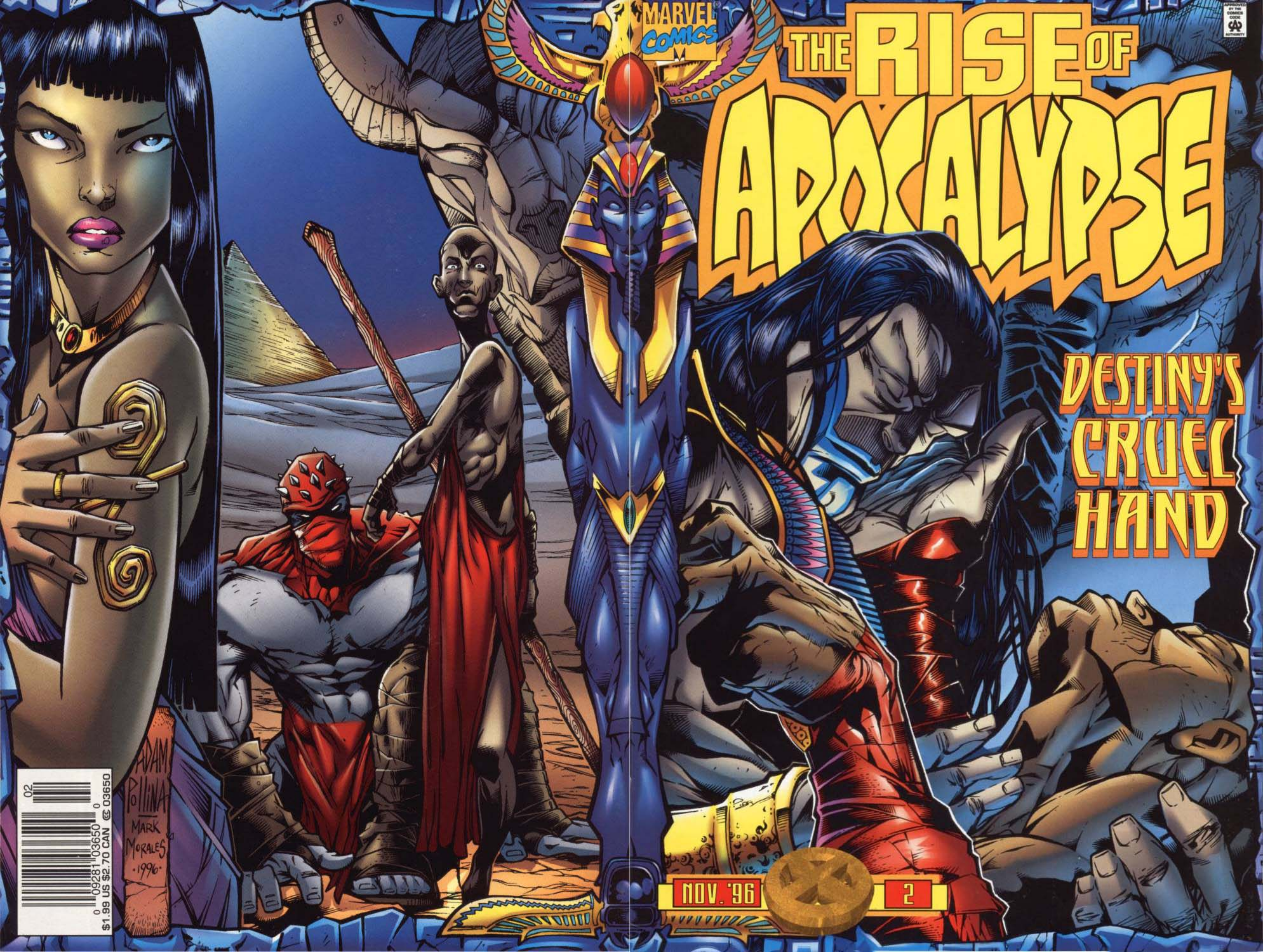


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MARVEL COMICS

THE RISE OF APOCALYPSE

DESTINY'S CRUEL HAND



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ADAM
POLINA
MARK
MORALES
1996

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FIVE MILLENNIA
AGO...

IT IS A TIME OF
GREAT CHANGE.

IN THE CRADLE OF THE
NILE -- THE MYSTICAL
LAND CALLED EGYPT --
THE HUMAN RACE CRAWLS
TOWARD CIVILIZATION.

OUTSIDE THE GOLDEN
CITY, NOMADS RULE BY
SAVAGERY, MARKING
TERRITORY WITH
SWORD AND SPEAR.

IT WAS DURING THIS
EPOCH THAT A SINGLE
MAN WAS BORN...

