

TRANSFORMERS

TILL ALL ARE ONE



VOLUME TWO

TRANSFORMERS

TILL ALL ARE ONE





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

PREVIOUSLY

OUR WORLD'S
BECOME A
CESSPOOL.

AUTOBOTS AND
DECEPTICONS,
FRATERNIZING.
A TERRORIST
IN CHARGE OF
THE CAPITAL.

AND THE
STREETS...!
THE STREETS
ARE *SWARMING*
WITH *MONGREL*
CYBERTRONIANS—
COLONISTS, COG-
SNATCHERS, HALF-
BREEDS...

CONJUNK
ENDURAE SWAP
FUEL IN PUBLIC.
MONOFORMERS
PARADE THEIR
DEFORMITY. THE
PLANET *REEKS* OF
CONCESSION.

IT'S TIME
TO WIPE THE
SLATE CLEAN.
TEAR DOWN, SO
THAT WE MIGHT
REBUILD.

EVERY TITAN
IS *CONNECTED*.
WAKE ONE UP—
WAKE ONE UP IN
THE *RIGHT WAY*—
STIMULATE THE
RIGHT PORTIONS
OF ITS BRAIN—
AND THEY *ALL*
WAKE UP.

"ALL OF THEM."

GO!
DESTROY
EVERYTHING ON
THE OTHER SIDE!
IF IT MOVES, STOP
IT. IF IT SPEAKS,
SILENCE IT.

"LEAVE
NOTHING
INTACT!"

ROLL CALL



STARSCREAM
SUPREME LEADER
OF CYBERTRON



WINDBLADE
CAMIEN DELEGATE



RATTRAP
STARSCREAM'S AIDE



IRONHIDE
NEW CHIEF OF
LAW ENFORCEMENT



OBSIDIAN
CARCERIAN DELEGATE



TIGATRON
EUKARIAN DELEGATE



PYRA MAGNA
LEADER OF THE
TORCHBEARERS



KNOCK OUT
VELOCITRONIAN DELEGATE

AIRAZOR
EUKARIAN DELEGATE



SOUNDWAVE
DECEPTICON PEACEMAKER



ELITA ONE
CARCERIAN DELEGATE



OPTIMUS PRIME
THE LAST TRUE PRIME?



SEVERAL DAYS AGO.

ANY DIPLOMAT WILL TELL
YOU THAT AN UNSCHEDULED
MEETING IS ALWAYS A DISASTER.

**KNOCK
KNOCK**

AH! I-I'M
COMING!

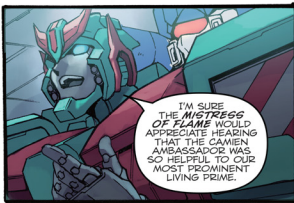
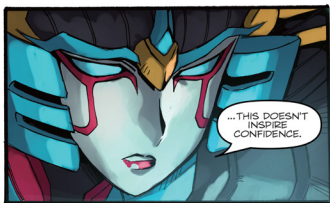
ANY MEETING BEFORE
DAWN IS A DISASTER.
YOU HAVE NO ABILITY
TO IMPROVE IN ANY WAY.


GO BACK
TO YOUR
RECHARGE
SLAB. JUST GO
BACK TO YOUR
RECHARGE
SLAB.

WINDBLADE,
OPTIMUS PRIME
HAS REQUESTED
THAT WE ESCORT
YOU TO EARTH.

WE
NEED YOUR
HELP.

ENTER...
DISASTER.





THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE INCREASED SECURITY AND A RECORD OF EVERY TRANSPORT AT THE SPACEBRIDGE NOWADAYS, BUT A PRIME PULLS A LOT OF WEIGHT, EVEN HERE.



ESPECIALLY ONE LIKE OPTIMUS.



WINDBLADE, THANK YOU FOR COMING TO EARTH.



YOU'RE VERY WELCOME. WOULD YOU CARE TO TELL ME WHY I'M HERE, EXACTLY?

AUTOBOT CITY IS COMPRISED ENTIRELY OF A TITAN NAMED **METROTITAN**. AND FOR SOME REASON, HE REFUSES TO TALK.

I NEED SOMEONE I TRUST TO FIND OUT WHY.



WELL... WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT.

AND SO BEGINS THE
ULTIMATE SCAVENGER
HUNT. THREE 'BOTS,
ONE TITAN, AND
VERY LITTLE TIME.

OUR FREQUENT
"INTERUPTIONS"
ONLY DRIVE US
TO WORK FASTER,
HARDER, AS TIME
STRETCHES ON.

SOME PARTS ARE
THE SAME IN EVERY
TITAN IN EVERY
FORM. THE BASICS
OF LOCOMOTION
AND FUNCTION.

SECTION 37
IS OPTIMAL. I'M
NOT READING
ANY CIRCUIT
BURNOUT.

LOGISTICAL
OUTPUT
NORMAL
ACROSS THE
BOARD.

BUT THESE
ANCIENT,
CITY-SIZED
TRANSFORMERS
HAVE HIGHER
FUNCTIONS
AS WELL.

PROBLEMS WITH THOUGHT
AND SPEECH, AND
SMALLER PROBLEMS—
LIKE A SINGLE FAULTY
TERMINAL—ARE MUCH
HARDER TO PIN DOWN.

CENTRAL
SENSOR
CONDUIT 34
INTACT AND
FUNCTIONAL.

BACK-UP
MEMORY BANKS
ARE OPERATING
IN NORMAL
PARAMETERS.

FILTRATION
ISN'T READING
ANY SIGNIFICANT
BUILD-UP
WHATSOEVER!

BUT DAYS OF
SEARCHING
TURNS UP
NOTHING.

PRESENT



I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

WE HAVE FAILED TO DETECT ANY SIGNIFICANT PROBLEM WITHIN METROTITAN, YET HE STILL REMAINS SILENT.



I NEVER EXPECTED A TITAN TO GIVE ME THE COLD SHOULDER.

WHAT DID YOU SAY?



I MEANT NO DISRESPECT, CITYSPEAKER. I JUST MEANT IT SEEMS LIKE HE DOESN'T WANT TO TALK TO US.

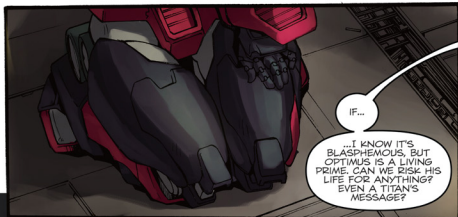
YOU'RE A GENIUS, PYRA!



ALL THIS TIME WE'VE BEEN ASSUMING METROTITAN *COULDN'T* SPEAK. BUT MAYBE...



...WE'RE JUST NOT THE ONES HE WANTS TO TALK TO.





WHO SEEKS
TO STEAL FROM
THE MIND OF
METROTITAN?



MY NAME
IS WINDBLADE. I
AM A HEALER OF
TITANS. I'VE COME
TO SPEAK TO YOU
ON BEHALF OF
OPTIMUS PRIME.



MUCH HAS
BEEN FORGOTTEN,
METROTITAN, AND
THOUGH IT GRIEVES
ME, OUR TRUST HAS
RUSTED WITH TIME.

HE HAS SENT
AN EMISSARY?!
ARE TITANS
NOT TRUSTED?
REVERED ABOVE
ALL OTHERS?!

ARE OUR
LABORS SO EASILY
FORGOTTEN, YOU
PAINTED SPECK?!



IF THE PRIME
MUST HEAR
YOUR PIECE, IT
MUST BE HEARD
THROUGH ME.

IT IS NOT ME
WHO WISHES TO
SPEAK WITH YOU,
SPECK. BUT ANOTHER.
HOW AM I EXPECTED TO
TRUST YOU TO CARRY
THEIR MESSAGE
FAITHFULLY?



WE CANNOT
LET YOU HOLD
THE MIND OF A
PRIME, BUT MY
MIND IS YOURS.



I WISH I COULD
DESCRIBE WHAT
HAPPENED NEXT.
IF ONLY FOR
HISTORY'S SAKE.

I SEE YOU, SPECK.

CORRUPT.
IMPERFECT.

BUT SO ARE
ALL THINGS.

YOU WILL DO.

BUT I CAN SAY NOTHING
EXCEPT THAT ALL MY
FUTURES, MY PASTS,
ALL POSSIBLE OUT-
COMES OF MY LIFE WERE
DESTROYED UTTERLY AND
I WAS REBUILT ANEW.

IN A SHAPE I DID NOT RECOGNIZE.

IN A PLACE I DID NOT KNOW.

AND THERE, I MET A GOD WHO WAS AT ONCE DEAD AND ALIVE ALL IN THE SAME MOMENT.

IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE METROTITAN SPOKE TO ME, LET ALONE SENT ME A VISITOR.

MICRONUS PRIME...

YES.

I WOULD NOT BELIEVE IT, EXCEPT--

PLEASE OVERCOME YOUR AWE, MESSENGER.

WHERE ARE WE?

ON THE BORDER OF A REALM I CREATED, MICROSPACE.

I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR THE ONE CALLED OPTIMUS.

AND I WILL GIVE IT TO HIM FAITHFULLY. WHAT IS IT?

UNFORTUNATELY, THE DEPTH AND IMPORTANCE OF WHAT YOU MUST KNOW CANNOT JUST BE HEARD. IT MUST BE LIVED.

FORGIVE ME, WINDBLADE OF CAMINUS. WHAT I DO, I DO FOR THE GOOD OF ALL.

MICROSPACE, UNDISCLOSED LOCATION



LADY
SHAZRAELLA...

YOU ARE IN
MY PRIVATE
CHAMBERS.

I HAVE KILLED
PEOPLE FOR
LESS... SLOWLY.



