

**EARTH.
NOW.**

LAST WORDS?

HA. DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP.

YOU'D THINK I'D BE ABLE TO QUOTE SOMEONE AT LEAST— SOME RUSTY OLD WRITER PONTIFICATING ABOUT LOSS AND BETRAYAL AND THE BELLIGERENCE OF GRIEF.

CAN'T. MIND'S GONE BLANK.

OPTIMUS?

JETFIRE AND OPTIMUS PRIME.

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS.

A MESSAGE?

THE PICTURE'S POOR, AND WE KEEP DROPPING THE SOUND, BUT YEAH.

ANYWAY, WE'RE UNDER ORDERS TO MAKE THIS QUICK, SO...

I'D LIKE TO BE BURIED ON CAMINUS, IN THE SHADOW OF THE FOURTH AND CENTRAL ATHENAEUM.

I'D LIKE THE INSCRIPTION ON MY SPARK CASING TO READ...

YOU KNOW WHAT? WHO CARES.

I'M LUCKY—I DON'T NEED TO SEND A FINAL MESSAGE TO A LOVED ONE. HE'S RIGHT OVER THERE.

IT'S THE FIRST TIME WE'VE DIED TOGETHER.

SO—AN INTERMUTUAL FUNERAL, PLEASE. REWIND, AND I WOULD LIKE TO ENTER THE AFTERSPARK SIMULTANEOUSLY.

IF YOU'RE OUT THERE, DOMINUS, KNOW THAT I NEVER GAVE UP, AND I NEVER STOPPED LOOKING, AND—

AND IS IT WRONG THAT I'M ENVIOSUS? AT LEAST YOU'LL KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO ME.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL OF US?

WHO ELSE KNOWS ABOUT THIS?

CYBERTRON. METROPLEX.

IN SIX HOURS AND 14 MINUTES I'LL BE DEAD. I'M NOT—

THAT SOUNDS MELODRAMATIC. IT'S NOT MEANT TO. IT'S JUST A FACT. A VERY, VERY, DISTRACTING FACT.

STILL. SIX HOURS. 14 MINUTES. AT LEAST THIS TIME I CAN PREPARE MYSELF.

AS FOR DISPOSAL METHODS... ASSUMING YOU FIND A BODY, PRESERVE THE HEAD, BURN THE REST.

SCOOP AND STARSCREAM.

A GOOD NEOPRIMALIST CEREMONY, SHORT AND SWEET.

LOOK AT THEM. LOOK AT THEIR EYES. THAT'S WHAT FEAR LOOKS LIKE, SCOOP.

I KNOW. I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE.

IN FACT I'M GETTING A CLOSE-UP RIGHT NOW.

LUNA 1, FOTRESS MAXIMUS AND RED ALERT.

THERE, THERE! SEE IT?

THE SHADOW?

THE SHADOW OF A GUN, POINTING TO NIGHTBEAT'S HEAD, AND LOOK AT THE SHAPE.

FAMILIAR?

I SHOULD'VE SEEN IT COMING. I LET MY GUARD DOWN—GOT TOO COMFORTABLE. HAD TOO MUCH FFF—FFF—FUN.

BUT TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION...

LUNA 1, NEXT TO THE HOT SPOT. AND I'D LIKE TO BE BURIED IN MY ARMOR.

NO FUNERAL.

IF I DIE IN MY ALT. MODE I WANT YOU TO DISASSEMBLE ME, JUST IN CASE. WHATEVER IT TAKES, JUST—

JUST PUT ME BEYOND USE.

THE WEAK ANTHROPIC PRINCIPLE.



