

THE END

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5 OF 6

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AL MILGROM



# T H E E N D

# MARVEL

PREVIOUSLY...



THANOS



AKHENATEN



ETERNITY



LIVING TRIBUNAL



THOR



Earth had been claimed and conquered by the resurrected Pharaoh Akhenaten, utilizing the seemingly infinite might of the Heart of the Universe. Most of the planet's paranormal defenders died in the conflict.

But Thanos of Titan managed to seize control of the Heart and became master of--and one with--everything in the universe.

Traveling back in time, he then eradicated any trace of Akhenaten's and his masters'--The Celestial Order's--existence.

In doing so, all that had fallen--the Avengers, the Fantastic Four, the X-Men, the Defenders, Captain Marvel and others--were resurrected from deaths that, in effect, never occurred.

But now, our reality must deal with an all-powerful Mad Titan...

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# OMNIPOTENCE

I had plunged into the *Heart* of the *Universe* and challenged the *Almighty* for dominance of existence.

*Victory* was *mine*, but not because I triumphed in any *contest* of *wills*.

But because there was *no one* to challenge me.

All the *theologians* were *wrong* about *divine guidance* and *heavenly judgment*.



*Supreme power* was nothing more than *limitless energy*, awaiting the *first claimant* to come along to wield it.

There never had been any *All-Father*, celestial *Supreme Will* or *Almighty Self*.





That *cosmic equation* was now *changed* and I revealed in my *newfound supremacy*.

With the *Cosmic Cube* I had manipulated facets of the *divine*, a very *limited experience*.

The *Infinity Gauntlet* had granted me mastery of all *time, space, power, reality*, the *mind* and the *soul*, but it was still *external control*.

Now I was *all* that was and *subservient* to none.

*Supreme!*

The universe finally had a *master* worthy and appreciative of the *celestial entitlement*.





This station was clearly destined to be mine.

I was amazed how easily my consciousness reached out to embrace the infinite.

No mere words can describe the sensation of being one with the all.

I was everything, bonded to omni-reality.

I was a mischievous child on the Skrull Homeworld.



I was an asteroid drifting in the void shortly after the Big Bang.



I was an exotic plant on a far-distant prehistoric world.



I was a waterfall on an uninhabited planet in the Herculean Galaxy.



I was a savage beast stalking its prey.



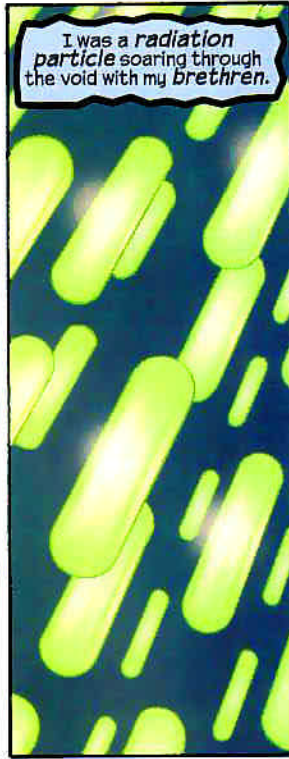
I was the space between the ticks of a clock.



I was a rare species of fish in the ocean depths.



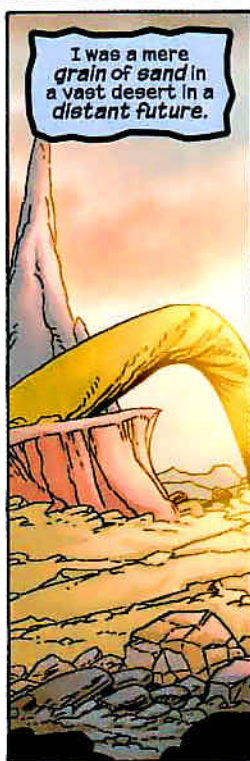
I was a radiation particle soaring through the void with my brethren.







I was  
Spider-Man,  
swinging above  
concrete  
canyons.



I was a mere  
grain of sand in  
a vast desert in a  
distant future.



I was a  
supernova, ending  
my existence in  
cosmic spectacle.



I was a plot  
thread in a  
writer's mind.



I was the final  
breath of a dying  
woman.



I was a feather  
on the wing of a  
soaring bird.



I was an  
innocent child's  
dream.



I was everything.

I nearly  
became lost  
in the wonder  
of what I  
was.

Yet my  
awareness  
continued to  
expand beyond  
the material  
and the  
abstract.

Into realms I  
never suspected  
even existed.

I discovered  
the universal  
vibratory patterns,  
the DNA of all  
reality.





