



DO YOUR
WORST,
AUTOBOTS!

YOU'LL
NEVER TAKE
ME ALIVE!

**THE INDIAN OCEAN;
SEVEN HOURS AFTER THE
DEFEAT OF GALVATRON'S FORCES.**



WE GOT A
RUNNER.

IT'S *BLITZWING*—
CAREFUL WITH HIM,
FELLAS—HE'S A
TRIPLE CHANGER.

NEEDLENOSE—
YOU KNOW HIM.

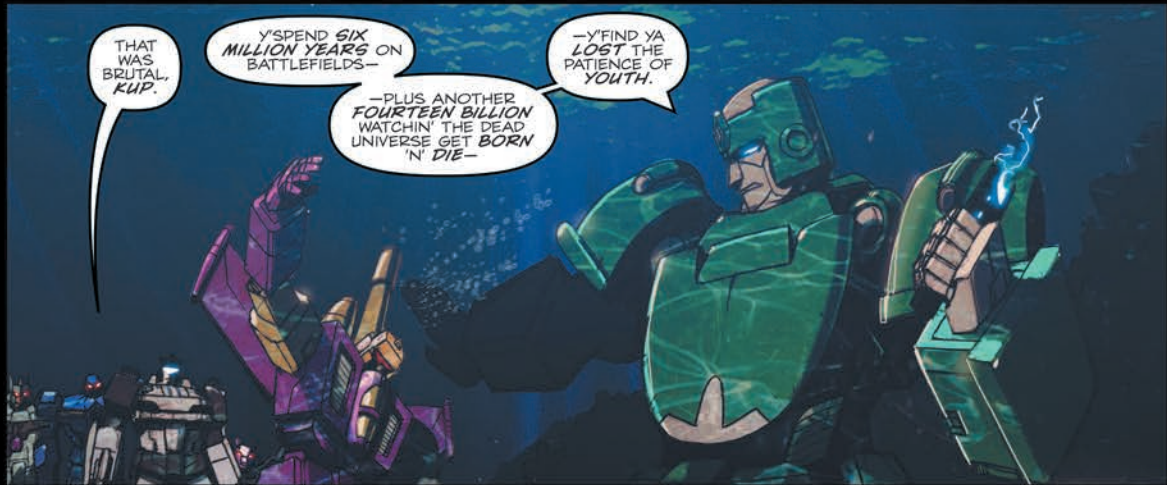
ANY WEAKNESSES?

UH...



HOW 'BOUT A STUN GUN TO THE NOGGIN AT POINT BLANK?

AGGH!



THAT WAS BRUTAL, KUP.

Y'SPEND SIX MILLION YEARS ON BATTLEFIELDS—

—Y'FIND YA LOST THE PATIENCE OF YOUTH.

—PLUS ANOTHER FOURTEEN BILLION WATCHIN' THE DEAD UNIVERSE GET BORN 'N' DIE—



BUT TAKE HEED TO NOT MISTREAT POOR BLITZWING—

—HE WAS DECEIVED BY GALVATRON, LIKE SO MANY OTHERS.

LIKE YERSELF, Y'MEAN, SKY-BYTE?



SURE YA GOT EXCUSES FER ALL THE BAD YA DID.

BUT I AINT ONE OF YA.

NOBODY'S GETTIN' UNDULY HURT ON MY WATCH.



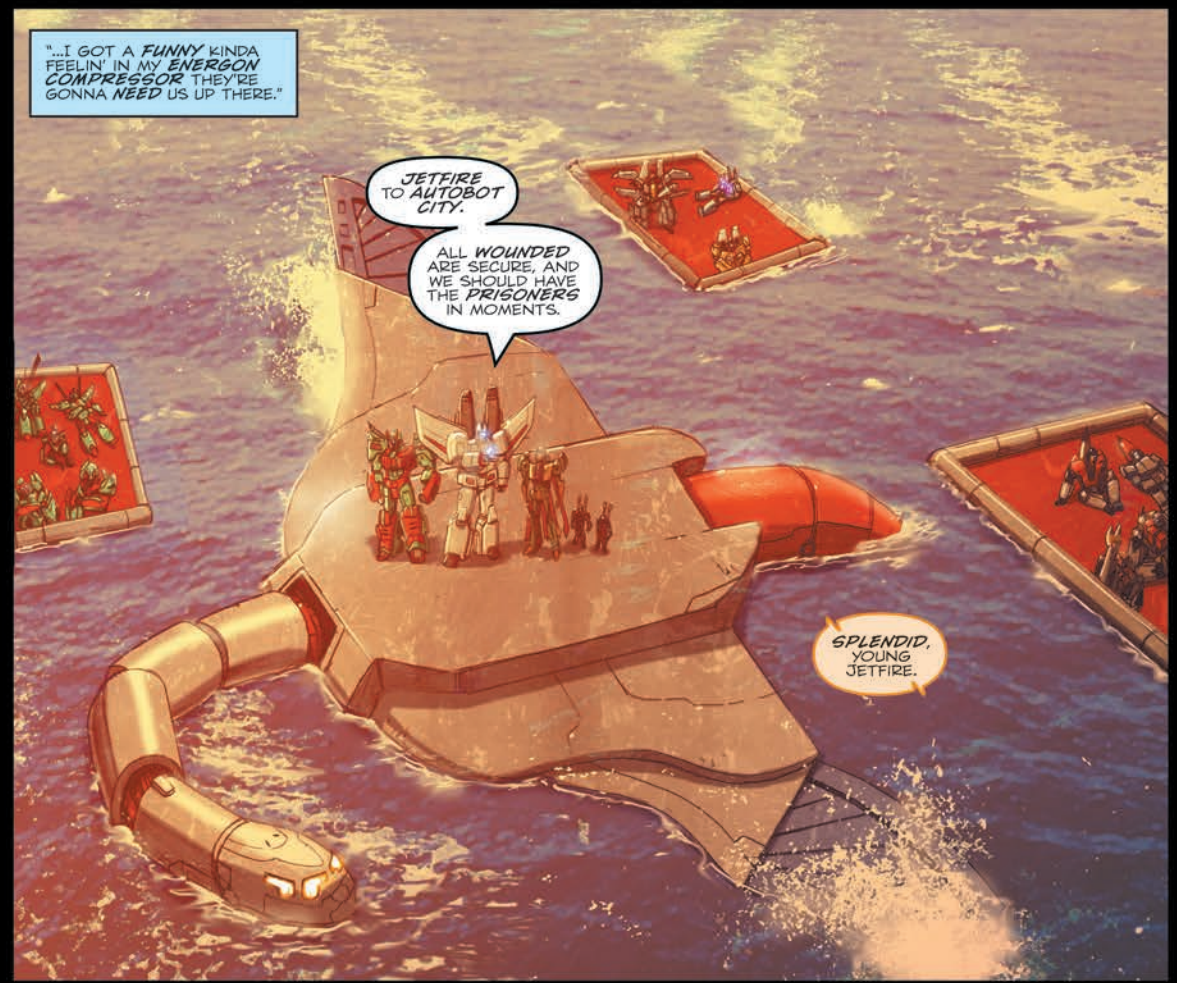
LET'S GET THESE DECEPTI-LOSERS LOCKED UP AN' GET BACK TO THE SURFACE...

