

THE TRANSFORMERS FORMERS REGENERATION ONE



volume 4

THE TRANSFORMERS
REGENERATION ONE



VOLUME 4

Cover by
Andrew Wildman

Cover Colors by
Jason Cardy

Collection Edits by
Justin Eisinger and
Alonzo Simon

Collection Design by
Chris Mowry

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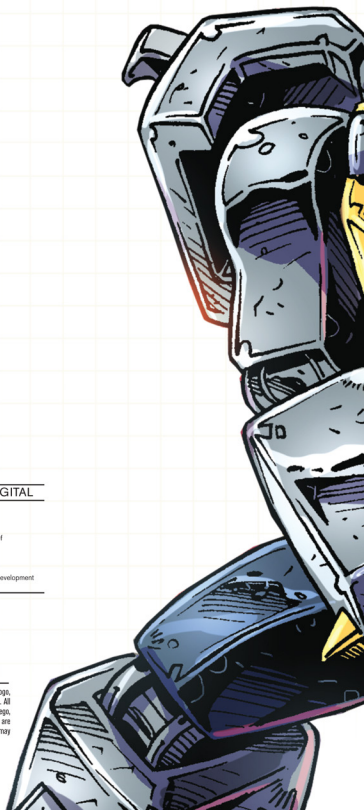
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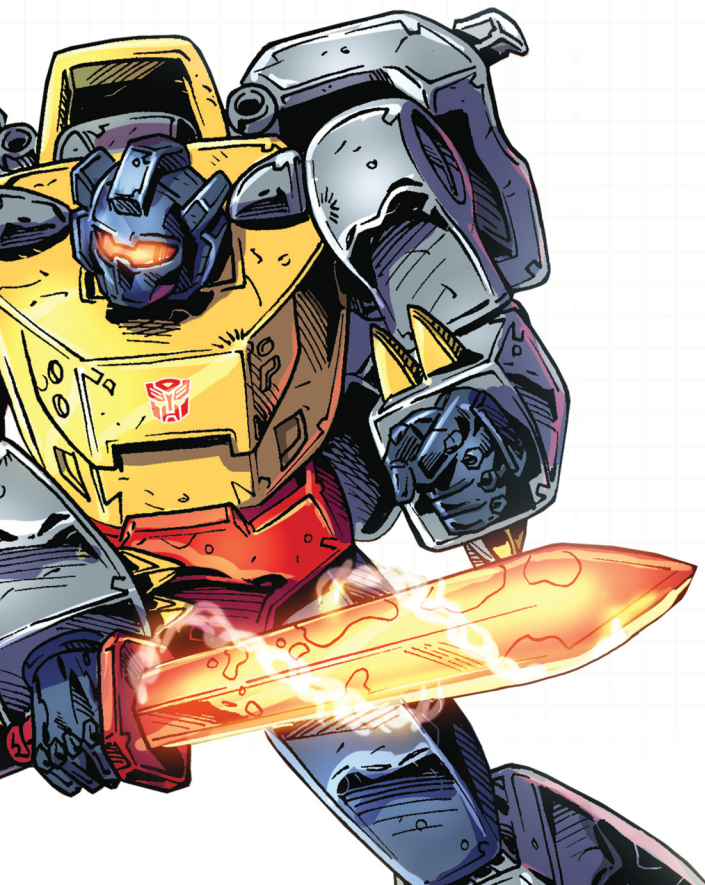
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THE STORY SO FAR

The Autobots have repelled Soundwave and Bludgeon's assault on Cybertron, leaving much of the planet in ruins! Interim leader Hot Rod has returned from a dangerous voyage through time, forever changed... now as Rodimus Prime! His travels have revealed hints of new conflict--of a war without boundaries...





#96

COVER A: Art by ANDREW WILDMAN • Colors by JASON CARDY



A VENERABLE AND LEARNED 'BOT
ONCE TOLD ME, "IT NEVER ENDS."

IT *DOES*. HERE...
AND NOW.

BUT THAT SAME SAGACIOUS 'BOT ALSO TOLD
ME THAT OUR DECISIONS, WISE OR OTHERWISE,
LIVE ON AFTER US. "THE RIPPLES NEVER STOP."

THE DECISION *I* MADE THOSE MANY, MANY YEARS AGO--RIGHT
OR WRONG--STILL *CONSUMES* ME. AND EVEN NOW, AS MY
AGED MIND CLOUDS, MY SENSES DIM, I FEEL THE RIFTIDE OF
TIME TUG AT MY ANKLES, DRAGGING ME BACK TO...

THE WAR TO END ALL WARS PART 1

WRITER
SIMON FURMAN

PENCILER
GUIDO GUIDI

INKER/FINISHER (PAGES 21-26)
STEPHEN BASKERVILLE

COLORIST
JOHN-PAUL BOVE

LETTERER
CHRIS MOWRY

EDITOR
JOHN BARBER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
CHRIS RYALL

I TAKE IT **ALL** BACK. IF THIS AMOUNTS TO A VICTORY... I'D HATE TO SEE HOW A DEFEAT STACKS UP.

IT'S BAD. BUT NOT, I FEAR, AS BAD AS IT COULD GET. ALL THIS... DIDN'T EVEN RATE A MENTION IN THE CORNUCOPIA OF THREATS WE SEEM TO HAVE ARRAYED AGAINST US.

THE STUFF YOU SAW...

BLUDGEON--THE ARCHITECT OF THIS CURRENT SPATE OF ANARCHY.

KEH...

SWEET MERCY...

...HE'S STILL ALIVE!

PHRRM... KRL... ME... F-FNISH...

...WHYUH STATED...





IN ZERO SPACE: YES.

I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT SOME... RESIDUE OF OUR CREATOR, *PRIMUS*, SURVIVED THE UNICRON WAR** AND IS TRYING TO WARN US, IF CRYPTICALLY, THAT THERE'S WORSE TO COME. THE END OF... WELL, EVERYTHING.

H-UH--*RODINUS PRIME*... KUP... YOU SHOULD COME SEE THIS.

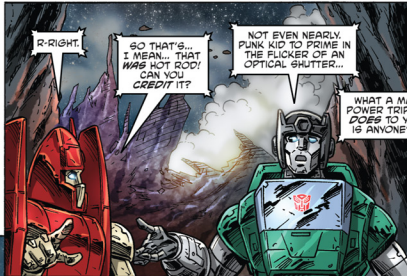
**IN THE ACTLY NUMBERED ISSUE NO. #176.



NO.

I CAN THINK OF NO MORE FITTING PUNISHMENT THAN TO *DENY* YOU WHATEVER "GLORIOUS" DEATH YOU COVETED.

POWERGLIDE--WHEN A MEDIC BECOMES AVAILABLE, DIRECT HIM OVER HERE.



R-RIGHT.

SO THAT'S...
I MEAN... THAT
WAS HOT ROD!
CAN YOU
CREDIT IT?

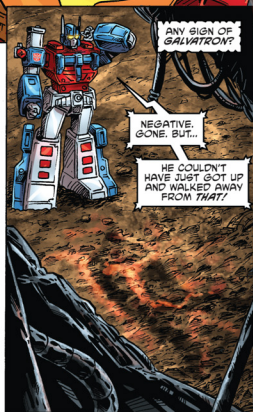
NOT EVEN NEARLY.
PUNK KID TO PRIME IN
THE FLICKER OF AN
OPTICAL SHUTTER...

WHAT A MACH-FIFTY
POWER TRIP LIKE THAT
DOES TO YOUR HEAD
IS ANYONE'S GUESS.



HMM.

ULTRA MAGNUS—TWO
OF OUR TRIUMVERATE OF
TERROR ARE ACCOUNTED
FOR. SOUNDWAVE...
AND BLUDGEON.



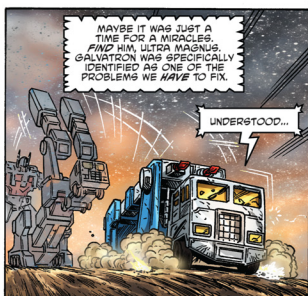
ANY SIGN OF
SALVATRÓN?

NEGATIVE.
GONE. BUT...

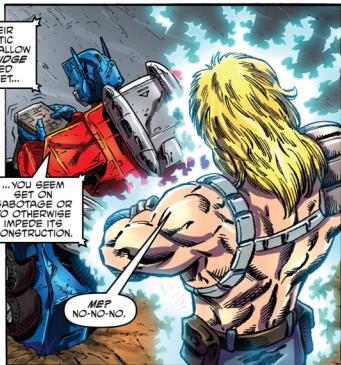
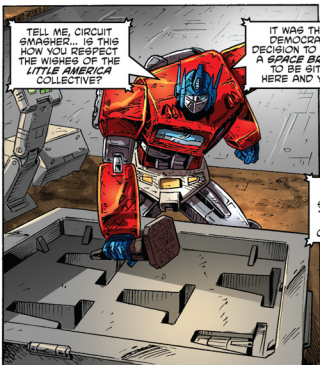
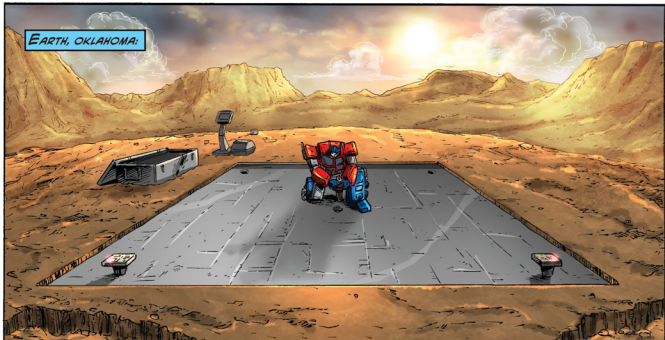
HE COULDN'T
HAVE JUST GOT UP
AND WALKED AWAY
FROM THAT!

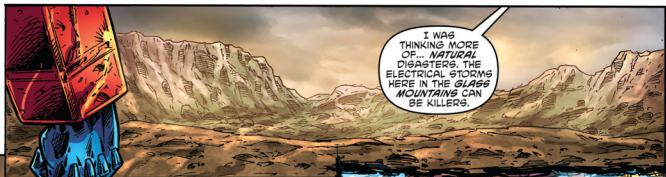


"WHEN I SAW THE ENEMY VESSEL
FIRE ON US, I CONSPIRED TO PUT
SALVATRÓN BETWEEN ME AND
THE BLAST. AND EVEN THEN...

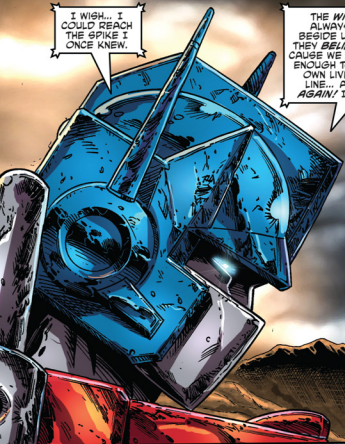


EARTH, OKLAHOMA:





I WAS THINKING MORE OF... NATURAL DISASTERS. THE ELECTRICAL STORMS HERE IN THE GLASS MOUNTAINS CAN BE KILLERS.



I WISH... I COULD REACH THE SPIKE I ONCE KNEW.

THE WITWICKYS ALWAYS STOOD BESIDE US, WITH US. THEY BELIEVED IN THE CAUSE WE FOUGHT FOR ENOUGH TO PUT THEIR OWN LIVES ON THE LINE... AGAIN AND AGAIN! I WONDER...



...IF BUSTER WOULD HAVE TAKEN AGAINST US SO READILY?



NEVER... MENTION... HIS... NAME!

IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?

YES, I THINK IT IS. FINALLY.



AH, EXCUSE ME. I'M EXPECTING THE FIRST SUPERSTRUCTURE SECTIONS ANY TIME. THIS MUST BE THEM NOW.

DE-000-000T-DE-DE



YEAH. BE A SHAME IF ANYTHING *UNTOWARD* HAPPENED TO THEM DURING THEIR FINAL DESCENT.

GO AHEAD, CARGO--

--FLIGHT CONTROLLER--?



IT'S ME, *OPTIMUS*, HOT ROD. BUT, AS YOU CAN SEE, THERE HAVE BEEN DEVELOPMENTS.

TO SAY THE LEAST.



PROWL, JETFIRE, PERCEPTOR, NIGHTBEAT, AND BUMBLEBEE ARE HERE AS WELL. STRANGE AS THIS SOUNDS, I NEED YOUR FORMAL AUTHORITY TO STEP UP AND TAKE CHARGE. WE SEEM TO HAVE... ONE TOO MANY PRIMES...

YOU SEE, I--

GRANTED.

WHAT? DON'T YOU WANT--?

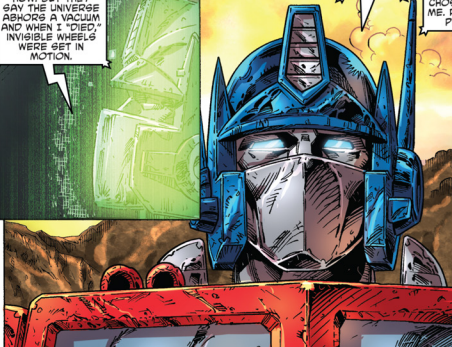
I *KNEW*.

NOT WHEN, OR HOW, BUT THEY SAY THE UNIVERSE ABHORS A VACUUM AND WHEN I "DIED," INVISIBLE WHEELS WERE SET IN MOTION.

HAVE YOU CHOSEN A NAME?

IT WAS CHOSEN FOR ME. *RODIMUS PRIME*.

THEN ARISE, *RODIMUS PRIME*--LEADER OF THE FREE CYBERTRONIAN RACE AND RIGHTFUL HEIR TO THE PROUD LINEAGE OF PRIMES. HENCEFORTH, YOU SPEAK FOR OUR PROGENITOR, PRIMUS. HIS WILL BE YOURS.



THANK YOU, *OPTIMUS*... I'LL STRIVE TO LIVE UP TO YOUR EXAMPLE!

TO
BUSINESS...

PRIMUS IDENTIFIED
FOUR DISTINCT
ANOMALIES CURRENTLY
DERAILING THE GRAND
PLAN AND THUS
ENDANGERING OUR
ENTIRE FUTURE--

--THE WALKING TEMPORAL
ANACHRONISM THAT IS
GALVATRON... A PRE-CIVIL
WAR SENATOR NAMED
JHIAKUS, WHO VIRTUALLY
DELETED HIMSELF FROM
OUR SHARED POOL OF
KNOWLEDGE...

...A QUANTITY OF
DARK MATRIX ENERGY
THAT SURVIVED THE
DESTRUCTION OF THE
DEATHBRINGER MECH...

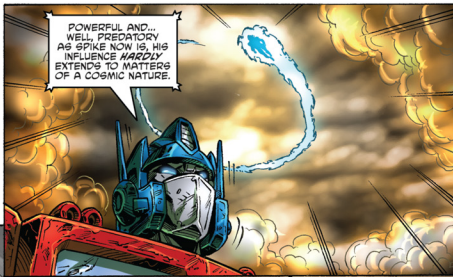
...AND,
SOMEHOW, OUR
FORMER ALLY AND
BINARY-BONDED
PARTNER OF THE
LATE *FORTRESS*
MAXIMUS-SPIKE
WITWICKY.

IT'S APPARENTLY
DOWN TO US TO
FIGURE OUT *WHAT*
EACH REPRESENTS
AND *HOW* TO
DEAL WITH IT.

TO THIS END... NIGHTBEAT
AND BUMBLEBEE WILL FORM
THE NUCLEUS OF WHAT I'M
CALLING THE *ZERO UNIT*: AN
INVESTIGATIVE UNIT WITH A
WIDE-RANGING REMIT TO SHAKE
LOOSE, COLLATE AND ACTION
ANY PERTINENT DATA RELATING
TO THE ZERO EFFECT.

QUESTIONS?

NOT SO MUCH A
QUESTION AS AN
OBSERVATION...



POWERFUL AND...
WELL, PREDATORY
AS SPIKE NOW IS, HIS
INFLUENCE *HARDLY*
EXTENDS TO MATTERS
OF A COSMIC NATURE.



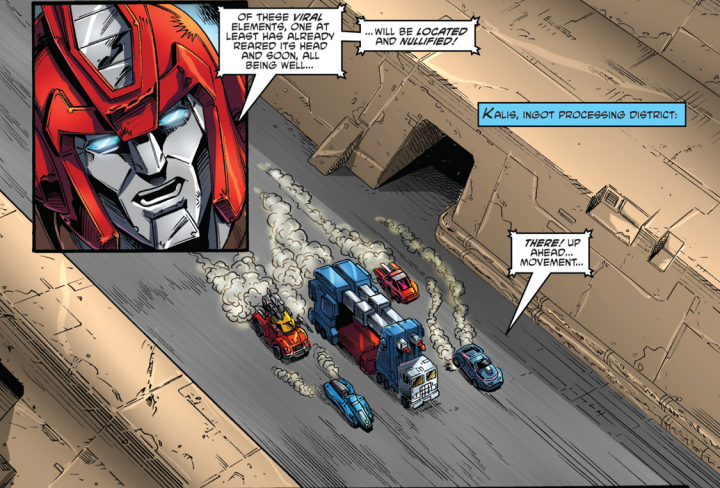
YET.



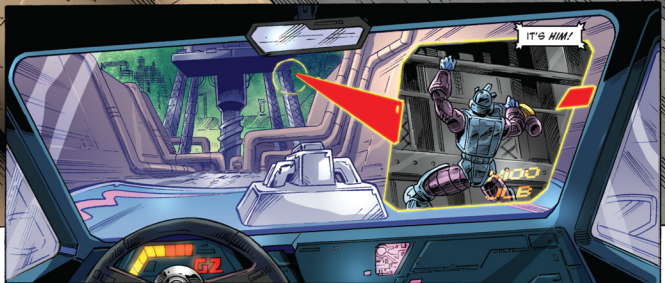
OF THESE VIRAL
ELEMENTS, ONE AT
LEAST HAS ALREADY
REARED ITS HEAD
AND SOON, ALL
BEING WELL...

...WILL BE LOCATED
AND NULLIFIED!

KALIS, INGOT PROCESSING DISTRICT:

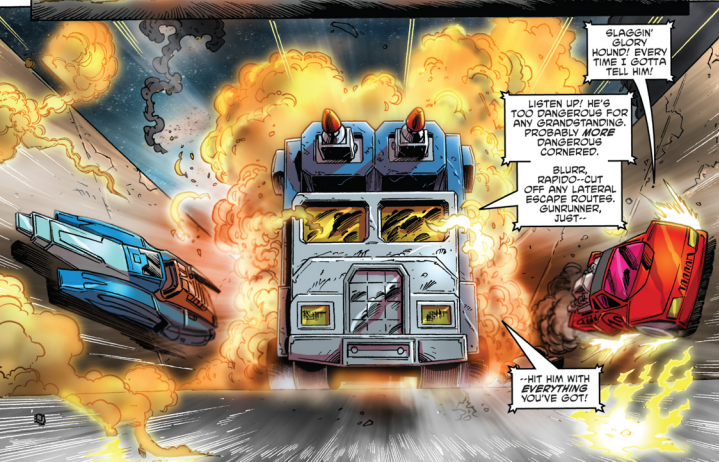
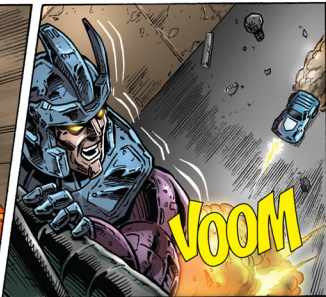
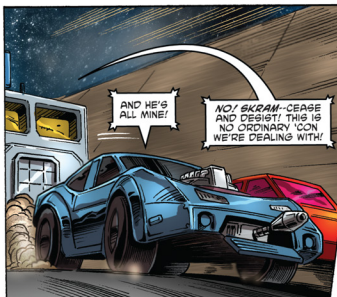


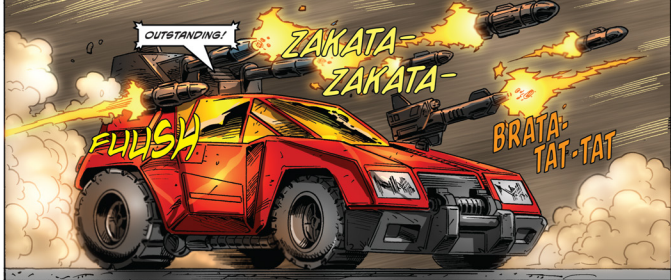
THERE! UP
AHEAD...
MOVEMENT...



IT'S HIM!

HOO
JLE





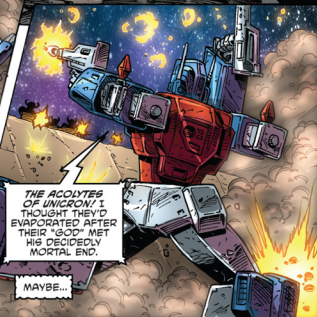




BUNCH'A 'BOTS
WEARIN' UNICRON
MASKS! CAME
OUTTA NOWHERE!



AND WHAT THEY
LACK IN COMBAT
PROFICIENCY THEY
MAKE UP FOR IN
SHEER NUMBERS!

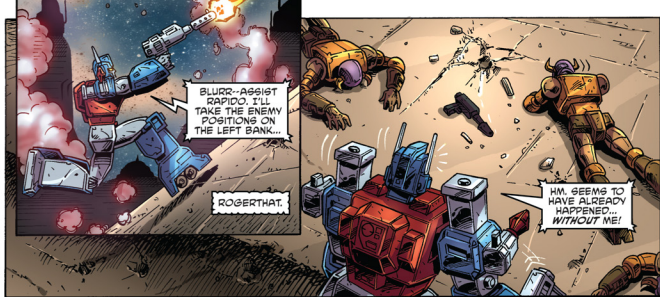


THE ACOLYTES
OF UNICRON! I
THOUGHT THEY'D
EVAPORATED AFTER
THEIR "GOD" MET
HIS DECIDEDLY
MORTAL END.

MAYBE...



"... THEY JUST WENT
UNDERGROUND."



