

ROBERTS • HAYATO • LAFUENTE

# TRANSFORMERS

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE



*S. HAYATO*

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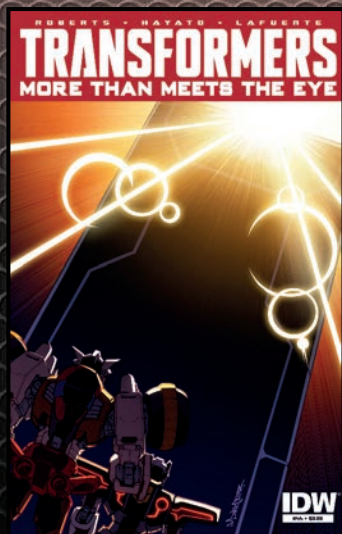
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# THE NOT KNOWING

"THE NECROBOT!  
THE GATEKEEPER!  
THE MUTE NEUTRAL!"

"CLERIC, COURIER, COMFORTER...  
THE DENT IN THE PALM OF  
HIS HALLOWED HAND A **TEAR-  
SHAPED TESTAMENT** TO THE  
BILLIONS OF DYING SPARKS  
THAT HE'S FERRIED FROM  
THIS WORLD TO THE NEXT.

"APPOINTED BY *PRIMUS* TO  
SANCTIFY THE CORPSES OF  
HIS PROGENY AND CONVEY  
THEIR SACRED ESSENCE TO  
THE **AFTERSPARK**, HE  
ALONE CAN FIND THE **LIGHT  
WITHIN THE LIGHT!** THE  
SPIRIT WITHIN THE SPIRIT!  
THE **SOUL** WITHIN THE FOR  
GOD'S SAKE RODIMUS YOU'LL  
HAVE SOMEONE'S **EYE** OUT  
WITH THAT **TABLE LEG!**"

RODIMUS!  
ARE YOU EVEN  
LISTENING TO  
ME?

RODIMUS,  
I SAID ARE  
YOU—

**RODIMUS.**

I'M LISTENING!  
SOMETHING ABOUT  
THE NECROBOT.  
SOMETHING **FLORID**.  
WHAT MADE YOU  
THINK I WASN'T  
LISTENING?

THE WHISTLING.

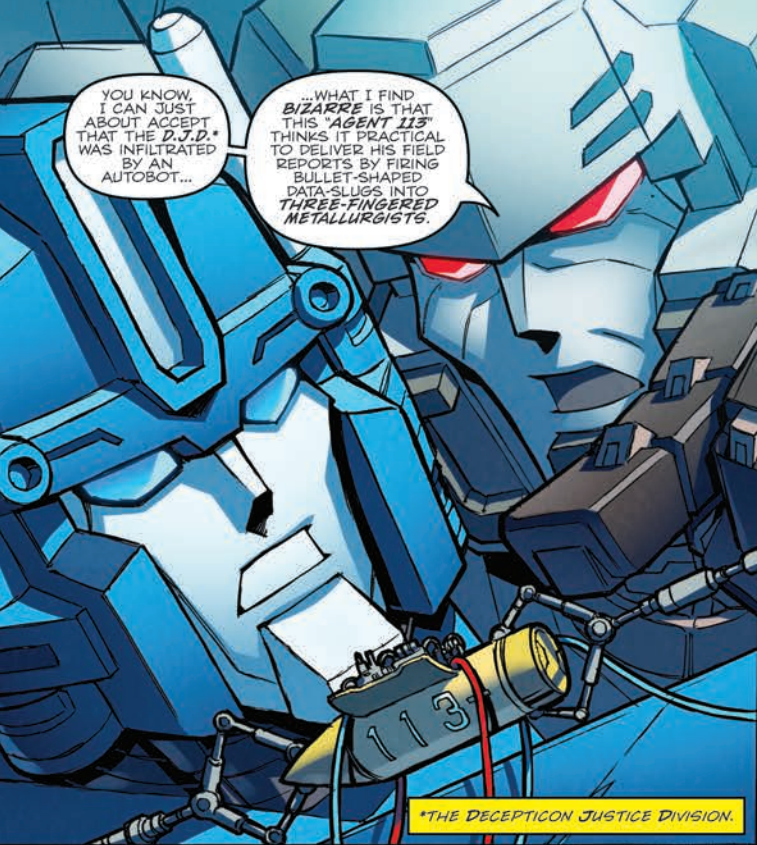
IT'S AN AID TO  
CONCENTRATION...!

