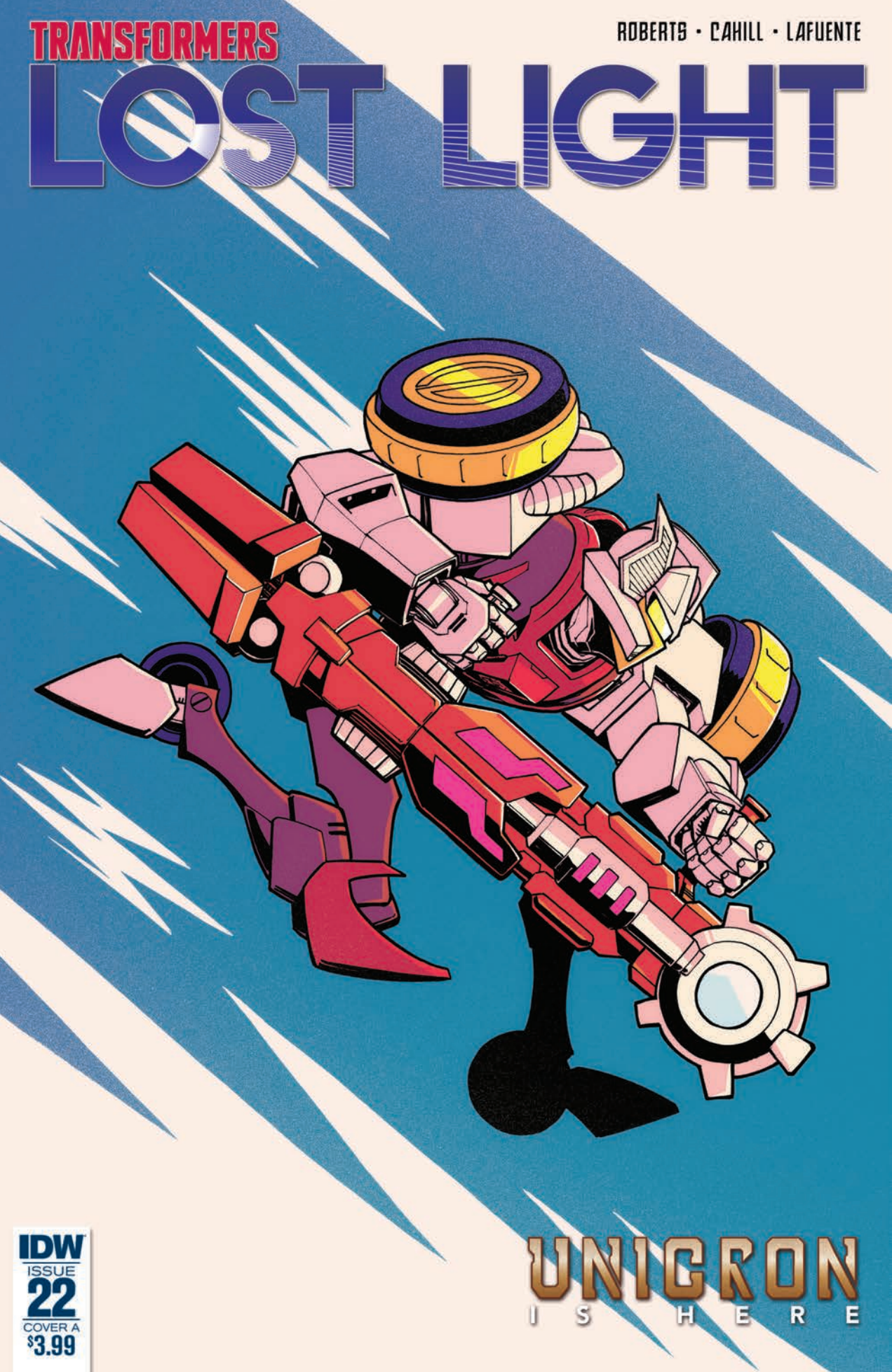
TRANSFORMERS

LOST LIGHT

ROBERTS • CAHILL • LAFUENTE



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COVER A
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TRANSFORMERS LOST LIGHT

The *Lost Light* (captained once again by Rodimus, and crewed by a ragtag coalition of Autobots and Decepticons) is forcibly transported, via a rift, to the Benzene Cluster–an area of "threadbare space" that has been cleared by the Black Block Consortia to make way for five identical Cybertrons.

