



Seeker Shorts

By: Sunstar

Short Stories of Starscream from the "SeekerVerse" These stories are stand alone and may or may not fit in with the rest of the "universe"

Reflect on This

The Late Arrival

Endless Night - Poem

The One Truth

Half a Life

On The Prowl



Reflect on this

By: Sunstar

Short Excerpts from Starscream's personal journal. I have often felt that Starscream carries around with him, a datapad in which he stores all manner of information, including his private journal. I suspect he does this because if Megatron ever got hold of it, Starscream would be shot. This page may have other additions if I feel the urge to write again from this perspective.

Please note the dates in the journals are fictional dates and not the Date they were written

User Name: Starscream

Password: *****

Personal log for: STARSCREAM

Earthdate: 06.11.1997

Subject: Reflect on this

My name is Starscream. Service Number SSS905-1. My rank is Lieutenant Commander of the Decepticon army, Aerospace Commander of the Decepticon flying units, specifically the Seeker division.

I have served under the brutal rule of Megatron since the day I left the Academy. Before that, I was a scientist and an explorer. I have had a few journals published that recount my efforts in the areas of exploration and science. My efforts to further science for my race was, at that time, well appreciated.

My skills in science have changed a little over the years, what I know I use to enhance our war efforts; creating weapons which will kill more efficiently. I explore the possibilities of new fuel and resources that also effect our war efforts. But of all the Decepticons, I, Starscream, am the most under appreciated.

My abilities are wasted most often, as it was during the raid we had earlier this day. We aim to get our objective and in the face of adversity, Megatron calls the retreat. I, being a Seeker, think in three dimensional terms. I have a tactical advantage of being a natural flier, gifted with very high velocity, which I can maintain for an extended period of time. I can see ways around things that someone like Megatron cannot. However, given my less than friendly relationship with our "fearless" leader, I am rarely taken seriously. Most often I am belittled, humiliated or blamed for the missions failure. As I was this time.

What can I say, Optimus Prime caught scent of our plans, either by a leak from our own headquarters, sloppy mission plans by Megatron himself, or the fact that humans watch our movement like hawks. But despite these problems I saw a hole in Optimus Prime's defensive plan. Megatron should have let me take Skywarp and Thundercracker so we could penetrate the weakness with our missiles. But, no, Megatron had "better" plans; Retreat.

It is always retreat. He does not have the courage to stand firm in the face of danger. I know when to call the retreat and I also know when to stand and fight and in this case, if I was calling the shots, I would have chosen to stand and fight.

I chose to disobey my orders to retreat and act on my own in order to take our objective. I had to do this alone. Thundercracker and Skywarp, being loyal toadies to Megatron, refused to give me their support. I flew in through the weak spot I had pointed out earlier and fired my payload of missiles. This worked wonders. The Autobots were suddenly in chaos as they ran to shelter and protect the humans that abounded. I understand that from time to time we are to ignore the pathetic insects which inhabit this world, but sometimes you need to take a weakness and make it your strength.

Alone, I flew in and collected the objective. A diamond of rare proportions which we had hoped to tip one of our new drilling devices. I radioed for backup; however, due to lack of support by my wingmates, who will remain unnamed for the rest of this log, I was unable to get away quickly enough. They managed to capture me in an energy net which slowed my progress out of the battle zone. I managed to escape captivity but not before the Autobots relieved me of the diamond.

This is the point where a retreat is an acceptable option. Firing my null rays I managed to get free of my captors and return to the other Decepticons. This is also the point where my efforts were, most notably, not appreciated. Megatron grabbed me by my wing and pulled me away from the other Decepticons. It was here he reamed me out for my so called "inability to carry out a simple mission".

I was just stunned. Utterly stunned. Megatron was the one who called the retreat. He was the one who ordered Skywarp and Thundercracker to ignore my orders. He was the one who did not lift a finger to send me backup when I requested it. If anyone was to blame for the loss of our objective, it was him.

Now, I sit in total isolation within the confines of the brig so I may "reflect upon my errors". I may have made errors in judgement in the past, but this time I was within my rights. As second in command, I am supposed to question orders or point out flaws or give alternate ideas. It seems to be that I am punished unjustly for doing my job.

Reflect on this, Megatron. Errors like this will cause others to turn against you, like I have. Watch your back because one day I will be coming for you.

