

BARBER • RAMONDELLI

# TRANSFORMERS

## SALVATION

IDW  
ONE-SHOT





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## SALVATION

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Publisher: **TED ADAMS**



Special thanks to Ben Montano, David Erwin, Josh Feldman, Ed Lane, Beth Artale, and Michael Kelly

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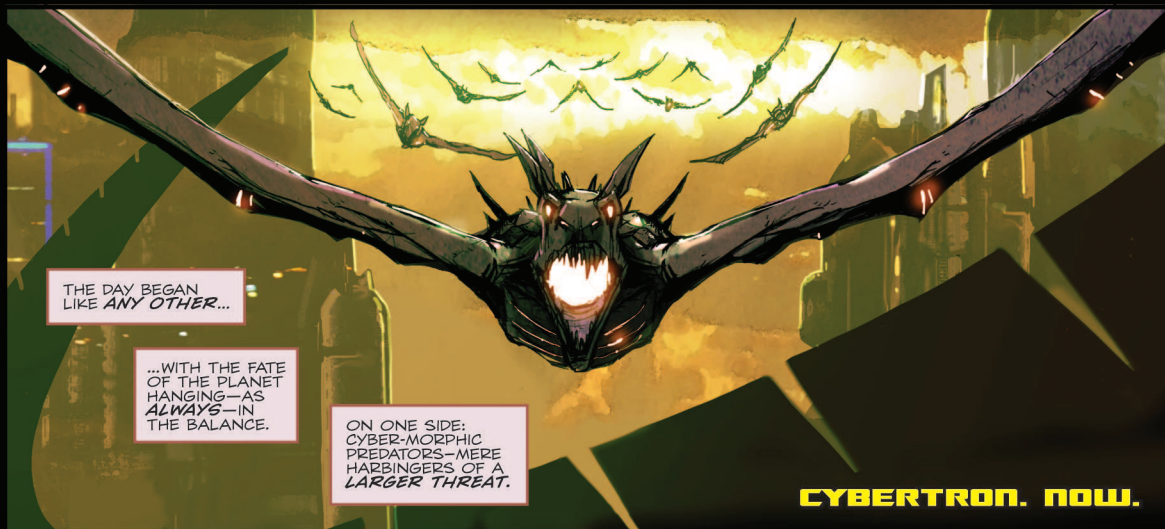
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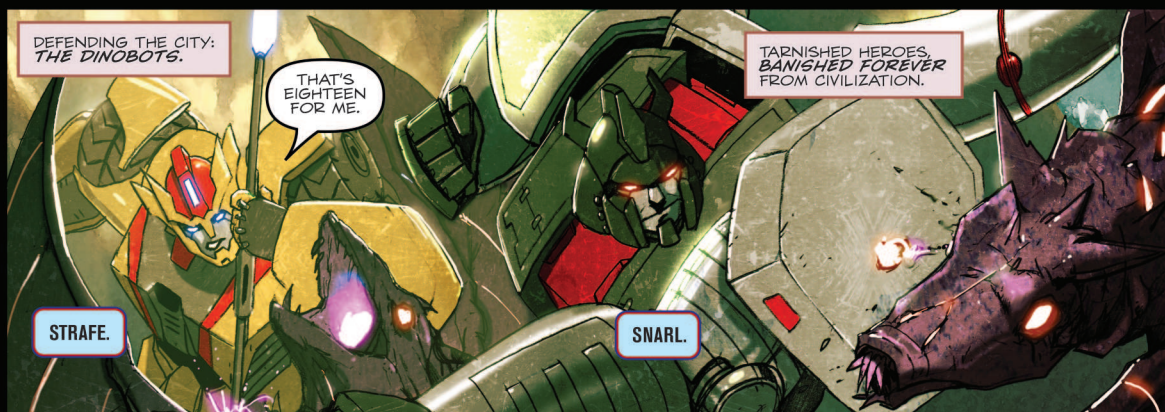


THE DAY BEGAN  
LIKE ANY OTHER...

...WITH THE FATE  
OF THE PLANET  
HANGING—AS  
ALWAYS—IN  
THE BALANCE.

ON ONE SIDE:  
CYBER-MORPHIC  
PREDATORS WERE  
HARBINGERS OF A  
LARGER THREAT.

**CYBERTRON. NOW.**



DEFENDING THE CITY:  
THE DINOBOTS.

THAT'S  
EIGHTEEN  
FOR ME.

TARNISHED HEROES,  
BANISHED FOREVER  
FROM CIVILIZATION.

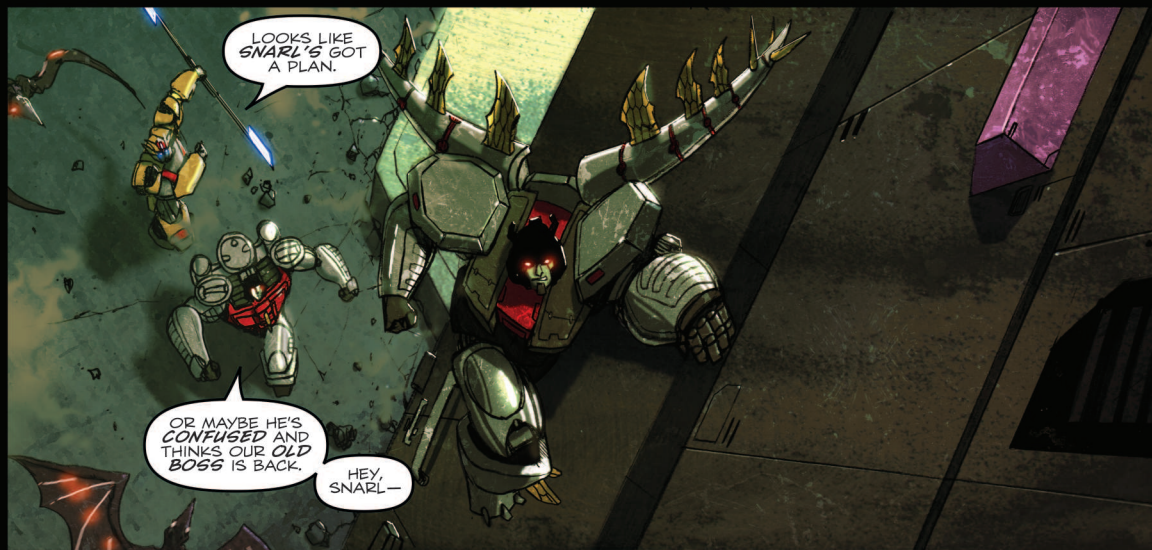
STRAFE.

SNARL.



TWENNY'S  
AS HIGH AS  
I CAN COUNT,  
AND I PASSED  
IT A WHILE  
BACK.

SLUDGE.



LOOKS LIKE  
SNARL'S GOT  
A PLAN.

OR MAYBE HE'S  
CONFUSED AND  
THINKS OUR OLD  
BOSS IS BACK.

HEY,  
SNARL—









—THAT AIN'T  
GRIMLOCK!

THE ATAVISTIC MONSTER CALLED  
**TRYPTICON** LIVED AGAIN... AND  
**RAMPAGED** TOWARD **IACON**,  
CYBERTRON'S SOLE REMAINING CITY.

THE WORLD HAS BEEN  
IN PERIL BEFORE—  
AND WOULD BE **AGAIN**.

CYBERTRON'S **LIFE** WAS  
NOT AT STAKE THAT DAY.

THIS WAS A  
BATTLE FOR  
ITS **SOUL**...

...AND FOR  
**THEIRS**.





CAN'T...

LONG...

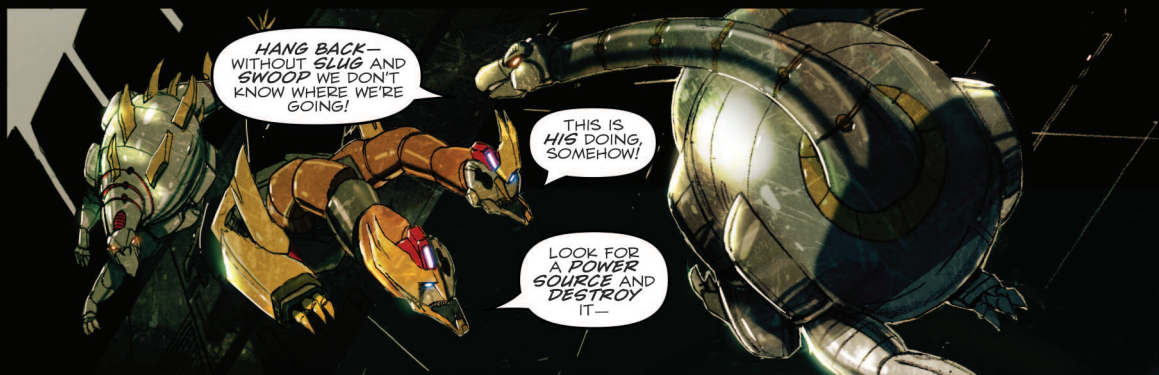
HOLD IT...

THE **MONSTER** DID NOT  
RECOGNIZE THE BEING  
HOLDING ITS **JAW**...



...BUT IT  
**RESPECTED**  
THE EFFORT.

NOW'S  
OUR **CHANCE**,  
SLUDGE!



**HANG BACK—**  
WITHOUT **SLUG** AND  
**SWOOP** WE DON'T  
KNOW WHERE WE'RE  
GOING!

THIS IS  
**HIS** DOING,  
SOMEHOW!

LOOK FOR A  
**POWER**  
**SOURCE** AND  
**DESTROY**  
IT—



—I'M GOING  
TO FIND  
**BLUDGEON**...

...AND PAY  
HIM BACK  
FOR WHAT  
HE TURNED  
ME **INTO**!



THE BEAST  
KNEW THE  
NAME...

...CAN'T  
HOLD  
ON—!

...**BLUDGEON**.

AND TRYPTICON'S  
BREATH **BURNED**  
WITH **RAGE**.



## TYGER PAX. EARLIER THAT MORNING.

SLUG'S JOURNAL,  
AUTORECORDING:

WE'VE SPENT *MONTHS*  
LOOKING FOR HIM.

AND WHAT DO  
WE HAVE TO  
*SHOW* FOR IT?

