

TRANSFORMERS

REDEMPTION OF THE DINOBOTS



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COVER ART BY
LIVIO RAMONELLI

Ted Adams, Founder & CEO of IDW Media Holdings

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COLLECTION EDITS BY
JUSTIN EISINGER
AND **ALONZO SIMON**

COLLECTION DESIGN BY
CLAUDIA CHONG

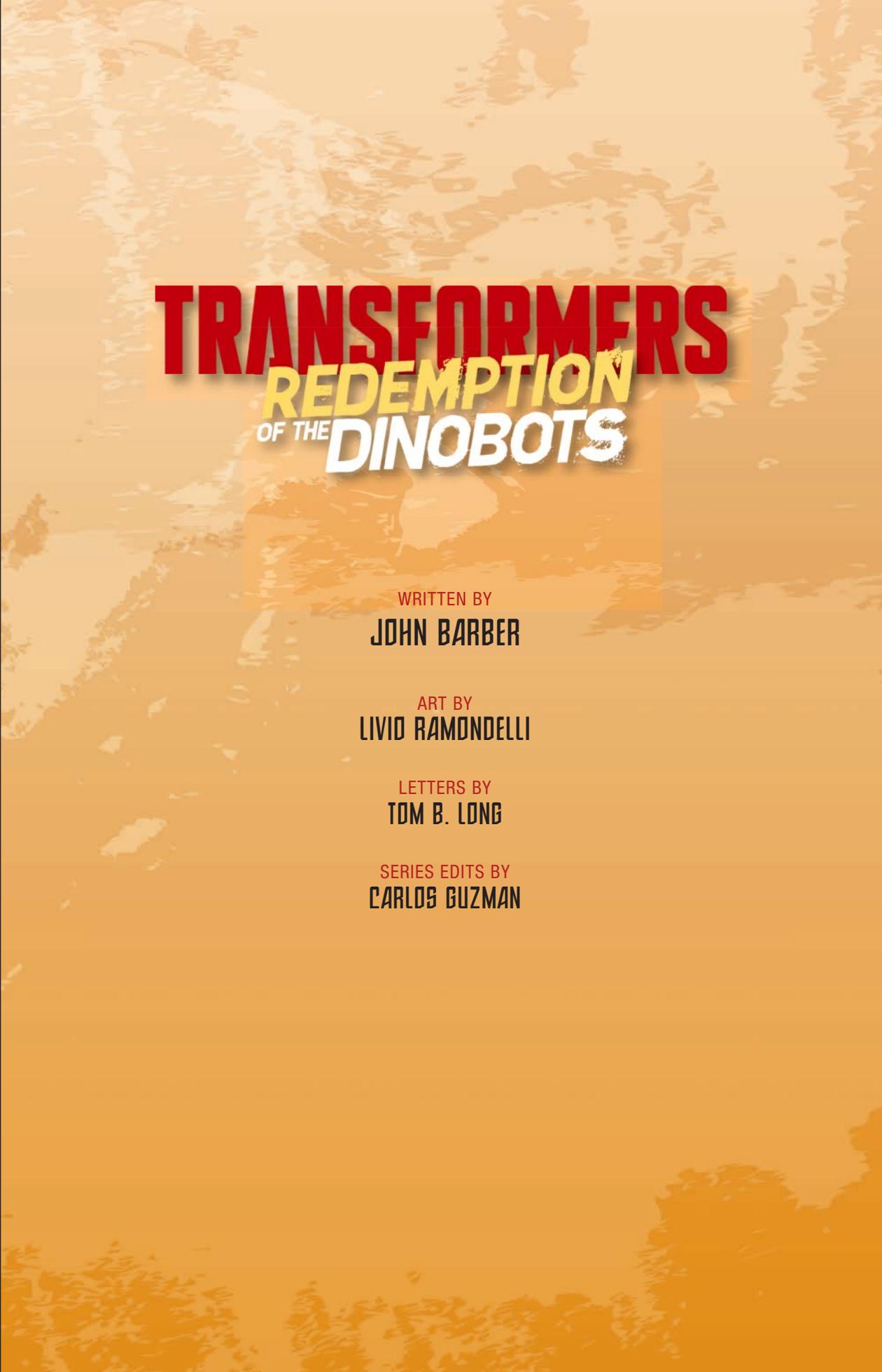
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TRANSFORMERS

REDEMPTION **OF THE** **DINOBOTS**

WRITTEN BY
JOHN BARBER

ART BY
LIVIO RAMONDELLI

LETTERS BY
TOM B. LONG

SERIES EDITS BY
CARLOS GUZMAN

**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.



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



HEY, DON'T—

KROOM



WILDER, RUN—GET—

AGH!

BRISKO!

CHAK CHAK



LNNHHH...

...HURTS... BURNS...

...BRISKO... YOU... OKAY, BUDDY...?

HE'S NOT OKAY.



W-WHY...?

YOU KNOW WHY, DECEPTICON.

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,
SLUDGE 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
DECEPTONS
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 **EMBARASS** 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...

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—

WELL, I THINK MURDERS ARE IMPORTANT.

DON'T BOTHER HIM WITH DETAILS. DINOBOT.

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?