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# ANNIHILATION HERALDS OF GALACTUS



ANNIHILATION DAY, PLUS 222.  
ANNIHILATION WAVE BATTLE CRUISER CH'TRRR.

DEEP SPACE.



YOU  
POSITIVE-MATTER  
CREATURES  
ARE A STUBBORN  
LOT.



YOUR  
RESISTANCE TO  
THE PARASITES THAT  
COMPEL YOU TO OBEY  
LORD ANNIHILUS IS  
POINTLESS... BUT  
ANNOYING.

YOU  
ARE BURNING  
THEM OUT SO  
QUICKLY, WE MUST  
REPLACE THEM  
AFTER EACH  
BATTLE.



I REALIZE THEIR MERE PRESENCE  
IS EXCRUCIATINGLY PAINFUL TO  
YOUR PRIMITIVE BODIES, BUT EACH  
NEW INFESTATION MUST HURT  
TWICE AS MUCH.

PERHAPS IF YOU  
STOPPED RESISTING LORD  
ANNIHILUS' DIVINE WILL, WE  
WOULDN'T HAVE TO DO  
THIS QUITE SO OFTEN.

GOOD.

VERY WELL,  
ADMIRAL DEKO. WE  
WILL STOP.



FOR YOUR  
"DIVINE" LORD  
ANNIHILUS HAS  
FALLEN.

BLASPHEMY!  
HOW CAN YOU  
MAKE SUCH A  
BASE CLAIM?



BECAUSE YOUR  
PARASITES HAVE  
JUST STOPPED  
FUNCTIONING.





# HERALDS OF GALACTUS TERRAH PARASITES

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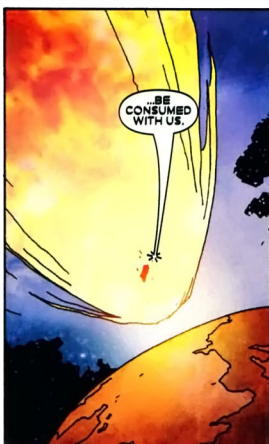
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TERRAX!

TERRAX.

**DIE!**

DO NOT BE  
ALARMED. THIS IS  
HIS USUAL FORM  
OF GREETING.

GODS!

**SHRAKK**

CALM YOURSELF,  
TERRAX. WE ARE  
AMONG ALLIES.

THIS IS  
CHANDRA. SHE  
PULLED US FROM  
THE BURNING  
WRECKAGE.

HUNH, THEN  
WE SURVIVED  
IN SPITE OF YOUR  
WOMANLY  
WAILING.





WE DID. I CHANGED MY SHAPE INTO THAT OF A FOMALHAUTIAN AMOEBOID TO ABSORB THE IMPACT.

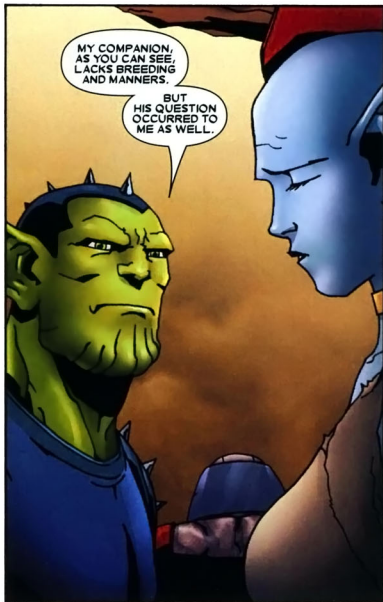
THE DELINQUENT PROTECTED HIMSELF WITH AN ENERGY-COCOON. YOU, APPARENTLY, ARE SIMPLY TOO OBSTINATE TO DIE.



YET WE ALL MIGHT HAVE PERISHED IN THE FLAMES, HAD CHANDRA NOT CARRIED US TO SAFETY.

I SEE.

AND WHAT DOES THE WENCH WANT FROM US?



