

FUCK

IT

GOOD

ENOUGH

A FAREWELL ZINE

CREDITS

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- 4 - 5 Starscream Generation 1 MOC By Joshua Walker
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- 7 Rumblefrenzy
- 8 - 11 I Knew Who You Were by Jibble
- 12 TomoRobo
- 13 @DemiDabbling
- 14 SiamesePolyporeGoat
- 15 - 21 ozbites and autolysed
- 22 Batstorm
- 23 HUEBRIS
- 24 blue-skytan
- 25 Sketchi
- 26 - 30 A Prime's Confession By NyonSuperstar
- 31 - 32 @pistachiobee

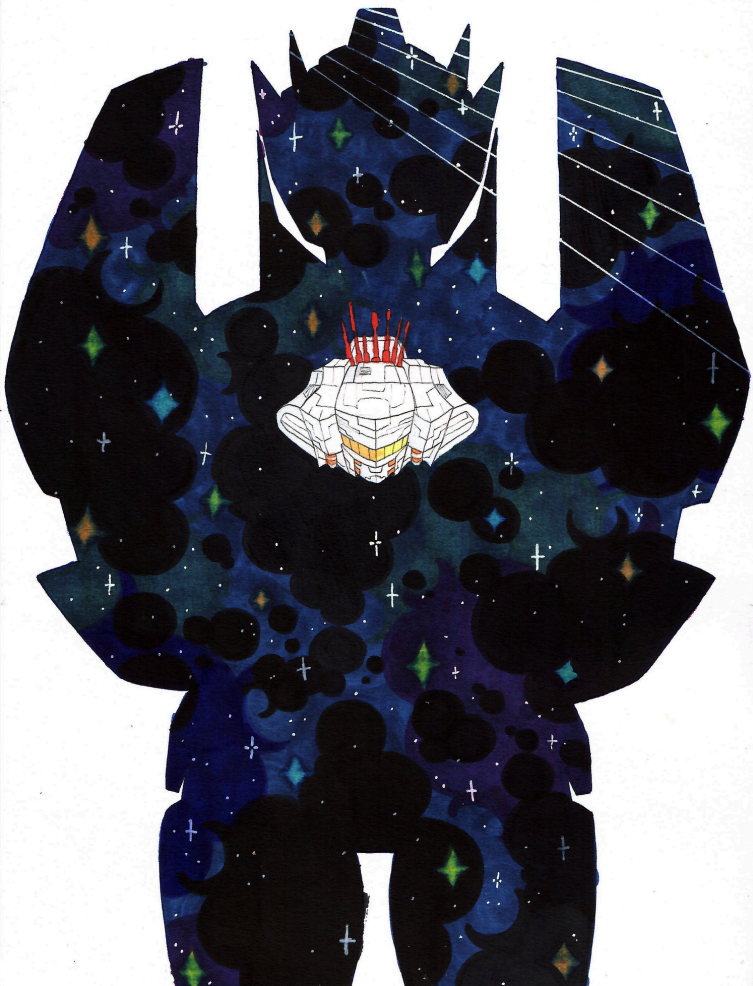
CREDITS

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50	Piper
51	Anonymous
Cover	Robot-Horde

TRANSFORMERS

WONE - BAT

LOST LIGHT



TIME





Starscream Generation 1 MOC by Joshua Walker

I used to know a guy named Carl.

Carl was the most boring person I have ever met. This isn't an insult. It's a description. He spoke like he was reading from an instruction manual for toast. The only interesting thing he ever talked about was Transformers, and even then he talked about them the way someone describes taxes.

I ran around with Mitch and Evan, neither of whom had much going on romantically, but next to Carl we looked like rock stars. Carl and Evan were kind of friends. Nobody else could stand Carl long enough to qualify.

One afternoon we were hanging out at a convenience store. Snacks. Magazines. Comics. Nothing special. Then Venus walked in.

If you've seen Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back, it was that moment at Mooby's when Jay meets Justice. My brain slowed down. Reality went soft around the edges. There might as well have been Bon Jovi humming the air.

Venus walked straight up to Evan and started talking to him.

This was not correct.

My mind began filing complaints with the universe. Evan had no game. Evan once got turned down by a girl who was already dating him. Yet here was Venus, radiant and conversational, standing inches from him like this was normal.

She mentioned she lived next door to him at the old hotel nearby. The one with the broken elevator and the smell that never leaves. She invited all of us over to hang out.

Evan tried to say something. Something important. I told him to shut up. Mitch told him to shut up. We agreed to go without consulting anyone involved, including common sense.

At some point Carl put on a G.I. Joe box set. The theme song played. Nobody acknowledged it.

Venus said, casually, that she had never been with four guys before.

Mitch stood up immediately.

“Okay,” he said. “Bye.”

He left.

Venus smiled and corrected herself. Three guys.

Evan looked at the TV, then at Carl, then at the door.

“Nope,” he said, and left.

That left me and Carl.

Carl looked at me. He smirked. He winked. He made finger guns.

That was it.

I bolted for the door like a man escaping a building that might also be cursed.

Outside, Mitch and Evan were waiting by the staircase. I came out maybe thirty seconds later.

The first thing Evan said was, “Did you wear a condom?”

“Shut up,” I said.

I never went back to that hotel.

