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#41
**ROBERTS
MILNE
LAFUENTE**

TRANSFORMERS

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE



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MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

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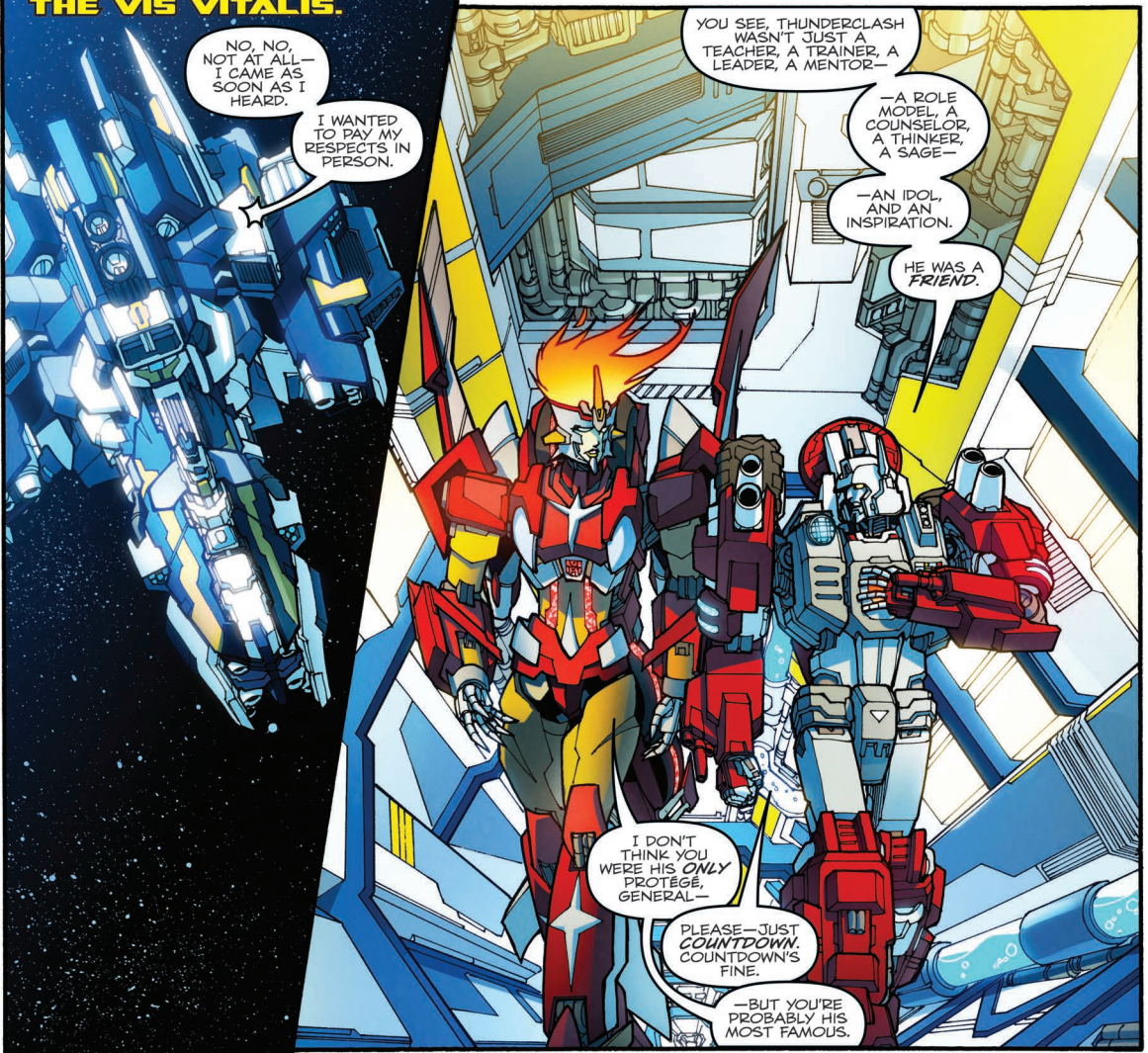
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THE VIS VITALIS.



