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MAIRGHREAD SCOTT • SARAH STONE

COMBINER WARS

PART

1

TRANSFORMERS
W I N D B L A D E



CNC
2014

TRANSFORMERS

WINDBLADE

Written by: MAIRGHREAD SCOTT

Story by: MAIRGHREAD SCOTT
& JOHN BARBER

Art by: SARAH STONE

Letters by: TOM B. LONG

Editor: CARLOS GUZMAN



REGULAR COVER

Artwork by:
CASEY W. COLLER

Colors by:
JOANA LAFUENTE



SUBSCRIPTION COVER

Artwork by:
LIVIO RAMONDELLI



RETAILER INCENTIVE COVER

Artwork by:
SARA PITRE-DUROCHER

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PREVIOUSLY

MILLIONS AND MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO—LONG BEFORE YOUR WAR, WHICH STILL REFUSES TO END EVEN AFTER IT'S ENDED—

—THIRTEEN COLONY SHIPS LEFT CYBERTRON.

THIRTEEN TITANS LOOKING FOR NEW WORLDS TO ESTABLISH OUTPOSTS OF CYBERTRONIAN CIVILIZATION.

CYBERTRONIAN NEWCOMER WINDBLADE TELLS FORMER LEADER OPTIMUS PRIME A SPACEBRIDGE IS ONLINE—AND VAST DISTANCES CAN BE TRAVERSED INSTANTLY.

ALL WERE LOST.

AND FORGOTTEN.

AHEM.

THAT DEPENDS ON YOUR PERSPECTIVE, OPTIMUS.

ONE TITAN, CAMINUS, ESTABLISHED THE COLONY THAT CHROMIA AND I COME FROM.

THINGS... HAVEN'T GONE WELL THERE.

IT'S FINE. WE JUST NEED SOME ENERGEN AND WE'RE FINE.

CYBERTRONIAN LEADER STARSCREAM PREPARES FOR FIRST CONTACT.

WELL, THAT'S EASY TO SAY WHEN YOU HAVE A COMBINER OF YOUR OWN, PRIME.

ANYBODY REMEMBER WHEN DEVASTATOR TRASHED THIS CITY?

AND HERE HE IS—COURTESY OF MY FRIEND, SCOOP—ON YOUR BACKWOODS PLANET.

WHAT'S IT CALLED AGAIN...?

EARTH, YOU KNOW THE PLACE.

INDEED.

AND I KNOW PROWL PLUS THE CONSTRUCTION'S EQUALS ONE UNSTABLE GESTALT ON ONE NOWHERE WORLD.

I CAN ONLY ASSUME THE LOST COLONIES HAVE EVEN BIGGER PROBLEMS, AND I WILL NOT WAGER MY PLANET ON ANYONE'S GOOD WILL.

BUT STARSCREAM WANTS TO REACH CAMINUS ON HIS OWN TERMS.

HIYA, SWINDLE.

WANNA GET RICH?

...I GOT MY GRUBBY METAL PAWS ON THE ENIGMA OF COMBINATION.

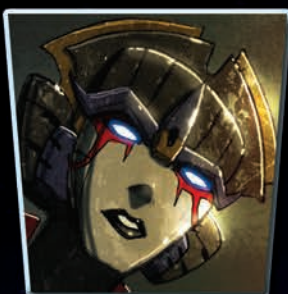
AND I'M GETTIN' THE OLD BAND BACK TOGETHER.

TERMS EX-DECEPTION SWINDLE IS EAGER TO PLAY BY.

ROLL CALL



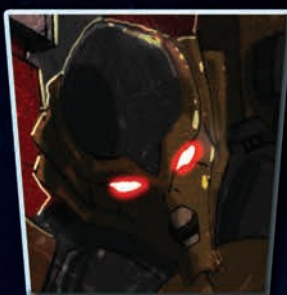
OPTIMUS PRIME
Former Leader



WINDBLADE
CitySpeaker



STARSCREAM
Cybertronian Ruler



RATTRAP
His Lackey



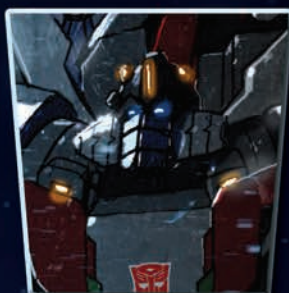
SCORP
Ex-Autobot



IRONHIDE
Old Veteran



CHROMIA
Brash Warrior



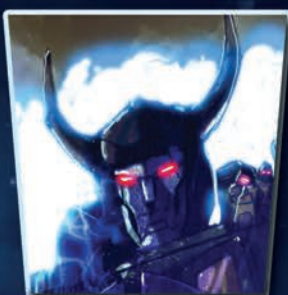
WHEELJACK
Conflicted Scientist



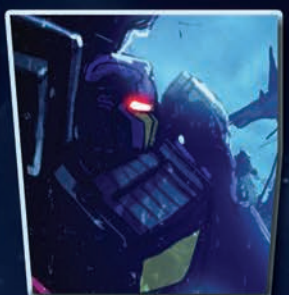
SUPERION
Comatose Combiner



SWINDLE
Former Decepticon



MENASOR
Combiner



BLACK JACK
Secret Police

DAWN ON CAMINUS, LOST CYBERTRONIAN COLONY.



NOTHING!

STARScream SAID I'D GET RICH ROBBING THESE CAMIENS BLIND... AND WHAT DO I FIND?

NO FUEL!
NO WEAPONS!

NOT EVEN ANY METAL!

WE'RE MADE OF FREAKIN' METAL! HOW DO YOU SLAG HEAPS NOT HAVE ANY?!

SUSPECT!
STAND DOWN!

YOU ARE BEING HELD BY SECTION 439 OF THE FORGEFIRE PARLIAMENTARY CODE OF JUSTICE—

JUSTICE? WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME ANYONE EXPECTED A DECEPTICON—

—ALBET AN EX-DECEPTICON—

—TO GIVE A RUSTY FENDER ABOUT JUSTICE?

IF YOU'RE AFFILIATED WITH A CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION, THEY CAN BE PROSECUTED AS WELL.

HA!

I KEEP FORGETTING HOW FAR BEHIND THE CURVE YOU ARE.

OKAY, LAW-BOT, LET ME GET YOU UP TO SPEED.

MY NAME'S SWINDLE, AND THIS...

THE SUM AND ITS PARTS

...IS
MENASOR.

AND JUDGING
BY THE LOOKS
ON YOUR FACES, I'M
ASSUMING WE'RE
FREE TO GO.

YOU MOST
CERTAINLY
ARE NOT.

MENASOR,
YOU ARE UNDER
ARREST...
P-PURSUANT TO
SECTION 438...

WOW, YOU
CAMIENS ARE
REAL "LIVE BY
THE SWORD"
KINDA 'BOTS. I
ADMIRE THAT.

HE DOESN'T,
BUT I DO.

NO...
ENERGON!