

**TRANSFORMERS**

ROBERTS · LAWRENCE · LAFUENTE

# LOST LIGHT



**IDW**  
ISSUE  
**16**  
COVER A  
\$3.99

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# LOST LIGHT

Desperate to escape Necroworld, hunt down the mutinous Getaway and reclaim the *Last Light*, Rodimus uses mass displacement technology to enlarge a dead Decepticon, Skip, who turns into an astropod.

Life aboard the cramped ship is tough, and when news of Tailgate's death reaches Cyclonus, tensions boil over. The grieving Tetrahexian accidentally wounds Rewind, provoking an attack from Chromedome. Ratchet goes to intervene, but starts to fade away and sink through the floor. As panic begets more panic, the Legislator Ten steps in to restore order... by telling everyone that the fate of the universe is at stake.

Now read on...

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Special thanks to Ben Montano, Josh Feldman, Ed Lane, Beth Artale, and Michael Kelly for their invaluable assistance.

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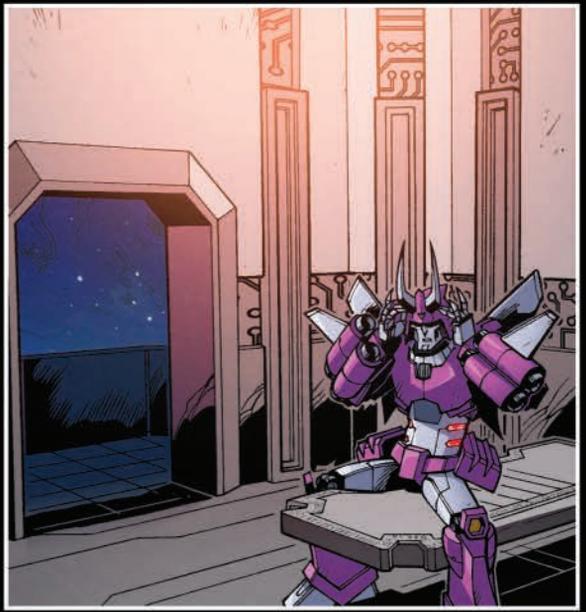


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**THE  
EVERLASTING  
VOICES (1):  
METASTASIS**

—EXCEPT I DON'T KNOW WHERE THIS IS OR HOW I GOT HERE.

AS IT TURNS OUT, I'M PRETTY FANTASTIC.

HECK, I'VE ONLY JUST REMEMBERED WHO I AM...!

SO LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT.

YOU WAKE UP IN A STRANGE PLACE WITH NO MEMORY OF HOW YOU GOT THERE...



...AND THE FIRST THING YOU DO IS CALL ME?

OF COURSE!

WELL, I MUST SAY THAT'S... THAT'S VERY FLATTERING.

I SUPPOSE WE HAVE BEEN THROUGH A LOT TOGETHER...

RIGHT? I MEAN LITERALLY WHO ELSE WOULD I CALL?

I DON'T KNOW, I THOUGHT YOU AND DRIFT WERE—

YEAH, I TRIED DRIFT, HE'S NOT PICKING UP.

SIGH:

THE GOOD NEWS IS YOU'RE NOT ALONE, UNLESS, THAT IS, I'M LOOKING AT AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT HOVERING MATRIX.



AS FOR HOW WE GOT HERE, THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS FLOATING.

FLOATING, THEN BURNING, THEN WAKING UP ON AN AUTOPSY TABLE.

SO WHERE'S "HERE"? C'MON, MAGS, GIMME A NAME—I BET YOU CATALOGUED ALL THE PLANETS YEARS AGO.

CATALOGUED ALL THE—?

RODIMUS, THERE ARE OVER 100 BILLION PLANETS IN OUR GALAXY.

AND ALL I'M ASKING YOU TO DO IS IDENTIFY ONE OF THEM.

KNOW WHAT?

FORGET IT. MEET ME UNDERNEATH THE MATRIX ASAP—AND TRY TO CONTACT THE OTHERS.

I DON'T LIKE IT WHEN I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY—

—AH.





TEN...?



HELLO, CAPTAIN.

I WAS HOPING WE'D BUMP INTO EACH OTHER.



BUT YOU'RE... YOU'RE...

SPEAKING?

SAYING SOMETHING OTHER THAN MY NAME?

YES!



I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT, BUT IT'S A PLEASURE TO PARTICIPATE IN MY FIRST EVER CONVERSA—

SHH-SHH-SHH.

INTERRUPTED MID-SENTENCE! IT'S EVERYTHING I HOPED IT WOULD BE!

AND NOW I'M SPEAKING TO MYSELF! EVEN BETTER!

WE WERE ON SKIP. RATCHET WAS STARTING TO FADE AWAY AND YOU... YOU SPOKE THEN. SOMETHING ABOUT... WHAT WAS IT NOW?



I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING BEFORE WAKING UP HERE. ALL I KNOW IS THAT I'M HAPPY, CAPTAIN. THIS IS EVERYTHING I EVER WANTED.

REALLY? WOW. REALLY?

IT'S NOT THE SPEAKING PER SE—IT'S WHAT SPEAKING ENABLES ME TO SAY.



I HAD NOTHING, AND YOU GAVE ME EVERYTHING, YOU AND THE OTHERS—RATCHET, SWERVE, TRAILCUTTER... AND MY DEAR ULTRA MAGNUS.

YOU GAVE ME A HOME. YOU MADE ME FEEL LOVED.

AND NOW—AT LONG LAST—I CAN FINALLY LOOK YOU IN THE EYE AND SAY—

