



SOME SOULS  
ARE SIMPLY  
DOOMED.

GOOD INTENTIONS,  
LOVE AND LAUGHTER  
LIE LIKE DUST...

ONCE, LONG AGO, I  
TOLD YOU THAT EVERYTHING  
YOU KNOW ABOUT ME IS  
A LIE THAT I WANTED YOU  
TO BELIEVE, THAT I WAS  
THE LAST MARTIAN...

AND THEN THE  
UNIVERSE GAVE  
ME A SECOND  
CHANCE.

I WILL NOT  
BE THE LAST  
MARTIAN.

NOT  
TODAY.



I HAVE POSSESSED AND TAKEN THE SPIRIT OF THIS SUNNY MARTIAN NEIGHBORHOOD AND FILLED IT WITH REFUGEES FROM AN IMPOSSIBLE MEMORY.

THE LIVNIN MARS DIED MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO, BUT MALALEFAAN, THE MAD, BROUGHT IT BACK.

AND HE BROUGHT ITS PEOPLE BACK IN THE PROCESS.



IF I'M CORRECT—OH GODS, PLEASE LET ME BE CORRECT—THAT LIVNIN MARS IS RETURNING TO DIE IN THE PAST, RIGHT NOW.

AND IF THE MARS CHILD'S PORTAL OPENS, IF WESSEL, BISCUITS AND ALICE ARE SUCCESSFUL, NOW, I CAN GET THESE LONG EXTINCT FOLK—MY PEOPLE—ACROSS THE BARRIERS OF DEATH TO EARTH.

THESE WORDS, I KNOW, I REALIZE THEY ARE THE SYMPTOM OF INSANITY.



I... I TURNED MYSELF INTO A FEMALE NEIGHBORHOOD, AND THE PEARL FLIES ALONGSIDE ME, OBSERVING HALF THIS PREVIOUS CARBOO OF LIFE.

ALL THIS, THE PAIN I'VE SUFFERED, THE SACRIFICES I'VE MADE, THE PATH I'VE BEEN ON.

I SEE NOW THAT IT WAS ALL WORTHWHILE, ALL FOR A PURPOSE.



I WAS MADE FOR THIS MOMENT.

I, JOHN JONNE, AM NOT A WEAPON.

I WAS MEANT TO SAVE THEM.



LOOK...

PHOBOS, THE MARTIAN MOON, THE GREAT MOUTH, IS HERE. THE PORTAL IS OPENING. THE COSMOS ALIGNS FOR ME. FOR US.

MY MIND OPENS WIDE AND I KNOW, IN THIS FRAGILE, INDISTINCT MOMENT, I AM MADE AWARE OF AN ALMOST SUPERNATURAL CLARITY...

EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.

DC COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS

THE **MARTIAN**  
**MANHUNTER** IN

# NOT DOOMED

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THE PEARL, PART  
OF J'ONN J'ONZZ

