

ULTIMATE EXTINCTION™

ISSUE
3
OF SIX



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DIRECT EDITION

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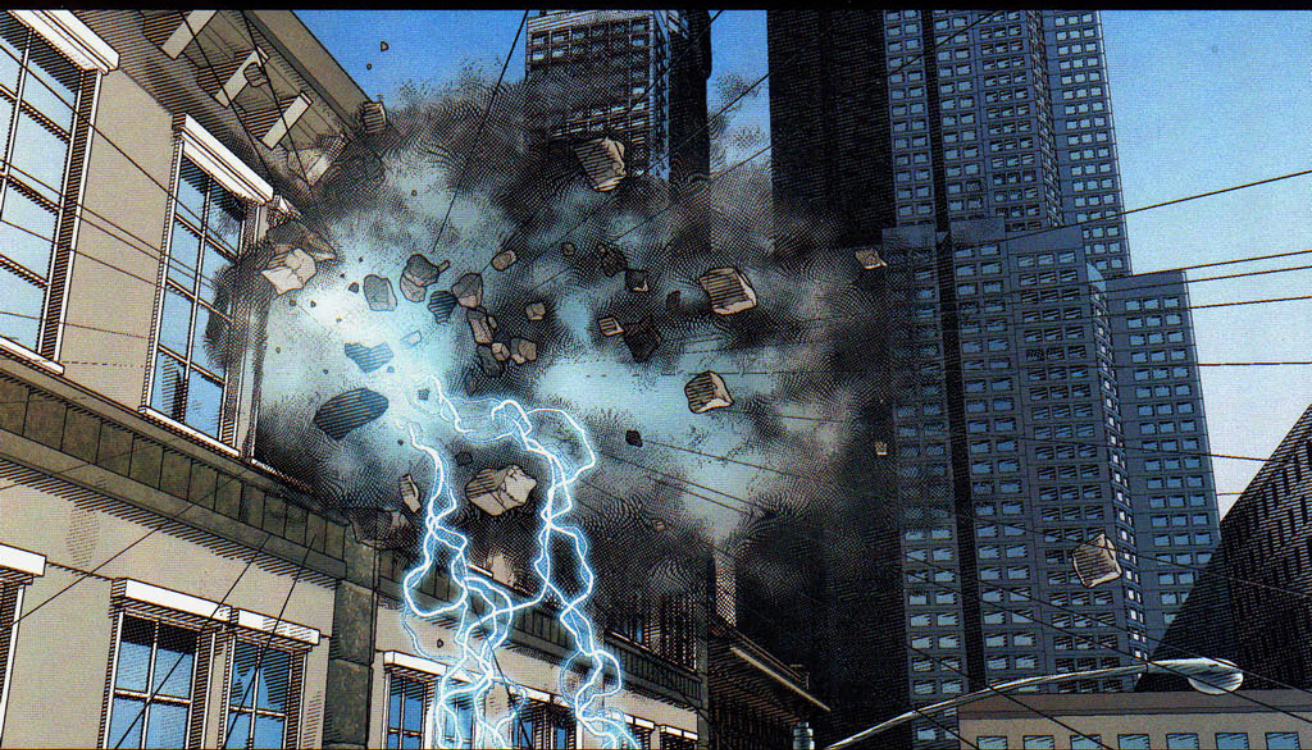
PREVIOUSLY IN ULTIMATE EXTINCTION:

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. Reed Richards (leader of the young super-hero team the Fantastic Four) leads the effort to search for a way to survive.

Meanwhile, private detective Misty Knight is hired by a man named Edward Schaffer to find his "abducted" wife. Misty tracks the wife to a meeting of a strange cult where she witnesses the cult leader reveal himself as a silver-colored winged man.

Misty is attacked by a sniper—a mysterious bald woman—who the police later identify as having died twenty-two years ago. Misty makes her way back to her office...where she is soon confronted by the silver man. As he attacks Misty—by blowing up her office—Captain America and Falcon make their way downtown to investigate...



ULTIMATE EXTINCTION

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Oh, God.
Is that a
mutant?

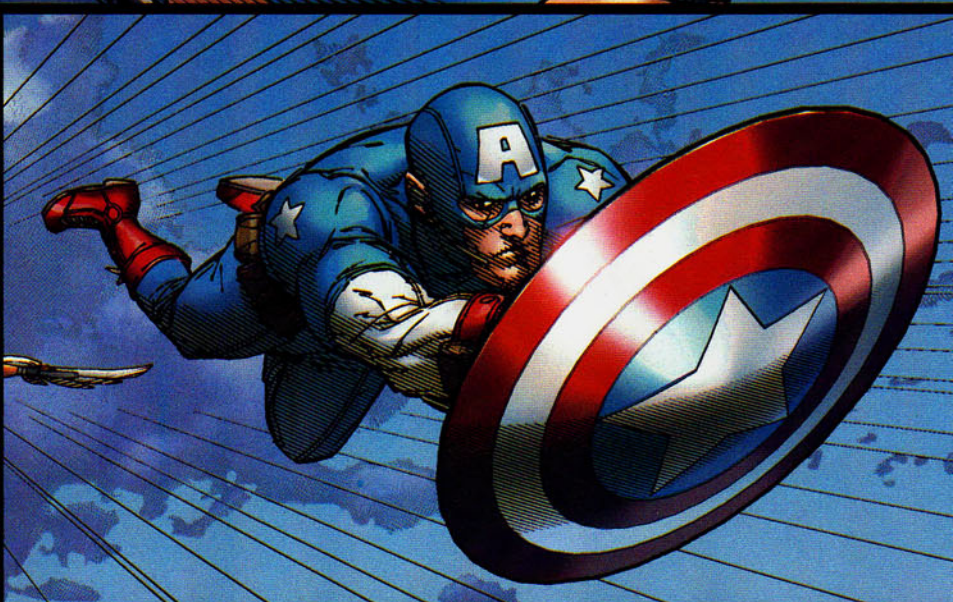
You've
fought
mutants
before.

I stuck my
fingers in a
mutant's eyes,
back in Tunguska.
That's it.

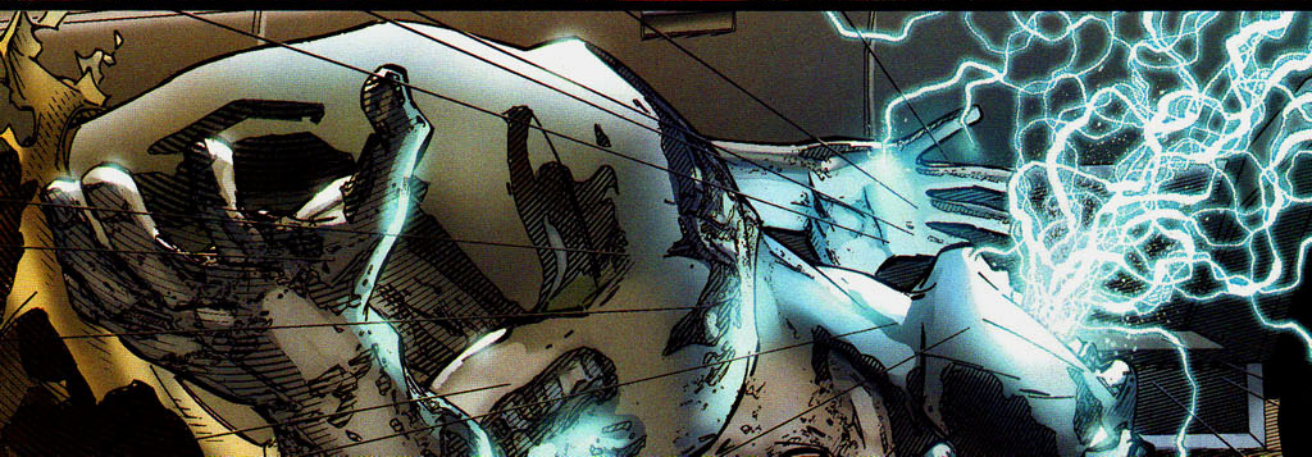
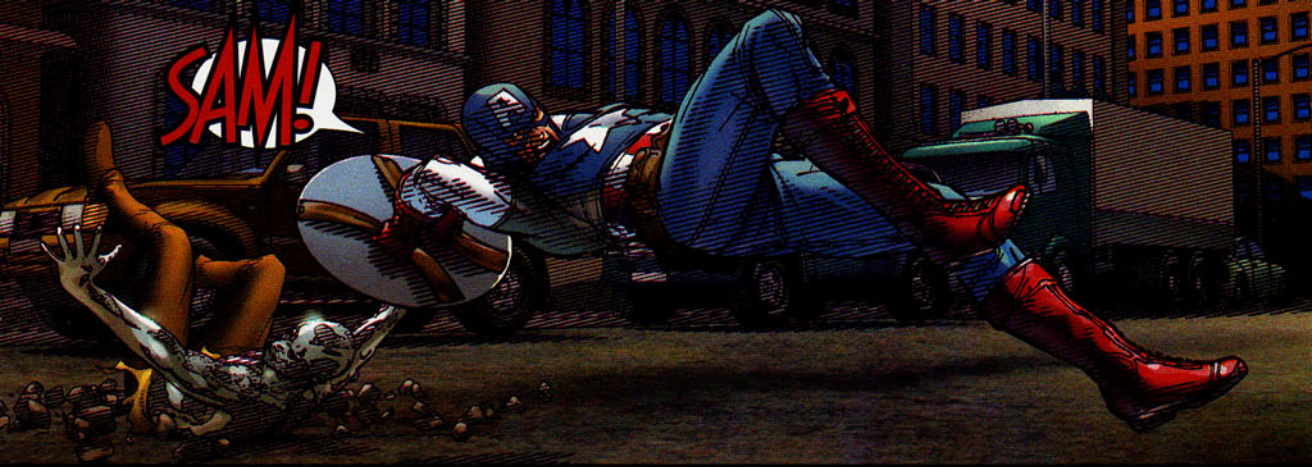