ZERO UNIT, OPS-COMMAND HQ:

WHERE DO
WE EVEN
BEGIN?

OKAY, SO, GALVATRON
WE MOSTLY UNDERSTAND...
HIS PRESENCE IN OUR
TIMESTREAM IS BY VERY
DEFINITION GRIT IN THE
TEMPORAL MECHANICS
OF THE UNIVERSE.

AND THE THREATS
POSED BY BOTH THE
DARK MATRIX AND SPIKE
WITWICKY ARE TOO
NEBULOUS TO DEAL WITH
EFFECTIVELY RIGHT NOW.

BUT OUR
ERRANT
SENATOR...

...IS ANOTHER
MATTER
ALTOGETHER!

JHIAXUS.

YES, JHIAXUS. WE KNOW THAT
THROUGH SOME KIND OF INTERACTION
WITH THE *UNDERBASE* DATA POOL HE
MANAGED, AT A STROKE, TO DELETE
HIMSELF NOT ONLY FROM *ALL* OFFICIAL
RECORDS--THOSE THAT SURVIVE
ANYWAY--BUT ALSO FROM THE
MEMORIES OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

BUT I RESURRECTED
SEVERAL BILLION CIVILIAN
BETA-LOGS. THIS IS THE
CIVIC OPENING OF THE
PRESIDIUM, A CROWD P.O.V.,
AND WAY BACK IN THE PAST...



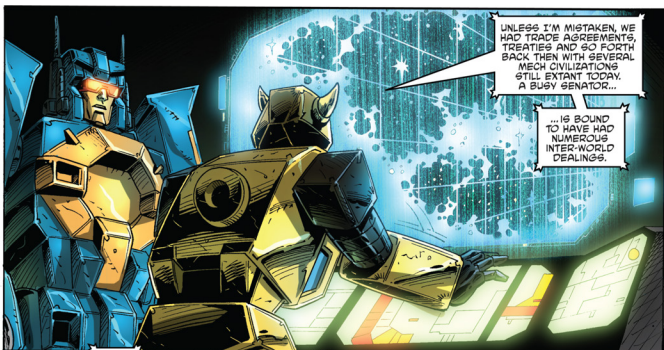
... I FOUND THIS.

SENATOR JHIAUXUS, I PRESUME.



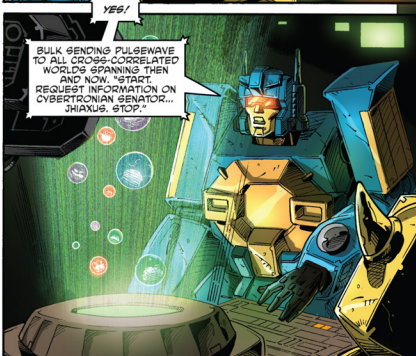
HE'S THE ONLY ONE I HAVEN'T OTHERWISE BEEN ABLE TO FORMALLY IDENTIFY, SO I THINK SO. BUT THE TRAIL DEAD ENDS THERE. IT'S LIKE TRYING TO TRACK A GHOST.

HMMM... YOU SAY HE DELETED HIMSELF FROM OUR RECORDS. WHAT ABOUT OTHER WORLDS?



UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, WE HAD TRADE AGREEMENTS, TREATIES AND SO FORTH BACK THEN WITH SEVERAL HIGH CIVILIZATION'S STILL EXTANT TODAY. A BUSY SENATOR...

...IS BOUND TO HAVE HAD NUMEROUS INTER-WORLD DEALINGS.



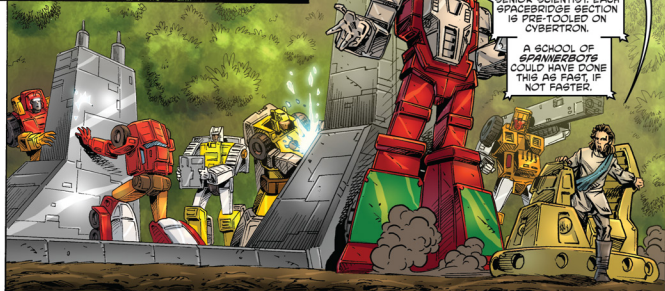
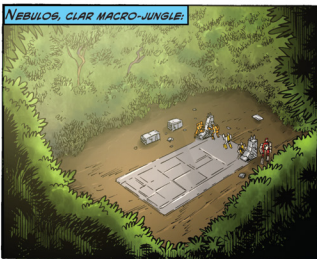
YES!

BULK SENDING PULSEWAVE TO ALL CROSS-CORRELATED WORLDS SPANNING THEN AND NOW. "START REQUEST INFORMATION ON CYBERTRONIAN SENATOR... JHIAUXUS. STOP."



AND NOW...

...WE WAIT.



QUICKMIX...
SWIFT
PROGRESS
I SEE.

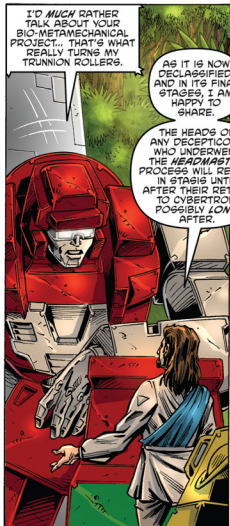
THIS? AH, THIS IS
MORE *ASSEMBLY*
THAN CONSTRUCTION.
SENIOR SCIENTIST,
EACH SPACEBRIDGE SECTION
IS PRE-TOOLED ON
CYBERTRON.

A SCHOOL OF
SPANNERBOTS
COULD HAVE DONE
THIS AS FAST, IF
NOT FASTER.

I'D MUCH RATHER
TALK ABOUT YOUR
BIO-METAMECHANICAL
PROJECT... THAT'S WHAT
REALLY TURNS MY
TRUNNION ROLLERS.

AS IT IS NOW
DECLASSIFIED,
AND IN ITS FINAL
STAGES, I AM
HAPPY TO
SHARE.

THE HEADS OF
ANY DECEPTICONS
WHO UNDERWENT
THE *HEADMASTER*
PROCESS WILL REMAIN
IN STAGIS UNTIL
AFTER THEIR RETURN
TO CYBERTRON
POSSIBLY LONG
AFTER.



BUT... I AM
PLEASED TO
REPORT THAT
CHROMEDOME HAS
NOW RETRIEVED HIS
ORIGINAL HEAD...

...AND *STYLOR*
HAS BEEN
RETRO-ENGINEERED,
READY TO REJOIN US
AS AN INDEPENDENT
CITIZEN.

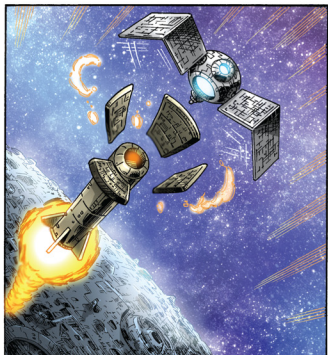
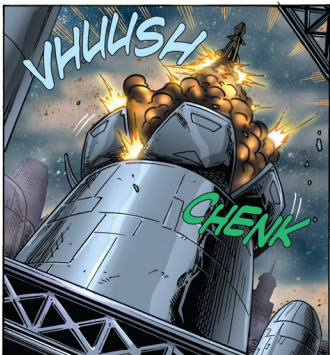
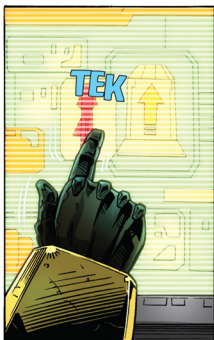
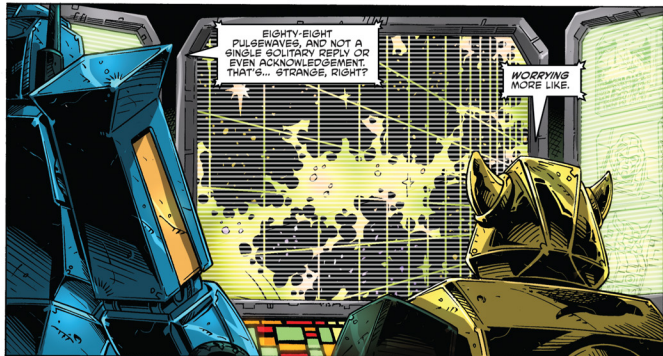
AND THE
BIG GUY?

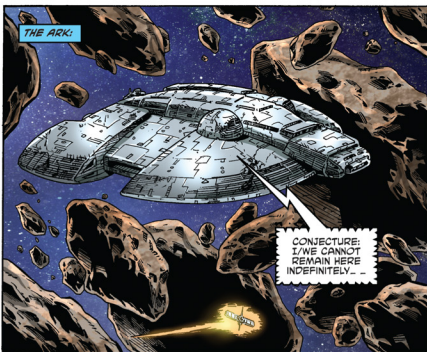
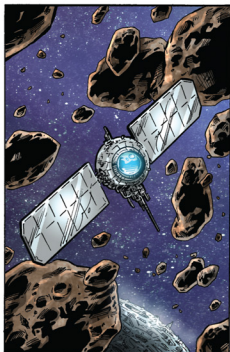
"IF BY 'THE BIG GUY'
YOU MEAN *FORTRESS
MAXIMUS*, THAT TOO
IS WELL UNDERWAY.
I ANTICIPATE...

"...TORGO REINTEGRATION
WITHIN SIX DECA-PHASES."

"APPROXIMATELY TWO EARTH DAYS

"A BIG FAT BLANK."





THE ARK:

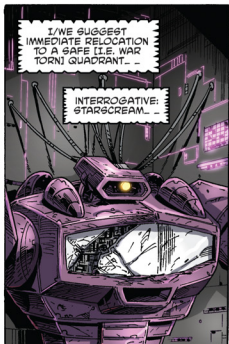
CONJECTURE:
I/WE CANNOT
REMAIN HERE
INDEFINITELY...



SOMEONE *MUST* HAVE
SEEN US WHEN WE
ATTACKED THE ALIEN
VESSEL* AND IT IS NOW
ONLY A MATTER OF TIME
BEFORE I/WE AM DETECTED
AND THEN IMPOUNDED...

HH...

*THE WARWORLD, LAST ISSUE



I/WE SUGGEST
IMMEDIATE RELOCATION
TO A SAFE I.E. WAR
TORN QUADRANT...

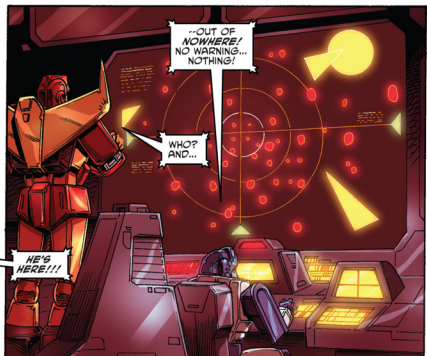
INTERROGATIVE:
STARSCREAM...



H-HAH!

STARSCREAM?

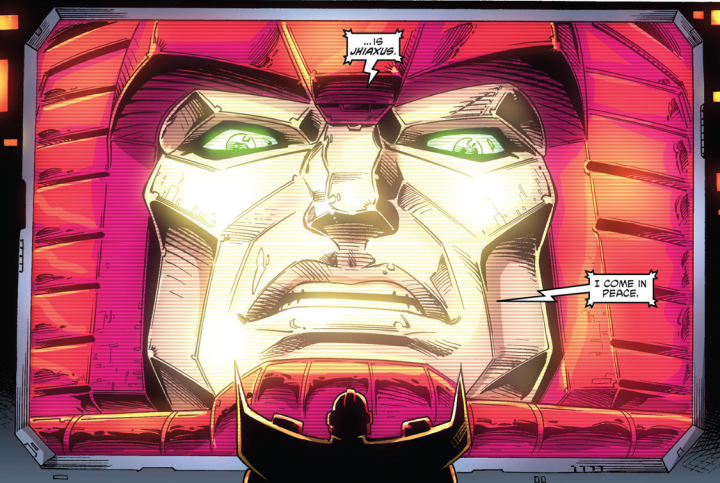
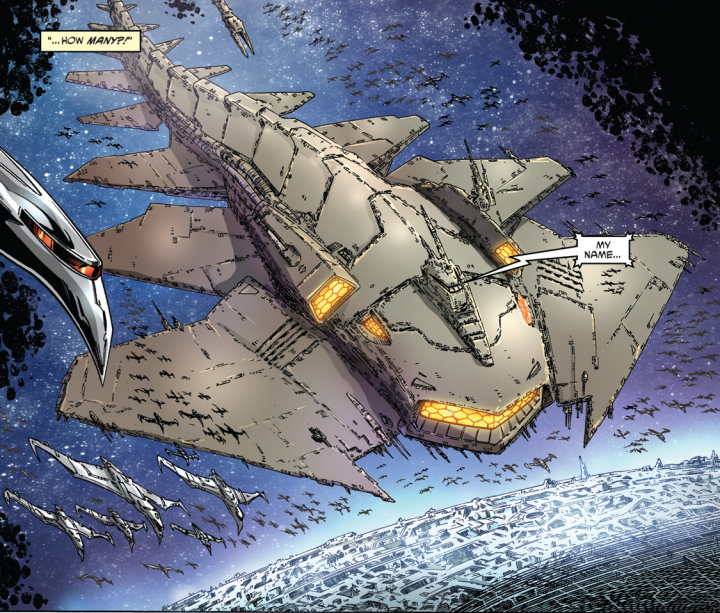
H-HE...

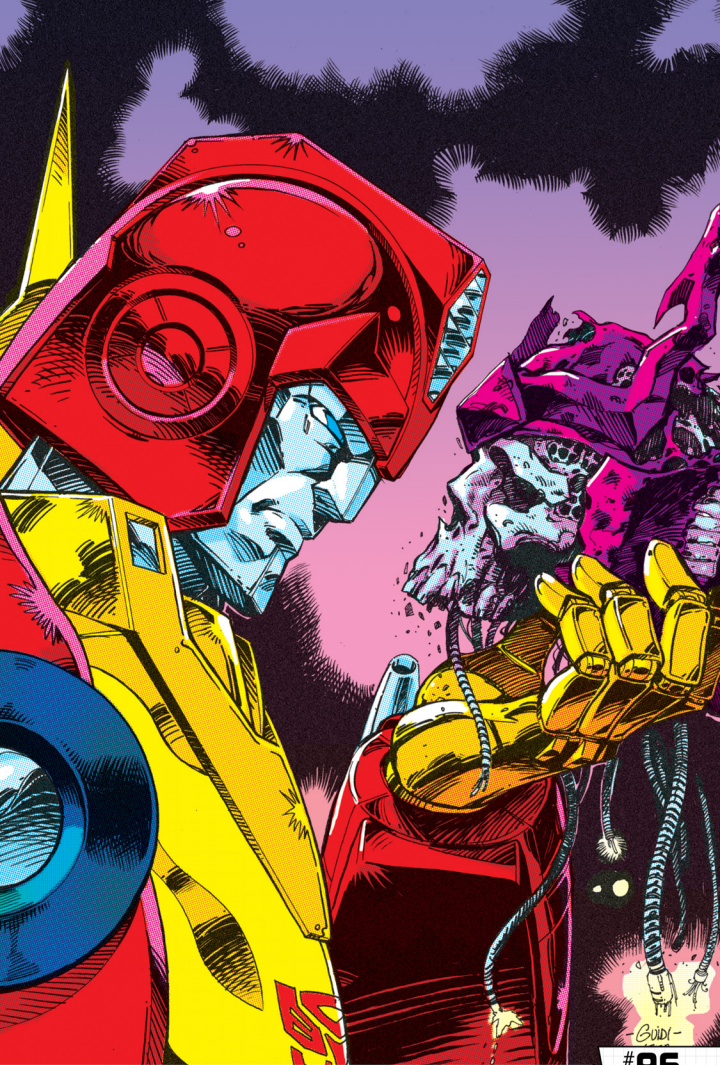


...OUT OF
NOWHERE!
NO WARNINGS...
NOTHING!

WHO?
AND...

HE'S
HERE!!!







#97

COVER A: Art by ANDREW WILDMAN • Colors by JASON CARDY

THE WAR TO END ALL WARS PART 2

IACON, RESETTLEMENT CAMP "ZERO":

WHAT WRONG
WITH THIS
PICTURE?



WRITER
SIMON FURMAN

BREAKDOWNS
GUIDO GUIDI

FINISHES
STEPHEN BASKERVILLE

COLORIST
JOHN-PAUL BOVE

LETTERER
CHRIS MOWRY

EDITOR
JOHN BARBER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
CHRIS RYALL

GRIMLOCK.

OH-SO-UCRUCIAL
INITIATIVE TO
REUNITE US WITH
PRIMORDIAL
ANCESTORS... MAKE
ONE BIG HAPPY
CYBERTRONIAN RACE...
AND WHAT HAPPEN?

WE ROLL OUT
THE WELCOME
WAGON IN THE
SHAPE OF A-A-

GHETTO?

GHETTO TOO GOOD
A WORD. FOR THIS!



HOT ROD START
BALL ROLLING, BUT
WE LEAD THEM UP
HERE - SO WE FEEL
RESPONSIBLE.

THEY FIGHT
WITH US,
FOR US...

HRRSH?

...AN THIS
HOW WE
REPAY THEM.

FUNNY. THEY WERE
PRETTY FEISTY
BEFORE. NOW THEY'RE
MEEK AS MECH-A-CUBS.
MAKES YOU WONDER...



"...IF THEY'RE JUST
BIDING THEIR TIME."



"WHAT ARE THEY WAITING FOR?"

THE PRESIDIUM:

IF THIS IS AN
ATTACK, WHY
AREN'T THEY
ATTACKING?

YOU KNOW AS MUCH
AS ME, JETFIRE.
WHICH ISN'T A LOT. "I
COME IN PEACE," AND
GIVEN THE SUBSEQUENT
LACK OF ASSAULT
WE'RE TAKING THAT
AT FACE VALUE.

FOR
NOW.

PERCEPTOR, NIGHTBEAT,
BUMBLEBEE... ONE OF OUR
BIGGEST PUZZLE PIECES JUST
DROPPED RIGHT IN OUR LAP.
WHAT'S OUR PLAY?

ATTEMPTS TO SCAN
THE VESSEL MET WITH
A POLITE BUT FIRM REBUFF.
WITHOUT KNOWING THEIR
CAPABILITIES I STRONGLY
URGE AGAINST ANY
PREEMPTIVE STRIKE.

AGREED.
SO?

IF JHIAXUS
WANTS TO PARLAY,
RODINUS PRIME...
LET HIM. WHAT
BETTER WAY TO
LEARN ABOUT OUR
PUBLICITY-SHY
SENATOR...

...THAN A
FACE-TO-FACE
MEETING?

BUT ON OUR
TERMS.

EUGENES'S PLAZA:

UH--? I
THOUGHT I
SAID--

WHOLE PLANET'S
BUZZING, PRIME.
LOW KEY STOPPED
BEING AN OPTION
BREM'S* AGO.

*BREM = 0.3 EARTH MINUTES.

AND THAT EXTRA
LEVEL OF SECURITY
I WANTED? PLEASE
TELL ME AN ELEMENT
OF "LOW KEY" STILL
APPLIES THERE.

UH-HUH,
SURE...

"DISCREET, LIKE
YOU WANTED. BUT
THE FIRST HINT OF
A HOSTILE MOVE...

"...AND BLAM."

GOOD, BECAUSE
IT SEEMS...

FISSH

SHWOOPPOOF

... OUR
GUESTS ARE
HERE.

GREETINGS, ON
BEHALF OF THE
UNIFIED CYBERTRON
ALLIANCE I'D LIKE TO
WELCOME-- YOU--

UM--

FORGIVE MY PRIMUS
FUSAE.* THEY ARE
SIMPLY NOT BRED FOR
SOCIAL NICETIES, BUT
PRAY CONTINUE, YOU WERE
ABOUT TO WELCOME ME
TO YOUR WORLD.

BUT OF COURSE IT
IS *MY* WORLD, TOO. A
CURIOUS STATE OF
AFFAIRS... ENOUGH TO
GIVE *ANYONE* PAUSE,
I'D IMAGINE.

*FIRST FLIGHT



PERHAPS...
WELCOME BACK.

...
IS
THAT--?



A SPACE BRIDGE?
YES, WE ELIMINATED
THE NEED FOR
ANYTHING STRUCTURAL
EONS AGO. REALLY, THE
ONES YOU USE ARE
QUITE PRIMITIVE.

BUT YOU DIDN'T...
INVITE ME DOWN HERE
TO TALK INTRA-SPATIAL
DYNAMICS, DID YOU?



ER, HARDLY.
BUT WE *DO*
NEED TO TALK.
SOMEWHERE
PRIVATE. JUST
YOU... AND I.

MM. I
SEE...

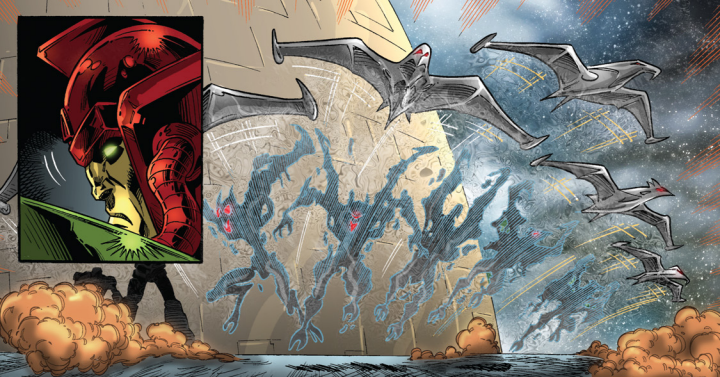


...YOU TOOK
PRECAUTIONS.

YOUR PREDECESSOR...
OPTIMUS PRIME, WASN'T IT?
...PROBABLY WOULD HAVE
JUDGED IT PROVOCATIVE,
DANGEROUS EVEN.



BUT YOU,
CLEARLY,
ARE NOT HE.
SHALL WE?



TRACKS--FULL SURVEILLANCE. NOTHING PROVOCATIVE, BUT DO NOT TAKE YOUR OPTICS OFF THEM FOR A MOMENT.

