

TRANSFORMERS



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TRAMONTANO
DEER
PEREZ
BOVE

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TRANSFORMERS



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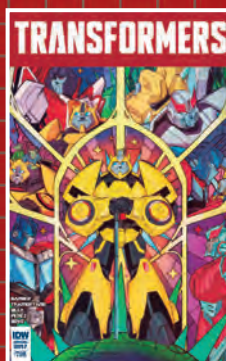
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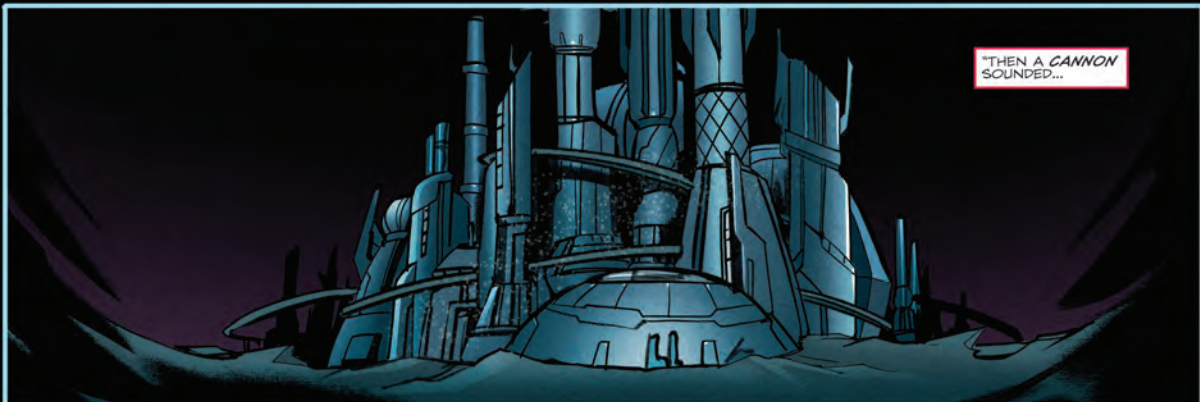
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"WE'RE STRONGER
TOGETHER THAN APART."



"THOSE WERE HIS
LAST WORDS."



"THEN A CANNON
SOUNDED..."



"...AND THE *CRYSTAL CITY*
COLLAPSED ON ITSELF."

GHOST STORIES

THE CITY BECAME THIS SINGULARITY.

A MINIATURE BLACK HOLE WHERE THE SPARK OF CYBERTRON ONCE GLOWED.

I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE.



I LIVED HERE, WITH MY SISTER TORCHBEARERS.

BUT I WONDER... WHAT FASCINATION DOES THIS PLACE OF DEATH HOLD FOR OPTIMUS PRIME?

WHY DID YOU ASK ME TO ACCOMPANY YOU?



THINGS HAVE BEEN UNEASY BETWEEN US, YOU AND I, PYRA MAGNA... WE TURN TOWARD ANGER TOO QUICKLY.

I UNDERSTAND NOW, THIS IS NOT THE WAY FORWARD.

FOR THE GOOD OF THE AUTOBOTS...

...FOR THE EARTH...

...AND THE COUNCIL OF WORLDS...



"...WE MUST PUT ASIDE OUR DIFFERENCES."

WIND'S GETTING STRONGER.
YES, I KNOW YOU DON'T WEIGH ANYTHING, BUT YOU'RE NOT HELPING—



—AND YOUR CONSTANT YABBERING IS DEFINITELY NOT—
—OOOF!



I WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU, THE RUST'S GONNA JAM YOUR INTAKES, STARScream, YOU CAN SEAL THEM OFF, OR YOU CAN—

YES, THANK YOU, OR I COULD LAND.
I CHOSE TO LAND.



LOOK AT YOU, FORMER LEADER OF THE DECEPTICON SEEKERS...

...SEEKING AGAIN. WHAT GOES AROUND, COMES AROUND.

PLEASE, THE SPACE BRIDGE OPENED A GATEWAY TO EARTH, AND TWO TRUCKS EXITED...



...YOU'RE AS CURIOUS AS I AM TO SEE IF OPTIMUS IS POKING AROUND WITH THAT CAMIEN LUNATIC.

FOR A GUY HEARING VOICES OF THE DEAD, YOU'VE GOT A PRETTY INSENSITIVE VIEW OF MENTAL HEALTH.

SHH.



THEY CAN'T HEAR ME.

I CAN—AND I WANT TO HEAR THEM.

IT IS NOT WHAT WE BEGAN AS THAT DEFINES US—



—IT IS WHAT WE ARE THAT MATTERS.

YOU THROW AWAY YOUR HERITAGE—THE BELIEFS AND WORDS OF YOUR FOREBEARERS.

