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COMICS

FOUR OF FOUR

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BLINK

TM

APPROVED BY
COMICS
AND
AUTHORITY



ROUGHER

SHE IS VERY TIRED --
IN BODY AND IN SPIRIT.

She feels
abandoned.

Weakened.

Broken.

And she's still **AMNESIAC** --
even the most crucial, basic
facts of her life remain a
mystery.

That the name she most
often goes by is **BLINK**;
that she comes from an
Earth consumed by racial
strife, where she battles as
a member of the **X-MEN**.

What she **DOES** recall --
though part of her wishes
she could forget -- is
that her heart has just
been **BROKEN**.

CLARICE...
I AM SO...
I AM SO
SORRY.

STAN
LEE
PRESENTS

FULL BLINK RECALL

IT WAS NEVER MY INTENTION TO DECEIVE YOU. I HAD NO RECOLLECTION OF MY FORMER LIFE.

IT WAS AS IF... IT HAD BEEN PLUCKED OUT OF ME. SURELY YOU CAN SYMPATHIZE?

WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING A WAR TO RETURN A KING NAMED ANNIHILUS TO POWER. THOUGH HE WAS KNOWN TO BE CRUEL, I THOUGHT HE WAS THE LESSER OF TWO EVILS.

I HAD NO IDEA THAT I AM THAT LESSER EVIL!

THAT I AM ANNIHILUS.

THIS IS THE NEGATIVE ZONE. A DIMENSION PARALLEL TO YOUR OWN. IT'S MY HOME, NOT YOURS. MY WAR, NOT YOURS. I HAD NO RIGHT TO INVOLVE YOU...

WELCOME TO A WORLD NOT OUR OWN. WHERE A MAN NAMED CHARLES XAVIER NEVER FORMED A TEAM OF YOUNG OUTCASTS TO PROTECT THE PLANET FROM THE THREAT OF EVIL MUTANTS. WHERE A WAR BETWEEN THE TWO SPECIES OF MANKIND HAS LAID WASTE TO CIVILIZATION. WHERE A BEING WHO BELIEVES THE WEAK SHOULD BE CRUSHED UNDER THE IRON HEEL OF THE STRONG LORDS OVER ALL...
WELCOME TO THE AGE OF APOCALYPSE!

He's been going on like this for the better part of two hours, and she REALLY wishes he'd shut up.

It isn't helping that she thinks she LOVES him.

She thought aiding the rebellion was HONORABLE, making the hard choice in a bizarre existence. To aid a strong leader in the reclamation of his throne.

Now it appears she was wrong.

It APPEARS that he's a dictator reclaiming his EMPIRE.

BLINK CREATED BY
SCOTT LOBDELL
JOE MADUREIRA

SCOTT
LOBDELL
PLOT

JUDD
WINICK
SCRIPT

TREBOR
McARTHUR
PENCILER

ROD
RAMOSKETCHUM
INKER

RICK
TYSON
COLORS

THOSE GUYS AT
LIQUID!
COLORS

RICHARD STARKINGS &
COMICRAFT'S SAIDA!
LETTERS

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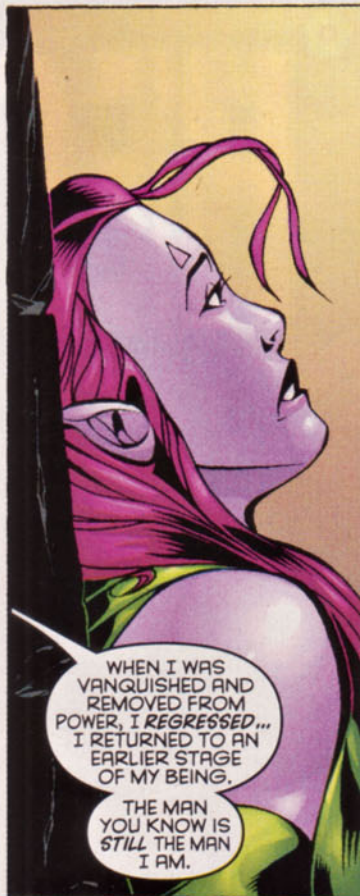
MARK
POWERS
EDITOR

JOE
QUESADA
BLINKED



PLEASE, CLARICE.