... ONE WHO WOULD OUTLIVE THESE
PYRAMIDS, THESE MONUMENTS MEANT
TO OUTLAST TIME ITSELF, TO BECOME
HISTORY'S MOST NOTORIOUS VILLAIN --

-- THE GENETIC
OVERLORD KNOWN AS
APOCALYPSE!

THIS IS THE TALE
OF HOW HE
CAME TO BE.

THE DESERT IS
RULED BY THREE
FORCES.

THE BARREN WASTELANDS
ARE PREYED UPON BY
THE FIERCE TRIBE OF
THE SANDSTORMERS...

... WHILE THE FERTILE NILE-BOUND
SOCIETY IS CONTROLLED BY THE
IRON HEEL OF THE MYSTERIOUS
PHAROAH RAMA-TUT AND HIS
POWER-MAD WARLORD,
OZYMANDIAS.

OVER THEM ALL,
THERE IS THE SMITING,
SKIN-BLISTERING
FURY OF NATURE.

HOURS AGO, THE
ARMIES OF EGYPT AND
THE SANDSTORMERS
BATTLED TO THE DEATH...

... ONLY TO BE BURIED
TOGETHER BY A
MASSIVE CAVE-IN.

Stan Lee
 PRESENTS:
**BLOOD
 OF THE
 FATHER**
 TERRY KAVANAGH
 WITH JAMES FELDER
 WRITER
 ADAM POLLINA
 PENCILER
 MARK MORALES
 INKER
 RICHARD STARKINGS
 & COMICRAFT
 LETTERS
 CHRIS LICHTNER
 COLORIST
 JENNIFER SCHELLINGER
 & CO.
 ENHANCEMENT
 MARK POWERS
 EDITOR
 AND BOB HARRAS
 EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
 BRING YOU...



THE CAMP OF THE SANDSTORMERS IS NOW A CITY OF THE DEAD.



ALL LIE LIFELESS FROM THIS MASSACRE...



... SAVE ONE.

LET THE GODS HURL THE DESERT AT ME, LET THE EARTH TRY TO BURY ME IN ITS MASSY GRIP.

I AM THE GLORY OF EGYPT, I AM THE RIGHTFUL KING --

... THE ORIGIN OF THE X-MEN'S GREATEST FOE!

-- AND TUT CANNOT BE RID OF ME SO EASILY!



LET THE GODS COME, FOR I AM...

...OZYMANDIAS!

AND LET MANKIND TREMBLE AT HIS ANGER...

FAR BELOW THE CARNAGE, IN THE SACRED CAVE THE SANDSTORMERS CALL THE HOUND OF THE SANDS...

N --
NUR..?

... THE CAVERNOUS REMNANTS OF A TIME-TRAVELING VESSEL THAT CAME FROM A FAR-FLUNG FUTURE CARRYING RAMA-TUT.

NUR!

THE OLD MAN BAAL DOES NOT SUSPECT THAT THE SANDSTORMERS -- THOSE HE LED -- LAY DEAD ABOVE HIM.

NOR, AT THIS POINT, WOULD HE CARE.

HIS DYING, SHUDDERING FRAME BARELY ACKNOWLEDGES HIS CRUSHED LEGS OR BURST EYE.

HE CARES ONLY FOR THE SURVIVAL OF HIS ADOPTED SON EN SABAH NUR...

... THE STRANGE-LOOKING OUTCAST HE FOUND AS A BABE, ABANDONED IN THE DESERT.

AGAINST THE WISHES OF HIS TRIBE, BAAL TOOK IN THE BOY, CARED FOR AND TRAINED HIM...

... FOR A RELIC FOUND IN THIS VERY STRUCTURE -- THE EYE OF THE AGES -- HINTED AT A POWERFUL DESTINY FOR THE YOUTH.

BAAL WILL SACRIFICE ALL TO INSURE NUR LIVES TO REALIZE HIS POTENTIAL...

... TO DESTROY THE HATED PHARAOH!

SON!

NO!



NO... IT CAN'T END NOW... I REFUSE TO LET IT...

FATHER... I THINK I'M DYING.

YOU... ALWAYS TAUGHT ME OF SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

WELL, NATURE HAS TESTED ME... AND I HAVE FAILED.

I DON'T KNOW WHY THE PHARAOH FEARS ME...

... HOW HE EVEN KNOWS OF MY EXISTENCE...

... BUT IT APPEARS HE HAS SUCCEEDED IN ENDING WHATEVER THREAT I POSED.

SON, YOU MUST LIVE. YOU STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND, DO YOU?

YOU ARE THE STRONG...

... YOU MUST BE THE WHIP THAT FELS RAMA-TUT.

