

TRANSFORMERS

ROBERTS • LAWRENCE • LAFUENTE

LOST LIGHT



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I S H E R E

TRANSFORMERS

LOST LIGHT

Rodimus is back in command of the *Lost Light* for all of five minutes before he's captured by the Grand Architect—who promptly reveals himself to be Adaptus, an ancient Cybertronian god who has taken the form of the disgraced Autobot medic Pharma. But at least most of Rod's crew is safe now that his old co-captain, Megatron, has turned up in the *Lost Light* (i.e. the *Lost Light* with a fetching purple paint job).

Make that safe-ish... The thing is, the Cybertron of the Functionist Universe—now in the form of the god Primus—followed the *Lost Light* through a dimensional portal. "Primus" began destroying five identical Cybertrons, and the Black Block Consortia, Adaptus' fleet of worldsweepers, and the Infinites rushed to stop him.

But hey, at least the planet-monster isn't really a god. As Adaptus is more than happy to point out, the Crusadercons have already met the Guiding Hand: himself, the Necrobot, the Magnificence, Chief Justice Tyrest, and... Rung?

Now read on...

Written by: **JAMES ROBERTS**

Art by: **JACK LAWRENCE**

Colors by: **JOANA LAFUENTE**

Letters by: **TOM B. LONG**

Editor: **DAVID MARIOTTE**

Publisher: **GREG GOLDSTEIN**



COVER A

Artwork by: **JACK LAWRENCE**

Colors by: **JOANA LAFUENTE**



COVER B

Artwork by: **GEOFF SENIOR**

Colors by: **JOSH BURCHAM**



RETAILER INCENTIVE
COVER

Artwork by: **JACK LAWRENCE**

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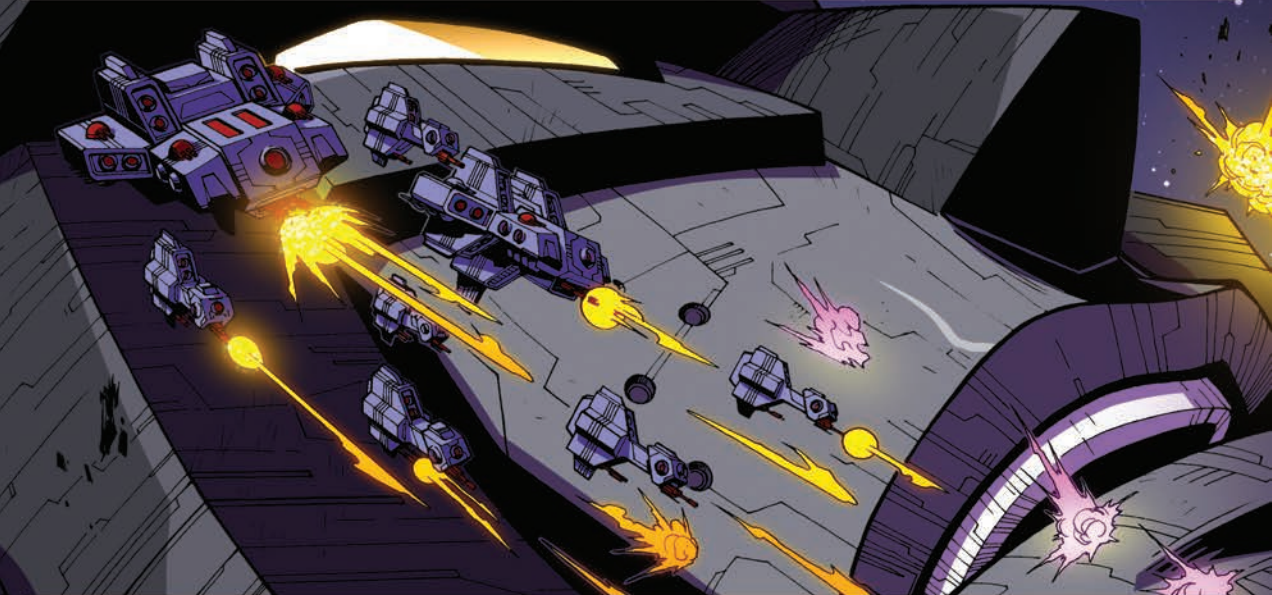
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INSIDE THE GRAND ARCHITECT'S WORLDSWEEPER.

