

# TRANSFORMERS

TILL ALL ARE ONE



MORE TRANSFORMERS FROM IDW:

---

TRANSFORMERS: WINDBLADE

TRANSFORMERS: DISTANT STARS

TRANSFORMERS: MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE, VOL. 1-10

TRANSFORMERS, VOL. 1-10

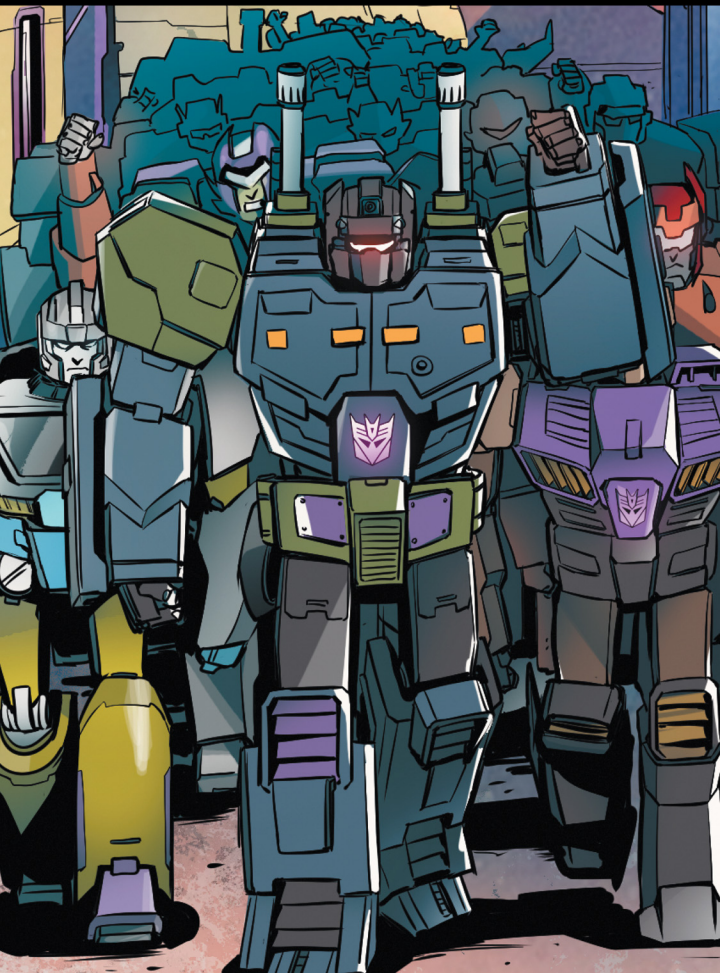
TRANSFORMERS: THE IDW COLLECTION, VOL. 1-8

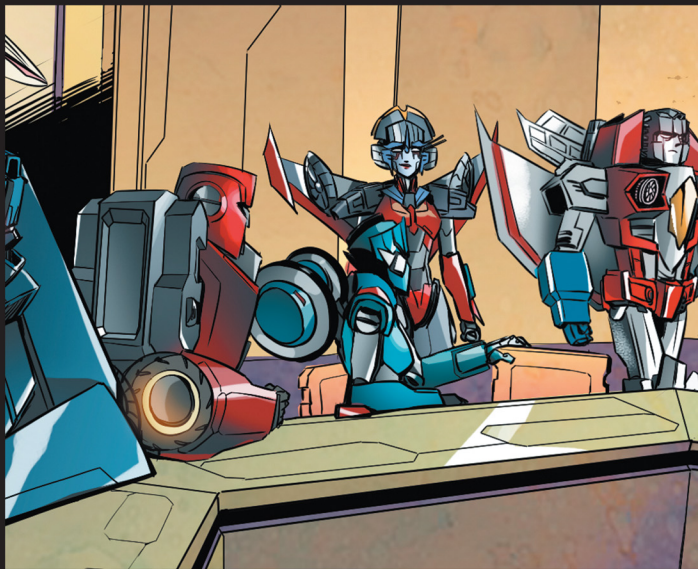
TRANSFORMERS: THE IDW COLLECTION PHASE TWO, VOL. 1-4



# TRANSFORMERS

TILL ALL ARE ONE





COVER BY **SARA PITRE-DUROCHER**

COLLECTION EDITS BY **JUSTIN EISINGER**  
AND **ALONZO SIMON**

COLLECTION DESIGN BY **RON ESTEVEZ**

PUBLISHER: **TED ADAMS**

eISBN: 9781684061082

**IDW**<sup>®</sup>  
www.IDWPUBLISHING.com



Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher  
Greg Goldstein, President & COO  
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist  
Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer/Editor-in-Chief  
Laurie Windrow, Senior Vice President of Sales & Marketing  
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer  
Dik Wood, VP of Marketing  
Lorelei Burges, VP of Digital Services  
Jeff Wadner, VP of Licensing, Digital and Subsidiary Rights  
Jerry Bennington, VP of New Product Development

Facebook: [facebook.com/idwpublishing](https://www.facebook.com/idwpublishing)  
Twitter: [@idwpublishing](https://twitter.com/idwpublishing)  
YouTube: [youtube.com/idwpublishing](https://www.youtube.com/idwpublishing)  
Tumblr: [tumblr.idwpublishing.com](https://www.tumblr.com/idwpublishing)  
Instagram: [instagram.com/idwpublishing](https://www.instagram.com/idwpublishing)

DIGITAL



THE TRANSFORMERS: TILL ALL ARE ONE, VOLUME 1, DECEMBER 2016. FIRST PRINTING. HASBRO and its logo, TRANSFORMERS, and all related characters are trademarks of Hasbro and are used with permission. © 2016 Hasbro. All Rights Reserved. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 2765 Truxtun Road, San Diego, CA 92106. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in USA.  
IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.

Originally published as THE TRANSFORMERS: TILL ALL ARE ONE issues #1-4.



WRITTEN BY **MAIRGHREAD SCOTT**

ART BY **SARA PITRE-DUROCHER**

COLORS BY **PRISCILLA TRAMONTANO**  
AND **JOANA LAFUENTE**

LETTERS BY **TOM B. LONG**

SERIES EDITS BY **JOHN BARBER**

SPECIAL THANKS TO HASBRO'S BEN MONTANO, DAVID ERWIN,  
JOSH FELDMAN, ED LANE, BETH ARTALE, AND MICHAEL KELLY.





IACON/METROPLEX.

TIME: 06:57:34

TIME: 06:58:12

...CHKK...  
SW—  
AKH...

...SWWW—

TIME: 06:59:55



IT'S JUST SO CROWDED HERE.

DON'T WORRY, MY LOVE. EVEN STARScream CAN'T DENY OUR EXPANSION FOREVER.

I WISH I HAD YOUR OPTIMISM.



...AT LEAST NAVITAS IS IMPROVING. THE CITYsPEAKERS TELL ME THAT HE'S NOT ONLY THINKING CLEARED, BUT THE ENTIRE CITY IS RUNNING MORE EFFICIENTLY.

ENERGON FILTRATION MAINTENANCE. COMPLETE.

WIND-VOICE = TROUBLED.

...THINGS ARE GETTING BETTER, METROPLEX. THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS.



SIR, YOU'RE 0.38 SECONDS OFF YOUR SCHEDULED LEAVE-TIME FOR YOUR COUNCIL MEETING.

AND VELOCITRONIANS CAN'T EVER BE LATE. UNFORTUNATELY, HE'S RIGHT, LADIES.

I'VE GOTTA GET GOING. BUT QUICKLIGHTNING CAN DISCUSS OUR PRICE STRUCTURES WITH YOU.

OF COURSE—

—WE WOULD GREATLY APPRECIATE IT.



BUT MOONRACER'S MY ASSISTANT!



...CONFIRMED  
IT MYSELF.

THEN DO SOME-  
THING ABOUT IT.  
THE BALANCE MUST  
BE MAINTAINED UNTIL  
OUR UPGRADES ARE  
COMPLETED, BUT  
THIS HAS GONE  
FAR ENOUGH.



...UNTIL  
THE DAY  
SHE MIGHT  
NOT BE.

JUST TRY  
TO KEEP  
THAT IN  
MIND, BE  
NICE... ER,  
FOR ME?



OPTICS OPEN,  
BUDDY. GOT A  
BADGELESS  
ROBBERY REPORT  
NOT TWO CLICKS  
OUT FROM HERE.

DON'T  
WORRY,  
FOLKS.

YOU'RE IN SAFE  
HANDS WITH I.H.  
CYBERTRONIAN  
SECURITIES.

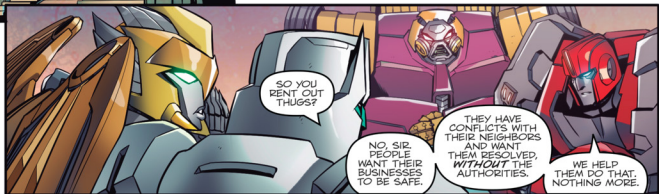
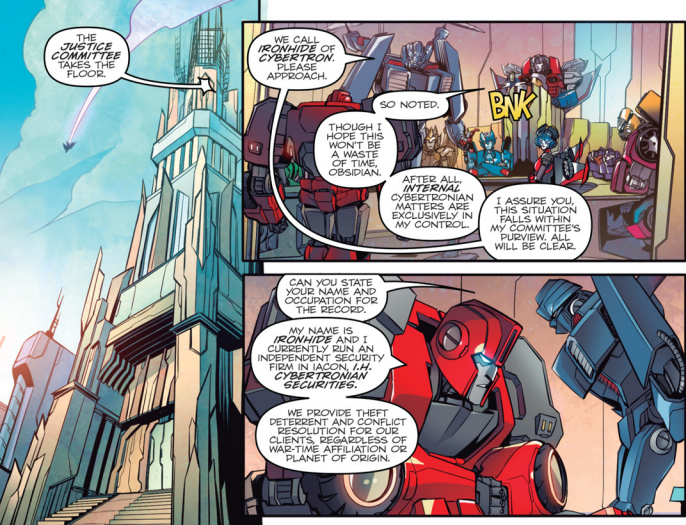
SO THERE'S  
NO NEED TO  
FREAK OUT  
THE CLIENTS!

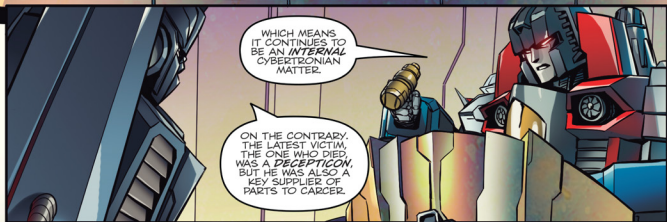


WE CAN'T  
KNOW FOR  
SURE. IF THE  
RUMORS  
ARE TRUE...

