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ROM VS. TRANSFORMERS

SHINING ARMOR



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CHAOS? NO THANKS.

I CAN'T STAND IT WHEN THINGS GET MESSY.

YOU LOOK COLD—LET ME WARM YOU UP!


SO I'M IN NO MOOD FOR CRACKING JOKES.



TO BE HONEST, THOUGH—I NEVER AM.

JOKES ARE BELOW THE DIGNITY OF AN ULTRA MAGNUS.

BUT SOMETHING ABOUT THESE DIRE WRAITHS...



...MAKES HUMOR SEEM EVEN MORE DISTASTEFUL.


MAGNUS DOESN'T EVEN LOOK TIRED, VEKTRAL—AND HE'S TAKEN OUT AT LEAST A HUNDRED OF YOUR GUYS.

THEN IT IS FORTUNATE THAT I HAVE THOUSANDS, STARTRUCK.



ASTROTRAIN. THE NAME'S— NEVER MIND.

YOU GOT A REAL PARTICULAR STYLE OF LEADERSHIP.



AND YOU HAVE LIMITED VISION.

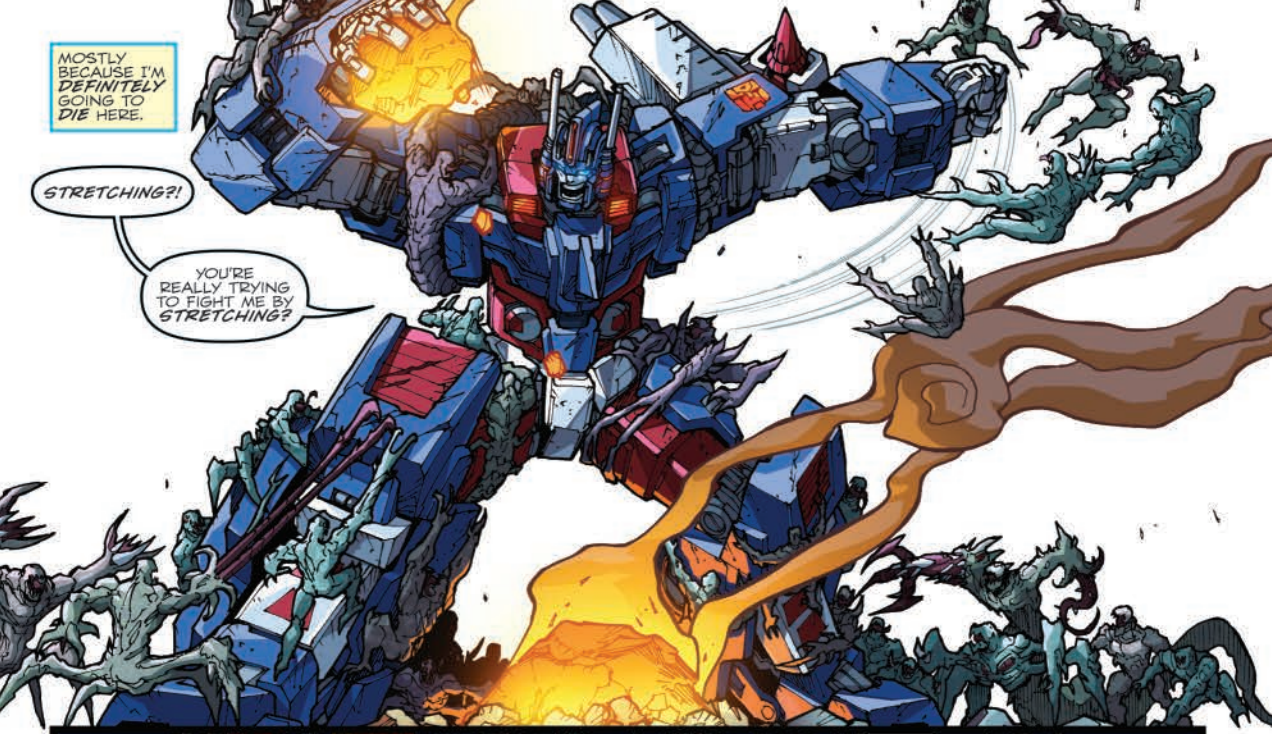
THIS CYBERTRONIAN IS WORTH THE COST.

