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JOHN BARBER • LIVIO RAMONDELLI

# COMBINER WARS PART 2

# TRANSFORMERS



CHC  
2014  
5





DOCTOR'S LOG,  
LOST LIGHT CHIEF  
MEDICAL OFFICER  
FIRST AID:

FILES LOCKED;  
CLASSIFIED LEVEL  
ORANGE: NEED  
TO KNOW *ONLY*.

SHUTTLECRAFT *O FORTUNA*  
IS SPOOLING ITS *GRAVITY*  
*DRIVE* FOR A NEGATIVE-MASS  
F.T.L. BURN TO CYBERTRON.

ONBOARD IS *PATIENT*  
*619*, HIS ACTING DOCTOR  
(ME), AND FOUR OTHERS.

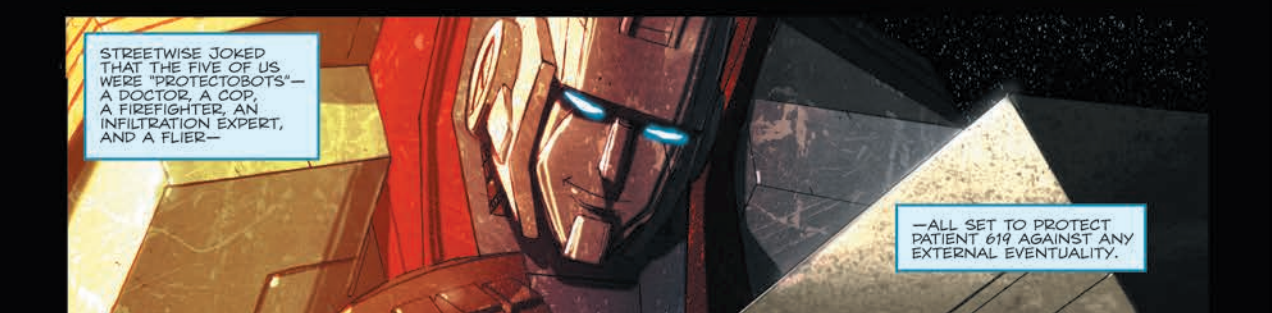


GROOVE...

...HOT  
SPOT...

...AND *STREETWISE*,  
SERVED TOGETHER  
ON EARTH IMMEDIATELY  
FOLLOWING THE DEFEAT  
OF DECEPTICON FORCES.

*BLADES* HAS  
VOLUNTEERED  
TO GO WITH US  
AS ADDITIONAL  
SECURITY.



STREETWISE JOKED  
THAT THE FIVE OF US  
WERE "PROTECTOBOTS"—  
A DOCTOR, A COP,  
A FIREFIGHTER, AN  
INFILTRATION EXPERT,  
AND A FLIER—

—ALL SET TO PROTECT  
*PATIENT 619* AGAINST ANY  
EXTERNAL EVENTUALITY.



THE PROBLEM  
WITH *PATIENT 619*,  
UNFORTUNATELY,  
IS INTERNAL:

AN OVERLOAD OF *GAMMA-  
CYBROBUTYRIC ACID* IN  
HIS *NEOCORTEX*. THIS  
TOXIC BUILD-UP IS AFFECTING  
HIS UNCONSCIOUS MIND.

IN OTHER WORDS: HE'S BEEN IN  
*STASIS LOCK* FOR A WEEK, SEEING  
*CRAZY NIGHTMARES*. THIS IS NOT  
THE FIRST TIME *PATIENT 619*—OH,  
*FORGET* SECURITY PROCEDURES.



IT'S *MIRAGE*.



IT'S MY *FRIEND*, *MIRAGE*—  
AND THIS IS *NOT* THE FIRST  
TIME HE'S BEEN THROUGH THIS.

A FEW YEARS AGO,  
HE HAD A QUOTE-  
UNQUOTE *VISION*  
WHERE HE HAD THE  
*WRONG SIGIL*...

...AND HE COULDN'T  
TELL THE DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN *AUTOBOTS*  
AND *DECEPTICONS*.

AS CHIEF MEDICAL  
OFFICER ON A  
STARSHIP WHERE  
*MEGATRON-IN-AN-  
AUTOBOT-SYMBOL*  
ACTS AS HALF OF  
A COMMAND TEAM,  
I'LL NOTE THIS WITH  
SOME INTEREST.

BUT AS CHIEF MEDICAL  
OFFICER ON A STARSHIP  
WHERE *RODIMUS* IS THE  
*OTHER HALF* OF THAT  
COMMAND TEAM...

...SOMEBODY  
HAVING A  
*VISION* IS A  
SITUATION I  
HAVE TO  
*DEAL* WITH.

PRIOR TO LEAVING THE *LOST  
LIGHT*, *MIRAGE*, UNCONSCIOUS  
OF COURSE, SPOKE  
REPEATEDLY—ENDLESSLY—  
OF *CYBERTRON BURNING*...

