

ALL OVER THE WORLD





ELIJAH SNOW?
I'M JAKITA WAGNER.
WE SPOKE ON THE
PHONE.

YEAH.



EXPLAIN TO ME
WHY I SHOULDN'T
KILL YOU RIGHT
NOW.

IS THAT
WHY YOU AGREED
TO MEET ME, MR.
SNOW? TO KILL
ME?

MAYBE.



THEN I'LL
BE QUICK.

YOU'VE DONE A
FAIR JOB OF COVERING
UP YOUR EXISTENCE AND
YOUR CAREER, MR. SNOW.
BUT NOT QUITE GOOD
ENOUGH TO HIDE
YOUR VALUE.

YOU'RE A
HUNDRED YEARS
OLD. YOU'VE
HAUNTED THE
20TH CENTURY,
MR. SNOW.



AND YOU HAVEN'T DONE
MUCH OTHER THAN SIT
IN YOUR DESERT SHACK
AND EAT HERE FOR THE
LAST DECADE.

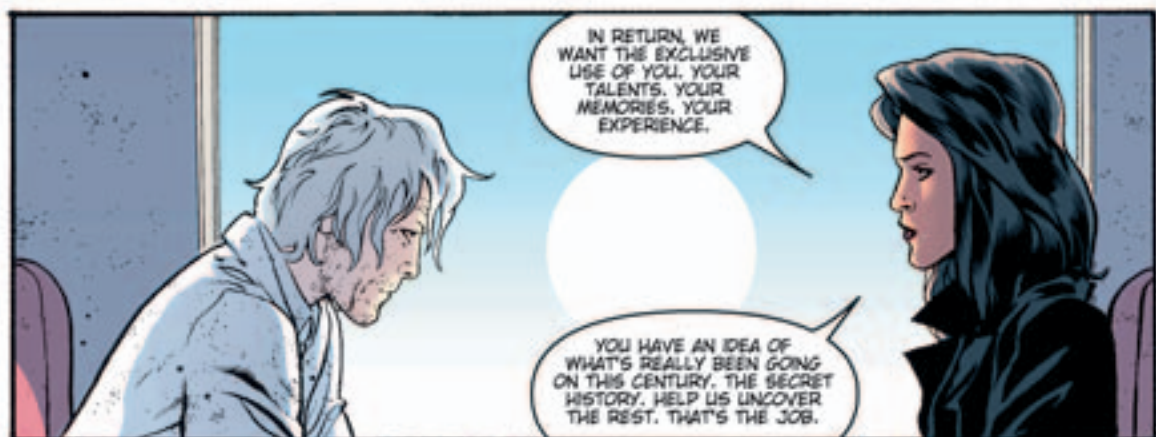
IF I COULD
CHANGE ANYTHING,
IT'D BE THAT.

I HAVE
A JOB FOR
YOU.

IT PAYS A
MILLION DOLLARS
A YEAR FOR THE REST OF
YOUR LIFE -- NO MATTER
HOW LONG YOU WORK FOR
US, NO MATTER HOW LONG
YOUR LIFE TURNS
OUT TO BE.

PLUS, WE'LL
WIPE WHATEVER
RECORDS OF YOUR
EXISTENCE
REMAIN.





IN RETURN, WE WANT THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF YOU. YOUR TALENTS. YOUR MEMORIES. YOUR EXPERIENCE.

YOU HAVE AN IDEA OF WHAT'S REALLY BEEN GOING ON THIS CENTURY. THE SECRET HISTORY. HELP US UNCOVER THE REST. THAT'S THE JOB.



ANYTHIN'?



YEAH. GET HER A COFFEE.

ONE JUST LIKE MINE.



I HAVE NO IDEA WHY I'M DOING THIS. I'VE GOT NO PROOF YOU'RE GOING TO DO ANYTHING YOU SAY YOU WILL.

WELL, I FIGURE YOU COULD WALK BACK TO THAT DINER AND DRINK THAT SWILL AND EAT THAT CRAP UNTIL YOU EVENTUALLY DIE OF RENAL FAILURE AND FLATULENCE --





NOT BAD.



SOME DECENT CLOTHES, UNLIMITED ROOM SERVICE, TIME ON MY OWN, A PLATINUM CARD IN MY POCKET.