These glowing designs were far *beyond* both *infrared* and *ultraviolet* illuminations.

They were the *ephemeral threads* that made up our *actuality*, kept it *whole* and *consistent*.

Heavenly laws written in the ether.



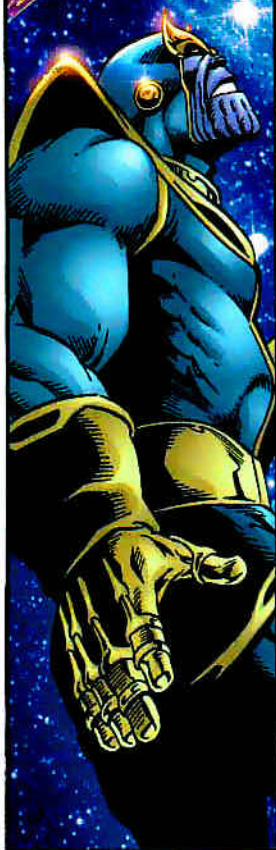
Only then did I realize that all my *struggles* and *sacrifice* had been for *naught*.

My dreams were but a *dark cosmic joke*.

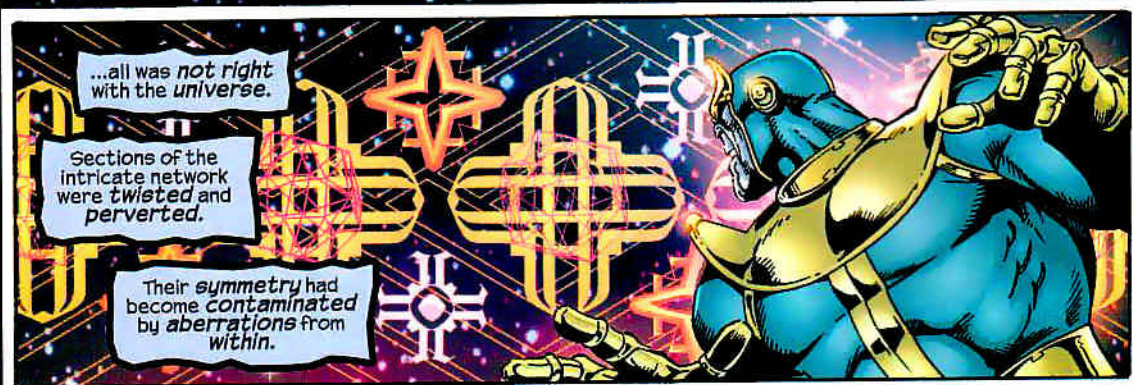
It took mere *microseconds* for me to comprehend the patterns' *purpose* and *importance*.

These *luminous weaves* were the *order* that holds off *chaos* and the *void*.

But upon *closer inspection* I realized that...



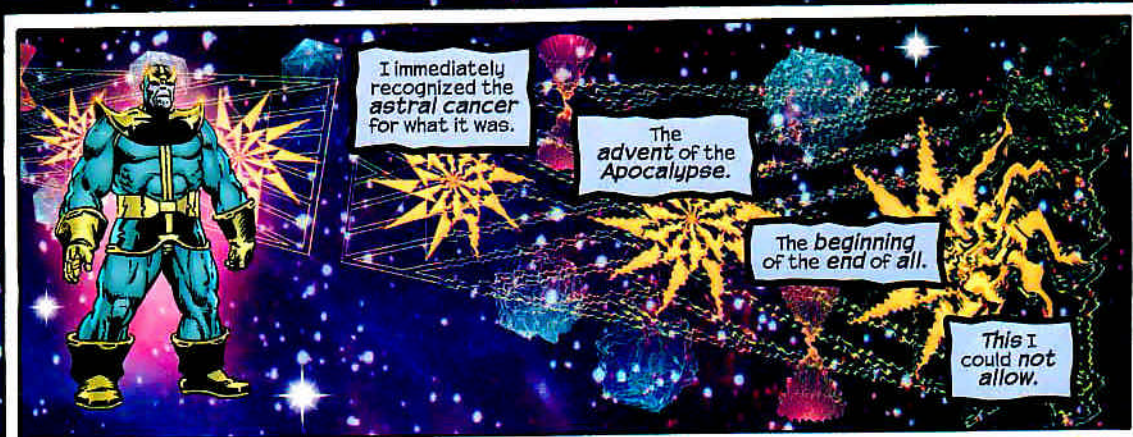




...all was *not* right  
with the universe.

