

TRANSFORMERS

REDEMPTION OF THE DINOBOTS





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TRANSFORMERS

REDEMPTION

OF THE

DINOBOTS

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**CYBERTRON,
AFTER THE WAR.
PRESENT DAY.**

C'MON.
WHAT COULD
POSSIBLY GO
WRONG?

CITY OF STEEL

THAT'S IT.
I'M OUT.

WHAT?

THAT'S THE
KISS OF
DEATH! WHO
WOULD EVEN
SAY THAT?

I DON'T
GET IT.

YOU DON'T SAY
NOTHING'S GOING
TO GO WRONG,
TREADSHOT.

IT'S THE
KISS OF
DEATH.

EXACTLY. THAT'S
LITERALLY
EXACTLY WHAT
I SAID.

THIS WHOLE
THING IS A
BAD IDEA. WE
SHOULD GO
STRAIGHT.

I KNOW A GUY
WHO KNOWS A GUY AT
THE SPACEPORT, AND
HE CAN GET US JOBS.

NONSENSE.
AUTOBOTS
CAN GET JOBS,
NEUTRALS
CAN GET JOBS—
NOBODY'S HIRING
DECEPTICONS.

THEY MIGHT SAY
THE WAR'S OVER AND
IT'S TIME TO MOVE ON,
BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN
ANYTHING TO THE LOSERS.

WE DIDN'T
LOSE.

WE, LIKE,
WE BROKE
EVEN.

WE HAVE
STARSCREAM
IN CHARGE.

STARSCREAM
IS A SELL-OUT
AND THAT'S
EXACTLY WHY I'M
SAYING WE NEED
TO ROB HIM!

WE CAN TRADE
THE JUNK HE'S
BEEN HOARDING
AND GET A SHIP
OFF-WORLD.

TRY OUR
LUCK ON SOME
OUTER-RIM
PLANET.

BRISKO
HERE'S GOT
A MAP, I
GOT THE—

CLAK

YOU
HEAR
THAT?

IT... I'M
SURE IT'S
NOTHI—

DON'T SAY IT,
TREADSHOT.



FOUR HOURS LATER.



WELL,
WELL,
WELL...



...ANOTHER FINE
MESS WE FIND
OURSELVES IN.

IT LOOKS LIKE A
TRIPLE HOMICIDE,
STARSCREAM.

REALLY?
WELL, THANK YOU,
BARRICADE.

I THOUGHT
MAYBE THE
CYBERTRONIAN
BOOK CLUB
HAD A READING
ACCIDENT.

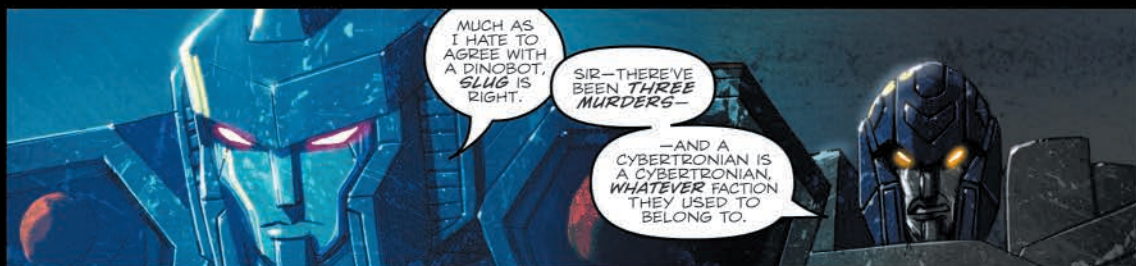


CAN IT,
STARSCREAM,
AND LET'S
WRAP THIS
UP, FAST.

WE'RE
WASTING
OUR TIME.

SOME 'CONS
GOT THEMSELVES
KILLED—AND
THAT MEANS THEY
WERE DOING
SOMETHING TO
DESERVE IT.

SNIFF
SNIFF



MUCH AS
I HATE TO
AGREE WITH
A DINOBOT,
SLUG IS
RIGHT.

SIR—THERE'VE
BEEN **THREE**
MURDERS—

—AND A
CYBERTRONIAN IS
A CYBERTRONIAN,
WHATEVER FACTION
THEY USED TO
BELONG TO.



