

BARBER • PITRE-DUROCHER • BURCHAM

# OPTIMUS PRIME

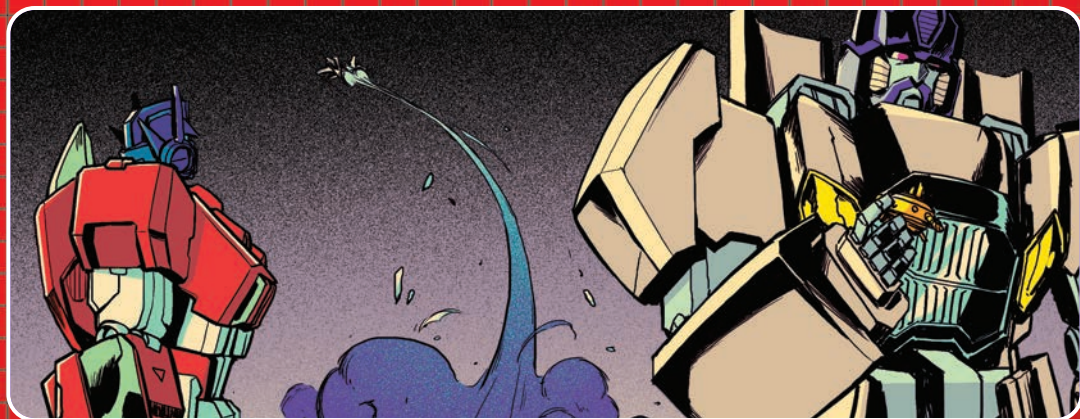
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COVER A  
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# OPTIMUS PRIME



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Excerpts from the  
WEIGHT OF JUSTICE: A Life, by  
Starscream (and 11 uncredited  
ghost writers). Energon Press;  
New York, London, Iacon.  
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I WAS CONSTRUCTED, AS THEY SAY,  
GOLD—MY SPARK IMPLANTED IN A  
PURPOSE-BUILT MECHANICAL BODY.

YET MY AMBITION RAN HOT.

I KNEW NOT WHAT  
MY TRUE FORM  
SHOULD HAVE  
BEEN, HAD I NOT  
BEEN PLACED IN  
THIS BODY.

THE QUESTION  
DROVE ME;  
BOILED MY  
ENERGON  
RESERVOIRS.



THOUGH TRAINED AT THE  
PRESTIGIOUS NOVA POINT  
ACADEMY, WEALTH AND  
POWER HELD LITTLE INTEREST  
FOR ONE SUCH AS I.

WHAT I HAD WAS  
UNEARNED. UNJUST.



THE WEIGHT OF THAT  
JUSTICE CAST ME FROM  
THE FRIENDLY WARMTH OF  
COMFORT AND IDOLATRY.

THUS I LEFT MY PAST—  
MY PRIVILEGE—BEHIND  
AND TRAVELED TO THE  
CAPITOL CITY OF IACON  
TO MAKE MY OWN FORTUNE.


THERE I CAME TO  
TRULY UNDERSTAND  
THE INEQUITY OF  
CYBERTECHNIAN  
CIVILIZATION.

AND THERE I  
MET A FIGURE  
WHO REVELED  
IN INEQUITY.

IT, QUITE LITERALLY,  
MADE HIM WHAT HE WAS.








HE CALLED HIMSELF **ORION PAX**, BUT YOU LIKELY KNOW HIM BY **ANOTHER NAME**.

A **POLICE OFFICER**, SERVING A SYSTEM THAT REWARDED **CORRUPTION**—AND USING HIS **POWER** TO CONTROL OTHERS.




HIS REPUTATION GREW, AS DID **MINE**.




EARLY ENTREPRENEURIAL EFFORTS LED TO MY ELECTION AS **PRECINCT SENATOR** FOR THE MUNICIPALITY OF **VOG**.



I PUT MY **CONSTITUENTS** FIRST—FORGOING PERSONAL GLORY FOR THE GOOD OF THE COMMON CYBERTRONIAN.



WHEN THE **DECEPTICON PARTY** FORMED AROUND A GOAL OF **EQUALITY** FOR ALL, REGARDLESS OF **ALT-MODE**, I WAS **THERE**.



SO PURE WAS MY **REASONING**—MY **SPARK**—THAT I PAID NO MIND TO MY **OWN REPUTATION**.



ORION FAX WAS DIFFERENT.

HE ATTACHED HIMSELF TO OUR MOVEMENT; PRETENDED TO STAND WITH US.

WHEN THE TYRANT ZETA PRIME FELL, ORION WAS HAPPY TO OFFER TO TAKE HIS PLACE.

MEGATRON—HIMSELF, ULTIMATELY, NO BETTER THAN ORION—TOOK IT UPON HIMSELF TO TRY AND KILL THE COP-TURNED-WOULD-BE-DICTATOR.

AS WITH ALL HIS OTHER GOALS—FROM ENSLAVING THE GALAXY TO INVADING THE EARTH TO BECOMING A "GOOD GUY"—MEGATRON FAILED.


ORION RETURNED, HIS LUST FOR POWER UNCHANGED, BUT NOW SPORTING A NEW NAME: OPTIMUS PRIME.

HE MANIPULATED CIRCUMSTANCE TO HIS ADVANTAGE, PORTRAYED HIMSELF AS THE HERO OF NOT ONLY CYBERTRON, BUT OF EARTH.

MY FRIENDS ON THAT BLUE-GREEN WORLD TAUGHT ME AN IMPORTANT ADAGE.

THE BIGGER THEY COME...





...WELL...  
YOU KNOW  
THE REST.