THIS PLACE  
LOOKS THE  
SAME AS THE  
*OTHERS*, BOSS.  
WE'RE WASTING  
OUR TIME.

SWOOP.

ENOUGH  
OF THAT  
TALK—

—I CAN *FEEL*  
BLUDGEON'S  
PRESENCE.

THIS AIN'T  
THE *FIRST* OF  
YOUR HUNCHES,  
STRAFE. SO FAR  
WE'VE COME UP  
*EMPTY*.

MEBBE  
HE'S  
*DEAD*.

SLUG.

EVEN *SLUDGE* ISN'T  
DUMB ENOUGH TO  
BELIEVE HIS WORDS...

...BUT SNARL *DEFINITELY*  
DOESN'T BUY IT.

HIS NOSE TWITCHES,  
HIS EYES DART TO  
A *CADMIUM RIDGE*.

HE DOESN'T NEED  
TO SAY A *THING*.

OKAY...  
*ROBOT MODES*,  
DINOBOOTS...

...WE'RE  
GOING IN.

SOLUS'  
FORGE...

...MORE  
*SWEEPS*...





...JUST AS DEAD AS THE REST.

YOU GOTTA HAND IT TO *BLUDGEON*...

...THE GUY KNOWS HOW TO *DECORATE*.



HE'S HARVESTING THEIR *SPARKS*. THIS FELLA WAS GONNA BE NEXT.

ADD 'EM TO THE *FILE*, I GUESS.

COLLECT *SIX MORE* AND MAYBE WE CAN TRADE 'EM IN FOR A *CYCLONUS*.

THIS ISN'T A JOKING MATTER, SWOOP.

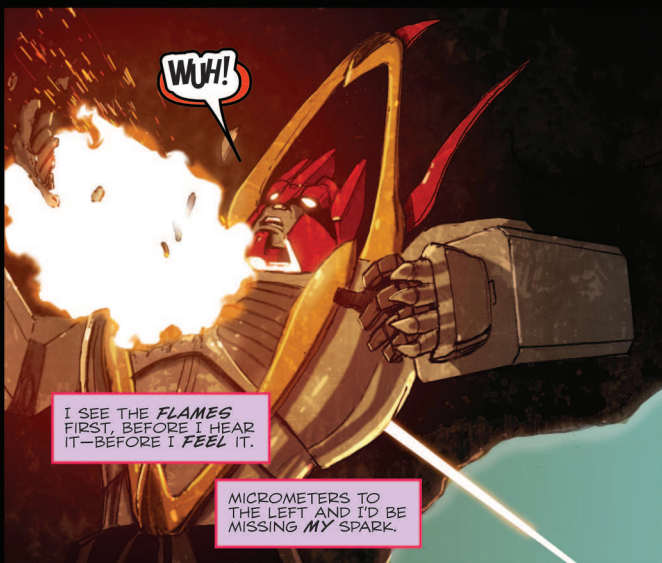
THIS *PURPLE LIQUID* IS THE SAME MUTATED ENERGERON THAT TOOK MY *LIFE* AWAY...



...THAT *CHANGED* ME—

INTO ONE OF US, STRAFE. THERE'S *WORSE* THINGS TO BE.

NOT *MANY*, BUT—



*WUH!*

I SEE THE *FLAMES* FIRST, BEFORE I HEAR IT—BEFORE I *FEEL* IT.

MICROMETERS TO THE LEFT AND I'D BE MISSING *MY SPARK*.



*SNARL* AND *SLUDGE* DON'T MISS A BEAT. THEY RETURN FIRE—*LITERALLY*.

GET 'EM, BOYS.

I'VE BEEN HIT *BEFORE*—THERE'LL BE TIME TO TAKE STOCK *LATER*.





THERE'S ALWAYS TIME.

AURRGHUUH!

OKAY... THAT HURTS.



MOVE IT, SLUG!

YOU'RE IN THE KILLZONE!



IN THE KILLED ZONE...

...REGROUP OUTSIDE—I'M RIGHT BEHIND.

STRAFE GOT MUTATED—BUT SO DID ALL OF US. WE GOT BETTER. *MOSTLY.*



SLUG...

GO!

A PART OF US STAYED BESTIAL.



BREATHING FIRE IS JUST THE *SURFACE* OF IT.

THE SECOND BLAST—HIT MY *SPARK*, BAD... BUT ALSO HIT MY *COMBUSTION CHAMBER*.

THE PHLOGISTON STARTS TO *OXIDIZE*.



SEEN TOO MANY 'BOTS GO OUT IN FLAMES...

...BUT I CAN'T LET BLUDGEON KEEP THE *MUTATED ENERCON*.



I ALWAYS KNEW BEING A DINOBOT WOULD BE THE *DEATH* OF M—

SLUG!





WELL, THAT'S CERTAINLY NOT GOING WELL.

IACON. NOW.



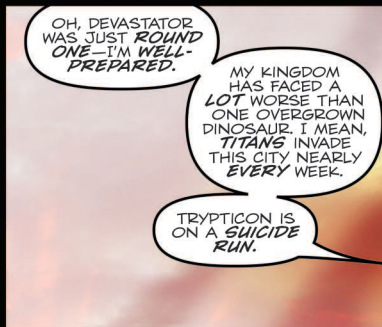
EVEN KNOWING TRYPTICON...

...I THOUGHT DEVASTATOR WOULD PUT UP MORE OF A FIGHT.

HOW ARE YOU SO BLASE ABOUT THIS?

STARSCREAM.

SWIFT.



OH, DEVASTATOR WAS JUST **ROUND ONE**—I'M WELL-PREPARED.

MY KINGDOM HAS FACED A LOT WORSE THAN ONE OVERGROWN DINOSAUR. I MEAN, **TITANS** INVADE THIS CITY NEARLY EVERY WEEK.

TRYPTICON IS ON A **SUICIDE RUN**.



PERHAPS THE CREATURE IS MERELY A **DISTRACTION**.

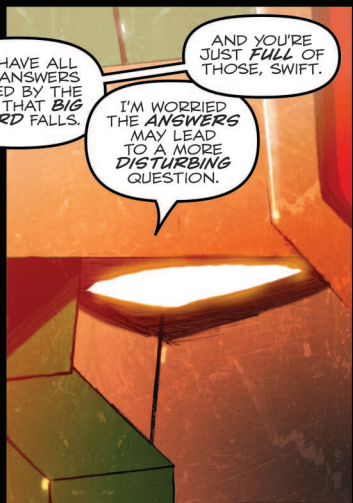
THE **SPARKS** ARE—



WELL, IT CERTAINLY **DISTRACTED** FROM **OUR** LITTLE CHAT, SWIFT.

I ALREADY HAVE AN AGENT IN **ALYON** CHECKING ON OUR **SPARKS**.

I'LL HAVE ALL THE **ANSWERS** I NEED BY THE TIME THAT **BIG LIZARD** FALLS.



AND YOU'RE JUST **FULL** OF THOSE, SWIFT.

I'M WORRIED THE **ANSWERS** MAY LEAD TO A MORE **DISTURBING** QUESTION.



## THE SPARK FIELD IN ALYON. YESTERDAY.

THE JOURNAL  
OF EMPEROR  
STARGSCREAM  
THE FIRST  
RULER OF  
CYBERTRON.

A SPARK FIELD—  
THE FIRST HINT OF  
NEW LIFE TO APPEAR  
ON CYBERTRON IN  
MILLIONS OF YEARS.

THE DINOBOTS FOUND  
THE SPARKS... SO CREDIT  
TO THEM, TOO BAD THEY  
MURDERED A BUNCH OF  
MY POLICE ON THE WAY.

SOMEONE  
HAS BEEN  
HERE, MY  
LORD.

UH-HUH.  
AND YOU HAVE  
PROOF?

YOUR  
BADGELESS  
HAVE BEEN...  
UNABLE TO  
CONFIRM MY  
SUSPICIONS.

UH-HUH.  
YOU THINK IT'S  
SLUDGE AND  
HIS REPTILE-  
BOTS?

FLATLINE.

THESE SPARKS ARE  
UNDETECTABLE BY  
ORDINARY SENSORS...  
MAKING THE  
SUSPECT LIST  
QUITE SMALL.

LIMITED, I WOULD  
SAY, TO THE  
DINOBOTS AND...  
BLUDGEON.

ALL OF  
WHOM ARE  
ADEPT AT  
EVADING YOUR  
SECRET  
POLICE.

HEY, DON'T  
BE SO HARD  
ON MY GUYS.

THEY'RE HERE  
FOR YOUR  
PROTECTION.  
AFTER ALL....

...YOU NEVER  
KNOW WHEN  
SOMEBODY'S  
GOING TO  
CRASH THE  
PARTY.

FLATLINE FORGOT  
ONE SUSPECT...





...BUT THEN, *SWIFT'S* NOT REALLY *FROM* AROUND HERE.

*BARRICADE* DIED TO LET LIFE BLOOM AGAIN—

—AND YOU'VE KEPT IT SECRET FOR *MONTHS!*

I'M *TIRED* OF YOUR EXCUSES!



YOU THINK I *WANT* TO KEEP THIS SECRET?

NOTHING WOULD MAKE ME HAPPIER THAN BEING THE LEADER WHO BROUGHT *LIFE* BACK TO CYBERTRON.

BUT EVEN *I'M* NOT CRAZY ENOUGH TO BRING *NEW TRANSFORMERS* INTO *THIS* CLIMATE.



OPTIMUS IS ANNEXING THINGS, OLD *PRIMES* ARE COMING OUT OF GRAVES TO *MURDER* US, AND A HERD OF *TITANS* JUST INVADED.

