

Autobus Prime's

# BLURRY ROBOT THEATER

**5** TEAM IRONHIDE

# **BLURRY ROBOT *CROSSOVER***



NEWARK CITY SUBWAY PHOTO  
2002 BY OTTO VONDRAK

**TransShinki World (and Friends)**

THIS BRICK, LAUNCHED INTO SPACE...  
HOW, YOU SAY? SO GLAD YOU ASKED!

AND EVEN IF YOU DIDN'T ASK,  
WE'RE STILL GOING TO TELL YOU...

TRAILBREAKER CAST A FORCEFIELD. AS IT COLLAPSED,  
A TINY PORTION JUST HAPPENED TO TWIST IN UPON ITSELF...

...AND BY SHEER RANDOM CHANCE, FORMED A  
BRIEFLY STABLE PLASMA BUBBLE...

...WHICH WAS PULLED INTO PINKY'S CORE  
ALONG WITH THE SUPERCHARGED SPARKY,  
AND THEN SQUEEZED BY THE BLAST INTO  
A MICROSCOPIC BLACK HOLE...

...AT THE VERY INSTANT THAT A  
WHITE HOLE FORMED. THEY  
JOINED...A WORMHOLE FORMED...

AND SUCKED A SINGLE  
BRICK THROUGH BEFORE  
EVAPORATING QUICKLY...

AND IT'S  
JUST  
THAT  
SIMPLE!

IT'S ALSO  
REALLY, REALLY  
REALLY UNLIKELY...



CHEESEBURGER-MATERIALIZING-ON-YOUR-PLATE UNLIKELY.  
SOMEBODY'S-GOT-AN-IMPROBABILITY-GENERATOR-UNLIKELY!

WHAT ARE YOU  
LOOKING AT  
ME FOR?

I'VE BEEN  
BACKING UP  
VITAL FILES  
ALL NIGHT!

NETHACK

DIABLO

DEVO'S  
GREATEST  
HITS

WHERE WERE WE? INTERDIMENSIONAL BRICKS, RIGHT...  
THIS BRICK WAS NEXT TO SOME NEUTRON EMISSION  
RESONANCE DAMPERS...BUT THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT...





WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS WHERE IT WENT.  
LEAVING ITS HOME UNIVERSE,  
THE BRICK ENTERED AN  
INTERSPATIAL SPACE-  
A WORLD BETWEEN WORLDS...

WHOSE HEAVILY TRAFFICKED  
CORRIDORS ARE KNOWN AS...  
**THE CIRCUITS OF TIME!**

TRAVERSED DAILY, THOUGH  
THE INTERVAL HAS NO MEANING  
THERE, BY ALL MANNER OF  
STRANGE CRAFT...



Can't you set our  
time-pod to look  
like anything  
else, Mel?

SHE CAN'T HEAR YOU, TSU.  
I THINK THE CHAMELEON  
CIRCUIT IS BUSTED,  
ANYHOW.

Melb Take off those  
headphones and  
listen to me!  
The eyepatch, too;  
you're driving!

*PASS DE DUTCHIE  
ON DE LEFT HAND SIDE!*  
*PASS DE DUTCHIE  
ON DE LEFT HAND SIDE!*



I DON'T THINK SHE'S LISTENING.  
CAN WE STOP AT THE NEXT NEXUS POINT?  
I NEED TO MAKE A PIT STOP.  
CAN'T HOLD MY OIL LIKE I USED TO...

LETTING THE DAYS GO BY;  
WATER FLOWING UNDERGROUND...

THAT'S MEAN, MEL.  
REALLY MEAN!

You should not have had  
so much Mountain Dew,  
Ironhide!

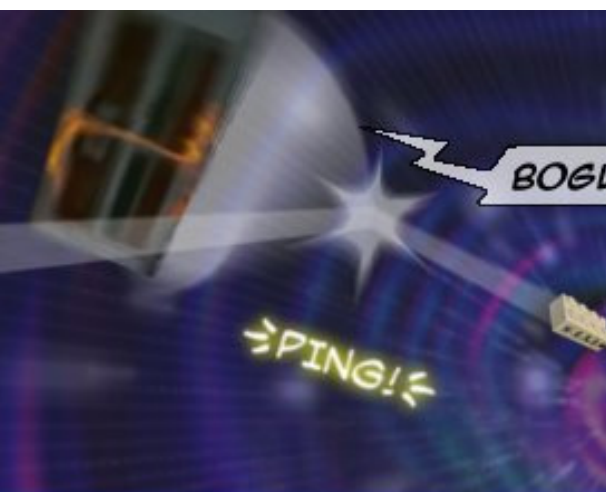


"GOOD POINT. DISPENSOR  
KINDA GOT ME HOOKED ON  
TH' STUFF, THOUGH.

WE USED T'BE SHIPMATES,  
WAY BACK WHEN...




"Hey! What's that?"





**BONK!**



AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUGH!!!

UH...  
I DON'T HAVE TO  
GO ANY MORE...



THE SPACE PACER HAS  
LANDED...BADLY.



≡GRUMBLE≡  
YOU CAN SAY  
THAT AGAIN!



I WILL NOT.  
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED  
TO INTERACT WITH  
THE NARRATOR.

SORRY.

PLUNK!

I HEARD  
THAT!



YEAH? WELL YOU CAN  
GET DEFUNCT, YOU  
MISERABLE...

Was ist das?

UH...NOTHING.  
IT'S HARD TO  
EXPLAIN...

No, not ze talking mit  
yourself. Dot is just  
like normal crazy.

ow.



But zat brick-thing, und now  
this place which we are in...

We also seem  
a little  
different,  
somehow.

Now do you  
mention this,  
yes.

IF I WAS TO GUESS,  
I'D SAY...



LIMBO!

Great! Shouldn't we find out where we are, though, before throwing 4th parties?



Dummkopf!



~GROAN~  
LIMBO IS WHERE WE ARE! IT'S...

LIMBO, PER FURMAN ET AL, IS A HOLDING DIMENSION...



...DESCRIBED AS A BLACK VOID, INCIDENTALLY. I CANNOT IMAGINE...

QUIET, YOU.

I KNOW AT LEAST ONE WAY TO FIND OUT FOR SURE...



~OOKA~  
~OCKA~  
~IKK!~



**CLIMB ABOARD!  
WE'RE GOING FOR A DRIVE!**

Ooooooob  
Can I ride  
with the  
cannons?

How did you get  
so big, all of de  
sudden, like dot?

UH...MASS-  
SHIFTING...  
I GUESS?





So you are knowing  
the way out, yes?



NO. THERE  
ISN'T ONE.

What?!

LIMBO IS THE CHRONARCHITECT'S FRIDGE.\*  
YOU DON'T GET OUT UNTIL HE DECIDES TO  
CLEAN IT...AND HE'S A BACHELOR.

\*CHRONARCHITECT - BROTHER OF PRIMUS, WARDEN  
OF TIME. SEE "REACHING THE OMEGA POINT"-AP

We're stuck here?  
That's terrible

IT COULD  
BE WORSE.

We could be  
watching *Twilight*?

WORSE THAN THAT...  
WELL...A LITTLE BIT...

BY ALL RIGHTS, WE SHOULDA' BEEN  
DUMPED INTO UNSPACE, WHICH  
WOULD SHRED US TO BITS...  
...IF WE WERE LUCKY.





THERE ARE  
WORSE THINGS...  
...WAIT!

**SCREECH!**


YUP...FOUND HIM.  
HE DOESN'T  
LOOK EXACTLY  
LIKE OURS, BUT  
IT'S DEFINITELY  
THE SAME GUY..



*"SKIDS."*



*"THIS IS LIMBO,  
ALL RIGHT."*



Skids?  
Who is  
that?

EXACTLY!  
HE SPENDS A  
LOT OF TIME  
HERE.

TOO MUCH.

EVERYONE  
FORGETS HIM...

Well, hey! If he's here a lot, maybe he knows a way out!  
Let's wake him up and ask! It can't hurt!

Where  
is the  
radio?

**OH YES IT CAN!**



"THERE. LOOK AT  
SKIDS AGAIN. WHAT  
DO YOU SEE NOW?"

"Horrible  
monsters!"

"Where zey  
come from?"

"FROM SKIDS...  
HE'S HAVING A  
BAD DREAM..."



"AND HERE, NIGHTMARES TAKE SHAPE. AS LONG AS SKIDS SLEEPS,  
THEY'RE ONLY PHANTOMS, ONLY HALF IN THIS WORLD. BUT IF HE WAKES  
WHILE DREAMING, AND BECOMES CONSCIOUS OF THEM..."

