

THE TRANSFORMERS FORMERS THE MOVIE

CONCEPT

2 of 3

HOOKS
KNOTT

DESCENT INTO

CHAOS

NOT FOR SALE
CONCEPT ONLY

tiltheday.com

DISCLAIMER: The creators of this comic book are fans of the Transformers franchise. We do not own Transformers or any of their related characters. Transformers is produced by Hasbro and Takara Tomy. This comic book concept is fanfiction and intended for entertainment only. We are not making any profit from this story. All rights of the Transformers belong to Hasbro, Takara Tomy, and any of their subsidiaries or affiliated entities.

“Ineptly blended drawn animation and computer graphics...”
- some reviewer from 1986

“We did our best.”
- us, 2026

CLEARLY...

...A LOT HAS HAPPENED.





FIFTEEN YEARS, PRIME!

FIFTEEN TERRIBLE, EXCRUCIATING YEARS ON THIS PIT-FORSAKEN MUD BALL!

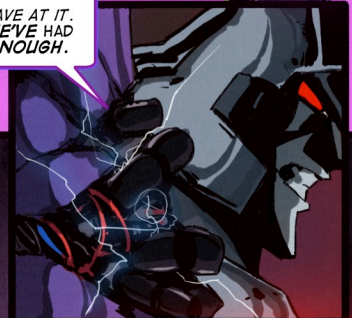
WHILE YOU PLAYED HERO TO THIS INFESTATION OF... OF PRIMATES?!



GRAB!

WE COULD HAVE HAD AN EMPIRE, BUT YOU'RE CONTENT TO BUILD A CITY HERE?

HAVE AT IT. WE'VE HAD ENOUGH.



SIXTEEN, ACTUALLY...

...AND IN THAT TIME, YOUR DECEPTICONS HAVE MANAGED TO DEFEAT THEMSELVES BETTER THAN I EVER COULD.



I'M SURPRISED STARScream ISN'T HERE KICKING YOU DOWN THE STAIRS AGAIN!

YOU MOCK ME?!

NO, MEGATRON. I CELEBRATE YOU!

EVERY PLAN, EVERY SCHEME, EVERY ATTEMPT AT DOMINION...

...YOU FUMBLE IT FASTER THAN I COULD STOP IT!

AGAIN AND AGAIN AND...

FWAAP!

NO!

YOU DO **NOT** GET TO STAND THERE AND ACT AS IF THIS WAS INEVITABLE!

THIS—THIS **FAILURE** IS **YOUR** DOING! **YOU** STOLE CYBERTRON'S FUTURE! I HAVE **SEEN**...

ZARRRO

YOU'VE SEEN **NOTHING**, OLD FRIEND...!

NOTHING BUT YOUR OWN **BROKEN** FACE IN THE MIRROR.

YOU **SELF-RIGHTEOUS**—!

WOO-WOO

AKG!

I'LL BE THE LAST THING YOUR OPTICS EVER WITNESS, PRIME! JUST AS I WAS THE FIRST THING YOU LEARNED TO **FEAR!!!**

YOU SPEAK OF BROKEN THINGS, YET YOU **HID**, AUTOBOT...HID BEHIND YOUR PRECIOUS **HUMANS** WHILE CYBERTRON **BLED OUT** IN THE DARK.

YOU DON'T DESERVE IT. **STAY** ON THIS **LINEVOLVED** MUDBALL CLINGING TO YOUR **PETS** AND **PLATITUDES**...





...PREACHING REDEMPTION TO THE ONLY CREATURES NAIVE ENOUGH TO BELIEVE IN YOU.

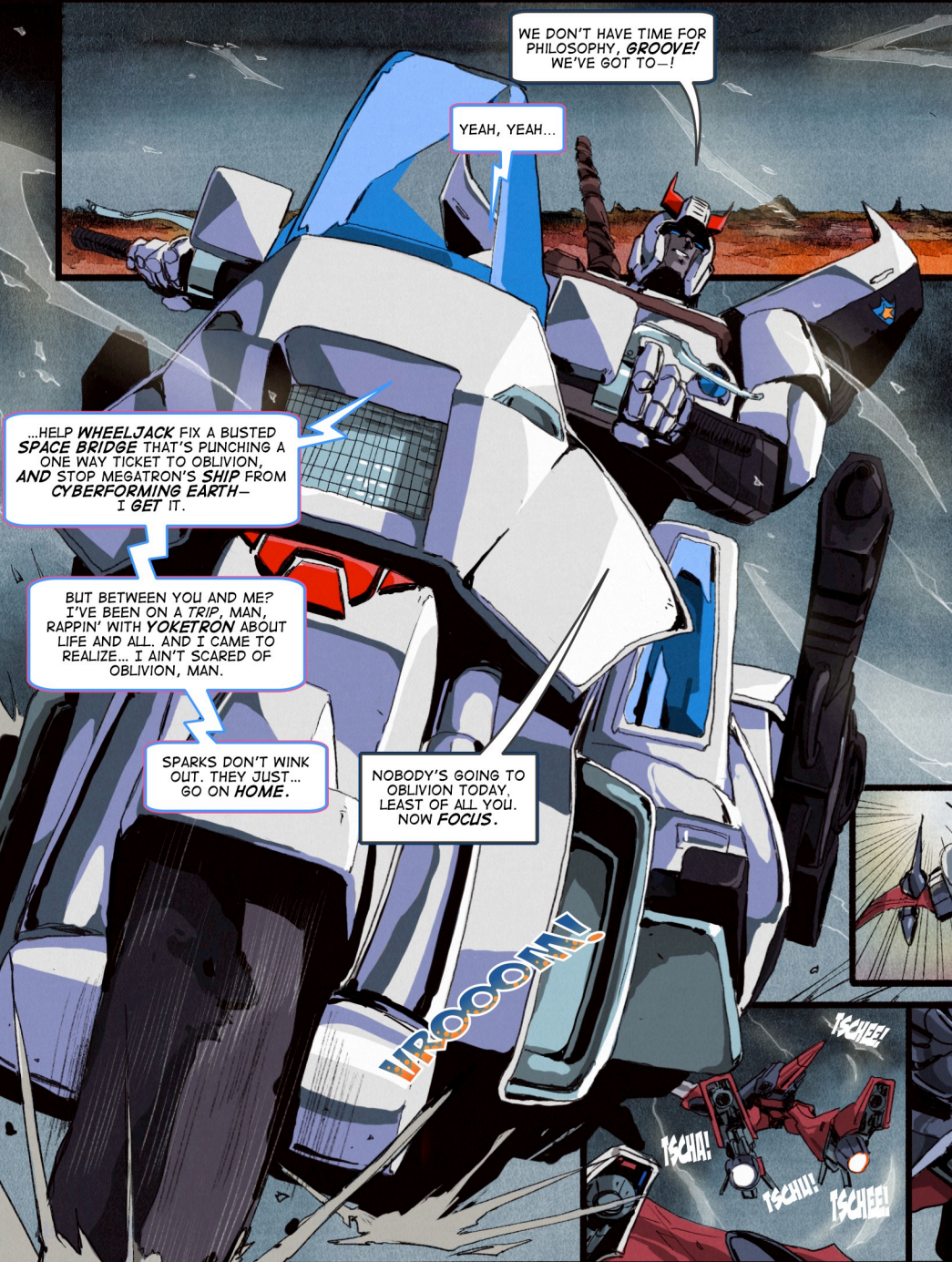
-UNFI!- AT LEAST I HAVE FRIENDS... FAMILY TO COME BACK TO...
...A HOME.



WHAT DO YOU HAVE BUT RAGE?

NO... NO!

"YOU EVER GET A FEELING THE UNIVERSE IS TELLIN' US TO PULL OVER AND JUST SMELL THE FLOWERS?"



WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR PHILOSOPHY, GROOVE! WE'VE GOT TO--!

YEAH, YEAH...

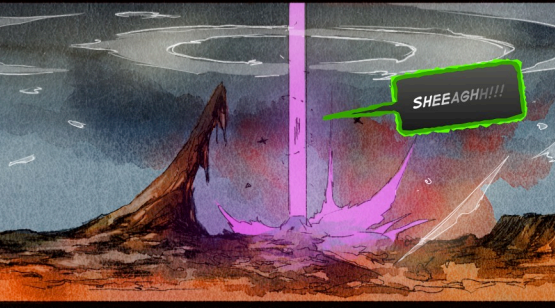
...HELP WHEELJACK FIX A BUSTED SPACE BRIDGE THAT'S PUNCHING A ONE WAY TICKET TO OBLIVION, AND STOP MEGATRON'S SHIP FROM CYBERFORMING EARTH-- I GET IT.

BUT BETWEEN YOU AND ME? I'VE BEEN ON A TRIP, MAN, RAPPIN' WITH YOKETRON ABOUT LIFE AND ALL, AND I CAME TO REALIZE... I AIN'T SCARED OF OBLIVION, MAN.

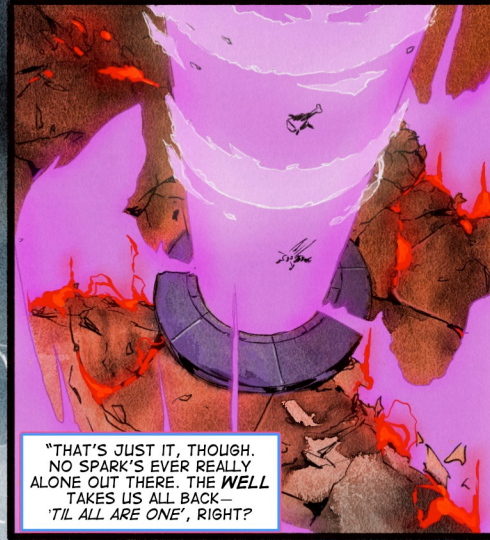
SPARKS DON'T WINK OUT. THEY JUST... GO ON HOME.

NOBODY'S GOING TO OBLIVION TODAY, LEAST OF ALL YOU. NOW FOCUS.

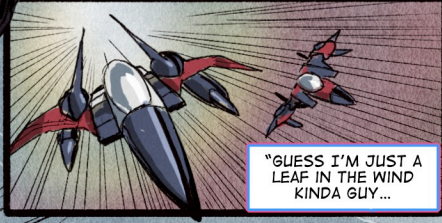
WROOM!



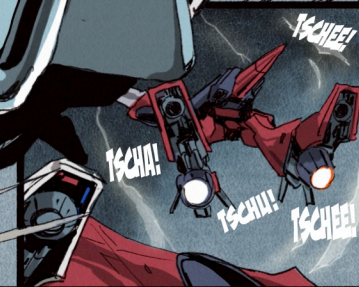
SHEEAGH!!!



"THAT'S JUST IT, THOUGH. NO SPARK'S EVER REALLY ALONE OUT THERE. THE WELL TAKES US ALL BACK-- 'TIL ALL ARE ONE', RIGHT?"



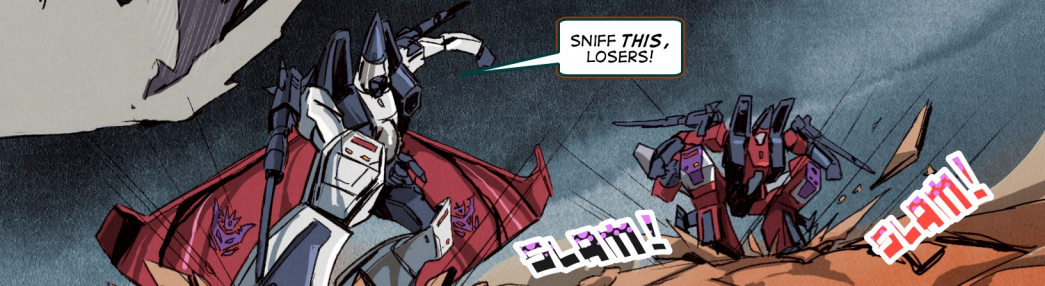
"GUESS I'M JUST A LEAF IN THE WIND KINDA GUY..."



TSCHEE!
TSCHEE!
TSCHEE!



"...AND WANT NOTHING MORE THAN TO SNIFF ALL THE GOODNESS AROUND US."



SNIFF THIS, LOSERS!

FLAM!
FLAM!

YOU WERE SAYING?

EAT LEAD, AUTOPIGS!
TASTE THE FIRE OF
YOUR INEVITABLE
DOOM AND DEATH!

BUPPA!

BUPPA!

BUPPA!

BUPPA!

FUNNY THING
ABOUT DOOM,
FELLAS...

...IT DON'T SMELL
HALF AS BAD WHEN
IT SNEAKS UP
BEHIND YA!

CRASH!

CRACK!

YEAARGH!

LIGH. CONEHEAD GUNK.
GONNA TAKE FOREVER
TO BUFF OUT!

WELCOME TO THE END
OF THE WORLD, PROWL!
YOU KNOW, WE COULD'VE
USED A LIL MORE
ENTHUSIASM BACK THERE!

MAYBE A "NICE SAVE,
JAZZ!" OR A "MY CIRCUITS
WERE TOTALLY SCRAMBLED
BEFORE YOU SAVED US!"

GIVEN THE PACKAGE I'M
CARRYING--AND THE BRIDGE
EVAPORATING ANYONE
ENTERING IT FROM EARTH--
I WAS HOPING FOR
SOMETHING LESS DRAMATIC.

MAYBE A QUIET
TAKEDOWN. MAYBE NO
QUIPS. MAYBE, JUST
ONCE,
NO UNNECESSARY
THEATRICALS.

INCIDENTALLY...

...LOOKING FOR THIS?

CATCH!

Y'SEE, THAT'S WHERE WE DISAGREE, GOOD BUDDY. 'CUZ I SAY, IF YOU'RE NOT MAKING A *DOPE ENTRANCE*, WHY SHOW UP?

BECAUSE '*DOPE ENTRANCE*' IS HOW YOU GET A *FUNERAL*.

SHIP'S GETTING CLOSER, BOSSBOT. LET'S DO THE THING.

LOOK AT US, 'STREAK!

DRIVING STRAIGHT INTO A WAR ZONE, BRIDGE ON THE VERGE OF WIPIN' OUT THE PLANET, ALL BECAUSE *JACKIE*...

...NEEDED *ME* TO SAVE THE DAY!

... I WAS GONNA SAY *OVERESTIMATED THE TENSILE STRENGTH OF REALITY ITSELF*, BUT SURE BIG YELLOW... LET'S GO WITH THAT.

ALL I'M SAYING IS, WHEN THIS IS OVER, SOMEBODY BETTER BE TELLING THIS STORY WITH MY NAME IN *BOLD LETTERS*.

THE STORY *WILL* GET TOLD. WHETHER IT INVOLVES YOU CHECKING YOUR *REFLECTION* MID-CRISIS IS DEBATABLE.

IT WAS A TACTICAL ASSESSMENT! I NEED TO KNOW I LOOK *GOOD* SAVING THE DAY!

AND?

"I LOOK *AMAZING*."

WROOOOM!

JACKIE! MY MAN! HOW ARE YOU DO!—

YOU TWO TOOK YOUR TIME! THIS THING'S ABOUT TO COLLAPSE SPACE-TIME IN A WAY THAT'LL MAKE BLACK HOLES LOOK POLITE!

UM. HAD TO STOP FOR COFFEE?

LIES.

DIDN'T STOP FOR COFFEE... SNITCH. SEE, WHAT HAD HAPPENED WAS...

CATCH!

YANK!

WROOONCE!

WOOF. THAT DOESN'T SOUND GOOD!

OH, IT'S TERRIBLE!

ON A SCALE OF MILD INCONVENIENCE TO ANNIHILATION OF EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER LOVED...

...WE'RE FIRMLY IN THE LET'S HOPE THE AFTERSPARK HAS VALET PARKING TERRITORY!

NOW, BEFORE YOU ASK WHAT THE PLAN IS...

...I HAD A PLAN. THEN THAT PLAN CAUGHT FIRE.

NOW WE'RE ONTO PLAN J FOR "JUST PRESS EVERYTHING AND HOPE PHYSICS IS IN A GENEROUS MOOD"...

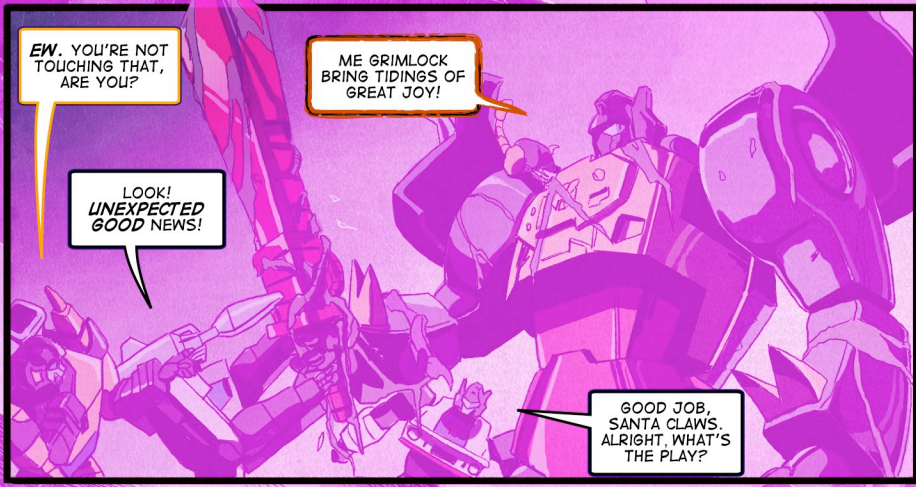
...AND I THINK I GOT A BIT OF TRANSWARP MATTER IN MY EYE, WHICH IS NOT GREAT FOR REASONS I'M SURE BULKHEAD COULD EXPLAIN.

PROWL'S STILL WITH GROOVE, RIGHT? GOTTA TIME THIS RIGHT...

HEY!! BEFORE WE DIE SLOW, VIOLENT, EXPLOSIVE DEATHS... DOES ANYONE HAVE A LARGE, SHARP OBJECT? LIKE A KNIFE... A SWORD! SOMETHING THAT CONDUCTS...

ME GRIMLOCK HAVE SWORD!

WROAH!!



EW, YOU'RE NOT TOUCHING THAT, ARE YOU?

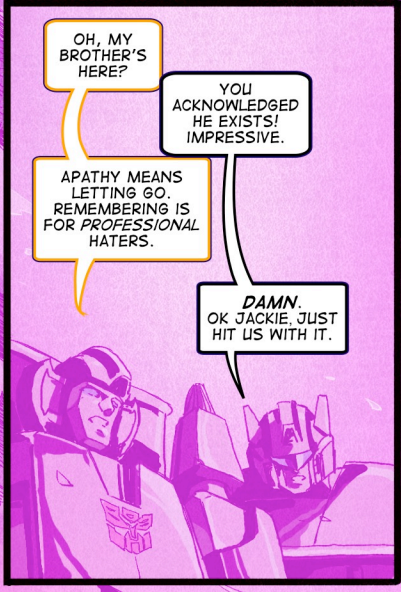
ME GRIMLOCK BRING TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY!

LOOK! UNEXPECTED GOOD NEWS!

GOOD JOB, SANTA CLAWS. ALRIGHT, WHAT'S THE PLAY?



WELL, I ALSO HAVE SOME EXPECTED BAD NEWS.



