



Ivar Anni-Padda, the eldest of an ancient clan of legendary adventurers, has spent his life tracking time arcs – portals that allow him to travel to different periods in Earth's history. He is brilliant, cunning, charming, and more than a little devious. He is...

Ivar, Timewalker

The story so far...

Dr. Neela Sethi was about to discover time travel, when Ivar popped into her life with a dire warning.

She was targeted for death by the Prometheans, a group of cyber-drones from the fifth dimension!



They traveled back to World War I, where a time-hopping prankster called the Lurker stole Ivar's Tachyon Compass, the device he needs to track time arcs and travel through history.

They chased the Lurker all the way to World War II, where they were captured by Nazi soldiers...and Neela found a familiar face!



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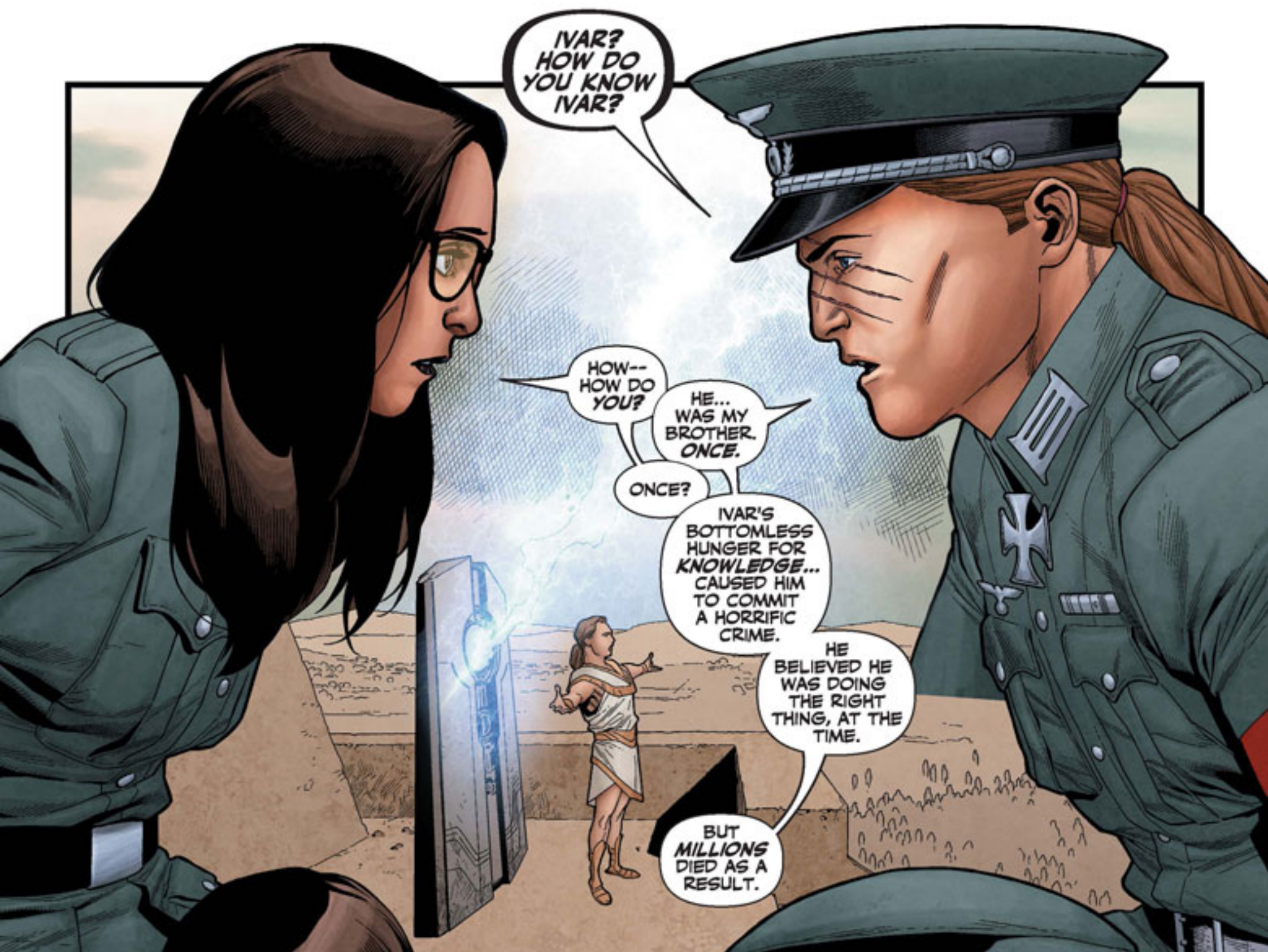
Jason Kothari
Vice Chairman