MY COMPANION, AS YOU CAN SEE, LACKS BREEDING AND MANNERS.

BUT HIS QUESTION OCCURRED TO ME AS WELL.



PLEASE UNDERSTAND, I WOULD HAVE RESCUED YOU REGARDLESS. BUT NOW THAT I BEHOLD YOUR GREAT POWER, THERE... IS A BOON I WOULD ASK.

WHAT DO YOU REQUIRE?

OF COURSE THERE IS.



I AM A CENTAURIAN, BUT AS YOU ARE PROBABLY AWARE, THIS IS NOT MY HOME PLANET.

NONE OF THOSE YOU SEE ARE NATIVE TO THIS PLACE. WE WERE ALL BROUGHT HERE BY FORCE, FOR ONE PURPOSE...



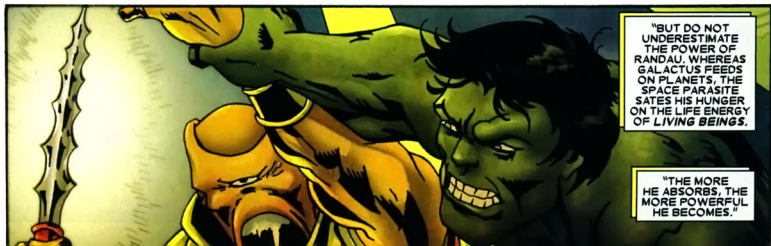
"TO FEED THE UNQUENCHABLE HUNGER OF RANDAU, THE SPACE PARASITE."



SPEAK NOT OF UNQUENCHABLE HUNGER TO A FORMER HERALD OF GALACTUS, WOMAN.

YOU WIELD THE POWER COSMIC?

THEN PERHAPS WE HAVE A CHANCE, AFTER ALL.



"BUT DO NOT UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF RANDAU. WHEREAS GALACTUS FEEDS ON PLANETS, THE SPACE PARASITE SATISFIES HIS HUNGER ON THE LIFE ENERGY OF LIVING BEINGS."

"THE MORE HE ABSORBS, THE MORE POWERFUL HE BECOMES."



SOME TIME AGO, HE CAME TO THIS PLANET AND CONQUERED IT. HE FED OFF THE POPULACE, GROWING STRONG, BUT ALLOWING THEM TO LIVE--

-- THAT HE MAY FEED OFF THEM ENDLESSLY. WHEN A SHIP STRAYS TOO NEAR, HE SHOOTS IT DOWN WITH HIS WEAPON, THE SOLAR SCEPTER...

...AND ADDS ITS CREW TO HIS COLLECTION, THAT IS HOW WE CAME HERE.

YOU ARE ALL...SLAVES? CAPTIVES?

WHY HAVE YOU NOT OVERTHROWN THIS RANDAU? WHY HAVE YOU NOT RISEN UP AND DESTROYED HIM, OR PERISHED IN THE ATTEMPT?

THE GROUP OF OFFWORLDERS YOU SEE BEFORE YOU SEEKS TO DO JUST THAT, BUT WE LACK THE NECESSARY POWER.

ARE THERE NO MORE OF YOU ON THIS PLANET?

THE NATIVES, BUT THEY ARE WEAK OF WILL, AND FEEL IT IS FUTILE TO RESIST RANDAU.

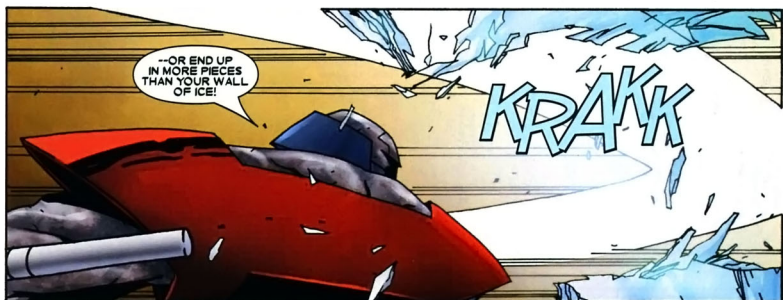
HE ALLOWS THOSE WHO DO NOT DEFFY HIM TO LIVE... EXCEPT FOR A SACRIFICE EVERY THIRD MOON, WHICH HE DRAINS OF LIFE ENTIRELY.

