

TRANSFORMERS

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

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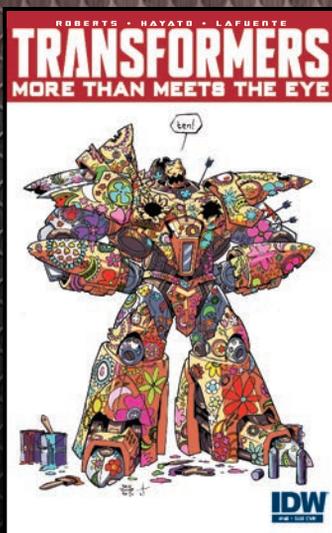
THE STORY SO FAR:

When the crew of the Last Light first met Skids, they learned that the theoretician-turned-spy had two significant gaps in his memory. Skids eventually discovers that the first gap relates to a secret mission to Luna 1, but the second gap remains a mystery. All he knows, thanks to Chromedome, is that he buried the memories for a reason.



REGULAR COVER

Artwork by: ALEX MILNE
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SUBSCRIPTION COVER

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INCENTIVE COVER

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CYCLE 3179? 3180?
IT DEFINITELY WASN'T
LONG AFTER SIMANZI,
BECAUSE CYBERTRON
HADN'T COOLED
DOWN YET.

THE WORLD
STILL BURN'T
YOUR FEET.

ANYWAY, I
WAS WORKING
AS A BOMB
NEGOTIATOR—
AND I WAS
NON-STOP.



RUNG'S OFFICE.

THE
WESTERN
PROVINCES
HAD ALL
BEEN
SEEDED
WITH—

SORRY, SKIDS—BOMB
NEGOTIATOR?

WELL, YEAH,
DEFUSING A LANDMINE
WAS HARD ENOUGH AT
THE BEST OF TIMES—
BUT THE DECEPTICONS
HAD FOUND A WAY TO
MAKE IT HARDER...



"...THEY WERE BUILDING MINES
THAT BEGGED FOR MERCY."

STOP...
PLEASE...
DON'T
HURT ME...

DON'T
WORRY, IT'S
MY JOB TO
MAKE YOU
SAFE.



THE 'CONS CALLED THEM
ANTI-PERSONAL MINES,
BECAUSE—WELL, HOW HAPPY
WOULD YOU BE IF YOUR
VITAL COMPONENTS
WERE LOCKED INSIDE A
EXPLOSIVE DEVICE?

TO DISARM
THEM, YOU HAD
TO SHUT DOWN
THE BRAIN
MODULE—A FATAL
PROCEDURE.

IF THE "BOMB"
PANICKED OR
GOT UPSET, IT'D GO
OFF. THE TRICK WAS
TO WORK OUT THE
TRIGGERS AND
AVOID THEM.



IT'S SKIDS,
ISN'T IT? YOU'RE
F-FRIENDS WITH...
OPTIMUS...

I WAS
FRIENDS WITH
ORION PAX. I
SERVE UNDER
OPTIMUS. WHAT'S
YOUR NAME, BIG
FELLA?

HEAVY
TREAD...

LISTEN,
HEAVY TREAD,
I'M ABOUT
TO EASE YOU
OFF-LINE. YOU
WON'T FEEL
A THING.



I DON'T...
WANT TO
DIE. I WANT
YOU... TO
SAVE ME...

I CAN'T DO
THAT—BUT WHAT
I CAN DO IS I CAN
TALK TO YOU, AND
I CAN KEEP YOU
COMPANY.

AND AFTER
THAT, PRIMUS
WILL TAKE
CARE OF YOU,
I PROMISE.



"AND I THINK IT WAS
ONLY THEN THAT HE
SAW THE IMITATION
MATRIX IN MY
CHEEK—THE SIGN
OF THE FAITHFUL."

YOU BELIEVE
IN A GOD
THAT WOULD
LET THIS
TO HAPPEN
TO ME?

"I'D SAID THE WRONG
THING. I REMEMBER
RUNNING..."

"...AND THEN
I REMEMBER
FLYING."

CRASH BOOM



"AND THE I
REMEMBER A
DECEPTICON
HYGIENE TEAM
SCRAPING ME
OFF THE GROUND."