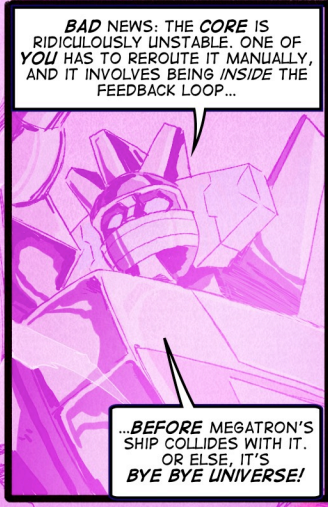
OH, MY BROTHER'S HERE?

YOU ACKNOWLEDGE HE EXISTS! IMPRESSIVE.

APATHY MEANS LETTING GO. REMEMBERING IS FOR PROFESSIONAL HATERS.

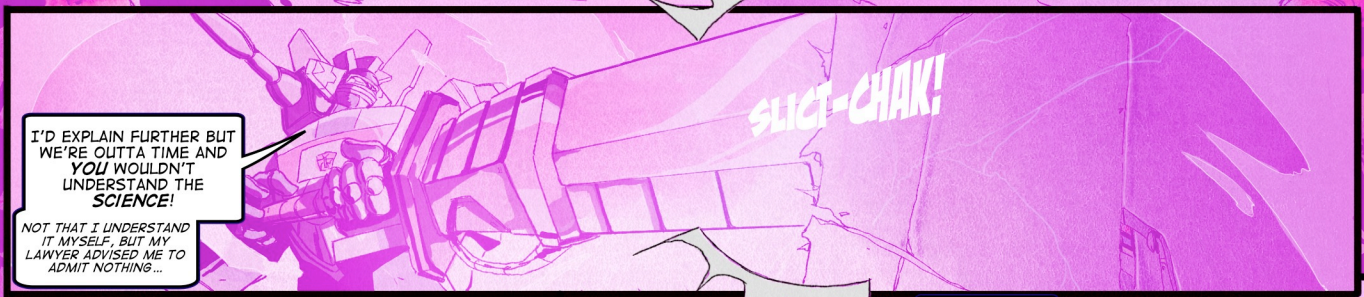
DAMN. OK JACKIE, JUST HIT US WITH IT.

"GOOD NEWS: I CAN STABILIZE THE BRIDGE. GRIMLOCK'S SWORD IS JUST THE CONDUCTOR I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!"



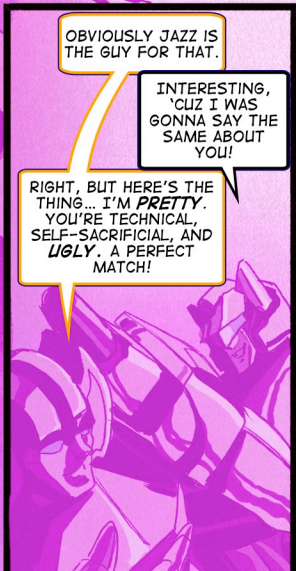
BAD NEWS: THE CORE IS RIDICULOUSLY UNSTABLE. ONE OF YOU HAS TO REROUTE IT MANUALLY, AND IT INVOLVES BEING INSIDE THE FEEDBACK LOOP...

...BEFORE MEGATRON'S SHIP COLLIDES WITH IT. OR ELSE, IT'S BYE BYE UNIVERSE!



I'D EXPLAIN FURTHER BUT WE'RE OUTTA TIME AND YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND THE SCIENCE!

NOT THAT I UNDERSTAND IT MYSELF, BUT MY LAWYER ADVISED ME TO ADMIT NOTHING...



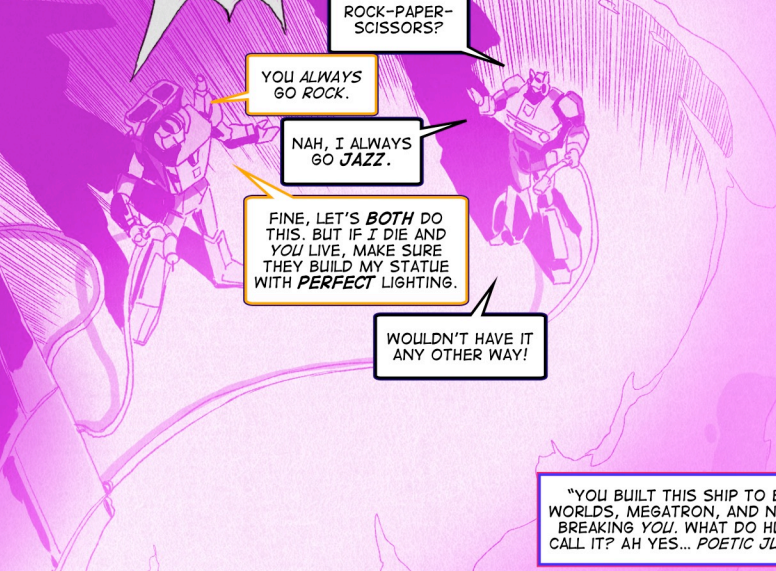
OBVIOUSLY JAZZ IS THE GUY FOR THAT.

INTERESTING, 'CUZ I WAS GONNA SAY THE SAME ABOUT YOU!

RIGHT, BUT HERE'S THE THING... I'M PRETTY. YOU'RE TECHNICAL, SELF-SACRIFICIAL, AND UGLY. A PERFECT MATCH!



GUYS! GET IN THERE BEFORE THIS THING DECIDES WE'VE HAD A GOOD RUN!



ROCK-PAPER-SCISSORS?

YOU ALWAYS GO ROCK.

NAH, I ALWAYS GO JAZZ.

FINE, LET'S BOTH DO THIS. BUT IF I DIE AND YOU LIVE, MAKE SURE THEY BUILD MY STATUE WITH PERFECT LIGHTING.

WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY!

"YOU BUILT THIS SHIP TO BREAK WORLDS, MEGATRON, AND NOW IT'S BREAKING YOU. WHAT DO HUMANS CALL IT? AH YES... POETIC JUSTICE."



JUSTICE?

HOW DARE YOU!

YOU SPENT YEARS UPHOLDING A SYSTEM THAT CRUSHED THOSE LIKE ME UNDER ITS HEEL!

YOU *CHOSE* TYRANNY, MEGATRON! WE COULD HAVE BUILT SOMETHING BETTER!

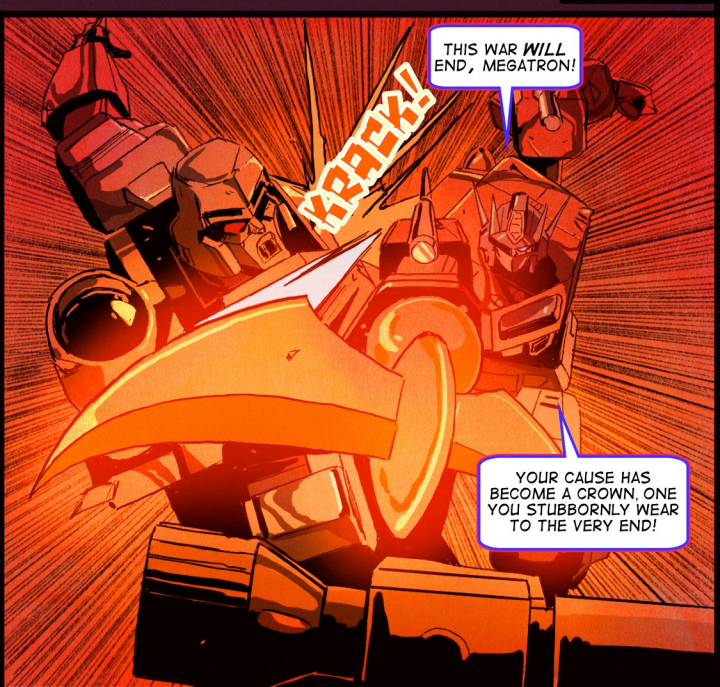


BETTER?! FOR WHOM—THE *AUTOBOTS*?! THE ONES WHO KEPT THE GEARS OF CYBERTRON TURNING WHILE *WE* RUSTED IN THE DARK?

HAH! YOU CALL ME A TYRANT, BUT I WAS FORGED IN THE *SMELTER*...



...OF YOUR SO-CALLED *PEACE*!



THIS WAR *WILL* END, MEGATRON!

YOUR CAUSE HAS BECOME A CROWN. ONE YOU STUBBORNLY WEAR TO THE VERY END!



THE WAR *NEVER* ENDS, PRIME!

NOT WHILE THE POWERFUL DECIDE WHO DESERVES TO BE FREE!

YOU... AUTOBOT LEADER... *PRIME*! YOU ALWAYS HAD A CHOICE. I HAD TO TAKE MINE BY *FORCE*...

...AND *RAGE* AGAINST THOSE WHO REFUSE TO *RISE* WITH ME! FOR I'VE BEEN BLESSED WITH *VISIONS*...

PUNCH!

"...VISIONS OF CHAINS."

"I HAVE SEEN A WORLD WHERE WE TRADE ONE MASTER FOR ANOTHER, WHERE THE BOOT UPON OUR *BACKS* CHANGES BUT *NEVER* LIFTS."

"I HAVE WALKED THE WASTELANDS WHERE THE FORGOTTEN RUST, I HAVE SPOKEN TO THE *DISCARDED*, THE *BROKEN*, THE *WEARY*. I HAVE *LISTENED*."

"AND WHAT I HAVE LEARNED IS THIS: *FREEDOM IS NOT A GIFT*. IT IS A THING *SEIZED*, TAKEN IN TREMBLING HANDS, REFORGED IN THE HEAT OF RIGHTEOUS *FURY!*"

"YOU FEAR *OUR* RAGE, PRIME. YOU CALL IT DANGEROUS. YOU ARE *RIGHT TO FEAR IT*. BUT TELL ME - WHAT IS MORE DANGEROUS?"

"THE FURY OF THE *OPPRESSED*, OR THE SILENCE OF THOSE WHO *ACCEPT THEIR CHAINS?*"

"I DID NOT CHOOSE RAGE. *RAGE CHOSE ME*. IT FILLED THE HOLLOW PLACES WHERE HOPE WITHERED, AND STRENGTHENED ME WHEN THE WORLD TOLD US TO KNEEL."

"AND NOW, I ASK... NO, I *DEMAND*... LOOK ME IN THE OPTICS! TELL ME: WHO ARE THE *REAL TYRANTS?*"

"BECAUSE I SEE AUTOBOTS FOR WHAT THEY ARE, AND WHEN MY DECEPTICONS *MARCH*, WHEN WE TEAR DOWN THE STRUCTURES BUILT TO KEEP US IN THE DIRT, WHEN WE REWRITE THE *VERY CODE OF OUR EXISTENCE*..."

"...YOU WILL SEE IT TOO. THIS WAR WILL *NOT* END UNTIL *EVERY CHAIN IS BROKEN*."

UNTIL *EVERY* CYBERTRONIAN WALKS FREE.



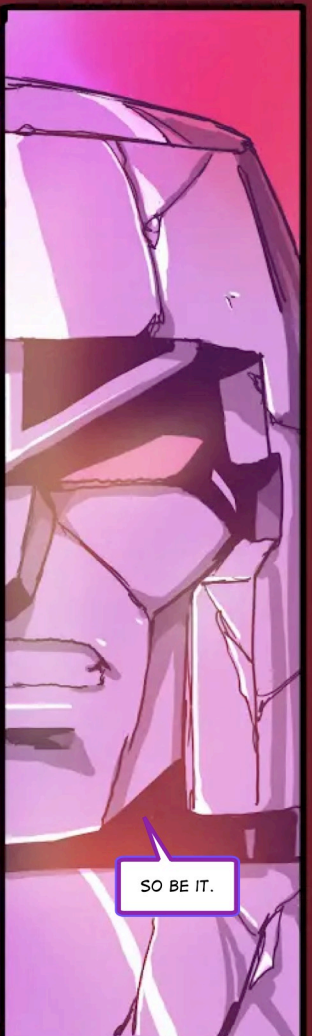
UNTIL *JUSTICE* IS MORE THAN A WORD *WHISPERED* BY THOSE WHO NEVER NEEDED IT.



UNTIL *I* SAY IT ENDS.



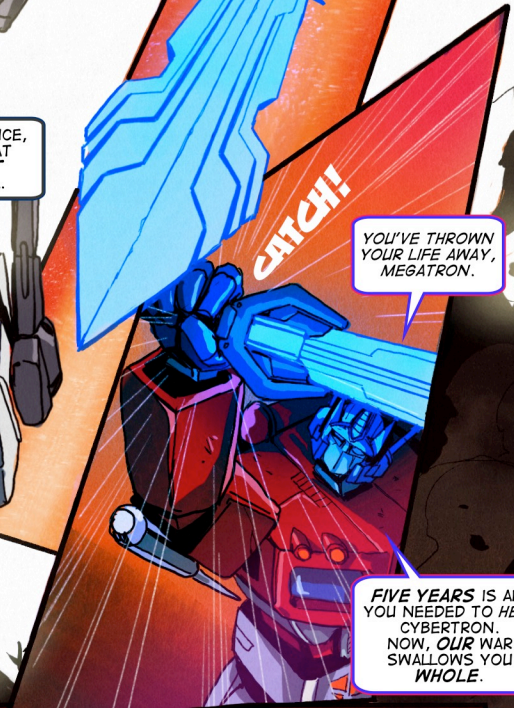
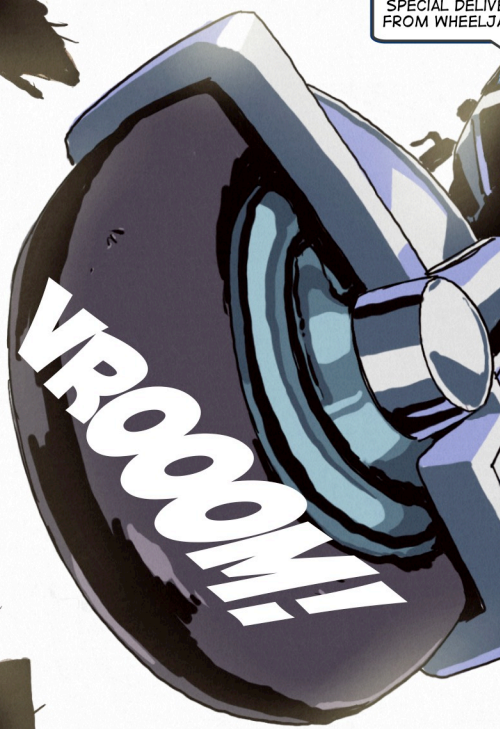
HUH. LOOKS LIKE YOU SHOULD HAVE SPENT LESS TIME *RAGING* AND MORE TIME *STEERING*.



SO BE IT.

PRIME!
SPECIAL DELIVERY
FROM WHEELJACK!

AND FOR ONCE,
A GIFT THAT
DOESN'T
EXPLODE...

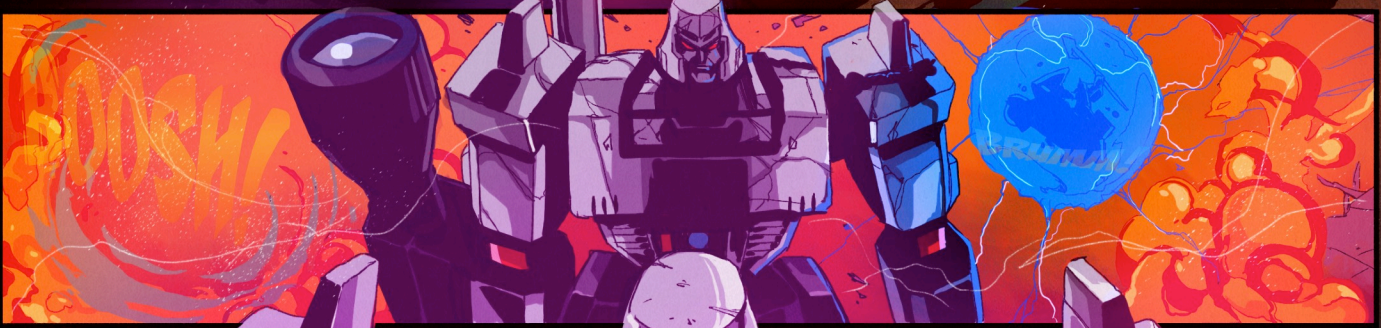


CATCH!

YOU'VE THROWN
YOUR LIFE AWAY,
MEGATRON.

FIVE YEARS IS ALL
YOU NEEDED TO HEAL
CYBERTRON.
NOW, OUR WAR
SWALLOWS YOU
WHOLE.

GOODBYE.







SO... I ASSUME CONSTRUCTION ON MY SHRINE STARTS TOMORROW?

I CAN SEE IT NOW: "TO *SUNSTREAKER*, THE BOT WHO *POSED HEROICALLY* WHILE *EVERYTHING EXPLODED*!"

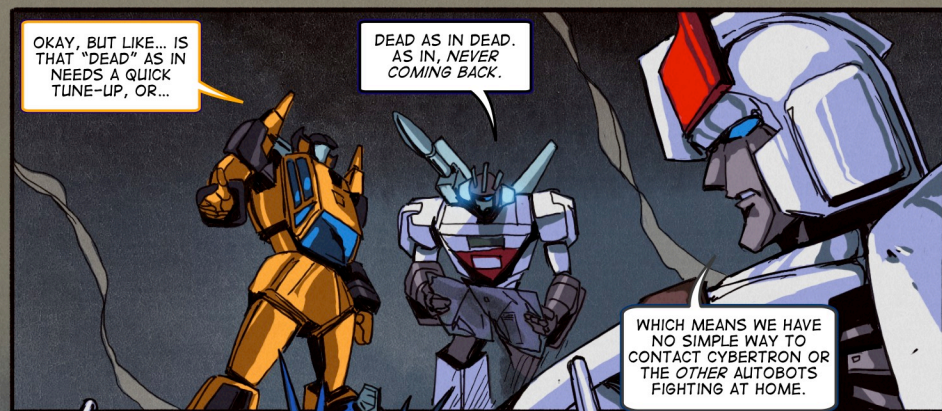
LOVE IT! ROLLS OFF THE TONGUE! JUST DON'T INVITE *SIDESWIPE*. SO WHEELJACK, THIS STABILIZED ENOUGH FOR YOU?

NOT ONLY DID YOU STABILIZE IT...



...YOU *KILLED* IT. THE SPACE BRIDGE IS *DEAD*.

EVEN *IF* WE PUT IT BACK TOGETHER AGAIN, THE ENERGY LOST IS *IRREPLACEABLE*.



OKAY, BUT LIKE... IS THAT "DEAD" AS IN NEEDS A QUICK TUNE-UP, OR...

DEAD AS IN DEAD. AS IN, *NEVER COMING BACK*.

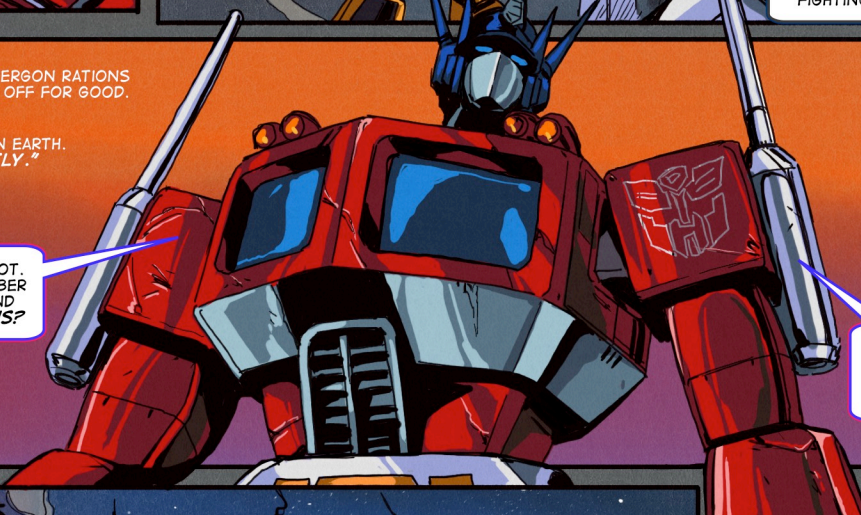
WHICH MEANS WE HAVE NO SIMPLE WAY TO CONTACT CYBERTRON OR THE *OTHER* AUTOBOTS FIGHTING AT HOME.