AN OUTPOST HAS
CAPTURED A SAMPLE
OF SEMI-STABLE ENERGY
THAT APPEARED OUT OF
THE CLOUD FOR YOUR
IMMEDIATE INSPECTION.



DO I LOOK
LIKE A LOW-LEVEL
SCIENCE MINISTRY
FLUNKY? ARE MY
MAKE-UP SKILLS
SO POOR?

WHY DO I
CARE ABOUT
AN ERRANT
SAMPLE OF
CLOUD VOMIT?



BECAUSE
THIS ONE
CAN SPEAK.

CAN YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

...YES.

I'M NOT SURE HOW, BUT, YES.

THEN WELCOME. MY NAME IS LADY SHAZRAELLA, LEADER OF THE MINISTRY OF DEFENSE- INTELLIGENCE DIVISION...

A TITLE DESIGNED TO IMPRESS, INTIMIDATE.

AND WHAT DO I CALL YOU?


WINDBLADE... OF CAMINUS.

CAMINUS, I HAVEN'T HEARD OF IT AND I PRIDE MYSELF ON HEARING OF EVERYWHERE IN MICROSPACE.

I'M NOT FR-I'VE NEVER HEARD OF MICROSPACE. CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IT'S LIKE HERE?

OF COURSE.

SHAZRAELLA GIVES LITTLE OF CONSEQUENCE. SHE IS USED TO GUARDING HER WORDS.



BUT THERE IS, INDEED, A WAR GOING ON AMONG THE ORGANICS OF THIS PLACE, THE SO-CALLED MINISTRY OF DEFENSE AND THE MINISTRY OF SCIENCE.



A WAR THAT HAS DESTROYED WORLDS EVEN AS THIS BEING, THE ENTROPY CLOUD, DESTROYS MORE.



SHAZRAELLA PLAYS HER SIDE AS THE RIGHTEOUS ONE BUT I RECOGNIZE HER SMILE.

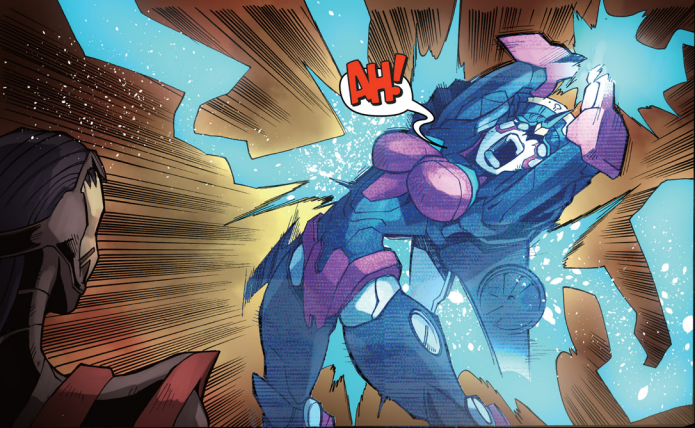
I'VE SEEN IT TOO MANY TIMES BEFORE.



IT'S NOT LONG BEFORE SHE EXPECTS THE FAVOR RETURNED.

BUT YOU MUST TELL ME OF YOURSELF, WINDBLADE.







I WISH I COULD SAY THAT I SAID NOTHING. BUT I DID.

I TOLD THE TRUTH ABOUT US—THE CONFLICT ON CYBERTRON, HOW MANY WORLDS DIED FOR OUR FUTILE CIVIL WAR.

BARON KARZA! WE'RE GETTING CONFLICTING REPORTS FROM THE FRONT LINES AT—

WHERE IS MY WIFE? INFORMATION IS HER SPECIALTY. HAVE HER SORT OUT THE TRUTH.

SIR, SHE'S... OCCUPIED HER HANDMAIDENS REFUSE TO DISTURB HER.



BUT I TOLD LIES AS WELL—I HID OUR DIVIDED NATURE AND OUR CONFUSED LEADERSHIP.



THEY WILL DISTURB HER FOR ME. OR THEY WILL BE REPLACED.

IF SHE WANTS TO SEE US AS A THREAT, LET HER SEE THE MOST DANGEROUS ONE I CAN MUSTER.



MY LADY, YOUR HUSBAND REQUESTS YOUR PRESENCE. HE IS MOST IMPATIENT.



THEN ESCORT ME TO MY HUSBAND.



AFTER WHICH, FIND THE NEAREST AIRLOCK AND EJECT YOURSELF INTO SPACE.

YES, MY LADY.



HURRY,
THERE ISN'T
MUCH TIME.



PLEASE, IF
YOUR ARMIES
ARE WHAT YOU
SAY THEY ARE,
FIND US.
SAVE US.



THIS WAR HAS
RAVAGED OUR
WORLDS, BUT THAT
DOESN'T MEAN WE
ALL WANTED THAT
WHEN IT STARTED.



WE CAN'T
SURVIVE THIS
CLOUD ON OUR
OWN AND I DON'T
BELIEVE IN HELP
WON AT THE
POINT OF A
KNIFE.



I KNOW YOU
CAN'T PROMISE
TO HELP US, BUT
PROMISE YOU'LL
TRY, PLEASE!

I...





NOW
YOU TRULY
UNDERSTAND
OUR NEED,
MESSENGER.
HEAR MY
PLAN... MY
MESSAGE...



YOU'RE
BACK.

I NEED—
I NEED TO
SPEAK WITH
OPTIMUS.




BUT I KNOW
THIS. OPTIMUS
MICRONUS PRIME
IS ALIVE, IN SOME
WAY, INSIDE THIS...
MICROSPACE.

HE CREATED IT
AND HE NEEDS
OUR HELP TO
SAVE IT!

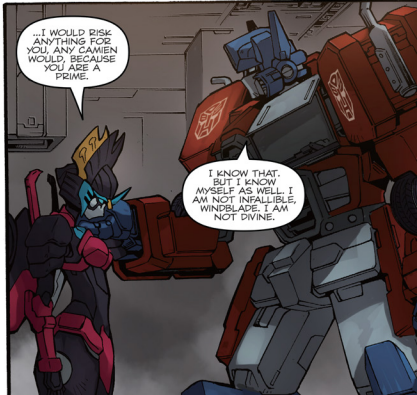
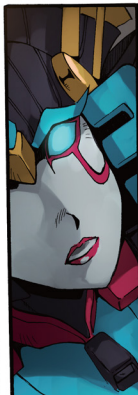


...AND THEN IT
WAS ALL A BLUR. I
THINK I SAW MORE,
BUT I CAN'T PIECE
IT TOGETHER YET.



HIS PEOPLE ARE
FRACTURED, LIKE WE
WERE. THEY'LL NEVER
SURVIVE THIS ENTROPY
CLOUD ON THEIR OWN.
BUT MICRONUS SAYS
ORE-13 CAN HELP
THEM!

WE HAVE TO
GO, *NOW!* WITH
AS MUCH ORE
AS WE CAN GET
THERE!





AND YET YOU ANNEXED THIS WORLD ON THAT AUTHORITY. YOU CHOOSE TO PUT THIS WORLD ABOVE MANY WORLDS, ABOVE *OUR* GODS, ABOVE THE WILL OF ITS *OWN* PEOPLE AND WE ALLOW IT...

...BECAUSE... YOU... ARE... **PRIME!**



DIVINE OR NOT, A PRIME IS SUPPOSED TO WORK FOR THE GOOD OF ALL. IF YOU CAN'T BELIEVE THAT IS WHAT MICRONUS IS DOING, HOW CAN YOU ASK US TO BELIEVE THAT IS WHAT *YOU'RE* DOING?



I DO NOT ASK YOU TO *BELIEVE* ANYTHING. BUT THAT IS WHAT I AM TRYING TO DO. CAN'T YOU SEE THAT?

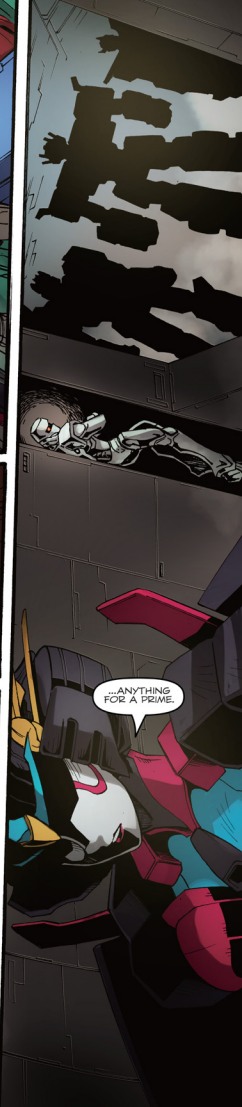
...I SEE MUCH, OPTIMUS.



THEN YOU UNDERSTAND. I NEED YOUR CONTINUED SERVICE, CITY-SPEAKER. CAN I COUNT ON YOU TO HELP ME?



OF COURSE...



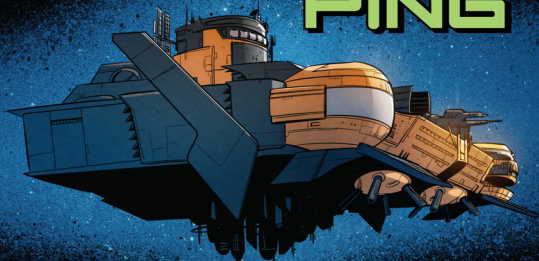
...ANYTHING FOR A PRIME.



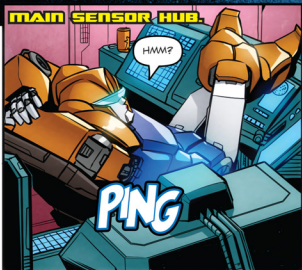


THE TITAN SHIP, CARCER.

