

ME GRIMLOCK
LOVE
HEAVY METAL!

AUTO 2015 ASSEMBLY

"KERRANG"



THE END OF THE BEGINNING

GAV'S

SOME ASSEMBLY REQUIRED

I'm putting these thoughts down as the dust settles on the final Auto Assembly convention, one I have attended since 2006, and been involved in behind the scenes since 2008 when I offered my services in helping put together the Cybertronian Times. Along the way it has been my pleasure to work with a great many people over the years putting together some material I am still very proud of, and I hope all involved are too. This publication stemmed from last year's Fanzine panel presented by Matt Dallas and myself, having been involved in producing fanzines for many years, back when people exchanged letters and postcards, as opposed to emails and tweets. So we thought it might be nice to get more people involved and the idea of the workshop was born. Sadly real life got in the way of Matt appearing but it's as much his idea as mine.

I want to say a big thank you to everyone who popped into the room and spent some time either a pin-up, a strip here or as we are lucky to have a few scripts included, sadly time was against us, otherwise it would have nice to have seen these scripts made whole, but that is where you all come in. Yes, you!

The scripts are here, if you have a pencil and a blank sheet of paper nearby make good use of it, and just to prove I'm not too old and out of touch if you have a tablet/cintiq/whatever use that too., although don't use a pencil on them as I am pretty sure you will break it! Share it with us afterwards, share it with everyone. I am sure the writers would love to see your work and I know I would.

It was an absolute joy to see people in the room drawing and writing and putting the effort in towards a greater whole, because that's really what Auto Assembly has done over the years. It's not a convention, not really, it's a big family. While we may not see each other as often as we like, but I know for myself the four days or so at the event, before during and after are an absolute joy. Reconnecting with people, even it's only for a handful of minutes, meeting newer members to our extended and wonderfully colourful family.

I was delighted to see so much work and far too many of you did yourselves a disservice by saying "I'm not sure it's very good" and words to that effect, I won't name names but I was blown away by your efforts so thank you very much one and all.

If it was your first effort, please don't make it your last. While Auto Assembly may have finished as a convention, the community and the connections still endure and I hope to see as many of you as possible in the future. For those reading this who feel inspired to do something, please do and let me know as I am more than happy to ensure it is shared with as many people as possible.

Anyway I have rattled on enough, it's not my magazine after all. Other people did all the real work so it's over to them.

It has been my distinct pleasure to play a small part in AA over the years and I will speak to you all soon!

Andy Turnbull
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Doing his damndest not to cry.
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AUTO ASSEMBLY 2015 - FANZINE WORKSHOP SPECIAL

I've seen evil before, but this isn't social injustice turned to tyranny, this isn't unchecked ambition, this isn't unfeeling science taken to the nth degree, this is primal malevolence. This isn't rage, an emotion, a decision, this is force, as natural as the progress of time. The physical manifestation of anti-life. Universe level genocide. One day everything will end, and it looks like today is the day.

I am trapped in the depths of a giant I cannot comprehend and I am facing an unstoppable murderer I cannot hope to defeat. I have never been more cocky, but it seems even my luck can run out. This new Decepticon leader appeared lucid enough for a moment but he has lost it now. He wears the Matrix around his neck, an unearned trophy, a mocking sneer.

I held the Matrix once before. It slipped from Optimus' dying hands on the way to Ultra Magnus and I caught it before handing it over. It glowed at my touch, communicated with me in a way Kup would laugh his head off about if I had worked up the nerve to mention it.

As the Decepticon's hands assault my neck, as he callously insults the Autobot legends he and his followers have murdered, the Matrix continues the conversation. As death beckons, my life doesn't flash before my eyes, the future does. It unfolds before me, instant knowledge engulfing me. My cockiness becomes assurance, my reckless endeavour becomes determination, my spark for life becomes triumph.

I think of Kup, my biggest critic and my champion, what will he say, how will he claim he knew it all along, how it was all down to him. I think of Magnus, who I will not quite succeed, more supplant. He will be willing, eager, to step down, but we will never interact in the same way ever again. I think of Arcee, Springer, Daniel... how will they look at me now, will they look up to me, will they embrace this as naturally as it feels I am now.

I cannot explain what is happening as I physically, mentally, spiritually evolve. There must be some explanation, but this is magic. Science beyond my understanding. Daniel always asks me what it's like to transform, how I do it, but I can't even explain that. Sometimes you whisper, sometimes you shout, sometimes you stroll, sometimes you race, sometimes I'm a car, sometimes I'm not.

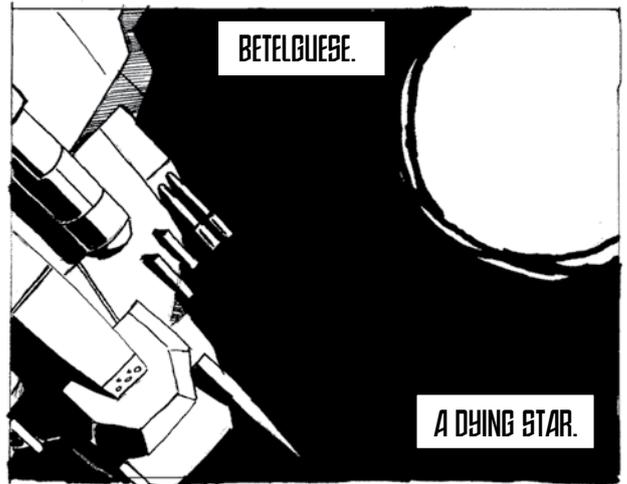
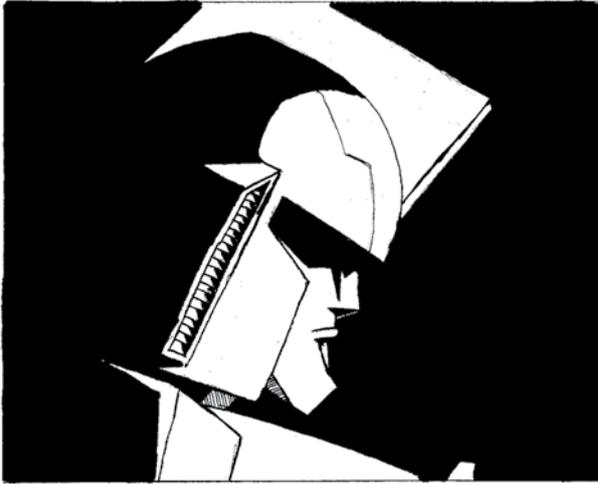
I hear Optimus' voice from a plane beyond what I know. I wonder if this means I am now all powerful. Do I have knowledge beyond my own experience now? Can I look into the Matrix for every decision, every act and identify the correct course? Is that what Optimus did?

As I think this, I gather up the stunned Galvatron (somehow I now know his name) and I hurl him from Unicron's form, and I know that this is not the case. I know something that feels so natural in this moment will already become my first mistake.

I am almost possessed as I gather the Matrix to me and unleash its power. I am removed from active participation as I release life into anti-life, and I realise as it subsides that from now I am my own being again, and every decision from now will be my own. My last day as Hot Rod, my first as Rodimus Prime. An ending, and a beginning.

James O'Sullivan

FALLEN STAR - Ben Pirrie



BETELGEUSE.

A DYING STAR.

