A purple Cybertron robot is shown in a control room, looking at a computer monitor. The robot has a glowing orange light on its chest. The control room is filled with various pieces of machinery, including a keyboard and a mouse. The robot is holding a small object in its right hand.

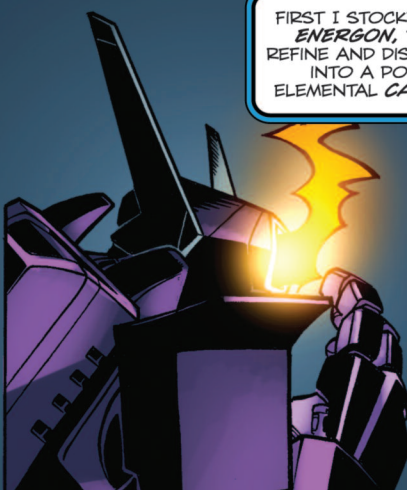
SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND META-CYCLES AGO, I SEE THE FUTURE—A **CYBERTRON** EXHAUSTED, DEPLETED OF NATURAL RESOURCES—A DEAD WORLD.

I DECIDE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

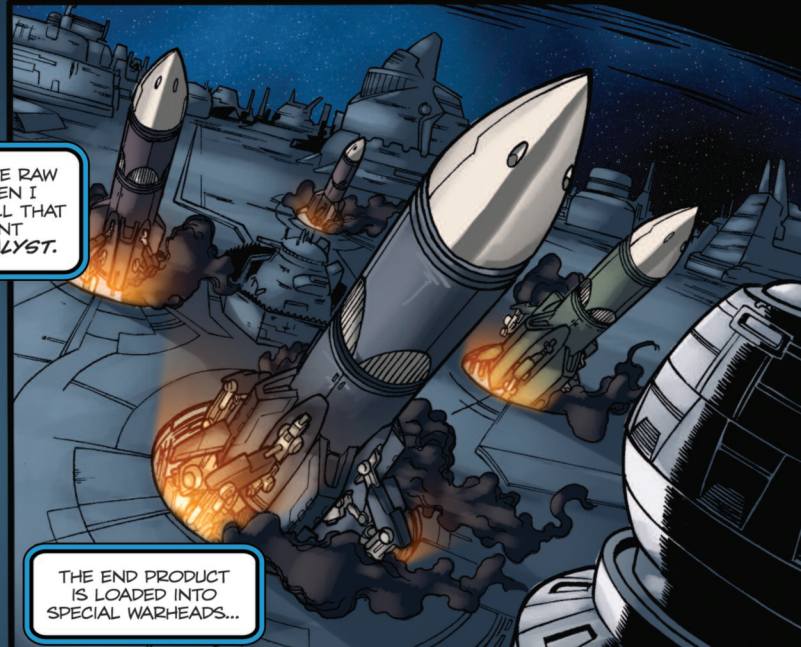
I DO SO UNENCUMBERED BY EMOTION OR SENTIMENTALITY, GROWING NEW SUB-ROUTINES DEDICATED SOLELY TO THE CORE ISSUE OF **SURVIVAL**. ULTIMATELY, I INITIATE A PROGRAM DUBBED **REGENESIS**.

I CONSIDER STRUCTURE AND FORM, ACTION AND REACTION, CAUSE AND EFFECT, BUT I NEGLECT TO FACTOR IN ONE FUNDAMENTAL UNIVERSAL CONSTANT—

CHAOS.



I TELL NO ONE. I ALREADY KNOW I WILL BE IGNORED, MY WARNINGS DROWNED OUT IN THE CLAMOR OF CIVIL WAR.



FIRST I STOCKPILE RAW *ENERGON*, THEN I REFINED AND DISTILLED THAT INTO A POTENT ELEMENTAL CATALYST.

THE END PRODUCT IS LOADED INTO SPECIAL WARHEADS...



...AND LAUNCHED INTO SPACE.

DISTANT PLANETS WITH A *SPECIFIC* GEOLOGICAL PROFILE ARE TARGETED...



