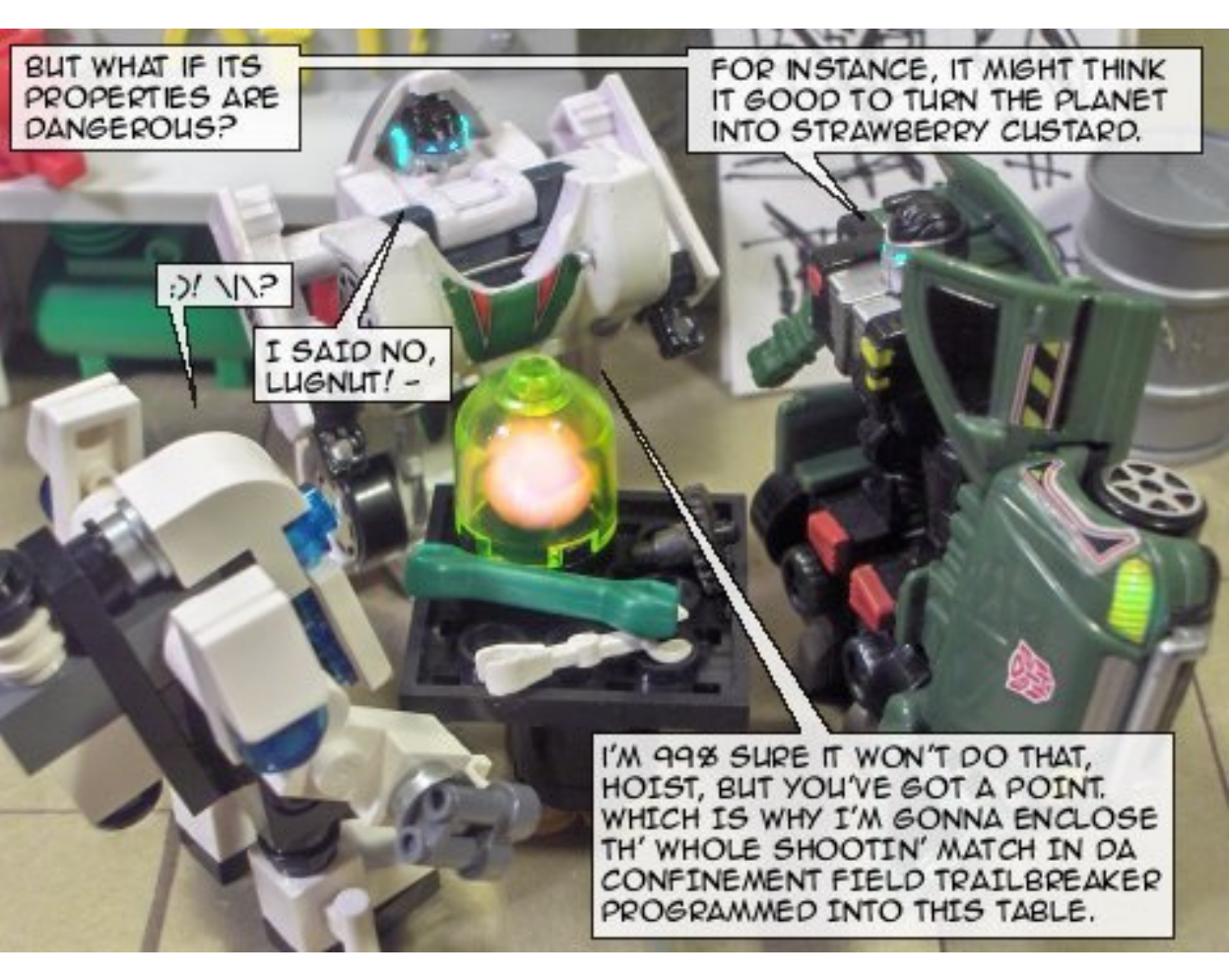
WELL, WE DIDN'T GENERATE A SPARK,  
BUT WE DID GET A JAR A' - WHAT?  
LUGNUT THINKS WE SHOULD  
SELL IT AS "QUANTUM CHEWING GUM"

BY DA WAY, LUG,  
THE ANSWER IS  
NO!

:-C

MY BETTER JUDGMENT  
SAYS "DESTROY IT",  
WHEELJACK -- IF WE  
EVEN CAN!

WELL, SURE. IT HAS FORM, IT HAS SUBSTANCE;  
IT CAN BE DESTROYED. BUT WE'D BE  
INCINERATIN' ALL OUR CHANCE OF FINDIN' OUT  
JUST WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT CAN DO. YOU  
DON'T WANT THAT, DO YOU?



BUT WHAT IF ITS  
PROPERTIES ARE  
DANGEROUS?

FOR INSTANCE, IT MIGHT THINK  
IT GOOD TO TURN THE PLANET  
INTO STRAWBERRY CUSTARD.

;)! \X?

I SAID NO,  
LUGNUT! -

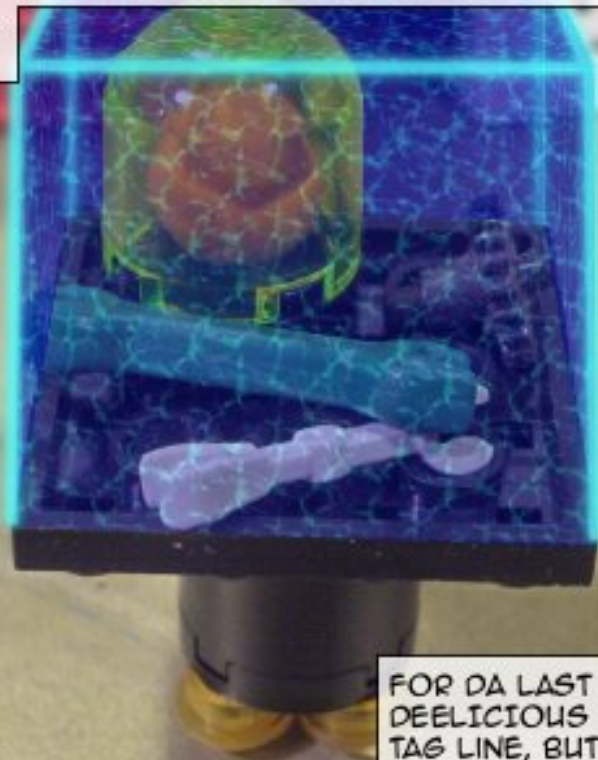
I'M 99% SURE IT WON'T DO THAT,  
HOIST, BUT YOU'VE GOT A POINT.  
WHICH IS WHY I'M GONNA ENCLOSE  
TH' WHOLE SHOOTIN' MATCH IN DA  
CONFINEMENT FIELD TRAILBREAKER  
PROGRAMMED INTO THIS TABLE.



-SO I CAN 100%  
GUARANTEE YA,  
HOIST, NOTHIN'  
IS GONNA LEAVE  
THAT TABLE!

WELL, THAT  
IS CERTAINLY  
GOOD TO  
KNOW.

I SUPPOSE  
WE SHOULD  
GIVE ALTIHEX  
BACK THEIR  
POWER NOW?



YOU BETCHA  
LEFT ARM WE  
SHOULD!

GET DA LIGHTS,  
LUGNUT.

NI NI NI NI NI  
NI NI NI...

FOR DA LAST TIME, NO! SURE, "SIX  
DEELICIOUS FLAVORS" IS A GREAT  
TAG LINE, BUT YOU'RE NOT MAKIN'  
GUM OUTTA THIS...WHATEVER IT IS.

"IT DOES NEED A NAME, DOESN'T IT?  
HOW ABOUT 'PINKY'?"



"NO, HOIST, NOT 'PINKY'.  
DEFINITELY NOT 'PINKY'."

**ZZT! ZZT! ZZT! ZZT!**





LATE THAT NIGHT,  
IN WHEELJACK'S LAB...



MEANWHILE, ELSEWHERE IN THE  
VAST AND SPRAWLING GEN-ONE  
POWER COMPLEX...

jaAm-jaAm!

jaAm jaAm jaAm


jaAm! jaAm! bALL!\*




"JAAM-JAAM'D TO  
THE "COL. BOGEY  
MARCH". -AP.




≧SQUEEKY SQUEEK≦



jaAm jaAm  
mESS!



jaAm jaAm  
cleAn!



!!





⇒TAP<  
⇒TAP<

yikes!  
whAt tHAt?

Noooooo!!!



APOLOGIES TO  
SHANE ANDERSON.  
-A. P.

*If i had not seen it with my own optics, I would not believe it. How did this happen? How is it possible? How can an entire planet change in mere seconds and become this insane mix of milk, cornstarch, and natural and artificial flavorings? It looks more like strawberry custard than...*

**WHOOOP! WHOOOP! WHOOOP! WHOOOP!**



AUGH!

A...A BAD DREAM...  
THAT'S ALL IT WAS...



WHOOOP! WHOOOP! WHOOOP! WHO

TH...THAT SIREN...

~CLICK~

WHEELJACK TA CENTRAL  
CONTROL - WHAT'S ALL  
THIS RACKET?

-Z-

"HEY, W. J.! I WAS JUST GOING T' WAKE YOU UP.  
SOMETHIN'S SET OFF THE MULLET ALARM!"

"WE HAVE...A MULLET ALARM?"

I ADDED IT YESTERDAY, MAN!  
AIN'T JUST THAT. BAD COMB-  
OVERS, FLOCK A' SEAGULLS..

AN' DREADLOCKS, TOO. GREAT FOR  
DETECTIN' CLOAKED PREDATORS --

MULLET ALERT!  
LEVEL: BILLY RAY!

MOST OF ALL HE NEEDS THE FUNK!  
HELP HIM FIND THE FUNK!

I'M SURE IT AIN'T NO THING, BUT  
I GOT T. B. CHECKIN' OUT TH' SOUTH  
TUNNEL, AN' SENT GEARS OVER TO  
TH' MACHINE SHOP --

"JAZZ! WHEELJACK! GET YER FINAL  
DRIVES OVER HERE QUICK! HURRY UP!"

GEARS!  
WE'RE  
HERE!

OH, REALLY?  
IT TOOK YOU  
BULLGEARS  
LONG ENOUGH!  
BEEN TAKING  
RUNNING  
LESSONS  
FROM  
TRAILBREAKER?

SO WHERE'S THE  
PUNK WITH THE  
JUNK FLUNK AND  
THE BAD HAIR  
AFFAIR?

RIGHT...OVER...  
THERE...

I THINK IT WAS HOT  
SHOT, ONCE...

FLUNCT ME IF I KNOW  
WHAT IT IS NOW...







BUT WHATEVER IT IS....  
IT SURE DOESN'T LOOK FRIENDLY!

WHAT  
*IS* IT?

I'D SAY PINKY - ER, SOME  
KINDA SPACE PARASITE -  
HAS TAKEN OVAH  
HOT SHOT'S CHASSIS.

LET'S  
**BLAST**  
IT TO  
LITTLE  
BITS!

NO, GEARS. DA POOR  
KID MIGHT STILL BE  
ALIVE IN THERE.

SO WHY WE STANDIN' HERE  
RAPPIN'? I DON'T NEED MY  
PIECE T'BRING THIS TURKEY  
DOWN!



I'LL PUT  
HIS MIND  
IN A BIND  
WITH MY  
GROOVY  
SOUND  
AN' LIGHT  
SHOW,  
MAN!



JAZZ!  
GEARS!  
WAIT A  
KLIK!



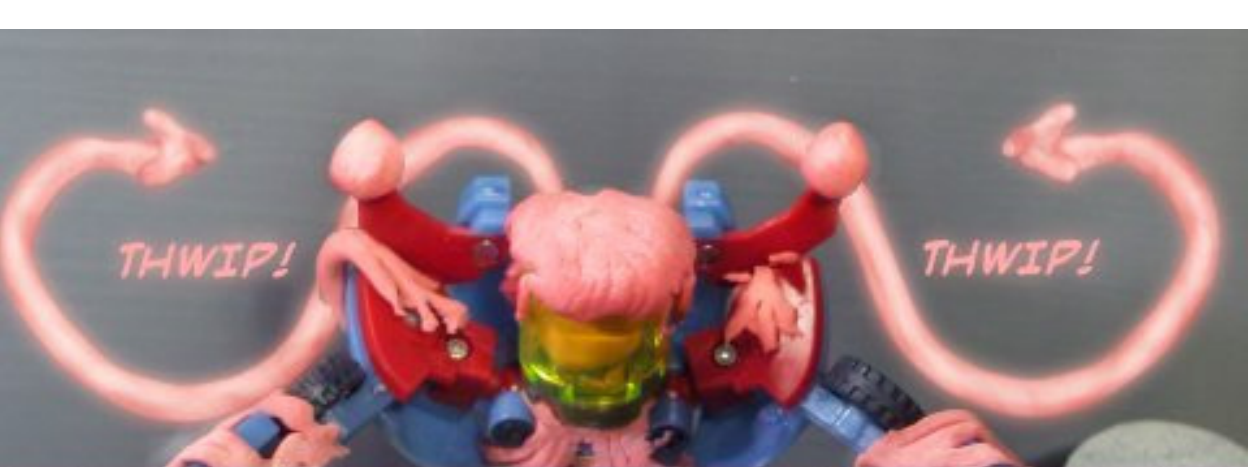
WE DUNNO  
WHAT KINDA  
POWERS  
IT MIGHT  
HAVE...

AND I'LL  
POUND  
HIM INTO  
NEXT  
THURSDAY  
WITH MY  
AIR-  
POWERED  
PUNCH!



⇒SPUT⇐  
⇒SPUT⇐





"SLAG! THIS CAT'S HAIR IS WICKED! FALL BA--"





**ARGH!**

























































































































































































































**≡ SIZZLE! ≡**

**GEARS!  
JAZZ!  
NO!**



**≡ CRACKLE! ≡**

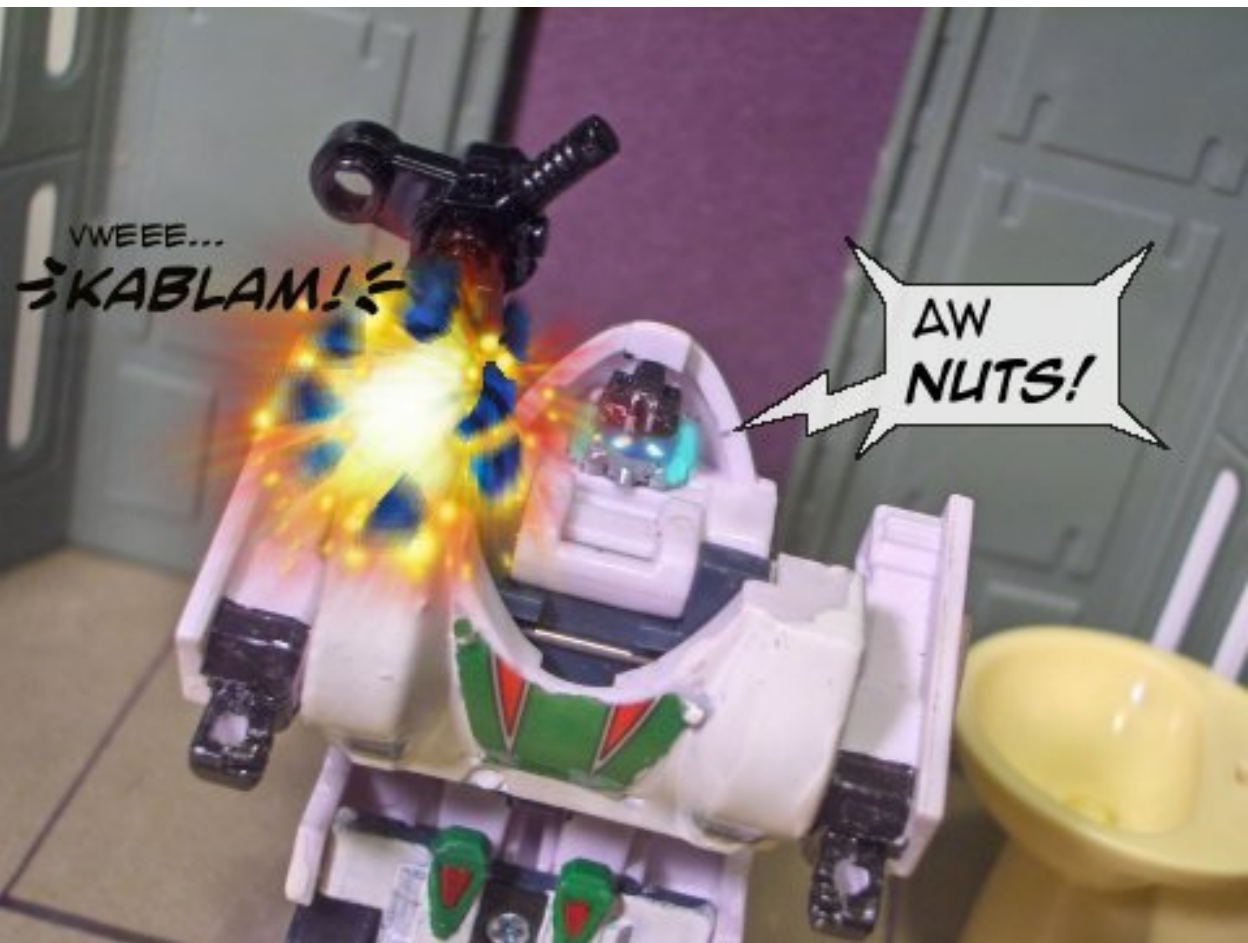
**ALGH!**



VWEEE...


→KABLAM!←

AW  
NLITS!










>HUFF<  
>PUFF<  
>OOF!<

ARGH! STUPID AXLE-SNAPPIN'  
GYRO DESTABILIZERS!

HELP! TRAILBREAKER! IRONHIDE?  
PROWL? CAN ANYBODY HEAR ME?

THE BLAST MUSTA FRIED MY RADIO!  
NO CHOICE...GOTTA MAKE A STAND.  
ONLY WAY TA SAVE JAZZ AND GEARS!



>HUFF<  
>PUFF<

THUMM

THUMM

THUMM

DANGER  
HIGH  
VOLTAGE

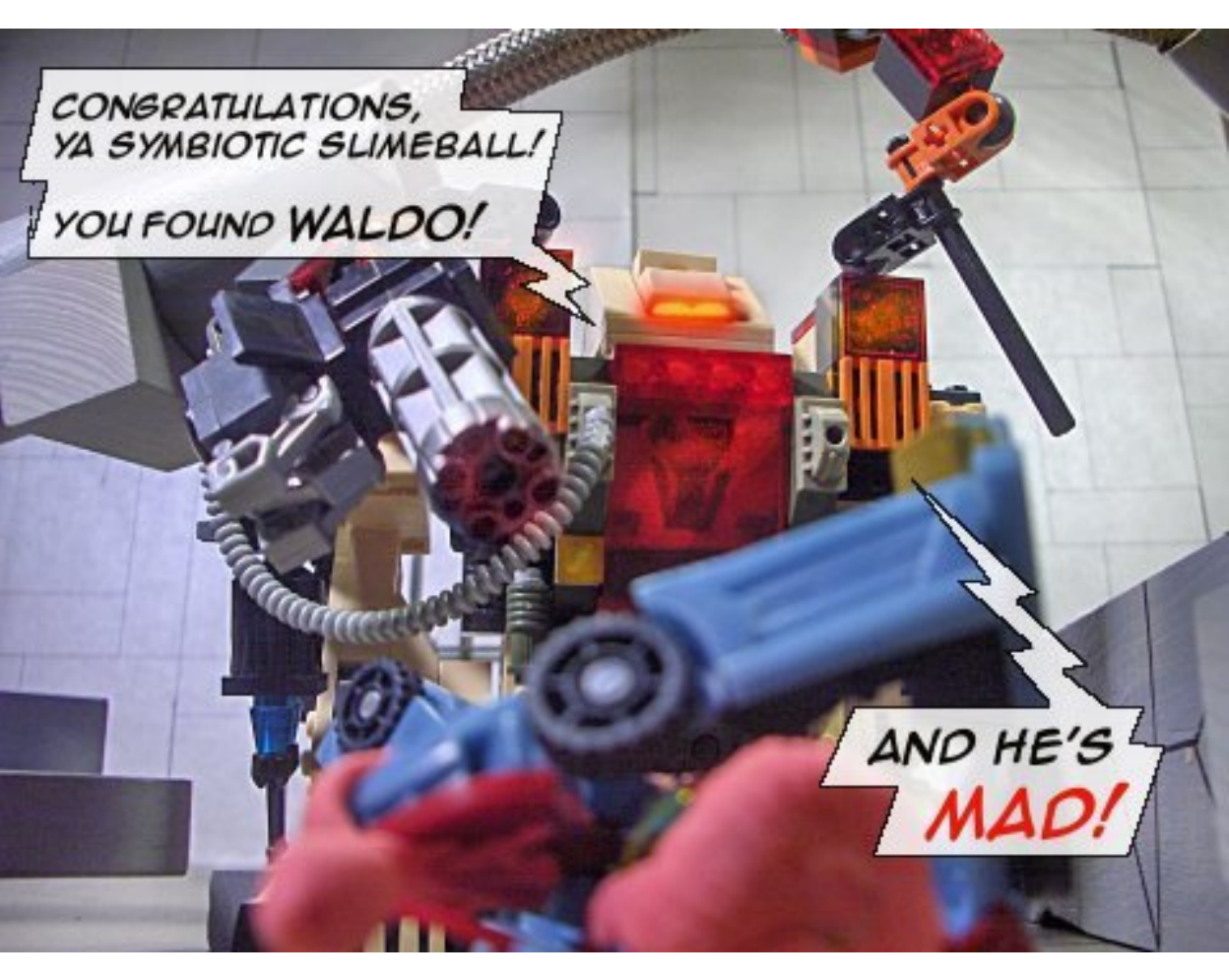
KSHHHH

CRAACKLE!