FOR MOST, THAT IS ACCEPTABLE. ENOUGH.

I WILL ABIDE THIS PLANET OF WEAKLINGS AND COWARDS NO MORE.

CURSE YOU, TERRAX, GET BACK HERE!

**RRUMBLL**







I WILL AID  
YOU, WOMAN. I  
SHALL DESTROY THIS  
SPACE PARASITE.

BUT FOR  
ONE REASON ALONE.  
BECAUSE IT IS HIGH TIME THE  
UNIVERSE REFERRED TO  
TERRAX AS "THE TAMER"  
ONCE AGAIN.

YOU HAVE  
MY THANKS, AND  
OUR ARMY--



IS USELESS,  
EXCEPT  
AS CANNON  
FODDER.

PAIBOK, THE  
DELINQUENT'S  
ABILITY  
TO TRANSMUTE  
MATTER--

YES, IT  
WOULD BE MOST  
HELPFUL.



UNFORTUNATELY, HIS  
MIND SEEMS TO HAVE  
RESPONDED TO HIS ORDEAL  
BY RETREATING INTO  
MADNESS.

HE HAS  
REGRESSED TO AN  
INFANTILE STATE. HE  
WILL NOT HEAR US, NOR  
RESPOND TO OUR  
INSTRUCTIONS.

EVEN  
INFANTS HAVE AN  
INSTINCT FOR SELF-  
PRESERVATION.



YOU SAID  
HE USED HIS  
POWER TO PROTECT  
HIMSELF FROM THE  
CRASH. IF WE PUT HIM  
IN HARM'S WAY--

--PERHAPS HE  
WILL LASH OUT AT  
THOSE INFLECTING  
THE HARM.



YOUR  
RUTHLESSNESS  
WOULD TAKE YOU  
FAR IN THE SKRULL  
ARMADA.

WHAT  
LITTLE IS LEFT  
OF IT.

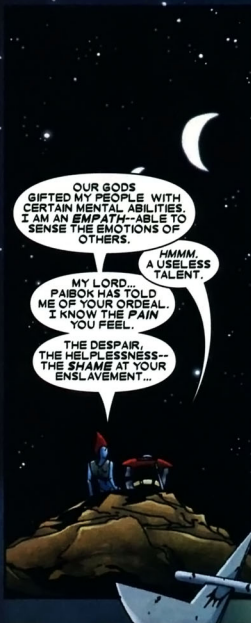
INSTRUCT  
YOUR FORCES TO  
REST, CENTAURIAN.  
WE ATTACK ON  
THE MORROW.



YOU  
DO NOT SLEEP,  
MIGHTY ONE?

I HAVE NO  
NEED. MY ENERGIES  
ARE REPLENISHED BY  
THE COSMOS  
ITSELF.

YOU, HOWEVER,  
SHOULD REST. YOU  
ARE THE SOLE MEMBER  
OF YOUR "ARMY." WE  
HAVE NEED OF--TO  
GUIDE US TO OUR  
ENEMY.



OUR GODS  
GIFTED MY PEOPLE WITH  
CERTAIN MENTAL ABILITIES.  
I AM AN EMPATH--ABLE TO  
SENSE THE EMOTIONS OF  
OTHERS.

HMMM,  
A USELESS  
TALENT.

MY LORD...  
PAIBOK HAS TOLD  
ME OF YOUR ORDEAL.  
I KNOW THE PAIN  
YOU FEEL.

THE DESPAIR,  
THE HELPLESSNESS--  
THE SHAME AT YOUR  
ENSLAVEMENT...



HOW  
DARE YOU,  
PRIMITIVE?

