

ULTIMATE EXTINCTION™

ISSUE

4
OF FIVE



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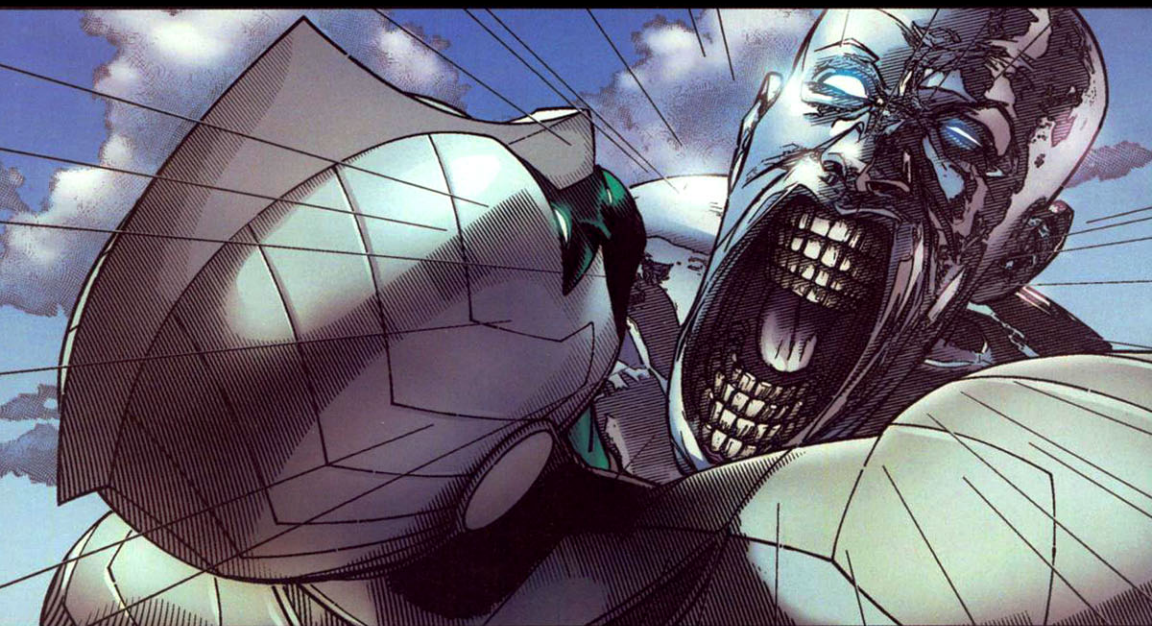
PREVIOUSLY IN ULTIMATE EXTINCTION:

Gah Lak Tus—the world-devourer, the uncreator—is coming to kill the Earth.

S.H.I.E.L.D. Director Nick Fury has assembled the world's greatest minds to fight this foe. While the X-Men's telepaths, Professor Xavier and Jean Gray, look for answers, Reed Richards (leader of the young super-hero team the Fantastic Four) believes he may have discovered a terrible solution...

Meanwhile, cybernetic-armed private detective Misty Knight's investigation of a strange cult reveals a silver-colored winged man...and a mysterious bald woman, both of whom try to kill her before Captain America and the Falcon intercede.

But throughout the world come reports of people painting themselves silver—and when another super-human metallic man appears in the skies, Iron Man and the alien called Captain Marvel move to intercept...



ULTIMATE EXTINCTION

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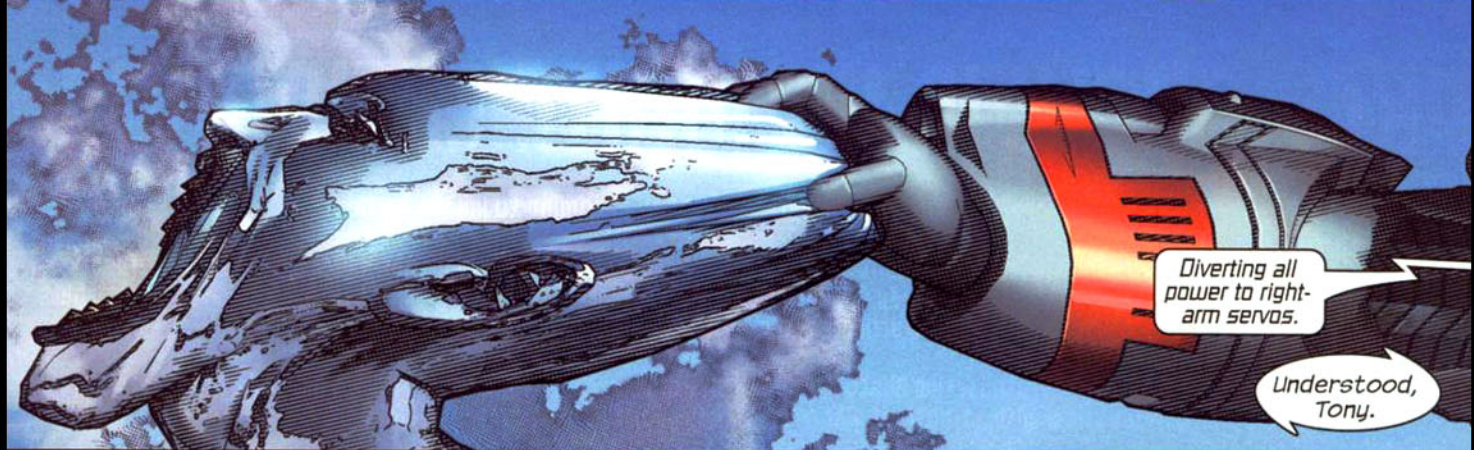
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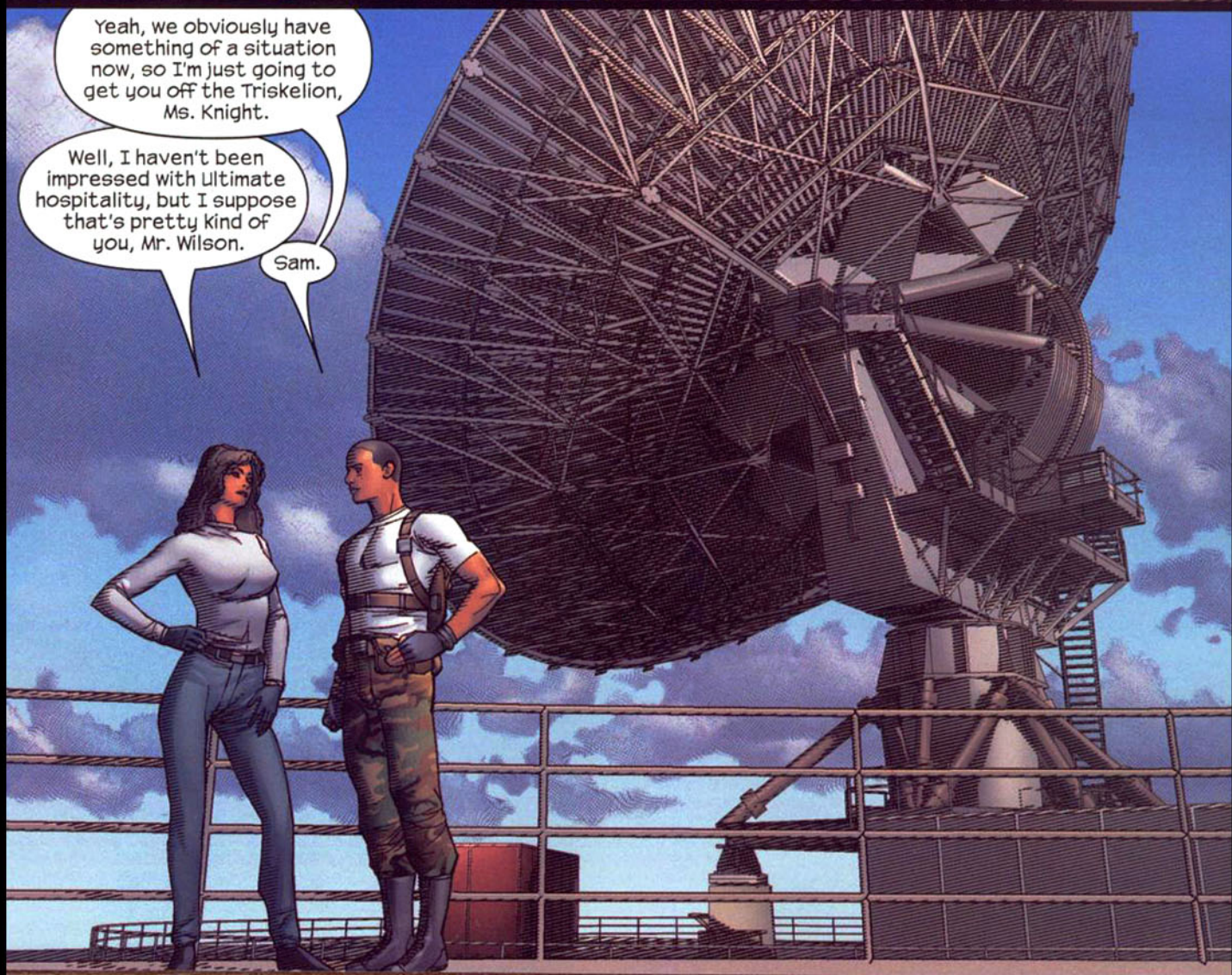


Recovery teams are on intercept. Will attempt to recover the body--

Belay that, recovery team leader-- Iron Man and Marvel are priority--pick up the other body only if you can, without endangering my people's lives--



