



VENOM

**EWING
HITCH
CURRIE
SINCLAIR**

YEARS AGO, EDDIE BROCK WAS A REPORTER WHOSE CAREER WAS RUINED, AND HE CONTEMPLATED
ENDING HIS OWN LIFE. BUT HE FOUND A *KINDRED SPIRIT*--AN EXTRATERRESTRIAL PARASITIC ALIEN
CALLED A *SYMBIOTE*. THE CREATURE BONDED TO HIM, AND THE TWO WERE JOINED.

TOGETHER, THEY ARE:

VENOM

“TIME AND THE CONQUEROR”

EDDIE BROCK IS THE KING IN BLACK, THE LEADER OF THE SYMBIOTE SPECIES AND THE CENTER OF ITS
TELEPATHIC HIVEMIND.

TRYING TO CONTROL THE SYMBIOTES FROM EARTH, EDDIE INADVERTENTLY DISLODGED HIS
CONSCIOUSNESS FROM SPACETIME AND ARRIVED AT THE END OF EXISTENCE ITSELF. IN THE PROCESS,
HIS PHYSICAL BODY WAS DESTROYED, LEAVING HIS CONSCIOUSNESS MAROONED IN THE DISTANT AND
DANGEROUS FUTURE AND HIS SON, DYLAN, ALONE WITH THE VENOM SYMBIOTE IN THE PRESENT DAY.

EDDIE HAS ENCOUNTERED OTHER KINGS IN BLACK AT THE END OF TIME, THOUGH THEIR INTENTIONS FOR
HIM REMAIN UNCLEAR.

REGARDLESS, EDDIE HAS COMMITTED HIMSELF TO GETTING BACK TO HIS SON...NO MATTER THE COST.

AL EWING

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IT'S
BEEN...HOW
LONG?

A DAY? A
WEEK? TIME IS
STRANGE IN
THE GARDEN.

THE OTHER KINGS IN
BLACK ARE AVOIDING
ME, MOSTLY. I HAVEN'T
SPOTTED **BEDLAM**
SINCE OUR TUSSLE, OR
HIS VICTIM-**FINNEGAN?**
WAS **THAT** HIS NAME?

THE OTHER TWO WATCH ME FROM A
DISTANCE, LIKE THEY'RE **WAITING**
FOR SOMETHING. MAYBE THEY'RE
WAITING FOR **MERIDIUS** TO GET
BACK AND TELL THEM WHAT TO DO.

LITTLE **MUTTS** WAITING ON THE **BIG DOG'S** BARK.
VIOLENT OFFENDERS BEATING ON THE **VULNERABLE**.
NOTHING TO DO BUT **SIT AND THINK**. TURNS OUT THE
GARDEN'S A PRETTY **FAMILIAR** PLACE AFTER ALL.

IT'S A
PRISON.


THEY SAY THE
FIRST WEEK IS
THE WORST.



SO HERE I AM--KNOCKING
ON THE **PIPES** WITH MY
TIN CLIP. MENTALLY
SEARCHING THROUGH THE
GOO FOR **OTHER MINDS--**
SYMBIOTE MINDS.

MERIDIUS SAID THE
SYMBIOTES IN THIS
FUTURE HIVE WERE
ASLEEP...**DORMANT**...

...BUT I CAN'T
DETECT THEM
AT ALL. WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THEM? WHAT DID
HE **DO**? I DON'T
EVEN WANT TO
THINK ABOUT IT...



...BUT ALL I CAN
DO IS THINK. NO
VOICE IN MY HEAD
BUT MY OWN.

LORD, I HAVEN'T
FELT THIS
ALONE SINCE...



FORGIVE
ME, LORD.

FOR THE
MORTAL SIN
I AM ABOUT
TO--

...SINCE THE SYMBIOTE
FOUND ME.



SAVED MY LIFE...
MY **SOUL**, MAYBE...
AND THEN...

THEN I **ABANDONED**
MY OTHER. TO PLAY
HERO--PLAY GOD--

--LIKE I
ABANDONED
MY--





--MY SON.

INTRUSIVE THOUGHTS. DYLAN IN PAIN--ATTACKED, MAYBE DYING--UP AGAINST ENEMIES I CAN'T PREDICT, CAN'T HELP HIM AGAINST--

IT'S LIKE I'M RIGHT THERE--



STOP IT. STOP THINKING. STOP THINKING!

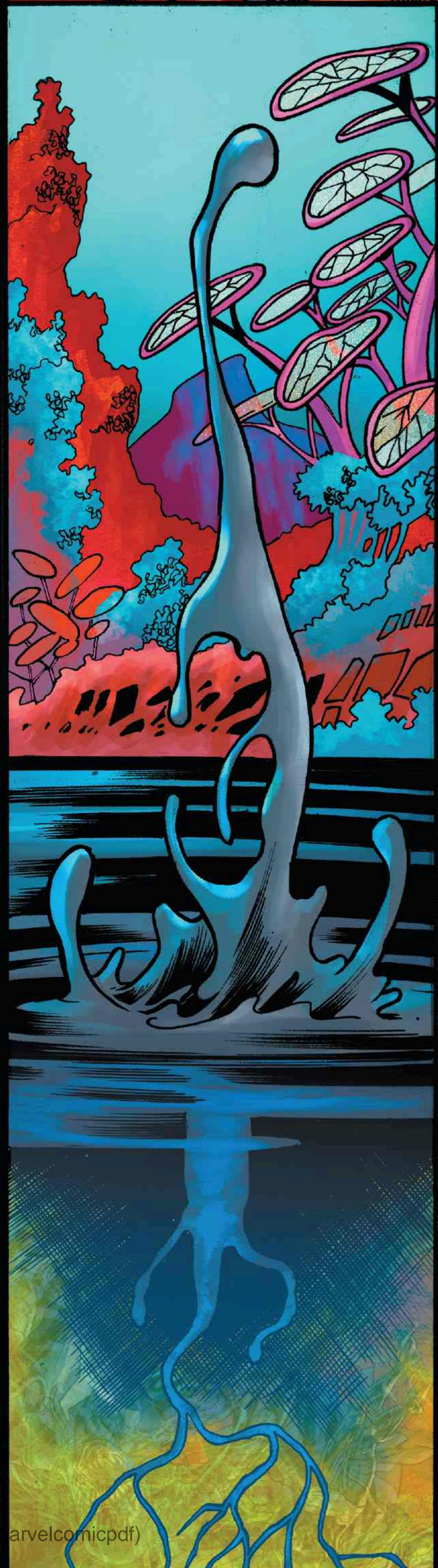
MERIDIUS WILL BE BACK SOON--MAYBE HE'LL HELP ME--