LET'S JUST SAY  
THAT'S ALL THEY  
NEED! IN THIS  
PLACE, BAD  
DREAMS *CAN*  
HURT YOU!



Excuse please.  
Since we are  
talking about  
these monsters,  
are we not  
conscious of  
them also?

SLAG.



**SCREE!**

**TREADS DON'T  
FAIL ME NOW!**

**NOW, WHEN I  
SAY THE WORD,  
JUMP OUT!**

but—  
I need  
a weapon!

where's your  
gun rack??







Stupid dagger!

Oh, well...

You-sa dead,  
abomination!



**HOW  
RUDE!**

THEY'VE FALLEN BACK.  
GOOD TIME FOR YOU  
LADIES TO DO THAT  
POWER-UP THING.

BANG

Verb

Sureb

Activation Code:  
GUNS!

Activation Code:  
Schlachthof - funf!



KONAMIMAN:  
HARDWARE DIFFERENCE-  
HAVE TO UPGRADING!

PLEASE BE WAIT 25.67  
MINUTES THANKS!

Oh...



...scheißet!





YOU KNOW...  
I DON'T THINK OUR WEAPONS  
DID A WHOLE LOT.

Bah weep granah  
weep nini bong?



BUT,  
SUDDENLY...

HOLY C-

BOOM!

KAA- BAM!

THRAKKI!

SLASH!



**BAM!**

**POW!**



**SOX!**





HOLD!  
IT IS ENOUGH.

EVEN THESE  
DESERVE MERCY.

WELL DONE,  
SAFEGUARD  
MY FRIEND.





V...VECTOR PRIME!

THIS IS INCREDIBLE!

I HAVE SO MANY  
QUESTIONS, TOO.

PRIMUS GIVE  
ME STRENGTH...

??!

?



I AM OUT  
OF THE  
QUESTION  
BUSINESS,  
YOUNG  
FELLOW.

TAKE YOUR  
INANE  
QUERIES  
ELSEWHERE.



YOUNG  
FELLOW?

THAT'S  
SOME BAD  
ATTITUDE  
YOU'VE  
GOT.



I CAN  
TERMINATE  
THAT HERE  
AND NOW,  
CLOCKBOY.

SILENCE, CHURL! I HAVE  
SOME CAUSE FOR ANGER.  
YOU AND YOUR COMRADES  
HAVE DONE GRAVE INJURY  
TO THE MULTIVERSE.

DID YOU NOT THINK YOUR  
REALITY-LEAPING HAD  
CONSEQUENCES?

PARADOX! DIVERGENCES!  
GAPING SPACETIME RIFTS,  
EAGER TO DEVOUR!

Paradox  
cannons!  
Mmm.

I DENIED THEM - AT TERRIBLE COST!  
WARPING CAUSALITY, TWISTING TIMELINES,  
REWRITING COUNTLESS STORIES AROUND  
THE CALLOUS, CARELESS ACTS OF...WHO?  
YOU THREE! YOUR FRIENDS!





AGES REWRITTEN...  
HISTORY MADE NULL.  
AN END IN UNSPACE  
WERE SIMPLE JUSTICE,  
BUT I RESCUED YOU!

SO WAS THE WILL  
OF MY MASTER, THE  
CHRONARCHITECT.

HANDS  
OFF!

Ughesb

Ach, Mr  
Hirn ist  
Kraut

AND NOW,  
I HAVE  
SAVED YOU  
YET AGAIN.





BAH. WE WOULD HAVE  
ESCAPED THE MONSTERS.

TO MADNESS,  
ETERNALLY  
BATTLING  
DREAM-SHADES.  
YOU WERE VERY  
NEARLY LOST.

HM. I SUPPOSE YOU  
THINK WE OWE YOU NOW.

GREATLY...

Sigh...  
Oh, hey, I see my  
shadow. Six weeks  
of winter.

Dummschwätzer.

AND THUS  
SHALL YOU  
MAKE  
PAYMENT...



A QUEST.

A UNIVERSE IS IN  
IMMINENT DANGER...  
AND YOU SHALL  
SAVE IT.



A QUEST, YOU SAY? A FOOL'S ERRAND, MORE LIKELY.  
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WE'LL TAKE THE JOB?



"YOUR REWARD SHALL BE YOUR FREEDOM.  
SUCCEED, AND I WILL SEND YOU HOME.  
FAIL, AND JOIN THE ALLSPARK. BUT EVEN  
THAT IS PREFERABLE TO THIS NONEXISTENCE,  
OTHER THAN THIS, YOU WILL FIND NO ESCAPE."





THIS IS NO "FOOL'S ERRAND".

TO CYBERTRON - A CYBERTRON - I WILL SEND YOU. THERE, SEEK OUT THE "SPIRE OF SYNCHRO", WHERE LIES AN ARTIFACT OF GREAT POWER...

THIS ARTIFACT  
YOU WILL  
DESTROY.

"NICE AND  
VAGUE OF  
YA, VECTOR!"

I CANNOT SPEAK PLAINER. I WILL NOT  
ENDANGER THE TIMELINE. YOU MUST  
LEARN AS YOU GO, WITHIN THE  
BOUNDS OF THE LOCAL TIMESTREAM.

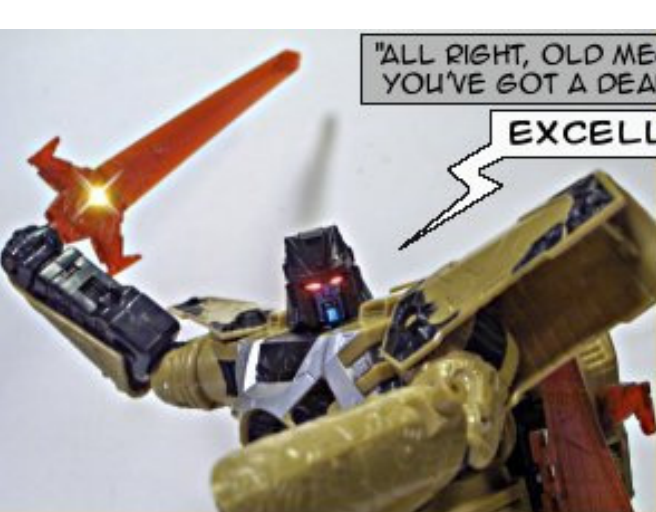


WELL, LADIES...YOU  
HEARD HIM. DO WE  
TAKE THE JOB?

Is it true that  
there is no other  
way out of here?

PROBABLY. I'VE NEVER  
HEARD OF VEC PRIME  
LYING, EVEN WHEN  
HE'S BEING A JERK.

Sen I guess we  
haff no choice, ja?



"ALL RIGHT, OLD MECH.  
YOU'VE GOT A DEAL."

EXCELLENT.



GO  
FORTH!



SAVE  
TIME!

A large Transformer robot, primarily yellow and black with red accents, stands on the left. It has a large circular eye and a red sword. To its right is a much smaller, similar robot. Both are on a plain white background.

GODSPEED,  
BRAVE  
WARRIORS!

<THEY ARE  
SO DEAD!>\*

\*TRANSLATED FROM MICRONESE - A. P.

STIP!



