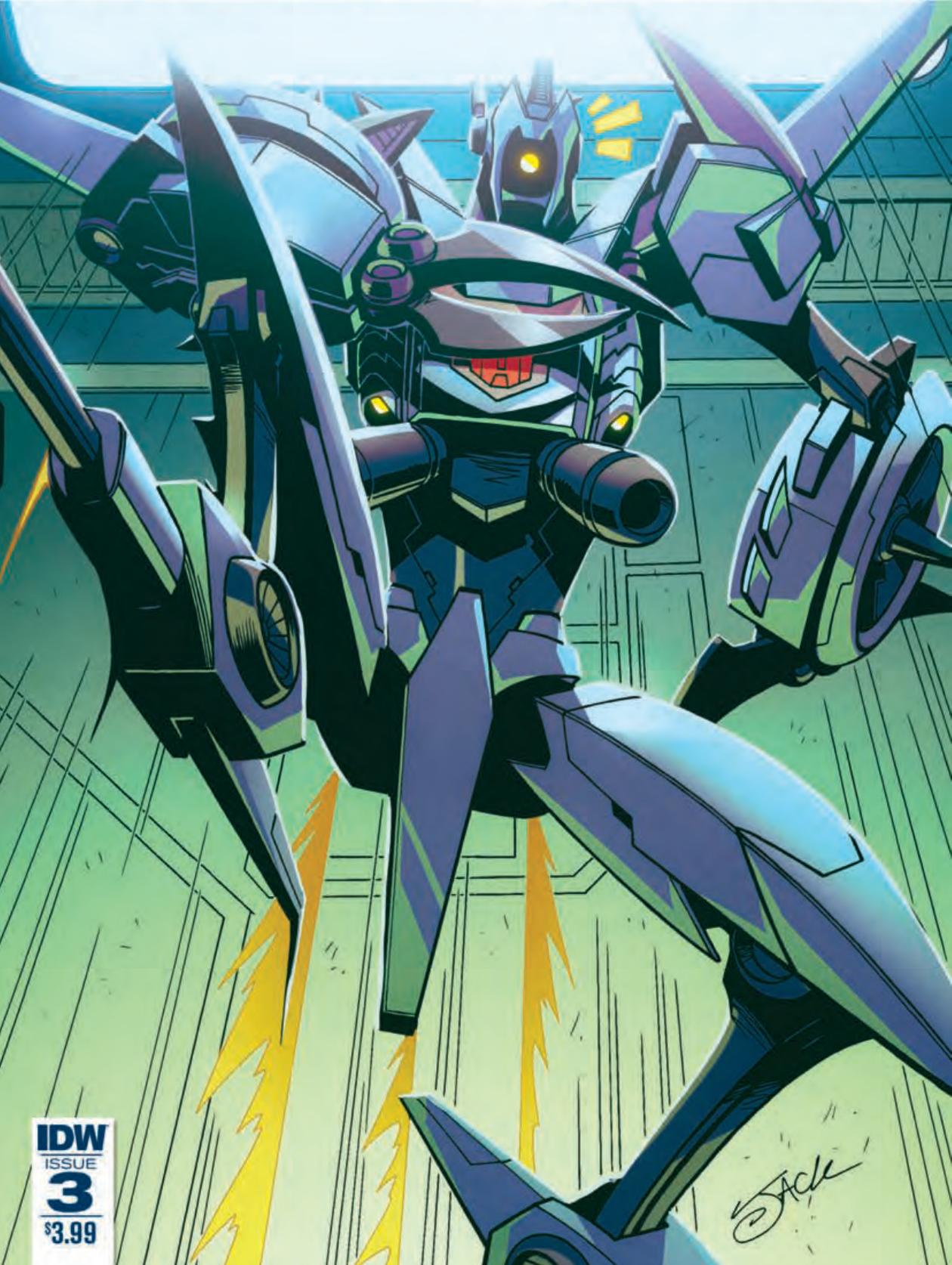


TRANSFORMERS

ROBERTS • LAWRENCE • LAFUENTE

LOST LIGHT



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TRANSFORMERS

LOST LIGHT

So Rodimus and Co. just ended up in a parallel universe where the Functionist council rules Cybertron. And they arrived just in time for quite the commotion: it seems the council plans to reveal a long-standing secret—Rung’s true alt-mode! Which doesn’t sound too exciting, but is actually very important for complicated reasons.

Meanwhile, Anode got herself injured and then patched up—only to be confronted by Velocity and Nautical about her mysterious past!

