

# ULTIMATE EXTINCTION™

ISSUE

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# PREVIOUSLY IN ULTIMATE EXTINCTION:

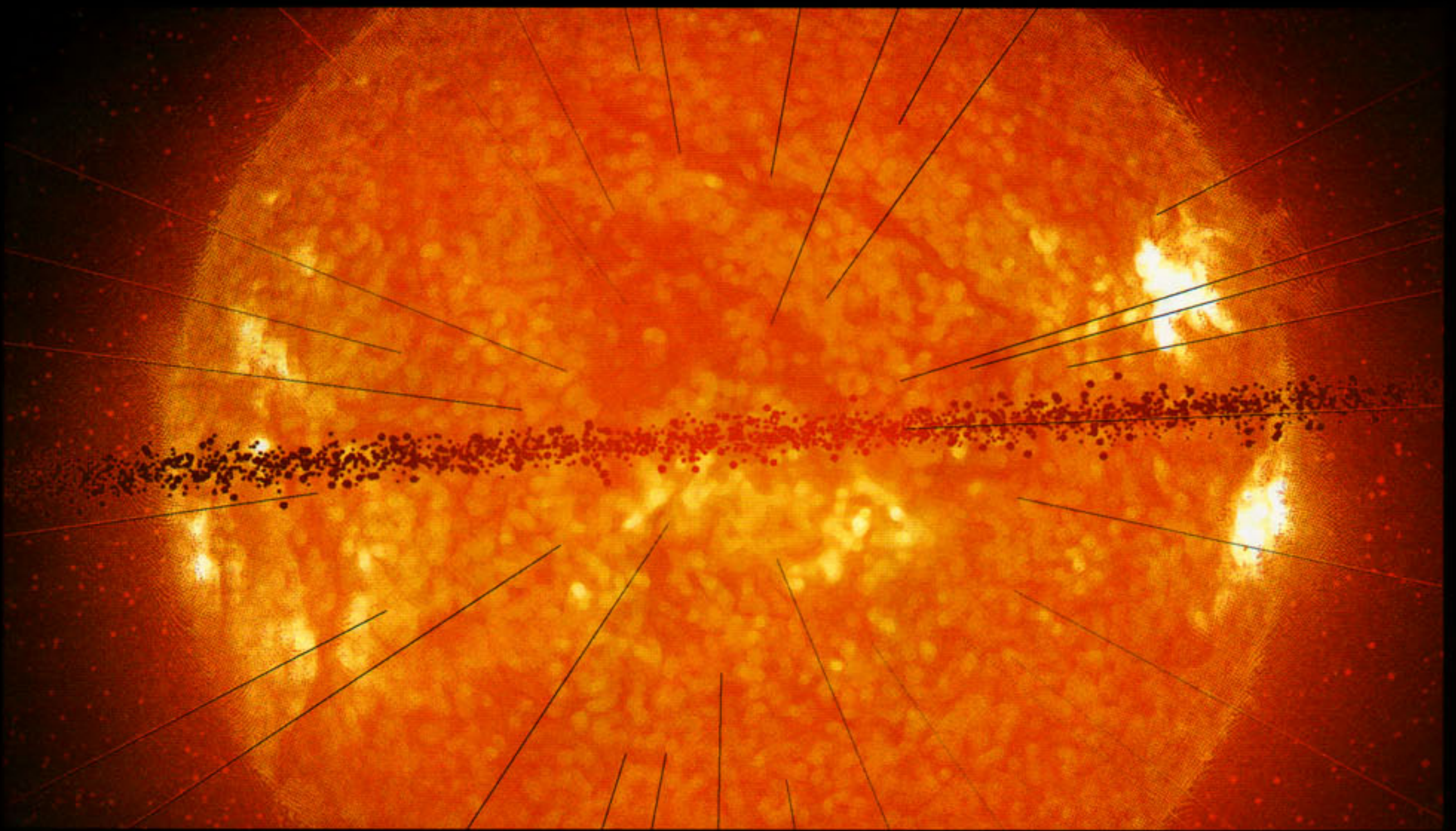
Gah Lak Tus—the world-devourer, the uncreator—is coming to kill the Earth.

With time running out, S.H.I.E.L.D. Director Nick Fury has assembled the world's greatest minds to fight this foe. While the X-Men's telepaths, Professor Xavier and Jean Grey, plan a psychic solution, Reed Richards assembles a massive matter transporter—like the one that gave his team, the Fantastic Four, their powers...but much, much bigger.

Meanwhile, Fury learns of another threat—Gah Lak Tus' heralds: superhuman silver men who have been encouraging suicide cults worldwide, in an effort to leave the Earth defenseless.

But these silver men are not alone...a group made up of human clones—grown and raised to meet Gah Lak Tus—attempt to kill the silver men and to stop Fury's defense. When one of the clones is captured trying to sabotage Fury's headquarters, the Triskelion, an army of clones strikes...

And Gah Lak Tus has arrived...



# ULTIMATE EXTINCTION

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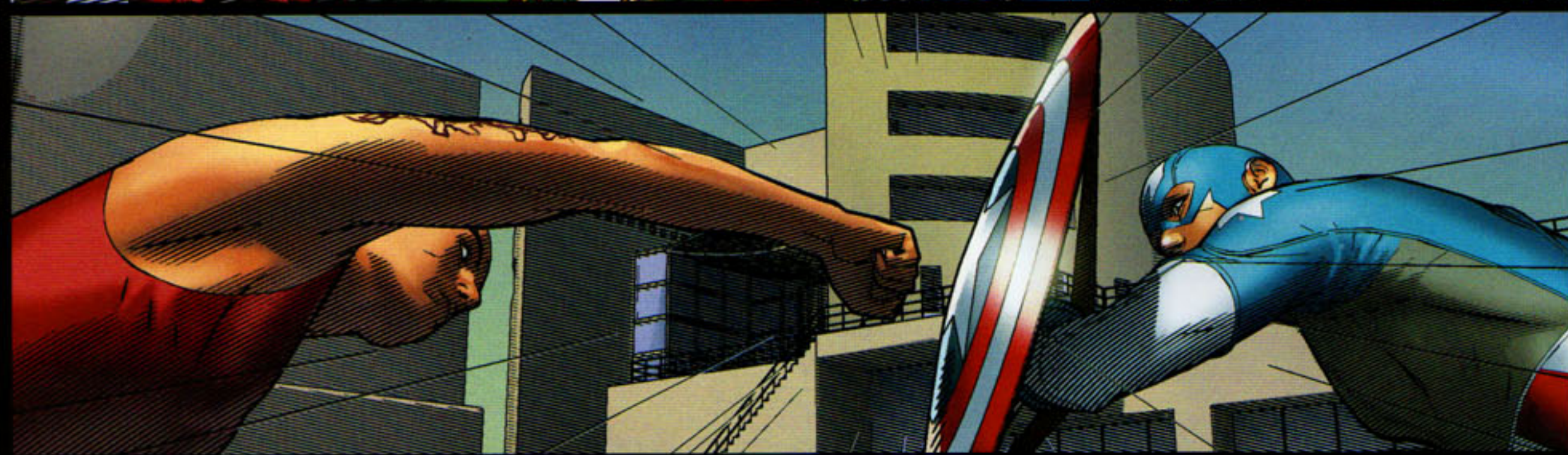
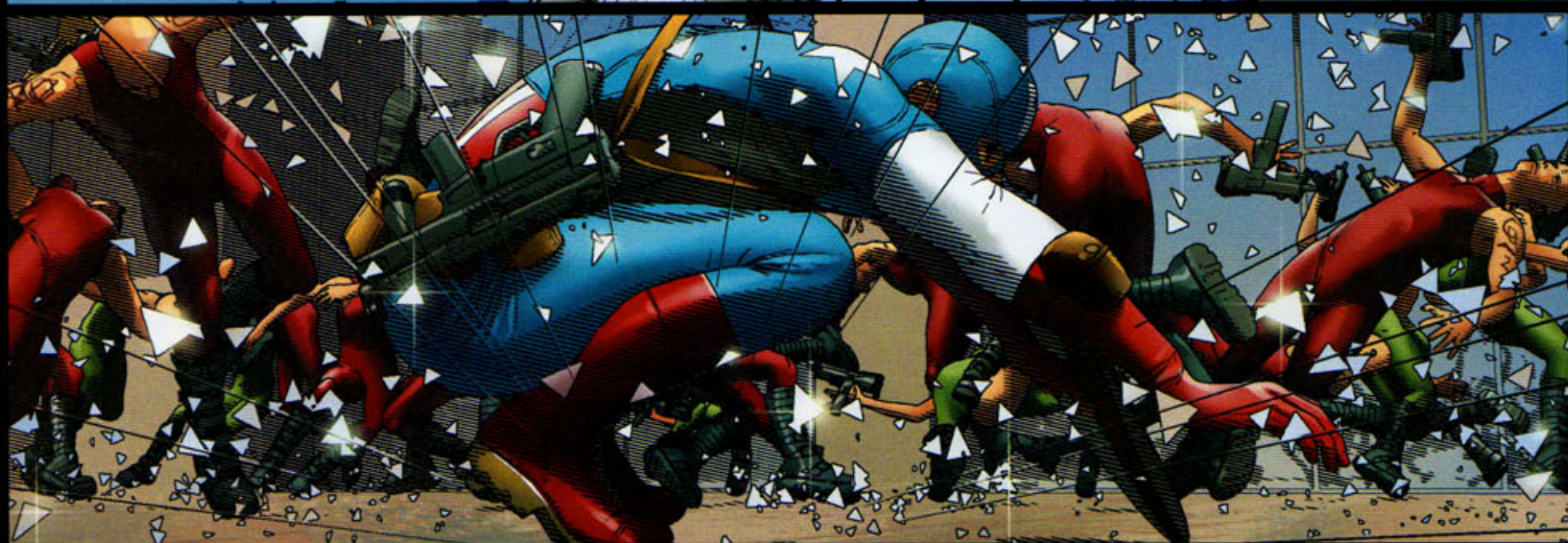
















Go to crash condition! Everyone on-site draws arms!

Fury! Begin power diversion to the Cerebro/Vision array! Now!

Xavier? Get off this frequency! The Triskelion is under attack!



I know. They're after the broadcast assemblage here.

They're trying to stop us from speaking to their god, Fury.

