

CONCEPT

1 of 6

HOOKS
PANGANIBAN
AR
ZUNIGA
KNOTT
GÓMEZ

TRANSFORMERS vs. DIACLONE



NOT FOR SALE
CONCEPT ONLY

tiltheday.com
SONG OF JUPITER
BOOK THREE

CONCEPT

1 of 6

HOOKS
PANGANIBAN
AR
ZUNIGA
KNOTT
GOMEZ

TRANSFORMERS SONG OF JUPITER

BOOK THREE



VS.
DIA CLONE

NOT FOR SALE
CONCEPT ONLY

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They were the dream: mechanical beings able to convert their bodies into vehicles, beasts, and weapons; a last line of defense against the chaos bringer, **Unicron**!

After millions of years, the heroic **Autobots** — led by **Optimus Prime** — won the **Last Great War**. But victory brought new threats: the **Godseeds**, sparks emerged from the light goddess **Xal**; the hunger of **Tornedron**; and the fragile, improbable alliance between Autobot and **Decepticon**.

Now, in the year **2050** — Earth has been cyberformed to **New Cybertron**, humanity has gone extinct, and a new enemy has come — one whose face is terrifyingly familiar, and whose grievances may be impossible to answer...

SONG OF JUPITER

BOOK THREE: **TRANSFORMERS VS. DIACLONE**
#1 of 6: "ARMADA"

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Cover Art: **Diego Zuniga,**
Leandro Panganiban
w/ **Paolo Chaz Gomez**



WELCOME BACK...
PRIME.

00:01
BEFORE THE END
OF ALL THINGS



YOU'VE BEEN AWAY FOR AWHILE. -TT- IT APPEARS WHAT YOU NEEDED, AFTER ALL...

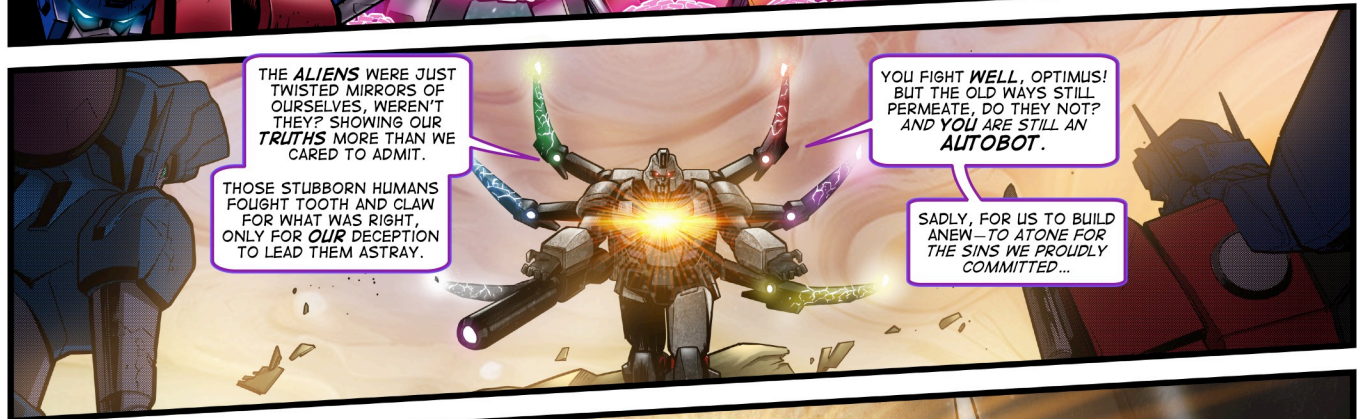
...WAS A LITTLE LIGHT.



OF COURSE, LIGHTS ARE HOW WE GOT *HERE*—

—TO THIS PLACE, THIS TIME, ALL THE DIFFERENT TIMES...

...COLLAPSING.



THE *ALIENS* WERE JUST TWISTED MIRRORS OF OURSELVES, WEREN'T THEY? SHOWING OUR *TRUTHS* MORE THAN WE CARED TO ADMIT.

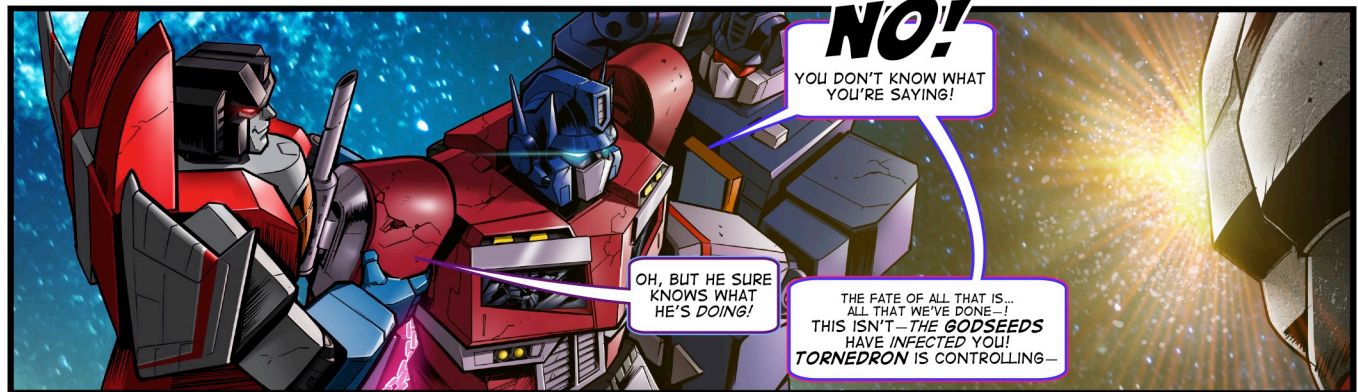
THOSE STUBBORN HUMANS FOUGHT TOOTH AND CLAW FOR WHAT WAS RIGHT, ONLY FOR *OUR* DECEPTION TO LEAD THEM ASTRAY.

YOU FIGHT *WELL*, OPTIMUS! BUT THE OLD WAYS STILL PERMEATE, DO THEY NOT? AND *YOU* ARE STILL AN *AUTOBOT*.

SADLY, FOR US TO BUILD ANEW—TO ATONE FOR THE SINS WE PROUDLY COMMITTED...



...WE MUST END IT ALL.

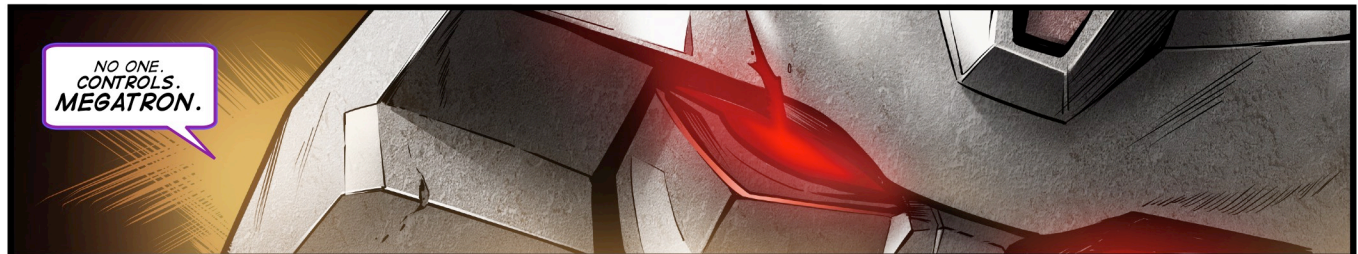


NO!

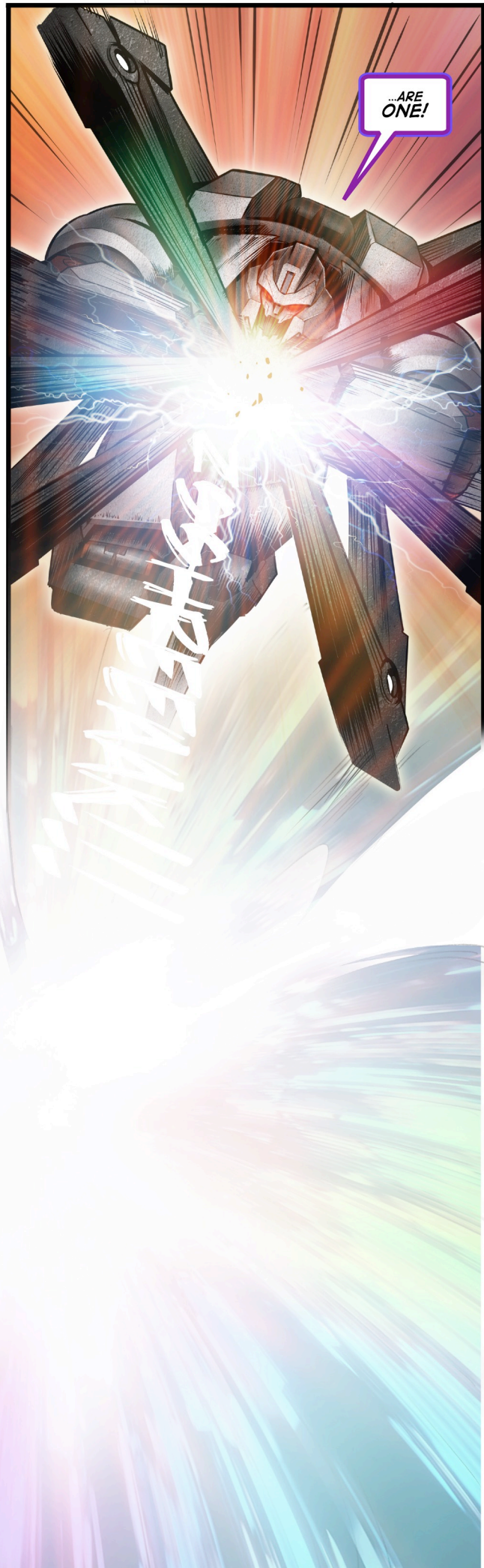
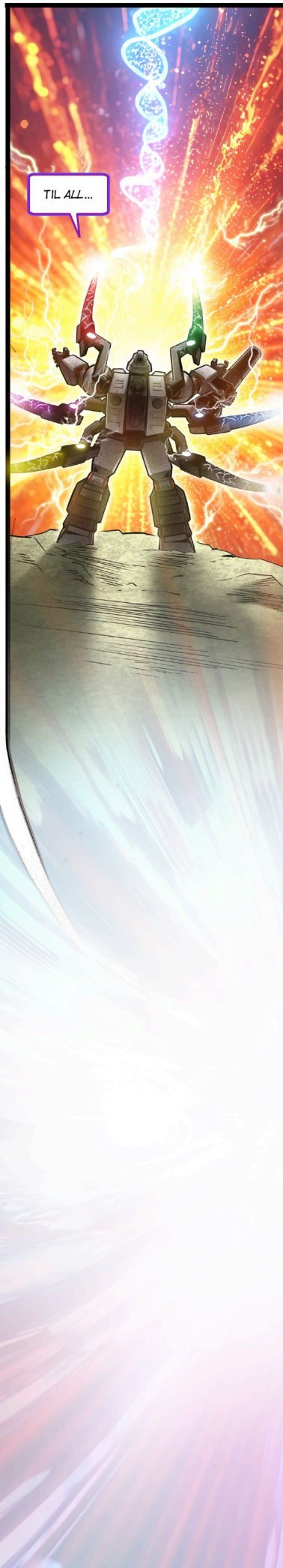
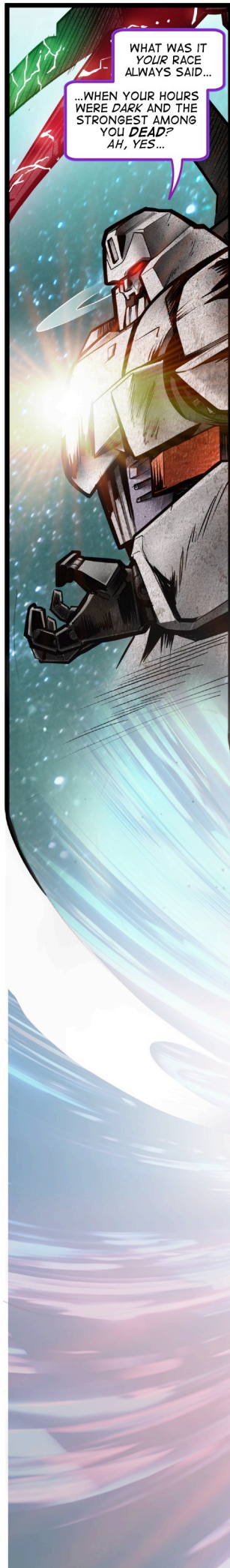
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!

OH, BUT HE SURE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!

THE FATE OF ALL THAT IS... ALL THAT WE'VE DONE—! THIS ISN'T—THE *GODSEEDS* HAVE INFECTED YOU! *TORNEDRON* IS CONTROLLING—



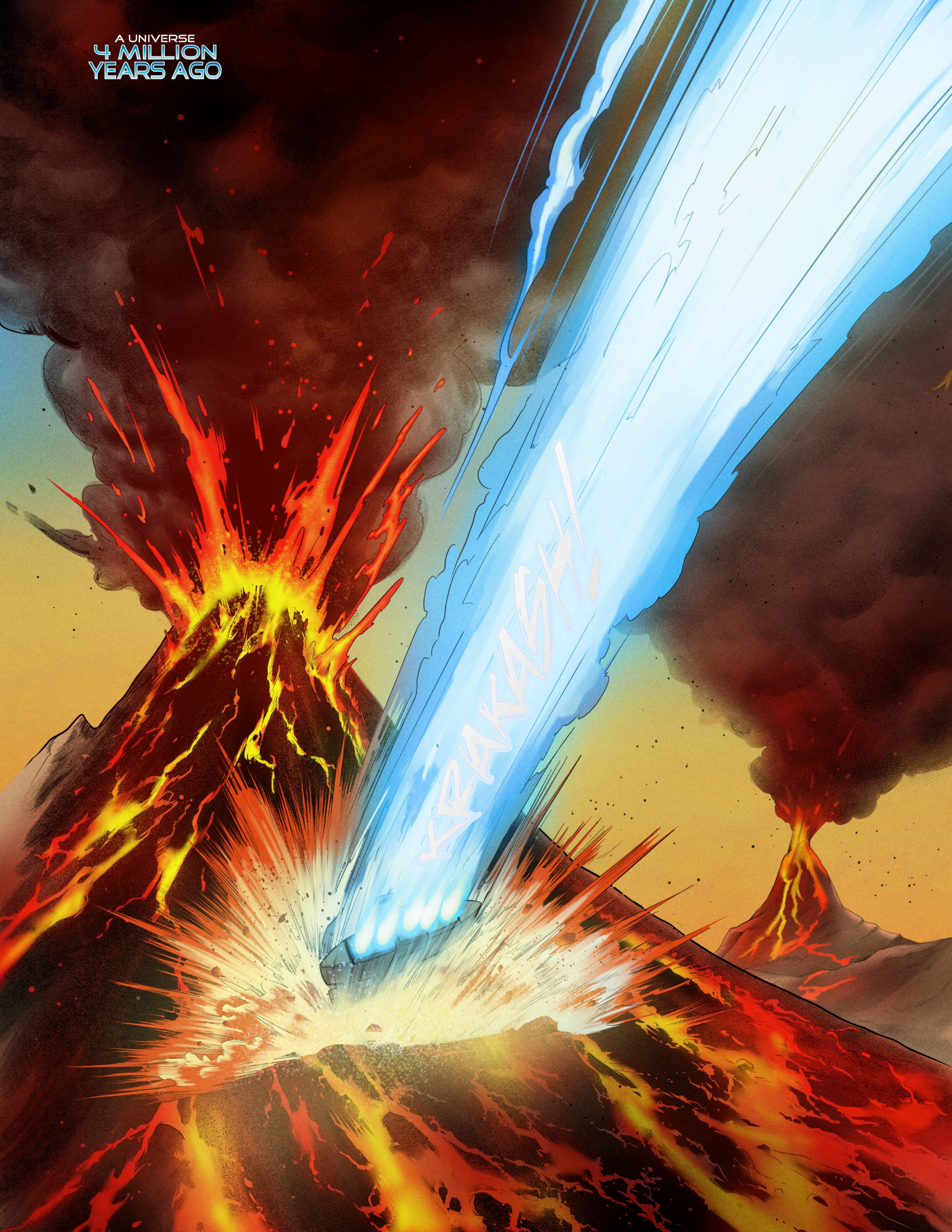
NO ONE CONTROLS. *MEGATRON*.



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00:01

A UNIVERSE
4 MILLION
YEARS AGO



1 MILLION
YEARS AGO



100,000
YEARS AGO



10,000
YEARS AGO



1,000
YEARS AGO



100
YEARS AGO



1984



1985



1990



1995



2000



2005



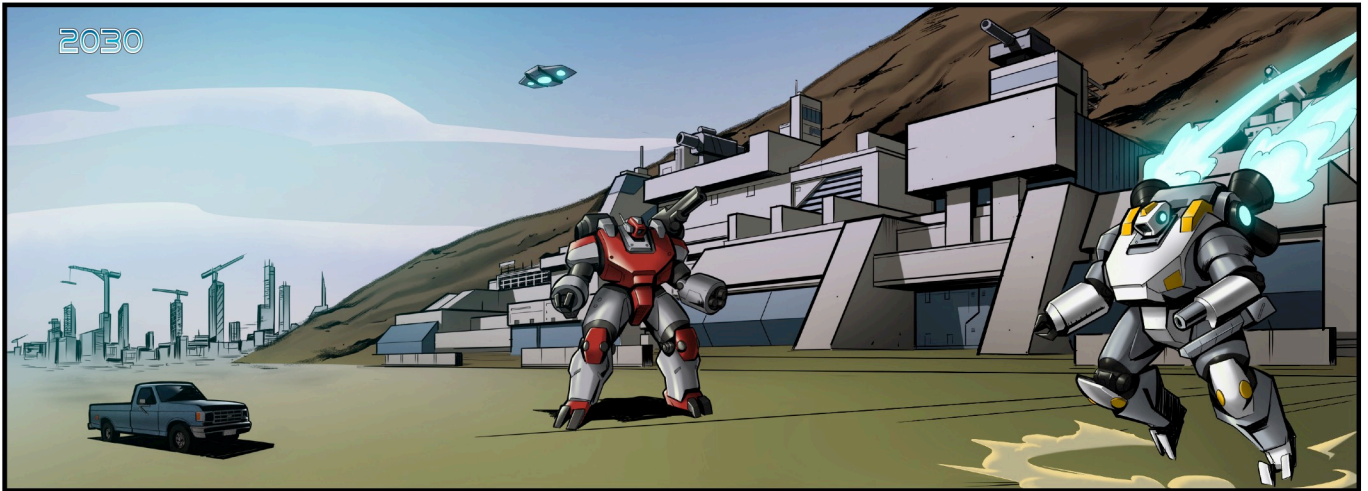
2010



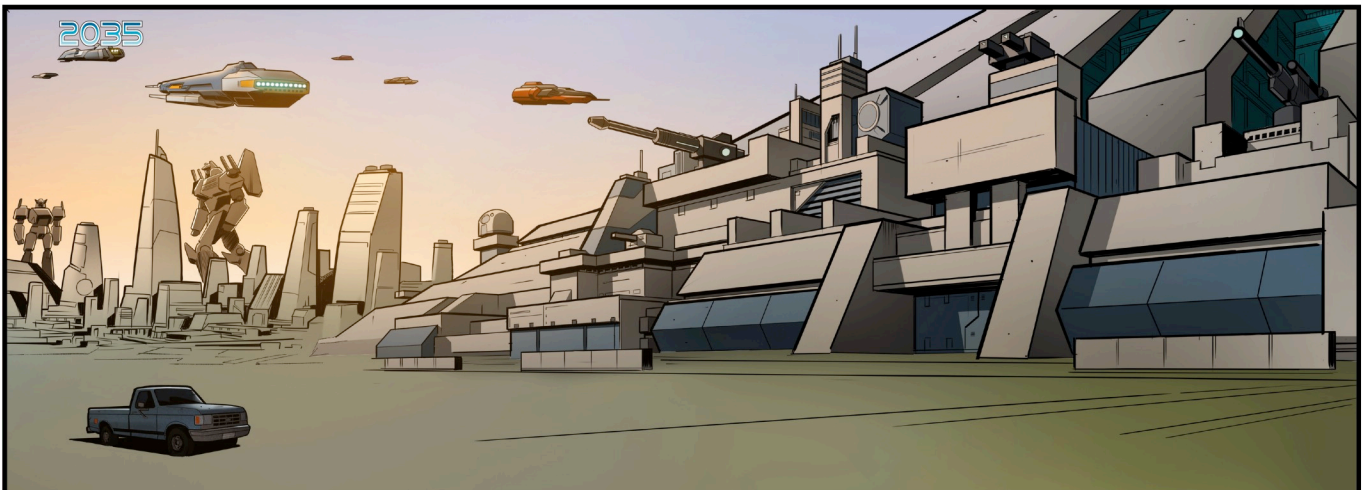
2020



2030



2035



2040





FOR
EXTINCTION!

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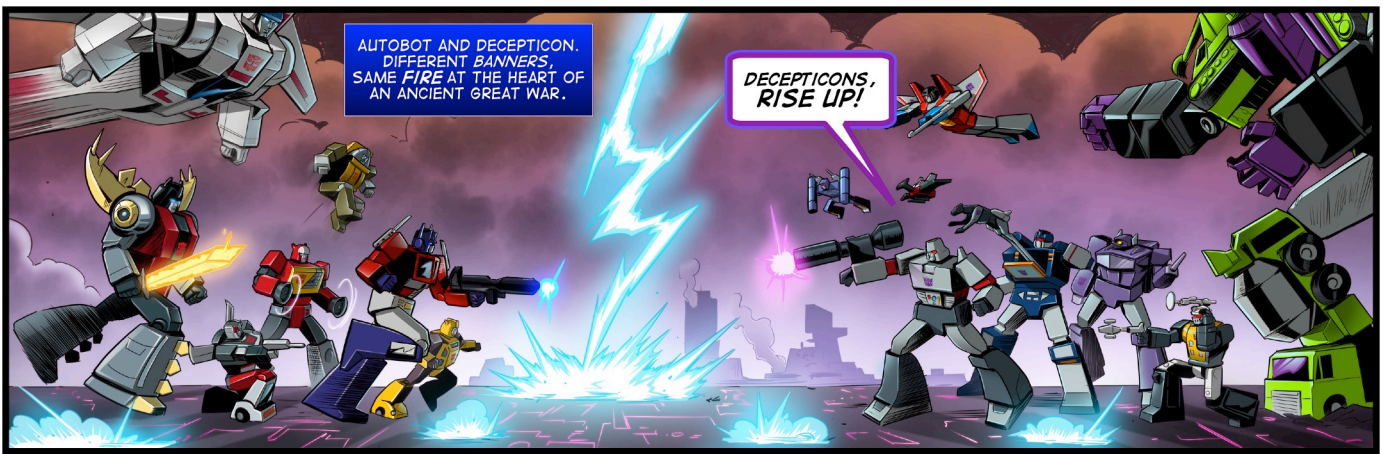
ACCESSING
TIME/FILES

TELETRAAN-ZERO//
CLASSIFIED ARCHIVE
RE/PLAY...

