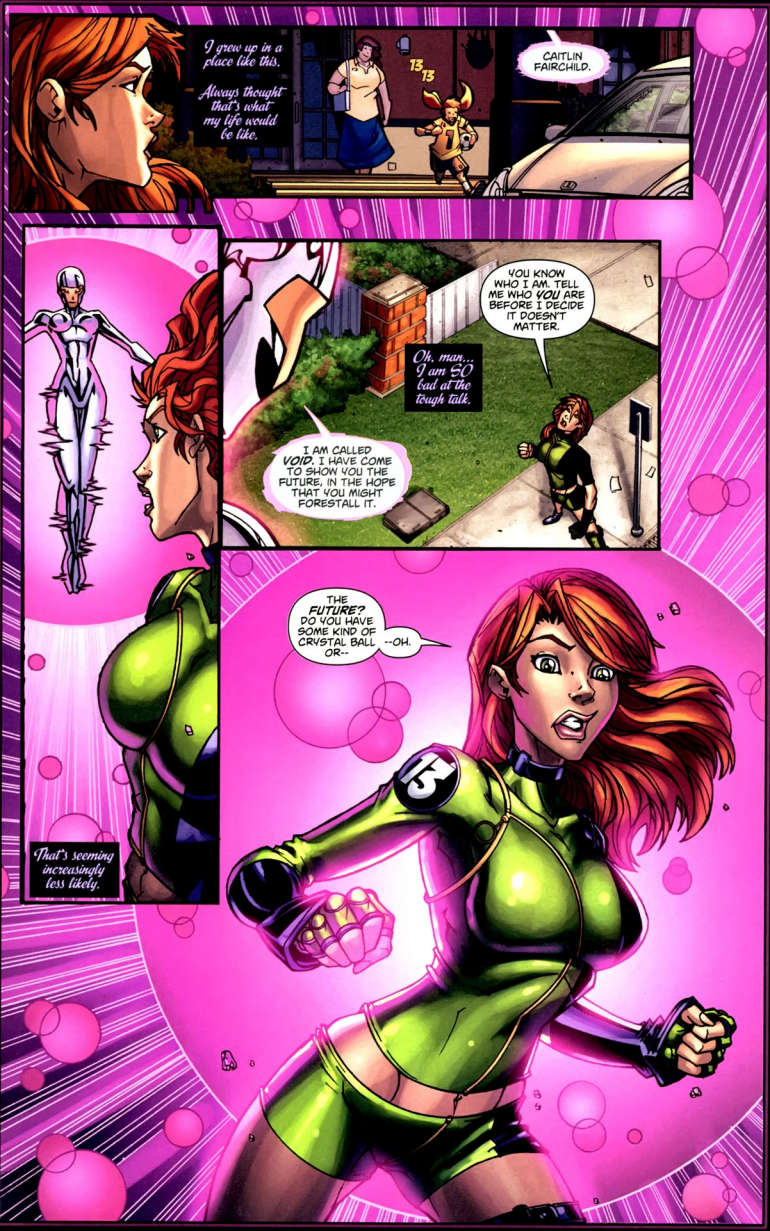

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I feel like being alone.
BOYS AGAINST GIRLS!
NOTHING PERSONAL, CAITLIN, BUT YOU CAN'T TURN OFF YOUR POWERS LIKE WE CAN. IT WOULDN'T BE FAIR.
PLUS OUR NUMBERS ARE UNEVEN, SO...
IT'S OKAY, BOBBY. I'M KIND OF IN THE MOOD FOR A WALK ANYWAY.
YOU GUYS HAVE FUN.

