

TRANSFORMERS

ROBERTS · LAWRENCE · LAFUENTE

LOST LIGHT



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COVER A
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LOST LIGHT

Rodimus and the exiled crew of the Lost Light are using a dead Decepticon, Skip, as a spaceship to hunt down Getaway. As is par for the course, it all starts to go wrong: Cyclonus receives news of Tailgate's death by spontaneous spark combustion; Ratchet, having turned deathly grey, starts to fade away; Rewind is near-fatally stabbed; and Ultra Magnus loses his train of thought.

The hitherto mono-lexical Ten suddenly starts talking—and giving orders. He tells the others how to hot-wire Skip so they can access compressed space and take a shortcut to a medical hub. But Skip starts shrinking before the journey is done, forcing the crew outside.

Killed by exposure to compressed space, our heroes wake up in Cybertronian heaven, a.k.a. the Afterspark. Despite being reunited with old friends Trailcutter and Pipes, Rodimus isn't happy. He demands an audience with the Cybertronian pantheon, the Guiding Hand... and is promptly hit by a bolt of divine lightning.

Now read on...

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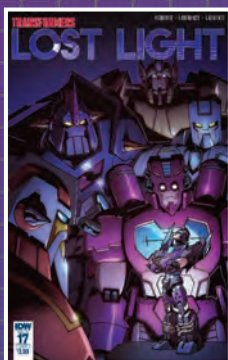
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COVER B

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RETAILER INCENTIVE
COVER

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THAT WASN'T NORMAL LIGHTNING— THAT WAS GOD'S JUDGEMENT.

YOU'RE HALF RIGHT. "NORMAL" LIGHTNING WOULDN'T HAVE MADE RODIMUS DISAPPEAR— IN FACT, HE'D PROBABLY HAVE ACTED AS A CONDUCTOR.

A LIGHTNING ROD...!

(WHY AM I LIKE THIS?)

:SNIFF:

:SNIFF:



MINIMUS?



DOMINUS?

HELLO, LITTLE BROTHER.

DOMINUS?



I KEPT SO MUCH FROM YOU, AND I'M SORRY. I AM SO SORRY.

AT LEAST KNOW THIS: I MAY HAVE BEEN ABSENT, BUT I'VE ALWAYS FOLLOWED YOUR PROGRESS. ALWAYS.

YOUR APPOINTMENT AS THE ENFORCER OF THE TYREST ACCORD, YOUR FRIENDSHIP WITH MISS CARLO, YOUR STEWARDSHIP OF THE LOST LIGHT...

I WATCHED IT ALL AND I CHEERED—

—AND I LOOKED FORWARD TO THE DAY WHEN I COULD STAND IN FRONT OF YOU AND SAY—



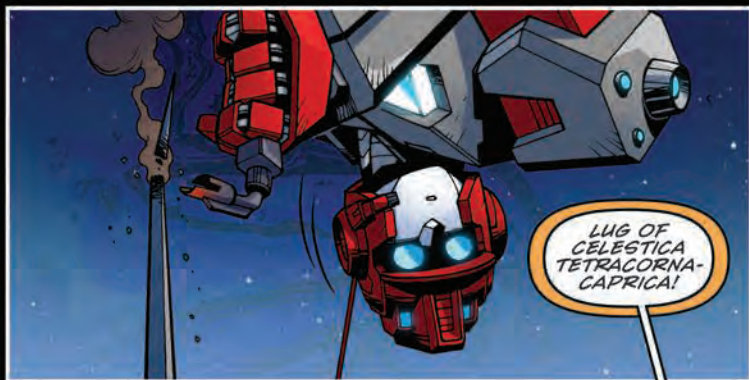
—YOU'VE MADE ME SO PROUD.



NOT FAR AWAY.

ALRIGHT, LUG, KEEP IT STEADY. LEFT TO RIGHT, NICE CLEAN CUT...

NEARLY THERE...



LUG OF CELESTICA TETRACORNA-CAPRICA!



STEALING!

FROM A PLACE OF WORSHIP!

IN THE AFTERLIFE!



APPALLING.

JEEZ, WHAT'S WITH ALL THE JUDGEMENT? WHO DIED AND PUT YOU IN CHARGE?

