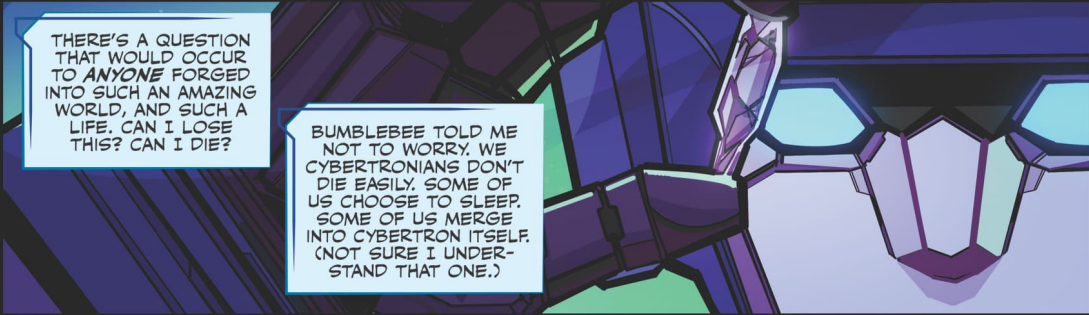




MY NAME IS
RUBBLE.

I HAVE BEEN
ALIVE FOR FORTY-
ONE CYCLES AND IN
THAT SHORT TIME
BUMBLEBEE, MY
MENTOR, HAS SHOWN
ME WONDERS AND
MARVELS *BEYOND*
IMAGINING.

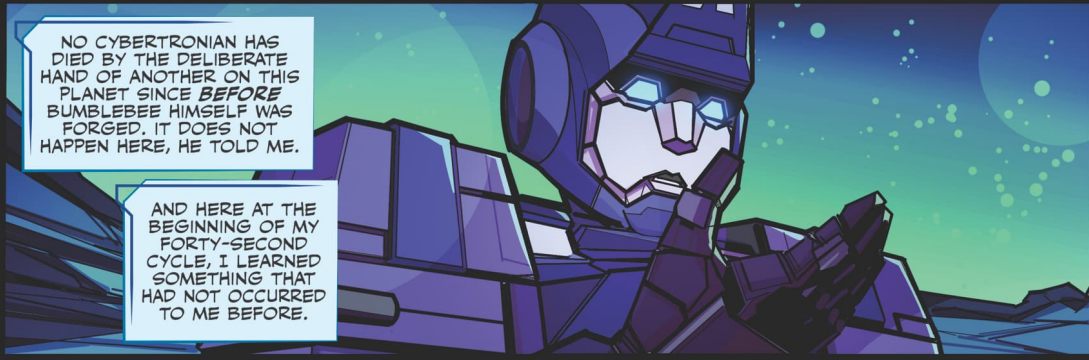


THERE'S A QUESTION
THAT WOULD OCCUR
TO *ANYONE* FORGED
INTO SUCH AN AMAZING
WORLD, AND SUCH A
LIFE. CAN I LOSE
THIS? CAN I DIE?

BUMBLEBEE TOLD ME
NOT TO WORRY. WE
CYBERTRONIANS DON'T
DIE EASILY. SOME OF
US CHOOSE TO SLEEP.
SOME OF US MERGE
INTO CYBERTRON ITSELF.
(NOT SURE I UNDER-
STAND THAT ONE.)



THERE ARE ACCIDENTS,
OF COURSE. NOT *ALL*
OF CYBERTRON IS
ENTIRELY SAFE. THERE
IS VIOLENCE OUT IN THE
VOID AND ON COLONY
PLANETS. BUT NOT ON
CYBERTRON. NOT NOW.



NO CYBERTRONIAN HAS
DIED BY THE DELIBERATE
HAND OF ANOTHER ON THIS
PLANET SINCE *BEFORE*
BUMBLEBEE HIMSELF WAS
FORGED. IT DOES NOT
HAPPEN HERE, HE TOLD ME.

AND HERE AT THE
BEGINNING OF MY
FORTY-SECOND
CYCLE, I LEARNED
SOMETHING THAT
HAD NOT OCCURRED
TO ME BEFORE.



