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INVINCIBLE

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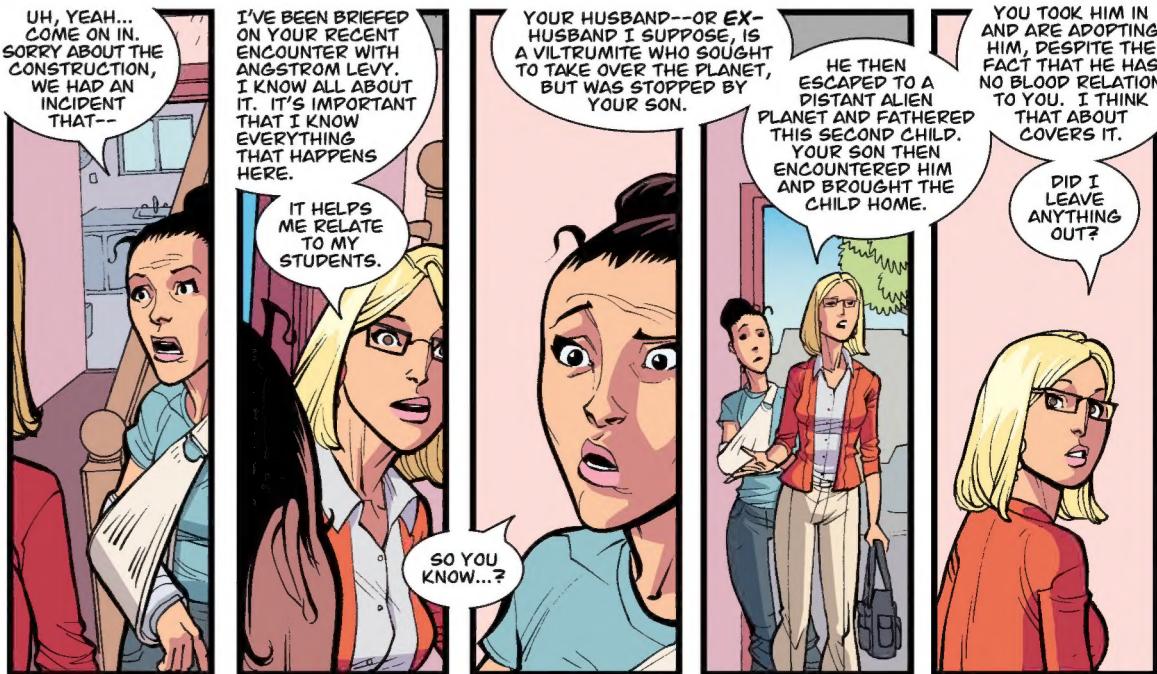
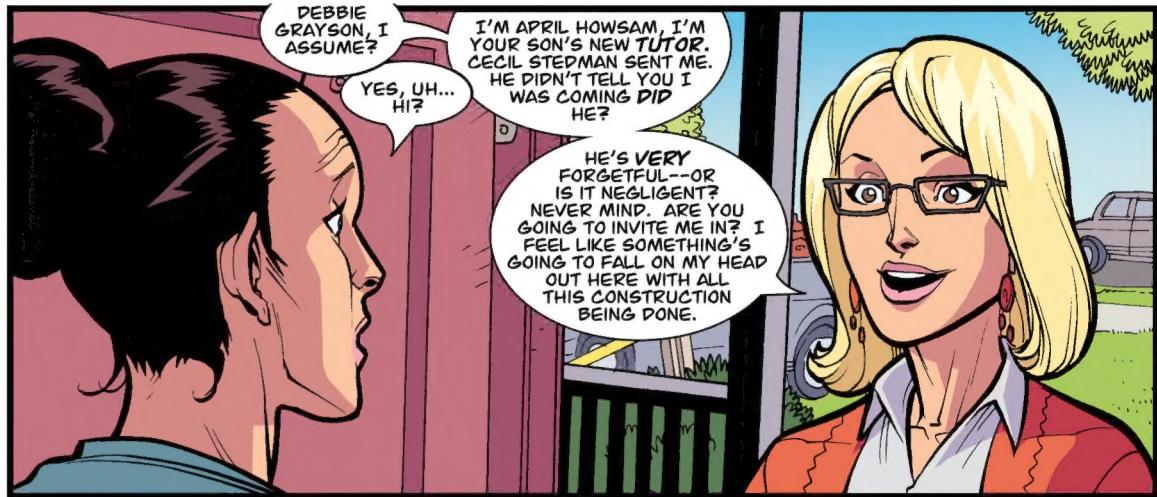
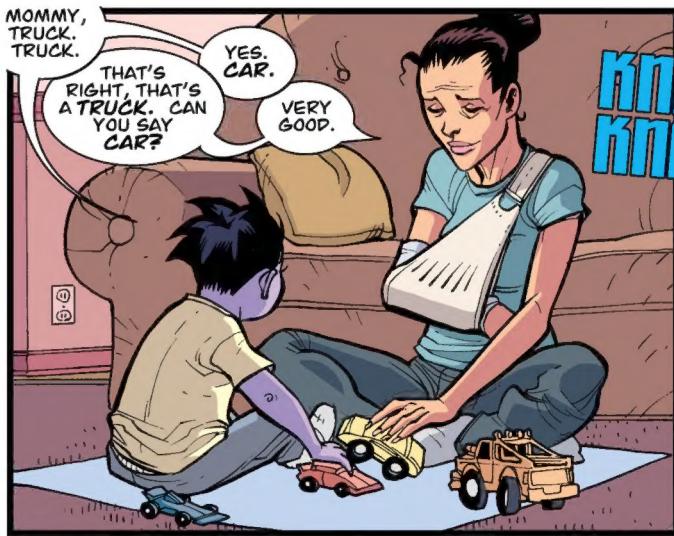