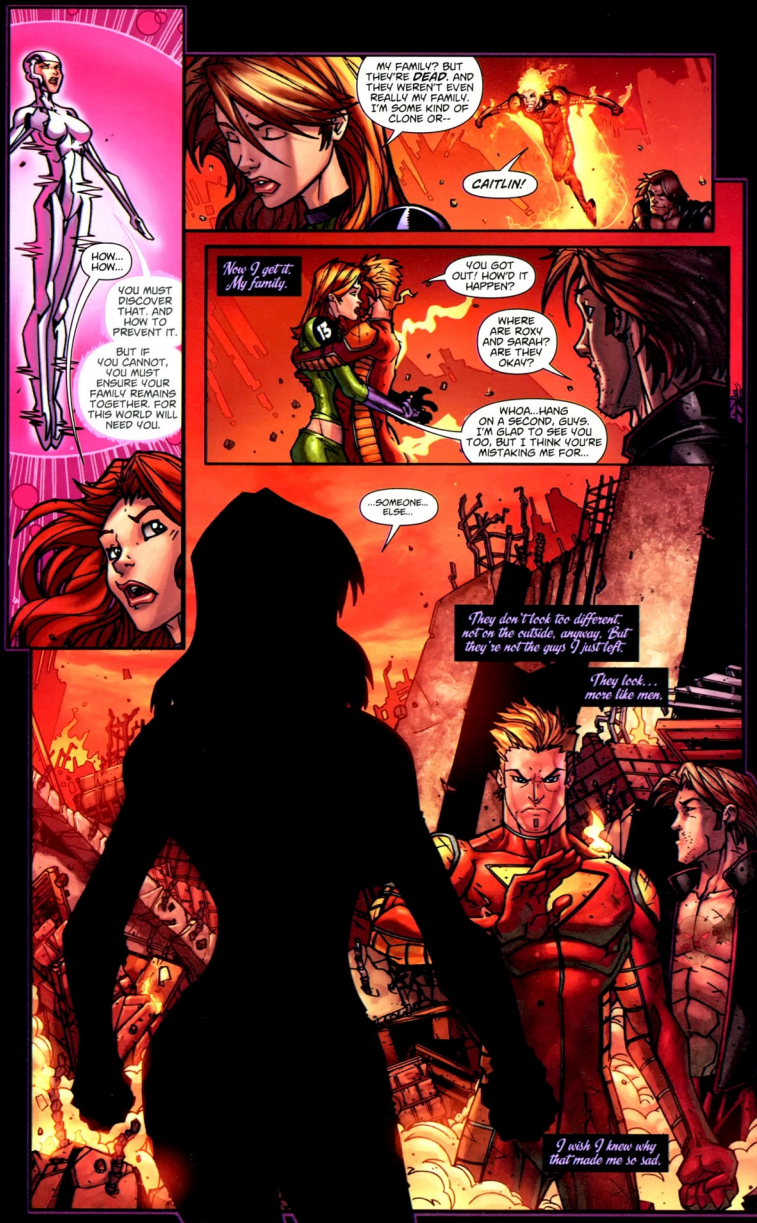

EDDIE, I'M PRETTY SURE COPPING A FEEL IS A FOUL.
I HAVE NEVER ONCE HEARD THAT CALLED ON TV.
It's not the guys. I mean, it's not like I'm mad at them or anything.
But sometimes I need to take a break from the craziness.
The things I've seen in the past year...
...Kids who look like angels but fight like demons. Living dinosaurs. People with the powers of gods.
Not to mention what's happened to US.


I grew up in a place like this.
Always thought that's what my life would be like.
13
13
CAITLIN FAIRCHILD.
YOU KNOW WHO I AM. TELL ME WHO YOU ARE BEFORE I DECIDE IT DOESN'T MATTER.
Oh, man... I am SO bad at the tough talk.
I AM CALLED VOID. I HAVE COME TO SHOW YOU THE FUTURE, IN THE HOPE THAT YOU MIGHT FORESTALL IT.
That's seeming increasingly less likely.
THE FUTURE? DO YOU HAVE SOME KIND OF CRYSTAL BALL OR--
--OH.




