

# Stopping the War

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*For millions of years the Autobots and Decepticons have fought endless battles and a member from each side is finally tired of them; so they decide to do something about it. ThunderCrackerxOC and sides of others.*

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# 1 - Crash landing

This an AU Transformers fiction that has several OC's. Get over it. It is also placed during the G1 series of the show; so don't hold ooc'ness against me.

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The stars lit up the dark night sky; a teenage girl sat on a large hill that overlooked the large city of Dallas, she looked longingly out into the sky. She heard the engine roar of her Ford Mustang and turned around just to see it transform into a large robotic-being. It jumped over and scooped her up just as a large object fell from towards them. It crashed into the hillside. The two rushed over to check it out. "It-It's a Jet!" As soon as that was said, it also transformed into a robot, much larger than her Mustang. It still lay on the ground and three more Jets flew overhead.

"Are you okay?" The girl asked and she saw the large hole in the robot's chest. "He seems badly injured, Tyra. Think we should take him back to base?" The Mustang asked, Tyra looked between the two. "Naw, just gimme' your spare tool kit and I'll fix 'em up." The Jet still lay on the ground, helpless, as the human cut and reconnected wires and replaced pipes; after a good hour the Jet sat up. "All fixed! Are you doin' alright?" She asked the new Bot. "Y-yes, Thank you."

"Well, while were at it, my name is Tyra Mills and this is my Guardian, KiloWhatt!" KiloWhatt held a hand out to the Jet and helped him up. "My name is ThunderCracker." The tiny human smiled at the giant robot. "You need to be careful of those other Jets; the Government has a problem with unidentified aircrafts." ThunderCracker looked up. "Those weren't Government Jets, those were my so-called Comrades." He looked back at Kilo and Tyra. "Well, I must be getting back to them. Thanks again for the repair." And he was off, the two stared as he disappeared.

"Well, that was odd." KiloWhatt said. "Want to go back to your home or the base?" Tyra continued to stare off. "Sure, we can go to base. I wanna' brag to WheelJack and Ratchet." It was a leisurely ride to Autobot headquarters, small talk idled here and there between the two. As they drove inside the base, Tyra got out and ran into the repair quarters. "Jazz... I think you just fight with IronHide so you can get re-painted..."

Ratchet was bent over Jazz with fixing his busted arm; Jazz just laughed. "And? You just fight Optimus so both of you can get re-painted, too!" Ratchet stood up straight and crossed his arms over his chest. "No, we do it for practice." Jazz made a 'pfft' sound. "My @\$\$! You like being painted by KiloWhatt WAY too much!" As if on Que, Tyra and KiloWhatt walked into the room. "Are you just begging to have a non-working arm?!" Ratchet began to loose his temper. "Whoah-whoah guys! Don't kill eachother!" Tyra yelled.

"Uhh... Yeah, I'm gonna' go check on GigaWhatt and KeneticShock; later Tyra!" KiloWhatt ran out of the room. Ratchet set his wrench down beside Jazz and walked to the other side of the room. "Tyra, you can finish fixing him; I'm done." He sat down in his lab chair, Tyra climbed up beside Jazz and continued where Ratchet left off. "Speaking of fixing, guess what I did earlier." Jazz shifted when Tyra hit some

sensitive nerves. "Shoot." Ratchet began going through some computer files. "I saved another Bot from emanate death."

Ratchet looked over his shoulder at her. "Really? Did you know him?" Tyra held some wires together. "Nope, but I did catch his name; ThunderCracker. He was shot down by his friends, he seemed really nice though." Ratchet and Jazz jumped up. "Do what?!" Ratchet almost fell out of his seat. "You saved a Decepticon!?" Jazz yelled, making Tyra jump. "Decepticon? I thought he was just a random robot! I didn't know... But, he was so polite and didn't try to kill me or KiloWhatt..." She stopped messing with Jazz's wiring.

"You couldn't tell?" Ratchet asked. "It was dark out... I didn't see an emblem... I-I'm sorry if what I did wasn't right..." She continued to fix Jazz. Ratchet got up and walked over to her. "Well, you didn't know... And I guess it was the morale thing to do. Friend or Foe, I probably would have done the same thing if he was hit by his comrades." Jazz stared at them. "Traitors." Ratchet hit Jazz in the head with his wrench. "Shut-up, nobody asked you."

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## 2 - Hello, again

"Another day, another battle!" IronHide yelled as he dodged a lazerbeam. "Don't these guys know when to stop?!" Tyra asked, shooting at StarScream. "Apparently not!" IronHide jumped out of the way of another shot. Tyra dove behind a large boulder for shelter from the raining rubble. Walking back-wards she bumped into something; quickly she turned around, gun pointed towards the other and vice versa. Both guns were slowly set down.