The person behind all this cosmic chicanery–the so-called Grand Architect–imprisons the crew of the *Lost Light* and, after arranging the five planets in a specific formation, activates the God Gun... a device powerful enough to drill into the neighboring universe.

To everyone's surprise, a duplicate *Lost Light* emerges from the resulting portal, surrounded by thousands of attack craft. And on the bridge of the *Lost Light*... is Megatron!

Now read on...

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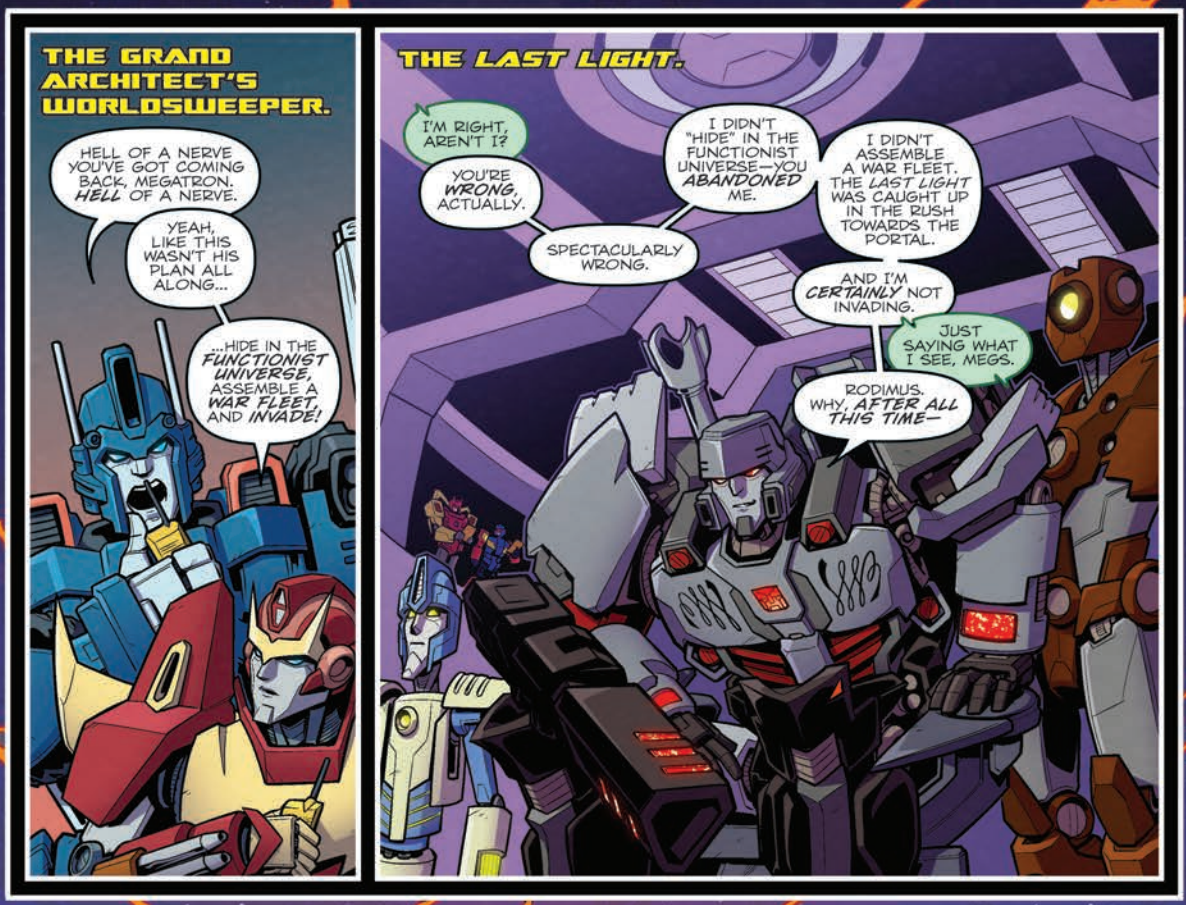
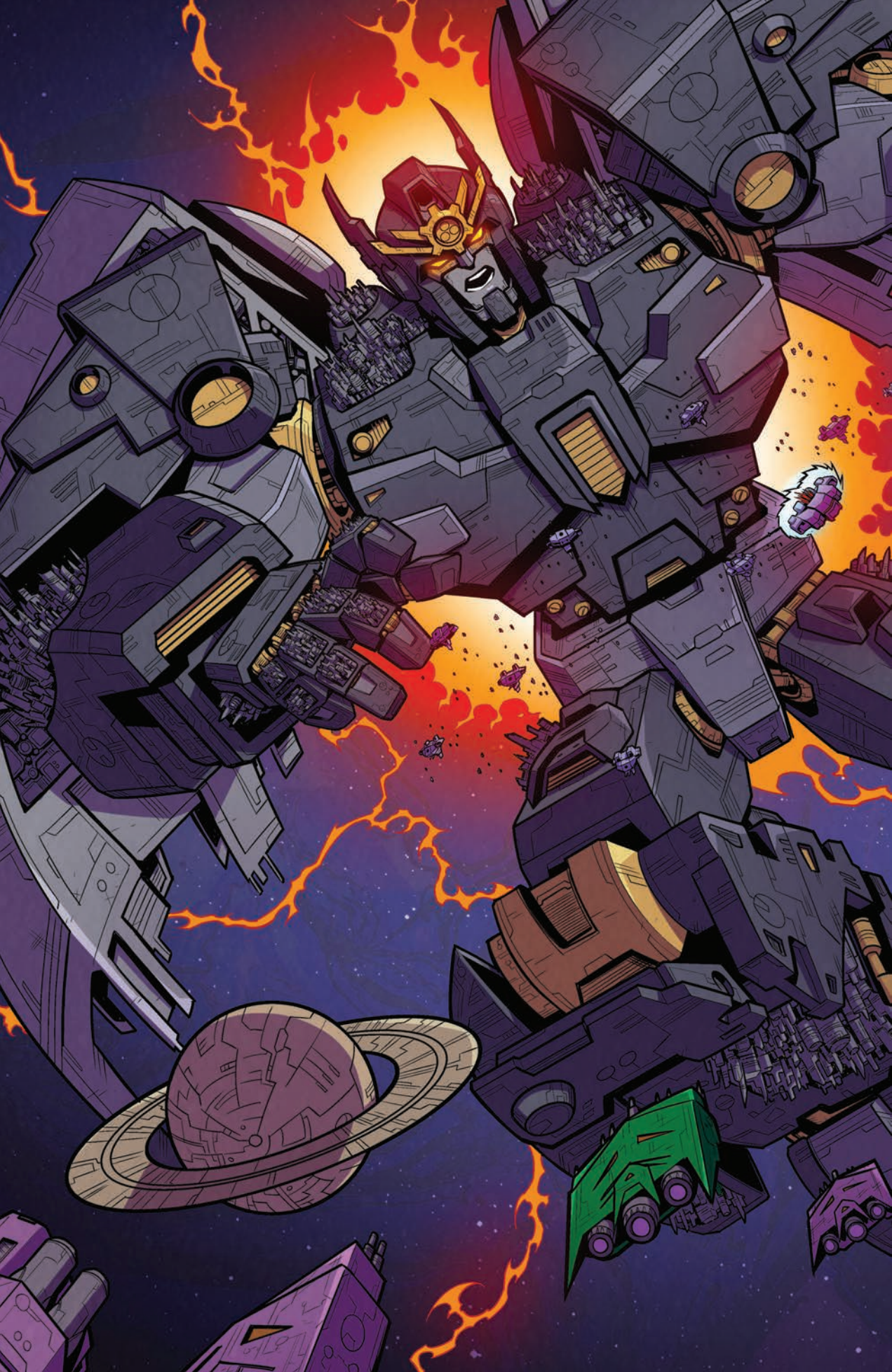