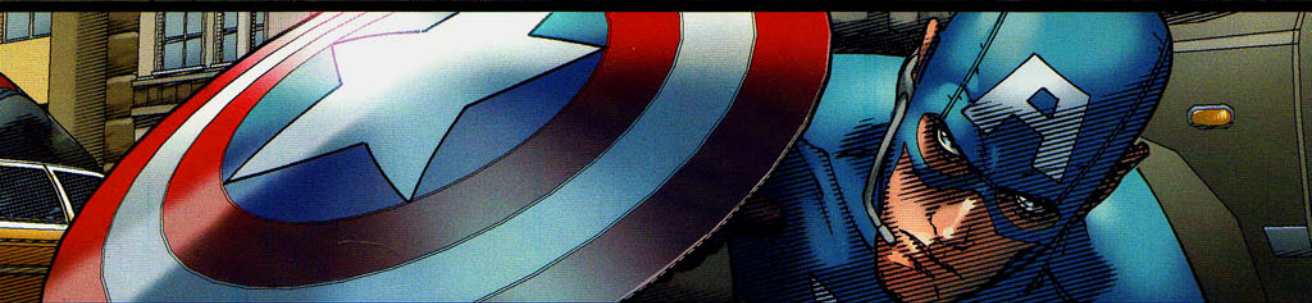
Toughen
up, son.

They get
beaten down
just the same
as anything
else on this
world.











Um...
...hello?



Throw the gun
out, and then remain
at that...hole in the
wall until we come
up for you.

You're under
arrest on the
authority of
S.H.I.E.L.D.



Kiss my black
butt, Captain
Whitey!

*Misty Knight, ex-NYPD,
licensed private investigator,
attacked* in my own office by
a guy who disappeared because
you didn't hit him hard enough
and your flying Stepin Fetchit
missed with two guns!

Count
'em! *Two
guns!*



Where did he
go, and why is that
woman shouting
at you?

You know, in
Iceland, they have
a bottomless well
where they drown
dames like her.

Ma'am, I'm
sorry, but I still
need to take you
into custody for--



Sure! Take me
to the Triskelion!
Call Tony Stark!

Tell him you
arrested the
hero cop he built
a new arm for!

Jerks!



Run that by me one more time.



Okay. This? This is the N-Zone.



This is our universe. There are a bunch of universes just like ours.



All the sets of universes below ours are older than ours. That's what Nihil told me, remember?

The lower down the multiverse's structure you go, the older the universe.



The higher you go, the younger they are. Theoretically, there's got to be a point up here where baby universes are spawning.

Okay, I'm with you so far. Explain to me how this relates to Nick Fury.



Reed?
What
is it?



I've had this idea,
Sue. I've had this terrible,
terrible idea.

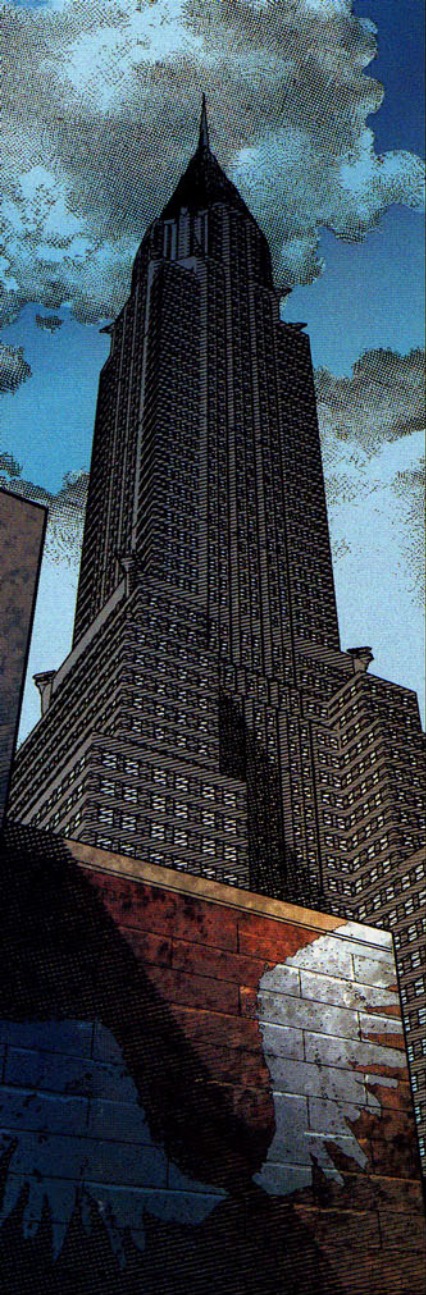
I mean, I want
to throw up every
time it crosses my
mind. But it won't
go away.

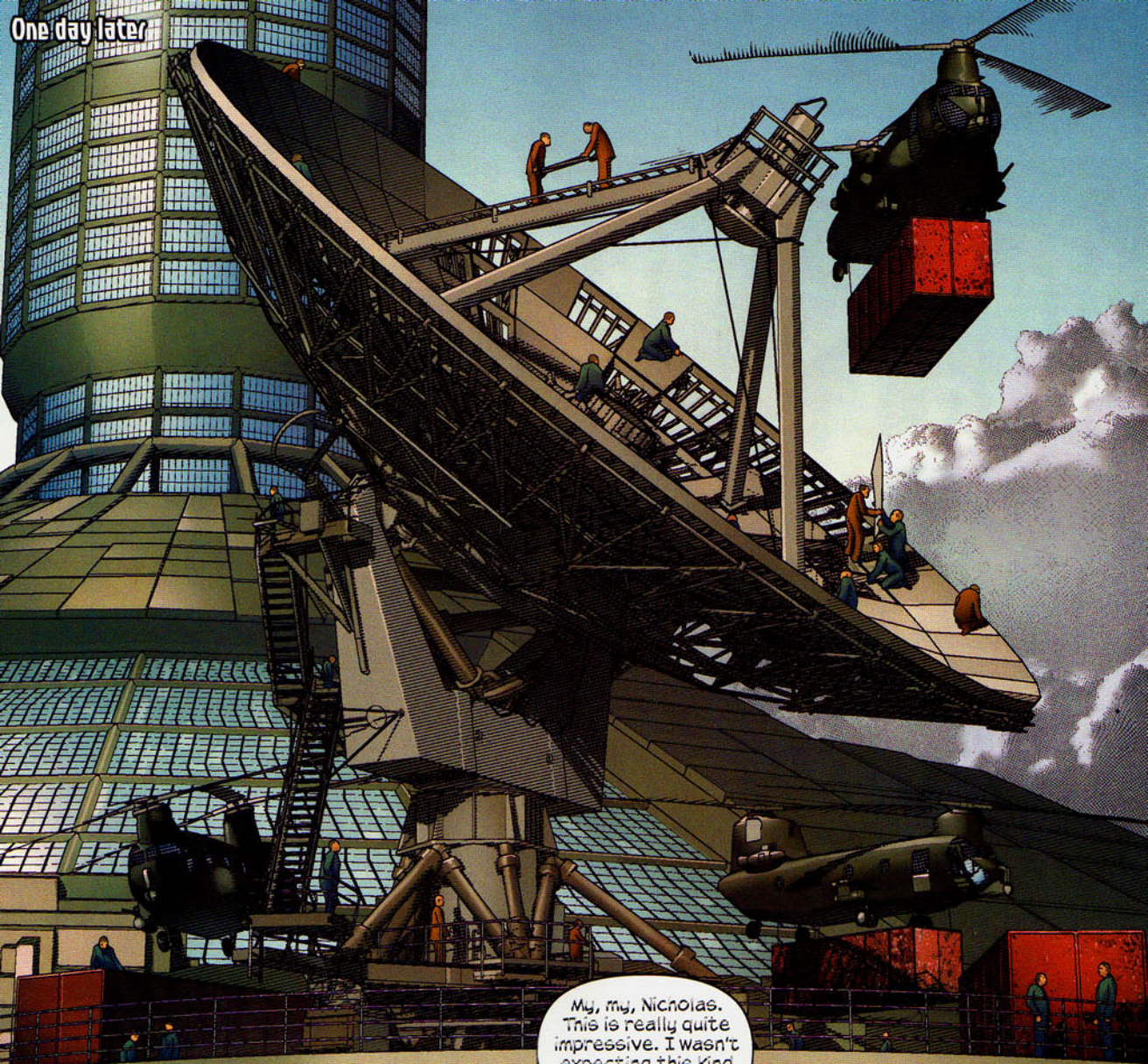
I know
how to hurt
Gah Lak Tus.
Maybe
even kill
it.



