

# COMBINER WARS TRANSFORMERS



CWC  
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5





# TRANSFORMERS COMBINER WARS







Story by **MAIRGHREAD SCOTT & JOHN BARBER**

# COMBINER



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## WINDBLADE

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# TRANSFORMERS

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## TRANSFORMERS

Written by  
**JOHN BARBER**

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# OPENING SALVO



Art by CASEY W. COLLER • Colors by JOANA LAFUENTE



# PREVIOUSLY




OPTIMUS PRIME  
HAS RETURNED  
TO POST-WAR  
CYBERTRON...

...WHERE THE PEACE  
IS STRAINED,  
AS FORMER  
**DECEPTICONS**  
ARE FORCED TO  
THE OUTSKIRTS  
OF CIVILIZATION.




WINDBLADE, FROM  
THE LOST COLONY OF  
**CAMINUS**, STANDS IN A  
PRECARIOUS PEACE WITH  
THE PLANET'S LEADER...

...**STARSCREAM**,  
BELIEVED BY  
SOME TO BE THE  
"CHOSEN ONE."

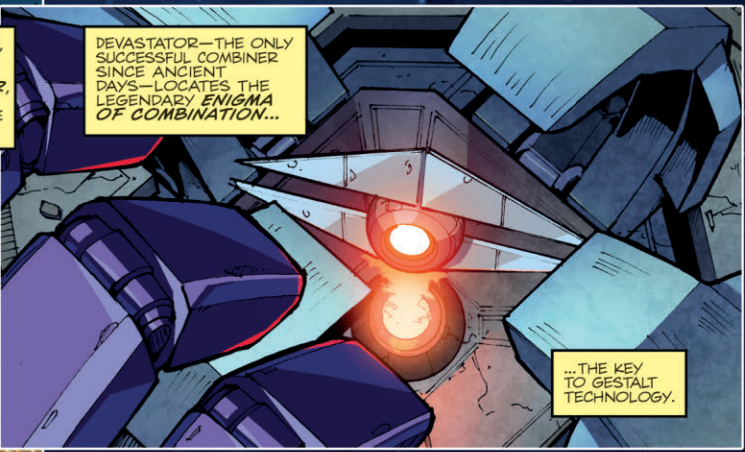


WINDBLADE'S BODYGUARD, **CHROMIA**,  
ATTEMPTS TO ACTIVATE A **SPACE-  
BRIDGE** TO CAMINUS, INADVERTENTLY  
KILLING SEVERAL CYBERTRONIANS.

THIS REMAINS A  
SECRET SHARED  
BY WINDBLADE,  
CHROMIA, AND  
STARSCREAM.

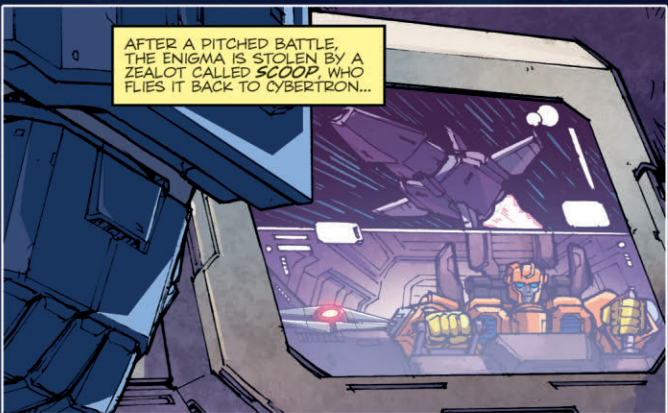


MEANWHILE, ON EARTH,  
THE AUTOBOT CALLED  
**PROWL** FORMS THE  
HEAD OF **DEVASTATOR**,  
A COMBINER—A GIANT  
FORMED FROM MULTIPLE  
CYBERTRONIANS.



DEVASTATOR—THE ONLY  
SUCCESSFUL COMBINER  
SINCE ANCIENT  
DAYS—LOCATES THE  
LEGENDARY **ENIGMA  
OF COMBINATION**...

...THE KEY  
TO GESTALT  
TECHNOLOGY.



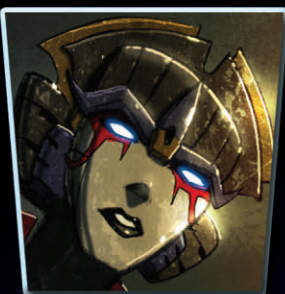
AFTER A PITCHED BATTLE,  
THE ENIGMA IS STOLEN BY A  
ZEALOT CALLED **SCOOP**, WHO  
FLIES IT BACK TO CYBERTRON...



# ROLL CALL



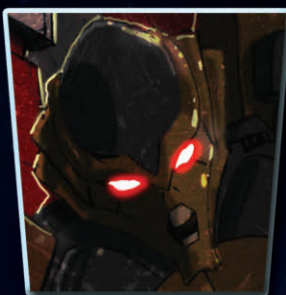
**OPTIMUS PRIME**  
Former leader



**WINDBLADE**  
CitySpeaker



**STARSCREAM**  
Cybertronian Ruler



**RATTRAP**  
His Lackey



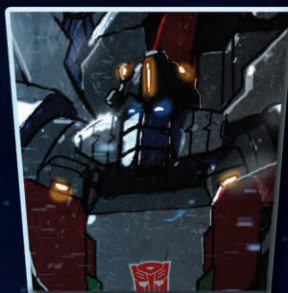
**SCOOP**  
Ex-Autobot



**IRONHIDE**  
Old Veteran



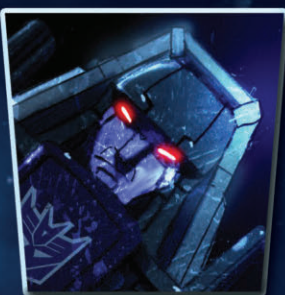
**CHROMIA**  
Brash Warrior



**WHEELJACK**  
Conflicted Scientist




**SWINDLE**  
Former Decepticon



**MOTORMASTER**  
Stunticon Leader






IT WAS *HOT*. THE NIGHT THE *NEW WAR* STARTED.

PEOPLE AROUND THE GALAXY DON'T THINK ABOUT THE *WEATHER* ON CYBERTRON...

...BUT IT GETS *HOT*. IT GETS *COLD*. JUST LIKE MOST ANYWHERE.



THE DIFFERENCE *HERE* IS WE JUST ENDED A *FOUR-MILLION-YEAR-LONG* WAR.

SEE, THE *AUTOBOTS* AND THE *DECEPTICONS*, THEY...

YOU KNOW WHAT?

IT *DOESN'T* MATTER.




OUR WAR ENDED AND *THIS* GUY—*STARSCREAM*—TOOK CONTROL OF THE PLANET.

HE PUT AN END TO THAT *FACTION* NONSENSE.



EVERYBODY'S JUST A *CYBERTRONIAN* NOW.

OR SO THEY SAY.



*POWER'S* WHAT *STARSCREAM* ALWAYS WANTED.

BUT HERE'S THE THING ABOUT *POWER*: ONCE YOU *HAVE* IT...





...YOU ALWAYS  
GOTTA FIGHT  
TO *KEEP* IT.

THIS  
NONSENSE ASIDE,  
*WINDBLADE*...

...I APPRECIATE  
YOU *JOINING ME*  
THIS EVENING.

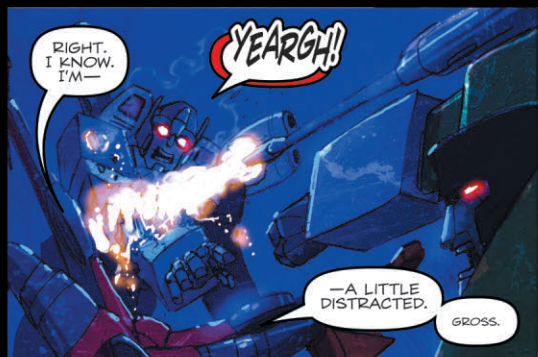
ANY—

—NNG—

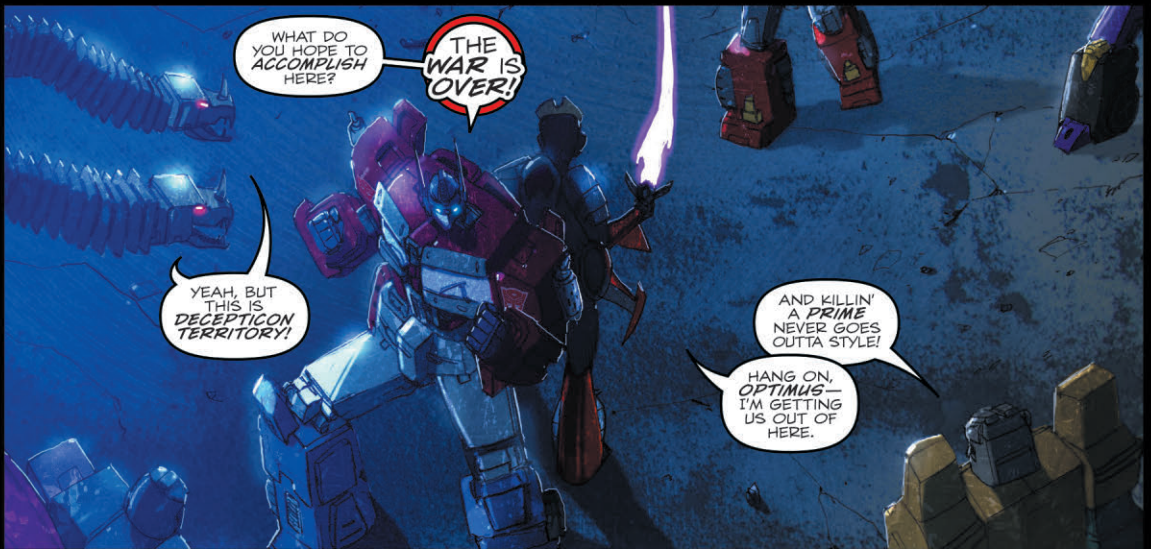
—ANY  
TIME,  
SIR.

"OPTIMUS"  
IS JUST FINE.













YOU SEE THAT?

THE *GROUND* WAS INNOCENT. IT NEVER DID ANYTHING BUT LET ME WALK ON IT.

SO IMAGINE WHAT I'LL DO TO *YOU* IF YOU HURT MY FRIEND.



EASE OFF, CHROMIA!

I THINK THESE GENTLEMEN WERE JUST ABOUT TO *DISPERSE*, ANYWAY.



IRONHIDE! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, OLD FRIEND.

PRIME. ALWAYS A PLEASURE PULLIN' YOUR CHASSIS OUTTA THE FIRE.

EVERYBODY, JUST *CALM DOWN* AND GO HOME.





WHAT'RE YA  
DOIN' BACK ON  
CYBERTRON?

AN' YA  
AIN'T GOT  
TIME TO  
HANG OUT  
WITH YOUR  
BUDDIES?

I'VE BEEN KEEPING  
*BUSY*. I CAME BACK  
HERE FOR AN  
ANNIVERSARY...



O' YOU  
GETTIN' THE  
MATRIX.

TONIGHT'S THE  
ANNIVERSARY O'  
WHEN YOU CHANGED  
FROM *ORION PAX*,  
HOTSHOT COP I  
TRIED MY DARNDEST  
TA TRAIN—

—TA *OPTIMUS  
PRIME*, AUTOBOT  
LEADER I TRIED  
MY *DAMNEDEST*  
TA TRAIN.



I THOUGHT  
I WAS THE  
ONLY ONE WHO  
REMEMBERED.

THAT THING  
CHANGED *ALL*  
OUR LIVES,  
AMIGO.



AND NOT  
A DAY HAS  
*PASSED* THAT  
I'VE NOT  
WONDERED IF  
THE *CHANGE*  
WAS FOR THE  
*BETTER*.

YOU'RE  
BEING TOO  
HARD ON  
YOURSELF.

I DON'T THINK  
*PRIMUS* GIVES  
OUT *MATRIXES*  
TO PEOPLE WHO  
MAKE THE WORLD  
WORSE.

IF *HE* HAD  
FAITH, *YOU*  
SHOULD, TOO.

I...  
THANK YOU,  
WINDBLADE...



...BUT I'M NOT  
SURE THE SITUATION  
IS SO CLEAR.

SPEAKING  
OF WHICH...

...I TRACKED  
YOU DOWN FOR A  
REASON, OPTIMUS—  
I HAVE SOMETHING  
*IMPORTANT* TO TELL  
YOU. THE FOUR OF  
US SHOULD TALK  
IN *PRIVATE*.





SO THERE GO THE AUTOBOTS, WITH THEIR SECRETS AND HIDDEN AGENDAS.



THAT'S ME, BY THE WAY—SWINDLE, THE GOOD-LOOKING GUY WITH THE BIG EYES.

AND THAT'S HOW I GOT INVOLVED. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING—



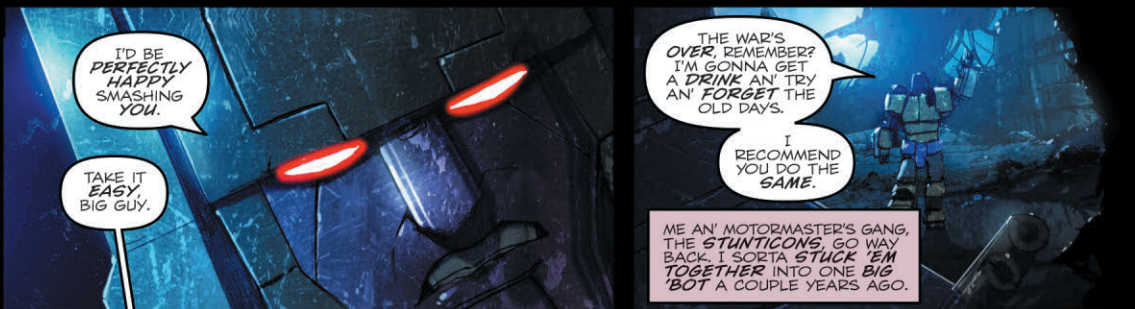
—I'M A PERFECTLY INNOCENT EX-CON WHO GOT CAUGHT UP IN EVENTS BIGGER THAN ME. I KNOW.

GREAT TO SEE YOU, TOO, MOTORMASTER!



I MEAN, I KNOW LITERALLY MILLIONS OF DECEPTICONS HAVE TRIED FOR LITERALLY MILLIONS OF YEARS—

—BUT I SERIOUSLY THOUGHT TONIGHT WAS THE NIGHT, BUD.



TAKE IT EASY, BIG GUY.

THE WAR'S OVER, REMEMBER? I'M GONNA GET A DRINK AN' TRY AN' FORGET THE OLD DAYS.

I RECOMMEND YOU DO THE SAME.

ME AN' MOTORMASTER'S GANG, THE STUNTICONS, GO WAY BACK. I SORTA STUCK 'EM TOGETHER INTO ONE BIG 'BOT A COUPLE YEARS AGO.



LOTS OF LAUGHS.

WELL, I MEAN, TO BE *PERFECTLY HONEST*—NOT THAT I'M EVER ANYTHING BUT—THINGS KINDA WENT BAD AND MOTOR-MASTER KINDA *BLAMES* ME.

BUT, YOU KNOW, IT WAS THE TIME OF *MY* LIFE, ANYWAY.

THEN WE WOUND UP HERE, ON A RUINED WRECK OF A WORLD, LIVING IN A GIANT AUTOBOT *TITAN* CALLED *METROPLEX*.

NOW, *'PLEX* HAD HELPED PRIME BACK AT THE *START* OF THE WAR, BUT THEN HE *VANISHED*. WHEN HE TURNED UP, HE WAS *INJURED* SO BAD...

...THAT ONLY WINDBLADE—WHO'S FROM A LOST *CYBERTRONIAN COLONY* IN DEEP SPACE, IF YOU CAN BELIEVE THAT—ONLY *WINDBLADE* CAN TALK TO HIM.

AND WHAT KIND OF SHENANIGANS *THOSE* TWO GET UP TO... WELL, FRIEND-O—YOU AND I CAN ONLY *GUESS*.

METROPLEX'S *SPACEBRIDGE* IS ACTIVE.

IT CAN *INSTANTLY* TAKE US ANYWHERE THERE'S A *RECEIVER*, REGARDLESS OF DISTANCE.





WE HAVE  
*HAD* THIS  
TECHNOLOGY  
BEFORE.

WINDBLADE'S  
SELLIN' IT *SHORT*,  
PRIME.

THE THING  
WITH *THIS ONE*,  
AS OPPOSED TO  
THE ONES THE  
CONS MADE BACK  
IN THE WAR...



METROPLEX  
KNOWS WHERE  
THE RECEIVERS  
ARE.

WHERE ARE  
THEY? WHO IN  
THE GALAXY  
WOULD HAVE A  
SPACEBRIDGE  
RECEIVER?



THE COLONIES.  
OF COURSE.

THE LOST  
COLONIES OF  
CYBERTRON.



OKAY, PRETEND  
YOU'RE TALKIN'  
TO A *NORMAL*  
CYBERTRONIAN  
DUDE WHO DOESN'T  
KNOW EVERY  
ANCIENT SECRET  
EVER.



MILLIONS  
AND MILLIONS  
OF YEARS AGO—  
LONG BEFORE  
YOUR WAR, WHICH  
STILL REFUSES TO  
END EVEN AFTER  
IT'S ENDED—

—THIRTEEN  
COLONY  
SHIPS LEFT  
CYBERTRON.

THIRTEEN  
TITANS LOOKING  
FOR NEW WORLDS  
TO ESTABLISH  
OUTPOSTS OF  
CYBERTRONIAN  
CIVILIZATION.

ALL WERE  
LOST.

AND  
FORGOTTEN.





AHEM.

THAT DEPENDS  
ON YOUR  
**PERSPECTIVE**,  
OPTIMUS.

ONE TITAN,  
**CAMINUS**,  
ESTABLISHED THE  
COLONY THAT  
CHROMIA AND I  
COME FROM.

THINGS...  
HAVEN'T  
**GONE WELL**  
THERE.

IT'S **FINE**.  
WE JUST  
NEED SOME  
**ENERGON**  
AND WE'RE  
**FINE**.



THAT'S  
**NOT**  
**TRUE**.

THE STAR  
SYSTEM CAMINUS  
SETTLED IN—ITS  
**RESOURCES** LASTED  
**LONG ENOUGH** TO  
MAKE US THINK  
THEY WOULD LAST  
**FOREVER**.



HUH.

**CYBERTRON**  
WENT THROUGH THAT.  
JUST **LUCK** GOT US  
ENOUGH **ENERGON**  
**NOWADAYS**.

THIS SPACEBRIDGE  
IS A **LIFELINE**—A  
CHANCE TO **SAVE**  
CAMINUS.



AND A  
WAY **OFF**  
YOUR  
**OUT-OF-**  
**CONTROL**  
**PLANET!**

CHROMIA—  
WE CAN'T  
ACT **RASHLY**  
AGAIN.



"AGAIN"? DID  
SOMETHING  
**HAPPEN**  
WHILE I WAS  
ON EARTH?

IT'S... A  
PERSONAL  
THING.

IT'S BEEN  
**DEALT WITH**,  
OPTIMUS.

THE **QUESTION**  
IS—NOW THAT THE  
BRIDGE IS **ACTIVE**,  
WHO DO WE TELL?





STARSCREAM IS DEFINITELY WAITING FOR RESULTS. THE THING IS...

...THE FOUR OF US *HERE*, WE SORT OF...

...WE MADE AN *ARRANGEMENT*.

WE FORMED A *CABAL* AGAINST STARSCREAM.



HANG ON, IRONHIDE. I DID NO SUCH THING!

STARSCREAM'S *NOBODY'S* FAVORITE 'BOT, BUT HE'S GOT ME FIXING THE *AERIALBOTS*. AN' I GOT NO PROBLEM WITH IT.



STARSCREAM *IS* THE LEGITIMATE RULER OF CYBERTRON.

ANY *UNWARRANTED* ACTIONS AGAINST HIM WILL BE A BLOW TO THE VERY CONCEPT OF A *POST-WAR CYBERTRON*.



HOWEVER.

IF STARSCREAM HAS *BETRAYED CYBERTRON*, I'LL TAKE HIS *HEAD* MYSELF.



WHEELJACK—THE *AERIALBOTS* COMBINED INTO ONE MASSIVE CREATURE—AND NEARLY DIED. IF YOU SAVE THEM... YOU HAND STARSCREAM AN *UNBEATABLE WEAPON*.

WINDBLADE: IF WE RESCUE YOUR *COLONY*... WE SET THE STAGE FOR A NEW *CYBERTROMIAN EMPIRE*.

THAT'S WHY WE WANTED TO TALK TO YOU.



I SEE.

WELL, REGARDLESS OF MOTIVES, SAVING THE *AERIALBOTS* IS A *WORTHY GOAL*. WHEELJACK—DO YOUR BEST.

IRONHIDE AND CHROMIA—MAKE SURE NO ONE APPROACHES THE *SPACEBRIDGE* UNTIL WE RETURN.

WINDBLADE, YOU'RE WITH ME. THERE'S ONLY *ONE 'BOT* TO TALK TO.

HEAT WASN'T THE ONLY THING IN THE AIR THAT NIGHT...





...THE *WIND* CARRIED THE FIRST HINTS OF CHANGE.

ALWAYS A DANGEROUS THING.

WITH THIS BOLD NEW ERA, IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE!

THIS BODY HAS A CERTAIN... BESTIAL POWER TO IT...

...BUT THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT, YOU NEVER GO WRONG WITH A CLASSIC LOOK.



HOW CAN YOU WASTE TIME LIKE THIS, STARScream?

SCOOP, MY FRIEND, WHAT AM I?

YOU KNOW.

SAY IT.

GRRR.

SCOOP...?

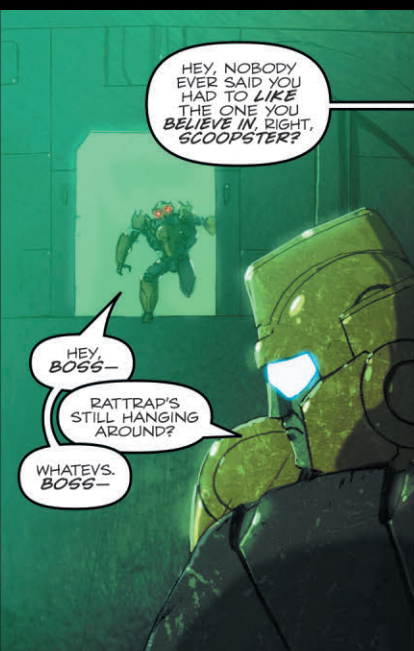


THE CHOSEN ONE.

I AM THE CHOSEN ONE. A TITAN SAID SO, AND THE PEOPLE OF CYBERTRON AGREED.

YOU DON'T GET CHOSEN WITHOUT MAKING GOOD DECISIONS, ERGO—

—CHOOSING A FRESH NEW ME IS BY DEFINITION A GOOD IDEA.



HEY, NOBODY EVER SAID YOU HAD TO LIKE THE ONE YOU BELIEVE IN, RIGHT, SCOOPSTER?

HEY, BOSS—

RATTRAP'S STILL HANGING AROUND?

WHATEVS. BOSS—

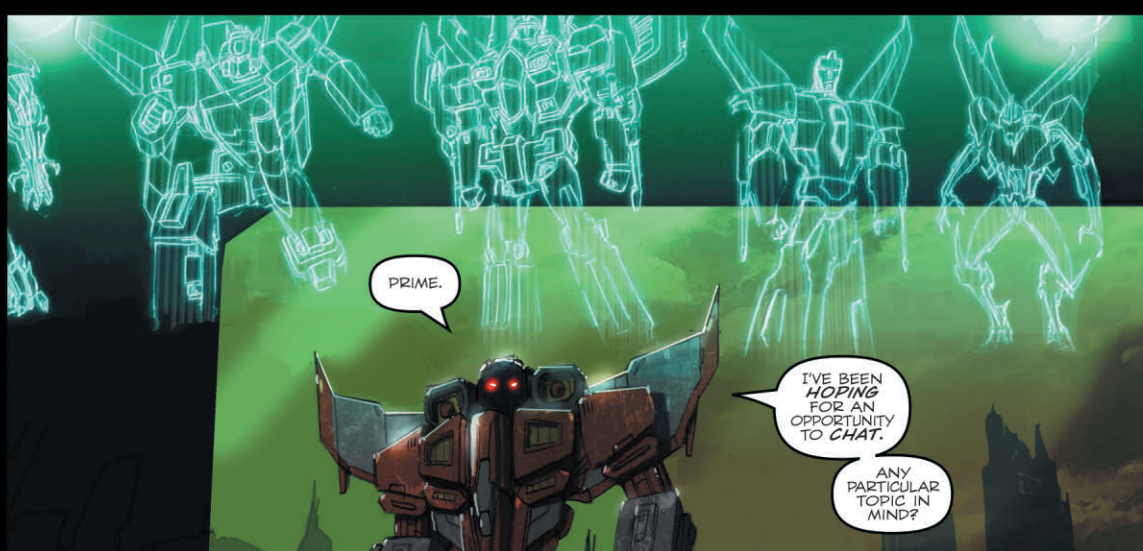


—WE GOT VISITORS.

THE SERIOUS KIND.

OUR BUSINESS IS URGENT.





PRIME.

I'VE BEEN **HOPING** FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO **CHAT**.

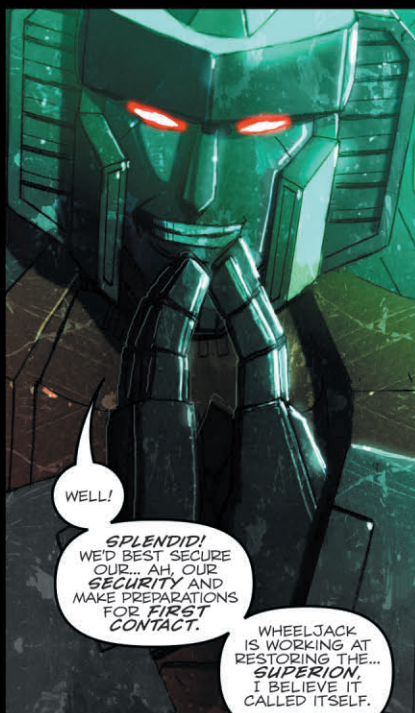
ANY PARTICULAR TOPIC IN MIND?



WE **DID** IT.

THE **SPACEBRIDGE** IS **ACTIVE**.

WE CAN REACH THE **LOST COLONIES**.



WELL!

**SPLENDID!** WE'D BEST SECURE OUR... AH, OUR **SECURITY** AND MAKE PREPARATIONS FOR **FIRST CONTACT**.

**WHEELJACK** IS WORKING AT RESTORING THE... **SUPERION**. I BELIEVE IT CALLED ITSELF.



THEY'RE NOT AN "IT". **STARScream**. THEY'RE THE **AERIALBOTS**, AND THEY'RE MY **FRIENDS**.

NOT A **WEAPON**.



WELL, THAT'S EASY TO SAY WHEN YOU HAVE A **COMBINER** OF YOUR OWN, **PRIME**.

ANYBODY REMEMBER WHEN **DEVASTATOR** TRASHED THIS CITY?

AND HERE HE IS—COURTESY OF MY FRIEND, **SCOOP**—ON YOUR **BACKWOODS PLANET**.

WHAT'S IT CALLED AGAIN...?



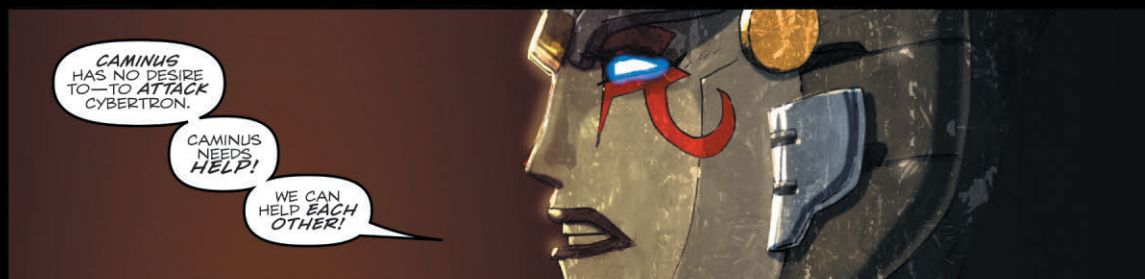


EARTH.  
YOU KNOW  
THE PLACE.