THE GRAND ARCHITECT'S WORLDSWEEPER.
HELL OF A NERVE YOU'VE GOT COMING BACK, MEGATRON. HELL OF A NERVE.
YEAH, LIKE THIS WASN'T HIS PLAN ALL ALONG...
...HIDE IN THE FUNCTIONIST UNIVERSE, ASSEMBLE A WAR FLEET, AND INVADE!
THE LAST LIGHT.
I'M RIGHT, AREN'T I?
YOU'RE WRONG, ACTUALLY.
SPECTACULARLY WRONG.
I DIDN'T "HIDE" IN THE FUNCTIONIST UNIVERSE—YOU ABANDONED ME.
I DIDN'T ASSEMBLE A WAR FLEET. THE LAST LIGHT WAS CAUGHT UP IN THE RUSH TOWARDS THE PORTAL.
AND I'M CERTAINLY NOT INVADING.
JUST SAYING WHAT I SEE, MEGS.
RODIMUS. WHY, AFTER ALL THIS TIME—
—ARE YOU INCAPABLE OF GRASPING THE BIGGER PICTURE?



CRUCIBLE
(Part 4):
The Return of the King

HOLY...
THAT'S— THAT'S PRIMUS...
THAT'S CYBERTRON... FUNCTIONIST CYBERTRON...
WHAT CYBERTRON?
SINCE WHEN DID CYBERTRON HAVE AN ALT-MODE?
SINCE NOW?
MEGATRON! WHAT IN THE ACTUAL HELL IS GOING ON?
YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE REALIZATION OF THE FUNCTIONIST COUNCIL'S GRAND PLAN.

ONE DEITY, TWO MODES, THREE FUNCTIONS: HOMEWORLD, AVATAR, GALACTIC DEATHBRINGER— THE POINT AT WHICH SOCIAL AND GLOBAL ENGINEERING INTERSECT.
THIS CREATURE IS THE MEANS BY WHICH THE COUNCIL WILL PURGE THE UNIVERSE OF EVERY NON-CYBERTRONIAN LIFEFORM...

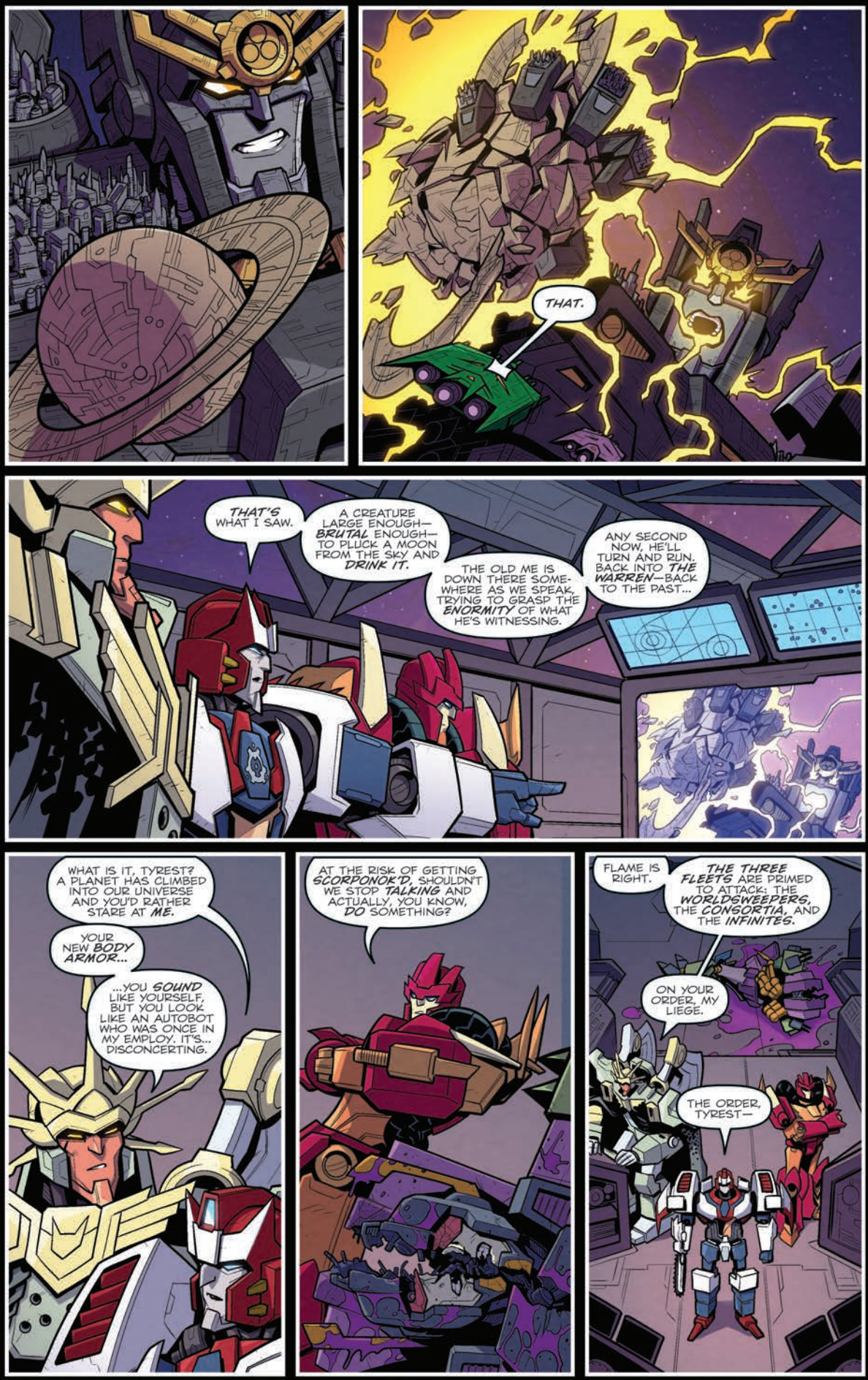
...EVERYTHING THAT ISN'T LIKE US.
CAPTAIN— THE PORTAL'S CLOSED! WE'RE TRAPPED!
TRAPPED IN THIS UNIVERSE!

