

THE MICROVERSE.



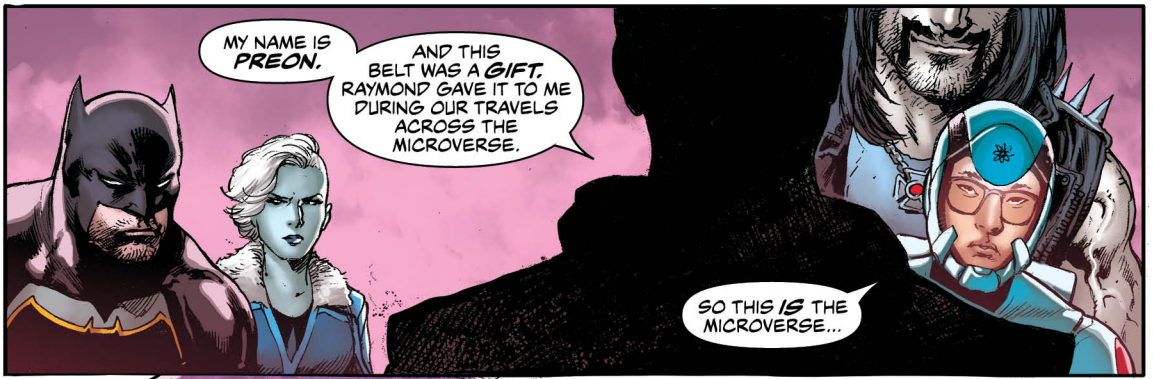
...PROFESSOR PALMER?



...NO, RYAN CHOI.

I AM NOT YOUR MENTOR.

WHO...WHO ARE YOU? HOW DO YOU HAVE RAY PALMER'S BIO-BELT?



MY NAME IS **PREON**.

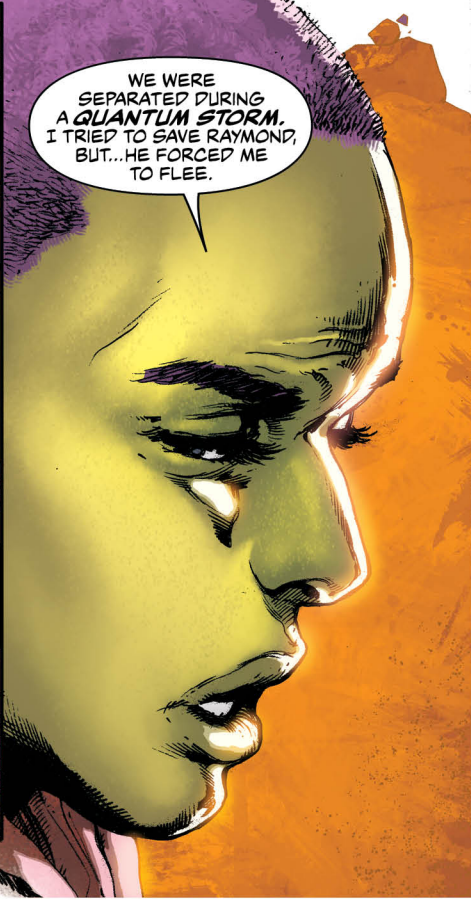
AND THIS BELT WAS A **GIFT**. **RAYMOND** GAVE IT TO ME DURING OUR TRAVELS ACROSS THE **MICROVERSE**.

SO THIS IS THE **MICROVERSE**...

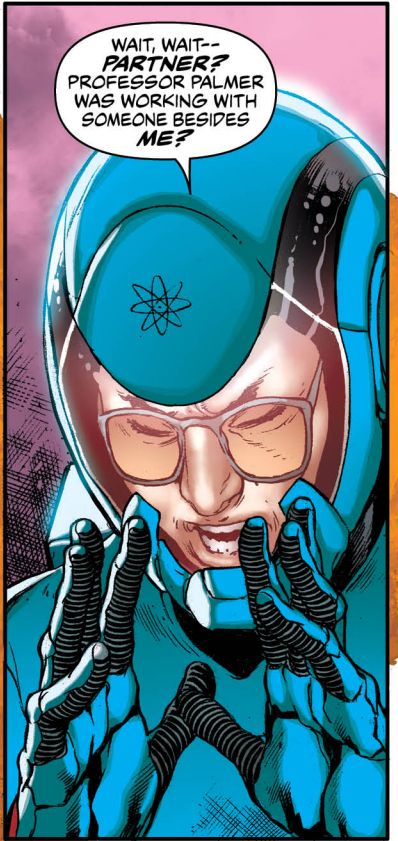


AS YOU SURFACE PEOPLE CALL IT, YES. WE CALL IT THE **IMMENSITY**.

ONE OF THE LAST OF MY KIND, THE **DOCENT FOLK**, I WAS **RAYMOND'S** GUIDE HERE, HE AND HIS PARTNER. I TRAVEL BETWEEN WORLDS.



WE WERE SEPARATED DURING A **QUANTUM STORM**. I TRIED TO SAVE **RAYMOND**, BUT...HE FORCED ME TO FLEE.

