

WAYWARD
RAVEN

#1

HORSEMIEN





WAYWARD
RAVEN PRESENTS

HORSEMEN



GALAXY BY GALAXY, STAR BY STAR, THE UNIVERSE IS BEING STRIPPED OF ITS DIVERSITY AND FREEWILL, LEAVING A COLORLESS EXISTENCE IN ITS WAKE. WITH CHOICE SLIPPING AWAY AND ONLY THE FAINTEST OF HOPES REMAINING, ANCIENT GUARDIANS RIDE ACROSS THE COSMOS TO DEFEND THE LAST BASTIONS OF FREEDOM.

ENTER THE HORSEMEN!

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THE PLANET QUETZ, LAST
OF THE FREE WORLDS IN THE
PRISM-FORGE GALAXY.

MY LORD WAR ORDERED ME
AWAY SINCE THE PRESENCE OF
DESTRUCTION WAS NO LONGER
NEEDED UPON THE BATTLEFIELD.

I WATCHED AS HE
CHARGED AHEAD TO
DEFEND OUR
COMRADE DEATH.



FROM THE
PORTAL, I
WATCHED AS
MY LORD
DEALT WITH
WHAT HE
COULD.

SHUNK





--THERE IS
NOTHING LEFT
TO US HERE.

I AM SORRY
MY FRIEND,
BUT I CANNOT
LEAVE MY
PEOPLE TO
THIS FATE.

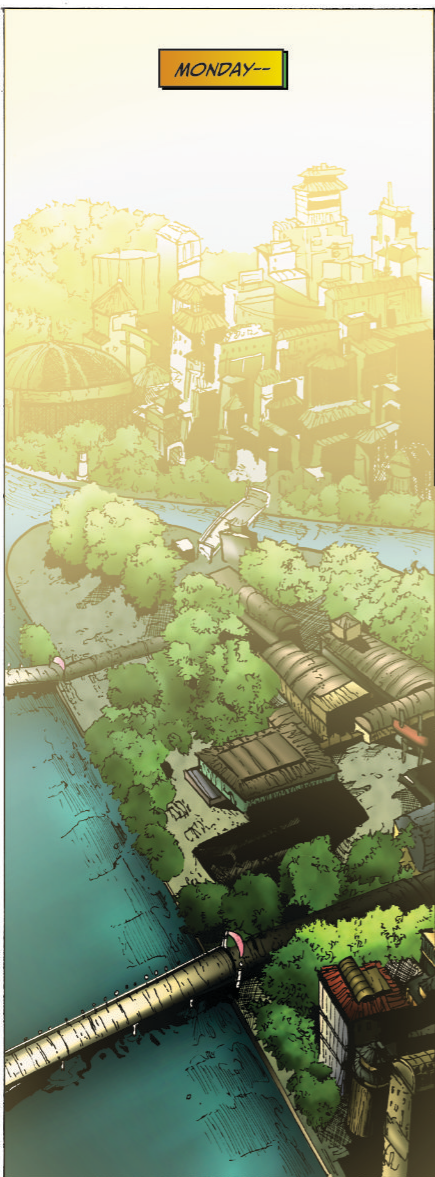


AND NOW,
I CHOOSE
ANOTHER
PATH.

YOU
UNDERSTAND
WHAT THAT
MEANS...



MONDAY--



--AUGUST 6TH--



--1945.



HIROSHIMA.





-SIGH-

AFTER OUR
RECENT DEFEAT,
I WAS NOT
ABOUT TO LOSE
THIS ONE.

GOTCHA!

WHAT
THE...?



ARE YOU GEMNA, THE
LORD OF THE DEAD,
COME TO TAKE ME
AWAY?

NO, I AM DESTRUCTION.
DEATH IS DEAD.



HOW CAN
THE LORD OF
DEATH BE
DEAD?

I'M GLAD YOU
HAVE RETURNED,
BROTHER. COME
WITH ME GOOD
SIR, ALL WILL BE
EXPLAINED.





AS I WATCHED, LORD WAR EXPLAINED HOW DEATH DIED VALIANTLY DEFENDING HIS PLANET.


...AND I AM SENIOR HORSEMAN, WAR.



THIS IS OUR HEALER, CREATION. SHE WILL EXPLAIN MORE.



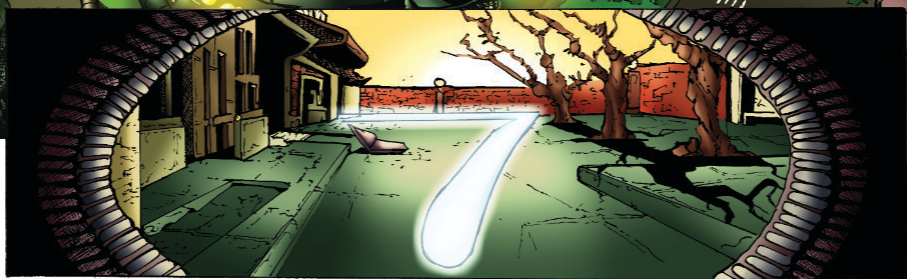
HE SEEMS CONFLICTED. I REMEMBER FEELING THAT WAY.



