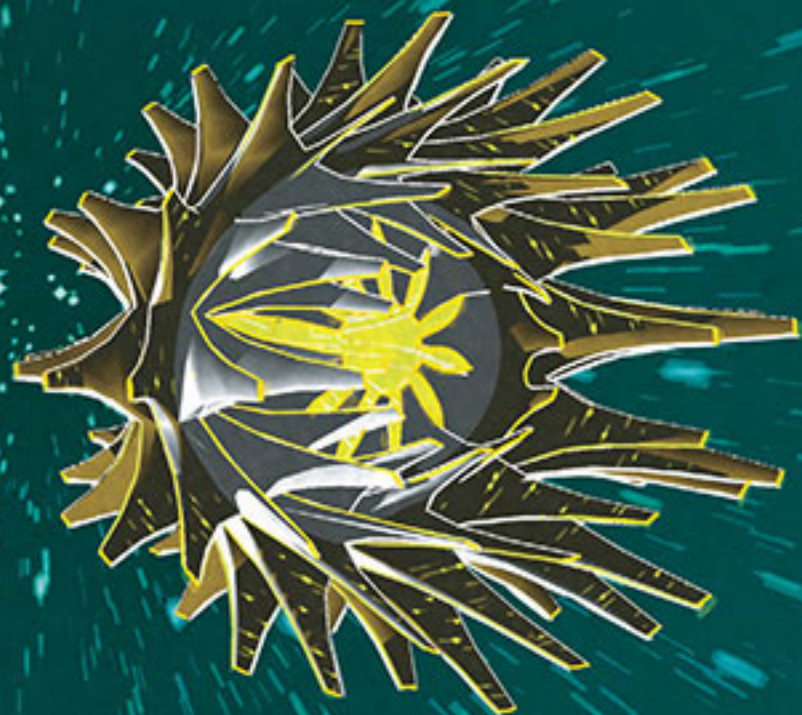


I'M RACING AWAY FROM EARTH. TRYING TO GET AS MUCH DISTANCE AS I CAN.



CURRENTLY ABOUT SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND MILES FROM PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA WHERE I WAS BORN.

I AM *THE* OMEGA.

AND I AM FLYING TO MY DEATH.



MY NAME IS *PETER* STANCHEK.



THERE ARE PEOPLE I WILL MISS, BUT I'M NOT SAD. IT'S PAST MY TIME. HAS BEEN FOR A WHILE NOW.



I NEVER EXPECTED TO LIVE SO LONG...I NEVER EXPECTED TO BE SO HAPPY IN THE END.

OR TO HAVE MY FIRST FRIENDS BY MY SIDE.

LET'S DO THIS!



