

**MARVEL**  
LIMITED SERIES

3 of 4

GRILLO-  
MARXUACH  
TITUS  
SOTOMAYOR

ANNIHILATION™

# SUPER- GWERLL™



DIRECT EDITION



\$2.99 US \$4.25 CAN

**RATED A**

00311

# PREVIOUSLY IN ANNIHILATION

## ANNIHILATION DAY

A destructive force punctures through the edge of our universe and slaughters millions of worlds. The moment this ANNIHILATION WAVE tore into our universe is marked as ANNIHILATION DAY.

## ANNIHILATION DAY, PLUS 15

The Skrulls are a race of shape-shifters that have conquered most of the Andromeda Galaxy but are currently in a state of disarray.

The Super-Skrull, a scientifically super-powered alien with the abilities of all of the Fantastic Four combined, becomes aware of the Annihilation Wave's destructive path through the Skrull Empire and their planet-destroying weapon, THE HARVESTER OF SORROW.

## ANNIHILATION DAY, PLUS 46

Super-Skrull and R'kin, a child mechanic, find a portal into the Negative Zone and begin their journey to discover the Harvester of Sorrow's weakness. But time is running out as The Harvester of Sorrow closes in on Zarag'na, the Skrull world upon which the Super-Skrull's son lives.

## ANNIHILATION DAY, PLUS 55

Super-Skrull and R'kin invade the UX-73 prison planetoid to find Hwal, a sadistic scientist who tortures his inmates and knows the Harvester of Sorrow's only weakness. The invasion is a success—Hwal is now at Super-Skrull's mercy (of which he has little) and agrees to create a virus to destroy the Harvester of Sorrow.

Newly emancipated prisoners Praxagora, a member of a robotic race, and Preak, a creature who multiplies upon large impacts, have joined Super-Skrull's cause.



Writer  
JAVIER GRILLO-MARXURCH

Artist  
GREG TITUS

Colorist  
CHRIS SOTOMAYOR

Letterer  
VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA

Cover Painter  
GABRIELE DELL'OTTO

Production  
KATE LEVIN

Assistant Editors  
MOLLY LAZER &  
AUBREY SITTERSON

Editor  
ANDY SCHMIDT

Editor in Chief  
JOE QUESADA

Publisher  
DAN BUCKLEY


**Annihilation: Super-Skrull No. 3, August, 2006.** Published Monthly in January, March, April, June and July by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016. © 2006 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$2.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and \$2.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand. Canadian Agreement #40666537. Printed in the USA. AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; ALAN FINE, President & CEO of Marvel Toys and Marvel Publishing, Inc.; DAVID BOGART, VP of Publishing Operations; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIE, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Joe Malinone, Advertising Director, at jmalinone@marvel.com or 212-576-8534. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.

**THE NEGATIVE ZONE.**



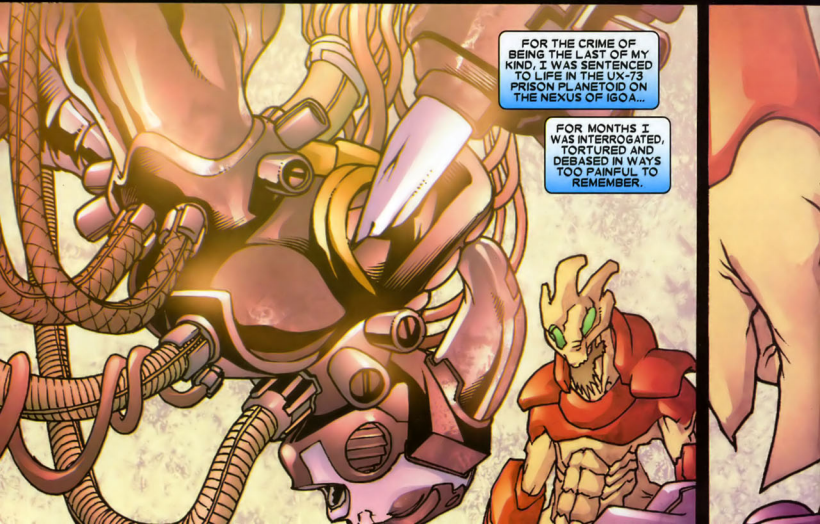
I AM  
PRAXAGORA.

YEARS AGO, I LIVED ON  
A PLANET OF PEACE--A  
HAVEN OF LIVING MACHINES  
SEARCHING FOR COMPLETE  
HARMONY WITH EVERY  
OTHER LIVING BEING...



...THEN CAME THE  
ANNIHILATION WAVE.  
THEY SLAUGHTERED  
EVERYONE AND TOOK  
ME PRISONER.