- Starscream

The One Truth

User Name: Starscream
Password: *****
Personal log for: STARSCREAM
Earthdate: 08.17.1997
Subject: The one truth.

Being the second in command is not always as it seems. Well, on holo recordings that is.

The Autobot made holo datatracks, which are commonly displayed and often used by the Decepticons; a practice which is beyond me, displays us in such a bad light. A personal peeve of mine.

For example, it shows Megatron as a power hungry megalomaniac, he is not that bad...hmm, actually he is worse. Okay, next point as that was a very bad example. The Autobot holo-datatrack shows me as a simpering, whimpering, idiotic twit. Now if I was really *that* bad I would never have made it as far as I have. I would never have ever made it to be second in command. It is not an easy job but being a mechanoid, I am prone to mistakes from time to time. It also shows the Decepticons, as a whole, as a disorganised group of people who do nothing but infight. The Autobot holo-datatracks take a couple of our off, or colourful moments, and make it the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the slugging truth...

Damn that Dirge for making those "home movies" yes that was true. He got us with our masks off and he, unthinkingly messed with a really good plan that almost had the war won. Blast that Soundwave for not making sure the footage was correct. Fortunately, or unfortunately... depends on how you look at it and what you are planning to do with it. Autobots and other species, particularly the humans, are rather gullible and most will believe everything that they are shown.

Let me elaborate a bit more. Keeping in mind all people, Decepticons or Autobots have their off days; some seem to have it more often than others. It is natural for an individual to focus on the bad things and ignore the good that does occur. This is a particular problem with the media, and very often with propaganda media such as the Autobot holo-datatracks. They make us look like ineffectual twits. If we were really so disorderly, the Autobots would have triumphed long ago.

Such stories, although based in fact, are typically one sided biased and focused on the negative aspect of the enemy. History, as they say, is written by those who are victorious. History can be re-written and changed. Propaganda is formed and holes in the stories are created by the different re-tellings. Each historian tells the story from different bias, a different view and embellish them as they go. Such problems occurred in the Autobot holo-datatracks more often than it should have. The holes are obvious, but some are so blinded by the propaganda, they cannot see past it. Somehow, somewhere the truth gets lost.

What is the truth then? No one really knows. Only what may be the closest

approximation to the truth. The eye-witness.

History is better written by those who have viewed its happening. Eye-witness accounts of battles, day to day living, thoughts and feelings build a better view of things. Personal testimonials; although, admittedly some of these these may be embellished. However, a private diary is most likely to hold what could be considered closest approximation to the truth. All thoughts, feelings and expressions go into it. Again it is one sided. Yet, when the historian gets hold of a journal or a diary, lets use my personal log for example, he may skip past all the boring, uninteresting, day to day logs and focus on the one where I describe a scheme, complain about Megatron's ineptitude, or the day when Skywarp catches me in a trap. They want to make it sound exciting. Trust me, sitting in hours and hours of Decepticon history lectures can be mind bogglingly boring or incredibly entertaining. It is all a matter of perspective.

Despite this, Decepticons have their own holo-datatracks. And they are shown quite often...along side the Autobot holo-datatracks, Ah, I think I understand something now. We, Decepticons, are not afraid of the truth. We do not mind showing our people what the enemy think of us, how the enemy view us. From the two, admittedly skewed perspectives, we figure that the truth meets somewhere in the middle.

So as I said, being second in command of the Decepticons is not always as it seems. Like today. Today was good and really, it was not worth writing about.

I expect a historian to ignore this entry.

Oddly, I think that even the Decepticons historians have skewed biases on how they view me... I think I need to make an example of them... and yes, One day I will rule the Decepticons. My time will come!

Now the historian will stop and read...

- Starscream

Starscream flew across the sky, his weapons firing full as he aimed toward his Autobot foe. "DIE YOU WORTHLESS SCRAP!" he screamed as he unleashed a salvo of missiles.

The battle had gone on strong for two hours and the Decepticons were gaining ground, gaining victory. *Megatron will be pleased*, he thought as he surveyed the damage. He turned to circle back as he was hit directly in the middle of his fuselage with a laser blast.

Starscream shrieked as his diagnostic systems gave him dozens of warnings. *Critical damage sustained*. His systems demanded that he go into stasis in order to survive. *I can't...* he gasped as he barely issued a mayday as he was shunted off line and crashed into a stand of trees.

