

MARK WAID · DIEGO BARRETO

IRREDEEMABLE

ROOM! 36



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ROOM! **36**
STUDIOS



IRREDEEMABLE

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PREVIOUSLY:

A wave of fatal radiation has been unleashed upon the Earth and it's all gone to hell. The remaining super-heroes--Kaidan, Gilgames, and Sy--have found ancient seeds from the mythical Tree of Life that might help humanity survive the worst of what's coming, but they don't realize...they're being hunted. Meanwhile, Qubit has convinced Plutonian to set aside his psychotic insanity long enough to help save the human race...but Plutonian's in no position to do much of anything right now...

BOOM!
STUDIOS

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DON'T LISTEN

HE'S TRICKING YOU

FIGHT BACK

HHHURGH.

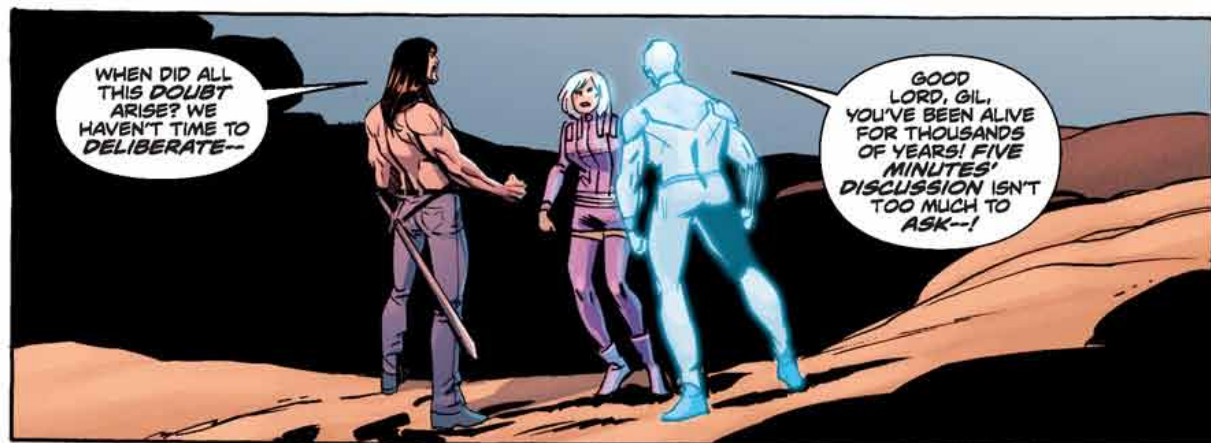


DON'T TRUST HIM

IT'S A MYTH, KAIDAN. GIL'S WHOLE STORY IS A FAIRY TALE.

A MAN MY AGE, SY, HAS NO USE FOR FABLES. THE TREE OF LIFE IS NO LEGEND.

TRUTH OR FICTION, I'M NOT ABOUT TO CHANGE THE RULES OF MORTALITY SIMPLY ON YOUR SAY-SO, GIL.



WHEN DID ALL THIS DOUBT ARISE? WE HAVEN'T TIME TO DELIBERATE--

GOOD LORD, GIL, YOU'VE BEEN ALIVE FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS! FIVE MINUTES' DISCUSSION ISN'T TOO MUCH TO ASK--!



GET ANGRY

DEFEND HER

HE'S JEALOUS



THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING AB--

YOU WANT SY GONE SO I'LL TURN TO YOU!



GET AWAY FROM HER!



YESSSS...
GIL'S YOUR FRIEND
YOU'RE NOT AN OBJECT
A PRIZE TO BE WON



BACK OFF, YOURSELF! I FIGHT MY OWN BATTLES!

"AND THE HUNGRY SPIRITS OF SANJU-RE SLITHERED FORTH TO FILL THEIR STOMACHS WITH HUMAN FLESH..."

ONE OF YOUR GHOST STORIES? I AM A GHOST, REMEMBER?



...OH, GOD...
...GOD, TAKE THEM AWAY!!!

CLOSE YOUR EYES, FOOL! IT'S YOUR ONLY DEFENSE!

WHAT IS THIS SUPPOSED TO DO TO ME? EAT ME?

NO. SHOW YOU THE FACE OF HELL.



NO!

THE SEEDS! I'VE DROPPED--



WE CAN'T LOSE THEM! WE'VE COME TOO FAR--!



FWAM

MURT
KILL

ONLY THEN
WILL SILENCE FALL

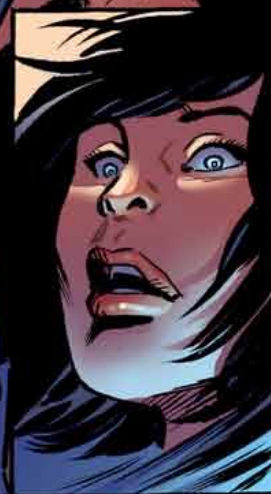
DO YOU HEAR THAT, YOU SACK OF CARBON?

KURNE WILL KILL YOU ALL THIS DAY!





--STARS--
?





...WHAT...?

DISORIENTING, I'LL BET.



BEING TELEPORTED INTO MULTIPLE PLACES AT ONCE.

DON'T WORRY. YOU'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE, TRANSLATIONALLY SPEAKING. I'VE JUST OPENED UP A FEW TELEPORTALS AROUND YOU. IT WON'T HURT.

UNLESS I DECIDE TO PORT YOUR HEAD INTO THE MARIANAS TRENCH.



NOW YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM... THAT'S A SPECIAL CHALLENGE. THAT'S BEEN RE-ROUTED TO NEPTUNE AND BACK TO SLOW YOU DOWN.

HARD TO MANIFEST THAT GRAVITATION ENERGY WHEN YOU CAN'T FEEL YOUR HANDS AND LEGS YET, ISN'T IT?