

SECRET WARS

THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED!

THE HEROES OF EARTH-616 AND EARTH-1610
WERE POWERLESS TO SAVE IT!

NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS BATTLEWORLD!

A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF
WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL OF ITS
GOD AND MASTER, VICTOR VON DOOM!

EACH REGION IS A DOMAIN UNTO ITSELF!

SECRET WARS JOURNAL

◆ RISK OF INFECTION ◆

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KEEP FOCUSED.
REMEMBER YOUR
TRAINING.



MS. CARTER!
AT WHAT POINT
DOES THE HUMAN
BODY DIE?



IT'S DEEP, BUT
TREATABLE.



THERE ARE TWO WAYS TO
DETERMINE DEATH. THE DEATH
OF THE HEART, MEANING AN
IRREVERSIBLE CESSATION OF
CIRCULATORY AND
RESPIRATORY
FUNCTIONS.



STAY CALM FOR
THE PATIENT.



AND THE DEATH OF THE BRAIN, WHICH
IS THE IRREVERSIBLE CESSATION OF ALL
BRAIN FUNCTIONS, INCLUDING THE BRAIN
STEM; LOSS OF THE ABILITY TO
INVOLUNTARILY SUSTAIN LIFE.



MARSHALL WOULD SAY THAT A
CONFIDENT BEDSIDE MANNER
CAN WORK WONDERS, ESPECIALLY
IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS.



I WAS STILL CALLING
HIM DR. MICHAELS
BACK THEN.

AND AT
WHAT POINT DO
WE NO LONGER
ADMINISTER MEDICAL
ASSISTANCE TO
THE PATIENT?

YOU MEAN
ACCEPT
DEATH?



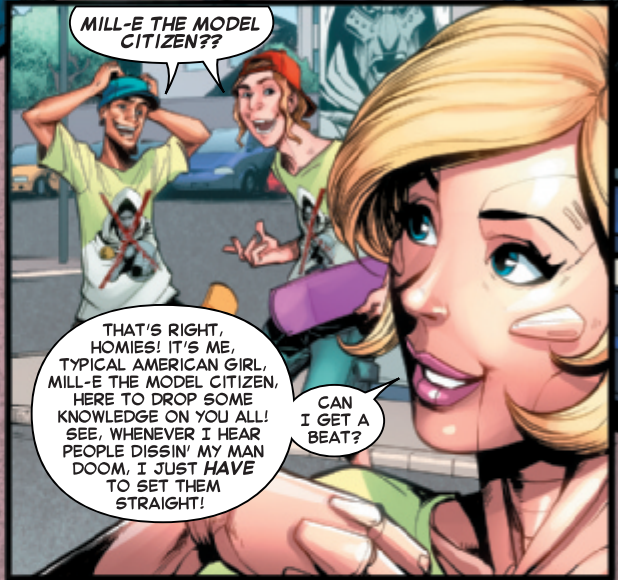
I WANT TO SAY
EVERYTHING IS
GOING TO BE OKAY...
BUT DOCTORS
CAN NEVER MAKE
THAT PROMISE.

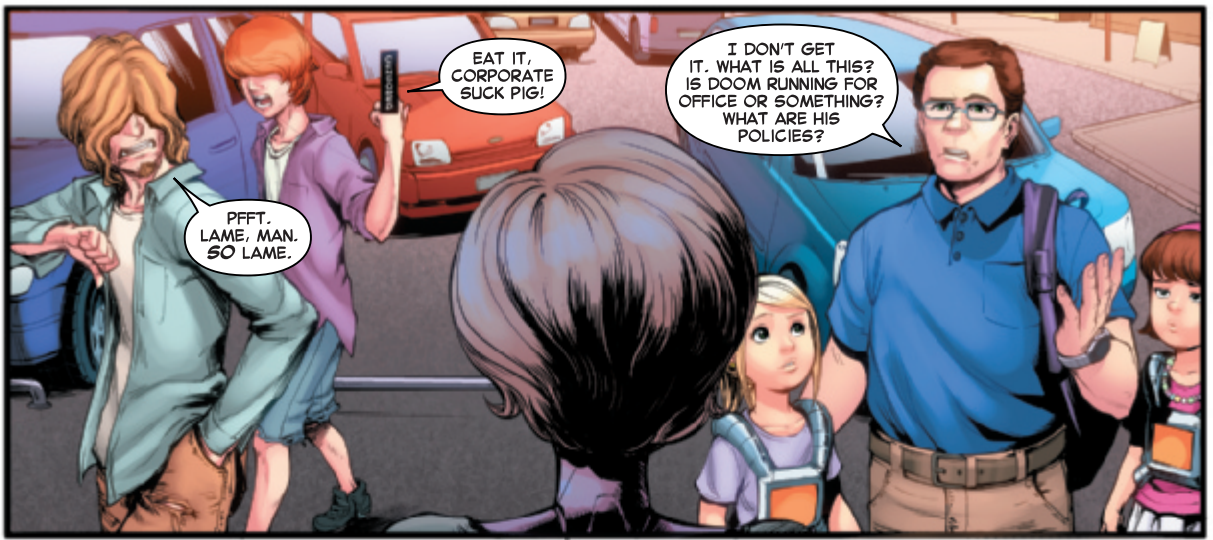
THE WASTELANDS.

