

# ULTIMATE NIGHTMARE™

ISSUE

# 4



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**MARVEL®**

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Gathered by mutant psychic Professor Charles Xavier, the X-Men are soldiers for his dream of coexistence between normal humans and mutants like them.

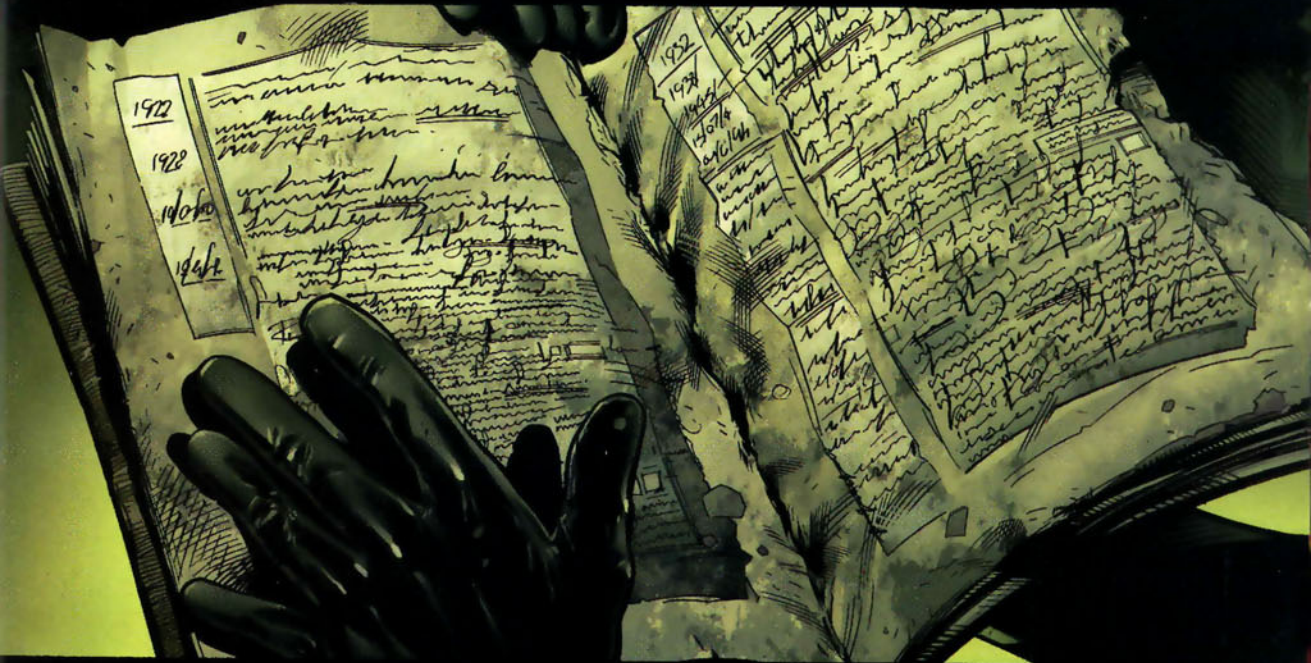
Formed by General Nick Fury and led by Captain America, THE ULTIMATES are a small but lethal army created to protect humanity against all the new rising threats to the world.

When nightmarish scenes of what appears to be the annihilation of an alien civilization start broadcasting on every television, radio, cell phone and computer in the world, Nick Fury (leader of The Ultimates) tracks it down to an area of Russia called Tunguska. Gathering a small strike team of Captain America and the Black Widow, Fury goes to investigate. He also contacts an operative named Sam Wilson, who was investigating the Amazon River Basin using his remarkable flying wing-pack, to join the strike team.

The strange scenes were also broadcast into the minds of psychics across the planet—psychics like Charles Xavier and Jean Grey of the X-Men. Xavier has also pinpointed the source to Tunguska.

Both Nick Fury's strike force and the X-Men have reached Tunguska at nearly the same time. Now, each group plans to enter the seemingly deserted bunker from which the signals emanate, unaware the other team is there.