"I COULD GUESS
WHERE I WAS BEING
TAKEN FROM THE
LOOKS ON THE OTHER
PRISONERS' FACES—"





"—GRINDCORE.

"AFTER THAT,
I REMEMBER...
I REMEMBER..."

"DAMMIT."

"IN YOUR OWN TIME,
SKIDS, THINK *SMALL*.
TINY DETAILS—STUFF
THAT DOESN'T
MEAN ANYTHING."



"I REMEMBER... AN UNTIDY
DESK. *QUEUES*. A HELIXIAN
ACCENT. A GUARD WITH
PAINT ON HIS KNUCKLES.
THE *SMELL*—GUNCOTTON,
FERRITE, A NAKED FLAME."

OPEN
WIDE.

"THE *FITTING ROOM*!
THAT'S IT! *THAT'S* WHAT
WE USED TO CALL IT!"



WHAT IS IT?

A MOUTH FLOWER.

A WHAT?

AN INHIBITOR SPIKE.

WE SCREW IT TO THE ROOF OF YOUR MOUTH, SYNC IT TO YOUR TRANSFORMATION COG, AND IF YOU TOUCH IT, OR TRY TO CHANGE SHAPE...



SEE? EXITS THE HEAD VIA THE BRAIN.



GET THROUGH A LOT OF THESE THINGS, DO YOU?

ROARING TRADE. CAN'T MAKE 'EM QUICK ENOUGH.



WHAT IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT A MOUTH? WHAT DO YOU DO THEN, EHR?



WE IMPROVISE.



AAAAEEEEEE!

YOU CAN PUT THIS ONE IN THE CELL WITH [REDACTED]



WITH [REDACTED]? HE STILL HERE? I THOUGHT HE WAS BEING TRANSFERRED.

TELEPORTER ISN'T WORKING.

NO, PAMPERED LITTLE [REDACTED]-HEADS LIKE [REDACTED] ARE GONNA HAVE TO PUT UP WITH US FOR A WHILE LONGER, UNLESS HE FANCIES [REDACTED]...

"I'M SORRY, RUNG—I'M BLANKING. I CAN'T REMEMBER THE WORDS.

"TIME TO CALL IT A DAY, I THINK. HOW DID I DO?"



YOU WERE EXCELLENT! SO MANY NEW DETAILS!

THANK YOU. I WAS PLEASED I REMEMBERED GOING INSIDE GRINDCORE. THAT'S NEW. THAT'S NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE.

YOU SEE? INCREMENTAL RECOLLECTION—DESCRIBING THE SAME EVENTS TIME AND AGAIN, INCHING THE NARRATIVE FORWARD...

THERE'S NO BETTER WAY TO RECOVER REPRESSED MEMORIES.



APART FROM MNEMOSURGERY, YOU MEAN.

SKIDS...

I'M SORRY—BUT IF CHROMEDOME HADN'T REFUSED TO HELP ME, I'D HAVE SOLVED THIS MYSTERY A LONG TIME AGO.

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT YOUR PAST. BUT CHROMEDOME WAS RIGHT NOT TO OPERATE.

*ISSUE #8.



AT SOME POINT AFTER YOU BECAME A PRISONER OF WAR YOU EXPERIENCED SOMETHING HUGE, TRAUMATIC—AND, FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION, YOU BURIED IT.

MNEMOSURGERY WOULD UNEARTH YOUR MISSING MEMORIES SUDDENLY AND INDISCRIMINATELY, LEADING TO FRESH TRAUMA.

INCREMENTAL RECOLLECTION IS FAR GENTLER.

AND FAR SLOWER...



THERE WE GO! ARK-6! NOW WITH THE CORRECT PLATING ON THE REAR THRUSTERS!

WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING?

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU REBUILT THESE SHIPS?

I'VE LOST COUNT. THOUSANDS.



YOU SHOULD TREAT YOURSELF TO SOME NEW ONES.

THERE'S A NEW SUBSPACE HATCH IN THE MEDIBAY—ASK WHEELJACK TO SEND SOME OVER FROM CYBERTRON.

BECAUSE I ONLY COLLECT SHIPS ON WHICH I'VE SERVED.