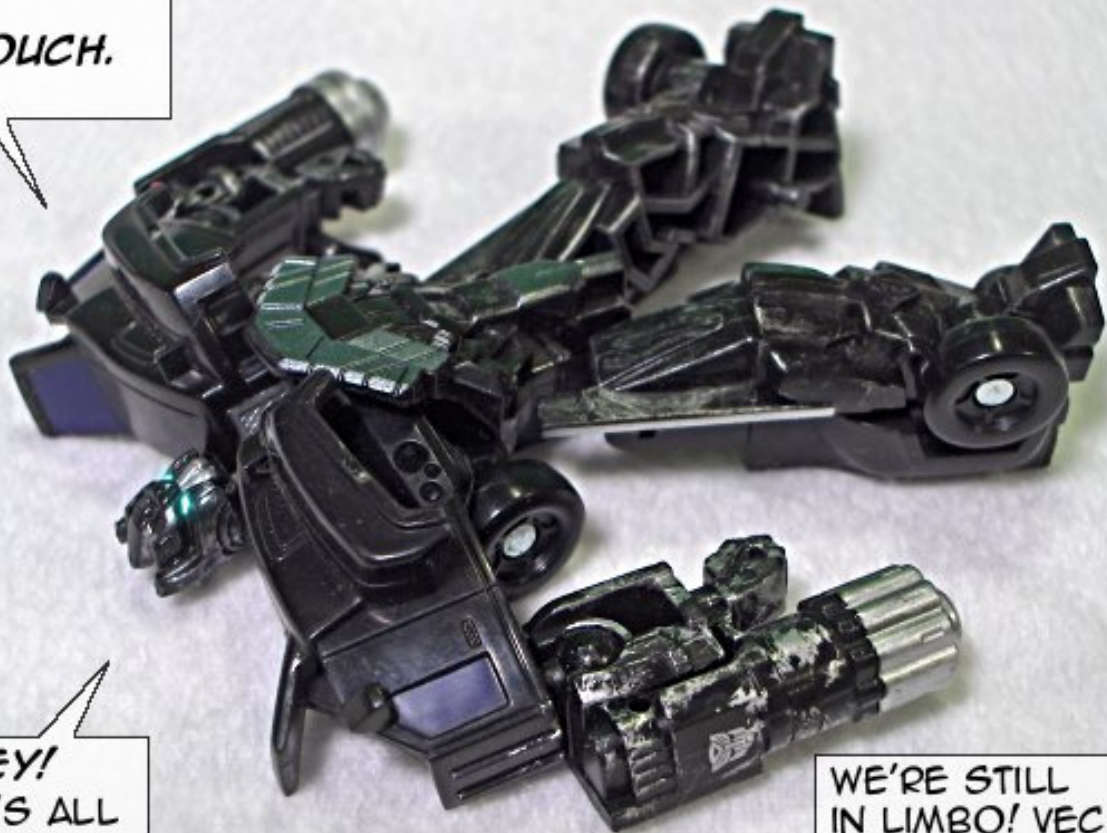
WHUMP!



*OUCH.*

*HEY!  
IT'S ALL  
WHITE...*

*WE'RE STILL  
IN LIMBO! VEC,  
YOU TURBORAT!*




No we aren't! This is snow!  
Yay! I love snow!

Wheel Come and slide  
with me, Ironhide!

UH, NO THANKS.  
I'LL JUST LIE HERE  
AND REST A WHILE...  
=GROAN=





That  
was  
fun!

Hey! Where's Marmel4ier?

"Oh."





S-Sat is der  
e-e-cold snow

AND  
SOFT.

NOT SURE  
I CAN DRIVE  
ON IT.

Then let's gear up  
It's been at least 30 minutes...





I'm gonna  
power up for  
**FUN!**



Schlachthof-  
funk...

Hm?  
She have  
changer her  
activation  
code?



**BAMF!**

Ja,  
zís ís4  
nod so  
badb

A LEGO minifigure with a green helmet and a red vest is seated in a red, custom-built vehicle. The vehicle has a large grey gun mounted on top and a red cannon-like piece at the front. A bright green glow surrounds the entire vehicle. In the background, a black mechanical part is visible.

**BAMF!**

Yay  
firearms!



Panzer Voodchuck 184 powered  
up und ready 4o roll out6



Can nod be so  
sure for Fraulein  
Crazy Claus.

Oh, my precious precious machine guns!  
Mommy missed you so, so much6 Are  
you all feeling okay? Are  
your dear widdle  
ears happy? nice man  
Did the care for your widdle  
bussy bolts like Mommy  
said? Don't cry6  
She'll sob6 never never  
go away for so long  
ever again6 Never6 She  
will love you and kiss you and snuggle you  
and polish you and polish you forever and  
ever and ever and ever and ever and ever6  
Yes she will6 Because you are her precious  
little bringers of death and destruction,  
yes you are6 Yes you are6 You little  
snooky wooky snookums6 Kiss kiss kiss6







# KER-WHUMP!

Ah-hahahahaha!

Oh-hohohohoho!





⇒PUTT⇒

⇒PUTT⇒



≥SIGH≤  
I SHOULD CALL  
HER BACK HERE...

NE IN!



IRONHIDE?  
CAN YOU HEAR ME?  
*IRONHIDE!*

NO?

⇒CRUNCH⇒

⇒TRUDGE⇒

*GOOD.*



AHEM... OUR HEROES TREK THROUGH  
THE FROZEN WASTE, CAUTION AND  
VIGILANCE THEIR WATCHWORDS...

Yeeee-haww






...AND A SINGLE THOUGHT IN MIND: THEIR QUEST.  
SNOW-DAZZLED OPTICS SCAN THE LANDSCAPE,  
SEEKING OUT CLUES, SIGNS, UNDERSTANDING;  
HOPING FOR A SUDDEN STROKE OF LUCK...

Think  
Fast,  
Melb

so help me  
Konami,  
I am going  
to kill her...

...SEARCHING, AS WELL,  
FOR SIGNS OF ENEMIES...





BUT IT IS  
TOO LATE.

HIGH ABOVE  
THE CLOUDS,  
OTHER EYES  
HAVE ALREADY  
SPOTTED OUR  
INTREPID TRIO...



CALL TSU BACK AND  
PREPARE FOR AN  
AIR STRIKE! WE'VE  
GOT COMPANY!

How do you  
know zis?

I JUST  
KNOW.



**DRAT!**



"THUNDERCRACKER!  
BASE TO THUNDERCRACKER!"

COPY, BASE.

"YOU'RE OFF THE FLIGHT PLAN!  
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?"

ALL WELL,  
SPARKSTALKER,  
BUT WE PICKED UP  
SOME UNKNOWN  
GROUND TROOPS  
ON IR. OVER.

"AWESOME!  
PATCH THE  
SIGNAL  
THROUGH!"

ROGER!





"INTERESTING.  
SPECTRUM SAYS YOU'VE  
GOT ONE MICRO..."

"...AND TWO, I DON'T KNOW...  
PRETENDERS, MAYBE?"

STATUS: SUSPECT  
THREAT: 1-472573  
C2F BUIS: 2418:2

SYNOPSIS: 1-5

STATUS: SUSPECT  
THREAT: 2  
C2F BUIS: 2

SYNOPSIS: 1-5

STATUS: SUSPECT  
THREAT: 2  
C2F BUIS: 2

SYNOPSIS: 1-5

"NO REAL THREAT, BUT  
YOU KNOW OUR ORDERS."

YEAH, SPARK. IT'S  
BUTCHERY, THOUGH...

THUNDERCRACKER OUT."

A comic-style illustration of three mecha-style fighters in a dogfight against a cloudy sky. The fighters are stylized with various colors and features. The top fighter is white and black with red accents. The middle fighter is blue and orange. The bottom fighter is blue and white with orange accents. They are all firing energy weapons, indicated by red and orange flames. Speech bubbles contain dialogue between them.

OKAY! READY  
FOR ACTION,  
THUNDER  
FORCE?

I WAS BUILT READY!  
WHERE'S THE PARTY?

BELOW. THREE LOUSY  
GROUNDPOUNDERS.  
CAKE WALK.

THEIRS WILL  
BE DEATH.

SCORPION PLAN,  
QUICK AND CLEAN.  
RAMJET, YOU'RE  
THE STINGER.

AW, I WANTED  
TO BONK  
SOMETHING!

SORRY...

THUNDER FORCE!  
ATTACK!

KRAKOOON!





TETRAJET!

THEW!

1 O'CLOCK  
HIGH...

LOOKS  
LIKE  
THUNDER-  
CRACKER!

Some action!  
Sehr gut!