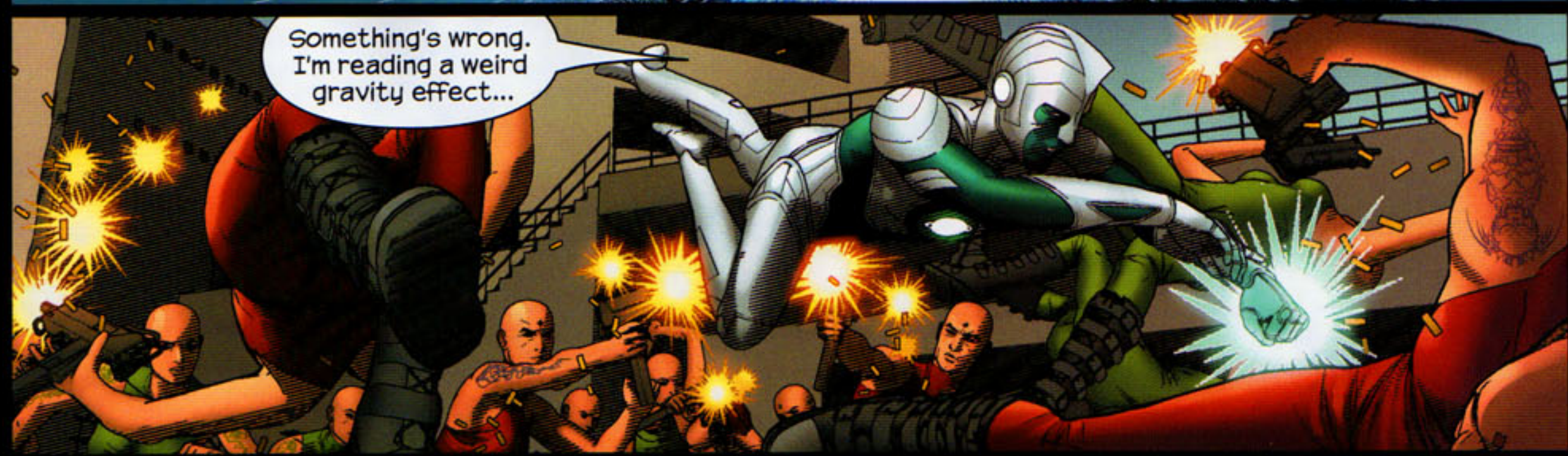
We have to begin now.



Launch successful. Does someone want to give me a plan of attack...?

All the people coming out of the water? Kill them.

Those military academies must be intellectual hothouses.



Something's wrong. I'm reading a weird gravity effect...



Try looking up, Marvel.

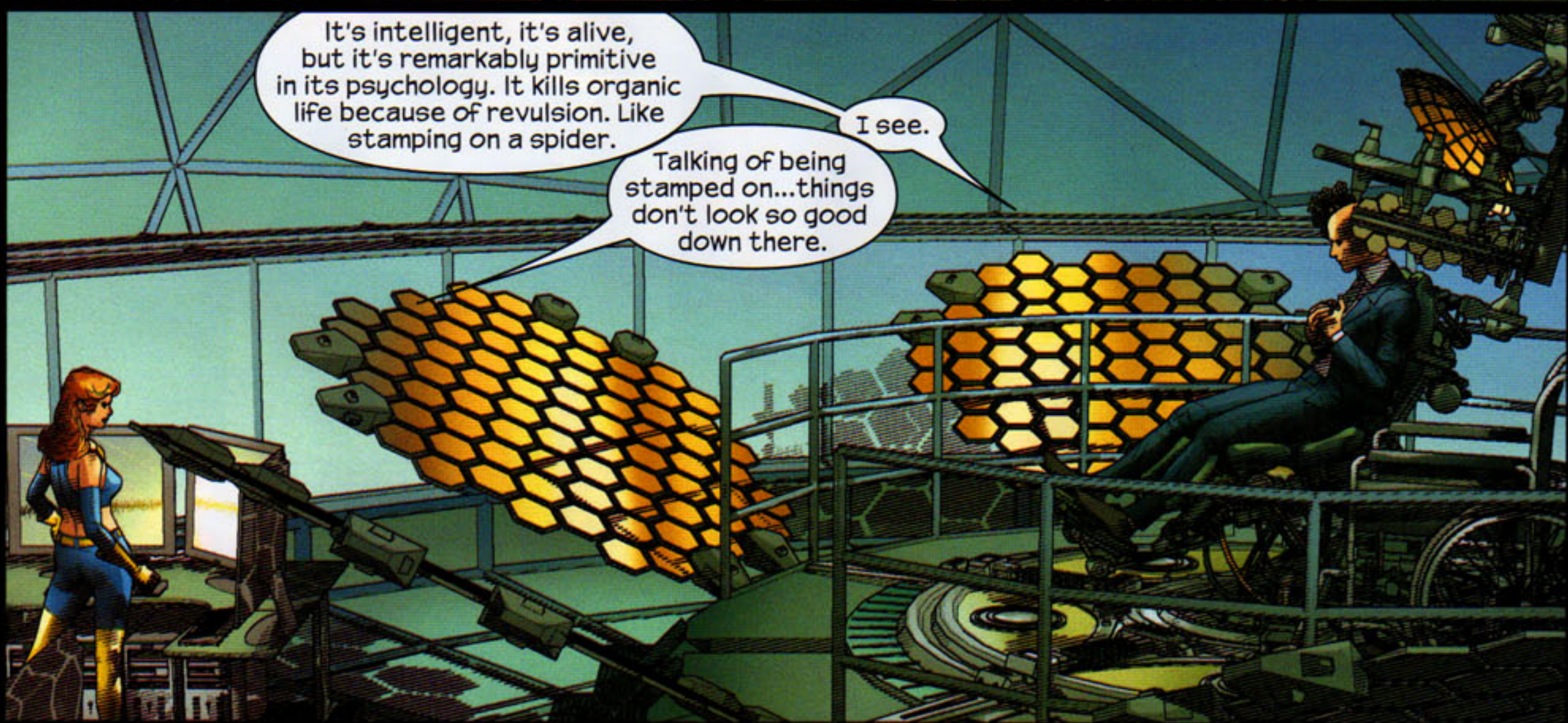




It's... unimaginable...

But it fears us, Jean.

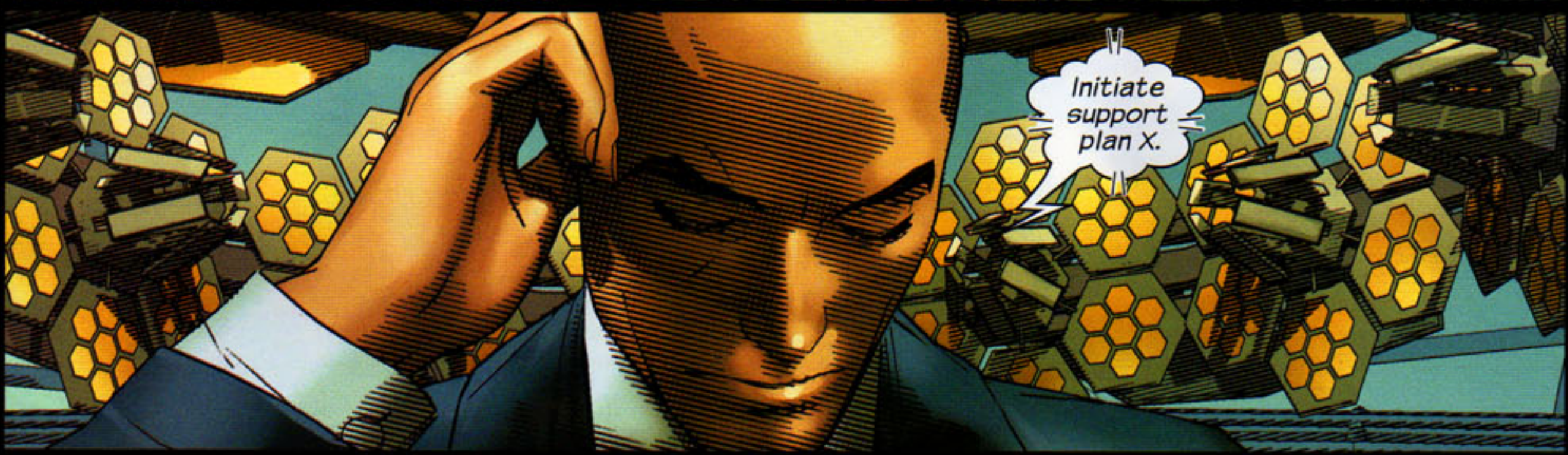
We... desecrate it. We dirty it with contact.



It's intelligent, it's alive, but it's remarkably primitive in its psychology. It kills organic life because of revulsion. Like stamping on a spider.

I see.