INDEED.

AND I KNOW  
*PROWL* PLUS THE  
CONSTRUCTICONS  
EQUALS ONE  
UNSTABLE GESTALT  
ON ONE NOWHERE  
WORLD.

I CAN ONLY  
ASSUME THE LOST  
COLONIES HAVE EVEN  
BIGGER PROBLEMS,  
AND I WILL NOT  
WAGER MY PLANET  
ON ANYONE'S  
GOOD WILL.



CAMINUS  
HAS NO DESIRE  
TO—TO ATTACK  
CYBERTRON.

CAMINUS  
NEEDS  
HELP!

WE CAN  
HELP EACH  
OTHER!



MY DEAR.

I REFUSE TO PUT  
MY WORLD AT RISK  
WITHOUT ADEQUATE  
PREPARATIONS.

THIS IS *NOT* A  
NEGOTIATION.



NOW.

PRIME, GET  
YOUR OWN HOUSE  
IN ORDER, BEFORE  
THAT OUT-OF-CONTROL  
JUGGERNAUT DOES  
SOME *REAL* DAMAGE,  
TO EARTH OR  
CYBERTRON.

WINDBLADE:  
GET THE BRIDGE  
READY.

I HAVE  
A FEELING  
WHEELJACK IS  
CLOSER TO A  
BREAKTHROUGH  
THAN EVEN HE  
KNOWS.

DISMISSED.



YOU DO  
NOT ISSUE  
ORDERS  
TO—

TO WHAT?

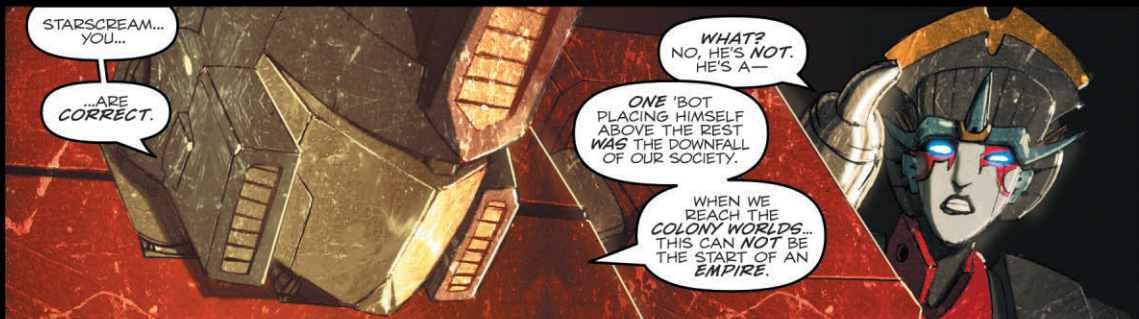


TO A  
PRIME?

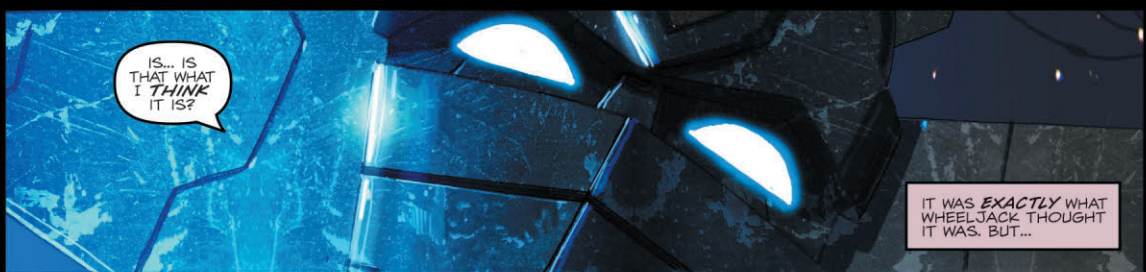
THAT  
ATTITUDE—THAT  
A *TITLE* PLACES  
YOU ABOVE THE  
REST OF US—  
IS WHAT GOT  
US HERE.

I WAS  
CHOSEN.  
WHO CHOSE  
YOU TO BE  
PRIME?

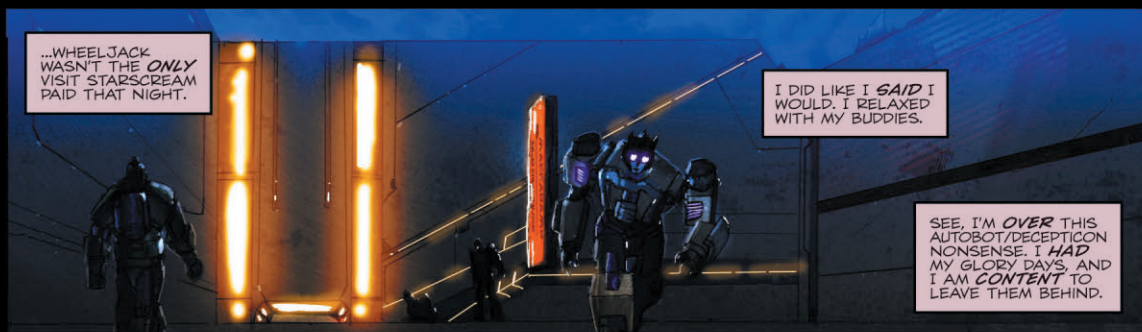












...WHEELJACK WASN'T THE *ONLY* VISIT STARScream PAID THAT NIGHT.

I DID LIKE I *SAID* I WOULD. I RELAXED WITH MY BUDDIES.

SEE, I'M *OVER* THIS AUTOBOT/DECEPTICON NONSENSE. I *HAD* MY GLORY DAYS, AND I AM *CONTENT* TO LEAVE THEM BEHIND.



I MEAN, I HAVEN'T GOT A SPARE *SHANIX* TO SAVE MY LIFE, SO I LIVE WHERE THE *LIVIN'S CHEAP*.

I HAVE MY ROUTINE...



...WHICH I GUESS MAKES ME EASY TO *FIND*.

BUT WHY WOULDN'T I *WANT* TO BE FOUND?



SURE, I HAVE A *PAST*. WHO DOESN'T?

BUT ALL THAT WAS *BEHIND* ME...

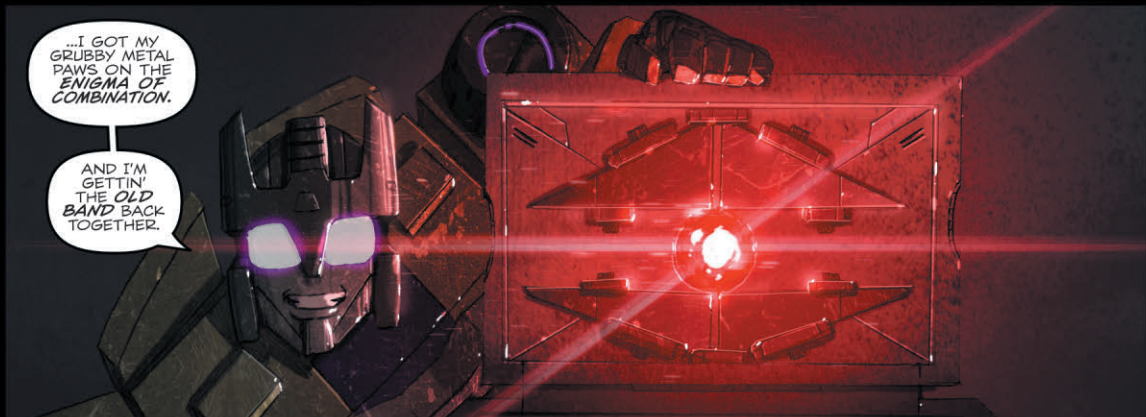
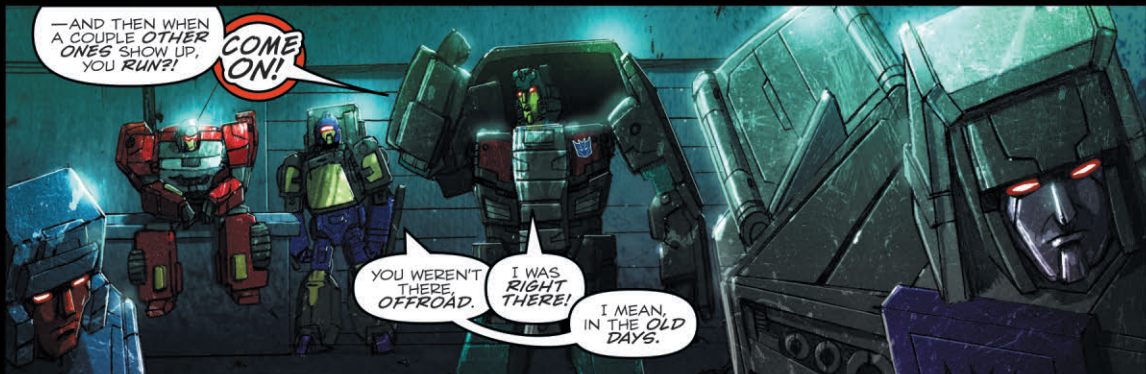


...OR SO I *THOUGHT*.

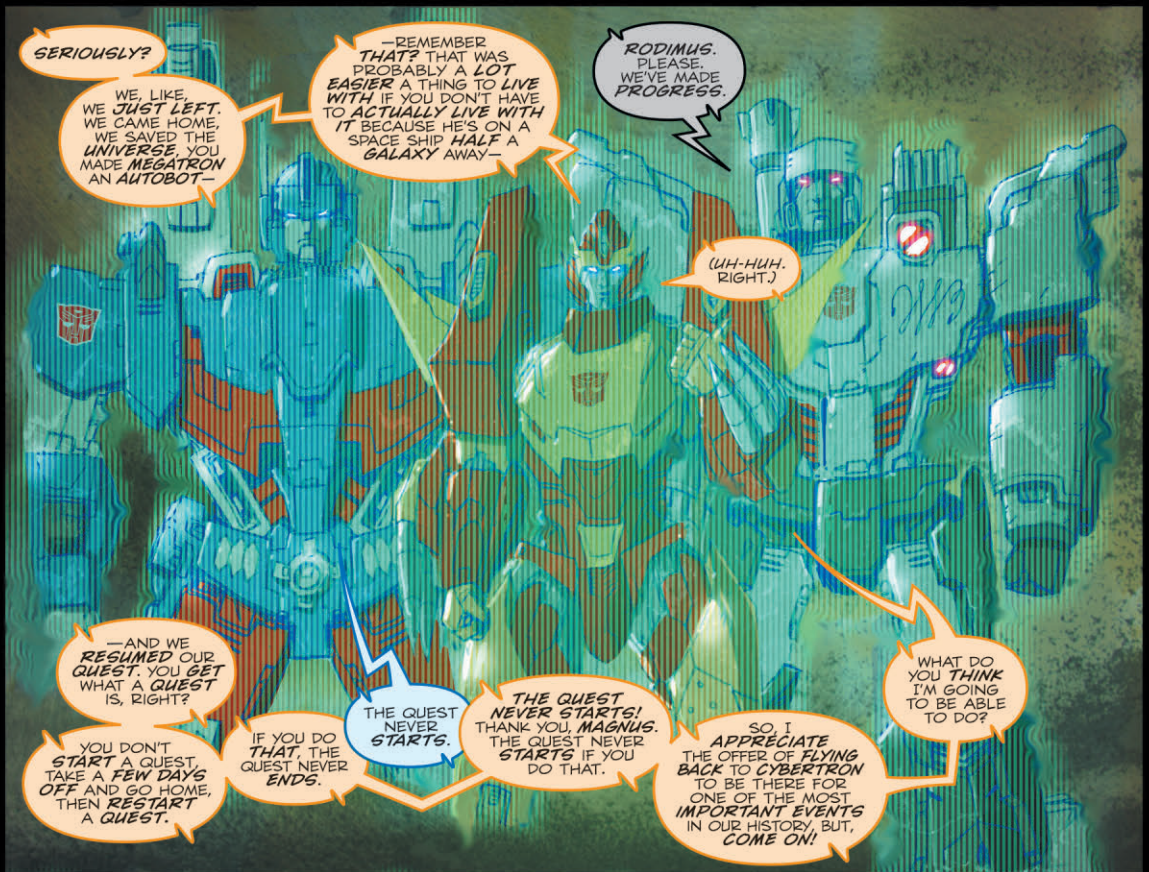
HIYA, SWINDLE.

WANNA GET *RICH*?









SERIOUSLY?

WE, LIKE,  
WE **JUST LEFT**.  
WE CAME HOME.  
WE SAVED THE  
UNIVERSE, YOU  
MADE MEGATRON  
AN AUTOBOT—

—REMEMBER  
**THAT?** THAT WAS  
PROBABLY A LOT  
EASIER A THING TO LIVE  
WITH IF YOU DON'T HAVE  
TO **ACTUALLY LIVE WITH**  
IT BECAUSE HE'S ON A  
SPACE SHIP **HALF A**  
GALAXY AWAY—

RODIMUS.  
PLEASE.  
WE'VE MADE  
PROGRESS.

(UH-HUH.  
RIGHT.)

—AND WE  
RESUMED OUR  
QUEST. YOU GET  
WHAT A QUEST  
IS, RIGHT?

YOU DON'T  
START A QUEST.  
TAKE A **FEW DAYS**  
OFF AND GO HOME,  
THEN **RESTART**  
A QUEST.

IF YOU DO  
**THAT**, THE  
QUEST NEVER  
ENDS.

THE QUEST  
NEVER  
STARTS.

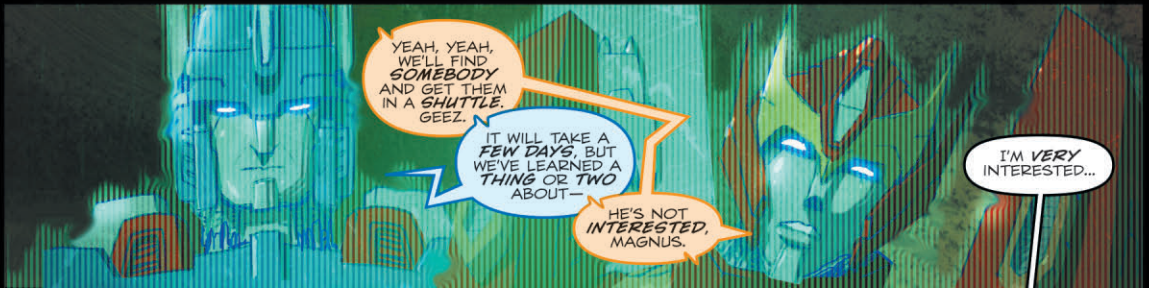
THE QUEST  
NEVER STARTS!  
THANK YOU, **MAGNUS**.  
THE QUEST NEVER  
STARTS IF YOU  
DO THAT.

SO, I  
APPRECIATE  
THE OFFER OF FLYING  
BACK TO CYBERTRON  
TO BE THERE FOR  
ONE OF THE MOST  
IMPORTANT EVENTS  
IN OUR HISTORY, BUT,  
**COME ON!**

WHAT DO  
YOU **THINK**  
I'M GOING  
TO BE ABLE  
TO DO?



SO YOU'LL SEND A  
REPRESENTATIVE?



YEAH, YEAH,  
WE'LL FIND  
**SOMEBODY**  
AND GET THEM  
IN A **SHUTTLE**.  
GEEZ.

IT WILL TAKE A  
**FEW DAYS**, BUT  
WE'VE LEARNED A  
**THING OR TWO**  
ABOUT—

HE'S NOT  
INTERESTED,  
MAGNUS.

I'M **VERY**  
INTERESTED...



...BUT I'M  
AFRAID I CAN  
FEEL **HISTORY**  
PRESSING DOWN,  
AND I DON'T  
HAVE MUCH  
TIME.

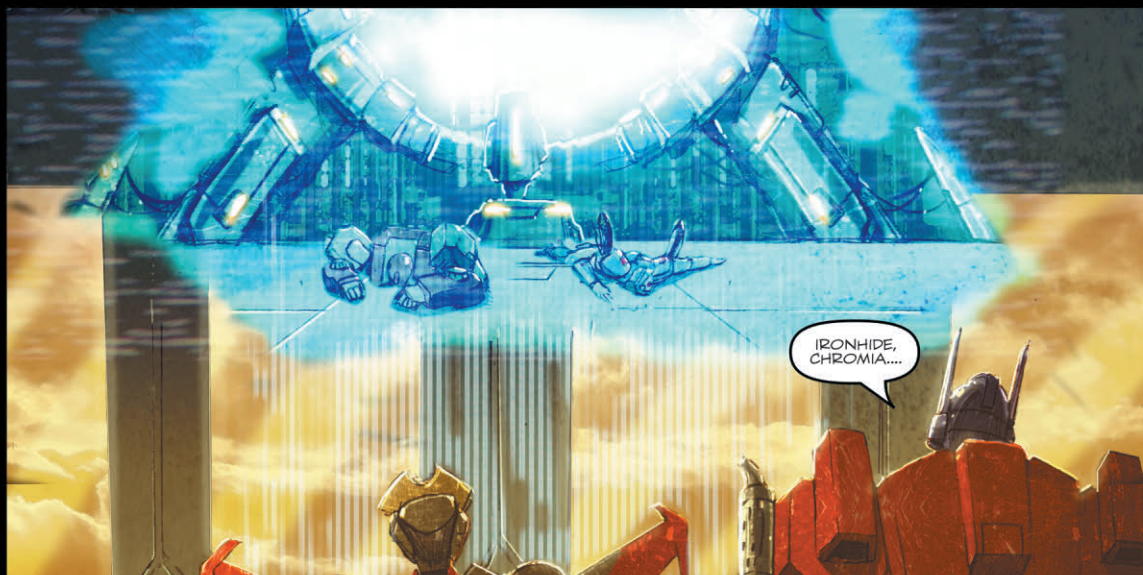
RIGHT.  
TALK TO  
YOU LATER,  
PRIME.

MEGGS  
SAYS, "HI,"  
BY THE  
WAY.

I SAID **NO**  
SUCH—

CLICK







TAKE, FOR INSTANCE, THE  
PLANET *CAMINUS*, WHERE  
THE EPONYMOUS *TITAN*  
SET DOWN A WHILE BACK.

LONG ENOUGH  
AGO FOR  
*ENERGON*  
*RESERVES*  
TO DRY UP...

...FOR A STAR TO DECAY  
INTO A *WHITE DWARF*—  
WITH GRAVITY TO  
KEEP THE PLANET IN  
ORBIT, BUT NOT ENOUGH  
LIGHT TO MAKE *SOLAR*  
*ENERGY* A THING...

...AND NOT ENOUGH  
*HEAT* TO EVEN MAKE  
WEATHER—OTHER  
THAN THE COOL  
STILLNESS OF A  
PERPETUAL TWILIGHT.

WHEN A POST-CYBERTRONIAN SOCIETY TRIED  
TO FIND A FOOTHOLD THERE, IT *FLOWRIshed*  
FOR A TIME... THEN *DECAY* SET IN.

SO, TODAY, THE  
ONCE-PROUD MEN  
AND WOMEN OF  
CAMINUS LOOK TO  
THE SKY AND *PRAY*  
FOR A *MIRACLE*.

AND WHAT DO  
YOU *KNOW*?  
SOME PRAYERS  
GET *ANSWERED*,  
I GUESS.

I COULD *IDENTIFY* WITH  
THEM—IN RETROSPECT,  
I MEAN. SEE, WE BOTH  
WANTED... WELL, *STUFF*.

THEY WANTED STUFF  
TO *EAT*; I WANTED  
STUFF TO *SPEND*.

BUT IT'S *KINDA*  
THE SAME THING.

A FLASH OF *LIGHT* IN THE  
*NIGHT SKY*, AND THE  
*CHILL* OF CAMINUS WAS  
BLOWN OUT BY THE *HOT*  
*BREATH* OF CYBERTRON...





# FIRST CONTACT





Art by SARA PITRE-DUROCHER



# PART 1



Art by CASEY W. COLLER • Colors by JOANA LAFUENTE



**DAWN ON CAMINUS, LOST CYBERTRONIAN COLONY.**







**NOTHING!**

STARSCREAM  
SAID I'D GET  
RICH ROBBING  
THESE CAMIENS  
BLIND... AND WHAT  
DO I FIND?

NO FUEL!  
NO WEAPONS!

NOT  
EVEN ANY  
METAL!



WE'RE MADE OF  
FREAKIN' METAL!  
HOW DO YOU  
SLAG HEAPS NOT  
HAVE ANY?!

SUSPECT!  
**STAND  
DOWN!**

YOU ARE  
BEING HELD  
BY SECTION  
438 OF THE  
FORGEFIRE  
PARLIAMENTARY  
CODE OF  
JUSTICE—

JUSTICE? WHEN  
WAS THE LAST  
TIME ANYONE  
EXPECTED A  
DECEPTICON—

—ALBEIT AN  
EX-DECEPTICON—

—TO GIVE  
A RUSTY  
FENDER ABOUT  
JUSTICE?



IF YOU'RE  
AFFILIATED  
WITH A CRIMINAL  
ORGANIZATION,  
THEY CAN BE  
PROSECUTED  
AS WELL.

**HA!**

I KEEP  
FORGETTING  
HOW FAR  
BEHIND THE  
CURVE YOU  
ARE.



OKAY,  
LAW-BOT,  
LET ME GET  
YOU UP TO  
SPEED.

MY NAME'S  
SWINDLE,  
AND THIS...



# THE SUM AND ITS PARTS

...IS  
**MENASOR.**

AND JUDGING  
BY THE LOOKS  
ON YOUR FACES, I'M  
ASSUMING WE'RE  
FREE TO GO.

YOU MOST  
CERTAINLY  
ARE NOT.

MENASOR,  
YOU ARE UNDER  
ARREST...  
P-PURSUANT TO  
SECTION 438...

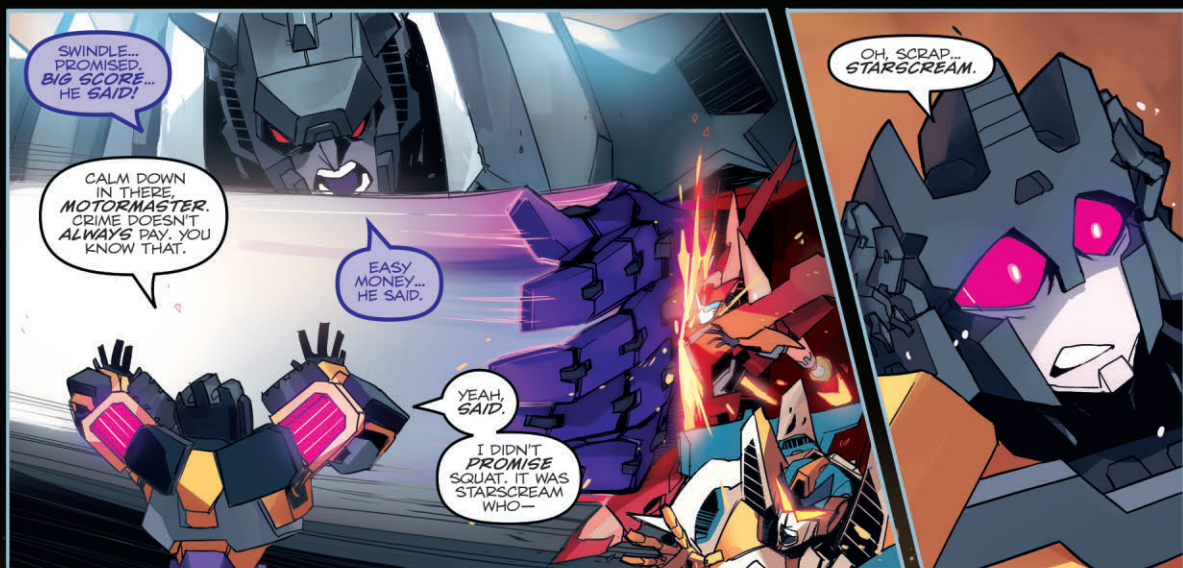
WOW, YOU  
CAMIENS ARE  
REAL "LIVE BY  
THE SWORD"  
KINDA 'BOTS. I  
ADMIRE THAT.

**WROH**

HE DOESN'T.  
BUT I DO.

NO...  
ENERGON!





**CYBERTRON. DAYS AGO.**











I DON'T  
KNOW...

...PURPLE IS  
A REGAL COLOR,  
BUT I'VE ALWAYS  
BEEN PARTIAL TO  
THE **PRIMARIES**.  
THERE'S SOMETHING  
BOLD ABOUT A  
NICE RED OR—

**STARSCREAM!**

SOMEONE  
HAS ACTIVATED  
METROPLEX'S  
**SPACEBRIDGE**  
WITHOUT  
AUTHORIZATION!



**What?!**

WE REQUIRE  
YOU HERE—  
**NOW!**

ON MY  
WAY!



AS I WAS  
SAYING.

**RATTRAP**  
HAS STATISTICS  
ON HOW **BLUE**  
IS LINKED WITH  
TRUSTWORTHINESS.  
SO PERHAPS—

MY LORD,  
IS THIS **REALLY**  
THE TIME TO TALK  
ABOUT **COLOR**  
**SCHEMES?!**

IT IS **ALWAYS** THE  
TIME TO CONSIDER  
THE OPTICS OF YOUR  
SITUATION, **SCOOP**.



**ESPECIALLY**  
IN A CRISIS.



**METROPLEX'S SPACEBRIDGE CHAMBER.**  
**MINUTES LATER.**



I'M SORRY, CITYSPEAKER. THEY TOOK US BY SURPRISE.

I TOLD YAH, I'M FINE.

STARSCREAM, WE CHECKED THE LOG. WHOEVER WENT THROUGH WENT TO CAMINUS.

YOUR HOMETOWN, WINDBLADE? HOW CONVENIENT.

DID EITHER OF YOUR TRUSTED GUARDIANS HERE SEE ANYTHING BEFORE FAILING AT THEIR VERY BASIC JOB?



IRONHIDE? CHROMIA?

IT WAS SWINDLE AND SOME BOTS I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE.

THEY'RE CALLED STUNTICONS.

STUPID NAME.

STUPID BOTS, FOR THE MOST PART. BUT THE LAST TIME THEY WERE WORKING WITH SWINDLE, THEY LEARNED HOW TO COMBINE.



I WONDER HOW THEY KNEW THE SPACEBRIDGE DOWN HERE EVEN WORKED, LORD STARSCREAM.

PROBABLY THE SAME WAY SWINDLE KNEW THE CODES YOU USED IN YOUR LITTLE JAILBREAK.

I DON'T KEEP TRACK OF EVERY TWO-BIT HUCKSTER ON THE PLANET.



BLAME CAN BE ASSIGNED LATER. WE MUST FOCUS ON THE SITUATION AT HAND.

WISE WORDS, AS ALWAYS, PRIME. NOW, FEEL FREE TO STEP BACK WHILE I DO SOMETHING ACTUALLY PRODUCTIVE.

IRONHIDE AND CHROMIA—YOU WANT SOME HELP REDEEMING YOURSELVES?

**BREEP**

LORD STARSCREAM, HOW CAN I BE OF ASSISTANCE?



ASSEMBLE YOUR UNIT AND REPORT TO MY COORDINATES, COMMANDER.

YOU GET TO SAVE A WORLD.



CAMINUS.







SECOND PASS!  
RIGHT FLANK, GET  
YOUR AIM UP!

AHH!

WHAT  
IS THIS  
THING?

SHUT  
UP AND  
KILL IT!

FOCUS  
FIRE ON  
THE RIGHT  
KNEE!

OUR  
RIGHT OR HIS  
RIGHT?

UMM... HIS  
RIGHT?

GOT IT.





I CAN'T JUST SIT HERE WITH CAMINUS IN DANGER. I'M GOING!

I SHALL ACCOMPANY YOU.

NO!

NOT YOU.



OPTIMUS, THERE ARE THINGS ABOUT CAMINUS—WE NEED TO TALK BEFORE YOU GO THERE.

I DON'T THINK THAT MATTERS RIGHT NOW, WINDBLADE.