# BOYS AGAINST GIRLS

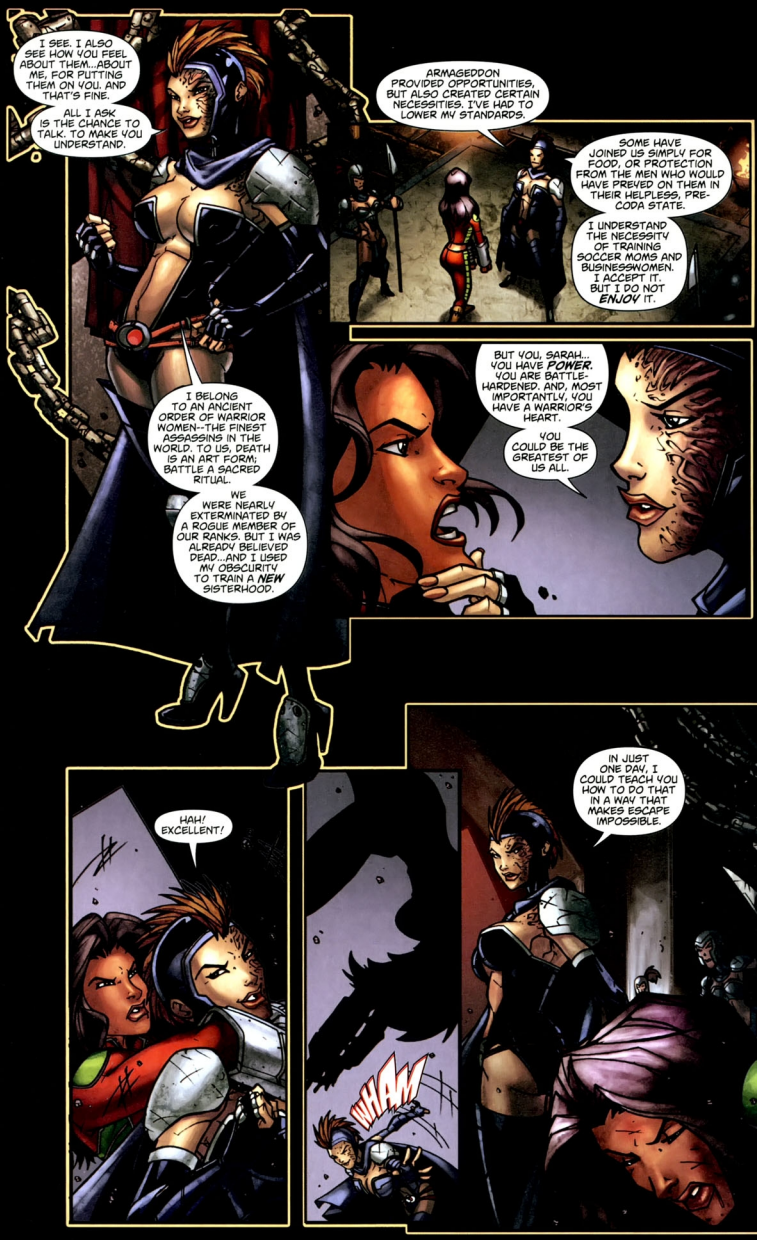
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Jonboy Meyers: Penciler
Tony Washington: Digital Inks & Colors
Travis Lanham: Letters
Kristy Quinn: Assistant Editor
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Cover by Mike McKone & Randy Mayor
Gen13 created by Brandon Choi, Jim Lee, & J. Scott Campbell


HOW... HOW...
YOU MUST DISCOVER THAT. AND HOW TO PREVENT IT.
BUT IF YOU CANNOT, YOU MUST ENSURE YOUR FAMILY REMAINS TOGETHER. FOR THIS WORLD WILL NEED YOU.
MY FAMILY? BUT THEY'RE DEAD. AND THEY WEREN'T EVEN REALLY MY FAMILY. I'M SOME KIND OF CLONE OR--
CAITLIN!
Now I get it. My family.
YOU GOT OUT! HOW'D IT HAPPEN?
WHERE ARE ROXY AND SARAH? ARE THEY OKAY?
WHOA...HANG ON A SECOND, GUYS. I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU TOO, BUT I THINK YOU'RE MISTAKING ME FOR...
...SOMEONE... ELSE...
They don't look too different, not on the outside, anyway. But they're not the guys I just left.
They look... more like men.
I wish I knew why that made me so sad.


YOU WANNA MAKE SURE YOU'RE NOT DOWNWIND OF EDDIE. BAD ENOUGH THE WORLD'S ENDED; YOU'D THINK WE COULD FIND SOMETHING TO EAT BESIDES BEANS.
LIKE IT'S NOT YOU HALF THE TIME, MR. SILENT-BUT-DEADLY.
Okay...maybe they're not all that different.
LOOK. I'VE TOLD YOU WHERE I CAME FROM...NOW YOU TELL ME. WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
WORD IS, IT WAS THE ULTIMATE SUPERHUMAN BATTLE. DUDES COMING OUT OF NOWHERE, THROWING LIGHTNING BOLTS AND BUILDINGS AT EACH OTHER. ALL OVER THE PLANET.
LIKE A MICHAEL BAY MOVIE ON STEROIDS.
YEAH, THAT'D PRETTY MUCH END THE WORLD RIGHT THERE.
WHAT ABOUT ROXY AND SARAH? AND ME?
WE ONLY KNOW WHAT WE'VE HEARD. WE WERE KIND OF OUT OF COMMISSION AT THE TIME.
ONE MINUTE WE'RE STEPPING INTO A TRANSPORTER. WE CAME OUT THE OTHER END TO THIS.
THAT WE CAN ANSWER.
IT WAS HER. SHE TOOK THEM.
"HER" WHO?