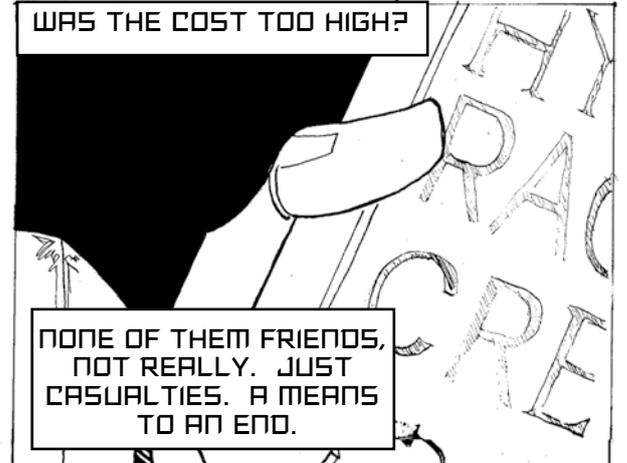


IT'S OVER.

WRECKERS
ARE GONE.

WE DID SOME
GOOD, BUT THE
QUESTION STILL
ECHOES...

WAS IT *WORTH* IT?



WAS THE COST TOO HIGH?

NONE OF THEM FRIENDS,
NOT REALLY. JUST
CASUALTIES. A MEANS
TO AN END.



LEAVING JUST ME.



LEAVING ANOTHER QUESTION.



WHAT NOW?

AH, HELL WITH IT.



I'M GOING *HOME*.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BY ROTHINSEL 2015

SERVE YOUR
FUNCTION FOR
LONGER!

LET ME
TOUCH YOUR
T-COG
TODAY!



CMJ
CYBERTRONIAN
MAINTENANCE
INSTITUTE

PLEASE, DON'T... T-COG

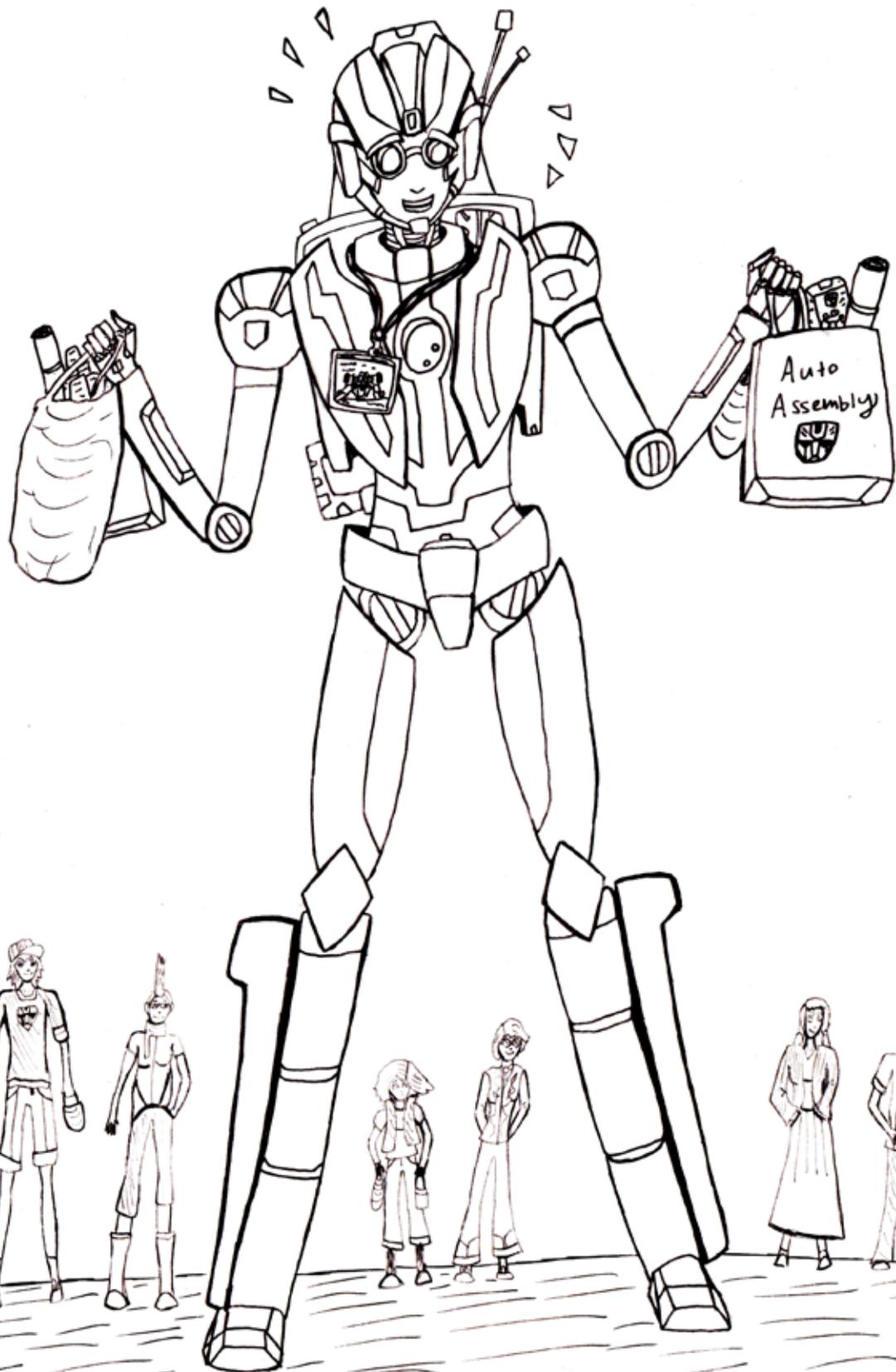
ROTHINSEL

GARETH WATSON





Gavin Spence
AGE 33.



Reflections On 'Transmutate' by David Meiklen

If there is one episode of Beast Wars which resonates with me, it is the story of Transmutate, that freakish conglomerate of mismatched parts.

Both Maximals and Predacons balk at this creature - Megatron assesses its abilities but it is found wanting - it is not able to transform.

However, Transmutate does have advocates, from both sides of the Beast Wars conflict, the noble (to a fault) Maximal Silverbolt and the powerful, psychotic Rampage of the Predacons.

Both these characters have different feelings and motives towards Transmutate. Silverbolt wants to help Transmutate and bring her over to the Maximals, the side of 'friendship' and 'compassion'. Rampage, however, sees a tormented, twisted being, much like himself, whom he feels a close kinship with.

Now this is where I think I should explain why I am going on about Transmutate. I was born with a condition called Moebius Syndrome, where the sixth and seventh cranial nerves, that control facial expression, do not form properly and thus limits facial expression.

These nerves are also related to balance and hearing, so I can be somewhat awkward in my movements and have hearing issues. It also causes difficulties with speech and eating. So in a way, I can relate to Transmutate. Her episode challenges us to examine our attitudes towards disfigurement and disability.

When Optimus Primal arrives to save Silverbolt from Predacon fire, he tells Transmutate he needs to fly Silverbolt back to base. Transmutate, responds, "Fly?" and from her back a jewel pops out, which enables her to take off and carry Silverbolt back with Optimus. This demonstrates that disabled people can have abilities and talents that people can overlook.

Later, back at the Maximal Base, after examination, Transmutate is found to be a mismatched collection of circuits, with intelligence barely at the level of a drone. The Maximals conclude the best thing would be to put it into stasis lock, permanently. Silverbolt indignantly exclaims, "Are we all Predacons now? Do we simply destroy whatever does not meet our model of perfection?"