BOOK OF DEATH™ the FALL of HARBINGER ENDINGS

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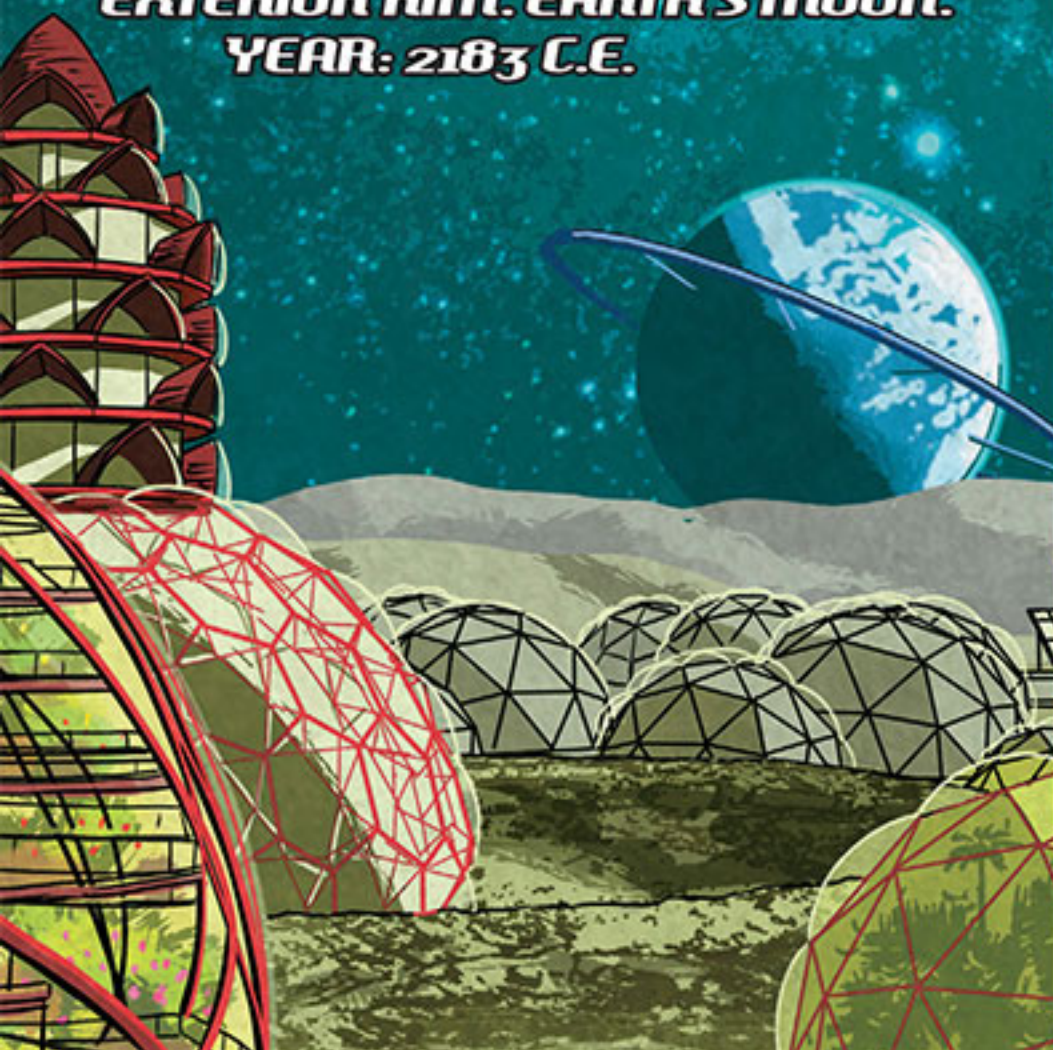
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FOURTEEN MONTHS EARLIER.
KEEPER BASE.
SHACKLETON CRATER.
EXTERIOR RIM. EARTH'S MOON.
YEAR: 2183 C.E.



CURTIS,
IT LOOKS LIKE
THE PRESSURE IS
BOTTOMING OUT
ON THE CATCHER
VAT. COULD IT
BE EMPTY?

NO REPORT
FROM THE NANO-
SWIMMERS. MAYBE
IT'S CLOGGED?



CURTIS
MAYFIELD!

COME!
QUICK!

