

...SO, WHY DOES CYBORG GET TO BE IN CHARGE? AND WHY ARE WE JUST STANDING AROUND, NOT FIGHTING?

CYBORG KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING. BESIDES, SOMEONE HAS TO PROTECT ALL OF THESE PEOPLE.

GOLD.

MERCURY.

"I'M TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OF EVERYTHING, BUT IT'S NOT EASY. THE ENTIRE WORLD HAS FALLEN APART."



THESE THINGS ARE EVERYWHERE!

THANKS FOR STATING THE OBVIOUS! NOW, KEEP FIGHTING!

IRON.

PLATINUM.

"WE'RE FIGHTING A WAR AGAINST ALIEN INVADERS, AND THEY'RE KICKING OUR ASS."

"THEY'VE HACKED INTO THE INTERNET AND ALL SATELLITE COMMUNICATION. IF IT WASN'T FOR THE NETWORK I'VE SET UP WITH THE METAL MEN, THINGS WOULD BE MUCH WORSE."



DR. LORI CARMICHAEL:

INFECTED.

DR. THOMAS MORROW:

INFECTED.

"IT'S ANYBODY'S GUESS HOW MANY PEOPLE THEY'VE TURNED INTO CYBERNETIC MONSTERS..."

"...BUT I'VE SEEN WHAT THOSE THINGS HAVE DONE TO MY FRIENDS, WHILE WE STRUGGLE TO PICK UP THE PIECES OF WHAT'S LEFT AND SCRAMBLE FOR COVER."



HOW ABOUT THIS? DO YOU THINK THIS TASTES GOOD?

LEAD.

"WE'RE FIGHTING JUST TO SURVIVE, AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING AGAINST."

P-P-PLEASE STOP ASKING ME THAT. WE D-D-DON'T HAVE TASTE BUDS.

TIN.

"I DON'T KNOW WHY THESE THINGS HAVE COME HERE--BUT THEY'RE HERE."

AND THEN YOU SHOW UP.