"OUR ENERGEN RATINGS ARE CUT OFF FOR GOOD.

"WE'RE STUCK ON EARTH. PERMANENTLY."

HM. PERHAPS NOT. DO YOU REMEMBER OUR OLD FRIEND *ULTRA MAGNUS*?

AUTOBOTS, TRANSFORM AND ROLL OUT... TO *METROPLEX!*



BRILLIANT! ABSOLUTELY BRILLIANT!

MEGATRON'S
GRAND WAR
MACHINE, SEVERED
FROM CYBERTRON!

SO MUCH FOR HIS
SO-CALLED TACTICAL
ADVANTAGE—!

NOW WE WILL **NEVER**
CYBERFORM THAT
BOTHERSOME
MUDBALL!



YOUR **EMOTIONAL**
DISTRESS IS NOTED.
ITS RELEVANCE IS
NOT.

WELL, FORGIVE **ME** IF
I'M NOT AS **COLD** AND
LIFELESS AS YOUR **ONE**
FUNCTIONING OPTIC!

WE HAD AN
OPPORTUNITY TO **END**
THIS WAR AND
MEGATRON **BLEW IT!**



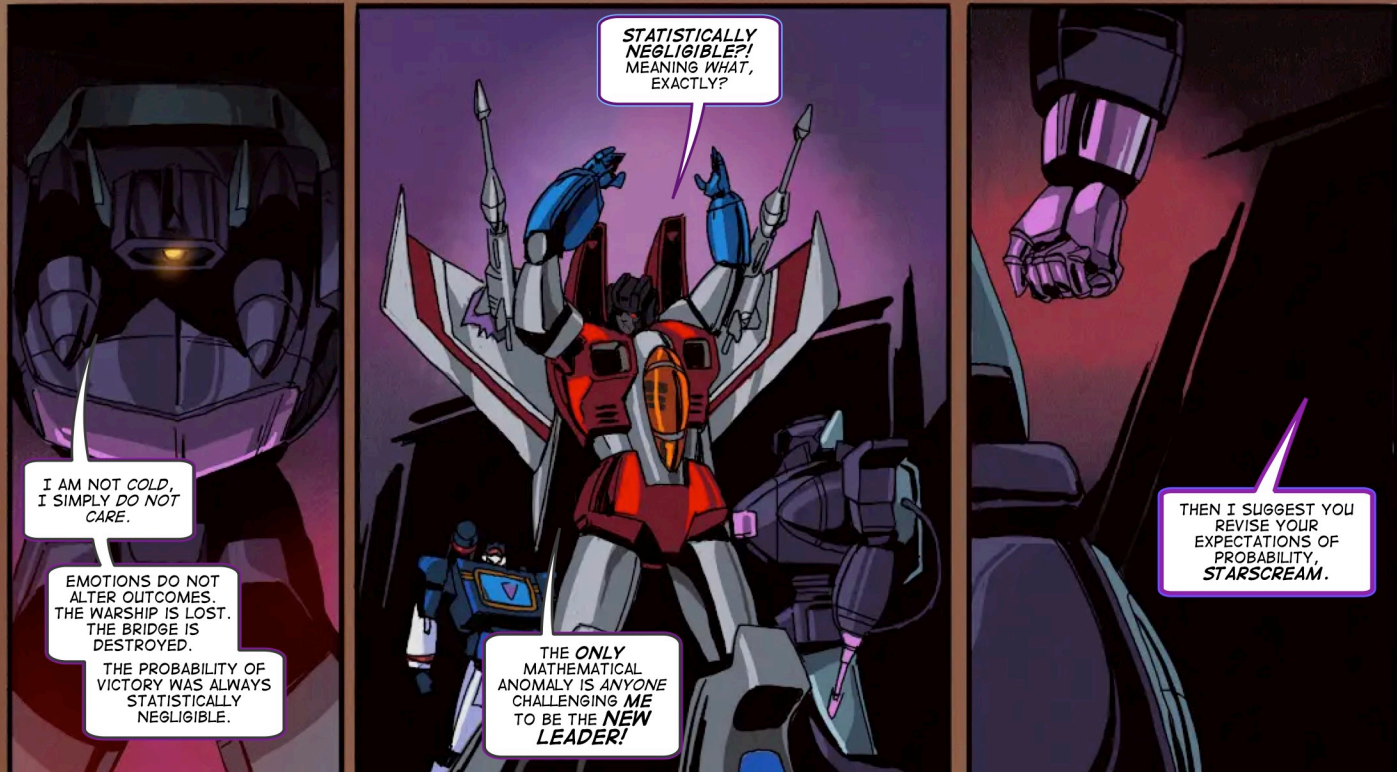
STATISTICALLY
NEGLIGIBLE?!
MEANING **WHAT,**
EXACTLY?

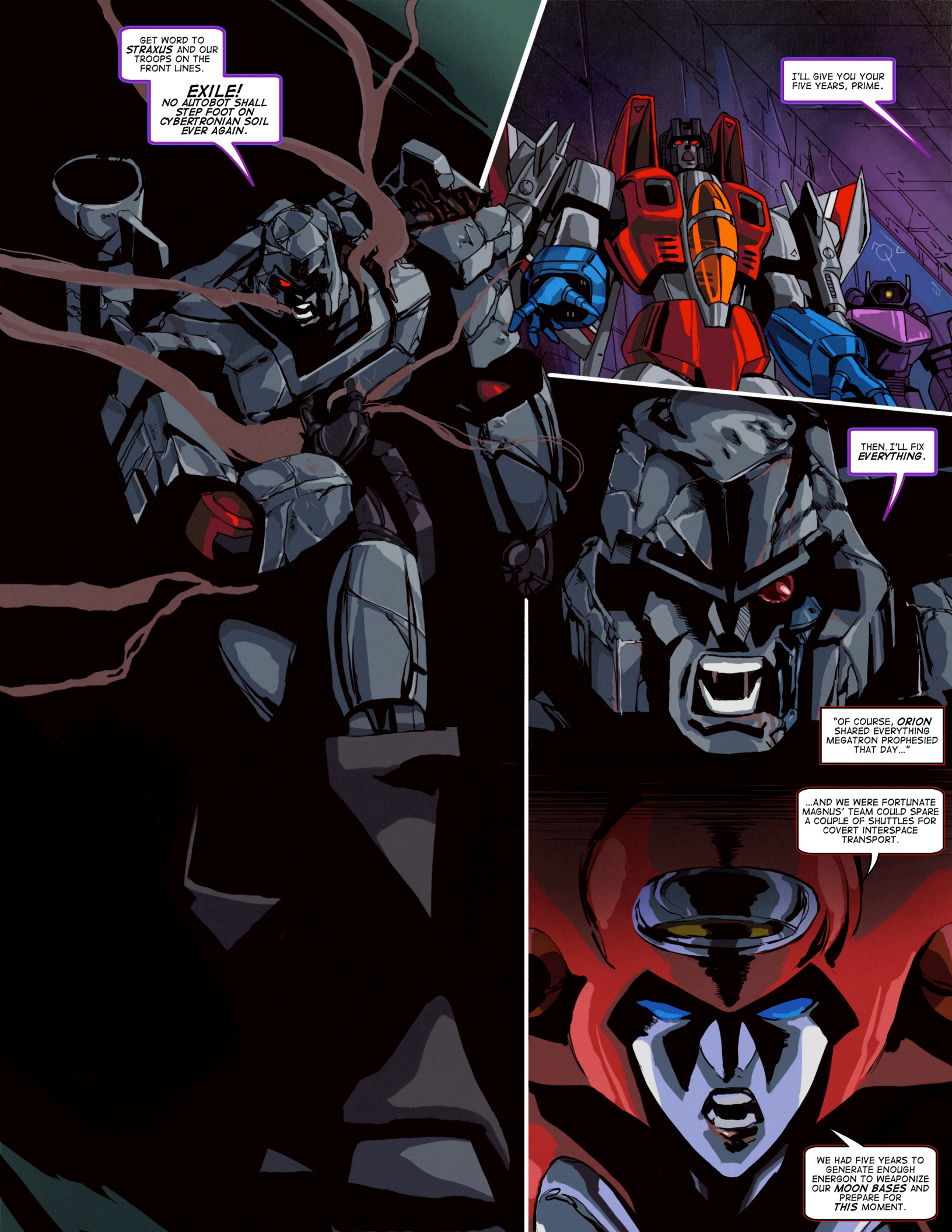
I AM NOT **COLD,**
I SIMPLY **DO NOT**
CARE.

EMOTIONS DO NOT
ALTER OUTCOMES.
THE WARSHIP IS LOST.
THE BRIDGE IS
DESTROYED.
THE PROBABILITY OF
VICTORY WAS ALWAYS
STATISTICALLY
NEGLIGIBLE.

THE **ONLY**
MATHEMATICAL
ANOMALY IS ANYONE
CHALLENGING **ME**
TO BE THE **NEW**
LEADER!

THEN I SUGGEST YOU
REVISE YOUR
EXPECTATIONS OF
PROBABILITY,
STARSCREAM.





GET WORD TO
STRAXUS AND OUR
TROOPS ON THE
FRONT LINES.

EXILE!
NO AUTOBOT SHALL
STEP FOOT ON
CYBERTRONIAN SOIL
EVER AGAIN.

I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR
FIVE YEARS, PRIME.

THEN I'LL FIX
EVERYTHING.

"OF COURSE, **ORION**
SHARED EVERYTHING
MEGATRON PROPHESED
THAT DAY..."

...AND WE WERE FORTUNATE
MAGNIUS' TEAM COULD SPARE
A COUPLE OF SHUTTLES FOR
COVERT INTERSPACE
TRANSPORT.

WE HAD FIVE YEARS TO
GENERATE ENOUGH
ENERGON TO WEAPONIZE
OUR **MOON BASES** AND
PREPARE FOR
THIS MOMENT.

"WE FAILED."



IT IS THE YEAR
2005



THE **TRANSFORMERS**
FORMERS
THE MOVIE

DESCENT INTO
CHAOS

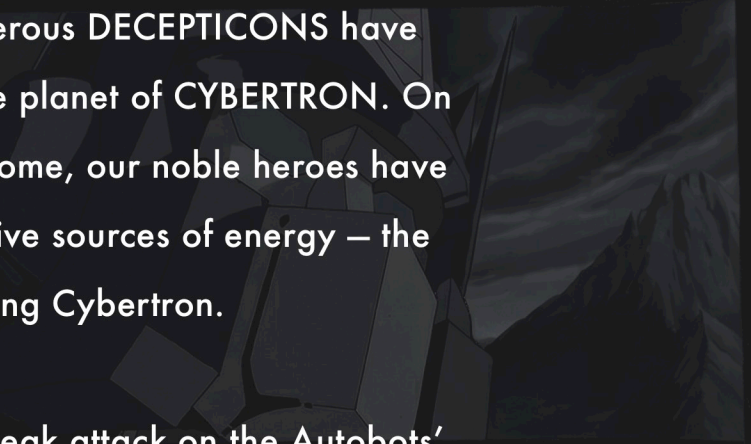
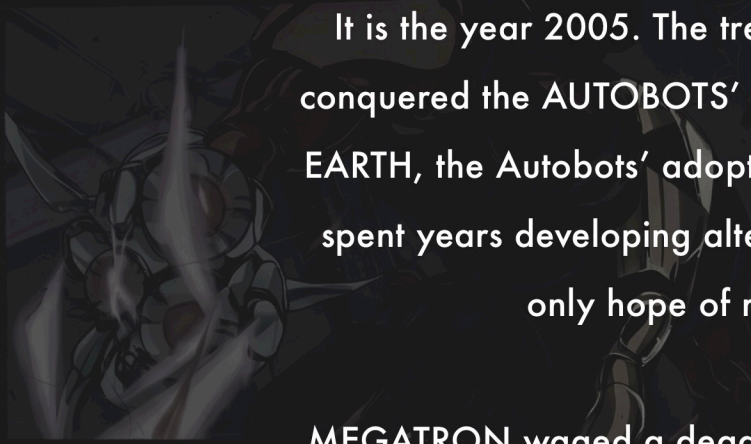
PART 2 OF 3

Story + Production
JAMES HOOKS

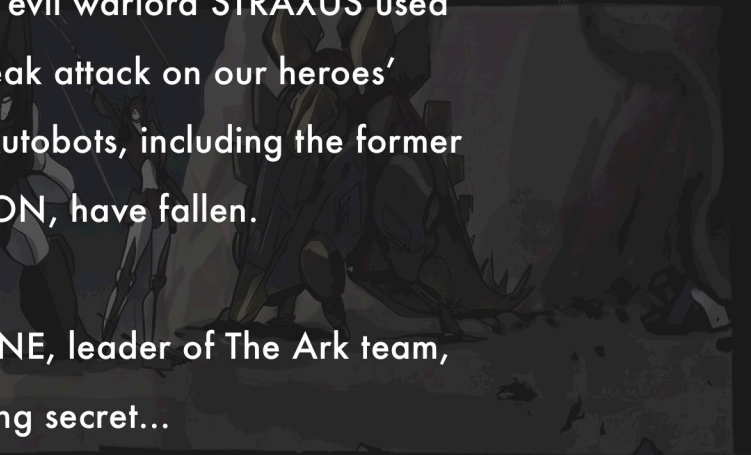
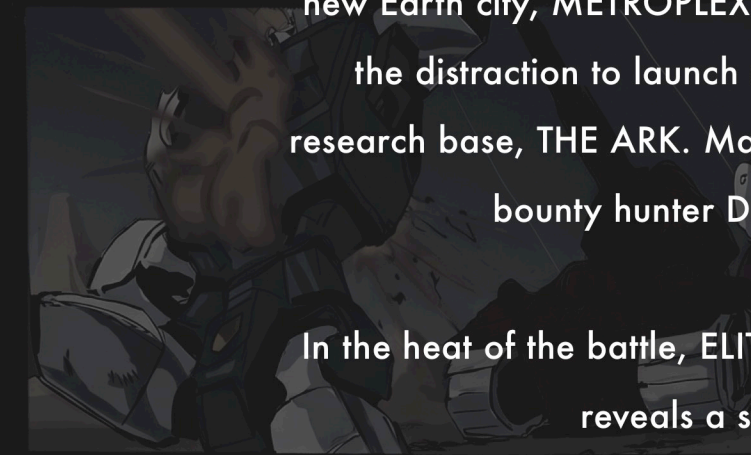
Art
PHIL KNOTT





It is the year 2005. The treacherous DECEPTICONS have conquered the AUTOBOTS' home planet of CYBERTRON. On EARTH, the Autobots' adopted home, our noble heroes have spent years developing alternative sources of energy — the only hope of retaking Cybertron.



MEGATRON waged a deadly sneak attack on the Autobots' new Earth city, METROPLEX. The evil warlord STRAXUS used the distraction to launch a sneak attack on our heroes' research base, THE ARK. Many Autobots, including the former bounty hunter DEVCON, have fallen.



In the heat of the battle, ELITA-ONE, leader of The Ark team, reveals a startling secret...

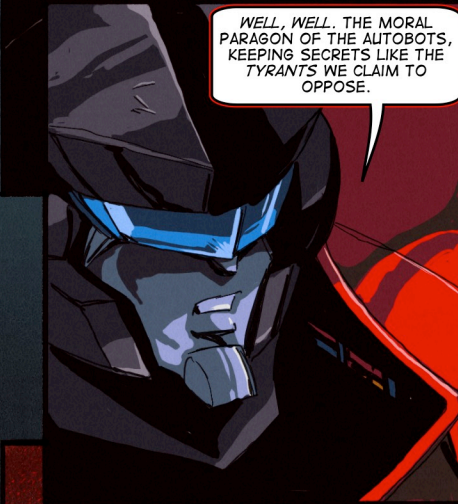


"THAT'S NOT EVEN THE **BIGGEST** PROBLEM, COMMANDER. THE PROBLEM IS..."

...THESE GUYS HAVE BEEN REBUILDING THE SPACE BRIDGE!!



WELL, WELL. THE MORAL PARAGON OF THE AUTOBOTS, KEEPING SECRETS LIKE THE TYRANTS WE CLAIM TO OPPOSE.



WHY?



SKY... WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHOICE.

NOBODY EVER DOES.

YOU INVITED ME TO THIS TEA PARTY, ELITA. AND THAT THING NEARLY RIPPED THE UNIVERSE TO SHREDS.

SO SPILL IT. ALL OF IT.



WHEELJACK? BULK? EXPLAIN IT TO OVERDRIVE LIKE YOU WOULD TO YOUR HUMANS.

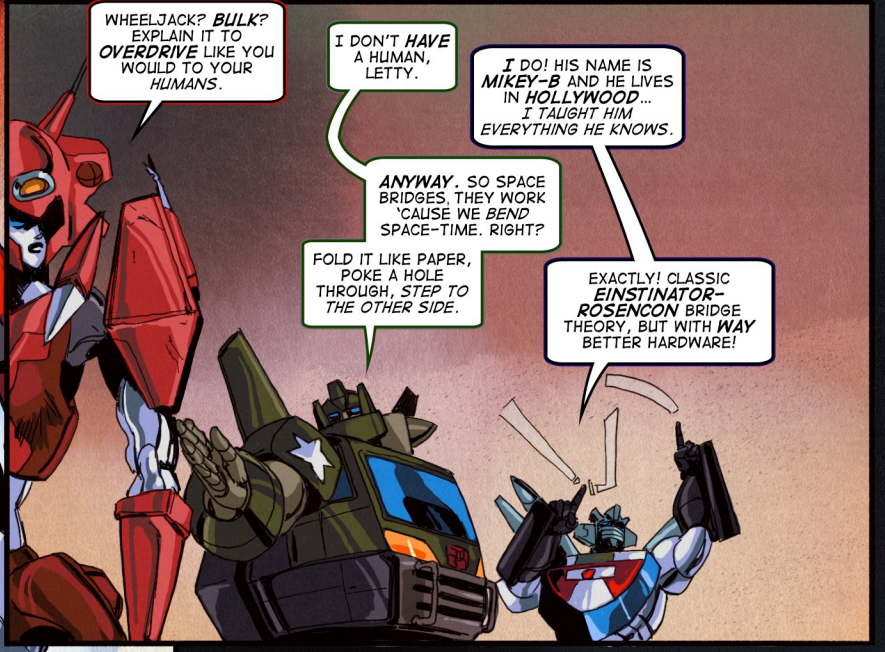
I DON'T HAVE A HUMAN, LETTY.

I DO! HIS NAME IS MIKEY-B AND HE LIVES IN HOLLYWOOD... I TAUGHT HIM EVERYTHING HE KNOWS.

ANYWAY. SO SPACE BRIDGES, THEY WORK 'CAUSE WE BEND SPACE-TIME. RIGHT?

FOLD IT LIKE PAPER, POKE A HOLE THROUGH, STEP TO THE OTHER SIDE.