3BA-DUMMIE  
3BA-DUMMIE

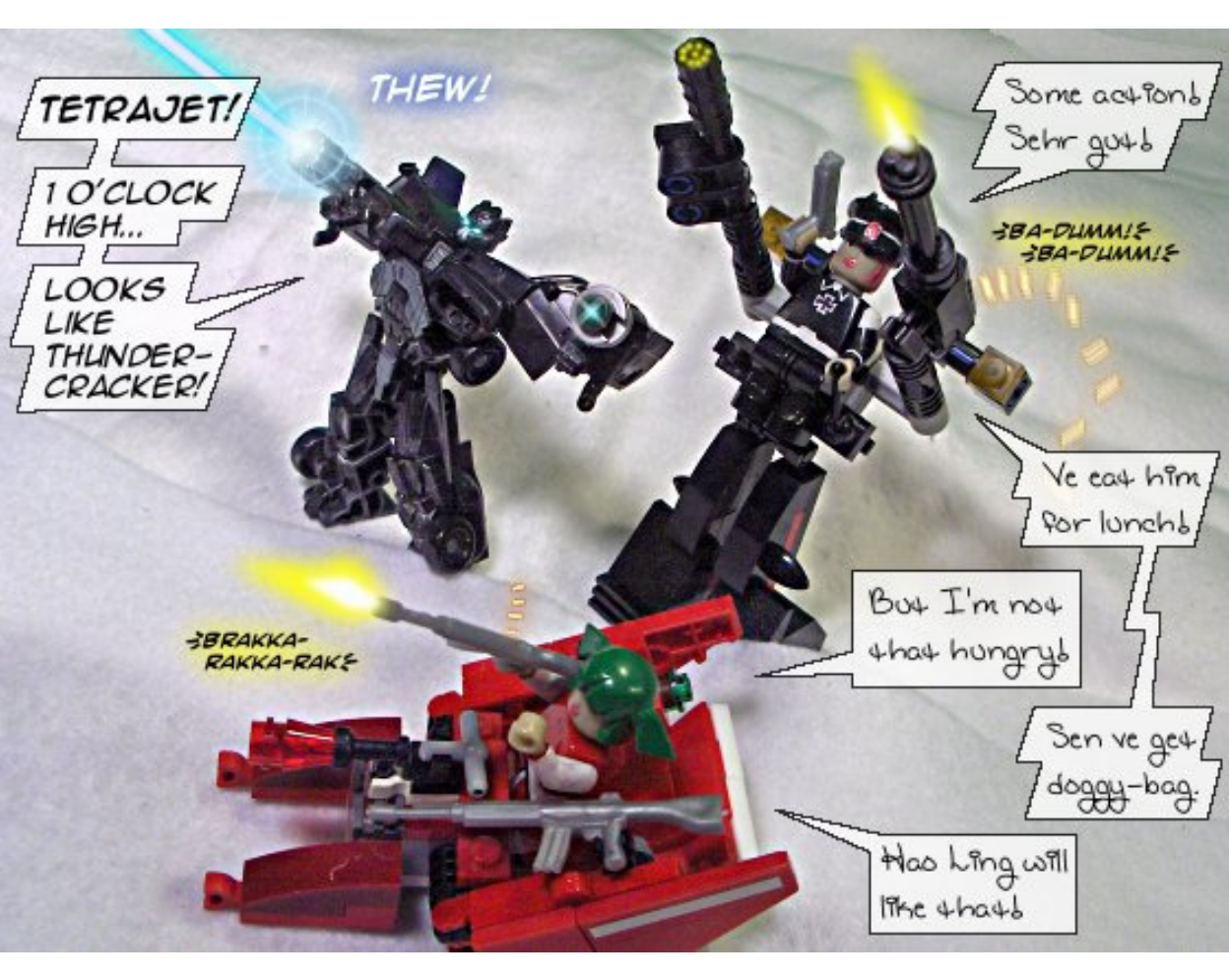
Ve eat him  
for lunch!

But I'm not  
that hungry!

Sen ve get  
doggy-bag.

Hao Ling will  
like that!

3BRAKKA-  
RAKKA-RAK







**GOOD...  
GOOD!**

**HE'S BREAKING  
IT OFF!**

Breaking  
off what?

HIS ATTACK RUN! WHAT  
ELSE WOULD IT BE?

Maybe an  
engagement?

WHAT?! THIS IS AN  
AIR RAID, NOT A  
SOAP OPERA!

SPKOW!

Hey, I value  
precision in  
language!

PURE PEDANTRY!  
THE MEANING IS OBVIOUS  
IF YOU LOOK AT THE CONTEXT!

Six o'clock!



Six o'clock,  
schwachkopfsss!

SPKOW!

SPKOW!

OWOOOOOOOO!

NOW LOOK  
UPON DEATH!

BUDDA  
BUDDA!

HE COMES  
FOR YOU!

BUDDA  
BUDDA!

FOR I  
AM DIRGE!



"I AM FEAR...I AM DESTRUCTION..."

Ist das  
nicht eine  
Rauch-  
granate?

Ja! Das  
ist eine  
Rauch-  
granate!

FÜFF!



A blue Transformer, likely Optimus Prime, is shown from a low angle, flying through a thick, dark, and turbulent cloud of ionized smoke. The smoke is rendered in shades of grey and black, creating a sense of chaos and danger. The Transformer's body is primarily blue with some red and white accents visible on its wings and chest area. The overall atmosphere is one of a desperate escape or a final mission.

*I AM FLYING LOW  
IN IONIZED SMOKE.*

*I AM BLIND WITH  
NO INSTRUMENTS.*

*I AM PROBABLY  
GOING TO CRASH.*

*I HATE MY LIFE.*

GOOD WORK,  
MEL! BOUGHT  
US TIME!



GOTTA GET TO  
COVER...THERE!  
BIG CREVASSE...  
THAT'LL WORK!

They can hide  
in a hole!

KA-WHOOM!

KA-WHOOM!





WOOHARR!

I'll take to  
the air





'QUICK AND CLEAN',  
YOU SAID...




'CAKE WALK',  
YOU SAID...



EH, BLOW IT OUT  
YOUR AFTERBURNER!



LET'S REGROUP.  
WHERE'S RAMJET?



THIS SLAG THINKS THEY'RE TOUGH,  
BUT THEY WON'T SURPRISE US AGAIN!



BRAKKA-  
RAKKA-RAK!

Surprrrr-ise!

URGH!



You're going down,  
Blundercracker!



BRAKKA-  
RAKKA-RAKKA



GREAT IDEA, UH...  
...TWINKLETOES!

A GOOD FAST DIVE  
TO BLOW THE  
FLAMES OUT...

AND  
THEN...

...IT'S TIME  
TO ROAST A  
CHRISTMAS  
TURKEY!

Aye!





Silly  
seeker!

You've put yourself  
on my 'naughty'  
list for sure now!

...and for  
nothing!  
Dodging you  
is as easy as  
'Tingle Bells'!



BELLS? HEARD THIS ONE?  
'EVERY TIME A BELL RINGS...

Holy Vitulust





**BONK!**

**RAMJET CLIPS  
A FLYER'S WINGS!**

WHERE  
ARE THEY?



High up.



⇒WHIRR<



KEEP WATCHING.  
I'LL SCAN.



FOUND HER!  
SHE'S ENGAGING  
THUNDERCRACKER.



0000000000



0000000000  
0000000000  
0000000000  
0000000000  
0000000000

DIRGE IS  
HANGING BACK,  
FOR SOME REASON.



0000000000  
0000000000

0000000000

EJECTORPINS!  
RAMJET'S UP  
THERE TOO!



TSUGARU!  
DO YOU COPY?

TSUGARU!

Groundbound, Tsu's comrades  
can only watch, and cheer...



Ha! No more  
Mr. Spoiler Guy! ☹️

... but their cries of admiration  
soon become those of horror!



Struck by Ramjet, the intrepid  
gynoid spirals toward the snow...

... they can do nothing.

She is4 goink 4o crash6  
Zere is nothiing ve can dob



Yeah. I just said that.



Queso

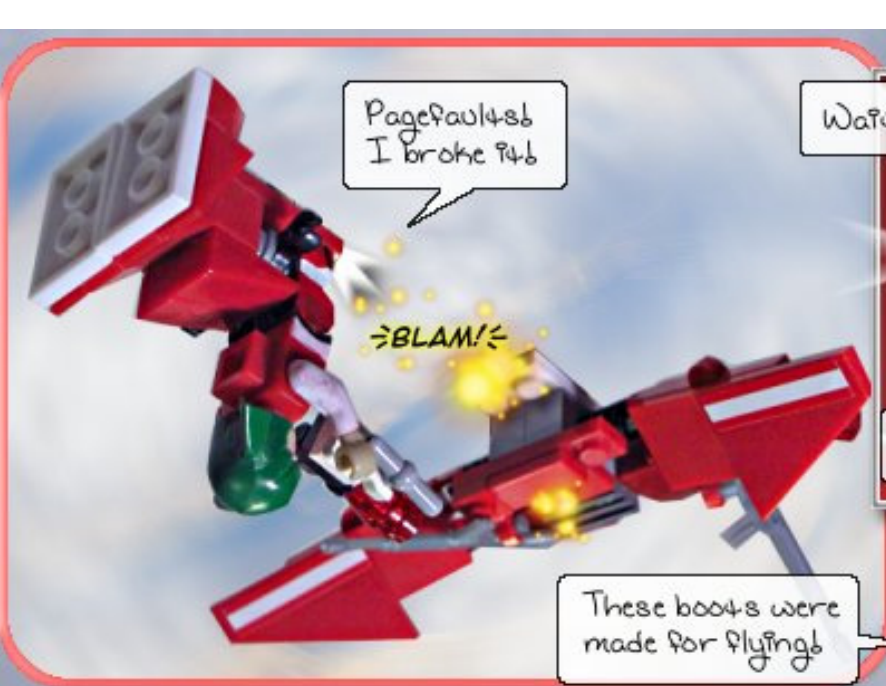
RAMJET!  
WHAT DID YOU HAVE TO  
BUTT IN FOR?  
I WAS HAVING FUN!