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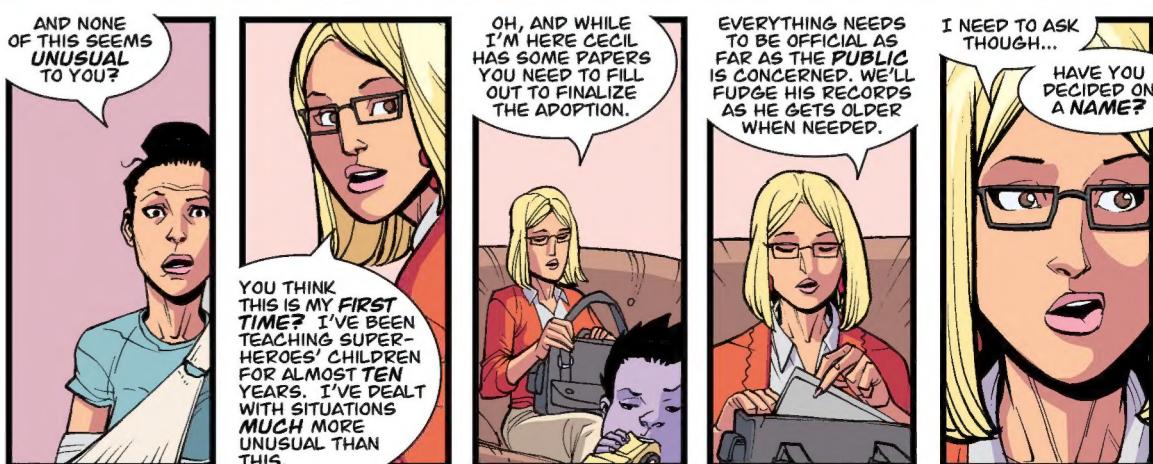
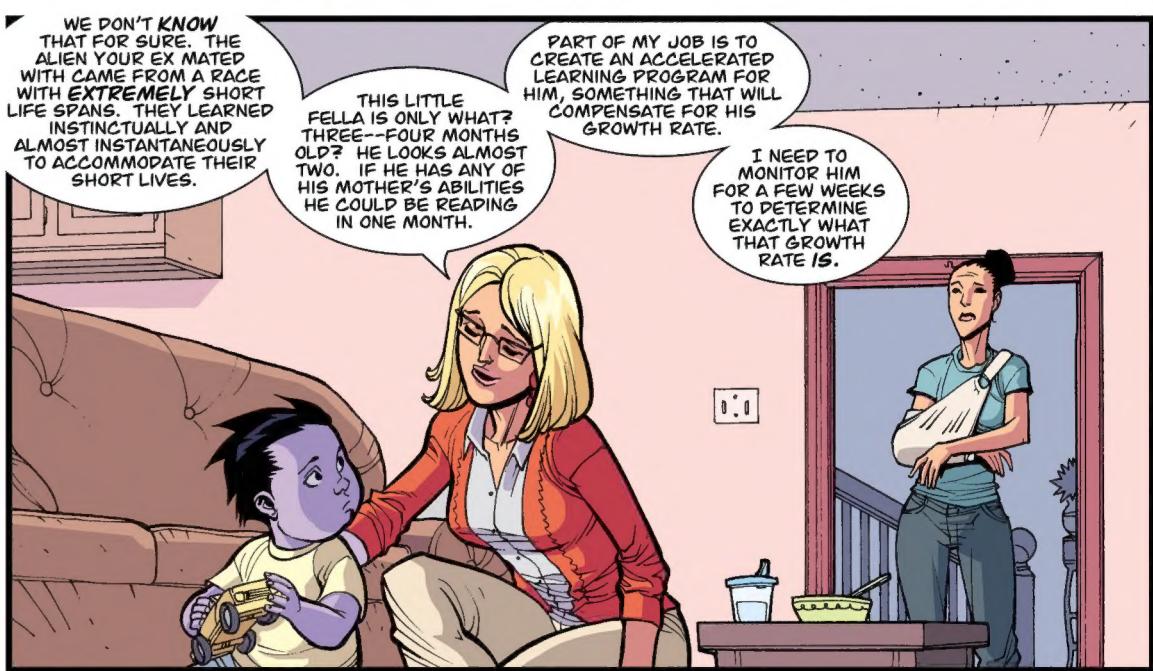
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THE GRAYSON HOUSEHOLD--
CURRENTLY UNDER CONSTRUCTION
AFTER MARK GRAYSON'S BRUTAL
FIGHT WITH ANGSTROM LEVY.