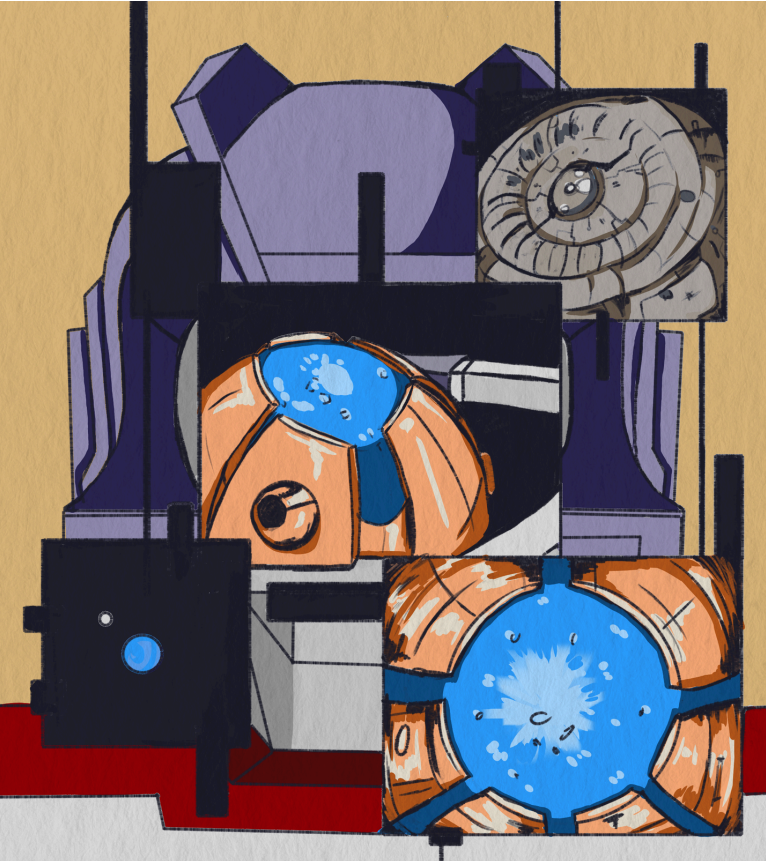
Six months later Evan told me Venus left Carl for Carl’s dad.

I did not ask follow-up questions.

@REYDELCASTILLO-LEMONERZEST.NEOCITIES.ORG







I Knew Who You Were by Jibble

The glyphs of her name had changed. Ariel looked at the foreign designation that was now hers in confusion. Her HUD showed a spread of unfamiliar readouts. Damaged to her chassis, she remembered that. Reports of actuators and gyros out of alignment, notes about a fall. She remembered pieces of that. They'd been attacked, her and Orion Pax by Megatron. His fusion cannon had melted Orion Pax's spark right in front of her, then that blood-thirsty mongrel had turned his weapon at her. Ariel had been struck stupid, still reeling from seeing Orion drop, and then everything faded to black as the blast launched them backwards, falling into that open ravine. How had she survived?

She lifted her servo weakly to stare at it, starting at the sight of unfamiliar digits. Ariel's digits had never been elegant. They were short, robust and grey. They were blunt, rounded and scratched from hard work at the docks. She turned over her servo, marvelling at the unscarred back.

'I'm pink,' she thought to herself. Ariel had only seen herself covered in grime; she'd forgotten she'd been pink.

Behind her, a set of heavy pede steps approached her berth. They stopped just at the end of her field, extending theirs in a shy, nervous wave. The touch forced a gasp from Ariel's frame. She began to shake, unknown emotions flooding her cortex. She was elated and terrified what she felt was an illusion, a sick joke. She slowly sat up from the berth, her back burning from the weight of that gaze.

"Ariel," His voice had lost its girlish edge. No longer forced down to be deep, it sat there naturally. It was the voice Orion Pax always tried to imitate. The one he said made the mechs look at him less like a femme.

Elita turned to see and choked on her words, "Orion."

Orion Pax nodded his helm. His shoulders were broader now; the shape of his chin had changed.

The sides of his face had slimmed, making his nose more pointed and hawkish. The curves of his helm straightened out to sharp commanding lines. His servos were bigger now, enough to engulf Ariel's. The thin waist was still there, but now it only emphasized the new bulk of Orion's frame, not an indicator for delicate curves. And his eyes, his eyes had never looked so blue. Orion Pax looked like he always wanted to.

"You're alive," Ariel breathed.

"So are you."

Untouched metal touched hers. The scars they had gained together, polished away until their plating was new.

"You're different." Ariel said, marvelling at Orion, "It's good."

"So are you," Orion said again.

Ariel froze, her joy turning to ash. She looked at her servos again, now foolishly reaching out to grab Orion Pax and hold him softly. Her lips trembled as she looked up her arms, down her legs.

The planes of her body were unfamiliar now. There was nothing left of her old self besides the colour of her paint, "You're right."

"It doesn't change who you are." Orion Pax said, and it made her chest feel tight.

He didn't know that. Nothing was the same about her, not even her name. Someone had set it fit to change her, rearrange her frame with no say from her. At least, Orion Pax had gotten what he'd wanted, but this? Ariel hadn't asked for any of it.

She blinked back the angry tears that threatened to spill from her optics. Forcing a smile, she tasted the bitterness coating her words, "No, I guess it doesn't."

But she would have liked to have made that choice, as Ariel.