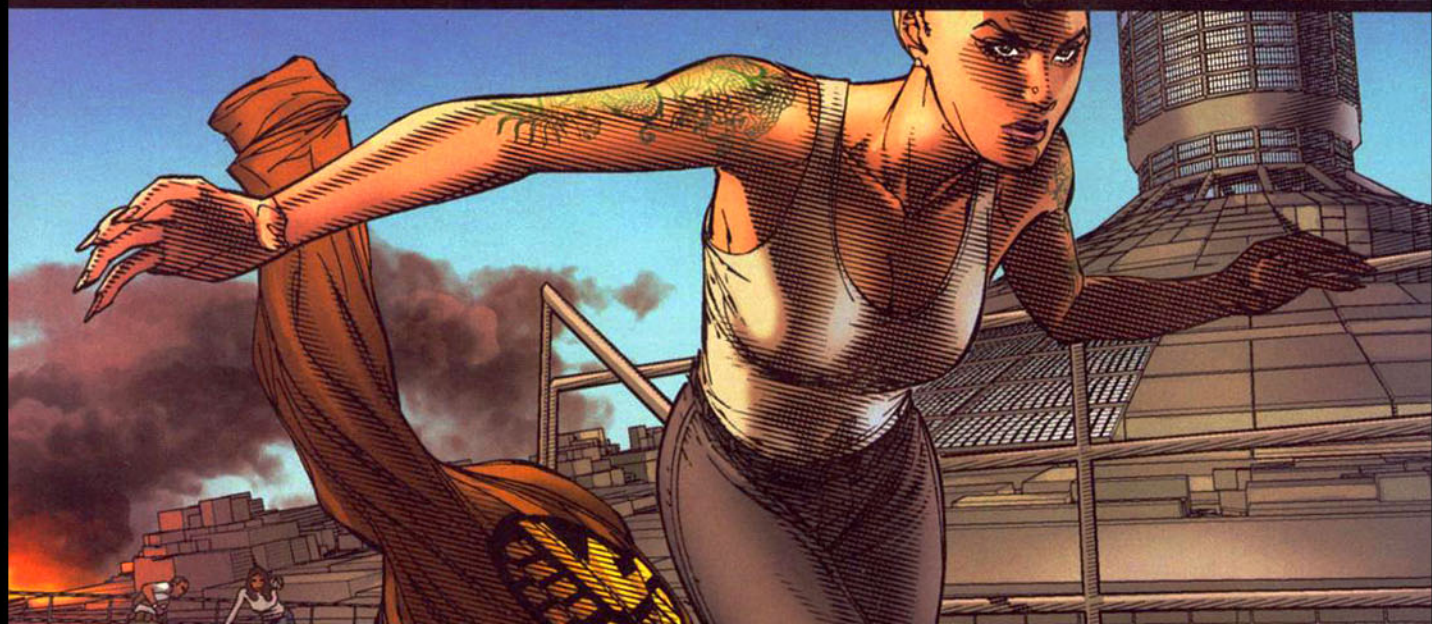
Damn. This is getting just too weird.

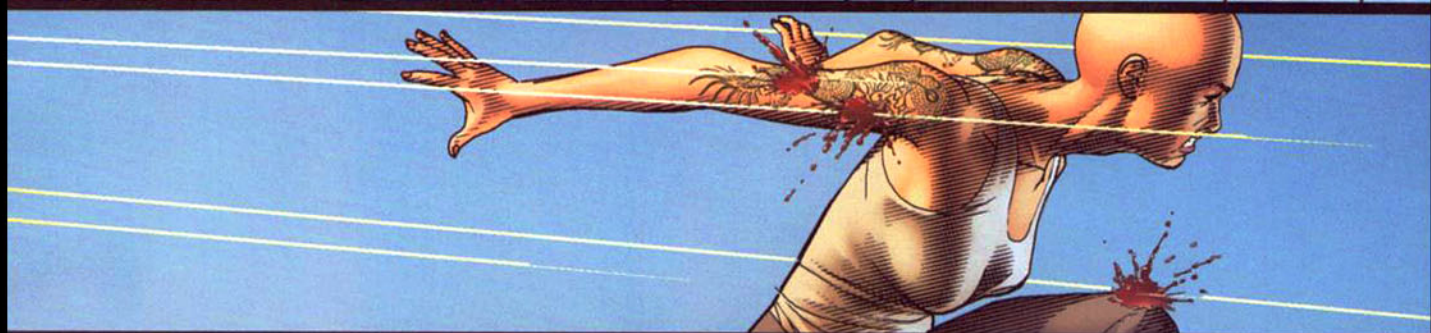
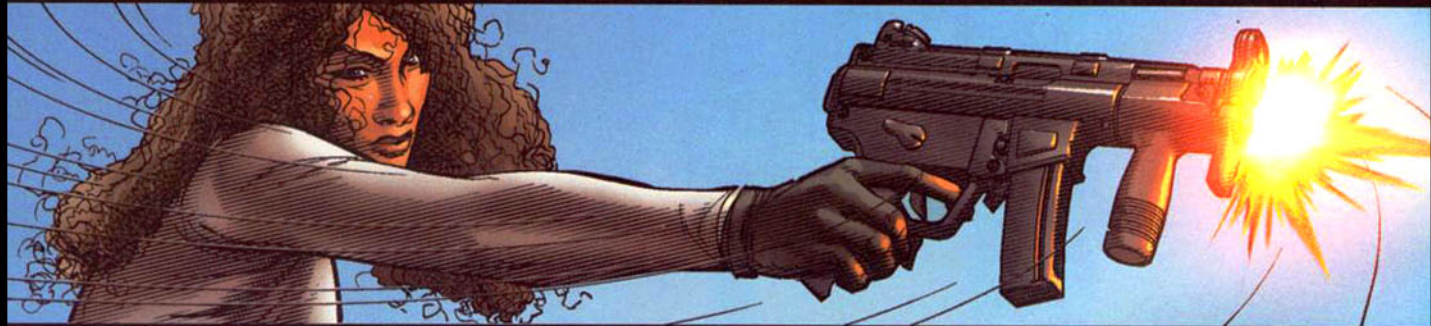
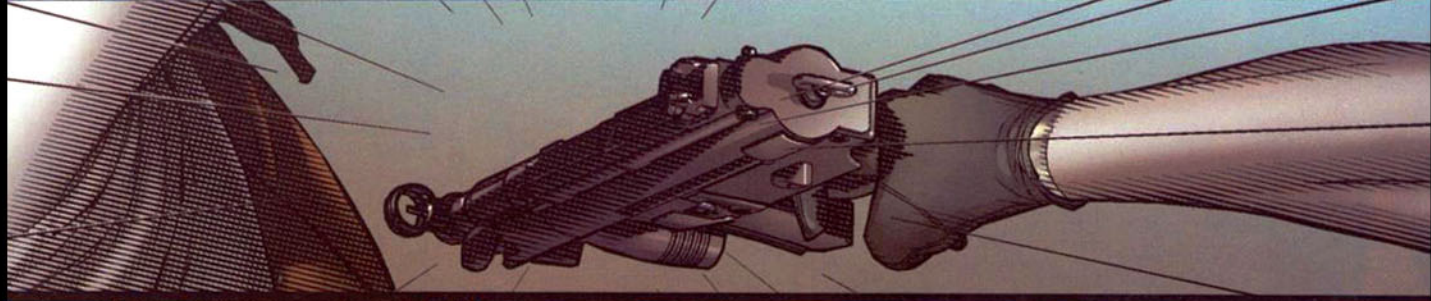


Yeah, we obviously have something of a situation now, so I'm just going to get you off the Triskelion, Ms. Knight.

Well, I haven't been impressed with Ultimate hospitality, but I suppose that's pretty kind of you, Mr. Wilson.

Sam.





Bald, tattooed, dead more than twenty years--and sneaking off your floating castle moments after something blows up.

You bring Captain America out here-- I got something for him to kiss.

Fire crews! Lock down the base! All choppers in the air, **now!** Scramble the engineering corps!

General! It's Reed Richards!


Not now, dammit!

It's on secure channel red zero, sir!

Richards, you better not be messing me around, using the emergency channel for--

Fury, you need to get engineers to my old site in Nevada, right now. I need as much Adamantium as you can buy or steal--

We have a situation here, Richards.



And I have
a way to wound
and possibly kill
Gah Lak Tus.



Well...


...I can't
undo it
now.



We shouldn't
have to think
about things
like this.

We shouldn't
have to do
this.

It's too
big.



Don't
touch me.

Not
right now,
okay?

Just...don't
touch me,
Reed.

ONE DAY PASSES:

It was fascinating, Jean. I've never experienced such simple, uncomplicated contempt and revulsion before.

It genuinely hates organic life. All expressions of organic life. All expressions of minded creatures.

Just my touching its consciousness made it feel unclear. It, um...freaked out.



"Freaked out."

I do, on occasion, like to be down with the young people.

Yeah, well. The young people are painting their heads silver and talking about mass suicide.



That's getting worse?

All over the world. The Silver Men are emerging now, and they've gathered thousands of followers. Makes you wonder how long they've been here.

I wonder if we can get this rebuilt.



I hope so. I think it could be our best weapon.

Can we get access to the Vision, do you think?

We should have full access to anything relating to this crisis. What do you have in mind?



I think Gah Lak Tus' reaction to you has given away the game a little bit.

I think the Cerebro amplification is actually the best weapon we have.

I'm not sure, Professor--but I may have a way to defend us from Gah Lak Tus.

If we have the time.



