

TRANSFORMERS

ROBERTS • LAWRENCE • LAFUENTE

LOST LIGHT

**THE
MUTINEERS
TRILOGY**
PART 1



BOMP.

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ISSUE
10
COVER A
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TRANSFORMERS

LOST LIGHT

Several months ago the *Lost Light*'s principal medic, First Aid, escorted Mirage to Cybertron after the barkeep experienced a vision foretelling a series of skirmishes that would become known as the Combiner Wars. Hot Spot, Streetwise, Groove and Blades were assigned to protect Mirage, earning them—and First Aid—the nickname “Protectobots.”

On Cybertron, the Protectobots and an unwitting bystander—an Autobot named Rook—were exposed to the Enigma of Combination, after which they were able to combine into a gestalt named Defensor. Once the Combiner Wars were over, Mirage and the Protectobots—now joined by Rook—found their old shuttle and set off to rejoin the crew of the *Lost Light*.

Now read on...

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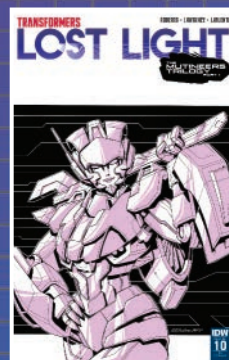
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Special thanks to Ben Montano, David Erwin, Josh Feldman, Ed Lane, Beth Artale, and Michael Kelly for their invaluable assistance.

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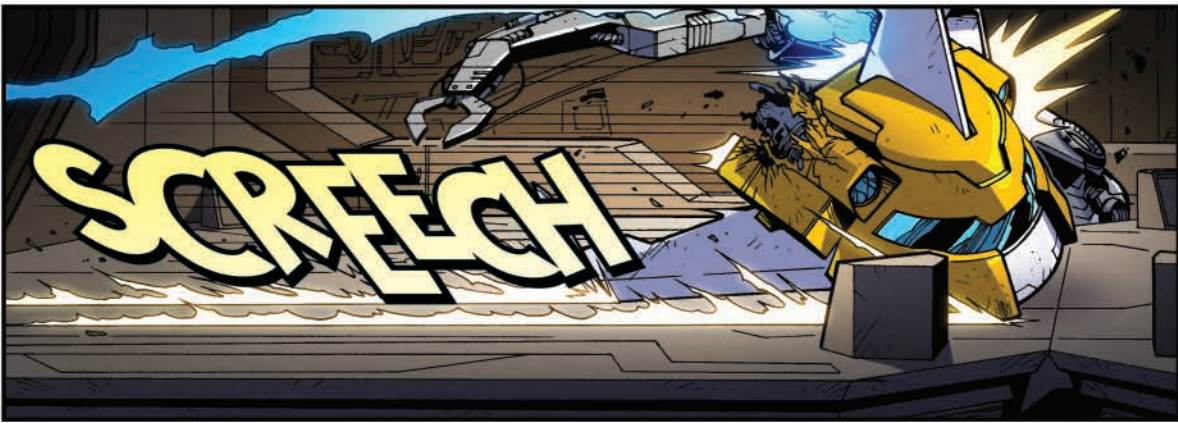
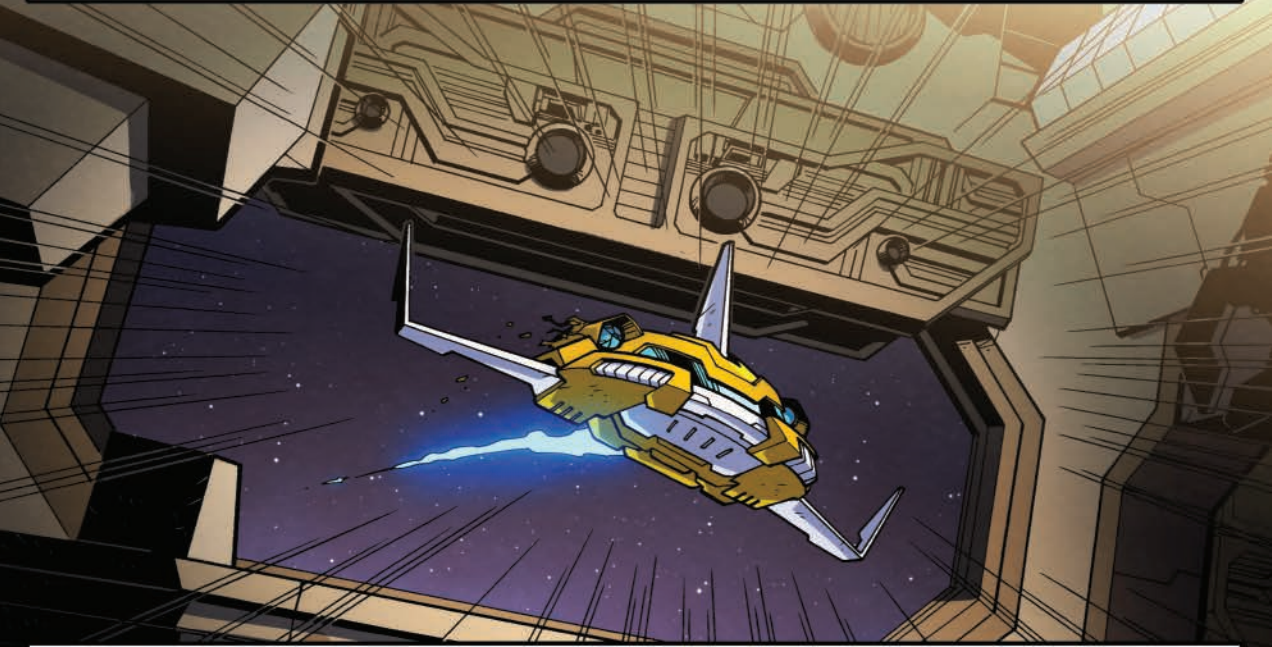
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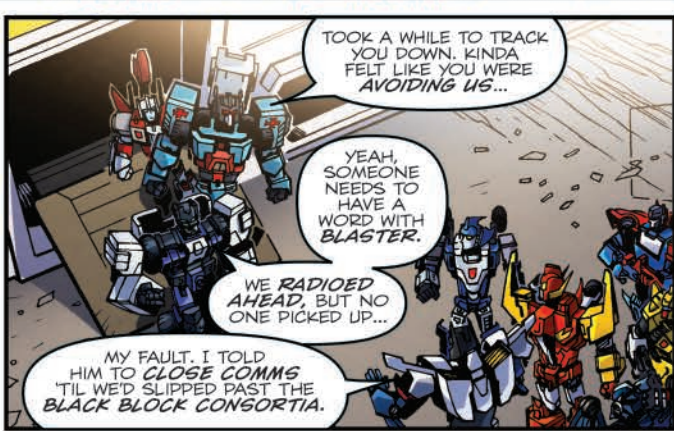
WHAT ABOUT MEGATRON? IS HE—