**KERUNCH!**






CONGRATULATIONS,  
YA SYMBIOTIC SLIMEBALL!  
YOU FOUND WALDO!

AND HE'S  
**MAD!**



HAVE A SEAT, PINKY!  
LET'S CHAT A WHILE.

I BETCHA THINK YER REALLY TOUGH, WITH  
DA PINK LASERS AN' PREHENSILE MULLET  
IF JAZZ AN' GEARS COULDN'T BEAT YA,  
WHAT CHANCE DO I HAVE?




WELL, YA WON'T BELIEVE THE  
THINGS I CAN DO NOW!

LASERS, PINKY? TCH, TCH.  
MIGHTY HOSTILE OF YA.

ZORCH!






BUT YER GONNA FIND ME  
SURPRISIN' - AND **DISARMING!**

I'LL TEAR YA LIMB FROM LIMB, YA  
BODY-SNATCHING BLOB OF  
PROTOPLASMIC PESTILENCE!  
IT'S OVER, YA HEAR? OVER!






AND IF YOU DON'T  
BELIEVE ME, I GOTTA  
FRIEND YOU CAN TALK  
TO--

**MY VULCAN  
CANNON!**


**SPOCKA!  
SPOCKA!  
SPOCKA!**

A close-up action shot from a video game. A large, black and blue mechanical arm is positioned to stomp down on a small, red, crab-like robot. The robot has a yellow translucent body and is lying on a light-colored floor. Blue energy sparks are visible around the robot. The scene is framed by comic book style speech bubbles and a large sound effect.

AND NOW,  
THE END!

NOT WITH  
A WHIMPER,  
BUT WITH A-

STOMP!



WHEW!  
NOW TA GET THIS THING OFF YA, HOT SHOT!  
I JUST HOPE THERE'S A 'YOU' LEFT IN THERE...

LITTLE BIT A' WORK  
WITH DA PLASMA  
TORCH AND...



A LEGO Technic model of a monster, primarily red and black, with glowing red eyes. The scene is filled with bright red lightning bolts, suggesting a powerful energy surge or attack. The monster's head is in the center, with a black piece featuring a red 'ADAM' logo. The background is a blurred indoor setting.

**FEEDBACK!**

FEEDBACK OF INCREDIBLE  
POWER! PUNCHIN' THROUGH  
EVERYTHING! DISRUPTIN'  
SYSTEM AFTER SYSTEM!

HAFTA FALL BACK,  
RETREAT! BUT WALDO  
IS IMMOBILIZED!

WHAT?! - WHAT IS THIS? THE MONSTER!  
GETTING BACK UP - REGENERATIN'  
DA LOST PIECES! THE HORRA! THE HORRA!



NO! NO!  
YER DEAD!  
I SAW YA DIE!

WHERE ARE YA  
EVEN *GETTIN'*  
ALL THIS POWER?

CORE TEMP

SHIELDS %

PLSMTOR ON  
VULCANC

ROUNDS

⇒DII-DA!⇐

⇒DII-DA!⇐

⇒DII-DA!⇐

⇒DII-DA!⇐

!WARNING! COMBUSTION FAI  
!WARNING! LOAD FACTOR 12  
!!DANGER!! CORE OVERTEMP  
SYSTEM - VIRUS DETECTED A  
SYSTEM - VIRUS DETECTED A  
!!DANGER!! SHIELDS CRITIC  
!WARNING! PRIMARY HYD FAI  
!WARNING! LOAD FACTOR 18.  
!!DANGER!! FIRE IN FUEL CELL

BUT WALDO'S  
GOT ONE MORE  
TRICK IN THE  
BAG, YA SEMI-  
SENTIENT *SCUM!*

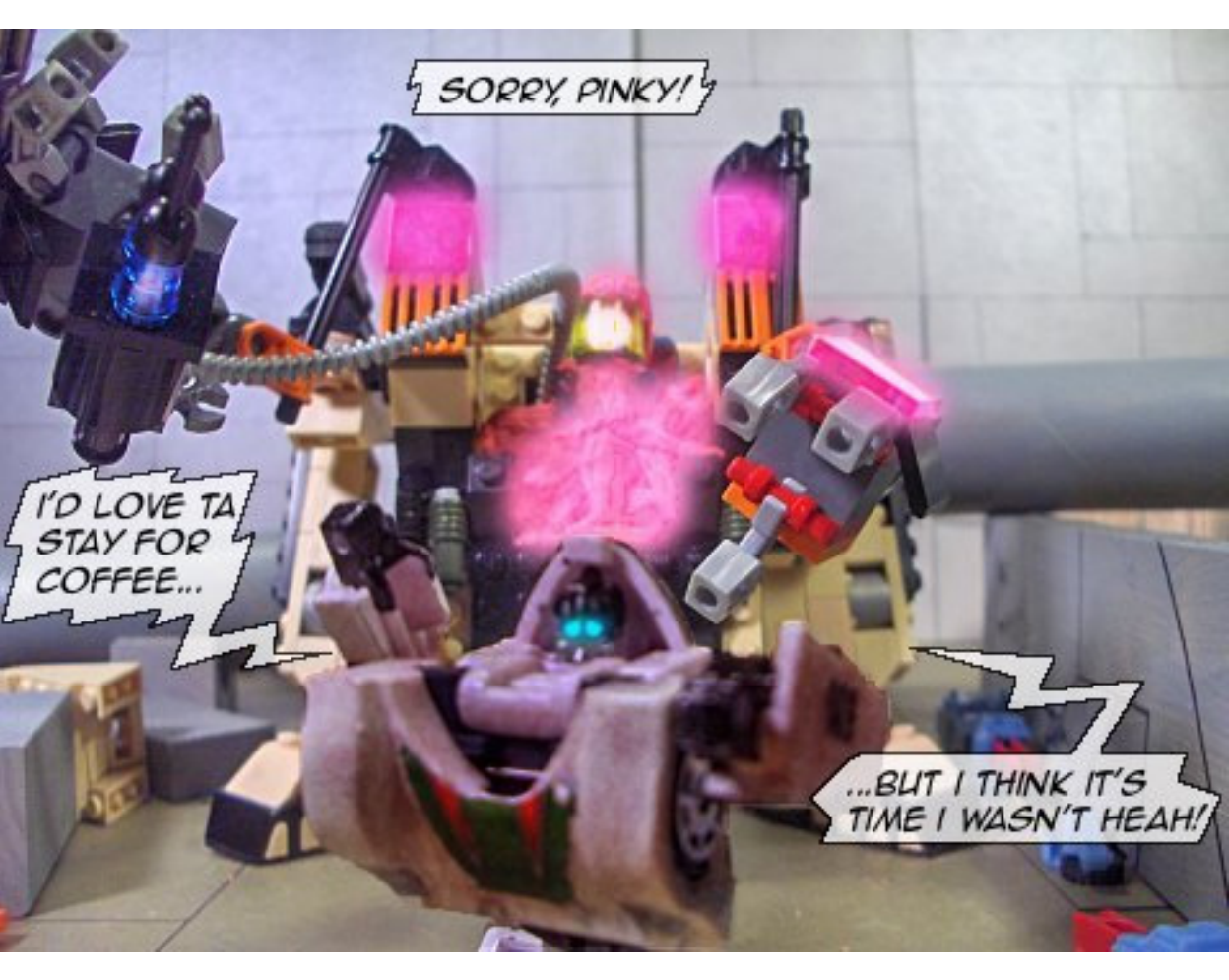
SELF-  
DESTRUCT!

KABLAAM!

≥GROAN≤ ...WHATTA BLAST! GUESS DA SAFETY FIELDS WORKED.  
I MUSTA BEEN THROWN CLEAR. NOW TA SURVEY THE DAMAGE...





A LEGO Technic robot is the central focus, constructed from tan and grey bricks. It has two vertical black beams with orange and pink translucent pieces, emitting a bright pink smoke effect from its center. A grey coiled tube extends from the robot's side. In the foreground, a small, tan-colored car with a blue light on its roof is positioned. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

SORRY, PINKY!

I'D LOVE TA  
STAY FOR  
COFFEE...

...BUT I THINK IT'S  
TIME I WASN'T HEAH!



AW **PUSHRODS!**  
I'M DEAD...

**NO!**

⇒**CLINK!**⇒

⇒**ZAPPI!**⇒

**ZAPPY!**

**NEVER FEAR!**



I AM  
HERE!



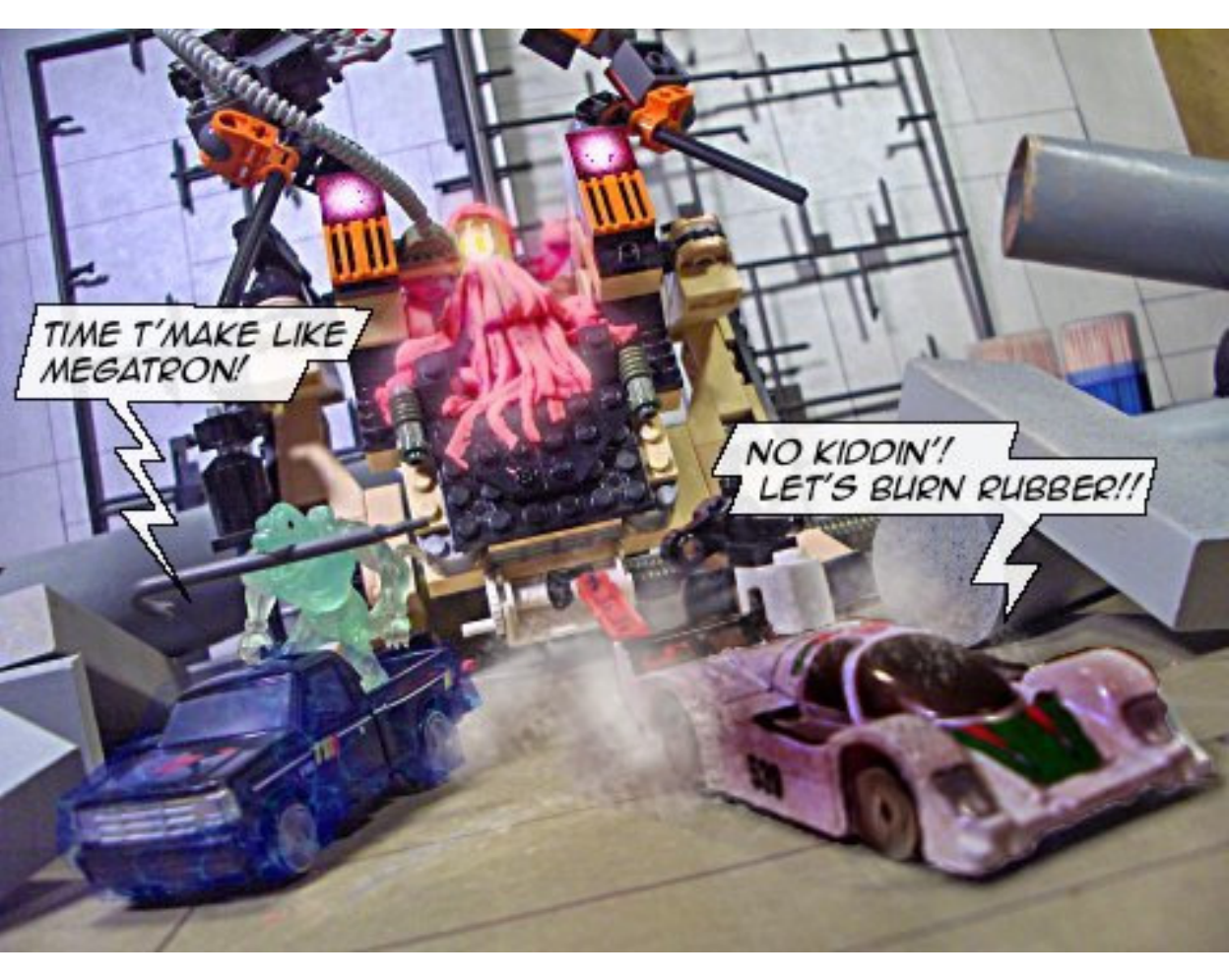
KABONG!

TAKE  
THAT!

HA!

YOUR WEAK ATTACKS ARE NO  
USE AGAINST A MASTER  
OF DEFENSE!

BIFF!



TIME T'MAKE LIKE  
MEGATRON!

NO KIDDIN'!  
LET'S BURN RUBBER!!!



THANKS FOR DA SAVE, TRAILBREAKAH!  
I DIDN'T KNOW YA COULD FLY!

ME ZAP!



YUP. I USED MY  
FORCE FIELDS.

HEY, WHY NOT?  
IT WORKS FOR  
SUE STORM!



HI RED!  
ME ZAP!

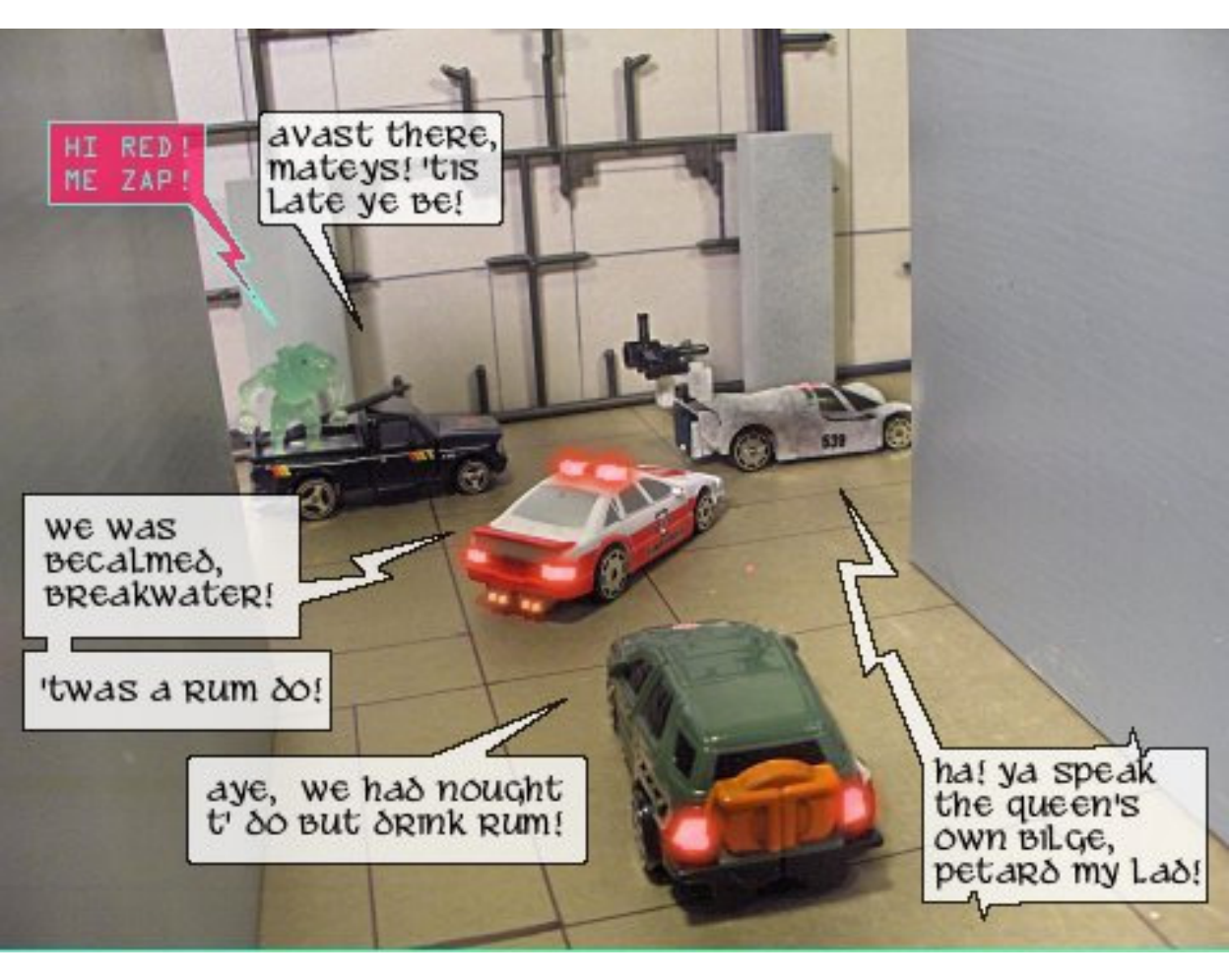
avast there,  
mateys! 'tis  
Late ye be!

we was  
becalmed,  
breakwater!

'twas a rum do!

aye, we had nought  
t' do but drink rum!

ha! ya speak  
the queen's  
own bilge,  
petard my Lad!



'tis a poxy  
fortune,  
mateys!

ME ZAP!

...Runnin' with a bone in our teeth,  
with a fiend astern straight out o'  
davy jones' Locker.  
Blow me down if we ain't shark bait!

davy jones'  
Locker? that  
be lubber's  
talk! this be  
no fiend!

indeed, red flag!  
in fact it is ~

**Bah!**

who cares what  
it be, petard?  
are we brave men,  
or lily-livered  
dibblers with cold  
water for blood?



well spoke, cap'n jack! but tis the fish we're feedin' afore six bells.

nay, none o' that. i been thinkin'. i can rig up a-

ZAP!

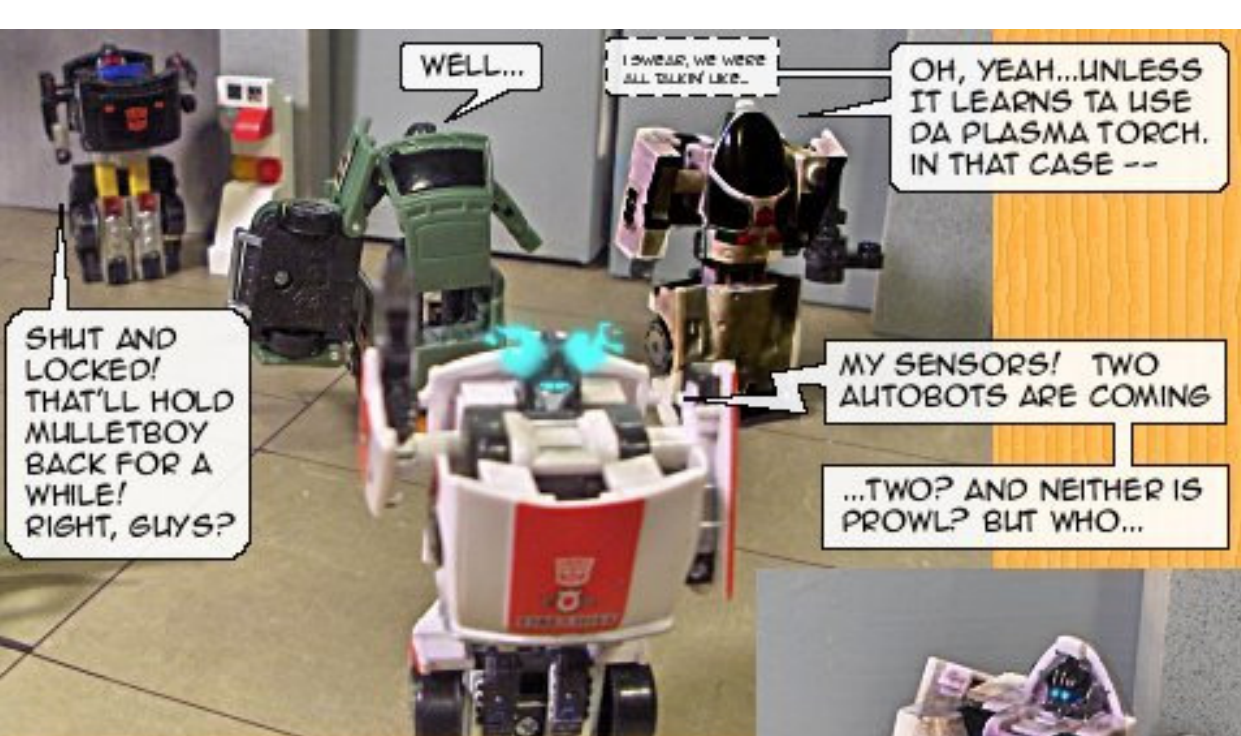
**NO!**

ha! the black spot. is it? i'll...