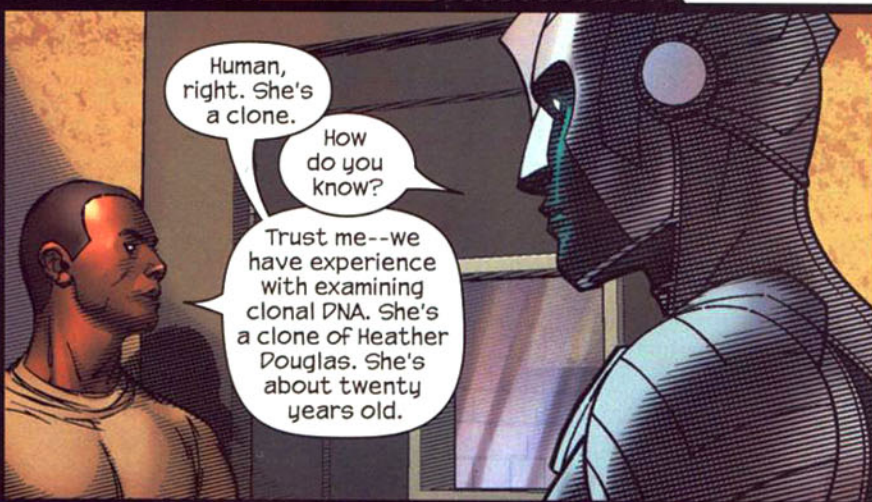
ANOTHER DAY PASSES:



I have to keep the suit on to heal my arm. I'm not going in there in the suit.

She's crazy. The crazy just radiates right off her. You need to put ordinary-looking humans in front of her if she's going to talk.

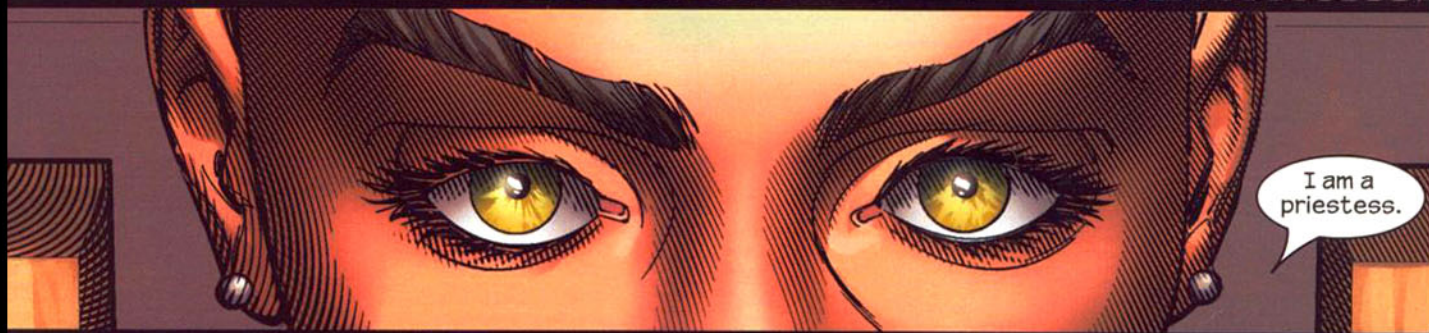
Humans are weird like that.



Human, right. She's a clone.

How do you know?

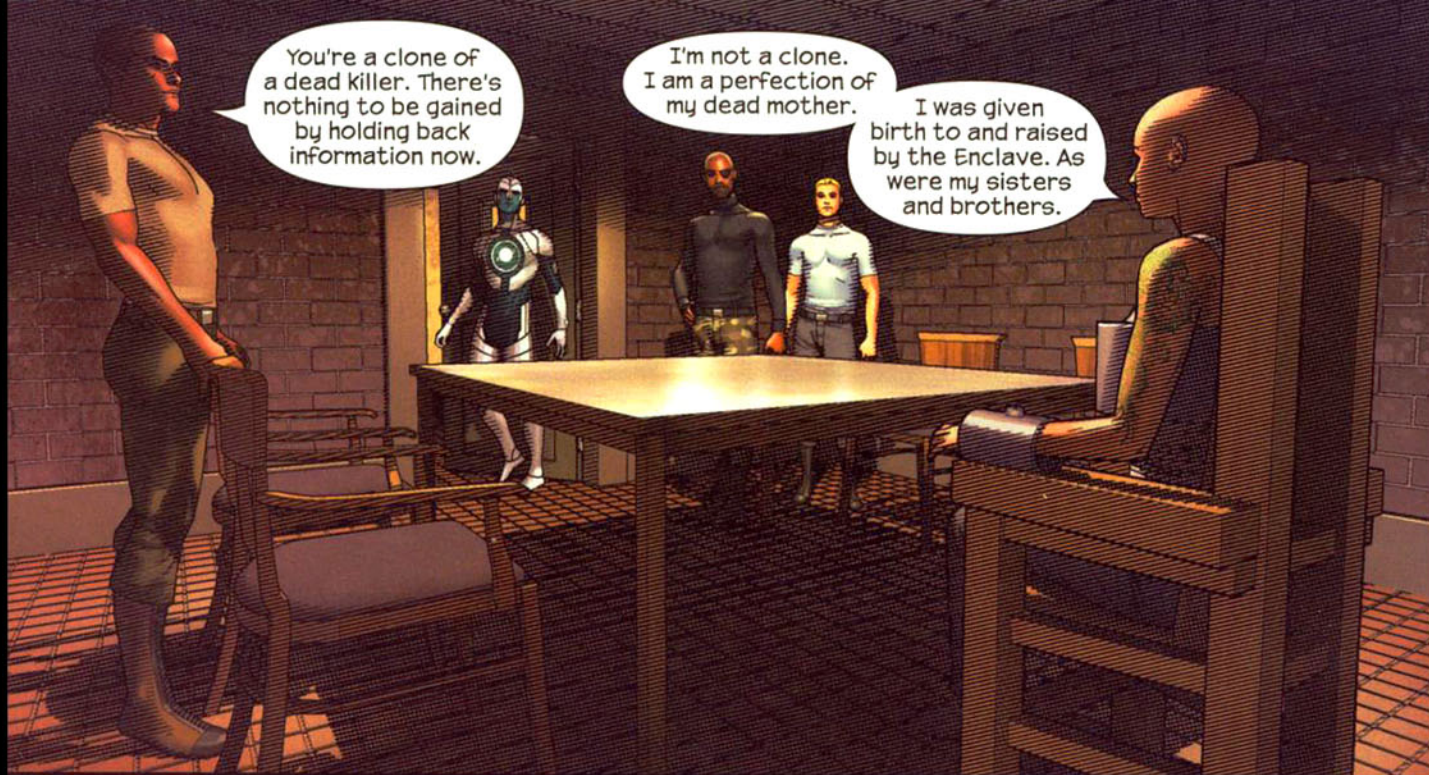
Trust me--we have experience with examining clonal DNA. She's a clone of Heather Douglas. She's about twenty years old.



I am a priestess.



The interrogation cells are soundproofed, right...?



You're a clone of a dead killer. There's nothing to be gained by holding back information now.

I'm not a clone. I am a perfection of my dead mother.

I was given birth to and raised by the Enclave. As were my sisters and brothers.



Oh my God. More of you?

Many more. We are the perfect children of Earth, trained to meet the perfect emissary from space.

Gah Lak Tus?



If that's what you call him.

More than twenty years ago, my fathers purchased private time at the Arecibo observatory.

Applying their own algorithms to the array's computers, they caused Arecibo to image at an amplified resolution.



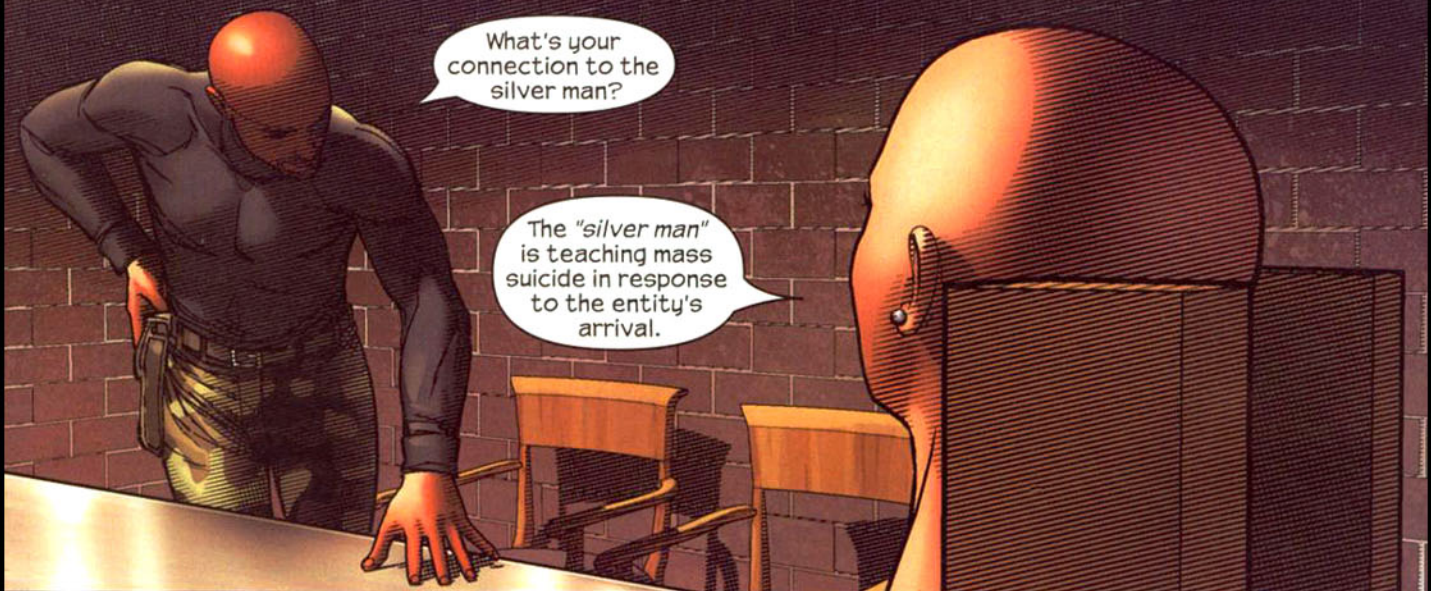
They saw the processional entity in the orbit of Alpha Centauri, and clearly in transit to our sun.