He woke up looking at the starry sky. He realised he had been out for several hours at least. He realised he had transformed during his crash and noted the damage on his person. *Not that bad*, he thought as he looked around. *My self repair systems must have dealt with the pain*.

He looked around himself again. *Hmm, did they abandon me?* He asked himself as he walked off to a clearing. *Typical of Megatron, leave me for dead. I'll show him*. Starscream launched himself into the sky and transformed.

He flew across the North American continent admiring the view of the night landscape below. It was not often he flew for so long over populated area without a warning from the humans to stay away. He took in the glistening lights as he soared toward the ocean and the Decepticon base.

"Starscream to base, I'm badly injured let me in," he called over his comms. He received only static. "Slag it all!" he cursed. "My comms must be damaged," but as he neared the spot in the ocean, the docking tower raised and the great metal jaw opened up. As he flew closer, Astrotrain and Blitzwing flew out and Starscream greeted them as he flew on in. Astrotrain and Blitzwing however, did not greet Starscream this was not unusual, but it irritated him nonetheless.

Starscream transformed and the tower lowered itself into the dark depths of the ocean. He waited until the tower finished its descent and he paced back and forth. The closeness of the tower had always caused him to feel uneasy. But he did not dwell on it, he pushed it out of his mind. *It could be worse*, he thought, *I could be under billions of tons of salt water, oh wait...I am*. He chuckled softly and shook his head as he stepped out.

The control room was bustling with life. Soundwave was sitting in Starscream's post, filling in. Starscream mused. *Doesn't take long to fill in an empty spot around here*. he mused. Everyone was busy and they did not look from their posts as he passed.

Starscream paused as Megatron strode into the room. He looked at Starscream for a moment and frowned and shook his head. Starscream flicked his wings and continued out of the control toward the repair bay.

"Rumble, report!" Megatron bellowed.

"*Not* good news..." Was all Starscream heard as he got out of earshot.

He walked quietly down the hall toward the repair bay. He peeked in door's window and hummed as he pushed it open. A pair of Seeker medics glanced up from their paper work and stared with bright optics. "We better get Hook in here right away," the medic said urgently as he rushed forward.

"Yes you better," Starscream replied.

The Seeker medic hurried toward Starscream. "Primus, this is worse than we thought!"

"I am sure. I took a full shot to the chest and I am sure most of my systems are malfunctioning and..." He stopped mid sentence as the Seeker medic ran straight past him. Severely irritated, Starscream whirled around and saw Astrotrain and Blitzwing carrying something between them.

He looked at the darkened object. He could make out a smashed up wing, an arm hanging at an odd angle and then he noticed the face. He felt his systems go completely cold...

"No-it can't be..."

The Medic looked over and nodded. "Mark it in the database, Starscream is Dead On Arrival."



Half a Life

By: Sunstar

Dying of a broken bond; Starscream recalls the death of his bondmate and the shattering of his spark.

Authors note: This is only a scenario that went through my mind after an IRC chat concerning my RP Game. What if something happened to Starscream's bondmate, Phoenix, how would Starscream react? In this piece I am examining emotions.

This is only associated with my RP-verse so has no connection to my other works. Phoenix and Pulsar are characters that are by Phoenix.

This was written quite a long time ago, but I have revisited it and revised it.

Half a Life

*How many nights I lie awake
Feeling your footprints in my soul
How many miles will it now take
To fill this cup and make it whole*
Johnny clegg and Jaluka - Journey's end.

The weight of the universe rested upon his shoulders; it felt almost unbearable now. Pressure that felt like many billions of metric tons weighted him down. Too much weight for one mech to bear alone; alone in an unforgiving world where there was no chance of turning back. No chance at repairing that which was sundered. The ties were broken, gone forever.

"Pulsar can manage on his own now," said Starscream to himself as he watched the young Seeker go off on his duties for the day. The red Seeker wearily crossed his quarters listening to the whoosh of the door as it closed behind the Prince, the Seeker's future ruler. He had only wished his son well for the day as he did every day. He gave him no hint to his intended plans.

