

PROWL HAS  
DISAPPEARED.

I HAVE A *PROXIMITY  
TRANSPONDER* TO  
ALERT ME WHEN HE'S  
NEAR, SOMETHING HE  
SET UP WHEN THINGS  
WERE... WHEN HE AND  
I *WORKED TOGETHER*.

WHO KNOWS WHERE  
HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE  
AT ANY GIVEN TIME?

BUT I KNEW  
HE WASN'T  
SUPPOSED  
TO BE DOWN  
*THERE*, ON  
EARTH.

THE PERK OF BEING  
*CHIEF STRATEGIST,  
SECRET SERVICE  
SPOOK, AND  
ALL-ROUND SHADY  
STRING-PULLER...*

...MEANS YOU'RE NOT  
SUPPOSED TO BE  
*ANYWHERE*, I GUESS.

A PLACE IN  
ALASKA  
CALLED *NOME*.

SO THERE HE WAS.

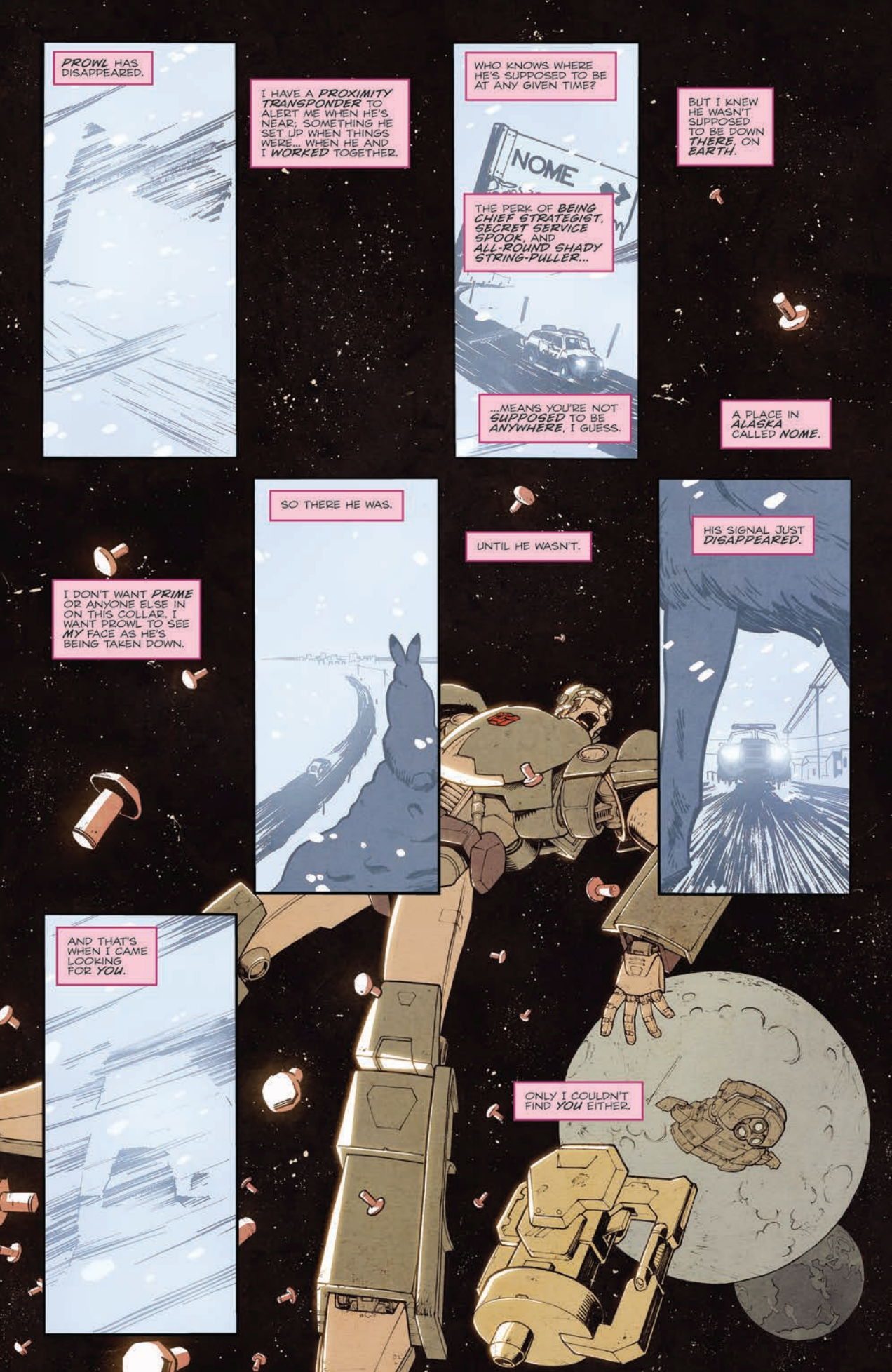
I DON'T WANT *PRIME*  
OR ANYONE ELSE IN  
ON THIS COLLAR. I  
WANT PROWL TO SEE  
*MY FACE* AS HE'S  
BEING TAKEN DOWN.