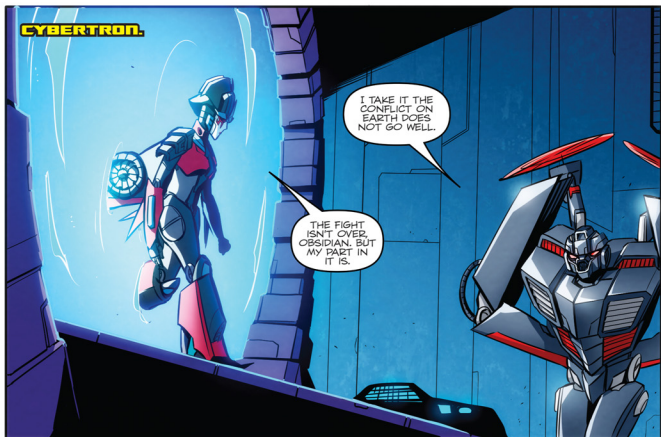
PING



MAIN SENSOR HUB.



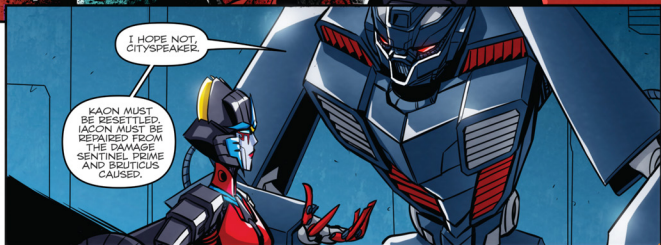
CYBERTRON.





MAYBE MY PART IS OVER IN A LOT OF THINGS. CHROMIA'S IN PRISON. OPTIMUS DOESN'T LISTEN TO MY COUNCIL.

I AM TIRED OF THIS, OBSIDIAN. MAYBE CYBERTRON IS TIRED OF ME.



I HOPE NOT, CITYSPEAKER.

KAON MUST BE RESETTLED. IACON MUST BE REPAIRED FROM THE DAMAGE SENTINEL PRIME AND BRUTICUS CAUSED.



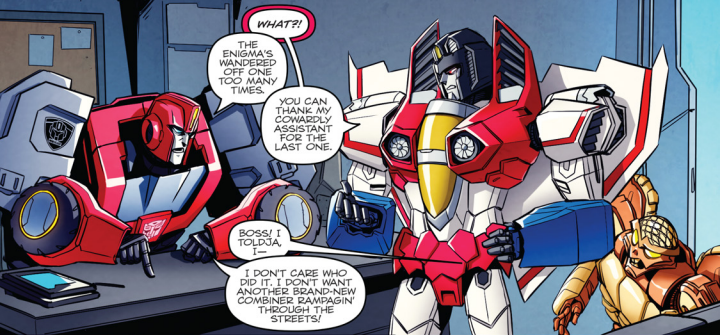
HMM... THERE'S A SAYING ON EARTH, WHERE OPTIMUS IS NOW, "THERE'S NO REST FOR THE WICKED."

THERE IS A SIMILAR SAYING AMONG MY PEOPLE.



THERE IS NO REST FOR THE JUST.

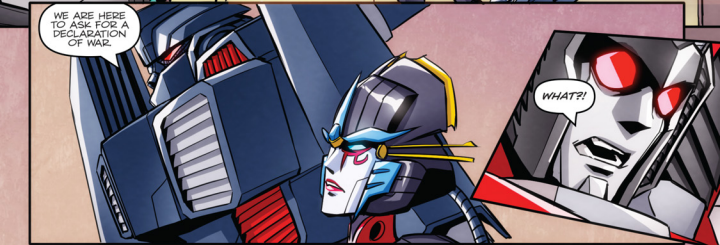
Bpp





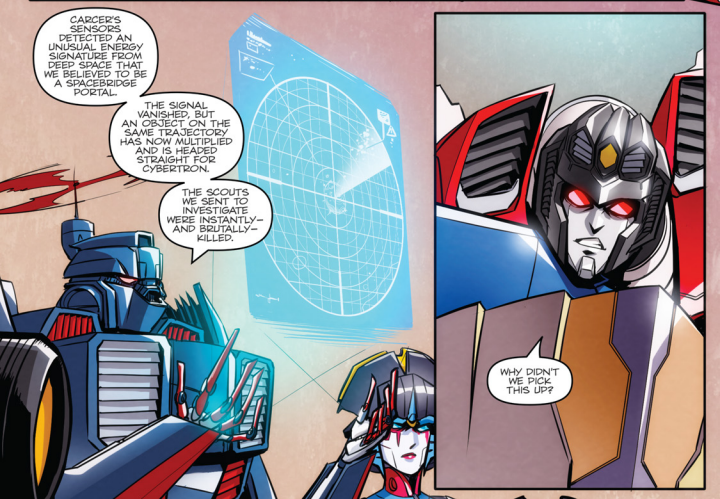


NOW, WILL THE JUSTICE COMMITTEE, THE MOST ANNOYING OF COMMITTEES IF I MAY ADD, PLEASE TELL US WHY WE'RE HERE.



WE ARE HERE TO ASK FOR A DECLARATION OF WAR.

WHAT?!

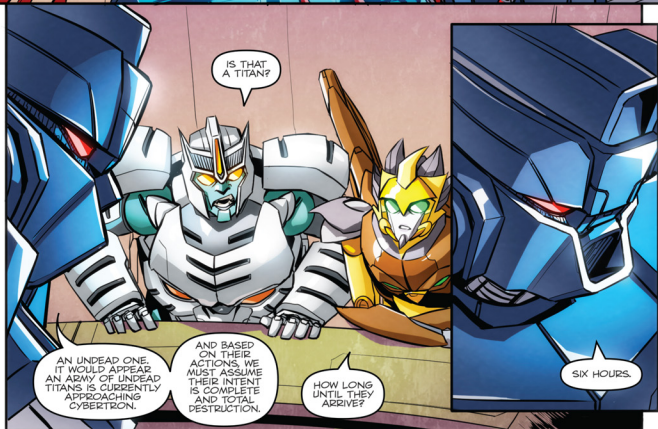


CARCON'S SENSORS DETECTED AN UNUSUAL ENERGY SIGNATURE FROM DEEP SPACE THAT WE BELIEVED TO BE A SPACEBRIDGE PORTAL.

THE SIGNAL VANISHED, BUT AN OBJECT ON THE SAME TRAJECTORY HAS NOW MULTIPLIED AND IS HEADED STRAIGHT FOR CYBERTRON.

THE SCOUTS WE SENT TO INVESTIGATE WERE INSTANTLY—AND BRUTALLY—KILLED.

WHY DIDN'T WE PICK THIS UP?





WE NEED
TO EVACUATE
NOW!

THERE'S
NOT ENOUGH
TIME—
—TO
EVACUATE
EVERYONE.

I DON'T SEE
HOW WE HAVE
A CHOICE.



FASTEST
FIRST, THEN.

WE
CANNOT
PANIC.

HAVE YOU
NO HONOR?
WE CAN'T JUST
ABANDON
OUR POST.



ENOUGH!



WE WILL NOT
RUN AWAY FROM
THIS. NONE OF US.
YOUR WORLDS ALL
SIGNED AN OATH OF
MUTUAL PROTECTION
WHEN YOU JOINED
THIS COUNCIL...

...NOW'S
THE TIME TO
PAY UP.



WE EVACUATE
ONLY WHOEVER'S
TRULY IN NEED
OFF-PLANET.
EVERYONE ELSE
MUST BE MOVED
TO CITY LIMITS.
WE'RE RAISING
METROPLEX.

YOU HAVE
FOUR HOURS.

NO REST FOR THE WICKED.
NO REST FOR THE JUST.
NO REST FOR ANY OF US.

ANY 'BOT SICK OR INJURED
IS IMMEDIATELY EVACUATED
TO CAMIUS AND THE
SPACEBRIDGE SHUT DOWN.

THERE'S NO TIME
TO BRING IN
REINFORCEMENTS.
SO ANYONE
WHO CAN FIGHT
IS EXPECTED TO.



IACON SPACEPORT 1.





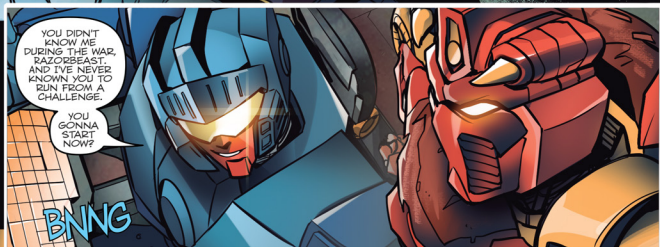
I'M TELLIN' YOU, WE SHOULD RUN. WE SHOULD JUST RUN, FIDDLE!

LOW ORBIT OVER CYBERTRON.



NO!

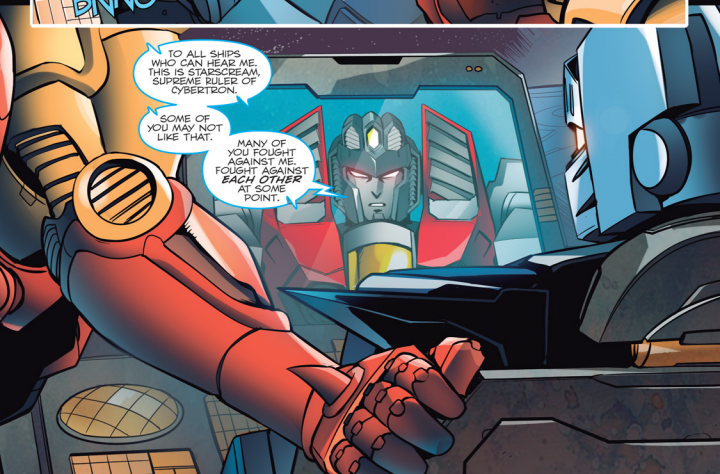
NO?! DON'T TELL ME YOU JUST FOUND A SPINAL COLUMN NOW! WE CAN'T FACE AN ARMY, WE'RE A CARGO HAULER!