SHAME IS  
UNKNOWN TO  
TERRAX THE  
TAMER! DESPAIR,  
HELPLESSNESS,  
THESE ARE FOR  
LESSER BEINGS! I  
SHOULD GRIND  
YOUR BONES TO  
PASTE--

GHHK--  
IT-HKK--

RRUMBL



...IT  
WASN'T...  
YOUR  
FAULT.



WHUD



TOMORROW...

...THIS  
PLANET SHALL  
RUN RED WITH  
BLOOD.



RANDAU CITY,  
NEW HERON.



PALACE OF RANDAU,  
THE SPACE PARASITE.



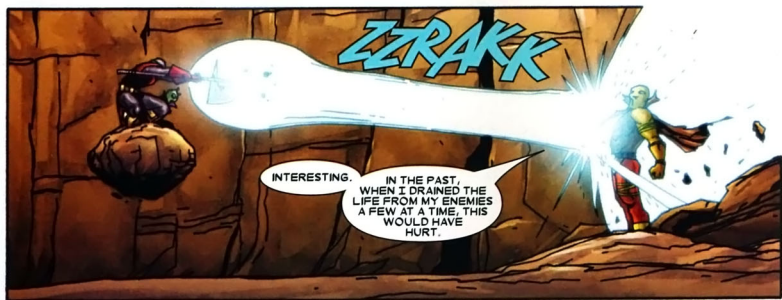
RRRRMMMMBLLLL

















YOU  
WANT MY  
POWER?



TAKE IT  
ALL!

STUNNED

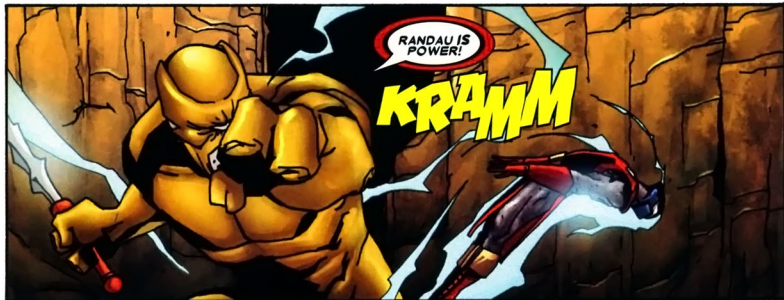


IM...  
IMPOSSIBLE...

FOOL...

YOU  
CANNOT  
OVERLOAD  
RANDAU WITH  
POWER











**"...MUST BE  
EXTERMINATED!"**



THE UNIVERSE  
ONCE KNEW TERRAX  
AS A CONQUEROR; A  
BRINGER OF FEAR  
AND DEATH.

THEY SHALL  
KNOW HIM THAT  
WAY AGAIN.



SHOULD YOU  
SURVIVE THIS DAY,  
PAIBOK, YOU WOULD  
BE WISE TO SEE TO IT  
OUR PATHS NEVER  
AGAIN CROSS.

YES, I HAD  
CONCLUDED  
AS MUCH ON  
MY OWN.

DELINQUENT--  
YOU DID WELL TO  
PROTECT US. NOW  
TRY TO UNDERSTAND  
ME WITH YOUR  
ADDED MIND.

YOU MUST  
TRANSFORM THIS  
CHUNK OF ROCK INTO  
A SPACECRAFT, LEST  
WE ALL PERISH.



SPACE-  
CRAFT...  
YES.

I  
REMEMBER...  
SPACECRAFT.

TERRAX...?

NO, CHILD.  
TERRAX THE  
TAMER TRAVELS  
ALONE.




"I BELIEVE HE  
ALWAYS WILL."



THE END.

**DEEP SPACE.**  
**ANNIHILATION DAY, PLUS 227.**

WHAT IS  
DEATH?



AT THE DAWN OF TIME...  
WHEN MATTER AND ENERGY  
EXPLODED FORTH, CREATING  
OUR UNIVERSE...


