

**TRANSFORMERS**

ROBERTS • LAWRENCE

# LOST LIGHT



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WRITTEN BY **JAMES ROBERTS**

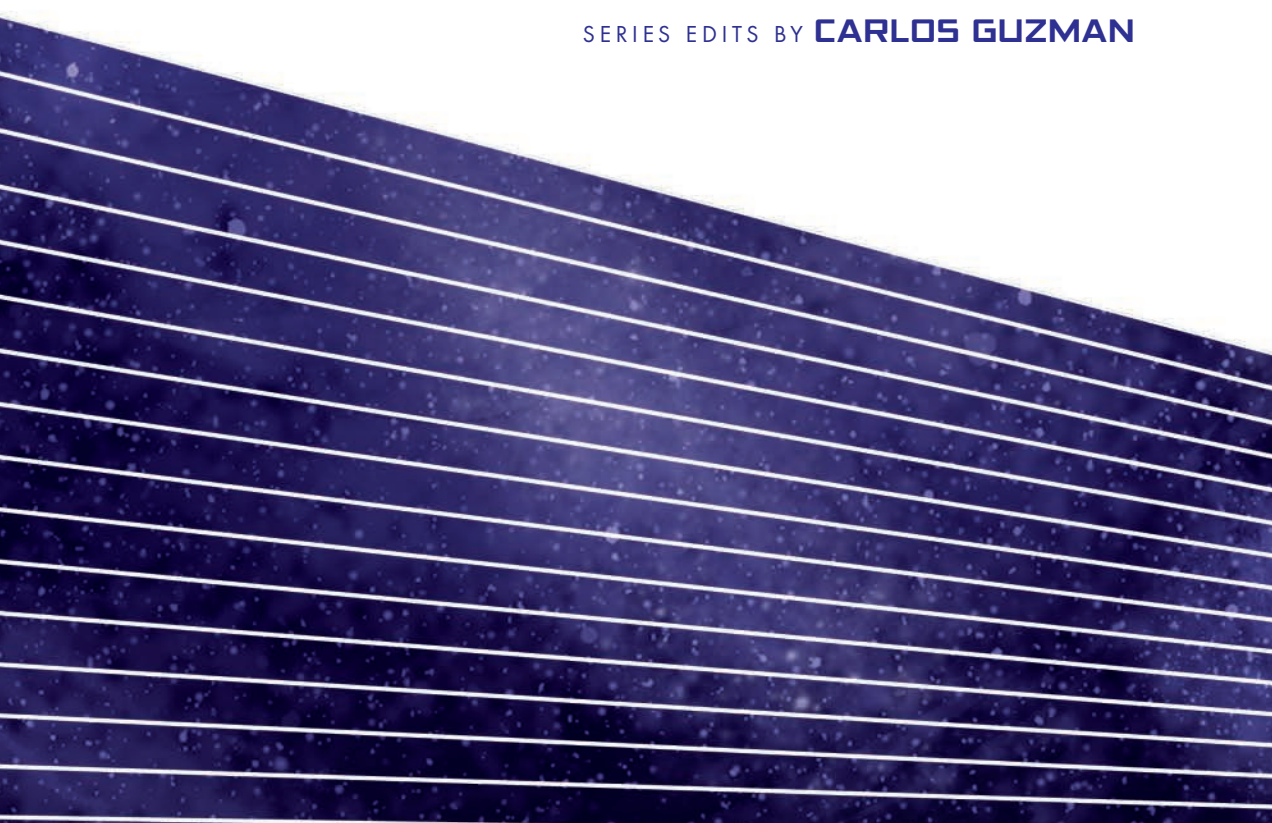
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**MEET ANODE:**

LOOK—

—I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.

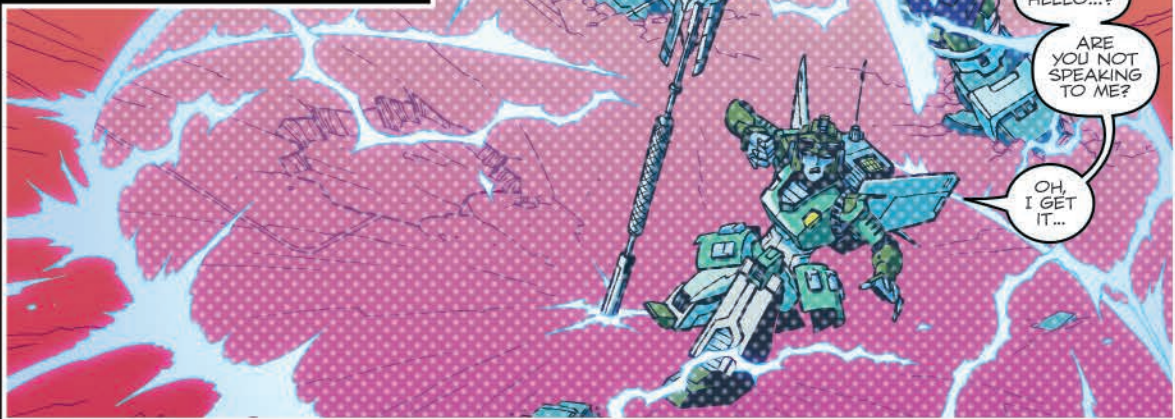
YOU'RE THINKING, HOW HAS IT COME TO THIS?