AND WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
YOUR MISSILES?

UH...  
TACTICAL  
DECISION!


Pull out! Pull out,  
you holly jolly junk heap!

≡KICK≡




PagePaul486  
I broke 946

⇒BLAM!⇐



Wait4...

Yeah

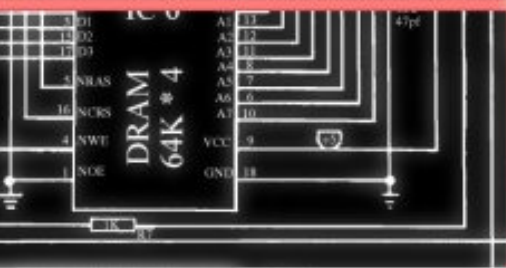
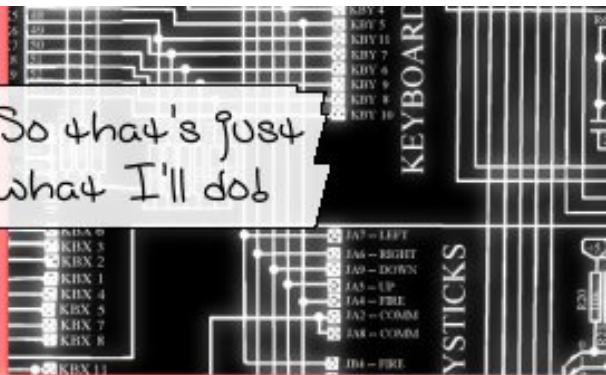


These boots were  
made for flying

FWOOOOSH!



So that's just  
what I'll do



You'd better watch out,  
Decepticons!



Santa Claus  
is back in town!



You've been  
very naughty!



URGH!

THESE  
**INSECTS**  
ARE REALLY  
STARTING TO  
**BUG** ME!

**BZAPP!**



**ANNOYING  
BUGS NEED  
SWATTING!**

**POOF!**

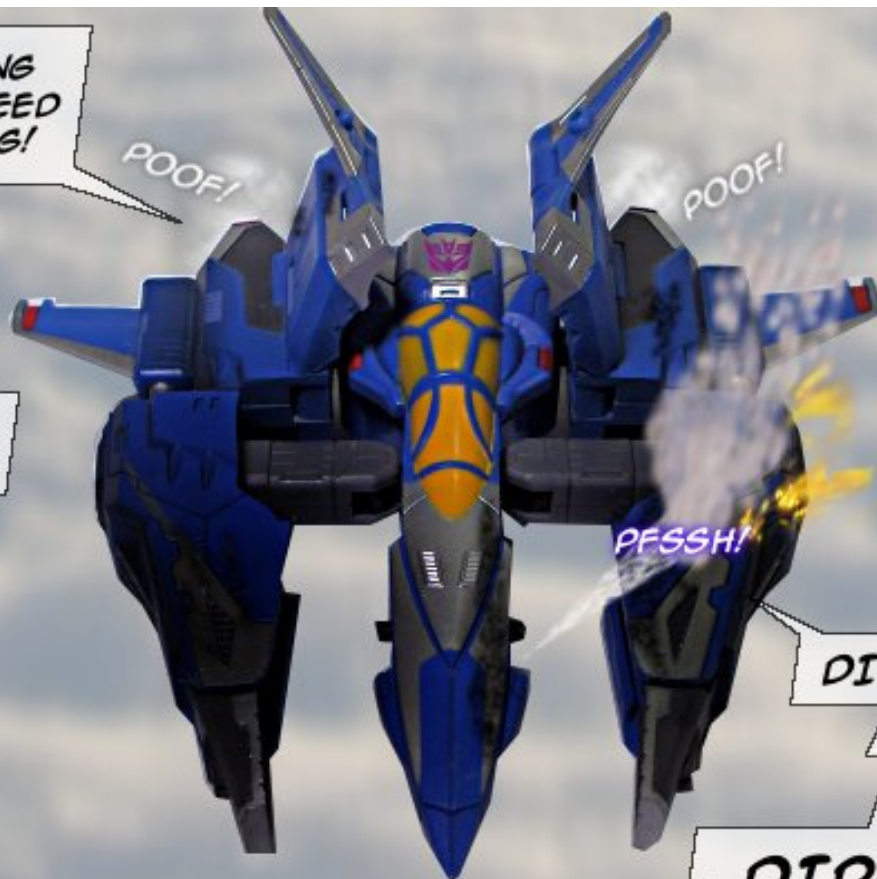
**POOF!**

**RIGHT,  
DIRGE?**

**PFSSH!**

**DIRGE?**

**DIRGE!**



WHERE DID I GO WRONG?

♪ LARGELY-IRRELEVANT  
EVANESCENCE SONG ♪  
♪

I USED TO BE SO SCARY.



NOW I AM JUST A JOKE.

I WISH I COULD TRANSFORM  
INTO AN ICICLE, AND MELT AWAY...

**DIRRRRRRRRRGE!**



**SNAP OUT  
OF IT!**

VECTOR  
SIGMA...



**TAKE  
RAMJET.**

**GO STRAFE  
THOSE  
GROUNDWORMS  
INTO THE PIT!**

**I'LL MAKE  
SHORT  
WORK OF  
THIS MERRY  
MENACE!**

# KITZAAK!

...Oh?

Myb You're  
quickb

IN THIS BUSINESS,  
YOU'RE QUICK,  
OR YOU'RE DEAD...

...AS YOU'LL  
SOON LEARN!



**LESSON  
ONE!**

**SHROOOM!**

**YOU CAN'T DODGE  
A GUIDED MISSILE!**



LOCK IS  
DETECT!

EERT!

EERT!

KONAMI  
OVERRIDE!

EERT!

DEPLOY OF  
COUNTERMEASURE!

IC425-7A30F

EERT!

Targeting  
Interference  
Nanofiber  
SELECT

Sorry,  
Decepticon!

I was never good  
at taking lessons!





I'm too easily  
distracted

KABLAMM!

WHOOSH!





Yikes!

I'M SORRY TO  
HEAR THAT!

A MIND IS A  
TERRIBLE THING  
TO WASTE!





...NOW IT'S  
MY TURN TO  
WASTE YOU!

Aaaaaaugh!

KAPOW!



AWFUL QUIET.  
SUE MUST BE KEEPING  
THEM BUSY...OR ELSE  
THEY FORGOT ABOUT US!

I sink maybe zey  
talk 4o her, und ze  
brains are now mach4  
Wiener-schnitzell

Dot vas  
a joke.



DON'T QUIT YOUR  
DAY JOB, MEL.




A LEGO Technic model of a fighter jet, primarily blue and green with orange and yellow accents, is shown from a front-on perspective. It is flying over a city at night, with a bright blue light source in the background creating a lens flare effect. The jet has a transparent cockpit and two black missiles mounted under its wings.

I CAN  
DO THIS...

I MUST  
DO THIS...

DEATH.

WE ARE  
DEATH.



WE ARE THE  
WINGED  
DESTROYERS!

CITIES WE FIND;  
**WASTELANDS**  
WE LEAVE!


ooooooooooooo!



**YOUR DOOM  
IS UPON YOU!**

**DEATH'S  
SHADOW  
APPROACHES!**

**THE THUNDER  
STRIKES NOW!**



Ah, zere they are!

Ach, zese clouds  
are really rollink in!  
I hope ze dummkopf  
is okay up zere!



# **BRAKKARAKKARAKKA**

THEY'RE IN  
MY SIGHTS!

LET THE OIL  
RIVERS RUN!





SPUCCCCUM!!

Pahb

BA-DUMM!  
BA-DUMM

Ze only  
sing  
runnink...

Is4 you,  
seekersb



POW!

AUGH!



**YEEHAW!  
NOW THAT'S  
SHOOTIN',  
WOODCHUCK!**

**THEY'RE COMIN'  
BACK AROUND!  
GET READY!**



I'M COMING AROUND FOR  
ANOTHER RUN, DIRGE...

...DIRGE?