...DID ANOTHER,  
OLDER UNIVERSE  
HAVE TO DIE FIRST?



NO ONE  
KNOWS FOR  
SURE.

THE ONLY WITNESSES  
WERE BASIC, ELEMENTARY  
PARTICLES...QUARKS AND  
THEIR SUBATOMIC COUSINS...

...MOST OF WHICH BROKE  
DOWN QUICKLY INTO  
MORE CONVENTIONAL  
FORMS OF MATTER.




AS THEY EVOLVED  
INTO NEW  
CONFIGURATIONS...  
INTO BEINGS OF  
GREAT POWER...

...THEIR  
MEMORIES  
OF THE TIME  
BEFORE  
WERE LOST.

THE ANCIENT ONES...  
THE FIRST  
CORPOREALS...WERE  
MAJESTIC INDEED. THEY  
STRODE ACROSS THE  
COSMOS LIKE GODS.

BUT NOT ALL  
LIFE FOLLOWED  
THEIR PATH....



A vibrant, abstract illustration of cosmic energy. Bright yellow and white lightning-like streaks crisscross a dark, star-speckled background. These streaks are surrounded by swirling, ethereal clouds of purple, blue, and green, creating a sense of dynamic movement and high energy.

SOME OF THE FIRST  
PARTICLES DID NOT  
BREAK DOWN.

INSTEAD, THEY REMAINED  
IN FURIOUS, INCOHERENT  
MOTION...AGITATED, EVER-  
SEEKING...

A complex, multi-colored illustration depicting the formation of a noncorporeal civilization. The scene is filled with intricate, swirling patterns of red, orange, yellow, green, and blue, set against a dark, starry background. These patterns resemble both cosmic structures and the forms of living organisms, suggesting a process of organic growth and evolution from energy.


...AS THEY FORMED  
A CIVILIZATION, A  
**NONCORPOREAL**  
CIVILIZATION.

THEY BUILT GIANT MONUMENTS  
FROM RADIO WAVES...CREATED  
WORKS OF ART OUT OF  
QUARKS, WHICH BROKE DOWN  
IN PICOSECONDS INTO DULL,  
INERT MATTER.

THEIR CULTURE AND THEIR  
PEOPLE WERE ONE: CONSTANTLY  
MUTATING, EACH PARTICLE  
EVOLVING INSTANT BY INSTANT  
INTO CHALLENGING NEW FORMS.

INTO THIS STIMULATING,  
EVER-CHANGING, ETHEREAL  
WORLD...I WAS BORN.

I DESPISED IT.

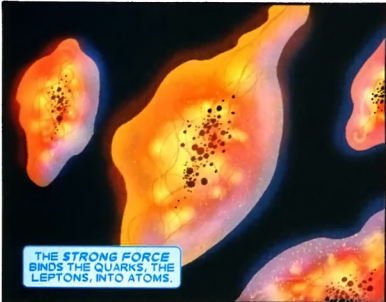


MY PEOPLE--THE *ETHEREALS*--  
FEAR DEATH, BUT YOU COULD NOT  
TRULY SAY THAT THEY *BELIEVE* IN IT.

WE BELIEVE  
IN ONLY FOUR  
THINGS:



THE  
FUNDAMENTAL  
FORCES.




THE **STRONG FORCE**  
BINDS THE QUARKS, THE  
LEPTONS, INTO ATOMS.




THE **ELECTRO-  
MAGNETIC FORCE**  
SHAPES THE ATOMS  
INTO MATTER.



**GRAVITY**  
PULLS US  
TOGETHER...



...AND THE  
**WEAK FORCE**  
MAKES US *BURN*.



OF ALL MY PEOPLE... ONLY  
I POSSESS THE STRENGTH  
TO REBUILD MYSELF FROM A  
BILLION SHATTERED PIECES.

FOR ONLY  
I POSSESS  
THE POWER  
COSMIC.

I AM...

# STARDUST

## A DEATH OF HOPE

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BUT...  
WHERE  
AM I?