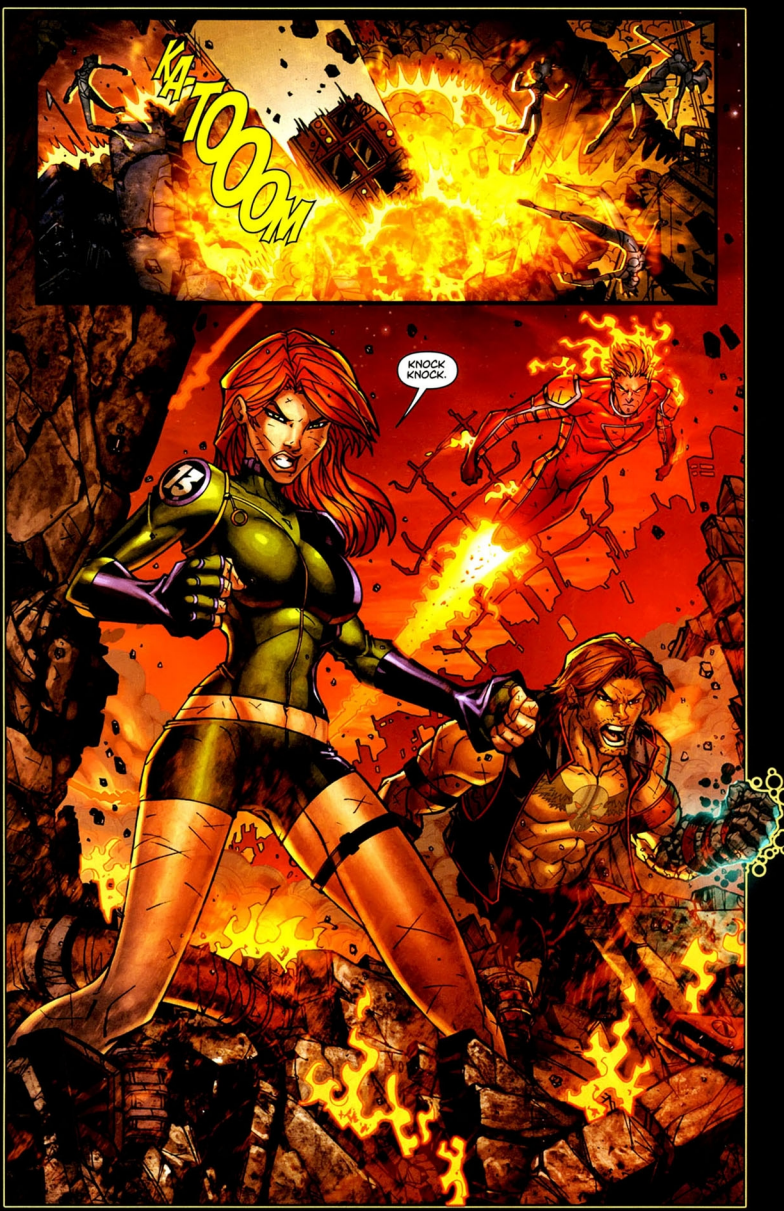

"HER NAME'S DEVIN. SHE'S PART OF SOME ALL-CHICK WARRIOR TRIBE CALLED THE GODA.
"WHEN ARMAGEDDON HAPPENED, SHE STARTED GATHERING WOMEN SURVIVORS AND MADE THEM INTO AN ARMY.
"SUPERHUMAN WOMEN ARE WORTH BONUS POINTS."
THEY MUST'VE BEEN STALKING US, 'CAUSE THEY WERE READY. HIT US WHEN WE WERE ASLEEP. KNOCKED OUT ROXY AND SARAH; USED GAS ON YOU.
THEN THEY STARTED TALKING ABOUT WHETHER BOBBY AND ME WERE ANY USE AS "BREEDING STOCK." SEE, THAT MEANS THEY KEEP A BUNCH OF GUYS AS SLAVES FOR...
I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS, EDDIE.
THEY DECIDED BOBBY MADE THE CUT, 'CAUSE HIS FIRE POWERS ARE LIKE GOLD IN A PLACE WITH NO ELECTRICITY. BUT THEY SAID I WAS...UH...
"INCORRIGIBLE." I THINK THEY JUST REALIZED YOU'D ENJOY BEING A SEX SLAVE WAY TOO MUCH.
ANYWAY, MY BOY HERE PRETENDED TO GO ALONG, THEN ZAPPED 'EM. WE BARELY GOT AWAY. WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET THE GIRLS BACK EVER SINCE.
HOW'S THROWING SOMETHING HUGE IN THEIR FACES SOUND?
AWESOME.


