

# THE CYBERTRONIAN TIMES

ISSUE 18. JULY 2021



AUTO  
ASSEMBLY

INFINITE  
FRONTIERS

FG!

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## INTRODUCTION

We're finally back with another issue of The Cybertronian Times. When the Auto Assembly convention wrapped up in 2015 we hoped to continue publishing CT quarterly to keep ourselves active. Things didn't quite go to plan...

While we were able to produce Issue 17 within a few months, things went downhill after that! The good intentions were there at first. We had a stockpile of unused material and new talent joined us to make it happen, but then real life got in the way. Instead of releasing Issue 18 at the start of 2016 as we originally hoped, it was five years before it became a reality!

This wasn't for a lack of trying. This issue has been a work in progress since the end of 2015, with article being written, comic strips being created, cover art being drawn, but it's been a long process. And as our team here at Infinite Frontiers has changed over time, so has our focus and work with The Cybertronian Times.

Most of our team have commitments elsewhere alongside their day jobs and family lives. And fewer of them are Transformers fans compared with our team from several years ago. That doesn't mean we're abandoning our Transformers work though. Far from it. We're releasing videos from our convention on our

YouTube channel and posting reviews and features on the website, but with just a few writers it's not easy especially with the ambitious plans we have for the future.

With that in mind we're shifting focus for The Cybertronian Times going forward. As everyone gives up their spare time freely to work on our projects, it's not fair for me to place demands on anyone to meet deadlines. I'd rather have all our contributors send material in when they are ready so we're taking a more relaxed approach to content.

I've often found that this has meant that our writers and artists have more fun with their work for us, resulting in much better work all round and if that means delaying the release of a magazine then it's worth making that compromise. While we still want to release the magazine as often as possible, we won't initially set ourselves a fixed release schedule and make the same mistake we did a few years ago.

We also won't wait for content to be completed. I would rather bring you an issue with content we have available rather than make you all wait and not know when we'll be able to deliver one. If that means a chapter of an ongoing story skips an issue, I'd rather do that than make you all wait a few extra months to read anything at all.

To help further, we're shifting focus from a general TF fanzine to a fiction only title. What this means for you as our readers is that each issue of The Cybertronian Times will now just feature comic strips, one-page shorts, original text stories and artwork including never before published pieces from our archives. Any other Transformers content will be on our website.

Most of the pieces you'll find here will be self-contained but as we increase the release schedule we'll run more serialised fiction and comic strips. With this new format we will also look at the page count

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and if we think that a smaller bite-sized fanzine released more regularly is a better option then this is how we'll release the magazine in the future as well.

Before I finish, one thing I want to say is that this issue has been in development for some time. Everything here is at least five years old, and in the case of "And Justice For All" by Chris Phillips, these pages were some of his earlier works as you'll see in future instalments of this story.

Finally, we would LOVE to see more of YOUR work in here. If you've written a

story, created a comic strip or produced some Transformers fan art, please email us and we'd love to showcase your work in these pages!

Until next time...

Simon Plumbe  
Editor

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## **"THE LOST WARRIORS"**

### **Transformers: Prime Fiction by Stephen Walker-Emflorgo**

In the Autobot base; Miko was playing her guitar trying a new tune that she had just learned to play nearby both Raff and Jack were listening. However the Autobots Arcee, Bumblebee and Ratchet were too busy to notice. Miko finished her song and gave a brief bow. Raff and Jack clapped. "That was good," Jack commented as he finished clapping. Miko felt happy about the comment "Thanks, I've been practicing for about a week". Just then the Groundbridge opened and Optimus and Bulkhead came through. Miko put her guitar down with Jack and Raff, and then ran towards Bulkhead. "So how'd it go? Find the signal? Smash some Cons?" she asked. Bulkhead's answer was far from cheerful. "I afraid not." He replied "There was nothing but a bunch of humans digging up the ground. We had to remain in vehicle mode the whole time." Raff wondered why there were people around near the location.

Just then Jack's mobile began to ring breaking the discussion. "Whose phones ringing?" asked Ratchet. Miko and Raff turned to Jack. "Look, I'm sorry," he said in a sympathetic tone "It's my mum, I'll make it quick." Arcee looked to prime, "What does she want now?" she said. Jack immediately answered "Mum, what is it?" June has some important developments. "Jack, you need to turn on the news now, there's a story that you need to see." She said urgently. "Why?" Jack questioned. June replied in a whispering voice, "The Autobots need to see this." Jack's attention was immediately grabbed.

\* \* \*

On the Nemesis floating in earth's orbit, Soundwave entered the bridge. Megatron turned to face him. "Soundwave," he said, "Report". Soundwave face showed a map of a location with lots of geographical detail, in the centre of the map there were dots that blipped every two seconds. "Interesting," said Megatron as he smiled

sinisterly and scratched his chin, "Scan and identify". Soundwave's zoomed in on the blips and created a 3D image of the objects. Both were cylinder-like in shape and they both had the Autobot logo burned on them. Megatron knew exactly what they were. "Statis Pods," he said to himself. He turned to his Decepticon crew.

"Starscream, come here." he bellowed. Starscream walked up to Megatron and stood to attention. "What is your bidding mighty Megatron," Starscream asked. Megatron walked closer to him, "There are two statis pods that have crashed landed," he said. "You are to go and collect them. Take Airachnid and Breakdown with you." Starscream was surprized by his change of tone. "But Lord Megatron, they are not fit or redeemed enough to take on a task such as this." Starscream said in a concerned tone. Megatron grabbed Starscream and held him up by his neck. "Are you Questioning MY Authority??" Megatron bellowed. "Uhhkk... n...no.no Master." Starscream choked. "Good." Said Megatron and dropped him to the ground. "Now, Get Going!" he ordered. Breakdown, Starscream and Airachnid left the bridge to carry out his orders.

\* \* \*

In the Autobot Base Ratchet had put on the telecast if what June was talking about. The reporter on television had gotten on to the last news story. "Archaeological experts have found an anomaly in an Archaeological dig." The picture turned into an image of the pit with two prehistoric fossils in it. They were of a Tyrannosaurs Rex and a Pteranodon. Beside the skeletons were two partially buried cylinders, sticking out from the dirt covered partially by mud was the Autobot insignia. Ratchet knew what they were. "Statis pods," he gasped. Raff looked confused, and Jack and Miko got up from the sofa. "What are Statis pods?" asked Raff. Optimus turned to him. "Statis pods were a

cybertronian passenger escape system, installed within Autobot Shuttles that fled Cybertron during the war.” he explained. Ratchet continued to watch the footage as the reporter spoke again. “These strange objects are metallic in structure are estimated to be over 68 million years old, close to the end of the time of the dinosaurs. Scientists have been forced to give up the Palaeontology dig after worries that the geographic area around the site may collapse at any point.” The screen went down and the Autobots looked at each other, Arcee broke the silence. “Do you think Megatron will try to get the pods?” she asked. Bulkhead stepped forward. “I wouldn’t put it past him. I mean Starscream found Skyquake and then awakened him to use against us.” Prime looked at his team, “We cannot allow to fellow Autobots to be converted into Decepticons or to be slaughtered for Megatron’s gain,” he answered.

\* \* \*

Out in the desert Breakdown, Airachnid and Starscream where en-route to the location traveling in their vehicle modes. “Why does Megatron send us to do his dirty work?” Airachnid complained. Starscream interrupted, “One more compliant like that and you’ll be facing Megatron’s wrath on your own, even though you’re a femme he will not take that into consideration.” From that moment on the three kept quiet as they continued their journey.

\* \* \*

At the base the Autobots prepared to roll out for the desert. Optimus turned to his team. “Bulkhead, Arcee prepared to rollout,” he said. “Ratchet, prepare the Groundbridge.” Ratchet activated switches and the Groundbridge opened. Ratchet then spoke, “I’ve set it up so that you are roughly just outside the area of the dig”. Bulkhead and Arcee turned to Prime. “Autobots, Rollout!” the three Autobots changed into their alt modes and drove through the green glowing Groundbridge. A few seconds later at the abandon dig

site the Groundbridge portal opened and the three Autobots came out and changed into their robot forms. Optimus turned to his team. “Stay on alert,” he said cautiously. “The Decepticons many come at any point, and we must be on our guard.” “Yes sir,” replied Bulkhead and Arcee. They then made their way towards the Statis pods. They were both partially buried in the ground covered in sand with the underside encased in a red crumbly rock. Optimus started to communicate with Ratchet. “What is the geological state of the area Ratchet?” he asked. Ratchet looked at the screen. “It looks like the news report was right, Prime. You need to tread carefully.” “Understood.” Prime answered. The Autobots stepped carefully towards the pods. “Are they both in status lock?” Asked Arcee. Bulkhead took a closer look and swept of some dust. A monitor was revealed still beeping as a line moved up and down. Bulkhead gave a shy of relief. “They’re both ok. But the problem is trying to find alt modes for them. “Prime stepped up. “Very well.” He said. “Bulkhead, Arcee, prepare to move our comrades.”

“Oh I don’t think so!” said a voice. It was Starscream. He, Airachnid and Breakdown managed to find the location. “Seeing as this property has no owner, I think that we take this and claim it as ours,” he gloated. Optimus face mask immediately activated. “Stand Down!” he shouted. Airachnid stepped forward. “I don’t think so,” she said. “This time, I am not going to get away empty handed again!” “That’s what I was thinking!” added Breakdown. The three Decepticons charged at the pods. Prime knew the pods had to be protected at any cost. “Autobots! Defend the Pods!” He said. Arcee and Bulkhead both with guns got ready to defend the pods. Arcee fought bravely to try to find off against Airachnid. Starscream zoomed around in jet mode but was shot down by Prime. Breakdown and Bulkhead clashed the impact shock the ground and cracks spread all over the cliff.