RED SHIFT AND I...  
TRIED TO HOLD  
BACK THANOS'S  
WEAPON. ITS OVER-  
WHELMING ENERGY  
DESTROYED US...  
PERMANENTLY, IN  
HIS CASE.

AND NOW...?





THE  
ANDROMEDA  
GALAXY?

A LONG WAY FROM HOME.  
WHY SHOULD THE POWER  
COSMIC DRAW ME  
HERE, OF ALL PLACES...?



NO MATTER.  
I KNOW WHAT  
I MUST DO.

MY DUTY...  
MY PLACE...IS  
STILL CLEAR.

AND THUS...AS  
SO MANY TIMES  
BEFORE...

THE NEUTRINOS WITHIN  
MY BODY ACCELERATE ME  
TO THE SPEED OF LIGHT--

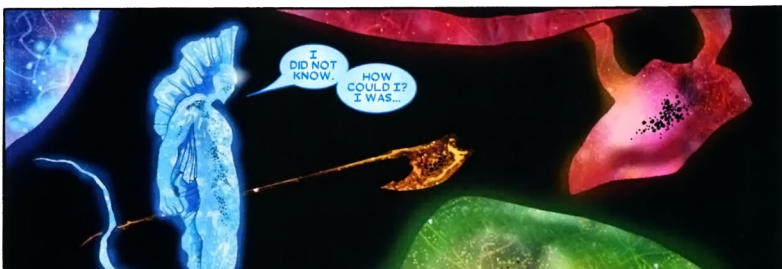
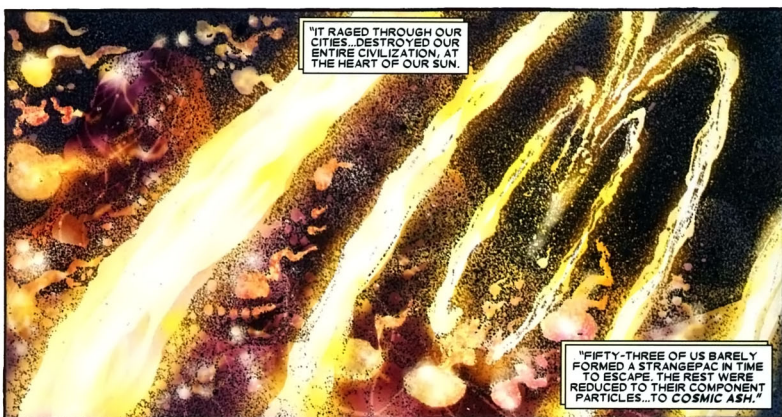
--AND THE  
POWER COSMIC  
KICKS ME PAST IT.

SUCH UNIMAGINABLE  
ENERGY... RUSHING  
THROUGH EVERY  
PARTICLE OF MY BODY.

LESSER BEINGS  
KNOW NOTHING  
OF --

**STOP!**









YOU WERE  
OFF WITH THE  
SOLID ONES, THE  
CORPOREALS.

FIGHTING  
THEIR WAR...

...NOT  
OURS.



DO  
YOU DENY  
IT?

I...I...

NO!

I MAKE NO  
APOLOGIES.  
THEY ARE  
SUPERIOR  
BEINGS.



THEY DO  
NOT MERELY FLIT  
FROM PLACE TO PLACE,  
AIMLESSLY--THEY  
PERFORM GREAT DEEDS.  
THEY BUILD MAJESTIC  
CITIES THAT STAND PROUD  
FOR THOUSANDS  
OF YEARS!

THEY ARE  
MORE WORTHY  
THAN--



HOW  
DARE  
YOU...?

TRAITOR!

AYE,  
AND LIAR  
BESIDES.

STARDUST--



--YOU TELL  
TALL TALES OF  
THE CORPOREALS'  
SUPERIORITY. YOU  
DELUDE  
YOURSELF.