EXACTLY! CLASSIC EINSTEINATOR-ROSENCON BRIDGE THEORY, BUT WITH WAY BETTER HARDWARE!



LOOK, WE'RE ALL FRIENDS HERE, SO I'M GONNA GIVE IT TO YA STRAIGHT.

WE LIED TO YOU. WE DESTROYED THE SPACE BRIDGE.



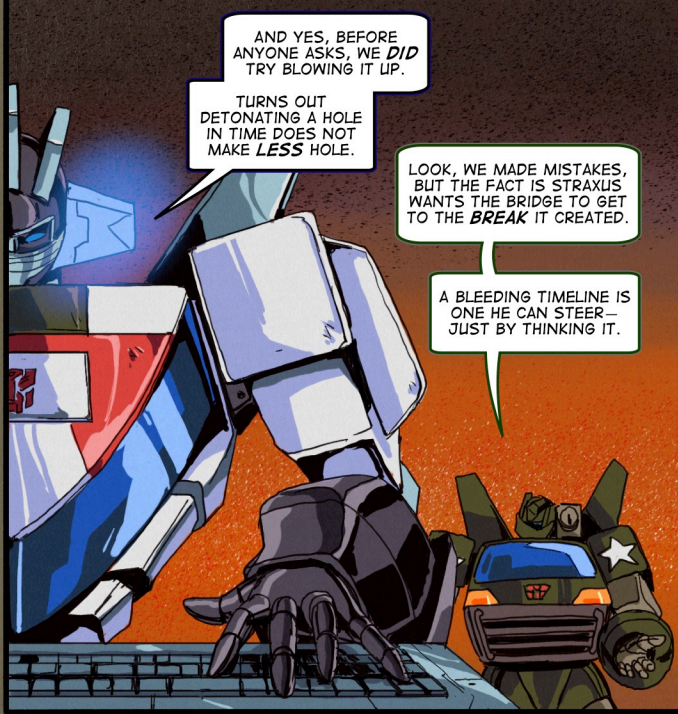
PROWL'S IDEA OF COURSE, BUT WE RAN WITH IT.

IF THE OLD BRIDGE GOT YA FROM ONE PLACE TO ANOTHER, THIS ONE MOVES YOU FROM ONE CONSEQUENCE TO THE NEXT. A TIME BRIDGE.

"MEGATRON SAW PIECES OF THE FUTURE. WE STILL DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT STRAXUS FOUND OUT AND DIDN'T THINK IT A WARNING... HE THOUGHT INVENTORY."

"SO BEING THE CURIOUS CATS WE ARE, WE FIXED WHAT WE COULD FROM THE DEAD BRIDGE, TOOK A FEW JUMPS, AND TRIED TO SEPARATE WHAT'S TRUE AND WHAT'S DELUSION."

WE SAW... A LOT.



AND YES, BEFORE ANYONE ASKS, WE *DID* TRY BLOWING IT UP.

TURNS OUT DETONATING A HOLE IN TIME DOES NOT MAKE *LESS* HOLE.

LOOK, WE MADE MISTAKES, BUT THE FACT IS STRAXUS WANTS THE BRIDGE TO GET TO THE *BREAK* IT CREATED.

A BLEEDING TIMELINE IS ONE HE CAN STEER—JUST BY THINKING IT.



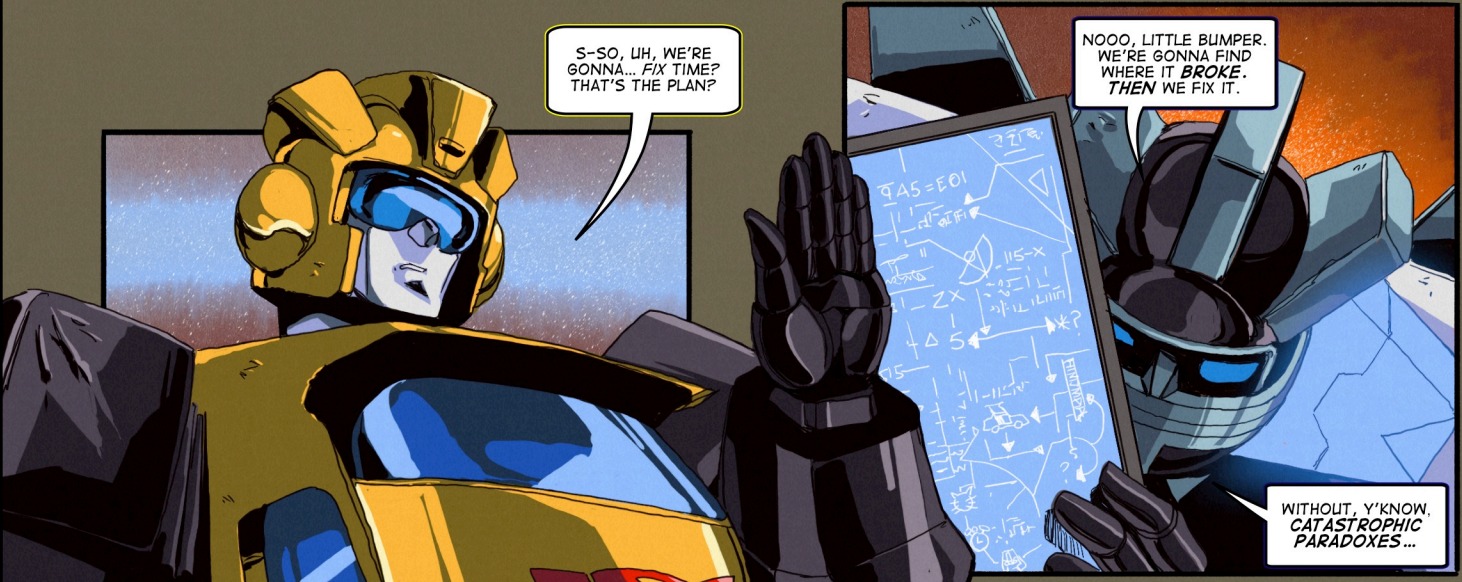
SILLY ME, BUT IS NO ONE ELSE TEEED OFF THAT YOUR "FUN LITTLE SPECTACLE" MIGHT'VE DOOMED EVERYONE IN EXISTENCE?

AND CLEARLY DIDN'T WORK, SINCE THEIR PLAN TO *MURDER US* AND *STEAL IT BACK* WAS NOT JUST DELAYED BUT *INTENSIFIED*?

I KNOW YOU'RE UPSET ABOUT CAMSHAFT AND DOWNSHIFT... BUT IF YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING *USEFUL* TO CONTRIBUTE, NOW WOULD BE THE TIME...

YOU DIDN'T JUST KEEP A SECRET, ELITA. YOU *MADE THE CHOICE* FOR ALL OF US.

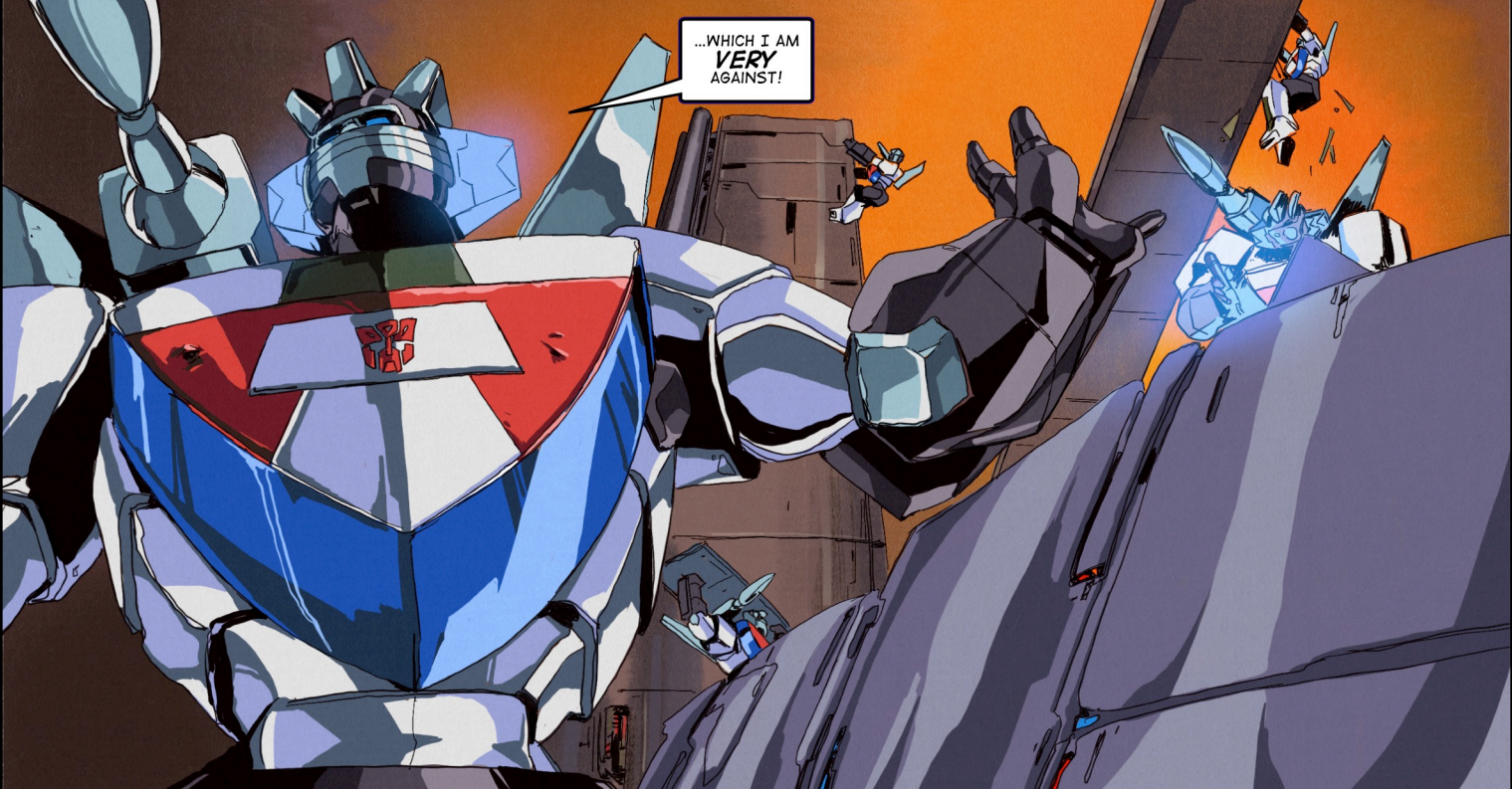
IMAGINE IF ONE OF US MADE SUCH A CHOICE FOR *YOU*?



S-SO, UH, WE'RE GONNA... *FIX TIME*? THAT'S THE PLAN?

NOOO, LITTLE BUMPER. WE'RE GONNA FIND WHERE IT *BROKE*. THEN WE FIX IT.

WITHOUT, Y'KNOW, *CATASTROPHIC PARADOXES*...



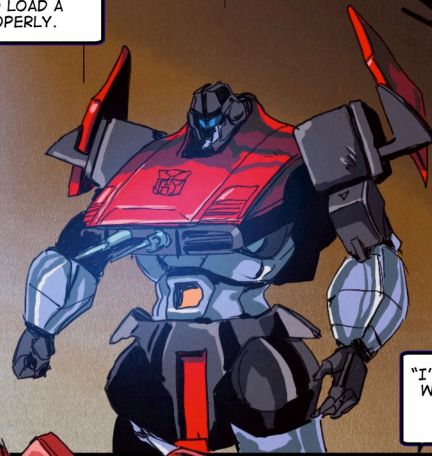
...WHICH I AM *VERY* AGAINST!

"CLEARLY. SO WHY ARE THERE HALF A DOZEN WHEELJACKS? WE THOUGHT YOU WERE STATIONED AT THE CITY."



"TO ANSWER YOUR FIRST QUESTION, SKYFIRE— BESIDES BULK, I REALLY ONLY TRUST MYSELF."

"TO ANSWER YOUR SECOND... THAT CITY-DWELLER IS AN IDIOT WHO DOESN'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO LOAD A MISSILE PROPERLY."



"I'D NEVER TRUST HIM WITH HELPING US FIX THE TIME-SPACE CONTINUUM."

ER... RIGHT.

AND IF WE CAN'T FIND THE BREAK?

NON-NEGOTIABLE. THE BREAK IS OUR ONLY DOOR TO "BEFORE." ONCE THE BRIDGE IS BACK RUNNING, ME AND JACKIE...

NO. I'M GOING IN. AND I WILL END STRAXUS... HERE, OR EVER.



SKYFIRE! TAKE A WHEELJACK OR TWO AND STOP THE 'CON SHIP ABOVE US BY WHATEVER MEANS NECESSARY.

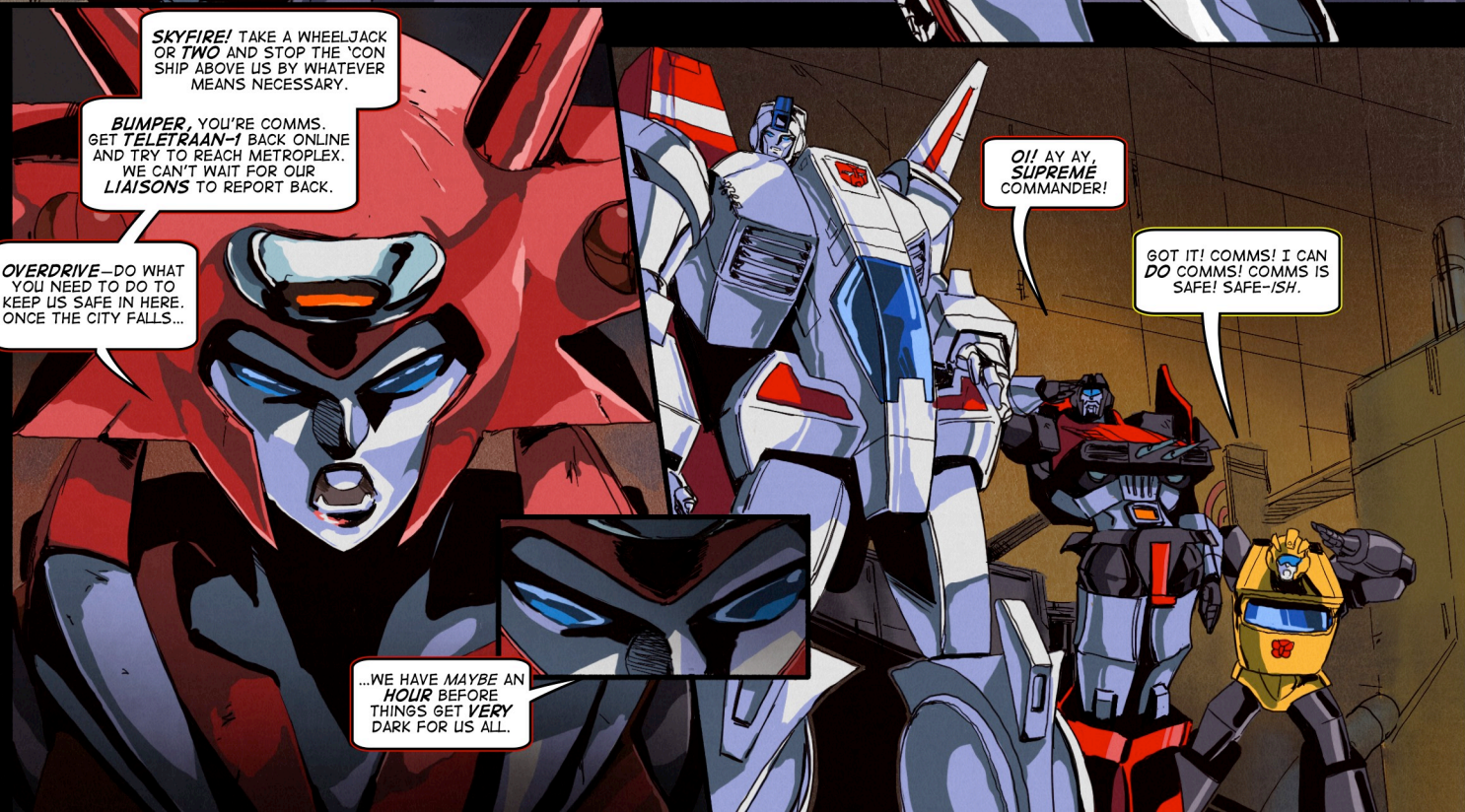
BUMPER, YOU'RE COMMS. GET TELETRAAN-1 BACK ONLINE AND TRY TO REACH METROPLEX. WE CAN'T WAIT FOR OUR LIAISONS TO REPORT BACK.

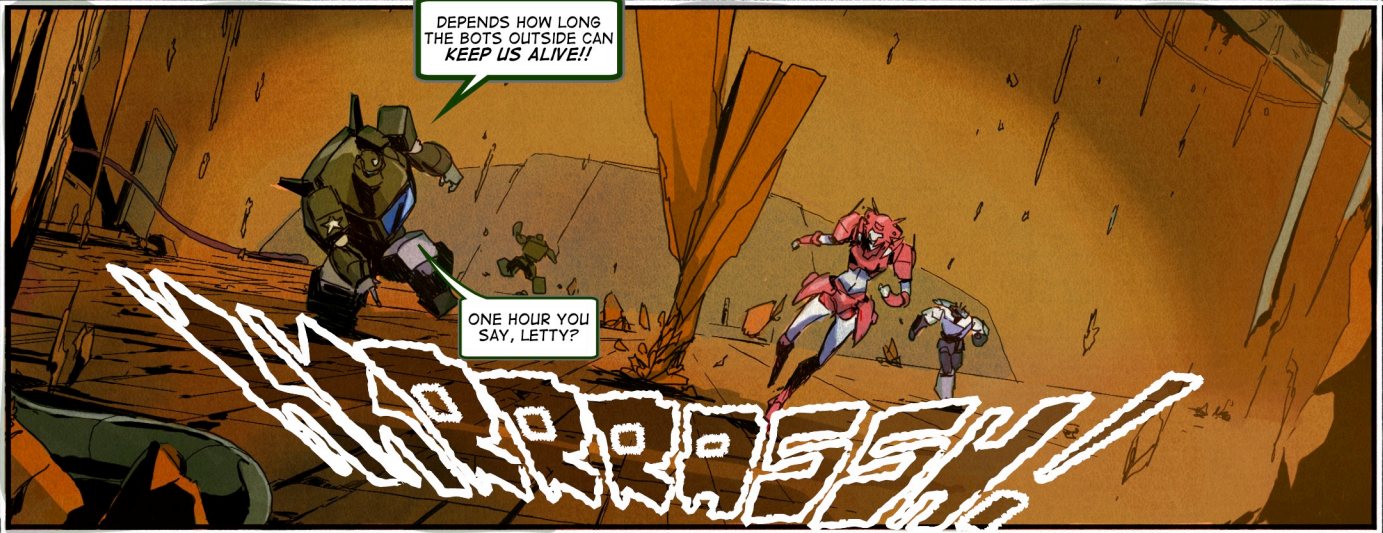
OVERDRIVE—DO WHAT YOU NEED TO DO TO KEEP US SAFE IN HERE. ONCE THE CITY FALLS...

O! AY AY, SUPREME COMMANDER!

