

TRANSFORMERS

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

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THE STORY SO FAR:

The scrap metal merchant Demus offers the Scavengers a fortune in exchange for Grimlock, who is slowly recovering from a traumatic experience linked to a period of captivity inside an abandoned Decepticon warship. While Krok and the others debate the offer, Demus is hunted down and killed by Fortress Maximus, who is now acting as the Duly Appointed Enforcer of the Tyrest Accord. Now read on...



REGULAR COVER

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SUBSCRIPTION COVER

SKETCH COVER



RETAILER INCENTIVE COVER

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**THE CONCORDAT.
TEN MINUTES AWAY
FROM TEBRIS VII.**

AND SO I
RE-READ EVERY
EDITION OF
WRECKERS;
DECLASSIFIED
AND—

EVERY
EDITION?
ALL 332?
GOOD
GOD.

I KNOW
LUNA 1
ISN'T THE
MOST
EXCITING
PLACE, BUT...

ALL 332—
AND THE
SPECIALS. AND I
WENT THROUGH
AND CORRECTED
EVERY "TYPO."

AND?

COME ON,
RED ALERT—
I KNOW SCARE
QUOTES
WHEN I HEAR THEM,
AND YOURS
ARE ALWAYS
DEAFENING.

LUNA 1.

AND THEY
WEREN'T TYPOS!
IRONFIST DIDN'T
MAKE MISTAKES—
HE LEFT CLUES!

IF YOU
REMOVE THE
FIRST 18 WRONG
LETTERS AND
REARRANGE
THEM, YOU GET
A MESSAGE:
"THESE AREN'T
MISTAKES."

SO...
CRACKING
THE CODE
REVEALS THE
EXISTENCE OF
THE CODE?

LAYERS, MAX.
CLUES WITHIN
CLUES. FALSE
STARTS. *FAKE*
FALSE STARTS.
LAYERS.

SO DON'T
BE SURPRISED
WHEN I TELL YOU
THAT THE *NEXT*
BATCH OF LETTERS
MORE OR LESS
SPELLS, "DON'T
TRUST THESE
MESSAGES."

WHY HAVE
YOU GONE
QUIET?

SORRY, RED.
DISTRACTED.
I'M PICKING
UP IMAGES OF
A CRASHED
SHIP—

—AND IT LOOKS
CYBERTRONIAN.

IT DOESN'T
BELONG TO
DEUS?

YOU TELL ME,
I'M LINKING YOU
TO THE FEED.

OKAY,
GOT A
MATCH.

IT'S AN
EXPLORATION
VESSEL—
A MODEL BA.
THE WEAK
ANTHROPIC
PRINCIPLE.

AUTOBOT-
REGISTERED BUT
LINKED TO A GROUP
OF DECEPTICON
DEERTERS
KNOWN AS THE
SCAVENGERS.

FINE. I'LL
DEAL WITH
THEM AFTER
DEUS.

"DEAL WITH THEM?"

IT'S OUR JOB TO ARREST ANYONE WHO SELLS **CYBERTROMAN TECHNOLOGY** TO LESS ADVANCED RACES. THEY CALL THEMSELVES **SCAVENGERS**. JOIN THE DOTS.

NOTHING HERE SUGGESTS THEY'VE EVER ACTED IN BREACH OF THE **TYREST ACCORD**.

THERE'S REPORTS THAT THEY SUPPLIED **BRAWLSTORM** WITH SPARE PARTS, BUT THAT'S ALL. CERTAINLY NOTHING THAT **ULTRA MAGNUS** WOULD CONSIDER—

MY PREDECESSOR WAS TOO **RIGID**. HE'D ONLY TAKE AN INTEREST IN CRIMINALS **AFTER** THE CRIME.

SOMETIMES A LITTLE **PRE-EMPTIVE ACTION** IS CALLED FOR—ESPECIALLY WHEN DECEPTICONS ARE INVOLVED.

SO COME ON, THEN. THESE SCAVENGERS, WHO AM I UP AGAINST?

OKAY, SO COURTESY OF **AUTOPEdia**...