Sections of the  
intricate network  
were *twisted* and  
*perverted*.

Their *symmetry* had  
become *contaminated*  
by *aberrations* from  
*within*.



I immediately  
recognized the  
*astral cancer*  
for what it was.

The  
advent of the  
*Apocalypse*.

The *beginning*  
of the end of all.

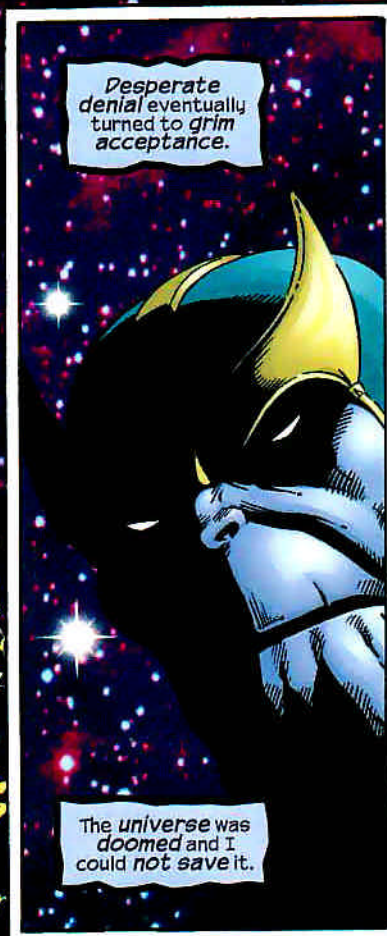
This I  
could *not*  
allow.



But try as I  
might the *malady*  
would *not* be  
*reversed*.

No time-traveling  
trick or massive  
expenditure of divine  
might would right the  
imbalance.

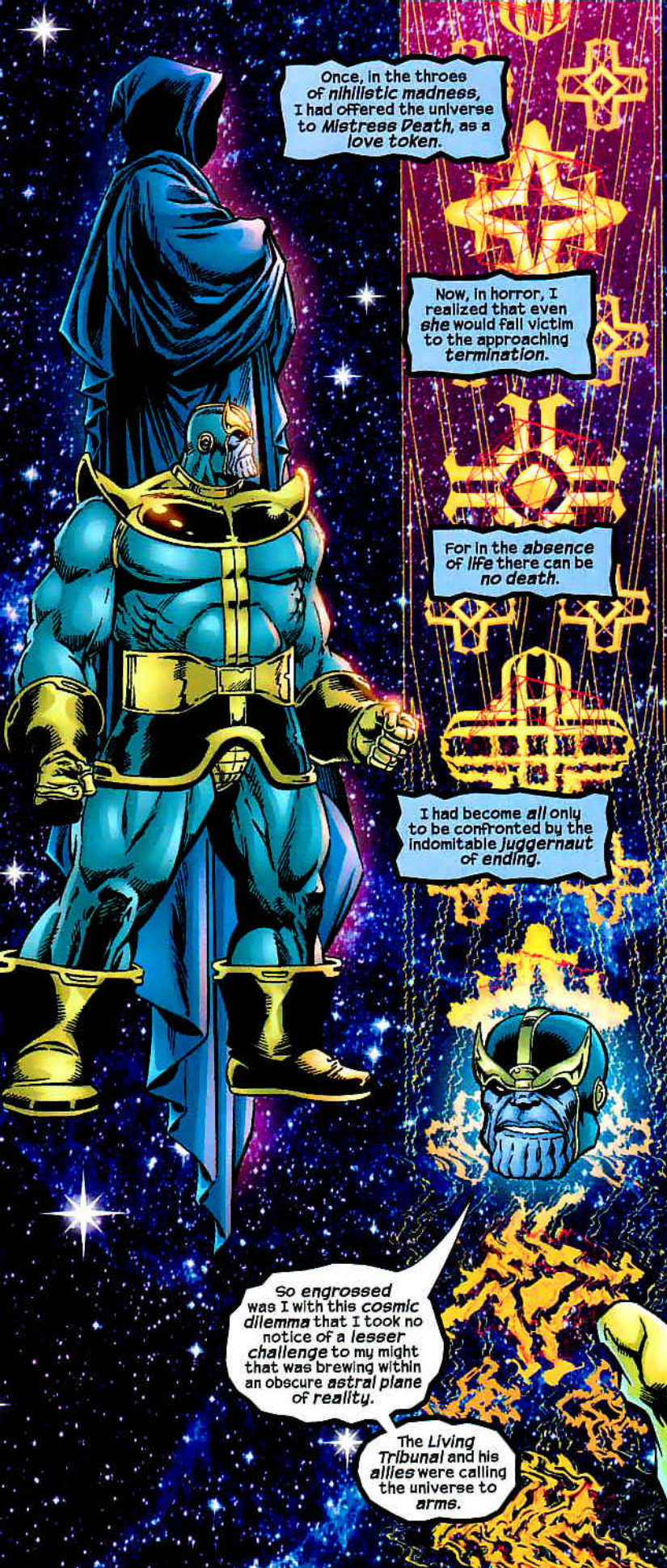
In fact, my  
every effort  
only *worsened*  
the situation.



