

TRANSFORMERS

ROBERTS · SU · LAFUENTE

LOST LIGHT



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MISFIRE: So... how does this work?

SWERVE: What, you've never recapped before?

MISFIRE: I'm joking. I talk about what's happened to me ALL THE TIME. Okay, you do the Autobot bits and I'll do the Decepticon bits. Go!

SWERVE: Me and the rest of Team Swerve end up on Mederi, an ancient, telepath-powered euthanasia clinic that presents itself to us as the Afterspark.

MISFIRE: We've ended up in the same place—that's me and the other Scavengers—this gang of hard-bitten Decepticon gunslingers. Except we think it's Garrus-9, an Autobot prison. Before we got there we were busy fighting

Scorponok on board this massive worldsweeper, and—

SWERVE: Is that part relevant to our current predicament?

MISFIRE: I don't know. Probably not?

SWERVE: In that case: not all of us Autobots are convinced that we're in Cyber-heaven. I'm definitely on the fence. Ratchet, being Ratchet, channels all his skepticism into a chair, which he uses to smash the illusion to bits.

MISFIRE: As someone who wasn't there for that part...

SWERVE: I know, I know, it sounds odd. It WAS odd.

MISFIRE: Anyway, one of your team, Nautica, sets us free, and we find the Circle of Light. They're all dead.

SWERVE: ...which makes us realize that Mederi is Cyberutopia!! Kind of. Our quest—our never-ending quest—has ended.

MISFIRE: Except NO! Because at that moment, high in the sky, we see an army of—

SWERVE: Shh! We haven't got to that part yet...

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RETAILER INCENTIVE COVER

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WHAT ARE THEY?

NOT WHAT— WHO.

THEY'RE MY CREW.

THE CREW OF THE LOST LIGHT...

CRUCIBLE (Part 2)

A Dance Before Dying

...AND THEY'VE BEEN TURNED INTO SPARKEATERS!



ARE THEY A THREAT? I MEAN, THEY LOOK LIKE A THREAT—THEY'VE GOT THAT LUMBERING, DEAD-EYED LOOK DOWN PAT—BUT ARE THEY?

I DON'T KNOW! I THOUGHT SPARKEATERS WERE JUST PRETEND...!

THEY ARE.

UNDERNEATH EVERY SPARKEATER IS A DISEASED ROBOT—USUALLY THE VICTIM OF SOME FAST-ACTING BIOWEAPON.



WHAT SHOULD WE DO?

SHOOT THEM!

RUN AWAY!

DOES IT HAVE TO BE EITHER/OR?

SHOOT THEM, THEN RUN AWAY?

I WAS THINKING MORE RUN AWAY, THEN SHOOT THEM...

WITH WHAT? OUR WITS?



PERCEPTOR? PERCY?

CAREFUL...

IT'S BRAINSTORM—REMEMBER ME?

YOUR LAB PARTNER? YOUR ONE-TIME LAB PARTNER?

*WATCH OUT YOU FOOL, THE CEILING CAN'T SUPPORT YOUR WEIGHT!

THAT GUY.

O.T.T. SMART? LOW-KEY GOOD LOOKING?



THERE, SEE? I'M NOT A THREAT. OKAY, MAYBE INTELLECTUALLY, BUT—

BRAINSTORM!

NOT A THREAT, A FRIEND.

YOU AND ME, SIMPATIC—



HUEERG!!

-AAAARGH!

HSSSSSS



AAAARGH! AAAARGH!



MOVE!



RUN, PEOPLE!

THREAT LEVEL FIVE! EMERGENCY PROTOCOL FIVE! ESCAPE PROCEDURE FI—

FIVE?



SIX, ACTUALLY!

PRETTY SURE YOU WERE GONNA SAY—

DON'T PRETEND YOU KNOW THE SYSTEM!



WAS GETAWAY ONE OF THE SPARKEATERS?

I DIDN'T SEE HIM. YOU THINK HE'S BEHIND THIS?

YOU DON'T?



UP THERE! NOT MORE OF THE DAMNED THINGS...

I THINK IT'S A SHIP!



"A SHIP THAT JUST DROPPED SOMETHING..."



IT'S A BOMB!

EVERYONE TURN BACK!

WE'RE HEADING INTO THE BLAST ZONE!

THAT'S NOT A BOMB. TRUST ME, I'D KNOW.





THINGS THEY DON'T TEACH YOU IN MEDICAL SCHOOL—