Suddenly the Pods began to shake; a rock hit a switch which activated the pods. Both of the pods shot a green beam of light that scanned the dinosaur fossils. Then there was the sound of twisting metal snapping. A cloud of dust flew up into the air blocking everything in the area from view. As the smoke cleared the Autobots slowly turned to look. The Decepticons gasped and Starscream were suddenly afraid. Standing outside now broken pods in full view where two metallic dinosaurs with the Autobot Logo on their bodies. They looked around slowly to react at first. The T-rex recognised Prime. "O..pp.ttii.mmusss" he spoke. "Destroy THEM!!!" Yelled Starscream. The Decepticons fired their guns at the Autobots and the two creatures. Arcee yelled in pain as a blast hit her waist and Prime distracted by the laser fire was tackled by Starscream. "So this is how the Mighty Optimus Prime Falls. Oh I'll enjoy this." He said with a sinister smile. The T-rex then charged towards the fight and grabbed Starscream in its powerful jaws and shook him like a dog's chew toy. The Pteranodon jumped into the air and started to bomb the other Decepticons. The T-rex then threw Starscream out and he crashed into Breakdown. At this point he knew it was pointless to stay there. "Retreat" Starscream shouted. The three battered Decepticons then transformed and fled the sight. Prime was grateful. "Thank you." He said. Arcee now practically recovered from the injury looked at Prime with a confused look. "You know them?" she asked. The two metallic beasts changed into their robot modes to reveal their identities. "You still do not recognise us?" the stranger asked. "NO way!" exclaimed Bulkhead, "Your Grimlock and Swoop". They both nodded.

\* \* \*

Back at the base, Bumblebee, Miko, Jack, Raff and Ratchet were surprised to see two new bots come through the space bridge. The Children were indulged and the other Autobots gasped. Optimus turned to the two newcomers. "Welcome home, old friends." He said. Grimlock looked around the base. "Me Grimlock like

this place." Swoop added "Me Swoop think that this nice room to move about."

Optimus turned to Ratchet. "Could you show them round the base?" Ratchet "Ok Prime. This way." he said pointing his arm to the entrance. Both of the newcomers followed him back. Miko broke the silence. "Who are they?" she asked. Bulkhead turned to her and spoke. "They are Grimlock and Swoop. Two of the unsung heroes of the great war." "How do you mean?" asked Raff. Optimus knelt down to answer. "Originally they refused to fight in the Great War but then when the time came, they took their side with us and help save millions in the exodus of Cybertron." Jack posed a question to Optimus, "So how did they end up on Earth?" Optimus finished his story. "They boarded one of the last shuttles that left Cybertron was nearly a wasteland." Prime then stood up and turned to the rest of his team. "This discovery may turn the tide of the war and may lead Megatron to use more infamous methods." He said. "But with old comrades found we may be able to turn the tide of this war".

\* \* \*

On the Nemesis, Megatron was angered by his troop's failure. The three Decepticons had their heads hanging in shame and were ready for punishment if Megatron decided to. "You Pathetic scrapheaps fail to come back with anything?!" he yelled at them. "I am sorry, Master. But we have something that may still prove useful." Megatron's eye gave a look of suspicion. "How can you be sure?" he said. Airachnid stepped forward. "We managed to salvage a small bit of the ship's data banks during the fight. It may show us more useful Intel." She handed Megatron a data chip in her hand. Megatron's expression then turned to one of interest and a sinister smile appeared. "Well..." he said. "It looks like you did manage to be of some use." He then turned to Soundwave. "Take all you can from this," He ordered. Soundwave took the chip and headed out. Megatron turned back to the three. "The rest of you leave now." "Yes sir," they all said in unison.

Megatron knew that even though he had not claimed the main objective, that he had vital information that could change the battle in favour of the Decepticons.

## **"FULL THROTTLE"**

**by Matthew Shatford**

The crowd cheers, they cheer for their newly hailed heroes and protectors, protectors who the rest of the world fear and distrust. The sky fills with colourful confetti and jets strafe the sky in celebration. A procession of six cars drives down the street, all cheered for, not because of anyone held within them, but for what they are. The six cars line up next to each other in a specially cordoned off area of a large car park when the crowd goes silent. The six parked cars suddenly begin to shift and are instantly replaced by the six robots that every British man, woman and child have grown to know these past few months, the Throttlebots, and with their arrival, the cheering resumes, but louder than before.

"Well this is a welcome change"

Chase whispered, inaudible to all but the closest humans and the Throttlebots.

"Yeah, 'specially after the treatment we got in 'America'" Freeway added

"You can't blame the Americans"

Goldbug said "they went through a lot during the Decepticon occupation"

"Yeah, so why are the Brits so welcoming?" Searchlight asked

"The Decepticons basically ignored Europe during the occupation, they focused on the US and China due to their militant sizes" Goldbug explained, then pondered further "I guess they didn't think a small mound of land like this would be worth anything"

"But you can bet they would have come to Europe after draining the US!" Wideload added

Goldbug new this was true, he'd seen it on many other planets, in the distant and more recent past.

Goldbug began to think backwards at that point, he remembered how the station that the Throttlebots were one was attacked by Sixshot, one of the most feared Decepticons of all time and were then chased by him until they were saved by the giant Metroplex.

After being rescued by Metroplex, the Throttlebots 'borrowed' a ship from the city Metroplex was guarding and began looking for refuge, but all they found was destruction. The Decepticons had managed to wipe out every Autobot outpost within scanning range of them. The Throttlebots, deciding to avoid all possible enemies tried to keep out of the way of the Decepticons, whilst searching for allies amongst the stars. One journey took them close to Garrus-9, a virtually impregnable Autobot fortress, where all they found was a battle scarred world with Decepticons hunting down Autobots, seemingly for sport. They would have tried to save them, but what chance did six little Autobots have against a force that could take down Garrus-9?

The Throttlebots eventually found themselves on a planet that had been destroyed in a battle. Not from the Decepticons in this current attack, but from a few years before. The Throttlebots managed to find shelter and repaired their wounds from fighting Sixshot before, whilst finding any supplies they needed to refuel their ship and themselves.

A long time passes, many Deca-Cycles when Goldbug hears something, an Autobot emergency frequency. He rushes to the ship, where the rest of the Throttlebots had already gathered and they listen together.

"Megatron has been defeated, possibly dead. Optimus Prime is alive and on Planet Earth. All surviving Autobots are

to regroup on Earth ASAP, Coordinates to follow”

The six Autobots looked at each other at that very moment, and all silently agreed. They set off from the planet and headed to this planet, keeping an optic out for any potential traps that the Decepticons might have set for them.

The Throttlebots arrived on Earth about a year afterwards, after taking a few detours to avoid the Decepticons still in space, where they found that the Autobots were not being led by Optimus Prime, but by Bumblebee instead. Apparently Optimus had given himself up as a prisoner of war for reasons the Throttlebots couldn't understand, and they certainly weren't going to follow Bumblebee of all Autobots.

“Where will you go?” Bumblebee asks Goldbug “If you leave us then you will be deemed a rogue by Skywatch, and captured”

“I don't know where we'll go, but we're not going to stay here in this cave and be controlled by these humans like you seem content to do” Goldbug replied. And with that Goldbug and his team change into their newly scanned vehicle modes, all different makes of Earth cars, equipped with some signal scramblers that Wheeljack gives them just as they leave to try and keep them hidden, and they roll out.

The Throttlebots arrive in a harbour, opting to travel by Earth means rather than flying around in an alien space craft and scaring the humans in the process. The six 'cars' are loaded onto a large ship, destined to arrive in another continent in a few days, giving the Throttlebots time to heal up and plan things.

Goldbug sat there in his vehicular mode and reflected, on their short journey through America, they had seen so much damage and destruction, caused by the Decepticons during their occupation, however, he also knew that they had caused it too. Not the Throttlebots themselves, but the Autobots as a whole, they came to Earth following the Decepticons originally and then stayed,

their presence is what made this planet the battlefield it became.

Days passed and the ship docked into another harbour, the six 'cars' were unloaded and left for their owners to claim. Once they knew that no humans would notice the Throttlebots began to drive themselves away from the harbour, and through this new location.

According to the map they had managed to download from the internet they were in England, a large part of the island known as Great Britain or the United Kingdom, as well as learning a few other things. They observed very quickly that this place wasn't battle-scarred or under reconstruction after the Occupation, a quick look through the internet showed that England was mostly untouched, and were only involved by sending teams to America to try and help them and by leading a group called NATO.

Something that instantly struck the Throttlebots however was the attitude towards Transformers here, whilst they knew that Decepticons were bad, they also accepted that there were a second faction in existence, who weren't evil. A fact that the Americans seemed to not understand, very understandably of course, from their perspective all robots are the same and were trying to kill and enslave them, plus both factions were hiding there for many years before, scaring a lot of them as a result.

As a polar opposite however, the British seemed amused by this revelation, and even had competitions active for people to see if their own cars are Autobots in disguise or not. Driving through the countryside, the six Autobots looked for a place to hide, just in case the British aren't quite as friendly as they had been made out to be when they arrived in a large city called Birmingham.

The six cars seemed quite at place in this city, apparently accustomed to large groups of cars all in succession of each other driving down the streets. The Throttlebots continued their search for a home but were forced to stop by a set of



lights that compelled the native vehicles to stop until the light changes colour again. Whilst in the queue amongst the native vehicles Chase noticed something to his side, a snapping sound high above to the side of building next to him. Chase managed to reposition his side-view mirror to look at them through his vehicular observation systems when he sees where the sound originated from, a pair of humans on a wooden platform attached by simple wires to a winch, but the wires were snapping, most likely due to stress. The platform's wires snapped and the two humans began to plummet down towards the ground, when they are stopped mid-way, rescued by a large red robot, who had previously been a small red car just seconds before, and greeted by a small cheering crowd.

Back in the present, the Throttlebots receive a token key from a human, referred to as a "Mayor" and they take in the adulations from the amassed humans. Goldbug knows that the Decepticons are likely to come here one day, with or

without Megatron, but now these humans will at least have some form of protection against them, especially after Goldbug sent out a beacon to any approaching Autobots to come to this part of the world where they were free to be who they are, and not urged to hide. He hopes....

The end?

# THE CYBERTRONIAN TIMES

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**"AND JUSTICE FOR ALL" - PART 1**  
**Written and illustrated by Chris Phillips**







RIGHT...OK YOU TWO.

I WANT YOU TWO TO  
SEARCH THE AREA FOR  
ANYTHING WE CAN USE  
TO REPAIR THE SHIP  
AND... OUR SELFS



M...ME?