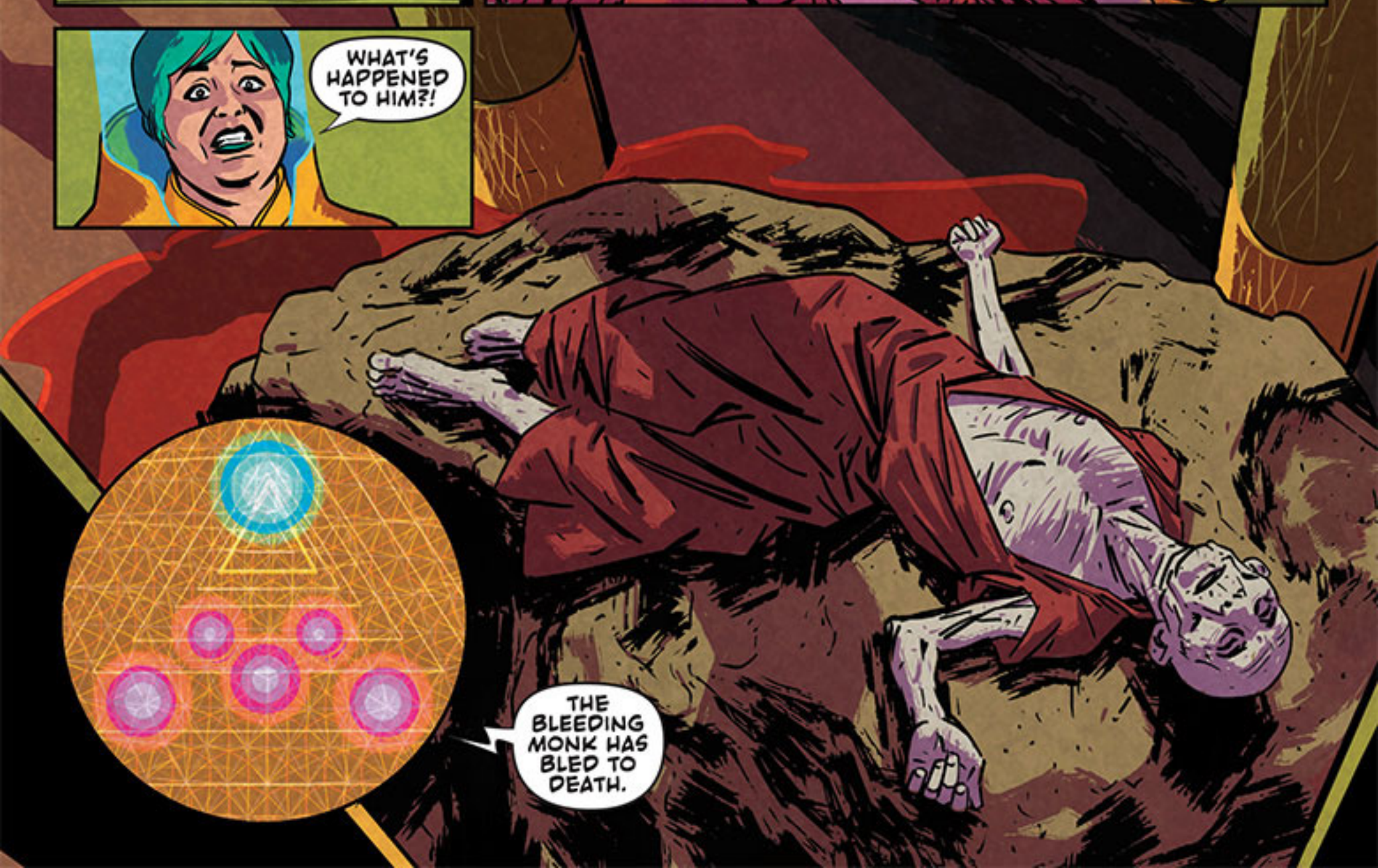


"SOMETHING'S
WRONG!"

