

TRANSFORMERS

ROBERTS • TRANQUANTO • LAFUENTE

LOST LIGHT



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COVER A
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TRANSFORMERS

LOST LIGHT

Nautica, Velocity, Anode and Lug travel to Troja Major, a market town that specialises in all things funereal. Anode and Lug discover a Cybertronian, weak and disoriented, hiding in a compound. He is shot to pieces by the Black Block Consortia before Anode, a blacksmith, can work out why the *sentio metallica* from which he is made is giving off a strange scent. As the Black Block Consortia turn on Anode and Lug, another blacksmith, Wipe-Out, leads them to safety--and tells them that their employer, known only as the Grand Architect, seems to be hunting down blacksmiths. At that moment they spot a Decepticon worldsweeper ship hovering overhead, and a flash of teleport energy heralds the arrival of some unexpected visitors.

Meanwhile, Nautica leads Velocity to a Catharsian who is in possession of a mysterious artefact capable, it is said, of resurrecting the dead. Nautica knows exactly who she wants resurrected... underneath her eye patch, hidden for safekeeping, is the brain module that once belonged to one of her closest friends: Skids.

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**TROJA MAJOR.
MENGEL'S WORKSHOP.**

HOW MUCH?!

YOU CAN'T PUT A PRICE ON LIFE.

YOU JUST DID! THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU JUST DID!

WELL, THERE WE ARE. PAY UP OR PUSH OFF.



BUT... I CAME ALL THIS WAY.

I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D CHARGE ME!

YOU THOUGHT I'D RESURRECT YOUR DEAD FRIEND FOR FREE? THIS IS TROJA MAJOR: THE MORE YOU WANT SOMETHING, THE MORE IT COSTS.

WELL, I DON'T HAVE THAT KIND OF MONEY. I'VE NEVER HAD THAT KIND OF MONEY.



HEY, CAN WE TRADE?

I'VE GOT... WHAT'VE I GOT? I'VE GOT INNERMOST ENERGEN?

NO?



BODY PARTS!

I'M CYBERTRONIAN! A BONA FIDE APEX MECH! NO OFFENSE, BUT COMPARED TO YOU CATHARSAINS, I'M A TECHNOLOGICAL MARVEL.

LOOK! LOOK AT THAT HAND! LOOK AT THE WAY IT MOVES! THE GLIDE!

IF YOU LET ME USE THE RESUSCITATION CRADLE, IT'S YOURS. HELL, YOU CAN HAVE THE WHOLE ARM. JUST THINK OF THE UPGRADES YOU COULD SELL TO YOUR PEOPLE...



TRUST ME, I HAVE ALL THE CYBERTRONIAN BODY PARTS I NEED.

YOUR PAIN, HOWEVER... NOW THAT I MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN.

MY PAIN?

GRIEF HAS A SIGNIFICANT RESALE VALUE.



THERE'S A MARKET FOR GRIEF?

OF COURSE.

NEARLY ALL RACES HONOR THEIR DEAD— SOME HAPPEN TO TAKE IT TO THE EXTREME.



THE HYPERTRAXI, FOR EXAMPLE, OR THE PHEBIANS—FOR THEM, THE MORE YOU MOURN—THE MORE YOU SUFFER—THE MORE YOU'RE VENERATED. ANGUISH CONFERS AN ELEVATED STATUS.

BUT GRIEF CAN'T BE FAKED. YOU CAN'T FORCE YOURSELF TO FEEL—

—UNLESS, THAT IS, YOU CHEAT. SECOND-HAND GRIEF, DISCREETLY IMPORTED, IS INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE REAL THING.



OKAY. DEAL. SKIDS HERE WAS FORGED, IF THAT'S RELEVANT, AND—

WAIT.



I'M VELOCITY. I'M A DOCTOR.

BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING TO MY BEST FRIEND I'D LIKE TO KNOW EXACTLY HOW THIS IS GOING TO WORK.

I'D USE STATE-OF-THE-ART BRAINWARE TO EXTRACT THE GRIEF AND—

I MEAN THE RESUS CRADLE. HOW CAN YOU BRING SKIDS BACK TO LIFE WITH JUST A BRAIN?

WE'RE NOT WARM-WIRED LIKE YOU. WE ARE OUR SPARKS. AND A BRAIN IS NOT A SPARK.



ONE ANIMATES THE OTHER. DOES IT NOT? THEY WORK IN CONCERT.

AND IN SO DOING, THEY LEAVE TRACES—TRACES OF INFORMATION.

