

TRANSFORMERS

ROBERTS • LAWRENCE • LAFUENTE

LOST LIGHT



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COVER A
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TRANSFORMERS

LOST LIGHT

The exiled crew of the Lost Light dies of exposure to compressed space and wakes up in a purgatorial afterlife, where they meet old friends and old loves—not to mention the pantheon of Cybertronian gods known as the Guiding Hand.

As Rodimus tries to negotiate his resurrection and skeptics like Ratchet and Nautica try to separate truth from lies, Ten and Nightbeat willingly lose their sparks to a giant floating Matrix.

One by one, the rest of the newly-deads are drawn to the Matrix, carried there on a wave of contentment and a desire to ascend.

Inside a temple, Rodimus, Drift, and Ratchet find a hospital ward filled with comatose patients. Before they can explore further, the Autobots are surrounded...

Nautica, meanwhile, is met by Skids but rejects his offer of companionship; instead, she opens a locked door... and meets the Scavengers.

Now read on...

Written by: **JAMES ROBERTS**

Art by: **JACK LAWRENCE**

Colors by: **JOANA LAFUENTE**

Letters by: **TOM B. LONG**

Editor: **DAVID MARIOTTE**

Publisher: **GREG GOLDSTEIN**



COVER A

Artwork by: **JACK LAWRENCE**

Colors by: **JOANA LAFUENTE**



COVER B

Artwork by: **ALEX MILNE**

Colors by: **JOSH PEREZ**



RETAILER INCENTIVE COVER

Artwork by: **ALEX MILNE**

Colors by: **JOSH PEREZ**

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**THE AFTERSPARK.
ASCENSION POINT.**



—OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD—



—DON'T LOOK, BUT ISN'T THAT DOMINUS AMBUS?

AND TWO REWINDS?



DON'T WORRY, IT'S ALL SORTED.

WE'RE GOOD.

WE'RE HAPPY.



HAPPY AND READY TO GO.

SWERVE...?

THERE'S REALLY NOTHING TO IT. I MEAN WE COULD STAND HERE TALKING ABOUT METUOSIOSIS AND SPARK ALCHEMY AND THE FIVE-FACED INCANTATION—

—BUT AT THE END OF THE DAY, YOU'LL ASCEND—ANY MOMENT NOW, I PROMISE—BECAUSE YOU WANT TO.

IN THE AFTERSPARK, WANTING WORKS.



I LIKE YOU LIKE THIS. MORE—

MORE WHAT? MORE QUIET? QUIETER?

BECAUSE CHECK THIS OUT...

NO, NO, MORE...

...HEARTFELT.



IT SUITS YOU.







HE'S AN AUTOBOT!

SHE'S AN AUTOBOT.

I MEAN, I'M AN AUTOBOT.

YOU'RE A GUARD.



AND NOT A VERY GOOD ONE!

HEY!



NO, NO, NO. NUH-UH.

YOU'RE DECEPTICONS.

DEAD OR NOT, YOU WERE LOCKED IN THAT ROOM FOR A REASON.

"DEAD"?

STAY WHERE YOU ARE.

OR WHAT? YOU'LL SHOOT US WITH PRETEND?



EVER HEARD OF AN AUTOBOT CALLED GENITUS? YOU MIGHT KNOW HIM BETTER AS BRAINSTORM.

HE'S A VERY DEAR FRIEND OF MINE--AND A WEAPONS ENGINEER PAR EXCELLENCE.

HE MADE ME THIS HANDGUN.



AN INTERNAL HARVESTER CONVERTS MY ENERGON RESERVES INTO COMBUSTIBLE ENGEX WHICH IS THEN REROUTED TO A WEB OF MICROSCOPIC PROPULSORS IN THE TIPS OF MY FINGERS.

WE KNOW BRAINSTORM. WE HAD A BIT OF A SWAPSIES THING GOING ON.

EASY.

SHH.

WHOA.

HEY.

I COULD GO ON, BUT I FEEL I'VE ALREADY OVER-ELABORATED.

SO PLEASE. LOWER YOUR... HAND.



YOU'RE RIGHT—WE ARE DECEPTICONS—PURPLE TO THE CORE—BUT WE DON'T WANT TO FIGHT.

"DEAD"?

WE'RE ACTUALLY REALLY CHUFFED WITH THE WHOLE POSTWAR SITUATION, APART FROM THE BEING LOCKED UP PART.

YEAH, BUT THAT WAS OUR FAULT.

WE ACCIDENTALLY SENT OURSELVES TO PRISON.



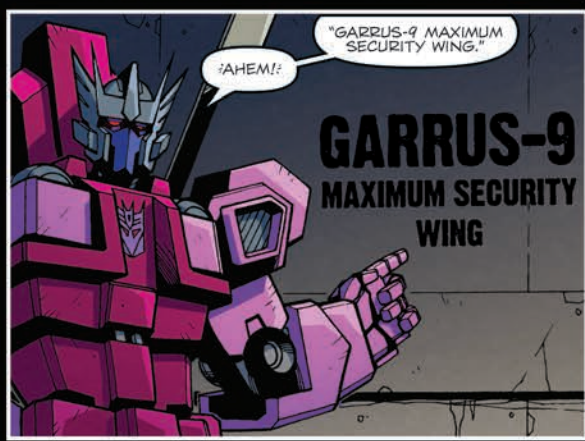
PRISON? WHAT DO YOU MEAN PRISON?

GARRUS-9, WHAT DO YOU MEAN "DEAD"?

I MEAN THIS IS THE AFTERSPAK. YOU DON'T GET HERE BY CONTINUING TO BE ALIVE.

EH? BUT THIS ISN'T—

GARRUS-9, EXACTLY.



"GARRUS-9 MAXIMUM SECURITY WING."

'AHEM!'

**GARRUS-9
MAXIMUM SECURITY
WING**



'AHEM!'

IT'S AN EXTRACT FROM THE PRIMAL SACRAMENT: "AND MANY SHALL RISE FROM ONE, AND ONE FROM MANY."

**AND MANY SHALL
RISE FROM ONE, AND
ONE FROM MANY.**



NO, NO. WAIT, WE'RE SEEING TWO DIFFERENT THINGS.

HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?



I DON'T THINK IT IS.

NOT FOR ANY SUSTAINABLE LENGTH OF TIME.

KSSK