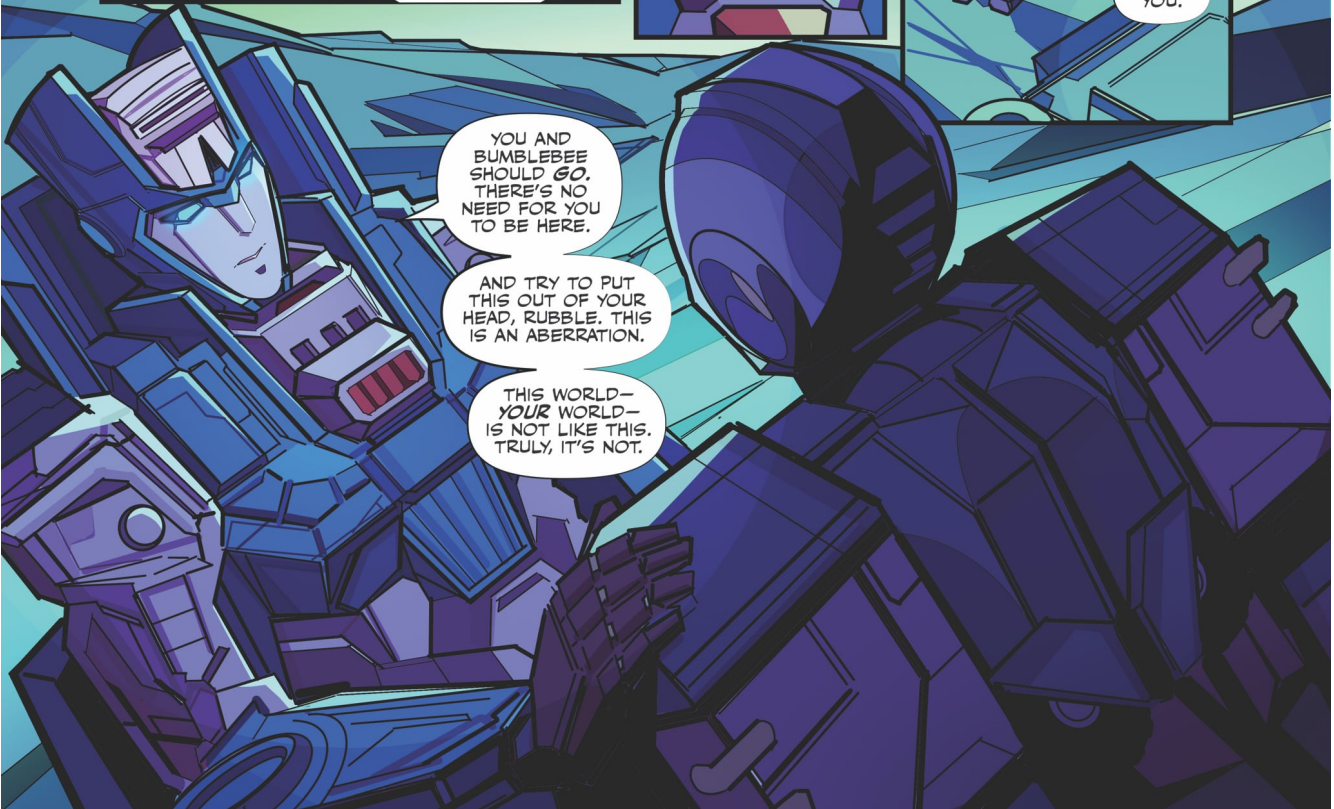
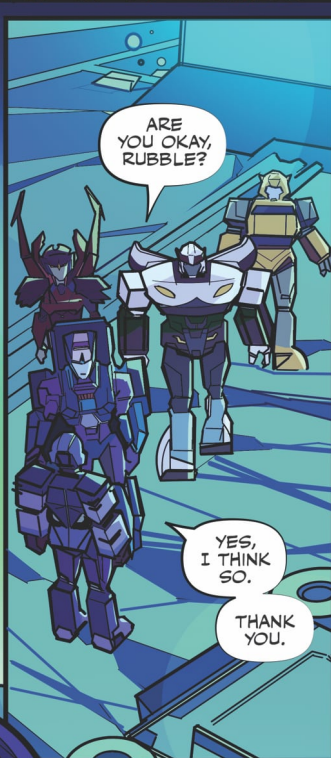
