

MARVEL

1

EWING
PAKNADEL
VAUGHAN
FERREYRA
NOLAN

THE IMMORTAL



TIME OF MONSTERS



**“I BEHOLD THEE ENKIDU; LIKE A GOD THOU ART.
WHY WITH THE ANIMALS
WANDEREST THOU ON THE PLAIN?”**

**– *THE EPIC OF GILGAMESH*,
TRANSLATED BY STEPHEN HERBERT LANGDON**

JORDAN,
9,500 BCE.

YOU'RE YOUNG,
TAMMUZ. YOU WON'T
REMEMBER WHEN THE
MOTHER GODDESS STILL
WATCHED OVER US WITH
HER GOOD GREEN
EYE.

WE THOUGHT
IT A BLESSING AT FIRST,
BUT WE WERE A PUNY
PEOPLE THEN--PUNY AND
PROUD. WE TOOK TALL RYE
AND SWEET MILK FOR
OUR BIRTHRIGHT.


BUT THE MOTHER
GODDESS IS A TEACHER
ABOVE ALL, SO SHE PUT OUT
HER EYE AND CAST IT HERE,
THE BETTER TO MARK
THE SQUANDERING OF
HER GIFTS.

THE GROUND
SHOOK. THE SKY
WAS A PILLAR OF ASH
AND GREEN FLAME.
WE DANCED AND
WEPT FOR JOY.

BUT SOON
ALL THAT FELL
BENEATH THE GAZE OF
THE MOTHER GODDESS'
GOOD GREEN EYE
BECAME ROTTED.

EVERY GRAIN.
EVERY GAZELLE.
EVERY PEST
AND CUR.

ALL
WITHERED.



YOU CAN
FEEL IT HERE,
CAN'T YOU?...

MAGIC
SO STRONG
IT STINGS THE
EYES.

ADAD--
HONORED
ELDER--
PLEASE.

LISTEN. SUCH
MAGIC CAN BE
RECKONED WITH
NEITHER EASILY NOR
CHEAPLY.



OUR LANDS
BLACKENED LIKE
A DEAD TOOTH.

KNOWING
NO BETTER, OUR
CHILDREN BECAME
RESTLESS.

THEIR FAITH--
YOUR FAITH--
FALTERED.

MY SON
LOVES YOU AS A
BROTHER, TAMMUZ.
HE WOULD FOLLOW
YOU ANYWHERE.



THAT IS WHY
I CANNOT ALLOW
YOU TO LEAVE.

I KNOW
WHAT YOU SAY
ABOUT ME BEHIND
MY BACK, BOY...

THAT MY
WITS HAVE FLED.
THAT I AM LEADING
OUR VILLAGE TO
RUIN.

BUT I KNOW
WHAT THE EYE
WANTS.


ALL THOSE
SUMMERS OF
FLASHING SICKLES
AND EASY
GAME.

WE TOOK...
ENDLESSLY.

SOMETHING
IN MY CHEST...
BROKEN.

BUT WE
DID NOT
GIVE.







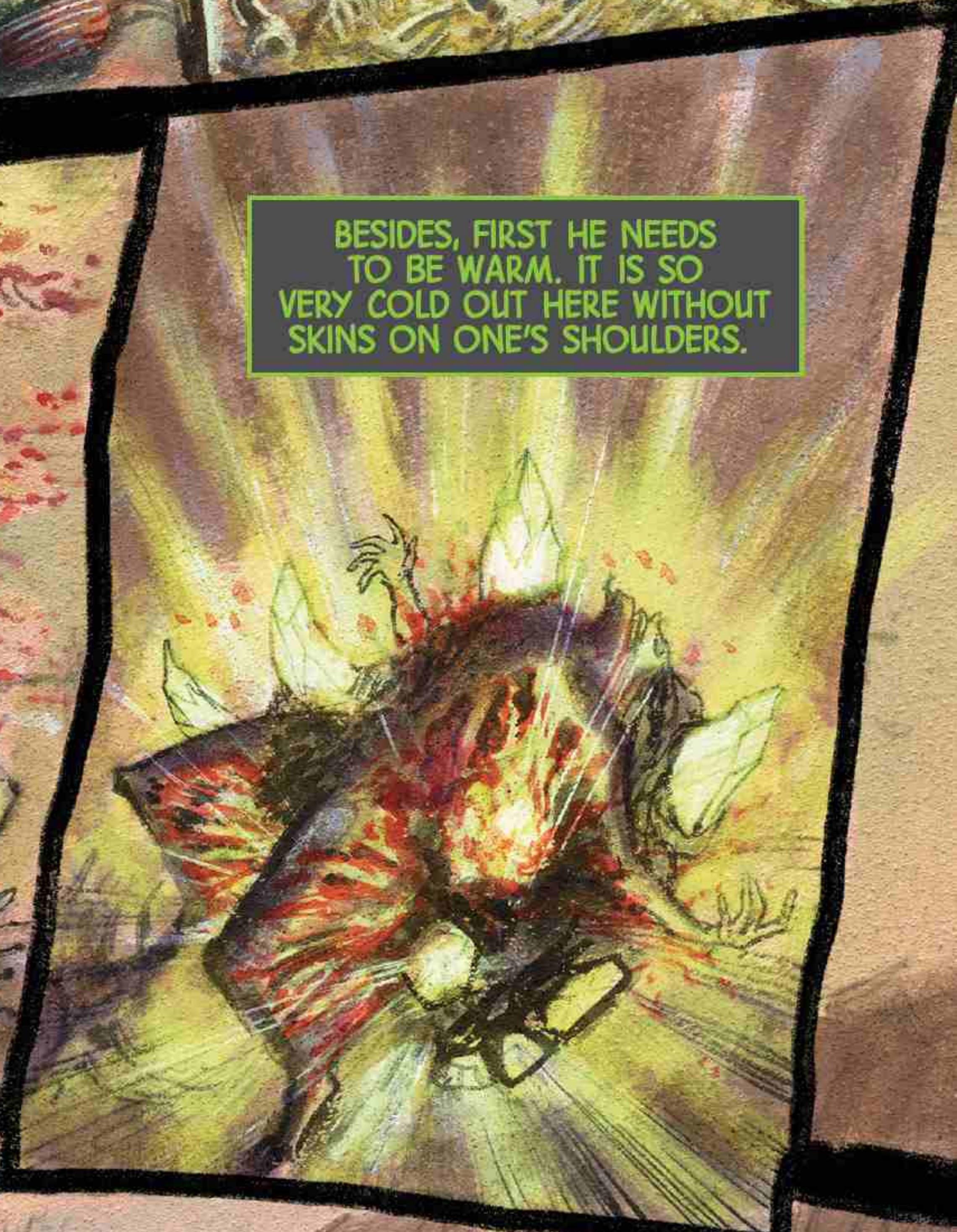
THERE'S A HISSING IN HIS EARS
LIKE RAIN ON HOT STONES, AND
HE WISHES IT WOULD STOP.

PRICKLING ON THE TONGUE.
BUZZING IN THE BONES. A
WHIRL OF NOVEL SENSATIONS.



HE WILL HAVE QUITE THE STORY
TO TELL SHALIM ONCE THEY HAVE
THE VILLAGE AT THEIR BACKS.

BUT PERHAPS IT
IS TOO LATE TO
LEAVE TODAY.



BESIDES, FIRST HE NEEDS
TO BE WARM. IT IS SO
VERY COLD OUT HERE WITHOUT
SKINS ON ONE'S SHOULDERS.



AS HIS VISION CLOUDS, HE SEES A
DOOR--A HEAVY GREEN DOOR,
KINDLY AS A GRANDMOTHER...



...AND SOMEONE IS
LOOKING THROUGH IT.



"I KNOW,
MOTHER.
HE'S LATE."