'MISFIRE OF PRETENDIA IS A DEBONAIR SHARPSHOOTER WHO ONCE FIRED A BULLET THROUGH A BULLET-SHAPED HOLE IN A SLIGHTLY LARGER BULLET, WHILST RIDING A BULLET TRAIN.

"FEARED AND RESPECTED BY HIS COLLEAGUES, HE IS CREDITED FOR INTRODUCING MEGATRON TO THE WORLD OF **INTERPRETIVE DANCE**."

PRETENDIA... I THINK THAT'S IN IACON.

'CRANKCASE OF SCOWLEK IS A HALF-HEADED FIGHTER PILOT FAMOUS FOR COINING THE PHRASE "HOLD YOUR HORSES."

"HE ONCE **SINGLEHANDEDLY** SHOT DOWN A FLEET OF AUTOBOT STARFIGHTERS. HE COULDN'T USE **BOTH** HANDS BUT HE WANTED TO KEEP ONE IN RESERVE."

'VICE ADMIRAL SPINISTER WAS CREATED AS A PRACTICAL JOKE BY A TEAM OF SCIENTISTS IN RESPONSE TO A SHORTAGE OF—"

GONNA HAVE TO STOP YOU THERE, RED...

WE'VE ARRIVED.

I'M PUTTING YOU ON **WSOR**.

THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG.

REALLY? FOR SOMETHING THAT SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG, YOU'RE CARRYING AN AWFUL LOT OF FIREPOWER.

THE TWO ARE CONNECTED.

ANIMALS

ONE SUMMARY
EXECUTION LATER...



YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO KILL HIM!

HE HAD A GUN.

BUT YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO KILL HIM.

HE HAD A GUN.

TSK!
I GIVE UP!

DEMUS WAS FILTH, EVEN BY YOUR STANDARDS.

DON'T PRETEND YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HE DID.

HEY, EASY ON THE DOUBLE NEGATIVES!

SOME OF US STRUGGLE.

SHUT UP. YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST.

HA! BAD LUCK, GUYS.

ALL OF YOU.

ALL OF US? WHY?

FOR TRAFFICKING CYBERTRONIAN TECHNOLOGY.

OH, GET OVER IT. HATE TO DO YOU OUT OF A JOB, BUT OUR 'HIGH TECH' AIN'T THAT HIGH ANYMORE. IT'S JUST... TECH.

ABOUT FOUR MILLION YEARS AGO WE STOPPED REACHING FOR THE STARS 'COS WE NEEDED BOTH HANDS TO BEAT THE GRAP OUT OF EACH OTHER.

WE'RE NOT EVEN NUMBER ONE WHEN IT COMES TO WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION!

TRUE, DID YOU KNOW THE GALACTIC COUNCIL HAVE BUILT A GEOBOMB—BRIGHT RED, SIZE OF AN EYEBALL—THAT CAN VAPORIZE PLANETS?

SIZE OF AN EYEBALL-PLANETS.

IT MAKES ME EMBARRASSED FOR KILLMASTER'S MOONGUN.

THE GEOBOMB IS BASED ON KILLMASTER'S DESIGNS.

THAT'S—

REALLY?

YOU'RE NOT JUST SAYING THAT TO PROVE A POINT?





DECEPTICONS!
I'M COMING
FOR YOU!



KLK KLK
I THINK
WE'VE LOST
HIM.

ENOUGH
WITH THE
BLOODY
CLICKING!



MAYBE
IF I—

IF YOU SAY
ANYTHING
ABOUT CALLING
IN YOUR OLD
SQUAD I SWEAR I'M
GONNA GO FULL
THUNDERWING
ON YOU.

BUT I'M
TRYING
TO—

YOU'RE NOT!
YOU'RE REALLY
NOT!

BECAUSE
THEY'RE
DEAD,
KROK!
THEY'RE
ALL DEAD!



GIVE—

—IT—

—HERE!

GUYS!
KEEP IT
DOWN!



YOUR FRIEND
DEMUS—HE
WASN'T A VERY
NICE PERSON.
YOU KNOW
THAT, RIGHT?

COME OUT
AND I'LL
TELL YOU ALL
ABOUT IT.