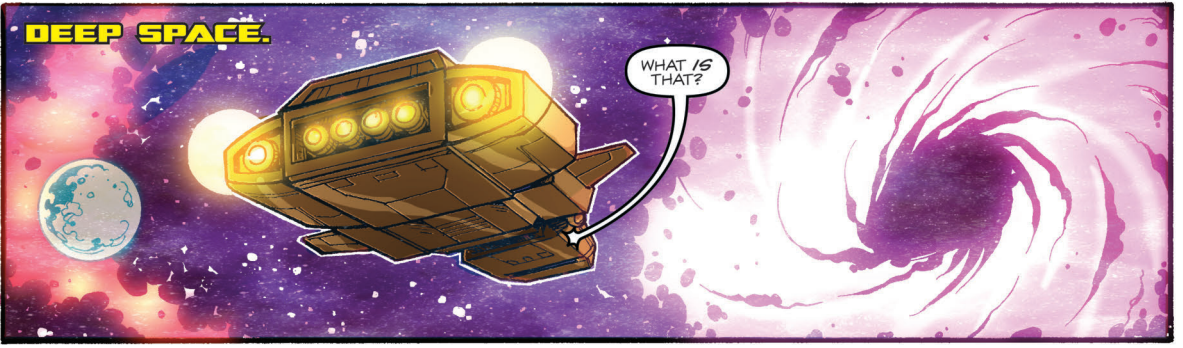
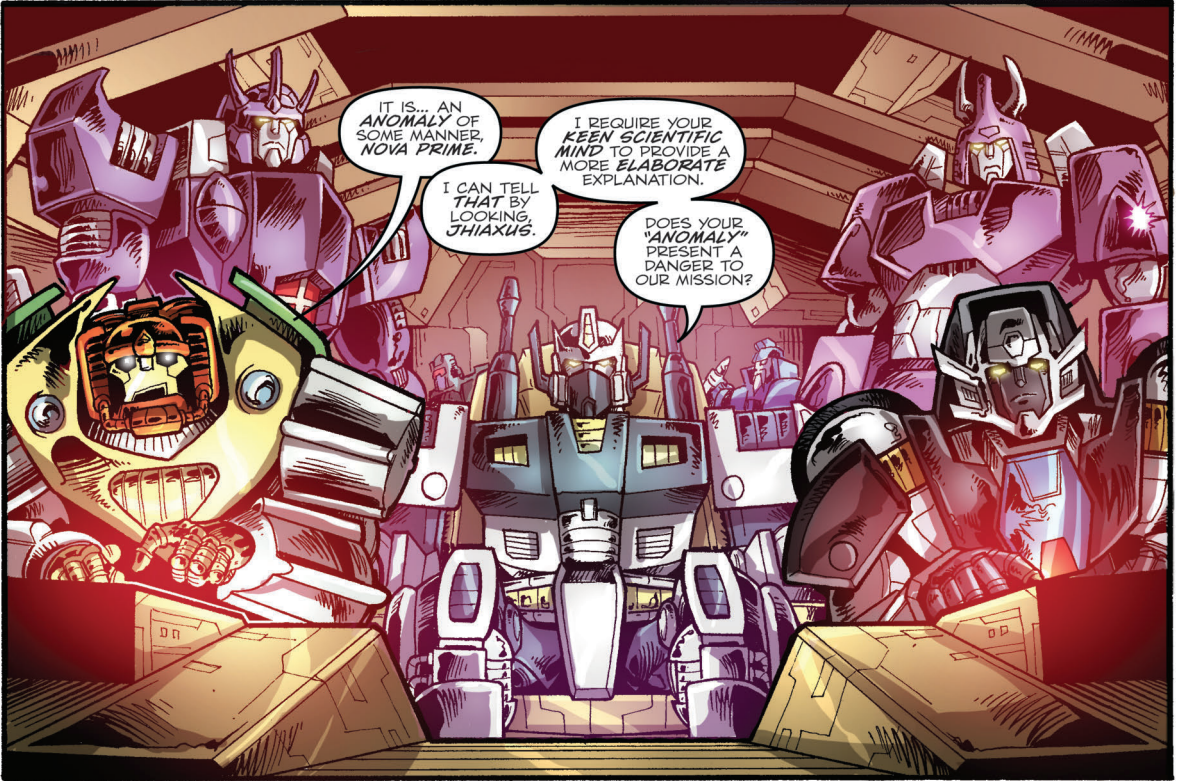


DEEP SPACE.



WHAT IS THAT?



IT IS... AN ANOMALY OF SOME MANNER, NOVA PRIME.

