

MERCENARY MARC SPECTOR DIED IN EGYPT UNDER A STATUE OF THE MOON GOD KHONSHU. IN THE SHADOW OF THE ANCIENT DEITY, MARC RETURNED TO LIFE AND TOOK ON KHONSHU'S ASPECT TO FIGHT CRIME FOR HIS OWN REDEMPTION. BUT MOON KNIGHT WAS JUST ONE OF A FEW IDENTITIES MARC USED TO PROTECT THOSE WHO TRAVEL BY NIGHT: CABBIE JAKE LOCKLEY KEPT HIS EAR TO THE GROUND, AND FINANCIER AND FILM PRODUCER STEVEN GRANT FUNDED THE OPERATION. EVENTUALLY, MARC WENT COMPLETELY INSANE AND DISAPPEARED. HE RETURNED TO CONTINUE HIS FIGHT, IN SPITE OF HIS TENUOUS GRIP ON REALITY.



INCARNATIONS: PART 4 OF 4

KHONSHU'S INVASION OF OUR REALITY BEGAN IN NEW YORK CITY. AS SAND AND PYRAMIDS ROSE ALONGSIDE SKYSCRAPERS, THE MOON GOD PREPARED FOR HIS COUP DE GRÂCE: USING MARC SPECTOR'S BODY TO ENTER THE WORLD. BUT MARC REJECTED THE PEACE KHONSHU OFFERED, DESTROYING HIMSELF TO SAVE US ALL. IT SEEMED HE AWOKE AS STEVEN GRANT, BUT THEN BEGAN TO SLIP INTO THE LIVES OF JAKE LOCKLEY AND A SPACE PILOT NAMED MARC SPECTOR. WHEN THEIR DISORIENTATION PEAKED, THE THREE MEN RAN UNTIL THEY TUMBLED THROUGH THREE DOORS...INTO NEW EGYPT, AND A WAITING MARC SPECTOR.

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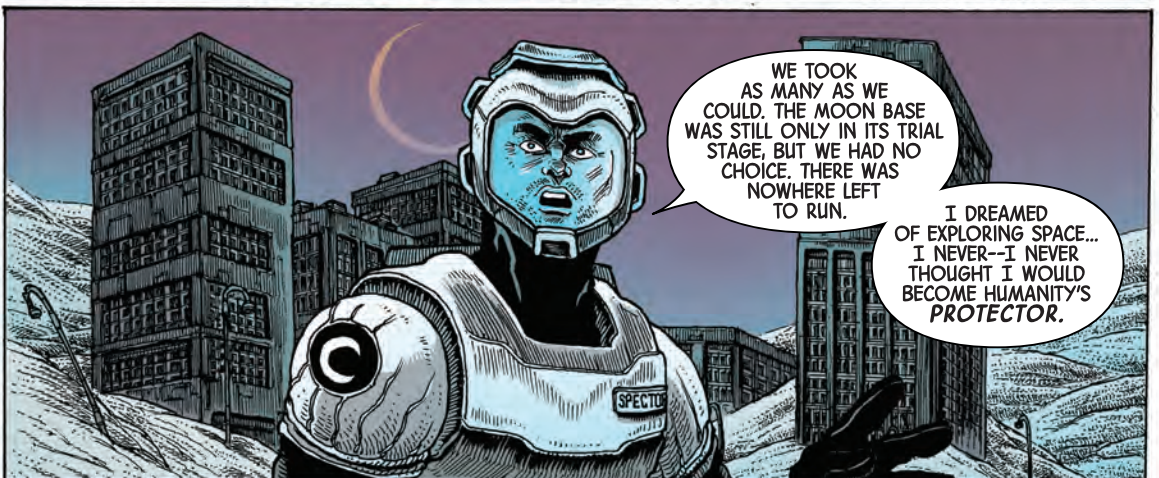


I JOINED THE SPACE PROGRAM STRAIGHT OUT OF COLLEGE. ALL I EVER WANTED WAS TO GO TO THE STARS. I ALWAYS THOUGHT MANKIND'S FUTURE LAY IN SPACE. HOW IRONIC THAT SEEMS NOW.