UNTIL HE WASN'T.

HIS SIGNAL JUST  
*DISAPPEARED*.

AND THAT'S  
WHEN I CAME  
LOOKING  
FOR *YOU*.

ONLY I COULDN'T  
FIND *YOU* EITHER.





THE ARK, 241,031 MILES FROM EARTH.

SO WHAT WERE YOU UP TO, KUP?

JUST LET ME GET THE OL' PROCESSORS HEATED UP, ARCEE. WILL YA? I JUST WOKE UP.

THANKS FER PULLIN' ME INSIDE...

WHY WEREN'T YOU ON BOARD THE SHIP? WHAT WERE YOU DOING OUT THERE?



AHH, JUST A SPOT OF RIVETIN'. BUSY WORK, IS ALL. DIDN'T EXPECT TO BLACK OUT WHILE I WAS DOIN' IT.

BLACK OUT?

RIGHT.

THIS HAPPEN OFTEN, KUP? SOMETHING WE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT?



AW, JUST GIMME A SECOND, CANTCHA?

DO I LOOK LIKE I HAVE A SECOND TO GIVE? THE CLOCK IS TICKING, KUP. IT'S BAD NEWS FOR PROWL IF I FIND HIM, SURE.

BUT IT'S BAD NEWS FOR EVERYONE IF HE'S BEEN COMPROMISED.

NOW, ON YOUR FEET.

WELL, PROWL'S A POPULAR GUY FOR ALL THE **WRONG** REASONS. AIN'T MANY I COULD THINK OF WOULDN'T WANT A WORD WITH HIM.



TRUE, BUT I'VE MADE A FEW CHECKS, AND THE USUAL SUSPECTS ARE IN THE CLEAR.



HURRY.

UP.





SOMETHING STRANGE IS HAPPENING, KUP, ALL MADE STRANGER BY YOU BEING OFF-DECK WHEN HE DISAPPEARS.

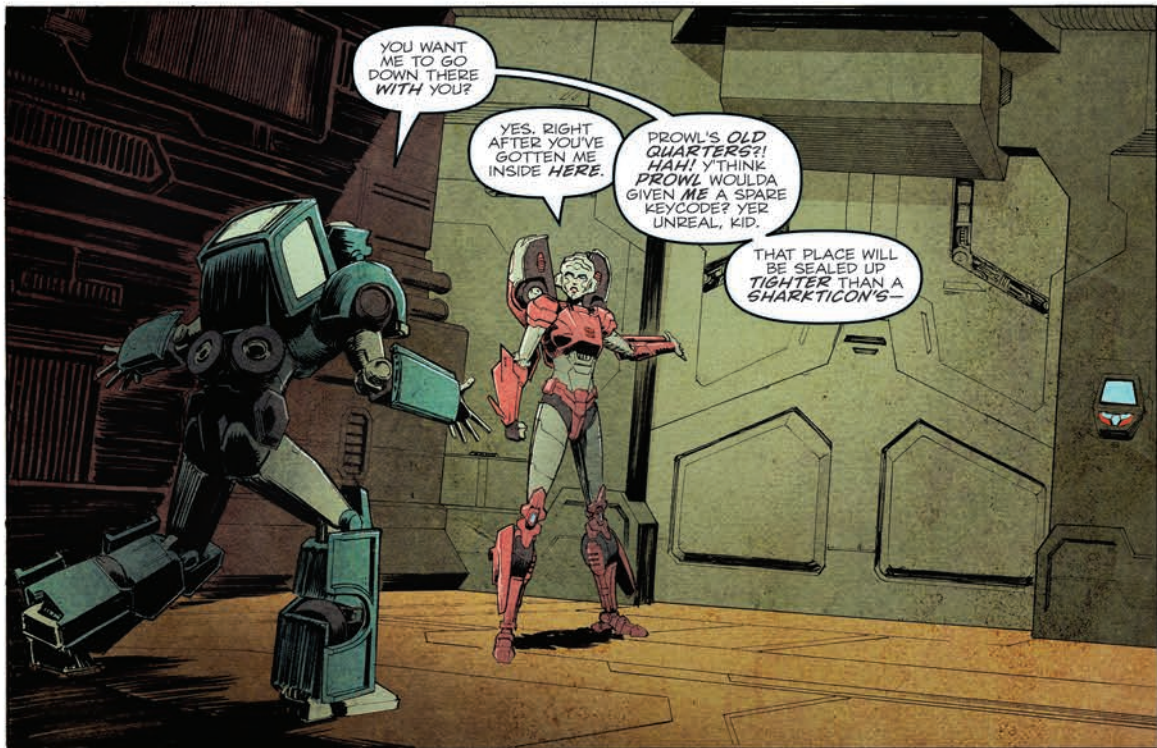
YOU TRYIN' T SAY SOMETHIN', KID?



