

TRANSFORMERS

ROBERTS • LAWRENCE • LAFUENTE

LOST LIGHT



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2
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Stacy

TRANSFORMERS

LOST LIGHT

Stuck on Necroworld after Getaway stole the Lost Light, Rodimus and Co. have Brainstorm devise a way to teleport them back to Cybertron. And it looks like they do indeed land on Cybertron... just not the Cybertron we know and love. More like a Cybertron that's a bizarre utopia run by the Functionist council. Exactly that, actually.

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TODAY'S DATE—WHAT IS IT?

TODAY'S DATE?

CYCLE, CHORD, ARC. WHEN ARE WE?

1ST CYCLE 3041.

4TH CHORD, ARC 12-12.

WHAT OF IT?

DISSOLUTION PART 2: ANOMIE



CYCLE 3041—THAT'S NOW, RODIMUS.

I MEAN, THAT'S NOW FOR US, TOO. THAT'S THE PRESENT DAY.

I'M TELLING YOU, WE'VE JUMPED.

WE'RE IN A PARALLEL UNIVERSE WHERE THE WAR NEVER HAPPENED—A UNIVERSE WHERE THE FUNCTIONIST COUNCIL REGAINED CONTROL.



I'M RIGHT, AREN'T I?

THERE ARE NO AUTOBOTS HERE, NO DECEPTICONS... JUST GOD-FEARING COUNCILLORS LIKE YOU AND A PLANET FULL OF DOCILE, DEFERENTIAL WORKERS—SLAVES TO THEIR ALT MODE.

WHERE YOUR RIGHT TO EXIST IS DEPENDENT ON WHAT YOU TURN INTO—AND WHETHER THE COUNCIL HAS A USE FOR YOU.



UTILITY OVER MORALITY.



"UTILITY OVER MORALITY. PURPOSE OVER PERSONALITY. USEFULNESS OVER HAPPINESS."

THE FIFTH OF YOUR LETTERS FROM MESSATINE.

YOU REMEMBER IT.

OF COURSE. YOU DICTATED IT TO ME LAST WEEK.



ARE THESE YOUR PRISONERS?

OUR PRISONERS, YOUR ACCOMPLICES. ANOTHER IGNORED DAY FOR THE ANTI-VOCATIONIST LEAGUE.

WHOEVER YOU THINK WE ARE—TERRORISTS, ACTIVISTS, PROTESTORS—YOU'RE MISTAKEN. AND YOUR ASSUMPTIONS ARE MAKING YOU LOOK FOOLISH.



YOU TALK LIKE MEMBERS OF THE A.V.L.

YOU BREAK INTO A SOCIAL EXCLUSION ZONE ON THE DAY OF REVELATION, JUST LIKE THE A.V.L.

AND I CAN TELL JUST BY LOOKING AT YOU THAT HALF YOUR ALT MODES ARE REDUNDANT— ALL BUT A PREREQUISITE OF JOINING THE A.V.L.

HOW COWARDLY: YOU SEEK TO DISASSOCIATE YOURSELVES NOT ONLY FROM YOUR COMRADES... BUT FROM THE UNIVERSE ITSELF.

BE CAREFUL. WHEN YOU LIE TO ME, YOU LIE TO GOD.



YOUR ORDERS, TWELVE-OF-TWELVE?

CLAMP THEM. AND TELL THE COG TO EXPECT ADDITIONAL PRISONERS.



RODIMUS? MEGATRON?

...

WE COMPLY... AND HOPE THE REST OF THE COUNCIL ARE PREPARED TO LISTEN TO REASON.



PRIMARY MODE, NOW. I WANT TO SEE YOUR HANDS.

ER—

—THAT'S NOT AN ALT MODE. IT'S A MACHINE. IT'S NOT ALIVE.



IN THAT CASE—



HEY! HEY! WE NEEDED THAT!

IT SERVED A PURPOSE?

YES! IT WAS OUR TICKET OUT OF HERE, YOU TOOL!

HAD IT PERFORMED AN ESSENTIAL FUNCTION IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BORN.



PRIMUS PROVIDES.

PRIMUS ALWAYS PROVIDES.

NECROWORLD.



LUG?
LUUUUUUG?



THERE YOU ARE!



"IN HONOR OF THE DISAPPEARED"
HUH.
WHERE DID YOU DISAPPEAR TO?