Silverbolt might have gotten the wrong end of the stick. Whereas he perceives shutting down Transmutate as an act of euthanasia, the intent may have simply been to put her in stasis until the Maximals were able to return to Cybertron. There they could be able to construct a new body for Transmutate and give her a better quality of life.

However, that is not to be, as Transmutate escapes from the Maximal Base and reunites with Rampage. Sadly she is destroyed in a fight between him and Silverbolt when she tries to intervene by using her scream attack, and ends up overloading.

GALVATRON VS DEATH'S HEAD



ONLY ON PAY-PER-VIEW!

UFC

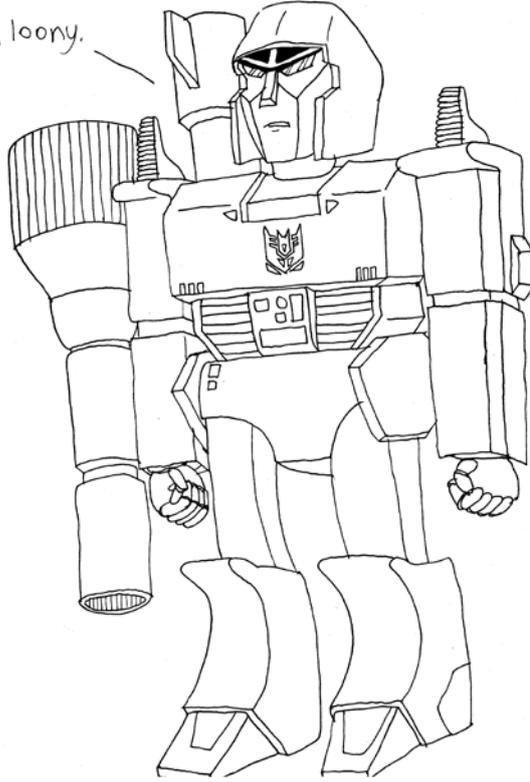
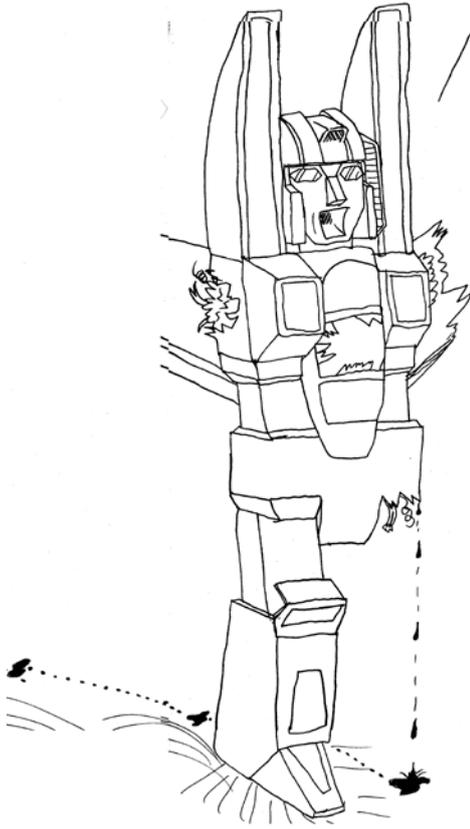
FIGHT NIGHT

Tommy Baker
2015

Junior by AKA dragonmaster369
Cryle

I'm INVISIBLE!

You're a loony.





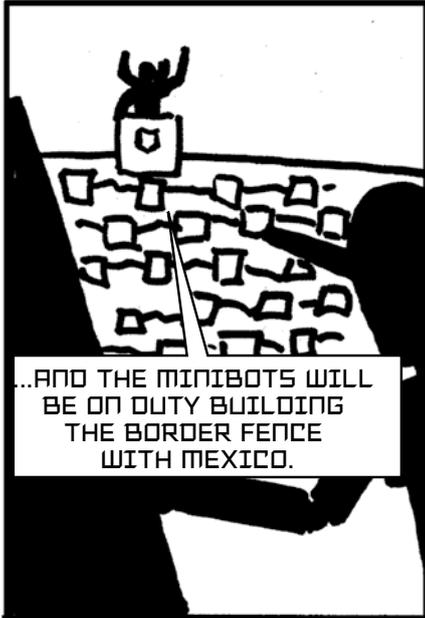
THE END OF THE BEGINNING



ABIGAIL PARRY

Abigail Parry

MATT MARSHALL

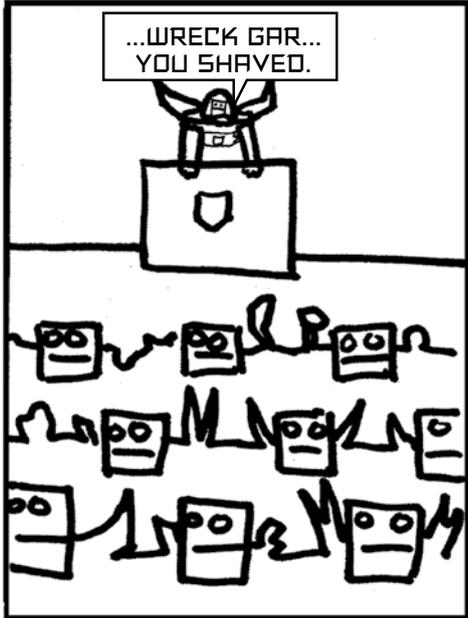


...AND THE MINIBOTS WILL BE ON DUTY BUILDING THE BORDER FENCE WITH MEXICO.

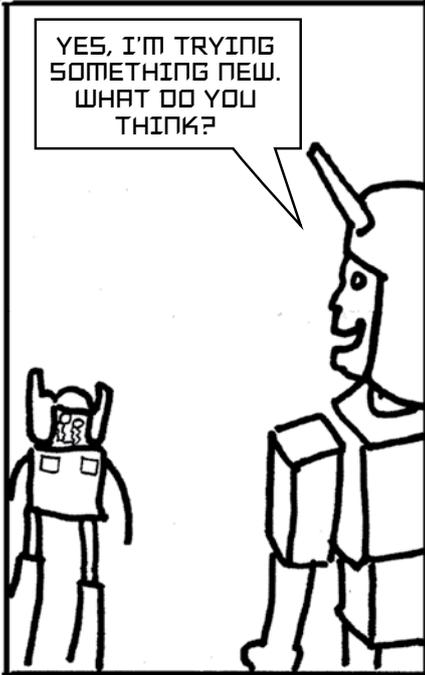


SORRY I'M LATE GUYS!

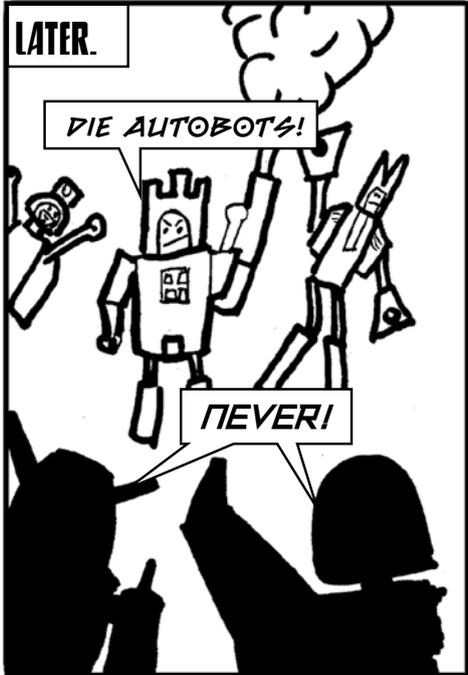
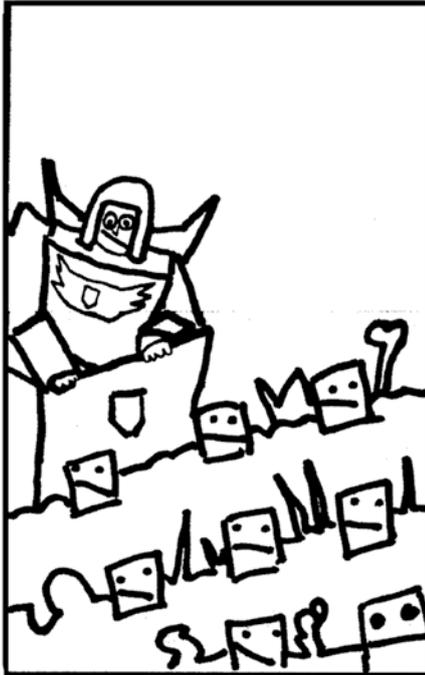
IT'S ME WRECK-GAR!