*Desperate*  
denial eventually  
turned to *grim*  
acceptance.

The universe was  
doomed and I  
could *not* save it.





Once, in the throes of nihilistic madness, I had offered the universe to Mistress Death, as a love token.

Now, in horror, I realized that even she would fall victim to the approaching termination.

For in the absence of life there can be no death.

I had become all only to be confronted by the indomitable Juggernaut of ending.

So engrossed was I with this cosmic dilemma that I took no notice of a lesser challenge to my might that was brewing within an obscure astral plane of reality.

The Living Tribunal and his allies were calling the universe to arms.



Warriors and heroes all, hear the words of Lord Thor of Aesgard!

A dastardly fate hath befallen the heavens and needs be set right!

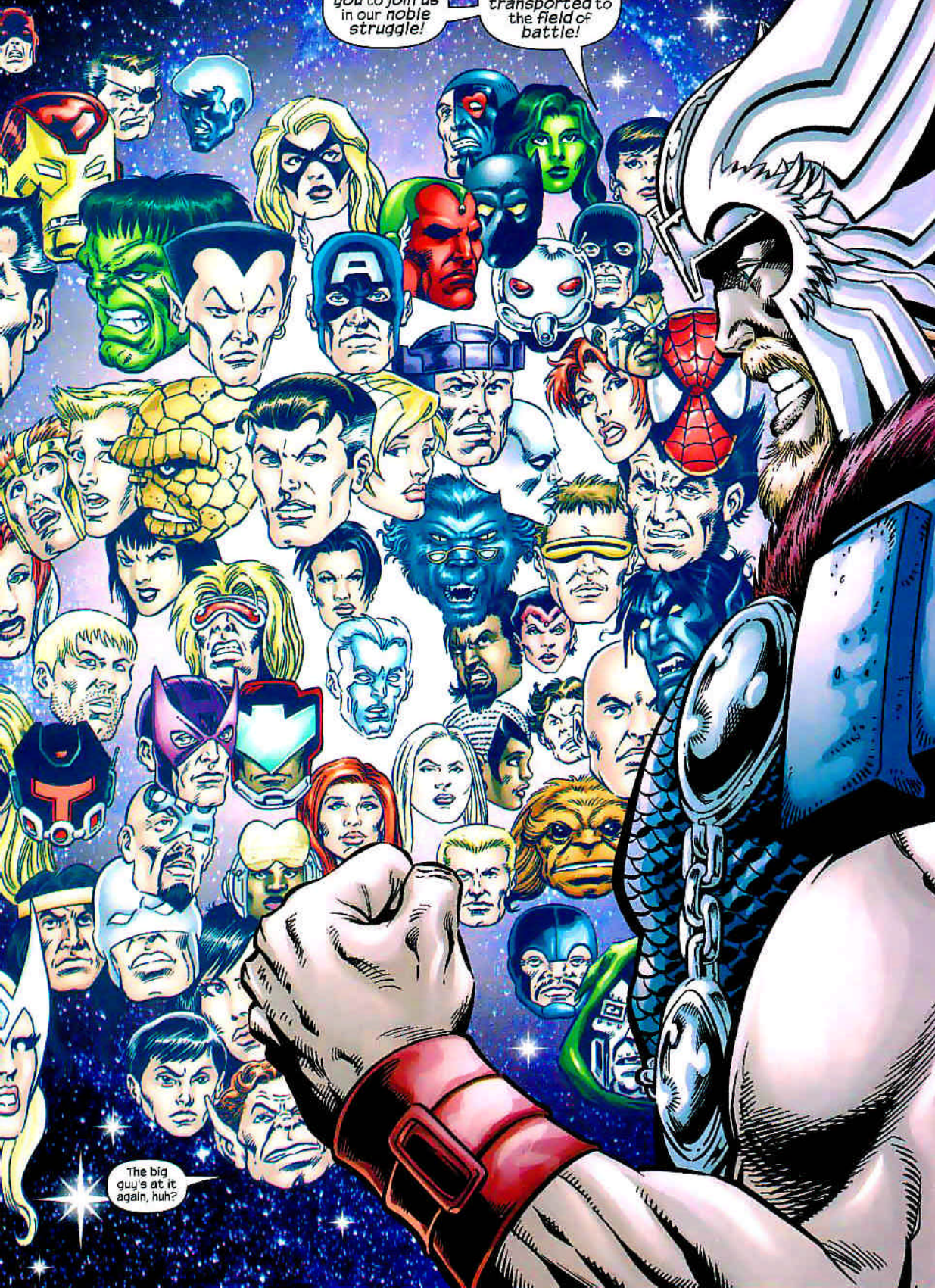


Nefarious  
Thanos of Titan  
has usurped the power  
supreme and now  
reigns over all  
reality!

This madness  
cannot be allowed to go  
unchallenged!

I call upon  
you to join us  
in our noble  
struggle!

Accept this  
charge and be  
transported to  
the field of  
battle!



The big  
guy's at it  
again, huh?





Unaware that the universe was rallying against me, I continued to struggle with an existence that was *disintegrating* all about me.

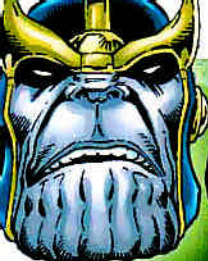