BEING CHASED ACROSS LUNA 2 BY AN ANGRY CYBERNOUGHT WITH PARTISAN KNEECAPS.



IT'S NOT—  
**HRRK!**

IT'S NOT AN EVERYDAY SCENARIO, IS IT?



**SHZZT**

HELLO?  
HELLO...?

ARE YOU NOT SPEAKING TO ME?

OH I GET IT...





...YOU'RE STILL CROSS.

TSCH-TSCH-TSCH-TSCH



YES, I'M STILL CROSS! I'M CROSS BECAUSE WE'RE ABOUT TO DIE AND IT'S EIGHT THOUSAND PER CENT YOUR FAULT!

AW, C'MON, LUG—



WE'VE BEEN IN STICKIER SITUATIONS THAN THIS.



STICKIER SITUA—

WHEN?!

THE TERRALESE ACID WASTES? THE NIGHTMARE SPIRES?

KILLTOPIA? BECAUSE I CAN ASSURE YOU—

—WHEN YOU'RE QUITE DONE POKING THE GROUND—

—THAT THEY WERE ALL CONSIDERABLY LESS STICKY THAN THIS!

ARGH! THIS IS WHY WE SAID WE'D NEVER GO BACK HOME! CYBERTRON'S BEYOND DANGEROUS— IT'S PRACTICALLY MADE OF WAR.

NOT TO BE PICKY, BUT THIS IS CYBERTRON'S MOON.

AND I'D RATHER NOT BE HERE EITHER—BUT, HEY, I DON'T BURY THE TREASURE, I JUST FIND IT.



WE'RE DEAD.

INTENSELY DEAD.

NONSENSE. THE FORCEFIELD'S GOOD FOR AT LEAST ANOTHER 30 SECONDS.

WHAT DO WE DO AFTER THAT?!

ASK ME NEARER THE TIME.

**TROWEL!**



I HATE YOU. AS IN, I ACTIVELY HATE YOU.

I AM IN HATE WITH YOU.





SHHH.  
WORKING.



THERE.  
BEAUTIFUL.

WELL DONE.  
I'M SURE  
TECHY WILL BE  
DELIGHTED—  
ESPECIALLY WHEN  
HE REALISES HE  
DOESN'T HAVE TO  
PAY US BECAUSE  
WE'RE DEAD.



DON'T PANIC.  
WE'LL USE OUR  
TELEPORT  
BRACELETS.

THE TELEPORT  
BRACELETS WE  
PAWNED TO BUY  
ENERGON?  
Y'KNOW, TO STOP  
US STARVING?

YES, THE  
TELEPORT  
BRACELETS  
WE—

AH.



KRRNCH



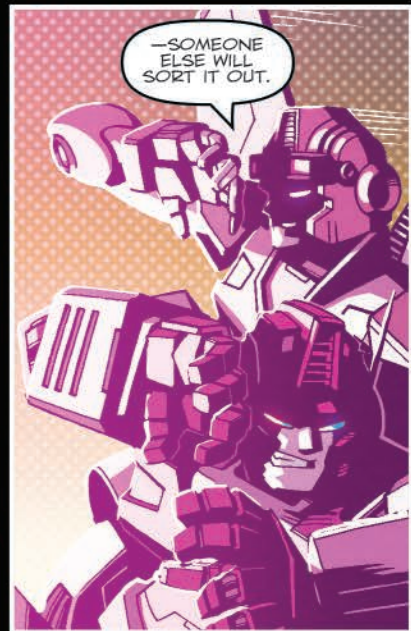
HE'S GOING TO  
BEAT US  
TO DEATH.

HA! LITTLE DOES  
HE REALISE THAT  
THE SECOND THE  
FIELD BREAKS, THE  
FEEDBACK WILL  
KILL US INSTANTLY.

SO WHAT  
DO WE DO?!

ABSOLUTELY  
NOTHING.

IN MY  
EXPERIENCE, NO  
MATTER HOW BAD THE  
PROBLEM, NO MATTER  
HOW INSURMOUNTABLE  
THE ODDS, IF YOU  
STAND  
AROUND LONG ENOUGH—



—SOMEONE  
ELSE WILL  
SORT IT OUT.



**FIVE HUNDRED YEARS  
NINE MONTHS  
FOURTEEN DAYS  
AND  
SIX HOURS  
LATER...**

"ANODE?"