PLEASE, SPEAK TO ME, I DIDN'T KNOW...



WHEN I WAS VANQUISHED AND REMOVED FROM POWER, I REGRESSED... I RETURNED TO AN EARLIER STAGE OF MY BEING.

THE MAN YOU KNOW IS STILL THE MAN I AM.



AT LEAST... I BELIEVE THAT TO BE TRUE.

I CANNOT FATHOM ALL I HAVE DONE AS ANNIHILUS. THE DAMAGE I HAVE DONE IN THE NAME OF ORDER. THE CREATION OF THE ANNIHILATION CANNON...

...THE DEVASTATION THAT CAN BE WROUGHT BY IT.



I WILL NEVER BE THAT MONSTER AGAIN. THAT IS BECAUSE OF YOU.

AND BELIEVE ME, NOW, WHILE I STILL AM... WHILE I STILL AM AHMYOR--

--THAT I LOVE YOU. I WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU.



GODS. HE IS STILL PRATTLING ON...

SHOULD WE HAVE BEEN MORE AGGRESSIVE WITH THE LAST BEATING?

PLEASE ANSWER, CLARICE...

... I CAN BEAR IT NO LONGER...





AH, IT IS ALWAYS UPSETTING TO SEE ROMANCE END.

BUT TRY TO SEE THE BRIGHT SIDE OF IT...

... YOU WILL BE DEAD SOON.



CLARICE... ?



AT LEAST MEET MY EYES...



AAHH!

BY THE VASTNESS! ENOUGH! WHERE IS YOUR PRIDE?

SHE WANTS NOTHING FROM YOU, ANNIHILUS!




TRUE ENOUGH, SOLDIER... SHE KNOWS OF HIS DARK HEART. THERE ISN'T A CREATURE IN THE ZONE WHO DOESN'T...



... WILL YOU
NOT MEET MY
EYES, GIRL?

I AM
NOT YOUR
BETRAYING
LOVER.



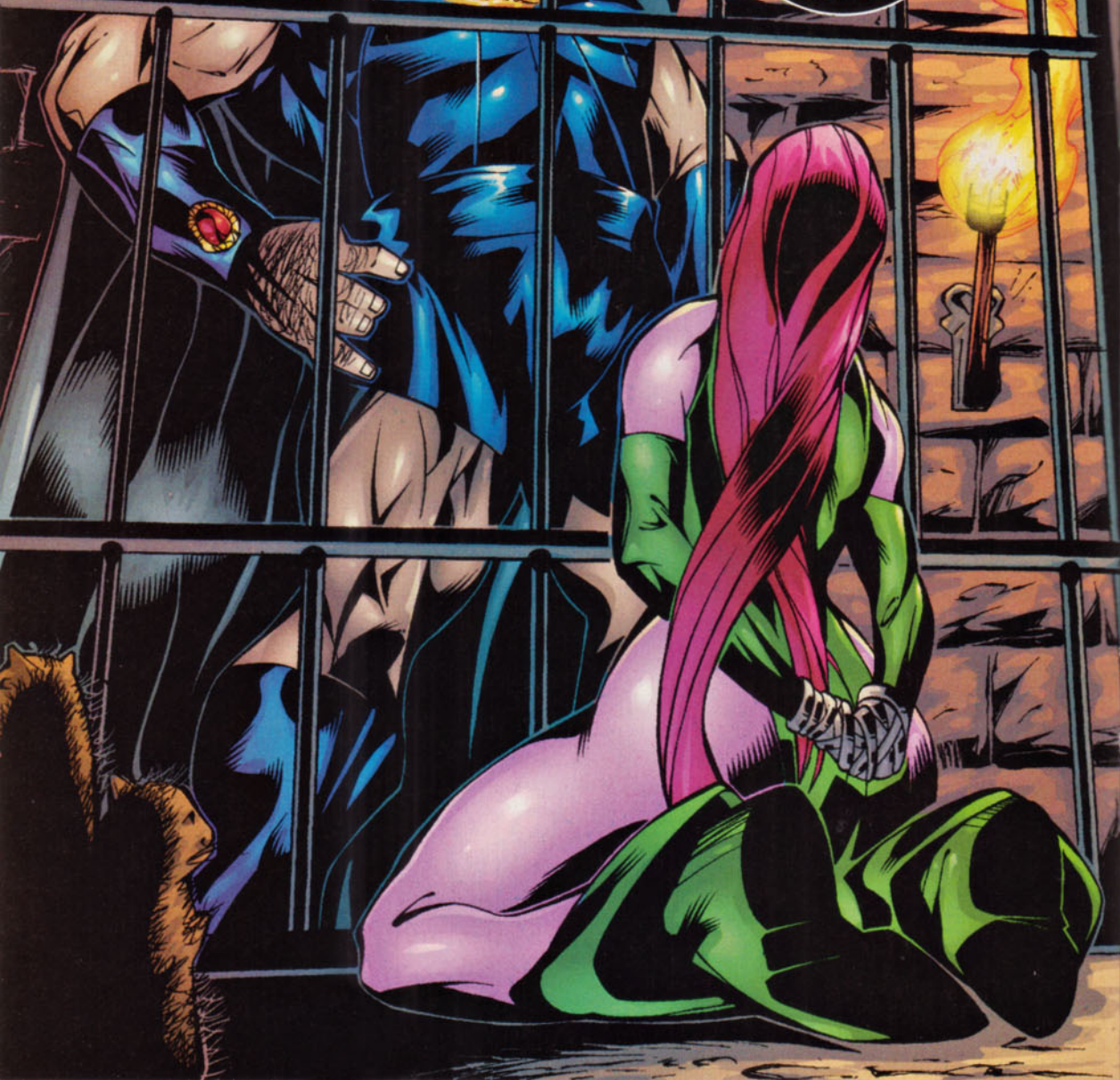
I AM SIMPLY
BLASTAAR.