Again and again I ventured into the *past*, examining the *origins* of this *malady* in the hope of finding a *cure*.

The trouble sprang from the fact that every element of *actuality* was balanced against an *opposing* aspect, thus maintaining a smooth *astral* flow.

So it *always* was and *should* have continued to be.

But it all fell to ruin the day *Simon Williams* became *Wonder Man*.





He gained his powers from a Baron Zemo, leader of the Masters of Evil, once the Avengers' deadliest adversaries.

Envy and pride drove Williams to their ranks.

His better nature eventually convinced him to betray the Masters.



This vallant deed was rewarded with death.

A demise seemingly of no importance, except to those immediately involved.



But years later, this warrior was resurrected through means that were never quite clear.


Some credit the revival to scheming Ultron, others to a mystic called the Black Talon.



But in truth it was a mysterious cosmic force that brought Wonder Man back to life, not once but twice.







This force sought to  
balance the light against  
the gathering darkness.

In recent years, the ranks of *so-called* evil grew  
so strong that *certain* heroes were called back from  
*beyond* the veil and pressed again into service.

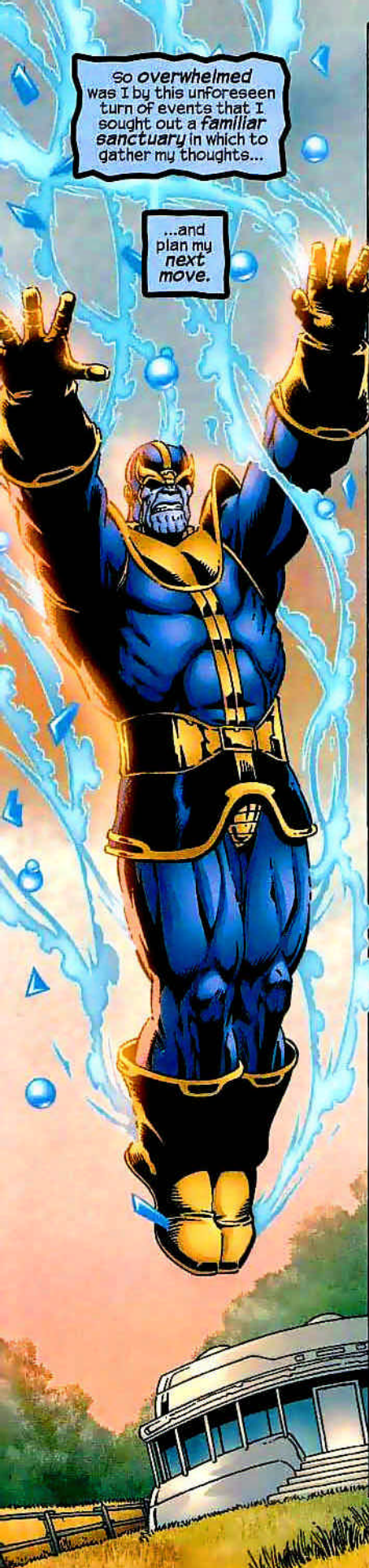
Some recycled more  
often than others.

But in righting the *good/evil* balance, the  
more central equilibrium between *life* and  
*death* was set aschew.