EITHER I'VE GONE INSANE, OR THEY POISONED THE FOOD, OR...

...OR IT'S FOR REAL. DON'T KNOW WHICH SCARES ME MORE...



MR. SNOW, IT'S JAKITA WAGNER.



HOW'RE YOU DOING, MR. SNOW? I SEE THE TAILOR YOU ORDERED HAS BEEN AND GONE. VERY NICE. TWO DAYS WELL SPENT.

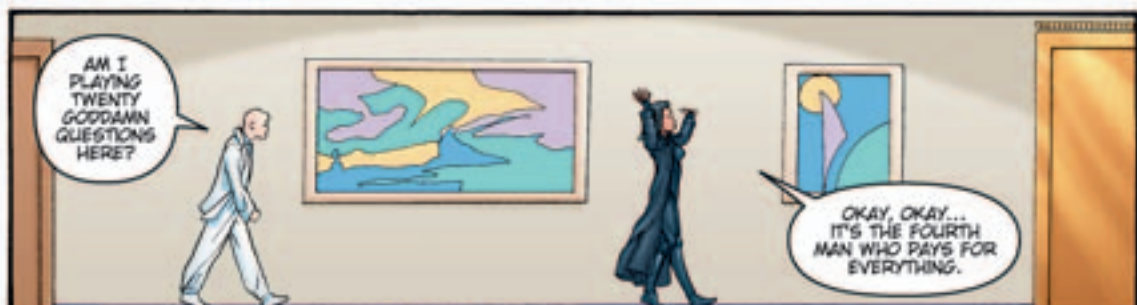
WELCOME TO THE NEW YORK OFFICE OF PLANETARY.

WHO'S PAYING FOR ALL THIS, WAGNER?



WE ARE, WELL, PLANETARY IS THE ORGANIZATION.

FOLLOW ME. WE'VE GOT A JOB.



AM I PLAYING TWENTY GODDAMN QUESTIONS HERE?

OKAY, OKAY... IT'S THE FOURTH MAN WHO PAYS FOR EVERYTHING.



FOURTH MAN.

WE DON'T KNOW HIS NAME. THAT'S PART OF THE DEAL. HE COULD BE BILL GATES. HE COULD BE HITLER.

ALL WE KNOW IS, HE HAS MORE MONEY THAN GOD, AND FUNDS EVERYTHING WE DO WITHOUT QUESTION.

WE CALL HIM THE FOURTH MAN OF PLANETARY. PLANETARY'S ALWAYS BEEN A THREE-PERSON TEAM, AND...



WHERE'S THE THIRD MAN, THEN?

DOWNSTAIRS, WAITING FOR US.



HOLD ON.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE *LAST* THIRD MAN, THEN? THE ONE BEFORE ME?



TELL YOU SOME OTHER TIME.

WHEN WE'VE WORKED IT OUT FOR OURSELVES.





ADIRONDACKS. BIG MOUNTAINS. SOME IDIOT OR OTHER PLANNING TO PUT TUNNELS, ROADS AND STUFF, THROUGH 'EM.

THOUGH GOD KNOWS WHAT PEOPLE THINK THEY'RE IN THE WAY OF.

DID RESONANCE SCANNING, THERMAL IMAGING, ALL THAT KIND OF STUFF, LOOKING FOR STRESSES IN THE MOUNTAINS.

THEY FOUND A COMPLEX OF CAVES INSIDE A MOUNTAIN. A VERY DESIGNED-LOOKING COMPLEX.

MAN-MADE.

AND, Y'KNOW, NO ONE CAN SEE AN ENTRANCE INTO THIS SYSTEM -- BUT SCANNING SHOWS IT'S THERE.


WE GOT A MOLE IN THAT CORPORATION WHO THROWS THIS TO US. WE BUY SOME TIME ON A SPY SATELLITE.

GODDAMN IF THE ENTRANCE ISN'T MASKED BY A HOLOGRAM.

NOW, ALL THIS WOULD BE WEIRD ENOUGH. BUT DO YOU REMEMBER THOSE DIARIES WE STOLE FROM THE OLD KGB VAULTS TWO YEARS BACK, JAKITA?


THE ADIRONDACKS.