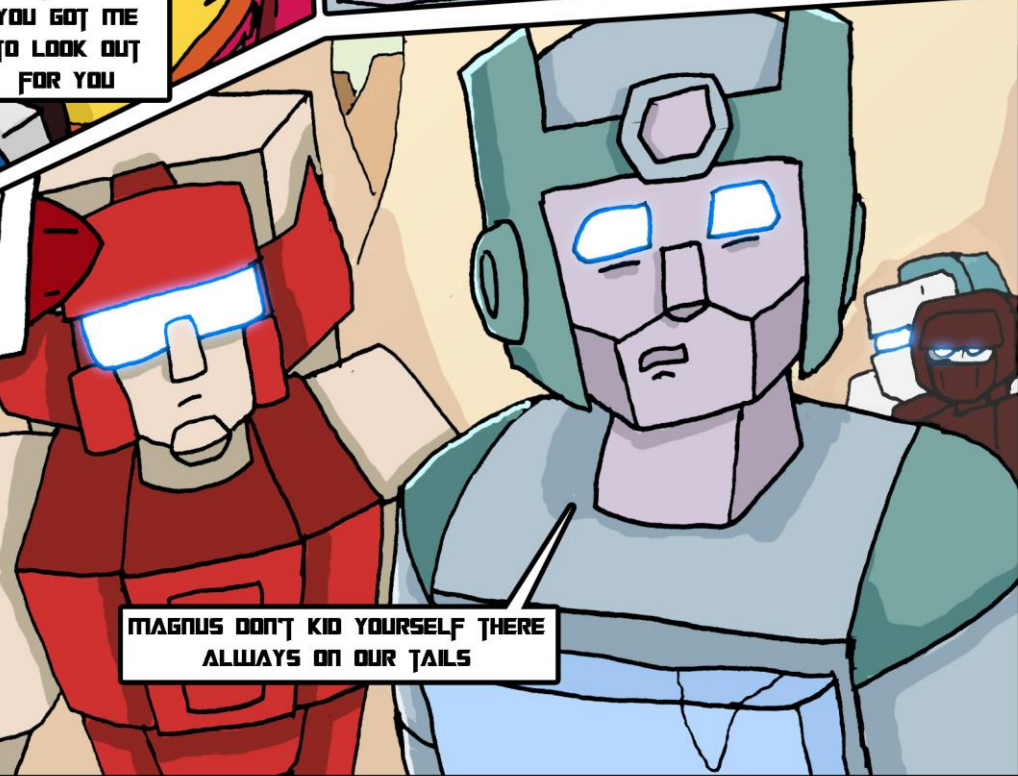


YOU THINK THOSE TWO  
WILL BE OK

AS LONG AS THE  
DECEPTICONS AREN'T  
ON OUR TAIL WE  
HAVE NOTHING TO  
WORRY ABOUT

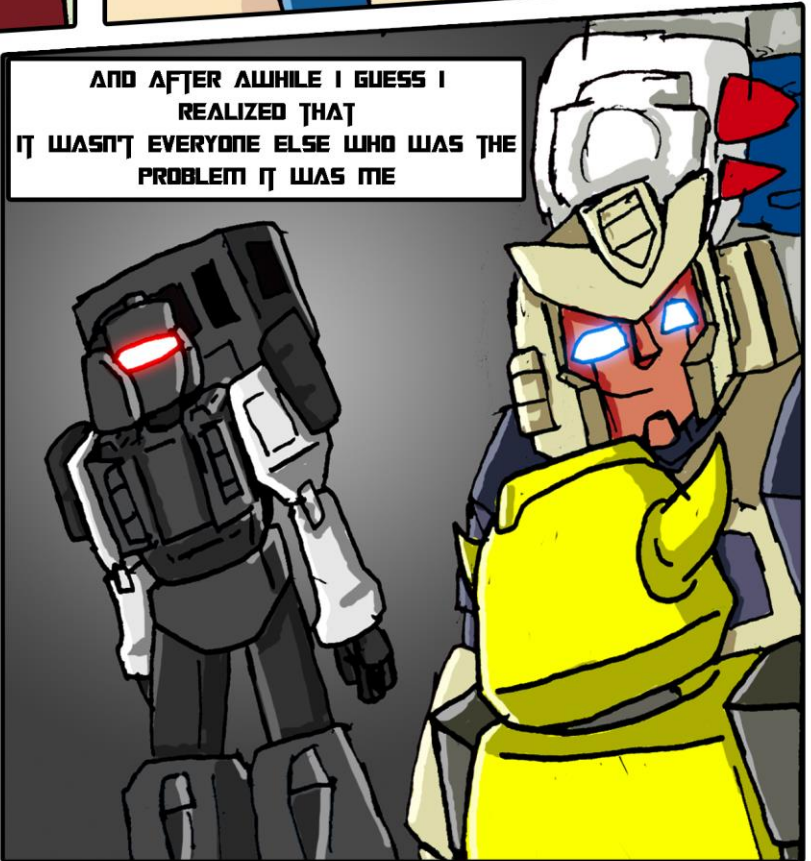
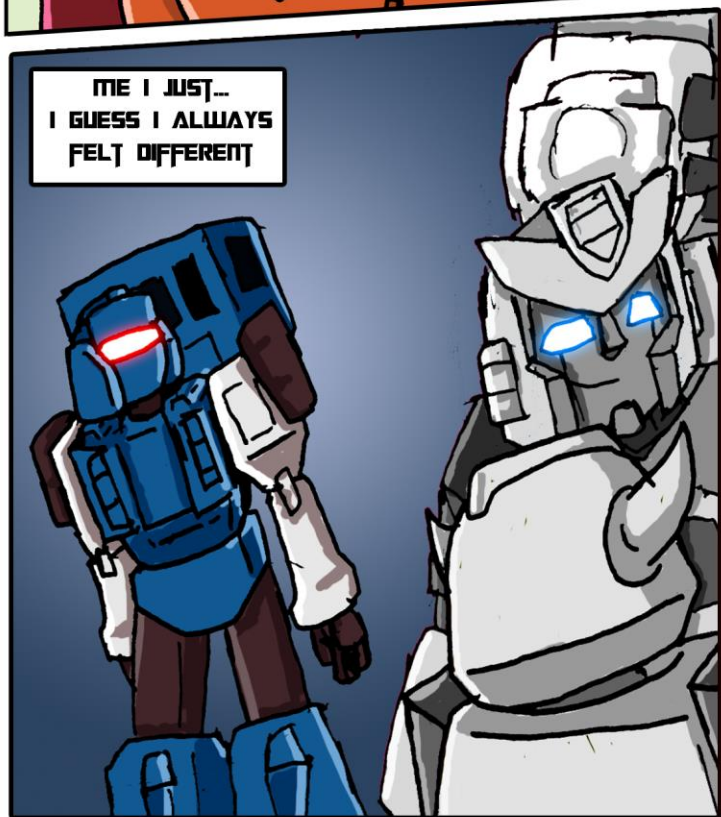
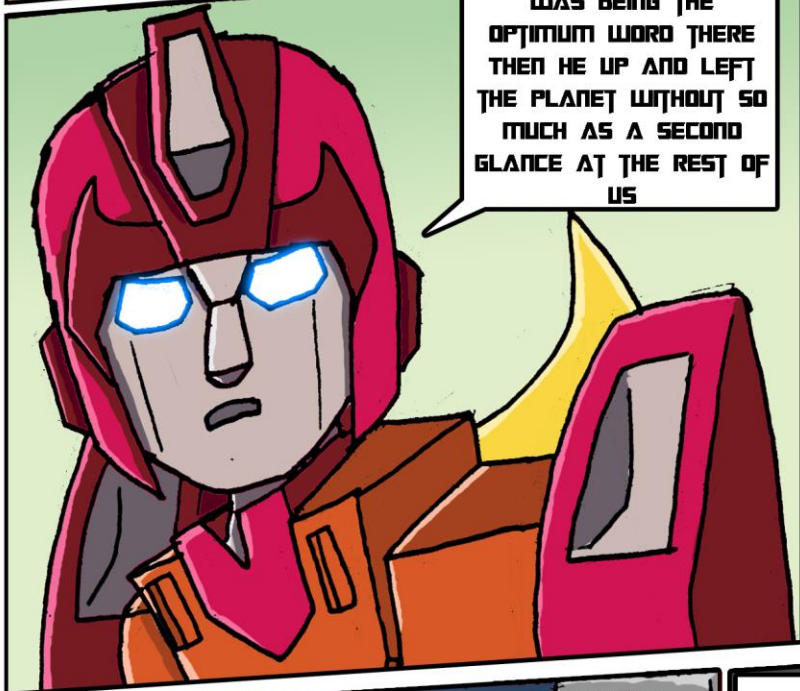
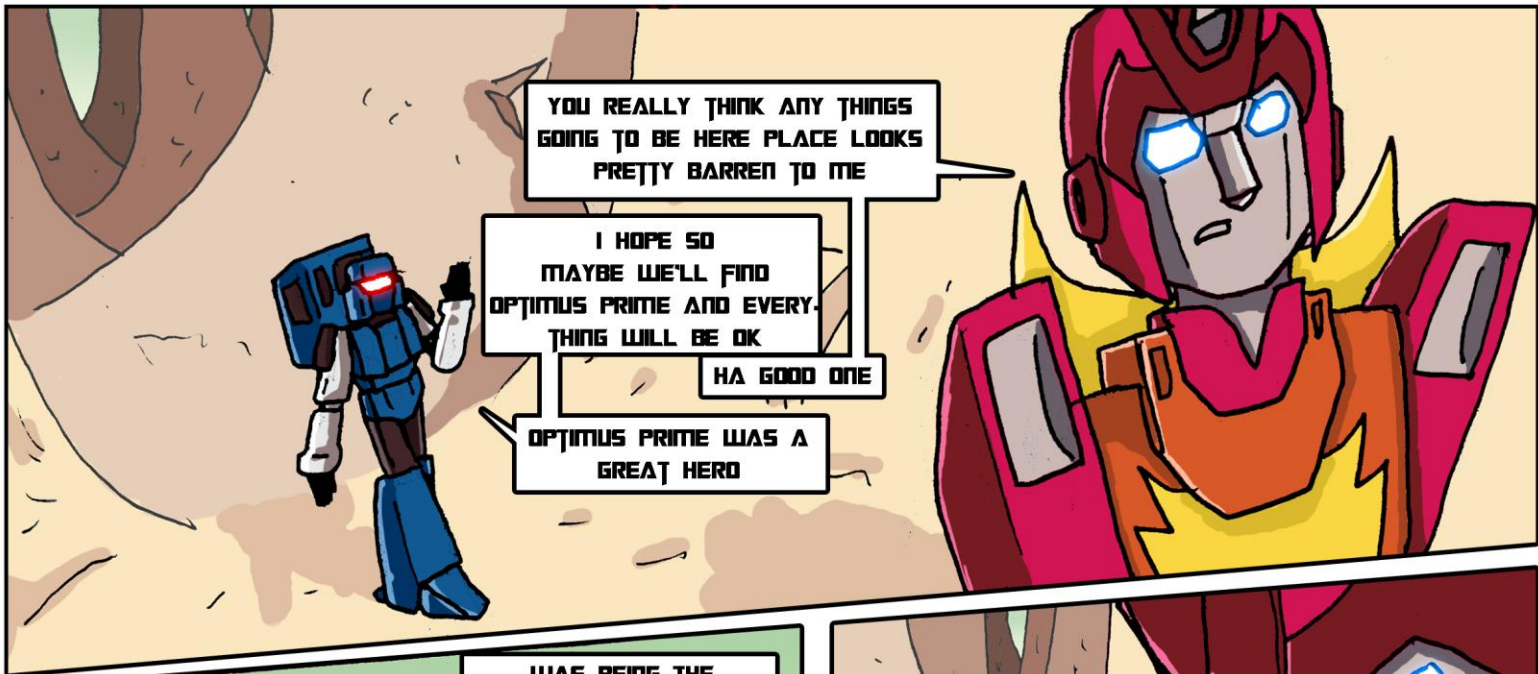