A WARRIOR CALLED  
ANNIHIL'US MANAGED TO  
UNITE OVER A HUNDRED  
WORLDS FOR SOME  
COMMON GOAL... GOD ONLY  
KNOWS WHAT COULD  
BE SO IMPORTANT.



FOR THE CRIME OF  
BEING THE LAST OF MY  
KIND, I WAS SENTENCED  
TO LIFE IN THE UX-73  
PRISON PLANETOID ON  
THE NEXUS OF IGOA...

FOR MONTHS I  
WAS INTERROGATED,  
TORTURED AND  
DEBASED IN WAYS  
TOO PAINFUL TO  
REMEMBER.

NOOO  
PPPP...FF...SS...FF...  
SSSTTTOOO PPP!

I EXPERIENCED UNENDING HORROR AT THE HANDS OF HAWAL, THE SADIST WHO RAN THIS PLACE...UNTIL IT ALL CAME CRASHING DOWN...

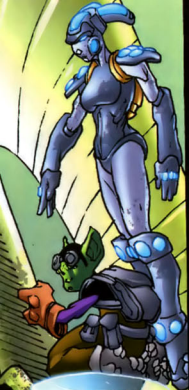
...BROUGHT TO AN END BY A WARRIOR WHO FREED EVERYONE IN THIS PRISON AND PUT HAWAL IN ONE OF HIS OWN CELLS...

AND THE NAME OF THIS WARRIOR...

**SUPER  
SKRULL**

THE ANNIHILATION WAVE HAS A DOOMSDAY WEAPON--THE HARVESTER OF SORROW--AND I MEAN TO DESTROY IT!

YOU CAN CHOOSE TO FIGHT ME ON THIS ROCK...OR JOIN ME AND TAKE YOUR REVENGE ON THE SADISTIC SONS OF SCH'MAAGS THAT PUT YOU HERE!



I FOUND IT EASY TO CHANNEL MY HATRED FOR THE ANNIHILATION WAVE INTO A WILL TO FIGHT.

FROM THE MOMENT HE BESTED ME IN COMBAT, I RESOLVED TO BECOME SUPER-SKRULL'S MOST FERVENT FOLLOWER...

I BEGAN BY SUGGESTING THAT WE RETASK THE PRISON'S SATELLITE DISH TO SEND A DISTRESS CALL TO ANY PASSING ANNIHILATION WAVE SHIPS...



TOGETHER, MY MASTER AND I SOON ASSEMBLED A FLEET WITH WHICH TO FIGHT THIS WAR!

THE FUSION CORE THAT BURNS IN MY CHEST AND GIVES ME MY POWER BECAME A SOURCE OF UNENDING RAGE AGAINST THE ENEMY.



WELL DONE, PRAXAGORA, YOU HONOR ME.

THE HONOR IS MINE, MASTER.


THE NEGATIVE ZONE;  
UH-73 PRISON PLANETOID.  
ANNIHILATION DAY, PLUS 65.

THIS IS HOW SUPER-  
SKRULL... TURNED EACH  
AND EVERY DENIZEN OF  
THIS WRETCHED PLACE  
INTO A WARRIOR...

...HE GAVE EACH OF US  
A MISSION-- A PURPOSE--  
AND THE MEANS BY WHICH  
TO CARRY IT OUT...

...BUT IT WASN'T  
ALWAYS EASY...

WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN  
YOU CANNOT  
DO IT?



STOP SCREAMING AT ME! YOU'RE NOT ASKING US TO BUILD AN OUTHOUSE HERE--THIS IS A DIMENSIONAL PORTAL--WE DO NOT HAVE THE MANPOWER!

THE HARVESTER OF SORROW REACHES ZARAGZ'NA IN MERE WEEKS--WE HAVE TO BE THERE TO INTERCEPT IT.

BUILDING THIS PORTAL EXACTLY TO REED EXACTLY'S SPECIFICATIONS IS THE ONLY WAY TO GET US OUT OF THE NEGATIVE ZONE IN TIME!

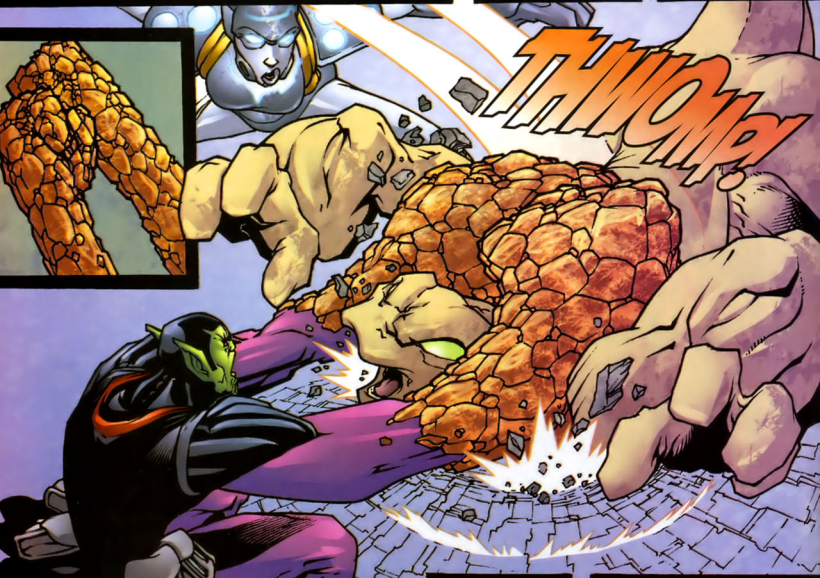
YOU HAVE HALF THE INMATES WORKING ON THE SHIPS--THE OTHER HALF TRAINING FOR THE ATTACK--HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO FINISH THE WORK?



