

Autobus Prime's

# BLURRY ROBOT THEATER

6

THE FROZEN  
WORLD

# **BLURRY ROBOT *CROSSOVER***



NEWARK CITY SUBWAY PHOTO  
2002 BY OTTO VONDRAK

**TransShinki World (and Friends)**

A FULL MOON RISES.  
THE NEW SNOW GLEAMS  
IN ITS COLD RADIANCE.

AN EERIE CRY PIERCES  
THE DEADLY SILENCE.



~A-ROOOO!~  
~AR-AR-AROOOOOO!~




(THANKS,  
FANGRY.)

⇒SCRABBLE⇐

⇒RUSTLE⇐





Braaaains!

Braaaaaaaains!

≡COUGH≡  
≡COUGH≡

Brains!

I should  
have used  
more  
brains!

I could  
have won  
that  
fight!



But somehow I'm alive  
Thank Konami for elf DNA



My friends...

...Not Too late  
for regrets

I must act  
I will save them,  
or exhaust my  
last joule trying

There's It's  
Ironhide's arm

Mel's a bit bigger...  
probably landed closer





Her circulator  
is running!

But it's faint,  
too faint!

Stay with me, Melb  
I won't let you die!





I can't work in the open,  
with the wind and snow!  
I need shelter!

A snow cave  
will do!



"But it kills me  
to take the time...  
time my friends  
don't have!"

"Please! You've got  
to hang on just  
a little bit longer..."

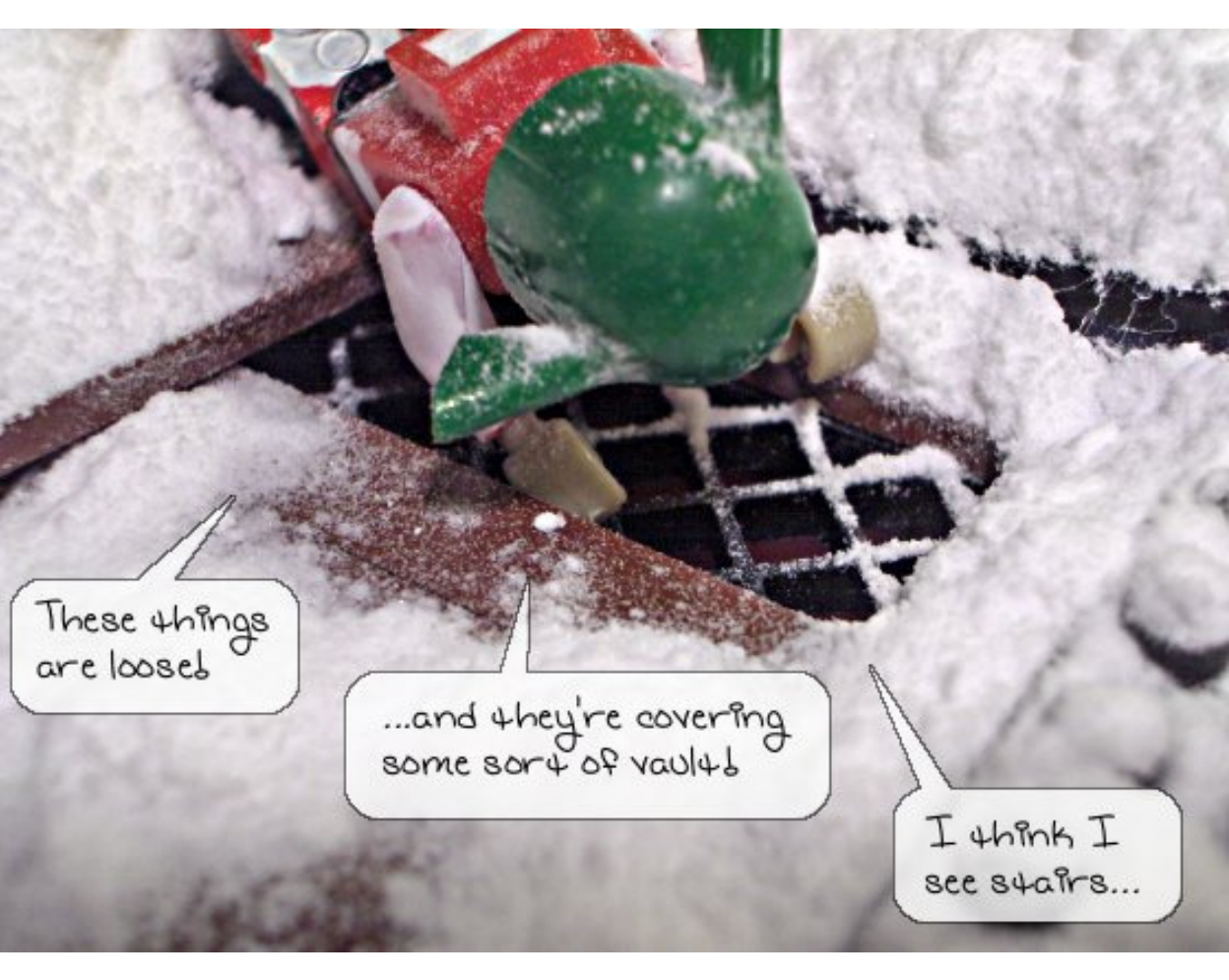
≡CLANK!≡





What?!


Old boards,  
under the snow?!



These things  
are loose

...and they're covering  
some sort of vault

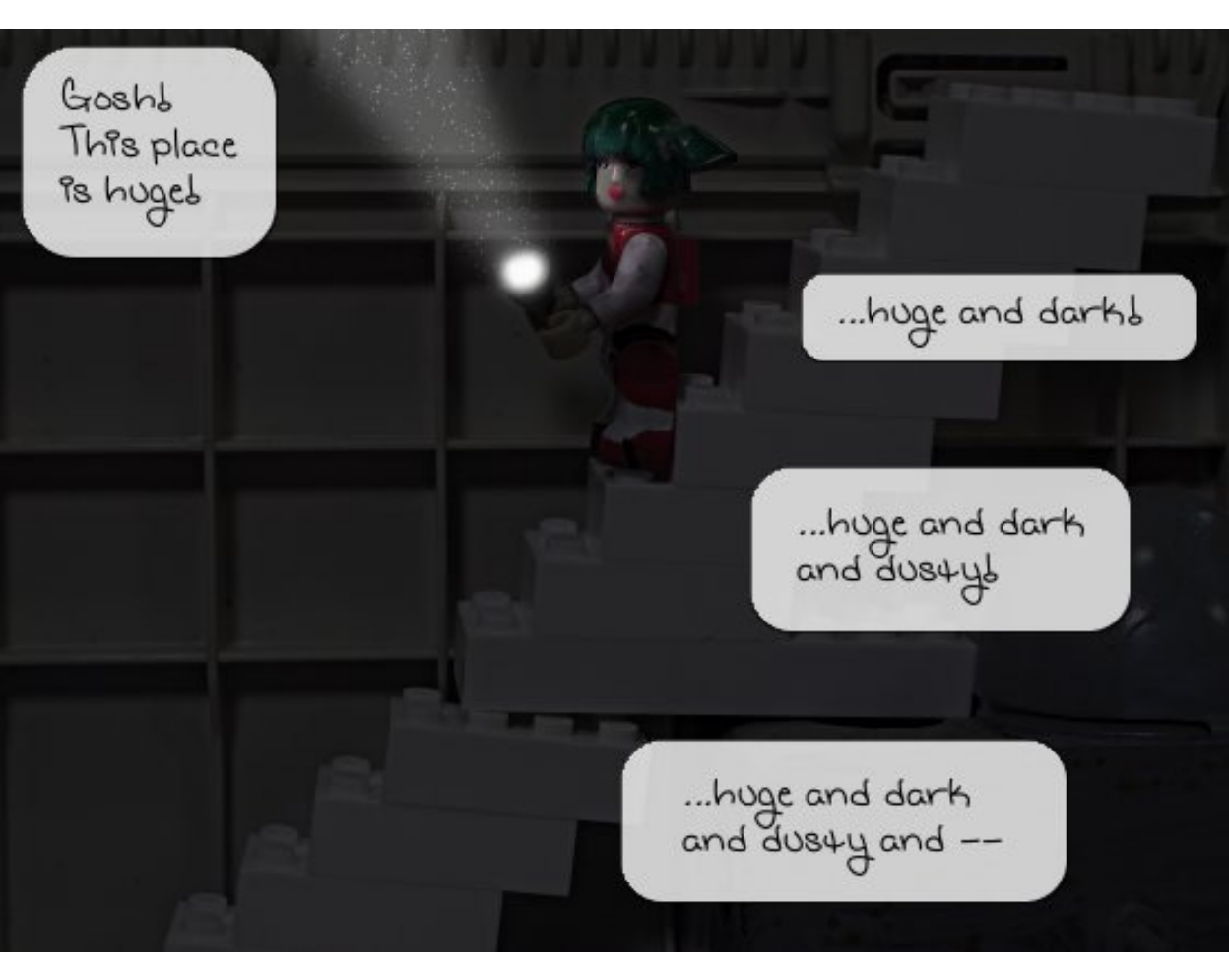
I think I  
see stairs...



But why is  
it here...  
and who  
built it?

-Stop, Tsub  
You don't  
have time for  
this! Your  
friends are  
dying!

But I'll have  
a quick look  
first.



Gosh!  
This place  
is huge!

...huge and dark!

...huge and dark  
and dusty!

...huge and dark  
and dusty and --

⇒KLUNKETA⇐


⇒BLUMPETA⇐

⇒BLUMPETA⇐

⇒BLUMPETA⇐

⇒BLUMP!⇐





...and unsafe

Owb

I could have broken  
my flashlight  
Good thing I  
landed on my head.



What is this place?  
A lab? An energon  
biscuit bakery?

I bet old Ironhide  
would know. Too  
bad I can't ask



Looks like it's just making  
dust bunnies now, anyway.






Tools!

Medical supplies!

Old supplies...a makeshift  
hospital...and some medical  
training I hardly remember...

Well, there have  
been worse odds.



SOON...

You're not  
too bad,  
Ironhide!

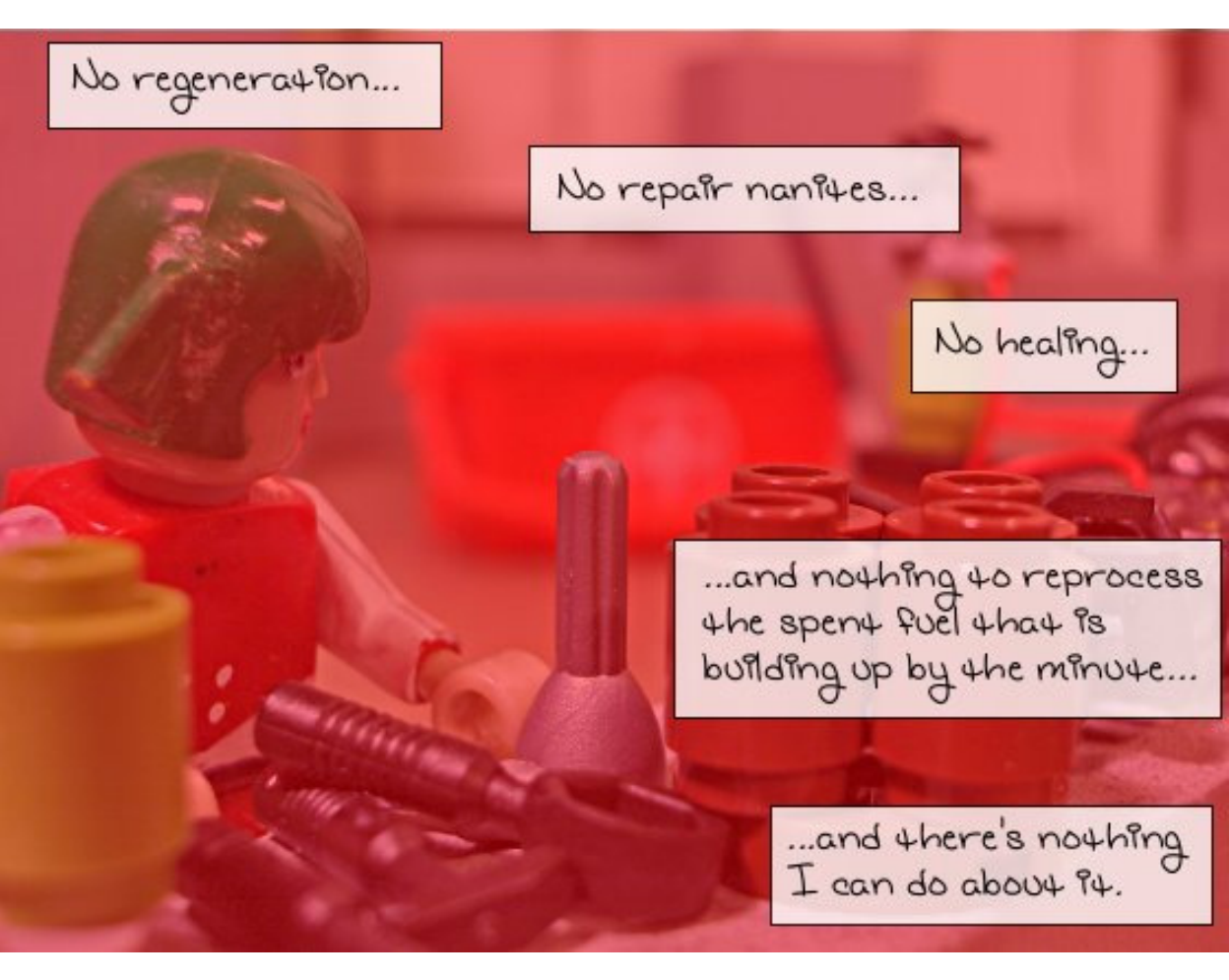
...or not  
much worse,  
I should say.  
Lots of old  
damaged

I don't know if I  
can get you running,  
but your spark field  
seems to be holding!

But...Mel...poor Mel  
The nitro is keeping her  
from shutting down...  
for a while...



But her synthoplastic  
shell is nearly burned  
away...and what's left  
is too damaged to  
regenerate!



No regeneration...


No repair nanites...

No healing...


...and nothing to reprocess  
the spent fuel that is  
building up by the minute...

...and there's nothing  
I can do about it.






I can't stand it  
I won't just sit here while her  
body slowly poisons itself  
But what can I do?

A LEGO minifigure wearing a green helmet, a red vest over a white long-sleeved shirt, and red pants stands on a tan-colored floor. To its right is a complex mechanical device constructed from various LEGO bricks and parts, featuring a prominent red wire. The scene is set against a background of more LEGO structures and a yellow container.

If she still had any syn4hoplas4  
left to regenerate, she might  
still have a chance

I could give her that chance,  
with a field shell-graft. I think  
I remember that much...




Only there's no  
synthoplasm  
to be found  
around here!

No...wait.

There is one  
place I can  
get some...

But...



A close-up of a character's head, possibly a robot or a person with cybernetic enhancements. The face is covered in glowing green circuitry patterns, resembling a stylized 'TH' or similar characters. The character is wearing a dark, cylindrical helmet or headpiece. The background is a warm, reddish-orange color with some blurred mechanical parts.

There's Konami,  
let this work

...AND INDEED, HER  
DESPERATE GAMBIT  
SEEMS TO PAY OFF!

WITH A CRACKLE OF ENERGY, THE IRREGULAR  
SYNTHORGANIC PATCH FUSES IN PLACE, AND  
RAPIDLY TAKES SHAPE. A BILLION NANOSCALE  
MACHINES ROAR INTO NITROMETHANE-FUELED  
ACTION! THEY REPLICATE...PURIFY...REBUILD...  
AND A FAINT HOPE BEGINS TO GROW...

...AND WHILE THE PATIENT  
BEGINS TO RECOVER,  
THE DOCTOR...

...SELF-MEDICATES.

≡GLUGG≡

≡GLUGG≡

≡GLUGG≡

Ow ow ow  
ow ow ow  
Owbbb

IN MERE HOURS, LARGE PARTS  
OF MURMELTIER'S SHELL HAVE  
REGENERATED, PROTECTED BY  
ELASTOMER BANDAGES.


BUT WHILE TSUGARU WORKS ON  
IRONHIDE'S BATTERED CHASSIS,  
A NEW PROBLEM DEVELOPS...



⇒SPUTT⇒

⇒SPUTT⇒

What?  
Empty already?



Page fault 486 My elven DNA  
Now Mel's got 486 She's  
healing fast...but she's  
ripping through fuel  
I hadn't thought of that...

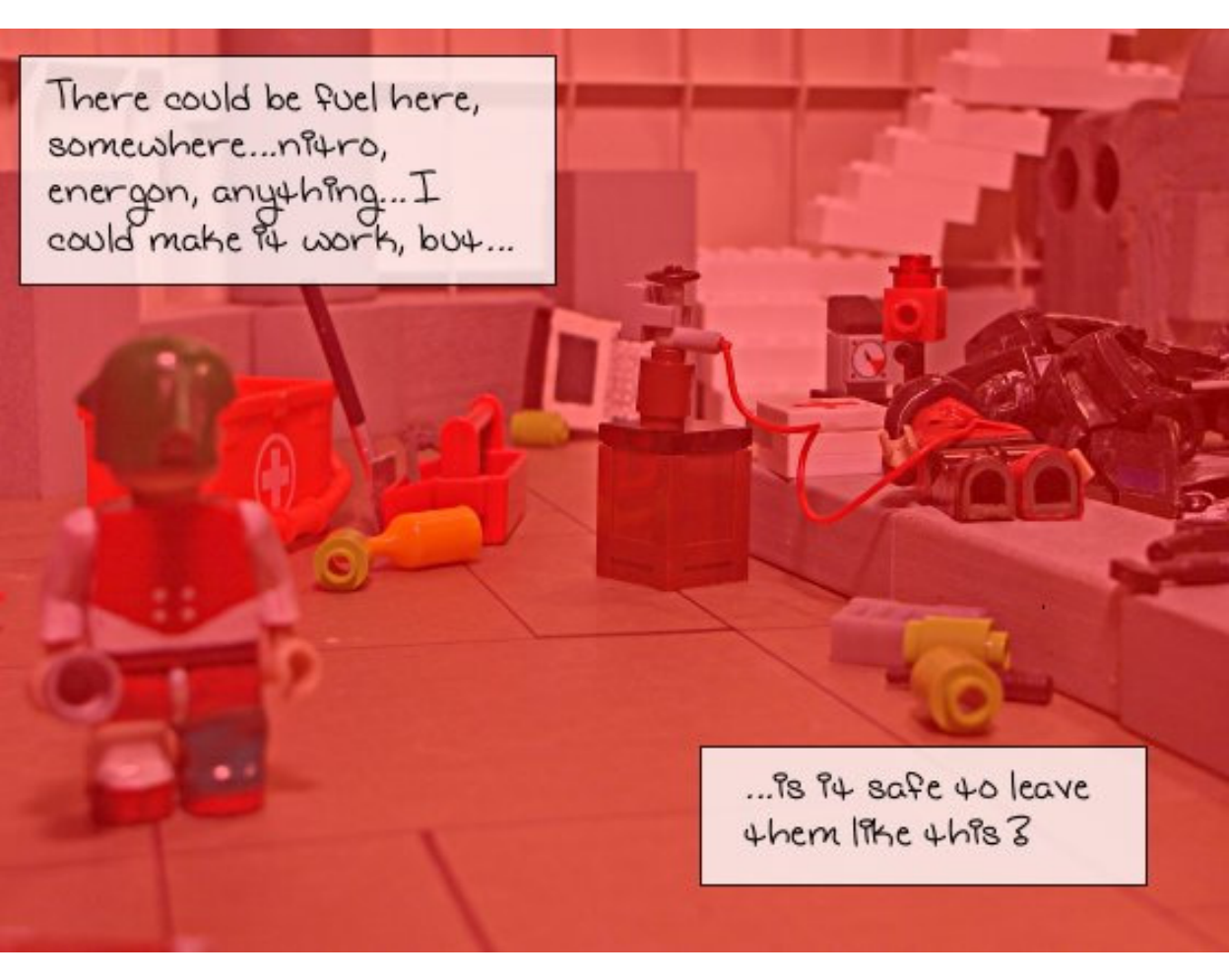
I'm down to the cheap stuff now.  
It's not going to last long



This is bad. I can't let her  
run low with all her systems  
in overdrive like this!


...and I still  
haven't gassed up  
Ironhide. I need  
more fuel!

I wonder...



There could be fuel here,  
somewhere...nitro,  
energon, anything...I  
could make it work, but...

...Is it safe to leave  
them like this?



"I guess it will have to be..."

TSU LEAVES, AND AS SHE WALKS INTO THE DARKNESS, THE NARRATOR REALIZES HE HAS NO CONSCIOUS CHARACTERS TO NARRATE, AND IS BORED.

VERY BORED.




Well This is  
unexpected!

Looks like  
a dungeon  
down here!

Or a tomb!  
Brr-rrr!

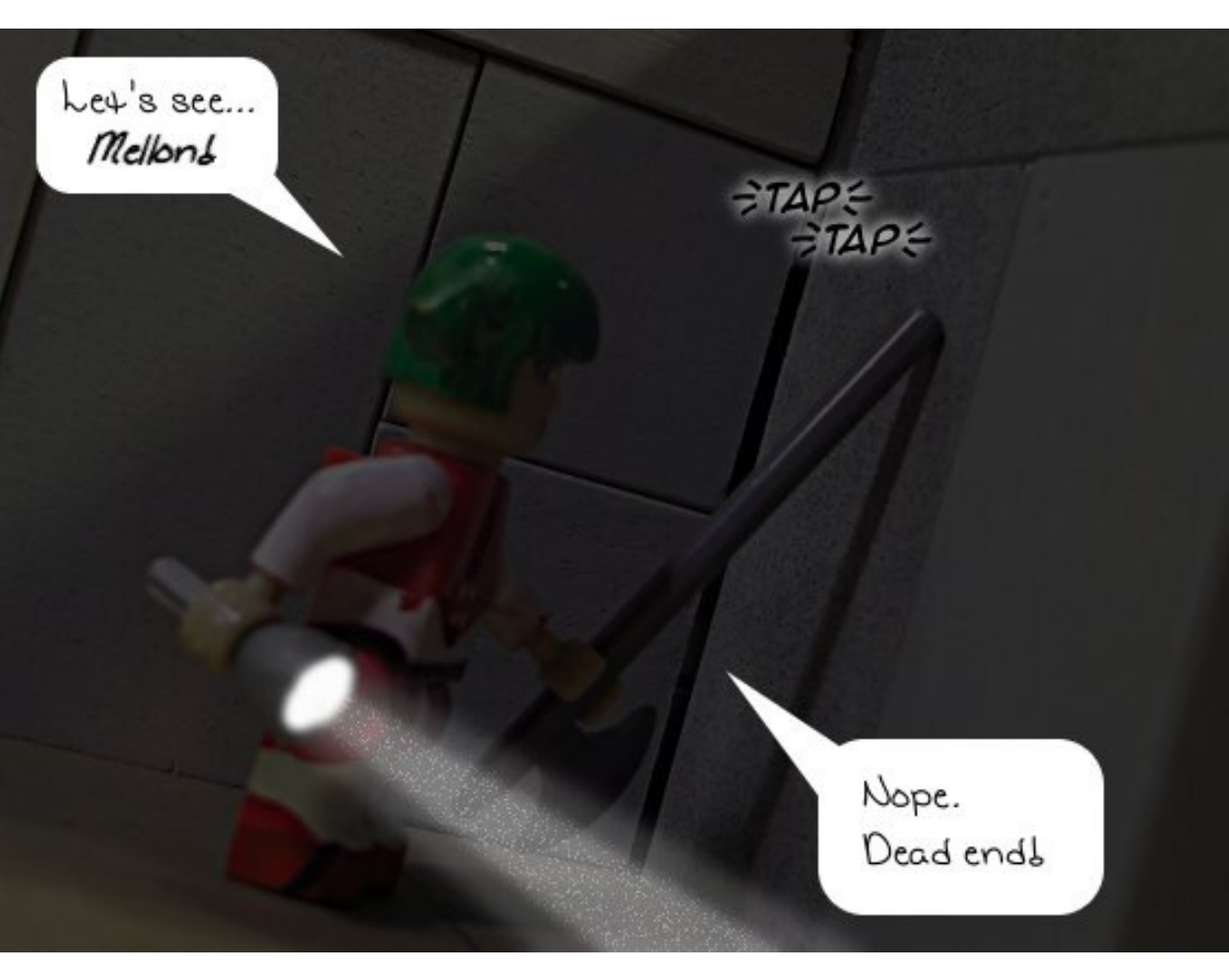


Happy thoughts,  
Tsugaru, happy  
thoughts!

A LEGO minifigure wearing a green helmet and a red backpack is walking in a dark cave. The minifigure is holding a flashlight that is turned on, casting a bright beam of light. The beam illuminates a large, ornate statue in the background. The statue has a large, double-headed axe on its back. The cave walls are made of dark, textured blocks.

Hey, nice  
statues

Nice axe, too.  
In fact...



Let's see...  
Mellob


⇒TAP⇒  
⇒TAP⇒

Nope.  
Dead endb

A dark, industrial-looking environment with a red light source. The scene is dimly lit, with a prominent red light source in the upper center, possibly a laser or a small fire. The light casts a glow on the surrounding dark surfaces. The overall atmosphere is mysterious and slightly ominous.

CREEEAK!

Can't believe everything  
you read, I guess!



