

COMICS
#11
\$4.95

TRANSFORMERS

TIMELINES



CYBERTRON:
MOST WANTED!



"CYBERTRON. BEAUTIFUL AND GLISTENING."

"THAT'S BECAUSE THIS IS A PLANET THAT HAS NEVER FACED WAR OR SHORTAGE."

"ITS INHABITANTS, TRANSCENDANT TECHNO-MORPHS OR 'TRANSTECH', INSTEAD FOCUSED ON ADVANCING THEIR SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENTS. THESE TRANSFORMERS DON'T CARE ABOUT SQUABBLING OVER THEIR DIFFERENCES, AUTOBOTS AND DECEPTICONS JUST... COEXIST."

"AXIOM NEXUS. THE LARGEST CITY ON THE PLANET. PRETTY MUCH THE ONLY CITY ON THE PLANET GIVEN ITS SPRAWL."

"FILLED WITH TRANSTECH GOING ABOUT THEIR LIVES EXPLORING, INVENTING, STUDYING, INVENTING, AND EXPLORING. THE LOUDEST CONFLICT HEARD HERE WOULD BE OVER WHETHER THE LATEST FAD GOURMET FROZEN ENERGEN TREATS WERE CHILLED LONG ENOUGH BEFORE BEING SERVED."

"IT'S BORING. DULL. COLD AS ICED SUPPLEMENT FLAVOR #4058. AND HOLD THE NUTS PLEASE, BECAUSE, REMEMBER, IT'S BORING."

"THE UNDER CITY. THE OFFWORLDER ZONE. WHERE LIFE REALLY HAPPENS. WARM, EVEN HOT LIFE. LIKE A BOWL OF BOILING, HOMEMADE CRUDE OIL."

"THIS IS WHERE THE TRANSTECH PUT US - WHAT'S THE WORD THEY USE FOR US? - LOWTECHS."

"WE'RE REFUGEES FROM MANY DIFFERENT UNIVERSES WHO HAVE TUMBLED THROUGH THE CRACKS AND LANDED HERE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MULTIVERSAL STACK. YUP, YOUR UNIVERSE ISN'T THE ONLY ONE. AND IT'S PROBABLY SEVERAL MILLION UNIVERSAL STREAMS AWAY FROM US."

"THE TRANSTECH ARE NICE ENOUGH TO PROVIDE US WITH A LIVING SPACE AND EVEN A RIDE BACK TO OUR HOME UNIVERSE..."

"IF THE REQUISITE PAPERWORK EVER GETS APPROVED BY THE SLOW AS SERVO-SNAILS BUREAUCRACY..."

"BUT THEY'RE NOT QUITE NICE ENOUGH TO LET US LIVE ON THE SURFACE ALONGSIDE THEM. WE'RE STILL INFERIOR, YOU SEE."

"I'M BATTLETRAP. NUMBER FOUR ON CYBERTRON'S MOST WANTED LIST."

"WANTED FOR LARCENY, PROPERTY DAMAGE, ASSAULT, CARRYING A CONCEALED MOLECULAR-DISRUPTOR... AND NUMEROUS OTHER NASTY THINGS THAT I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER."

"I'VE ALSO JUST MADE MYSELF HUNGRY THINKING ABOUT ICED ENERGEN AND STOVE-TOP-FRESH PETROLEUM."

"STEPPER AND NEBULON TOGETHER NUMBER EIGHT ON THE MOST WANTED LIST SINCE THEY ONLY COME AS A PAIR."

HOW DO YOU PLAN TO LOSE OUR COP FRIEND WITH ALL THAT NOISE?

"STEPPER SEEMS TOO MEEK TO COMMIT ANY KIND OF CRIME, BUT HIS TINY TARGETMASTER SPURS HIM INTO ALL KINDS OF TROUBLE."

I WAS PLANNING TO GET THE BOTS IN FRONT OF US OUT OF THE WAY FIRST.

G-GUYS... SPEAKING OF...

WE'RE HEADED INTO SEEKER-SHINA!

THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM!! WE'LL NEVER PUSH OUR WAY THROUGH!

WE ARE SO MUCH SCRAP...

EXCUSE ME... PARDON ME...UH... BUT WE REALLY NEED TO GET THROUGH...IF YOU DON'T MIND.

I'LL HANDLE THIS.

"CONVERT TO ROBOT MODE AND SQUEEZE THROUGH THAT WAY?" THAT MIGHT WORK, STEPPER.

NEBULON, I DIDN'T SAY... OH, RIGHT...OKAY...

I ON THE OTHER HAND WON'T ASK. AND IN ALL OF MY ADVANCING YEARS, I HAVE NEVER BEEN NICE.

I REALLY THINK YOU OUGHT TO MOVE. MY SUBORDINATE DID ASK NICELY.

IS THAT...

CHXHT-
CHOX-KAT-
WHXHTX

"CYBERTRON'S MOST WANTED NUMBER ONE... OR AT LEAST HE WOULD BE IF THE SECURITY ADMINISTRATION HAD A CLUE THAT HE EXISTED. HE'S BEEN KEEPING HIMSELF ANONYMOUS AND LETTING THE OTHER CRIME BOSSES LIKE CRYOTEK TAKE CREDIT FOR HIS WORK."

"ALL HIS I.D. BOLT SAYS IS C-81, BUT IT'S A COUNTERFEIT. ALTHOUGH, HOW A LOWTECH COULD OBTAIN ONE IS BEYOND ME; GETTING A BOLT COMES IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE TRANSTECH INITIATE THE INTERSTREAM RETRIEVAL PROTOCOL AND, WELL, RETRIEVE US."

SO MOVE.
NOW.

"OF COURSE WE'VE HAD THE SAME SUSPICIONS AS SKYWARP THERE, BUT THE BOSS DISMISSES THEM EVERY TIME WE BRING IT UP."

"THE BOSS SAYS THAT HE NEEDS THE COUNTERFEIT BOLT BECAUSE THE TRANSTECH MISTOOK HIS OLD TRUCK MODE FOR A SCRAP HEAP AND THEIR SCANNERS ONLY READ HIS MINICONS BOOMBOX, HEAVYWEIGHT, AND SCALPEL."

...MEGATRON??

"OH, YEAH, THE MINI-CONS! THE FIRST TWO DON'T TALK. SCALPEL DOES... BUT IT'S ALWAYS ABOUT SOMETHING CREEPY."

HMN-NM-NM. SEEKERS. SO MANY SIMILAR SUBJECTS WOULD CREATE A STUNNING BASELINE FOR MY EXPERIMENTS.

"SEE?"

YEAH, UH BOSS, YOU KINDA JUST BROKE THEIR BRAINS RATHER THAN MAKE THEM SCATTER...

C-81, SIR... I MEAN, BOSS... I THINK WE... THAT IS, OUR TAIL...

STEPPER, I-

STOP RIGHT THERE!

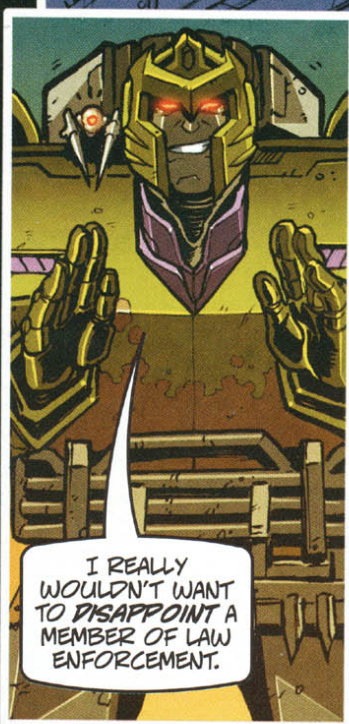
UNDER THE JURISDICTION OF THE OFFWORLDER ZONE SECURITY ADMINISTRATION, YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST.

YEAH? YOU'RE GOING TO ARREST US? YOU AND WHAT POLICE FORCE?

AHEM

NOW, WEAPONS ON THE GROUND AND ARMS OUT!

"HRMM. DON'T EVER TEMPT FATE..."



I REALLY WOULDN'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT A MEMBER OF LAW ENFORCEMENT.

SOON. OFFWORLDER MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON.

THE MACHINE THEY WERE TRYING TO STEAL HAS BEEN LOGGED WITH EVIDENCE.

SGT. HOUND, YOUR REPORT SAYS ONE OF THE SEEKERS REFERRED TO HIM AS "MEGATRON"?

YES, BUT CLEARLY HE WAS MISTAKEN, RIGHT?

HMMM.

GENERAL, YOU KNOW THAT HE CAN'T BE A MEGATRON. WE TRANSTECH WOULD HAVE INVOKED DUX NON INTRUITUS* TO EXPEL HIM AS SOON AS HE ARRIVED.

BESIDES, HE COOPERATED. DIDN'T HE? WHAT MEGATRON DOES THAT?

*TO KEEP THE PEACE, THE TRANSTECH REFUSE SANCTUARY TO CERTAIN AUTHORITY FIGURES SUCH AS SHOCKWAVES, ULTRA MAGNUSES AND MEGATRONS.



MEGATRON HAS DONE FAR STRANGER FOR THE SAKE OF DECEPTION, CHEETOR.

STUNGUN. AFTER PROCESSING, WHAT HAPPENS TO THEM?

THEIR WEAPON COMPANIONS WILL BE NEUTRALIZED, THEY'LL RECEIVE RESTRAINERS, AND THEY'LL BE RELEASED INTO THE GENERAL POPULATION.

IF YOU FEEL STRONGLY ENOUGH ABOUT IT, GENERAL, WE CAN ARRANGE TRANSPORT FOR YOUR SUSPECTED MEGATRON TO THE INTELLIGENCE DIRECTORATE. THERE A SPECIAL COMMITTEE CAN BE CONVENED TO CONFIRM HIS IDENTITY.



"BUT UNTIL THAT CAN BE ARRANGED, HE'LL BE HELD WITH THE REST OF THEM."

THEY'RE... THEY'RE ALL LOOKING AT US...

IT'S ALRIGHT, STEPPER.

WE'RE WITH THESE TWO.

NO ONE WILL MESS WITH -



THEY TALKIN'. SAY YOU A MEGATRON.

HRM.

IS THAT A QUESTION OR A STATEMENT? EITHER WAY IT DOESN'T MAKE YOU SOUND LIKE ONE CAPABLE OF INTELLIGENT DISCOURSE.

"I KNOW HIM. HE'S OILMASTER, A THUG OF A BOUNTY HUNTER WHO WORKS FOR CRYOTEK AND HE'S NUMBER SIX ON CYBERTRON'S MOST WANTED LIST. HE'S BEEN KNOWN TO FIND IMPRESSIVE NEW WAYS TO BREAK EVERY STRUT IN A ROBOT'S ENDOSKELETON."

"HE WAS NEVER A BRAIN, BUT HE DIDN'T COME ACROSS THIS DUMB BEFORE..."



ALRIGHT, JUST GIVE US SOME ROOM AND -

ROARRRRRRG!

MEGATRON...
C-81...MEGATRON...

N'T RIGHT!

AAGH!!

OILMASTER.
GET YOUR
PEST-RIDDEN HIDE
OFFA HIM!

LATER.

SO YOU'RE THE
INFAMOUS C-81 THAT
THE BLACKEST PART
OF THE BLACK MARKET
IS WHISPERING
ABOUT.

I WASN'T
FIGURING THAT
I'D MEET UP
WITH YOU IN THIS
PLACE.

I WON'T BE
HERE LONG. I
PLAN TO LEAVE
THE TRANSTECH
WITH AN EMPTY
PRISON CELL.

"THAT'S PACKRAT, MASTER THIEF,
NUMBER FIVE MOSTED WANTED...
HE USED TO BE FOUR, BUT I
KNOCKED HIM DOWN A SPOT
WHEN I SHOWED UP IN THE
UNDER CITY. HEH."

MEGATRON...
NOT... RIGHT...

"BRAIN GLITCH"??
WE'RE BUNKED
UP WITH A CRAZY
BOT?!

PRETENDER OFF
AND SPLIT INTO YOUR
COMPONENTS. YOU
KNOW THAT'S THE ONLY
WAY TO ALLEVIATE THAT
BRAIN GLITCH OF
YOURS.

NOT CRAZY,
JUST...DIFFERENT.
THE PRISON GUARDS
NEVER EXPERIENCED A
DOUBLE PRETENDER
BEFORE.

INTERESTING...

