

# ***IRREDEEMABLE***<sup>TM</sup>

**PREMIER EDITION  
VOLUME FIVE**

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***INCORRUPTIBLE***<sup>TM</sup>  
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CHAPTER  
**THIRTY-TWO**  
REDEMPTION:  
PART ONE





I MET HIM ONCE,  
YEARS AGO, THE  
PLUTONIAN.

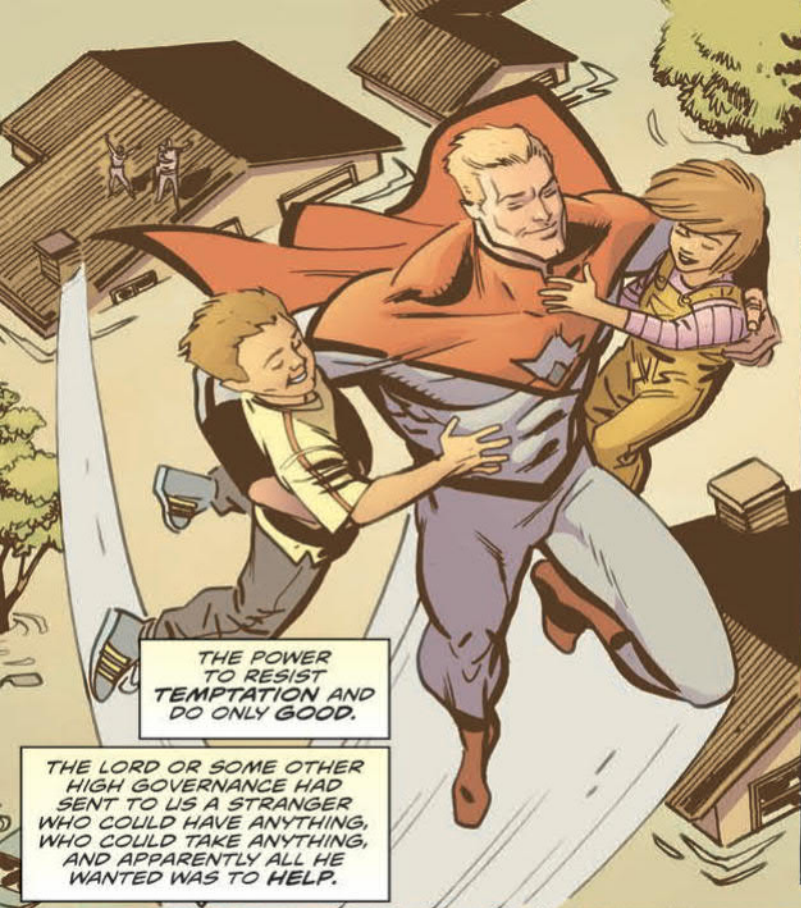
THEY ASKED ME TO GIVE  
HIM THE CONGRESSIONAL  
GOLD MEDAL, AND WE  
BOTH ACTED LIKE THE  
HONOR WAS HIS.

IT WASN'T. WE WERE ALL  
INDEBTED TO HIM, EVERY LIVING  
PERSON ON EARTH. THERE WE  
WERE, TRUNDLING ALONG  
THROUGH THE EARLY 21ST  
CENTURY, LIVING IN FEAR AND  
INCREASINGLY VULNERABLE TO  
OUR WORST EXCESSES...

...WHEN THIS MAN IN A CAPE  
SHOWED UP LIKE A MORNING STAR  
TO DRIVE AWAY ALL THE DARKNESS  
HE COULD FIND, DEFENDING US  
FROM THREATS BOTH MAN-MADE  
AND CELESTIAL.

HE COULD LIFT A STADIUM. HE  
COULD FLY THROUGH THE AIR AND  
MOVE FASTER THAN THOUGHT. HE  
HAD THE POWERS OF A GOD, MORE  
THAN ANYONE COULD CATALOGUE,  
BUT OF ALL OF THEM, THE  
GREATEST WAS THIS:





THE POWER TO RESIST TEMPTATION AND DO ONLY GOOD.