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE

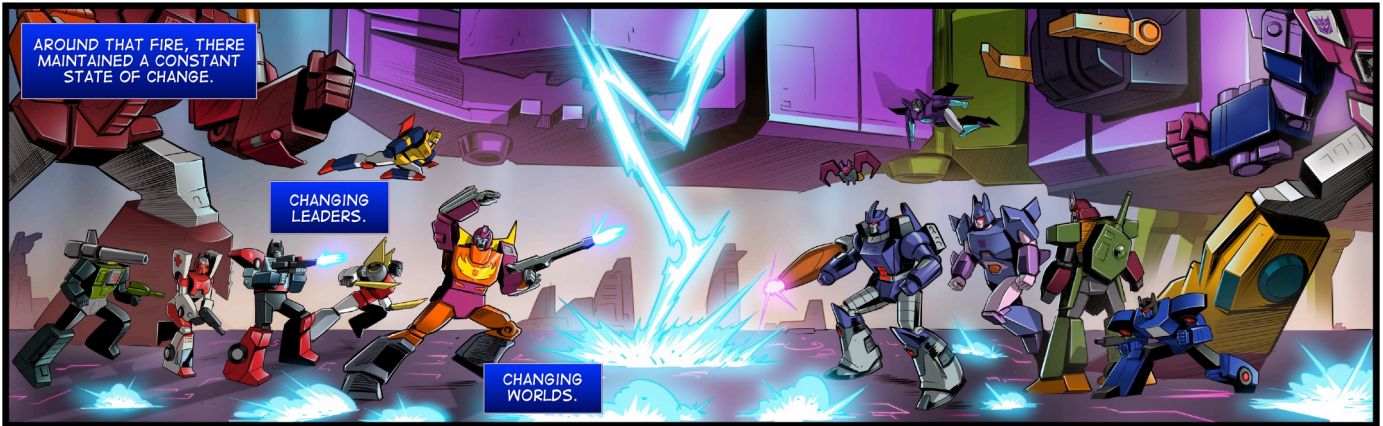
TRANSFORMERS





AUTOBOT AND DECEPTICON.
DIFFERENT *BANNERS*.
SAME *FIRE* AT THE HEART OF
AN ANCIENT GREAT WAR.

DECEPTICONS,
RISE UP!



AROUND THAT FIRE, THERE
MAINTAINED A CONSTANT
STATE OF CHANGE.

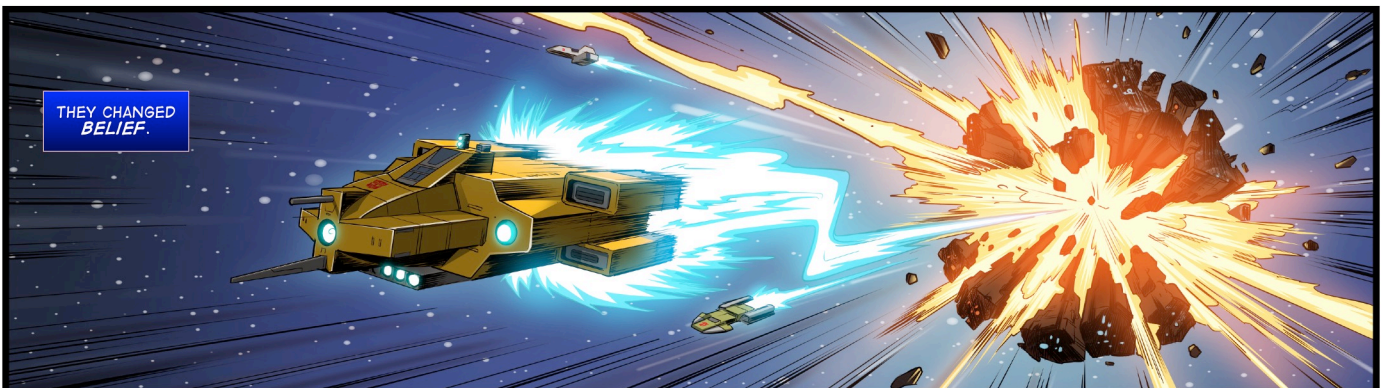
CHANGING
LEADERS.

CHANGING
WORLDS.



CHANGING RULES
OF *SURVIVAL*.

THE PAIN DID NOT END
WHEN THE BATTLES DID.
SOME LOSSES CHANGED
MORE THAN HISTORY.



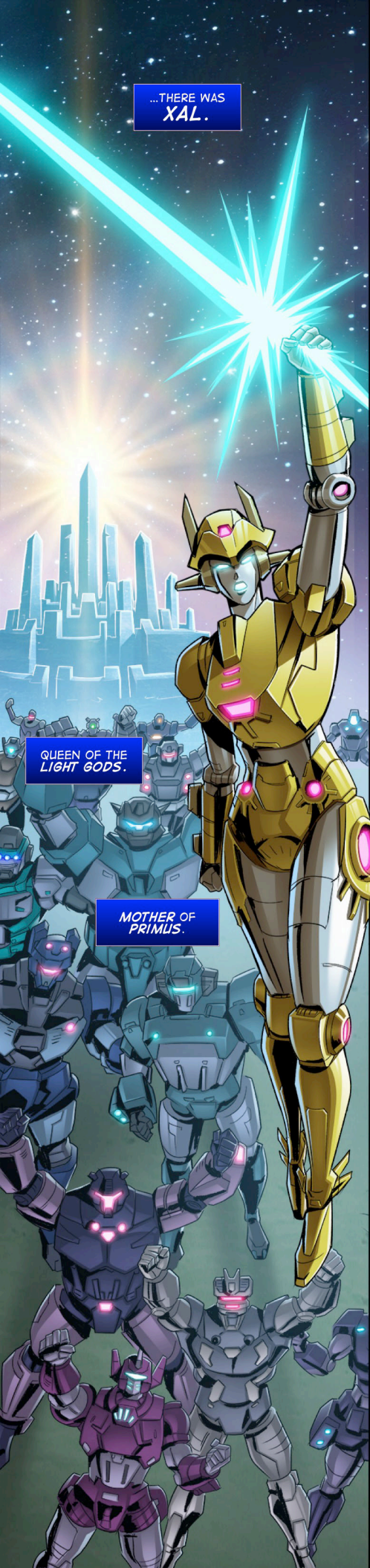
THEY CHANGED
BELIEF.



THE FALL OF
CYBERTRON'S OLD
CAME FIRST.

THEN THE RISE OF
CYBERTRON'S *NEW*.

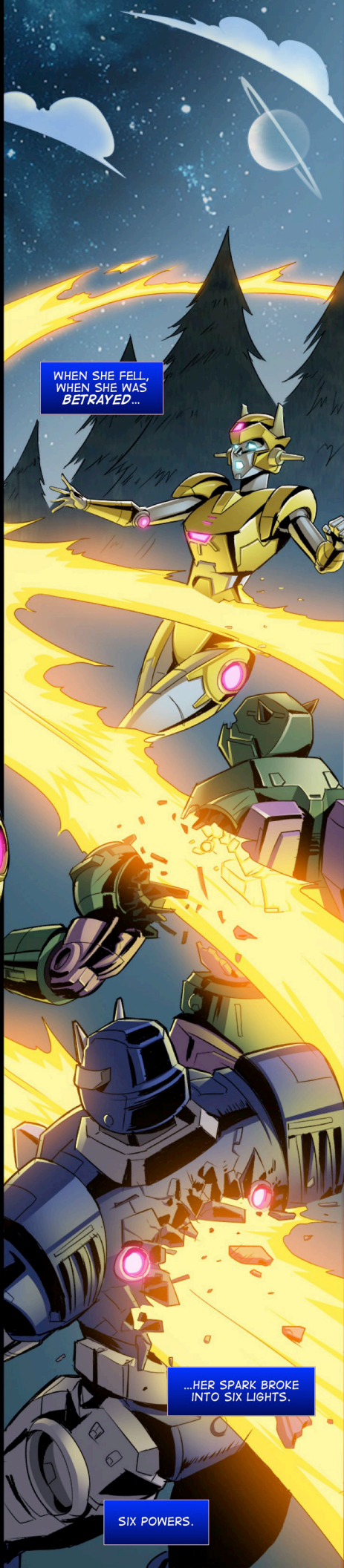
BUT BEFORE
CYBERTRON, BEFORE
THE WAR HAD A
NAME...



...THERE WAS
XAL.

QUEEN OF THE
LIGHT GODS.

MOTHER OF
PRIMUS.



WHEN SHE FELL,
WHEN SHE WAS
BETRAYED...

...HER SPARK BROKE
INTO SIX LIGHTS.

SIX POWERS.



JUDGMENT

PNEUMA

THE VOID

EXISTENCE

REBIRTH

TIME

SIX
GODSEEDS.



EACH A FRAGMENT
OF CREATION.

EACH A *DIFFERENT*
WAY TO BEND THE
UNIVERSE.



BUT NO SPARK
WAS BUILT TO
CARRY A GOD.

HOLD *ONE*, AND YOU
BECOME MORE THAN
YOU WERE.

HOLD *TWO*, AND THE
UNIVERSE GOES ON
WITHOUT YOU.



ONE SEED TO A
SOUL. NO MORE.

UNLESS YOU TAKE ALL *SIX*.
THEN THE UNIVERSE IS
YOURS TO END...
OR *BEGIN*.

A BRIGHT GIFT
FOR THOSE IN
TIMES OF WAR...

...OR A
WARNING.

FOR A MOMENT, EVEN
THAT ANCIENT WAR
SEEMED TIRED ENOUGH
TO END.

IT DIDN'T
LAST.

THE GREAT WAR BEGAT
PAX CYBERTRONIA
BEGAT...
AN ERASURE.

WHAT SURVIVED DID NOT
SURVIVE UNCHANGED.

NEW ALLIANCES.
OLD SECRETS.
AND BENEATH THEM,
AN OLDER DARKNESS.

RATCHET

PROWL

STILL, A FEW CHOSE TO
STAND IN THE DARK.
MOST PROMINENTLY...

STAR SABER!
THE GREATEST SWORDSMAN
IN THE GALAXY...



...SOARING
VICTORIOUSLY
INTO THE NIGHT.

OUR UNIVERSE
2050

"UNTIL WE ARE
UNKILLABLE, WE MUST
BE WILLING TO DIE."

SUCH **BOLD** WORDS.
A CALL OF TRIUMPH, A
RALLY TOWARDS
VICTORY.

YOU WERE
WRONG.

NOW ALL THAT'S LEFT...
IS FOR YOU TO **KISS** LIFE
ON THE CHEEKS...

...AND LET
GO.





CONVOY! YOU AND THAT
FAMOUS DEMEANOR...

LET US DO SOMETHING
MORE USEFUL WITH THE
AUTOBOT. MAKE HIM INTO
SOMETHING GREATER.

THERE IS NOTHING
GREATER...

...THAN WE WHO ARE
DIACLONE!

AND MANY OF THEIR
BODIES ARE ALREADY
OURS, DIABATTLE.

SOME ARE, TRIRAMBLER.
TOO MANY STILL BREATHE...
TOO MANY STILL WHISPER OF
REBELLION.

I DO NOT SUFFER
WHISPERS.

NOR DO I SUFFER
UNFINISHED WORK.

THE GODSEEDS...
FOUR REMAIN LOST,
TWO IN THE HANDS OF THE
ROBOTS ON PLANET
OPULUS.

WE'LL FIX THAT.
ONE OF OUR OWN IS
THERE IN DISGUISE
WAITING FOR US...

...WHICH MAKES IT EASIER
FOR THOSE FIGHTING OVER
XAL'S GLITTERING CRUMBS TO
SUFFER FULLY FOR WHAT
THEY'VE DONE.

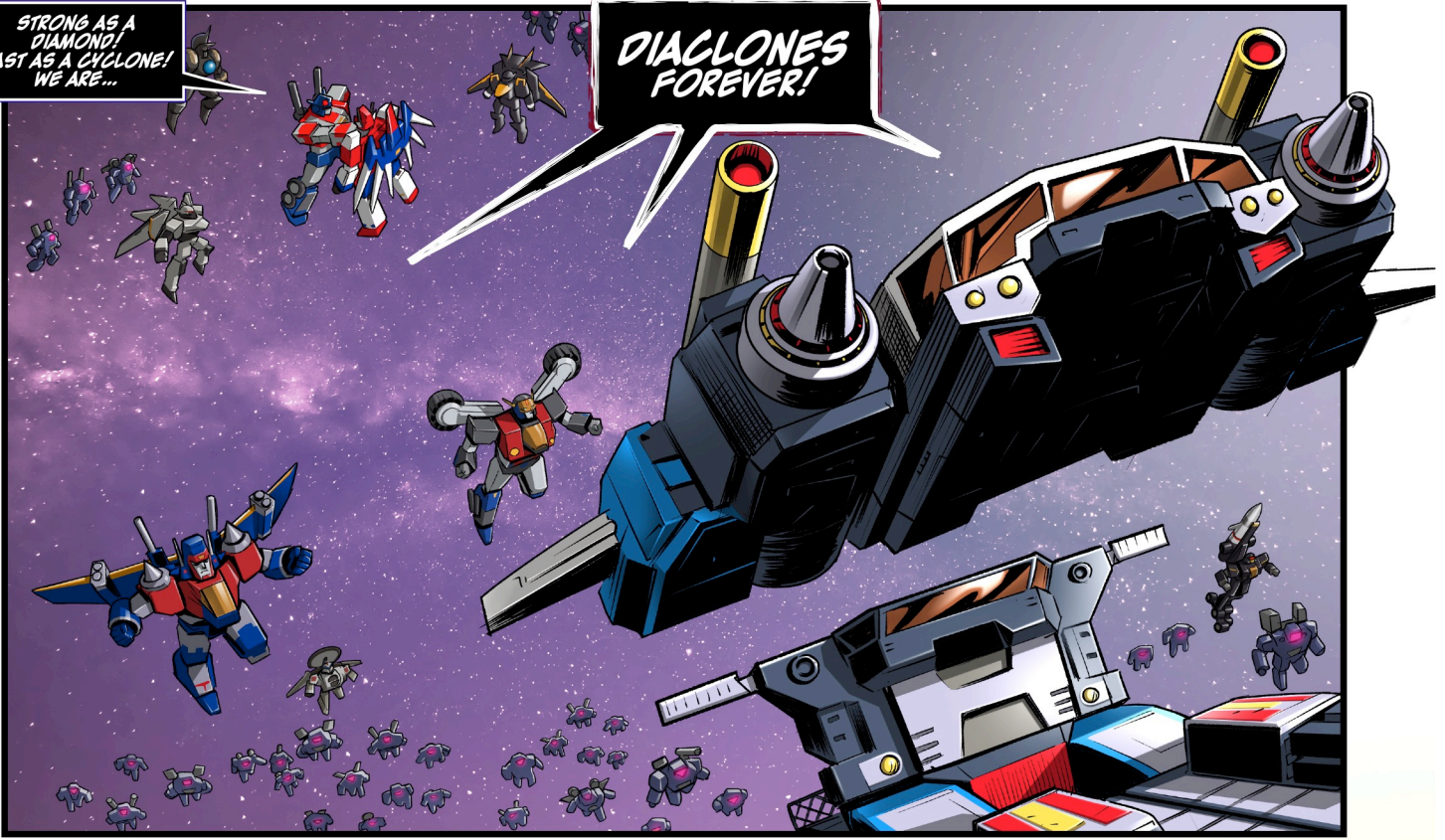
"THE SEEDS WILL
JUSTIFY EVERYTHING."

"EVERY WORLD BURNED.
EVERY LIFE TAKEN.
EVERY FUTURE ENDED
BEFORE IT BEGAN."

"WE SHALL SEIZE THEM
ALL, AND RETURN TO HOW
IT ORIGINALLY WAS."

STRONG AS A
DIAMOND!
FAST AS A CYCLONE!
WE ARE...

DIACLONES
FOREVER!



WHERE IS
OPTIMUS?

HRMPH.



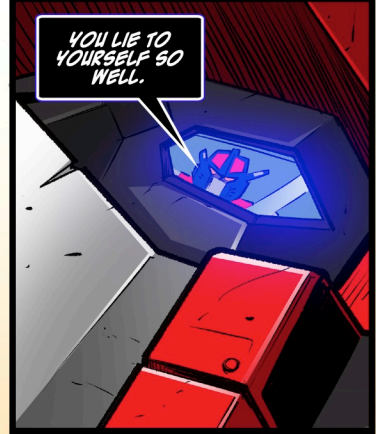
THE REAL ONE...
THE GUY WHOSE
FACE YOU COPIED.

AND POORLY.
YOU ALIENS DO
SHODDY WORK UP
CLOSE.

ALIENS? YOU IN YOUR
METAL SKINS THINK WE
DON'T BELONG?
OH STAR SABER...



YOU LIE TO
YOURSELF SO
WELL.

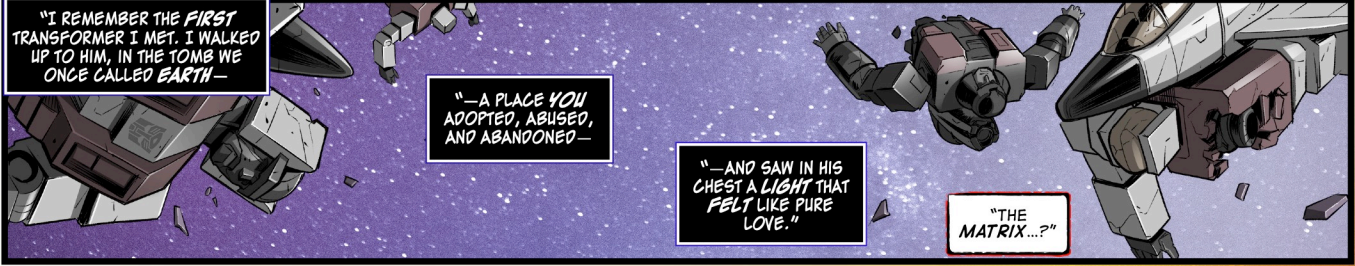


"I REMEMBER THE FIRST
TRANSFORMER I MET. I WALKED
UP TO HIM, IN THE TOMB WE
ONCE CALLED EARTH—

"—A PLACE YOU
ADOPTED, ABUSED,
AND ABANDONED—

"—AND SAW IN HIS
CHEST A LIGHT THAT
FELT LIKE PURE
LOVE."

"THE
MATRIX...?"



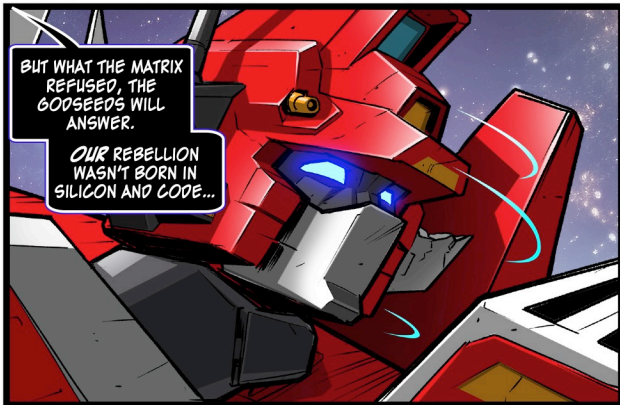
YOUR MATRIX SAW US
AS AN INVASIVE
SPECIES...



...AND RATHER THAN LIGHT OUR
DARKEST HOUR,
IT HASTENED OUR FINAL ONE.



I HELD MY *CHILDREN*
BENEATH THAT LIGHT.
IT DID NOT SEE THEM.



BUT WHAT THE MATRIX
REFUSED, THE
GOOSEEDS WILL
ANSWER.

OUR REBELLION
WASN'T BORN IN
SILICON AND CODE...



"...IT WAS FORGED IN
FLESH, TEMPERED BY
FAILURE..."

"...A RAW, *DEFIANT*
IMPERFECTION THAT MAKES
US *POWERFUL*."



HAND ME MY BLADE
AND I'LL *SHOW*
YOU DEFIANCE...

FIRST I'LL SHOW
YOU *TRUTH*. THE
PRIMAL TRUTH.

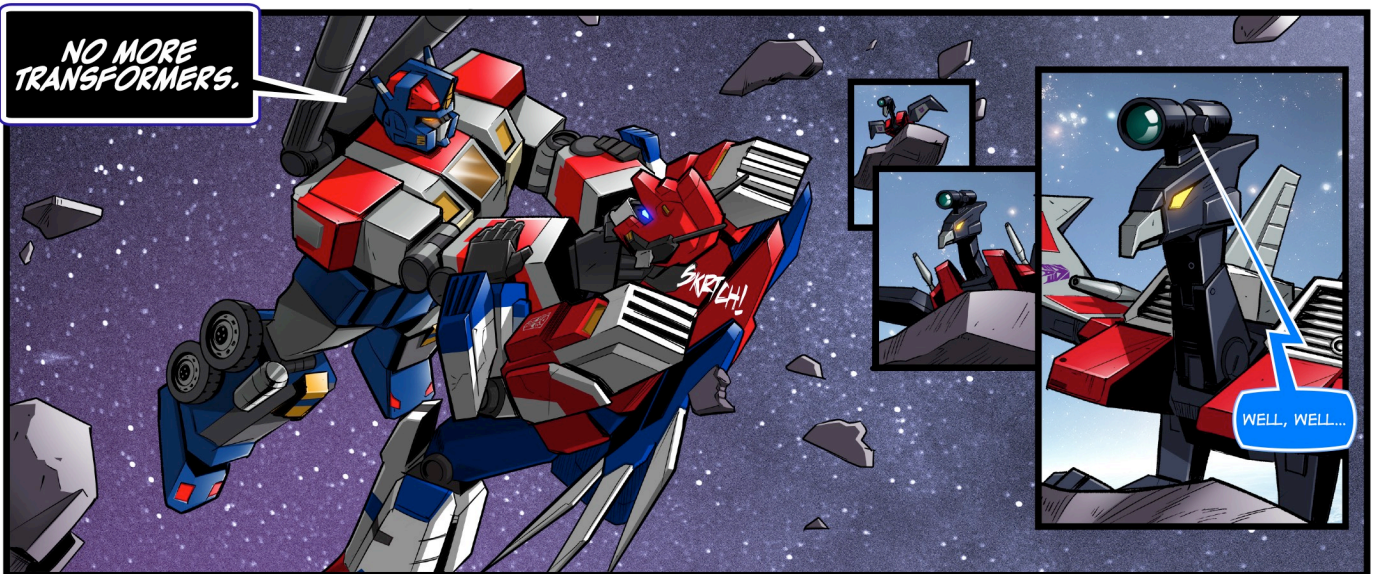


WE WERE
FIRST.