...WRECK GAR... YOU SHAVED.



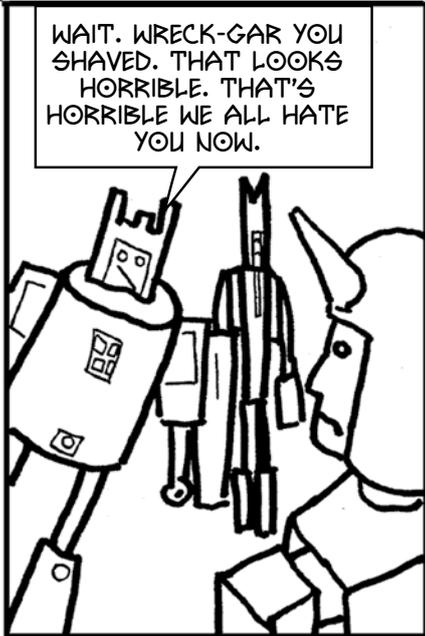
YES, I'M TRYING SOMETHING NEW. WHAT DO YOU THINK?



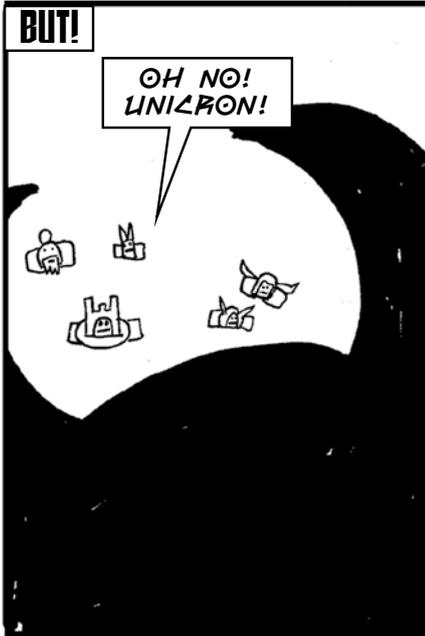
LATER.

DIE AUTOBOTS!

NEVER!

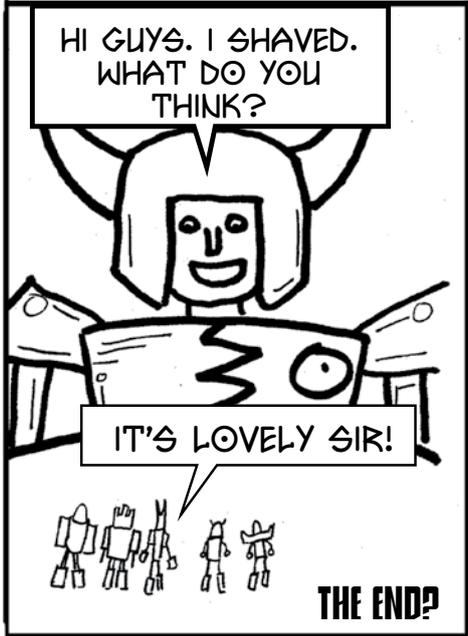


WAIT. WRECK-GAR YOU SHAVED. THAT LOOKS HORRIBLE. THAT'S HORRIBLE WE ALL HATE YOU NOW.



BUT!

OH NO! UNICRON!



HI GUYS. I SHAVED. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

IT'S LOVELY SIR!

THE END?



WHEELJACK sits at his desk, head in hands, talking to an unseen patient. Several monitors* are visible, placed on the desk. The only other element visible is the large Shadow of his patient-analogue and clearly aggressive in design. (Shadow on left panel)
*The monitors are currently showing "waiting scan" logs.

WHEELJACK: There's no problem, beyond you killing yourself... which may be an issue.

WHEELJACK's hands drop, he appears matter-of-fact about the discussion.

SHADOW: GLAD it amuses you
WHEELJACK: I'm a ~~robot~~ scientist evolution kinda matters!

A fist slams down on the desk, WHEELJACK stares, unphased at his patient's head, just out of frame.

SHADOW: Eat or be eaten, isn't evolution, it creates monsters!

WHEELJACK: Never said it was a catchy feely concept.

WHEELJACK adopts a non-aggressive posture, hands asking for his patient's help, his support ~~is~~ beside him, the monitors flicker to life, showing elements and sections of a clearly formidable Robot.
The fist remains.

WHEELJACK: Growth, enhancement, it's natural to change, but your protoform mode was only there to contain it for a short while.

SHADOW: He trusts me like this. They all do.

The fist creeps at the screen. WHEELJACK does not look.

WHEELJACK: We all do, you are a cub...
SHADOW: Like this. I could take most of them out and you know it.

WHEELJACK winces as the unseen patient transforms, shrinking his shadow and moving from panel left to panel right side.

SHADOW: (groans)

WHEELJACK: You are buckling your chassis now, fitting that in... almost mass-shifting. It will kill you to hold back for much longer.

A door to the right of the scene opens, light flooding in. WHEELJACK looks towards the doorway.

WHEELJACK: Your choice... either admit what you are evolving into, or let those pressures increase until they explode... primus knows who you'll take with you... At least let him know you can talk!!

BOB is in the doorway, about to leave, he turns his head back to WHEELJACK, placing much of it in shadow.

BOB: We'll see.



Wayne x



VANESSA SUTHERLAND

THE END OF THE BEGINNING

Jokes

(1) Knock knock.

Who's there?

Michael.

Michael who?

Michael Bay. (Well he is a joke, isn't he?)

(2) A certain Decepticon Ninja recently turned to the booze after being exiled by Scorponok, now they call him Sixpack

(3) Knock knock.

Who's there?

Ultra.

Ultra who?

Ultra Magnus.

I can't deal with that now!

(4) What is Beast Wars Inferno's favourite band?

Queen

(5) Why did the Beast Machines script look so terrible?

Because it hadn't been reformatted.



