



MARVEL  
COMICS

# THE RISE OF APOCALYPSE

THE  
ORIGIN  
OF  
MARVEL'S  
MOST  
FEARSOME  
VILLAIN!

OCT. '86

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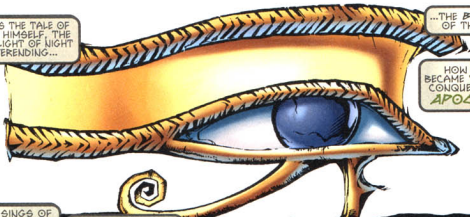
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THIS IS THE TALE OF DEATH HIMSELF, THE FIRST LIGHT OF NIGHT NEVERENDING...

...THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

HOW ONE MAN BECAME THE AGELESS CONQUEROR CALLED **APOLCALYPSE**.



NO ONE SINGS OF THE PLACE CALLED **AKKABA** ANYMORE.

IT WAS ONE LONE SETTLEMENT AT THE VERY EDGE OF THE **AMENTET** --

-- THIS HARSH AND HIDDEN REGION OF THE OLD WORLD, ON THE FARTHEST OUTSKIRTS OF THE **VALLEY OF KINGS** --

-- WHERE THE SLOW BUT **OH-SO-STEADY** MARCH OF DUNES AND DESERT MET THE RETREAT OF MOTHER EGYPT'S FERTILE EARTH.

ALL BUT FIVE FULL MILLENNIA AGO...

IT'S QUIET TONIGHT.

QUIET EVERY NIGHT, SINCE THE PHAROAH **RAMA-TUT** APPEARED.

MANY UNNATURAL THINGS HAVE HAPPENED, ALSO.

LIKE THE **BEAST-CHILD'S** BIRTH.

WAS IT RIGHT, KINSMAN... WHAT WE DID TO THE BABE?

IT WAS NO BABE... BUT AN **ABOMINATION**.

WE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO CAST IT OUT.

SOMETHING STILL HANGS IN THE AIR, SPOILING WHAT IS LEFT OF THE BREEZE.



A TASTE ON OUR TONGUES, A TANG OF RED LIGHTNING OR...

TO THE EAST --

-- LOOK TO THE EAST --

**-- SANDSTORM!**





Stan Lee  
PRESENTS:

# HAMMER CHISEL

TERRY KAVANAGH

WRITER  
ADAM POLLINA  
PENCILER  
MARK MORALES  
& HARRY Candelario

INKERS  
RICHARD STARKING  
& COMICRAFT  
LETTERS  
CHRISTOPHER  
COLORIST  
MALIBU  
ENHANCEMENT  
MARK POWERS  
EDITOR  
AND BOB HARRAS  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
BRINGVOUL

THE ORIGIN OF THE  
X-MEN'S GREATEST  
FOE

WITHIN THE SUDDENLY  
WHIRLING WINDS OF  
BLINDING SILT AND  
SEDIMENT...



...COME THE  
SANDSTORMERS.

RAIDERS AND  
SCAVENGERS  
UNMATCHED IN  
ANY RISE, ANY  
LAND.

THE PEOPLE OF THE  
STORM ARE FAR AND  
FARAWAY THE MOST  
FERREED AND FURIOUS  
TRIBE OF THEIR TIME.

SPARE  
THE GOATS  
AND CAMELS!  
SECURE THE  
MEATS AND  
WOVEN  
WOOLS!



BUT LEAVE NO  
MAN, WOMAN  
OR CHILD  
BREATHING  
IN OUR  
WAKE!

AND ONE HAD EVEN  
EARNED A NAME...  
FEARED BY ALL IN  
THE TRIBE...

...BRIAL OF  
THE CRIMSON  
SANDS.

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SOON.

NOTHING,  
BAAL.

WE HAVE  
BLOODIED  
THE AMENETET  
FROM BORDER TO  
BOUNDARY, AND DARE  
TO TREAD ROYAL  
SOIL ITSELF  
NOW...

HAVE A  
CARE! I KNOW  
WELL WHERE  
I LEAD,  
STORMER.

