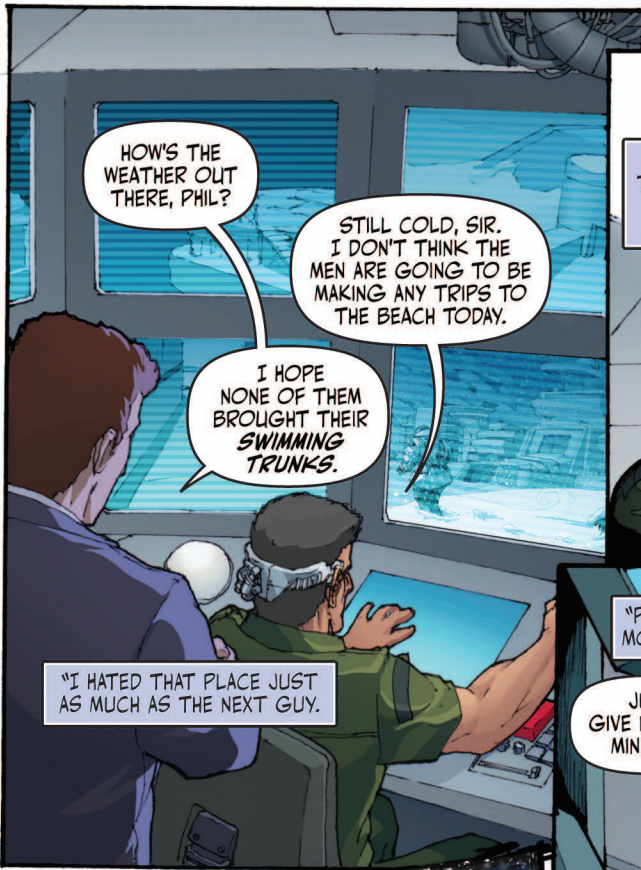


A full-page illustration of a snowy mountain landscape. In the foreground, a person wearing a heavy winter jacket and a backpack is walking away from the viewer through deep snow. In the middle ground, a large, futuristic, multi-tiered building with various antennas and satellite dishes is situated on a snow-covered plateau. The background features jagged, snow-capped mountains under a dark, starry night sky. The entire scene is filled with falling snow, creating a sense of a cold, desolate environment.

"WAS IT ONLY
TWO YEARS AGO?"

"OR THREE,
MAYBE FOUR?"

"THE YEARS
RUN INTO EACH
OTHER. AND I GUESS
IT'S IRRELEVANT WHEN
THIS SEEMS JUST
LIKE YESTERDAY..."

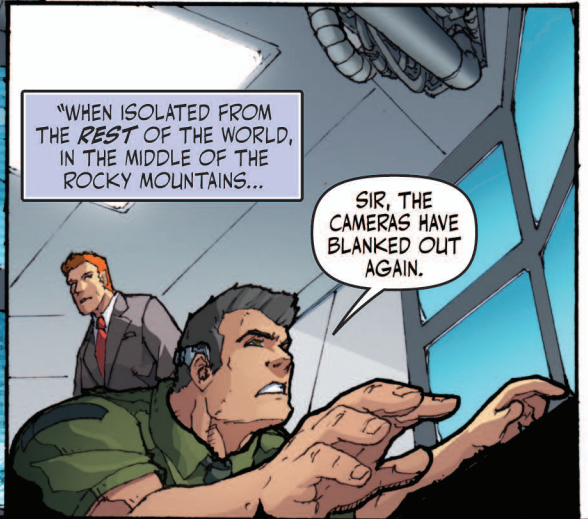


HOW'S THE WEATHER OUT THERE, PHIL?

STILL COLD, SIR. I DON'T THINK THE MEN ARE GOING TO BE MAKING ANY TRIPS TO THE BEACH TODAY.

