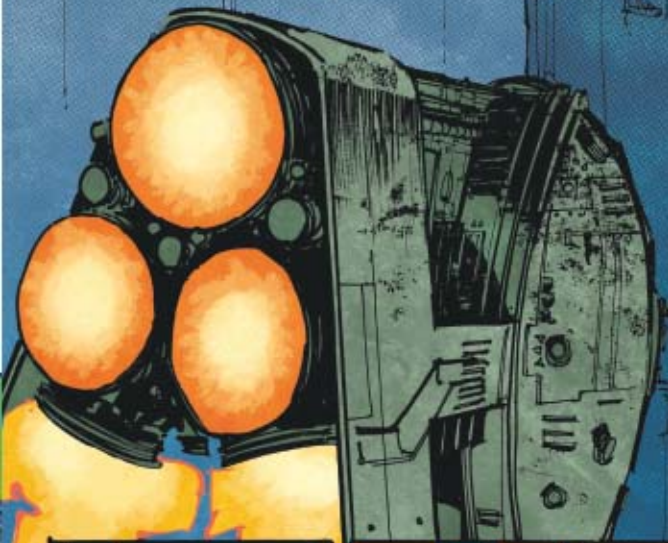


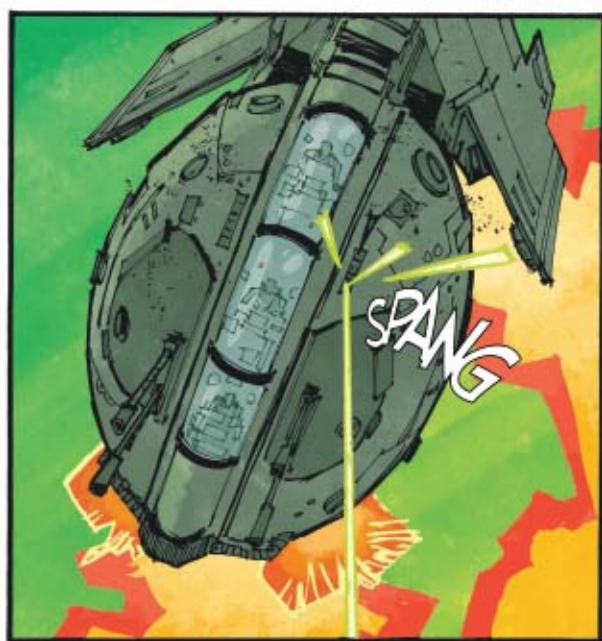


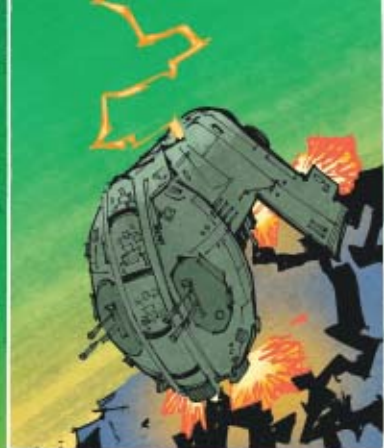
**TITAN.**











# JOHN CARTER — THE END —

## TWILIGHT — OF THE — RED QUEEN



*BY BRIAN WOOD AND ALEX COX  
ART BY HAYDEN SHERMAN  
COLORS BY CHRIS O'HALLORAN  
LETTERS BY TOM NAPOLITANO*







WHATEVER YOU MEAN, FRIEND...



...MARS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH US.



NOT FOR A LONG TIME.



WARLORD...



...PLEASE...



...MUCH HAS HAPPENED.

WE ARE DESPERATE.



...WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MARS?

FORGIVE OUR APPEARANCE OF AGGRESSION.



SOME OF THE YOUNGERS LACK DIPLOMACY. IT'S NOT IN OUR NATURE, BUT I WANT TO HONOR YOUR HOME.

IT'S JUST, WHEN WE SEE YOUR FACE...



HIS FACE? WHAT OF HIS FACE?



QUEEN DEJAH.



MAY WE GO SOMEWHERE TO TALK?





IT'S DIFFICULT.

NOW THAT I HAVE YOU IN FRONT OF ME, FACE TO FACE.

HOW DID YOU FIND US? NO ONE KNOWS WHERE WE ARE.



THERE IS ONE WHO DOES.



TARG TARKAS.

YES.

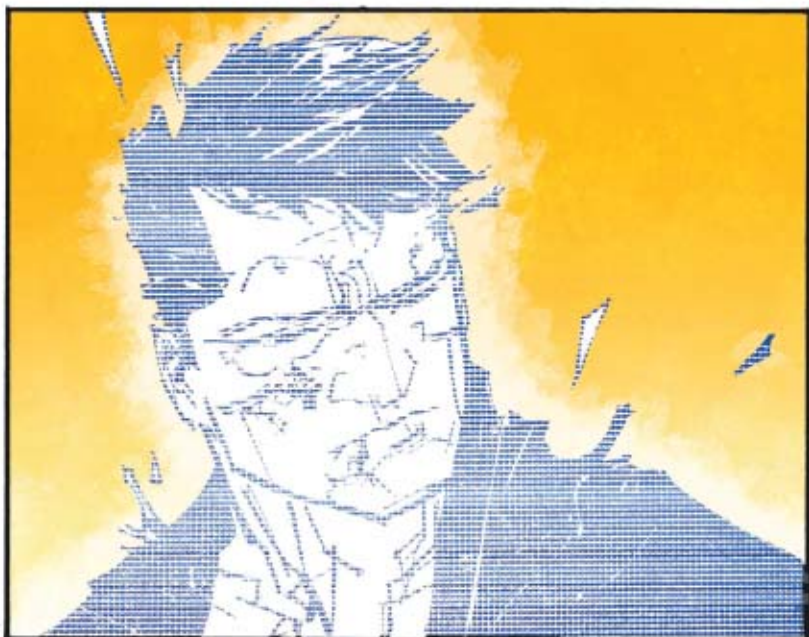
HE BETRAYED OUR CONFIDENCE.



I AM HIS KIN, AND HE INTENDED NO MALICE IN REVEALING YOUR LOCATION.

YOUR FELLOW SAID BARSOOM IS DYING. YOU REFERENCE MY HUSBAND'S APPEARANCE, TWICE.

WHY EXACTLY ARE YOU HERE?





SO HE LIVES?



WHO'S BURIED UP ON THE PLATEAU, JOHN?

WHO AM I HONORING WHEN I GO UP THERE EVERY SINGLE DAY AND KNEEL IN FRONT OF THAT GRAVE MARKER?



BECAUSE HE LIVES?



ANSWER ME!



HE ISN'T DEAD. HE DIDN'T FALL FROM THE ORPHIC CLIFFSIDE.

I BURIED THE BODY OF A MOUNTAIN CALOT. I SENT OUR SON AWAY.



OH, JOHN.



DON'T COME NEAR ME.



DON'T YOU DARE.



I WANT TO HEAR EVERYTHING.

AND IF YOU LIE TO ME AGAIN, I'M LEAVING.



FOR GOOD THIS TIME.



I KNOW.