WHEN IT STARTED, NO ONE COULD BELIEVE IT. THEY THOUGHT IT WAS SOME SUPER-VIRUS. SOME INSANE MUTATION OF RABIES. WHEN THE MEDIA STARTED TALKING ABOUT **WEREWOLVES**, WELL...

BUT THEN THE AVENGERS TURNED. THEN THE X-MEN. AND IT SPREAD AND SPREAD.



WE TOOK AS MANY AS WE COULD. THE MOON BASE WAS STILL ONLY IN ITS TRIAL STAGE, BUT WE HAD NO CHOICE. THERE WAS NOWHERE LEFT TO RUN.

I DREAMED OF EXPLORING SPACE... I NEVER—I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD BECOME HUMANITY'S **PROTECTOR**.



DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S WORSE THAN SEEING THE PEOPLE YOU LOVE DIE? SEEING THEM **TURNED INTO MONSTERS**.

AND NOW YOU HAVE THE NERVE TO STAND HERE AND LOOK ME IN THE EYES AND TELL ME THAT NONE OF THAT EVER HAPPENED? THAT **NONE OF IT WAS REAL!**



I WASN'T
SURE I WAS
EITHER, NOT FOR
A WHILE. BUT
NOW I KNOW
I AM.

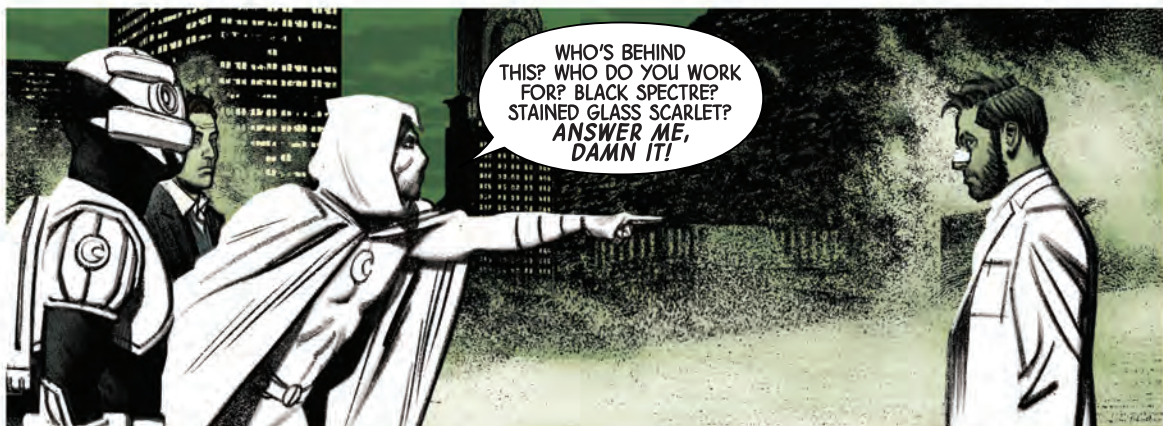




I'M SORRY,
BUT **NONE**
OF YOU ARE
REAL.



I'M SORRY,
BUT THIS IS A LOAD
OF CRAP! I KNOW
EXACTLY WHO I AM.
AND THIS--ALL OF
THIS--IS SOME KIND
OF **TRICK!**



WHO'S BEHIND THIS? WHO DO YOU WORK FOR? BLACK SPECTRE? STAINED GLASS SCARLET? ANSWER ME, DAMN IT!



I KNOW THIS IS HARD TO ACCEPT. IT TOOK ME A LONG TIME TO COME TO TERMS WITH IT, TOO. BUT YOU ARE ALL JUST A PART OF ME.



AND IF I'M EVER GOING TO BE *WHOLE* AGAIN, YOU NEED TO GO.



GO? GO WHERE?

YEAH, AND WHAT IS ALL OF THIS? THIS PLACE? HOW DID WE GET HERE?