Hi again,  
statue  
How's it  
hang--

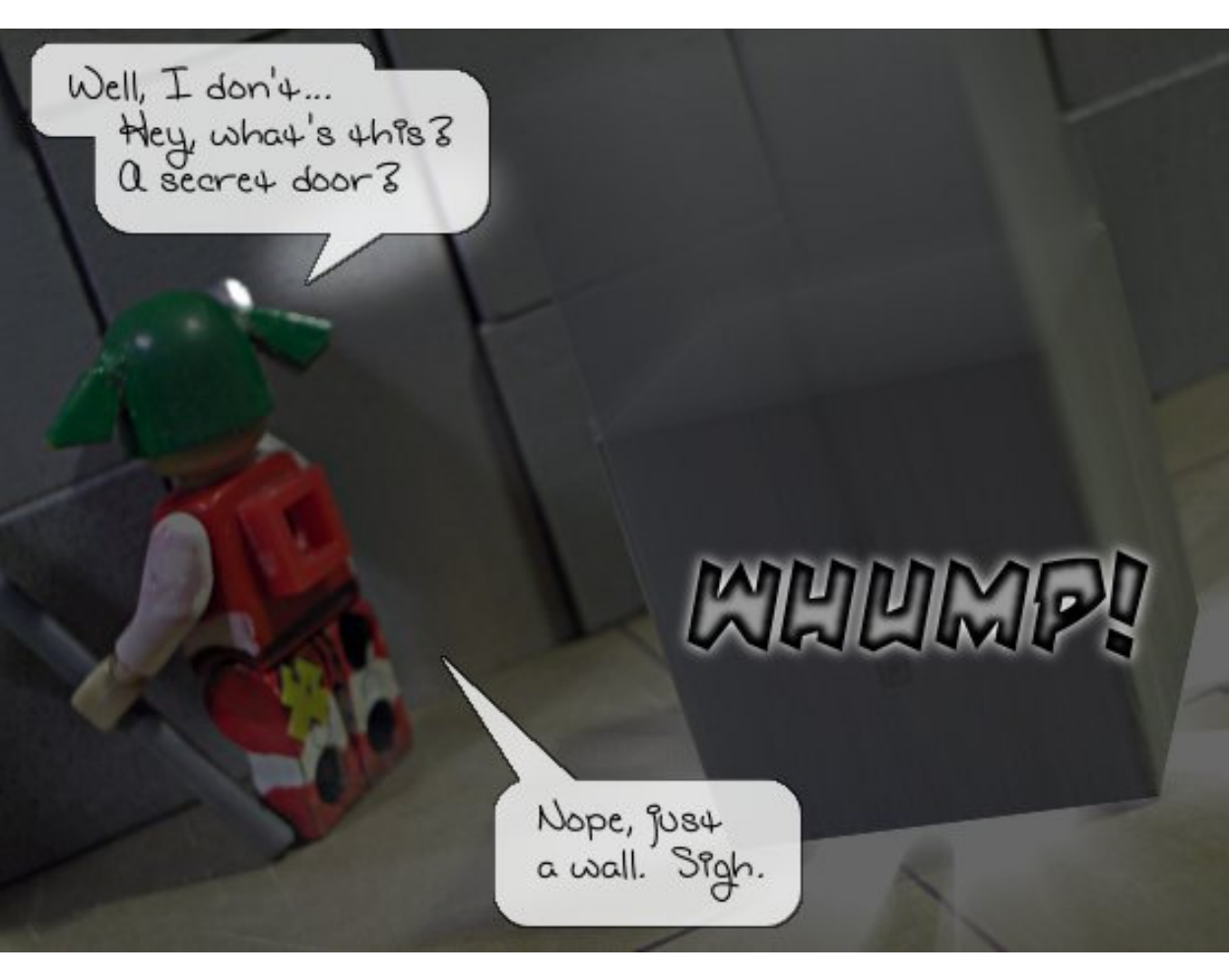
Eek



Dark and creepy,  
dark and creepy!

⇒CLICK⇒

I bet Strarf  
would like it.



Well, I don't...  
Hey, what's this?  
A secret door?

**WHUMP!**

Nope, just  
a wall. Sigh.

Seriously, there  
is something that  
isn't right here...



skitter

I just can't  
put my  
finger on it...


~creeak~

~blink  
blink~

...but I can't shake the  
feeling that I'm missing  
something very important...

What  
was that?






Well, anyway, I'm not  
finding fuel...

I'll just take one more quick  
look over here and go back up.






HSSS!

Uh.....um....

H...hi! .  
I was just...  
borrowing...  
this axe...

...but you can  
have it back!

**ZING!**



M-m-monsters!  
This place is  
haunted!

Time to get my  
bo44 ou44a here!




Including the  
piece that I --

Youb **YOU!**







GREETINGS, PRETENDER!  
THIS OLD ROCK WILL MAKE  
A NICE SOLUVENIR, DON'T  
YA THINK?

THANKS FOR DIGGING IT UP!  
BUT MORE THAN THAT...

...THANKS FOR A SLAGGIN'  
GOOD FIGHT! I HAVE TO  
ADMIT IT, YOU'VE EARNED  
MY RESPECT!



BUT ORDERS  
ARE ORDERS...

...AND I STILL HAVE TO KILL YOU.  
ALL THE MORE SO, BECAUSE YOU'RE  
DANGEROUS.

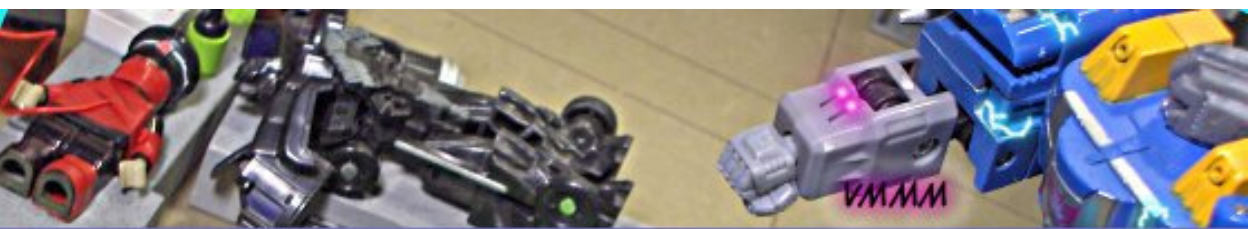
I'M SORRY.

Please!

My  
friends!







# CRASH!

LET THE FATES  
ROLL THEIR DICE!



I WON'T  
EXTINGUISH  
COURAGE!



**AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUGH!**

That...that dream again  
Where I ate too many  
cookies and got stuck in  
a chimney!

Oh no!


My arms!

Why can't I move my arms?





Lightning



SSS! ALIVE  
IT ISS! THE  
MASTER WILL  
BE PLEASED!

Eekb I4  
talksb

KRRK!

...4he  
master 3

KRRK!

PLONK!

Ow!






**KRRRRRK!**

Okay! No need for  
the...ugh...shower!  
I'm >ow< walking!

'The master will  
be pleased!...

Call me crazy, but  
I don't like the  
sound of that!





HAIL,  
M\_RD 101!

HAIL!

WITH EMPTY  
CLAWSS  
COME YOU,  
MORD-104?

T\_\_LATE W\_\_S ME.  
TAK\_\_N WERE THE  
OTH\_\_RS. ALL  
GONE ALL G\_\_NE!

WHIRR-  
CHUNK!

SSS! BUT AT LEAST  
HASS WE THISS  
DAINTY, YES, YESS!

KRK!

mmmmgrrr!

"NOW COME! FAR MUSST  
WE TRAVEL, YESS, FAR!"

VERY FAR.  
AND THE STEPS...  
⇒CRUNCH MUNCH⇐

...AND THE STEPS BECOME MILES, AND  
THE MILES A BLACK FOG OF FATIGUE  
AND PAIN, SPREADING THROUGH THE  
PRISONER'S MIND...

...A SLIP, ANOTHER BREAKING FALL,  
A WELCOME CHANCE TO REST...  
...BUT THERE IS NO REST!

KR-RRK!

N-nob

leave...h-here...

⇒CRACK⇐

⇒CRUNCH MUNCH⇐

DIMLY SHE SEES - THE TUNNELS HAVE GROWN.  
VAGUELY SHE RECKONS - THE ODDS HAVE RISEN.  
⇒CRUNCH CRUNCH⇒

HAIIII! HAS YOOUU...

BURING UZZ

T-T-TASTY F-FUELS?

FUL!

SS?

⇒RUSTLE⇒ ⇒MUNCH CRUNCH⇒  
(SORRY, I WENT OUT AND BOUGHT  
SOME POPCORN WHILE I WAS BORED.)



**NNO!**

NOT FOR YOU IS THISS! TO  
THE MASSTER WE ARE TAKING IT!

ZZ. THE ZMALL ONEZZ HUNGER.  
FEED THEM WE MUZT, WE MUZT!

BE SSILENT, EZZ-FOUR,  
OR BE SSILENCED!  
THISS THE MASSTER'S WILL ISS!





PATIENCE,  
MY DEARSS!

SSOON YOUR  
BELLIESS  
YOU WILL  
FILL! YES,  
SOON! HSS!

Pssst Kidd  
You help me  
out, I could  
totally hook  
you up next  
Christmas,  
y'know what  
I mean?

I guess  
not...

THE STOP, FILLED  
AS IT WAS WITH  
HORRORS, IS TOO  
SOON OVER...

C...can't be  
much...farther...  
and then...don't  
wanna know...

Must...escape...  
m...must...get  
free...must...  
stop...overuse...  
of...ellipses...






SSTOP!

Srnrv  
Brrzh

PLONK!

USS ARE  
HERE!



THE GREAT ONE  
APPROACHESS!

KRRK!

Please don't  
stew meeeb

SHE HAS TO LOOK.  
AND WHEN SHE DOES...

Wh... What?!





"Ultra Magnus 366"




HAIL, COMMANDER MAGNUSS,  
MASSTER OF MICRONIA!

GONE WERE OTHERSS,  
BUT ONE HERE ISS.  
WELL HAS US DONE?

B-b-but  
I thought....





VERY WELL.


PAYLOAD,  
TAKE THEM  
TO THE FUEL  
DEPOT.

GIVE THEM AS  
MUCH AS YOU  
AND THEY CAN  
CARRY!

PREMIUM.




YES  
SIR!

A dark, menacing robot with glowing red eyes and purple energy emanating from its chest. The robot has a bulky, mechanical design with two antennae on its head. The background is dark and indistinct.

GENEROUSS IS THE  
GREAT ONE, YESS!  
WITH MANY THANKSS  
ARE WE!

MANY CYCLES HAS  
IT BEEN SSINCE  
THE SSMALL ONES  
WELL HAVE FED!



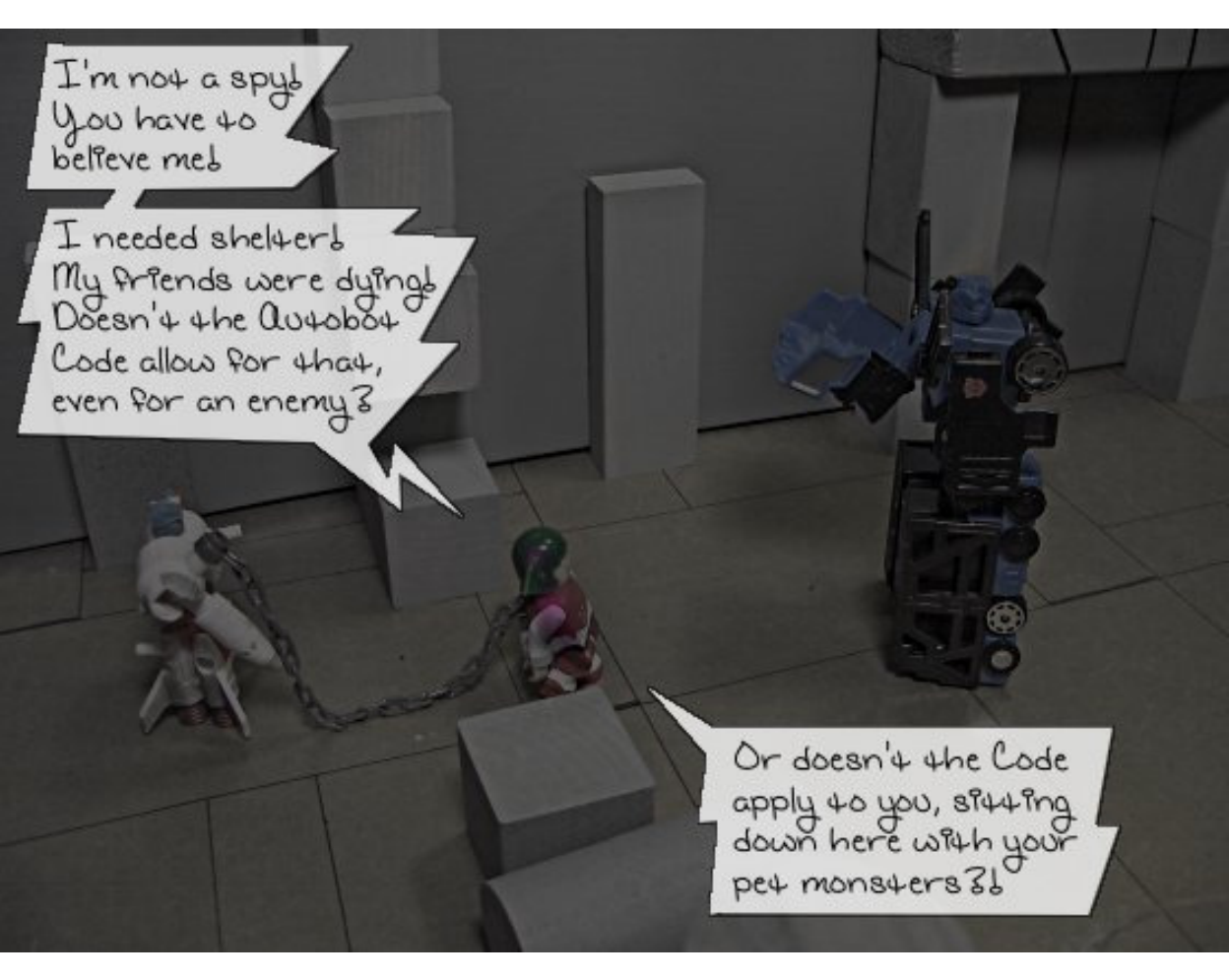
HURRY HOME,  
THEN!

SKY BLAST AND I  
WILL MEET YOU BACK  
AT HEADQUARTERS,  
PAYLOAD...

...AFTER WE DEAL  
WITH THE SPY!

Spy 36





I'm not a spy!  
You have to  
believe me!

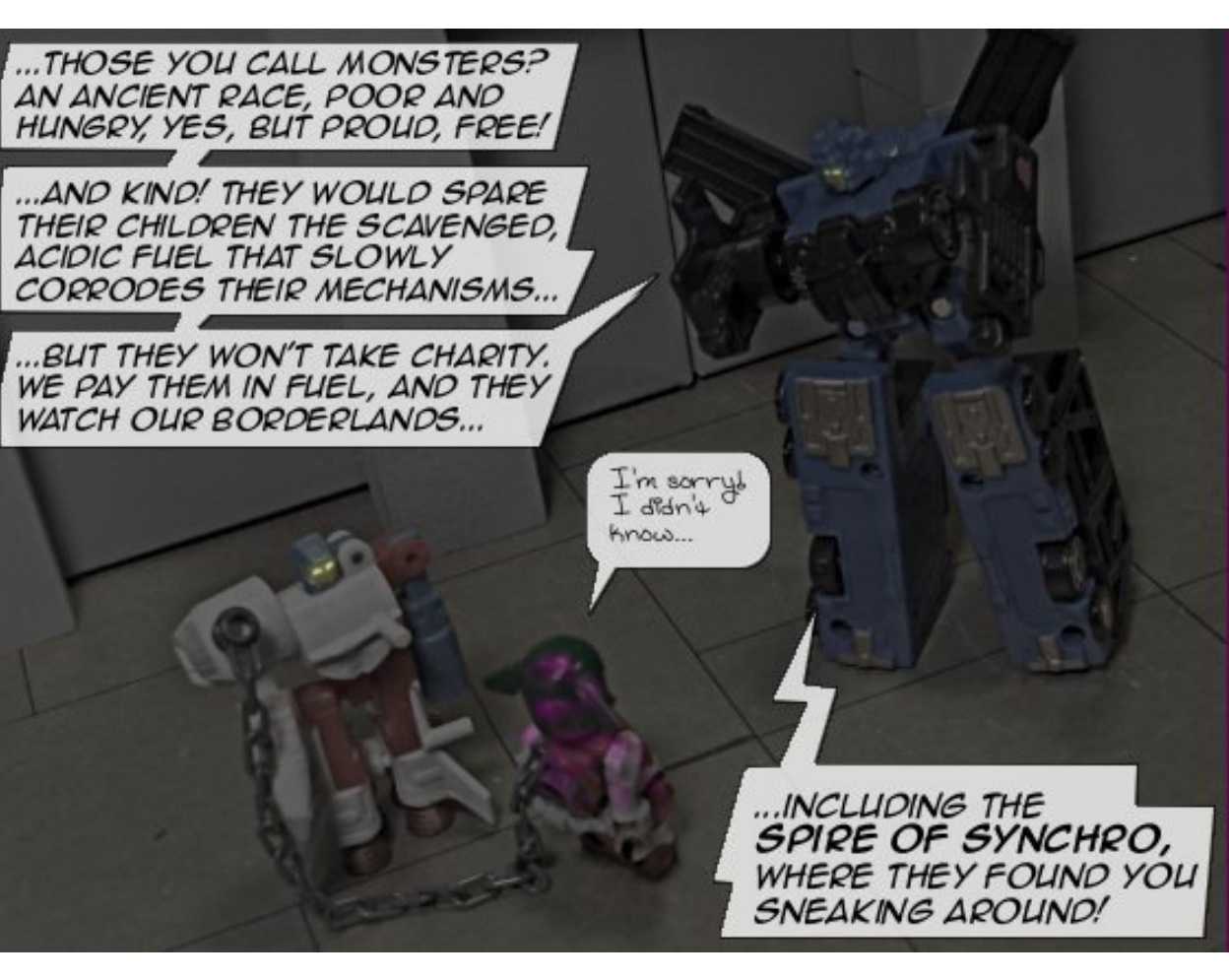
I needed shelter!  
My friends were dying!  
Doesn't the Autobot  
Code allow for that,  
even for an enemy?

Or doesn't the Code  
apply to you, sitting  
down here with your  
pet monsters?

SLAG THE AUTOBOT CODE!  
DO YOU SEE THIS? THIS BRAND, THIS  
MARK OF COERCION, OF SLAVERY?  
I KEEP IT TO REMIND ME OF ONE FACT...

I AM NO  
AUTOBOT!





...THOSE YOU CALL MONSTERS?  
AN ANCIENT RACE, POOR AND  
HUNGRY, YES, BUT PROUD, FREE!

...AND KIND! THEY WOULD SPARE  
THEIR CHILDREN THE SCAVENGED,  
ACIDIC FUEL THAT SLOWLY  
CORRODES THEIR MECHANISMS...

...BUT THEY WON'T TAKE CHARITY.  
WE PAY THEM IN FUEL, AND THEY  
WATCH OUR BORDERLANDS...

I'm sorry!  
I didn't  
know...

...INCLUDING THE  
**SPIRE OF SYNCHRO**,  
WHERE THEY FOUND YOU  
SNEAKING AROUND!

# Th...the Spire...of Synchro36

...SEEK OUT THE  
'SPIRE OF SYNCHRO'...

...AN ARTIFACT  
OF GREAT POWER...

...THIS ARTIFACT  
YOU WILL DESTROY.

...A UNIVERSE IS  
IN DANGER...

...NEVER HEARD OF  
VEC PRIME LYING...

...THIS OLD ROCK  
WILL MAKE A  
GREAT SOLVENIR...

"Oh my  
ko -"

**KLUNK!**



WAS IT  
SOMETHING  
I SAID?



# *MICRONIA!*

*LAND OF THE MICRONS: INTELLIGENT TOOLS, DISPOSABLE FIGHTERS. USEFUL IN WAR...*

*....AN EMBARRASSMENT IN PEACETIME.*

*TO THE BLISTERING HEART OF THE ACID WASTES THEY WERE EXILED - DUMPED - AND QUICKLY, CONVENIENTLY FORGOTTEN! BUT THEY WOULD NOT BE ERASED SO EASILY!*

*FOR OTHERS WERE THERE ALREADY - THE LOST REMNANT OF THE DESTROYED CITY OF YUSS. THEY PITIED THE MICRONS, TAUGHT THEM TO SURVIVE, AND THRIVE...*

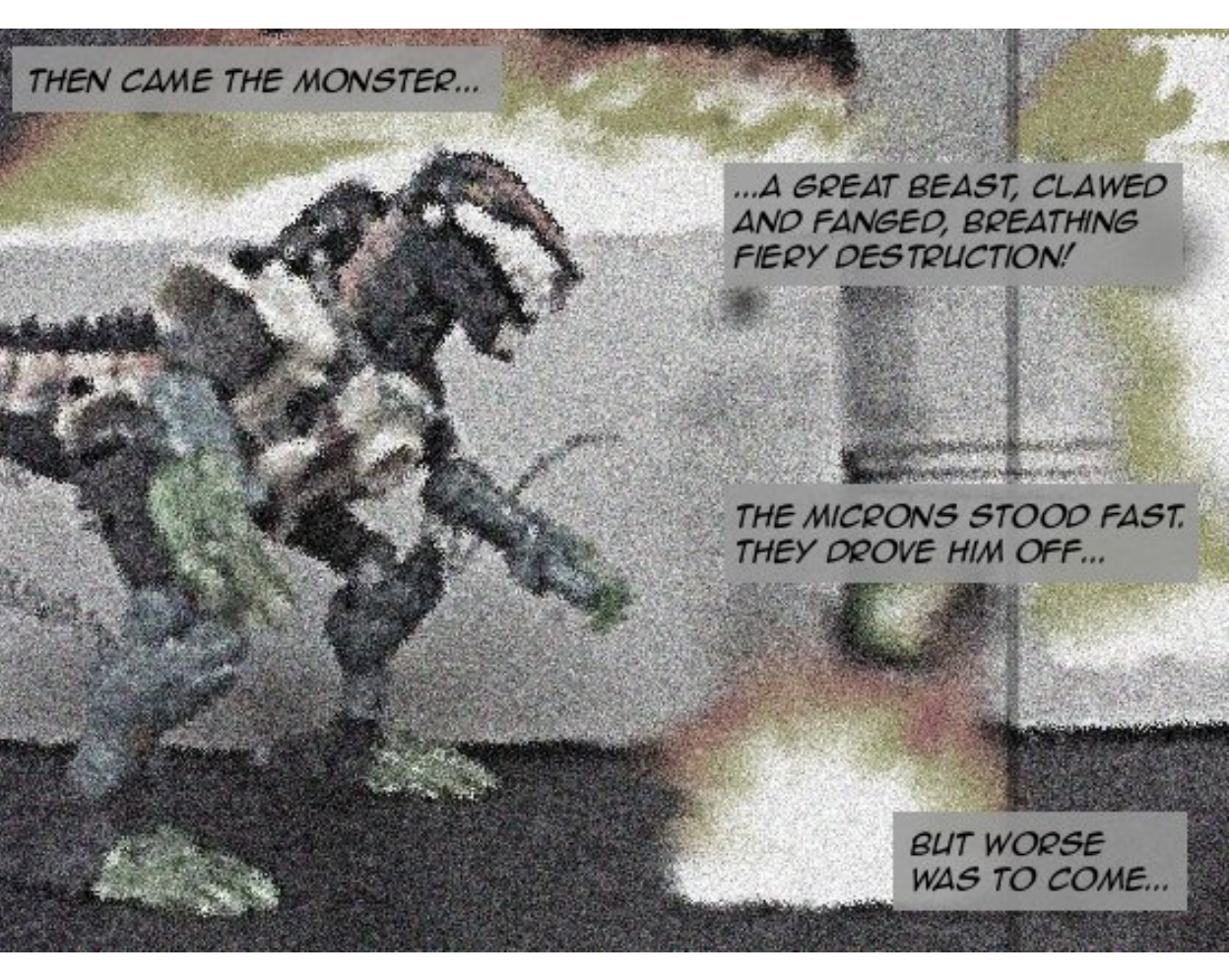
*...AND FROM THE TATTERED RANKS THERE AROSE A GREAT ONE, A MECHANOID OF COURAGE, STRENGTH AND WISDOM.  
...AND SO HE WAS CALLED MAGNUS.*

LED BY MAGNUS, THE MICRONS PROSPERED.  
THE RUINS OF YUSS THEY REBUILT INTO THEIR CAPITAL -  
A GLITTERING JEWEL IN THE WASTELAND.

FEW OUTSIDERS EVER SAW IT.  
THE MICRONS PREFERRED IT SO.  
THEY HAD NOT FORGOTTEN  
THE LONG YEARS OF SLAVERY.