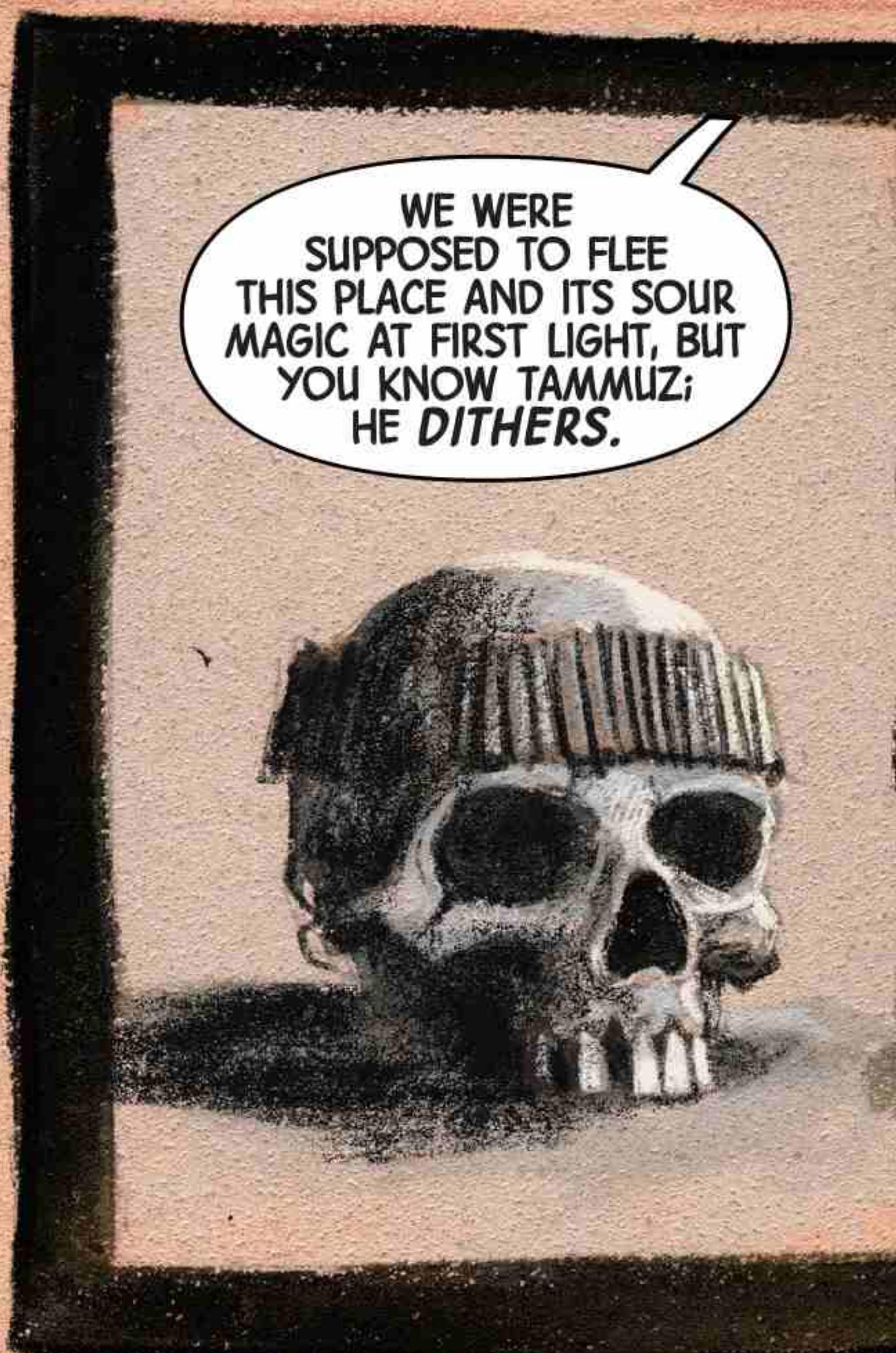


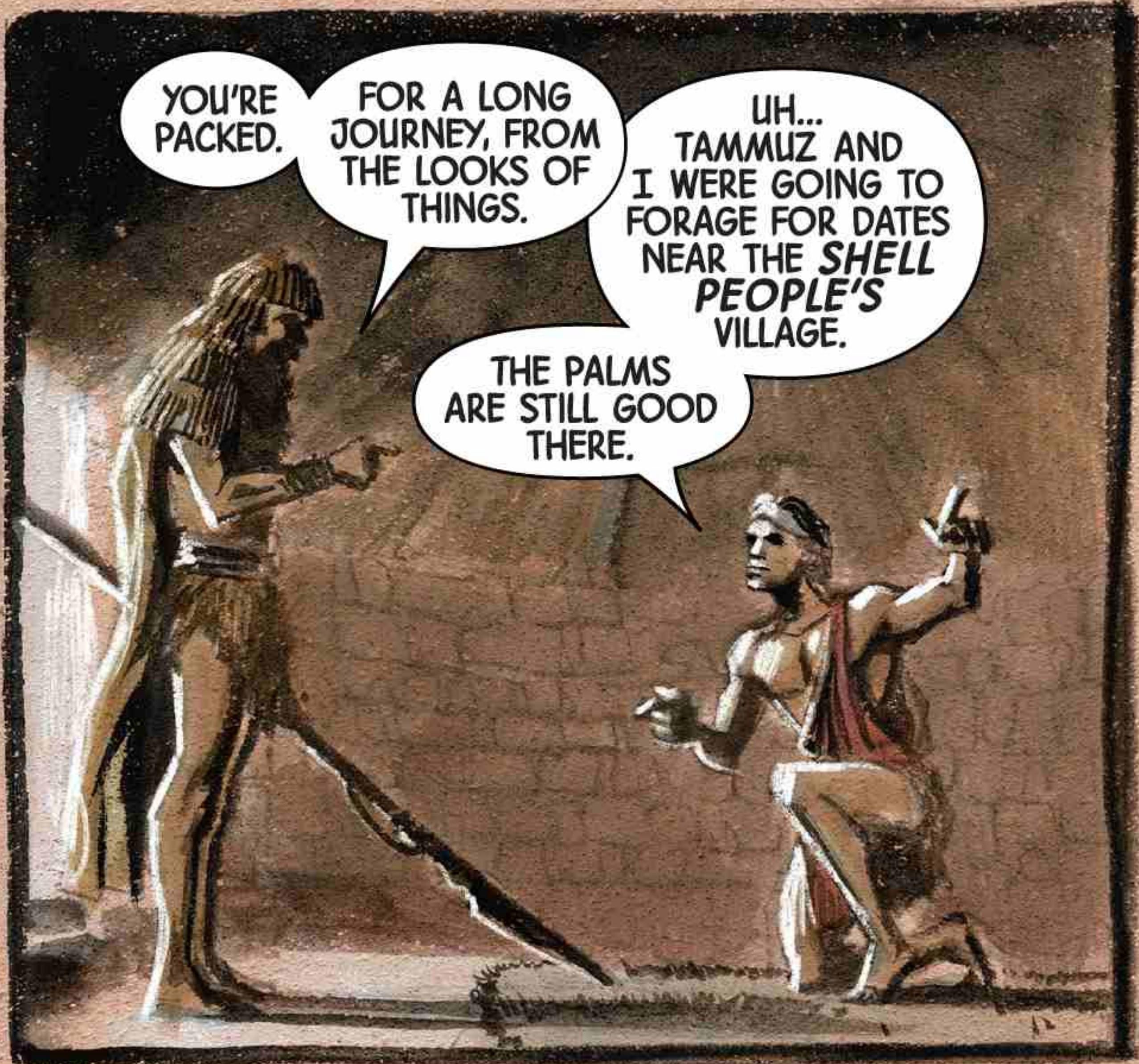
WE WERE
SUPPOSED TO FLEE
THIS PLACE AND ITS SOUR
MAGIC AT FIRST LIGHT, BUT
YOU KNOW TAMMUZ;
HE DITHERS.

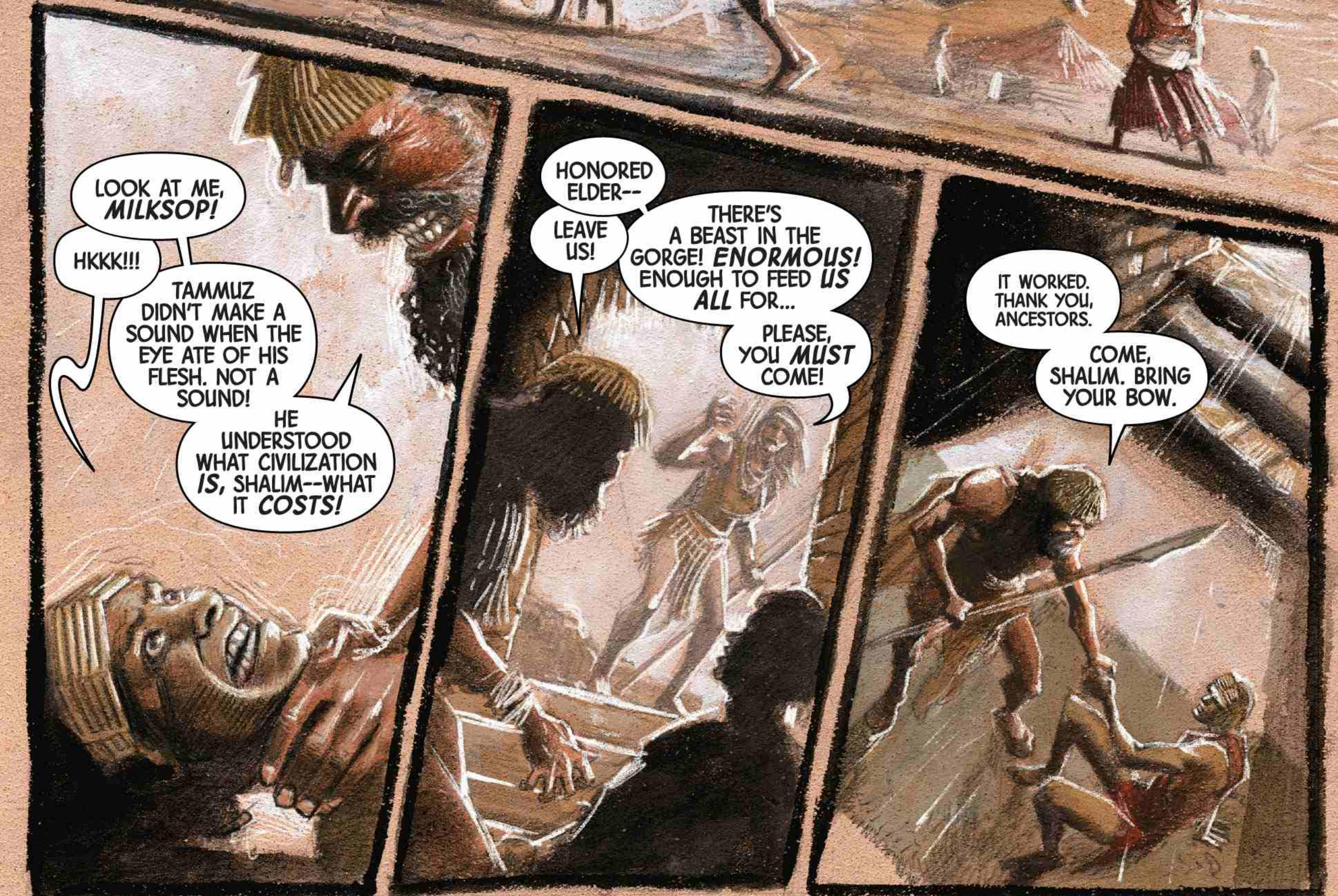
PLEASE
WATCH OVER HIM,
MOTHER.

I HAVE A
FEELING...

SHALIM?









"YOU HAVE A
CHANCE TO REDEEM
YOURSELF YET."

TAMMUZ DOESN'T
REMEMBER HOW HE GOT
HERE. (WAS ADAD WITH
HIM?) BUT IT HARDLY
MATTERS NOW.

HE KNOWS HE SHOULD
FIND SHALIM. HE KNOWS
HE SHOULD STICK
TO THE PLAN.



BUT HIS MIND IS DANCING
WITH FOXFIRE. SO
MANY IDEAS. SO MANY
WAYS HE CAN HELP.



THE RAIN IS
POISON, SO
HE SHOULD REALLY
START THERE.

STREAMS. THERE ARE
STREAMS UNDERGROUND.
CLEAN. PURE. WITH THE RIGHT
TOOLS, THEY CAN BE TAPPED.



WITH FIRE HE WILL MELT
THE GLEAM LIKE TALLOW
AND SHAPE IT CUNNINGLY.

THE GLEAMING ROCK
IS KEY. HE WILL CRUSH
IT. HE WILL SMASH IT.



THE FIRE WILL MAKE
THE TOOLS. THE
TOOLS WILL MAKE
THE FUTURE.