WATCH BUT DON'T CROWD 'EM. GOT IT.

I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHY OPTIMUS SEEMED ALMOST RELIEVED TO PASS THE PRIME MANTLE ON...



GLASS MOUNTAINS, OKLAHOMA:



ALMOST DONE--ONE DIRECT THRUWAY TO NEBULOS COMIN' UP.

EXCELLENT. YOU'VE WORKED WONDERS, LANDFILL... YOU AND SCOOP... IN NEXT TO NO TIME!

HEY, IT'S WHAT WE DO.



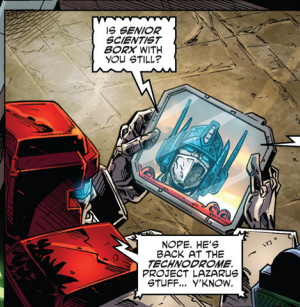
QUICKMIX--
WE'RE
ALMOST
READY HERE.

GREAT. SOON AS
LANDFILL TRANSMITS
THE RECOGNITION
SIGNAL...



...WE'LL SYNC BOTH
PORTALS WITH THE
CONTROL BRIDGE ON
CYBERTRON AND SEND
A DRONE TO CHECK
THERE'S NO INTEGRITY
DEGRADATION.

NEBULOS, CLAR MACRO-JUNGLE:



IS SENIOR
SCIENTIST
BOB WITH
YOU STILL?

NOPE. HE'S
BACK AT THE
TECHNODROME.
PROJECT LAZARUS
STUFF... Y'KNOW.

OF COURSE. I'D
FORGOTTEN. ALL
BEING WELL, WE
SHALL SOON BE ABLE
TO WELCOME BACK...

...FORTRESS
MAXIMUS.



LIFESIGNS
STABLE.
BRAINWAVE
ACTIVITY IS ON
PARABOLIC
ASCENT.

WE ARE
GO FOR TORGO
REINTEGRATION.

PROCEED...





ARE YOU...
ALL RIGHT?

YES, FROM
NOW ON...

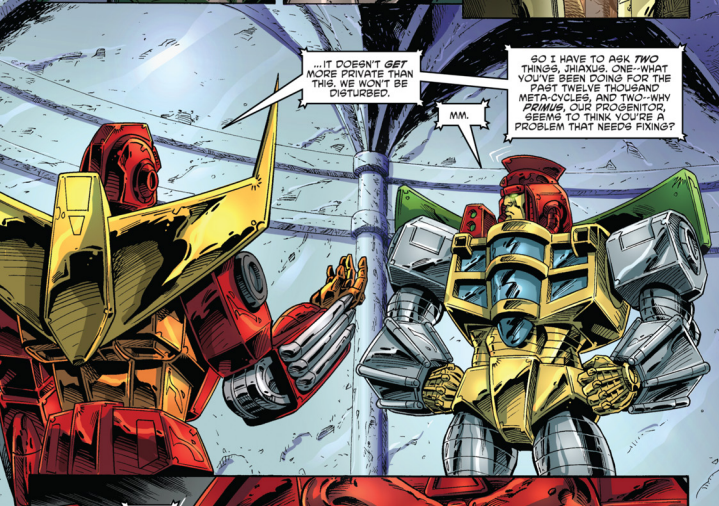


...IT'S ALL
GOING TO BE
JUST SO.



NOVA POINT:

REALLY...



...IT DOESN'T *GET*
MORE PRIVATE THAN
THIS. WE WON'T BE
DISTURBED.

MM.

SO I HAVE TO ASK *TWO*
THINGS, JHAXUS. ONE--WHAT
YOU'VE BEEN DOING FOR THE
PAST TWELVE THOUSAND
META-CYCLES, AND TWO--WHY
PRIMUS, OUR PROGENITOR,
SEEMS TO THINK YOU'RE A
PROBLEM THAT NEEDS FIXING?



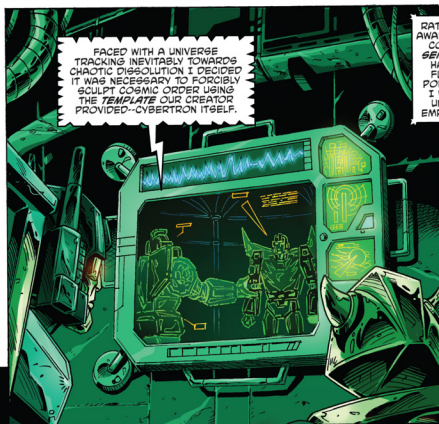
PRIMUS.

TELL ME... DO YOU
STILL GO WEAK AT THE
COAXIAL JOINT AND
GENUFLECT AT EVERY
HUSHED WHISPER OF *HIS*
NAME? HAVE YOU NOT YET
MANAGED TO CUT THROUGH
THE DOGMA AND GERMON?

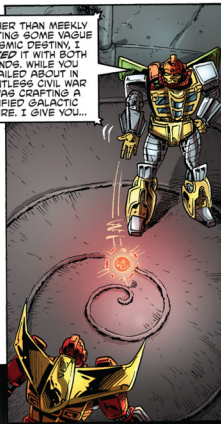


I MYSELF WADED THROUGH COLD HARD LOGIC TO GET AT THE INCONVERTIBLE TRUTH OF PRIMUS AND FOUND THAT HIS SO-CALLED GRAND PLAN WAS ENTIRELY SPECIOUS.

THE MISTAKE WE INEVITABLY MAKE IS TO ASSUME OUR DEITIES ARE ANY LESS FLAWED AND FALLIBLE THAN WE.



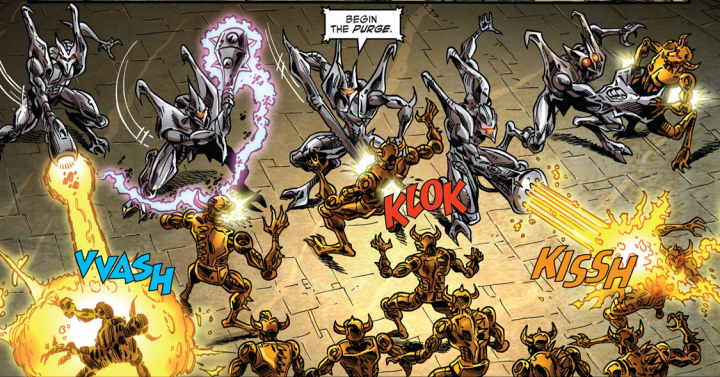
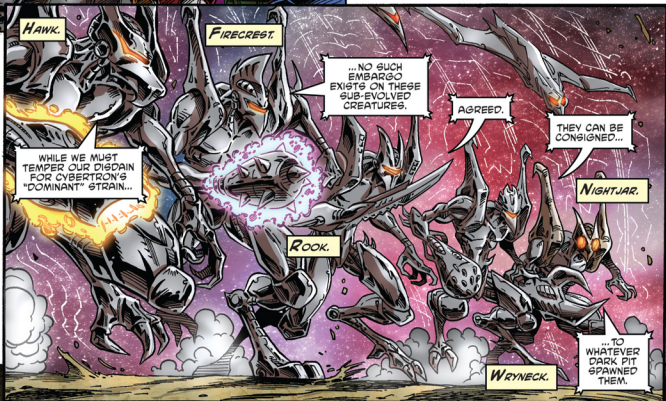
FACED WITH A UNIVERSE TRACKING INEVITABLY TOWARDS CHAOTIC DISSOLUTION I DECIDED IT WAS NECESSARY TO FORCIBLY SCULPT COSMIC ORDER USING THE TEMPLATE OUR CREATOR PROVIDED--CYBERTRON ITSELF.



RATHER THAN MEELY AWAITING SOME VAGUE COSMIC DESTINY, I SEIZED IT WITH BOTH HANDS. WHILE YOU FLAILED ABOUT IN POINTLESS CIVIL WAR I WAS CRAFTING A UNIFIED GALACTIC EMPIRE. I GIVE YOU...



...THE HUB NETWORK!





ANARCHY'S
SPAWN, THERE
IS NO PLACE
FOR YOU IN OUR
CONFORMED
UNIVERSE.

SHHUNK



YOU MUST
BE...



KLEK

...STRICKEN.



SKOTT

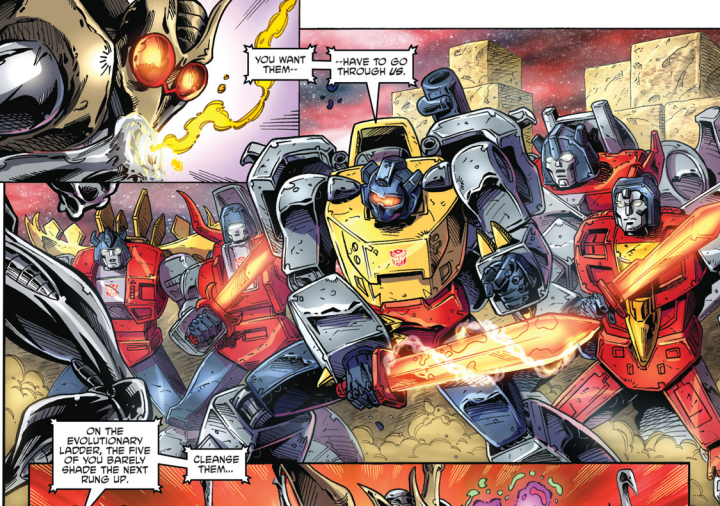
A BLAT A
REGRESSIVE
MISTEP...

... THAT IT
FALLS TO US
TO ERASE.



NO!

VISKT





ENOUGH FOR
NOW BUT MORE
TO COME.

ALONE WE ARE
VULNERABLE, AS
RECENT EVENTS
HAVE SURELY
DEMONSTRATED.
TOGETHER, UNITED,
WE ARE *STRONG*.



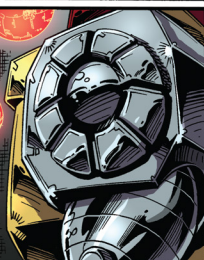
I COME WITH AN OFFER OF
INCORPORATION.
INTEGRATION. CYBERTRON
WILL BE ABSORBED INTO
THE HUB AND, IN
MANNER OF SPEAKING,
WE WILL BE *ONE*.



WHAT I
MEANT
WAS...

...YOU COULDN'T
POSSIBLY HAVE
CREATED THIS MANY
WORLDS FROM
SCRATCH. THESE MUST
BE EXISTING WORLDS...
MECHA-FORMED?

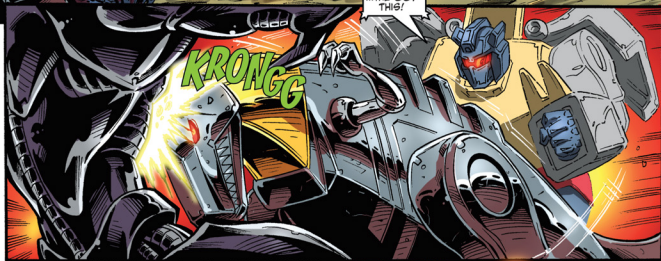
SO HOW
MANY... ALREADY
SUPPORTED LIFE?

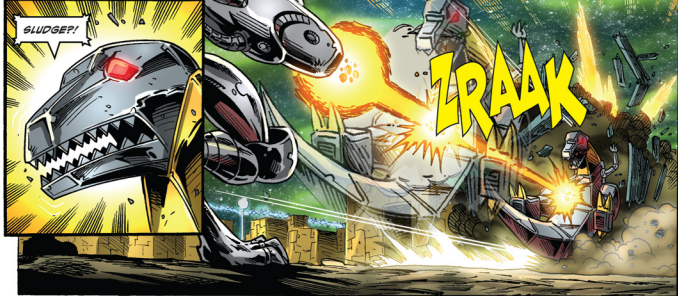


IT DEPENDS,
I SUPPOSE...



...HOW YOU
CLASSIFY
LIFE?





YOU'VE TAKEN PRIMUS' VISION AND DRAGGED IT THROUGH THE COSMIC DUST. I WILL RESIST YOU WITH EVERY FIBER OF MY BEING!

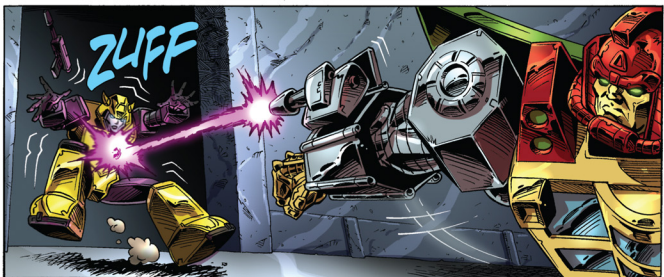
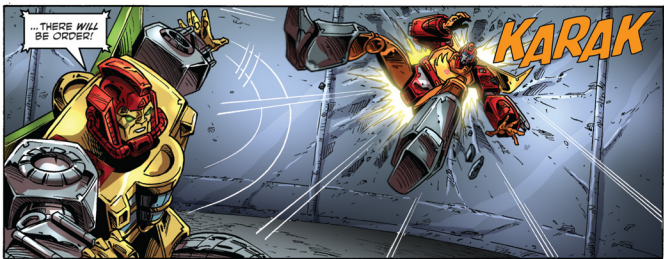


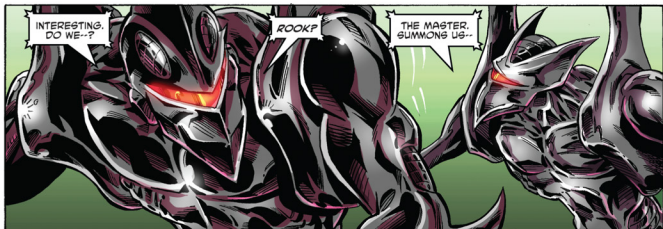
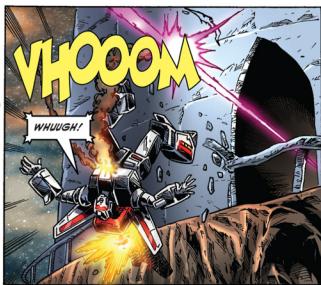
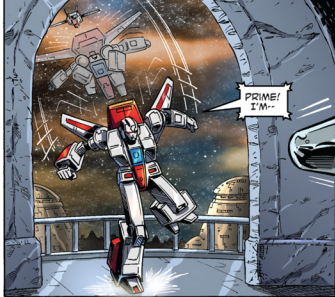
UHHH

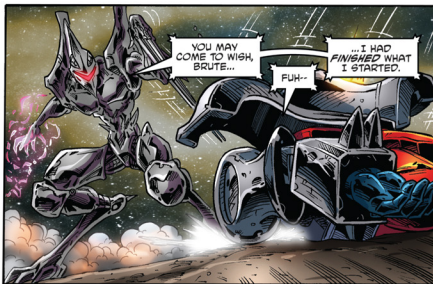
...AND NO ONE LAYS HANDS UPON MY PERSON.



UUUUUUH!









THANK PRIMUS!
HE'S ALIVE.

UNNGH... WHAT
HAPPENED?
WHERE'S
JHIAKUS?

GONE. ALL OF
THEM. AND THEY
LEFT US WITH A BIG
BLOODY NOSE.



STEADY. YOU
TOOK SOME
HARD KNOCKS.

WUH-WAS IT
WORTH IT?



"WELL, JETFIRE AND
BUMBLEBEE ARE IN A
SORRY STATE BUT SHOULD
BOTH BE FIT FOR DUTY
AFTER TREATMENT. THE
DINOBOTS WILL BE OUT OF
ACTION FOR... LONGER."



BUT,
ACTUALLY,
YES.

WE MANAGED TO
PRESERVE ALL THE
DATA WE CAPTURED
AND I THINK... ONLY
THINK... THERE'S A WAY
TO HURT THEM. MAYBE
EVEN PUT THEM OUT OF
COMMISSION ENTIRELY.

GOOD. BECAUSE
I REFUSE TO JUST
SIT BACK AND LET
THEM COME AT US
AGAIN. THIS TIME--



--WE'RE
TAKING THE FIGHT
TO THEM!



THE ARK (EARLIER):

"INTERROGATIVE..."

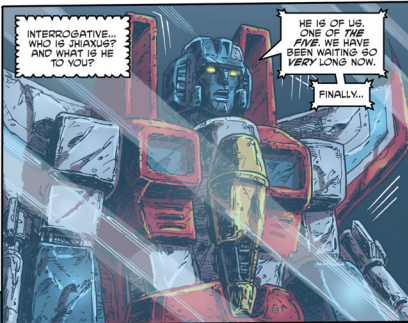


...WHO IS
HERE? EXPLAIN.

STARSCREAM?



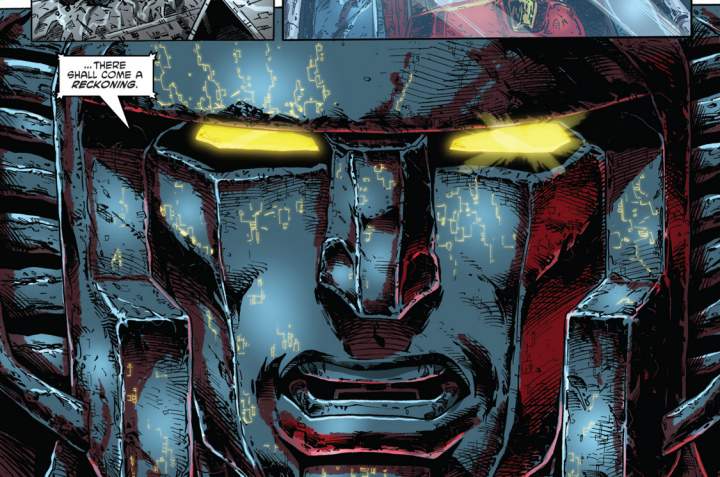
JHIAXUS.



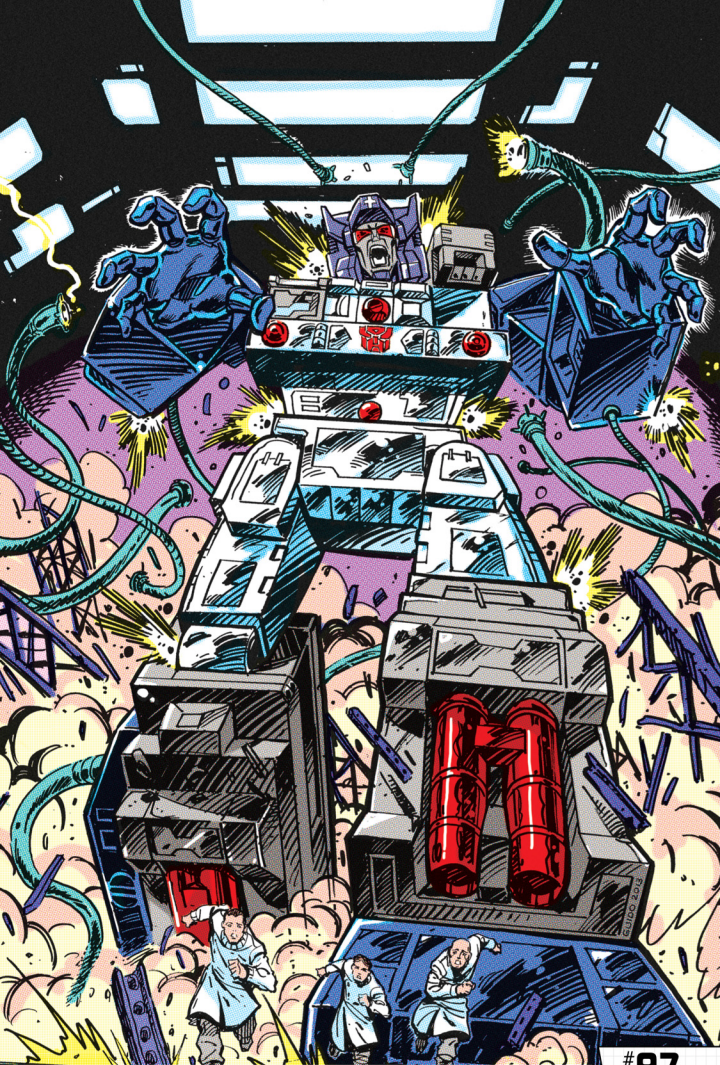
INTERROGATIVE...
WHO IS JHIAXUS?
AND WHAT IS HE
TO YOU?

HE IS OF US,
ONE OF THE
FIVE. WE HAVE
BEEN WAITING SO
VERY LONG NOW.

FINALLY...



...THERE
SHALL COME A
RECKONING.