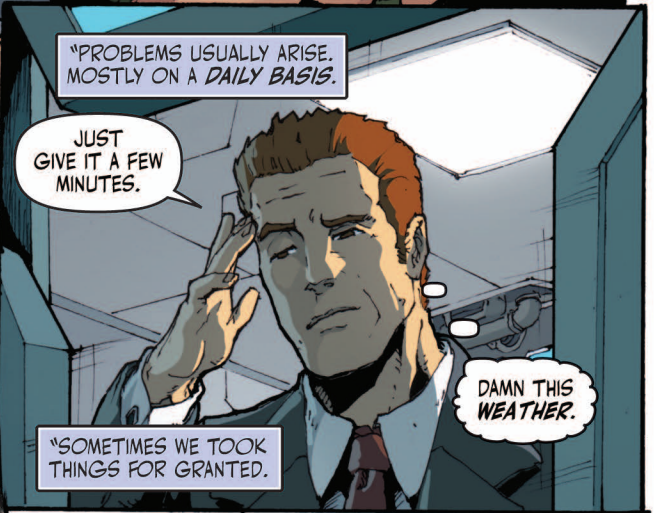
I HOPE NONE OF THEM BROUGHT THEIR SWIMMING TRUNKS.

"I HATED THAT PLACE JUST AS MUCH AS THE NEXT GUY.



"WHEN ISOLATED FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS..."

SIR, THE CAMERAS HAVE BLANKED OUT AGAIN.



"PROBLEMS USUALLY ARISE. MOSTLY ON A DAILY BASIS.

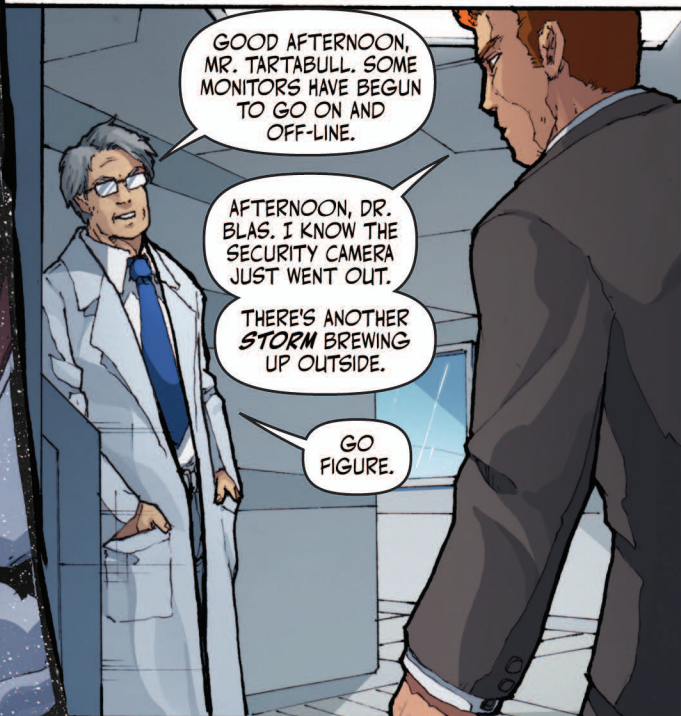
JUST GIVE IT A FEW MINUTES.

DAMN THIS WEATHER.

"SOMETIMES WE TOOK THINGS FOR GRANTED.



"WHICH WAS A BIG MISTAKE.

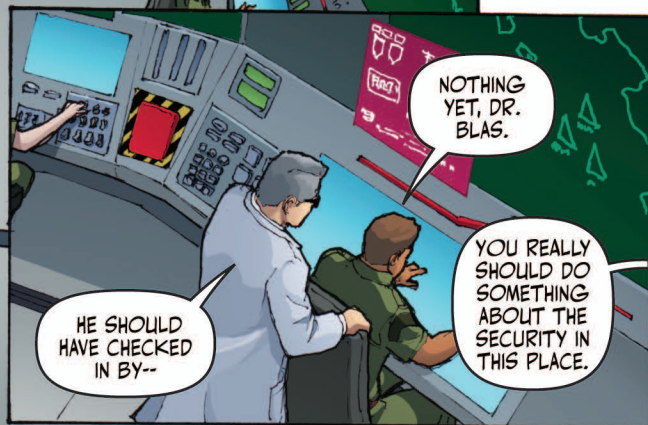


GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. TARTABULL. SOME MONITORS HAVE BEGUN TO GO ON AND OFF-LINE.

