

ULTIMATE NIGHTMARE™

ISSUE

5



MARVEL®

MARVEL
PSR

ELLIS
HAIRSINE
DECASTRO

DIRECT EDITION



7 59606 05552 4

\$2.25 US \$3.25 CAN



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 tracks the signal 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. As they head towards the bunker's center, each team has now encountered some of the violent denizens who populate it.



S T A N L E E p r e s e n t s :
ULTIMATE NIGHTMARE

C H A P T E R F I V E

Warren Ellis *story* Trevor Hairsine *pencils* Nelson *inks*

Frank D'Armata *colors* Chris Eliopoulos *letters* Omar Otieku *production* Nicole Wiley *assistant editor* John Barber *assistant editor*

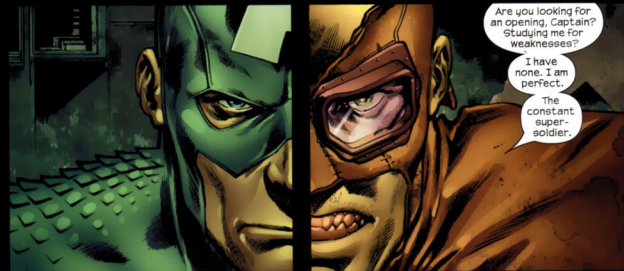
Nick Lowe
associate editor

Ralph Macchio
editor

Joe Quesada
editor in chief

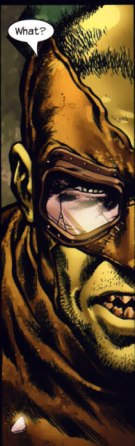
Dan Buckley
publisher

Based on an idea by Joe Quesada





Sure you do.



What?



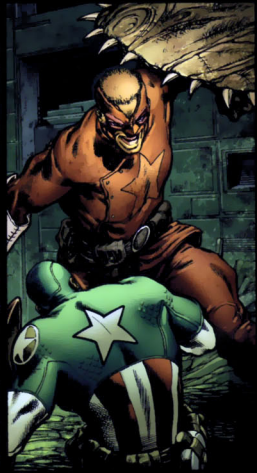
You're crazy.



That's a cheap--



--inuuuWEEKKK





AAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAA

Good God...



You... I have not the English for what you are...

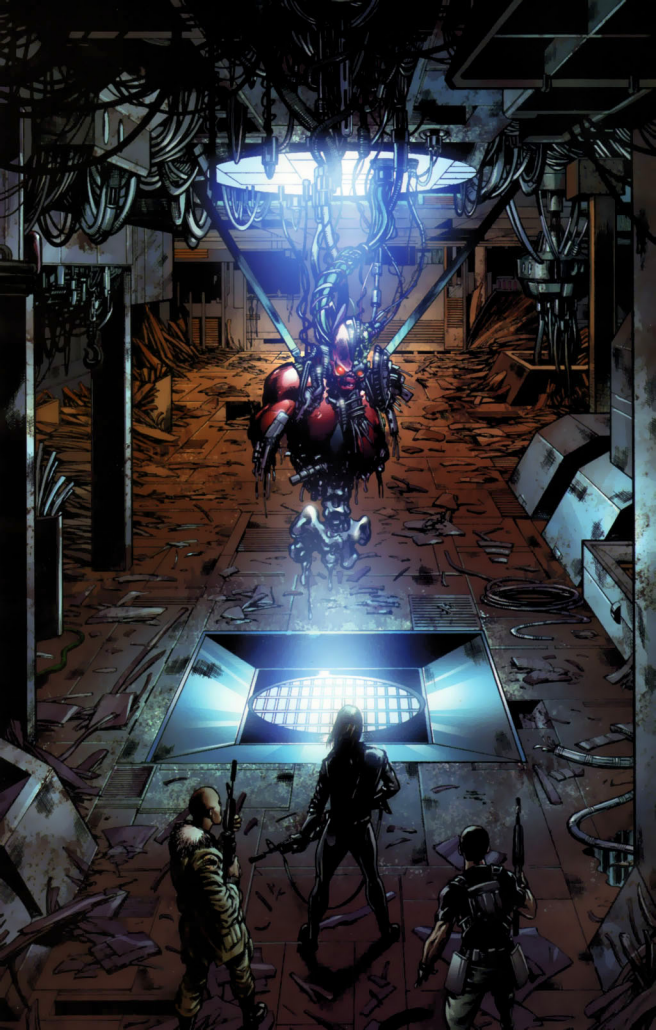
I will kill you now.



We're in.

Cap?







My God.

This is it? The source of the transmissions?

No, more than... that...



Look at him. He's the source of *everything* here.

Take two things that work... and stick them together...

He's their damn Super-Soldier program. They spent decades prying bits off him and grafting them into test subjects...



es

cape

es cape

escape

escape



It's coming



We have company, gentlemen.





They don't have their main super-people with them--



Yeah, no Iron Pants or Hammer Guy.

It's gonna be easy.

But I'll take it.



Stand down, X-Men!



Whoops--

Oh, I'm tremblin'. "Little human dog talks trash at me." I don't think so.



You are weak.



Do you understand what this was, this underground place?

It was our testing ground.



It made us strong. It made us glorious. It made us proud.

It taught us that Americans are nothing and that there is strength in a Union.