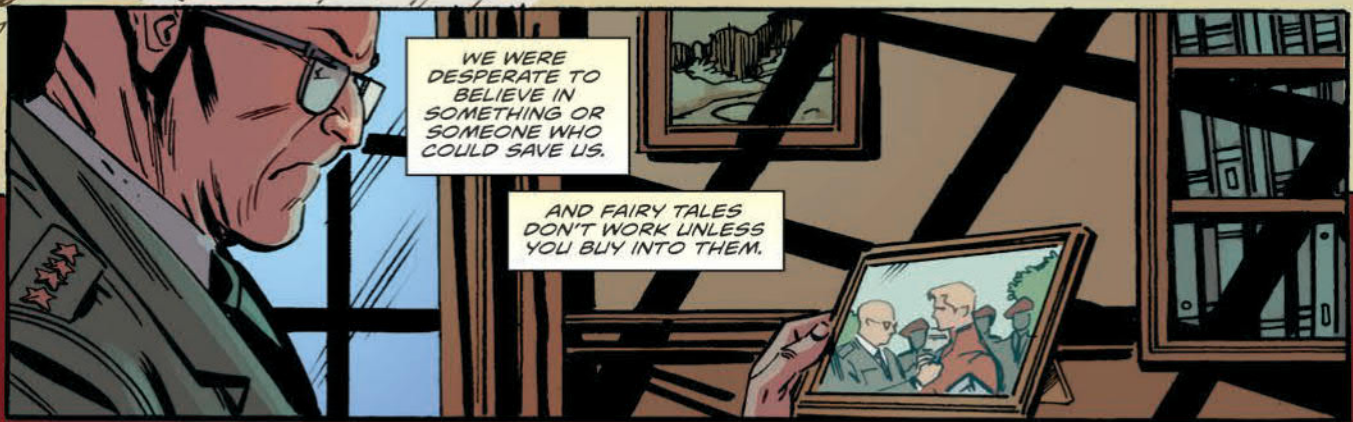
THE LORD OR SOME OTHER HIGH GOVERNANCE HAD SENT TO US A STRANGER WHO COULD HAVE ANYTHING, WHO COULD TAKE ANYTHING, AND APPARENTLY ALL HE WANTED WAS TO HELP.



I WOULD LOVE TO SAY I NEVER BOUGHT IT, BUT HE WAS AS CHARISMATIC A FIGURE AS EVER WALKED THE PLANET.

WE USED TO SPECULATE THAT PERHAPS THAT CHARM WAS A FORM OF HYPNOSIS, ANOTHER POWER. THAT, SOMEHOW, HE HAD US ALL UNDER A SPELL, AND MAYBE HE DID.

BUT IF THAT WERE SO, WE WERE COMPLICIT.