THEY WENT AHEAD
AND STUCK THEIR
RESTRAINERS ON TWO
OF HIS COMPONENTS
BUT LEFT THE THIRD
ONE ALONE.

THIS CAUSES
INTERFERENCE
THAT MAKES
HIM...QUIRKY.

ESPECIALLY
WHEN HE'S TUCKED
INSIDE HIS PRETENDER
SUIT WHERE THE
RESTRAINER SIGNALS
OVERLAP.

SO, C-81, HOW
DID SOMEONE AS
GHOSTLY AS YOU
END UP GETTING
NABBED?

MY GREED MADE
ME A LITTLE HASTY,
YOU COULD SAY.

I'VE BEEN
THERE!

WE WERE BUILDING
OUR OWN UNDETECTABLE
INTERUNIVERSAL GATE FOR
AN OFF-THE-BOOKS
TRAVEL AGENCY OF
SORTS.

IF ROBOTS WANT
TO LEAVE HERE, THE
TRANSTECH WILL ONLY
SEND THEM TO THEIR
UNIVERSE OF ORIGIN.

WE PLAN ON OFFERING
SOME ADDITIONAL
OPTIONS TO THE GOOD
'BOTS OF AXIOM NEXUS.

OF COURSE THE FINAL PIECE OF THE GATE WILLED ITSELF RARE AND THE ONLY WAY TO GET ONE WAS TO TAKE ONE.

UNFORTUNATELY FROM A WAREHOUSE THAT PROVED MORE HEAVILY GUARDED THAN ANTICIPATED.

CHECK OUT THE CHROME-PLATED BEARINGS ON YOU!

I KNEW I WAS RIGHT TO SEND OILMASTER TO PICK A FIGHT WITH YOU BEFORE ANYONE ELSE COULD.

I SEE...

YOU'VE ALREADY BEATEN ME TO AN ESCAPE PLAN.

GURK

NOT SAYIN' "NO," BUT HOW D'YOU FIGURE THAT?

SOON.

"NOW THAT YOU HAVE US TO BOLSTER YOUR BRAIN TO FIGHT THE GUARDS..."

"...YOU'LL USE OILMASTER'S TRIPLE CONSCIOUSNESS TO GET PAST THE AUTOMATED SECURITY..."

SCANNERS N'T SEE ME.

THING IS 'N OTHER THING...

LIGHTS G'OUT NOW.

"...AND HAVE HIM PLACE THAT MAGNE-CURRENT AMPLIFIER YOU JUST SCROUNGED UP ON THE PRISON'S GENERATOR, OVERLOADING THE POWER GRID."

"CLEVER, THOUGH IT DEPENDS ON OUR BIG, DUMB FRIEND KNOWING OUT HOW TO LINE UP THE CIRCUITS..."

HMM... AS I SUSPECTED.

YOU DID IT WRONG.

NO ME DIN'T!

JUST GIVE IT TIME.

PACKRAT, I THINK I MAY HAVE SOME ADVICE FOR YOU WHEN IT COMES TO LEADING A TEAM...

...A PARABLE ABOUT A CHAIN. AND WEAK LINKS...



...

LET'S LEAVE HIM OUT OF THIS AND JUST GET MOVING.

OH THANK PRIMUS...



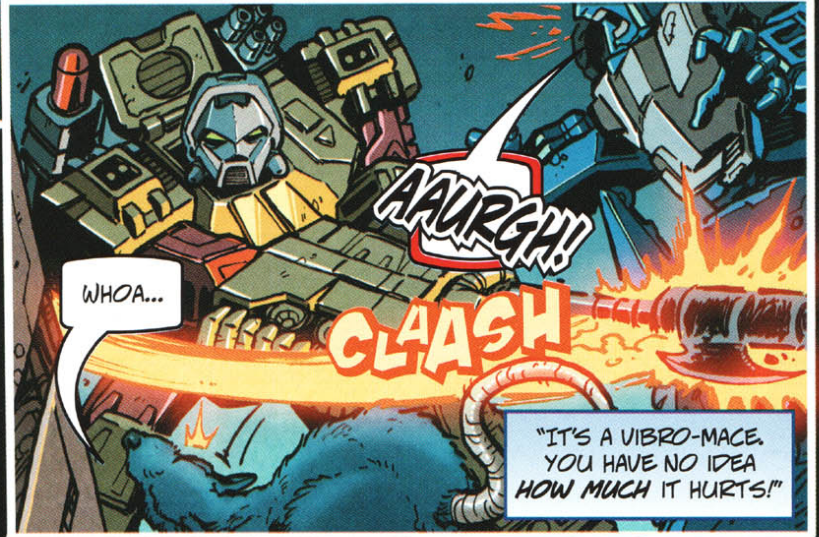
ALRIGHT THEN, THIS WAY!

WHY SHOULD WE FOLLOW YOU?

IT'S STILL MY PLAN. BESIDES...

THIS PRISON IS A MAZE AND I'M A RAT. WHO BETTER TO LEAD YOU OUT?

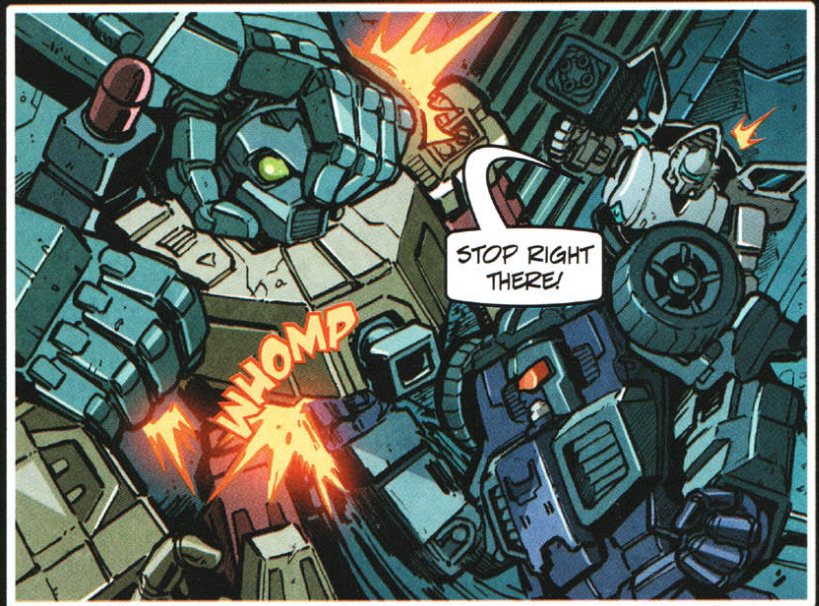
"HOW ABOUT ALL THE OTHER REASONS NOT TO TRUST A RA-



WHOA...

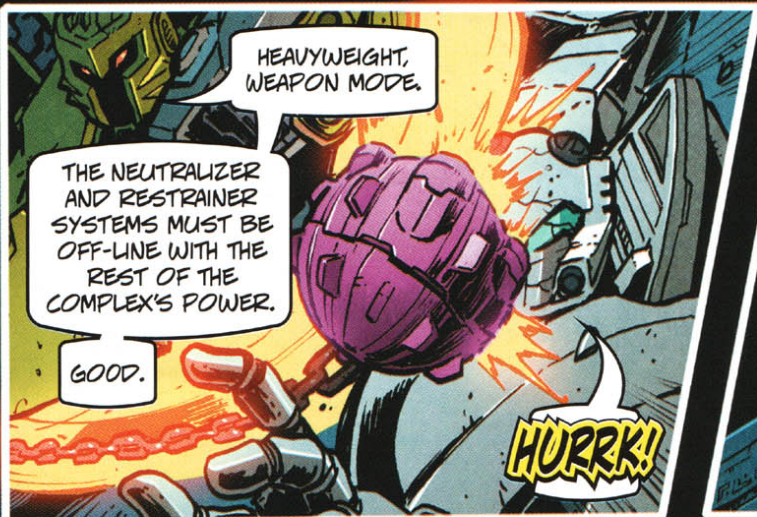
AAARGH!
CLASH

"IT'S A VIBRO-MACE. YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MUCH IT HURTS!"



STOP RIGHT THERE!

WHOMP

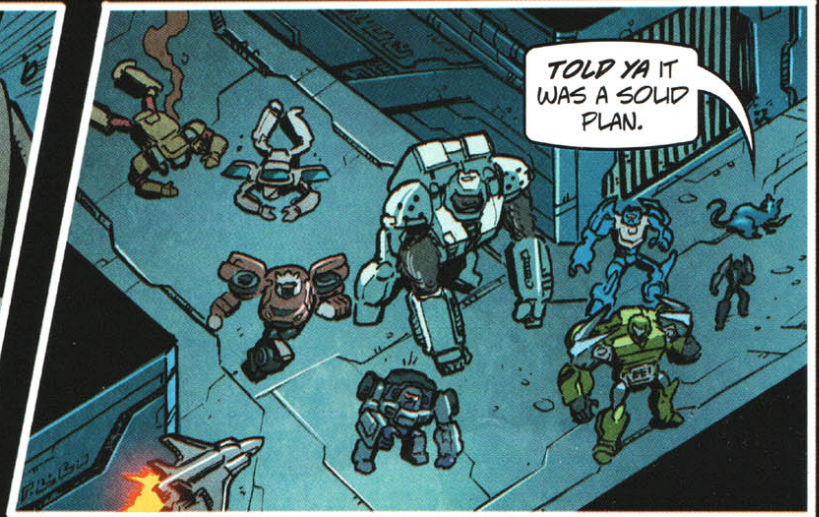


HEAVYWEIGHT, WEAPON MODE.

THE NEUTRALIZER AND RESTRAINER SYSTEMS MUST BE OFF-LINE WITH THE REST OF THE COMPLEX'S POWER.

GOOD.

HURRAH!



TOLD YA IT WAS A SOLID PLAN.



KEYPAD WON'T WORK. NO POWER, REMEMBER?

THEN HOW DO WE GET OUT? OH SCRAG... WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!

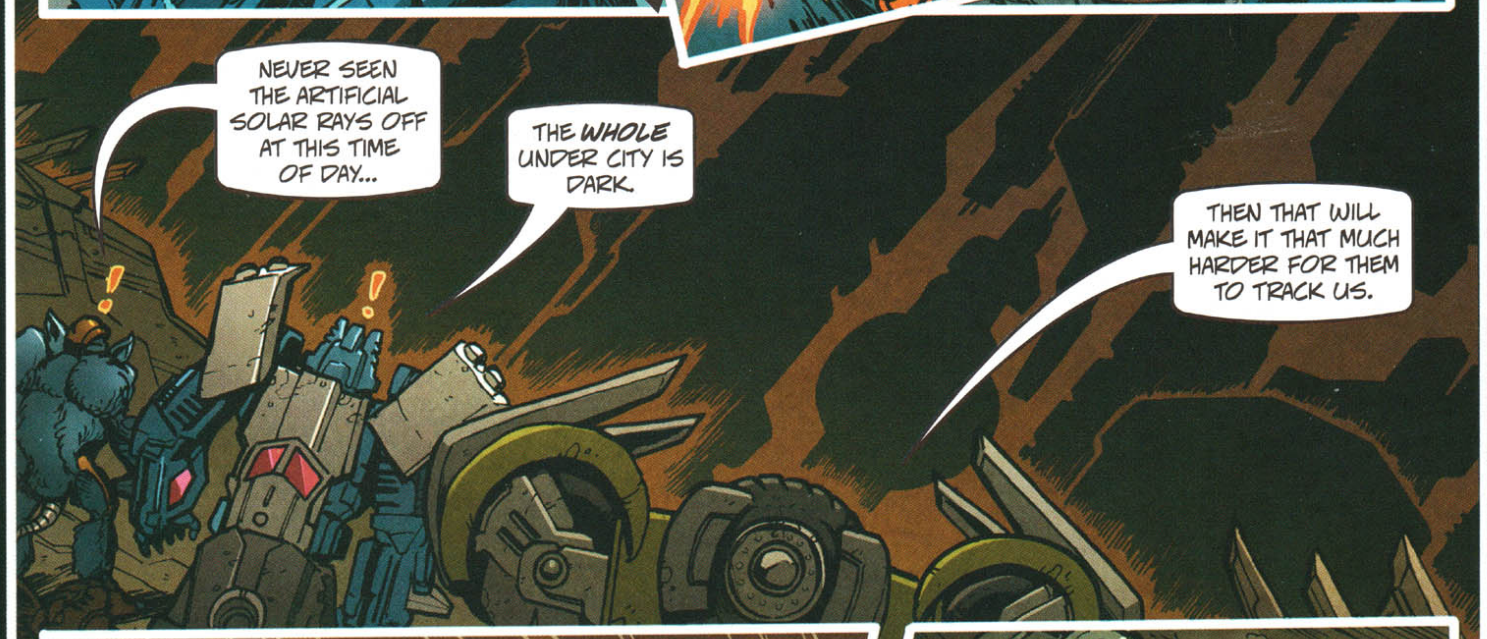
JUST BACK UP, ALREADY.