I... ->URRK<- WAS TO BE A SAVIOR, THEN?

Heh. A SAVIOR HATED AND FEARED BY HIS OWN PEOPLE.

I TELL YOU, FATHER, OUR KINSMEN DESPISE ME AS MUCH AS THEY DO THE PHARAOH!

HUSH. YOU ARE DELIRIOUS WITH PAIN.

WASTE NO THOUGHT ON THE CONCERNS OF WEAKLINGS!

BUT -- ->URRK<-!

BE STILL -- THE BLOOD IS IN YOUR LUNGS.

I... WILL NOT LET YOU DOWN, FATHER. I WILL... BE STRONG...



THE HOURS PASS SLOW NOW, AT THE END.

THE BLEEDING IS STOPPED.

THE BROKEN BONES SET.

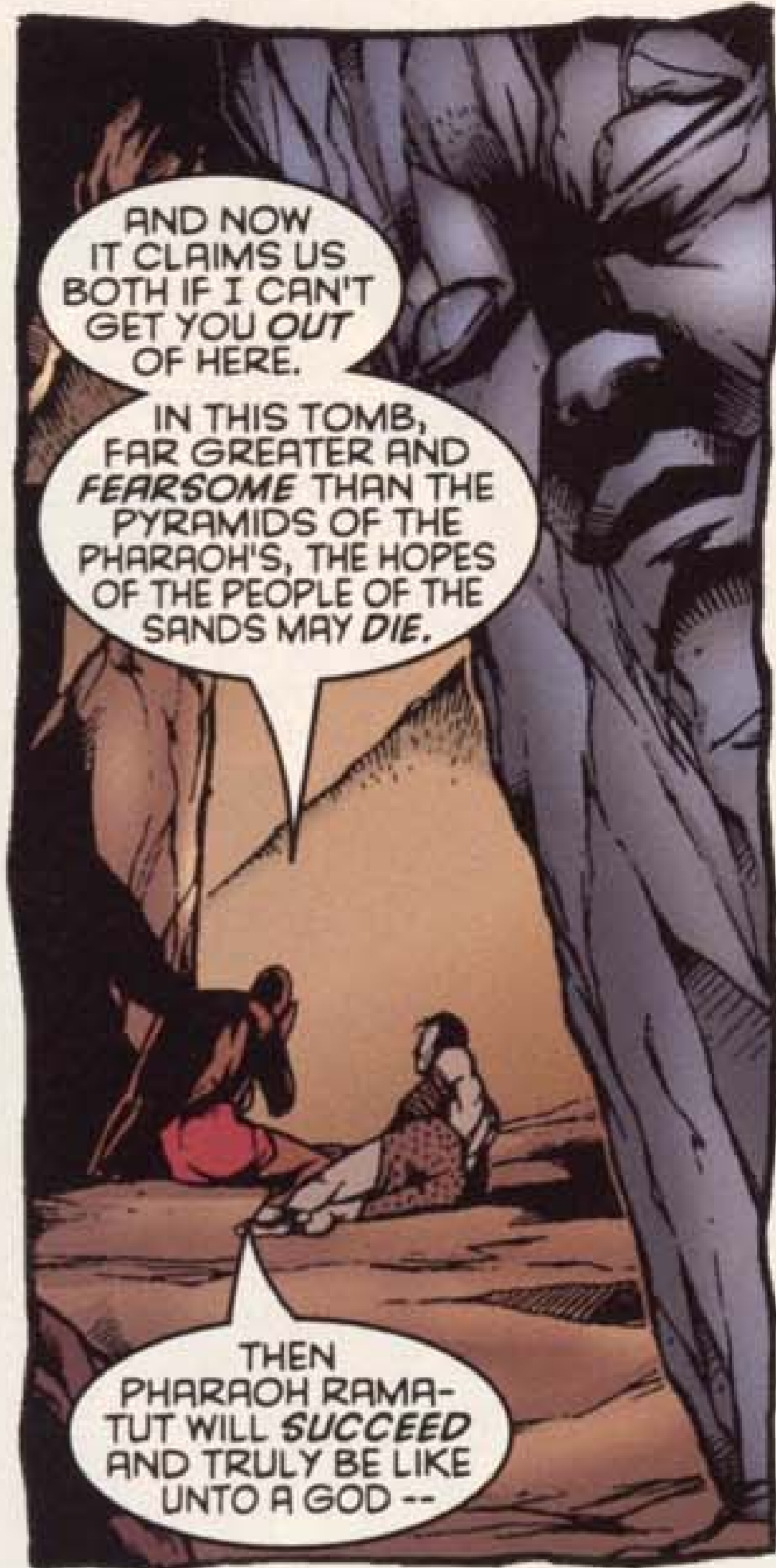
YOU SHOULD NOT BE ALIVE AND YET YOU ARE...

