



THE BATTLE
WAS NOT OVER
IN A MATTER
OF HOURS,
OR DAYS.

WE FOUGHT
FOR MONTHS.



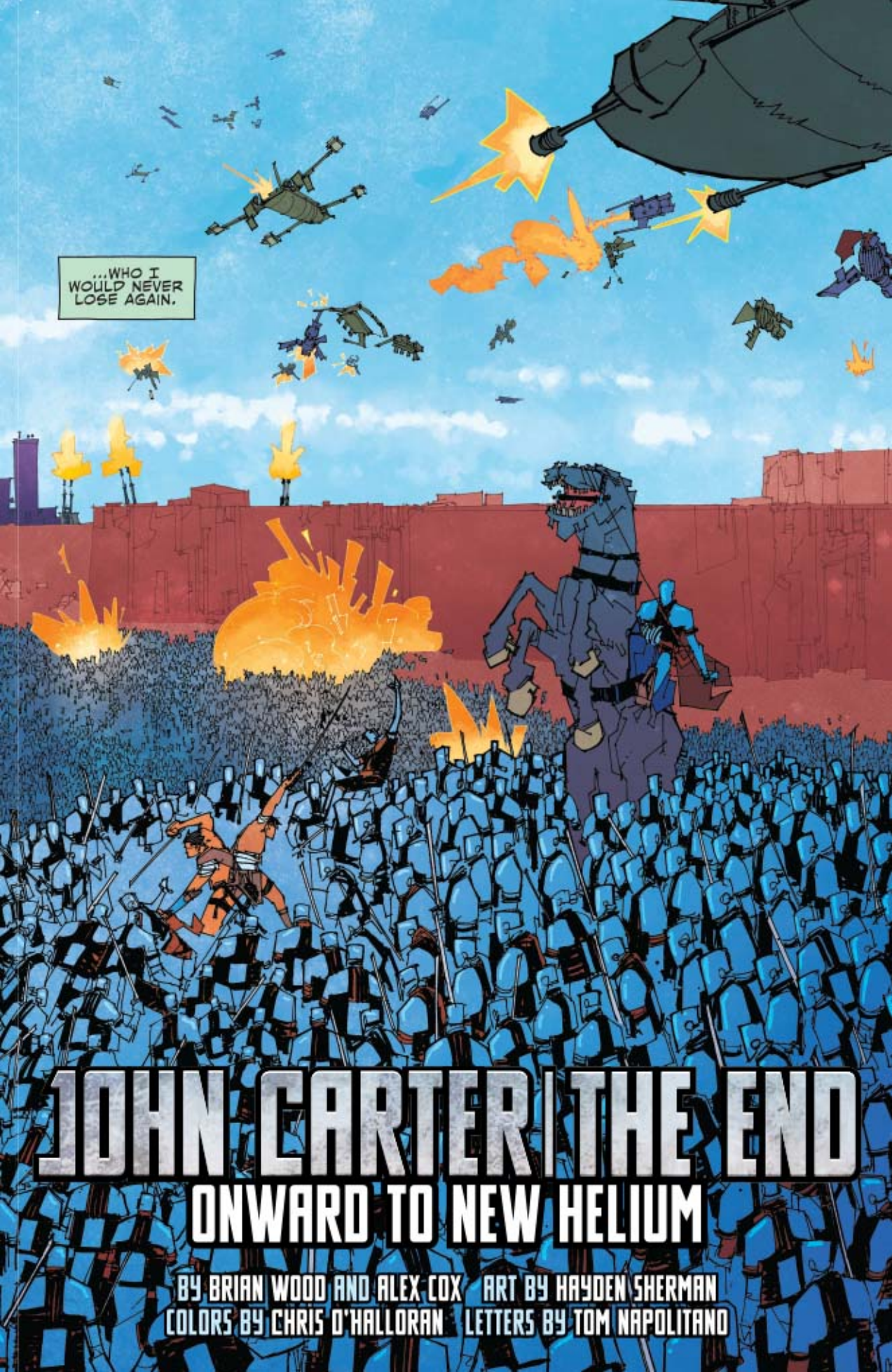
IT WAS A
BATTLE FOR
THE AGES.



I FOUGHT
FOR THE
OPPRESSED.

I FOUGHT
FOR MARS.

I FOUGHT FOR THE
SON AT MY SIDE I
THOUGHT I LOST...



...WHO I
WOULD NEVER
LOSE AGAIN.

JOHN CARTER | THE END

ONWARD TO NEW HELIUM

BY BRIAN WOOD AND ALEX COX ART BY HAYDEN SHERMAN
COLORS BY CHRIS D'HALLORAN LETTERS BY TOM NAPOLITANO



I NEVER
TOLD YOU THE
REST OF MY JOURNEY.
WHEN I REALIZED THE
COURT OF HELIUM WAS
CORRUPTED BY RAV
THAVAS' MADNESS,
I FLED.



I SOUGHT OUT TARS
TARKAS--I REMEMBERED
HE WAS THE ONE WHO
HELPED YOU, WHEN
YOU FIRST ARRIVED
HERE.

HE
TOOK ME
IN.

THE
FATHER
YOU
DIDN'T
HAVE.

THAT'S
NOT--

I'M
GLAD YOU
FOUND HIM. HE
RAISED YOU
WELL.

I'M
YOUR
SON.

IF
YOU'LL
HAVE
ME.

YES.

I WOULD
RETURN TO THE
PALACE AT TIMES,
SEEKING INFORMATION
FOR THE GROWING
RESISTANCE.

OFTEN IT
MEANT STRANGE
BATTLES WITH
MYSELF IN THE
DARKNESS.

"I HAVE MURDERED
THIS TWISTED VERSION
OF MYSELF A DOZEN
TIMES, AND YET HE
ALWAYS COMES BACK."

WE
MUST WIN THIS
WAR, BEFORE IT
MAKES ME AS
INSANE AS RAS
THAVAS.