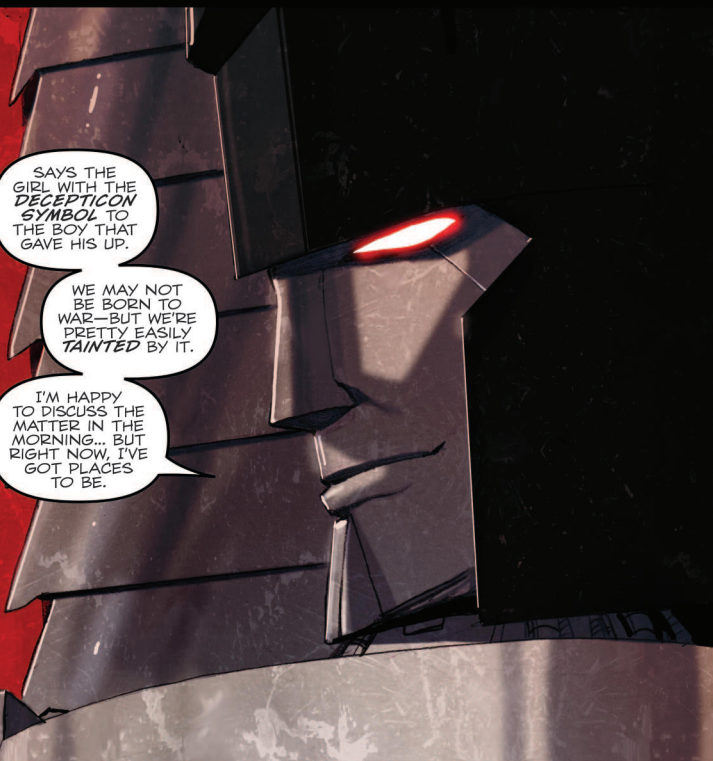
PLUS, DON'T FORGET WE'VE GOT *DINOBOOTS* KIDNAPPING PEOPLE AND CHASING MUTANT SCIENTISTS.



FOR PRIMUS' SAKE, WE'RE BARELY ABLE TO DEAL WITH YOU *COLONISTS*. LET ALONE A NEW GENERATION OF WAR-HUNGRY CYBERTRONIANS.



WE AREN'T *BORN* TO WAR.



SAYS THE GIRL WITH THE *DECEPTICON* SYMBOL TO THE BOY THAT GAVE HIS UP.

WE MAY NOT BE BORN TO WAR—BUT WE'RE PRETTY EASILY *TAINTED* BY IT.

I'M HAPPY TO DISCUSS THE MATTER IN THE MORNING... BUT RIGHT NOW, I'VE GOT PLACES TO BE.



OVER ALYON. NOW.

UH, GUYS...  
THIS IS  
SWOOP.

YOU READ  
ME? HOW COME  
YOU STOPPED  
ANSWERING MY  
SIGNALS?

I MADE  
IT TO THE  
SPARK  
FIELD...

...BUT I  
RECKON I  
WASN'T THE  
FIRST ONE.

THE SPARKS  
ARE GONE...  
INSTEAD WE GOT  
A WHOLE LOT OF  
DEAD COPS...

...GUESS  
STARSCREAM'S  
USING HIS  
BADGELESS  
TO GUARD THE  
SPARKS.

I SURE  
HOPE YOU  
GUYS ARE  
LISTENING.

HANG ON,  
NOW... I THINK  
ONE OF THESE  
STILL HAS  
SOME RED IN  
THE EYES.

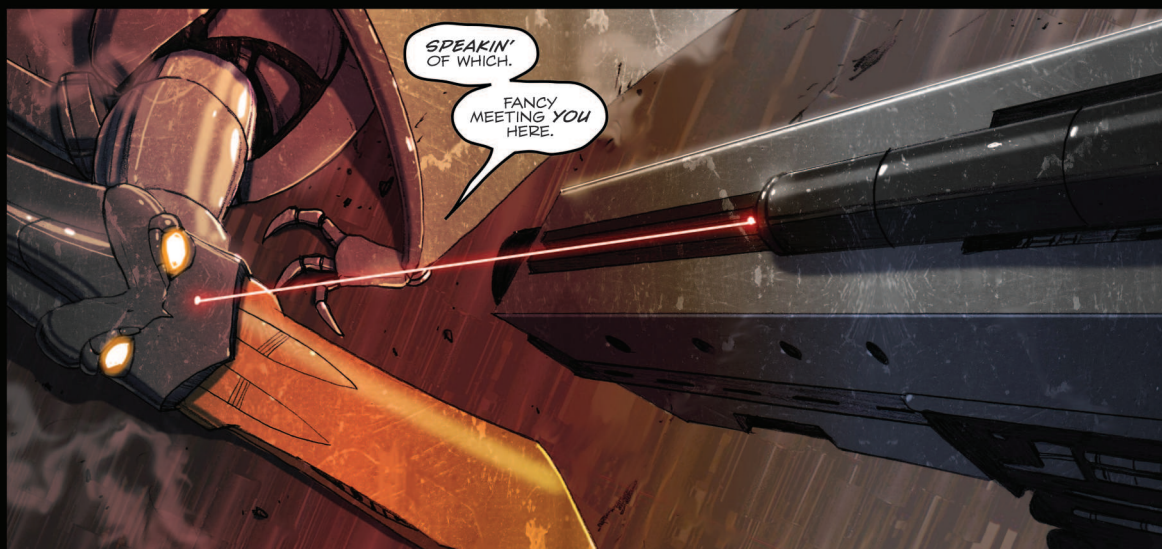
HUH. IT'S THAT  
DECEPTICON  
DOCTOR...

...FLATSCAN  
OR WHATEVER.

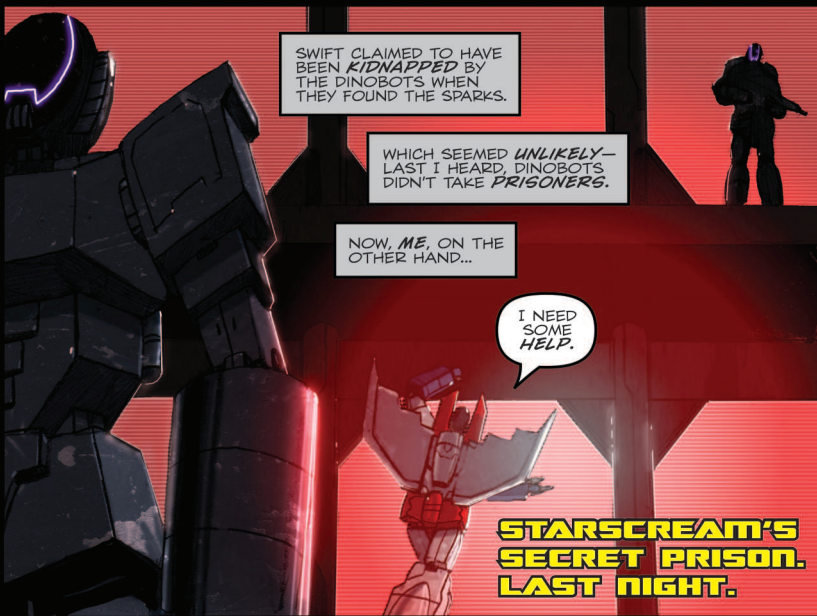
CHEST'S  
CUT OPEN BUT  
HIS SPARK'S  
INTACT...

YO, DOC!  
WHAT'S UP?









SWIFT CLAIMED TO HAVE BEEN **KIDNAPPED** BY THE DINOBOTS WHEN THEY FOUND THE SPARKS.

WHICH SEEMED **UNLIKELY**—LAST I HEARD, DINOBOTS DIDN'T TAKE **PRISONERS**.

NOW, **ME**, ON THE OTHER HAND...

I NEED SOME **HELP**.

**STARSCREAM'S SECRET PRISON. LAST NIGHT.**



AND YEAH, I GUESS IT'S **IRONIC** AFTER LOCKING YOU UP.

BUT THE **TARGETS** ARE TOUGH—AND DESPITE EVERYTHING THEY'VE DONE, THEY'RE **AUTOBOTS**.

THAT MEANS, WHEN PUSH COMES TO SHOVE, **OPTIMUS PRIME** WILL STAND ON THEIR SIDE.



BEING **LEADER** MEANS ALWAYS WATCHING YOUR **BACK**.

AND RIGHT NOW MY **BACK** IS FACING A **TON** OF PEOPLE WHO THINK OPTIMUS IS SOME KIND OF **MESSIAH**.

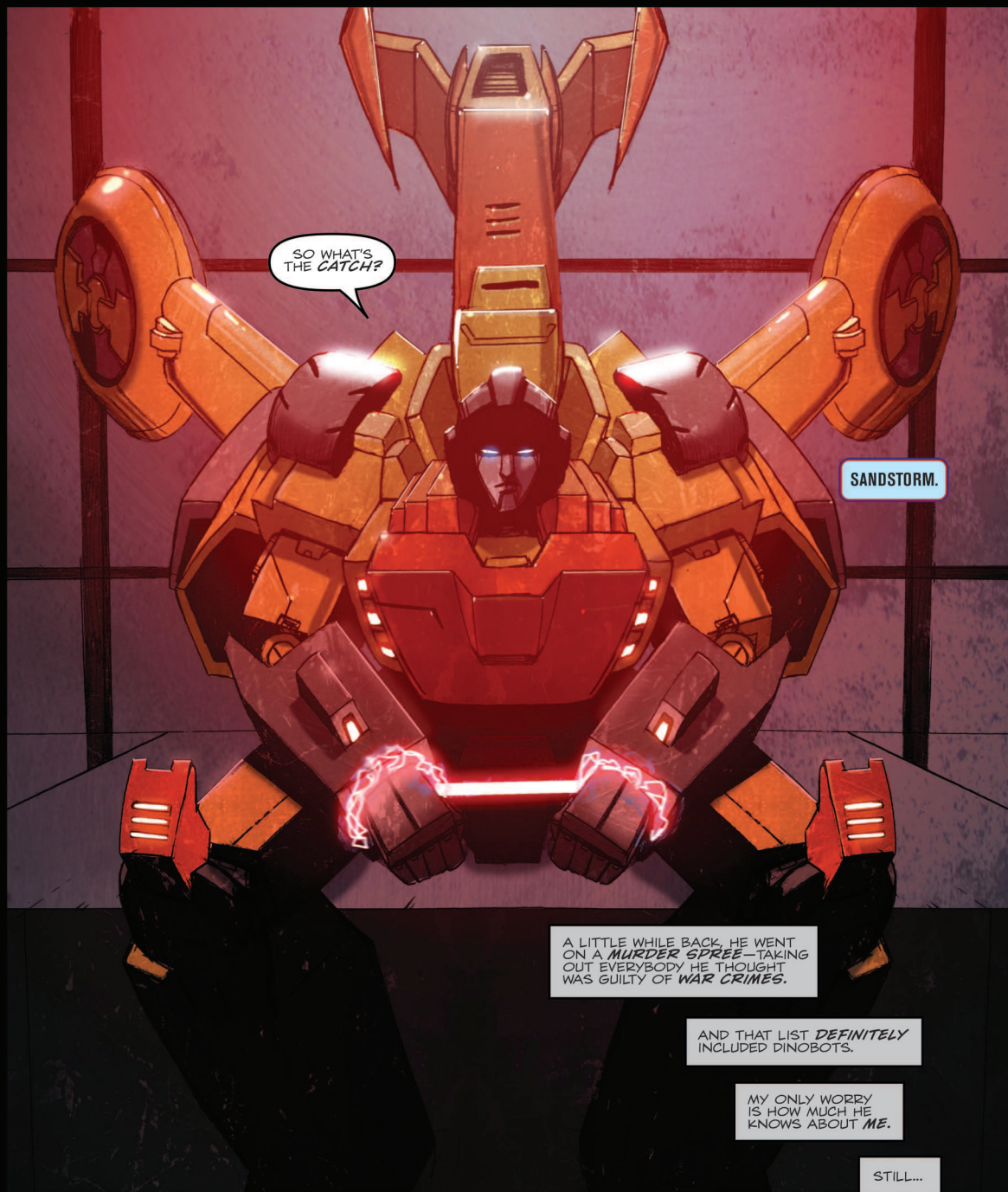
I ACT **AGAINST** HIM, THIS WHOLE **THING** FALLS APART.