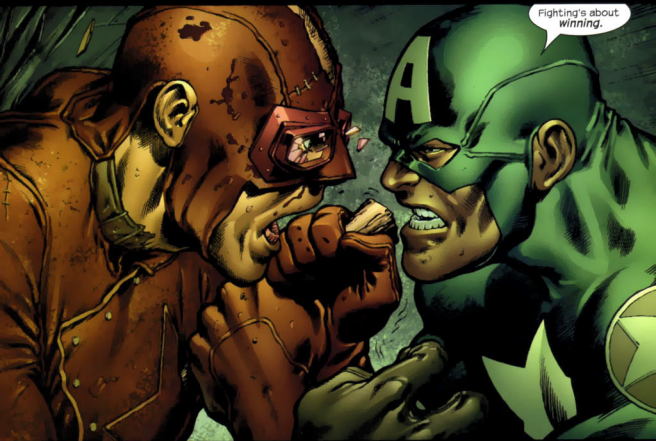
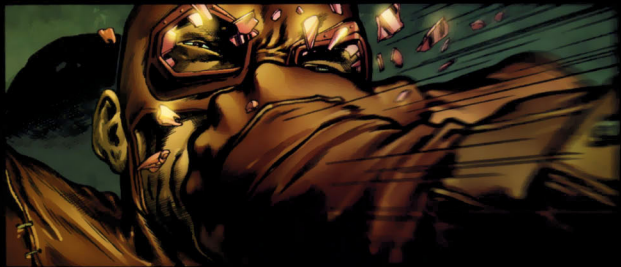
It took a Union to make me.



Fighting **NNF** isn't about glory.



Fighting isn't about pride. This is the mistake that crazy scum like you always make.





Do not fight. I will not kill you. Just put you to sleep.

Yeah...it's...real comfortable...

Organic metal analog, is it? I've... heard about it... it's extremely cool...



Thank you. Now please let me crush the air out of you.

I was... just thinking...

...if your eyes really turn to metal...how do you see...?



You keep honkin' me off, Fury, the slower I'm gonna kebab your heart--

Hey! Lucky Jim!



Who called me that?



Aw,
crap.



I cannot
tell a lie, Jim.
It was me.

Now why don't
you settle down,
fella. I've got no
particular wish
to kill anyone
else today.



Speak for
yourself.

It's not human.
Not human and it
won't stop talking
in my head.

Yes, dear. You
said that. Shut up
now or I will be forced
to blow your head
off for the sake of
my sanity.

I think the
mutants are a
little confused,
Nick.



Can't blame them, Widow. Listen to what she's saying.

She's an X-woman. They've got psychics. I've read about it.

General Fury said S.H.I.E.L.D.'s psi-division was down. If this thing was broadcasting on the high electromagnetic frequencies psychics use, as well as the wavebands we picked up...



You kids thought there was a psychic in here, didn't you?

I bet you didn't even stop to turn on a TV to see if anything else was going on.

You barreled right in here, to save the underground brain-broadcaster. Right?

Morons.



So what do we have here, Sam?

Looks to me like someone made half a robot out of half a Cadillac.



Metal man, kneel down, cross your ankles. I could shoot you through the eyes from twenty paces without even trying.

No, General-- it used to be intact, or close to it.

Didn't you?



Yes

Hundred years trying to heal

As they cut pieces off me

We're here now. You can stop broadcasting.

You've brought us here, and we're ready to listen. But your broadcast is... damaging us.

We want to learn, but you have to stop the broadcast now.

Uh.

Ceased

Names

In your language:
Eidolon Apparition
Vision

Name Vision.
Vision.

Traveller I
Running
ahead of the
thing

Across
galaxies

Warning
that it is
coming

A hundred of your
years ahead of the
incident wave

A hundred
years to
defend



Failure event in
my vessel mechanism
while entering your
atmosphere



Critical
failure
above this
territory



Repair
coma

Found by
explorers



And
buried

And dissected
over period of
decades

Defeating
repair cycle



Finally

Finally

Broadcast cortex
reassembled



A hundred
years gone
by

Panic failure in
role assigned to
me by the unquiet
dead their voice

Mass broadcast on
all frequencies the
stories of the dead
the warning





What in hell was that?

Dunno. Like someone let a flashbang grenade off, couldn't see a thing for a second...



Damn it!

Widow, did you take your eyes off Jean Grey?

I hate X-Men.



This is Fury. Can you hear me up there?

Grab some shovels, boys. You're digging us out of here.



You said a hundred years...?

One hundred years ahead

One hundred years have passed

There is no time left



So there wasn't a mutant. Ever.

Just some weird messed-up alien robot.

And no one thought to take even half a day to find out what else might be going on.



Shut up, Logan.

You and baldy got so sweaty about rescuing some poor little mutant that you just didn't think twice.

And it's thanks to you two that we almost got killed by the Ultimates.



Shut up!

Or what, Jeannie? You going to kill me? Drown me with your bleeding heart, maybe?

This was a shambles. *Think*. You and Xavier think you're so sneaky and clever, and where did all that brainpower get you?



Flat on your face with a gun in your ear.



If you ask me, this Galakty thing can't come soon enough.

We're all just dumb enough to deserve to be eaten by some jerk from space.

You for thinking Charley's the savior, and me for sticking around.



He's all yours, Sam.

You're going to spend every waking hour with him, working out what he's talking about, and learning as much as possible.

This is officially sixty levels above top secret.

How're you going to explain away mass broadcasts predicting doom?

Terrorists. Terrorists are good for anything.

I know what you're thinking. And no, we're not telling anyone about this.

"Not until I know
exactly what's
coming to get us."



Forthcoming—
Book Two:
Ultimate Secret