AFTERNOON, DR. BLAS. I KNOW THE SECURITY CAMERA JUST WENT OUT.

THERE'S ANOTHER STORM BREWING UP OUTSIDE.

GO FIGURE.



REVENANT





AHH!

"...AND SUDDEN TRAGEDY."



HIT THE LOCKDOWN ALARM!

BEFORE HE KILLS US ALL!



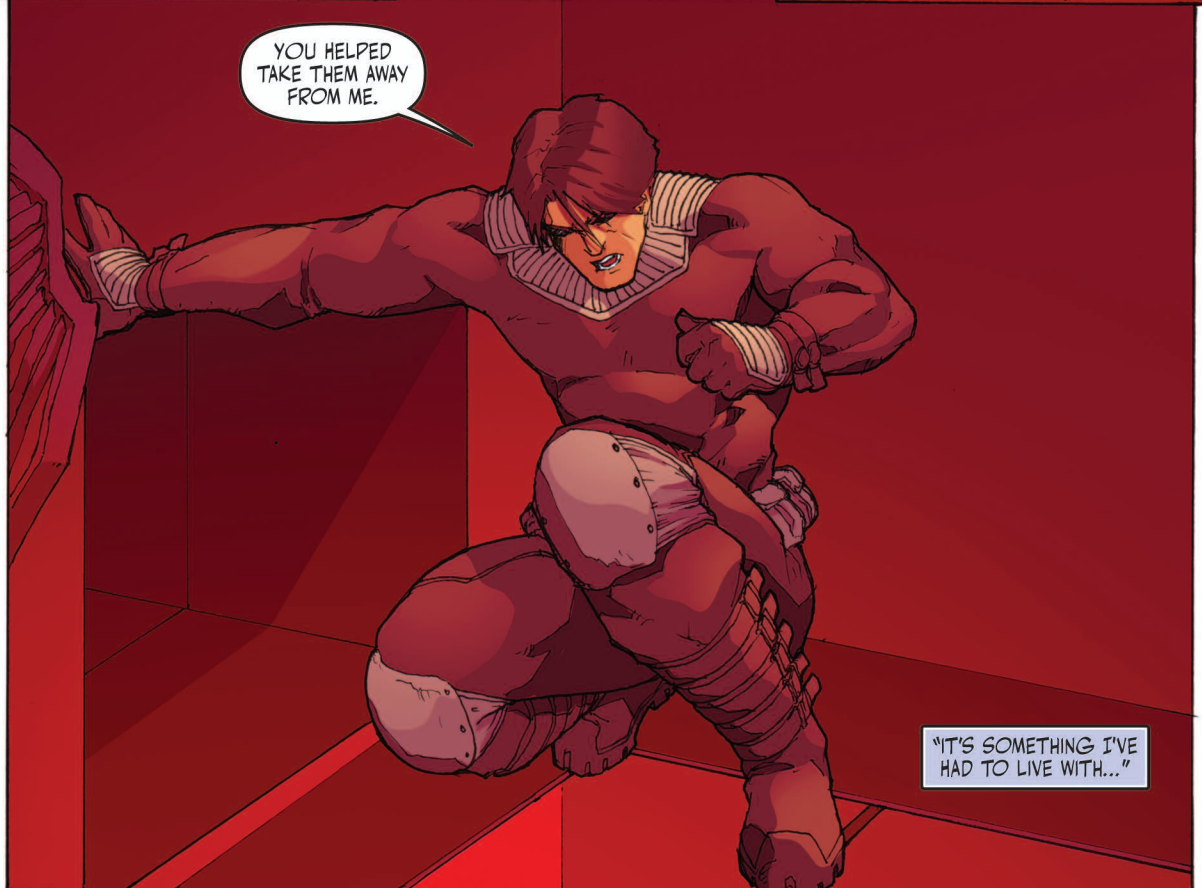
DAMN.