AND I DIDN'T SPEND **FOUR MILLION YEARS** TAKING ABUSE FROM **MEGATRON** TO—

YOU WANT ME TO KILL THE **DINOBOTS**, AND IT'LL MAKE OPTIMUS PRIME **ANGRY**.





SO WHAT'S  
THE CATCH?

SANDSTORM.

A LITTLE WHILE BACK, HE WENT  
ON A *MURDER SPREE*—TAKING  
OUT EVERYBODY HE THOUGHT  
WAS GUILTY OF *WAR CRIMES*.

AND THAT LIST *DEFINITELY*  
INCLUDED DINOBOTS.

MY ONLY WORRY  
IS HOW MUCH HE  
KNOWS ABOUT *ME*.

STILL...



...*STRANGE*  
*BEDFELLOWS*  
AND ALL THAT.

ALL I ASK IS  
YOU LEAVE THIS  
*BEACON* SO I  
CAN COLLECT THE  
*BODIES* WHEN  
YOU'RE *DONE*.



**OUTSIDE IACON.  
NOW.**

TRYPTICON  
ADMIRER  
PERSISTENCE.

THE BEAST HAD  
SEEN EMPIRES *RISE*  
AND *FALL*—HEROES  
TURN TO *VILLAINS*  
AND *BACK AGAIN*.

I'M NOT  
DONE WITH  
YOU YET...

BUT IT WAS THE *LITTLE  
THINGS* HE APPRECIATED—THE  
*CYBERTRONIANS* WHO STOOD  
AGAINST IMPOSSIBLE ODDS.

WHA—?

OH, NO.

WHUUUUUUHHH—

—UNHKK!

NEVERTHELESS,  
TRYPTICON WAS  
COMPELLED  
FORWARD.





SWOOP?  
CAN YOU  
READ ME?

AW, BOLTS. I  
THINK WE LOST  
CONTACT.

IT'S  
DOWN  
TO US,  
BUDDY.

**INSIDE.**

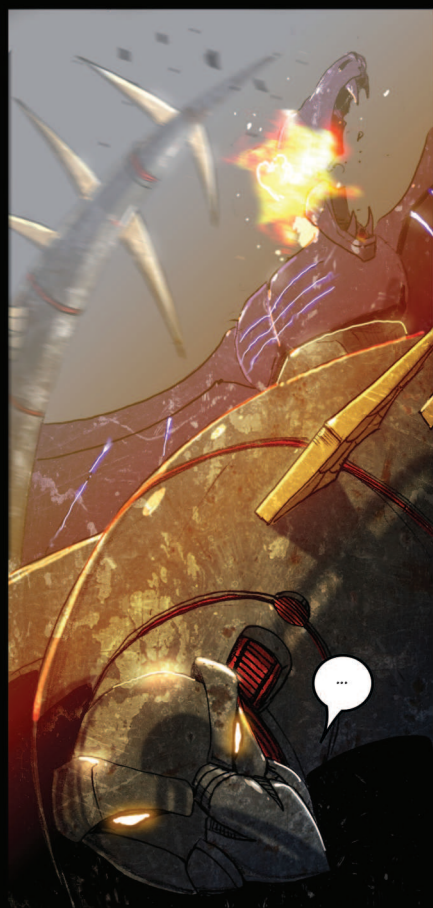


SCANNER  
SAYS THE  
BIGGEST  
ENERGY  
SOURCE IS  
THIS WAY...

...I THINK.

WITHOUT SLUG,  
GRIMLOCK, AN'  
SWOOP...

...WE'RE JUST  
A COUPLE OF  
BIG DUMB  
DINOSAURS.



...



YEAH,  
SNARL—  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT!

WHO  
CARES  
WHAT'S THE  
RIGHT WAY  
OR THE  
WRONG  
WAY—



—DINOBOOTS  
JUST BLAST A  
HOLE AND MAKE  
OUR OWN WAY.

HOPEFULLY  
STRAFE'S  
DOIN' THE  
SAME.





SOLUS' FORGE...

...ARE THESE VEINS?

IS THIS WHAT WINDBLADE SEES EVERY TIME SHE ENTERS A *TITAN*?

HM. IS TRYPTICON EVEN A *TITAN*? I THOUGHT THEY FOLLOWED THE WILL OF *PRIMUS*.

THIS CREATURE SEEMS LIKE A SERVANT OF...



ENOUGH SIGHTSEEING.



I'M A *DINOBOT* NOW. FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

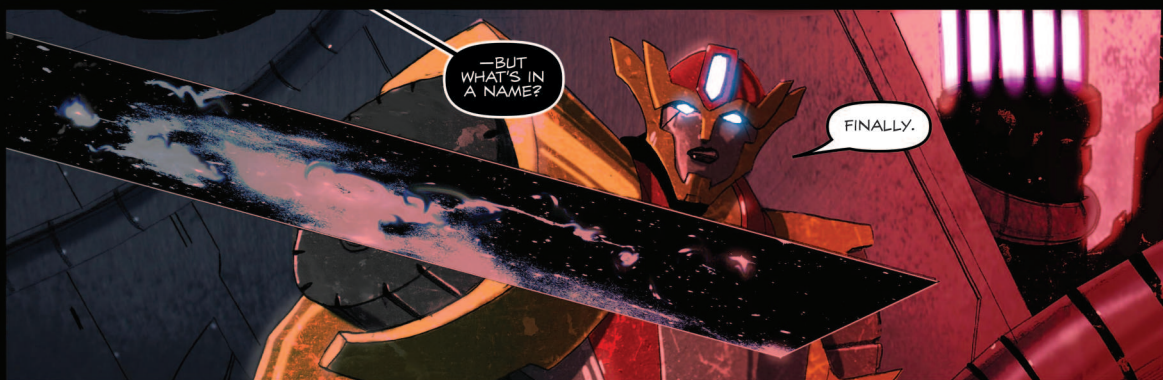
AND WE MAKE OUR OWN PATHS.

PRIMUS...



...I GUESS HE *IS* A *TITAN*.

PERHAPS—



—BUT WHAT'S IN A NAME?

FINALLY.



SANDSTORM'S  
BATTLE DIARY:

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG  
TO FIGURE OUT WHO  
THE DINOBOTS WERE  
AFTER... OR WHERE  
THEY WERE LOOKING.

ALYON.  
THAT MORNING.

I POSITIONED MYSELF  
A FEW *KLICKS* AWAY  
AND TRIED *PICKING*  
THEM OFF.

UNFORTUNATELY,  
THE FIRST ONE  
DIDN'T DIE *QUIET*.

THE DINOBOTS  
ARE *GOOD*.

WHEN SLUG  
*EXPLODED*,  
THE REST  
GOT AWAY  
CLEAN.

RELATIVELY.

I START TRACKING  
*MICRO-ABITATIONS*  
IN AIR MOLECULES—  
AND SOMETHING  
*BIG* SHOWS UP.

WHAT'S UNUSUAL IS THERE'S  
NO CORRESPONDINGLY  
LARGE *ENERGY* READING.

THAT SUGGESTS SOMEBODY'S  
*HIDING* SOMETHING.