...WHY ARE WE TALKING LIKE THIS?

LIKE WHAT, WHEELJACK.....?  
...NEVER MIND. WE ARE TO MEET UP WITH PROWL AHEAD.  
LET HIM HANDLE THE STRATEGY.





WELL...

I SWEAR, WE WERE  
ALL TALKIN' LIKE...

OH, YEAH...UNLESS  
IT LEARNS TA USE  
DA PLASMA TORCH.  
IN THAT CASE --

SHUT AND  
LOCKED!  
THAT'LL HOLD  
MULLETBOY  
BACK FOR A  
WHILE!  
RIGHT, GUYS?

MY SENSORS! TWO  
AUTOBOTS ARE COMING

...TWO? AND NEITHER IS  
PROWL? BUT WHO...

**WHAT'S CRACKIN',  
LITTLE GLITCHES!?**



**PRIMUS!  
IT'S...**

"JAZZ - AN' GEARS!  
ALIVE! BUT..."

"MUTATED! HORRIBLY TWISTED  
INTA BIZARRE VISIONS OF  
THEIR BLACKEST SPAHKS!"

"IN JAZZ'S CASE,  
IT MIGHT BE A  
BIT MORE LITERAL..."

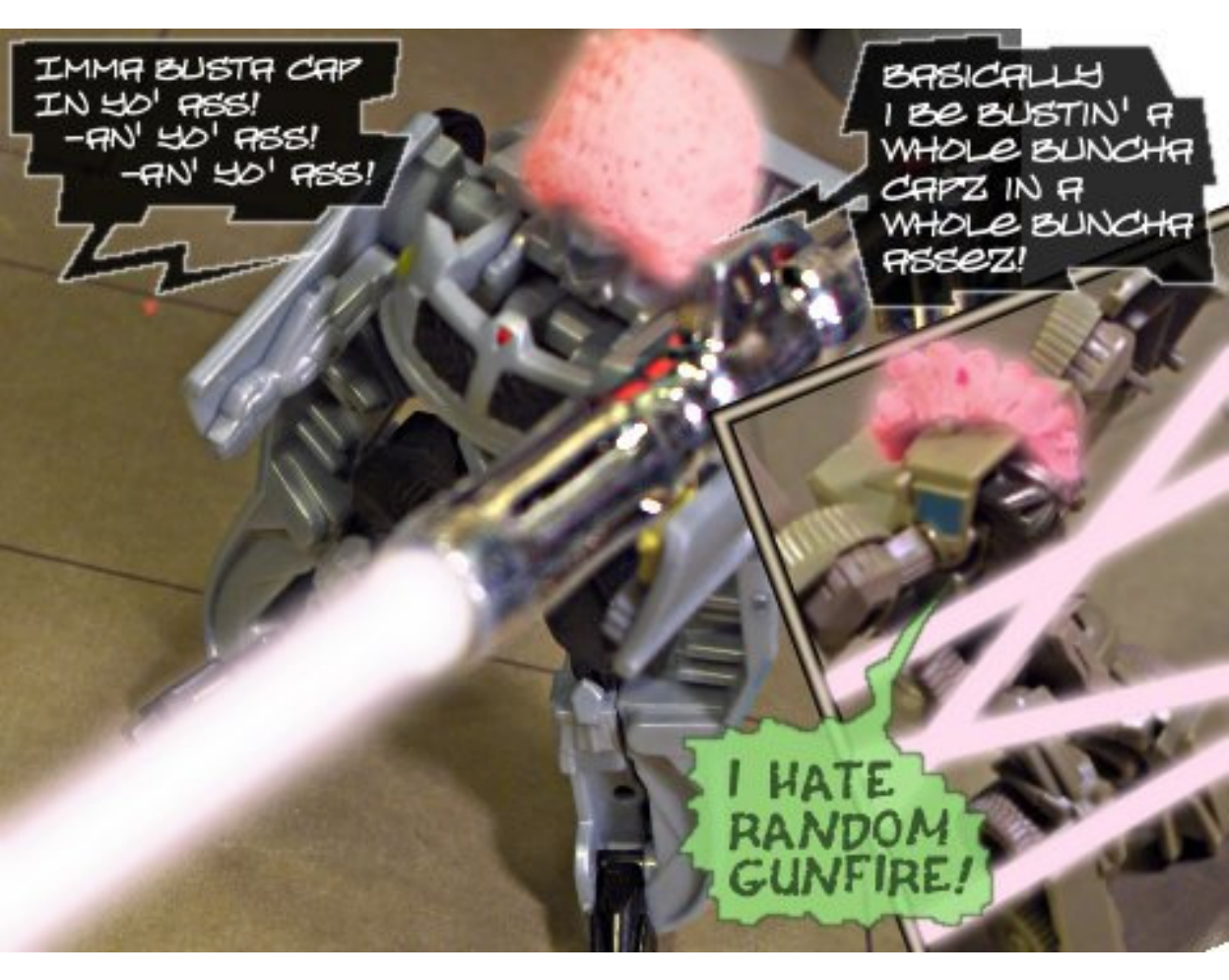
"AND STEREOTYPICAL!"

"YER ONE TA  
TALK, HOIST!"

YO!  
WHY YOU  
HATIN'?

I HATE  
HATIN'!

and a happy "talk like a pirate day" to everyone!



IMMA BUSTA CAP  
IN YO' ASS!  
-AN' YO' ASS!  
-AN' YO' ASS!

BASICALLY  
I BE BUSTIN' A  
WHOLE BUNCHA  
CAPZ IN A  
WHOLE BUNCHA  
ASSEZ!



I HATE  
RANDOM  
GUNFIRE!



# THUMM! THUMM! THUMM!

SOMEONE'S  
AT THE DOOR.

I'M AFRAID SO.

IT'S OVER, THEN.

POW!

PRETTY  
COLORS!

POW!

WHIFF!

POW!

NOT YET. I'LL OVERRIDE MY FIELD LIMITER. THE FIELD WILL BALLOON BRIEFLY BEFORE IT DROPS, AND WE CAN DIVE FOR COVER.

READY? ON A COUNT OF THREE! ONE....TWO...

POW!

**THREE!**

**OH SNAP!**

**OW!**

HELLO THERE,  
EVERYONE!  
I HOPE I DIDN'T  
MISS ANY-

**DOOR  
BUSTING**

**C  
R  
A  
S  
H**

**OF DOOM!**



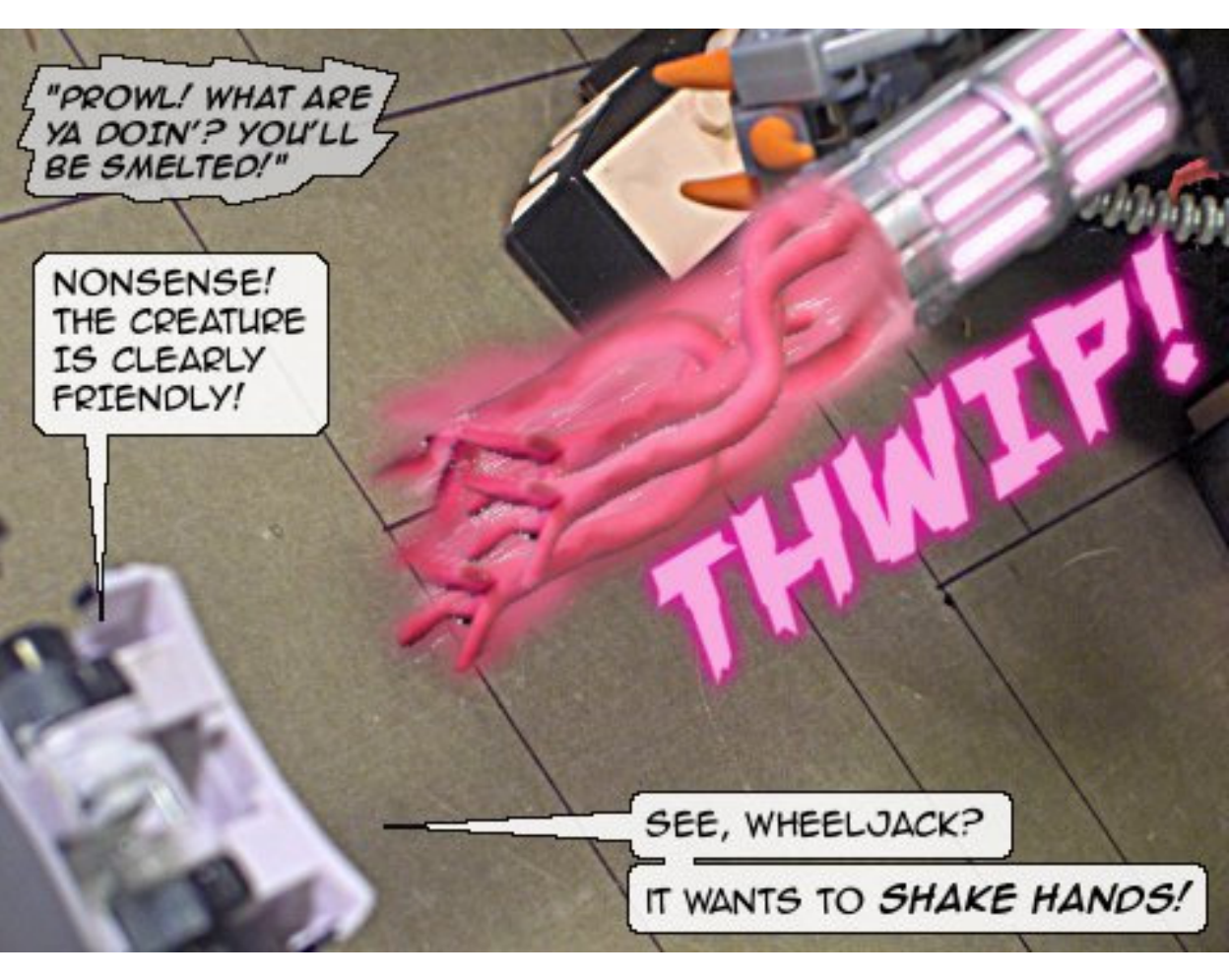


AH...

UM...

BAH  
WEEP  
GRANAH  
WEEP  
NINI  
BONG?





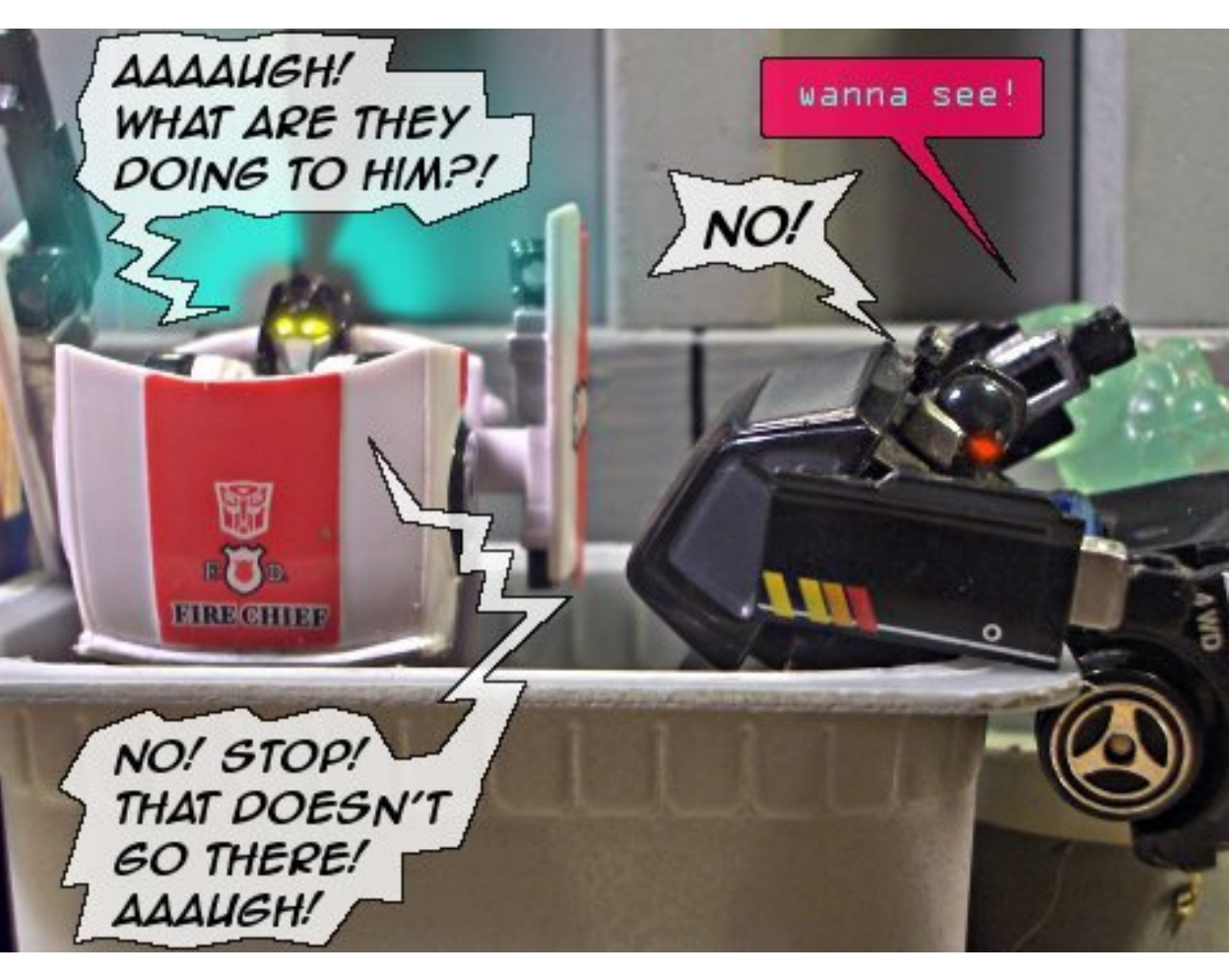
"PROWL! WHAT ARE  
YA DOIN'? YOU'LL  
BE SMELTED!"

NONSENSE!  
THE CREATURE  
IS CLEARLY  
FRIENDLY!

THWIP!

SEE, WHEELJACK?

IT WANTS TO *SHAKE HANDS!*



AAAAUGH!  
WHAT ARE THEY  
DOING TO HIM?!

wanna see!

NO!

NO! STOP!  
THAT DOESN'T  
GO THERE!  
AAAAUGH!



FRAG,  
YO!

GRR!

IT BE  
THE MAN!

AWESOME  
BREAKDANCE  
TRANSFORM!

SCRITCH

SCRATCH

WAKKA  
WAKKA  
WOKK!





NAH JES'  
WHERE  
D'YEW  
THINK YER  
AGOIN',  
BOAH?!

⇒EEU!⇐  
⇒EEU!⇐

⇒HONK!⇐

⇒HONK!⇐

U GOT  
NOTHIN',  
HONKIE!





I HATE  
RACIAL  
PROFILING!



SCRATCH  
SCRATCH

CAN'T  
WE ALL  
JUST GET  
ALONG?

I HATE  
IRONY!



I SAY!

THAT IS  
ONE BAD  
COP!

NO KIDDIN'.

LUCKY BREAK  
FER US, THOUGH.

OH, INDEED;  
IN THE SHORT  
RUN, AT LEAST.




**FLING!**

THIS CAN'T BE  
HAPPENIN'!

**CRASH!**

IT'S GOTTA BE  
A BAD DREAM.



ANY TIME NOW.  
I'M GONNA  
WAKE UP.

AN' WE'LL ALL  
LAUGH ABOUT TH'  
SILLY PINK  
MONSTER, OVER  
A CLUPPA COFFEE.


EH, WHO AM I  
KIDDIN'?

"FACE IT, WHEELJACK.  
YER A PRISONER OF  
YER OWN DEVICE."

A translucent green dinosaur figurine, possibly a T-Rex, is standing on a grey cylindrical pedestal. The figurine has yellow-tinted feet and a black dot for an eye. The background is a cluttered workshop with various tools and materials, including a blue rectangular object and a bundle of wooden sticks.

**YAY!**  
COW TRUKK!




A LEGO Technic model of a vehicle, possibly a tank or a heavy-duty car, is shown. It has a grey and black body with yellow and black mechanical details. A character figure is seated in the driver's seat, holding a red beam that is emitting a bright orange and yellow flame. The vehicle is positioned on a wooden surface. In the foreground, there are several grey Technic containers and a red gear-like piece.

PUT DOWN MAH  
FRIEND, YA  
SLAG HEAP!

AH'VE GOT A  
PLAYTHIN'  
THAT'S JUST  
YER SIZE!

A close-up photograph of a mechanical device, possibly a model train engine, with a red fuse lit. The fuse is attached to a white plastic component. The background is blurred, showing a yellow object and a grey surface.

"AH FIGURE  
YOU'LL GIT  
A REAL  
**BANG**  
OUTTA IT!"



HEY,  
UGLY!

**CATCH!**

**WHOOOF!**





**CRASH!!**





A LITTLE  
ENERGON  
IS TH'  
**KICKER!**

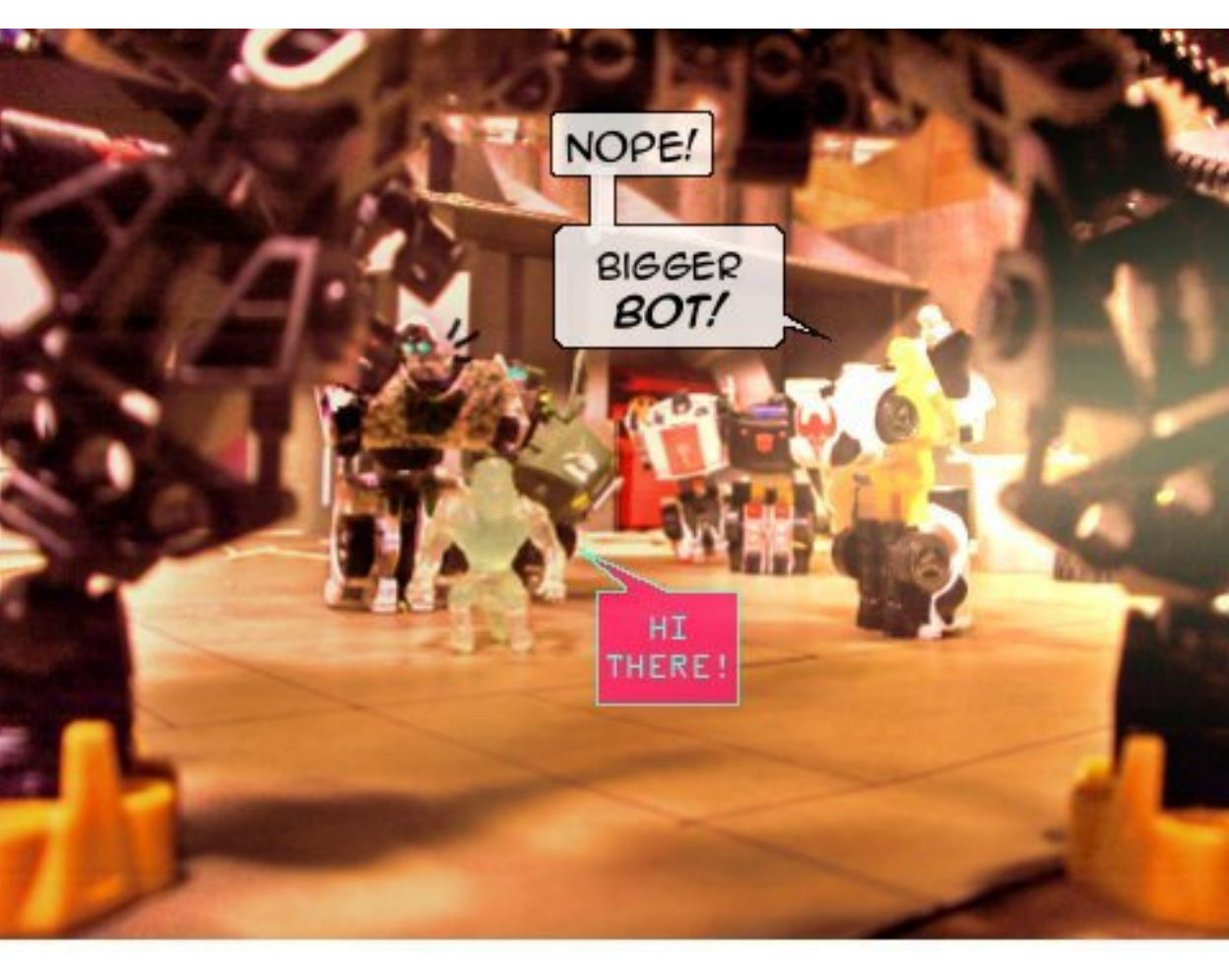
AND WHATTA KICK!  
TOO BAD I FORGOT  
MY MARSHMALLOWS!