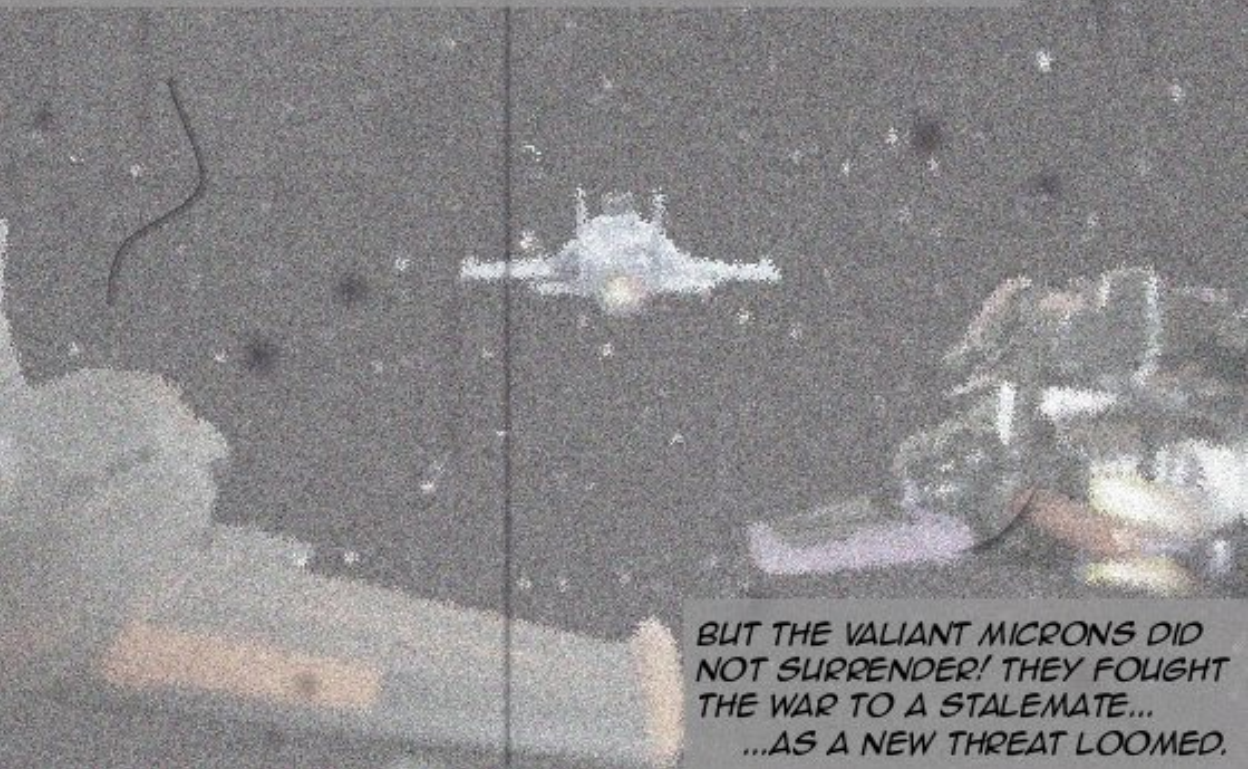
THEN CAME THE MONSTER...

...A GREAT BEAST, CLAWED  
AND FANGED, BREATHING  
FIERY DESTRUCTION!

THE MICRONS STOOD FAST,  
THEY DROVE HIM OFF...

BUT WORSE  
WAS TO COME...

A BAND OF ROGUE DECEPTICONS, SENSING OPPORTUNITY,  
BROKE TREATY AND INVADED MICRONIA!  
THE WEAKENED MICRONS, OVERWHELMED, ASKED FOR AID,  
AND THE CITY-STATES BECAME MIRED IN DEBATE.



BUT THE VALIANT MICRONS DID  
NOT SURRENDER! THEY FOUGHT  
THE WAR TO A STALEMATE...  
...AS A NEW THREAT LOOMED.



THE CLIMATE OF YUSS, ALWAYS ERRATIC, BEGAN TO SHIFT.  
STORMS BROKE OUT, HAMMERING THE BOMBED CITY. THE AIR  
GREW COLD...THE WINDS WILD...

BLIZZARD UPON BLIZZARD DUMPED THOUSANDS OF TONS OF  
SNOW UPON THE WASTES, UNTIL THE ONCE-GREAT CAPITAL  
WAS BURIED IN A VALLEY GLACIER.

SOME CALLED IT THE JUDGMENT OF PRIMUS,  
A WIPING-OUT OF UNNATURAL CREATURES  
WHO WERE NEVER MEANT TO BE. BUT IF IT  
WAS, THEN IT FAILED...

...FOR THE MICRONS LIVED ON.



Oghb

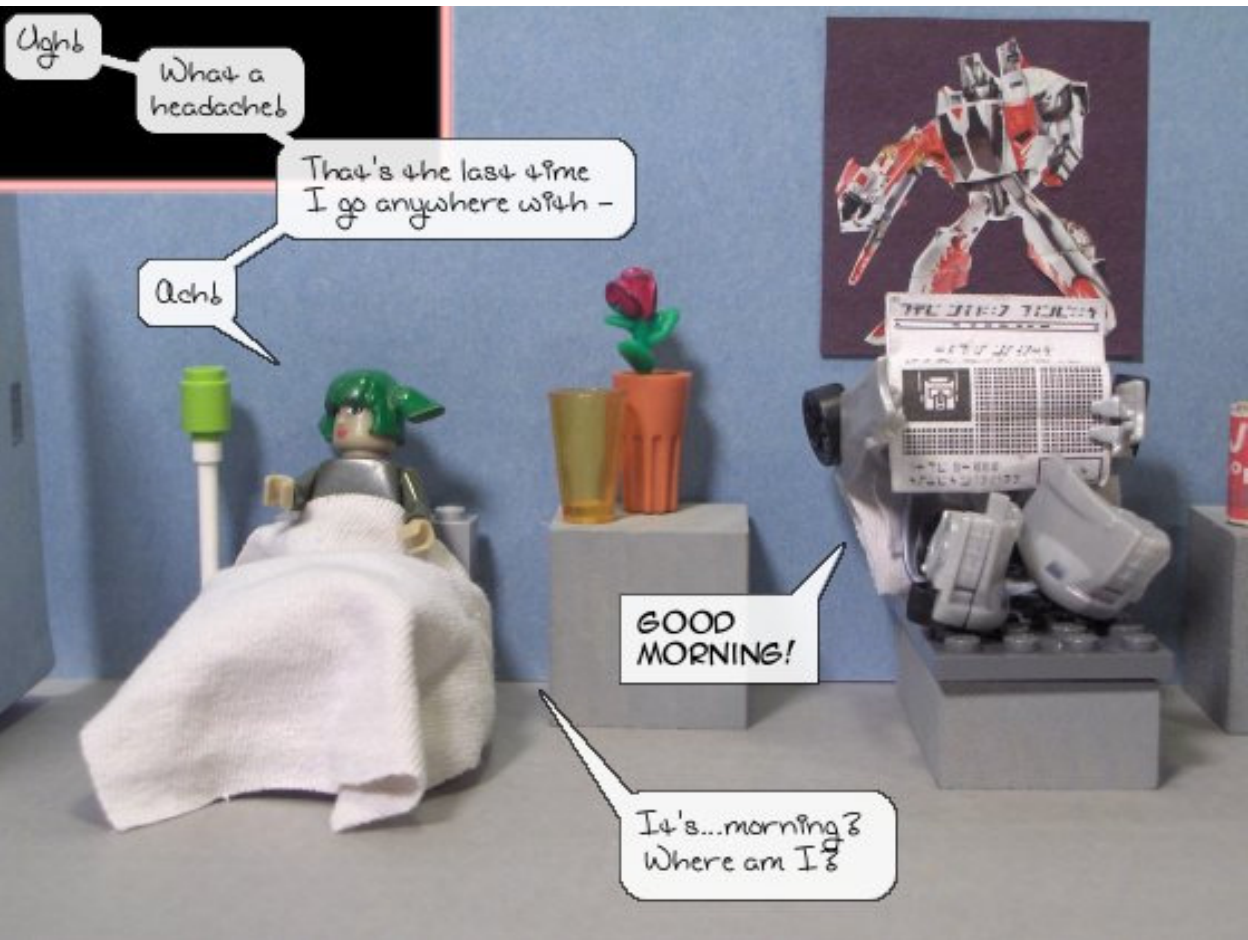
What a  
headache

That's the last time  
I go anywhere with -

Achb

GOOD  
MORNING!

It's...morning?  
Where am I?



YOU'RE IN MICRONIA GENERAL HOSPITAL. IT'S MORNING. WELL, IT'S **A MORNING**. YOU'VE BEEN HERE **50 SOLAR CYCLES!**

That's almost two months!  
I've been out for that long?

NOT ALL OF IT.  
YOU WERE  
RAVING A WHOLE  
LOT. I THINK  
THEY GAVE YOU  
SOMETHING.

YOU'RE ONE LUCKY MECH!  
LOOKED LIKE BLUDGEON  
WARMED OVER WHEN THEY  
BROUGHT YA IN!





SPEAKING OF RAVING,  
WHO'S "STRARF"?

A mean person.  
And very ugly too!

HM. WELL, YOU'RE A BIG  
DEAL AROUND HERE!  
MAGNUS CAME IN WITH  
YOU. HE FELT REALLY BAD.

YOU'RE LUCKY THEY HAVE A  
PRETENDER SPECIALIST...

I was  
that bad?

SLAG, YES!  
YOU LOOKED LIKE  
A TYPEWRITER THAT  
FELL IN SOME  
HAMBURGER.



That's...  
graphic.

THANK YOU. *I* THOUGHT  
IT WAS PRETTY GOOD!

Magnus was  
here...where  
is he now?

He needs to see me  
right away!

SLOW DOWN, TOOTS. TRUST ME,  
THEY WON'T LET YOU OUT YET.  
BUT AS FAR AS ANYBODY SEEING YOU...



PRETTY MUCH EVERYBODY HERE  
HAS SEEN YOU ALREADY. I MEAN,  
WE'RE ROBOTS...PRIVACY ISN'T A  
BIG CONCERN, Y'KNOW?





Hmpf.

So, mister funny mech, did you happen to hear anything useful while Magnus was here?

Such as: does he still think I'm a spy? Am I going to go right from here to prison, do not pass go, do not collect 200 credits?

Or were you too busy ogling me?

OGLING? HA!  
DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF. TYPEWRITER,  
HAMBURGER, REMEMBER? NOT REAL ATTRACTIVE!

BESIDES, ORGANICS ARE GROSS.  
ALL SMOOTH AND BENDY AND  
RUBBERY AND EEEEEEEEEEEUGH!

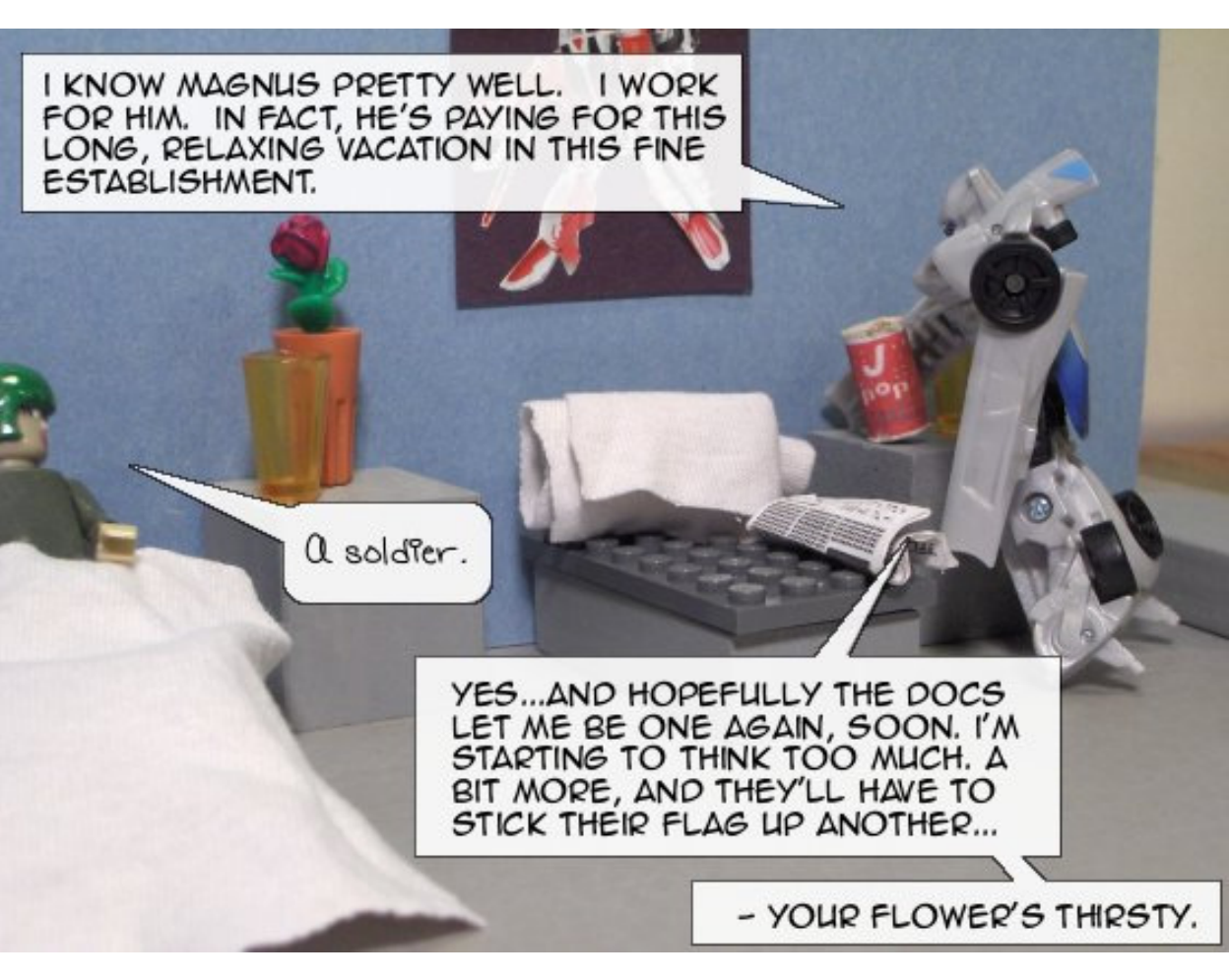
I ACTUALLY  
FEEL KINDA  
SICK NOW.

I...guess  
that's...  
better...

...but, seriously,  
can you tell me  
anything?

WELL, IT'S  
LIKE THIS...



A LEGO minifigure with a green head and dark green torso is lying in a bed made of white fabric. The bed is on a grey base. To the left of the bed is a small grey table with a yellow glass and a red flower in a green vase. To the right of the bed is a grey base with a white towel, a newspaper, and a red can of J-pop. A white microscope is on the right side of the base. The background is a blue wall with a framed picture of a red and white fish.

I KNOW MAGNUS PRETTY WELL. I WORK FOR HIM. IN FACT, HE'S PAYING FOR THIS LONG, RELAXING VACATION IN THIS FINE ESTABLISHMENT.

A soldier.

YES...AND HOPEFULLY THE DOCS LET ME BE ONE AGAIN, SOON. I'M STARTING TO THINK TOO MUCH. A BIT MORE, AND THEY'LL HAVE TO STICK THEIR FLAG UP ANOTHER...

- YOUR FLOWER'S THIRSTY.

A LEGO Technic robot arm, primarily white with red and black accents, is shown in the process of pouring a vibrant, multi-colored liquid (resembling a rainbow) from a red can into a small orange cup. The can is tilted, and the liquid is captured mid-pour, creating a dynamic visual. The background is a plain, light blue surface. The scene is framed by a comic book style, with speech bubbles containing text.


But that's...

J-POP BRAND ENERGY FUEL! IT'S GOT ALL THE ELECTROLYTES THAT PLANTS CRAVE! AT LEAST I THINK THEY DO.

ANYWAY, A SOLDIER HAS HIS ORDERS. YOU CAN SEE MY DILEMMA.

THERE'S A LOT I ***COULD*** TELL YOU...BUT NOTHING I ***CAN*** TELL YOU..





HEH HEH. GOOD OLD MAGNUS,  
PARANOID AS EVER, PRIMUS  
BLESS HIM!

An electric  
flower?

WHAT'S THE OLD SAYING?  
"A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME...  
JUST MIGHT BE A BUG!"

LET'S GET  
RID OF THIS...



A LEGO minifigure of a nurse with green hair and a grey uniform is sitting on the left, partially covered by a white blanket. In the center, a white Transformer robot with black wheels and a green and pink chest piece is leaning forward. On the right, a red Transformer robot with a yellow visor and a white gear on its chest is standing. The background features a blue wall, a framed picture of a Transformer, a grey sofa with a newspaper, and a side table with a yellow cup and an orange cone.

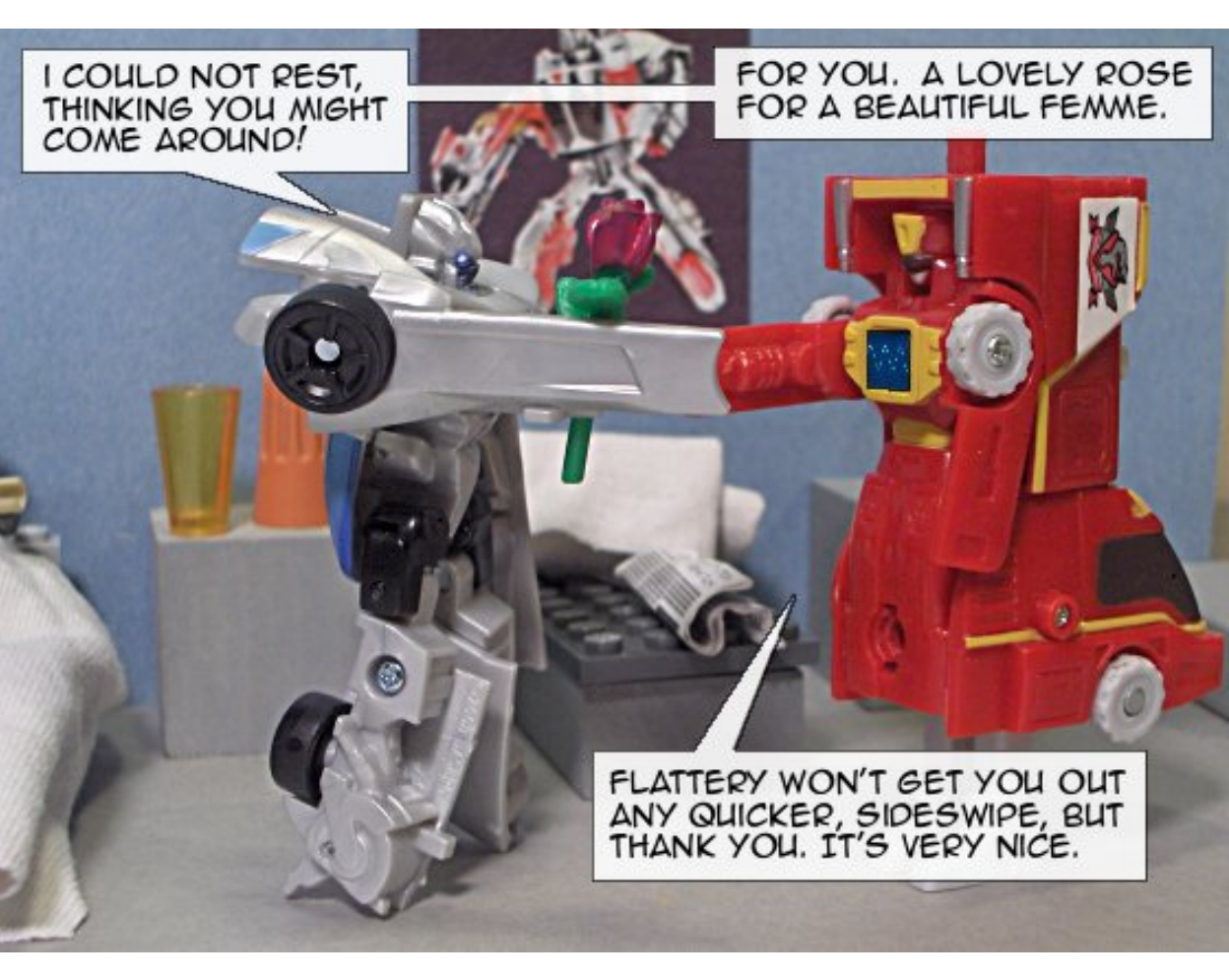
HEL-LO NURSE!

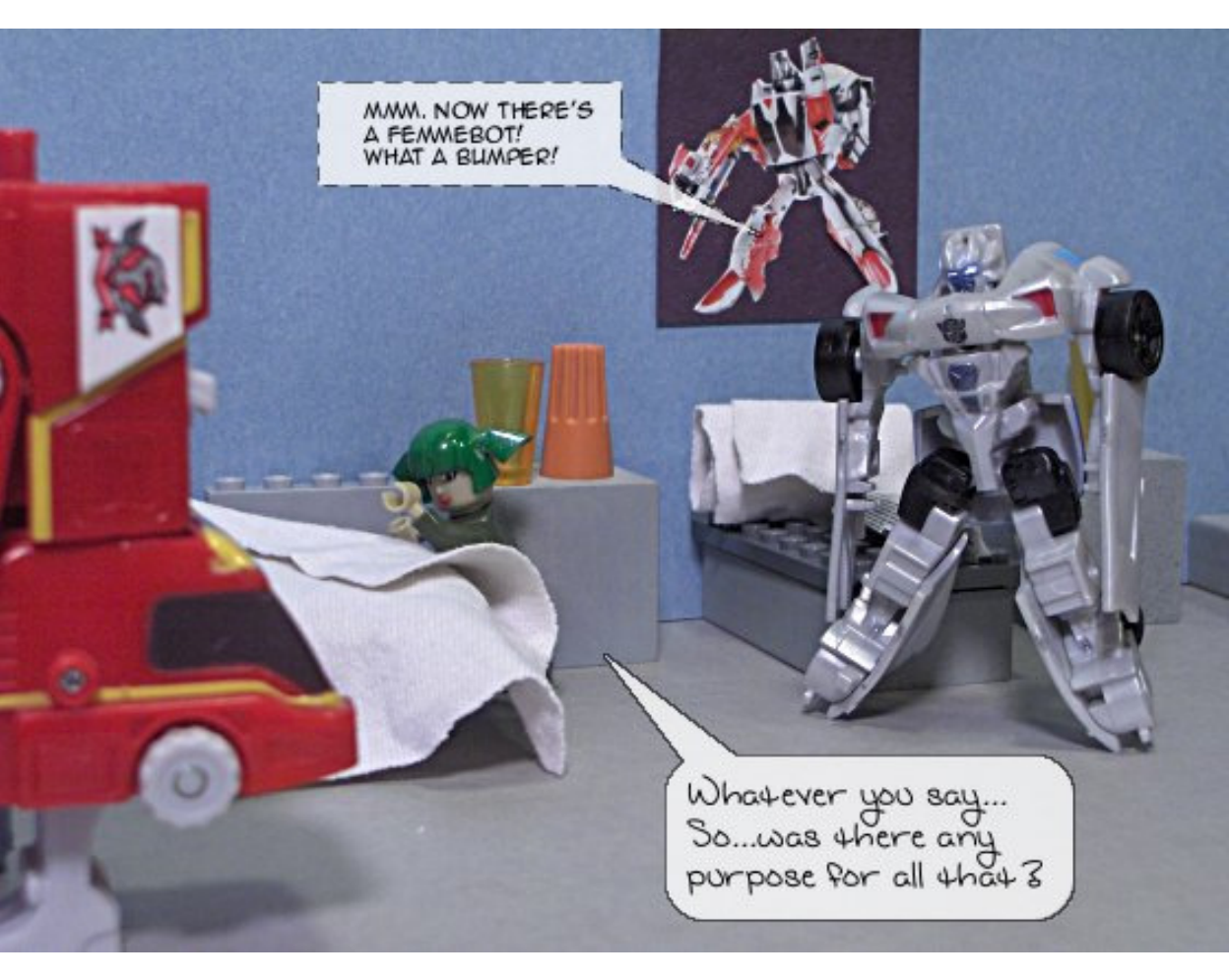
HELLO, SIDESWIPE.  
UP BRIGHT AND EARLY AS  
USUAL, I SEE.

I COULD NOT REST,  
THINKING YOU MIGHT  
COME AROUND!

FOR YOU. A LOVELY ROSE  
FOR A BEAUTIFUL FEMME.

FLATTERY WON'T GET YOU OUT  
ANY QUICKER, SIDESWIPE, BUT  
THANK YOU. IT'S VERY NICE.





MMM. NOW THERE'S  
A FEMMEBOT!  
WHAT A BUMPER!

Whatever you say...  
So...was there any  
purpose for all that?





YOU BET. NOW THE NOSY OLD  
COTTER CAN LISTEN TO A FEED  
FROM THE NURSES' STATION...

...WHILE WE GO FOR A LITTLE STROLL.  
EVERYTHING WILL MAKE MORE SENSE  
AFTER THAT. GET YOUR THINGS!

Sideswipe...  
that's your  
name, right?

THAT'S RIGHT.  
AND YOURS?

Tsugaru. Santa Claus  
Type. Long story.  
Aren't you breaking  
some kind of rule,  
talking to me like this?

I NEVER BREAK RULES.  
I JUST BEND THEM A LOT.

BY THE WAY, IGNORE  
THAT BOT UP THERE.  
HE'S A LITTLE LOCO.





IT'S FUNNY, TSUGARU - GETTING CRUSHED UNDER THOSE ROCKS MIGHT HAVE SAVED YOUR LIFE. TWO MONTHS AGO, YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN SHOT AS A SPY...BUT WHILE THE DOCS WERE PLAYING WITH THEIR TAPE AND HAYWIRE, EVERYTHING WE COULD DIG UP WAS BACKING UP YOUR RIDICULOUS STORY...

Well, of course. It was true. We were ... lost, and ran into some Decepticons. Finding that "Spire of Synchro" was ... just dumb luck.

Wait

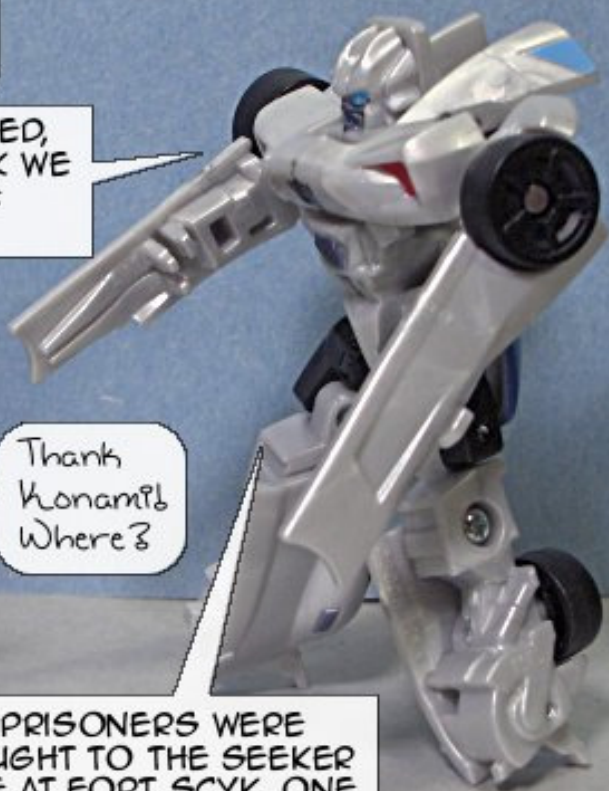


Please tell me you didn't  
dig up my two friends!

