

IDW®

#42 • CVR RI

**ROBERTS
MILNE
LAFUENTE**

TRANSFORMERS

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE



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MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

A pre-wake dance party in pre-memorial for the not-quite-dead-but-well-on-his-way-Autobot-hero Thunderclash reunites Nautica with some old Camien friends... but Nightbeat and Betaway just had to go looking in dark corners where they find something horrible.



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THE VIS VITALIS.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU COULDN'T DANCE!

DID I SAY THAT?

YOU DID. YOU USED FALSE MODESTY TO LURE ME INTO A SYMPATHY TRAP.

WELL, ANYWAY, I HAVEN'T DANCED IN YEARS.

YOU'RE GOOD!

YOU'RE TEACHING ME A THING OR TWO—WHETHER I LIKE IT OR NOT.

THAT'S AN INVOLUNTARY LEARNER JOKE AND I CLAIM MY FIVE SHANIX.

SO WHY'S IT BEEN YEARS?

OH, YOU KNOW, TOO SHY.

YOU'RE NOT SHY, SHY PEOPLE DON'T SAY THEY'RE SHY.

NOT NOW, BUT I WAS...

I HAVE AN AMICA ENDURA—
FIRESTAR.

WITH THE FLAME—OH YEAH, SAW YOU TALKING TO HIM.

HER.

SORRY, FORCE OF HABIT.

ANYWAY—

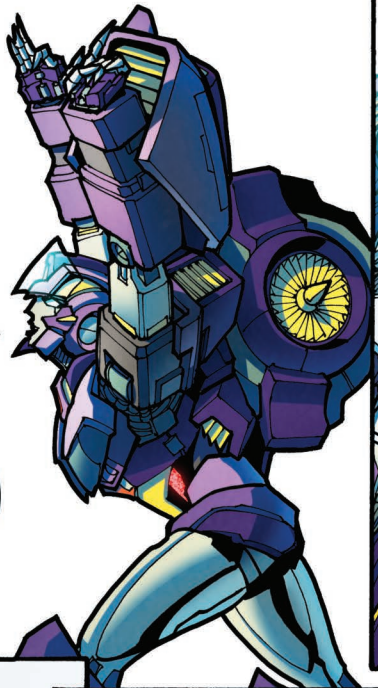
SHE'S YOUR BEST FRIEND? NO ONE TOLD YOUR BODY LANGUAGE...



I TRY TO LIKE HER, BUT—SHE MAKES IT VERY HARD.

SHE'S A FANTASTIC DANCER—AND ACTOR—AND ACROBAT—BUT BY THE SPARK OF SOLUS SHE WON'T LET YOU FORGET IT. COMPARED TO HER, I'M—

A WARM, SMART, HYPER-LITERATE QUANTUM MECHANIC?



WATCH OUT FOR THE—

BEHIND YOU! RECHARGE SOCKET!

KUNK



THAT'S YOUR FAULT—AMBUSHING PEOPLE WITH COMPLIMENTS...



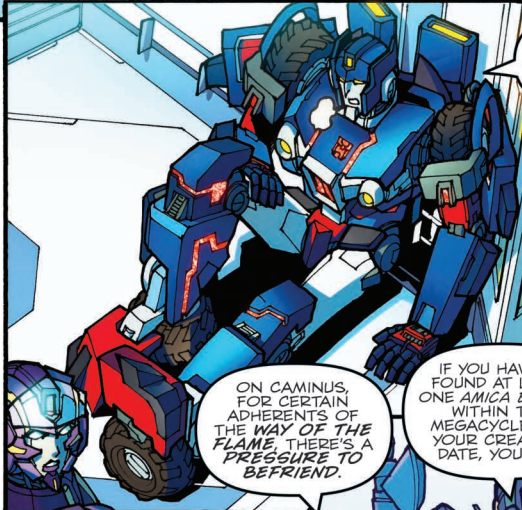
SERIOUSLY, THOUGH, WHY FEEL INFERIOR?

WHERE I COME FROM, THE PERFORMING ARTS CARRY A CERTAIN CACHET.

IF YOU'RE NOT AN "ARTISTE"—IF YOU DON'T AT LEAST TRY—AND I DIDN'T TRY—IT'S FROWNED UPON.

"NAUGHTY NAUTICA," THEY CALLED ME—UNTIL THEY NEEDED SOMEONE TO GO LOOKING FOR CYBERTRON...

FIRESTAR STILL HASN'T FORGIVEN ME FOR GETTING CALLED UP—OR WINDBLADE, FOR DOING THE CALLING.



STILL DON'T GET HOW YOU TWO ENDED UP TOGETHER.

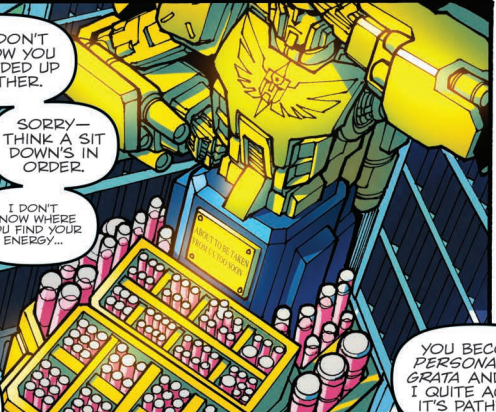
SORRY—THINK A SIT DOWN'S IN ORDER.