CODATOWN.
DEVIN'S QUARTERS.
AH, THANK YOU, HELEN. YOU MAY LEAVE US.
COME IN, SARAH RAINMAKER. I WOULD REMOVE YOUR RESTRAINTS AS A SHOW OF COURTESY...BUT I LEAVE THEM IN PLACE AS A SIGN OF RESPECT.
FOR YOUR COMFORT, I SUGGEST YOU NOT TRY TO USE YOUR POWERS; THE SHACKLES WOULD MAKE THAT QUITE PAINFUL.
I KNOW WHAT INHIBITOR CUFFS ARE.

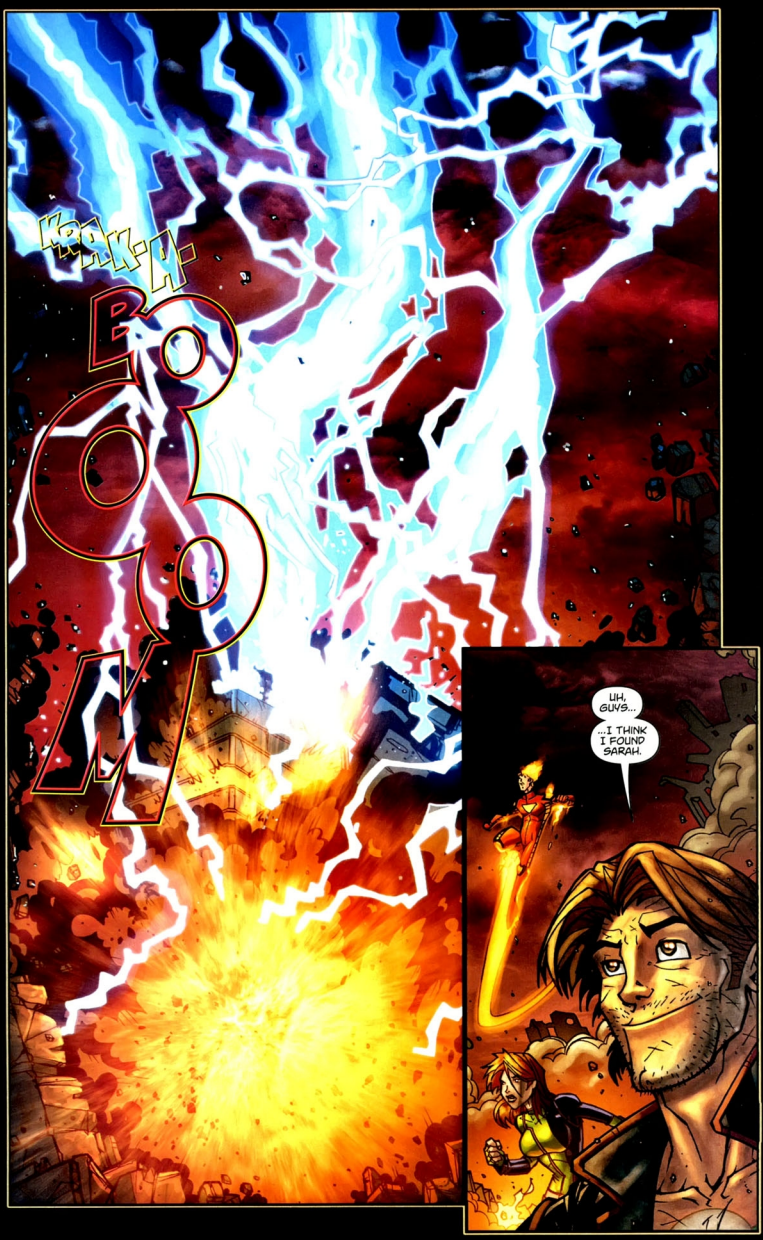

I SEE. I ALSO SEE HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT THEM...ABOUT ME, FOR PUTTING THEM ON YOU. AND THAT'S FINE.
ALL I ASK IS THE CHANCE TO TALK. TO MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND.
I BELONG TO AN ANCIENT ORDER OF WARRIOR WOMEN--THE FINEST ASSASSINS IN THE WORLD. TO US, DEATH IS AN ART FORM; BATTLE A SACRED RITUAL.
WE WERE NEARLY EXTERMINATED BY A ROGUE MEMBER OF OUR RANKS. BUT I WAS ALREADY BELIEVED DEAD...AND I USED MY OBSCURITY TO TRAIN A NEW SISTERHOOD.
ARMAGEDDON PROVIDED OPPORTUNITIES, BUT ALSO CREATED CERTAIN NECESSITIES. I'VE HAD TO LOWER MY STANDARDS.
SOME HAVE JOINED US SIMPLY FOR FOOD, OR PROTECTION FROM THE MEN WHO WOULD HAVE PREYED ON THEM IN THEIR HELPLESS, PRE-CODA STATE.
I UNDERSTAND THE NECESSITY OF TRAINING SOCCER MOMS AND BUSINESSWOMEN. I ACCEPT IT. BUT I DO NOT ENJOY IT.
BUT YOU, SARAH... YOU HAVE POWER. YOU ARE BATTLE-HARDENED. AND, MOST IMPORTANTLY, YOU HAVE A WARRIOR'S HEART.