YOUR TIME IS COMING, TARTABULL. I WILL FIND YOU AGAIN.

"SOMEHOW, OUR CONTROL OVER THE EXPERIMENT SLIPPED AWAY FROM US..."

"...BECOMING SOMETHING NONE OF US EVEN IMAGINED."



YOU HELPED TAKE THEM AWAY FROM ME.

"IT'S SOMETHING I'VE HAD TO LIVE WITH..."

Two Years Later...

"...TO THIS VERY DAY."

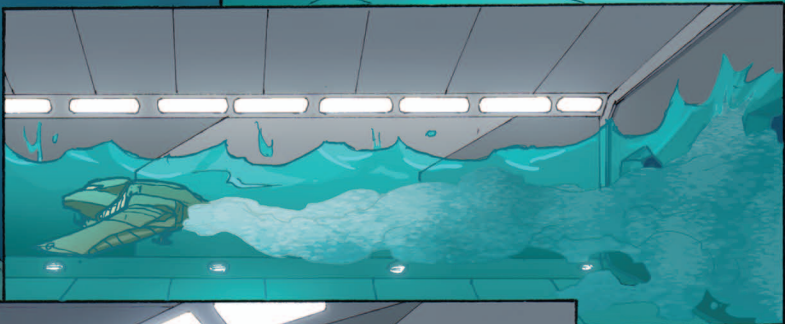
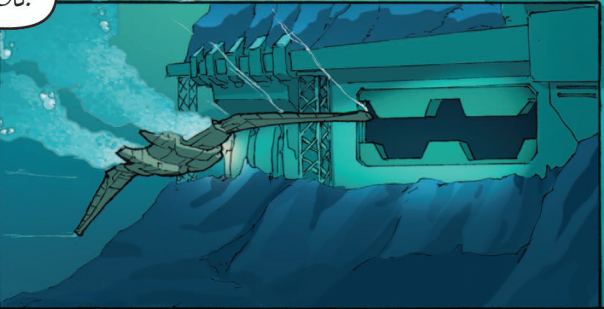
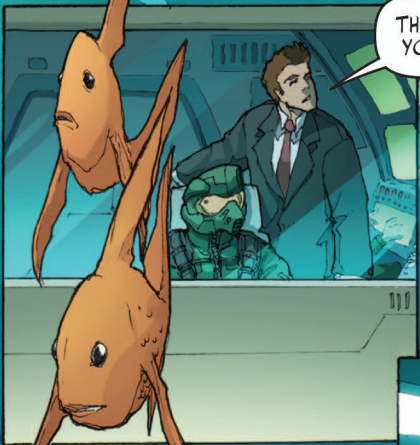
TARTABULL



SIR, WE ARE APPROACHING THE ISLAND.



THANK YOU.





WELL, RICHARD.
IT'S ABOUT TIME
YOU ARRIVED.

TANDRA



HELLO,
TANDRA. I
SEE THE PLACE IS
STILL IN ONE
PIECE.



HA, HA. SOMEHOW
WE MANAGED, WHILE
YOU WERE AWAY.

THAT'S MY
GIRL. SHALL
WE WALK?



SO, HOW DID
THE MEETING GO? DID
WE GET ANOTHER YEAR
OF FUNDING?

WE WILL HAVE OUR
FUNDING. HAS MYSTIC
CHECKED IN YET FROM
CALIFORNIA?

NO NOT
YET. BUT I
AM EXPECTING
SOMETHING
FROM HIM
SOON.