BUT WHAT  
IF THE  
MONSTER  
SURVIVED?

THEN IT'S TAHM  
T' TRY "PLAN B".

BIGGER  
BOOM!



A photograph of several LEGO Technic robots in a dimly lit, industrial-style setting. The robots are constructed from various colored Technic bricks and beams. In the center, a robot with a brown and black body and glowing blue eyes is facing a translucent light green robot. To the right, a robot with a yellow and white body is visible. In the background, other robots and mechanical structures are partially visible. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image: a white one at the top center, a larger white one below it, and a pink one at the bottom center.

NOPE!

BIGGER  
BOT!

HI  
THERE!

AND AFTER THE FOURTH LONGEST  
DRAMATIC PAUSE ON RECORD...

THERE YA GO!  
OUR SECRET  
WEAPON! IT'S -

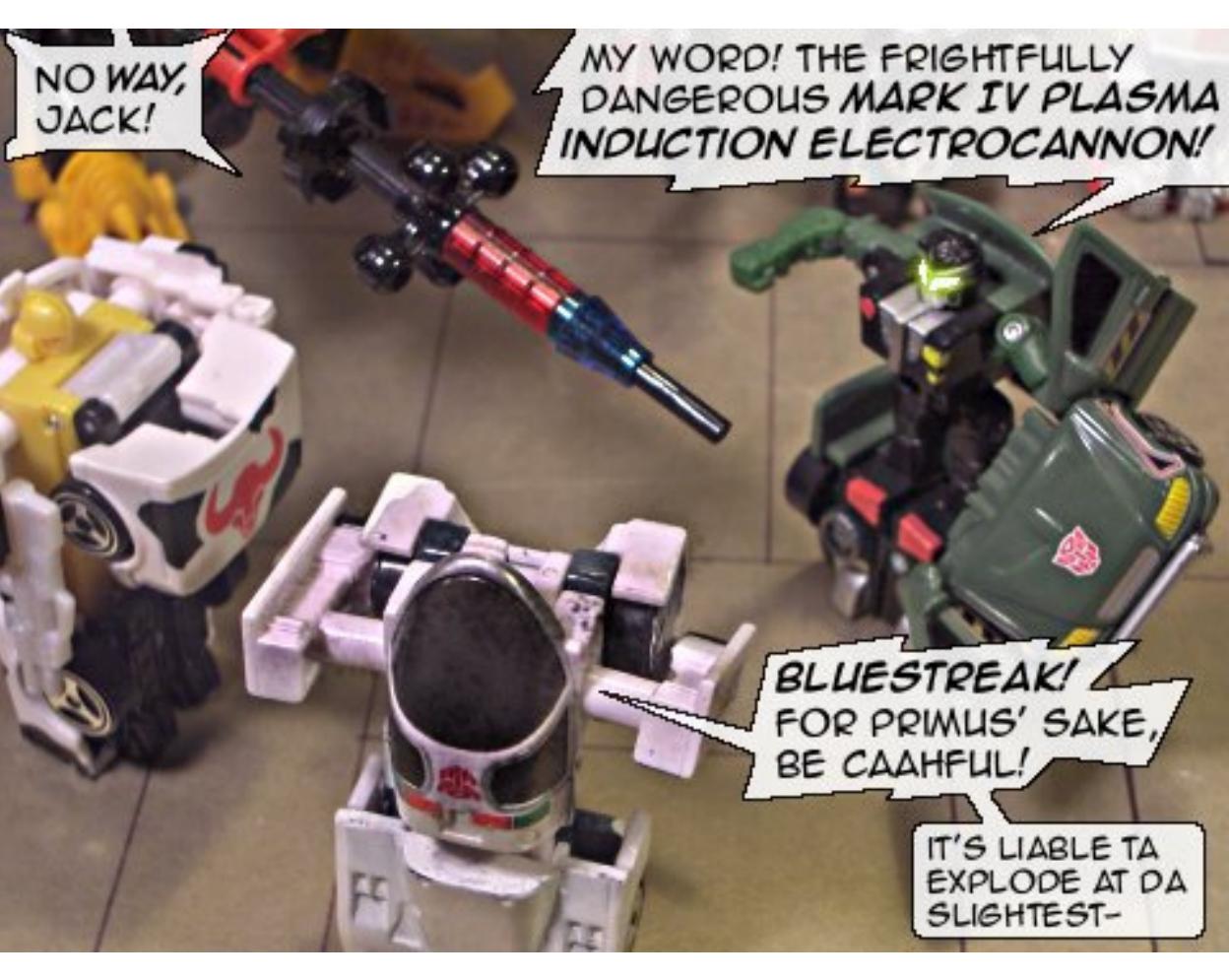
-AWESOME!

EASY, RED.  
DON'T  
OVERLOCK.

IT'S A WORN-OUT HANDLER-MECH  
FROM THE STOREROOM. PINKY IS  
GONNA CRUSH IT LIKE AN EGGBOT!

Y'HEAH, BLUESTREAK?  
YER GONNA BE  
MONSTAH CHOW...






NO WAY,  
JACK!

MY WORD! THE FRIGHTFULLY  
DANGEROUS MARK IV PLASMA  
INDUCTION ELECTROCANNON!

BLUESTREAK!  
FOR PRIMUS' SAKE,  
BE CAAHFUL!

IT'S LIABLE TA  
EXPLODE AT DA  
SLIGHTEST-





"NO WAY! LUGNUT FIXED IT!

"AND STUCK IT ON THIS  
ROBOT,

"AND RIGGED UP A  
POWER SUPPLY!"

≡TLUNK!≡

"SO I SEE, BLUESTREAK. YA  
GOT DA PORTABLE GENSET..."

≡ZORCH!≡

≡VMMMM!≡

"...AN' A MICRAWAVE RIG  
TA BEAM DA JUICE.  
NOT BAD!"

CHUGCHUG  
CHUGCHUG  
CHUGCHUG

MIGHT EVEN  
HAVE HALF  
A CHANCE!

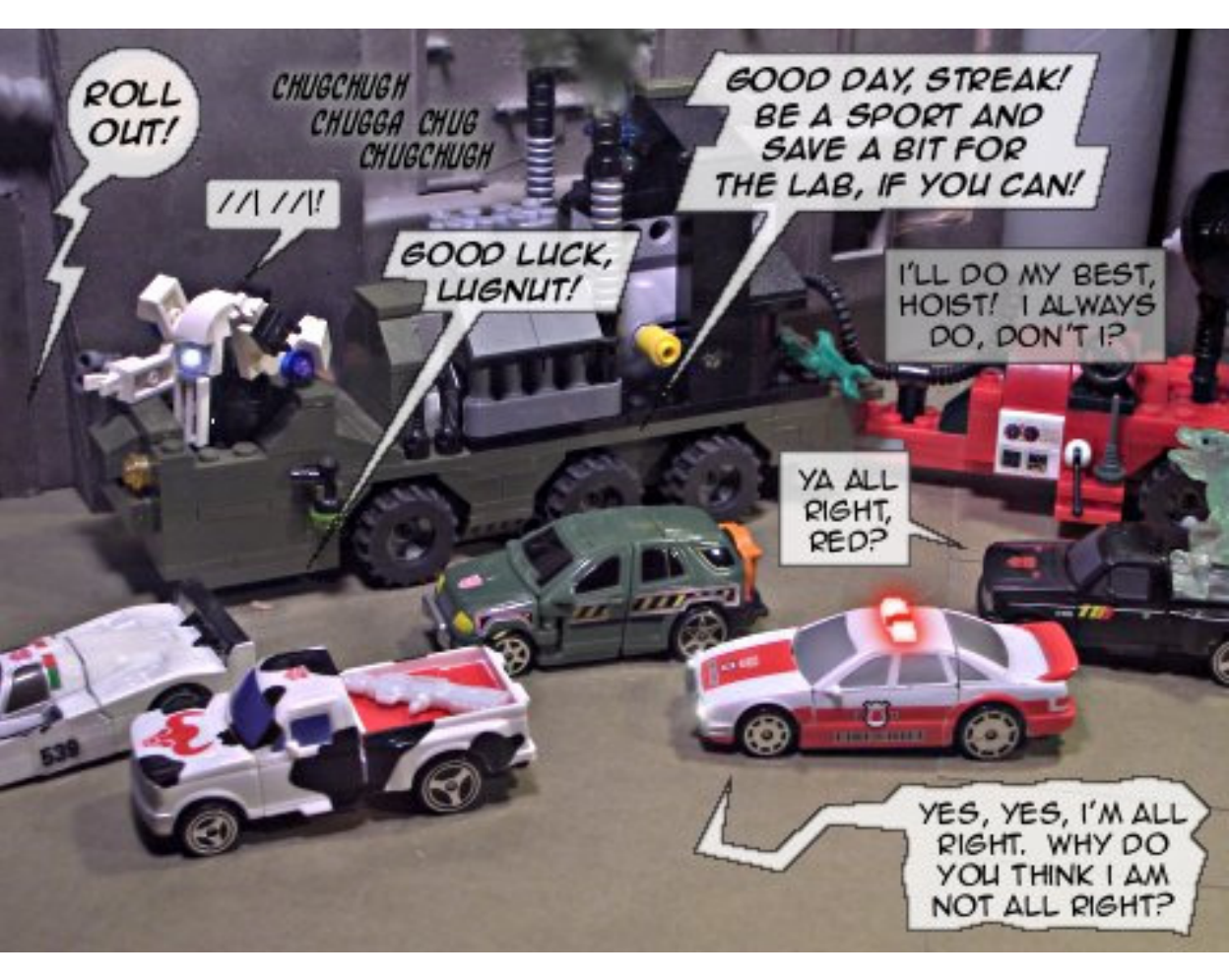
T' SAY TH' LEAST!  
BUT AH THINK WE'D  
BEST GIT GONE!

GOOD  
THOUGHT!

ZAP?

WELL,  
THEN...





ROLL  
OUT!

CHUGCHUGH  
CHUGGA CHUG  
CHUGCHUGH

// / / /

GOOD LUCK,  
LUGNUT!

GOOD DAY, STREAK!  
BE A SPORT AND  
SAVE A BIT FOR  
THE LAB, IF YOU CAN!

I'LL DO MY BEST,  
HOIST! I ALWAYS  
DO, DON'T I?

YA ALL  
RIGHT,  
RED?


YES, YES, I'M ALL  
RIGHT. WHY DO  
YOU THINK I AM  
NOT ALL RIGHT?



"THEY'RE CLEAR, LUGNUT!  
NOW LET'S HAVE SOME  
REAL POWER!"




**VAROOOM!**

A close-up of a LEGO Technic arm assembly. The arm is constructed from black and grey Technic beams and connectors. A red and blue beam is held in place by a black connector, and it is glowing with a bright cyan light. The background is a blurred grey Technic structure.

"BY THE POWER OF GRAYSKULL,  
I HAVE THE POOWERRR!"

"\\\\?!"

"OH, I'M JUST FOOLIN'  
AROUND, LUGNUT OL' PAL."



I BET I COULD  
KNOCK OUT THE  
FIRE WITH THIS  
THING.

OF COURSE, I'VE  
GOT THIS FIRE  
EXTINGUISHER,  
BUT THAT WOULD  
BE A LOT LESS  
FUN.

WHEELJACK WOULD PROBABLY  
BE MAD IF I SMOTHERED THE  
FIRE WITH HIS CEILING, THOUGH.





BETTER STICK TO THE PLAN.  
KEEP THE FIRE FROM SPREADING,  
BLAST THE MONSTER IF IT POPS  
UP AND SAYS HELLO...

KIND OF A BORING PLAN, REALLY.  
I SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT A DATATRACK;  
MAYBE SOME TOP 40 MUSIC.

THERE'S NO WAY ANYTHING COULD LIVE  
TO WALK OUT OF THAT --

ZOINKS!



IT'S THE M-M-MONSTER!  
AND IT'S REALLY BURNT AND UGLY!

*FAR OUT!*

HELLO THERE,  
TALL, DARK,  
AND GRUESOME!



HOT ENOUGH  
FOR YA?



A dynamic LEGO Technic battle scene. In the foreground, a grey and red robot with yellow wheels is firing a bright cyan beam. In the background, a black and red robot is firing a bright yellow beam. A third robot is visible in the upper right. The scene is set in a grey, industrial-looking environment.

**BLUESTREAK  
CAN MAKE  
IT HOTTER!**

**K'CHOW!**


**SLAG! WHAT A  
ROTTEN SHOT!**



**CLANK!**

**WHOA!  
SLOW DOWN,  
MONSTER!**

**WE'VE ONLY  
JUST MET!**



DIDN'T  
YA HEAR?

CRASH!

NO  
MEANS  
NO!



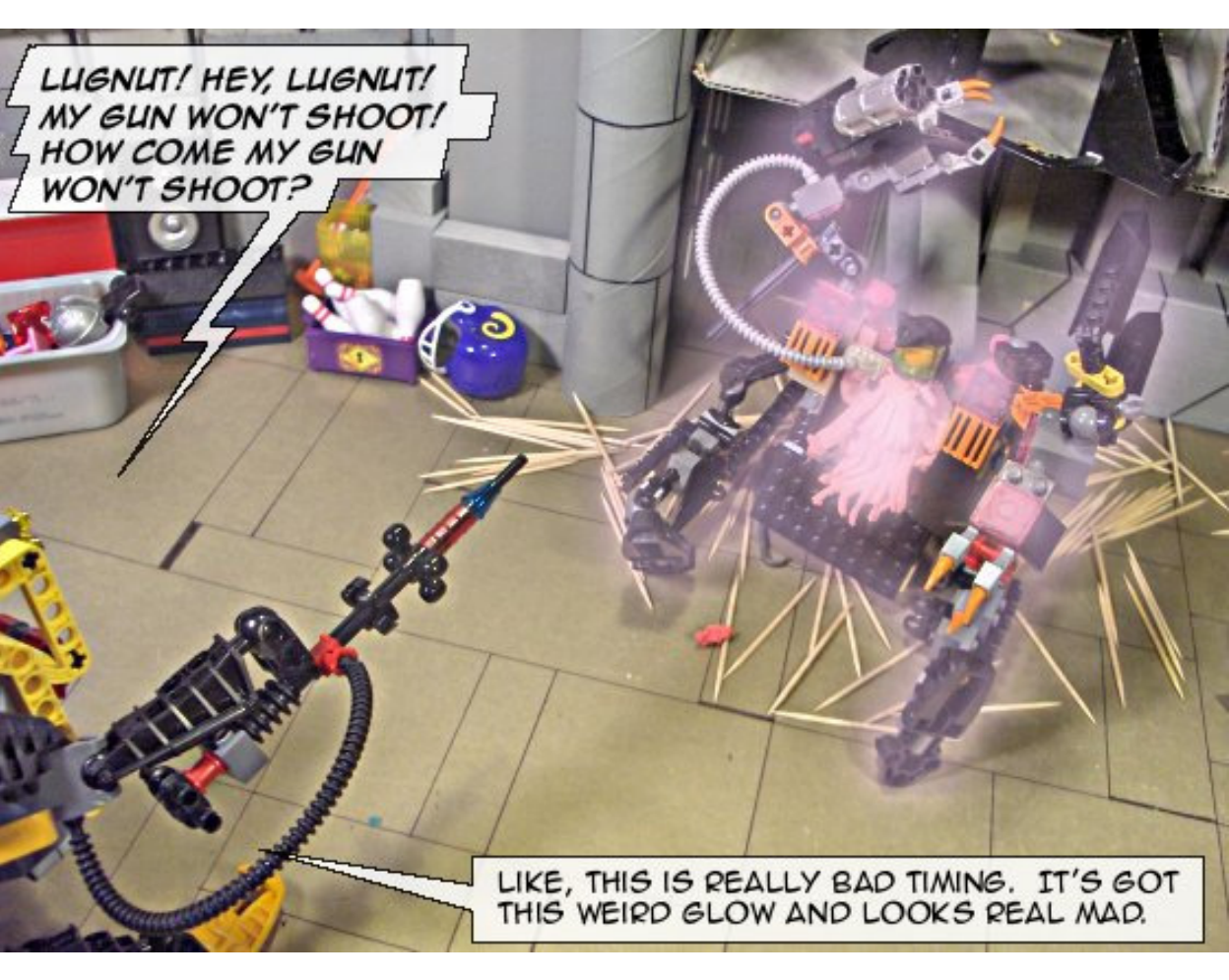


**NOW  
DIE!**

poof

...OR NOT.

OHHHH BOY.



LUGNUT! HEY, LUGNUT!  
MY GUN WON'T SHOOT!  
HOW COME MY GUN  
WON'T SHOOT?

LIKE, THIS IS REALLY BAD TIMING. IT'S GOT  
THIS WEIRD GLOW AND LOOKS REAL MAD.



"LUGNUT, COME ON!  
THIS IS NO TIME TO BE  
LYIN' DOWN ON THE JOB!"

BONECRUSHER  
ALREADY VOICED  
DISDAIN  
FOR IRONY!

"SCRAP!! I THINK IT'S GOT A  
HEALING FACTOR! I GOTTA GO!"

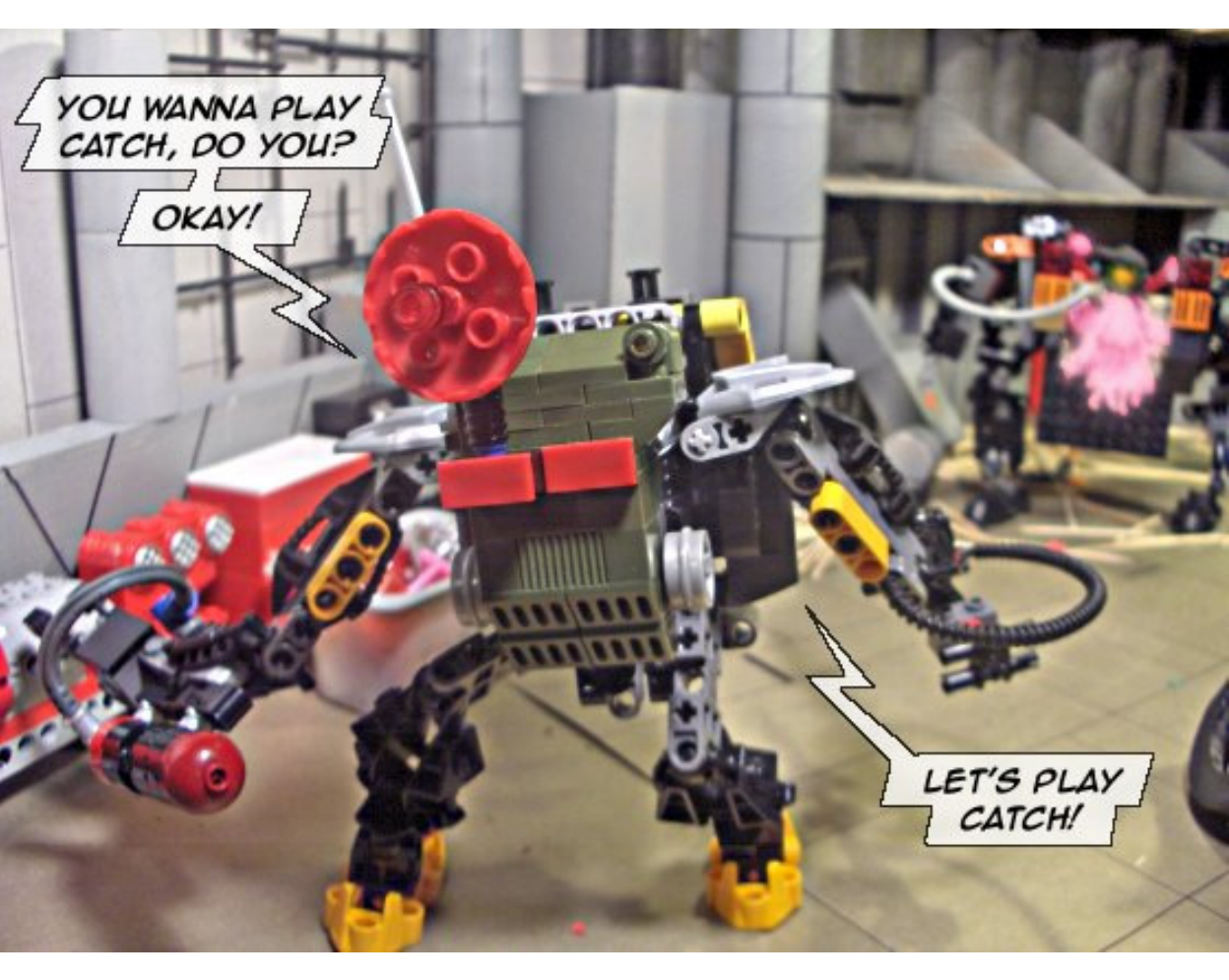


...SO, MR. MONSTER, I'VE  
GOT A GREAT IDEA! WHY  
DON'T WE TAKE A BREAK?  
MAYBE PLAY CARDS OR-

**BONK!**

**OIF!**





YOU WANNA PLAY  
CATCH, DO YOU?