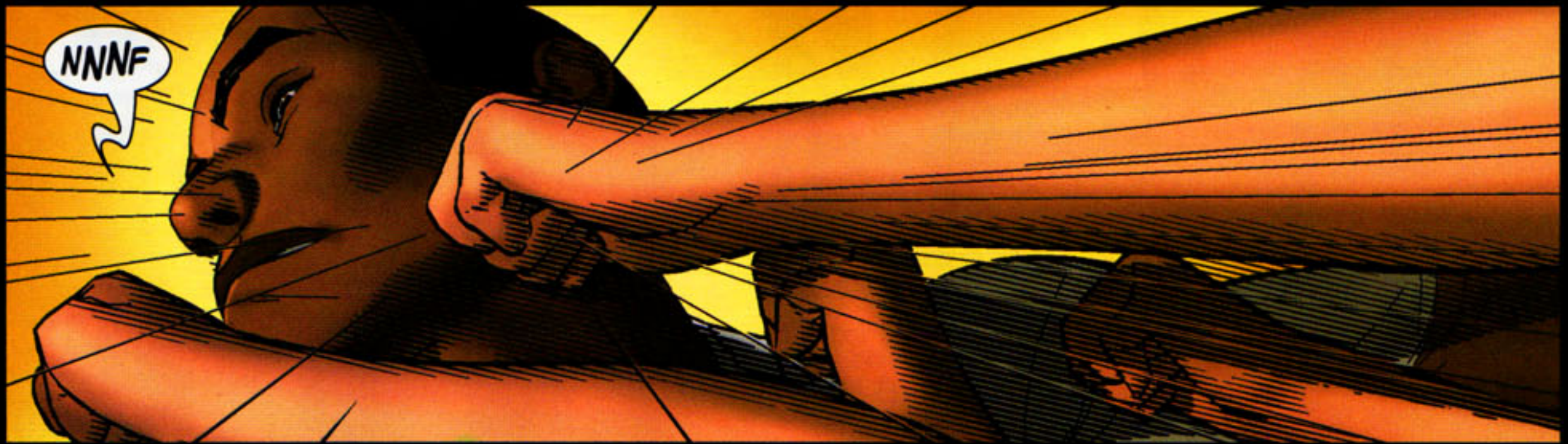
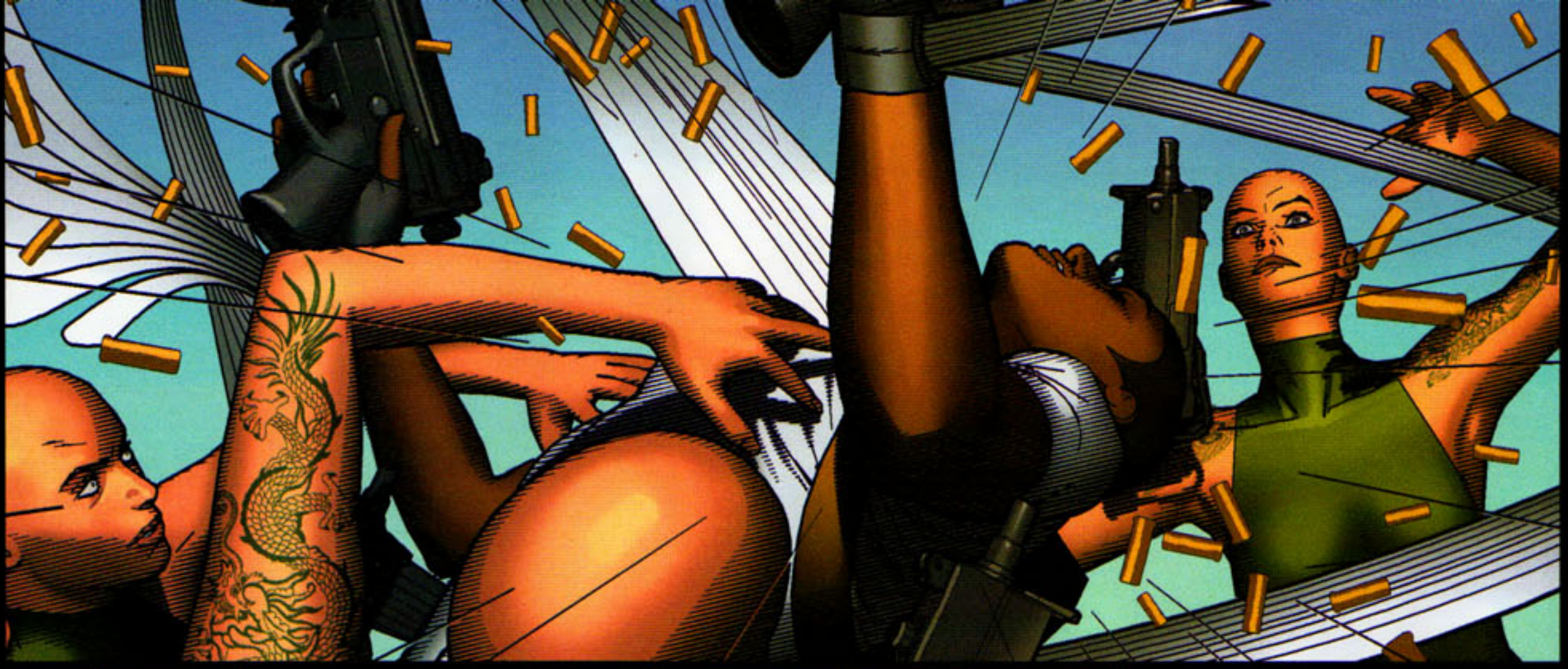
Talking of being stamped on...things don't look so good down there.



Initiate support plan X.







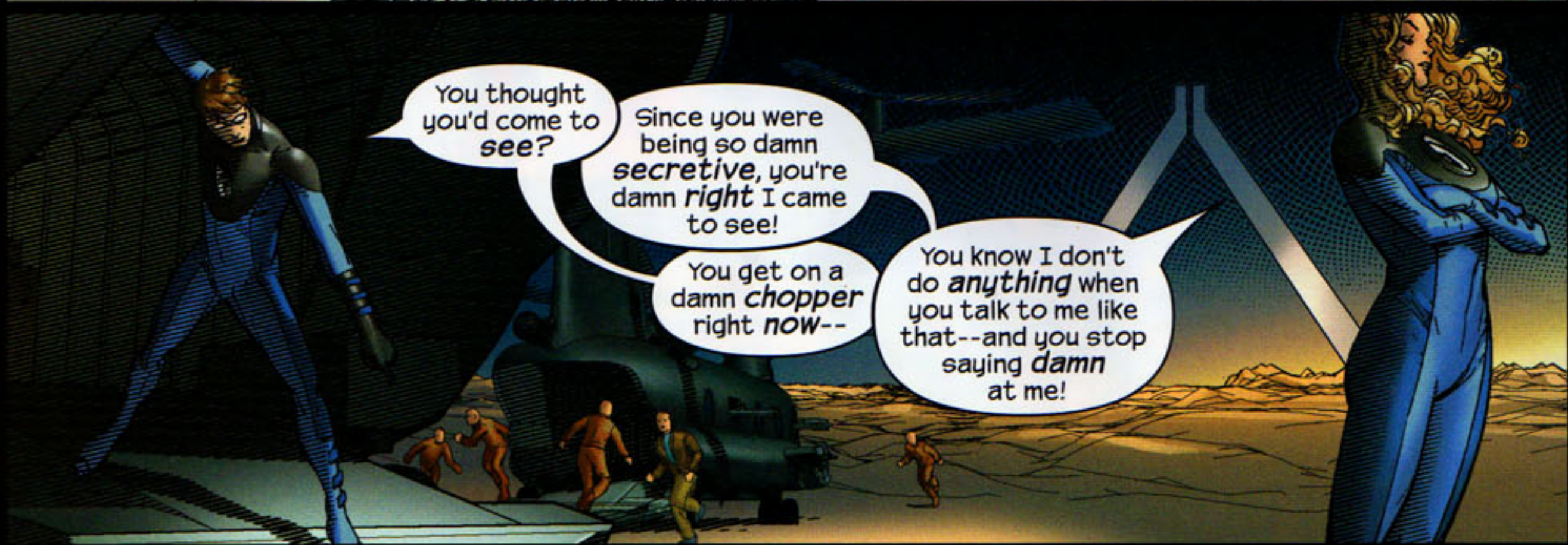












You thought  
you'd come to  
see?

Since you were  
being so damn  
**secretive**, you're  
damn **right** I came  
to see!

You get on a  
damn **chopper**  
right **now**--

You know I don't  
do **anything** when  
you talk to me like  
that--and you stop  
saying **damn**  
at me!



All you dreamers.  
Everyone who's  
experienced *déjà vu*  
or a chill in an  
empty room.

Everyone who's  
ever felt someone  
walking over their  
grave.

You human  
race, awake or  
asleep. Think  
with us.



Above us is death.  
But it's a stupid,  
fearful death.

And it's afraid  
of us.

It's scared of us  
because we make things.  
Because we love. Because  
we imagine. Because  
we wonder what's  
next.





Contact.

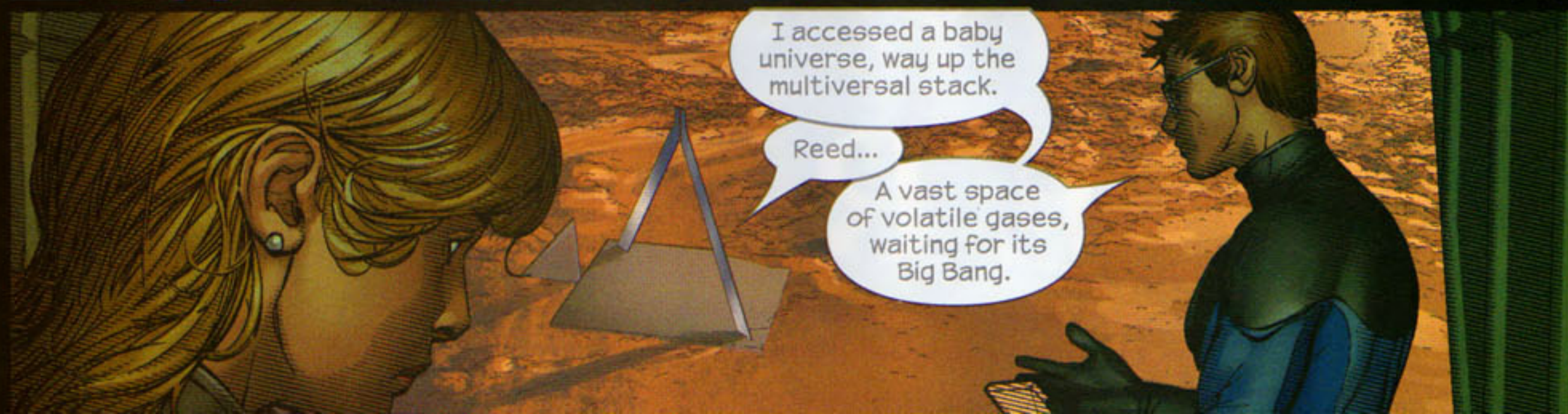
Remember me,  
Gah Lak Tus?

I've brought  
six billion of  
my friends to  
meet you.



"It's convulsing, Fury.  
The sheer horror of being  
touched by all of us--it's  
literally having a fit up  
there.

"The Richards  
boy must strike  
**now.**"