DOOR.

?

I'M BALANCING  
A PIECE  
OF OFFICE  
FURNITURE  
ON MY HEAD.  
PLEASE  
OPEN THE  
DOOR.





YOU KNOW, I CAN JUST ABOUT ACCEPT THAT THE *D.J.D.*\* WAS INFILTRATED BY AN AUTOBOT...

...WHAT I FIND *BIZARRE* IS THAT THIS '*AGENT 113*' THINKS IT PRACTICAL TO DELIVER HIS FIELD REPORTS BY FIRING BULLET-SHAPED DATA-SLUGS INTO *THREE-FINGERED METALLURGISTS*.

\*THE DECEPTICON JUSTICE DIVISION.



IT'S NOT *EXCLUSIVELY* METALLURGISTS. WHEN I SAID THAT, I DIDN'T... I WAS ATTEMPTING TO MAKE A JOKE.

YES—I WAS *RUNNING WITH IT*. THERE'S A LOT OF BANTER ON THIS SHIP; I THOUGHT I WAS READY TO TAKE THE PLUNGE.

I THINK WE'VE BOTH LEARNT SOMETHING FROM THIS.



"AGENT 113"...

IS THE CODENAME SIGNIFICANT?

KNOWING 'PROWL', PROBABLY.



I'M GUESSING... *VOS*.

I'M RIGHT, AREN'T I? ALTHOUGH HOW HE CAN FIRE A GUN WITH THOSE *CLAWS* OF HIS...

I'M IMPRESSED. HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WAS—

WHOA! WAIT! HEY! *SOMEONE'S* PLAYING FAST AND LOOSE WITH PRIVILEGED INFORMATION...!



IF YOU CAUGHT *ME* SPILLING THAT MANY BEANS YOU'D GIVE ME A *DRESSING DOWN* SO EPIC, SO PROTRACTED—SO NARRATIVELY DENSE—IT WOULD HAVE SUBPLOTS, CALLBACKS, AND A FINALE THAT WOULD PROVIDE CLOSURE WHILST LEAVING THE DOOR OPEN FOR FUTURE *TELLINGS OFF*.

FIRSTLY, THERE'S NO WAY THAT WAS AD LIBBED.

SECONDLY, IT'S NOT PRIVILEGED INFORMATION—NOT ANYMORE. EVERYONE KNOWS ABOUT AGENT 113.

REALLY? SINCE WHEN?



"SINCE *VELOCITY* UPLOADED THE CONTENTS OF THE BULLET IN FRONT OF *SWERVE*."

"AH, THAT WOULD EXPLAIN WHY TODAY'S COCKTAIL'S CALLED A *SHOT IN THE ARM* AND COSTS 1.13 SHANIX."





BESIDES, WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT AGENT 113 IS DEAD.

IN HIS REPORT HE TALKS ABOUT BEING COMPROMISED...

AND I'M TOLD THAT THE VOS WHO ATTACKED THE OTHER LOST LIGHT WAS SOMEONE NEW. A REPLACEMENT.

\*SEE ISSUES #32 AND #33.



SO WHAT DOES AGENT 113 ACTUALLY TELL US?

NOT MUCH. THE RUST INFECTION CORRUPTED MOST OF THE DATA ON THE BULLET.

WE'RE LEFT WITH FRAGMENTS: DETAILS OF RECENT HITS; VAGUE REFERENCES TO SOME SORT OF SCHISM; AND A WARNING—A REDUNDANT ONE—NOT TO TRUST BRAINSTORM.

THE MOST COMPLETE ENTRY RELATES TO THE CHANCE DISCOVERY OF THE NECROBOT'S BASE OF OPERATIONS. WELL, PLANET OF THE BULLETS.