DON'T WORRY  
YOU GOT ME  
TO LOOK OUT  
FOR YOU

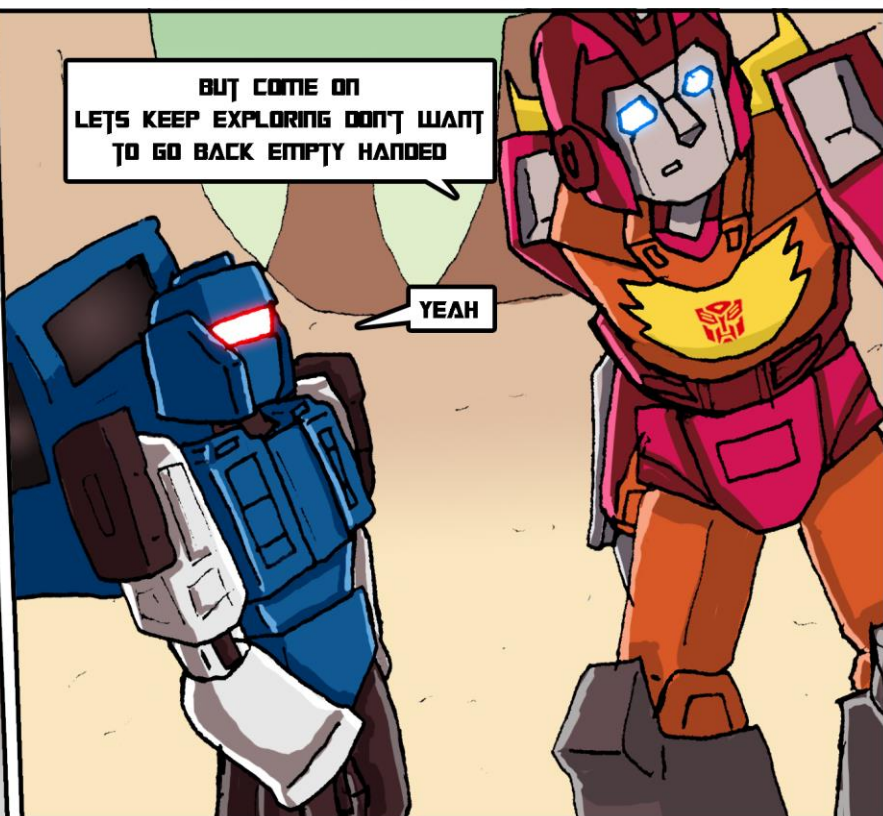
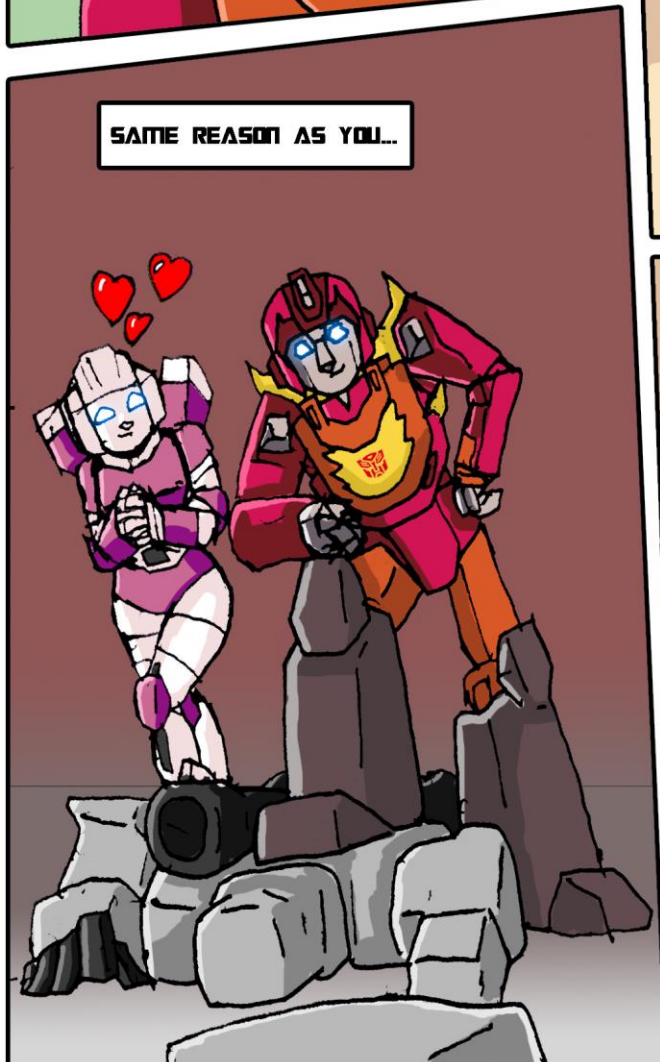
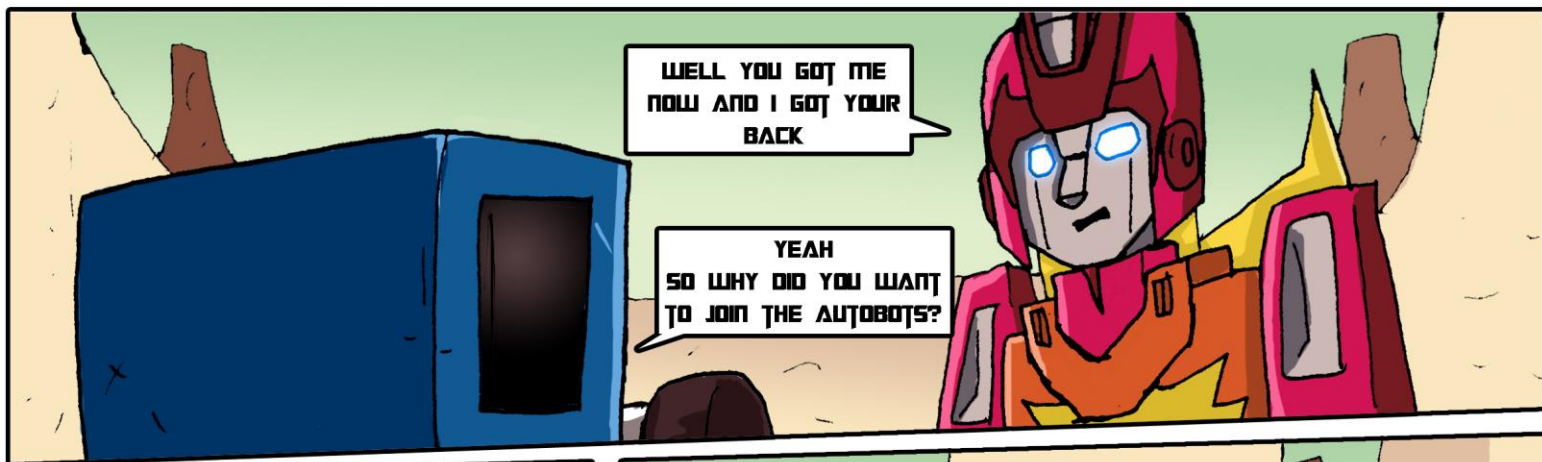