IN HER SOOTHING VOICE, CREATION TOLD OF OUR ONGOING STRUGGLE WITH FATE AND DESTINY, WHO WISH TO OBLITERATE ALL FREEDOM IN THE UNIVERSE AND HOW THOSE WHO ACCEPT THEM LOSE NOT ONLY THEIR FREEWILL BUT EVEN COLOR ITSELF.

AND NOW THAT YOU KNOW, WILL YOU JOIN US IN OUR BATTLE TO PRESERVE FREEDOM AND CHOICE?





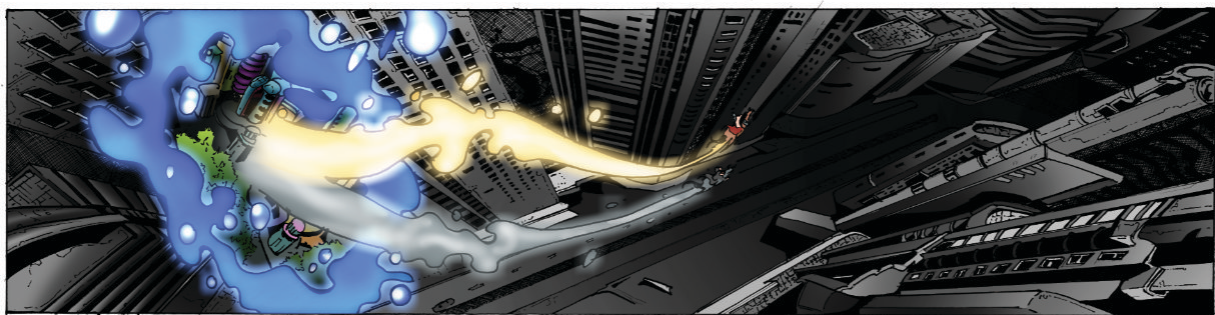
DESTINY'S
FOOTHOLD HAS
STRENGTHENED.
TIME GROWS
SHORT.



DESTRUCTION! CALL UPON OUR
GUEST FOR A DECISION. IF YOU MUST,
SHOW HIM OUR RECENT
FAILURE.



I FOUND HIM IN THE
LIBRARY. HE HAD SPENT
NEARLY ALL HIS WAKING
HOURS THERE, AND
STILL HE REQUIRED
FURTHER PROOF.



WHAT
IS WRONG
WITH THEM?
EVERYTHING IS
SO QUIET.

THEY HAVE
NO FEELINGS
OR WILL OF
THEIR OWN.



BUT
WHERE
IS THE
COLOR?



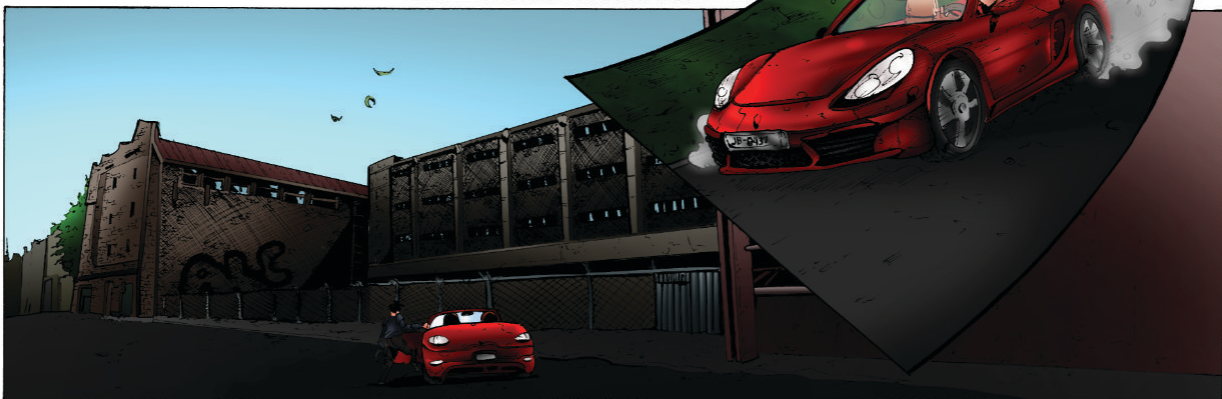
THEY FORFEITED THEIR FREEWILL. ALL
TOUCHED BY FATE AND DESTINY EXIST ONLY
AS GRAY SHADOWS OF THEIR
FORMER SELVES.



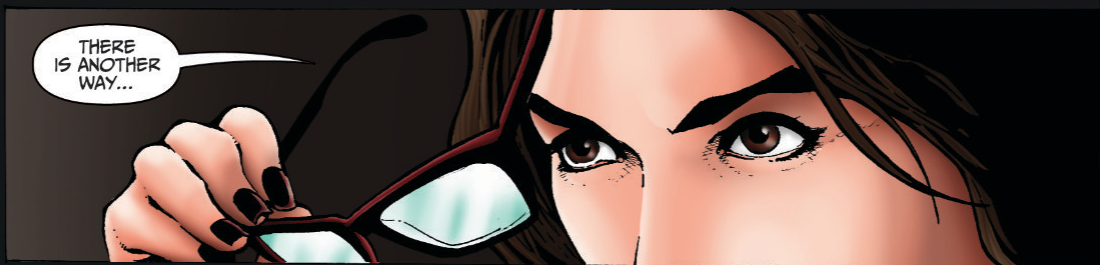
WHAT I SAW WAS
MONSTROUS AND I
WISH TO FIGHT IT.
I SHALL BE YOUR
DEATH. CALL ME
GEMNA.