NO. THEY LIVED,  
AND WE THINK WE  
KNOW WHERE  
THEY ARE.

Thank  
Konami!  
Where?

TWO PRISONERS WERE  
BROUGHT TO THE SEEKER  
BASE AT FORT SCYK. ONE  
WAS A SMALL (UGH)  
PRETENDER, LIKE YOU.



People keep calling  
me that.

IT'S MORE POLITE  
THAN "HORRIFYING  
TECHNO-ORGANIC  
ABERRATION" OR  
"HARDWARE-WETWARE  
NIGHTMARE" OR...

Okay... I get it....  
For & Scyf... is it  
a bad place?



LET'S JUST  
SAY IT COULD  
BE WORSE.  
A LOT WORSE.

YOUR FRIENDS  
ARE TWO  
LUCKY MECHS!

...ALMOST TOO LUCKY. SOME PEOPLE THOUGHT IT WAS ALL A DECEPTICON PLOT, SET UP TO INFILTRATE THE SPIRE OF SYNCHRO.

Well, it wasn't. I couldn't care less about the Spire of Synchro.



Its name doesn't even make sense. A spire is a tower! That place is a dungeon!

IT MAKES PERFECT SENSE; NOT THE THEORY. NO PLOT WOULD BE THAT STUPID...

BUT THE SPIRE OF SYNCHRO REALLY IS A TOWER.





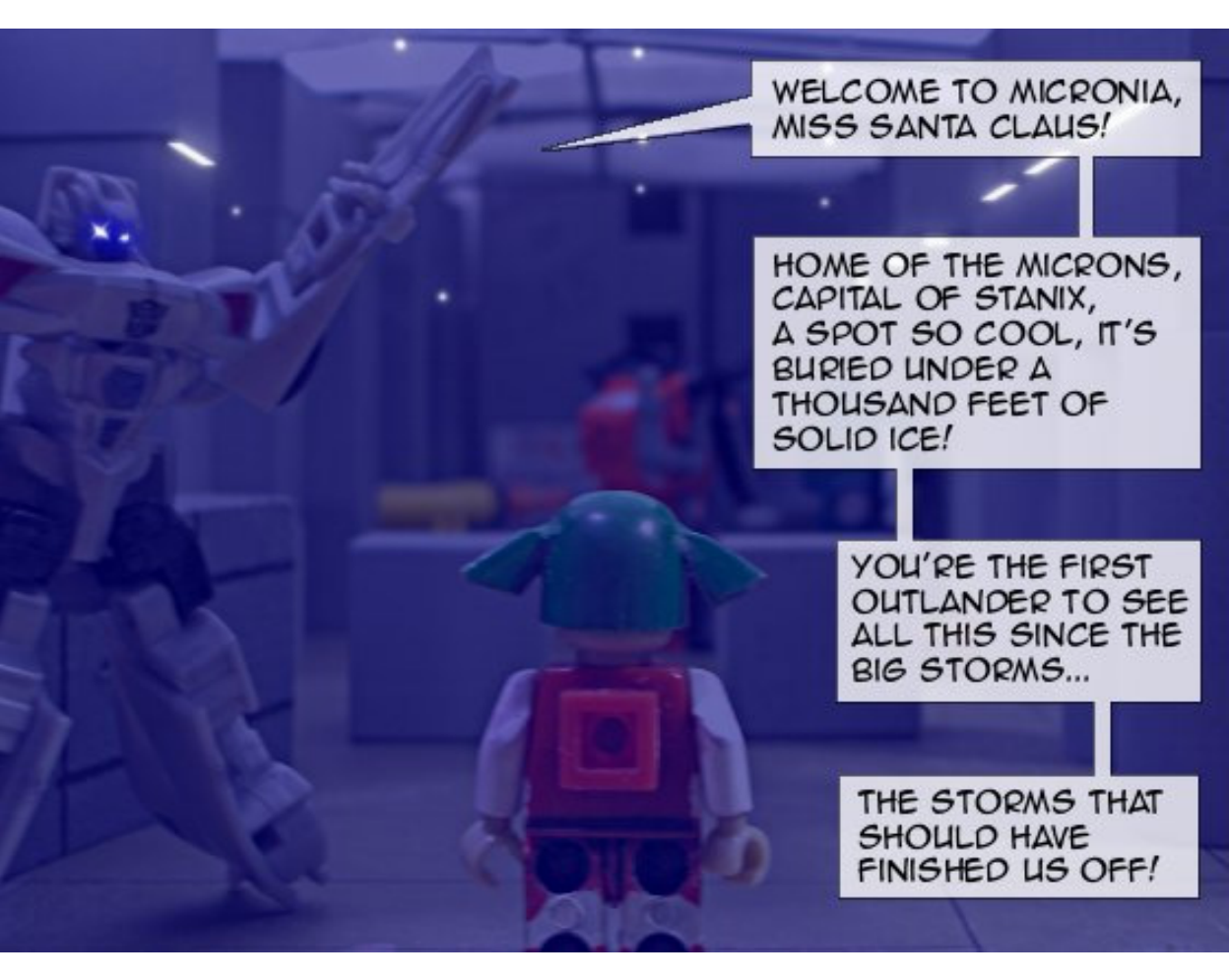
WALK THIS WAY!  
I'LL PROVE IT!



If I could walk  
that way, I wouldn't  
be doing comedy.







WELCOME TO MICRONIA,  
MISS SANTA CLAUS!

HOME OF THE MICRONS,  
CAPITAL OF STANIX,  
A SPOT SO COOL, IT'S  
BURIED UNDER A  
THOUSAND FEET OF  
SOLID ICE!

YOU'RE THE FIRST  
OUTLANDER TO SEE  
ALL THIS SINCE THE  
BIG STORMS...

THE STORMS THAT  
SHOULD HAVE  
FINISHED US OFF!

"I HAD JUST ARRIVED HERE, BACK THEN. THOSE STORMS...IT WAS LIKE THE END OF THE WORLD...LIKE AN OCEAN HAD FROZEN AND DROPPED ON US. PARK TO REST A BREEM IN VEHICLE MODE... WAKE UP WITH A FOOT OF SNOW ALL OVER..."

"IN A WEEK,  
THE CITY  
WAS GONE,  
BURIED..."

⇒DULL  
SURPRISE!⇐

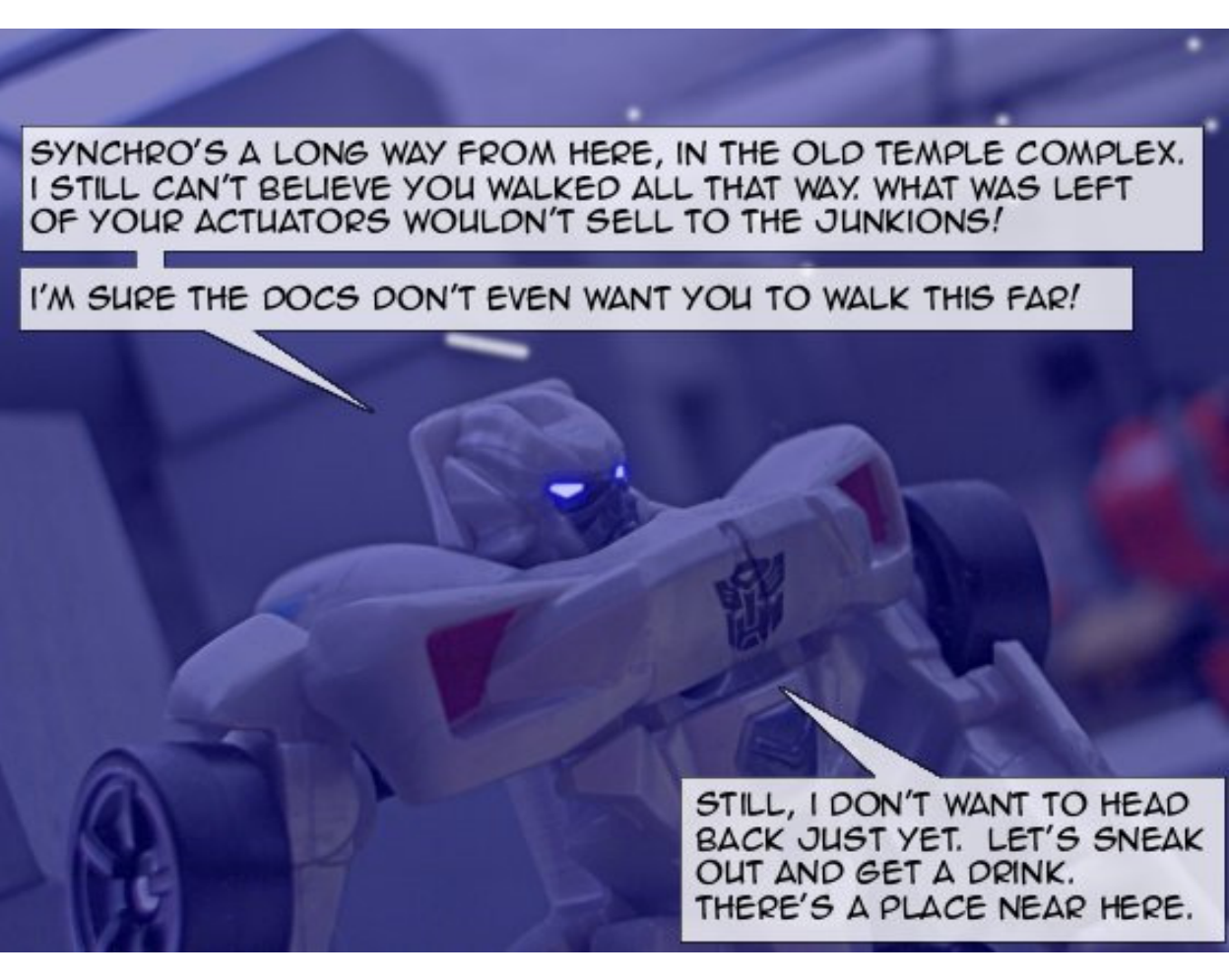
"BUT WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN  
A DEATH BLOW...SAVED OUR  
SKIDPLATES!"



"JUDGING BY YOUR OUTFIT, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW WHY! THERE ISN'T A JET ON CYBERTRON THAT CAN GO OUT IN A BLIZZARD LIKE THAT, OR CARRY A BOMB THAT CAN PUNCH THROUGH A GLACIER!"

"NATURALLY, THE CONS ARE KEEN TO FIND A WAY IN...BUT THERE AIN'T MANY. ONLY THE TALLEST TOWERS EVEN COME CLOSE...LIKE THE SPIRE OF SYNCHRO!"





SYNCHRO'S A LONG WAY FROM HERE, IN THE OLD TEMPLE COMPLEX. I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WALKED ALL THAT WAY. WHAT WAS LEFT OF YOUR ACTUATORS WOULDN'T SELL TO THE JUNKIONS!

I'M SURE THE DOCS DON'T EVEN WANT YOU TO WALK THIS FAR!

STILL, I DON'T WANT TO HEAD BACK JUST YET. LET'S SNEAK OUT AND GET A DRINK. THERE'S A PLACE NEAR HERE.



...YEAH, AROUND HERE WE  
MOSTLY SPEAK MICRONESE.  
YOU KNOW ANY?

I learned some in school  
Let me think... "How is the  
weather", that's...

boop bip doo-beep!

...UM...CLOSE. YOU ACTUALLY  
SAID "YOUR HEAD APPEARS  
TO BE A CHEWED CARAMEL."  
WATCH THOSE 2600-HERTZ  
INFLECTIONS.

*BUT WHILE SIDESWIPE AND TSUGARU ENJOY A LITTLE DOWNTIME,  
ANOTHER TABLE IN ANOTHER BUILDING, NOT SO FAR AWAY, SEES  
A VERY DIFFERENT SORT OF GATHERING...IN WHICH THOSE ABSENT  
MAY NOT BE ENTIRELY UNINVOLVED..*



ASSEMBLY ROOM...MICRONIA CITY HALL.

⇒MUTTER⇐

⇒MUMBLE⇐

⇒RUMBLE⇐

<MUST BE REAL BAD!  
HE'S GOT THE SLIDE  
PROJECTOR OUT!>\*

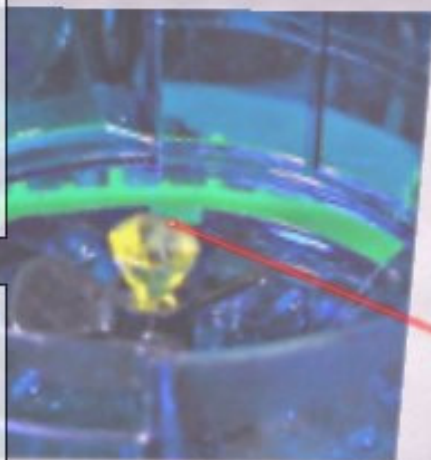
\*TRANSLATED FROM MICRONESE

<LIGHTS, PLEASE!  
...THANK YOU,  
ASTROSCOPE.>

<AS MANY OF YOU  
HAVE HEARD, ONE OF  
OUR CULTURAL  
TREASURES HAS BEEN  
STOLEN...THIS CRYSTAL,  
A LARGE YELLOW SPINEL,  
FORMERLY SECURED  
WITHIN THE SPIRE OF  
SYNCHRO.>

<A SMALL DETACHMENT  
OF SEEKERS, OPERATING  
FROM FORT SCYK,  
GAINED ENTRY AND  
REMOVED THE STONE  
FROM ITS SOCKET.>

<ARE THERE ANY  
QUESTIONS BEFORE  
I CONTINUE?>



<SICK? WHO  
GOT SICK?>

<NO, YOU DUMMY!  
THE SEEKERS  
STOLE THE SPIRE!>

<YOU CAN'T STEAL  
THE SPIRE ANYWAY!>

<NO WAY! I  
WALKED PAST IT  
JUST LAST  
NIGHT!>

⇒SIGH⇒

<YOU CAN IF  
YOU HAVE A  
SPACEBRIDGE!>

<THE SEEKERS  
HAVE A SPACEBRIDGE?  
THIS IS TERRIBLE!>





WE'LL  
SPARE YOU  
THE NEXT  
TWO  
HOURS...

BUT  
FINALLY...

I'VE GOT IT!

SEEKERS FROM SCYK  
SNATCHED THE STORIED  
SPINEL FROM SYNCHRO'S  
SPIRE!

<YES, THANK YOU, CY-KILL.  
THE MEETING IS ADJOURNED.  
PLEASE GO HOME NOW.>

<THAT DIDN'T GO  
SO WELL.>

<YOU  
DON'T  
SAY!>

<AT LEAST THEY ONLY  
STOLE A HARMLESS  
LITTLE TRINKET, ANYWAY.>

<YES...HARMLESS. THAT'S  
WHAT WE NEED TO TALK  
ABOUT. MEET ME IN THE  
WAR ROOM IN TEN BREEMS.  
WE'LL HAVE A GUEST...>







<GENERAL, MEET DR. STEELWIND.  
HE'S A WEATHERMAN.>

<- A METEOROLOGIST>

<WHAT? HE STUDIES METEORS?>

<NO, THE  
WEATHER!>

<I DON'T  
GET IT.>

<PLEASE, LET'S NOT  
WASTE TIME, MAGNUS!  
DOCTOR, WE HAVE A  
WEATHER PROBLEM.>

<MICRONIA'S WEATHER IS NOTHING BUT A PROBLEM! WE'VE NEVER HAD MUCH LUCK MODELING IT!>

<THAT SUDDEN CLIMATE SHIFT - TWO YEARS OF SNOW - AND NOW TWO MONTHS OF SPRING AND SUNSHINE - WE JUST CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR THAT. IT JUST DEFIES NATURAL EXPLANATION.>

<INDEED! PERHAPS, THEN, YOU WOULD LIKE ME TO EXPLAIN IT?>

<HA! OF COURSE I -- YOU'RE SERIOUS, AREN'T YOU?>

<QUITE. THE EXPLANATION LIES IN THE SPIRE OF SYNCHRO...AND THE INCREDIBLE MACHINE IT WAS BUILT TO HOUSE.>



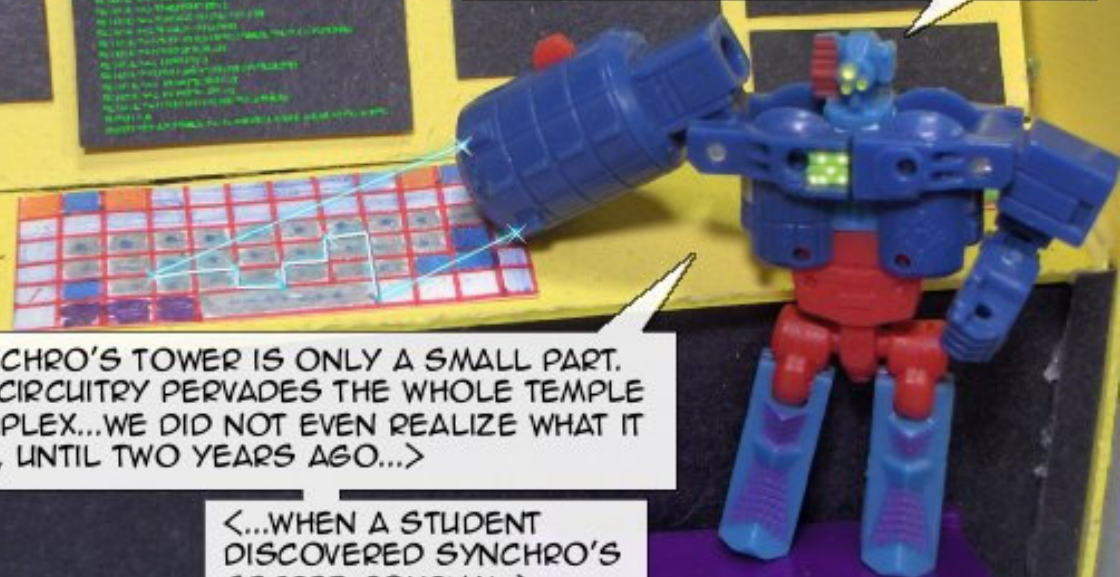
<WEATHER CONTROL? THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!>

<FOR US, PERHAPS, BUT SYNCHRO WAS A TRUE GENIUS OF CYBERTRON'S GOLDEN AGE, WITH KNOWLEDGE WAR HAD NOT YET ERASED.

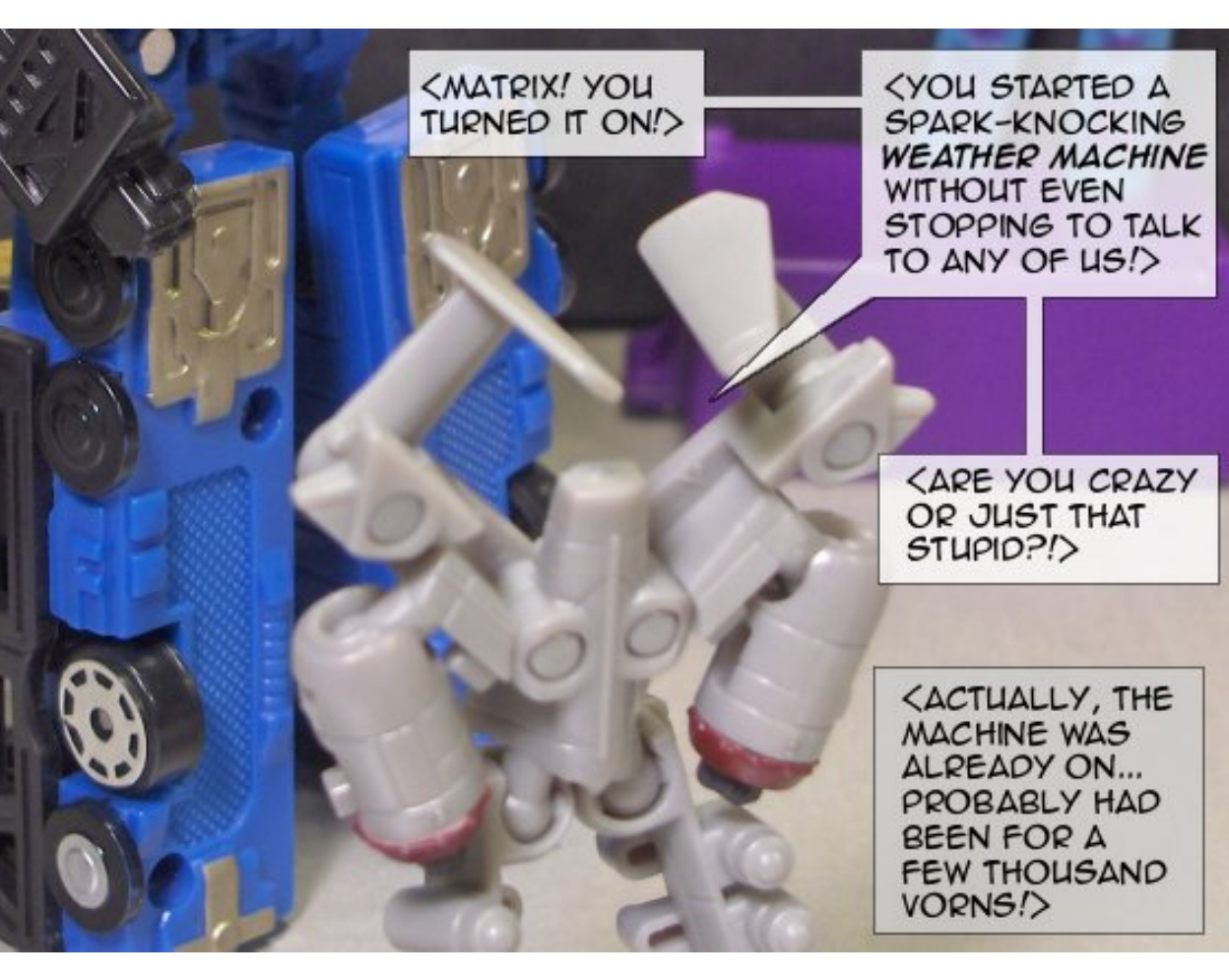
<EVEN THEN, HOWEVER, HIS MACHINE WOULD HAVE BEEN EXCEPTIONAL!>

<SYNCHRO'S TOWER IS ONLY A SMALL PART. THE CIRCUITRY PERVADES THE WHOLE TEMPLE COMPLEX...WE DID NOT EVEN REALIZE WHAT IT WAS, UNTIL TWO YEARS AGO...>

<...WHEN A STUDENT DISCOVERED SYNCHRO'S SECRET JOURNAL.>





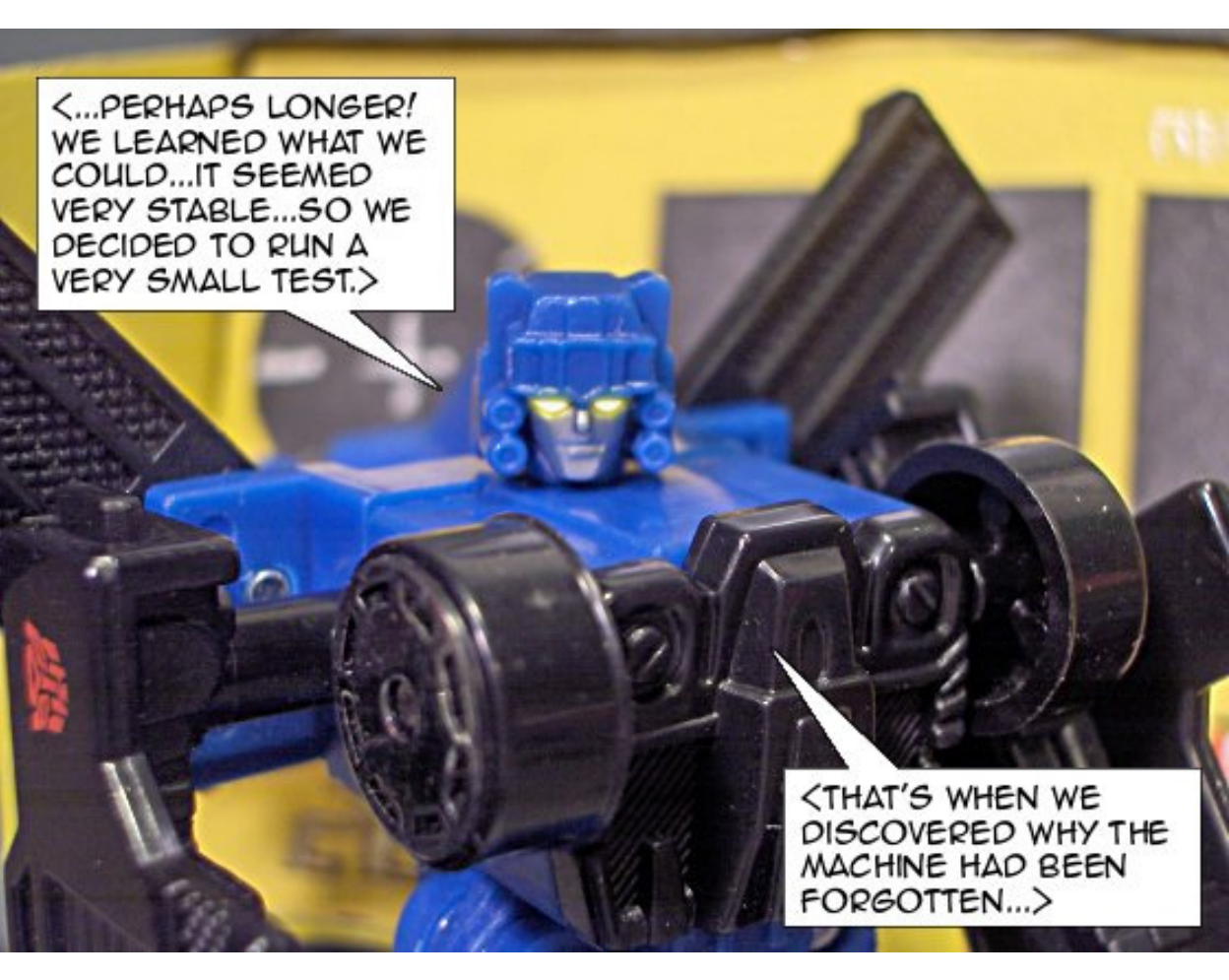


<MATRIX! YOU  
TURNED IT ON!>

<YOU STARTED A  
SPARK-KNOCKING  
*WEATHER MACHINE*  
WITHOUT EVEN  
STOPPING TO TALK  
TO ANY OF US!>

<ARE YOU CRAZY  
OR JUST THAT  
STUPID?!>

<ACTUALLY, THE  
MACHINE WAS  
ALREADY ON...  
PROBABLY HAD  
BEEN FOR A  
FEW THOUSAND  
VORNS!>

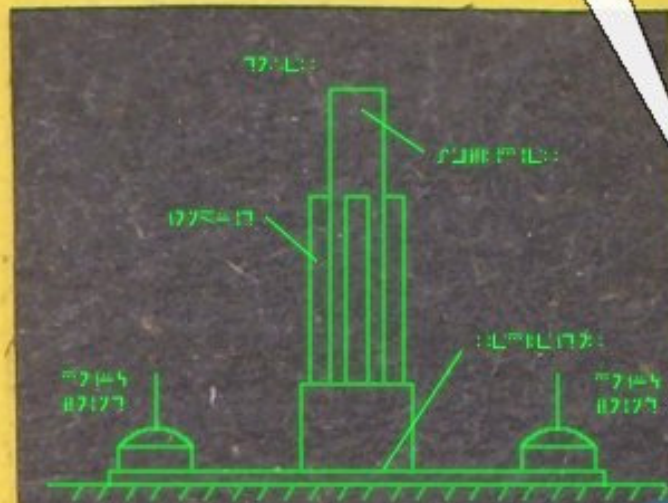


<...PERHAPS LONGER!  
WE LEARNED WHAT WE  
COULD...IT SEEMED  
VERY STABLE...SO WE  
DECIDED TO RUN A  
VERY SMALL TEST.>