YOU DIDN'T KNOW ME DURING THE WAR, RAZORBEAST. AND I'VE NEVER KNOWN YOU TO RUN FROM A CHALLENGE.

YOU GONNA START NOW?

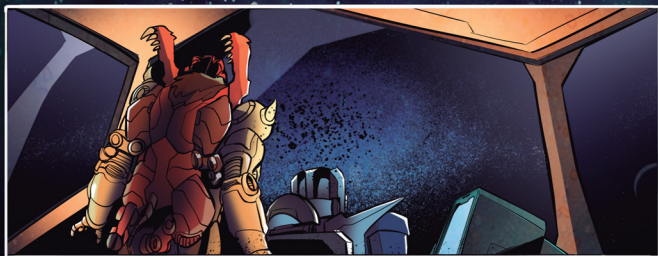
BNNNG



TO ALL SHIPS WHO CAN HEAR ME, THIS IS STARScream, SUPREME RULER OF CYBERTRON.

SOME OF YOU MAY NOT LIKE THAT.

MANY OF YOU FOUGHT AGAINST ME. FOUGHT AGAINST EACH OTHER AT SOME POINT.



2 HOURS TO TITAN IMPACT.

1 HOUR TO TITAN IMPACT.

15 MINUTES TO TITAN IMPACT.

THINK WE'LL
MAKE IT OUT
OF THIS?

YES. BUT
LOOK WHERE
OPTIMISM
GOT ME.

FAIR
ENOUGH.

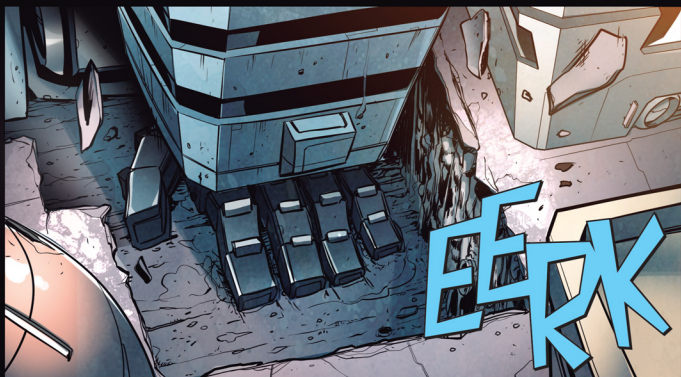
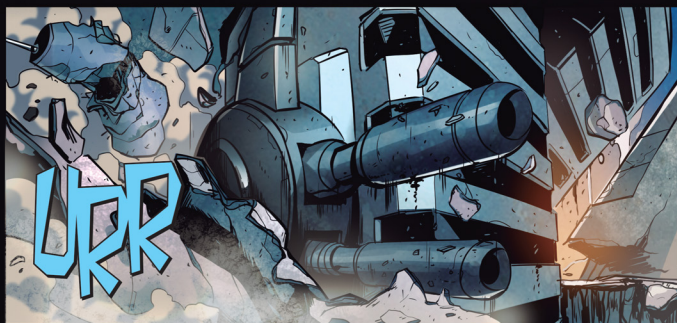
ON THE BRIGHT
SIDE, IF WE LOSE
MAYBE I'LL GET TO
HAUNT MEGATRON.
ANNOY HIM AS MUCH
AS YOU ANNOY ME.

YES,
METROPLEX.
IT'S TIME.

OBSERVATION:
UNCHANGED

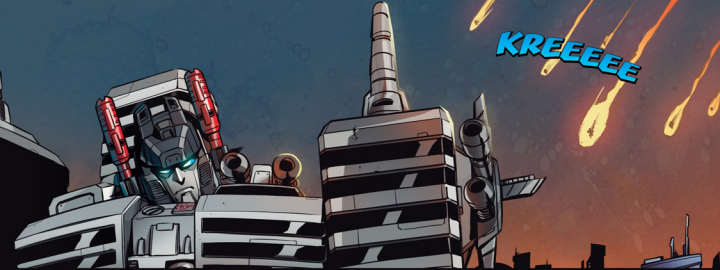
WIND-VOICE...
NOW?

VALUE R33-36
PRESSURE
WARNING:
REROUTING



METROPLEX...
ONLINE.





LOW ORBIT OVER CYBERTRON.





CYBERTRON.

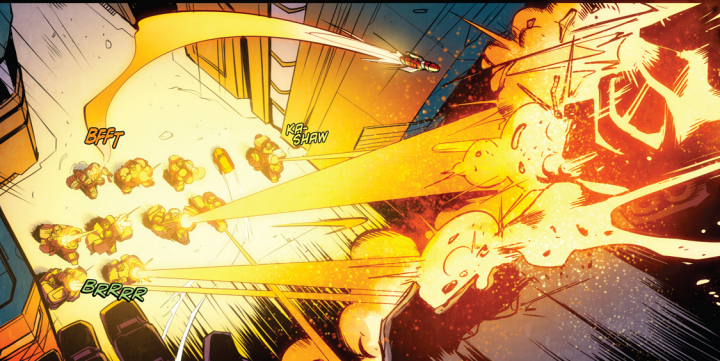
IF ANYONE WANTS
TO HELP OUT! THAT
WOULD BE—*AH!*—
APPRECIATED!



WE WOULD'A
GOTTEN HERE
SOONER...



...BUT WE
ARE KINDA
SLOW.

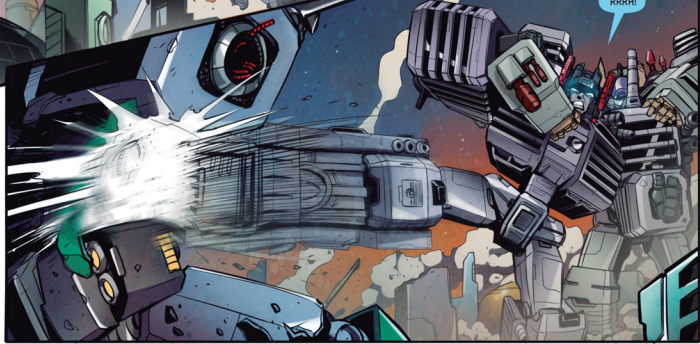


BFFT

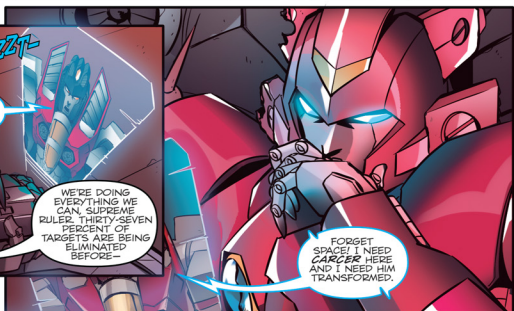
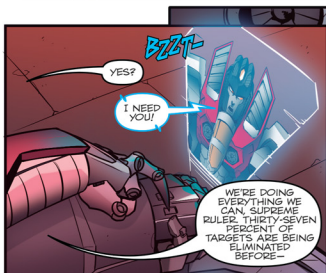
KEE
SHAW

BRRRR














ART BY SARA PITRE-DUROCHER



A SWARM OF UNDEAD
TITANS IS CURRENTLY
ATTACKING MY HOME.
TRYING TO KILL
EVERYONE IN SIGHT.



FUNNY, I NEVER
THOUGHT I'D
SEE THIS PLACE
AS MY HOME.



I DON'T THINK
A LOT OF US DID,
BUT HERE WE ARE...



...READY TO DIE TO DEFEND IT.

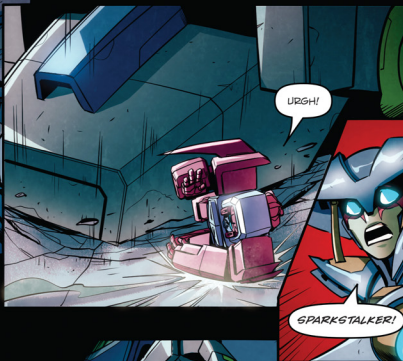


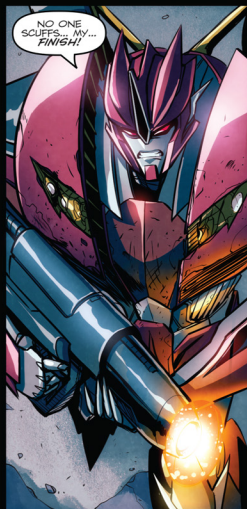
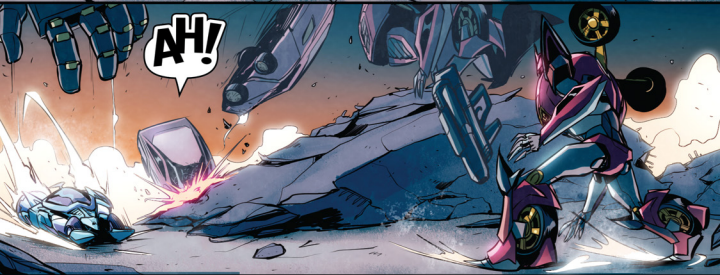
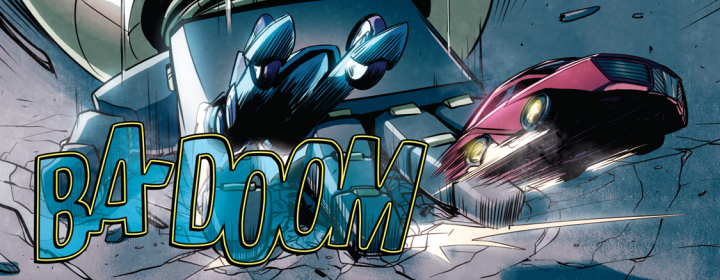
METROPLEX!
I'M SHUTTING
DOWN ALL
NON-EMERGENCY
SYSTEMS. IT
SHOULD GIVE
YOU A POWER
BOOST.