VIEWPORT OF IACON
WAZZLELAND OF KAON
THEATRON OF IREX
BANKER OF IREX
SPOOK OF POLYHEX
JUMPFLE OF KAON
WHEELER OF VOS
EQUILIBRIUM OF IREX
ORBIT OF KALIS
SEADMOWER OF TARN
HAROLD OF ALTHEX
JUNEBLIND OF KALIS
RELOC OF POLYHEX
SCORCHER OF TARN
FIELD KING OF VOS
RESPONSOR OF IACON
ELEGANT OF ALTHEX
SEMPER OF TELEDONIA
PERFORMER TARN
JAMIAW III IREX
NIGHTLAW OF IACON
SMITHAGE OF IREX
DINKAGE OF POLYHEX
SLUMM OF TARN
THEMORSE OF TESK
SIGHTLAND OF KAON
ARCANUS OF TELEDONIA
SMALLER ADL IREX
NIGHTHALL OF IREX
SOUNDRELS OF IREX
DOLMIS

I'VE BEEN IN TALKS, HAVEN'T I? I'VE BEEN REPAIRING DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS.
THANKS TO YOU, NO ONE LIKES US.



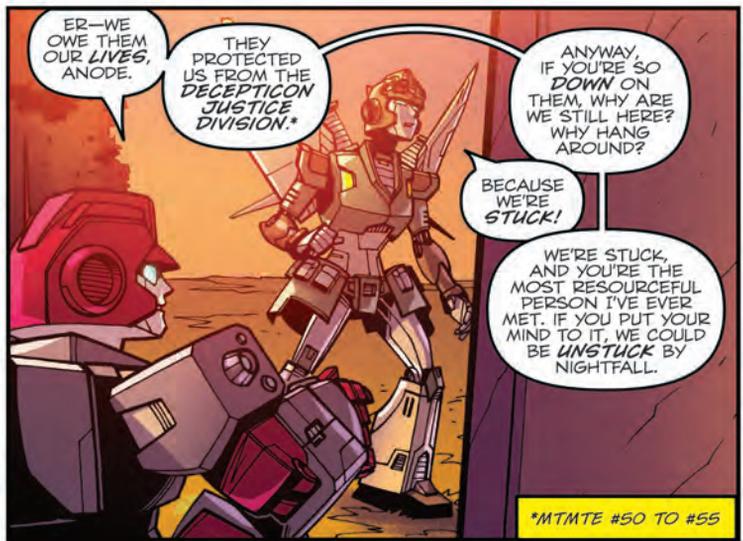
"NO ONE LIKES US," SHE SAYS...
AND YOUR EVIDENCE...?
WELL, YOU INSULTED **ULTRA MAGNUS**, YOU OFFENDED **SWERVE**, AND YOU MADE THE PRETTY ONE WITH THE SWORD COLLAPSE IN FRONT OF HIS **CONJUNX ENDURA**.
SO? WHY DO YOU CARE WHAT THEY THINK OF US?
WHY DO YOU PRETEND NOT TO?



IF YOU **REALLY** DON'T CARE, WHY DID YOU LIE ABOUT YOUR FUNCTION? YOU'RE AN **ARCHAEOLOGIST BY CHOICE**, NOT DESIGN. WHY NOT COME CLEAN?
BECAUSE IT'S **IRRELEVANT!** WHAT I WAS BORN TO DO HAS NO BEARING ON WHAT I DO NOW.
HA!
RIIIIGHT. NO BEARING. NO BEARING AT ALL.



THESE PEOPLE AREN'T OUR FRIENDS. WE DON'T OWE THEM ANYTHING.



ER—WE OWE THEM OUR LIVES, ANODE.

THEY PROTECTED US FROM THE DECEPTICON JUSTICE DIVISION.*

ANYWAY, IF YOU'RE SO DOWN ON THEM, WHY ARE WE STILL HERE? WHY HANG AROUND?

BECAUSE WE'RE STUCK!

WE'RE STUCK, AND YOU'RE THE MOST RESOURCEFUL PERSON I'VE EVER MET. IF YOU PUT YOUR MIND TO IT, WE COULD BE *UNSTUCK* BY NIGHTFALL.

*MTMTE #50 TO #55



YES, WELL, MAYBE I WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THE QUEST THAT MAGNUS MENTIONED.

MAYBE—I DON'T KNOW—MAYBE I WANT US TO SETTLE DOWN ON CYBERUTOPIA.

HA!

