

LIFE IS A PUZZLE.

THIS WAY.

CYBERTRON.
FOUR MILLION YEARS AGO.

FIRST A TASTE.

THEN LIGHT, AND SMELL.

A SOUND.

NOT TO BE HYPERBOLIC, BUT THIS IS NOT MY FAVORITE NEIGHBORHOOD.

...OR A MEMORY.

YO, IT'S THE FLY-ENTIST.

YEAH, THE SCIENCE-FLY-SCIEN-FLYIN'-THE-

AW, SCRAP IT.

THE BOSS IS EXPECTING YOU, JETFIRE.

I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO GET SCARED, PROWL.

I'M NOT SCARED. I JUST HAVE A LOT OF ENEMIES.

SHH. WE'RE HERE.

EVERY DETAIL MUST BE CONSIDERED, MUST FIT INTO ITS PLACE TO FORM A PERCEPTION...

THE PIECES INTERSECT, SOME EASIER THAN OTHERS.

LOOK AT WHAT THE CAT'S DRAGGING IN.

SQUAWK! I DIDN'T KNOW FLYING DOCTORS MADE HOUSE CALLS.

IGNORE THEM.

IT WAS HUMID, THAT NIGHT.

SO THIS IS A DECEPTICON BOLTHOLE.

THE AIR WAS THICK...

...THE NIGHT I MET
OPTIMUS PRIME.

I HAVE
HEARD OF YOU.
THE POLICE
OFFICER WHO
SPOKE TO THE
SENATE.

MEGATRON
SENDS HIS
GREETINGS.

MY NAME IS
SOUNDWAVE.

NEW CYBERTRON PART 3: BEHIND MY BLEEDING BACK

I AM
ORION PAX.
AND I KNOW
WHO YOU
ARE...

...YOU WERE PART
OF MEGATRON'S
MURDER TEAM
THAT EXECUTED
THE SENATE.

THERE
IS NO
EVIDENCE
REGARDING
THAT...
TRAGEDY.

SETTLE
DOWN,
ORION.

THAT'S
NOT GOING
TO GET US
WHAT WE
WANT.

VIOLENCE
RARELY DOES,
OFFICER.

YOU FEEL
YOU ARE IN
DANGER, YET
YOU INSISTED
ON THIS VISIT.

WHAT IS
IT THAT YOU
WANT?

**AUTOBOT CITY, EARTH.
10,000 FEET OVER THE ALPS. TODAY.**

WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY'RE REALLY AFTER?

JETFIRE.
WARRIOR/SCIENTIST.

RUM-MAJ'S STORY IS REASONABLE.

ORE-13 IS ABUNDANT HERE, AND THE JUNKIONS NEED IT.

SOUNDWAVE.
DECEPTICON ALLY.

SO YOU BELIEVE THEM, SOUNDWAVE?

I DID NOT SAY THAT.

IN THE INTERVENING MILLENNIA, I HAVE PIECED TOGETHER MY MEETING OPTIMUS IN MANY DIFFERENT WAYS.

ORIGINAL PERCEPTIONS ARE ALTERED BY SUBSEQUENT SENSORY DATA.

ARCEE.
CAUTIOUSLY OPTIMISTIC.

I'M MORE CONCERNED WITH WHAT THE JUNKIONS CAN GIVE US.

REVIVING SIDESWIPE.

HE WAS UNDER MY COMMAND WHEN HE GOT BLASTED. IF THEY CAN SAVE HIM...

WE COULD NOT PASS UP SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY.

AND OPTIMUS' LITTLE CADETS?

HOW ARE THEY TAKING THE ARRIVAL OF ANOTHER MECHANICAL RACE?

MILLING AROUND THE SPACE BRIDGE WAITING FOR THE GREAT ONE TO COME BACK FROM CYBERTRON.