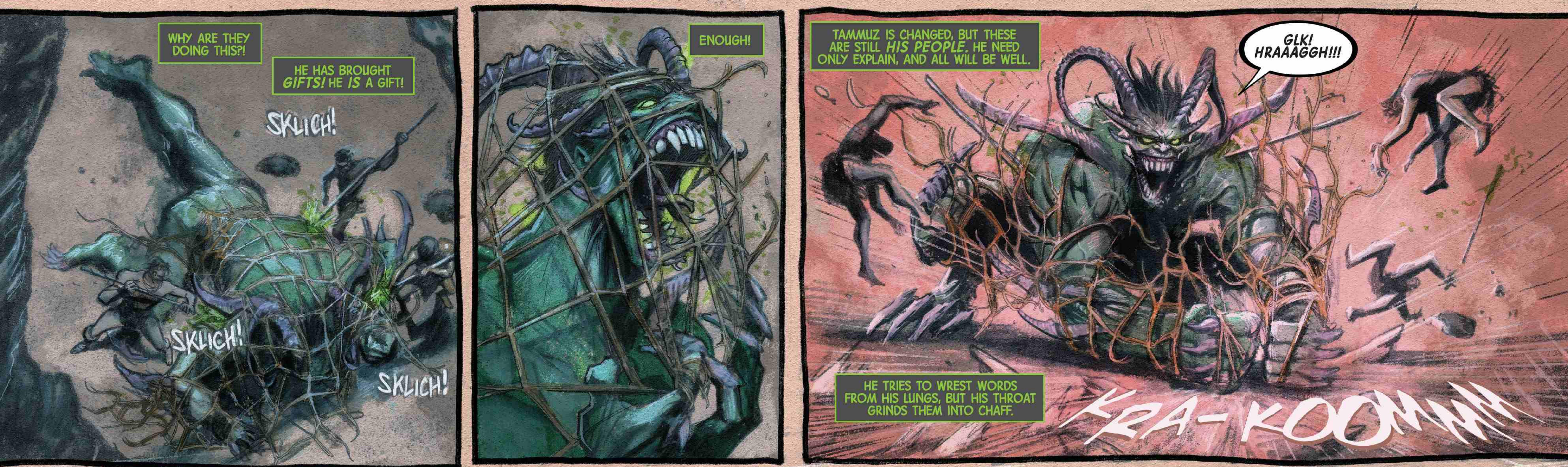
AND OF COURSE,
THERE'S THE POWER.
TORRENTS OF IT.
ENOUGH TO BREAK
WORLDS.

BUT LIKE THE STREAMS
UNDERGROUND
THAT FLOW WITHOUT
SURCEASE, IT IS TOO
CLEAN AND TOO PURE
TO BE DANGEROUS.

HE WILL SHARE THIS
POWER WITH HIS VILLAGE--
WITH ALL THE VILLAGES.
FROM THE SHELL PEOPLE
OF THE WEST TO THE BONE
TALKERS OF THE EAST.

HE WILL CARRY
THEM ALL INTO
TOMORROW--
ON HIS BACK
IF NEED BE.

THEY NEED A
LEADER. IF
ONLY FOR A
LITTLE WHILE.



WH...
WHERE AM
I?

YOU BEAR MY MARK

NO.

THERE WAS
ANOTHER.

**I TURN MY FACE
TOWARD YOU**

THEY HAVE
ALL TURNED
THEIR FROM ME.
EVEN SHALIM.

I WOULD
HAVE GIVEN THEM
EVERYTHING.

I AM THE ONE BELOW ALL

**WITH THESE HANDS I BREAK
WITH THIS MOUTH I HOWL**

BREAK.
YES, I THINK
I WOULD LIKE TO
BREAK THINGS
NOW.

I WOULD
LIKE THAT VERY
MUCH.

