

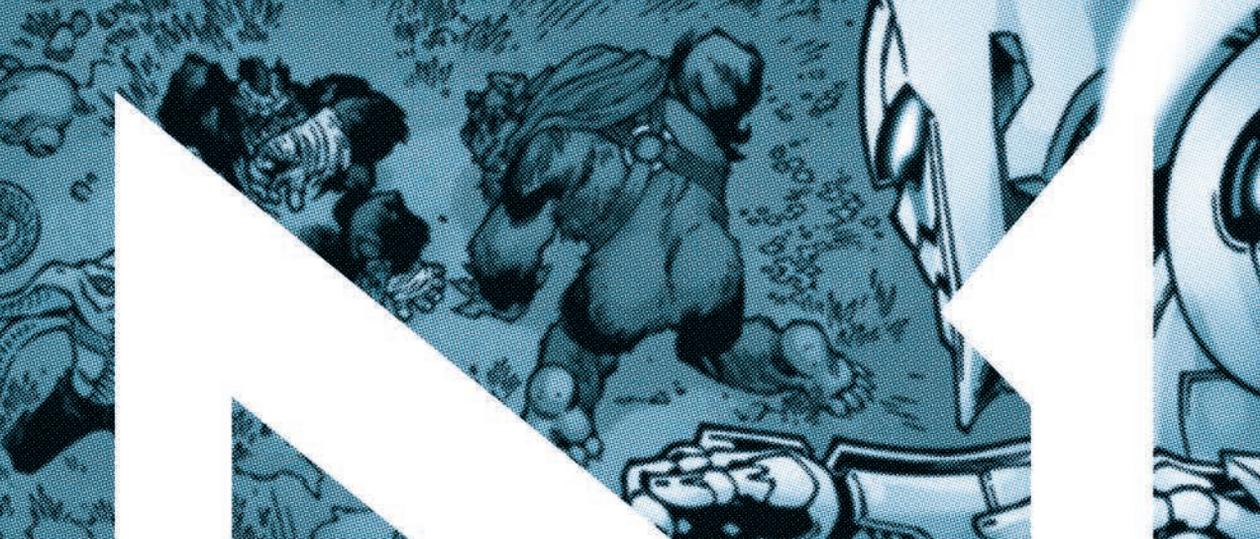
IDW

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RODRIGUEZ • RYALL • FOTOS

ONYX





Onyx, last(?) survivor of the planet Pelimosa, has followed the planet-killing galactic spore to Earth, where it has taken root deep in the jungles of Laos, one of the few remaining undeveloped pieces of land in an over-developed, over-crowded planet.

Armed with plasma weapons and intent on killing the spore before it can successfully destroy yet another world, Onyx is thrown into a larger conflict when she meets a global strikeforce which was assembled and sent in to investigate the strange arrivals from space. One of the team members, Abby Aquino, is a sensitive and telepath whose mental abilities cause her great pain despite the power-dampening headband she wears.

The spore's tendrils, digging deep into the planet's core, cause an electromagnetic distortion field that cuts off the team's energy weapons and Abby's headband, which caused her to have a flash of a nightmarish alien dimension.

Oh, and we haven't mentioned the mutants yet—the jungle is also populated by strangely sentient and vicious animal-human hybrids who attack both the team and Onyx.

As Onyx and the soldiers reach a peaceful accord, aligned against the alien spore, they prepare to head deeper into the jungle in pursuit of it, not knowing that an even stranger and more deadly threat awaits...

Storytellers/Creators:

Gabriel Rodriguez & Chris Ryall

Colors:

Jay Fotos

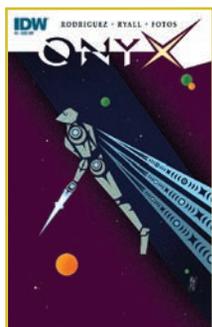
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Shawn Lee



REGULAR
COVER

Art by **Gabriel Rodriguez**



SUBSCRIPTION
COVER

Art by **Jeffrey Veregge**

Special Thanks to Bill Mantlo, and Sal Buscema.

<http://gregpak.com/love-rocket-raccoon-please-consider-donating-to-writer-bill-mantlo-ongoing-care/>

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BIO-EUGENESIS FOUNDRY-
EXACT LOCATION CLASSIFIED.

IT'S
GONE...

...ALL OUR YEARS OF
WORK, ALL THESE
LIVES... GONE.

FOR
WHAT?

OTHERS
WILL COME.