OKAY!

LET'S PLAY  
CATCH!

A LEGO Technic robot, primarily black and tan, is shown in a state of disrepair. It is surrounded by various pieces of debris, including a red mechanical arm with a white motor, a yellow wheel, and several grey and black Technic bricks. The robot is positioned on a light-colored tiled floor. A speech bubble in the top left corner reads "COMPUTE QUICKLY!". A large, bright white starburst effect is centered over the robot, with the word "POW!" written in bold, black letters. A speech bubble in the bottom right corner reads "TSK, TSK! YOU ALMOST HAD IT!".

**COMPUTE  
QUICKLY!**

**POW!**

**TSK, TSK!  
YOU ALMOST  
HAD IT!**



A LEGO Technic battle scene set in a room with shelves of grey containers in the background. On the left, a yellow and black robot with a long arm is attacking. On the right, a black and red robot is being hit, with a red 'KONK!' sound effect above it. The floor is covered with debris, including wooden sticks, a blue bucket, and a black piece. A yellow cup is on the floor near the bottom right. Two speech bubbles with jagged edges contain taunting text.

**TAKE THAT, YOU SLIMEBALL!  
I DON'T NEED FIREPOWER TO  
PIN YOU DOWN!**

**SO DON'T EXPECT  
TO BE SPARED!**

NOW LET'S SEE HOW GOOD  
YOUR ARMOR CLASS IS,  
YOU BIG GLOWING GEEK!





KABONG!

EH, NEVER MIND!  
THAT'S A CRITICAL HIT!



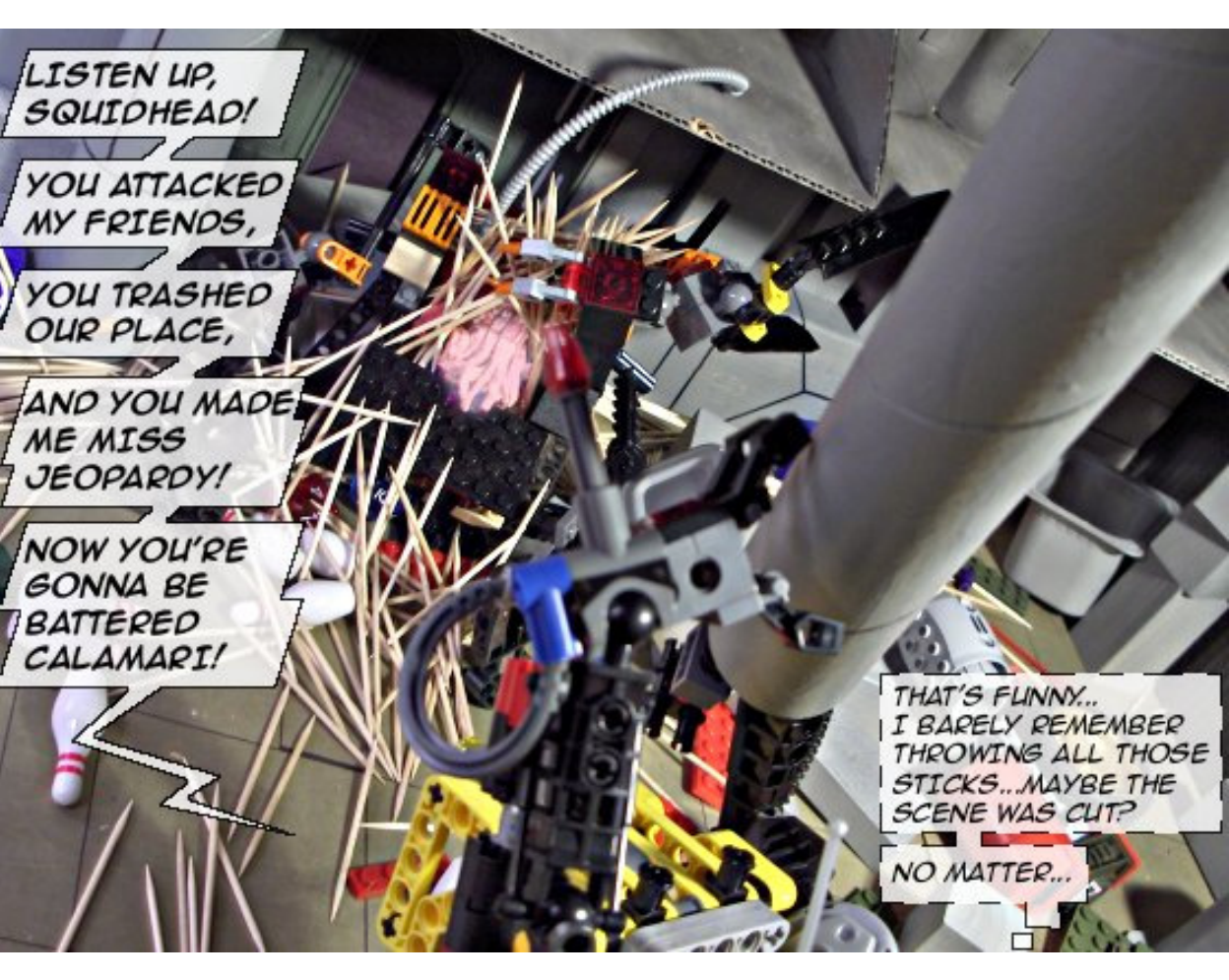


⇒YAWN⇐ YOU MUST BE TIRED  
AFTER ALL THIS PLAYING!  
WHY DON'T I PUT YOU DOWN  
WITH A LITTLE MUSIC?

HERE'S A GOOD  
INSTRUMENT!  
DO YOU LIKE  
THE PIPES?

**PLEASANT DREAMS,  
SCRAPHEAP!**





LISTEN UP,  
SQUIDHEAD!

YOU ATTACKED  
MY FRIENDS,

YOU TRASHED  
OUR PLACE,

AND YOU MADE  
ME MISS  
JEOPARDY!

NOW YOU'RE  
GONNA BE  
BATTERED  
CALAMARI!

THAT'S FUNNY...  
I BARELY REMEMBER  
THROWING ALL THOSE  
STICKS...MAYBE THE  
SCENE WAS CUT?

NO MATTER...



THIS IS  
FOR GEARS!





AND THIS  
IS FOR  
JAZZ!

RIFF!

AND THIS,  
MY FINE,  
FLATTENED  
FRIEND --

OKI JAPAN  
M511644X-801  
4245205949

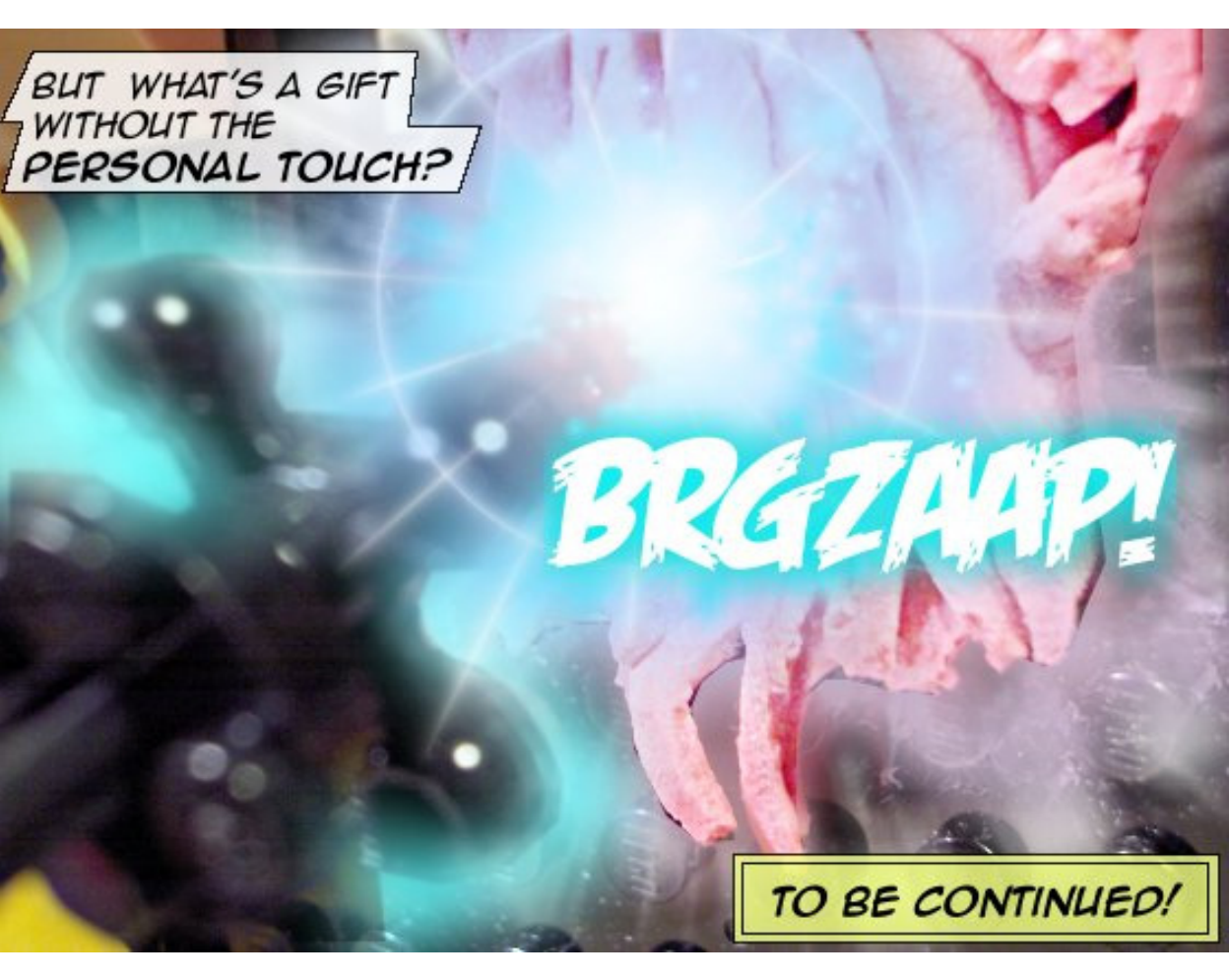




--THIS IS SOME  
RESERVE BATTERY POWER  
I'VE BEEN SAVING FOR A  
VERY SPECIAL OCCASION!

...SUCH AS YOUR FUNERAL!






BUT WHAT'S A GIFT  
WITHOUT THE  
PERSONAL TOUCH?

**BRGZAAP!**

**TO BE CONTINUED!**



I'LL BURST YOUR BUBBLE, GUMBALL!

**FRAZZ!**

POWERCELLS GETTING  
LOW...GOT TO...



SHEEAGH!

POW!



WHOOOOOMPH!

YAAUGH!  
BONECRUSHER  
HATES SHAKY  
CAMERA WORK!

I FELT A GREAT DISTURBANCE  
IN THE FORCE - AS THOUGH A  
MILLION WADS OF GUM CRACKED  
LOUDLY IN TERROR, AND THEN  
WERE SILENCED.

AN' AH JES' HEARD A  
GREAT BIG BANG!

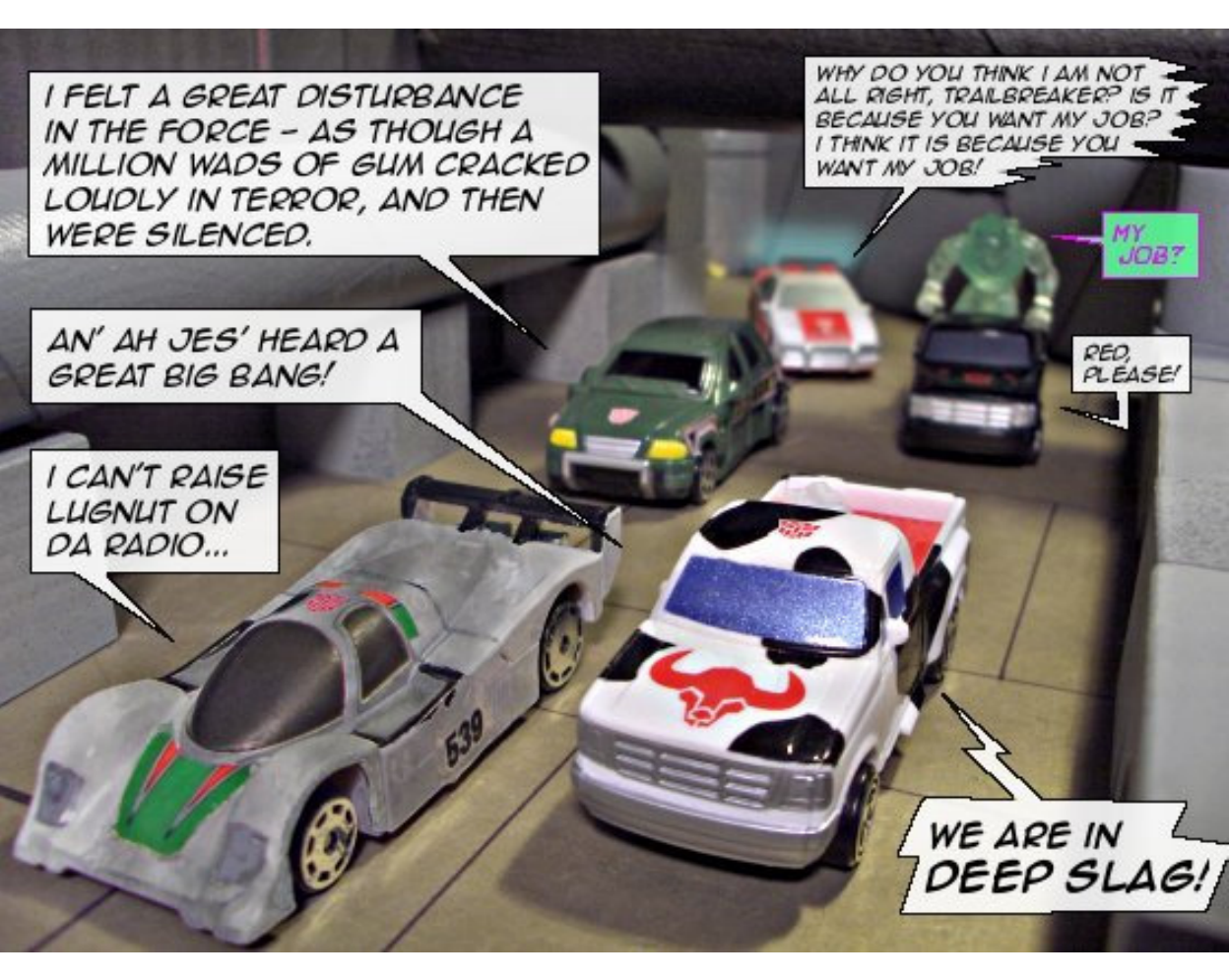
I CAN'T RAISE  
LUGNUT ON  
DA RADIO...

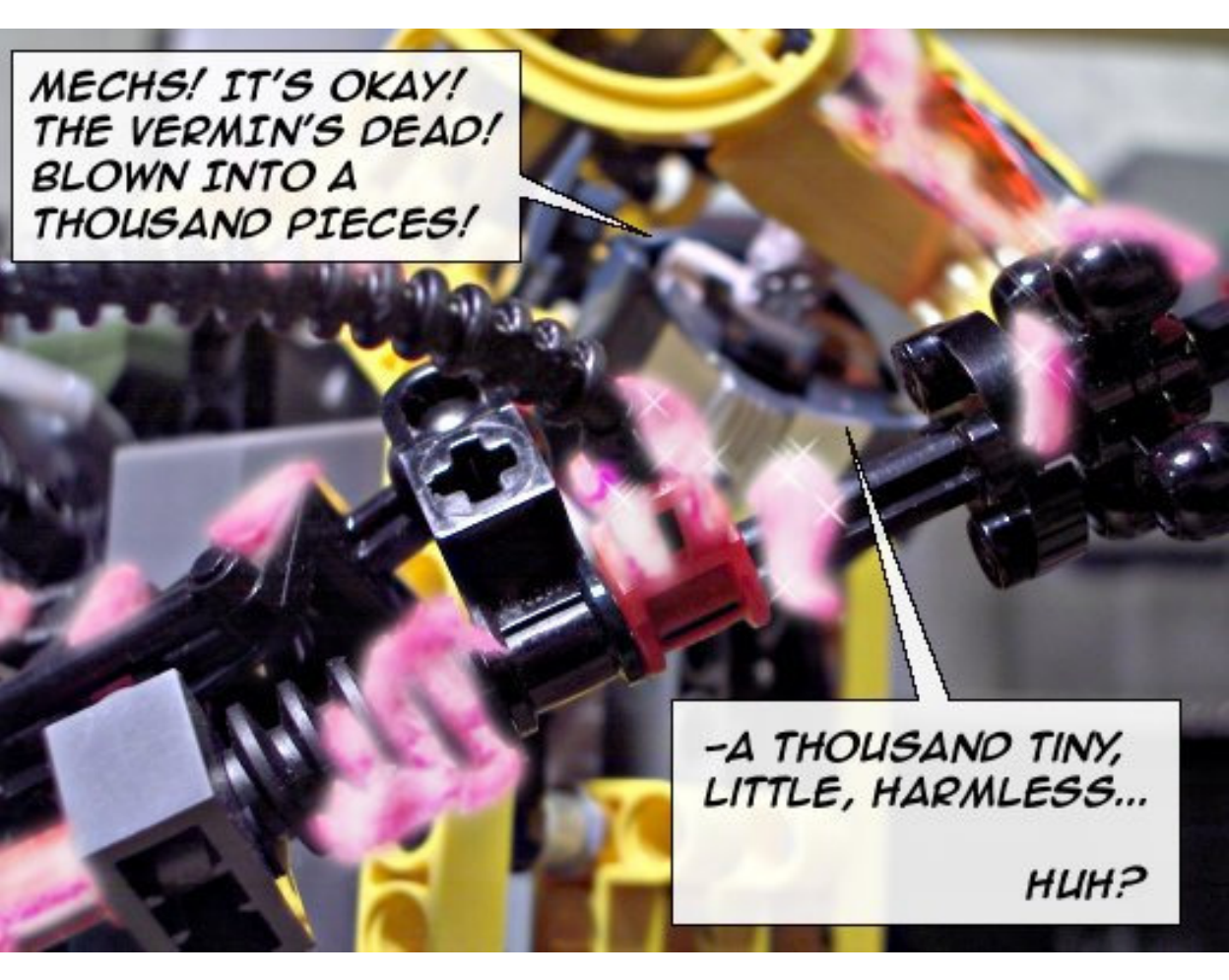
WHY DO YOU THINK I AM NOT  
ALL RIGHT, TRAILBREAKER? IS IT  
BECAUSE YOU WANT MY JOB?  
I THINK IT IS BECAUSE YOU  
WANT MY JOB!

MY  
JOB?

RED,  
PLEASE!

WE ARE IN  
DEEP SLAG!