YOU'RE OBSESSING,  
STARSCREAM. ARE YOU  
REALLY WILLING TO RISK  
THIS MUCH, TO CAUSE THIS  
MUCH SUFFERING, JUST  
TO PROVE SOMEONE'S  
ALREADY DEAD WHEN YOU  
SHOT HIM YOURSELF?







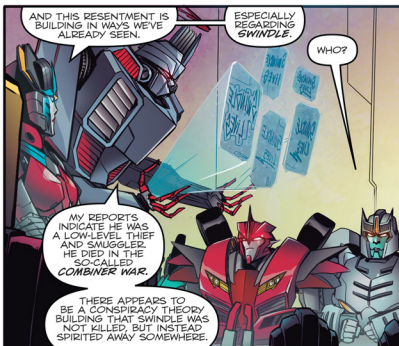


SINCE OPTIMUS PRIME'S ANNEXATION OF EARTH AND GALVATRON'S INSTIGATIONS ON CYBERTRON...

...THE BADGELESS HAVE BEEN INCREASINGLY AGGRESSIVE WITH THE DECEPTICONS.



THESE RANDOM AND DISPROPORTIONATE ATTACKS HAVE ONLY BREED RESENTMENT.



AND THIS RESENTMENT IS BUILDING IN WAYS WE'VE ALREADY SEEN.

ESPECIALLY REGARDING SWINDLE.

WHO?

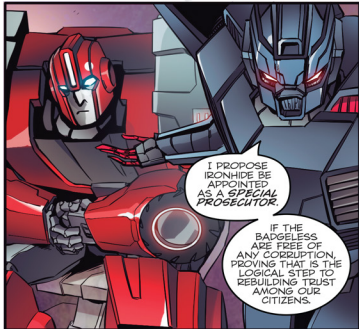
MY REPORTS INDICATE HE WAS A LOW-LEVEL THIEF AND SMUGGLER. HE DIED IN THE SO-CALLED COMBINER WAR.

THERE APPEARS TO BE A CONSPIRACY THEORY BUILDING THAT SWINDLE WAS NOT KILLED, BUT INSTEAD SPIRITED AWAY SOMEWHERE.



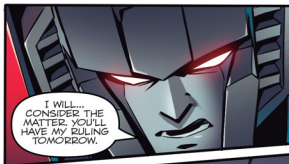
REGARDLESS OF THE THEORY, NONE OF THESE ASSAULTS HAVE BEEN REPORTED, WHICH MEANS EITHER NO ONE TRUSTS YOUR "BADGELESS" ENOUGH TO REPORT THEM, STARScream...

...OR THE BADGELESS CAUSED THE INCIDENTS THEMSELVES, LOOKING FOR SOMETHING THE DECEPTICONS MIGHT NOT BE WILLING TO REVEAL OF THEIR OWN VOLITION.



I PROPOSE IRONHIDE BE APPOINTED AS A SPECIAL PROSECUTOR.

IF THE BADGELESS ARE FREE OF ANY CORRUPTION, PROVING THAT IS THE LOGICAL STEP TO REBUILDING TRUST AMONG OUR CITIZENS.



I WILL... CONSIDER THE MATTER. YOU'LL HAVE MY RULING TOMORROW.



OF COURSE.







WE DIDN'T  
USE TO  
WORRY  
ABOUT  
MONEY.

TRUE, WE  
WORRIED  
ABOUT AN  
AUTOBOT  
PUTTING A  
FLAMING  
SWORD INTO  
OUR GUTS.

AT LEAST  
THAT WAS  
SOMETHING  
WORTH  
CARING  
ABOUT!



THE BADGELESS ARE  
SCOURING THE GHETTO.  
THEY'RE LOOKING FOR  
SOMETHING.

THEY'RE  
LOOKING  
FOR SWINDLE,  
OBVIOUSLY.  
WE'VE GOT  
THEM REILED.

WHICH MEANS  
DC-357 IS RIGHT.  
SWINDOLIS THE  
KEY TO THIS.



BUT I CAN'T  
FIND HIM!  
I'VE CHECKED  
EVERY HIDEY-  
HOLE, EVERY  
BACK ALLEY.

I'VE TRACED  
HALF OF  
METROPLEX'S  
CIRCULATORY  
SYSTEM AND  
I STILL CAN'T  
FIND IT.



THEN MAYBE  
IT'S TIME TO  
STOP TRYING.

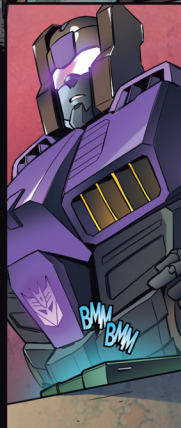
YOU TOO?  
BRAWL CAN  
SQUEAK LIKE  
A RUSTY GEAR,  
BUT YOU—YOU'RE  
SUPPOSED TO  
BE LOYAL.  
BLAST OFF.

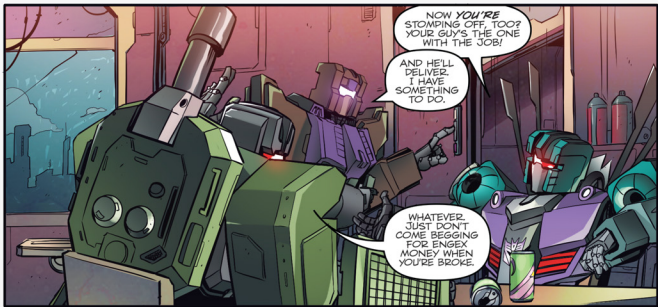
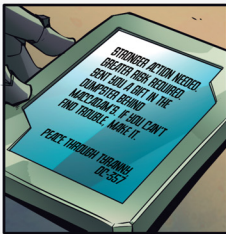
AND I AM! AND  
I KNOW YOU WANT  
TO REVIVE THE CAUSE,  
AND I KNOW YOU WANT  
STARSCREAM TO PAY  
FOR WHAT HE DID TO US  
AND GET HIS COMBINER  
TECH AND EVERY-  
THING ELSE.

BUT THIS SOURCE,  
DC-357, ISN'T HURTING  
STARSCREAM, NOT  
AS MUCH AS THEY'RE  
HURTING YOU.

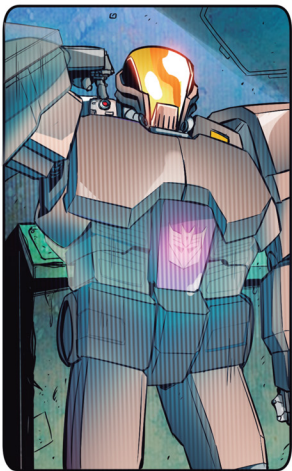


I'M GOING BACK  
UNDERGROUND.  
MAYBE I'LL GET  
LUCKY AND KICK  
OVER SOMETHING  
OF VALUE. WHEN  
STRATEGY FAILS,  
WILL CAN STILL  
TRIUMPH.



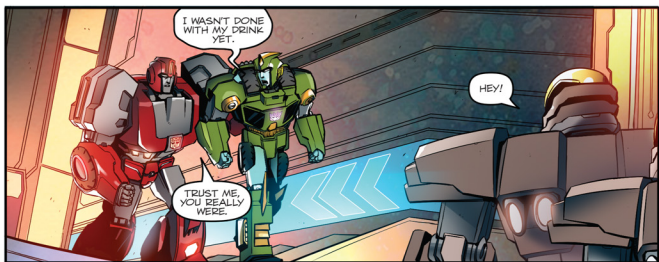


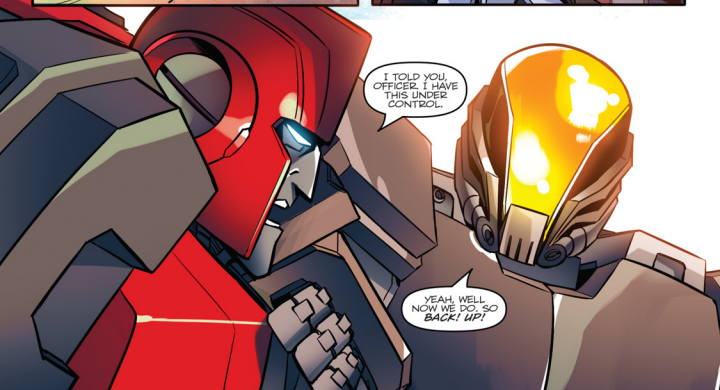




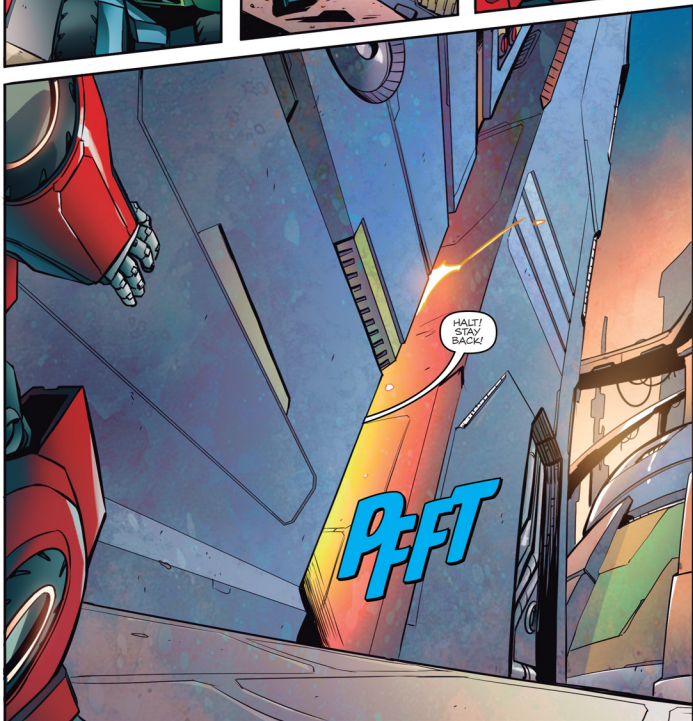


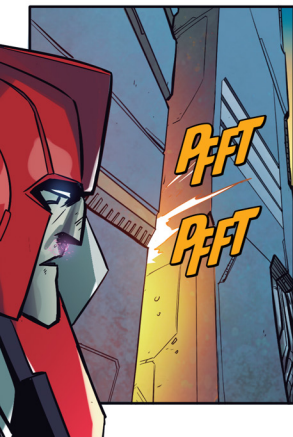
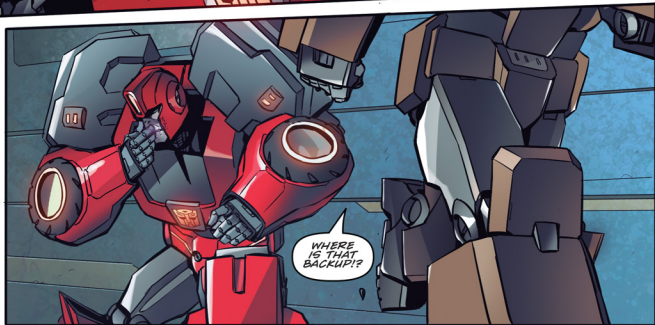
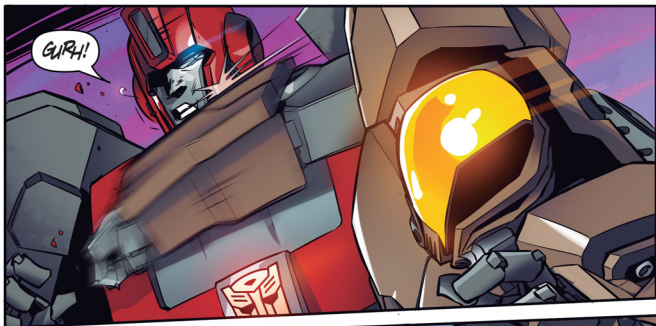














OH, SCRAP.