And like  
falling dominos,  
the contamination  
spread throughout the  
vibratory patterns  
until reversing the  
damage became  
impossible.

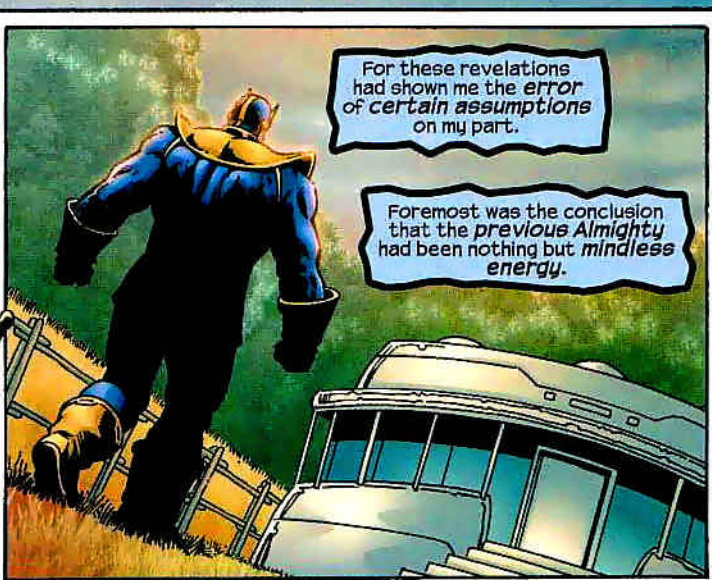
Impossible  
for even he for whom  
nothing is supposed  
to be impossible.





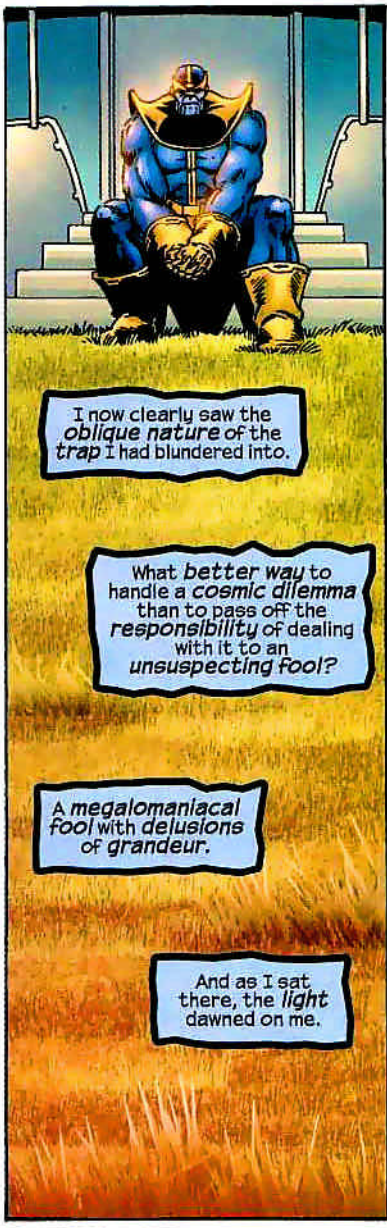
So overwhelmed  
was I by this unforeseen  
turn of events that I  
sought out a *familiar*  
*sanctuary* in which to  
gather my thoughts...

...and  
plan my  
next  
move.



For these revelations  
had shown me the *error*  
of *certain assumptions*  
on my part.

Foremost was the conclusion  
that the *previous Almighty*  
had been nothing but *mindless*  
*energy*.



In its *illumination* I  
perceived reality's *sole*  
*hope* for *salvation*.

The cure lay in  
*starting over*  
from *scratch*.

I was the *perfect*  
*candidate* to be the  
*destroyer* of the  
universe.

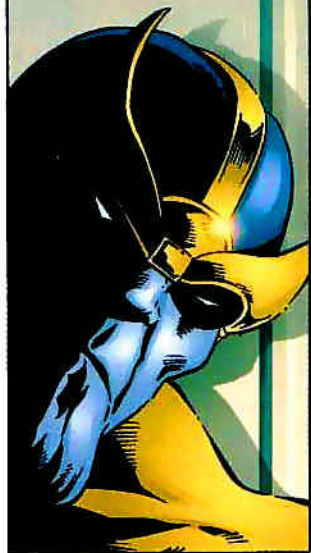
Had not my *entire*  
*life* been dedicated  
to *destruction*?

I now clearly saw the  
*oblique nature* of the  
*trap* I had blundered into.