AS MUCH
TROUBLE AS
YOU'VE BEEN,
I GOTTA ADMIT...

...RAMPAGE.

THAT'S
JUST A COOL
NAME.





AN UNDISCLOSED
LOCATION IN UTAH.

THE SECRET UNDERGROUND
MOUNTAIN BASE OF THE
GUARDIANS OF THE GLOBE.

CECIL'S
APPOINTMENT.

I'D LIKE TO
INTRODUCE YOU
ALL TO ROBOT--
THE REAL
ROBOT.

HELLO.

WHAT
THE--?!

I KNOW THIS IS GOING TO BE
A LITTLE HARD TO BELIEVE.
WE HAVE RUN SOME TESTS...
THIS IS LEGIT, REX, I KNOW
THIS WILL PROBABLY BE THE
MOST SHOCKING FOR YOU...
AS THIS IS ALSO A CLONED
VERSION OF YOUR BODY...
BUT PLEASE, HEAR
HIM OUT.

ROBOT,
IF YOU
WOULD.

OKAY.

I KNOW THIS MAY BE
HARD FOR SOME OF
YOU, BUT THE ROBOT
YOU KNOW... THE...
ROBOT ONE... WAS
SIMPLY AN
AUTOMATION.

MY
REASONS FOR
THIS ARE VERY
COMPLICATED,
BUT AS MY
COLLEAGUES I
BELIEVE YOU
HAVE A RIGHT
TO KNOW...

LATER, AFTER A VERY LONG, CONVOLUTED AND TO SOME (REX), CONFUSING EXPLANATION.

I DID THIS FOR YOU, Y'KNOW.

WHAT WAS THAT?

WHILE TRYING TO FIND A CURE FOR YOUR CONDITION... I BECAME ENAMORED WITH YOUR PLIGHT, WHICH MIRRORED MINE. IN GETTING TO KNOW YOU, I WAS FASCINATED BY YOUR ABILITY TO COPE... IT INSPIRED ME.

FOR SO LONG I HAD BEEN CONTENT TO LIVE LIFE THROUGH THOSE MECHANICAL EYES-- NEVER LONGING FOR ANYTHING MORE, UNTIL I MET YOU.

NO, I BARELY KNOW YOU-- THAT WOULD BE MORONIC AND I'M ONE OF THE SMARTEST PEOPLE ON THE PLANET. MY FEELINGS FOR YOU ARE SO MUCH MORE THAN THAT. RESPECT, ADMIRATION... YOU'VE MOVED ME.

IT'S TRUE THAT I CLONED REX SIMPLY BECAUSE HIS FORM WAS PLEASING TO YOUR EYE--BUT I WOULD NEVER PRESUME SOMETHING LIKE THAT WOULD BE THE PRETEXT TO A RELATIONSHIP.

I'M NOT CRAZY. I'M A GENIUS.

