

**THE LOST LIGHT.
UNDERWATER ON AN UNKNOWN WORLD.
AUTOBOTS VERSUS AMMONITES.**

**ACTING FIELD
COMMANDER
HOUND.**

HOLD YOUR
GROUND,
AUTOBOTS!
DON'T LET
THEM INTO
THE SHIP!

AND REMEMBER—
THEY'RE COMBINERS!
BEST TO BREAK THEM
APART AND PICK THEM
OFF INDIVIDUALLY!



HOLD ON,
CROSSCUT!
I'M COMING!

SHUNK



THANKS
FOR THE
SAVE,
ER—

SORRY, I
DON'T KNOW
YOUR NAME.

SERIOUSLY?

OH! IS IT
KUNG?

CHOOM





SWERVE.
IT'S SWERVE.

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
EVERYONE KNOWS WHO YOU ARE.

CROSSCUT:
THE SENATOR WHO TOOK A STAND.
THE REFORMER WHO LIBERATED PETREX
WITH WISE WORDS
AND A SHOVEL.



THAT'S MY WARTIME REPUTATION.

I'D RATHER BE REMEMBERED FOR MY ART.

YOU SHOULD COME DOWN TO THE REC DECK SOMETIME, SEE ONE OF MY PLAYS.

ASSUMING WE SURVIVE, OF COURSE.



SORRY, BUT HOW CAN YOU NOT KNOW WHO I AM?

I'VE GOT A BAR!
IT'S CALLED "SWERVE'S"!

"I' APOSTROPHE 'S"!

"BELONGING TO"!

I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS CALLED—

I'M FAMOUS!
BY LOST LIGHT STANDARDS, I'M FAMOUS! I'M ONE OF THE—



—MAIN GUYS.

YOUR COMMUNICATOR'S FLASHING. MISSED CALL.



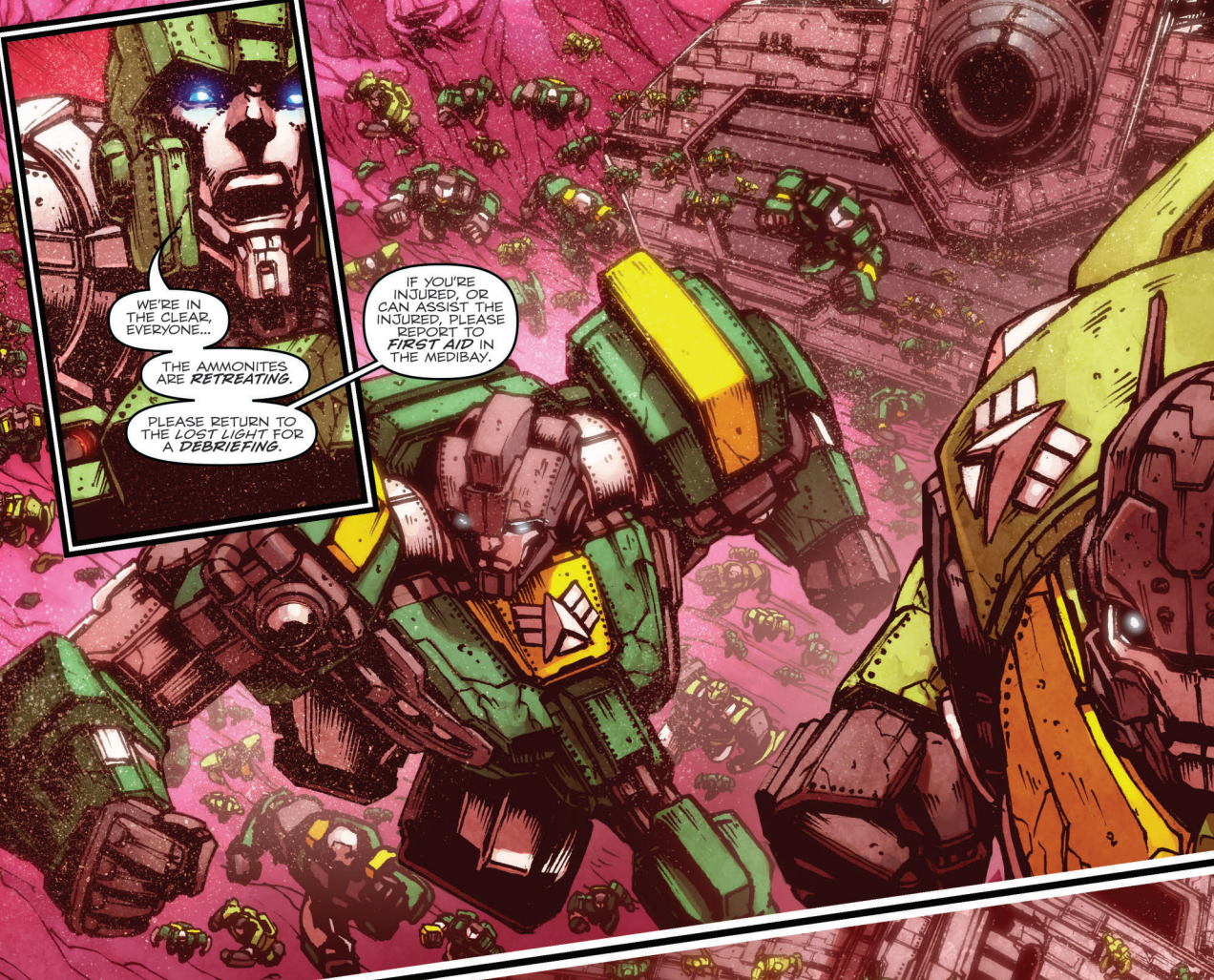
GO AHEAD. DON'T MIND ME.