AND  
WHY.

YET STILL THERE IS NO TRACE  
OF THIS CREATURE YOU SEEK,  
NO UNCLEAN CORPSE AMONG  
THEM... PERHAPS THE GODS  
ARE TELLING YOU TO  
ABANDON THIS  
SEARCH.

AND  
PERHAPS  
YOU SHOULD  
BE COWERING  
WITH OUR  
WOMEN.

HE WILL  
BE AMID THE  
NEXT VILLAGE  
WE VANQUISH,  
OR THE NEXT  
AFTER.

THE  
PHARAOH  
MUST NOT FIND  
HIM BEFORE  
WE DO!

HOLD.

DO  
NONE OF  
YOU HEAR  
IT? FEEL IT,  
EVEN --

-- SECRETED  
WITHIN THIS  
ALTAR OF  
STONES...



... SUCH ANGER AND OUTRAGE IN THE DIRT AT OUR FEET? OY, THE FOUL PEOPLE OF AKKABA --

A BABE ALONE, ABANDONED TO THE WORST OF THE ELEMENTS.

HE IS HUNGRY AND THIRSTY, HIS SKIN BURN'T DRY OF COLOR ALREADY BY THE DAYSTAR ABOVE --

-- AND YET, STILL HE CURSES THE VERY HELL THAT WOULD CLAIM HIM.

WAAH

WAAH

-- TRYING TO KILL THE VERY THING THAT HISTORY WILL REMEMBER THEM BY.

BY THE BROKEN NIGHT...!

BARL, THE DEMON-SON'S FACE! HIS FEATURES --

-- WHAT IS IT?!

IT'S A DETESTATION -- BEYOND WORDS OR WORTH!

THE AKKABANS MUST HAVE PUT IT OUT TO DIE...

... A SACRIFICE TO THE SELFSAME NATURE IT DEFIES.

A SACRIFICE WE SHOULD FINISH, IF WE ARE WISE!

BARL...?

HE WILL NOT DIE, THIS CHILD OF DESTINY.



WHERE  
YOU SEE A  
DEMON, ONE  
AND ALL...

**SHRIK**

Noooo-



... I SEE  
A GOD IN THE  
MAKING.

FOR  
THIS CHILD IS  
DESTINED FOR  
GREATNESS!

**SHRIK**  
**SHRIK**  
**SHRIK**



**T**IME  
PASSES...

... NEARLY TWO  
DOZENS, TO  
BE PRECISE.

THE CITY OF THE MYSTERIOUS  
PHARAOH, RAMA-TUT, A CITY  
OF WONDROUS MARVELS  
AND SECRET TERRORS.

THOSE WHO ENTER ITS MASSIVE  
GATES TREMBLE BEFORE THE  
POWER OF A KING WHO APPEARED  
FROM THE HEAVENS AND  
SUBJUGATED ALL OF EGYPT.

INSIDE HIS PALACE, THE HEART  
OF HIS EMPIRE, WHERE ONLY  
HIS MOST TRUSTED AIDES  
DARE TREAD.....



STAND ASIDE,  
OZYMANDIAS!

I HAVE  
NEWS OF GREAT  
IMPORT FOR THE  
PHARAOH --

WHAT  
NEWS COULD  
A SCHOLAR LIKE  
YOU POSSIBLY HAVE  
THAT WOULD BE OF  
ANY INTEREST TO  
A CONQUEROR,  
LOGOS?

COME  
BACK LATER AND  
TELL HIM OF YOUR FOOL  
THEORIES ABOUT THE  
MOON AND THE  
SUN...



... FOR NOW HE AND I DISCUSS MATTERS OF WAR!




SILENCE, GENERAL!  
DO NOT FORGET YOUR STATION IN THIS COURT!

MY GRAND VIZIER IS ALWAYS WELCOME AT MY SIDE!



AS YOU WISH, PHARAOH.



I HAVE SEEN PLACES YOU COULDN'T HOPE TO IMAGINE, OZMYMADIAS, BUT HE NEVER FAILS TO BRING ME FRESH PERCEPTIONS.