MAGNUS DON'T KID YOURSELF THERE  
ALWAYS ON OUR TAILS

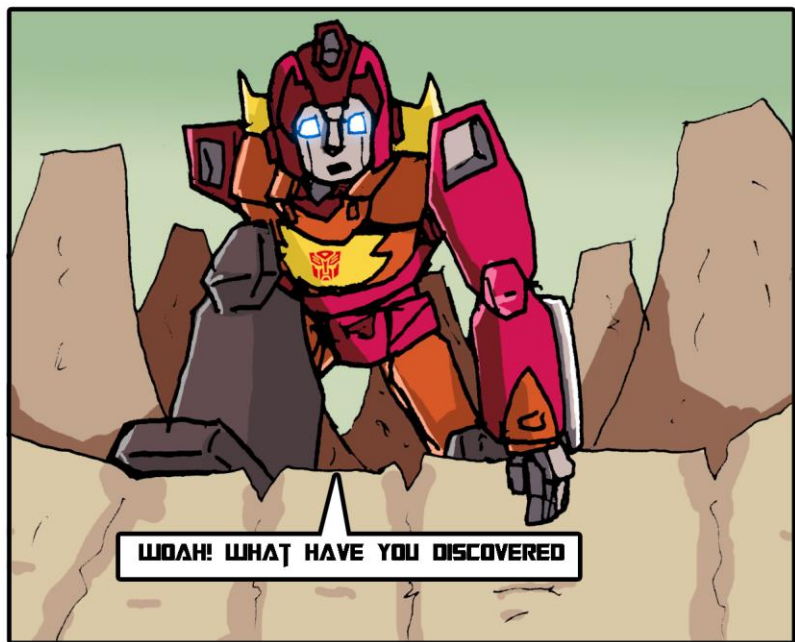
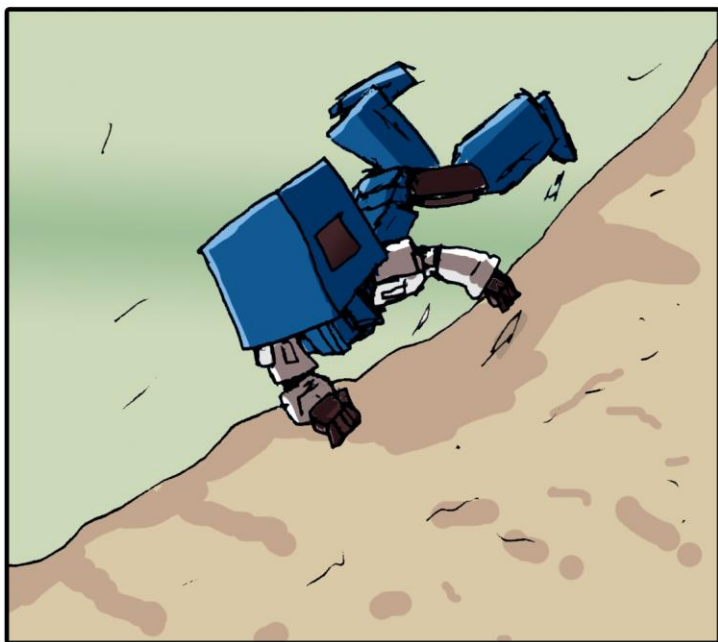
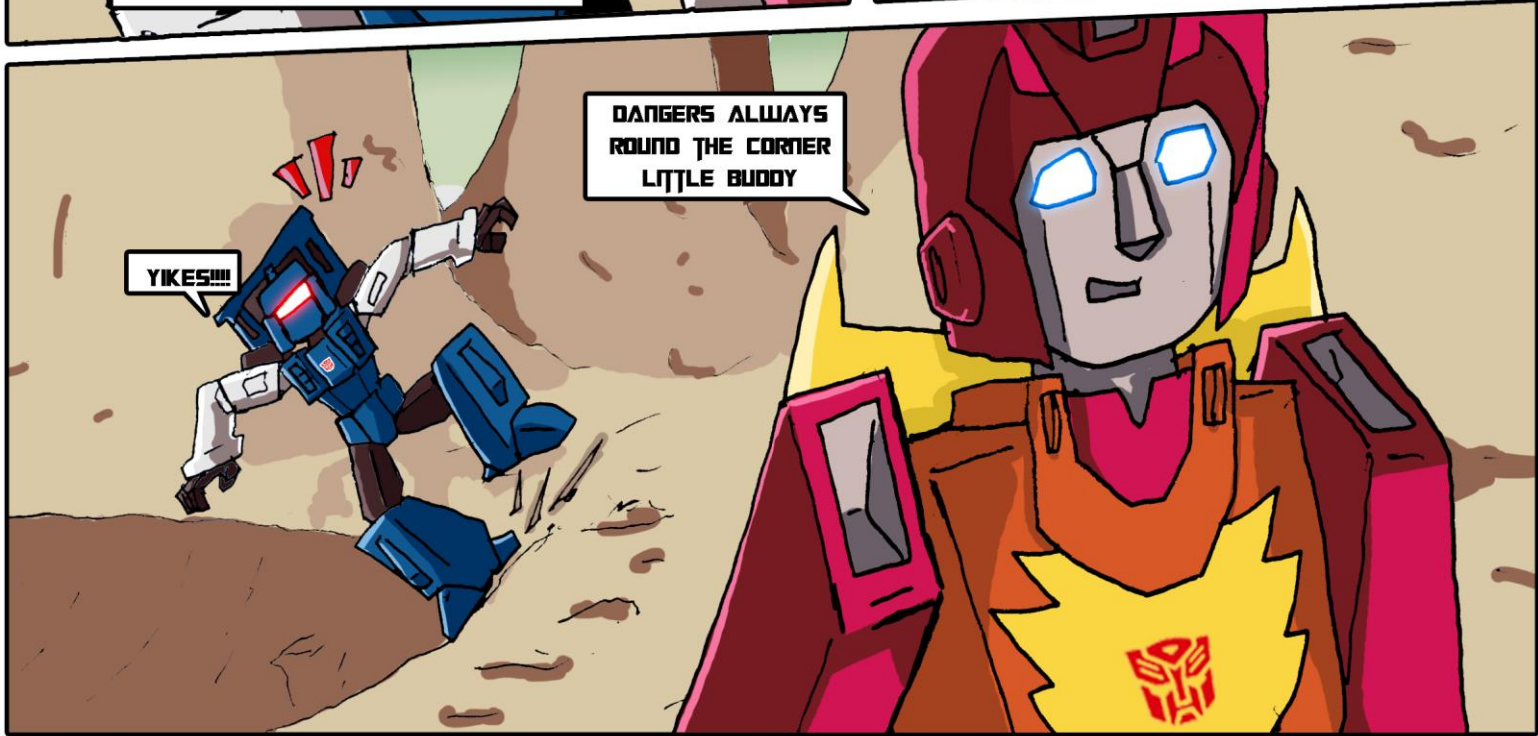
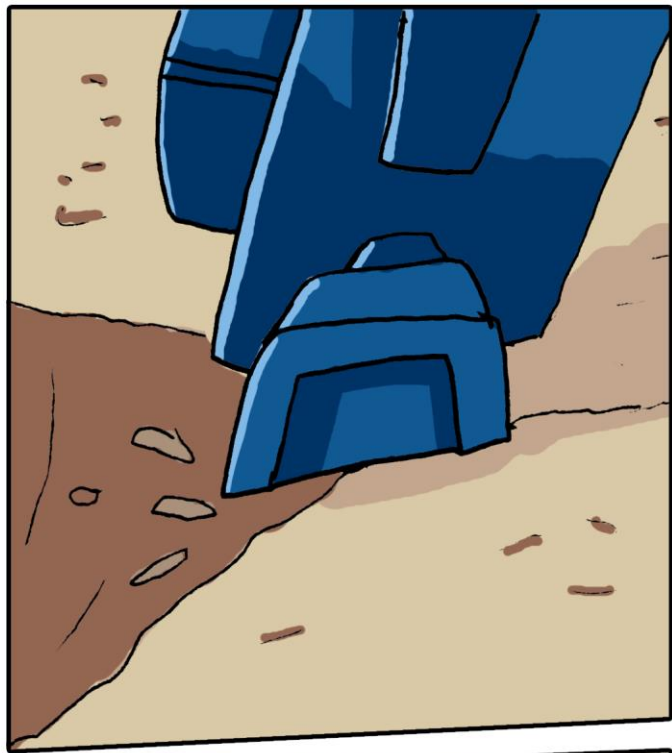
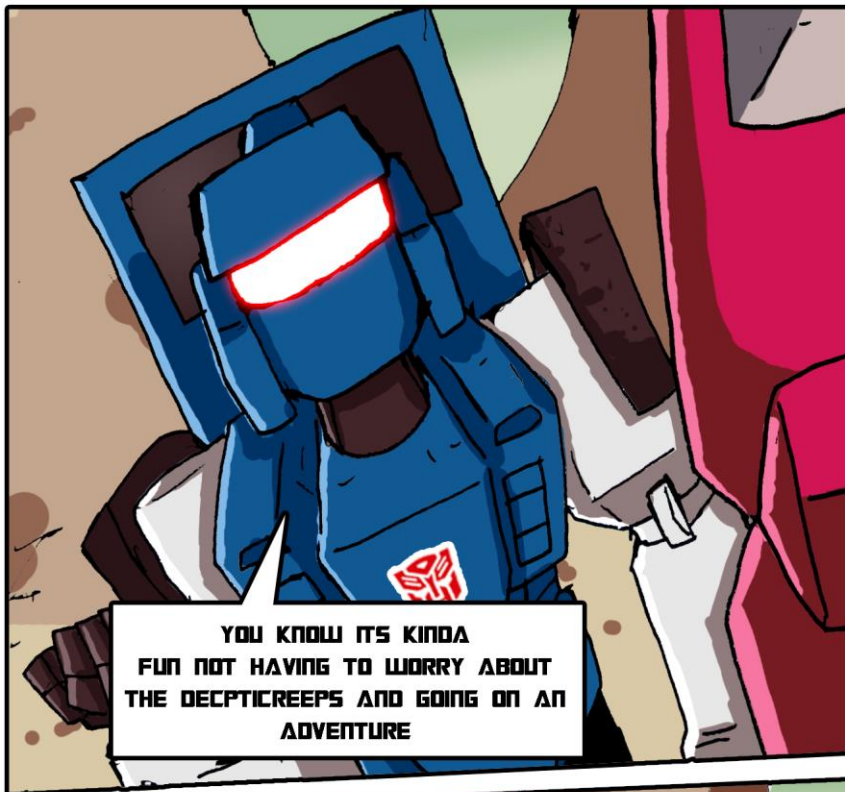