IRONHIDE!

YOU HAVE  
TO STEP  
BACK! THIS  
IS A CRIME  
SCENE!











AND STARTING  
YOUR OWN ISN'T  
GOING TO HELP.  
NOW, WHAT  
HAPPENED?

SOME DRUNK  
NEEDED TO GO  
HOME. I HAD IT  
HANDLED.



BUT THEN  
HE MENTIONS  
SWINDLE'S NAME  
AND SUDDENLY  
HE'S GETTING  
DRAGGED OFF.

ONE OF  
THOSE THUGS EVEN  
MUTTERED SOMETHING  
ABOUT LOOKING  
AT HIS MEMORIES!

IRONHIDE,  
WILL YOU  
GIVE US A  
MINUTE?



YOU REALLY  
ARE DOING IT!

YOU'RE  
LOBOTOMIZING  
YOUR OWN  
CITIZENS TO  
FIND A—  
CORPSE?

YOU HAVE NO  
PROOF OF THAT.  
FOR ALL I KNOW  
YOU SET THIS UP  
*YOURSELVES*. IT'S  
A GREAT EXCUSE  
TO LAUNCH YOUR  
LITTLE INQUIRY.

TELL THAT TO  
THE *COUNCIL*. THEY  
WILL HEAR ABOUT  
THIS, STARScream—  
AND SO WILL ELITA.



I  
SUGGEST  
YOUR  
OFFICERS  
GET THEIR  
FACTS IN  
ORDER.

BECAUSE  
IF THEY DO, I  
CAN TELL SOME  
SECRETS OF  
MY OWN.

HOW WOULD  
CYBERTRONIANS  
FEEL IF THEY KNEW  
THE FIRST THING THE  
CAMIENS DID WHEN  
THEY ARRIVED WAS TO  
PLAN A COUP, KILL  
THREE CIVILIANS AND  
COVER IT UP?

THAT'S  
NOT HOW IT  
HAPPENED.



SWINDLE  
HAD *SECRETS*.  
SECRETS THAT  
CAN NEVER EVEN  
BE RUMORED TO  
EXIST, LET ALONE  
SEE THE LIGHT  
OF DAY.



IT DOESN'T  
MATTER. NEVER  
FORGET. IF I GO  
DOWN I CAN TAKE  
YOU, CHROMIA AND  
AND YOUR ENTIRE  
LITTLE PLANET  
DOWN WITH ME.

STARScream!  
LORD  
STARScream!

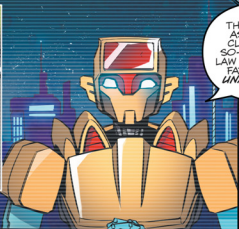








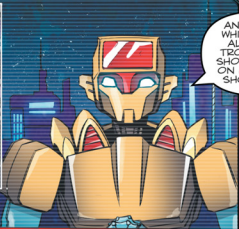
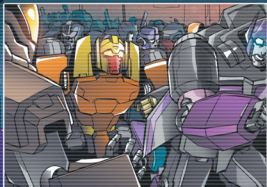
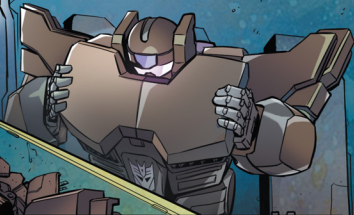
ART BY SARA PITRE-DUROCHER



UNREST GROWS IN THE STREETS OF IACON AS FOOTAGE EMERGES CLEARLY SHOWING TWO SO-CALLED "BADGELESS" LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS FATALLY SHOOTING AN UNARMED AND FLEEING DECEPTICON.

## BADGELESS MURDER

"THOUGH THE SOURCE OF THIS FOOTAGE IS STILL *UNKNOWN*, MANY DECEPTICONS FEEL THIS FITS INTO A *PATTERN OF ABUSE* AT THE HANDS OF *AUTHORITIES*."



AN ACCUSATION WHICH WAS MADE ALL THE MORE TROUBLING WHEN SHOTS WERE FIRED ON *ONLOOKERS* SHORTLY AFTER.

WHILE *STARSCREAM* CALLS FOR CALM, THE PRECEDING HOURS HAVE SEEN AN INCREASE IN ARRESTS, LOOTING, AND PROTESTS OF *EVERY KIND*.

## BADGELESS MURDER

"THIS REPORTER ADVISES YOU TO STAY *INDOORS* IF AT ALL POSSIBLE. IT'S GOING TO BE A VERY *LONG* AND *DAANGEROUS NIGHT*."



# APPLICABLE SKILLS



IT HAD  
TO HAPPEN.  
IT HAD TO.  
IT HAD TO.  
IT HAD—



BLAST OFF!  
WHERE'VE YOU  
BEEN? I WAS  
ABOUT TO GO  
OUT LOOKING  
FOR YOU.

JUST  
CAUGHT  
UP IN THE  
CROWDS.  
SORRY.



YAY!

YOU'RE  
NOT DEAD!  
BRAWL!  
PAY UP!

AH, SCRAP.  
THAT WAS MY  
LAST BOTTLE OF  
ENGEX.

THANKS  
FOR YOUR  
CONCERN.



DON'T BE A  
SQUEAKY GEAR.  
BLAST OFF, BRAWL'S  
POORER, I'M RICHER.  
STARScream'S LITTLE  
HENCHMEN MESSED UP  
BIG TIME AND THERE'S  
GONNA BE ENERGERON  
IN THE STREETS  
TONIGHT.

WHAT'S  
NOT TO  
LOVE?

WHOO! I'M  
GONNA GET ME  
A BADGELESS  
FACE PLATE FOR  
THE WALL.



I SAW THE NEWS.  
THE PEOPLE ARE  
RIGHT ON THE  
TIPPING POINT.

WE JUST NEED  
TO PUSH THEM  
OVER THE EDGE  
AND THEY'LL TEAR  
THAT CROWN OFF  
STARScream'S  
FLAT HEAD  
THEMSELVES.

IT'S WHAT  
WE'VE BEEN  
WAITING  
FOR.

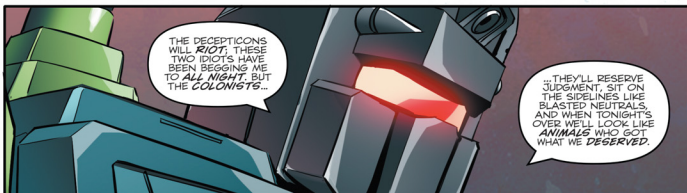
NO, IT'S  
NOT.





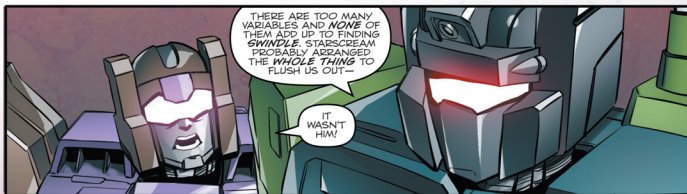
WHAT?!  
ONSLAUGHT,  
THIS IS WHAT  
YOU WANTED. WE  
CAN GET RID OF  
STARSCREAM  
TONIGHT!

OR WE CAN  
LOSE THE  
LAST CHANCE  
WE HAVE.



THE DECEPTICONS  
WILL RIOT; THESE  
TWO IDIOTS HAVE  
BEEN BEGGING ME  
TO ALL NIGHT. BUT  
THE COLONISTS...

...THEY'LL RESERVE  
JUDGMENT, SIT ON  
THE SIDELINES LIKE  
BLASTED NEUTRALS,  
AND WHEN TONIGHT'S  
OVER WE'LL LOOK LIKE  
ANIMALS WHO GOT  
WHAT WE DESERVED.



THERE ARE TOO MANY  
VARIABLES AND NONE  
OF THEM ADD UP TO FINDING  
SWINDLE. STARSCREAM  
PROBABLY ARRANGED  
THE WHOLE THING TO  
FLUSH US OUT—

IT  
WASN'T  
HIM!



HOW  
WOULD YOU  
KNOW?

I...



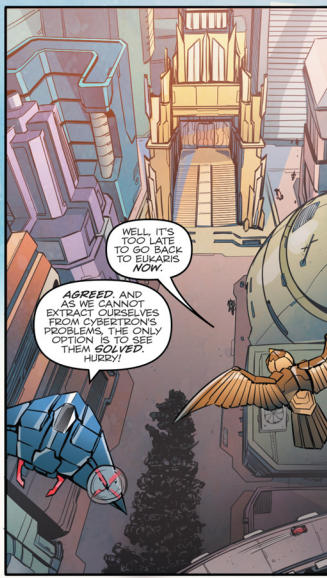
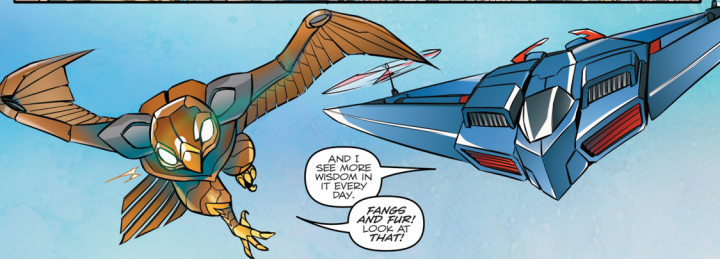
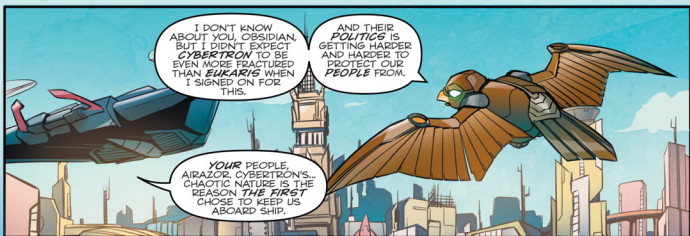
GET IN HERE.  
TELL ME  
EVERYTHING.