PLEASE, JUST TRUST ME ON THIS. STAY HERE.



RAAHH!!

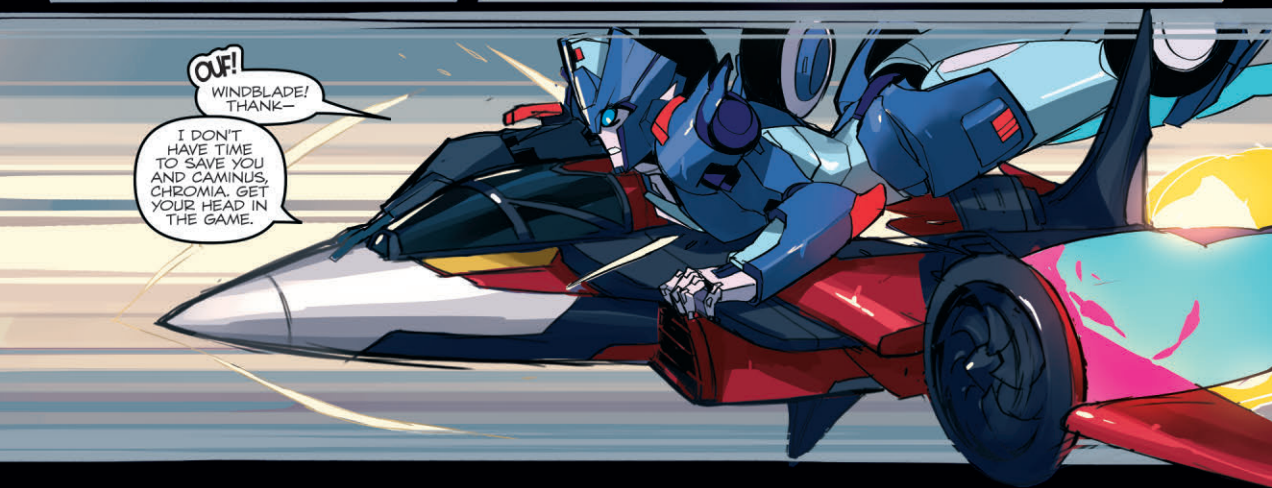
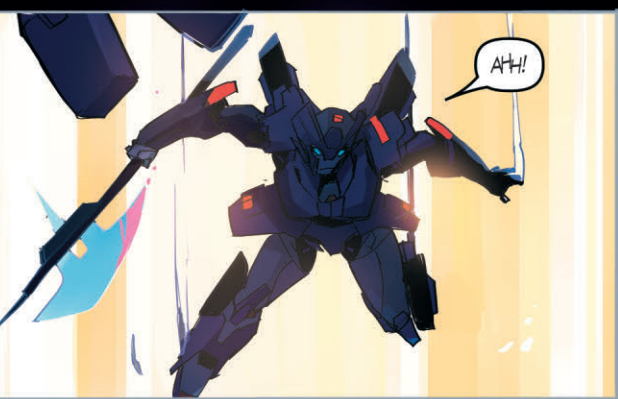
PULL UP! PULL UP!

KEEP PRESSURE ON HIM!!

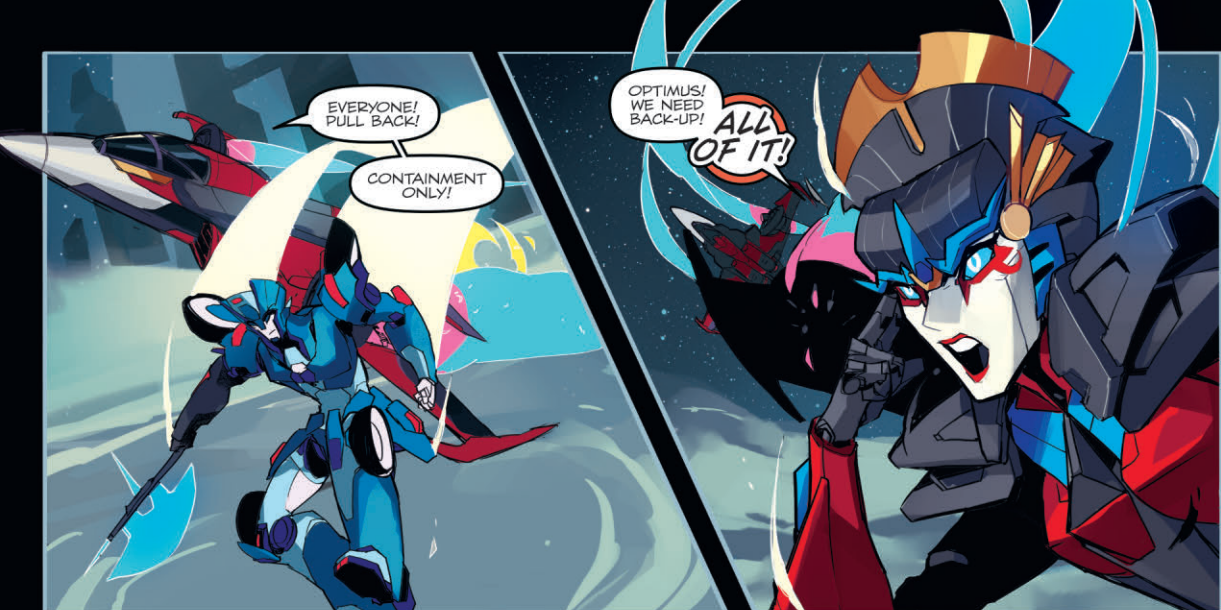
KRRCH

LOOK OUT!









OPTIMUS!  
WE NEED  
BACK-UP!

ALL  
OF IT!





LET'S  
DO THIS!

SPOKEN LIKE A  
'BOT WHO'S NEVER  
DONE IT BEFORE. TRUST  
ME, ALPHA BRAVO, YOU  
MAY NOT BE SO EAGER  
WHEN YOU'RE ON THE  
OTHER SIDE.

AND YET,  
THAT'S EXACTLY  
WHERE WE NEED  
TO GO.

AERIALBOTS!  
PREPARE FOR  
INTEGRATION.

UNDERSTOOD,  
SILVERBOLT.

LET'S  
SHOW THIS  
HODGEPODGE  
WHAT A REAL  
COMBINER CAN DO!

AERIALBOTS,  
COMBINE INTO—

**-SUPERION!**

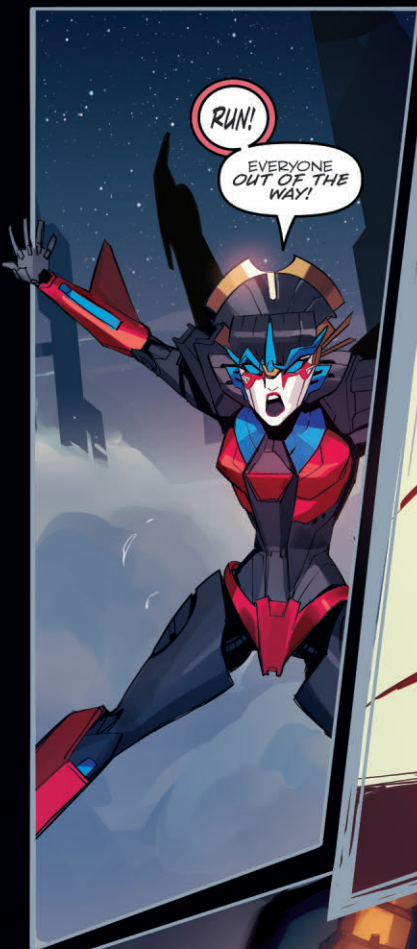
THIS IS  
YOUR ONLY  
WARNING,  
'CON.

**SURRENDER!**

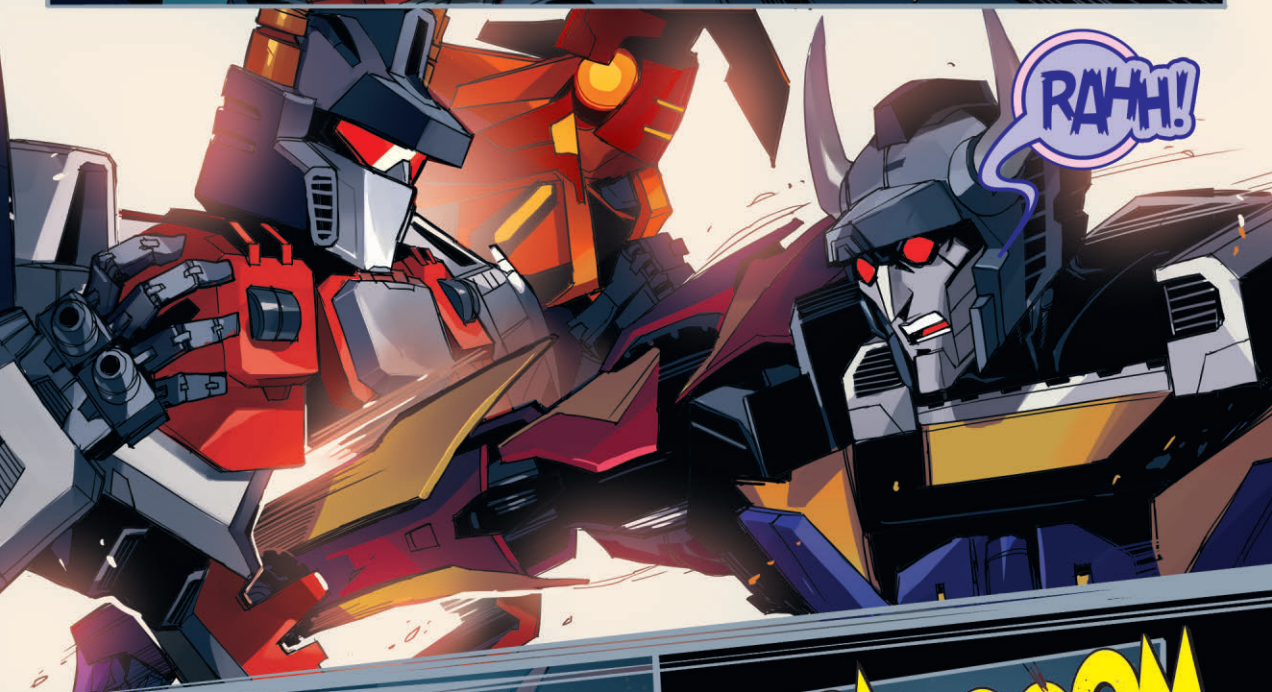
MENASOR  
CRUSH YOU,  
TOO!

WELL,  
SUPERION  
TRIED.



















## THE FORGEFIRE.

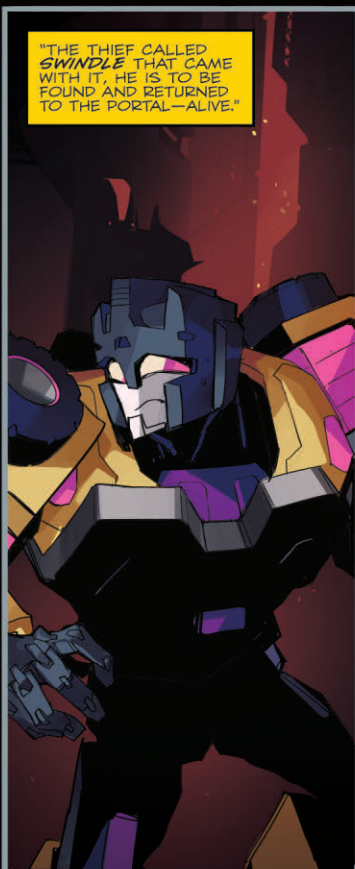


THIS MONSTER MUST BE DISMANTLED AND TRIED FOR HIS CRIMES ON CYBERTRON.

SUPERION WILL AID YOU. YOU NEED NOT FEAR HIM.

YOU SPEAK, AND WE HEAR.

"THE THIEF CALLED SWINDLE THAT CAME WITH IT, HE IS TO BE FOUND AND RETURNED TO THE PORTAL—ALIVE."



NO ONE ELSE IS TO APPROACH THE SPACEBRIDGE WITHOUT MY CONSENT.

OF COURSE, CITY SPEAKER, BUT IF CYBERTRON ITSELF HAS WROUGHT THIS TRAGEDY...

...CYBERTRON MUST BE THE ONE TO REPAIR IT.

AGREED, THIS LORD STARScream MUST BE CONTACTED. HE MUST EXPLAIN HIMSELF.



THE FORGEFIRE SPEAKS, AND I HEAR...

"...IT WILL BE DONE"

WELL, LOOK WHO I FOUND.

HEEEEEEY...

LORD STARScream GAVE SPECIFIC ORDERS ABOUT YOU.



MY LADY, THE FIRES OF CREATION BLESS YOU.

AND YOU AS WELL, CITY SPEAKER. I WAS TOLD YOU NEEDED TO SPEAK TO ME ALONE.

FORGIVE MY PRESUMPTION, BUT YOU WILL WANT TO SIT DOWN FOR THIS. THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME.





**CYBERTRON.**

OUR PARLIAMENTARY LEADERS WOULD LIKE TO SEE STARScream, TO MAKE PROPER FIRST CONTACT, AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

WE SHALL—

JUST STARScream, OPTIMUS.

THEY WISH TO SPEAK ONLY TO THE OFFICIAL RULER OF CYBERTRON.

NO DOUBT THEY NEED YOU ELSEWHERE, PRIME. CLEAN-UP DUTY, PERHAPS.

WINDBLADE, YOU ARE CAMINUS' AMBASSADOR, AND I RESPECT YOUR SKILL. BUT TO ALLOW STARScream TO GO ALONE SEEMS UNWISE.

OUR PARLIAMENT HAS BEEN FIGHTING OVER NOTHING FOR CENTURIES, OPTIMUS.

STARScream TALKING TO THEM WON'T MATTER. NOT ONCE YOU COME. THE *MISTRESS OF FLAME* WOULD SEE YOU. SHE IS OUR SPIRITUAL LEADER, THE TRUE HEART OF OUR PLANET.

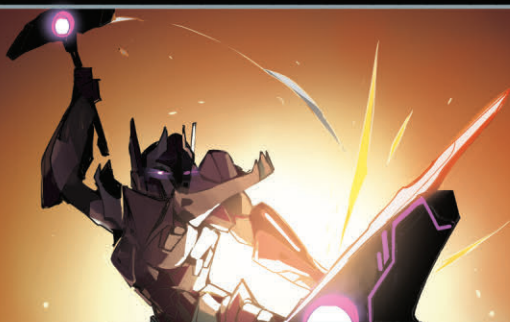
I WOULD BE HONORED TO MEET WITH HER.

I WOULDN'T LEAP TO THAT CONCLUSION JUST YET, OPTIMUS. DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE WAY OF FLAME?

NO.



"ON CAMINUS, THE ENTIRE PLANET FOLLOWS THE **WAY OF FLAME**. IT IS OUR ONLY RELIGION.



"IN ITS TEACHINGS, THE **THIRTEEN PRIMES** AND **PRIMUS** HIMSELF ARE GODS, AND CHIEF AMONG THEM IS THE SMITH, **SOLUS PRIME**.

"CAMIENS BELIEVE WE ARE DESCENDED FROM SOLUS, THAT A PIECE OF HER SPARK LIVES IN EACH OF US.

"SO, OF COURSE, **OUR PRIME** IS THE BEST IN OUR VIEW.

"BUT EVERY PERSON ON CAMINUS CAN RECITE THE NAMES OF **THE THIRTEEN**. DO YOU UNDERSTAND, OPTIMUS?"

"YOU ARE A **LIVING PRIME**—BLESSED WITH THE MATRIX ITSELF. THE HILT OF THE **STAR SABER**, THE SACRED SWORD CRAFTED BY SOLUS, LIES INSIDE YOU.

"YOU WILL NOT BE JUST A LEADER TO THEM."

YOU WILL BE A **GOD**.

YOU NEVER—YOU SAID NOTHING OF THIS BEFOREHAND.

CHROMIA, NAUTICA, THEY SAID **NOTHING**.

WE WERE CHOSEN FOR OUR SKILLS, NOT OUR BELIEFS, AND WHEN THUNDERCLASH SPOKE OF YOU, HE MADE IT CLEAR YOU WOULDN'T EVEN ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE **CALLED PRIME**.

WE SOUGHT TO RESPECT THAT, BUT THE CAMIENS WON'T BE ABLE TO.

YOU WILL BE THEIR SAVIOR, NOW AND FOREVER.

IF I STAY, STARScream WILL NEGOTIATE WITH YOUR LEADERS.

THEY ARE DESPERATE AND NAIVE.

IF YOU DON'T ACTIVELY COUNTER HIM WITH THE FULL MIGHT OUR FAITH WILL GIVE YOU, STARScream WILL PLAY CAMINUS LIKE AN INSTRUMENT.

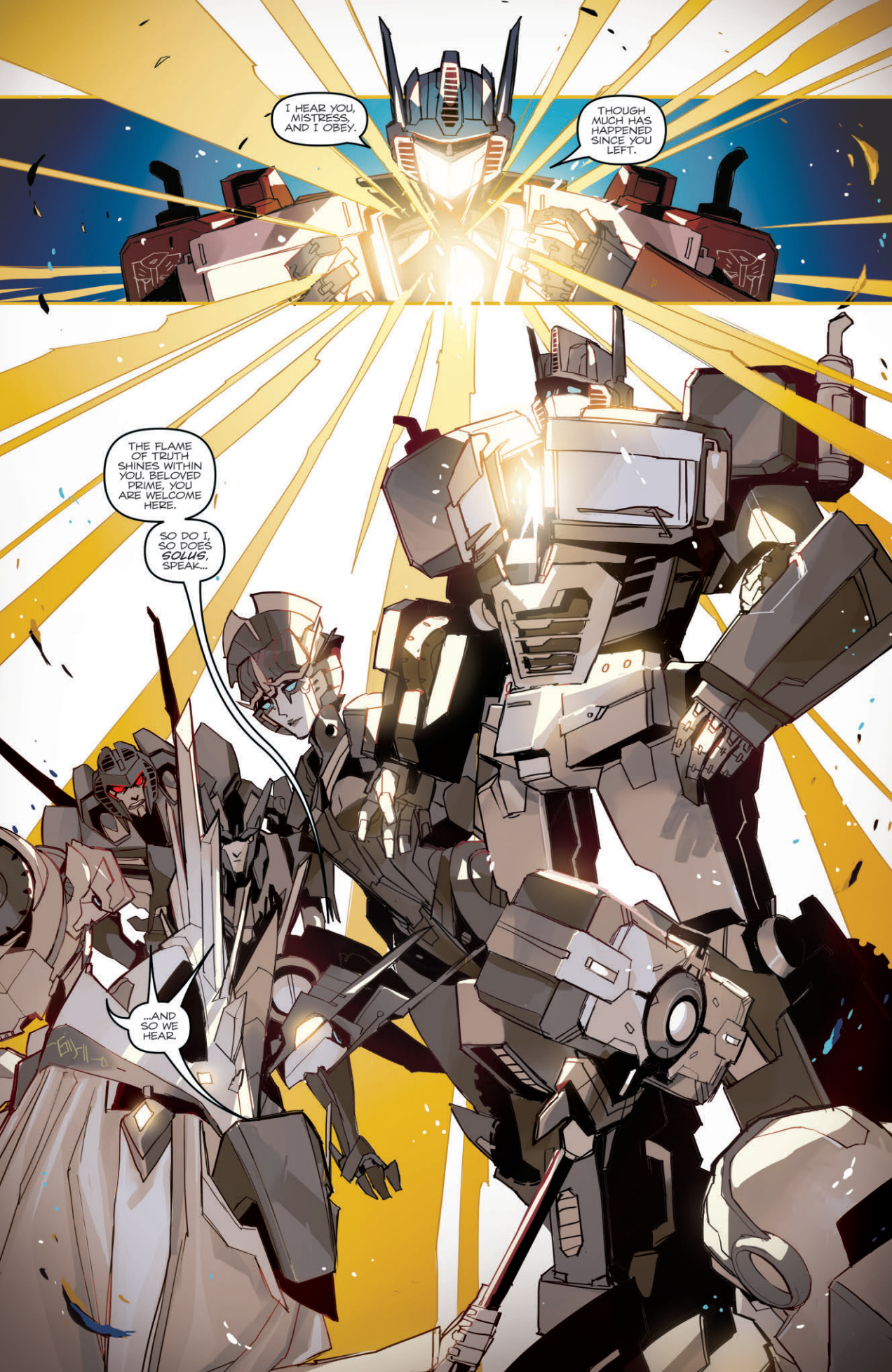
THINGS WILL GET BETTER ON CAMINUS, ON CYBERTRON TOO, BUT WE WILL BE STARScream'S COLONY IN ALL BUT NAME.

AND THAT CAN BE OKAY, OPTIMUS. IT CAN BE ENOUGH. I JUST WANTED YOU TO MAKE THIS CHOICE WITH OPEN EYES.









I HEAR YOU, MISTRESS, AND I OBEY.

THOUGH MUCH HAS HAPPENED SINCE YOU LEFT.

THE FLAME OF TRUTH SHINES WITHIN YOU, BELOVED PRIME, YOU ARE WELCOME HERE.

SO DO I, SO DOES **SOLUS**, SPEAK....

...AND SO WE HEAR.





Art by SARA PITRE-DUROCHER



# PART 2



Art by CASEY W. COLLER • Colors by JOANA LAFUENTE



DOCTOR'S LOG,  
LOST LIGHT CHIEF  
MEDICAL OFFICER  
FIRST AID:

FILES LOCKED;  
CLASSIFIED LEVEL  
ORANGE: NEED  
TO KNOW *ONLY*.

SHUTTLECRAFT *O FORTUNA*  
IS SPOOLING ITS *GRAVITY*  
*DRIVE* FOR A NEGATIVE-MASS  
F.T.L. BURN TO CYBERTRON.

ONBOARD IS *PATIENT*  
*619*, HIS ACTING DOCTOR  
(ME), AND FOUR OTHERS.

*HOT*  
*SPOT...*

...*GROOVE...*

...AND *STREETWISE*,  
SERVED TOGETHER  
ON EARTH IMMEDIATELY  
FOLLOWING THE DEFEAT  
OF DECEPTICON FORCES.

*BLADES* HAS  
VOLUNTEERED  
TO GO WITH US  
AS ADDITIONAL  
SECURITY.

STREETWISE JOKED  
THAT THE FIVE OF US  
WERE "PROTECTOBOTS"—  
A DOCTOR, A COP,  
A FIREFIGHTER, AN  
INFILTRATION EXPERT,  
AND A FLIER—

—ALL SET TO PROTECT  
*PATIENT 619* AGAINST ANY  
EXTERNAL EVENTUALITY.

THE PROBLEM  
WITH *PATIENT 619*,  
UNFORTUNATELY,  
IS *INTERNAL*:

AN OVERLOAD OF *GAMMA-  
CYBROBUTYRIC ACID* IN  
HIS *NEOCORTEX*. THIS  
TOXIC BUILD-UP IS AFFECTING  
HIS UNCONSCIOUS MIND.

IN OTHER WORDS: HE'S BEEN IN  
*STASIS LOCK* FOR A WEEK, SEEING  
CRAZY *NIGHTMARES*. THIS IS NOT  
THE FIRST TIME *PATIENT 619*—OH,  
*FORGET* SECURITY PROCEDURES.



IT'S *MIRAGE*.



IT'S MY *FRIEND*, MIRAGE—  
AND THIS IS *NOT* THE FIRST  
TIME HE'S BEEN THROUGH THIS.

A FEW YEARS AGO,  
HE HAD A QUOTE-  
UNQUOTE *VISION*  
WHERE HE HAD THE  
*WRONG SIGIL*...

...AND HE COULDN'T  
TELL THE DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN *AUTOBOTS*  
AND *DECEPTICONS*.

AS CHIEF MEDICAL  
OFFICER ON A  
STARSHIP WHERE  
*MEGATRON*—IN AN  
*AUTOBOT-SYMBOL*  
ACTS AS HALF OF  
A COMMAND TEAM,  
I'LL NOTE THIS WITH  
SOME INTEREST.

BUT AS CHIEF MEDICAL  
OFFICER ON A STARSHIP  
WHERE *RODINUS* IS THE  
*OTHER HALF* OF THAT  
COMMAND TEAM...

...SOMEBODY  
HAVING A  
*VISION* IS A  
SITUATION I  
HAVE TO  
*DEAL* WITH.

PRIOR TO LEAVING THE *LOST  
LIGHT*, MIRAGE, UNCONSCIOUS  
OF COURSE, SPOKE  
REPEATEDLY—ENDLESSLY—  
OF *CYBERTRON BURNING*...

...WHICH *RODINUS*  
TOOK *SERIOUSLY  
ENOUGH* TO  
PICK *HIM* TO  
GO BACK HOME.

I HATE TO SEE  
MIRAGE LIKE THIS.  
HE'S USUALLY  
SO FULL OF...  
WELL, *STUFF*.

STARTING A  
BAR... FAILING AT  
HIS BAR... YOU  
KNOW, *STUFF*.

I WISH I KNEW WHAT  
WAS HAPPENING IN  
YOUR *HEAD*, BUDDY...

BURNING...  
CYBERTRON...  
EVERYTHING...







# THE POSSIBLE LIGHT



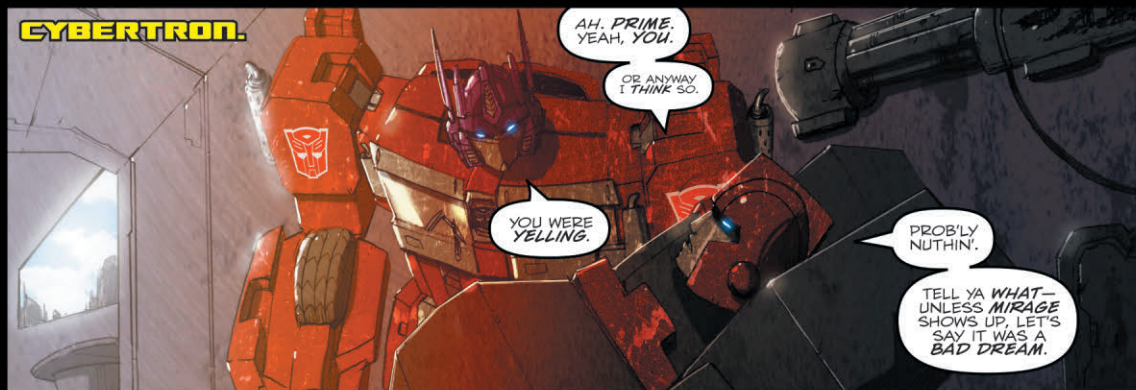




YOU.

ME?

**CYBERTRON.**



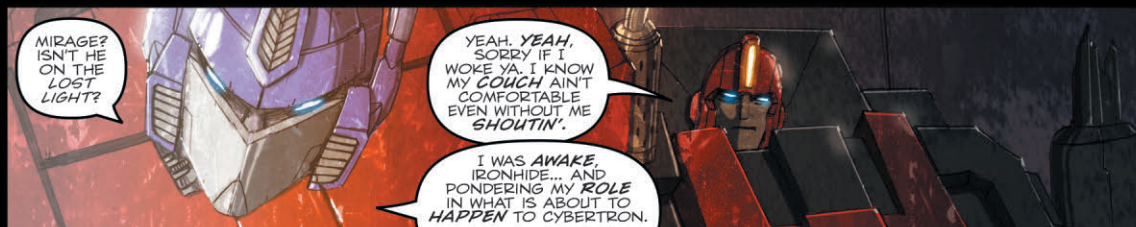
AH, PRIME.  
YEAH, YOU.

OR ANYWAY  
I THINK SO.

YOU WERE  
YELLING.

PROB'LY  
NUTHIN'.

TELL YA WHAT—  
UNLESS *MIRAGE*  
SHOWS UP, LET'S  
SAY IT WAS A  
BAD DREAM.



MIRAGE?  
ISN'T HE  
ON THE  
LOST  
LIGHT?

YEAH. YEAH,  
SORRY IF I  
WOKE YA. I KNOW  
MY *COUCH* AIN'T  
COMFORTABLE  
EVEN WITHOUT ME  
*SHOUTIN'*.