<THAT'S WHEN WE  
DISCOVERED WHY THE  
MACHINE HAD BEEN  
FORGOTTEN...>



<SYNCHRO'S DEVICE IS ESSENTIALLY A RADIO TRANSMITTER, WITH A UNIQUE AND INCREDIBLY POWERFUL FEEDBACK AMPLIFIER, AND THE ENTIRE COMPLEX AS ITS ANTENNA!>



<OR SO SYNCHRO SEEMS TO HAVE THOUGHT. IN FACT, HE FORGOT ONE VERY BIG COMPONENT...>

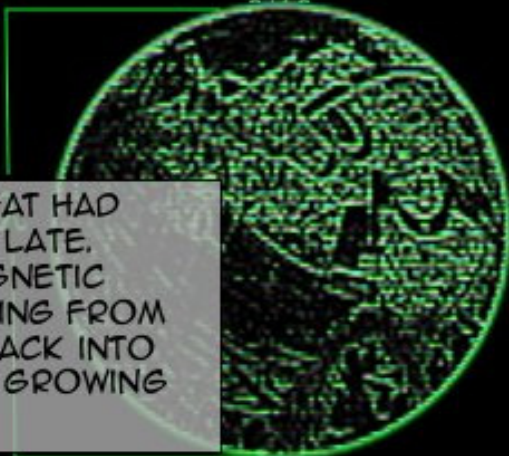
<...HE FORGOT THE WORLD BENEATH HIS FEET!  
SO DID WE! AT HIGH POWERS, THE PLANET ITSELF CAN  
RESONATE...AND AS WE WERE TO DISCOVER, SUCH  
POWERS COULD BE REACHED ALL TOO EASILY!>

<IT HAPPENED DURING  
OUR FIRST TEST...  
A TINY TEMPERATURE  
SHIFT.>

<WHEN WE REALIZED WHAT HAD  
HAPPENED, IT WAS TOO LATE.  
WAVES OF ELECTROMAGNETIC  
ENERGY WERE REFLECTING FROM  
THE PLANET, FEEDING BACK INTO  
SYNCHRO'S AMPLIFIER, GROWING  
EXPONENTIALLY!>

<THERE WAS NO STOPPING IT NOW! THE TEMPERATURE  
PLUMMETED! CLOUDS PILED UP! WINDS ROSE TO GALES!  
THE SKY CRACKLED WITH ENERGY! AND US? WE RAN!>

AMBIENT = 11171717-2119



<I REGRET THE COWARDICE NOW. MAGNUS TURNED BACK...BUT WHILE THE STORM RAGED, THE MACHINE WAS QUIET, ITS WORK APPARENTLY DONE. FOR MONTHS, WE TRIED TO END THE WINTER, WITH NO SUCCESS...THE ONLY COURSE WAS TO ADAPT, WHICH HAS SUCCEEDED VERY WELL.>

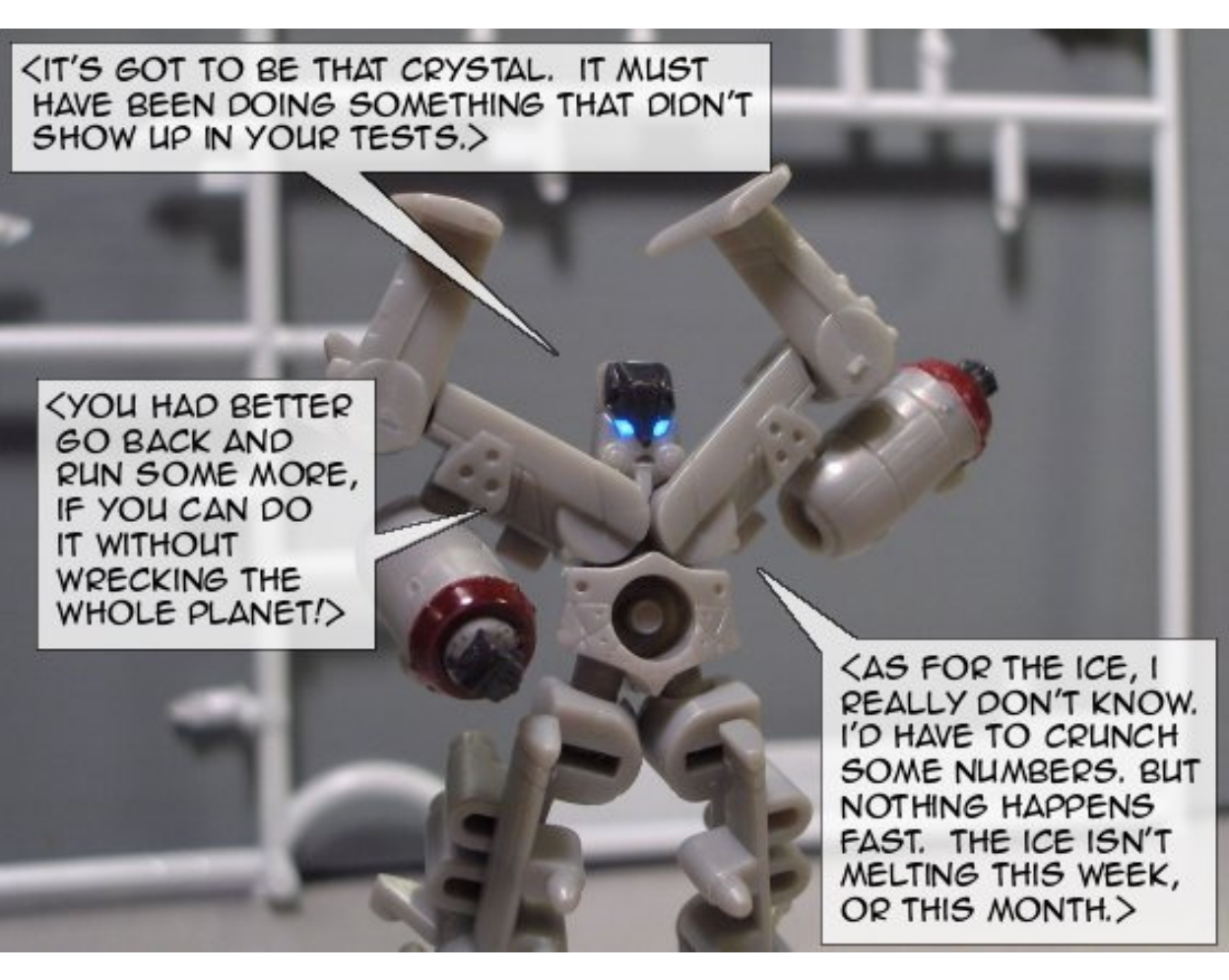
<TWO MONTHS AGO, ALL THAT CHANGED. THE SEEKER STOLE THE CRYSTAL...THE HEART OF SYNCHRO'S AMPLIFIER. THIS SHOULD HAVE HAD LITTLE EFFECT, AND YET THE SNOW ENDED!

<SO HERE IS OUR PROBLEM, STEELWIND: WHAT CAUSED THE SECOND CLIMATE SHIFT?

<MORE PRACTICALLY, HOW LONG WILL THE ICE LAST, IF SPRING REALLY HAS COME?>



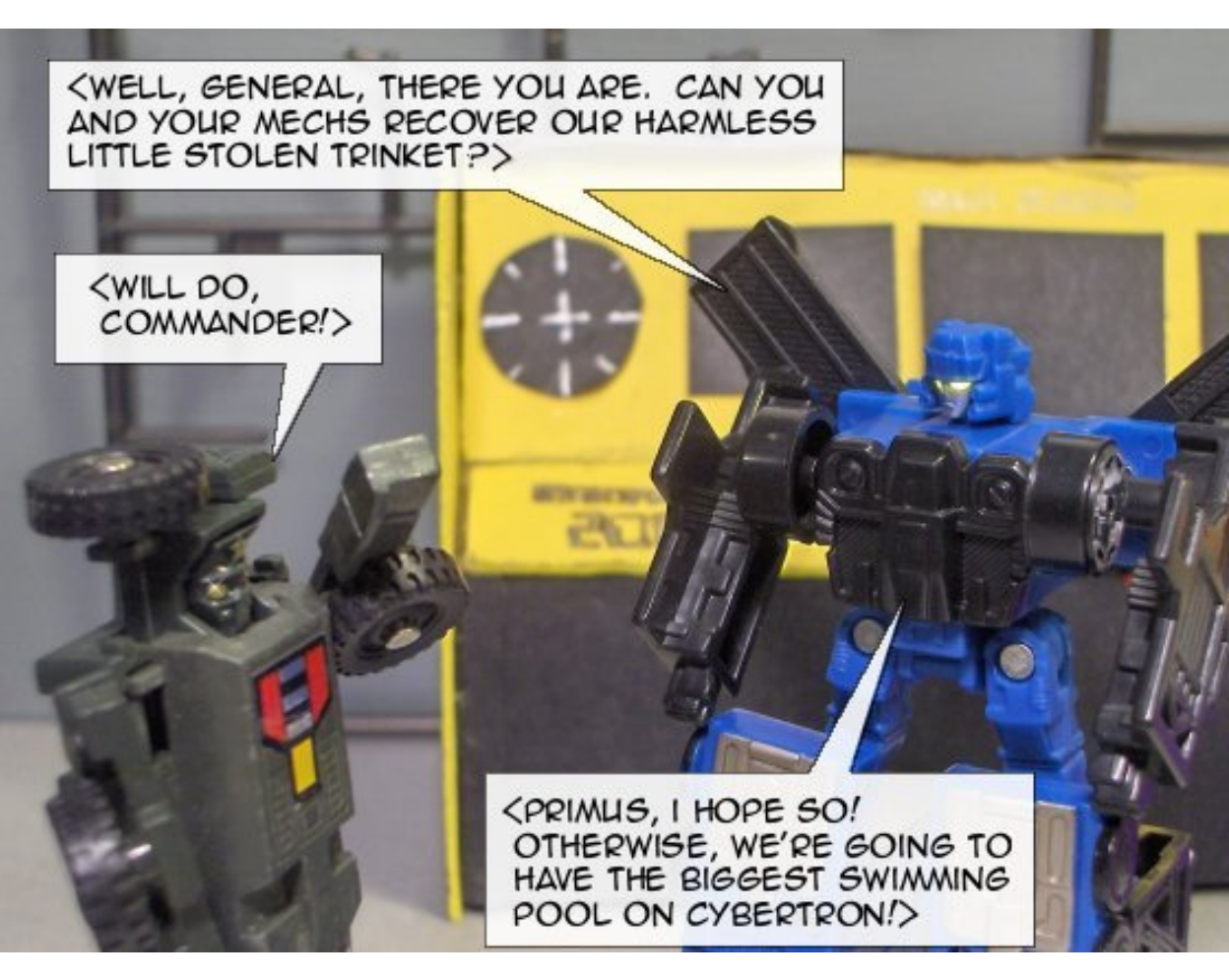




<IT'S GOT TO BE THAT CRYSTAL. IT MUST HAVE BEEN DOING SOMETHING THAT DIDN'T SHOW UP IN YOUR TESTS.>

<YOU HAD BETTER GO BACK AND RUN SOME MORE, IF YOU CAN DO IT WITHOUT WRECKING THE WHOLE PLANET!>

<AS FOR THE ICE, I REALLY DON'T KNOW. I'D HAVE TO CRUNCH SOME NUMBERS. BUT NOTHING HAPPENS FAST. THE ICE ISN'T MELTING THIS WEEK, OR THIS MONTH.>

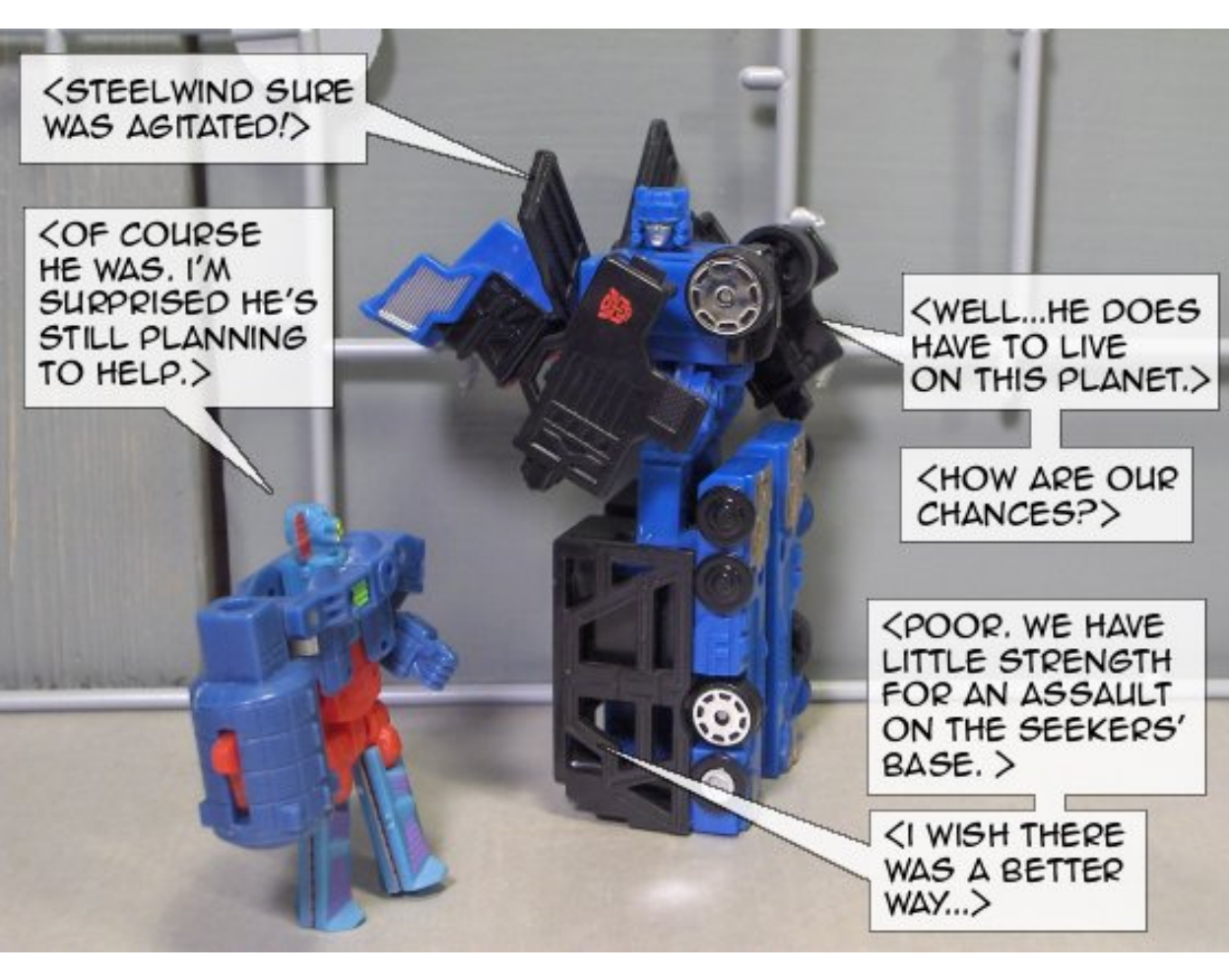
A comic book panel featuring two Transformers. On the left is a grey Transformer with a red and yellow visor. On the right is a blue Transformer with black armor. They are standing in front of a yellow background with a black circle and crosshairs. Three speech bubbles contain their dialogue.

<WELL, GENERAL, THERE YOU ARE. CAN YOU  
AND YOUR MECHS RECOVER OUR HARMLESS  
LITTLE STOLEN TRINKET?>

<WILL DO,  
COMMANDER!>

<PRIMUS, I HOPE SO!  
OTHERWISE, WE'RE GOING TO  
HAVE THE BIGGEST SWIMMING  
POOL ON CYBERTRON!>





<STEELWIND SURE  
WAS AGITATED!>

<OF COURSE  
HE WAS. I'M  
SURPRISED HE'S  
STILL PLANNING  
TO HELP.>

<WELL...HE DOES  
HAVE TO LIVE  
ON THIS PLANET.>

<HOW ARE OUR  
CHANCES?>

<POOR. WE HAVE  
LITTLE STRENGTH  
FOR AN ASSAULT  
ON THE SEEKERS'  
BASE. >

<I WISH THERE  
WAS A BETTER  
WAY...>

<YOUR WISH IS GRANTED,  
ASTROSCOPE!  
SIDESWIPE IS HERE!>

<HOW'S IT  
GOING,  
GUYS?>

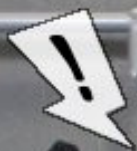


<HELLO, SIDESWIPE!  
I DIDN'T KNOW THEY HAD  
LET YOU OUT ALREADY!>



<OH, THEY  
DIDN'T!>





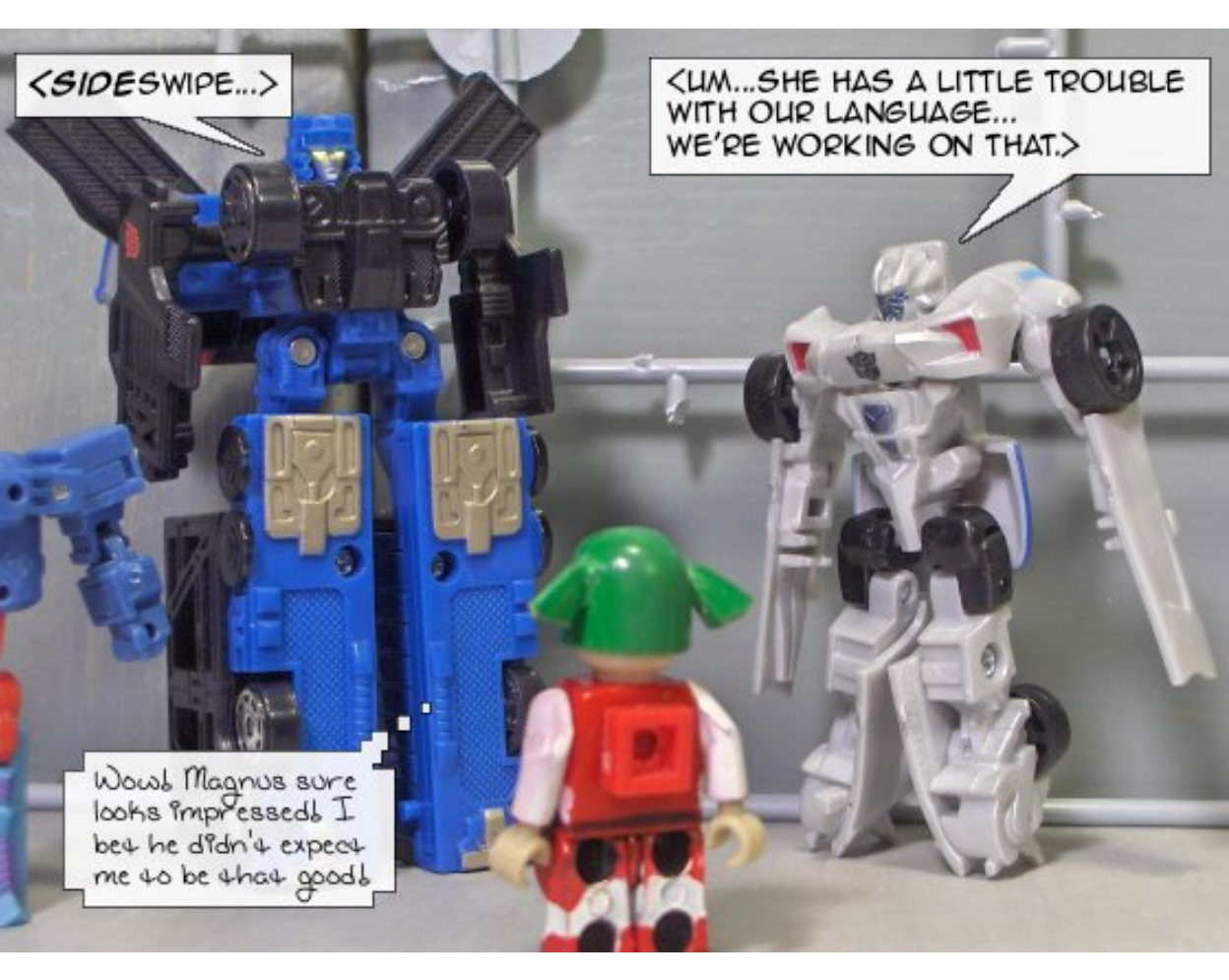
<I JUST WENT OUT FOR  
A LITTLE REFRESHMENT  
WITH MY GOOD FRIEND  
TSUGARU, HERE!>



<I am like the acquaintance of  
the noble eggplant & let us gather  
plum blossoms >







<SIDESWIPE...>

<UM...SHE HAS A LITTLE TROUBLE  
WITH OUR LANGUAGE...  
WE'RE WORKING ON THAT.>

Wow! Magnus sure  
looks impressed! I  
bet he didn't expect  
me to be that good!



<SLAG THE LANGUAGE!  
YOU LET A POTENTIAL  
ENEMY AGENT IN HERE!  
HAVE YOU SMELTED  
YOUR PROCESSOR?!>

<SHE'S NO AGENT,  
COMMANDER, AND  
YOU KNOW IT.  
BUT SHE COULD BE  
A LOT OF USE TO US!>



I don't understand  
Did I get the honorific  
wrong, or something?





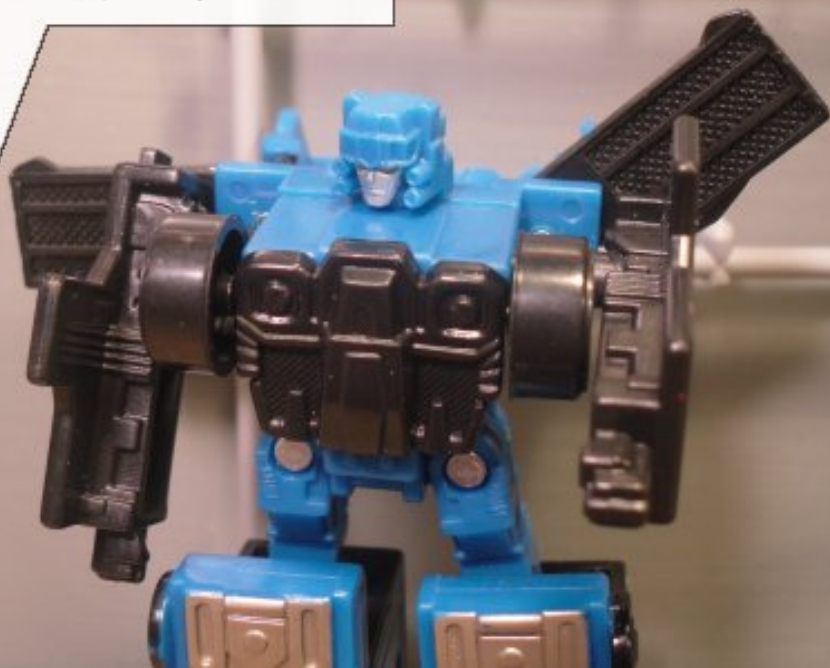
<HER FRIENDS ARE PRISONERS.>

<GIVE HER A CHANCE TO RESCUE THEM, AND TO FIND OUT WHERE YOUR PRETTY ROCK WENT... MAYBE EVEN BRING IT BACK!>

<SHE CAN DO IT! VECTOR SIGMA, SHE ALMOST BEAT THUNDERCRACKER!>

It was this close

<SIDESWIPE MAY HAVE A POINT,  
COMMANDER. IN SUCH A  
CASE, A FULL-SCALE ASSAULT  
MAY FAIL OF MERE INERTIA,  
WHERE A SMALL RAID COULD  
SUCCEED BRILLIANTLY. >





MM.

