

Liars, A to D Part 1: How to Say Goodbye and Mean It

Jetstream sat on the overhanging over the entrance to the Lost Light, right above Red Alert. The schizophrenic security officer, who had not yet discovered the triple changer above him, had been seeing other Cybertronians onboard the Lost Light. Since Rodimus gave his speech of leaving Cybertron to find the Knights of Cybertron, several hundred had shown up, several being rejected from boarding.

As he watched Red Alert and those waiting to be let on or not, Jetstream felt his wing tips vibrate before he saw a brief flash of light. Several of those below seemed to have the same reaction, looking around, asking others if they saw or felt it. Some even looked up into the sky, as if expecting a storm. Red Alert reacted completely differently, shouting about a bomb and looking around fearfully.

Jetstream would've laughed, but instinct told him to find out what had happened. He transformed to his jet mode and quickly flew to the top of the ship. When he reached the top, he transformed back to his robot mode and landed. It didn't take him long to locate the source of the panic. In the distance, towards the Mitteen Plateau, a large plume of smoke rose into the sky.

He took a running start and leapt off the side of the Lost Light, letting himself fall for several nanokliks, before, again, transforming to his jet mode and shooting off.

When he reached the ruins, dust and smoke hanging in the air like a thick fog, he set up a quick scan of the area for any possible life signs. Detecting none, he tried his Energon scanner. It quickly signaled that there was Energon, everywhere. Jetstream looked around and saw nothing but rubble and the smoke. The smoke! He aimed his scanners skyward and indeed it was the source. Energon had exploded and evaporated, dispersing everywhere. Reading his internal scanners identified the evaporated Energon to be that which flowed through Cybertronian veins mixed with innermost Energon.

'Someone had died here!' He thought. Using the thrusters on his peds, he leapt towards where most of the large chunks of rubble lay and where the smoke was the thickest, thankful to have a mouthguard. Suddenly, something caught his optic.

Taking one last jump, he landed in front of a dull purple piece of metal. He picked it up, looking it over. Images began to flash in his processor of the same colored jets, whose robot forms were easily recognizable by their facial insignias that resembled what the humans called

moustaches and beards.

"Sweeps," he muttered under his breath. Scanning the chunk of armor, he searched the area for more. It was everywhere. Storing the metal in his subspace, he transformed and took off. 'Drift and the others will want to know about this.'

As he flew back to the Lost Light, he thought that he caught a glimmer of metal in the distance, but it quickly vanished. He transformed and landed next to Red Alert, who visibly jumped and growled in annoyance. Jetstream ignored this and flashed a data pad, signifying his clearance to board. Red Alert barely read it, before waving a servo and turning to a small orange and white bot.

Jetstream barely took a few steps, before a roar of jet engines filled his audio receptors. He turned around in time to see a purple blur slam into the orange bots arm, taking it off just above the elbow joint. As Jetstream rushed back out, a second blur, this one blue, raced after the first.

He dashed to the edge of the loading platform where the bot had fallen. Looking down, he saw the small mech shakily trying to push himself into a sitting position with his one arm. Jetstream heard him mummer an, "Oh dear," when he noticed both his severed arm and the stump of what was left of it.

Jetstream knelt down, balancing on the front tips of his peds and called down, "You okay? Can you stand?"

The small mech looked up, weakly smiling. "Oh, I'm fine, you don't have to worry about me."

He awkwardly got to his peds and began to collect the objects scattered around him. Jetstream sighed and braced a servo on the edge of the platform. He swung his body around and allowed himself to fall and land next to the injured mech.

He ignored the smaller mechs look of protest and began to help collect what looked like small ship models. When he picked one up and looked it over, he turned to the bot. "Is this the original Ark?"

The small bot jumped slightly and turned to see what Jetstream was holding. "Hm? O-oh no. That's Ark-3. They do bear some resemblance don't they?" Jetstream let out a 'heh', and made his way to a crate that still had a few of the models in it. He made sure to carefully put each model into it individually.

When all of the models were collected and placed back into the crate, Jetstream looked from the mech, to the crate, to the loading platform and then back to the mech. Catching on, the smaller mech began to wave his hand at Jetstream. "Oh don't worry. I'm going up there anyways." Jetstream sighed. He grabbed the severed arm from the ground and shoved it in its owner's hand. He then grabbed the bot's good arm and slung it around his own neck. The small bot let out a sound of protest as Jetstream activated his thrusters, hovering onto the platform.

Once he was sure the bot was safe, Jetstream jumped back down and grabbed the crate. As he was retrieving it, the bot was getting clearance from Red Alert.

"Alright, er, Ring, you're cleared."

The orange mech sighed as Jetstream returned. "Thank you. And it's Rung." Jetstream walked past the two of them into the Lost Light. Rung quickly caught up with the larger mech. "Excuse me, could I have my models back?"

"Yup. Where's your hab suite?"

"Actually, I was hoping to have them in my office."

"Office? What do you do?"

"I'm a psychiatrist."

"If you don't mind me saying, you do seem the type to be a therapist or medic."

"Oh, you're fine. I'm sure I give off that vibe anyways."

Jetstream tilted his helm. "Wonder if our offices are near one another?"

"If I myself might ask, what is your profession?"

"I'm an alt mode engineer. If anyone has a broken or damaged T-cog, needs repairs with engines, paint jobs, or a different alt mode, they can come to me."

"So you're like a medic, only instead of repairing the patients themselves, you repair what they turn into?"

"Right! I can also tell what someone turns into just by looking at their armor and kibble."

"Fascinating. That's quite a skill and I'm sure we will be needing someone like you onboard."

