

MARVEL

GODS

1



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BONUS DIGITAL EDITION — DETAILS INSIDE!

"But not as much as I hate these people."

THE LIBRARY OF WORLDS.

Attention, please.

The hour grows short, and our need is great.

I am the Sorcerer Supreme. Give me your eyes.

I have grave news on this gravest of days.

The world is surely ending, and its only hope is gathered now in this room.

Every living thing that calls it home looks to us for salvation. Why?

A Babylon Event has begun.





Well... that sounds bad.

Hmmmm.



And are you certain it is a Babylon Event, Stephen? How can you know for sure?



Last night, there was a bleed on the plains of Mercator...

When I arrived, I found the Guardian Twins blinded and the infernal glyph over which they stood sentinel stolen.

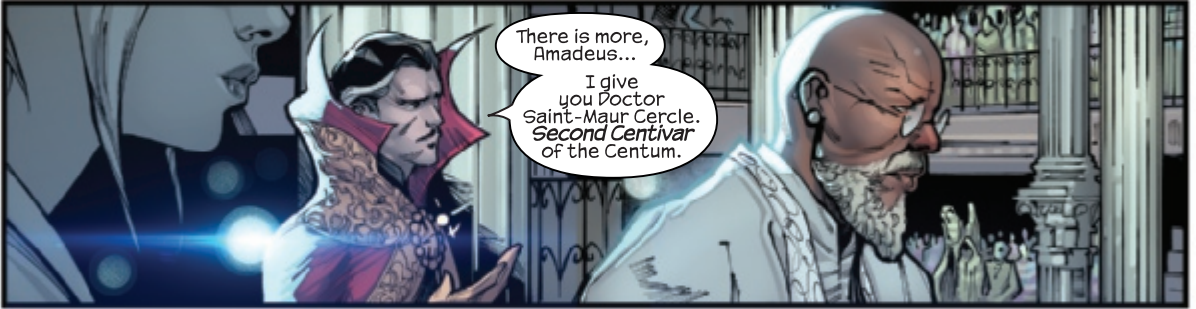
I had to delve deep, but these were the last images burned into their minds.

It appears to be the Proto-Mage, *Cubisk Core*-- long thought dead-- who disappeared years ago.

Now he has seemingly returned at the apex of his strength.

How and why we do not know...

...but one thing is sure. He now has the Staff of the Living Tribunal.



This footage is from two hours ago from a hidden A.I.M. station here in New York.

It was a containment facility for long-dormant former H.E.L.L. technology. *Watch.*



Do you know why *the Pit* is sealed? Do you understand what you are opening?

Do you understand what you are *making* me do?



Prometheus Pit activating in ten seconds... nine seconds...

When my god made the universe, he placed each of us inside a box.

Many cannot see this box--the idea of it--the very shape of it...

...but the box is your home and, oh, how you *hate* it.



Eight seconds... seven seconds...

Your existence--all of reality--is inside that...



Six seconds... five seconds...

You love the dream and hate the box--but what I tell you now is the truth, and it is the hardest truth you will ever hear.

I am here to destroy the dream and wake you from your slumber...





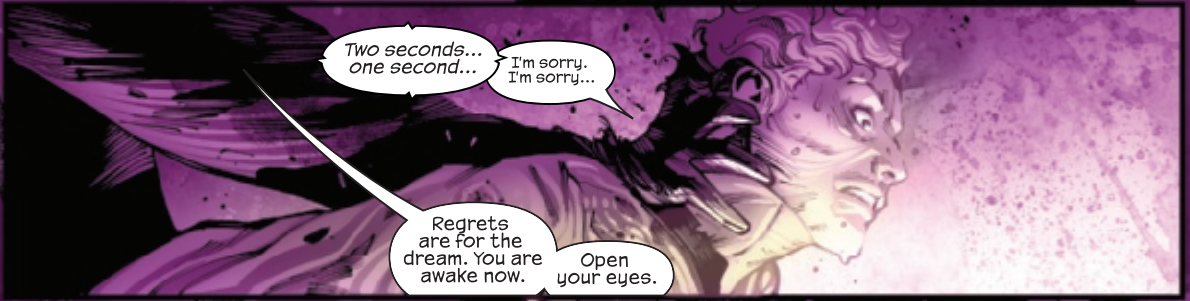
No. Noo...

Don't, please...

Four seconds... three seconds...

You scientists and your curiosity. You drilled a hole in existence to mine for exotic matter and never asked *the question*:

Where do my actions lead? What do my actions feed?



Two seconds... one second...

I'm sorry. I'm sorry...

Regrets are for the dream. You are awake now.

Open your eyes.



RMSR??X!

Aaiaaaaaaaaaa!

The feed ends here, with the casting of the spell...
...and the opening of the Pit.