YOU COULD BE THE GREATEST OF US ALL.
HAH! EXCELLENT!
IN JUST ONE DAY, I COULD TEACH YOU HOW TO DO THAT IN A WAY THAT MAKES ESCAPE IMPOSSIBLE.
WHAM!


LET ME SHOW YOU. LET ME UNLEASH THE POTENTIAL WITHIN YOU.
THE PERSON YOU TRULY ARE.
STOP... TALKING LIKE...YOU KNOW ME.
AH, BUT I DO. YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY POST-HUMAN AMONG US, SARAH.
ONE IS AN EMPATH. SHE'S TOLD ME OF THE FEELINGS SURGING INSIDE OF YOU.
THE ANGER. THE CONTEMPT YOU HOLD FOR MOST OF THE PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD. THE JOY YOU FEEL IN BATTLE.
AND THAT YOU REALIZE MEN--WHILE REGRETTABLY NECESSARY FOR BREEDING--
--ARE NOT WORTHY OF BEING TAKEN AS LOVERS.
SPTOO
YOUR LEAVING HERE IS NOT AN OPTION, CHILD. YOU WILL DIE, OR YOU WILL JOIN US.
AND SHOULD YOU MAKE THE SMART CHOICE, YOUR FIRST ACT WILL BE A SHOW OF LOYALTY...
...TRACKING AND KILLING THE MALES WE FOUND YOU WITH.
KRAK


SOMETHING'S COMING.
LOOKS LIKE A SCHOOL BUS.
I WONDER IF THEY KNOW WHO WE ARE, OR IF THEY'RE JUST COMING TO BEG FOR FOOD.
DOESN'T MATTER. IT'S A WIN/WIN. EITHER WE GAIN NEW SISTERS...OR GASOLINE.
HANG ON. THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THE WAY IT'S MOVING.
SLOW, PLODDING...NOT LIKE IT'S BEING DRIVEN. MORE LIKE...
...IT'S WALKING...