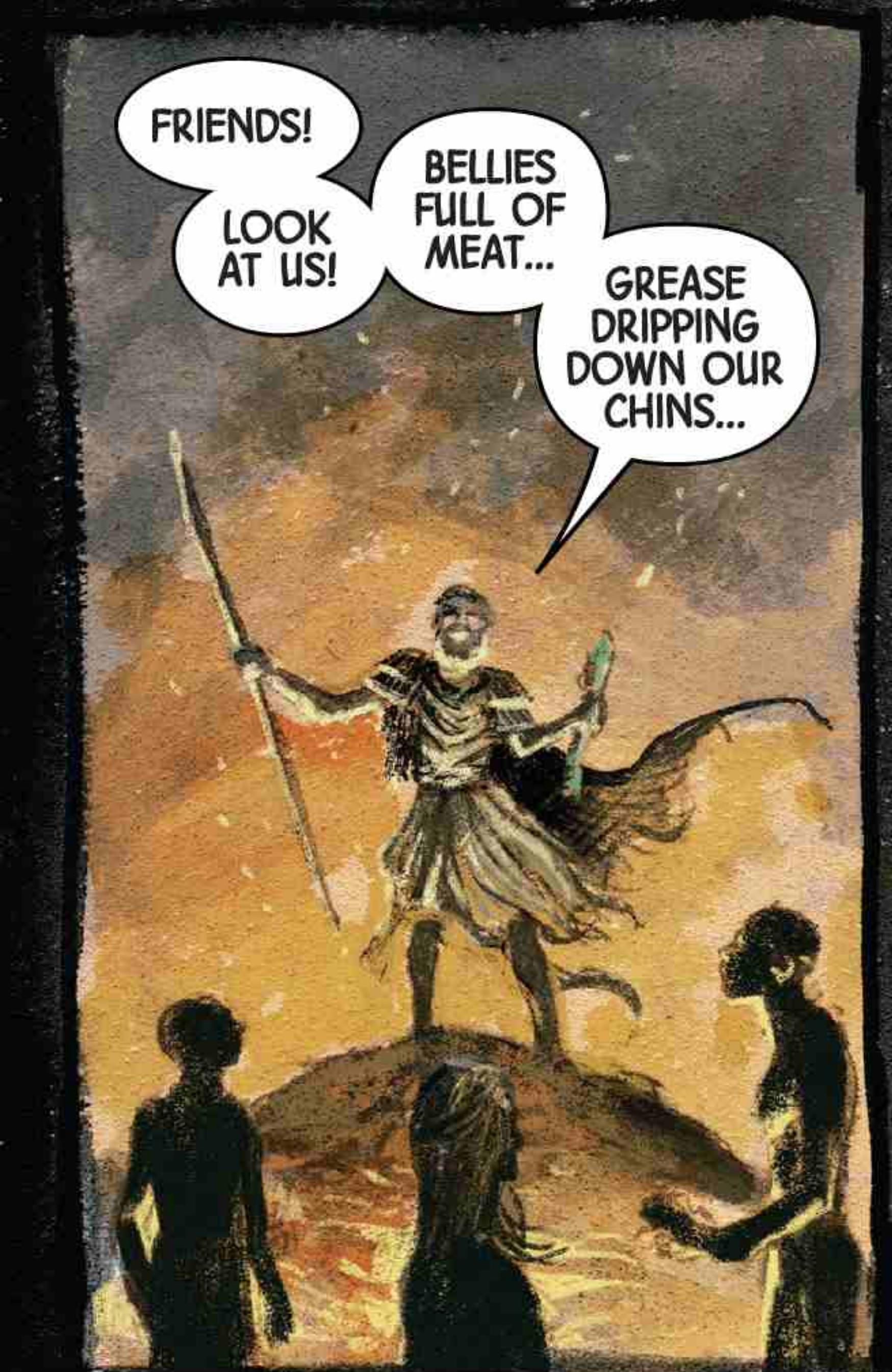
MY WEAPON IS HATE

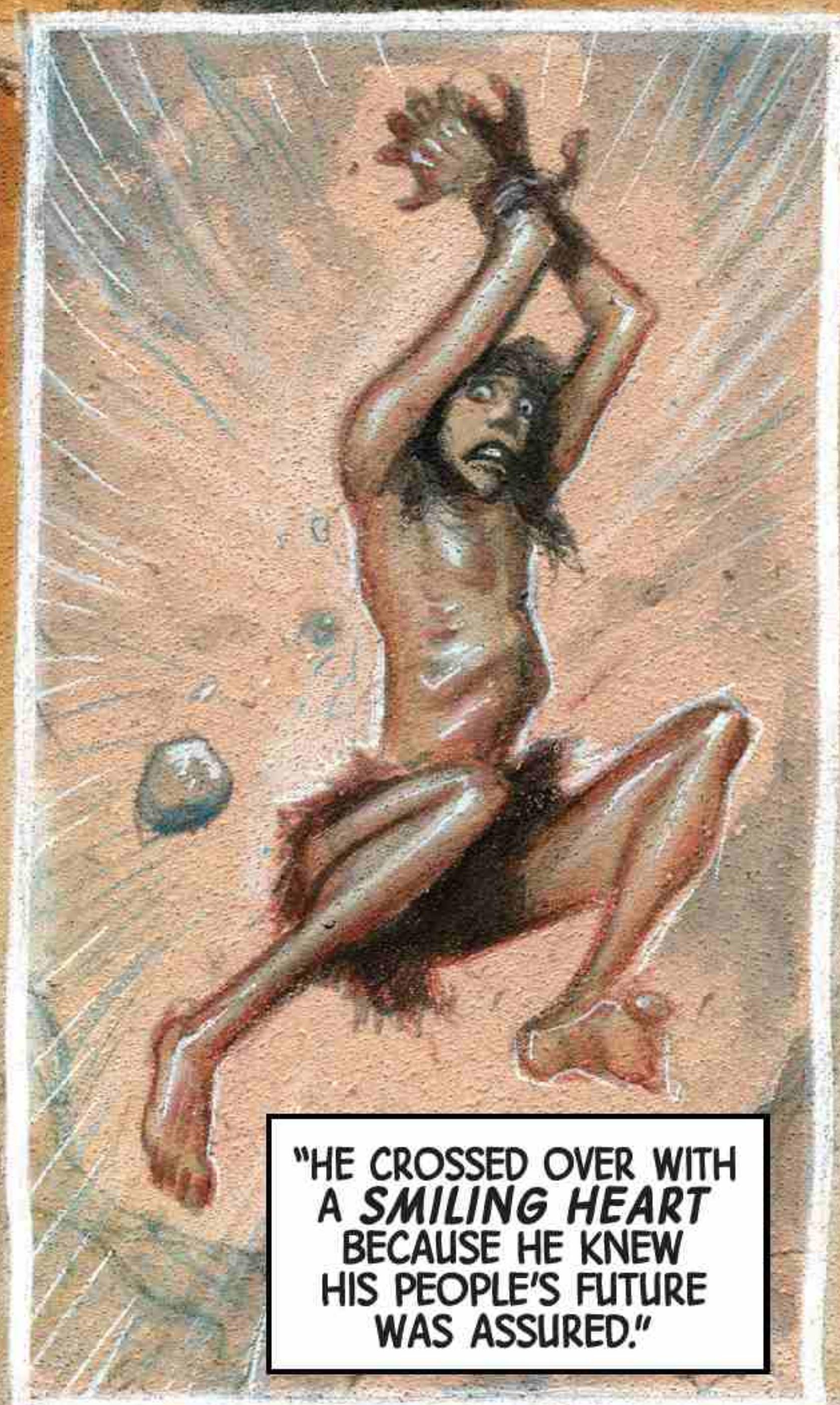
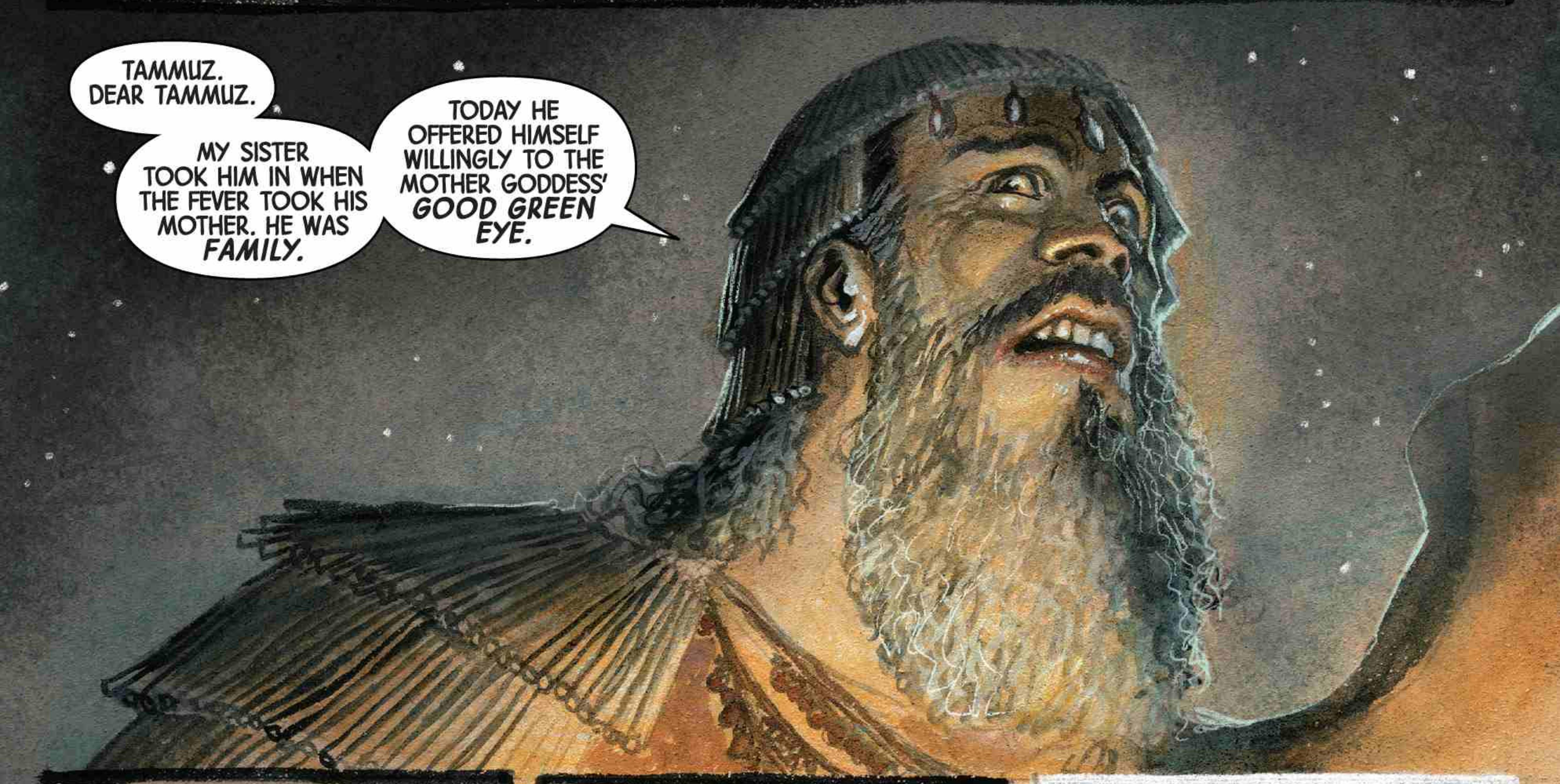
GOOD.

AS IS
MINE.



IT'S LIVER,
SHALIM! LOOK
AT IT!







THERE HAS BEEN SOME TALK--ESPECIALLY AMONG THE YOUNG--OF ABANDONING OUR LANDS...

OF FORAGING IN THE WETLANDS LIKE OUR HALF-WILD ANCESTORS.

BUT LOOK! THIS MEAT IS A BOON FROM THE MOTHER GODDESS HERSELF!

IT IS PROOF THAT WE CAN KEEP FAITH WITH OUR WAYS AND STILL HAVE ALL WE NEED!

TAMMUZ HAS SHOWN US THE PRICE THE EYE DEMANDS. IT IS THE PRICE OF CIVILIZATION.

BUT WE NEED NOT PAY IT OURSELVES!

TOMORROW I WILL TAKE A HUNTING PARTY TO THE VILLAGE OF THE BONE TALKERS.



FATHER...



WE WILL--NN!--SURPRISE THEM. WE WILL SUBDUE THEM, AND WE WILL OFFER THEM UP TO THE GOOD GREEN EYE.



AND WE WILL BE MADE WHOLE.

A-DAD!
A-DAD!
A-DAD!

FATHER, ITS EYE!

WAIT.
I FEEL...
GLKKK!!!

THE FIRE
GUTTERS.

ADAD,
WHAT IS--
HALCCHH!!!

THE CHEERING
STOPS.

THERE IS RIPPING.
THERE IS PAIN. THE
FEAST IS OVER.

GOOD. PERHAPS
NOW THEY WILL
UNDERSTAND.

THE GREEN
DOOR OPENS
LIKE A FLOWER.

NO!

HE IS
RETURNED.



WITH A THOUGHT, HE SUMMONS HIMSELF TO HIMSELF...AND SMILES.

THE POWER FEELS DIFFERENT THIS TIME. IT IS NOT MEANT FOR BUILDING.

HIS GOOD GREEN EYE WIDENS, DRINKING IN EVERY DELECTABLE TWITCH AND SHUDDER OF HIS MURDERERS' BODIES...

...UNTIL ONLY ONE REMAINS.



I...I DIDN'T KNOW, TAMMUZ! I SWEAR!

TAMMUZ KNOWS HE COULD
SPEAK NOW IF HE WISHED--
SHAPE THE ROCKSLIDE
IN HIS CHEST INTO WORDS.

SPEAK THE WHY
OF IT. TEACH THE
LESSON OF IT.

HE COULD STILL LEAVE WITH
SHALIM AS THEY PLANNED.
EVEN NOW--EVEN AFTER THE
SCREAMS AND THE RENDING--
IT MIGHT NOT BE TOO LATE.

THEY COULD STILL
FIND THAT BETTER
PLACE IN HIS MIND.

HE COULD
STOP.

HE COULD
STOP MAKING
THEM PAY.

IF HE
WISHED.

SHLUKK

BUT THERE IS A
VOICE OF GREEN
FIRE IN HIS HEAD,
FROM A PLACE
BELOW ALL PLACES.

A VOICE THAT
SAYS "NEVER."