LIKE I SAID: DISTASTEFUL.

MOSTLY BECAUSE I'M DEFINITELY GOING TO DIE HERE.

STRETCHING?!

YOU'RE REALLY TRYING TO FIGHT ME BY STRETCHING?



HNGG!

I—RRGH— I CAN SEE WHY YOU'RE TOO EMBARRASSED TO LEAVE YOUR SECTOR OF SPACE.

PRIMUS... JUST GIVE ME THE STRENGTH TO GO OUT LIKE THE ULTRA MAGNUSES BEFORE ME.



I DON'T WANT TO DISGRACE THE UNIFORM.

YOU SEEM FEARFUL, CYBERTRONIAN... BUT NOT NEARLY ENOUGH.

SHEESH. THAT'S HARSH.

YOUR FRIEND DIED IN AGONY, CONSUMED BY THE MAGICKS OF A COMMON WRAITH DRONE.



I AM NOT ONLY A MASTER IN THE EIDOLON HIERARCHY...

...BUT A SCIENTIST.

I HAVE EXAMINED THE BODY. I UNDERSTAND WHAT IT MEANS TO POSSESS A CYBERTRONIAN.



I... HOPE IT MEANS... YOU SHUT UP.



IT MEANS I CAN CONTROL THE PROCESS.



BELIEVE ME— THIS WILL HURT YOU MUCH MORE THAN IT HURTS ME.

PRIMUS, PLEASE...



...DON'T LET ME DISGRACE THE UNIFORM.

MY ARMOR'S HEALED. WE HAVE TO GO BACK.

NO WAY, SATA.

A KNIGHT WOULDN'T JUST ABANDON ANOTHER KNIGHT.



I GUESS EVERYTHING I HEARD ABOUT CYBERTRONIANS IS TRUE.

YOU'RE JUST AS CALLOUS AS THEY SAY, BUMBLEBEE.



YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

LOOK—I'M NOT TRYING TO BE MEAN.

YOU'RE A ROBOT. I GET IT.



YOU'RE NOT PROGRAMMED TO CARE.

IT'S JUST HARD FOR SOMEBODY WITH, YOU KNOW...

...HONOR AND FEELINGS TO BE OKAY WITH THAT.



SOMEBODY WITH...

THAT'S IT.



WHAAA!

I'VE HAD IT.

SKREEK

YOU'VE BEEN AT THIS NONSTOP—

—NOW QUIT IT!



LET GO OF ME, YOU BIG YELLOW SCRAPHEAD.

OW!



MAGNUS WAS MY FRIEND.

HE'S RISKING EVERYTHING TO GIVE US A CHANCE.