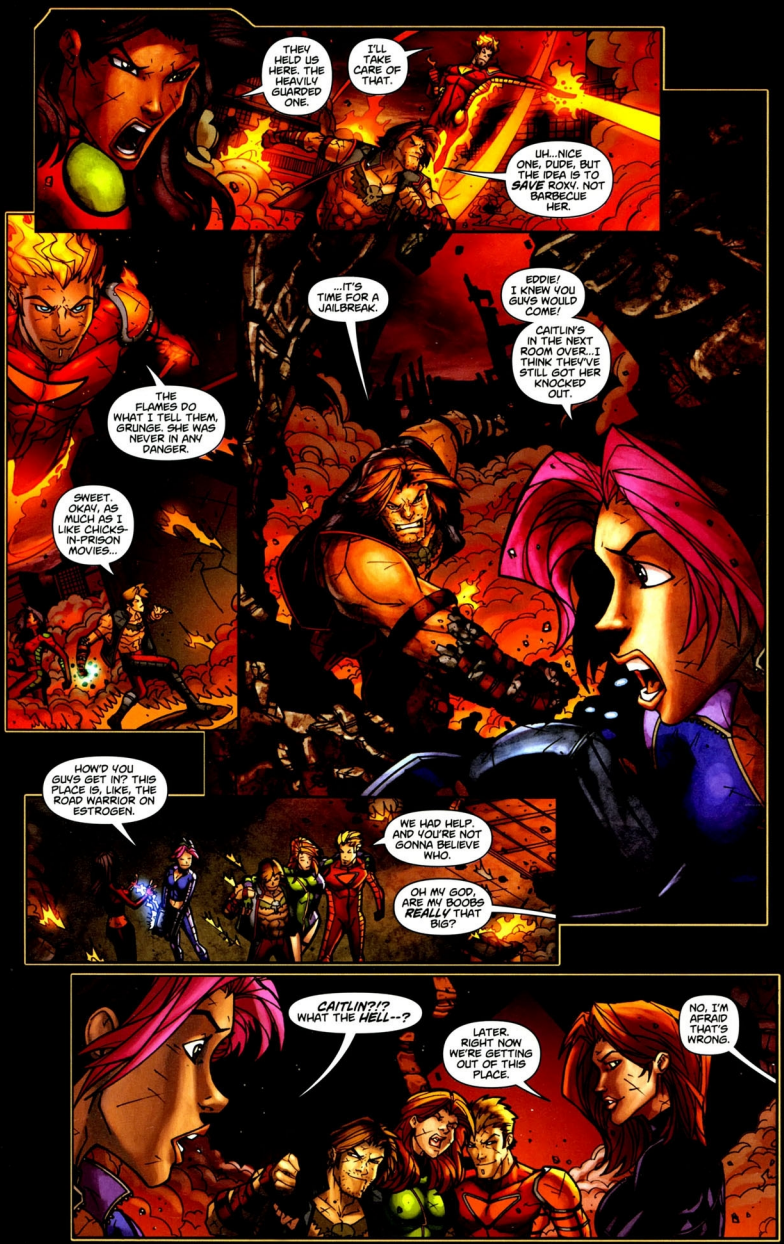

KA-TOOM!!!
KNOCK, KNOCK.


WHAT IN HELL--?
MAJESTRIX, WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! IT'S--
GUH!
MAJESTRIX!
LITTLE SLUT, I'LL--
SHUNK
FZZT
SO, YOU WANTED TO SEE MY "WARRIOR SPIRIT," DID YOU?


KRAKA-
BOOM!
UH, GUYS...
...I THINK I FOUND SARAH.


SARAH!
I HAD A FEELING THAT MIGHT BE YOU.
IT'S KIND OF A LONG STORY...
ONE THAT ENDS HERE.
I GOT THIS. YOU TAKE THE BOYS AND RESCUE ROXY AND ME.
ROXY AND YOU? WHAT--?
LIKE I SAID, LONG STORY.
CAREFUL. SHE'S DANGEROUS.
YEAH, I KINDA FIGURED.
13


HEY-- DARN IT--
--STAND STILL, WOULD YOU?
YOU'RE POWERFUL. WE WERE WISE TO KEEP YOU SEDATED.
IF YOU'RE SAVING YOU CAN'T HURT ME. MAYBE YOU SHOULD JUST GIVE UP AND LEAVE US ALONE.
THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M SAVING AT ALL, CHILD.
KA-WHOOM


THEY HELD US HERE. THE HEAVILY GUARDED ONE.
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT.
UH...NICE ONE, DUDE, BUT THE IDEA IS TO SAVE ROXY. NOT BARBECUE HER.
...IT'S TIME FOR A JAILBREAK.
EDDIE! I KNEW YOU GUYS WOULD COME!
CAITLIN'S IN THE NEXT ROOM OVER. I THINK THEY'VE STILL GOT HER KNOCKED OUT.
THE FLAMES DO WHAT I TELL THEM, GRUNGE. SHE WAS NEVER IN ANY DANGER.
SWEET. OKAY, AS MUCH AS I LIKE CHICKS-IN-PRISON MOVIES...
HOW'D YOU GUYS GET IN? THIS PLACE IS, LIKE, THE ROAD WARRIOR ON ESTROGEN.
WE HAD HELP. AND YOU'RE NOT GONNA BELIEVE WHO.
OH MY GOD, ARE MY BOOBS REALLY THAT BIG?
CAITLIN?!? WHAT THE HELL--?
LATER. RIGHT NOW WE'RE GETTING OUT OF THIS PLACE.
NO, I'M AFRAID THAT'S WRONG.


RIGHT NOW YOU SURRENDER...
...OR DIE.
HATE TO TELL YOU THIS, MRS. FREDDY KRUEGER...