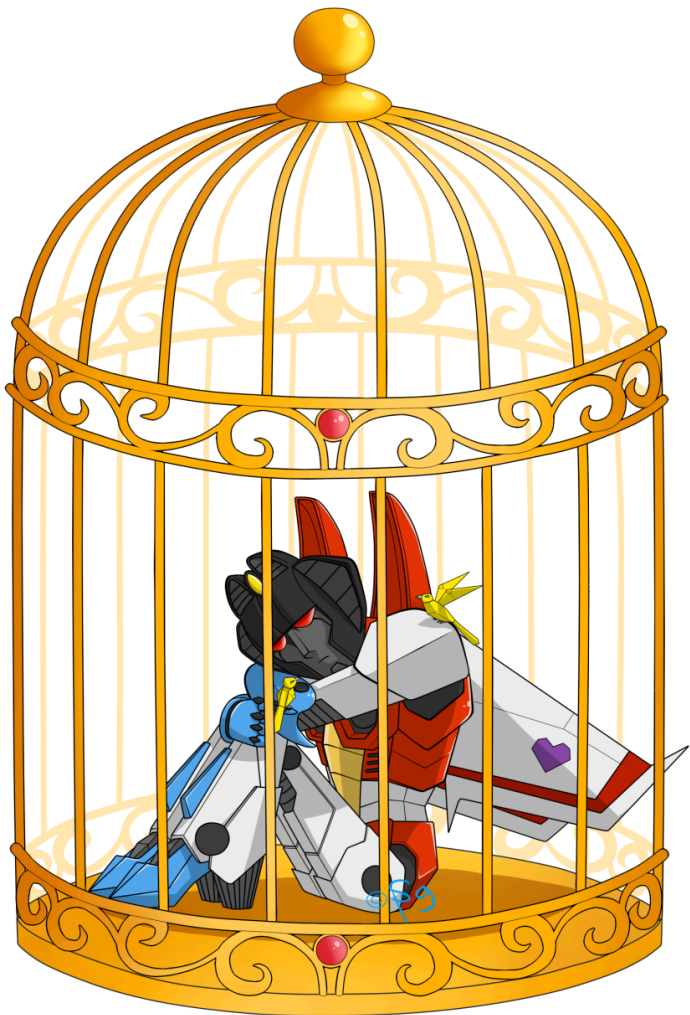
She was engulfed in arms that were too big to hold her properly. There were places their armor used to touch, where Ariel could rely on Orion Pax to feel her and understand her every thought. Now, her memories would have to fill those gaps.

“Don’t cry, Elita, this is a good thing. This is what Primus always wanted for us. He gave you the strength to protect me now.”

Inside, her spark died. It went cold and hard for the first time in her life, twisting in senseless betrayal, “Of course, I’m so happy, for you. For us.”

But, why did she have to be changed?





who wants to make a robot (to lose another robot?) you said!

if you've been looking for a sign (or an excuse) this is it! be indulgent make an ex: to smooch your favorite character or to hunt down your favorite character and kill them in cold blood (entropy?) we don't judge!

number one rule have fun with it!

number two rule get Freshly with it!

number three rule we love you, yipee!!!

oh, windblade, what's not to love? put your ex: a partner! here - or don't! we have both options available for you!

doesn't this stuff all look so cool and efficient? everyone say thank you autolyzed!

PARTS LIST

UPDATES MUST BE MADE IN DATABASE

ITEM	QTY	DESCRIPTION
01	1	HELM, BB, ES
02	1	ARM, SW, TFA
03	1	ARM, SW, G1
04	1	CHASSIS, KO, TFP
05	1	LEG, SS, TFP
06	1	LEG, AA, TFO
99	1	ASS, DUMB
99	1	SPIKE, SMALL

ITEM(s) "99" = NOT SHOWN

1. HELM
EARTH-SPARK
BUMBLEBEE

2. RIGHT ARM
TFA SOUNDWAVE

3. LEFT ARM
G1 SOUNDWAVE

5. RIGHT LEG
TFP STARScream

6. LEFT LEG
TFO AIRACHNID

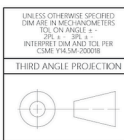
autolyzed made this beautiful bot by Frankenstein-ing it together from other robots. feel free to draw it normal style if you want or, heck do it by collage like this or anything else you'd that go crazy with it!

beautiful robot, at the time this diagram was made, we didn't know anything about their personality - that comes later, but we know they were perfect.

parabeeset, come show us your robot and autolyzed on tumblr/psky @arties on tumblr/baby

say hello to our precious baby!

PROTO-DRAFT



UNLESS OTHERWISE SPECIFIED DIM ARE IN MECHANIC METERS TOL ON ANGLE ± . TOL ± . INTERPRET DIM AND TOL PER CMM: Y34.5M-2000B		CONFIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF Iacon Central Database	
THIRD ANGLE PROJECTION		NAME Ship of Theseus	
REV A	ID NO. G069-420-58008		

time to give your character some character!

this form will help you flesh out their place in the world. take Ship of Theseus as an example! sorry i said flesh, your character shouldn't have flesh, unless? sorry, unless?

oops, did i cover up the cool logo and title? guess you'll just have to go look at the blank form to see what all this says.

slip a pic of your bad boy down here on the perfectly normal size chart! look at our beautiful ship of theseus ain't she cute?

on Central D

time to write their name! try doing it as an "in-character" signature - i'm the one who wrote this for Ship of Theseus, and it was fun to decide that she can't spell her own name. i gave it a shot, and came up with this right away, got it in one, folks!

DESIGNATION:

SHIP OF THESEUS

PRONOUNS: She/her (like a ship)

SIZE CLASS: Medium

PRIMARY FUNCTION: Experimental subject

FACTION:



REPORT: Ship of Theseus is only nominally allied with the Autobots. Her loyalty remains with Windblade above all else, and Windblade is loyal to the Autobots: and as such, she has chosen to stand beside Optimus Prime—for now.

It is unknown what caused this attachment, even by Windblade herself, but Ship of Theseus takes it quite seriously, and will obey any orders given to her by Windblade.

Despite her professed loyalties, it is difficult to send her on missions, because she has a tendency to get distracted by what she deems "unusual" things. This has included: a broken stop sign, an Earth creature known as a "snail," and a tractor. When she spots something unusual, she will do everything in her power to bring it back to Windblade and show her. This has caused disruption, and disqualifies her from any sort of covert operations.

Despite this, Ship of Theseus shows a unique and rare wonder at the world around her. Her loyalty stands above all else. I am proud to have her serve among the Autobots. -Optimus Prime

put a character quote here! something to flesh out your bot's 'voice'. sorry for saying flesh again

QUOTED AS SAYING: "Undercover? I barely even know 'er! Haha! Sorry, but what were you saying? I wasn't really paying attention. Oh, hey, Windblade, did you see this cool rock I found?" (Note: It was radioactive [see Incident Report #30549].)

these stats are based on the transformers' strength/12 points to spend, at least 1 point in each category, go nuts!