WIND-VOICE,
THANK YOU. FIGHT
OVER YET.

DESPERATE TIMES



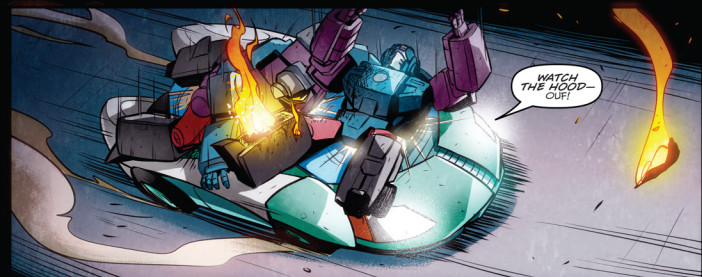




VANQUISH!
FIRESHOT!
NOW!



Ahhh!



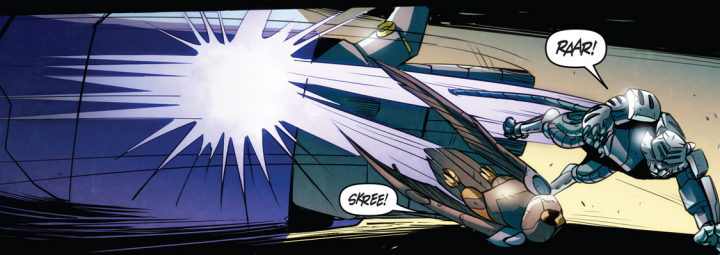
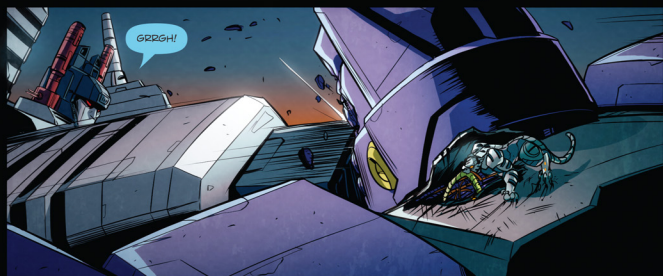
WATCH
THE HOOD-
OUT!

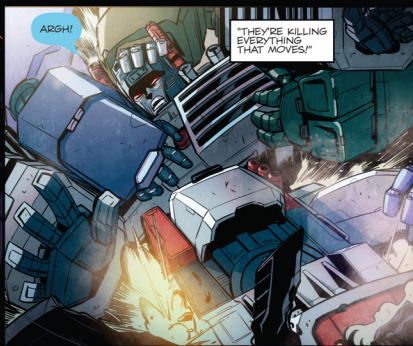


VANQUISH!

IT-IT'S
NOTHING.
I'LL LIVE.

DON'T
COUNT ON
THAT YET.







HURTS!
HURTS!

THEY... ARE...

MAKE THEM STOP!

IT'S JUST LIKE
CAMINIUS. WE CAN
PRESERVE HIS
BRAIN MODULE IN
ISOLATION.

IN THEORY! BUT
IT'S DANGEROUS!
HE'LL BE COMPLETELY
CUT OFF FROM HIS
BODY! PARALYZED!



WE SWORE AN
OATH! WE CAN'T
RISK A TITAN.

WE'RE WAY
PAST RISK,
LIGHTBRIGHT.
PRAY FOR US.



WIND-VOICE,
WHAT-?

I'M SORRY
I'M SORRY
I'M SORRY.



WIND-VOOOIIICCEE...



MOVE!
YOU OAF!
MOVE!



ELITA!

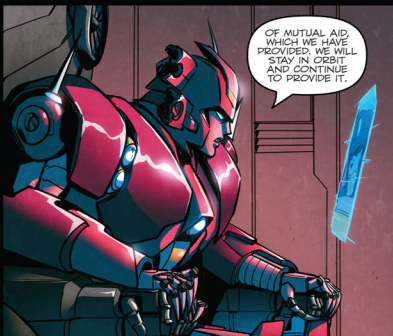
WHAT NOW, STARSCREAM?

METROPLEX IS DOWN! ELITA, YOU **MUST** BRING CARCER ONLINE, NOW!

I'M SORRY, STARSCREAM. I TRULY AM. BUT MY SHIP WILL NOT LEAVE ORBIT.



YOU SIGNED A TREATY!



OF MUTUAL AID, WHICH WE HAVE PROVIDED. WE WILL STAY IN ORBIT AND CONTINUE TO PROVIDE IT.



WHAT DOES THAT MATTER? WE'VE LOST HALF THE CITY ALREADY! SOON THERE WON'T BE ANYTHING LEFT TO PROTECT!

WE NEED A TITAN!



I AM NOT ACCUSTOMED TO REPEATING MYSELF, STARSCREAM.

BUT I WISH TO MAKE MYSELF CLEAR.

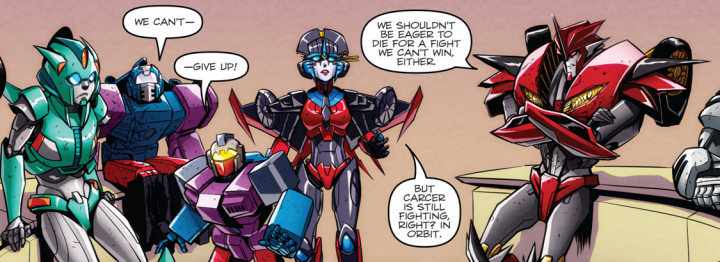


YOU CAN DIE. I CAN DIE. THE GALAXY ITSELF CAN BURN IN FLAME AND DARKNESS.

BUT CARCER WILL **NEVER** TRANSFORM.







WE CAN'T—

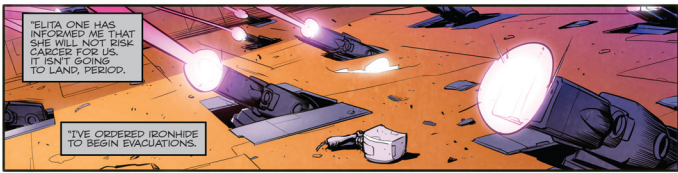
—GIVE UP!

WE SHOULDN'T
BE EAGER TO
DIE FOR A FIGHT
WE CAN'T WIN,
EITHER.

BUT
CARTER
IS STILL
FIGHTING,
RIGHT? IN
ORBIT.

"THEY ARE. THE
TITANS HAVE
NEARLY ALL
LANDED BY NOW.
BUT CARTER'S
STILL IN ORBIT."

"SO WHY NOT
BRING THEM
DOWN HERE?"



"ELITA ONE HAS
INFORMED ME THAT
SHE WILL NOT
RISK CARTER FOR US.
IT ISN'T GOING
TO LAND, PERIOD.

"I'VE ORDERED IRONHIDE
TO BEGIN EVACUATIONS.



"ANY SHIP OUT OF AMMO NEEDS
TO START SHUTTLING PEOPLE
OFF-WORLD IMMEDIATELY."

MORE SHIPS ARE
PULLING BACK. BUT
THERE'S NOT ENOUGH
TO GET EVERYONE
OFF-WORLD IN TIME.

NOT BY A
LONG
SHOT.



WE SHOULD BE
HELPING THEM
EVACUATE.

WE CAN'T
RISK IT.
GREENLIGHT.
YOU KNOW
THAT.



BESIDES, WE'D JUST
MAKE THINGS WORSE.

WORSE...
YEAH.





MOVE IT ALONG, SCUM. FIRST PERSON TO GIVE ME TROUBLE GETS ACCIDENTALLY LEFT OFF THE ROSTER.



IRONHIDE?



IRONHIDE!

GET BACK IN LINE!

IRONHIDE!



WHAT IS IT?



I SAW METROPLEX GO DOWN! YOU HAVE TO GET TO WINDBLADE! YOU HAVE TO BE WITH HER!



I CAN'T. MY PLACE IS HERE RIGHT NOW, BUT DON'T WORRY. SHE'S AT THE SPIRE. SHE'LL BE SAFE THERE.



NO! SHE'LL BE ALONE THERE--AND DESPERATE!

I KNOW HER, IRONHIDE. SHE'S GONNA DO SOMETHING STUPID. I KNOW IT.



THEY'RE HIDING
SOMETHING.

THEY'VE
ALWAYS
BEEN HIDING
SOMETHING
ABOUT THAT
TITAN.

IF THEY
WON'T LET
CARCER HELP
US, WE NEED
TO FIND
ANOTHER
WAY.



I KNOW YOU
DON'T HOLD MY
OPINION IN HIGH
REGARD, WINDBLADE.
BUT ELITA ISN'T
EXACTLY IN A "TALK
IT OUT" MOOD.



THAT'S WHY
WE'RE NOT
TALKING.

WE TAKE A SHIP
AND HIDE AMONG
THE FIGHTERS WE
STILL HAVE UP HERE.
WE CHARGE IN CLOSE
TO CARCER AND
GET ONBOARD.



