

BARBER • GRIFFITH • PEREZ

TRANSFORMERS

COME ON—
GIVE US A
SMILE!

IDW[®]

#44 • \$3.99

TRANSFORMERS

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CYBERTRON. BEFORE THE WAR.



ALMOST AS GORGEOUS AS ME.



WE, UH, WE GOTTA TALK.

YOU'RE LATE. HANGING OUT WITH THAT IDIOT AGAIN? YOU COULDN'T FIND A WORSE CROWD IF YOU TRIED.

AND LEAVING OUR POOR LITTLE CHIPS ALL ALONE?

"OUR" CHIPS?

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. YOUR DESIGNS. MY MARKETING— WE'RE GONNA CHANGE THE WORLD.

"THE TRACKS AND NEEDLENOSE BROS.—PURVEYORS OF QUALITY CHIPS SINCE FIRST CYCLE, EIGHT-TWELVE."

CHIPS... IF YOU CAN AFFORD THEM.



HEY, I'VE KNOWN YOU SINCE YOU WERE A SPARK.

I KNOW THERE'S A FROWNY-FACE UNDER THAT HAT OF YOURS.



CHIC CHIPS ARE A BUSINESS.

IT'S MORE THAN—

NOT EVERYTHING IS ABOUT CHANGING THE WORLD.

JUST BECAUSE YOUR CONJUNK ENDURA IS ALL ABOUT CLASS WHATEVER AND QUOTING THAT MINER...



HE'S NOT MY— MEGATRON'S NOT JUST—

ARRGH!

YOU ALWAYS DO THIS.

IF YOU JUST LISTENED TO HORRI-BULL...



YOU KNOW WHAT?

YOU WANT TO SELL MY ART, YOU WANNA JUST GET SOME SHANIX AND WHO CARES ABOUT THE DISPOSABLE CLASS?!

HOLD ON, NEEDLENOSE—

FINE.



I CREATED CHIC CHIPS FOR EVERYBODY. BUT GO AHEAD, DO WHATEVER YOU GOTTA DO!

COME ON, HORRI-BULL. I'M DONE WITH THIS.

NEEDLE NOSE—

THE WORLD'S CHANGING, TRACKS...



...DON'T BE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF HISTORY.

CYBERTRON. TODAY.

I LITERALLY,
MY WHOLE LIFE,
ALWAYS HATED
CYBERTRON.

NOW, ALL THESE
NEW FACES,
NEW HOPES...

THE
WORD
OF THE
PRIME!

SCAN
IT AND
LEARN
THE
TRUTH!

FROM
THE FORGE
OF SOLUS
DIRECT
TO YOUR
OPTICS!

WANTED
PRIMUS
CONSIDERED
ARMED & DANGEROUS

WANTED
PRIMUS
CONSIDERED
ARMED & DANGEROUS

EVERYONE IS
EQUAL UNDER
PRIMUS—

—AND THE
PRIME IS HIS
RIGHTHOUS
HAND ON
CYBERTRON!

LEARN
THE TRUTH
AND LET HIM
INTO YOUR
SPARK!

LEMME TAKE
A LOOK.

WHAT?!
ACID STORM,
YOU FOUGHT
THE PRIME FOR
MILLIONS OF
YEARS!

I'M JUST
LOOKING.

NEVER
THOUGHT I'D
SAY THIS ABOUT
A PRIME-LOVER,
BUT...

...I VOUCH FOR
THESE CAMIENS.
THEY GAVE US A
FAIR SHAKE ON
THEIR PLANET.

DIDN'T CARE
WHAT SYMBOL WE
WORE, JUST CARED
WHO WE ARE. I SAY
LET 'EM BE.

I'M VERY
DISAPPOINTED IN YOU,
SPARKSTALKER...



...IF TREATING US LIKE **PEOPLE** IS ALL IT TAKES TO WIN YOUR LOYALTY—RAISE YOUR **STANDARDS**.

REMINING YOU WHAT BEING A **DECEPTICON** MEANS.

NEEDLENOSE?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK ON CYBERTRON?!

STARSCREAM'S PUPPET REGIME FORMS A NEW COALITION WITH OTHER WORLDS...

...AND YOU LET **ALIENS** RULE YOU.

I THOUGHT OUR WAR PUT AN **END** TO DOMINION OVER US.



WE'RE NOT TRYING TO RULE **ANYBODY!**

IS THAT RIGHT? MAY I?

HEY!

STAY COOL, **AILERON...**



NO, I WON'T! THE **COUNCIL OF WORLDS** WILL UNITE THE DESCENDANTS OF PRIMALS, AND THE **PRIME** WHO—

THAT'S YOUR MISTAKE.

OPTIMUS PRIME'S NOT A **SAVIOR**.

HE'S A **TOOL** OF THE **ELITE**—AN AGENT OF THE **STATUS QUO**.



YES, INDEED, **BRAWL**. THANK YOU. **NOW—**

—TO BE CLEAR, WE HAVE **NOTHING** AGAINST **NEWCOMERS**—OR **NAILS***...

...OR EVEN **AUTOBOTS** WHO TRULY WISH FOR **EQUALITY**.