RIGHT. THE ADIRONDACKS WERE THE LAST KNOWN DESTINATION OF DOC BRASS.



WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT DOCTOR AXEL BRASS IS LIMITED, TO SAY THE LEAST.

HE WAS BORN ON JANUARY ONE, 1900, WHICH GOT OUR ATTENTION. SAME BIRTH DATE AS SEVERAL OTHER UNUSUAL INDIVIDUALS. DISAPPEARED JANUARY ONE, 1945.



BY THE THIRTIES, HE WAS YOUR GENUINE RENAISSANCE MAN: GREAT SCIENTIST, GIFTED INVENTOR, SOMETHING OF A VISIONARY.

THE DIARIES WE OBTAINED WERE KEPT BY AN APPARENT ASSOCIATE OF BRASS', WHO DIED IN BERLIN DURING VE-DAY 1945.

HIS CORPSE WAS EVIDENTLY RANSACKED BY A RUSSIAN OFFICER. THE BOOKS EVENTUALLY PASSED INTO THE HANDS OF THE KGB --

-- WHO SEALED THEM IN THEIR VAULT OF FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE.

WE'D NEVER HEARD OF BRASS UNTIL WE READ THE BOOKS. TURNS OUT BRASS WAS ALSO AN ADVENTURER.

ALSO, THERE'S EVIDENCE THAT HE'D RETARDED HIS OWN AGING, AND POSSIBLY NO LONGER NEEDED TO EAT.

HE DEALT WITH THINGS THAT NO ONE OUTSIDE HIS GROUP KNEW ABOUT. THINGS HISTORY NEVER RECORDED.

THINGS WE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT.

IT'S AMAZING HOW YOU CAN TALK FOR AGES BUT NOT ACTUALLY SAY ONE GODDAMN THING I UNDERSTAND. HOW DO YOU DO THAT?





HAVEN'T TRIED A STUNT LIKE THIS SINCE THE SAIGON BUG-OUT... YOU FOLLOWING ME DOWN, WAGNER?



NO.



COME ON, COME ON... THE ENTRANCE IS THAT WAY, AND I WANT TO GET THERE BEFORE I RETIRE.

CAN YOU REALLY DROPKICK A RHINO ACROSS THE GRAND CANYON?

TRIED IT WITH AN OLD MAN WHO IRRITATED THE CRAP OUT OF ME AND IT WORKED, MIGHT WORK WITH A RHINO.



HOW LONG'S PLANETARY BEEN GOING?

I HAVE NO IDEA. I JOINED FOUR YEARS AGO. WHETHER IT WAS AROUND BEFORE THAT, I DON'T KNOW. NOBODY'S SAID SO.

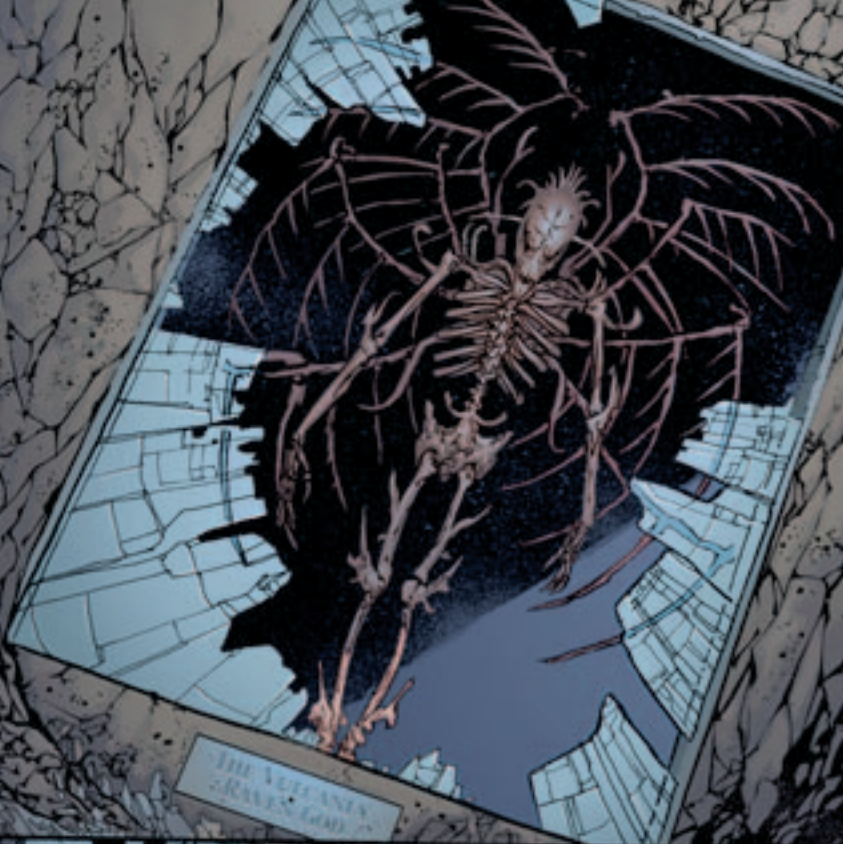
WHY'D YOU JOIN? THE MONEY OR THE SECRETY YOUR FOURTH MAN CAN BUY?