CAV '15





MEGAN SMITH

TRAPS The Bastard can show how to make

June 2007

actmus every days



Patrap



blup



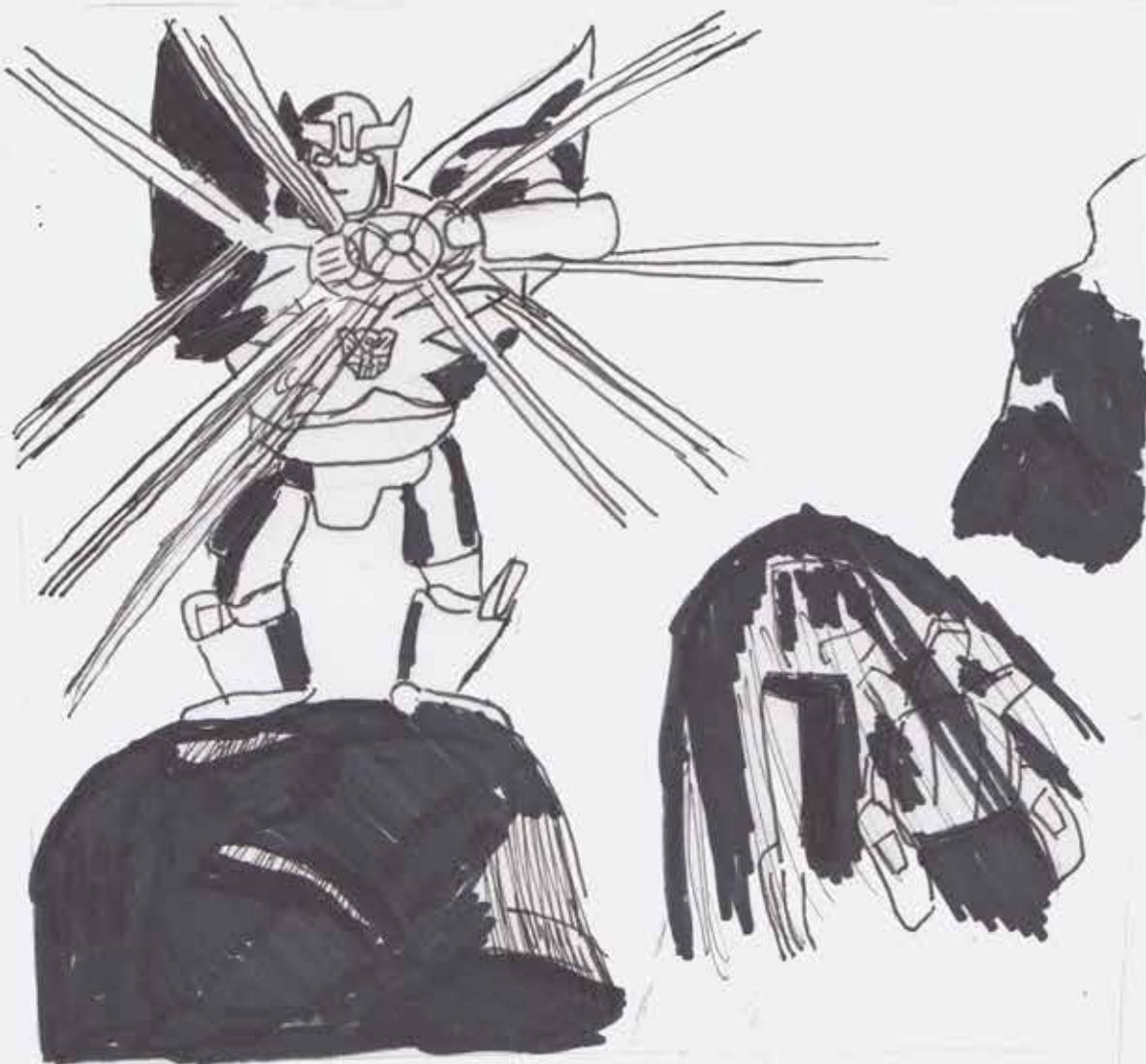
1. This Look
2. bum bll/bax
3. not buying it

x



MEGAN SMITH

AUTO ASSEMBLY 2015 - FANZINE WORKSHOP SPECIAL



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Skidblast (skidblast.tumblr.com)
Bryndís Vigfósdóttir

PANEL 1:

CRANKCASE is walking through a bloodied battlefield, wearing an autobot symbol and his gun raised high as looking at an AUTOBOT corpse in the foreground. He has a headwound on the left side of his head. In the background there is either a vehicle, debris or a rock formation large enough to serve as a cover.

NARRATION BOX: Several M.T.O. Soldiers rarely survive their first battle

PANEL 2:

CRANKCASE is past the Cover, and his attacked from behind physically, causing him to fall down.

PANEL 3 (small?):

CRANKCASE rolls around and still has his weapon.

PANEL 4:

CRANKCASE has his weapon raised up and is aiming at KROK, who is wearing a Decepticon badge. KROK is seemingly unphased by being at gunpoint. CRANKCASE's weapon trembles.

PANEL 5:

KROK offers his hand and CRANKCASE is slightly alarmed as he looks from KROK and to the offered hand.

PANEL 6:

CRANKCASE is standing up, using KROK's hand to heave himself up.

NARRATION BOX: But there are few of them that go missing.

PANEL 7 (small):

A closeup of an Autobot badge, bent/broken/crumbled, lies on the ground. The same Autobot badge CRANKCASE had on him.