BUT WHEN  
YOU SAY "THEY"--  
WHAT YOU REALLY  
MEAN IS--





WHAT--  
WHAT HAVE  
I DONE?

THE LAST OF  
THE ETHEREALS.  
"REDUCED TO  
COSMIC ASH..."



IF I LEFT YOU  
HERE... WOULD  
YOU DIE?

I DO NOT  
KNOW. TO OUR  
PEOPLE, DEATH  
IS UNCERTAIN.

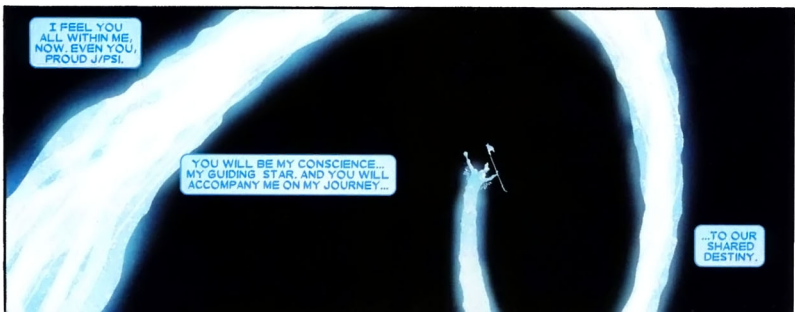


BUT  
NO...



...I WILL NOT  
LEAVE YOU TO  
THAT FATE.

I WILL TAKE  
YOU INTO ME...



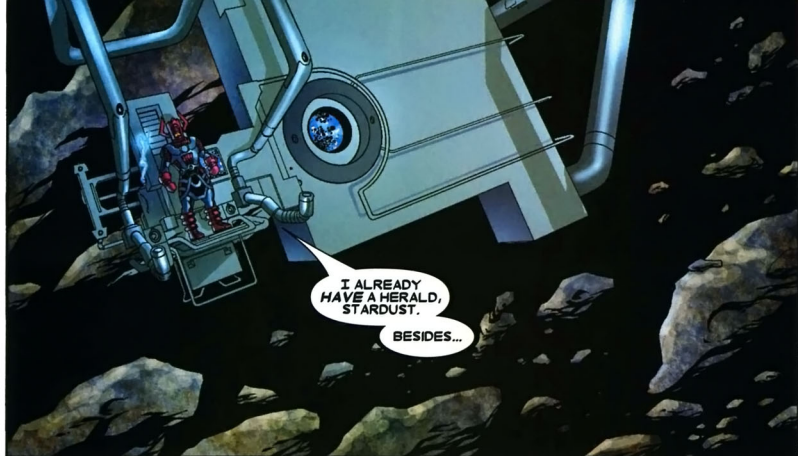
I FEEL YOU  
ALL WITHIN ME,  
NOW. EVEN YOU,  
PROUD J/PSI.

YOU WILL BE MY CONSCIENCE...  
MY GUIDING STAR, AND YOU WILL  
ACCOMPANY ME ON MY JOURNEY...

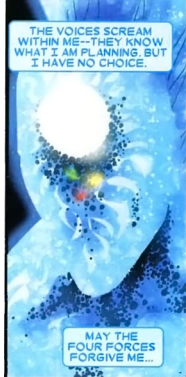
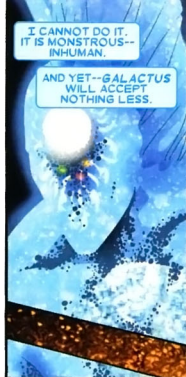
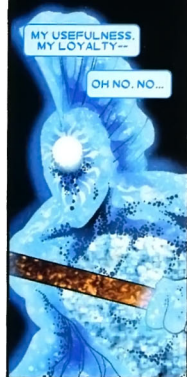
...TO OUR  
SHARED  
DESTINY.