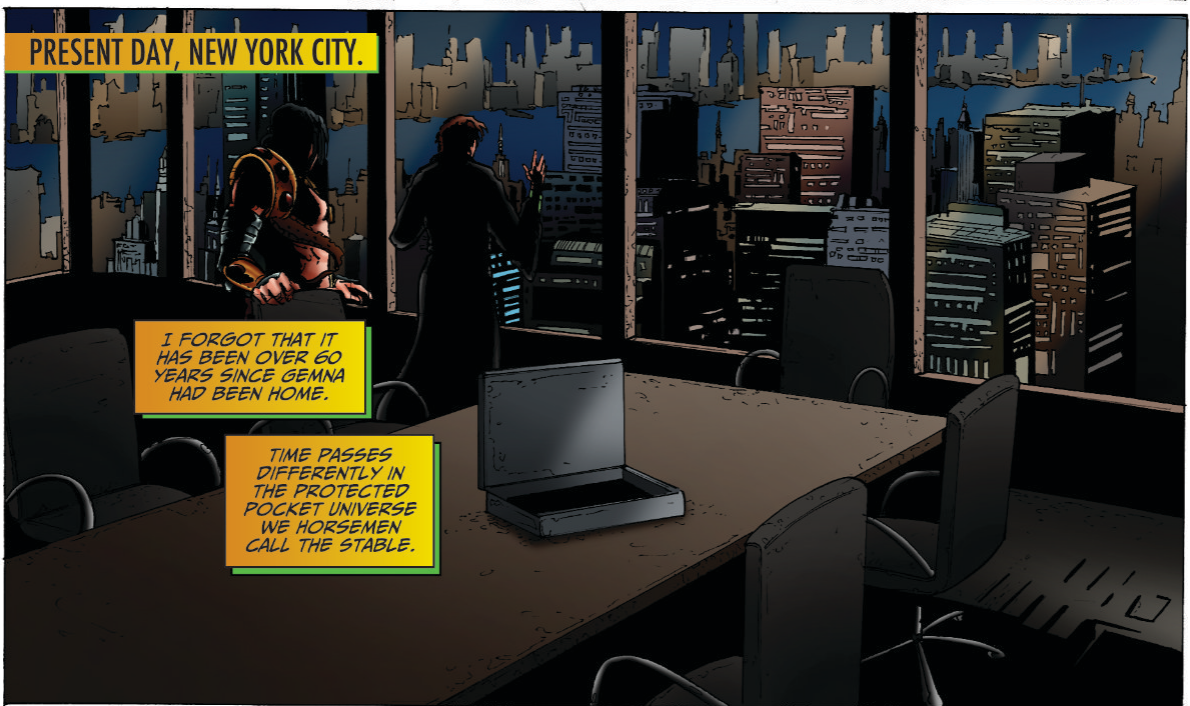


THEN YOU
WILL NEED
THESE.



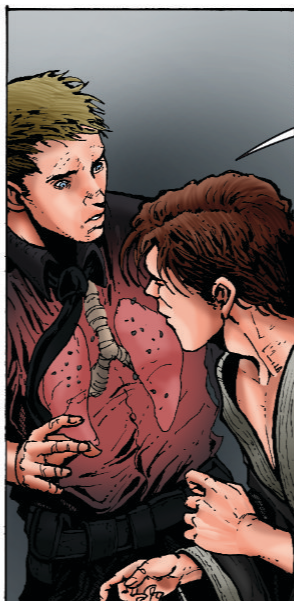


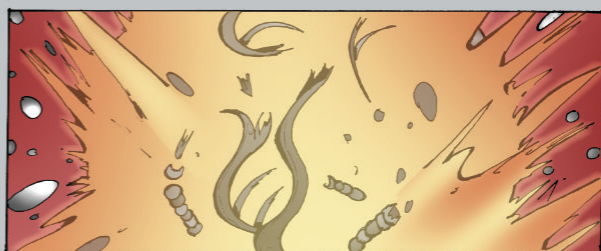
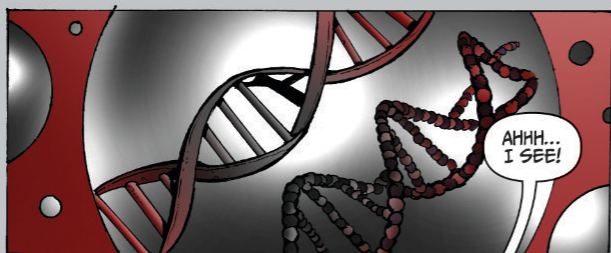


















TO BE CONTINUED.