

CA'THONE. CAPITAL OF EDEN.


IF THERE'S ONE CITY ON THIS WHOLE GOD-FORSAKEN ROCK THAT'S KEEPING SECRETS ABOUT MY SON...IT'S DEFINITELY HERE.

I CAN SMELL IT.



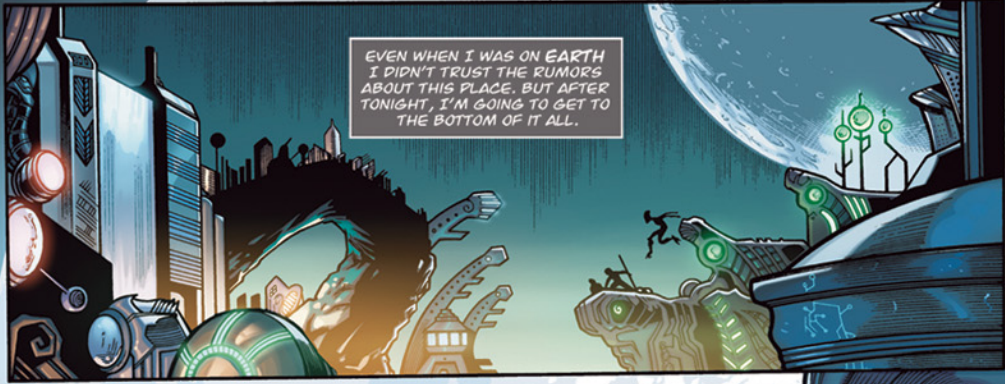
THE STENCH OF SELF-RIGHTEOUS LIARS TAINTS THE AIR OF THIS ENTIRE PLANET...

...AND IT TURNS MY STOMACH.



LEGIONS OF INTERSTELLAR REFUGEES AND COUNTLESS RACES FROM ALL OVER THE COSMOS Huddle HERE PRETENDING TO LIVE IN PERFECT HARMONY. THIS WHOLE WORLD OF PEACE IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE ANSWER TO ALL THE UNIVERSE'S PROBLEMS...

...BUT I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT.



EVEN WHEN I WAS ON EARTH I DIDN'T TRUST THE RUMORS ABOUT THIS PLACE, BUT AFTER TONIGHT, I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT ALL.

THIS IS IT. NO REGRETS. NO TURNING BACK.

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO FIND YOUR SON, NERIAH?

I NEED TO GET AVION BACK, CHRISTIAN, AND THAT MEANS WE'VE GOT TO GET PAST THOSE SECURITY SENSORS ON THE GROUND. SO IF YOU'VE GOT ANY SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT THE PLAN, NOW'S THE TIME TO SPEAK UP.



UM, CAN WE TAKE A VOTE ON THE "JUMPING" PART?



READY, GENERAL.



FOR AVION.