THANK YOU, MY LORD, RAMA-TUT.

SPEAK, LOGOS.

WHAT NEWS DO YOU HAVE TODAY?

NEWS YOU HAVE HEARD YEARS TO HEAR. GREAT ONE.

NEWS OF THE MAN CALLED **BAAL** AND HIS **BARBAROUS KINSMEN**.

THERE IS RUMOR OF A YOUNG **OUTLANDER** OF BIZARRE APPEARANCE IN **BAAL'S** TRIBE, ONE OF PRODIGIOUS **STRENGTH** OF WILL AND BODY...



"... ONE CALLED,  
EN SABAH NUR."

MILES AWAY...

IT  
BEGINS HERE  
AND NOW,  
NUR...

... ON THE  
FIRST FULL  
SUMMER EVE  
OF YOUR  
SEVENTEENTH  
YEAR.

ONE ALONE  
AND UNARMED  
AGAINST THREE  
OF US WIELDING  
WEAPONS.

IT IS  
A BATTLE  
TO THE  
DEATH.

IF YOU ARE TO  
BE FULLY ACCEPTED  
INTO THE TRIBE... AND  
TO KNOW THE MYSTERIES  
AND MAGIC  
WITHIN --

-- YOU  
MUST FIRST  
RETURN OUR  
BLOOD TO  
THE ANCIENT  
SANDS.

THE  
HUNGRY  
DESERT  
MUST  
FEED.

SO ASK  
YOURSELF,  
MONSTER.

ARE  
YOU PREPARED  
FOR THIS  
MOMENT?

ARE  
YOU WORTHY  
OF IT...?

ARE  
YOU  
FIT?

FOR  
SUCH IS  
THE CREED  
WE LIVE  
BY --

-- TESTED  
BY THE  
ELEMENTS --

-- BY  
DROUGHT,  
FAMINE, AND  
WAR --

-- SURVIVAL  
OF THE  
FITTEST!



LONG HAS HE FELT THE BURNING GLARES OF THE TRIBESMEN ON HIS BACK.

SINCE THE TIME OF HIS INFANCY, THE BOY HAS BEEN AN OBJECT OF SCORN AND HATE AND FEAR.



SO THIS IS THE GREAT WARRIOR BAAL SWEARS WILL BRING DOWN THE EVIL PHARAOH?

AYE, SO WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN TOLD. LOOK AT HIM!



DOES THIS... MONSTROSITY LOOK AS THOUGH HE IS CAPABLE OF DEFEATING EVEN THE LOWEST SPEARMAN IN TUT'S LEGION?

LET US FIND OUT!



KEEP YOUR COMPOSURE, MY SON. DO NOT ALLOW YOUR TAUNTS TO DISTRACT YOU... FOR THAT PATH IS THE WAY OF THE WEAK AND THE DEAD.

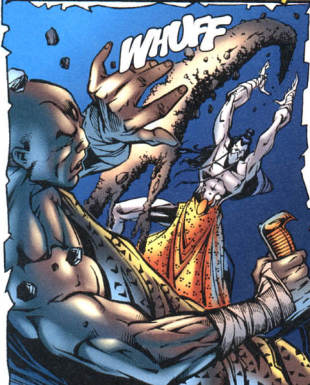


NOW, BOY! TURN AND FACE YOUR ATTACKER!

AT LONG LAST, THROUGH RITES AND RITUAL --

-- WE WILL RID OURSELVES OF YOUR FOUL PRESENCE.





MEANWHILE...

RAAEEEE

THIS IS LONG OVERDUE, BOY --

--YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN LEFT TO ROT IN THE SAND RIGHT WHERE THE AKKBABANS ABANDONED YOU!

YOU ARE A LIVING CURSE ON OUR PEOPLE --

-- IT IS YOUR PRESENCE THAT HAS BROUGHT THE PHARAOH'S WRATH AND MADE EXILES OF US!