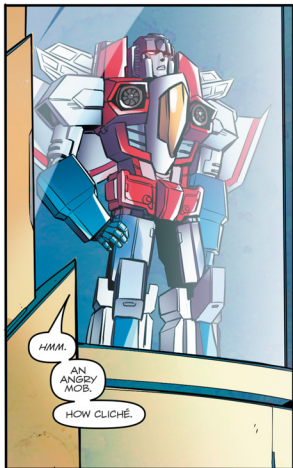
DOES THIS  
MEAN WE AREN'T  
GONNA GO OUT  
KILLIN'?

WE CAN GO  
WITHOUT YOU,  
YOU KNOW!

STAY  
HERE.

...FINE.





HMM.

AN  
ANGRY  
MOB.

HOW CLICHÉ.



YOUR BIGGEST  
CONCERN IS THAT  
YOUR RIOTING  
CITIZENS DON'T  
HAVE ENOUGH  
*PANACHE*?

THE QUESTION  
YOU NEED TO BE  
ASKING IS WHY  
THEY'RE DOWN  
THERE AT ALL...  
STARSCREAM.

I DON'T  
HAVE TO  
ASK...



"...I *KNOW*."



WELL, LOOKS  
LIKE THE  
CURRENT'S COME  
BACK AROUND  
THE CIRCUIT.

YOU DON'T  
NEED TO RUB IT  
IN, *BUMBLEBEE*.  
IT'S *NOT* LIKE I'M  
NOT DOING ANY-  
THING FOR THOSE  
*INGRATEFUL*—

LANGUAGE.

—AND THOSE  
IDIOT *DELEGATES*  
WILL BE HERE ANY  
MINUTE.

*STARSCREAM!*

SEE?





SEE WHAT?

NOTHING. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, WINDBLADE?



DO FOR *ME*? PEOPLE ARE RIOTING IN THE STREETS, STARScream!

WE WARNED YOU THE BADGELESS WERE GOING TOO FAR. WE TRIED TO CURTAIL THIS.



BUT YOU'RE SO FOCUSED ON CLINGING TO YOUR OWN POWER YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN!

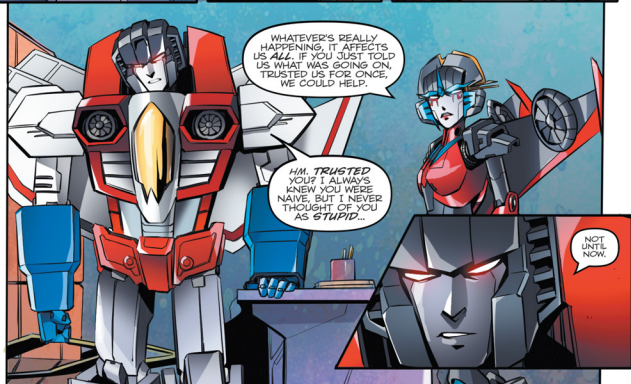
ENOUGH!



YOU THINK YOU KNOW THIS WORLD BECAUSE YOU SLAPPED AN AUTOBOT SYMBOL ON YOUR CHEST-PLATE?

BECAUSE YOU SAW THE LAST DYING GASP OF OUR WAR?

I THINK POWER IS LIQUID AND THE MORE TIGHTLY YOU CLUTCH IT, THE LESS YOU REALLY HOLD.



WHATEVER'S REALLY HAPPENING, IT AFFECTS US *ALL*. IF YOU JUST TOLD US WHAT WAS GOING ON, TRUSTED US FOR ONCE, WE COULD HELP.

H.M. TRUSTED YOU? I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE NAIVE, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT OF YOU AS STUPID...

NOT UNTIL NOW.



FINALLY, OUR  
**FEARLESS**  
**LEADER** GRACES  
US WITH HIS  
PRESENCE.

WATCH  
IT, RED.

MANNERS  
ASIDE, WE NEED  
TO MOVE **QUICKLY**.  
THIS SITUATION'S  
OFFICIALLY OUT  
OF HAND.



AGREED.

VIOLENT  
INCIDENTS  
OF ALL KINDS  
ARE **SPIKING**  
ESPECIALLY NEAR  
DECEPTICON-  
DOMINATED  
AREAS.

IACON  
COULD  
BE TORN  
APART.



THEN WE'LL  
END THESE  
JUVENILE LITTLE  
OUTBURSTS  
ONCE AND  
FOR ALL.

I'M ORDERING  
THE GHETTO  
**LOCKED DOWN**  
AND ALL AVAILABLE  
OFFICERS SENT  
THERE.

EVERY BROKEN  
WINDOW, EVERY  
CRACK IN THE  
PAVEMENT GETS  
**PROSECUTED**  
AND **PUNISHED**.



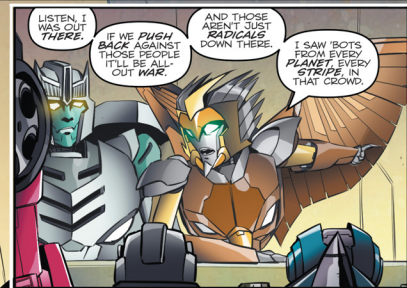
IF THEY  
WILL NOT  
GIVE UP THEIR  
PRECIOUS WAR,  
THEN IT'S WAR  
THEY'LL HAVE.



THAT'S THE  
DUMBEST IDEA  
THAT'S EVER COME  
OUTTA YOUR FACE,  
STARSCREAM—  
AND YOU'VE HAD  
DOOZIES.

IS THAT  
REALLY  
NECESSARY?

I'M NOT  
GONNA  
FAULT HIM.



LISTEN, I  
WAS OUT  
THERE.

IF WE **PUSH  
BACK** AGAINST  
THOSE PEOPLE  
IT'LL BE ALL-  
OUT WAR.

AND THOSE  
AREN'T JUST  
**RADICALS**  
DOWN THERE.

I SAW 'BOTS  
FROM EVERY  
**PLANET**, EVERY  
**STRIFE**, IN THAT CROWD.



WHAT IF WE  
CALLED **EARTH**,  
GOT OPTIMUS  
TO SEND HIS  
**COMBINER**?

NO ONE'S GOT  
A PROBLEM WITH  
**HER**, OR...

...WELL, NO  
MORE THAN ANY  
**OTHER** 'BOT,  
NOWADAYS.

THAT  
COULD—

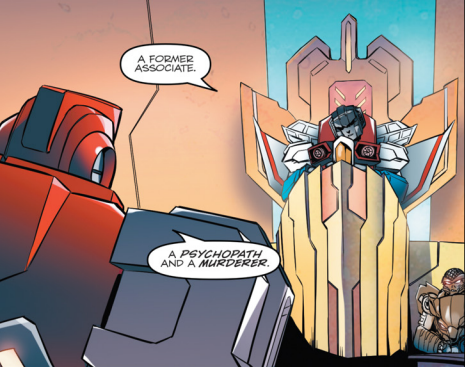
—WORK!



**NO!** I WON'T  
RISK OPENING THE  
**SPACEBRIDGE**  
WITH **ONSLAUGHT**  
RUNNING AROUND  
UNCHECKED.

WHO IS  
ONSLAUGHT?





A FORMER  
ASSOCIATE.

A PSYCHOPATH  
AND A MURDERER.



I SAID HE  
WAS AN  
**ASSOCIATE**,  
NOT MY  
**GONJINX**  
**ENDURA!**

ONSLAUGHT  
AND HIS TEAM HAD  
RETURNED TO THE  
**DECEPTICONS**. THINGS  
WERE FALLING APART  
RATHER QUICKLY AND...

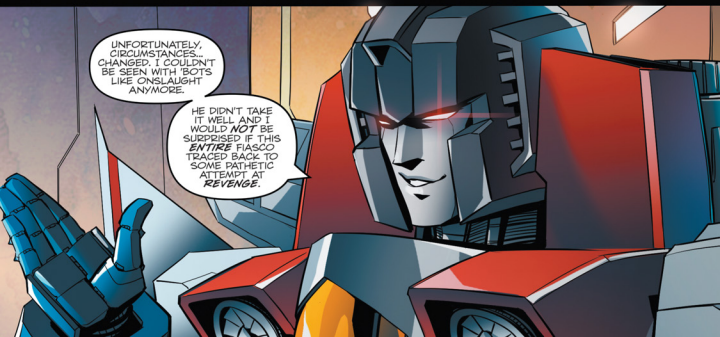


"...AND HAVING A  
FEW PSYCHOPATHS  
AND MURDERERS  
WATCHING YOUR  
BACK MADE  
**SENSE** THEN."

IF YOU'RE SO  
WORRIED ABOUT THE  
**D.J.D.** OR SOMEONE  
ELSE COMING IN THE  
NIGHT, STARScream,  
WE CAN **HELP**. FOR  
A **PRICE**.

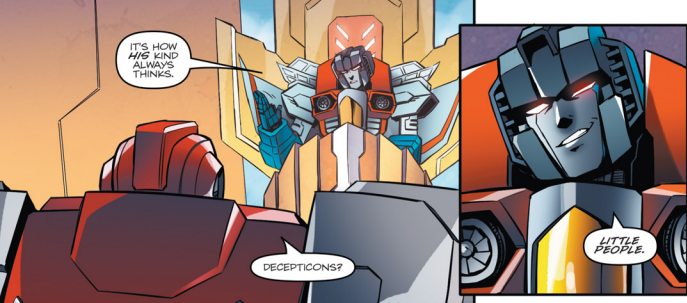
I KNOW A **LOSING**  
**HAND** WHEN I SEE  
IT. **HOWEVER** THIS  
SHAKES OUT, IF YOU  
END UP ON TOP, YOU  
TAKE US **WITH** YOU.

SOUNDS  
LIKE WE'RE IN  
BUSINESS.