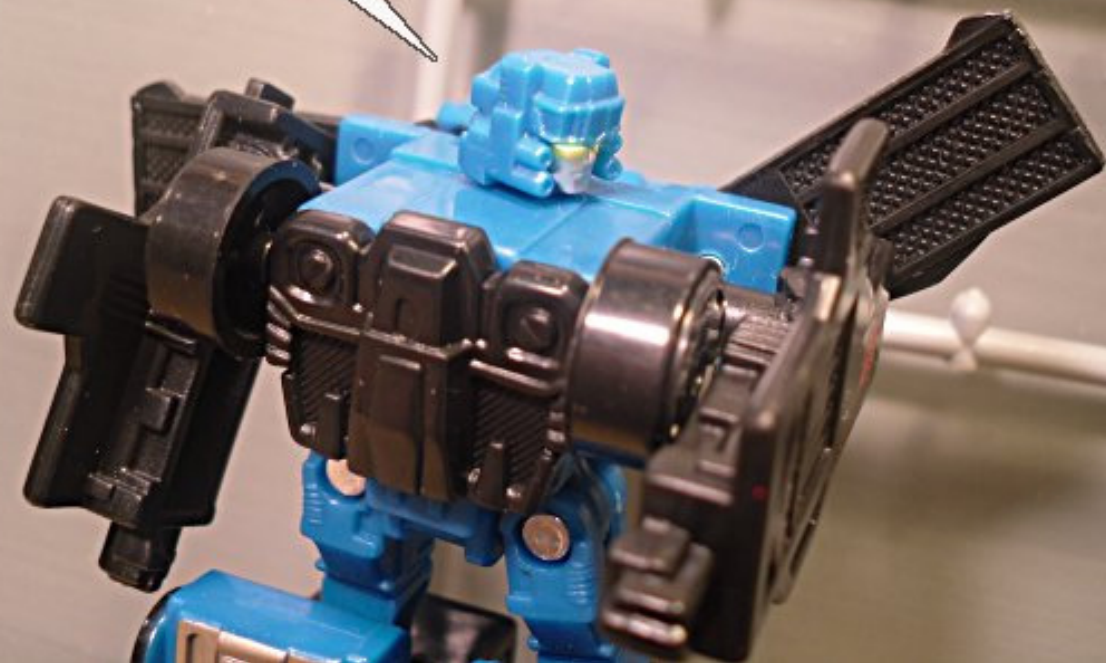
<AND I SUPPOSE  
WOULD BE LEADING THIS  
LITTLE EXCURSION.>

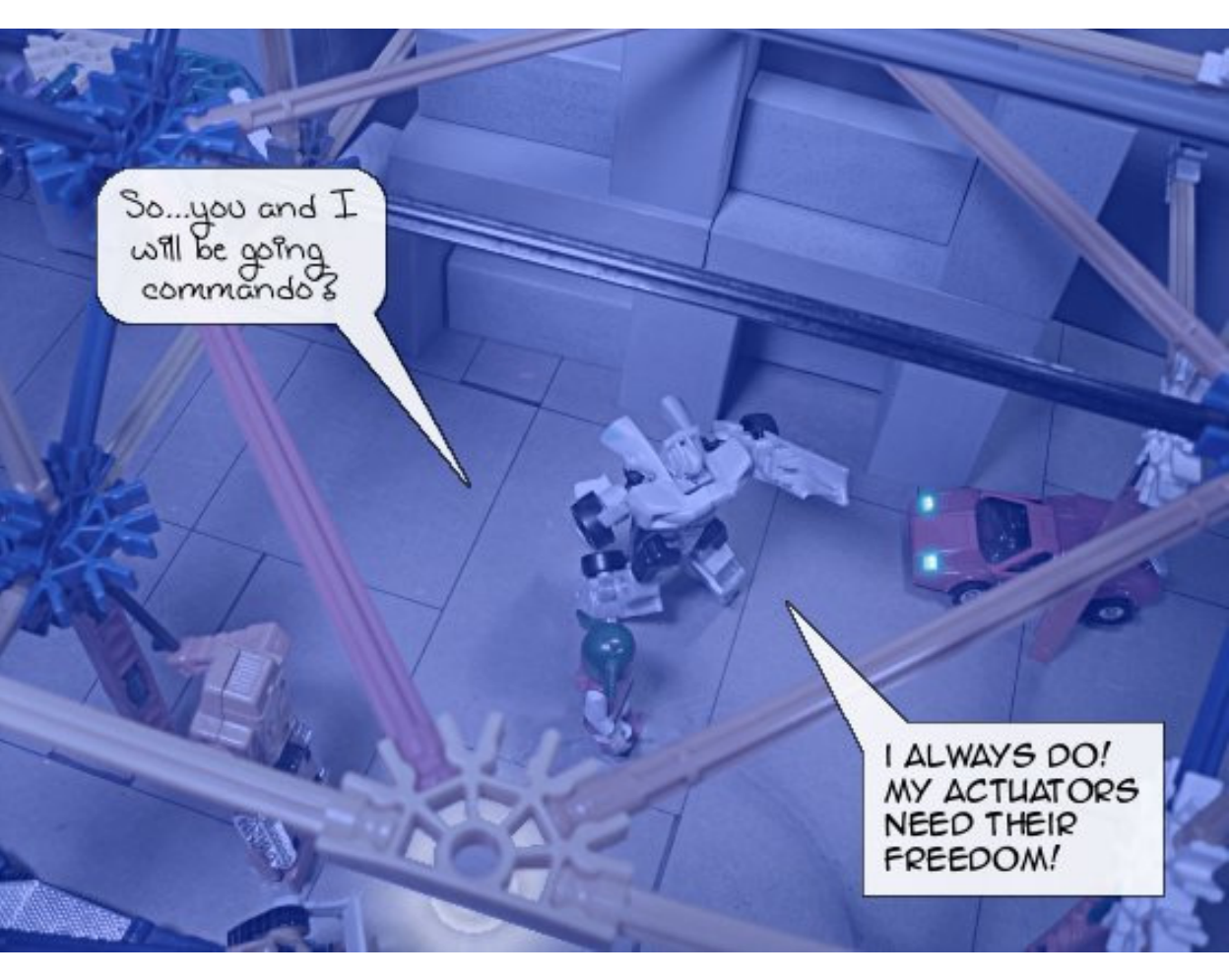
<NATURALLY.>

<OF COURSE,  
I WOULD NEED  
A FEW MORE  
MECHS, AND A  
FLIER OR TWO.>



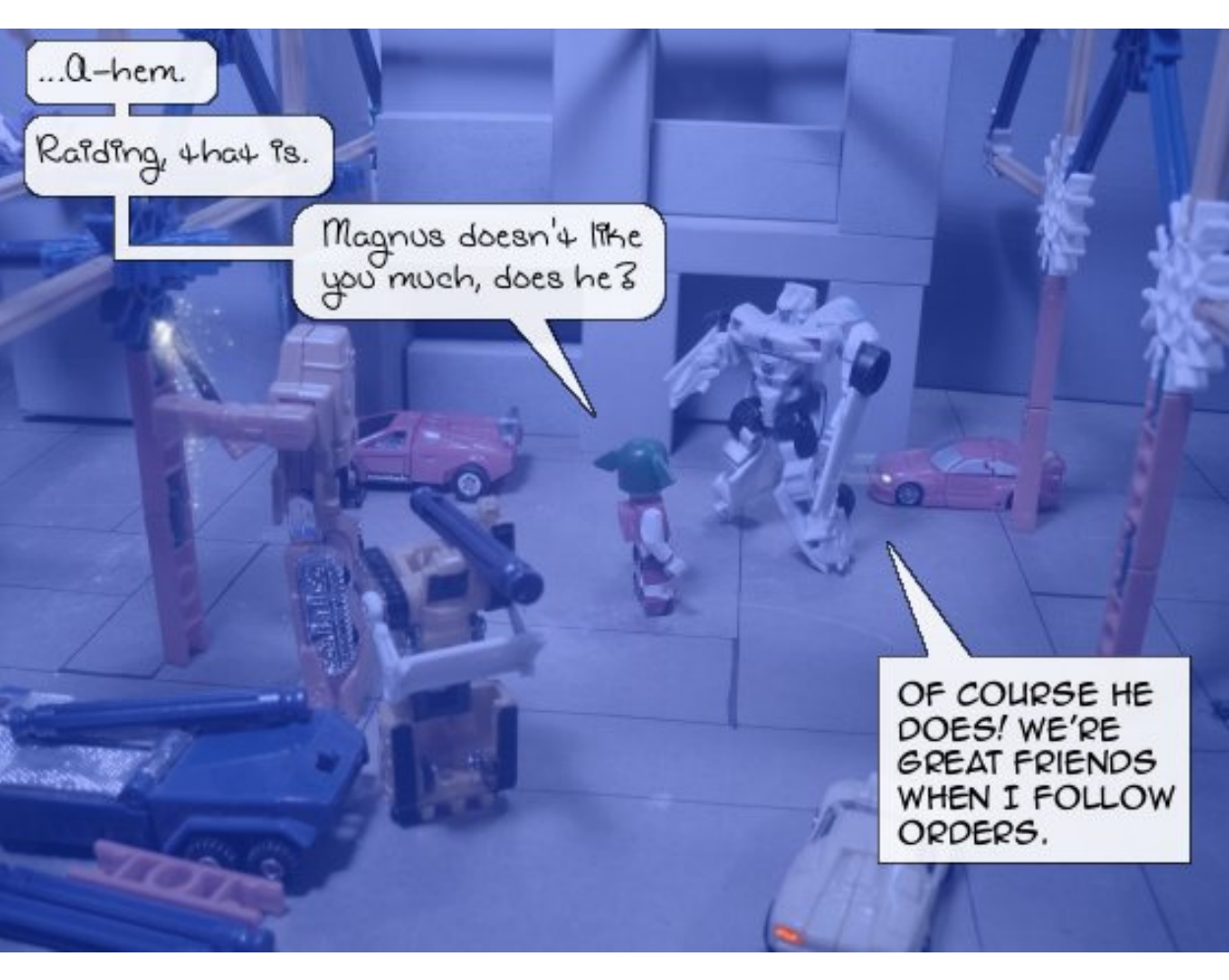
<OH, VERY WELL. YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION.  
AT LEAST IT WILL RID ME OF YOU FOR A LITTLE WHILE...  
MAYBE EVEN PERMANENTLY -- BUT I'M NOT GOING  
TO EXPECT SUCH A MIRACLE!>





So...you and I  
will be going  
commando?

I ALWAYS DO!  
MY ACTUATORS  
NEED THEIR  
FREEDOM!

A LEGO minifigure scene set in a grey, blocky environment. A large white robot with black joints and a black head is positioned in the center-right. A small green minifigure with a red torso and white legs stands in the center. To the left, there is a large orange and black mechanical structure. In the background, there are two red cars and a grey car in the foreground. The scene is lit with a blueish light.

...A-hem.

Raiding, that is.

Magnus doesn't like  
you much, does he?

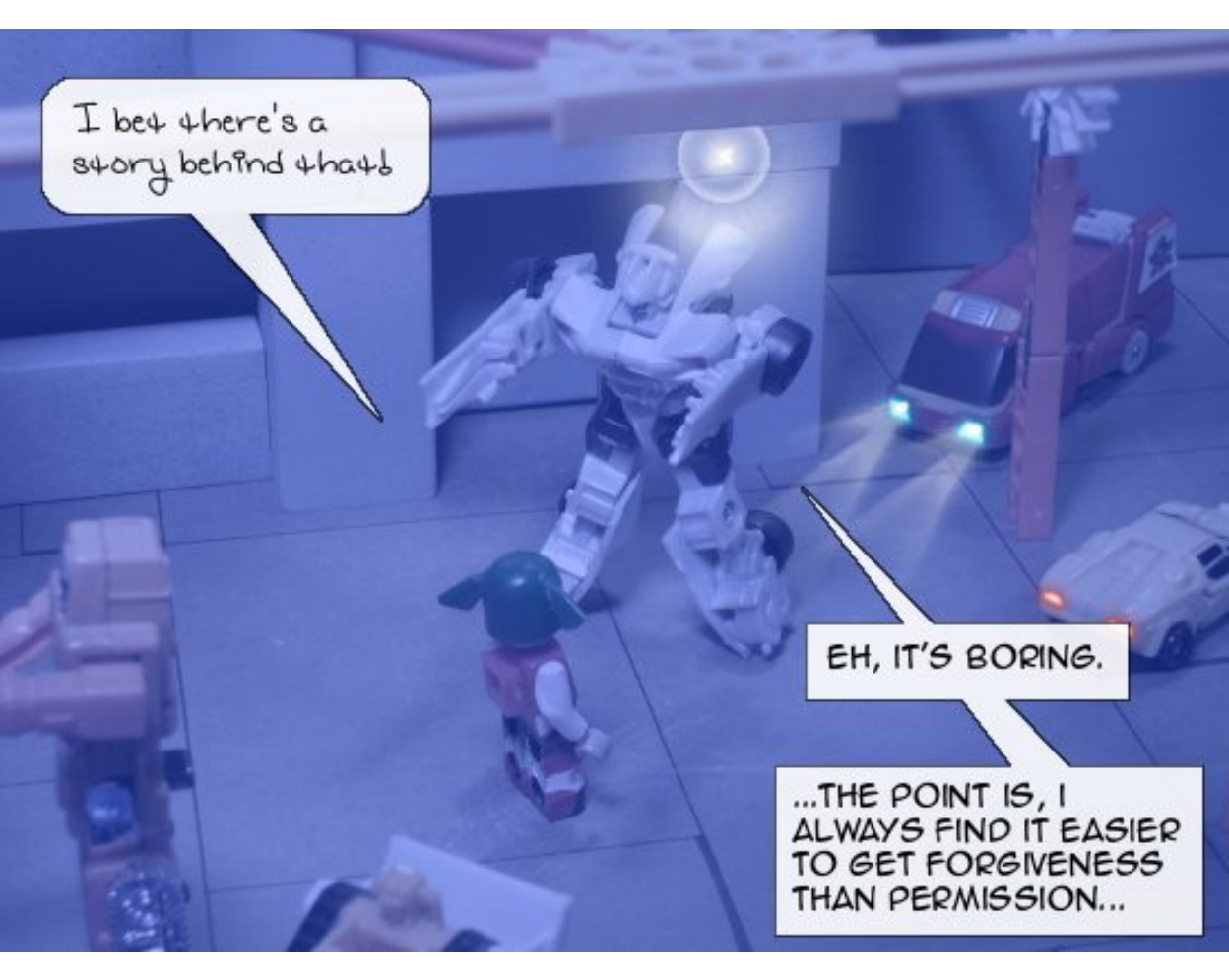
OF COURSE HE  
DOES! WE'RE  
GREAT FRIENDS  
WHEN I FOLLOW  
ORDERS.

...WHICH I USUALLY DO. I'VE  
TAKEN A FEW LIBERTIES,  
SURE. I'VE ALSO PULLED  
THEIR FUELTANKS OUT OF  
THE FIRE A FEW TIMES.

...THE LATEST  
TIME IS WHAT  
LANDED ME  
IN MICRONIA  
GENERAL!







I bet there's a  
story behind that

EH, IT'S BORING.

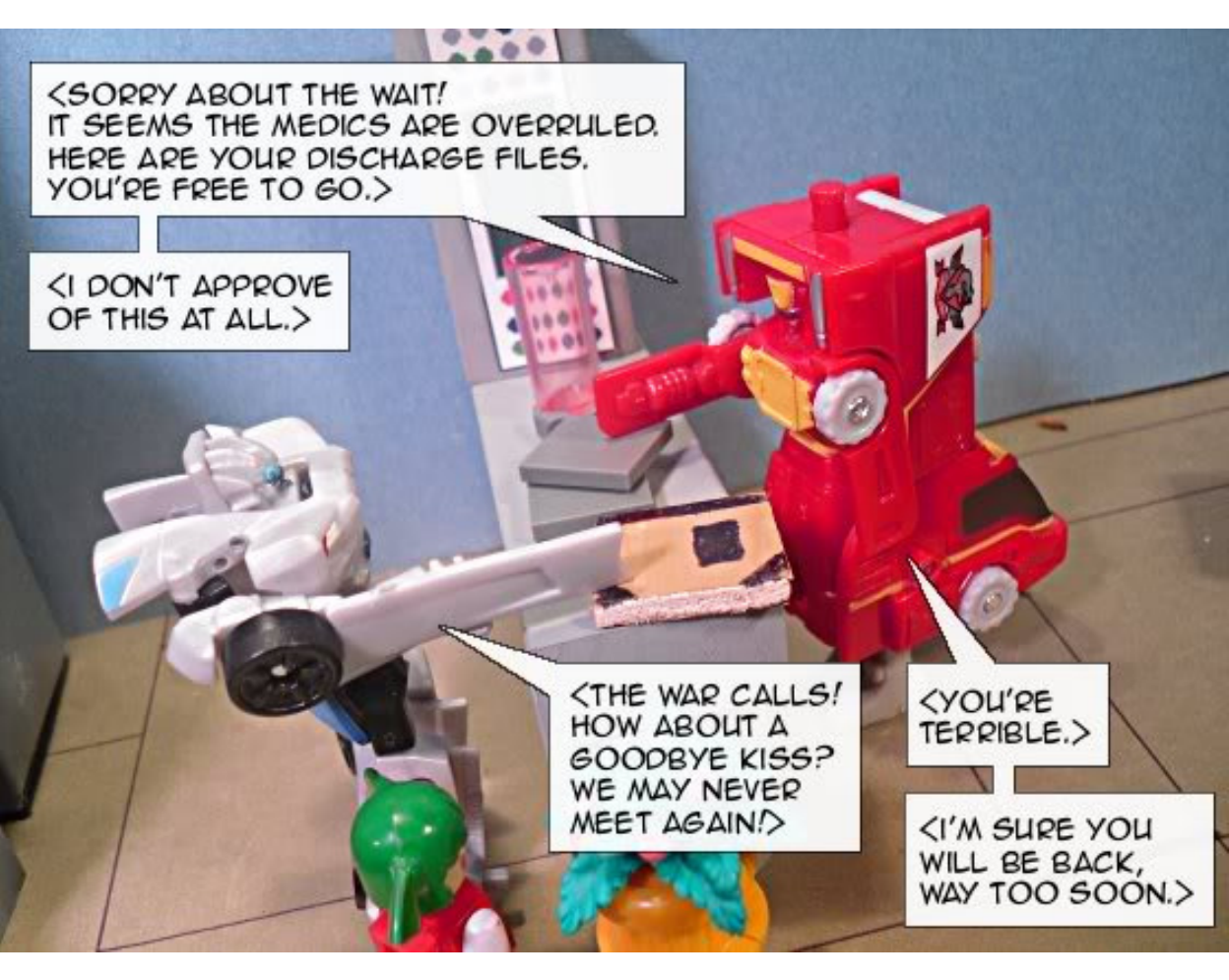
...THE POINT IS, I  
ALWAYS FIND IT EASIER  
TO GET FORGIVENESS  
THAN PERMISSION...



=>AHEM!<=

...AND THEN  
THERE ARE  
THE TIMES  
WHEN YOU  
JUST CAN'T  
GET EITHER  
OF THOSE...

=>SIGH.<=



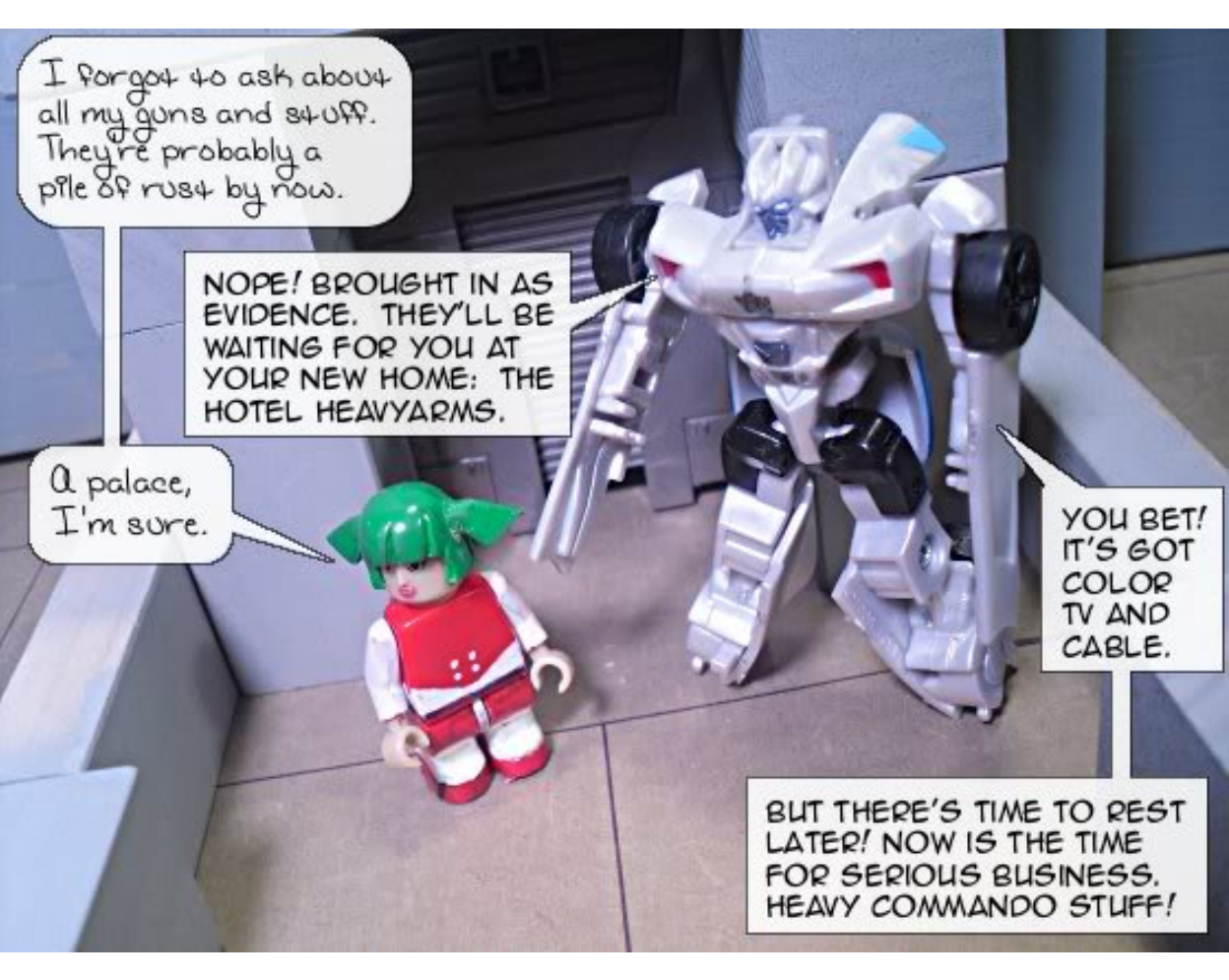
<SORRY ABOUT THE WAIT!  
IT SEEMS THE MEDICS ARE OVERRULED.  
HERE ARE YOUR DISCHARGE FILES.  
YOU'RE FREE TO GO.>

<I DON'T APPROVE  
OF THIS AT ALL.>

<THE WAR CALLS!  
HOW ABOUT A  
GOODBYE KISS?  
WE MAY NEVER  
MEET AGAIN!>

<YOU'RE  
TERRIBLE.>

<I'M SURE YOU  
WILL BE BACK,  
WAY TOO SOON.>



I forgot to ask about  
all my guns and stuff.  
They're probably a  
pile of rust by now.


NOPE! BROUGHT IN AS  
EVIDENCE. THEY'LL BE  
WAITING FOR YOU AT  
YOUR NEW HOME: THE  
HOTEL HEAVYARMS.

A palace,  
I'm sure.

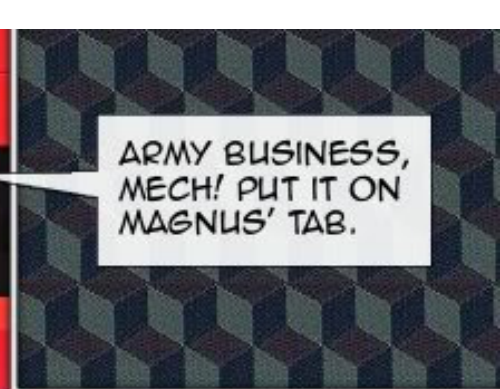
YOU BET!  
IT'S GOT  
COLOR  
TV AND  
CABLE.

BUT THERE'S TIME TO REST  
LATER! NOW IS THE TIME  
FOR SERIOUS BUSINESS.  
HEAVY COMMANDO STUFF!

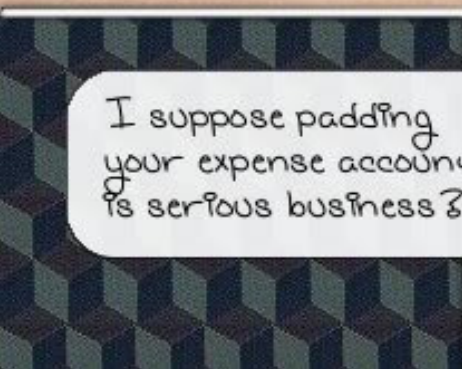





A video  
arcade?



ARMY BUSINESS,  
MECH! PUT IT ON  
MAGNUS' TAB.



I suppose padding  
your expense account  
is serious business?