ELITA DOESN'T
WANT TO HELP
US, BUT MAYBE
CARCER DOES.



WHEN DID YOU
GET TO BE SO
RUTHLESS?



15 MINUTES AND ONE HAREBRAINED SCHEME LATER.



20 MINUTES LATER.



STARSCREAM,
WE'RE READING
A LARGE NUMBER
OF SHIPS OFF
OUR BOW.

DO YOU
REALLY WANT
TO WASTE TIME
AND RESOURCES
YOU DON'T HAVE
FIGHTING YOUR
FRIENDS?



I THINK
YOU UNDER-
ESTIMATE THE
DEPTH OF MY
PETTINESS.

CYBERTRONIAN
FLEET, ATTACK!



HE IS PLOTTING
SOMETHING. THEY
DON'T HAVE THE
FIREPOWER TO
DESTROY US.

OR MAYBE...





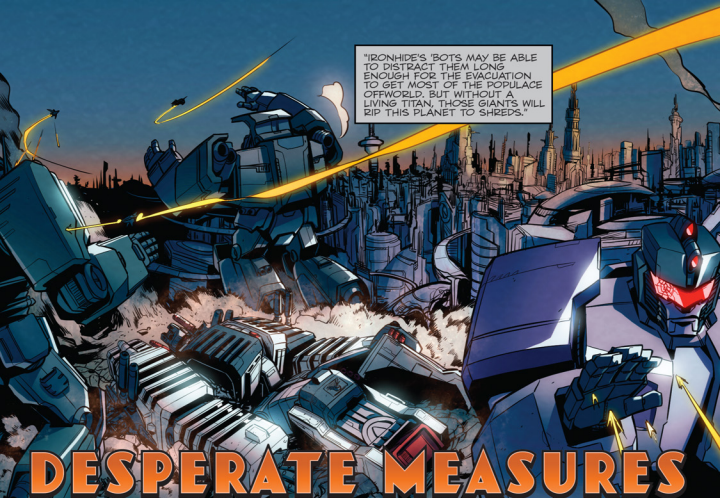
"NOW FIRE."







ART BY SARA PITRE-DUROCHER



"IRONHIDE'S 'BOTS MAY BE ABLE TO DISTRACT THEM LONG ENOUGH FOR THE EVACUATION TO GET MOST OF THE POPULACE TO OFFWORLD. BUT WITHOUT A LIVING TITAN, THOSE GIANTS WILL RIP THIS PLANET TO SHREDS."

DESPERATE MEASURES



WELL, THAT'S *SOME* NEWS. BECAUSE NO MATTER HOW MANY SHIPS WE SEND, EVEN WITH DEVASTATOR, WE'LL NEVER TAKE CARCER FROM ELITA ONE AND HE'S THE ONLY GAME LEFT.

THEY DON'T HAVE TO TAKE HIM. THEY JUST HAVE TO DISTRACT ELITA LONG ENOUGH FOR WINDBLADE TO TAKE HIM.



WINDBLADE DIDN'T HAVE TO GO HERSELF, YOU KNOW.

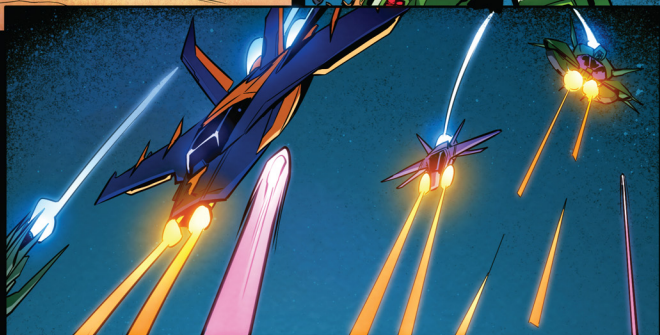
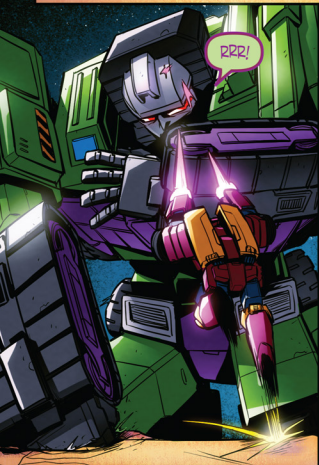
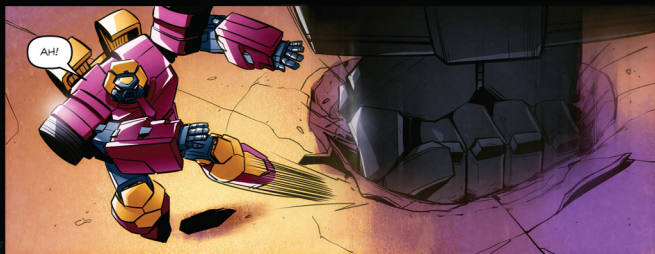
SHE'S RISKING HER LIFE FOR *YOUR* PLANET—*YOUR* EMPIRE. SHE COULD HAVE RUN BACK TO CAMINUS INSTEAD.











KBOOM

WHEER WHEER WHEER

DIRECT
HIT!

NOTICED!

STATUS
REPORT—
WHAT'S
DAMAGED?

WHAT
ISN'T?!

WINDBLADE,
I'M NOT GONNA
BE ABLE TO HOLD
ON MUCH LONGER
AND NEITHER IS
THIS SHIP!

JUST GIVE
ME WHAT
YOU CAN!

RED ONE
AND TWO,
WE'RE GOING
IN. GET READY
TO GIVE US
COVER.





STEADY!

I'M TRYING!
WE'RE NOT
GONNA MAKE IT!
WE'LL NEVER GET
CLOSE ENOUGH
TO BOARD!

I CAN
DO IT!



I KNOW
HOW TO
GET US
THERE!

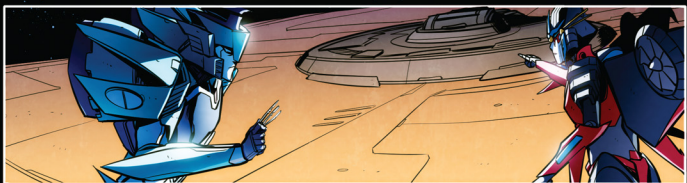
IF WE DON'T,
CYBERTRON!
WILL DIE
WITH US!

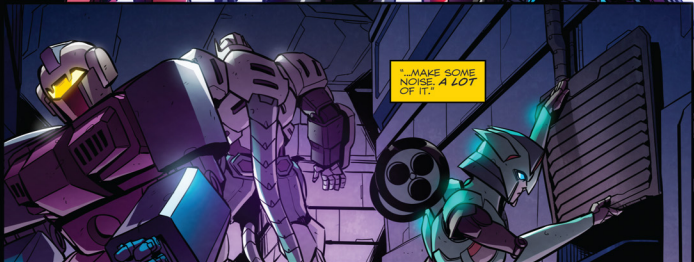


WELL, IF
THOSE ARE
THE ONLY
OPTIONS...

...MAYBE YOU
SHOULD LOOK
DOWN HERE!

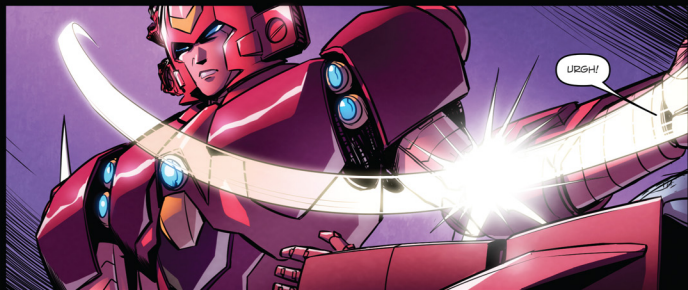
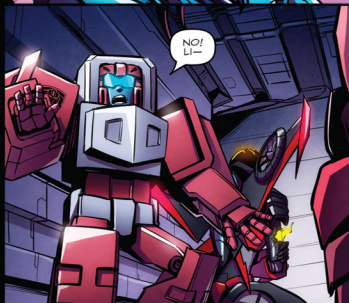


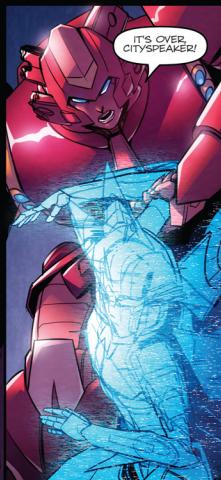










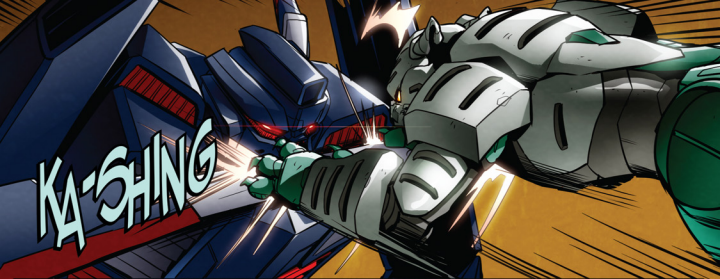


CARCER'S BRAIN ROOM-SAME TIME.













CARCER!
AWAKEN!

YOUR
HOME-WORLD IS
UNDER ATTACK!
YOUR PEOPLE WILL
BE DESTROYED!
WE NEED YOU!

CARCER!
CARCER!

NOT...
CARCER!

NEVER...
AGAIN...
CARCER!