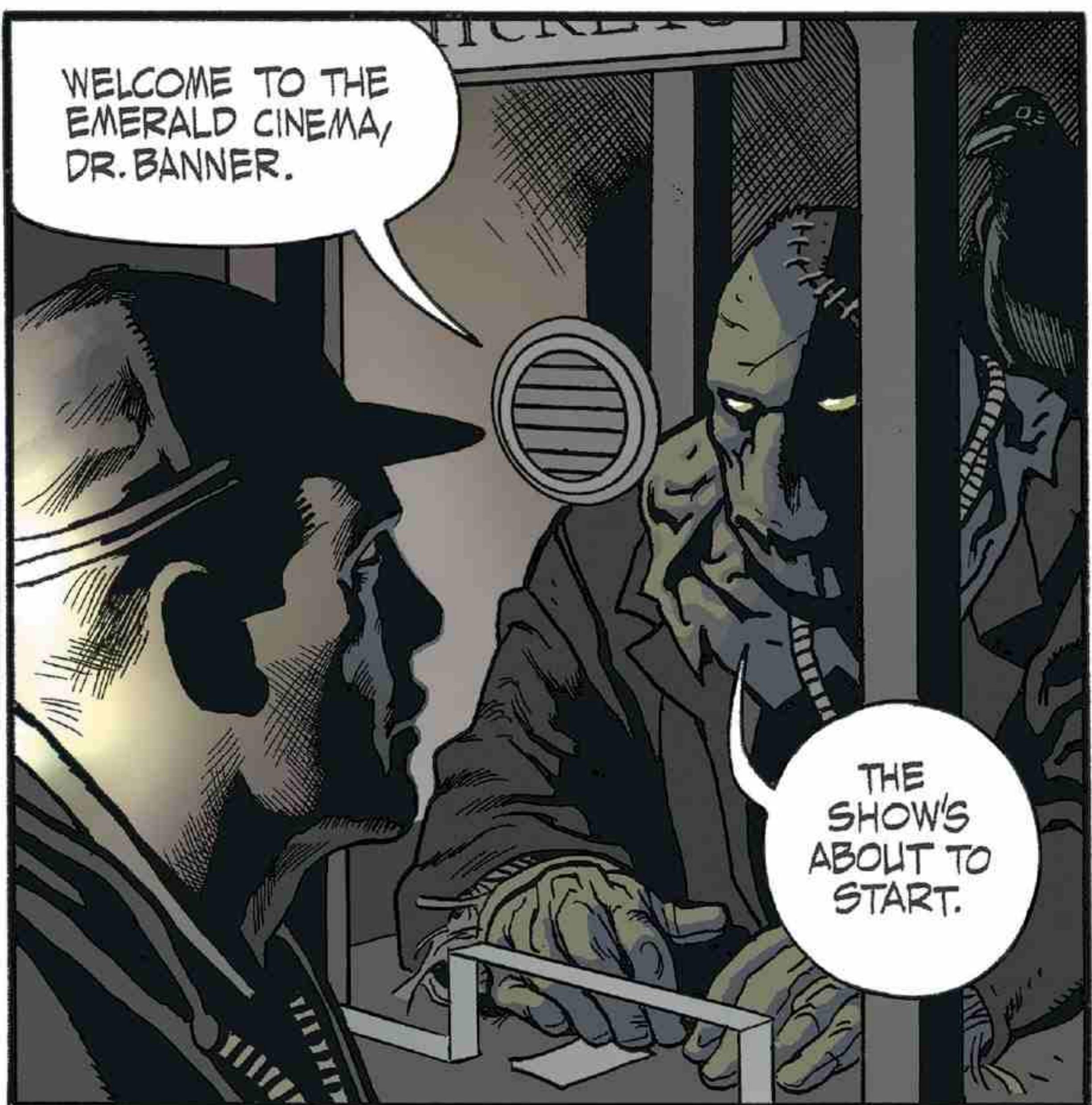
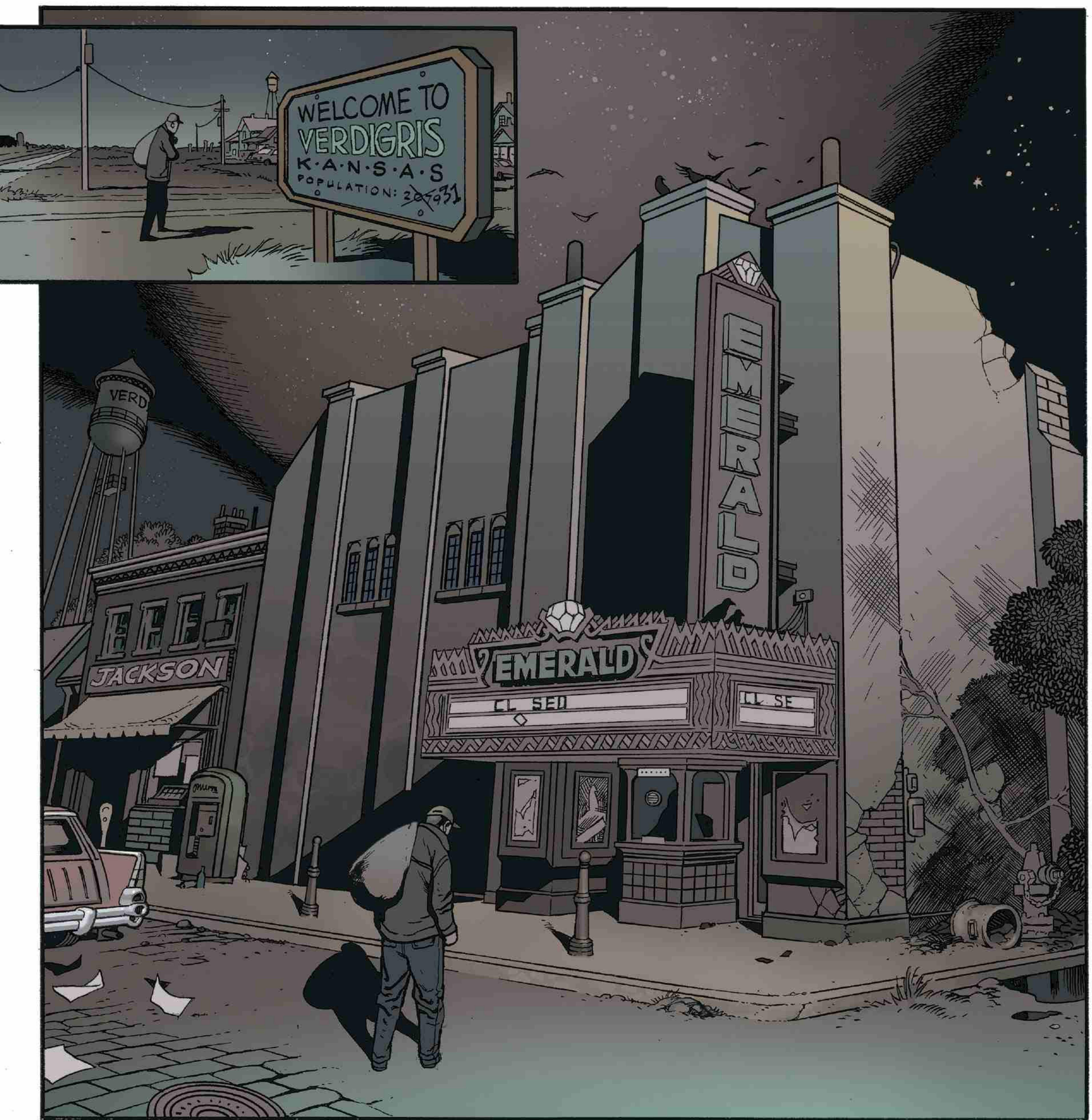


AND WHEN TAMMUZ
FINALLY LEAVES THE
VILLAGE...

...HE LEAVES
ALONE.

TIME OF MONSTERS

ALEX PAKNADEL & AL EWING STORY ALEX PAKNADEL SCRIPT JUAN FERREYRA ART & COVER VC'S CORY PETIT LETTERER
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IS THIS RIGHT? I WAS
JUST PASSING THROUGH...