STRENGTH	SPEED	SMARTS	SOCIAL
7	2	2	1

NOTE FROM AGENT Windblade: Ship of Theseus has a strong spark and a hidden kindness that many would not recognize. Though I do not know why she has latched onto me so strongly, I am proud to stand beside her and grateful to call her my fellow Autobot.

here's the spot to talk about cool weapons/equipment/powers your bot had have fun with it! or elias!

put a quote from your character's partner! what do they think about your beloved friend?

ALT MODE NOTES: Ship of Theseus' alt mode has never been recorded. One might assume it is some sort of ship, but she has never admitted as such. This picture is the closest our agents could find.



SPECIAL CONSIDERATIONS: No one knows what Ship of Theseus can transform into, including herself. She assumes it must be something awesome. As her creators, we can promise you that the above picture is accurate. It was blurred for censorship reasons.

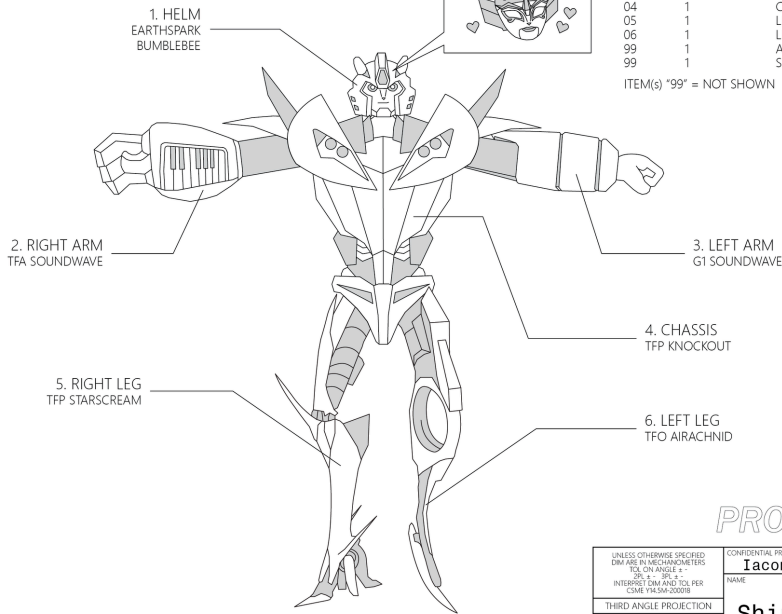
If we were to give her some sort of cool power or other such ability, it would be an unlimited subspace that she could use exclusively for hiding things to show Windblade later. It would be useful in the hands of any other character, but not Ship of Theseus.

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*PROTO-DRAFT*

UNLESS OTHERWISE SPECIFIED
DIM ARE IN MILLIMETERS
TOL ON ANGLE 1°
TOL ±.1 - .508
INTERPRET DIM AND TOL PER
CSME Y14.5M-2000B

THIRD ANGLE PROJECTION



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NAME

Ship of Theseus

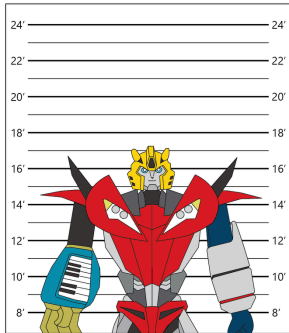
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8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

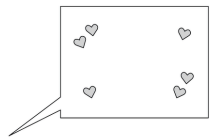
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PARTS LIST

UPDATES MUST BE MADE IN DATABASE

ITEM	QTY	DESCRIPTION
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C

C

B

B

PROTO-DRAFT

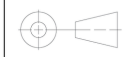
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UNLESS OTHERWISE SPECIFIED
 DIM ARE IN MECHANIC METERS
 TOL ON ANGLE ±
 30° L ± 30° L
 INTERPRET DIM AND TOL PER
 CSME Y14.5M-2000B

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THIRD ANGLE PROJECTION



NAME	
REV	ID NO.
A	

8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

PARTS LIST

UPDATES MUST BE MADE IN DATABASE

ITEM	QTY	DESCRIPTION
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D

D

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C

B

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8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

PROTO-DRAFT

UNLESS OTHERWISE SPECIFIED
DIM ARE IN MECHANIC METERS
TOL ON ANGLE ±
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INTERPRET DIM AND TOL PER
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THIRD ANGLE PROJECTION



NAME

REV	ID NO.
A	



Iacon Central Database

24'	_____	24'

22'	_____	22'

20'	_____	20'

18'	_____	18'

16'	_____	16'

14'	_____	14'

12'	_____	12'

10'	_____	10'

8'	_____	8'

REGISTERED ALT MODE:

ALT MODE NOTES: _____

SPECIAL CONSIDERATIONS: _____

DESIGNATION: _____

PRONOUNS: _____
SIZE CLASS: _____
PRIMARY FUNCTION: _____

FACTION:

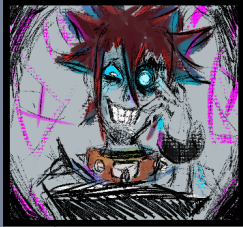
REPORT: _____

QUOTED AS SAYING: _____

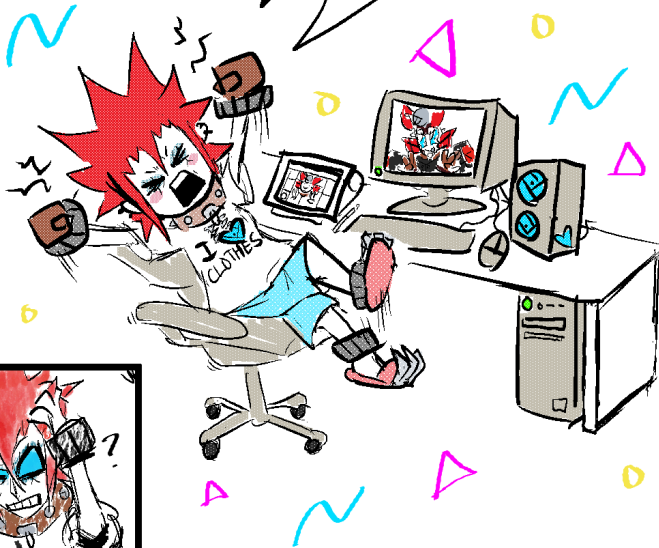
STRENGTH	SPEED	SMARTS	SOCIAL

NOTE FROM AGENT _____:





FUCK IT
FUCK IT
GOOD ENOUGH
GOOD ENOUGH



In the 21st century, we've seen the strive for "perfect" art; Faster and polished to an "industry standard". Algorithms pushing smaller voices into the dark; Equating likes to worth! Do not be deterred by this! Create! Experiment! Be free! Celebrate the sin of imperfection!



blue-skyfan
No reupload
or
AI Training



Watch the video using the link or QR code!

