

TRANSFORMERS

ROBERTS · PITRE-DUROCHER · CAHILL · LAFUENTE

LOST LIGHT



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COVER A
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Jack

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The Scavengers—five lackluster Decepticons and one vulnerable Autobot—are living up to their name on Frayus, a planet in the Benzene Cluster, when they're caught up in a three-way fight between the Galactic Council, the Black Block Consortia, and a contingent of renegade Decepticons led by the recently bereaved Nickel.

Unable to teleport back to their ship, the Scavengers are stranded... until a transmat portal appears in front of them and a familiar voice beckons them in. A nearby explosion sends Nickel headfirst through the portal seconds before it closes.

Now read on...

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SEVERAL YEARS AGO.



AND... WE'RE CLEAR!

SAY GOODBYE TO THE ELBA SYSTEM...



SAY GOODBYE TO GARRUS-7. SAY GOODBYE TO OVERLORD... AND SAY HELLO TO FREEDOM!

OF A SORT. FLYWHEELS. FREEDOM OF A SORT.

YOU WORK FOR ME NOW.



AS DO YOU ALL.

AND I, FOR ONE, AM GRATEFUL FOR THE OPPORTUNITY.

TOGETHER, WE CAN ACHIEVE GREAT THINGS.

WELL FOR SOMEONE WITH SUCH **OVERBEARING** AMBITION, YOU'VE PICKED A DECIDEDLY **UNDER-WHELMING** CREW.

CAPTAIN SHOCKWAVE—

—YOU'VE BEEN **HAILED**, SIR. SAYS HE WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU **PRIVATELY**.

PATCHING HIM THROUGH NOW...

I FAIL TO SEE WHY YOU'D LET **BLUDGEON** GO ON HIS WAY BUT INSIST THAT THE LIKES OF **HOWBACK** AND **FLYWHEELS** STAY BEHIND...

WE CAN CRUSH THE AUTOBOTS AND SECURE A LASTING DECEPTICON VICTORY—ON OUR OWN TERMS.

"AUTOBOTS". "DECEPTICONS"... MY PLANS EXTEND FAR BEYOND BOTH.

WELL? WHO IS THIS?

I'VE HAD MANY NAMES, BUT TODAY?



TODAY YOU CAN CALL ME TARN.



I THINK I'LL CALL YOU DAMUS.

AS YOU WISH, SENATOR. IT MAKES NO ODDS. EITHER WAY, YOUR TIME, AS THEY SAY, IS COME.

YOU EXPECT ME TO BE SURPRISED. DO YOU THINK ANYTHING ESCAPES MY NOTICE?

WORD OF MY INCLUSION ON YOUR HIT LIST— AT THE TOP, NO LESS—REACHED ME WHILE I WAS IN GARRUS-4.

WHO'S HE TALKING TO?
SHHH! I'M TRYING TO LISTEN IN!

I THINK IT'S THE P.J.D., BUT IT'S OKAY— THEY'RE AFTER HIM.

YOUR CHANCES OF SURVIVING THIS ARE SPECTACULARLY NEGLIGIBLE.



YOU TALK ABOUT ODDS AND CHANCES AS IF I CAN'T CONTROL PRECISELY HOW THIS PLAYS OUT.

SCAN THIS SHIP FOR LIFE SIGNS AND THEN RUN A SPARK CHECK. YOU'LL FIND 31 DECEPTIONS WHO ARE ALSO ON YOUR LIST— INCLUDING SCORPONOK.



WHAT ARE YOU PROPOSING?

AN EXCHANGE. THEIR LIVES FOR MINE.



THE BASTARD'S SELLING US OUT!

DISENGAGE. NOW.

WHAT? WHY?

BECAUSE EVEN I KNOW THAT THE D.J.D. DOESN'T NEGOTIATE—AND THIS ISN'T A GOOD TIME TO EAVESDROP!



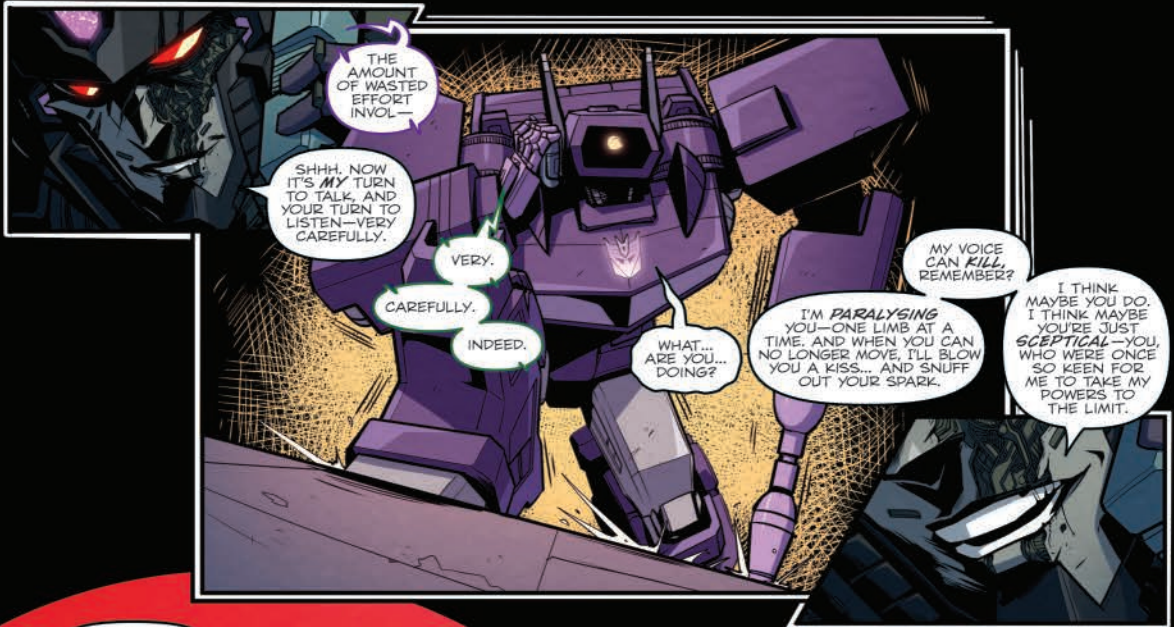
IT'S A "NO DEAL" FROM ME.