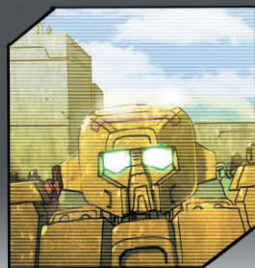
I WAS AWAKE,  
IRONHIDE... AND  
PONDERING MY *ROLE*  
IN WHAT IS ABOUT TO  
HAPPEN TO CYBERTRON.



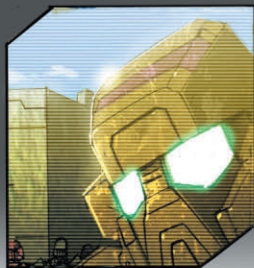
YOU  
DON'T  
HAVE  
TO DO  
THIS...

MY *DUTY* IS TO  
DO WHAT'S BEST  
FOR CYBERTRON.  
NO MATTER HOW  
MUCH I MISTRUST  
*STARSCREAM*.

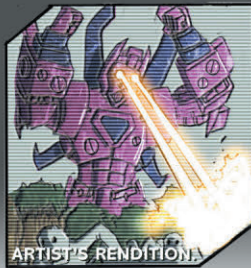
HE IS THE  
LEADER OF  
OUR WORLD...  
BUT HE CANNOT  
BE ALLOWED  
FREE REIGN.



THIS IS *CIRCUIT*,  
COMING TO YOU  
LIVE AND DIRECT  
FOR THE *IACONIAN*  
NEWS SERVICE.

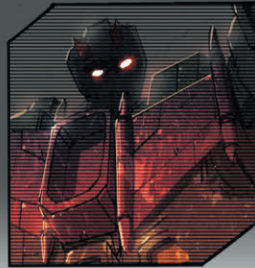


*RUMORS* AND  
*SPECULATION*  
CONTINUE TO FLY—  
UNCONFIRMED  
REPORTS SUGGEST  
CONTACT HAS  
BEEN MADE WITH  
A LONG-LOST  
CYBERTRONIAN  
COLONY—



ARTIST'S RENDITION.

—AND, MOREOVER,  
THAT COLONY  
HAS BEEN INVADIED  
BY A ROGUE  
*DECEPTICON*  
COMBINER.



OF THE KNOWN  
COMBINERS—  
OR *GESTALT*—  
*DEVASTATOR*  
IS OFF-WORLD  
UNDER THE  
COMMAND OF  
*OPTIMUS PRIME*,  
WHO HIMSELF  
IS IN *IACON*.





HEY, PRIME!  
WAIT UP!

OPTIMUS,  
WHAT ARE  
YOU GOING  
TO DO?



WHADDYA THINK?  
THE CAMIENS SAY  
HE'S SOME KINDA  
HOLY FIGURE—  
SO HE'S GONNA  
STAND UP TO  
STARSCREAM.

EVEN THOUGH  
ALL STARSCREAM  
DID WAS HELP.

RIGHT NOW,  
WATCHING  
STARSCREAM IS  
MY PRIORITY.  
WHEELJACK.

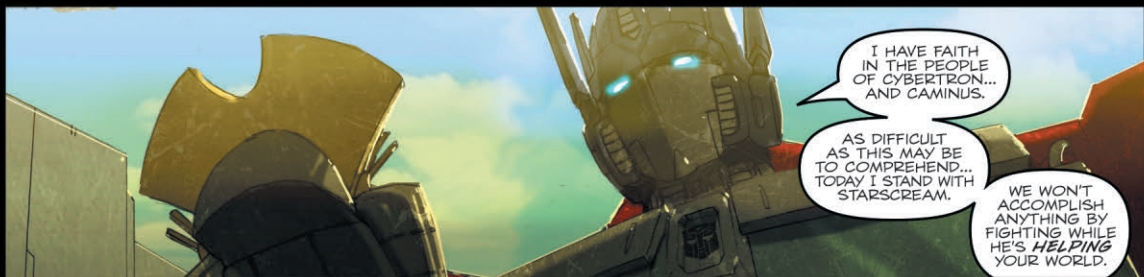


SIMMER DOWN,  
FELLA.

YEAH, YEAH...  
I'M JUST A  
WORRIER.

I KNOW  
YOU'RE IN  
AN AWKWARD  
POSITION,  
OPTIMUS.

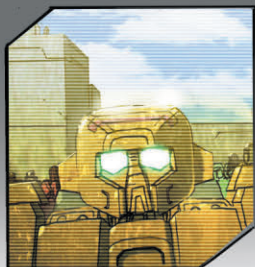
THE CAMIENS  
WILL LISTEN  
TO YOU ABOVE  
ALL... BUT THE  
CYBERTRONIANS  
HAVE CHOSEN  
STARSCREAM  
TO LEAD.



I HAVE FAITH  
IN THE PEOPLE  
OF CYBERTRON...  
AND CAMINUS.

AS DIFFICULT  
AS THIS MAY BE  
TO COMPREHEND...  
TODAY I STAND WITH  
STARSCREAM.

WE WON'T  
ACCOMPLISH  
ANYTHING BY  
FIGHTING WHILE  
HE'S HELPING  
YOUR WORLD.



WE HAVE BEEN  
UNABLE TO  
REACH OPTIMUS  
PRIME FOR  
COMMENT.



THE STATUS OF  
MONSTRUCTOR,  
THE ANCIENT  
"FIRST" GESTALT,  
IS IN QUESTION—  
AND THE COMBINED  
AERIALBOTS HAVE  
BEEN IN STASIS  
LOCK FOR NEARLY  
A YEAR.



WHETHER ONE  
OF THESE  
COMBINERS  
HAS STRUCK, OR  
A NEW GESTALT  
IS ON THE SCENE,  
REMAINS TO BE  
DETERMINED.



COMMANDER-IN-  
CHIEF STARSCREAM  
IS APPROACHING  
THE STAGE—  
HOPEFULLY TO  
GIVE US ANSWERS...

MY FELLOW  
CYBERTRONIANS...





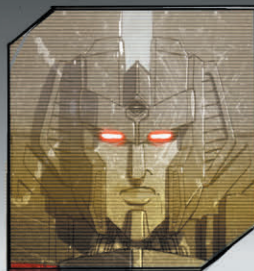
OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS ARE DYING. AND WE, OURSELVES... WE ALL REMEMBER THE LEAN TIMES.



WE MAY BE ENERGY-RICH NOW... BUT, FOR CENTURIES CYBERTRON WAS AN UNINHABITABLE DEAD WORLD.



WE WILL HELP THE CAMIENS, AND THEY WILL HELP US. TOGETHER, WE WILL STAND.



OUR FIRST ENCOUNTER WENT... POORLY. A FORMER DECEPTICON STAGED AN ATTACK. THIS WILL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN...





...THANKS TO  
**SUPERION.**

A SAFE, FRIENDLY  
**COMBINER.** I HAVE  
**CRACKED THE**  
**CODE.** MY FELLOW  
CYBERTRONIANS.

AHEM.

AFTER THE  
**TIRELESS WORK**  
OF MY FRIEND  
**WHEELJACK,**  
NO LONGER ARE  
**GESTALTS** A  
FEARSOME  
MYSTERY.



SUPERION IS  
OUR **FRIEND.** HE  
SERVES **ME.**

HE SERVES  
**CYBERTON.**

ER, AND  
CAMINUS.



WE **THANK** YOU, STARScream.  
YOUR REPARATIONS FOR THE  
DAMAGES ARE MUCH  
APPRECIATED.

AND OF  
COURSE THIS  
PLAN HAS THE  
APPROVAL OF  
THE **PRIME?**

THE OPINION  
OF THE **MATRIX**  
**BEARER** IS OF  
THE UTMOST  
IMPORTANCE TO  
OUR PEOPLE.



LOOK...  
**PRIME** IS  
NOT EXACTLY  
AN **ELECTED**  
POSITION.



CYBERTRON'S  
BURGEONING  
**DEMOCRACY**  
CANNOT COLLAPSE  
BACK INTO...  
**SUPERSTITION**  
AND **MONARCHY.**



DO NOT  
MISUNDERSTAND  
ME, MY  
**DELIGHTFUL**  
CAMIEN FRIENDS.



OPTIMUS PRIME  
AND **WINDBLADE**  
BOTH ENDORSE  
THIS PLAN.

IN FACT, THEY  
ENDORSE IT  
SO MUCH THEY'RE  
ON THEIR WAY TO  
CAMINUS NOW TO  
HELP OUT. SAY  
THERE, CIRCUIT...



"...MAYBE YOU OUGHTA JOIN THEM!"

**CAMINUS.**

AMAZING!

THIS IS  
CIRCUIT FOR  
THE IACONIAN  
NEWS SERVICE  
BROADCASTING  
LIVE AND DIRECT—

—I HOPE  
THIS SIGNAL  
IS GETTING  
THROUGH,  
ANYWAY—

—FROM THE  
LONG-LOST  
ANCIENT  
COLONY OF  
CAMINUS!

HAVING TRAVELLED  
HERE WITH OPTIMUS  
PRIME AND CAMINUS'  
OWN WINDBLADE, WE ARE  
BEING GREETED BY WHAT  
MAY BE LEADERS OF A  
RELIGIOUS ORDER.

I APOLOGIZE  
FOR THE DELAY  
IN MY ARRIVAL,  
MISTRESS OF  
FLAME.

IF YOU SAW  
THE NEED TO BE  
ELSEWHERE, THE  
NEED WAS SURELY  
REAL, BELOVED  
PRIME... THOUGH  
I HAD HOPED TO  
SPEAK TO YOU  
IN... PRIVATE.

THE PEOPLE  
OF CYBERTRON  
HAVE A RIGHT TO  
SEE WHAT GOES  
ON HERE.

INDEED... BUT SURELY  
YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO  
COMMAND THEM, AND  
THIS... REPRESENTATIVE  
SPEAKS FOR YOUR  
PLANET?

THE PEOPLE CHOSE  
STARSCREAM,  
AND THEIR WILL IS  
PARAMOUNT.

THAT'S... THAT WOULD  
BE BLASPHEMY FROM  
ANY OTHERS'S LIPS. HOW  
DO YOUR PEOPLE KNOW  
WHAT IS BEST WITHOUT  
YOUR GUIDANCE?

WE OF CAMINUS  
HAVE HAD TO MAKE DO,  
BUT OUR PARLIAMENT  
HAS NOT ALWAYS BEEN  
SUCCESSFUL... EVEN  
BEFORE YOUR WORLD'S  
MONSTER ARRIVED.

WELL,  
OPTIMUS—THE  
PRIME IS JUST  
BEING HUMBLE,  
MISTRESS.

MISTRESS OF  
FLAME—THIS IS  
CIRCUIT FOR  
THE IACONIAN  
NEWS SERVICE.  
DO CYBERTRONAIANS  
HAVE THE RIGHT  
TO KNOW ABOUT  
THE WORLD  
THEY'VE SWORN  
TO PROTECT?

OF COURSE.  
OF COURSE.  
THE FLAME OF  
SOLUS BURNS  
WITHIN THE  
BELOVED PRIME,  
AS IT BURNS  
IN THE TITAN  
CAMINUS.

CAMINUS BROUGHT  
US TO THIS WORLD...  
AND THE PRIME  
RETURNS US HOME.

IT IS  
MUCH MORE  
COMPLICATED  
THAN THAT.





ENOUGH  
TALK.

I CAME  
HERE BECAUSE  
I HAVE **HANDS**  
TO LEND.

ABOUT TIME.  
I'M RIGHT  
BEHIND YOU.

WAIT—THIS IS A  
TASK FOR YOUR  
CYBERTRONIAN  
**GIANT**.

SURELY **THE  
PRIME** CANNOT  
RISK HIS **OWN  
LIFE** WITHOUT A  
GREAT CAUSE.



THE OPPORTUNITY  
TO SAVE A LIFE IS  
THE **GREATEST**  
CAUSE, MISTRESS.



THAT  
WAS—

I APOLOGIZE  
IF I WAS **RUDE**.

I KNOW  
THE MISTRESS OF  
FLAME WAS NOT  
SUGGESTING LIFE IS  
**UNIMPORTANT**.

NO,  
IT'S...



...IT'S AN  
AWKWARD  
SITUATION,  
I GUESS.



MISTRESS...  
ANY **COMMENT**  
FOR OUR  
VIEWERS?  
HOW DO  
YOU **FEEL?**



HOW...  
DO I...  
**FEEL?**



CHILD, HOW  
DO YOU **THINK**  
I FEEL?



PERHAPS YOU'D  
**BEST** SHOW  
YOUR VIEWERS  
THE RELIEF  
EFFORTS ON  
THE **SURFACE...**



"...AT LEAST THERE, **PROGRESS** IS BEING MADE."

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?!

**ARK-7.**  
**IN ORBIT OVER EARTH'S MOON.**

IT'S A **SPACEBRIDGE**, JETFIRE. A HUMAN HAD IT, BUT I FIGURED **WE** NEEDED IT MORE. I MADE HIM A DEAL.

I PROBABLY DON'T WANT TO KNOW.

THIS IS... THIS LOOKS **DECEPTICON**, PROWL.

YEAH, ORIGINALLY.

THAT DON'T MEAN IT'S **NO GOOD**, THOUGH.

OKAY, SO A BRIDGE NEEDS **TWO SIDES** TO TRANSPORT, AN **ENTRANCE** AND AN **EXIT**. IF WE CAN **DUPLICATE** THIS AND GET ONE SET UP ON CYBERTRON...

THAT'S ONE **POSSIBLE** USE, YES.

UH.

**BREET**

**SECURELINE.**

HE WHAT?

HE WHAT?!

THAT— THAT— **RAT!**

NO, NO, NO OFFENSE INTENDED, **PRIORITIZE**, MAN!

WHERE IS—**WHAT?!** BOUNCE MY SIGNAL THERE!

I DON'T CARE **HOW** YOU...

**HIGH STRUNG.**

WELL, THESE DAYS...



"...WHO ISN'T?"

YOU... DO  
NOT *TRUST*  
STARScream?

KEEP IT *DOWN*,  
SUPERIOR. I  
HAVE HAD MY  
*FILL* OF PUBLIC  
DISCUSSIONS.

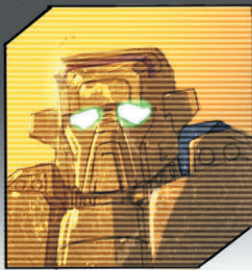
YOU *KINDA*  
BROUGHT  
THE LAST  
ONE ON  
YOURSELF.



THE  
*UNPREDICTABLE*  
NATURE OF  
COMBINERS—  
AS WELL AS  
THE MASSIVE,  
AND VARIABLE,  
POWER OF  
THE CREATURES...



...HAS BEEN,  
ACCORDING TO  
*STARScream*,  
THE GREATEST  
HOLE IN  
CYBERTRON'S  
DEFENSIVE  
CAPABILITIES.



LOOKING AT THE  
DESTRUCTION  
ON CAMIA,  
THIS REPORTER  
CAN ONLY ASK...  
HAS HE BEEN  
*PROVEN RIGHT?*



OR SHALL THE  
INDOMITABLE  
CYBERTRONIAN  
WILL BE RESILIENT  
ENOUGH TO  
OVERCOME ALL  
OBSTACLES?





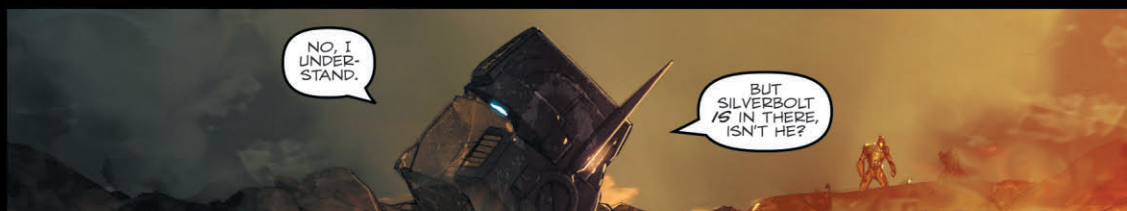
IF STARScream  
HAD ANYTHING  
TO DO WITH THIS  
DESTRUCTION...

...SUPERION  
WILL KILL HIM.

THERE IS NO  
**PROOF** HE DID  
ANY MORE THAN  
SAVE YOUR LIFE,  
**SILVERBOLT**—  
AND THE LIVES  
OF COUNTLESS  
CAMIENS.



SUPERION...  
IS **NOT**  
SILVERBOLT.



NO, I  
UNDER-  
STAND.

BUT  
SILVERBOLT  
**IS** IN THERE,  
ISN'T HE?



IT... IT IS  
**COMPLEX**,  
OPTIMUS.

WHEN SUPERION  
**FIRST** COMBINED, WE  
WERE... **SUPERION**  
WAS SCARED.

SUPERION  
IS **MORE**  
THAN WHAT  
WE STARTED  
WITH.

NOW  
SUPERION  
IS **ONE**.

YES, I...  
**UNDER-  
STAND**.

SUPERION  
DOES NOT  
BELIEVE  
YOU **CAN**.



PERHAPS,  
PERHAPS  
NOT.

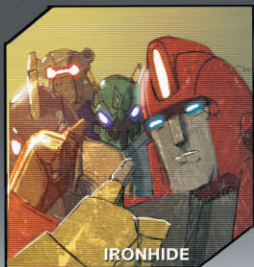
**BZZT**

CONTINUE SAVING  
LIVES, MY FRIEND.  
I WILL REJOIN YOU  
IN A MOMENT.



COMMANDER  
IRONHIDE! YOU  
HAVE COME  
TO CAMIA TO  
ENGAGE IN  
**RELIEF EFFORTS?**

UH, IT'S **CAMINUS**.



IRONHIDE

BUT YEAH, IF  
PRIME'S LENDIN'  
A HAND, WELL,  
WE ALL OUGHTA.  
EVEN THESE  
JOKERS.



FAT TANKOR

SPARKSTALKER

**CALLS US NAMES.**  
TYPICAL AUTOBOT.  
WE VOLUNTEER  
TO **HELP**...

**NO RESPECT.**



DON'T MIND THE  
**DECEPTICONS**.

**WELCOME TO  
CAMINUS! WE  
APPRECIATE  
YOUR HELP.**

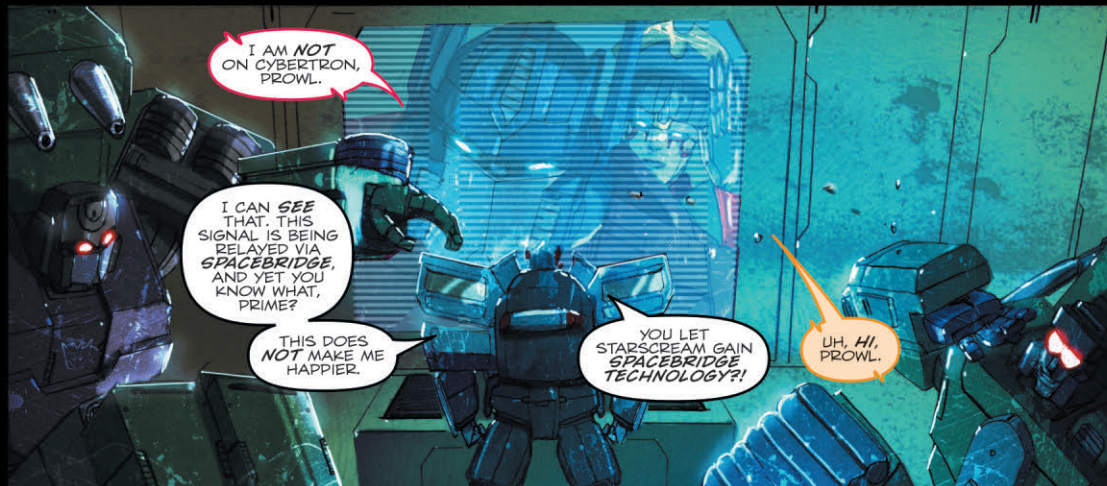




PROWL  
HERE.

WHAT IN  
PRIMUS'S  
NAME IS  
GOING ON?!

WHAT ARE  
YOU LETTING  
STARSCREAM  
DO TO  
CYBERTRON?!



I AM **NOT**  
ON CYBERTRON,  
PROWL.

I CAN **SEE**  
THAT. THIS  
SIGNAL IS BEING  
RELAYED VIA  
SPACEBRIDGE,  
AND YET YOU  
KNOW WHAT,  
PRIME?

THIS DOES  
**NOT** MAKE ME  
HAPPIER.

YOU LET  
STARSCREAM GAIN  
SPACEBRIDGE  
TECHNOLOGY?!

UH, HI,  
PROWL.

HOW DID YOU  
**LEARN** THIS  
ALREADY?



PRIME—IT'S  
**ME**. I HAVE  
SOURCES.

IF STARSCREAM  
HAS A SPACEBRIDGE,  
HE'S—HE'S GOT  
ACCESS TO THE  
ENTIRE GALAXY.

THIS IS  
**EVERYTHING**  
WE EVER FOUGHT  
AGAINST. THIS IS  
THE CORNERSTONE  
OF A NEW  
CYBERTONIAN  
EMPIRE WITH-WITH  
STARSCREAM IN  
CHARGE.

IF WE DON'T  
STOP THIS,  
THE GALAXY  
FALLS.



IRONHIDE



LIGHTBRIGHT



FAT TANKOR



TALL TANKOR

STARSCREAM  
AUTHORIZED THIS  
SHIPMENT WITH, AH,  
LIGHTBRIGHT?

THAT'S ME.

PLEASURE'S MINE.  
NICE FACE-STUFF,  
LIGHTBRIGHT.

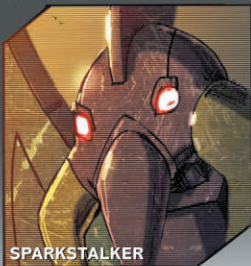
I'M A CITYSPEAKER.

ANY COMMENT,  
DECEPTICON  
HELPERS?

PFFT. LOOK AT IRONHIDE.  
LIKE HE'S SO MUCH  
BETTER THAN US.

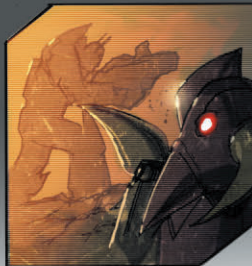
OH, IT'S NOT  
THAT BAD.  
WE'RE **HELPING**  
PEOPLE, RIGHT?  
THAT'S **WHY**  
WE BECAME  
DECEPTICONS.





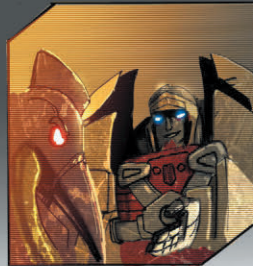
I BECAME A DECEPTION TO DESTROY THE SOCIAL HIERARCHY.

NOW WE GOT A NEW ONE WITH A SPACEBRIDGE...



...AND A COMBINER.

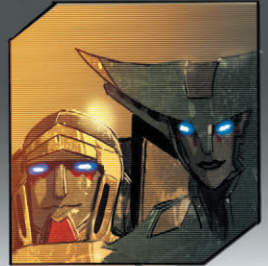
NOT MUCH US LITTLE GUYS CAN DO AGAINST THAT.



GREETINGS! I'M HOT SHOT!

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, FRIEND?

HUH?



IT'S GREAT TO MEET SOMEBODY FROM CYBERTRON.

WE'RE BOTH CITYSPEAKERS. ARE ANY OF YOU GUYS?



ARK-7.



HE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THE ENIGMA OF COMBINATION.



NO.

PRIME DID NOT SEE FIT TO MENTION STARScream HAS COMBINER TECHNOLOGY.

WE HAD THE ENIGMA IN OUR HAND, AND THAT... THAT... TRAITOR, SCOOP, STOLE IT AND TOOK IT RIGHT TO HIS "CHOSEN ONE."

BUT THAT'S WHAT I EXPECT FROM A CREATURE LIKE SCOOP.



WHAT HURTS IS PRIME DOESN'T TRUST ME WITH THAT.

WHAT HURTS IS PRIME WON'T ACT ON THAT.

WHAT HURTS IS...



...THIS IS ALL DOWN TO US.

TELETRAAN—CONTACT MY ASSET ON CYBERTRON.



WASPINATOR

WAZZPINATOR IS *CONFUSED*.

WHY YOU *NICE* TO WAZZPINATOR?



LIGHTBRIGHT

YOU'RE *HELPING* US. WHY *WOULDN'T* WE BE *NICE*?

LET'S GET THE *ENERGON* TO THE PEOPLE THAT *NEED* IT.



LIVE FROM CAMINUS

REMEMBER, YOU SAW IT HERE FIRST—DECEPTICONS SAVING CAMIENS LIVE ON THE IACONIAN NEWS SERVICE!



IRONHIDE

ANY COMMENT, *COMMANDER* IRONHIDE?

UH. NAW. I GUESS NOT.



**CYBERTRON,  
LOCATION  
UNKNOWN.  
SWINDLE:**

YOU CAN'T BE  
DOIN' THIS!

I GOT  
RIGHTS!  
STARSCREAM  
TOLD ME  
TO ATTACK  
CAMINUS!



HE MADE  
ME GET THE  
STUNTICONS  
BACK—

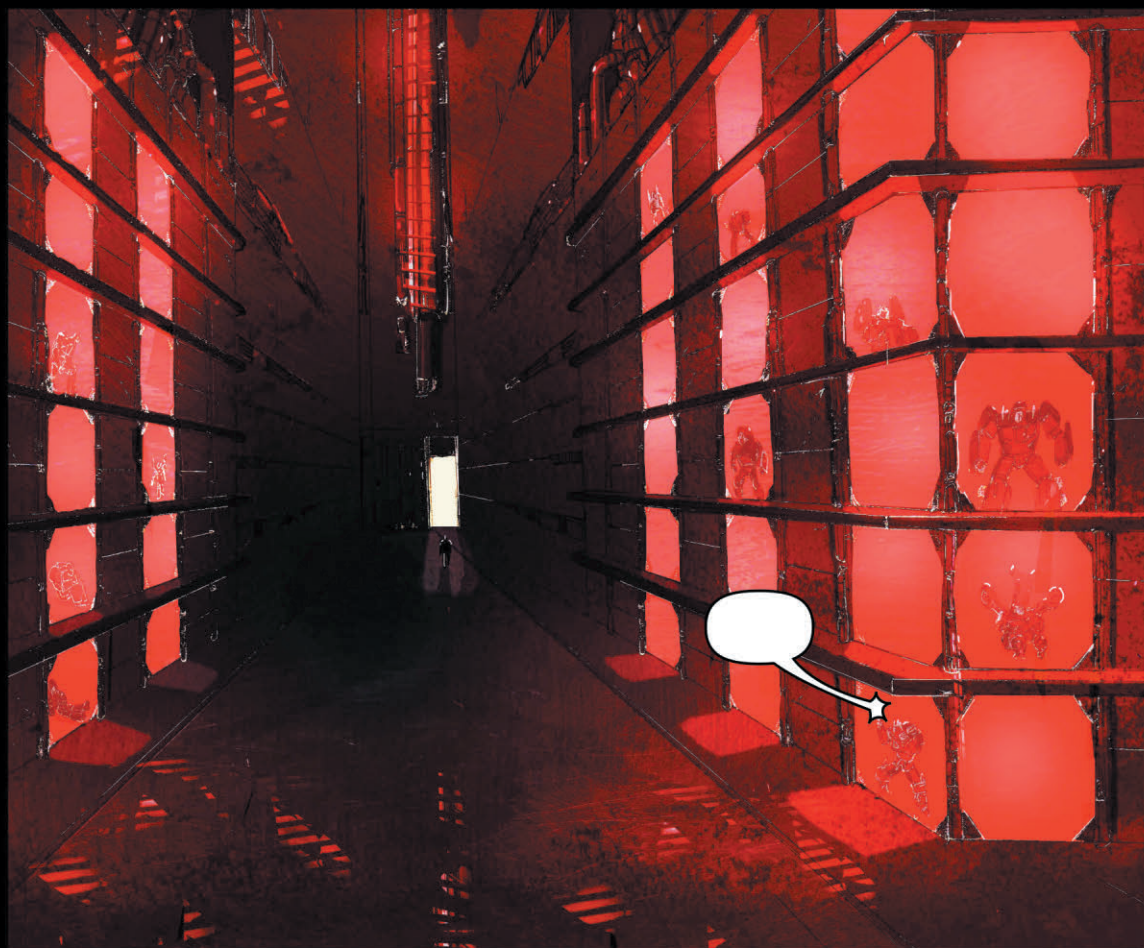
OOF!