<https://tinyurl.com/yxtevm9t>





A Prime's Confession by NyonSuperstar

A sleeping titan sat, awaiting his confession. Their towering face was dark and inert. The slender lines and round optics that seemed to frame their face were familiar to Rodimus, but he couldn't quite place why. It was a memory, a truth that he could not pry open. Their chest armor sat open, and Rodimus wondered what they might be like, how it must feel to be a sort of cosmic messenger.

I am Rodimus Prime. I have no sage wisdom to offer to those who come after.

Each step echoed across the empty hangar, and he wished Ultra Magnus had come with him. For moral support, at least. Tradition whatever, it was cold, and all he was doing was writing a message to launch with their new moon. Maybe no one would read it. Maybe it would never be found.

"It is believed that these messages are passed to all future Primes as collective wisdom," Ultra Magnus had explained the precious night.

"Well, that's news to me," Rodimus tried not to make a face. But with the way Magnus frowned, he was definitely making a face.

When the Matrix called to me, it was so simple, and something inside me said this was right. It was the first thing in my entire functioning that felt right.

"The most wisdom another Prime ever imparted to me was..." his mind flashed to the way Optimus had brushed him off when he tried to ask about the matrix. How it felt, and what he should do. Sure, it wasn't the ideal moment to ask, but there was a bitterness to it that struck his spark like poison. The calm spark of the famous Optimus Prime was calm....because it was cold. "Y'know what, nevermind," Rodimus mumbled. "It's not important. It's just that there isn't any sacred knowledge or whatever."

I named myself after a Prime I revered, hoping to carry on his legacy. I didn't understand that his legacy was pain and war.

I believed I was called upon to light our darkest hour, but that was not true.

Something in Ultra Magnus' electromagnetic field softened, and he went to Rodimus' side. They stared out the window at seemingly unmoving stars.

Rodimus squeezed Magnus' hand, and for a prolonged few moments, neither of them said anything.

"Well... considering everything that has happened..." Ultra Magnus began, not pulling away. "Maybe this is your opportunity to leave some knowledge for the future. This titan will be our new moon, and your confession will be kept safe."

I am not worthy. I've lied, I've murdered. The city where I grew up is gone, because of me. Yes, I was exploited, but I was also wrong. I've done cruel, idiotic things in desperate bids to be liked.

Safe.

That word made something recoil inside Rodimus. Was anything or anyone really safe? Tomorrow they'd land on Cybertron to meet the titan, and he was already dreading it. He'd have to meet with everyone in some sort of official capacity, smile, shake hands, and grin while he watched them silently judge him behind icy optics.

He'd have to laugh and crack some jokes to ease the tension. Everyone would be watching, and he'd have to avoid optic contact with Optimus, with Starscream, with Ironhide, and every other bot he'd disappointed.

But the truth is, I've never met a good Prime. The Primes are meant to be heroes, role models, and shining beacons of hope. Instead, we are twisted, isolated sparks desperate to be heroes.

I look upon the bot I wish I could conjunx and everything hurts. I hate the suffering that brought us here. I hate the way things are going, and I hate myself.

I hate being helpless.

Smiling has made everything worse.

Isn't the Prime meant to lead with love? To light the darkest hour?

There was a parade. He wasn't sure why. Parades should be fun: something to celebrate, but instead it felt like an obnoxious motorcade. Weird, because Rodimus always thought he'd love a parade.

He'd dreamt of having a parade upon his return to cybertron, with glittering digiconfetti and bright lights, huge crowds chanting their names.

Instead, the celebration of the titan was a stiff affair, as escorts and bots drove across the spaceport to the construction hangar.

At least the parade meant he could avoid looking at Starscream or even Magnus. He could smile and wave and pretend he had the power to help. He could pretend that he wasn't a traumatized wreck in a crowd of other traumatized wrecks. He could be a figurehead atop a ship.

Why had they stopped decorating ships like that, anyway? Gorgeous figureheads and loud graffiti could still exist now!

Maybe Ultra Magnus deserved a parade for his unending loyalty and his legacy. Ratchet certainly did. The matrix liked Ratchet. Despite his harsh words and gruff attitude, Ratchet was selfless and saved lives. Ratchet, who had the courage to go after Drift when Rodimus was overwhelmed and trapped. Ratchet, who had found something to live for in comradeship and community.

Primes are ordinary mecha. Don't praise us. Don't revere us. We are just like every previous Prime, flawed, complex mecha.

We are selfish.

I'm told some things are sacrosanct.

Community, huh?

Swerve put a lot of energy into building a community on the ship. Mirage, too, even if the two didn't get along.

Or Drift.

Or Nautica. Or Ten.

Or Nightbeat.

Or Velocity.

Perhaps Cyclonus, or Tailgate, or any number of other bots who went to great lengths to save themselves and others. Even Whirl, who would argue the opposite and be ready and willing to throw claws about it.

There was something else, something he'd forgotten, and it pulled at his spark just as the matrix had.

He buried his face in his hands.

I am sorry that I'm not a poet. I'm not even a good strategist, or leader. I wanted to be all of those things. I wanted to be a hero.