IT'S MORE  
OF A HOBBY.



...BUT THIS IS  
A LEGITIMATE  
TRAINING  
EXERCISE.

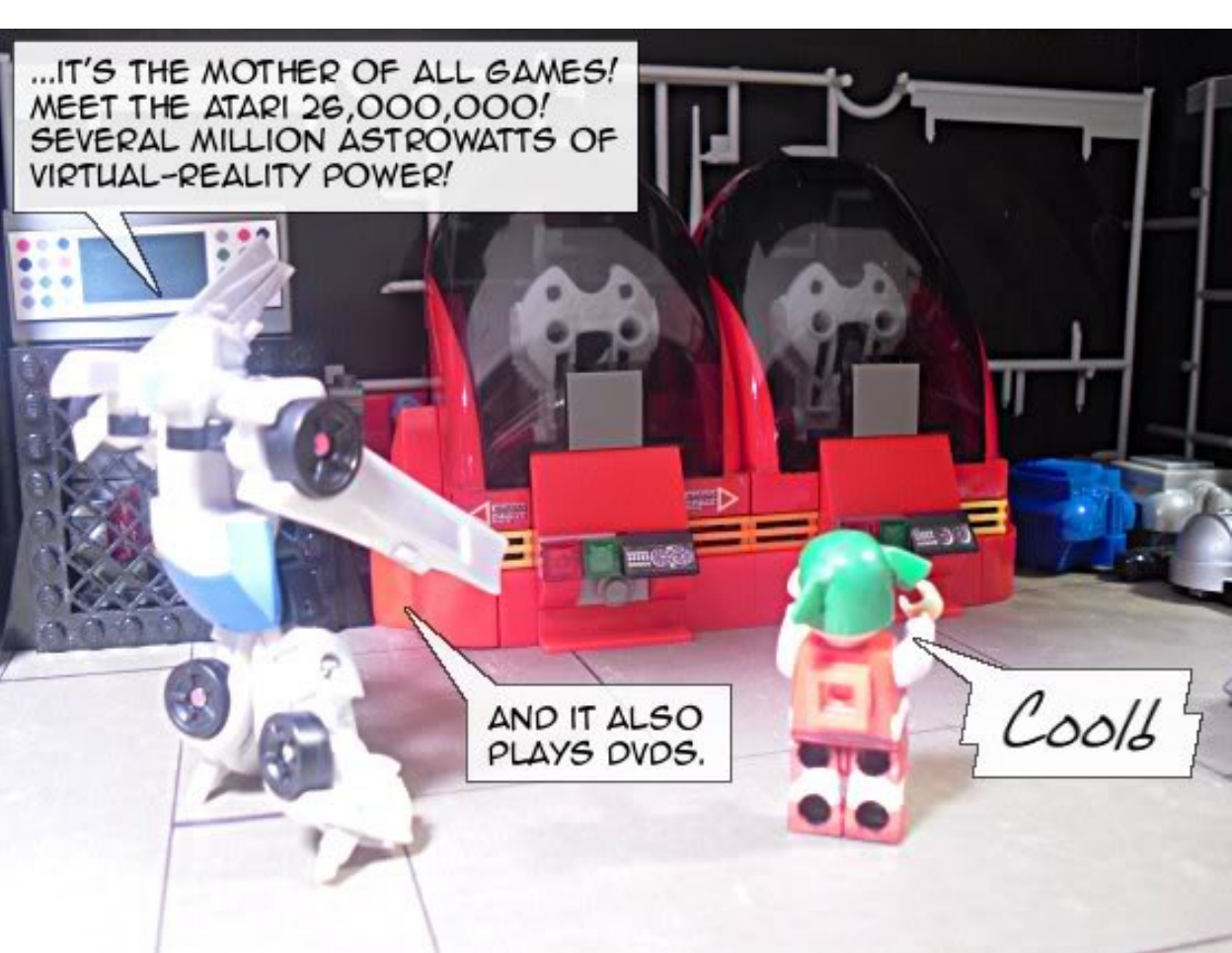
A game?

WHAT IS BEHIND  
THAT BORING GRAY  
DOOR IS NOT JUST  
ANY GAME!

...IT'S THE MOTHER OF ALL GAMES!  
MEET THE ATARI 26,000,000!  
SEVERAL MILLION ASTROWATTS OF  
VIRTUAL-REALITY POWER!

AND IT ALSO  
PLAYS DVDS.

Cool!





HOW'S THE FIT, TSUP?

Snugg

GOOD. BETTER CHECK YOUR  
HELMET SEAL, AIR-BREATHER!

Right.

ALL SET?

You bet

HERE WE GO!

WAAAAAAAAAAAAEEEEEEEEEE



```
--AweXXXomE-->
Okay, Tsugaru.
I'm starting the
simulation. Don't
panic.
```



```
HWN_TSU>
Why would I panic?
It's just a game.
I've played games -
```

それはサンタクロースのタイプではない!  
それは安いロボットおよび愚かな帽子である!  
これは曲解である!

私は私のネクタイにケチャップをこぼした。  
私はタオルを取って来なければならない。

```
HWN_TSU>
Whoa! I can
actually feel
the floor!
```

[illegible]

LV. 84 HardwareWareNightmare

LP  
SP

5700 / 5700  
1225 / 1934

jaAmmed!

314.3

POL CP EX BRT 6.29 %\$#@%

**SURPRISE!**

**WHAT?!**

⇒KA-KLIK!⇐

⇒KA-KLIK!⇐

⇒KA-KLIK!⇐

⇒KA-KLIK!⇐

⇒KA-KLIK!⇐

HWN\_TSU> Hey, this  
looks familiar...

**HOLY STACK OVERFLOWS!**

**READY  
OR NOT!**



HWN\_TSU> HEY! HEY!  
 YOU ATTACKED BEFORE MY DRAMATIC POSE!  
 YOU CAN'T DO THAT! IT'S CHEATING!  
 CHEATING IS VERY NAUGHTY!

LV. 84 HardwareWetwareNightmare

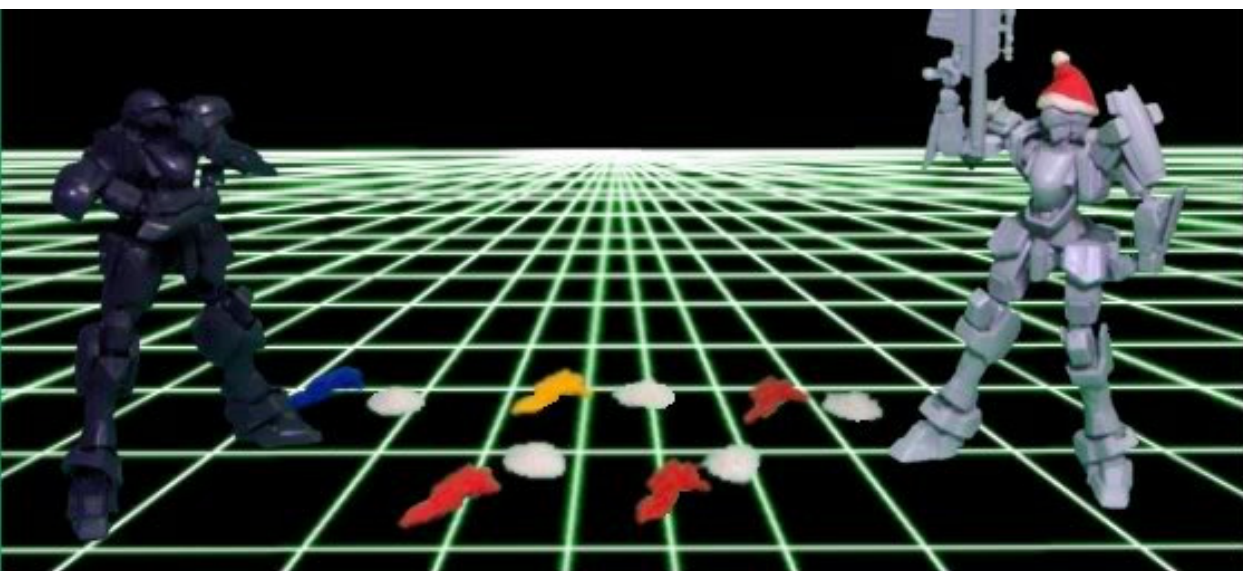
LP 5700 / 5700  
 SP 1225 / 1934

MAD 20s!

314.3



DDDDD	IIII	EEEEEE	??
D DD	II	EE	??
D DD	II	EEEE	??
D DD	II	EE	??
DDDDD	IIII	EEEEEE	??



HWN\_TSU> Well?

--AweXXXomE--> That...that was the intro. The loading screen. You just disintegrated the intro. That's never happened before...

HWN\_TSU> Whoops! Sorry about that.

--AweXXXomE--> Are you kidding? That ruled! Of course, we should probably quit and reboot before the system cra



NARRATOR:

IT BEGAN AS A GAME...  
BUT THE RULES HAVE CHANGED!



THE PLUCKY PLAYERS HAVE BECOME  
GRIM GLADIATORS, DUELING  
DYSFUNCTIONAL DATA IN A DIRE  
DIGITAL DEATHMATCH...

xpTAl.exe



**System recovery complete.**

That means playtime is over!  
Please put away the Light Cycles.

**NARRATOR:**

Wait...do you mean  
they're not stuck here?

xpTAl.exe



No, they're not stuck.  
Didn't you read  
your script?

**NARRATOR:**

Of course I read  
my script!

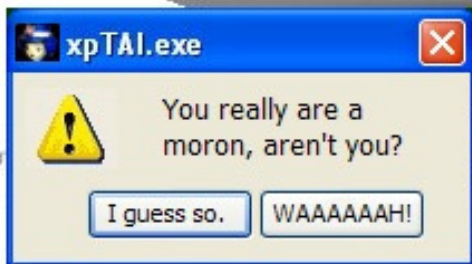
Already?  
Aw, nuts.



→SUSPICIOUS RUSTLE←

NARRATOR:

Well! How about that?  
I guess I just  
remembered the script  
wrong. The rehearsal  
was a little rushed.



BLURRY  
ROBOT  
PRODUCTIONS

NARRATOR (aside):  
Ugh! Who writes this  
rubbish?

Oh, well. Roll the  
film, Bolthead...

NARRATOR:

NO, BOLTHEAD! NO!  
NOT THAT REEL!  
NEVER THAT REEL!!

# HOW FUZORS ARE MADE

---

T-M-I Instructional Films

A TRANSMETAL PRODUCTION

Copyright MCMXCVIII Maximal Rattrap



QUICK! PULL THE  
POWER CORD BEFORE  
IT'S TOO LA-



NARRATOR:


WHEW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE.

THERE ARE SOME THINGS IN THIS LIFE  
WE ARE NOT MEANT TO KNOW.

TRUST ME.



NOW, ON WITH  
OUR STORY...



Ha! Soon you'll be  
wearing my sword  
like a shish kebab!

First you'll have to  
stop waving it around  
like a feather duster!

NARRATOR:  
SETBACKS NOTWITHSTANDING, THE SIMULATION IS SOON UNDER WAY.  
THE GRAPHICS ARE STELLAR; THE COMBAT, UTTERLY REALISTIC.  
SOON BOTH PLAYERS ARE UTTERLY DRAWN INTO THEIR ASTOUNDING  
VIRTUAL WORLD.

...I'VE GOT NEXT, OKAY?

(MORE)

NARRATOR:

AHEM...BUT THIS IS MORE THAN PHYSICAL TRAINING; IT IS A TEST,  
A TRIAL OF INDIVIDUAL SKILL, AND OF TEAMWORK; AN ASSESSMENT OF  
THIS UNLIKELY DUO IN WIDELY VARIED COMBAT SITUATIONS...

URBAN  
WARFARE...



Zaku: "BARF!"

...COMMANDO  
INFILTRATION  
TACTICS...

That's a big jump.  
I'd better back up  
to take a run on -

Commander! What  
are you doing here?

I just logged in to  
check your progress.  
Carry on, Sideswipe.



2  
2  
4  
2  
1  
3  
1

SLAG! A 2 X 2!  
I'M IN TROUBLE UP  
HERE, SUE!



YOU THINK YOU'VE  
GOT TROUBLES?  
I'M STUCK!

NEXT



...EVEN TRIALS  
OF SEEMINGLY  
UNWARLIKE SKILLS;  
GEOMETRY, PROBLEM  
SOLVING...FOR A  
SOLDIER'S MIND  
IS A WEAPON AS  
WELL, AND ONE  
WHICH MUST OFTEN  
SERVE WHEN OTHERS  
HAVE FAILED...

AND... UH... DANCING TO JAPANESE POP MUSIC...  
IN CASE ONE HAS TO... INFILTRATE SOME SORT OF  
EVIL HYPNOTIC DANCE CLUB? ...I GOT NOTHIN'.

PERFECT!!

121↑  
combo

PERFECT!!

121↓  
combo

KONO MACHI MO ANO FUSHIGI NA SHOUTENGAI MO!  
MINA! ANATA NO SUTEKI NA NAKAMA NAN DESU YO!  
KOKOROSHYOI HODO OWEN SHITE KURERU!

OH YEAH!  
Perfect  
Score!

→SMACK←

We are  
AWESOME!  
High five!

Yes, my young apprentices.  
You HAVE done well.



Who the hex  
are you?

...but you are not  
Jedi yet!

Did we say we were?

You must face the  
ultimate test.

He's not  
listening.

Must be a  
cut-scene.

Prepare yourselves!  
Battle awaits in...

**DISCO TECH!**

This makes no sense.

Just go with it.



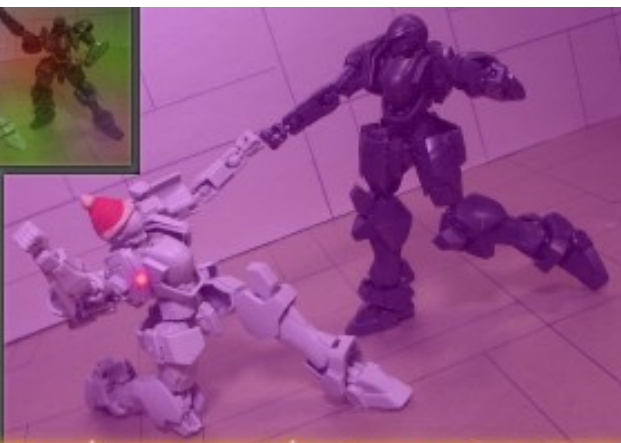
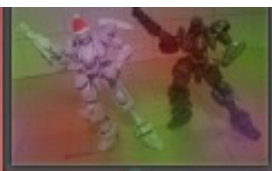
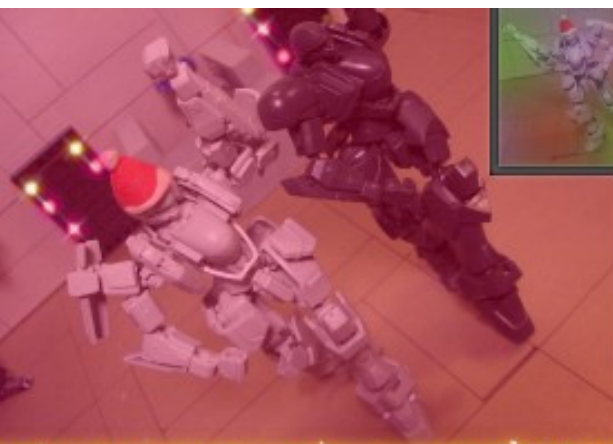
I hope you're  
all hungry-



-because you're about to get SERVED!

**DISCO  
TECH**





הנה מנגינת השיר "החורף בא" (The Winter is Here) בלחן של משה דיין.



Aw come on! Play "Wrapped Around Your Finger." It's a great song!

xpTAI.exe  
Don't tell the director I said so, but I'd rather play "Miss Gradenko".

Don't kill the groove, Barricade. Where are Frenzy and Shaider?

YOUR TWO FRIENDS ARE WATCHING THE DOOR FOR ME.

IT WAS NICE OF THEM TO OFFER. I WAS GETTING TIRED OF KEEPING THE CRASHERS OUT.



WHAT'S THE  
MATTER,  
COUSIN?

HNF.

HARDLY  
MY SORT  
OF CROWD.

...MOB,  
RATHER.

PLEASE!

DON'T  
FIGHT!

...THERE'S  
PLENTY TO  
GO AROUND!

*BURN, BABY, BURN!*

HURRY,  
CHARLENE!

*DISCO  
INFERNO!*

WE'LL MISS  
THE LIMBO!



"SHAID-ER! YOU SAID YOU AND FRENZY  
WOULD KEEP THE CRASHERS OUT!"

"We did, Bulkhead!  
Most of them, anyway."

"THEN HOW DID ALL OF  
THESE PEOPLE GET IN?"



"Well, we let in some Autobots. They won't make trouble."

"JUST THEM?"

**BLUESTREAK! I'LL KILL YOU,  
YOU DATE-STEALING SCRAPLET!**

W-WHAT?

HI! I'M  
INVISIBLE!

**THOUGHT I WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE YOUR  
INVISIBLE BUDDY, MIRAGE, DIDN'T YOU?**

"...and, you know, the babe-types, too. I didn't think anybody would mind."

"AND THAT'S ALL?"

THERE'S A NICE SLOW  
SONG COMING UP --

YOU'RE SO CUTE! LET'S DANCE!


I DON'T KNOW HOW!

I DON'T  
DANCE.

UGH!

I'LL TEACH YOU HOW!  
LET'S GO TO MY PLACE!

THAT  
SOUNDS  
LIKE FUN!



WHOA, LADIES!  
SLOW DOWN! LET  
OL' POWERGLIDE  
LEAD!

"I guess the rest  
came in when I  
was napping."

*"A NAP? THAT DOES  
IT! AAAAAARRRRGH!"*

I'LL BE...WRAPPED AROUND YOUR FINGER...

I like the new salute,  
Prowl, but we need  
to find Shaider!



Don't forget  
my album!

IF YOU'RE LOOKING  
FOR THE SHINY BLUE  
GUY, HE'S HANGING  
FROM THE FLAGPOLE  
BY HIS WAISTBAND.





That was fun! You're  
a great dancer, too!

Thanks! You're not bad, either!  
I remember how...how I used to  
do this all the time, back in  
the old days.



So...

Was that a date?



Hahaha! A date?  
That's a good one,  
Tsugu! I hadn't -

Oh.

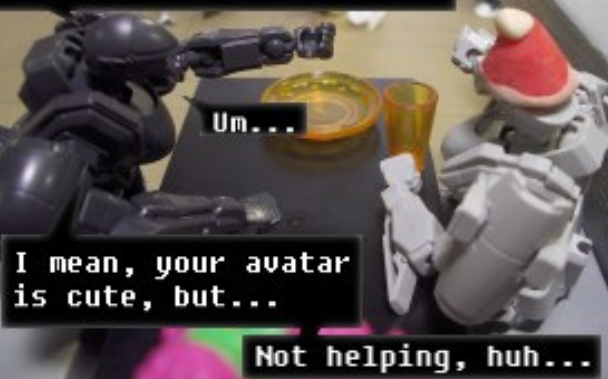
You're serious,  
aren't you?



Please don't get  
me wrong! I like  
you, and you're  
fun to be around!  
I just don't find  
you in any way  
attractive...

That...that sounded  
rude. I'm sorry...

It's just...technorganics  
are, you know, icky...



Um...

I mean, your avatar  
is cute, but...

Not helping, huh...

blah blah  
blah, foot  
in mouth,



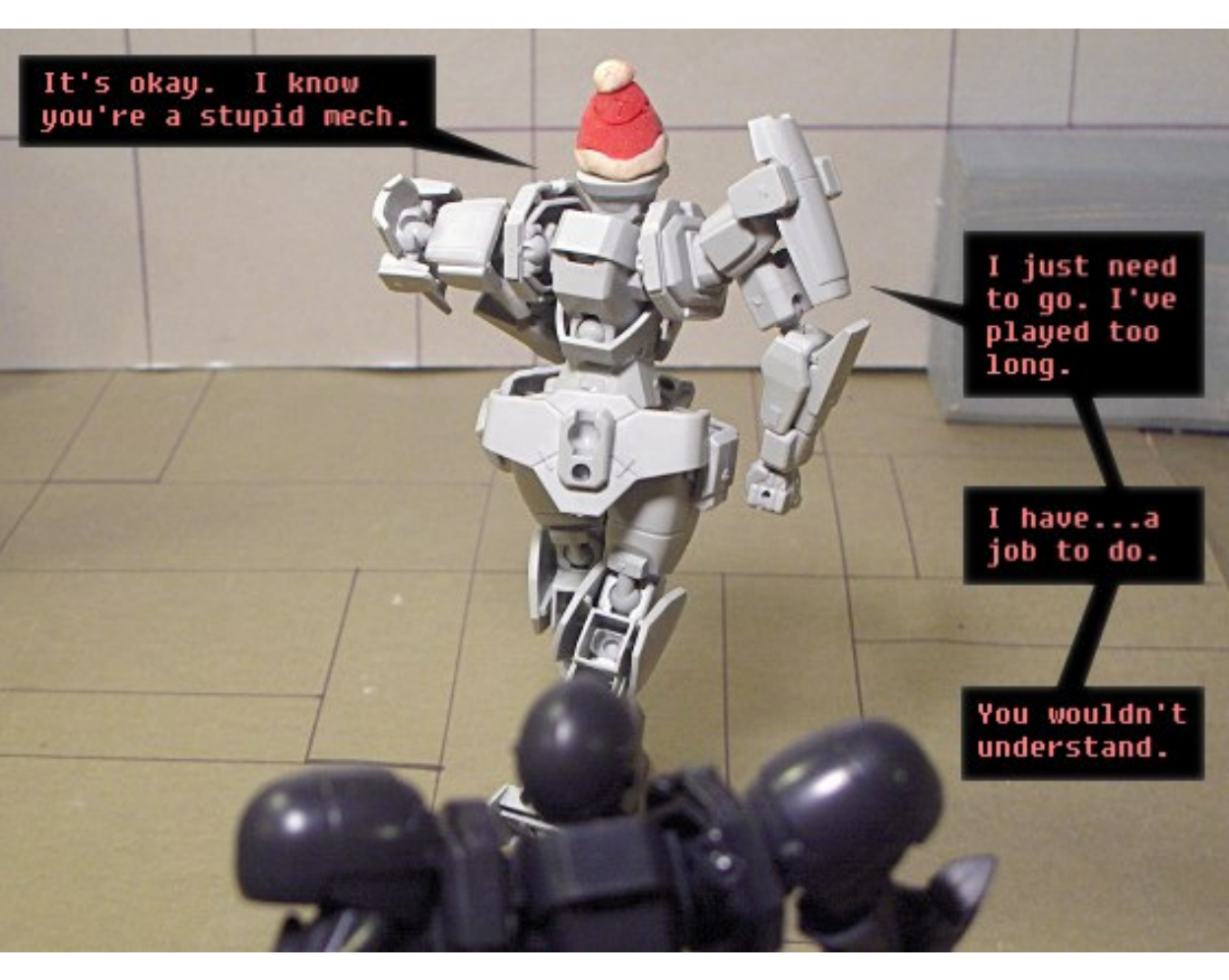
blah blah  
blah,  
stupid man



I have to go.  
Right now.



I'm...I'm sorry, Tsugaru.  
I am a very stupid mech.



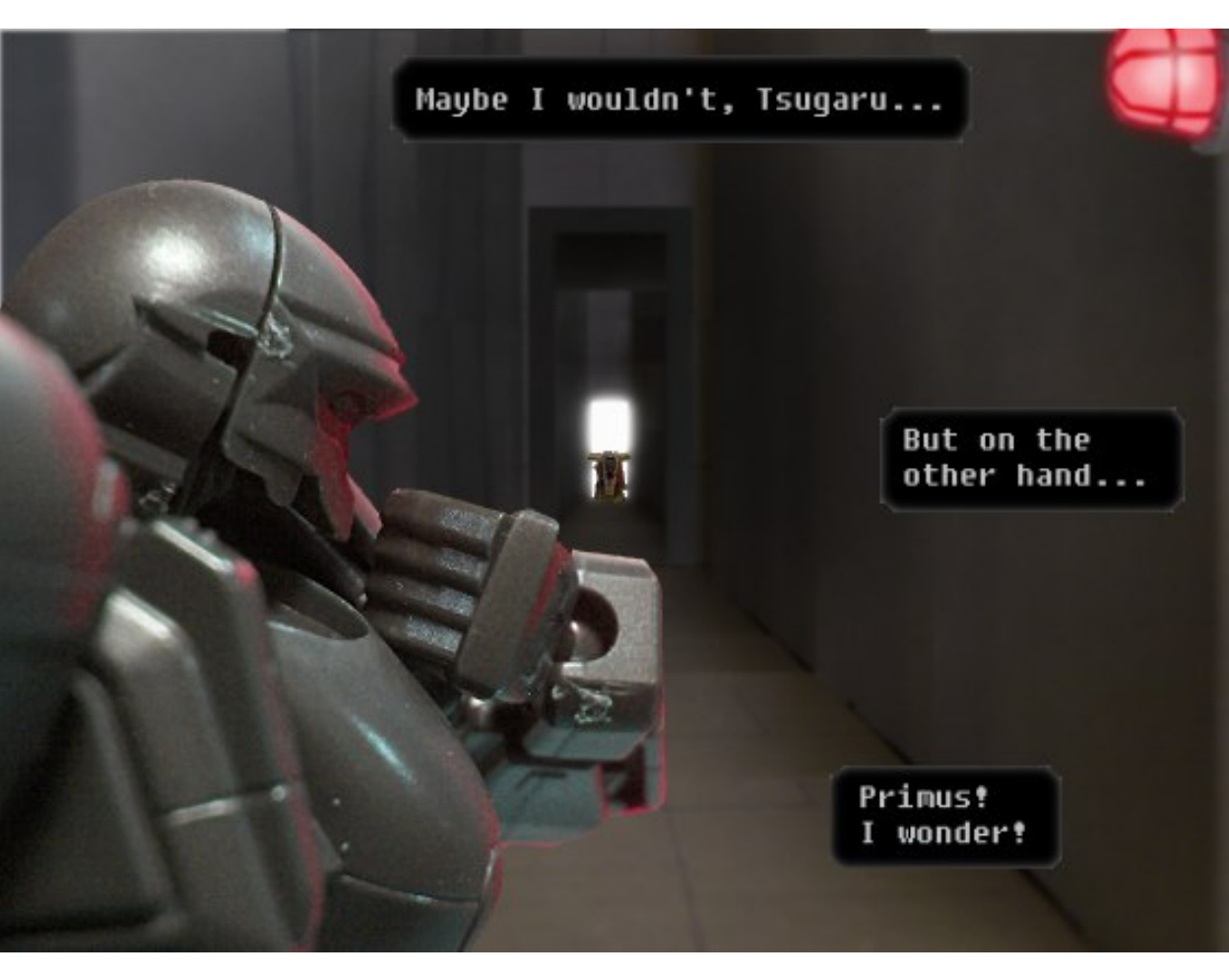
It's okay. I know  
you're a stupid mech.