As they head towards the bunker's center, each team has now encountered some of the violent denizens who populate it. And, the Widow has located a Russian journal that gives data relating to how these creatures came to be.



S t a n L e e p r e s e n t s :  
**ULTIMATE NIGHTMARE**

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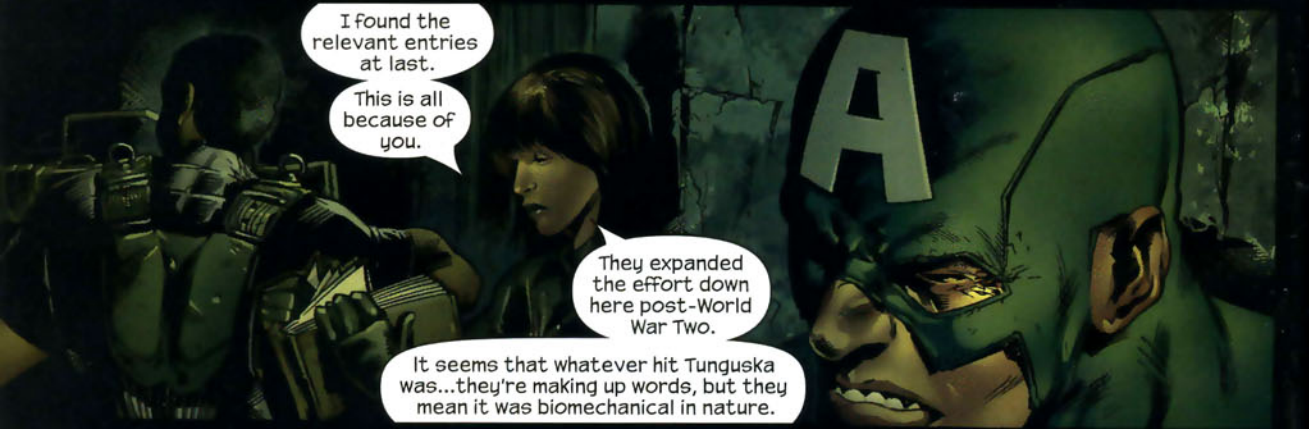




Well.

This is all your fault, Captain.

How's that?



I found the relevant entries at last.

This is all because of you.

They expanded the effort down here post-World War Two.

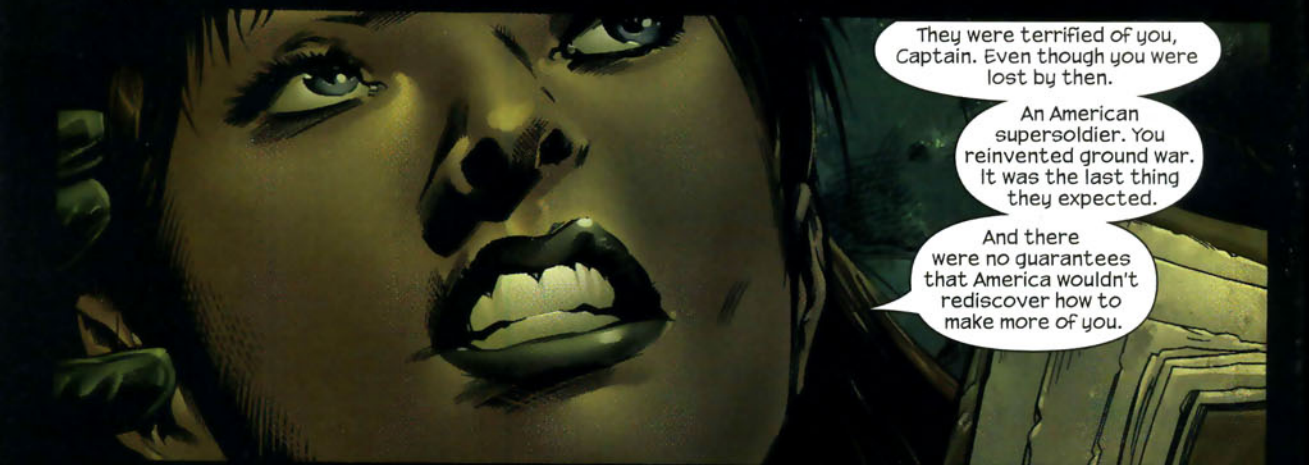
It seems that whatever hit Tunguska was...they're making up words, but they mean it was biomechanical in nature.