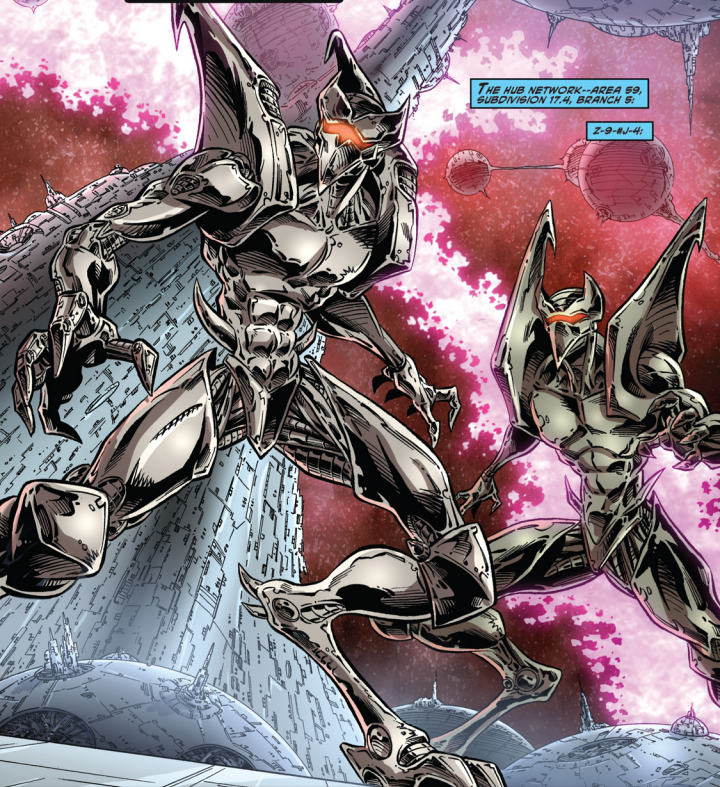




THE WAR TO END ALL WARS PART 3

THE HUB NETWORK--AREA 59,
SUBDIVISION 17.4, BRANCH 5:

Z-9-#J-4:



WRITER
SIMON FURMAN

BREAKDOWNS
GUIDO GUIDI

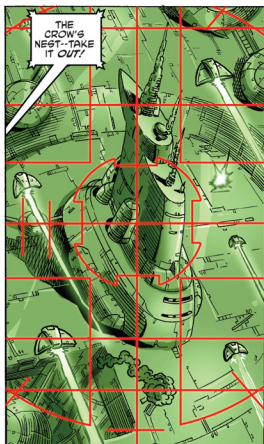
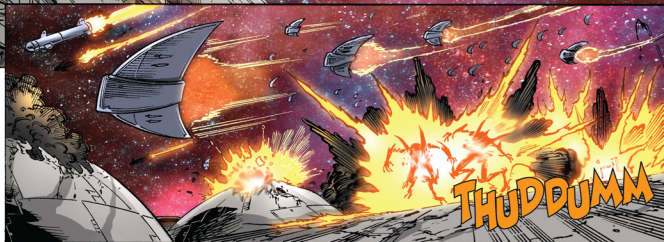
FINISHES
STEPHEN BASKERVILLE

COLORIST
JOHN-PAUL BOVE

LETTERER
CHRIS MOWRY

EDITOR
JOHN BARBER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
CHRIS RYALL





"GROUND
FORCES...
MOVE IN."

COMMAND VESSEL PRIAM:

I EXPECTED...
MORE SOMEONE.

RODINUS PRIME.

BLASTER--ANYTHING
GET OUT? ANY KIND
OF DISTRESS SIGNAL,
ALARM, S.O.S....

NOWAY, NOHOW.
MOMENT WE CAME OUT OF
HYPERSPACE I SMACKED A
DAMPENING FIELD ON THE
LOCAL AIRSPACE.

STILL... WE
MUST BE
VISIBLE FROM
OTHER HUB
WORLDS.



ULTRA
MAGNUS--



--SIT-REP.

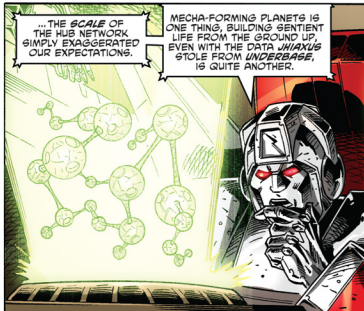
LITTLE OR NOTHING
ABOUT THIS SIT TO
REP, PRIME. HARDLY ANY
RESISTANCE... IN FACT,
THIS WORLD APPEARS
LARGELY DESERTED.



OKAY, ESTABLISH
A FORWARD
COMMAND POST AND
SECURE THE AREA.
RODINUS OUT.

JETFIRE?

PERHAPS...



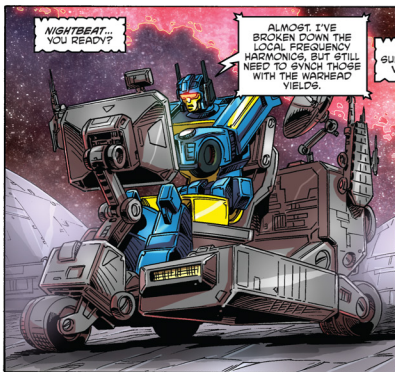
...THE SCALE OF THE HUB NETWORK SIMPLY EXAGGERATED OUR EXPECTATIONS.

MECHA-FORMING PLANETS IS ONE THING, BUILDING SENTIENT LIFE FROM THE GROUND UP, EVEN WITH THE DATA JHIAXUS STOLE FROM UNDERBASE, IS QUITE ANOTHER.



RIGHT... THERE COULD BE RELATIVELY FEW OF THESE SECOND GENERATION CYBERTRONIANS, ESPECIALLY ON THESE OUTER FRINGE WORLDS.

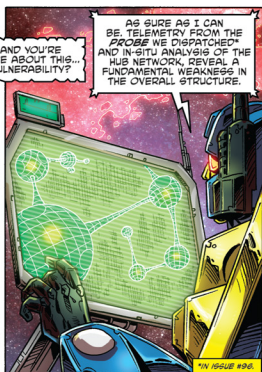
EVEN SO, WE NEED TO STRIKE TREMENDOUSLY BEFORE THEY MUSTER A RESPONSE.



NIGHTBEAT... YOU READY?

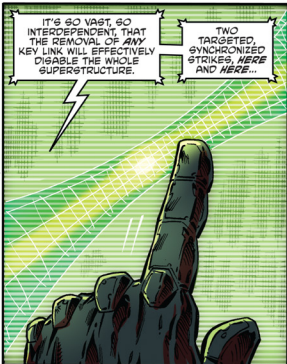
ALMOST. I'VE BROKEN DOWN THE LOCAL FREQUENCY HARMONICS, BUT STILL NEED TO SYNC THOSE WITH THE WARHEAD YIELDS.

AND YOU'RE SURE ABOUT THIS... VULNERABILITY?



AS SURE AS I CAN BE. TELEMETRY FROM THE PROBE WE DISPATCHED AND IN-SITU ANALYSIS OF THE HUB NETWORK, REVEAL A FUNDAMENTAL WEAKNESS IN THE OVERALL STRUCTURE.

WIN ISSUE #36.



IT'S SO VAST, SO INTERDEPENDENT, THAT THE REMOVAL OF ANY KEY LINK WILL EFFECTIVELY DISABLE THE WHOLE SUPERSTRUCTURE.

TWO TARGETED, SYNCHRONIZED STRIKES, HERE AND HERE...

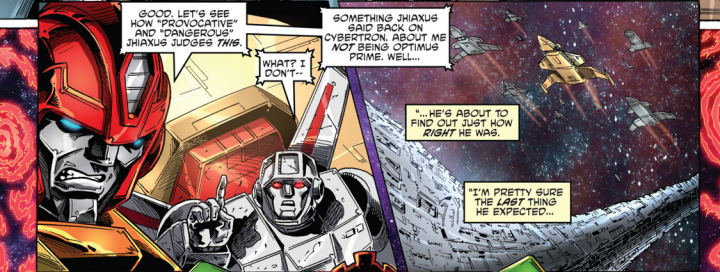


"...WILL SET THE ENTIRE STRUCTURE VIBRATING, CREATING A CATASTROPHIC CHAIN REACTION...



"...LIKE A SEIZURE
IN A CENTRAL
NERVOUS SYSTEM..."

"...THAT WILL SHUT THE HUB
NETWORK DOWN LONG ENOUGH
FOR YOU TO FIND AND, ER,
NEUTRALIZE JHIAXUS."



GOOD. LET'S SEE
HOW "PROVOCATIVE"
AND "DANGEROUS"
JHIAXUS JUDGES THIS.

WHAT? I
DON'T--

SOMETHING JHIAXUS
SAID BACK ON
CYBERTRON. ABOUT ME
NOT BEING OPTIMUS
PRIME. WELL...

"...HE'S ABOUT TO
FIND OUT JUST HOW
RIGHT HE WAS."

"I'M PRETTY SURE
THE LAST THING
HE EXPECTED..."



"...WAS AN ALL-OUT ASSAULT
BY A FULLY MOBILIZED
CYBERTRONIAN FLEET."

GLASS MOUNTAINS, OKLAHOMA:

ANY MOMENT
NOW...

THE **STAR CHAMBER**
ON CYBERTRON IS
TRIANGULATING WITH THE
SPACE BRIDGE HERE AND
THE ONE ON **NEBULOS**. BUT
I BELIEVE THE NEBULAN
DELEGATION IS READY
TO CROSS...

LINDA?
WHERE'S SPIKE?

DON'T
KNOW. HE
PROMISED ME
HE'D SHOW UP.
BUT... YOU
KNOW SPIKE.

SOME
DAYS I
WONDER IF
ANY OF US
TRULY KNOW
SPIKE.

EVEN
HIS
WIFE.

THERE'S... SO
MUCH HE KEEPS
BOTTLED UP, AND
LATELY IT'S ALL
BUBBLING TO THE
SURFACE.

LINDA,
GORDON... IT'S
SHOWTIME.

G. B. BLACKROCK:

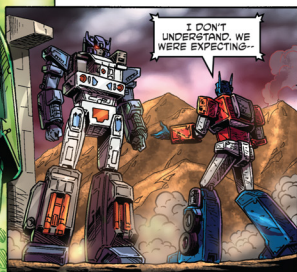
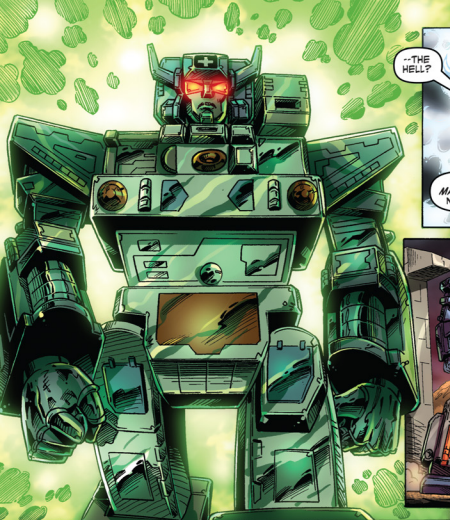
BREATH MINT
ANYONE?

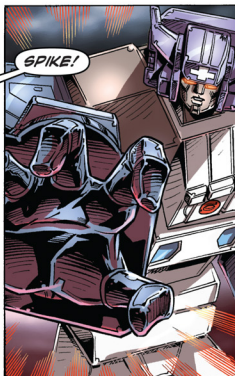
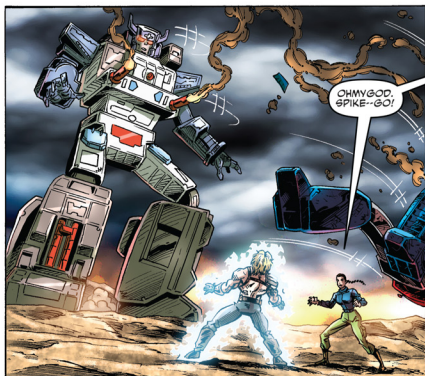
I MISS ANY
HANDSHAKES?

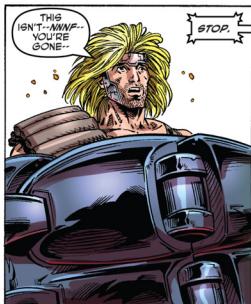
SPIKE!
ABOUT TIME!

PFH. FOR
ME, FIRST
CONTACT THIS
AIN'T.

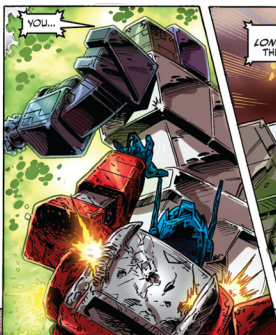
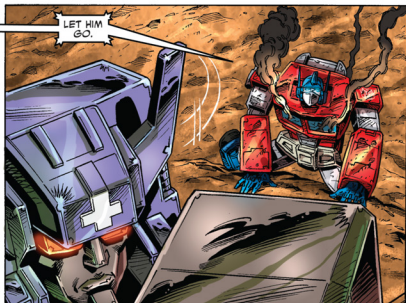
"SHH. SOMEONE'S
COMING THROUGH..."



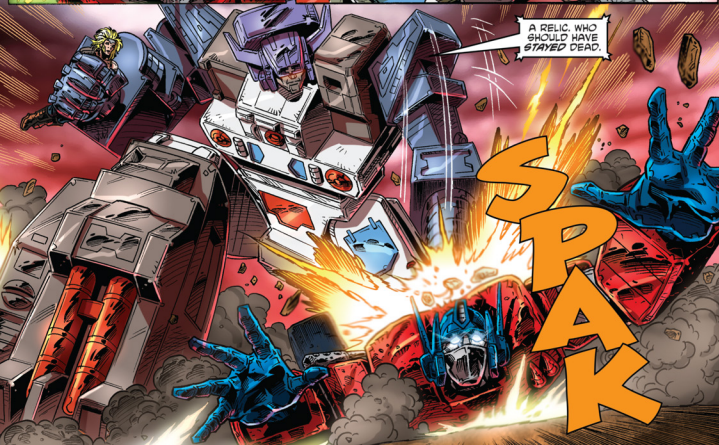




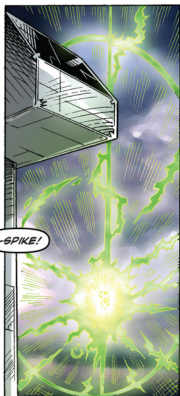
STOP.



...ARE NO
LONGER PART OF
THE EQUATION.



A RELIC WHO
SHOULD HAVE
STAYED DEAD.



SPIKE--
--DON'T--

--SPIKE!



WHAT DID HE
MEAN... ONE WILL
BECOME ALL?

WHAT'S
GOING ON?



AND WHAT THE
HELL CAN WE DO
ABOUT IT?

HUB WORLD BEACHHEAD:

TIME TO
SURGICAL
STRIKE?

LANCER ONE
IS ALMOST IN
POSITION. SLOWING
TO SUB-LIGHT
SPEED...

LANCER TWO
IS TWENTY
ASTRO-SECONDS
AWAY FROM THE
INCISION POINT...

ANYTHING?

NEGATIVE. YOU
GETTING THE SAME
FEELING I AM? THAT
IT'S TOO QUIET.
TOO EASY?

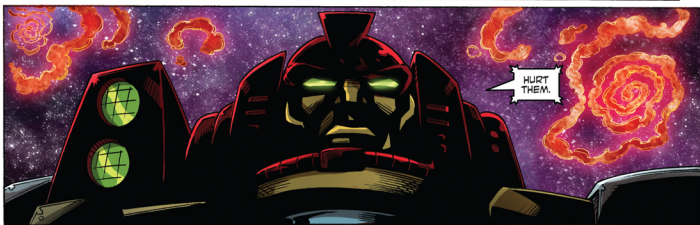
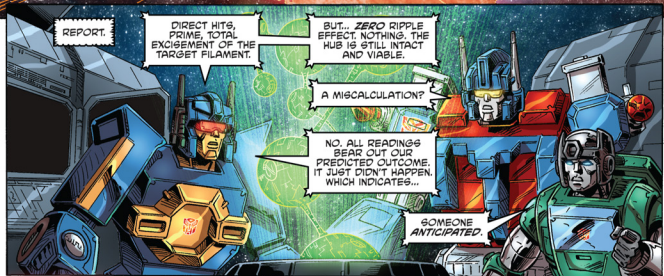
UH-HUH. HONESTLY...
I THINK WE'VE STUCK
OUR HEADS IN THE
MANDRAGON'S MAW AND
I'M JUST WAITING FOR IT
TO SNAP SHUT ON US.

MUCH AS I
ADMIRE OUR NEW
PRIME'S WILLINGNESS
FOR PROACTIVE
ACTION, THE ENEMY
IS STILL A HUGE
UNKNOWN QUANTITY.
AND I STRONGLY
SUSPECT...

...HE SAW
US COMING
BEFORE WE
EVEN KNEW HE
EXISTED.

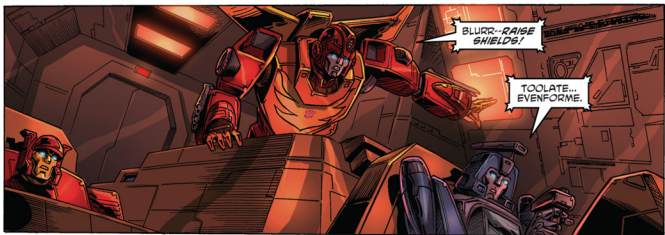
LANCER ONE,
LANCER
TWO--PRIME
INTER-STAR
TORPEDOS. ON
MY MARK...

SEVEN,
SIX, FIVE...



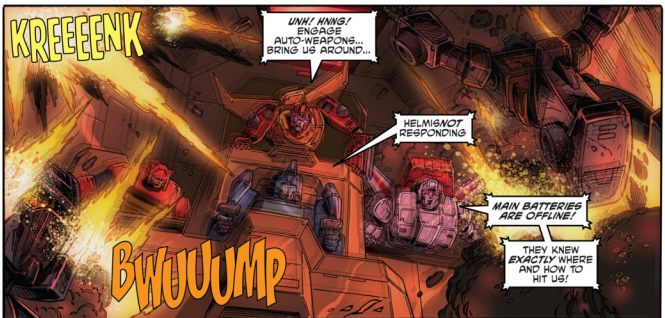


"MULTIPLE CONTACTS!"



BLURR--RAISE
SHIELDS!

TOO LATE...
EVEN FORME.



KREEEENK

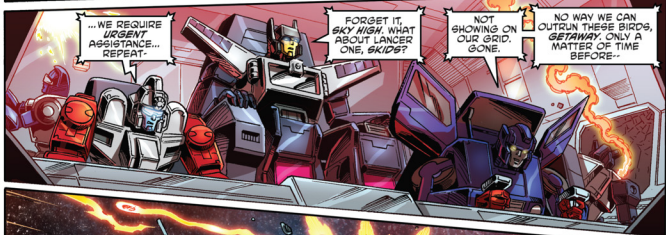
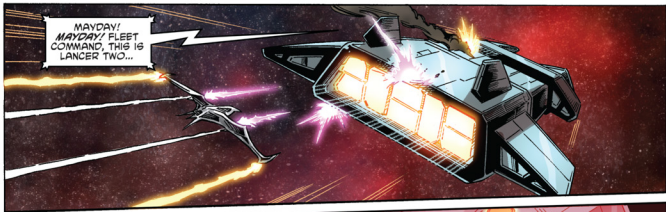
UHH! HNGG!
ENGAGE
AUTO-WEAPONS...
BRING US AROUND...

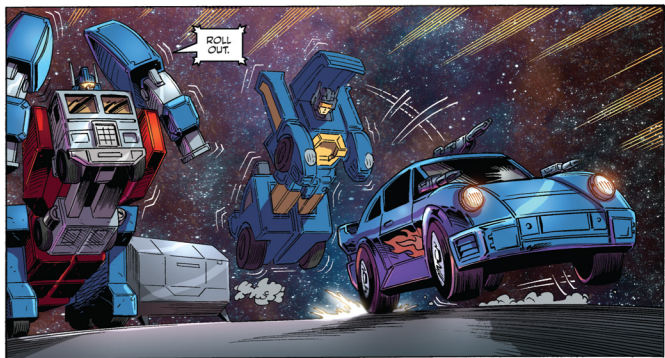
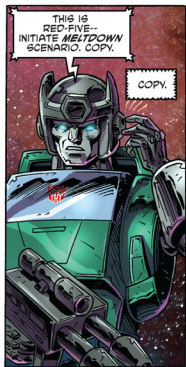
HELM IS NOT
RESPONDING

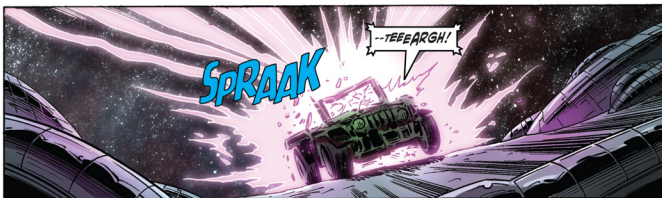
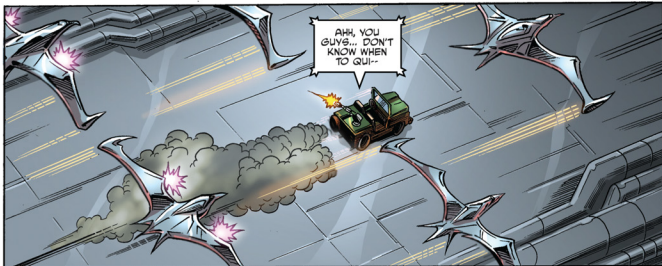
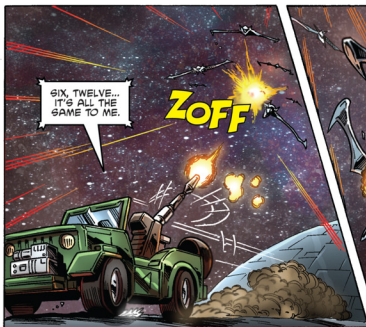
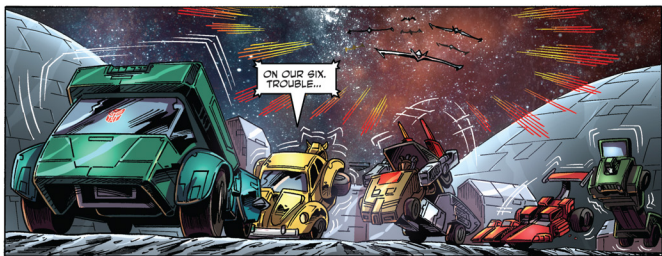
MAIN BATTERIES
ARE OFFLINE!

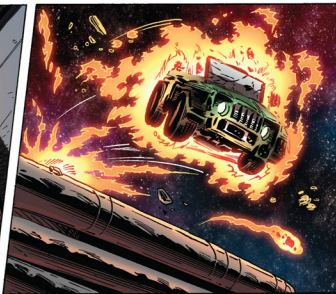
THEY KNEW
EXACTLY WHERE
AND HOW TO
HIT US!

