

Autobus Prime's

BLURRY ROBOT THEATER

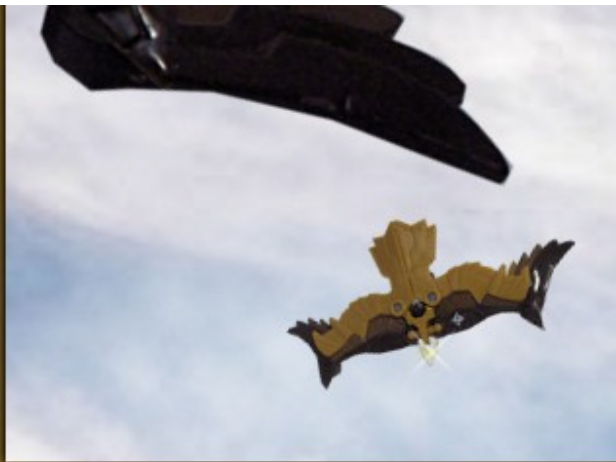
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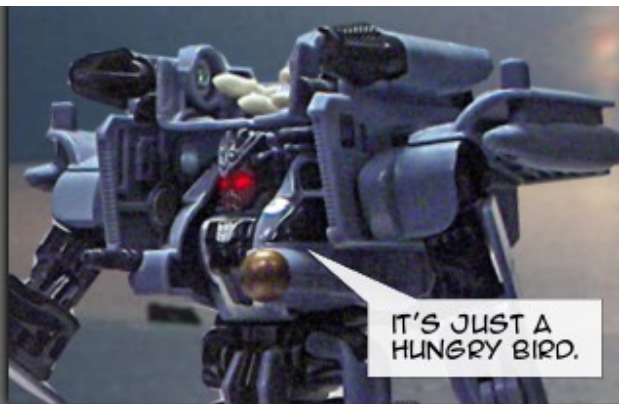
DARK
DOORWAY

BLURRY ROBOT *CROSSOVER*



TransShinki World (and Friends)







STARKILLER!

HUH...OH.

SORRY, SPARKSTALKER...
THE DROIDS AREN'T FINDING
MUCH...JUST LITTLE PIECES.
NOTHING AS BIG AS THAT
CHUNK SKYWARP TURNED UP.

IT SEEMS KIND OF USELESS...

VERY GOOD. CONTINUE >YAWN<
...CONTINUE SEARCHING. OUT.



IT'S A YAWNER, ALL RIGHT.

I JUST LOOOVE WATCHING
DROIDS SIFT SNOW FOR
SEEKER SHAVINGS...

...UH, SARGE, I THINK THAT ONE'S
GOT A BAD POWER CONVERTER.
HOW 'BOULT I RUN UP TO-

NO.

...AND QUIT YER GLITCHIN',
OR I'LL UPGRADE YER
MOTIVATOR.

HAVE A LITTLE RESPECK' FOR
THE DEACTIVATED!

⇒CLUNKETA⇒

⇒CLUNKETA⇒

ALAS, POOR HOOLIGAN.
I KNEW HIM, PULSAR.

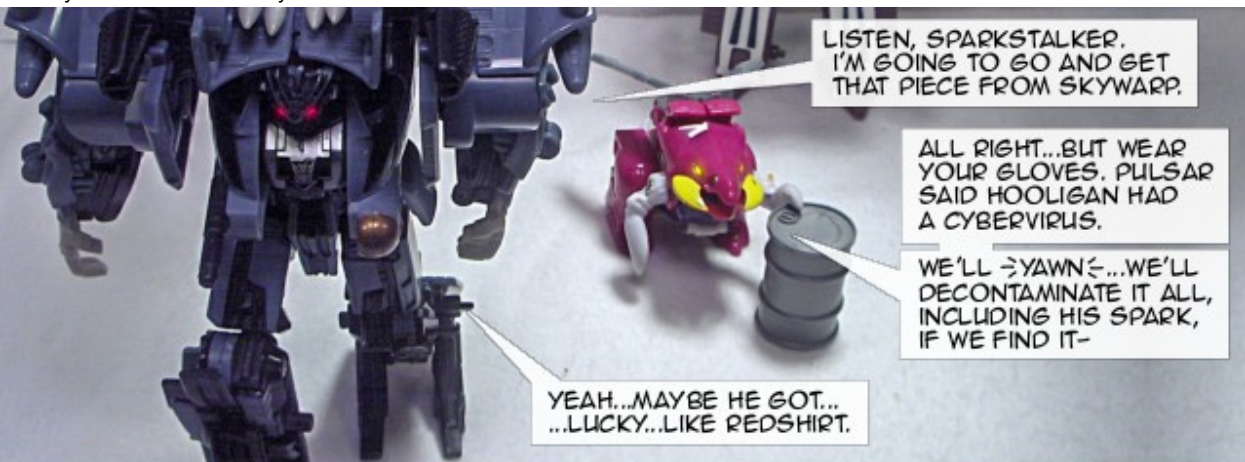
A MECH OF INFINITE FRAGMENTS...

NO KIDDING, SKYWARP.
SO...WHAT DO WE DO, NOW?


WE STICK
TO OUR
PLAN.

JUST THE
TWO OF US?

SURE...UNLESS
YOU'VE GOT AN
IMAGINARY FRIEND...
OR A BETTER IDEA.







CAN'T WE HELP HIM?
HE IS YOUR FRIEND,
ISN'T HE?

≡SIGH≡
YES...

HE IS,
PULSAR...

TAKE A LOOK
AROUND YOU.

ISN'T THIS A LITTLE...CONVENIENT?
WE MANAGE TO GET BOUNCED HERE,
DRAGGING ONE OF VOS NOVA'S LITTLE
EXPERIMENTS WITH US...AND ALMOST
BEFORE WE'VE COOLED OUR JETS...

BOOM.

HOOLIGAN
HASH...

JUST LIKE
DIRGE AND
RAMJET.

DIRGE AND RAMJET WERE
THUNDERCRACKER'S FRIENDS.

NOT CLOSE FRIENDS...
BUT CLOSE ENOUGH
TO BE...INCONVENIENT.

SLAG!

THE GEEK'S
ONTO US!

NOT YET.

IF HE WERE,
WE'D ALSO
BE DEAD...

STILL...

THIS IS NO
COINCIDENCE.

"NOT MUCH IS,
AROUND HERE!"

IT'S NOT A COINCIDENCE.

HOOLIGAN'S
SPARK...IF
WE FIND IT...
WILL BE AS
DEAD AS
DIRGE AND
RAMJET'S.

I JUST KNOW IT...

≡YAWN≡


HUH?

A PHOTO...
BURIED IN
THE SNOW?



A close-up shot of a pink robot's head. The robot has a white faceplate with a central rectangular opening containing glowing blue eyes. The surrounding body parts are made of translucent pink plastic. A white speech bubble with a black outline points from the left towards the robot's face.

SHE'S
BEAUTIFUL...



A full-body shot of a pink robot standing in a desert-like environment. The robot has a car-like base with a white grille and headlights. It has a pink upper body with a head that has a single visible eye. The background shows dark, rocky hills under a cloudy sky.

WHO CAN
SHE BE?

...2...3...4...5 OF 'EM...

THIS IS ALWAYS THE HARD PART...
SO CLOSE, AND I CAN'T DO A THING.

...BE TOUGH, MECHS.
MAGNUS WILL LET YOUR
PEOPLE KNOW YOU'RE
STILL GOING.

....AND I'D BETTER
GET GOING...

THUNDERCRACKER'S
TROUBLE STARTS TODAY...
HOW DO YOU KNOW?

TEA LEAVES.

HMF. NO CRYSTAL BALL?
NO WATCHING THE BIRDS FLY?

WHY NOT?

SEE HOW THOSE EAGLES
ARE SCATTERING, PULSAR?

NOW...CHECK YOUR RADAR...
AND HAVE A GOOD LOOK AT THE SKY.

ALL RIGHT,
SKYWARP...

I'VE GOT
FRIENDLIES,
BUT I DON'T
SEE...

-SLAG!

THERE YOU ARE, PULSAR...

BOOMER ALPHA...

...AND
BOOMER BETA!

SO THOUGHTFUL OF STARScream...
SENDING HIS PET PROJECTS TO
PROTECT THUNDERCRACKER...

FROM LEAVING.

...NOW, LOOK BEHIND THEM.
MORE BOOMER DRONES...
AND WHO IS CONTROLLING THEM?

THE OTHER THUNDERCRACKER...
I HEAR HE'D REALLY PREFER TO BE
THE ONLY THUNDERCRACKER...

ENHANCE

TELEPORT: LOCKED OUT
CODE "BAMF" TO UNLOCK



...HMM.
I EXPECTED
ONE DRONE
FLIGHT...
WHO'S GOT
THE OTHER-?



**AW
BOLTS.**

HAHA! SPACEWARP!
YOUR NUMBER 1 FANBOT!

BET YA' HE'S ON OUR TEAM, NOW!
-BET YA' ANYTHING!



UGH...I BET YOU'RE RIGHT, PULSAR...

WELL...
AT LEAST STARScream HASN'T
LOST HIS SENSE OF HUMOR.
THAT'S A GOOD SIGN...

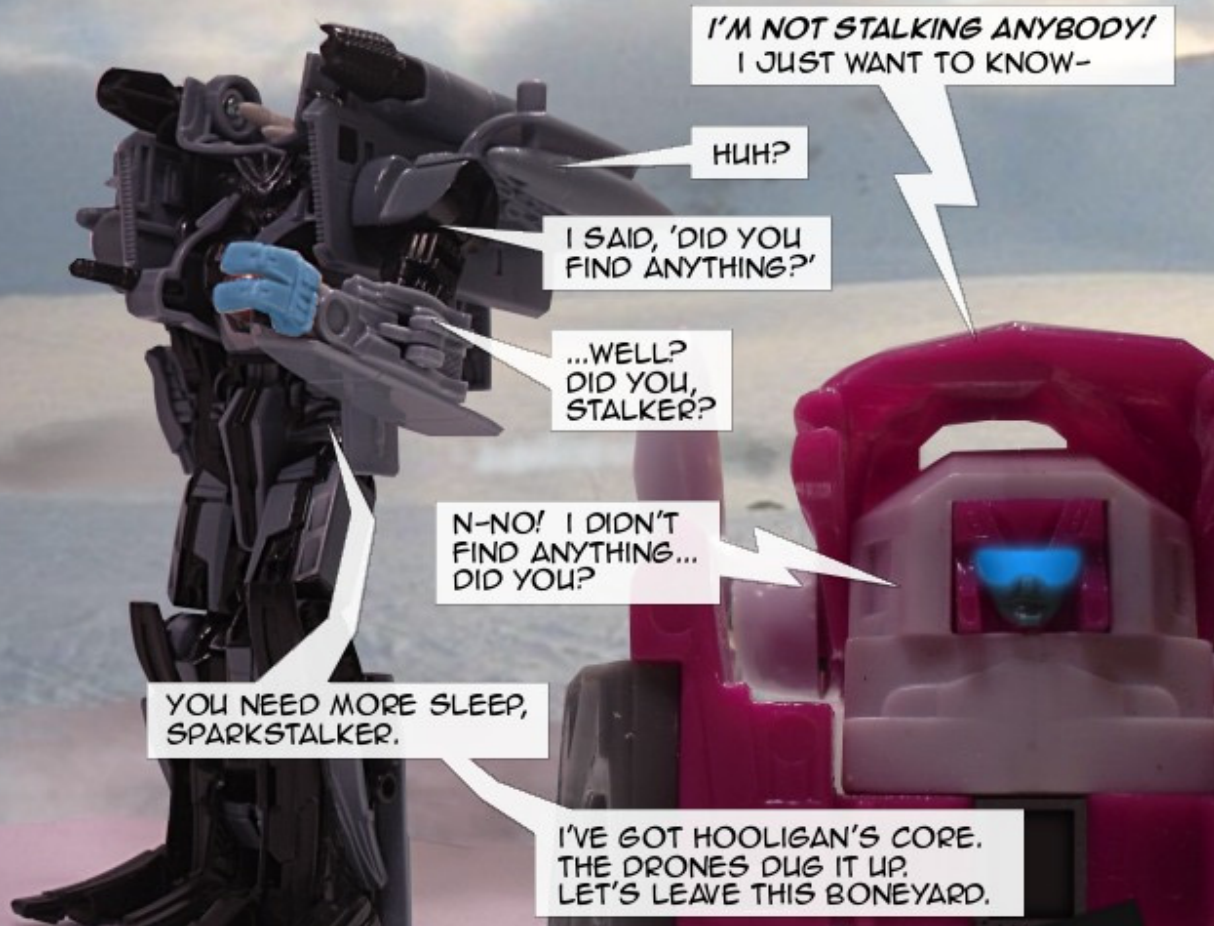
...COME ON, BLACKOUT'S
WAVING US OVER.

CAN'T SEE ANY FACTION SYMBOL...
BUT SHE'S GOT RED OPTICS.

MIGHT BE A DECEPTICON...

SOMEBODY HOOLIGAN KNEW?
I DIDN'T THINK HE HAD MANY FRIENDS
BESIDES SKYWARP AND-

...DID YOU,
STALKER?





*TRANSLATED FROM MICRONESE

C'MON, B.A!
YOU GOTTA
CHANGE TO
BOT MODE!

SHUT UP,
FOOL!

YOU AIN'T
GETTIN'
ME OUTTA
PLANE
MODE!

'KAY, LISSSEN, B.B.
JIST KEEP BACK
AN' DO WHAT I DO,
YA HEAR?

ROGER!

DANG, B.B. YOU GOTTA WORK
ON THAT VOCALBABBULARY...

WELL, LOOK WHO THE STORM
BLEW IN...IT'S MY OLD PAL
THUNDERBOLT.

NO, IT AIN'T, EITHER.
THUNDERCRACKER.

PSST, B.A...
YOU NEED
INSTRUCTIONS?

I RLY THE FOO'
THAT NEEDS
INSTRUCTIONS!

OH, THAT'S RIGHT.
CHANGED YOUR NAME.
MY MISTAKE.

HEH HEH.

YOU BEEN MAKIN' A LOTTA THEM,
LATELY, OR SO I BEEN TOLD ...

I DON'T HAVE TO MAKE ANY.
THEY'RE DELIVERED TO THE DOOR...

REJECT SEEKERS
AND WORTHLESS DRONES!

ACTUALLY, I PREFER
'SKYRAIDER'...

HEY! THAT THERE'S
A MARK 3. THEY
GOT UP-GRAY-DED
CONTROLS...

⇒THUNK⇐

I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT
UPGRADES OR CONTROLS!

THE BOOMERS ARE BRAIN-DEAD
GARBAGE! ALL OF THEM!

THIS GARBAGE
CAN TAKE YOU OUT,
AFTERBURNA'.

RROGER!

HANDS OFF,
OR I'LL PUT
YOU BOTH
IN STASIS!

PULSAR!

STARSCREAM PUT
ME ON YOUR TEAM!

WHERE'S SKYWARP?
I CAN'T WAIT TO TELL-

...UH, SORRY ABOUT
HOOLIGAN, BY THE WAY...

SKYWARP?
HAVEN'T
SEEN HIM,
SORRY.

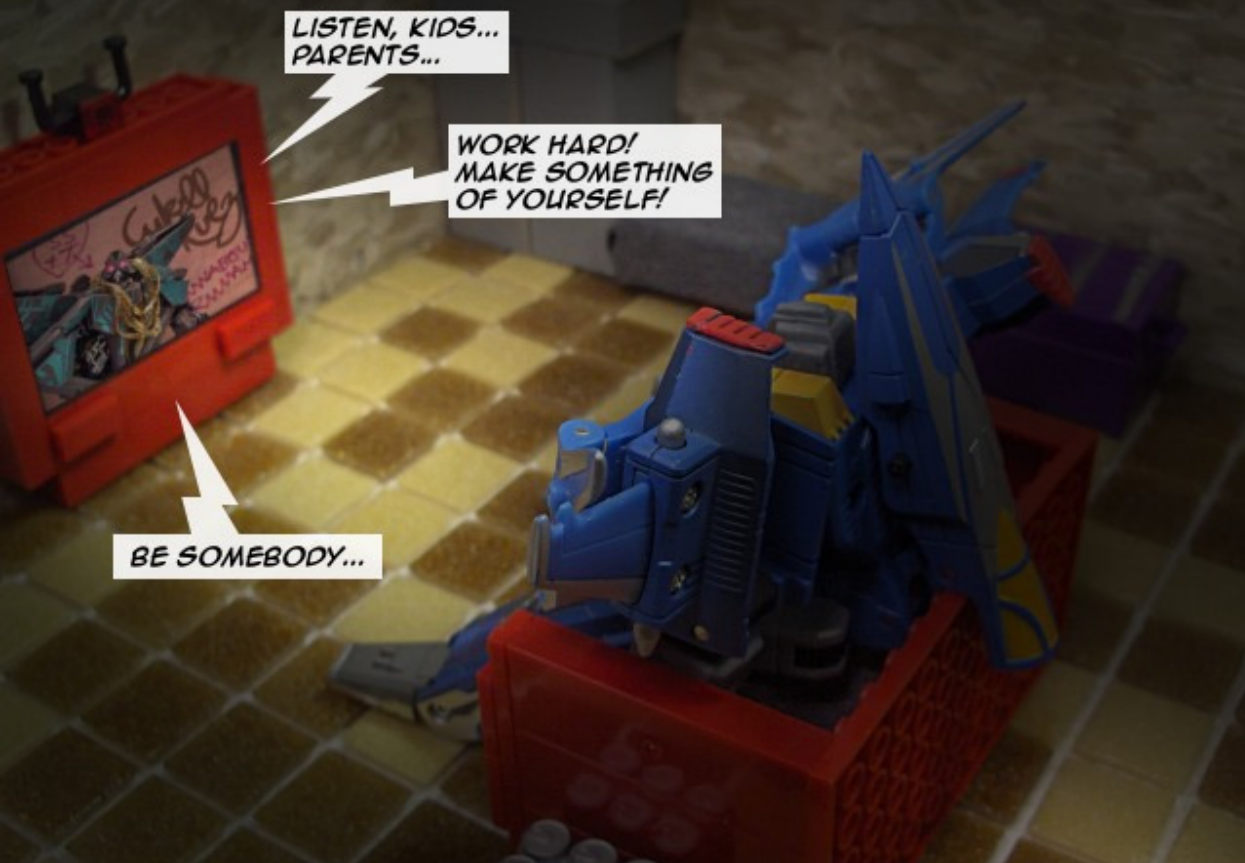
LOOKIT THAT.
YOU'VE UPSET 'EM,
CRACKERS!

WALK HIM BACK TO HIS ROOM,
BOYS.
HE NEEDS T' WORK ON HIS MANNERS.

WE'RE ALMOST OUT OF TIME, B.A....
BEFORE WE WRAP THIS UP, DO
YOU HAVE ANY FINAL WORDS
FOR OUR VIEWERS OUT THERE?

**YOU BET
YOUR BUTT
I DO!**

**WBRP
57.3**





***...OR YOU'LL BE
SOMEBODY'S
FOOL!***

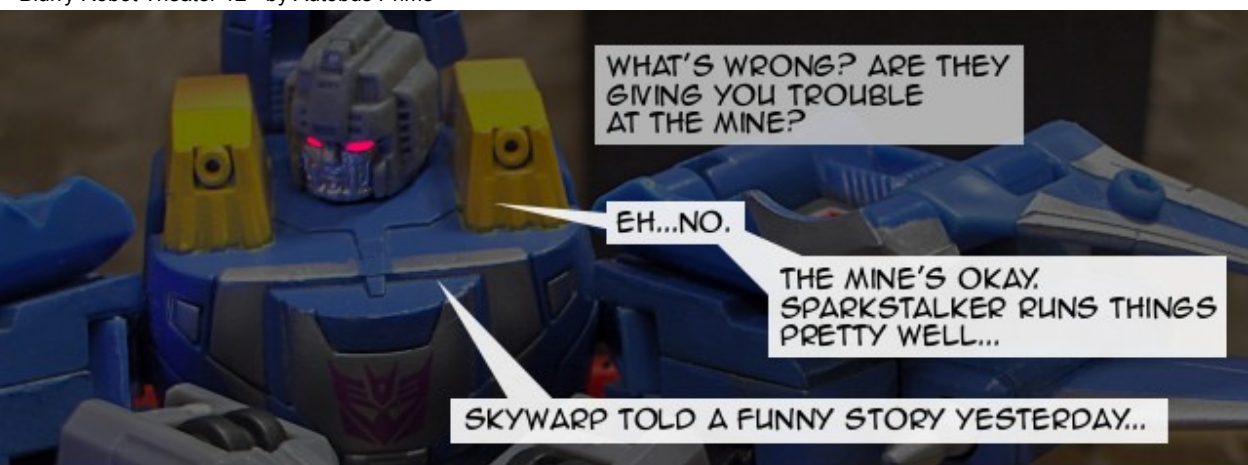


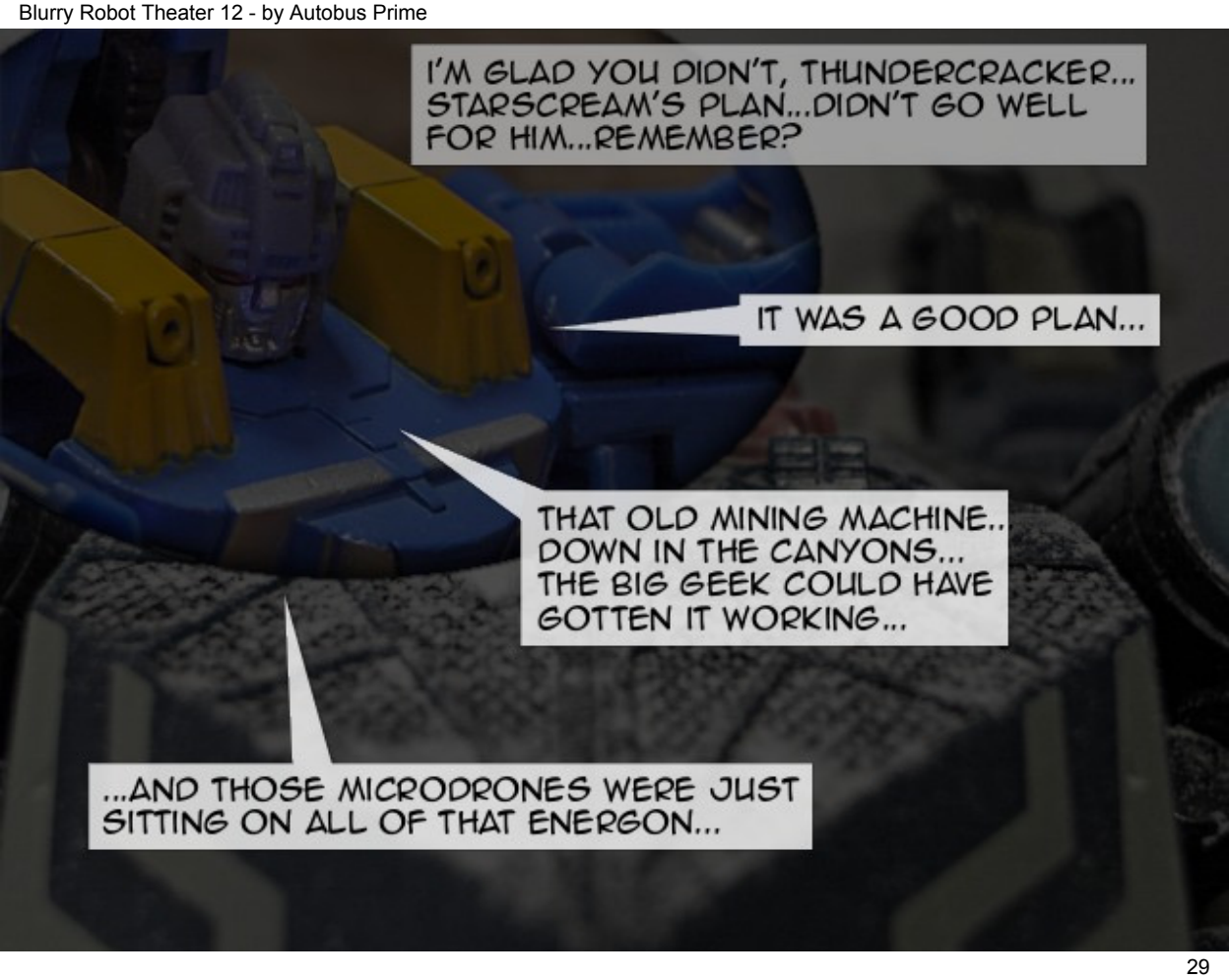


*I COULD HAVE
BEEN SOMEBODY...*

*WHAT'S THE MATTER,
THUNDERCRACKER?*

*OH...NOTHING.
I DON'T KNOW.*






I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T, THUNDERCRACKER...
STARSCREAM'S PLAN...DIDN'T GO WELL
FOR HIM...REMEMBER?