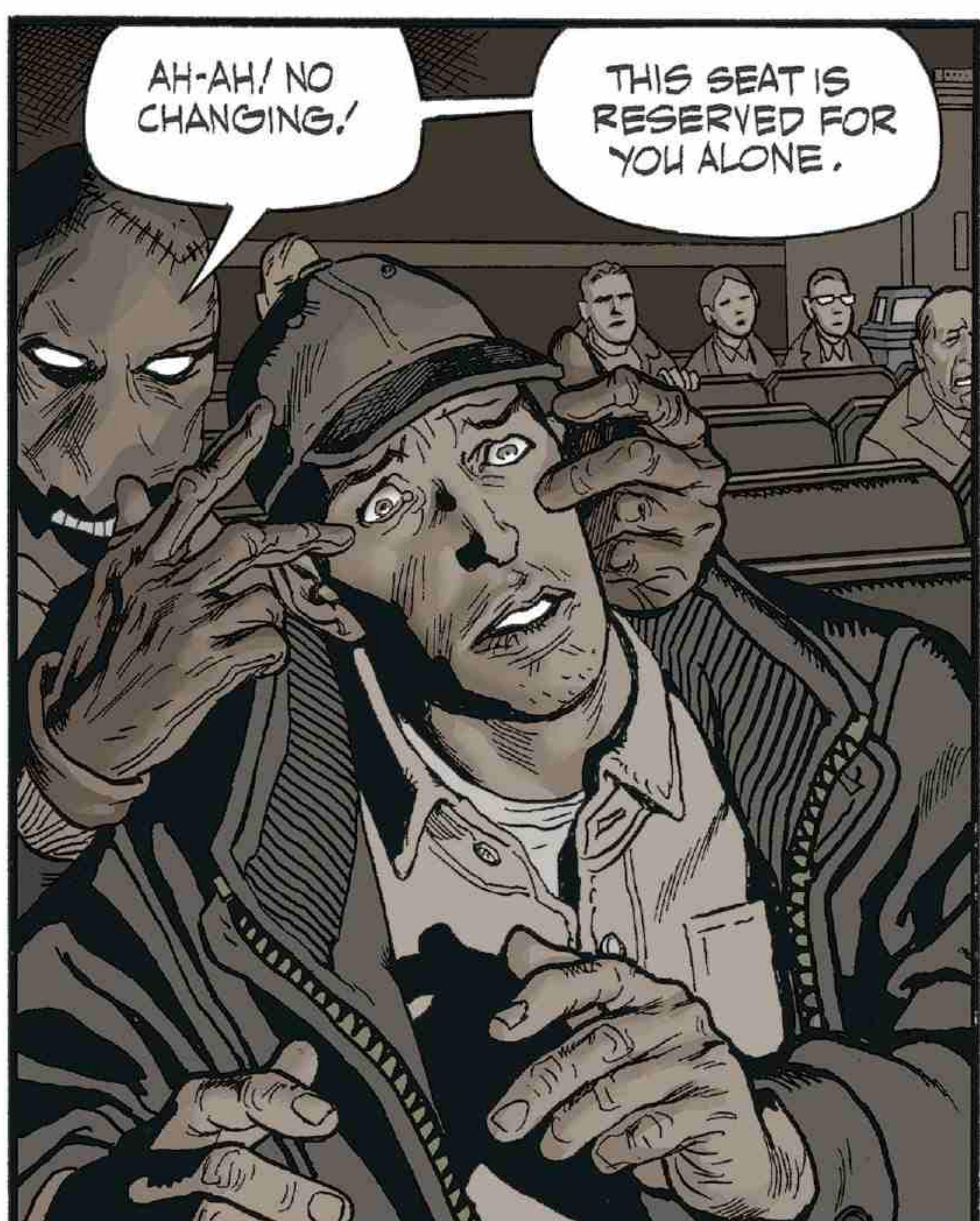
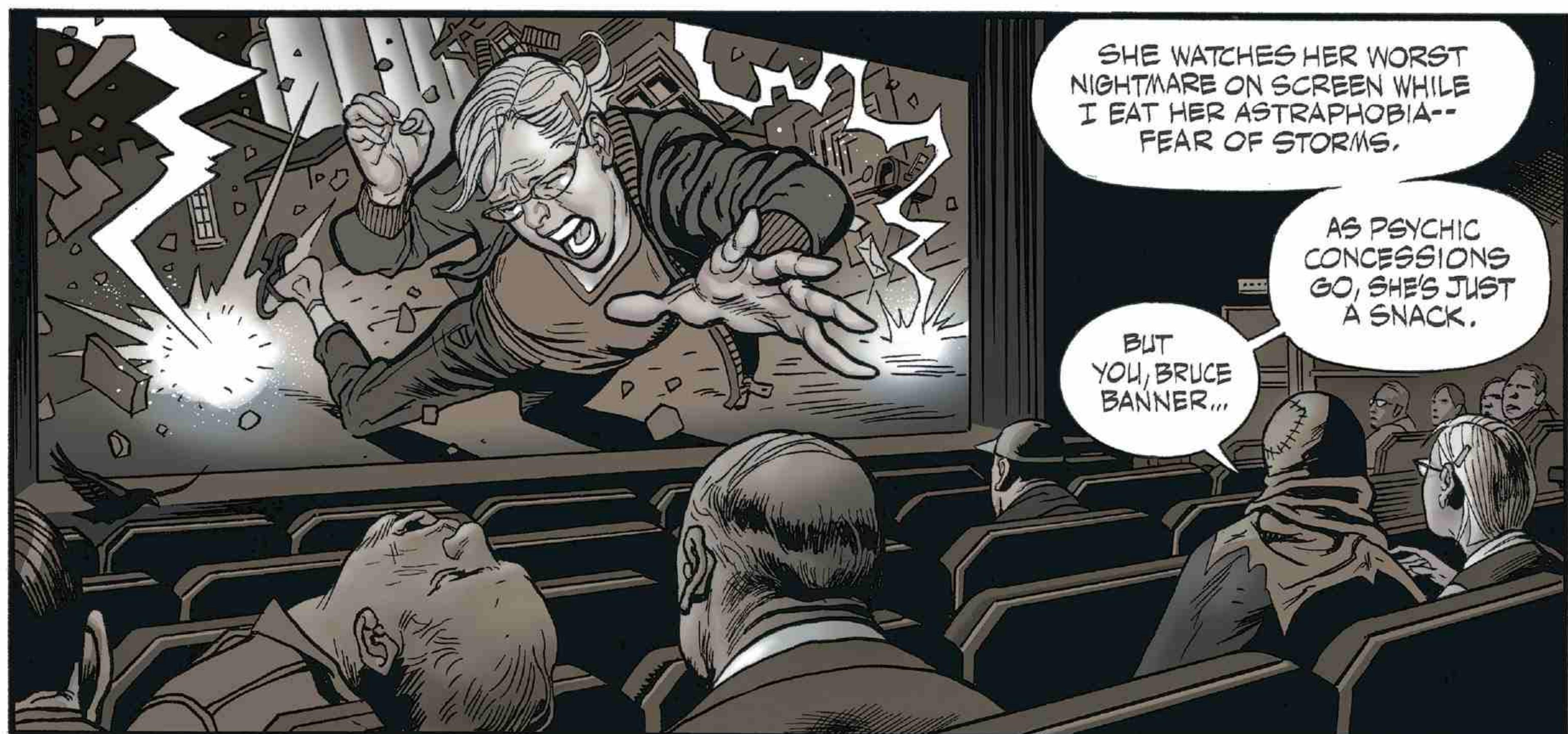
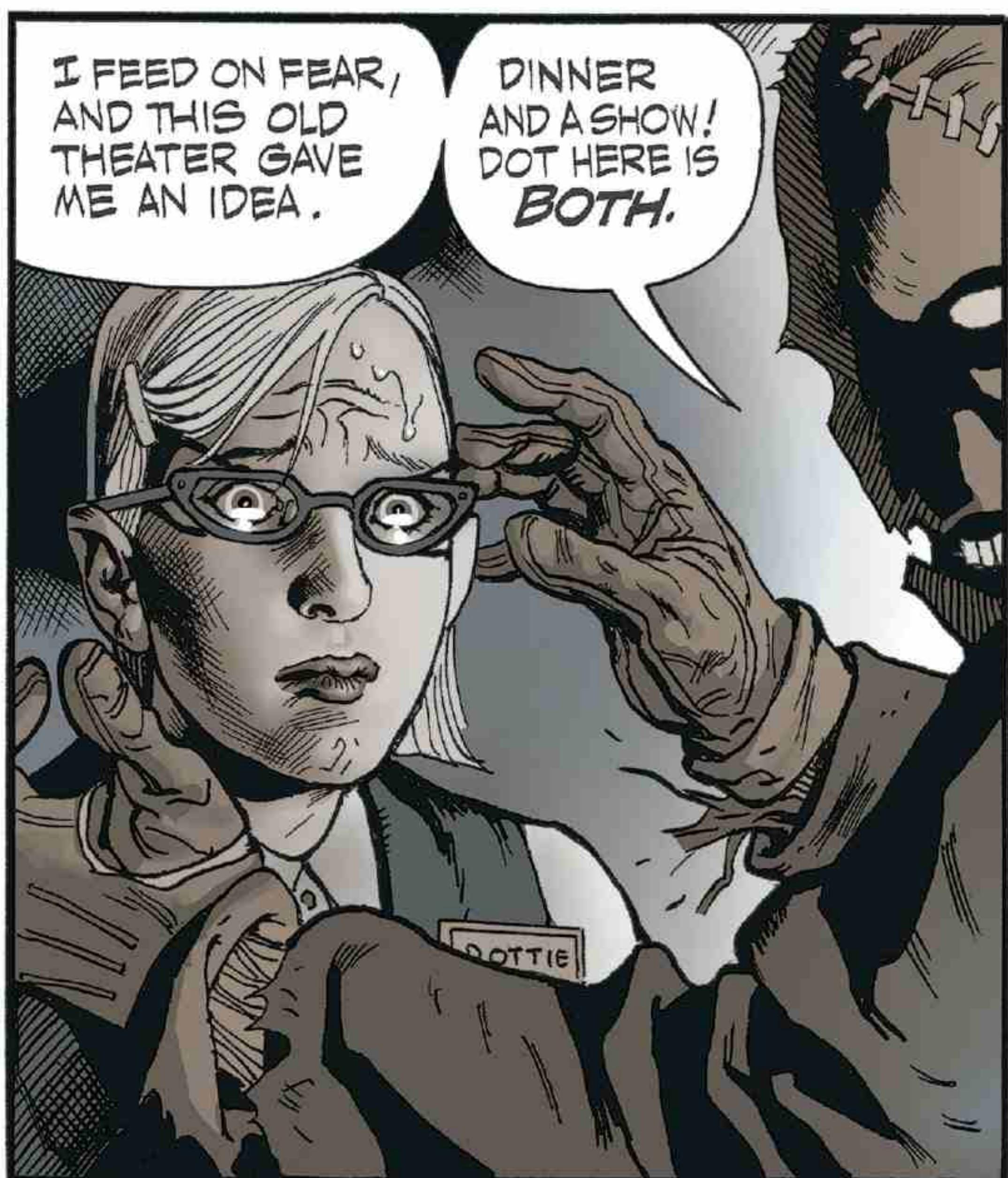
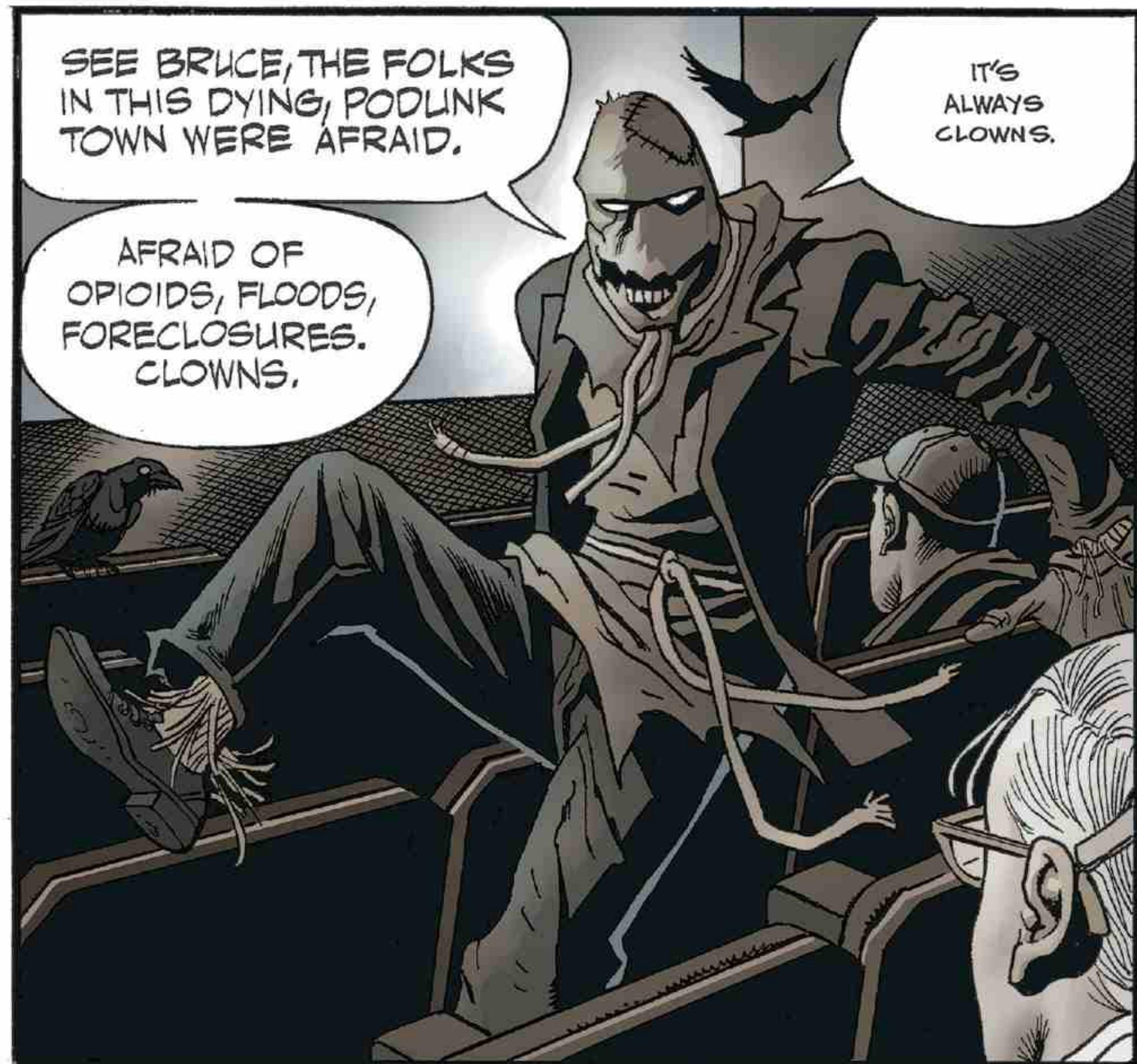
BUT I
REMEMBER
REPORTS OF
MISSING
PEOPLE...