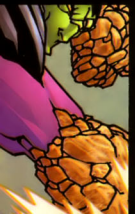
YOU WANT MORE MEN?



FINE.



**THWOMP! THWOMP! THWOMP! THWOMP! THWOMP! THWOMP! THWOMP!**







NOW YOU HAVE ALL THE MANPOWER YOU NEED--BUILD THE DAMNED PORTAL!



YES... SIR.



YOU WILL HAVE YOUR ARMY IN NO TIME.

IT MIGHT NOT BE ENOUGH.

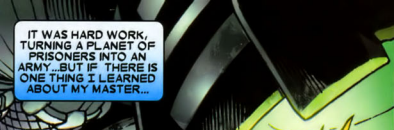


MASTER, HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT? WE WILL FIGHT UNTIL--

AS MUCH AS I BELIEVE IN THIS ARMY WE ARE BUILDING, WE ARE GOING UP AGAINST THE HARVESTER OF SORROW--THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON OF THE ANNIHILATION WAVE..




...AND WE DO NOT YET HAVE A DOOMSDAY WEAPON OF OUR OWN.




IT WAS HARD WORK, TURNING A PLANET OF PRISONERS INTO AN ARMY...BUT IF THERE IS ONE THING I LEARNED ABOUT MY MASTER...

HAWAL...TELL ME YOU HAVE FINISHED BUILDING MY WEAPON.

...IT'S THAT HE COULD MOTIVATE ANYONE.




WHY WOULD I TELL YOU THAT? THE MOMENT I DO, YOU WILL KILL ME.



YOU AMUSE ME, HAWAL...IT IS NOT THE THOUGHT OF BETRAYING YOUR PEOPLE THAT BOTHERS YOU...BUT THE THOUGHT OF LOSING YOUR LIFE.

I AM A SCIENTIST--I HAVE NO NEED FOR YOUR NOTIONS OF NOBILITY. THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS TO ME IS STAYING ALIVE TO CONTINUE MY WORK.



SO IT WOULD SEEM YOU ARE IN A QUANDARY--ON THE ONE HAND, I AM THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN BUILD YOU YOUR WEAPON...

ON THE OTHER, I HAVE LITTLE INCENTIVE TO ACTUALLY FINISH THE TASK...

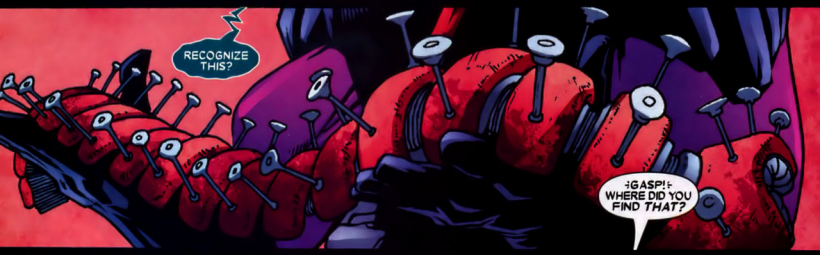
...OR TO GIVE YOU A WEAPON THAT WILL ACTUALLY WORK.

TRUE. IT IS A CONUNDRUM.



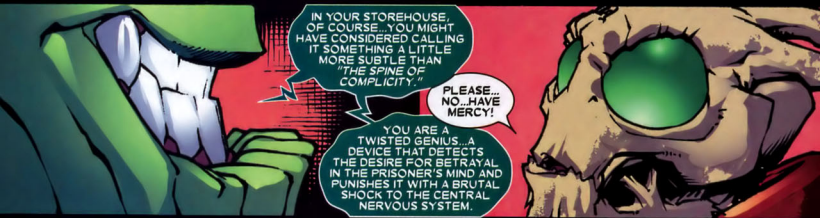
WHO?

BUT BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I HAVE BEEN WORKING ON HOW TO SOLVE THIS RIDDLE... AND THANKFULLY, I HAVE ONE OF THE ANNIHILATION WAVE'S TOP SCIENTISTS WORKING FOR ME.