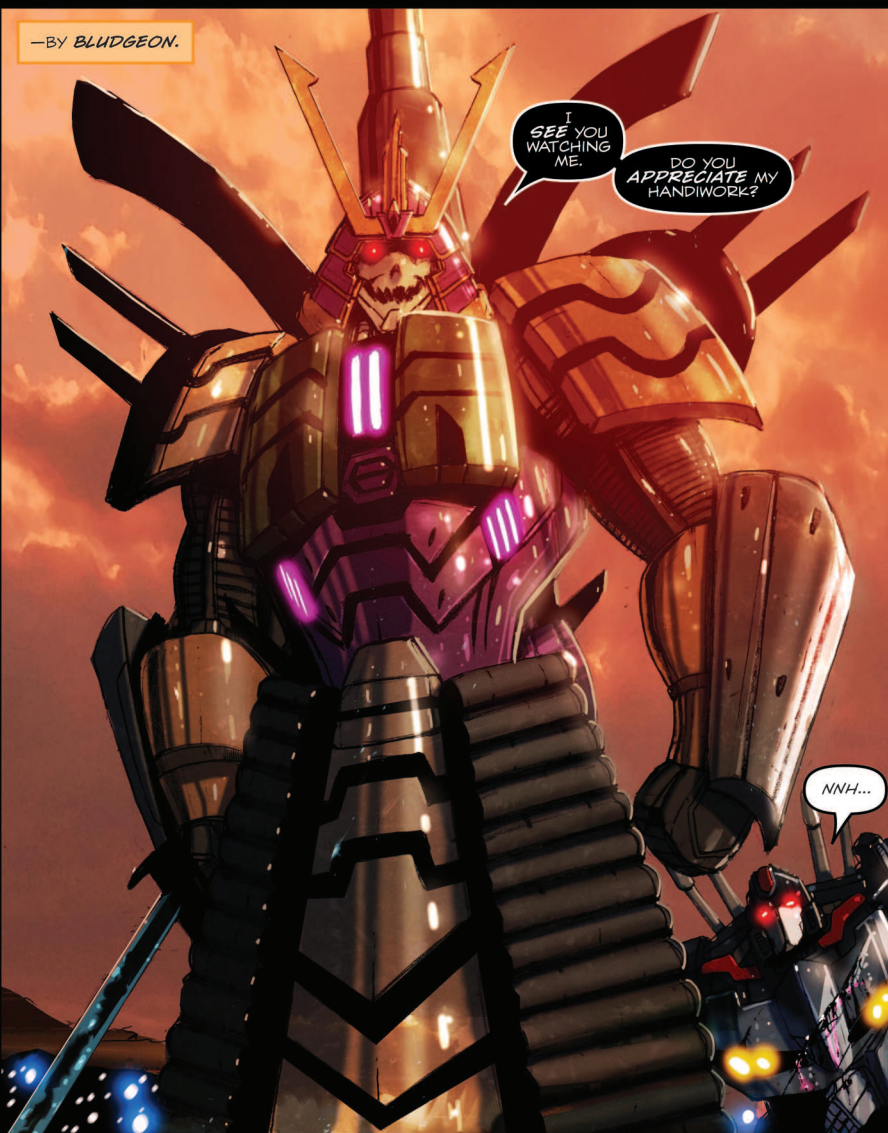
SO I TAKE A LOOK,  
AND FIND MYSELF ON  
THE OUTSKIRTS OF  
A *SPARK FIELD*—

—THE FIRST ONE  
I'VE SEEN SINCE  
I WAS *FORGED*.

OH, AND A BUNCH  
OF *COPS* ARE  
GETTING KILLED—



—BY *BLUDGEON.*



I  
*SEE* YOU  
WATCHING  
ME.

DO YOU  
*APPRECIATE* MY  
HANDIWORK?

NNH...



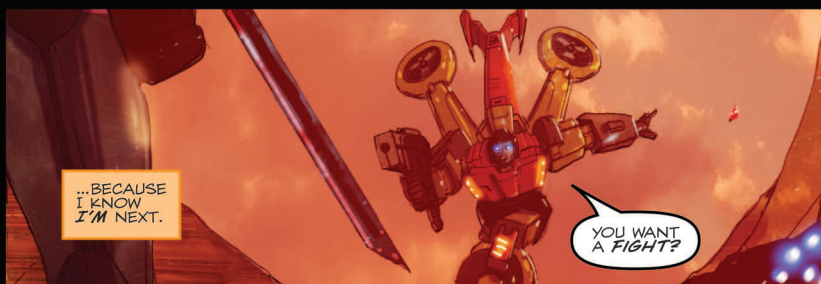
PLEASE  
DOCTOR.

DO *NOT*  
INTERRUPT.

HUNGGGK!

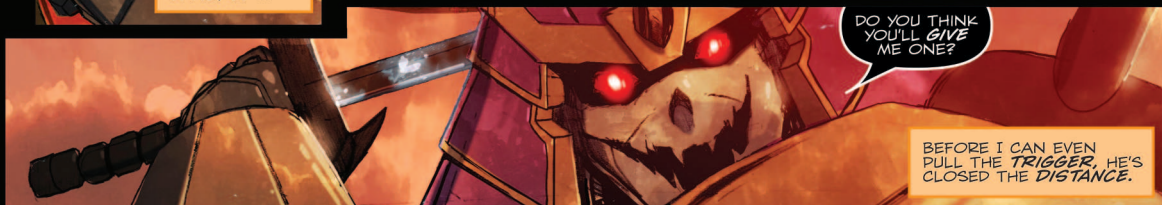


I ACTIVATE THE  
TRACKER...



...BECAUSE  
I KNOW  
I'M NEXT.

YOU WANT  
A FIGHT?



DO YOU THINK  
YOU'LL *GIVE*  
ME ONE?

BEFORE I CAN EVEN  
PULL THE *TRIGGER*, HE'S  
CLOSED THE *DISTANCE*.

AND THAT'S THE *LAST THING* I REMEMBER.



UNTIL I HEAR *THIS*  
GUY FLAPPING  
AROUND ABOVE ME.

GUESS *BLUDGEON* DECIDED  
I WASN'T WORTH KILLING.

WHY ARE  
YOU *HERE*,  
DINOBOT?

HNNH.

**ALYON. NOW.**

YOU  
KILLED  
*SLUG*.

HIS *PAST*  
CAUGHT UP  
WITH HIM.

AND THAT'S  
*NOT* AN  
ANSWER.

THIS MORNING,  
THERE WAS A  
*SPARK FIELD*  
HERE.

YOU GOT  
ANYTHING TO  
TELL ME?

OR ARE YOU  
READY TO GO  
*OUT* THE WAY  
YOU *LIVED*?

THE  
DINOBOOTS  
DID *BAD*  
THINGS,  
SURE.

BUT WE THOUGHT  
THERE MIGHT BE A  
*CHANCE* FOR THE  
*NEXT GENERATION*  
OF CYBERTRONIANS...

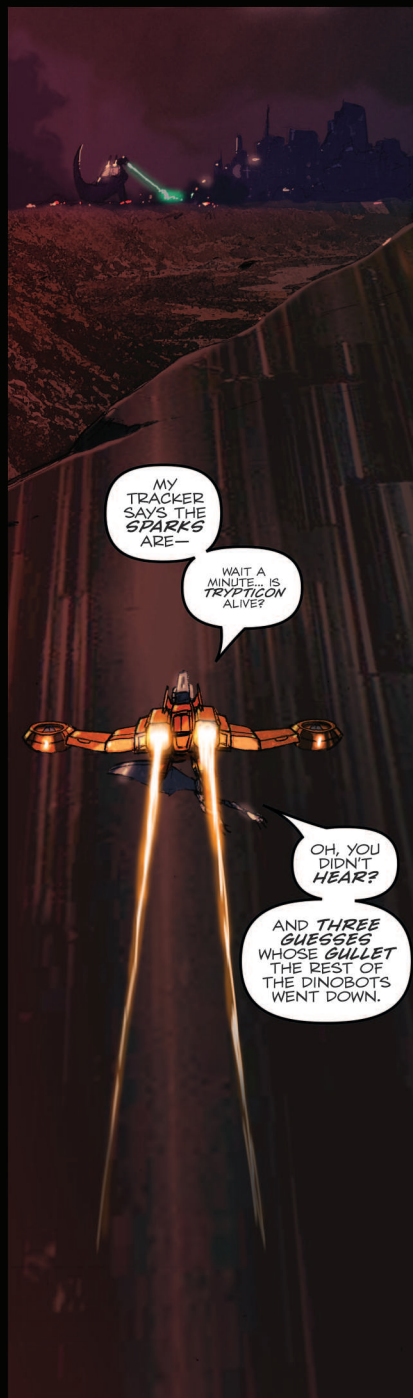
...WE WANTED  
TO KEEP PEOPLE  
LIKE *BLUDGEON*  
AWAY FROM THE  
*SPARKS*.

GOOD  
JOB.

YOU DESERVE  
WHAT'S COMING  
TO YOU,  
DINOBOT—BUT  
THOSE SPARKS  
*DO* DESERVE A  
CHANCE.

AND I DID  
SOMETHING  
THAT MIGHT  
HELP *US*  
HELP *THEM*.







**MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO...**

**A TIME OF LEGENDS...**

And from the wellspring did the beast emerge...

...the archaean behemoth  
black against the glow of life.

And the creature did  
roar a eukarian roar.

Destruction was  
made manifest...



...and his master declared it good.

The scepter of all voids  
did Mortilus raise and  
a word did he speak.

Death was his command.



Thus did the Titans  
rise again, and  
anoint a champion.

And thus did Metroplex raise arms.

And the sky shook and the  
ground quaked and Trypticon  
was sealed away...

...beneath the plains of Toraxxis.





SO SAY THE  
**LEGENDS.**

TRYPTICON ROSE  
AGAIN, DURING  
THE WAR.



THE BEAST-TITAN STOOD  
WITH THE **DECEPTICON**  
**REBELS**, EVEN AS  
METROPLEX JOINED  
WITH THE **AUTOBOTS**.

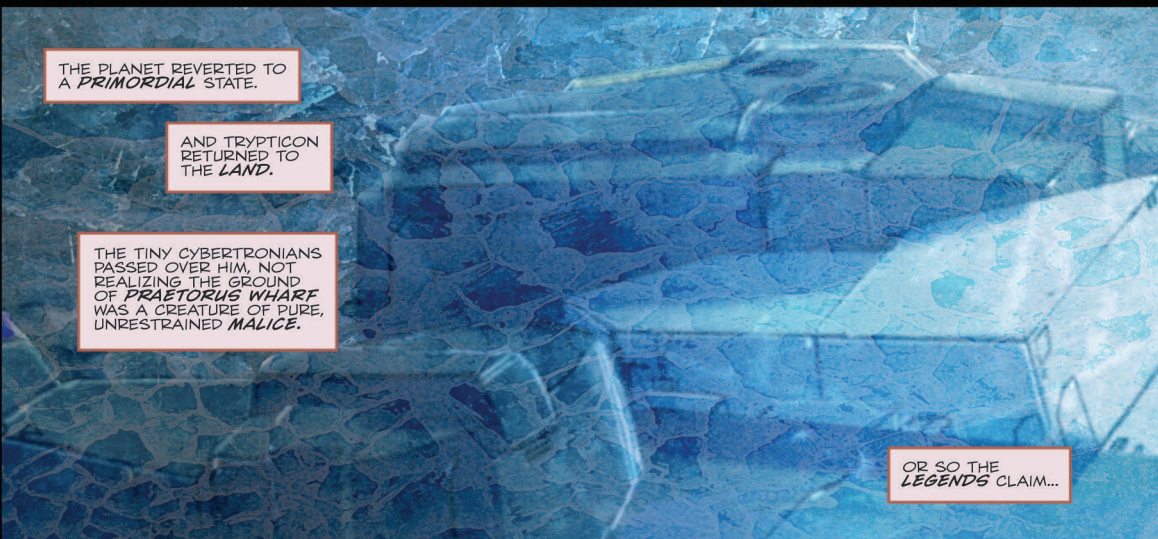
THE TWO FOUGHT ONCE  
MORE, **CHAOS** TRADING  
BLOWS WITH **ORDER**.