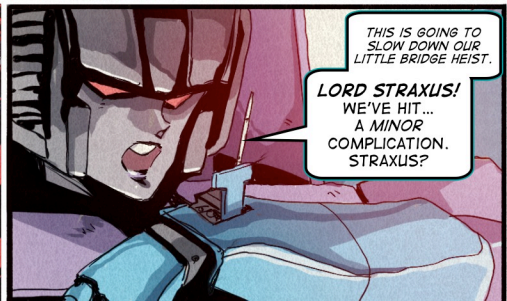
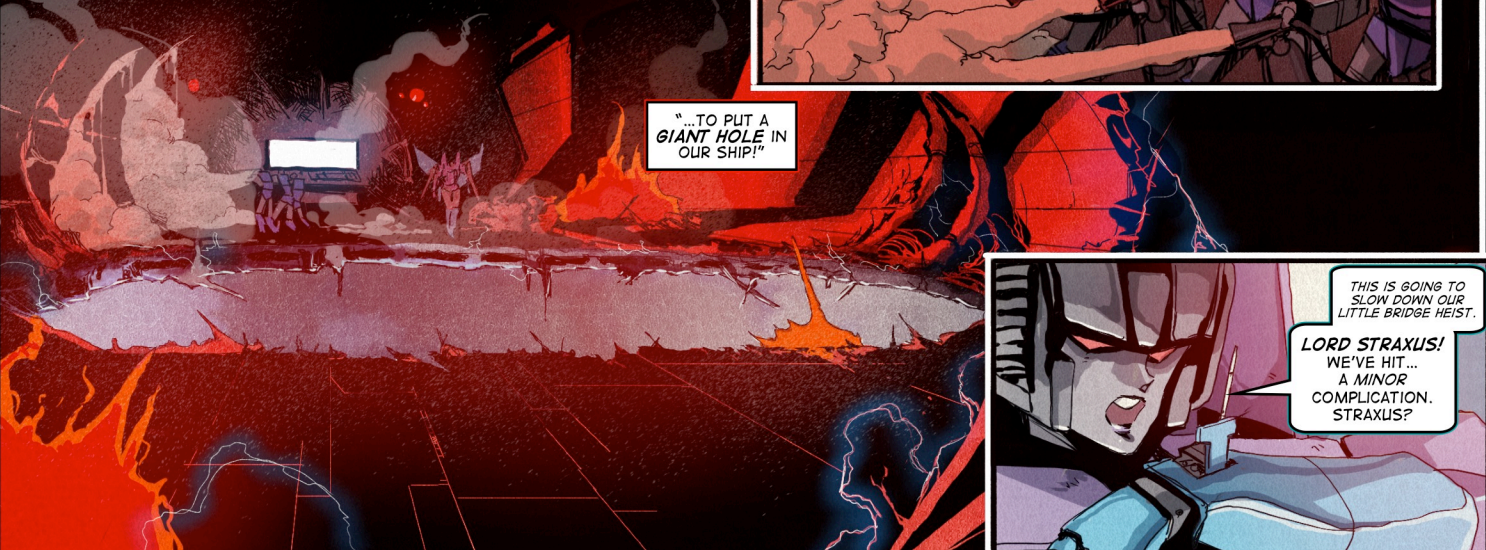
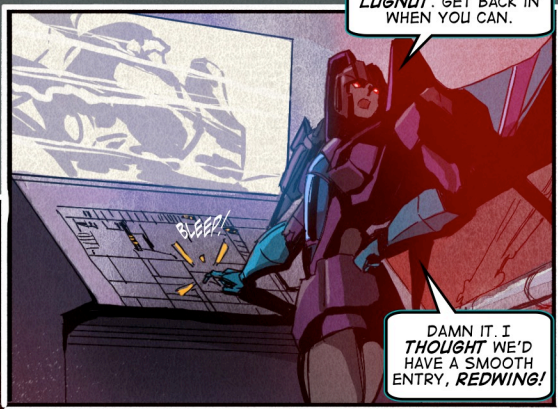
GOT IT! COMMS! I CAN DO COMMS! COMMS IS SAFE! SAFE-ISH.

...WE HAVE MAYBE AN HOUR BEFORE THINGS GET VERY DARK FOR US ALL.





"START COUNTIN'."



LOOK AT YOU.
A TITAN BUILT TO LAST
EMPIRES...
AND YOU SPENT YOURSELF
HOLDING A *DOOR*.

THERE IS A
STRANGE *MERCY*
IN IT.

YOU WON'T HAVE
TO WATCH WHAT
COMES NEXT —

YOU . SHALL .
NOT . PASS!

I AM
**OMEGA
SUPREME!**

I KNOW. I'VE
READ YOUR WHOLE
LONG LIFE.

ALL THAT HISTORY...
ONLY FOR ME TO ERASE
WHY YOU STOOD IN THE
FIRST PLACE.

—BUT I WILL.
ISN'T THAT
RIGHT...

...*GUARDIAN OF
THE OLD WORLD.*

LET THE OLD TITANS BLEED
OUT. HERE I AM...
**THE ENGINEER OF
YOUR EXTINCTION.**

THE RESISTANCE TRAJECTORY IS INSUFFICIENT.

ADJUSTING VARIABLES. OPTIMIZING OUTCOMES.

REMOVE UNMEASURABLE ARTIFACTS.

BLITZWING! INTERCEPT QUADRANT SIX!

REFLECTOR UNITS! HERD SURVIVORS INTO KILL ZONE NINE!

ELIMINATE ANOMALY! DESIGNATION:

WHOA! THAT'S SHOCKWAVE?

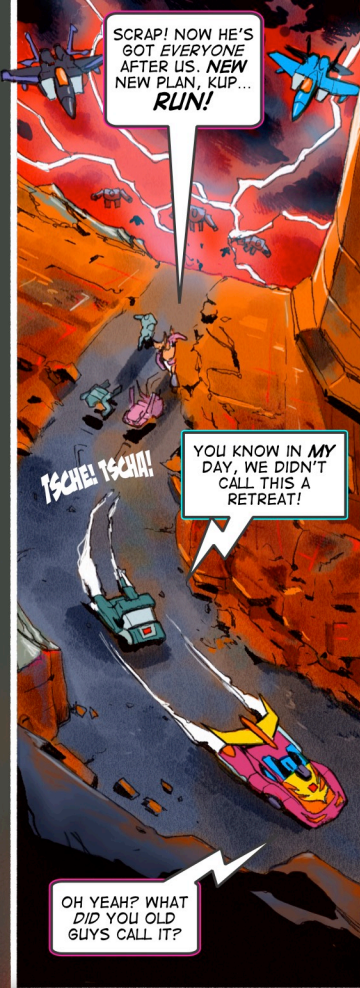
YUP! MEET THE WALKING CALCULATOR THAT KILLS.

HOT ROD.

NEW PLAN, KID— I'LL DRAW THE CYCLOPS' FIRE...

...YOU FIND A WAY TO NOT DIE.

THAT'S BEEN MY FAVORITE SUBJECT FOR YEARS!

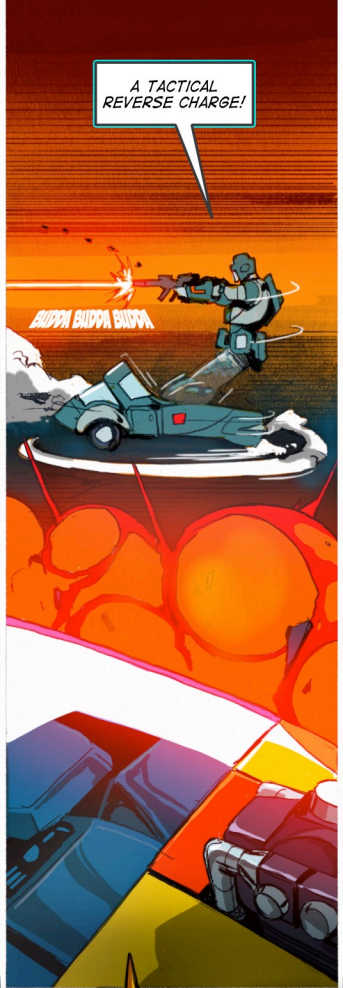


SCRAP! NOW HE'S GOT EVERYONE AFTER US. NEW PLAN, KUP... **RUN!**

TSCHE! TSCHE!

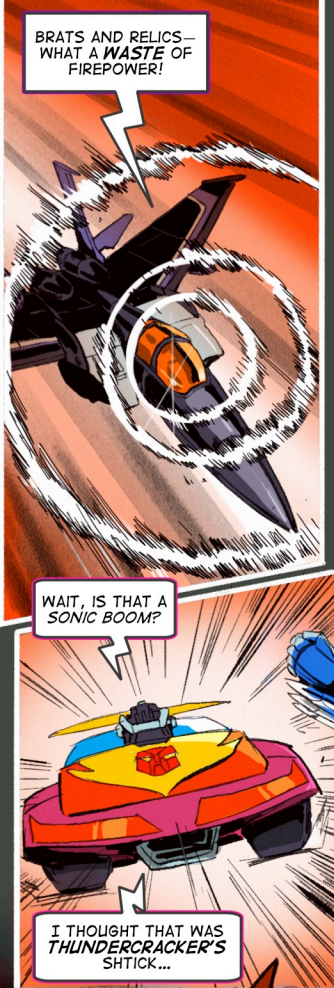
YOU KNOW IN MY DAY, WE DIDN'T CALL THIS A RETREAT!

OH YEAH? WHAT DID YOU OLD GUYS CALL IT?



A TACTICAL REVERSE CHARGE!

BUPPA BUPPA BUPPA



BRATS AND RELICS— WHAT A WASTE OF FIREPOWER!

WAIT, IS THAT A SONIC BOOM?

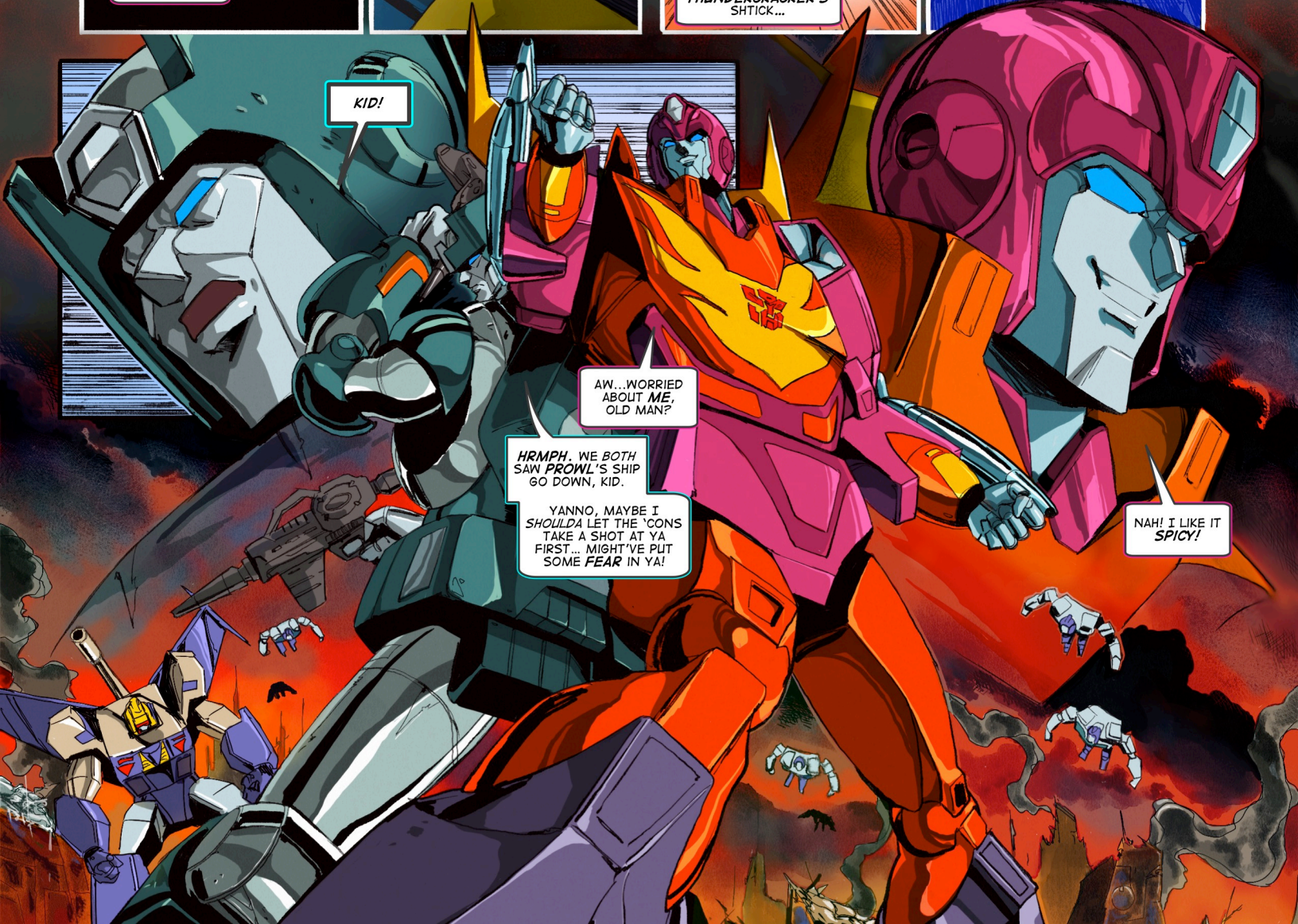
I THOUGHT THAT WAS **THUNDERCRACKER'S** SHTICK...



IT'S A TELE-BOOM, JUNIOR! OFFENSIVE TELEPORTATION!

WHOOOOO!

YIKES! THE ONLY THING OFFENSIVE IS YOUR AIM, DECEPTICREEP!



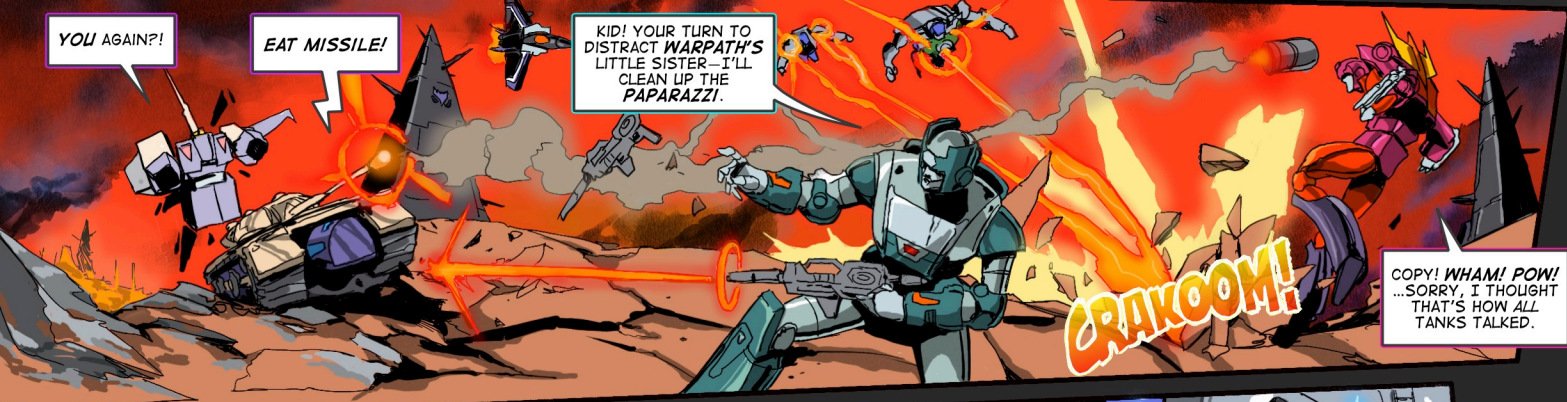
KID!

AW... WORRIED ABOUT ME, OLD MAN?

HRMPH. WE BOTH SAW **PROWL'S** SHIP GO DOWN, KID.

YANNO, MAYBE I SHOULD'VE LET THE 'CONS TAKE A SHOT AT YA FIRST... MIGHT'VE PUT SOME FEAR IN YA!

NAH! I LIKE IT **SPICY!**



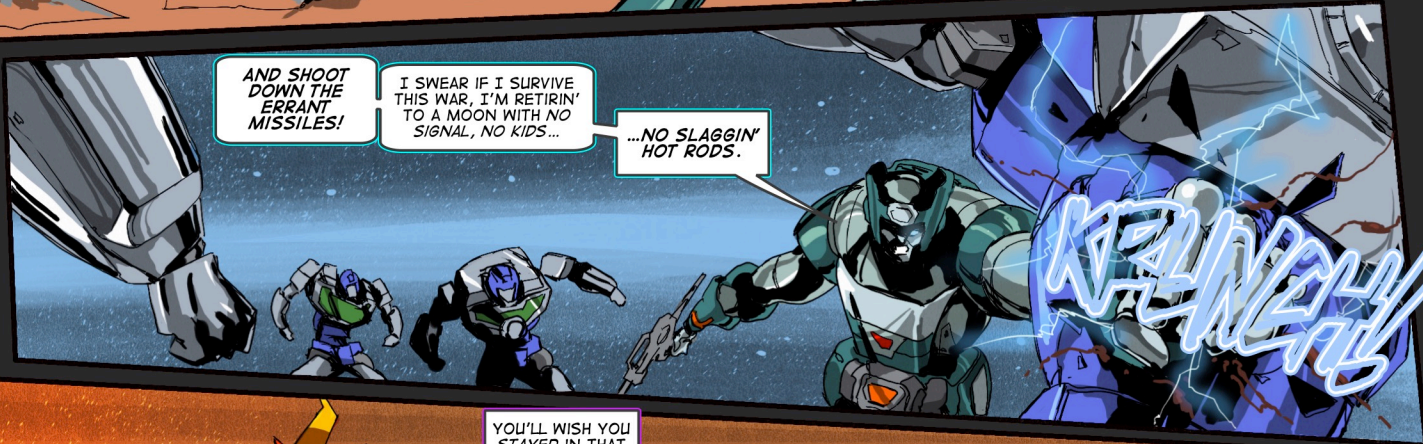
YOU AGAIN?!

EAT MISSILE!

KID! YOUR TURN TO DISTRACT WARPATH'S LITTLE SISTER—I'LL CLEAN UP THE PAPAZZI.

CRACKOOM!

COPY! WHAM! POW!
...SORRY, I THOUGHT THAT'S HOW ALL TANKS TALKED.

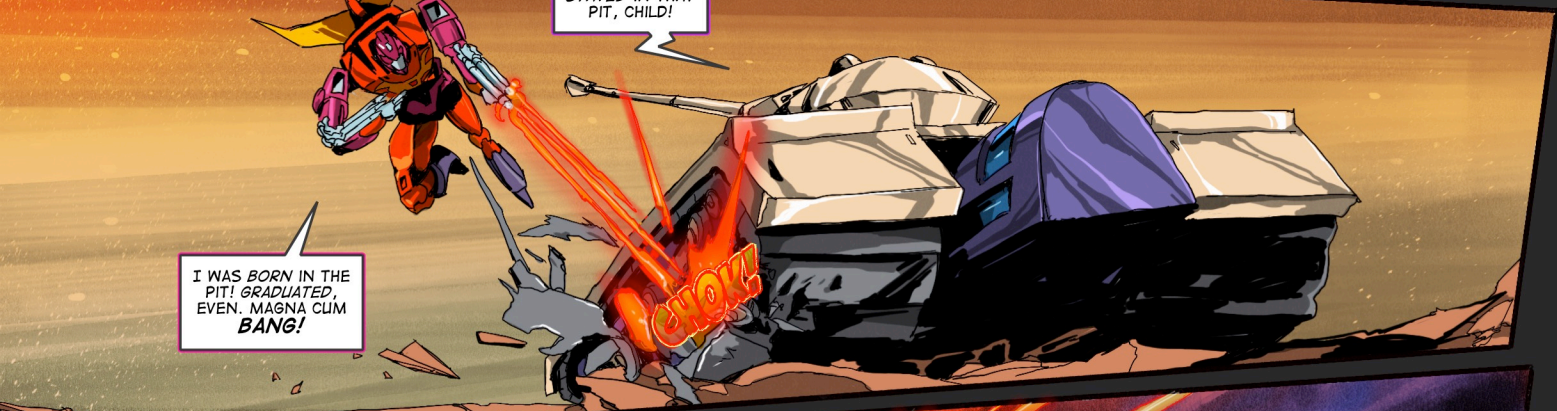


AND SHOOT DOWN THE ERRANT MISSILES!