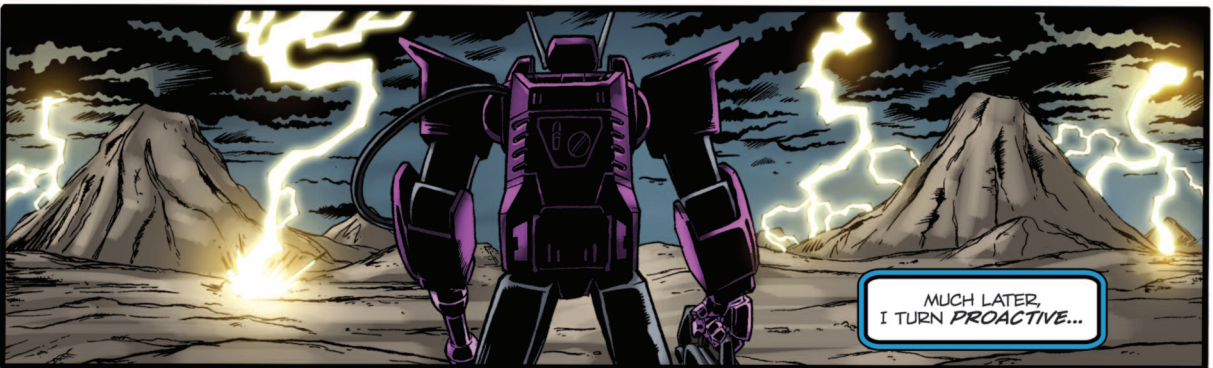
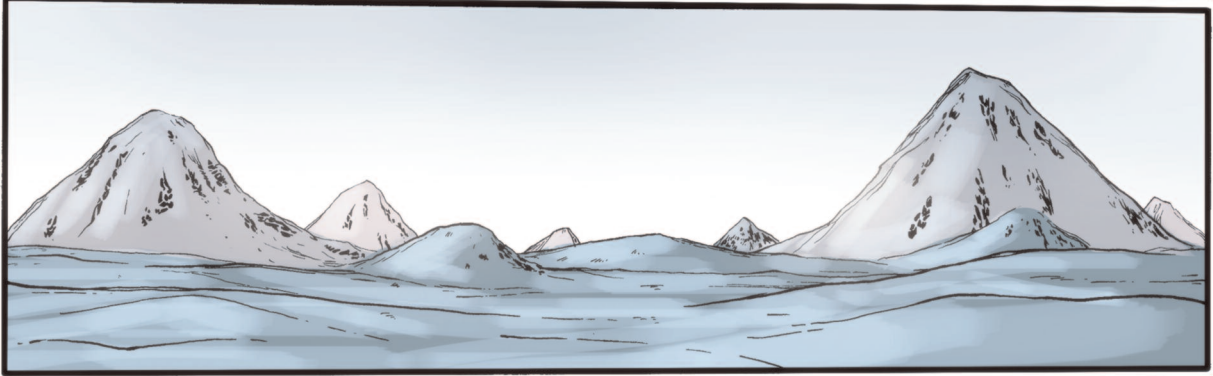
...AND SEEDED.



THEN...



...I WAIT.



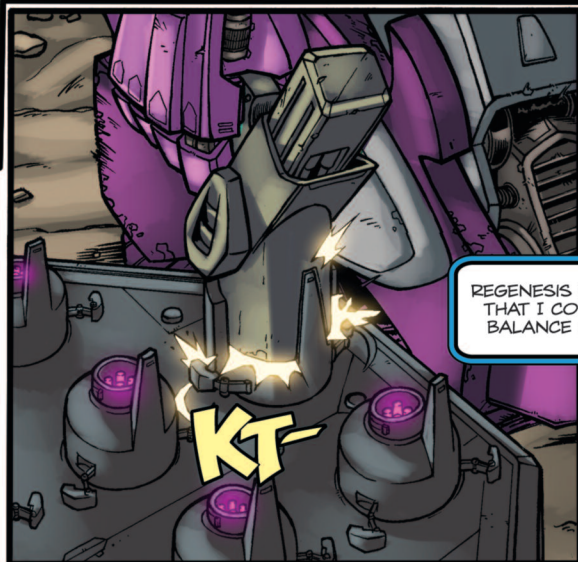
MUCH LATER,
I TURN PROACTIVE...

WITHOUT PROPER REGULATION, THE ENERGY REACTION WILL INEVITABLY SPIRAL OUT OF CONTROL.

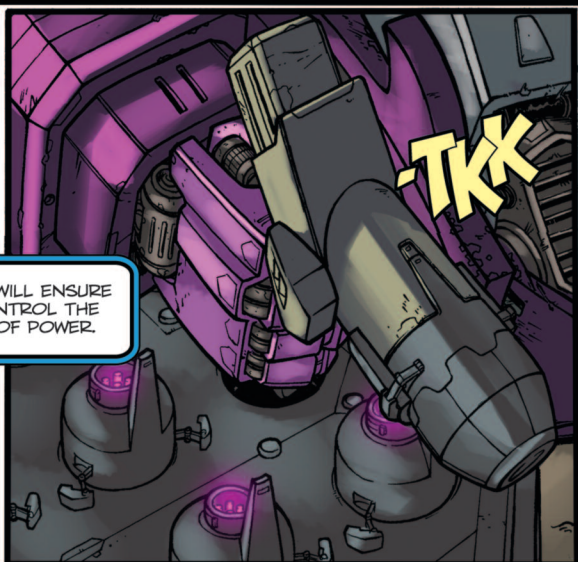
FROM THIS POINT ON, I AM COMMITTED. THERE IS NO GOING BACK.

