

**IDW** THE **TRANSFORMERS**  **JOHN BARBER**  
**LIVIO RAMONDELLI**  
**FORMERS**  
**PUNISHMENT**





# THE TRANSFORMERS FORMERS PUNISHMENT

Written by:  
**JOHN BARBER**

Art by:  
**LIVIO RAMONDELLI**

Letters by: **TOM B. LONG**  
Editor: **CARLOS GUZMAN**

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**OPTIMUS PRIME**  
*Autobot hero*

**STARSCREAM**  
*Cybertron's leader*

汽车人领袖 擎天柱

汽车人领袖 擎天柱

**WINDBLADE**  
*Autobot newcomer*

**SLUG**  
*Dinobot leader*





**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  
DECEPTIONS.

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  
SAVING 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—

# GLAK

YOU  
HEAR  
THAT?

IT... I'M  
SURE IT'S  
NOTHI—

DON'T SAY IT,  
TREADSHOT.





SAY WHATEVER YOU WANT—IT WON'T MAKE A DIFFERENCE.





**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  
CYBERTONIAN  
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  
CYBERTONIAN IS  
A CYBERTONIAN,  
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."

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

BUT NOW, WITH *STARScream* CHOSEN AS LEADER...

MY WORLD, *CYBERTRON*. A *CHROME SPHERE*...

...TARNISHED BY *MILLIONS* OF YEARS OF WAR.

HERE HE COMES—DON'T EMBARRASS ME.

...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 *DINOBOTS* HAVE BEEN KEEPING YOUR EYES ON THINGS?

*SNORT.*

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

*HRPH*. I GUESS THAT'S *PRETTY MUCH TRUE*.

*WINDBLADE* AND I ARE GETTING ALONG *FAMOUSLY*.

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*.