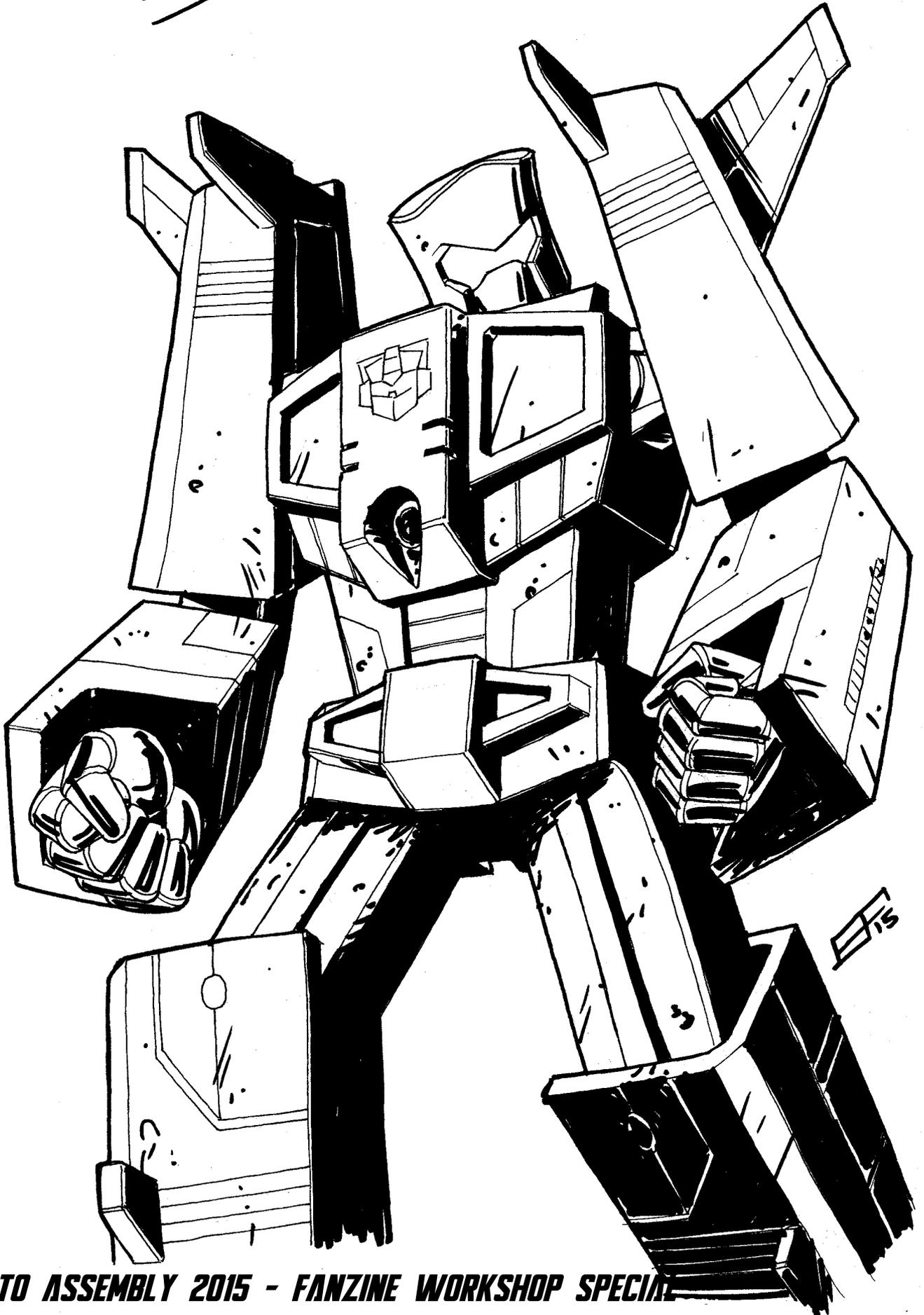


BETH MOORE @Lochmaen

THE END OF THE BEGINNING

MANTA-R "AA2015"

To AMDU!



skidblast@gmail.com
 Skidblast (skidblast.tumblr.com)
 Bryndís Vigfósdóttir

=====
 =A Toast=
 =====

Brainstorm was a bit stuck with his research. He had been spending a lot of time working on his secret project that was right now in a very critical stage. The problem he was struggling with was in what form he could hide the modular design without being overtly subtle but still keep it away from prying eyes. While everyone did expect him to be making guns, keeping his project hidden as a gun would just invite trouble when trigger happy chicken-legged - Something that Bluestreak had said once - one-eyed Wrecker would eventually steal and try to fire.

As he pictured the disasters that could spring up when any would carelessly mess with his project he almost didn't hear the chime of the communication console. Frowning under his facemask he made his way over to the console.

"Brainstorm, Kimia Station's biggest genius working on the most secret project!" Brainstorm announced himself as he accepted the call. And as Brainstorm was great at conveying just how smug he could be even when wearing his facemask, Chromedome was always great at conveying just how disappointed he was with Brainstorm hamming it up, especially in private conversation.

"Busy Brainstorm?" Chromedome asked after the bluster in Brainstorm had been deflated somewhat after the disappointing reaction.

"Busy doing bunch of sciency stuff you would never understand!" Brainstorm laughed. "But I doubt you called me to hear about my latest creations! I wouldn't even tell you about them because who knows what Decepticon infiltrators could be listening in on this conversation."

"That's great Brainstorm." Chromedome said, clearly not rising to the bait. "I was thinking that since you clearly don't have anything to do at the moment - I know your latest gun design was rejected by the ethics committee - perhaps we and Highbrow can go get some drinks. I got something to share with you."

"Yeah yeah, sure, I can join you." Brainstorm shrugged. "You knocked me out of the zone. The usual place?"

"The usual place, in ten minutes." Chromedome said and disconnected.

Ten minutes were enough to wipe out the current research from the computers, make sure that no one was going to see something they were not supposed to see. Brainstorm did a quick work of it, set up all the security systems and alarms, including boobytraps, and then left his lab and locked it.

Kimia station was large, but the bar wasn't that far off. He got to it quickly enough, only slightly late. Highbrow and Chromedome were already there, already waiting with drinks. Brainstorm got the subtle clue of there being only two drinks on the table, so he went to the bar to get his drink before joining them.

"Been a while since I've seen you." Brainstorm said as he sat down.

"Been about three weeks actually." Highbrow said. "I heard your latest creation died in committee."

"That was a week ago, the next one is going to be even more outrageous." Brainstorm said.

“Why are you setting yourself up for a failure?” Chromedome said as he took a sip. “They’re never going to approve it.”

“Part of my strategy.” Brainstorm said. “After giving them so many atrocious weapons of mass destruction and unethical killing they’ll soon lower their standards so that they will soon start to accept the stuff they had rejected before just to get something out to the soldiers.”

“I have to say Brainstorm, even if this would work you’re something else.” Chromedome said.

“No one wants to listen to my latest ‘failure’ -” Brainstorm gestured wildly into the air, any attempt at subtlety and vague doubletalk disappearing in face of the atrocious acting. “So what is it that you wanted to tell us?”

Chromedome hunched over his drink ever so slightly as if he had suddenly gotten shy. Brainstorm leaned over slightly to take a closer look at his face and see what was going on, though Chromedome was a hard read having both a facemask and a visor.

“Well, I and Mach have been talking.” Chromedome said. “And we’re doing the Conjunx Endura rites soon. We haven’t exactly settled on a specific date but I would appreciate it if you would be one of our witnesses.”

“That’s great news!” Highbrow roared over the table with a beaming smile. Before anyone could do anything he had managed to snag a service bot and steal the drinks off its tray that were probably intended for another table. “A round on me!”

“Thanks?” Chromedome chuckled as he was taken by surprise at Highbrow’s outburst, or speculating what the barkeep would do to the trio after stealing the drinks. “I mean, it isn’t that special or anything -”

“Of course it is special. I know how you look at Mach sometimes, I know how happy he makes you.” Highbrow said. “A toast! A toast for you and Mach.”

Brainstorm almost missed the chance to join in the toast, clinging his own drink instead of the stolen one in the toast with the others. He didn’t say anything. He hadn’t even wanted to join in on the toast. As all three of them took a sip from their drinks Brainstorm considered throwing his drink at Chromedome. But that wasn’t the right thing to do. Chromedome wouldn’t understand and then Brainstorm would lose one of the few bots that were still willing to listen to him ramble about the latest weapon he was in the middle of designing.

But there was another way for Brainstorm to show his disapproval without Chromedome noticing, if only to do it for his own sake.

“While we’re doing toasts, I would like to make another one.” Brainstorm said. “If you don’t mind.” He added, hoping that Chromedome wouldn’t deny him this.

“Go ahead.” Chromedome said.

“Even in this war, you, Chromedome, proves that despite everything you can still find someone you believe in, someone you can confide in and someone you can’t picture your life without.” Brainstorm lifted his glass, and while Highbrow was looking at him trying to figure out where Brainstorm was going with this, he and Chromedome also lifted their glasses.