GOOD, BECAUSE I'M NOT ATTRACTED TO CHILDREN--WHICH Y'KNOW, IS PART OF THE PROBLEM.

YOU ARE KINDA CUTE, THOUGH.

I GUESS WE COULD HANG OUT SOME TIME, IF YOU WANTED. THE TWO OF US COULD SPEND TIME TOGETHER WITHOUT TURNING ANY HEADS. IT COULD BE FUN.

IT'S NOT LIKE I HAVE ANY FRIENDS OR ANYTHING.

SOUNDS GOOD.

PHASE TWO IS UNDERWAY...

THE UNASSUMING TAILOR
SHOP OF ARTHUR ROSENBAUM.

UNBEKNOVST TO HIS
CUSTOMERS, THE BULK
OF ART'S INCOME IS
GENERATED BY DESIGNING
AND CREATING COSTUMES
FOR SUPERHEROES.

TAILOR SHOPPE

DREAD

I TOLD YOU IT'D BE
ANOTHER FOUR HOURS.
I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE
EAGER TO SHOW OFF
THE NEW LOOK BUT IF
YOU RUSH ME IT'S
JUST GOING TO LOOK
TERRIBLE.

UH...
ART?

OH, HEY,
MARK... I
THOUGHT
YOU WERE
SOMEONE
ELSE.

WHAT YOU
WORKING ON
THERE?

I'M AFRAID THAT'S
CONFIDENTIAL, SON.
YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT
TO SEE IT IN ACTION
JUST LIKE EVERYONE
ELSE.

I SUPPOSE
I CAN
UNDERSTAND
THAT.

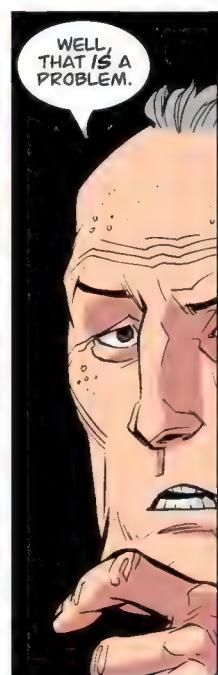
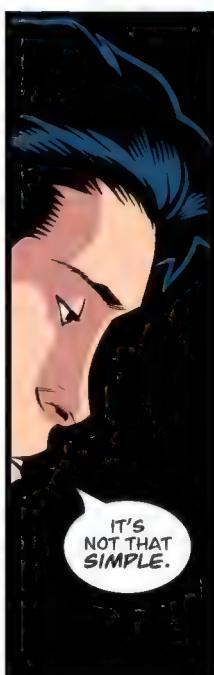
FOR YOU?
OF COURSE
I DO.

THIS
CLIENT IS
VERY
PARTICULAR.

DO YOU
HAVE TIME
TO TALK?

WHAT'S
ON YOUR
MIND?

A BUNCH OF STUFF.
STUFF I CAN'T TALK TO
MY MOM ABOUT... AND
MY FRIEND WILLIAM IS
BEING A JERK RIGHT
NOW... SO YOU GOT
NOMINATED.



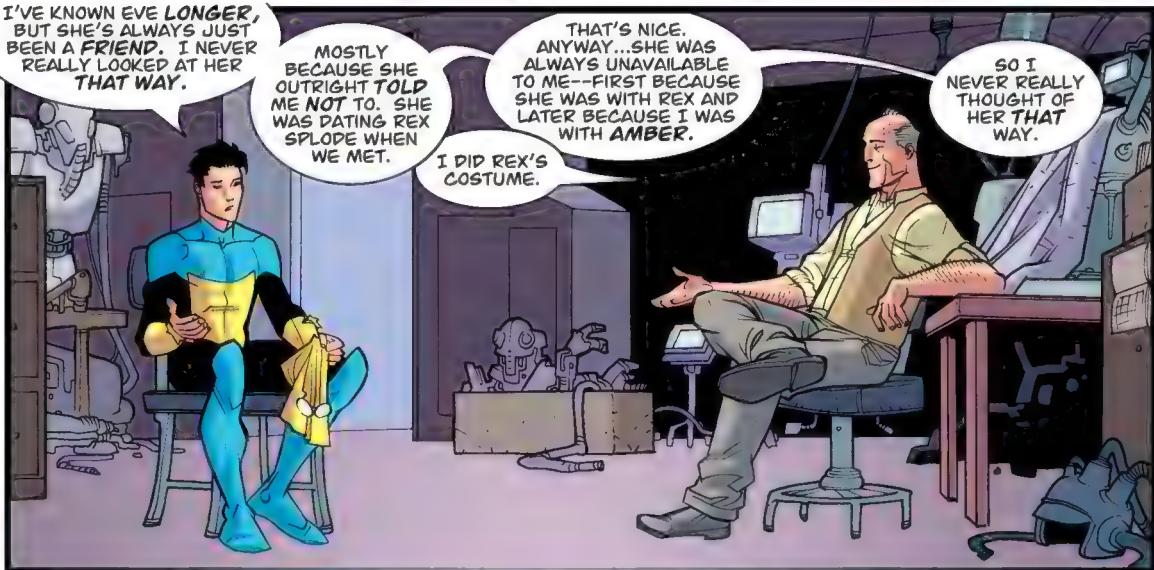
I'VE KNOWN EVE LONGER,
BUT SHE'S ALWAYS JUST
BEEN A FRIEND. I NEVER
REALLY LOOKED AT HER
THAT WAY.