HUH! WILL  
YOU LOOK  
AT THAT...



...THAT  
HAS GOT  
TO HURT.



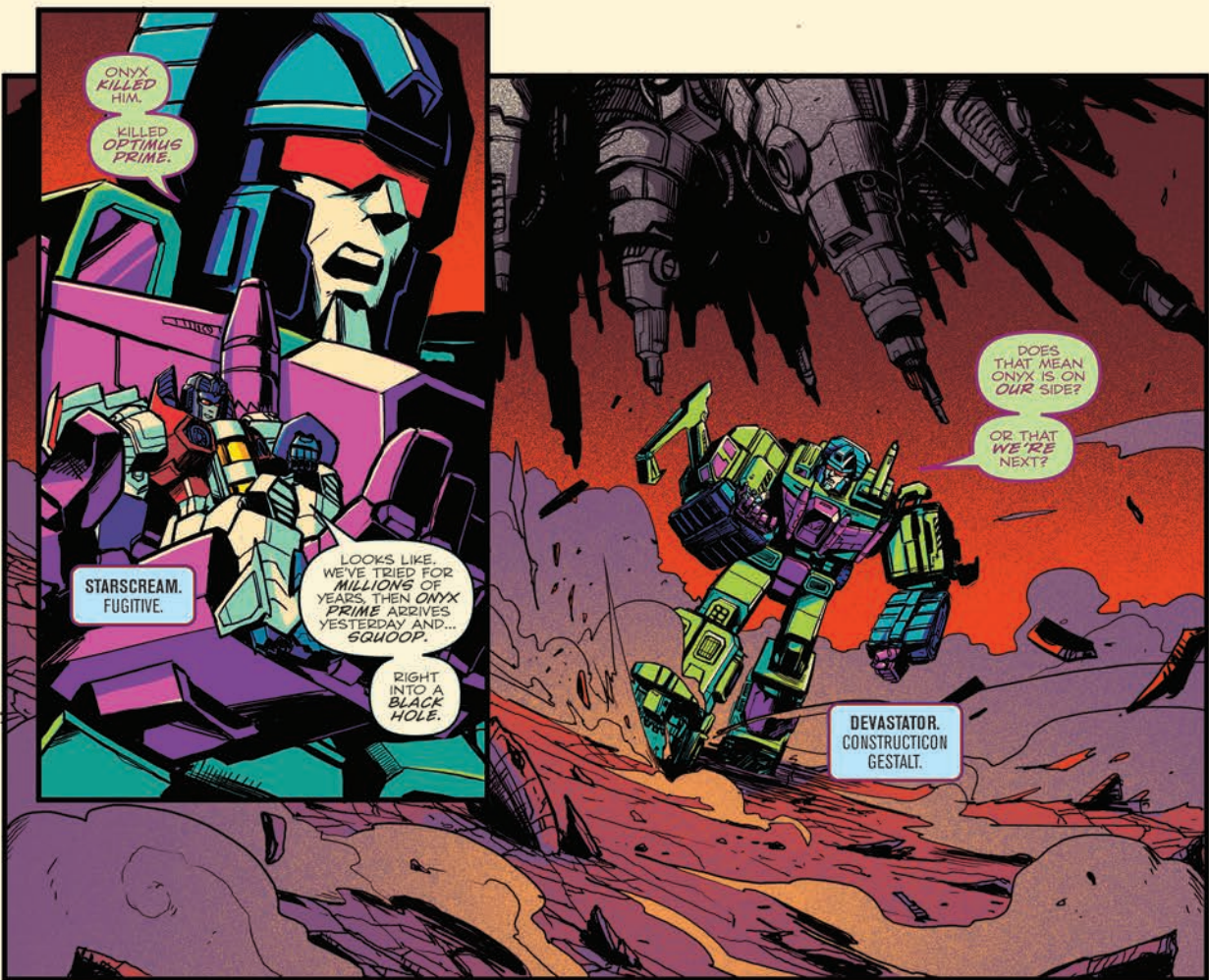
OH, MY!  
NOT THE  
MATRIX,  
TOO?



WHAT  
DO YOU  
KNOW...

...THIS DAY  
IS TURNING  
OUT A LOT  
BETTER THAN  
I THOUGHT  
IT WOULD.





ONYX  
KILLED  
HIM.  
KILLED  
OPTIMUS  
PRIME.

STARSCREAM.  
FUGITIVE.

LOOKS LIKE,  
WE'VE TRIED FOR  
MILLIONS OF  
YEARS, THEN ONYX  
PRIME ARRIVES  
YESTERDAY AND...  
SQUOOP.

RIGHT  
INTO A  
BLACK  
HOLE.

DOES  
THAT MEAN  
ONYX IS ON  
OUR SIDE?

OR THAT  
WE'RE  
NEXT?

DEVASTATOR.  
CONSTRUCTION  
GESTALT.



AND THEY CALL  
YOU STUPID,  
DEVASTATOR.

THAT'S  
QUITE A  
TRENCHANT  
QUESTION.

HOW CAN YOU  
BE SO BLITHE,  
STARSCREAM—

—YOU JUST  
WATCHED THE  
GREATEST 'BOT  
OF ALL TIME GET  
TORN APART.

BUMBLEBEE.  
GHOST...?



FIRST: YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHAT YOU'VE  
BEEN MISSING.  
WHAT WITH YOU  
BEING DECEASED  
AND ALL.

SECOND:  
DON'T WORRY  
YOUR ETHERIAL  
LITTLE HEAD.

OPTIMUS  
WILL BE BACK.  
HE ALWAYS  
COMES BACK.