EYEBROWS?

—IF YOU'D SAID ANYBODY ELSE—

—LITERALLY ANYBODY ELSE—

—I MIGHT'VE BELIEVED YOU—

—BUT HIM?!

—DON'T BE RIDICULOUS—

EYEBROWS?!

HA HA HA HA HA!

I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING...

...IF THERE'S A GOD, HE'S MAKING LESS AND LESS OF AN EFFORT TO MAKE ME BELIEVE IN HIM...

NO, THIS IS HILARIOUS.

GUYS—

IT'S NOT HILARIOUS, IT'S—

GUYS—

IT'S SILLY, IT'S DEEPLY SILLY.

CRUCIBLE (PART 5):

The Unremembering

LOOK, I LIKE RUNG. EVERYONE LIKES RUNG. BUT HE'S NOT—

GOD WAS MY THERAPIST.

HE'S NOT A GOD.

HE'S NOT A GOD OR A DEMI-GOD OR A SEMI-GOD OR—OR—OR A MINI-GOD. HE'S JUST—

GUYS—

I STRANGLER GOD.

GUYS!!



PERHAPS WE SHOULD ASK HIM?



WELL?

NICELY!

HAHEM!

IS IT TRUE?

ARE YOU PRIMUS?



I...



I MEAN...



...YES.

YES, IT WOULD APPEAR SO.





"AND I'VE LOST COUNT OF THE NUMBER OF TIMES I'VE WALKED AWAY FROM A CRASH OR AN EXPLOSION OR AN ACCIDENT."



SO YOU'RE THE FIRST. THE FIRST OF OUR KIND.

I'M NO MORE INCLINED TO TRUST ADAPTUS THAN YOU ARE... BUT I KNOW THAT WHAT HE'S SAYING IS TRUE.

BEING NAMED— BEING RECOGNIZED... IT'S BROUGHT EVERYTHING BACK.



I'M SORRY, RUNG, BUT NO.

THE FIRST CYBERTRONIAN? THE FIRST?

IF THAT WERE TRUE, YOUR BIRTH STAMP—YOUR SERIAL CODE—WOULD—

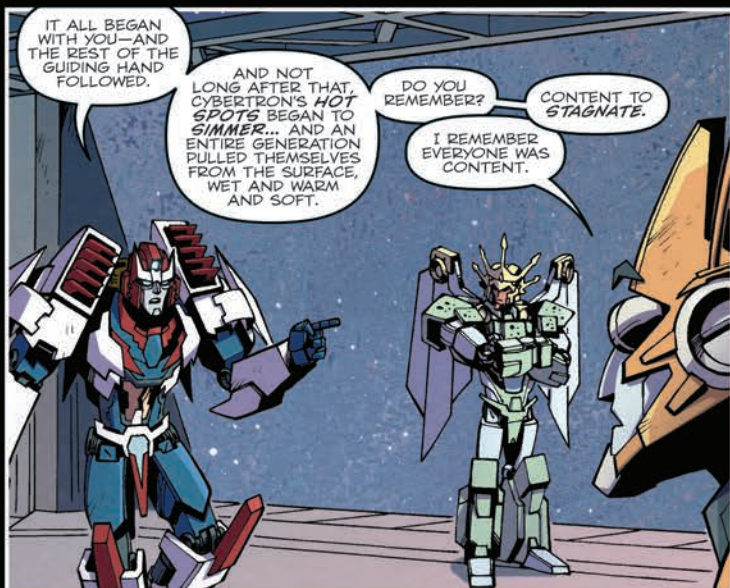
I KNOW.

IT SAYS ONE HUNDRED MILLION.

EXCEPT YOU'VE MADE THE SAME MISTAKE I'VE BEEN MAKING ALL THESE YEARS. YOU'VE BEEN READING IT WHEN I'M IN ROBOT MODE...



...WHEN IT'S UPSIDE DOWN.



IT ALL BEGAN WITH YOU—AND THE REST OF THE GUIDING HAND FOLLOWED.

AND NOT LONG AFTER THAT, CYBERTRON'S HOT SPOTS BEGAN TO SIMMER... AND AN ENTIRE GENERATION PULLED THEMSELVES FROM THE SURFACE, WET AND WARM AND SOFT.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

CONTENT TO STAGNATE.

I REMEMBER EVERYONE WAS CONTENT.