—TOGETHER!



THIS AIN'T  
JUSTICE!

THIS  
IS—







DISGUSTING.

OH, YOU LOVE IT, SCOOP.

IT'S WHAT YOUR CHOSEN ONE CHOOSES.

IT'S WORSE THAN THE CELL YOU KEPT ME IN.

WELL, YEAH, IT'S A **SECRET PRISON**. YOU DON'T MAKE THOSE **NICER** THAN THE NOT-SECRET ONES.

OUR CAMIEN FRIENDS ARE BEING ENTERTAINED, RATTRAP...

UH, BOSS, DON'T YOU, YOU KNOW, HAVE **GUESTS**?



SURE BOSS, BUT THEY'RE GONNA BE ENTERTAINED BY **PRIME** IN LIKE TEN MINUTES. YA MADE **PLANS**.



SIGH. SCOOP, YOU'RE WITH ME.

WE'LL IMPRESS THEM WITH OUR **ENERGY LARGESSES**, AND THEY'LL BE **FOREVER** IN OUR **DEBT**.

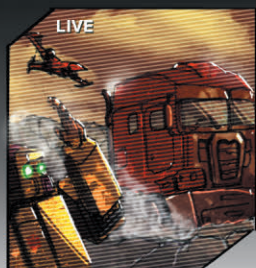


DELIGHTFUL.

RATTRAP, CLEAN UP.

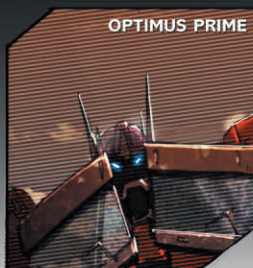
THIS PLACE IS GETTING **FILTHY**. WE WANT TO **IMPRESS** THE CAMIENS...

...NOT REMIND THEM OF **HOME**.



LIVE

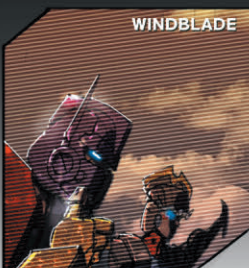
MR. PRIME—DO YOU HAVE ANY WORD FOR OUR VIEWERS? HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE SAVING **CAMIEN LIVES** INSTEAD OF **CYBERTRONIANS**?



OPTIMUS PRIME

LIVES ARE **LIVES**, CIRCUIT. YOU KNOW THAT.

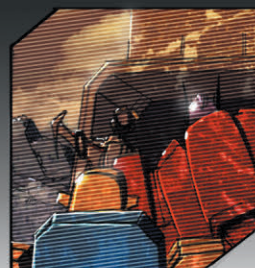
UH, YEAH. YES, SIR.



WINDBLADE

ER, WINDBLADE—HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE **HOME**?

I WOULDN'T KNOW.

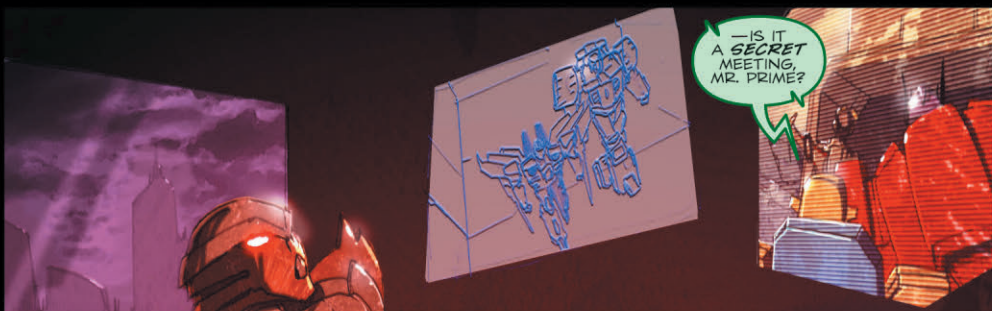


ARE, UM, EXCUSE ME—ARE YOU **RETURNING** TO **CYBERTRON**?

WE HAVE AN **IMPORTANT LEADERSHIP MEETING**.

A **MEETING**?! MR. PRIME, MR. PRIME—





—IS IT  
A **SECRET**  
MEETING,  
MR. PRIME?



WHAT? NO,  
OF COURSE  
NOT.



THEN THE  
**MEDIA** IS  
INVITED?



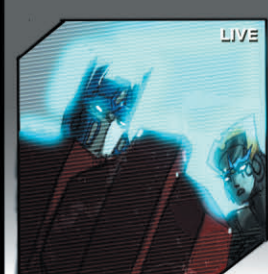
FINALLY,  
I WAS  
GETTING  
BORED.  
SCOOP.

HAVE  
**PATIENCE**,  
CHOSEN  
ONE.

ER, IF I MAY—  
WHAT EXACTLY  
WERE YOU  
CHOSEN **FOR**?

AND YOU SAID  
THE CAMIENS  
NEVER ASK GOOD  
QUESTIONS.

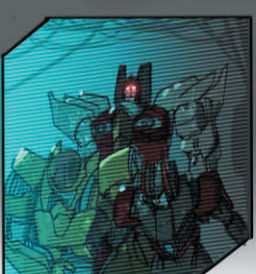
HE'S  
**KIDDING**.  
AREN'T YOU,  
SCOOP?



LIVE



WINDBLADE



LORD STARScream

THIS IS **CIRCUIT**, LIVE  
AND DIRECT. NOW  
BACK ON **CYBERTRON!**

THAT IS NOT AN  
**ACCURATE NUMBER!**  
YOU REALLY  
SHOULDN'T **REPORT—**

**REPRESENTATIVES—**  
IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU.

**ABSOLUTELY!**  
BUT, PRIME—  
YOU DIDN'T  
TELL ME YOU  
WERE BRINGING  
**OTHER GUESTS.**

NEVER A SENSATION  
I WILL **TIRE** OF—A  
STEP THROUGH THE  
**SPACEBRIDGE** IS A  
STEP OF A **BILLION**  
**LIGHT YEARS.**

THE PLEASURE  
IS **OURS**,  
CITYSPEAKER.  
WILL YOU BE  
**JOINING US?**





INDEED.

I HAVE BEEN  
THINKING LONG AND  
HARD... AS WE STAND  
ON THE **PRECIPICE**  
OF A **NEW ERA**, ONE  
MUST CONSIDER...  
...**EVERYTHING**.



SOME **FRIENDS**  
OF MINE HAVE  
ENCOURAGED ME  
TO TAKE AN **ACTIVE**  
**ROLE**... SOME ARE  
WORRIED ABOUT  
**CHANGE**.

IT IS CALLED  
**PROGRESS**.

AS A SPECIES,  
DESPITE OUR  
PHYSIOLOGY,  
CHANGE HAS COME  
HARD TO US, YET  
IT IS **INEVITABLE**.

AND WHAT IS  
IMPORTANT IS  
THAT WE ARE OPEN.  
**TRANSPARENT**—  
AND WE ALL HAVE  
A SAY IN **HOW**  
THINGS CHANGE.



OH... YEAH?

AS OUR **LOST**  
**COLONIES** ARRIVE  
HOME, THE ANSWER  
ISN'T TO ANNEX  
THEM—BUT TO  
**JOIN** THEM.

REPRESENTATIVES  
FROM CYBERTRON,  
CAMINUS, AND THE  
**OTHER** COLONY  
WORLDS—AS WE MAKE  
CONTACT—WILL **COMBINE**  
TOGETHER IN A  
**COUNCIL OF WORLDS**.



ALL HAVE  
AN **EQUAL**  
**VOICE**.

GRRR.

THIS IS WHAT  
YOU **EXPLAINED**  
TO ME, ISN'T IT,  
**STARScream**?



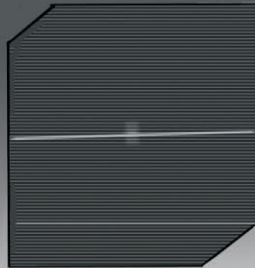
PROGRESS... IS  
VERY **IMPORTANT**.



NOW, LET US  
SIT TOGETHER,  
AND PLAN A  
FUTURE FOR  
CAMINUS AND  
CYBERTRON.

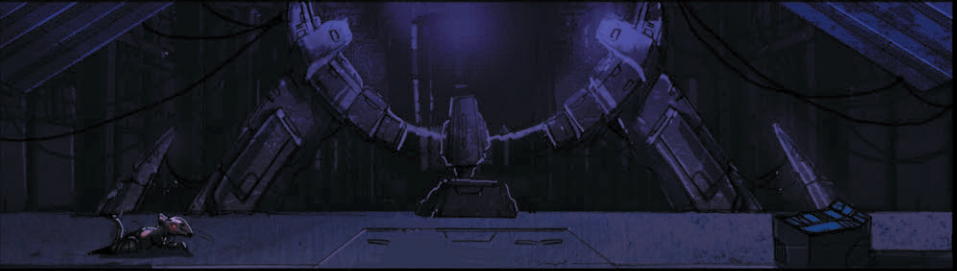
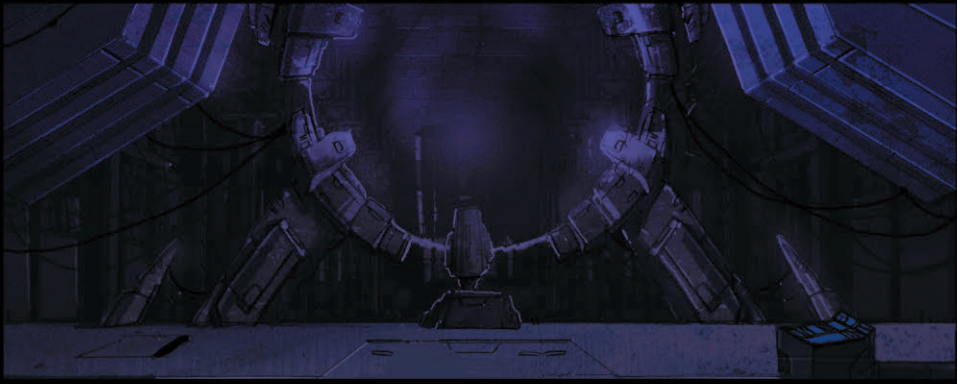


AN HISTORIC  
DECLARATION, FOR  
ALL CYBERTRONIANS  
TO SEE! **ER, CAMIENS**,  
TOO—ARE WE  
BROADCASTING  
ON CAMINIA?  
CAMINUS, I MEAN?

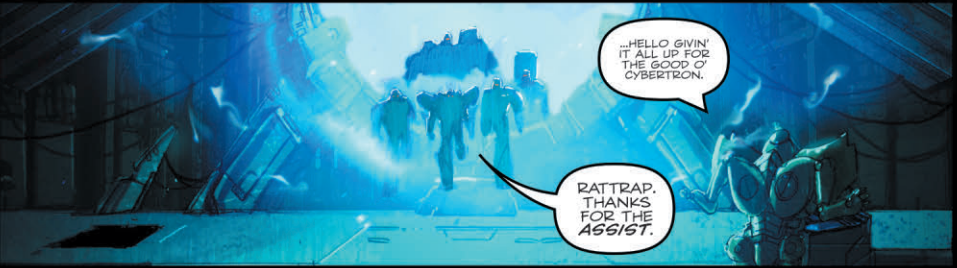


WE'LL FIGURE  
THAT OUT **LATER**—  
I THANK YOU  
FOR JOINING  
US ON THIS  
HISTORIC DAY!





WELL, P.  
FAREWELL,  
WINNIN'  
SIDE...



...HELLO GVIN'  
IT ALL UP FOR  
THE GOOD O'  
CYBERTRON.

RATTRAP.  
THANKS  
FOR THE  
ASSIST.



HEY, I GOT  
A NOSE.

I CAN SMELL  
A WINNING SIDE  
A LIGHT-YEAR AWAY.  
AN' YOU—YOU'RE ALL  
ABOUT METICULOUS  
PLANNING AND  
SCHEMING.



RIGHT.

STARSCREAM'S  
GOT AT LEAST  
ONE COMBINER IN  
HIS POCKET, **PLUG**  
THE MEANS TO  
MAKE MORE.

THE  
ADVANTAGE IS  
ALL HIS.



WELL, I DON'T WANT STARSCREAM  
STARTIN' AN EMPIRE ANYMORE'N  
ANYBODY DOES. ANYWAYS—  
YOU'RE PROWL.

YOU PROBL'Y  
GOTS AN  
ELABORATE PLAN  
WITH A GAZILLION  
MOVIN' PARTS  
AND STARSCREAM  
WON'T EVER SEE  
IT COMIN'.





SIX MOVING  
PARTS  
IS  
ALL I NEED.



STARSCREAM'S  
EGO IS GOING TO  
DOOM THE GALAXY.  
AND PRIME'S  
CAPITULATION  
WILL LET HIM.

IT KINDA  
SOUNDED LIKE  
PRIME AN'  
WINDBLADE HAD  
PLANS OF  
THEIR OWN...

PRIME ISN'T  
WILLING TO  
MAKE THE **HARD**  
**CHOICE**. NOT LIKE  
WE ARE. HE WANTS  
A PARLIAMENT?  
GREAT.



STARSCREAM CAN  
REACH **THIRTEEN**  
**COLONIES** SPREAD  
THROUGHOUT  
THE GALAXY—  
MAYBE BEYOND.

AND WITH HIS  
**COMBINERS**,  
HE HAS THE  
MEANS TO  
**CONQUER**.



BUT IF WE KEEP THE  
COLONIES CUT OFF...  
THEY'LL **DIE**. YOU AIN'T  
SEEN THE SORRY  
STATE O' CAMINUS.

PLUS, LIKE, IF  
**WE'RE** ALL ALONE,  
**CYBERTRON** I MEAN.  
WHAT ARE WE GONNA  
DO... OUR HISTORY  
IS US **FIGHTIN'** AN'  
**FIGHTIN'** 'TIL WE KILL  
OUR PLANET!

**WE** NEED  
THE COLONIES  
TO SURVIVE AS  
MUCH AS **THEY**  
NEED US!



RATTRAP...  
IF CYBERTRON  
HAS TO **DIE** FOR  
THE SAKE OF  
THE **GALAXY**...

...WHO AM I  
TO ARGUE WITH  
**PROGRESS**?





Art by Marcelo Matere, courtesy of HASBRO



PART 3



Art by CASEY W. COLLER • Colors by JOANA LAFUENTE



**EAMINUS.**

ERRRR...

...NGGH...

ARE ALL CAMIENS SO DUMB?

TWO 'BOTS CAN LIFT—ERRH—WAY MORE THAN ONE.

YOU KNOW, SOME 'BOTS WOULD JUST CALL IT "BEING DETERMINED."

YEAH AND THOSE 'BOTS WOULD BE CALLED "WRONG."

WHERE'S NAUTICA WHEN YOU NEED HER?

THE 'CONS SEEM TO BE DOWNRIGHT HELPFUL. WHO KNEW?

APPARENTLY NOT ANY CYBERTRONIANS.

THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH WAR; YOU TREAT PEOPLE LIKE SCRAP LONG ENOUGH AND THEY ACT LIKE IT.

AND THE REST OF US DEAL WITH THE FALLOUT.

EVERYONE KEEPS TELLING ME HOW BAD THE DECEPTICONS ARE, BUT THERE ARE MORE OF THEM HERE THAN AUTOBOTS RIGHT NOW.

WEIRD, ISN'T IT?

## MISTAKES AND MAYHEM

YEAH. WEIRD LIKE HOW I JUST "PASSED OUT" WHEN WE HAD THAT "EARTHQUAKE." YOU KNOW, THE ONE WHERE YOU MISPLACED YOUR ARM.

I KNOW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED THAT NIGHT, CHROMIA...

...AND IN ACROLIGHT.

ARE YOU BLACKMAILING ME, IRONHIDE?

I'M REMINDIN' YAH THAT WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES.

AUTOBOTS, DECEPTICONS... CAMIENS, TOO. NOBODY'S PERFECT.





NOBODY'S PERFECT?!

IRONHIDE, WE ARE STANDING IN THE *LITERAL* SCRAP OF MY HOMETOWN, WHICH WAS TRASHED BY CYBERTRONIANS *THREE DAYS* AFTER THEY GOT ACCESS TO IT.

I'M SORRY INNOCENT 'BOTS DIED BECAUSE OF ME, BUT RIGHT NOW THE ONLY MISTAKE I SEE WAS COMING TO CYBERTRON IN THE *FIRST PLACE!*

YOU DON'T MEAN THAT.



I DON'T KNOW ANYMORE.



I'M NOT PROUD OF WHAT I DID...

...AND I'M GLAD THAT WINDBLADE MIGHT ACTUALLY GET THAT BIG, BRIGHT FUTURE HER AND OPTIMUS ARE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT.



I JUST WONDER HOW MUCH OF CAMINUS WILL BE LEFT WHEN IT'S OVER.

YOU CAN'T PREDICT THE FUTURE, CHROMIA.

I KNOW THAT MORE THAN MOST.

YOU JUST GOTTA KEEP FIGHTING FOR IT.



FUNNY, THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT I WAS DOING WHEN I LOST MY BEST FRIEND.

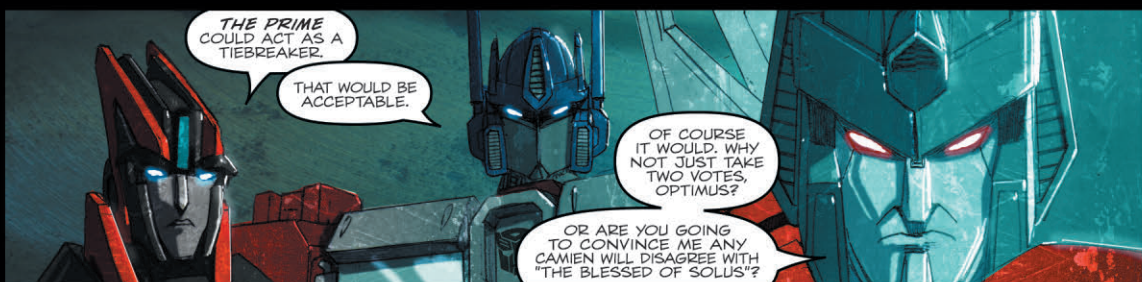
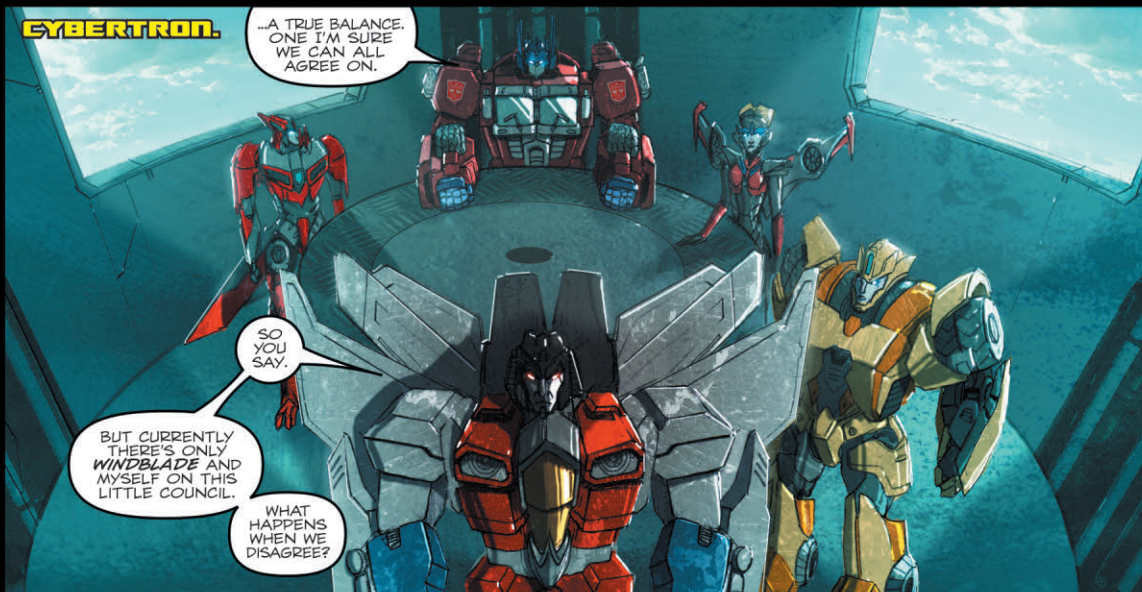
YOU WANNA KNOW WHY I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING? AND, TRUST ME, I THOUGHT ABOUT IT.



BUT I SAW THE WAY YOU LOOKED AT WINDBLADE, EVEN AFTER... IT WAS THE SAME WAY A LOT OF 'BOTS LOOKED AT OPTIMUS.

SAME WAY I DID.







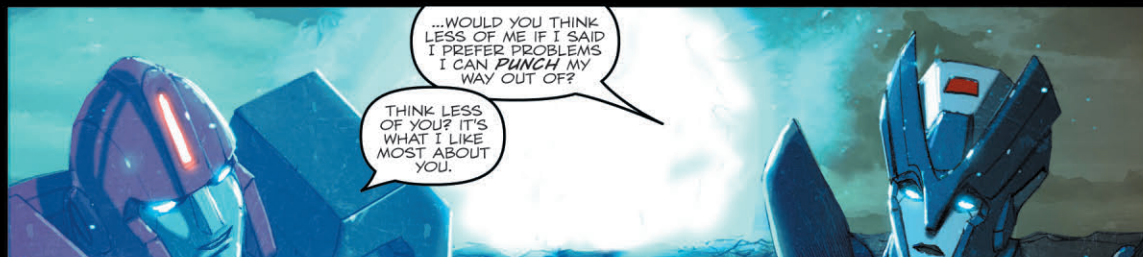


YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST 'BOT TO DO TERRIBLE THINGS FOR SOMEONE YOU BELIEVE IN.

BUT YOU CAN'T BELIEVE IN WINDBLADE AND NOT GIVE HER THE CHANCE TO DO WHAT SHE THINKS IS RIGHT.

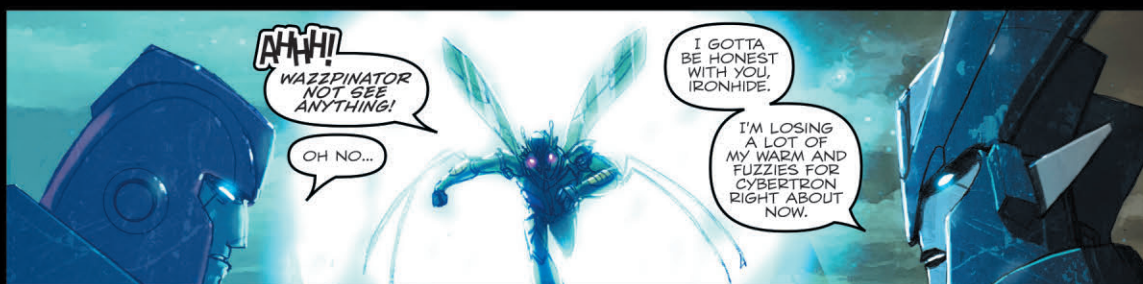
THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DEVOTION AND CONTROL.

SOUNDS LIKE YOU GAVE THIS A LOT OF THOUGHT...



...WOULD YOU THINK LESS OF ME IF I SAID I PREFER PROBLEMS I CAN PUNCH MY WAY OUT OF?

THINK LESS OF YOU? IT'S WHAT I LIKE MOST ABOUT YOU.



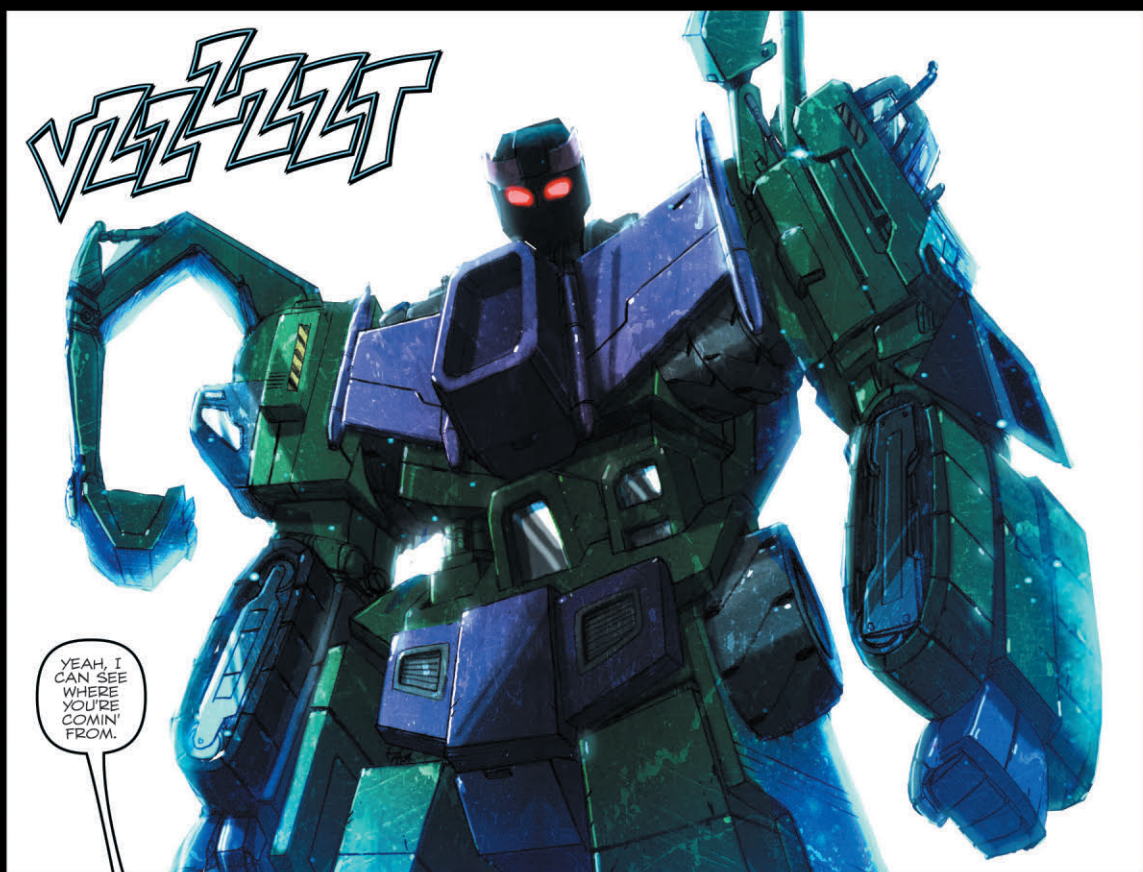
AAAAH!

WAZZPINATOR NOT SEE ANYTHING!

OH NO...

I GOTTA BE HONEST WITH YOU, IRONHIDE.

I'M LOSING A LOT OF MY WARM AND FUZZIES FOR CYBERTON RIGHT ABOUT NOW.



VZZZZT

YEAH, I CAN SEE WHERE YOU'RE COMIN' FROM.







# CYBERTRON.



YOU ARE CLEAR FOR LANDING, SHUTTLE O FORTUNA.

ROGER, IACON CONTROL.



HOME SWEET HOME, MOSTLY.

MOSTLY'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, STREETWISE.



MIRAGE!

I'M AS ANXIOUS AS YOU ARE TO GET YOU FIXED, BUT—

I'M NOT GOING TO THE HOSPITAL. THERE'S NO TIME FOR IT.

I TOLD YOU A HUNDRED TIMES, HE'S NOT HERE!



HEY, SUNSTREAKER!

MIRAGE! WHAT'S—  
WHERE IS OPTIMUS PRIME?