**MECHS! IT'S OKAY!  
THE VERMIN'S DEAD!  
BLOWN INTO A  
THOUSAND PIECES!**

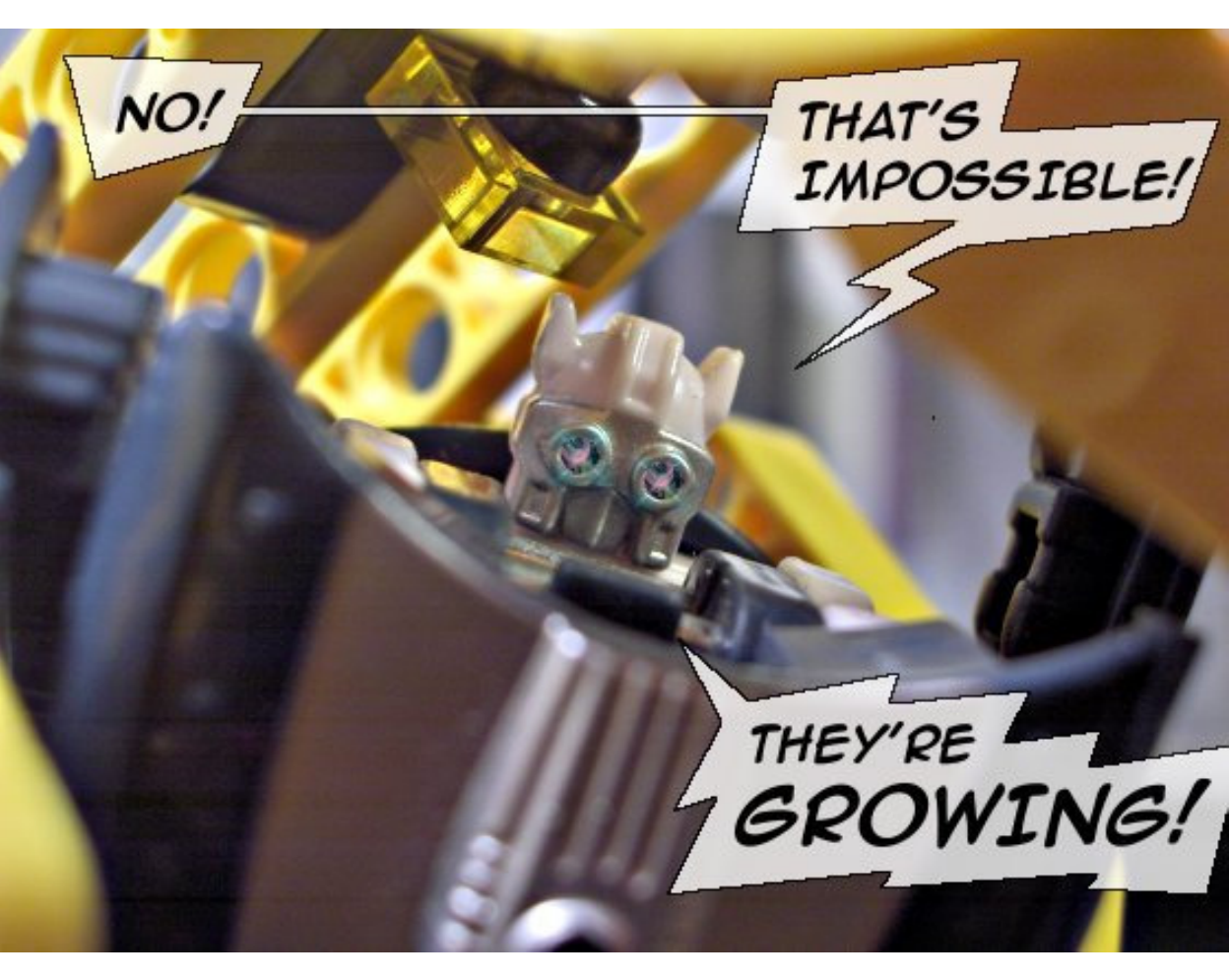
**-A THOUSAND TINY,  
LITTLE, HARMLESS...**

**HUH?**



SPLORP!






**NO!**

**THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!**

**THEY'RE  
GROWING!**

A photograph of a LEGO Technic set that has been completely destroyed. The pieces are scattered across a light-colored floor. Several long, pink, tentacle-like appendages are draped over the wreckage. In the background, there are white bowling pins, wooden skewers, and various LEGO bricks and connectors. A blue and white LEGO car is visible on the right side. The scene is lit with bright, somewhat harsh light, creating strong shadows.

BLUESTREAK! WE CAN BARELY  
READ YA - WHAT'S HAPPENIN'  
OVAH THERE?

⇒SKLUSH!⇐



⇒SPLURK⇐

⇒SQUISH⇐

⇒PLOPP!⇐

I....I DON'T...THEY...





⇒PFSSH⇐  
⇒CRACKLE⇐

BLUESTREAK, YER  
BREAKIN' UP BAD --  
JUST HANG IN THEAH!  
WE'RE COMIN'!

NO! NO! DON'T COME AFTER ME!  
DON'T COME AFTER M --



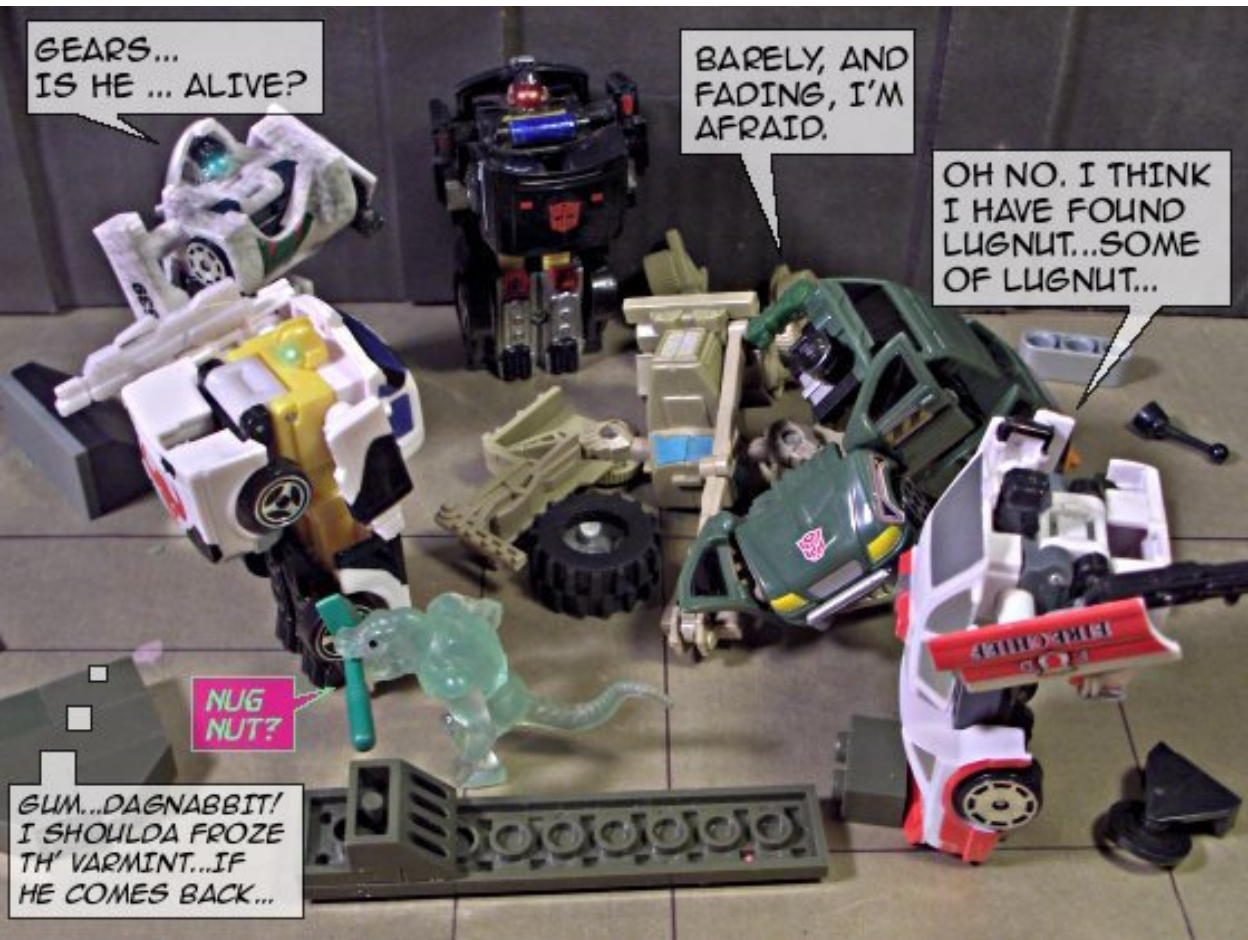
GEARS...  
IS HE ... ALIVE?

BARELY, AND  
FADING, I'M  
AFRAID.

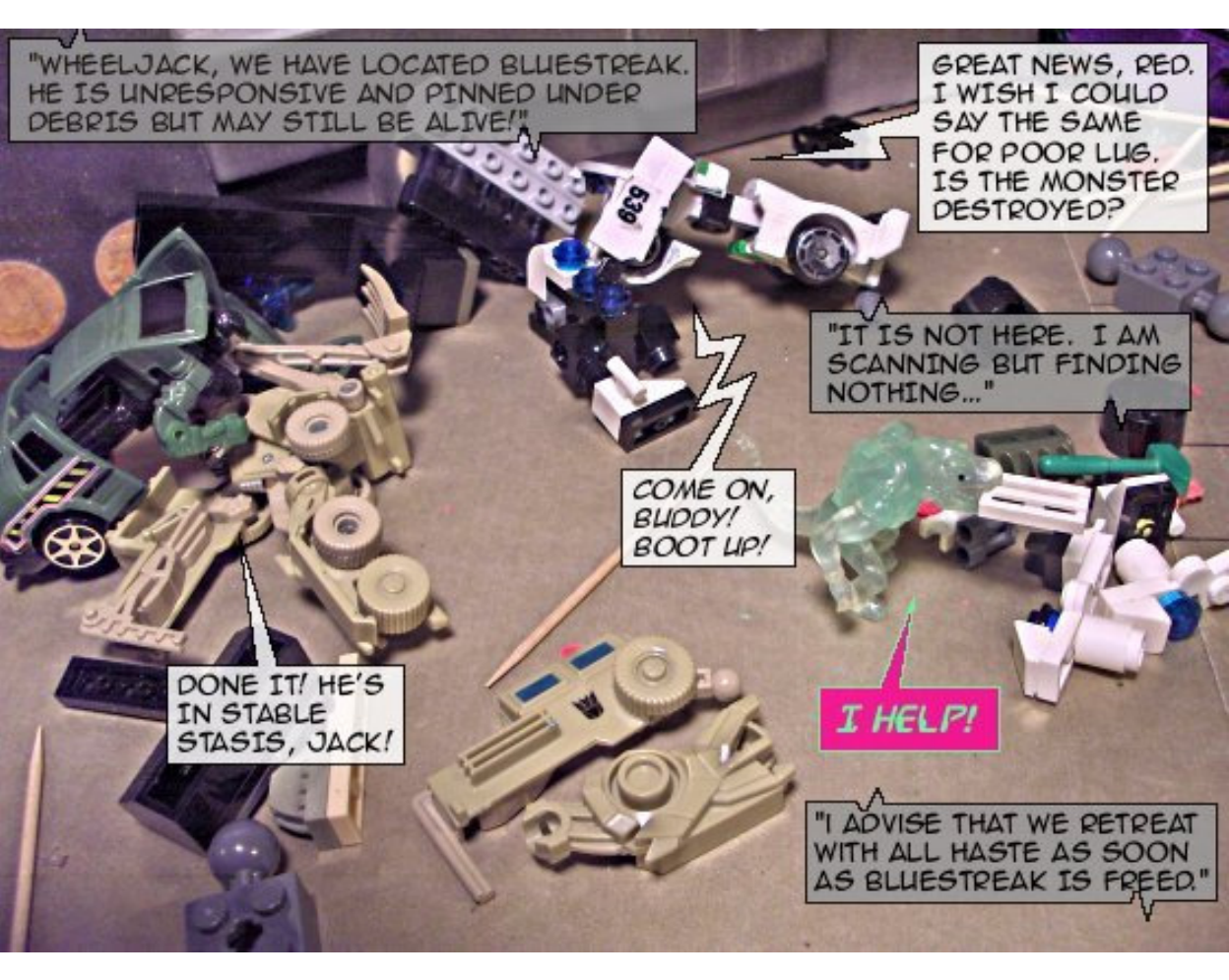
OH NO. I THINK  
I HAVE FOUND  
LUGNUT...SOME  
OF LUGNUT...

NUG  
NUT?

GUM...DAGNABBIT!  
I SHOULDA FROZE  
TH' VARMIN'T...IF  
HE COMES BACK...







"WHEELJACK, WE HAVE LOCATED BLUESTREAK.  
HE IS UNRESPONSIVE AND PINNED UNDER  
DEBRIS BUT MAY STILL BE ALIVE!"

GREAT NEWS, RED.  
I WISH I COULD  
SAY THE SAME  
FOR POOR LUG.  
IS THE MONSTER  
DESTROYED?

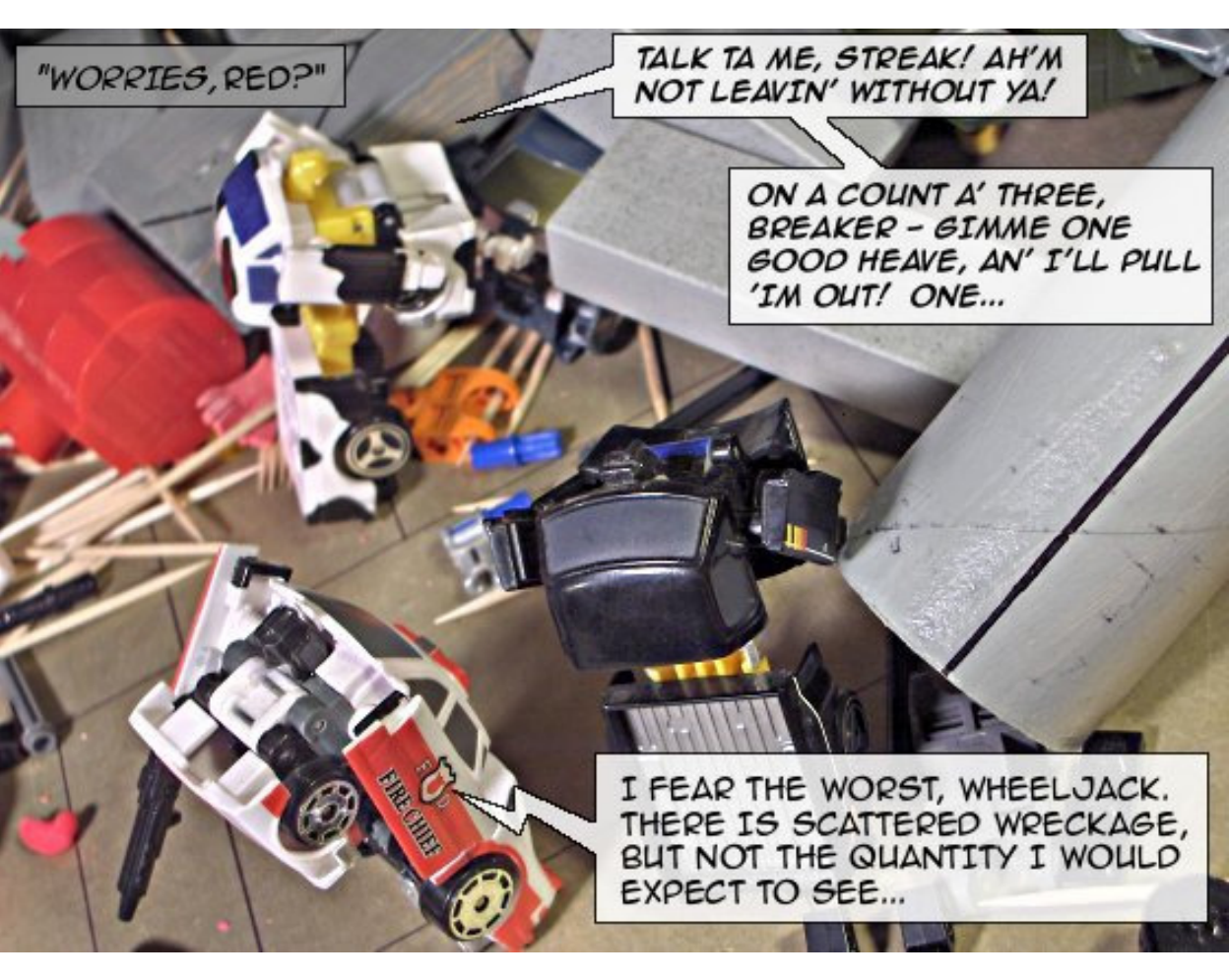
"IT IS NOT HERE. I AM  
SCANNING BUT FINDING  
NOTHING..."

COME ON,  
BUDDY!  
BOOT UP!

DONE IT! HE'S  
IN STABLE  
STASIS, JACK!

**I HELP!**

"I ADVISE THAT WE RETREAT  
WITH ALL HASTE AS SOON  
AS BLUESTREAK IS FREED."

A black robot with a large screen on its head stands in the center-right of the frame. To its left is a red and white toy car with 'FIRECHIEF' written on its side. Further left is a white robot with yellow and blue accents. The ground is covered in various pieces of debris, including wooden sticks, a red barrel, and other small mechanical parts.

"WORRIES, RED?"

TALK TA ME, STREAK! AH'M  
NOT LEAVIN' WITHOUT YA!

ON A COUNT A' THREE,  
BREAKER - GIMME ONE  
GOOD HEAVE, AN' I'LL PULL  
'IM OUT! ONE...

I FEAR THE WORST, WHEELJACK.  
THERE IS SCATTERED WRECKAGE,  
BUT NOT THE QUANTITY I WOULD  
EXPECT TO SEE...

WAIT! WHAT IS THAT? SEISMIC  
READINGS! NEARBY! FAR TOO  
NEARBY! IT IS...

TWO...







**THUM!**

**THUM!**

**"THE MONSTER!"**

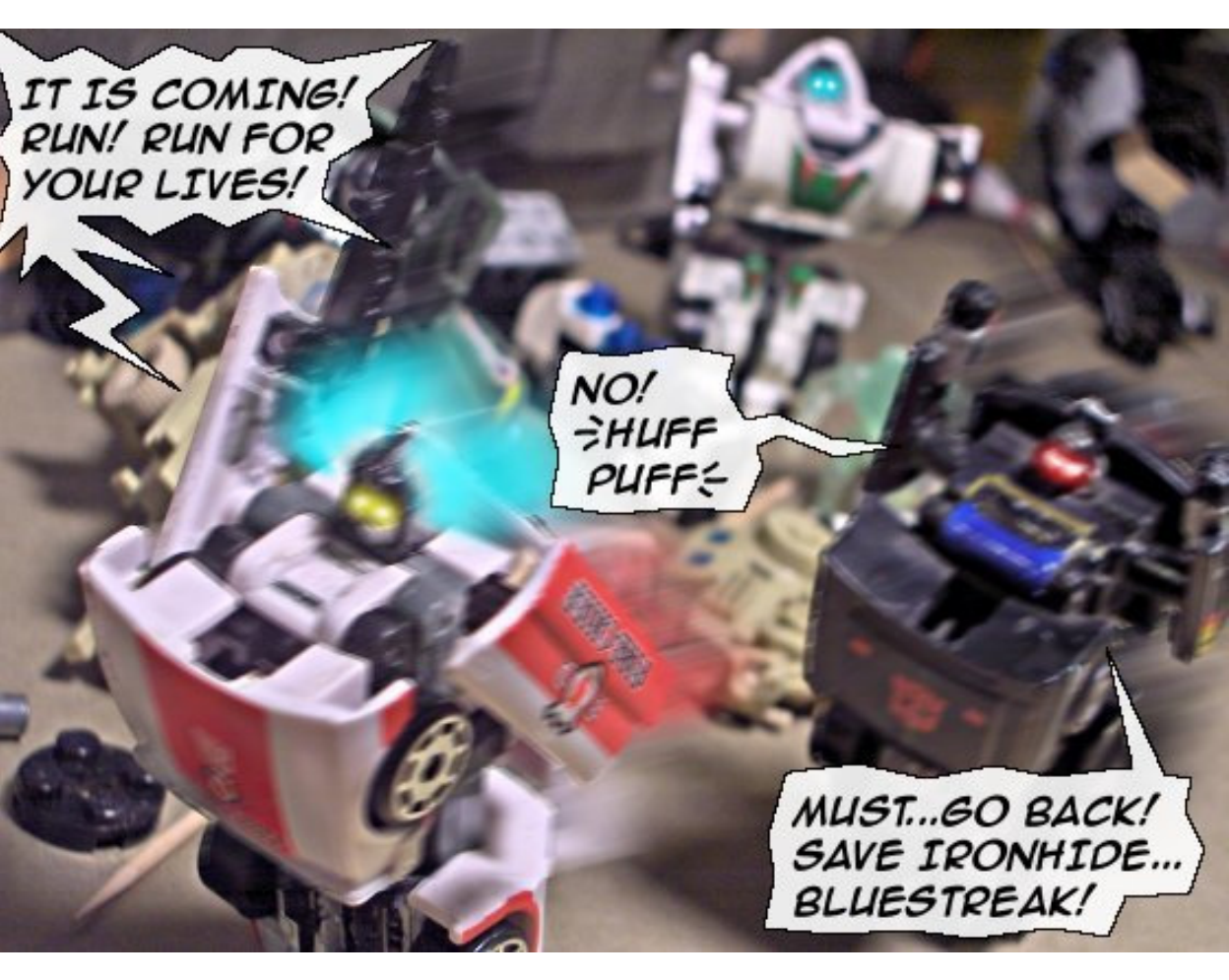
A red and white Transformer robot, likely Ironhide, is shown in a dynamic, action-oriented pose. The robot is primarily red with white accents on its chest and limbs. It has a complex, mechanical design with visible joints and armor. The background is a blurred, greyish environment, suggesting a fast-paced action scene. Overlaid on the image are comic-style speech bubbles and large, stylized text.