PERHAPS THERE IS A HOPE.



WE HAVE ALWAYS LIVED IN THE TRIBE BY SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST...

... IT IS THE ONLY THING THAT KEPT US FROM OBLIVION IN THIS HARSH WORLD.



AND NOW IT CLAIMS US BOTH IF I CAN'T GET YOU OUT OF HERE.

IN THIS TOMB, FAR GREATER AND FEARSOME THAN THE PYRAMIDS OF THE PHARAOH'S, THE HOPES OF THE PEOPLE OF THE SANDS MAY DIE.

THEN PHARAOH RAMATUT WILL SUCCEED AND TRULY BE LIKE UNTO A GOD --



-- FOR HE SHALL HAVE CRUSHED US TO DUST AND SCATTERED US BACK TO THE SANDS WE CAME FROM.

THIS CAN'T BE ALLOWED.

IT WON'T BE.

EVEN NOW, SIRE, I FEEL A STIRRING INSIDE ME.



I HAVE SEEN THE CRYPTIC VISIONS OF THE EYE OF THE AGES.

NO MORE SHALL I BE WHIPPED AND HUNTED.



WE WILL NO LONGER HAVE TO RUN, FATHER. WE SHALL RULE.

AND PHARAOH WILL TREMBLE. ONLY THE FIT WILL SURVIVE MY ARRIVAL.

THIS I SWEAR!

I WILL BE THE TEST UNTO TUT'S KINGDOM.



OZYMANDIAS.



BELOVED, REVERED,
BUT MOST OF ALL...
...FEARED BY
HIS PEOPLE.



HE HAS MADE THE
CORNERS OF THE
KNOWN WORLD RUN
RIVERS OF BLOOD
AND BOW TO THE
MIGHTY WARLORD.

HE RETURNS HOME FROM THE
CAMPAIGN IN THE DESERT ON
AN AUSPICIOUS DAY AT THE
CENTER OF THE CIVILIZED
WORLD -- THE FESTIVAL
OF THE SCARAB.

A TIME OF OMENS AND
CHANGE IN PHARAOH'S
DOMAIN.



THE GOD ON EARTH THAT
IS THE PHARAOH, RULES
THIS LONE BASTION OF
SOCIETY ON THE LUSH
BANKS OF THE NILE.

HERE STAND
THE TALLEST
MONUMENTS
EVER ERECTED
BY MAN.



HERE EXIST
THE GREATEST
ENGINEERING
FEATS IN
HISTORY...

HERE THE DAILY
COURSE OF THE SUN
IS CHARTED BY THE
VIZIER, LOGOS, AND
HIS STRANGE ART
CALLED SCIENCE.



IT IS A PLACE FIT
FOR GODS --

-- BUT GIVEN TO MAN
BY THE OUTLANDER
KNOWN ONLY AS
RAMA-TUT.

THE WANDERER-KING
WHO APPEARED
MIRACULOUSLY TO
USURP THE THRONE...

... AND SUBDUE
THE LAND.



BEHOLD THE
SPLENDOR
THAT IS --

-- THE CITY
OF KINGS!



YOU PLAY THE ROLE OF RETURNING CONQUEROR WELL, OZYMANDIAS.

MORE THE PITY YOU HAVE FAILED TO ACTUALLY CONQUER ANYTHING.



MY BELOVED AND ESTEEMED LIEGE...



... HAVE I BEEN MISTAKEN IN THINKING THE OBLITERATION OF A THREAT TO THE CHOSEN PEOPLE OF EGYPT IS A THING TO BE PRIZED?

DO NOT PATRONIZE ME, HIGH-BORN.



YOU WERE TO DELIVER THE BOY EN SABAH NUR TO ME ...

... AND I SEE NO EVIDENCE YOU SUCCEEDED.

POOR, MISGUIDED OZYMANDIAS. YOU MAKE WAR WITH SOMETHING MUCH, MUCH STRONGER THAN YOURSELF.

THE YOUTH CARRIES A MIGHT YOU CAN NOT CONCEIVE OF IN YOUR WORLD OF SPEARS AND SWORDS... AND GODS.

UNFORTUNATELY, THERE'S NO WAY FOR YOU TO KNOW ABOUT APOCALYPSE...

... SINCE YOU DON'T COME FROM THOUSANDS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE LIKE I DO.

I KNEW UPON COMING TO THIS ERA I WOULD HAVE TO DEAL WITH THE HIGHLORD-TO-BE.

