

ROBERTS • CAHILL • LAFUENTE

TRANSFORMERS

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE



IDW

#47 • \$3.99

TRANSFORMERS

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

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THE STORY SO FAR:

TAILGATE

BETAWAR

CYLONUS



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REGULAR COVER

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SINS OF THE WRECKERS
 INCENTIVE COVER

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"I WAS BORN
IN MID-AIR."



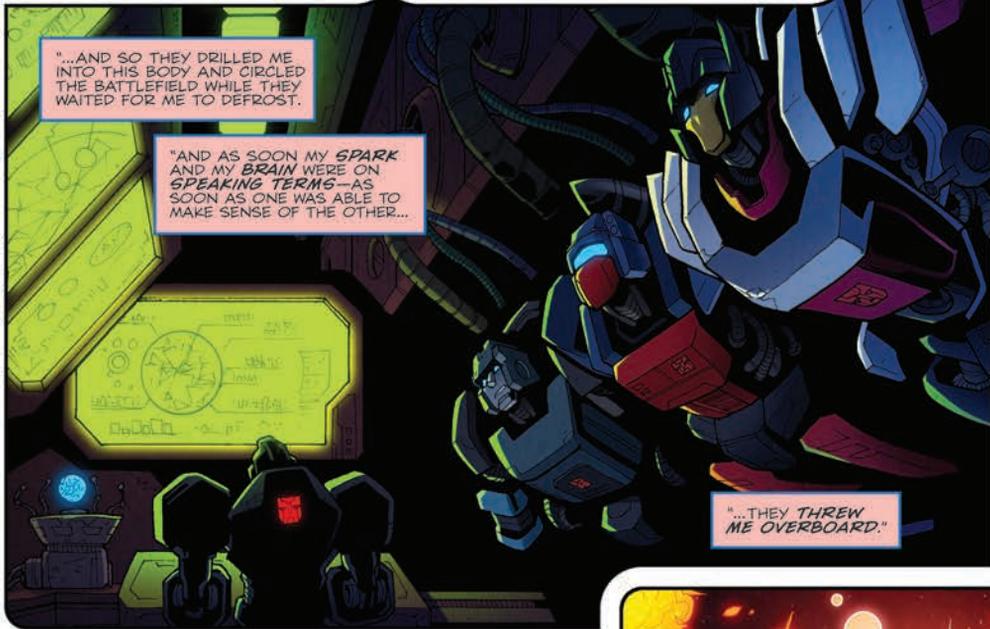
"OKAY, SO BEFORE I
WAS BORN I **EXISTED**—
BUT ONLY AS A SPARK."

"AN **ICE-COLD** SPARK,
CERULEAN BLUE, ETCHED
INTO THE GROOVES OF A
PHOTONIC CRYSTAL AND
LOCKED IN A BOX. I WAS
OBLIVIOUS, OF COURSE."



"BUT THERE WAS A WAR TO WIN,
AND **CORCAPSIA** HAD BECOME A
LODGEMENT, AND **HIGH COMMAND**
WAS DESPERATE FOR TROOPS..."

"...AND SO THEY DRILLED ME
INTO THIS BODY AND CIRCLED
THE BATTLEFIELD WHILE THEY
WAITED FOR ME TO DEFROST."



"AND AS SOON MY **SPARK**
AND MY **BRAIN** WERE ON
SPEAKING TERMS—AS
SOON AS ONE WAS ABLE TO
MAKE SENSE OF THE OTHER..."

"...THEY **THREW**
ME OVERBOARD."

I COULDN'T
EVEN **SEE**
NOT AT FIRST.
I COULDN'T
EVEN—

MY **EYES**
HADN'T
WARMED UP.

AS I FELL,
EVERYTHING I
NEEDED TO KNOW—
EVERYTHING THEY'D
DECIDED I NEEDED
TO KNOW—TOOK
SHAPE IN MY
MIND.