AW SLASHEAPS...  
**PULL YOURSELF  
TOGETHER, MECH!**

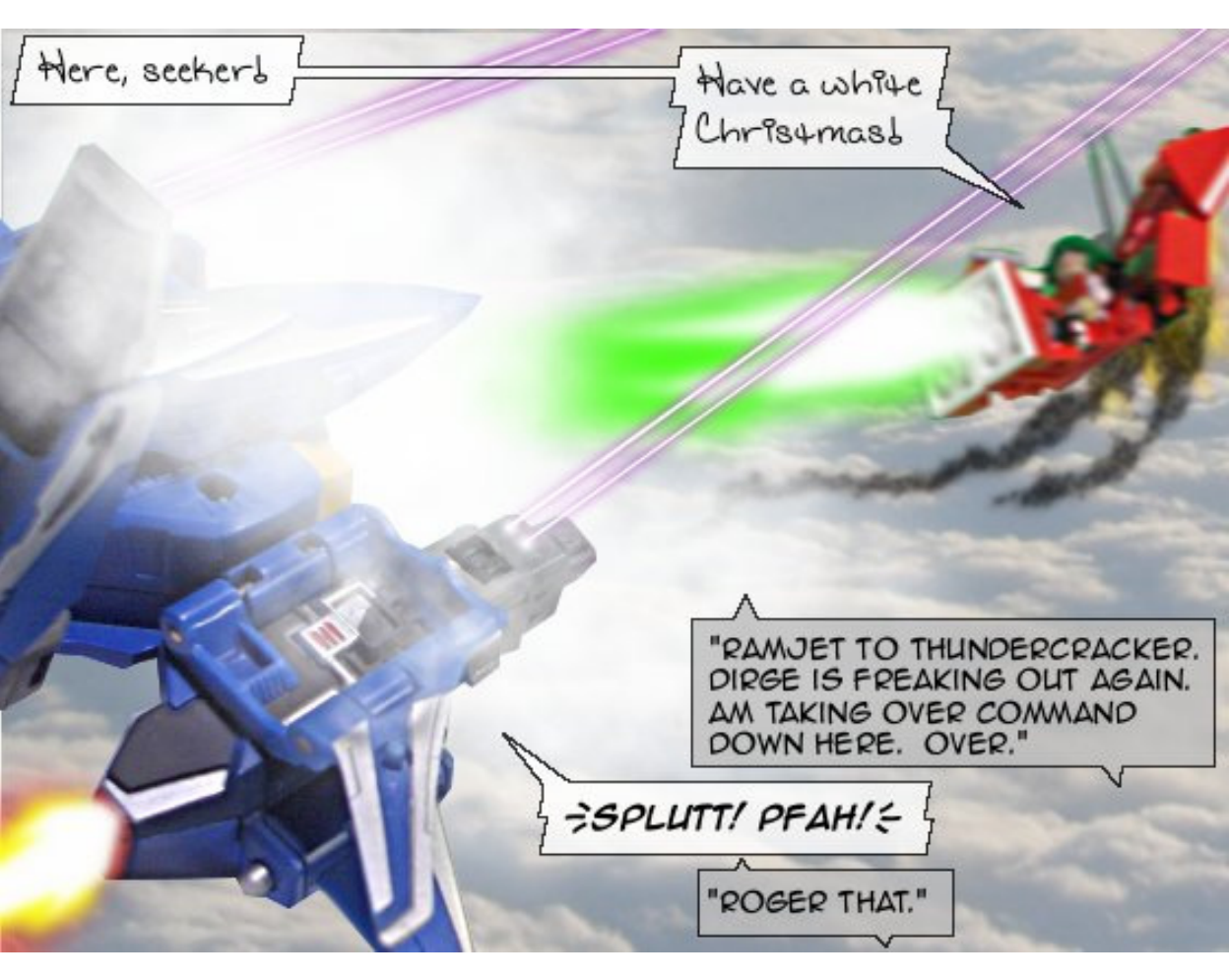
IT'S NO GOOD, RAMJET!  
IT'S ~~ASH~~ NO G-GOOD!

THERE IS NO HOPE!  
NO HOPE AT ALL!  
NO HOPE AT **AAALL!**

PANIC ATTACK.  
WONDERFUL.

AND EVERYBODY  
WONDERS WHY  
I'M CONSTANTLY  
BANGING MY HEAD...






Here, seeker!

Have a white  
Christmas!

"RAMJET TO THUNDERCRACKER.  
DIRGE IS FREAKING OUT AGAIN.  
AM TAKING OVER COMMAND  
DOWN HERE. OVER."

⇒SPLUTT! PFAH!⇐

"ROGER THAT."

A LEGO Star Wars scene featuring a black blaster firing a bright orange and yellow projectile. The background is a dark, cloudy sky with a few small, dark objects. The blaster is constructed from various black and grey LEGO bricks, with a red trigger guard. A yellow light is visible on the side of the blaster.

00F6  
Anoder  
gus46

BA-DUMM!

BA-DUMM!  
BA-DUMM!

There is4 ein  
storm comink,  
count on it4  
My voodchuck  
zense is4 never  
wrong6

"I AM COUNTING  
ON IT."



THERE'S GONNA BE SOME  
ROUGH FLYIN' AHEAD.

ALL WE'VE GOTTA DO  
IS SURVIVE UNTIL THEN...




"OUR CHANCES  
LOOK GOOD...  
IF WE DON'T DO  
ANYTHING STUPID!"



My friends need me  
They can't fight alone

I've got to end  
this right now...

Konami  
Code!



"Plasma beams to  
full overload!"

"Activation code:  
Chevy Chase!"

⇒WHIRR!⇐

**ARMOR  
MODE!**

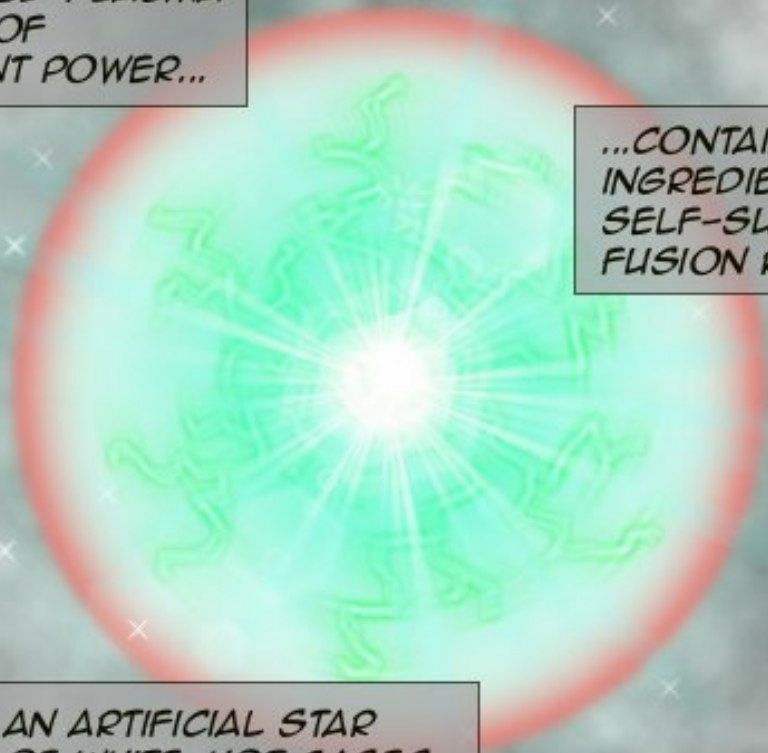
⇒WHIRR!⇐

THIS WILL  
HURT.

A CONFINED-PLASMA  
WEAPON OF  
SUFFICIENT POWER...

...CONTAINS ALL THE  
INGREDIENTS FOR A  
SELF-SUSTAINING  
FUSION REACTION...

AN ARTIFICIAL STAR  
OF WHITE-HOT GASES...



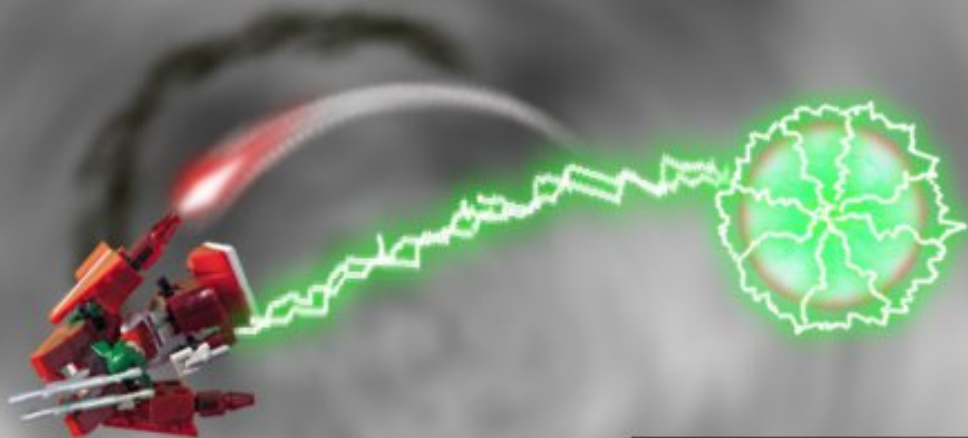
CADETS LEARN OF  
THIS POSSIBILITY  
EARLY IN THEIR  
TRAINING...



