

**DEEP SPACE.**

**A VINE INVASION FLEET  
ROCKETS TOWARD EARTH.**



**ABOARD THE  
COLONY SHIP.**

...PLEASE...

KILL  
ME...







NO!  
NO MORE!

# PRELUDE TO PLANET DEATH

Part One of Two

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AAAIIIGHHH!



<BIOLOGICS ARE STABLE. YOU CAN BEGIN, ADMIRAL XYLEM.>  
<AT LAST.>



<WHO IS ARIC OF DACIA? TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW!>

<ANSWER!>

OH, GOD! I UNDERSTAND YOU! WHAT HAVE YOU ~~SHUNGE~~ DONE TO ME? LET ME DIE!



NNNGAHHH!

<YOU ARE HIS COUNTRYMAN! YOU HELPED HIM ESCAPE!>

<YOU WILL TELL ME ABOUT HIM!>



<HOW DID HE ACTIVATE THE X-O MANOWAR ARMOR?>

<SPEAK!>

ARIC... WHY WOULD...?





<KEEP THE SLAVE CONSCIOUS, DOCTOR.>

<PAIN ONLY SERVES ITS PURPOSE IF HE IS AWAKE TO FEEL IT.>

<ADMIRAL-->



<--THE PRIEST IS HERE.>

<I SHOULD CHAIN THE PEST INSIDE HIS TEMPLE.>

<SHOW HIM IN.>



<ADMIRAL XYLEM-->

<I HAVE SEEN THE STRIKE TEAM'S PREPARATIONS. THEY INTEND TO DESTROY THE SACRED ARMOR OF SHANHARA.>

<THIS MADNESS... IT BORDERS ON BLASPHEMY!>

<FOR A PRIEST, YOU HAVE A HIGH OPINION OF YOUR TACTICAL UNDERSTANDING.>



<COMMANDER TRILL IS UNSTABLE! ORDER HIM AND HIS X-O COMMANDOS NOT TO HARM THE ARMOR.>

<YOU OVERESTIMATE MY AUTHORITY.>

<IT WAS THE COUNCIL WHO ORDERED THIS COURSE OF ACTION.>

<TRILL IS TO DO WHATEVER IS NECESSARY TO ENSURE THE MANOWAR ARMOR NO LONGER REMAINS AT THE HUMAN'S COMMAND.>



<ADMIRAL, I IMPORE YOU... WITHOUT SHANHARA, OUR PEOPLE ARE LOST.>



<THE ANIMAL HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS.>

...UWIGH...

<I HAVE NO TIME FOR ONE OF YOUR SERMONS, PRIEST.>

<THERE IS AN INVASION TO PLAN.>



<BEG THE COUNCIL TO RECONSIDER.>

<THE MILITARY AND THE CLERGY DO NOT ALWAYS AGREE, BUT IN THIS, YOU KNOW I AM RIGHT.>

<IF YOU THINK THE COUNCIL CAN BE SWAYED, I INVITE YOU TO TRY.>

<IN PERSON.>



"<THERE IS A  
TRANSPORT  
LEAVING FOR  
LOAM. YOU AND  
YOUR PRIESTS  
WILL BE ON IT.>"

<IT IS  
TIME TO  
DEPART.>

<WHY ARE  
WE LEAVING,  
HIGH  
PRIEST?>

<WE ARE  
GOING HOME,  
WHERE OUR  
TEACHINGS MAY  
YET SAVE OUR  
PEOPLE FROM  
RUIN.>

<BUT WE TOOK  
A VOW TO NEVER  
RETURN. OUR CALLING  
IS TO SPREAD OUR  
TEACHINGS AMONG  
THE STARS.>

<THIS IS  
A DARK TIME,  
BROTHER-->

<--AND IN  
DARK TIMES,  
SOME EMBRACE  
FAITH...WHILE  
OTHERS  
SHUN IT.>

<PRAY, PRAY  
WE CAN CONVINCE  
OUR LEADERS TO DO  
THE FORMER.>

"<AND PRAY  
THERE IS  
STILL TIME.>"





MANHATTAN.