UNFORTUNATELY,  
CIRCUMSTANCES...  
CHANGED. I COULDN'T  
BE SEEN WITH 'BOTS  
LIKE ONSLAUGHT  
ANYMORE.

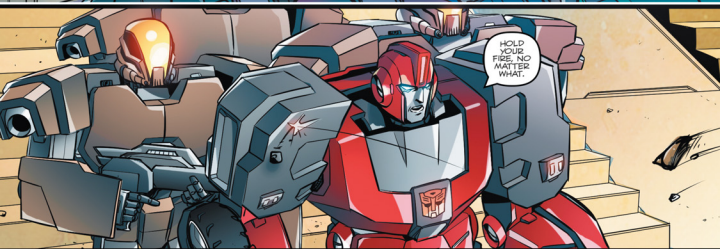
HE DIDN'T TAKE  
IT WELL AND I  
WOULD **NOT** BE  
SURPRISED IF THIS  
**ENTIRE** FIASCO  
TRACED BACK TO  
SOME PATHETIC  
ATTEMPT AT  
**REVENGE**.





DOWN WITH STARScream!

SCREW THE BADGELESS!



HOLD YOUR FIRE, NO MATTER WHAT.



NO JUSTICE!

NO PEACE!

MURDERERS!

STOP!!



LIES!

I KNOW YOU'RE FRIGHTENED AND ANGRY. YOU HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO BE.

BUT WE CAN'T LET THAT ANGER DESTROY THE PEACE WE'VE WORKED SO HARD FOR!

WE WANT JUSTICE!

PEACE FOR YOU—NOT US!







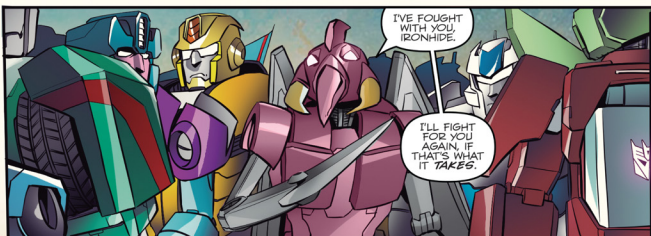


BOSS!  
BOSS!



WE DIDN'T  
WANT TO  
QUIT OUR  
DAY JOBS...

...BUT, IF  
YOU NEED  
US, WE'RE  
WITH YOU.



I'VE FOUGHT  
WITH YOU,  
IRONHIDE.

I'LL FIGHT  
FOR YOU  
AGAIN, IF  
THAT'S WHAT  
IT TAKES.



ARE YOU ALL  
JUST GOING TO  
TAKE THIS?!

HAVEN'T  
WE HEARD  
THESE LIES  
BEFORE?!



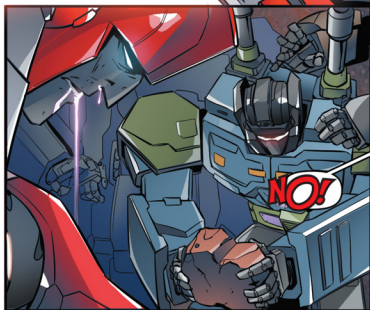
WHERE IS  
SWINDLE,  
IRONHIDE?!

SHOW  
US THE  
BODY!

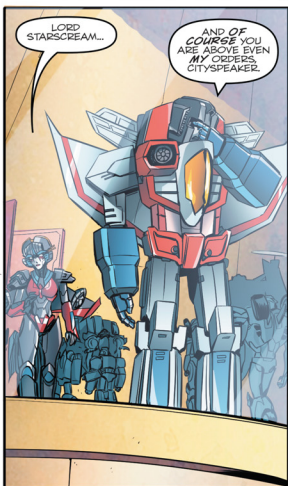
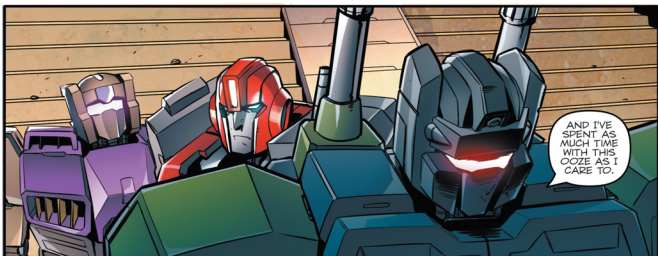
I DON'T HAVE  
IT AND YOU  
KNOW THAT.

BUT WE  
CAN FIND IT  
TOGETHER.

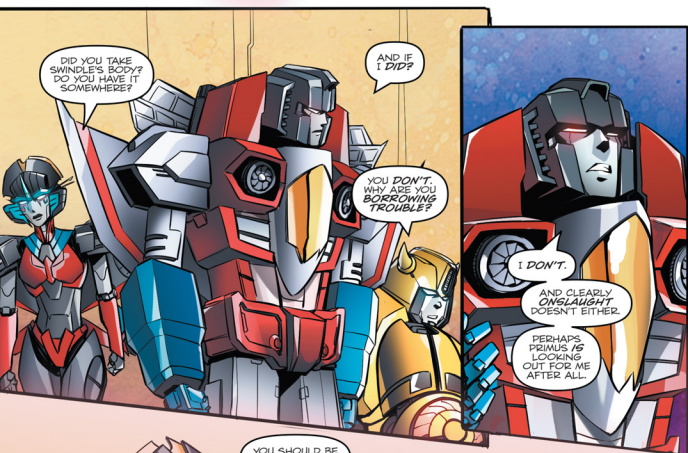


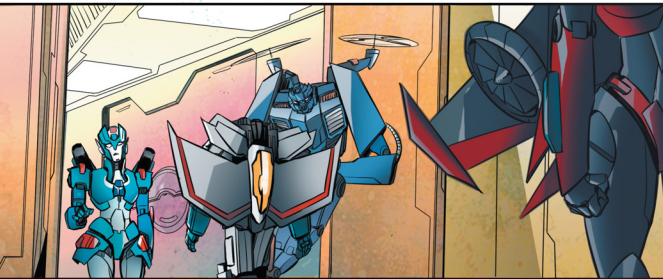
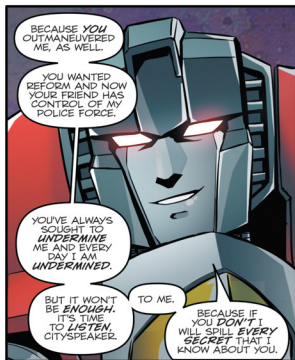




















ART BY SARA PITRE-DUROCHER

METROPLEX'S BRAIN, IACON. LATER.

REGULATOR  
472B, STATUS :  
NOMINAL

OBSERVATION:  
UNCHANGED

WIND-VOICE!  
WELCOME!

IT'S GOOD  
TO SEE YOU,  
METROPLEX.

HOW CAN I  
(METROPLEX)  
BE OF AID?

I NEED YOUR  
EYES. PULL UP ALL  
VIEWS OF THE RUST  
CORRIDOR, SECOND  
BLOCK. THERE'S AN  
APARTMENT I'M  
LOOKING FOR.

OBSERVATION:  
UNCHANGED

WHY?

WHY?

WHY?

JUNCTION F27-  
MAINTENANCE  
REQUEST

WHY?

WHY?

I JUST NEED YOU  
TO TRUST ME.  
IT'S IMPORTANT.

AND WHY THE  
SCRAP IS THAT  
SLUDGE PIT  
IMPORTANT?

THINGS WE SAID WE'D NEVER DO







HE DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING ON *ME*.

...THE EARTHQUAKE... ACROLIGHT.\*

\*FOR MORE ON WHAT HAPPENED THERE, SEE TRANSFORMERS: WINDBLADE #1-4.



YOU CAN'T SELL YOURSELF OUT FOR MY ACTIONS, WINDBLADE.

I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THOSE PEOPLE'S DEATHS, NOT YOU.

BUT I HELPED COVER IT UP. CHROMIA, AND THE REASONS HAVEN'T CHANGED.

I WON'T GIVE UP THIS PEACE FOR ANY MORAL COMFORT.



WHY DOES HE WANT YOU SPYING ON THE SLUMS? WHAT IS HE AFRAID OF? IF WE FIGURE *THAT* OUT, WE CAN FIND ANOTHER WAY OUTTA THIS.

I CAN'T RISK—

THEN LET *ME* RISK IT. TRUST ME!



...HE'S AFRAID OF *ONSLAUGHT*. IT'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH *SWINDLE*. HIS BODY.

THEN WE FIND IT BEFORE THEY DO.

HOW?



WHEN YOU DECIDED TO STAY ON CYBERTRON, I ASKED METROPLEX TO SET UP SOME DISCREET SURVEILLANCE AROUND THE SPACEBRIDGE.

BUT STARScream WIPED ALL THE SURVEILLANCE AFTER THE COMBINEr INCIDENT. "NO UNNECESSARY EVIDENCE," HE SAID.

OBSERVATION:  
UNCHANGED

THIS IS MY *PRIVATE* CACHE.

ACCESSING  
FOOTAGE...

METROPLEX, CAN YOU PULL UP ALL THE FOOTAGE OF THE SPACEBRIDGE COMBINEr INCIDENT?

IF WE CAN GET TO SWINDLE'S BODY FIRST, MAYBE WE CAN GET BACK SOME LEVERAGE AGAINST OUR DEAR LEADER.

UM, CHROMIA?

WARNING!  
CORRUPTION  
PROGRAM  
DETECTED!

I DON'T THINK IT'S GOING TO BE THAT EASY.

SWEET SOLUS PRIME! THAT SLUDGE-LICKER CORRUPTED THE WHOLE CACHE!





NO. STARScream  
WOULD'VE TOLD  
US IF HE DID  
THIS—GLOATED  
SOMEHOW.

THIS IS  
SOMEONE  
ELSE.

SOMEONE  
WHO JUST  
SUPREMELY  
TICKED  
ME OFF.



HOW  
CAN I  
HELP?

GET SOME  
REST. I GOT  
US INTO THIS  
AND I SWEAR  
BY THE PRIMES,  
I'M GONNA GET  
US OUT OF  
THIS MESS.

**STATION 37.  
WAAAAAY TOO EARLY.**



MORNIN',  
RECRUITS.

WELCOME  
TO THE FIRST  
DAY OF YOUR  
NEW LIVES. IT'S  
GONNA SUCK.

DAY 1.

"I'M GONNA DRILL YOU  
WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR  
TOLERANCE LEVELS."

"I NEED TO KNOW WHAT  
YOU CAN HANDLE IN  
COMBAT, SURVEILLANCE,  
ENDURANCE, ALL OF IT."