Maybe it would have been better if I sacrificed myself and everyone forgot my name. Then, I would be some kind of mysterious, anonymous hero. That sounds cool and tragic and very Prime-ish! But I don't know. Maybe that's wrong too.

Ultra Magnus led him to the hangar, but waited outside. Rodimus wished he could steal a kiss. Ultra Magnus could have been a Prime; Ultra Magnus might have been a better Prime. He was intelligent, nearly unstoppable, and despite being famously a rod in the gears, he had a legacy. Somehow that wasn't enough for the Matrix.

Did it matter?

Instead, if you are reading this, understand my confession, and what I ask of you:

Did he deserve more than these mecha who stood taller than he? What about mecha like Nautica, who just wanted to find companionship and happiness? Wasn't that exactly what rebuilding after a lifetime of pain and war should be?

As he finished writing, he signed his name. The glyphs vanished. Rodimus sank to his knees, not in awe or respect, but exhaustion.

Mighty gears and hydraulics hissed to life, and the titans optics illuminated. The new moon would rise tonight. They spoke briefly, though there was little to say. They thanked each other for being there, and neither wanted to be alone right now.

End the primacy entirely.

Take care of each other, and help the bot next to you instead of relying on some messed up bot to help.

The matrix won't save you, but unity will.

That night, bathed in the light of the rising moon, he kissed Ultra Magnus, and began plotting a jailbreak.

He hated being helpless. The fake smile was poison, eating away his paint.

He wasn't dead yet, and there was still a chance to make it real.

I hope your future is better than my present.

But just in case it's not, this is Rung. You can call on him if you need help.

Til all are one, and all that good stuff. Rodimus Prime.



Act Blocked
AF!!!



HUMAN
PLEASE
LISTEN
JUST PICK
A SUBJECT
FOR THE
ZINE HUMAN
YOU...

POOF!



BE SURE TO
STRETCH...



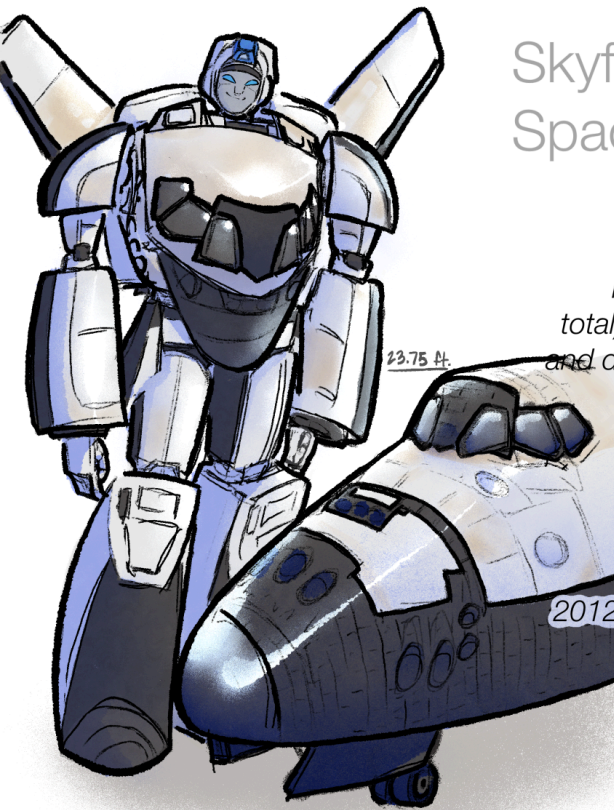
PLEASE..







@AKAPEN



Skyfire as OV-103 *Discovery* Space Shuttle *The oldest surviving space shuttle*

Discovery is often seen as the orbiter that best represents the space shuttle program: Most missions accomplished, most crew (unique and total) aboard, most time spent in space (365 days!), and deliverer of the Hubble Space Telescope, as well as being the shuttle to go back to service it; Discovery is host to numerous achievements throughout its 27 years of service.

Discovery
(Prior to Discovery's retirement in 2011 and subsequent move to the Smithsonian NASM in 2012, Enterprise was in its place and can be seen in the background of TF: Revenge of the Fallen!

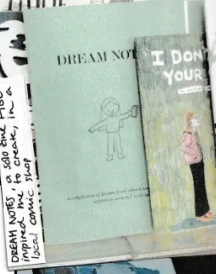
(Enterprise is a space shuttle prototype, hence its retirement all the way back in 1985. It performed atmospheric flight tests and doesn't possess a thruster or thermal tile system, making it unspaceworthy while also allowing Discovery to claim the "oldest surviving shuttle" title, despite Enterprise being the first shuttle, designated OV-101)

37



EL MUNDO

Phanbulon for Precious Moments →
My first contribution - for Do Your Fave Dirty

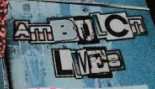


**WITHOUT FIGE,
NONE OF THIS WOULD EXIST.**

DREAM NOTES a solo since Fige inspired me to create, in a local comic shop

i wish that i could turn back time :/3
Six

5
OI Deray for the Hot Bot pinup calendar



The Ambulon Lives zine - cover of Team by comic store circle



THANK YOU.

Afterword for the Ambulon Lives Zine

Afterword

Zines have been present in my life for the best part of two decades, now I was vaguely aware of them as this nebulous thing I couldn't get my hands on as a tween, and I was about eighties when I realised I could make my own using just the paper in my school's printer. I was twenty-seven when I attended upon and joined my first Transformers zine circle - now sadly retiring - and found the confidence to create things with a focus on enjoyment and sharing my passion, rather than worrying if it was a bit rough around the edges.

I was twenty-eight - just this past summer - when I spent one of the best evenings of my life in the bar at TFNation, making impromptu paper zines with my best friend (and a whole crew of friends we'd made along the way), inspired by James Roberts' panel.