RECOGNIZE THIS?

!GASP!  
WHERE DID YOU FIND THAT?



IN YOUR STOREHOUSE, OF COURSE... YOU MIGHT HAVE CONSIDERED CALLING IT SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE SUBTLE THAN "THE SPINE OF COMPLICITY."

PLEASE... NO...HAVE MERCY!

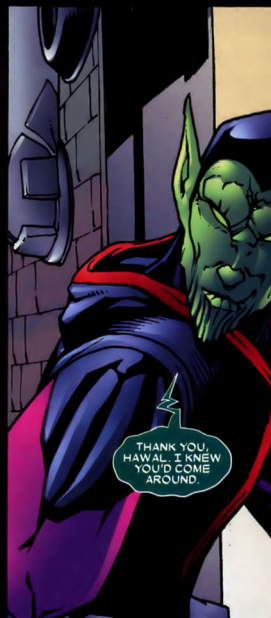
YOU ARE A TWISTED GENIUS... A DEVICE THAT DETECTS THE DESIRE FOR BETRAYAL IN THE PRISONER'S MIND AND PUNISHES IT WITH A BRUTAL SHOCK TO THE CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM.



AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!

STOP FIGHTING IT, HAWAL. JUST FINISH MY WEAPON--AND MAYBE THEN, I WILL DEIGN TO DELIVER YOU FROM YOUR MISERY.

I'LL DO IT!  
GET IT OFF!



THANK YOU, HAWAL. I KNEW YOU'D COME AROUND.



**ANNIHILATION DAY,  
PLUS 66.**

THANKS TO  
THIS MAN, WE NOW  
HAVE A VIRUS THAT  
WILL DESTROY OUR  
ENEMY'S MOST  
LETHAL WEAPON!



AND THIS  
IS MERELY THE  
BEGINNING!

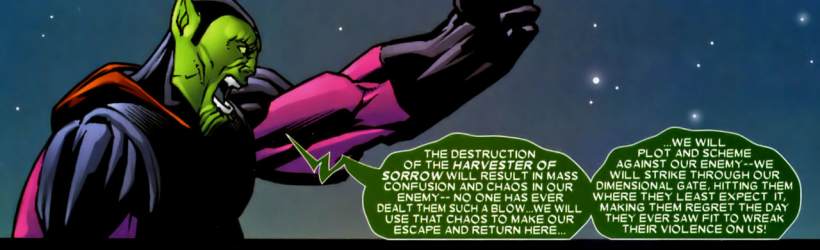


OUR MISSION IS  
TO DESTROY THE  
WEAPON BEFORE  
IT TAKES OUT THE  
SKRULL WORLD  
OF ZARAGZ NA.

WE ARE A  
SMALL FORCE--NO  
MATCH FOR THE MIGHT  
OF THE ANNIHILATION  
WAVE--BUT OUR MISSION  
IS NOT TO TAKE THEM  
HEAD-ON...

...BUT TO JUMP  
IN THROUGH R'KIN'S  
DIMENSIONAL GATEWAY  
AND PUNCH A HOLE IN THEIR  
DEFENSES, THEN ONE OF OUR  
SHIPS, ARMED WITH A MISSILE  
CARRYING HAWAL'S VIRAL  
PAYLOAD, WILL CROSS THE  
GATE AND DELIVER THE  
KILLING BLOW.





THE DESTRUCTION OF THE HARVESTER OF SORROW WILL RESULT IN MASS CONFUSION AND CHAOS IN OUR ENEMY-- NO ONE HAS EVER DEALT THEM SUCH A BLOW... WE WILL USE THAT CHAOS TO MAKE OUR ESCAPE AND RETURN HERE...

...WE WILL PLOT AND SCHEME AGAINST OUR ENEMY--WE WILL STRIKE THROUGH OUR DIMENSIONAL GATE, HITTING THEM WHERE THEY LEAST EXPECT IT, MAKING THEM REGRET THE DAY THEY EVER SAW FIT TO WREAK THEIR VIOLENCE ON US!



TOLLESTORY



R'KIN--YOURS IS NOT THE COUNTEenance OF A VICTORIOUS WARRIOR.



YOU COMPLETED THE DIMENSIONAL PORTAL. YOU HAVE DONE WELL.



IT IS NOT ENOUGH.



CLEARLY YOU HAVE THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT YOU WANT TO ASK OF ME-- NOW SPEAK!

I AM NOT WORTHY OF BEING CALLED A SKRULL. I HAVE NOT TESTED MYSELF IN BATTLE. I WANT TO STRIKE A BLOW AGAINST THE ANNIHILATION WAVE.



I WANT TO PILOT THE MISSILE SHIP.