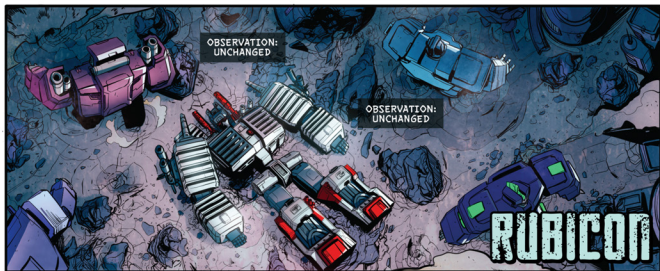
VIGILEM... IS...

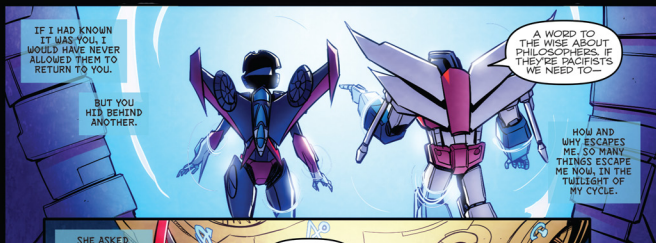
...ONLINE!





ART BY SARA PITRE-DUROCHER





IF I HAD KNOWN
IT WAS YOU, I
WOULD HAVE NEVER
ALLOWED THEM TO
RETURN TO YOU.

BUT YOU
HID BEHIND
ANOTHER.

A WORD TO
THE WISE ABOUT
PHILOSOPHERS. IF
THEY'RE PACIFISTS
WE NEED TO—

HOW AND
WHY ESCAPES
ME. SO MANY
THINGS ESCAPE
ME NOW, IN THE
TWILIGHT OF
MY CYCLE.



SHE ASKED
ME WHO YOU
WERE. MY
WIND-VOICE. SHE
SAW YOUR NAME
INSIDE ME.

BUT WHERE
DID CARCER
COME FROM?

CAMINUS HAS
NO RECORD OF
SUCH A TITAN.
THERE APPEARS
TO BE NONE ON
CYBERTRON
EITHER.

AND I
LIED...

...FOR YOU,
VIGILEM.

OR PERHAPS
FOR MYSELF.

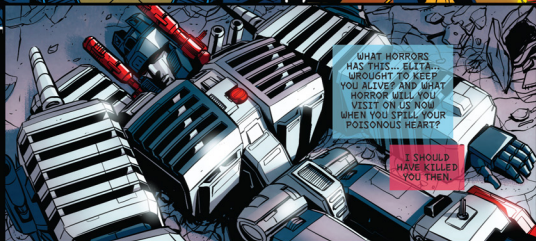


I HOPED THAT
YOU WOULD BE JUST
ANOTHER PIECE OF
OUR SORDID HISTORY,
PAINTED OVER AND
LEFT TO RUST AWAY
BENEATH.

BUT YOU
WERE NEVER
ONE TO MAKE
THINGS EASY.

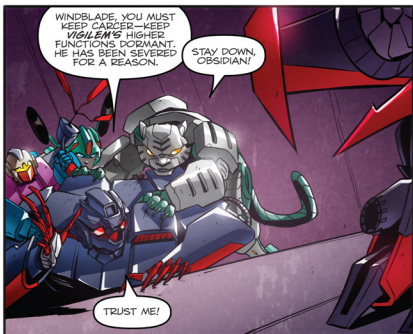


EVEN STRIPPING
YOU OF YOUR NAME,
YOUR MIND, YOUR PLACE
AMONG US WASN'T
ENOUGH TO STOP YOU
FROM RETURNING.



WHAT HORRORS
HAS THIS... ELITA-
WROUGHT TO KEEP
YOU ALIVE? AND WHAT
HORROR WILL YOU
VISIT ON US NOW
WHEN YOU SPILL YOUR
POISONOUS HEART?

I SHOULD
HAVE KILLED
YOU THEN.



IT TAKES EVERYTHING I HAVE TO KEEP VIGILEM INACTIVE. I CAN'T SHUT DOWN WHAT I'VE ALREADY WOKEN, BUT I CAN KEEP IT AT BAY FOR THE MOMENT.

WHO...
ARE YOU?

I REACH OUT DIRECTLY TO HIS LIMBS, TRACING THE CIRCUITS AS I DID WITH NAVITAS, ONLY NOW FROM THE INSIDE OUT.

DO YOU
SEEK TO
HOLD ME?
WOULD YOU
MASTER
VIGILEM?

THEY'RE OLD
AND DISUSED.
A HODGE-
PODGE OF
A BODY.

FOREIGN
COMPONENTS
EVERYWHERE.

LANCER!
INITIATE
ATTACK
PLAN 001!
NOW!

"ALL PERSONNEL, INITIATE ATTACK
PLAN 001. ALPHA DESIGNATION
TO SECTOR 0. BETA AND LOWER,
EVACUATE. THIS IS NOT A DRILL.

"I REPEAT, THIS
IS *NOT* A DRILL."

I DO WHAT NO OTHER
CITYSPEAKER HAS
EVER DONE OR WOULD
DREAM OF DOING.

I TAKE CONTROL OF A TITAN.

SOLUS GIVE ME THE STRENGTH
TO HOLD HIM UNTIL THIS IS DONE.

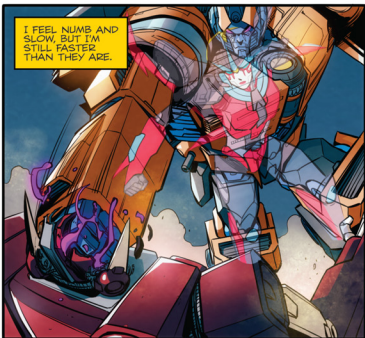
DEV... VASTATOR.

DEVASTATE!

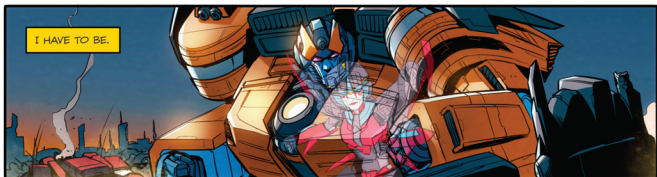




FIGHTING IN ANOTHER'S
BODY IS LIKE MOVING
THROUGH GEAR GREASE.



I FEEL NUMB AND
SLOW, BUT I'M
STILL FASTER
THAN THEY ARE.



I HAVE TO BE.



I HAVE TO KEEP
FIGHTING.

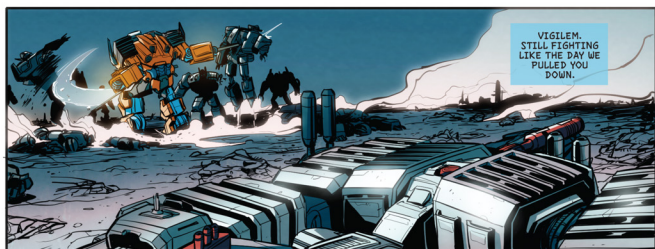


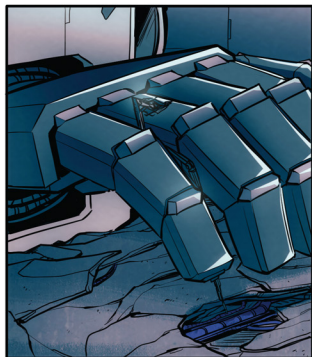
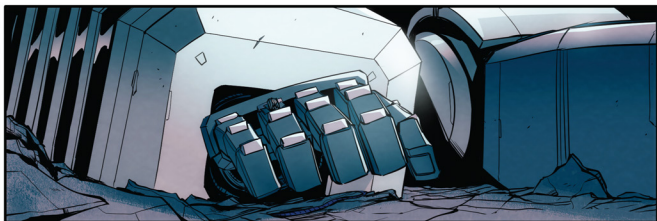
...HAVE TO KEEP FIGHTING...



...HAVE TO...









LET ME OUT
OF HERE, YOU
RUST-LICKING
GEAR GRINDER!



CHROME-1A.

METROPLEX?

WIND-VOICE
NEED/FACILITATE
ESCAPE.

WIND-VOICE
PRESENT = DANGER.

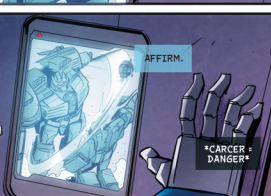


IS SHE STILL
WITH YOU?

IRONHIDE
SAID SHE
EVACUATED!



SHE'S IN
CARCER, ISN'T
SHE?



AFFIRM.

*CARCER =
DANGER*



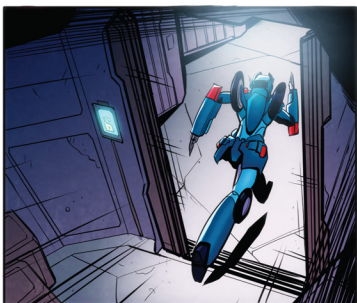
DISCONNECT.

DISCONNECT.

DISCONNECT.

DISCONNECT.

SHE'S
PLUGGED
IN?!





WE MUST... STOP THEM. SAVE... CYBERTRON.

SHE CAN'T HOLD HIM! WE HAVE TO DISCONNECT HER!

NO! NOT UNTIL WINDBLADE ASKS TO BE RELEASED.



I DON'T THINK THAT'S HOW MERGING WORKS. SHE MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO SAY ANYTHING IF HE TAKES CONTROL!

THEN NOT UNTIL CYBERTRON IS SAFE! IT'S WHAT SHE WOULD HAVE ORDERED.

"IT'S WHAT SHE WOULD HAVE WANTED."

WE NEED TO WORK TOGETHER! YOU ARE STILL A TITAN. YOU MUST WANT TO SAVE OUR WORLD.