COME ON,  
**BLAST OFF!**  
HANG IN  
THERE!


GO  
FOR  
IT!

DAY 6.

"IF YOU LIKE ME *NOW*, YOU'RE  
NOT GONNA BY THE *END*  
OF THIS. BUT I AM DOIN' IT FOR  
THE SAME REASON YOU ARE."

OBSERVATION:  
UNCHANGED


COME ON, BIG  
GUY, WORK WITH  
ME ON THIS.  
SHOW WE WHERE  
IT HURTS.



"THE LAW SHOULDN'T  
HIDE BEHIND A MASK.  
IT SHOULDN'T CARE  
WHERE YOU'RE FROM  
OR WHAT YOU BELIEVE."

WHAT DID  
YOU GET FOR  
NUMBER 4?

**DAY 12.**  
**WAY TOO MANY!!!**



"I'M HERE TO MAKE SURE  
YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH  
TO MAKE THAT HAPPEN."

ARGH! I CAN'T  
BREAK THIS  
STUPID CODE! I  
WILL BREAK THIS  
STUPID CODE!

I'LL NEVER  
BREAK THIS  
CODE.

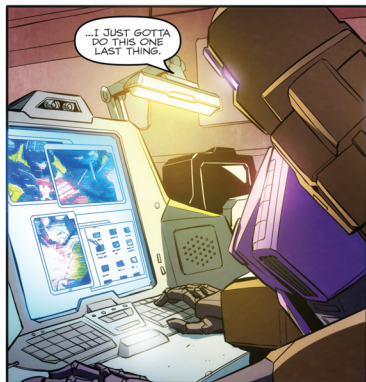


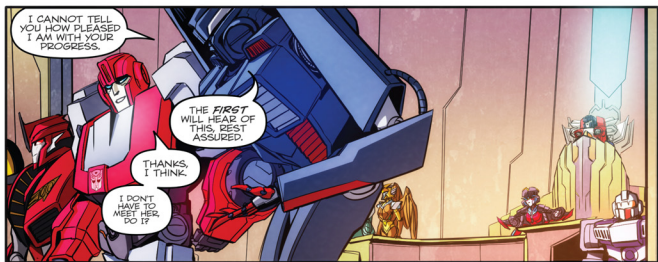
"TRY TO REMEMBER  
THAT WHEN YOU'RE  
WIPING YOUR OWN  
ENERGON OFF  
THE FLOOR."

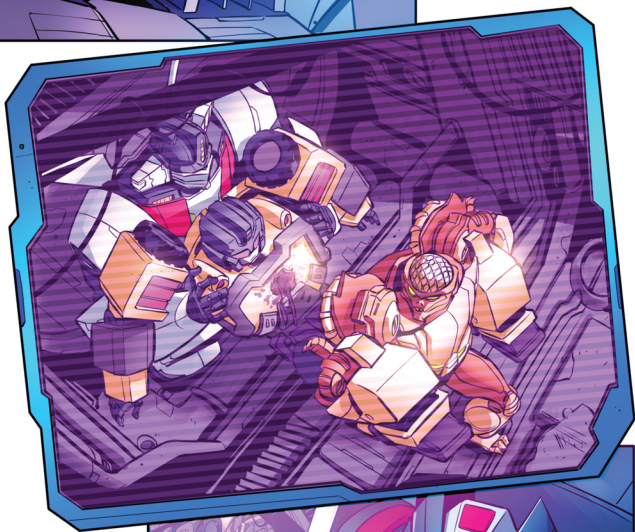
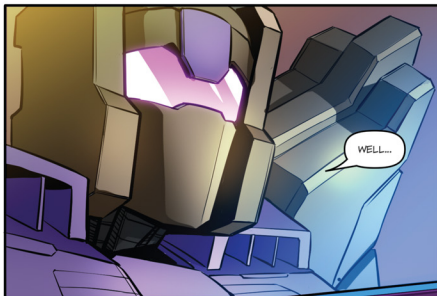
NICE JOB,  
BLAST OFF.

THANK  
YOU, SIR.













HI, YOU'VE  
REACHED THE  
PERSONAL LINE  
OF **WINDBLADE**.  
PLEASE LEAVE A  
MESSAGE AFTER  
THE TONE.


**BEEP**

WINDBLADE!  
IT'S **RATTRAP**  
AND **WHEELJACK**!  
THEY'RE BEHIND  
THIS.

LISTEN, I'M  
HEADING TO  
'JACKIE RIGHT  
NOW, BUT I  
COULD USE SOME  
BACKUP. CALL  
ME BACK!



SOMEONE'S  
CALLING MY  
PERSONAL LINE.  
I NEED TO—



YOU'RE NOT  
LEAVING UNTIL  
I'M **SURE** YOU'RE  
HOLDING UP YOUR  
END OF THE DEAL,  
WINDBLADE. DON'T  
FORGET WHAT I  
HAVE ON YOU.



CHROMIA?  
DON'T CAMIENS  
EVER SLEEP?

BE GLAD  
I DON'T. WE  
NEED TO GET  
YOU INSIDE,  
NOW.









SO I'M GUESSING YOU'RE THE *OTHER* 'BOT RUMMAGING THROUGH THOSE FILES.

IT DOESN'T MATTER. ONSLAUGHT AND BRAWL WILL HAVE RATTRAP BY NOW. WE KNOW WHAT THESE TWO DID TO SWINDLE.



THERE'S NO WAY STARSCREAM CAN HIDE IT. NO MATTER HOW MANY CAMIEN DUPES HE THROWS AT US.

I DON'T WORK FOR STARSCREAM. I WORK FOR WINDBLADE.



LIKE SHE'S NOT UNDER STARSCREAM'S THUMB.

SHE DOESN'T WANT TO BE. SHE WANTS TO HELP 'BOTS LIKE YOU. *WE* WANT TO HELP.



JUST KILL HER.

WE'VE GOT WHEELJACK. WE DON'T NEED HER.

WHAT DO YOU THINK, WHEELJACK? SHOULD I BLAST HER, OR ARE YOU GONNA TELL US WHERE *SWINDLE* IS?

DON'T TELL THEM ANYTHING, WHEELJACK. NOT LIKE THIS.



FINE, THEN...

NO! I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM! I'LL TAKE YOU TO SWINDLE! IT'S JUST...

...YOU'RE ALREADY TOO LATE.



SEE?  
AND YOU  
WANTED ME  
TO SHOOT  
HER.



NOW,  
WHAT DID  
YOU MEAN  
BY "TOO  
LATE"?

SWINDLE, WE  
DIDN'T *STEAL*  
HIM, WE TRIED TO  
*SAVE* HIM, BUT  
HE WAS ALREADY  
BRAIN-DEAD.



I'M NOT A  
*DOCTOR*. I  
COULD ONLY  
DO SO MUCH.

WELL, I'M SURE  
YOU CAN TELL  
ONSLAUGHT  
ALL ABOUT IT.

### RATTRAP'S APARTMENT. LATER.



WE KNOW YOU  
TOOK SWINDLE'S  
BODY AFTER THE  
FIGHT. *WHY?*  
WHERE DID YOU  
PUT HIM?

I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE TALKIN'  
ABOUT.

REALLY?



THEY KNOW, RATTRAP.

BUT HE'S BRAIN-DEAD, ONSLAUGHT. AT LEAST ACCORDING TO THESE GENIUSES.



MAYBE WE CAN FIND A SURGEON.

NO! NO ONE ELSE CAN BE INVOLVED. I DON'T TRUST ANYONE BUT YOU.



WHAT ABOUT ME?

I DON'T TRUST YOU TO FEED YOURSELF IN THE MORNING, BRAWL.



BUT JUST BECAUSE SWINDLE CAN'T TELL US ANYTHING, DOESN'T MEAN HIS MEMORIES AREN'T STILL THERE.



AND I THINK RATTRAP HERE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP US GET THEM.

YEAH, I'M GONNA HAVE TO DISAGREE WITH YOU ON THAT.



ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT!





LEAD THE WAY, JACK. RATTRAP'S GONNA BE RIGHT BEHIND US.

I'M SORRY YOU GOT DRAGGED IN THIS, CHROMIA.

WE WERE JUST TRYING TO DO THE RIGHT THING.

THEN DON'T APOLOGIZE FOR IT, WHEELJACK.



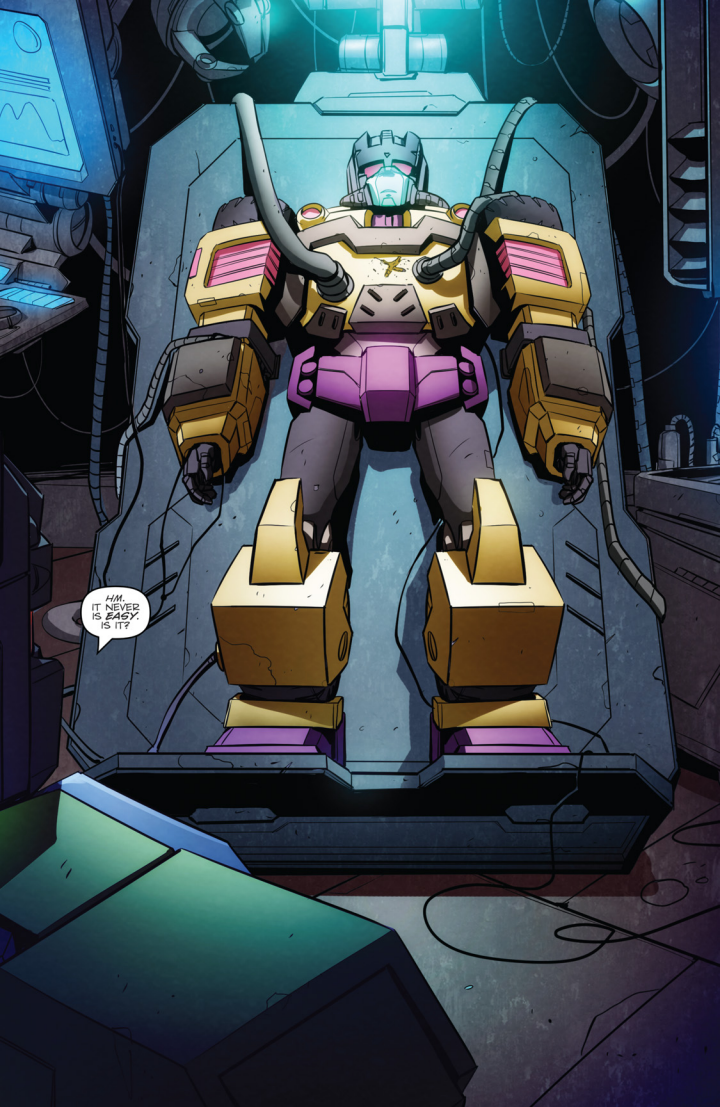
I SHOULD BE IN DANGER FROM *THAT* MORE OFTEN, BUT WHY WASTE THE EFFORT ON A GUY LIKE SWINDLEY?