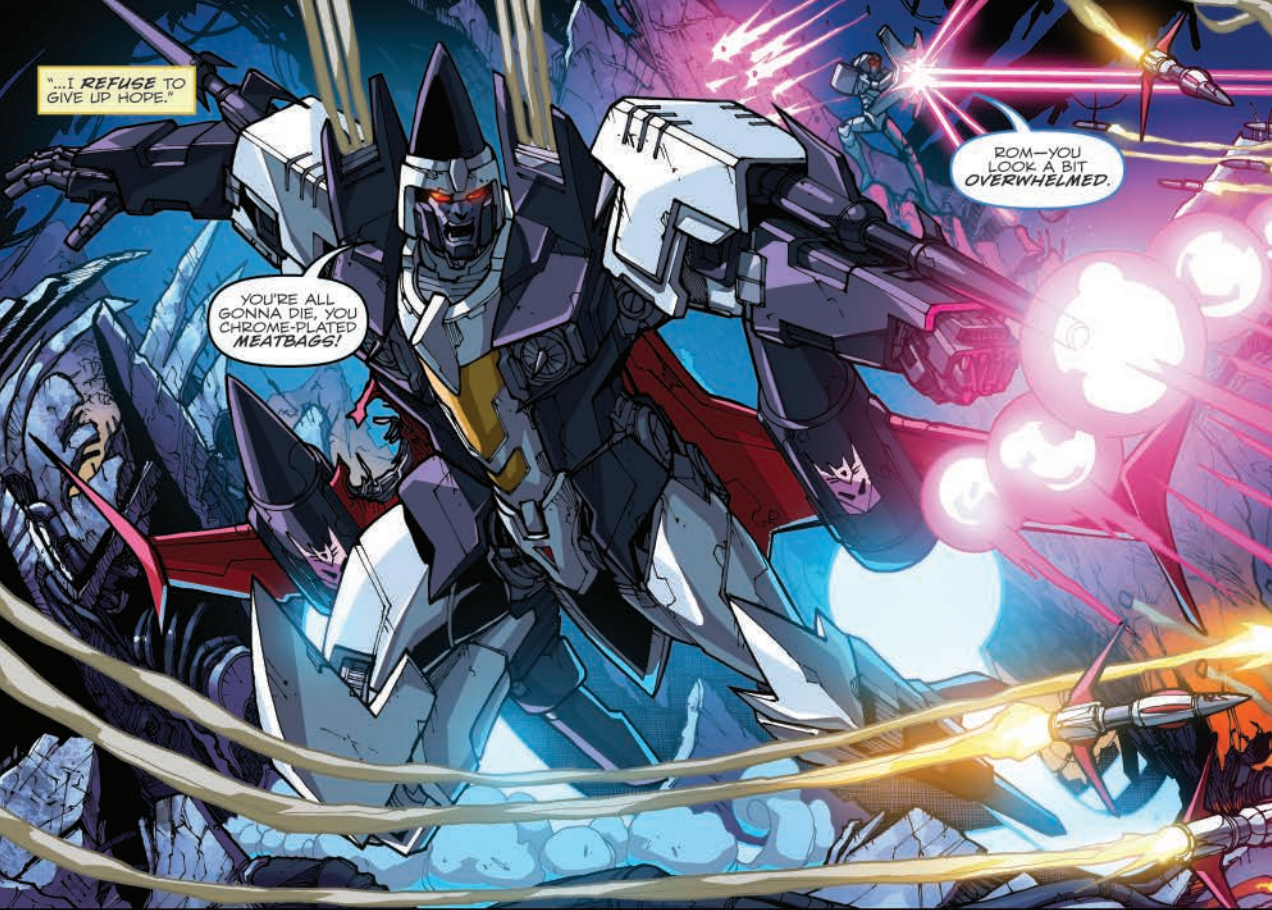


TO DO WHAT? THE WRAITHS ALREADY MADE IT TO THE WRECKAGE.

YOUR DECEPTICONS WILL CAPTURE THE ENERGOON... THING.

ANYWAY—WE'LL HAVE TO BURN THIS PLANET.