BWUUUMP

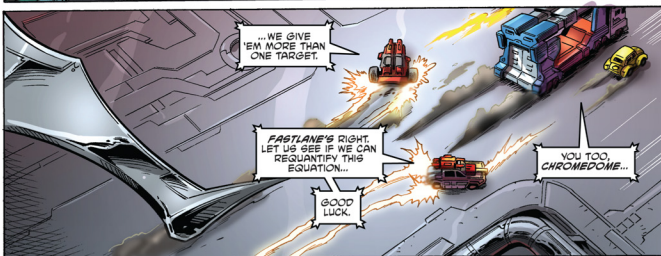
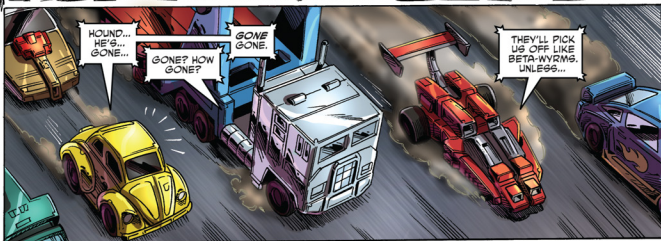


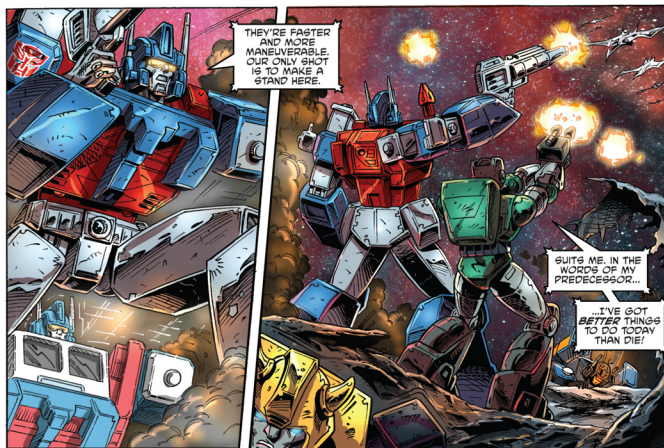


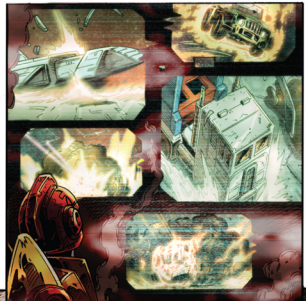
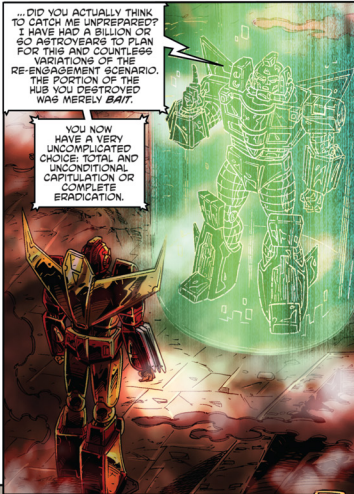




BAWUFF







THE ARK:

SET COURSE
FOR Z-13-#1-4.

AND INITIATE
LANDING
PROTOCOLS.

INTERROGATIVE:
HOW ARE YOU
HIDING I/WE FROM
DETECTION...? THE ARK
DOES NOT POSSESS A
CLOAKING SYSTEM.

THEIR MINDS ARE
SMALL, EASILY
OBFUSCATED.

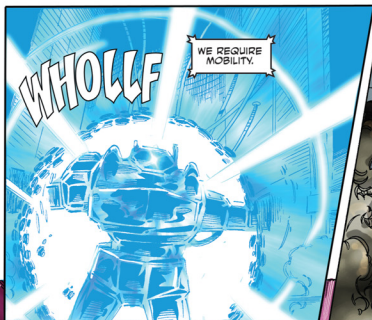
CONJECTURE:
YOU ARE *NOT*
STARSOME, NOT
ENTIRELY.

WE ARE FOUR, BUT
WE ARE INCOMPLETE.
WE SEEK... THE FIFTH.

YOU WILL
ASSIST US.

INTERROGATIVE:
HOW...? I/WE ARE
INDIVISIBLE.

TRUE, YOUR
CURRENT FORM IS...
LIMITED,
CUMBERSOME.



WE REQUIRE
MOBILITY.



...SHOCKWAVE.



THE PRIMUS CHAMBER:

AS I
SADE...

...YOU HAVE
BROUGHT ME
THE RAVAGER
OF WORLDS.

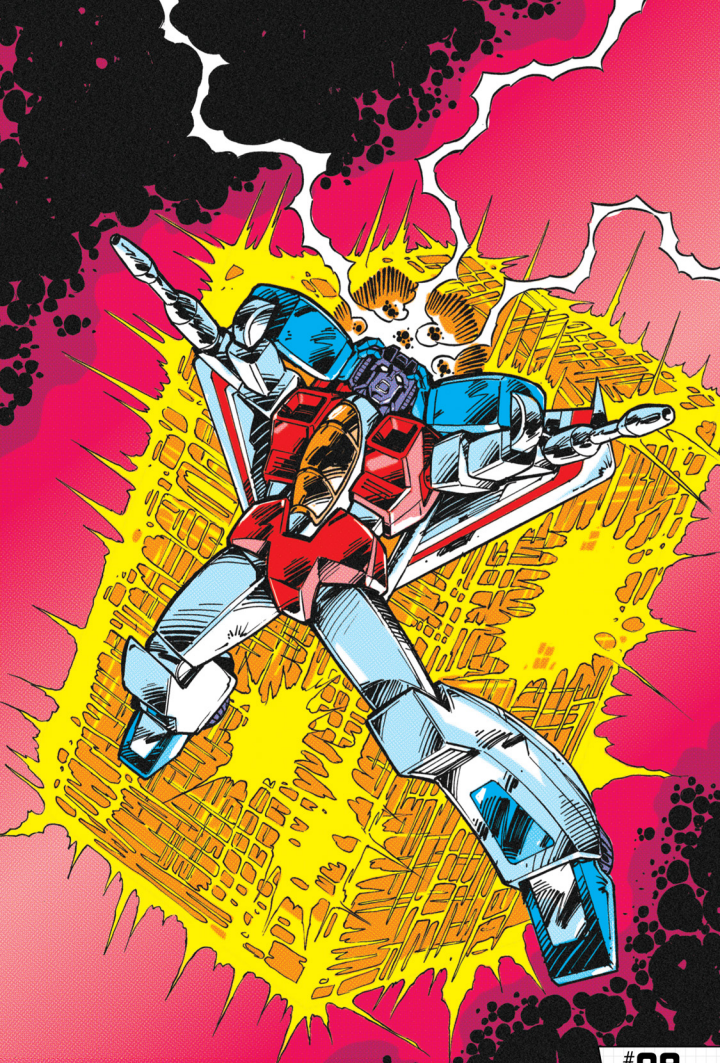
AND
SO...

...YOU
CAN GO.

ORDER, CHAOS.
GOOD, EVIL. SUCH
DISTINCTIONS WILL SOON
BE IRRELEVANT. MOOT.

ONE WILL
BE ALL.

LET US
BEGIN...





#99

COVER A: Art by **ANDREW WILDMAN** • Colors by **JASON CARDY**

THE WAR TO END ALL WARS PART 4

HEY!
HEY! WHERE
AM I?

IN ZERO.

WHAT DO
YOU WANT
FROM ME?

MUCH. YOUR FRAIL
MORTAL FLESH AND
BONES EMBODY *THE*
TRINITY: HUMAN-NEBULAN-
CYBERTRONIAN. YOU WILL
LAUNCH MY CROSSING.

INTO THE
MULTIVERSE.

DAMN
YOU--SHOW
YOURSELF!

WRITER
SIMON FURMAN

BREAKDOWNS
GUIDO GUIDI

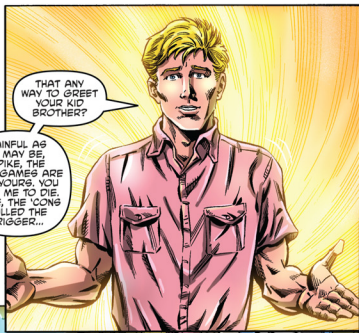
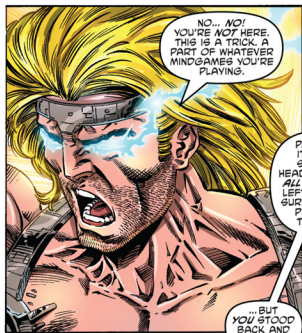
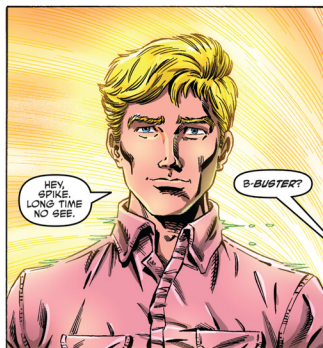
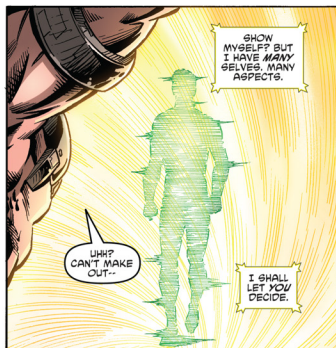
FINISHES
STEPHEN BASKERVILLE

COLORIST
JOHN-PAUL BOVE

LETTERER
CHRIS MOWRY

EDITOR
JOHN BARBER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
CHRIS RYALL





THE HUB NETWORK:

THRONEWORLD:

I TRUST, **RODIMUS PRIME**, YOU HAVE HAD SUFFICIENT TIME TO REFLECT ON YOUR SORELY WRETHCHED POSITION.

WHATEVER REMAINS OF YOUR FLEET IS MOORED IN MY SECURE SPACE DOCK AND YOUR TROOPS, THOSE THAT SURVIVED OUR INITIAL ENGAGEMENT, ROUNDED UP AND CAGED.

SAY YOUR PIECE, **JHIAXUS**. I WON'T BEG. AND I WON'T KNEEL.

I HAVE NO WISH TO SEE YOU HUMBLLED FURTHER, QUITE THE OPPOSITE.

YOU ARE A PRIME AND I AM NOT SO DIVORCED FROM MY CYBERTRONIAN ORIGINS THAT SUCH LOFTY DENOMINATIONS HAVE CEASED TO HAVE MEANING.

I WISH YOU TO JOIN ME. WILLINGLY.

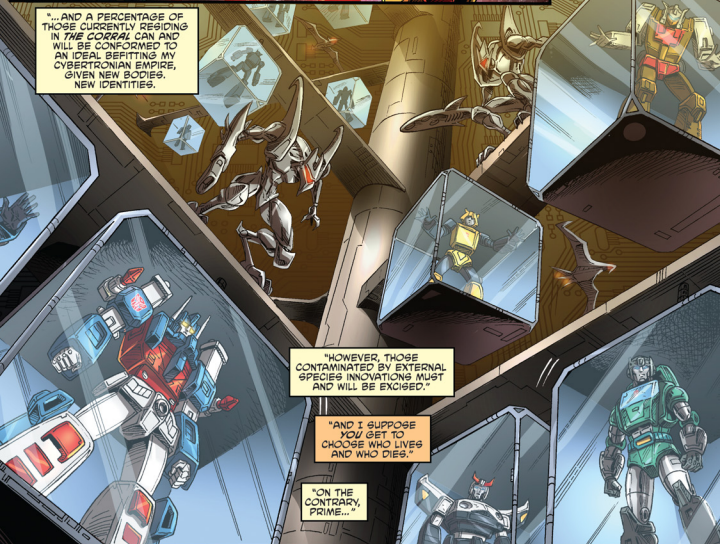


AND IF I REFUSE?

THEN MANY
MORE UNDER
YOUR COMMAND
WILL PERISH
NEEDLESSLY.
POINTLESSLY.

COMPLY...

"...AND A PERCENTAGE OF
THOSE CURRENTLY RESIDING
IN THE CORRAL CAN AND
WILL BE CONFORMED TO
AN IDEAL BEFITTING MY
CYBERTRONIAN EMPIRE,
GIVEN NEW BODIES.
NEW IDENTITIES.



"HOWEVER, THOSE
CONTAMINATED BY EXTERNAL
SPECIES INNOVATIONS MUST
AND WILL BE EXCISED."

"AND I SUPPOSE
YOU GET TO
CHOOSE WHO LIVES
AND WHO DIES."

"ON THE
CONTRARY,
PRIME..."



...YOU
DO.



KUP? YOU'VE
HARDLY SAID A
WORD SINCE THEY
PUT US IN HERE.
HOW CAN YOU BE
SO CALM?

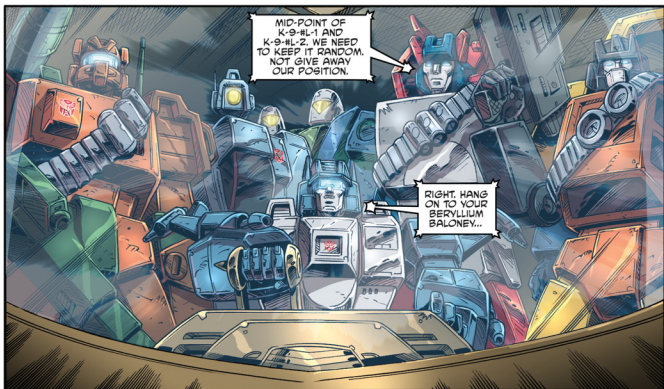
I'M JUST
WAITING,
MAGNUS...

"...FOR THE
FIREWORKS
TO START."



SH-SH-SHWOOOOM

NEXT?



MID-POINT OF
K-9-HL-1 AND
K-9-HL-2. WE NEED
TO KEEP IT RANDOM.
NOT GIVE AWAY
OUR POSITION.

RIGHT. HANG
ON TO YOUR
BERYLLIUM
BALONEY...



ROOK?
WHAT IS IT?

TWO TARGETED
THERMO-NUCLEONIC
EXPLOSIONS.



WHBB

HUB CONNECTIVITY
IS DOWN ZERO POINT
NINE PERCENT.

THEY'RE IN
THE GLAM
TUBES.



SOME VARIETY
OF COVERT
INSERTION TEAM,
PROCEED IN BEFORE
YOUR MAIN ASSAULT.
ORDER THEM TO
STAND DOWN AND
SURRENDER NOW.

I SEE, THEN I
MUST, AFTER ALL,
CHOOSE. CAGES-ZO,
QHI, APX, ZGA--

"--CAUTERIZE."

VHAAAASH

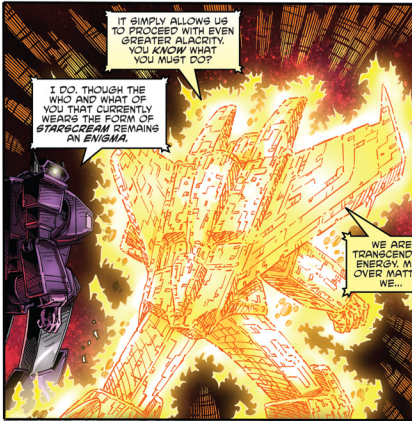




SHOCKWAVE:

CONCLUSION: OUR
PRESENCE HAS
BEEN DETECTED.

IMPOSSIBLE. SOME
OTHER SUBVERSIVE
ELEMENT MUST BE AT
LARGE, THAT IS ALL.



IT SIMPLY ALLOWS US
TO PROCEED WITH EVEN
GREATER ALACRITY.
YOU **KNOW** WHAT
YOU MUST DO?

I DO, THOUGH THE
WHO AND WHAT OF
YOU THAT CURRENTLY
WEARS THE FORM OF
STARSCREAM REMAINS
AN **ENIGMA**.

WE ARE
TRANSCENDANT
ENERGY, MIND
OVER MATTER.
WE...

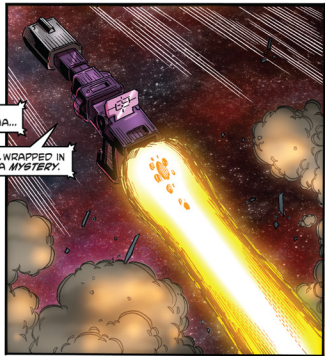


...ARE
UNDERBASE.



AN
ENIGMA...

...WRAPPED IN A
MYSTERY.



EARTH, ARGUS BASE:

LINDA CHANG:

...ALL AVAILABLE ORDNANCE FUELLED AND READY TO ROLL. APVs, WOLVERINES, PANTHERS, EVERY MOBILE BATTLE SUIT MANNED, PREPPED, AND ARMED...

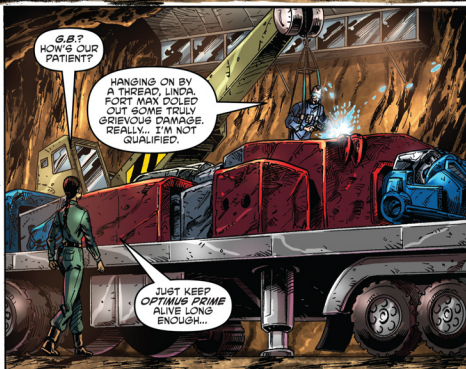
...AND SILOS ALPHA TO ZETA LOADED, COUNTDOWNS INITIATED AND PAUSED AT T-MINUS 10.



G.B.? HOW'S OUR PATIENT?

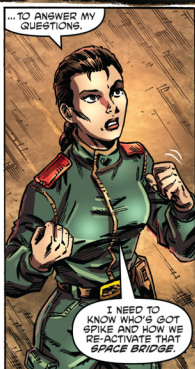
HANGING ON BY A THREAD, LINDA. FORT MAX DOLED OUT SOME TRULY GRIEVOUS DAMAGE. REALLY... I'M NOT QUALIFIED.

JUST KEEP OPTIMUS PRIME ALIVE LONG ENOUGH...



...TO ANSWER MY QUESTIONS.

I NEED TO KNOW WHO'S GOT SPIKE AND HOW WE RE-ACTIVATE THAT SPACE BRIDGE.



YOU REALLY GOING IN?

DAMN STRAIGHT I'M GOING IN. AND THEN, WHEN I'VE GOT SPIKE BACK FROM... NEBULOS... OR WHEREVER HE IS NOW...



"...I'M CLOSING THE DOOR. FOR GOOD."



CYBERTRON, CAMP ZERO:

SOMETHING WEIRD.

WEIRD AND CREEPY.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

WHAT IS THAT ANYWAY? SOME KIND OF PROTECTIVE... COCOON?

MAYBE OUR PRIMORDIAL ANCESTORS KNOW SOMETHING WE DON'T.

ME... MISS SOMETHING. SOMETHING HUGE.

HUH?

IT USE ME...

...THEN TAKE MEMORIES.

GRIMLOCK! GET A GRIP. YOU'RE REALLY FREAKING US OUT HERE.

ZLRÖK

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, BOSS? WHO... OR WHAT USED YOU?

IT! THE DARK. REMEMBER? ON VS-Q6!

VS-Q6? WE WEREN'T THERE.

AND WHAT'S THE DARK?

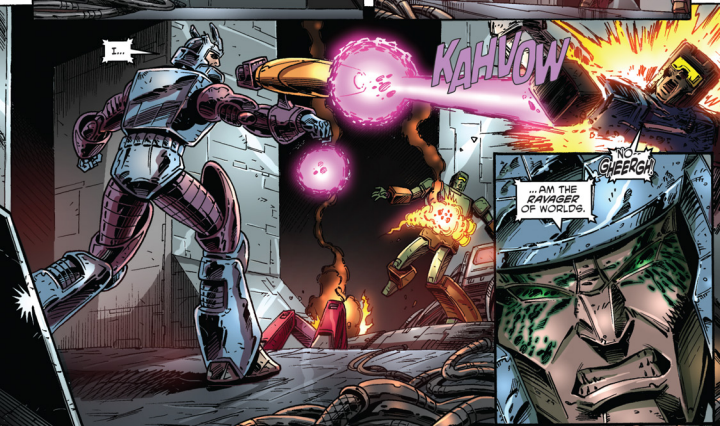
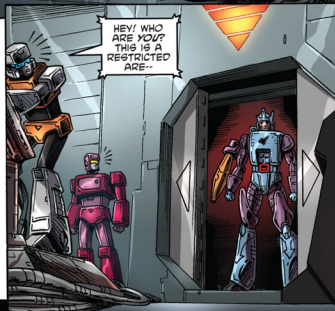
CYBERTRON, THE STAR CHAMBER:

ANYTHING
FROM EARTH
OR NEBULOS?

NOT A PEEP.
FROM EITHER
OPTIMUS PRIME
OR QUICKMIX'S
CREW.

SHOULD WE
SHUT DOWN THE
DIMENSIONAL
INTERFACE?

MAYBE.
YES. JUST TO
ON THE
SAFE SIDE.



SLAM TUBE:

I
KNOW!

TAKE OUT
THE FLYERS.
CONCENTRATE
YOUR FIRE.

TOO
MANY!

FROOM

VAASP

DON'T LET
'EM GET
BEHIND US!

SPOW

EASIER SAID THAN
DONE. HIT 'EM ONCE,
THEY GO DOWN.
SECOND TIME... THEIR
SHIELDING ADAPTS.

SHUFF

BHUF

TOPSPIN?

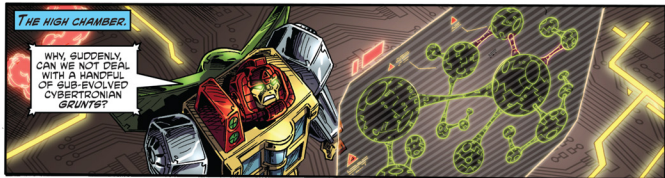
YEH,
YEH.

THRESHOLD
SET.



THE HIGH CHAMBER.

WHY, SUDDENLY,
CAN WE NOT DEAL
WITH A HANDFUL
OF SUB-EVOLVED
CYBERTRONIAN
GRUNTS?



I--

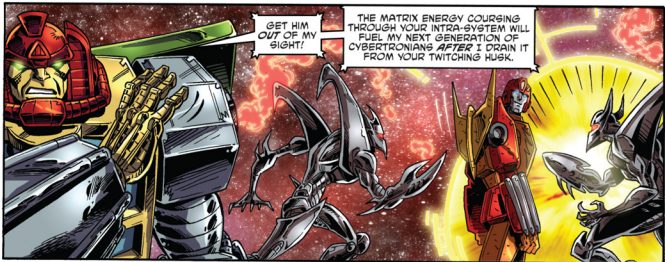
DO SOMETHING,
ROOK! BEFORE I
TURN MY PURGATORY
WRATH--ON YOU!