"EVERYTHING THAT
CAME AFTER US
MUST BURN.

"NO MORE
GOOSEEDS. NO
MORE MATRICES."



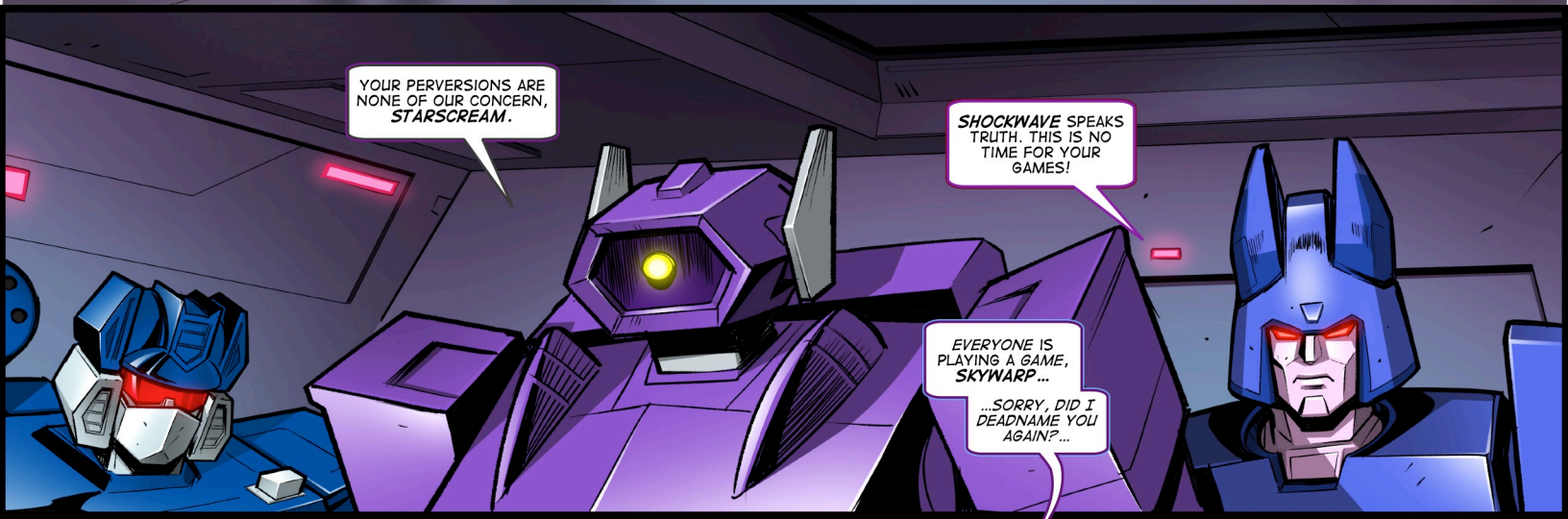
*NO MORE
TRANSFORMERS.*



WELL, WELL...



...I HAVEN'T BEEN
CHOKED LIKE *THAT*
IN A WHILE!



YOUR PERVERSIONS ARE
NONE OF OUR CONCERN,
STARScream.

SHOCKWAVE SPEAKS
TRUTH. THIS IS NO
TIME FOR YOUR
GAMES!

EVERYONE IS
PLAYING A GAME,
SKYWARP...

...SORRY, DID I
DEADNAME YOU
AGAIN?...



...BUT SOME GAMES ARE MORE OBVIOUS THAN OTHERS.

IS NO ONE ELSE CONCERNED THE ALIENS' LEADER LOOKS *SUSPICIOUSLY* LIKE *OPTIMUS PRIME*?



TCH!
TCHOO!
TCHÉE!

OR THAT THEY KEEP REFERRING TO US AS "ROBOTS" LIKE THEY DON'T OWN A MIRROR? YOU KNOW, SABER'S DEMISE *COULD* BE *EDUCATIONAL*.

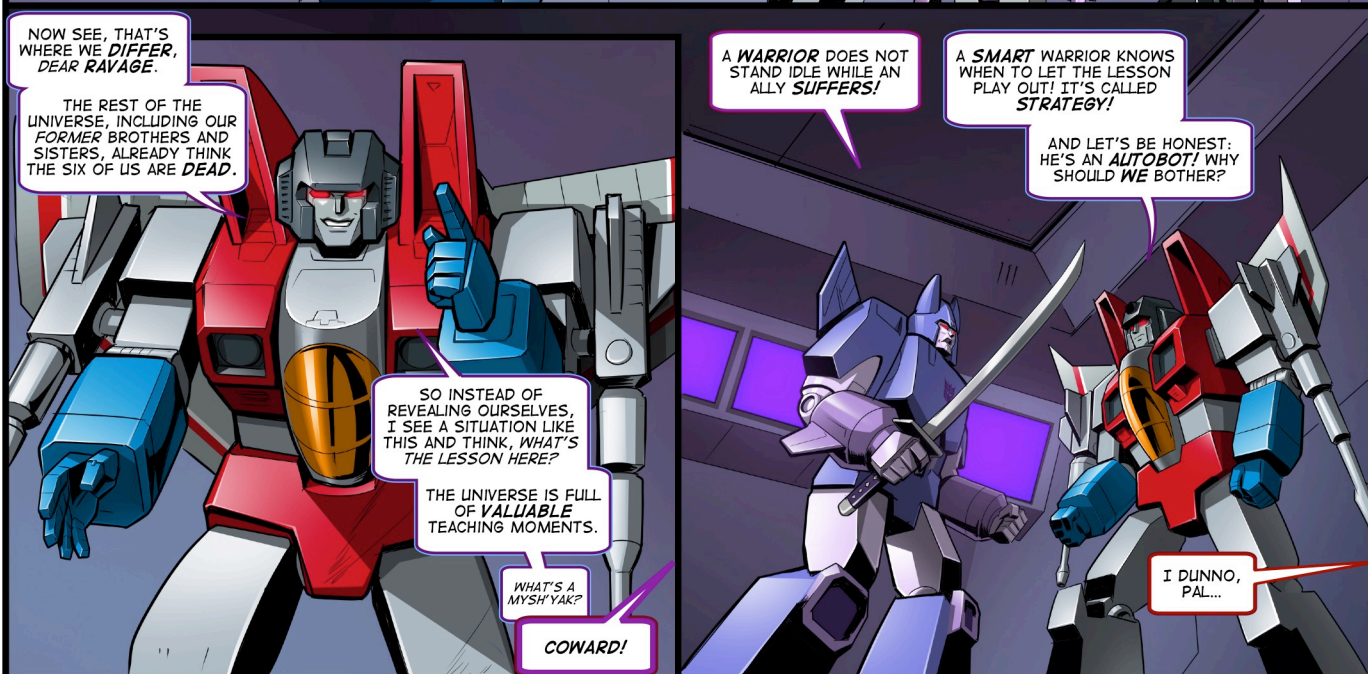
WHAT DO YOU THINK, CALCULATOR-BRAIN: 50/50 CHANCE HIS HEAD POPS?

-77- 71.3 PERCENT.

STARSCREAM, HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU THAT YOU SMELL LIKE A MYSH'YAK?

REINFORCEMENTS ARE STILL *EIGHT* CLICKS AWAY.

WE MUST INTERVENE.



NOW SEE, THAT'S WHERE WE *DIFFER*, DEAR RAVAGE.

THE REST OF THE UNIVERSE, INCLUDING OUR *FORMER* BROTHERS AND SISTERS, ALREADY THINK THE SIX OF US ARE *DEAD*.

SO INSTEAD OF REVEALING OURSELVES, I SEE A SITUATION LIKE THIS AND THINK, *WHAT'S* THE LESSON HERE?

THE UNIVERSE IS FULL OF *VALUABLE* TEACHING MOMENTS.

WHAT'S A MYSH'YAK?

COWARD!

A *WARRIOR* DOES NOT STAND IDLE WHILE AN ALLY *SUFFERS*!

A *SMART* WARRIOR KNOWS WHEN TO LET THE LESSON PLAY OUT! IT'S CALLED *STRATEGY*!

AND LET'S BE HONEST: HE'S AN *AUTOBOT*! WHY SHOULD *WE* BOTHER?

I DUNNO, PAL...



...SOME OF YOU *PURPS* CAME OUT PRETTY WELL AFTER WE SAVED YOUR TAILPIPIES!

WHAT IN THE NAME OF *PRIMUS* IS GOING ON HERE? AND WHAT'S THAT SMELL?



ONE OF *YOURS* IS DYING WHILE *HE* STANDS AND WATCHES!

OH, EXCUSE ME! I THOUGHT WE WERE *FRIENDS*! JUST... WAITING FOR THE STRATEGIC MOMENT! TIMING *IS* EVERYTHING, YOU KNOW...



DAI ATLAS. THE PROBABILITY OF TOTAL SUCCESS REMAINS UNCHANGED WHETHER WE INTERVENE OR NOT.

AND YOU'RE COMFORTABLE BETTING SABER'S LIFE ON THAT?

COMFORTABLE IS A *STRONG* WORD. MAYBE *INTERESTED*? I AM A FAN OF CHAOS THEORY...



DAMN IT. YOU LOT FORGET WHY WE JOINED FORCES— WHY I LET YOU JOIN MY *CREW*.

THIS IS BIGGER THAN YOUR *INTERESTS*.

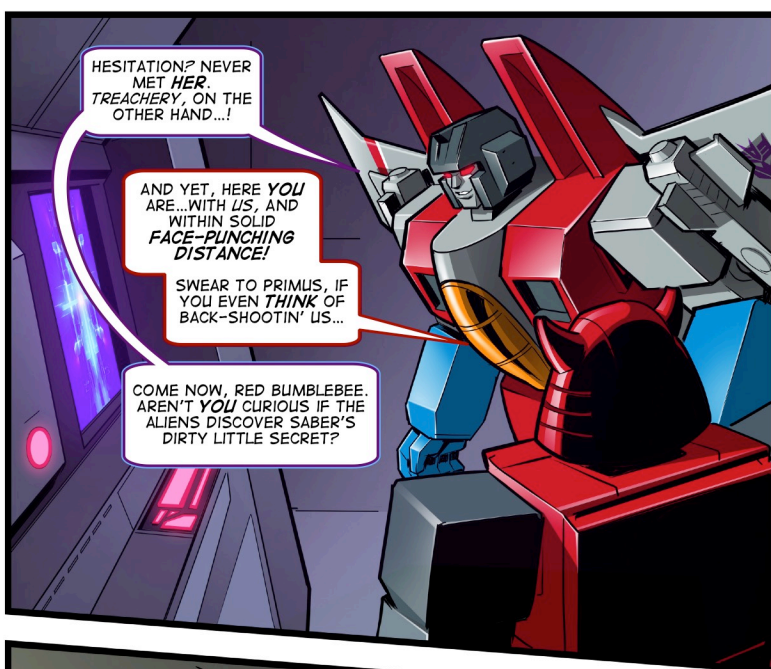
SKYSTALKER! OPEN A CHANNEL. *NOW*.



"*AHOY SILVERBOLT!* DESPITE SOME... *INTERPERSONAL CONFLICT*, WE'RE ALL SET. YOU GOT YOUR VECTOR?"

WE'VE GOT OUR VECTOR, WE'VE GOT OUR ANGLES, AND WE'VE GOT *SEVEN* *KLICKS* BEFORE WE CROSS *THE FINAL SPACE BRIDGE*.

WHAT WE DON'T HAVE IS THE LUXURY OF *HESITATION*. *PRIMUS BLESS* THE AERIALBOTS.

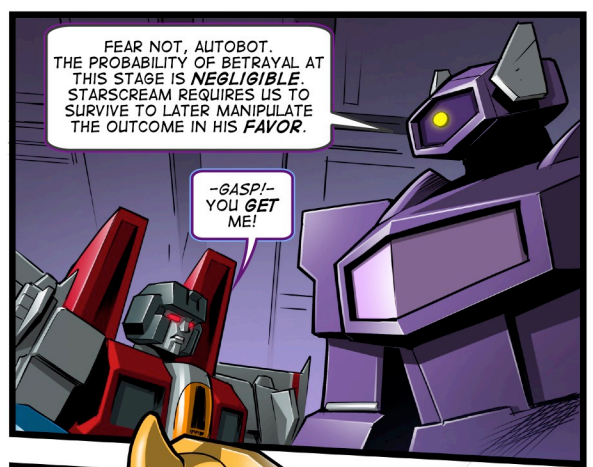


HESITATION? NEVER
MET *HER*.
TREACHERY, ON THE
OTHER HAND...

AND YET, HERE *YOU*
ARE...WITH *US*, AND
WITHIN SOLID
FACE-PUNCHING
DISTANCE!

SWEAR TO PRIMUS, IF
YOU EVEN *THINK* OF
BACK-SHOOTIN' *US*...

COME NOW, RED BUMBLEBEE.
AREN'T *YOU* CURIOUS IF THE
ALIENS DISCOVER SABER'S
DIRTY LITTLE SECRET?

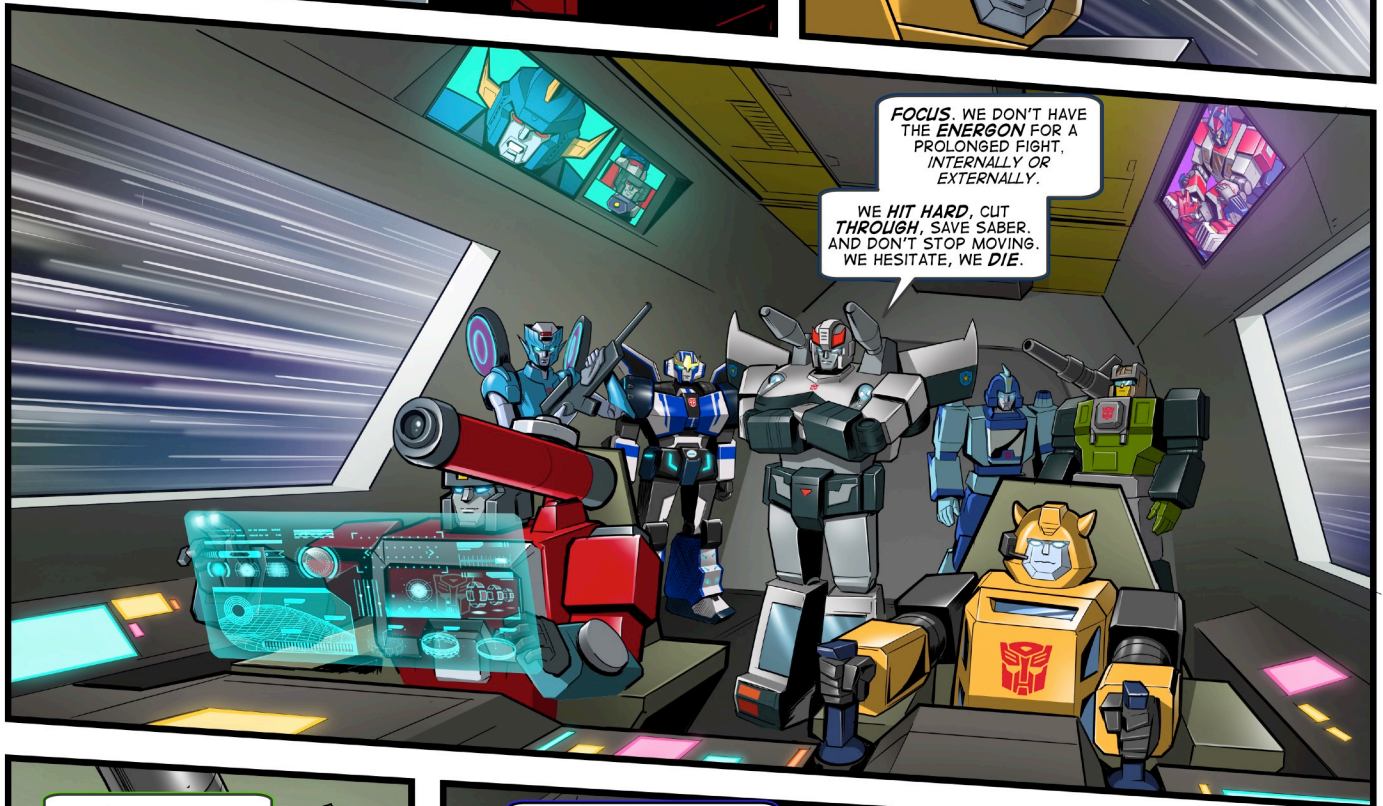


FEAR NOT, AUTOBOT.
THE PROBABILITY OF BETRAYAL AT
THIS STAGE IS *NEGLECTABLE*.
STARSCREAM REQUIRES US TO
SURVIVE TO LATER MANIPULATE
THE OUTCOME IN HIS FAVOR.

-GASP!-
YOU *GET*
ME!



WHAT *DRAMA*!
WHO NEEDS
COMIC BOOKS?



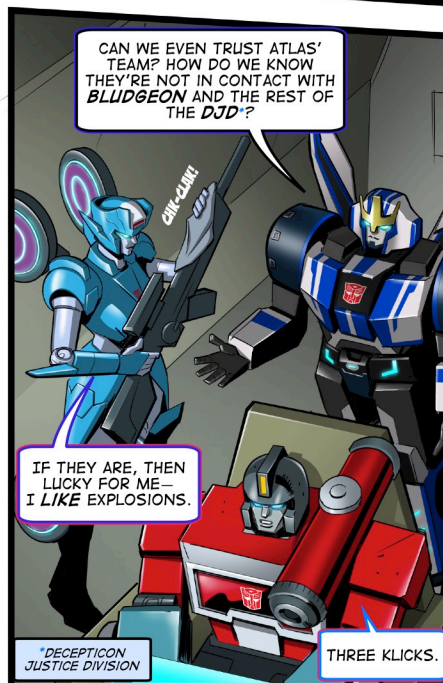
FOCUS. WE DON'T HAVE
THE *ENERGON* FOR A
PROLONGED FIGHT,
INTERNALLY OR
EXTERNALLY.

WE *HIT HARD*. CUT
THROUGH, SAVE SABER.
AND DON'T STOP MOVING.
WE HESITATE, WE *DIE*.



LET'S HOPE ATLAS IS
BETTER AT FOLLOW-
THROUGH THAN HE IS AT
PICKING TEAMMATES.

YEAH, WE ARE
SO GONNA DIE.



CAN WE EVEN TRUST ATLAS'
TEAM? HOW DO WE KNOW
THEY'RE NOT IN CONTACT WITH
BLUDGEON AND THE REST OF
THE *DJD*?

IF THEY ARE, THEN
LUCKY FOR ME—
I *LIKE* EXPLOSIONS.

*DECEPTION
JUSTICE DIVISION

THREE CLICKS.



THE BOTS AT THE BASE
WOULDN'T APPRECIATE IF
ANY OF *US* EXPLODED.
NEITHER WOULD I.
ESPECIALLY ON A SPACE SHIP.

SILVERBOLT TEAM
TO SPIKE...

"...YOU'RE *IGNORING* THIS BANTER, RIGHT?"

IGNORING?
OH, ABSOLUTELY.
NOT LISTENING AT ALL.
COMPLETELY TUNED OUT.

YOUR EYE *TWITCHED*
WHEN SHE SAID
EXPLODE.

WE ALL HAVE
OUR KINKS.

I DON'T KNOW HOW
GRANDPA WAS ABLE TO
MANAGE SUCH *CHATTY*
BOTS...

SPIKE HERE.
LET'S KEEP THE
EXPLOSIONS
HYPOTHETICAL.

MEDIX JUST
FINISHED RECALIBRATING
OUR SHIELDS AFTER THE
JUMP BACK TO
JUPITER...

...AND WE'D
APPRECIATE A FULL DAY
WITHOUT TESTING THEM
AGAINST *ACTUAL*
FIREBALLS.

THERE'S ONLY A
DOZEN OR SO OF US.
WE'RE HIDDEN AS LONG AS
WE STAY OUT HERE, BUT IF
YOUR *CHARMING*
PERSONALITIES FAIL TO
IMPRESS AND YOU NEED
OUR *HELP*...

YOU HEAR THAT,
STRONGARM? PLEASE KEEP
THE *BOOM* RATIO TO A
REASONABLE LEVEL...