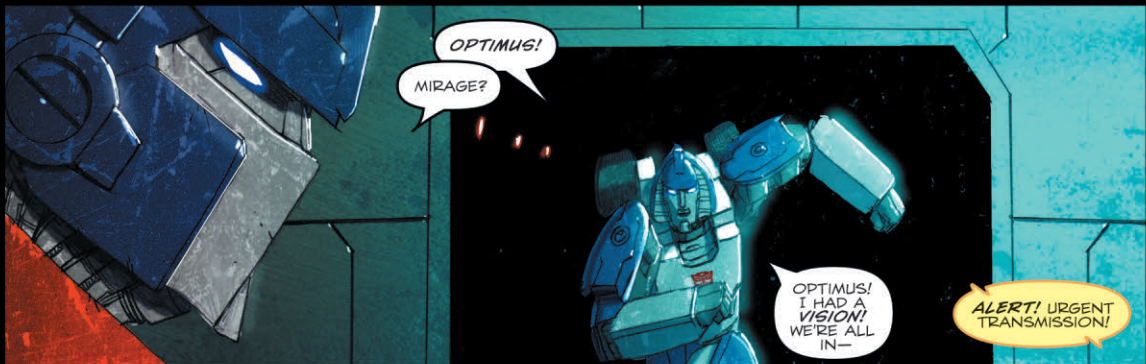
UH, STARSCREAM'S SUMMIT, I GUESS. HE AND THE CAMIENS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE HAVING SOME BIG POW-WOW IN METROPLEX'S TOWER.



WAIT... OPTIMUS IS ACTUALLY HERE? HOW—?

IT'S NOT CALLED A "VISION" FOR NOTHING! LET'S GO!







CAMINUS.

WAZZPINATOR  
NEED SOME  
HELP HERE!

DON'T  
WE ALL!

KEEP SHOOTING,  
BUG. HE DIDN'T GET  
YOUR BLASTERS!

I TOOK YOU  
DOWN ONCE,  
PROWL. DON'T  
MAKE ME DO  
IT AGAIN!

YOU'RE  
MORE THAN  
WELCOME  
TO TRY,  
IRONHIDE.

I BRING  
HIM DOWN  
FIRST; I'M  
OFFICIALLY  
CHANGING  
MY NAME  
TO "BETTER  
TANKOR!"

CYBERTRON. THE SPACEBRIDGE ROOM.

PROWL!  
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING?

PROTECTING  
THE REST OF  
THE GALAXY FROM  
OUR MISTAKES,  
**RATTRAP**—AS I  
SAID I WOULD.

YEAH, BUT  
I THOUGHT WE  
WERE GONNA  
DO IT SUBTLE-  
LIKE. OPTIMUS IS  
GONNA BE HERE  
ANY MINUTE!

THEN HE CAN  
ANSWER FOR  
THIS FOLLY IN  
PERSON.

GOTCHA,  
WASPY! THEY  
DON'T CALL ME  
"FAST TANKOR"  
FOR NOTHIN'.

HATE TO  
BREAK IT TO  
YOU, BUD.

BUT THEY  
DON'T CALL  
YOU "FAST  
TANKOR"  
AT ALL!

BUT THEY  
DO CALL  
**SUPERION**—  
"SUPERION"—  
AND THAT IS  
FOR A REASON.

URGH!









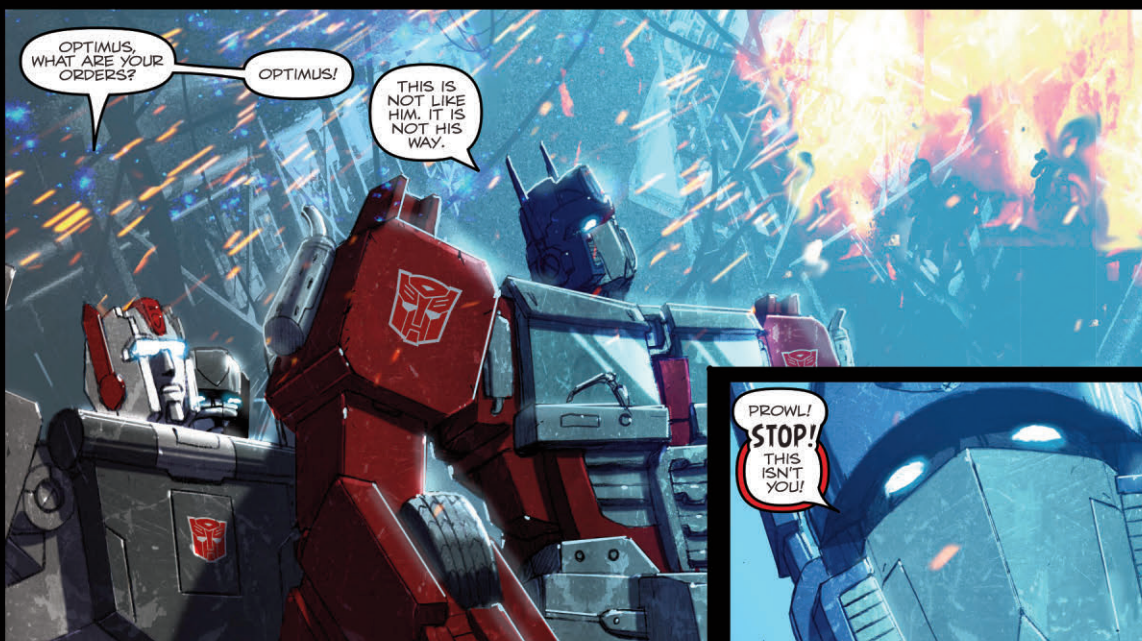




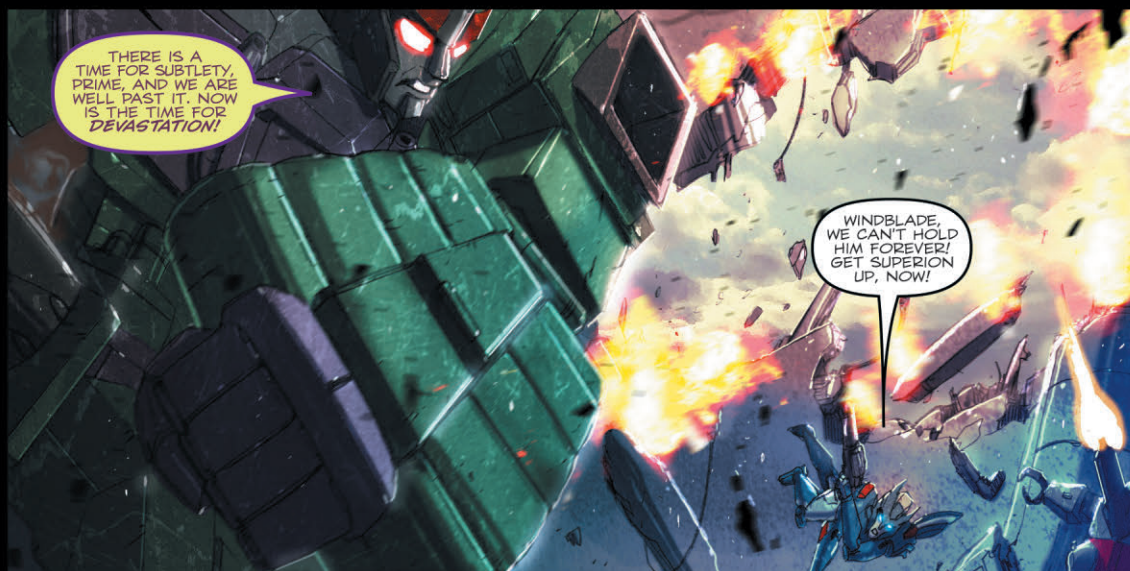












THERE IS A TIME FOR SUBTLETY, PRIME, AND WE ARE WELL PAST IT. NOW IS THE TIME FOR DEVASTATION!

WINDBLADE, WE CAN'T HOLD HIM FOREVER! GET SUPERION UP, NOW!



...AND SCOOP SAID THERE WAS NO REASON TO CHANGE BODIES. *NEW.*

STAND ASIDE!



LORD STARScream WILL NOT ALLOW PRIME'S PET TO DESTROY ALL I--WE HAVE WORKED FOR.

AERIALBOTS-- WE NEED YOU TOGETHER AGAIN.

THE ENIGMA...



...HEALS!



SUPERION! DESTROY DEVASTATOR!

BUT THE MONSTER ALREADY DEFEATED HIM ONCE!

IT WON'T BE ENOUGH!

YOU'RE RIGHT. WE NEED MORE FIREPOWER, A TEAM.









**DEFENSOR:**  
ONLINE!

TARGET:  
DEVASTATOR.  
MISSION:  
DESTROY!

SUPERIOR  
AGREES.













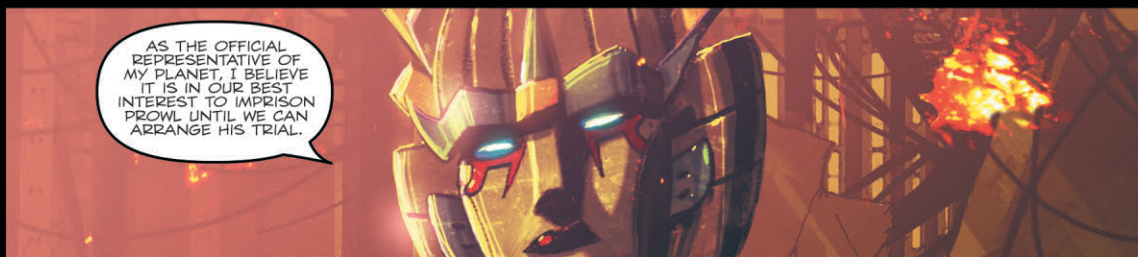




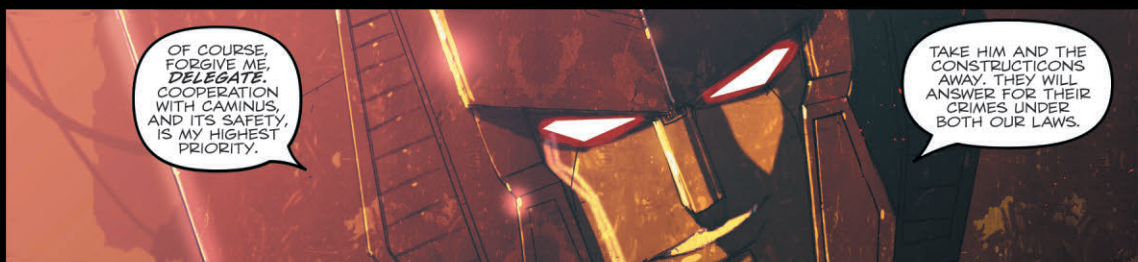
SPECIAL  
TREATMENT  
FOR YOUR  
FRIEND,  
PRIME?

YOU HAVE  
NO AUTHORITY  
HERE!

NEITHER  
HAS PROWL  
COMMITTED A  
CRIME HERE.  
*CAMINUS* WAS  
DAMAGED BY HIS  
ATTACK, NOT  
CYBERTRON.



AS THE OFFICIAL  
REPRESENTATIVE OF  
MY PLANET, I BELIEVE  
IT IS IN OUR BEST  
INTEREST TO IMPRISON  
PROWL UNTIL WE CAN  
ARRANGE HIS TRIAL.



OF COURSE,  
FORGIVE ME,  
**DELEGATE.**  
COOPERATION  
WITH CAMINUS  
AND ITS SAFETY,  
IS MY HIGHEST  
PRIORITY.

TAKE HIM AND THE  
CONSTRUCTICONS  
AWAY. THEY WILL  
ANSWER FOR THEIR  
CRIMES UNDER  
BOTH OUR LAWS.



WISE DECISIONS  
FROM YOU BOTH.  
IT SEEMS THIS  
COUNCIL IS MORE  
NEEDED NOW  
THAN EVER.

ONE 'BOT'S  
JUDGMENT,  
EVEN THE  
BEST OF THEM,  
CAN STILL BE  
SWAYED.

**YOU'RE  
PLAYING  
WITH FIRE,  
PRIME!  
YOU KNOW  
THAT!**

THE  
DECEPTICONS  
WILL NEVER  
RE-INTEGRATE.  
STARScream WILL  
NEVER SHARE  
POWER.



**THINGS  
DON'T  
CHANGE,  
OPTIMUS!**









OF COURSE.  
I MEANT IT WHEN  
I SAID THAT THIS  
IS A NEW AGE FOR  
BOTH OF US, MY  
CAMIEN FRIENDS.

TOGETHER, WE  
SHALL BE UNIFIED.  
TOGETHER WE  
SHALL BE SAFE.  
TOGETHER WE  
SHALL PROSPER.

I WILL  
**PERSONALLY**  
SEE TO IT.





Art by Marcelo Matere, courtesy of HASBRO



# PART 4



Art by CASEY W. COLLER • Colors by JOANA LAFUENTE



## CYBERTRON. JAIL.



HE'S  
LOOKING  
FOR  
ANOTHER  
COLONY  
WORLD.

OF *COURSE*  
HE IS. AND HAS  
*STARSCREAM*  
ALREADY GIVEN  
UP ON THE  
OLD ONE?

NO. HE'S  
THERE NOW.  
HELPING.

PFFT.



IT'S IN  
HIS *BEST*  
*INTEREST*  
TO  
HELP. THE MORE  
AID HE GIVES THE  
COLONIES, THE  
MORE LOYAL  
THEY'LL BE.

THAT'S  
WHY I MADE  
THAT NOISE,  
*PRIME*.

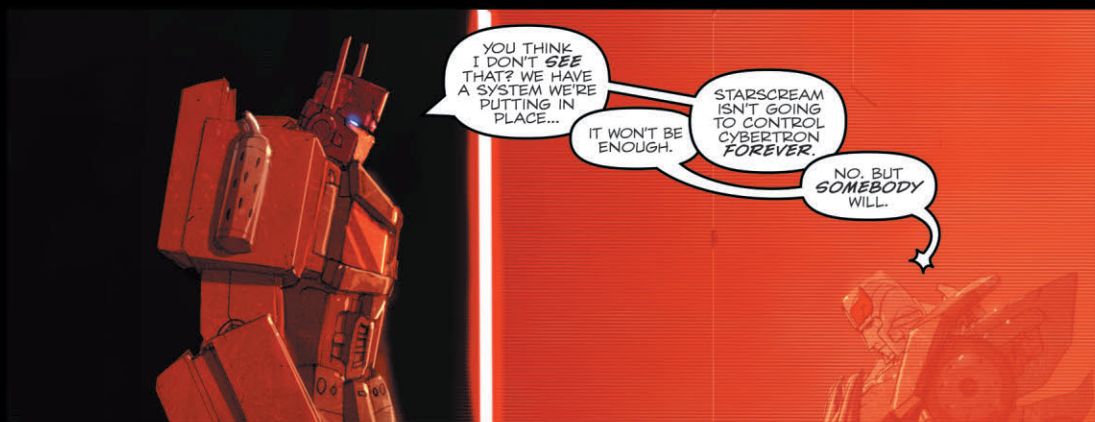
BUT WHAT  
HE'S DOING...  
HE'S *SAVING*  
*LIVES*.



I KNOW.  
AND I KNOW YOU  
CAN'T... YOU CAN'T  
UNDERSTAND HOW  
THAT'S *BAD*.

THAT KIND  
OF THINKING  
GOT YOU  
LOCKED UP,  
*PROWL*.

*STARSCREAM*  
IS CREATING  
AN *EMPIRE*.



YOU THINK  
I DON'T *SEE*  
THAT? WE HAVE  
A SYSTEM WE'RE  
PUTTING IN  
PLACE...

IT WON'T BE  
ENOUGH.

*STARSCREAM*  
ISN'T GOING  
TO CONTROL  
CYBERTRON  
*FOREVER*.

NO. BUT  
*SOMEBODY*  
WILL.



*SOME CYBERTRONIAN*  
WILL BE IN CHARGE.

AND WE'LL  
SCREW IT UP,  
BECAUSE  
THAT IS WHAT  
WE *DO*.

THERE'S  
A *WAR*  
COMING,  
*PRIME*...



"...ONE NOBODY'S  
GOING TO WIN."

**CAMINUS.**

WE CAN'T THANK  
YOU ENOUGH, LORD  
STARSCREAM.

AFTER OUR INITIAL  
ENCOUNTERS—

YEAH.

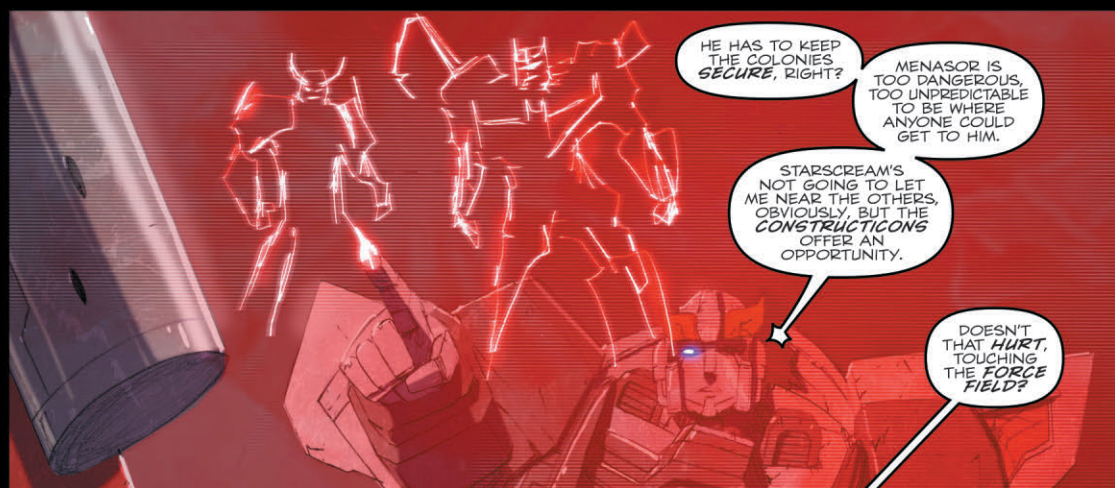
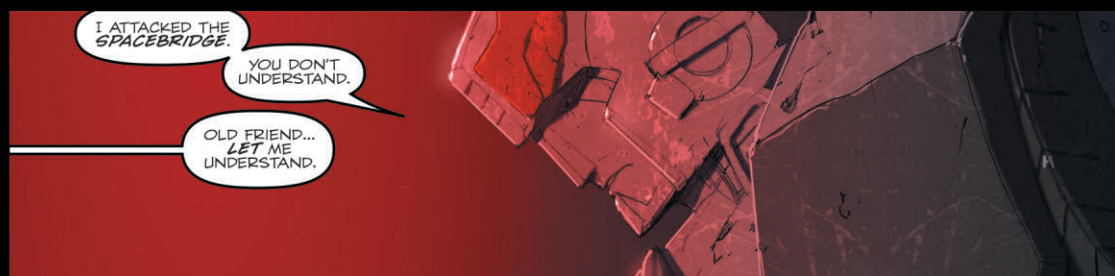
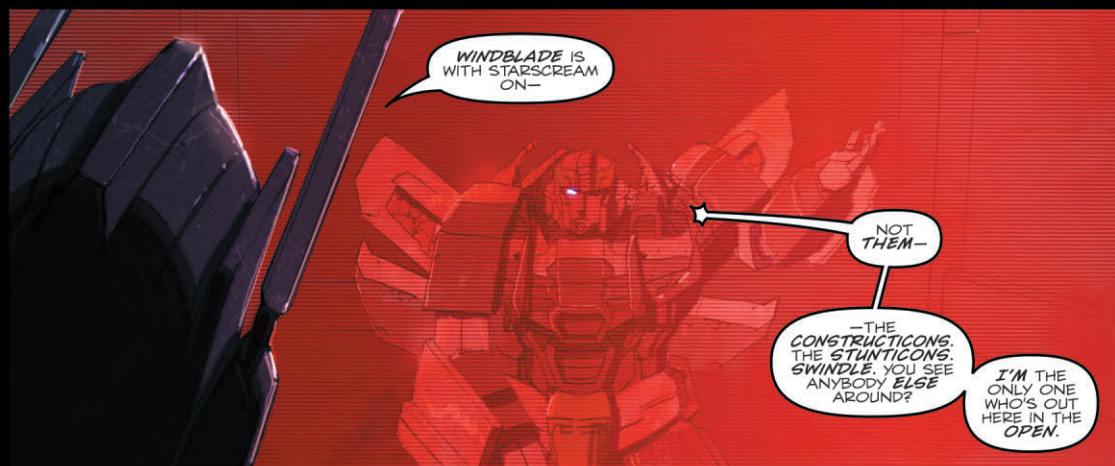
THINGS  
DON'T  
ALWAYS GO  
RIGHT THE  
FIRST TIME  
OUT.

**YOU, ME, AND THE UNIVERSE**



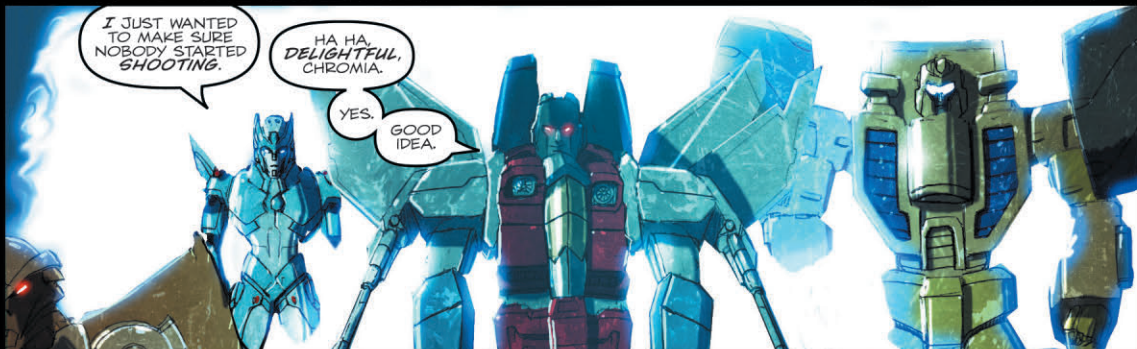
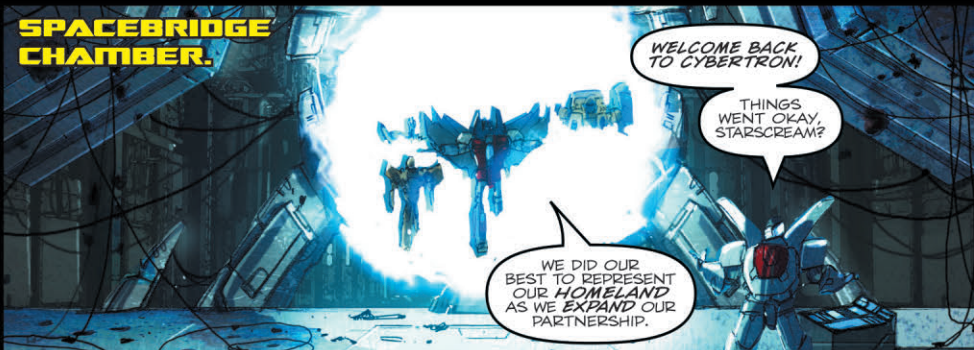




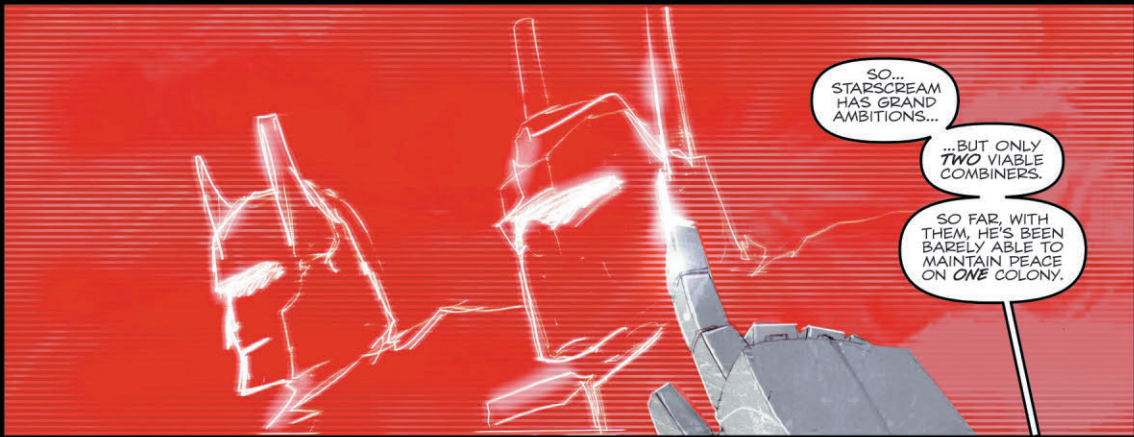




**SPACEBRIDGE  
CHAMBER.**



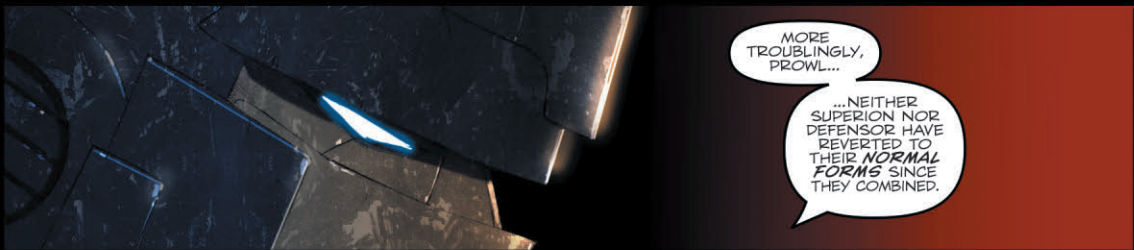




SO...  
STARSCREAM  
HAS GRAND  
AMBITIONS...

...BUT ONLY  
**TWO** VIABLE  
COMBINERS.

SO FAR, WITH  
THEM, HE'S BEEN  
BARELY ABLE TO  
MAINTAIN PEACE  
ON **ONE** COLONY.



MORE  
TROUBLINGLY,  
PROWL...

...NEITHER  
SUPERION NOR  
DEFENSOR HAVE  
REVERTED TO  
THEIR **NORMAL**  
**FORMS** SINCE  
THEY COMBINED.



COMBINED **IS** THEIR  
NORMAL FORM. I'VE  
BEEN THERE.

IT'S **HARD**  
TO BE  
SEPARATE.  
YOU...

ANYWAY.

THAT BRINGS  
US TO ME. TO  
**DEVASTATOR.**



WOULDN'T THE  
CONSTRUCTIONS  
BE AS DANGEROUS—  
AS VIOLENT AS  
**MENAGOR?**

IT'S WORTH THE  
RISK. STARSCREAM  
NEEDS **SOMEBODY**  
IN HIS CORNER. HE  
HASN'T GOT ANY  
FRIENDS.

DO NOT DISCOUNT  
THE AERIALBOTS AND THE...  
THEY CALLED THEMSELVES  
**PROTECTOBOTS**. THEY'RE  
ALL **LOYAL** TO **CYBERTRON**.



EXACTLY. SO LONG  
AS **YOU'RE** WITH  
STARSCREAM AND YOU'RE  
**BOTH** CLAIMING YOU'RE  
FOR **CYBERTRON**,  
THEY'RE WITH **HIM**.

BUT WHEN  
THE MOMENT  
**COMES**, AND  
IT WILL...



...THEY'LL  
STAND WITH  
**OPTIMUS**  
**PRIME**.

AND STARSCREAM  
**KNOWS** THIS.



## STARSCREAM'S SECRET PRISON. LOCATION CLASSIFIED.

I NEED SOMEBODY I CAN TRUST. SOMEBODY WHO'LL STICK WITH ME.

AND THAT'S ME?

I DON'T EVEN LIKE YOU.

WHO DOES?

BUT YOU *KNOW* I'M CHOSEN FOR MY DESTINY. YOU'LL DO JUST FINE, SCOOP.

WHY ARE YOU TAKING ME TO THIS... PLACE?

SECRET PRISON.

HUSH, RATTRAP. THIS IS...

...WELL, YEAH. IT IS A SECRET PRISON.

WHAT DID HE DO?

KILLED A BUNCH OF PEOPLE. THAT'S A *USEFUL SKILL* TO HAVE IN YOUR CARGO HOLD, SO I KEEP HIM AROUND.

SPEAKING OF USEFUL...

...YOU REMEMBER THE CONSTRUCTICONS.