A DANGEROUS UNDERTAKING TO BE SURE. BUT TO CONTROL HIS POWER... TO BE THE SHAPER OF HIS FATE...

... FOR HIM TO BE MY HEIR...

... SURELY NO SINGLE MAN HAS EVER HAD SUCH AN IMPACT ON HISTORY!



OF COURSE, THIS TIME PERIOD HAS OTHER PLEASURES AS WELL.

COME, NEPHRI, MY BETROTHED.

MY LORD...?

LISTEN, ONE AND ALL!

MY PEOPLE, YOUR HOLY KING TAKES YOU TO HIS BOSOM...

... I TAKE NEPHRI, OZYMANDIAS' YOUNG SISTER, AS MY BRIDE!

YOU USE ME TO PUNISH MY BROTHER FOR FAILING TO FIND THE HEIR YOU ALWAYS SPEAK OF...

... BUT WHEN MEN PLAY AT BEING GODS, NOTHING BUT DEATH CAN FOLLOW.

YOUR INSIGHTS SERVE YOU WELL, GIRL. THAT'S WHY I LIKE YOU...

... BUT BE WARNED, I WILL NOT SUFFER DISOBEDIENCE.

THUS I COME ONE BODY CLOSER TO MY THRONE...!

MIGHTY TUT, I MUST PROTEST STRONGLY!

QUIET, LOGOS.

I MUST SPEAK. EVEN WHEN IT IS NOT DESIRED -- SUCH IS MY FUNCTION, MAJESTY.

DO NOT TAKE THIS SERPENT UNTO YOU!

OZYMANDIAS WILL EMPLOY THIS GIRL LIKE A POISONED SWORD TO TAKE YOU -- AND THE CROWN OF EGYPT!

I AM NOT BLIND, VIZIER! I SEE THINGS YOU CANNOT.

IN THIS IGNORANT WORLD, ONLY ONE SNAKE BEARS VENOM --

-- AND IT IS I!

DENEATH THE DESERT...

WE HAVE BEEN SEARCHING THESE PASSAGES FOR A WEEK...

... WITH NO FOOD OR WATER... WE WILL SOON DIE IF WE DON'T FIND THE SURFACE.

THE CAVE-IN HAS BURIED THE PATH OUT... WE NEED TO FIND ANOTHER ROUTE.

THERE SHOULD BE ONE AROUND THIS BEND...

... NOTHING.

ANOTHER DEAD END.

ALL THIS IS A DEAD END, FATHER!



IF I COULD, I WOULD REND THE EARTH...



... AND EGYPT WOULD --
-- WHAT'S THAT?

THIS IS THE SECRET OF WHAT MAKES A PHAROAH A GOD AND WHY MAN BOWS TO HIM.

AND IT HOLDS THE KEY TO YOUR FUTURE.



"-- A PORTENT OF THE GODS COMING BACK TO RULE.

THE SPHINX, GUARDIAN OF EGYPT, THEY SAY FELL FROM THE SKY --

"A WEAK-MINDED NOTION.



"I SAW THAT VESSEL FALL TO EARTH..."

"... AND ONLY OUR PEOPLE SAW THE BURNING FRAGMENT THAT BROKE FROM IT.



"INSIDE THE JEWEL WAS A MAN GARBED WEIRD AND WONDROUS.

"BROKEN AND BLIND, WE BROUGHT HIM BACK TO OUR CAMP.



"YOU MUST BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE WHEN SOMETHING POWERFUL APPROACHES ON THE HORIZON, BOY. SURVIVAL DEPENDS ON THIS.

"FOR WEEKS WE TENDED TO HIS WOUNDS -- HE WOULD HAVE DIED IF NOT FOR OUR CHARITY.

"THIS MAN... THIS TRAVELER... I NAMED RAMA-TUT --

"--'THE VISTOR FROM BEYOND THE SUN.'"

"ONE MORNING, WE AWAKENED TO FIND HE HAD WANDERED AWAY DURING THE NIGHT, TAKING WITH HIM THE STRANGE OBJECTS WE HAD FOUND IN HIS VESSEL..."

"... HIS FOOTSTEPS FADING TOWARD THE PHARAOH'S LANDS.

"WEEKS LATER, HE RETURNED, HIS SIGHT RESTORED, WIELDING STRANGE WEAPONRY AND COMMANDING EGYPT'S ARMY.

"TUT DEMANDED TO KNOW WHERE HIS JEWEL LAY.

"THIS WE NEVER REVEALED TO HIM..."

"... EVEN WHEN HE MASSACRED OUR PEOPLE AND ENSLAVED MOST OF THE SURVIVORS.