But it's...
obscene.

And I'd be
handing Nick Fury
something very much
like an ultimate
weapon.





One day later

My, my, Nicholas. This is really quite impressive. I wasn't expecting this kind of accelerated schedule.

Money buys people buys man-hours. How about you, Prof? Ready to go?

You know, despite myself, and the obvious horror of the situation-- I'm actually looking forward to this.

--but, in a very real way, I am journeying into space. Quite marvelous.

Not just the thrill of contacting a non-organic, thoroughly alien intelligence--



BRIEFING MODULE 101

BRIEFING MODULE 101

...yes, yes, darling, I'm sure Amanda Scheer Demme will just *die* if we don't attend the opening of Tropicana NYC, but I need to help out an old friend here.

No, of course she's not female.

He. He's not female. Gotta go. Call later. Love you.



Now--what's happening here?

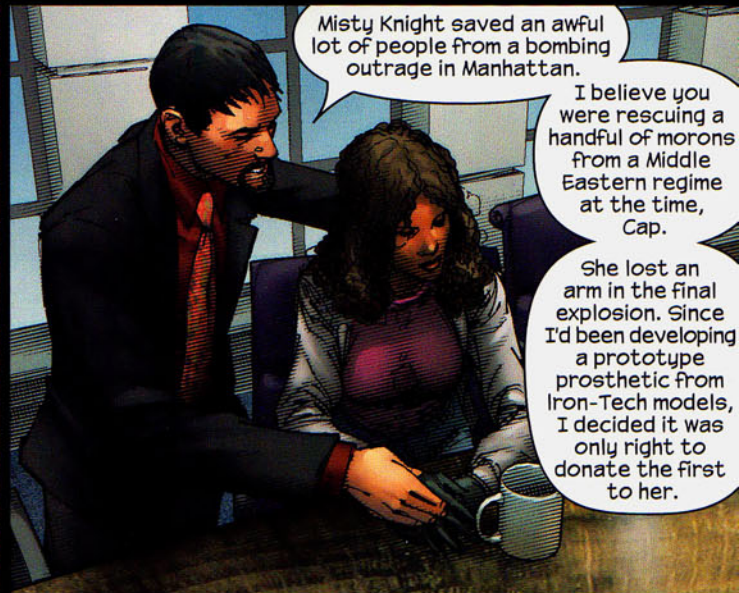
Misty, you look absolutely dreadful.



Gee, thanks, Tony. Now why don't you tell these melonfarmers who I am?

We know who you are--

Please. I've heard enough of your voice, okay?



Misty Knight saved an awful lot of people from a bombing outrage in Manhattan.

I believe you were rescuing a handful of morons from a Middle Eastern regime at the time, Cap.

She lost an arm in the final explosion. Since I'd been developing a prototype prosthetic from Iron-Tech models, I decided it was only right to donate the first to her.



In order for me to be able to do that, Misty had to be thoroughly vetted by S.H.I.E.L.D., who were co-funding the prosthetic initiative at that time.

Cap, I know things have gotten very weird of late, and I know you must be hanging on to the ground with all your fingers right now--

--but Misty Knight is a thoroughly wonderful girl, with an extraordinarily fine bottom.



Now will you listen to me? First I see a *dead girl* try to assassinate a silver man with wings--

--and *then* he comes to my office to try and kill *me*!

And then *you* treat me like a *terrorist* and lock me in here for a day instead of finding that woman and that guy and--





I still say this is insane, General. This is not the way to initiate first contact, particularly not with something that exists only to destroy organic life--

Don't want to hear it, Marvel. Are we ready to go?

The board is green, sir. Give the word.



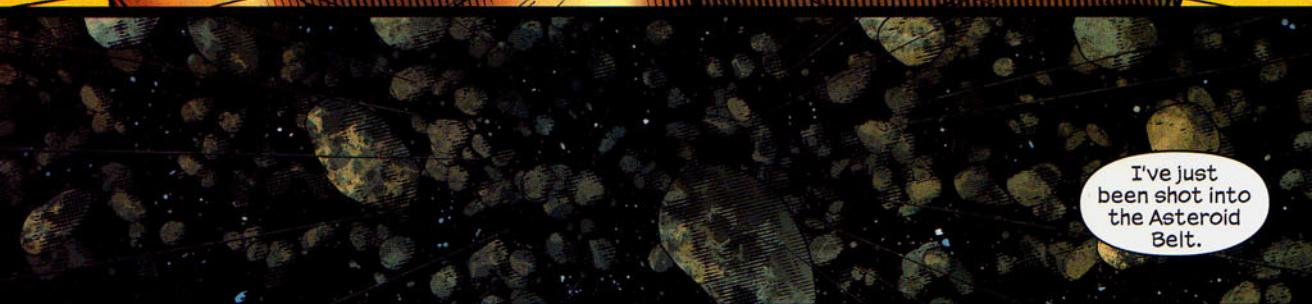
The word, young man, is given.

I am making telepathic connection with the Cerebro array.

You may begin your amplification process.



My God.



I've just been shot into the Asteroid Belt.



It's here. In the Belt, descending into the inner solar system.

It has a mind, Nicholas. I can feel it. See it.

I can see the access points on the surface of its mind. I am initiating first connection.

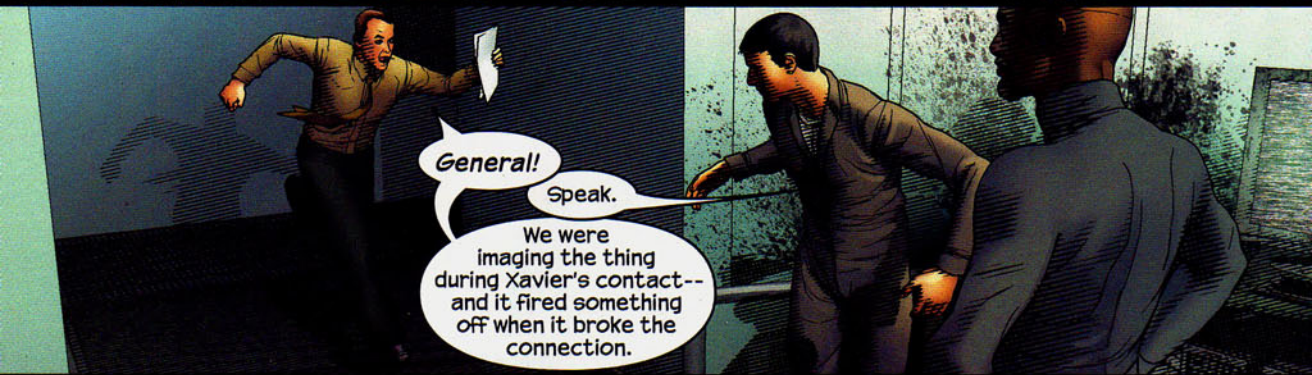




Professor?

I...contaminated
it...no...not the
word...

It hates us
so much...I...
desecrated it...
just by **touching**
it...



General!

Speak.

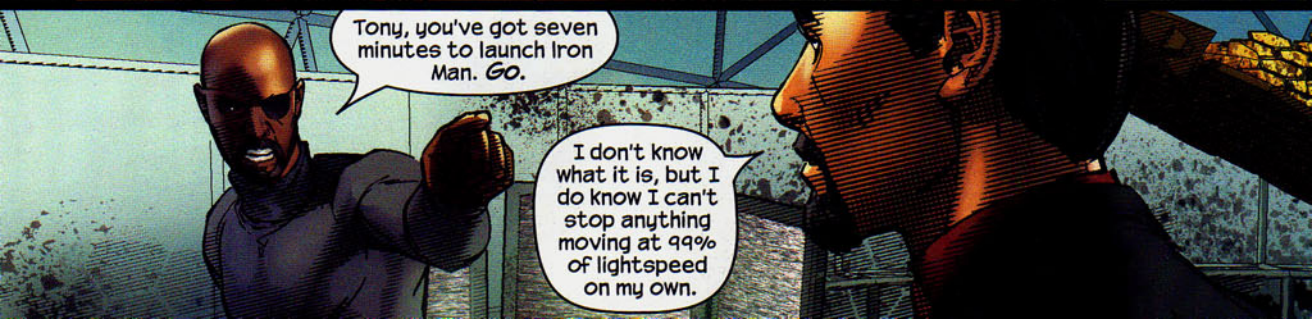
We were
imaging the thing
during Xavier's contact--
and it fired something
off when it broke the
connection.