I CAN USE KEY INFORMATION FROM THE BRAIN TO EXTRAPOLATE THE KEY CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ORIGINAL SPARK—

—PROVIDED THE BRAIN IS STILL WARM. NEUROLOGICALLY SPEAKING, WE'RE WORKING WITHIN A VERY NARROW WINDOW OF OPPORTUNITY.



THEN LET'S NOT WASTE ANY MORE TIME.



THIS STINKS.

SHE'S A FRAUD. SHE'S A FRAUD AND THIS IS A SCAM AND—AND—

PAYMENT UP FRONT? I MEAN COME ON.

THIS ISN'T YOU, NAUTICA. YOU'RE SMARTER THAN THIS.



THIS IS MY ONE CHANCE TO SAVE HIM.

BESIDES—SACRIFICING GRIEF IS NO SACRIFICE AT ALL. THINK ABOUT IT: ONCE SKIDS IS BACK, I'LL HAVE NO REASON TO GRIEVE ANYWAY!



YES, BUT—RECREATING A SPARK FROM SOMEONE'S BRAIN DATA...? I'VE NEVER HEARD OF ANYTHING LIKE IT.

IT'S WHAT HAPPENED WITH LUIGI! OR IT HAPPENED THE OTHER WAY ROUND, ANYWAY.

KAPUT TOLD ANODE THAT THE BRAIN AND THE SPARK LEAK INTO EACH OTHER...

"LEAK INTO EACH OTHER"? OH PUH-LEEZE.



KAPUT'S A DOCTOR!

I'M A DOCTOR!



A DOCTOR WHO FAILED HER EXAMS NINE TIMES.



THE BRAIN'S NEARLY COLD. THIS WILL TAKE MORE WORK THAN I THOUGHT.

THE PRICE JUST DOUBLED.



BUT I'VE GOT NOTHING ELSE TO SELL!

I THINK YOU DO. I SAW IT THE MOMENT YOU CAME IN.



YOU COULD SELL YOUR FRIENDSHIP.



TECHY!
AT LAST!

PUT IT
THERE, PAL.
IT'S GREAT TO
FINALLY PUT
A FACE TO A
NAME.

A FACE
AND A
GUN.

CHASING THE INFINITE



TECHY?
WHO'S
TECHY?

AW MAN, YOU'RE
NOT GONNA MAKE
US CALL YOU **THE**
GRAND ARCHITECT.
ARE YOU?

I'M **EMBARRASSED**
FOR YOU, AND I DON'T
EMBARRASS EASILY.

SHE REALLY
DOESN'T.



PRETTY SURE HE'S
NOT THE GRAND
ARCHITECT.

NO?

HIS NAME'S
FLAME—AND
HE WAS ACTIVE
THROUGHOUT
THE WAR. LAST I
HEARD HE WAS
DOING TIME IN
GARRUS 9.

CRIMES?



MANY AND VARIOUS
AND **IN THE PAST**.
I'VE SINCE
EMBRACED NEW
CHALLENGES.

THE GRAND
ARCHITECT
SENT ME HERE
TO TIE UP SOME
LOOSE ENDS.

TRANSLATION:
"...TO KILL
BLACKSMITHS."



WHY DO
PEOPLE LIKE
YOU ALWAYS SPEAK
EUPHEMISTICALLY?
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH BEING
DIRECT?

IT'S LIKE... YOU'RE
THREATENING TO
KILL US. I'M MORE
OFFENDED BY **THAT**
THAN HOW YOU
SAY IT.



KILL THE OTHER TWO. LEAVE GOGGLES HERE FOR ME.

THERE, DIRECT ENOUGH FOR YOU?

THE POINT IS YOU'RE REDUNDANT. WE DON'T NEED ANY MORE SENTIO METALLICO.

OH, NOW YOU'RE JUST DOING THAT TO WIND ME UP.

NOW THAT THE BREAKTHROUGH'S BEEN MADE, WE CAN STERILIZE THE PATHWAY AND ENTER THE FINAL PHASE.

SERIOUSLY, THERE'S NOT A SCRAP OF CONCRETE INFORMATION IN THAT STATEMENT.

WAIT!

WAIT.

CAN WE TRADE?



I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING VALUABLE IF YOU LEAVE US ALONE.

WHAT DO YOU HAVE THAT'S WORTH ANYTHING?

CAN'T BELIEVE YOU CALLED ME GOGGLES...

ARE YOU KIDDING? I'M A TREASURE HUNTER! I'VE GOT ALL SORTS!



IN FACT...

...LET ME JUST...

...IT'S IN HERE SOMEWHERE...



WHAT? WHAT IS IT?

IT'S NOT SO MUCH WHAT IT IS...



...AS WHAT IT DOES!

KRAK