MIRAGE! THERE YOU ARE!

NO TOUCHING.

WE WERE SO WORRIED! YOU'VE BEEN GONE FOR MONTHS!

*SINCE MTMTE #43



TOOK A WHILE TO TRACK YOU DOWN. KINDA FELT LIKE YOU WERE AVOIDING US...

YEAH, SOMEONE NEEDS TO HAVE A WORD WITH BLASTER.

WE RADIOED AHEAD, BUT NO ONE PICKED UP...

MY FAULT. I TOLD HIM TO CLOSE COMMS 'TIL WE'D SLIPPED PAST THE BLACK BLOCK CONSORTIA.



THE CONSORTIA? ALL THE WAY OUT HERE? I THOUGHT THIS WAS GALACTIC COUNCIL TERRITORY...

ALL WE KNOW IS THAT THEY'RE MASSING ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE BENZENE CLUSTER—WHICH PUTS THEM DIRECTLY BETWEEN US AND CYBERUTOPIA.

IF WE CAN SNEAK PAST WITHOUT DETECTION, WE CAN KEEP TO SCHEDULE.



WE HAVE A SCHEDULE NOW?

OF COURSE! I RUN A VERY TIGHT SHIP.

WAIT, ARE YOU...

...ARE YOU IN CHARGE?

I TELL PEOPLE TO DO THINGS AND THEY DO THEM, SO... YEAH.



THREE QUESTIONS: HOW, HOW AND HOW?

HA! IT'S A LONG, CIRCUITOUS STORY—ONE THAT TAKES TIME TO TELL.

AND UNLESS YOU'RE ABOUT TO SURPRISE ME BY SAYING YOU'RE NO LONGER CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER, I'D SAY YOU'VE GOT MORE IMMEDIATE CONCERNS.

OH?



OH.

GO ON, OFF YOU GO TO THE MEDIBAY.

DON'T WORRY—

"—WE'LL RETURN TO THIS CONVERSATION LATER."

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, THOUGH—

—I DIDN'T EXPECT OLD MISERUS AMBUS TO HANG OUT THE BUNTING, BUT I THOUGHT RODIMUS MIGHT'VE TURNED UP TO SAY HI.

D'YOU REMEMBER WHEN HE WENT *DOOR-TO-DOOR* SHOWING EVERYONE HIS NEW *ROLLER-SKATES*? OR THE TIME HE TROD *OIL* ONTO THE BRIDGE AND ULTRA MAGNUS HAD THAT *SEIZURE*?

I REMEMBER HIS PLAN TO WIN THE *HIDE-AND-SEEK FINAL* BY PAINTING HIMSELF *SPACE COLOR* AND STANDING IN FRONT OF A WINDOW...

HEH.

QUESTION:

GETAWAY. DO YOU LIKE HIM?

DO I LIKE HIM.

DO I LIKE HIM.

YEAH.

YEAH, HE'S OKAY.

YOU?

I LIKE HIM A LOT. BUT I DON'T KNOW IF I TRUST HIM.

I'M SORRY I TOOK YOU AWAY FROM THE SHUTTLE BAY.

NAH, I WANTED TO COME HERE. IF SOMETHING WEIRD'S GOING ON—

—AND GETAWAY BEING CAPTAIN TICKS ALL THE BOXES—

—THEN A QUICK LOOK AT THE CREW'S *MEDICAL FILES* MIGHT SHED SOME LIGHT.

YOU'RE THINKING *PLAGUE*, AREN'T YOU? *DELPHI: MARK 2*. WHILE WE'VE BEEN AWAY, SOME REALLY BIZARRE VIRUS HAS *WIPED OUT* ALL THE OFFICERS.

KILLER LAUGHTER! LAUGHTER THAT EATS YOU FROM THE INSIDE!

AND IT'S INFECTIOUS! OH MY GOD, THINK ABOUT IT! IF YOU HEAR SOMEONE LAUGH THEN YOU LAUGH TOO, AND THEN—

—NO! STOP! WEAPONIZED BACTERIA! GERMS WITH GUNS! LITTLE MICROBES WITH BOMBS STRAPPED TO THEIR... TO THEIR...

ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

I THINK I HIT MY HEAD IN THE CRASH.

WELL, THIS IS ANNOYING. I CAN'T ACCESS THE FILES, THEY'RE *PASSWORD PROTECTED*.

BUT YOU'RE *HEAD DOCTOR*!

CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER, AND I KNOW.