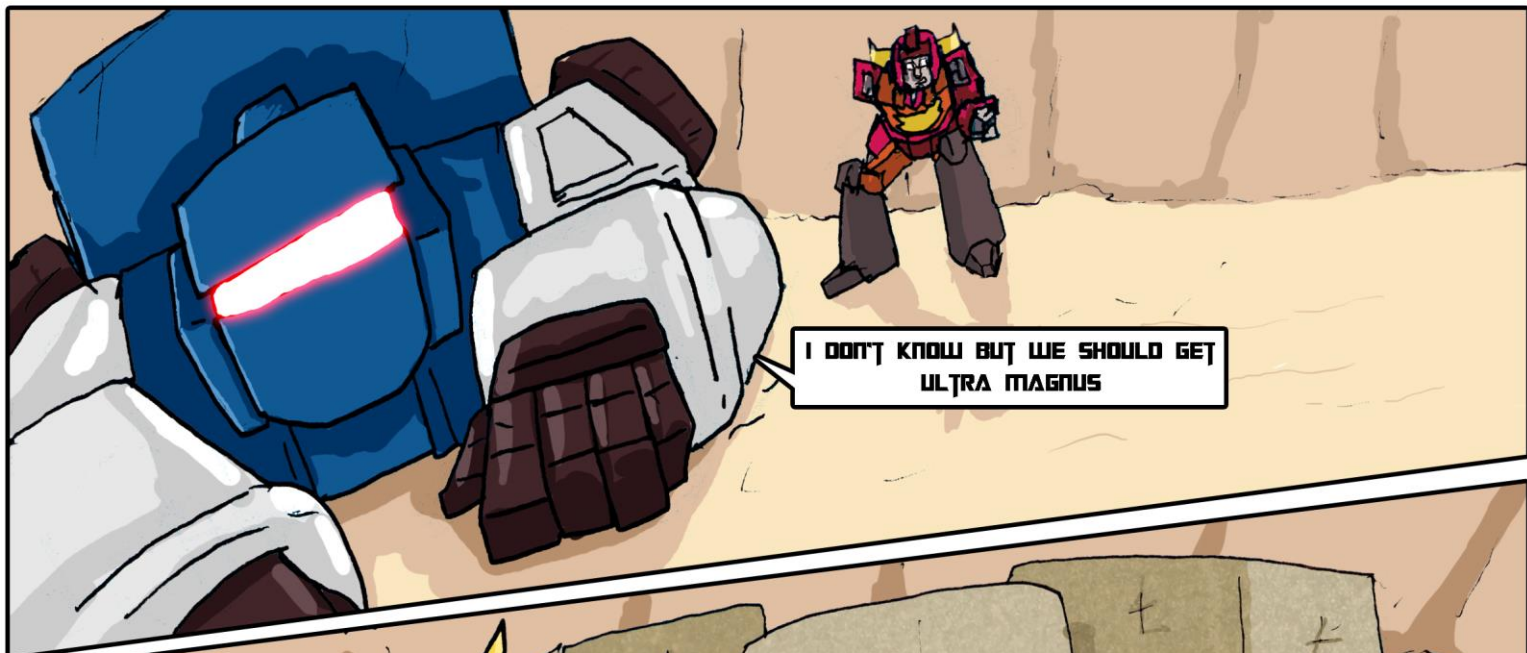










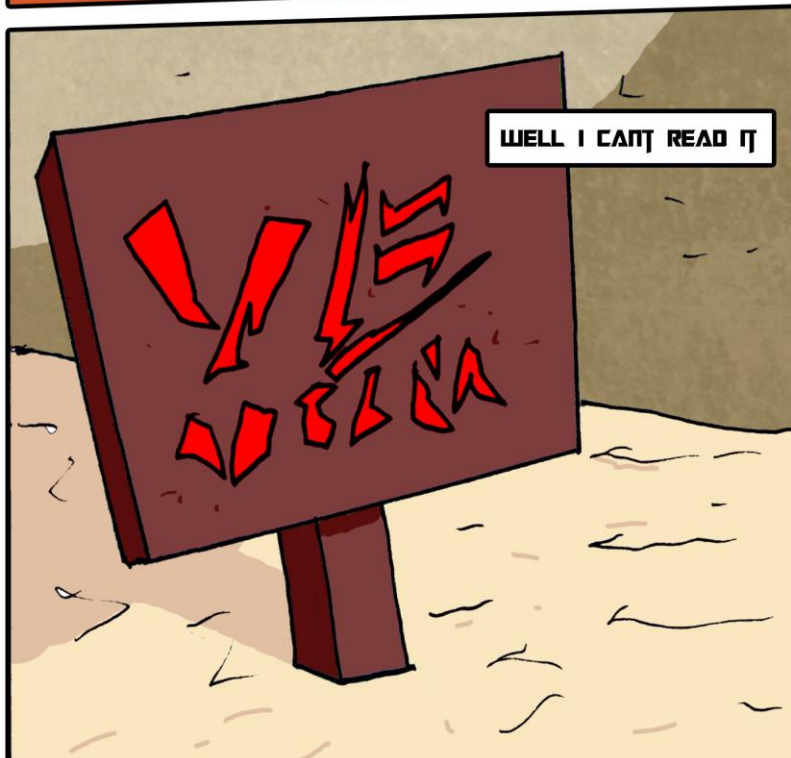


I DON'T KNOW BUT WE SHOULD GET  
ULTRA MAGNUS

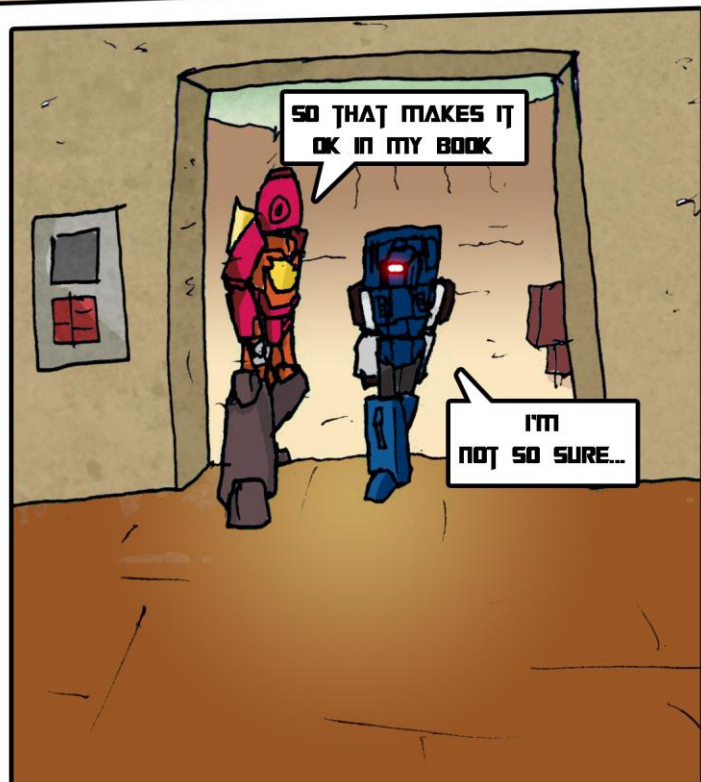


YOU WANTED ADVENTURE YOU  
GOT IT

BUT  
WHAT ABOUT  
THAT SIGN IT  
MIGHT BE A  
WARNING..



WELL I CAN'T READ IT



SO THAT MAKES IT  
OK IN MY BOOK

I'M  
NOT SO SURE...

DON'T TELL ME YOUR SCARED?  
REALLY PIPES IF THE SIGNS IN  
RED AND OUR SYMBOL'S RED  
WHAT DOES THAT TELL YOU?

I... DON'T KNOW

IT SHOULD TELL YOU  
THERE'S NOTHING TO  
WORRY ABOUT

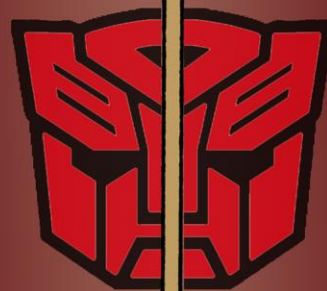
I'M NOT SURE THAT'S  
ENTIRELY ACCURATE

YEAH WELL  
WHATS THAT!

THE AUTOBOT SYMBOL!

WOAH!

NOW LETS SEE  
WHATS INSIDE



*choom*





WHAT THE...

TO BE CONTINUED...





DEMON LOGIC  
PRODUCTIONS

# THE HERO DIES ALONE



NOW ON KICKSTARTER!  
CHECK IT OUT AT

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## **"FOR SURVIVAL"**

### **Movieverse Fiction by David Underwood**

*NOTE: The majority of this work takes place shortly before the events in the flashback of IDW Publishing's Transformers: Foundation #3. The remainder takes place at the conclusion of Transformers: Dark of the Moon.*

#### **Now...**

Optimus was beaten. Sentinel Prime stood over him, ready to end the battle. He heard Megatron arriving behind him. The battered leader of the Decepticons posed no danger to Sentinel. Megatron was a proud, arrogant fool, but he had been Sentinel's puppet for too long now to even contemplate betrayal.

Megatron cocked his fusion shotgun. Sentinel was willing to let him end Optimus's life. Even now, after betrayals on both sides, Sentinel still had kind feelings for the Prime he had trained to succeed him. All those years teaching Optimus about his destiny could not be washed away by more recent events here on Earth. *Even if he has become such a crushing disappointment to me.*

Megatron fired.

Sentinel's systems went into stasis.

#### **The past...**

Sentinel Prime, the once leader of a united Cybertron, looked out on a world torn asunder. The interlocking sections of Cybertron's surface were scarred and burned by the execution of the war that some had taken to calling "Great". Sentinel could not help but feel a failure. His dreams were shattered as the planet he so deeply loved.

*Where did I go wrong?*

With Megatron and Optimus at his side, he had brought unity to his fractured world. He had restored the Allspark, brought a

sun to Cybertronian space, and ended conflicts. Now, it all seemed to be for nothing. The Autobots, under himself and Optimus Prime, were losing. Megatron's Decepticons had swept across the face of the planet, undoing all he had created. There was little hope for Cybertron now. Evacuating the Autobots and leaving the Decepticons to their conquest was all he could think to do. All anyone could think to do.

"It's horrific, is it not, Sentinel?"

Sentinel Prime whirled at the sound of the voice. Instinctively, he reached for his Primax blade; holding it ready to defend himself. His shield unfolded from his arm like a metallic bloom before coalescing. The massive, malevolent form of Megatron emerged from the darkness. The Decepticon leader's hands were open in a declaration that he came unarmed. Sentinel Prime had no led Cybertron and the Autobots by being so foolish. He knew well that his former student was a weapon unto himself.