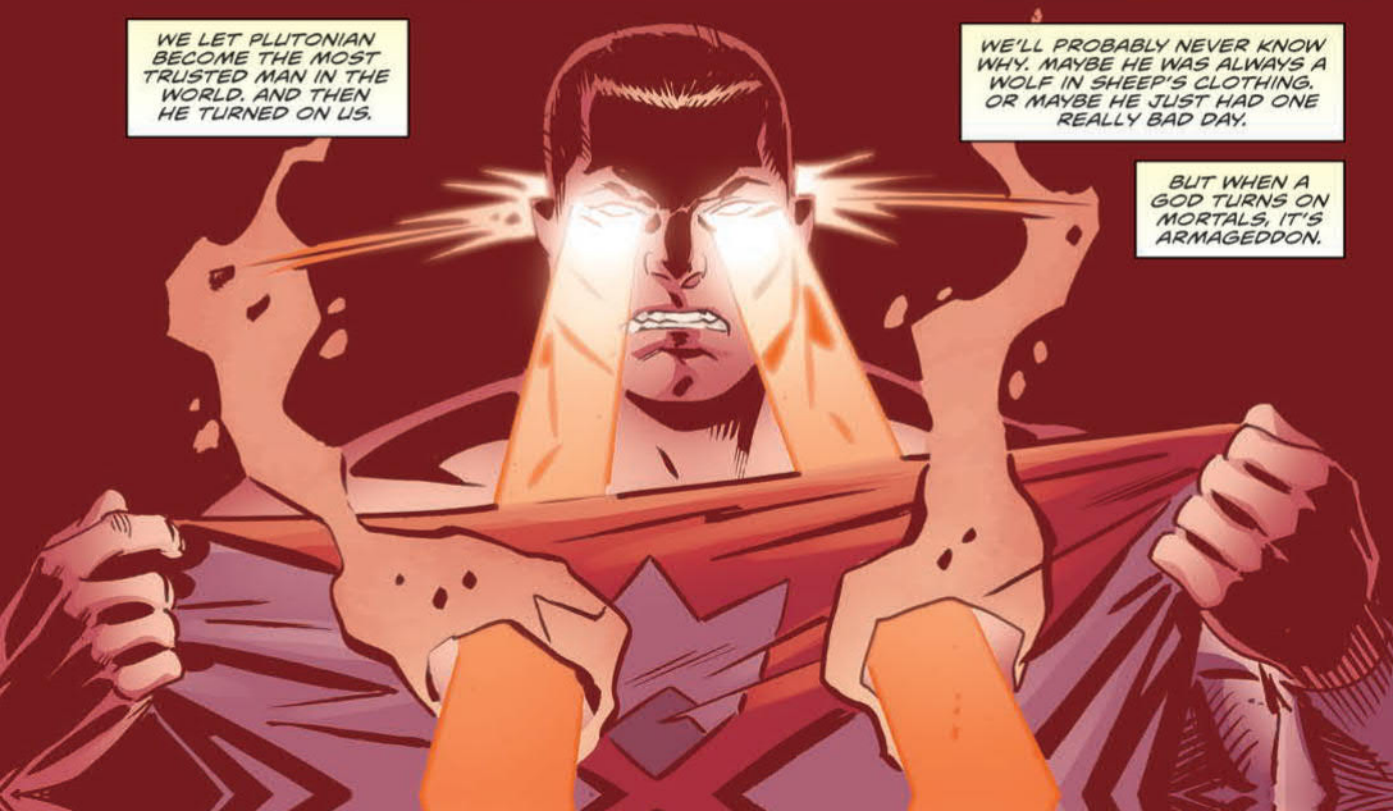


WE WERE DESPERATE TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING OR SOMEONE WHO COULD SAVE US.

AND FAIRY TALES DON'T WORK UNLESS YOU BUY INTO THEM.

WE LET PLUTONIAN BECOME THE MOST TRUSTED MAN IN THE WORLD. AND THEN HE TURNED ON US.

WE'LL PROBABLY NEVER KNOW WHY. MAYBE HE WAS ALWAYS A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING, OR MAYBE HE JUST HAD ONE REALLY BAD DAY.



BUT WHEN A GOD TURNS ON MORTALS, IT'S ARMAGEDDON.



EVEN AS GLOBAL CASUALTIES  
BEGAN TO NUMBER IN THE  
MILLIONS, WE TRIED  
EVERYTHING TO BRING HIM  
DOWN. WE ASSEMBLED HIS  
ENEMIES, WE BROKE  
INTERDIMENSIONAL WALLS, WE  
BACKED HIS FORMER ALLIES.

FOR A WHILE, WE  
BELIEVED HE WAS  
GONE AND THE  
HOPE FLICKERED  
THAT WE COULD  
SOMEHOW REBUILD.



NOT A CHANCE.




TODAY, I MADE THE CHOICE  
TO UNLEASH OUR LAST  
REMAINING WEAPON, KNOWING  
THAT SIMPLY UNLOCKING IT  
WOULD REDUCE THE EARTH'S  
POPULATION BY A THIRD IN A  
WAVE OF RADIOACTIVITY.

THANKS TO THE PLUTONIAN, I--  
WALTER R. EHRLICH, THE LAST  
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED  
STATES--CONDEMNED TWO BILLION  
PEOPLE IN HOPES OF SAVING FOUR.

AND AS IT TURNS OUT, I HAVE  
NO CONTROL OVER WHAT  
WE'VE SENT HIS WAY. I BARELY  
UNDERSTAND IT. I CAN'T EVEN  
COMMUNICATE WITH IT.

ALL THAT'S LEFT FOR  
ME TO DO IS SIT ON THE  
SIDELINES AND WATCH,  
JUST LIKE EVERYONE  
ELSE AT THIS MOMENT  
IN HISTORY.





IT'S GOING  
TO BE A HELL  
OF A SHOW.

NO.

WHOEVER  
YOU ARE...  
WHATEVER  
YOU ARE...

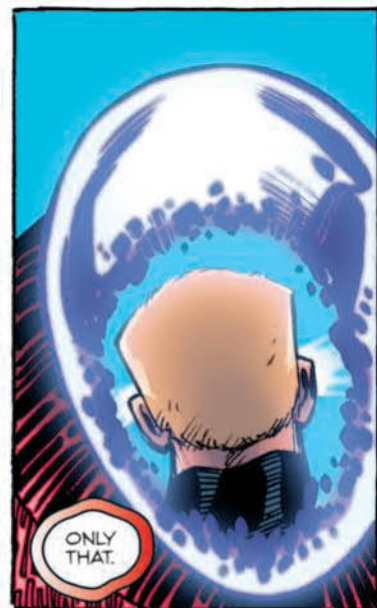
...YOU'RE  
NOT MY  
PARENTS.





YOU'RE  
NOT--EVEN  
HUMAN--  
YOU'RE--

HOWEVER YOU  
VISUALLY **PERCEIVE**  
US IS YOUR MIND'S  
ATTEMPT TO ASSIGN  
US A FORM IT CAN  
**COMPREHEND.**



ONLY  
THAT.



YOU ARE NOT  
ACCUSTOMED  
TO BEING  
**RESTRAINED.**

WE DO  
NOT WISH TO  
**FRUSTRATE** YOU  
TO THE POINT OF  
VIOLENCE,  
BUT--

**THEN  
RELEASE  
ME!**



HERE?  
TO WHAT END?  
HOW WOULD WE  
**ATONE** FOR SUCH  
AN ACT KNOWING  
WHAT WE NOW **KNOW**  
OF ALL YOU HAVE  
**DONE?**

WE HAVE BEEN  
WILLING CAPTIVES  
ON THIS PLANET  
FOR DOZENS OF  
SOLAR CYCLES.