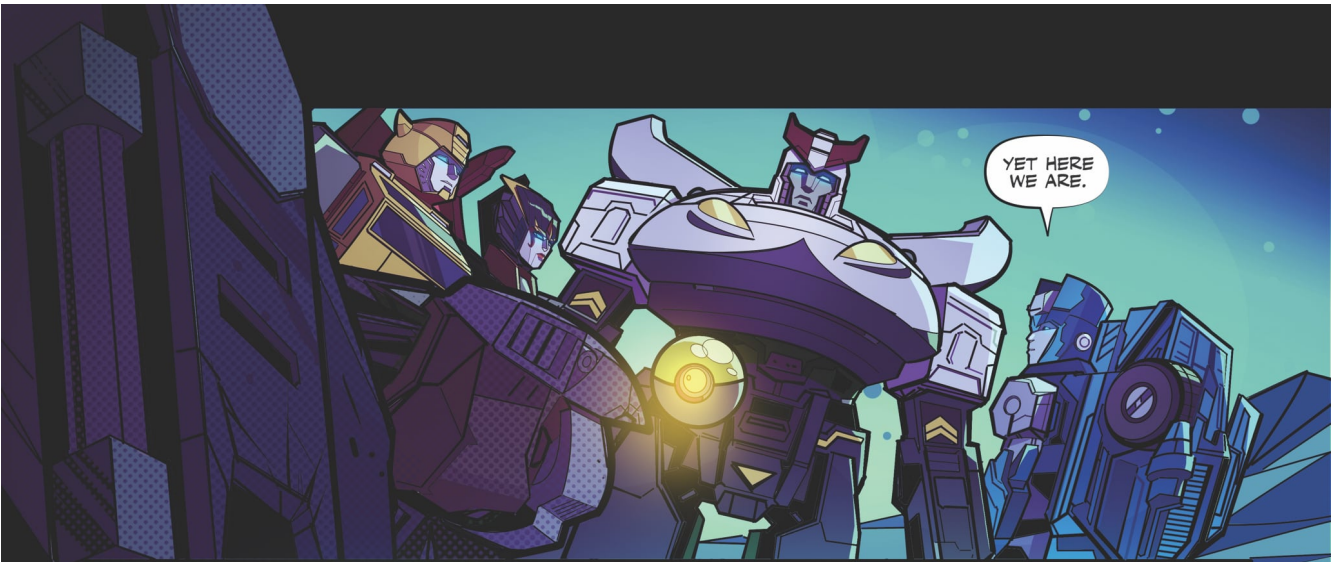
MY MENTOR
DOES *NOT* KNOW
EVERYTHING.