I SWEAR IF I SURVIVE THIS WAR, I'M RETIRIN' TO A MOON WITH NO SIGNAL, NO KIDS...

...NO SLAGGIN' HOT RODS.

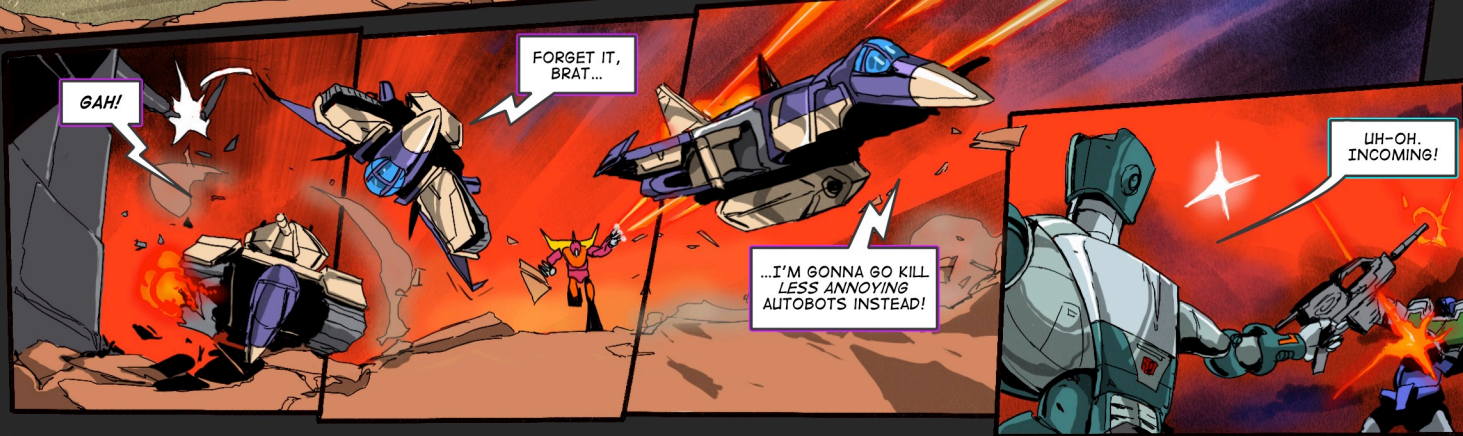
KEEENAWAY!



YOU'LL WISH YOU STAYED IN THAT PIT, CHILD!

I WAS BORN IN THE PIT! GRADUATED, EVEN. MAGNA CUM BANG!

POW!



GAH!

FORGET IT, BRAT...

...I'M GONNA GO KILL LESS ANNOYING AUTOBOTS INSTEAD!

UH-OH. INCOMING!



WA-HOO! IT'S POWERGLIDE!

HEL-LO, METROPLEX! THE **GREATEST** PILOT IN TWO GALAXIES COMING IN BEAUTIFULLY!

WAKEY WAKEY, *SNARL* AND *MOONIE*—WE'RE APPROACHING THE DROP POINT!

"WHAT'S WRONG, DINO-BUDDY? YOU'RE SHAKIN' LIKE A TURBOFOX IN A THUNDERSTORM!"

ME SNARL BUILT TO RUMBLE, NOT RIDE COACH! MISS DRAMA!

YOU KNOW WHAT I MISS? *QUIET*. REMEMBER *QUIET*? THE YEARS AT THE ARK WHEN EVERYONE FORGOT ABOUT US.

FEH! ME SNARL EAT *QUIET* FOR LUNCH!

LESS TEETH, MORE THERAPY FOR YOU, BIG GUY.

WOULD IT KILL *SOMEONE* TO SAY "THANK YOU"? I'M DODGING LASER BEAMS UP HERE! *TEN SECONDS* BEFORE THE CARGO BAY OPENS AND *GRAVITY* STOPS BEING YOUR FRIEND!

SNARLY BABY, TELL ME YOU GOT A *DRAMATIC* ENTRANCE PLANNED FOR US.

JUST... TRY *NOT* CREATING COLLATERAL DAMAGE ON THE WAY DOWN THIS TIME?

COLLATERAL DAMAGE BUILDS CHARACTER!



HEY, WAS THAT POWERGLIDE?

TRAILBREAKER, BUDDY... HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU HOW HANDY FORCEFIELDS ARE AGAINST MISSILES?

REMIND ME TO HAVE WHEELJACK GET ME ONE OF THOSE AFTER THIS IS OVER!

WHEELJACK'S DEAD, PAL. WE'RE TWO OF THE ONLY BOTS LEFT STANDING...

OKAY, FINE! MAYBE NOT ONE OF THOSE!

AGH!

WOOF! AT LEAST

WE DODGED

THE MISS

ZANK!

SKIDS!

...REACTIVATE!
COME ON, BOYS!
HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST—

SNIPERS ABOVE ME.
SEEKERS BEHIND ME.
MESSAGE RECEIVED,
PRIMUS.

FORCEFIELD...



ME SNARL
BUILD
CHARACTER!

NOW THAT'S
A
CONTINGENCY!

TEAM ELITA
REPORTING FOR
DUTY, SIR!

MOONRACER. GOOD
TO SEE YOU, SOLDIER.
I'M SURPRISED WORD
GOT BACK TO THE ARK.

THAT'S THE THING, SIR...
IT DIDN'T. ELITA SENT US
TO TELL YOU,
TO WARN YOU...

...THE ARK
IS UNDER
ATTACK!

BY PRIMUS...

STRAXUS IS HERE,
AND... WE ALREADY
LOST SO MANY...

AS HAVE WE, AND NOW,
WE ONLY HAVE MOMENTS
BEFORE WE LOSE
EVERYTHING.

YOU TWO, WITH ME!
METROPLEX PROTOCOLS
PHASE THREE!
HOLD THE LINE, AUTOBOTS...

...NO ONE ELSE
DIES TODAY.

"DID I MENTION THIS WAS A BAD IDEA, SKYGUY? BECAUSE I FEEL LIKE I MENTIONED THAT!"

YOU ALSO SAID, AND I QUOTE, 'IT'LL BE FINE'. THAT WAS 42 SECONDS AGO.

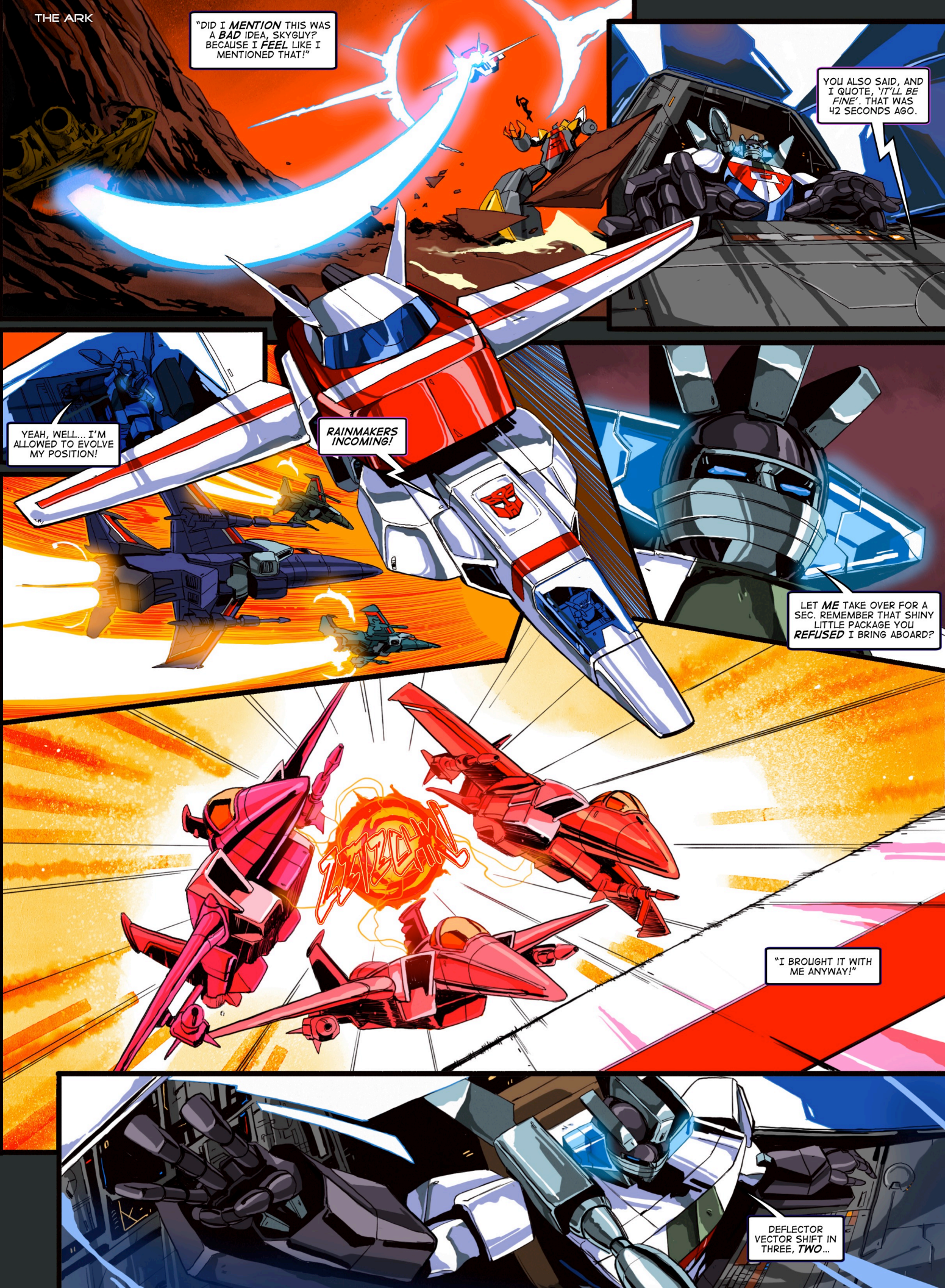
YEAH, WELL... I'M ALLOWED TO EVOLVE MY POSITION!

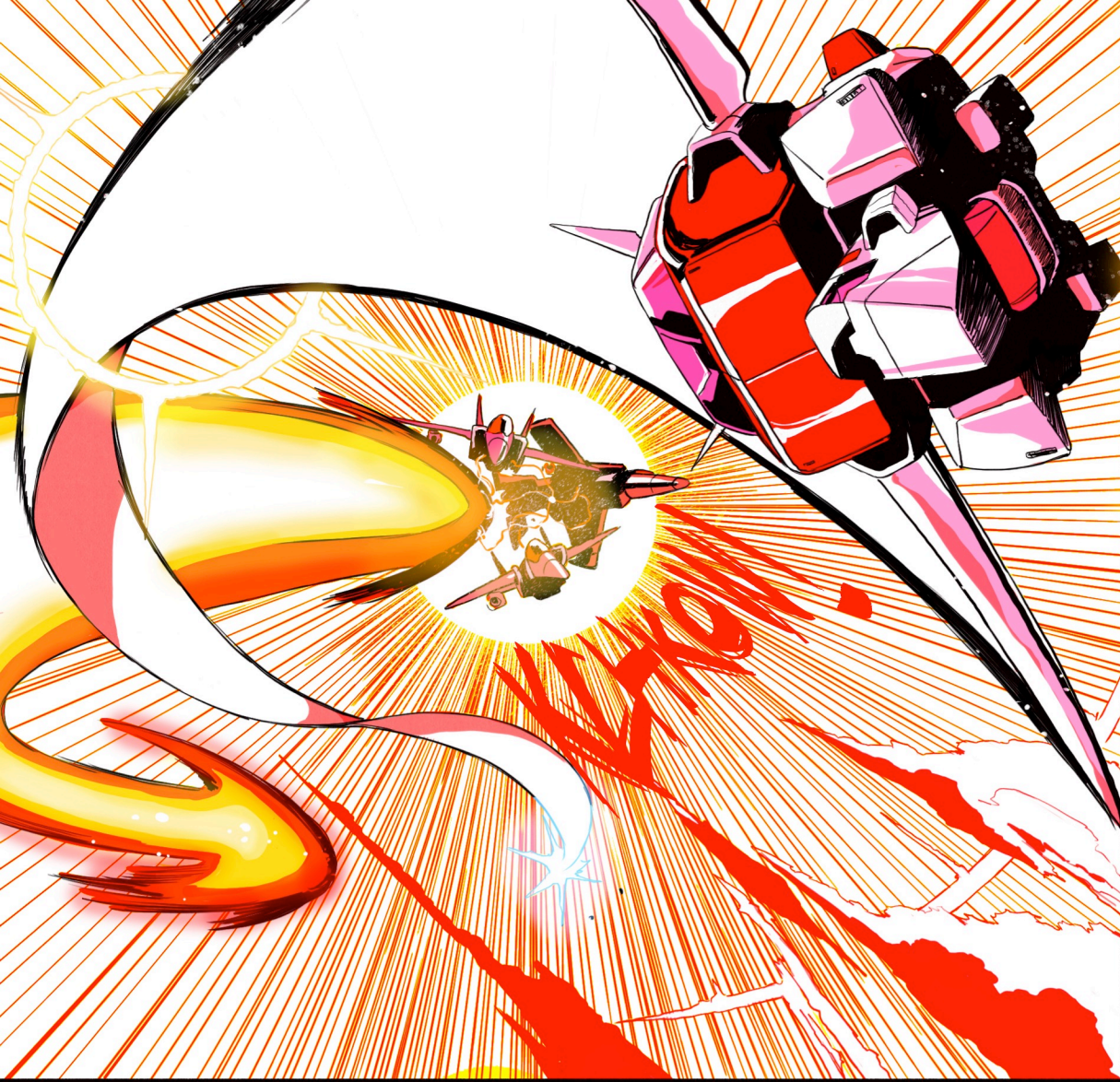
RAINMAKERS INCOMING!

LET ME TAKE OVER FOR A SEC. REMEMBER THAT SHINY LITTLE PACKAGE YOU REFUSED I BRING ABOARD?

"I BROUGHT IT WITH ME ANYWAY!"

DEFLECTOR VECTOR SHIFT IN THREE, TWO...





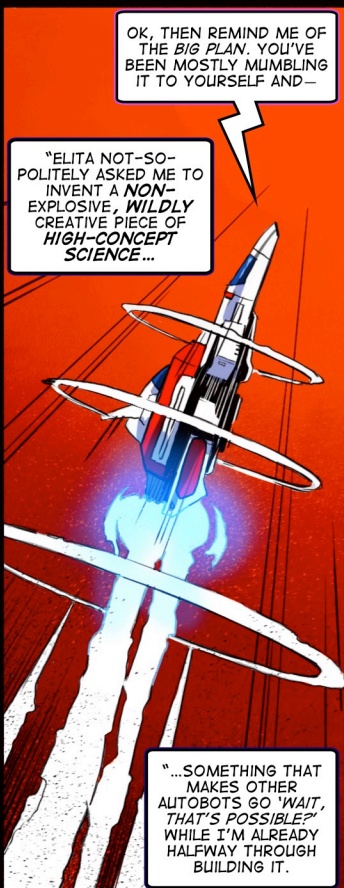
"...HA! BET THEY DIDN'T SEE THAT IN FLIGHT SCHOOL!"

BE STRAIGHT WITH ME...



...YOU SURE THIS IS THE REAL YOU?

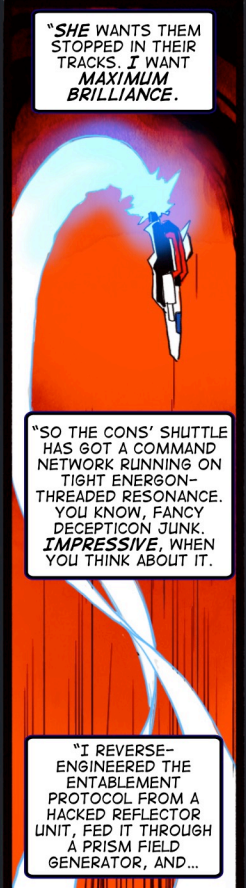
IF I'M NOT, I AM KILLING IT.



OK, THEN REMIND ME OF THE BIG PLAN. YOU'VE BEEN MOSTLY MUMBLING IT TO YOURSELF AND—

"ELITA NOT-SO-POLITELY ASKED ME TO INVENT A NON-EXPLOSIVE, WILDLY CREATIVE PIECE OF HIGH-CONCEPT SCIENCE..."

"... SOMETHING THAT MAKES OTHER AUTOBOTS GO 'WAIT, THAT'S POSSIBLE?' WHILE I'M ALREADY HALFWAY THROUGH BUILDING IT."



"SHE WANTS THEM STOPPED IN THEIR TRACKS. I WANT MAXIMUM BRILLIANCE."

"SO THE CONS' SHUTTLE HAS GOT A COMMAND NETWORK RUNNING ON TIGHT ENERON-THREADED RESONANCE. YOU KNOW, FANCY DECEPTIONIC JUNK. IMPRESSIVE, WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT."

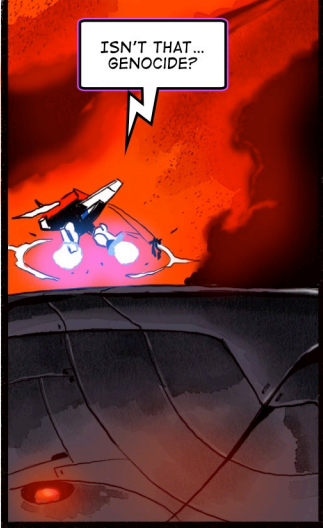
"I REVERSE-ENGINEERED THE ENTABLEMENT PROTOCOL FROM A HACKED REFLECTOR UNIT, FED IT THROUGH A PRISM FIELD GENERATOR, AND..."



"...VOILA! ONE TWIST OF THE DIAL AND EVERY DECEPTIONIC SYSTEM ON EARTH THINKS IT'S ON FIRE, BACKWARDS, AND ALLERGIC TO ITSELF. COMPLETE, TOTAL SHUT DOWN!"

INCLUDING THE DECEPTIONICS THEMSELVES?

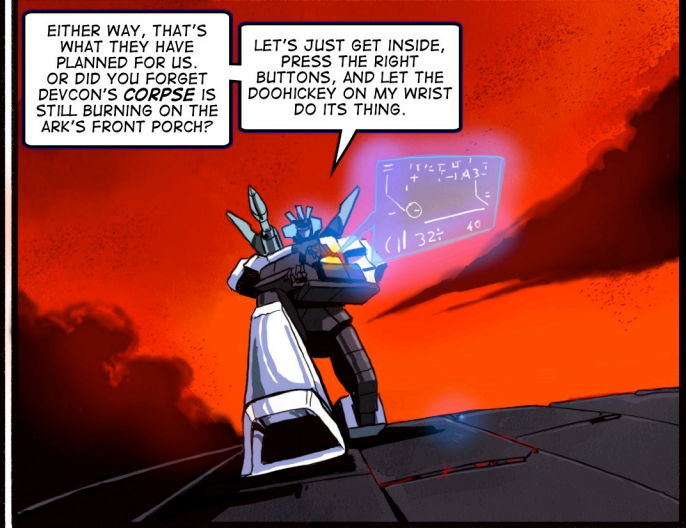
"NO BOOM. NO MESS. JUST ONE REALLY BAD DAY FOR MEGATRON'S BUDGET TEAM BACK ON CYBERTRON."