It's fired
a missile at
Earth.

The computer
says that, given its
trajectory, speed,
and the spin of the
Earth--

--it's directly
targeted the
Triskelion, from
the Asteroid
Belt.



Tony, you've got seven
minutes to launch Iron
Man. **GO.**

I don't know
what it is, but I
do know I can't
stop anything
moving at 99%
of lightspeed
on my own.

You're not
on your own.
Go.



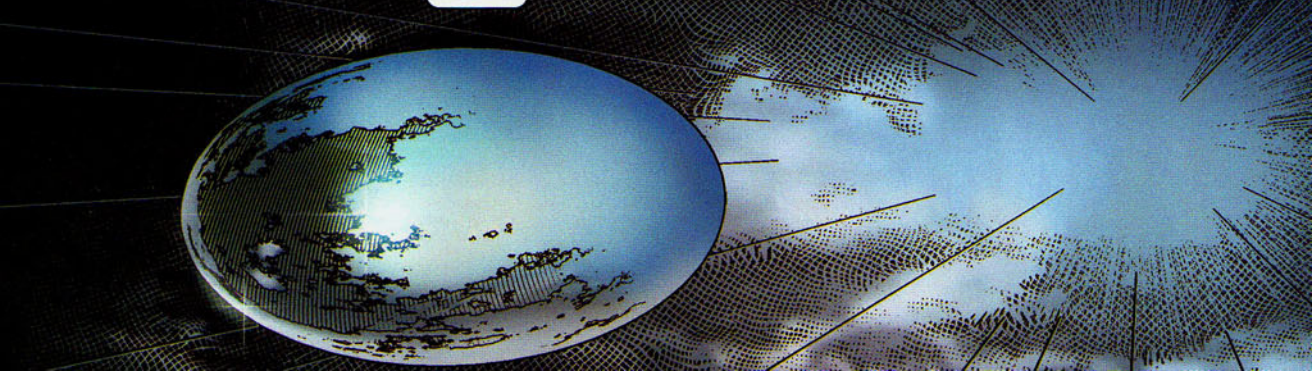
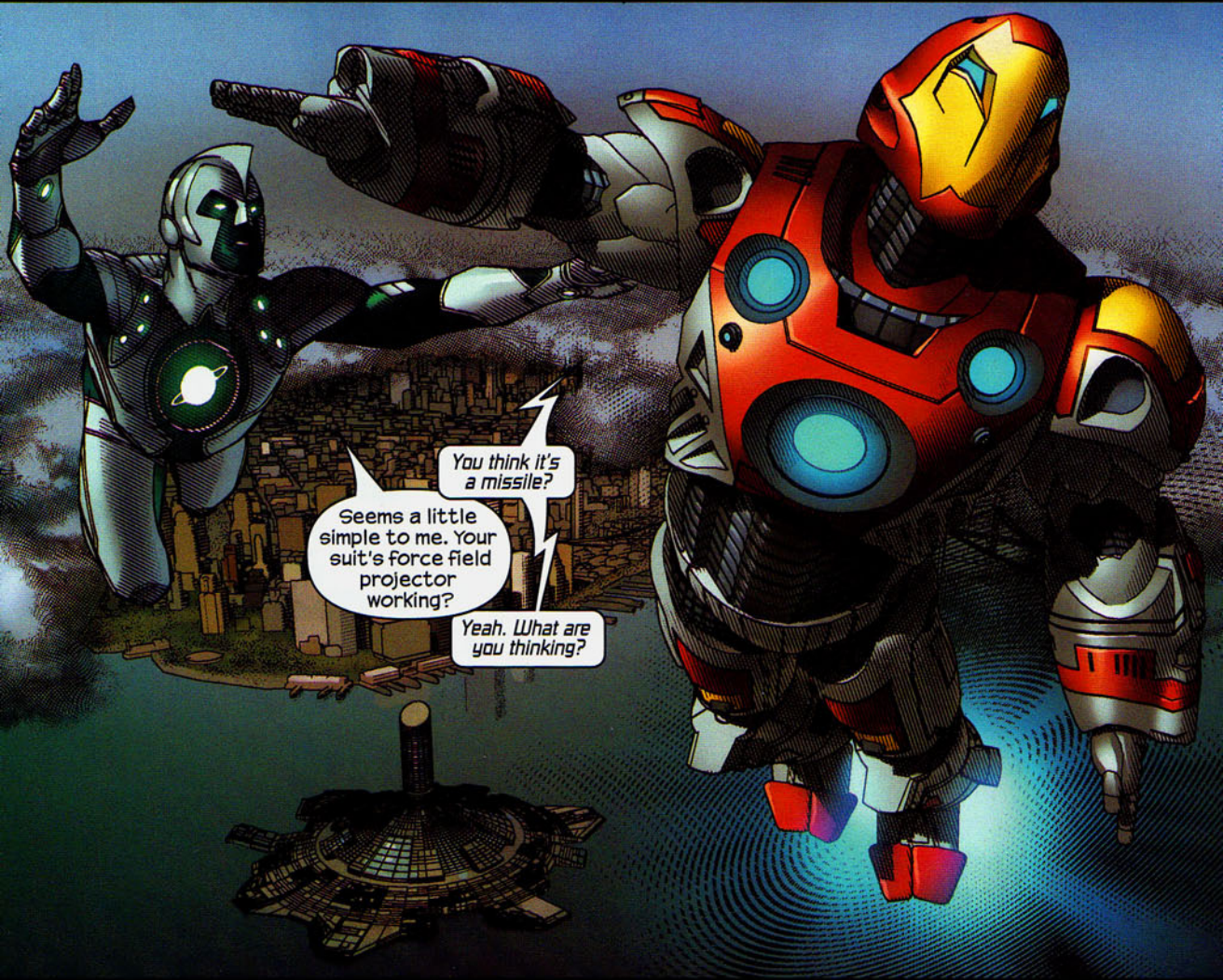
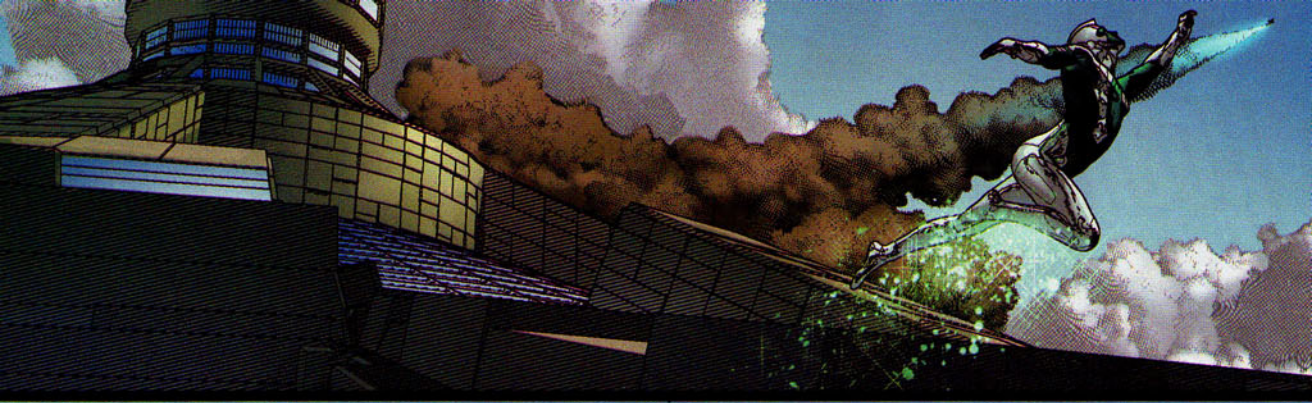
Did anyone
remember to
put vodka in
my water
bottle?