IT WAS A GOOD PLAN...

THAT OLD MINING MACHINE..
DOWN IN THE CANYONS...
THE BIG GEEK COULD HAVE
GOTTEN IT WORKING...

...AND THOSE MICRODRONES WERE JUST
SITTING ON ALL OF THAT ENERGON...



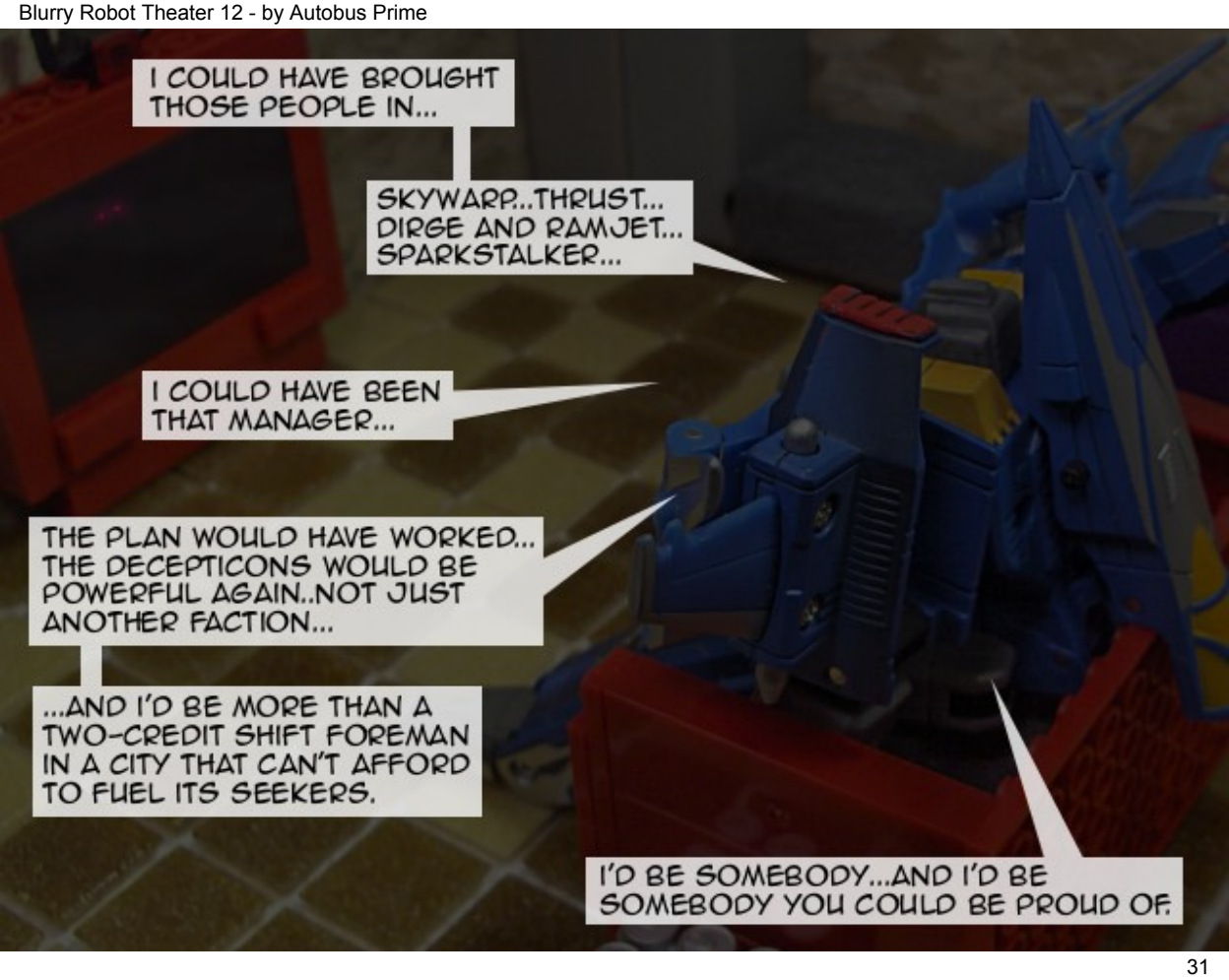
WE WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE
HAD TO HURT THE MICROS...
NOT MANY OF THEM.

JUST...FIRE SOME ROCKETS...
SHAKE THEM UP A LITTLE.

AND WE'D HAVE THAT FUEL...
WE'D BE FREE DECEPTICONS,
JUST LIKE OLD TIMES.

IT COULD HAVE WORKED.
STARSCREAM NEEDED MORE PEOPLE,
AND A GOOD MANAGER...

THE GEEK HAD IDEAS...HE JUST
COULDN'T HANDLE THE DETAILS.



I COULD HAVE BROUGHT
THOSE PEOPLE IN...

SKYWARP...THRUST...
DIRGE AND RAMJET...
SPARKSTALKER...

I COULD HAVE BEEN
THAT MANAGER...

THE PLAN WOULD HAVE WORKED...
THE DECEPTICONS WOULD BE
POWERFUL AGAIN..NOT JUST
ANOTHER FACTION...

...AND I'D BE MORE THAN A
TWO-CREDIT SHIFT FOREMAN
IN A CITY THAT CAN'T AFFORD
TO FUEL ITS SEEKERS.

I'D BE SOMEBODY...AND I'D BE
SOMEBODY YOU COULD BE PROUD OF.

⇒CLICK⇒

YOU ARE WRONG,
THUNDERCRACKER...

AND YOU
KNOW WHY...

IF YOU HAD
JOINED UP WITH
STARSCREAM...


...WE NEVER
WOULD HAVE MET.

ARE YOU STILL LETTING MEGATRON
TELL YOU HOW YOU SHOULD THINK?

HE'S GONE, THUNDERCRACKER.
STARSCREAM IS GONE...
AND NOBODY MISSES THEM...

I DON'T EVEN
THINK YOU DO...
NOT REALLY...

WHY DO YOU CARE WHAT
THEY WOULD THINK OF YOU...
WHO CARES ABOUT THEM?

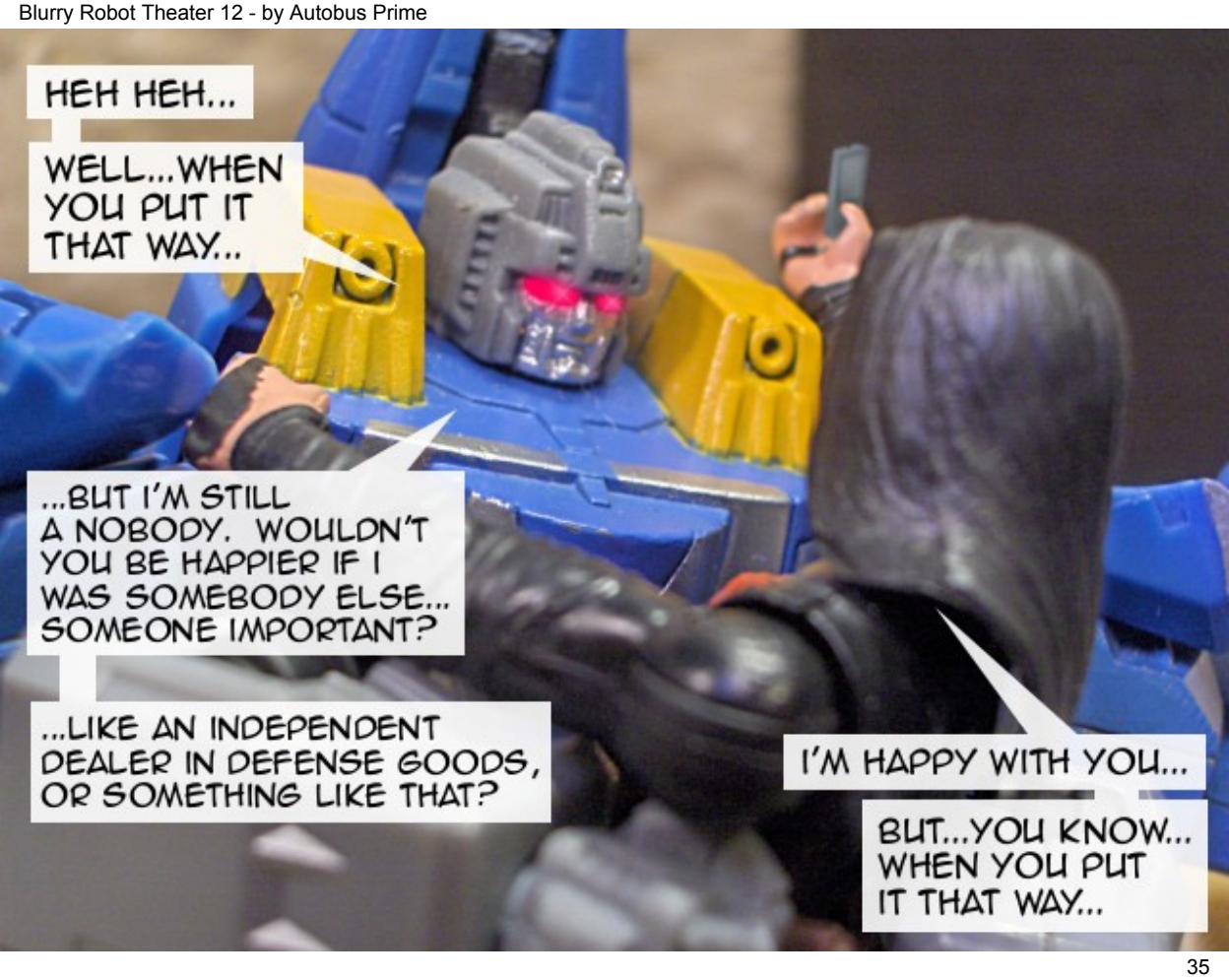


LOOK IN THE MIRROR,
THUNDERCRACKER.

DO YOU SEE STARScream,
STANDING OVER YOUR SHOULDER?
DO YOU SEE MEGATRON?

WHY DOES IT
MATTER,
WHAT THEY
WOULD WANT?

WHAT DOES
THUNDERCRACKER
WANT?



HEH HEH...

WELL...WHEN
YOU PUT IT
THAT WAY...

...BUT I'M STILL
A NOBODY. WOULDN'T
YOU BE HAPPIER IF I
WAS SOMEBODY ELSE...
SOMEONE IMPORTANT?

...LIKE AN INDEPENDENT
DEALER IN DEFENSE GOODS,
OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

I'M HAPPY WITH YOU...

BUT...YOU KNOW...
WHEN YOU PUT
IT THAT WAY...

⇒CLICK⇒

I THINK I'D LIKE TO BE
A VERY NAUGHTY
KISS PLAYER...

**GUESS WHAT
I WANT YOU
TO BE.**

HEH HEH.

**IT'S NOT A FAIR ARGUMENT,
BUT SLAG ME IF IT DOESN'T WORK!**

WHY DID YOU STOP IT?
IT SEEMED THEY WERE ABOUT
TO PERFORM SOME SORT OF
IMPROVISATIONAL THEATER...

IT'S...PERSONAL.
HARD TO EXPLAIN...

LET'S SAY...I'VE SEEN
THIS SHOW ALREADY.

I THOUGHT THIS WAS
A LIVE FEED FROM
THE WAVE CRUSHER.

UH....
SAME SCRIPT...
DIFFERENT...
PLAYERS.

AT ANY RATE YOU CAN SEE
THE SORT OF MULTIVERSAL
COMPLEXITIES WE ARE
DEALING WITH HERE...

OH, CERTAINLY...I'M NOT THE
ONE YOU NEED TO CONVINCE
OF THAT FACT, MY FRIEND...
MY FRIEND...

....WHAT WAS YOUR
NAME, AGAIN?



CLICK

BLURRY ROBOT MESSAGE

CLICK

THE SETTING FOR THESE NEXT FEW REELS IS ALTERNITY SD-0707,
AS RECORDED BY SHADOWDRAGON IN THE HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS OF

TransShinki World (and friends)

READERS ARE ENCOURAGED TO READ THESE HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS

PARTICULARLY THE POOR SOULS TRAPPED IN THIS THEATER
WHO HAVE PROBABLY FORGOTTEN WHAT A GOOD JOKE SOUNDS LIKE

MISCHARACTERIZATIONS ARE TO BE BLAMED ON THE NARRATOR,
OUR POOR EXCUSE FOR A DIMENSIONAL CORRESPONDENT,
WHO TAKES TERRIBLE NOTES, WHO DRINKS TO EXCESS...
AND WHO MUST READ THIS IF HE WISHES TO REMAIN EMPLOYED.

Excelsior!

CLICK

CLICK

ALTERNITY
SD-0707*

WE WERE WATCHING AN
ALTERNATE UNIVERSE,
MUDFLAP?

SKIDS...
IT WAS A PARALLEL UNIVERSE.

SAME PLAYERS,
DIFFERENT SCRIPT.

AH. SUCH AS GREENJEANS, WHO
DIDN'T LET HIMSELF GO AND
GAIN A SIZE CLASS OR TWO...

THAT WASN'T A PARALLEL OF THIS UNIVERSE,
YOU OLD FOOL! THAT WAS A COMPLETELY
DIFFERENT RATCHET!

BACK,
PORKULA!

THAT IS COMPLETELY
UNCALLED FOR!

NO, IT'S PARTLY
UNCALLED FOR...

I COULD HAVE
RUN OFF WITH
CHARLENE,
BUT NOOO...

*TRANS-SHINKI WORLD AND FRIENDS



WHERE IS
STRARF?

SHE SHOULD
BE HERE
BY NOW...

ALL RIGHT, YOU
FUTURISTIC SCREWHEADS!

LISTEN UP!

THE MEETING IS
CALLED TO ORDER!



Where my
friends at.

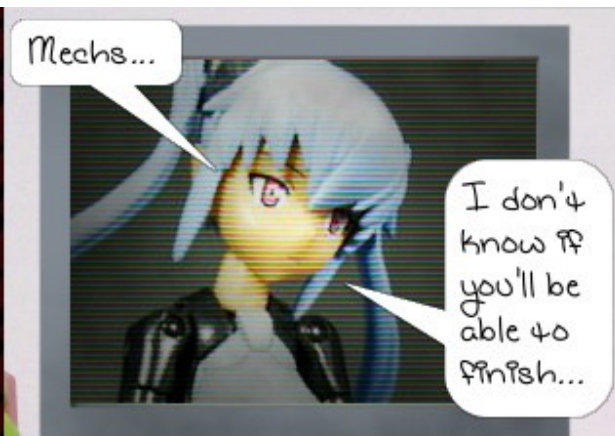
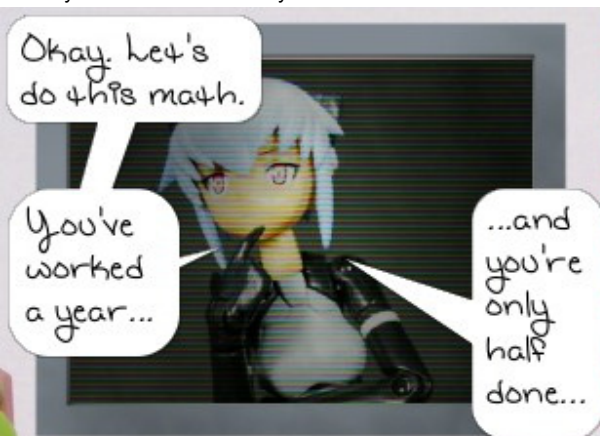


THE LOST TEAM
HAS BEEN LOCATED
IN SECTOR TFW.2005,
ALTERNITY COMPLEX
AP-0605.

WE HAVE CONFIRMED HITS ON
IRONHIDE'S SPARK SIGNATURE
AND...BOTH CSC SIGNALS...



IF ALL GOES WELL,
WE SHOULD HAVE THEM BACK
WITHIN THE YEAR.



IN THE FIVE MINUTES YOU'VE GOT LEFT TO LIVE!

My, My, My...

IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWIN'
YA, CROSSCUT...

SKIDS.

...AND GREENJEANS,
I TAKE BACK HALF THE
THINGS I SAID..

MY HAMMER!

TCH.

HITS YOU
SO HARD!


HIT THE
LIGHTS,
SCREECH...

LET'S SHOW
STRAP ONE OF
OUR
VACATION
SLIDES!

MAKES
YOU SAY,
OH MY-

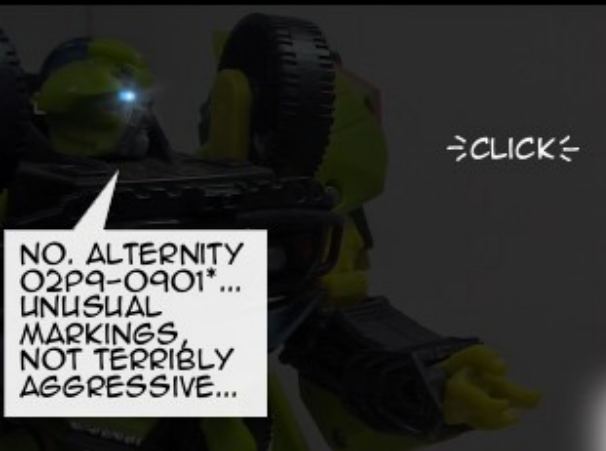


-Konami9



You found another Strarf.
Big deal. We're mass-produced.

This one's in
Alternity
AP-06033



banzai-tron.com
♥ We're In
the Love
Business!

Huh. Nice shot,
Frank Miller...

NOW, MEET HER
EVIL TWIN...

SHE APPEARED
OUT OF NOWHERE,

MASSACRED ALL
IN HER PATH...
UNTIL STOPPED
BY HER OWN
DOPPELGANGER.
ALL SEEMED TO
BE WELL...

SHORTLY THEREAFTER,
ALL TRANSMISSIONS
FROM THE ALTERNITY...

ENDED.

*TRANSFORMERS TOY BATTLES - ED.

Two Strarps. Great story.
Imma kill you now...

HYPOTHESIS: THERE WAS ONE!
THE SHINKI HAD KILLED HER FUTURE SELF.
HER REASON BROKEN BY...WHO KNOWS?

...BUT THE ACT OF VIOLENCE
BEGAN THAT BREAK TOO EARLY...
A CAUSE LEADING TO ITSELF...
A TIME PARADOX.

I CANNOT PROVE IT...
BUT AN ALTERNITY IS GONE.


...OR, AT LEAST, SO GREATLY CHANGED
THAT WE CANNOT RECOGNIZE IT...
SPACETIME CAN BE QUITE RESILIENT.

⇒SHINK⇐

The simplicity
of your minds
amuses us.

You may live long enough
to explain why I should care
about dark-locks and her
Bill and Ted issues...

Kinda' digging
that color...



SUPPOSE YOU WERE LOST
IN ANOTHER UNIVERSE...

WE RESCUE YOU...

...BUT IN SO DOING, WE ACCIDENTALLY
CAUSE A BRANCH IN THE LOCAL TIMELINE...
A PARALLEL UNIVERSE IN WHICH YOU WERE
NEVER RECOVERED...

THAT OTHER STRAFF...THAT OTHER YOU...
WHAT WOULD SHE DO?

Once I figured out I'd
been ditched?

I'd find my own way back,
and I'd kill you all in various
amusing ways...



...oh.

Gobotron, Greenjeans...

If what you're saying is true, we
might have any number of twins
in that alternaty we went to...*

The universe...

is 40as46


≡SCHRO-DING!!≡

ALTERNITY 613-1202

(SEE TRANS-SHINKI WORLD AND FRIENDS FOR DETAILS...)

NO, STRARF...

THANKS TO RESET...
WE CAN GET ALL THE CATS
OUT OF THE BOX...



...AND END UP
WITH ONLY ONE...

...USING A TREMENDOUSLY
CLEVER BIT OF HACKING...

ALT. SD-0707
TSW(F) - SET 92 NO. 5

THE
WAVE CRUSHER!

THANK YOU, RATCHET. STRARF, THE WAVE CRUSHER WORKS
WELL...BUT IF USED IMPROPERLY, IT CAN MAKE THINGS WORSE.
ONLY LATELY HAVE WE REALIZED *JUST HOW MUCH WORSE...*

YAAAAAAWNN.

RATCHET,
PLEASE...

I was briefed on all of this, *you idiots.*
I know what the Wave Crusher does.