LET'S HOPE THERE WILL BE NO COMPLICATIONS WITH THAT SITUATION IN SAN DIEGO.

HOSTAGE SITUATIONS CAN GET MESSY IF NOT HANDLED PROPERLY.



San Diego...

BOLT

THEY'RE COMING!
FOR ME, FOR YOU, FOR ALL OF US! THERE WILL BE NO ESCAPE FROM THEM! THEIR DISCIPLE IS ALREADY HERE! WE ARE GODS' THUNDER, KNOW US!

FRIGGIN' PSYCHOS.



THIS SITUATION IS BECOMING WORSE BY THE SECOND.

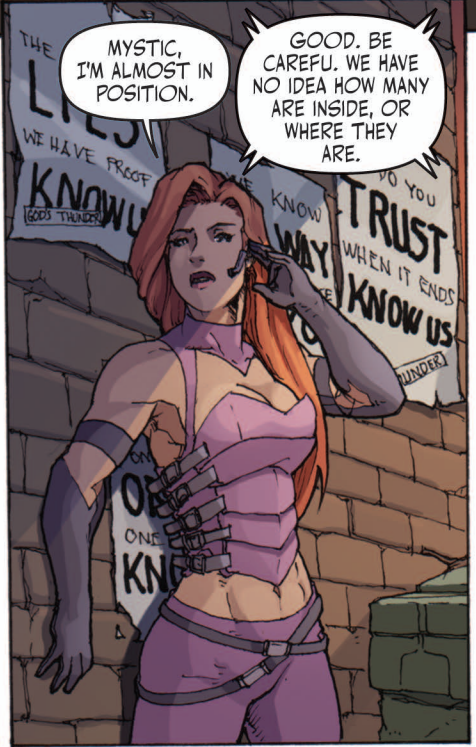
BLAIN AND INTERIM SHOULD BE INSIDE BY NOW.

JUST A LITTLE MORE TIME. IF ANYTHING HAD GONE WRONG, WE'D HAVE KNOWN ABOUT IT BY NOW.



MYSTIC, I'M ALMOST IN POSITION.

GOOD. BE CAREFUL. WE HAVE NO IDEA HOW MANY ARE INSIDE, OR WHERE THEY ARE.



MYSTIC

BLAIN?

YEAH, I'M IN.
NOT MUCH ACTION
ON THIS SIDE, THOUGH.
I PRACTICALLY
WALTZED IN.

I'M SURE
INTERIM
APPRECIATES
THAT, BLAIN.

YOU
LUCKY
DOG.

DO YOU
ST
DS
S

SO
FAR, SO
GOOD.

HOW DO
YOU THINK
WE'RE GOING
TO GET OUT
OF HERE?

LEAVE IT TO
JOSHUA... HE
KNOWS WHAT
HE'S DOING.

MYSTIC, I'M ON THE
SECOND FLOOR. BY THE
SOUND OF IT, THERE ARE
TWO TERRORISTS HERE.
GOING UPSTAIRS.

ROGER
THAT.





Creek

UH-OH.

THAT WAS TOO CLOSE. MENTAL NOTE: DO NOT EVER VOLUNTEER TO GO THROUGH THE MORE DIFFICULT WAY AGAIN.



Minutes Later...

ALL RIGHT. I'VE LOCATED FOUR MORE TERRORISTS ON THE TOP FLOOR, AND IT LOOKS AS IF ALL THE HOSTAGES ARE UP HERE.

OKAY. CAN YOU GIVE ME A LAYOUT OF THE AREA?

OH YES, THEY'RE COMING, THE *BEINGS*... THEY'RE COMING AND THE WORLD IS DOOMED.

WAIT A SEC. SOMETHING'S GOING ON.

BRING FORTH THE SACRIFICE, SO THAT WE MAY BE SAVED!

NO! LET ME GO! PLEASE NO!

F#@#! I THINK WE MAY HAVE TO ACT NOW!