I REQUIRE YOUR KEEN SCIENTIFIC MIND TO PROVIDE A MORE ELABORATE EXPLANATION.

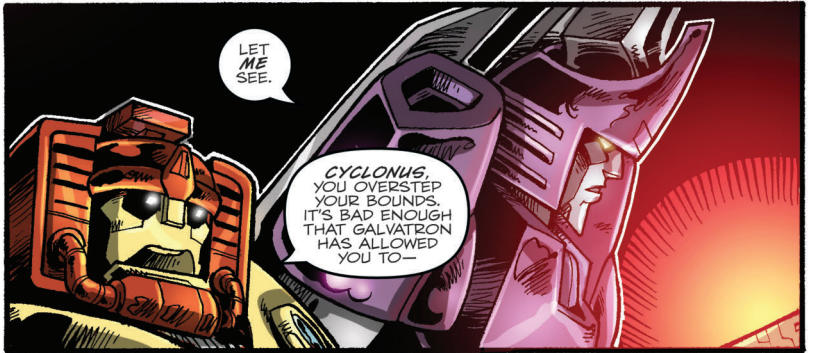
I CAN TELL THAT BY LOOKING, JHIAXUS.

DOES YOUR "ANOMALY" PRESENT A DANGER TO OUR MISSION?



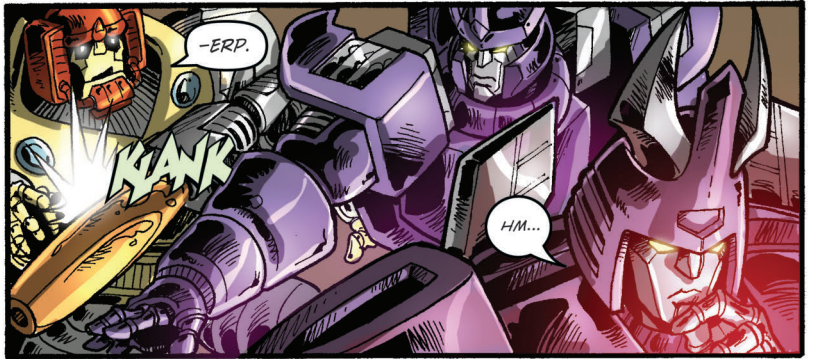
MY APOLOGIES, LORD NOVA. THIS... THIS IS LIKE NOTHING I'VE SEEN.

THE ENERGY RADIATING FROM IT... IS UTTERLY UNIQUE.



LET ME SEE.

CYCLONUS, YOU OVERSTEP YOUR BOUNDS. IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT GALVATRON HAS ALLOWED YOU TO—



-ERP.

KANK

HM...



...THIS REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING.

A RADIATION SO... COLD.

SO... UNNATURAL.

IT REMINDS ME...



...OF COURSE. A LEGEND OF OUR CREATOR, *PRIMUS*, AND HIS *TRINITY*—OF *BRUISED WORLDS* AND *ROGUE RADIATION* AND *STARS BURNING BLACK* IN THE SKY.

THE ANCIENTS SPOKE OF A *FAILED REALITY*—A REALITY AT ODDS WITH OUR OWN.

A PLANE OF EXISTENCE THAT THRIVED UPON DECAY—

—A DEAD UNIVERSE.



SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE, MY LORD.

THE ERA OF MYTH AND LEGEND IS LONG OVER.

OURS IS AN ERA OF SCIENCE.

THERE IS A RATIONAL EXPLANATION FOR THIS PHENOMENON.



LOOK AT THESE READINGS, THEN!

USE YOUR SCIENCE, JHIAXUS.

THIS IS A PORTAL TO ANOTHER UNIVERSE.

ALPHA TRION BLESSED OUR SHIP THAT WE MAY SPREAD THE CYBERTRONIAN WAY—*FREEDOM*—ACROSS THE GALAXY.

NOT THAT WE MAY RISK EVERYTHING ON A WHIM.



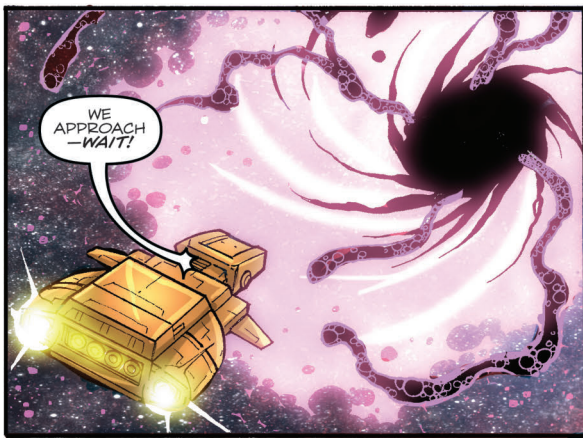
OUR MISSION, CYCLONUS, IS TO IMPOSE THE WILL OF CYBERTRON ACROSS ALL OF CREATION.

