

MARVEL

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THE PRODIGAL SON

PETER DAVID
FRANCESCO MANNA
ESPEN GRUNDETJERN

SILVER SURFER



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THE PRODIGAL SON

SILVER SURFER



Years and years ago, the youngest prince of a far-off space kingdom, Prah'd'gul, landed in the Savage Land following a power struggle at home. After a brief adventure with Ka-Zar and the Fantastic Four, Prah'd'gul absconded with one of Mr. Fantastic's spaceships only to be ejected by an anti-theft protocol. Drifting through space, Prah'd'gul reminisces on the escapade that led to his exile...

THIS ISSUE TAKES PLACE BEFORE SILVER SURFER: BLACK!

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MANY YEARS EARLIER.

PRAH'D'GUL.
THANK YOU
FOR COMING SO
QUICKLY.

WHEN YOUR FATHER, THE
KING, COMMANDS YOU,
YOUR ONE CHOICE IS
TO OBEY.

IT SEEMS THAT
IN THE PAST YOU'VE
MADE OTHER CHOICES
WHEN SUMMONED.

GOOD TO
SEE YOU TOO,
BROTHER. SO...

...WHAT DO
YOU NEED,
FATHER?

ONE OF OUR
COLONY WORLDS,
SUNATER, IS CREATING
DIFFICULTIES FOR THE
LOCAL REGENTS. THEY
ARE LOBBYING FOR
INDEPENDENCE.

THEN WE
SHOULD GIVE IT
TO THEM.

WHAT?

SUNATER
IS AN ENERGY-
RICH WORLD. WHY
GIVE THEM THEIR
INDEPENDENCE?

OBVIOUSLY, BECAUSE THEY ARE ENERGY RICH. DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MANY RACES WOULD TARGET THEM FOR THEIR RESOURCES?

THE KREE, THE SKRULLS, THE BADOON...WHY, THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF SPECIES THAT WOULD TARGET THEM IF THEY WERE FREE.

WE PROVIDE THEM WITH PROTECTION, AFTER ALL.

WE HAVE KEPT PEACE IN THE KLORDON FRONTIER FOR GENERATIONS BECAUSE NO ONE WOULD DARE CHALLENGE OUR MILITARY MIGHT.

IF WE CUT THEM LOOSE, THEY WILL COME CRAWLING BACK TO US THE MOMENT THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN SOMEONE'S CROSSHAIRS.

AND BY THE TIME WE MOUNT A DEFENSE TO RESPOND TO THAT ATTACK, THE WORLD COULD ALREADY BE CONQUERED.

IT'S AN IDIOTIC IDEA, PRAH.

TO SAY NOTHING OF THE DANGEROUS PRECEDENT IT SETS. WE CANNOT BOW TO DEMANDS. IF WE DO, WE WILL END UP WITH NO POWER AT ALL.

NO, PRAH'D'GUL. YOU MUST GO THERE AND LAY DOWN THE LAW.

YOU ARE THE MOST POWERFUL OF US. THEY WILL ATTEND TO YOU.

IF YOU COMMAND IT, FATHER.

I DO INDEED.

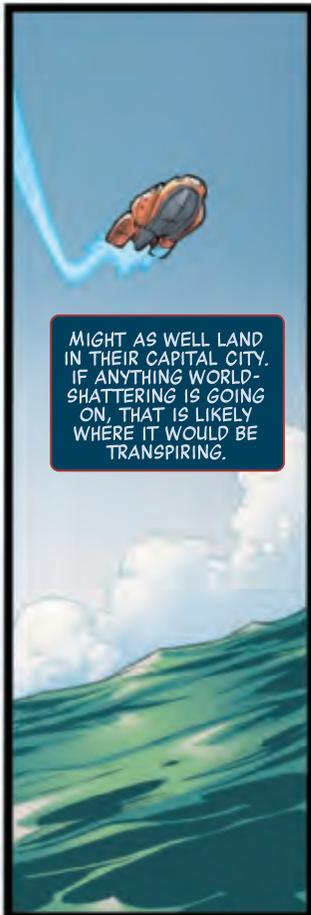
GO TO, MY SON.





ODD. *VERY* ODD. I'VE CALLED AHEAD TO VERIFY MY LANDING COORDINATES AND GOTTEN NO RESPONSE.

WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE THE PROBLEM?



MIGHT AS WELL LAND IN THEIR CAPITAL CITY. IF ANYTHING WORLD-SHATTERING IS GOING ON, THAT IS LIKELY WHERE IT WOULD BE TRANSPIRING.



WHA--!

DIDN'T HE HAVE HIS TRACKING SYSTEMS ON? THAT IDIOT ALMOST FLEW RIGHT INTO--



WHAT IN THE HOLY HELL IS GOING ON?!



THIS IS INSANE!

THEY'RE FLEEING THE PLANET!



EXCUSE ME!
WOULD YOU
MIND TELLING
ME WHAT--

I'LL
GIVE YOU A
THOUSAND
MARCOS FOR
YOUR SHIP!

WHAT?

TWO
THOUSAND!

WHATEVER
YOU WANT!



MY SHIP
ISN'T FOR
SALE.

WOULD
YOU MIND
TELLING ME
WHAT'S
GOING--



ZWAKKAAM



OW.



HURRY!
HURRY! BEFORE
HE--



BEFORE I
WHAT?

UH-
OH.



TELL ME WHAT IN THE NINE HELLS
IS GOING ON! WHY ARE PEOPLE
FLEEING THIS PLANET?!

DIDN'T
YOU SEE
HIM?!

SEE
WHO?!



HIM!!!



WHAT
IN THE
BLAZES?



WAIT...
IS THAT...?!

"...THE
**SILVER
SURFER**