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NECROWORLD.

NO ANSWER. YOU SURE THIS IS HIS NUMBER?

IT'S THE NUMBER HE GAVE ME.

WHY'D YOU WANT TO SPEAK TO CYCLONUS ANYWAY?

"LODESTAR..."

TO TELL HIM WE'VE FOUND ANOTHER LIFE SUPPORT POD. AN EXTRA LARGE LIFE SUPPORT POD.

AN EXTRA LARGE LIFE SUPPORT POD THAT'S STILL OCCUPIED. AN EXTRA LARGE—

SWERVE!

PLEASE.

BEFORE I GIVE IN TO URGES I'VE BEEN SUPPRESSING SINCE THE DAY WE MET.

LOCKED! OCCUPIED AND LOCKED! THAT'S ALL I HAD LEFT TO SAY!

"FLEXOR ADJUDICUS."

TEN!

I KNOW—WHOEVER'S INSIDE MUST BE PRETTY BIG.

BIG, MAYBE—BUT HARDLY DANGEROUS. THEY CAN'T BE. NOT IF THE NECROBOT WAS ABLE TO GRAB 'EM.

REWIND SAYS HE USED TO HIT PEOPLE WITH HIS BRIEFCASE IF THEY RESISTED.

THE BURST OF TEMPORAL ENERGY CAUSED SHORT-TERM PARALYSIS AND COMPLETE LOSS OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

"MARAUDER DARKSTAR."

SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

RIGHT NOW? NOTHING.

NOTHING IS ANOTHER WORD FOR BORING.

KLICK

"TURMOIL... QUESTEX... JAB."

KSSSSSSSH

YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE!

DID I?

(THAT'S A GENUINE QUESTION, BY THE WAY.)

IS THAT... IS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS?



UPSTAIRS.

SWIVEL...
PISTON...

...AND HYDRONAUT
AND POLEAXE
MAKE TWELVE.

THE *FADING ECHO*
OF TWELVE SPARKS, EACH
ONE CAPTURED BY THE
NECROBOT AT THE *MOMENT*
BEFORE DEATH AND
TRANSFERRED TO A
SINGLE FLOWER.

REMARKABLE,
DON'T YOU THINK?

UH-HUH.

AND WHAT'S EVEN
MORE REMARKABLE
IS THAT BY CROSS-
REFERENCING EACH
SPARK SIGNATURE
WITH THE NECROBOT'S
ARCHIVE, I CAN WORK
OUT THE IDENTITIES
OF EACH DEAD
DOZEN...!

UH-HUH.

I JUST PERFORMED
A FORENSIC
OPERATION ON A
PETAL, BRAINSTORM.
YOU COULD AT LEAST
TRY TO SOUND
IMPRESSED.

I AM
TRYING. I'M
ALSO TRYING
TO CONTACT
RODIMUS.

BESIDES:
OLD NEWS.
KAPUT WAS IN
HERE EARLIER,
STEALING YOUR
THUNDER.

KAPUT THE
UNICYCLE?

KAPUT THE
DOCTOR.
KAPUT THE
SPARK
SPECIALIST.

I WORKED
WITH HIM ON
KIMIA, BEFORE
HE DISAPPEARED.
NICE GUY. NICE
WHEEL.

AND HE WAS
DECODING THE
FLOWERS?

HE WAS GOING
TO... 'TIL HE FOUND
OUT THAT THE
NECROBOT'S ARCHIVE
ALREADY MATCHES
SPARKS TO FLOWERS.

SO I JUST
WASTED TWO
HOURS OF
MY LIFE?

MASSIVELY.

WHY DIDN'T
YOU SAY
SOMETHING
EARLIER?

BECAUSE,
LIKE ME, YOU'RE
MUCH BETTER
COMPANY
WHEN YOU'RE
OCCUPIED.

RODIMUS.

RODIMUS.

COME IN,
RODIMUS.

I DON'T EVEN KNOW
IF HE CAN HEAR ME.
THE COMMS HAVE BEEN
MISBEHAVING EVER SINCE
THE *TREMOR*.*

YOU SAID
THERE WAS AN
ARTIFICIAL
GRAVITY
GENERATOR
INSIDE THE
PLANET, YEAH?

MAYBE WHEN
THE GEOMBOMB
EXPLODED IT
GOT DAMAGED
AND SCRAMBLED THE—

—STORM? IS
THAT YOU?

*SEE LOST LIGHT #1

RODDERS!

BRAINSTORM! I
COULD HUG YOU!