WE SHALL BE THANKFUL FATE HAS DELIVERED UPON US *ANOTHER* UNIVERSE IN NEED OF CONQUERING.

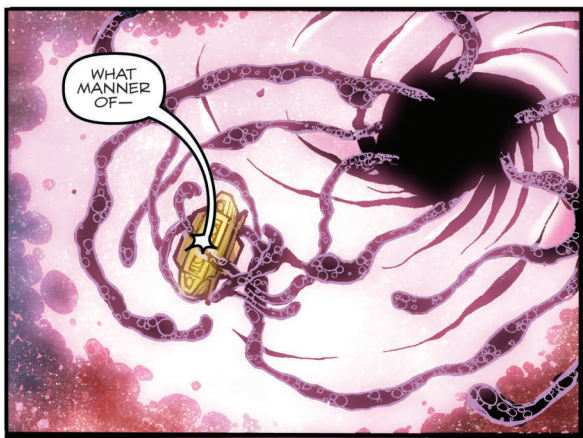


SET COURSE FOR THE ANOMALY, GALVATRON.

AT ONCE, PRIME.



WE APPROACH—
—WAIT!



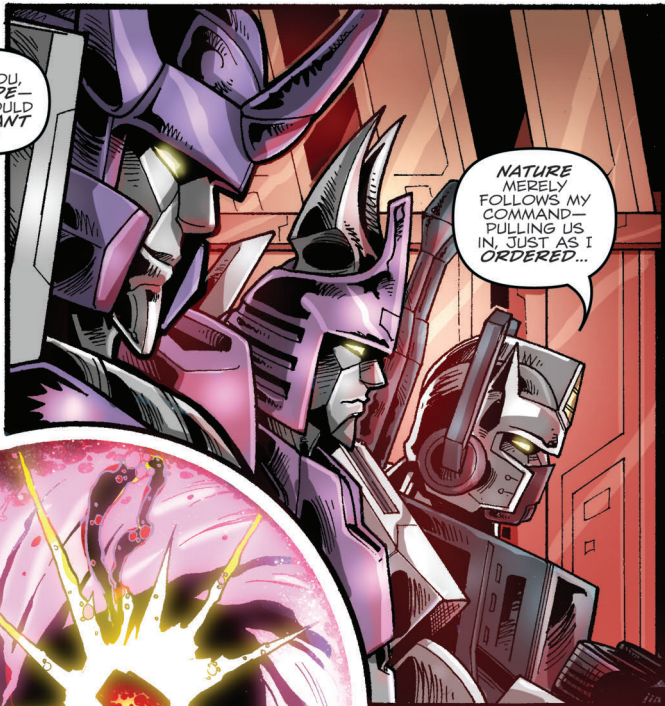
WHAT MANNER OF—



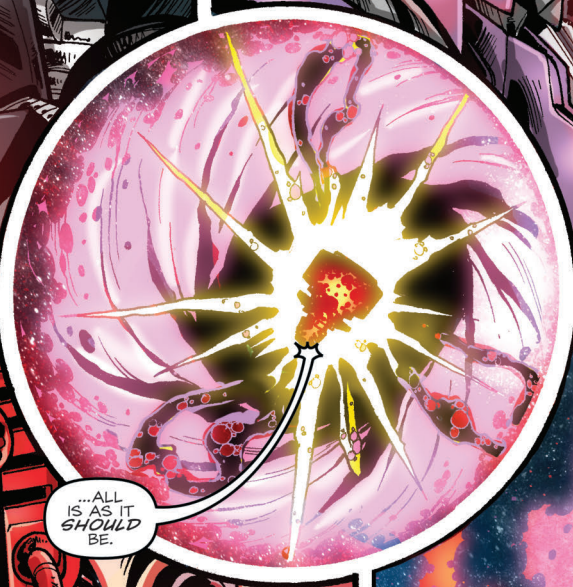
LORD NOVA!

I CAN'T PULL AWAY!

I ASK YOU, *TAILPIPE*—
WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO?



NATURE MERELY FOLLOWS MY COMMAND—
PULLING US IN, JUST AS I ORDERED...



...ALL IS AS IT SHOULD BE.

THIS IS *JHIAKUS*, CALLING CYBERTRON—
DO YOU RECEIVE ME?