"Th-thanks. You too. Hm. I suppose I should also set up appointments. Unfortunately, since we're not sure who's all going to be onboard, I won't be able to." Jetstream was so

focused on their conversation, that he didn't realize that they had stopped in front of a room. "Oh! I didn't- When did we-?"

"A few nanokliks ago." He scanned a card on a panel near the door. The double doors slid apart, vanishing into the walls. Rung began to walk in. "Ah, this is nice and roomy, isn't it?"

Jetstream followed looking around. "Y-yeah...." He went over to a nearby counter and set the crate on it. Glancing over to one of the portholes, he saw that it was already getting dark and jumped slightly. "Ah! I must be going!" He stuck out a servo for Rung to shake, fortunately, it was the correct one. "It was nice meeting you, Rung."

"Thank you. And you as well." Jetstream quickly turned and left the room. As Rung went to close the doors, he stopped short. "....he remembered my name...."

Jetstream made his way to the elevator. As he approached it, it pinged and the doors slid open. He stepped in and pressed a button for the top floor. The doors slid closed again and began to rise.

It was several breems before the lift came to a stop and pinged as the doors opened once again. He stepped off and made his way to the large doors before him. He placed a servo on the scanner by the doors. As the scanner was working out the data, Jetstream stood at attention, with his legs slightly apart and hands behind his back.

When the doors slid open, the first thing he saw was the backs of three mechs. The first, the blue, red, and white mech, Ultra Magnus. Second was red, orange, and yellow, Rodimus. And finally was white, black, and red, Drift. When they turned around at his arrival, Jetstream quickly bowed. "I have news."

Rodimus only looked confused. "Erm, who is this?"

Ultra Magnus ignored this and stepped towards Jetstream. "What have you to report?"

"Seriously! Who is this?!" Drift leaned over and began to whisper in the captain's audio receptors, as Jetstream pulled the chunk of armor out of his subspace and presented it to the second in command.

"I found this near the Mitteous Plateau. There was a large explosion. Energon was evaporated everywhere and chunks of this type of armor scattered all over the place. I found no survivors and identified the metal belonging to Galvatron's troops."

"Sparkbrother?!"

"The Sweeps?" Magnus took the armor, looking it over.

Jetstream nodded. "Yes sir."

Ultra Magnus continued to stare at the metal, before nodding. "Very well. I will notify someone on Cybertron to look into it. Thank you."

Jetstream bowed once more. He and Drift made brief optic contact, before he turned and made his way back to the elevator. When he reached ground level, he quickly made his way to his hab suite. 'I suppose I'll get familiar with my office once I take an oil bath,' he thought, entering his quarters.

After his wash, he made his way to a door in his quarters that led to his work office. As he walked in, the lights came on and the buzzing of monitors coming online, filled the room. He walked over to one and saw a Cybertronian car alt mode and its stats displayed.

Turning away from it, he surveyed the rest of the room. The room itself formed a 'T' shape. The upper parts' walls were lined with the monitors, shelves, cabinets, and drawers. The lower part was lined on either side with recharge slabs of varying sizes, from minicon to someone as large as Ultra Magnus.

Up on the ceiling was what looked like a scanner. He went up to a panel near the slabs and activated it, then stood under it. A small optic-like scanner hovered in front of him. "PLEASE RAISE YOUR ARMS TO LEVEL THEM WITH YOUR SHOULDERS," a small robotic voice commanded. Jetstream did so, thinking that this would make him look like a lamp post.

The small optic rose and disappeared as larger scanners came into view. They circled around him, taking in every detail they could. The small optic dropped down again. "PLEASE REVEAL YOUR TRANSFORMATION COG." Jetstream moved apart of his chest piece to reveal his spark chamber and his T-cog. Instead of rising back up, the optic scanner began scanning his T-cog, ignoring the spark. When it finished, it looked at Jetstream, "PLEASE STATE YOUR NAME."

"Jetstream."

"THANK YOU, JETSTREAM. YOUR RESULTS ARE BEING PROCESSED. HAVE A NICE SOLAR CYCLE." It rose back up, disappearing as the scanners offlined.

"Nice manners," Jetstream commented as he made his way over to the monitors, one of which was beginning to display his stats. "Everything seems to be in order," he confirmed, smiling inwardly as he saw that it labeled him as a triple changer, but couldn't identify his aerial mode.

He suddenly jumped as a voice called out throughout the ship, "SHIP WILL LAUNCH IN THIRTY MINUTES. PLEASE BE IN THE HANGARS BEFORE LAUNCH."

Jetstream glanced at several crates filled with things he was going to use to decorate both his quarters and his office. He thought better of it and stored them in a cabinet for later.

He walked back into his quarters and made his way to the large porthole windows, sitting in one of them. It was completely dark out, save for the twinkling stars and spotlights aimed at the Lost Light. Jetstream could barely make out the bots far below, even the large ones.

He sighed and looked out over the land. "We'll be back," he whispered, as if to Cybertron itself, "I promise."

"TEN MINUTES TO LAUNCH." He sighed once again, sparks leaping from his wing tips to the rest of his body, magnetizing himself to the window. As he did this, the Lost Light began to rise off the ground.

"FIVE MINUTES TO LAUNCH." Higher, and higher the Lost Light rose, till the spotlights were mere pinpricks.

He listened as the ship began its countdown and the whirl of the quantum engines starting up.

"NINE. EIGHT. SEVEN. SIX. FIVE. FOUR. THREE. TW-" BOOOM!!!!

A defining explosive roar filled his audio receptors, nearly causing themselves to explode. The force of the explosion knocked him out of his magnetized spot, onto the floor. As he fell, he had the distinct feeling of being ripped in two, before blacking out.