...WHICH *RODIMUS*  
TOOK *SERIOUSLY  
ENOUGH*  
TO  
PICK *HIM* TO  
GO BACK HOME.

I HATE TO SEE  
*MIRAGE* LIKE THIS.  
HE'S USUALLY  
SO FULL OF...  
WELL, *STUFF*.

STARTING A  
BAR... FAILING AT  
HIS BAR... YOU  
KNOW, *STUFF*.

I WISH I KNEW WHAT  
WAS HAPPENING IN  
YOUR *HEAD*, *BUDDY*...

BURNING...  
CYBERTRON...  
EVERYTHING...





...BURNING.  
BUT...

...I LEFT  
CYBERTRON...  
I MADE A  
CHOICE.



I LEFT  
EARTH...

...THIS ISN'T  
ME. I'M AN  
AUTOBOT.

MIRAGE!  
BUDDY, HANG  
IN THERE!



WHERE IS  
THIS—I AM—  
AM I...?

WHAT'CHA  
DOIN' HERE—  
WHAT AM I  
DOIN' HERE?!

I DON'T  
KNOW WHERE...  
MAYBE I KNOW  
WHY...



YOU'RE TALKIN'  
GIBBERISH! WHAT'S  
GOIN' ON?!

IRONHIDE,  
I NEED TO  
HELP HIM...



# THE POSSIBLE LIGHT







YOU.

ME?

**CYBERTRON.**



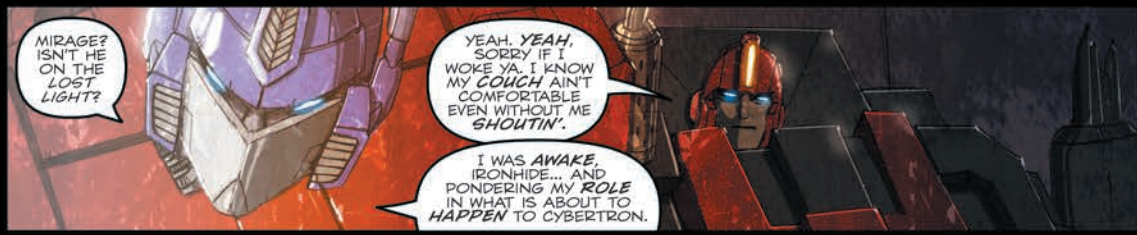
AH, PRIME. YEAH, YOU.

OR ANYWAY I THINK SO.

YOU WERE YELLING.

PROBLY NUTHIN'.

TELL YA WHAT— UNLESS MIRAGE SHOWS UP. LET'S SAY IT WAS A BAD DREAM.



MIRAGE? ISN'T HE ON THE LOST LIGHT?

YEAH, YEAH, SORRY IF I WOKE YA. I KNOW MY COUCH AIN'T COMFORTABLE EVEN WITHOUT ME SHOUTIN'.

I WAS AWAKE, IRONHIDE... AND PONDERING MY ROLE IN WHAT IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN TO CYBERTRON.



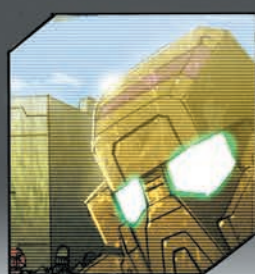
YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS...

MY DUTY IS TO DO WHAT'S BEST FOR CYBERTRON. NO MATTER HOW MUCH I MISTRUST STARSCREAM.

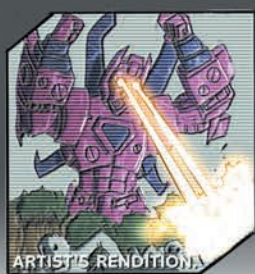
HE IS THE LEADER OF OUR WORLD... BUT HE CANNOT BE ALLOWED FREE REIGN.



THIS IS CIRCUIT, COMING TO YOU LIVE AND DIRECT FOR THE IACONIAN NEWS SERVICE.

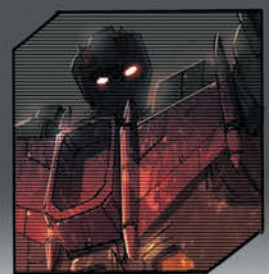


RUMORS AND SPECULATION CONTINUE TO FLY— UNCONFIRMED REPORTS SUGGEST CONTACT HAS BEEN MADE WITH A LONG-LOST CYBERTRONIAN COLONY—



ARTIST'S RENDERING

—AND, MOREOVER, THAT COLONY HAS BEEN INVADDED BY A ROGUE DECEPTICON COMBINER.



OF THE KNOWN COMBINERS— OR GESTALT— DEVASTATOR IS OFF-WORLD UNDER THE COMMAND OF OPTIMUS PRIME, WHO HIMSELF IS IN IACON.