NEITHER.

I GET BORED EASILY.

PLANETARY STOPS ME GETTING BORED.





I'M AXEL BRASS.

YOU DAMN WELL BETTER BE THE GOOD GUYS.



PLEASE. YOUR GUNS ARE USELESS ON ME, WE'RE HERE TO HELP.

YOU WANT TO HELP? SHUT UP AND LISTEN.

CHRIST...



FOR GOD'S SAKE, MAN, YOU'RE WOUNDED AND YOU'VE BEEN HERE SINCE --

-- SINCE 1945, BOY, I ELIMINATED MY NEED FOR FOOD AND SLEEP IN 1962 --

-- STOPPED AGING IN '43, AND LEARNED TO CLOSE WOUNDS WITH THE POWER OF MY MIND IN '44.

SO SHUT UP AND LISTEN. THIS IS IMPORTANT AND WE HAVE NO TIME.



YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND, YOU HAVE TO LISTEN, OR ELSE IT'S ALL BEEN FOR NOTHING.

THEY CALLED ME HERE IN JANUARY '45. WE BUILT THIS PLACE TEN YEARS EARLIER, A SECRET HEADQUARTERS FOR GOD'S SAKE, BECAUSE WE DIDN'T FEEL SAFE MEETING ANY OTHER WAY.



THIS WAS
OUR PLACE, WHERE WE RESTED,
PLANNED, CELEBRATED VICTORIES
AND ADMIRING OUR TROPHIES. THERE
WERE MONSTERS ABOARD IN THE WORLD,
THINGS THE WORLD DIDN'T NEED TO KNOW
ABOUT. WE WERE DIFFERENT. SPECIAL.
GREATER. WE TOOK THAT RESPONSIBILITY
UPON OURSELVES. JANUARY OF '45, IT ALL
CHANGED. I LEFT MY ASSOCIATES IN NEW
YORK, AND CAME HERE FOR OUR MOST
IMPORTANT MEET.





BETWEEN US, WE'VE COME UP WITH AN EXTRAPOLATION OF THE COMPUTER THAT'S... WELL, IT'S KIND OF FRIGHTENING.

THE WORLD ISN'T BLACK AND WHITE, ON OR OFF. IT'S MADE OF OF SITUATIONS THAT STAND IN ALL POINTS *BETWEEN* ON OR OFF. SHADES OF GREY.

IN FACT, I THINK THE *UNIVERSE* IS LIKE THAT -- IT OCCUPIES ALL POSSIBLE POSITIONS AT ONCE.



A MULTITUDE OF POSSIBLE ALTERNATIVES, NONE OF THEM QUITE REAL, ALL OF THEM CONTRIBUTING TOWARDS THE ACTUAL REALITY.

A CALCULATING DEVICE ALONG THESE LINES COULD PERFORM ITS OPERATIONS SIMULTANEOUSLY, NOT SERIALLY AS IN THIS BINARY TECHNOLOGY.



WE'D HAVE A MECHANICAL BRAIN, GENTLEMEN -- BUT UNLIKE ANY WE EVER IMAGINED.




THIS QUANTUM BRAIN WOULD PERFORM EACH CALCULATION ACROSS UNIVERSES, EACH POSSIBLE ANSWER BEING PROCESSED IN A DIFFERENT WORLD --

-- EACH ALTERNATIVE UNIVERSE VANISHING, ONE BY ONE, UNTIL THE ANSWER MADE ITSELF REAL.