BUMBLEBEE CAN
BE *WRONG*.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.
THIS IS
MADNESS.

ON *THAT*
WE CAN
AGREE.

THE WORLD IN YOUR EYES PART TWO



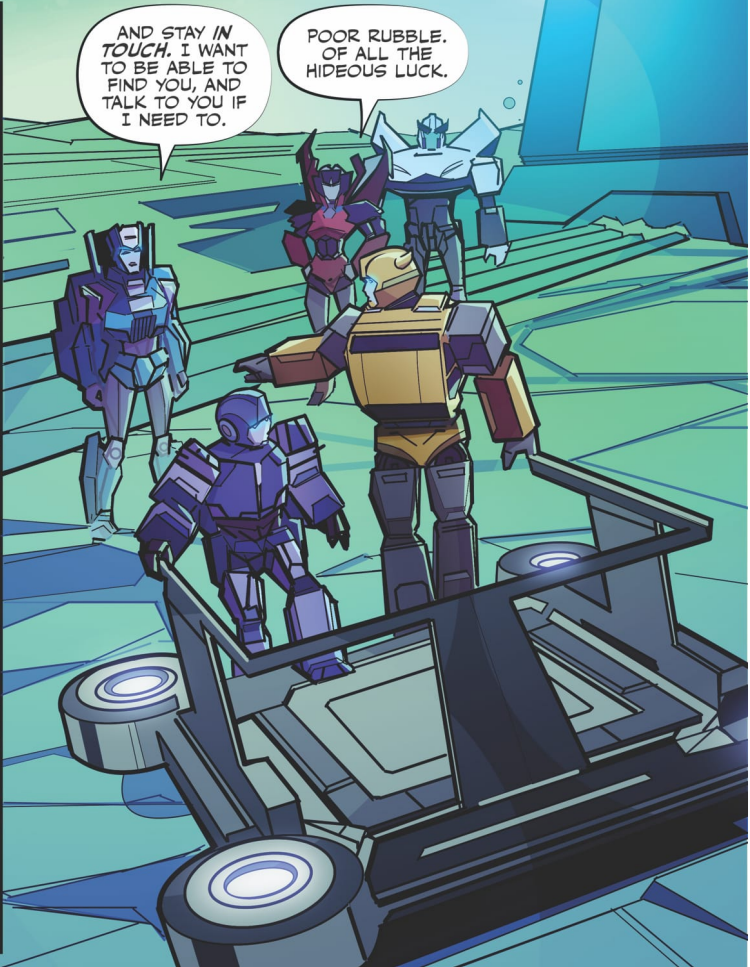


YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO KEEP THE TWO OF YOU OCCUPIED?

WE WERE DUE TO SPEND SOME TIME WITH WHEELJACK SOON ANYWAY. HE'S AGREED WE CAN GO OVER THERE EARLY.

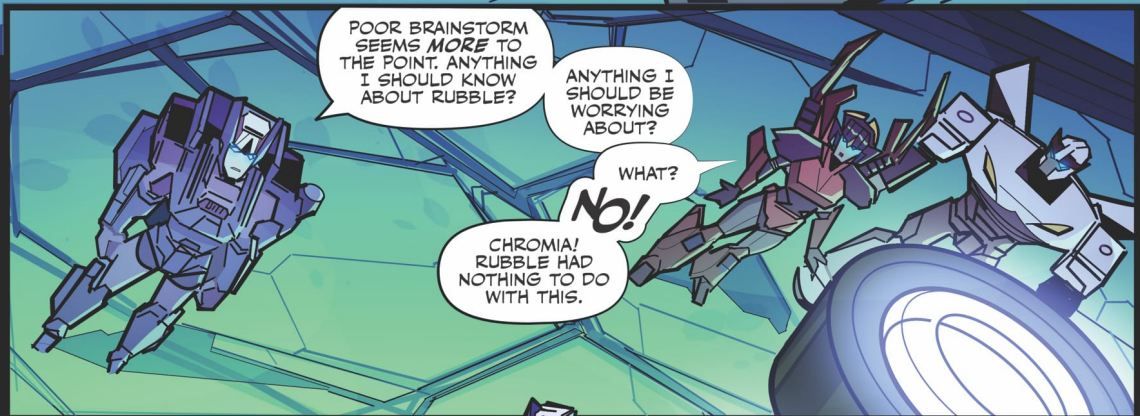
GOOD. WHEELJACK'S THE SORT TO PUT SOME LIGHT BACK INTO THE WORLD. TAKE ONE OF OUR CARRIERS.

BUT DON'T TALK TO ANYONE ABOUT THIS, OKAY?



AND STAY IN TOUCH. I WANT TO BE ABLE TO FIND YOU, AND TALK TO YOU IF I NEED TO.

POOR RUBBLE. OF ALL THE HIDEOUS LUCK.