MESSAGE FROM GETAWAY. I'LL RING BACK WHEN WE—



OH.

DID WE JUST WIN?

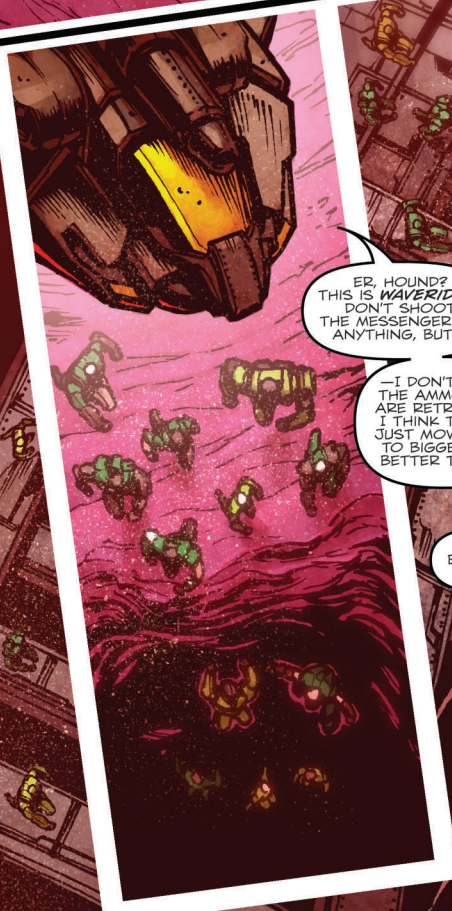


WE'RE IN THE CLEAR, EVERYONE...

THE AMMONITES ARE RETREATING.

PLEASE RETURN TO THE LOST LIGHT FOR A DEBRIEFING.

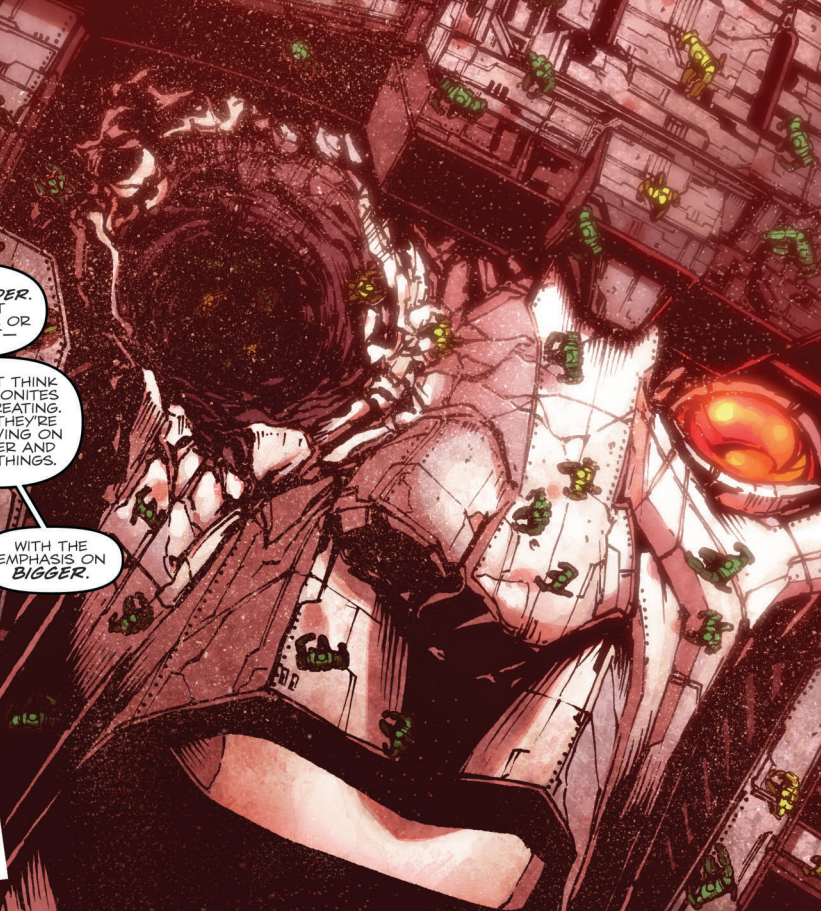
IF YOU'RE INJURED, OR CAN ASSIST THE INJURED, PLEASE REPORT TO FIRST AID IN THE MEDIBAY.