He cocked his head straining to listen, to listen for a whisper or a sign. He listened for the sultry voice of his bondmate and sighed. The room was deadly silent today and would remain silent everyday until forever. Silent, cold, bereft of anything he had once held dear; it was much like the cold emptiness of the subspace void. It felt like a teleporter leap, only one which had no exit; he longed for such a leap.

Once more grief threatened to overwhelm Starscream and he inhaled deeply as he attempted to compose himself. But the spark breaking loneliness was intolerable.

He had taken to recluse in his quarters as often as he could, avoiding external contact with friends and other Decepticons. Though when he was out and about, Starscream's face showed no emotion. Only a hard coldness borne of a shattered spark. His walk no longer held the light spring of the once proud Emperor; instead it was solid and direct. His wings did not hold themselves full and wide; instead they sagged slightly. His optics shone with a dimmed light that craved the better days. Nor did his armour have the keen gloss of someone who had once spent many a good hour grooming.

He did his best to hide it and that only served to make him meaner, crueller. His pain was as much weakness as it was a strength. He had used it to his advantage, but no more.

He stifled a sob-like groan as he sank to his knees on the floor wishing for a way to change the past. But there were no reliable time machines. Starscream sat that way for several hours silently, pensively, looking up at the sword hanging on the wall. It had been a gift to him from the previous Decepticon leader a few decades earlier and it would be a gift to the next Decepticon leader.

It would be Pulsar who would lead the Decepticons in the never ending civil war. War; he hated it with a passion now. For him, the fight had long since finished.

He sighed heavily as he glanced at the collection of strange weapons. He had collected them over the years and displayed them on the wall. His optics finally laid to rest on the flame thrower that was propped lovingly against the wall. It was primed and polished to a keen glow, ready for instant use by its owner. But the owner was long dead. Starscream had kept it, maintained it, in perfect working order.

His lip curled for a moment in a rare fleeting smile as he thought about the chaos and carnage that the flame throwers had caused in the past. But the fond memory left as the ache of separation welled up inside the silent Seeker. Phoenix; his empress, queen, wife, bondmate, call her as one will, his beloved, had died five years earlier in a raid.

Oh such a simple raid, an easy raid that went so terribly, terribly wrong, so suddenly. He forever regretted issuing orders for the raid. Despite her urgings to discard the planned attack, he carried through ignoring the advice. He had ignored Phoenix, his trusted advisor, as Megatron had often ignored him, and sent her to her doom.

He remembered the moment. The day could not have been more perfect and he had been flying through the crisp blue sky and then he felt a tearing at his soul that burned like the hottest fire for the briefest second. A scream of anguish and pain slipped from his mouth as he fell from the sky to a spot near where she lay. At first he had thought he had been shot. After checking himself he found that he was not wounded, but his spark felt the very lethal gash that his bondmate had suffered. Two bodies, two minds, two wills and two conjoined sparks.

The mission; it was not supposed to happen that way. It was supposed to be a quick in, collect the energy, and out. However, their sneak attack turned into an ambush for them.

Phoenix felt there had been a leak.

Starscream had landed and transformed, and ran at full speed dodging mortars and shrapnel that rained down from the sky. The earth shook and shuddered as the ground was torn up around him. He searched the fresh craters until he found her. His mouth opened and he uttered a shrill sob-like cry then fell to his knees. Before him she lay, a tattered mess of scorched metal and sparking wires that oozed energon.

His queen moved her head and smiled at him, her fingers reached up to take his shaking hand. He knelt at her side and held her close to his canopy pleading with her to hang on, but her wounds were fatal; he knew there was no chance.

She spoke to him, but her words were weak whispers. But, despite the thunderous sounds of warfare, he could hear her clearly. Starscream begged her to conserve her energy, promising that he would get her home and repaired. He kissed her lips that were wet with the energon that seeped from her mouth and crushed her to him. He offlined his optics and wept in silence. He ignored the falling debris that hammered all around him as he clung to his dying Empress.

And then a coldness swept over his being; like the wind of an Arctic squall.

The burning fire he had felt moments before went cold as if liquid nitrogen had been spilled over his body. The icy cold numbness left an emptiness where there had always been a warmth. When he brought his vision back online, his lifemate had died and turned grey. Her spark had parted her body taking a portion of his own along with her.