YOUR MAD BENEFACTOR SAVED YOU THEN --

-- BUT BY RULE OF CEREMONY, BARL IS FORBIDDEN TO INTERFERE NOW!

SHK

SHK

UH-H...

RKK...

PERHAPS IN THE NEXT LIFE, WEAKLING...

... YOU WILL SAVE YOUR STRENGTH FOR THE FIGHT.





BRING THIS BOY TO ME...

... AND USE ALL THE GATHERED ARMIES OF EGYPT HERSELF IF NEED BE!

IF THIS EN SABAH NUR IS TRULY THE IMMORTAL I KNOW OF -- THE ONE WHO, IN THE FULLNESS OF TIME, WILL BECOME THE MOST POWERFUL BEING ON THE PLANET --



-- HE MUST BE MINE.

FOR MY SECRETS MUST BE CLOSELY GUARDED, AND BAAL ALREADY KNOWS TOO MUCH.



DELIVER HIM TO ME BY THE NEXT MOON, OZYMANDIAS.



HE WILL BE YOUR WEDDING GIFT TO ME...

... AND YOUR LOVELY SISTER NEPHRI!

IN THE DEEPEST AREA OF THE DESERT...

IT IS OVER.



FATHER..?

WHY... WHY DO THEY HATE ME SO?

I HAVE ENDURED EVERY INDIGNITY AND PASSED EACH TRIAL SET BEFORE ME!

SO WHY AM I DIFFERENT? WHY MUST I BE AN OUTCAST EVEN AMONG NOMADS?



THEY FEAR YOU BECAUSE THEY ARE WEAK. THEY HATE YOU BECAUSE THEY ARE FOOLISH.

PATIENCE IS A HUNTER'S TOOL, BOY... AND HIS SHARPEST WEAPON.

BUT THE TIME HAS COME.

LOOK THERE, MY SOULSON.

THAT STONE TOTEM MARKS THE PLACE WHERE THE ONE CALLED RAMA-TUT WAS FOUND...

... WHERE ALL THE MYSTERY LIES!

YOUR FATE, TOO, WILL BE FOUND BELOW...

SHORTLY, OUTSIDE  
THE CAMP OF THE  
PEOPLE OF THE STORM...

NOT VERY  
IMPRESSIVE,  
I MUST SAY.  
YOU'RE SURE  
THIS IS THE  
PLACE?

THAT  
IS WHAT MY  
INFORMATION  
INDICATES.

YES,  
WELL, YOUR  
INFORMATION  
HAS PROVEN  
TO BE FALSE  
BEFORE.  
THINKER.

NO, I AM  
CERTAIN THIS IS  
THE ENCAMPMENT  
OF BARL AND HIS  
ROVING BAND OF  
SCAVENGERS.

THEN...  
WE'VE  
FOUND HIM  
AT LAST.

I  
WONDER  
WHY TUT  
HATES HIM  
SO?

COULD  
IT BE OUR  
GOD-KING  
FEARS A MERE  
BARBARIAN?

IS THAT  
SARCASM  
IN YOUR  
VOICE,  
GENERAL?

YOU WHO  
OFFERED UP  
YOUR OWN  
SISTER TO HIM  
AS PART OF A  
PERSONAL  
BID FOR  
POWER?

MEASURE  
YOUR WORDS  
CAREFULLY, LOGOS.  
THIS IS A DANGEROUS  
PLACE, AND IT IS ALL  
TOO EASY FOR TRAGIC  
ACCIDENTS TO  
OCCUR...

... EVEN  
TO A GOD'S  
RIGHT  
HAND.

NOW, I  
SUGGEST YOU  
STAY AT A SAFE  
DISTANCE...

... AND  
WATCH AS THE  
GREATEST ARMY  
IN ALL THE WORLD  
WIPES THIS  
RABBLE FROM  
EXISTENCE.

THE  
PHARAOH  
DID NOT ORDER  
THAT, GENERAL!  
WE ARE TO FIND  
THE BOY --!

Oh,  
I'LL FIND  
HIM.

HAVE  
NO WORRIES  
ABOUT  
THAT.



