

FANTASTIC FOUR

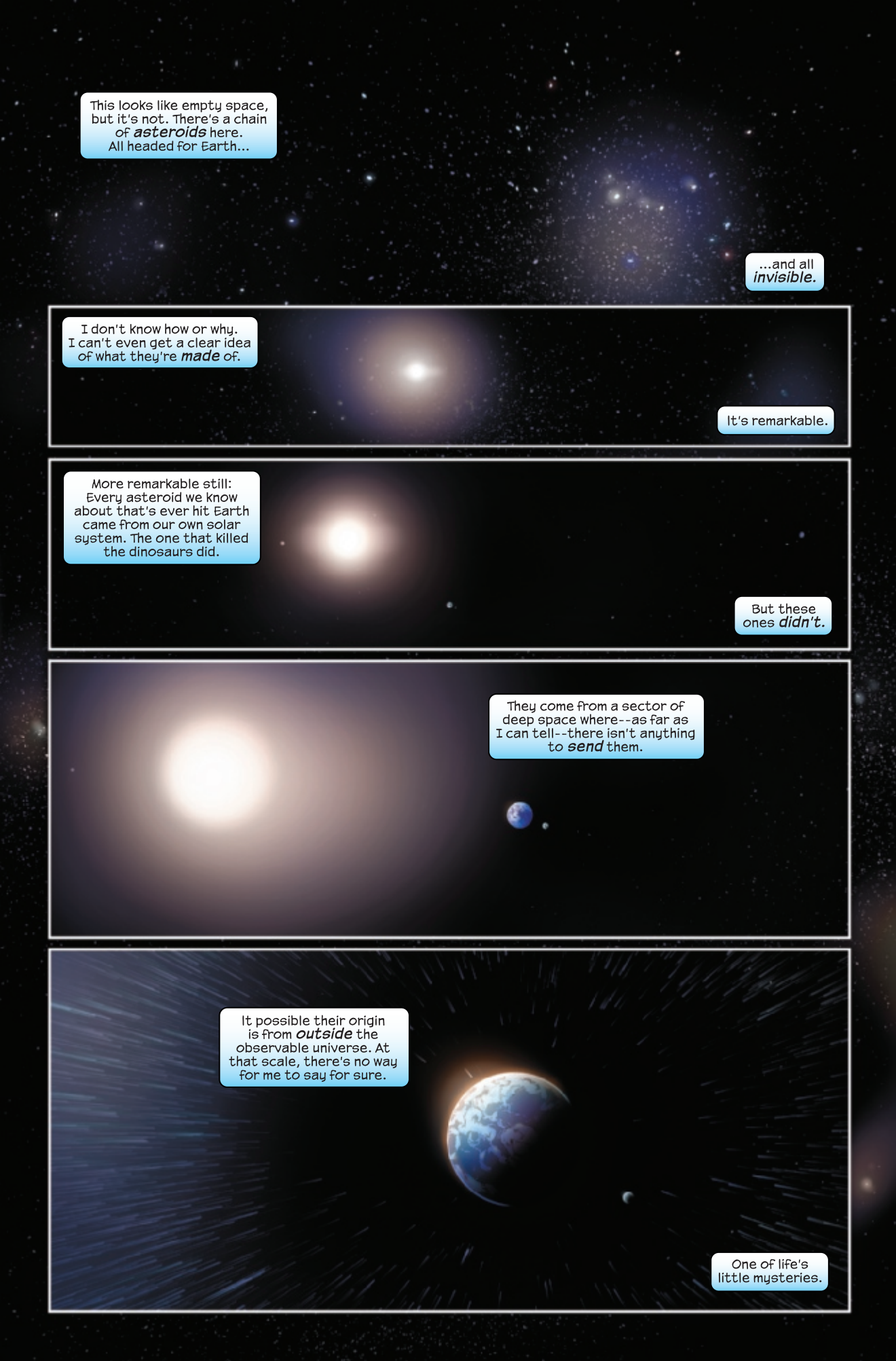
MARVEL 18
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**NORTH
GÓMEZ
ABURTOV**

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BONUS DIGITAL EDITION — DETAILS INSIDE!



This looks like empty space,
but it's not. There's a chain
of *asteroids* here.
All headed for Earth...

...and all
invisible.

I don't know how or why.
I can't even get a clear idea
of what they're *made* of.

It's remarkable.

More remarkable still:
Every asteroid we know
about that's ever hit Earth
came from our own solar
system. The one that killed
the dinosaurs did.

But these
ones *didn't*.

They come from a sector of
deep space where--as far as
I can tell--there isn't anything
to *send* them.

It possible their origin
is from *outside* the
observable universe. At
that scale, there's no way
for me to say for sure.

One of life's
little mysteries.

A comic book panel showing Franklin Richards, a young man with spiky blonde hair, floating in a meditative lotus position. He is surrounded by a vibrant, swirling nebula of colorful energy particles in shades of blue, purple, green, and red. His eyes are closed, and he has a serene expression. In the background, a woman with blonde hair is sleeping peacefully in a bed in a dimly lit room. The room contains a desk with a lamp and some books. The overall atmosphere is one of cosmic power and tranquility.

Even I can't see
everything.

I'm Franklin Richards,
and I'm one of the
most powerful beings
in the universe.

I've been an
immortal, a *god*,
an Omega-level
mutant.

I've created life and
been worshipped for it.
I've ended life and
been cursed out with
just as much sincerity.

I've been credibly told
I'm gonna be the only
one who survives the end
of this universe, the only
one who passes on into
the *next* one.

And, man,
I gotta say...

...I really just wanna be a *kid* first.

It's more than "want," actually: I know I *have* to be.

How many kids have been visited by their *future selves*, telling them all the ways things could go wrong?

How many kids have *aged* themselves up, trying to help, only to have it blow up in their faces?

You can't skip this part of your life. You need years to *learn*. To *grow*. To *become* yourself.


But with my powers, I can't *be* a kid. So a while back, I came up with a solution:

I don't let myself *have* my powers. I hide them from everyone-- even *myself*.

And then once a year, I *wake up*. I remember *everything*. I look around, with my *full* powers, my unlimited, reality-altering set...

...and I see where the world is *at*.







This year, I found those invisible asteroids.

...and what I know about my family...

So as my family sleeps and death tears toward Earth, I take what I know about the universe...



...and use it to *foresee* what's going to occur.




A leads to B,
and so B leads to C,
and so C leads to D.

And so, and so,
and so.



So!

KRAKA-BOOM!



Here's what happens *next*.