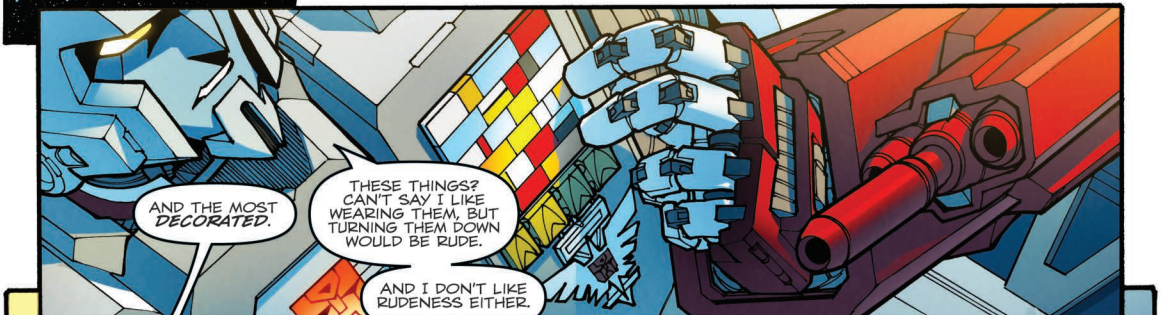
NO, NO, NOT AT ALL— I CAME AS SOON AS I HEARD. I WANTED TO PAY MY RESPECTS IN PERSON.

YOU SEE, THUNDERCLASH WASN'T JUST A TEACHER, A TRAINER, A LEADER, A MENTOR—
—A ROLE MODEL, A COUNSELOR, A THINKER, A SAGE—
—AN IDOL, AND AN INSPIRATION.
HE WAS A FRIEND.

I DON'T THINK YOU WERE HIS *ONLY* PROTÉGÉ, GENERAL—

PLEASE—JUST *COUNTDOWN*. COUNTDOWN'S FINE.

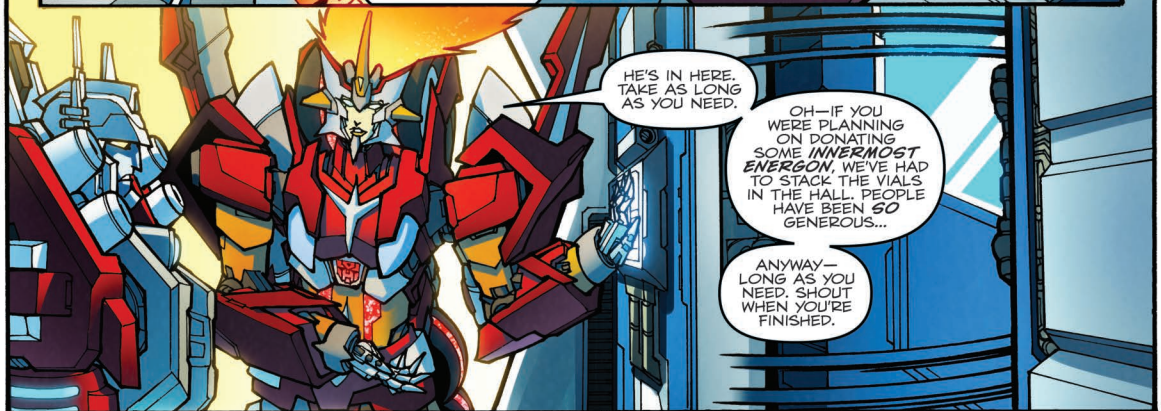
—BUT YOU'RE PROBABLY HIS MOST FAMOUS.



AND THE MOST *DECORATED*.

THESE THINGS? CAN'T SAY I LIKE WEARING THEM, BUT TURNING THEM DOWN WOULD BE RUDE.