EVEN IN PRISON, A THIEF ALWAYS HAS THE PROPER TOOLS ON HAND. AND IN HAND. HA!

BOOM!

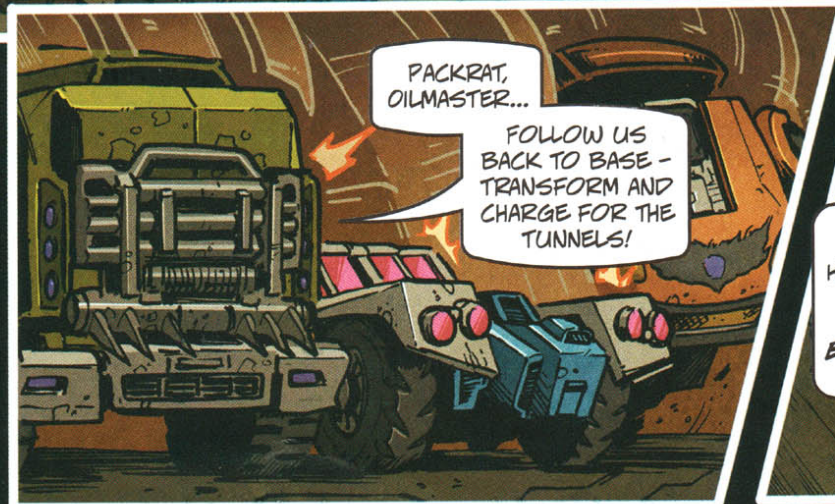
HUH...



NEVER SEEN THE ARTIFICIAL SOLAR RAYS OFF AT THIS TIME OF DAY...

THE WHOLE UNDER CITY IS DARK.

THEN THAT WILL MAKE IT THAT MUCH HARDER FOR THEM TO TRACK US.



PACKRAT, OILMASTER...

FOLLOW US BACK TO BASE - TRANSFORM AND CHARGE FOR THE TUNNELS!



THE TUNNELS? ARE YOU CRAZY? HAVEN'T YOU HEARD THE STORIES ABOUT THE ARMOR-CHEWING, BOT-HUNGRY CRITTERS THAT LIVE IN THERE?

...WHO DO YOU THINK STARTED THOSE STORIES, PACKRAT?



GO AHEAD AND GET IT OUT OF YOUR SYSTEMS NOW.

YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE, SO JUST TUCKER YOURSELVES OUT AND WE'LL HAVE YOU BACK IN YOUR CELLS IN A JIFF.

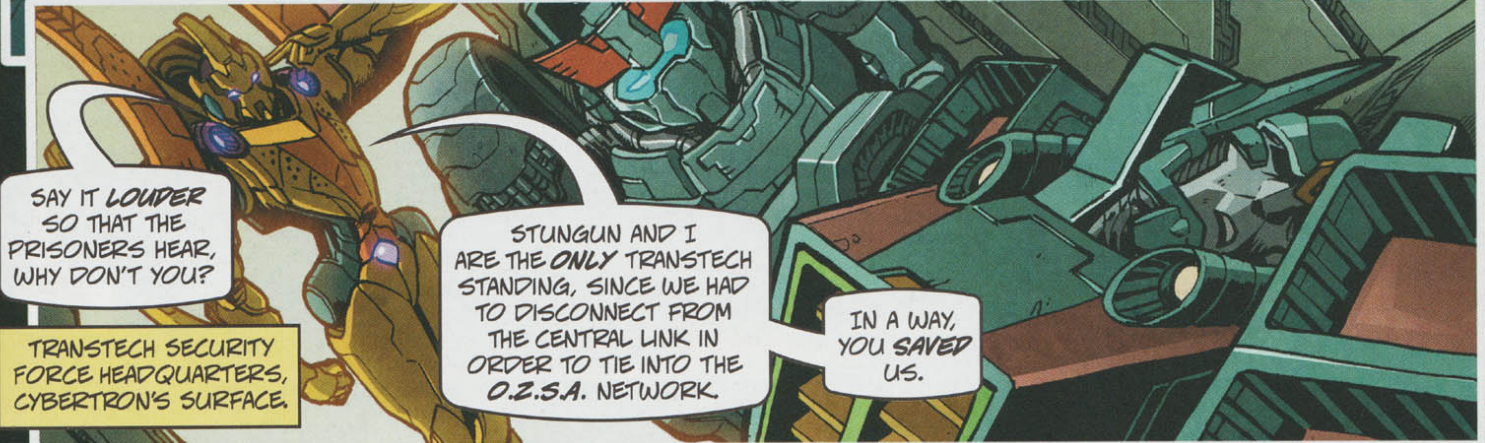
WHAT WAS THAT, CHEETOR? WHY IS THE POWER GRID DOWN?



!!I SAID THIS IS A PLANET-WIDE ATTACK! SOMETHING HAS GOTTEN INTO ALL OF OUR TECH, INCLUDING THE MAIN COMPUTER.!!

!!IT'S CAUSED A SURGE IN THE GLOBAL NET, SENDING A FEEDBACK IN THE CEREBRAL LINK THAT HAS KNOCKED THE TRANSTECH OUT COLD!!

THE TRANSTECH ARE OFFLINE?!



SAY IT LOUDER SO THAT THE PRISONERS HEAR, WHY DON'T YOU?

TRANSTECH SECURITY FORCE HEADQUARTERS, CYBERTRON'S SURFACE.

STUNGUN AND I ARE THE ONLY TRANSTECH STANDING, SINCE WE HAD TO DISCONNECT FROM THE CENTRAL LINK IN ORDER TO TIE INTO THE O.Z.S.A. NETWORK.

IN A WAY, YOU SAVED US.



OF COURSE THAT'S UP FOR DEBATE SINCE NOW WE GET TO BE AWAKE FOR WHATEVER NASTINESS HAPPENS NEXT.

GENERAL, LEAVE GUARDING THE PRISONERS TO THE PRISON GUARDS.

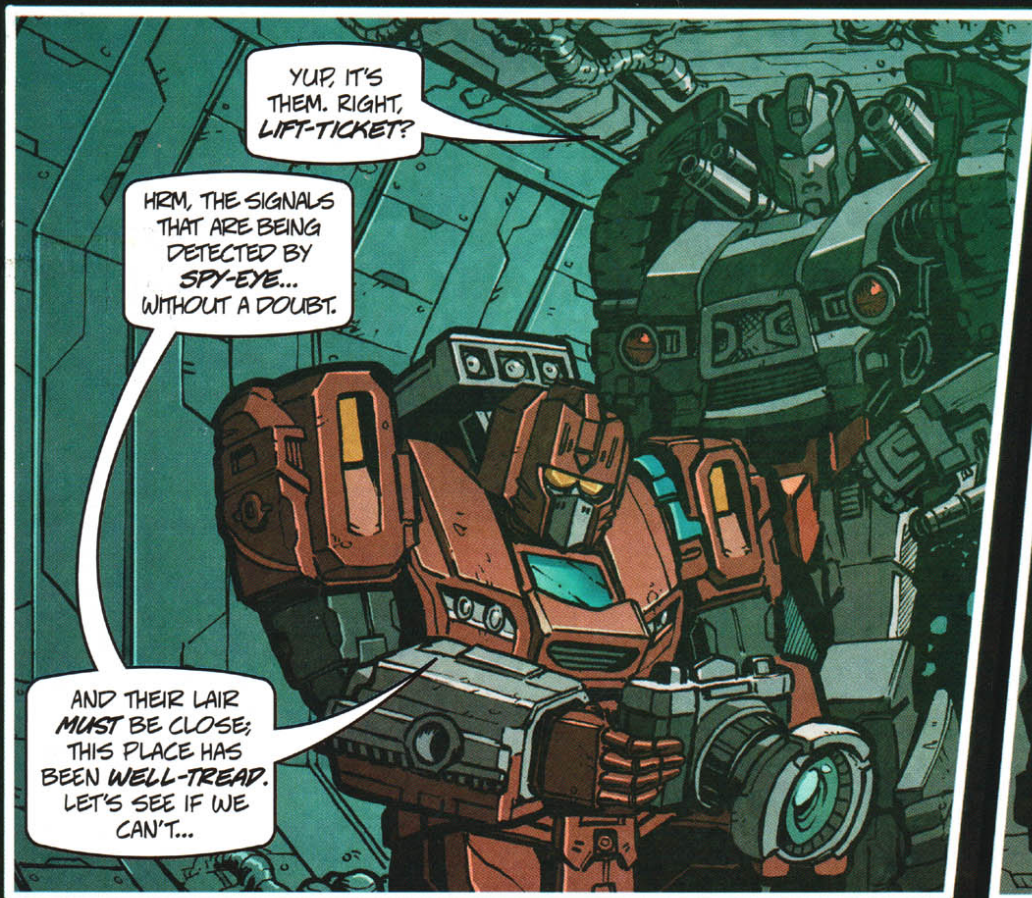


!!GET OUT THERE AND FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE CORE. THIS PLANET'S FUTURE IS IN YOUR HANDS.!!

UNDERSTOOD, CHEETOR.

PREDACON BRUTICUS, KEEP THE PRISON ON LOCK DOWN. THE SERGEANT AND I WILL TAKE OUR LEAVE NOW.

WE'RE NEEDED ELSEWHERE...



YUP, IT'S THEM. RIGHT, LIFT-TICKET?

HRM, THE SIGNALS THAT ARE BEING DETECTED BY SPY-EYE... WITHOUT A DOUBT.

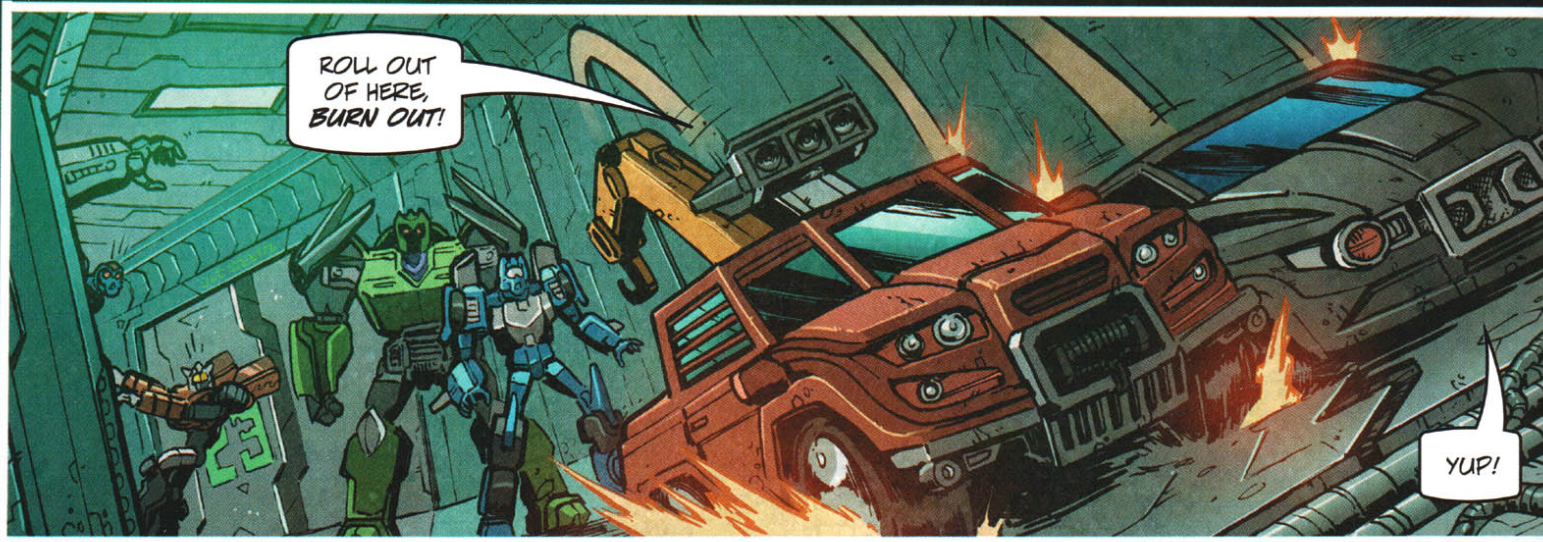
AND THEIR LAIR MUST BE CLOSE; THIS PLACE HAS BEEN WELL-TREAD. LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T...