HEADQUARTERS OF ORB INDUSTRIES.

NOW.

<EVEN, WE ARE LIKE BROTHERS. HELP ME.>



<THE COUNCIL HAS BANISHED ME FROM THE COLLECTIVE, BUT YOU CAN STILL ACCESS IT.>

<TELL ME THEIR PLANS. FIND OUT WHEN THE INVASION WILL BEGIN.>

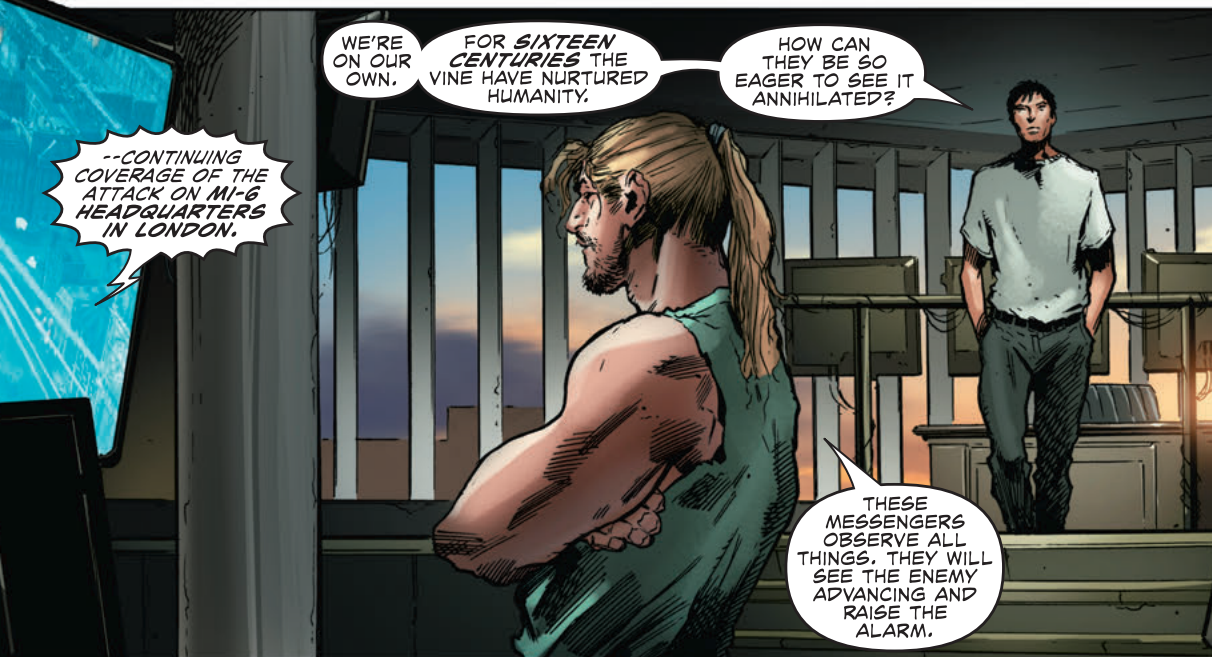
<YOU CHOSE YOUR SIDE, ALEXANDER.>

<YOU COULD HAVE HELPED US TAKE BACK THE ARMOR, BUT INSTEAD YOU PROTECT THE VISIGOTH.>



<NOW YOU WILL DIE WITH THE REST OF THIS WRETCHED PLANET.>

click



WE'RE ON OUR OWN.

FOR SIXTEEN CENTURIES THE VINE HAVE NURTURED HUMANITY.

HOW CAN THEY BE SO EAGER TO SEE IT ANNIHILATED?

THESE MESSENGERS OBSERVE ALL THINGS. THEY WILL SEE THE ENEMY ADVANCING AND RAISE THE ALARM.

--CONTINUING COVERAGE OF THE ATTACK ON MI-6 HEADQUARTERS IN LONDON.