They're saying a device caused the Tunguska event?

A recovered device, apparently.

And, after the war, they learned how to partially disassemble it.




They were terrified of you, Captain. Even though you were lost by then.

An American supersoldier. You reinvented ground war. It was the last thing they expected.

And there were no guarantees that America wouldn't rediscover how to make more of you.






So they began a cold-war battle to fight a soldier who no longer existed.

The whole time you were asleep in the ice, these people were at war with you.


And they had this thing, this artifact they were pulling apart...



And they discovered that they could implant pieces of it into guinea pigs.

Plug one thing that works on to another thing that works...


Exactly.




These things that fill this place, Captain, these human horrors...

These are your Russian cousins, medical jokes kept underground for everyone's safety.

Implanted with radio devices monitored by nuclear landmines set to explode if they leave the area.

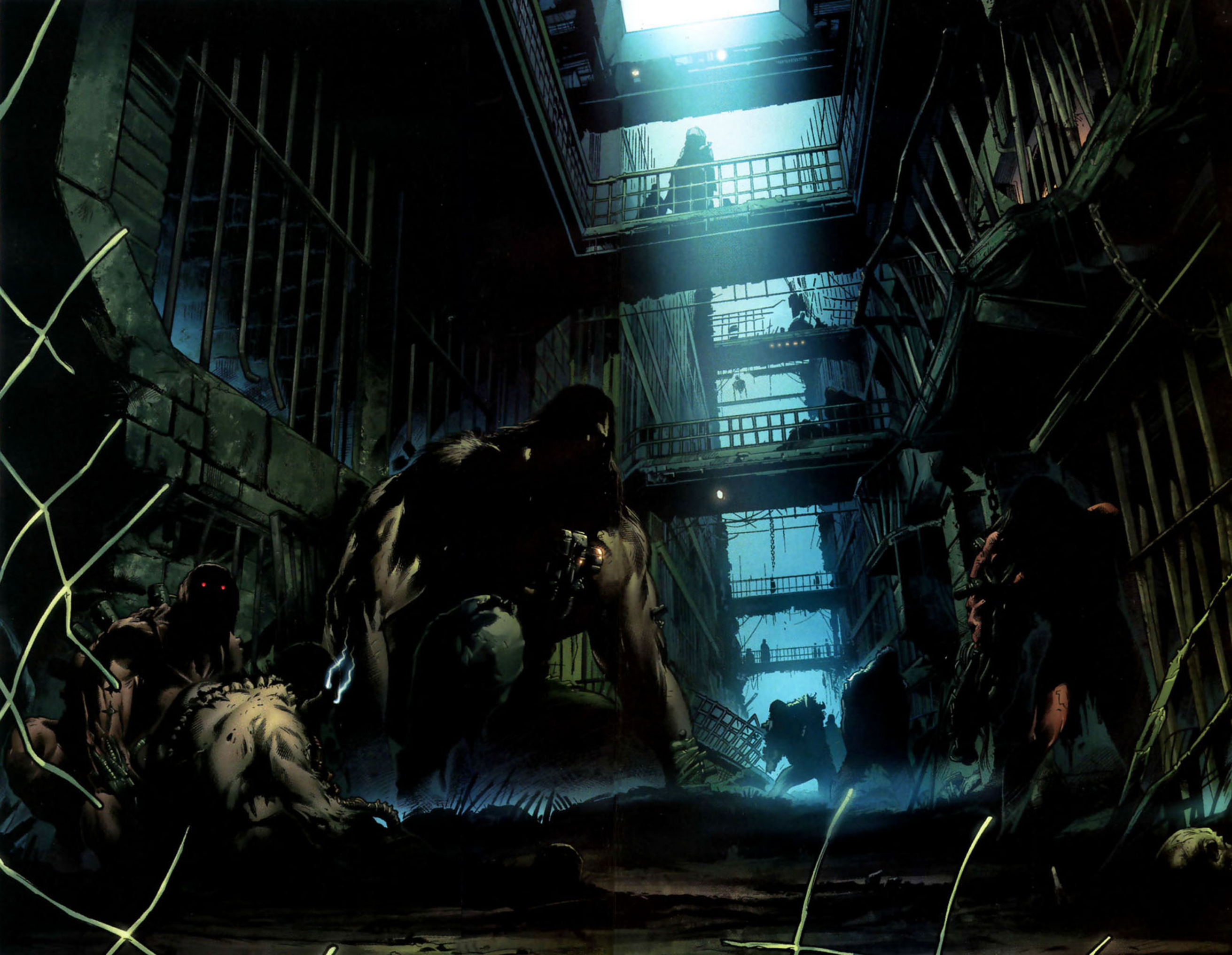


These are the Russian supersoldiers, Captain.




You can hear them screaming.











So I'm  
figuring this  