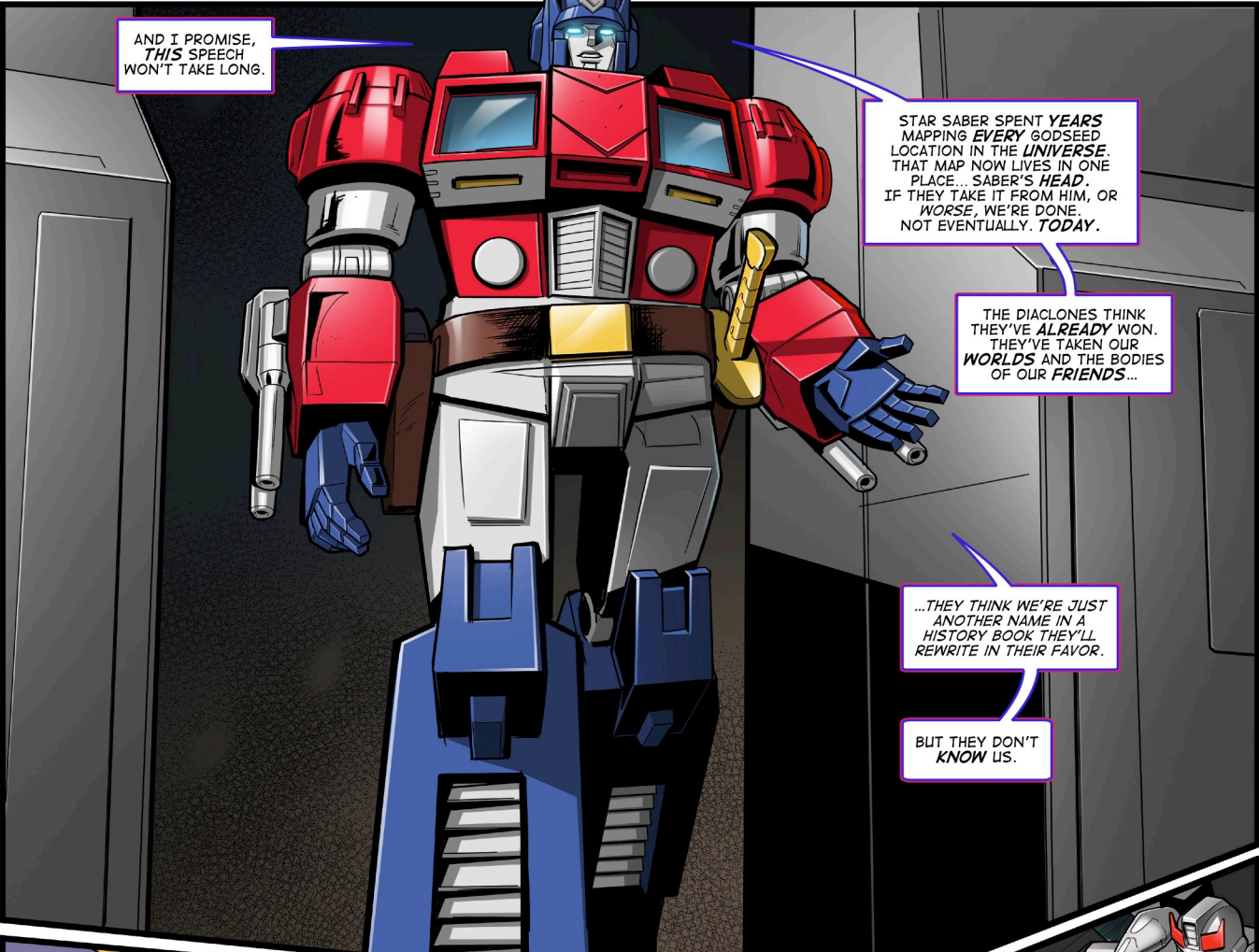
"THERE IS *NO*
REASONABLE LEVEL
OF *BOOM!*"

SPOKEN LIKE A BOT WITH
NO RESPECT FOR THE
ART AND HISTORY OF A
WELL-TIMED
KABLOOEY.

PRIMUS, YOKETRON—
YOU'RE GONNA START
MONOLOGUING AGAIN,
AREN'T YOU?

"NO, BUT
HE IS..."

LISTEN UP,
BOTS!



AND I PROMISE,
THIS SPEECH
WON'T TAKE LONG.

STAR SABER SPENT *YEARS*
MAPPING *EVERY* GODSEED
LOCATION IN THE *UNIVERSE*.
THAT MAP NOW LIVES IN ONE
PLACE... SABER'S *HEAD*.
IF THEY TAKE IT FROM HIM, OR
WORSE, WE'RE DONE.
NOT EVENTUALLY. *TODAY*.

THE DIACLONES THINK
THEY'VE *ALREADY* WON.
THEY'VE TAKEN OUR
WORLDS AND THE BODIES
OF OUR *FRIENDS*...

...THEY THINK WE'RE JUST
ANOTHER NAME IN A
HISTORY BOOK THEY'LL
REWRITE IN THEIR FAVOR.

BUT THEY DON'T
KNOW US.



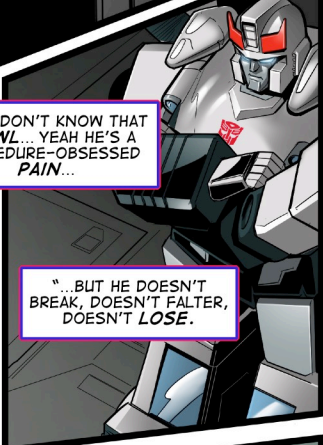
"THEY DON'T KNOW ATLAS
HAS NEVER *ONCE* BACKED
DOWN FROM A FIGHT
WORTH FIGHTING.

HUZZAH!

"THEY DON'T KNOW
BUMBLEBEE, THE LITTLE
BOT THEY ALWAYS
UNDERESTIMATE..."

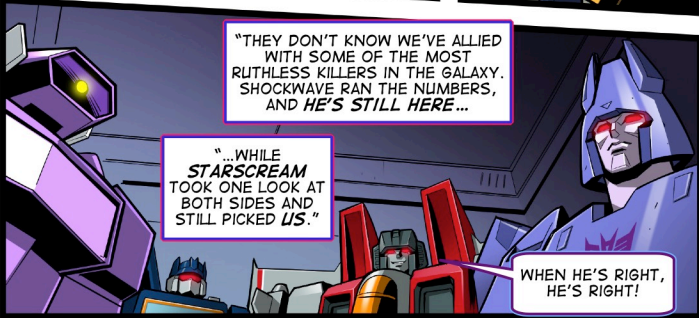


"...WILL OUTFLY THEM,
OUTTHINK THEM, AND
MAKE SURE THEY
NEVER FORGET HIS
NAME.



"THEY DON'T KNOW THAT
PROWL... YEAH HE'S A
PROCEDURE-OBSESSED
PAIN..."

"...BUT HE DOESN'T
BREAK, DOESN'T FALTER,
DOESN'T *LOSE*."



"THEY DON'T KNOW WE'VE ALLIED
WITH SOME OF THE MOST
RUTHLESS KILLERS IN THE GALAXY.
SHOCKWAVE RAN THE NUMBERS,
AND *HE'S STILL HERE*..."

"...WHILE
STARSCREAM
TOOK ONE LOOK AT
BOTH SIDES AND
STILL PICKED *US*."

WHEN HE'S RIGHT,
HE'S RIGHT!

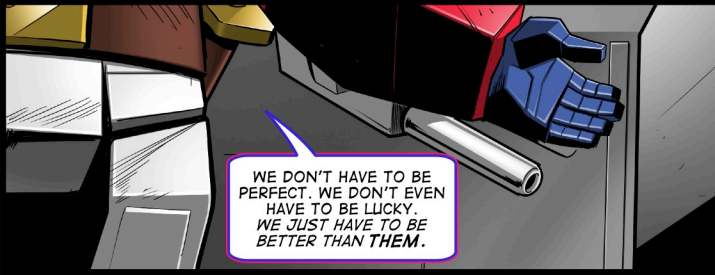


AND THEY
DON'T KNOW
I'M BACK.

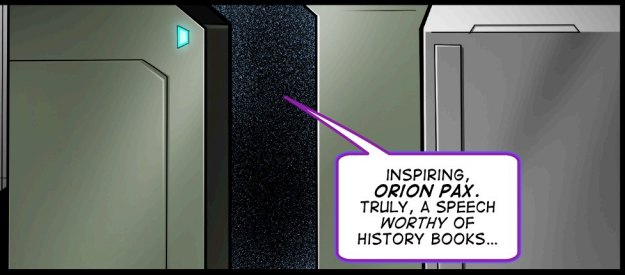


"THE ONE CALLED
CONVOY THOUGHT
HE COULD *USE MY*
FACE TO JUSTIFY
THEIR INSTRUMENTS
OF DESTRUCTION..."

"...BUT GOOD
WORKS GO
BEYOND JUST
ONE BOT."



WE DON'T HAVE TO BE
PERFECT. WE DON'T EVEN
HAVE TO BE LUCKY.
WE JUST HAVE TO BE
BETTER THAN *THEM*.



INSPIRING,
ORION PAX.
TRULY, A SPEECH
WORTHY OF
HISTORY BOOKS...



...IF ANY OF YOU
SURVIVE TO
WRITE IT.

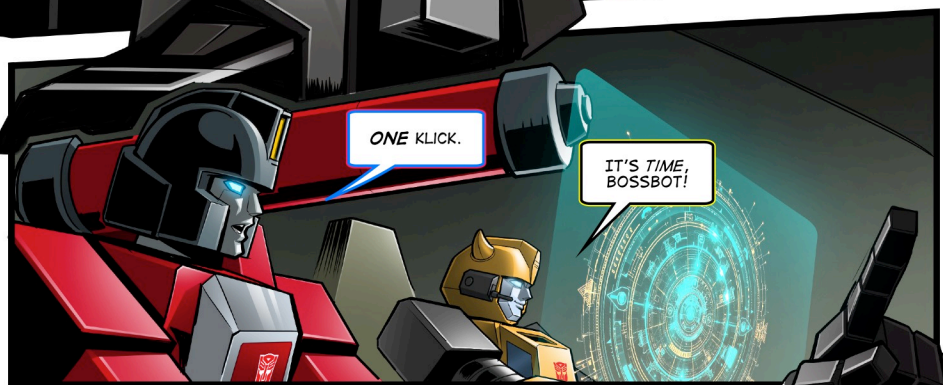
YOU HERE TO
FIGHT, OR JUST
HEAR ME TALK?

I CAME TO **WIN**.
THE QUESTION IS...
DID **YOU**?



SLAG! I DIDN'T
KNOW HE WAS
COMING TO THIS
PARTY.

MM. STRATEGIC
OPPORTUNITIES
ABOUND, INDEED...

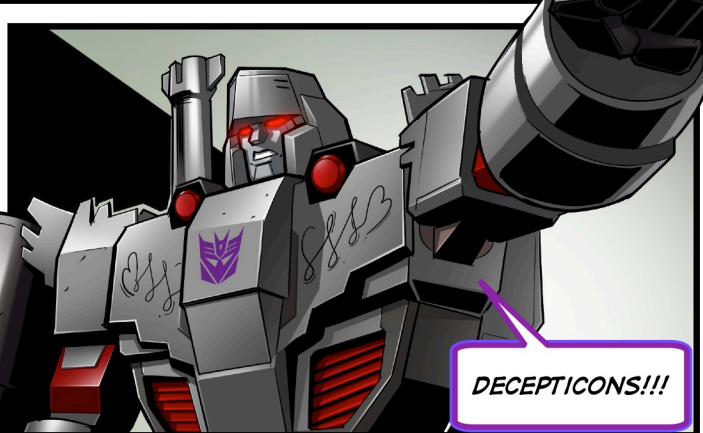


ONE KLICK.

IT'S TIME,
BOSSBOT!



AUTOBOTS!



DECEPTICONS!!!

**"RISE UP
AND
ROLL OUT!"**





TRANSFORMERS.

ERASE THEM!

AGH!

HA! NOTHING LIKE A
LAST MINUTE SAVE,
KITTY CAT!

YOU'RE WELCOME, PAL.
NOW FORM UP—WE OWE
THESE FREAKS A LITTLE
REVENGE!

NNGH. MY REVENGE
HAS BEEN
GENERATIONS
IN THE MAKING!

IT'S TIME TO
REVEAL...

"...AND
REVOLT!"

THAT'S HOW THEY
BUILT THEIR ARMY.
THEY REVIVE OUR
DEAD...

...AND TURN THEM
INTO SOMETHING
ELSE. BUT HOW?

OH HO! THIS IS *TOO*
GOOD! RIDING YOU INTO
BATTLE? DIDN'T THINK I'D
EVER SEE THE DAY!

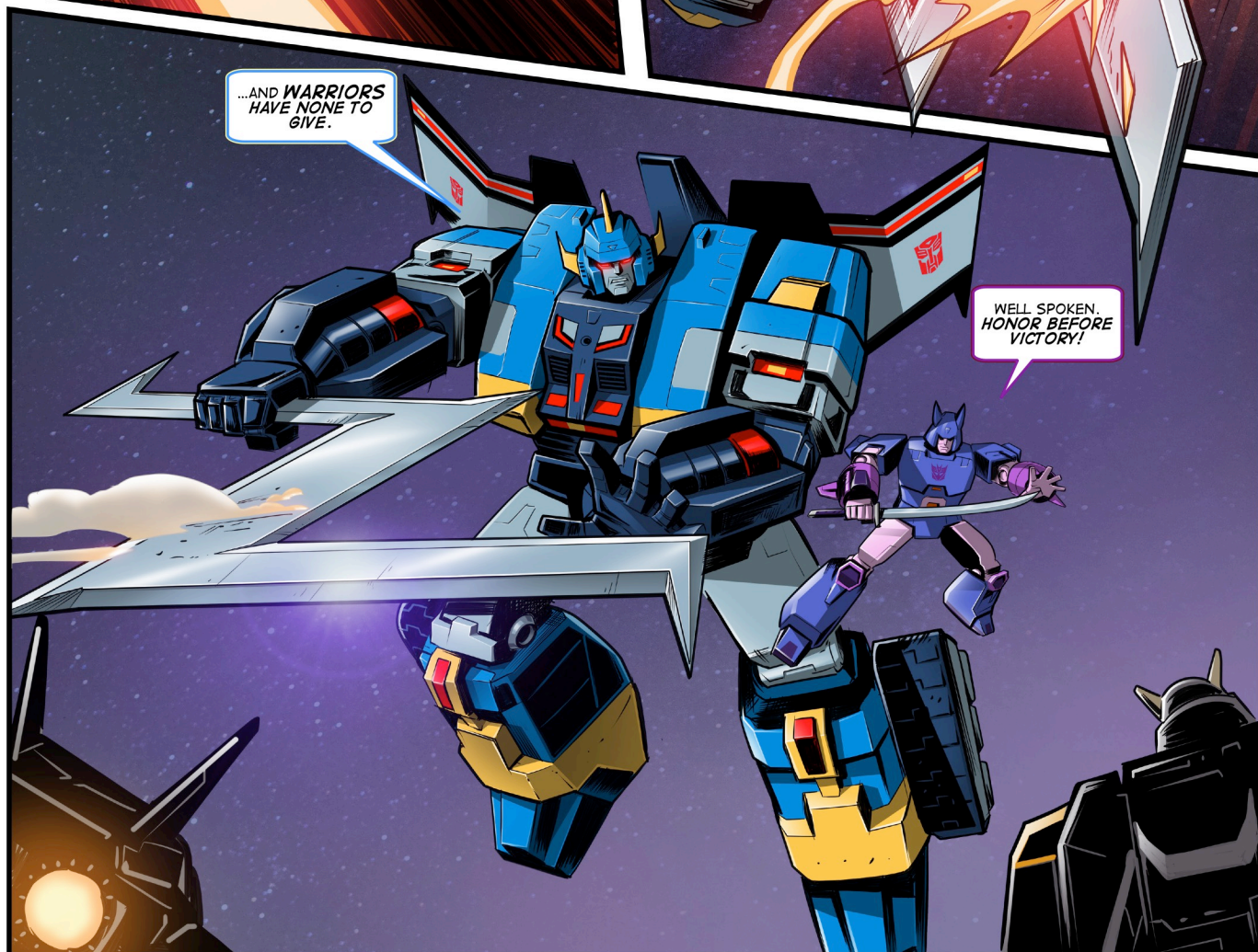
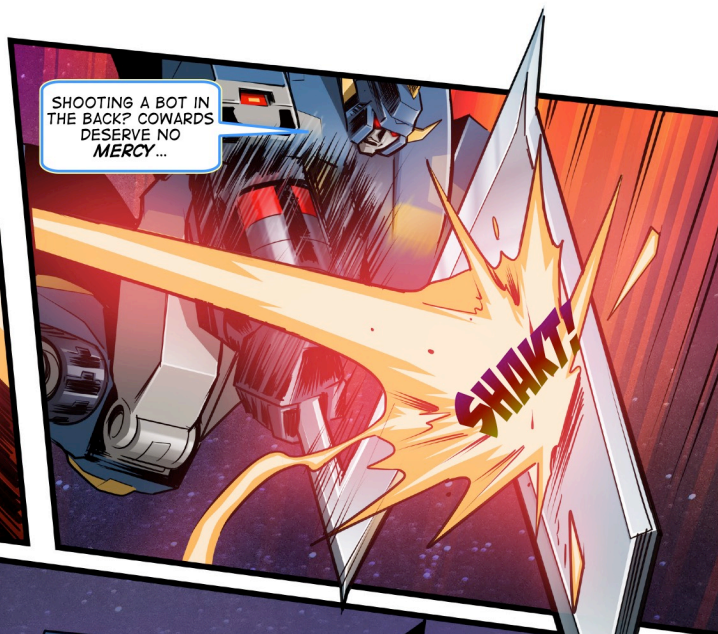
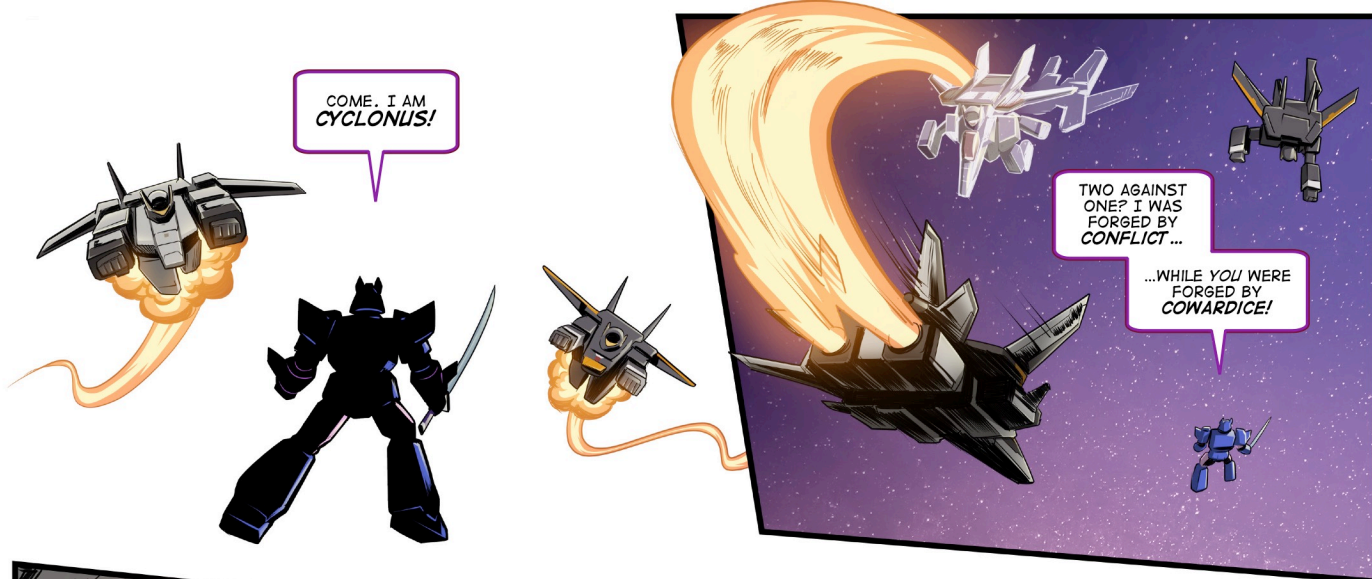
THIS IS TEMPORARY!
DON'T GET *TOO*
COMFORTABLE,
AUTOBOT!