...TRACK THEM.

HEY!

WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING?



ROLL OUT OF HERE, BURN OUT!

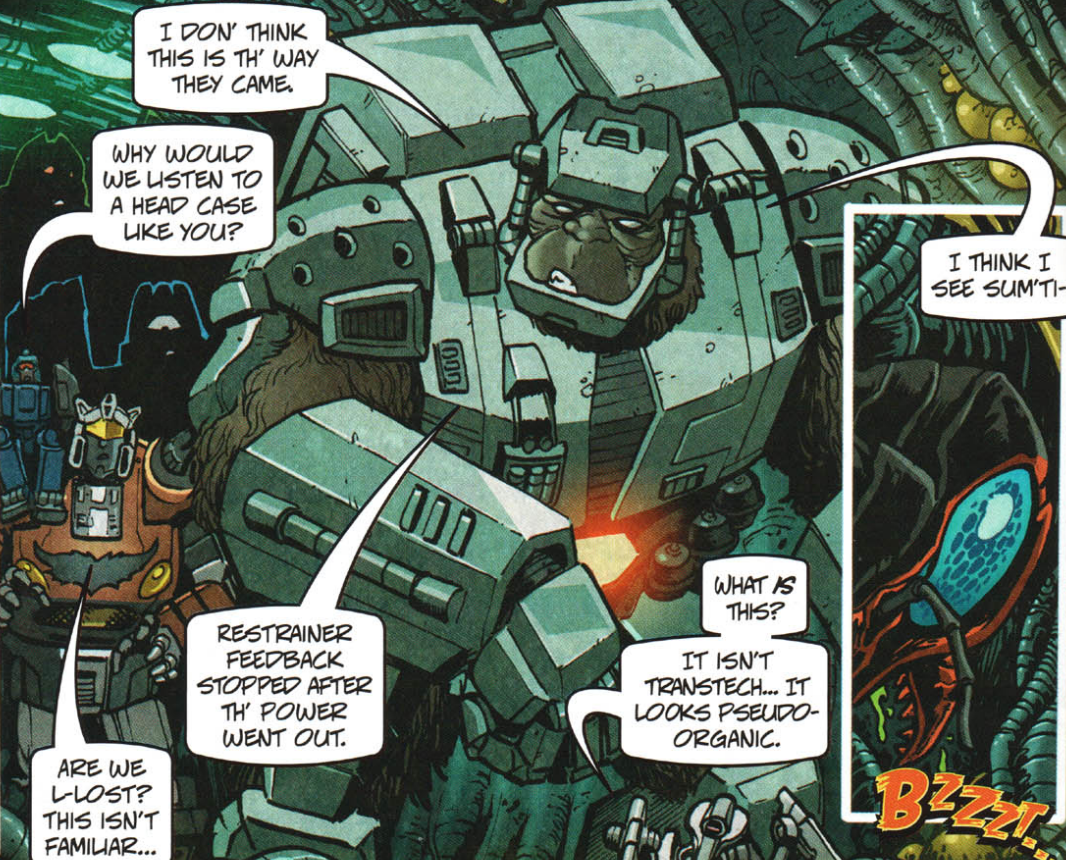
YUP!



DO YOU THINK... ARE THEY PART OF THE O.Z.S.A.? DID THEY FIND US?

IF THEY ARE, WE'VE GOT TO ARM UP AND STOP THEM BEFORE THEY SEND A MESSAGE BACK TO THEIR SUPERIORS.

NICE CACHE... ALMOST AS WELL-HIDDEN AS ONE OF MY OWN.



I DON'T THINK THIS IS TH' WAY THEY CAME.

WHY WOULD WE LISTEN TO A HEAD CASE LIKE YOU?

RESTRAINER FEEDBACK STOPPED AFTER TH' POWER WENT OUT.

ARE WE L-LOST? THIS ISN'T FAMILIAR...

I THINK I SEE SUM-TI-

WHAT IS THIS?

IT ISN'T TRANSTECH... IT LOOKS PSEUDO-ORGANIC.

BZZZT!

GAH!

WHOMP!

GET IT OFF!

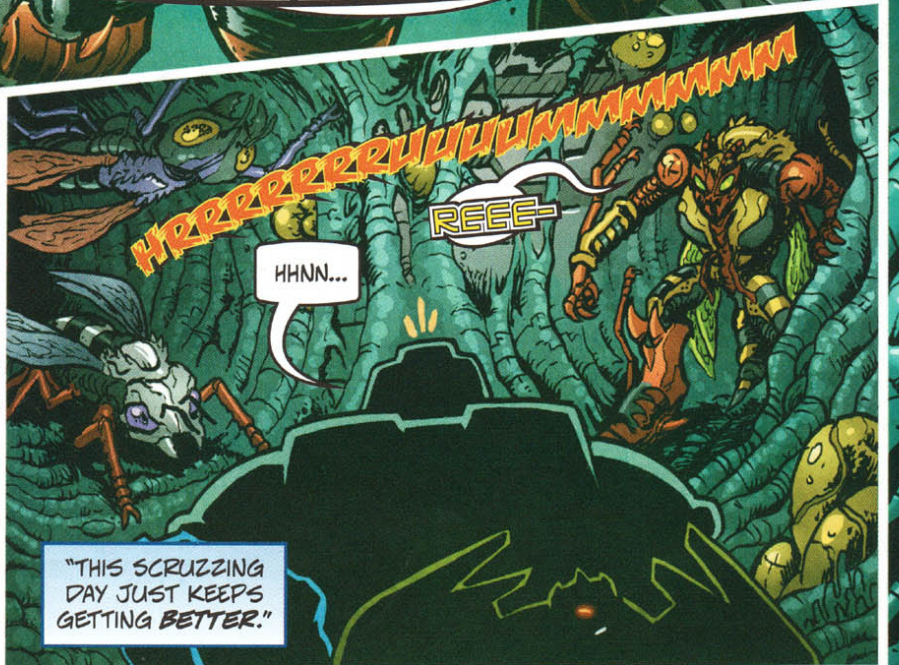
I THOUGHT YOU MADE UP THE STORIES ABOUT CRITTERS BEING DOWN HERE?

KRUNCH

SOMETIMES FACT IS STRANGER THAN FICTION, I SUSPECT.



KSSSSHHREE
EEEEEEEE-NNNNNNG
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

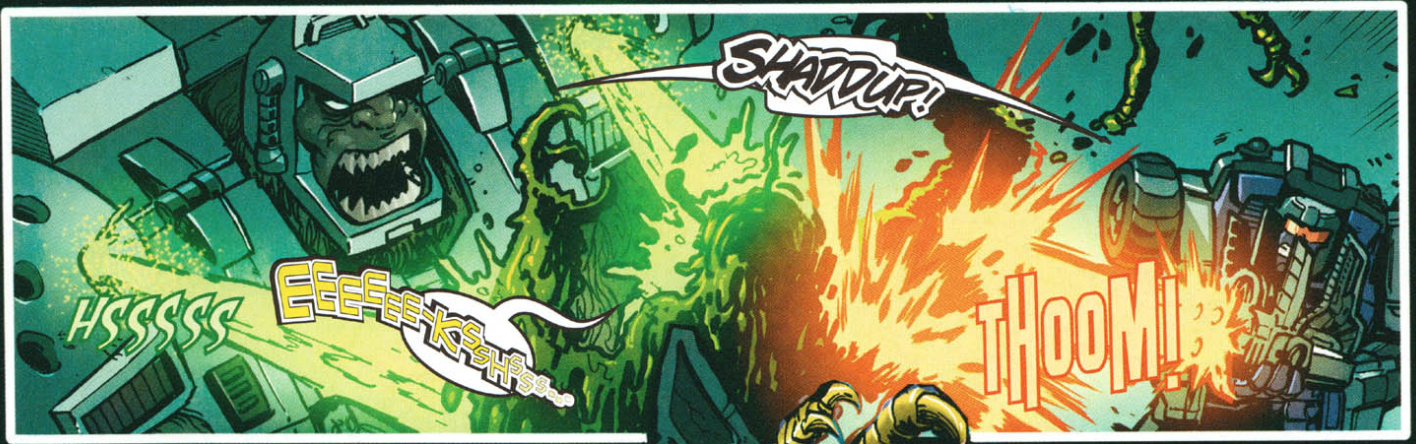


HRRRRRRULLUUMMMMMMM

HHNN...

REEE-

"THIS SCRZZING DAY JUST KEEPS GETTING BETTER."

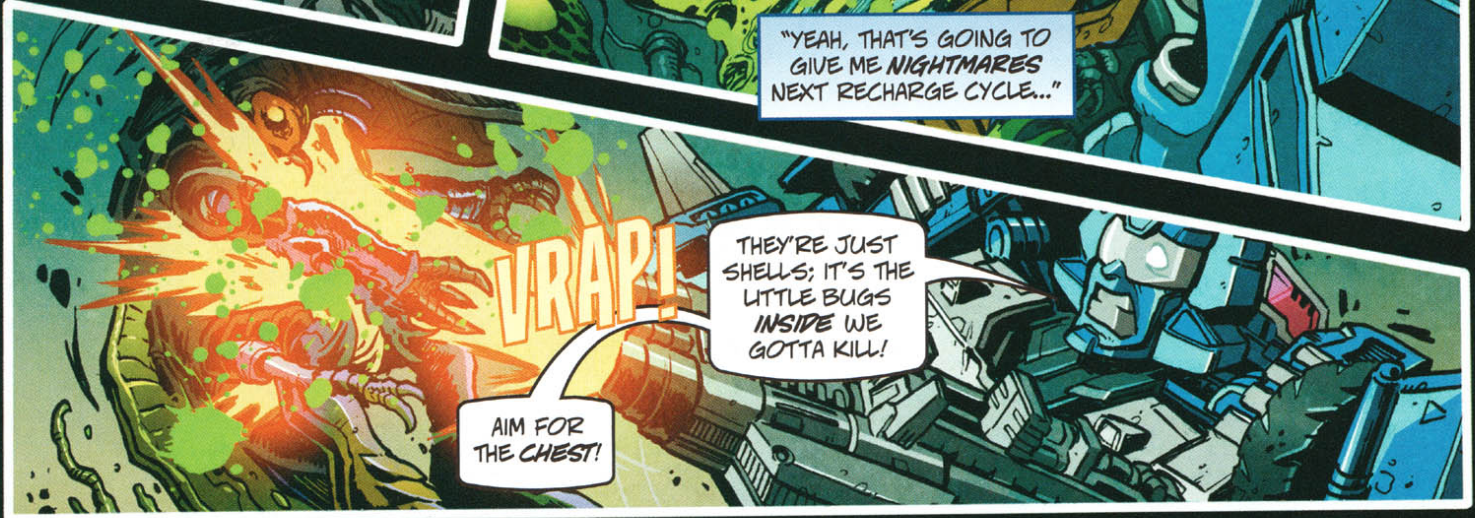


MAKE THIS FAST!

WE STILL GOT MORE OF THESE THINGS COMING!



"YEAH, THAT'S GOING TO GIVE ME NIGHTMARES NEXT RECHARGE CYCLE..."