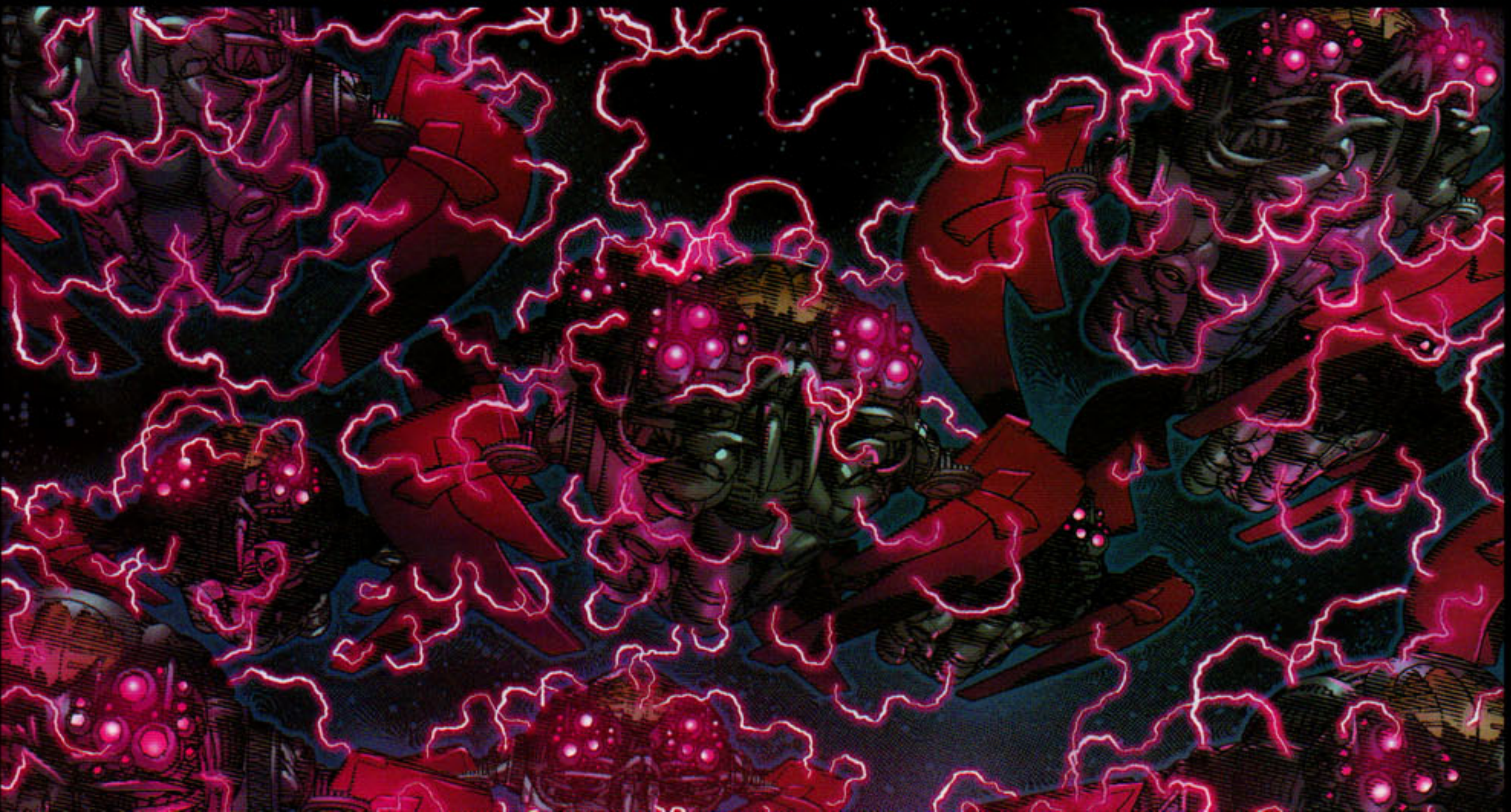
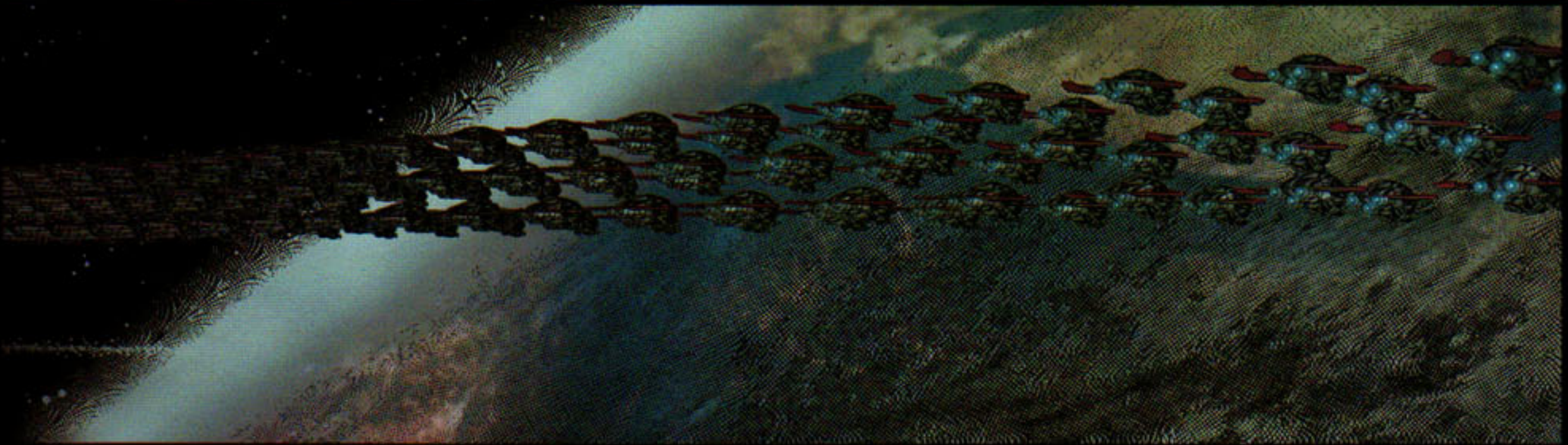
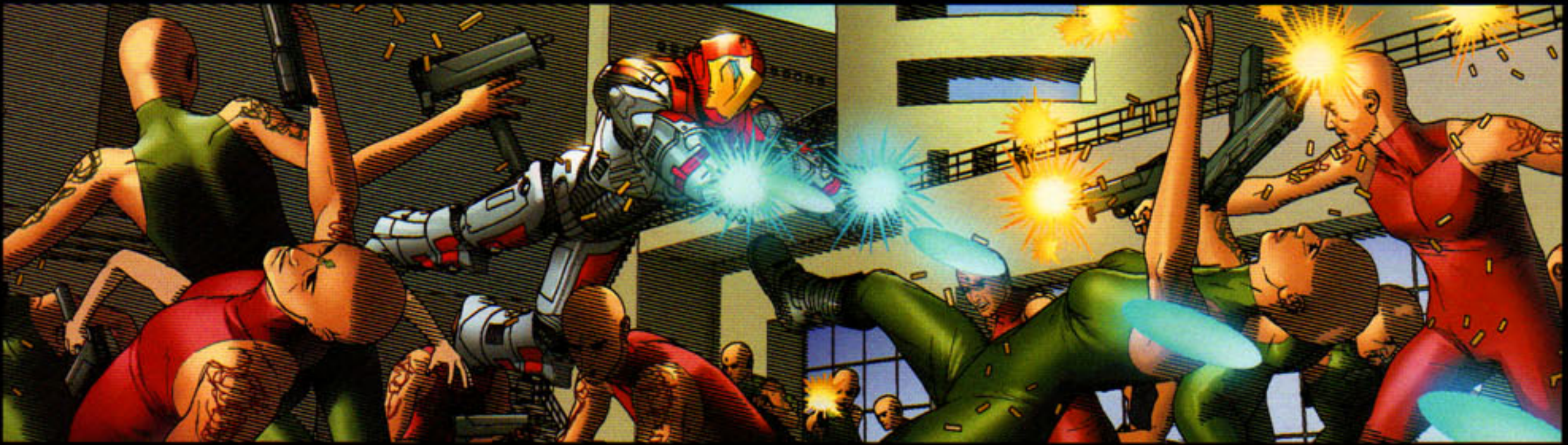


I accessed a baby  
universe, way up the  
multiversal stack.

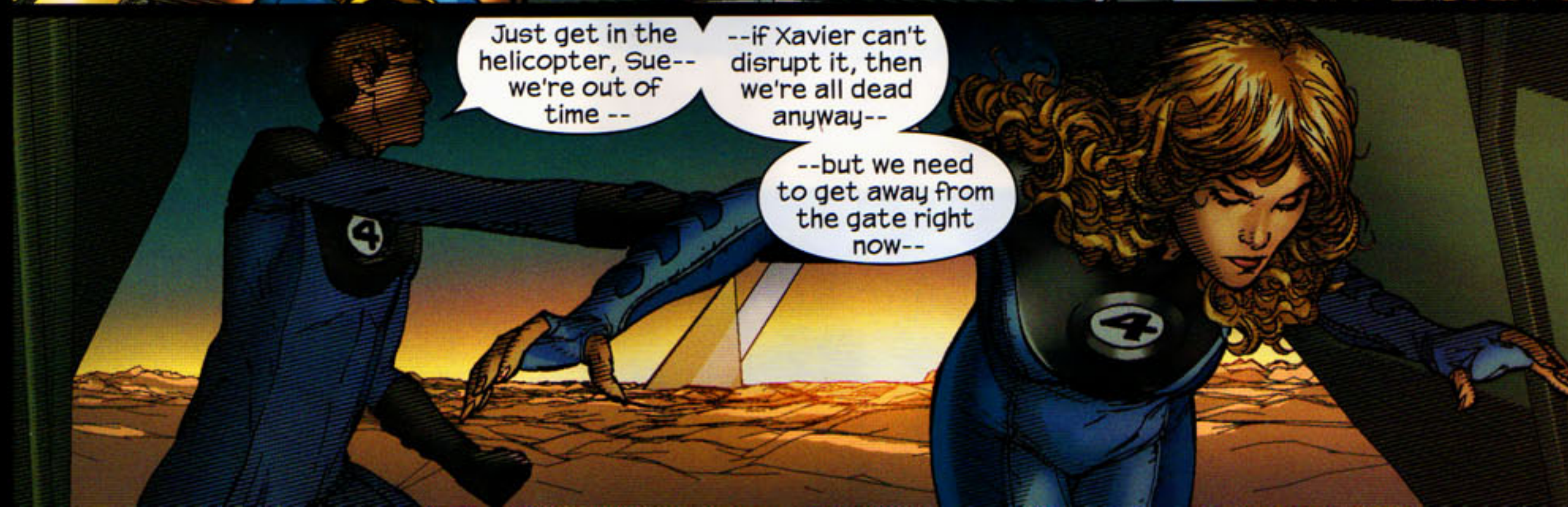
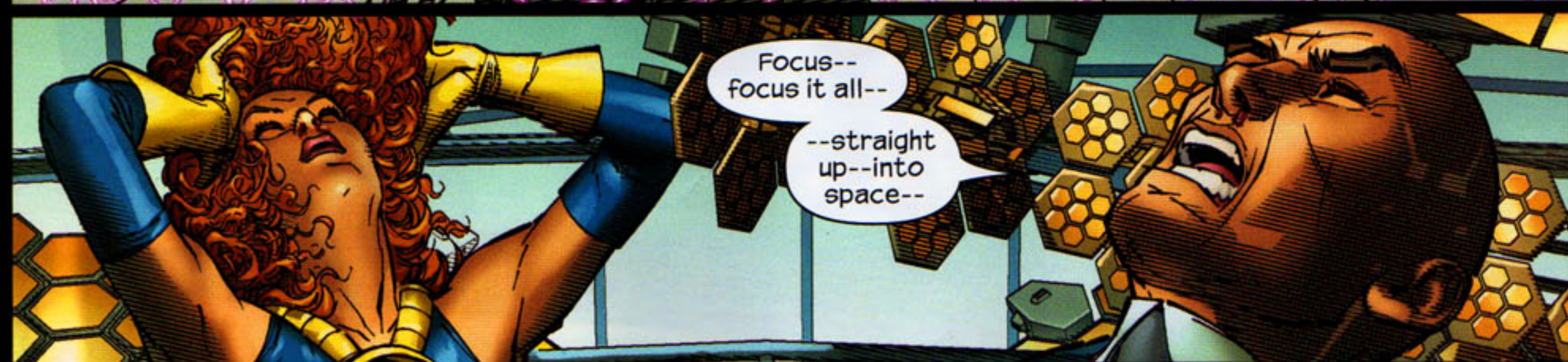
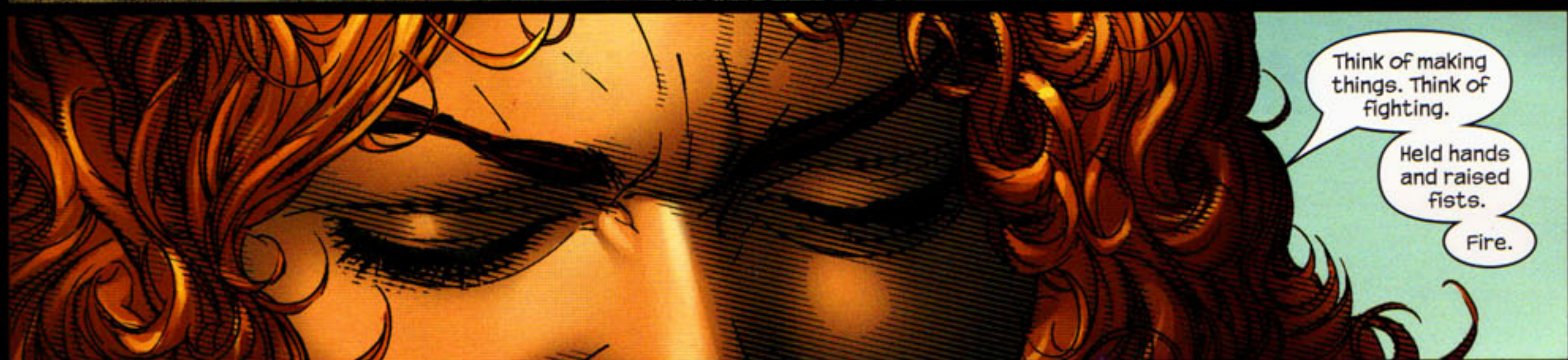
Reed...