CHECK OUT WHAT
SLUDGE SNIFFED
OUT. A MAP OF
METROPLEX.

NOT **JUST**
METROPLEX—
THAT'S **MY**
QUARTERS.

THAT'S
ALL THE
PROOF I
NEED.



THREE
DECEPTICONS
WERE ENGAGED
IN **NEFARIOUS**
ACTIVITIES, AND
THEIR HIJINKS
WENT **BAD**.

SOMEBODY GOT **ANGRY**,
AND SOMEBODY ELSE GOT
KILLED. THAT'S THE
WAY THINGS GO.

FEEL FREE TO
INVESTIGATE, BARRICADE—
BUT DON'T STRAIN YOURSELF...

"...WE'VE GOT
OTHER THINGS
TO WORRY ABOUT."



MY WORLD, CYBERTRON.
A CHROME SPHERE...

...TARNISHED BY
MILLIONS OF
YEARS OF WAR.

HERE HE
COMES—DON'T
EMBARRASS
ME.

I AM **OPTIMUS PRIME**,
AND I HELPED WIN THAT WAR.



BUT NOW, WITH
STARSCREAM
CHOSEN AS
LEADER...

...MY NEW GOAL IS
TO WIN THE **PEACE**.

GREETINGS...
OLD FRIENDS.

STARSCREAM—
YOU LOOK...
THE SAME.

RIGHT
BACK
ATCHA,
BIG GUY.

WINDBLADE—

—GOOD
TO SEE YOU
AGAIN.

I TRUST
YOU AND THE
DINOBOYS
HAVE BEEN
KEEPING YOUR
EYES ON
THINGS?

SNORT.

YOU KNOW
HOW THINGS
GET. WE'VE
BEEN **BUSY**,
BUT...

WINDBLADE
AND I ARE
GETTING ALONG
FAMOUSLY.

HRPH.
I GUESS
THAT'S
PRETTY
MUCH
TRUE.

SO, AH,
TO WHAT DO
WE OWE THIS
VISIT?

I THOUGHT
YOU AND YOUR
LITTLE PALS
WERE HANGING
AROUND... WHAT
WAS THE **NAME**
OF THE PLACE?

EARTH. YOU
KNOW THAT,
STARSCREAM—
LET'S NOT
PLAY GAMES.

I'M HERE
FOR A **PERSONAL**
REASON, AND ONLY
TEMPORARILY.



FANTASTIC.
THAT'S GOOD
TO HEAR.

NOT THAT
WE DON'T
ENJOY YOUR
COMPANY...

HAS THE CIVILIAN
POPULATION
ACCLIMATED TO
LIVING HERE, WITHIN
METROPLEX?



YEAH, INSIDE
METROPLEX IS
COOL. IT'S THE
OUTSKIRTS
WHERE—

DON'T
BOTHR
HIM WITH
DETAILS.
DINOBOT.

WELL, I THINK
MURDERS ARE
IMPORTANT.

MURDERS,
STARSCREAM?

AND WHAT
DOES HE
MEAN, "THE
OUTSKIRTS"?



IT... IT GETS
A LITTLE
CROWDED
IN HERE.

SOME
'BOTS ARE
SETTING UP
SHOP IN THE
RUINS OF
THE OLD
CITY.

IT'S NOTHING
SERIOUS, REALLY—
PLUS THE SETTLERS
ARE PRODDING THE
REBUILDING OF
CYBERTRON.

WE HAVE
A LOT OF
PLANET TO
GET UP AND
RUNNING,
AFTER ALL.



IT'S A GHETTO OUT
THERE, PRIME, A
DECEPTICON
GHETTO.

THE 'CONS
CAN'T FIND JOBS
HERE—AND
THEY DON'T HAVE
ANYWHERE
ELSE TO GO.

THEY CAN'T FIND JOBS
BECAUSE THEY'RE
KILLERS AND LOW-
LIFES. THAT'S THE
"MURDER," PRIME.

SOME
DECEPTICONS
SQUABBLING
OVER WHO'S
GONNA STEAL
WHAT.

AND AFTER
ALL THEY DID TO
CYBERTRON...



...WHAT
MORE DO
THEY THINK
THEY'RE
OWED?