ARE YOU OKAY?
DID THE DEN WORK?
WHERE ARE YOU GUYS?



DISSOLUTION PART 3: A WORLD MISPLACED





WHAT DID YOU SAY TO BRAINSTORM? HE'S LITERALLY—

—YEAH, HE'S LITERALLY RUNNING AROUND THE ROOM, THREE LAPS AND COUNTING.

NIGHTBEAT, FINALLY, SOMEONE SENSIBLE.

WE'VE JUST ARRIVED IN A CITY CALLED **ADAPTICA**— FORMERLY **KALIS**— ON AN **ALTERNATE CYBERTRON** WHERE MEGATRON NEVER EXISTED AND THE FUNCTIONISTS TOOK CONTROL.

THEY'VE TURNED THE WHOLE PLANET INTO A THEOCRATIC TOTALITARIAN CRAPSTORM— AND NOT IN A COOL WAY.



NOW HE'S SQUEALING TOO.



IT'S ME, SORRY. I HAVEN'T BEEN THIS RAMPED SINCE PERCEPTOR ASKED ME TO BE HIS LAB PARTNER.

EVEN SO... WHY IS THIS A THREE-LAP SITUATION?

THAT'S BECAUSE IS NOT JUST YOU!

THE ONLY WAY WE CAN BE HAVING THIS CONVERSATION IS IF WE'RE ALL IN A PARALLEL UNIVERSE!

THE DEN DIDN'T DO THIS, RODIMUS, THE WHOLE PLANET JUMPED— NECROWORLD ITSELF!

HOW?

PERHAPS THERE ARE DIFFERENT TYPES OF GEOBOMBS. DIFFERENT FLAVORS!

AND WE JUST TASTED A NEW ONE— SOME KIND OF **DISPLACEMENT WEAPON**.

MAYBE IT WASN'T MEANT TO **DESTROY** THE PLANET BUT KIND OF... **SHUNT** IT ACROSS THE GALAXY, MAYBE EVEN INTO A **NEIGHBORING GALAXY**. Y'KNOW, TO **REALLY** TAKE US OUT THE PICTURE.

IT MUST HAVE **MALFUNCTIONED** AND SHUNTED US INTO A NEIGHBORING **UNIVERSE** INSTEAD.



AND THAT'S YOUR BEST EXPLANATION.

IT'S EITHER THAT OR 'PRIMUS WAVED A MAGIC WAND.'

MALFUNCTIONING GEOBOMB IT IS.



SO WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO?

DUNNO, THE DEN'S TOTALLED.

AWW, WHAT?

SORRY.

OKAY, LEAVE THE UNIVERSE-HOPPING TO ME. JUST GET A DECENT SHIP, GET BACK HERE, AND WHAT-EVER YOU DO...



"...DON'T GET TOO INVOLVED."

SO MANY LOST SOULS.

CYBERUTOPIA IS A REFUGE FOR THE OBSOLETE. WE'VE TAKEN IN HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS—AND STILL MORE ARRIVE BY THE DAY.

WHAT ARE THEY RUNNING FROM?

OCCUPATIONAL GENOCIDE.



THEY'VE ALL BEEN DECLARED REDUNDANT BY THE FUNCTIONIST COUNCIL; IF THEY STAY IN THEIR OWN CITIES, THEY'LL BE RECYCLED.

FIRST THE COUNCIL TARGETED THE INTELLECTUALS. THEN THEY CAME FOR THE EXPERTS.

JUDGES, STATISTICIANS, ECONOMISTS... ANYONE WHO PRIVILEGES FACTS OVER FEAR.



WHEN WAR BROKE OUT ON OUR WORLD, MILLIONS TRIED TO FLEE THE MAJOR CITIES. THEY RARELY MADE IT OUT.

WHY DOES THE COUNCIL ALLOW THEM TO MIGRATE?

THEY DON'T HAVE A CHOICE. SEE THAT STATUE?



THAT'S ADAPTUS, ONE OF THE GUIDING HANDS, WHICH MAKES THIS ONE OF THE FIVE SACRED CITIES.



WHAT DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH SAFE PASSAGE?

EVERY CITIZEN HAS THE RIGHT TO SEEK SANCTUARY IN A SACRED CITY.

OF COURSE SANCTUARY WILL ONLY BE OFFERED IF THE COUNCILLOR IN CHARGE OF THE CITY IS SO MINDED.

AND MUCH TO THE FURY OF THE REST OF THE COUNCIL...



...I AM SO MINDED.