Twenty years of preparation to meet him.




We're not going to allow you to usurp our position. You simply haven't been bred to meet a superior entity from another world.

We have.




What's your connection to the silver man?

The "silver man" is teaching mass suicide in response to the entity's arrival.

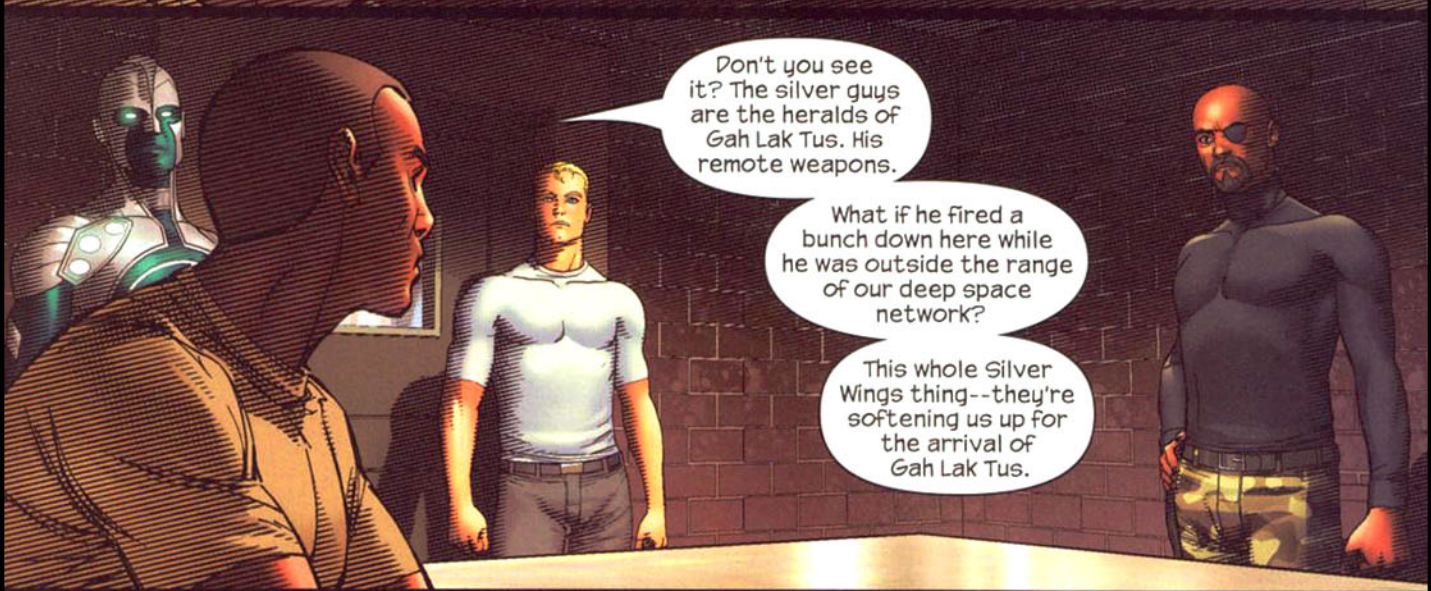


He is teaching that an angry god is returning to Earth, and that only suicide will placate him--

--and see their souls drawn up into his heaven.




Oh, hell.



Don't you see it? The silver guys are the heralds of Gah Lak Tus. His remote weapons.

What if he fired a bunch down here while he was outside the range of our deep space network?

This whole Silver Wings thing--they're softening us up for the arrival of Gah Lak Tus.



Space is big. A lot of distance between suns.

If eating planets is what powers you, you're going to want to expend as little energy as possible in doing it.

So if a whole chunk of the populace is already subjugated--



Less chance of
expending energy on
defending yourself from
planetary defense
systems.

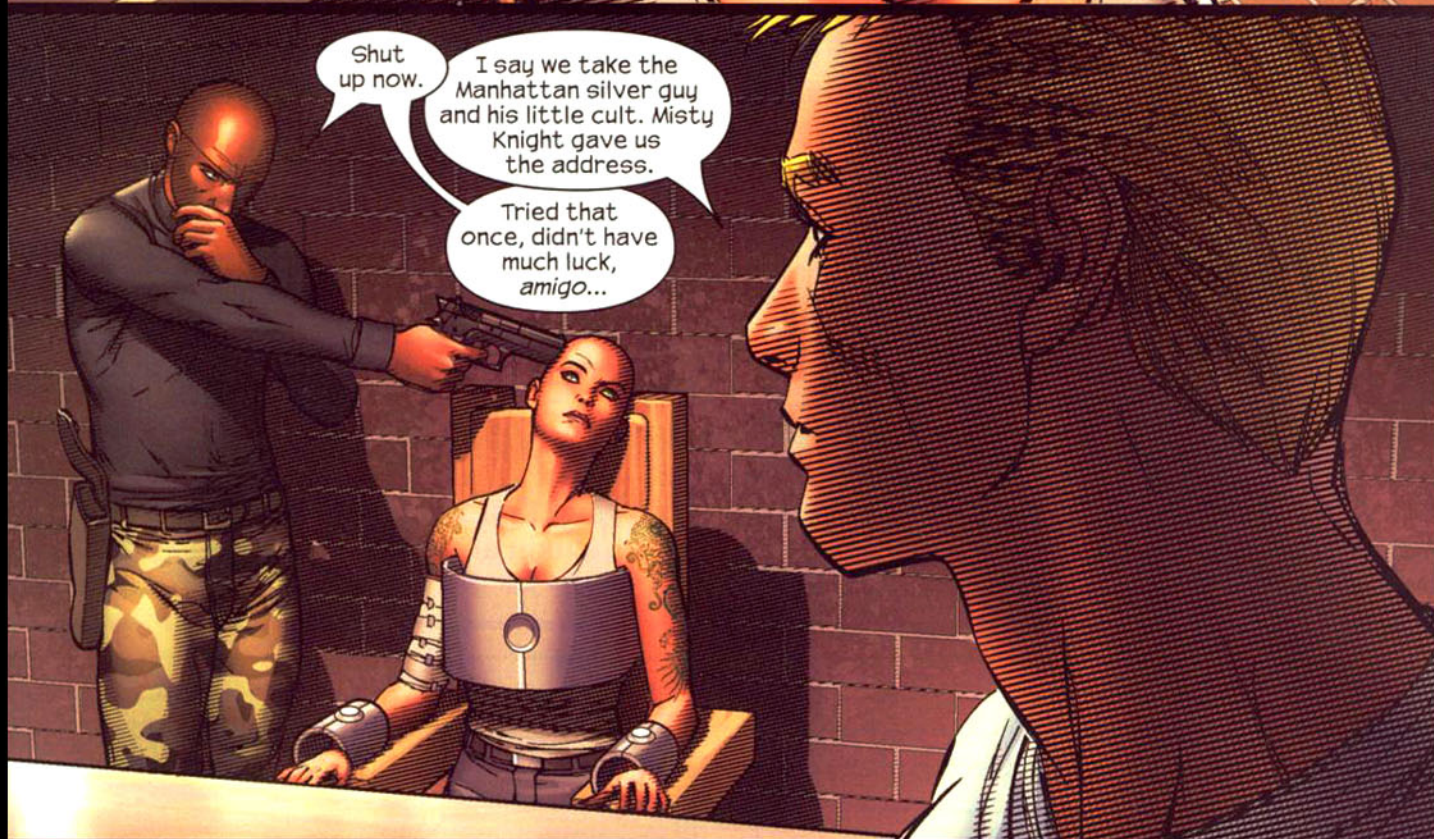
Holy
God, that's
sneaky.

I want one of
these guys. We didn't
retrieve the one Tony
trashed, and I
want one.



We are all failing
to kill them. You're
not going to do
any better.

I have many
brothers and
sisters. You'll all
be dead soon.



Shut
up now.

I say we take the
Manhattan silver guy
and his little cult. Misty
Knight gave us
the address.

Tried that
once, didn't have
much luck,
amigo...



We didn't know what
we were dealing with.
Now we do.

And you
know what
else?

Aside from the
operational aspects
of taking this guy into
custody--or killing
him--

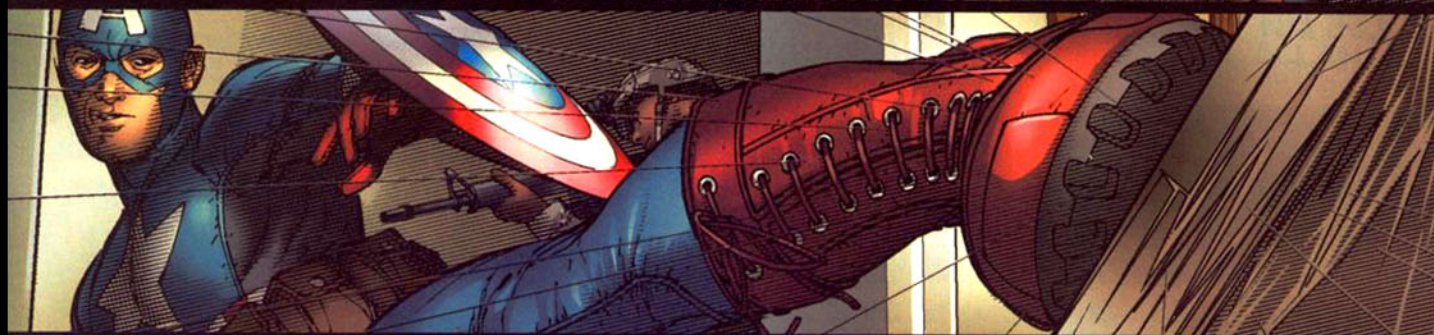


--the idea of someone in America
trying to bring on the end of the world
by perverting the concept of God...