STARSCREAM.

WE OUGHTA PUNCH YOUR FACE IN.

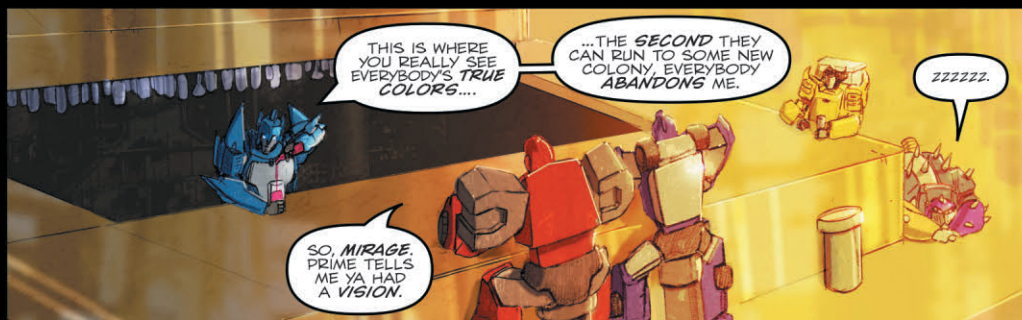
WHERE'S PROWL?

CONSIGNE TO THE DUSTBIN OF HISTORY. I WANT TO TALK ABOUT THE FUTURE.

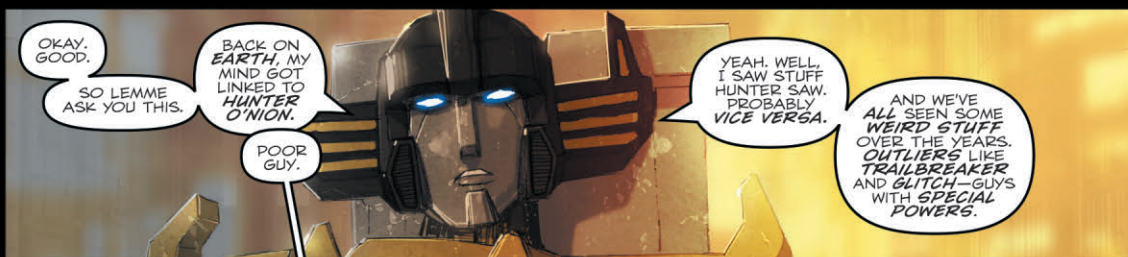
SCOOP... I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TELL YOU, I DON'T THINK *ORANGE* IS REALLY YOUR COLOR.



## MACCADDAM'S NEW OIL HOUSE.















YOU'VE *NEVER* BEEN ABLE TO MAKE THE TOUGH CALLS, PRIME. THAT'S WHY YOU NEEDED *ME*.

I COULD... YOU DON'T EVEN *KNOW* WHAT I'VE DONE.

I COULD FIGURE OUT HOW TO MAKE A *PHASE SIXER*. I COULD TAKE CARE OF ZETA'S *SECRET* WEAPONRY.

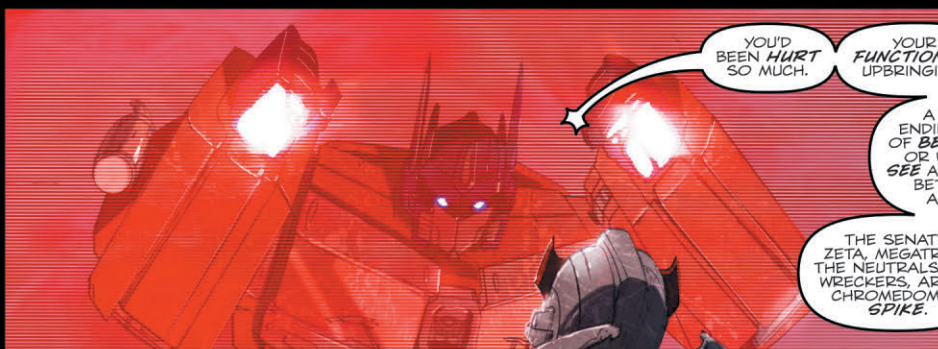


I DO NOT.

I THOUGHT I UNDERSTOOD YOU. I THOUGHT YOU WERE... AN OPEN WOUND.



WHAT?



YOU'D BEEN *HURT* SO MUCH.

YOUR *FUNCTIONIST* UPRISING.

A NEVER-ENDING SERIES OF *BETRAYALS*... OR WHAT YOU *SEE* AS PERSONAL BETRAYALS, ANYWAY.

THE SENATE, ZETA, MEGATRON, THE NEUTRALS, THE WRECKERS, ARCEE, CHROMEDOME... *SPIKE*.



IS THAT ALL?

DID I *FORGET* SOMEONE?

MY HISTORY OF BETRAYALS PROVES ONE THING: *CYBERTRONIANS* CANNOT BE TRUSTED.

THE POWER STARScream HAS... THE *SPACEBRIDGE*, THE *ENIGMA*... YOU HAVE TO SEE IT. AND YOU CAN STOP IT.



YOU'RE THE *ONE TRUE PRIME* TO THE COLONY WORLDS.

THEY'LL BELIEVE *ANYTHING* YOU TELL THEM.

DID YOUR *LIST* LEAVE OFF SOMEBODY THAT *BETRAYED* ME?



YEAH, PRIME.

IT *DID*.





MAGNIFICENT.

GREEN IS  
THE NEW  
ORANGE.

YOU IN  
THERE,  
SCOOP?

NO  
SCOOP,  
ONLY...

...DEVASTATOR.

AND WHO  
DO YOU  
SERVE?

DEVASTATOR  
SERVES NO...

...NO...

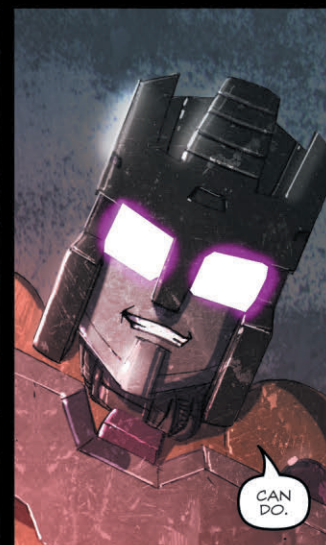
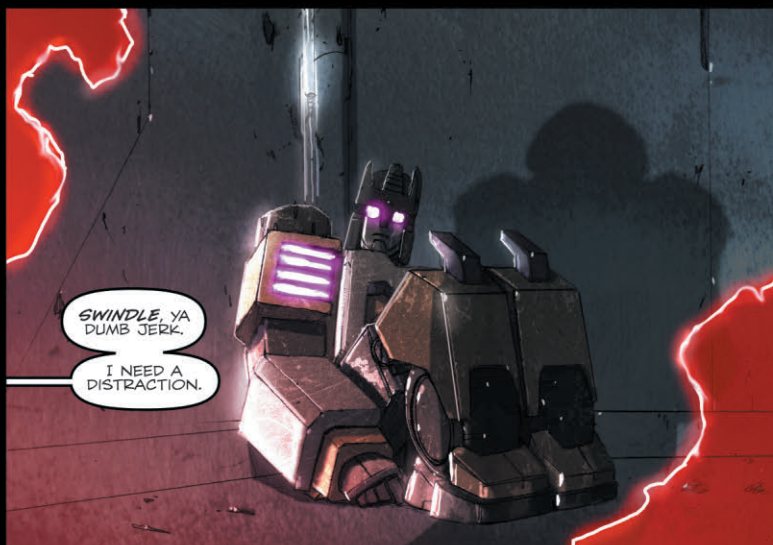


...DEVASTATOR  
SERVES THE  
CHOSEN ONE.

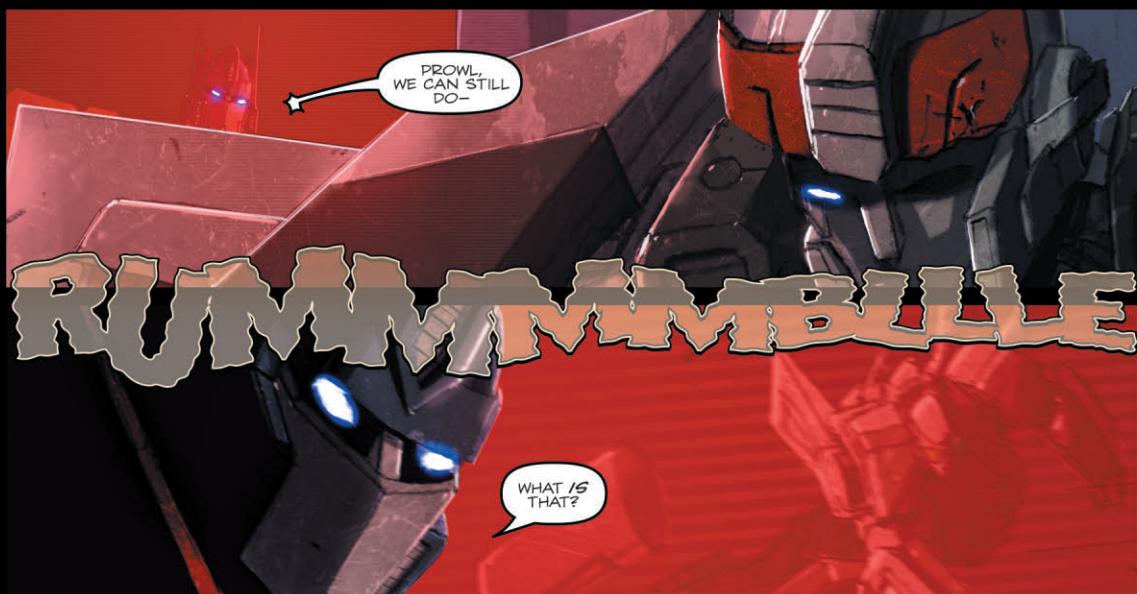
THAT'S RIGHT.  
WHAT DO YOU  
THINK OF THAT,  
RATTRAP?

ER...













RUMBLE











CHROMIA—  
WHERE ARE YOU?

IS THAT  
YOU, WINDBLADE?  
I'M ON CAMINUS.  
WHAT HAVE YOU  
DONE?!

WE NEED  
SUPERION.



DEVASTATOR—  
LISTEN TO  
THE WORDS OF  
DEFENSOR—  
THIS DOES  
NOT HAPPEN  
AGAIN!

WAIT,  
I—

**-ACK!**



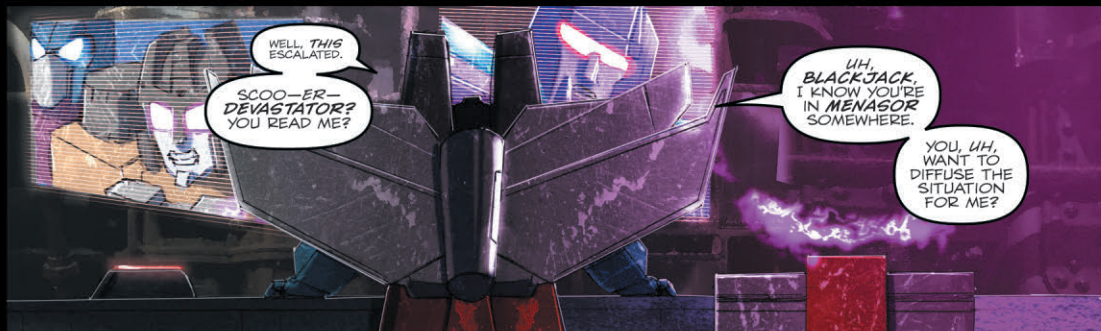
SUPERION—GET  
THOSE COMBINERS  
BACK HERE!

NOT SO  
FAST.

IT'S TIME WE  
GET A LITTLE  
SOMETHING OF  
OUR OWN, YOU  
KNOW, FOR THE  
TROUBLE.

SWINDLE.  
I KINDA  
THOUGHT  
WE WERE  
FRIENDS.

I KINDA  
THOUGHT YOU  
WERE NAÏVE.  
LET'S SEE WHO  
WAS RIGHT.



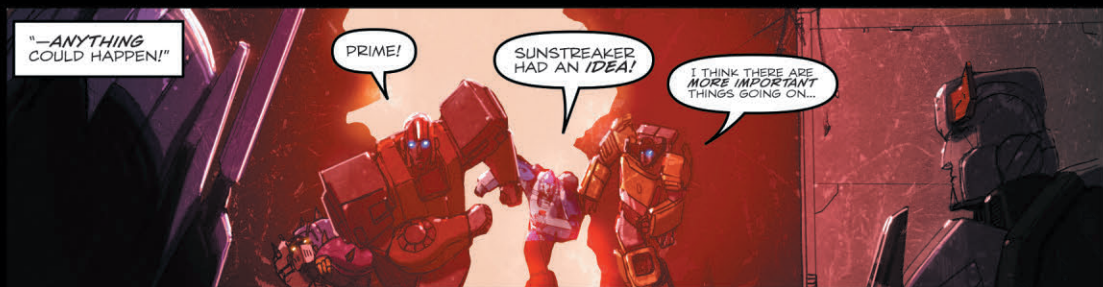
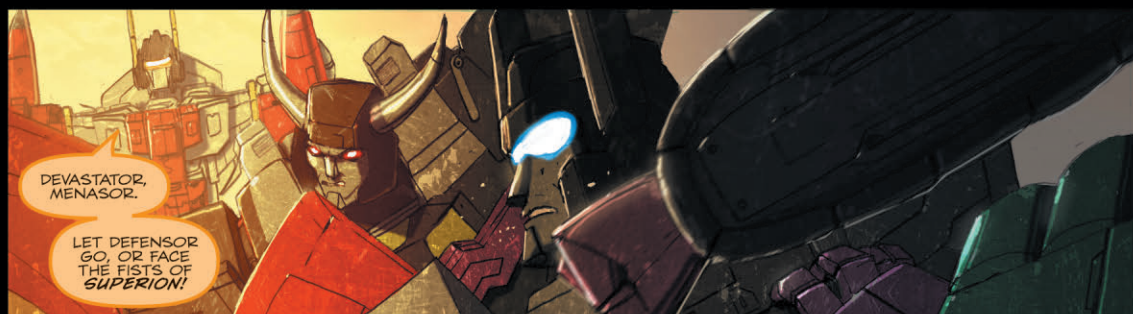
WELL, THIS  
ESCALATED.

SCOO—ER—  
DEVASTATOR?  
YOU READ ME?

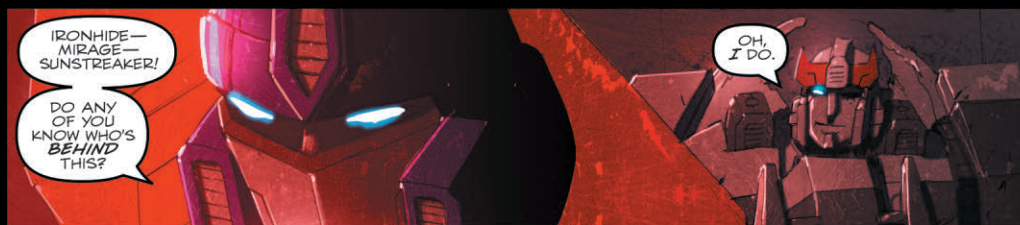
UH,  
BLACKJACK.  
I KNOW YOU'RE  
IN MENAGOR  
SOMEWHERE.

YOU, UH,  
WANT TO  
DIFFUSE THE  
SITUATION  
FOR ME?

















HEY,  
FELLAS.  
SORRY TA  
DROP IN  
ON...

...AHEM.

THE CHOSEN  
ONE WANTS  
YOU TO CALM  
DOWN.

YOU CAN BE  
ALIVE AND CALM  
OR DEAD AND  
CALM. IT MAKES  
NO DIFFERENCE TO  
DEVASTATOR.



IT MAKES  
A DIFFERENCE  
TO ME...



...IT'S TIME  
I TOOK  
CONTROL.







Art by Marcelo Matere, courtesy of HASBRO



# PART 5



Art by CASEY W. COLLER • Colors by JOANA LAFUENTE



# ALL THAT REMAINS





TARGET:  
OPTIMUS  
COMBINER.

MISSION:  
DEFEND.

STAND DOWN,  
MONSTER!

SUPERION  
THOUGHT  
STARSCREAM SENT  
YOU TO STOP  
MENASOR, NOT  
FIGHT US!

THANKS FOR  
REMINING HIM,  
SHOWOFF.

KRAK

THE  
CHOSEN  
ONE...

...ORDERED  
DEVASTATOR  
—STOP  
MENASOR.

ARGH!

SUPERION  
WILL—**URH!**

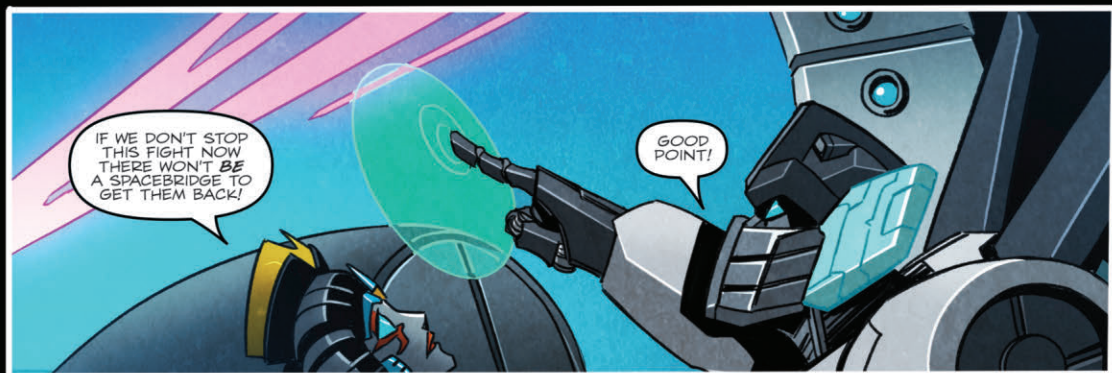
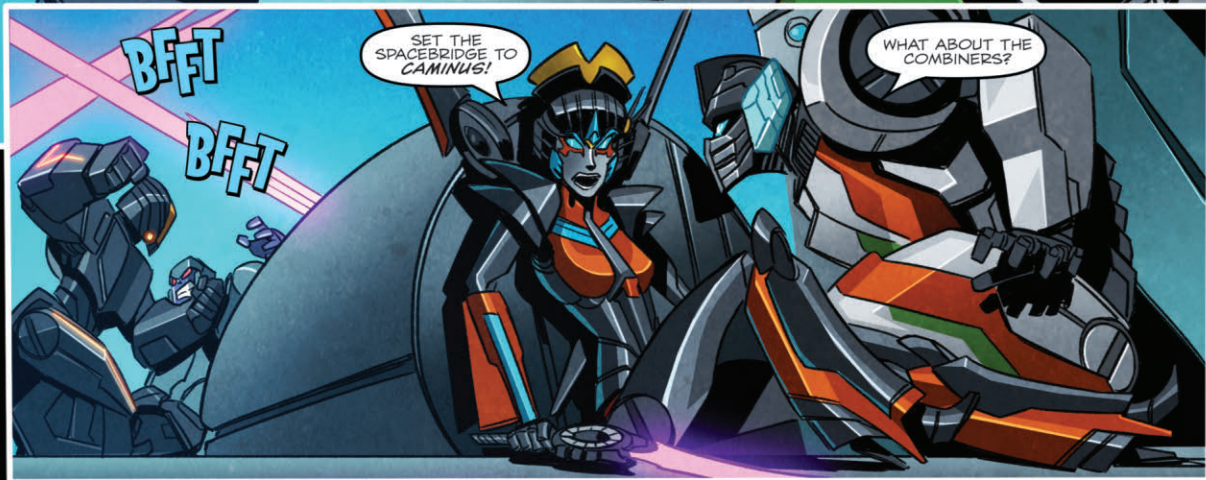
CHOSEN ONE  
IS—IS NOTHING!—  
NO ONE CONTROLS  
DEVASTATOR!

AND I BRING ONLY  
DEVASTATION!













WHY DOES THIS KEEP HAPPENING?!

FORM UP, EVERYONE!

FWOOM!



TIME TO SAVE THE DAY.



CHROMIA, YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! THEY'RE KILLING EACH OTHER!

EVERYONE STAND DOWN!

FIRE!

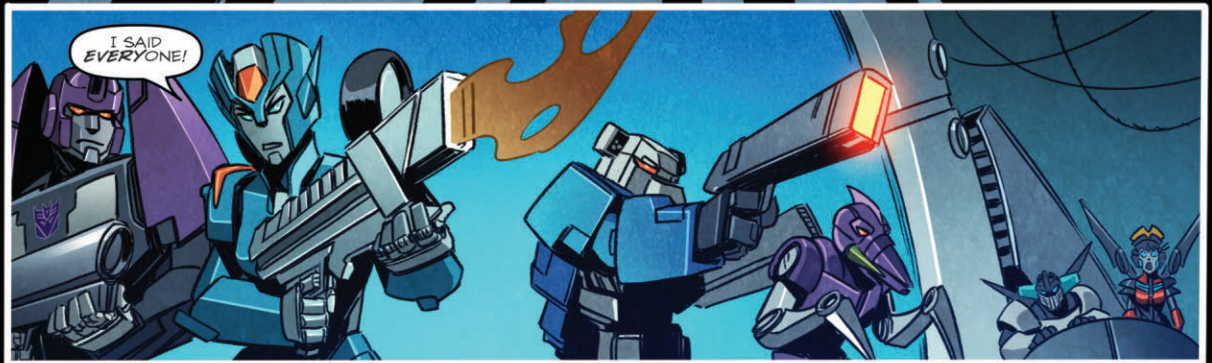
FIRE! FIR-URGH!

LAWLESS SCUM!

THEY'RE GETTING THROUGH!

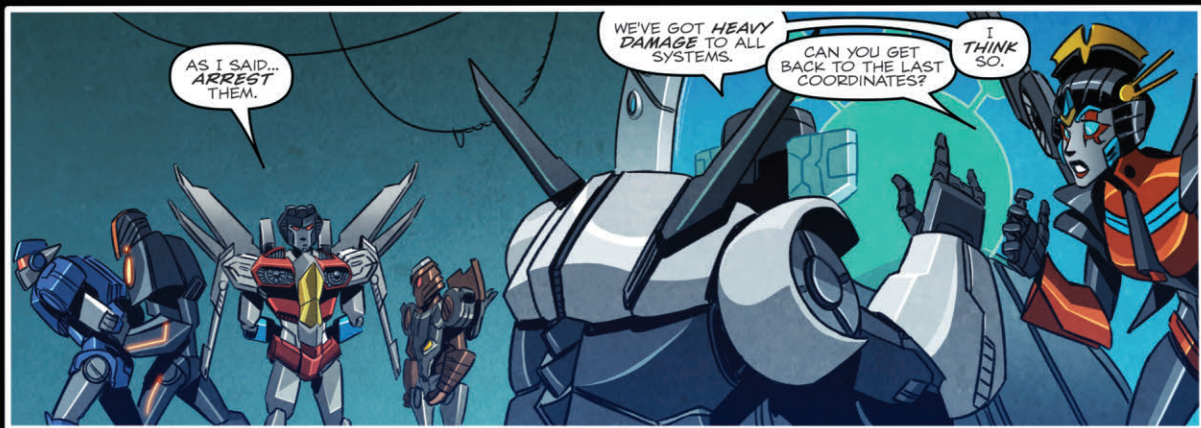


FWOOM!



I SAID EVERYONE!













I—I MUST.  
YOU MUST SEE—

YOU HAVE TO SEE IT, PRIME.

I HAD TO MAKE YOU SEE THINGS CLEARLY.

WHERE ARE WE? I CAN FEEL MYSELF... SLIPPING AWAY.

YOU'RE IN MY MIND—*OUR* MIND. I'VE HAD A BIT MORE PRACTICE AT COMBINING THAN YOU.

I MAKE THE RULES HERE.

"AND I NEED YOU TO SEE HOW THINGS REALLY ARE."

NEW CONTROL COMPONENT REFERENCE TO CHOSEN ONE

INJURY DECREASED STABILITY BY 21%

MOST LIKELY CANDIDATE: SCORP. PROBABILITY 83%

PROBABILITY OF SUCCESS 96%... 95%...

THIS IS HOW YOU SEE THE WORLD, PROWL? NUMBERS? PERCENTAGES?

THIS *IS* HOW THE WORLD IS, OPTIMUS.

EVERYTHING ELSE IS PEOPLE TRYING TO CONVINCE THEMSELVES OTHERWISE.

OPTIMUS...

HE. R...

ME?

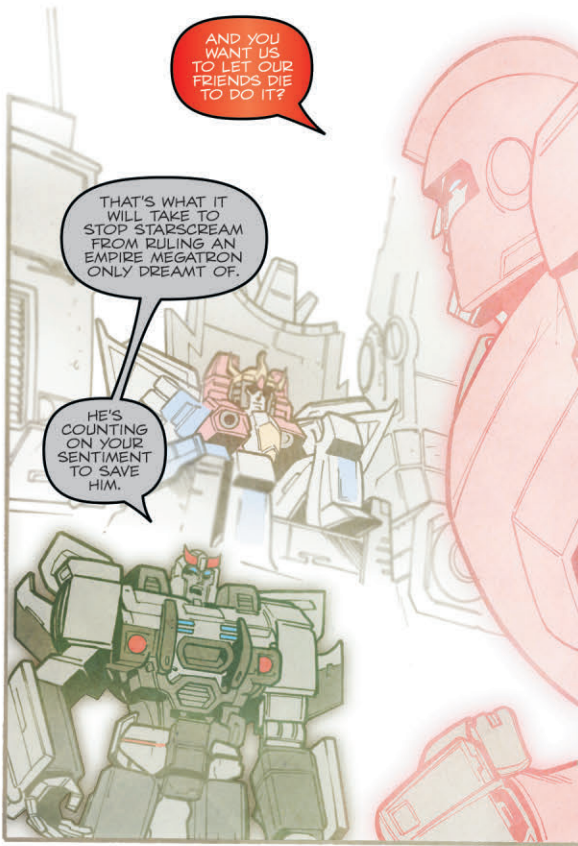
INJURY—  
ENERGON LOSS 5%

$S/M = [S-M] = S \cdot CF/DU$   
SUCCESS RATE INCREASE 20%

"THEY CAN'T WIN, OPTIMUS. WE HAVE TO FORGET THEM—DESTROY THE SPACEBRIDGE."

"IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO STOP STARScream."

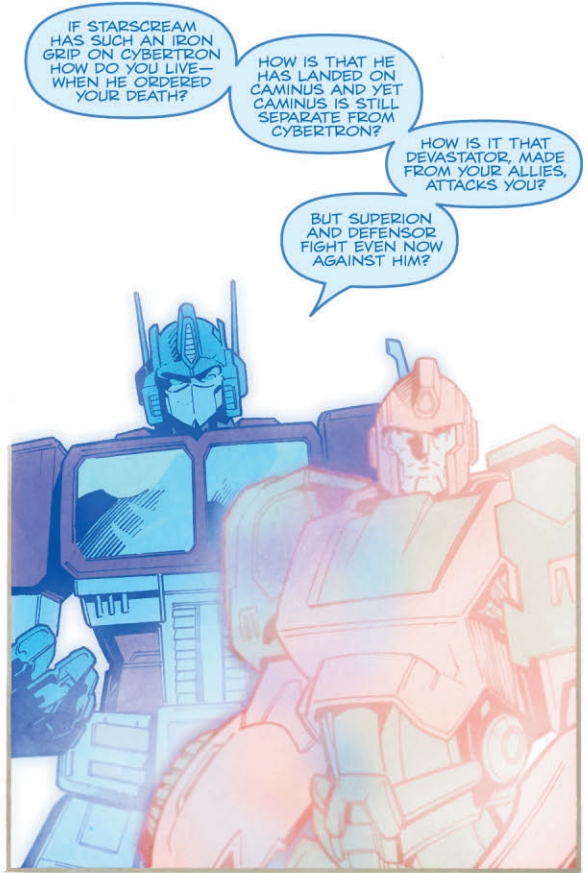




AND YOU WANT US TO LET OUR FRIENDS DIE TO DO IT?