YEAH: "DO YOUR JOB."

PROWL'S A SECURITY RISK, AND—WHEN YOU'RE NOT ON THE NOD—YOU'RE OUR SECURITY CHIEF.

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, KUP, YOU'RE HELPING ME FIND HIM.



YOU WANT ME TO GO DOWN THERE WITH YOU?

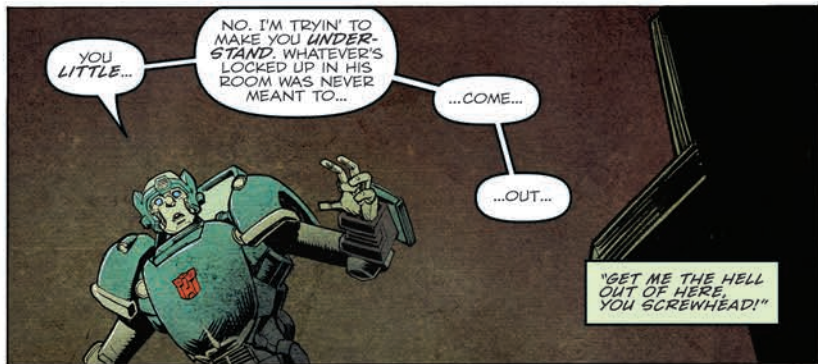
YES. RIGHT AFTER YOU'VE GOTTEN ME INSIDE HERE.

PROWL'S OLD QUARTERS?! HAH! I THINK PROWL WOULD'VE GIVEN ME A SPARE KEYCODE? YER UNREAL, KID.

THAT PLACE WILL BE SEALED UP TIGHTER THAN A SHARKTICON'S—



STALLING, KUP?



YOU LITTLE...

NO. I'M TRYIN' TO MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND. WHATEVER'S LOCKED UP IN HIS ROOM WAS NEVER MEANT TO...

...COME...

...OUT...

"GET ME THE HELL OUT OF HERE, YOU SCREWHEAD!"



**SPACE STATION  
"DEBRIS."  
BASE OF  
OPERATIONS  
FOR THE  
WRECKERS.**

LET ME  
THE FRAG  
OUT!

**F-DAM  
F-DAMMM**

I KNOW  
YOU'RE *THERE*.  
YOU ONE-ARMED  
HYPOCRITE.  
WHAT ARE YOU,  
LISTENING  
TO ME?

SICK.  
YOU'RE  
SICK.

**FW-BMPH  
POOMP**

YOU'RE  
NOTHING, MAN.  
YOU THINK YOU'RE  
SOMETHING? YOU  
THINK I RESPECT  
YOU?

WHAT'D I DO,  
IMPACTOR?  
HAH? WHAT'D  
I DO?

THEY  
DESERVED IT,  
MAN. AND YOU  
KNOW IT. YOU  
DON'T JUST LET  
THEIR *TYPE*  
WALK AWAY.

YOU WANT TO  
SEND A MESSAGE?  
GRIND THEM INTO THE  
GROUND, MAN. PUT  
YOUR TREADS ON THEIR  
WEAK FACES AND SPIN  
THEM INTO THE DIRT  
SO THEY CAN'T DO  
IT EVER AGAIN.

WHY AM  
I HERE?  
WHAT'D I  
DO?

WHAT'D  
I DO?

I SHOWED  
THEM, LIKE  
YOU USED TO  
SHOW THEM.  
COWARD.

YOU GONNA  
LOCK ME IN A  
BOX, IMPACTOR,  
HUH? THAT'S WHAT  
WE DO NOW, RIGHT?  
SOMEONE GETS  
TOO REAL, PUT  
THEM AWAY AND  
FORGET  
ABOUT THEM.