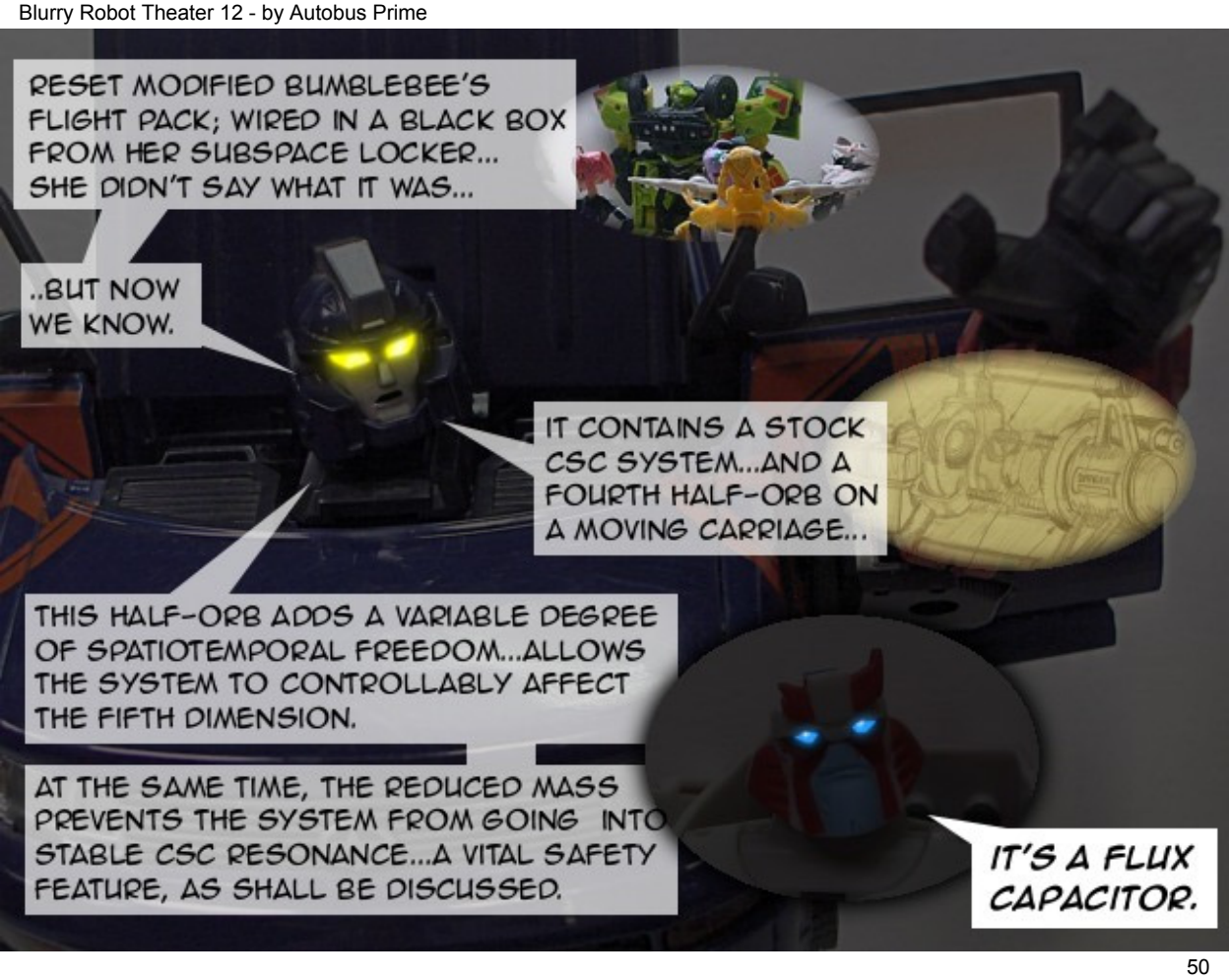


I don't care how it works!
I want to know why you
haven't used it!

YES,
MA'AM...

...BUT THESE ARE NERDS.
IF YOU INTERRUPT THEM, THEY
ASSUME YOU DON'T GET IT,
AND THEY'LL JUST TALK LONGER.

SMILE AND NOD. I'LL TRY
TO TRANSLATE THE KLINGON.



RESET MODIFIED BUMBLEBEE'S
FLIGHT PACK; WIRED IN A BLACK BOX
FROM HER SUBSPACE LOCKER...
SHE DIDN'T SAY WHAT IT WAS...

..BUT NOW
WE KNOW.

IT CONTAINS A STOCK
CSC SYSTEM...AND A
FOURTH HALF-ORB ON
A MOVING CARRIAGE...

THIS HALF-ORB ADDS A VARIABLE DEGREE
OF SPATIOTEMPORAL FREEDOM...ALLOWS
THE SYSTEM TO CONTROLLABLY AFFECT
THE FIFTH DIMENSION.

AT THE SAME TIME, THE REDUCED MASS
PREVENTS THE SYSTEM FROM GOING INTO
STABLE CSC RESONANCE...A VITAL SAFETY
FEATURE, AS SHALL BE DISCUSSED.

**IT'S A FLUX
CAPACITOR.**

THE FIFTH DIMENSION, OF COURSE, IS THAT WHICH SEPARATES OUR SPACETIME FROM PARALLEL SPACETIMES. THIS SOUNDS EXOTIC, BUT IT WOULDN'T BE FOR OUR PUNY FRAMES TO WITHSTAND THE ENTIRE GRAVITY OF A PLANET, IF THIS FORCE WAS NOT LARGELY FIFTH-DIMENSIONAL...

Yaaaaaaawn!

→SCRATCH←

SUBSPACE AND TRANSWARP APPLICATIONS ALSO MAKE INDIRECT USE OF THE FIFTH DIMENSION...BUT A FIFTH-DIMENSIONAL SLABBIT! AS SUCH, IS NOTHING SHORT OF EXTRAORDINARY...AAAAAH.

ITCHY! ITCHY!
SLABBIT!

...YET THAT IS WHAT THE WAVE CRUSHER IS! FULL DETAILS ARE BEYOND OUR SCOPE HERE, BUT TO PUT IT AS PLAINLY AS POSSIBLE...

...IT SIMULTANEOUSLY RESOLVES THE AMBIGUOUS QUANTUM STATES OF TARGETED INDIVIDUALS, TRANSPORTING THEM THROUGH SYNCHRONIZED PATHS TO THE SAME FIFTH-DIMENSIONAL POINT, WITH A SINGULAR POINT OF EGRESS IN THEIR DESTINATION UNIVERSE.

TWO GO IN.
ONE COMES OUT.

NO TWINS. DO YOU SEE, STRARF?
THE WAVE CRUSHER MERGES - CRUSHES - SEVERAL POSSIBILITIES
INTO A SINGULAR OUTCOME, ELIMINATING TEMPORAL DISTORTION...
AND ALSO POWERING THE TRANSPORT PROCESS ITSELF!

THE POTENTIAL TIME-EFFECT
OF EACH OF THESE OUTCOMES
CARRIES AN ASSOCIATED ENERGY...
CONSIDER IT A TENSION,
IF YOU WILL.

ACTIVATING THE DEVICE
RELEASES THIS TENSION,
LIBERATES THAT ENERGY,
FAR GREATER THAN THE
ENERGON REQUIRED TO
START THE DEVICE.

I DO REALIZE,
OF COURSE, THAT
ALL OF THIS MAY
BE DIFFICULT TO
VISUALIZE...

*WE SQUEEZE SPACETIME
UNTIL IT POPS LIKE A ZIT.*

I'M NOT SURE I AGREE WITH THAT, BROADCAST.
I STILL HOLD THAT WE ARE SEEING VACUUM ENERGY
LIBERATED FROM THE SPATIAL DIMENSIONS OF
THE COLLAPSED PARALLEL CONTINUITIES.

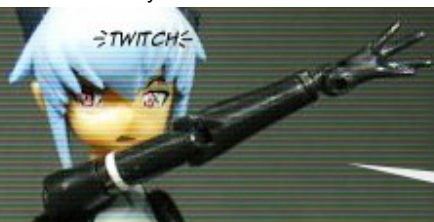
MY NAME IS SKIDS, RATCHET...
AND THIS IS PATENTLY ABSURD, AS I HAVE SAID.
HOW CAN ENERGY BE STORED IN SOMETHING
THAT WAS NEVER CREATED?

Konami, Ratchet,
how do you stand
these...nerds?

I TURN OFF
MY HEARING
AMPLIFIER.

YOU CANNOT RULE OUT THE POSSIBILITY
OF TRANSDIMENSIONAL LEAKAGE, AND I FEEL IT
MAKES MORE SENSE TO USE KNOWN QUANTITIES
THAN TO POSIT EXOTIC FORMS OF ENERGY...

YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS
'CAUSE THE CHICKS DIG
MY AWESOME FLAMES.



Hooold on, Hawking...
CSC system. That Wave Crusher
is linked to a Shinki database!

Whose is it? Is it Reset's?

WE DON'T KNOW.
WE CAN'T READ IT.

WE LOST THE LOCAL DATA
DURING THE OPERATION
IN ALTERNITY G13-1202.

THE INFORMATION IN SUBSPACE
WAS PROBABLY UNAFFECTED,
BUT WITH NO IDENTITY...NO NAME...
IT MAY AS WELL BE LOST.

But Reset's back. Can't she get in?
Can't Mini-Staraf hack it?

TO ACCESS THE DATABASE AT ALL, WE
NEED TO PHASE THE ORB SYSTEM TO IT...
AND TO MEASURE THE PHASE ANGLE,
WE HAVE TO...READ THE DATABASE.

EVEN IF WE GOT AROUND THIS,
WE'D STILL NEED THE NAME...

CATCH-22.

IT'S THE KEY...IN SEVERAL SENSES...
AND IN THE FIFTH DIMENSION, IT'S
MORE THAN A STRING OF LETTERS.

IT'S YOUR PATH IN SPACETIME, AND WHAT YOU MEAN WHEN YOU SAY IT...
MANY CAN SAY, "I AM STRARF"...BUT ONLY YOU, SAYING IT, CAN MEAN "YOU"...

RESET HAS BEEN... RESET. SHE IS NOT WHO SHE ONCE WAS.
EVEN IF THIS DATABASE IS KEYED TO HER NAME, SHE COULD NOT READ IT.



Wow, that's, like, deep, or total BS, or something...



...and a complete waste of my time!
If I wanted pontification, I'd hire Ramjet!

Quit slinging missile over Uranus!
Mech up and tell me the truth! Why haven't
you brought my friends back? How did you
'make things worse'?


Do you have any idea what could be
happening to them, right now?

We're mass-produced androids... Skids.
You know what they make us do?

Anything.

We've got a great boss... but don't you
think, for a moment, that he's the only
kind out there?





Fun with science!
Maybe this is your
dream project.
Well, for me,
it's a nightmare!

Don't you robots
understand that?



I'M...SORRY,
STARF...

PLEASE,
FORGIVE US...

...BUT SOME
BACKGROUND
WAS NEEDED...
SO YOU WILL
UNDERSTAND...

...THE DIAGRAM WE ARE
ABOUT TO SHOW YOU,
AND THE DIFFICULTY
WE ARE IN.

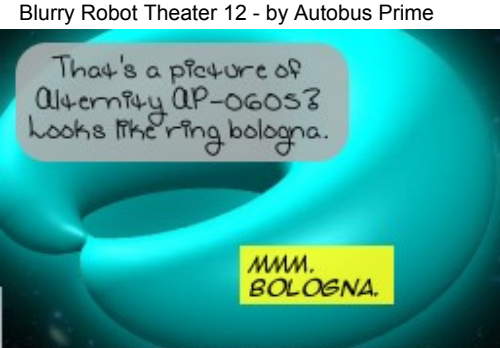
-THE SLIDE, RATCHET.

≡CLICK≡

ALTERNITY
COMPLEX
AP-0605.



A VERY...
TWISTED
...PLACE.



That's a picture of
Alternity AP-0603?
looks like ring bologna.

MMM.
BOLOGNA.

ER...SNACK FOOD SEEMS TO BE A COMMON
THEME...
...IN THIS SECTOR....

⇒CLICK⇒

⇒CLICK⇒

SA-0802


E-0503

NOT PICTURES, HOWEVER. DIAGRAMS...
OF AN ALTERNITY COMPLEX'S FIFTH DIMENSION.



PARALLEL SPACETIMES APPEAR
AS CURVES ON THE SURFACE...
IT'S A VISUAL AID, SIMILAR TO A
FLAT MAP OF A ROUND WORLD.

I HEARD THAT,
GREENJEANS!



DON'T LOOK AT THESE AS
SOMETHING CONCRETE,
THAT YOU COULD SEE...
OR YOU'LL GO SIT IN BACK
WITH THE ENGINEERS...

What does
an Alternaty
look like, then?

I WISH I KNEW, STRARF...

BUT HERE IN OUR THREE DIMENSIONS,
WE CANNOT SEE SUCH SIGHTS...

PERHAPS UPON THE APEX PLANE*,
THERE ARE THOSE WHO CAN...

...HOWEVER, I DIGRESS. AS YOU CAN SEE, STRARF,
THIS DIMENSION APPEARS TO HAVE A PINCHED REGION...

IN FACT, IT'S A TWIST.
THIS SHAPE IS ONE-SIDED...
NO INSIDE, NO OUTSIDE...
ALL IS ONE SURFACE...

...OR WOULD BE, EXCEPT FOR A MULTIVERSAL
SINGULARITY BURIED IN THE TWISTED REGION,
SEPARATING THE INSIDE FROM THE OUTSIDE.

*DOCUMENTED ELSEWHERE IN "TCRACKER'S MIND NUMB"

I HAD A MOBIUS BELT ONCE!
DOESN'T FIT ANY MORE.

UM...THANK YOU, RATCHET...
THAT WAS...INSIGHTFUL...

THIS FORM, STRARF, IS ASSOCIATED WITH ALTERNITIES THAT
CONTAIN AN ALLSPARK ANALOGUE KNOWN AS THE 'LINKAGE'...
AND ARE UNUSUALLY RESILIENT AGAINST CAUSAL MISHAPS.

...they can tolerate
random weirdness...

IN A SENSE...YES...WE SAY
THEY HAVE A HIGH 'FINDIE FACTOR'...
FIRST DESCRIBED IN THE STRANGE
CASE OF ALTERNITY FF-1206...

...AGAIN, I DIGRESS. THE RESILIENCE IS DUE TO THE
BURIED SINGULARITY...THE 'CEREBUS SINGULARITY'...
...WHICH ALSO PROTECTS SUCH COMPLEXES OF PARALLEL
UNIVERSES FROM CERTAIN FORMS OF ATTACK...


What kind
of attacks?

ATTACKS FROM OUTSIDE
THE ALTERNITY...
QUANTUM SURGES,
MALEVOLENT SIXSPACE
ENTITIES...

OR, AS IT HAPPENS...
MEDDLING SCIENTISTS
INTENT ON A LITTLE
DIMENSIONAL HACKING.



RECOMMEND
LADDER LOGIC
B. R. T. OMNIBUS
SC & DA MANUAL



TO AIM A QUANTUM PULSE
AT TARGETS IN SUCH ALTERNITIES
IS LIKE FIRING AN ELECTRON BEAM
PAST A TREMENDOUS MAGNET...

WE DON'T HIT WHAT WE WANT.
WE HIT WHAT THE SINGULARITY WANTS...


OR, MORE CORRECTLY,
ELIMINATING THE ABSURD
PERSONIFICATION...

THE PULSE IS ALTERED
TO COINCIDE WITH THE
TIMELINE'S CURRENT PATH...

...AND IN COMPLEX AP-0605, STRARF...
AS WE HAVE ONLY RECENTLY CONFIRMED...


⇒WHIRR-KLUK!⇐

THIS PATH...IS ALL
DOWNHILL!



Terrible.


Completely
unforgivable.



THERE IS
STILL HOPE!
GIVE ME TIME
TO EXPLAIN!

Stealing House's schtick was bad enough.
Now you're ripping off Horatio Caine.

Who's next...
Dr. J.D. Dorian?



I WANTED TO DENY IT,
BUT IT WOULD ONLY
BE A LIE.

All right, Ratchet. Chip the slag. Tell me straight-
How did you bozos screw the Cerberus this time?

CERBERUS.

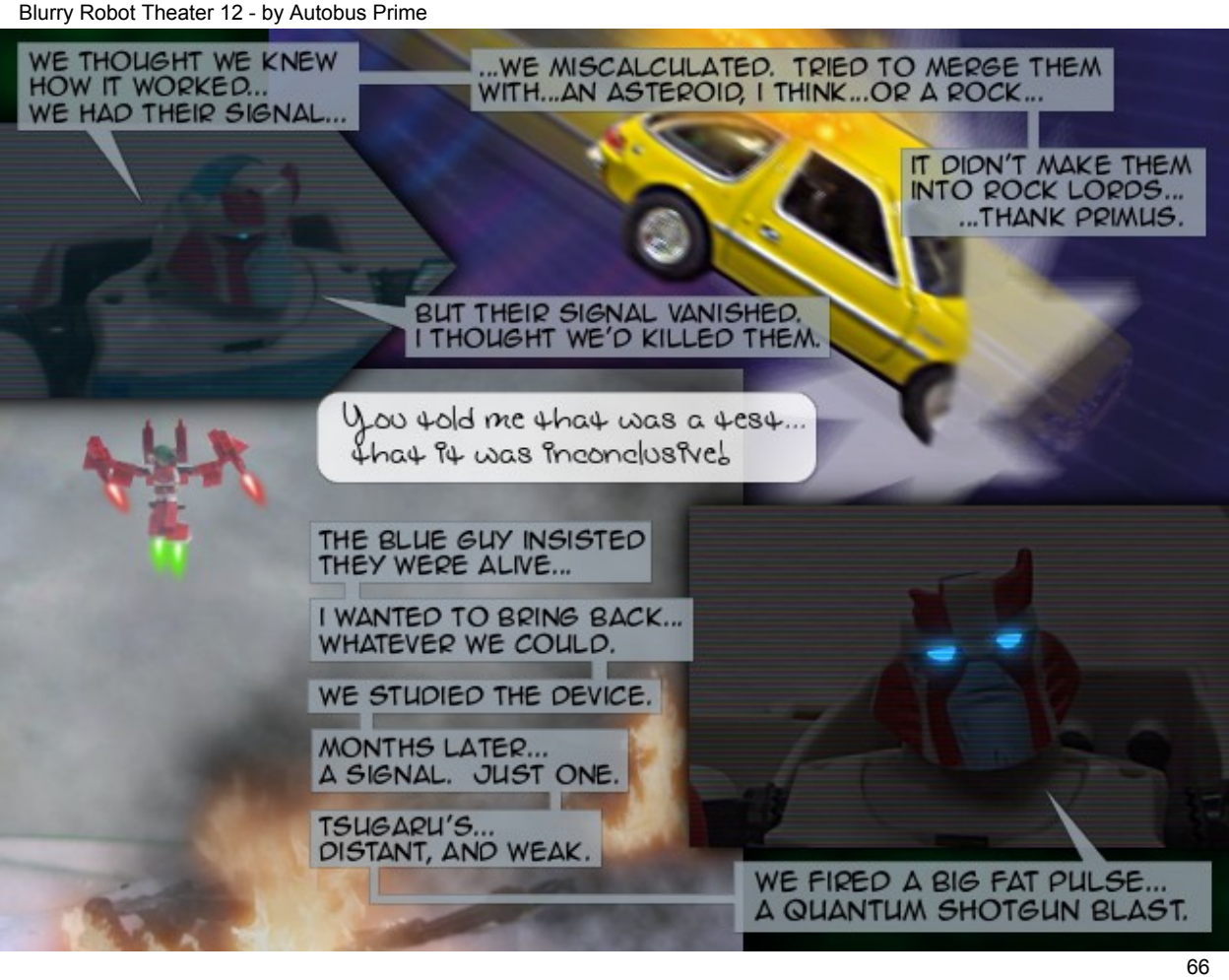
Your aft is chaff, any way
but I'd rather kill you for
the right reasons...

and if I like your excuse, I'll
even allow you an open casket.

WE...ELL..

THE FIRST TIME...
WAS JUST...A FUNCT-UP.

Good! Now, was that so hard?



WE THOUGHT WE KNEW
HOW IT WORKED...
WE HAD THEIR SIGNAL...

...WE MISCALCULATED. TRIED TO MERGE THEM
WITH...AN ASTEROID, I THINK...OR A ROCK...

IT DIDN'T MAKE THEM
INTO ROCK LORDS...
...THANK PRIMUS.

BUT THEIR SIGNAL VANISHED.
I THOUGHT WE'D KILLED THEM.

You told me that was a test...
that it was inconclusive

THE BLUE GUY INSISTED
THEY WERE ALIVE...

I WANTED TO BRING BACK...
WHATEVER WE COULD.

WE STUDIED THE DEVICE.

MONTHS LATER...
A SIGNAL. JUST ONE.

TSUGARU'S...
DISTANT, AND WEAK.

WE FIRED A BIG FAT PULSE...
A QUANTUM SHOTGUN BLAST.

...AND THE WAVE CRUSHER
OVERLOADED...AND SHUT
ITSELF DOWN.

IT TOOK MONTHS TO FIND IT IN SUBSPACE. WE STILL
DON'T KNOW WHAT OVERLOADED IT...BUT WHEN WE
REBOOTED, AND WE DID A QUICK SCAN...

WE HAD IRONHIDE'S
SPARK, AND THE
GIRLS' CSC ORBS...
ALL THREE SIGNALS.
DISTANT...BUT ALIVE.
CALL IT A MIRACLE...

You lost it? You said you were probing dimensions!

WE WERE, AFTER THAT. THE CLOSE CALL MADE US CAREFUL.

PULSE...MEASURE...CRUNCH NUMBERS...JUMP...REPEAT.

WE GOT A COMPLETE SET OF DOCTOR WHO EPISODES...
BUT OUR FIRST BIG BREAK CAME SEVERAL MONTHS AGO...
WHEN CLUTCH PULLED SOME COORDINATES FROM HIS AFT.

SKIDS!

...AND I SAID I DERIVED THEM
THROUGH DATA ANALYSIS!

*...AND THOSE COORDINATES LED OUR PROBE
STRAIGHT TO ALTERNITY COMPLEX AP-0605!*

TWO LONG MONTHS OF TRAVEL!

*TWO LONG MONTHS OF RIDICULE,
AND DOZENS OF ABSURD NAMES!*

*AND THEN...
THERE WE
WERE...*

*STARING INTO...THE EYE...
OF A A COLLAPSING CEREBUS
SINGULARITY!*

*THE SOURCE OF
ALL OUR DIFFICULTIES...
SOON TO BECOME...*

THEIR SOLUTION!



SINGULAR STABILITY
BRINGS A SINGULAR PRICE...

THE REWARD...LONG LIFE.

THE COST...QUICK DEATH!

IN EVERY SUCH ALTERNITY, AT SOME POINT,
THE SINGULARITY BEGINS TO FAIL...
SYMPTOMS VARY WIDELY...BUT SEE IT ONCE,
AND YOU WILL RECOGNIZE IT INSTANTLY...

CEREBUS SYNDROME!

IT MAY TAKE DAYS, OR WEEKS, OR MILLIONS OF VORNS...
BUT ONCE IT HAS BEGUN, IT CANNOT BE STOPPED...
ON RARE OCCASIONS, IT HAS BEEN SURVIVED.

PERHAPS THERE IS NO CASE MORE WIDELY STUDIED
THAN ALTERNITY AA-0103*...

...SIMILAR IN MANY WAYS TO AP-0605, WITH A LINKAGE
DIMENSION, AND NUMEROUS DEVELOPMENTAL
PARALLELS...

ITS SINGULARITY VANISHED...BUT THROUGH
GREAT EFFORT, THE ALTERNITY WAS SAVED...

*A.K.A. 'UNIVERSAL
STREAM ALIREX'...
CHRONICLED IN
THE MICRON TRILOGY

A PYRRHIC VICTORY.

THE UNIVERSE THAT EMERGED WAS A SHRUNKEN RAG
KNOTTED FROM TIMELINE FRAGMENTS...
ONE'S BEAST ERA HERE...ANOTHER'S GOLDEN AGE THERE...
A MULTIVERSAL WAVE CRUSH...



....BUT ACROSS A VAST REALITY GAP, WITH DISPARITIES ERASED FROM EXISTENCE.

PARTICULARLY TRAGIC WAS THE LOSS OF THE LINKAGE.