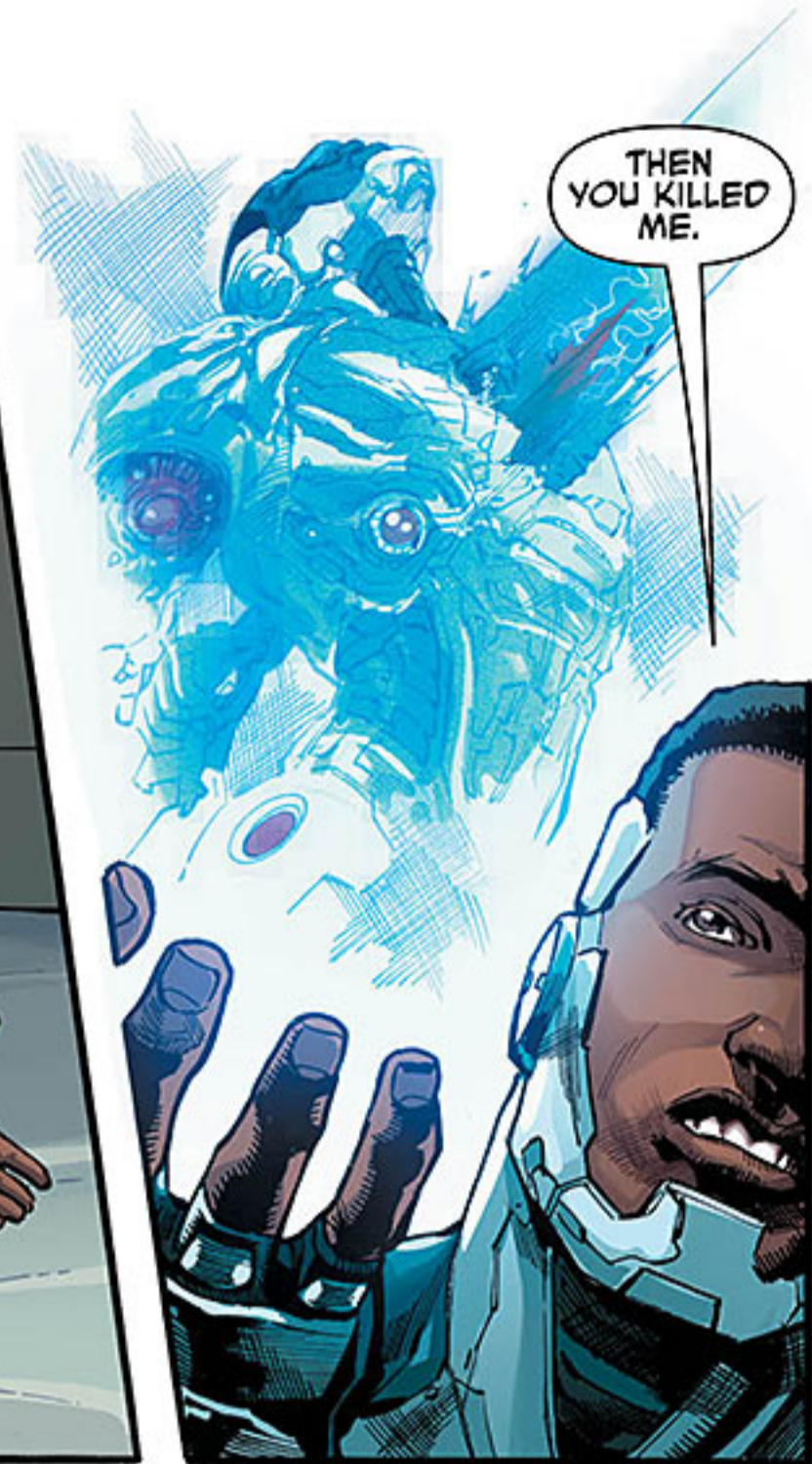
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A GENIUS-- WHICH I AM, BY THE WAY-- TO SEE THAT THIS IS NO COINCIDENCE.





NOW, EXCUSE ME FOR NOT BEING *EXCITED*. YOU MAY LOOK LIKE SOMEONE I KNOW AND CARE ABOUT, BUT YOU ARE *NOT* HER.

LAST TIME I SAW YOU, YOU ACCUSED ME OF BEING A THIEF. YOU *ATTACKED* ME.