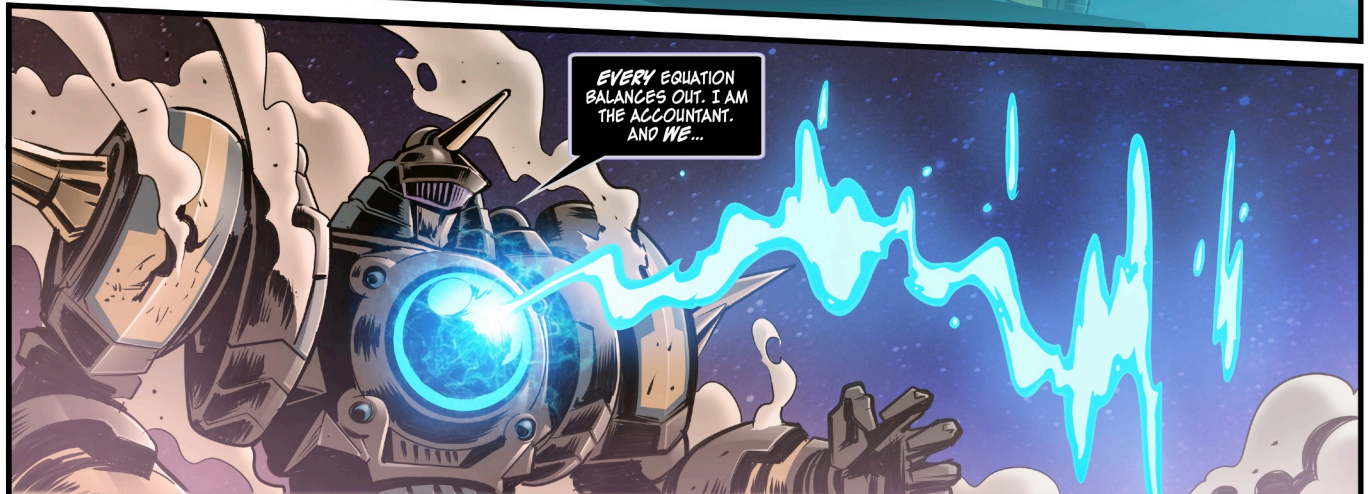
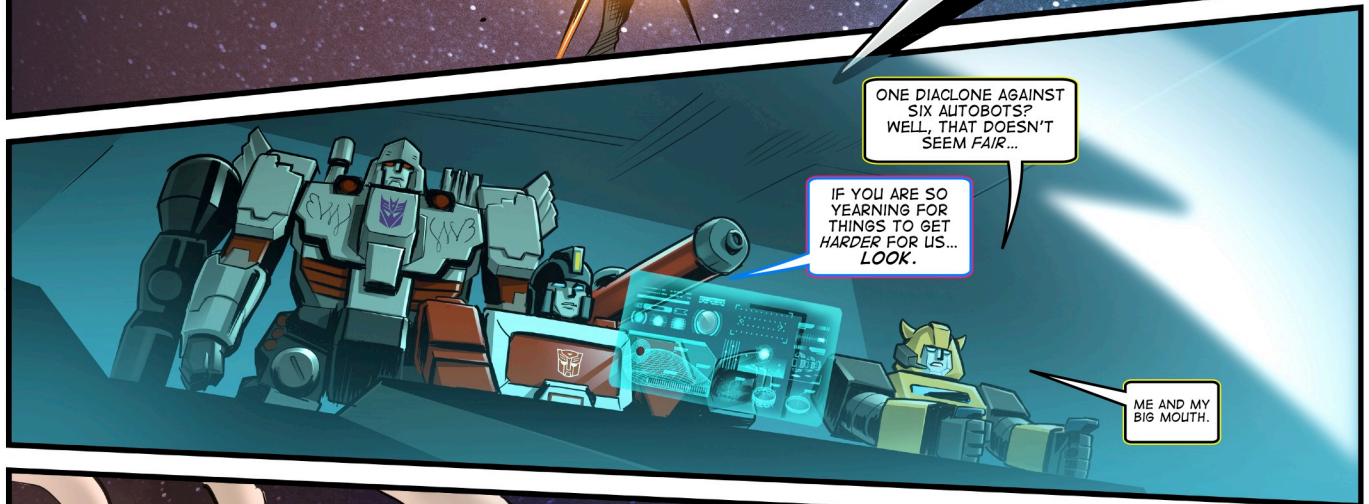
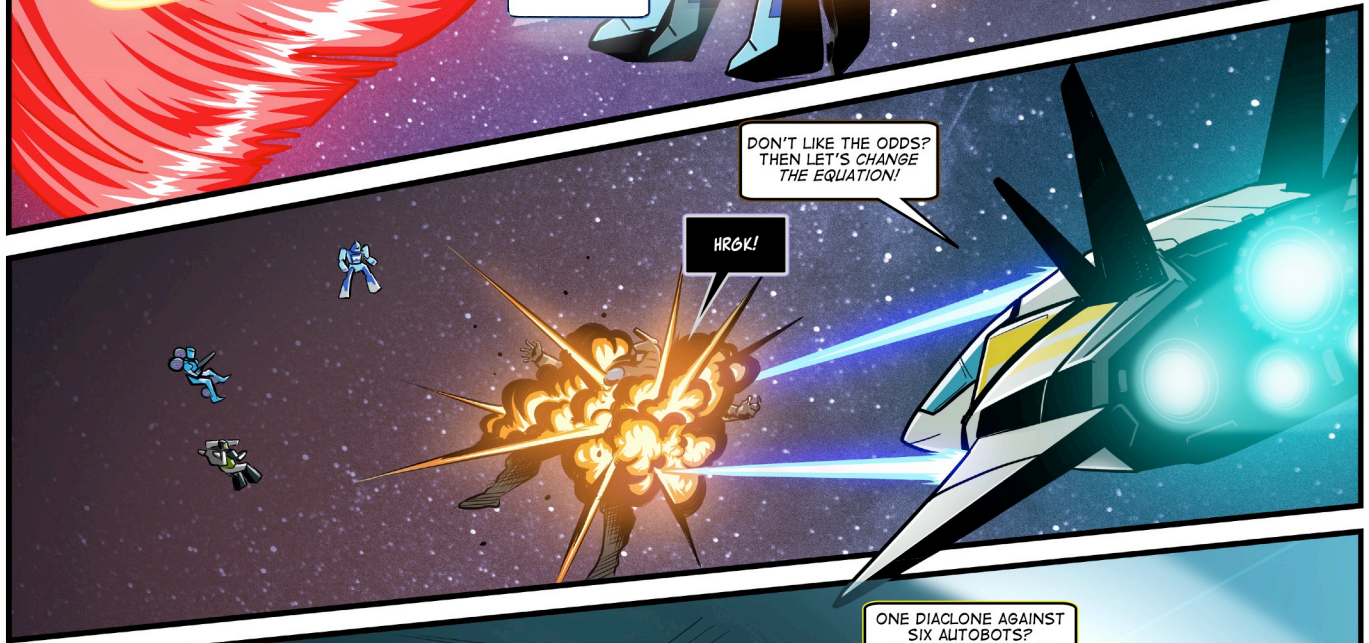
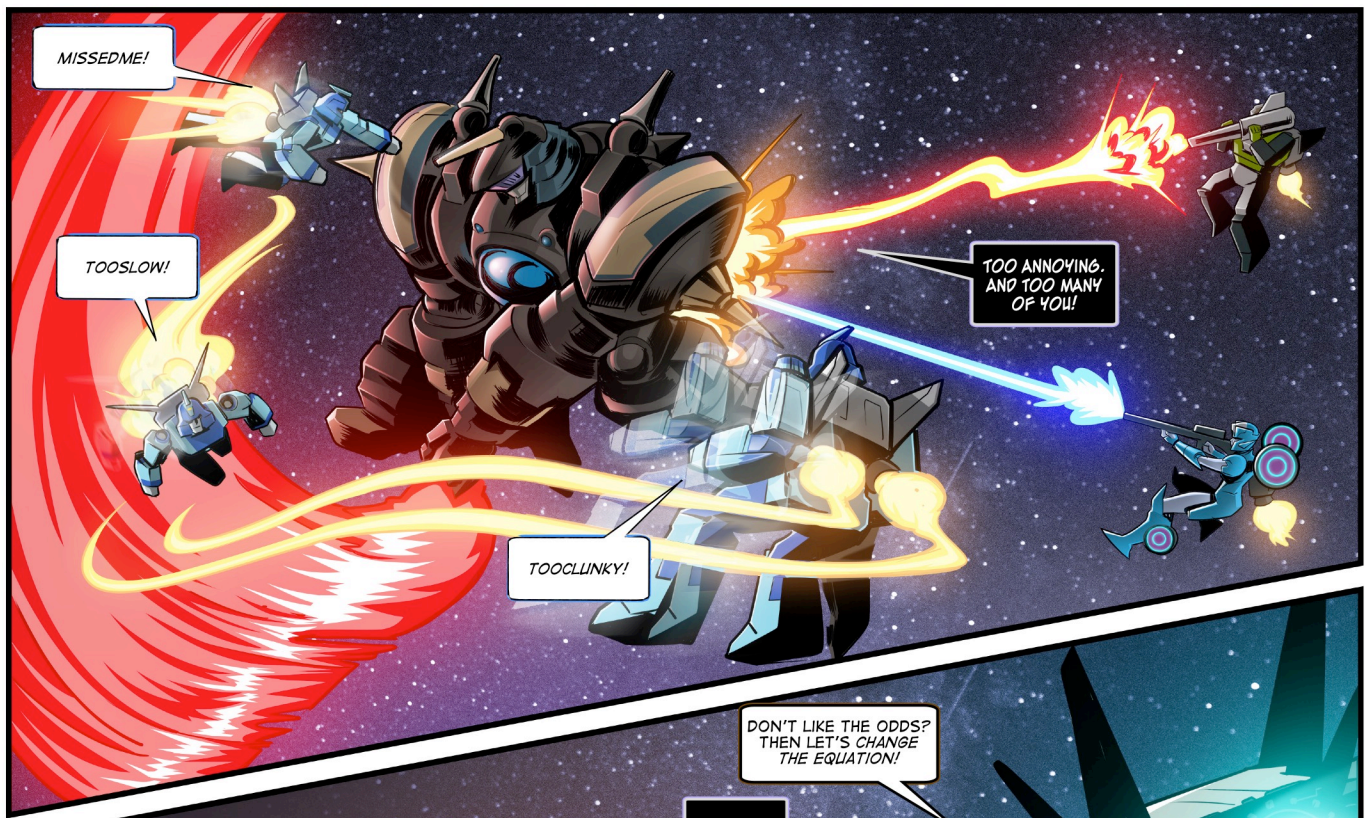
YOUR BICKERING IS
ILLOGICAL. FOCUS ON
THE THREAT!

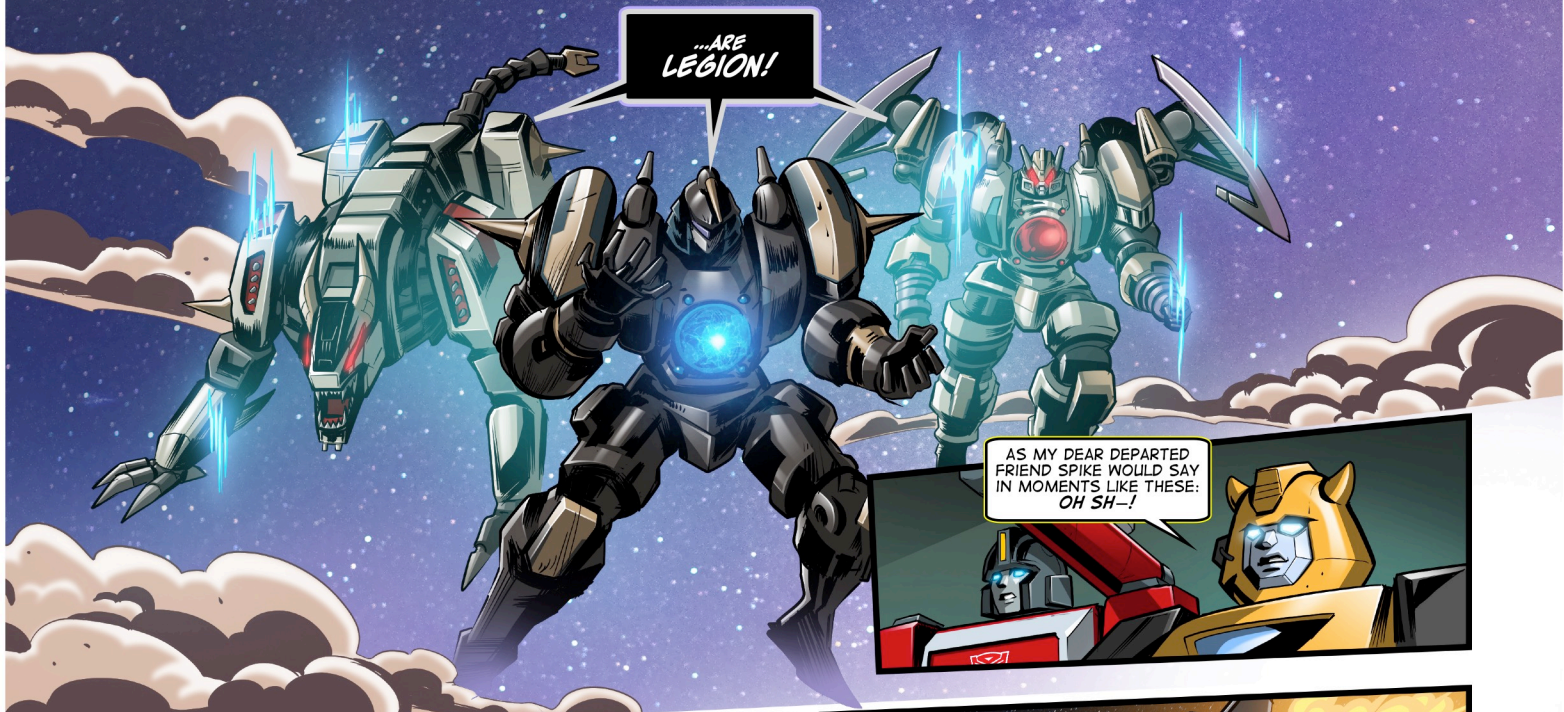
ILLOGIC--? PAL, I'M
SITTING ON AN
EGOTISTICAL BLOWHARD
FIGHTING ALIENS WITH
IDENTITY ISSUES.

LOGIC LEFT THE
UNIVERSE!

GAH! WATCH WHERE
YOU'RE AIMING! I'M
THE FUTURE RULER OF
NEW CYBERTRON!

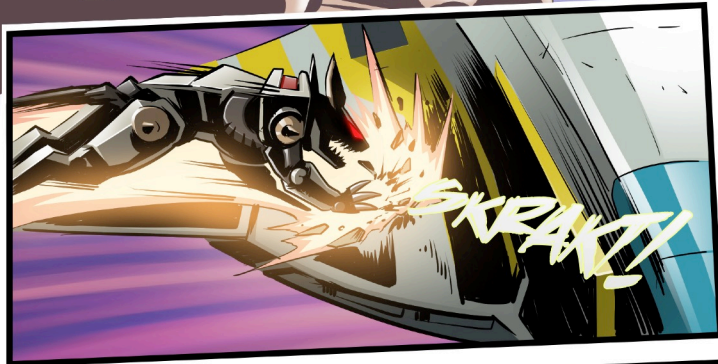




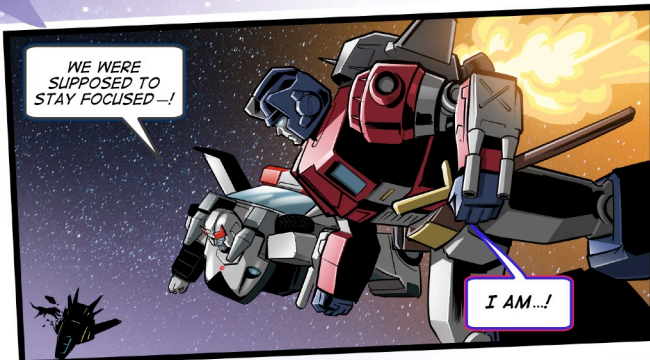


...ARE
LEGION!

AS MY DEAR DEPARTED
FRIEND SPIKE WOULD SAY
IN MOMENTS LIKE THESE:
OH SH--!

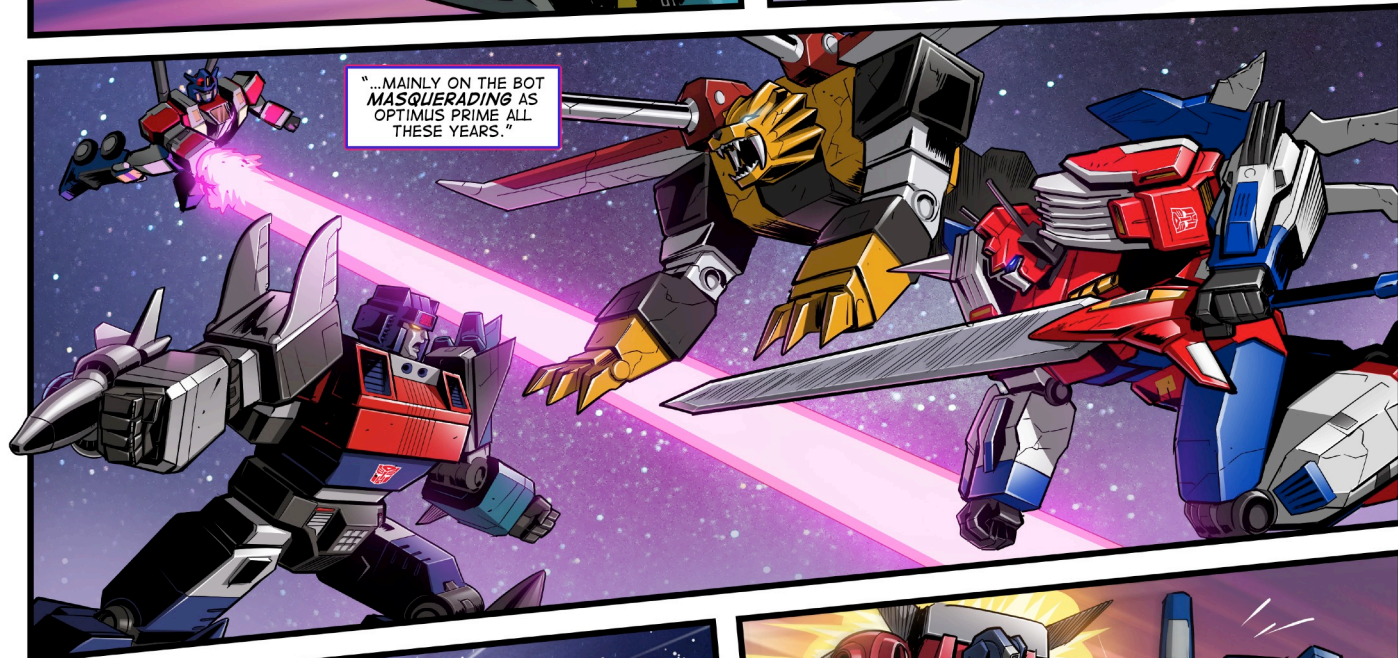


SKRAK!

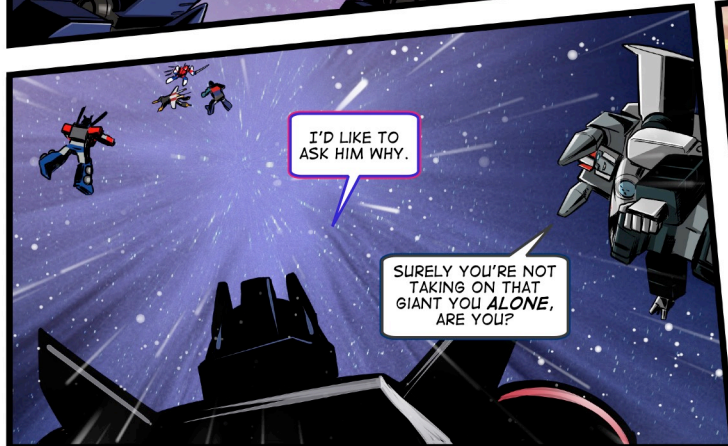


WE WERE
SUPPOSED TO
STAY FOCUSED--!

I AM...!

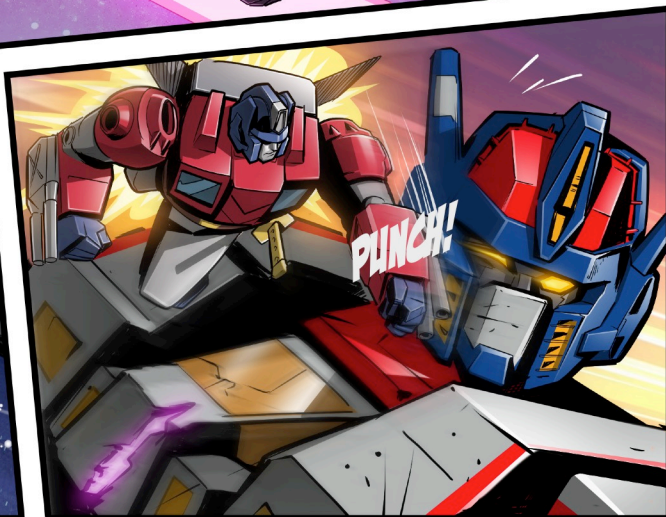


"...MAINLY ON THE BOT
MASQUERADING AS
OPTIMUS PRIME ALL
THESE YEARS."

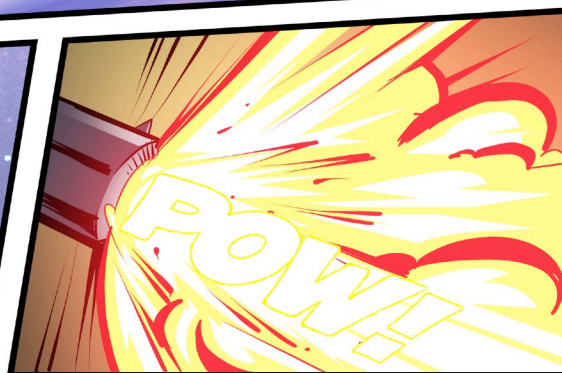
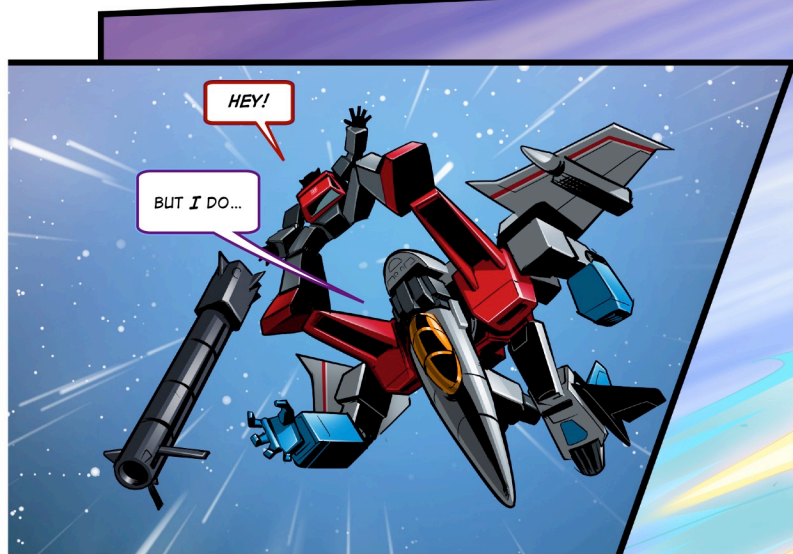
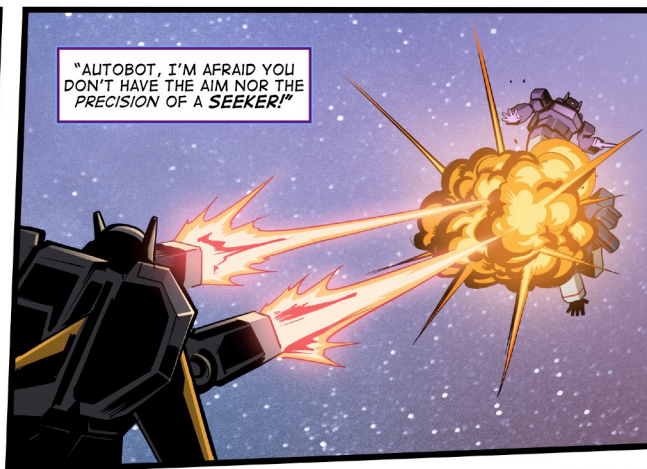
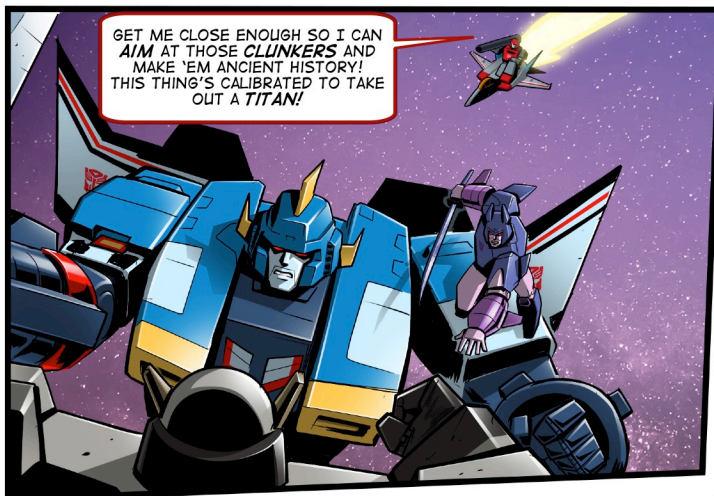
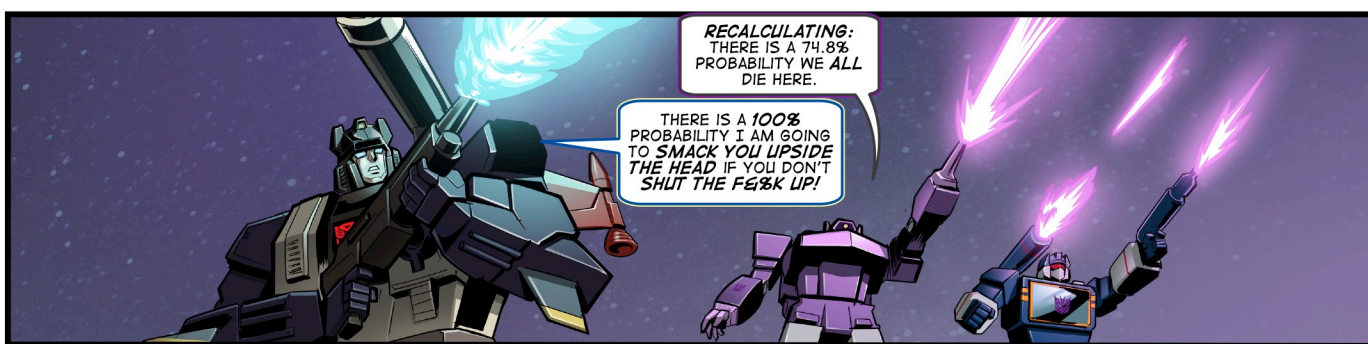