OH, MY GOD. PLEASE... PLEASE...

O BEINGS... ACCEPT THIS DOOMED SOUL AS THE FIRST OF OUR SACRIFICIAL OFFERINGS...

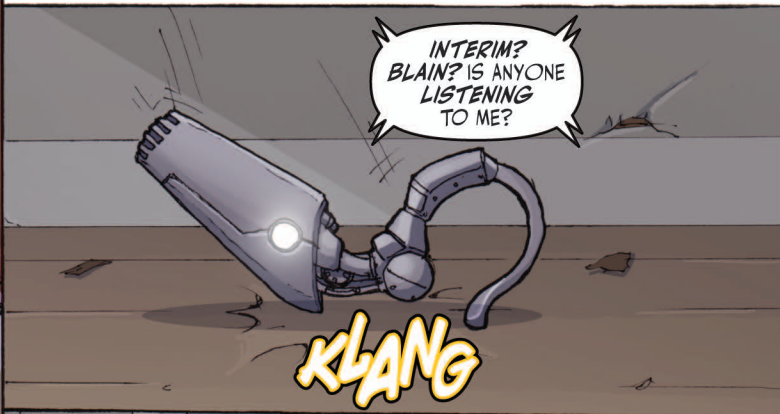
SO THAT WE MAY BE SAVED FROM THY WRATH...



WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER. HE'S GOING TO KILL HER.

INTERIM, WAIT!



INTERIM? BLAIN? IS ANYONE LISTENING TO ME?

KLANG



KASLAM



NOT TODAY, FREAK.

WHO THE--?!

INTERIM

I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO KILL INNOCENT PEOPLE FOR YOUR IDIOTIC CAUSE!

UGH!

THAK

AS FOR YOU...

CRACK!