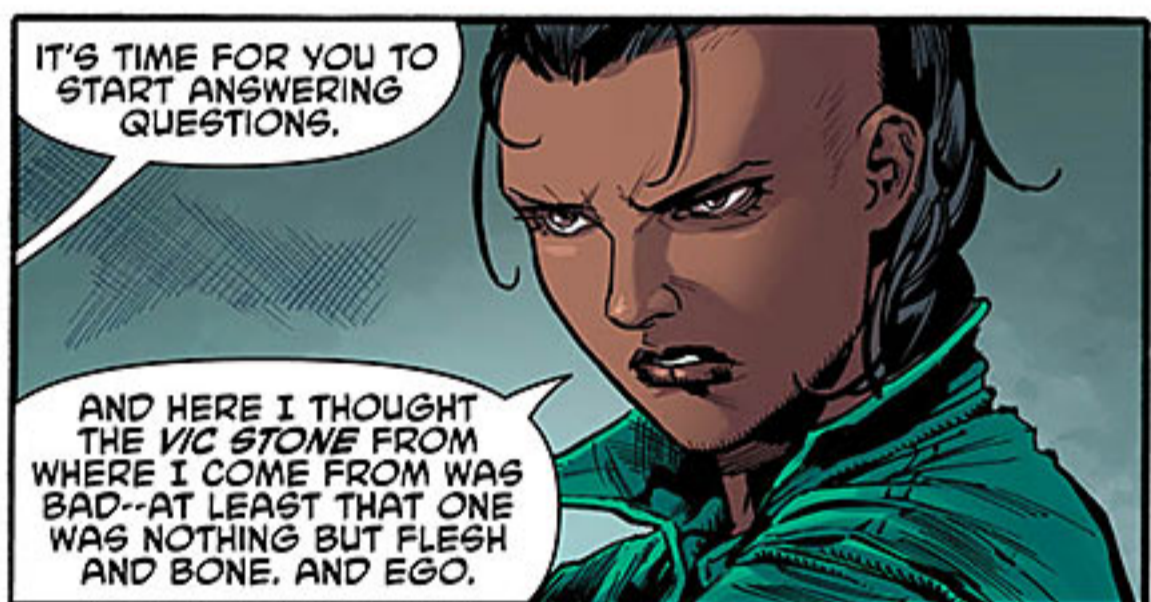


THEN YOU KILLED ME.



BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, MISS *ALTERNATE REALITY* SARAH CHARLES, I'M NOT DEAD ANYMORE.

WHICH MEANS YOU MIGHT WANT TO SCALE BACK ON THE *BADASS* ATTITUDE--BECAUSE FOR AT LEAST ONE OF US, DEATH IS JUST A TEMPORARY SETBACK.



IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO START ANSWERING QUESTIONS.

AND HERE I THOUGHT THE *VIC STONE* FROM WHERE I COME FROM WAS *BAD*--AT LEAST THAT ONE WAS NOTHING BUT FLESH AND BONE. AND EGO.



WATCH YOUR MOUTH.

OH, *SPARE* ME.

WHERE EXACTLY IS IT THAT YOU COME FROM?

DON'T INSULT ME WITH *STUPID* QUESTIONS. OR DO I REALLY NEED TO EXPLAIN THE *MULTIVERSE* TO YOU?

I COME FROM EARTH--AN EARTH IN A UNIVERSE THAT YOU DESTROYED.



ME?

YES, YOU. *DOCTOR SILAS STONE*, THE MAN WHO TRIED TO CHEAT DEATH, AND ENDED UP *DESTROYING* EVERYTHING.



IF WE COMPARED NOTES, I'M SURE OUR WORLDS WERE VERY SIMILAR--S.T.A.R. LABS, TOP-SECRET EXPERIMENTS, THE RED ROOM, AND THE ACCIDENT.

IT WAS YOU, SILAS, AND YOUR WIFE, ELINORE STONE.

IT HAPPENED DIFFERENTLY WHERE I COME FROM. VICTOR STONE WASN'T THE ONE INJURED IN THE ACCIDENT.



"BUT YOU REFUSED TO LET HER DIE. YOU WERE CONVINCED THAT YOU COULD KEEP HER ALIVE--THAT YOU COULD UNDO THE DAMAGE.

"ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS USE ALL THE NANO-TECHNOLOGY YOU HAD LOCKED UP IN THE RED ROOM.

"AND SO YOU BEGAN TO EXPERIMENT WITH TECH THAT YOU DIDN'T UNDERSTAND--THAT DIDN'T EVEN COME FROM EARTH.