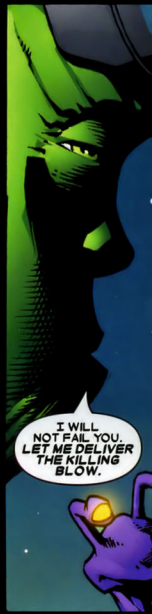
PILOTING THE MISSILE SHIP IS THE SINGLE MOST CRUCIAL ASSIGNMENT IN THIS MISSION.

OUR ARMADA IS SMALL-- WE WILL NOT LAST LONG IN A FIGHT AGAINST THE ANNIHILATION WAVE-- DESTROYING THE HARVESTER OF SORROW-- FIRING THAT MISSILE-- IS THE ONLY WAY FOR US TO WIN!

I HAVE SPENT MY LIFE BUILDING SHIPS, SENDING OTHERS TO FIGHT IN THEM.

THE TRUTH IS, I CAN FLY BETTER THAN ANYONE ON THIS ROCK, AND IT IS HIGH TIME I DREW ENEMY BLOOD.

I HAVE DOUBTED YOU. I HAVE QUESTIONED YOU. NOW LET ME PROVE MYSELF WORTHY.



I WILL NOT FAIL YOU. LET ME DELIVER THE KILLING BLOW.



SO BE IT, R KIN.



MASTER?  
GET SOME REST.  
I'LL REST WHEN YOU--  
THAT IS AN ORDER.



WHY ZARAGZ'NA?



THE HARVESTER OF SORROW--IT HAS DESTROYED HUNDREDS OF WORLDS, BUT YOU HAVE CHOSEN THIS ONE TO MAKE YOUR STAND. I JUST WANT TO UNDERSTAND--




I WAS ONCE AN ORDINARY SKRULL... A YOUNG WARRIOR. UNTIL EMPEROR DORREK SAW FIT TO ORDER THE GREATEST SCIENTISTS IN OUR REALM TO GIFT ME WITH AWESOME POWERS.

IT WAS FOR ONE REASON ALONE. TO DESTROY THE MIGHTIEST HEROES OF PLANET EARTH-- THE SO-CALLED FANTASTIC FOUR.

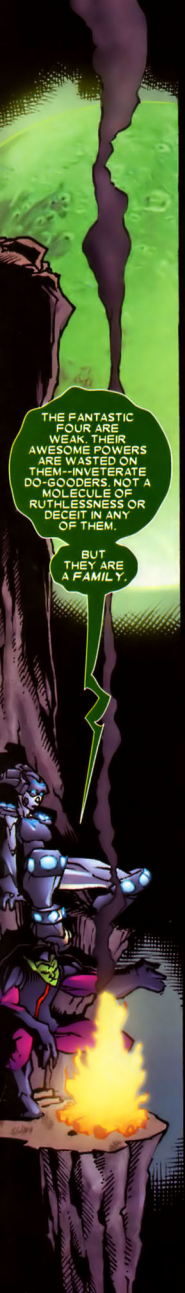


I WAS NEVER ABLE TO DEFEAT THEM... IT WAS ONLY VERY RECENTLY THAT I UNDERSTOOD WHY.




EVERY TIME THEY FIGHT, IT IS FOR ONE ANOTHER. THOUGH I HAVE ALL OF THEIR COMBINED ABILITY, THEY HAVE EACH OTHER. THAT IS THEIR TRUE STRENGTH.

I NEVER UNDERSTOOD THAT UNTIL THE HARVESTER OF SORROW SET COURSE TO DESTROY ZARAGZ'NA.




THE FANTASTIC FOUR ARE WEAK. THEIR AWESOME POWERS ARE WASTED ON THEM--INVETERATE DO-GOODERS. NOT A MOLECULE OF RUTHLESSNESS OR DECEIT IN ANY OF THEM.

BUT THEY ARE A FAMILY.



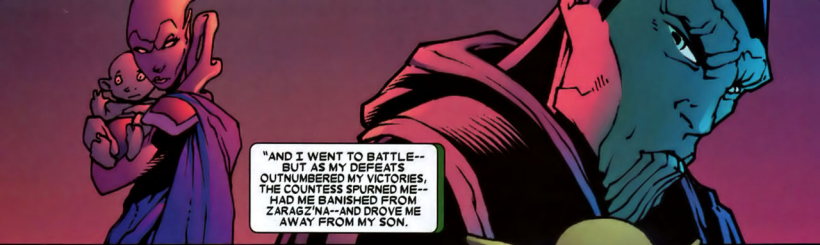
I HAVE A SON ON ZARAGZ'NA. A SON I HAVE NOT SEEN IN YEARS. HIS NAME IS SARNOGG.



HIS MOTHER IS A COUNTESS-- BETROTHED TO ME AS A REWARD FOR MY VICTORY AT THE BATTLE OF HARKO ON-- SHE SOON BORE ME A CHILD. BUT ALL I CARED ABOUT WAS RETURNING TO THE BATTLEFIELD.