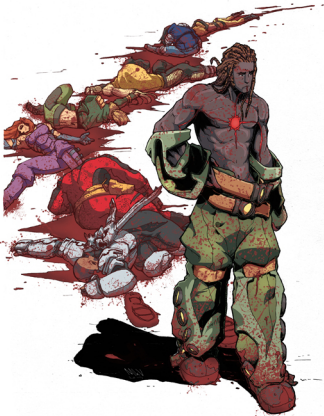
SWSHH

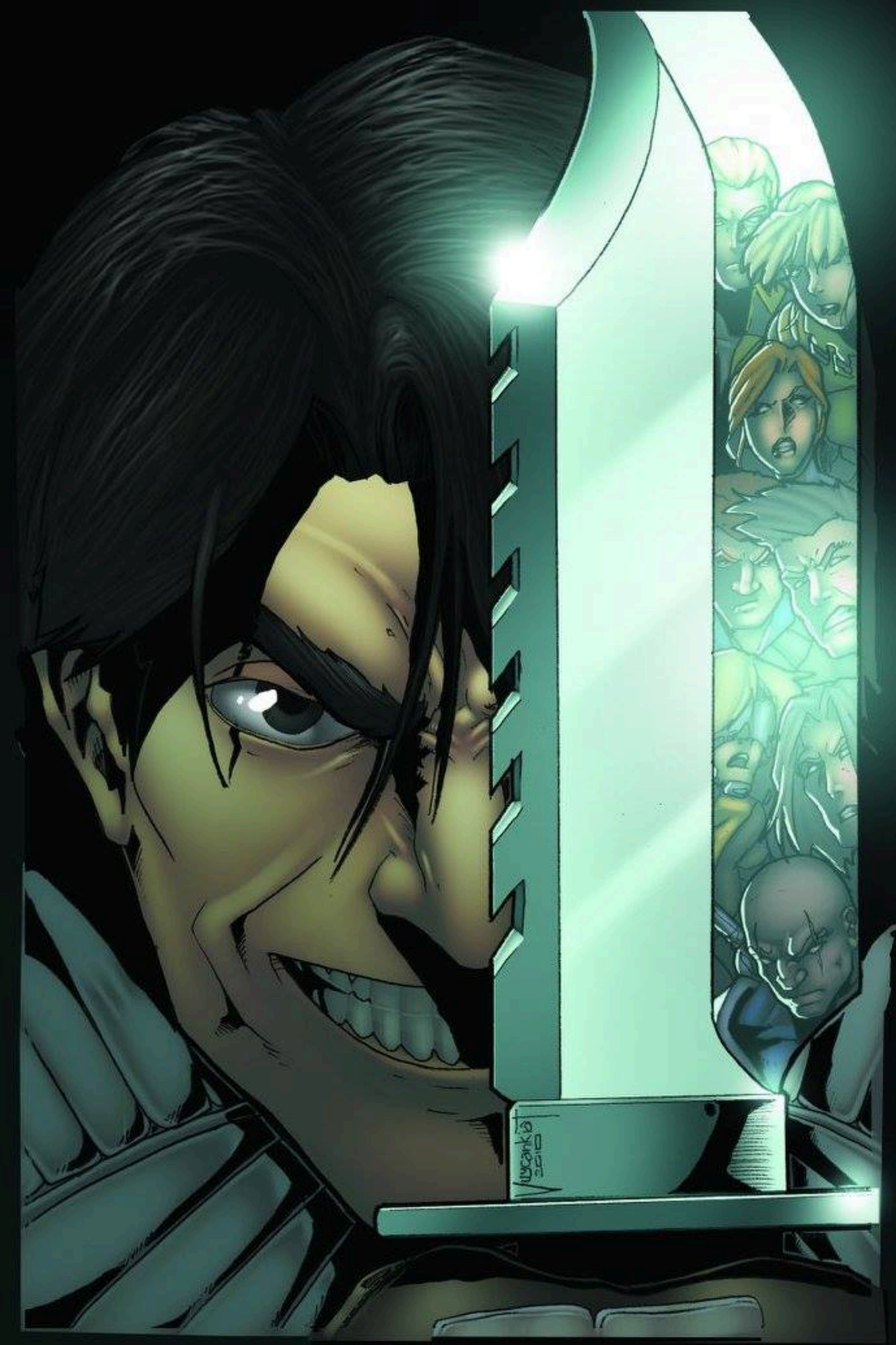
Zzrrk

POP









WUJANKO
2010

Hello and thank you for looking at this preview.

Here is some data on the Edge.

Creative Team

creator -Marvin Wynn

writer -Marvin Wynn

artist – Mark Louie Vuycankiat

inker – Mark Louie Vuycankiat

colorist - Luis Antonio Delgado

letterer - Jaymes Reed

Social Media

<https://www.facebook.com/The.Edge.Comic>

<https://twitter.com/Marvinwynn>

<https://www.instagram.com/theedgecomic/>

If there is an interest in store exclusive covers, please contact me marvin.wynn@gmail.com

**AVAILABLE FOR PREORDER
THROUGH DIAMOND**



BEOWULF

Diamond Order Code: JAN231444

*(W) Grant Lankard (A) Antonio Brandao, Grant Lankard
(CA) Ariel Medel, Saul Shavanas*

A 13-year old girl learns that her cat has magic powers when they have simultaneous visions of a dragon waking from a thousand year nap. Their plan is to seek out the reincarnation of the legendary warrior, Beowulf, to face off against the dragon but unfortunately he's more 30-something slacker than dragon slayer.

In Shops: Mar 01, 2023

SRP: \$3.99



THE EDGE

Diamond Order Code: JAN231445

(W) Marvin Wynn (A/CA) Mark Louie Vuycankiat

Infected by the super steroid The Edge, Revenant is on a rampage to eliminate Richard Tartabull. Can the strike team placed between them stop Revenant? Or will they all spread the infection of The Edge further?

In Shops: Mar 01, 2023

SRP: \$3.99