THE
BRINGER
OF YOUR
DEATH.

THERE'S
A GOOD
GIRL.

YOU MUST
ADMIT, I AM *MUCH*
EASIER TO GAZE UPON
THAN ANNIHILUS...
FOR SOON, HE WILL BE
REVERTING TO HIS
TRUE, WRETCHED
APPEARANCE.

BUT, I *CAN*
UNDERSTAND
WHY A FLOWER
SUCH AS YOU COULD
FAVOR THE DOG
IN HIS *PRESENT*
CONDITION...







The roar of **BLASTAAR'S** legions is **DEAFENING**.

It has taken nearly three quarters of an hour to transport the Annihilation Cannon.

The anticipation has only made them louder.

THE TIME IS AT **HAND!** THE BATTLE IS **ALREADY WON**, BROTHERS!

HOW IRONIC THAT OUR FORMER RULER, ALONG WITH HIS DEADLY INVENTION, WILL **AGAIN** LEAD US INTO BATTLE.

BLASTAAR!
STOP THIS **MADNESS!**
THE CANNON WILL NOT JUST MEAN THE END OF EARTH --
--IT WILL MEAN THE **END OF ALL CREATION!**

THE IRONIES **ABOUND!**

A CREATURE WHO HAS NAMED HIMSELF **ANNIHILUS** IS TROUBLED BY ANNihilation.

WHY BE SO **FICKLE**? THIS IS YOUR DESTINY.

THE DEVICE CANNOT BEGIN TO FUNCTION WITHOUT THE **COSMIC CONTROL ROD** JOINED TO YOUR FORM.

YOU ARE **BOUND** TO THIS, BUT WHERE ONCE YOU WERE THE HAND THAT DROVE THE WHEEL, YOU ARE NOW BUT A **KEY** TO A DOOR --

-- A DOOR THAT, ONCE OPENED, WILL ALLOW US TO **OVERWHELM THE EARTH!**

I AM NOTHING BUT **DEATH ITSELF!** THIS WILL BE THE **END OF US ALL!**

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT WE'RE MISSING BECAUSE WE'VE GOT TO WATCH YOU, GIRL?