"HE THOUGHT US CRUSHED, BUT I HAD FOUND THE EYE OF THE AGES..."

"... AND IN IT I SAW THE FACE OF A MAN POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DEFEAT HIM.

"A MAN LOOKING OVER THOUSANDS OF WORSHIPERS, THE RULER OF ALL THE WORLD."

IT WAS YOU, EN SABAH NUR!

WHATEVER PLACE TUT HAD COME FROM, HE KNEW OF YOU...

... AND HE WILL USE ALL THE POWER OF HIS KINGDOM TO TAKE YOU.



THE CITY OF KINGS. WORK HAS CONTINUED UNSTOPPED ON THE PYRAMIDS FOR DECADES --

THESE ENGINEERING MARVELS RISE HIGH INTO THE DESERT SKY, THEIR ONLY MORTAR BEING THE BLOOD OF SLAVES.

-- THROUGH HOT DAYS INTO COLD NIGHTS.



HERE THE MIGHTY WARLORD OF EGYPT OVERSEES THE PHARAOH'S WORK IN THESE UNFORTUNATE PERIODS OF PEACE.



SWEEP!



BAH! THIS IS A POOR SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SWORD.

I WOULD MAKE WAR ON THE GODS, JUST AS AN EXCUSE TO PUT THIS FLACCID WHIP DOWN.

VIZIER LOGOS THINKS HE WILL RAISE THE RABBLE TO OUR LEVEL BY GIVING THEM MONUMENTS AND HIS ARTS OF LEARNING.

AND MEANWHILE OUR GOD-KING HAS SOME MYSTERIOUS PLAN OF HIS OWN THAT ONLY FEEBLE LOGOS IS PRIVY TO.

SNOW

YOUR TIME OF USEFULNESS IS DONE, OLD WORM.

BE GRATEFUL, THOUGH. YOUR PEOPLE WILL SING OF YOU IN JOY --

AND THUS YOU GO TO BRING TALES OF IT TO THE UNDERWORLD!

AIEE EEE

THIS IS THE BROTHER WHO BATHED ME AS A CHILD IN THE GENTLE DELTA WATERS?

THE KING'S RULE HAS REDUCED US TO ANIMALS. THE GLORIOUS DESTINY OF EGYPT HAS BEEN DISEASED BY THIS OUTLANDER.

ALL THE GREATNESS OF OUR GENERATION HAS BEEN CORRUPTED FROM WHAT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

SOMEHOW... SOMEDAY...

... HE MUST BE STOPPED.

-- FOR YOU HAVE PROSTRATED YOURSELF TO LEARNED LOGOS' PROJECT.

N-NO!

THE BADLANDS.

I FEAR OUR TIME TOGETHER NEARS ITS END.

SOON, I MUST LIE DOWN...



... AND FOREVER WILL I SLEEP.



DON'T SPEAK OF DEATH, FATHER



I WOULDN'T HAVE LIVED PAST INFANCY IF YOU HAD NOT SAVED ME.

I WON'T LET YOU --
->Uhhh<-



PLEASE, SON. DO NOT MAKE THIS MORE DIFFICULT THAN IT HAS TO BE.

THIS IS THE WAY OF THINGS.

YOU ARE STRONG, IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

SOMEHOW, YOUR STRANGE BODY HAS STAVED OFF DEATH.

JUST... A BIT FARTHER NOW.

SOON.

LOOK -- ABOUT US ARE SIGNS OF HOW SPECIAL YOU ARE, OF THE GLORY THAT AWAITS YOU.

READ FROM THESE HIEROGLYPHS, AS I DID YEARS AGO.

"... FROM THE SANDS HE COMES. NEITHER GOD NOR MAN..."

"... KINGDOMS BOW AT HIS FEET AND MANKIND WEEPS IN HIS PRESENCE..."

"... HE IS EN SABAH NUR... THE FIRST ONE."

YOU ARE TO BE MY WEAPON AGAINST PHARAOH -- MY HOPE FOR TOMORROW!

YOU KEEP TELLING ME OF GRAND DESTINIES AND PROPHECY CARVED IN STONE.

LOOK AT ME!

NOT WITH THE EYES OF A PARENT, BUT WITH THOSE OF A STRANGER!

WHAT CRUEL JOKE HAS NATURE PLAYED HERE?

WHY WAS I BORN AS THIS?!

BUT DID YOU EVER CONSIDER, FATHER, THAT WHATEVER PERSON ALL YOUR SIGNS AND PORTENTS SPEAK OF --

-- MIGHT NOT BE YOUR SON?

WHAT IS... IS, NUR.

WE MUST TAKE WHAT HARSH MEASURE NATURE GIVES US... AND PERSEVERE.