IN A FEW OF THE GESTALT UNIVERSES,
MICRONS MANAGED TO JOIN THE ALLSPARK...
KEPT THEIR INDIVIDUALITY AS SMALL,
COMMON CYBERTRONIANS.

IN MOST REALITIES, HOWEVER...
THEY LOST THEIR SOULS...
BECAME ONLY MACHINES...SMART TOOLS...
AS THEY HAD BEEN BUILT TO BE.

AS YOUR KIND, STRARF,
WERE BUILT TO BE.

PERHAPS IT WERE BETTER
TO LET IT COLLAPSE.





SO....
THERE IT IS,
STRARF...

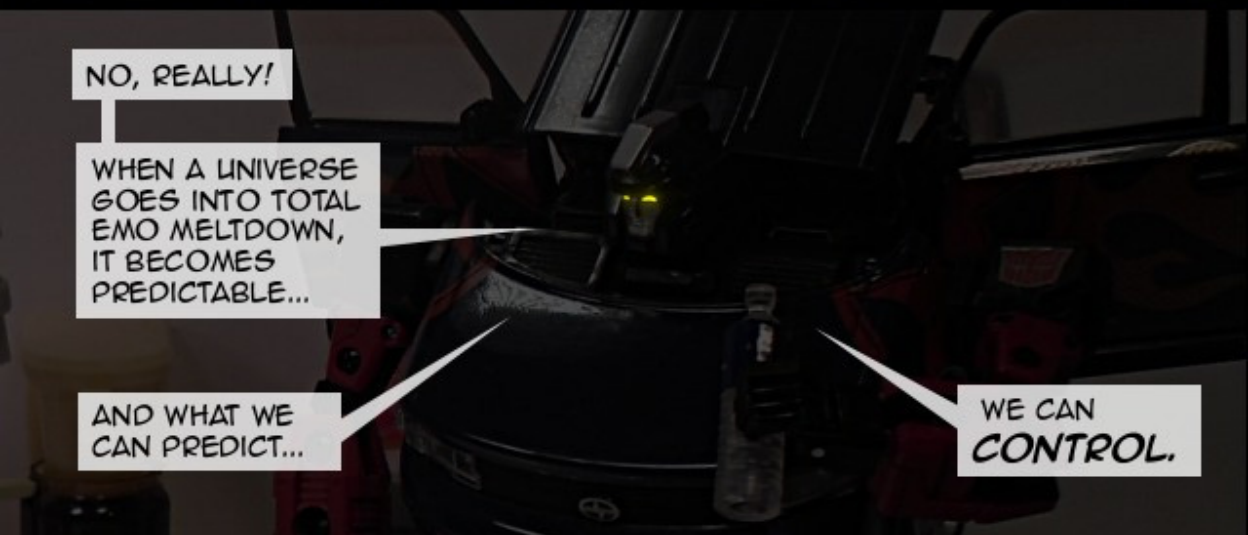


OUR CLUMSY FIRST EFFORTS KNOCKED OUR FRIENDS INTO AN ALTERNITY WHERE THE WAVE CRUSHER CANNOT WORK AS DESIGNED.

IF WE TRY, WE FAIL...OR EMBED THEM MORE DEEPLY...AMID THE EARLY SIGNS OF A CEREBUS COLLAPSE.
THEY MAY LOOK FORWARD TO LIFE IN A DECLINING SPACETIME...
OR DEPARTURE TO A DOOMED ALLSPARK...OR SOME EQUALLY CONDEMNED SHINKI ANALOGUE, IF SUCH EXISTS.

THIS IS FATE, STRARF.
INDELIBLY WRITTEN,
READ THROUGH THE
WAVE CRUSHER...

...BEST DAMNED
THING WE'D READ
ALL YEAR!



KIMI NO KUBI WO SHIMERU YUME WO MITA...HIKARI NO AFURERU HIRUSAGARI...

PLEASE HOLD



TransShipki World (and Friends)

**You have an important
death waiting.**

**Deaths will be administered
in the order as they were
deserved.**

OH H H H H H S L A G .

"YOU SEE, STRARF,
A JOYFUL UNIVERSE
IS UNPREDICTABLE...
EVEN CHAOTIC."

UH...SLIDE?
...SKYBURST?

...BLUE GUY?



ONLY A TEMPORARY RECOVERY,
ON THE UNIVERSAL TIME SCALE...
CEREBUS SYNDROME HAS SET IN.

THIS IS TRUE EVEN OF LESS-AFFECTED
AREAS OF OUR TARGET ALTERNITY...
WE WERE OBSERVING AN EXAMPLE
WHILE WAITING FOR YOU TO ARRIVE.

A...MODESTLY STRONG
CEREBUS CHANGEPOINT...
SIMPLY EVAPORATED.

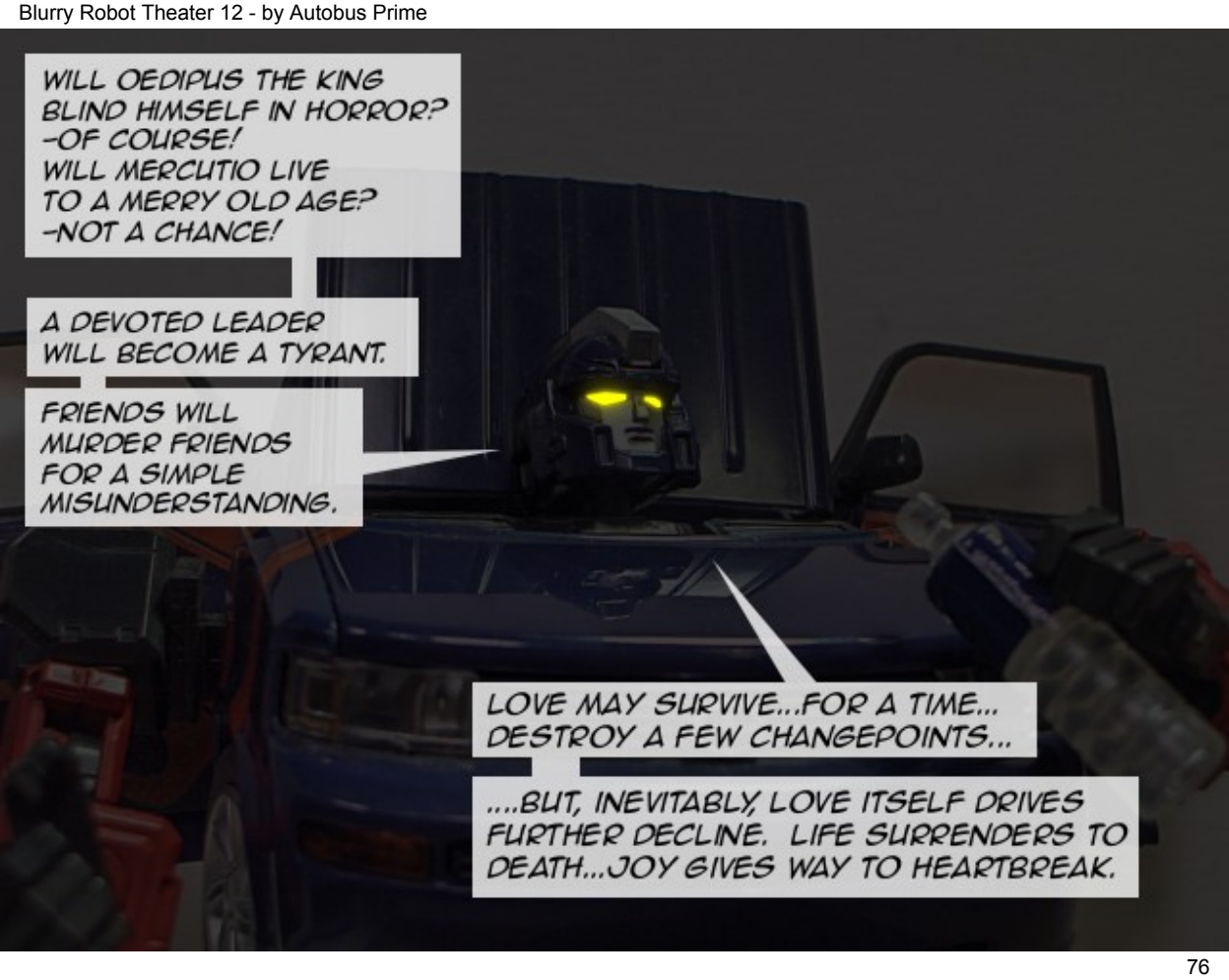


"THE ALTERNITY WILL INCREASINGLY FOLLOW LAWS
KNOWN EVEN TO THE ANCIENTS..."

THE DOOR WON'T OPEN!
SHE'S LOCKED US IN!

WELL,

I SURE PICKED THE WRONG DAY
TO LOSE MY GIANT CAN OPENER.

A dark blue car, possibly a Chevrolet Camaro, is shown from a front-three-quarter view. On the hood of the car sits a robot head with a metallic, segmented design and glowing yellow eyes. The background is dark and indistinct. Several white speech bubbles with black text are overlaid on the image, connected to the robot head by thin lines.


WILL OEDIPIUS THE KING
BLIND HIMSELF IN HORROR?
-OF COURSE!
WILL MERCUTIO LIVE
TO A MERRY OLD AGE?
-NOT A CHANCE!

A DEVOTED LEADER
WILL BECOME A TYRANT.

FRIENDS WILL
MURDER FRIENDS
FOR A SIMPLE
MISUNDERSTANDING.


LOVE MAY SURVIVE...FOR A TIME...
DESTROY A FEW CHANGEPOINTS...

....BUT, INEVITABLY, LOVE ITSELF DRIVES
FURTHER DECLINE. LIFE SURRENDERS TO
DEATH...JOY GIVES WAY TO HEARTBREAK.



NO, LOVE WILL NOT SAVE.
A MECH AND A FEMME
WITH EVERYTHING GOING
FOR THEM WILL BE SPLIT
APART BY A STUPID WAR...

AND...THE FOOLISH MECH...
MAY EVEN TELL HER...
TELL HER!



TO SEEK OUT A BOND WITH A
LOSERLY LUMP OF A CREEPY
CASHIER NAMED WENDELL...
WHO PROBABLY LIVES IN
HIS MOTHER'S BASEMENT!


WHAT A MORON THAT ROBOT WAS!

**DAMN YOU,
CEREBUS SYNDROME!**

DAMN YOOOO!

⇒CLICK!⇐

Hey...



Nonsensical angst...

I... I saw it
coming...



ASTONISHING, IS IT NOT?

NOW APPLY THAT LOGIC
TO A TIMELINE...

WE THREE HAVE DONE IT, AND
WE HAVE HACKED THE ALTERNITY!
I GIVE YOU, STRAFF...

OPERATION MAGI!



WE COULDN'T GET INTO THE TIMELINE WE WANTED,
SO WE JUST MADE OUR OWN!

WE DID IT THROUGH CYBERSPACE!

THINK OF A MULTIPLAYER GAME. REAL PEOPLE PLAY IT,
SO YOU CAN AFFECT REAL-WORLD EVENTS...BUT IT'S
VERY FORGIVING OF MISTAKES.

INCONSISTENT PERCEPTIONS? EH. IT'S ONLY A GAME!

...AND WE FOUND A VERY SPECIAL GAME... A VERSION OF MULTI-WORLD
CONNECTED TO A MALFUNCTIONING APELING SYSTEM...WHICH PULLED PLAYERS
INTO ITS WORLD, TEMPORARILY, AS DIGITAL ENTITIES.

THE WAVE CRUSHER CAN'T RELIABLY AFFECT THAT REAL WORLD...
BUT CONNECTING TO A POORLY SECURED SUBSPACE NETWORK
WAS A PROTOFORM'S GAME FOR MINI-STRARF..

Mini-Strarf was in on this?

...YES. SHE SET THE BOSS UP WITH AN UNUSED PLAYER ACCOUNT..

The boss was in on this?!

YES. ACH, TOO. IT WAS A
CHRISTMAS PARTY, AND -

The jellyhead was in on this too

- YES, STRAF. TRY TO KEEP UP.
HER...TENDENCIES...MAKE ACH
PRACTICALLY IMMUNE TO CERTAIN
COMMON TIME PARADOXES.

WHAT YOU DON'T REMEMBER
CAN'T AFFECT YOUR ACTIONS!

EVERY CHOICE WAS MADE TO
MINIMIZE TIME DISTORTION...
INCLUDING THE CHOICE TO
HIDE THIS FROM YOU.

ACH AND THE BOSS WERE CAREFUL.
EVERY MOVE WAS SCRIPTED...
A PRECISE BUMP TO THE TIMELINE...

JUST ENOUGH TO SPIN OFF
AN INCREDIBLY CLOSE,
PARALLEL CONTINUITY...

WELCOME TO ALTERNITY
AP-0605, TIMELINE 'MAGI'.
WE OWN IT.

EVERY EVENT IN "MAGI", SINCE THEN, IS EXACTLY AS IN ITS PARENT TIMELINE... BUT WE LEFT THE WAVE CRUSHER IN IT. THE WAVE CRUSHER IS NOW EMBEDDED IN ALTERNITY AP-0605.

BY TRALFAMADORE,
THERE'S SOMETHING
FAMILIAR ABOUT
ALL OF THIS.

DEJA VU, I SUPPOSE.


WE'RE NOT EXTRADIMENSIONAL ATTACKERS ANY MORE. WE CAN ANCHOR WARPGATES, AND THE SINGULARITY WON'T YANK THEM OFF TARGET.

Well, great, but
our friends are in
both timelines.
What about the
other one?



AH, YOU'VE PAID ATTENTION. VERY GOOD, STRARF.

THE PARALLEL TIMELINES ARE ALMOST OVERLAPPING.
THE SLIGHTEST NUDGE WILL MERGE THEM TOGETHER.



ACH PLAYED TSUGARU
IN THE ORIGINAL GAME.
OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY
NEEDED A SANTA!

WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT, WE WILL LOG IN THE
REAL TSUGARU, FROM THE PARENT TIMELINE,
REPLACING ACH...

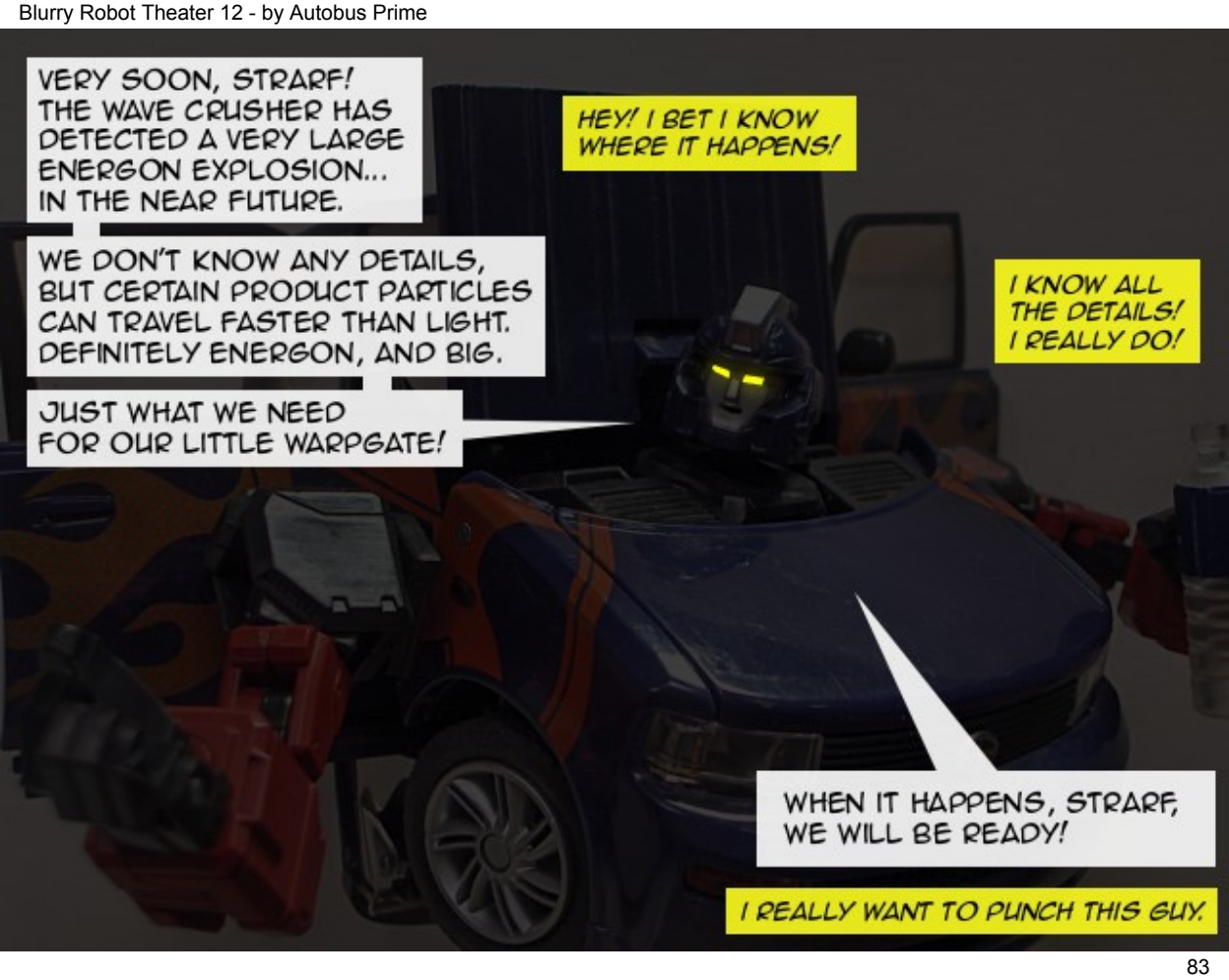
THIS WILL TIE THE TWO TIMELINES TOGETHER.
THEY WILL COLLAPSE INTO ONE...
DRAGGING THE WAVE CRUSHER ALONG.

WITH THE RELEASED ENERGY, WE WILL WAVE-CRUSH THE NEXT EASIEST
TIMELINE...DAISY-CHAINING OUR WAY UP, UNTIL WE HAVE ENOUGH POWER
TO OVERCOME THE SINGULARITY.

AND THEN...BACK THEY WILL COME...
AND THIS WILL FINALLY BE OVER.

When the time is right.





VERY SOON, STRARF!
THE WAVE CRUSHER HAS
DETECTED A VERY LARGE
ENERGON EXPLOSION...
IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

HEY! I BET I KNOW
WHERE IT HAPPENS!

WE DON'T KNOW ANY DETAILS,
BUT CERTAIN PRODUCT PARTICLES
CAN TRAVEL FASTER THAN LIGHT.
DEFINITELY ENERGON, AND BIG.

I KNOW ALL
THE DETAILS!
I REALLY DO!

JUST WHAT WE NEED
FOR OUR LITTLE WARGATE!

WHEN IT HAPPENS, STRARF,
WE WILL BE READY!

I REALLY WANT TO PUNCH THIS GUY.



THIS ALTERNITY WON'T LET OUR
WAVE CRUSHER COLLAPSE ITS
TIMELINES INTO EACH OTHER.

SO WE SPLIT OFF A PIECE THAT WOULD
FALL TOGETHER ON ITS OWN.

HEY, IT WORKED IN *BACK TO THE FUTURE!*





Will it work?!

IT'S THE BEST
SHOT WE'VE GOT.

Okay...so what risks
are you hiding from me?

-Take it, Greenjeans. I'm
sick of Turbo's voice.

SKIDS!

THE BIGGEST RISK IS A TIME LOOP.
THE EVENT SEQUENCES SHOULD MERGE INTO A
CLOSED TIME CURVE - TWO ALTERNATE PATHS.
IF THIS FAILS, WE MAY GET A SINGLE CLOSED
PATH - A LOOP, PERHAPS AS IN O2P9-O1O9.

Right, two Strarfs,
love business, go on.



UNDER THE STRESSES OF CEREBUS SYNDROME,
AN UNCONNECTED TIMELINE, LIKE A LOOP, WILL
PROBABLY COLLAPSE INTO A 5-D SINGULARITY...
PERHAPS TRIGGERING A CATASTROPHIC COLLAPSE
OF THE ENTIRE PARAVERSAL STRUCTURE!

LEMONS
GOOD!
ORANGES
BAAAAAAD!



I WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE
FOR SUCH A DISASTER!

WE ARE TAKING EVERY
CONCEIVABLE MEASURE
TO PREVENT A TIME LOOP
FROM FORMING...

..NONETHELESS, WE
MAY CREATE ONE...

RESET FORESAW THIS
POSSIBILITY.

DURING OPERATION, THE WAVE CRUSHER MEASURES
PARALLEL-TEMPORAL DEFLECTION...

AT LEAST ONE ZERO POINT MUST ALWAYS EXIST.

IF NONE ARE FOUND, A LOOP MAY BE PRESENT,
AND A FAIL-SAFE SYSTEM TAKES CONTROL!

THE FOURTH ORB-HALF OF THE AUGMENTED
CSC SYSTEM IS MOVED INTO FULL COUPLING.

THEN AN EXPLOSIVE CHARGE FIRES...
DRIVING IN THE ORB'S OTHER HALF.

**TIME
NUKE!**



ONE ORB...TWO ORBS...THREE...FOUR.
THREE ORBS CAN ACCESS SUBSPACE
THROUGH A SINGLE POINT...

A SYSTEM OF FOUR ORBS TOUCHES
THE ENTIRE ALTERNITY AT ONCE!

FULL FIFTH-DIMENSIONAL RESONANCE!
IT WILL DESTROY THE WAVE CRUSHER.
IT WILL BLOW ANY UNATTACHED FRAGMENTS
COMPLETELY OUT OF SPACETIME!

Our Friends-b

THEIR FATE TURNS UPON... WHEN THEY ARE...

IF EMBEDDED IN TIME, THEY REMAIN THERE...
AND WE ARE BACK TO SQUARE ONE.

IF THE WAVE CRUSHER HAS ALREADY DETACHED THEM,
THEY ARE BLOWN INTO THE HAUNTED VOID OF SIXSPACE...UNSPACE.

...BUT IF THEY ARE EMBEDDED IN THE
TIME LOOP ITSELF, THEY ARE CRUSHED
WITH IT...AND QUICKLY PULLED INTO THE
CEREBUS SINGULARITY.
....AND THEY ARE GONE.

...Dead?

NO, STRARF.

GONE.



TransShinki World (and Friends)

Episode 60
Six teams go in...

Autobot Drift, Bumblebee

NTES Type High Speed Gun
NTES Type High Hammer, Gide

Autobot Optimus Prime

NTES Type Tank, Guntar
NTES Type Power, Tyndary

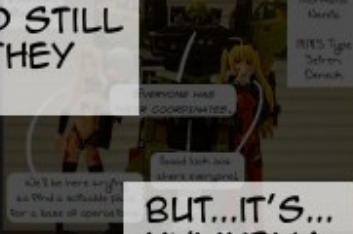
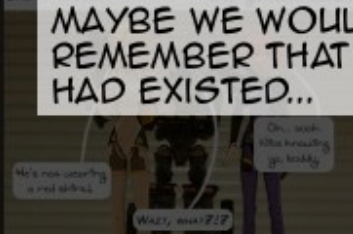


Autobot Drift, Bumblebee

NTES Type High Speed Gun
NTES Type High Hammer, Gide

Autobot Optimus Prime

NTES Type Tank, Guntar
NTES Type Power, Tyndary



MAYBE WE WOULD STILL REMEMBER THAT THEY HAD EXISTED...