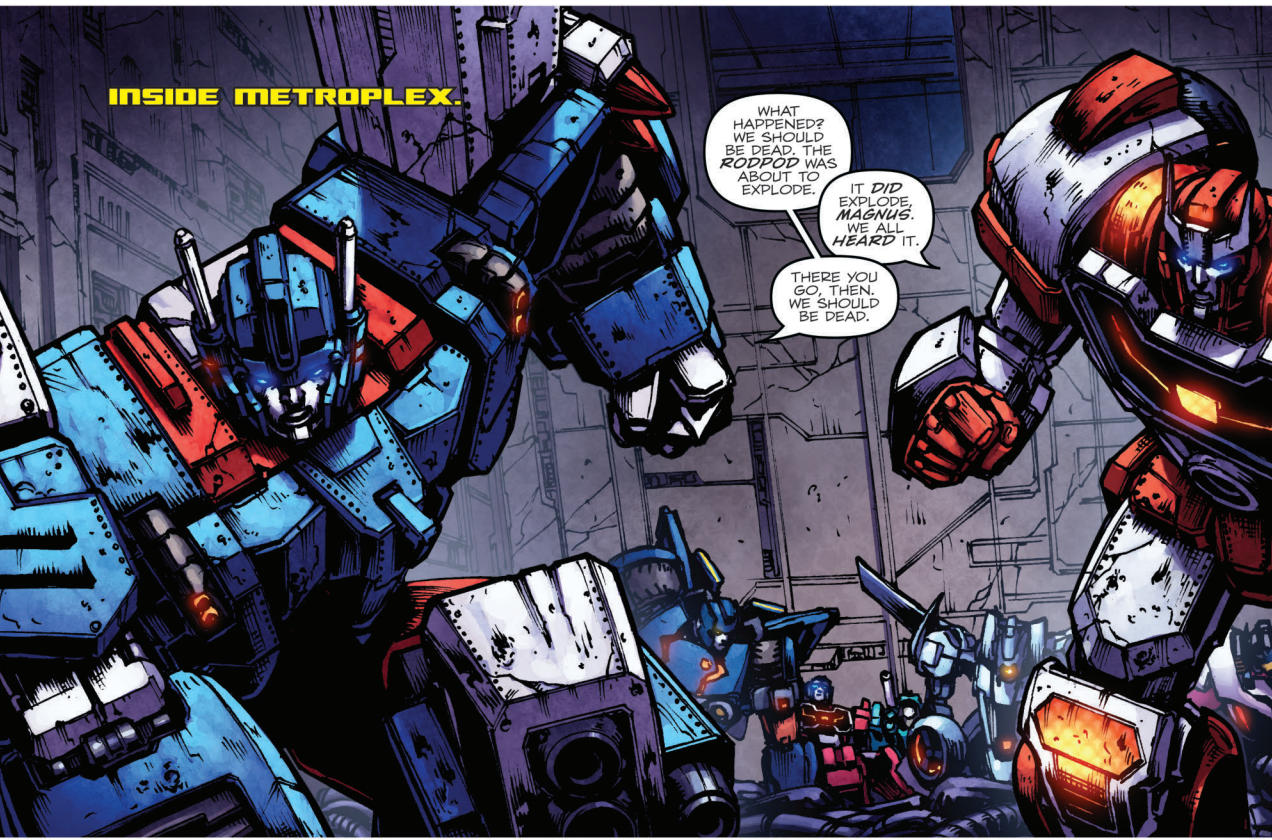
ER, HOUND? THIS IS WAVERIDER. DON'T SHOOT THE MESSENGER OR ANYTHING, BUT—

—I DON'T THINK THE AMMONITES ARE RETREATING. I THINK THEY'RE JUST MOVING ON TO BIGGER AND BETTER THINGS.

WITH THE EMPHISIS ON BIGGER.



INSIDE METROPLEX.



WHAT HAPPENED? WE SHOULD BE DEAD. THE RODPOD WAS ABOUT TO EXPLODE.

IT *DID* EXPLODE, *MAGNUS*. WE ALL HEARD IT.

THERE YOU GO, THEN. WE SHOULD BE DEAD.



YES, BUT LOOK AROUND YOU. THIS ISN'T THE DRY DOCK WE WERE STANDING IN A MOMENT AGO—IT'S BEEN REARRANGED.

THE ROOM *DID* JUST TURN UPSIDE DOWN, PERCEPTOR—BUT I PUT THAT DOWN TO THE EXPLOSION.



I'LL BET THE RODPOD—WHAT'S LEFT OF IT—IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS WALL.

A WALL THAT WASN'T HERE THIRTY SECONDS AGO... A WALL THAT SHIELDED US FROM THE EXPLOSION.



THAT EXPLAINS ALL THE ARROWS.

OF COURSE!



I SAID "OF COURSE" TOO QUICKLY.

PLEASE—EXPLAIN THE ARROWS, SKIDG.

