

BARBER | OSSIO | GUIDI | GARBOWSKA | JOSEPH

REVOLUTIONARIES



POWER AND GLORY

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VOLUME 2 POWER AND GLORY

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EARTH--A FAR-FLUNG REFUGE FOR THE GALAXY'S CAST-OFFS, BE THEY METAL OR BEAST... OR BOTH.

DURING THE PLANET'S LAST PERIOD OF GLACIATION, A SHINING SILVER STARSHIP ENDED AN EONS-LONG FLIGHT, ENGAGED IN A DESPERATE SEARCH FOR--

ENERGON!

I'M GETTING AN ERRATIC ENERGON READING, DOMITIUS MAJOR... BUT IT'S DEFINITELY ENERGON.

AND WE ARE IN DIRE NEED, IF WE ARE TO COMPLETE OUR MASTER'S ORDERS.

LANDING COURSE SET--AND LIFE READINGS INDICATE WE'LL HAVE THE PLACE TO OURSELVES.

PERHAPS NOT, SOMETHING IS DIRECTING A TRANSMISSION OUR WAY.

THIS IS OPTIMUS PRIME, CALLING THE ARK-19. DO YOU READ ME, PROWL?

NOTHING. TRY TO BOOST THE SIGNAL. BUMBLEBEE.

THE INTERFERENCE IS TOO SPZZZZIT--

THE SIGNAL SEEMS FAMILIAR, DOMITIUS--BUT I CAN'T PLACE MY CLAW ON IT.

THEIR ANGULARITY IS SO UNNATURAL.

YET HE RESEMBLES YOU, DOMITIUS... AND CALLS HIMSELF PRIME.

GUYS--I JUST FIGURED OUT WHAT WAS BOUNCING THAT SIGNAL TO US...

...AND IT'S NOT GOOD!

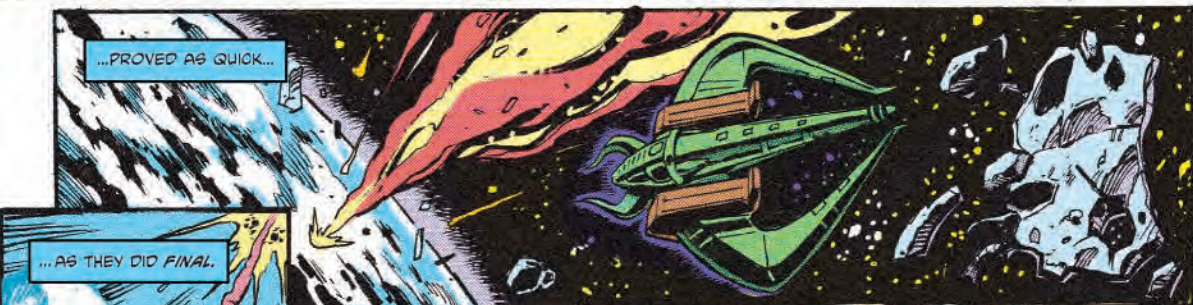


THE MYSTERIOUS
STARSHIP'S ONLY
REPLY--A SPRAY OF
HELLFIRE DIRECTED
AT THE AXALON!



ALL HANDS,
READY THE--
AAUGH!

THE RESULTS...



...PROVED AS QUICK...

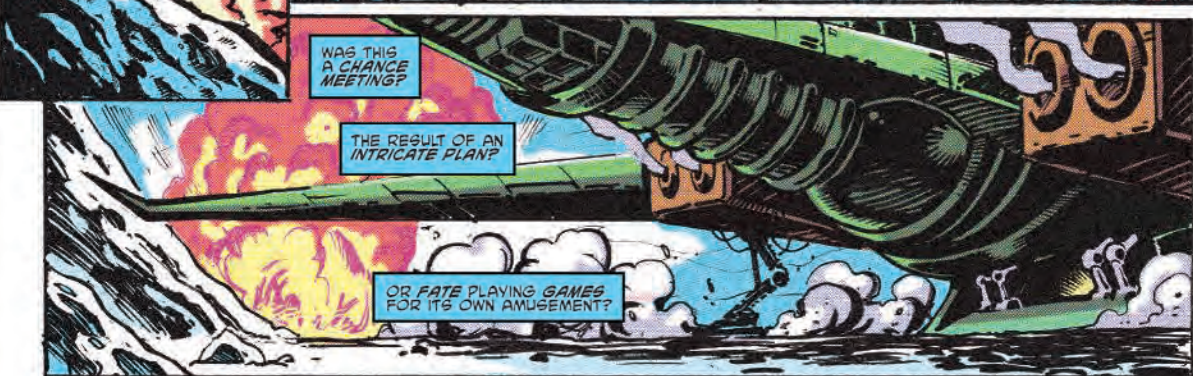


...AS THEY DID FINAL.