What *better way* to  
handle a *cosmic dilemma*  
than to pass off the  
*responsibility* of dealing  
with it to an  
*unsuspecting fool*?

A *megalomaniacal*  
*fool* with *delusions*  
of *grandeur*.

And as I sat  
there, the *light*  
dawned on me.





But the rebuilding afterwards?

Greetings, Usurper.

I come to demand you relinquish the supreme power you have stolen!

What madness had the Almighty, choosing me for such a task?

Surely He must have realized I would never pay the cost such a project would demand.

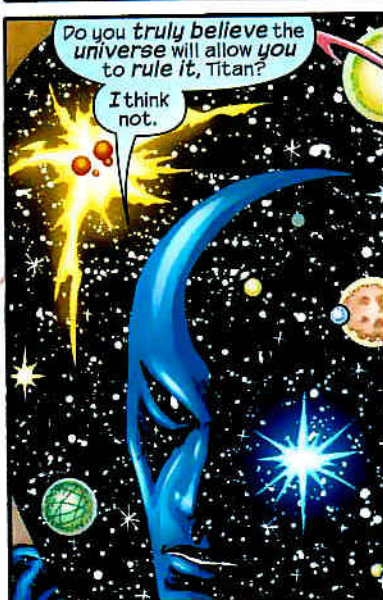
But my reverie on this conundrum was destined to be cut short by the arrival of an angry petitioner.

More like it was given to me.

Liar!

You actually have no clue as to what truly transpires, do you?









And so Eternity lashed out at me with all the righteous fury he could muster.

It truly was a spectacular display of celestial pyrotechnics.

Of course, it had no effect on me.

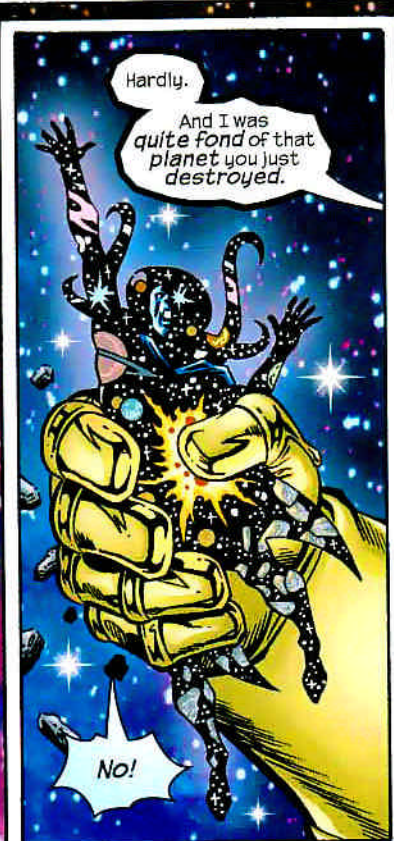
But my poor hideaway was another matter entirely.







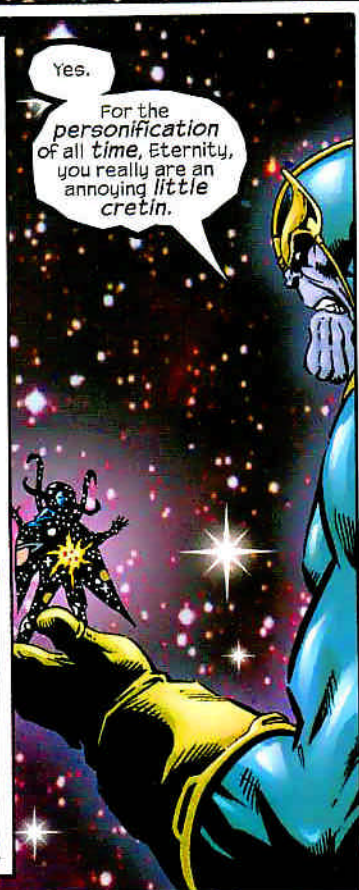
So  
ends the  
insanity.



Hardly.