MEGATRON WILL BRAND ME A ROGUE, A TRAITOR, BUT SUCH CONSIDERATIONS ARE MOOT.

IN THE WAR I ENVISION, ONE OF DISLOCATION AND ATTRITION, *RESOURCES* WILL BECOME PARAMOUNT.

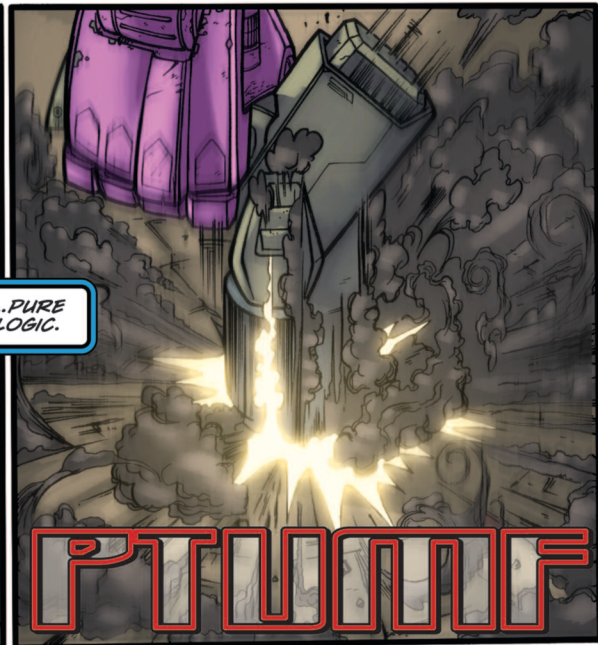
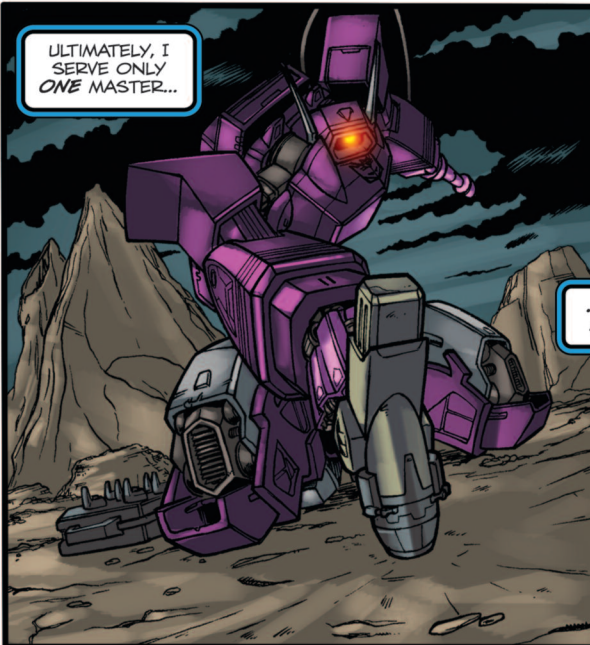


REGENESIS WILL ENSURE THAT I CONTROL THE BALANCE OF POWER.



ULTIMATELY, I SERVE ONLY *ONE* MASTER...

...PURE LOGIC.



EARTH ORBIT:

ANYONE HAVE THE FAINTEST IDEA WHAT HE'S DOING DOWN THERE?

NOT A CLUE, *SNARL*. THE HIGH CONCENTRATIONS OF ENERCON IN THE ATMOSPHERE ARE MASKING HIS MOVEMENTS FROM OUR SCANNERS.

BUT IT'S GOT TO BE *CONNECTED*, RIGHT? I MEAN, YOU DON'T JUST STUMBLE ACROSS A PLANET WITH THAT KIND OF COMPATIBLE PROFILE.

TO BE PERFECTLY HONEST, *SWOOP*...

...ALL THAT MATTERS IS HE'S ALONE... AND *VULNERABLE!*

I SMELL *PAYBACK*.

NOT SO FAST, *GRIMLOCK*. THOSE ENERCON LEVELS ARE *OFF THE SCALE!*

WE GO DOWN THERE WITHOUT SOME KIND OF PROTECTION...

...WE'LL BE IN *STASIS LOCK* IN NANO-KLIKS.