* **NAILS**—UNKIND SLANG FOR **NEUTRAL CYBERTRONIANS**.



THE ONLY THINGS WE **WON'T** ABIDE...

...ARE **FOLLOWERS** OF A **PRIME**.

CYBERTRON'S ONLY EVER GOTTEN **WORSE...**

...BUT I NEVER FIT IN HERE.

SEE THEM?
THOSE ARE
MY PEOPLE.

NO, NO—
I'VE GOT A
FIRM GRIP
ON THIS
WORLD.

YOU DOUBTED
ME, YOU SAID I
COULDN'T DO IT.

NOBODY EVER
BELIEVED IN OL'
STARScream.

YEAH?

WELL,
THEY'LL ALL
SEE.

THE
ALLIANCE
WITH THE
COLONIES WILL
ONLY MAKE
THINGS
BETTER.

WHO CARES
WHAT THEY'RE
SAYING ON THE
STREETS?
LOOK AT ME.

I'VE GOT
EVERYTHING
UNDER
CONTROL.

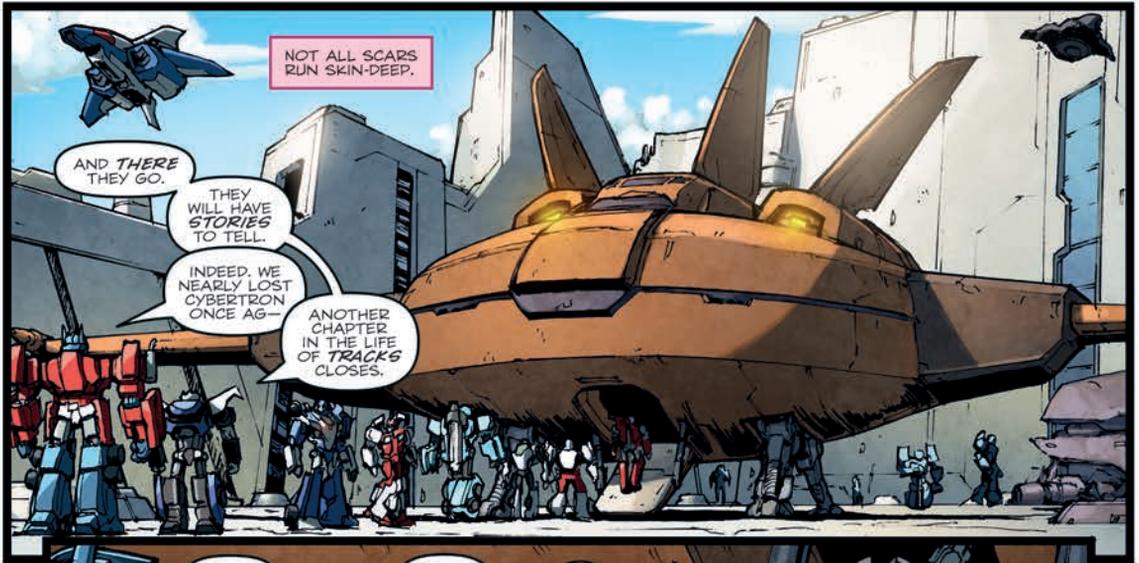
HUH.

I CAME BACK
BECAUSE OF
THIS GUY. "THE
CHOSEN ONE."

I WAS WORRIED WE'D
LET HIM GET TOO MUCH
POWER, WITHOUT ANY
REAL CONSEQUENCES.

I GUESS NOT ALL
CONSEQUENCES
ARE VISIBLE.

THE TRANSGRESSORS



NOT ALL SCARS RUN SKIN-DEEP.

AND THERE THEY GO.

THEY WILL HAVE STORIES TO TELL.

INDEED, WE NEARLY LOST CYBERTRON ONCE AG--

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF TRACKS CLOSES.



WHAT?

MIRAGE AND I STUDIED AT PRAXUS, YOU KNOW.

AND HE AND I MERGED INTO--

HUH?

HEY-- MIRAGE! VERITAS!

OH, YEAH! HA.

"VERITAS," THAT'S THE OLD MOTTO.



GOOD UPBRINGING, MIRAGE.

LITTLE, YOU KNOW, LITTLE WEIRD THESE DAYS, BUT TO EACH THEIR OWN, VISIONS AND SUCH.

MAKES THE LOST LIGHT SOUND LIKE QUITE THE PLACE.

HEARING ABOUT OTHERS' ADVENTURES IS THE ONLY BRIGHT SPOT OF RUNNING THIS SPACEPORT.



BROADSIDE COULD BARELY HANDLE THIS WHEN IT WAS JUST CYBERTRONIANS.

THE CAMIENS ARE USING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT LAUNCH PROTOCOLS.

IT'S LIKE THEY'VE NEVER FLOWN SPACESHIPS BEFORE.



THEY'VE BEEN OUT OF FUEL FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS.

THEY HAVEN'T FLOWN SHIPS.

WELL-- SEE?

I SHOULDN'T BE WASTING THE BEST DAYS OF MY LIFE...