"T-ThunderCracker?" Tyra said, ThunderCracker stared down at her. "Tyra? Why are you here?" He was very confused. "I'm fighting... You." She held her gun back up at him. "Wait, so your an Autobot?" She nodded. "And your a Decepticon, though I wish you weren't." Her grasp tightened around her lazergun. A loud bang followed by several crashes were heard. Tyra dropped her gun as she fell over.

"Why... why do they fight like this...?" She asked, wobbling as she got on all fours. "We have been here so long, that I've forgotten..." ThunderCracker shot over the boulder, aimlessly. "It so pointless... It's an endless battle. Neither side will stop until the other is destroyed..." Tyra stood on weak legs and picked up her gun. "Megatron is now blinded by power." ThunderCracker fired another shot. "And Optimus is so involved with destroying Megatron... That he has lost sight of the goal..."

They looked at one another, red optics to dark brown eyes; Giant robot to tiny human. Something hit them, not a bullet, not a lazer or even a boulder; a thought hit them, and it hit them hard. "Decepticons! Retreat!" Megatron's voiced echoed around the small valley. "ThunderCracker, meet me back on the hill tonight!" Tyra yelled as he ignited his engines and took off; he nodded back at her as he followed his comrades into the sky.

All the Autobots cheered as the Decepticons flew away, tails between their legs. "Great work team!" Optimus Prime said strongly as Tyra walked out from behind her cover, still quite wobbly. "Are you alright?" KiloWhatt ran over to her. "Yeah, just fine." She smiled. "Alright, let's head back to headquarters!" Everyone transformed and drove back to Autobot Headquarters; Tyra hitched a ride from KiloWhatt.

The Autobots dispersed to their quarters, going in all directions. A few followed Ratchet and WheelJack to the Med-Lab for repairs, and a few went to get repainted; KiloWhatt and Tyra were some of them. KiloWhatt ran over to his brother, GigaWhatt, and they shared a high-five followed by a body slam. "Man! Best battle yet! Did you see how I knocked SkyWarp out of the sky?!" KeneticShock shook her head in disappointment. "Why was I created by the same scientist's and at the same time as you two?" She continued to paint Jazz; who seemed all too happy to be there.

"Aww, they aren't that bad, 'Shock. I'd rather have these two over my brothers." Tyra laughed. Soon the two knuckled-headed bots got to their job of painting Gears and SkyFire. After a while, GigaWhatt looked over at Jazz and his sister; looking at where Jazz was looking. He picked up a nearby screwdriver and chucked at Jazz's head. "Stop that!" He yelled. "What?! What am I doing?"

"Your staring at her chaise!" GigaWhatt pointed at Jazz, who was trying to act innocent. "Do what?!"

KeneticShock stepped away from Jazz and crossed her arms over her chest; KiloWhatt sighed. "Giga'..." GigaWhatt looked over at his older brother. "What? You don't care that Jazz is ogling our sister? Our BABY sister, mind you." KiloWhatt looked down, in defeat. "I care, but, 'Shock is a big girl... She can handle it on her own... If she cared enough, she would have punched his optics out by now..."

"And I should!" KeneticShock glared down at Jazz. "Eh-he..." Jazz rubbed the back of his head. "Please don't." He flinched when she raised her fist up at him. "Don't let me catch you doing it again, or there will be consequences." Jazz quickly nodded his head yes and she continued to re-paint him.

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Poor Jazz, he is always being hit in the head, ain't he? Well, the price for being perverted to IronHide's protege's sister.

If I can give any description of my current OC's, here they are:

KiloWhatt is a silver 2004 Ford Mustang. GigaWhatt is a camo-green Army Humvee. KeneticShock is a blue Chevy Corvette with two green racing stripes; and, Tyra Mills is a 16 year old Human female; brown eyes and brown hair with blonde streaks.

Check my gallery for pictures soon.

PS: I know I have alot of fictions to type for various reasons, but I have a bad case of ADD; so it's hard for me to stay focused on one thing for so long.

### 3 - Late night discussions

As the sun began to set, Tyra was already sitting on the hill, her little piece of heaven, her sanctuary. KiloWhatt had driven her there and was sitting beside her, watching the sun fall over the horizon. "Beautiful, huh?" Tyra asked. "Yes, it's very pleasing to my optics." Soon the sun was gone and the moon was set high in the sky. The light from the city and the stars mixed together, making it an even more wondrous sight that could only be seen in the country.