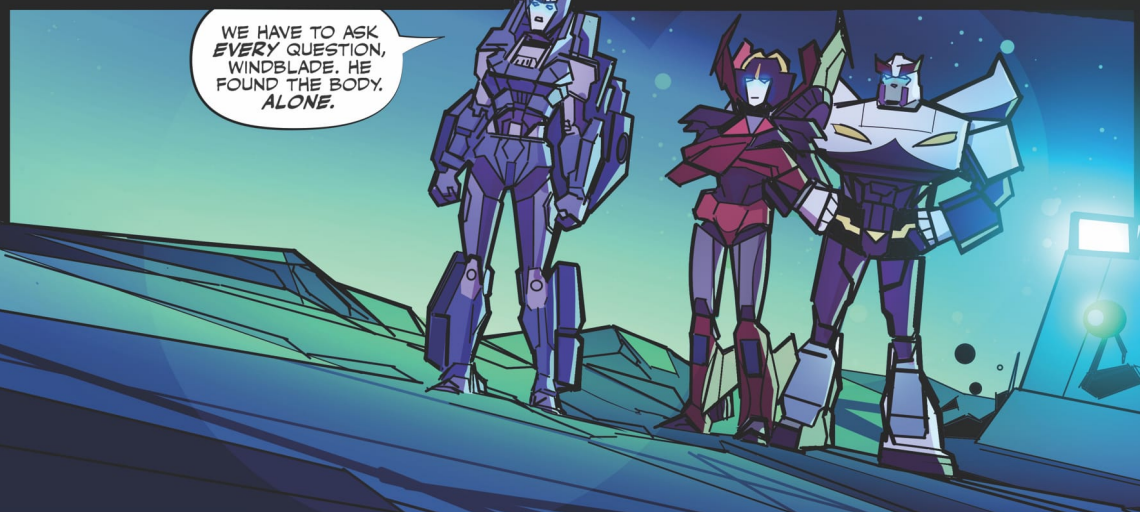
POOR BRAINSTORM SEEMS MORE TO THE POINT. ANYTHING I SHOULD KNOW ABOUT RUBBLE?

ANYTHING I SHOULD BE WORRYING ABOUT?

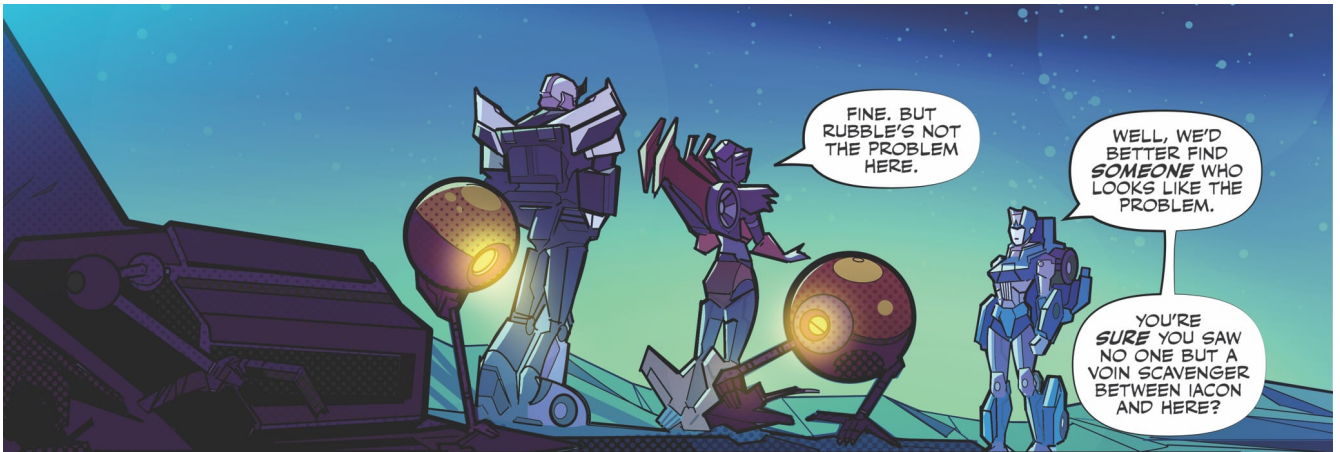
WHAT?

No!

CHROMIA! RUBBLE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS.



WE HAVE TO ASK EVERY QUESTION, WINDBLADE. HE FOUND THE BODY. ALONE.



FINE, BUT RUBBLE'S NOT THE PROBLEM HERE.

WELL, WE'D BETTER FIND *SOMEONE* WHO LOOKS LIKE THE PROBLEM.

