

WARNING: If you want something intelligently written that will stimulate your brain, read something else. This is crude, insulting, vulgar, bitter, hateful and poorly written. Contains childish adult language, childish yet strong sexual themes and self-deprecation.

First, the legal Mumbo-Jumbo.

Peter Cullen is a real [nice] guy and this horrible story has nothing to do with anything. The following is all fiction! Not even good fiction, mind you. Nothing important within this is implied or stated as being real. Of course, if anything within seems similar to you, one of your statements, or your personality, I'm obviously mocking you. God knows I mocked myself and my friends enough in it. Parody is the right of all sentient beings.

Sequel, in spirit, to Stan Bush's Story, <http://www.abts.net/~kilby316/stanbush.htm> It's suggested that you read "Stan Bush" first being that this has returning characters and that "Stan Bush" is a generally better (and less insulting) piece of work.

Filmed in Poor-Taste-O-Vision and Rated PG-13 for Immature Themes...

Four A.M. Sleep is needed but work comes first. Tomorrow is the big day. The new store, BotManiaseum, has its grand opening. The 'Guest of Honor' prepares for the occasion.

"Freedom is the right--of all--sentient beings."

"Freedom is--the right--of all sentient--beings."

"Freedom is the right of all sentient beings."

"Freedom is--." \*cough!\* \*cough!\*

"Freedom is a cigarette. Oh how I want to be free!"

A voice from beside calls out, "They're on the night stand, Peter...though what did I tell you about smoking in bed?"

"Not to do it without you?"

"Very funny. Go to sleep."

\*Sigh\* "Yes, dear."

Six A.M. The Alarm goes off, my eyes refuse to open but my ears work regardless. I hear the sound that's woken me for the last thirty-plus years, my beautiful wife's voice.

"Peter, get up. Dear, you've got a job to do today. You don't want to disappoint your fans do you?"

"The fans don't matter dear...I don't want to disappoint you."

"Oh, Peter. You don't mean that. The fans matter too."

I sit up and smile. "Of course they matter." I yawn. "But that sounded better." I give her a kiss.

"Peter. Do you want me to go with you?"

"No, I'll be fine. You stay at home. When I get back, I'll have you some flowers, just for staying the wonderful woman I married."

"Oh, Peter. I love you."

"I love you too."

A shave, a shower and a drive later... 11:45 AM, just before the store opens.

"From noon 'til four. From noon... 'til four. Froooooommm noon... 'til four. Two hours of autographs. One hour of pictures. One hour of questions and answers. From noon 'til four. Four hours. Why didn't I sleep, why didn't I eat? \*Sigh\* Get over it, Cullen. What's the worst that could go wrong?"

Noon. The doors open, people flood in. People to see me. I feel so blessed. I wave at them. I see their smiling faces. I'm happy. I'm happy!

The store owner turns on the public address system. He says, "Welcome to the opening of BotManiaseum, the only store devoted to The Transformers! Thanks for coming to our grand opening! For the occasion, we have Peter Cullen, Optimus Prime himself! He's here to sign autographs, pose for pictures and to answer your questions. Peter, have anything to say?"

I clear my throat as he hands me the microphone. "Freedom is the right of all--sentient beings." They cheer me. They cheer! I love this. I love my life. This won't be so bad--it'll be fun.

Hour One.

"Hello there, Mister Cullen," says a young girl. "Can I have an autograph?"

"Of course, young lady. What's your name?"

"Cynthia. My name is Cynthia."

"Make it out to Cynthia?"

"Yes. No. Make it out to 'My Dearest Cynthia.'"

"Well...there's nothing harmful in that."

"My Dearest Cynthia, my biggest fan."

"Heh. Okay."

"My Dearest Cynthia, my biggest fan--and secret lover."

"..."

A few moments later...

A fat boy walks up to me, brandishing a book.

"Hey dere Mister Culllennn. Will you sign my High School Year Book?"

"Sure thing."

"Wait--wait. Here's my gold pen. You HAVE to sign it in gold."

"Okay... Hey, there are a lot of autographs in here. Frank Welker. Stan Bush. Chris Latta. I don't see any from your friends--and this appears to be your Senior Class Year Book."