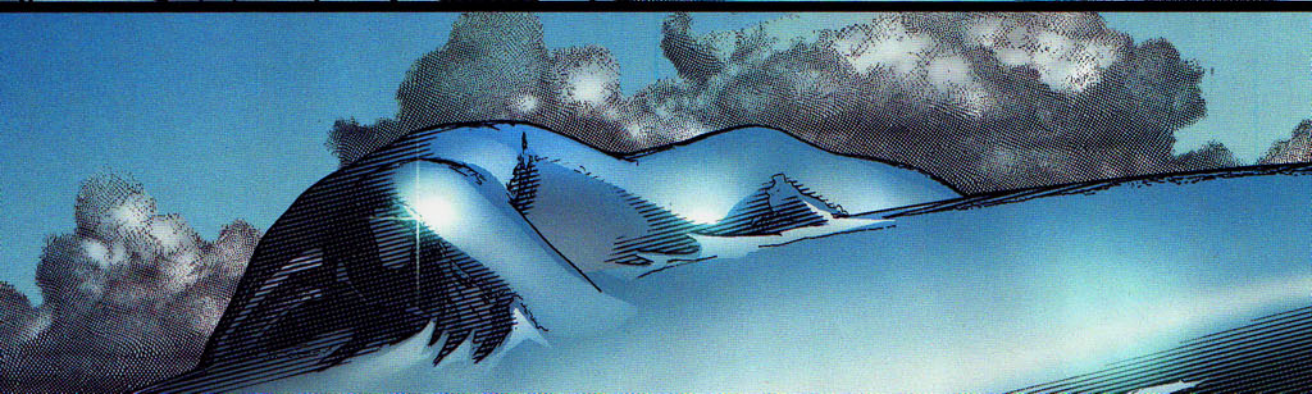
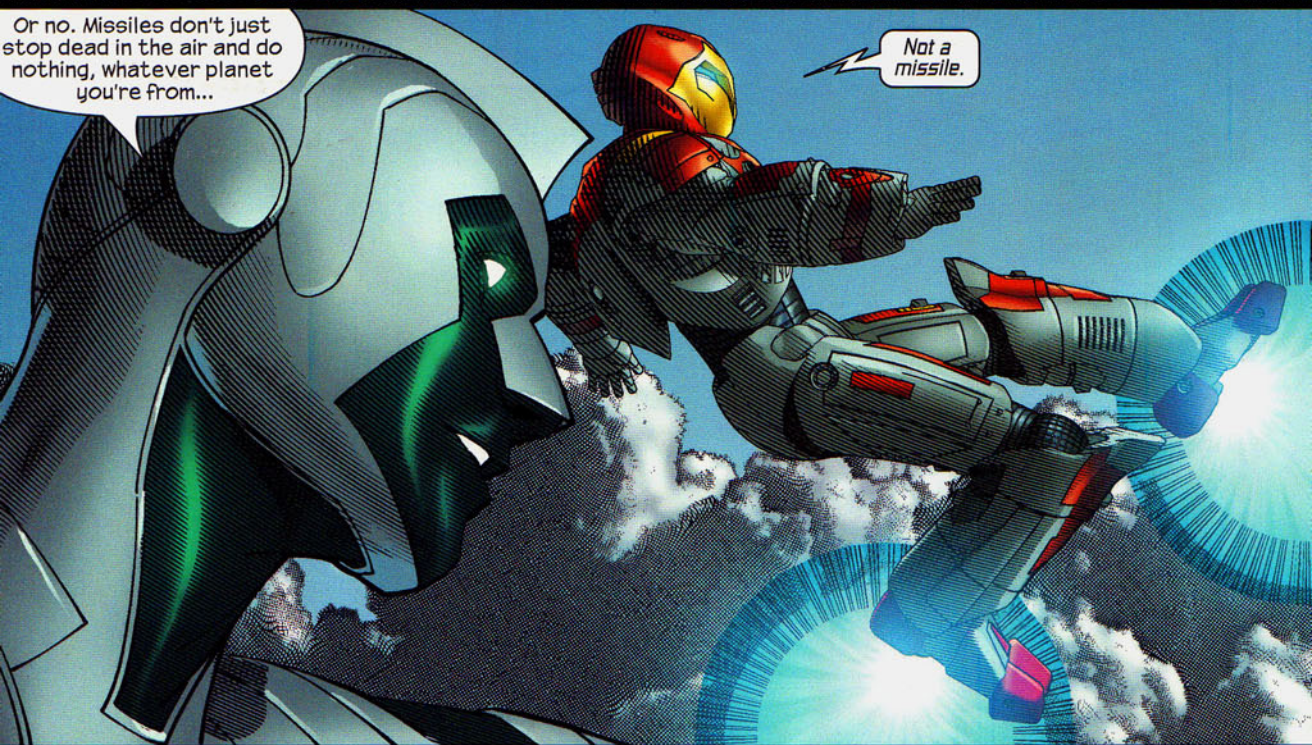
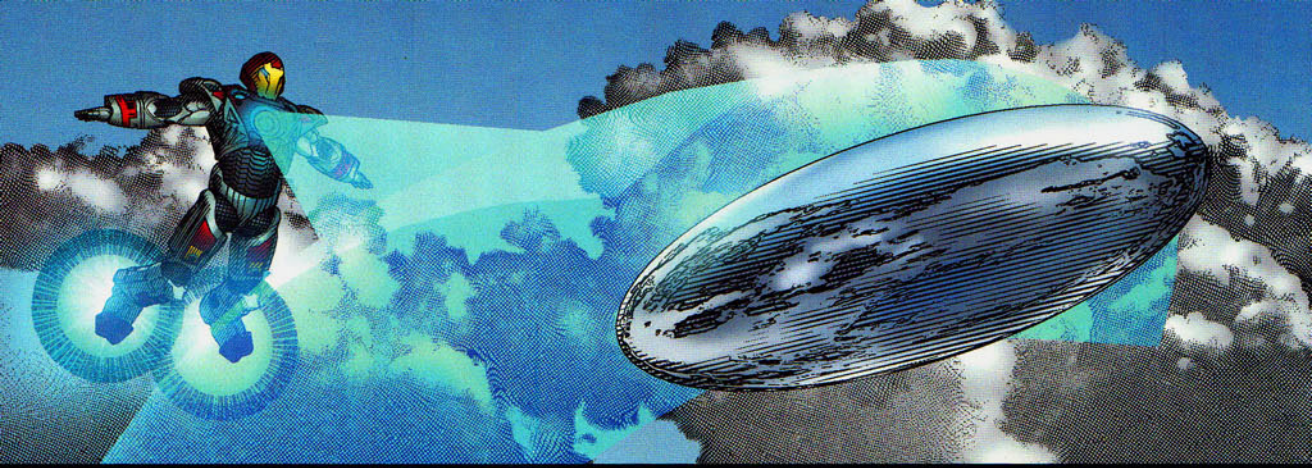
Six minutes,
forty-eight
seconds, Mr.
Stark.

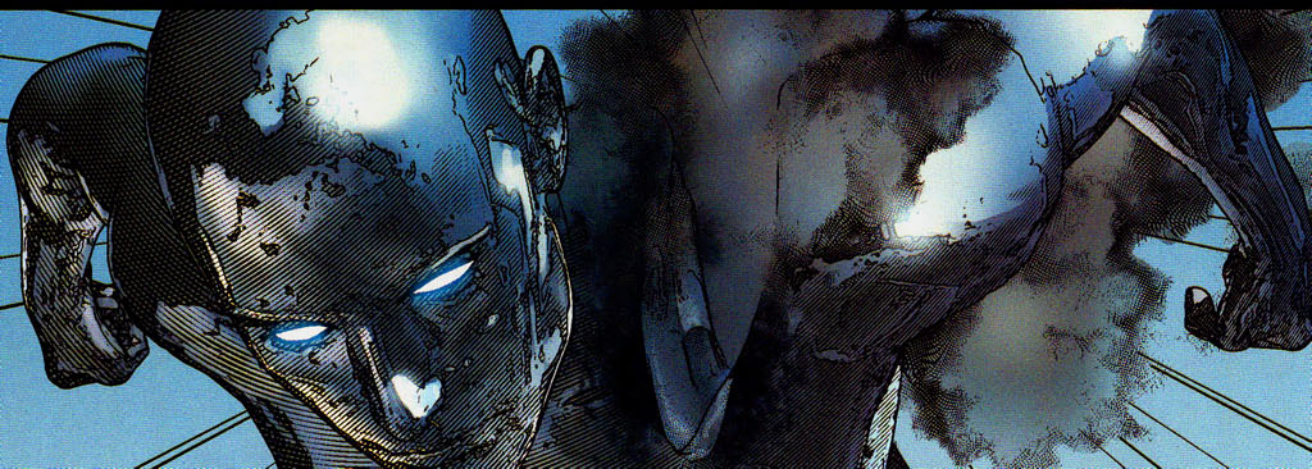
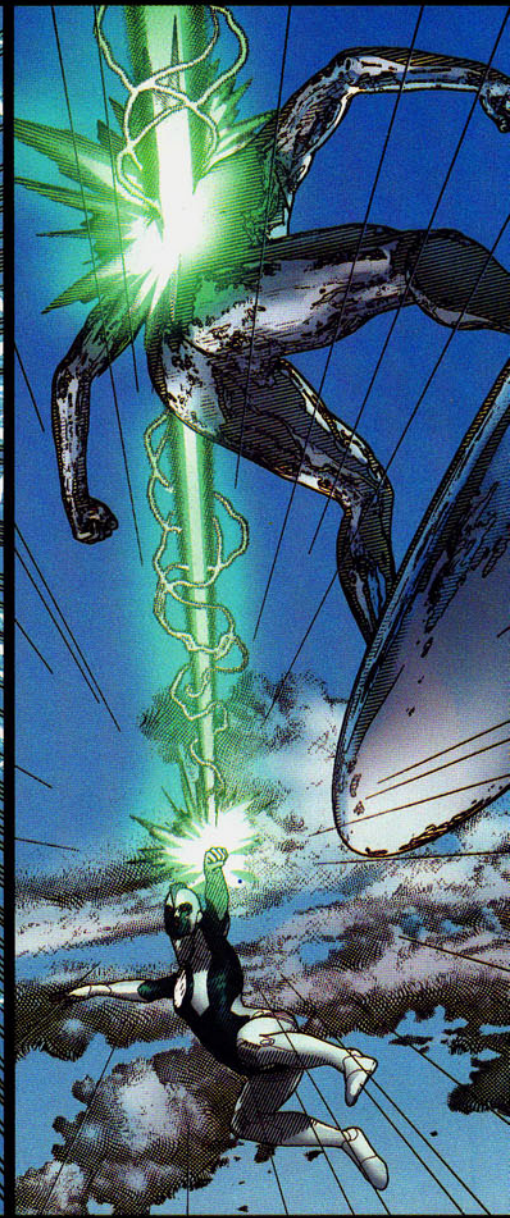
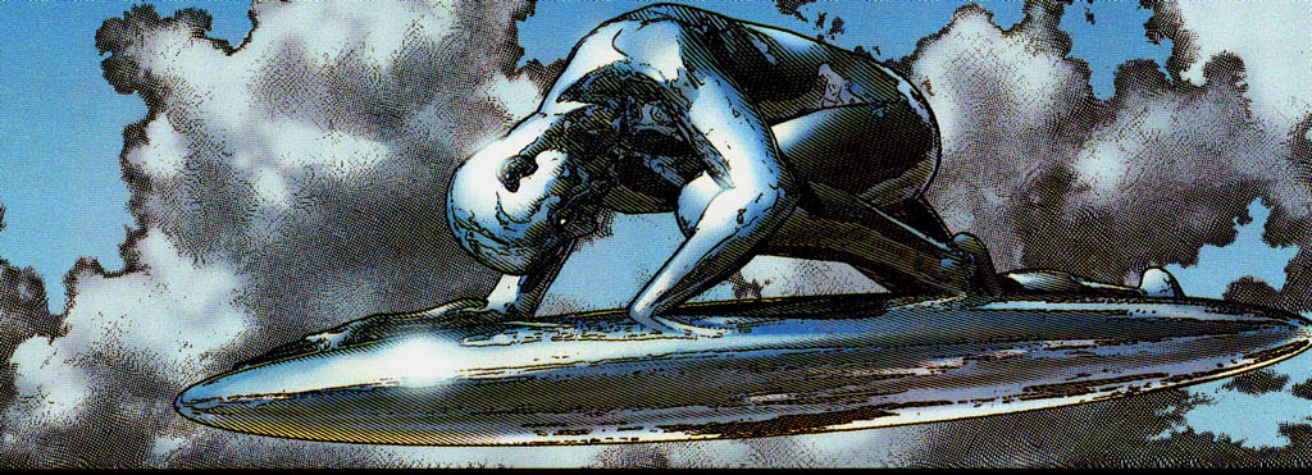


