

**MEET ANODE:**

LOOK—

—I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.

YOU'RE THINKING, HOW HAS IT COME TO THIS?

BEING CHASED ACROSS LUNA 2 BY AN ANGRY CYBERNOUGHT WITH PARTISAN KNEECAPS.





...YOU'RE STILL CROSS.

TSCHE-TSCHE-TSCH TSCHE-TSCHE-TSCH



YES, I'M STILL CROSS! I'M CROSS BECAUSE WE'RE ABOUT TO DIE AND IT'S EIGHT THOUSAND PER CENT YOUR FAULT!

AW, C'MON, LUG—



WE'VE BEEN IN STICKIER SITUATIONS THAN THIS.



STICKIER SITUA—

WHEN?!

THE TERRALESE ACID WASTES? THE NIGHTMARE SPIRES?

KILLTOPIA? BECAUSE I CAN ASSURE YOU—

—WHEN YOU'RE QUITE DONE POKING THE GROUND—

—THAT THEY WERE ALL CONSIDERABLY LESS STICKY THAN THIS!

ARGH! THIS IS WHY WE SAID WE'D NEVER GO BACK HOME! CYBERTRON'S BEYOND DANGEROUS— IT'S PRACTICALLY MADE OF WAR.

NOT TO BE PICKY, BUT THIS IS CYBERTRON'S MOON.

AND I'D RATHER NOT BE HERE EITHER—BUT, HEY, I DON'T BURY THE TREASURE, I JUST FIND IT.



WE'RE DEAD.

INTENSELY DEAD.

NONSENSE. THE FORCEFIELD'S GOOD FOR AT LEAST ANOTHER 30 SECONDS.

WHAT DO WE DO AFTER THAT?!

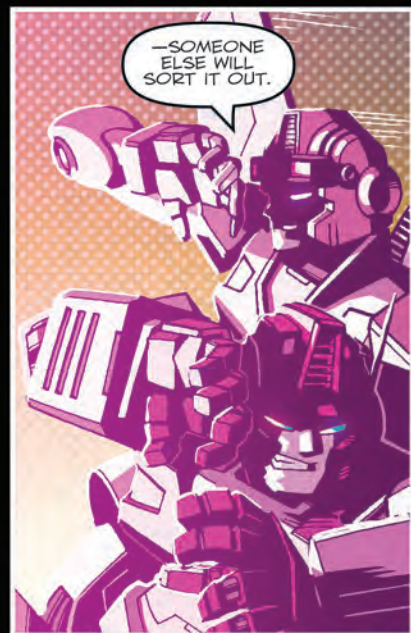
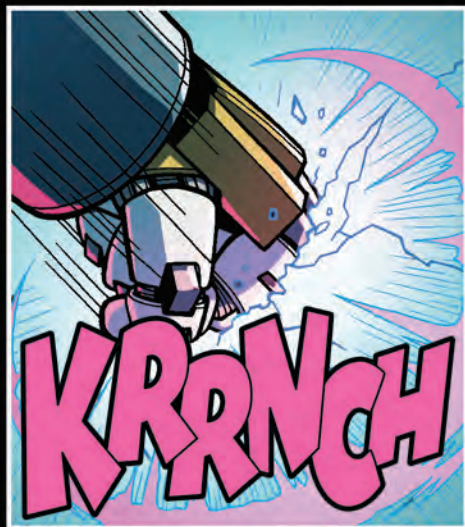
ASK ME NEARER THE TIME.

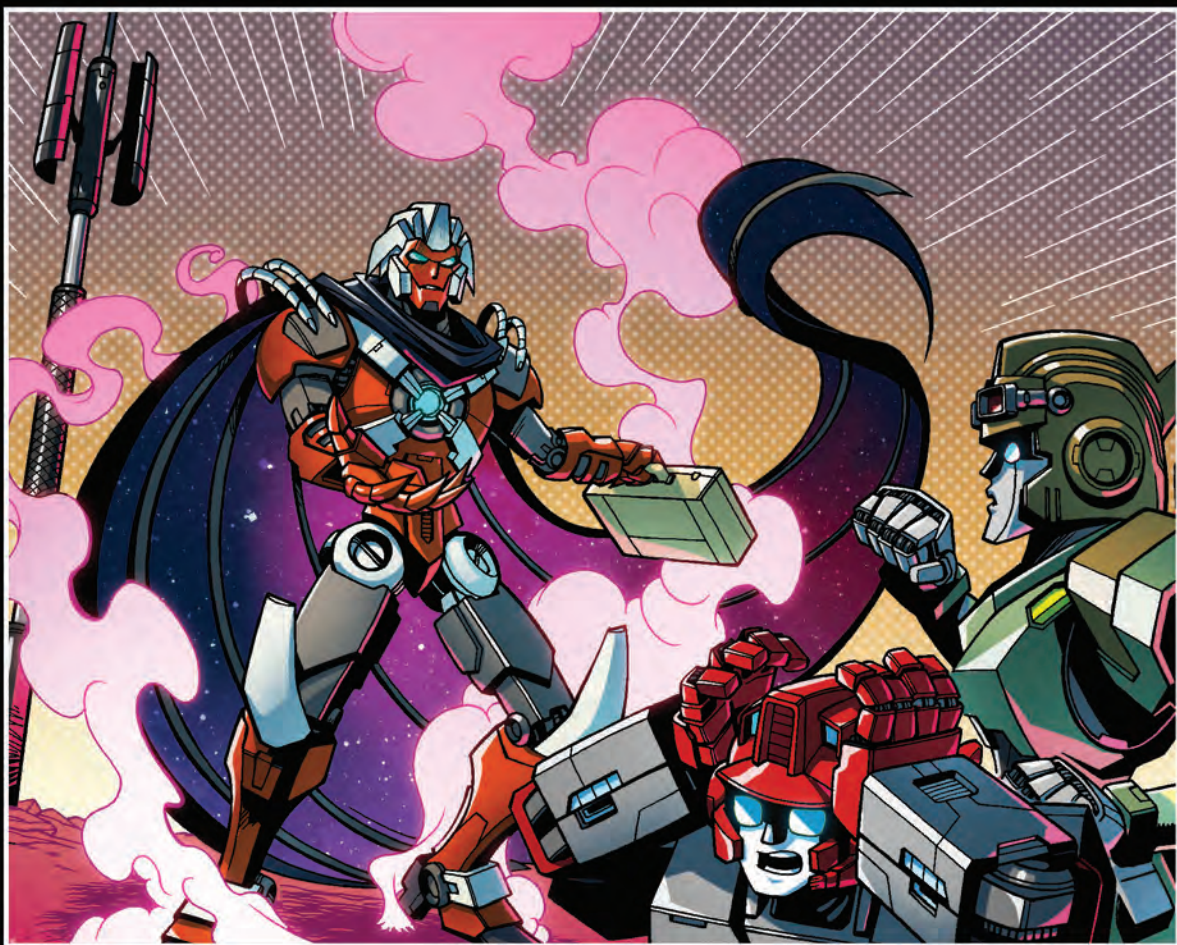
**TROWEL!**



I HATE YOU, AS IN, I ACTIVELY HATE YOU.

I AM IN HATE WITH YOU.





**FIVE HUNDRED YEARS  
NINE MONTHS  
FOURTEEN DAYS  
AND  
SIX HOURS  
LATER..**

"ANODE?"