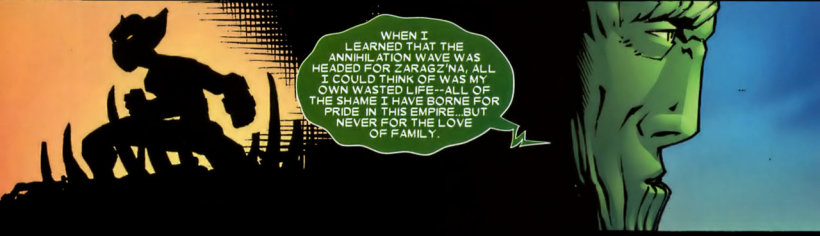


"AND I WENT TO BATTLE--  
BUT AS MY DEFEATS  
OUTNUMBERED MY VICTORIES,  
THE COUNTESS SPURNED ME--  
HAD ME BANISHED FROM  
ZARAGZ'NA--AND DROVE ME  
AWAY FROM MY SON.



"THE LAST TIME I SAW  
SARNOGG WAS DURING HIS  
FIRST HUNT... I STOOD ON A  
HILL SOME DISTANCE AWAY--  
AN UNWANTED GUEST--AND  
WATCHED HIM DRINK THE BILE  
OF A LIVE G'RANG BEAST.

"I HAVE  
NEVER BEEN  
SO PROUD."



WHEN I  
LEARNED THAT THE  
ANNIHILATION WAVE WAS  
HEADED FOR ZARAGZ'NA, ALL  
I COULD THINK OF WAS MY  
OWN WASTED LIFE--ALL OF  
THE SHAME I HAVE BORNE FOR  
PRIDE IN THIS EMPIRE... BUT  
NEVER FOR THE LOVE  
OF FAMILY.



YOU ASK ME  
WHY I WANT TO SAVE  
ZARAGZ'NA--IT IS BECAUSE  
OF THAT YOUNG SKRULL...  
THE FUTURE OF THE EMPIRE  
RESTS WITH HIM, AND  
EVERYONE LIKE HIM,  
NOT WITH GENERALS  
AND EMPERORS...

...WITH EVERY-  
ONE LIKE  
MY SON.



MASTER...KL'RT...  
WE ARE NOW  
YOUR FAMILY...  
YOUR PEOPLE.

**BAM!**

UNGH!

I DO NOT  
WANT YOUR LOVE  
AND I DO NOT NEED  
YOUR PITY! IF YOU WANT  
TO GIVE ME SOMETHING,  
MAKE IT A VICTORY  
ON THE FIELD  
OF BATTLE!

**THUNK!**

I WOULD NOT  
UNDERSTAND WHY UNTIL  
MUCH LATER--BUT THAT  
MOMENT, WHEN I SHOULD  
HAVE HATED HIM, WAS WHEN  
I LOVED HIM MOST.

ZARAGZINA, IN THE HEART OF THE SKRULL EMPIRE.  
ANNIHILATION DAY, PLUS 66.



THE DAY CAME--  
AND THE SKRULLS  
OF ZARAGZ'NA  
FOUGHT BRAVELY.

ALL REMAINING  
WINGS FORM UP! WE  
MUST BUY TIME FOR  
THE EVACUATION  
SHIPS!



WE ESTIMATE  
MERE MINUTES  
BEFORE ALL OF  
THE SKRULL  
DEFENSES ARE  
CRUSHED, SIR.

EXCELLENT.

BUT IT WOULD NOT  
BE ENOUGH. THE  
ANNIHILATION WAVE  
MATCHED THEIR BRAVERY  
WITH OVERWHELMING  
FIREPOWER.



REPORT! IS  
ANYONE OUT  
THERE? IS  
ANYONE  
LEFT?



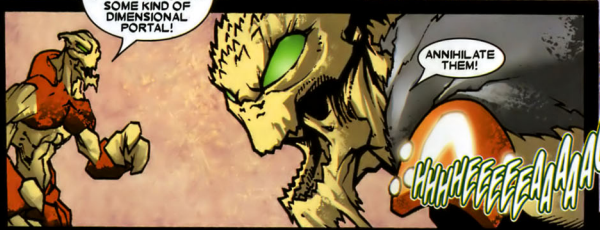
SWEET  
MOTHER OF  
SL'GUR'T!





**ATTACK!**

ADMIRAL SALO! AN ENEMY FLEET HAS JUST ENTERED THE BATTLE THROUGH SOME KIND OF DIMENSIONAL PORTAL!



ANNIHILATE THEM!

HHHHHHHHHHH AHHH GGGHHHH!





WE DID  
OUR MASTER  
PROUD.