DON'T. REWIND'S BEEN WEST WING-ING ME ABOUT IT.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS.

I JUST THINK THE NECROBOT WOULD BE AN INTERESTING PERSON TO MEET. CAN'T BELIEVE THE D.J.D. WALKED ON BY!



THEY DON'T HAVE TIME TO SOCIALIZE.

IN ANY CASE, THIS "NECROBOT"—IF HE EXISTS—IS SUPPOSED TO BE NON-AFFILIATED. IS HE NOT? TARN WOULD'VE LEFT HIM ALONE.

I STRONGLY SUGGEST WE DO THE SAME.

THIS HAS THE POTENTIAL TO BE THE LATEST IN AN LONG LINE OF "QUICK" DETOURS. DID WE LEARN NOTHING FROM OUR THREE-WEEK "OVERNIGHT STAY" AT THE COSMIC CARNIVAL? APART FROM HOW TO JUGGLE?



THE NECROBOT ISN'T THAT FAR AWAY. TWO, THREE QUANTUM JUMPS AND WE'LL BE THERE...

EXCEPT CYBERUTOPIA IS THAT WAY.

IS IT? UNTIL THUNDERCLASH WAKES UP, WE DON'T KNOW THAT.

WE'RE FLYING BLIND.



NOT ANY MORE CHROMEDOME! NOT ANY MORE!

NO WAY.

BEHOLD: ONE HAND DRAWN MAP TO CYBERUTOPIA.





I'VE BEEN DRAWING IT SINCE DAY ONE— DIDN'T EVEN REALIZE! MAGNUS SPOTTED IT YESTERDAY, WHEN HE WAS TIDYING UP MY OFFICE.

STRICTLY AS A ONE-OFF...

Y'KNOW, WE'VE ALL WONDERED WHETHER I HAVE AN UNCONSCIOUS CONNECTION TO PRIMUS, AND THIS PROVES IT.

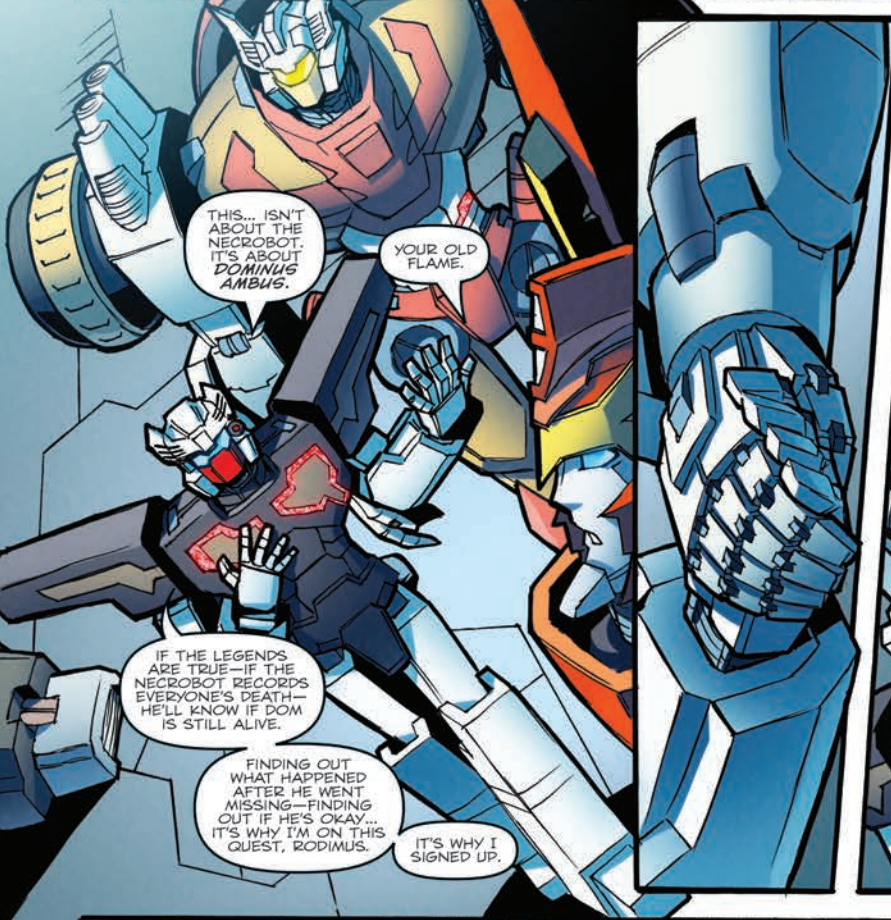
IS IT TOO SOON TO HAVE 'CHOSEN ONE' ENGRAVED ON MY FOREHEAD?

