

TRANSFORMERS

ROBERTS · LAWRENCE · LAFUENTE

LOST LIGHT



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COVER A
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Jack

TRANSFORMERS

LOST LIGHT

They thought they'd died and that their quest was over. They were half right.

The exiled crew of the *Lost Light*, now joined by the Decepticon Scavengers, are trying to come to terms with the fact that Cyberutopia is, in fact, Mederi—a moon-sized euthanasia clinic built by the ancient Omega Guardians—when they're attacked by an army of sparkeaters. As if that isn't annoying enough, their attackers are mutated versions of their ex-crewmates. Chief Mutineer Getaway—now allied with the mysterious Grand Architect and his lieutenants, Scorponok, Flame, and Tyrest—claims responsibility for the attack.

First Aid, Ratchet, and Nickel manage to cure the sparkeaters while Rodimus himself—aided by Cyclonus—confronts Getaway aboard the *Lost Light*. He risks his life to save his nemesis, but when Getaway moves to kill Cyclonus, a swarm of carnivorous Scraplets take the form of Primus and strip the backstabber to his endoskeleton.

At that moment, the night sky above Mederi is torn apart by a very large, very dangerous, very unwelcome rift.

Now read on...

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SWERVE!

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MEDERI!

SNAP OUT OF IT, BUDDY!

IT'S A RIFT! AND THAT'S GOOD! IT'S ON YOUR CHECKLIST!

IT'S A—
IT'S A—
IT'S A—

MY QUESTLIST...

NEXT TO "USE A SOLAR ECLIPSE TO CONVINCE GOD-FEARING LOCALS THAT YOU COMMAND THE HEAVENS."

NOW SHIFT! I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THE FABRIC OF REALITY—



"—BUT I BET IT HATES BEING TORN!"



THE LOST LIGHT

THIS IS EVERYONE.

DECK 99?

NUH-UH. MEDIBAY'S FULL OF QUARANTINED SCRAPLETS. TAKE THEM TO THE OBS DECK—WE'VE PREPARED SOME STASIS PODS.

RATCHET AND FIRST AID? ON THEIR WAY.



I'M SORRY, CAPTAIN...

...WE NEVER MEANT—

SAVE THE APOLOGIES FOR LATER.

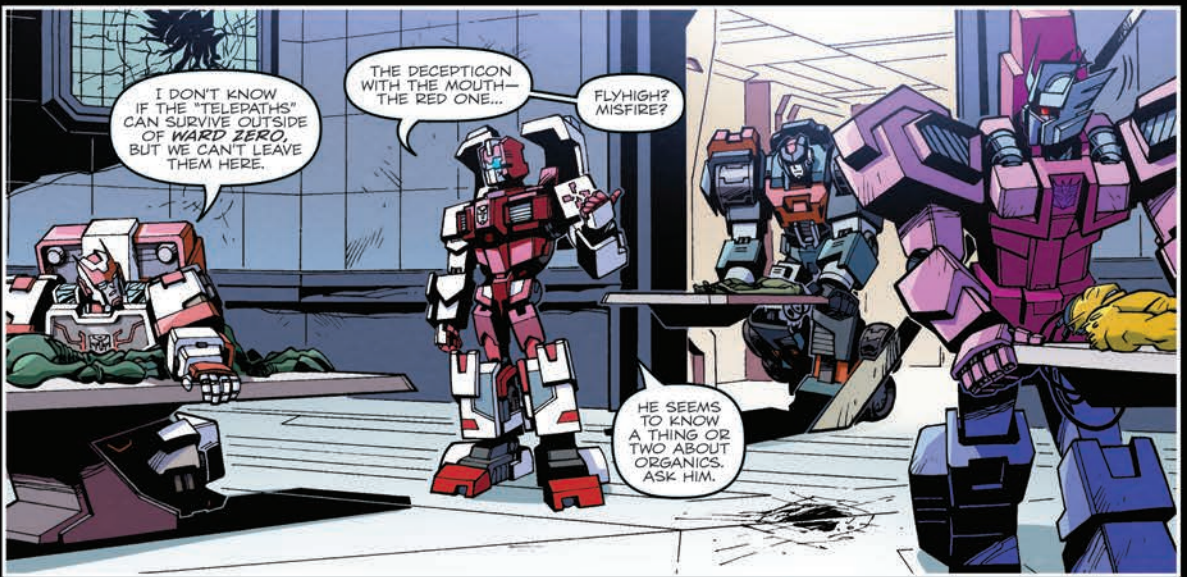


HEY!

GUYS!



OBVIOUSLY YOU'RE FORGIVEN.



I DON'T KNOW IF THE "TELEPATHS" CAN SURVIVE OUTSIDE OF WARD ZERO, BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE THEM HERE.

THE DECEPTION WITH THE MOUTH— THE RED ONE...

FLYHIGH? MISFIRE?

HE SEEMS TO KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT ORGANICS. ASK HIM.



ANYONE ELSE SEEN THIS? I'M PRETTY SURE IT WASN'T HERE FIVE MINUTES AG—



—OWWWW!