I'm not
sitting still for
that, Nick.

Give me a
strike team
and Marvel.

You have a go.
Make it happen,
Captain.

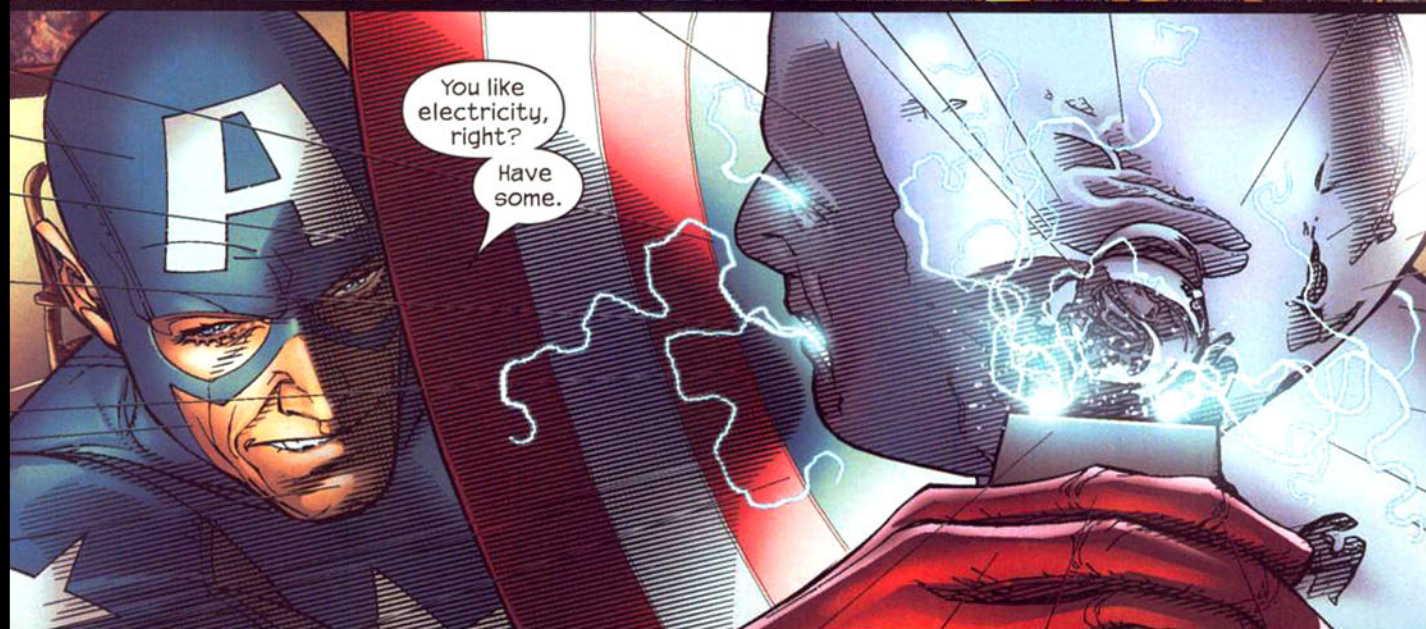
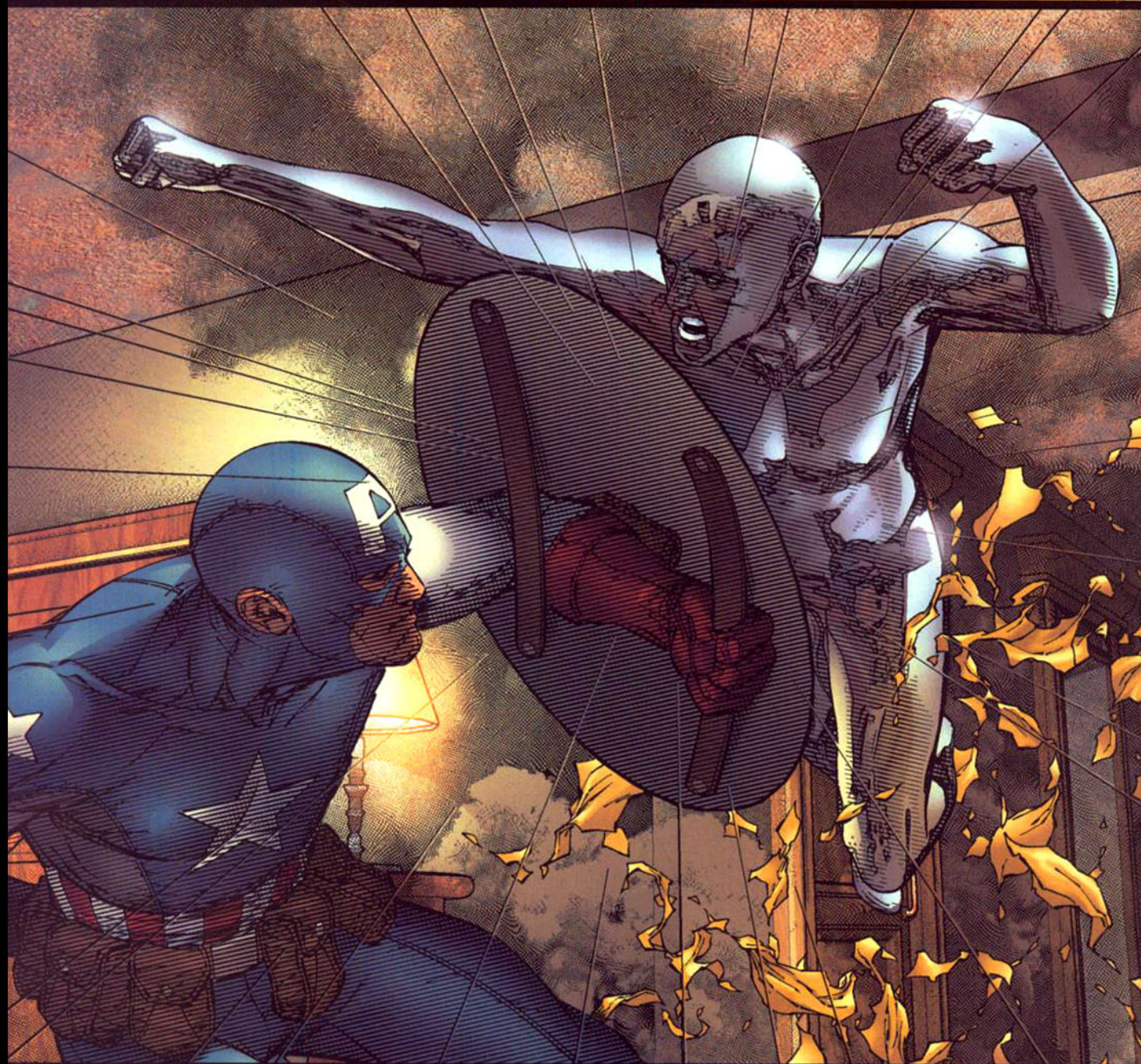


If anyone even
looks at you funny,
send them to their
space god.

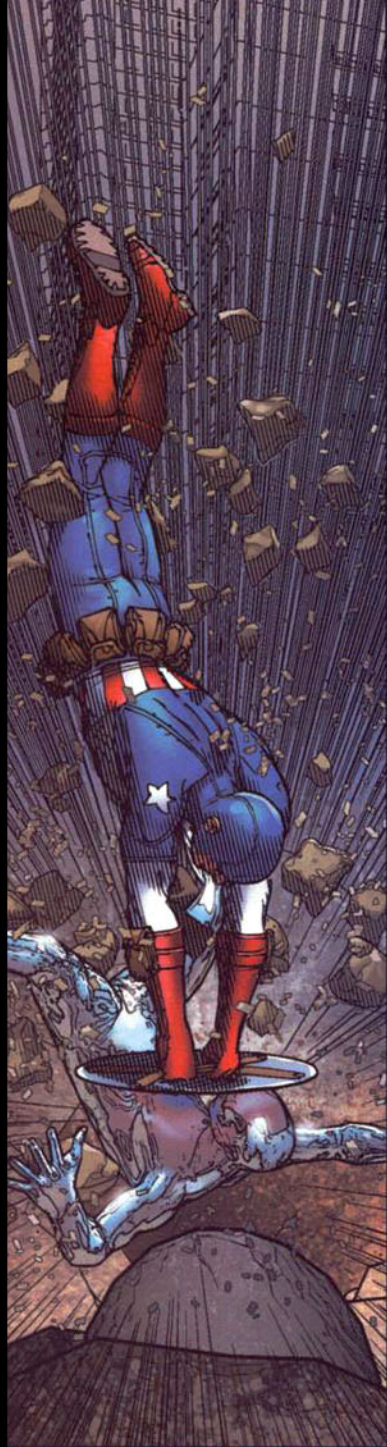


Flashbang!







