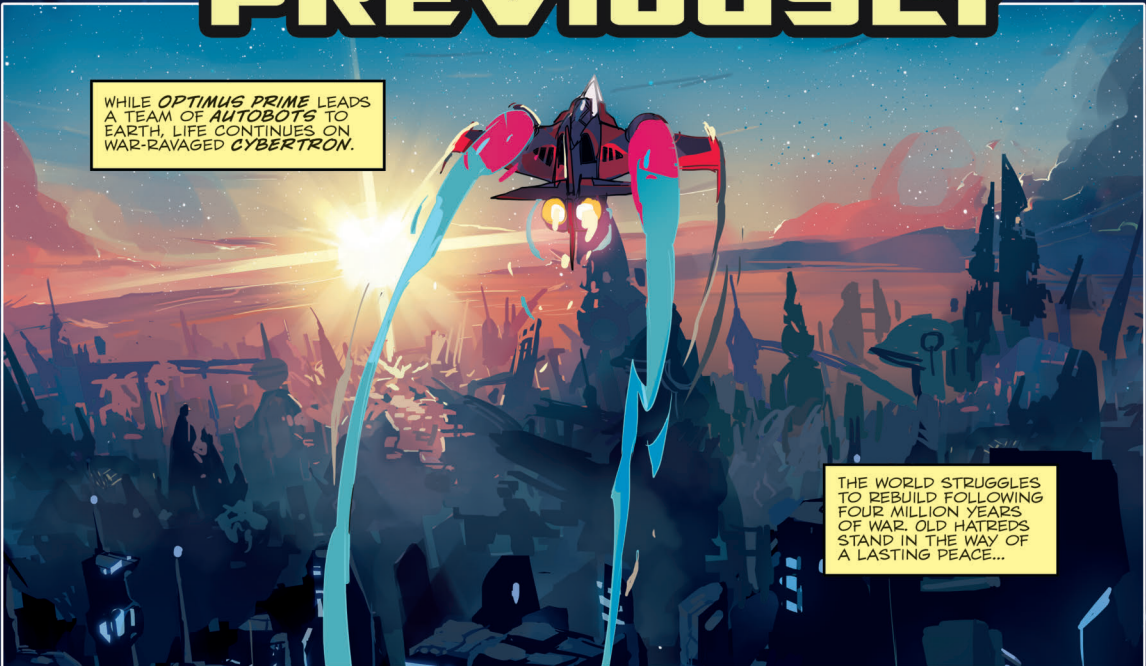


# PREVIOUSLY




WHILE *OPTIMUS PRIME* LEADS A TEAM OF *AUTOBOTS* TO EARTH, LIFE CONTINUES ON WAR-RAVAGED *CYBERTRON*.

THE WORLD STRUGGLES TO REBUILD FOLLOWING FOUR MILLION YEARS OF WAR. OLD HATREDS STAND IN THE WAY OF A LASTING PEACE...



...AND OLD HEROES HAVE BEEN SHATTERED BY THEIR EXPERIENCES.



FORGING AN UNEASY ALLIANCE WITH NEWCOMER *WINDBLADE*...

...THE PEOPLE'S CHOSEN LEADER, *STARSCREAM*, TRIES TO SHORE UP A POWERBASE...



...BUT THE FORMER *DECEPTICON* STANDS ALONE.

MEMORY. NOW *THAT*  
IS A FUNNY THING.

SEE, I GET THESE  
*FLASHES*. MAYBE  
IT HAPPENS *ALL*  
OF A *SUDDEN*...

...MAYBE I'VE BEEN HAVIN' 'EM  
FOR *WEEKS*. THERE'S NOTHIN'  
IN *BETWEEN*. SO IT DOESN'T  
*FEEL* LIKE TIME'S GOIN' BY.

ANYWAY. I GET *BITS* HERE  
AN' THERE. I REMEMBER  
ME AN' *FERAX* PALLIN'  
AROUND IN THE *OLD DAYS*.

THERE'S THAT TIME I BUILT A  
*NEW BODY* FOR *ORION PAX*.

*SOMETHIN'* ABOUT A TRIP  
TO *LAS VEGAS*, BUT THAT  
ONE'S KINDA *FUZZY*.

THEN I HIT  
SOMETHIN' BIG.

*MEGATRON*. MAKIN'  
A MOVE AGAINST  
THE *PEACE* WE  
WERE ALL WORKIN'  
SO HARD TO BUILD.

I DIDN'T TRUST HIM. I  
MEAN... RIGHT? WHO'D  
TRUST *MEGATRON*?

SO I CAME UP WITH A *PLAN*.

A REAL GOOD ONE.

NOW I GOT TO *TELL* SOMEBODY ABOUT IT, 'CAUSE I GOT *CAPTURED*.

I GOT TO *TELL* SOMEBODY BEFORE I GET *BLASTED*—

—NO, WAIT, I GOT—

—I GOT BLASTED.

WHO—

—WHAT—

# THE WORLD OF TOMORROW



UH, WHAT'D I MISS?