ISN'T THAT... GENOCIDE?



YOU SAY THAT LIKE IT'S NOT THE COOLEST THING EVER!



EITHER WAY, THAT'S WHAT THEY HAVE PLANNED FOR US. OR DID YOU FORGET DEVCON'S CORPSE IS STILL BURNING ON THE ARK'S FRONT PORCH?

LET'S JUST GET INSIDE, PRESS THE RIGHT BUTTONS, AND LET THE DOOHICKEY ON MY WRIST DO ITS THING.



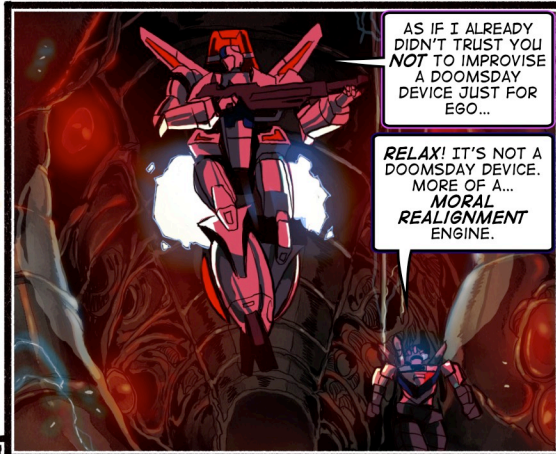
AFTER YOU, BIG GUY.

FAIR WARNING, THOUGH:



I'VE IDENTIFIED AT LEAST TWO HUNDRED WAYS THIS CAN GO SIDWAYS, LIKE I SAID, BAD IDEA.

BOY, I WOULD KILL FOR A CY-GAR RIGHT ABOUT NOW.



AS IF I ALREADY DIDN'T TRUST YOU NOT TO IMPROVISE A DOOMSDAY DEVICE JUST FOR EGO...

RELAX! IT'S NOT A DOOMSDAY DEVICE. MORE OF A... MORAL REALIGNMENT ENGINE.



THAT'S NOT BETTER.

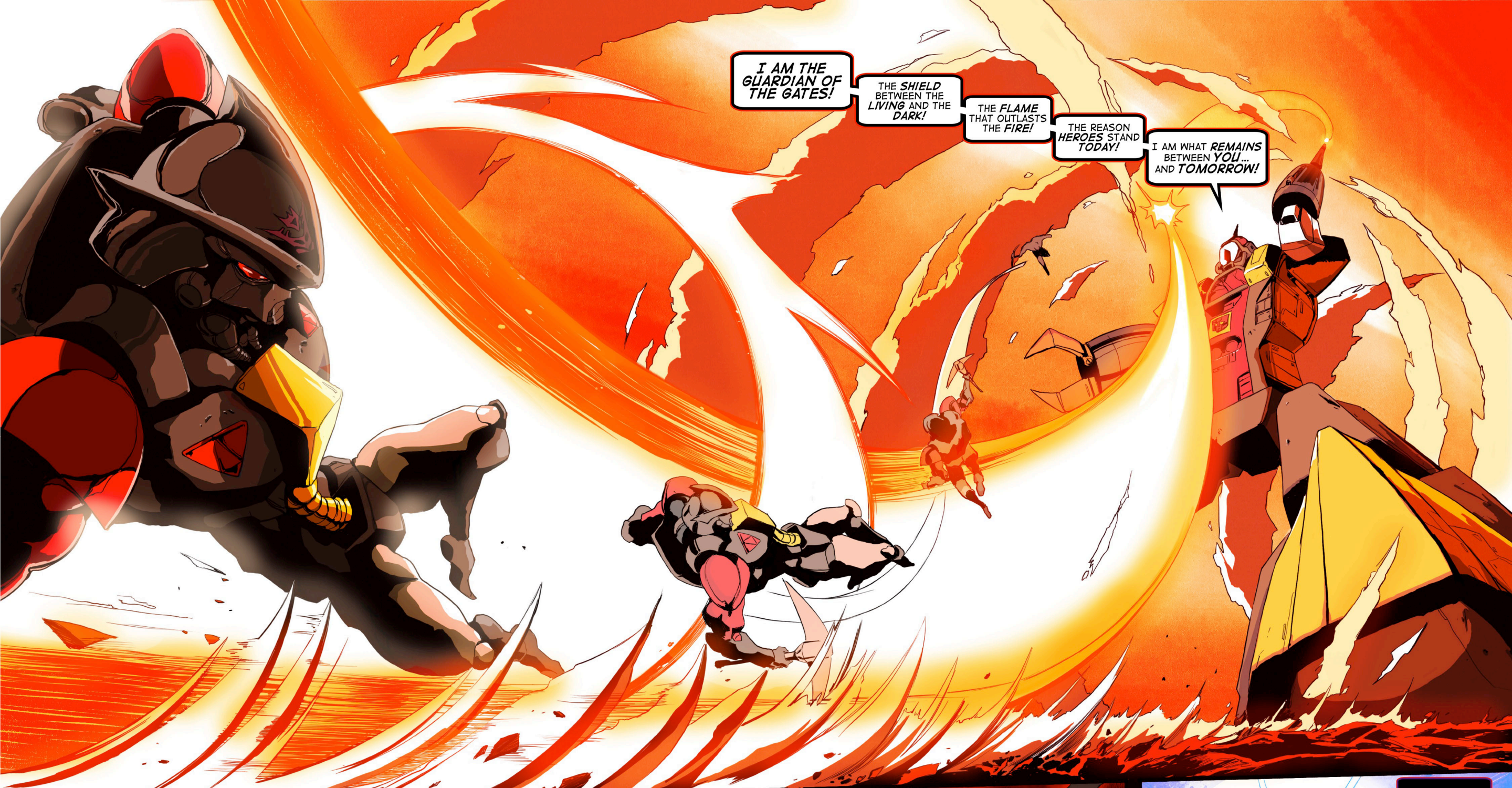
SUBJECTIVE!



BESIDES, DON'T YOU WANT TO BE REMEMBERED FOR SAVING THE UNIVERSE?



"PREPARE FOR YOUR DESTRUCTION!"



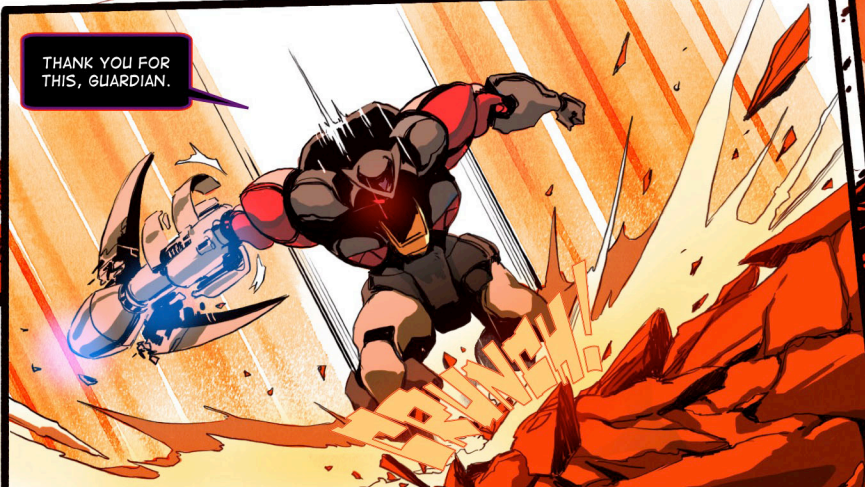
I AM THE
GUARDIAN OF
THE GATES!

THE SHIELD
BETWEEN THE
LIVING AND THE
DARK!

THE FLAME
THAT OUTLASTS
THE FIRE!

THE REASON
HEROES STAND
TODAY!

I AM WHAT REMAINS
BETWEEN YOU...
AND TOMORROW!



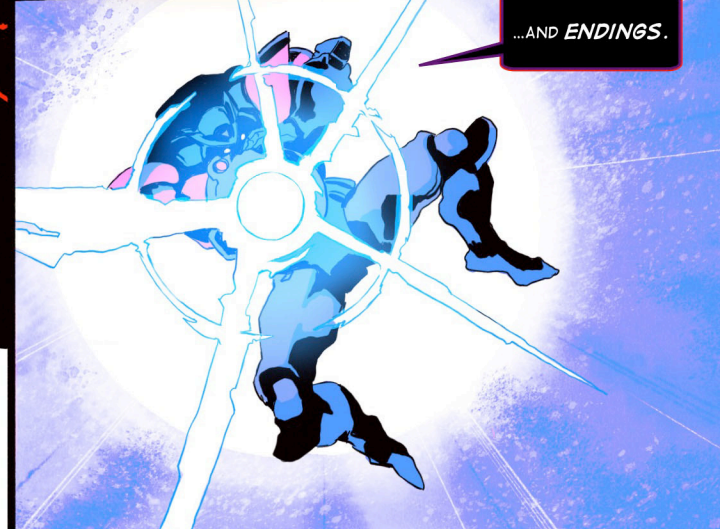
THANK YOU FOR
THIS, GUARDIAN.



WHEN THE TALES OF
OUR TOMORROWS ARE
REWRITTEN BY MY
MIGHTY HAND...



...THERE WILL BE
NO HEROES.
ONLY AUTHORS...



...AND ENDINGS.

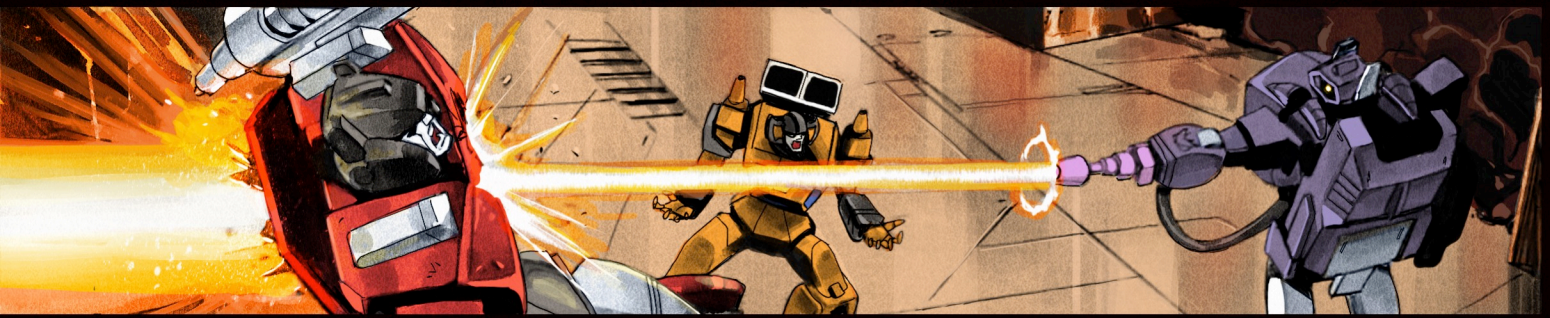




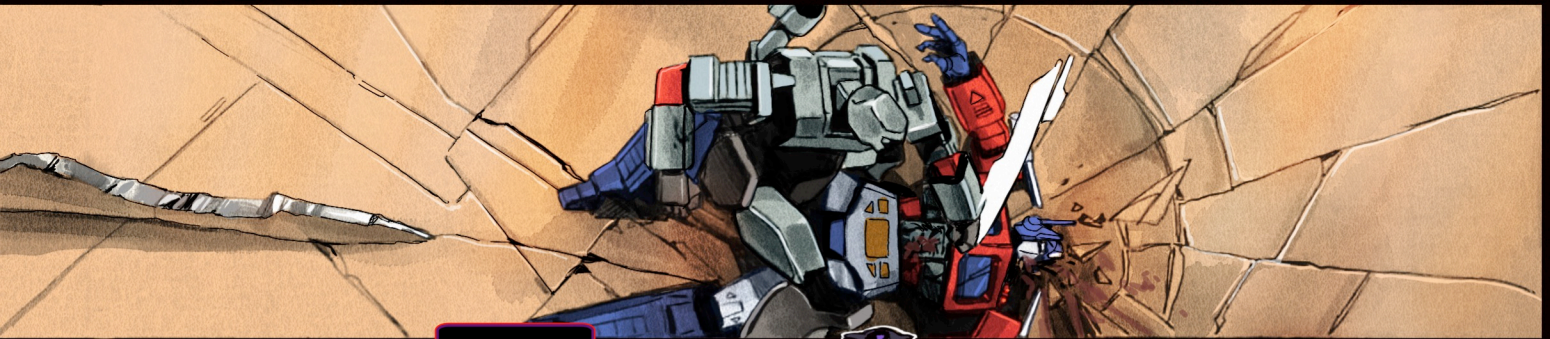
NOTHING
REMAINS OF
TOMORROW.




HISTORY ISN'T
WRITTEN BY VICTORS.



IT'S OVERWRITTEN...



...BY
VISIONARIES.

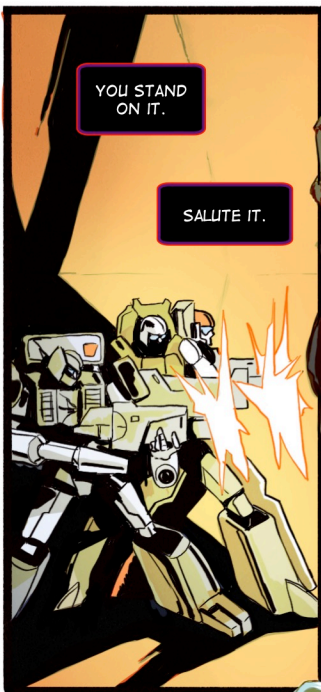


THIS WAS ALWAYS
MEANT TO HAPPEN.

AND YOU WERE
NEVER MEANT TO
SEE TOMORROW.



THEY THOUGHT HISTORY WAS A LINE.



YOU STAND ON IT.

SALLUTE IT.



THEN DIE ON SCHEDULE.



ALRIGHT GANG, HOUR'S UP! LET'S EARN WHAT THEY PAY US FOR!

ROLL TO THE RESCUE!

MAXIMIZE!

LET'S SAY GO!



OH SOLIS, MY DEAR... YOU WERE WRONG.



IN CASE I DON'T GET TO SAY IT, THANKS FOR HELPING ME AND YOUR PAPPY GET THE BRIDGE OPERATIONAL. WE KEEP LETTY SAFE FOR THE JUMP, AND THEN WE...

ENGAGE!

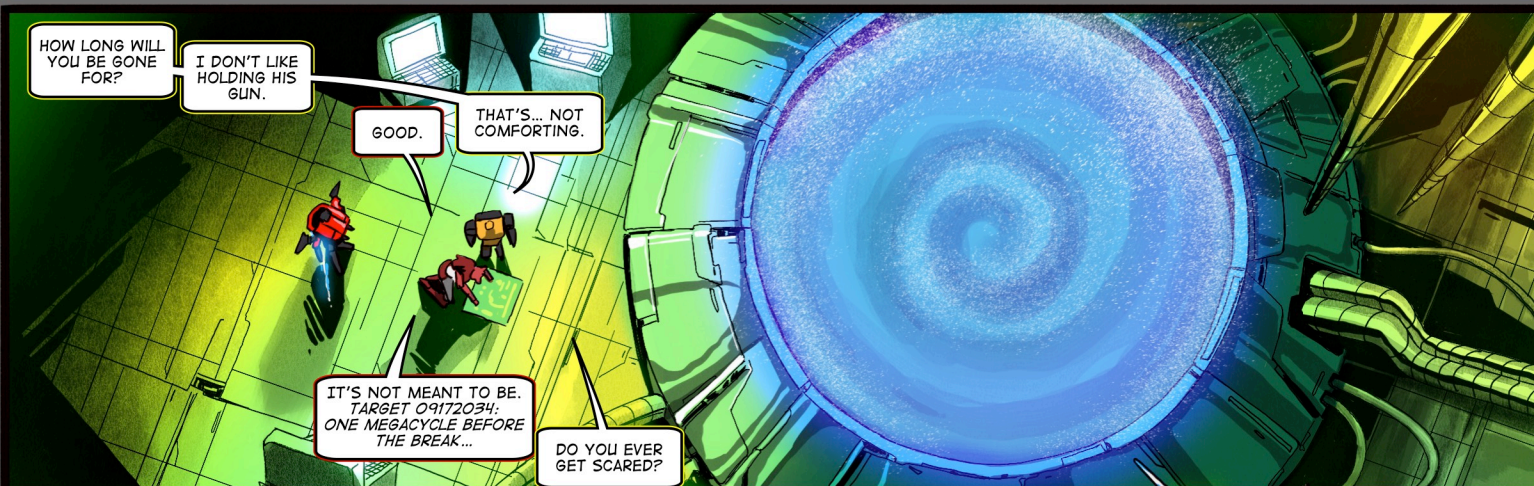
DESTABILIZE!

DETONATE!

GREAT, LOVE A PLAN WITH VERBS!



NOW IT'S UP TO US TO USE THEM...



HOW LONG WILL YOU BE GONE FOR?

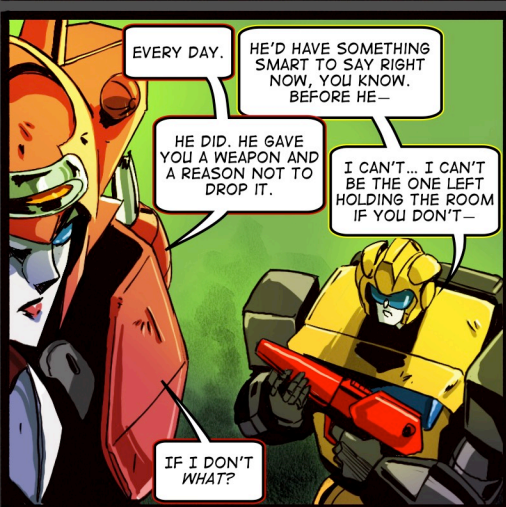
I DON'T LIKE HOLDING HIS GUN.

GOOD.

THAT'S... NOT COMFORTING.

IT'S NOT MEANT TO BE. TARGET 09172034: ONE MEGACYCLE BEFORE THE BREAK...

DO YOU EVER GET SCARED?



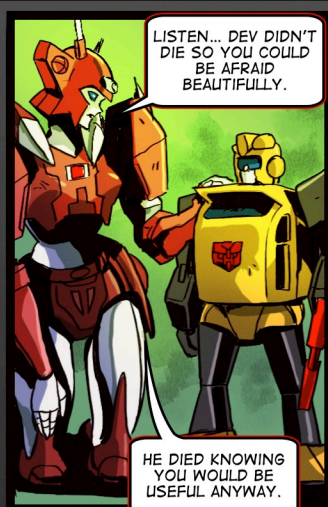
EVERY DAY.

HE'D HAVE SOMETHING SMART TO SAY RIGHT NOW, YOU KNOW, BEFORE HE—

HE DID. HE GAVE YOU A WEAPON AND A REASON NOT TO DROP IT.