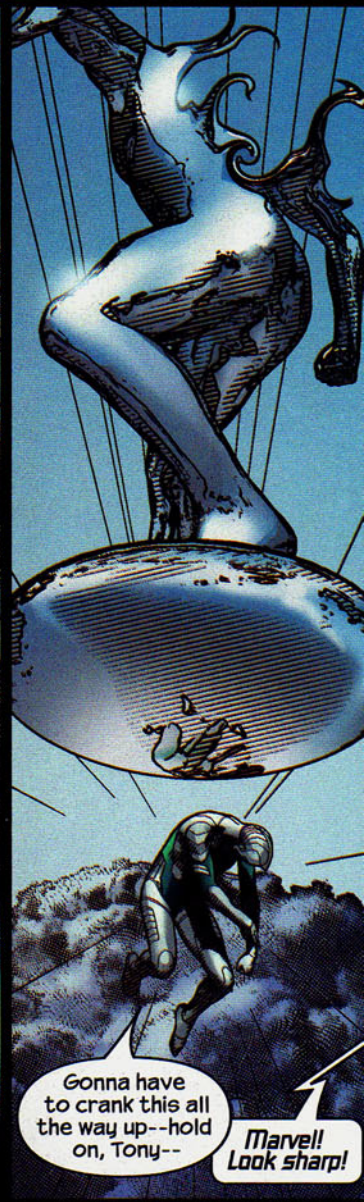
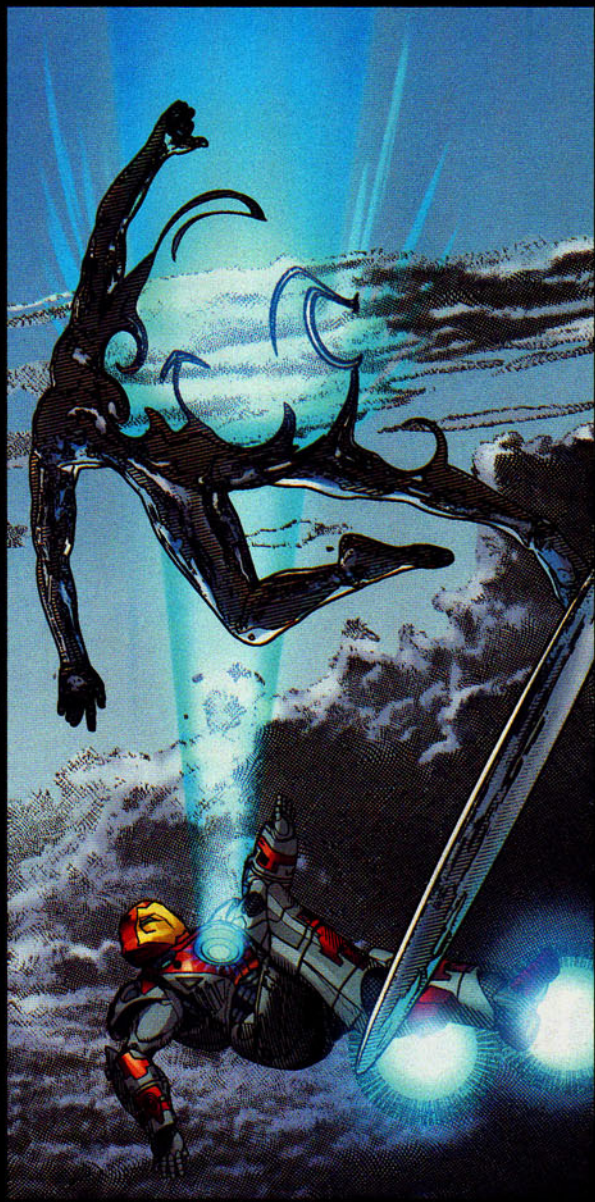
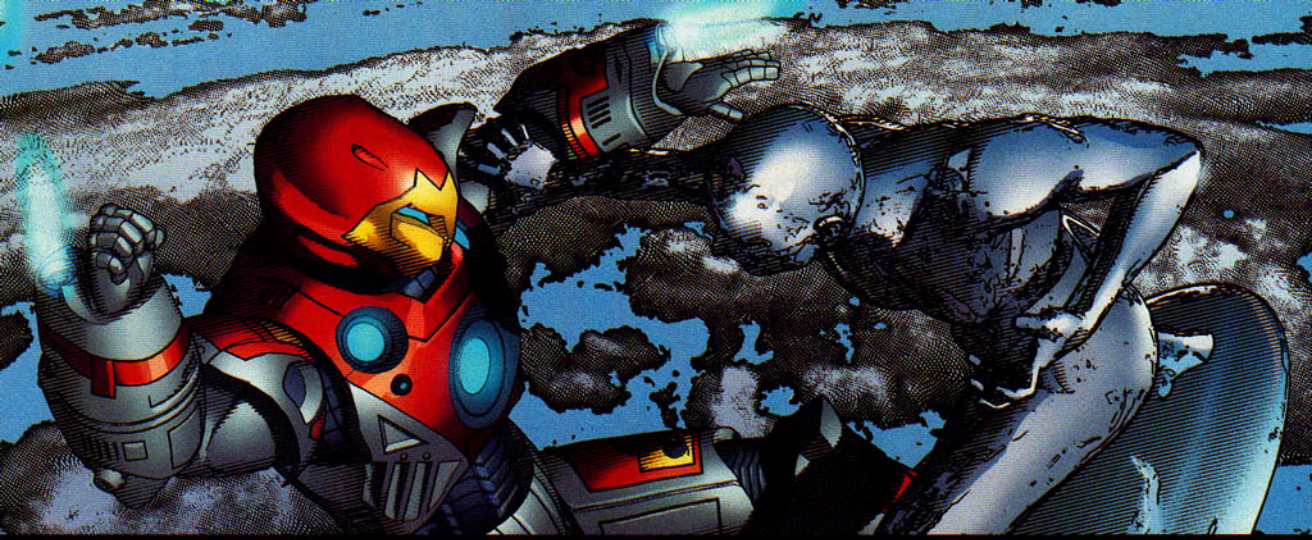
We are go
for launch.