could have gone  
better.



These ain't  
mutants.

I mean, they're  
ugly, screwed-up,  
weird-looking  
freaks.

But  
mutants?  
No.



Please remain  
where you are.



Peter?  
What're you  
doing?

Give me  
a second,  
Jean.



We are  
a rescue  
team.

We're here  
to help. There's  
a psychic here,  
who's been  
calling out.

But we can  
get all of you  
out of here.





You...you are Russian?

Yes. There is no Soviet Union any more. We know. You are from where?

An international rescue effort. Not military, not governmental.

Help us to understand what's happened here. Help us find everyone trapped in this place.

You are here to... help?



That's right.

Oh. Oh, my Boy. It has been so long.

Finally, there is kindness in this place.

Finally, there is good Russian Boy to help us.



You are a lying feces-parasite from your mother's burst intestines.





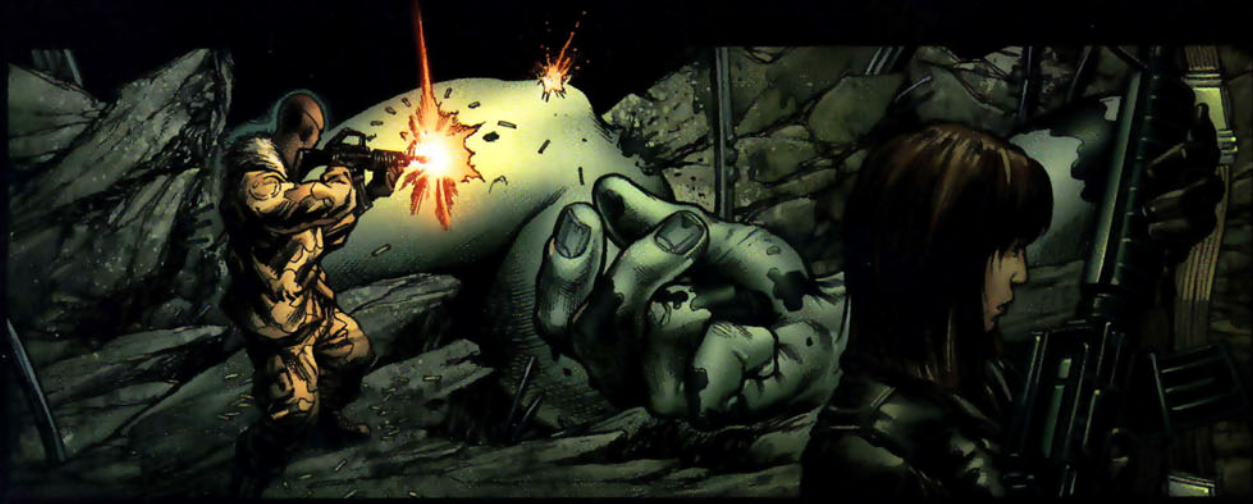












You know what the worst thing is?

I got a look down there.

A couple of dozen hands. But only one head.



The worst thing is that we ain't there yet.

How much more of this are we gonna have to contend with?



They were down here a long time, Nick.