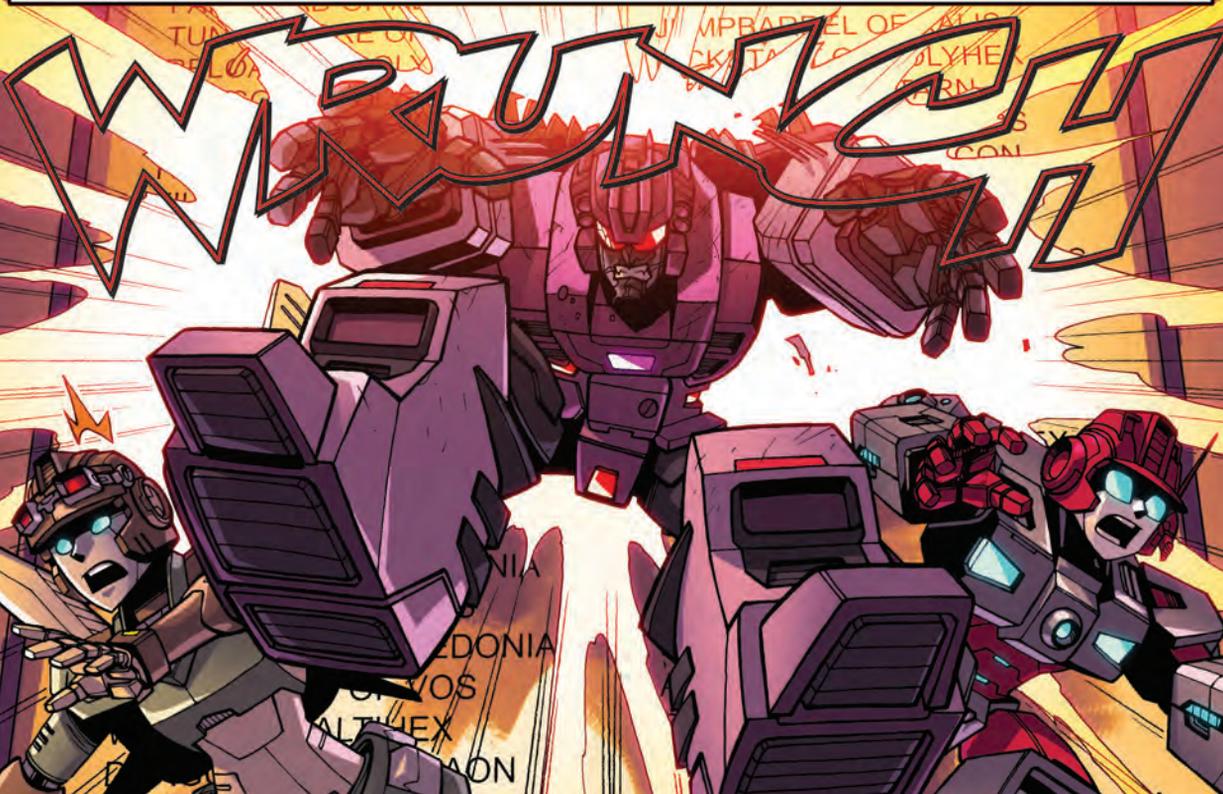


WILL YOU STOP GOING "HA!"

I'VE BEEN SAYING WE SHOULD SETTLE DOWN FOR YEARS. YOU DON'T WANT TO SETTLE DOWN ON CYBERUTOPIA—YOU WANT TO DIG IT UP. *UNTAPPED RICHES*. THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.

I WANT TO MAKE ENOUGH MONEY TO RETIRE. YOU AND ME. NO MORE SCRAPING TOGETHER A LIVING. NO MORE HAND-TO-MOUTH.

NOW, I HAPPEN TO THINK THAT'S A VERY NOBLE, VERY SELFLESS AMBITION, AND IF YOU DARE GO "HA!" I'LL—



WAAAAA



REWIND SAYS THE COG IS SOME KIND OF SUBORBITAL SURVEILLANCE STATION.

SO?

SO THEY'RE RARELY ACCESSIBLE ON FOOT. WHY NOT JUST BEAM US UP?

THIS IS A WALK OF SHAME. HERETICS ON PARADE.

EXCEPT NO ONE'S LOOKING AT US—



—EVERYONE'S TOO BUSY FALLING TO THEIR KNEES AND KISSING THE GROUND.



WHAT IS IT? FEAR? FAITH? DEFERENCE?

YES.

AND IT'S DISGUSTING.



LOOK, DOMEY. NO MOON. PROOF!

PROOF OF WHAT?

PROOF THAT THIS IS THE FUNCTIONIST UNIVERSE.

THE COUNCIL GAVE LUNA 2 TO THE BLACK BOX CONSORTIA IN RETURN FOR THEM LEAVING CYBERTRON ALONE.



HEY, REWIND—HOW COME YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT THIS PLACE?

I'M AN ARCHIVIST. LAST YEAR, THE HISTORY OF THIS UNIVERSE WAS SUPERIMPOSED ONTO MY DATABASE AFTER A FEW OF US USED A BRIEFCASE TO TRAVEL IN TIME.

I'LL TRY AGAIN: HOW COME YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT THIS PLACE?