APPARENTLY, THE SAME REASON AS ONSLAUGHT.

RATTRAP THOUGHT HE HAD DAMAGING INFO ON STARScream AND IF HE DID, WE BOTH FELT WE HAD TO KNOW.



WELL, LOOKS LIKE EVERYONE WILL KNOW SOON ENOUGH.



HM.  
IT NEVER  
IS EASY.  
IS IT?











ART BY SARA PITRE-DUROCHER



DEEP WITHIN METROPLEX.

HE DID IT!  
THAT IDIOT'S  
COMBININ' WITH  
A BRAIN-DEAD  
'BOT.

UHM, I DON'T  
THINK WE  
SHOULD STICK  
AROUND.

AGREED...  
**RUN!**

**RAAAAH!**

**THE LINE  
BETWEEN US**





KEEP IT  
TOGETHER!  
WE HAVE TO  
WORK—URGH—  
TOGETHER!

HAHA! DO  
YOU FEEL IT? SO  
POWERFUL! WE'RE  
BRUTICUS!

ONSLAUGHT!  
HELP!

THERE.



HIYA,  
SWINDLE.

WANNA  
GET RICH?



NO... WE'RE  
DEAD! HE SHOT  
US--WE'RE DEAD  
WE'RE DEAD  
WE'RE DEAD

WHERE  
IS IT?



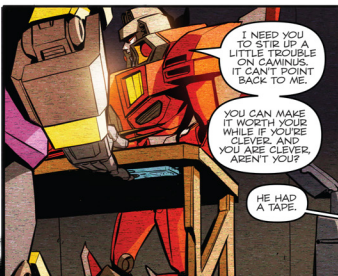
RRRRRRUUUNNN!



ONSLAUGHT!  
WE'RE LOSING  
CONTROL!

THIS IS VERY  
GENEROUS OF  
YOU, STARScream.  
SO WHAT'S THE  
CATCH?













—OH.

BLAST OFF'S...  
IN THERE?!

BUUUURENNN.



WHATEVER  
SHAPE YOU TAKE,  
I KNOW WHAT  
YOU LOOK LIKE,  
ONSLAUGHT.

IRONHIDE,  
I—I—

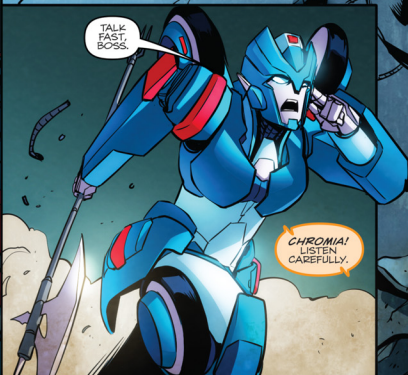
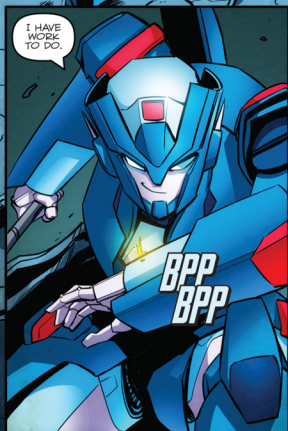
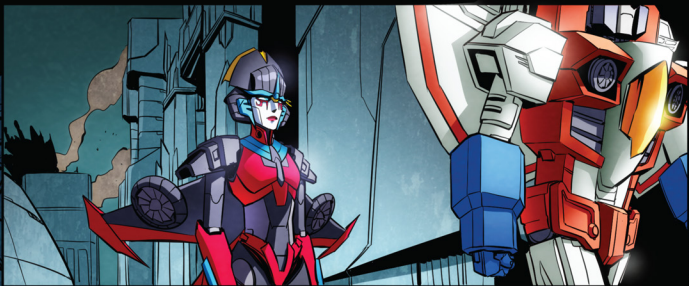
BLAST OFF,  
IT DOESN'T  
HAVE TO BE  
THIS WAY!

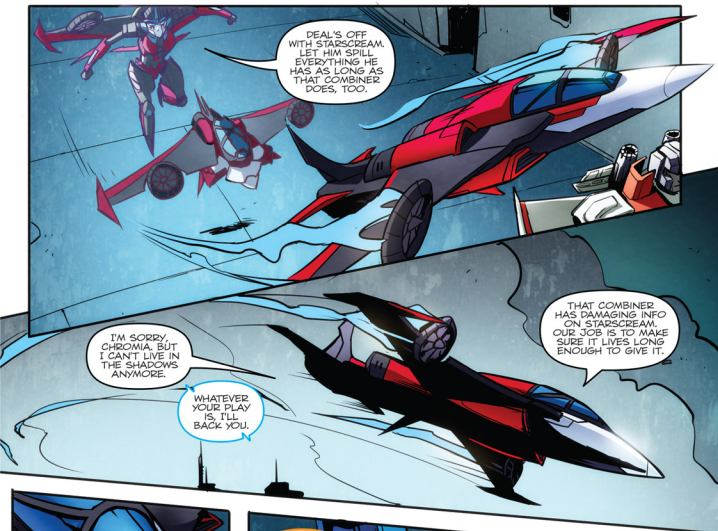
STOP NOW  
AND WE'LL TALK  
THIS OUT. KEEP  
GOING AND  
WE'LL HAVE TO  
DESTROY YOU!











DEAL'S OFF WITH STARScream. LET HIM SPILL EVERYTHING HE HAS AS LONG AS THAT COMBINER DOES, TOO.

I'M SORRY, CHROMIA, BUT I CAN'T LIVE IN THE SHADOWS ANYMORE.

WHATEVER YOUR PLAY IS, I'LL BACK YOU.

THAT COMBINER HAS DAMAGING INFO ON STARScream. OUR JOB IS TO MAKE SURE IT LIVES LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE IT.



CONTAIN THE DAMAGE. SAVE ITS COMPONENTS AND GET OUT AS SOON AS IT'S UN-COMBINED.

OUT?

TAKE THE SPACEBRIDGE BACK TO CAMINUS. AND DON'T COME BACK.



PRIMES HELP ME. I DON'T WANT YOU GETTING HURT.

AND WHAT ABOUT YOU?



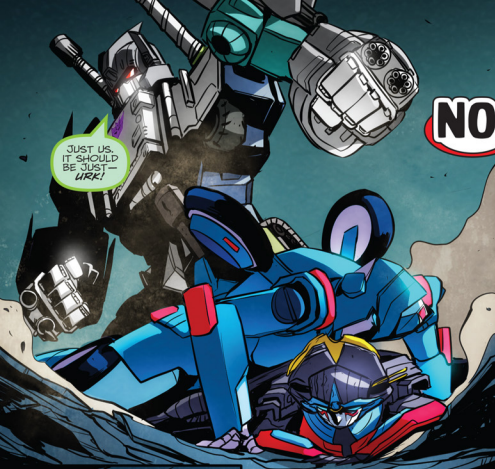
IT'S TIME TO DO MY JOB, CHROMIA

IT'S TIME TO TALK.



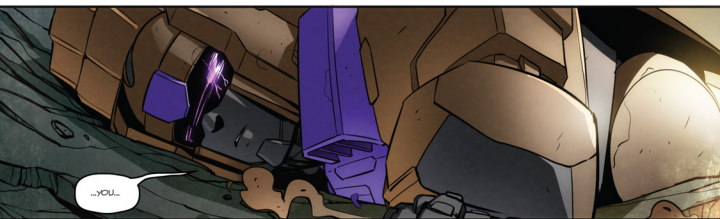


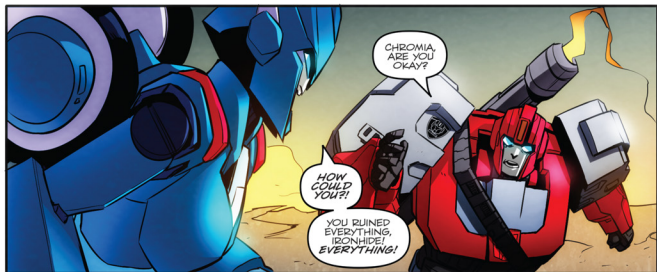


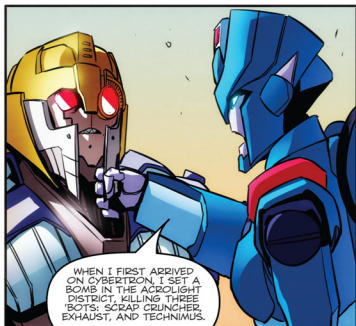




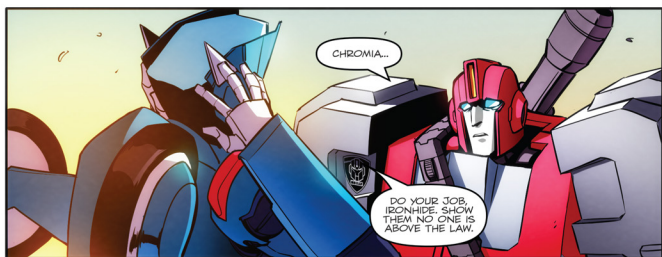














"...YOU HAVE TO STEP INTO THE LIGHT."





