

Prologue:
The Edge of All Things.

Help,
I beg
you!

I
only have--
but a little
time...

Is
anyone--
oh!

A
penitent?

Please,
I haven't much,
but--

No, pray,
do not *touch*
m--

Thou hast
enough.

Oh.

Oh.

Thank
you--thank
you, I--

Hasten home.
They shall hunt for
thee. With sword and
spear and spell...they
shall *hunt* thee.

Secret Wars

The Multiverse was undone!

The heroes of Earth-616 and Earth-1610 'twere powerless to save it!

Now, all that remains is...Battleworld:

A massive, patchwork planet compos'd of the fragments of the worlds that have left this mortal plane, maintain'd by the iron will of its god and master, Victor Von Doom!

Each climature is a domain unto itself!



WITCH HUNTER ANGELA

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Windsor Castle,
King James' England.

No!
At such a...
sinister hour
you *cannot*
see King
James!

I would
step aside with
haste, sir. My friend
and I dislike being
delayed. This is a
most *serious*
business.

Then it
will be serious
business in the
morning!

I am Lord
Essex! The King's strong
left hand! This is simply
impossi--



Angela!
What are
you...
Doom
above! What
is *that*!?





I know not its exact nature, my King. It is dead now.

It was a mechanism that seemed crafted to perform a solitary murderous purpose.

I thought it *Witchbreed*, so I slew it.

And better it be slain than to risk such an abomination going free, poisoning wells and creating warty frogs and similar.

So says *Angela*, Witch Hunter. And so agrees *Serah*, also Witch Hunter.

I thought my passion for purging the monsters most foul was unparalleled, but you surpass all, *Angela*.

Due to the tireless work of your order, the threat of the *Witchbreed* is much diminished. When they once crawled or flew or wrought tempests with a flickering gaze, there are now scarce few left...

They are much diminished, King James.

That does not mean gone.