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First Printing

Writer **FRED VAN LENTE**
Pencils **CLAYTON HENRY**
Inks **CLAYTON HENRY & BIT**
Colors **BRIAN REBER & ANDREW DALHOUSE**
Letters **DAVE SHARPE**
Cover Art **RAUL ALLEN**
Variant Cover Art **BRIAN LEVEL,**
RAMON VILLALOBOS & DAVID BARON
and **MICHAEL WALSH**
Editor **TOM BRENNAN**
Editor-in-Chief **WARREN SIMONS**

A stylized, high-contrast black and white logo. The word "FARCE" is written in a bold, blocky, sans-serif font. The letter "F" is replaced by a graphic of a mask, possibly a clown or a character mask, with large eyes and a wide, open mouth. The entire logo is set against a white background.





IVAR?
HOW DO
YOU KNOW
IVAR?

HOW--
HOW DO
YOU?

HE...
WAS MY
BROTHER.
ONCE.

ONCE?

IVAR'S
BOTTOMLESS
HUNGER FOR
KNOWLEDGE...
CAUSED HIM
TO COMMIT
A HORRIFIC
CRIME.

HE
BELIEVED HE
WAS DOING
THE RIGHT
THING, AT THE
TIME.

BUT
MILLIONS
DIED AS A
RESULT.



IS
THAT...

...HOW YOU
GOT THOSE
SCARS?



NO.



NOW IF
I FREE YOU, YOU
MUST **ANSWER** ME.
HOW DO YOU KNOW
IVAR? HAVE YOU
COME ACROSS HIM
IN YOUR "TIME
TRAVELS"?

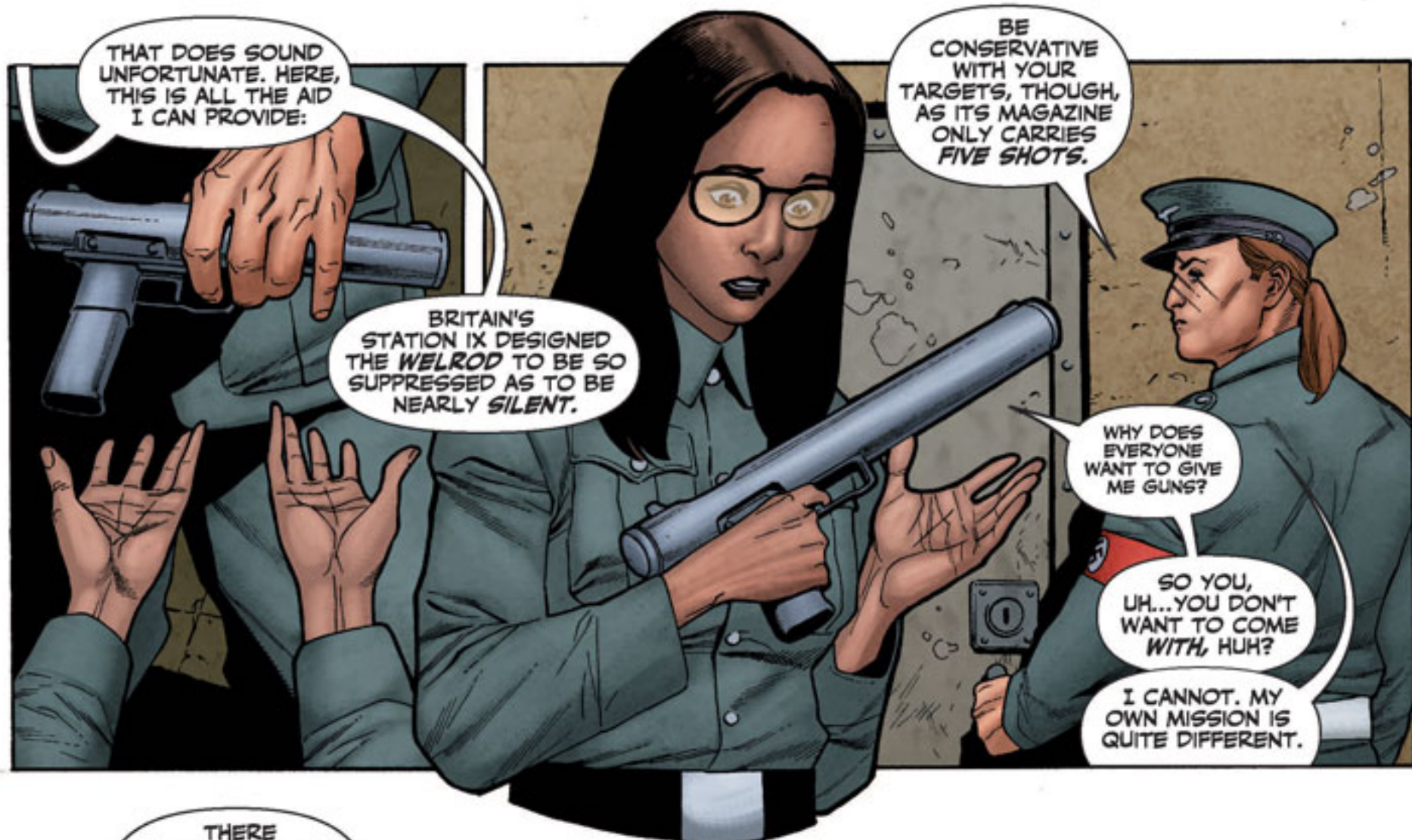
YEAH.
I MEAN--I'VE,
UH, BEEN USING
HIS **TACHYON**
COMPASS TO HOP
FROM PERIOD
TO PERIOD.