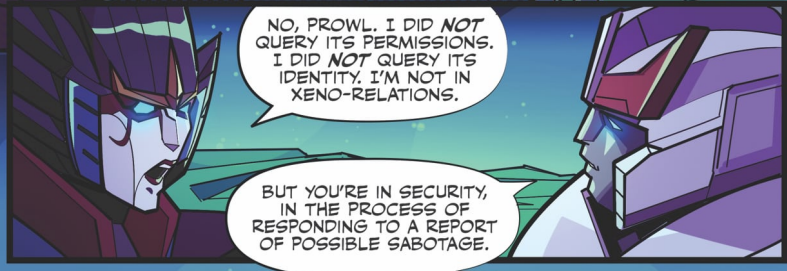
YOU'RE *SURE* YOU SAW NO ONE BUT A VOIN SCAVENGER BETWEEN IACON AND HERE?



NOTHING AND NO ONE.

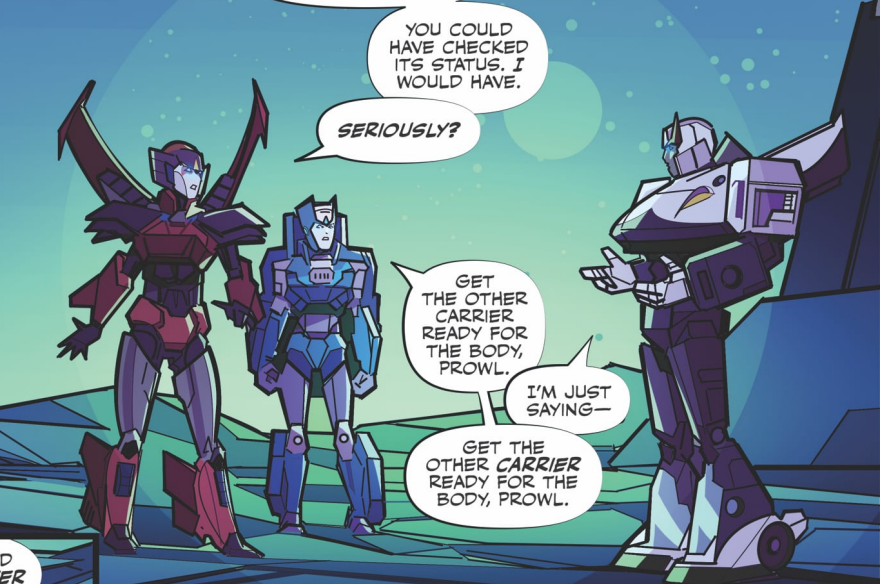
AND DID YOU CHECK ON THIS VOIN?

DO WE KNOW IF IT WAS LICENSED FOR THIS ZONE?



NO, PROWL. I DID *NOT* QUERY ITS PERMISSIONS. I DID *NOT* QUERY ITS IDENTITY. I'M NOT IN XENO-RELATIONS.

BUT YOU'RE IN SECURITY, IN THE PROCESS OF RESPONDING TO A REPORT OF POSSIBLE SABOTAGE.



YOU COULD HAVE CHECKED ITS STATUS. I WOULD HAVE.

SERIOUSLY?

GET THE OTHER CARRIER READY FOR THE BODY, PROWL.

I'M JUST SAYING—

GET THE OTHER *CARRIER* READY FOR THE BODY, PROWL.



OF COURSE HE WOULD HAVE CHECKED. HE *NEVER* MAKES A MISTAKE.

OH, HE MAKES MISTAKES. IF HE DIDN'T PUT SO MANY DENTS IN EVERYONE AROUND HIM, *HE'D* BE RUNNING SECURITY INSTEAD OF ME.

BUT HE'S THE BEST INVESTIGATOR WE HAVE.

AND HE'S NOT ENTIRELY WRONG ABOUT *THIS*.



I'D GUESS MORE THAN HALF OF CYBERTRON'S POPULATION WASN'T EVEN *ALIVE* THE LAST TIME SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAPPENED.

IT'LL SHAKE THEM. FRIGHTEN THEM.

WE HAVE TO BE OUT AHEAD OF THAT. WE HAVE TO QUESTION EVERYTHING. EVERYONE.

NO MISTAKES, FROM *ANY* OF US.