

SCOTT • HOWELL • DEER

# TRANSFORMERS

## WINDBLADE



**IDW**

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## WINDBLADE

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...SHOULDN'T THEY BE BACK BY NOW?

NERVOUS?

YOU'D BETTER HOPE NOT. I TEND TO PUNCH THINGS WHEN I'M—

DON'T JUST WALK AWAY FROM ME, *STARScream*. WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT THIS!

NO, IN FACT, WE *DON'T*.

THE *EUKARIANS* ARE ONBOARD. THE SITUATION WAS HANDLED. BY DEFINITION, THERE IS NOTHING TO DISCUSS.

THAT IS ABSOLUTE *SLAG* AND YOU KNOW IT.

OKAY, NOW I'M GETTING DOWNRIGHT WORRIED.

THIS IS ME, NOT GETTING INVOLVED.

STARScream! BACK UP!

THIS DOESN'T CONCERN YOU.



# THE WILL OF THE FEW





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

IT WAS MY FAULT, CHROMIA.



I WAS THERE... I—I TRIED TO STOP HIM, BUT—

—I COULDN'T.



I'VE DEVOTED MY LIFE TO HELPING TITANS. AND I'VE USED THEM, I HELPED KILL THEM. I—

I BELIEVE IN YOU.



WHAT?

CYBERTRON ISN'T CAMINUS. THINGS AREN'T SIMPLE HERE AND I'VE SEEN YOU MAKE TOUGH CALLS AND HARD CHOICES OVER AND OVER AGAIN.



DEEP DOWN, YOU *KNOW* IF YOU DID EVERYTHING YOU COULD OR NOT. IF YOU DID, YOU HAVE TO KEEP MOVING. IF YOU DIDN'T, YOU HAVE TO LEARN FROM IT. JUST LIKE ALL OF US.

CHROMIA, I'M SO—



NO NEED, BOSS. YOU GAVE ME A SECOND CHANCE.

YOU TOLD ME YOU WANTED TO MAKE THE WORLD BETTER. ARE YOU STILL READY TO TRY?

YEAH... I AM.



THERE'S STILL A FINAL COLONY. LET'S SEE WHAT METROPLEX HAS TO SAY ABOUT IT.

RIGHT BEHIND YOU.



METROPLEX, CHELA IS DEAD. HE ATTACKED US AND—AND I AM SO SORRY.

YL949 VALVE  
70% MAXIMUM PRESSURE

WINDVOICE ≠ KILLER?

NO, BUT I COULD NOT SAVE HIM.

CHELA WOULD NEVER ALLOW HIMSELF TO BE SAVED.