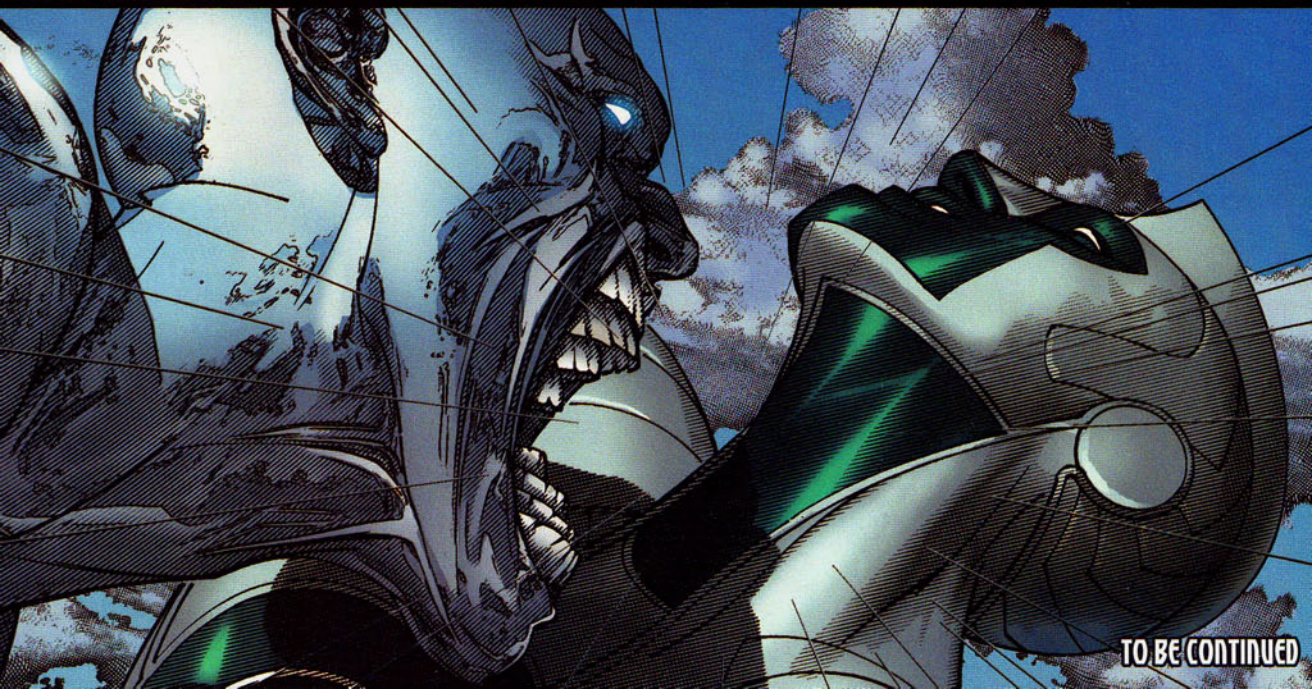
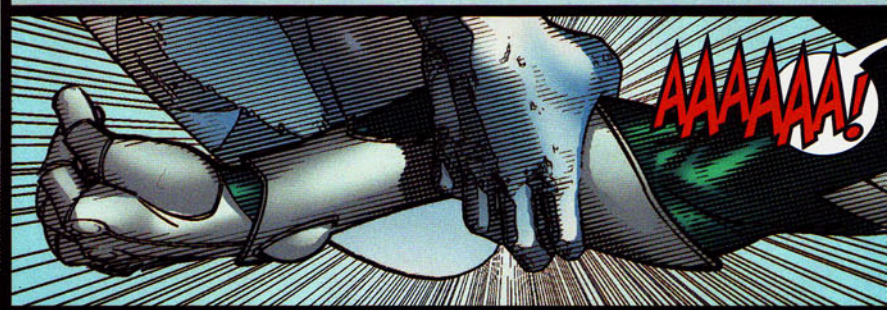


Gonna have to crank this all the way up--hold on, Tony--

Marvel! Look sharp!



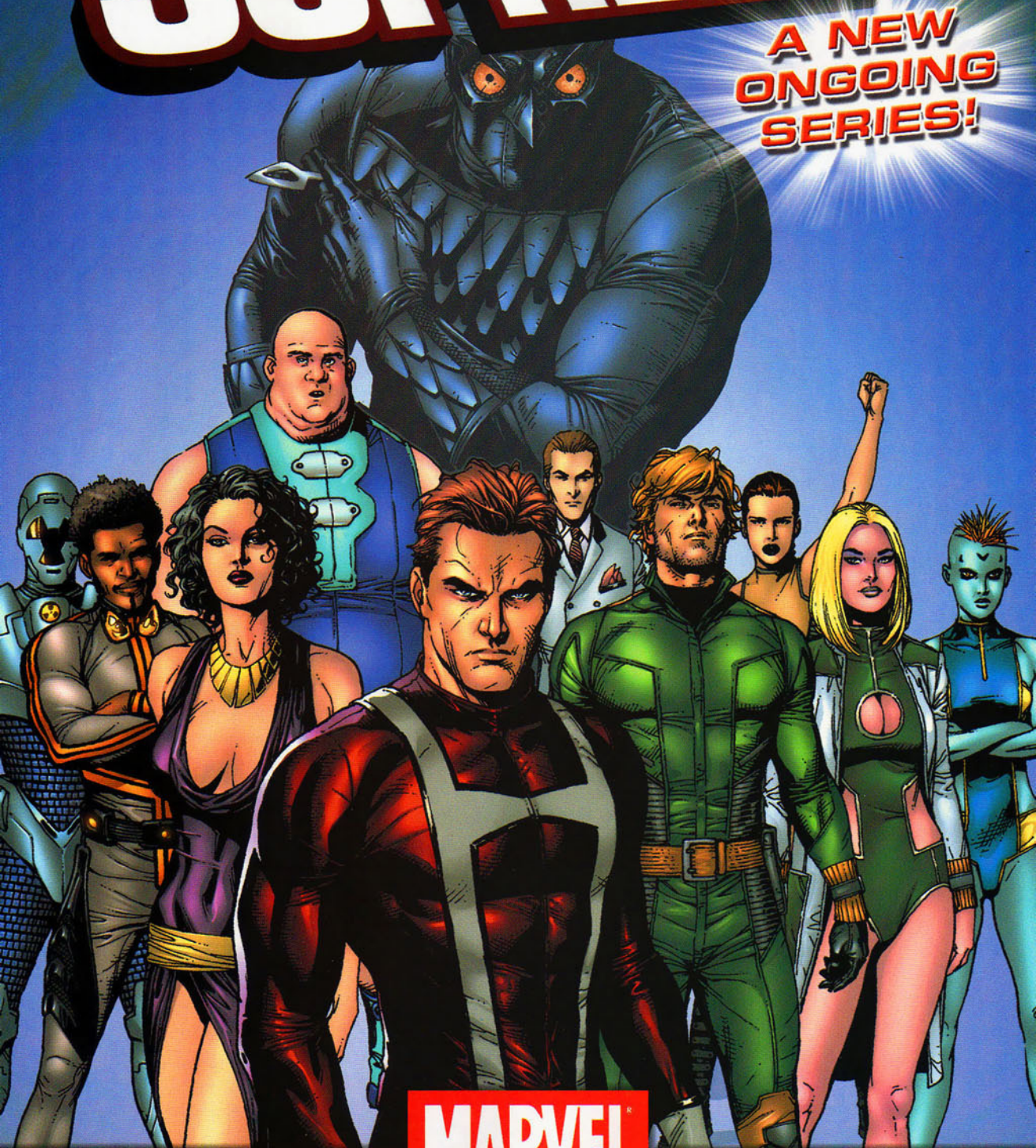
Oh, hell.