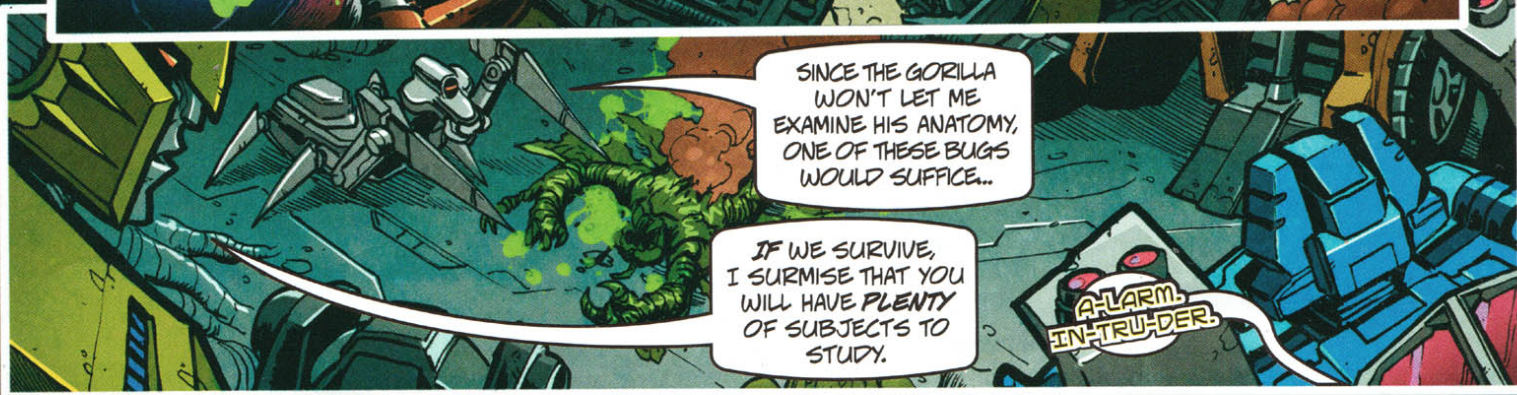


THEY'RE JUST SHELLS; IT'S THE LITTLE BUGS INSIDE WE GOTTA KILL!

AIM FOR THE CHEST!



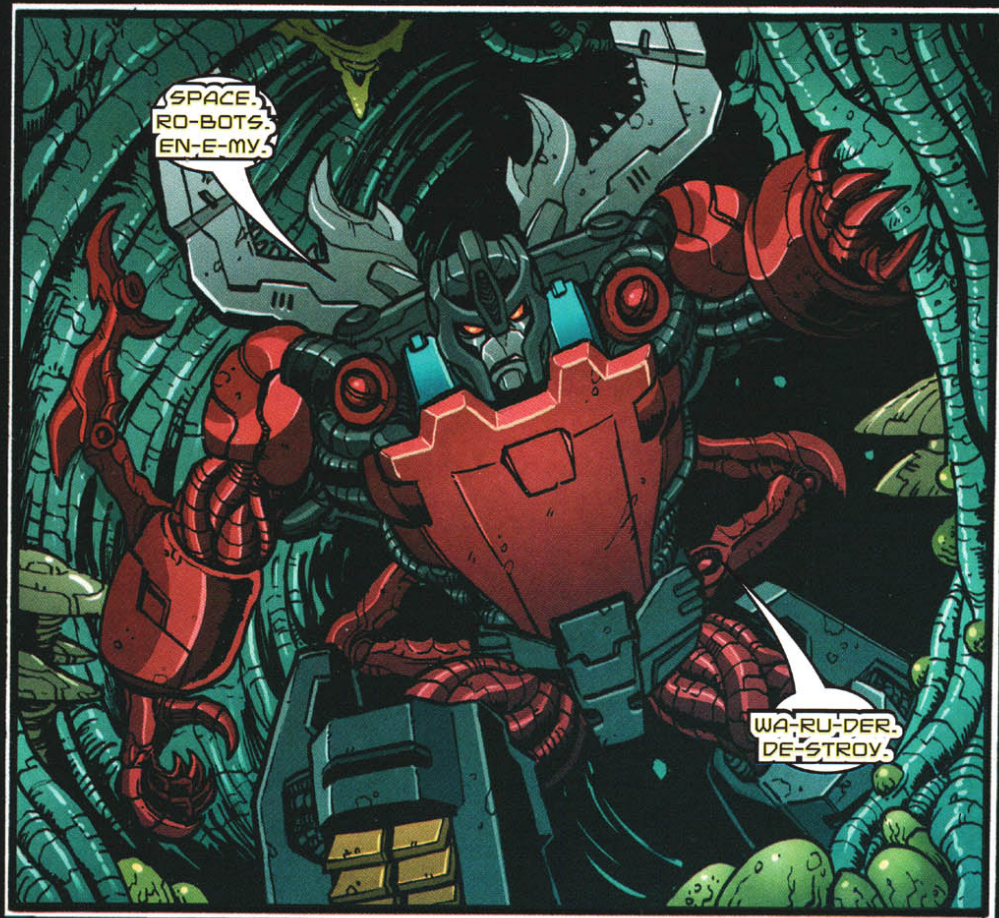
DULY NOTED.



SINCE THE GORILLA WON'T LET ME EXAMINE HIS ANATOMY, ONE OF THESE BUGS WOULD SUFFICE...

IF WE SURVIVE, I SURMISE THAT YOU WILL HAVE PLENTY OF SUBJECTS TO STUDY.

A-ALARM INTRUDER.



SPACE RO-BOTS EN-E-MY.

WA-RU-DE-RO-DE-STROY.



OH YEAH? YOU AN' WHUT ARMY?

"OH SCRAP. NOT AGAIN."



WA-RU-DE-RO-DE-STROY. SPACE RO-BOTS.

"OF."

"SMELTING."

"COURSE."

HA

HA

HA

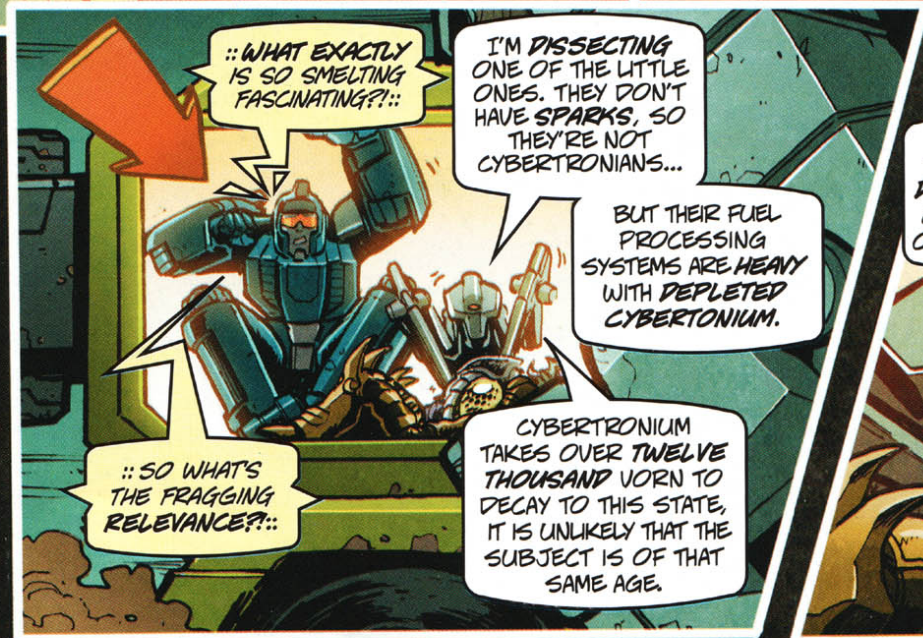
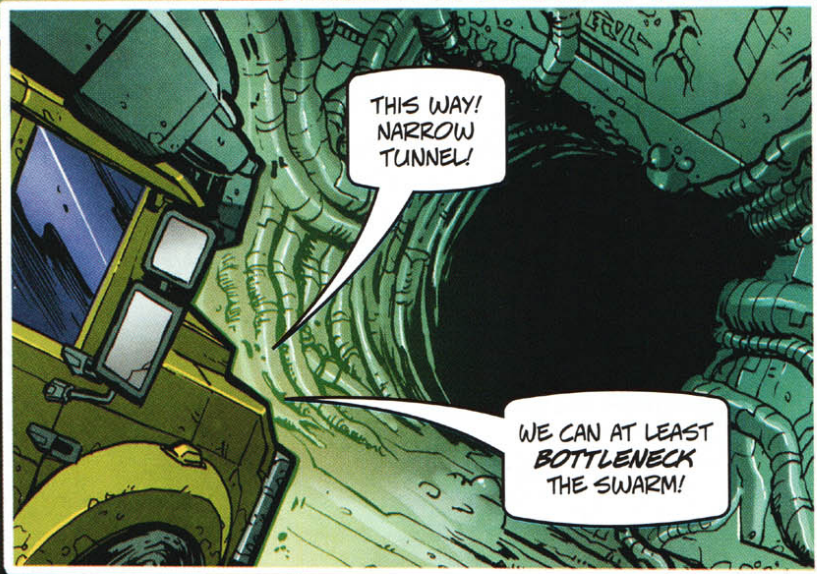
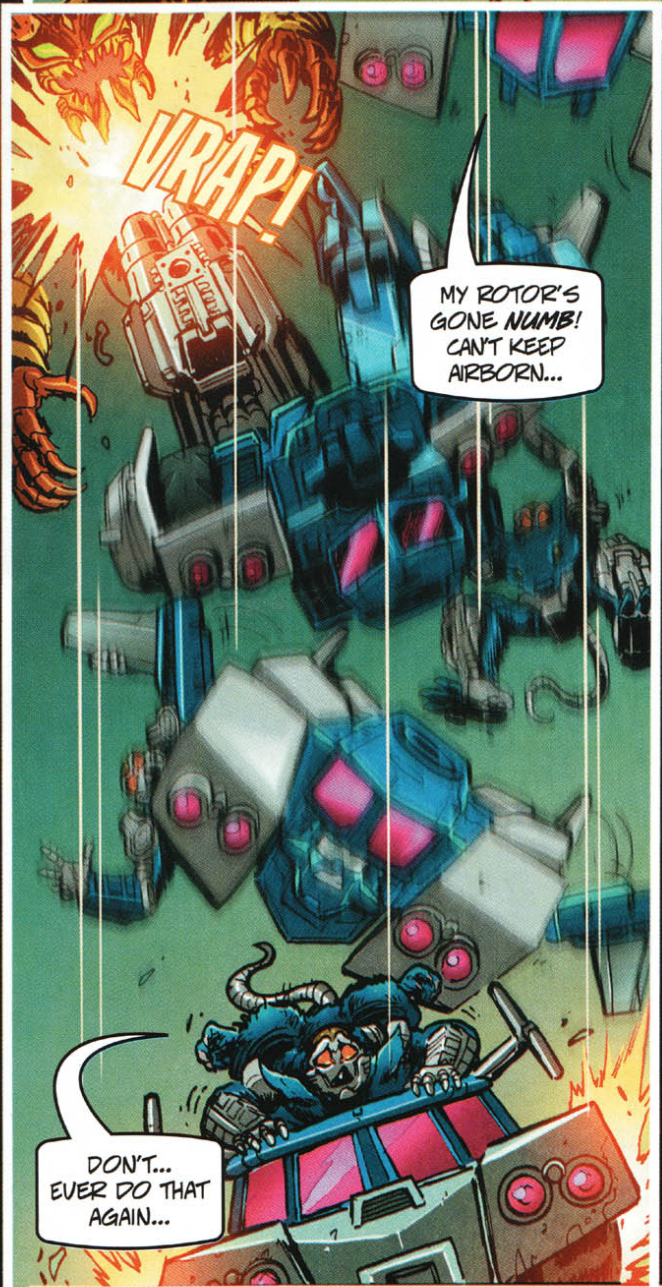
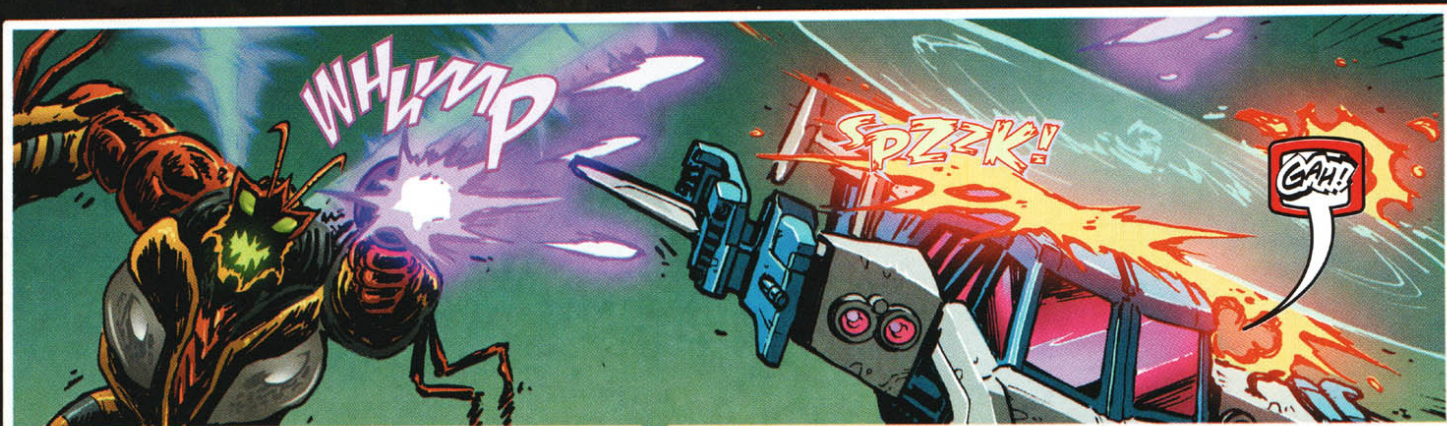


CRZZZ

YOU JUST HAD TO OPEN YOUR BANANA TRAP, DIDN'T YOU?!