I SAY WE TAKE IT OUT OF HER HIDE.

I DON'T KNOW... BLASTAAR SEEMED TO TAKE A PERSONAL INTEREST IN HER MISERY...

YOU ARE THE LOWLIFES WHO WERE IN CHARGE OF GUARDING THE CHILDREN.

YOU ABUSED THOSE KIDS IN EVERY WAY IMAGINABLE.

EVEN STILL, IF YOU ALLOW ME TO GO RIGHT NOW, I'LL LET YOU LIVE.

HAA HAAH HAAH HA... THAT IS FUNNY!

TELL US, CHILD, WHAT EXACTLY WILL YOU SPARE US?

YOUR TELEPORTATION ABILITY IS ARTIFICIALLY INHIBITED BY THE CELL YOU'RE IN. WHAT CAN YOU POSSIBLY DO?

FOR STARTERS, I'LL CUT THROUGH MY BONDS WITH A SHARP STONE THAT GOT EMBEDDED IN MY ARM FROM EARLIER.

WHAT DID SHE SAY...? CUT HER DOWN! SHE'S UP--

TOO LATE.

CLAK

FLEP
FLEP
FLEP

CRACK

CHOK

THIS IS FOR
THE BEATING
YOU GAVE ME
EARLIER!

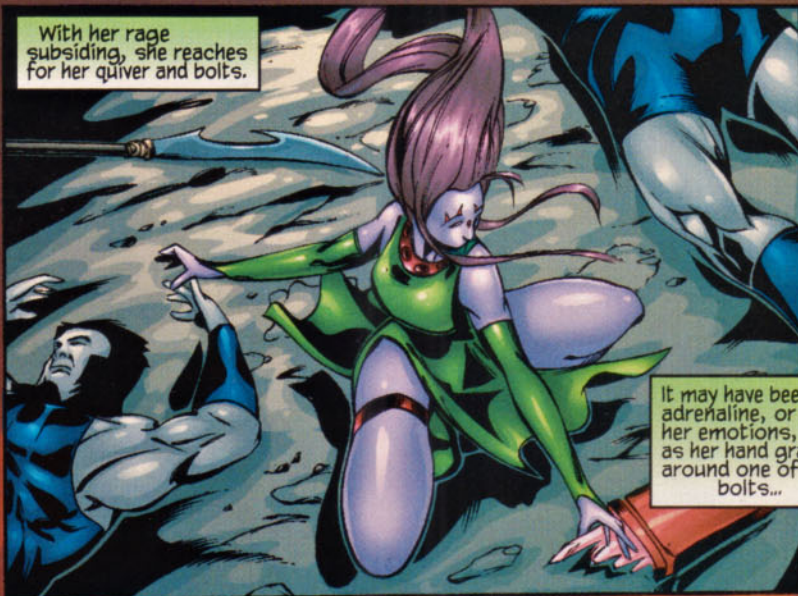
THIS IS
FOR BEATING
AHMYOR!

AND THIS
IS FOR THE
CHILDREN!

SHAAK

SHAAK

With her rage subsiding, she reaches for her quiver and bolts.



It may have been the adrenaline, or even her emotions, but as her hand grasps around one of her bolts...



...the floodgates open, and an ocean of memory crashes down upon her.

MAGNETO.

SABRETOOTH.

The X-MEN.

The world filled with war and strife.

But it is HOME.

I AM CLARICE FERGUSON.

I AM BLINK.

AND I HAVE ONE THING TO DO BEFORE I RETURN HOME.





IT IS
DONE!

HIS COSMIC
CONTROL ROD WILL
DRAW THE ENTIRE
CANNON INTO THE
ANNIHILATION
ZONE!

OUR
VICTORY
IS AT
HAND!

CLARICE--?

GODS!
FLEE! THERE
ISN'T ANY
TIME!

BLANK

IT
WON'T TAKE
MUCH!



SIRE! I
CAN FIRE
UPON THEM
IN--

NO
NEED. THEY
AREN'T GOING
ANYWHERE...



"... UNLESS YOU COUNT THE VERY SMALL *PIECES* OF THEM THAT WILL BE BLOWN ALL OVER THE ZONE."