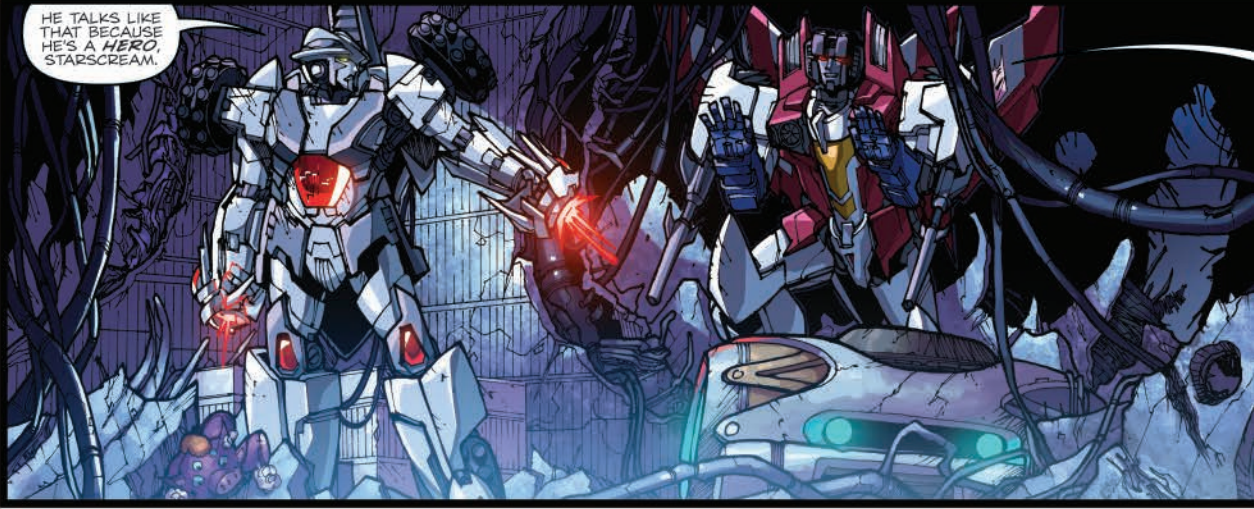
NO WAY. MAGNUS CAN'T HAVE SACRIFICED EVERYTHING FOR THAT...



"...I REFUSE TO GIVE UP HOPE."

ROM—YOU LOOK A BIT OVERWHELMED.

YOU'RE ALL GONNA DIE, YOU CHROME-PLATED MEATBAGS!



HE TALKS LIKE THAT BECAUSE HE'S A HERO, STARScream.



NO WAY.



AND WHY NOT? THE DECEPTICONS ARE ALL ABOUT EQUALITY.

