

BARBER • MILNE • BURCHAM

# OPTIMUS PRIME



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# OPTIMUS PRIME



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**EARTH TODAY.**

YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS LIKE?

GO ON, ASK ME WHAT THIS IS LIKE.

"HEY, RUMBLE, WHAT IS THIS LIKE?"



IT'S LIKE PUNCHING FISH IN A BARREL!

**WUNK WUNK**

**RUMBLE. EARTHQUAKE ATTACK.**



UH... YEAH...

...COME ON, WORK...

...GOOD ONE, BRO...

...STAY BACK, SHARKIES...

...OR I'LL—

**FRENZY. SONIC ATTACK.**

**-AAGH!!**



THIS IS COSMOS, CALLING ANYBODY!

DO YOU READ ME? FRENZY'S DOWN AND—

**COSMOS. DISGRUNTLED OBSERVER.**



—AND I'M ABORTING THE HELL OUT OF THIS MISSION!

**SOUNDWAVE. DO YOU READ—**



**YAAAGH!**

**"AND THERE THE LITTLE GREEN MAN GOES..."**



...THREE FOR THREE— THEY'RE OUTTA THERE!

THIS TIME IT WAS PERSONAL!

NOW, THAT'S REVENGE!

WE'RE ALL SET—WE CAN CALL THE BIG RED TRUCK AND GET OUR ORE AND—

AND HE HAS GIVEN US BETRAYAL.

# NEW CYBERTRON

## PART 4: DANCE AMONG THE SHADOWS



ONLY BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T BETRAY OPTIMUS PRIME FIRST!

THEY ARE DESTROYERS OF OUR WORLD, WRECK-GAR. WE SHOULD TAKE WHAT IS OWED US.

BUT, RUM-MAJ, MY DEAREST AND NEAREST... WE SAID WE'D HELP THEM. WE CAN ALL WORK TOGETHER.

RUM-MAJ. JUNKION MATRIARCH.

WRECK-GAR. JUNKION PATRIARCH.



ME AND YOU— YOU AND I—WE IS, AM, AND ARE MADE OF THINGS FROM ALL OVER THE PLACE.

WE CAN TEAM UP LIKE MY NEBULAN HEADLIGHTS AND MY PARTHAN MUDFLAPS.

WE CAN USE OUR SPARKY MCRYSTAL TO HELP THAT GUY IN THE TUBE! IF YOU HAVE A LIFE GIVE A LIFE—IF YOU NEED ONE, TAKE ONE.



STUDY THE INVASION OF CREATURES. ALL CREATURES DO IS DESTROY.

ALL LIVING CREATURES, IN THE GALAXY. DO YOU WANT TO SEE US?

WE ARE THE TRASH THAT HAS BEEN BUILT— FROM WHAT CREATURES DESTROYED.

THAT IS THE MEANING OF CIVILIZATION.

ALL IT IS GOOD FOR...

"...IS SPARE PARTS."

WE CARE  
EQUALLY  
FOR ALL OF  
CYBERTRON'S  
CITIZENS...

...AND THANKS  
TO THE TIRELESS  
EFFORTS OF  
OFFICER  
ORION  
PAX—

—THE QUESTION  
OF OUR POLICE  
FORCE'S *INTEGRITY*  
SHALL BE PUT TO REST,  
ALONG WITH GUN  
RUNNER *HEFTER* OF  
*URAYA'S* BODY.

ORION PAX

717-153-74.66

**CYBERTRON.  
FOUR MILLION YEARS AGO.**

I LIKE  
MYSELF  
FROM THIS  
ANGLE.

I FIND IT  
UNSETTLING.

THE WINDOWS  
CAN BE  
DARKENED,  
ORION.

THAT'S  
NOT THE  
PROBLEM.

THE MATTER OF  
HEFTER'S GUILT  
IS FAR FROM  
CONFIRMED—

—IN FACT, I  
HAVE REASON  
TO BELIEVE HE  
IS *INNOCENT*.