...AND HOW TO  
AVOID SUCH  
HAZARDOUS  
OCCURENCES...




ONLY A FOOL WOULD  
DELIBERATELY MISUSE  
A WEAPON TO GENERATE  
SUCH A PLASMA STAR.



ONLY MAD DESPERATION  
COULD DRIVE ONE TO  
WIELD SUCH A THING  
AS A WEAPON...

BUT TSUGARU IS  
DESPERATE...



*...AND SANITY ISN'T REALLY  
AMONG HER VICES...*

**NO! NO!  
BY THE  
MATRIX,  
NO!**

*SORRY, IRONHIDE.  
IT'S REALLY TOO LATE.*

"Christmas Staaaaar!"

A bright green comet streaks diagonally across a dark grey, textured sky. The comet has a glowing green tail and a bright green starburst at its head.

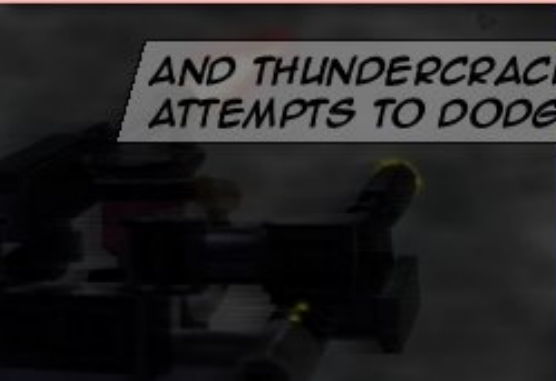
**KRAKOOM!**




AMID THE CLOUDS,  
TSUGARU LETS  
THE STAR FLY...



AND THUNDERCRACKER  
ATTEMPTS TO DODGE...







BUT IN THE SHRIEKING GALE,  
NEITHER SUCCEEDS...

A MINIATURE SUPERNOVA  
STRIKES THUNDERCRACKER!

BUT IT IS NOT  
A CLEAN HIT...

PART OF THE BALL  
DISINTEGRATES,  
FILLING THE SKY  
WITH LETHAL GLOBS  
OF WHITE-HOT,  
BURNING PLASMA...

THEN FALLS A FEARSOME RAIN.







Н-ННН?



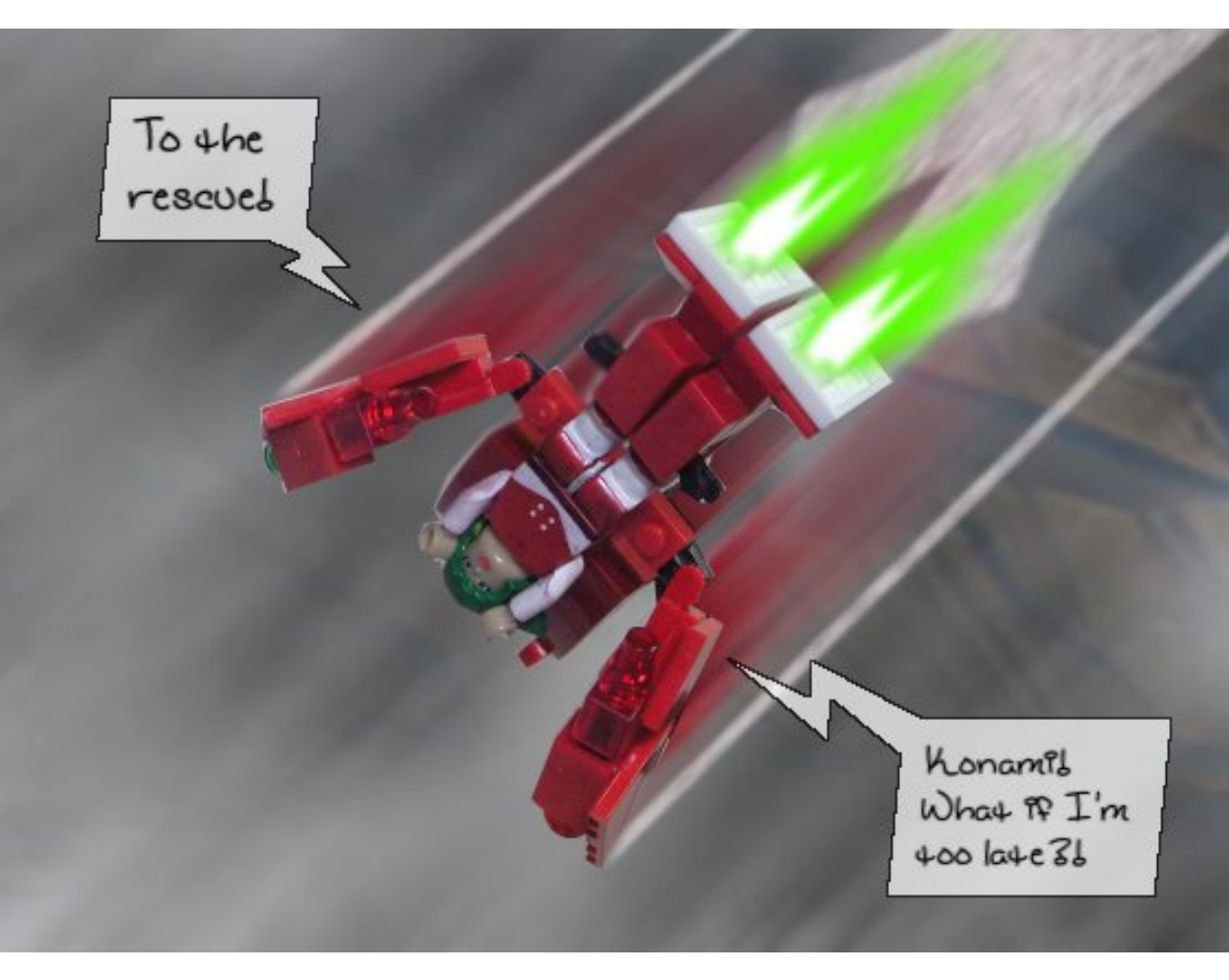
НА!



НА НА НА!