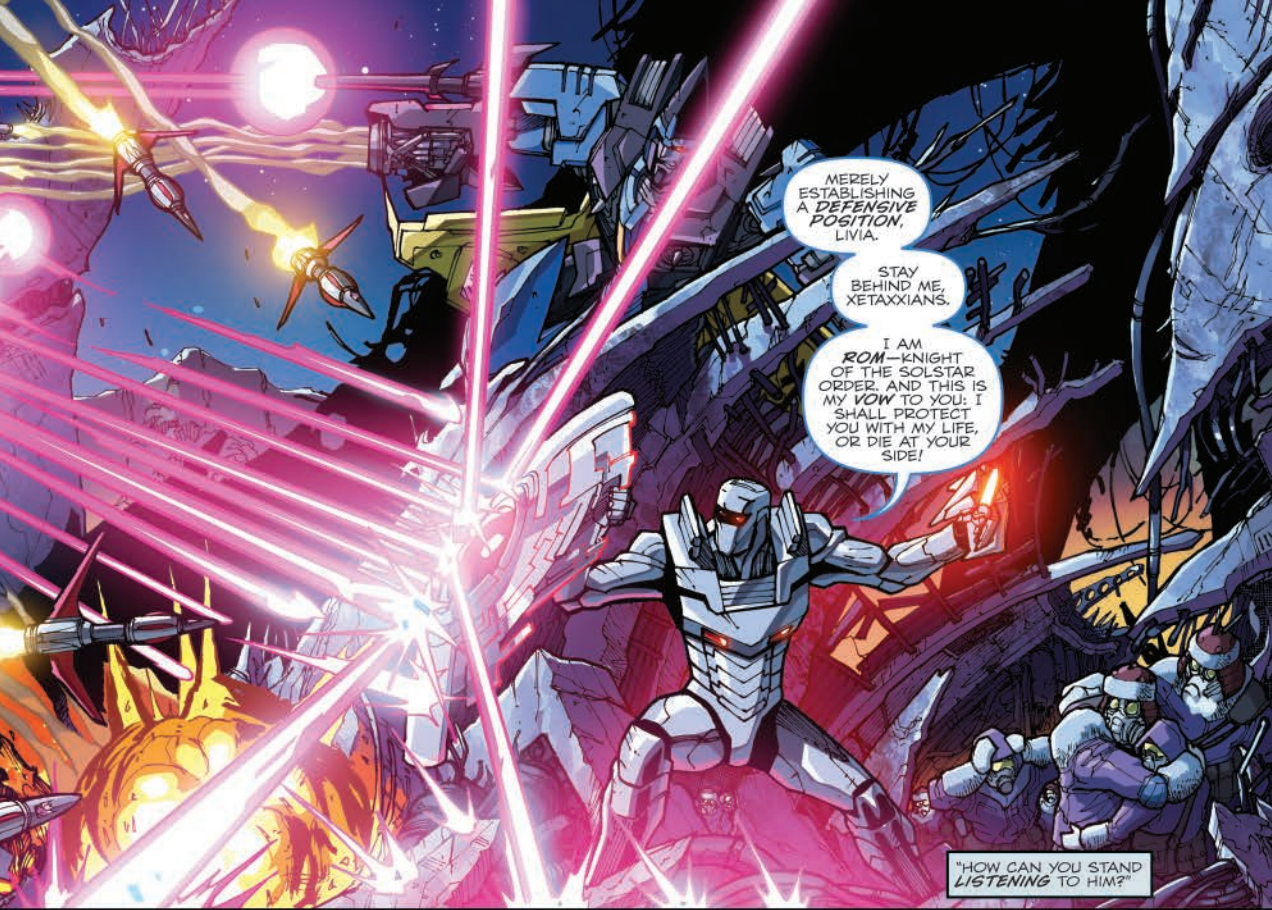
PLUS GENOCIDE. I'VE SEEN WHAT YOUR KIND DO.



HAVE YOU? ANYWAY—SO SOME ORGANICS DIED. SO WHAT? THEY DON'T LIVE LONG, ANYWAY.



I'VE LIVED MY WHOLE LIFE WITH ORGANICS.



MERELY ESTABLISHING A DEFENSIVE POSITION, LIVIA.

STAY BEHIND ME, XETAXXIANS.

I AM ROM—KNIGHT OF THE SOL-STAR ORDER, AND THIS IS MY VOW TO YOU: I SHALL PROTECT YOU WITH MY LIFE, OR DIE AT YOUR SIDE!

"HOW CAN YOU STAND LISTENING TO HIM?"



OKAY, OKAY. HE SOUNDS LIKE HE'S GOT A FUSION CANNON UP HIS TAILPIPE...

...BUT YOU'VE CONVINCED ME THAT'S PART OF HIS CHARM.



JUST LIKE YOU CONVINCED ME OF YOUR PLAN—I TAKE THE **ENERGON SYNTHESIZER** AND GET OUT OF HERE WITH THE **WRAITHS**.

THE DEAL IS DONE. BUT...

...I HAVE ONE SUGGESTION—A POTENTIAL **ADDENDUM**.

WHY DON'T YOU COME WITH ME? JOIN THE **DECEPTICONS**.



AND LOOK HOW **HUMORLESS** IT'S MADE YOU.

YOU'RE FAR **SUPERIOR** TO THEM. LOOK AT THE ARMOR THEY **WEAR**—THEY PRETEND THEY'RE LIKE YOU.



YOU MADE A **DEAL** WITH THE **WRAITHS**.

THEY'RE **EVIL**—THEY KILL WITHOUT **CONSCIENCE**.



THAT'S **EXACTLY** MY PROBLEM—I'VE BEEN **PULLED INTO THEIR MESS**.

I NEED YOUR HELP TO **STOP** THE **WRAITHS**.

YOU...