WHO I WAS,
WHERE I WAS, WHO
I WAS FIGHTING...
AND THE FACT THAT I
WAS ACCELERATING AT
A RATE OF 10.2 METERS
PER SECOND PER
SECOND.



"I LANDED HARD."

"MY BRAIN TOLD ME
TO FIGHT: 'YOU'VE
BEEN BORN; NOW
KILL.' EXCEPT..."



"EXCEPT MY BRAIN CLEARLY
DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL
IT WAS TALKING ABOUT. I
HAD TO RUN, NOT FIGHT. I
HAD TO ESCAPE. AND I DID..."

THE LOST LIGHT.



...I GOT AWAY.
THE FIRST THING I EVER DID—MY FIRST CONSCIOUS ACT—AND IT WAS COWARDLY.

"Visages"



ANYWAY, CHEERS, WHERE WERE WE?
UM. YOU WERE TEACHING ME HOW TO SPEAK HAND.
CHIROLINGUISTICS, YES, YES, OF COURSE. SORRY, SCOUT, YOU HAVE THIS VERY SWEET, VERY... DISARMING ABILITY TO MAKE PEOPLE OPEN UP.



O!! TICKLES!
THAT'S NOT A TICKLE. THAT'S A TERM OF ENDEARMENT.
I DEMAND A TRANSLATION.
I BET YOU DO.



...
YOU KNOW, YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO TELL ME ABOUT CORCAPSIA. I MEAN I'M GLAD YOU DID. I MEAN, I'M GLAD YOU FELT YOU *COULD*. I MEAN—
HEY, I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.
YOU REMIND ME OF CYCLONUS.



CHOKES!
I MEAN THIS! THIS REMINDS ME...
HE HELD MY HAND WHEN I WAS DYING—AND SANG TO ME IN OLD CYBERTRONIAN. HE WAS GOING TO GIVE ME LESSONS, BUT... TIME, Y'KNOW? MY LIFE'S A LOT BUSIER THAN IT USED TO BE.
...
NO, NO. GOOD BUSY. WONDERFUL BUSY.



DON'T MOVE...

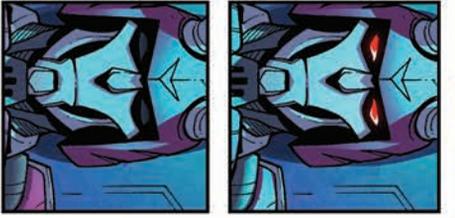


HA! CAUGHT YOU!
RAVAGE!
TURN THAT OFF.
I WASN'T HIDING, YOU DOLT. I WAS DRINKING. THIS IS MY SPOT.



WE'RE LEAVING?
C'MON, I'VE GOT A PRESENT FOR YOU.

HABITATION SUITE 14.





YOU LIKE THEM, YOU DON'T LIKE THEM.

I DO, I DO! A SURPRISING PRESENT, BUT—

YOU SAID HOW MUCH YOU LIKED CHROMEDOME'S? HOW MUCH YOU LIKED THE DESIGN?

DID I? MY MEMORY'S GETTING WORSE.

THE LOPSIDED TRIANGLE



MNEMO-NEEDLES— ESPECIALLY CLIP-ONS— ARE VERY SOUGHT AFTER. VERY ON TREND.

THESE AREN'T REAL. ARE THESE REAL?

100%. I FOUND THEM ON FORTUNA.

I LOVE THEM.



TAILGATE, I... I'VE GOT A CONFESSION TO MAKE. I'VE NOT BEEN ENTIRELY UP FRONT WITH YOU. I DON'T KNOW HOW FAMILIAR YOU ARE OF—I MEAN WITH—I MEAN—



SORRY I'VE REHEARSED THIS SO MANY TIMES—YOU'D THINK I'D HAVE IT DOWN TO A FINE ART BY NOW.

DON'T. I'M LIKE THAT WITH THE AUTOBOT CODE.

