

The Scrolls of the Sureen,
entry 90,450.



Scribe: Gaurav Ghate.

I have, of late, been neglectful
of my duties as chronicler
of the history of
the avatars.

But as I am the last of
the Sureen, I must neglect
most of my duties. There
are only so many hours
in each day, after all.

I currently find myself in
the United States, in a place
called Louisiana. It is hot here,
and constantly damp, but as that
is not so different from my
home in India, I do not mind.

THE SECRET ORIGIN OF SWAMP THING

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SWAMP THING CREATED BY
LEN WEIN & BERNIE WRIGHTSON

No one has attempted to kill
me for three days, which is quite
excellent. While I do not expect
this pleasant state of affairs
to last long, I thought I might
take the opportunity to
catch up on some paperwork.

In particular, I note that the scrolls lack an
account of the latest Avatar of the Green.
I have been forced privileged to spend a
great deal of time with this Avatar, as
he is my sole protection from the Avatar
of the Grey, who wishes me dead.

I will remedy
that lapse now.

Read, then, and I will
tell you of Alec Holland,
the Avatar of the Green,
quite possibly the greatest
warrior of all the Avatars
I have ever studied.

It has been my good fortune to have access to not just the current Avatar.

Due to developments too complex and troubling to recount here, three prior Avatars of the Green were recently returned to Earth in human form.

Brother Jonah, a monk from the 14th century.

AH, YES. ALEC HOLLAND. I FIRST MET HIM DEEP IN THE GREEN. I SHOWED HIM A VISION--TAUGHT HIM OF THE SANCTUARIUM FOLIUM VIRIDE. BACK THEN, HE WAS--

The Wolf, a German merchant born in the 1600s.

A more conniving man you might never meet--but all his plans came to naught, in the end.

--A CHILD! IGNORANT OF EVEN THE MOST BASIC CONCEPTS OF THE GREEN.

FORTUNATELY, I TOOK HIM UNDER MY, ER, WINGS, IF YOU'LL FORGIVE THE REFERENCE--HE'S THE ONE WHO AFFECTED THOSE RIDICULOUS WINGS--I KNOW BETTER, I MEAN, ARE WE GREEN, OR RED?

ANYWAY, HE'S LUCKY I OFFERED TO MENTOR HIM. IF I HADN'T, I'M SURE HE'D BE--

And the Lady Weeds, an Irishwoman from the 19th century.

The scrolls speak of her reign as Avatar in hushed tones, and well they should.

Having met the woman in person, I can tell you they fail to convey anything near what she was actually like.

--DEAD.

She was poison, inside and out. But different times require different Avatars, and who am I to question the judgment of the Parliament of Trees?

At any rate, all three former Avatars provided me with a great deal of useful background about Alec Holland's elevation--and why he was picked.

The kingdoms have always fought, and always will.

Plants against animals--Green against Red.

Fungus against meat--Grey vs. Red.

...vs. the Rot.

Years ago, the Parliament of Trees' many eyes around the world saw movement in the Rot.

Whispers that something ugly was growing under the skin of the world.

TO MONSTERS...

Everything would become Rot, if nothing was done.

And the eternal battle, the fight that never sees peace--life against death.

The Green...

I KNOW OF YOU, ARCANÉ, AND I WILL NOT YIELD TO--

A champion was needed—an Avatar who would be strong enough, brutal enough to fight off the Rot's coming onslaught.

The Parliament had many candidates, as ever, but one shone brighter than the rest.

A brilliant scientist. An American.

Dr. Alec Holland.

THIS IS IT.

Holland had already, unknowingly, devoted his life to the cause of the Green.

He had developed a bio-restorative formula—a distillation of pure life. It alone would have helped immensely in the fight against the Rot.

But the Rot was watching too.

EVERYTHING IS ABOUT TO CHANGE.

Anton Arcane, the evil Avatar of Decay, attempted to remove Dr. Holland, to prevent the Green from using him as their champion.

THUDOM

NNAARRGH!

Arcane's plan should have worked. Holland was burned alive...destroyed. His dying body fell into the dark waters of the swamp, and he was heard from no more.

Holland was lost and could not become the Avatar of the Green. The Parliament of Trees was forced to try something new.

While our records of this time are confusing, the Wolf was able to confirm what the Suren always suspected: the Parliament used the essence of Dr. Alec Holland--his potential--and placed it inside a construct.

For a time, the ruse worked. The plant creature was indeed mighty, and the forces of the Rot were beaten back.

A creature made entirely of plants, left ignorant of its true origin.

Indeed, for a time, it believed it was Holland.

YOU UN-MEN... WILL NEVER DEFEAT... THE SWAMP THING...

But eventually, the being learned the truth about what it was...

...and it went its own way.

But then, just when times looked darkest... somehow... impossibly... the Green's savior returned.

It seems that Dr. Alec Holland was too important to the pattern to be allowed to perish-- at least not before he had fulfilled his true destiny.