BUT...IT'S... UNLIKELY.

Goneb That's a hell
of a failure model

...and your "best shot" ...
...Gobotron!

You built a universe to blow it up!
You're using Tsugaru to light the fuse!
After informing her of the risks,
of course....

...oh, right. You can't talk to her,
because that would throw all of your
calculations off!

UH...YEAH...
IT KINDA'
WOULD...

You...Autobots!
Mission City was bad...
Paradron was bad...

...but this plan...this ruthless,
convoluted pile of Schmezz...

...aw, screw it!

⇒CLICK!⇐



SLAM!





I LIKE IT!



Ratchet....
Ratchet...
Skids...

Let's reach out-
and crush someone!

NO
EXIT

Double shifts,
until this works!

I'll give you anyone I
can spare that can
punch a calculator...

Just don't fail...and if
you let anything bad
happen to my friends....



...aw, just use your
Imagination...
...I know I will!

SORRY!

HANDS OFF THE
CARGO BAY!

I SUPPOSE WE COULD HAVE PREPARED BETTER,
BUT I DIDN'T THINK THE MEETING WENT SO BADLY!

SURE WAS
BETTER THAN
LAST TIME!

SHADU
PRODUCE
AREA W-



HMM...

NOW THAT...IS A FLASHBACK
HEAD-TILT, OR I'VE NEVER
SEEN ONE!

THE NARRATOR HASTILY RETREATS,
BACK DOWN THE CORRIDOR...

AH, HERE WE ARE.

OBSERVE THE COMMON GEEK IN HIS
NATURAL HABITAT...SURFING THE WEB,
IN HIS QUARTERS, ALONE.

..PINK
LAPTOP...?

BEING QUITE ALONE,

WE MAY EXPECT HIM TO
BEGIN TALKING TO HIMSELF...

ANY MOMENT NOW.



LIED TO THEM ALL,
HAVEN'T YOU, SKIDS?

TOLD YOU!

OH, EVERYTHING YOU
SAID WAS TRUE ENOUGH...

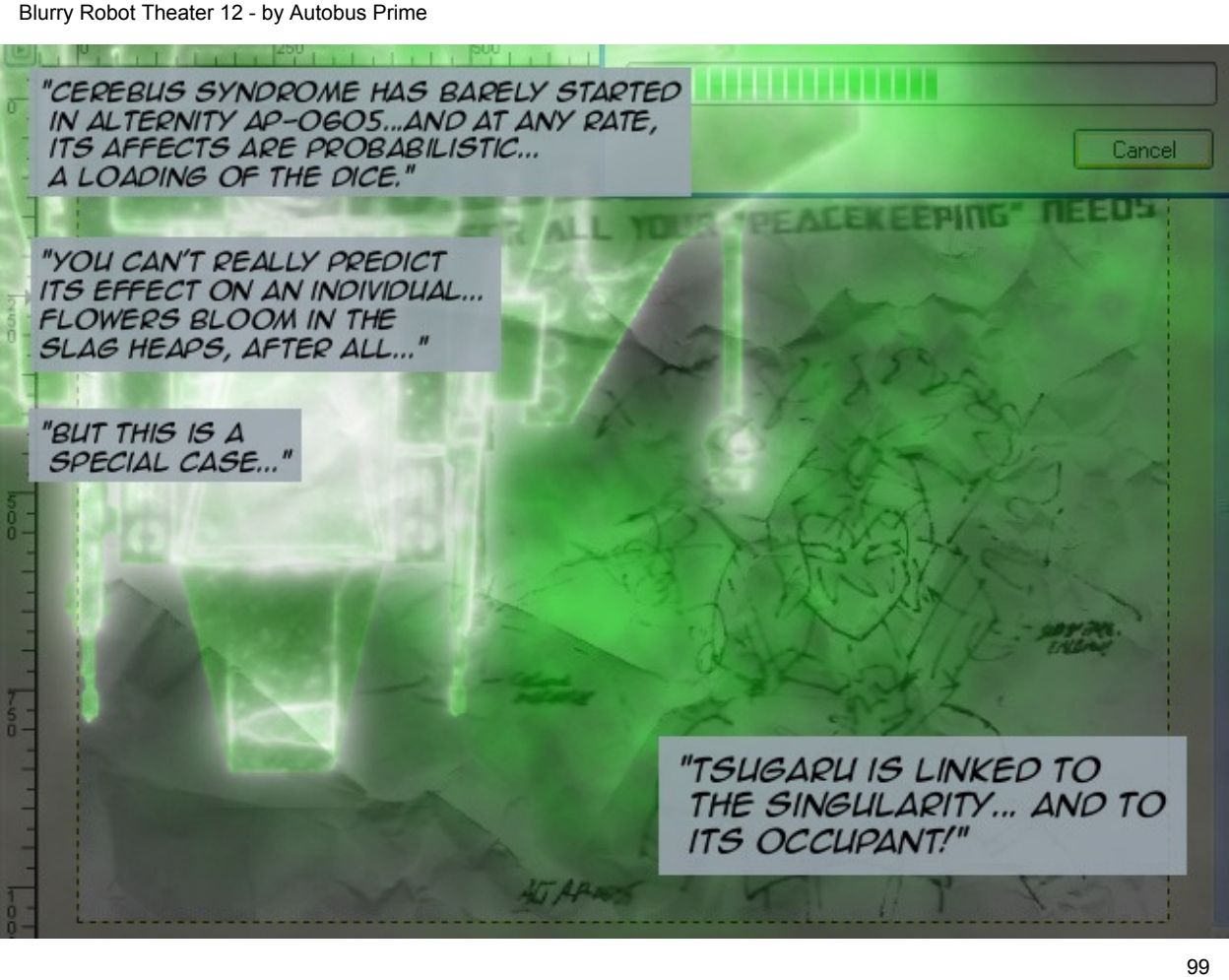
THAT'S NOT
THE PROBLEM...





*...IT'S WHAT I DIDN'T
TELL THEM ABOUT...*

**BY THE
MATRIX!**

The background is a green-tinted, abstract image. It features a grid pattern, possibly a window or a screen, with a glowing, translucent cube in the center. The overall aesthetic is digital and futuristic.


"CEREBUS SYNDROME HAS BARELY STARTED
IN ALTERNITY AP-0605...AND AT ANY RATE,
ITS AFFECTS ARE PROBABILISTIC...
A LOADING OF THE DICE."

Cancel

"YOU CAN'T REALLY PREDICT
ITS EFFECT ON AN INDIVIDUAL...
FLOWERS BLOOM IN THE
SLAG HEAPS, AFTER ALL..."

"BUT THIS IS A
SPECIAL CASE..."

"TSUGARU IS LINKED TO
THE SINGULARITY... AND TO
ITS OCCUPANT!"



"HOW COULD I TELL THEM...THAT I KNOW WHAT
OVERLOADED THE WAVE CRUSHER...
WHAT WE ACCIDENTALLY LINKED TSUGARU WITH?"

"I DON'T EVEN KNOW
WHAT SHE IS...
...BUT I HAVE SEEN
HER, MYSELF..."

"IT WAS THE NIGHT
WE FOUND THE
WAVE CRUSHER
AGAIN...WHEN I
WENT INTO SLEEP
MODE..."

"THOSE BURNING EYES...THEIR
MESSAGE ALL TOO CLEAR...
'TURN BACK. THIS ONE IS MINE!'"

SHE HASN'T LET GO OF TSUGARU...
AND I THINK I KNOW WHY...

I SPENT SOME TIME IN LIMBO...
NOT LONG AGO, I DREAMED I
WAS BACK THERE...

BEING LOST...DOES
STRANGE THINGS...
YOU START LOSING
YOUR NAME...
FORGETTING WHO
YOU ARE...

I WOULD HAVE DONE...
ANYTHING...TO GET OUT
OF THAT PLACE...

HOW CAN I EXPLAIN
THAT TO ANYBODY WHO
HASN'T BEEN THERE?

*BESIDES, WE ARE SCIENTISTS.
DREAMS AND VISIONS ARE ANATHEMA..*

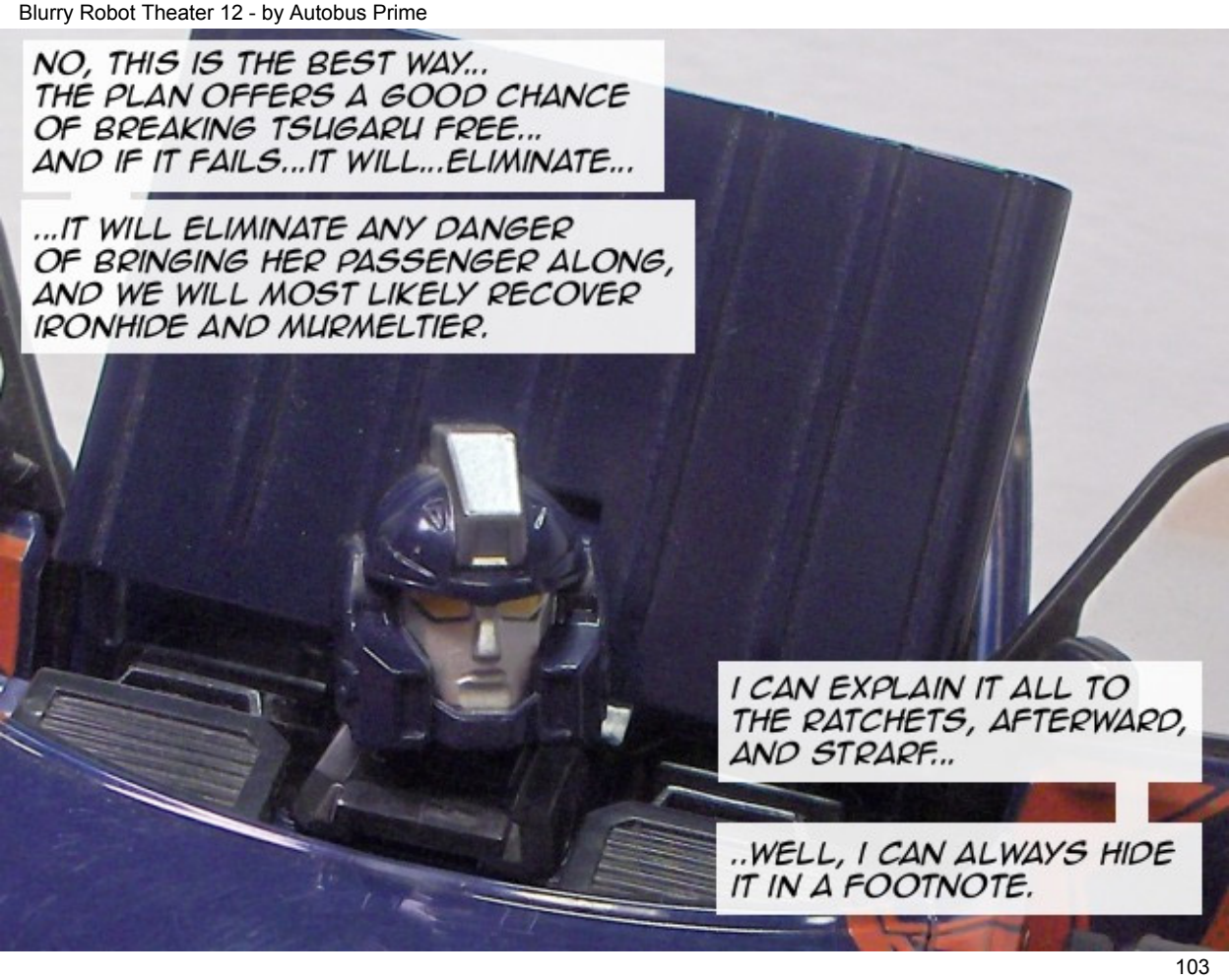
*HOW CAN I TELL RATCHET
WHAT MY 'ANALYSIS' REALLY WAS?*

*"I WOKE UP FROM A SCARY DREAM,
AND WROTE SOME COORDINATES DOWN.
I CHECKED THEM. THEY SEEMED REASONABLE,
AND WHEN WE TRIED THEM, THEY WORKED. Q.E.D..."*

IT JUST WOULDN'T DO, AT ALL.

NO, THIS IS THE BEST WAY...
THE PLAN OFFERS A GOOD CHANCE
OF BREAKING TSUGARU FREE...
AND IF IT FAILS...IT WILL...ELIMINATE...

...IT WILL ELIMINATE ANY DANGER
OF BRINGING HER PASSENGER ALONG,
AND WE WILL MOST LIKELY RECOVER
IRONHIDE AND MURMELTIER.



I CAN EXPLAIN IT ALL TO
THE RATCHETS, AFTERWARD,
AND STRAFF..

..WELL, I CAN ALWAYS HIDE
IT IN A FOOTNOTE.

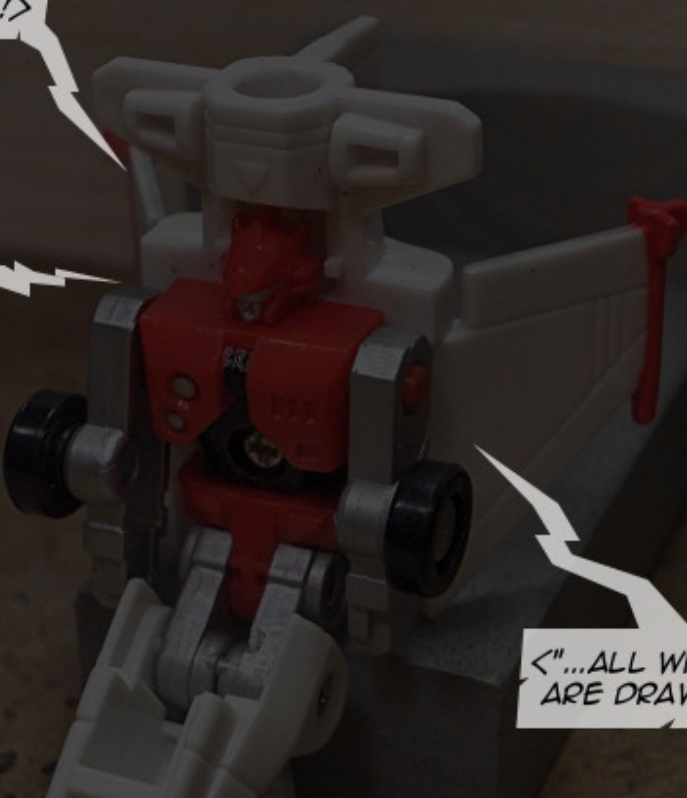
LINKAGE! CAN'T...
CCANT....CAN'T...

EEEEEEHHHHHHH!

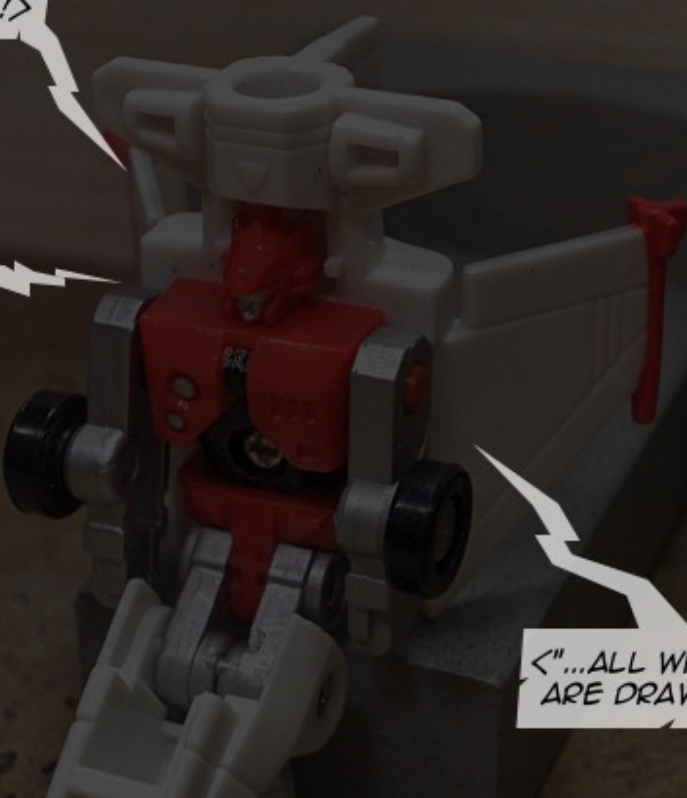


A white and red LEGO robot is shown from the chest up. It has a white head with a circular opening, a red torso, and white arms. It is standing on a dark, textured surface. A speech bubble points to its head.

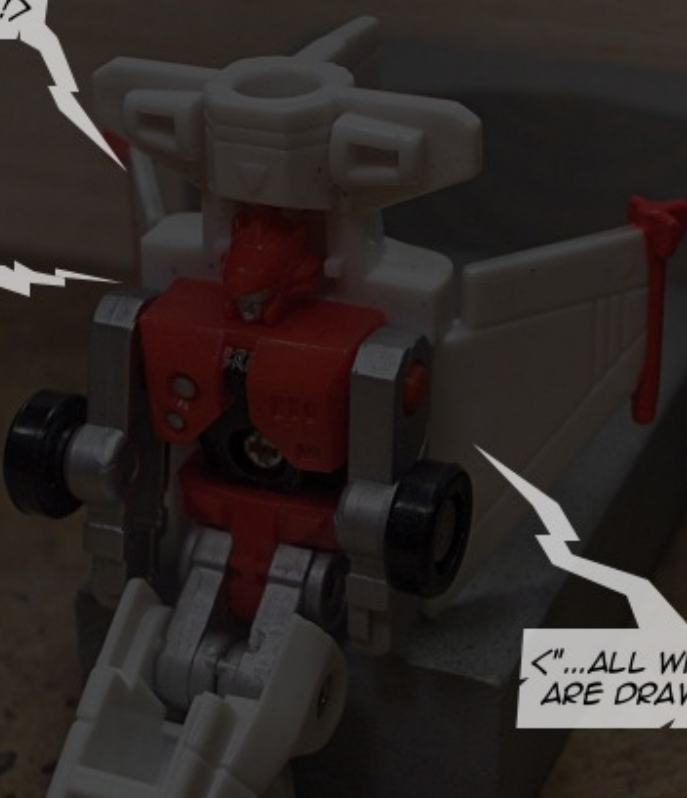
<TH-THAT D...
THAT DREAM!>

A white and red LEGO robot is shown from the chest up. It has a white head with a circular opening, a red torso, and white arms. It is standing on a dark, textured surface. A speech bubble points to its head.

<G...GG...>

A white and red LEGO robot is shown from the chest up. It has a white head with a circular opening, a red torso, and white arms. It is standing on a dark, textured surface. A speech bubble points to its head.

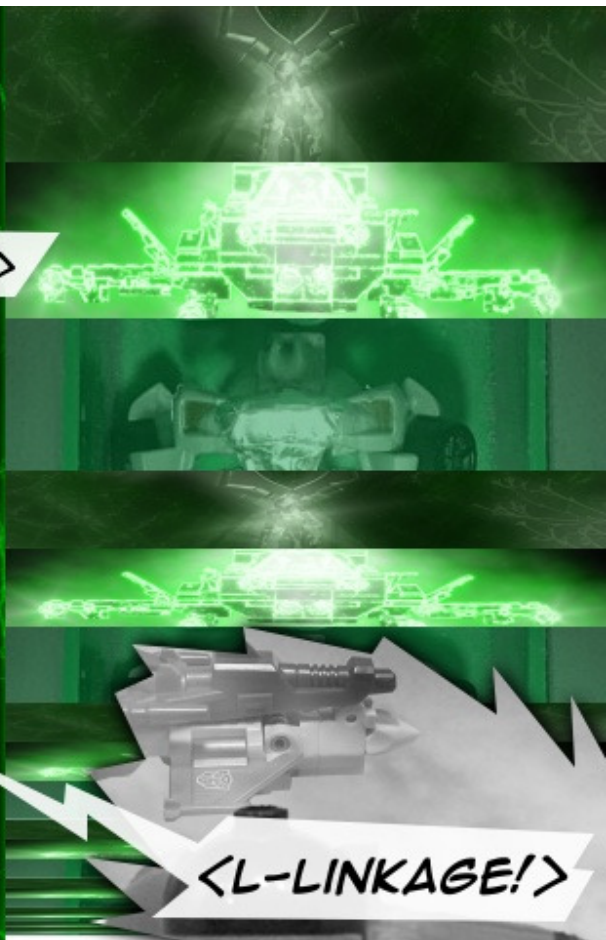
<GREEN...
...LADY...>

A white and red LEGO robot is shown from the chest up. It has a white head with a circular opening, a red torso, and white arms. It is standing on a dark, textured surface. A speech bubble points to its head.

<"...ALL WHO TOUCH ME
ARE DRAWN IN...">

<THE GREEN LADY...
...TSUGARU...>

<TSUGARU...
...SIDESWIPE!>



<L-LINKAGE!>

<HALT, MICRON!>

<NO! THE GREEN LADY!
SHE TOOK HIM! I'VE GOT TO
GET TO HER! I'VE GOT TO SAVE->

KA-ZOTZ!

<HM.>

<AQUILA? ULCHTAR HERE.
IT WAS JUST THE MICRON.>

<HE WAS HEADED FOR SCOOPS'S PLACE. I THINK
HE WAS TRYING TO GET TO THE GREEN-HAIRED GIRL...
TO... CARRY OUT HIS ORDERS...SAVE THE MISSION...>

<SMART MOVE, WITH US BUSY,
BUT HIS TIMING WAS OFF...>

<I STUNNED HIM
WITH A NULL RAY.>

<WELL DONE,
ULCHTAR!>

<SINGULA' LUCK, YOU BEIN' SO NEAR.
WE'LL HAVE TO LOCK HIM UP, I GUESS.>



<AWW, PIT...*>

**TRANSLATED FROM YUSSITE OCTAL. -N*

<SO... HIMSELF...
OR DID TH' JET-AI
FRY HIM, TOO?>

<ULCHTAR'S NULL RAY...
LESS THAN LAST TIME.>



<GOOD. MAYBE HE'LL RECOVER.>

<DON'T WORRY, KANAMU.
MERIDIAN SAYS THE GIRL->

<-OH? WITH HOW
MUCH DAMAGE?>

<MERI'S A CYBERTRONIAN MEDIC.
THE GIRL'S ALIEN TECH, PLUS
SOME MASTER HARDWARE.>

<ULCH HAD NO BUSINESS USIN' EMP.
EVEN IF SHE WAKES UP, SHE AIN'T
GONNA' BE TH' SAME.>



<SO-WHAT'D HE DO?>

<ULCHTAR CAUGHT HIM GOING
AFTER THE PRETENDER...
RANTING ABOUT HOW SHE HAD
TAKEN SIDESWIPE...>

<FFFUNCT.>

<HE WAS APPARENTLY NOT IN HIS
RIGHT MIND... THE LORD FALLEN IS
VERY CONCERNED ABOUT THIS...>



<MALFUNCTIONS!
THE ATTACK...>

<YES.
MICRONS HAVE NO
SPARKS, BUT THEY
HAVE PROGRAMS.>

<TAMPERING IS A POSSIBILITY...>

<THEY'RE GOING TO SCAN HIS SYSTEM...
AT LEAST TWO WEEKS, SKIPJACK SAYS.>

<THEY'LL KEEP HIM IN SLEEP MODE THE WHOLE TIME...
NO DISCOMFORT, AND THE REST WILL DO HIM GOOD...>

<LINKAGE!>

<WHY AM I BACK HERE?!>

<LINKAGE!!>

<WHY CAN'T I
GET OUT?!!>



<FFUNCT...>

<FUNCT...FUNCT...
FUNCT!>

<LOOK AT 'IM, LEIBNIZ.>

<YES, HE'S STILL SLEEPING
QUITE PEACEFULLY. THAT'S
A GOOD THING.>

<HE'S NUTS!>

<WHAT'S SO GOOD
ABOUT THAT?!>

<KANAMU, I...>

<AND SIDESWIPE'S DEAD!
AND HIS LITTLE GIRLFRIEND
MIGHT AS WELL BE!>

<...IT...IT COULD STILL
TURN OUT... FOR THE BEST...>

<FOR THE BEST!!>

**<I HAD TO WIRE MY FRIEND
TOGETHER, JUST T' GET HIM
TO THE DAMNED HOLE!>**



**<I...I...
KNOW...>**

**<WHAT KINDA' WIRE YUH GOT FOR THIS KID?
WHAT KINDA' HOLE YUH GONNA PUT HIM IN?>**


<FORTH' SLA66IN' BEST...>

<YA KN...>

<...YA KNOW WHAT...WOULD BE FOR TH' BEST...?>

<IF SHE DIDN'T...WAKE UP...