LOOK.



THIS IS
THE SHAPE OF
REALITY.

A THEORETICAL
SNOWFLAKE EXISTING
IN 196,833 DIMENSIONAL
SPACE.

THE SNOWFLAKE
ROTATES. EACH ELEMENT
OF THE SNOWFLAKE
ROTATES. EACH ROTATION
DESCRIBES AN ENTIRELY
NEW UNIVERSE.

THE TOTAL
NUMBER OF
ROTATIONS ARE EQUAL
TO THE NUMBER OF
ATOMS MAKING UP
THE EARTH.

EACH
ROTATION MAKES
A NEW EARTH.

THIS IS THE
MULTIVERSE.





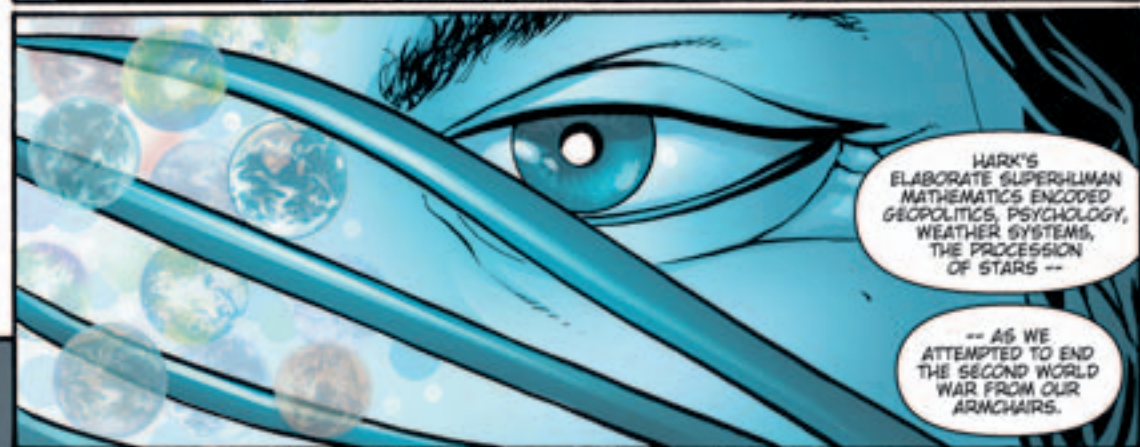
THE OTHERS WERE BEHIND US. WE HAD THE AGREEMENT WE SOUGHT.

WE BARELY UNDERSTOOD EVEN THE SIDE EFFECTS OPERATING THE MACHINE COULD HAVE.

THERE WAS A SLIM CHANCE THAT A SOLVED EQUATION COULD REWRITE THE ENTIRE PLANET'S REALITY, MAKING ITS MATHEMATICAL ANSWER AN OBJECTIVE TRUTH.



BUT WE DID IT ANYWAY.



HARK'S ELABORATE SUPERHUMAN MATHEMATICS ENCODED GEOPOLITICS, PSYCHOLOGY, WEATHER SYSTEMS, THE PROCESSION OF STARS --

-- AS WE ATTEMPTED TO END THE SECOND WORLD WAR FROM OUR ARMCHAIRS.



IT WAS 1945. THE ATOMIC BOMB HADN'T YET BEEN DROPPED -- BUT WE KNEW IT WOULD BE.

WE'D DELIBERATELY NOT ENTERED THE WAR, YOU SEE. WE KNEW ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND HOW COMPLEX SHIFTING THE DIRECTION OF CIVILIZATION WAS.

TOO MANY VARIABLES. WE COULD NEVER JUGGLE ALL THE MYRIAD POSSIBILITIES OUR ACTIONS COULD SET IN MOTION.



BUT
THE **BRAIN**
COULD.

IT COULD FURNISH US
WITH A SOLVED EQUATION THAT
CONSTITUTED THE PERFECT PLAN
TO END THE WAR AS SOON AS
POSSIBLE, WITH A MINIMUM DEATH,
CREATING THE BEST POSSIBLE
WORLD SOCIETY AS A RESULT.