GO...
BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE...

NO! WE'RE
LEAVING TOGETHER!
GETTING OUT OF
PLACES QUICKLY IS
WHAT I DO *BEST*--
WE'RE GONE!



NO!

THE CANNON...
IT WAS ALTERED...
TAMPERED WITH. REMOVE
ME, AND IT WILL GO
OFF... THERE IS NO
TURNING BACK.

BUT, WAIT... I
CAN STILL...
YEAH--*THAT'S*
IT.



I HAVE THREE
BOLTS LEFT...

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND,
YOU COULD HAVE
A *HUNDRED*--

I'LL
GET US
OUT!

NO,
LISTEN--

--I HAVE
THREE.

TWO FOR US,
AND THE THIRD TO
DROP THE CANNON
INTO BLASTAAR'S
BACKYARD.

IT WON'T
BE HARD, THE
GOOD GUYS
WIN. WE
GET--

THERE ARE NO GOOD GUYS!
THERE ARE ONLY ANNIHILUS
AND BLASTAAR!

AND A
FOOLISH GIRL WHO
WISHES TO CHEAT
DEATH!

IF I AM MOVED
FROM THE RESTRAINTS
IN ANY WAY, THE CANNON
WILL GO OFF!

LEAVE ME,
AND LEAVE
THE NEGATIVE
ZONE!
I AM NOT
THE MAN YOU
LOVED!

AHMYOR,
PLEASE DON'T
MAKE ME LEAVE
YOU HERE-- I'D
NEVER BE ABLE
TO-- TO...

LET ME
JUST TRY!
IF WE DIE
TRYING--

NO!

IF YOU HAVE
ANY LOVE FOR
ME, YOU WILL
GO.
DO NOT
FORCE ME TO ENTER
DEATH KNOWING I
HAVE DESTROYED THE
ONLY BEING EVER
TO REACH ME...

... THE
ONLY
ONE I EVER
LOVED.



NOW GO!
FORGET THIS
MADNESS--
THIS PLACE--

--AND
FORGET ME!
I WAS NEVER
WORTHY OF
YOU.

I WILL
NEVER
FORGET
YOU. NEVER.

LEAVE
ME!



CLARICE!
WHAT ARE--

BANK



SAVING
YOU!
GOOD-
BYE,
AHMYO--

BANK



"THE
CANNON!"



IT-- IT IS--
EVAPORATING
FROM VIEW!

IS
THAT HOW IT
FUNCTIONS,
SIRE?

NO, IT
IS NOT.

BOOM

Less than three miles
away, Annihilus is
SAFE...

...and he is *HIMSELF*
again.

A rage burns in
his heart, and
thoughts of
REVENGE boil
within him.

But an *IMAGE*
flutters across
his mind's eye.

It gives his anger
PAUSE.

It gives him a
moment's *PEACE.*

CLARICE...



EPILOGUE.

Earth.

SORRY ABOUT TH' CHICKEN. I THOUGHT IF I COOKED IT LONG ENOUGH --

THAT IT WOULDN'T TASTE LIKE SPOILED MEAT? YES, IT WAS A GOOD THOUGHT.

IT'S NOT SO BAD, IN A GAMEY, OVERSPICED JERKY KIND OF WAY.

PLEASE, ALL OF YOU -- STOP THIS. IT ISN'T HELPING THE SITUATION.



"SITUATION"?

ONE OF OUR OWN IS MISSING -- HURT, MAYBE DEAD -- AND THAT'S A SITUATION?

MAYBE IF WE WEREN'T SITTING HERE ON OUR BIG DUFFS STUFFING OUR FACES WITH THIS GARBAGE, AND WERE OUT THERE LOOKING --

VICTOR, SINCE CLARICE DISAPPEARED, ALL WE HAVE BEEN DOING IS SEARCHING. WE WILL TAKE AN HOUR FOR A MEAL, THEN HEAD BACK OUT.



ALL YOU'VE DONE, VICTOR, IS CRITICIZE! YOU ACT LIKE NONE OF US WANT TO FIND HER.