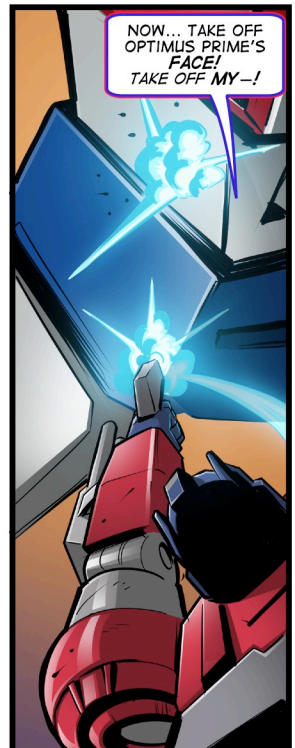
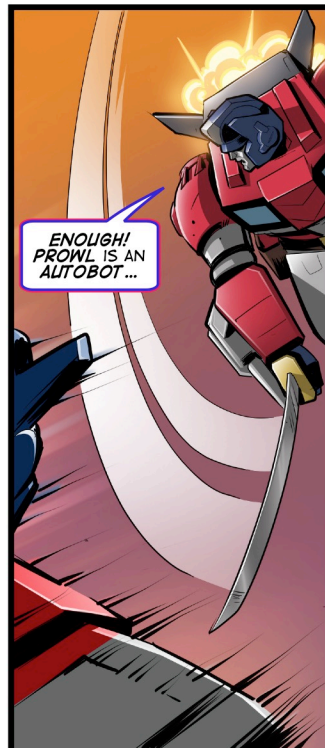
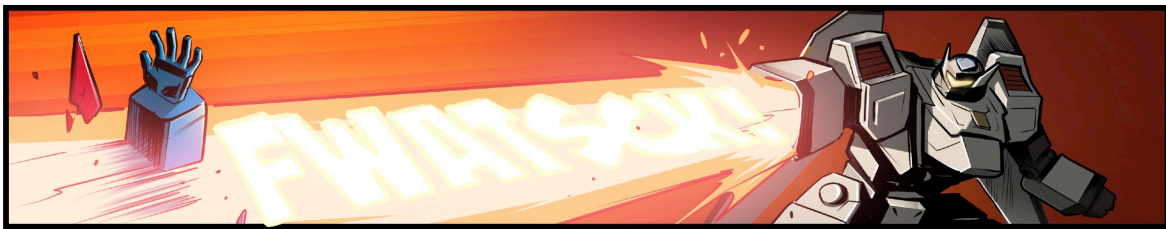
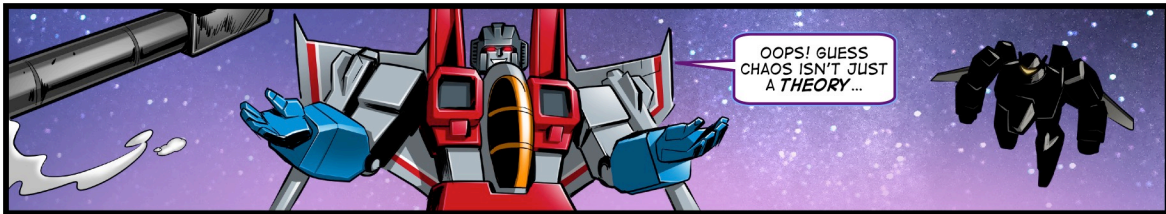
I'D LIKE TO
ASK HIM WHY.

SURELY YOU'RE NOT
TAKING ON THAT
GIANT YOU ALONE,
ARE YOU?



PUNCH!





NO. UNLIKE YOU, I
KNOW *WHAT* I AM.

ABERRATION! WHAT DO
YOU THINK *YOU* ARE?



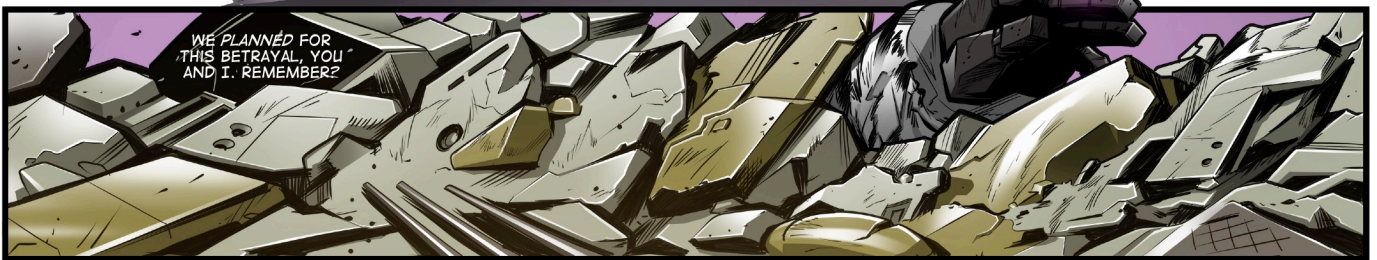
IN A FEW MINUTES,
WE'LL FIND OUT TOGETHER.
CONVOY TO
NEW CYBERTRON:

WE NEED
HIM BACK.



I... *WE* STILL
FUNCTION.

WE PLANNED FOR
THIS BETRAYAL, YOU
AND I. REMEMBER?



FREE YOUR SPARK
AND JOIN ON ME,
SILVERBOLT.

WHILE YOUR
BRETHREN ARE
GONE...



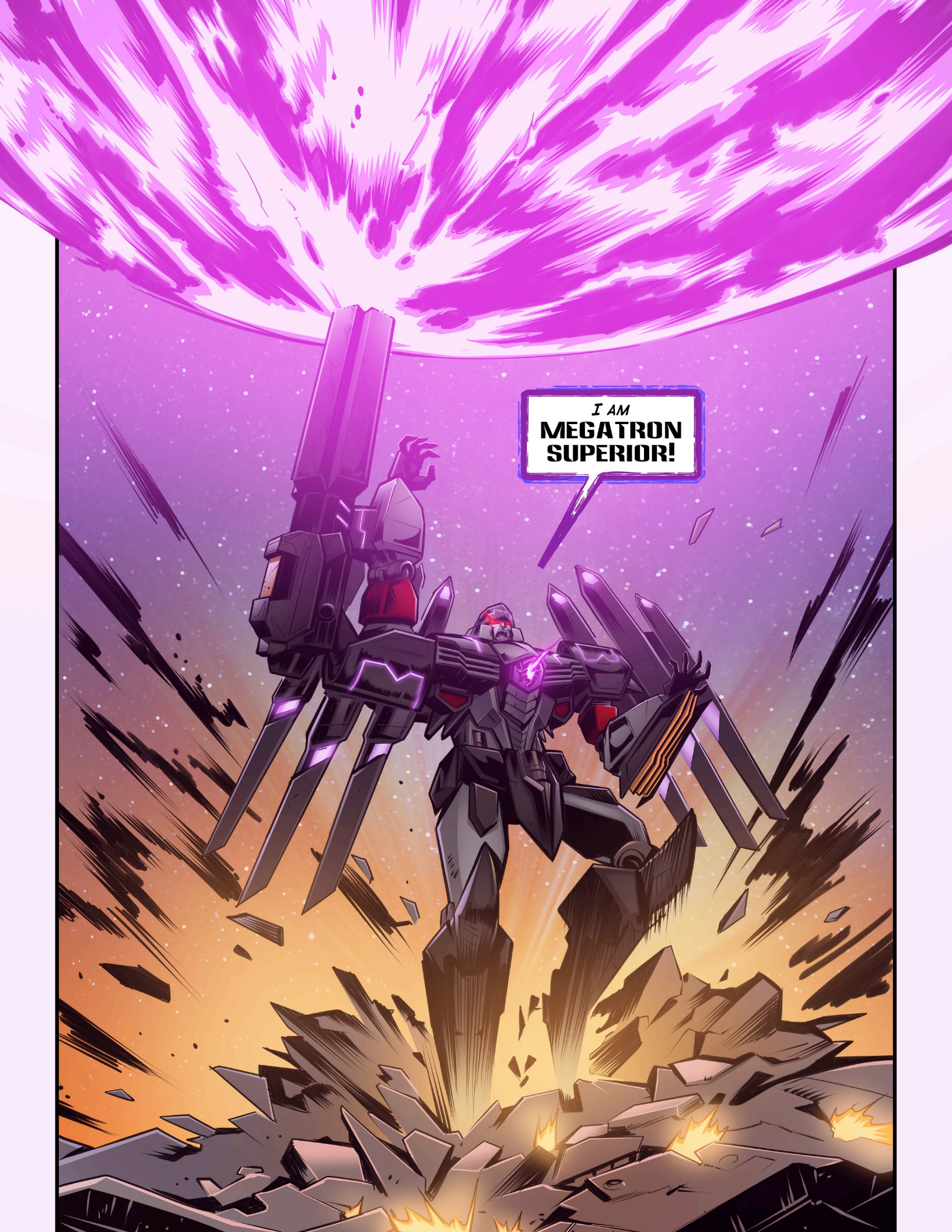
...YOU ARE
STILL A
GESTALT.

AND NOW YOU
HAVE A NEW
MASTER.

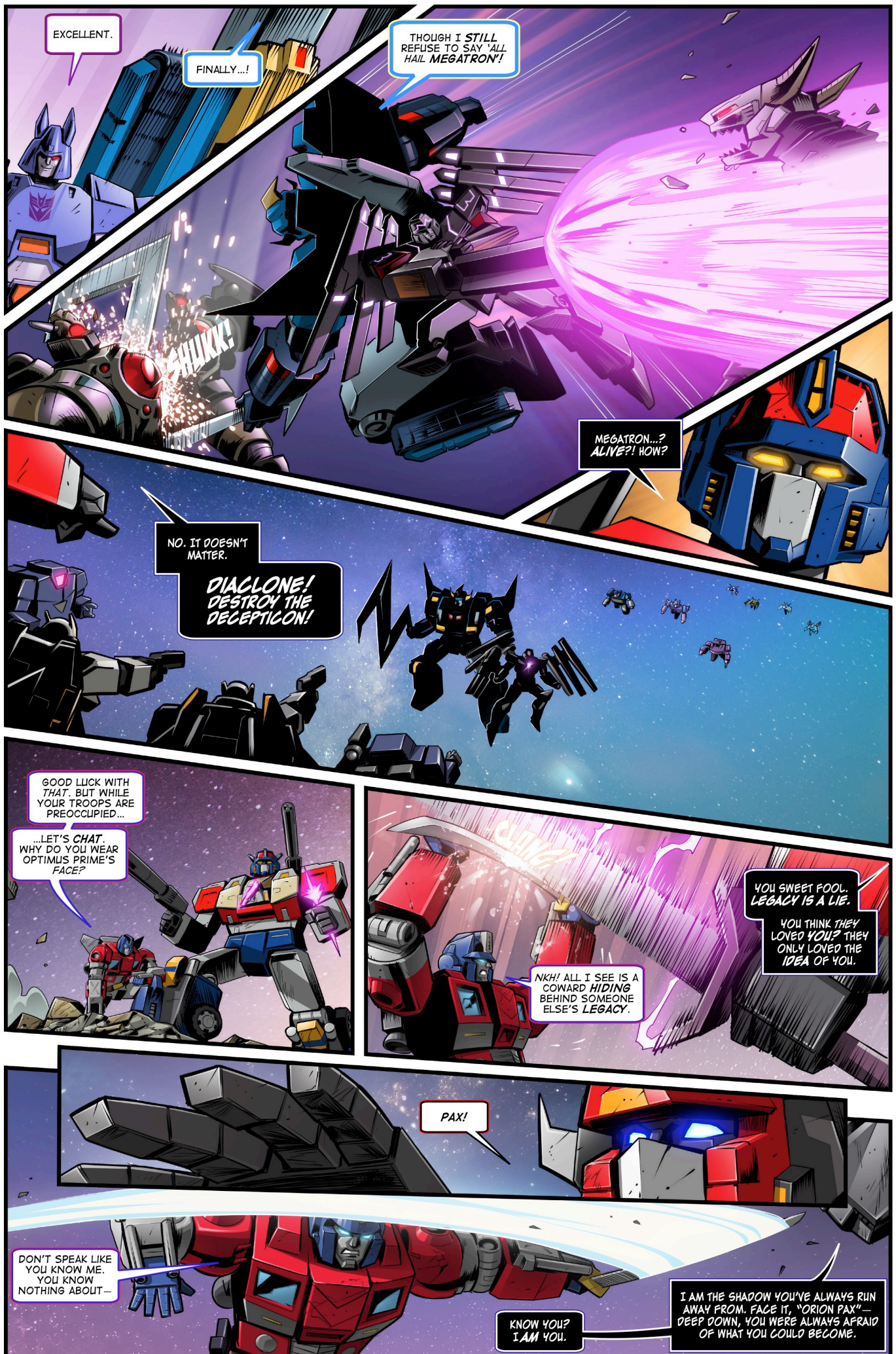


NOW AND
FOREVER...



A full-page comic book illustration of Megatron Superior. He is a large, dark grey and black robot with red accents on his chest and shoulders. He has a long, segmented neck and a head with a single red visor. He is standing on a pile of jagged, dark grey rocks with small flames at the base. His right arm is raised, holding a large, dark grey, rectangular object. His left arm is extended forward, holding a large, dark grey, rectangular object. The background is a dark purple and blue sky with a large, bright, purple and white energy burst at the top. A speech bubble is positioned above his head.

I AM
**MEGATRON
SUPERIOR!**



EXCELLENT.

FINALLY...!

THOUGH I STILL
REFUSE TO SAY 'ALL
HAIL MEGATRON'!

MEGATRON...?
ALIVE?! HOW?

NO. IT DOESN'T
MATTER.

**DIACLONE!
DESTROY THE
DECEPTICON!**

GOOD LUCK WITH
THAT. BUT WHILE
YOUR TROOPS ARE
PREOCCUPIED...

...LET'S CHAT.
WHY DO YOU WEAR
OPTIMUS PRIME'S
FACE?

YOU SWEET FOOL.
LEGACY IS A LIE.

YOU THINK THEY
LOVED YOU? THEY
ONLY LOVED THE
IDEA OF YOU.

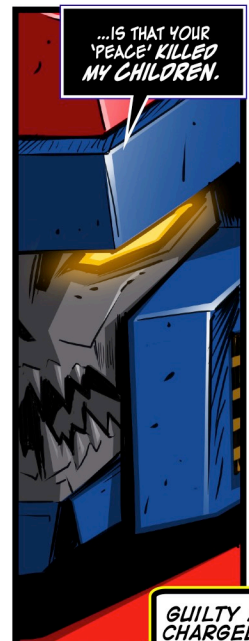
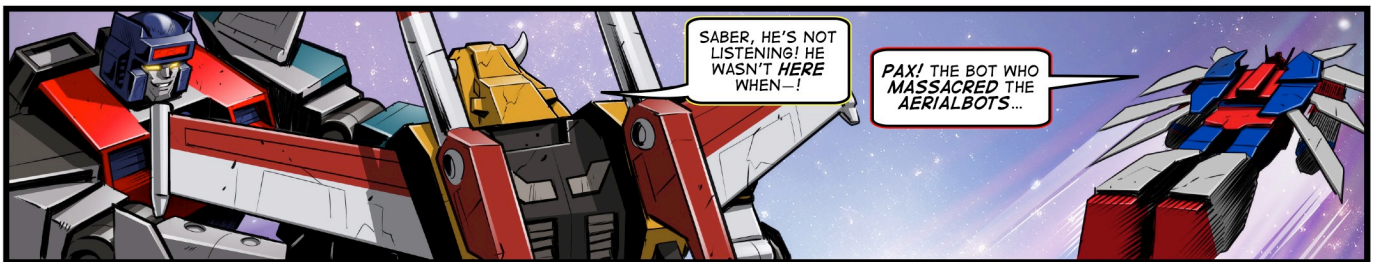
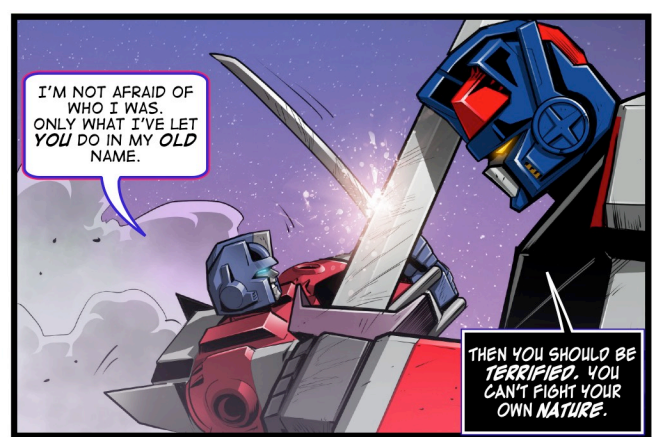
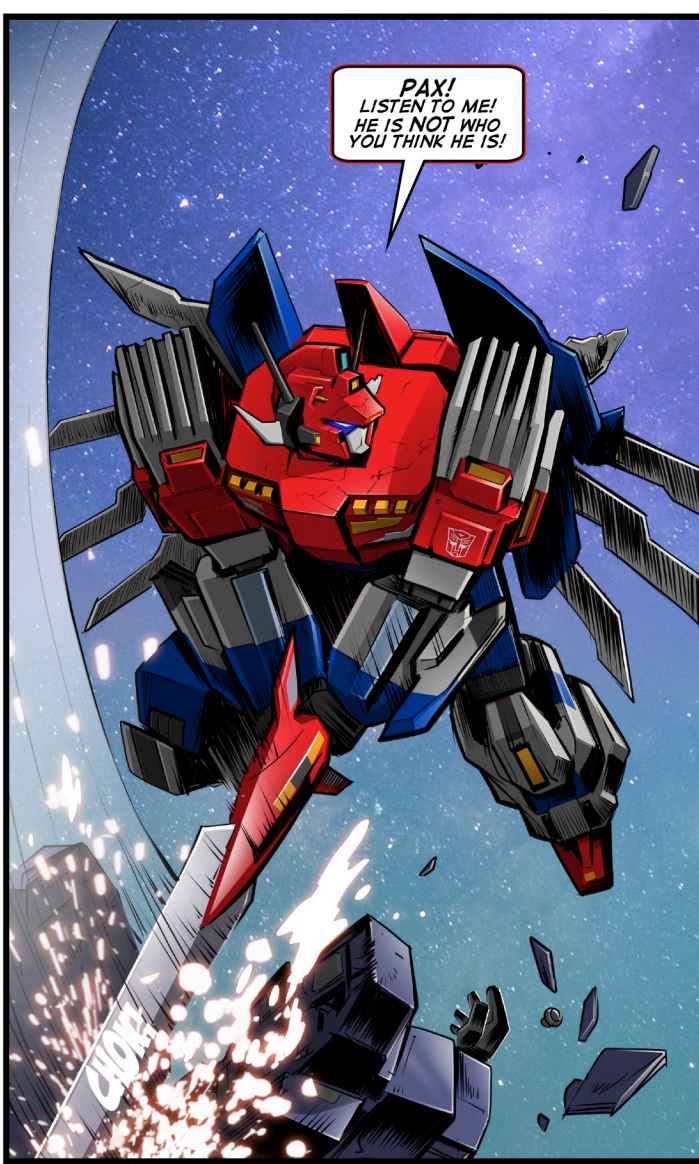
NKH! ALL I SEE IS A
COWARD HIDING
BEHIND SOMEONE
ELSE'S LEGACY.

PAX!

DON'T SPEAK LIKE
YOU KNOW ME.
YOU KNOW
NOTHING ABOUT—

KNOW YOU?
I AM YOU.

I AM THE SHADOW YOU'VE ALWAYS RUN
AWAY FROM. FACE IT, "ORION PAX"—
DEEP DOWN, YOU WERE ALWAYS AFRAID
OF WHAT YOU COULD BECOME.



GUILTY AS CHARGED...

...I AM
**OPTIMUS
PRIME!**

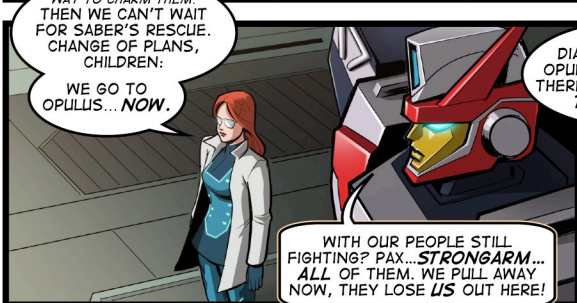




"WELL, I FOR ONE
WASN'T EXPECTING
COMPANY..."



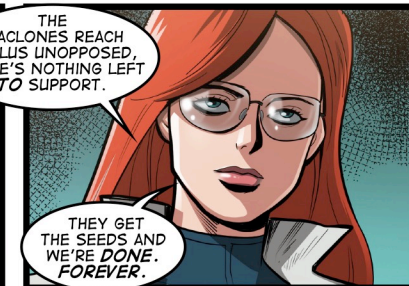
NEITHER WERE *THEY*,
OVERDRIVE, BUT THEY'RE
MOVING WITH PURPOSE—
AND LIKELY HEADED
STRAIGHT FOR OPULUS.