"B-but you guys are my friends. Don't you remember the time I helped you defeat Megatron? I was in a robot body--my mind was extracted from my real body and I became confused."

"Uh...are you still confused?"

"No... Don't you remember? What about the time I made antimatter? Heck, I even saved your body from certain destruction in 'The Return of Optimus Prime Part One!'"

"Oh! I get it, this is a joke. Ha! You had me going for a second...."

"Huh?"

"You're kidding, right?"

"About what?"

"Next."

"What?"

"Next."

"You want me to go away?" He begins to cry.

"I-I'm sorry son...can, I call you son?"

"Y-yeah...that'd be great."

"How old are you, son?"

"It depends on the episode and which person I am. When I'm Daniel, I think I'm eight. When I'm Sparkplug I assume that I'm about forty-seven. When I'm Carly, I look at myself naked in the mirror."

"..."

"Uhm...I'm Carly a lot."

"D-don't you have a girlfriend or a wife or something?"

"It depends on the epis--"

"On the episode... Th-that's what I thought. Next."

He drops to his knees, "Optimus, forgive me!"

The boy needs help. Remember that. "Oh-okay...I'm sorry. Uhm...that's some autograph collection, eh?"

"Yeah! It is!"

"Can I see them again?"

"You won't steal them, will you?"

"Uh, no."

"Sure, here."

"Hm...interesting. Oh. Uhm. This Chris Latta autograph...it's dated May 2000."

"Yeah, I know. He signed it for me a few months ago. I got pictures."

"Son, are you sure about that?"

"He signed it a few months ago. I GOT PICTURES."

"But son, he died quite a while back."

"I know. I got pictures."

"Security!"

Hour Two.

Must...get...out...of...here. No! No! No! This isn't so bad. Most people have been great. Don't let a few nutcases ruin everybody else's fun. Remember: It's not so bad. It's Not. So. Bad.

"Hi little girl...do you want an autograph?"

A few minutes later...

"Hi there, Mr. Cullen. Will you autograph my copy of Transformers: The Movie?"

Ouch. This guy is healthy looking. About three hundred and seventy pounds healthy and he's wearing--hey! It's an Optimus Prime suit. "Sure, son." He smells like Doritos...and unwashed...unwashed gym socks. "Here you go."

"Can I shake your hand?"

"Uhm...sure, you're shaking already, son...you all right?"

"Yeah."

We shake. His hand is...is...is wet. Something warm and slimy slides down my wrist. I look at my hand. "...oh my god."

His breathing is labored, my eye glances from my poor, wet, violated hand into his cold, dead eyes. He's breathing harder. He grabs my collar and violently shakes me. "Gimme my voice back! Gimme my voice back! Gimme my damn voice back!"

Fat jiggles violently as the Security guards beat the diseased freak off of me.

One person in the line roars with laughter "He thinks he's Optimus Prime!"

The insane fat man screams as he's dragged away "I am Optimus Prime! I am! I gave up the power to transform to become stronger, faster, more alive! I am Optimus Prime! I am Optimus Prime! I AM OPTIMUS PRIME!!!!"

That's it. I'm gone.

Hour Three.

"I quit. Your damn store can go back to Hell for all I care!"

"Mister Cullen, please..."

"Please? Please?! Do you know what I got on my hand? Do you?!? IT WAS GEEK SEEEEMMEEENNN!" My heart beats so fast that my head goes dizzy. "I-I'm out of here."

"Mister Cullen, wait..."

"Wait for what? So that those peons out there steal the clothes off of my back? So that I'm even further harassed? Wait? Wait for nothing! I'm gone!"

"Mister Cullen, it's in your contract. You can't leave. I OWN you for four hours."

"You WHAT?"

"Call it pay back."

"Pay back?? For WHAT?"

"When I was thirteen years old, I wrote you a letter. You never wrote back."

"..."

"You know the letter..."

"No. I don't."

"YES YOU DO!"

"No. I don't. Really. Why would I? I got a lot of letters."

"This one was a very SPECIAL letter. I can recite it if you wish."