CHAPTER ONE: THE FALL



WRITER & PENCILER
ERIC HENSON

INKER

MICHAEL BABINSKI

COLORIST

STEVE DOWNER

LETTERER

ROBERT DOAN

EDITORS

JAMILLAH HENSON

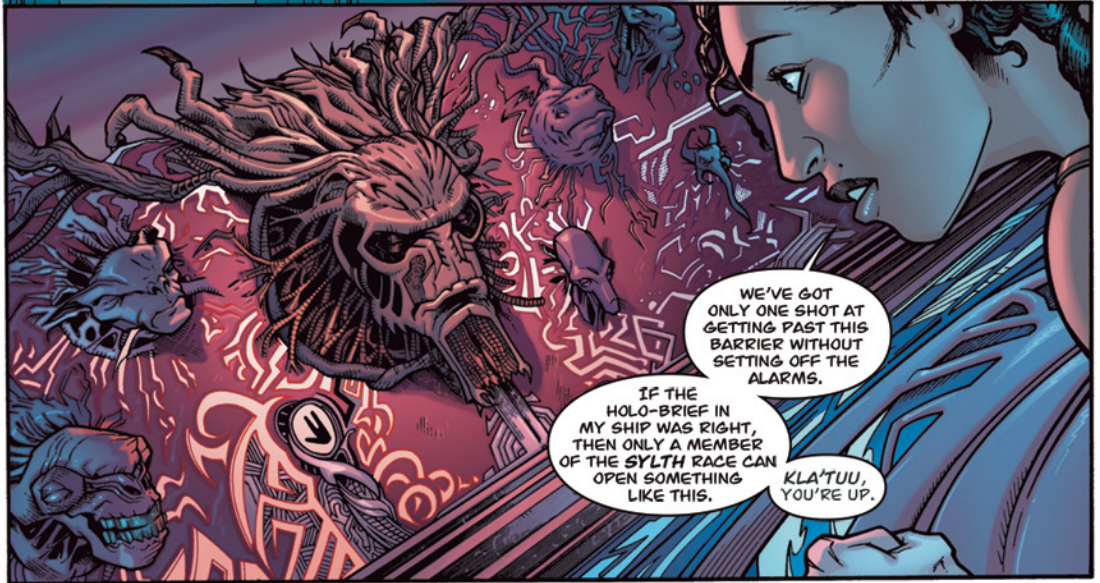
TODD DEZAGO



UGH. I THINK I JUST THREW UP IN MY MOUTH.

THERE IT IS.

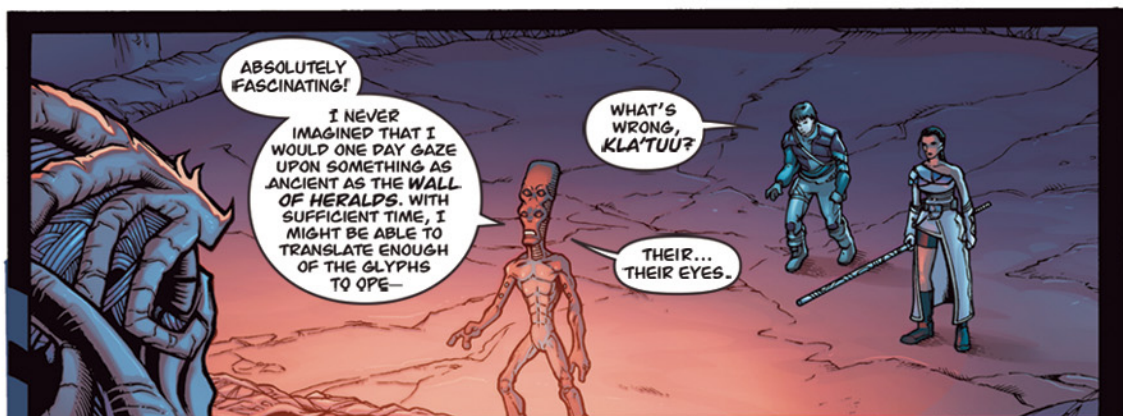
THOOM!



WE'VE GOT ONLY ONE SHOT AT GETTING PAST THIS BARRIER WITHOUT SETTING OFF THE ALARMS.

IF THE HOLO-BRIEF IN MY SHIP WAS RIGHT, THEN ONLY A MEMBER OF THE SYLTH RACE CAN OPEN SOMETHING LIKE THIS.

KLA'TUU, YOU'RE UP.



ABSOLUTELY FASCINATING!

I NEVER IMAGINED THAT I WOULD ONE DAY GAZE UPON SOMETHING AS ANCIENT AS THE WALL OF HERALDS. WITH SUFFICIENT TIME, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO TRANSLATE ENOUGH OF THE GLYPHS TO OPE-

WHAT'S WRONG, KLA'TUU?

THEIR... THEIR EYES.



WE CAN SSSEE YOU, OGAZED KLA'TUU FAEL, AND WE KNNOW WHY YOU HAVE COME!

THEN YOU ALSO KNOW WHAT GREAT LENGTHS WE HAVE TAKEN TO GET HERE--THE VERY DANGER WE ARE IN BY COMING BEFORE YOU, GREAT HERALDS.

INDEED, SYLTH, THE SSSIIAAD ARE ALREADY CLOSING IN ON YOU, EAGER TO GRIND YOUR FRAGILE BONES TO DUST,

SO IS THIS UNDEAD ALIEN HEAD GOING TO KEEP BABBLING OR LET US PASS?



WOULD YOU JUST DO US ALL A FAVOR, AND SHUT UP FOR ONCE?!

THIS COULD BE OUR ONLY CHANCE TO FIND MY SON, AND ALL YOU CAN MANAGE TO DO IS HURL INSULTS AND COMPLAIN? CAN'T YOU JUST SHUT YOUR MOUTH FOR TWO SECONDS?!