He tipped his head back and screamed out her name in a spark shattering cry that was lost in the sound of a nearby explosion. He bowed his head until the front of his helm touched hers. He remained that way until his two commanders, Skywarp and Thundercracker called the retreat. They found him, covered in dirt, his wings tattered from shrapnel and debris, and escorted him to Astrotrain.

Starscream felt that part of him died that day and the rest wanted to follow. He knew there was no turning back once a bond was made. He knew the risks, but he never truly thought that day would happen so soon. He had figured that he would have a few million years before expecting to experience the horror. He had expected to be the one to die first; being a front line warrior and general.

He managed to hang on and teach his bereaved son the ropes of leadership. Internalising his grief, Starscream became stern and cold. He had his empire to maintain. However, he delegated much of his regular duties to his commanders. Over time he gave more responsibilities to Pulsar, until the young Seeker could do everything that was needed to be done on his own.

What was left were the gifts of command.

Starscream stood up when his mind was made. He opened the subspace locker in his recharge chamber and drew out his coronation cape and crown. He picked up the finely jewelled head-dress that he had made for Phoenix for that glorious day. It would go to

Pulsar's bondmate, his Queen, his Empress.

He had always held the hope that he would see the glorious reign that would be his son's, but the emptiness of being half alive ate at him more and more every day. He had half of a life now and he could not stand it any longer. The isolation had sapped at Starscream's strength and his will to live. He strode to the wall and took down the sword. He held it in his hand for a moment and drew the blade out of its scabbard.

His optics took in the fractal designs of the Damascus Tridium as it glimmered in the light. He had not held the sword since the day of his Queen's death. The Seeker turned the hilt and looked at it as it glinted in the light, he admired it and gave it a slight flick, listening to the sound of it slice the air. The weapon vibrated with a power, but the power no longer called to him. It was calling to another, calling to Pulsar. With a weak and weary sigh, Starscream sheathed the blade again.

It was a mistake, but it cost him everything he had once held dear.

He gathered the crown and cape in his hands and tucked the sword carefully under his arm. Wordlessly he climbed the stairs to his son's private chamber. No one would be home at this time at this time of day. He pushed the door open and the room was neat and pristine.

Starscream laid the articles out neatly and sat down on the end of the recharge platform and drew out his datapad. He looked at it for a long moment, pondering what he would write. What would his last words say? He thought about writing something long and in-depth, an autobiography perhaps, but settled for short and to the point.

User Name: Starscream
Password: Unlocked
Personal log for: STARSCREAM
Earthdate: 02.29.2052

You knew this day was coming, so bear with me. You are aware of my wishes, they are in the datapad. I am passing this, Command and datapad, to you now. I am also passing you the crown that I wore, the crown that Phoenix wore and the sword which was passed to me when I became ruler. Instructions for care of the sword are stored within this datapad. Please remember to "blood" the sword as soon as you can.

I wish you well and success in your reign. I am sorry I cannot see your glory days. But I know you will make me proud.

I am thinking of you, Pulsar, emperor of Cybertron and my son.

- Starscream

Starscream placed the datapad down on the recharge platform alongside the ceremonial wardrobe. Silently, without looking back, the grieving Seeker descended the stairs and walked into his recharge chamber. The room was silent and the only sound was the constant thrum of his fuel pump. He placed a hand over his canopy for a moment to feel the vibration of that tired mechanism.

He laid down and allowed himself a last look at his life as it passed in review across his mind. From his meeting with Phoenix, to his bonding to her, the creation of their son and then their daughter, he reviewed his coronation and remembered the happy times and the sad times and finally her death. Again, he allowed himself to relive the pain he felt that day in every detail. He could see it, feel it, taste it, smell it and as he felt her spark part from his; his spark parted from him.

For just a moment, while he was in transition, Starscream could see Phoenix standing before him, holding out her hand to him. He reached out smiling, and took her ebony hand in his and closed his fingers around hers. Starscream exhaled in a thankful sigh at finally being able to join her once again and died with a smile at his lips.

The Endless Night

By: Sunstar

Authors note: Poetry is not my forte. I rarely if ever stop to write something of this nature, however, this is more of a "song" that was written for RP and from Starscream's Point of view. Starscream was aboard the Nemesis, transporting it to Cybertron through a giant space bridge, similar to the one that was used to move Cybertron to Earth. Due to the risks involved, Starscream selected a group of fifteen crew members to help him move the ship. His wingmates were not amongst them. Unfortunately, a problem occurred and it took him over fourteen months to travel.