THEY
AUTHORIZED
THE WORK AT
THIS BASE-
DESTROYING THE
WORK WON'T
HIDE THAT.

SO WHAT
REASON FOR
ALL THIS
CARNAGE?

"REASON."
SUCH A...
HUMAN
CONCERN.

HUMANS LIKE
THOSE YOU
KILLED-AND LIKE
ME-WHO GAVE YOU
LIFE? WE HAD
SUCH DREAMS...

YOUR
DREAMS WERE
A PERVERSION.

DO
YOU REMAIN
HERE JUST TO
TAUNT AN
OLD MAN?

NO, DR.
MORODER,
THAT'S NOT
WHY I'M STILL
HERE.

THEN... WHAT?
IN GOD'S NAME,
WHAT DO YOU
WANT?

RRRRRR

FOR
STARTERS...

...THAT'S
A NICE LAB
COAT YOU'RE
WEARING.



IT'S LIKE I'VE ALWAYS SAID, WHENEVER YOU TRY TO PLAY GOD...



...ALONG COMES A BIGGER GOD TO SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE.

YOU HAVE NEVER SAID THAT BEFORE.

YOU DIDN'T EVEN HAVE THE GIFT OF SPEECH UNTIL LAST WEEK.

HMMFF.



YET HERE I AM NOW, FULLY AWAKENED.

HMRR-- RIGHT ABOUT... ONE THING.

THEY... COME NOW. THEY COME... FOR US.

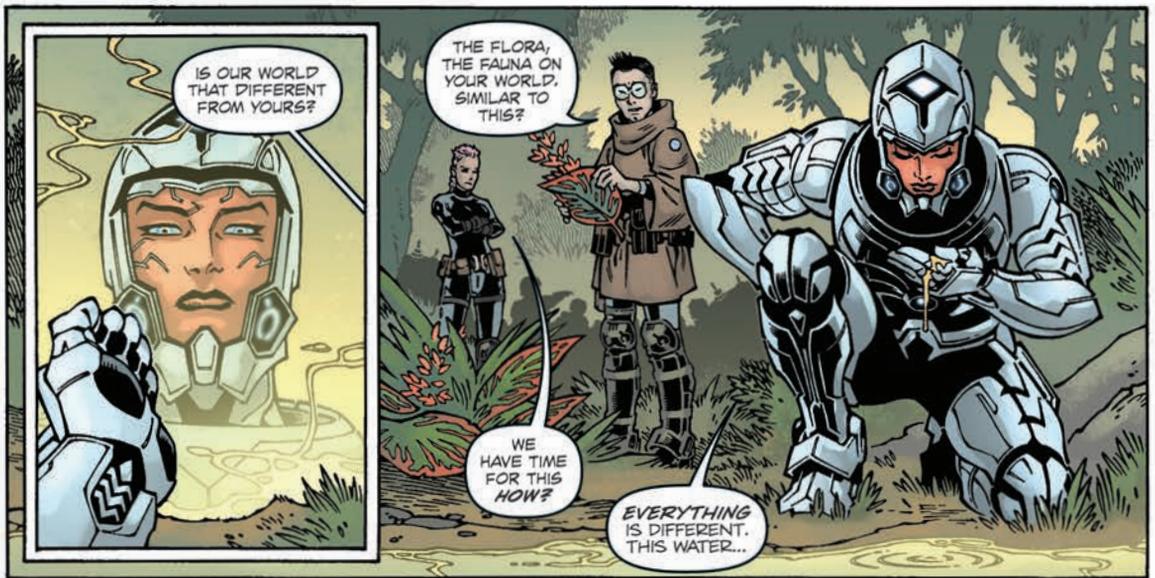


HE IS RIGHT. THE HUMANS WILL SEEK RETRIBUTION.



I KNOW. I WANT THEM TO.

BUT WHAT THEY WILL FIND IS SOMETHING VERY DIFFERENT.



IS OUR WORLD THAT DIFFERENT FROM YOURS?

THE FLORA, THE FAUNA ON YOUR WORLD, SIMILAR TO THIS?

WE HAVE TIME FOR THIS HOW?

EVERYTHING IS DIFFERENT. THIS WATER...



FEELS COLD AND REFRESHING, YES? MOUNTAIN STREAMS ALWAYS—

NO.

TO ME, IT IS METALLIC, ODORLESS.