A vast space  
of volatile gases,  
waiting for its  
Big Bang.









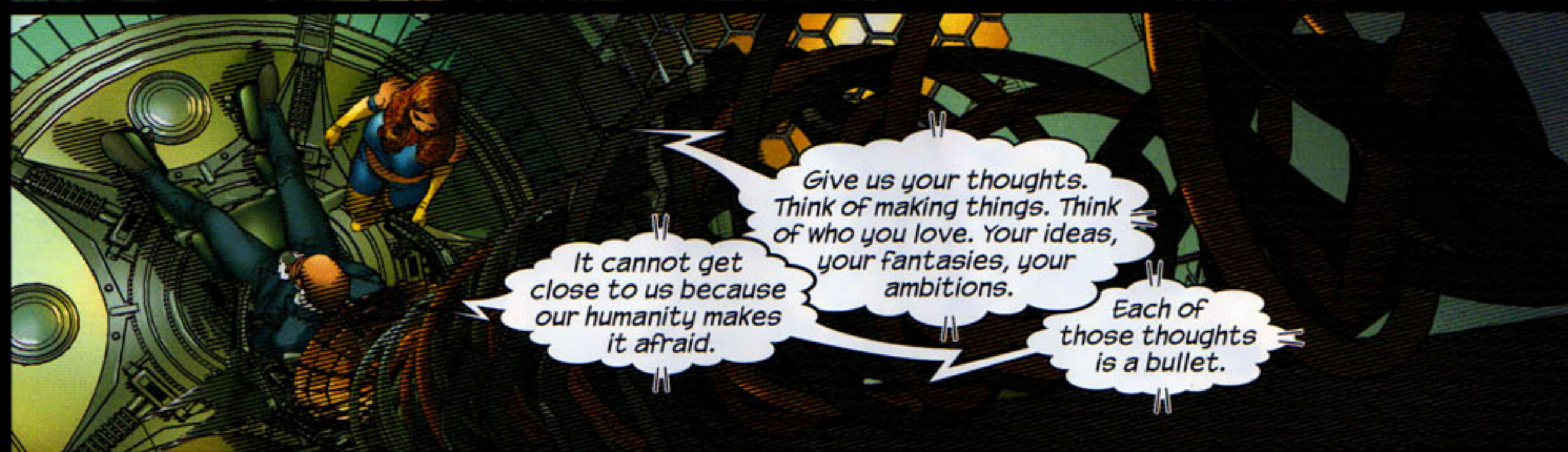




Reed, what have you *done* here?

Sue, for god's sake...

...remember when Nihil told me how universes are stacked? That his was older than ours?



It cannot get close to us because our humanity makes it afraid.

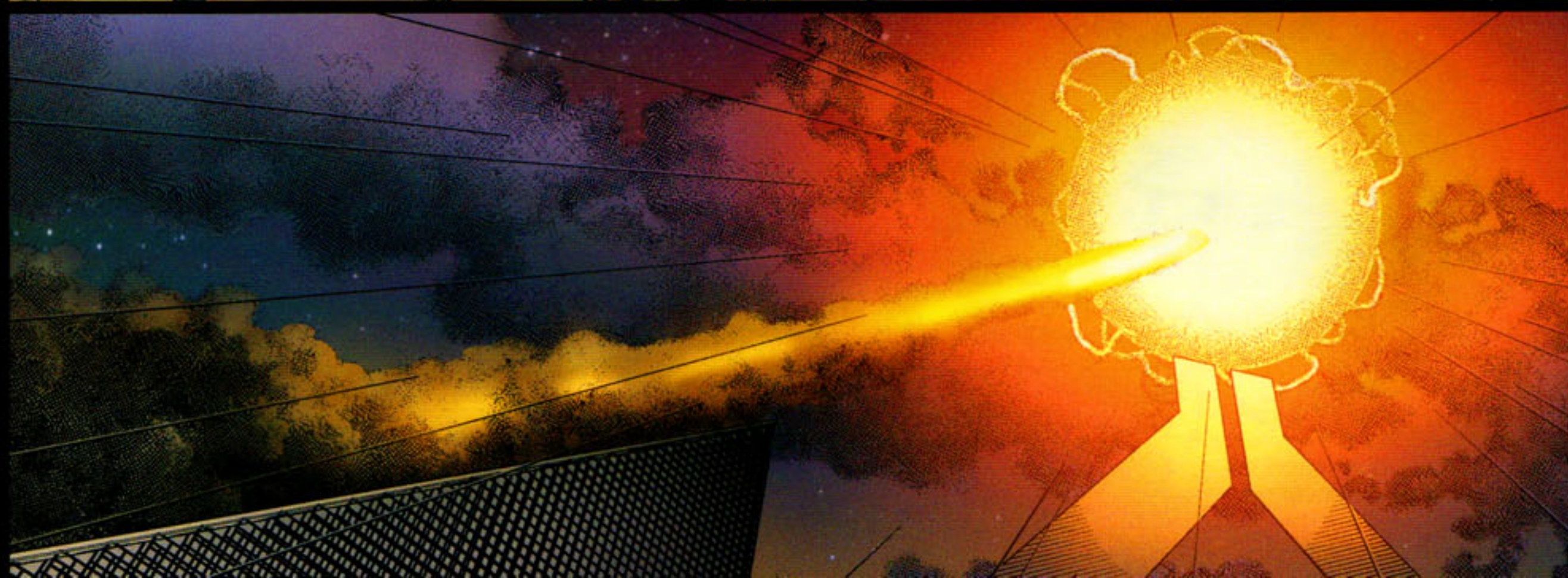
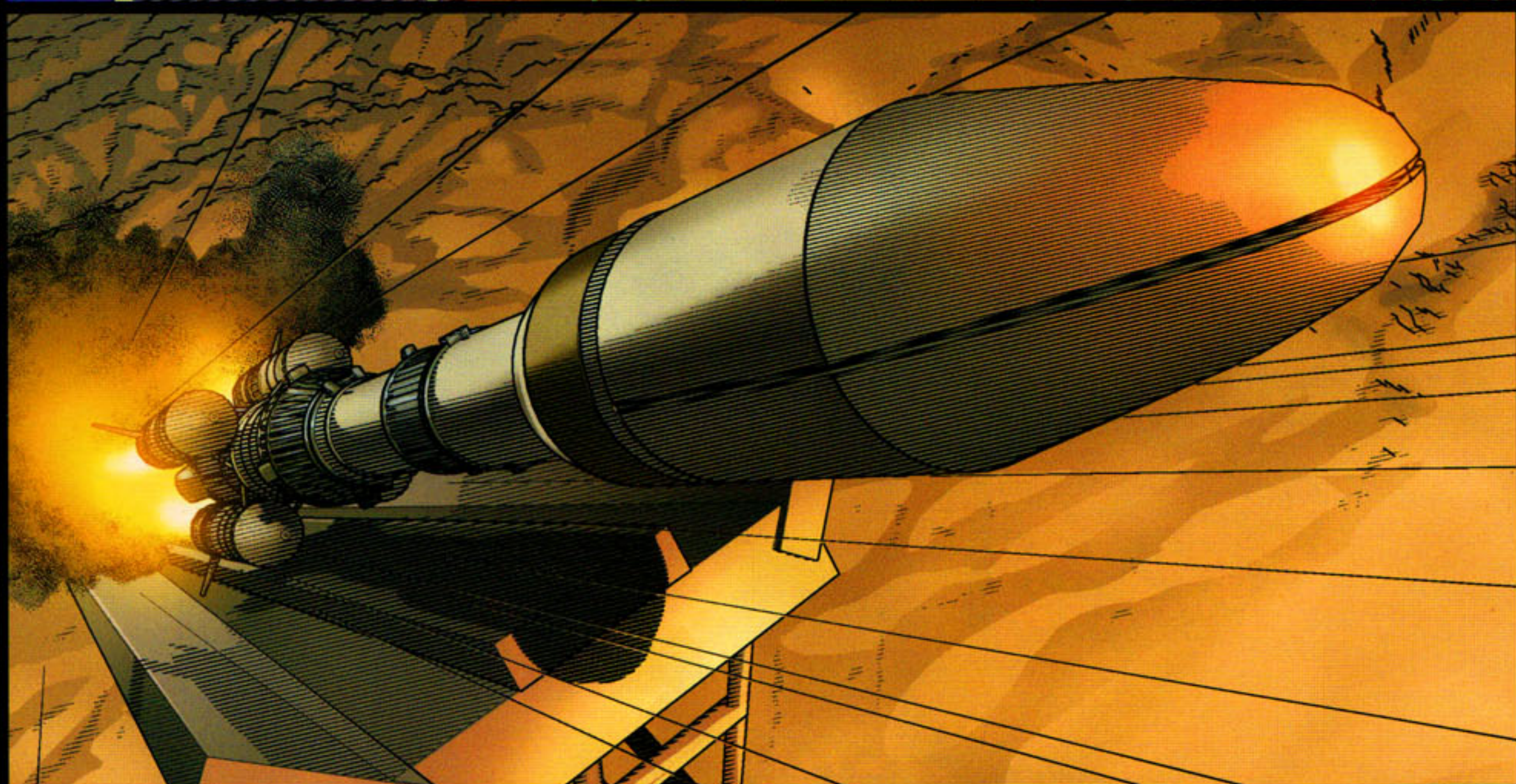
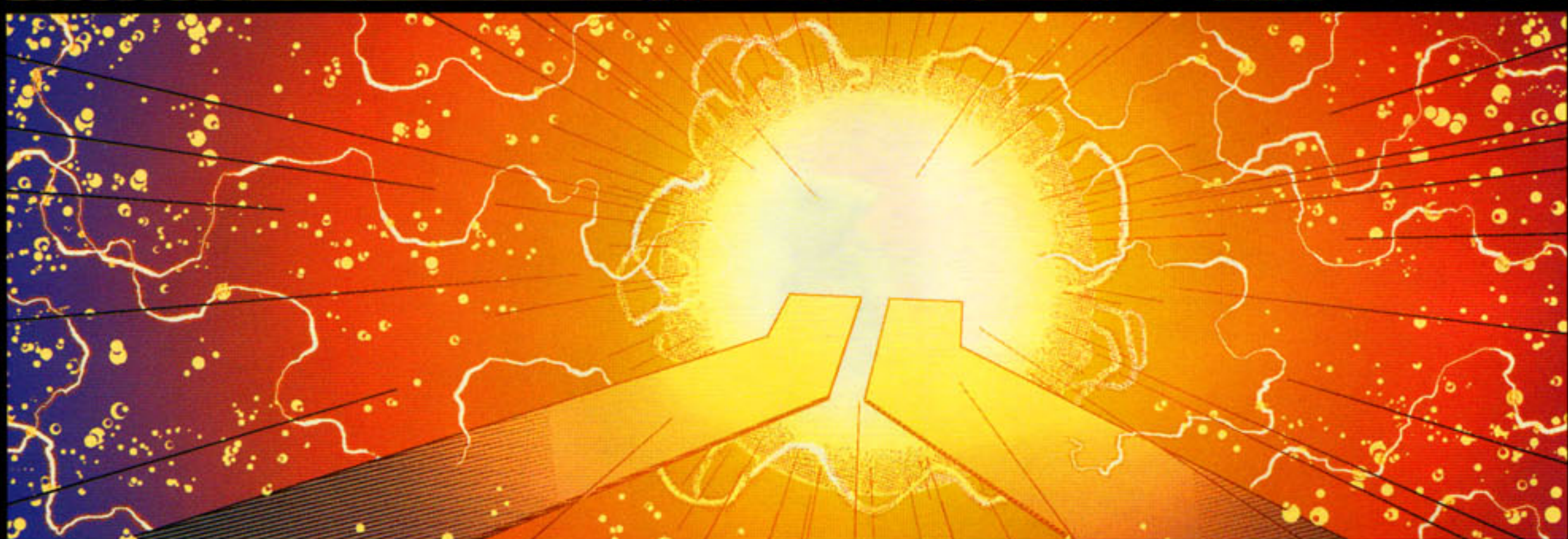
Give us your thoughts. Think of making things. Think of who you love. Your ideas, your fantasies, your ambitions.