MOSTLY
BECAUSE SHE
OUTRIGHT TOLD
ME NOT TO. SHE
WAS DATING REX
Splode WHEN
WE MET.

I DID REX'S
COSTUME.

THAT'S NICE.
ANYWAY... SHE WAS
ALWAYS UNAVAILABLE
TO ME-- FIRST BECAUSE
SHE WAS WITH REX AND
LATER BECAUSE I WAS
WITH AMBER.

SO I
NEVER REALLY
THOUGHT OF
HER THAT
WAY.



I NEVER
LET
MYSELF.

BUT I NEVER
EVEN THOUGHT
SHE LIKED ME...
THERE WERE SIGNS,
BUT AT THE TIME
I DIDN'T EVEN
NOTICE.

OR RATHER...
AN OLDER
VERSION OF
HER FROM
THE FUTURE
TOLD ME.

UH...
YOU STILL
WITH
ME?



YEAH...
KEEP
GOING.

SO THAT'S THE THING... I
KNOW EVE LIKES ME...
APPARENTLY A LOT... BUT
SHE DOESN'T KNOW
THAT I KNOW.

AND
THEN THERE'S
AMBER.

THIS IS THE BLONDE
ONE, RIGHT? I
THINK YOUR MOTHER
HAS SHOWN ME
PICTURES.

THAT'S
NOT A BAD
THING.





THAT'S REALLY UP TO HER, MARK. SHE DIDN'T KNOW BEFORE BUT SHE KNOWS NOW AND SHE'S STILL WITH YOU.

BUT YOU JUST DON'T BREAK UP WITH A GIRL BECAUSE YOU THINK SHE COULD DO BETTER. THAT SHOULD BE UP TO HER. LET HER MAKE THAT DECISION.

IF YOU LIKE EVE BETTER, IF YOU FEEL MORE CONNECTED TO HER, IF YOU'LL BE HAPPIER WITH HER, THAT'S ONE THING.

THAT MAKES MORE SENSE.

I LOVE AMBER... I OUTRIGHT LOVE HER. I DO.

SO THERE'S THAT.

THEN I THINK BACK ABOUT THAT LOOK ON EVE'S FACE... THE ONE FROM THE FUTURE... WHEN SHE TOLD ME SHE LOVED ME.

THE DESPERATION... THE SORROW...

EVE'S MY FRIEND. TO THINK THAT SHE'S GOING THROUGH THAT... OVER ME.

AND I DO LIKE HER... I AM ATTRACTED TO HER. I CAN ADMIT THAT... I AM. WHO WOULDN'T BE?

BUT IT JUST WOULDN'T BE FAIR TO AMBER. I CAN'T BREAK HER HEART BECAUSE EVE FELL FOR ME WHILE SHE WAS PUSHING ME AWAY.

I LOVE AMBER.

SO... YOU'VE MADE UP YOUR MIND THEN?

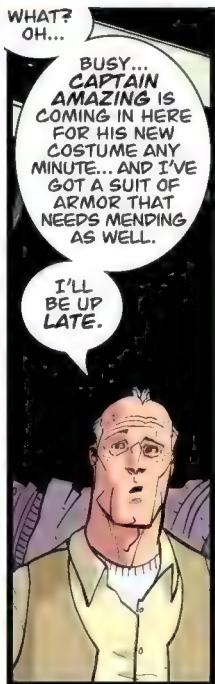
I THINK I HAVE. I'M WITH AMBER... I'M GOING TO STAY WITH AMBER. SHE'S PUT UP WITH SO MUCH... BEEN SO GOOD TO ME... I CAN'T BETRAY THAT.