THAT'S WHAT IT WILL TAKE TO STOP STARSCREAM FROM RULING AN EMPIRE MEGATRON ONLY DREAMT OF.

HE'S COUNTING ON YOUR SENTIMENT TO SAVE HIM.



IF STARSCREAM HAS SUCH AN IRON GRIP ON CYBERTRON HOW DO YOU LIVE—WHEN HE ORDERED YOUR DEATH?

HOW IS THAT HE HAS LANDED ON CAMINUS AND YET CAMINUS IS STILL SEPARATE FROM CYBERTRON?

HOW IS IT THAT DEVASTATOR, MADE FROM YOUR ALLIES, ATTACKS YOU?

BUT SUPERION AND DEFENSOR FIGHT EVEN NOW AGAINST HIM?



YOU LIVE BECAUSE STARSCREAM WAS THWARTED BY WINDBLADE...

...AND RATTRAP  
...AND ME.

YOU ARE SO CONCERNED WITH WHO LEADS OUR NATION, PROWL THAT YOU DO NOT SEE WHO MAKES UP OUR NATION... AND THAT IS WHERE CHANGE COMES FROM.




"CAN YOU NOT SEE THESE PEOPLE AS WE DO? AS PEOPLE?"

"CAN YOU NOT SEE THE VALANCE IN THEIR ACTIONS?"

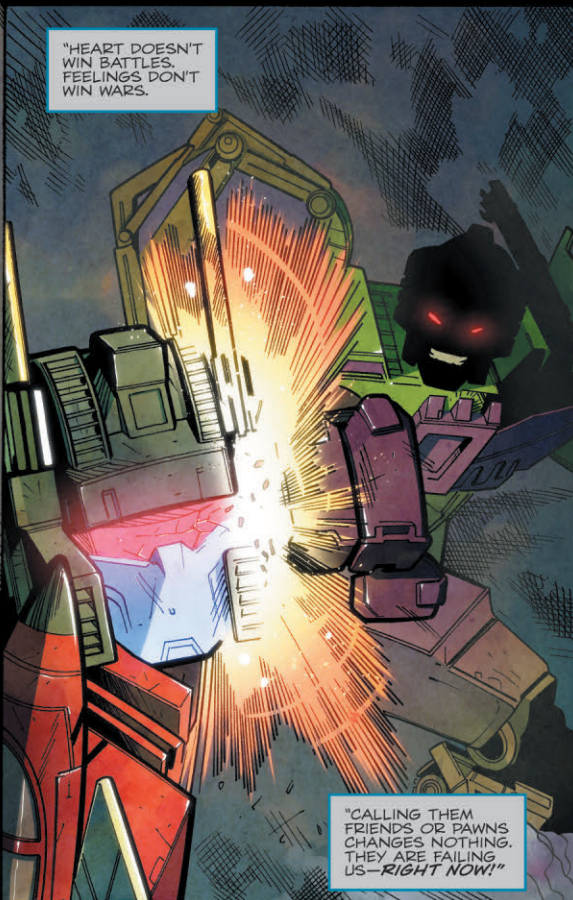
"THE DETERMINATION OF THEIR STRUGGLE?"





WE ARE NOT  
SPEAKING OF  
MERELY NUMBERS  
PROWL, BUT  
PEOPLE.

PEOPLE WILL  
ALWAYS FAIL  
YOU, OPTIMUS.  
ALWAYS.



"HEART DOESN'T  
WIN BATTLES.  
FEELINGS DON'T  
WIN WARS."

"CALLING THEM  
FRIENDS OR PAWNS  
CHANGES NOTHING.  
THEY ARE FAILING  
US—RIGHT NOW!"



THEY  
**NEED**  
US RIGHT  
NOW!

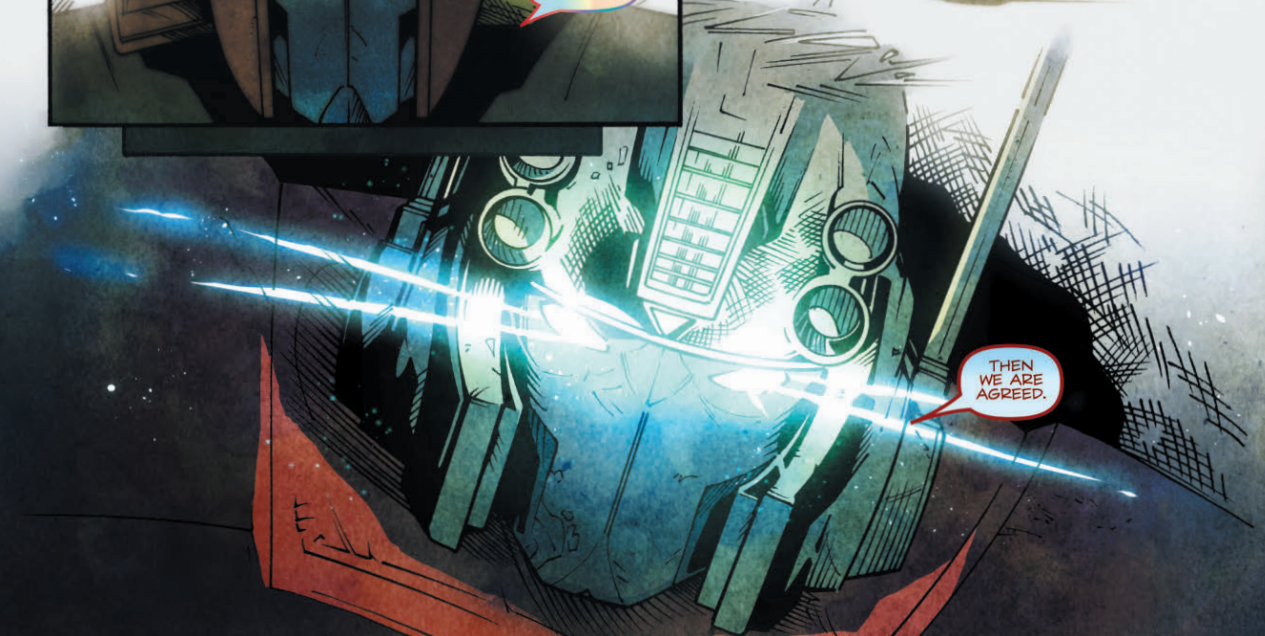
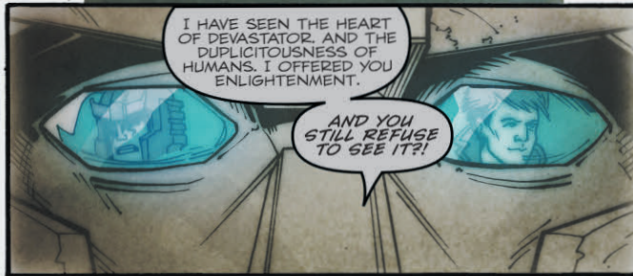
DON'T  
YOU GET  
IT, PROWL?  
ALL 'BOTS  
FAIL.

WHEN WE  
FAIL TOGETHER,  
WE PICK EACH  
OTHER UP.

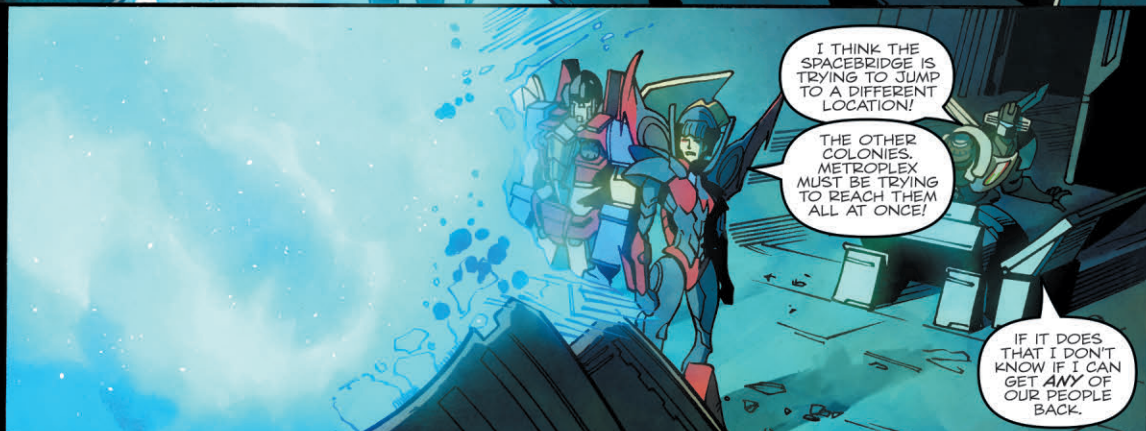
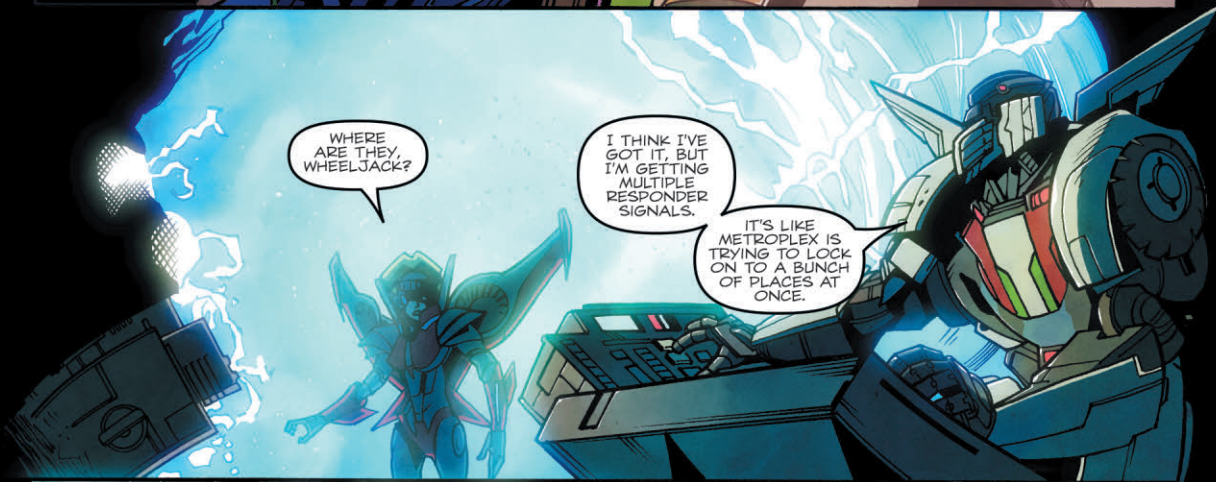


"WHEN WE FAIL  
ALONE, THERE  
IS **NO ONE**  
THERE TO HELP."

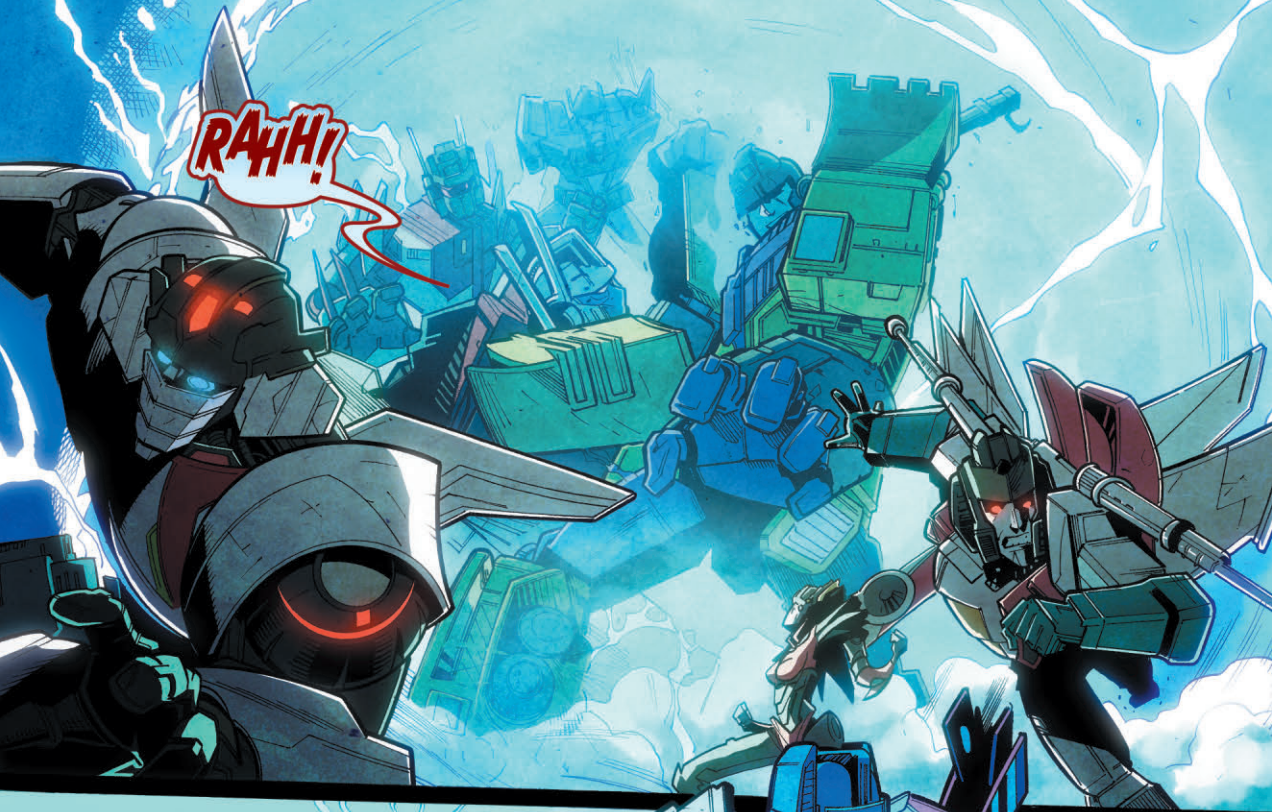
























RRR



YOUR  
FRIEND  
SWINDLE  
CALLED ME  
NAIVE.



DO YOU  
WANT TO  
TEST THAT  
THEORY?

PLEASE...

DO.

**DON'T!  
NO!**



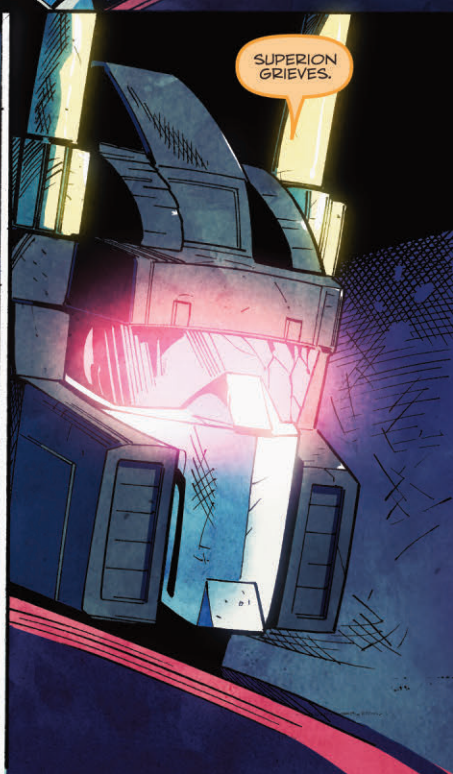
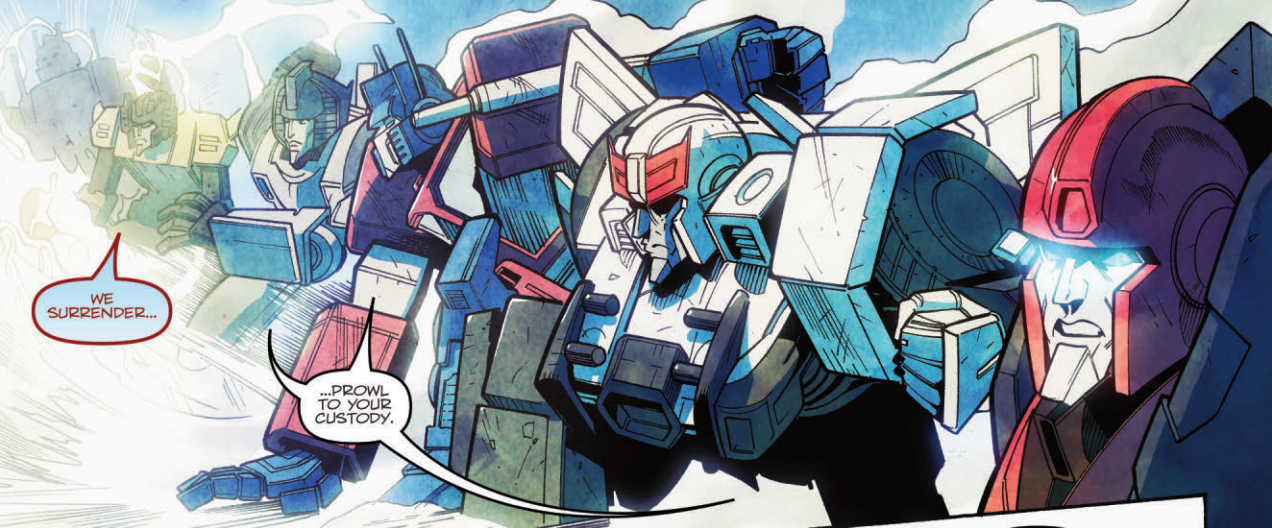














## CAMINUS. THE NEXT MORNING.

"YOUR COUNCIL OF WORLDS HAS FORMED, DESPITE ITS BLOODY BEGINNINGS, MY CHILD."

YOU MUST BE PLEASED.

I SHOULD BE.

"THE TREATY IS SIGNED. STARScream AGREED TO LET RATTTRAP REPRESENT CYBERTRON. I WOULDN'T HAVE SECONDED IT, BUT OPTIMUS INSISTED."

"AND SO IT MUST BE. WHAT TROUBLES YOU?"

"DEVASTATOR AND MENAGOR WERE IMPRISONED."

"WHICH MEANS ALL THE COMBINERS REMAIN WITHIN STARScream'S GRASP."

YOU CAME.

WE SHARED ONE MIND, PROWL. YOU KNEW I WOULD.

"IN TRUTH, MISTRESS, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO."



VELOCITRON.

WRRRRMM

KNOCK  
OUT!  
I SEE IT!  
THERE!

"A TRUE SERVANT  
OF SOLUS, KEEPS  
FORGING."

IT WASN'T  
JUST SEISMIC  
ACTIVITY.

"THE **FORGING** IS WHERE  
IMPURITIES ARE REMOVED  
FROM THE WEAPON."

WE HAVE TO  
TELL **VERRIDE**  
ABOUT THIS.

EUKARIS.

WE HAVE TO  
REPORT THIS,  
**AIRAZOR**, TO  
EVERYONE!

ARE YOU  
**GLITCHING**,  
**TIGATRON**?

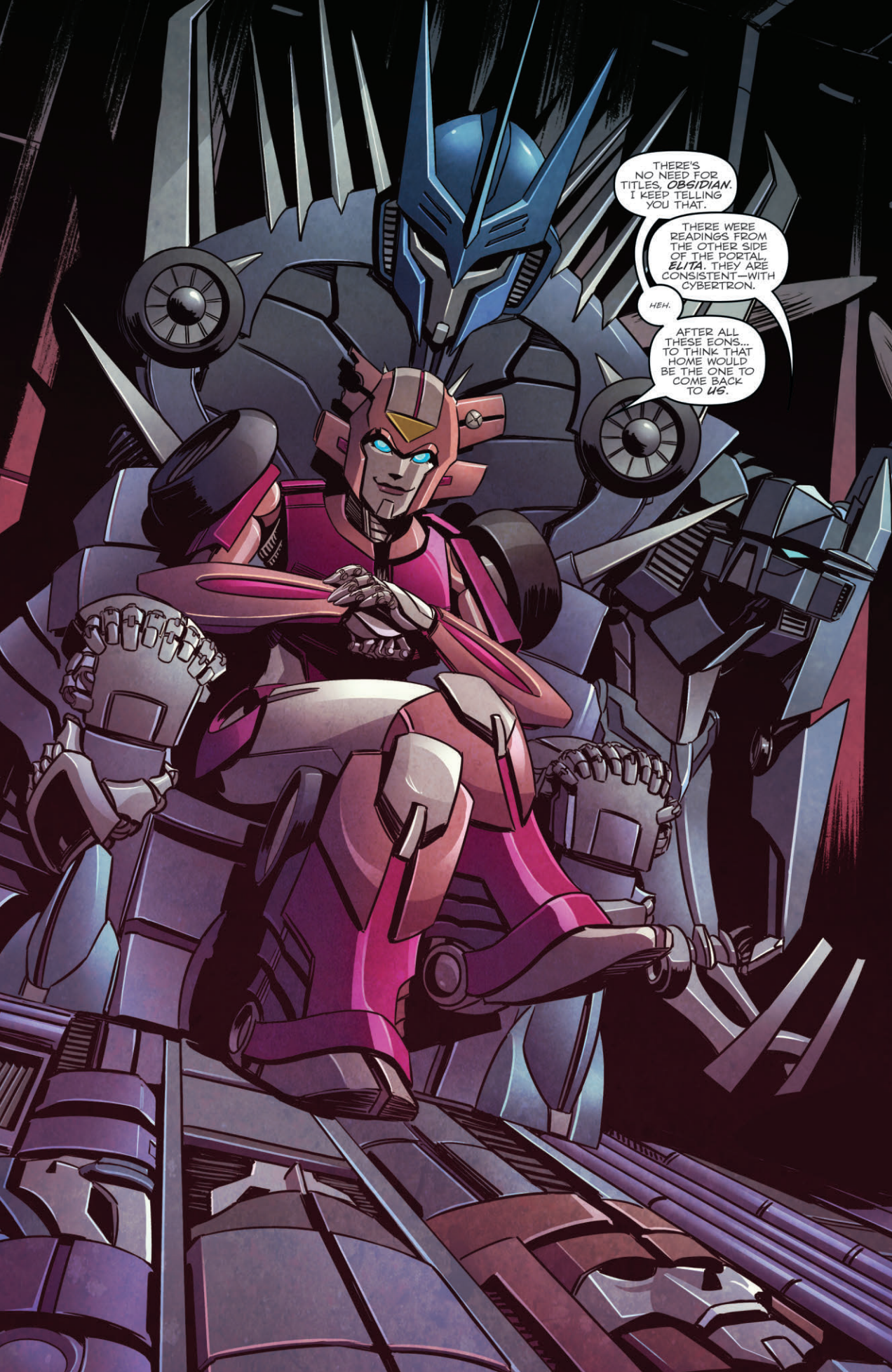
"EVENTUALLY ALL  
SLAG FALLS AWAY."

DISTANT SPACE.

I DID  
NOT BELIEVE  
IT MYSELF.  
BUT I WOULD  
NEVER LIE TO  
YOU, **FIRST**.

"AND ALL THAT  
REMAINS IS THE  
BURNING HEART  
OF TRUTH ITSELF."





THERE'S  
NO NEED FOR  
TITLES, *OBSIDIAN*.  
I KEEP TELLING  
YOU THAT.

THERE WERE  
READINGS FROM  
THE OTHER SIDE  
OF THE PORTAL.  
*ELITA*. THEY ARE  
CONSISTENT—WITH  
CYBERTRON.

HEH.

AFTER ALL  
THESE EONS...  
TO THINK THAT  
HOME WOULD  
BE THE ONE TO  
COME BACK  
TO *US*.





Art by Marcelo Matere, courtesy of HASBRO









Art by LIVIO RAMONDELLI









Art by LIVIO RAMONDELLI









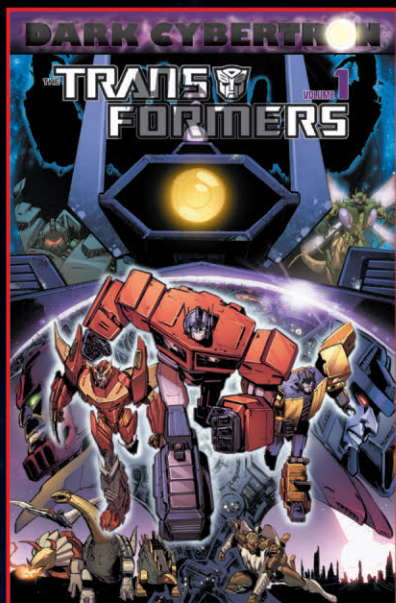
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# TRANSFORMERS



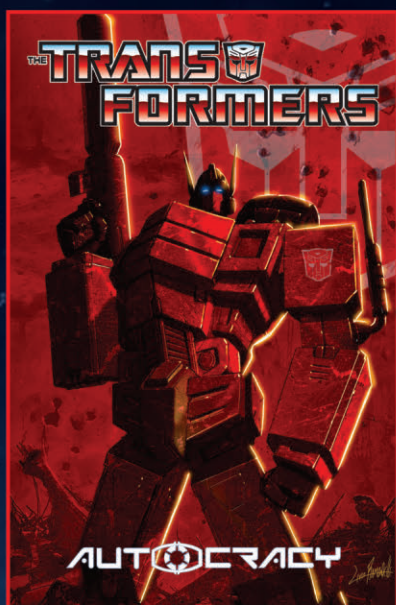
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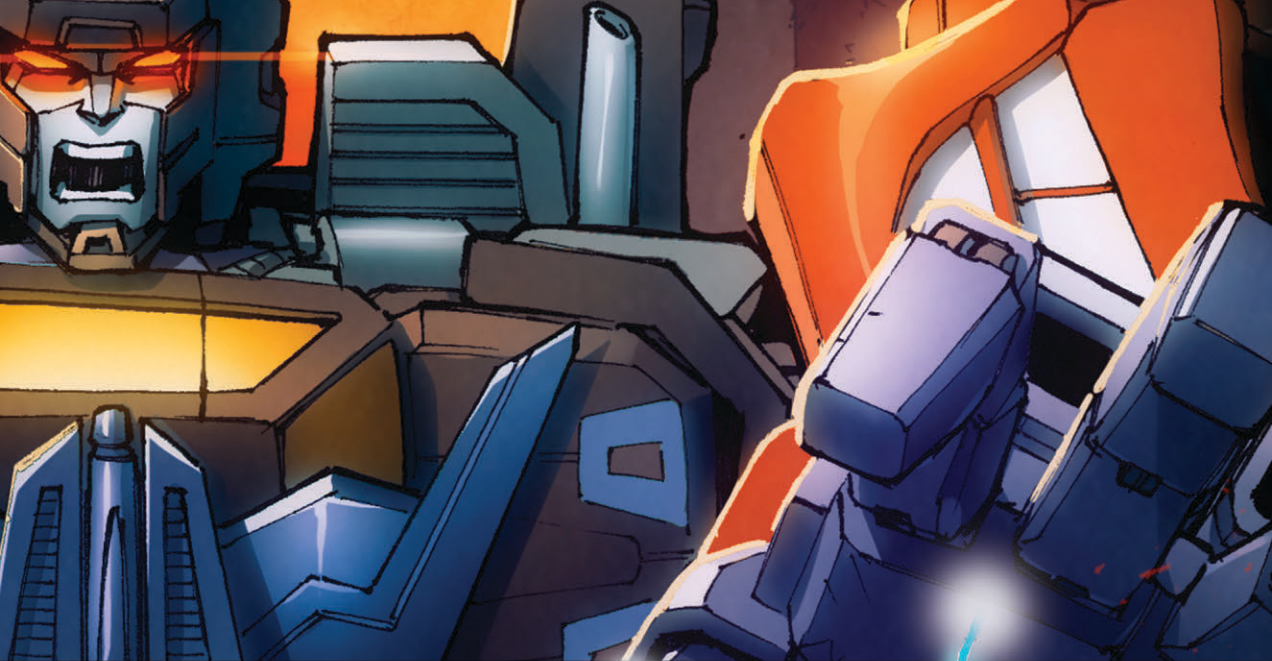


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# COMBINER WARS TRANSFORMERS

The Autobots and Decepticons' uneasy peace is threatened by the flames of war! Starscream, ruler of Cybertron, makes contact with Windblade's homeworld and the only defense against a new Cybertronian Empire are Combiners—multiple Cybertronians forming together into huge, dangerous forms! Collects issues #39–41 of *Transformers* and the first three issues of *Transformers: Windblade*.



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