...BUT YOU'VE GOT IT BACKWARDS.
HEH. LOOKS LIKE YOUR BASE HERE BELONGS TO US, LADIES.
MAJESTRIX, I CAN STILL--
QUIET. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO REBUILD AGAIN.
WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?
FREE PASSAGE OUT OF HERE... FOR US, AND ANYONE ELSE YOU'RE HOLDING PRISONER. A VEHICLE. AND I WANT YOU TO SWEAR--ON SOMETHING THAT MEANS SOMETHING TO YOU--
--NOT TO COME AFTER US.
ON THE CODA, I SWEAR IT.
BUT TAKE CARE YOU DO NOT CROSS MY PATH AGAIN... OR--
OH, JUST SHUT UP AND FORK OVER THE CAR.


THIS IS AWESOME!
YEAH-- UNTIL WE RUN OUT OF GAS. ROXY, HOW'S THE HEADACHE?
NASTY. BUT IT WAS WORTH IT TO SEE THE LOOKS ON THOSE MEDIEVAL SORORITY GIRLS' FACES.
HEY, CAITLIN. TOUCH YOUR FUTURE SELF AND SEE IF THE WORLD EXPLODES.
AW, C'MON! IT'S YOU--NO DIFFERENT THAN TAKING A SHOWER. WOULDN'T EVEN MAKE YOU GAY.
UH, NO OFFENSE, SARAH.
YOU ARE NOT GETTING ME TO FEEL MYSELF UP, EDDIE.
CAITLIN FAIRCHILD, YOUR FUTURE SELF IS AWAKENING. WE MUST GO. HAVE YOU LEARNED WHAT CAUSED ARMAGEDDON?
UH...NOT REALLY, SORRY.
DO NOT APOLOGIZE. I HAVE OTHERS WORKING TO AVERT IT AS WELL.
BESIDES, I SEE YOU'VE REUNITED YOUR FAMILY. THAT GIVES THE WORLD A SMALL MEASURE OF HOPE, IF THIS CALAMITY CANNOT BE STOPPED.
AN UNFAIR BURDEN FALLS TO YOU. TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE YOUR ELDERS HAVE DONE TO THIS PLANET...
...AND TO AVOID REPEATING THEIR MISTAKES.
...Nnnn...
...OH... HEY, GUYS.
WHAT'D I MISS?


Gone. Like she was never here.
And that future...is it real, or just another in the long line of bizarre things that seem to be a regular part of my life these days?
All these people...these kids...are they going to die?
Void said she had others trying to stop Armageddon. I hope they're better at it than me. I wouldn't know where to start.
If I know what the weirdest thing of all is? I'm not nearly as depressed as I should be. In fact, part of me feels hope.
Because I know that, whatever comes our way down the road...
HEY, EVERYONE... NEW GAME.
EVERYBODY AGAINST CAITLIN!
...we'll be facing it together.
SEE MORE TERRIFYING VISIONS OF THE FUTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE: STORMWATCH: PHD ARMAGEDDON!



# THE STORM FRONT

History was always one of my favorite subjects in school. Where else could you read about colorful people and places you'd never met or been to and then get graded on how well you knew the continuity? Lifetimes were lived in the span of a single class. Civilizations rose and fell with the turn of a page. And you could fit it all in one book. This month, the satiric wit of Alan Moore, accompanied by the illustrative charm of Kevin O'Neill, brings to life the rich history of THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMEN with the *Black Dossier*.




This timeless volume weaves the history of the League with the thrilling return of Mina Murray and Allan Quatermain to 1950s England. With World War II behind them and the dawn of the space age ahead, they were caught up in another adventure as only Alan and Kevin could imagine. The League's membership may have seen better days, but not until the *Black Dossier* lands in their hands do they realize just how much better or worse those days really were.

It's also a graphic novel in every sense of the word, running the gamut of visual storytelling from sequential art, text pieces, detailed maps and cutaways to a 3-D ride to the finish! The *Black Dossier* is an intoxicating tale of the League of Extraordinary Gentlemen's distinguished history and the lengths they'll go to keep their secrets that will leave history buffs running back to class with a newfound appreciation for the classics.

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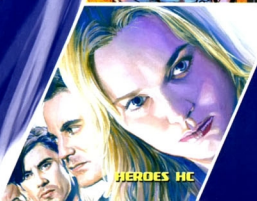
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THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMEN: BLACK DOSSIER HC
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MIDNIGHTER: KILLING MACHINE TPB

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