Long enough to make a hell of a lot of mistakes.

Mistakes too big to kill. Mistakes so bad they could do nothing but lock them up.



And in a funny kind of way, it's all your fault.

But perhaps you have to be Russian to appreciate the humor.

Mm.













We've come this far. We are going to get to the center of this thing and find out what the hell is going on.

Can you imagine if those... things had kids? What they would have done to them?

There's no reason a mutant child could not have been conceived here. Imagine growing up in this place.

A baby in an underground world of monsters.

I've been down here an hour and I'm going crazy. I don't want to think about years of *this* being all you knew.



Jeannie, your ear.

What about it?

You're pushing your telekinesis too hard. You burst some blood vessels in there.

Then quit looking for things to prove your damn manhood on and help me find a kid who *won't stop screaming in my head.*



Every second, Logan. Every second it gets louder and more desperate and *it's not stopping.*





One thing I don't get. *You* are a Russian Supersoldier.

There were at least four different programs I know of to develop a supersoldier.

And, obviously, one I didn't.

Boxes within boxes.



I guess. How're we doing?

A hundred meters or so from the central space.

Good.



According to the scans, the central space is vaulted, reaching right up to the topsoil level.

We'll have a better chance of restoring radio contact...

We've got another inmate ahead.





Well, gee, I guess we should negotiate.

No, wait-- we could just kill him.



No. You could not. American.



That's new.

Prison hierarchy. There's always going to be one guy who gets enough food and keeps it together.

And there's always a good reason why that guy's in prison in the first place.



I am the... what is the English? I am the trustee. Heh.

And you. I know who you look like. Who are you, in the mask?



Captain America.






Finally.

They said to me, the good workers of this place, they said we make you great.

We make you great because one day you meet Captain America.



The Americans build super-captains of the battlefield, and one day...

And so I have waited. And guarded the means of production like a good worker.


And so you have come to me.



I always knew you would.

I have considered our fight for many decades.

There is music in this. Do you understand, Captain? Great music.



But I said to them, I have no shield.

And they said to me, we cannot replicate his shield.







So I  
made my  
own.



Cap, I got an idea.  
Let me run this up  
the flagpole and see  
who salutes it:

Let's just  
shoot him a  
lot and keep  
going.

No.

You three  
breach that  
door and  
finish this  
mission.

Because, you know what?  
I knew Russian soldiers  
during the war.

And to see  
them turn into  
people who make  
monsters and keep  
them underground  
on top of a  
minefield--

--to see people  
like *you*, proudly  
*complicit* in this  
*nightmare*--

They were good  
and decent men, and  
they made horrible,  
painful sacrifices to  
defend their people.





--yeah, I'll give you your fight.

You've waited forty years for me to come and beat the blood out of you, freak.

I kinda feel it'd be rude of me not to oblige.



You heard the Captain.

Sam, you bust that door open for me now. Let's get this done.



I have had forty years to plan this battle, Captain.



And it's going to take five minutes to plant you in the dirt.





Jeannie...you gotta ramp it down, sweetheart. You're ripping yourself up here.

Oh, what do you care?

Huh?

I said, what do you care?

You're the guy who confesses to being hired to kill the Professor--after I let you go to bed with me.

So, really, shut up with anything that sounds like you care. Because you don't.

No one cares. Nothing matters.

no escape







it comes  
and there's no escape  
all the stars go out



The closer we get to this thing, this kid, whatever it is--the closer we get, the worse she's getting.

I've totally lost my sense of direction. Which way?

That door.



You take down that door, Pete. Jean... we are all dead  
don't touch me you make me sick



It's lit in here. Where's the power coming from?

There's light, and...



A comic book panel with a dark, blue-toned background. In the foreground, Cyclops is shown from the chest up, looking upwards with a shocked expression. In the background, Jean Grey stands in her yellow and black X-Men uniform, also looking upwards. To the right, Wolverine is partially visible, looking towards the viewer with a menacing expression. The scene is filled with floating debris, suggesting a recent battle or explosion.

...what is that?

nothing  
no  
escape  
all die  
here  
my  
nightmare

To be concluded...