MASTER SPECIES
UNDERPERFORMING,
JHIAXUS? THAT'S WHAT
HAPPENS WHEN YOU
SUBTRACT UNIQUENESS
FROM THE GENE POOL.



GET HIM
OUT OF MY
SIGHT!

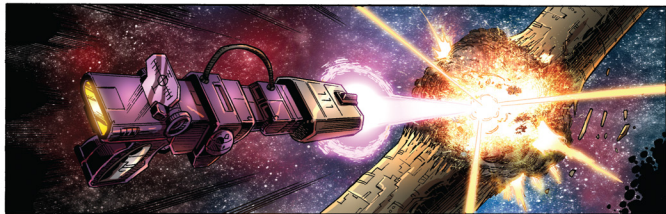
THE MATRIX ENERGY COURSEING
THROUGH YOUR INTRA-SYSTEM WILL
FUEL MY NEXT GENERATION OF
CYBERTRONIANS *AFTER* I DRAIN IT
FROM YOUR TWITCHING HUSB.



NOT THIS...
ANYTHING
BUT THIS...
IT'S...

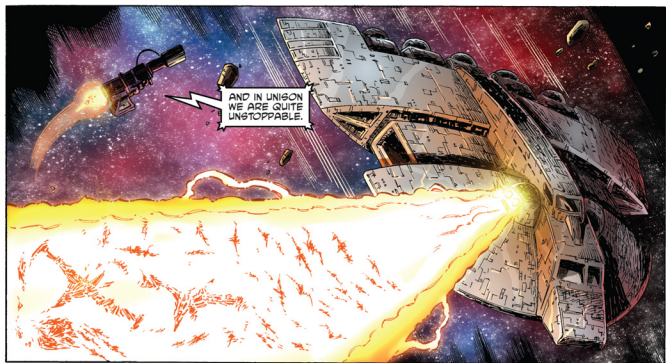
CHAOS.





SUPPOSITION: BY
CONCENTRATING
YOUR COUNTERATTACK
ON THIS INDIVIDUAL YOU
HAVE MADE A *FATAL*
TACTICAL ERROR.

FOR I
AM NOW
TWO.

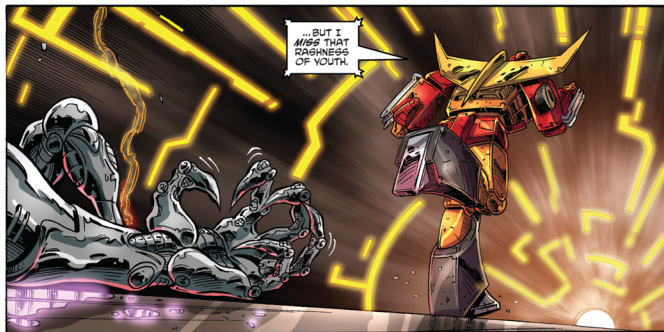
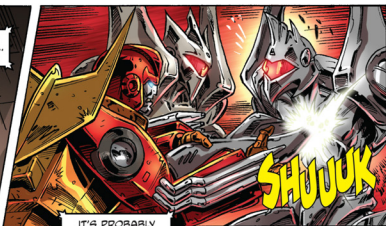
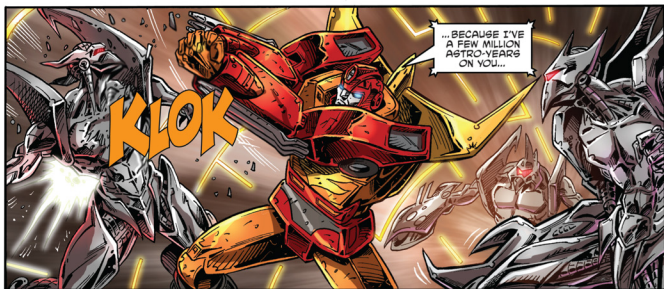


AND IN UNISON
WE ARE QUITE
UNSTOPPABLE.



BRRRRRRM

AH, THE
YOUNGER
GENERATION...





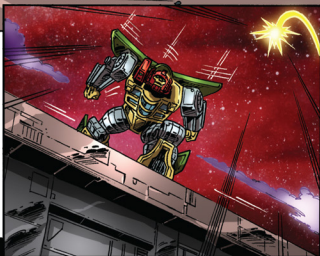
ENOUGH.

OUT OF MY WAY, ROOK.

IN MY OLD LIFE, AS A SENATOR ON CYBERTRON, I HAD A SAYING: NEVER DELEGATE...

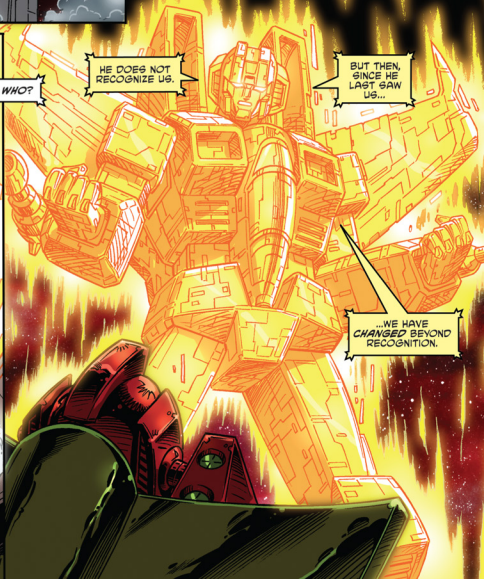


...WHEN THE BEST 'BOT FOR THE JOB IS ME, MYSELF, I.



WHAT?

WHO?



HE DOES NOT RECOGNIZE US.

BUT THEN, SINCE HE LAST SAW US...

...WE HAVE CHANGED BEYOND RECOGNITION.

BOLTAX!

DECANUS!

TALLUS!

ROKAN!

WE ARE
UNDERBASE.

UNDERBASE...
WAS
DESTROYED*...
EEUUUGH!

WE ARE
PURE
THOUGHT.

PURE THOUGHT
CANNOT BE
EXTINGUISHED.

BUT WE
ARE FOUR.
WHERE WE
SHOULD BE
FIVE.

IN ORDER TO
REJOIN THE
MINDSCAPE THE
PHYSICAL SHELL
YOU CLING TO...
MUST BE SHED.

*IN ISSUE #50.

NNN--RRR-
ROOK! HELP
ME! HELP--

MEEEEEE!

THE CORRAL:

AUTOBOTS--WE'RE
CHECKING OUT.

BEFORE THAT
WHOLE RIPPLE
EFFECT NIGHTBEAT
PREDICTED *REALLY*
KICKS IN AND
WE CHECK OUT
FOR GOOD.

ZLOK

HIT 'EM
HARD!

THAROOM

IS THERE
ANY OTHER
WAY?

ULTRA MAGNUS--ROUND
EVERYONE UP AND GET
THEM TO THE SPACE DOCK.
COORDINATES ARE IN OUR
"BOT-TO-BOT" INTRANET.

KUP. CALL THE
WRECKERS OFF.
COORDINATE A
PICK-UP POINT.

RIGHT.

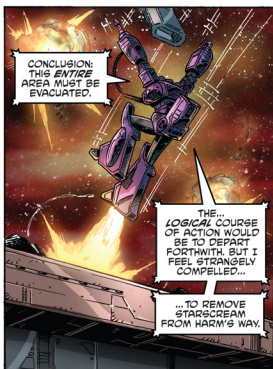
AND KUP,
WHEN THIS IS
DONE, YOU AND
I... WILL HAVE
WORDS.



PROGNOSIS:
ENOUGH DAMAGE
HAS BEEN DONE TO
MAKE THE
OVER-STRUCTURE OF
THE HUB UNTENABLE.



CALCULATION:
COMPLETE.
CATASTROPHIC
SUBSIDENCE IN TEN
BREEMS AND
COUNTING...



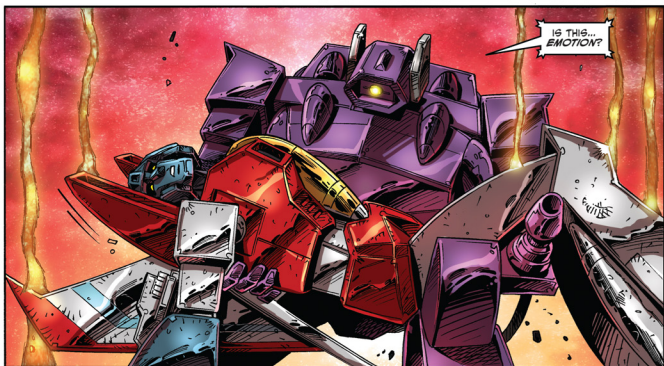
CONCLUSION:
THIS *ENTIRE*
AREA MUST BE
EVACUATED.

THE...
LOGICAL COURSE
OF ACTION WOULD
BE TO DEPART
FORTHWITH. BUT I
FEEL STRANGELY
COMPELLED...

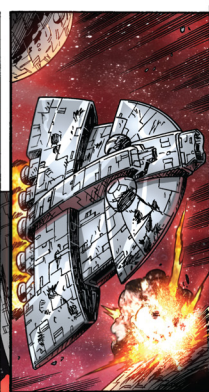
...TO REMOVE
STARScream
FROM HARM'S WAY.



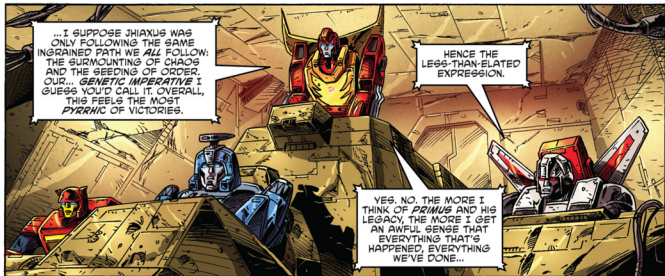
INTERROGATIVE:



IS THIS...
EMOTION?



"IN THE END..."



...I SUPPOSE JHIAXUS WAS ONLY FOLLOWING THE SAME INGRAINED PATH WE ALL FOLLOW: THE SURMOUNTING OF CHAOS AND THE SEEDING OF ORDER. OUR... *GENETIC IMPERATIVE* I GUESS YOU'D CALL IT. OVERALL, THIS FEELS THE MOST *PYRRHIC* OF VICTORIES.

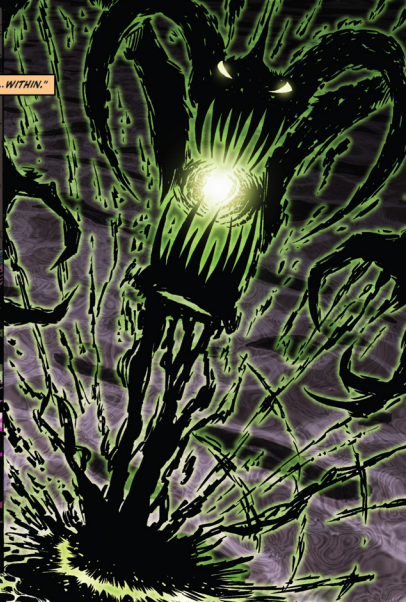
HENCE THE LESS-THAN-ELATED EXPRESSION.

YES, NO, THE MORE I THINK OF *PRIMUS* AND HIS LEGACY, THE MORE I GET AN AWFUL SENSE THAT EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED, EVERYTHING WE'VE DONE...



...IS JUST A *PRECURSOR* TO SOMETHING I NEVER EVEN SAW COMING.

"THE ENEMY..."



...*WITHIN.*"





100

COVER A: Art by ANDREW WILDMAN • Colors by JASON CARDY

THROUGH IMMEASURABLE
GULFS OF SPACE WE HAVE
TRAVELED... ACROSS EONS
OF TIME, FIGHTING WARS
SEEMINGLY *WITHOUT* END...
SURMOUNTING INNUMERABLE
AND IMMENSE CHALLENGES.

BUT SOME ENTRENCHED
HOMING INSTINCT ALWAYS
BRINGS US *BACK*, TO WHERE
IT ALL BEGAN, THE *CRADLE*
OF OUR VERY EXISTENCE.

CYBERTRON.

WE RETURN SCARRED BY YET *ANOTHER*
BITTER AND RANCOROUS CONFLICT.
BLOODY, OUR RANKS STILL FURTHER
DEPLETED, BUT, AS EVER, READY TO
LIFT OUR CHINS, DEFIANT, AND FIGHT ON.

AND THOUGH I NOW
REFLECT ON ONE
MORE DRAGON SLAIN,
THE *DREAM* OF
UNIVERSAL STABILITY
STILL INTACT. (JUST).

I AM *NOT* FOOLED.

MM? THAT'S
KINDA HINKY. I'M
GETTING ZILCH...
ABSOLUTE *ZERO*.

RADIO SILENCE RIGHT
ACROSS THE PLANET. NO
TRANSCIVER SIGNALS.
OR LANDING BEACONS.
JUST... DEAD AIR.

SCANNING FOR
ENERGY SIGNALS...
LIFESIGNS. READINGS...
INDETERMINATE.

ALL SHIPS--BE
READY FOR...
ANYTHING!

THAT WAS NOT THE END.



THIS IS THE END.

Writer
SIMON FURMAN

Pencils
ANDREW WILDMAN (100-110)
GEOFF SENIOR (111-120)
GUIDO GUIDI (121-132)

Inks
STEPHEN BASKERVILLE (100-110, 121-132)
GEOFF SENIOR (111-120)

Colorist
JOHN-PAUL BOVE

Letterer
CHRIS MOWRY

Editor
JOHN BARBER

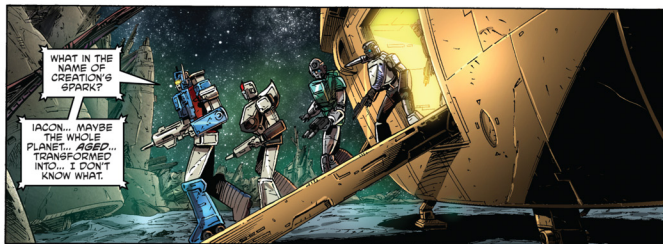
Editor-in-Chief
CHRIS RYALL

THE WAR TO END ALL WARS PART 5

SOMETHING DARK AND
CANCEROUS UNCOILS IN THE
VERY HEART OF OUR PLANET...

...AND WELCOMES ME HOME.





WHAT IN THE NAME OF CREATION'S SPARK?

IACON... MAYBE THE WHOLE PLANET... *AGED*... TRANSFORMED INTO... I DON'T KNOW WHAT.



A... *NECROPOLIS*. A CITY OF THE DEAD!

IT'S AS IF A VEIL HAS LIFTED. AND DEEP DOWN IN THE CORE OF ME... I *KNOW*. EVERYTHING.

SOMETHING *PREYED* UPON MY ANGER, MY INSECURITY. FOUND MY WEAK SPOT AND EXPLOITED IT MERCILESSLY.

PUSHED ME INTO A RECKLESS CONFRONTATION WITH JHIAKUS.

PRIMER? YOU *KNOW* WHAT THIS IS, DON'T YOU?



WE WERE *REMOVED*, KUP... STRATEGICALLY... WHILE CYBERTRON WAS REMADE.

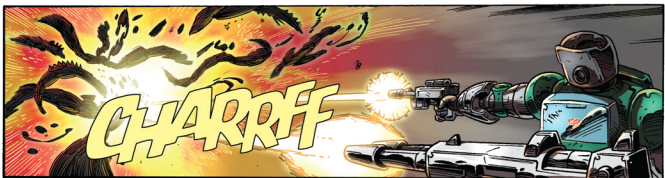
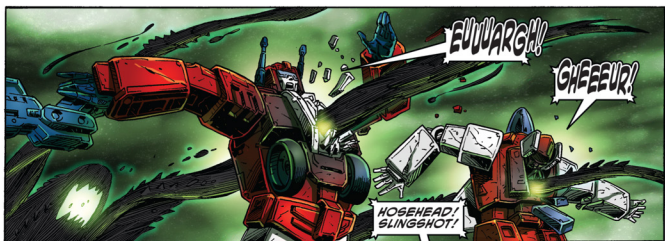
REMOVED BY WHO... OR WHAT?

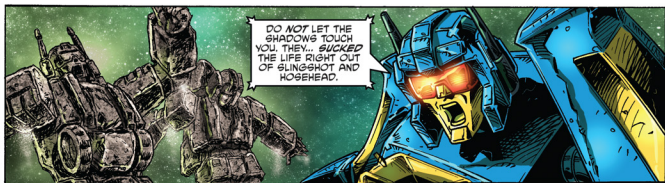
PRIMUS. OR RATHER THE TWISTED THING THAT HAS TAKEN HIS PLACE.

HE--IT DANGLED TRUTHS AND PARTIAL TRUTHS, BUT MOSTLY LIES. SUCH WAS ITS HUBRIS! IT EVEN *REVEALED* ITSELF TO ME, BUT I WAS BLIND, PREOCCUPIED.

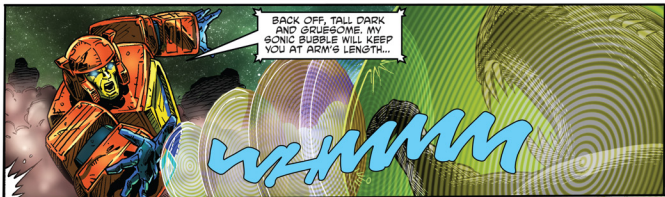


AND NOW IT MAY *ALREADY* BE TOO LATE... FOR CYBERTRON... FOR *US*!

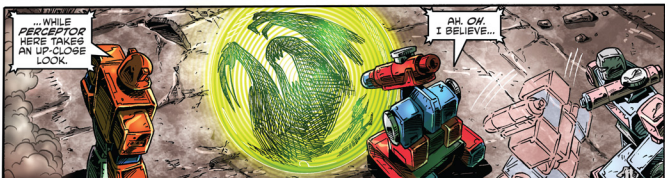




DO NOT LET THE SHADOWS TOUCH YOU. THEY... *SUCKED* THE LIFE RIGHT OUT OF SLINGSHOT AND HOSEHEAD.



BACK OFF, TALL DARK AND GRUESOME. MY SONIC BUBBLE WILL KEEP YOU AT ARM'S LENGTH...



...WHILE PERCEPTOR HERE TAKES AN UP-CLOSE LOOK.

AH, OH, I BELIEVE...



...THIS WAS ONCE IGUANUS. WHAT IT IS NOW, I CANNOT EVEN CONJECTURE.



YOU SAYING... THEY WERE US? THAT EVERYONE WE LEFT BEHIND... GOT TRANSFIGURED ALONG WITH CYBERTRON?

IF SO... MAYBE WE *ALREADY* LOST THIS ONE.

WE NEED SOMETHING *MORE* TO COMBAT THESE CREATURES. CONVENTIONAL WEAPONS JUST AREN'T CUTTING IT. *JETFIRE*...

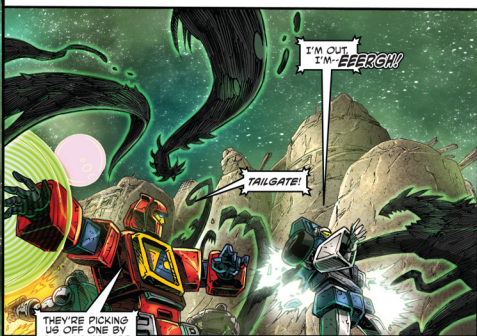
...I NEED THE SWORD.

THE SWORD? OH... THE *SWORD*!



RIGHT.

ON IT!



TAILGATE!

THEY'RE PICKING US OFF ONE BY ONE. CAN'T KEEP THIS UP. I'M--



HUH? THAT WAS...

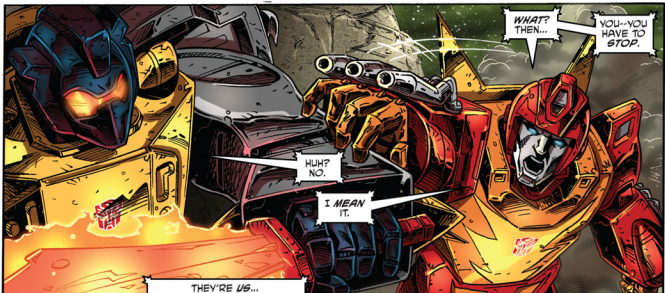
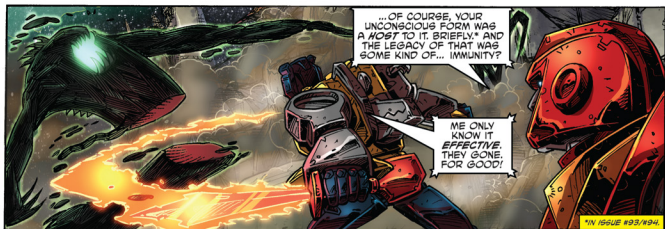
... QUICK?



GRIMLOCK!
THE DINOBOTS!
BOY, AM I GLAD
TO SEE YOUR
UGLY MUGS!

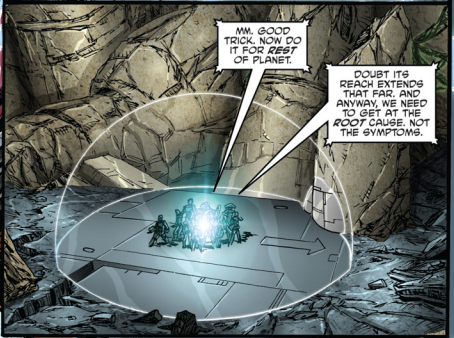
STAND BACK.
WHEN IT COME TO
SHADOW-LEECHES...
ME HAVE THE
TOUCH.

HOW?
UNLESS...



LET'S SEE IF
THE **LEGEND**
IS TRUE...

...IF I CAN
LIGHT OUR
DARKEST
HOUR.



MM. GOOD
TRICK. NOW DO
IT FOR **REST**
OF PLANET.

DOUBT ITS
REACH EXTENDS
THAT FAR. AND
ANYWAY, WE NEED
TO GET AT THE
ROOT CAUSE. NOT
THE SYMPTOMS.



SWOOP--WHAT
HAPPENED?
WAS THERE
ANY WARNING?