BUT THIS
"LURKER" A-HOLE
FROM THE **FUTURE**
STOLE IT AND IF
I CAN'T FIND HIM
HERE--



THAT
IS A VERY
CONFUSING
TALE.

DUDE. TRY
LIVING IT.



THAT DOES SOUND UNFORTUNATE. HERE, THIS IS ALL THE AID I CAN PROVIDE:

BRITAIN'S STATION IX DESIGNED THE *WELROD* TO BE SO SUPPRESSED AS TO BE NEARLY *SILENT*.

BE CONSERVATIVE WITH YOUR TARGETS, THOUGH, AS ITS MAGAZINE ONLY CARRIES *FIVE SHOTS*.

WHY DOES EVERYONE WANT TO GIVE ME GUNS?

SO YOU, UH...YOU DON'T WANT TO COME WITH, HUH?

I CANNOT. MY OWN MISSION IS QUITE DIFFERENT.

THERE IS A THREAT TO THE WHOLE *PLANET* HERE, AND I HAVE INFILTRATED THE S.S. TO DEAL WITH IT.

YOU'RE HERE TO KILL HITLER *TOO*? GEEZ, FOR SOMETHING *IVAR* SAYS IS *IMPOSSIBLE*, EVERYBODY AND THEIR SISTER SEEMS TO BE TRYING IT...

NO. THE FÜHRER IS NOT MY MISSION.

WAIT--HE *ISN'T*? WELL WHY NOT? WHAT COULD BE WORSE THAN THAT?

DO YOU HOW MANY PEOPLE ADOLF HITLER HAS PERSONALLY KILLED? WITH HIS OWN TWO HANDS?

UH...

THE ANSWER TO THAT WOULD BE *ZERO*.

SHOP CLERKS AND BANK TELLERS AND SCHOOLTEACHERS HAVE DONE ALL THE KILLING OF HIS REGIME. NEIGHBORS, ONE-TIME *FRIENDS* OF THE VICTIMS.

HITLER IS HORRIBLE, BUT WE MAKE HIM A *SHIBBOLETH* TO ABSOLVE *OURSELVES* OF ANY WRONG-DOING.

WHAT TURNS A MAN INTO A MONSTER? YOU KNOW WHAT THE ANSWER TO THAT IS?

MONSTERS DO NOT *EXIST*. THERE IS ONLY *US*.

AND WE ALWAYS BELIEVE WE ARE DOING THE *RIGHT THING* AT THE TIME.

I SERVE
A *HIGHER*
PURPOSE THAN
YOUR *CARTOON*
MORALITY.

WAIT. HE'S
HERE.

NOT YET.
HE'S DUE TO
ARRIVE AT *NOON*
FOR A WAR
CONFERENCE---

NO, NO, NOT
HITLER, YOUR
BROTHER, IVAR.
THE S.S. HAS HIM.
DON'T YOU WANT
TO HELP ME GET
HIM BACK?

VERBOTEN!

PERHAPS.
AFTER MY DUTY
HERE HAS BEEN
DONE.

IF
THERE'S...
TIME.

DUDE!

DUDE,
THAT'S SO
COLD--