THE COLD WINDS OF THE
ICE AGE TORE THROUGH
THE DOWNED SHIP...

...EVEN AS ITS
DESTROYER
FOLLOWED.



WAS THIS
A CHANCE
MEETING?

THE RESULT OF AN
INTRICATE PLAN?

OR FATE PLAYING GAMES
FOR ITS OWN AMUSEMENT?



WE MAY NEVER
KNOW THE ANSWER.

FASCINATING.

STRANGE VISITORS

**THE IRON BUILDING.
SAN FRANCISCO.
TODAY.**

WAIT
HERE.

ONE WAY OR
ANOTHER, THIS
WILL BE OVER IN
TEN MINUTES.

DING

PENTHOUSE
FLOOR.

DAMN IT.

I TOLD
YOU TO NOT
BE HERE.

BUT MR. PAOLI,
I COULDN'T LEAVE...
YOU KNOW...

...HIM...

...ALONE.

I'VE WORKED
WITH YOU FOR
LIKE THREE
YEARS.

I KNOW
WHEN YOU
NEED
SOMEONE
AROUND.

WE'LL KNOW
THIS—YOU'RE
DONE.

GET OUT
BEFORE
I CALL
SECURITY.

UNBELIEVABLE.
I SHOULD HAVE
LISTENED TO MY
SISTER.

GUYS LIKE
YOU NEVER
CHANGE, WHAT-
EVER YOU TELL
THE TABLOIDS.

SIGH.

THE OLD ME
WOULDN'T HAVE
BOTHERED
GETTING YOU
OUT OF DANGER,
VIOLET.



YOU
SHOULDN'T
HAVE COME
HERE.

THEY'RE ON
MY TRAIL, BUT
IT'S *YOU* THEY
REALLY WANT...



...KREIGER.

THEY ALREADY
FOUND ME. A GROUP
OF WOULD-BE
REVOLUTIONARIES
INVADED *KALISTAN* BY
IMPERSONATING YOU.

THEY
LEARNED OF
PROJECT:
ICE MAN—

—AND THEY
THREATEN *BARON*
IRONBLOOD'S
PLAN.



I RECOGNIZE
THE *ACTION MAN*
UNIFORM, BUT THE
WOMAN?

G.I. JOE.
CODE NAME
MAYDAY.

SEEMS FITTING
TO USE A FORMER
COBRA COMMANDER
LIKE YOURSELF AS
BAIT.



I FIGURE
THAT'S WHY
THE *BARON*
GAVE ME
THIS.

WHAT DO
YOU EXPECT
ME TO *TELL*
THEM?

MY DEAR
BOY...



...IT DOESN'T
MATTER *WHAT*
THE *DOMINO*
SAYS AS IT
FALLS.

BE
SEEING
YR



SO MUCH
FOR THE
NEW ME.



THE OCCUPANT OF THE
OTHER SHIP WAS A
SCIENTIST: **SHOCKWAVE**.

HE INVESTIGATED.
CYBERTRONIANS--
EVEN THOSE OF
FAR-OFF COLONIES--
ARE A **STURDY BUNCH**.

BUT THE SHIP CARRIED
A **SPECIAL CARGO...**

THIS IS **OPTIMUS PRIME**,
CALLING THE **ARK-19**. DO
YOU READ ME, **PROWL**?



WHERE--
WHO--?

NOTHING. TRY TO
BOOST THE SIGNAL,
BUMBLEBEE.




THE INTERFERENCE
IS TOO **SFZZZZIT**--

WHO
AM I?

IS THAT **MEP**?



AM I
BUMBLEBEE?



WELL, WHY
NOT? AFTER
ALL...

...THAT MAY
PROVE
ILLUMINATING.