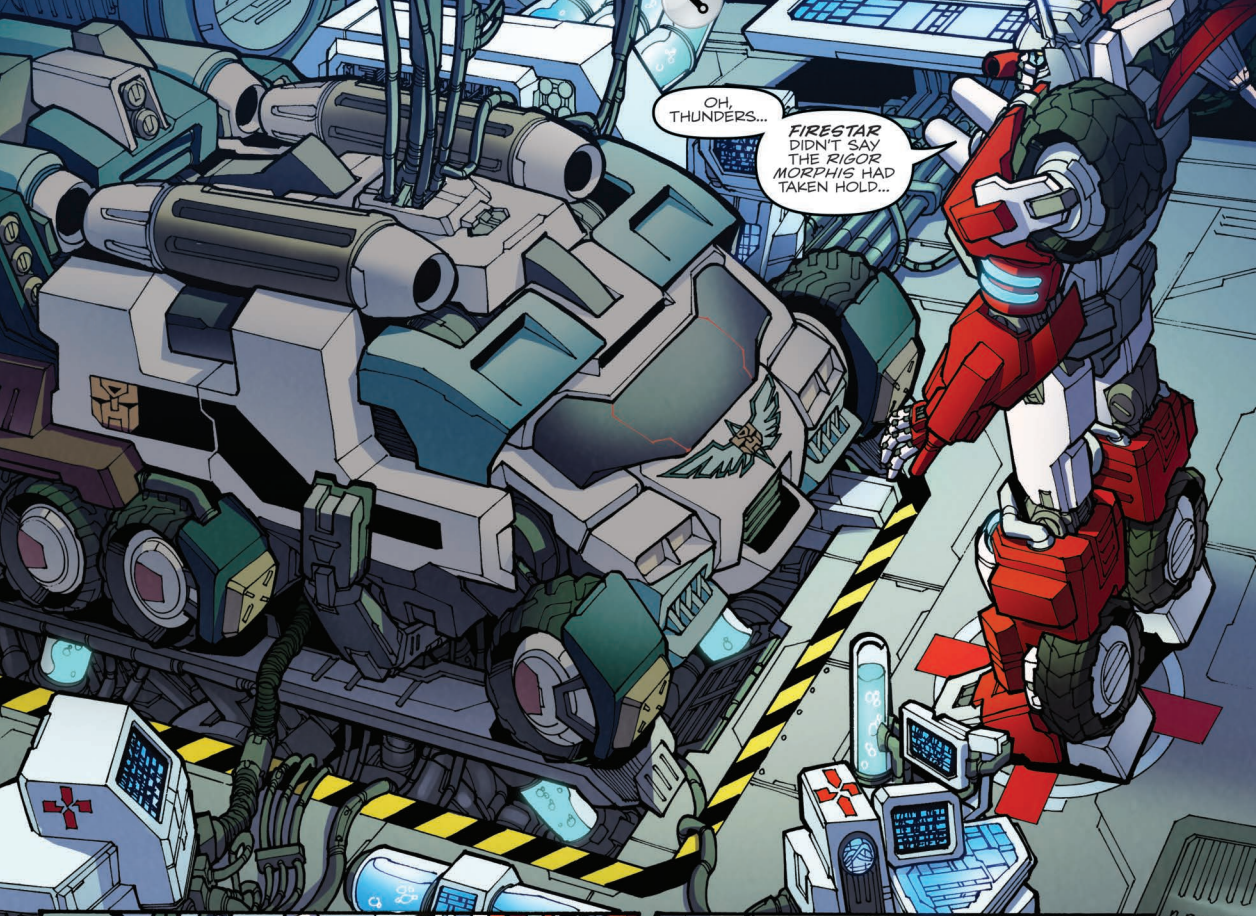
AND I DON'T LIKE RUDENESS EITHER.



HE'S IN HERE. TAKE AS LONG AS YOU NEED.

OH—IF YOU WERE PLANNING ON DONATING SOME *INNERMOST ENERGO*, WE HAD TO STACK THE VIALS IN THE HALL. PEOPLE HAVE BEEN *SO* GENEROUS...

ANYWAY—LONG AS YOU NEED. SHOUT WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED.



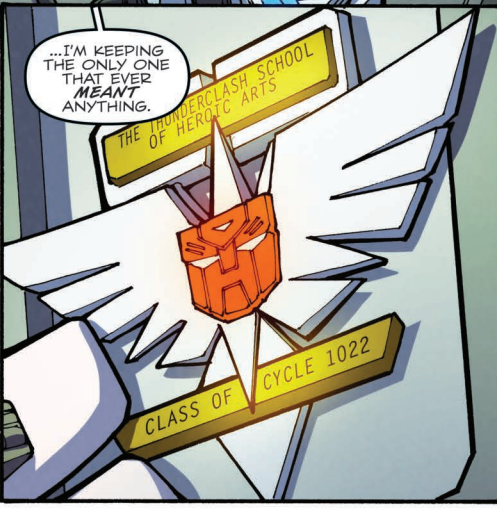
OH, THUNDERS...

FIRESTAR DIDN'T SAY THE RIGOR MORPHIS HAD TAKEN HOLD...

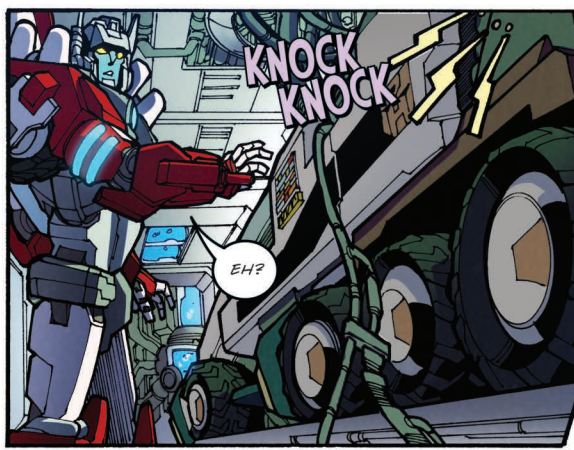


I WANT YOU TO HAVE THESE. IF I'VE DONE ANYTHING AT ALL WITH MY LIFE, IT'S BEEN BECAUSE OF YOU.