THE RESULTS PROVED  
**INCONCLUSIVE**.



TRYPTICON CAME HOME AS  
THE WAR NEARED ITS **END**.

HE WAS **ALONE**  
WHEN **CHAOS**  
STRUCK IN A  
FORM GREATER  
THAN HIS **OWN**.



THE PLANET REVERTED TO  
A **PRIMORDIAL** STATE.

AND TRYPTICON  
RETURNED TO  
THE **LAND**.

THE TINY CYBERTRONIANS  
PASSED OVER HIM, NOT  
REALIZING THE GROUND  
OF **PRAETORUS WHARF**  
WAS A CREATURE OF PURE,  
UNRESTRAINED **MALICE**.

OR SO THE  
**LEGENDS** CLAIM...





...BUT TRYPTICON NEVER PAID ANY MIND TO *STORIES*.

FINE. LOOKS LIKE THIS IS GONNA BE A TOUGH ONE.

INVADERS, ON THE OTHER HAND...

now.



PERHAPS TRYPTICON *DID* WAIT SO LONG TO GIVE HIS ATTACKERS A *CHANCE*.

I GOT THIS!

YOU HEAR ME, STARScream?

IT HAD BEEN A *LONG WHILE* SINCE TRYPTICON HAD FACED A *CHALLENGE*.



AND TRYPTICON WONDERED IF HE WOULD *EVER* HAVE THE SENSATION AGAIN.

CHOMP

AIIIGH!

BUT FOR A BEAST SUPPOSEDLY BUILT OF PURE *MALICE*...



...TRYPTICON SHOWED UNCOMMON *MERCY*.

UH... MAYBE IT'S TIME TO *RETREAT*.



TRYPTICON LOOKED AT HIS *GOAL*...

...AND FELT, ALONG WITH THE DINOBOOTS, A *HOLLOW SADNESS* INSIDE.





SO YOU FOUND A **BIGGER** DINOSAUR, BLUDGEON.

DO NOT SELL YOURSELF SHORT, CAMIEN. I AM **IMPRESSED** WITH WHAT I **MADE** OF YOU.

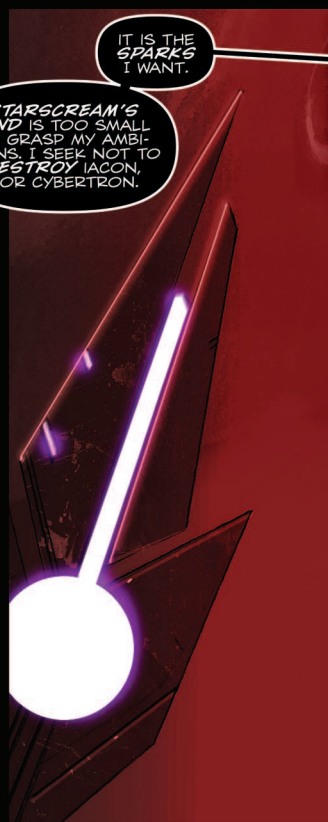
YOU ARE **BRUTAL** AND **BESTIAL**...



...THE KEY ELEMENTS OF A **TRUE** CYBERTRONIAN.

WE **THRIVE** ON WAR... AND TRYPTICON IS THAT PHILOSOPHY GIVEN **SHAPE**.

**STARSCREAM'S** MIND IS TOO SMALL TO GRASP MY AMBITIONS. I SEEK NOT TO **DESTROY** IACON, NOR CYBERTRON.



IT IS THE **SPARKS** I WANT.



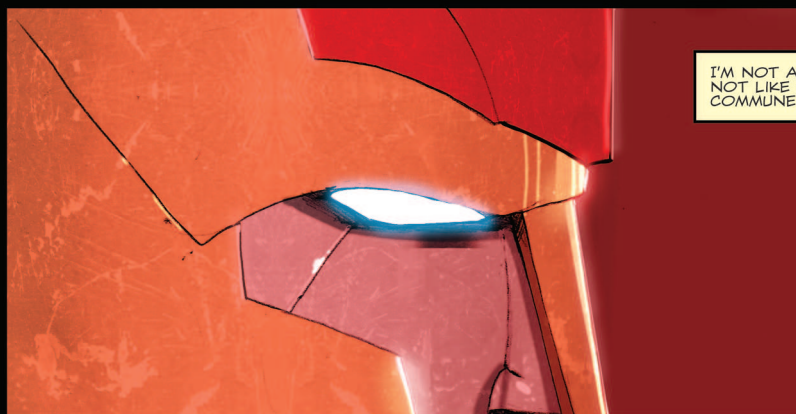
A **NEW GENERATION**, READY TO BE MOLDED INTO A PURE FORM.

I SHALL USE TRYPTICON TO TAKE THE SPARKS TO THE **STARS**.

TRYPTICON'S **BLOOD**—THE SAME THAT ALTERED **YOU** AND THE **DINOBOTS**—SHALL FUEL THE SPARKS... MAKE THEM LIKE **US**.

I'M ABOUT TO TELL BLUDGEON HE HAS **NO RIGHT**, WHEN I NOTICE IT.

THE GLOW FROM TRYPTICON'S **BRAIN**.



I'M NOT A **CITYSPEAKER**—NOT LIKE WINDBLADE. I CAN'T COMMUNE WITH A **TITAN**.

BUT I **WAS** A MEMBER OF THE **FORGEFIRE PARLIAMENT** ON CAMINUS. AND WINDBLADE TAUGHT ME ENOUGH THAT I CAN SEE...

...SOMETHING IS **WRONG** WITH TRYPTICON.





DOES YOUR  
SILENCE  
INDICATE  
INTEREST?

LIKE *ALL*  
TITANS...  
TRYPTICON  
HAS AN  
ABILITY.



ONE THAT LAY  
DORMANT...

...UNTIL I  
CONNECTED  
THE SWEEPS'  
AND BADGELESS'  
*SPARKS* TO  
TRYPTICON'S  
*BRAIN*.



NOW, TRYPTICON'S  
*SPACEBRIDGE*  
SHALL ACTIVATE...

...UNDER THE  
CONTROL OF THE  
*VOID SCEPTER*  
I BUILT, USING  
*ANCIENT TALES*  
AS MY GUIDE.



THEN...  
TRYPTICON IS  
UNDER *YOUR*  
CONTROL.

YOU'VE  
*ENSLAVED*  
ANOTHER LIVING  
CREATURE!

I THOUGHT  
MY WORDS WERE  
*CLEAR*...



...YES, THAT  
IS *PRECISELY*  
WHAT I HAVE  
DONE.



AND WHEN  
*STARSCREAM*  
AND THE *PRIME* AND  
*WINDBLADE* AND THE  
*OTHERS* BELIEVE  
ME DEFEATED...

...WHEN I TAKE  
TRYPTICON AND  
THE *SPARKS* TO  
THE *STARS*...

...I SHALL  
ENSLAVE THE  
*GALAXY*—IN  
THE NAME OF  
*CYBERTRON*.



**PRAETORUS WHARF.  
THAT MORNING.**

STRAFE  
DOES NOT  
UNDERSTAND.

NONE OF THEM DO; I AM  
ACCUSTOMED TO THIS.

AS MY *SWEEPS*  
CARRIED THE  
*SPARKS* TOWARD  
THEIR NEW HOME  
I CONTEMPLATED  
MY ISOLATION.

JHIAKUS WOULD  
HAVE UNDERSTOOD  
ME... I WISH I COULD  
HAVE *KNOWN* HIM.

PERHAPS HIS STUDENT,  
*SHOCKWAVE*, GRASPED  
MY ENDEAVORS... IN HIS  
*LIMITED* WAY.

WE ALL WANTED  
TO REMAKE THE  
*UNIVERSE* FOR  
THE GOOD OF  
CYBERTRON.

AND THIS  
REQUIRES  
*SACRIFICE*.

I NEVER *WANTED* MY  
LIFE TO BE LIKE THIS.

AND YET...

...TO *SEE* THE  
GREATNESS OF  
TRYPTICON...

...TO *CONTROL* IT...

...I WOULD GIVE  
ANY NUMBER  
OF LIVES.

ESPECIALLY MY OWN.



now.

IT'S  
STOPPED.

YOU KNOW,  
THAT ALWAYS  
*SEEMS* LIKE A  
GOOD SIGN...

...BUT IT  
NEVER IS.

THE SPARKS  
ARE *INSIDE*,  
AREN'T THEY?

YEAH.  
AND SO  
ARE WE.

A TRAIL  
OF DEAD.

LOOKS LIKE  
THE *DINO*BOTS  
WERE HERE.

*YOU'RE*  
ONE TO TALK,  
SANDSTORM.

I JUST  
HOPE THEY  
DIDN'T SCREW  
THIS UP.

THE *BEACON*  
SAYS THE SPARKS  
ARE THIS WAY.

THEN LET'S  
GET THIS *OVER*  
WITH SO WE CAN  
GET BACK TO OUR  
*BUSINESS*.

SPEAKING OF  
WHICH, SOME OF  
THOSE *BODIES*  
ARE STILL ALIVE.

MIND IF  
WE MAKE A  
QUICK *STOP*  
OURSELVES?

HEY,  
GUYS!





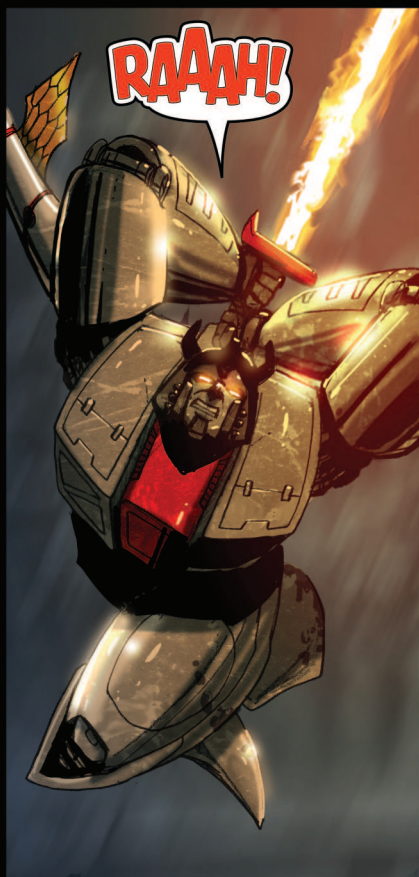
SWOOP?  
HOWDJA GET  
HERE?!