I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU FIND YOUR ENERGY...

ON CAMINUS, FOR CERTAIN ADHERENTS OF THE WAY OF THE FLAME, THERE'S A PRESSURE TO BEFRIEND.

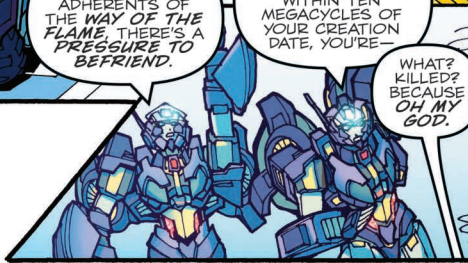
IF YOU HAVEN'T FOUND AT LEAST ONE AMICA ENDURA WITHIN TEN MEGACYCLES OF YOUR CREATION DATE, YOU'RE—

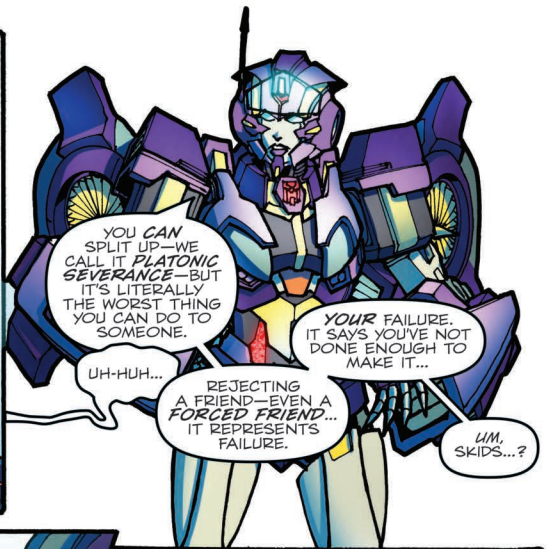
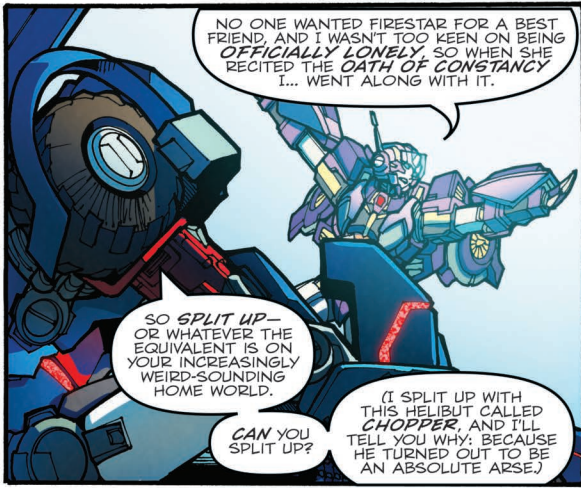
WHAT? KILLED? BECAUSE OH MY GOD.



YOU BECOME PERSONA NON GRATA AND YES, I QUITE AGREE, IT'S PATHETIC.

WRITTEN OFF.





THE FRAIL GAZE



TOO WEAK TO...
DEPLOY WEAPONS...

IN WHICH CASE,
ANY CHANCE
OF TEACHING ME
TO FIGHT IN
THE NEXT FIVE
SECONDS?

OTHERWISE, ALL
I'VE GOT TO THROW AT
THEM IS A SELECTION OF
SCATHING LITERARY
QUOTATIONS...

"THERE IS NONE
SO CRAVEN A
FIGHTER AS ONE
WHO USES HEFT
TO—"



THOW!

UGH!

"WHOEVER THEY ARE..."

NEARBY.

THEY USE A KIND OF PERCEPTION-BASED CLOAKING DEVICE TO HIDE IN PLAIN SIGHT.

WHEN WE DETECTED THEM— WHEN WE FOUND EVIDENCE OF THEM— THE SPORES ON YOUR FACE—THEY WERE FORCED INTO THE OPEN.

THEY KNOW WE'RE ONTO THEM. GETAWAY—

—THAT'S WHY THEY'RE ATTACKING US!

THEY'RE RELENTLESS! THEY WON'T EVEN STOP TO LET ME APPLAUD YOUR BRILLIANT REASONING...

I'M SORRY, WHEN DID THE VIS VITALIS GET HIT BY A SARCASM BEAM?

AND WHY ARE ONLY IDIOTS AFFECTED?

OW!

SHOCK

WHAT ARE YOU? WHAT DID YOU DO TO COUNTDOWN?

WAS HIS DEATH INTENTIONAL OR—OR SOME KIND OF SIDE EFFECT?

UNLESS...

HE WAS AN INCUBATOR, WASN'T HE?

A SURROGATE— AN UNWITTING ONE, JUST LIKE GETAWAY! YOUR OFFSPRING WERE FEEDING OFF HIS LIFE-FORCE—BUT THEY GOT TOO GREEDY!