WE FOUGHT  
VALIANTLY AND  
SAVAGELY.

BUT LITTLE  
DID WE KNOW...

...THAT THE  
BATTLE HAD BEEN  
DECIDED BEFORE  
IT BEGAN.



WE  
ACCOMPLISHED  
OUR GOAL...

WE HAVE  
PUNCHED  
THROUGH!  
SIGNAL R'KIN!

I NEED  
THAT MISSILE  
NOW!



I CAN'T  
GET A SIGNAL,  
MASTER!

BUT OUR  
DOOMSDAY WEAPON  
NEVER CAME.



AND WITHOUT  
OUR KILLING BLOW,  
WE WERE HOPELESSLY  
OUTGUNNED.

WE CAN'T  
HOLD OUT MUCH  
LONGER! WE NEED  
THAT MISSILE!



R'KIN WILL  
BE HERE!  
WE MUST BUY  
HIM TIME!



ENABLE MANUAL  
CONTROL FOR THE  
TRACTOR BEAM... I  
WANT PRISONERS



AND WHEN WE CAME TO, IT WASN'T JUST AS PRISONERS...

YOU HAVE FAILED.

YOUR FLEET HAS BEEN DESTROYED... YOUR VIRAL MISSILE IS IN MY HANDS... AND MY SOLDIERS ARE DEMOLISHING YOUR DIMENSIONAL GATEWAY AS WE SPEAK.

BUT... HOW?



...BUT AS THE VICTIMS OF UNSPEAKABLE BETRAYAL...

WE HELD THEM OFF AS LONG AS WE COULD-- BUT OUR FATE WAS SEALED IN THE SEARING PAIN OF THE ENEMY'S TRACTOR-BEAM.



YOUR PLAN WAS GOOD--BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE CAREFUL ABOUT PICKING YOUR SOLDIERS.

HELLO... MASTER.



R'KIN! YOU SON OF A--

SILENCE!



BRIDGE CREW...BEGIN THE HARVEST!

THIS CANNOT-- NO! NO!



IT WAS OVER  
IN LESS TIME THAN  
IT TOOK MY MASTER  
TO SCREAM.

A WORLD HAD  
DIED--ZARAGZ'NA  
WAS GONE.

AND SO  
TOO, WAS...

SARNOGG...  
MY SON...

I SHALL  
AVENGE  
YOU.

TO BE CONCLUDED...



# UX-73 PRISON DATABASE INMATE PROFILE

## PRAXAGORA



**NAME:** PRAXAGORA

**SEX:** FEMALE

**PLACE OF ORIGIN:** Ataraxia - Helicon cluster

(annihilated during fifth incursion)

**AGE:** Unknown

**THREAT ASSESSMENT:** Extremely dangerous, solitary captivity and high-level submission protocol mandatory.

**POWERS/ABILITIES:**

Flight. Transcendental strength. Accelerated thought/learning/intelligence. Machine telepathy. Superheated plasma generation and control.

**DOSSIER:** The being known only as Praxagora is the last survivor of the rout of Ataraxia during the fifth glorious incursion into the Helicon cluster. Despite repeated attempts to extricate the information through torture, the exact causes and conditions of her survival remain a mystery.

A race of highly complex living machines, the Ataraxians mastered a stellar containment technology which is not only the cornerstone of their civilization but also of their being. All Ataraxians are powered by a miniature star contained in their chest cavity.

The awesome energy of even so small a cosmic body gifts all Ataraxians with powers and abilities beyond most ordinary beings, most notably, the power to generate and control streams of superheated plasma, which serve as their primary defensive/offensive weapon.

Given their awesome power, Ataraxian society evolved to the point where all conflict and misery was eradicated. Even as machines, the Ataraxians found a way to live in a symbiotic harmony with their natural world. Ataraxia was considered a paradise by its inhabitants.

Such a high level of intellect and physical strength combined in one race made the Ataraxians an extreme threat to the Annihilation Wave and their world was destroyed in a pre-emptive strike.

Praxagora is analogous to a human female of average height. She appears to be median in strength and intellect for her race. Her age is estimated as relatively young--under 10,000 years. Like all Ataraxians, life span is estimated in the millions of years.

**SKRULL IMPERIAL ARMADA  
ENGINEERING,  
SANITATION AND  
MAINTENANCE DIVISION**

**R'KIN**

**PERSONNEL FILE:** #692810GMLG

**NAME:** R'KIN

**RANK:** NCO/Conscripted Laborer (lifetime contract)

**SERIAL NUMBER:** O2STK - 72206

**REPORT:** The Skrull known as R'kin was given special training in general engineering, combat-vessel repair and star-drive technology in exchange for a lifetime contract to the Skrull Armada, as well as in consideration of his storied lineage.

R'kin was fathered by General N'ala shortly before his heroic death in battle during the campaign against the Kree incursion into the ore-mining territories of the Harkoon Belt.