THE PATIENT
IS TOO SMART
FOR THAT.



WESTCHESTER.





EAT IT, CORPORATE SUCK PIG!

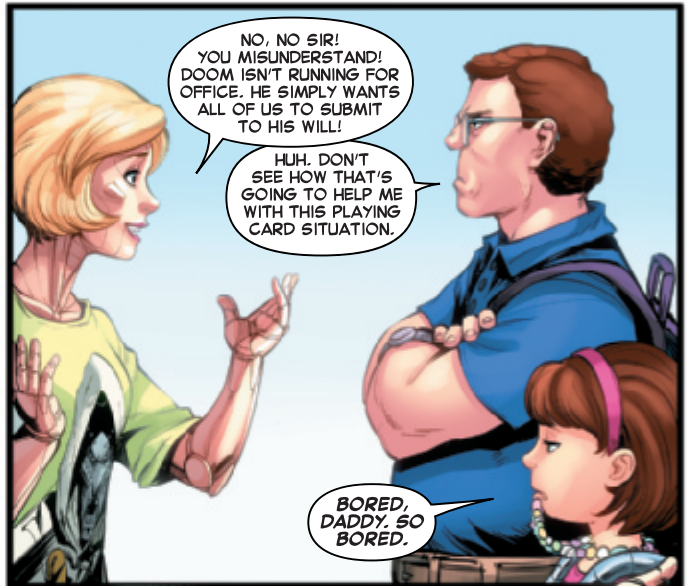
I DON'T GET IT. WHAT IS ALL THIS? IS DOOM RUNNING FOR OFFICE OR SOMETHING? WHAT ARE HIS POLICIES?

PFFT. LAME, MAN. SO LAME.



TELL YOU WHAT, IF DOOM REALLY WANTS US TO "SUBMIT," HOW ABOUT HE DOES SOMETHING ABOUT ALL THESE COSTUMED GUYS TEARING UP THE NEIGHBORHOOD? THE OTHER DAY--SWEAR TO GOD-- A PLAYING CARD EXPLODED MY FRONT DOOR. A PLAYING CARD. I CAN'T BE HAVING COSTUME GUYS EXPLODING MY FRONT DOOR WITH PLAYING CARDS. I JUST HAD THAT THING PAINTED! DOUBLE COAT!

DADDY, I WANT TO GO.



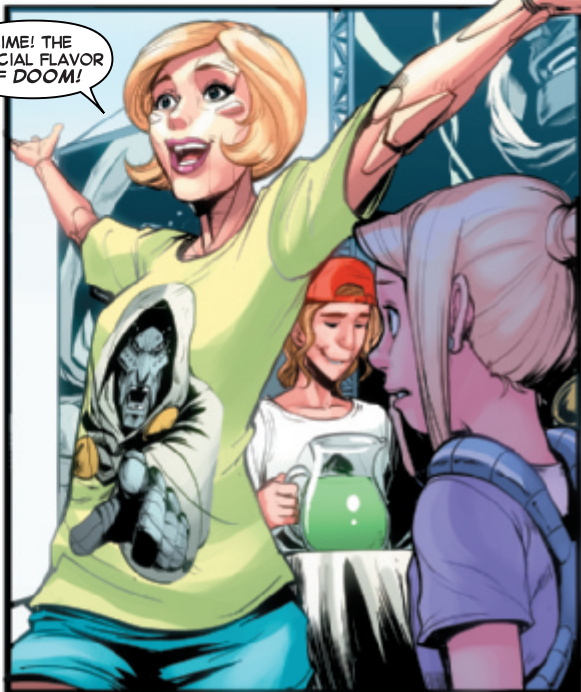
NO, NO SIR! YOU MISUNDERSTAND! DOOM ISN'T RUNNING FOR OFFICE. HE SIMPLY WANTS ALL OF US TO SUBMIT TO HIS WILL!

HUH. DON'T SEE HOW THAT'S GOING TO HELP ME WITH THIS PLAYING CARD SITUATION.

BORED, DADDY. SO BORED.



WAIT! COME BACK, EVERYBODY! THERE'S PUNCH! LIME PUNCH!



LIME! THE OFFICIAL FLAVOR OF DOOM!