WHUM P

WHUM P





WHICH MEANS THE TRANSTECH... ARE VULNERABLE...

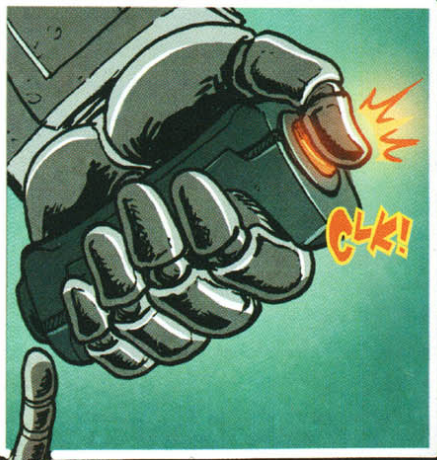
YES, BUT SO ARE WE!

IF THESE SPACE INVADERS MANAGE TO CONSUME TRANSTECH-LEVEL POWER SOURCES...

...OH.



STAY BACK!



CLK!

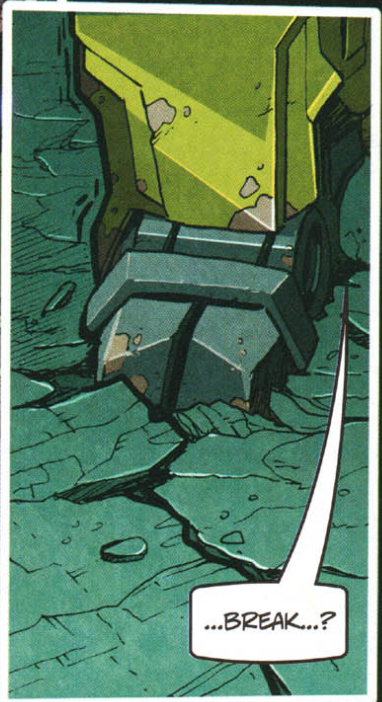


THAT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN...

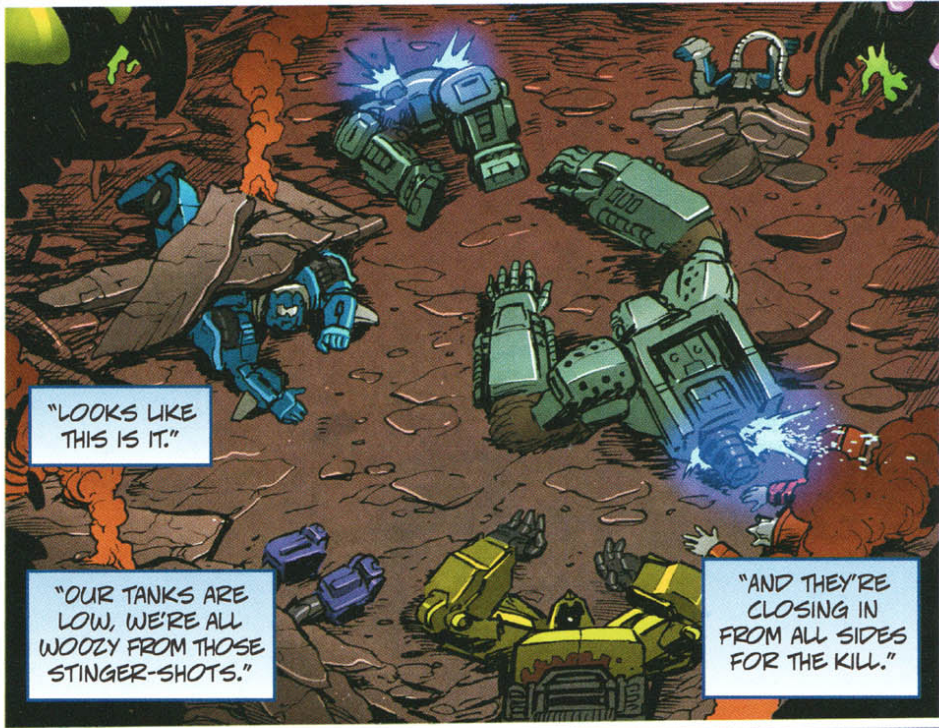


THAT'S IT! WE'RE DEAD!

THIS WAY! WE'LL MAKE A...



...BREAK...?



"LOOKS LIKE THIS IS IT."

"OUR TANKS ARE LOW, WE'RE ALL WOOLY FROM THOSE STINGER-SHOTS."

"AND THEY'RE CLOSING IN FROM ALL SIDES FOR THE KILL.."



E-LI-MI-NATE, SPACE ROBOTS.

HA. HA. HA.

"NEVER THOUGHT I'D GO OUT LIKE THIS..."

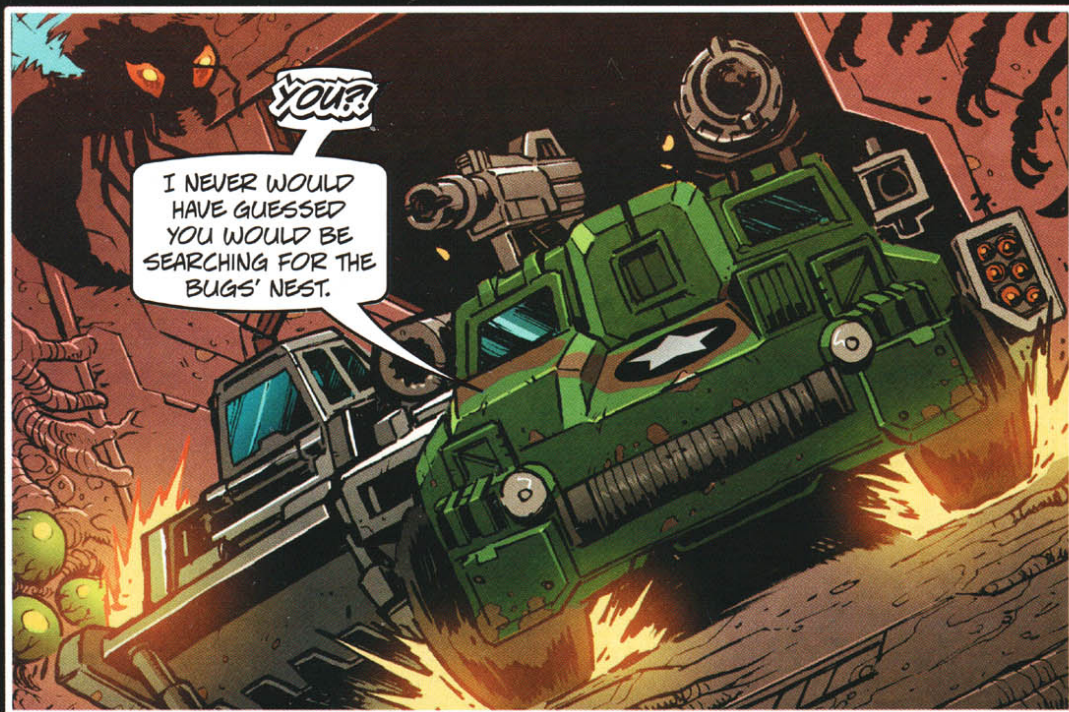


"MOSTLY SINCE I WOULD NEVER HAVE IMAGINED THESE THINGS EXISTED."

KRRRREEERRNNN...



HEH. 'TIL ALL ARE ONE...



YOU?

I NEVER WOULD HAVE GUESSED YOU WOULD BE SEARCHING FOR THE BUGS' NEST.



WHA - I - *AHEM*.

OF COURSE THAT'S WHAT WE'RE DOING. YES.



SO YOUR TWO SPIES GOT WORD OUT TO YOU WITH OUR LOCATION?

OUR... WHAT?

LITTLE BLACK CAR. LITTLE RED TRUCK. SCURRIED OFF AS SOON AS THEY FOUND US.

I DON'T KNOW WHO...



WE WEREN'T LOOKING FOR YOU. WE WERE LOOKING FOR THIS PLACE.

THE WARIDERS' MAIN HIVE.



THE WHO'S...? WAIT... MAIN HIVE?!

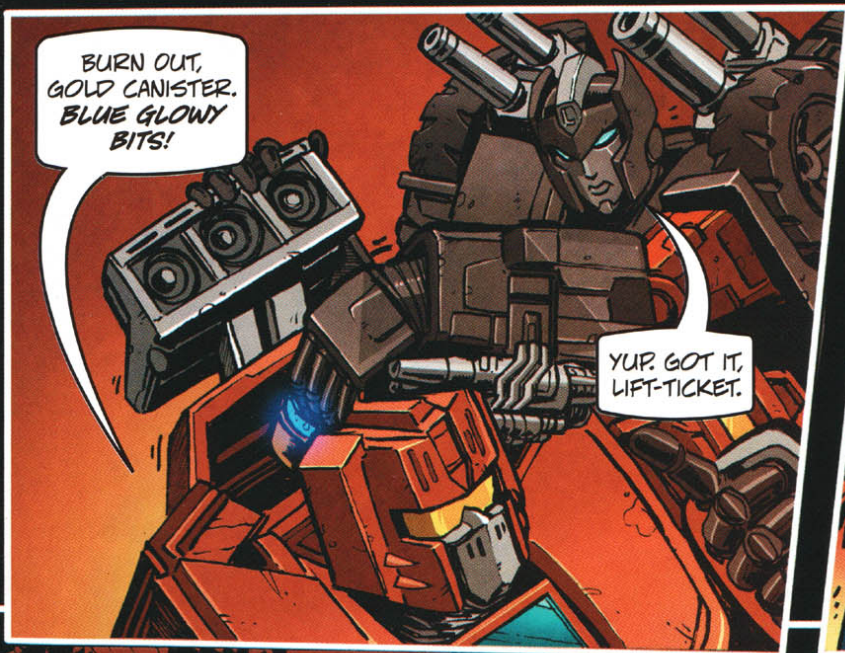
YOU MEAN WE'RE SURROUNDED WITH NO WAY OUT, AND THIS IS BUG CENTRAL?!

THERE'S NOT GOING TO BE ENOUGH LEFT OF US FOR A PROPER VAPOR-BURIAL!



IF YOU WERE LOOKING FOR THIS NEST, THEN SURELY YOU HAVE A PLAN.

B'BOOM!



BURN OUT, GOLD CANISTER. BLUE GLOWY BITS!

YUP. GOT IT, LIFT-TICKET.



MIND SHARING WITH THE REST OF US? CAN IT DESTROY THESE THINGS?

RIGHT NOW... IT'S EMPTY.

HMPH.



IF WE CAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE WARLIDER COMMANDER, WE CAN EXTRACT ITS VENOM AND THE DEVICE WILL CREATE AN ANTI-TOXIN FOR THIS HIVE'S PARTICULAR POISON.

ALTHOUGH WITH THEIR LEADER CORNERED, THE DRONES WILL GO BERSERK AND TEAR EVERYTHING TO SHREDS.

IT'S WORTH THE RISK TO CURE THE TRANSTECH AND BRING THEM BACK INTO THIS FIGHT.

DRIVE THESE INSECTS INTO A FRENZY AND NOT EVEN THE TRANSTECH WILL TURN THE TIDE.