I CAN THINK OF MORE APPROPRIATE WORDS.



TELL HIM.

TELL HIM, REWIND.



THIS... ISN'T ABOUT THE NECROBOT. IT'S ABOUT DOMINUS AMBUS.

YOUR OLD FLAME.

IF THE LEGENDS ARE TRUE—IF THE NECROBOT RECORDS EVERYONE'S DEATH—HELL KNOW IF DOM IS STILL ALIVE.

FINDING OUT WHAT HAPPENED AFTER HE WENT MISSING—FINDING OUT IF HE'S OKAY... IT'S WHY I'M ON THIS QUEST, RODIMUS.

IT'S WHY I SIGNED UP.



ME, TOO.



WELL SAID.

SO, WE CAN GO MEET HIM?

I THINK SO, YES. ONE MORE DETOUR WON'T HURT.





**EN ROUTE...**

IF I'M BEING HONEST—

—I THOUGHT WE'D HAVE HAD THIS CONVERSATION LONG BEFORE NOW. AND I THOUGHT YOU'D BE THE ONE TO INITIATE IT, NOT ME.

IF IT'S ABOUT DOMINUS, WE HAVE HAD THIS CONVERSATION—KIND OF. IT WAS ON MY LOST LIGHT.

IT HAPPENED ABOUT 30 SECONDS AFTER I FOUND OUT YOU WERE MINIMUS AMBUS, AND IF I'M BEING HONEST...

"...IT DIDN'T GO TOO WELL."

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?! YOU *KNEW* I WAS LOOKING FOR HIM! YOU *KNEW*—

REWIND—

AND YOU DIDN'T *ONCE* THINK TO TELL ME YOU WERE HIS SPARK BROTHER?!!

I WAS ANGRY WITH YOU FOR *WITHHOLDING...* BUT I WAS ANGRIER ABOUT WHAT YOU SAID NEXT.

I CAN GUESS.

YOU SAID DOMINUS WAS DEAD, AND I SAID—PERHAPS A BIT TOO... *PHYSICALLY*—THAT YOU COULDN'T POSSIBLY *KNOW* THAT. AND, UM, I THINK AT THAT POINT CHROMEDOME HAD TO SEPARATE US.

I WAS OFF WORLD WHEN HE WENT MISSING.

I FEEL HIS ABSENCE, REWIND. HE AND I SHARED A *CONNECTION*: NOT LIKE THE ONE HE HAD WITH YOU, BUT EVEN SO... IF HE WERE STILL ALIVE, I'D KNOW IT. I'D *FEEL* IT.

I DON'T WANT UPSET YOU, BUT WE'RE ABOUT TO MEET THIS "NECROBOT" AND I BELIEVE IN MANAGING EXPECTATIONS.

DO YOU MISS HIM?

I... DIDN'T FIND HIM THE EASIEST PERSON TO GET ALONG WITH. HE EXCELLED AT *EVERYTHING*.

BUT YES. OF COURSE I MISS HIM. I LOVED HIM.

DON'T TAKE OFFENCE, BUT IT'S QUITE DIFFICULT—SITTING HERE, LOOKING AT YOU...

YOU LOOK SO *SIMILAR*.

I KNOW. WHY DO YOU THINK I'VE SPENT MOST OF MY LIFE TRYING TO LOOK LIKE SOMEONE ELSE?