"The destruction that ravaged this world... It was beautiful once," Megatron continued. "Now we see that beauty disfigured."

"All of this is your own doing, Megatron," Sentinel replied sternly. Satisfied that if Megatron and his Decepticon lackeys were of a mind to attack him they would have done so by now, Sentinel caused his shield to collapse in on itself and retract. He was not prepared to sheath his blade just yet, however.

"It was necessary. A necessary war to bring Cybertron back to the glory days of the Primes you taught us all about. Cybertron needs strong, un-doubtable leadership. Many doubt your and Optimus's claims to the title of Prime. They always have!"

Sentinel remained silent. Megatron would not have insisted on this meeting to offer the same justifications for his war that he has always espoused.

Megatron noticed his old mentor's lack of response. He laughed to himself. "You know my reasoning," he said and took a step closer.

Prime's grip on his blade tightened. "All too well," Sentinel replied.

Megatron looked at his old mentor. Long ago, when Cybertron knew peace, Sentinel would have known what was going on in Megatron's mind. But now, he has no understanding of the mind of his former pupil. It was one of many things that had changed since the beginning of the war. Megatron leaned in. Quietly, he said, "Soundwave has seen what you have built."

The simple sentence smacked into Sentinel like a thousand blows from an ion cannon. The Primax blade finally came into action. Sentinel swung the weapon with all his mass at Megatron, knocking him off balance. In the same action, a gun emerged from Sentinel's arm and attached to his right hand. He held it to Megatron's head.

"How?!" the last descendant of Primus roared. "What spies do you have among the Autobot ranks? You know better than to defy me, Megatron. Answer!"

The anger on Megatron's face shifted. Calm returned. He knew he was in control of this meeting; even the pressure of Sentinel's weapons against his armour would not change the balance of power here. Sentinel Prime, for all his powers and might, was yesterday's leader. The future belonged to Megatron and his Decepticons. *The Fallen showed me the way to power, but he is a fool if he thinks I will bow to him forever.*

"I know that you are packing the pillars into a ship in readiness to leave. I know that you need the power of the Allspark to

ignite your control pillar," Megatron said. He continued to lie on the ground under Sentinel's weapons, but he was prepared to move in a micro-second. "But there are things that you do not know."

Sentinel remained troubled. The plan had been flawlessly executed. Only a handful of Autobots knew of his plans for the space bridge. He had deliberately kept the number small so as to avoid the dip in morale were the coming evacuation common knowledge. The Decepticons were everywhere and more numerous than he and Optimus had supposed. "What, then, do I not know?"

With that question, Sentinel understood that he had lost control of the moment. Megatron was in command here. *But it will not be allowed to remain so.* He stood up, his weapons slid away.

Megatron got to his feet, gripping on a twisted husk of metal to pull his bulk upright.

"I can give you what you want," Megatron said. "I can lead you to a planet with all the resources needed to rebuild Cybertron. Metals, minerals, and, more importantly, a labour force. I can give you victory."

"Your victory!" Sentinel retorted.

Megatron snarled. "No! Victory for us all! Imagine Iacon rebuilt, Sentinel. All the damage repaired. Think of it: Cybertron in a golden age the way we used to dream of. A new order's first act for its people."

Sentinel smiled. "Ahh, so you would rule."

"In consultation with others. With you. With Optimus if he can be made to see reason."

Sentinel's powerful mind considered the implications. He knew that Megatron would never really share power. *This all began because he was made to share command with Optimus after I stepped back.* But the prospect of a Cybertron restored! That was a powerful prospect.



Could such an opportunity be ignored?

"There are thousands of us, Sentinel. More than you know. It is simply a matter of numbers. We will win. You, Optimus, and all the other Autobots cannot stand against our tide. There will be nothing left. Cybertron will die."

Megatron knew that he had Sentinel now. "I will allow the Autobots to storm the Allspark's chamber to power your device and for your ship to leave. Join me after on the planet that will lead to our salvation. From there, we can lead Cybertron to glory."

Sentinel turned his back on the Decepticons' leader. A battle raged beyond them. A battle perfectly timed by Megatron to coincide with this meeting. "Let our potential ally see the costs of saying no," he had told Shockwave. It pained Sentinel Prime more now to see the destruction being visited on the home that he had fought to protect for so long; Megatron's promise of a renewed Cybertron made the damage of today all the worse. Flames rose into the now sunless sky. Lattice work levels collapsed, trailing destruction and death behind them as they fell towards the Core. Gunships streaked along flight paths to new engagements beyond the horizon where more slaughter would be undertaken. Buildings, once majestic and awe-inspiring, were little more than burnt-out shells of wasted metal. Energy pulses and explosive rounds streaked through the air in search of targets on both sides. Massive artillery platforms moved into position across the battlefield. Autobots fell to the ground in death, pools of spent energon forming around the corpses. Decepticons trudged ever-onwards. Megatron's forces were unstoppable, unbeatable. The new order was inexorable.

It was an assault on Sentinel's senses that would have brought a biological organism to tears. The pain was too much. He was old. In his life he had been witness to too much devastation on the world he loved.

*A race of gods has become little more than a race of petty destroyers.*

Sentinel had seen and felt enough destruction.

"It will have to be carefully planned," Sentinel said to Megatron as he turned back to face him again. "My departure and yours cannot appear suspicious."

Megatron smiled. "They won't."

Sentinel Prime had the feeling that he had stepped into the abyss. *The Autobots are never going to win the war*, he told himself. *This deal had to be made*. He knew that Megatron was less concerned with Cybertron than with winning power. That did not matter. Megatron could be dispensed with after he had served Sentinel's purposes.

He turned to the horizon again. Some of the flames were beginning to die down. The bodies were being collected for burial. The massive machines of war began to turn and head away. Somewhere, though, the fight continued. The whole planet continued to suffer.

The deal *had* to be made.

***Now...***

Sentinel Prime awoke, his systems returned to functionality in sequence. The sounds of the battle continued around him. What had been a guaranteed victory had been turned into a rout. Cybertron's future had been snatched away by Optimus and his followers. *Self-righteous fools! The needs of the humans pale in comparison to the needs of Cybertron and her inhabitants!*

No, Megatron was deserving of blame as well. His selfish need to rule was all that mattered to him. *Cybertron was all that really mattered, why does no-one see that but me?* The Decepticon leader's head and spine came spinning to a stop just to Sentinel's left. The battle had ruined the head further; Optimus's energon axe had

cut almost two-thirds of the way through it. A fitting punishment for his betrayal of Sentinel Prime's dream of a Cybertron restored.

Sentinel began to crawl away. If Megatron was dead, then Optimus still lived. Sentinel was in no shape to continue the fight now. He had to find a way to escape the fate Optimus would inflict.

"All I ever wanted was the survival of our race," Sentinel pleaded. Even now he hoped that Optimus could be made to see reason. Sentinel had not wanted the death of the Autobots, but it was the only way to end the conflict and restore Cybertron.

"You must see why I had to betray you." Optimus Prime kicked his former mentor to the side of the bridge. Sentinel saw then that Optimus was carrying Megatron's shotgun.

The current commander of the Autobots – one who had learned all he knew from the fallen mentor at his feet – cocked the shotgun and aimed it at Sentinel's head. He continued to feel the sting of Sentinel's betrayal, but it was being slowly overpowered by pity. Optimus replied, "You betrayed yourself."

In the quick second of life that remained to him, Sentinel Prime – once the leader of a united Cybertron and mentor to the current Prime – amongst his protests at what was about to befall him, thought: *Perhaps I did, but it was for Cybertron.*

GEARS GRIND.

STILL-FORMING RELAYS DIRECT  
ELECTRICAL IMPULSES...

INTO THOUGHTS...

DREAMS...

AMBITIONS.

NEW FOUND IDEAS SPIN AND FORM, TAKING  
ROUGH SHAPE...



BUT THAT SHAPE LACKS... STRUCTURE.  
LACKS... GUIDANCE.

THE GALAXIES. THEY CALL TO ME...

BUT AS WHAT? A SCIENTIST? AN EXPLORER?  
A CONQUEROR?

WHAT AM I?



SUBSTANTIAL JOY. VAST,  
GIGANTIC RAPTURE AND  
EXALTATION!

HE LIVES! THE PERFECT SCIENTIST. MORALLY  
CHARGED AND INFINITELY AMBITIOUS! DESIGNED TO  
TAKE OUR NOBLEST IDEALS AND CREATIONS TO THE  
FARTHEST REACHES OF SPACE.  
*TRULY, OUR MOST WONDROUS CREATION!*

UMMMMM. PROGENITOR?

SHOULDN'T THIS HAVE  
BEEN CONNECTED?

# BIRTH OF A STAR

by Paul Goodenough  
Art by Ed Pirrie

NEXT: ?



## **"MENTOR"**

### **DOTM Movieverse Fiction by Andrea Tang**

*Author's note: This story is written in the first-person voice of Optimus Prime and is set in the "Dark of the Moon" movie universe.*

#### **The distant past.**

All I know is that I was alone and hidden when Sentinel Prime found me. The first words I ever heard were his...

*'Give me your hand, young one.'*

I saw his face above me. It was warm and inviting. The azure lights of his optics were soft and gentle. His arm stretched down towards me...

*'There is nothing to fear. You are safe now.'*

His voice was reassuring. I remember cautiously reaching up to him, my small hand tentatively grasping his large one. Then his fingers wrapped securely around mine, and he pulled me out of the darkness...and into life. This is my earliest memory.

Over the stellar cycles of my youth, Sentinel guarded and taught me well. He protected me, raised, nurtured and shared his wisdom with me. The world I was born into had been one of famine, divisions and violence. But he told me of an early time when Cybertron had been a planet of growth and beauty, and when the early Cybertronian race worked as a unified whole. He believed that such times of peace, harmony and prosperity were still possible in Cybertron's future. He taught me to believe that too, never to give up hope for a better tomorrow for our homeworld. He regaled me with stories of Cybertron's ancient past: creation stories about the Allspark which granted life to all Cybertronians and mythical tales about the first Cybertronians to walk on Cybertron: the Dynasty of Primes, whom he was descended directly from and who created the first transforming Cybertronians. I listened mesmerised to his stories.