IT'S CALLED A **GEOMBOMB**. YOU CAN WORK OUT THE REST.

GREAT...



"...AS IF WE NEEDED ANOTHER REASON TO GET OUT OF HERE...!"

OH, MAN. THIS SHIP IS BRUTAL.



SERIOUSLY, IT HANDLES LIKE A DREAM!

IF YOU GET US CLEAR OF THE RIFT, YOU CAN KEEP IT.

REALLY?!

NO.

SORRY.

TIMES LIKE THESE, I SAY THE FIRST THING THAT COMES INTO MY HEAD.

"TIMES LIKE THESE..."



ALRIGHT!
FULL HOUSE!

GRAB
HOLD OF
SOMEONE
YOU LOVE,
FOLKS—



"—BECAUSE WE'RE
ABOUT TO ENTER
CHOPPY WATERS!"



WE'VE
STOPPED
MOVING!

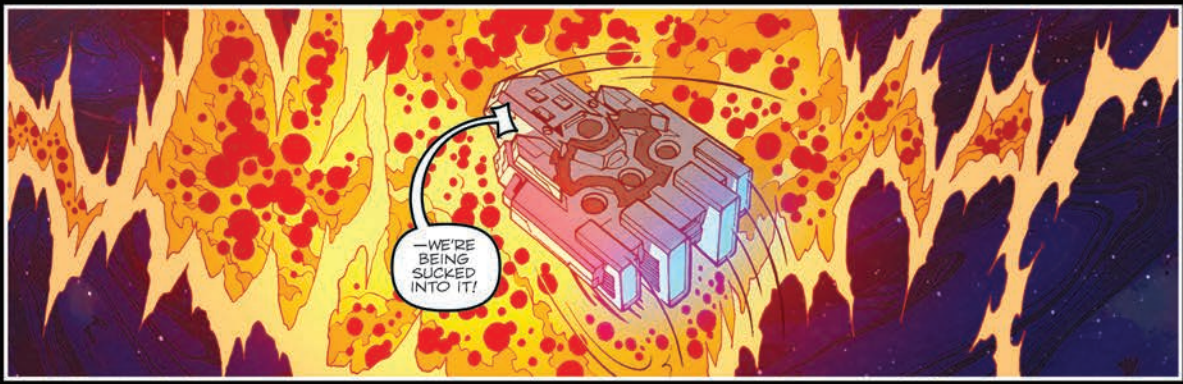


CRANKCASE?

THRUSTERS
ARE AT FULL
WHACK! THERE'S
NOTHING
I CAN—

(GOD YOU'RE
INTIMIDATING!)

—THERE'S
NOTHING
I CAN DO!
I'M SORRY,
GUYS—



—WE'RE
BEING
SUCKED
INTO IT!

FARAWAY / NEARBY.



I KEEP MEANING TO ASK: ONCE I'VE FINISHED ON YOUR EXTERNALS—

THE GRAND ARCHITECT IS IN RESIDENCE.



—DO YOU WANT ME TO RETUNE YOUR VOCAL SYNTHESIZER?

YES, IF THERE'S TIME.

FORGIVE ME, MY LIEGE—

—BUT THERE REALLY ISN'T.

I'VE PRIMED THE GEOBOMB TO DETONATE AS SOON AS THE FISSURE IN THE WARREN IS AT MAXIMUM DIAMETER.

AND WHEN THAT HAPPENS AND MEDERI IS SHUNTED...

I'M WELL AWARE OF THE PLAN, SCORPONOK. I HATCHED IT.

THE BRIDGE.

SORRY, ONE HAND OR TWO?

NOT NOW, FLAME. I'M TALKING TO SCORPONOK.

ANY SIGNS OF ACTIVITY?

TYREST?

I'M SCANNING THE AREA FOR FUEL SIGNATURES, Q-TRAILS, SPACE-BRIDGE ACTIVITY, AND GOOD OLD FASHIONED MOVEMENT.

AND?

NOTHING.

NOTHING YET. INCREASE SWEEP.

I'M ALREADY SCANNING WELL BEYOND THE NORMAL—

TYREST, YOU HAVE A HABIT—AND IT'S NOT A GOOD ONE—OF MAKING ME RESTATE MY INSTRUCTIONS. PERSIST, AND I MAY REGRET TAKING YOU UNDER MY WING.

AS IT IS, YOU'RE ONLY HERE BECAUSE I LIKE THE IRONY.

MY LIEGE—ALLOW ME TO SAY WHAT TYREST IS ONLY PREPARED TO THINK.

FAR BE IT FOR US TO QUESTION ANY ELEMENT OF YOUR METICULOUSLY CONSTRUCTED MASTERPLAN, BUT... IF EVERYTHING YOU SAID WOULD HAPPEN IS GOING TO HAPPEN...

...SHOULDN'T HE HAVE SHOWN UP BY NOW?

BE THANKFUL HE HASN'T. WE'RE NOT READY.

HE'LL BE HERE ONCE THE STARS ARE ALIGNED...