OUR WORLD? CYBERTRON CEASED TO BE MY WORLD WHEN THEY SHUT DOWN MY MIND AND SENT ME DRIFTING INTO SPACE! I BECAME A PRISONER IN MY OWN BODY.



MY JAILERS, THE TRAITOROUS FOLLOWERS OF MY MASTER AND MY WEAK-MINDED DESCENDANTS.



I WILL HELP YOU KILL THESE MINDLESS ABOMINATIONS, PARASITE. BUT ONLY SO THAT I CAN EXACT MY MASTER'S REVENGE MYSELF AND DESTROY THIS ACCURSED PLACE WITH MY OWN TWO HANDS.



DON'T THINK I'VE
OVERLOOKED YOU,
METROPLEX.



DON'T THINK
I'VE FORGOTTEN
THE ARCHITECT OF MY
SUFFERING. OR THAT I
CANNOT SENSE YOUR
MIND STILL PUTTERING
ALONG.

YOU
IMPRISONED MY
MASTER, LIEGE
MAXIMO, AND ME.
MAY THE LAST
THING YOU SEE
BE...

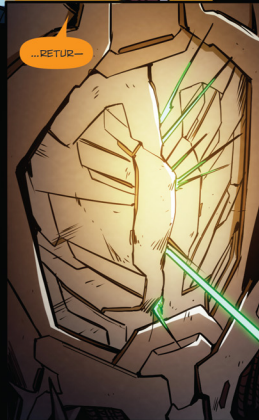


ERGH.

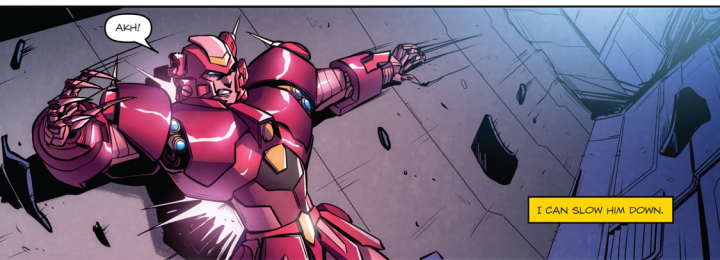
ENOUGH!
YOU WILL **NOT**
HARM HIM.



...HIS...

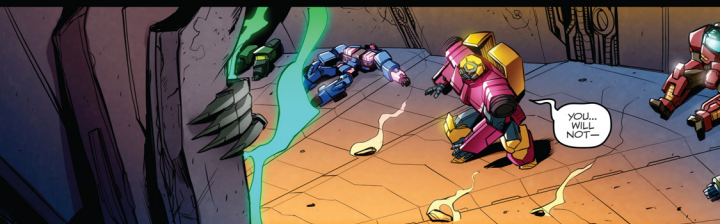


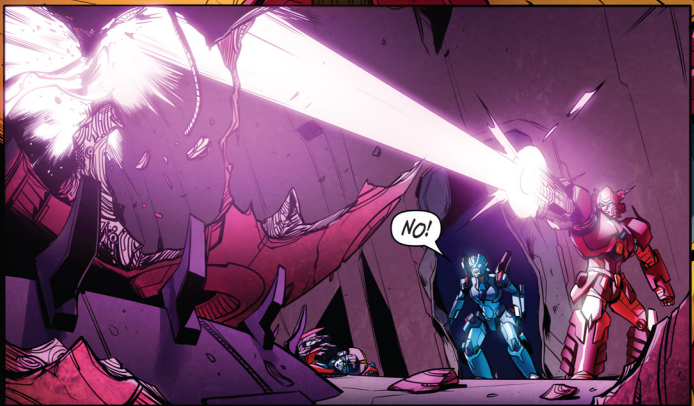
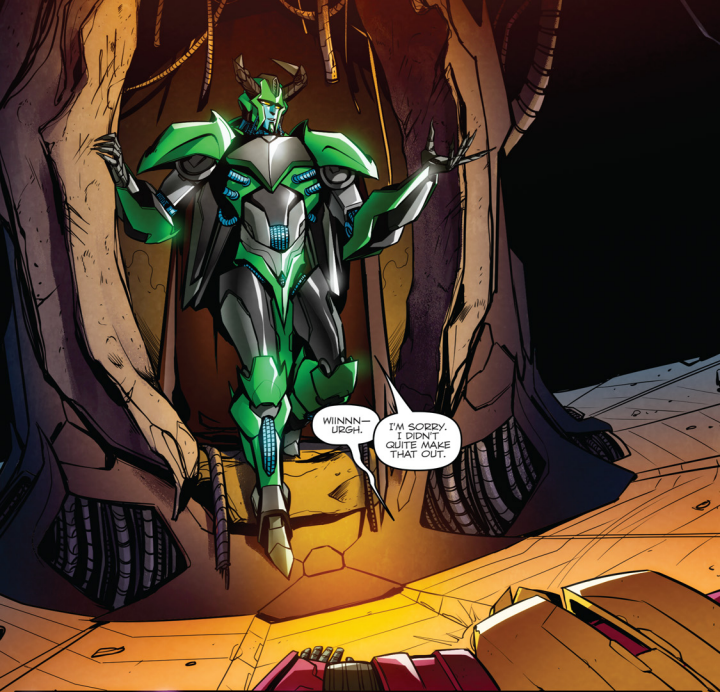
...RETUR—



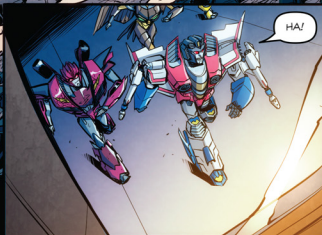
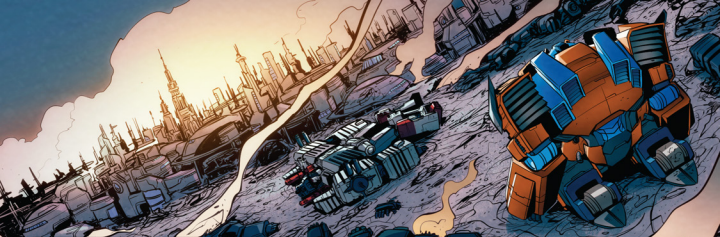












"WE WON."



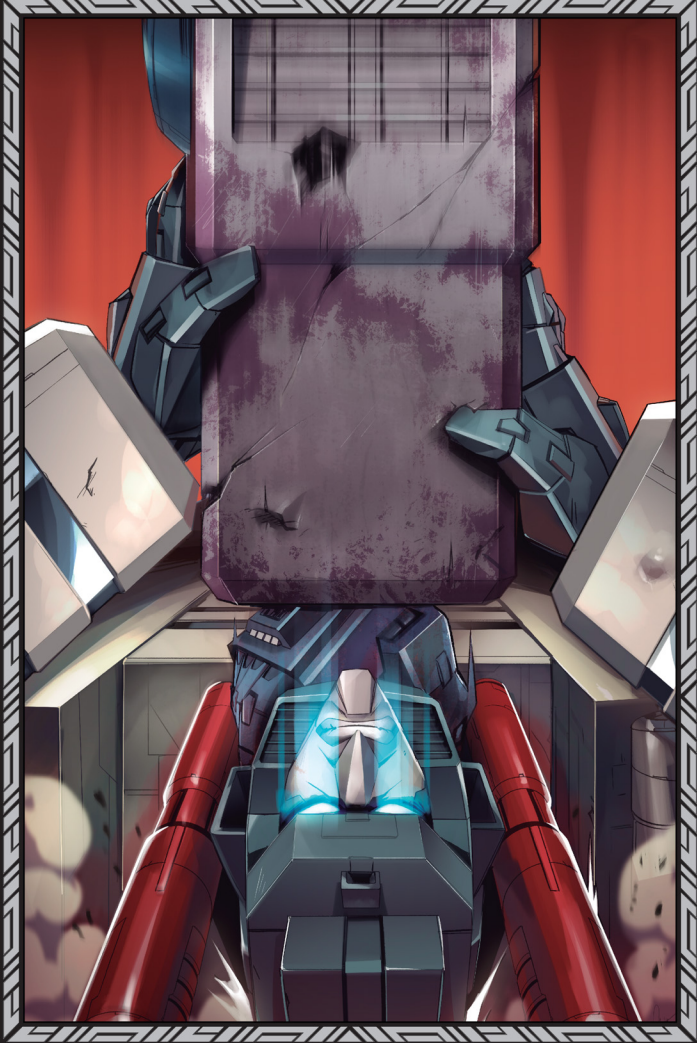


JACKADEMUS



ART BY PRISCILLA TRAMONTANO





ART BY PRISCILLA TRAMONTANO



ART BY JOANA LAFUENTE



הַיְיִת הַבְּנֵי אֱלֹהִים

וְהַיְיִת הַבְּנֵי אֱלֹהִים

וְהַיְיִת הַבְּנֵי אֱלֹהִים





ART BY PRISCILLA TRAMONTANO





ART BY KEN CHRISTIANSEN

TRANSFORMERS

TILL ALL ARE ONE



EPIC SPACE-OPERA ACTION CONTINUES! REVOLUTION IS OVER BUT THE DANGER ISN'T! A WAVE OF UNDEAD TITANS THREATENS CYBERTRON! STARScream WILL NEED MORE THAN SECRET POLICE TO STOP THE ONCOMING HORDE, BUT THE FEARLESS LEADER FINDS HIMSELF SHORT ON FRIENDS AND FIREPOWER. WHO CAN BE CALLED UPON—AND WHY AREN'T THEY STEPPING UP TO THE PLATE? WRITTEN BY MAIRGHREAD SCOTT WITH ART BY SARA PITRE-DUROCHER.

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ONE-SHOT AND ISSUES #5-8.