Each of those thoughts is a bullet.

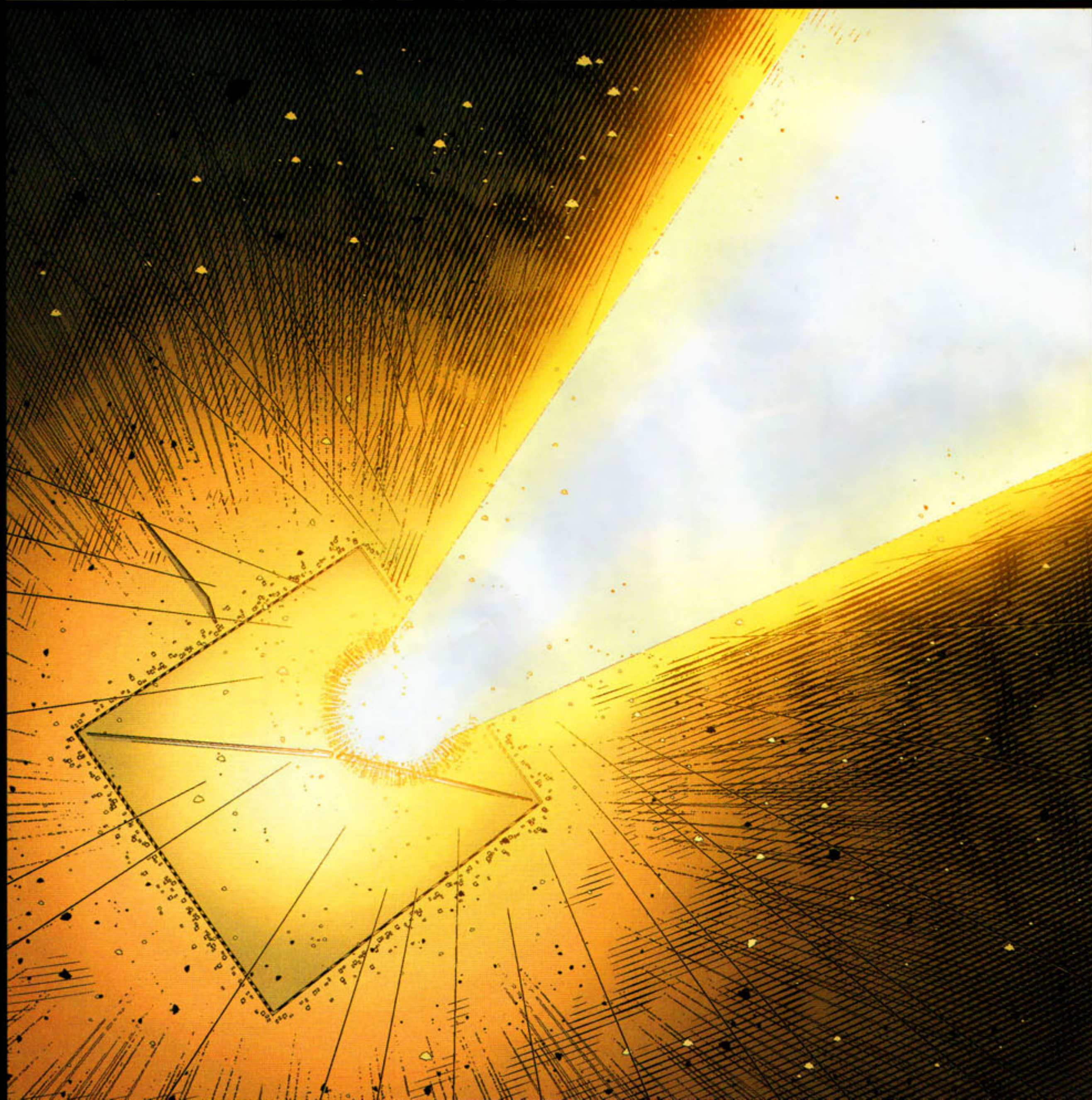
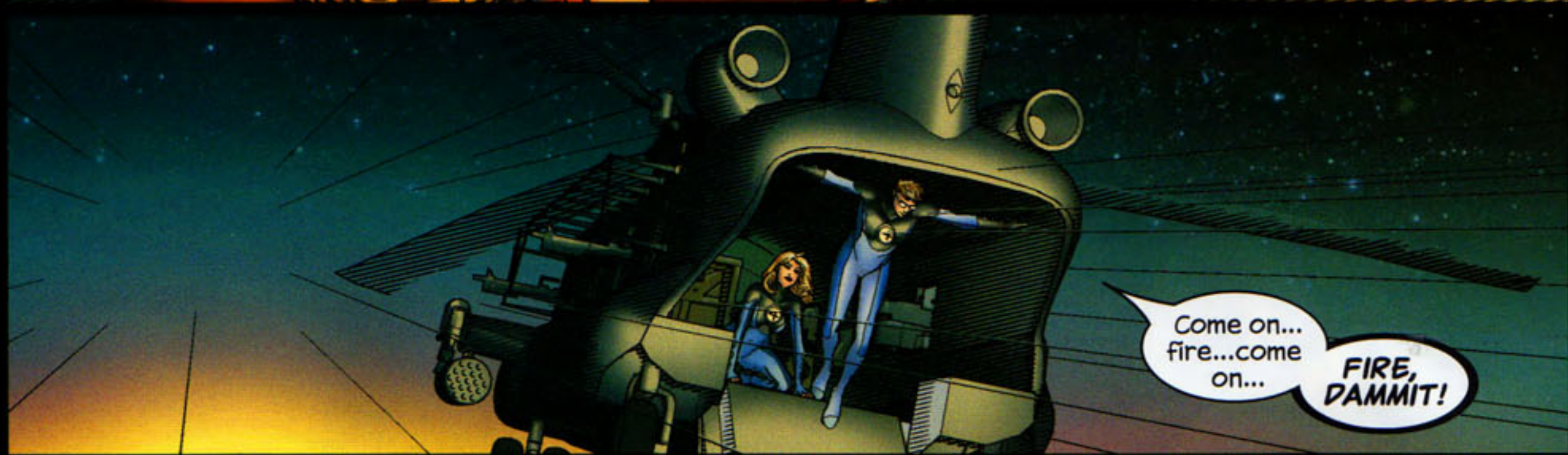


And we have the gun.