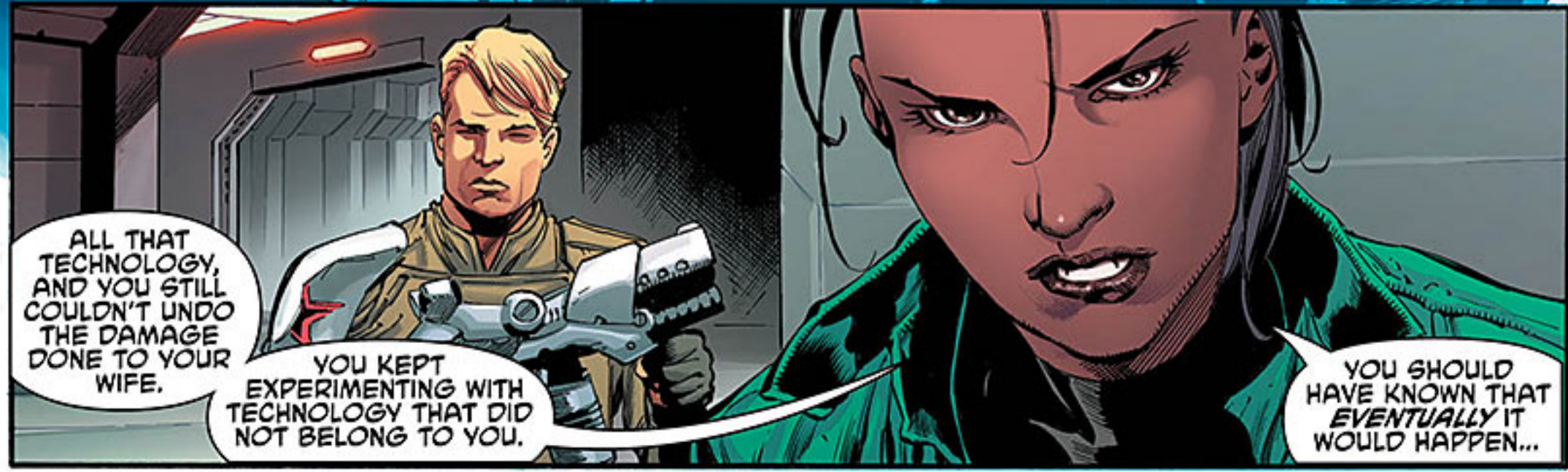
"AT FIRST WE ALL SUPPORTED YOU, EVEN AS YOU EXPERIMENTED ON YOURSELF. BUT THEN SOMETHING HAPPENED...

"...YOU BECAME OBSESSED--CONVINCED THAT YOU HAD FOUND THE WAY TO IMPROVE HUMAN LIFE--TO PROLONG IT.

"MAYBE THAT WAS THE INTENTION OF WHOEVER CREATED THE NANO-TECH IN THE FIRST PLACE. MAYBE SOME SCIENTIST ON ANOTHER PLANET WAS ALSO TRYING TO MAKE LIFE BETTER.

"BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU DID.

"ALL YOU DID WAS FIND A WAY TO TURN YOURSELF INTO A MECHANICAL MONSTER."



ALL THAT TECHNOLOGY, AND YOU STILL COULDN'T UNDO THE DAMAGE DONE TO YOUR WIFE.

YOU KEPT EXPERIMENTING WITH TECHNOLOGY THAT DID NOT BELONG TO YOU.

YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT EVENTUALLY IT WOULD HAPPEN...

"...SOONER OR LATER SOMEONE WAS GOING TO COME LOOKING FOR THE TECH YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO BE USING."

"THEY HAVE NO NAME FOR THEMSELVES--WE CALL THEM *TECHNOSAPIENS*. THEY ARE MADE UP OF RACES FROM ALL OVER THE UNIVERSE--ALL OF THEM INFECTED WITH THE SAME *CYBER-PARASITE* THAT TAKES CONTROL OF THE BRAIN."

"IT WAS THE *MODIFICATIONS* YOU MADE TO THE *NANO-TECH* THAT ATTRACTED THEM--IT GIVES OFF A UNIQUE HARMONIC FREQUENCY THAT THEY CAN DETECT."