They both heard the roar of Jet engines fly overhead and land behind them. Tyra jumped up and ran over to the large Bot. "You made it!" KiloWhatt looked up at ThunderCracker. "Oh, hello. Your that bot we fixed the other day, aren't you? ThunderCracker, right?" ThunderCracker nodded and looked at both of them. "So, why did you ask me to come here?"

"To continue our conversation from earlier. I think something can be worked out to stop this pointless war." KiloWhatt stared between them, he seemed very confused. "From when? We've been at the Base all day. Well, other than... that fight... with..." And the wheels began to turn his head. "Tyra! Stay away from him!" He jumped in front of her, arm morphed into a large cannon. Tyra pushed on his legs. "Don't worry, Kilo! We just need to discuss some things."

"B-but, Tyra! He's a Decepticon!" ThunderCracker looked down at the much smaller Autobot. "Yes, I was also equally surprised that you both were Autobots." KiloWhatt still held his cannon faced at the larger Bot. "Fine! But I refuse to leave you both alone!" Tyra sighed in defeat. "Fine... But, could you stay far enough away to where you can still see us, but not hear? I don't want Prime to know about anything." KiloWhatt looked at them. "Fine." He stormed off and sat down a good distance away from them.

"So, what do you think could stop the war?" Tyra sat back down. "I haven't put much thought into it yet." ThunderCracker sat beside her. "Well, are there any morales that all Cybertronians, Decepticon or Autobot, follow?" ThunderCracker was silent for a few moments. "The only law that I can think of is... Is that we can't endanger young ones. But that only goes for ones of our kind." Tyra sat there, quiet, trying to think.

Little did they know, but KiloWhatt was tuning in on them, following every single word. "Don't tell me..." KiloWhatt kept on eavesdropping. After a few moments, Tyra spoke up. "What about a hybrid child?" She asked. "Elaborate." ThunderCracker said. "Like...Like a half Cybertronian child, would that still count?" Now it was ThunderCracker's turn to think really hard. "She can't be..." KiloWhatt said.

"Well, it would count as our kind, just not fully. It depends on what the other half is." ThunderCracker looked down at Tyra. "Human?" KiloWhatt fell backwards. "Hmm... If the infant looked mostly like us, maybe. But, I don't really understand what you getting at." Tyra looked at him. "Like, a human and a Transformer having children." KiloWhatt wanted to stop listening and drive back to Base by now, but knew he couldn't leave.

"I think I'm beginning to understand. But I don't think it would be possible." ThunderCracker said. "But, if it could be, would it work to stop this war? For just long enough to change the views of the Autobots and

Decepticon's?" She asked. "Possibly, if it could happen. And, I don't quite understand how human mate and conceive." Tyra blushed, she would have to end up explaining how humans do what they do to have children. She then sighed; it was going to be quite a long night...

A few long, merciless, question filled hours later, Tyra layed down on the cool grass behind her. "So, humans have to fuse their genes together, through intercourse, to conceive. Very, very interesting... It's different, and quite disturbing, but if it get's the job done..." ThunderCracker shrugged his shoulders. "No wonder why Megatron finds humans so disgusting."

"I AM still awake!" Tyra yelled from the ground. Far off in the distance, KiloWhatt decided to shut down, because their conversation had gotten too enlightening for him. "Though the splicing of your genes in much different from ours, because yours is much more complicated." Tyra sat up. "So, it is possible?" ThunderCracker shifted in his place. "Maybe; if it were to happen, it could end with a bad outcome."

"If would to stop this war, it is so worth that outcome." Tyra said, sounding very confident. "But, it would need to be done some other time. It's already very late, and our sides are probably getting very suspicious." ThunderCracker nodded and they both stood up. "KiloWhatt! You can come back now!" KiloWhatt was drawn out of his stasis and he was soon by Tyra's side.

"When shall we meet again?" ThunderCracker asked. "Same spot, same time, next week." Tyra said, ThunderCracker nodded. "I'll be back." He quickly transformed and flew into the sky. "I know you were tuning in on us." Tyra said. "Eh-heh..." KiloWhatt transformed. "Let's go back now, I'm tired and need a re-charge, and some energon." Tyra sighed and got inside of the Mustang. "Yeah... I'm hungry and tired, too..." And they were off, heading back to base for some well deserved nutrition and rest.

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Hahahah... Hahahah... Poor little KiloWhatt, I guess that's what you get for eavesdropping! Of course a Decepticon wouldn't understand! They don't care! Well, atleast ThunderCracker is enlightened by the end of their little discussion, eh?