I MIGHT... I DON'T KNOW... TALK TO EVE EVENTUALLY. JUST TO TELL HER I KNOW...

NOT A BAD IDEA, I SUPPOSE.

GLAD I COULD HELP.













how he obtained the weapon, or where it came from. The origins of the weapon are completely unknown to the empire. All that is known are its capabilities.

The information was gathered from thousands of sources. Sketchy eyewitness accounts, damaged artifacts--evidence of the weapon's power--everything points to the same conclusion. This weapon--the infinity ray--emitted an energy wave that was unstoppable. It was said that blasts from this infinity ray still race through the cosmos, blasting a path through anything they encounter. Planets, Stars, Ships--anything in their path is destroyed. Again, this is only a theory. No one has ever gotten close enough to study the infinity ray for themselves. The Space Rider made sure of that.

Whether the story was true or not, I had my mission. I was to hunt down the Space Rider, determine whether or not the stories of his weapon were true and if so, arrest him. He was to stand trial for offenses against the empire. Were his weapon as powerful as it was fabled to be he was a huge threat. I left at once.

Little was known about the Space Rider, where he lived, what quadrant of space he operated in, all was a mystery. He had become the stuff of legend. Stories of him stretch across the twelve galaxies. He was said to be in two places at once. Stories were conflicting with each other. Finding him would be no easy task. Yet it was a task I had to complete. I dare not fail my people. I knew what was at stake. Our very way of life.

At first, I studied the stories for similarities, common elements. Anything that made it possible for me to tell fact from fiction--if there was any fact to these stories. In time I would find that the Space Rider and his weapon were very real--and as far fetched as they were, its capabilities were that of tall tales. But it would take me nearly fifteen years to discover this.

The first clue came when I was contacted by a former subordinate of The Space Rider who was willing to inform me of his possible whereabouts. With

WHAT WERE
THESE BOOKS
ABOUT?

OH, UH... SOME SPACE ALIEN DUDE IS HUNTING DOWN ENEMIES OF HIS GOVERNMENT OR SOMETHING. ELIMINATING THEM. EACH BOOK HAS HIM GOING AFTER ONE OR TWO THREATS TO THEIR EMPIRE OR SOMETHING.

IT WAS COOL STUFF.

YOU MEAN...IT'S ABOUT A GUY FROM AN ALIEN PLANET HUNTING DOWN ENEMIES OF HIS EMPIRE?

YEAH. YOU KNOW, I NEVER REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT, BUT I WONDER IF THESE WERE LIKE VILTRUMITE FOLK LORE OR SOMETHING THAT HE WAS JUST RETELLING HERE.



BUT WHAT
COULD IT BE?
WHAT COULD
HE HAVE
HIDDEN
HERE?





and at once, I knew I had made a grave mistake. In an instant I was surrounded, swarmed, overwhelmed. It was unclear if I would make it out alive. I had grossly underestimated the situation.

The mission was clear, investigate the inhabitants of this harsh planet, determine their exact threat level to the empire, and then report back for further instructions. It appeared then that I might not make it back to receive those instructions. It was clear the threat level was high. With almost minimal effort I was quickly injured. These creatures were fast. They seemed to come out of nowhere. I did not have time to react. My life was immediately in danger.

The size of these beasts was deceiving. They were barely twice my size. I've battled creatures ten times their size with infinitely less effort. The planet they inhabit caused them to evolve into such tough creatures. The gravitational quotient on this unnamed planet was so severe they had to be stronger than most to simply be able to move. They were remarkable creatures. In hindsight I can look at them scientifically and I find a tremendous respect for them.

At the time I felt differently. I just wanted to survive, if that meant wiping out the entire race, I would have done it, as harsh as that sounds.

With every attempt to reach the sky and escape to the stars, I was thwarted, pulled back into the heap, ravaged all over again. While these creatures did not possess the ability to fly they could jump long distances and high into the air with their powerful legs. Any attempt to fly was met with a swift attack from one or more that resulted in my falling back to the planet's surface. It was clear that strategy was not going to work.

I began trying to fight my way through the horde. If I could push through them, maybe I could get far enough away from them fast enough to make my escape. The problem with that strategy was that I was under constant attack. I could feel the flesh being ripped from my bones as I pressed on. This method of escape was not going

