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DRIET EMPIRE OF STONE



THE TRANSFORMERS™

DRIFT

EMPIRE OF STONE

Cast off from the Autobots after taking the blame for a crime he didn't commit, the former Decepticon Drift wanders the galaxy righting wrongs. Drift and his frenemy Ratchet investigate the headquarters of a captured Decepticon called Brit—and are captured by Gigatron, a Deception warlord who remembers Drift from the old days. Escaping their captors, Drift, Ratchet, and the branded-a-traitor Brit find a stone army, which Drift seems to know something about. But before they can act—Gigatron's cruel second-in-command Hellbat confronts the trio.

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MY NAME IS DRIFT.



I USED TO BE A DECEPTICON CALLED DEADLOCK.



AFTER THAT I WAS AN AUTOBOT FOR, WELL, NOT ALL THAT LONG ACTUALLY.



RIGHT NOW...

I KIND OF FEEL LIKE THIS IS ALL MY FAULT.

EARLIER.

THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT.

HELLBAT?!

SO YOU KNEW? YOU KNEW THE ARMY WAS HERE ALL ALONG? BUT GIGATRON...

GIGATRON BELIEVES WHATEVER I TELL HIM.

I CAME ACROSS THE ARMY WITHIN DAYS OF ARRIVING HERE. HIDING AND RESTRICTING ITS LOCATION WAS SIMPLE.

YOU'RE EXPERIMENTING ON THEM.

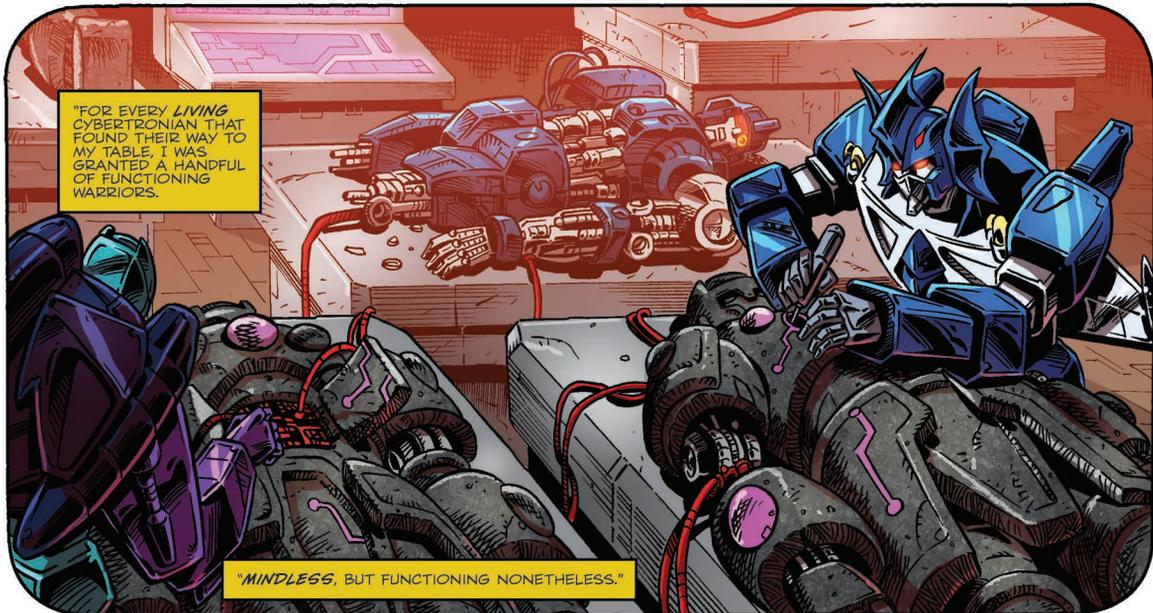
THEY'RE COMPLEX LIFEFORMS BUT THEY REFUSE TO WAKE. NOTHING I DID WOULD WORK.

I EXPECT THE MONKS COULD HAVE WOKEN THEM BUT THEN, THEY'RE NO LONGER WITH US, ARE THEY, DRIFT?

MONKS?

SO YOU FOUND ANOTHER WAY TO CONTROL THEM.

IT TOOK A LOT OF WORK AND A LOT OF DEAD AUTOBOTS... AND DECEPTICONS... BUT I FOUND A WAY.



"FOR EVERY LIVING CYBERTRONIAN THAT FOUND THEIR WAY TO MY TABLE, I WAS GRANTED A HANDFUL OF FUNCTIONING WARRIORS."

"MINDLESS, BUT FUNCTIONING NONETHELESS."



"YOU'RE CANNIBALIZING YOUR OWN KIND FOR SPARE PARTS?! THAT'S SICK!"

"YET EFFECTIVE. WHY DO YOU THINK I ALLOWED YOU TO GAIN ACCESS TO THIS CHAMBER?"

"CAN'T LET YOU GO TO WASTE..."



"SO YOU'VE BEEN CAPTURING AND KILLING AUTOBOTS AND DECEPTICONS TO MAKE YOURSELF AN ARMY?"

"ONE THAT I WILL BE ABLE TO CONTROL ABSOLUTELY."

"FOR WHAT?!"

"TO KILL."

"KILL WHAT?"

"EVERYTHING."



HOW LONG HAVE YOU LIVED? A MILLION YEARS? MORE?

WHAT ARE WE?



WE CAN ALTER OUR BODIES... OVERCOME, ADAPT. WE HARDLY AGE, OR GET SICK...

I'VE WATCHED RACES DIE.

I'VE WATCHED CIVILIZATIONS, CULTURES, WHOLE **WORLDS** DIE.

AND HERE I AM, STILL LIVING. **ETERNAL.**



WHAT DO WE DO? WHAT IS THE **POINT** OF US?

WE DON'T REPRODUCE, WE DON'T CREATE. WHAT **ARE** WE?

MILLIONS OF YEARS AND WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

KILL OUR OWN KIND... OTHERS...



THAT IS WHAT WE ARE, **THAT** IS WHY WE'RE HERE. MACHINES OF WAR, OF **DEATH.**

THESE HANDS... I HAVE KILLED **COUNTLESS** BEINGS WITH THESE HANDS.

ALL THOSE LIVES I'VE TAKEN, I REMEMBER EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM. CENTURIES OF KILLING AS THOUGH IT WAS YESTERDAY.



YOU'RE INSANE.

WHY?

BECAUSE I ADMIT TO ENJOYING IT? I DON'T NEED A **WAR** TO HIDE BEHIND.

HOW MANY HAVE YOU KILLED?