To quote my best friend and myself, that night:

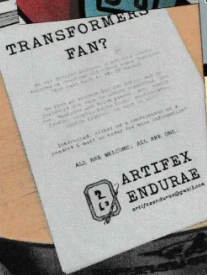
"MR. ROBERTS! LOOK, WE'RE MAKING ZINES!"
I'd like to thank not only James Roberts for his contribution (and for tolerating us that night - you're a gem), but my best friend Farrow for. Well, everything.

I'd also like to thank Sapp for her help in running the zine's Discord server (my brain may have melted otherwise), and Tag, who helped me get the ball rolling, and introduced me to making zines with a fuck it, good enough attitude.

I cannot thank each and every one of our contributors enough. As a fan of a pretty obscure character, there's nothing more exciting than finding a group of people who share that same, very specific passion - so much so that they're willing to create something for a project like this. And whether you did create something, or you ended up unable to and just hung around to provide moral support and talk about our favourite ex-Con medic: thank you.

Now, go on. Those ideas in your head? Write them down. Scribble like your life depends on it. Fold up some paper, stick 'em in there.

The rest, as they say, is history.

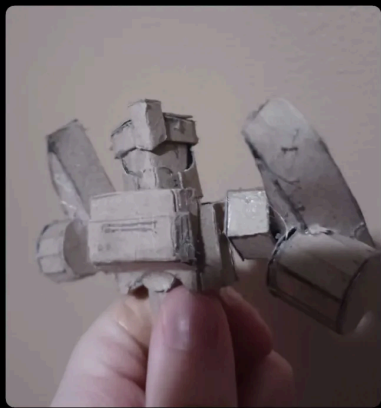


Chips the Diagnostic Drone must have found something. It's bringing it to you!
It's... a T-Cop?
What's that doing there?

t For Digital Petr ☺

← Ad for Artifex Enduræ, a new zine circle, in Forbidden Planet





A Sonnet to Home by lordofgravity

*“Science! true daughter of Old Time thou art!
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.”*

The base was still. Quiet. Dull gunmetal grey walls absorbed the deathly absence of noise, and it became almost oppressive. And yet, and yet. One single noise still purred away, as constant now as it had been for the past three days. It was a simple thing, a whirr of computerized components, an intake of breath, and then a resounding beep of failure.

And then a rather creative expletive.

*“Why preyest thou thus upon the poet’s heart,
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?”*

Ratchet was still. Hunched over the console, glaring at the glowing green hologram before him as if trying to will the very bounds of chemistry to form a satisfactory answer. As if in fervent prayer to a God long dead, who he had long since renounced.

As always, his prayer remained unanswered.

*“How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise,
Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering”*

It had been so long since their last energon deposit. Since the team had had fresh fuel. Optimus, stoic and resolute as ever, had assured the little ragtag team that more was coming. More had to be there. And yet... and yet. There was nothing. That hadn't stopped the autobots from trying though, all available units scattered to the far reaches of the globe, hunting, searching, seeking, praying for Primus to spare them just this once, to tide them over with succor just this once more. Just until they could.... Until they could what?

Return to a home long dead?

*“To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,
Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?”*

Cybertron had been torn asunder. Rent into a smoldering, sparking, salted ruin. Ratchet knew it. Knew it in his struts. Home was gone. Its glimmering towers, the safety of learning, of hallowed academia, of medical school lectures, of the freedom to learn, of the assurance of there always being someone just a call away - all gone. All at the hands of a mech that Optimus would still rather fend off and spare rather than trounce outright.

And had that ship not long since sailed?

*“Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car,
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood”*

Ratchet was not a fool. Far from it. He knew what longing, fluttering, aching feelings Optimus still bore in his spark. He knew the Matrix had not quelled that portion of Orion Pax's being. He knew Optimus still, in his deepest, holiest core still loved Megatronus. He knew that. He had seen the little blushing glanced, the openmouthed sighs, the little tilts of a faceplate up further, as if to bare the vulnerable throat cables to a predator. As if to show whole, abject submission. As if to proclaim with no words 'I am yours. Reach out and take me.' As if -

As if Optimus could pour love into the void of Megatron's black spark and expect to be loved back.

*“To seek a shelter in some happier star?
Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,”*

Megatron. Even thinking his name had Ratchet seething even as the computer ran its countless chemical computations. Megatron had torn their home from them. Had taken Ratchet's practice, had taken the colleagues he had cherished, the hopes to one day work at the shining illustrious hospitals of the city. The hopes to grow and flourish and thrive and live with certainty. Safety. Companionship. To be safe from the fear and unmoored, oppressive burden that pressed its weight harsher upon Ratchet with each passing earth year.

To not have to trim rations, to not have to give unto others, to not be the only one left, the only one who would carry on mourning the profound, terrible loss they had all endured-

He was the only one, the only one that still felt the sting, acute and miserable, that still kept home alive in his spark. The others had quelled the ache. Settled on earth. The others had-

*“The Elfin from the green grass, and from me
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?”*

The computer pinged. Communications. Arcee had been lucky and was returning to the base. Not home. This wasn't home. Ratchet corrected himself. Home was lost to the stars, lost to the annals of history. Lost to the whims of a madman and the mercy of a lovelorn archivist. Lost to the crossfire of misery and revolution and hunger. The same hunger that tore at his systems. The same hunger that led him here. To this equation. To the promise of plenty, if only Ratchet was good enough to reach out and pluck it. Just as Megatron had plucked love from the sweet lips of a witty clerk and irreversible change from the ruin of their home, just as Optimus had plucked a narrow existence for them amidst this war of attrition, just as Bulkhead and Bumblebee and Arcee had plucked family and tentative hope from the people of this planet.

They had succeeded. They were good enough. They were skilled enough, they had managed to succeed in the little roles they had carved for themselves. And Ratchet-

Ratchet was here. Far from his home, his training, his life, eking out prayer after prayer at the altar-console before him. Praying not to a deaf Primus but to himself to please please this time be enough, be enough to save them, be enough to turn the tide and push back the call of the Well one more day-

The console pinged.

Ratchet sagged.