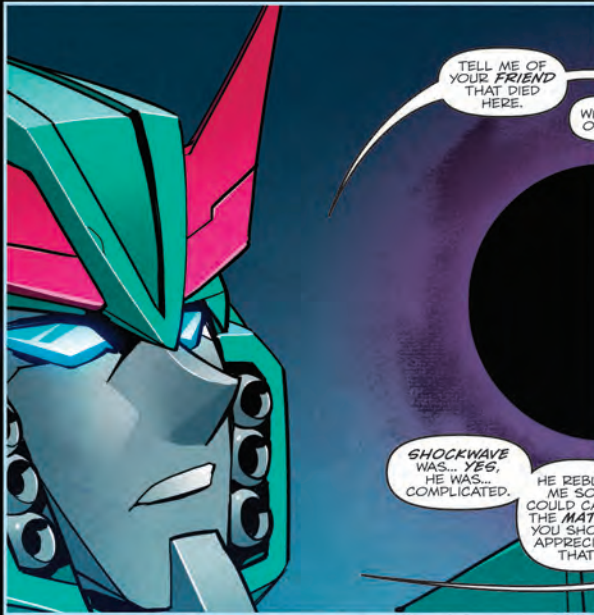
I AM NOT WEIGHED DOWN BY FAILINGS OF HISTORY.



HA. WELL, THAT'S NOT TRUE.

NO. I SUPPOSE NOT.

BUT IT IS AN IDEAL.



TELL ME OF YOUR FRIEND THAT DIED HERE.

WHICH ONE?

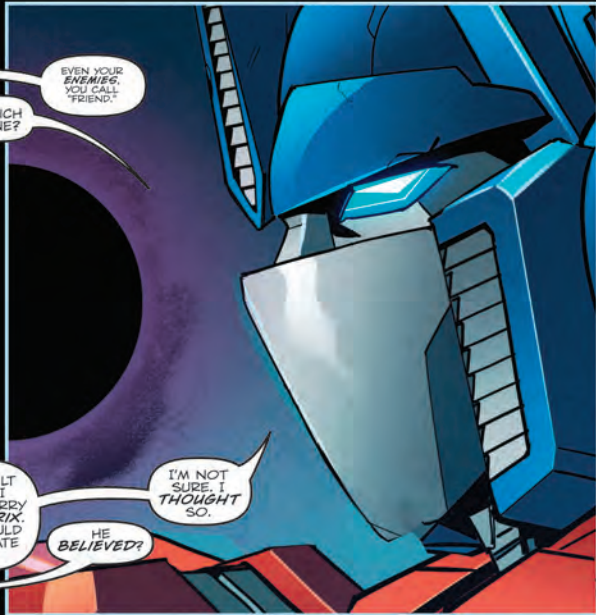
EVEN YOUR ENEMIES YOU CALL "FRIEND."

SHOCKWAVE WAS... YES, HE WAS... COMPLICATED.

HE REBUILT ME SO I COULD CARRY THE MATRIX. YOU SHOULD APPRECIATE THAT.

I'M NOT SURE, I THOUGHT SO.

HE BELIEVED?



BUT LATER, AFTER WHAT THEY DID TO HIM... HE WAS CHANGED.

DO YOU BLAME HIM?

NO.

A LITTLE.



BUT I DON'T THINK I WOULD HAVE FARED ANY BETTER.

AND YOUR OTHER FRIEND, THE BUNDLE BEE—

BUMBLEBEE.



"HE WAS OF THE LAST GENERATION FORGED BEFORE THE PRIMAL WELLSPRING RAN DRY."



"BUMBLEBEE WAS AN ENERGY-EFFICIENT CAR—

—COMPACT AND MANEUVERABLE."



"HE WAS BORN AFTER APARTHEID, BUT ALT-MODES STILL VERY MUCH DETERMINED VOCATION."

"SO BUMBLEBEE BECAME A COURIER, TRANSPORTING HARD GOODS IN EXCHANGE FOR SHANIX."



"I DIDN'T KNOW HIM THEN, BUT I UNDERSTAND HE WAS GENEROUS AND WELL-LIKED."

HERE YOU GO. SCROUNGE.

DON'T SPEND IT ON SIMULTRONIC.



"AND IN THE DAYS BEFORE ZETA PRIME SHUT THEM DOWN, BUMBLEBEE AND HIS FRIENDS ENJOYED THE RACETRACK."

C'MON BLURR!

DIDN'T ANYBODY EVER TELL YOU ABOUT FAIR PLAY?

"HE ADMIRERD THE RACERS FOR THEIR SPEED."



"HE ALWAYS THOUGHT HE COULD BE AS FAST, IF HE KEPT TRYING."

ONE "L" TWO "B'S" NON-CONSECUTIVE.

IT'S FOR MY, UH, SPARK BROTHER.

"THEN THE NIGHTMARES CAME."