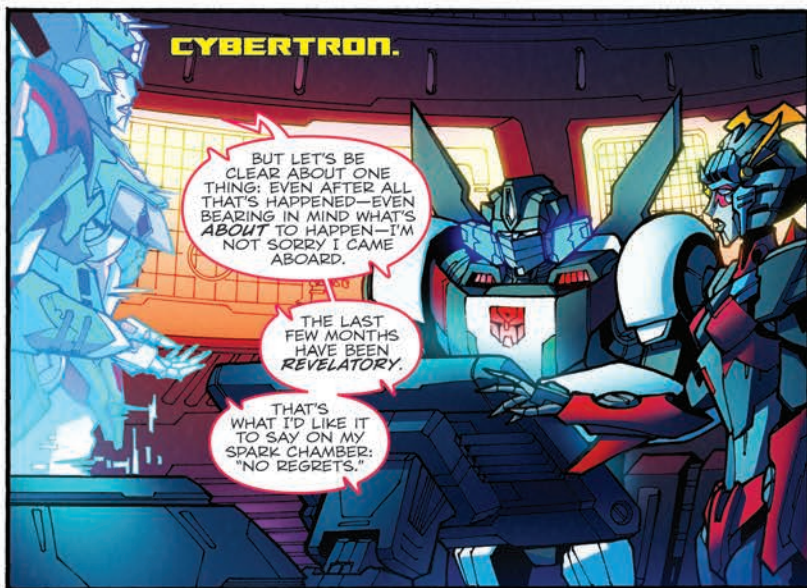
BLOODY HELL! "PUT ME BEYOND USE."

BIT DARK, ISN'T IT?

VERY UNSETTLING.

PASS THE ENERCON GOODIES.

CYBERTRON.



BUT LET'S BE CLEAR ABOUT ONE THING: EVEN AFTER ALL THAT'S HAPPENED—EVEN BEARING IN MIND WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN—I'M NOT SORRY I CAME ABOARD.

THE LAST FEW MONTHS HAVE BEEN REVELATORY.

THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE IT TO SAY ON MY SPARK CHAMBER: "NO REGRETS."

WINDBLADE.



OH—P.S.— I'D LIKE TO BE RECYCLED. WHATEVER'S LEFT, IF IT STILL WORKS...



...THEN GIVE IT TO SOMEONE ELSE.

CONTACT THE LOST LIGHT.

NOW.

THERE'S NO RESPONSE, THEY'RE NOT RESPONDING.

THOSE ARE TWO DIFFERENT THINGS.

EITHER WAY—

WE'LL SEND A TEAM OUT THERE IMMEDIATELY. I'LL GO. IF WE CAN LINK THE SPACEBRIDGE TO THE QUANTUM ENGINES...



OPTIMUS—IT'S POINTLESS. THERE'S NOT ENOUGH TIME.

NIGHTBEAT SAID SIX HOURS...

HE DID, I KNOW, I KNOW, BUT—

BUT WHAT?

WE RECEIVED THE MESSAGE TODAY...

...BUT IT WAS SENT THREE WEEKS AGO.

THE PLANET MILIARIUM. THREE WEEKS AGO.

THUNDERCLASH!
MAGNUS!
SPLIT UP—
YOU'RE DOING
THE ENEMY
A FAVOR BY
PRESENTING
YOURSELVES
AS A **SINGLE**
TARGET.

ROGER
THAT.

THE DYING

THE LOST LIGHT. MILIARIUM ORBIT.

WHIRL!
RUST
GIANT AT
THREE
O'CLOCK!



RODIMUS—
THERE'S A NUCLEAR
POWER PLANT 50
MILES DUE WEST.
I'M DISPATCHING A
SAFEKEEPING SQUAD,
BUT YOU MAY NEED
TO ASSIST.

OKAY, BUT—
WHAT WOULD
THESE KNUCKLE-
HEADS DO WITH
A POWER
STATION?

IF THEY
SENSED THEY
WERE LOSING,
THEY'D BLOW IT
UP—ALONG WITH
HALF THIS CITY.
TRUST ME, I'VE
BEEN THERE.

OF THE LIGHT



CHEERS,
BUCKET HEAD—
BUT WAS THE WATCH
REFERENCE REALLY
NECESSARY? TALK
ABOUT REOPENING
OLD WOUNDS.

I WANT YOU
TO HEAD EAST
WITH CYCLONUS AND
CROSSBLADES AND
INTERCEPT THE GIANTS'
LONGSHIP. IF YOU
CAN'T FORCE IT BACK,
TAKE IT DOWN—BUT
NO FATALITIES,
REMEMBER?

KROOM