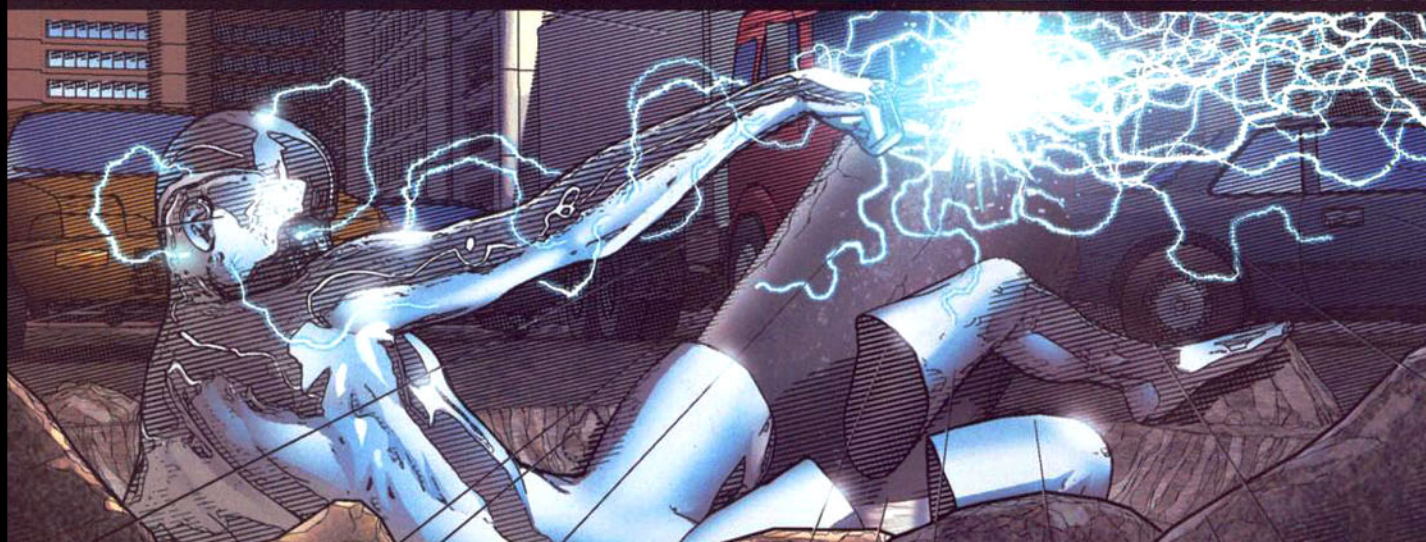


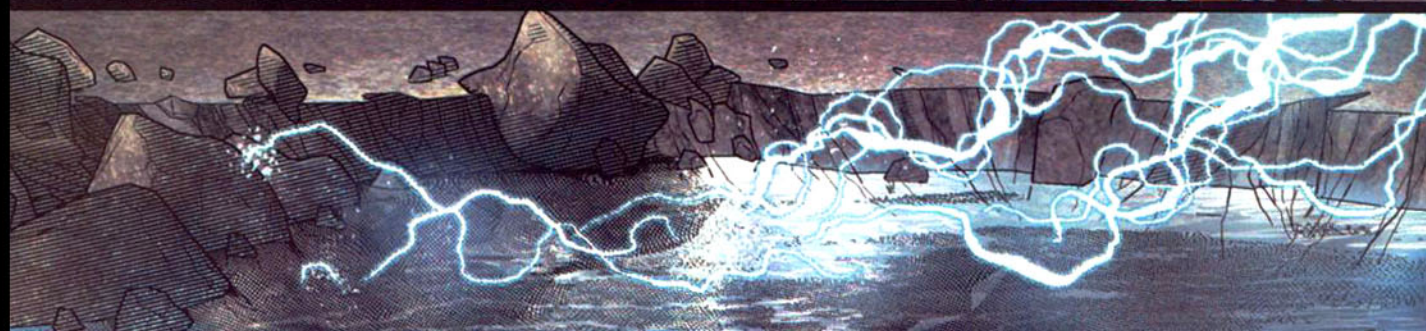
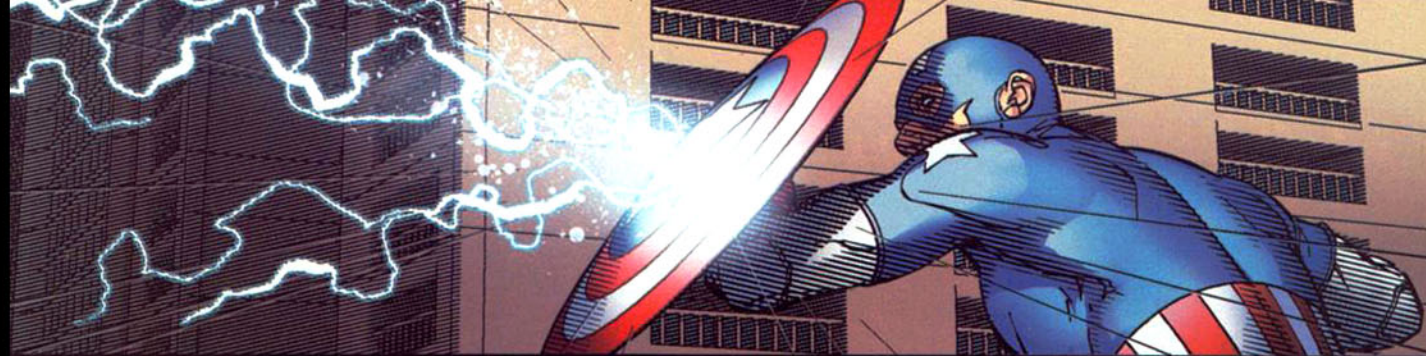
Now let's
try this
again.

Marvel!



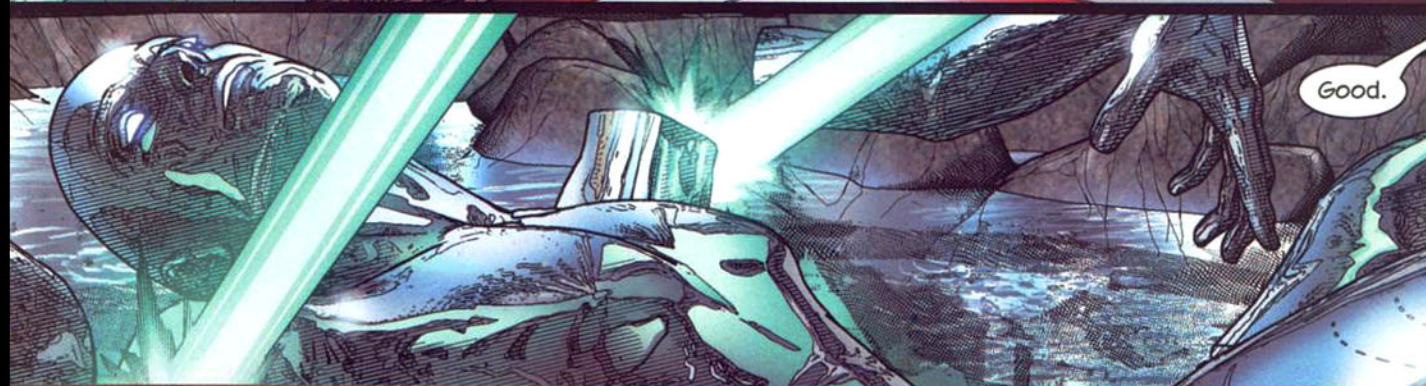
And I know
exactly what
setting to use
on you this
time--





Captain, do you have a thing about kicking people when they're down?

No, Captain-- I always figured that was the best time to kick 'em.



Good.



Riots...

TV says it's like this all over the world...

What a night...



Okay, enough of this maudlin stuff.

Who wants to help me interrogate a quadriplegic alien messiah?



Vision, do you understand what we're asking?

Yes. Comprehend.

It is not within my gift.



Why not?

Have not done it before. It is not what I am designed for.



You are an evolving, self-healing machine life. It doesn't *matter* what you are designed for.

I was designed to record. To tell. Not to fight.

It's *not* fighting, Vision. It *is* recording and telling.



The only differences are that you'd be recording something new to you--

--and telling someone you've never considered speaking to before.

Yes?



Yes.

Bring me Sam Wilson and Mahr Vehl.

There is much to do. And I know so little of this world.



I rock.

Is that like freaking out?

A bit.



Dr. Richards, these are the new superpositioning coordinates...

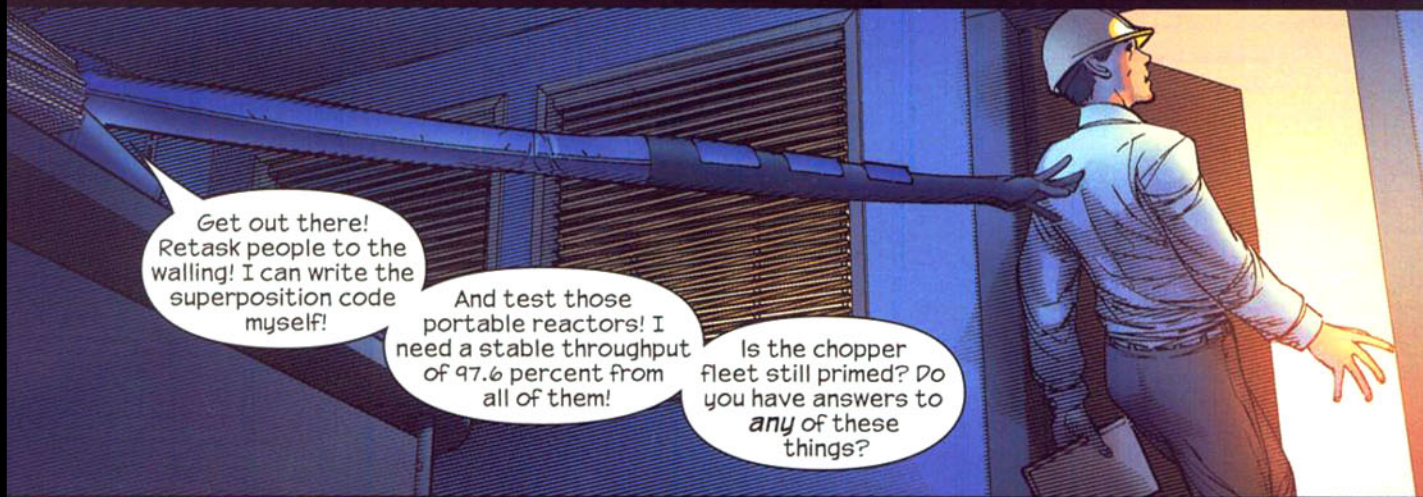
I didn't want those. I wanted a stress test on the gate-walling.