The Endless Night

The Endless Night.

The darkened stars of an endless night
That threatens to swallow us whole.

The prison ship in the endless void
And the terror that grips us all.

Into the night,
The endless night
We fly into the darkness.
Where we are,
We do not know.
All we want is home.

A day goes by, and then a week,
A month and then a year.

We wait in silence, we wait and watch
As our supplies start to dwindle.

Into the night,
The endless night
We fly into the darkness.
Where we are,
We do not know.
All we want is home.

And then a point, a twinkle of scintillating light
Our hopes start to rekindle

Cybertron is below, our targets set.
We set the Nemesis down.

Into the dawn,
The blue sun rises.
The darkness is over
And we are going home.

On the Prowl

By: Sunstar

The energy rectifier disk is the only thing that stands between Starscream having a good day and a very bad day. Unfortunately Prowl, of the Autobots, has it.

On the Prowl

The sky overhead was dark grey from thick storm clouds. Rain came down in torrents and lightning flashed brightly in dazzling pinks and whites. Within the torrential rain bravely flew a small group of jets. Seekers, Decepticon planes; led by Starscream. The wind, rain and thunder drowned out their engines so their flight went fairly unnoticed.

They were out on a mission, on a hunt. Only earlier in the day Starscream had been attempting to extract a valuable data disk and failed. His return home was less than pleasant but he managed to get a stay of punishment. Only if he could succeed in taking the energy rectifier data disk from the Autobots.

Instead his mission had brought Dirge, Ramjet and Thrust home badly damaged. Only his insistence, while under the unforgivable barrel of the fusion cannon, that they were responsible for the failure was enough to give him just one more opportunity to succeed. Or so he hoped. However, Megatron punched his lieutenant soundly across the jaw as a promise of worse things to come should he not return with the data disk. Starscream pushed the threat out of his mind as he flew into the thick of the storm.

The wind buffeted him as he compensated with trim tabs and rudder to maintain a level and direct flight. The storm was too strong to allow for aerobatic flying, not to mention the rain was far too heavy for regular visual methods. The rain hammered at his wings and body with an intensity.

He allowed the drum of rain to beat a cadence to his thoughts. The energy rectifier data disk was important to a new project that Megatron had concocted with the Constructicons. Starscream had been required to claim it for the Decepticons. It was something the humans had conceived and Megatron had thought it very useful to his plans.

"Useful, my sine function," Starscream thought sourly as he continued to make nearly unconscious adjustments to his flight. "Decepticons should not have to rely on the primitive technologies of inferior life forms." He remained aware of the two jets, flying in close formation, on either side of him as he continued to stew over the earlier mission.

Starscream had grabbed it from the human scientists, after some threats of becoming one with the molecules of the wall. Then they were almost happy to hand it over. He had it in his possession when the all too familiar sound of engines approached. He glanced over his wing and spotted a small convoy of Autobots. Prowl, Jazz, Skids, Smokescreen and Bumblebee.

He groaned and yelled orders to keep the Autobots at bay while he fired laser bolts into the building. The structure shuddered as it started to sag and burn.

It was at this point that things started to fall apart. Dirge was abruptly overcome by an onslaught of irrational fear and became useless. Thrust urged encouragement to him but the Autobots broke through and hammered them with fire.

Starscream was making a run from the collapsing building when he was surprised by an impact in the back, between his great wings. He fell forward and dropped the data disk. Quickly he reached out to grab it but it rolled edgewise away as a large foot stepped on his hand. He cried out in surprise and pain.

"I'll be taking that, thank you," Prowl said as he snapped the disk up and slipped it into a subspace pocket. "It is too fragile for your heavy handedness."

The Autobot stepped off his hand and he could see Ramjet, Dirge and Thrust with smoking wounds already flying a retreat. With no backup, Starscream felt it would be wise to fall back and contemplate an alternative later.

The Air Commander's attention was brought back to matters at hand as the storm became very heavy. Just ahead of him lightning flashed brightly which extracted an admiring "oohh" from Skywarp at his left. Thunder rumbled almost immediately which received an appreciative murmur from Thundercracker.