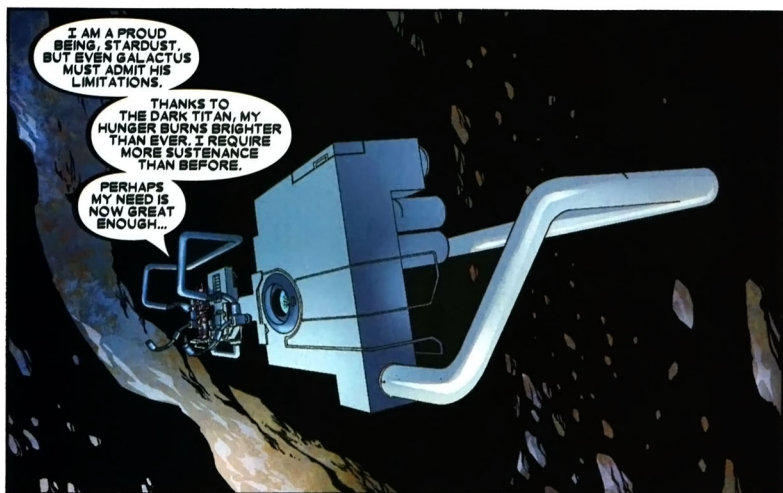














THANK  
YOU, GREAT  
ONE.

MY  
LIFE IS  
YOURS.



SO--IT IS DONE.  
THE LAST OF MY  
PEOPLE: DEAD  
AT MY HAND.

ONCE AGAIN...  
I HAVE SEEN  
HOPE DIE.

AND  
YET...



WHAT *IS*  
DEATH, TO THE  
ETHEREALS?

PERHAPS, IN  
SOME WAY...THEY  
WILL LIVE ON.



AT  
LEAST--

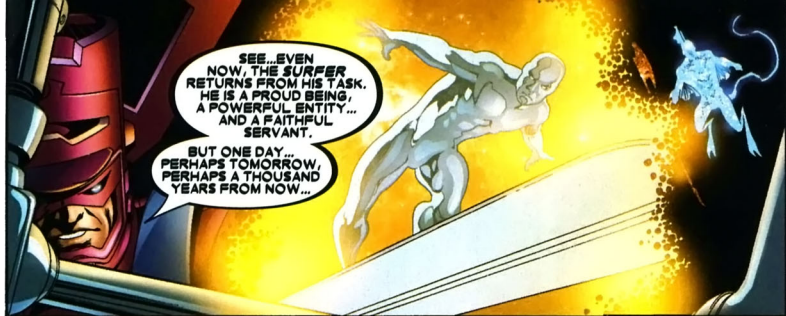
--THAT IS  
WHAT I TELL  
MYSELF--

STARDUST...



YOU HAVE  
PROVEN YOUR  
LOYALTY TO ME...  
AS NO HERALD.  
BEFORE YOU HAS  
EVER DONE.

NOW LET  
GALACTUS OFFER  
YOU A GLIMPSE  
OF WHAT IS TO  
COME.



SEE...EVEN NOW, THE **SURFER** RETURNS FROM HIS TASK. HE IS A PROUD BEING, A POWERFUL ENTITY... AND A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

BUT ONE DAY... PERHAPS TOMORROW, PERHAPS A THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW...



...HE WILL BETRAY ME AGAIN.

ON THAT DAY, STARDUST... I WILL CALL FOR YOU.



TODAY, HOWEVER... MY HUNGER IS ALL-CONSUMING.

BRING ME WORLDS!

AS MANY AS YOU NEED, GREAT ONE...

...STARDUST WILL DELIVER THEM UNTO YOU.



MY PEOPLE SAW THROUGH MY LIES.

CORPOREAL BEINGS, ETHERAL... ALL ARE EQUALLY MEANINGLESS TO ME.



ONLY ONE CREATURE IN ALL THE UNIVERSE COMMANDS MY ALLEGIANCE.

AND ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT, GALACTUS... I WILL STAND AT YOUR SIDE. I COULD DO NOTHING ELSE...



...FOR THE ONLY BEING I TRULY LOVE.

THE END.