*'Freedom is every sentient being's right.'*

He passed those words to me,

instilled in me a respect and compassion for all my fellow Cybertronians, despite the conflicts that existed between them. Not one type or group of Cybertronians had the right to take away the freedom or deny the existence of others. The great Primes, the first leaders of our race, respected and valued all sentient life Sentinel had told me. They were virtuous and wise kings of our world before their fall.

*'What happened to them?'* I had asked once.

*'They were betrayed...by one of their own.'*

*'Why would one of the Primes betray his brothers?'*

Sentinel's expression had darkened. *'...Because there is potential for darkness in us all. And even the wisest of us can fall.'*

Sentinel had made me aware of the divided tribes of Cybertron in my youth. These tribes often clashed with one another over scarce energon and old rivalries and prejudices. There were great hostilities between them and it was dangerous to venture into certain territories. Sentinel taught me to fight for my own protection. He was a skilled warrior and taught me everything that he could. We used to spar with blunt blades. He honed my weapon aim with target practice. Our hand-to-hand combat sessions usually resulted in me flat on the ground...

*'Get up, Optimus. Get up and try again,'* he used to tell me.

I always obeyed. I always pushed myself up again. I remember those lessons in physical combat with my mentor fondly. They were some of the most enjoyable times of my youth.

As time passed, Sentinel took on other promising students alongside me. First was Elita-One. She was a young warrior from a female tribe. She left her tribe to join us. She had impressed Sentinel...and me.

Then came Megatron. We had found him wandering the barren plains of



Cybertron. Like me, he had apparently been abandoned and left alone. Sentinel took pity on him and offered him a place with us. He became as close as a brother to me.

And finally, there was Shockwave. He was a quiet but sharp-minded young bot that had been outcasted from his tribe. Sentinel accepted him when he came to us, looking to 'expand his horizons'. I came to value him for his uncanny logic and intelligence, though he was never one for talking much.

Together we were mentored under Sentinel Prime. We were his students, his protégés. We grew to rely on one another. Megatron was my brother. Elita-1 was my first and dearest friend. Shockwave was a respected companion that always had our backs. We trained and worked as a tightly-welded team.

The time came when we aided our mentor in his greatest achievement: Cybertron entered a new golden age when Sentinel brought a sun into orbit of it. The sun powered the Allspark and granted light and life to our world. Energon was made plentiful, hatchlings arose and finally the warring tribes of Cybertron set aside their differences and were united. An era of peace and prosperity had begun.

Sentinel had been the one to rejuvenate Cybertron. He should have been the one to lead us all in the new golden age he had ushered in. But instead, he stepped down and approached me.

Under the fading orange rays of Cybertron's first sunset, he told me something that I was not ready to hear or accept. *'Optimus, I believe you to be of my lineage. I believe you are a Prime. And it is your destiny to lead Cybertron.'*

I rejected him. I had not been prepared and I reacted with denial. I did not believe him. The stories of the Primes he used to tell me were just old myths and legends. I did not know how much of them were grounded in truth and how much were just fanciful fiction. The Dynasty of Primes was long dead. Only Sentinel remained as the last Prime descendent. That was what I believed. There were no other Primes left, certainly not me. I was not destined to lead Cybertron like Sentinel

said. I was sure of it. I was sure that I could not possibly be descended from the Primes of ancient myth.

I told Sentinel, *'I know in my spark, I am not different from my friends.'*

I needed to find out the truth though. I needed to find out how much of what we believed about the past was real. So I chose to lead Cybertron's science division and become involved in archaeological digs. And my brother Megatron was to lead Cybertron's defence forces. It had not been Sentinel's original idea, but he gave us his blessing. And thus Cybertron came to be divided into two separate bodies that were to work toward a common goal. Together as brothers, Megatron and I co-ruled Cybertron, one fair, the other firm.

What happened after that was a gradual decline into a war that ravaged our entire world. My brother Megatron turned against me. He betrayed me.

In the final days of the war, Sentinel Prime had re-created an ancient technology of the Primes that would have saved the Autobots and allowed us to win the war in time. That was what we believed. A ship called the 'Ark' carried Sentinel's precious cargo. With a crew, Sentinel was to leave Cybertron in it. But as the Ark escaped battle, it was shot down, and our hopes went with it. I had been there, watching in horror and disbelief as it exploded in Cybertron's dark skies. The Ark's burning remains tumbled out into cold space, flung to the stars. I ran. It all came apart, the Ark, our desperate hopes for it. Sentinel Prime was lost to us...to me. My predecessor, my mentor...he was gone.

### **The recent past.**

The moment when I found Sentinel Prime again aboard the Ark, crashed on Earth's moon, had been surreal. Slumbering frozen in deep stasis, he lay holding the key to his secret weapon, the space bridge control pillar, to his chest. He had guarded it with his life. The last hope of the Autobots had been rediscovered on Earth's moon. I had found my mentor again. As I lifted him in my arms, I was

filled with awe. It was like a dream. So long I had believed him gone...

*'Sentinel, you're coming home, old friend.'*

It all came rushing back upon his revival, all my memories of Sentinel. He had been a noble and wise leader, a great descendent of the Primes, my predecessor, my guardian, my mentor. When we had observed the sun setting behind Earth's green hills, it had been reminiscent of that moment eons ago when we had watched Cybertron's first sunset together at the beginning of the golden age...

*'So majestic and peaceful this planet. Unlike the final days on Cybertron.'*

*'I've wondered what might have been if you had fought the final battle instead of me.'*

*'Never mourn the past, young warrior. Thanks to you, our race survives.'*

Down on my knee, bowing before him, I had offered him the Matrix of Leadership. *'You were our leader, Sentinel. It is your right to lead us again.'*

I pushed the Matrix to him. He glanced down at it as it hovered in his palm. Then he returned it to me. *'In a world I do not know, I am no longer your teacher, Optimus, you are mine.'*

He had passed the mantle of leadership to me once again.

### **The present.**

This place is all too familiar. I always return here, back to smouldering, desolate battlefields. Standing amidst the devastated ruins of the Earth city Chicago, surrounded by death and destruction, I gaze down upon the mutilated bodies of the two Cybertronians that I once called mentor and brother. Megatron's decapitated body spills dark red fluids. His head lies nearby, my energon axe still buried in it. Sentinel Prime is but a sad shadow of his former self. Pieces of his torn armour lie strewn across the ground. His head and chest are punctured by gaping gunshot holes. My discarded blaster rifle rests beside him, still warm from its kill.

*'Optimus, all I wanted was the*

*survival of our race. You must understand why I had to betray you...'*

*'You didn't betray me. You betrayed yourself.'*

I drop to my knees before Sentinel's lifeless body.

*'...Because there is potential for darkness in us all. And even the wisest of us can fall.'*

Slowly, cautiously, I stretch my arm down towards Sentinel. My fingers reach tentatively for his limp hand, the hand that had once securely grasped mine.

*'Give me your hand, young one.'*

My hand wraps around his.

*'There is nothing to fear.'*

I shut off my optics for a long moment. I see his warm and inviting face again, the soft and gentle light of his optics... I'm reaching up to him once more...

*'You are safe now.'*

My optics come back online. Sentinel's wrecked body fills my vision again. I look away from him, my gaze rising to the heavens instead. The sky has been tinted red by the setting sun, as if blood-stained.

*'Why Sentinel? Why?'*

My hand tightens around his...

*'Forgive me...'*

...then I let it go.

*'Freedom is every sentient being's right.'*

A bitter whisper escapes.

*'Sentinel...you forgot...'*

# THE STORY OF DRIFT

ドリフトの物語

SCRIPT / ART / LETTERS: MATT MARSHALL

スクリプト/アート/文学: Matt Marshallが

I WAS ONCE *DEADLOCK*, THE MOST  
FEARED DECEPTION OF ALL!

OI, DEADY! C'MON  
WE'RE OFF TO DO  
SOME KILLING!

GO AWAY! YOU'RE  
NOT MY REAL DAD!

BUT I BECAME *DISILLUSIONED*  
BY THEIR *EVIL WAYS* AND *ESCAPED*

AND DON'T COME BACK  
TILL YOU GET A *JOB*  
YOU LAYABOUT!

I MET UP WITH A MYSTERIOUS *THIRD*  
FACTION WHO IMPARTED THEIR  
ANCIENT *WISDOM* TO ME!

...AN' IF YOU HAVE A *DOG*,  
THEN THEY'LL TAKE MORE *PITY*  
AND GIVE YOU MORE O' THEIR  
CHANGE, SEE!

I HONED MY MARTIAL ARTS SKILLS USING  
MYSTERIOUS AND *FORGOTTEN* TECHNIQUES

AFTER MUCH QUESTING, I ACQUIRED  
A SACRED BLADE, TO BE USED AS AN  
ULTIMATE WEAPON OF LAST RESORT!



I HAD BECOME A NOBLE *AUTOBOT*! I PLEDGED MYSELF  
TO NEVER AGAIN USE THE *HATEFUL GUN* - ONLY *SWORDS*!

UH, WE CAN STILL USE  
GUNS THOUGH, RIGHT?

~END :3





# Jazz Jives!

Jazz is taking a break from answering your mail this issue as he decided to see what all the fuss was about with Beast Wars. So he ran off with our DVD box set and is currently sat in front of the TV watching all of them.

Hopefully we'll pry him away from the screen to be able to get him back to the magazine for the next issue so send your letters in for Jazz Jives! by email to us at: [contact@autoassembly.org.uk](mailto:contact@autoassembly.org.uk)

You can use the same email address to contact us to send in artwork, fiction or original comic strips you'd like us to consider for publication.

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*"Birth Of A Star"*

Story: Paul Goodenough, Tim Brown

Art: Ed Pirrie

*"The Story Of Drift"*

Story, Art, Letters: Matt Marshall

### Fiction

*"Mentor"* - Andrea Tang

*"For Survival"* - David Underwood

*"The Lost Warriors"* - Stephen Walker-Emflorgo

*"Full Throttle"* - Matthew Shatford

"And Justice For All" by Chris Phillips was written and illustrated in 2015.

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