Weather such as this never occurred on their home planet. Rain was fairly rare and very dangerous. Seekers, unless properly shielded, never flew in the rain which poured forth from ill coloured clouds.

Starscream attempted to keep focused on the ground while he battled with the elements. He was hunting for Autobot energy signatures, hoping for the moment to order the command to burst from the sky and rain laser fire death upon his unsuspecting Autobot prey. As acid rain on Cybertron was dangerous to Seekers; Seekers shrouded in storm clouds were deadly to Autobots.

A strong gust of wind again jostled the triad who expertly maintained their positions.

"We will never find them in this slag," Thundercracker grumbled over his communicator.

"We need to keep trying," Starscream insisted. "Use your instruments and keep an optic on your artificial horizon Skywarp, your altitude is slipping," he warned as his wingmate started to slip out of the bottom layer of clouds.

Skywarp quickly compensated. "Why do we have to go along for this? I wasn't the one who pissed Megatron off," Skywarp muttered.

A huge crack of lightning and boom of thunder drowned out Starscream's sour response.

"Your remarks are not appreciated, Starscream," Megatron's voice cut in.

Starscream groaned audibly. "Can't I carry out a single mission without your constant

interference?" Starscream inquired.

"Your activities need to be monitored constantly, you are not to be trusted," Megatron replied acidly.

"You are an unnecessary distraction," Starscream muttered.

Megatron was relaying a biting remark when the Seeker snorted and cut communications with base. Starscream realised there would be repercussions for that, but it did not matter. He was already in deep slag from the previous mission, additional punishment would likely go unnoticed and if he succeeded, there could be a strong chance that Megatron might forget that he cut him off.

And they flew on.

Far below they spotted the Autobots driving cross country toward the ark. The rain system had crossed over the area and the streams and rivers were swollen and muddy. The area was heavily forested interspersed with fields and farmlands. The clouds cast shadows on the land below and the Seekers attempted to keep their own shadows hidden within them.

The road that the Autobots drove along was a glossy black as the rays of sun peeked through the clouds. The tires of the Autobots kicked up a fine spray that added to the fine mist that rose up from the fields as the sun warmed them.

Skywarp was practically shaking in anticipation of the attack. His wings dipped from side to side and he was getting irritated at being held back.

"Look at those mud covered land huggers," Thundercracker grumbled.

Starscream viewed his prey for a moment, sure enough they had travelled through some dirt roads that splashed up a spray of dirt and grime across their vehicular forms.

"Skywarp, Thundercracker, await my orders and attack from the sun. They won't be able to see us with all that reflection," Starscream said in a low rasp.

"Ready?" he paused. "...DECEPTICONS ATTACK," he screamed into his communicator. The three jets accelerated as they nosed toward the convoy below.

Spike in Bumblebee hung out the window looking up as the triangular shadow of a Seeker crossed overhead. "Shit, look! It's the Decepticons," he warned.

"And I thought we ran them off for good," said Jazz with disappointment.

Starscream noted the human and snorted in disgust. He wondered why they always had to have them with them, a mascot? A pet? Perhaps a lucky charm. It seemed to hamper their own efforts at stopping the Decepticons, but Starscream was not going to complain. Anything that helped the Decepticons gain the upper hand was fine by him.

The Autobots transformed and started to fire, but their shots were off. The Seekers were

but black marks in the blinding sun. Their jet engines screamed as they fired a strafing run at the ground. spurts of ground flew into the air as the Seekers pock marked the road.

"I want Prowl, he has the data disk, isolate him from the rest," Starscream ordered. "But do not damage him," the Seeker warned. His wingmates made a murmur of assent as they plunged forth.

Skywarp teleported and reappeared near the group and fired a missile into their midst. It exploded with a tremendous boom blowing a massive crater into what used to be a well maintained two lane freeway. The Autobots scattered in all directions, running into the forest .

Thundercracker directed a sonic boom toward the trees and the fleeing Autobots. The force of vibration knocked trees over and the Autobots flattened themselves and covered their audios. Bumblebee shielded Spike as the trees crashed down around them.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Starscream could hear Jazz exclaim.

"Excellent! Skywarp, Thundercracker, keep at it!" Starscream urged. If only the coneheads had shown this level of competence and co-operation earlier he might have succeeded. The three Seekers continued to attack randomly until Prowl was far enough away from the group.