LIFE IS A TEST -- THUS I RAISED YOU.

AND THUS I LEAVE YOU.

TAKE THIS SCARAB -- A FERTILE OMEN IN THIS BARREN TOMB.

TAKE ITS SUSTENANCE... LET IT GIVE YOU STRENGTH TO GO ON.

NOW... I MUST REST.

NO! SIRE, YOU TAKE THE --

SWAT

CHILD, CAN'T YOU SEE?

I AM THE WEAK NOW...

... AND THE WEAK MUST NEVER BURDEN THE STRONG.

SEEK... OUT THE SPHINX... HIDDEN WONDERS LIE THERE...

FULFILL... YOUR DESTINY...

FATHER! FATHER... DON'T LEAVE ME...

... ALONE.

COULDN'T YOU SEE? IT WASN'T THE TEACHINGS --

-- IT WASN'T THE COMBAT OR THE TRAINING WITH OUR PEOPLE --

-- ALL THAT MATTERED TO ME WAS YOU.

YOU WERE THE ONLY PERSON IN THIS WORLD WHO SHOWED ME KINDNESS... MERCY...

... AND THIS IS HOW YOU WERE REWARDED... MURDERED BY PHARAOH.

NATURE TOOK MY FAMILY... DESTINY TOOK MY LIFE'S PATH... TUT'S WRATH TOOK YOU.

THERE ARE NO OTHERS LIKE ME IN THIS WORLD.

NOW, I HAVE NOTHING...

-- EXCEPT
WHAT YOU
TAUGHT
ME --

-- THIS
TEST -- THIS
BATTLE TO
LIVE --

-- THIS
FIGHT I
SHALL
WIN!

I HAVE
ONLY THE
FALLEN
STATUES OF
FALSE GODS
TO WITNESS
THIS
OATH.

I
DRINK THIS
SCARAB'S
BLOOD TO
LIVE...

... SO THAT
PHARAOH
MAY
CHOKE ON HIS
OWN BLOOD FOR
WHAT HE HAS
DONE.

SO THAT
MEN MIGHT
BE CRUSHED IF
THEY DO NOT
WITHSTAND
MY MIGHTY
HAND --

-- AS
THEY TRIED TO
EXTINGUISH
ME.

I
BECOME
MY OWN
PROPHECY,
MY OWN
GOD.

UNSTOPPABLE.

NEVER-
DYING.

I AM
WHAT I WAS
FATED TO BE...
THIS HOPE OF
TOMORROW!

FATHER,
HERE I
BURY YOU.
FORGOTTEN
TO ALL
ETERNITY --

-- EXCEPT
BY THAT HUMAN
PART OF ME THAT
I LEAVE HERE
DEAD BY YOUR
SIDE.

NOW I
CLAIM MY
DESTINY!



SO MANY DAYS.



THE EARTH ITSELF RISES UP AGAINST ME.

BUT I AM STRONGER.

THIS BODY DOES NOT DIE.



THIS WILL CANNOT BE CRUSHED LIKE A MAN'S.

MY WRATH IS ETERNAL... I WILL NOT BE DENIED.

FOUR WEEKS LATER...

THE HOTTEST, LONGEST DAY OF THE YEAR...

... THE DAY OF ISIS EVER-RISING.

WHEN DIRE OMENS COME TO PASS.

KRAK



-HAK... HAK... - WH-WHO ARE YOU, BEGGAR-MAN?

I AM CALLED LOGOS, YOUNG ONE. I AM HERE TO HELP YOU, AS YOU SHALL HELP ME.

THE CITY OF KINGS... I MUST GO THERE.

FIRST, WATER. THAT IS WHAT YOU NEED. THEN EGYPT.

I... AM...

... I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, STRIPLING. SUCH IS MY FUNCTION. PHARAOH SAID YOU WOULD BE HERE...

... HIS KNOWLEDGE OF EVENTS IS UNNATURAL -- UNEXPLAINABLE! I THOUGHT YOU DEAD FOR SURE.

SOON.

YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED IN MY LABORATORY. YOU KNOW THIS.

DON'T PLAY AT UNDERSTANDING MY EXPERIMENTS.

IT HAS BEEN A TIRING JOURNEY FROM MY STUDIES IN THE WASTES. LEAVE...

...NOW!

Mmmm... WASH YOUR ODORIFEROUS SLAVE, LOGOS, AND CALM YOURSELF BEFORE YOUR FEEBLE HEART BURSTS.

I AM NOT ONE OF YOUR ENGINEERS TO FOLLOW YOUR SCRIBBLINGS ON PAPYRUS --

-- I WOULD BREAK YOUR HANDS TO STOP THESE "PROJECTS" OF YOURS ONCE AND FOR ALL.