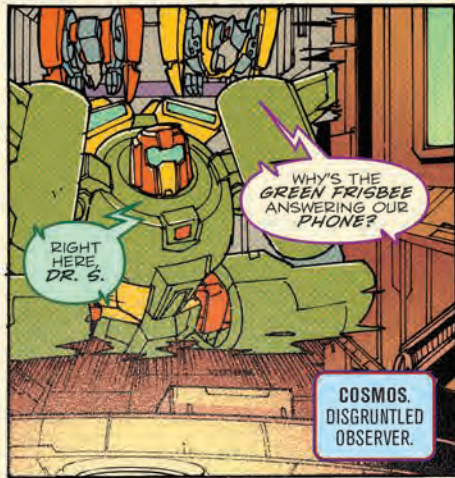
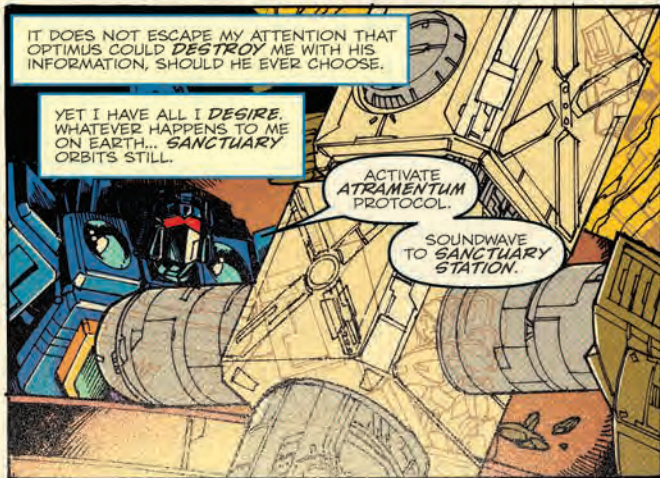
BRIEFLY, OPTIMUS AND I WERE ALLIES. FOR THE LONGEST TIME, ENEMIES. ULTIMATELY, HE BLACK-MAILED ME INTO JOINING HIM.

I FEEL NOW, WE MAY BE FRIENDS.

HM. DO YOU HEAR THAT?

I'M SORRY OF COURSE YOU...

IT IS A TRANSMISSION FROM A COLLEAGUE. THIS COULD BE IMPORTANT.





IS YOUR DOG EATING ASPARAGUS?

SHE LOVES IT. THIS IS THE ACTUAL SIZE? THAT'S FRICKIN' GINORMOUS.

THE JUNKION SHIP BLOCKS ELECTRONIC SCANS, SO THAT'S OUR BEST GUESS.

CHAMELEON. INTELLIGENCE.

HI-TECH LITERALLY EYE-BALLED IT.

GRRRRRRR.

BUSTER THINKS YOU'RE GOING TO STEAL HER ASPARAGUS.

BUSTER. DOG.

THUNDERCRACKER. GONE NATIVE.

CAIRO, EGYPT.



I GET THAT A LOT.

YOU'VE KNOWN MARISSA A LONG TIME?

A LITTLE WHILE. HOW ABOUT YOU AND, UH, FLINT?

BUSTER



FLINT. I SUPPOSE SO.

HE OFFERED ME A SECOND CHANCE YEARS AGO... NOW A THIRD ONE.

MAYBE HE CAN DO THE SAME FOR MARISSA.



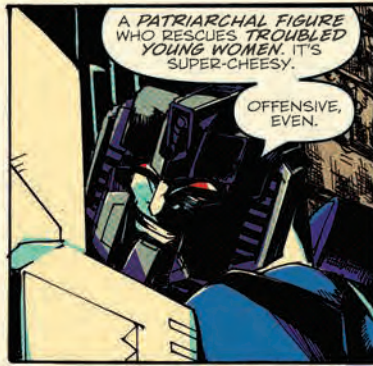
SOUNDS LIKE A TROPE.

A TROPE?

YEAH. SEE, I'M A SCREENWRITER. I WRITE MOVIES.

REALLY.

SO I KNOW ABOUT TROPES.



A PATRIARCHAL FIGURE WHO RESCUES TROUBLED YOUNG WOMEN. IT'S SUPER-CHEESY.

OFFENSIVE, EVEN.



WELL. IF YOU WANT SOMETHING UNIQUE...

...YOU SHOULD HEAR ABOUT ME.

A LIFE OF ESPIONAGE, BETRAYAL, AND A GUY IN A HAWAIIAN SHIRT.



HAWAIIAN SHIRT?

TELL ME MORE.