

BARBER • RAMONDELLI

OPTIMUS PRIME



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COVER A
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OPTIMUS PRIME



Written by: **JOHN BARBER**

Art by: **LIVIO RAMONDELLI**

Letters by: **TOM B. LONG**

Editor: **CARLOS GUZMAN**

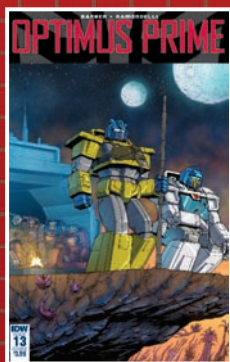
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COVER A

Artwork by: **KEI ZAMA**

Colors by: **JOSH BURCHAM**



COVER B

Artwork by: **CASEY W. COLLER**

Colors by: **JOHN-PAUL BOVE**



COVER C

Artwork by: **ANDREW GRIFFITH**



RETAILER INCENTIVE COVER

Artwork by: **LIVIO RAMONDELLI**

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SEARCHLIGHT
NAMED THE PLACE
BOTANICA.

THE TREES REACH DOWN
FOREVER—THERE'S NO
SURFACE, JUST PLANTS
GROWING FROM A SEED
AT THE WORLD'S CORE.

WE DIDN'T PLAN
ON STAYING LONG
ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY
A BETTER NAME.


TEN YEARS LATER, THE
JOKE'S WORN THIN.



EVERYTHING STARTED
TO GO BAD WHEN A
PHASE SIXER KILLED
HIS WAY THROUGH
OUR SPACE STATION.

SEE, WE USED TO BE THE
THROTTLEBOTS, HEROES
OF THE RACEWAY, BEFORE
THE WAR.

FASTEST AUTOBOT COURIERS
THIS SIDE OF 6TH SEMANE
DURING THE WAR. AND NOW...



...NOW WE'RE
FORGOTTEN.

ONE OF
THE PLANTS
MOVED THIS
AFTERNOON.

YOU'RE GOING
BINARY,
CHASE.

NO, I'M
SERIOUS.
ABOUT A MILE
DOWN ON THAT
TREE WITH ALL
THE KNOTS—
THE ONE WEST
OF HERE.

AND ON THAT
NOTE...



...I'M GONNA GO HIT THE RECHARGE SLAB.

THE CON IS YOURS, ROLLBAR.



AW, HOW COME HE ALWAYS GETS TO BE IN CHARGE AFTER YOU GO TO SLEEP?

BECAUSE YOU TELL THAT SAME STUPID STORY EVERY EVENING, CHASE.

'NIGHT, GUYS.

WE WERE THE ONLY SURVIVORS.



SIXSHOT TOOK OUT FREEWAY AND WIDELOAD WHEN WE ESCAPED, CRASHING INTO A CITY...

...WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE THE TITAN METROPLEX.*

AFTER METROPLEX STOMPED SIXSHOT FLAT, HE LEFT US A SHUTTLE. THEN HE... WELL, HE LEFT US.

AND IT TURNS OUT PHASE SIXERS ARE HARD TO KILL.

* SEE SPOTLIGHT: METROPLEX.



NOT IMPOSSIBLE—WE PROVED THAT—BUT SIXSHOT DAMAGED THE SHUTTLE BEFORE HE WENT DOWN.

WE ONLY MADE IT A COUPLE HUNDRED LIGHT YEARS.



NOBODY EVER CAME LOOKING.

BUT SEARCHLIGHT KEEPS WATCHING THE SKIES.

HE SAYS HE'S LOOKING FOR OPTIMUS PRIME IN AN ARK, READY TO WELCOME US BACK.



BUT I KNOW WHAT HE'S REALLY LOOKING FOR.

I MEAN, IT'S CLEAR WHY NOBODY CAME AFTER US.

THE AUTOBOTS LOST THE WAR.

WE TRIED TO CONTACT HIGH COMMAND AFTER WE CRASHED—BUT DECEPTICONS WERE STRIKING EVERYWHERE.

GARRIG-9 HAD FALLEN. SOMETHING BAD WAS HAPPENING ON EARTH.

SO WE WERE STUCK, BOILING PHOSPHORESCENT PLANTS INTO SOMETHING KINDA LIKE ENERGEN.

IT MAKES ME TIRED ALL THE TIME. WE ALL FEEL LIKE THAT.

AND WE ALL KNOW WHAT'S COMING. SOMEDAY A DECEPTICON CRUISER WILL SHOW UP AND...

...AND I GUESS IT'LL BE A MERCY.

BETTER THAN RUSTING OUT OUR SPARKS WITH ALIEN PLANT-JUICE FOR THE NEXT THOUSAND YEARS.

FTOOM

WHAT IS THAT...?

GUYS... IS SOMETHING HAPPENING OUT THERE?

I DIDN'T EXPECT TONIGHT TO BE THE NIGHT...

...BUT THAT'S HOW THE FUTURE WORKS: IT SNEAKS UP ON YOU.

I TOLD YOU I SAW SOMETHING DOWN THERE.

WHAT'S GOING ON?

SEARCHLIGHT—WHY'S THE SKY GONE BRIGHT?

IT'S NOT THE SKY, GOLDBUG.

THAT WAS MY MISTAKE...



THE DEAD COME HOME

PART I (OF 2)

I'VE PRESIDED OVER *MANY* FUNERALS.

THIS WON'T EVEN BE MY LAST ONE *TODAY*. THANKS TO EARTH'S *INVASION* OF CYBERTRON.

BUT IT'S ALWAYS HARDER WHEN IT'S A *FRIEND*...

...OR A *BROTHER*.

SOMEONE ONCE SAID "LOSS OF LIFE IS ONLY A *TRAGEDY* IF IT IS WITHOUT *PURPOSE*."

SIDESWIDE LIVED A LIFE OF PURPOSE.

HE STOOD WITH HIS *BROTHER*, AND WITH HIS *LOVED ONES*.

HE DEFENDED HIS *WORLD*, AND HIS *UNIVERSE*. THE BEST HE KNEW HOW.

I CAN'T PRETEND WE ALWAYS SAW *EYE TO EYE*... BUT WE ALWAYS *KNEW* WHERE WE STOOD, AND I WAS HONORED TO CALL HIM...

...*AUTOBOT*.