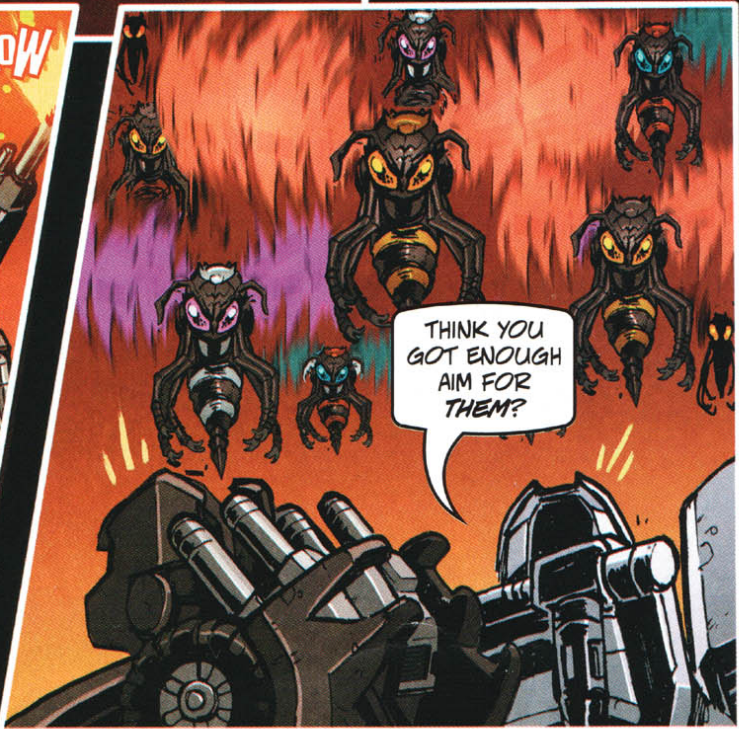
WHAT'S YOUR SOLUTION? FLEE AND SAVE YOUR OWN LIFE?

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU THINK I AM. BUT HOW LITTLE YOU KNOW ME.



DANG, YOU GOT SOME AIM!

YUP.



THINK YOU GOT ENOUGH AIM FOR THEM?

CHNK-K-CHNK

YUP

I AM IMPRESSED.



CLINE!

"CLINE"?



I'M OKAY, DIA! JUST A LITTLE SHOOK UP...



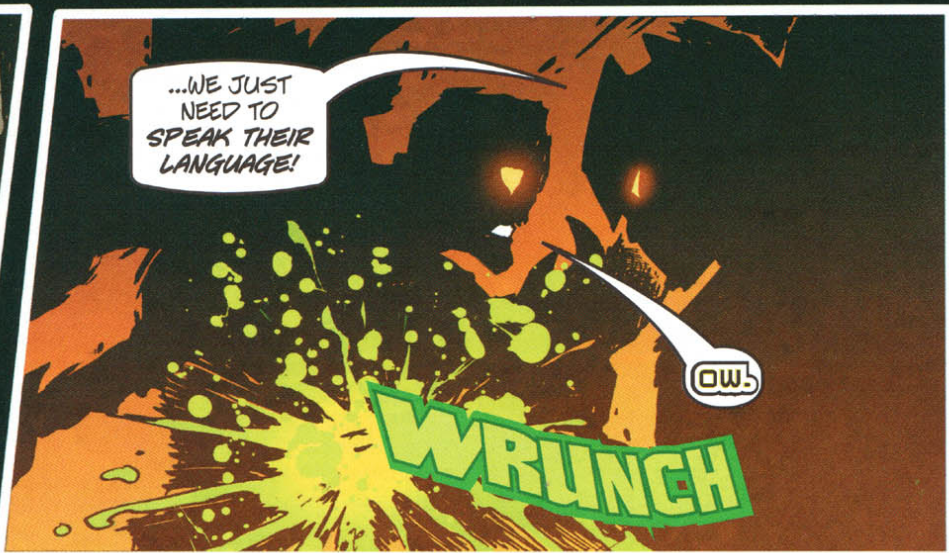
THIS HAS GOTTEN COMPLETELY OUT OF HAND!

THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM! EVEN IF WE GOT TO THE COMMANDER UNIT, THE DRONE SWARM WOULD RIP US TO PIECES AS WE DRAINED THE VENOM...



SPACE! ROBOTS,
SPACE. DUST!
HA. HA!

I KNOW HOW
TO END THIS
PROPERLY...



...WE JUST
NEED TO
SPEAK THEIR
LANGUAGE!

OW!

WRUNCH



COM-MAN-DER,
IN-SPE-RIL

BACK-UP.

BACK-UP.

SHRIIPPP



ARE YOU
CRAZY??!

THIS IS AN
EVEN WORSE
PLAN...

THE DRONES
WILL DESTROY
EVERYONE ON THE
PLANET IF THEIR
COMMANDER IS
HARMED!

YES,
DE-STROY!

SWARM,
STING!

HELP!

HELP!



THEY WILL
NO SUCH THING.
BECAUSE WE'RE
JUST GOING
TO...

...TALK.

WA-RU-DER,
ARE,
LE-GION.

CAN-NOT,
DE-FEAT,
WA-RU-DER,
HIVE.

WAR-RI-ORS,
WILL. FIGHT,
AF-TER. BEET
CHIT. AF-TER,
COM-MAN-DER,
IS. DES-

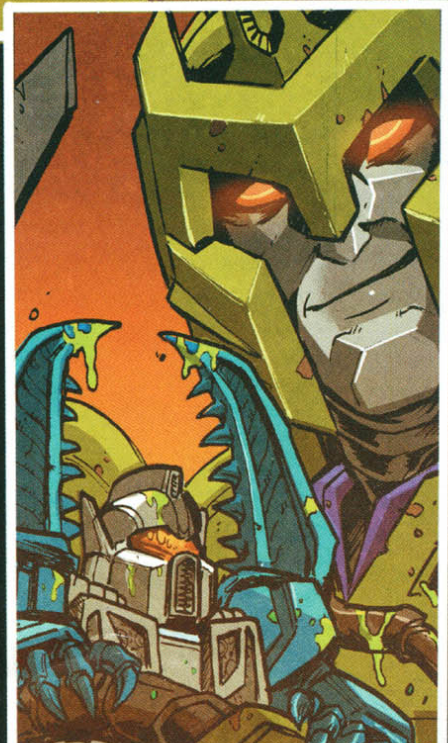


IF WE KEEP
FIGHTING, NO
MATTER HOW IT
ENDS, MORE OF
YOUR HIVE
WILL DIE.

YOU! WORK,
WITH. HU-MANS,
WHO. FIGHT,
WA-RU-DER.

WA-RU-DER,
WILL. DIE,
TO. FIGHT,
EN-E-MIE-

I KNOW WHERE
MORE FOOD IS.
AND YOU DON'T
EVEN HAVE TO
FIGHT FOR IT.





IN-TI-ATE,
PAR-LAY.

YOU'RE EATING
THE OLD METAL
IN THE PLANET,
CORRECT?

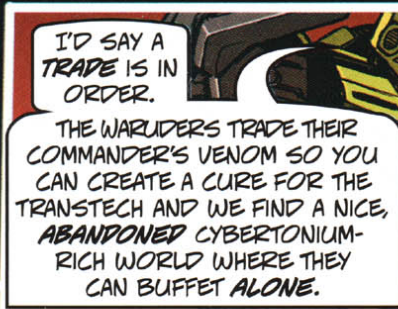


TAS-TV,
TAS-TV.

I'LL TAKE
YOUR WORD
FOR IT.

SERGEANT... HOW
MANY CYBERTRONS
WOULD YOU SAY THE
TRANSTECH HAVE
ACCESS TO?

I'VE HEARD
IT'S MORE THAN
A HUNDRED
MILLION.



I'D SAY A
TRADE IS IN
ORDER.

THE WARUDERS TRADE THEIR
COMMANDER'S VENOM SO YOU
CAN CREATE A CURE FOR THE
TRANSTECH AND WE FIND A NICE,
ABANDONED CYBERTRONIUM-
RICH WORLD WHERE THEY
CAN BUFFET ALONE.

THAT WOULD
TAKE SOME
ARGUING WITH
THE SUPERIORS...

...BUT I MIGHT
JUST KNOW OF A
'BOT BUILDING HIS
OWN INTER-
UNIVERSAL GATE.

HE JUST NEEDS
ONE LAST PART
EXTRACTED FROM THE
SECURITY FORCE
EVIDENCE VAULTS AND
WE CAN DO THIS ALL
OFF THE BOOKS.

WA-RU-DER-
TA-GREE!

"WELL, SCRAP! CYBERTRON'S
MOST WANTED JUST SAVED
THE TRANSTECH."

SOME TIME
LATER.



SORRY WE
CAN'T HELP YA
MORE WITH
YOUR PROBLEM,
BUT...

I KNOW,
THE TRANSTECHS'
NON-
INTERFERENCE
STANCE.

LOSING THE
BROOD DRONE
THAT WE CHASED
HERE... LOSING
BEET-CHIT WILL BE
A STUMBLING
BLOCK...

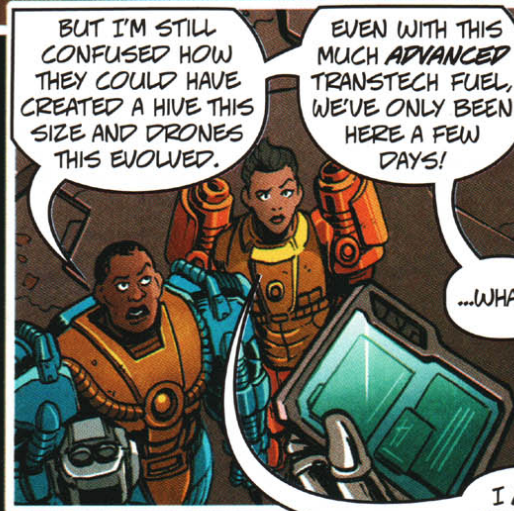
YUP.

...BUT NOW THAT
WE KNOW OF A SUBSTANCE
THAT DEFINITELY ATTRACTS
THEM, WE CAN ADJUST OUR
TACTICS ACCORDINGLY.
MAYBE MAKE SOME LURES...
MAYBE WE DON'T HAVE
TO FIGHT ANYMORE.



WELL IF YA DO,
SHARP-SHOOTERS
LIKE HER WILL
KEEP YA GOING.

YUP.



BUT I'M STILL
CONFUSED HOW
THEY COULD HAVE
CREATED A HIVE THIS
SIZE AND DRONES
THIS EVOLVED.

EVEN WITH THIS
MUCH ADVANCED
TRANSTECH FUEL,
WE'VE ONLY BEEN
HERE A FEW
DAYS!

...WHAT?!

ACCORDING
TO ITS ID BOLT,
IT'S BEEN HERE AT
LEAST 20,000
YEARS.

THAT'S THE
TROUBLE
WITH TRAVELING
UNCONTROLLED
THROUGH THE
GULF.

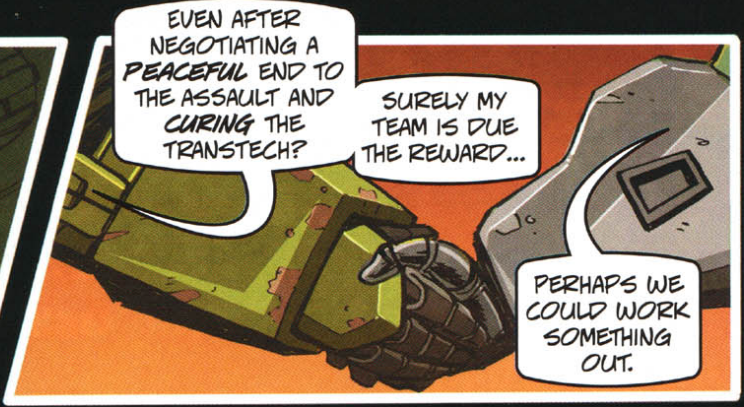
ALL THAT
QUANTUM
INSTABILITY.

I HATE
QUANTUM.



ANY PLACE YOU WOULD LIKE TO GO, GENERAL?

YOU KNOW THAT I CAN'T LET YOU KEEP THE GATE.



EVEN AFTER NEGOTIATING A PEACEFUL END TO THE ASSAULT AND CURING THE TRANSTECH?