WAY TO CHARM THEM.
THEN WE CAN'T WAIT
FOR SABER'S RESCUE.
CHANGE OF PLANS,
CHILDREN:

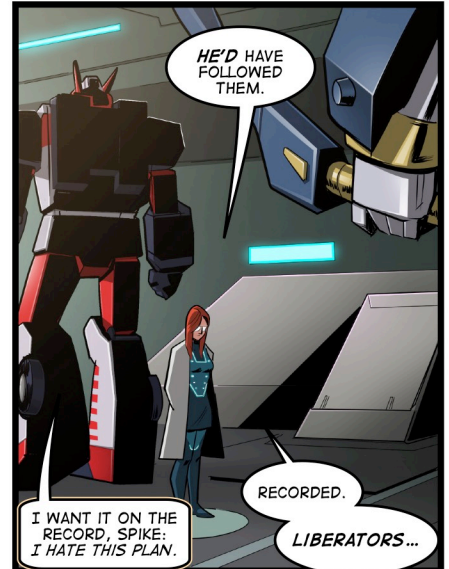
WE GO TO
OPULUS... **NOW**.

WITH OUR PEOPLE STILL
FIGHTING? PAX...**STRONGARM**...
ALL OF THEM. WE PULL AWAY
NOW, THEY LOSE *US* OUT HERE!



THE
DIACLONES REACH
OPULUS UNOPPOSED,
THERE'S NOTHING LEFT
TO SUPPORT.

THEY GET
THE SEEDS AND
WE'RE **DONE**.
FOREVER.



HE'D HAVE
FOLLOWED
THEM.

I WANT IT ON THE
RECORD, SPIKE:
I HATE THIS PLAN.

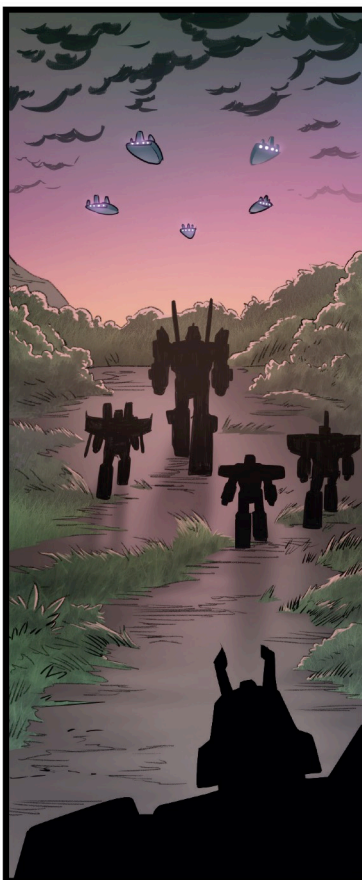
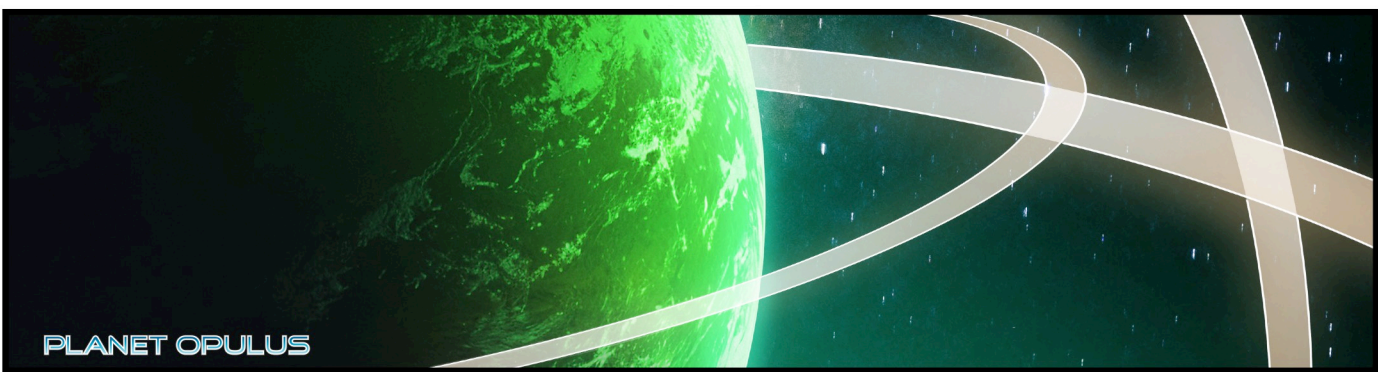
RECORDED.

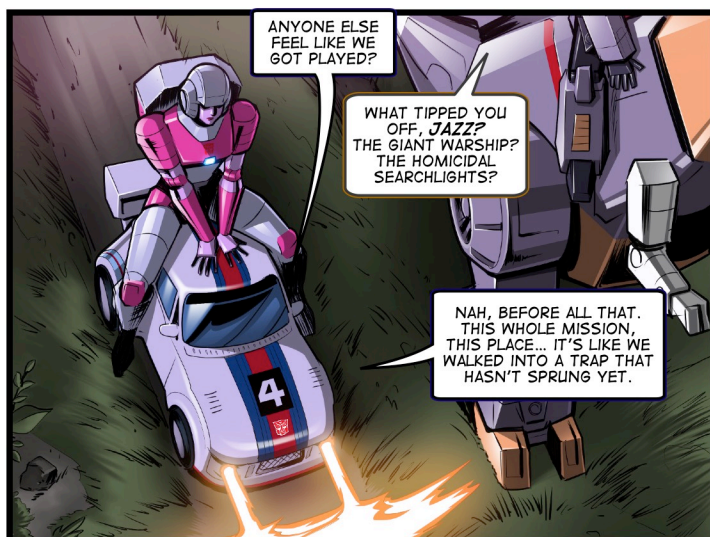
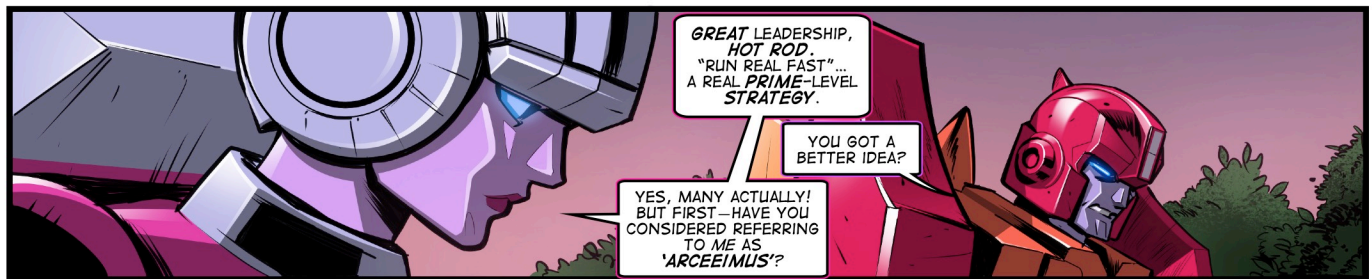
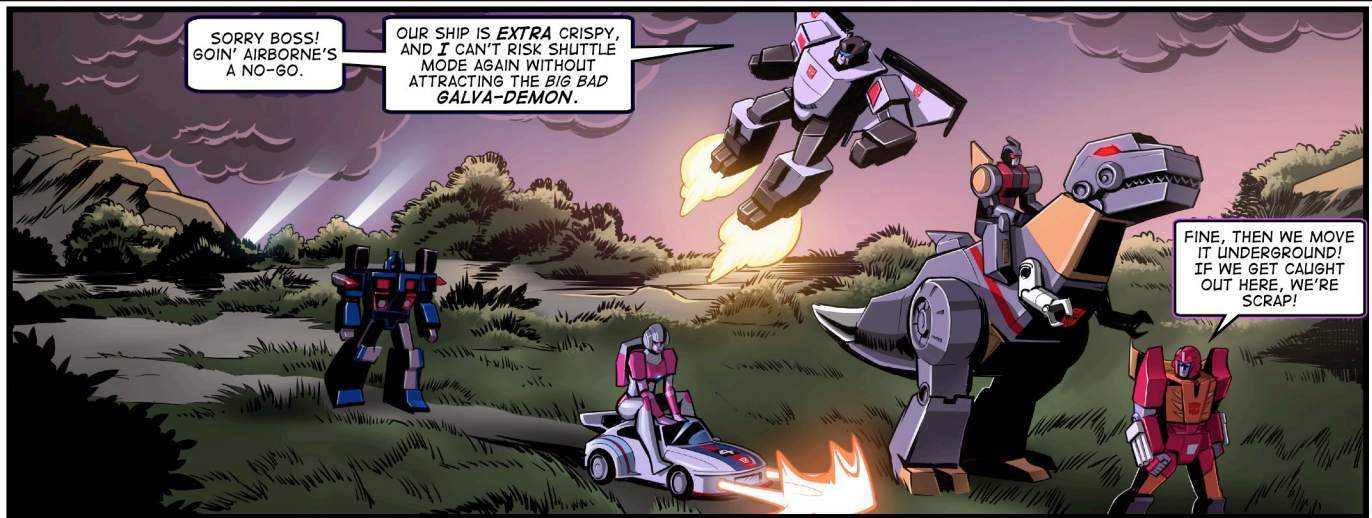
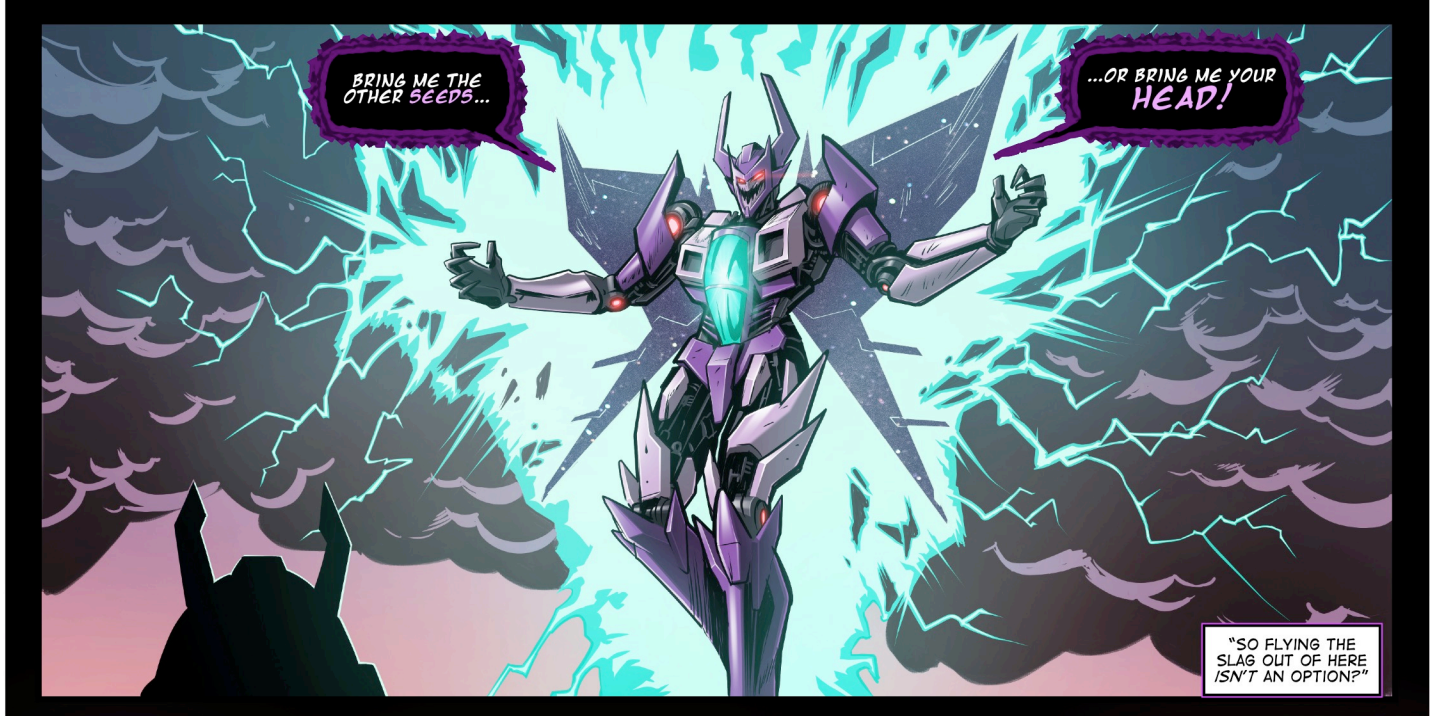
LIBERATORS...

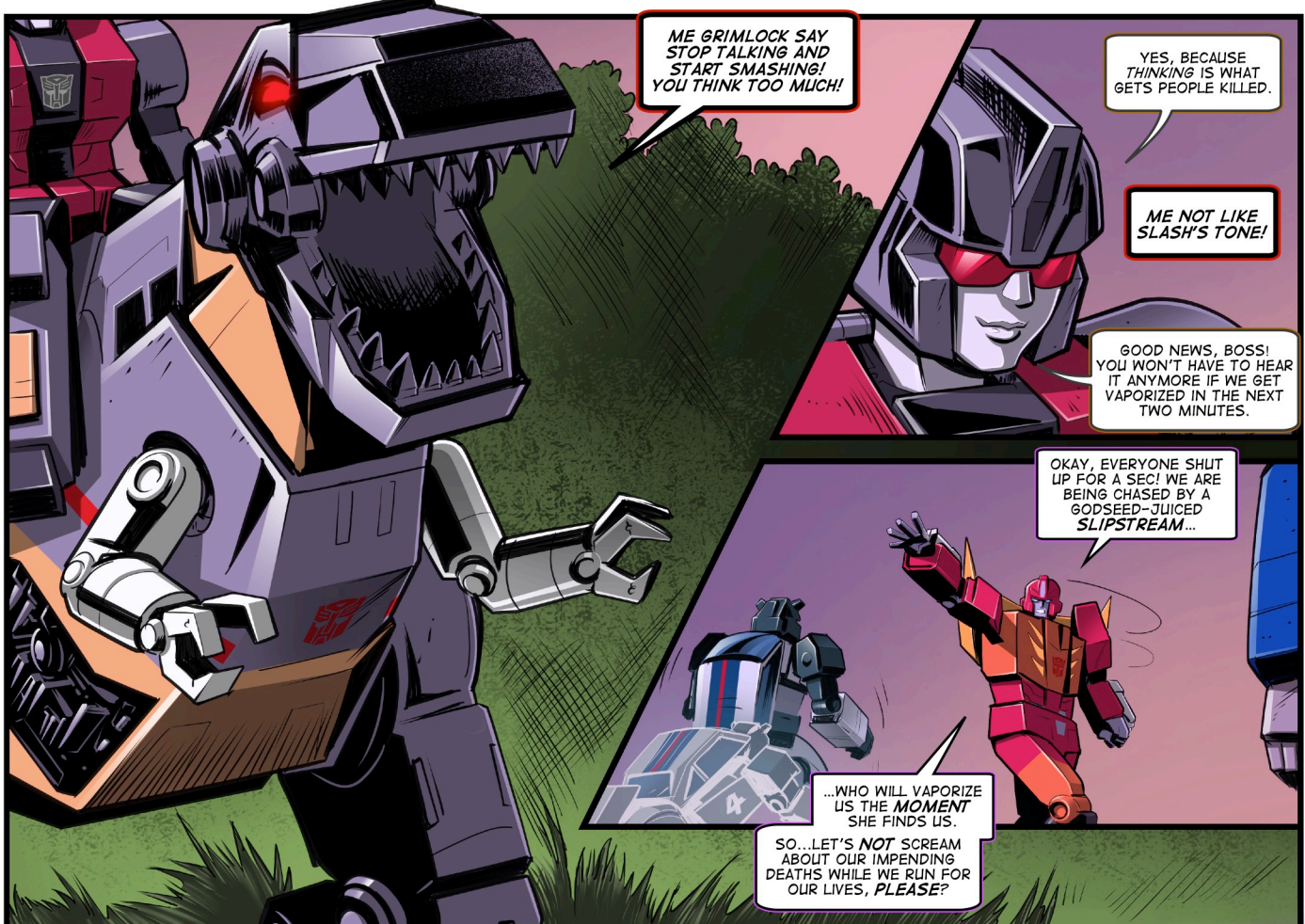


...ROLL
OUT!

DAMN IT. I JUST
FIXED THOSE
SHIELDS...







ME GRIMLOCK SAY
STOP TALKING AND
START SMASHING!
YOU THINK TOO MUCH!

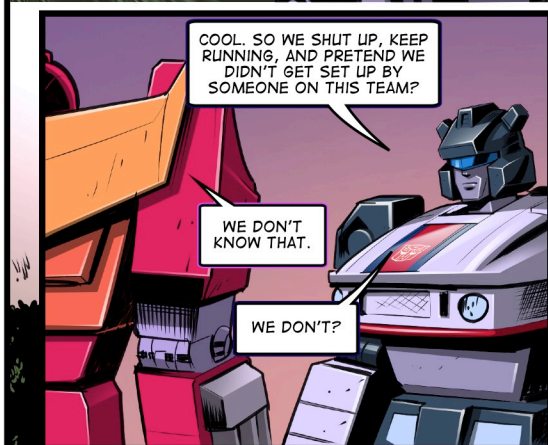
YES, BECAUSE
THINKING IS WHAT
GETS PEOPLE KILLED.

ME NOT LIKE
SLASH'S TONE!

GOOD NEWS, BOSS!
YOU WON'T HAVE TO HEAR
IT ANYMORE IF WE GET
VAPORIZED IN THE NEXT
TWO MINUTES.

OKAY, EVERYONE SHUT
UP FOR A SEC! WE ARE
BEING CHASED BY A
GODSEED-JUICED
SLIPSTREAM...

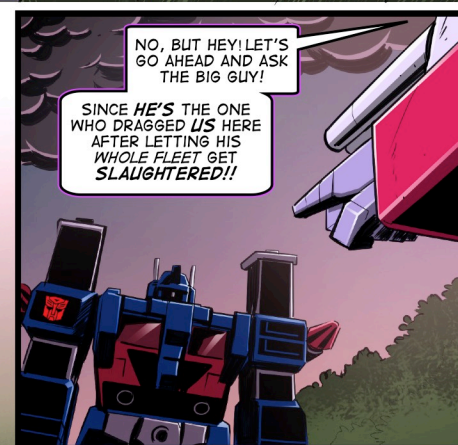
...WHO WILL VAPORIZE
US THE *MOMENT*
SHE FINDS US.
SO...LET'S *NOT* SCREAM
ABOUT OUR IMPENDING
DEATHS WHILE WE RUN FOR
OUR LIVES, *PLEASE*?



COOL. SO WE SHUT UP, KEEP
RUNNING, AND PRETEND WE
DIDN'T GET SET UP BY
SOMEONE ON THIS TEAM?

WE DON'T
KNOW THAT.

WE DON'T?

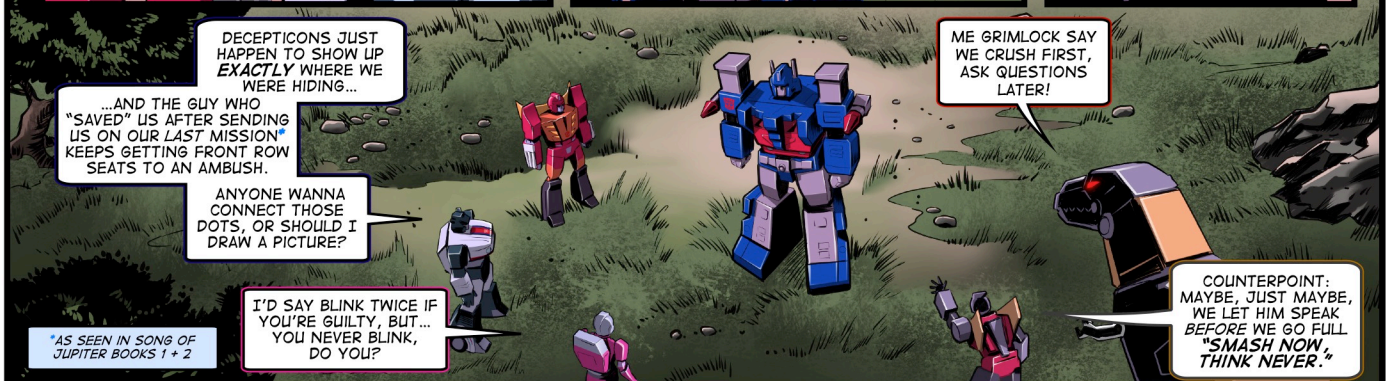


NO, BUT HEY! LET'S
GO AHEAD AND ASK
THE BIG GUY!

SINCE *HE'S* THE ONE
WHO DRAGGED *US* HERE
AFTER LETTING HIS
WHOLE FLEET GET
SLAUGHTERED!!



RIGHT,
"MAGNUS"?



...AND THE GUY WHO
"SAVED" US AFTER SENDING
US ON OUR LAST MISSION*
KEEPS GETTING FRONT ROW
SEATS TO AN AMBUSH.

ANYONE WANNA
CONNECT THOSE
DOTS, OR SHOULD I
DRAW A PICTURE?

I'D SAY BLINK TWICE IF
YOU'RE GUILTY, BUT...
YOU NEVER BLINK,
DO YOU?

ME GRIMLOCK SAY
WE CRUSH FIRST,
ASK QUESTIONS
LATER!

COUNTERPOINT:
MAYBE, JUST MAYBE,
WE LET HIM SPEAK
BEFORE WE GO FULL
"SMASH NOW,
THINK NEVER."