Adamantium's a pig to work, Dr. Richards. You've got to give me more time or more men for that.



Then call Fury! Like I don't know you call Fury once an hour to *report* on me! *Get* more men!

If the gate-walling doesn't flex to the tolerances I gave you, we may as well all go home, paint our heads silver and wait to die!



Get out there! Retask people to the walling! I can write the superposition code myself!

And test those portable reactors! I need a stable throughput of 97.6 percent from all of them!

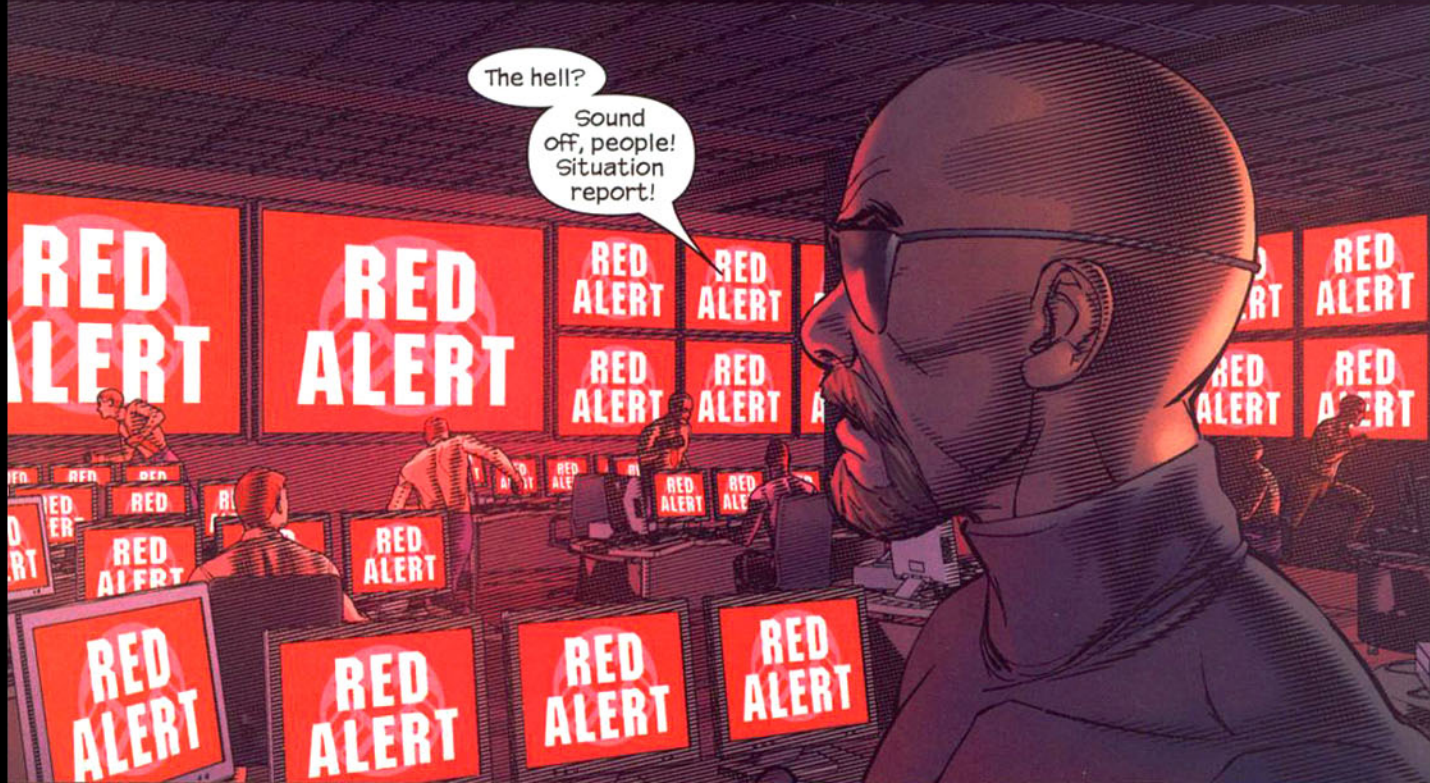
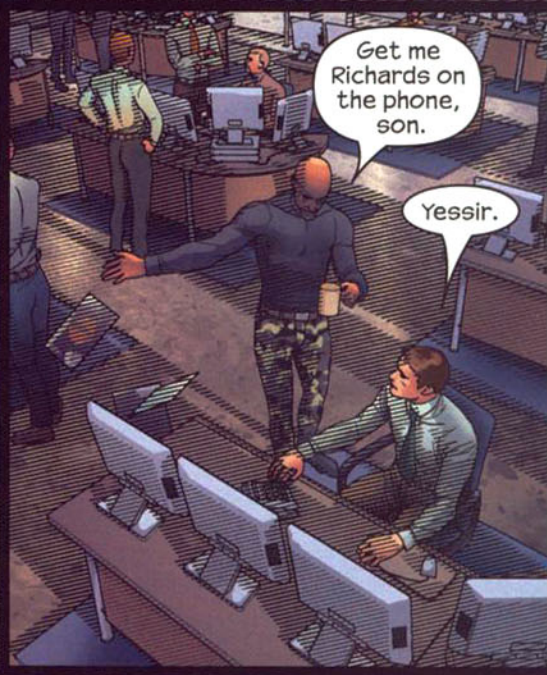
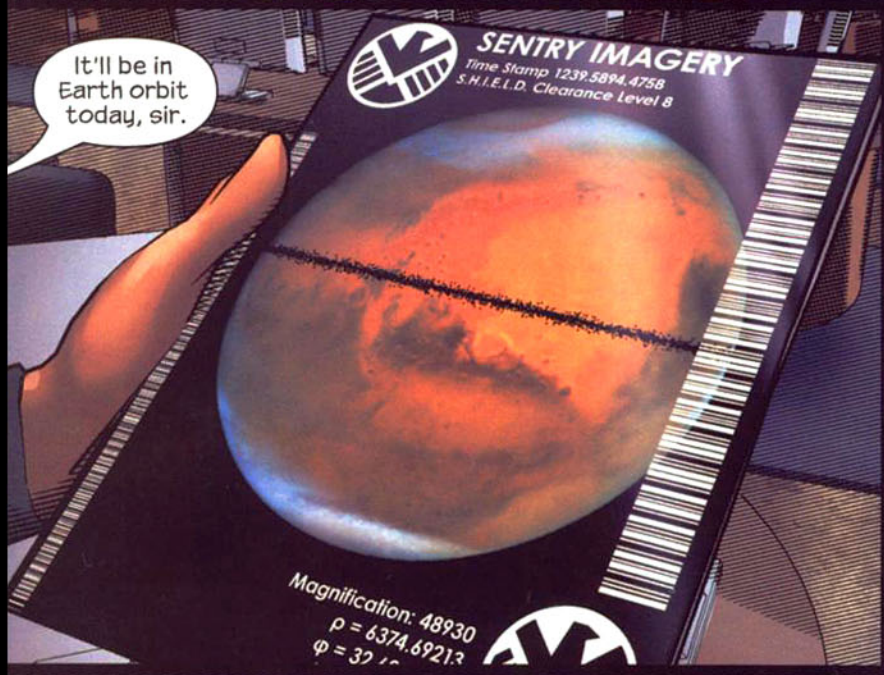
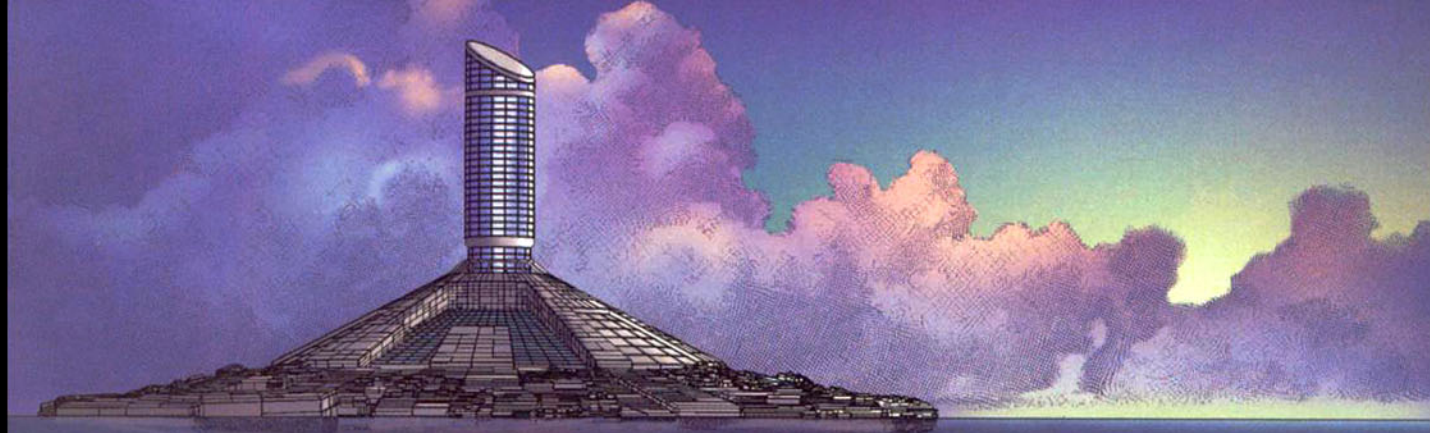
Is the chopper fleet still primed? Do you have answers to *any* of these things?