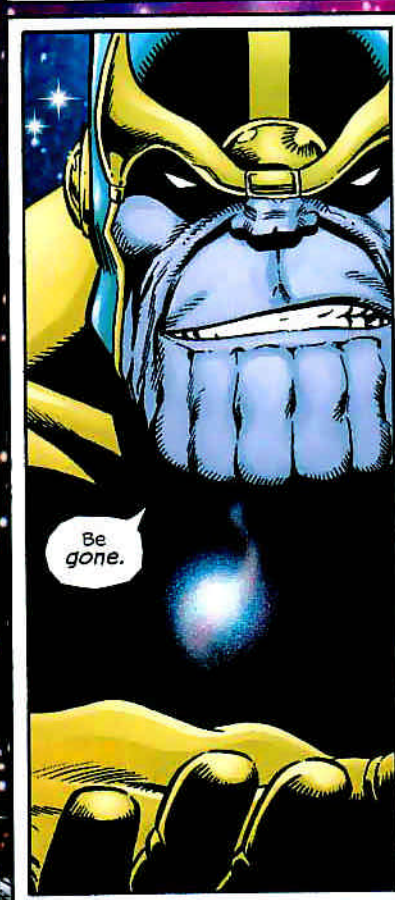
And I was  
quite fond of that  
planet you just  
destroyed.

No!

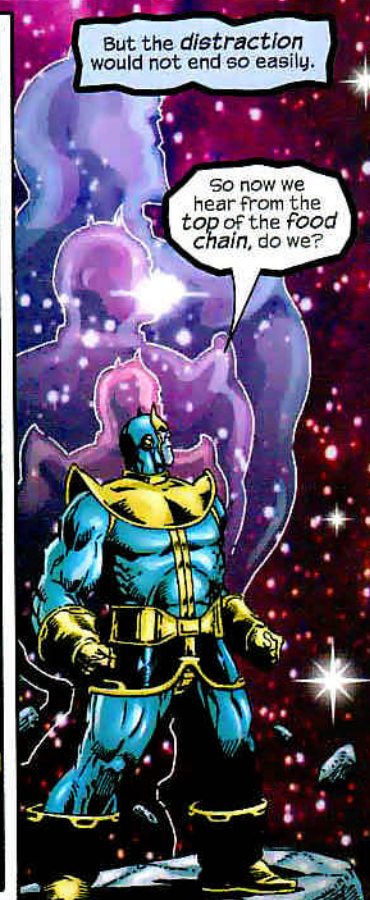


Yes.

For the  
personification  
of all time, Eternity,  
you really are an  
annoying little  
cretin.



Be  
gone.



But the *distraction*  
would not end so easily.

So now we  
hear from the  
top of the food  
chain, do we?



**YOU  
HAVE BEEN  
JUDGED,  
TITAN!**





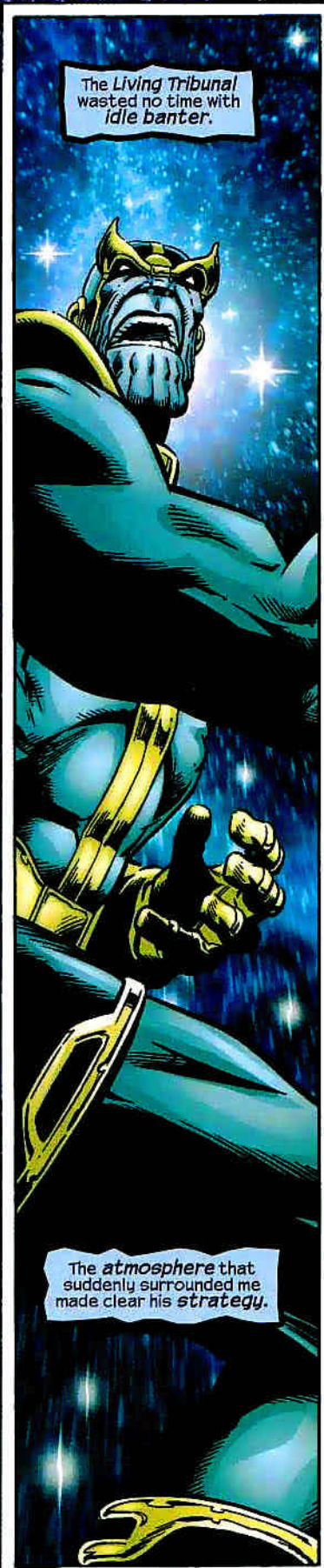
And found  
unworthy!

Surrender  
your power!

And if I  
refuse?

It will be  
taken by  
force!

Then  
do your  
worst.



The Living Tribunal  
wasted no time with  
idle banter.

The *atmosphere* that  
suddenly surrounded me  
made clear his *strategy*.





I was to be overpowered by the element of surprise...






...and sheer numbers.

It was really quite pathetic.





But still  
enough to  
enrage me.

This is  
how you would  
treat your Lord  
Almighty?

You would  
challenge the  
heavens so  
brazenly?!

So  
be it  
then!

Let  
there be  
war!

**TO BE CONTINUED...**