**RUN!**

**CRUMBLE**

**IRONHIDE!**

**BLUESTREAK!**



IT IS COMING!  
RUN! RUN FOR  
YOUR LIVES!

NO!  
⇒HUFF  
PUFF⇐

MUST...GO BACK!  
SAVE IRONHIDE...  
BLUESTREAK!

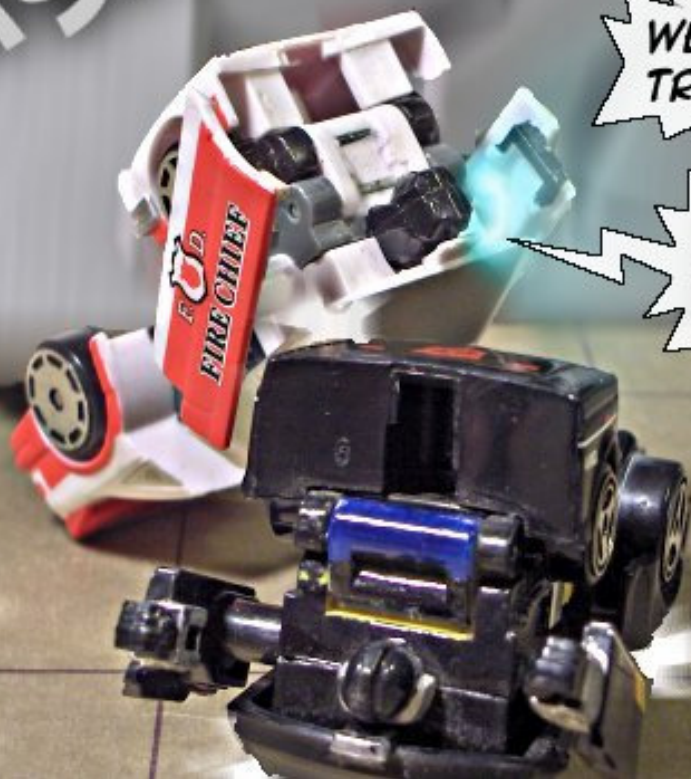


**CRASH!**

**TRAPPED!**

**WE ARE  
TRAPPED!!**

**WE  
CANNOT  
GET OUT!**



PRIMUS!  
LOOK AT IT NOW!  
IT'S COLOSSAL!

ONLY A LARGE  
TARGET FOR MY  
**ELECTRO-  
DISRUPTOR!**

**HUGE!**

**NOT  
FRIENDLY!**

I'LL  
SECOND  
THAT WITH  
MY **LASER-  
STRAFRERS!**




WELL, THAT DID  
BUGGER-ALL.  
WHAT NOW, JACK?

THROW A  
BRICK AT  
ITS HEAD?

NO GOOD!  
IT'S GOT  
A HELMET.

SLAGPILES!  
WE'RE FOILED  
YET AGAIN!





"OUR WEAPONS, USELESS;  
ITS POWER, INCREDIBLE;  
OUR ESCAPE, BLOCKED.  
WHEELJACK, MY FRIEND,  
I THINK WE ARE FINISHED."

**CRACKLE!**

"OH, WELL. I NEVER DID  
WANT TO LIVE FOREVER!"

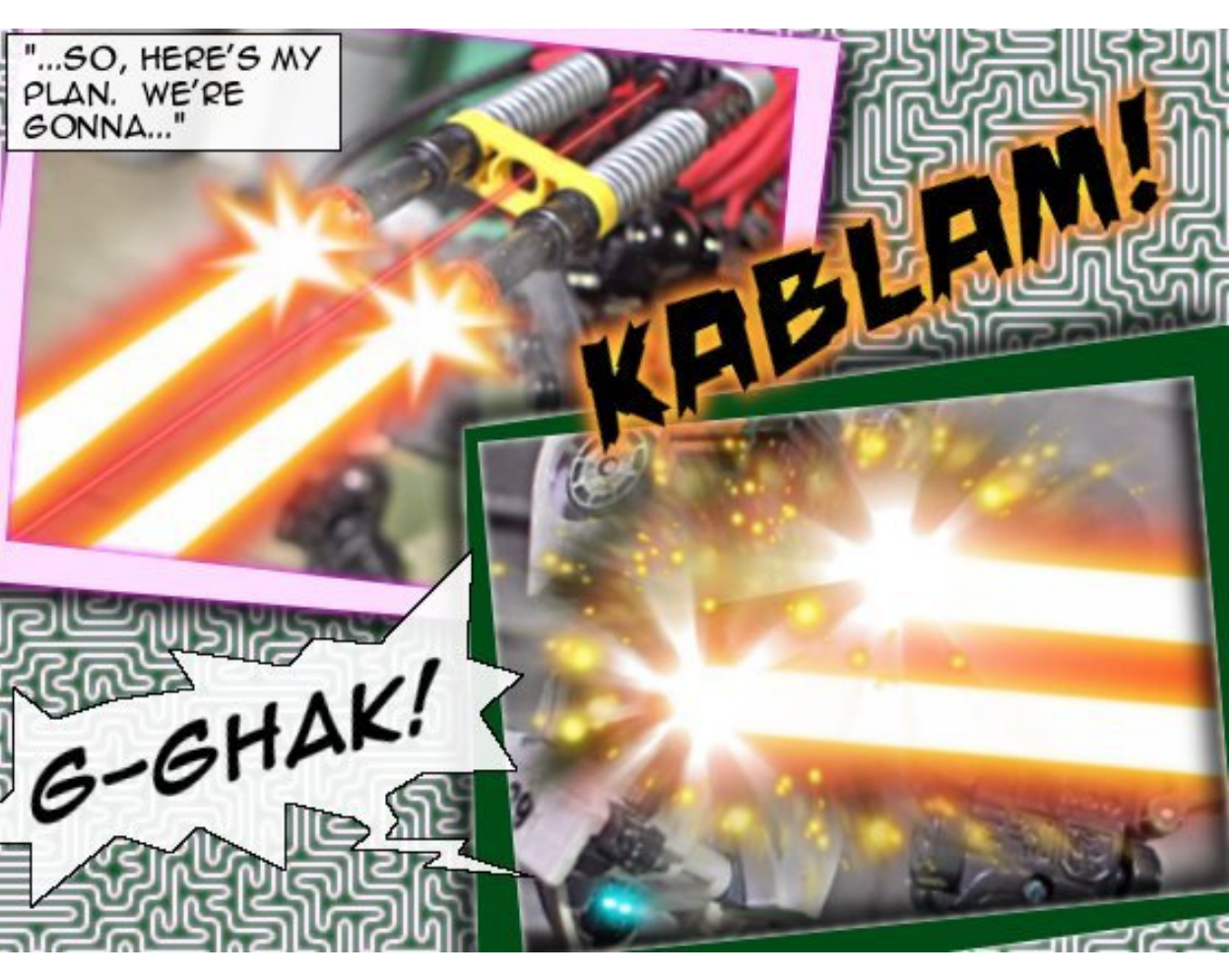
"OH? WELL, I DID! YES, I DID,  
HOIST, AND I STILL DO!


GRANTED, IT'S NOT LOOKIN'  
ALL THAT LIKELY RIGHT NOW..."

"...SO, HERE'S MY  
PLAN. WE'RE  
GONNA..."

**KABLAM!**

**G-GHAK!**





WHEELJACK! HOIST! YOU FIEND! I'LL --


**FROTZ!**

**LINGH!**

**KRAKOOOM!**







LET'S SEE  
YOU BLAST  
THIS,  
GUMBALL!

CHARGE!

HUBBA  
BUBBA  
BUBBA!

CRASH!



UH-OH!

A translucent green dinosaur toy, possibly a T-Rex, is shown in profile. It has a black dot for an eye and its mouth is slightly open. The toy is standing on a brown, textured surface.

***HURT  
FRIENDS!***

***BAD GUY!***



**I HELP!**

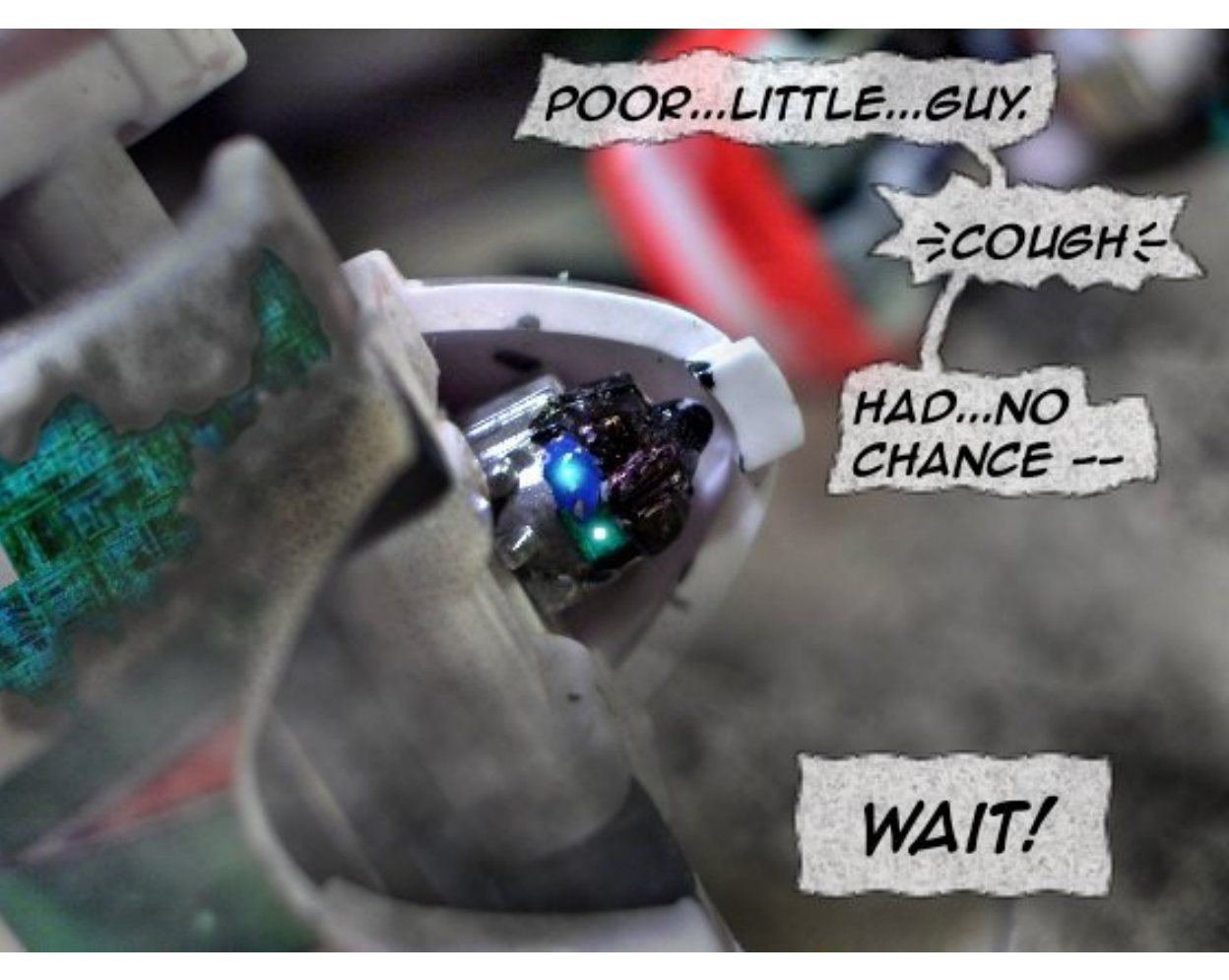


**I ZAP!**

"SPAHKY! NO!"

SQUISH!

A close-up shot of a LEGO Mixels character. The character has a purple helmet with a yellow spiral and a silver, multi-barreled gun. It is holding a pink, stringy, squishy object. A green energy effect, represented by glowing green dots and a green aura, surrounds the object. The word "SQUISH!" is written in large, glowing green letters across the middle of the image. In the top left corner, there is a grey speech bubble with the text "SPAHKY! NO!".



POOR...LITTLE...GUY.

≡COUGH≡


HAD...NO  
CHANCE --

WAIT!



"ITS GRIPPAH! >COUGH<  
SOMETHING ... IS HAPPENIN'!  
BUT WHAT?"





"HA! ➤COUGH<  
RESISTANCE IS  
FUTILE, MONSTAH!"

KRAKOOOM!

"OH SLAG! UNLESS YA  
SHOOT YER OWN CLAW  
OFF! ➤HACK<"

A pink robot with a chainsaw head and tentacles. The robot has a blue helmet with a yellow swirl, a pink body, and a chainsaw head. It has many pink tentacles. The background is a grey, industrial-looking environment with pipes and a tiled floor.

**SPLURCH!**


**VERRRAAW!**

**VERRRAAW!**

"SWEET PRIMUS! IT'S GROWIN'  
A CHAINSAW IN ITS PLACE!

"NOT GROOVY!  
NOT ðCOUGH COUGHð GROOVY!"






"HANG IN THERE,  
SPAHKY!"

VERRRAAW!

≡skitter≡

"≡COUGH≡ THAT WAS  
CLOSE, TOO CLOSE!"



SPARKY! WHAT ARE YA DOIN'?  
YOU'LL GET SQUASHED!



YOU'VE GOT  
THE TOUCH!



YOU'VE GOT  
THE  
POW-ER!

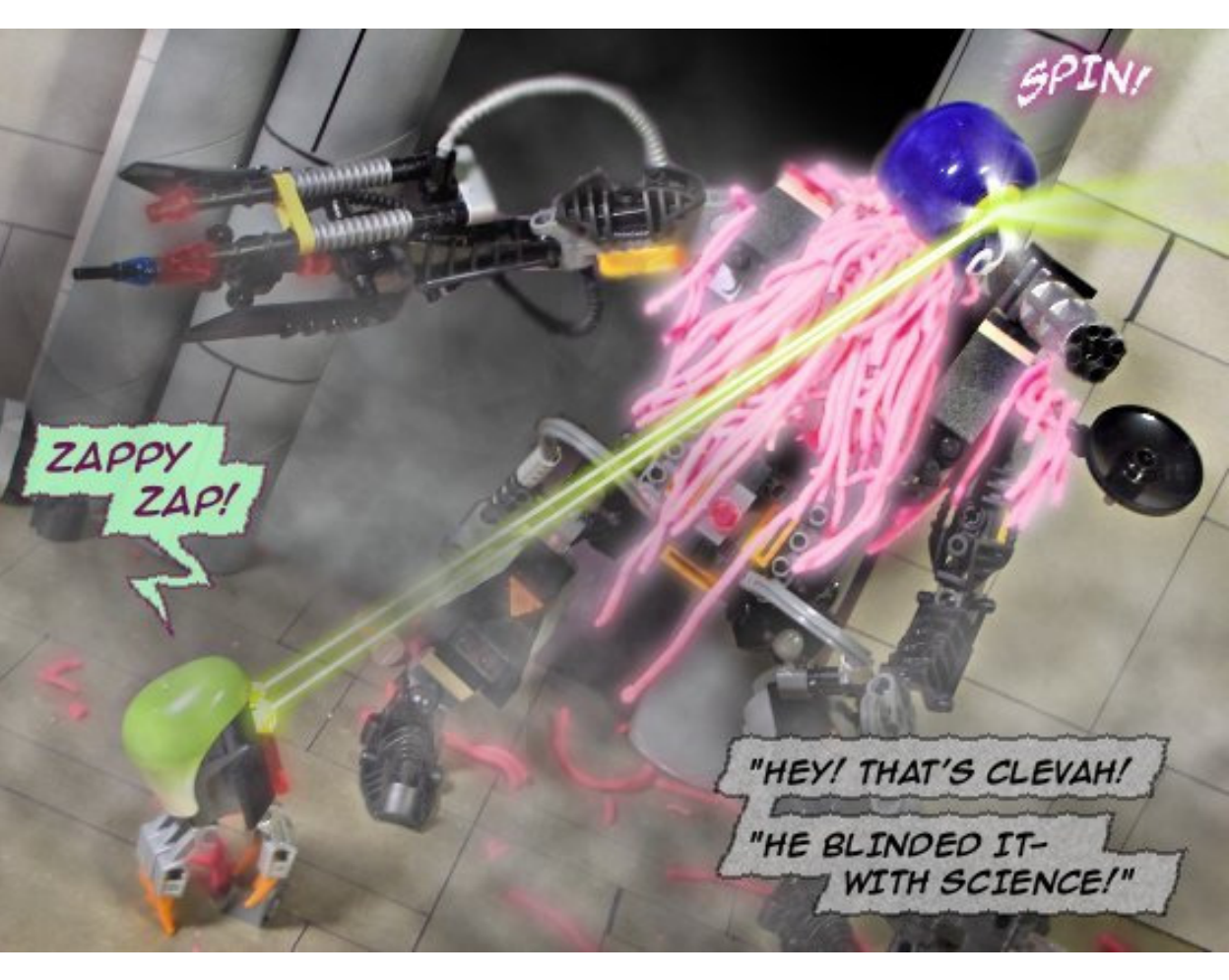


SPIN!

ZAPPY  
ZAP!

"HEY! THAT'S CLEVAH!

"HE BLINDED IT-  
WITH SCIENCE!"