TO BE CONTINUED

SQUADRON SUPREME

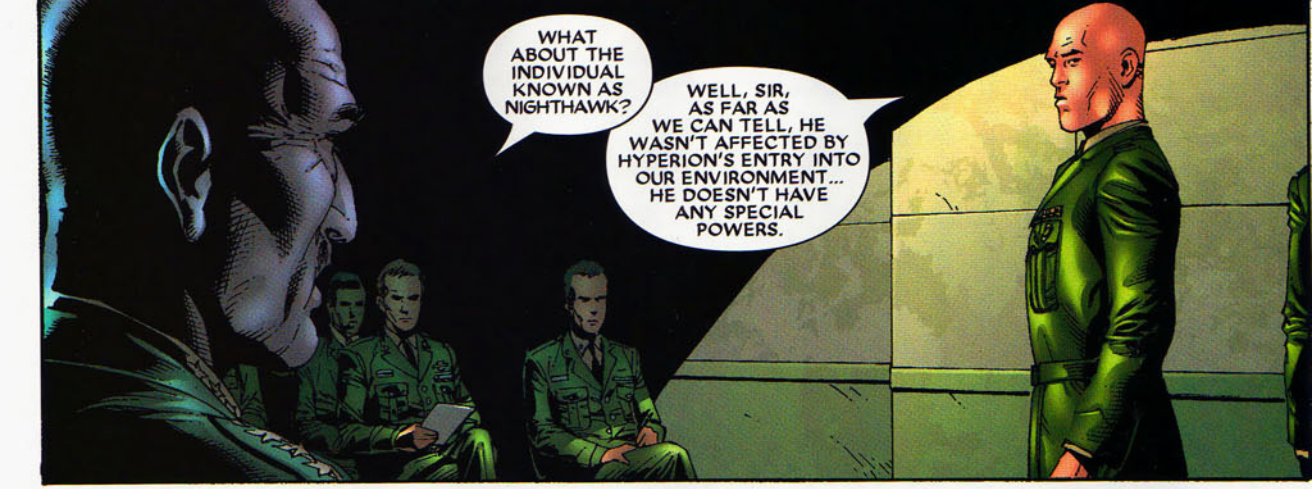
**A NEW
ONGOING
SERIES!**



MARVEL

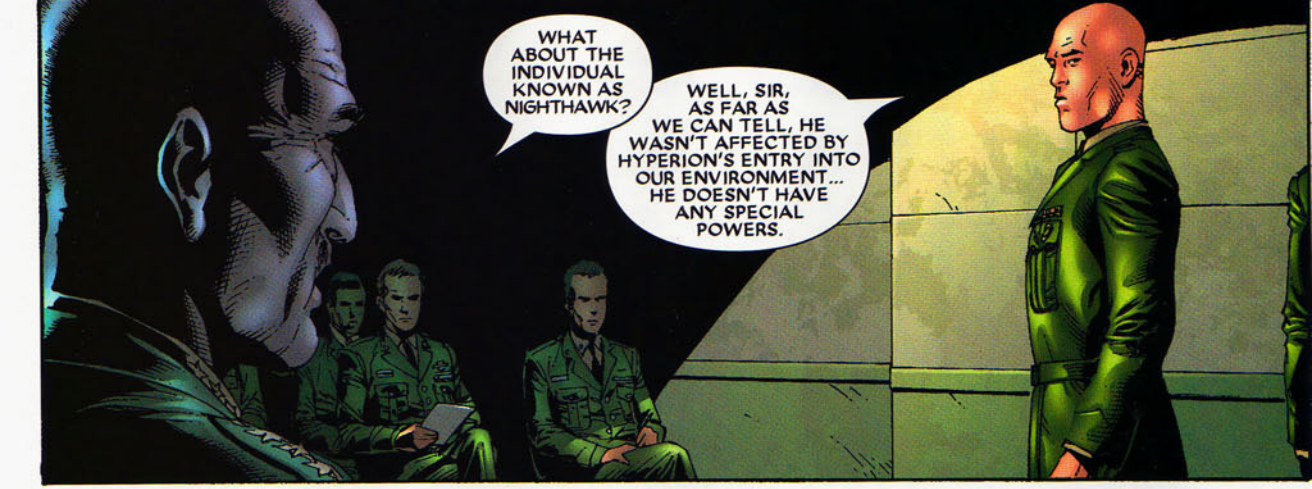
***It all starts here! The ONGOING, MARVEL KNIGHTS
launch of the deadliest super-team around!***

STRACZYNSKI • FRANK



WHAT ABOUT THE INDIVIDUAL KNOWN AS NIGHTHAWK?

WELL, SIR, AS FAR AS WE CAN TELL, HE WASN'T AFFECTED BY HYPERION'S ENTRY INTO OUR ENVIRONMENT... HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY SPECIAL POWERS.



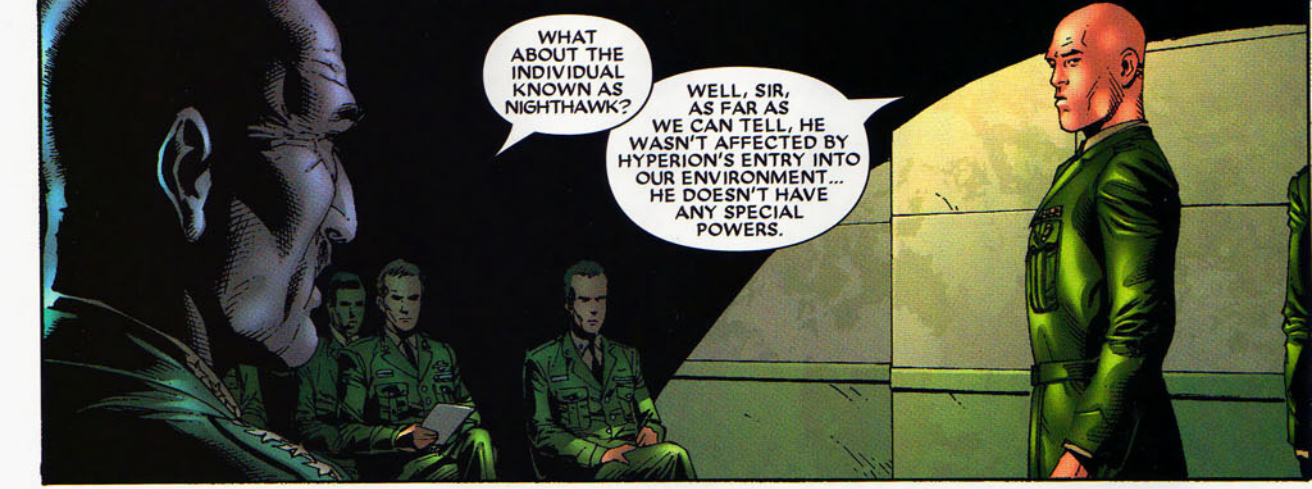
"HE'S A NORMAL MAN. WELL, AS NORMAL AS ANY MAN CAN BE WHOSE PARENTS WERE KILLED BY WHITE SUPREMACISTS AND HAS TRAINED HIMSELF TO A STATE OF PHYSICAL PERFECTION IN ORDER TO HUNT THEM DOWN.

"AT LEAST, THAT'S THE LEGEND, SIR."

"SO WE HAVE DETERMINED THAT HE'S BLACK?"

"AFRICAN-AMERICAN, SIR."

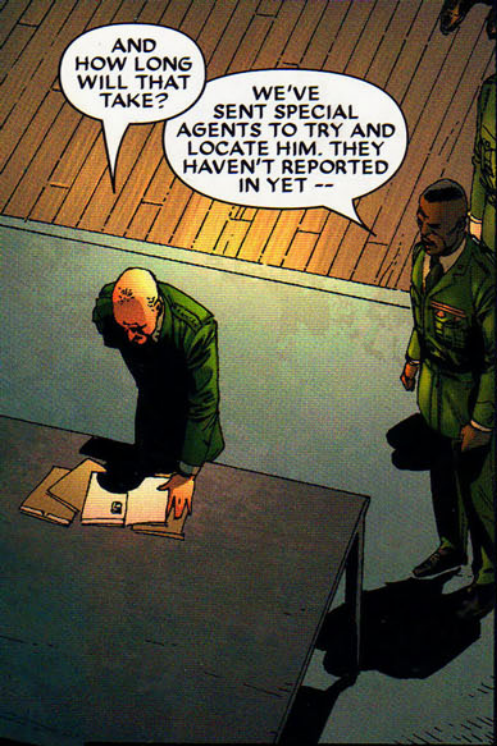
"WHATEVER."



"WE'RE...REASONABLY SURE. BUT WE WON'T KNOW UNTIL OUR PEOPLE CAN GET THEIR HANDS ON HIM."



Exclusive Sneak Peek Preview of Squadron Supreme #1!



GOOD. I THINK WE'RE IN GOOD SHAPE THEN, GENTLEMEN. THANK YOU FOR THE EXCELLENT WORK, I AGREE WITH YOUR RECOMMENDATIONS ON THE MAKEUP OF THE TWO TEAMS.

NOW, IT'S LATE, AND I SUGGEST WE ALL GET SOME SLEEP.



"WE HAVE A LONG AND MOMENTOUS DAY AHEAD OF US TOMORROW."



HELLO, JASON.

I WAS WONDERING IF YOU WERE GOING TO COME CALLING ON ME SOONER OR LATER.

I IMAGINE YOU'RE PRETTY ANGRY WITH ME ABOUT THE STORY.

ABOUT LETTING THE WORLD KNOW THAT YOU'RE... NOT LIKE US. THAT YOU'RE... NOT FROM AROUND HERE.



NO. IF YOU HADN'T GONE WITH THE STORY, SOMEONE ELSE WOULD HAVE. YOU'RE A COG IN THE MACHINE.

BUT THEN, SO AM I.

THEY HAD THEIR AGENDA. AND I HAVE MINE.



**TO BE CONTINUED IN SQUADRON SUPREME #1,
IN STORES 3/22/06!**