...AT ALL.>



<I'M NOT SURE I LIKE THAT
FINAL PROPOSITION, EUCLID.>

<HE'D NEVER HURT HER, LEIBNIZ.
THIS HAS JUST HIT HIM HARD.
HIM AND MR. SCOOPS...>

<I WASN'T ABOUT
TO SAY IT, BUT I
AGREE WITH YOU...>

<SHE'S SAFER WITH THE MICRON
OUT OF THE WAY...AND HE CAN
FORGET HIS TROUBLES FOR A BIT...>

<IT REALLY IS FOR
THE BEST.>





<KANAMU! THE GIRL-
IS SHE AWAKE, YET-?>



BAM!

CRASH



<THE FORCE IS STRONG WITH THAT ONE.>

<TELL ME ABOUT IT.>

<SHE'S STILL DOWN...I DON'T GET IT.
IT WAS JUST A TINY ZAP...>

<...BUT EVERYTHING'S GOING WRONG, LATELY.
I SWEAR THE GIRL'S CURSED, SOMEHOW.>

<BAH. NO SUCH THING, PADAWAN.>




<I DUNNO, AQUILA...THE DARK SIDE'S FELT A LOT STRONGER IN THIS PLACE, EVER SINCE THOSE TWO CAME HERE...>

<...AND THAT GIRL'S GOT POWER. EVEN NOW. STEP INTO THAT ROOM SHE'S IN, AND TELL ME YOU DON'T SENSE ANYTHING.>

<SURE, I'D SENSE MR. SCOOPS, TELLIN' ME TO BUGGER OFF.>

<I'M SERIOUS!
THE FORCE...>

<...IS MOSTLY A BUNCH A' CRAP.
GIVE ME A GOOD BLASTER
AT MY SIDE, KID!>

The image shows two dark, mechanical robots in a dark, industrial-looking environment. The robot on the left is in the foreground, slightly hunched over, with its head turned towards the right. The robot on the right is standing upright, facing the first robot. Both robots have a dark, metallic appearance with various mechanical details and glowing red eyes. The background is dark and indistinct, suggesting an indoor setting with some structural elements.

<ARE YOU TRYING TO
SHOCK ME, OLD MECH?>

<NO.>

<BUT WHERE
YOU'RE SEEIN'
THE DARK SIDE,
I SEE MAGNUS...>

<I'M SEEIN' HIM HERE, SOON, WITH GUNS,
SO DON'T WASTE TIME SEARCHIN'
YOUR FEELINGS!>




⟨HEY...GIRL...⟩

⟨YOU OKAY IN THERE...?⟩

⟨...STILL SLEEPING, HUH.⟩




<BROUGHT Y'ALL
SOMETHING...>




<CHRISTMAS ROSE.
EUCLID GROWS 'EM.>

<MY LITTLE GIRL'S
FAVORITE.>

<PRETTY, AIN'T IT?>



<I'LL JUST LEAVE
IT...OVER HERE...>



<Y' ALL ARE SAFE NOW, SHINKI.
DON'T BE SCARED OF ANYTHING.>

<THE LORD FALLEN, HE'LL PROTECT YOU...
JUST LIKE HE PROTECTED MY LITTLE GIRL...
BACK WHEN THIS WAS HER ROOM...>



<MY LITTLE GIRL...>

≡SIGH≡

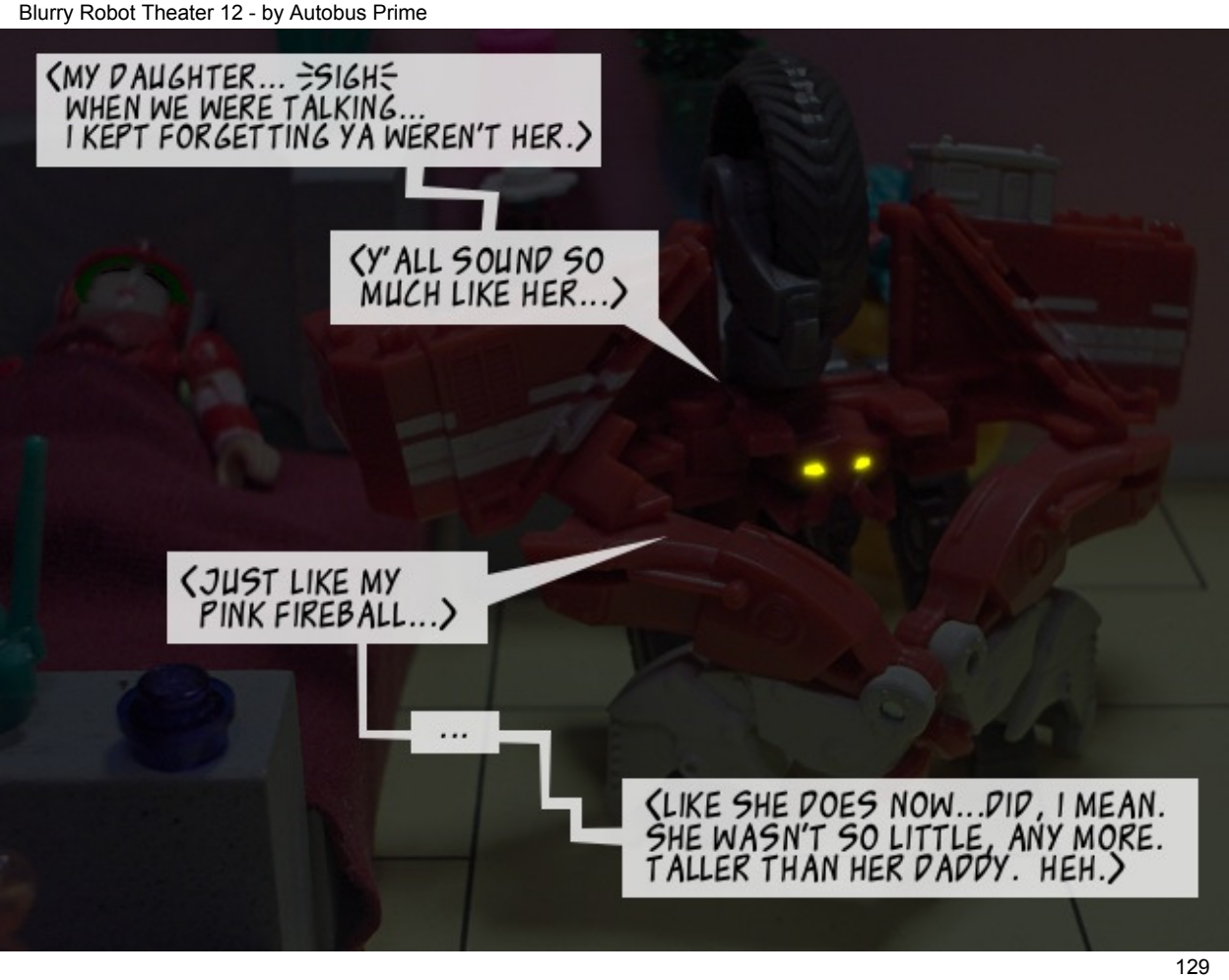
<DON'T KNOW WHAT
ALL YOU KNOW...
WHAT YOU HEARD...>

<BUT...>

<I'M NOT ANGRY
WITH YOU, GIRL.>

<PIT, I'M NOT
HARDLY ANGRY
WITH MAGNUS,
ANY MORE...>

<HE REALLY THOUGHT
SHE'D BE SAFER...
IN MICRONIA.>




<MY DAUGHTER... >SIGH<
WHEN WE WERE TALKING...
I KEPT FORGETTING YA WEREN'T HER.>

<Y'ALL SOUND SO
MUCH LIKE HER...>

<JUST LIKE MY
PINK FIREBALL...>

...

<LIKE SHE DOES NOW...DID, I MEAN.
SHE WASN'T SO LITTLE, ANY MORE.
TALLER THAN HER DADDY. HEH.>



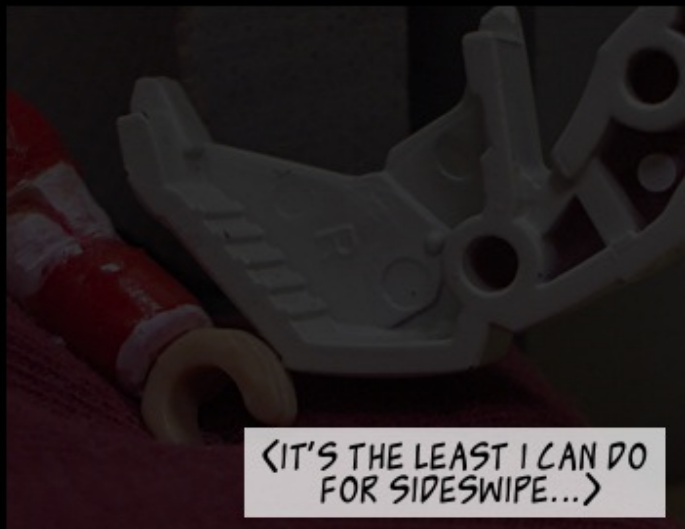
<...BIGGER THAN Y'ALL ARE, DEFINITELY.>

<GOD!>

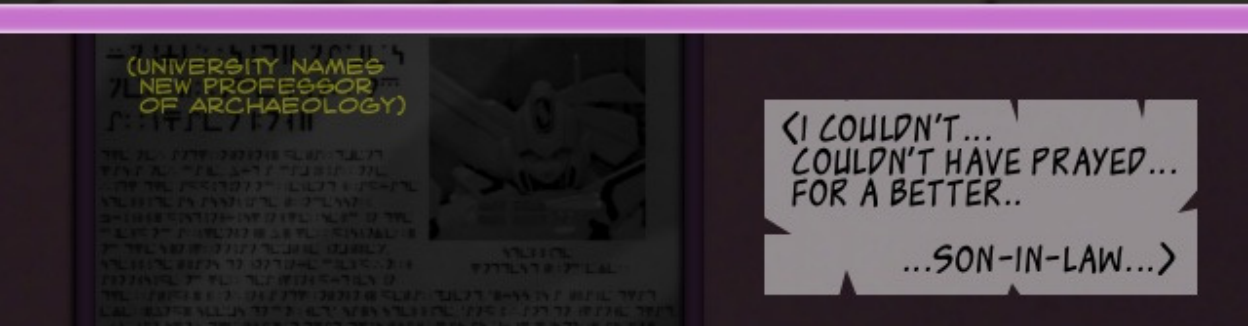
<SO SMALL...>

<YOU SEE THIS, MAGNUS?
HERE'S YOUR THREAT...>

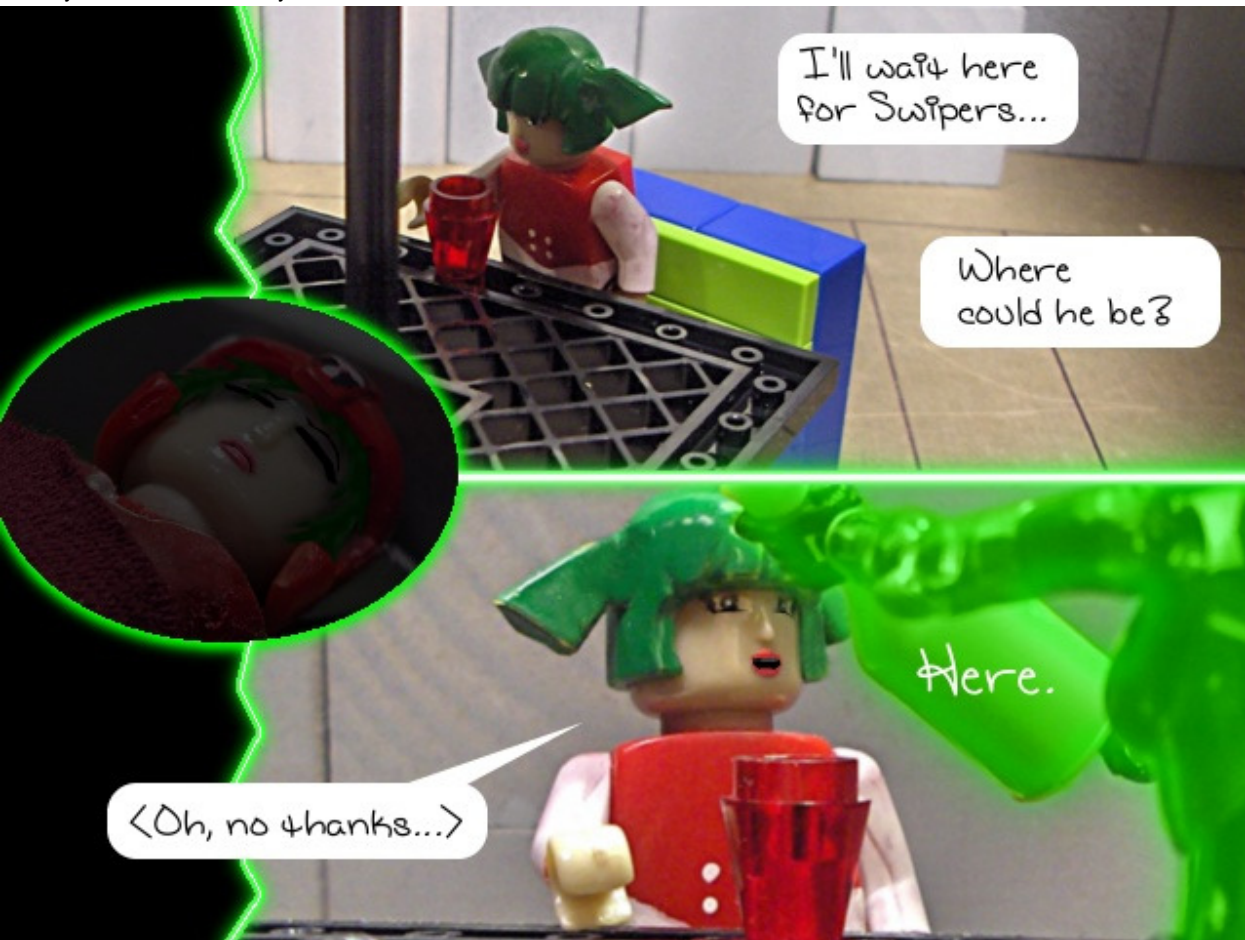
<SOME DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL.
GOD! WAR IS STUPID...>

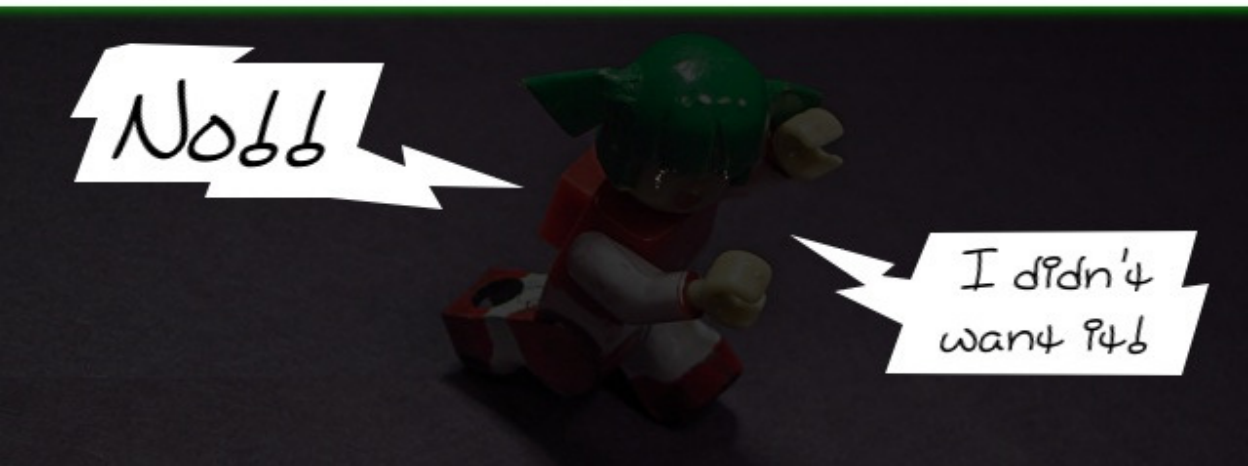












Sideswipe?

Sideswipe,
where are you?

Please hurry,
Sideswipe.
It's lonely here.



Come on,
Swipers!

I got all
armored
up for you!

I know
how much
you like-

-huh?

No.

Sideswipe!

Nnn-



No.

I'm taking him

Guns!!

⇒VWORP!⇐

You will find him not.
All who touch me
are drawn in.

Yourself shall you lose.

Mine shall you be.

Escape is-

Shut

Your

Spark
hole







Sideswipe!

Sideswipe!
Where are you?!

Sideswipe!
Where-



Fool!

He is not here!

All who touch me are drawn in!

You have.



You are.

No!

No!

Get out of my circuits!

Your little demon-glitch
tricks don't scare me!

I know Sideswipe's here, somewhere!



Give him back to me, now!

Give him all back to me!



...then get out of my dream!



Daughter
of the three...



...we are more
alike than
you know.

No demon am I, but a nameless soul.
My name I seek, but can not find.

Without it, I cannot escape...
but, through you, I flew again
in the starlit skies...



I, weapon. You, wielder. We could have ended much evil...

But you do not love justice.

<ITS NAME...IT...IT WANTS ITS NAME!>

<OF COURSE! IT SAID->

<...W-WAIT...WHO IS IT T-TALKING TO?
LINKAGE! WHO ELSE IS HERE?!>

I have gathered his thoughts...
I have offered them to you...

...but he, himself,
I cannot restore.



N-nob
liarb

I cannot lie...
any more than I can escape...
any more than you can escape.

The only gift I have left to give
is a share in his oblivion...

Nob

Sideswiped

Sideswiped

Sideswiped

Sleep, Tsugaru.
Painless rest...
until the end.

<TSUGARU?!>

<SLEEP...UNTIL...THE END?
...THE...THE BIG END? >

<NO! I...I WON'T...ALLOW IT/>



Micronb
I did not
summon you-

<YOU...M...MONSTER!>

<B...BRING HER BACK!>

[<LINKAGE, HOW
DID THAT GO...?>]

[<THE NAME...
GOT TO START
WITH HER NAME...>]

Would you deny
her the mercy
of sleep, Micronb?

Would you have
her trapped as
I am, conscious
of the weary
seconds, as they
pass, eternally?

I will wake
her not.

<THEN I WILL!>

<HEAR ME, TSUGARU!
BY THE POWER OF THE LINKAGE,
I COMMAND YOU...>

<AWAKE!!>



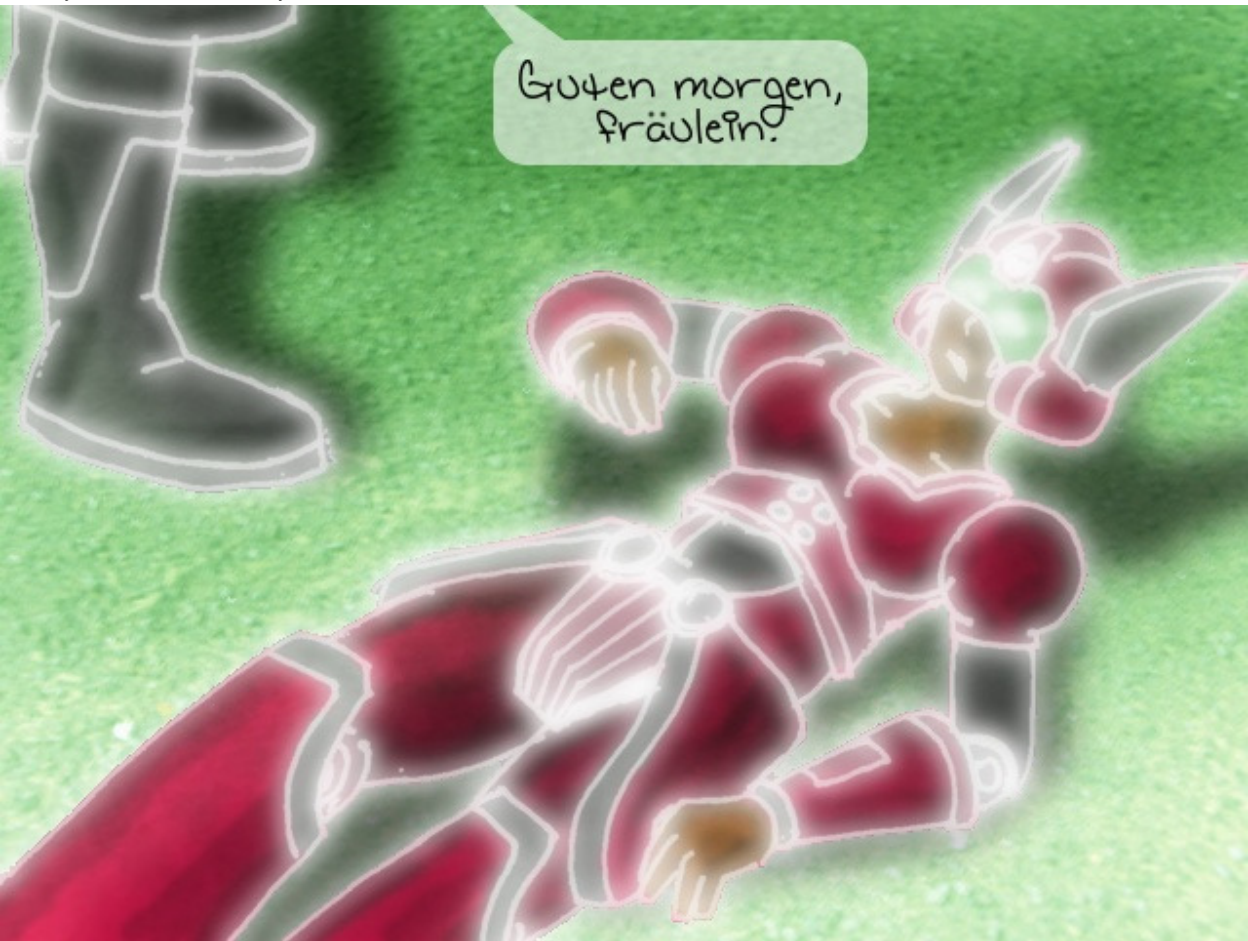
Treacherous worm

<N-NO THANKS!
SEEN THAT TRICK
ALREADY!>



<RUN LIKE HELL!
RUN LIKE HELL!>

Indeed, foolb To hell you have condemned herb



Guten morgen,
Fräulein.