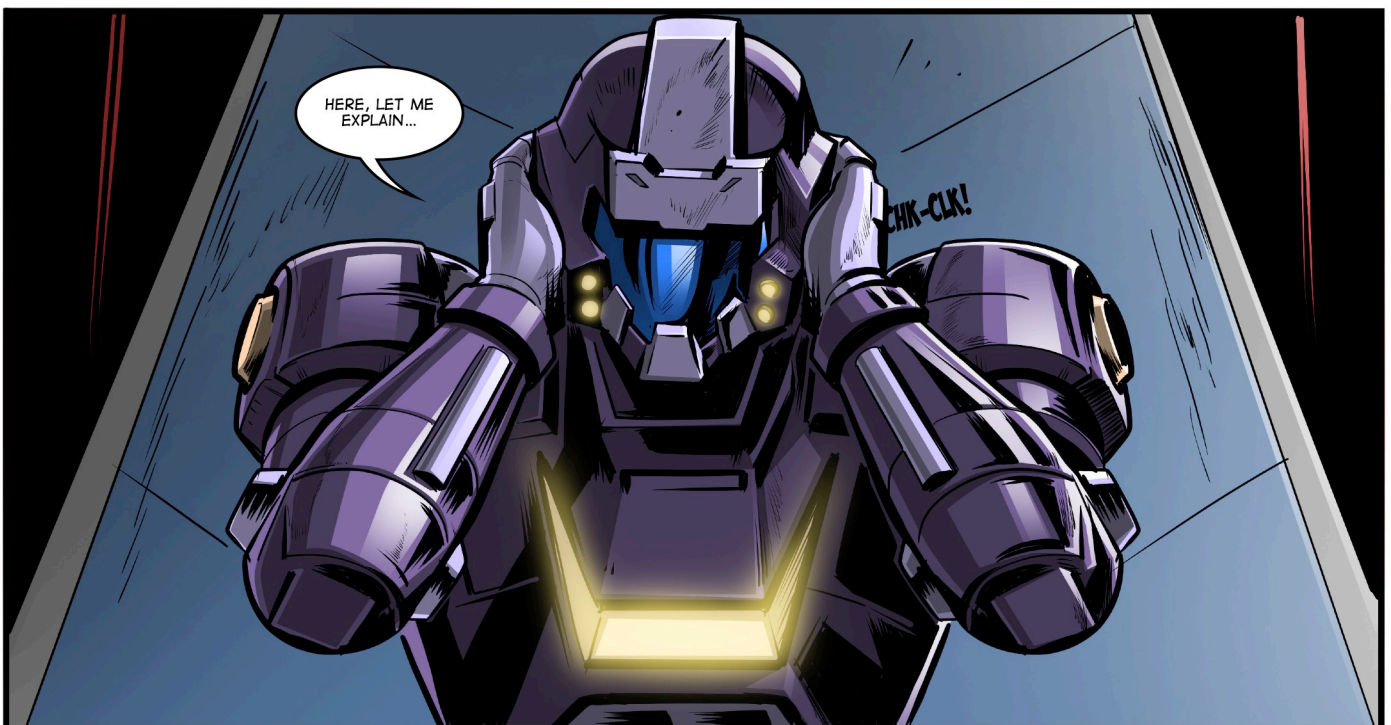
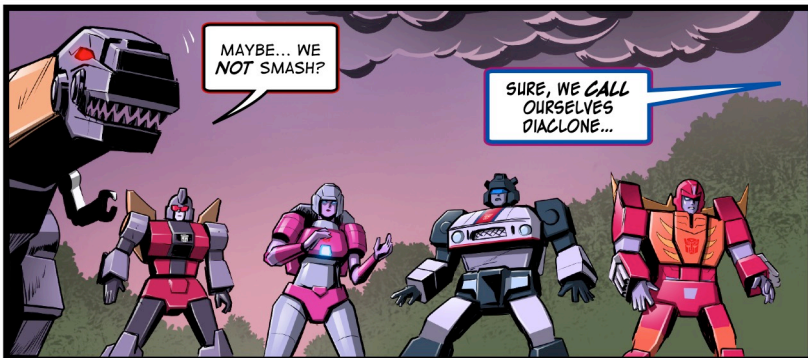
*AS SEEN IN SONG OF
JUPITER BOOKS 1 + 2



YOU'RE RIGHT.

WAIT...
WHAT?

I NEVER WAS
ULTRA MAGNUS.



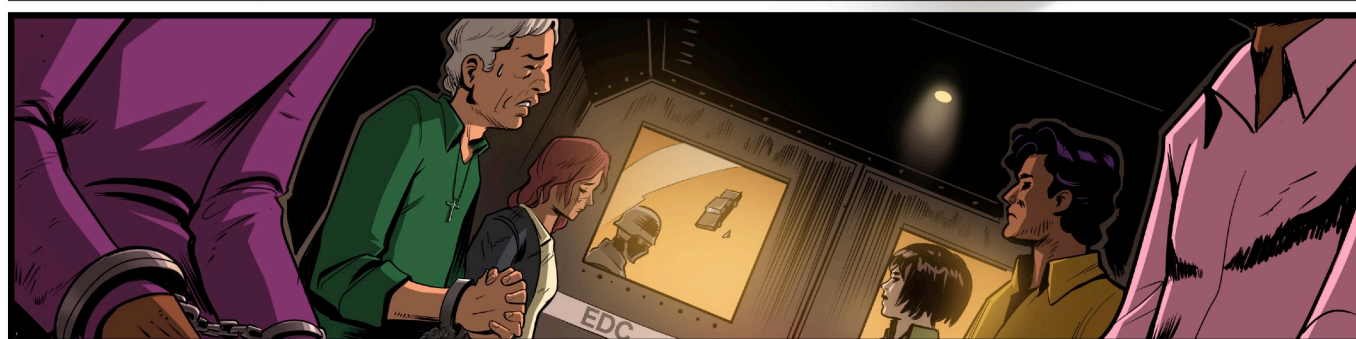


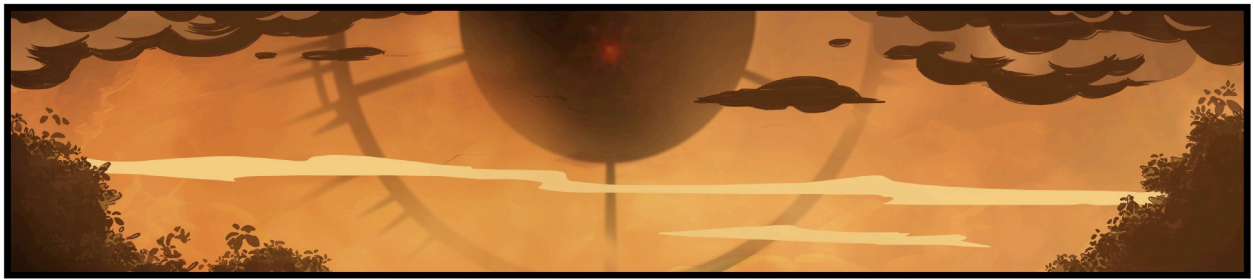
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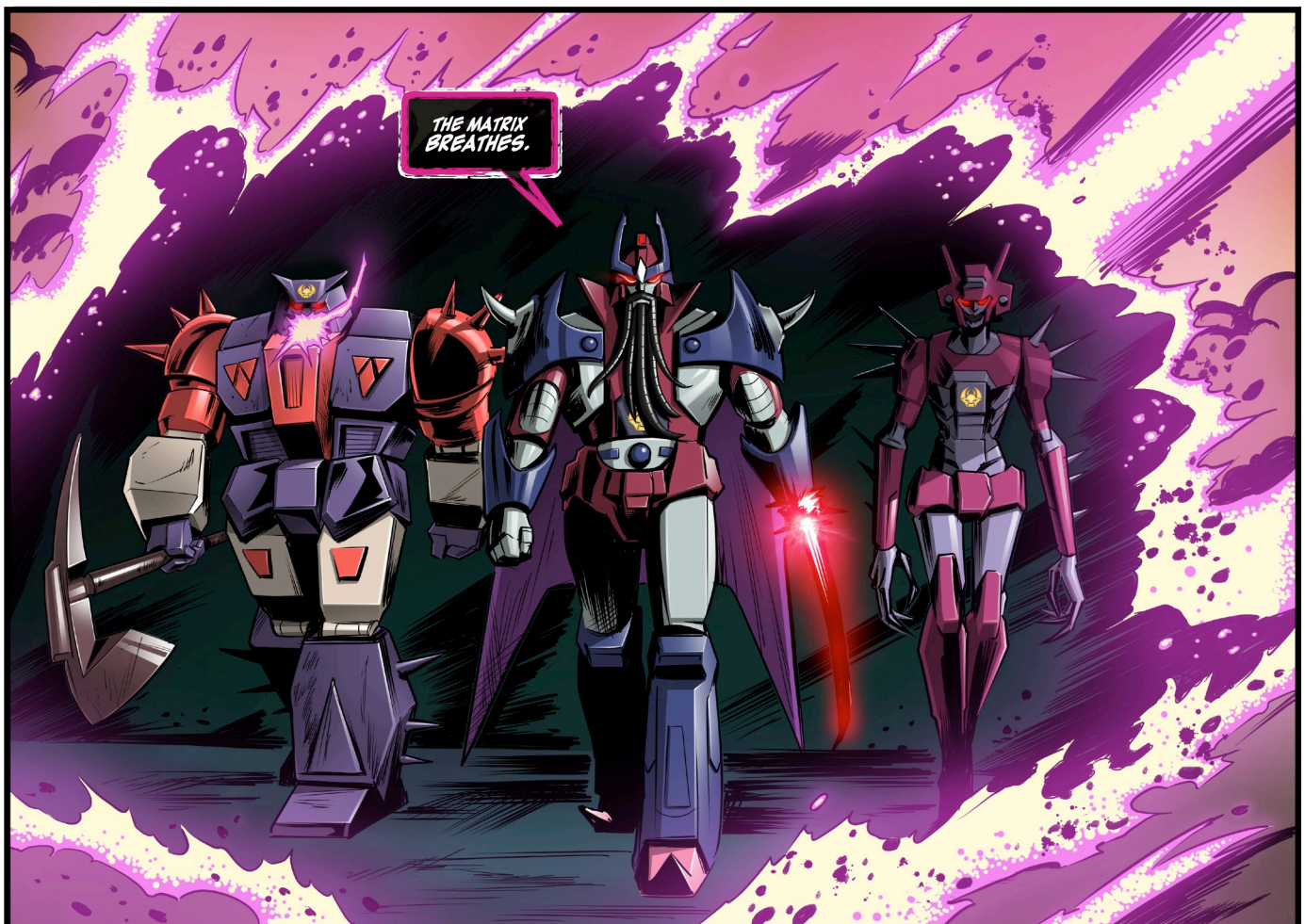
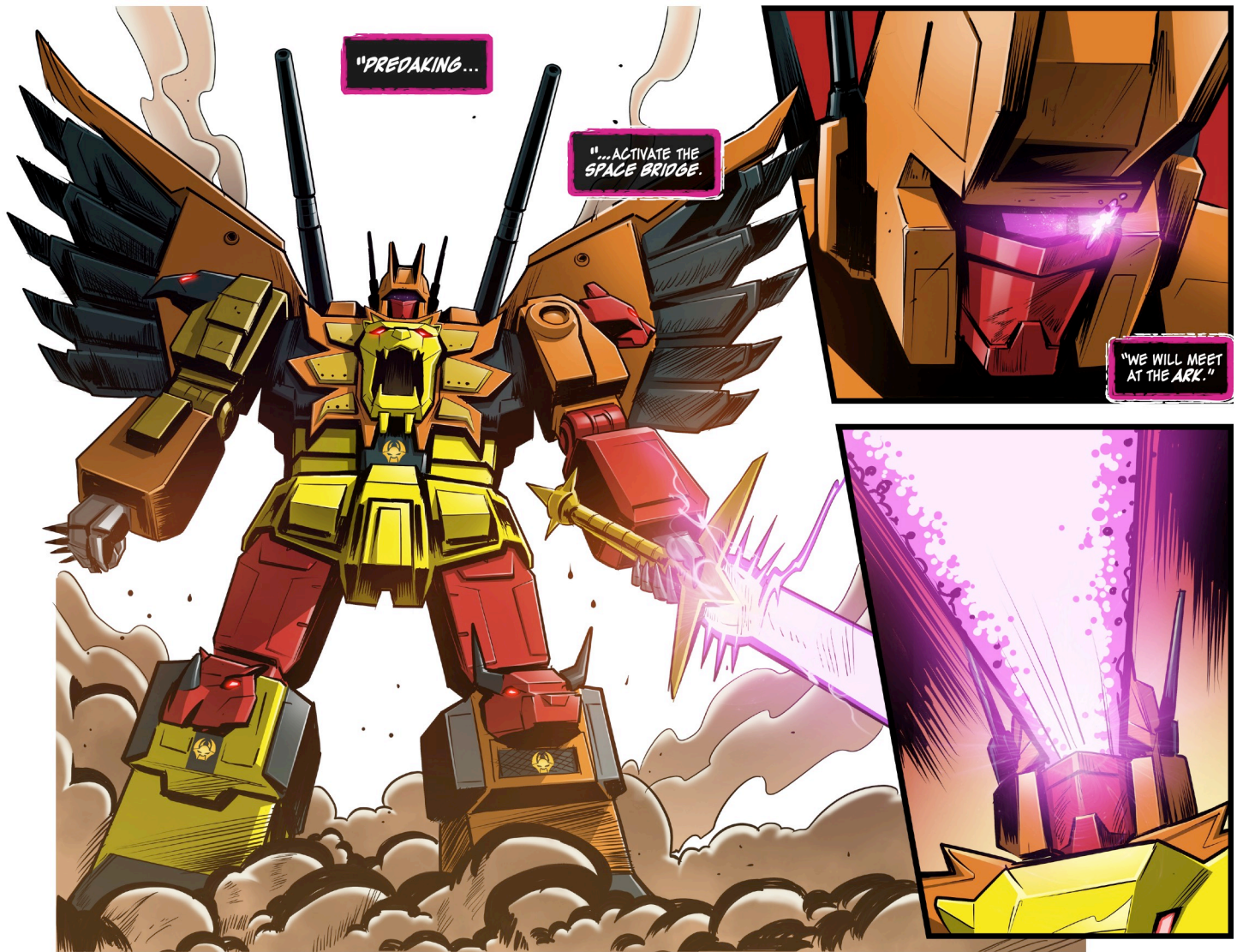
00:01 00:02 00:05 10:00 20:00 20:39

ACCESSING
MACROZONE/
FILES

B.G. AI-ZERO/
CLASSIFIED ARCHIVE
RE/PLAY...









OPTIMUS AND
MEGATRON BURIED TEN
MILES EAST.
ALL THIS TIME...
STILL WAITING TO BE
CLAIMED.

HN. YOU SPEAK AS
THOUGH THE MOUNTAIN
HAS ALREADY FALLEN.



IT WILL.
EVERYTHING
RESISTS BEFORE
IT **DIES**.

YOU, OF COURSE,
ARE **VERY** FAMILIAR...
...OR DID YOU THINK
WE FORGOT YOUR
OBSESSION WITH
CHANGING HISTORY?

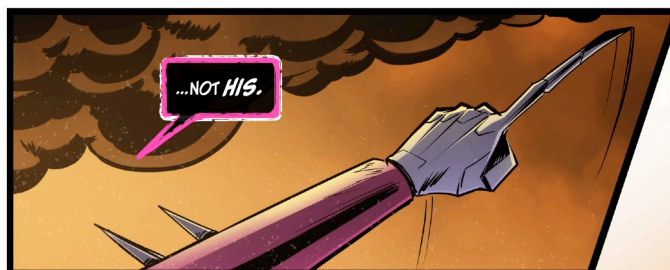


I KNOW MOUNTAINS
CRUMBLE. MATRICES,
TOO... WHEN PRESSED
BY THE RIGHT HANDS.



ARE YOUR HANDS READY FOR
THIS, **STRAXICUS**? ALL I SEE
IS YOUR **MOUTH**...

NO MOMENT COMES AS WE
EXPECT IT TO. NOT EVEN
YOURS, **OMEGA TRION**.
AND CERTAINLY...



...NOT **HIS**.

I FIND YOUR AMBITIONS
AMUSING. DO NOT
MISTAKE THAT FOR
BLINDNESS.

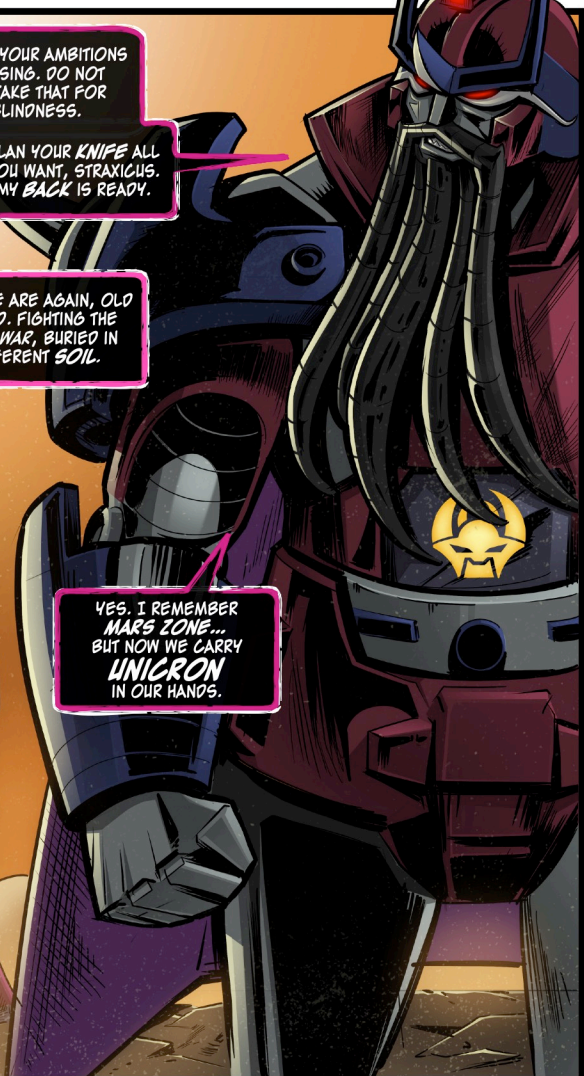
PLAN YOUR **KNIFE** ALL
YOU WANT, STRAXICUS.
MY **BACK** IS READY.



FOR ONCE **ELITA-
ZERO** IS RIGHT.
THE **INEVITABLE**
CANNOT BE OUTFIGHT!

BUT IT CAN BE...
MISREAD.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN, OLD
FRIEND. FIGHTING THE
SAME WAR, BURIED IN
DIFFERENT **SOIL**.



YES. I REMEMBER
MARS ZONE...
BUT NOW WE CARRY
UNICRON
IN OUR HANDS.

THE SOIL
DOESN'T
MATTER.

ONLY THE
HARVEST
DOES!



OH YEAH? TELL THAT
TO THE WEEDS!



'CUZ YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET UPROOTED!

PLANT PUNS?

PLANT PUNS! AND THEY STARTED IT!

'SIDES, WE'RE ALLOWED TO JOKE WITH EACH OTHER WHEN THE WORLD'S ABOUT TO END, JACK!

CONVOY WHEN WE'RE IN THE FIELD. GOT IT, ALEXIS?

THAT FAMOUS Demeanor...

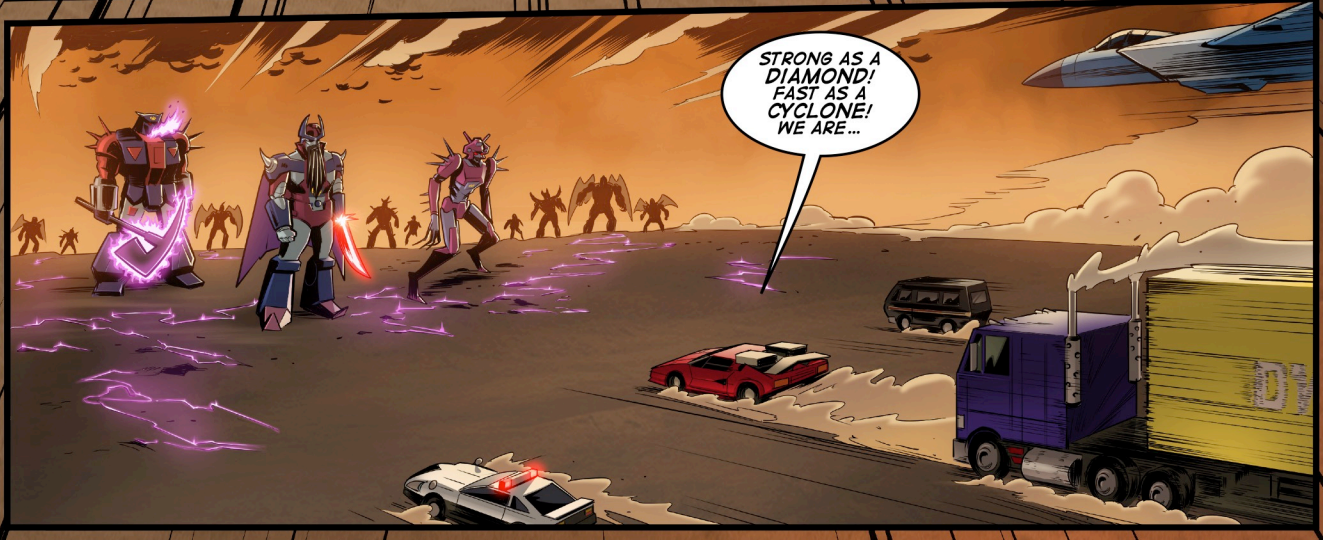
DARBY NEVER SMILES. EVEN WHEN GOING ON THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF OUR LIVES. RIGHT, KICKER?

ONISHI...

...THIS MAY BE OUR LAST ADVENTURE. GENERAL SUMDAC PUT US THROUGH THE TEST. NOW IT'S TIME TO PROTECT EARTH FOR REAL!

EVERYBODY READY? CARLOS?

WE WERE BORN READY.





THIS IS THE STORY OF

DIACONE



ARISE, DIACLONE! The Mechs in the Skies invade the Robots in Disguise--but how did the Diaclones cross the multiverse divide? Witness their shocking origin, their evolution across realities, and the single moment that turned them from explorers into conquerors. Every unanswered question from SONG OF JUPITER is answered here. And when the truth emerges, everything you knew about the Transformers will never be the same.

"WELL,
THAT'S
JUST..."



There can only be ONE! ORION PAX confronts the future he could become and the past he can never escape as OPTIMUS PRIME and BATTLE CONVOY ascend from New Cybertron to enact judgment. When the battle ends, and TORNEDRON unleashes his power, one emerges victorious -- and the others breathe their last.



After Issue 3, there is no turning back. The MATRIX OF LEADERSHIP burns in the Sun, hidden by Optimus Prime as a final resort against the Diaclones. Now the survivors face an impossible choice: dive into certain death to retrieve the one thing that might save them--or accept extinction. One will descend. One will never return. And the Light that is Lost will shine the brightest...



Surrounded, defeated, and on the verge of extinction--the Transformers who remain standing on Planet Opulus face the dual threats of the DIACLONES and the GODSEEDS. There are no options left. There are no reinforcements coming. The fate of the universe lies in the hands of one who would most benefit from it being destroyed. Light the darkest hour--or become one with the Void.



The war is over. 00:01 before the end of all things.



The
TRANSFORMERS
will return after these messages



DIACLONE

will return after these messages

400:00
300:00
200:00
100:00
50:00
10:00
05:00
04:00
03:00
02:00
01:00
00:30
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00:09
00:08
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00:06
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00:04
00:03
00:02
00:01

Diaclone

00:00 00:01 00:02 00:03 00:04 00:05

00:01

00:02

00:03

00:04

00:05

00:06

00:07

00:08

00:09

00:10

00:30

01:00

02:00

03:00

Transformers

SONG OF
JUPITER
BOOK THREE

TRANSFORMERS VS DIACLONE