AND IS THAT...  
SANDSTORM?!



TURNS  
OUT HE GOT  
*LOOSE*  
AND KILLED  
SLUG—

—AND WE'RE  
GONNA HAVE TO  
FIGHT IT OUT,  
BUT *FIRST*—



**RAAAH!**



WAIT!  
WE HAVE  
TO—

**HAAHGH!**

I PROBABLY  
COULD HAVE  
*PHRASED* THAT  
BETTER.



STOP,  
YOU IDIOT!  
WE HAVE  
TO—

**SKRACH**



OKAY. WELL,  
THIS ISN'T  
GOING WELL.

SLUDGE,  
OLD BOY, IT  
TURNS OUT  
BLUDGEON  
STOLE ALL  
THE...



...ALL  
THE...

...THE...

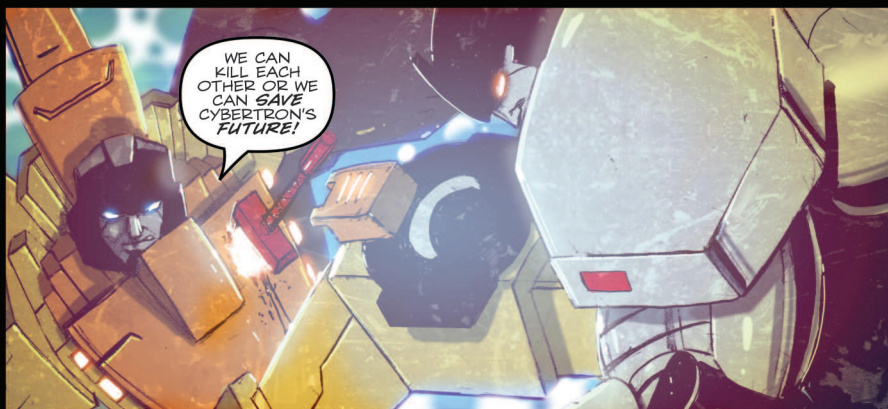
...OH,  
PRIMUS...





...LOOKS LIKE  
WE FOUND THE  
**SPARKS.**

**LISTEN**  
TO ME...  
**NOW'S NOT**  
THE TIME.



WE CAN  
KILL EACH  
OTHER OR WE  
CAN **SAVE**  
CYBERTRON'S  
**FUTURE!**



DON'T  
OFFER SNARL  
A CHOICE!

HE'LL PICK  
THE **WRONG**  
ONE!

THAT  
GUY KILLED  
**SLUG?**

WHAT ARE  
YOU **DOIN'**  
WITH HIM?

IT'S  
A LONG  
STORY...



...WITH A  
LOT OF  
MOVING  
PARTS.

AS I  
**PREDICTED.**

LETTING  
**SANDSTORM**  
LIVE TAKES CARE  
OF MY **DINOBOT**  
PROBLEM.



I'M YOUR  
DINOBOT  
PROBLEM.

CYBERTRONIANS  
AREN'T **JUST**  
ABOUT WAR... WE  
CAN BE **BETTER.**



YOU THINK  
WE CAN  
**CHANGE?**

WELL, YOU  
**HEARD** HER,  
TRYPTICON—  
**CHANGE!**





"SHOW THEM  
*WHY* WE FIGHT!"



"NOT TO  
*DESTROY*  
CYBERTRON..."



"...BUT TO *HONOR* IT!"



"TO RAISE THE  
*CYBERTRONIAN*  
FLAG ACROSS  
ALL WORLDS!"

I BET THIS  
IS *NOT* IN  
OUR BEST  
INTERESTS.



AND *RAZE*  
THE WORLDS  
THAT STAND  
IN OUR WAY!

ARE YOU,  
STRAFE...?

DON'T DO  
THIS. I'M  
*WARNING*  
YOU.



IT IS THE *REST*  
OF THE UNIVERSE  
THAT NEEDS TO  
BE *WARNED*...

...THOUGH  
NOTHING WILL  
STOP THE  
DAWN OF MY  
EMPIRE!

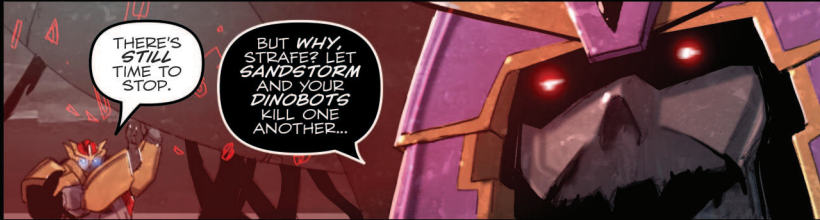




WHO SHALL FALL FIRST?

PLOT A COURSE, TRYPTICON.

THE GALACTIC COUNCIL HOMELAND? THE SOLSTAR ORDER? ARLANDIA?



THERE'S STILL TIME TO STOP.

BUT WHY, STRAFE? LET SANDSTORM AND YOUR DINOBOYS KILL ONE ANOTHER...



YOU MURDERER!

DIE! DIE!

SLUDGE! DON'T DO IT!



I WANTED TO SAVE CYBERTRON ONE LAST TIME...

...BUT IF I GOT TO GO DOWN...

...THERE'S NOWHERE I'D RATHER BE!



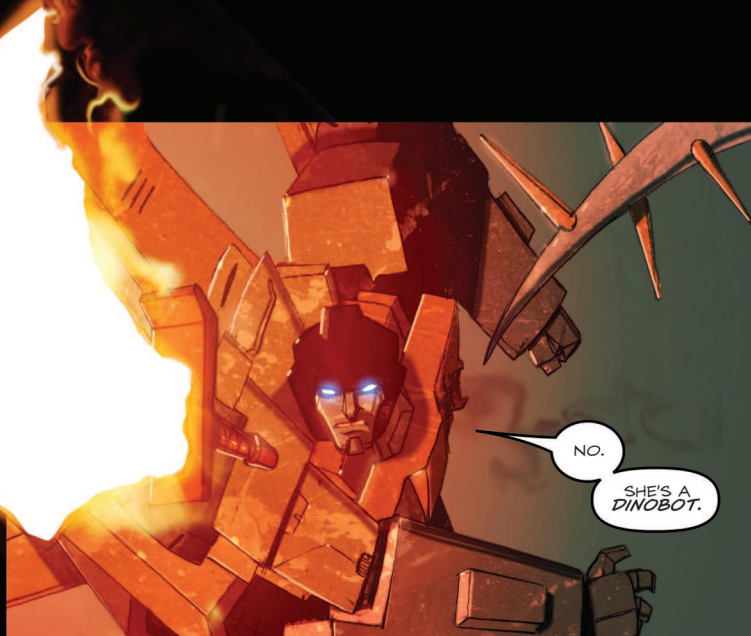
YOU THINK ME TOO DISTRACTED TO NOTICE YOUR EFFORTS, STRAFE?

WHAT DO YOU HOPE TO ACCOMPLISH? TO CONVINCE THIS ANTE-DILUVIAN BRUTE TO FOLLOW THE PATH OF PEACE?

MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO I FOUND THIS CREATURE AND MADE IT A DECEPTICON. TRYPTICON IS NO PACIFIST, STRAFE...

...AND YOU ARE NO CITY SPEAKER.





NO.

SHE'S A  
DINOBOT.



WHAT—?!

THE VOID  
SCEPTER!



WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
DONE?!

MADE YOU TOO  
DISTRACTED  
TO NOTICE OUR  
EFFORTS.

YOU  
TELL  
'IM!



NOT SO  
DISTRACTED  
I CAN'T KILL  
YOU ALL.

HWIFF!



WITHOUT YOUR  
SCEPTER...

...TRYPTICON'S  
BACK IN CONTROL.

OF HIS  
BODY...



...AND HIS  
BRIDGE.



TRYPTICON.

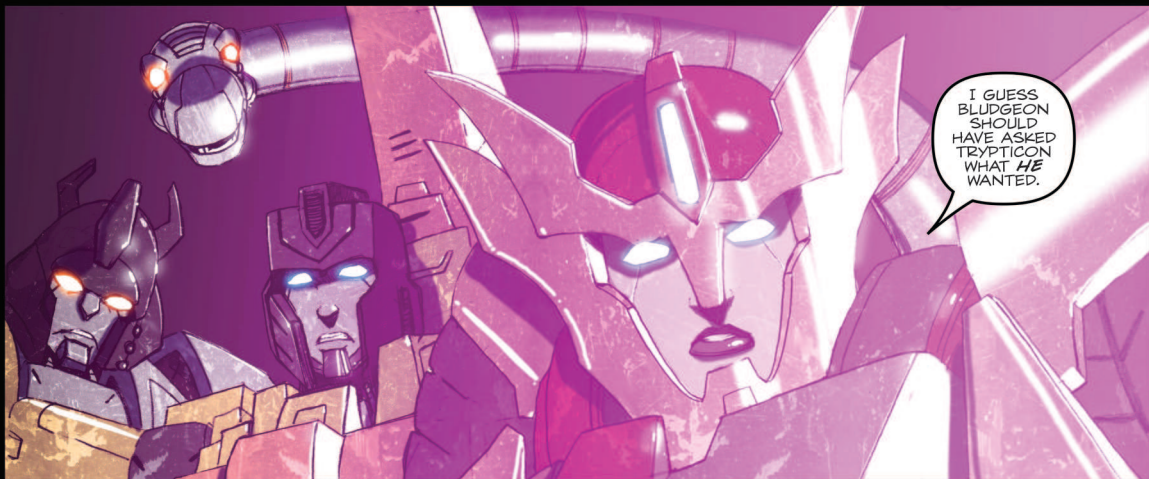
THE FUTURE  
WAS OURS.







...WITH A WORD ONLY  
*DINOBOOTS* SPEAK.