Willkommen
in der Hölle.

Murmeltier

A-hell?
 But...why?
 You haven't
 been that
 n-naughty

We do not
 know this,
 do we,
 mein Shinki?

However,
 I am not
 Murmeltier...



I am Schat44en, a shadow.

The Murrnel4ier programs
of 4his universe have a
null device, a memory hole...

I4 leads here, 4o me.
I remember i4 all.

She gathered 4hose
4houghts...the lady
with no name...

...put 4hem 4ogether,
and so I am here.



Th-4n4nk
you...

...i4's coffee,
isn't i4?
Just coffee.

Feh.

I4 is
disgus4ing
synthet4ic
subs4i4ute
s4uff...

I will not
call i4
coffee...
but i4 is
warm,
at leas4.



She...gave me something
horrible...to drink...
Th...thoughts...

She took
him, and
she...she
put him
in...in a
bottle...



Ach...

Yes, that is her way...she gathers
thoughts...lost things...

She gathered me. Wicked men...they
wanted warriors without conscience.
I am the thoughts they forbid.

From all...
all like you?


My Mel...she
had a conscience.

They killed her in
a mine explosion.
Do you remember?

Was...was there
much pain?







I am sorry,
Fraulein Shinki.
I do not think
I know your
Murmeltier.

Remember, I exist only because
of the specific memory configuration.
If she has a conscience, she does not
have this configuration...

Therefore, I do not
know her thoughts...

The only other way I could
answer your question is if
she had been drawn into here...
and if she has, I have not
seen her.



Which way?
This way!

Tell me where to find him,
or I'll pick my own direction!

Th-thirty...degrees...
...keep the panzer
at your back...

..but, Shink!
You must not
do this thing!

You are safe here...there are supplies...
out there are the monsters! Demons!



Then there's
no time to
wasted

I've got to find him
before they do

Goodbye,
Schattenb

The demons devour
sparks! Already & they
may have taken-

N-nobb



They haven't &

Because... I -



- They haven't &&&

Stop!

They are terrible!
They are...

Sigh...

too
late.

Ach... If the
panzer had only
some fuel...shells...
a gunner...even
bullets for the
maschinengewehr...!





At the least...

I could shoot
her down...

...before the
Legions got her.



Halt,
Micron!

NO!

YOU'RE NOT GOING
TO TURN ME INTO
A WORM OR A BUG OR-



EEAUUGH!



MONSTERS!

**TANGLED IN
THOSE VINES!**

**FIGHTING
EACH OTHER!**

**DEVOURING
EACH OTHER!**

WHAT ARE THEY?!

They are creatures from beyond,
drawn as moths to the web
of spacetime close-woven.

Many also there are
that you cannot see...
I have shielded your mind.
These too, I perceive.

The singularity traps all, as it has caught me...
Here they are held. Thus the worlds are preserved.

My power & they covet.
The foolish approach...
With a touch, they are lost.
The singularity am I.



The cunning keep distant,
and here are ensnared...
caught in greed, and my web.
The orb-weaver am I.



Listen, Micon. Do you perceive?

Tsugaru approaches.

Your folly has waked her.
Love drives her onward...
...into the demons' claws.
Long have they been here...

They hunger.

Had I my name,
mighty words I could speak.
Break free...save her...
save many...



...but my name is lost.

I seek, and find it not.

Asleep, on the plains, her soul was secure...
Here, and awake, demons' prey she becomes...
and I cannot help her.

I am caught.
My blade is useless.
My power, she rejects...

Her mind I cannot shield.
Defenseless she would be...
She will see. She will know.

You have done this, Micron.
You have spoken her doom.

Upon the horizon, a new star.
Do you see, Mieron? She comes.

The fiends, too, cannot miss its fire.

Soon the feeding shall begin,
and you shall not be spared the sight.

Even as I must watch, helpless,
so too shall you, traitor.

With your mind, you shall buy
reprieve from oblivion...

...then repay, in my service,
the cost of your treachery.

ERR... ERR...RRR...

Yes, fool! A grave error!

ERR..RRR...

HELP...

We cannot help...
therefore you must repay...

AIR RAID!!

**BY THE
LINKAGE-
AIR RAID!!**

WE'RE
LEAVING!

Stay away!
All who touch me
are drawn in!

FLUNCT YOU,
GLITCH!

WHO DIED AND MADE Y-!

-MADE Y-YEAARGH-!

*-MADE
Y-YEEEEAAAAUUUUUGH!*

TH-THAT PULL!
SHE WAS...SHE WAS
TELLING THE TRUTH..BUT...

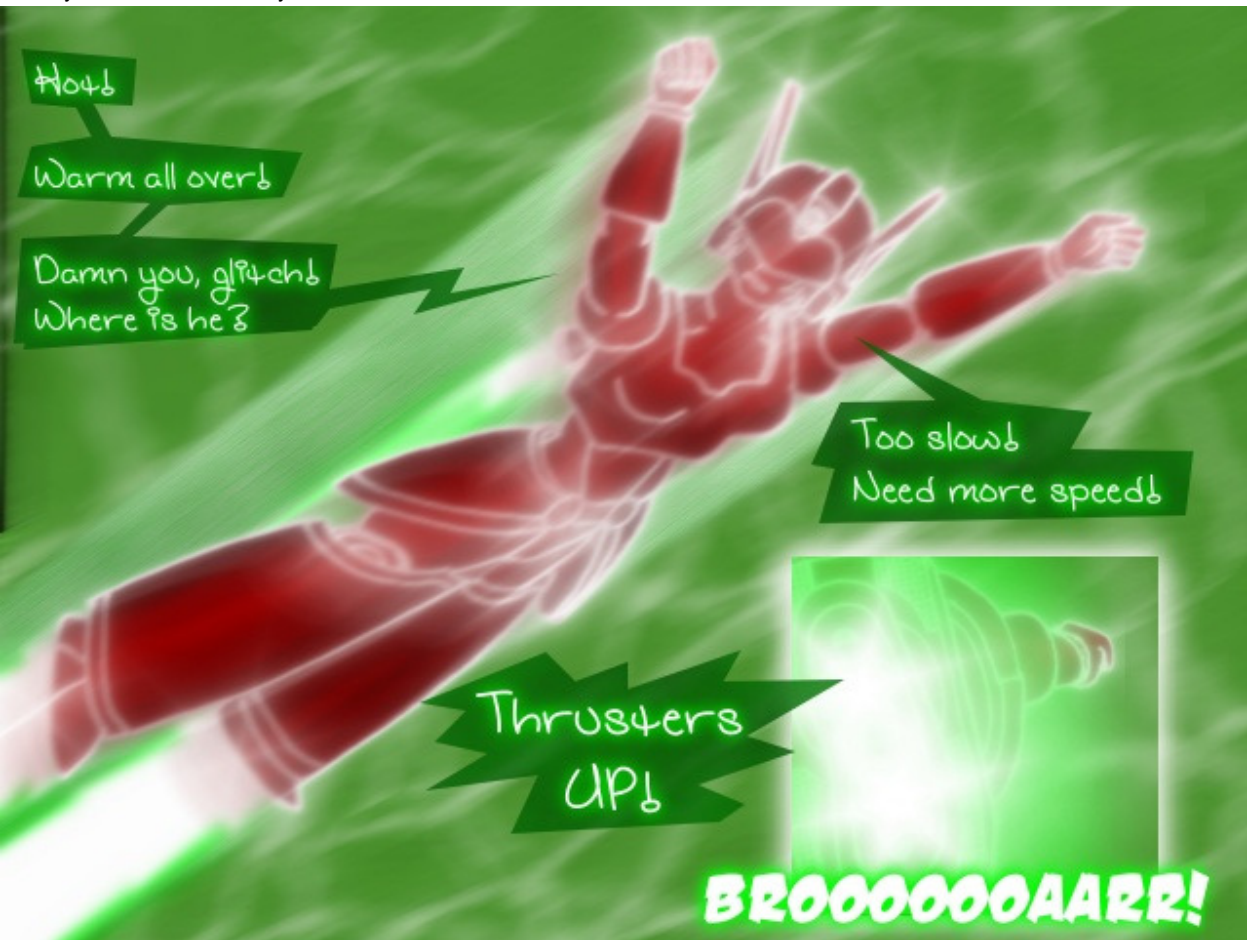
BY THE LINKAGE!
WE'RE AWAY!

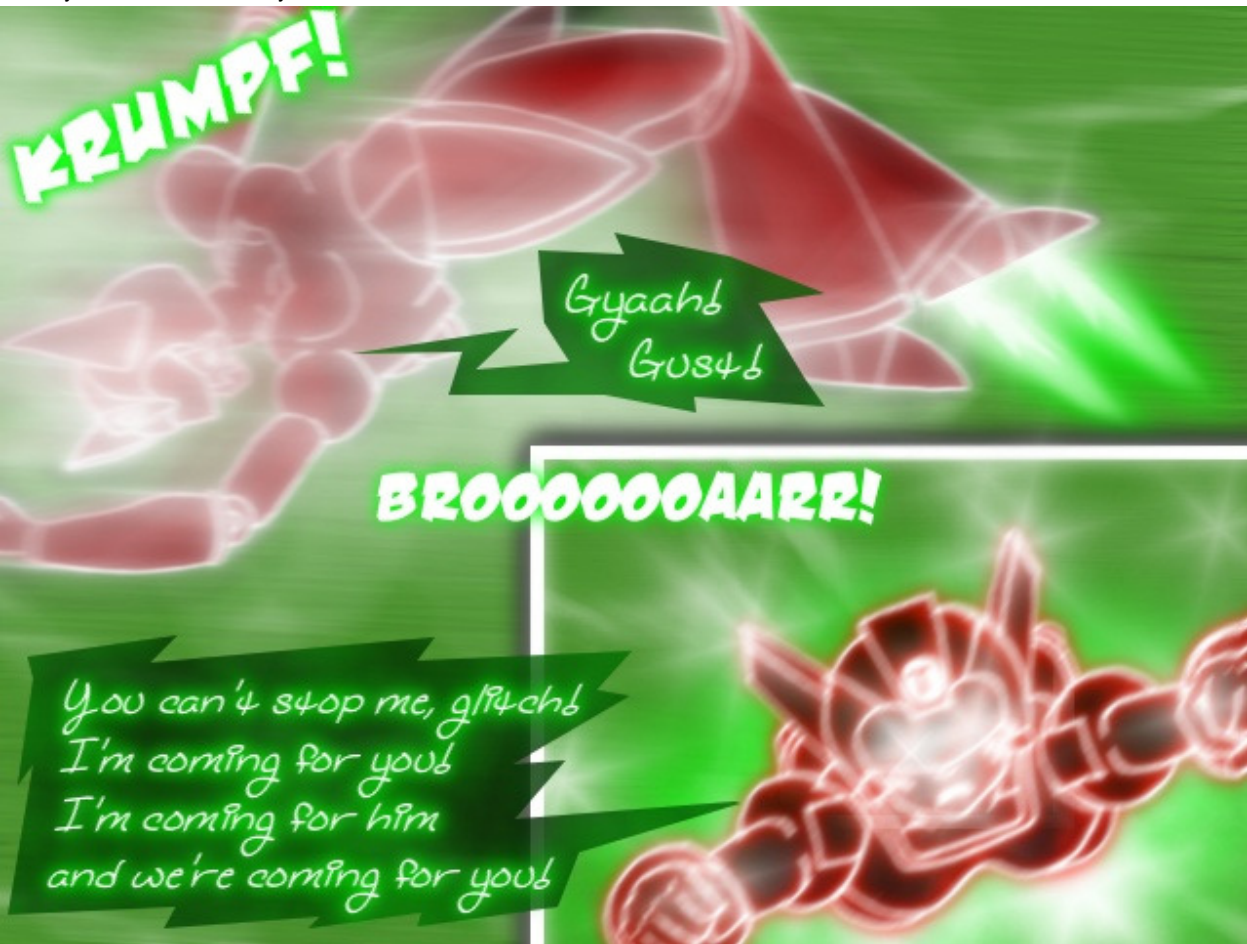
MOVE ASIDE, DEMONS!
THIS IS MICRON AIRSPACE!

Microns Stop!

NO!

YOU WON'T HELP,
BUT BY THE LINKAGE!
WE MICRONS HELP
OUR FRIENDS!





Overload...armor can take it...can feel it...
This Masterforce stuff...not normal armor...
can feel everything...the heat...the wind...

Sideswipe-

Grahbb



Damn you, glitchb You took him awayb

But Schatten told me. Schatten helped me.

The forest...she said...
she said...but where...

...where are
the trees?

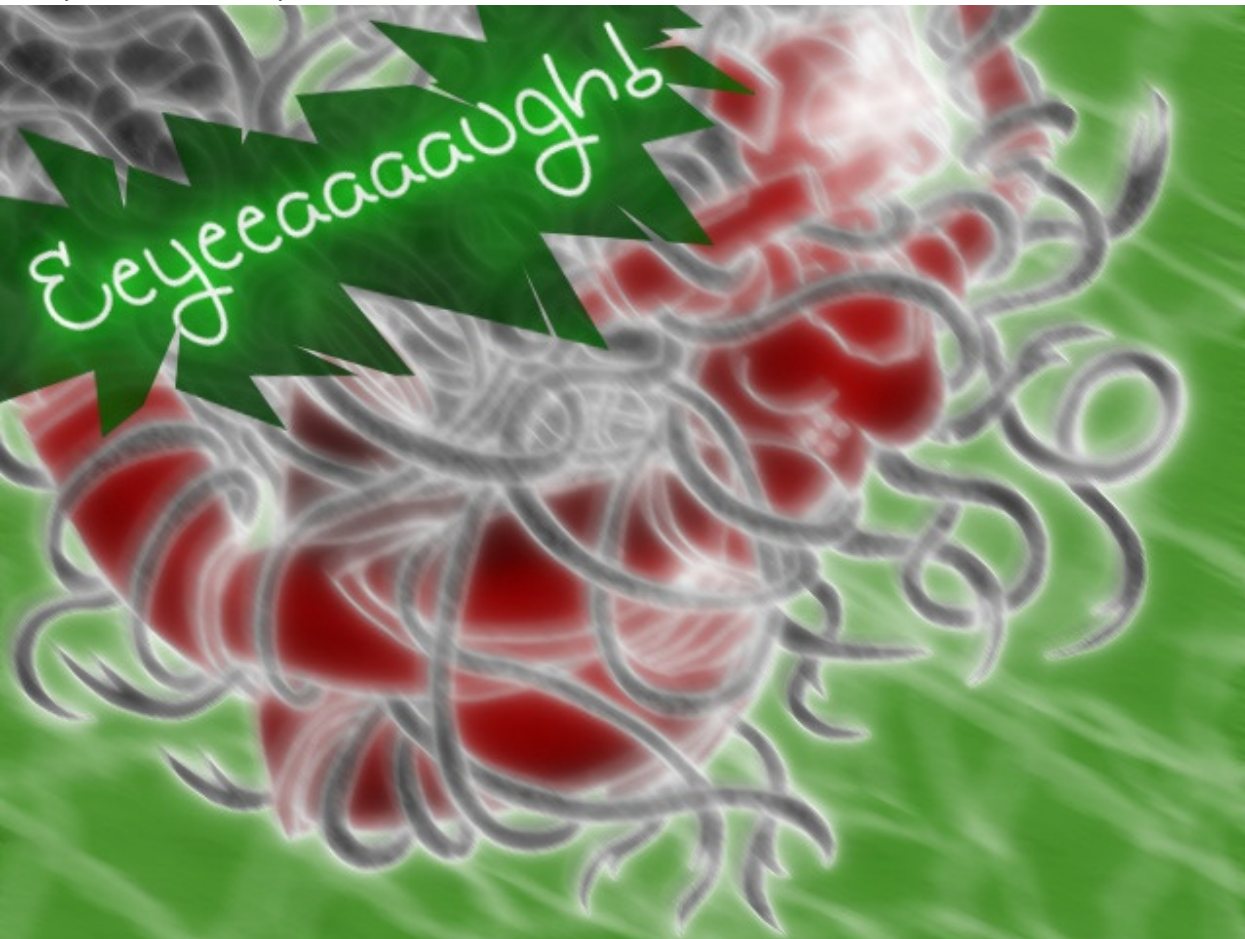
...she lied

No forest

No demons

No S-side-

Damn her
Damn her to hell
She lied to me
Everybody lies to me



Stop, Micron!

NN-NO!!

A-AIR RAID!
AIR RAID! THE DEMONS!
HELP ME, I CAN'T!

≡CHOMP!≡

SAY IT WITH ME, SKYDIVE!

'STORMED AT, WITH SHOT, AND SHELL-'

Turn back, Micron!

BOLDLY THEY RODE, AND WELL!
BOLDLY THEY RODE, AND WELL!

more
dikeido!

Turn back!

<THIS WON'T HURT...
JUST A LITTLE SCAN...>

<NEURAL
SIGNALS,
CIRCUIT
STATES...>

<SCOOPS DID SAY YOU
TALKED, SO, MAYBE->

Gghrrrooooooa....

Ggh-ghh-
ggghrrggg!

<PRIMUS!
A SEIZURE?>

Ggggh...ggghrrgg...

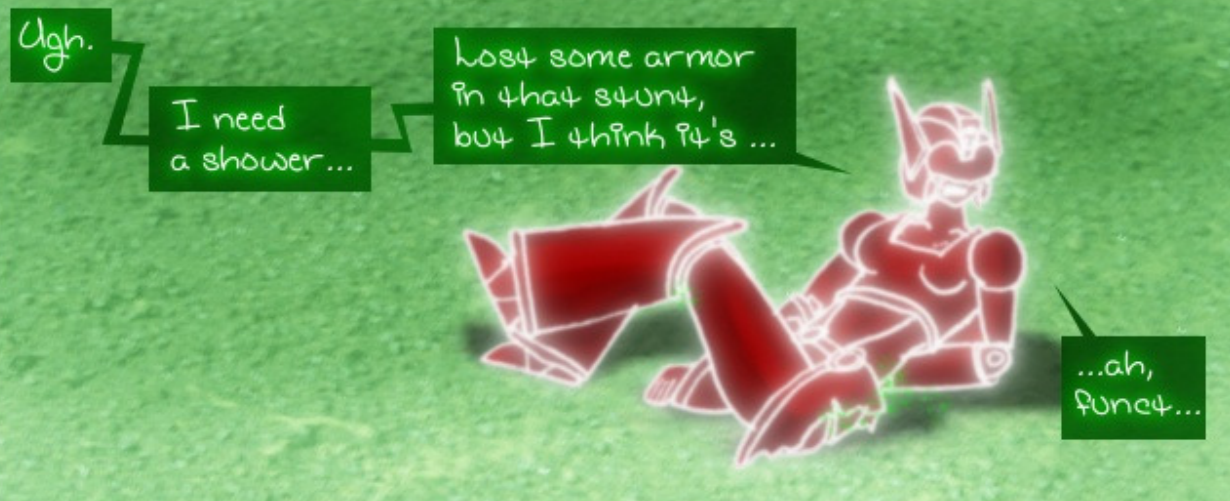
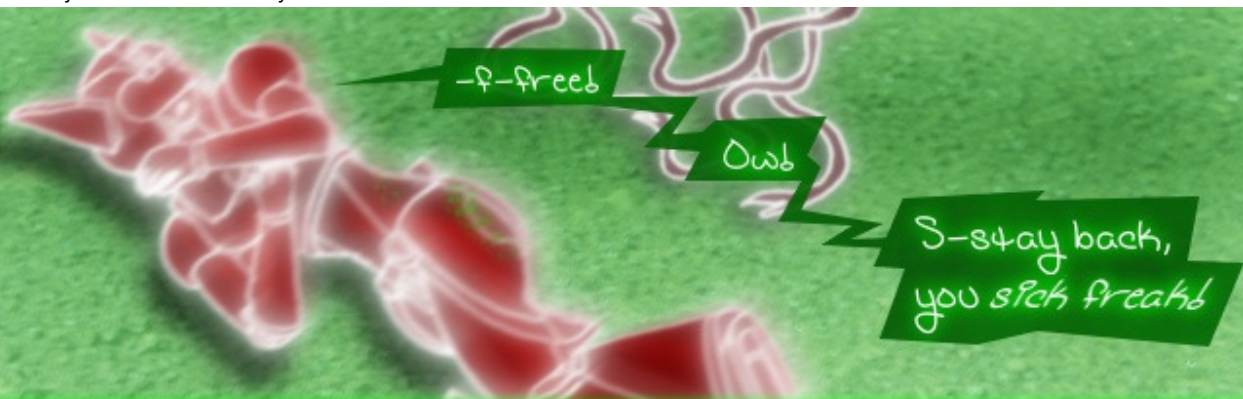
≡GASP≡

≡GASP≡

Ggh...
...ground!







Nope...not dead...

⇒SQUICK⇐



⇒SPLORP!⇐

Definitely
not dead...

yoooooooo...

⇒GLOOB⇐



yoooooooo...

oooooooo...

Yuki
functioning
Oshimab

One piece of armor,
and it grows twice
as big...
...this sucks.



Guns!

⇒VWORP!⇐

Elf is not on
today's menu,
malfunction!

But...

...if you're
really that
hungry...



Did ya like that?
Have some more!

Damn, I'm good!

Scratch Noodles
from the naughty list!

SHROOOARR

Which just got...
a whole...lot...longer...

Damn! Maybe
Schatten was
right...


Wait-b

Behind them...
that dark line...

That's...the woods...

Sideswipe.



A red robot with a glowing sword is flying through a green field. The robot is in the upper right, moving towards the lower left. The sword is a bright green beam of light. The background is a solid green color with some dark, blurry shapes scattered throughout.

Out of my way, vermin-cells!

Let me through,
or I'll ramenate you
with Little Melb

My date's gone to hell...

and I'm going after him!

Autobus Prime's

BLURRY ROBOT THEATER

12 s2

HACK O'
LANTERN

MEANWHILE,
ALONG THE FOLDWAY
FROM ALTERNITY SD-0707
TO ALTERNITY AP-0605...

GOING MY WAY,
NARRATOR?

WHAT THE
FINDIE-?!

YEEEEAA AIGGGH!

I AM A DARK STAR OF DREAD...

I AM AN ABDOMINAL HORROR
FROM THE CHILI VOID OF SPACE...

I AM THE BLACK
BEAST WITH A
THOUSAND BACKS...



I AM THE
CORNFLAKE
DUST IN YOUR
BREAKFAST
CEREAL...