EVERYBODY.

EVERYBODY DIED. THAT'S THE WHOLE—

—THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE.

**THE
EVERLASTING
VOICES <2>:
THE GOD WAR**



ONE. I'M NOT CONVINCED WE'RE DEAD.

TWO. IF WE ARE, I'M NOT CONVINCED THIS IS *THE* AFTERSPAK.

THREE. IF IT IS, I'M NOT CONVINCED THAT I'VE BROKEN THE RULES.

AND FOUR, IF I HAVE, WHAT DOES IT MATTER? WE'RE DEAD.



I'M SORRY, I CAN'T WATCH LOGIC BEING ABUSED IN THIS WAY.



LOOK, I KNOW *DOING THE RIGHT THING* IS YOUR NUMBER ONE PASTIME, BUT OTHER PEOPLE ARE ALLOWED TO HAVE HOBBIES TOO—LIKE COLLECTING PRECIOUS METAL.

I THINK THE VERB YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IS *PURLOINING*.

SOFT UNUNTRIUM GOES FOR A BOMB THESE DAYS. EVEN A *SMUDGE*—EVEN A *SMUDGE*—WOULD SET ME AND LUG UP FOR LIFE. WE'D BE HAPPY!

WHY DO YOU HATE HAPPINESS, NAUTICA?

WHAT'S HAPPINESS EVER DONE TO YOU, APART FROM AVOID YOU?



IT'S NOT ABOUT WEALTH—IT'S ABOUT *SECURITY*. IT'S ABOUT HAVING ENOUGH MONEY TO *SETTLE DOWN*.

IT'S ALL I'VE EVER WANTED.



WHAT NOW, POPPET?

THAT FLOATING MATRIX—THE ONE WE SAW WHEN WE WOKE UP. CLOSER LOOK?

OOH, GOOD IDEA. ALTHOUGH I DON'T KNOW IF THERE'S MUCH OF A MARKET FOR *BLUE CRYSTAL*...



AFTER WE'VE EXPLORED THE TEMPLE, COMING?

HOW DOES IT EVEN WORK?

BRAINSTORM'S EARLY WARNING DEVICE IS LEADING US ASTRAY.

IT'S LIKE A METAL DETECTOR BUT FOR DANGER. YOU'RE ACTUALLY SUPPOSE TO MOVE AWAY FROM THE SOURCE...



WHAT CAN I SAY? ME AND NIGHTBEAT, WE'RE CREATURES OF CURIOSITY.

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, NIGHTBEAT?



NIGHTBEAT?



YOU GUYS GO ON WITHOUT ME. I'LL CATCH UP.

I'VE GOT SOME BREADCRUMBS TO FOLLOW...



OH. RIGHT. BYE THEN.

HUH. AND THEN THERE WERE—



—TWO.



I KNEEL BEFORE YOU AND BEG YOUR MERCIFUL...

DRIFT.

DRIFT.

GET UP.

DRIFT.



HAVE I BEEN SUMMONED?

YES—BY ME, YOU PLUG-HEAD. THE GUIDING HAND SAID I COULD CHOOSE MY COUNSEL.

AND YOU CHOSE ME?

COURSE I CHOSE YOU! WHO ELSE WOULD I CHOOSE?



WHAT IN BLUE BLAZES ARE YOU UP TO, RODIMUS! I WAS ABOUT TO ASCEND!

APART FROM THOSE TWO.

MAGNUS AND RATCHET?



YOU SEE? EVERY BASE COVERED: FAITH, SCIENCE, LAW.



COME ON, THEN. I'D LIKE AN EXPLANATION SO I CAN REJECT IT.

WHO ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?



Drift knows.

I KNOW STORIES. I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE IS TRUE.

Tell us the one you feel to be true.



FROM THE KEENING TEXTS, AS TRANSLATED BY BETA TRION OF THE FIRST DAY PRIMITIVES:

"MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO, WHEN CYBERTRON AND ITS MOONS WERE FRESHLY MINTED...

"WHEN THE INFANT POPULATION WERE STILL LEARNING ABOUT THEMSELVES AND THEIR WORLD... AND THE WORLDS BEYOND THEIR WORLD..."