ALL YOU SEE... OCCURRED IN
NEXT TO NO TIME. A TIDAL
WAVE, RIGHT ACROSS THE
PLANET! EVERYTHING AND
EVERYONE I GUESS...
CHANGED IN A FLICKER OF
AN OPTICAL SHUTTER.

GUESS OUR
PROXIMITY TO
GRIMLOCK...
SAVED US?

RIGHT
BEFORE WAS
THE ATTACK.

ATTACK?

"ON THE **STAR CHAMBER**.
THE ONE YOU CALL
GALVATRON STORMED IT."

"KILLED EVERYONE. BY THE TIME ARMED REINFORCEMENTS GOT THERE--"

"--IT WAS LOCKED DOWN AND SEALED OFF... WITH HIM ON THE INSIDE!"

"OF THE SPACE BRIDGE INTERFACE PORTALS, SEVEN WERE OFFLINE. ONLY ONE STILL ACTIVE."

WHICH... ONE?

THE ONE LINKING CYBERTRON TO NEBULOS AND NEBULOS TO EARTH.

AH.

THAT SOUNDS OMINOUS.

I SAW SOMETHING IN THE PRIMUS CHAMBER, FOR WANT OF A BETTER WORD, A **MULTIVERSE**--INFINITE VARIATIONS ON US.

AFTERWARDS, I CONSULTED THE COVENANT OF PRIMUS, AND THERE'S MENTION OF SOMETHING CALLED *THE TRINITY*: A MAJICAL PERMUTATION OF PLANETS THAT'S PURPORTED TO HOLD THE KEY TO THAT MULTIVERSE.

ULTRA MAGNUS--FIND A WAY INTO THE STAR CHAMBER AND DEAL WITH GALVATRON. EVERYTHING IS CONNECTED. *EVERYTHING.*

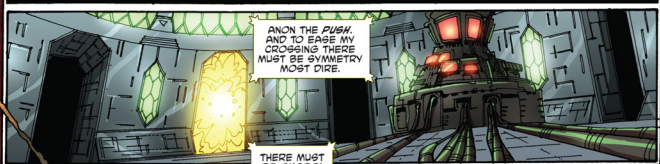
RIGHT, AND YOU?

I'M GOING INWARDS. WHERE IT ALL BEGINS... AND ENDS.





NEARLY...



HEAR ME, SCION OF UNICOWN... AS YOU HEARD MY CALL BEFORE*

AS PLANET EARTH WAS CINDERED BY YOUR ONCE AND FORMER SELF--SO NEBULOS WILL NOW BE PURGED IN FLAME, A MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE.

*A WAKE-UP CALL, IN ISSUE #88.

THE PRESIDIUM:

YOU PLAYED
ME. FROM
THE OUTSET.

OTHERS TOO,
BUT YOU TOOK
SOME KIND OF
PERVERSE
PLEASURE IN
PULLING MY
STRINGS.

THEN YOU
MADE A
MISTAKE.

YOU DANGLED
THE *SWORD* AND
COVENANT OF
PRIMUS IN FRONT OF
ME, THINKING, IN MY
PANIC, I WOULD
CHOOSE THE WEAPON.
BUT I CHOSE THE
KNOWLEDGE.

"YOU WANTED MY RAGE,
KINDLED IT WITH VISIONS
THEN STROVE TO IGNITE IT."

INSTEAD...
I LEARNED
A LESSON.

THAT RIGHTEOUS
WRATH IS JUST
FINE DRESSING FOR
MASS MURDER, AND
NOW, HAVING FINALLY
TAKEN STOCK OF MY
JOURNEY THROUGH
ZERO SPACE, I'VE
LEARNED MORE.

ZERO IS JUST
THE VOID, LEFT
BEHIND WHEN PRIMUS
WAS EXTINGUISHED
FROM THIS PLANE OF
EXISTENCE. A VOID
YOU FILLED LIKE THE
PARASITE YOU ARE.

WHEN YOU
HANDED ME
THE *MATRIX*...




--YOU
HANDED ME
THE KEY TO
THE DOOR.



OF COURSE.
BUT AS WITH
ALL ELSE...

... THAT IS
EXACTLY WHAT
I WANTED.

FOR ONE TO
BE *ALL*... TO
CONQUER A
MULTIVERSE...
I SHALL NEED
A MATRIX.



THE STAR CHAMBER.

BASED ON WHAT
SNARL TOLD US, WE'RE
COMPREHENSIVELY
LOCKED OUT OF THE
INNER MULTI-PORTAL
NEXUS.

NIGHTBEAT--
ANYTHING YOU
CAN DO ABOUT
THAT?

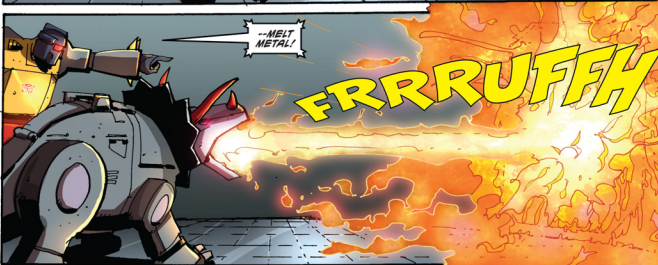
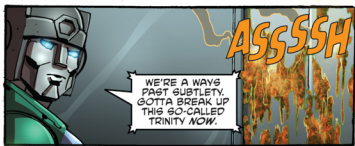


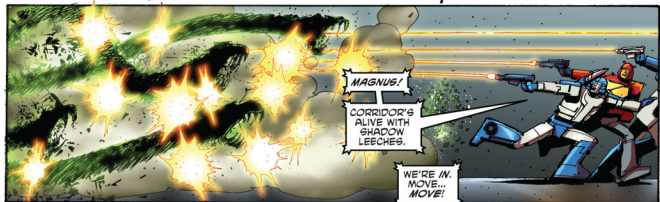
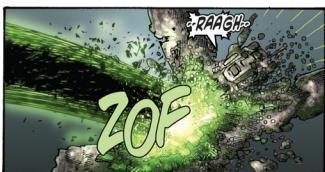
I SUSPECT
NOT, BUT I WILL
OF COURSE DO
MY UTMOST.

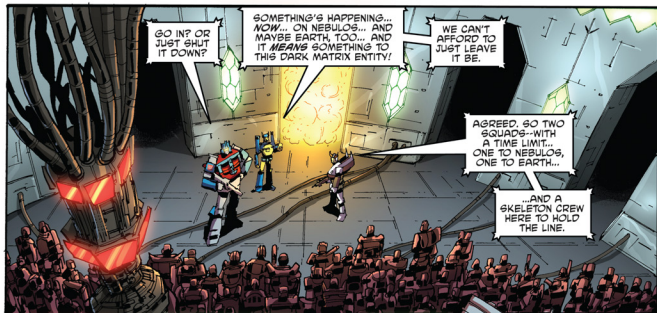


THIS IS
SCATTERSHOT'S
WEAPON.

AND IF
MEMORY
SERVES...







GO IN? OR
JUST SHUT
IT DOWN?

SOMETHING'S HAPPENING...
NOW... ON NEBULOS... AND
MAYBE EARTH, TOO... AND
IT MEANS SOMETHING TO
THIS DARK MATRIX ENTITY!

WE CAN'T
AFFORD TO
JUST LEAVE
IT BE.

AGREED. SO TWO
SQUADS--WITH
A TIME LIMIT...
ONE TO NEBULOS,
ONE TO EARTH...

...AND A
SKELETON CREW
HERE TO HOLD
THE LINE.



WE'LL TAKE
NEBULOS. IF WE'RE
NOT BACK IN ONE
GROON--BLOW THE
WHOLE ARRAY.

UNDERSTOOD.
YOU REALIZE...
GALVATRON MAY
BE THERE.
WAITING.



I'M
COUNTING
ON IT.



...COULDN'T...
DON'T YOU
SEE?

SPIKE?
SPIKE!

HE
HEARS...

...ONLY WHAT
I WISH HIM TO
HEAR, SEES...
WHAT I WISH
HIM TO SEE.

TELL ME.
HOW DID YOU
GET FROM
WHAT YOU WERE
TO WHAT YOU
ARE NOW?

ON EARTH, I WAS LITTLE
MORE THAN A PHANTOM.
FADED, INSUBSTANTIAL. BUT
WHEN PRIMUS RECALLED YOU
EN MASSE TO CYBERTRON, I
TOO WAS RELOCATED. AND
ONCE THERE... **THRIVED.**

"UNWILLING TO BE RE-ABSORBED
INTO THE OVERBEING, I TOOK
REFUGE IN A WARM BODY.

"AND WHILE PRIMUS AND
UNICRON FOUGHT, I WAS
FREE TO EXPLORE.

"I DISCOVERED A TOMB OF WARRIORS
WHO HAD MADE SOME LAST GASP
PILGRIMAGE TO THE PRIMUS
CHAMBER, PRESUMABLY TO **MEET**
THEIR MAKER. AS I FED ON CRUMBS
OF VESTIGIAL SPARK ENERGY...

"...THE TOMB'S
SELF-APPOINTED
GUARDIANS SOUGHT
TO STOP ME.

"THEY WERE **EASILY**
DOMINATED."

ISSUE #73

"AT MY BIDDING, THE
PRIMORDIALS BEGAN TO
ABDUCT *LIVE* VICTIMS..."

"... THEIR SUBATOMIC
STRUCTURE *RICH* IN MATRIX
ENERGY THAT HAD RAINED
DOWN ON THE PLANET.* I
GREW STRONG, AND BOLD.

"AS CYBERTRON ENTERED
A TRANSITIONAL STATE, I
INFILTRATED EVERY SEISMIC
CREVICE, GROWING WITH
IT... *INTO* IT... UNTIL WE
WERE INDIVISIBLE!"

"ISSUE #78

"IN CONFLICT,
I *THRIVED*."

"BUT PEACE DID NOT
SUIT ME. AND SO..."

"...THE SPARK BECAME
A *FLAME* AGAIN."

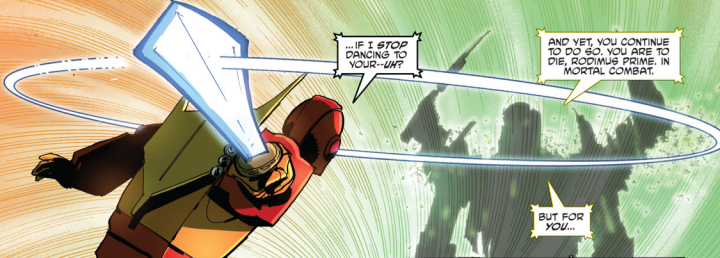
WITH THE EVER-VIGILANT
LAST AUTOBOT REMOVED I WAS
FREE TO PROGRESS SCORPONOK'S
SECOND COMING AND NURTURE HIS
GENETIC MANIPULATIONS.* I
FEASTED ON THE ENSUING GLUT
OF DISORDER AND MISRULE.

BUT ALL TOO
SOON I HAD
GROWN AS FAR AS
I COULD. WHICH IS
WHY I MUST NOW
ASCEND-INTO THE
MULTIVERSE.

AND
WHAT...

"... I BEGAN TO WHISPER IN AUDIO
RECEPTORS, FANNING OLD FLAMES
OF RANCOR AND RESENTMENT. UNTIL..."

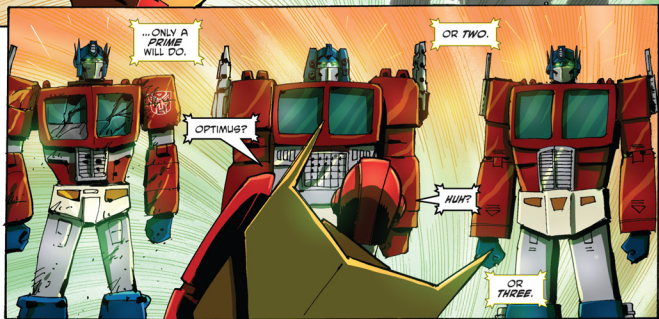
"ISSUES #86-91



...IF I STOP
DANCING TO
YOUR--UH?

AND YET, YOU CONTINUE
TO DO SO. YOU ARE TO
DIE, RODIMUS PRIME. IN
MORTAL COMBAT.

BUT FOR
YOU...



...ONLY A
PRIME
WILL DO.

OR TWO.

OPTIMUS?

HUH?

OR
THREE.



HA-HEH-
HAHAHAHA!

WHUMN
CHUD
FWAK

NO--
GNNNN!

NEBULOS (CLAR MACRO-JUNGLE):

WELL, AT LEAST
FINDING HIM IS ONE
LESS HEADACHE.

RIGHT, FOLLOW
THE PATH OF
DESTRUCTION.

AUTOBOTS--

--ROLL
OUT!

AND DISENGAGE
ALL LIMITORS ON
YOUR WEAPONRY. THIS
IS A SEEK AND
DESTROY MISSION.
IT'S *PAST* TIME...



... WE PUT
THIS MAD
DOG DOWN.

EARTH (OKLAHOMA):

OKAY, NIGHTBEAT, WE
MADE IT. START
THE CLOCK...

ROGER THAT.
GOOD LUCK...

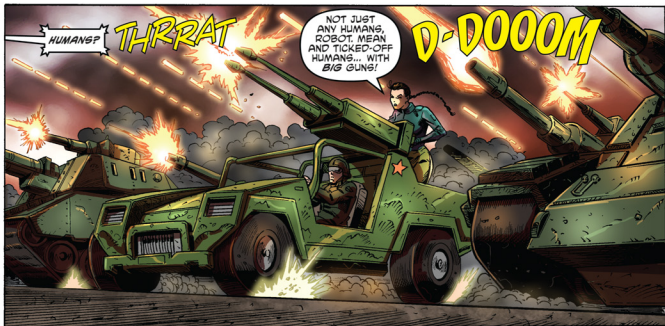
EVERYONE--
MAX UP YOUR
MOLECULAR
COHESION. NO
TELLING WHAT
WE'RE--

--UNH!

BLAMM

SPAFF

HEFF--
WHAT?



HUMANS?

THRAT

NOT JUST ANY HUMANS, ROBOT. MEAN AND TICKED-OFF HUMANS... WITH BIG GUNS!

D-DOOOM



PROWL, WAIT! I KNOW THESE PEOPLE. THEY HELPED US WHEN WE WERE STRANDED HERE.

LISTEN...

*CIRCA ISSUE #83



...WE'RE NOT HERE TO FIGHT, NOT YOU ANYWAY. AND THE FACT THAT YOU'RE HERE, IN ONE PIECE, MEANS THE ACTION'S SOMEPLACE ELSE. MAYBE...

...WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER.

FOR STARTERS, WHERE'S OPTIMUS PRIME?



DOWN. CRITICAL. FORT MAX TOOK HIM OUT. NOW I'M HEARING HE'S GONE. VANISHED.

AS FOR HELPING EACH OTHER--IT DEPENDS ENTIRELY ON YOUR CAPACITY TO GET US...

...TO WHEREVER SPIKE WITWICKY IS.

SPIKE, LISTEN TO ME--KKEF!

KRUUD

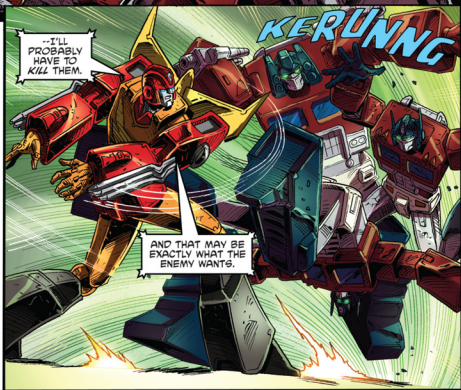


NN-NO GOOD. SPIKE'S STILL NOT RECEIVING! AND THAT RIFT--OR WHATEVER--IS GETTING WIDER, BIGGER BY THE MOMENT.

AND BEFORE I DEAL WITH THAT PROBLEM... I'VE A TRIO OF OTHER DILEMMAS TO DEAL WITH!



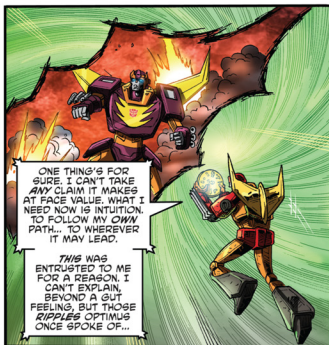
TO STOP THEM--



--I'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO KILL THEM.

AND THAT MAY BE EXACTLY WHAT THE ENEMY WANTS.

KERUNNG



ONE THING'S FOR SURE. I CAN'T TAKE ANY CLAIM IT MAKES AT FACE VALUE. WHAT I NEED NOW IS INTUITION. TO FOLLOW MY OWN PATH... TO WHEREVER IT MAY LEAD.

THIS WAS ENTRUSTED TO ME FOR A REASON. I CAN'T EXPLAIN, BEYOND A GUT FEELING, BUT THOSE RIPPLES OPTIMUS ONCE SPOKE OF...



...I NEED TO MAKE SOME NOW!







ANYONE WITHOUT
A "HOT" OR A "ROD"
IN THEIR NAME...GIVE
'EM A REAL HARD TIME.

--RAAAAAGH!



R-RODIMUS?
URGH--

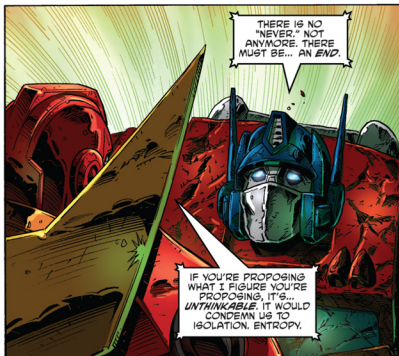
OPTIMUS?



I-CAN
RESIST... BUT
NOT FOR LONG!
YYY-YOU... MUST
DO... WHAT *HAS*
TO BE DONE!

I DON'T--

YOU DO. THIS
ABOMINATION CANNOT
BE DESTROYED, ONLY
CONTAINED. HERE, IF IT
GETS OUT... THE
CONSEQUENCES ARE TOO
TERRIBLE TO CONSIDER.



THERE IS NO
"NEVER." NOT
ANYMORE. THERE
MUST BE... AN *END*.

IF YOU'RE PROPOSING
WHAT I FIGURE YOU'RE
PROPOSING, IT'S...
UNTHINKABLE. IT WOULD
CONDEMN US TO
ISOLATION, ENTROPY.



I UNDERSTAND NOW,
WE--IN ALL OUR DIVERSITY AND
VARIATION--ARE ONE. WE SPAN
INFINITY, THE MULTIVERSE...

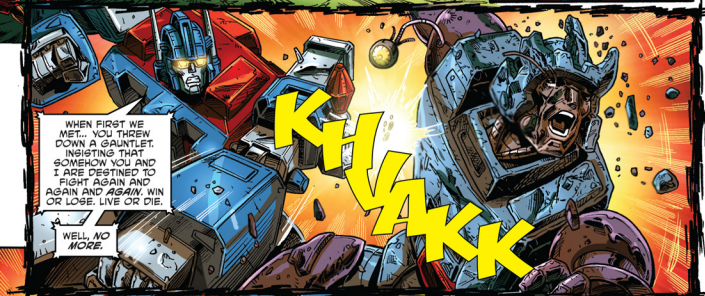
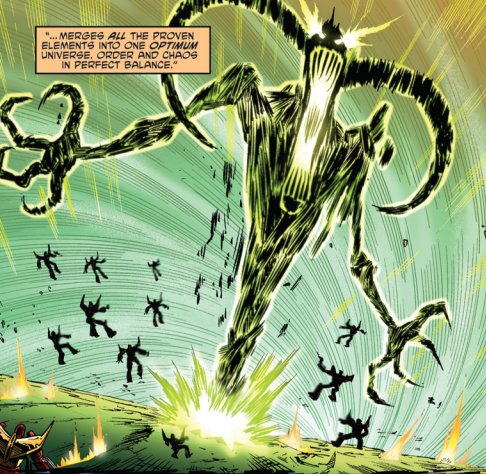
OUR ACTIONS...
OUR *DECISIONS*...
REVERBERATE ACROSS
EVERY STRATA OF TIME
AND SPACE, UNTIL
SUCH TIME AS THE
GRAND PLAN...

"...MERGES ALL THE PROVEN
ELEMENTS INTO ONE OPTIMUM
UNIVERSE, ORDER AND CHAOS
IN PERFECT BALANCE."

THEN-N-N-SURELY YOU
SEE, TO SAVE THE WHOLE,
THE DISEASED TISSUE MUST
BE CUT OUT, EXCISED--FOR
THE GREATER GOOD.

WE DON'T HAVE
MUCH TIME. I CAN
FEEL IT... SPILLING
THROUGH THE CRACKS IN
MY MIND. THIS IS YOUR
JOURNEY, RODIMUS, YOUR
RUBICON. IN THE END...

...THE
DECISION
CAN ONLY BE
YOURS.



WHEN FIRST WE
MET... YOU THREW
DOWN A GAUNTLET.
INSISTING THAT
SOMEHOW YOU AND
I ARE DESTINED TO
FIGHT AGAIN AND
AGAIN. WIN OR
LOSE. LIVE OR DIE.

WELL, NO
MORE.



IT'S OVER...
FINISHED.



ULTRA
MAGNUS--



ZATHOW

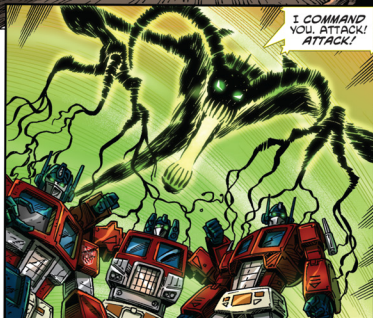
--WATCH
YOUR BACK!

FORTRESS
MAXIMUS? BUT--

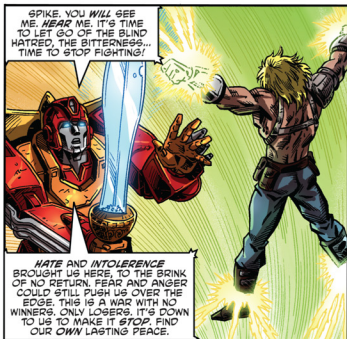


CHANG AND THE
OTHERS FILLED US IN.
FORT MAX HAS BEEN
TURNED, AND THOUGH
IT GRIEVES ME...