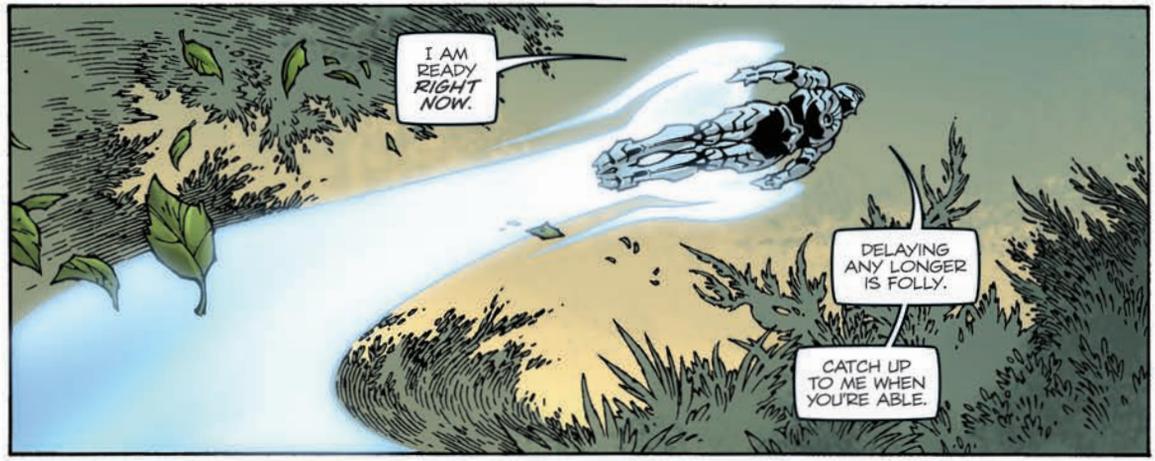
I TASTE NOTHING.



I FEEL NOTHING. NOT ANY MORE.

ER, OKAY, THEN.

ONYX, THE TRANSPORT VEHICLES ARE NEARLY READY, THEY—



I AM READY RIGHT NOW.

DELAYING ANY LONGER IS FOLLY.

CATCH UP TO ME WHEN YOU'RE ABLE.

I NEED TO REMEMBER THIS WORLD IS NOTHING LIKE WHAT I KNEW.

OW. HURTS.

HEADBAND DOESN'T SEEM BROKEN.

IMPORTANT COMPONENTS IN THERE, SOLDIER.

I GOT IT, SIR.

MAYBE YOU'VE GROWN MORE SENSITIVE... OR POWERFUL?

HARDLY.

NEVER MIND, I'LL DEAL.

THAT ONE SEEMS CLOSE TO LOSING IT. GLAD I'M NOT ON HER TEAM.

IT'S PEOPLE, STRANGERS TO ME.

WHERE IS ONYX?

SHE FELT THE NEED TO FLY ON AHEAD.

GENERAL'S GONNA FLIP IF SHE GETS TO THE BASE UNSUPERVISED.

AY, WE NEED TO GET MOVING. AND WHAT IF MORE OF THOSE THINGS ARE THERE?

JUST LET ME—
READY TO ROLL, SIR.

REMEMBER, SET EVERYTHING TO THOSE EXACT SPECS.

YOU'RE NOT LEAVING WITH OUR SECRETS, ALIEN.

NO WAY DO YOU FLY AWAY AFTER THIS.

UNDERGROWTH

Creators and Storytellers

GABRIEL RODRÍGUEZ & CHRIS RYALL

Colors JAY FOTOS • Lettering SHAWN LEE • Publisher TED ADAMS



GOOD LUCK AT THE BASE.



LET'S HOPE NO MORE OF THOSE CREATURES ARE BETWEEN US AND IT.

THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE "LISTENING" FOR, LONER.

ANY MUTATED *CONO* ROLLS UP ON US, THESE GUNS'LL FIX 'EM GOOD.

THIS PLANET IS RESISTING THE SPORE BETTER THAN MOST. THE DECAY IS PROGRESSING, BUT SLOWLY.

AND THE PEOPLE HERE, MORE LIKE PELIMOSIANS THAN THE OTHER WORLDS FALLEN TO THE SPORE, ARE DETERMINED AND BRAVE ENOUGH TO THROW ME.

FOOL ME INTO THINKING ANY OF THEM HAD A CHANCE. I'D DO WELL TO REMEMBER THEY DON'T.



THE CREATURES AT THE BASE WEREN'T MEANT FOR ANY OF THEIR EYES.

I KNOW. THEY WON'T UNDERSTAND.

THE THINGS AT THE BASE DON'T MEAN ANY HARM.