WE WORK OUR WAY THROUGH THE LIST IN ORDER—NO DEVIATIONS.

WE'LL HUNT DOWN THE OTHER 31 IN DUE COURSE, BUT TODAY... TODAY IS ALL ABOUT YOU.

BUT THAT'S—

—THAT'S INCREDIBLY INEFFICIENT.



THE AMOUNT OF WASTED EFFORT INVOL—

SHHH. NOW IT'S MY TURN TO TALK, AND YOUR TURN TO LISTEN—VERY CAREFULLY.

VERY.

CAREFULLY.

INDEED.

WHAT... ARE YOU... DOING?

I'M PARALYSING YOU—ONE LIMB AT A TIME. AND WHEN YOU CAN NO LONGER MOVE, I'LL BLOW YOU A KISS... AND SNUFF OUT YOUR SPARK.

MY VOICE CAN KILL, REMEMBER?

I THINK MAYBE YOU DO. I THINK MAYBE YOU'RE JUST SCEPTICAL—YOU, WHO WERE ONCE SO KEEN FOR ME TO TAKE MY POWERS TO THE LIMIT.



WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT'S HAPPENING?

SCORPONOK!



FLAME?

THE D.J.D. ARE OUTSIDE! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY ATTACK!

WHERE'S THE ESCAPE POD?

THIS IS THE ESCAPE POD!

THEN WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?

I SUGGEST WE FIND THE NEAREST AIRLOCK...

"...AND JUMP!"



OH, SENATOR. YOUR SPARK IS SO OLD. LITTLE MORE THAN AN ECHO OF LIGHT.

IT ALMOST FEELS CRUEL TO—

HRRRG!

CHOOOM

THE LINE'S DEAD— BUT SHOCKWAVE ISN'T. I'M... NOT SURE WHAT JUST HAPPENED.

WELL, I CAN TELL YOU WHAT'S HAPPENING RIGHT NOW: A NEW VESSEL'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR US—THE **TORMENT**. AND IT'S MOVING AT **ATTACK SPEED**.

DON'T ASK ME HOW...

"—BUT I THINK SHOCKWAVE ARRANGED FOR **BACK-UP** BEFORE WE EVEN ARRIVED."

"RETREAT. WE'LL WAIT UNTIL HE'S ALONE."

"IN HINDSIGHT, MAYBE WE **SHOULD** HAVE SAID **YES** TO THE OFFER OF THE 31. THEN AGAIN..."

"...IT'S NOT AS IF THEY'LL STRAY **TOO FAR**."





DEATHSAURUS?
IT'S ME, NICKEL.

DUNNO WHY YOU'RE NOT
PICKING UP—I
HAVE A HORRIBLE
FEELING THIS IS A
SHORT-RANGE
COMMUNICATOR—
BUT IF YOU GET
THIS, CALL ME.

DEATHSAURUS,
I'VE BEEN
KIDNAPPED.

OKAY, MAYBE NOT
KIDNAPPED—

TROJA MAJOR.



—BUT I'M
DEFINITELY
HERE AGAINST
MY WILL.

I WAS, UH,
DRAGGED INTO
A TRANSMAT
PORTAL ON
FRAYUS* AND
NOW I'M STUCK
WITH SOME—

...

I KNOW I SHOULD
REFER TO THEM AS
"FELLOW DECEPTICONS",
BUT I DON'T WANT
TO DRAG THE MOVEMENT
INTO DISREPUTE.

*SEE LOST LIGHT #12



"THEY CALL THEMSELVES
THE SCAVENGERS, BUT
THEY PRONOUNCE IT
DIFFERENTLY EVERY TIME
THEY SAY IT, LIKE IT'S A
JOKE.

"EVERYTHING'S A JOKE
TO THEM, DEATHSAURUS—A
JOKE WITH NO PUNCHLINE.



AND IF THAT WASN'T
BAD ENOUGH, THE
WEATHER HERE IS
HAVING A FRIKKIN'
BREAKDOWN.

WHEN WE
ARRIVED IT WAS
HAILING, EXCEPT
THE HAIL WAS
ON FIRE...



...AND ALL THE WHILE
MY FOREHEAD'S BEEN
GOING HAYWIRE
RADIATION'S OFF
THE SCALE.

THE GUY
THAT BROUGHT
US HERE—THIS
CURATOR GUY—
SAYS WE'RE ON
A SPIRITUAL
LEYLINE, AND
IT'S STARTED
TO WARD.

I ASKED WHAT THAT
MEANT AND HE SAID IT
MEANT THE OLD ORDER
WERE ON MANEUVERS...

AND CLEARLY
NO ONE HAD ANY
IDEA WHAT THAT
MEANT EITHER, BUT
THE OTHERS WERE
TOO BUSY PLAYING
THE FLOOR'S
A SMELTING
POOL TO—

—WAIT.

SOMEONE'S
COMING OUT.