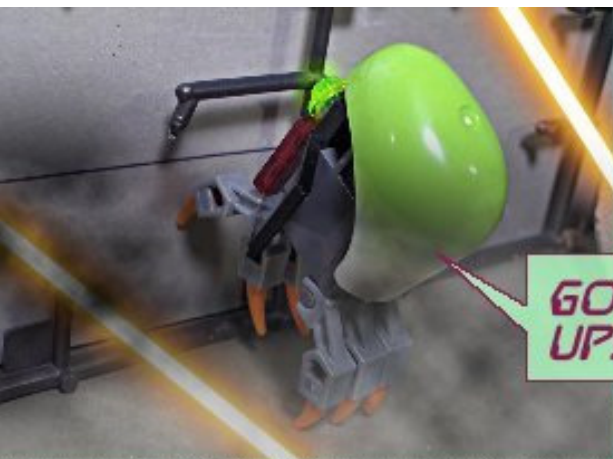




**KABLAM!**

**HUBBA  
BUBBA  
BUBBA!**

**KRAKOOOM!**





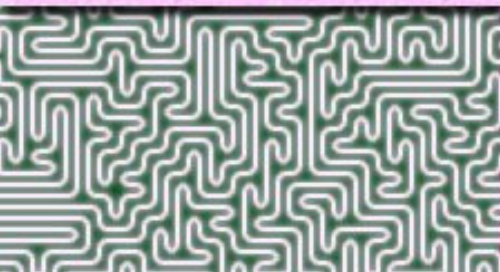
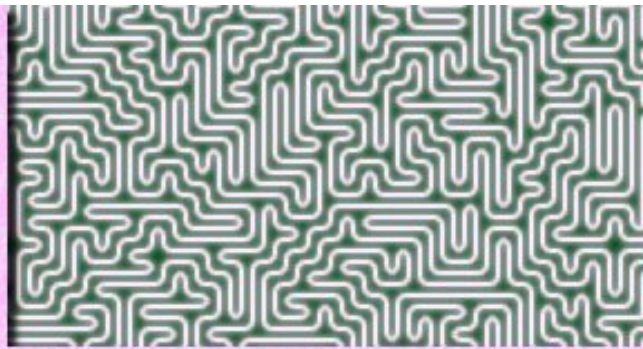


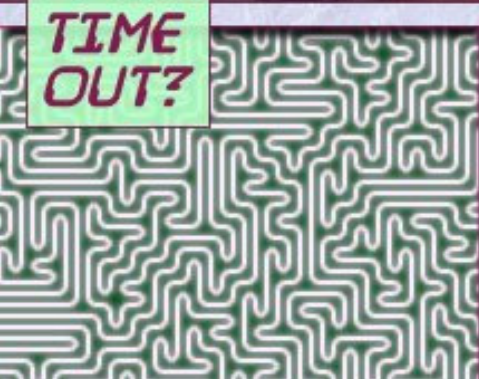
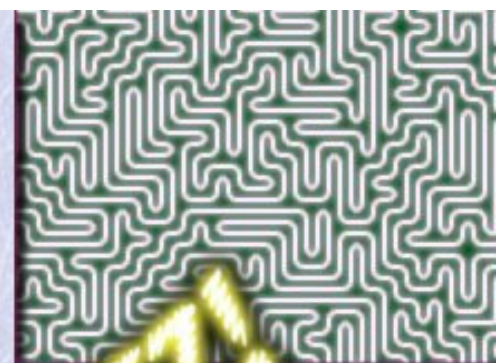
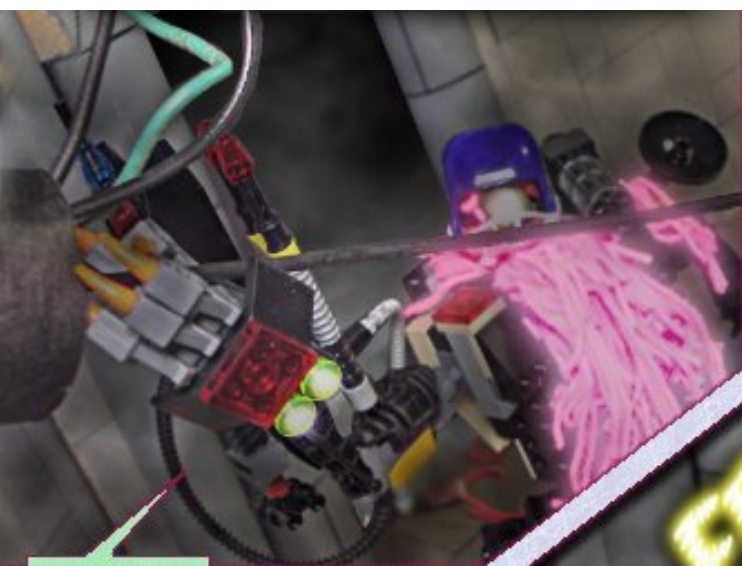


















K...KICKED  
YA...DOWN  
A NOTCH...



HE'S ALL...  
ALL YOURS,  
SPAHKY...



DON'T FEEL...  
SO GOOD...

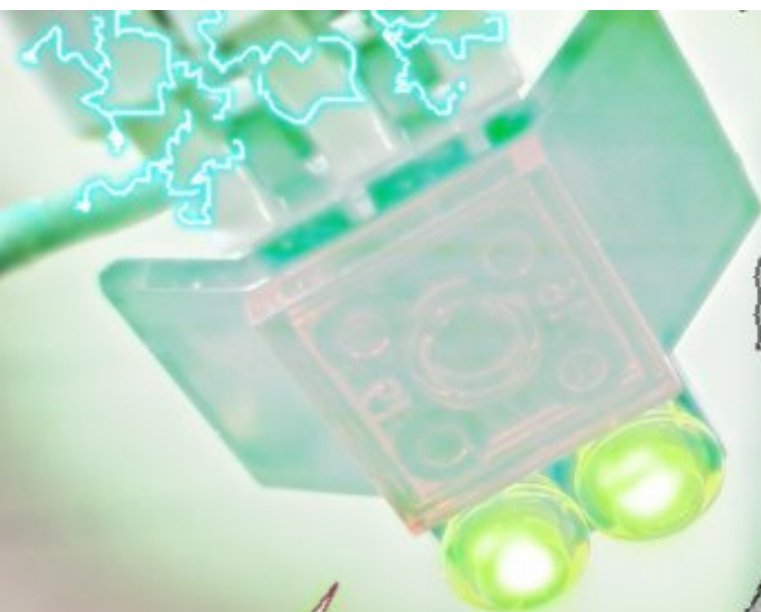
≡KLUNK!≡

NOT SO HIGH AND MIGHTY ⇨COUGH⇨  
NOW THAT IRONHIDE'S BROUGHT YA  
DOWN TA EARTH...LITERALLY!



AND SPARKY IS ⇨COUGH COUGH⇨  
CHARGIN' UP TA GIVE YA TH' WORST  
CASE O'INDIGESTION YA EVER HAD!





**POWER  
UP!**

AN' WHEN  
HE DOES-- OH SLAG!

TR...>COUGH<  
TRAILBREAKER!

F...FORCE FIELD!





W

H

E

E

!



A VERY VERY VERY  
VERY VERY BIG  
**POP!**





A COUPLE CENTHICS OUT, ON  
THE YUSS-ALTIHIX BEAMWAY...

RIDIN' BACK TO BASE, DUM DE DUM,  
RIDE RIDE RIDIN' ON MY BIG BAD BIKE...



**PBBBBBBBBBBB**

⇒CRACKLE⇐ CRUELLOCK TO BASE!  
I'M ALMOST HOME. IS THE  
GUARDIAN-1 DEFENSE STUFF OFF?

...HELLO THERE?

SWEET POPPIN' DREAMWAVE!

TH...THE RADIANCE OF  
A THOUSAND GUMS!



SPARKY...




HELLO!

LITTLE BUDDY?

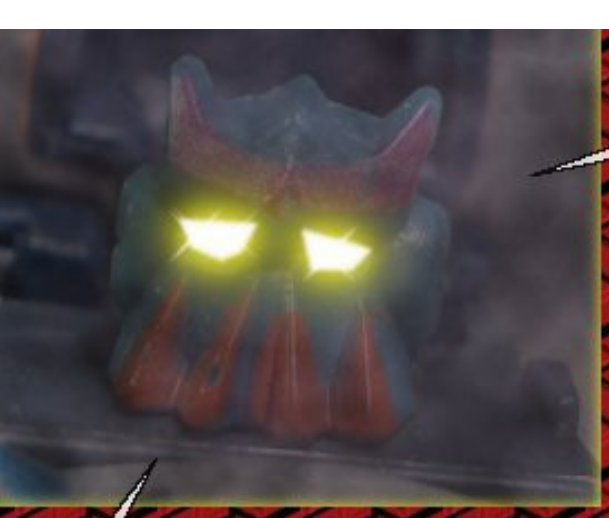
WHEELJACK?



The background image is a dark, monochromatic, and heavily desaturated photograph. It depicts a scene of extreme destruction and decay. In the foreground and midground, several human skeletal remains are visible, lying on the ground. The background shows the faint outlines of what might have been buildings or structures, now completely obscured by a thick, swirling mist or fog. The overall atmosphere is one of profound horror, isolation, and despair.

*"IS ANYONE.....IS ANYONE ALIVE IN HERE?"*





N..NO!  
THEY CAN'T ALL BE GONE!

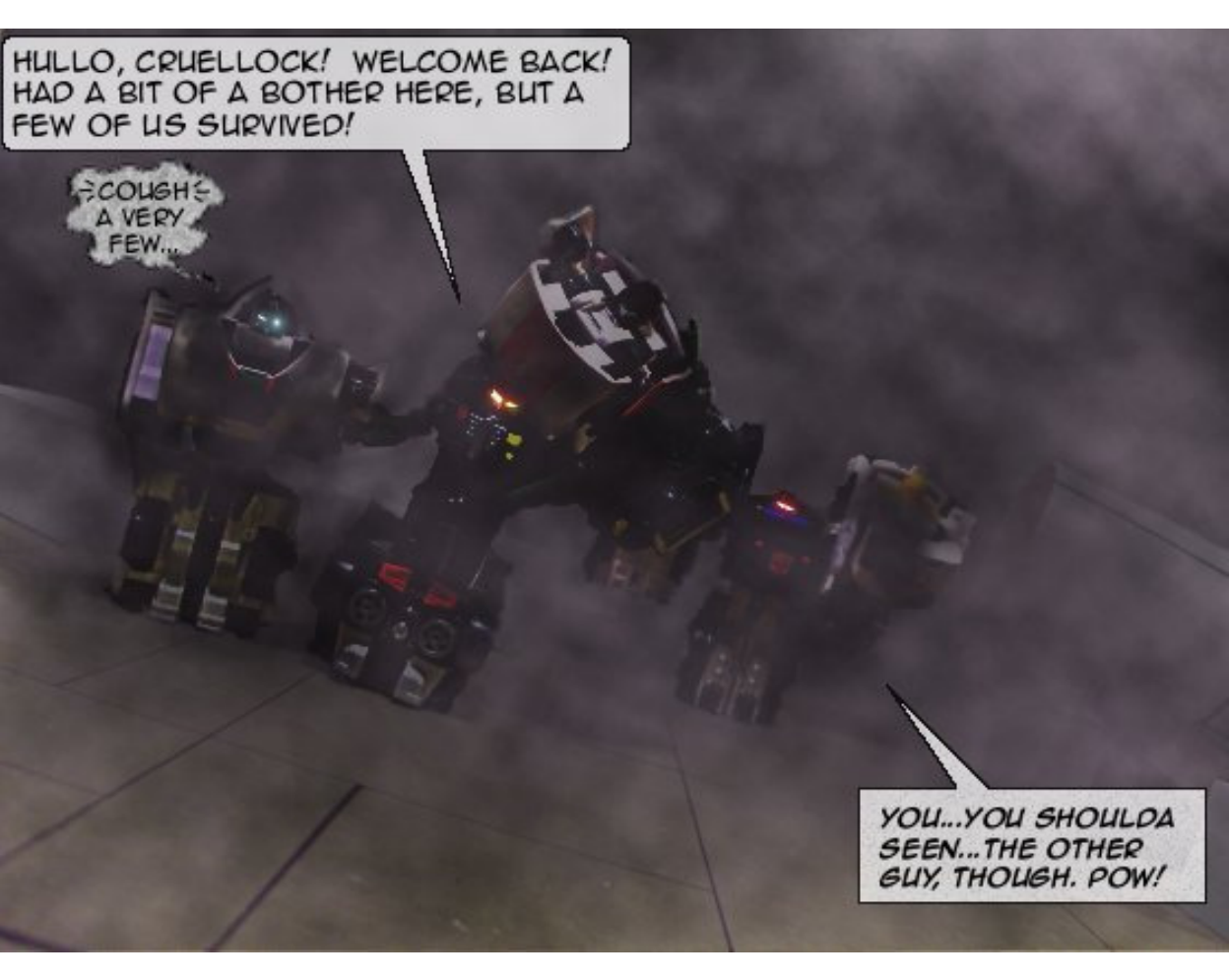
Trail Breaker, our  
NOT ALL OF THEM!

NOT SPARKY!

NO, WAIT!  
THEY ARE ALIVE!

GUYS! IT'S ME,  
CRUELLOCK!  
ARE YOU OKAY?






HULLO, CRUELLOCK! WELCOME BACK!  
HAD A BIT OF A BOTHER HERE, BUT A  
FEW OF US SURVIVED!

COUGHS  
A VERY  
FEW...

YOU...YOU SHOULD  
SEEN...THE OTHER  
GUY, THOUGH. POW!



GOSH! WHAT  
HAPPENED?

GONNA TRY AN' *≡COUGH≡* WALK YA  
THROUGH THIS, BREAKER.

OKAY.

MONSTER.  
BIG, MEAN, PINK.

WITH  
TENTACLES.

SPARKY  
BLEW  
IT UP.

*≡COUGH≡* ALL RIGHT. THERE'S  
A MAIN POWER CONDUIT BEHIND  
HIS CORE SUPPORT...GOT IT?

UH..  
YEAH.  
IT'S  
BURNT.

OKAY.  
HMM...

THE LITTLE GUY DID IT? HEY, NOT BAD!  
WHERE IS HE, ANYHOW?

CRUELLOCK...SPARKY WAS...A HERO.




A...HERO...  
THEN...THEN HE'S....

THERE IS NOTHING  
YOU COULD HAVE  
DONE.

I...I COULD HAVE  
SAID GOODBYE.






HOW 'BOUT  
"HELLO"?!

YEAH! WHAT ARE WE,  
CHOPPED LIVER?!

GEARS HATES  
CHOPPED LIVER!

RAAAAAAAWK!



YOU'RE SPEAKING  
IN THIRD-PERSON  
AGAIN, GEARS!

YOU'RE GONNA  
BE ALL RIGHT,  
BLUESTREAK!

SORRY,  
HOT SHOT.

KEEP 'IM  
STEADY,  
PROWL!

SPARKY!

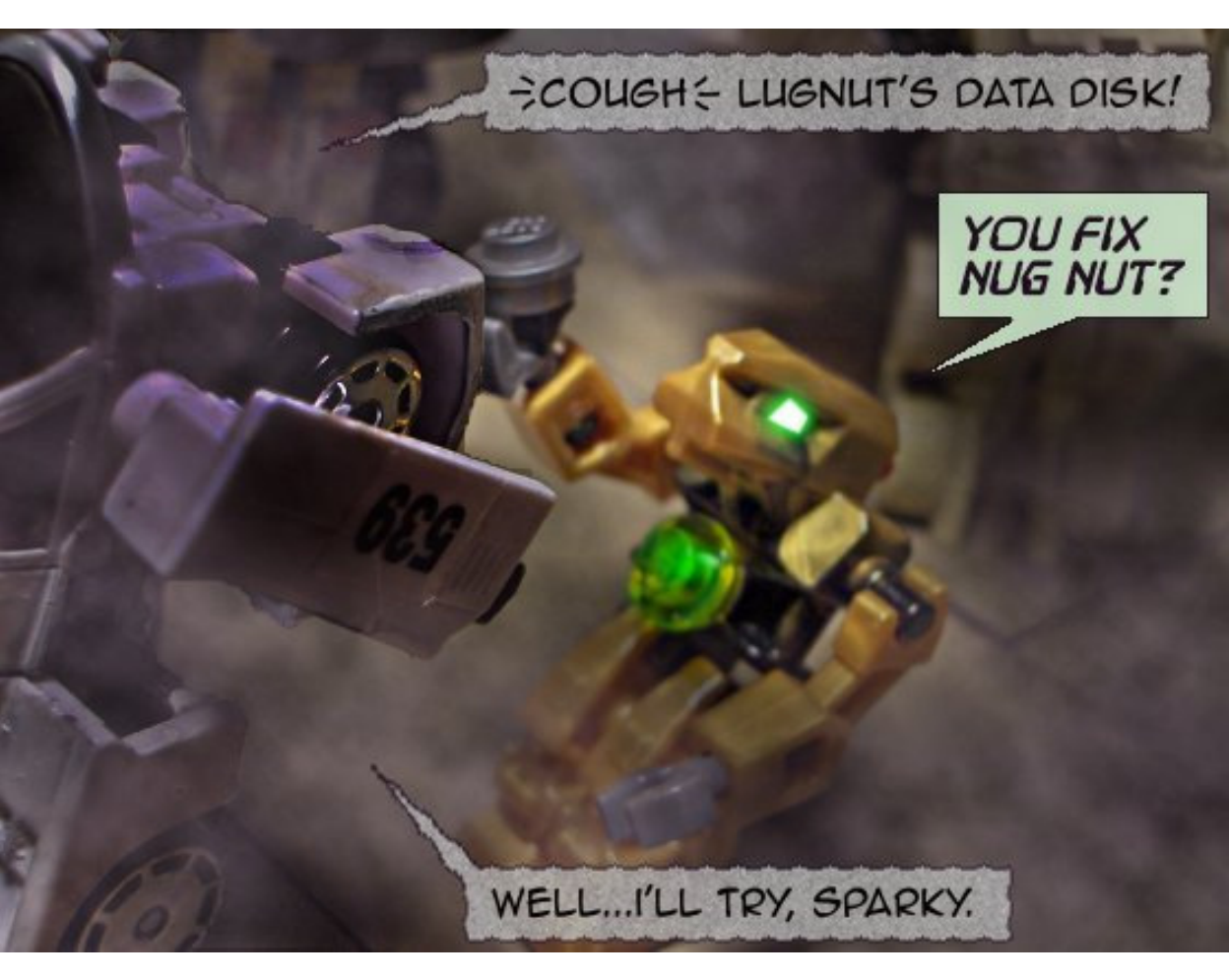
WOW.

HOW, HOIST?  
HOW IS THIS  
POSSIBLE?

I DO NOT KNOW, JACK,  
BUT IT IS WONDERFUL!

JACK!






≡COUGH≡ LUGNUT'S DATA DISK!

**YOU FIX  
NUG NUT?**

WELL...I'LL TRY, SPARKY.




GREETINGS,  
RADIOLAND! THIS  
IS TOPSPIN WITH  
YOUR KHEX NEWS  
AT FIFTY-O-TWO!\*



MANY GEN-ONE POWER  
CUSTOMERS ARE STILL  
WITHOUT POWER AFTER  
AN INCIDENT LEFT THE  
COMPANY GENERATING  
AT REDUCED CAPACITY...

\*ALSO POPULAR AT TFW2005! -AP

SPOKESBOTS DESCRIBED THE INCIDENT  
AS A "VERY MINOR FAILURE" AND "NOT  
AT ALL CONNECTED TO THAT GREAT  
BIG PINK MUSHROOM CLOUD LAST NIGHT"...



HERE TO COMMENT IS  
OUR ENVIRONMENTAL  
AFFAIRS CONSULTANT,  
DRACO NIGHTSCREAM.  
NIGHTSCREAM?

'THANK YOU, TOPSPIN.  
I FEEL THAT EVENTS  
LIKE THIS ONE ONLY  
POINT OUT THE NEED  
FOR MORE CONTROL  
OVER THE NEUTRAL  
TERR--'

FUNCT  
THAT JIVE!

~CLICK!~

"LIKE A STURGEON,  
CAUGHT FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME..."

JAZZ...THAT SUCKS!



SLAG, YEAH!  
IT'S A VACUUM, BRO!

NOT MY  
SIZE...

SO WHAT'S UP  
WITH 'HIDE AN'  
'STREAK, MECH?

AIRLIFTED TO IACON,  
ER, CYBAHTROPOLIS.  
YA GUYS DID GOOD!  
RHINOX TELLS ME YA  
PROBABLY SAVED 'EM.

THEY ARE  
GONNA GET  
MUNKYFIED!

DA PLACE IS LOOKIN' SHARP!  
I'LL HAVE TRAILBREAKAH  
COME PICK UP THAT TANK O'  
ICKY MONSTAH LEFTOVAHS.

NO BEAST  
MODES.  
RHINOX  
PROMISED!



**SLACKEHS!**

HI, JACK! WE WERE JUST TESTING FOR FALLOUT!

NOTHIN' ALIVE, I HOPE!

NOT THE LEAST SPARK! HOW ARE OUR FRIENDS?

THEY'LL MAKE IT, RED.

WONDERFUL!

**NO.**

I'LL NEVAH FORGIVE MYSELF!

WE CAME THIS CLOSE TA DISASTAH, AN' IT WAS ALL MY FAULT!

AW, DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, BUD!

WE KNOW YOU WERE JUST TRYIN' TO BRING OPTIMUS BACK!

WE MISS PRIME TOO, WHEELJACK.

WE WOULD ALL HAVE DONE LIKEWISE... MORE OR LESS...

AW, SHUCKS.  
YOU GUYS ARE  
DA GREATEST!

LOOK AT THAT SUNRISE!\*  
WE HAD A TERRIBLE NIGHT,  
BUT IT'S A FINE MORNING!

\*ALPHA CENTAURI, THAT IS -- A.P.

TERRIBLE, YES. STRANGE, TOO.  
WILL WE EVER PIECE TOGETHER  
THE WHOLE STORY, I WONDER?

WELL-

RED, OL' BUDDY,  
I'M JUST GLAD  
IT'S OVER!

BUT IS IT  
REALLY OVER?



PROPELLED TO HIGH SPEED  
IN THE MONSTER'S FINAL BLAST,  
A SINGLE BUILDING BRICK  
HURTLES THROUGH SPACE...