

[Fanfic] No Laughing Matter
By Brian Kilby

My arboreal heart pounds as I accelerate through the lush sub-tropical greenery. Faster and faster I go. The winds tear at my ears, but I do not slow. My muscles burn, yet I do not falter. I press on, knowing no bounds. With my arms spread wide and my eyes aimed high, I swing forward and dive into the blue ocean above.

I rise as high as a bird. No, higher. Damn the Predacons and their sensor grid. They do not frighten me. I dare them to come. I take in the warm sun in defiance of them. I bask in the emancipating splendor of joy. Let them come.

Restitutely, gravity reminds me of my bondage. I fall one-hundred and fifty feet through the razor-sharp leaves of the pre-Amazonian rain forest. I take a couple of bruises and a gash across the shoulder for my efforts.

I am Optimus Minor, and I hit the ground running.

As expected 'His' voice shows up on the comm system. "Minor, get in formation!"

He thinks he intimidates me with that tone of his. He does. "Is Cheetor in position, bro'?"

"Yes, and has been for thirty cycles. And don't call me--*zkraak*."

"What's that?" I check my signal strength. "You're breaking up."

"Check your --Zkkkkkkkkkkkt--." Static. That means Predacons. Gear.

"Optimus Minor. Maximize!"