BESIDES...



...I'M KEEPING THE ONLY ONE THAT EVER MEANT ANYTHING.



KNOCK KNOCK

EH?



WHAT IN THE-

"—AAAARRRRGGGGHHH!"

THE LOST LIGHT.

NAUTICA!

AT WHAT POINT IN THE LAST HOUR— IN BETWEEN US BARGING INTO YOUR ROOM AND NOW—

AT WHAT EXACT POINT DID THAT DATAPAD BECOME MORE INTERESTING THAN MY—

THAN YOUR WHAT?

THAN MY LESSON! YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO EXTEND YOUR RANGE OF PRACTICAL SKILLS. "LESS THINKING, MORE DOING," YOU SAID. "SWITCH OFF, HANDS ON."

THAN YOUR SHOWING OFF?

The Sensuous Frame

I DIDN'T SAY THAT. I DIDN'T—

WHO EVEN SPEAKS LIKE THAT?

AND I CERTAINLY DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT HANGING UPSIDE DOWN. THAT IS A REDUNDANT LIFE SKILL.

NO SUCH THING.

APART FROM SYNCHRONIZED SWIMMING. AND EVEN THAT MIGHT COME IN HANDY ONE DAY.

WHY IS EVERYONE BEING SILLY TODAY?

BRAINSTORM'S HANGING UPSIDE DOWN. YOU'RE JUGGLING. GETAWAY'S... IN CHAINS.

IT'S LIKE BEING IN A CIRCUS.



AW, HEY, I DIDN'T MEAN IT. DON'T COME DOWN ON MY ACCOUNT.

HOW ELSE AM I GOING TO PICK UP THE PIECES OF MY SHATTERED SELF-ESTEEM? "SILLY," INDEED.

OH, SHUSH. YOU ARE SUCH A B34.

UNLESS THAT'S A COMPLIMENT, I OBJECT.



IT'S A PERSONALITY TYPE B34. BRILLIANT BUT INSECURE. YEAH, B34, TAKEN FROM THE... DON'T TELL ME...

FROM THE FROIDIAN CLASSIFICATION SYSTEM!

WHICH IS WHAT I'M READING ABOUT.