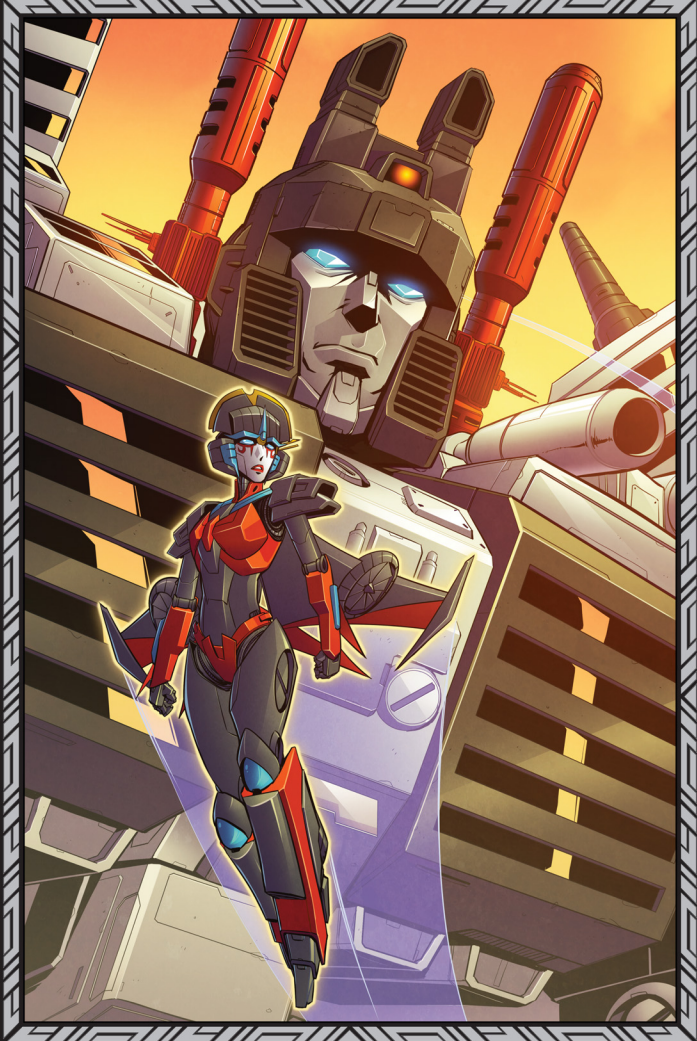




AFTER  
TRIMPE



ART BY LIVIO RAMONDELLI







ART BY ALEX MILNE, COLORS BY JOSH PEREZ

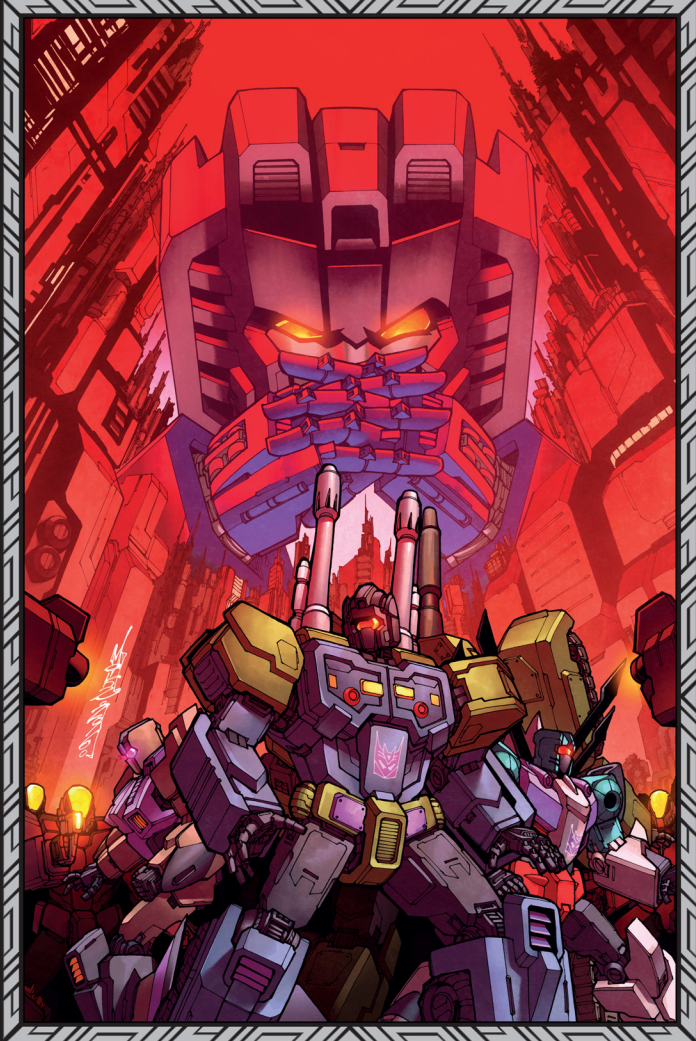






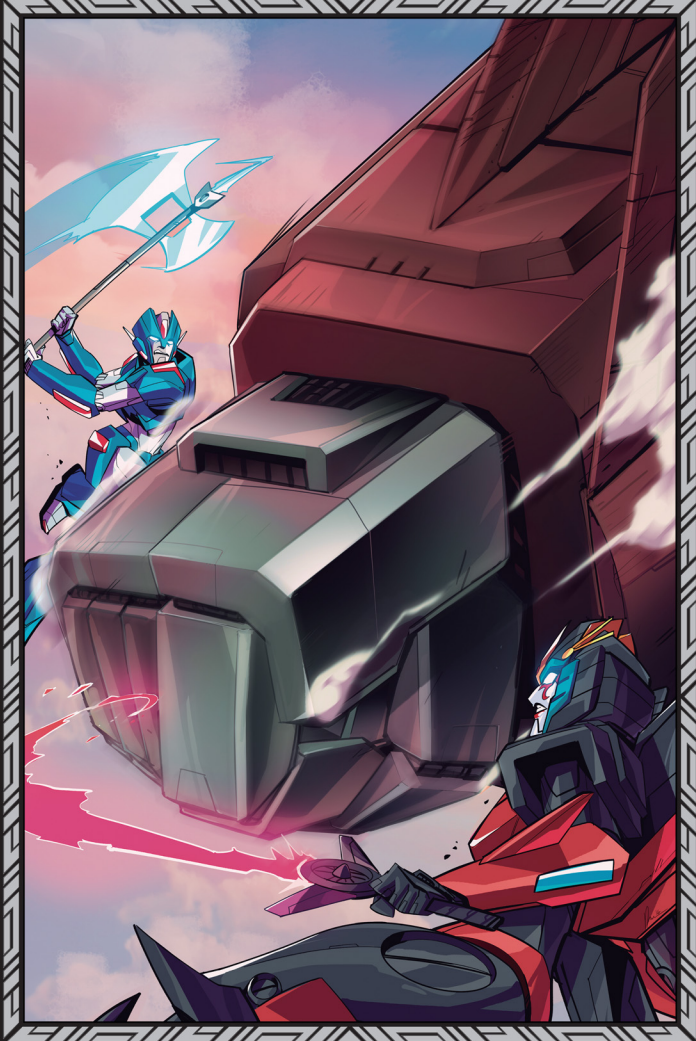










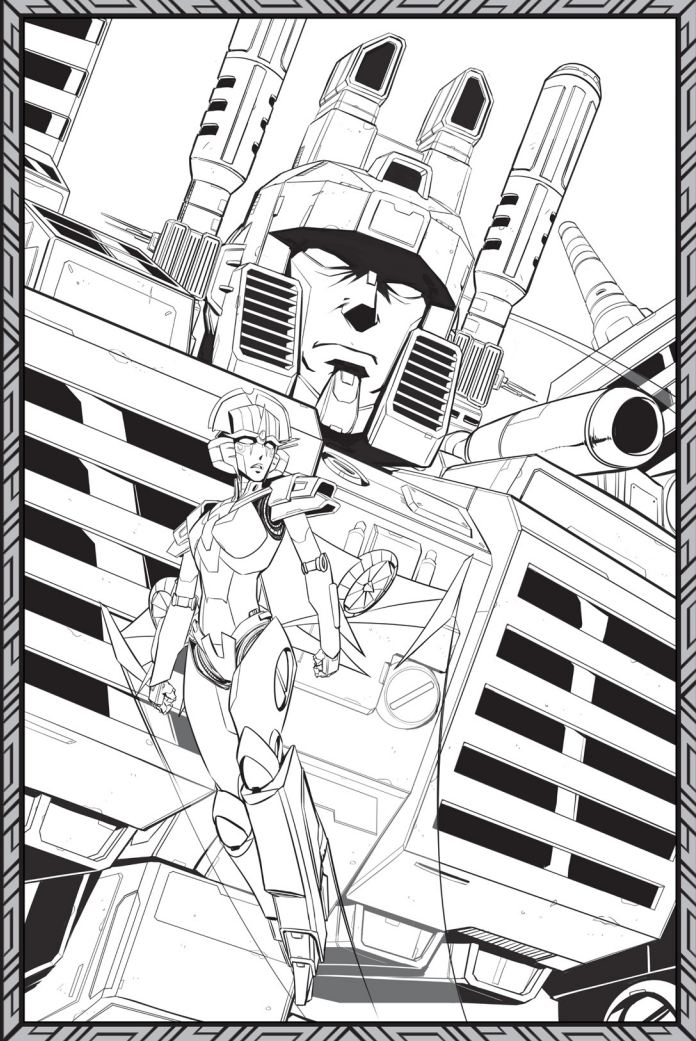


ART BY PRISCILLA TRAMONTANO









# TRANSFORMERS

TRANSFORMERS:  
LAST STAND OF THE WRECKERS  
ISBN: 978-1-60010-716-0



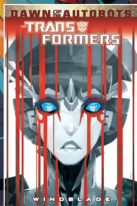
TRANSFORMERS:  
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE, VOL. 1  
ISBN: 978-1-61377-964-4



TRANSFORMERS:  
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE, VOL. 2  
ISBN: 978-1-61377-498-4



TRANSFORMERS: WINDBLADE  
ISBN: 978-1-63140-052-0



TRANSFORMERS:  
ROBOTS IN DISGUISE, VOL. 1  
ISBN: 978-1-61377-291-1



TRANSFORMERS:  
ROBOTS IN DISGUISE, VOL. 2  
ISBN: 978-1-61377-541-7



TRANSFORMERS:  
THE IDW COLLECTION PHASE TWO, VOL. 1  
ISBN: 978-1-63140-040-7



ON SALE NOW

IDW 

[www.idwpublishing.com](http://www.idwpublishing.com)

HASBRO and its logo, TRANSFORMERS, and all related characters are trademarks of Hasbro and are used with permission. © 2016 Hasbro. All Rights Reserved.





# TRANSFORMERS

TILL ALL ARE ONE



STARScream RULES CYBERTRON, WHERE HE AND WINDBLADE VIE FOR CONTROL OF THE COUNCIL OF WORLDS, EACH ALIGNING THEMSELVES WITH AS MANY LONG-LOST COLONIES AS POSSIBLE. BUT A SECRET POLICE FORCE — MOBILIZED BY STARScream — HAS TENSION AT THE BREAKING POINT, DESTABILIZING A FRAGILE PEACE THAT HAS BEEN HARD-FOUGHT TO ESTABLISH. WRITTEN BY MAIRGHEAD SCOTT WITH ART BY SARA PITRE-DUROCHER.

COLLECTS ISSUES #1-4

**IDW**<sup>®</sup>  
WWW.IDWPUBLISHING.COM