SHE'S NOT HELPLESS, EITHER! SHE'S NOT THE LITTLE LAMB YOU RESCUED YEARS AGO. SHE'S AN X-MAN NOW.

WHO WANTS PIZZA? I'M GOING TO ORDER A PIZZA. DO WE KNOW ANY JOINTS THAT HAVEN'T BEEN LEVELLED?

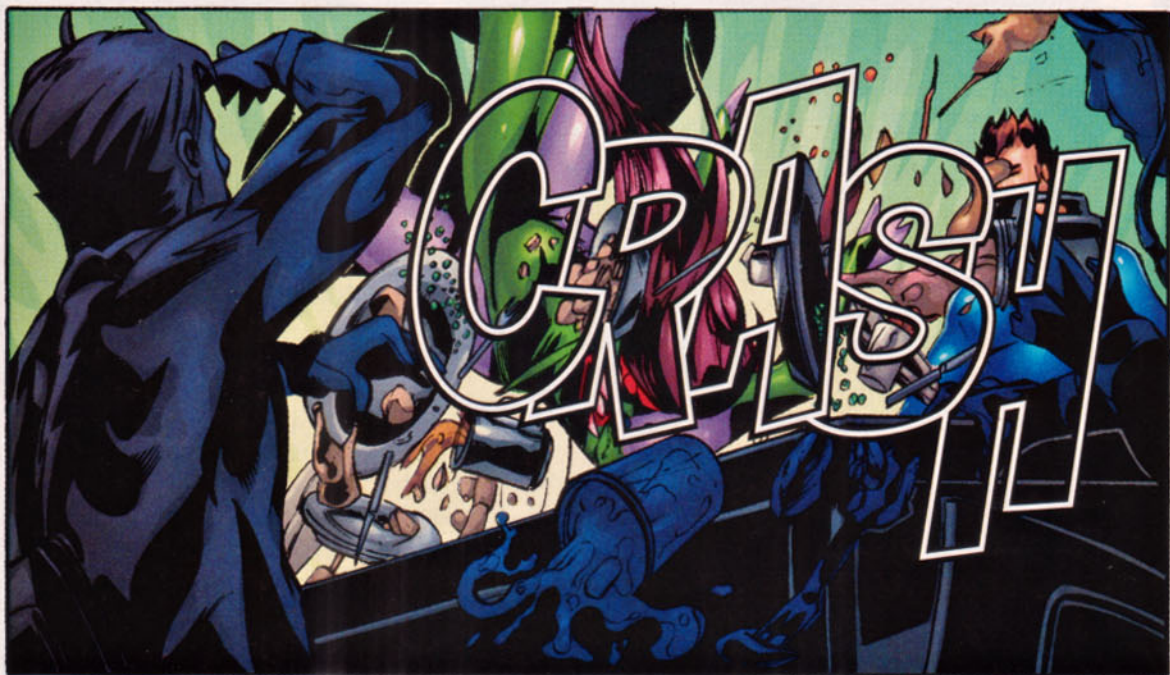
WAIT -- IT SHIFTED ABOVE --

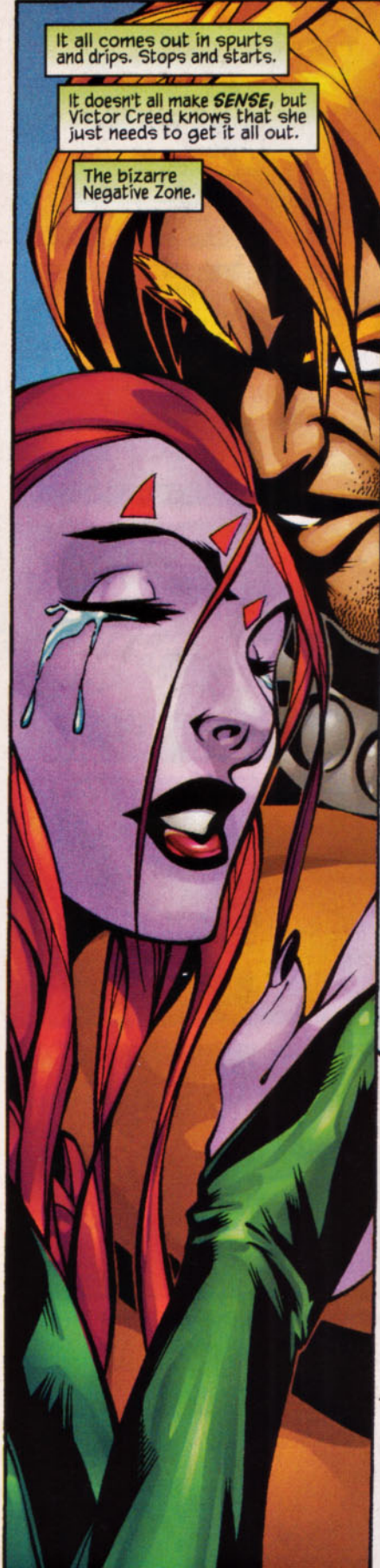


AS ENTERTAINING AS THIS ALL IS, I MUST INTERRUPT.

I'M SENSING A VIBRATION AROUND US...

BINK





It all comes out in spurts and drips. Stops and starts.

It doesn't all make *SENSE*, but Victor Creed knows that she just needs to get it all out.

The bizarre Negative Zone.

Joining the rebellion...

...falling in love with a conflicted warrior...

...and just how much she will *MISS* him.

IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT, GIRL.

SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO TAKE SOLACE IN FATE.

FATE BROUGHT YOU TOGETHER, AND IT BROKE YOU APART.

BUT IT CAN NEVER CHANGE HOW YOU *FEEL*.