"Keep them distracted!" Starscream screamed as he chased down Prowl.

Prowl stopped and fired back at Starscream. The Seeker transformed and hovered in the air dodging the acid pellets as they whizzed by.

The Air Commander landed neatly onto the ground and slowly stepped toward the braced Autobot "You have something that belongs to me," Starscream said, holding out his hand. "I want it, now!" He locked his blazing red optics on the Autobot second in command's watery blue optics. Starscream tried to project all his hate and loathing into the inferior mech.

"Yes, you can have it," Prowl said after a moment, shrugging off Starscream's attempt at intimidation, "after I am done slagging you, Starcreep." He open fired at the Seeker.

Starscream barely dodged the volley of acid as he return fired his null ray. The Autobot gasped in surprise as he sank to his knees and slipped to his side paralysed. His weapon slipped from his fingers and Starscream kicked it out of reach.

"There is much to be said about the human myth of Karma," Starscream sneered. "What goes around, comes around." The Decepticon Seeker laughed as he placed his foot heavily on the Autobots hand squishing it into the soft ground.

Prowl could feel no pain as the null ray had deadened most of his senses and tactile feedback relays.

"I will be taking that, thank-you-very-much," said Starscream cheerfully as he slipped the

energy rectifier disk from Prowl's hand and placed it carefully into a subspace pocket. He had it, it was done. Starscream could just had to return to base and get it into Megatron's hand and all would be forgiven. Prowl murmured an insult to Starscream and the Seeker turned about on his heel, his face livid.

"Dare you talk to me in that manner, Autoscrap," Starscream shrieked. He looked at the Autobot and leaned down aimed his weapon then hesitated for a moment. A sinister smile played across his lips and he crouched down until he was face to face with his paralysed prey.

"I was going to leave you like this," Starscream said in a tone that was laced with malice, "so you might recover to report your failure to keep this data from me, but..." Starscream reached down and grabbed the Autobot by the throat in one hand and let his free hand to open the bonnet. "Since you insist on inciting my anger." His fingers reached inside and he started to snap wires one by one. "I will slowly pull you apart bit by bit."

Prowl, who was coming out of his paralysis winced in agony as Starscream continued to rip out components, sparing the vital mechanics as he went along. Prowl gasped in pain and Starscream revelled in his torment.

"Not so tough now are you?" Starscream asked as his hand hovered over the hammering fuel pump. The pump's activities sped up as Starscream hooked his fingers around it and pulled the main fuel line free. Prowl cried out as his energon sprayed out and splattered across Starscream. The red Seeker laughed as he let the Autobot go.

Prowl thrashed on the ground for a few moments before becoming too weak to continue. The Seeker glanced over his wing to ensure that he was not going to be attacked. He had not been paying too much attention.

"Have any last words?" Starscream asked sarcastically, placing his foot on the Autobot's throat. Prowl's mouth moved in silence, "No? What a pity, I was hoping for something interesting." Starscream smiled as he reached down inside the eviscerated Autobot and crushed an oblong spark housing in his hand. There was a bright flash of light and then Prowl quickly darkened.

He looked at the body and the pool of energon that surrounded it. He felt a sense of extreme satisfaction. The data disk was recovered and the Autobot lieutenant was dead. He was sure that he would be rewarded most handsomely for his victory. He had little doubt that Megatron would be very pleased with the success and understand that he was hindered earlier by incompetent team mates.

The Air Commander glanced down at himself and realised he was covered in the sticky purple fluid that was starting to jellyfy. He reached down and tore the head off the body, a trophy and proof of his kill, and walked to a flooded stream. He stood knee deep in water washing the Autobot's fluids off his chest and wings.

"Did you get the energy rectifier disk?" Thundercracker asked as he flew to where Starscream was bathing.

"Yes, and it was murder to get," Starscream said dryly, glancing over his wing toward the

trees while holding up severed the head.

Thundercracker smiled. "Then let's get outta here before more arrive," the blue Seeker responded.

Starscream nodded and transformed as he leapt into the air. Skywarp and Thundercracker joined him. As he gained altitude he saw the damaged hulks of the Autobots. Smoke drifted in the wind and Starscream knew the Autobots would be far too busy to pursue.

"Megatron, this is Starscream. The mission was a complete success," Starscream crowed as he flew onward in victory.