I'M A  
AUTOBOT,  
IMPACTOR. I'M A  
WRECKER. WHO  
DOES THAT?  
WHO DOES  
THAT?

I KNOW  
WHO DOES THAT—  
SPRINGER. YOU'RE  
SPRINGER NOW.  
YOU LOCK A 'BOT  
UP WHEN HE DON'T  
FIT NO MORE.

YOU'RE  
NOT ME,  
GUZZLE.  
AND I'M  
NOT...

FORGET  
SPRINGER.  
SPRINGER'S  
GONE, OKAY?

NO,  
IMPACTOR.  
HE'S NOT.





ROADBUSTER—I MEANT... I MEAN...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

**BAMM**

"ZAT ROADBUSTER? HAW! YOU COME TO READ ME A STORY, BIG BOY?"

**BAM-BAM-BAMM**

NO CHANGE HERE THEN.

NO, YOU?



DAY 1467 OF SPRINGER LYING THERE ON THAT CIRCUIT-SLAB, DAY 1467 OF ME BY HIS SIDE READING TO HIM; VITALS IN THE GREEN BUT NOTHING HAPPENING UP TOP.

WHEN YOU TALK TO HIM, ROADBUSTER... YOU'RE NOT HEARING HIM TALK BACK, ARE YOU?

NO, IMPACTOR.



EVER THINK IT'S TIME TO...

STOP? DON'T KNOW IF I COULD.

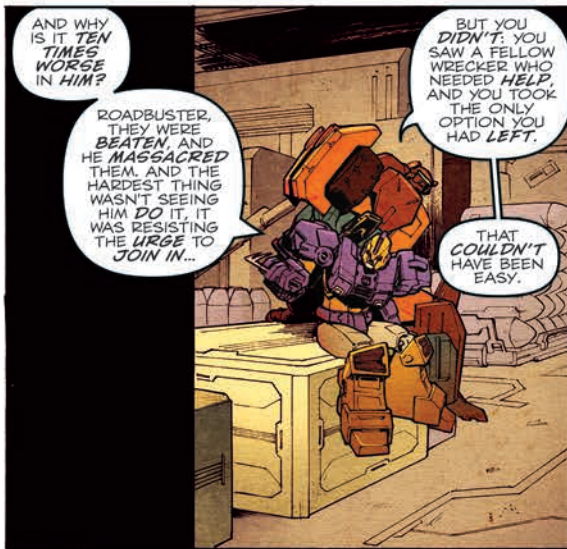
NOTHING ELSE TO BE DOING, RIGHT?

HHH.

THE WRECKERS ARE DEAD. PEACE KILLED US.

SO WHY PUT MYSELF THROUGH THIS; MOVING AROUND, PICKING OFF DECEPTICON RESISTANCE CELLS?

WHAT IS IT IN ME—IN US—THAT WON'T LET ME QUIT?



AND WHY IS IT TEN TIMES WORSE IN HIM?

ROADBUSTER, THEY WERE BEATEN, AND HE MASSACRED THEM, AND THE HARDEST THING WASN'T SEEING HIM DO IT, IT WAS RESISTING THE URGE TO JOIN IN...

BUT YOU DIDN'T: YOU SAW A FELLOW WRECKER WHO NEEDED HELP, AND YOU TOOK THE ONLY OPTION YOU HAD LEFT.

THAT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN EASY.



LOOK AT US. THE BEST-ARMED BABYSITTERS IN THE QUADRANT...

YOU JUST NEED TO LEARN TO ACCEPT CHANGE, IMPACTOR.

AFTER ALL, WE'RE CYBERTRONIANS. IT'S WHAT WE DO.

I FEEL THE TIME I'VE GIVEN OVER TO SPRINGER HAS MADE ME A BETTER 'BOT. I DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT REALLY BIG GUNS ANY MORE. THAT MUCH.

WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR GUZZLE IS A SIGN YOU CARE FOR HIM. IT'S NATURAL TO FORM A BOND WITH THOSE WE WORK CLOSELY WITH. I MEAN, I THINK BACK OF THE CONNECTIONS I MADE WITH MY CADETS...



YES. WELL.

I'M GONNA PEEL OFF YOUR TIRES AND SLAP YOU TILL THE TREADS COME OFF!

HE'LL BURN HIMSELF OUT SOON. C'MON. LET'S GO SOMEWHERE A BIT MORE FUN.

"ARE YOU ENJOYIN' THIS OR SOMETHIN'?"