NOTHING IS EVER DIMINISHED JUST BECAUSE IT *ENDS*...



"...DON'T EVER FORGET THAT. DON'T EVER GIVE UP YOUR PAST."

MONTHS LATER...

...the END of the AGE OF APOCALYPSE.

She is very tired.

In body and in spirit.

She feels abandoned.

Weakened.

BROKEN.



Her world is about to come to an END.

NOT YET!

PLEASE, GOD-- I'M NOT READY.

BLEEEEEHH



The life she knows here.

The FRIENDS.

The FAMILY.

The FOES.

BAKDOOM

BAKDOOM



They will all cease to EXIST.

WHU-- WHAT'S HAPPENING?!



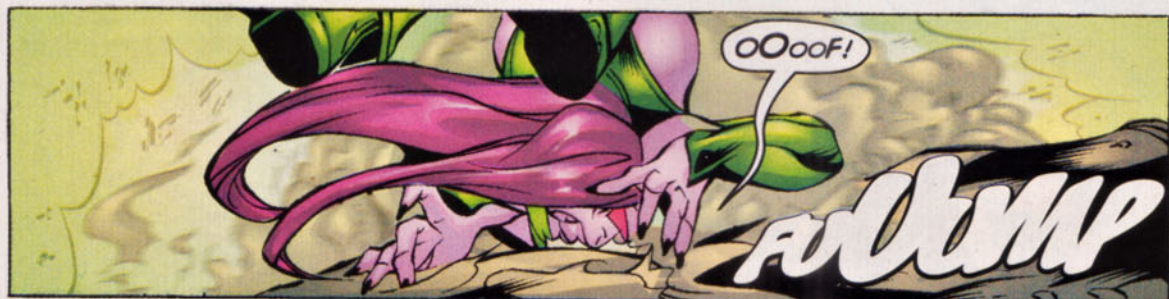
AAH!



And a new life is about to BEGIN.

Location: absolutely nowhere.

Time: absolutely nowhen.





WHERE THE HECK
IS EVERYBODY?



DON'T
COMPLAIN SO
MUCH. AT LEAST YOU
HAVE CLOTHES
ON.



JUMPY, AIN'T
WE?

RELAX. I
RARELY FIGHT
PEOPLE IN MY
UNDERWEAR.

"... HOW
THEY GOT IN
MY UNDERWEAR,
I'LL NEVER
KNOW..."

It is only the
beginning...

TO BE CONTINUED... **EXILES** ON SALE
IN JUNE!