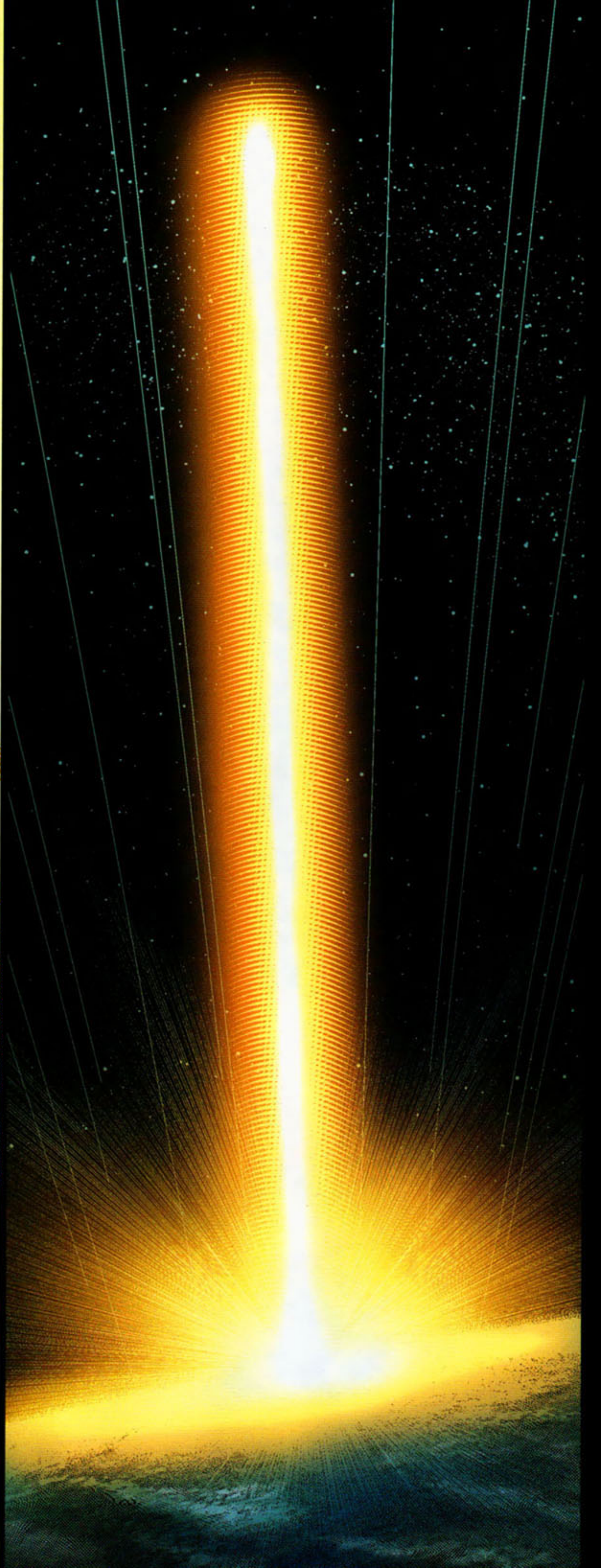




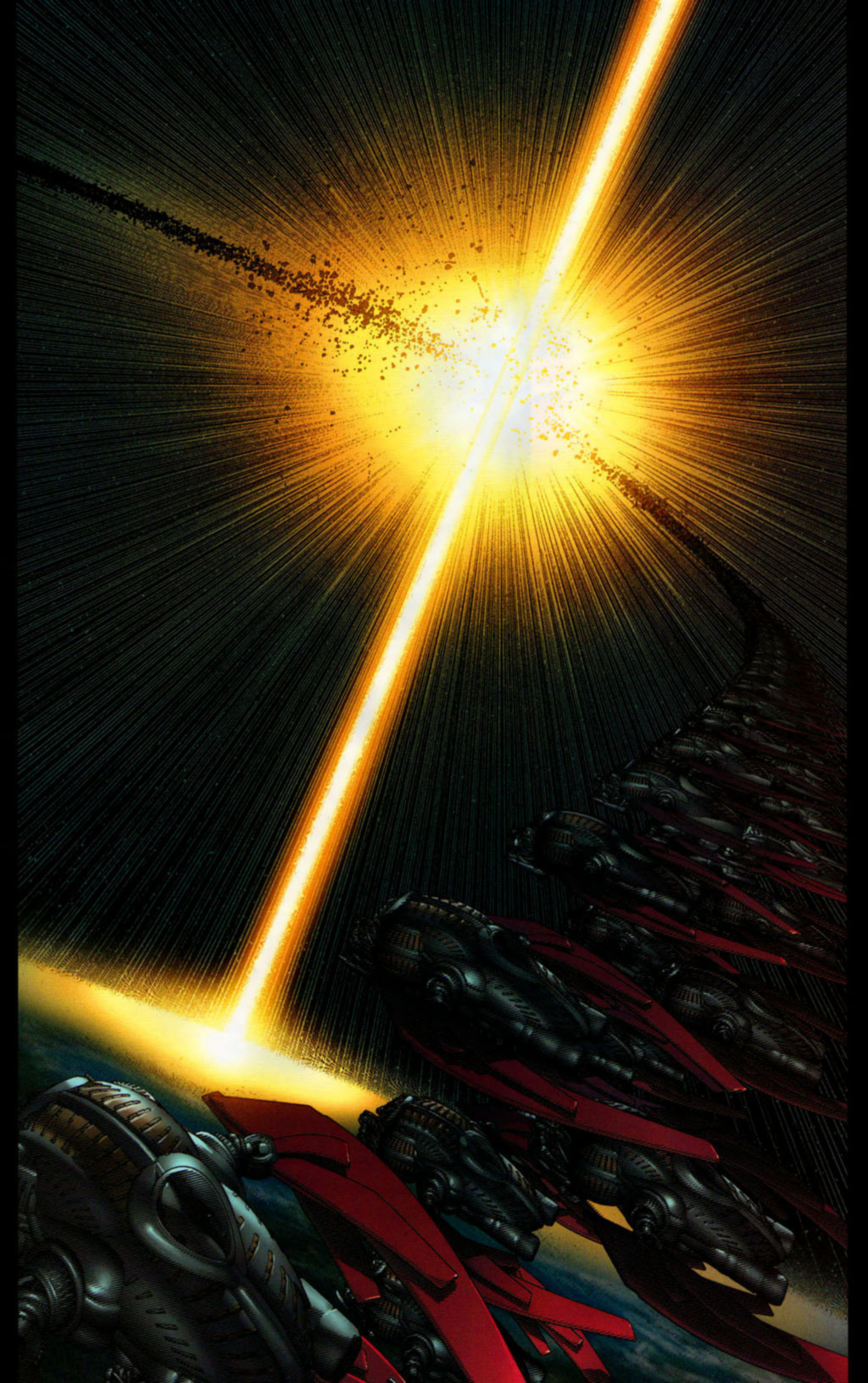




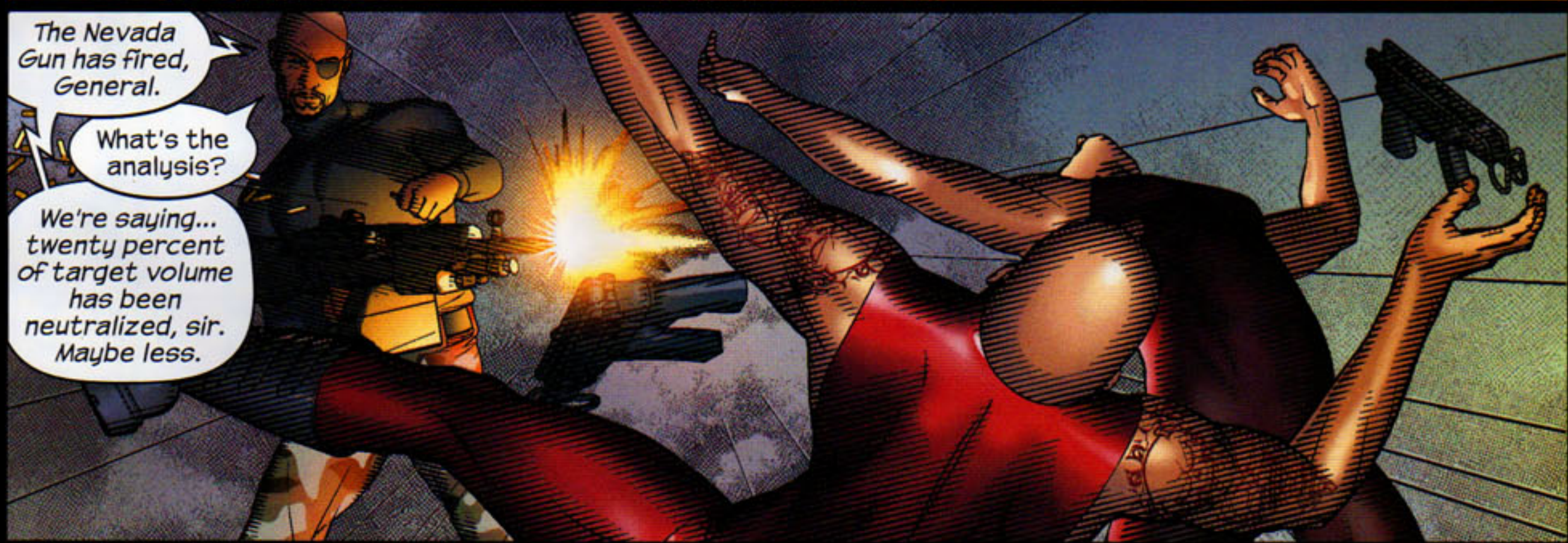












The Nevada Gun has fired, General.

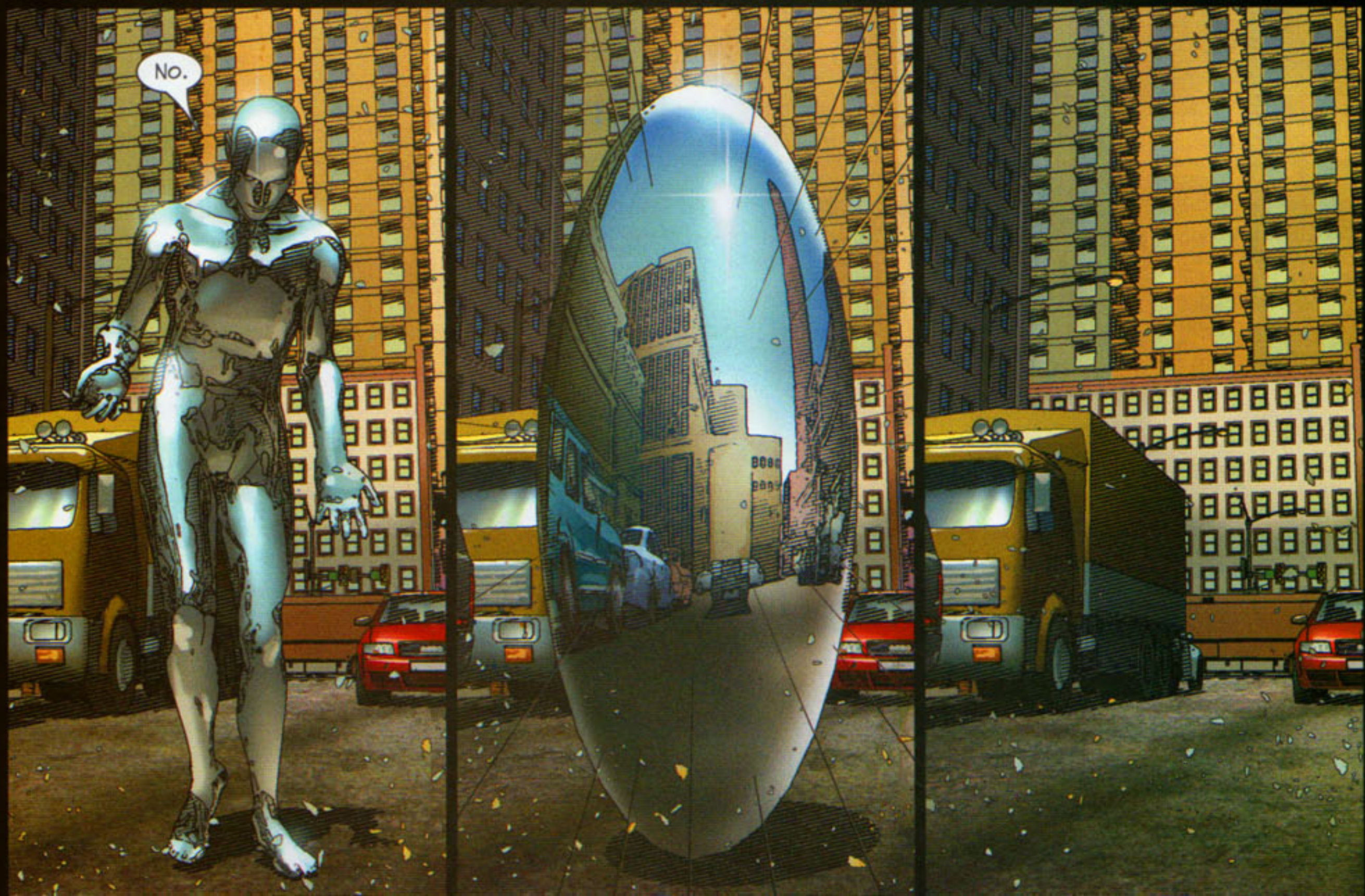
What's the analysis?