"That's not really necessary."

"YES IT IS! Listen:

Dear Optimus Prime.

You are my favorite character. I like Bumblebee too...but you are the best. When I grow up. I want to be just like you. Now I have a few questions. What is your favorite color? What is your favorite episode. Do Autobots use Energon? That's it, thanks a bunch. Billy."

"I wonder why I wouldn't remember that particular letter?"

"Exactly!"

"I was being sarcastic. I got TONS of letters just like that, it was simply impossible for me to answer them all. I was only Optimus Prime part of the time! I had other jobs! I had other responsibilities! I AM NOT YOUR FATHER!"

"You--you're not?"

"No. I was a cartoon character. Grow up."

He laughs nervously but, also, with a new understanding. "I-I suppose you're right. I suppose that I shouldn't be so mad at you, or Hasbro and Marvel for that matter. I guess most of those people on alt.toys.transformers made sense--it IS a business. A business is for making money. They had to do what was best for that business. I mean, I don't like all that Beast crap--don't get me started on the Beast crap--but still...I guess the rest makes sense. Thank you Mister Cullen! You truly are a hero!"

"I--I'm glad I could help. Now I suppose that I can go?"

"No. I've got customers to keep happy. It IS a business you know."

"Damn..."

Hour three, again...

I walk slowly, agonizing with every step. With every thought I shudder. "I'm going to die today." I cry. "I'll never see my beautiful wife again." I walk out of the office to greet the fans... and my death, again.

A kid runs up to me. "Optimus Prime! I want ten thousand pictures."

"You get one."

"I wan ten thousand!"

"You get nothing now."

"Aw, I'll take one."

"No." You know, I never thought I'd get enjoyment from seeing a seven year old cry. You learn something every day.

I'm finally back at the table. The orderly line of before has now become a cancerous tumor. They're numbers seem to grow--I'd almost think that they're reproducing but then I remember who I'm talking about. They're just getting fatter, eating the weaker of the of their pride.

Oh God, every pride has a dominant male--this one seemingly has two vying for that position:

Two fat guys are areguing, one says to the other, "...oh yeah? I know more about Transformers than you."

The other fat guy replies, "Put up or shut up."

"What was the only line that Seaspray said in Five Faces of Darkness?"

"Trick question. Seaspray wasn't even in FFOD."

"Gah."

"Now my turn, Dweller in the Depths...who wrote it?"

"Paul Dini, too easy. What was the reptilian robot made from Optimus Prime's torso called in City of Steel?"

"Counting pronouns?" With Cheetos crumbs on his lips, Tubby smiles. "'Robot Reptile', 'Him', 'The Alligatorcon', 'Him' again, 'He', 'That Jigsaw puzzle of a reptilicon', 'Him', 'you' and 'alligator'. All in order of use."

"..."

"My turn, same episode. Who disassembled Prime."

"Scrapper?"

"Hook."

"Damn!"

He raises his arms, "Know your City of Steel, boy. Know your City of steel." Tubby laughs then smiles and says, "Looks like you lose."

"Not yet I don't! Now, we see who can Transform a toy the fastest."

"Okay. You go first."

"Sure thing. Somebody, hand me a Machine Wars Soundwave!"

The toy is handed to him. "Okay, it's in robot mode. I can transform him into his alt mode in under seven seconds."

"Impressive. Do it."

Like some kind of deranged yet gifted (not to mention fat) surgeon, he moves, transforming, changing it into a stubby little brick. It takes years, it takes no time at all. It's over in five seconds. "Done."

"Very nice. I can do it in four. Hand it to me."

"Sure thing." He moves towards the other fellow. "I'm having trouble getting his arm back into place."

\*Sigh\* "Let me see it."

"O-okay." The fat boy holds the toy in his hand, he presents it to the other beached whale...but all of a sudden he slams the sharp end of the toy into his opponent's head! Blood pours down his face and he falls to the ground.

"Know your devious bastards, boy. Know your devious bastards. Looks like YOU lost this time." He raises his arms to the air. "Who is your king!?"

They chant, "You are! You are!"