HARK'S MATH WAS ENTERED
INTO THE BRAIN BY EDISON,
AS I MOVED THE MACHINE
INTO LIFE...AND IT
BEGAN.

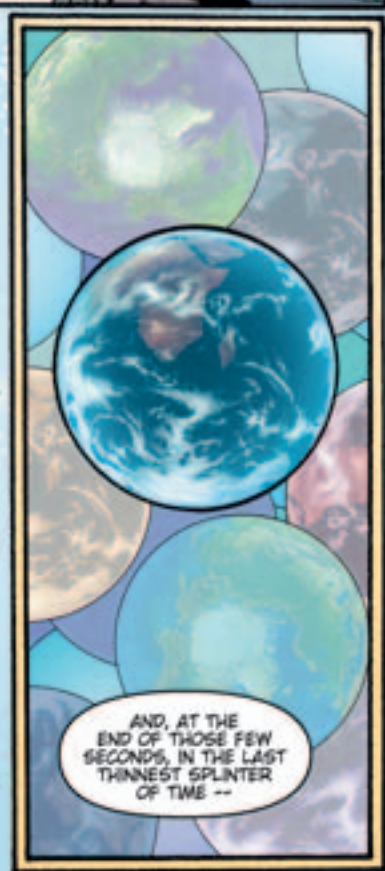
WAGNER, THE
FLOOR -- THE ENTIRE
ROOM -- IT'S THE
"BRAIN", WE'RE
SITTING INSIDE A
COMPUTER...

AND THE
SINGLE, TERRIBLE
FLAW IN MY IMAGINATION
WAS THE RUIN OF US ALL.




THE SNOWFLAKE
GREW. UNIVERSES SPUN
INTO LIFE, THEIR SPANS
MEASURED IN SECONDS --
BY OUR RECKONING

BUT TIME MOVED
DIFFERENTLY IN THERE.
WITHIN EACH NEWBORN
UNIVERSE, BILLIONS OF
YEARS SPAN OUT IN
THOSE FEW SECONDS
WE PERCEIVED.



AND, AT THE
END OF THOSE FEW
SECONDS, IN THE LAST
THINNIEST SPLINTER
OF TIME --



-- A GROUP OF PEOPLE
IN A MOUNTAIN HIDEAWAY
LOOKED ACROSS THAT
GULF OF REALITIES AT
US, KNOWING THAT THEIR
UNIVERSE WAS ON THE
VERGE OF DECOHERENCE,
DESTRUCTION --

-- AND
WENT FOR
US.



WE SAVED
THE WORLD.
THAT NIGHT.



MY SIX
FRIENDS THOUGHT
NOT OF THEMSELVES,
THEIR PLANS, THEIR
HOPES. THEY THOUGHT
ONLY OF STOPPING
THE INVADERS.



IF WE HADN'T STOPPED THEM,
THEY'D HAVE KILLED EVERYONE
ON EARTH TO MAKE ROOM
FOR EVERYONE ON THEIR
EARTH.



ONLY I SURVIVED.

WE NEARLY DESTROYED THE WORLD, AND SO WE HAD TO SAVE IT.

BUT SAVING IT DESTROYED US.



AND I COULDN'T SWITCH THE BRAIN OFF. AND SO I COULDN'T LEAVE IT.

I'VE HAD TO STAY HERE. STAY AWAKE. IN CASE SOMEONE ELSE COMES THROUGH.



I FIGURE THE YEAR MUST BE 1970 OR THEREABOUTS. HOW'M I DOING?



I THINK HE'LL BE OKAY. WE HAVE HOSPITALS WHERE HE CAN BE TAKEN CARE OF. HE CAN FINALLY REST.

NOW I SEE WHY THREE CHOPPERS. ONE FOR US, ONE FOR THE MEDICS. WHAT'S IN THE THIRD?

NOT TELLING.



AWAKE FOR MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS. POOR BASTARD...