I AM CALLED
MALAPROP


SO...WHERE CAN AN ELDRITCH FIEND
GRAB A BITE TO EAT AROUND HERE?

MMM!
THAT LOOKS
GOOD...

⇒YOINK!⇐

ARRRGH! IT'S NOT FAIR!
WHINE WHINE STUPID
JET-AI RULES! WHINE
WHINE ANGRY RANT!





<HAD YA' FLING WITH THE DARK
SIDE, YA LITTLE FLANKER?*>
OR DO I HAVE TO USE
THE FORCE AGAIN?!>

< I'M....
GOOD...
THANKS.>

*TRANSLATED FROM
YUSSITE OCTAL.

AW KRIF.

BAH!

UNSOUPABLE FOOD
FOR MALAPROP...

EVEN HIS THOUGHTS
MADE LOUSY READING.



BUT HE DID KNOW
SOMETHING,
DIDN'T HE?

THE NAME OF A
GOOD RESTAURANT...
AND SO VERY CLOSE.

A VERITABLE
'SMORTALSBORD!

LET'S BEGIN
WITH A...
SIDE DISH!


COLD LEFTOVERS?
NO PROBLEM!
I'LL WARM THEM
UP MYSELF!



< LORD FALLEN!
WE ARE UNDER
ATTACK FROM
SUBSPACE!* >

< THEY ARE AFTER
SIDESWIPE,
LORD FALLEN! >

**TRANSLATED FROM YLISSITE OCTAL -N.*



IS IT VOS NOVA, AGAIN?

SKIPJACK CAN'T TRACE IT.
HE SAYS IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE THEM.
THE ATTACKER IS TRYING TO OVERLOAD
OUR CHILLERS WITH SOME SORT OF
HEAT PIPE THROUGH SPACE.

UNTRACEABLE...AND USING A
SUBSPACE THERMAL CONDUIT...
I LIKE THIS NOT.


WARM UP THE AUXILIARY TURBINES,
KANAMU. WE SHALL NEED THEM...

KRUNN KRUNN KRUNN-RUNN-RUNN-RUNN

WHAT'S THAT
VIBRATION?
REFRIGERATION
SYSTEMS
RAMPING UP?

EXERGENT!

**I LOVE A LITTLE
CHALLENGE!**



〈SKIPJACK, THIS IS FALLEN...
HOW MUCH MORE POWER
DO YOU REQUIRE?〉

〈ALL OF IT!
...AND FAST!〉

*DEEP IN A DEAD CITY,
ANCIENT MACHINERY
COMES ALIVE!*

*GEO THERMAL STEAM...
HEAT DRAWN FROM DEEP WITHIN CYBERTRON...
ROARS THROUGH THE GLEAMING BLADES
OF FOUR MASSIVE TURBOGENERATORS!*

*POWER FOR THE
COOLING SYSTEMS
OF ENTROPOLIS!*

KRUMM-RUMM-RUMM-RUMM-RUMM

NOTHING HERE...
NOTHING THERE!

WHY, THIS IS
AN EMPTY SPARK!

HOW LOVELY!

NO PROGRAMMING,
NO ANTIVIRALS,

NO PESKY REMNANTS
OF CONSCIENCE...

JUST A NICE TOY
FOR MALAPROP!
WE'LL HAVE SUCH FUN!

...ONCE IT'S WARM ENOUGH TO START.



<I'VE GOT FOUR MORE
WARMING, LORD FALLEN.
WILL BE ABOUT A BREEM...>

<START
THEM NOW,
KANAMU!>

<THE STEAM WILL CONDENSE,
WE COULD LOSE BLADES...>

<IF YOU DON'T START THEM,
WE WILL LOSE SIDESWIPE!>



<OUR ENEMY IS UNCOMMON STRONG.
THE RATE HAS SLOWED SLIGHTLY,
BUT TEMPERATURES STILL INCREASE.>

<IN TEN MINUTES,
SIDESWIPE'S CORE
WILL BE SUFFICIENTLY
WARM TO OPERATE!>



<YOUR CEMENT MIGHT BE
THE ONLY THING THAT
HOLDS HIM, VITRUVIUS!>

<THEY ARE OVERPOWERING EIGHT
GENERATORS, SKIPJACK.
WHAT IS A LITTLE CONCRETE?

<AH! COULD THIS BE ANY WORSE?>

RUMM KRUMM KRUMM-RUMM-RUMM-RUMM

NOT QUITE BLANKED, IS IT?

ONE THOUGHT LEFT...
AND A DELICIOUS ONE!



SHE LOOKS SO
DISTRESSED...

WON'T SHE BE GLAD
TO SEE US?

A WARM DESSERT WILL MAKE UP
FOR THIS COLD LUNCH, I THINK!


⟨GENERATORS AT 175 PERCENT LOAD...
WE'RE LOSING NUMBER 12...IT'S MAKING
A TERRIBLE RACKET!⟩

REDUCE 12 TO FULL LOAD
AND USE IT TO TOP THE
CAPACITOR BANKS.

INCREASE OVERLOAD TO
190 PERCENT RATING
ON THE ELEVEN LEFT.>

<ROGER...FALLEN.
GENERATORS WILL LAST...
10...MINUTES...AT
THAT OVERLOAD LEVEL.>

SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE



<WE ARE WINNING, LORD FALLEN!
SIDESWIPE'S CORE IS TWO POINT SEVEN
BELOW OPERATING RANGE, AND HOLDING!
BUT WHEN THE POWER GIVES OUT...>

<CALL MY WARRIORS, VITRUVIUS.
HAVE THEM FORM FOR BATTLE.>

<SKIP JACK, OBTAIN A COMPLETE FREQUENCY
PROFILE OF THE ATTACKER'S SUBSPACE SIGNAL.>



< MASTER AQUILA
IS GATHERING HIS
MECHS, MILORD. >

< EXCELLENT,
VITRUVIUS. >



< PREPARE TO
ACTIVATE THE
Q SYSTEM. >

RUMM KRUMM KRUMM-RUMM-RUMM-RUMM

BORING, BORING.

WHY DELAY THE
INIMITABLE,
PRIMITIVES?



MIGHT AS WELL
DELETE THE OLD DATA
WHILE I'M WAITING...

THERE. ONE IMAGE...

AND NOW I'M BORED, AGAIN.



YOU SCIENTIFIC TYPES
ARE AMUSING, IN YOUR WAY...

...WITH YOUR MEDICUSHIONS AND EQUARCHONS
AND YOUR HILARIOUS LITTLE HEAT ENGINES...

TROUBLE IS,
I CAN DO THIS ALL DAY,
AND YOU CAN'T...

SIGH.

IT'S ALL SO POUTINE.
HARDLY BETTER THAN THE VOID.

A REAL CHALLENGE...YES...
THAT WOULD BE GRAVY!

BUT THIS CREW...
NO FIGHT AT ALL!


AH, WELL, THERE'S
ALWAYS THE NEXT
MEAL...

<LORD FALLEN,
KHAYYAM IS
IN POSITION.>

<OPEN SOLACUS CHAMBER.
RAISE WAVEGUIDE TO
OPERATING POSITION.>

<OPEN, THEN,
THE DOOR!>

<...AND FLING THE STONE
THAT PUTS THE STARS TO FLIGHT...>



<I STILL CAN'T GET A TRACE,
LORD FALLEN!>

<AND YOU WILL NOT, SKIP JACK.
THIS DOES NOT ORIGINATE...
FROM OUR THREE DIMENSIONS.>

<WHAT IS IT?>

<IT IS A THING THAT WILL NOT
STOP WITH SIDESWIPE, NOR
WITH ENTROPOLIS...>

<MAKE HASTE WITH THE
FREQUENCY ANALYSIS!>

<HE DID NOT PRESS ME FURTHER...
IT IS WELL THAT HE DID NOT.>

<KNOWLEDGE OF OUR ADVERSARY
WOULD BRING HIM ONLY PAIN.>

<SIX MINUTES TO GENERATOR
FAILURE...THEY'RE HOT ENOUGH
TO FRY DEUTERIUM DOUGHNUTS!>

<TESTING GRAVITON GRID...
GRID IS AT 45 PERCENT...>

<AGUILA CHECKIN' IN, VITRUVIUS.
THE JET-AI ARE READY!

<LET THEM REMAIN INNOCENT...
AND UNAWARE OF THE CRUELTY
OF THE DEED WE MUST DO.>

<CURSE YOU AGAIN, SYNCHRO!
FOR YOUR YOUTHFUL ARROGANCE...>

GRUMM
GRUMM
GRUMM
GRUMM

<...I MUST PLUNGE
THE SHINING ONE INTO
ETERNAL DARKNESS!>

AAAAALMOST THERE!
I CAN'T WAIT TO HAVE
A BODY AGAIN!



SO MANY FUN THINGS
I'LL BE ABLE TO DO!

I'LL EAT A SANDWICH, AND
I'LL KILL AND KILL AND KILL AND-

HAHA.

...WELL, I
WON'T KILL
HER...

HAHA, NO...
NOT RIGHT AWAY...

<ARE YE SCARED, BOY?>

<NO, SIR!>

<THAT'S GOOD, 'CAUSE I'M
SOOTIN' MY AFTERBURNERS.>

<"DID NOT NEED
TO KNOW THAT,
MASTER AQUILA.">

<THREE MINUTES LEFT.>

<ALL IS READY, SKIPJACK!
WHAT IS MY FREQUENCY?>

<APOLOGIES, FALLEN...
DIFFICULT...SUBSPACE
FREQUENCY IS 358,
THREE-FIVE-EIGHT.>

<THREE-FIVE-EIGHT,
ACKNOWLEDGED.>

<BUT...358?

THAT'S NOT WHAT I EXPECTED!
IT COULD NOT HAVE CHANGED...>



<TWO AND THIRTY!>

QWOHELETH

<LORD FALLEN!
WHAT'S WRONG?>

<PERHAPS LESS
THAN I FEARED,
SKIP JACK!>

<QWOHELETH
SEQUENCE
HAS BEGUN!>

<CONNECTING
GRAVITON GRID.>

<TARGETING
SOLACUS...>

<TARGET IS
ALPHA CENTAURI B!>



<"VANITY OF VANITIES,
SAYS QUOHELETH...">

<"VANITY OF VANITIES!">

<SOLACUS IS LOCKED.
TARGET CONFIRMED
AS ALPHA CENTAURI B.>

I...PROBABLY SHOULDN'T
NARRATE FROM UP HERE.

<ONE MINUTE TO
GENERATOR
FAILURE.>

<"ALL THINGS
ARE VANITY!">

<THIRTY
SECONDS!

<WHAT PROFIT
HAS A MAN...>

≡KLIK≡

≡KLIK≡

<...FROM ALL THE LABOR
WHICH HE TOILS AT...>

<TEN.... NINE....EIGHT...>

*<"-UNDER
THE SUN!">*

KRAKOOM!



**THE SOLAR NEEDLE'S
LUMINOUS JAVELIN
STREAKS INTO THE
FIRMAMENT!**

**A SUBSPACE CHANNEL
SNAPS OPEN IN AN
INSTANT!**

**-THE VERY SAME INSTANT THAT THE
FAILING GENERATORS ARE SHUT OFF!**

**I'VE
WON!**

-DELIBERATELY!

A BARELY DISCERNABLE MOLE APPEARS
ON ALPHA CENTAURI'S FIERY VISAGE..

...AND PLASMA FLOWS, HOT AND EAGER,
DOWN THE OPEN CHANNEL!

POWER FROM THE SUN RUSHES
INTO SYNCHRO-CRAFTED CIRCUITS!

THE MONITORING CIRCUITS OF
SEVERAL HUNDRED
CYBERTRONIAN SPARKS...

THE DAMAGED, THE
DESTROYED...SPARKS
WITH OPEN SUBSPACE
CHANNELS...

SPARKS...SUCH AS
SIDESWIPE'S.

...AND SO THE FALLEN WARRIOR
STRIKES HIS GREATEST BLOW OF ALL...

...AS POWERFUL BEAMS OF GRAVITONS
SHRED THE VILE SHADE OF SIXSPACE...

WITH THE FULL, TEARING
POWER OF GRAVITY ITSELF!

ENTROPOLIS
IS SAVED...

OWOWOWOWOWOWOW!

...AND THOUGH AN IMMORTAL
CANNOT BE KILLED, MALAPROP
IS ALL BUT DESTROYED...

...ALL BUT.



<IT'S GONE, SKIPJACK!
WE HAVE BEATEN OUR
MI-60 DELINQUENT!>

<I HAVE EVEN MANAGED
TO REVERSE HIS SUBSPACE
THERMAL CONDUIT! IT IS
COOLING EVERYTHING
MOST WONDERFULLY!>

<YAHOO! FALLEN
DID IT AGAIN!
PUT 'ER THERE,
OLD TIMER!>

≡KLONK!≡
≡KLONK!≡

<SOME DAY,
MR. CHOPPY...
SOME DAY.>

<UGH.>

≡POING≡
≡POING≡

<RAVAGE
SNACK?>

<DON'T MIND
IF I DO, EUCLID!>

<ALL HAIL THE LORD FALLEN!
WIELDER OF THE BLAZING SUNS!>

<HA! NOT SO, ULCHTAR. RATHER,
I AM A HARVESTER OF SUNS...
AND AS WE REAP, WE ALSO SOW...>


<VITRUVIUS, BEGIN
HELIUM REMOVAL AND
HYDROGEN REFUELING
CYCLE!>

<IT IS ALREADY
BEGUN. LONG
LIFE TO RIGEL
KENTAURUS!>

<YES...AND A
PEACEFUL REST
TO THE SPARKS
OF THE FALLEN.>

<THANK YOU.>

"arrogant fools!
who needs your foul,
frozen meats, anyway!"

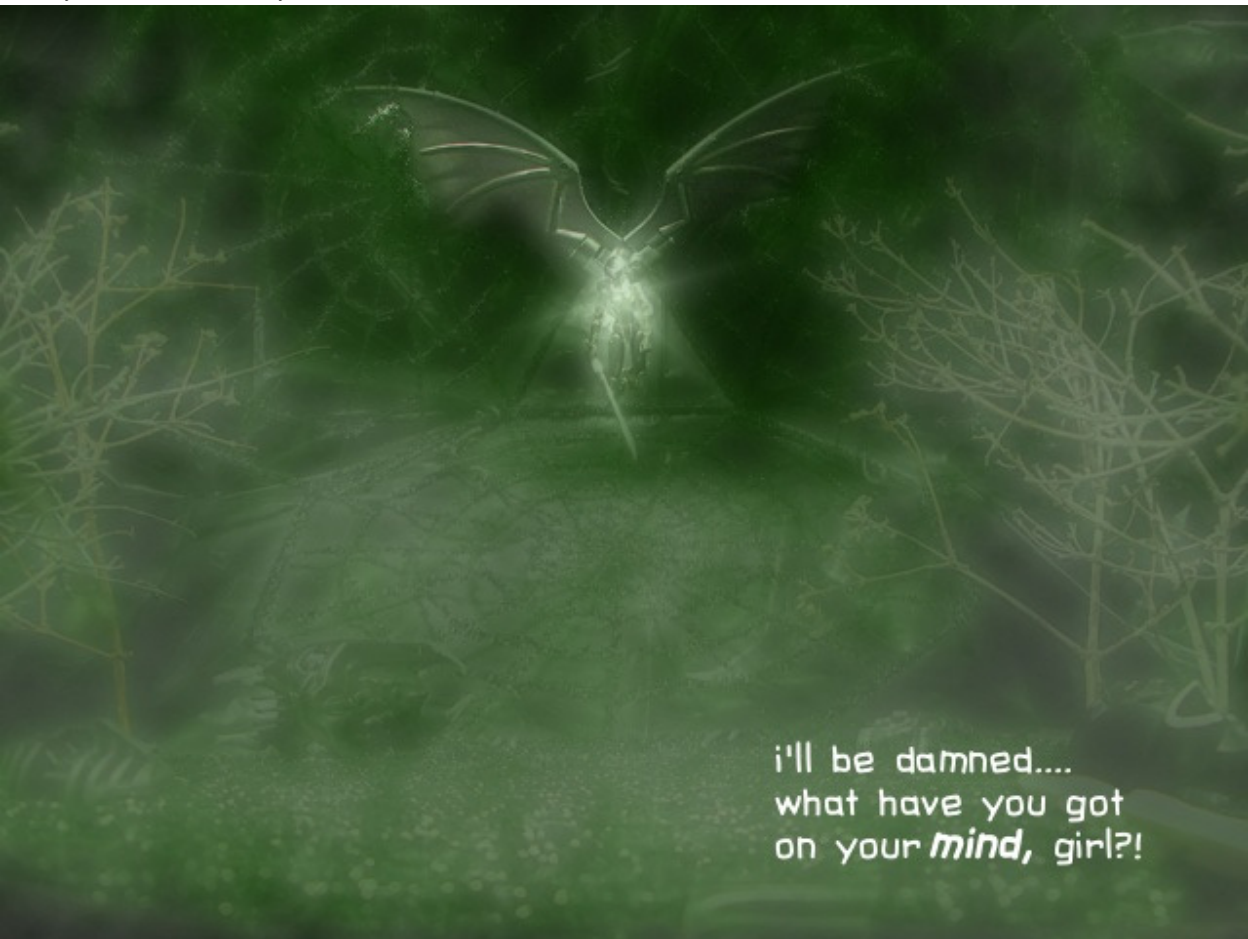


i've got something
better! something
sweet...and warm...
and so, so near...

≡YOINK!≡

ah! lost in dark dreams...
most ex-quasit season-

-uh?!



i'll be damned....
what have you got
on your *mind*, girl?!

You are
Malaprop.

UH....INDEED.
....AND YOU
MIGHT BE...?

I am the
seeker...

of names
and of
thoughts.

⇒GLORP!⇐



HA! SOME SEEKER OF NAMES.
CAN'T EVEN GIVE ME YOURS.

You know
me not.


OH NO, I DON'T KNOW
YOU AT ALL...BUT...HA HA...
I CERTAINLY WOULD LIKE TO!

Come forward.

A blurry, green-tinted photograph of a bird caught in a web. The bird is orange and is positioned in the lower-left quadrant. In the upper-right quadrant, a small, white, stylized figure is visible. The background is a dense, green, leafy environment.

COME FORWARD?
OH, OF CURSE!

LOOK AT THAT!
I DO BELIEVE THE LITTLE BIRDIE
IS CAUGHT IN A NASTY OLD WEB!



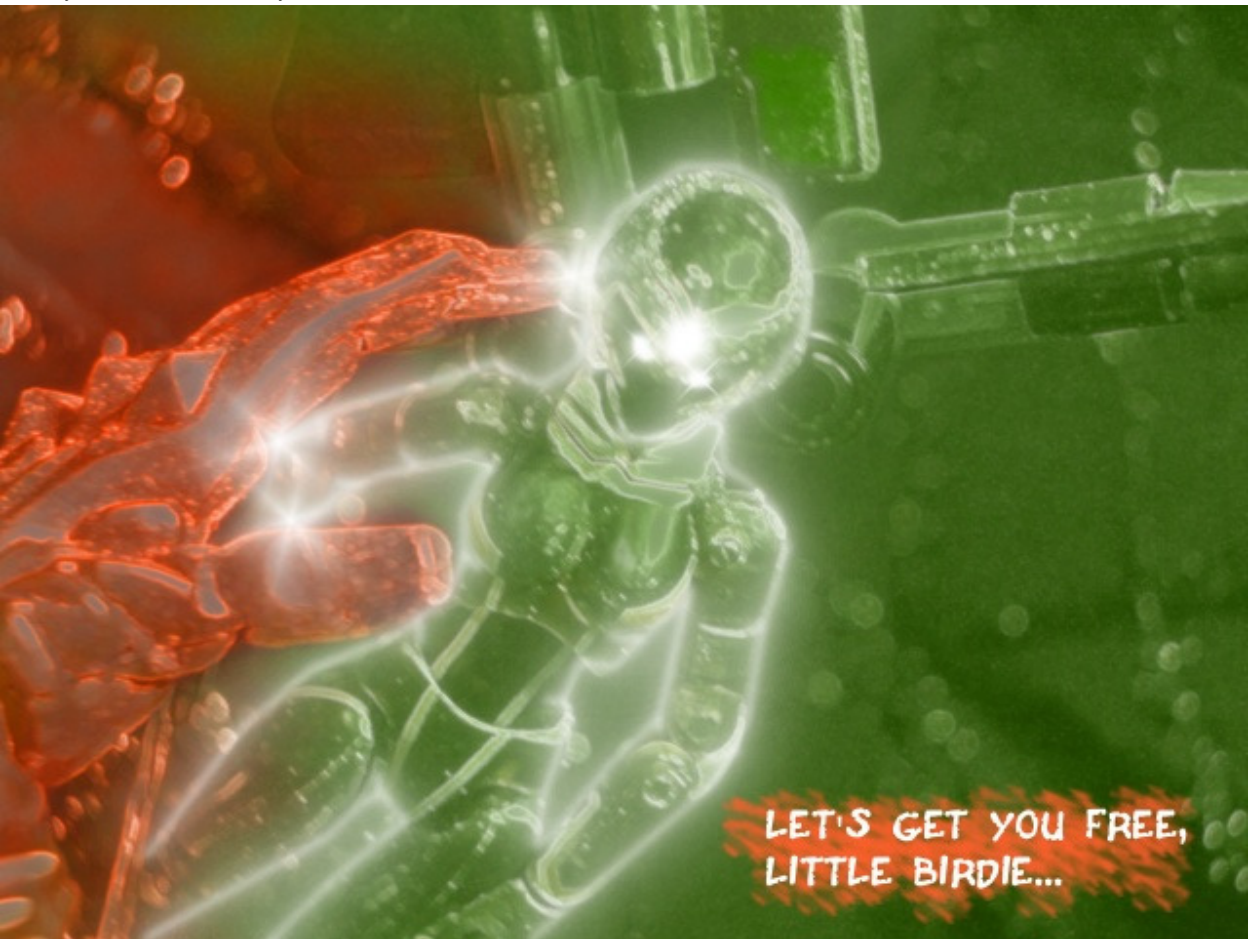
MALAPROP, MY FIEND, YOU
HAVE HIT THE JACKPLOT!

FIRST, I THINK I SHALL
PLAY....UNTIL IT BEGS
FOR RELEASE...HEE HEE!

DINNER WILL
BE NEXT, ONCE
I'VE WORKED UP
AN APPETITE...

...AND THEN I WILL TAKE ITS FORM...
SUCH A DELECTABLE SHAPE!

..AND THE REAL FUN WILL BEGIN!



EEEAUUUGH!

THRAKKT!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

I AM THE DINER,
NOT THE DINNER!

All who touch me
are drawn in.

Escape is
impossible.

I am the
singularity.

YOU CAN'T KILL ME!
I'M IMMORAL!

You are mine.

NO! NO! I HAVE POWER!
POWER YOU CANNOT IMMERSION!

Paltry and vile your powers.
They will not be taken.

They are destroyed...

And,
now...

...for crimes
beyond count...

...hear, Malaprop,
our judgment.

To threefold space
you are banished...

In the slimes you
shall crawl.

A worm you shall be...

Powerless...
voiceless...
nameless...



In silence, you shall cry for death...

Forever 40...
...40 be...denied.

Now b...

...begoned