"...I GOT A FUNNY KINDA FEELIN' IN MY ENERGIN COMPRESSOR THEY'RE GONNA NEED US UP THERE."

JETFIRE TO AUTOBOT CITY.

ALL WOUNDED ARE SECURE, AND WE SHOULD HAVE THE PRISONERS IN MOMENTS.

SPLENDID, YOUNG JETFIRE.



TITANS RETURN™

WHITE LIGHT



ALPHA TRION?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING ANSWERING PHONES?

WELL, NOT TO DAUNT YOU IN YOUR TASK, BUT WE HAVE A BIT OF A... PROBLEM. HERE.



WHAT KIND OF A—

ALPHA?

DO YOU READ ME?



THAT SOUNDED LESS THAN PROMISING.

I'LL SAY, PYRA MAGNA.

I HATE TO EVEN THINK IT...

"...BUT SOMETHING'S UP
IN MONUMENT VALLEY."



JETFIRE?

JETFIRE, MY BOY—IT SEEMS THE RADIO-COMMUNICATOR HAS...

...AH, WHAT'S THE USE?



EXCUSE ME.

I SEEK A PRIME.

EH?



AND WHO MIGHT YOU BE, MY DIMINUTIVE FRIEND?

THE RELEVANT THING IS... I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

YOU'RE THE RECORD-KEEPER. THE PRIMES' SECRETARY.



ALPHA TRION, WEAKEST—

—MOST PATHETIC—

—OF THE THIRTEEN PRIMES.

YOU SERVE A STRONGER PRIME, DO YOU NOT?



INFINITUS. BUT YOU KNEW ME BY ANOTHER NAME.

I WAS LEFT ON CYBERTRON TO FOLLOW THE TEACHINGS OF THE ORIGINAL PRIMES— MY LIFE GIVEN PURPOSE BY THEIR LIGHT.

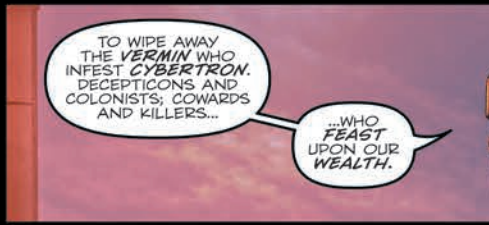
I SHONE THAT LIGHT UPON A TARNISHED WORLD, BUT ALLOWED DARKNESS TO SUBSUME ME.

NOW, YOU TRAITOR...

...I'M BACK.

BIG WORDS.

WHO ARE YOU? I ASK THIS ONE FINAL TIME.



TO WIPE AWAY THE VERMIN WHO INFEST CYBERTRON. DECEPTICONS AND COLONISTS; COWARDS AND KILLERS...

...WHO FEAST UPON OUR WEALTH.

IN MY DAY, THE GOOD KNEW THEIR RESPONSIBILITY...

I AM BACK TO RETURN CYBERTRON TO ITS GOLDEN AGE.

...AND THE WEAK KNEW THEIR PLACE.



I HAVE HEARD YOUR RHETORIC BEFORE...

...SENTINEL PRIME.

AND I STOOD TALL AGAINST YOU, THEN.



YOU FLATTER YOURSELF WITH WORDS, STORYTELLER.

YOU DID NOTHING WHEN I RULED CYBERTRON— NOTHING BUT TALK.

I CAME TO SEE IF HE WHO CALLS HIMSELF PRIME—

—THIS OPTIMUS OF YOURS—

—IS WORTHY.

I SUPPOSE IF HE STANDS WITH ONE SUCH AS YOU...



...I HAVE MY ANSWER!