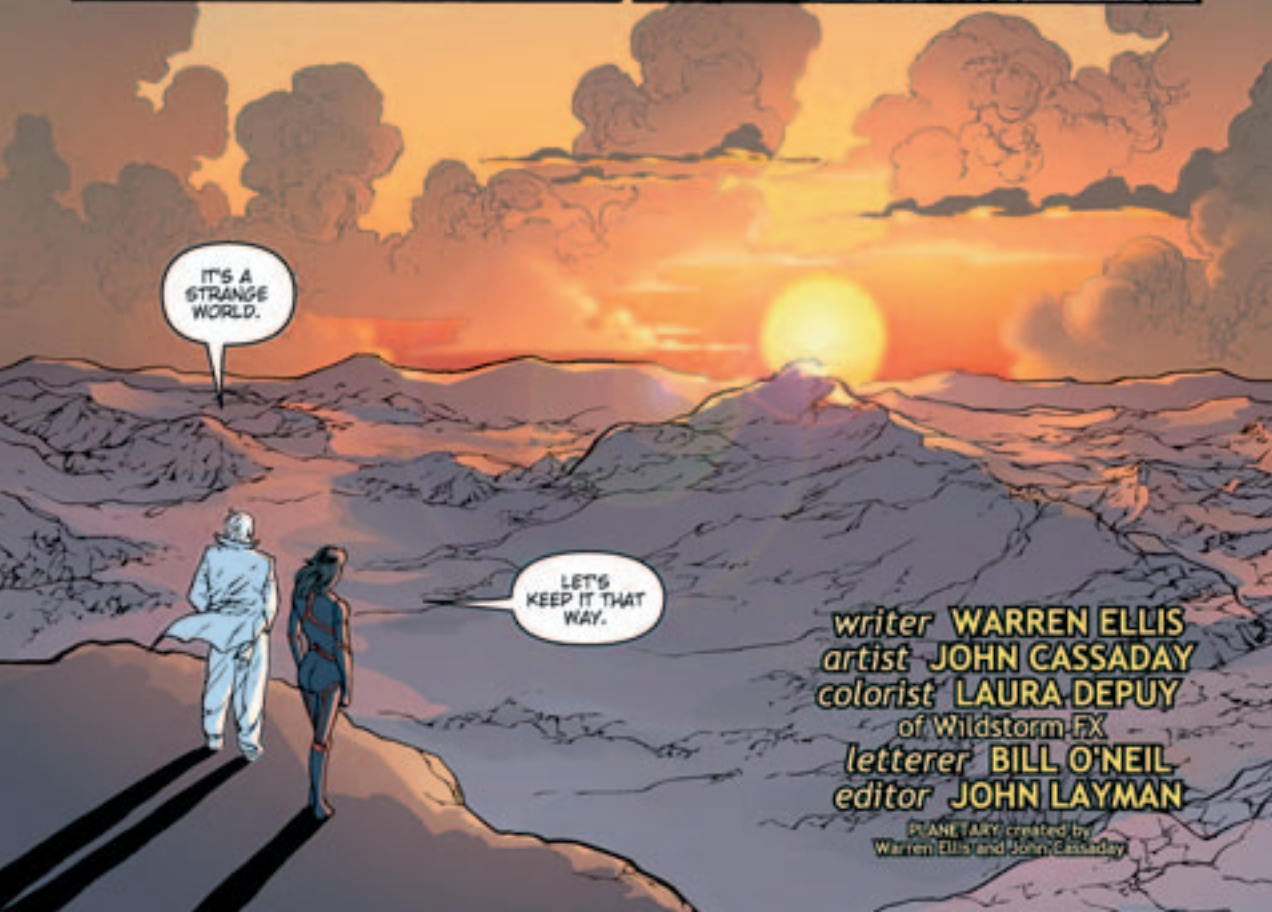
DID PLANETARY GET WHAT THEY WANTED OUT OF THIS, WAGNER?



I DON'T KNOW. DID WE?

WE DID OKAY.

A QUANTUM COMPUTER BUILT DURING WORLD WAR TWO BY A SECRET SOCIETY OF SUPERHEROES WHOM WE DIDN'T KNOW EXISTED, PLUS THEIR HIDDEN HEADQUARTERS.



IT'S A STRANGE WORLD.

LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY.

writer **WARREN ELLIS**
artist **JOHN CASSADAY**
colorist **LAURA DEPUY**
of Wildstorm-FX
letterer **BILL O'NEIL**
editor **JOHN LAYMAN**

PLANETARY created by
Warren Ellis and John Cassaday