

**ELSEWHERE IN
DEEP SPACE.
TODAY.**

*I HAD THE
ULTIMATE NULLIFIER
IN MY HAND ONCE.*

*IT FELT LIKE A
VINTAGE VIDEO GAME
CONTROLLER.
I DIDN'T RESPECT IT.*

*UNTIL I FIRED IT,
THE BLACK HOLE
THAT ERUPTED FROM
THE GUN DESTROYED
AN ENTIRE CHITAUKI
FLEET.*

*THAT'S WHEN
I STARTED
RESPECTING
THE ULTIMATE
NULLIFIER.*

*THE CRAZY MIRROR
UNDER MY ARM FROM
AN ALIEN ANTIQUES
ROADSHOW HAS THAT
SAME VIBE TO IT.*

*THIS IS ONE
TRIGGER I DON'T
WANT TO PULL...
I THINK.*





OR DO I?



WHOA.

I COULD DO ANYTHING IF I JUST REACHED OUT AND...



NO!

I'M ALREADY A BAD-ASS. I BEAT UP THE HULK!



WHAT DO I GET OUT OF EVEN MORE POWER?



OKAY, DON'T SHOW ME **WHAT** I WOULD BECOME.



SHOW ME **WHY** I SHOULD SUBMIT.

OKAY, SAVING MY DAD IS A PRETTY GOOD REASON.

OH YEAH, THAT GUY. HUH, HE'D BE A PUSHOVER, TOO?

WOW.

THE VORTEX SHOWS ME RICH RIDER...

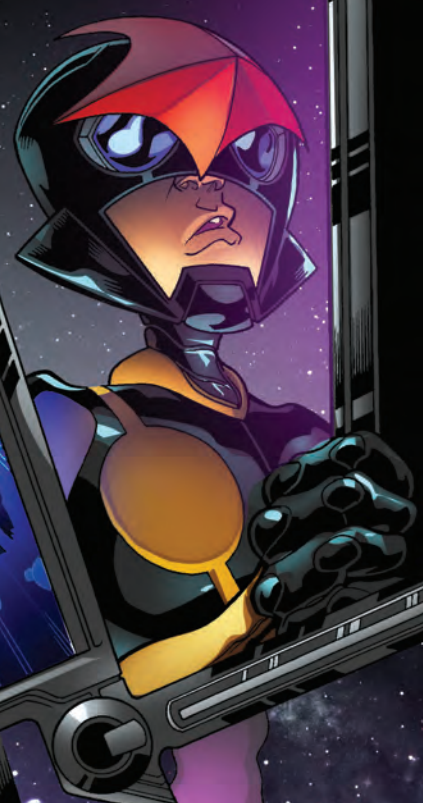


HE'S BEEN GONE SO LONG, I GUESS... I GUESS I EXPECTED THIS.



RICH RIDER...

...DYING?



HEY, IS THAT THE OTHER GUY? THE OTHER NOVAP?



...AS A WARNING NOT TO BECOME HIM?



OKAY, YEAH, I DON'T WANT TO END UP LIKE RIDER.