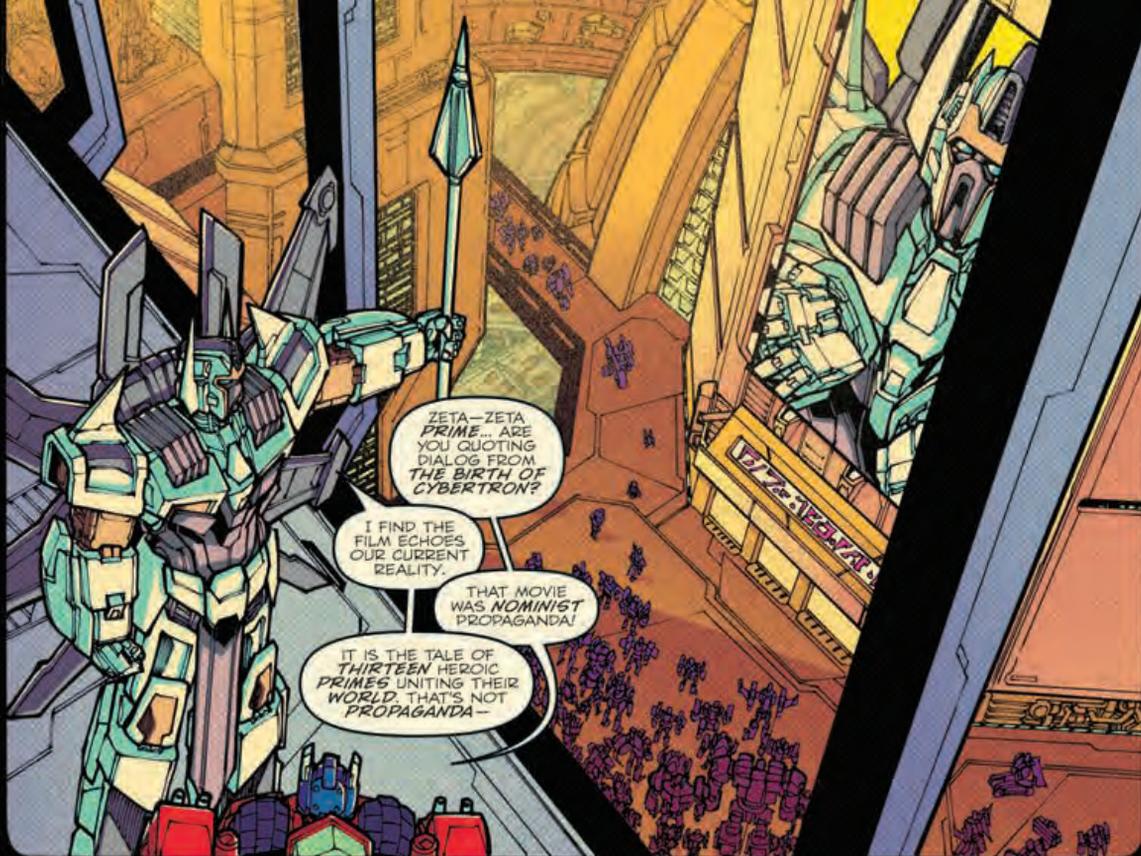
AND MAKING  
CLAIMS  
*OTHERWISE*  
WILL ONLY FAN  
THE FIRES OF  
*INSURRECTION*.

OH, ORION.  
DON'T BE  
TAKEN IN BY  
DECEPTICION  
WHINGING.

IF MY RHETORIC  
DRAWS *INSURGENTS*  
TO *ACTION*, THEN  
WE SHALL SIMPLY  
REVEAL *TRAITORS*  
*SOONER* RATHER  
THAN *LATER*.

FOR WHAT  
IS ANYONE WHO  
BRINGS GUNS TO  
OUR STREETS—  
BUT A  
*TRAITOR*?

"THIS IS  
BIGGER THAN  
YOU OR I, MY  
YOUNG FRIEND."



ZETA-ZETA PRIME... ARE YOU QUOTING DIALOG FROM THE BIRTH OF CYBERTRON?

I FIND THE FILM ECHOES OUR CURRENT REALITY.

THAT MOVIE WAS *NOMINIST* PROPAGANDA!

IT IS THE TALE OF THIRTEEN HEROIC PRIMES UNITING THEIR WORLD. THAT'S NOT PROPAGANDA—



—THAT'S MY LINEAGE.

AFTER ALL, DO I NOT HOLD THE MATRIX?



SIR— IT'S NOT REAL.

THE MATRIX IS JUST A PROP.



WELL, I HAD LIGHTS INSTALLED.

OF COURSE IT'S FAKE. OPTIMUS— EVERYTHING IS.

THE PRIMES WERE NO GREATER THAN US. THERE ARE NO PURE SPARKS.

WE DO WHAT WE CAN, AND WE MAKE THE MOST OF IT FOR US. ORION, I'M NOT CUTTING YOU OUT OF THIS...



...I'M SAYING ONE DAY IT ALL CAN BE YOURS.

IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T BELIEVE IN HIM...

...OR AT LEAST IN THE IDEA OF HIM.

**AUTOBOT CITY.  
10,000 FEET ABOVE  
THE ALPS, EARTH,  
TODAY.**



THE PRIME RETURNS!

IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU ALL.

**OPTIMUS PRIME.  
AUTOBOT LEADER.**

**AILERON.  
IDEALIST.**

WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, OPTIMUS!

**ROULETTE. MIDNIGHT EXPRESS.  
OILER. SLIDE. GIMLET. BUMP.  
COLONIST SOLDIERS.**

I'M FEELING A LOT BETTER NOW!

I KNEW YOU'D BE WORRIED!



THE WAY OF FLAME IS A PRACTICAL RELIGION.

DEFT, GET UP, YOU'RE GETTING DIRT ON THE FLOOR.

SIR, ARE HER WORDS YOURS OR—

YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU WANT, OILER.

THE FIRE LIGHTS, IT WARMS... BECAUSE CAMINUS WAS A DARK, COLD PLACE.



YOU'RE NEEDED IN THE CONTROL ROOM. JETFIRE HAS A... CONCERN.

AND YOU, PYRA?

NOTHING BUT CONCERNS.

I BECAME PYRA MAGNA TO LEAD THE TORCHBEARERS, THE ELITE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE MISTRESS OF FLAME.

**PYRA MAGNA.  
LEADER OF THE TORCHBEARERS.**



TELL ME ABOUT IT. WHAT'S UP WITH THE KNEELING, GIMLET?

WE ENDEAVOR TO REFINE OUR RESPECT FOR THE PRIME.

WE'LL STOP.



WE WERE TAUGHT TO BELIEVE IN THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE PRIMES.

AILERON...

YEAH, YEAH, BOSS—I'M COMING.