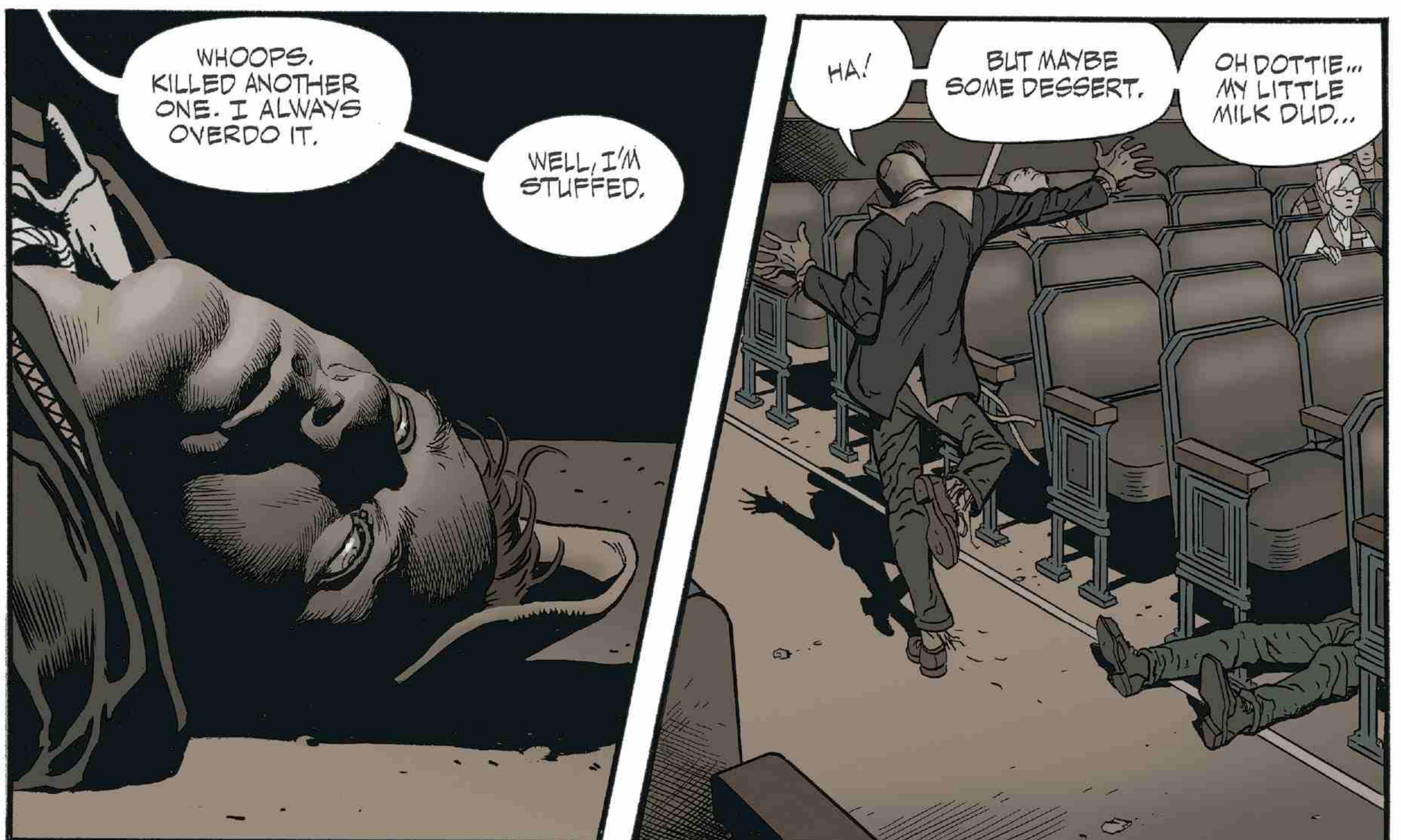
WHY,
THEY'RE ALL
HERE!

NOTHING PACKS THE
HOUSE LIKE MASS
HYPNOSIS.

IT'S THE
HOTTEST TICKET
IN TOWN, BUT
DON'T WORRY...

...I
SAVED
YOU A
SEAT.





SCARED
TO DEATH.

THAT WAS PUNY EVEN
FOR BANNER.