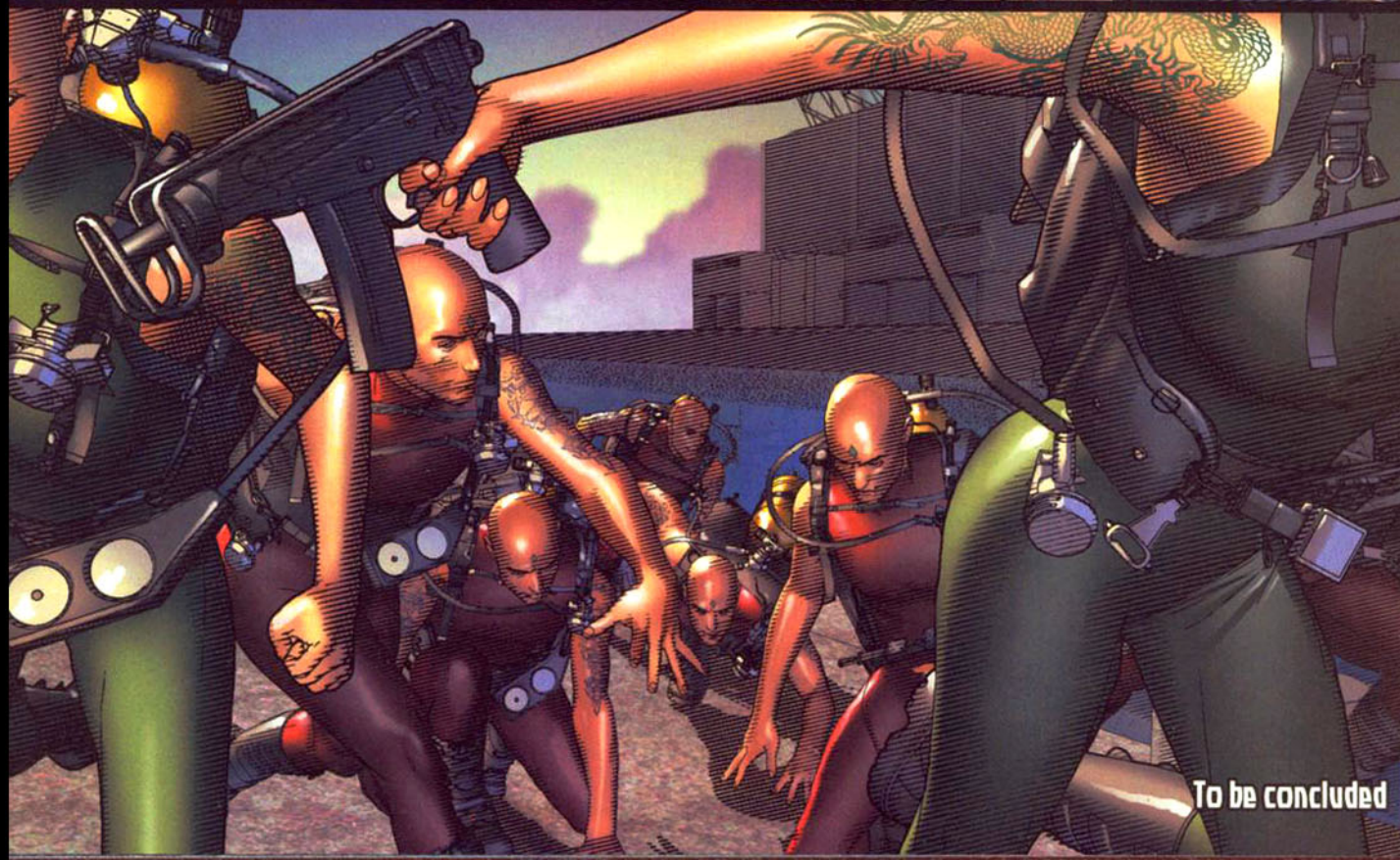
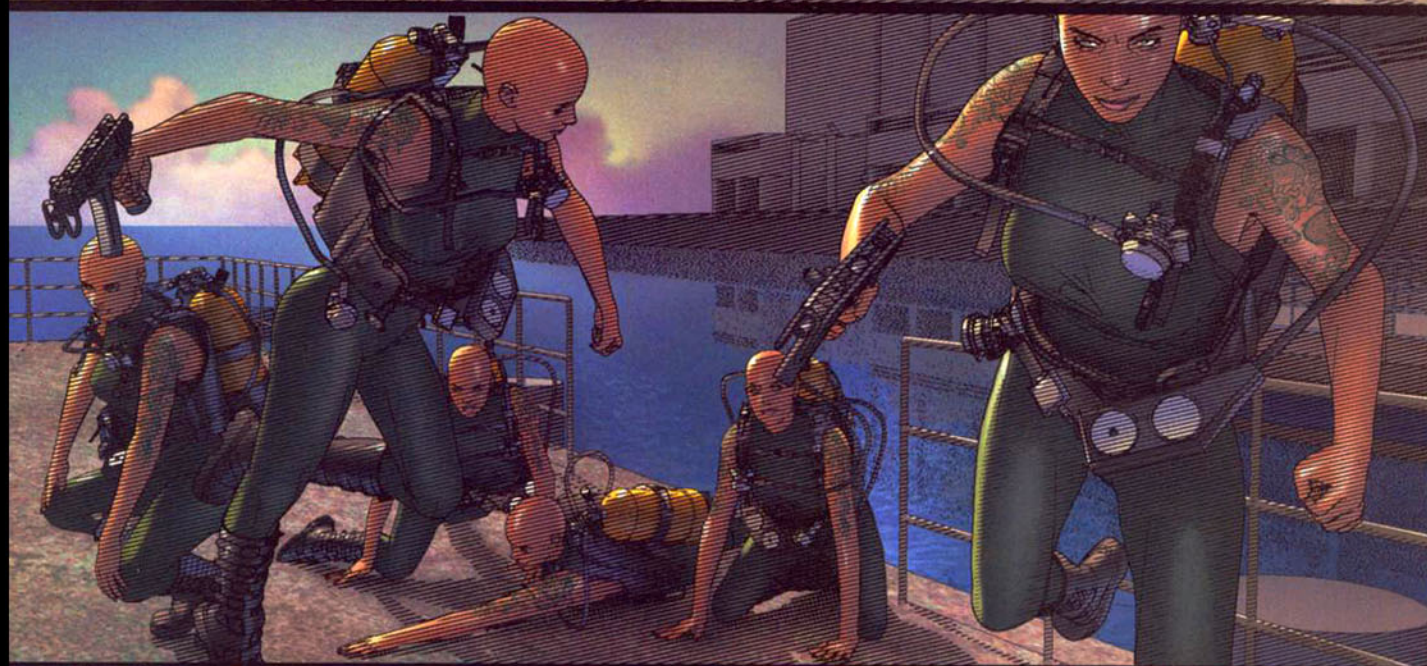
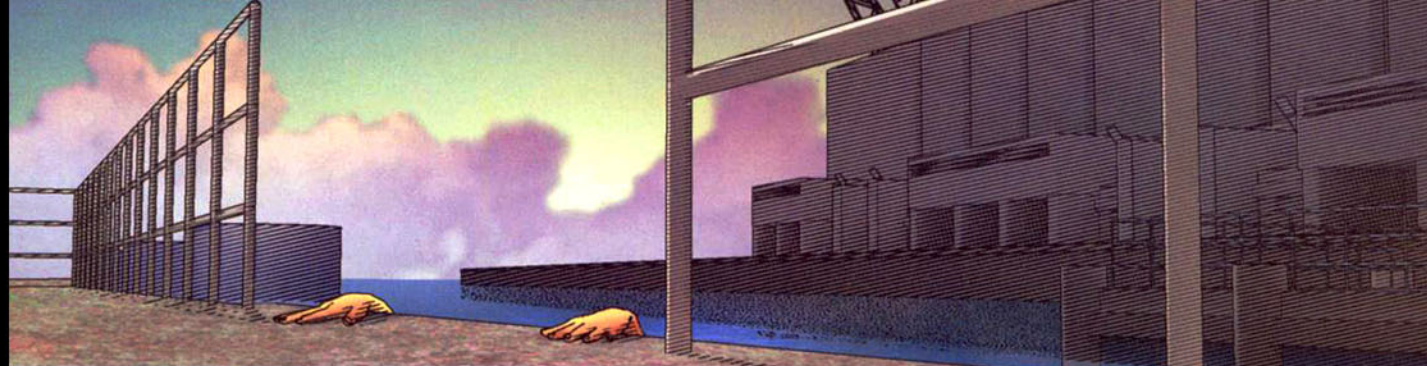


God.

Can't you people see I'm trying to commit a crime against science and nature here?







To be concluded