

SOMEONE IS COMING.

A DOT ON THE HORIZON. A FLAW IN THE PERFECT DESOLATION.

SOMEONE IS COMING TO ME.

TO MY BEAUTIFUL TOWER OF WISDOM.

SOMEONE IS COMING, AND IF I CLOSE MY EYES AND THINK OF THE FUTURE, I SEE A FLAW IN THAT, TOO.

A HAIRLINE FISSURE, SPREADING WIDER, WIDER...

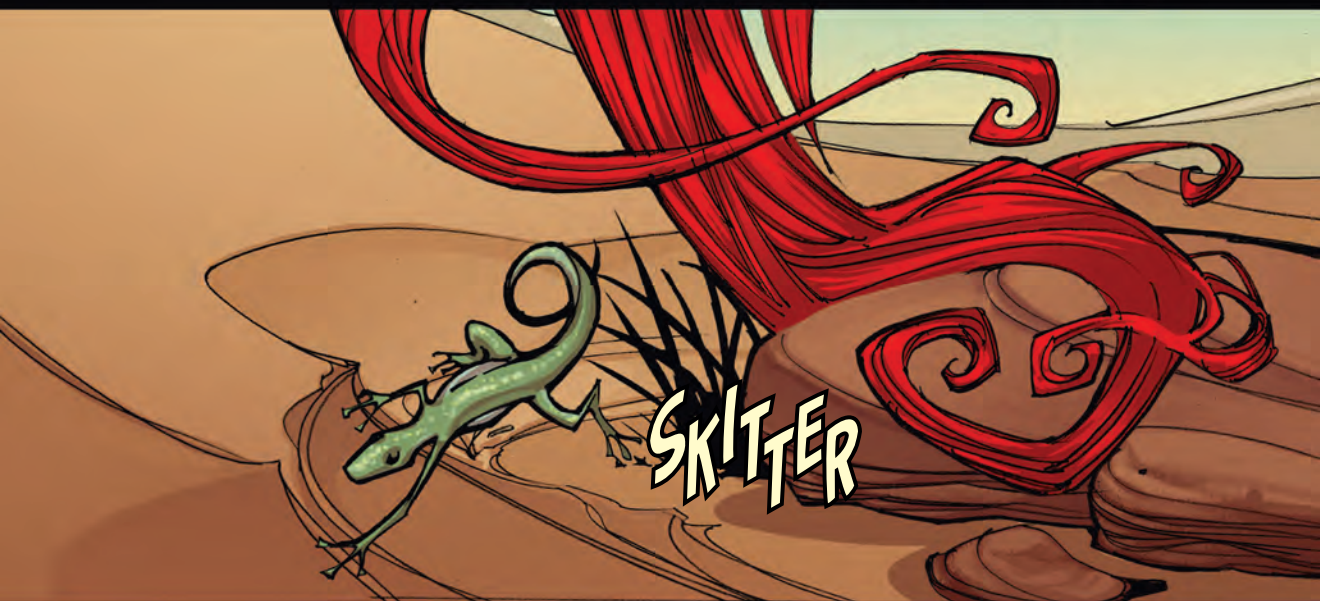
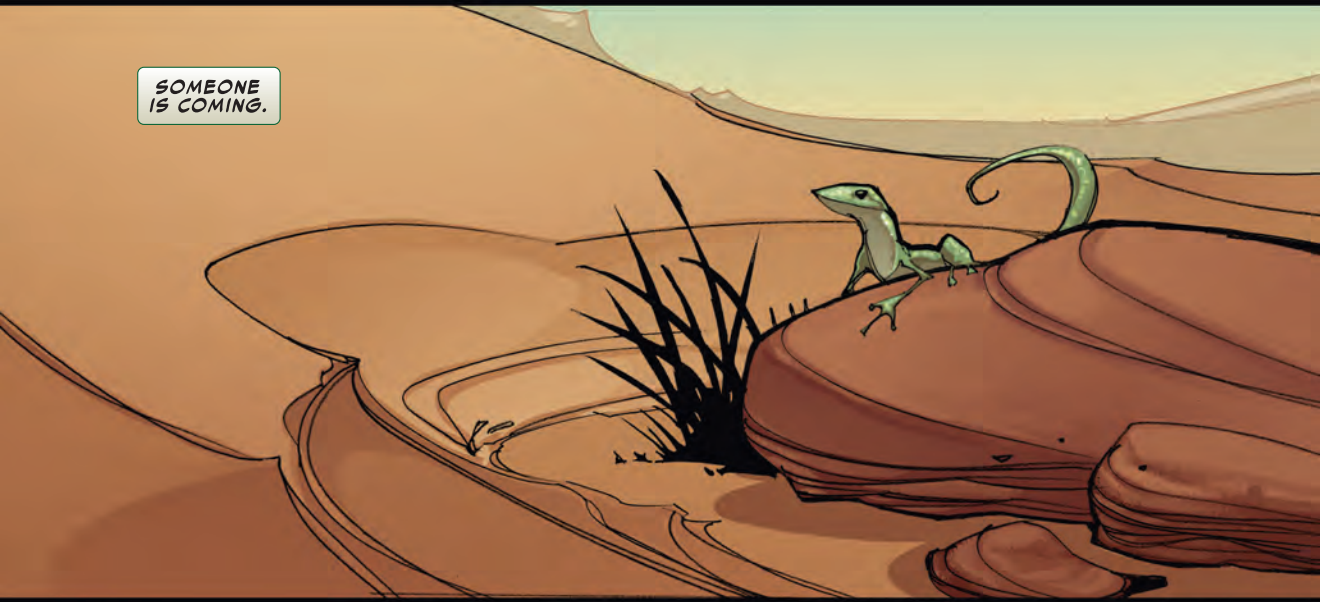
CIVIL WAR II: ULYSSES

TOWER OF WISDOM, PART I

SOMEONE IS COMING, AND EVERYTHING IS GOING TO CHANGE.

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SOMEONE
IS COMING.



--DON'T KNOW
WHY WE HAVE TO
WALK ALL THIS
WAY.



I MEAN, COULDN'T THAT, UH, THAT MOUSTACHE-DOG--
LOCKJAW.



RIGHT, COULDN'T HE DROP US OFF? OR THE BIG DOOR DUDE?

ULYSSES.

ELDRAC. AND WE'RE WALKING BECAUSE...UH... BECAUSE...

...IT'S AN INHUMAN THING.

PROBABLY.

ISO AND FLINT.

YES, ISO. IT'S AN INHUMAN THING.

MEDUSA. THE QUEEN.

I COULD TALK TO KARNAK AT ANY TIME, BUT WE GO TO VISIT THE MAGISTER AT THE TOWER OF WISDOM.



AND SO THE EFFORT BECOMES SACRED. THE WALK BECOMES PILGRIMAGE.

AND PENANCE FOR OUR FLAWS...

NOT YOURS.

YOU ARE THE QUEEN.

KARNAK, THE MAGISTER.



ALL FLAWS IN YOU ARE MERELY A NECESSARY CONSEQUENCE OF YOUR EXISTENCE AS A FLESH-SACK OF BONES AND PUTRID ORGANS MIRED IN THE DANK SWAMP OF TIME.

YOUR MAJESTY.