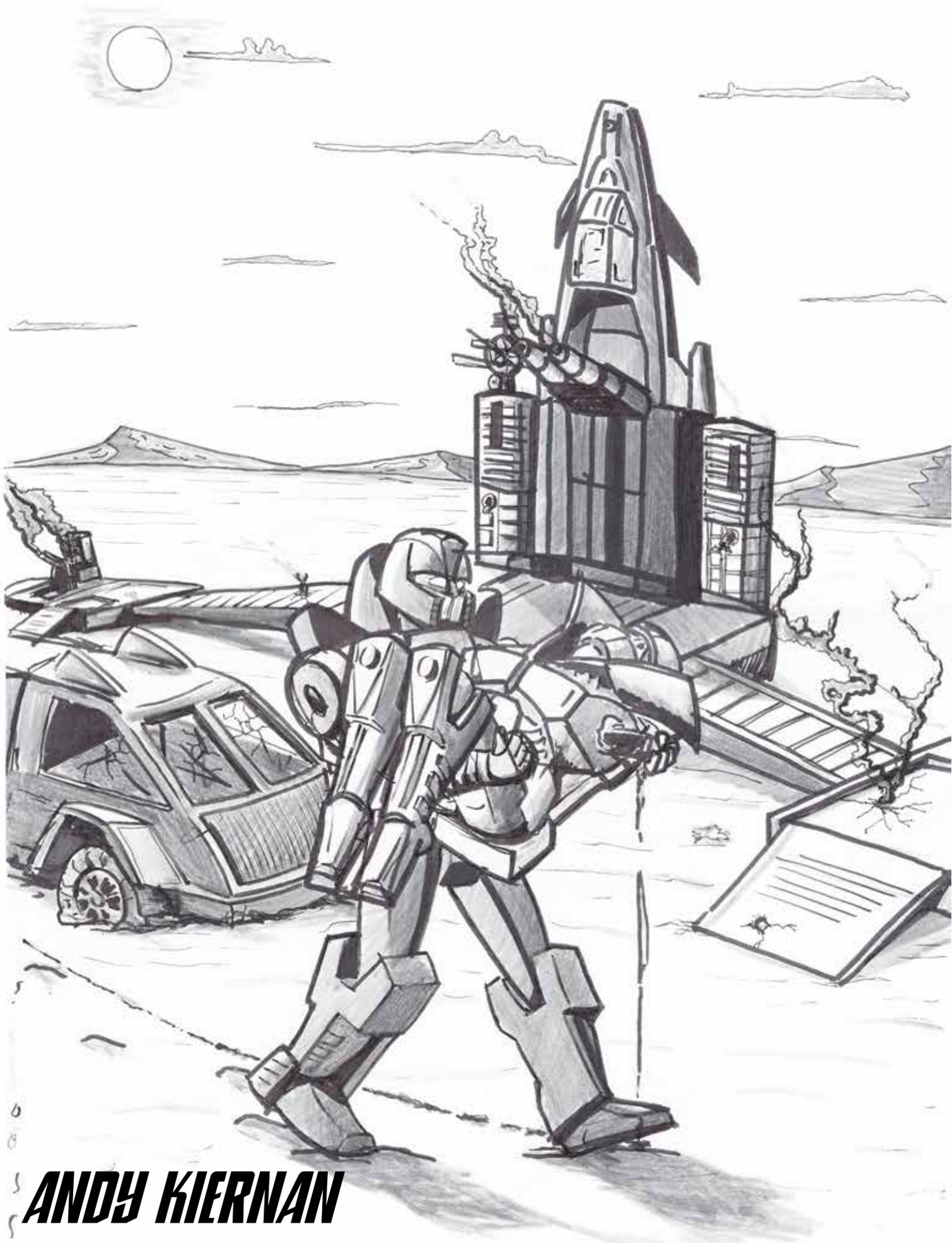
“We still have to remember those that we’ve lost. This war has taken a heavy toll on everyone.” Brainstorm noticed that subtle thinning of the mouth as Highbrow did puzzle it together. He didn’t withdraw his glass, either he didn’t think Brainstorm would take it all the way or he didn’t want to shatter Chromedome’s celebration.

“But there are a couple I want to specifically remember. For Pivot. For Scattergun.” Brainstorm then said, thrusting his glass forwards and the others joined in, all three glasses clinging. For just a moment Highbrow’s frown changed into a scowl before disappearing again, the outrage hiding before Chromedome could see it. Brainstorm didn’t care. Brainstorm just wanted some justice.

“Who are they?” Chromedome asked.

“Just some that were forgotten, but they deserve to be remembered.” Brainstorm quickly said. For a moment he briefly wondered which one of them had it better. Brainstorm, who found a worthy outlet for his grief that could eventually make it disappear, or Chromedome, who rejected the grief and made it disappear for good, only to start over again before he could properly end it.

Brainstorm ignored the fact that Highbrow was going to yell at him once it were just two of them alone. That would be just a fleeting moment like this one was. Brainstorm had something permanent in mind.



Ouroboros

by Alta Hatcher

Ratchet stood silently alongside the Autobot leader Optimus Prime, watching as the flurry of bots swarmed towards the Ark, some pushing and shoving their way to get to the ship first; the fastest would survive the devastation of their home, wouldn't they? He watched as their fellow Autobots tried to divert the crowds into one thin, stable line.

Ironhide was directing bots into the ships. Jazz and Prowl were breaking up any and all scuffles that broke out among the groups. Mirage and Hound were escorting the bots inside of the main ship and making sure no one fought amongst themselves.

"Ratchet." The proud Autobot finally spoke, his voice gravelly yet heavy with regret.

The old medic looked to his leader and closest confidant. "Prime?" He asked.

Optimus remained silent for a few moments before he began again. "I understand that this is a difficult decision for us to go through." He explained, weariness touching upon his words. "But it is our only hope of surviving this war. If we stay, Cybertron will fall with us upon it... I wish it could have gone another way."

Ratchet shook his head. "I understand there was very little we could do, Prime." He responded. "The Decepticons have razed this planet to the ground. This is the best means of action."

"Yet, you are angry about it."

That perception, that tiny comment caught the medic off-guard. Normally, he was a very difficult bot to sway in any way, shape, or form. He had endured several bots coming into his operation room with wounds that dangled them just above the brink of death. He has seen friends and comrades blasted, torn and burnt. But how was it that a few non-aggressive, harmless words could make it feel someone punched his spark in?

"...I'm not angry." Ratchet half-lied, watching as Bumblebee caught a limping Windcharger before he collapsed. "I'm not... never mind about this Prime."

Optimus was obviously having none of that.

He placed a hand on Ratchet's shoulder. "Ratchet." He insisted, his voice lowering. "You should not hide anything from me. I would rather you tell me what is on your mind."

"There is nothing to say." Ratchet insisted.

"Ratchet, please..."

The medic stopped at that moment, glaring at the Autobot leader. Optimus looked back, but there was no anger in his blue optics. Instead they held sympathy, concern, kindness...

Sorrow.

Ratchet tried to keep the glare, only for his resolve to crumble like rust. "...I am... worried, Prime." He finally admitted. "Our home... is being corrupted as we speak and is on the verge of death... how will we survive away from here? We have limited sources, our numbers are few and the Deceptions are only growing more tenacious with every victory. So how can we stay alive like this, Prime? HOW!?"

Optimus shut his optics, remaining quiet, the distant sound of the crowds roaring in discontent and the occasional sound of an explosion, no doubt caused by one of the Decepticons. He opened them again, his expression steely. "I am... unsure of it myself Ratchet." He confessed, tightening his hold on the old medic's shoulder. "No one could have seen these events. However, I know that with bots like you with us, there is always a chance of hope that we will prevail in such dark times. Even when it seems hope is lost, there will always be a way to come back and remain strong."

The medic was stunned silent. If Optimus' words had gripped him earlier, these words left him completely enraptured. That was one of the greatest aspects of the Autobot leader; his words were like music that could flow and sway like a waltz, command and shake like a war drum, or soothe and heighten like the greatest poetry. It was those words weaved together that seemed to bring all those who listen a sense of peace and hope. If only if it were still possible, then the Prime's words alone could have halted the fighting, all of the oil shed and their home would still be safe and alive for all Autobots.

"Prime!" A distant voice cried. Both bots looked to the side, spotting Jazz jogging up the hill where they stood. He saluted stiffly, extremely unusual for such an exuberant character. "The Ark's ready, now we just need you Ratchet onboard then we can go."