WALK WHERE I WALK ALWAYS, NUR, WHEN I WALK ONLY.

"WHEN THE WHOLE MOON DESCENDS ON THE HELL HOUND, THE PATH SHALL BE PROVID--"



LOOK TO YOUR FEET NOW, BOY, NOT TO THE OLD PRAYERS.



THE GROUND HAS NEVER BEEN AS SOLID AS IT APPEARS IN THIS REGION.

FAULT-LINES SHIFT AND STIR WITH REGULARITY HERE, SUCH REGULARITY, IN FACT, THAT OUR TEMPLE-BUILDERS MAPPED OUT THE PATTERNS CAREFULLY...

... AND BUILT THE HOUND OF THE HILL TO REFLECT THESE CHANGES FOR ALL ETERNITY.



WE SANDSTORMERS ALONE ARE ABLE TO FOLLOW THE LAST OF THE NIGHT'S LIGHT...



... INTO THE DEPTHS OF DAY'S DARKNESS.

SO FOLLOW ME...





"... BECAUSE I AM SURE THE PLACE YOU WILL BE SHOWN HOLDS THE KEY TO DEFEATING OUR ENEMY."

FORWARD, ALL.

BEFORE THE STORM AWAKES...

... LET US LOOSE ENOUGH THUNDER AND LIGHTNING OF OUR OWN TO SHAKE THE HEAVENS DOWN TO EARTH!



AS ABOVE... SO BELOW.

PREPARE YOURSELF, BOY --



-- MUCH AS ANY COULD, OR SHOULD --









MY FACE...?

THEN PERHAPS IT IS ME THE PHARAOH WANTS!

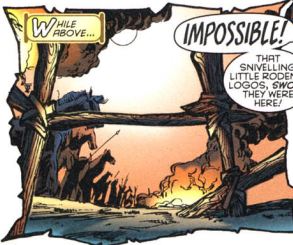
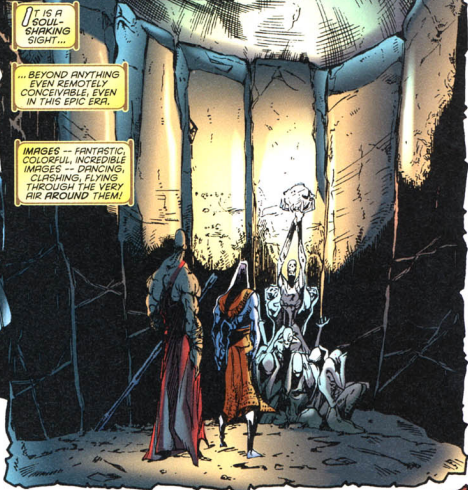
LET ME SEE THIS --

BY THE GODS!

IT IS A SOUL-SHAKING SIGHT ...

... BEYOND ANYTHING EVEN REMOTELY CONCEIVABLE, EVEN IN THIS EPIC ERA.

IMAGES -- FANTASTIC, COLORFUL, INCREDIBLE IMAGES -- DANCING, CLASHING, FLYING THROUGH THE VERY AIR AROUND THEM!



WHILE ABOVE...

IMPOSSIBLE!

THAT SNIVELLING LITTLE RODENT, LOGOS, SWORE THEY WERE HERE!



BUT THE PENS ARE LONG-EMPTY, THE PACK-ANIMALS CLEARED...

... AND THE TENTS WE TRAMPLE HOLD LITTLE BUT...



... CARRION?!

THE SAND-STORMERS ARE NOWHERE TO BE--

WE ARE BENEATH YOU AND YOURS, BUTCHER...

THEY SPRING FROM UNDER THE SAND ITSELF...

... EMERGING LIKE SERPENTS FROM HOLLOW'S DUG WITH THEIR BARE HANDS...

... SURROUNDING THE ASTONISHED EGYPTIANS!

... NO LONGER!

IT'S AN AMBUSH!

WHILE SOME TWO HUNDRED FEET UNDER THE BATTLE...

LOOK, FATHER -- THESE CARVINGS...