WE NEED TO RENDEZVOUS. WHERE ARE YOU? I DETECTED YOUR SPARK SIGNATURE ON ARRIVAL, BUT I CAN'T GET A PRECISE FIX.
OKAY, SO YOU SEE THE FLEET OF DECEPTICON WORLDSWEEPERS? SEE THE GREEN ONE? THAT'S US. WE'RE IN THERE.
I'M WAVING.

WHY ARE YOU IN A WORLDSWEEPER?
HM?
WHY ARE YOU IN A WORLD-SWEEPER?
WHAT?
RODIMUS...

WE'VE BEEN TAKEN PRISONER—HAPPY?! AND—F.Y.I.—IT'S THE FIRST TIME IT'S HAPPENED SINCE YOU DID A RUNNER.
ONCE AGAIN, I DIDN'T DO A—
—I DIDN'T FLEE. YOU LEFT WITHOUT ME.
LOOK, AS SOON AS WE'VE SHAKEN OFF THE FUNCTIONISTS' RECON SHIPS, WE'LL COME AND GET YOU. NOW STAY WHERE YOU ARE.
NOT THAT YOU HAVE MUCH CHOICE...

MEGATRON?
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY THIS, BUT...
...HE'S NOT THAT BAD WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW HIM.


THAT.
THAT'S WHAT I SAW.
A CREATURE LARGE ENOUGH—*BRUTAL* ENOUGH—TO PLUCK A MOON FROM THE SKY AND *DRINK IT.*
THE OLD ME IS DOWN THERE SOMEWHERE AS WE SPEAK, TRYING TO GRASP THE *ENORMITY* OF WHAT HE'S WITNESSING.
ANY SECOND NOW, HE'LL TURN AND RUN. BACK INTO *THE WARREN*—BACK TO THE PAST...
WHAT IS IT, TYREST? A PLANET HAS CLIMBED INTO OUR UNIVERSE AND YOU'D RATHER STARE AT *ME.*
YOUR NEW *BODY ARMOR*...
...YOU *SOUND* LIKE YOURSELF, BUT YOU LOOK LIKE AN AUTOBOT WHO WAS ONCE IN MY EMPLOY. IT'S... DISCONCERTING.
AT THE RISK OF GETTING *SCORPONOK'D*, SHOULDN'T WE STOP *TALKING* AND ACTUALLY, YOU KNOW, *DO* SOMETHING?
FLAME IS RIGHT.
THE THREE FLEETS ARE PRIMED TO ATTACK: THE *WORLDSWEEPERS*, THE *CONSORTIA*, AND THE *INFINITES.*
ON YOUR ORDER, MY LIEGE.
THE ORDER, TYREST—