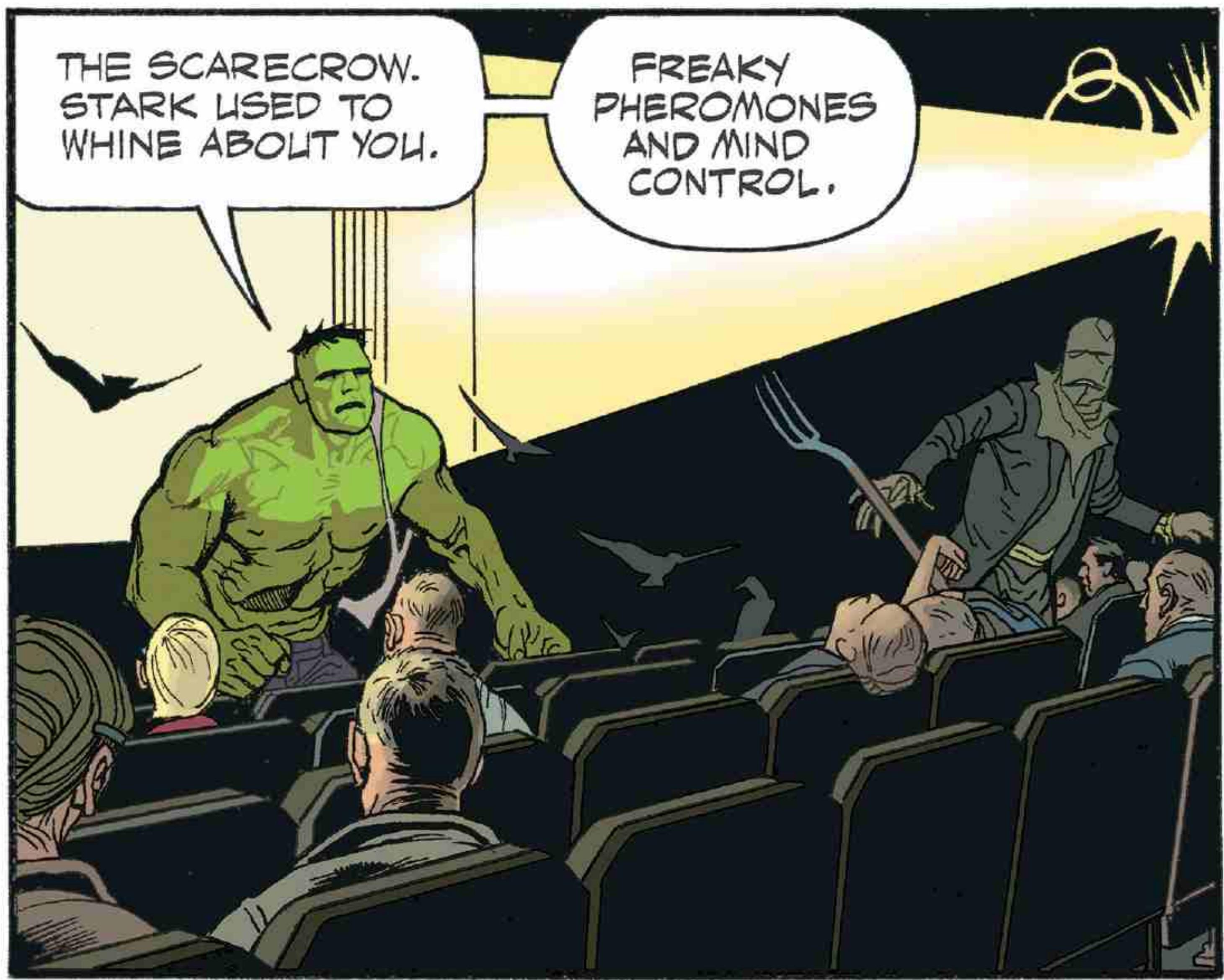
RRRIII PPPP

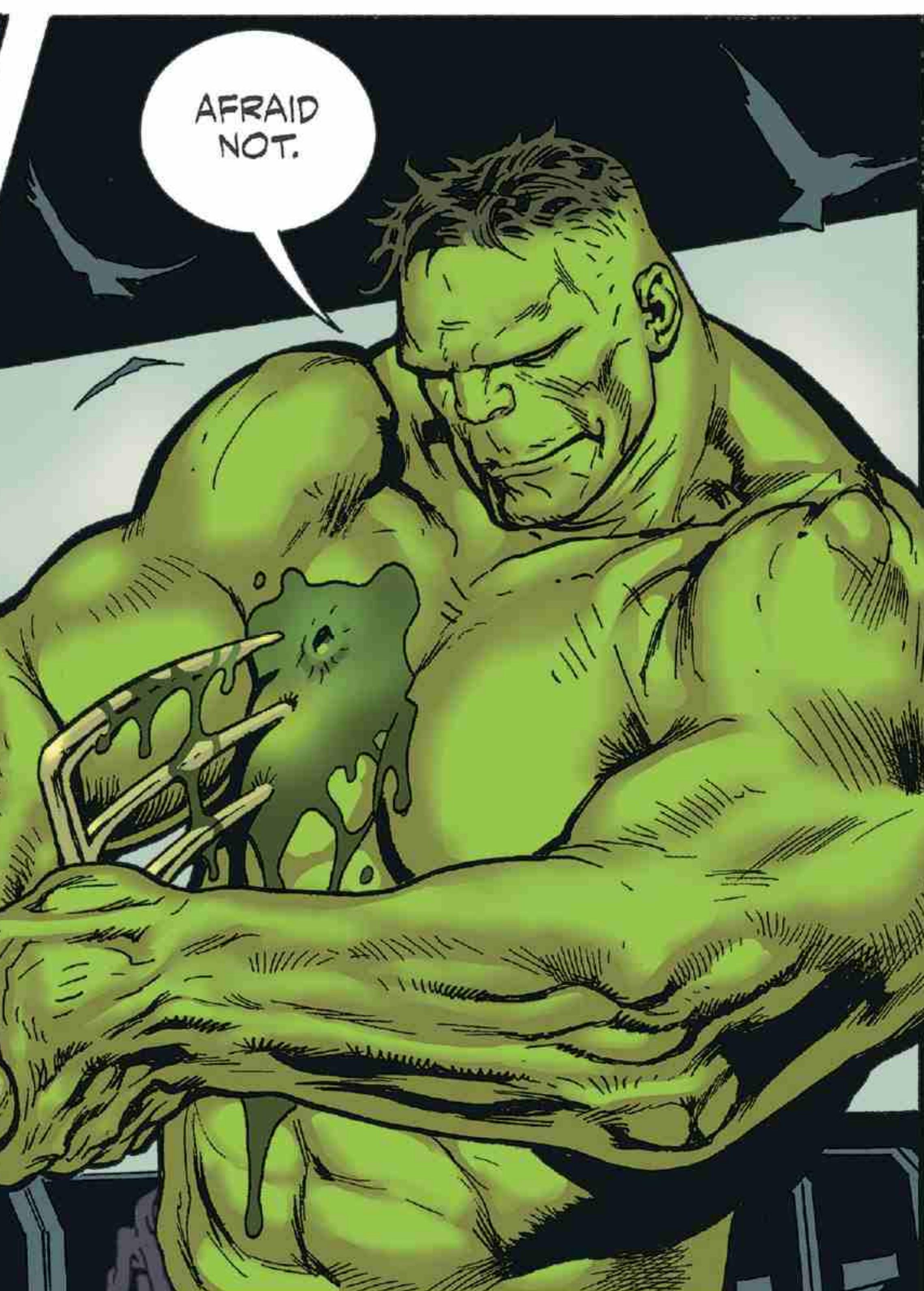
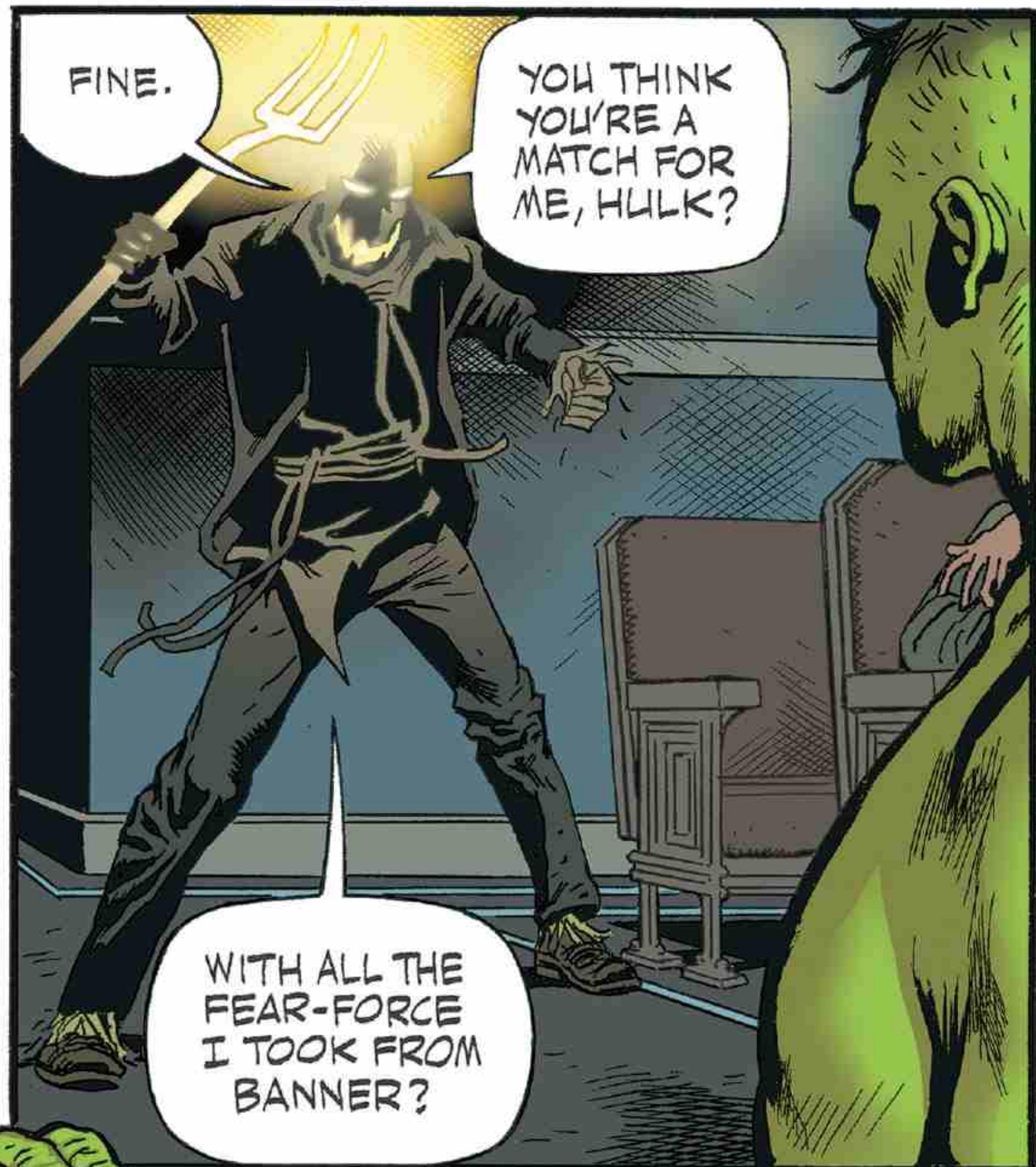
WHAT?

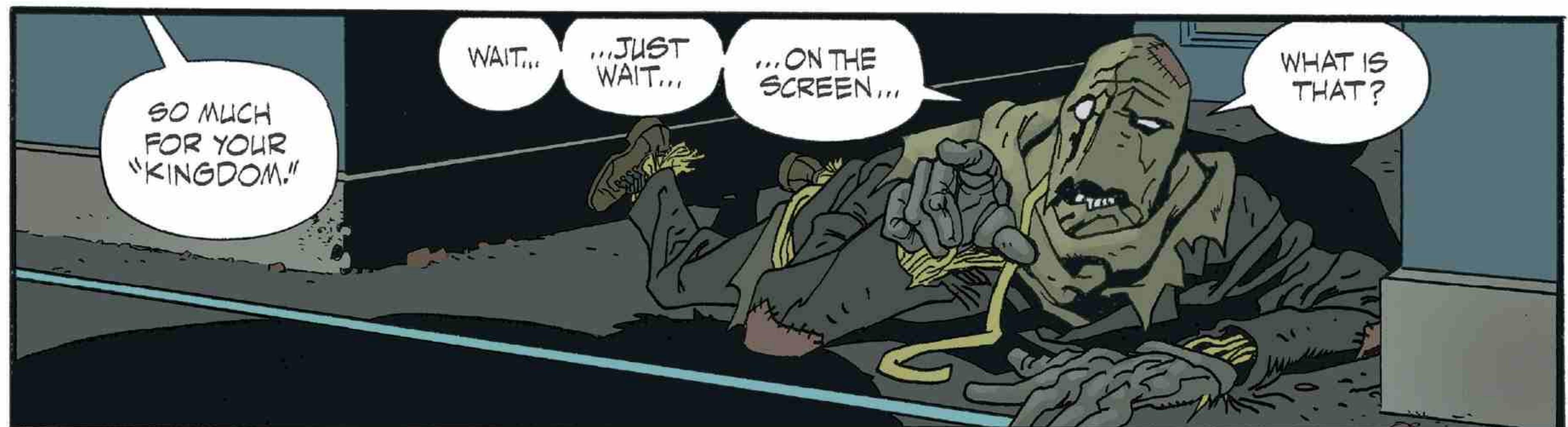
NO.

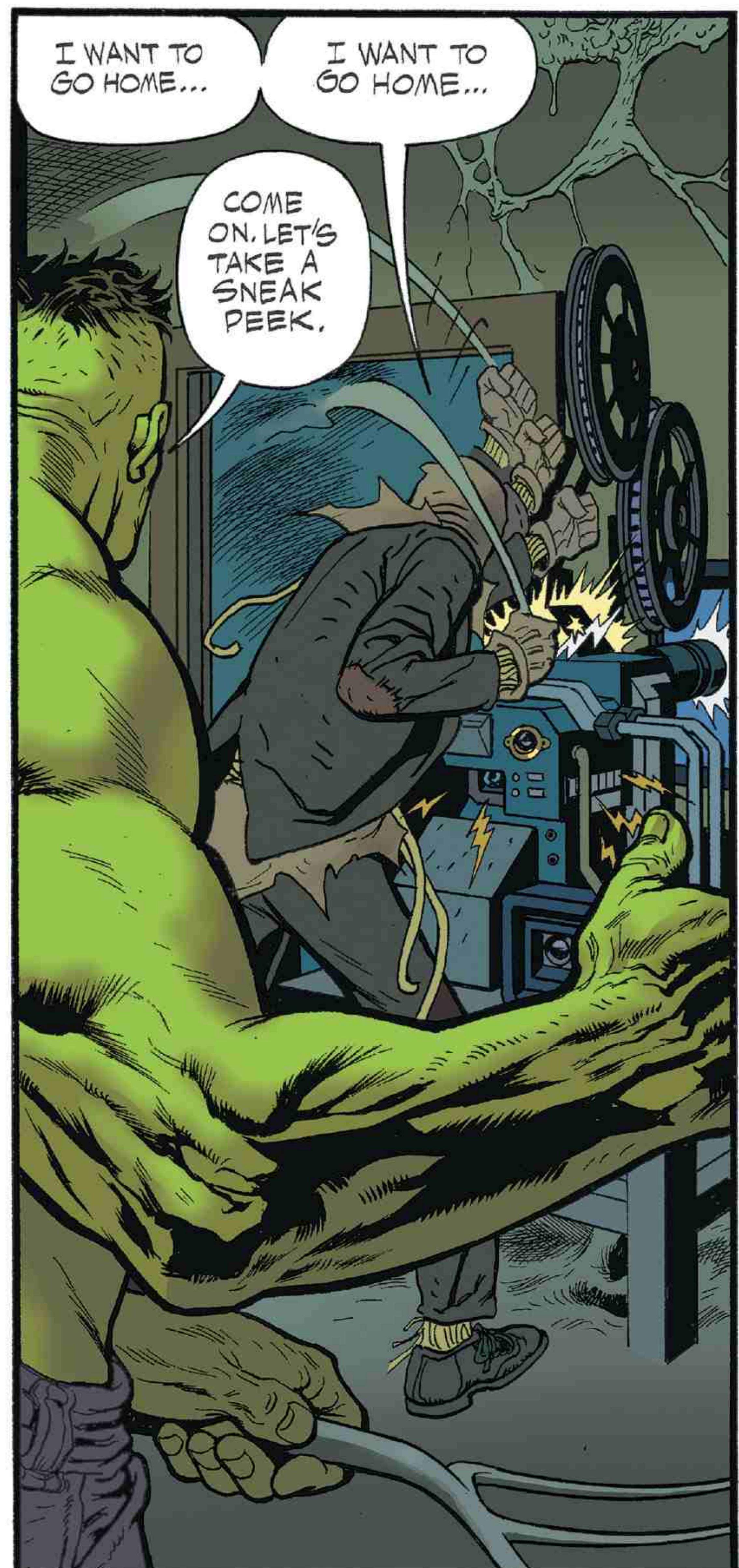
IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!

DON'T YOU
LOVE A GOOD
TWIST?











A Little Fire

DAVID VAUGHAN *writer* • KEVIN NOWLAN *artist, colorist, letterer*
WIL MOSS & SARAH BRUNSTAD *editors* • TOM BREVOORT *executive editor*
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ISSUE #47



GREEN GIANT



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BUY IT!