THE ARK IS BEING DRAWN IN TO AN ANOMALY IN THE *GORLAM* STAR SYSTEM, AT THE EDGE OF THE *BENZULI EXPANSE*. WE MAY NOT RETURN.

IF THIS IS THE LAST TIME WE SPEAK, KNOW THAT YOU WERE MY MOST GIFTED STUDENT—AND THAT I ENTRUST MY LEGACY TO YOU.



PLEASE, *SHOCKWAVE*—
CONTINUE WHAT I BEGAN!

**CYBERTRON, 6 MILLION YEARS LATER.
PRESENT DAY.**

I HAVE
CARRIED OUT
YOUR REQUEST,
JHIAXUS...

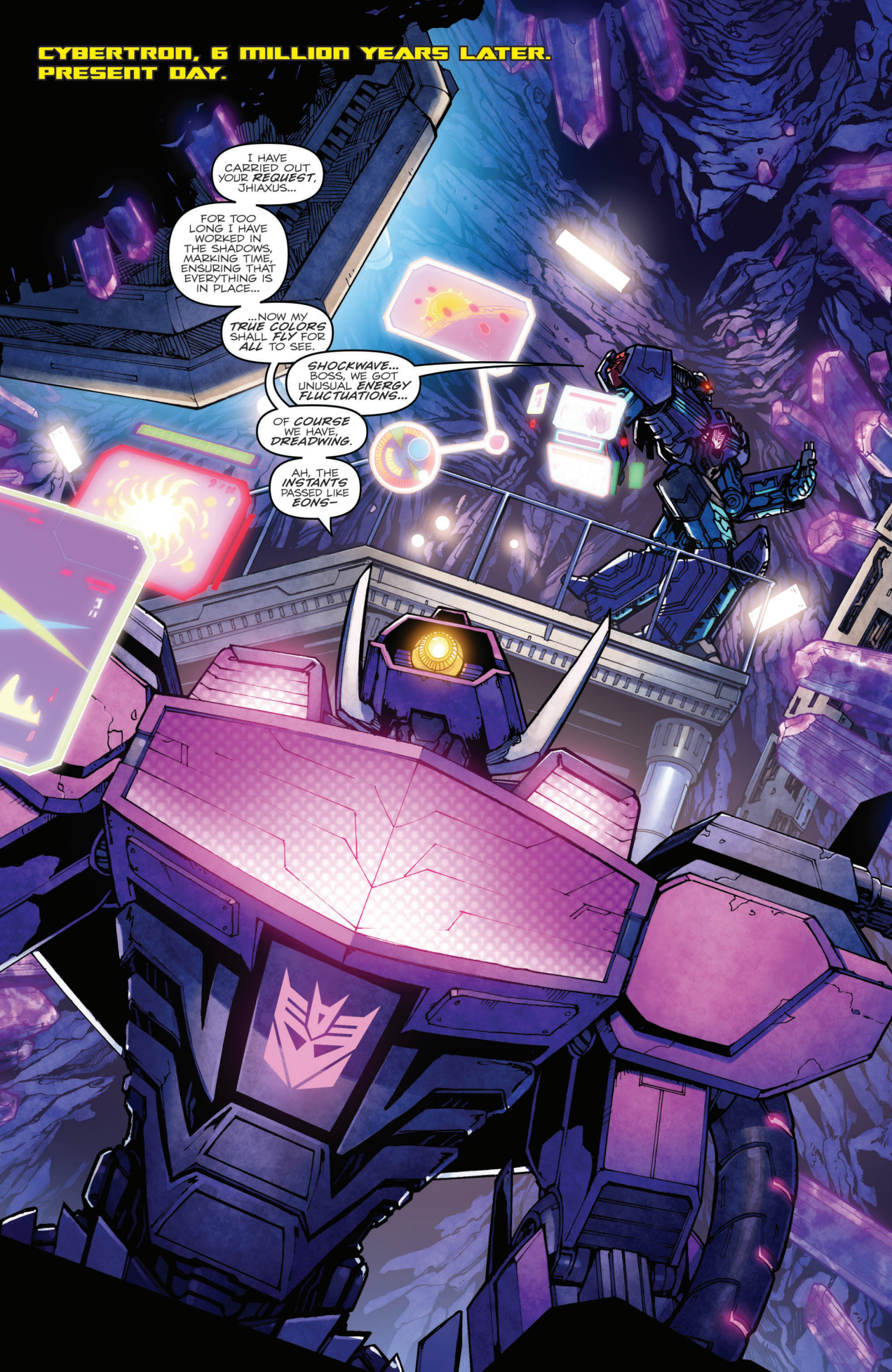
FOR TOO
LONG I HAVE
WORKED IN
THE SHADOWS,
MAKING TIME,
ENSURING THAT
EVERYTHING IS
IN PLACE...