...THIS IS NOW
BIGGER THAN
ANY ONE 'BOT.



I COMMAND
YOU. ATTACK!
ATTACK!



SPIKE. YOU WILL SEE
ME. HEAR ME. IT'S TIME
TO LET GO OF THE BLIND
HATRED, THE BITTERNESS...
TIME TO STOP FIGHTING!

HATE AND INTOLERANCE
BROUGHT US HERE, TO THE BRINK
OF NO RETURN. FEAR AND ANGER
COULD STILL PUSH US OVER THE
EDGE. THIS IS A WAR WITH NO
WINNERS. ONLY LOSERS. IT'S DOWN
TO US TO MAKE IT STOP. FIND
OUR OWN LASTING PEACE.



I...
FUH-FAILED
HIM. BUSTER.
THEM. THE
WHOLE
WORLD!

NO. WE
DID THAT.
US. I'M GO,
SO SORRY.

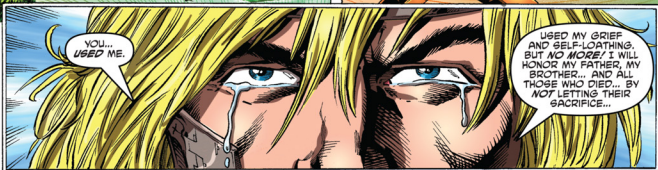
AWAY!
AWAY!! I WILL
HAVE RANCOR!
CARNAGE!



NO, YOU ARE THE
WORST PARTS OF
US GIVEN SHAPE AND
FORM. NOTHING MORE.
THE VICIOUS CYCLE OF
PERPETUAL WAR THAT
CREATED YOU,
NURTURED YOU...
MUST BE BROKEN.

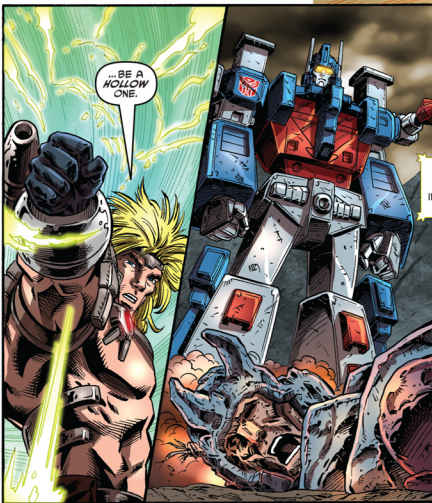


YOU...
USED ME.



USED MY GRIEF
AND SELF-LOATHING.
BUT NO MORE! I WILL
HONOR MY FATHER, MY
BROTHER... AND ALL
THOSE WHO DIED... BY
NOT LETTING THEIR
SACRIFICE...

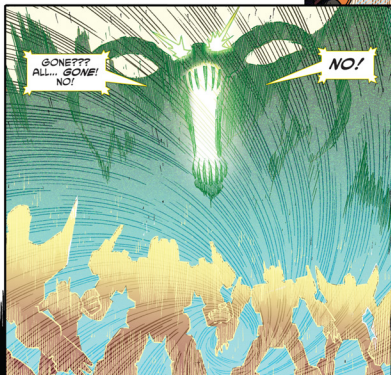
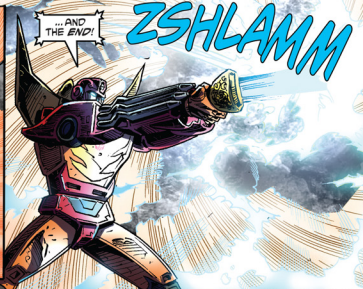
...BE A
HOLLOW
ONE.



YOU CANNOT
DENY ME. MY
RESOLVE IS
INFINITE. EVIL...
IS INFINITE.

I CAN
AND WILL
CROSS.





AND NOW... MANY...
MANY... EONS ON. IT
IS MY TURN. *MY* TIME.

CUT OFF FROM THE MULTIVERSE
AND THE PRIMUS THAT STILL SPANS
ALL THOSE MYRIAD REALITIES,
DENIED SUSPICION AND RENEWAL
FROM THAT *FUNDAMENTAL* WELL
OF EXISTENCE, WE HAVE PROVEN
ALL TOO MORTAL.

I AM THE LAST.

OPTIMUS WAS RIGHT--WE WERE,
ULTIMATELY, JUST ONE PART OF A FAR
*GREAT*ER WHOLE AND SOMEWHERE AND
WHEN, IN A PERFECT FACET OF THE JEWEL
HE WAS HONING, I PICTURE AN *IDYLL*, A
UTOPIA: THE REALIZATION OF PRIMUS'
DREAM OF A PERFECTLY BALANCED
UNIVERSE, ABLE TO RESIST THE ENTROPIC
DISSOLUTION THAT INEVITABLY TURNS
ORDER INTO CHAOS. MY DECISION, OUR
SACRIFICE, KEPT THE *DREAM* ALIVE.

AND US?

IT TOOK ALL THE SWORD
HAD TO SEAL THE RIFT AND
PUT TO REST THE LOST
SPARKS THAT STILL ROAMED
BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

BUT THE DAMAGE DONE TO
CYBERTRON WAS JUST TOO
GREAT--THE DARK MATRIX TOO
MUCH A PART OF ITS
FUNDAMENTAL STRUCTURE FOR
US TO RISK REMAINING THERE.

AND SO, AFTER REUNIONS AND FAREWELLS...
AND THE REALIZATION OF OPTIMUS' VISION
OF TWO RACES *UNITING*...

...AND THRIVING...

...WE WENT TO THE STARS,
OUR AIM TO SPREAD *PEACE*
INSTEAD OF CONFLICT. EVEN
OUR ONCE ENEMIES...

...SEEMED *CHANGED*, AS IF ALL THE
BITTER BONES OF CONTENTION HAD
SIMPLY CRUMBLLED TO ASH IN THAT
LAST GREAT CONFLAGRATION.

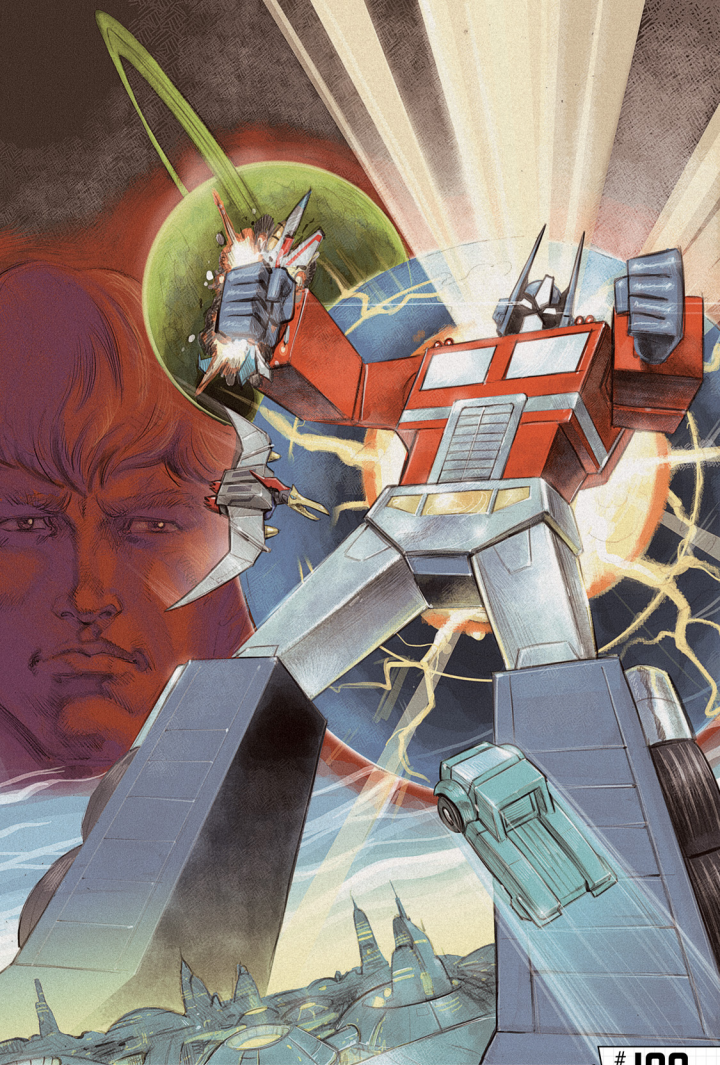
OR PERHAPS WE HAD LOST SO
MANY, SO MUCH... THE FIGHT HAD
SIMPLY GONE OUT OF US *ALL*.

I LIKE TO THINK...
WE LIVED THE
REMAINDER
OF OUR LIVES...
WELL. BUT THIS...

IS

THE

BUT IT NEVER--



COVER B: Art by GUIDO GUIDI

100

King of Shadows

by Simon Furman

I am the shadows.

Me. Survival. The here and now. These are my only primacies. I exist from moment to moment. The future is another country—a distant horizon.

I am Ravage. I am not dead.

The shadows came for everyone else. Consumed them. Transformed them. But my home is the shadows. I smelt rank corruption in the encroaching darkness and ran. Using “clean” shadows for cover. The dark wave passed, painting living shadows on walls. No one was spared.

Only me.

The empty shadows writhed and screamed in wordless torment, hungering for light. Dead things that refused to accept their passing, turning and turning eternally in a widening gyre.

Again, I ran. For predator was now prey.

I have been running ever since. Never resting. Never still. Senses bristling. Danger—run. Danger—hide. Danger—attack! I am fast and strong. My claws are keen. I wrap myself in my own shroud of darkness—and pounce. I tear. I rend. And try to kill the things that cannot die. I leave entrails of darkness, writhing in my wake, knitting together again instantaneously. And I run.

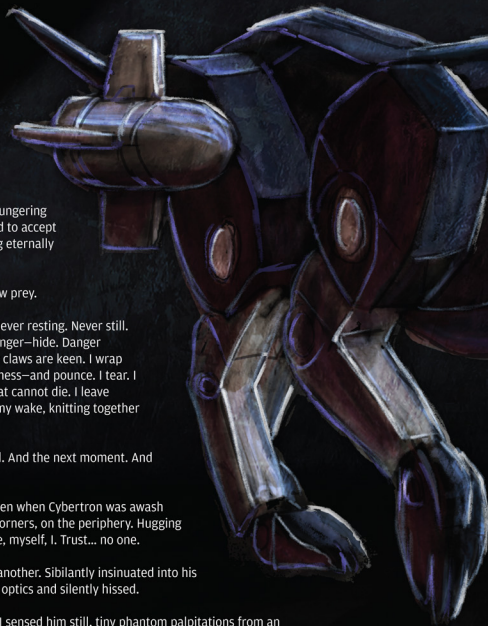
Another moment. I have survived. And the next moment. And the next.

The shadows are my kingdom. Even when Cybertron was awash with light and life, I crept in the corners, on the periphery. Hugging the dark corners of our world. Me, myself, I. Trust... no one.

Not even Soundwave. I sensed... another. Sibilantly insinuated into his aura. It looked at me through his optics and silently hissed.

Soundwave. After the dark wave I sensed him still, tiny phantom palpitations from an absent limb. Entombed in his own casket of shadows, gone but not gone. I spared no moment to rue his passing. Any squandered moment now equals death.

A respite. I have no concept of how long has passed. How long I have been surviving. I have been living in an endless series of heightened moments. But now... something has changed. The darkness is tossed and turbulent, as if a stone has dropped in preternaturally still waters. Others are here.





For once, I am not their priority. A great splash of light has eddied the eternal night. They slink off in search of easier prey.

And I lower my guard.

Just for an instant. A tiny fragment of no time at all. A moment.

And the shadow thing decants out of fissures and fractures. Coiling around and around, cutting off all retreat.

I unsheathe my talons. Knowing it is useless. The thing knows it too. Knows me. In the heart of darkness is a crush of lost faces. Beastbox, Squawkstalk, Howlback, Wingthing, Slugfest, Overkill... This shadow thing is a collective. An amalgam. Beyond death, Soundwave has pulled his litter back in, fulfilling some imperative buried deep in necrotic CNA. And I am the last.

It grows countless tentacles, barbed like spear-tips. They quiver en masse. A mental command shimmers down atrophied neural highways...

And a beam of solid light shears the darkness. Stark white. Dispelling the shadows. I am pinned by its brilliance. A bug on a specimen plate.

Artificial night filters drop over my optics. And I look up... at a gigantic piece of my past. The Ark. Whole. Airborne. It fills the sky. Something launches from within. Arrowing down. A missile? No... not something, someone. Starscream.

Jet unravels, becomes robot. Hands grasp my flanks. Then, even as the Soundwave thing recovers, coils whipping in, his boot jets flare and we are launched skywards, out of reach. Into the sanctuary of the Ark's cargo hold.

I am delivered from the jaws of death. I am saved.

Events cluster and time compresses. We leave our wounded world behind for the stars. Starscream and Shockwave seem changed. The warmongering of Megatron has been bled from their bones. Instead of conquest, we now preach tolerance and sharing, understanding and unity.

But I have not changed.

The shadows live on. In me.

I am the shadows.

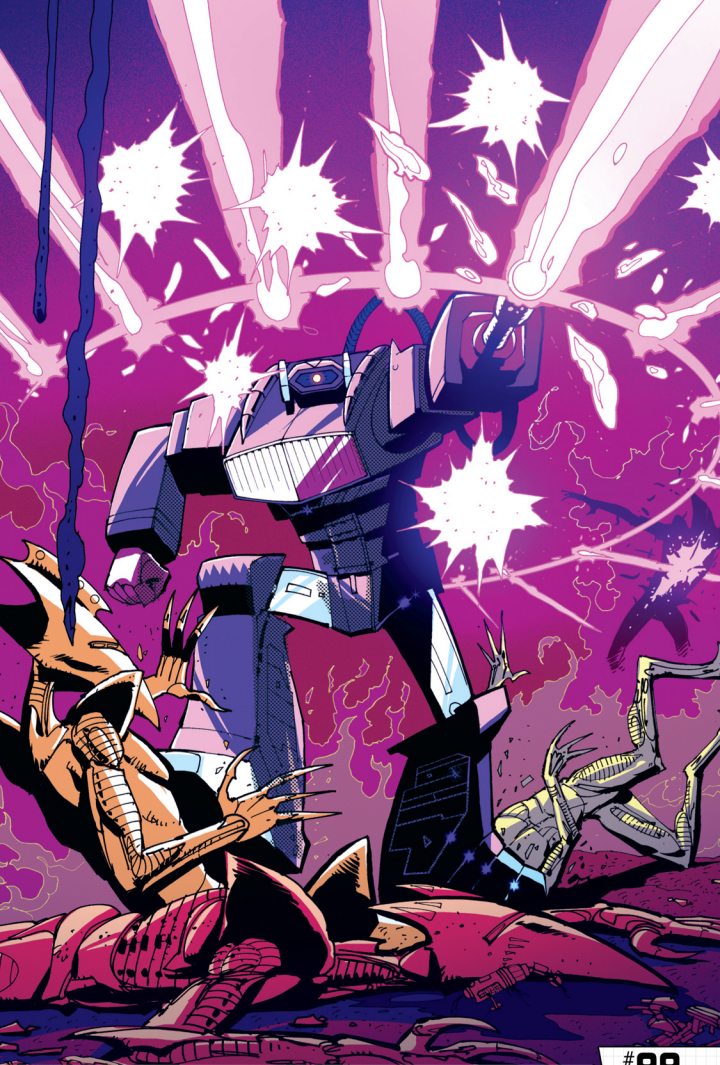






#98

COVER RI: Art by GEOFF SENIOR • Colors by JOSH BURCHAM





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COVER RI: Art by GEOFF SENIOR • Colors by JOSH BURCHAM





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COVER SUB: Art by ROBERT ATKINS • Inks by JUAN CASTRO • Colors by ROMULO FAJARDO, JR.



AUTOBOTS



CYBERTRON
NEEDS

YOU

FOR THE WAR TO END ALL WARS

It Never Ends?

by Andrew Wildman

There we are then. That's it. All done and dusted.

It seems amazing that we ever got to this point. This comic book that has—in one form or another—been there for so long. As many of you will know I first drew *Transformers* back in the dim and distant 1988. At the time, I was working on whatever anyone was throwing at me. I was young(ish) and had a growing family to feed. At that time *Transformers* was just another paid gig. It very rapidly became more than that, as it became the thing that opened the door to Marvel Comics. Once in that door, *Transformers* suddenly ended as Marvel decided to move away from producing toy-based licensed books. No matter, I was in and had the opportunity to move through the ranks at Marvel and the pleasure of working on some of the characters that I had grown up with such as Spider-Man and the X-Men. Those jobs came and went but after all these years it is still *Transformers* that comes knocking at the door. When something is that insistent and becomes for many the thing that defines you, it is always worth having a look under the hood. See what's really there. What is it about this book that it seems to have attached itself to me?

Then I saw it.

When IDW asked me if I wanted to do some interior art for a *Transformers* book I said no. When they asked me what it would take to get me to do some interior art for a *Transformers* book I pondered the question and responded that I would only do it if I could work with Simon and if we could have the opportunity to do something that really had some weight to it. Out of this and Simon's parallel conversations with IDW the idea for *Regeneration One* was born.

I am going to break the flow here to give out a few acknowledgments. We have gathered a great team together for this journey. Guido has done a great job stepping in when I had to step away, JP Bove's interior colours have perfectly captured that synthesis of being a bit like the old stuff but definitely new and fresh and I think now stand alongside the amazing Mr Nel Yomtov for the amount of uninterrupted output of pages. Jason Cardy's cover colours have given cinematic impact that have pulled readers in like a movie poster outside your favorite multiplex. Stephen Baskerville; what can I say? A consummate professional. No matter what I throw at Stephen he unfailingly does his thing and makes these books look the way they 'should'. As for the words, well, a huge acknowledgment to Jim Shooter and Bob Budiansky for creating this beast. Without them and that opening issue by Bill Mantlo we wouldn't be here. We may well be

creating a book about Transformers, but for sure it wouldn't be this particular story. And lastly, Simon Furman. My longtime partner in crime. The man who not only brought me into the *Transformers* hold but who, as a result of that, opened the door to many a subsequent opportunity. Thanks Mr F, my acknowledgment and respect to you.

So there we were. The idea to finally complete the *Transformers* story was not only an opportunity, but a privilege. What needs to really be gotten here is that this book is the conclusion of the *Transformers* storyline that started 30 years ago. It is not possible to over-emphasise that. Back in 1983, something huge that has become part of popular culture began. At Marvel Comics Jim Shooter and Bob Budiansky wrote a treatment for *Transformers*. There was nothing before that other than some partially-defined toys. That treatment became the Marvel *Transformers* book and that storyline—the original one—fell silent in 1991, reared its head again in 2012 and the no kidding, final conclusion of that whole storyline is what you now hold in your hands.

But what really makes this concept resonate and give it its longevity is the fact that this is NOT a book about robots. Quite the opposite. The term 'robot' was first used in the 1921 play '*R.U.R.* Rossum's Universal Robots' by the Czech writer Karel Capek. But these were human clones devoid of emotion. *Transformers* are, if anything, the opposite of that. They are sentient beings. They may be mechanical in their structure but they contain very human emotions and concerns. They are also from one source, The Matrix (later called The Allspark). This original singular source is what binds them and gives a unifying purpose to their lives. These themes are key to the popularity of *Transformers* in that it is an expression of much of what defines us as human beings. It has its roots in Hinduism, Buddhism, Enlightenment, Pantheism and subsequently many themes of Modern Philosophy. And that is what made me want to do this book. That is why we love it. A book about cool robots? Yes, but about so much more. It's about *us*. About *you* and *me*. About the human condition. It's about separation, loss, pain, conflict, and the pursuit of unification and oneness. Throughout its long life it's always been there in that now familiar mantra: 'Til All Are One'.

And here we finally are.

Namaste

AW 2014

The Feeling

by John-Paul Bove

I can still remember the feeling when the last issue of *Transformers* came out. I was 10 years old and I couldn't believe it was over. There was so much I still wanted to know, so many of these characters I still wanted to spend time with. By the time you read this I will be 34 years old and I can't believe it's over. But this time it really is. No unfinished business; over, *finished*.

When I was 10 the people who worked on the *Transformers* comic were my heroes.

Now, all these years later I have had the honour and privilege of working with most of them. And they're even more my heroes now than they were before.

The original comic was what inspired me to want to tell stories of my own, to write, illustrate and colour comic books so the debt I owe to everyone involved in those early books and to the team that has helped continue the dream at IDW is unimaginable. This book has been a huge part of my life and now I'm a part of it too (my 10-year-old self will need a lie down). Here's to everyone that joined us each month, you're a part of it too. Here's to the next 30 years!

JP '14



THANKS

TO



JC

Artwork by Jason Cady

THE

FANS!

End Words

by Simon Furman

Okay. This is the end. No, really.

The original grounding *Transformers* series is over, finished... and various other Furmanisms.

Of course, *Transformers* goes on. Frankly, I never expect it to end. Not in my lifetime. Endless iterations on that core concept that Jim Shooter and Bob Budiansky developed from the Hasbro toys await: The movies... the IDW comics... and on and on.

But *Transformers*, the series that began in 1984 with a four-issue limited series (yeah, right... expectations were not high) and continued with *Regeneration One* is done and dusted. Properly this time. With due pomp and circumstance.

Of course, this isn't the ending that would have been if we'd continued things back in 1991. All the stuff that's happened since has kind of folded in to make this ending. It felt only right and natural to now embrace all the other possible worlds and realities of *Transformers*. But it does at least stop feeling like unfinished business. We got there. The end.

But it never ends... see, now I'm just going around in circles.

Simon Furman
February 2014



Rodimus Prime struggles to comprehend what is happening as dark forces rise and an invasion begins the war to end all wars.

30 years in the making and over 100 issues, this climactic volume presents the ending to the original *TRANSFORMERS* story.

IDW