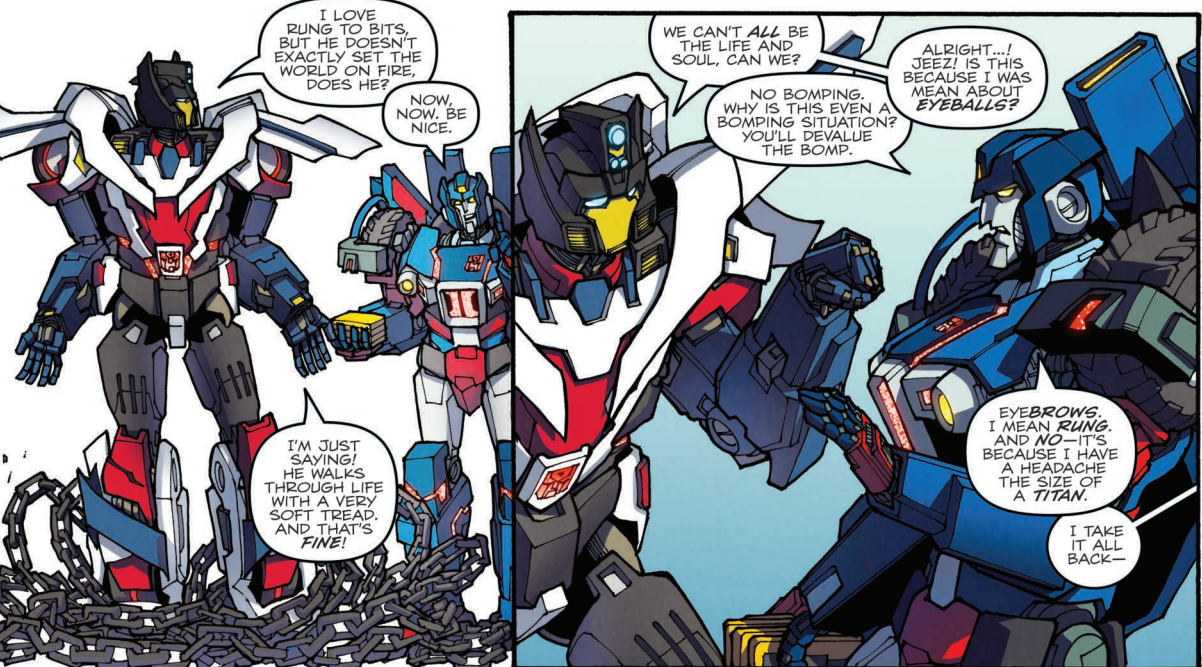


"CONFLICT OF INTEREST. PSYCHOTHERAPY AND PERPETUAL WAR." BY FROID, I TAKE IT.

NOT NECESSARILY. WEREN'T YOU LISTENING?

TO WHAT?

TO WHOM. RUNG, JUST NOW, WHEN HE LEANT ME THIS BOOK HE SAID—OKAY, INFERRED—THAT HE WAS FROID'S GHOSTWRITER. YOU DON'T REMEMBER THAT?



I LOVE RUNG TO BITS, BUT HE DOESN'T EXACTLY SET THE WORLD ON FIRE, DOES HE?

NOW, NOW, BE NICE.

I'M JUST SAYING! HE WALKS THROUGH LIFE WITH A VERY SOFT TREAD, AND THAT'S FINE!

WE CAN'T ALL BE THE LIFE AND SOUL, CAN WE?

NO BOMBING. WHY IS THIS EVEN A BOMBING SITUATION? YOU'LL DEVALUE THE BOMP.

ALRIGHT...! JEEZ! IS THIS BECAUSE I WAS MEAN ABOUT EYEBALLS?

EYEBROWS. I MEAN RUNG. AND NO—IT'S BECAUSE I HAVE A HEADACHE THE SIZE OF A TITAN.

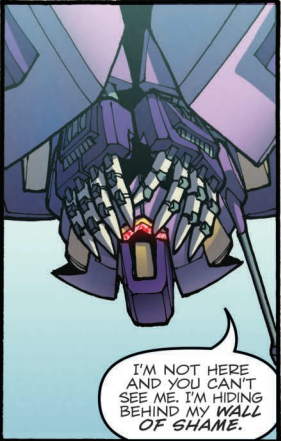
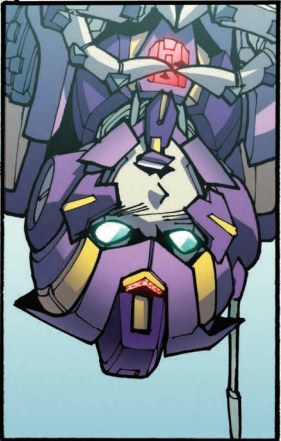
I TAKE IT ALL BACK—



—THIS IS WONDERFUL!

AND LOOK! READING! I CAN READ UPSIDE DOWN! I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED IF I COULD!

YOU NEVER THOUGHT TO, I DUNNO, TURN A BOOK UPSIDE DOWN?



I'M NOT HERE AND YOU CAN'T SEE ME. I'M HIDING BEHIND MY WALL OF SHAME.



FINISHED! ONE UPGRADED WRENCH!

NOW WHERE'S THAT ONE SHANIX YOU PROMISED ME?

I FEAR I MAY HAVE EXPLOITED YOUR IGNORANCE OF MONETARY VALUE. TELL YOU WHAT: IF THAT THING WORKS, I'LL PAY YOU TWO SHANIX. WHADDYA SAY?

RICH!



BRAINSTORM'S TURNED THIS INTO A RAVAGE DETECTOR. Y'KNOW, FOR WHEN HE'S HIDING.

YOU DON'T TRUST HIM TO STAY IN PLAIN SIGHT?

THE DECEPTIONS' MASTER OF STEALTH? ER, NO, FUNNIE ENOUGH.



YOU KNOW WHY RAVAGE IS SO GOOD AT BLENDING IN? BECAUSE HE WEARS HUNDREDS OF NANOSCOPIC ATTENTION DEFLECTORS. —EACH ONE MISDIRECTING LIGHT BEFORE IT HITS THE EYE.

THE SIGNAL CARRIED BY THAT TORCH BEAM SHOULD FLUMMOX THE DEFLECTORS AND EXPOSE HIM.



WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?

ONE THING'S FOR CERTAIN: IT CAN'T BE WHAT I THINK IT IS.