A commanding officer in the Sub-Orbital Assault Force, N'ala and his men were briefly suborned into the battalion led by Kl'rt--the Super-Skrull--and bravely gave their lives that the ores of Harkoon would continue to flow.

The death of General N'ala left his family in dire and diminished circumstances, and R'kin, youngest of his sixth brood of hatchlings, had the worst of it. As a runt, he was not allowed into combat duty and was denied entrance to the Skrull Intelligence Corps due to his inferior strength and substandard shape-shifting abilities.

Without a sustaining home, R'kin was rescued from abject poverty by the Engineering, Sanitation and Maintenance Division, where he mortgaged his current lifespan in exchange for steady employment and a home in the Skrull Armada. R'kin's admittedly prodigious intellect is being put to good use in the maintenance of the fleet's combat vessels, warbirds and star-drive shuttles.

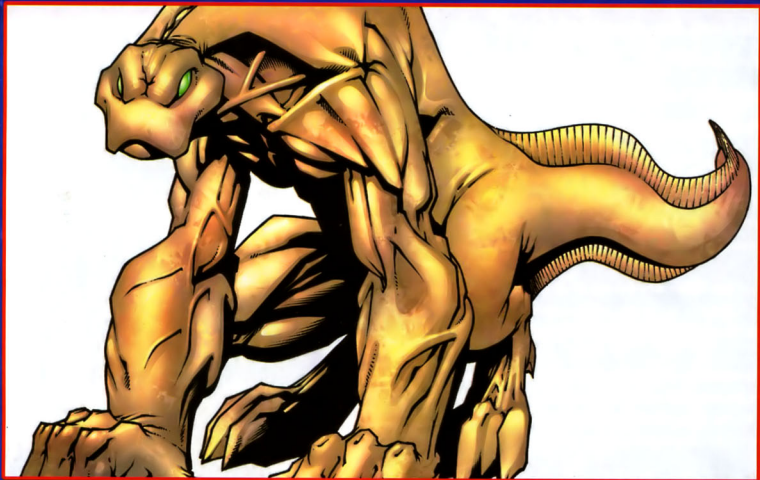
Given the current fragmentation of the Armada, R'kin was absorbed into Baroness S'bak's regional militia, where he continues to serve well.

The only blemish in this young engineer's otherwise spotless record are his constant applications to warbird training school. Although it has been made abundantly clear to the young Skrull that he has been ruled unfit for combat, he continues to divide his focus by pursuing a career as a warrior. Should this disturbing trend continue, a full-scale attitude adjustment will be mandated (although, given the young man's physical abilities, mere torture may suffice in divesting him of his illusions).



# UX-73 PRISON DATABASE INMATE PROFILE

## PREAK



**NAME:** PREAK

**SEX:** ANDROGYNOUS WITH MALE BEHAVIORAL TRAITS

**SPECIES:** Panspermian

**PLACE OF ORIGIN:** Genetically engineered by the Pralagon Shapers of the Barador Nebula (annihilated and mined during the great revolutionary crusade)

**AGE:** 10

**THREAT ASSESSMENT:** Dangerous. Do not strike or expose to concussive or traumatic force under any circumstances. All containment and submission protocols should be based on chemical or electrical means.

**POWER/ABILITIES:** Supernatural strength. Any blunt-force trauma causes Preak to replicate a second Preak of equal size, strength and intellect. After the replicants have outlived their use, they are either allowed to live under their own aegis or absorbed by the primary. The number of possible iterations has yet to be determined--a single Panspermian has been known to generate over a thousand copies.\*

\*The Annihilation Wave high command has issued a cease-and-desist order on all Panspermian replication experimentation after a plague of Panspermian replicant test subjects forced the Annihilation Wave to bomb the UX-79 experimental planetoid from orbit.

**DOSSIER:** The most reliable information gathered before the complete destruction of the Barador Nebula and genocide of the Pralagon Shapers indicates that Panspermians such as Preak were genetically engineered from a silicon-based life-form primarily used as a beast of burden in the Pralagon system.

Panspermians were designed to be extremely adaptable and devoid of such reproductive issues as sex, pregnancy and gestation. They were designed to survive under any and all conditions and to provide an inexpensive, easily multiplied labor and basic-level combat troops. Panspermians are known for their supernatural strength, near-indestructible outer shell, and extremely tedious conversational skills.

All Panspermians are essentially identical twins, and Preak is believed to be no different from any other member of his species, perhaps even sharing memories with the original from which he was replicated.

Panspermians were engineered for minimum intellect and maximum subservience. They take pleasure from even the most trivial of social interactions--some have even been known to thank their torturers--a feature added to their small minds in order to make them more effective subordinates. They are generally considered a trivial and uninteresting species with little use beyond their initial design.