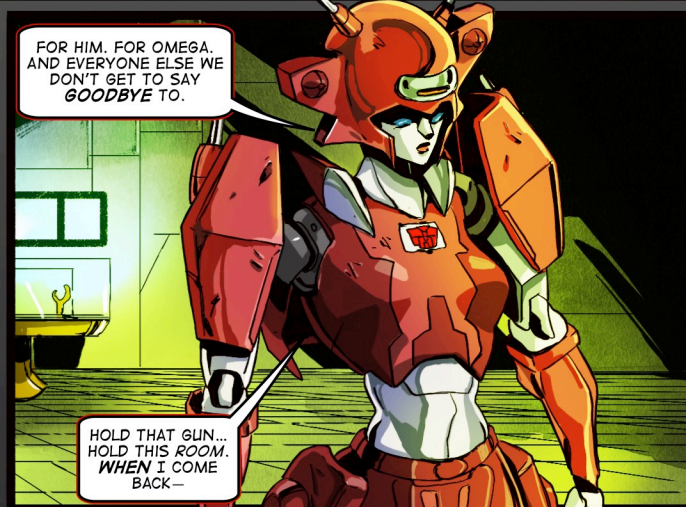
I CAN'T... I CAN'T BE THE ONE LEFT HOLDING THE ROOM IF YOU DON'T—

IF I DON'T WHAT?



LISTEN... DEV DIDN'T DIE SO YOU COULD BE AFRAID BEAUTIFULLY.

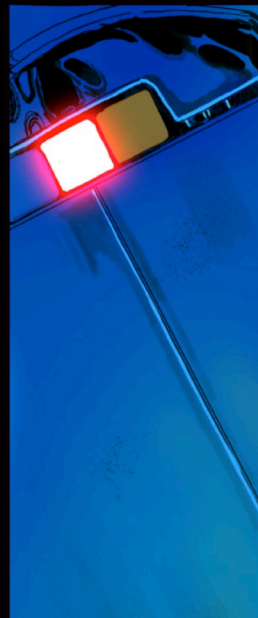
HE DIED KNOWING YOU WOULD BE USEFUL ANYWAY.



FOR HIM. FOR OMEGA. AND EVERYONE ELSE WE DON'T GET TO SAY GOODBYE TO.

HOLD THAT GUN... HOLD THIS ROOM. WHEN I COME BACK—

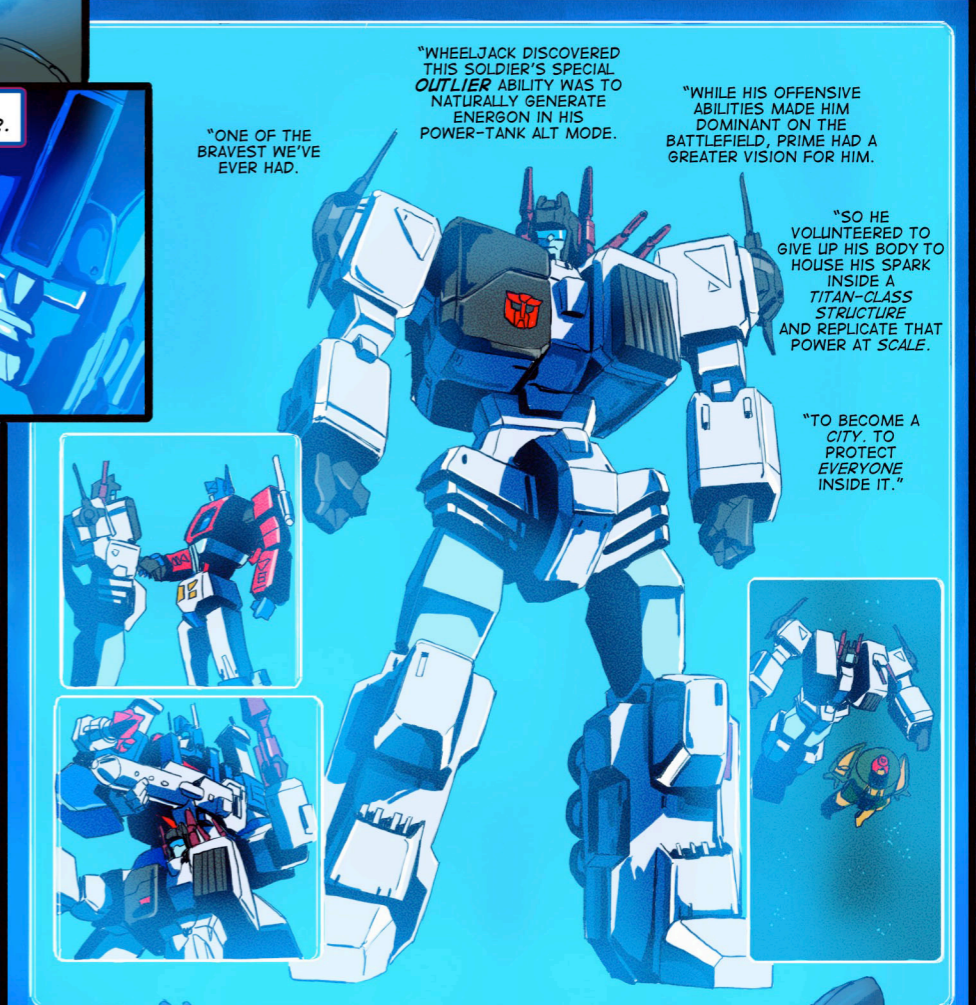
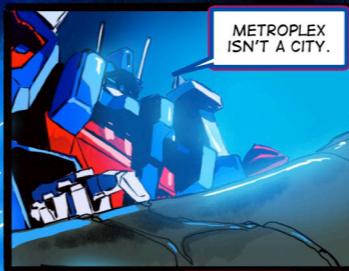
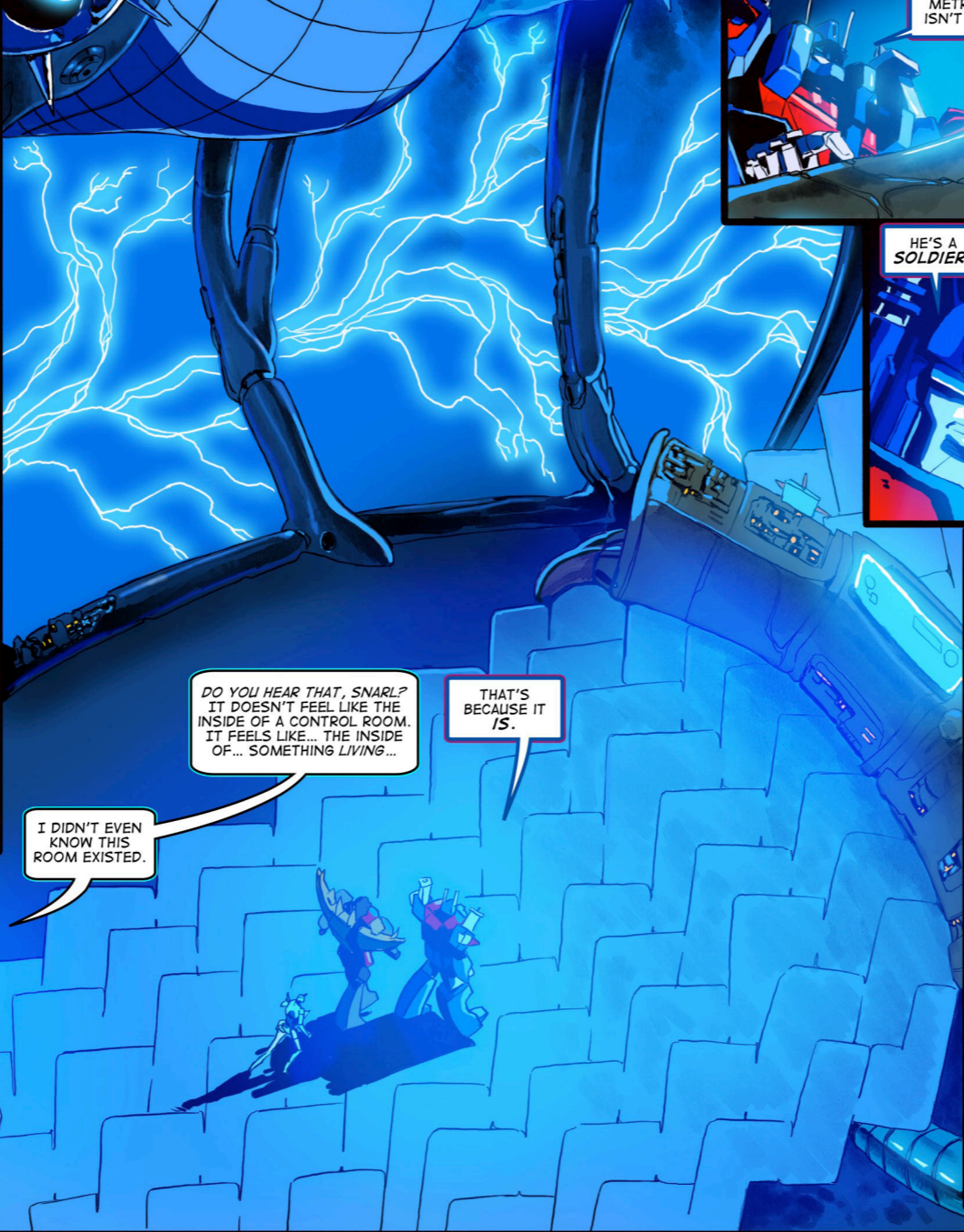
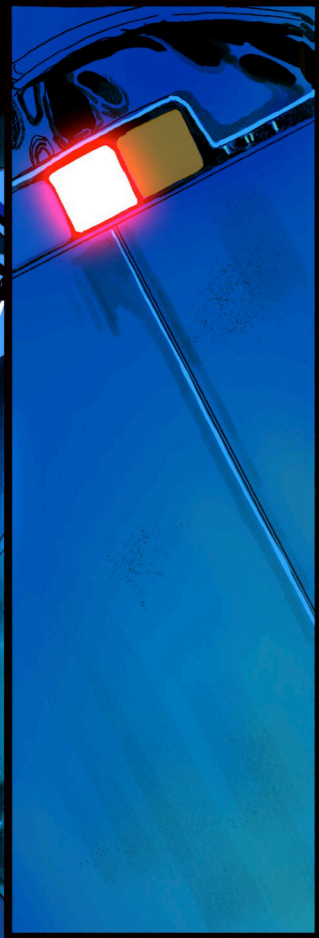




*ME SNARL NEVER
BEEN HERE
BEFORE.*

*NONE OF
US HAVE.*





METROPLEX ISN'T A CITY.

HE'S A SOLDIER.

"ONE OF THE BRAVEST WE'VE EVER HAD.

"WHEELJACK DISCOVERED THIS SOLDIER'S SPECIAL **OUTLIER** ABILITY WAS TO NATURALLY GENERATE ENERGEN IN HIS POWER-TANK ALT MODE.

"WHILE HIS OFFENSIVE ABILITIES MADE HIM DOMINANT ON THE BATTLEFIELD, PRIME HAD A GREATER VISION FOR HIM.

"SO HE VOLUNTEERED TO GIVE UP HIS BODY TO HOUSE HIS SPARK INSIDE A **TITAN-CLASS STRUCTURE** AND REPLICATE THAT POWER AT SCALE.

"TO BECOME A CITY. TO PROTECT EVERYONE INSIDE IT."

DO YOU HEAR THAT, SNARL? IT DOESN'T FEEL LIKE THE INSIDE OF A CONTROL ROOM. IT FEELS LIKE... THE INSIDE OF... SOMETHING LIVING...

THAT'S BECAUSE IT IS.

I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THIS ROOM EXISTED.

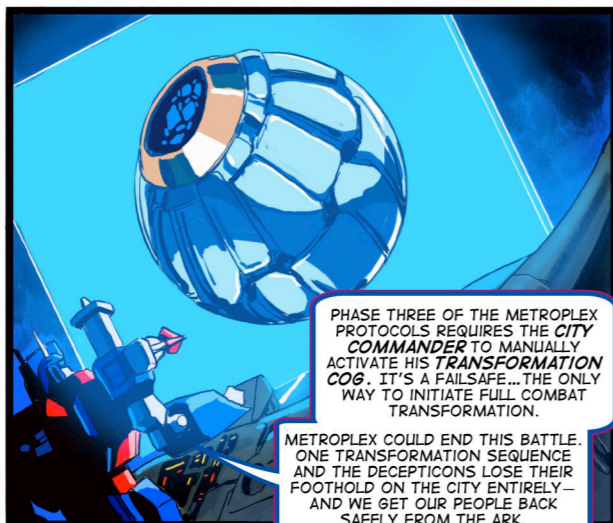
INCLUDING... ME.



HE'S BEEN THE CITY THIS WHOLE TIME? FIVE YEARS... SO QUIET, SO ALONE...

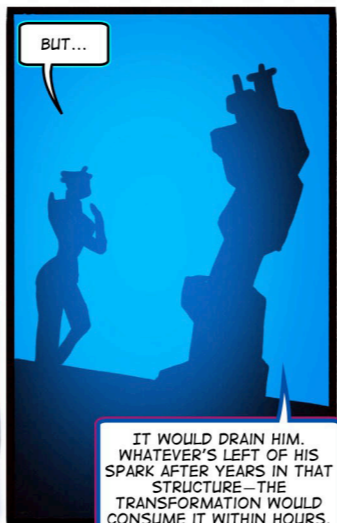
ME... NOT KNOW.

NOBODY DID. THAT WAS THE POINT.



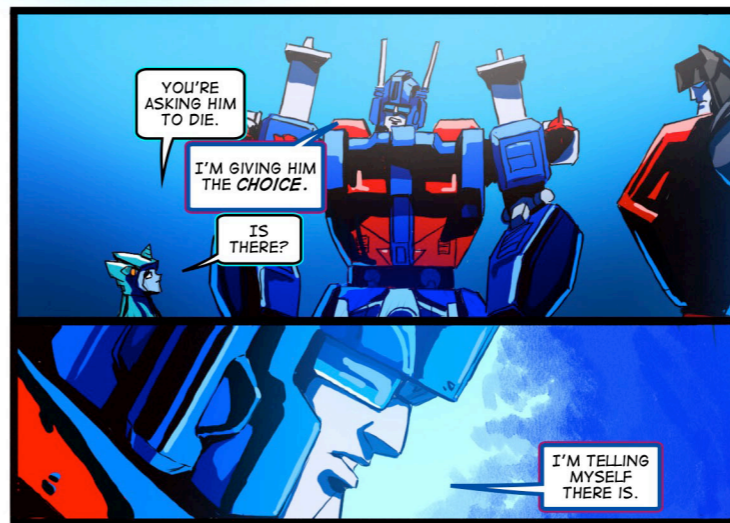
PHASE THREE OF THE METROPLEX PROTOCOLS REQUIRES THE **CITY COMMANDER** TO MANUALLY ACTIVATE HIS **TRANSFORMATION COG**. IT'S A FAILSAFE... THE ONLY WAY TO INITIATE FULL COMBAT TRANSFORMATION.

METROPLEX COULD END THIS BATTLE. ONE TRANSFORMATION SEQUENCE AND THE DECEPTICONS LOSE THEIR FOOHOLD ON THE CITY ENTIRELY— AND WE GET OUR PEOPLE BACK SAFELY FROM THE ARK.



BUT...

IT WOULD DRAIN HIM. WHATEVER'S LEFT OF HIS SPARK AFTER YEARS IN THAT STRUCTURE—THE TRANSFORMATION WOULD CONSUME IT WITHIN HOURS.

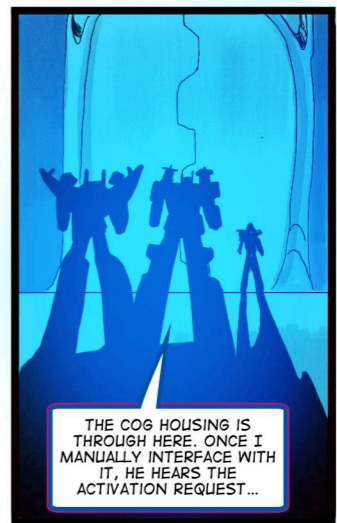


YOU'RE ASKING HIM TO DIE.

I'M GIVING HIM THE CHOICE.

IS THERE?

I'M TELLING MYSELF THERE IS.



THE COG HOUSING IS THROUGH HERE. ONCE I MANUALLY INTERFACE WITH IT, HE HEARS THE ACTIVATION REQUEST...



...AND THEN HE DECIDES WHAT WINNING A WAR IS WORTH TO HIM.



LOOKING FOR THIS?

FOR THE

**THE TRANSFORMERS
FORMERS
THE MOVIE**

WILL RETURN AFTER THESE MESSAGES

COMING SOON

COMING IN 2027

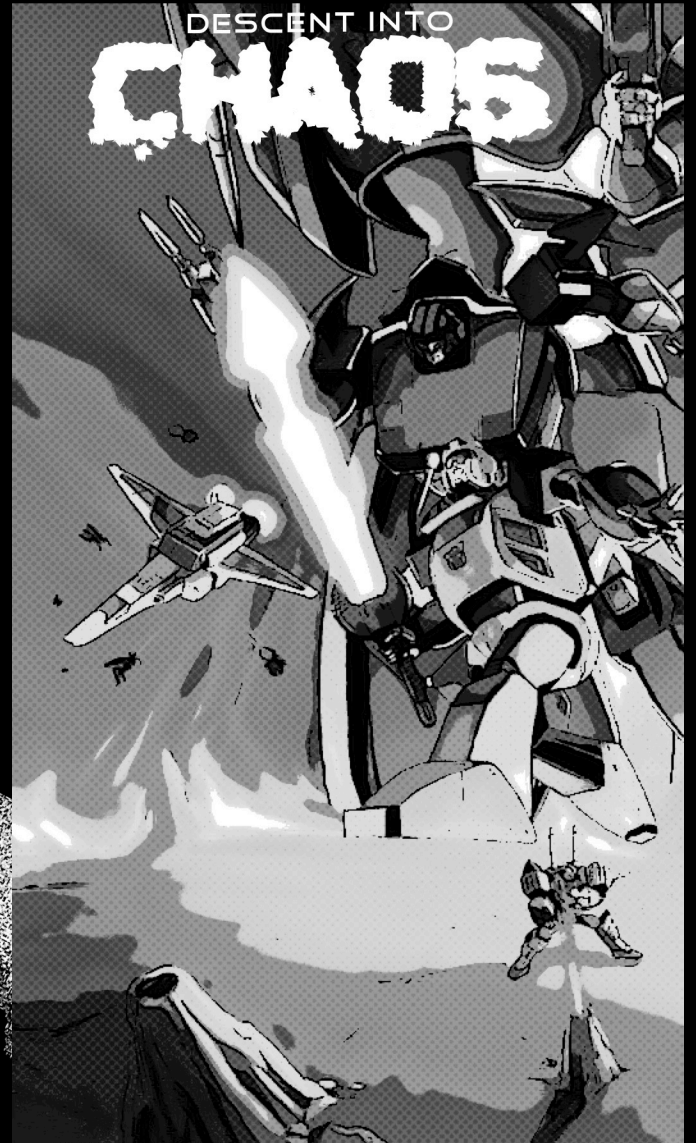
TRANSFORMERS FORMERS

THE TRANSFORMERS FORMERS THE MOVIE

VS. DIACIONE

DESCENT INTO

CHAOS



#1 OF A 6 ISSUE LIMITED SERIES

THE FINAL ISSUE