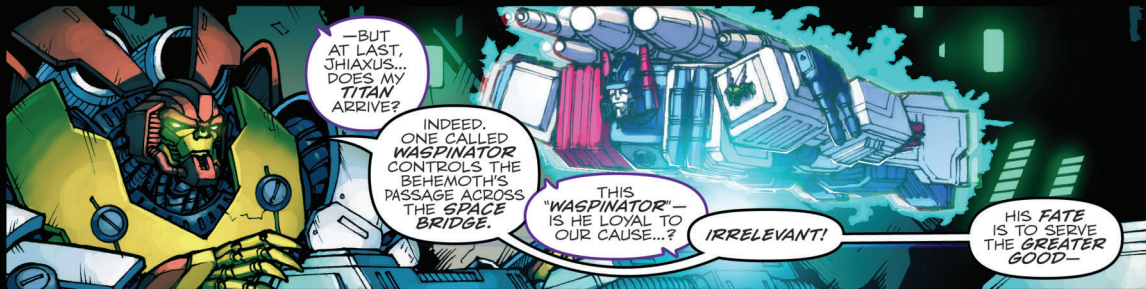
...NOW MY
TRUE COLORS
SHALL FLY FOR
ALL TO SEE.

SHOCKWAVE...
BOSS, WE GOT
UNUSUAL ENERGY
FLUCTUATIONS...

OF COURSE
WE HAVE,
DREADWING.

AH, THE
INSTANTS
PASSED LIKE
EONS—





—BUT AT LAST, JHIAXUS... DOES MY TITAN ARRIVE?

INDEED, ONE CALLED WASPINATOR CONTROLS THE BEHEMOTH'S PASSAGE ACROSS THE SPACE BRIDGE.

THIS 'WASPINATOR'— IS HE LOYAL TO OUR CAUSE...?

IRRELEVANT!

HIS FATE IS TO SERVE THE GREATER GOOD—

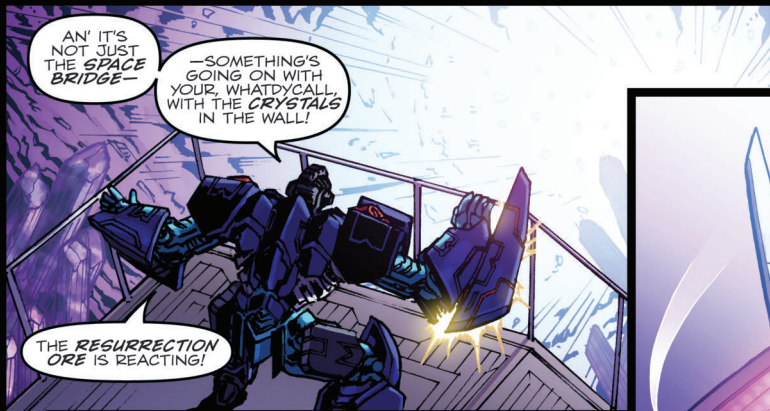


—AS IS ALL OF OURS.

FATE.

YES, OF COURSE, JHIAXUS.

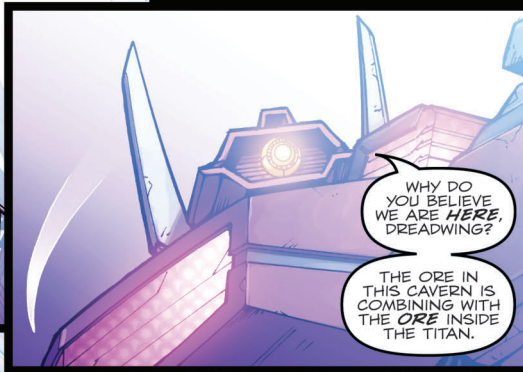
BOSS! THE ENERGY'S SPIKING!



AND IT'S NOT JUST THE SPACE BRIDGE—

—SOMETHING'S GOING ON WITH YOUR, WHATDYCALL, WITH THE CRYSTALS IN THE WALL!

THE RESURRECTION ORE IS REACTING!



WHY DO YOU BELIEVE WE ARE HERE, DREADWING?

THE ORE IN THIS CAVERN IS COMBINING WITH THE ORE INSIDE THE TITAN.



THE— WHAT?!

AH, WHAT'S THAT MEAN, BOSS? WHAT'S GOING ON?

WHEN THE ORES REACH FINAL SYNTHESIS, SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN.

SOMETHING BOTH FASCINATING AND— AS FAR AS THE TITAN AND ITS PILOT ARE CONCERNED—