Optimus nodded. Without another word, he marched away with Jazz, leaving the old medic behind.

Ratchet watched the two mechs as they walked away, before finally following suit. As he moved, a distant thought appeared, one that started to grow louder and louder, reaching a crescendo that made a faint smile appear on the old bot's lips.

Maybe... we'll survive... and we will all be standing amongst each other in the end...

Right?

* * *

Several years later...

Ultra Magnus, Rodimus and Arcee knelt in front of the stones on the grassy ground. They were all piled and arranged into uneven cairns, glyphs scratched into the stones bearing a name. There were many cairns and many names, but they all held the same purpose.

Honour their fallen friends.

The three Autobots were silent as they contemplated each stone and each friend they had come to love in their own way, yet lost. However, it was the two cairns in front that held the most meaning for them. Decorated with small medals and a feather or flower bud (Courtesy of Daniel, of course), the names were scratched in deep, yet were taken with such an extreme care as if one mistake was an act of blasphemy.

Ratchet.

Optimus Prime.

Ultra Magnus shut his optics, thinking to the two Autobots. Soldier and medic. Fighting on the Front and healing those who came back. Such extreme opposites, yet the closest of friends and comrades.

Rodimus cracked a weak smile. "Magnus... Arcee..." He began, the two other Autobots looking his way. "Just because they're gone... well, they're not gone, are they?"

"What do you mean?" Arcee asked with a tilt of her head.

"They're still with us in spirit... but I guess... the more important matter is..." The new leader paused, looking up at the blue sky above them. "...They started this together. And even when they died... they were still together no matter what. So we should all stick together and finish this together, just as we started it."

Arcee smiled faintly. "Yes... We should." She agreed. "It's what they would have wanted, right?"

Rodimus smiled. "Yeah... we're all in this together, even when we're apart... so let's get through this together, huh?"

The three Autobots nodded as the sun above them brightened, as if blessing their new vow of unity and camaraderie. They knew in their sparks that somewhere, their fallen friends were still smiling upon them.

THE END



SARA PATCH

THE END OF THE BEGINNING

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Bryndís Vigfósdóttir

Panel 1

STEELJAW is at his base of operations. Clues seem to indicate that his criminal speciality is either very great social engineering, or small scale electronics. So his base should most likely have more equipment to make small electronics and transmitters of sorts. STEELJAW's base is busted open by two police officers, OFFICER ALPHA and OFFICER BETA (can be modeled after the guards in the pilot episode, or to make things more funnier and easier to find references, modeled after the "border patrol" enforcers in the Functionist Universe). It is very clear that STEELJAW has been taken off guard.

PANEL 2

STEELJAW lunges at OFFICER ALPHA savagely, claws out, and going for the kill.

PANEL 3

As STEELJAW has OFFICER ALPHA in a grip he is suddenly seizing up as electricity coarses through his body. OFFICER BETA is behind Steeljaw and has a shockstick of sorts that he has jabbed into STEELJAW.

NARRATION BOX: "An end of an Era -"

PANEL 4

A shot of a hallway that is lined with STASIS PODS. The nearest stasis pod should clearly have STEELJAW in it in stasis. Other stasis pods can have identifiable silhouettes of other known Decepticons that have appeared in the comics/show but this is ultimately about Steeljaw so he should be the one who pops out to people. FIX-IT is going down the hall, but we should only see the back of him.

PANEL 5

Shot of the ALCHEMOR, damaged and dropping down to EARTH

PANEL 6

STEELJAW is getting out of his stasis pod, grinning widely and clearly in a forest similar to the show's setting.

NARRATION BOX: "- Is just a start of a new one"

WORDS - JAMES D'SULLIVAN ART - ANDY TURNBULL



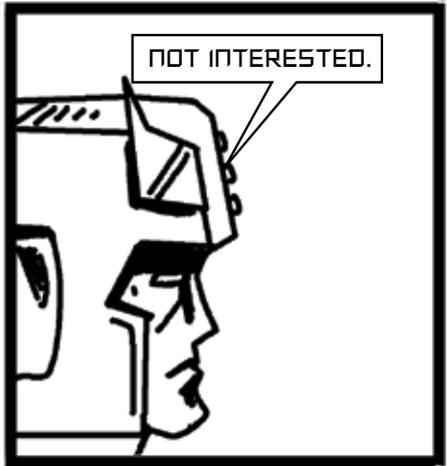
HEY PROWL,
DO YOU WANT
TO HEAR A JOKE.



NO.



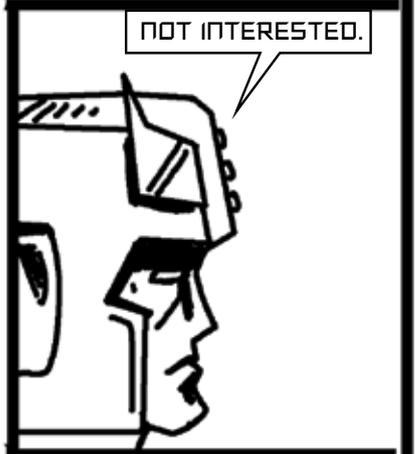
TWO MEN ARE RIDING
THEIR CAMELS IN
THE DESERT.



NOT INTERESTED.



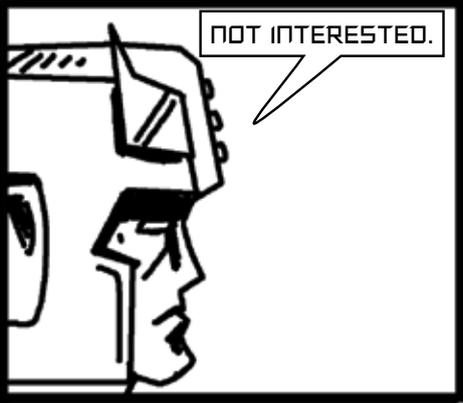
ONE OF THE MEN TURNS
TO THE OTHER AND SAYS
WE BETTER STOP SOON,
AND THE OTHER MAN SAYS...



NOT INTERESTED.



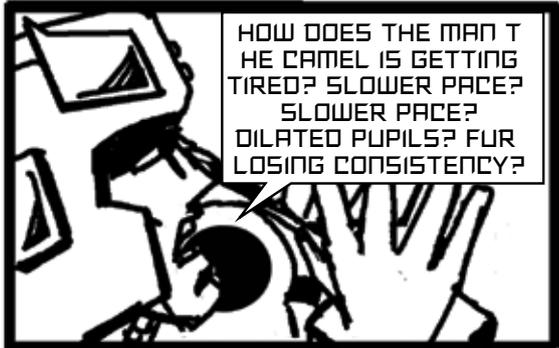
THE OTHER
MAN
SAYS WHY?



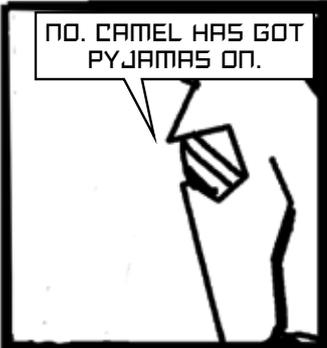
NOT INTERESTED.



THE FIRST MAN SAYS
THAT HIS CAMEL IS
GETTING TIRED AND ...



HOW DOES THE MAN T
HE CAMEL IS GETTING
TIRED? SLOWER PACE?
SLOWER PACE?
DILATED PUPILS? FUR
LOSING CONSISTENCY?



NO. CAMEL HAS GOT
PYJAMAS ON.



CHRIS McFEELY