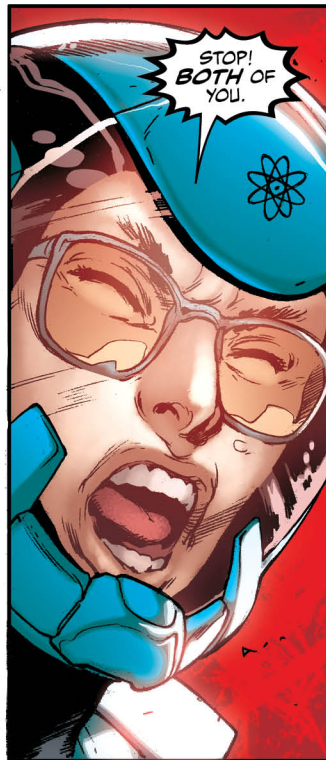


WAIT, WAIT-- **PARTNER?** PROFESSOR **PALMER** WAS WORKING WITH SOMEONE BESIDES **ME?**



ARON **AUT**.

A **SCIENTIST** **NATIVE** TO THIS WORLD. HE WAS HELPING **RAYMOND** **SAVE** THE **MICROVERSE**.



HOPE,
RYAN CHOI.

A
DISTURBANCE IN THE
VERY FABRIC OF REALITY
IS **KILLING** THE
MICROVERSE.

THE LAWS OF
PHYSICS ARE **BROKEN**.
QUANTUM STORMS STRIKE
WITHOUT WARNING, THEIR
DISCHARGES RIPPING
TIME AND SPACE
ASUNDER.

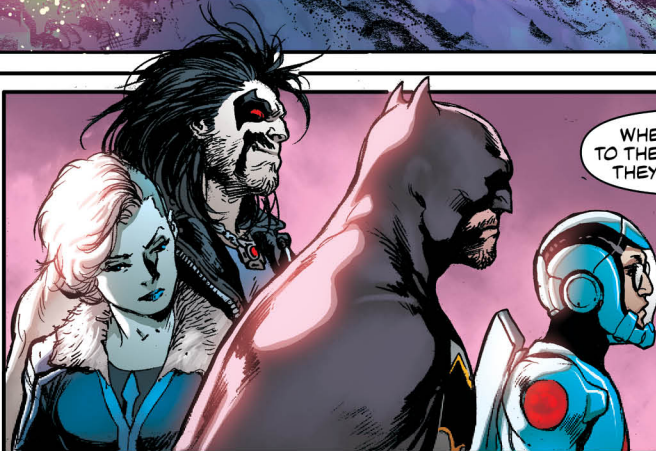
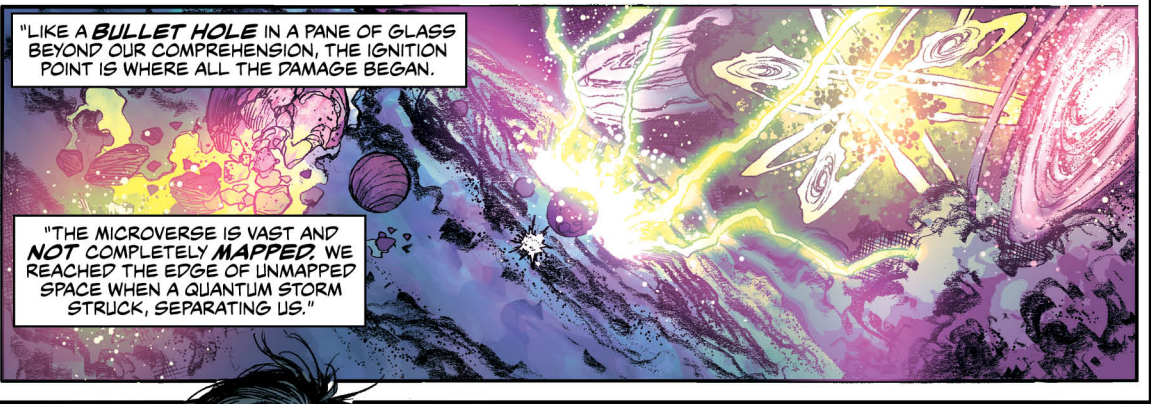
MEMORIES,
FAMILIES, WHOLE
TRUTHS ARE LOST
IN A BURNING
INSTANT.

RAYMOND AND
AUNT WERE SEARCHING
FOR THE **IGNITION
POINT**, THE THEORETICAL
EPICENTER OF THE
DESTRUCTION.



"LIKE A **BULLET HOLE** IN A PANE OF GLASS
BEYOND OUR COMPREHENSION, THE **IGNITION
POINT** IS WHERE ALL THE DAMAGE BEGAN.

"THE MICROVERSE IS VAST AND
NOT COMPLETELY MAPPED. WE
REACHED THE EDGE OF UNMAPPED
SPACE WHEN A QUANTUM STORM
STRUCK, SEPARATING US."



WHEN I RETURNED
TO THE BATTLEGROUND,
THEY WERE **GONE**.

I CAME HERE,
TO **NEW KATARTH**,
HOPING RAYMOND'S BIO-BELT
SIGNAL WOULD REACH
THE SURFACE.

THEY ARE
LOST. IT WOULD
TAKE A **MIRACLE** TO
FIND THEM... BUT I MAY
KNOW WHERE TO
FIND ONE...