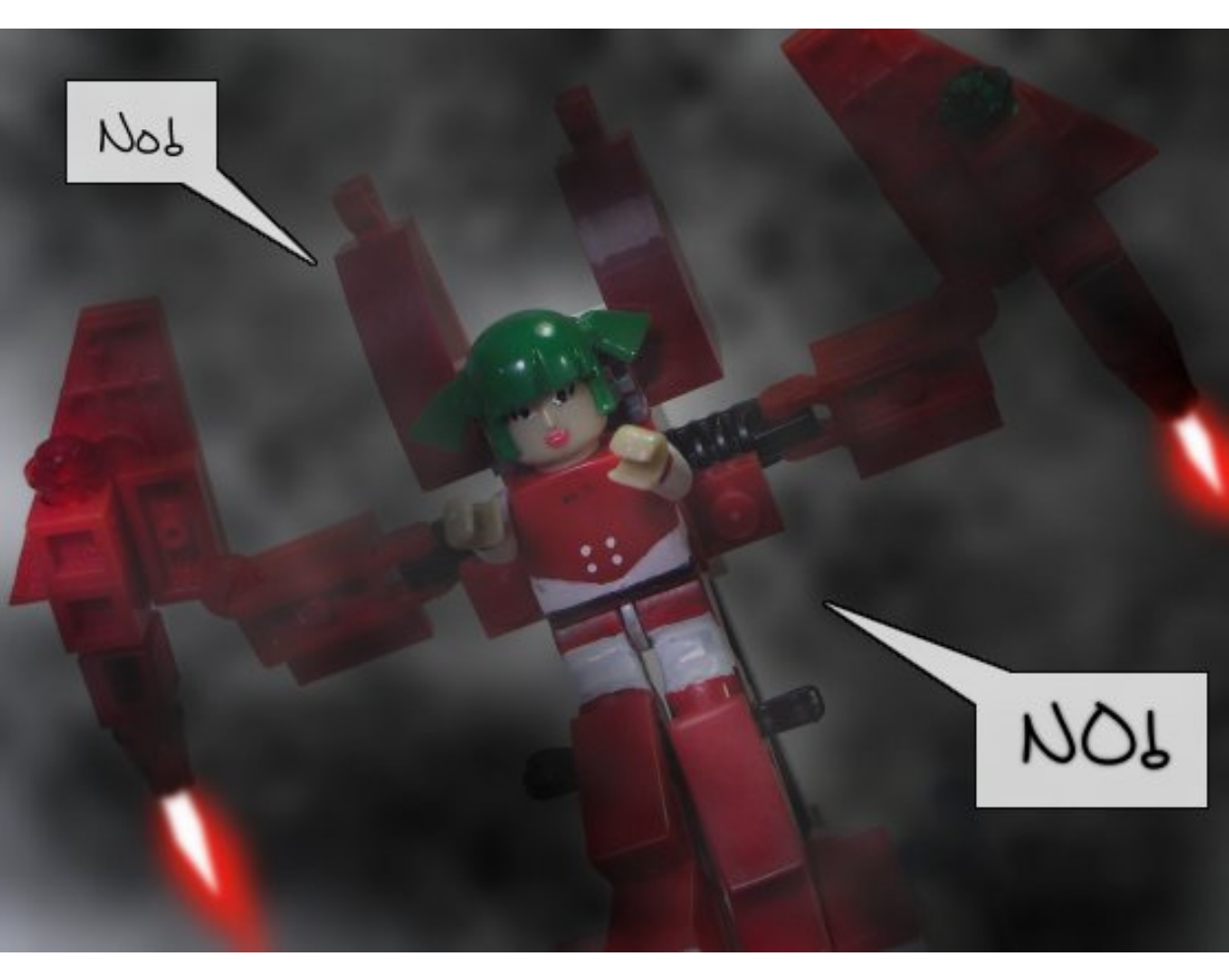
НА НА НА НА НА!





To the  
rescue!

Konami!  
What if I'm  
too late?



No6

NO6



NOOO!

Dead!

They're dead!

I should have  
stayed here!  
They were no  
match for  
two fliers!

**OH NO, THEY WERE!  
THAT'S THE BEST PART!**



YES, YOUR FRIENDS  
FOUGHT WELL!  
THEY VERY NEARLY  
DROVE US OFF...

UNTIL YOU  
KILLED  
THEM.

N...No!


Y-YES!  
WITH YOUR  
FOOLISH  
WEAPON!



DOES IT FEEL *GOOD*  
TO BE A MURDERER?

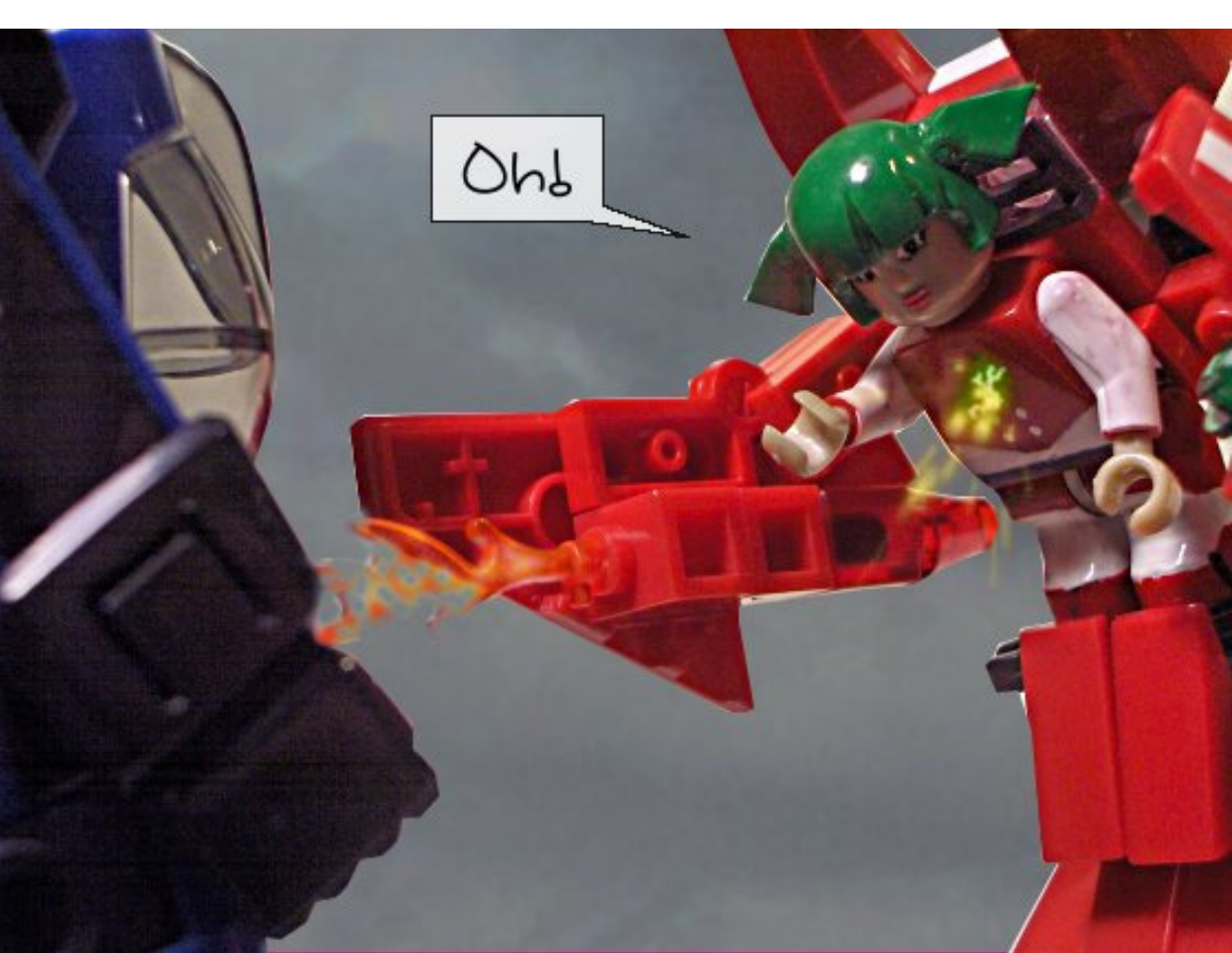
Liesb  
You lieb

Liesbb



I will cut your lies  
from your throat,  
Decepticon!





Ohh







GOOD  
SHOT,  
RAMJET!

*SAVE IT,  
CREEP!*

THE OTHER  
ONE SHOULD  
BE *YOURS!*

TRANSFORM,  
SLAGGER!

→IKKA  
OKKA  
OOK!←



LET'S GET OUTTA HERE  
BEFORE WE'RE CARRYIN'  
MORE ICE THAN WINGS!

A blue and brown mecha is shown in a dynamic pose. It has large brown wings with red glowing stripes and a purple emblem. The body is blue with black joints. Purple energy sparks are visible near the legs. The background is a light grey gradient.

LET THE ICE COME!  
I WELCOME ITS  
CHILL EMBRACE!

⇒IKKA  
OKKA  
OOK!⇐

"UH...YEAH...SURE.  
JUST KEEP YOUR  
DEICERS ON, OKAY?"






WHAT ABOUT  
THUNDERCRACKER?

FLUNT HIM!  
IF HE'S NOT OFFLINE,  
HE CAN WAIT FOR  
THE RECOVERY TEAM!

THIS WHOLE MESS IS  
HIS FAULT, ANYWAY!



THE TWO FLIERS  
STRUGGLE AGAINST  
THE ICY STORM'S  
UNBRIDLED FURY...

THEY WILL BE  
LUCKY TO  
RETURN  
HOME.

SOON, HOWEVER,  
THEY HAVE VANISHED  
INTO THE SWIRLING  
CLOUDS, LEAVING  
ONLY SCATTERED,  
SMOLDERING  
WRECKAGE TO  
RECALL THE BATTLE.

THE STORM WAILS LAMENT,  
AS THE SAD WINDS CAST  
A PALE SHROUD OVER  
THE SMOKING WRECKAGE.

HOW MANY FALLEN HAS  
THIS SKY WEPT FOR?

HOW MANY SLEEP UNDER  
THAT COLD COVERLET?

HEROES AND VILLAINS,  
AT PEACE AT LAST,  
THERE THEY LIE,  
UNTIL ALL ARE ONE.

*...BUT NOT ALL  
LIE QUIETLY.*