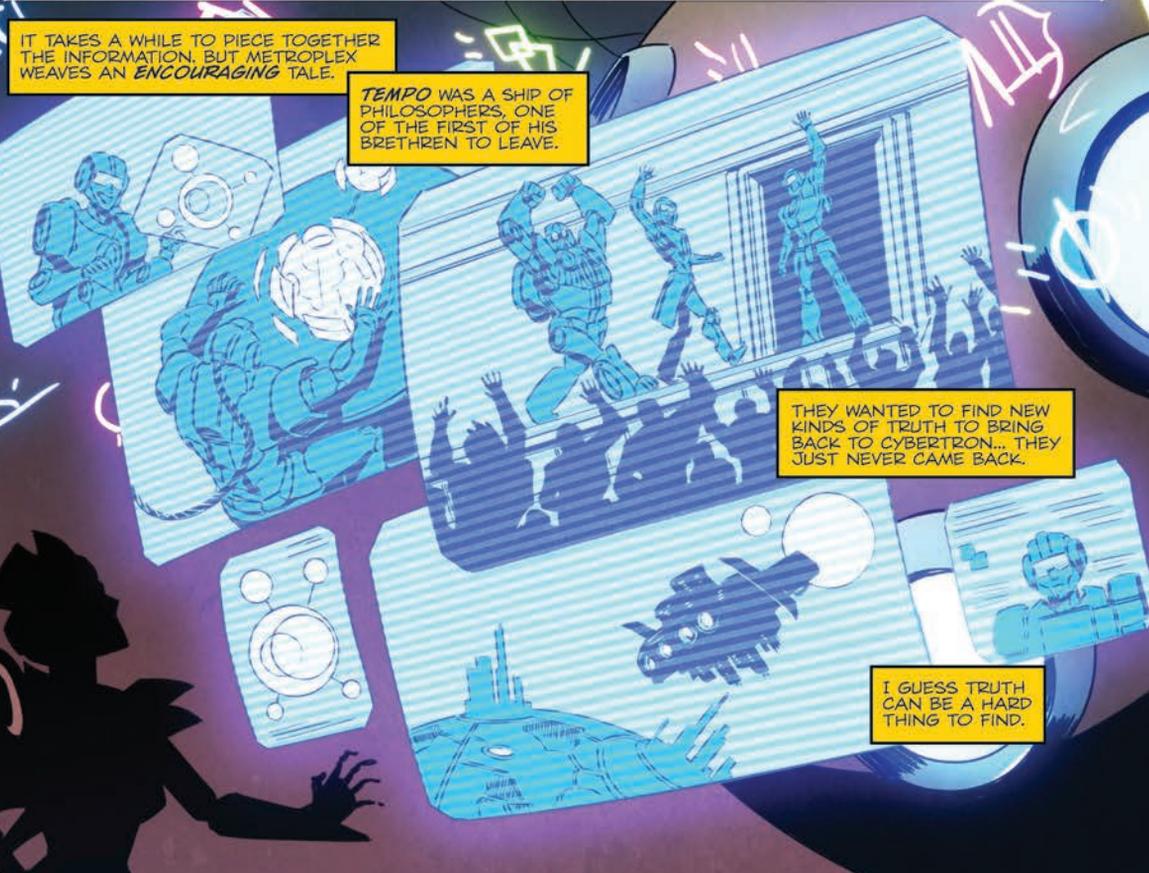
"THE TALON BREAKS FOR THE CLAW, NEVER THE OPPOSITE."

POWER REGULATION,  
JUNCTION 4. STATUS?



THANK YOU.

THE FINAL COLONY THAT YOU FOUND, METROPLEX. WHO ARE THEY? WHAT ARE THEY LIKE?



IT TAKES A WHILE TO PIECE TOGETHER THE INFORMATION, BUT METROPLEX WEAVES AN ENCOURAGING TALE.

TEMPO WAS A SHIP OF PHILOSOPHERS, ONE OF THE FIRST OF HIS BRETHREN TO LEAVE.

THEY WANTED TO FIND NEW KINDS OF TRUTH TO BRING BACK TO CYBERTRON... THEY JUST NEVER CAME BACK.

I GUESS TRUTH CAN BE A HARD THING TO FIND.

BUT PERHAPS  
PEACE WON'T BE.

THANK  
YOU, MY  
FRIEND.

**NEXT MORNING.**

MY GUARDS  
SAID YOU SPOKE  
WITH METROPLEX  
LAST NIGHT. GLEAN  
ANYTHING ABOUT  
ABOUT OUR SOON-  
TO-BE-ALLIES OR  
DID YOU JUST CRY  
ON DADDY-BOT'S  
SHOULDER?

YOU REALLY  
KNOW HOW  
TO FOSTER  
COOPERATION,  
DON'T YOU?

METROPLEX  
SAID WE SHOULD  
BE ENCOUNTERING  
PHILOSOPHERS.  
HE THINKS WE CAN  
DO THIS WITHOUT  
SHEDDING ANY  
ENERGON.

WELL...  
WE CAN  
ALWAYS  
TRY.

...WHY DID  
YOU SAVE ME,  
STARScream?  
WHEN CHELA  
WAS CRASHING,  
YOU COULD  
HAVE JUST  
LET ME DIE.

AND HAVE  
CHROMIA HACK  
ME TO BITS WHEN  
I CAME BACK  
WITHOUT YOU?  
NO THANKS.

WHEN YOU DIE,  
IT WILL BE IN PUBLIC,  
WITH WITNESSES, AND  
I'LL BE AT LEAST  
FIVE MILES AWAY.

...UM...  
SPACEBRIDGE  
ACTIVE. SEARCHING  
FOR THE TARGET  
DESTINATION NOW.  
DIDN'T HEAR  
ANYTHING.

SHALL  
WE?