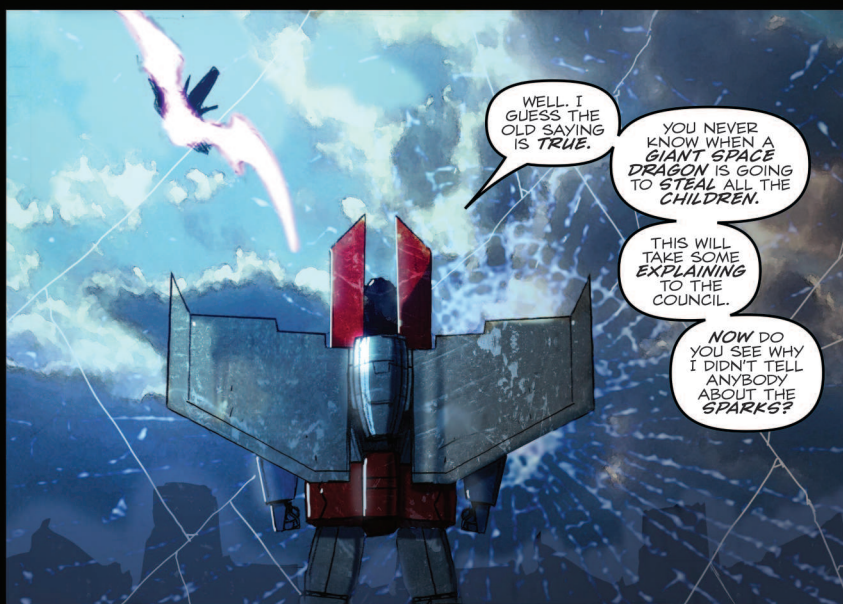


STRAFE WAS CORRECT...  
NO ONE *HAD* ASKED  
ME WHAT I WANTED.

FROM THE DAY I  
*STEPPED FORTH*...  
TOWERING OVER ALL  
WHO STOOD *WITH*  
OR *AGAINST* ME...

...THEY TREATED ME AS  
A *BEAST*, A CREATURE  
OF *MALICE*.

I DIDN'T *CARE* ABOUT  
THE STORIES... BUT  
I GREW *TIRED* OF  
BEING A FORCE OF  
*DESTRUCTION*.



WELL, I  
GUESS THE  
OLD SAYING  
IS *TRUE*.

YOU NEVER  
KNOW WHEN A  
*GIANT SPACE  
DRAGON* IS GOING  
TO *STEAL* ALL THE  
*CHILDREN*.

THIS WILL  
TAKE SOME  
*EXPLAINING*  
TO THE  
COUNCIL.

*NOW* DO  
YOU SEE WHY  
I DIDN'T TELL  
ANYBODY  
ABOUT THE  
*SPARKS*?



I  
SUPPOSE  
I *DO*.











I LET THEM **THINK**  
ON MY **WORDS** AS I  
TAKE US TO THE FAR  
SIDE OF CYBERTRON...

...TO THE SPOT  
WHERE MORTILLUS  
FIRST **RAISED** ME...

...OR, WHERE THE  
LEGENDS **SAY** THE  
EVENT OCCURRED.



I **DIVE** UNDER  
THE SURFACE.

METAL **SHRIEKS**  
AGAINST METAL...



...MY PASSENGERS KNOW  
NOT WHAT TO **MAKE**  
OF THESE ACTIONS...

...BUT AS I **TOLD** THEM...

...I **CARE**  
**NOT** WHAT  
THEY THINK.



...I HAVE **OTHER**  
PASSENGERS TO  
WORRY ABOUT.



IN TIME, THE SPARKS  
WILL *GROW*, AND  
BECOME READY.

THEY WILL DRAW UPON  
THE METAL OF MY *BODY*...  
AS *I* DRAW UPON THE  
METAL OF *CYBERTRON*.

THE SPARKS GIVE RISE  
TO *SENTIENCE*. THE  
METAL GAINS *FORM*...

...AND THE  
*PROTOFORMS*  
EMERGE.

A *GENERATION NEW*.

SO...

...WHAT DO  
WE DO *NOW*,  
GUYS?





WHAT  
NOW...?

THE CACHE  
OF SPARKS IS  
*WHO-KNOWS-  
WHERE...*

...THE  
DINOBOOTS  
ARE GONE,  
TRYPTICON  
IS *GONE*.

THAT IDIOT  
SANDSTORM  
IS DEAD OR  
*WITH* THEM.

ALL I HAVE  
IS ONE OF YOUR  
*MUTATED SPARKS*  
FROM SOME *DEAD*  
*SWEED* YOU LEFT  
IN YOUR LAB...

...OH,  
THAT AND  
A *BODY*.



HRM.

WELL, NOW,  
*THAT'S* THE SPIRIT,  
BLUDGEON...

...YOU ALWAYS  
HAVE SUCH  
*INTERESTING*  
IDEAS...





S A L V A T I O N





## WELCOME TO THE HASBRO UNIVERSE!

### HASBRO UNIVERSE TITLES

#### JUNE 2017

- G.I. Joe #7
- Hasbro Heroes Sourcebook #2
- M.A.S.K.: Mobile Armored Strike Kommand #8
- Micronauts: Wrath of Karza #3
- Optimus Prime #8
- Revolutionaries #7
- ROM #12
- Transformers: Lost Light #7
- Transformers: **Salvation**
- Transformers: Till All Are One #11

#### JULY 2017

- G.I. Joe #8
- Hasbro Heroes Sourcebook #3
- M.A.S.K.: Mobile Armored Strike Kommand #9
- Micronauts: Wrath of Karza #4
- Optimus Prime #9
- Revolutionaries #8
- ROM #13
- Rom vs Transformers: **Shining Armor** #1
- Transformers: Lost Light #8
- Transformers: Till All Are One #12

Welcome back, IDW Faithful! This month, we're talking to the minds behind the epic **Transformers: Salvation** – John Barber and artist Livio Ramondelli!



#### **John, what can you tell us about this colossal story?**

JB: The first thing I wrote down when we started this comic was "this isn't about saving Cybertron, this is about saving Cybertron's soul." There's a lot of action—if you like big metal dinosaurs fighting, you won't find more or bigger ones anywhere else. But *Salvation* is about characters who've lived a life of war trying to prove they can be something else—and that their world isn't doomed. Also, a skeletal mechanical samurai makes a giant steel tyrannosaurus try to eat Devastator.

#### **Livio, your art style gives the Dinobots' story such a unique feel—moody, cinematic, violent. Could you talk about your storytelling approach?**

LR: I really love playing with atmospheric lighting, and so I'm always trying to place characters into new types of environments. One of the great things about Transformers is the amount of ever-expanding new locations it allows. We're still revealing new areas of Cybertron, after all the years we've been doing this and I dig that. I'm also a fan of worn, visceral sci-fi. And so I'm always trying to present both the characters and environments as weathered, gritty—they've all got a past.

**This isn't the first time you guys have worked together—in fact, *Transformers: Salvation* marks a sort of ending to a trilogy of Dinobot stories that started with *Transformers: Punishment*. Have you enjoyed the collaboration?**

LR: Absolutely. John is a great collaborator—he always wants to hear your ideas and so you feel like you're working on something you truly have a stake in, rather than just drawing someone else's story. This trilogy has also been great because it's allowed me to explore different visual genres with the same underlying story. *Punishment* was like a noir detective story. *Redemption* was a crazed car-chase through a hellish landscape. And now *Salvation* has elements of a Godzilla movie, among other things.

JB: I feel like we're in a band. We both do other projects, but every once in a while we get together and put out something we couldn't do on our own, or with other people. We've been working together off and on for six years now, but I think we're always pushing each other. *Salvation* definitely isn't put together like anything else we've done.

#### **And finally, what we've all been waiting for—favorite Dinobot?**

JB: I came in a big Dinobot fan, and I've really grown to like all of them even more, individually—and it was great to add Strafe to the ranks—but Slug is my favorite. He was the toy I had as a kid, so he was always my Dinobot. It's been cool forcing him to take charge... and like all the characters I love, he really gets put through the wringer.

LR: Grimlock aside (since he's absent from *Salvation*), I'd say my favorite is Snarl for sure. Although I've also really come to like Sludge and how John writes him like a big friendly puppy... when he isn't incinerating people.

Write in to IDW about all your favorite Hasbro titles!  
Send your e-mails to [letters@idwpublishing.com](mailto:letters@idwpublishing.com)!



# FROM THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

by Ted Adams

In June, Top Shelf brings us **Campbell Whyte's HOME TIME: UNDER THE RIVER**, the story of six kids who are about to start their summer vacation when they fall in a river that transports them to a village of fantastic creatures. Australian cartoonist Whyte's first graphic novel combines the imagination of *Dungeons & Dragons* with charming characters and a bit of a video-game sensibility.

I asked **Chris Staros**, Top's Shelf's Editor-in-Chief, and some of his friends to tell us more about the book:

"When people ask what kind of books we publish at Top Shelf, I often respond with 'comics with unique art styles, filled with subtext and heart'—so, once you read them, you can see the artist's unique hand, and feel their humanity as well.



In the case of our upcoming graphic novel, **HOME TIME**, young Australian cartoonist Campbell Whyte has taken this idea to a whole new level. Over the course of six chapters, he transforms himself into six different artists, in order to give a distinct mood and



visual flavor to each of his main characters as they take turns exploring a fantastical world. But every bit of this amazing book—writing, artwork, coloring, lettering—is the product of a single creative mind, tying it all together in Campbell's unique and unified vision. After reading, you'll get a real feel for Campbell, and the connections between his fantasy worlds and those of your own heartfelt childhood... and you'll be hungry for more. The adventure begins in June! — **Chris Staros**



"Campbell Whyte's debut graphic novel is cute, funny, scary, exciting, and cleverly constructed. The drawings are always a pleasure, each new art style blending seamlessly into the whole. I'm looking forward to the thrilling conclusion!"— **Bryan Lee O'Malley** (*Scott Pilgrim*, *Snotgirl*)

"Beautifully realized, funny, smart, weird and surprisingly epic in scope, **HOME TIME** is also just plain brilliant."— **Shaun Tan** (*The Lost Thing*, *Tales from Outer Suburbia*)

Thanks, Guys! I'll be back next month to tell you about a crossover we're doing with our friends at Dark Horse—*Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles/Usagi Yojimbo* by Stan Sakai. — **Ted**