SHOW ME RESPECT.

I WARN YOU -- IT WOULD BE YOUR HEAD IF THE PHARAOH KNEW YOU LOOKED UPON THESE SCROLLS.

BAH! WE BOTH KNOW TUT DARES NOT STRIKE OUT AGAINST ME. HE NEEDS MY SWORD, MY SOLDIERS... EVEN MY SISTER TO BIRTH HIS HEIR.

YOU CAN PRETTY THE STREETS WITH YOUR TEMPLES AND ZIGGURATS -- BUT IT IS I WHO CARVES THE BORDERS AND KEEPS THE RABBLE FROM OVERRUNNING THE LAND.

I AM THE MIGHT OF EGYPT -- AND SOON THIS POWER TUT HOLDS WILL BE MINE --

--AS WILL ALL I GAZE UPON.

CHOOSE YOUR SIDE WELL, LITTLE MAN -- FOR ALL THIS WILL END SOON.

CHANGE IS ON THE HORIZON.

I AM A WARLORD. IT IS MY WAY TO SEE THIS -- TO BRING THIS CHANGE BLOODY AND QUICK.

I LEAVE YOU TO YOUR PLANS...

YOU THINK YOURSELF ON THE OPAL THRONE ALREADY BECAUSE YOUR SISTER IS TO BE WED TO PHARAOH.

BUT I HAVE FINALLY FOUND TUT'S HEIR IN THE WASTES -- YOUR SISTER WILL BE IRRELEVANT.

LET YOUR SWORD DEAL WITH THAT, OZYMANDIAS.

OZYMANDIAS?!

HE'S THE KING'S BUTCHER YOU SAID MURDERED MY CAMP -- HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR BAAL'S DEATH!

HE WILL DIE MOST PAINFULLY!

NOW, NOW, YOUNG ONE. I APPRECIATE YOUR ENTHUSIASM, BUT TODAY IS NOT THE TIME. YOU ARE NOT READY...

... AND THIS IS NOT THE WAY HERE.

Heh, heh. WHAT A FINE DAGGER -- I DIDN'T KNOW THAT YOUR PEOPLE WERE AT THE LEVEL OF IRON CRAFTING.

PUT IT DOWN...

I PROMISE YOU, YOU WILL HAVE YOUR CHANCE AT THE WARLORD.

I NEED YOU TO SAVE US FROM THE HORROR OF A ROYAL CONSOLIDATION WITH THE HOUSE OF OZYMANDIAS... TO SAVE US FROM BOTH TUT AND HIS WARLORD.

IF OZYMANDIAS GETS THIS -- EGYPT SHALL DROWN IN BLOOD, FALLEN BY THE VERY SWORD THAT RAISED IT.

YOU SHALL BE MY ENGINE OF CHANGE! TO PRESERVE CIVILIZATION...

BUT UNTIL YOU ARE STRONG ONCE MORE, WE MUST HIDE YOU...

... THERE -- AMONGST THE PYRAMID PROJECT, EN SABAH NUR!



TEARS. I HAVE NOT CRIED SINCE MY FATHER DIED. CAN IT BE --

-- TEARS OF HOPE?

WHO IS THIS STRANGER LOGOS SPEAKS TO -- DOES HE DARE OPPOSE BOTH TUT AND MY BROTHER?

IS THERE TRULY HOPE FOR ME, FOR MOTHER EGYPT?



I CARE NOT FOR THIS CIVILIZATION OF YOURS... I HAVE ONLY SEEN IT TO BE CRUEL AND CAPRICIOUS.

NOR DO I LIKE HIDING MYSELF UNDER A SLAVE'S WRAPPINGS.

ALL I WANT ARE THE HEADS OF RAMA-TUT AND HIS GENERAL.



ONE LAST HOPE FOR ME...

COME, DEAR NEPHRI...



... YOU HAVE YOUR PHARAOH TO SERVE.

I AM NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO SEES THE MADNESS AFOOT HERE -- I AM NOT ALONE -- HE IS A KINDRED SPIRIT.

I WILL HAVE WORDS WITH HIM.

MAY ISIS WATCH OVER YOU, MY BOLD STRANGER...



WHAT IS THIS? WARM RAIN?

A GIRL UP THERE... CRYING?

WHO IS SHE, LOGOS?

HOW CAN I GET TO SEE HER?

SO MUCH BEAUTY AND UGLINESS IN ONE PLACE --

-- THIS TRULY IS A PLACE OF WONDER.

AND IT SHALL BE MINE!

NEXT: EGYPT AFLAME!
APOCALYPSE'S FURY UNBOUND!