We're saying... twenty percent of target volume has been neutralized, sir. Maybe less.

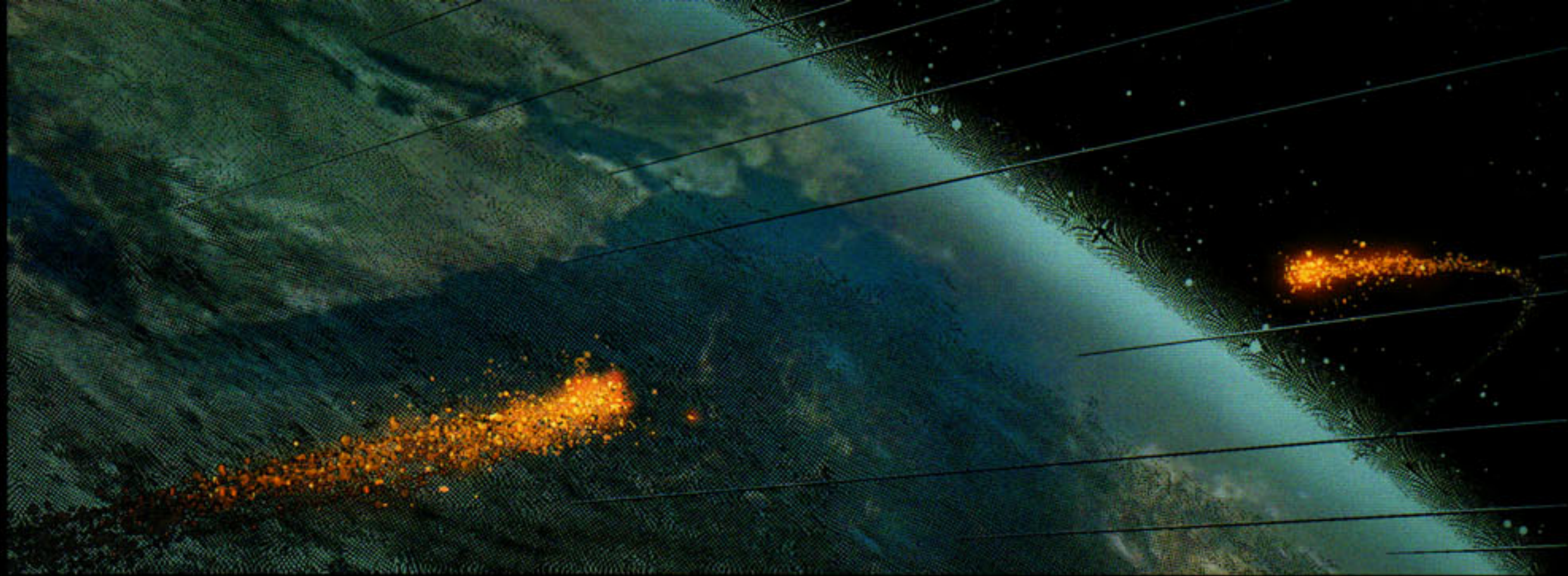
Twenty percent...?

...oh, God...we blew it...

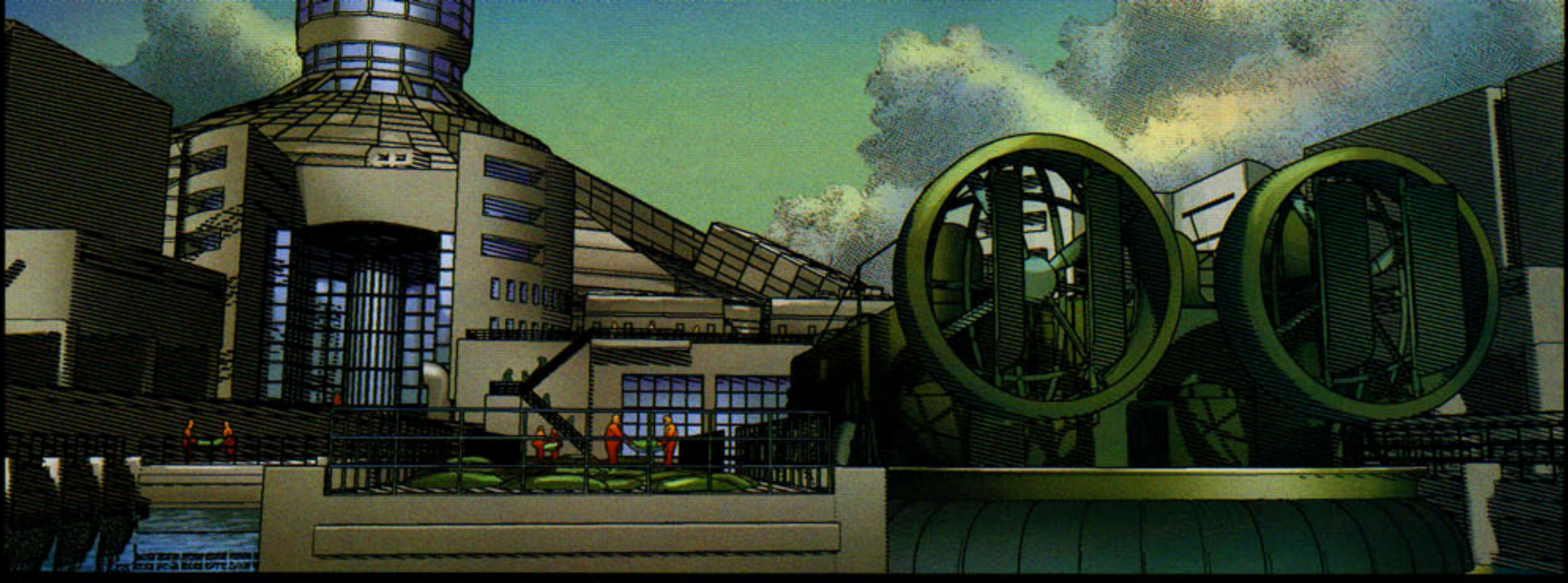












We literally scared Gah Lak Tus out of the solar system.

We stung him so badly that he ran rather than commit an unusual amount of resources to killing us.

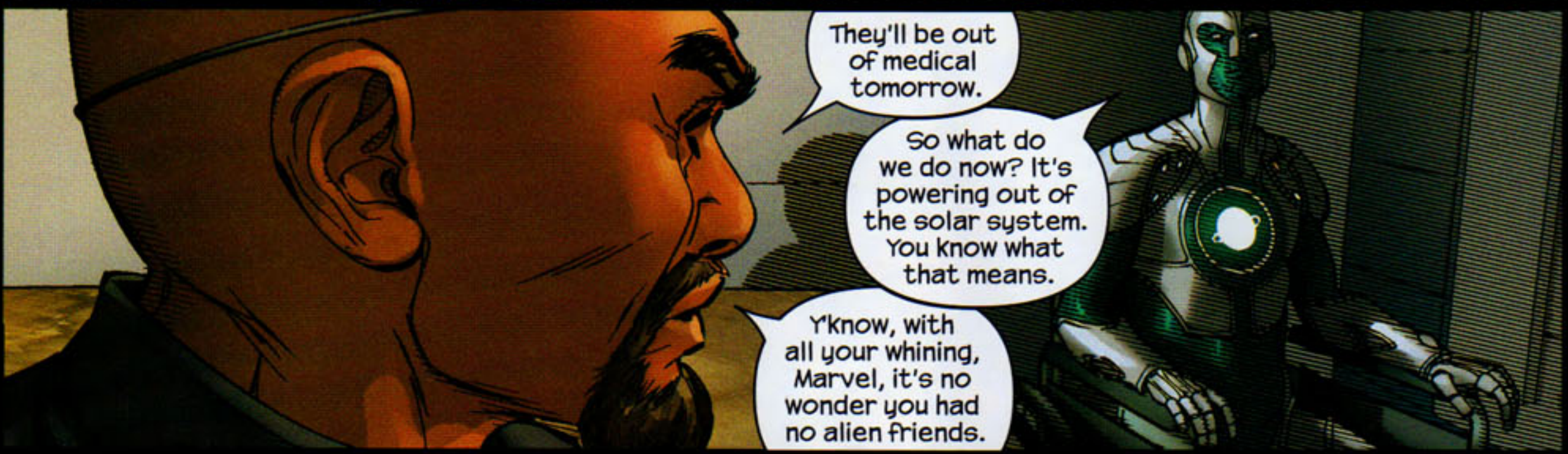
We weren't worth the energy. Can you believe it?



I can't believe a crowd of mad clone-monkeys put me in a *wheelchair* for a month.

What's the news on Xavier and Grey?

We're going to find their daddies and take care of them, don't worry.



They'll be out of medical tomorrow.

So what do we do now? It's powering out of the solar system. You know what that means.

Y'know, with all your whining, Marvel, it's no wonder you had no alien friends.



It's going to go to another inhabited solar system, Nick. And do the same thing all over again. We just doomed someone else.

Nah.

Sam's going to be loading up the Vision with the records of the whole thing. And Richards' gun design, all the science.









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