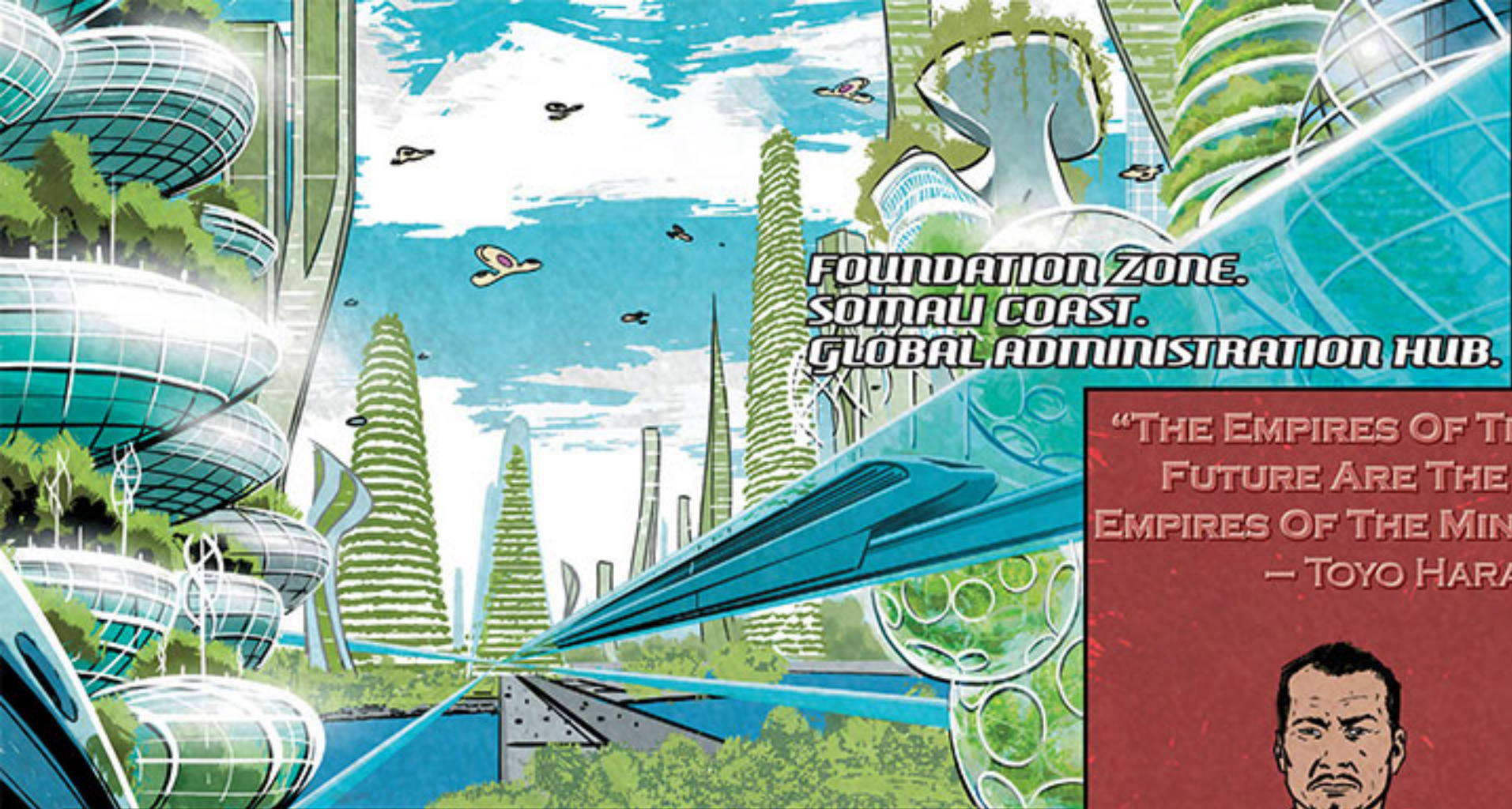
LET US
THROUGH,
PLEASE.



WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO HIM?!



THE
BLEEDING
MONK HAS
BLED TO
DEATH.



FOUNDATION ZONE.
SOMAU COAST.
GLOBAL ADMINISTRATION HUB.

"THE EMPIRES OF THE
FUTURE ARE THE
EMPIRES OF THE MIND."
— TOYO HARADA

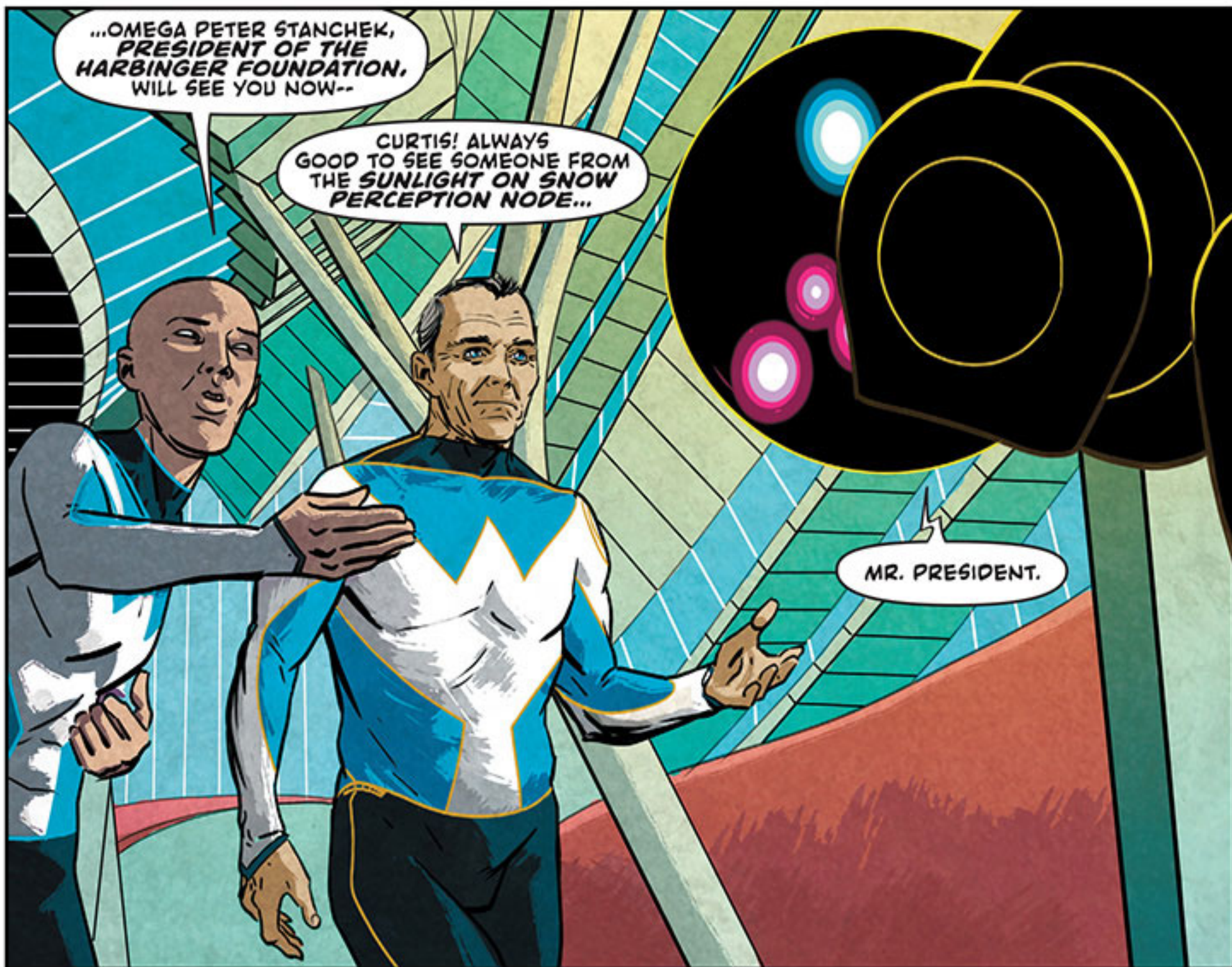


HELLO,
MONK KEEPER
CURTIS
MAYFIELD...

...OMEGA PETER STANCHEK,
PRESIDENT OF THE
HARBINGER FOUNDATION,
WILL SEE YOU NOW--

CURTIS! ALWAYS
GOOD TO SEE SOMEONE FROM
THE *SUNLIGHT ON SNOW*
PERCEPTION NODE...

MR. PRESIDENT.





...WE'VE
TROUBLING NEWS.
AND SINCE WE REFUSE
TO INTERACT WITH YOUR
TECH, FACE-TO-FACE
IS THE ONLY WAY,
I'M AFRAID.



I ALREADY
KNOW. THE MONK
WHO DOES NOT
DIE IS DEAD.



WELL,
I GUESS THAT'S
WHY YOU'RE THE
PRESIDENT.



HE CAME
TO ME LAST NIGHT
IN A VISION.



"HE TOLD
ME..."

IT'S OVER,
PETER.

IT'S THE END OF
EVERYTHING.

"HE SAID
THAT HARADA
IS FINALLY
RETURNING
TO EARTH.

"THAT HE'S
MORE
POWERFUL,
MORE BLIND
AND MORE
DESTRUCTIVE
THAN HE HAS
EVER BEEN."





NOTHING WILL SURVIVE HIS ARRIVAL. THIS IS THE OUTCOME I'VE STRUGGLED TO COUNTER SINCE THE MOMENT I WAS GIVEN SIGHT.

BUT ALL MY MANIPULATIONS HAVE BEEN IN VAIN. NEVER ONCE WAS OUR COURSE IN DOUBT.

MY FAILURE IS A TESTAMENT TO HARADA'S WILL, I IMAGINE.



I SHOULD'VE KILLED HIM WHEN HE WAS A BOY.



I WON'T SURVIVE THE PSYCHIC IMPACT THAT'S ABOUT TO HIT THIS PLANET. SO I HAVE ENDED. GOODBYE, PETER.

WAIT! THERE'S **NOTHING** WE CAN DO?! THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT!



I CANNOT SEE BEYOND THE ARRIVAL OF THE **UNRESTRAINED HARADA MIND**.

THAT MEANS ONLY ONE THING TO ME.

FINALITY.



AH, I SEE.

THE **SUNLIGHT ON SNOW PERCEPTION NODE** HAS JUST CONVENED A SERIES OF DEBATES WITH ITSELF AND PASSED A VOTE...