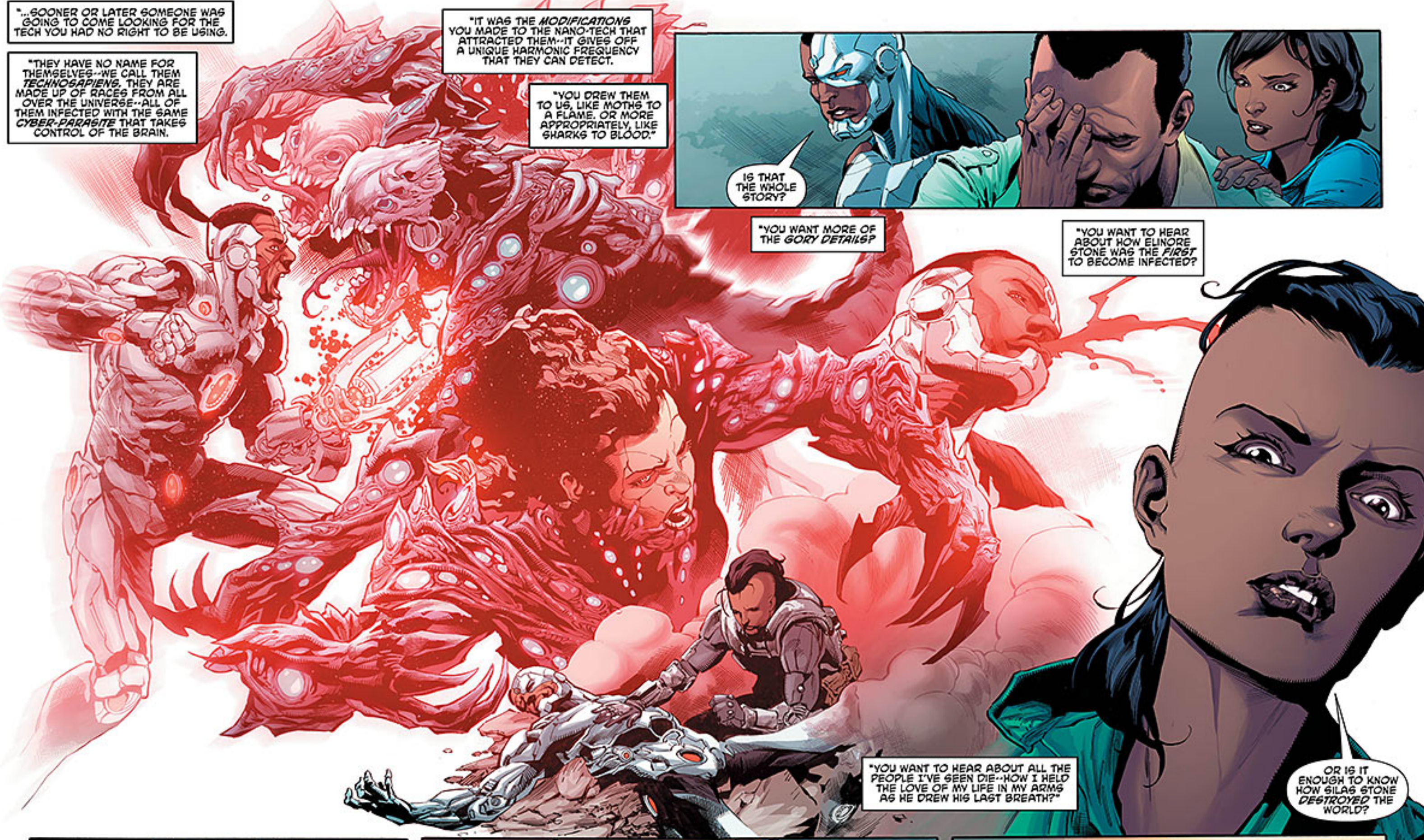
"YOU DREW THEM TO US, LIKE MOTHS TO A FLAME. OR MORE APPROPRIATELY, LIKE SHARKS TO BLOOD."



IS THAT THE WHOLE STORY?

"YOU WANT MORE OF THE *GORY* DETAILS?"

"YOU WANT TO HEAR ABOUT HOW ELINORE STONE WAS THE *FIRST* TO BECOME INFECTED?"



"YOU WANT TO HEAR ABOUT ALL THE PEOPLE I'VE SEEN DIE--HOW I HELD THE LOVE OF MY LIFE IN MY ARMS AS HE DREW HIS LAST BREATH?"

OR IS IT ENOUGH TO KNOW HOW SILAS STONE DESTROYED THE WORLD?



THERE'S NO ESCAPING THE TRUTH, SILAS.