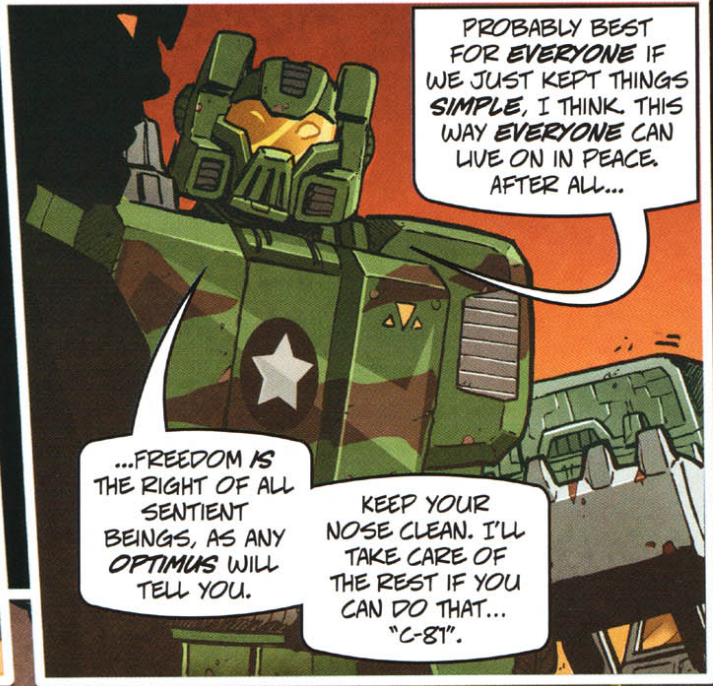
SURELY MY TEAM IS DUE THE REWARD...

PERHAPS WE COULD WORK SOMETHING OUT.



BUT THEN I'D HAVE TO MAKE SURE THAT THE REPORT EXPLAINED WHAT HAPPENED TO THE COMPONENT "STOLEN" FROM EVIDENCE LOCK-UP, INCLUDING EXACTLY WHO HAS IT NOW...

ALONG WITH YOUR ID BOLT SCAN NUMBER, PROPER NAME, AND CURRENT LOCATION.



PROBABLY BEST FOR EVERYONE IF WE JUST KEPT THINGS SIMPLE, I THINK THIS WAY EVERYONE CAN LIVE ON IN PEACE. AFTER ALL...

...FREEDOM IS THE RIGHT OF ALL SENTIENT BEINGS, AS ANY OPTIMUS WILL TELL YOU.

KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST IF YOU CAN DO THAT... "C-81".



...ARE YOU OKAY... BOSS?

WE NEARLY GOT GRUESOMELY KILLED, OUR PLAN IS IN TATTERS, OUR SECRET TUNNEL HIDE-OUT IS NO LONGER SECRET...



BUT WE HAD AN ADVENTURE, DIDN'T WE? I FEEL LIKE WE'VE STILL COME OUT AHEAD.

YOU BET WE STILL CAME OUT AHEAD!



I NICKED ONE OF THE COPS' CREDIT STICKS!

"XAL, PRIMUS AND THE CHEAPEST SEVENTEEN PUBS IN THIS CITY, GIVE ME GLITCHIN' STRENGTH."

END.

MEMBERS OF THE CONVOY*...

SYSTEMS ARE REBOOTING, THE ANTI-TOXIN IS EXPUNGING THE POISON FROM THE DATA CORE, AND OBVIOUSLY WE TRANSTECH ARE RETURNING TO CONSCIOUSNESS.

YOU. THE GREEN ONE. YOU SAID IT WAS A GROUP OF CRIMINALS THAT ACCOMPLISHED ALL THIS?

YES SIR.

AND WHERE ARE THEY NOW, GENERAL OPTIMUS PRIME?

YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE, SIR.

*A GROUP OF AUTOBOT COMMANDERS GRANTED AMNESTY FROM THE DUX NON INTRUITUS.

YOU LET THEM GO?

THEY SLIPPED AWAY AS WE WERE HANDLING THE LAST OF THE WARUDERS' TRANSPORT, SIR.

AND WHAT OF YOUR SUSPECTED MEGATRON?

I WAS MISTAKEN. CLEARLY. HE IS NOT A MEGATRON. HE CANNOT BE.

IT WAS FOOLISH OF ME TO THINK THAT SUCH AN ERROR WOULD HAVE BEEN MADE BY THE TRANSTECH.

EXACTLY.

THE DANGER HAS PASSED, BUT THIS ISN'T OVER.

HERO PRIME AND IGNITION PRIME, YOU AND A TEAM OF CONSTRUCTIONONS HEAD TO SECTOR FOUR-FIFTY-SEVEN AND REBUILD THE SUPPORTS THAT THE WARUDERS ATE THROUGH.

THE PRISONERS AT OFFWORLDER MAXIMUM SECURITY STILL NEED TO BE COAXED BACK TO THEIR CELLS. YOU'RE ON THAT, GENERAL. TAKE BEAST PRIME AND LEO PRIME WITH YOU.

SENTINEL MAXIMUS AND BLACK CONVOY, THE INSECTICONS HAVE BEEN EMBOLDENED BY AN INVASION OF OTHER MECHANICAL INSECTS. PERSUADE THEM TO DROP THEIR FERVOR...

I'LL TELL THE OTHERS TO LEAVE MEGATRON BE.

IF HE'S EARNED YOUR TRUST, HE'S EARNED OURS.

THANK YOU. AS YOU AND THE REST OF THE CONVOY KNOW...

"...EVERYONE HAS THE CAPACITY FOR CHANGE. THIS PLACE IS PROOF OF THAT."

AUTOBOT®



General Optimus Prime™

Function: Commander in Chief

BIO

After expansion of the Decepticon Star Empire into Sector 49G, Megatron, jet fighter Starscream and Communications Officer Soundwave took advantage of newly conquered technology to upgrade themselves with new armor, new weapons, and tremendous speed. With a new flight mode capable of combining with his lieutenant Starscream, stealth-armor deflector shields and carrying a frightening arsenal of Destronium Missiles, Megatron believed himself a tormented tornado of terror that had no rival in the universe. However, not to be outdone and to prove Megatron wrong, General Optimus Prime led the retrofit of his Autobots with similar enhancements to counter the increased durability and firepower of the Decepticons.

The Autobot Firestorm Squadron, comprised of General Optimus Prime, Sgt. Hound, Operations Specialist Jazz, Strafe, Jetfire and Air Raid, pursued Megatron and his army to the edge of the galaxy and to the Decepticons' last known stronghold on Mirtonia. As the battle raged on and the elite Autobots fought valiantly against the Decepticons, the inevitable outcome seemed only to be yet another stalemate in the endless war. That is until an errant missile slammed into a refinery processing an experimental form of energon. The resulting explosion vaporized Megatron, Starscream, and Soundwave, while ripping a hole in reality that General Optimus Prime and Sgt. Hound tumbled through.

Rebooting in Axion Nexus, General Optimus Prime soon found himself recruited in to The Convoy – a group of heroic leaders meant to safeguard the entirety of the multiverse. While the others of the Convoy stayed in the upper city of Axion Nexus, the General used his unusual appearance for a Prime for missions into the Offworlder Zone. This access to that populace also made him a valuable tool for Transtech Security Administration Officer Chector.

WEAPONS / ABILITIES

Optimus Prime has had to trade in his signature blaster and Energy ax for weapons more suitable for combat in sector 49G. He now sports a multitude of weapons created to pierce the tough hide of Decepticons including: a missile rack of tri-tipped Abacium war heads that can track targets halfway across a continent, a Phazon heavy blaster that can put a hole in most upgraded armory, a shoulder mounted Pulsar rail gun that can fire continuously without overheating, and Dark Matter concussion launcher that has been known to crack the crust of planets.

WEAKNESSES

Optimus Prime doesn't have a weakness, not physically anyway. However he does tend to reminisce on the simpler days before Megatron, the war, the upgrades, and wonders what 'could have been'...



"Freedom is the right of all sentient beings."

ALTERNATE MODE //



CAMO COMMANDER

Battletrap™

Function: The Muscle



BIO

Battletrap occasionally mulls the coincidence that his split Duocon forms were once an early attempt in Shockwave's "Triple-Changer" process and how, years later, that very process became his savior after being diagnosed with Machanimus Disjunctus. The two halves of his brain located in his separate vehicle modes were developing an immunity to each other, preventing them from fully merging when attempting to combine into robot mode. Now with both parts of his brain reunited, Battletrap is rediscovering the full depths of his processors. He is still a Decepticon excited by the rough and tumble rather than intellectual pursuits, but he now possesses creativity and cunning that he was unable to access in his Duocon body.

Perhaps still not comfortable in his new brain, Battletrap finds himself content in the most mundane activities, everything from hauling cargo for his team to standing guard for Megatron or providing the muscle needed to subdue opposition. This does not mean that he lacks intelligence. Battletrap prefers to chronicle the events of his life. As his criminal record is already quite long, he has no plans to submit his memoir to the Cybernet Infocore.

WEAPONS / ABILITIES

Battletrap is prepared for battle in each of his three modes, but his most formidable offensive capabilities are in his robot mode. There he is armed with a double-barreled missile launcher for ranged attacks and a Night-Fire Blade for melee attacks. Although not traditionally trained in any of Cybertron's many sword-fighting forms, Battletrap's physical strength makes every swing or jab of his sword a potentially lethal attack.

While robot mode provides his fiercest ability to strike, his alternate modes provide measures for more defensive combat. It is in his ground mode that his armor is the thickest, and in his helicopter mode that he is most agile.

WEAKNESSES

Battletrap has a big mouth. He isn't insubordinate or snide, he just won't stop talking or dictating the events in his life. Perhaps it is due to once having two distinct consciences. He can get too wrapped up in telling a story to maintain awareness of his environment.



"I may be only one Decepticon, but I'm still double the trouble."

ALTERNATE MODES //



THRILLING THREEPEAT

WARUDER™

Zaptrap™ and Beet-Chit™



Function: Field Commander

BIO

Leaving nothing but empty husks of planets in their wake, the Waruder race is a threat unrivaled in the Cymond Universal Cluster. One of the many Field Commanders chosen by the King Waruder himself to spread across the galaxy and devour, Beet-Chit had his sights set on the Earth of his dimension, but after a brief battle on the blue planet things went awry.

Since being separated from his High Command and thrust into another universe, Beet-Chit sought out a new body to pilot. Coming across a lost Insecticon drone named Zaptrap in the lower layers of the Axiom Nexus Off-Worlder Zone, Beet-Chit noted his similarity to his original Kuwagatrre mech unit and took haste to strike - in a geological sense of the term that is. Over the next 20,000 years, Zaptrap's body was re-engineered into the part organic, part metal bodies that the Waruders race are known for using. Additionally, Beet-Chit's own bio-metal body allowed him to secrete a life-giving substance into a simplistic brood of drone followers constructed from the rare metals and ores he digested deep within this Cybertron. As is common with the Waruder species, each drone produced its own techno-organic host shell through an extrusion of specialized enzymes that break down and recombine raw materials per the drone's function in the hive.

After their departure from the Axiom Nexus, Beet-Chit and his race find themselves in a new fertile Cybertron in another dimension believed to be devoid of life. The question remains, will they be satisfied with their hunger met, or does a deep call to war start to grow within.

WEAPONS / ABILITIES

While mostly relying on his hands to claw at his enemies in robot mode, his insect mode Kuwag Horns are able to create bursts upwards of 40,000 volts to shock any threat to his kind into submission. Due to Zaptrap's more Cybertronian origins, he does not harbor the weakness that all WARUDER mech bodies possess, in which the larger controlled body slowly breaks down when separated from its host pilot.

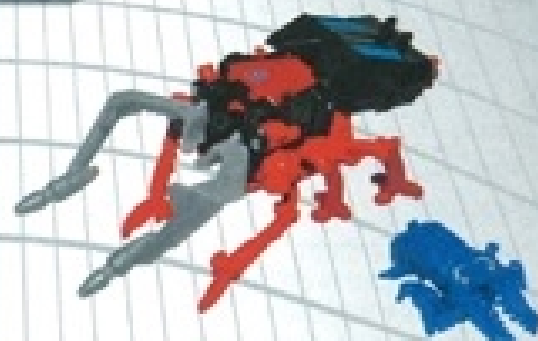
WEAKNESSES

Being part of the Waruder race leads to Beet-Chit having a one-track mind; consume. Although he is smarter than most, the genetic needs remain. As a result, any Cybertronian worth half his metal can take advantage of this primal demand and work it into his favor. Beet-Chit does not fear much, but he does possess an inner fear for the Guts Blocker Multiforce team from his home cluster of Cymond.



"We swarm. We consume. We depart..."

ALTERNATE MODE //



PINCHERS OF PAIN