ONLY RECENTLY  
HAVE WE BEEN MADE  
AWARE OF YOUR  
**ACTIONS.** ONLY **NOW**  
HAVE WE BEEN  
SUFFICIENTLY MOVED BY  
THE SUFFERING OF  
YOUR **VICTIMS** TO TAKE  
**RESPONSIBILITY.**

WE WILL  
LET YOU  
**GO...**



...ONLY  
WHERE YOU  
CAN DO  
NO MORE  
**HARM.**





NO ONE...  
...HOLDS ME...

...CAPTIVE!



NO...  
...ONE...



...MOVE...  
...WHY CAN'T...I MOVE...?  
WHERE... AM...



10100 SOLAR CYCLES INTO THE FUTURE.

THE VERY END OF TIME. THE HEAT-DEATH OF THE UNIVERSE, WHERE ALL ACTIVITY HAS CEASED.

FAREWELL.

ENTROPY HAS DRAINED ALL MOLECULES, EVEN YOURS, OF THEIR ABILITY TO MOVE. ALL IS COLD. NO STARS STILL BURN, NO LIFE EXISTS. ALL THAT REMAINS IS A RANDOM SCATTERING OF LEPTONS AND PHOTONS, AND EVEN THEY WILL FADE.

THIS IS YOUR PRISON.





...WAIT...



...PLEASE...



YOU NEEDN'T  
WASTE EFFORT  
ATTEMPTING TO  
SPEAK. WE CAN  
"HEAR" YOU. BUT  
WE CANNOT  
HELP Y--



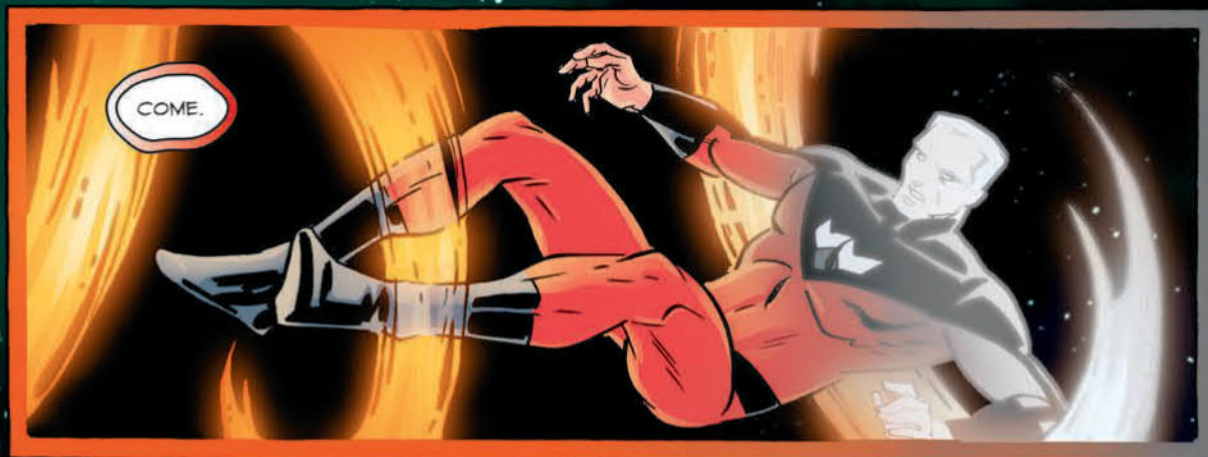
YOU  
HAVE  
TO!

IF YOU'RE  
WHO YOU SAY  
YOU ARE, HOW  
CAN YOU  
ABANDON ME  
AGAIN?









WHAT IS THIS?

IT IS OUR REALM OF ORIGIN.

WE ARE THE **ELEOS**. WE ARE THE GATHERERS AND CARETAKERS OF ALL SPACETIME'S KNOWLEDGE.

FOR GENERATIONS, WE HAVE VENTURED TO THE LOWER AND HIGHER DIMENSIONS, SEEKING TO LEARN ALL THAT WE MAY FROM THE SENTIENTS SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE MULTIVERSE.

TWO BY TWO, WE ROAM THE UNIVERSE, HUNTING FOR THE **NEW** AND FEEDING ON **SURPRISE**.

NON-CORPOREAL.

FULLY MATERIAL. YOU ARE THE PHANTOM HERE. IN THIS STATE, WE ALL ARE.

WE MUST PROTECT THE TIMESTREAM FROM ANY **INTERFERENCE** BY AN UNTRAINED CHRONOVYAGER SUCH AS YOURSELF.