Uhm...this is interesting. I'd rather do this than take pictures but I'm getting mean looks from the shop's owner. "Uhm...kids, I don't want to take pictures...but we need to get going."

The fat fellow looks at me. "Who disrupts my coronation?"

Ooh, I remember this line. "Coronation, fat boy? This is bad com--"

From behind me, I hear a diseased laugh "Aieheh Aieh heh heh heh \*snort\* \*snort\*", it sounds like two rabbits mating. Something then strikes the back of my skull. I'm only human, I fall.

A few minutes later, I wake up bound and naked... in a pool of my own blood. The first thing I see are the Polaroids, what little inside of me left human dies. These aren't people, they're demons!

The security guards take a water hose and chase them away from me. They run the water over me and untie my arms. I'd be embarrassed if I any longer cared.

"I want to see the manager. Now."

Three and a half minutes later.

The first thing I say is, "You sir, are going to hear from my lawyer."

"Mister Cullen, please, you must understand me when I tell you that I'm so very sorry."

"Yes, you'll be sorry--"

"And that I wish that something could be done--but it can't. It's all in the papers."

"I... I loathe you."

"I know."

"I'm wet, cold and naked. God, they DID steal the clothes off my back. I--I need clothing."

"I've got that covered." He withdraws a box. "We confiscated this from the fat man that attacked you." He hands the box over. "There you go, Optimus Prime."

"You must be kidding."

"I'll always be a Toys'R'Us kid but I never joke. Now, go back out there--there are ten more minutes of photographs."

\*Sigh\*

I walk out to greet the inbred masses.

They greet me too. Together they chant, "OPTIMUS PRIME! OPTIMUS PRIME! OPTIMUS PRIME!"

I would wish to die, but I'm already dead...

Finally, Hour Four.

The Shop Owner walks me up to a stage that's been set up. On the stage there is a table with a microphone. The owner tells me "Sit down at the microphone and tell the people something before they ask questions. They'll get to know you better. Tell them a story too..."

"Okay."

I walk up to the table and sit down. "I was told to tell you something, so here I go. I hate every single one of you...deeply. If I were a cannibal, I would kill you all and eat your skin...but I'm not--I'm a pacifist--so I have to live with you."

I cough.

"Now, I'm supposed to tell you a story. I've got a story for you.... I grew up poor. Like lots of kids, I didn't have much and I often had to fight for what I did have. One day a gang tried to steal my bicycle, I was a strong boy and, reluctantly, I fought them off. I punched their leader in the nose and then I ran away. That night, I slept well until I heard something downstairs. The gang had kicked down my front door. The first thing I saw was them killing my dog, Buttons. They snapped his neck with a ch-chain. My dad tried to fight them off but they overpowered him and beat him to death with a hammer. My mother wasn't as lucky... I was a sixteen year old kid and I sat and watched, cowered behind a door. I could've grabbed the gun, I could've done something but I didn't. I was too afraid, too afraid to save my family. I ran back to my room and climbed through my window and I ran away...again. Afterwards, they torched the house. I lost everything. My family, my home. Everything. That was over forty years ago but I remember it like it was yesterday. As devastating as that day was, as painful as the memories are, today was ten million times worse." I sit there, rock solid. As hard as it is, I don't break into tears.

A guy yells from the audience, "Can we ask you questions now?"

"...yes."

The guy asks, "What do you know about a live action Transformers movie?"

"Live action Transformers movie? Uhm, I'm no expert but it seems that a live action movie starring the cast of what boils down to being a fad fifteen years past isn't at all viable. It's basically a ludicrous idea."

The guy obviously doesn't like my answer. "Like Hell it is!"

"Get over it. Sure, Transformers are popular now but in three years ninety-five percent of you will be pawning off your Transformers for Ninja Turtles or some other nonsensical thing. Anyone else have a question?"

A girl says, "Hi, I'm Samantha. What can you do about the Dark Glass script?"

"Dark glass...? I would try some Windex, that should help. Next question?"

She asks another question, "What about Karate Kid part 2? I just watched that. I thought it sucked, what'd you think of it?"

"What does that have to do with anything? Someone ELSE have a question about TRANSFORMERS?"

