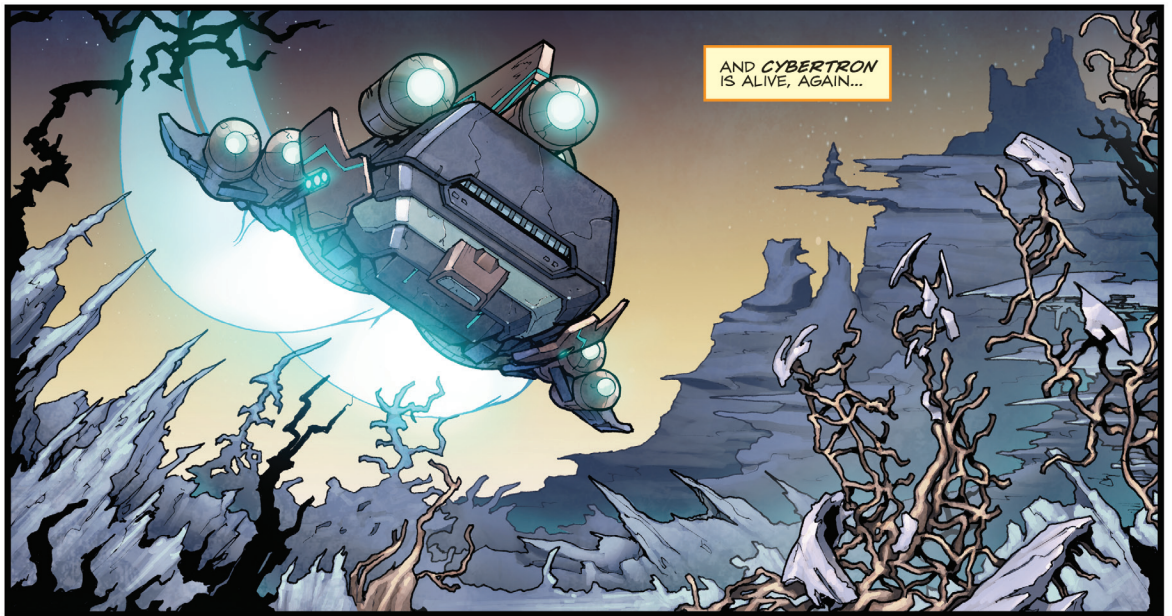


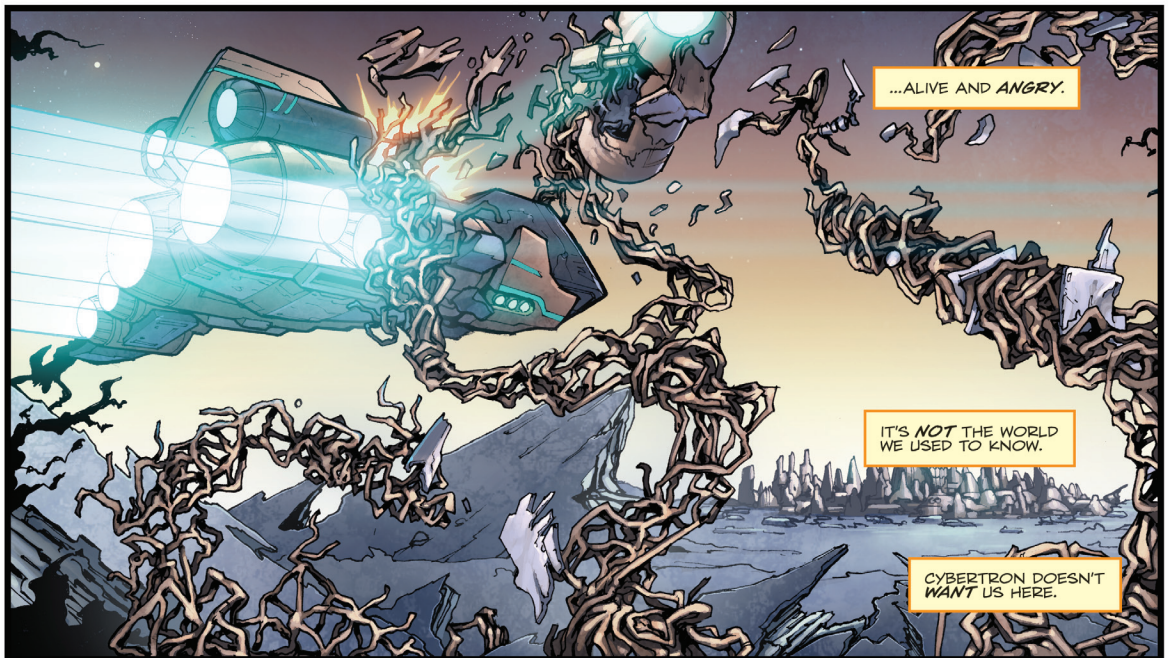
THIS IS MY WORLD.

MY PEOPLE FOUGHT A WAR THAT LASTED *MILLIONS OF YEARS*, AND IN THE PROCESS... WE *KILLED* OUR PLANET.

NOW THE WAR'S OVER. MY SIDE WON.



AND *CYBERTRON* IS ALIVE, AGAIN...



...ALIVE AND ANGRY.

IT'S *NOT* THE WORLD WE USED TO KNOW.

CYBERTRON DOESN'T WANT US HERE.

AND YET *MORE* OF
US ARRIVE EVERY DAY.

ONCE WE WERE *TOGETHER*.
ONCE WE WERE *CYBERTRONIANS*.

THEN WE BECAME *AUTOBOTS*
AND *DECEPTICONS*... AND I
GUESS THAT'S WHAT WE *REMAIN*...


...EXCEPT NOW WE'VE GOT
EVERYBODY ELSE THAT
EVER *LEFT*, COMING BACK.

AND THEY DON'T *DISTINGUISH*
BETWEEN OUR *FACTIONS*. THEY
JUST HOLD A *RESENTMENT*
AS OLD AS TIME.

RODIMUS SAID
WE SHOULD *LEAVE*
THEM TO IT... BUT
THEN HE *DIED*.







NOW THIS IS *MY* WORLD—AND I SAY WE'RE STAYING.

WELCOME HOME!

MY NAME IS BUMBLEBEE, AND ON BEHALF OF CYBERTRON'S PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT, I GREET YOU, BROTHERS!

THE AUTONOMY LESSON



WHAT IN THE AFTERSPARK HAVE YOU DONE? THE PLANET TRIED TO GRAB US!