Primus had never answered. But science... Science had. And that made her a far more worthy mistress in his optics. And with her blessing, hope now blazed on the screen, brilliant, simple and viridescent.

And as his team returned, excitedly whispering about keys and locks, Ratchet clutched his hope closer to his chest, and for once, allowed it to burn bright. Perhaps... perhaps home could be found here in the interim. Perhaps all was not lost and could yet be saved.

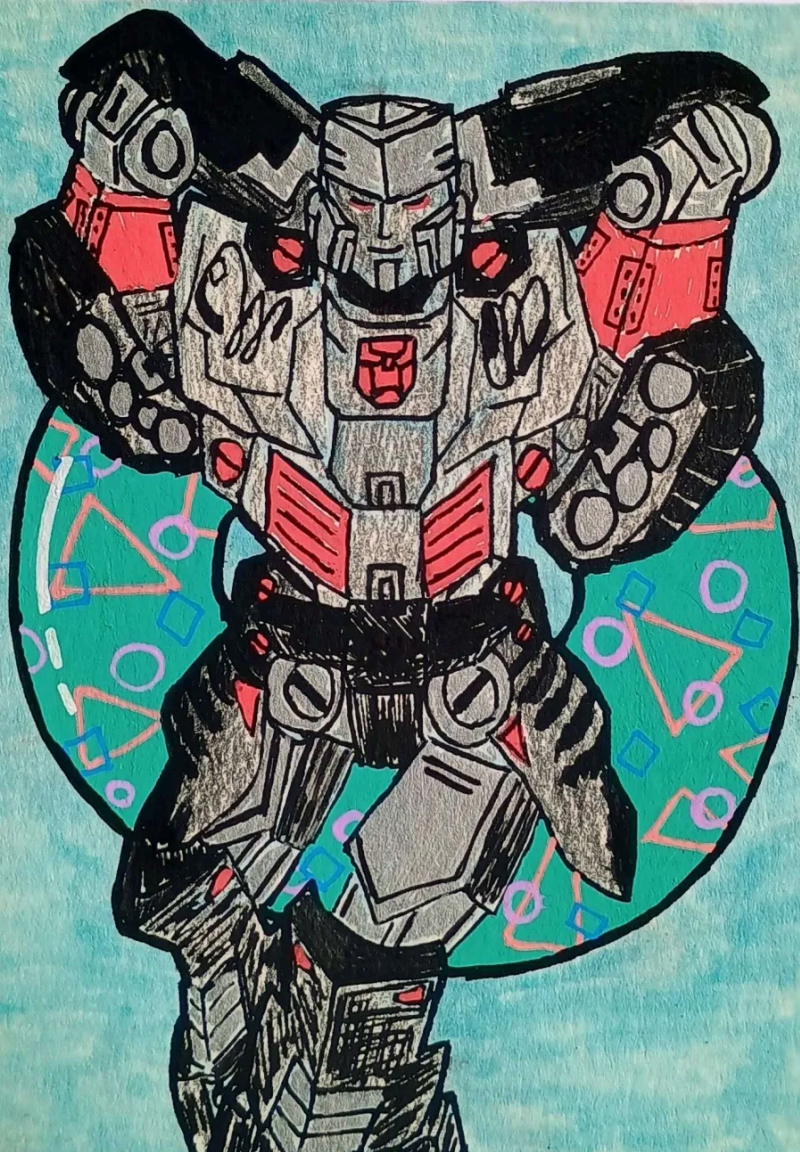
And if any were worthy to save it, if any were able to make it so...He knew they could. And until then, he dared Primus to speak. He dared Primus to speak when Science had brought them this far and would usher them the remainder of the way home.

-fin

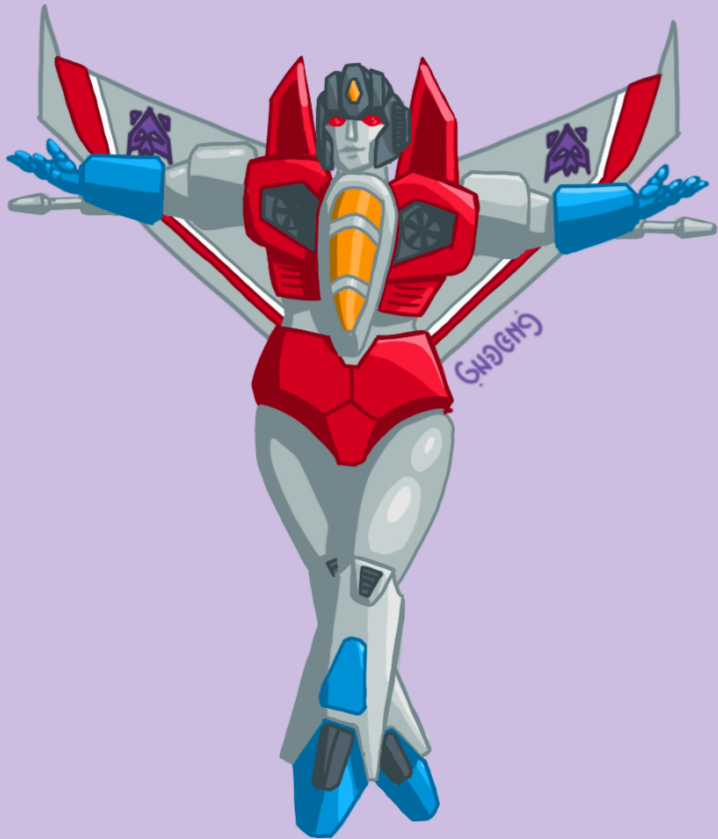
Poem: Sonnet-To science, Edgar Alan Poe.

Inspo: Ratchet, transformers prime

(I really went out of my comfort zone and did some poetry work here which i haven't done much of before QAQ thank you Tag for supporting us <3









This is bigger than you, Agent 113. Remember that.

Fuck it, good enough february 21 2026

Leche
milch





I was never good at drawing Transformers



But fuck it, it's good enough