A man in the front row stands up, "Are you my daddy?"

"No. Next question?"

A guy stands up, "LOL! were cna i downloda epesodes of the trasnformers? transformerers r 2 kewl! Lol >;=P>"

"What?"

"were cna i downloda epesodes of the trasnformers?"

"Next question?"

"Can I have your autograph?"

"The Autograph session ended an hour and a half ago. Next question?"

"This is off topic but it's an important question. Where can I get a nice tattoo?"

"Next question."

Another young man stands up. "Why won't Robotcon come to my home town?"

"Because you're ugly?"

The young man sits back down.

"MY GOOD FREIND INSIDE HASBRO SAYS THAT THEY ARE MAKING A NEW OPTIMUS PRIME TOY & THAT IT WILL BE UPADTED FOR MODERN TIME ,WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT."

"Nothing. Next."

A man towards the back of the audience asks, "Mister Cullen, can you substantiate the rumors that in the year 2005 you and Frank Welker intend to have a fight to the death honoring Optimus Prime's and Megatron's fateful battle in Transformers the movie?"

"Please, does anyone have a SENSIBLE question?"

"I do," says a girl in the back, "What about the rumors that you will be doing the voice of Lio Convoy in Beast Wars Two?"

"Do the voice of Liowhatsit in Beast Wars too? I never did his voice in the first place, you must have me confused with someone else. Another SENSIBLE question please?"

"I have a sensible question," yells a fat kid wearing a tinfoil mask, "Why throw away your life so recklessly?"

The audience chuckles.

"Why throw away what? Are you threatening me?"

"No, you're supposed to answer 'That's a question you should ask yourself, Megatron.'"

"How should I know that?"

"Because you said it. It's from Transformers: The Movie, stupid."

"Stupid? Why you no good fat son of a whore, I've said more lines in my career than you've spent lonely Saturday nights in front of your computer masturbating at the mere thought of talking to a real girl. If you knew as much about real life as you do about Transformers you'd probably have a job and an education by now."

"A job? I bought hundreds of dollars in Transformers just yesterday. How do you explain that, hm?"

"Your father probably picked up a second job so that he could buy them for you."

"No...it was my mother."

"Ah. Next question."

Someone asks, "You're married, correct? Do you have any suggestions that might help out with my love life?"

"Leave your house once in a while. Next..."

One of the many nameless, and apparently, mindless faces asks, "Why won't Robotcon come to my home town?"

"Someone already asked that question. I don't know why it won't come to your town. I don't care why it won't come to your town. If I were Robotcon I wouldn't come to your town either. Next."

The girl, Samantha stood up again. "You never told me your opinion on 'Karate Kid Part Two' I didn't like it."

"Won't anything shut you up?"

"Not that I know of. Why won't Hasbro bring Car Robots to America?"

"For the millionth time, I'm not Hasbro--I DON'T KNOW!"

"Okay, okay...do you know why Robotcon won't come to my town?"

"..."

The rest of the day was a blur. I think I wrecked my car on the drive home but I'm not certain. The only thing that I am certain of is that about a dozen fans followed me home. Like raccoons, they're eating from my garbage. I don't care.

I got home and my wife asked if I got her flowers, I answered her with a string of four letter words. Obviously, she wasn't appreciative.

Months later, my home is under twenty-four hour surveillance. Footage of my shower from this morning is now circulating across the Internet. It doesn't matter.

I'm certain that my wife of thirty-plus years is going to ask for a divorce. I don't give it a second thought.

That doesn't mean, however, that I don't think. Oh yes, I think. I can't help but think. Something has occupied my mind. Paragraph fourteen, line five. How I loathe those four words. Paragraph. Fourteen. Line. Five. They reverberate through my head like a beautiful light-headed death by Carbon Monoxide poisoning. In paragraph fourteen, on line five in my contract with the owner of BotManiaseum, I agreed to open up the other twelve stores in his chain. Thirteen stores, thirteen levels of Hell. Why couldn't I have taken that Gobots job when it was offered to me? What a wonderful time to become an alcoholic.

Freedom my ass.