... THEY'RE REPRESENTATIONS OF RAMA-TUT!

WHAT DO THEY MEAN?!



WE DO NOT KNOW.

BUT I AM CERTAIN THAT GIVEN TIME, WE CAN DECIPHER THEIR SIGNIFICANCE...

... DISCOVER ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT THE FALSE RULER...

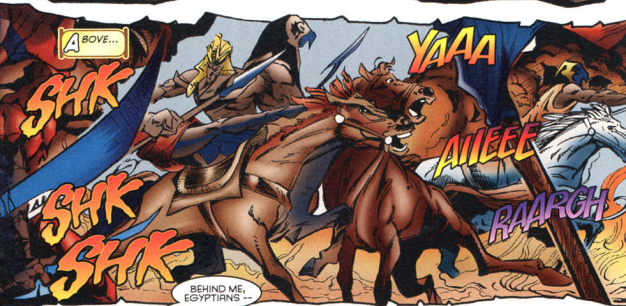


... AND THEN CRUSH HIM!

WHY WAIT?



NO!



ABOVE...

SHK

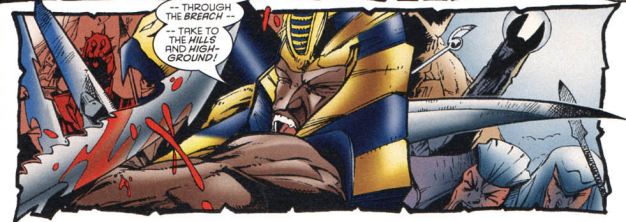
SHK  
SHK

YAAA

AAAA

RAARGH

BEHIND ME, EGYPTIANS --  
-- THROUGH THE BREACH --  
-- TAKE TO THE HILLS AND HIGH-GROUND!



**ROUMB**

NO!  
EN SABAH  
NUR, DO NOT  
TOUCH IT!

THESE  
ARE FORCES  
WE DON'T YET  
UNDERSTAND --!

NONSENSE!

IF  
RAMA-TUT  
FEARS THIS --  
IF, FOR SOME  
REASON,  
HE FEARS  
ME --

-- WE  
MUST USE  
IT AGAINST  
HIM!





WHILE THE SOLDIERS,  
OUTFLANKED AND  
OUTNUMBERED IN THE LAP  
OF THE ENEMY'S LAND...

NEVER,  
'STORMERS!  
THE  
LEGIONS OF  
OZYMANDIUS WILL  
NEVER SURRENDER  
TO YOUR  
TRICKERY!

REINFORCEMENTS  
ARE ALREADY --

TOO LATE,  
WARMAKER!  
THE  
SAND AND  
STONE OF THIS  
HOLY PLACE WILL  
EVER AND  
ALWAYS...



THE GROUND  
BELLOWS!

"... DEFEND  
ITS OWN."

THAT SOUND  
OVERHEAD...



...CAVE- IN!

AND SO IT  
BEGINS...

SOON, A WOUNDED AND DESPERATE ROYAL ADVISOR MAKES HIS WAY TO THE SEAT OF POWER...

LOGOS...?

I BEAR DARKEST TIDINGS FROM THE OUTLAND, LORD RAMA-TUT.

WE... WERE SURPRISED...

ALL ARE LOST TO THE DEADLY DESERT, YOUR ARMIES AND THE ONE THEY SOUGHT...

UNLIKELY, VIZIER.

THERE IS A GRANDER SCHEME TO THINGS THAT IS BEYOND ALL BUT MY KEN.

AND EN SABAH NUR, AT LEAST, IS MEANT TO BE A BEING FAR AHEAD OF HIS TIME --

-- AN EVOLUTIONARY JUMP-START OF NEAR-INFINITE POTENTIAL...

... IN FACT, UNIQUE TO NATURE FOR THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF YEARS YET.

HE WILL NOT PASS SO EASILY INTO THE NIGHT...

... AND I WILL BE WAITING WHEN HE EMERGES!

NEXT: FORWARD FROM THE WRECKAGE