I just need  
to go. I've  
played too  
long.

I have...a  
job to do.

You wouldn't  
understand.

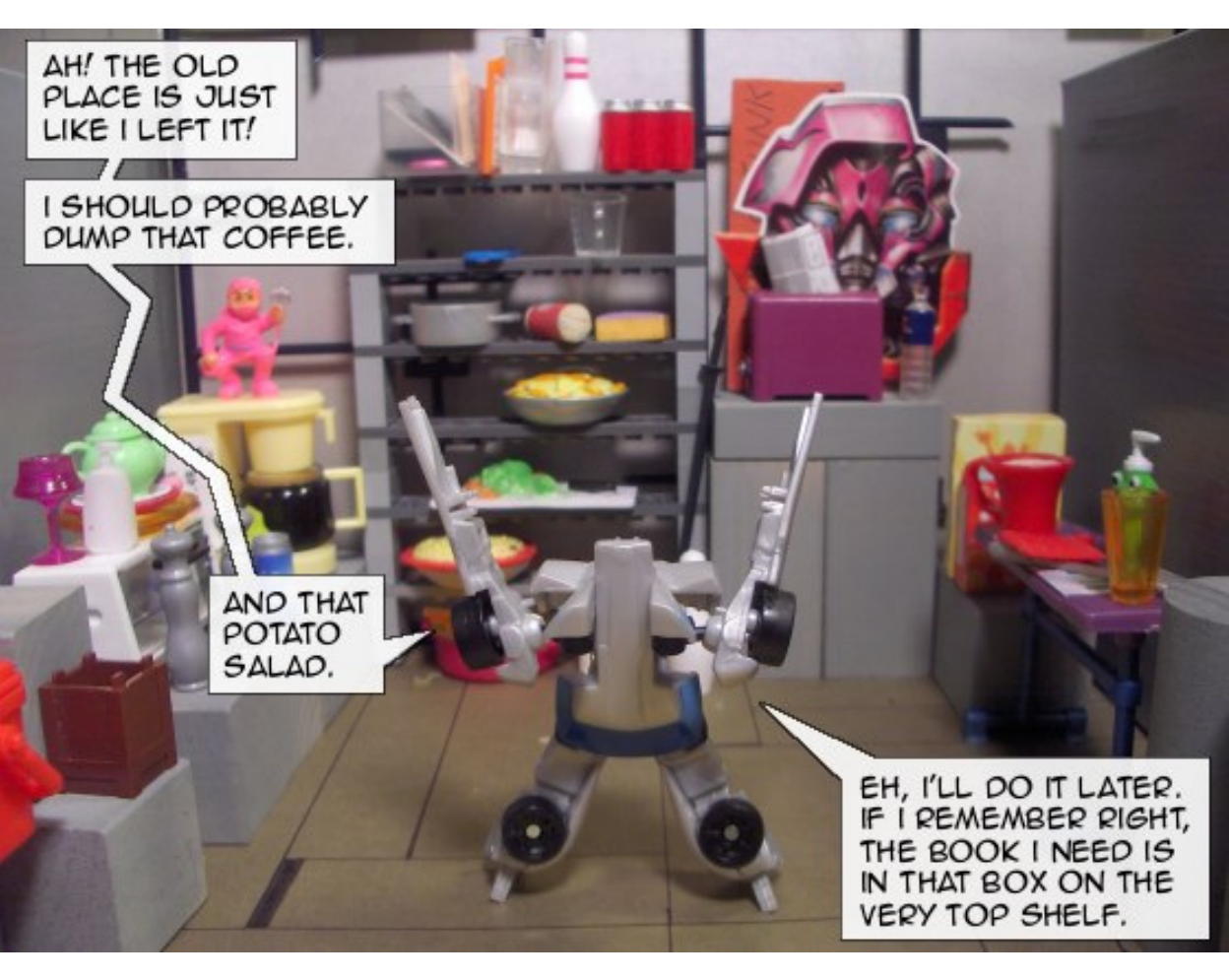




Maybe I wouldn't, Tsugaru...

But on the  
other hand...

Prinus?  
I wonder!

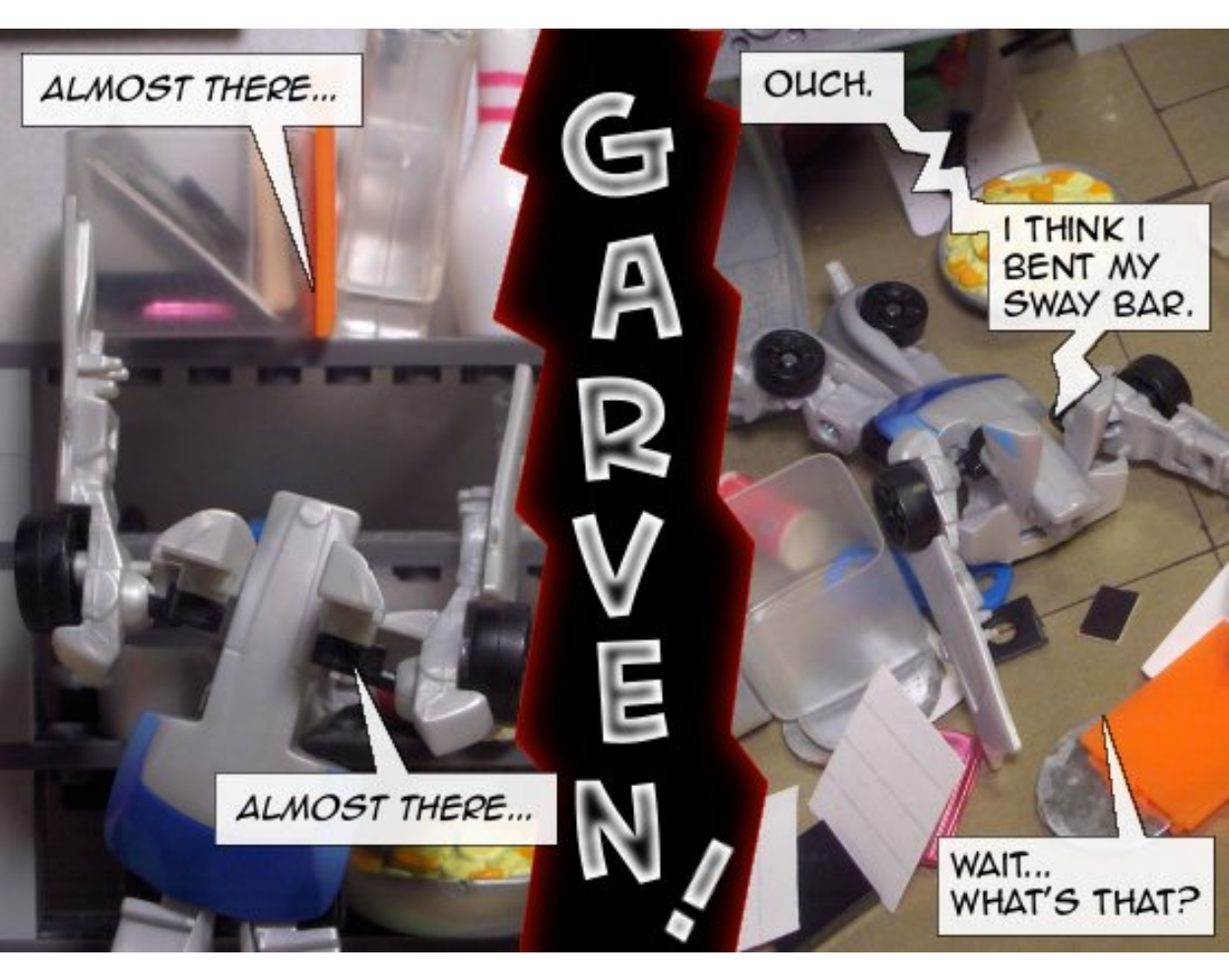
A LEGO minifigure, which appears to be a character with a white head and a blue body, stands in the center of a kitchen. The kitchen is built with various LEGO bricks and accessories. In the background, there are shelves with a white bowling ball, red cups, and a pink and purple box. To the left, there is a yellow coffee maker and a pink teapot. To the right, there is a red teapot and a green bottle. The floor is made of tan-colored bricks. The minifigure has its arms raised, and there are speech bubbles coming from it.

AH! THE OLD  
PLACE IS JUST  
LIKE I LEFT IT!

I SHOULD PROBABLY  
DUMP THAT COFFEE.

AND THAT  
POTATO  
SALAD.

EH, I'LL DO IT LATER.  
IF I REMEMBER RIGHT,  
THE BOOK I NEED IS  
IN THAT BOX ON THE  
VERY TOP SHELF.



ALMOST THERE...

OUCH.

I THINK I  
BENT MY  
SWAY BAR.

ALMOST THERE...

GARN!

WAIT...  
WHAT'S THAT?


A close-up shot of a white plastic robot head, likely from a Transformers toy. The robot has a blue gem on its forehead and a black wheel-like structure on its side. The background is blurred, showing some indistinct shapes and colors.

P...PRIMUS!

I...I THOUGHT  
I LOST...THIS  
PICTURE...

I MUST HAVE...MUST  
HAVE BEEN USING...  
AS... BOOKMARK...  
BEFORE...BEFORE...



A white and blue LEGO Technic robot is the central focus, standing on a light-colored tiled floor. The robot has a complex design with various Technic parts, including a large black wheel on its right side and a blue piece on its head. It is surrounded by household items: a white cup to the left, a red and white can to the left, a bowl of yellow and orange food to the right, and a white sock with red stripes in the foreground. The background is dark and cluttered with various objects.

STELLITE!

WHY?

PRIMUS,  
WHY?!

Hiya, Swipers! You didn't answer the door, so I just barged in. Hope you don't mind! Oh, and I'm borrowing your wheelbarrow for a run to the gun shop...my gosh! what happened in here?

Sideswipe?

Are you okay?



Konami!  
You're -

Sideswiped  
Pleaseed  
What is  
wrong?  
Please talk  
to me

YOU...

SOUND  
LIKE HER...

YOU  
SOUND  
JUST...  
LIKE...



≡AHM!≡

C...COMMANDER!

I'M F...FINE. GOT  
TO...FIND A  
FRAME. DON'T  
WANT TO...TO  
LOSE...

AT EASE,  
SIDESWIPE.

FIND THAT FRAME...AND  
TAKE THE DAY OFF TO  
CLEAN THIS PLACE UP.

He....

He  
was...

WAR IS HELL,  
PRETENDER.

BUT SOMETIMES  
THE DEVILS GO  
TOO FAR.



Who -

HER NAME WAS  
STELLITE.

I SUPPOSE I  
SHOULD TELL  
YOU THE WHOLE  
STORY. I  
DON'T WANT YOU  
BOTHERING  
SIDESWIPE  
FOR IT.

SHE WAS AN  
ARCHAEOLOGIST.  
SIDESWIPE WAS  
A GRAD STUDENT.  
THEY MET ON A  
DIG HERE, AND  
DECIDED TO STAY  
AND WORK FOR US.

~SIGH~

YOU NEVER SAW SUCH  
A HAPPY COUPLE.  
I REMEMBER STOPPING  
OVER TO REVIEW FIELD  
WORK, CHECK DATA...  
ALWAYS STAYED FOR  
A DRINK, OR CARDS...  
THOSE WERE THE GOOD  
TIMES, TSUGARU.

A PITY THEY  
WERE SHORT.



IT WAS THE FIRST  
SEEKER RAID...

SIDESWIPE WAS IN THE  
UNIVERSITY LIBRARY  
WHEN HE HEARD THE  
BOMBS.

HE RUSHED HOME  
TO ASHES AND RUBBLE.

DIRECT HIT FROM  
A CRUISE MISSILE.  
NO WARNING.  
NO SURVIVORS.

SIDESWIPE WAS  
NOT HURT...BUT  
HE DIED THERE,  
ALL THE SAME.

CAN YOU BLAME HIM?

LOOKS THE SAME,  
ACTS THE SAME,  
ON THE OUTSIDE.

UNDERNEATH?

ABSOLUTE  
ZERO.

BUT HE'S  
A VERY  
EFFECTIVE  
WARRIOR...



HE DESTROYED THE ENEMY'S MOBILE BASE BY HIMSELF. SLICED OPEN AN OXIDIZER LINE AND HELD IT AGAINST A HOT EXHAUST.

ALMOST DID HIMSELF IN, TOO. HE GOT BETTER - AND YET, IT SEEMED LIKE RECOVERY WAS THE LAST THING HE WANTED...UNTIL YOU CAME. I'M NOT SURE WHY, BUT HE'S TAKEN A REAL INTEREST IN YOU.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY.

I MISS MY FRIEND...

...BUT I NEED MY FIGHTERS, AND SO DO MY PEOPLE...

SO ENCOURAGE HIM...BUT IF THE ICE STARTS TO MELT...

**STOP.**



ALPHA CENTAURI SINKS BELOW THE ICY HORIZON.  
DARKNESS FALLS ONCE MORE UPON THE WASTES.



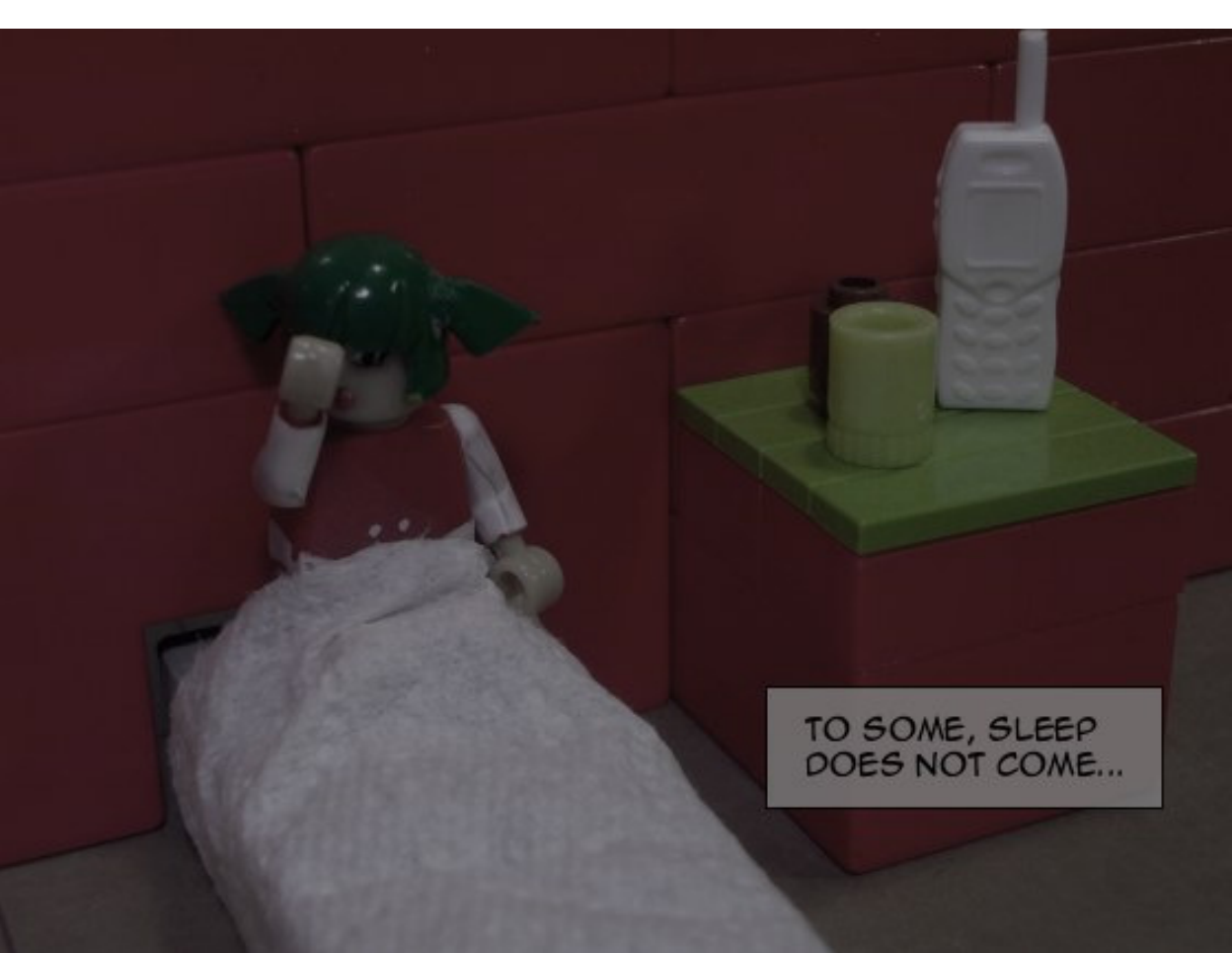
THOSE WHOM DUTY DOES NOT COMPEL  
NOW TAKE THEIR NIGHTLY REST.



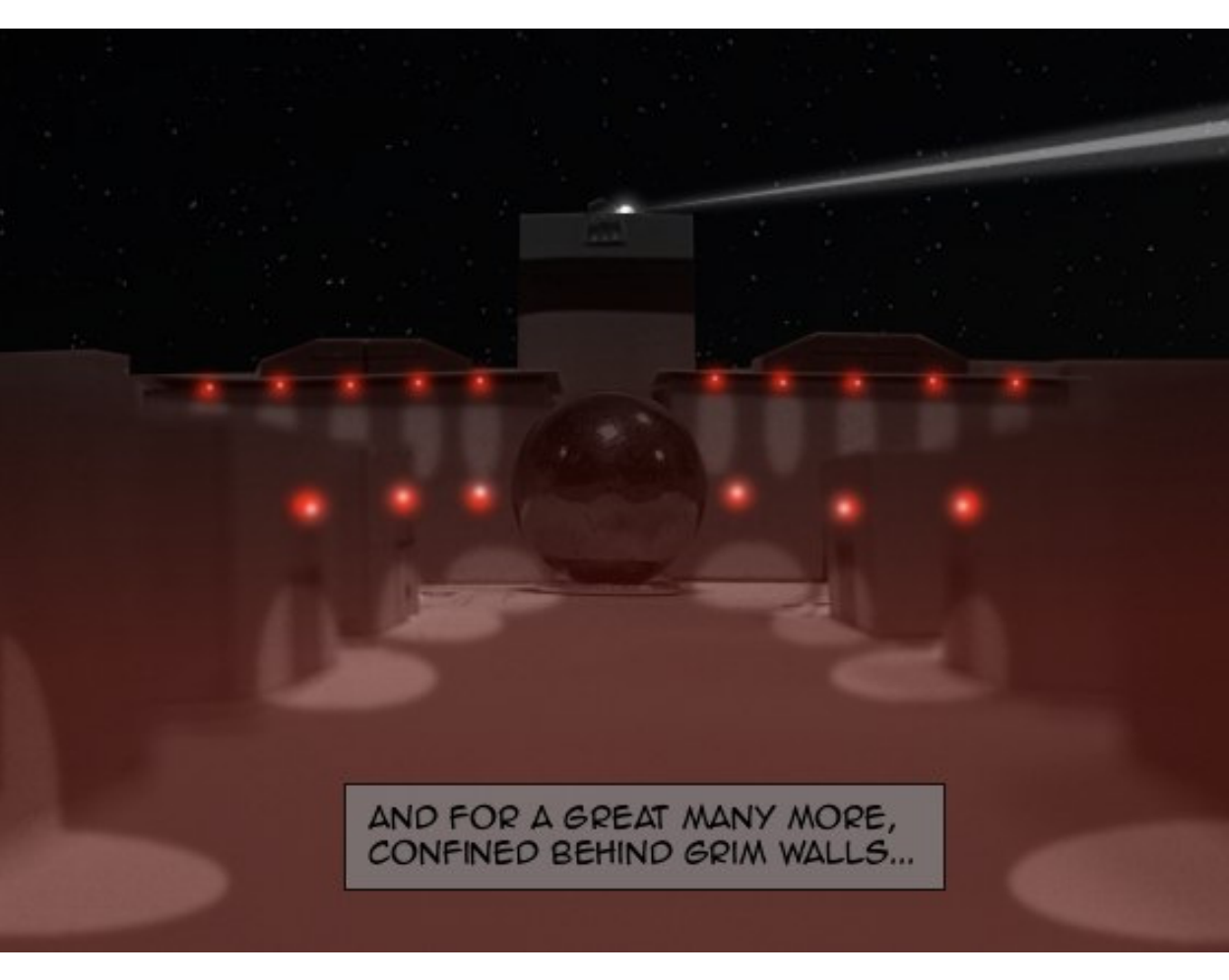
THEY ALSO REST, BY HABIT, WHERE  
DAY AND NIGHT MEAN NOTHING.  
TO SOME, SLEEP BRINGS OBLIVION,  
RESPIRE FROM PAIN AND SORROW...

PERHAPS A DREAM...

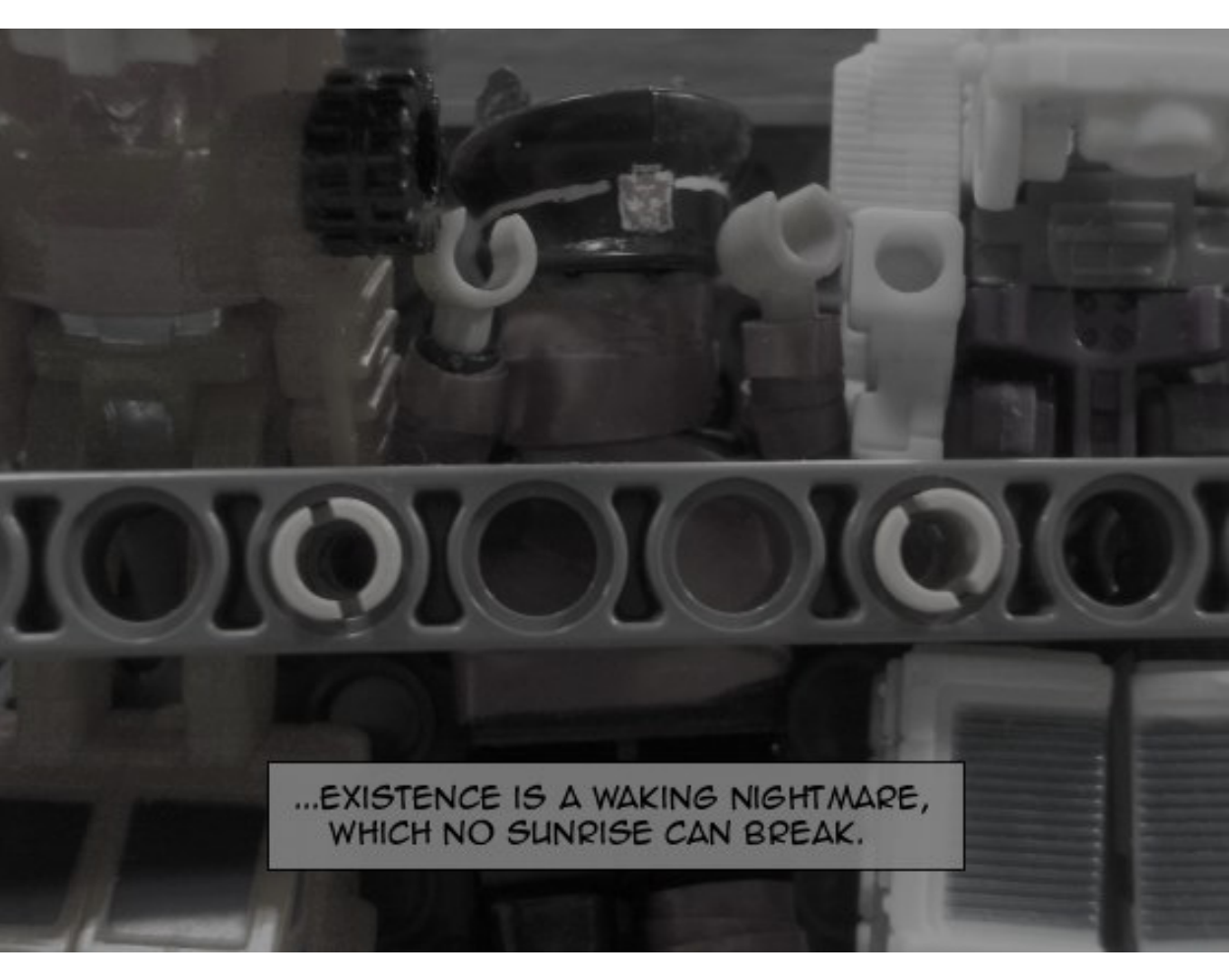




TO SOME, SLEEP  
DOES NOT COME...



AND FOR A GREAT MANY MORE,  
CONFINED BEHIND GRIM WALLS...



...EXISTENCE IS A WAKING NIGHTMARE,  
WHICH NO SUNRISE CAN BREAK.