LIKE, WHEN MAGNUS TELLS ME OFF HE'S ALL "SECTION 9, SUB-SECTION 12!" AND HE EXPECTS ME TO RECITE IT AND I GET MY CLAUSES ALL MIXED UP AND HE LOOKS AT ME LIKE I'VE JUST MESS'D UP HIS SECRET DRAWER, AND—



TAILGATE!

TAILGATE, ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH CONJUNX RITUS?

NOT... REALLY. CONJUNX ENDURA YES, BUT—

CONJUNX RITUS IS A RITUAL. IT PRESCRIBES THE FOUR STEPS TO BE TAKEN BEFORE TWO PEOPLE CAN FORMALIZE THEIR RELATIONSHIP.

THEY'RE CALLED ACTS. TECHNICALLY, FOUR ACTS.

KEEP GOING...

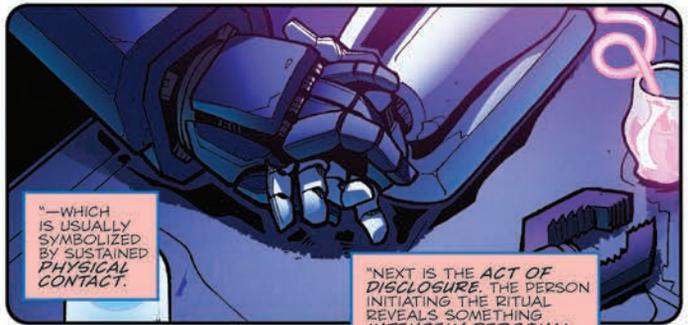


OKAY, SO FIRST YOU HAVE TO GO SOMEWHERE **FAMILIAR**—A PLACE WHICH HOLDS SHARED MEMORIES, SOMEWHERE YOU FEEL SAFE.

LIKE THE **LOST LIGHT**?

YES, OR—OR "VISAGES."

THE RITUAL BEGINS WITH THE **ACT OF INTIMACY**—



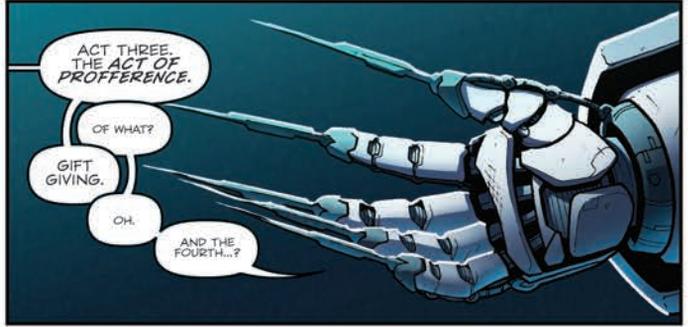
"—WHICH IS USUALLY SYMBOLIZED BY SUSTAINED **PHYSICAL CONTACT**."

"NEXT IS THE **ACT OF DISCLOSURE**. THE PERSON INITIATING THE RITUAL REVEALS SOMETHING **INTENSELY PERSONAL**—SOMETHING WHICH PUTS THEM IN A **LESS THAN FLATTERING LIGHT**."



EXCEPT MY BRAIN CLEARLY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL IT WAS TALKING ABOUT.

"IT'S A DECLARATION OF **WEAKNESS**, AND THEREFORE **TRUST**."



ACT THREE. THE **ACT OF PROFFERENCE**.

OF WHAT?

GIFT GIVING.

OH.

AND THE FOURTH...?



...IS WHERE THE **RESPONDENT** COMES IN.

THE FOURTH IS THE **MOST IMPORTANT**. WITHOUT THE FOURTH, I'VE JUST DESCRIBED A **MEMORABLE EVENING OUT**.

ACT FOUR IS THE **ACT OF DEVOTION**.

IF THE **RESPONDENT** IS WILLING—IF THEY WANT TO BECOME A **CONJUNK ENDURA**—THEY HAVE TO **PROVE IT**.

THEY HAVE TO DO SOMETHING **SPECTACULAR** TO DEMONSTRATE THEIR, UM... THEIR—

THEIR LOVE.

YES.



WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?