--SURE, LIKE HE HELPED THE OTHERS, THEY'RE ALL IN PRISON TOO, YOU IDIOT, YOU MORON--



--IN PRISON-- CAN'T STAY HERE NEED TO GET AWAY GET OUT--

--GET OUT GET OUT GET--



MIND-LINK
DETECTED!

FOR THE
CONQUEROR'S
GLORY--

--WE
ARE THE
WAR!

WAR-SYMBIOTE
COMMAND PROTOCOL
ACTIVATED! SWITCHING
FROM DECK DUTY--CEDING
BODY CONTROL TO PILOT-
MIND IN THREE!
TWO! ONE!

...

OKAY.

THIS...IS
NEW.



THAT **PANIC ATTACK** DID WHAT ALL MY CONCENTRATION **COULDN'T**--DISLODGED ME BACK INTO THE **TIMESTREAM**. TALK ABOUT JUMPING OUT OF YOUR **SKIN**...

QUESTION IS, WHERE THE HELL DID I JUMP TO?

AND **WHEN**?

PILOT-MIND QUERY ACKNOWLEDGED.

CURRENT HOMEWORLD/ "EARTH" CYCLE IS 60,134.

I'M IN THE 602ND CENTURY?

ON THE FLAGSHIP **NATHANIEL**, IN THE CONQUEROR'S SERVICE.

...IT'S A **START**, I GUESS. CLOSER TO HOME THAN I WAS.

WHAT **NOW**?

FURTHER MISSION DATA TO BE PROVIDED BY **PILOT-MIND**. CAN **PILOT-MIND** UPLOAD MISSION DATA?

I'M AS IN THE DARK AS YOU ARE, **PAL**.

AND I MIGHT NOT HAVE LONG TO **LEARN**. I CAN FEEL THE **TIMESTREAM** **TUGGING** AT ME--PULLING ME **BACK**.

IT'S THE SAME PROBLEM AS **BEFORE**--"DON'T THINK OF AN **ELEPHANT**." I NEED A **DISTRACTION**--SOMETHING TO KEEP ME IN THE **HERE AND NOW**--

HALT!





NO PROBLEM.



NICE
WORK, BUDDY
BOY.

QUERY--
"BUDDY
BOY"?

I'VE
GOT TO CALL YOU
SOMETHING.

I AM A
WARSTAR-CLASS,
TYPE-TWO BATTLE-
KLYNTAR.

"WARSTAR"
IS AN ACCEPTABLE
DESIGNATION.
"BUDDY BOY"
IS NOT.

SORRY. IT'S
JUST SYMBIOTES
ALWAYS HAVE SUCH
VIOLENT NAMES--
SCREAM, RIOT,
PHAGE...

GUESS I'M
TRYING TO TURN
OVER A NEW
LEAF HERE.



SPREAD A
LITTLE PEACE AND
LOVE.

WARNING.
BATTLE-
KLYNTAR
DETECTED
AHEAD.

TYPE
FOUR.



TYPE
FOUR...?

OOF.
YEP.

THAT'S
A RED
ONE.

THAT THING'S
WEAPONS HAVE
WEAPONS. NOT TO
MENTION THOSE
FASHIONABLE
LITTLE SPIKES.



I'D CALL IT OVERKILL,
BUT IT'S PROBABLY JUST
THE RIGHT AMOUNT
OF KILL. IN A FAIR FIGHT,
BIG RED HERE WILL
TAKE US APART.

SO LET'S
NOT FIGHT
FAIR.



THOUGHT
TRANSMISSION
RECEIVED. PLAN
IMPLEMENTED.



AMMUNITION
SELECTED: FIELD
DISRUPTOR.

WITH THE **MIND-LINK**, I KNOW WHAT **WARSTAR** KNOWS. SO I KNOW ABOUT THE **WINDOWS**.

THEY'RE **FORCE-FIELDS**.

SO EVEN IF YOU **BREAK** ONE--WITH A **MICRO-SIZED DISRUPTOR DRONE**, SAY--

WHRR?

--IT'LL RESEAL IN LESS THAN A **SECOND**.

NO HARM **DONE...**

...UNLESS YOU'RE **DUMB** ENOUGH TO BE **STANDING RIGHT NEXT** TO IT, **OBVIOUSLY**.

HOPE YOU **ENJOYED THE VIEW**, **BIG MAN**.

NOW YOU'RE
PART OF IT.

HLH. LOOKS
LIKE THAT WAS
THE GUARD FOR
SOMEWHERE
IMPORTANT.

CAN YOU
PICK THE LOCK,
OR...?

shffffff

IT'S
OPEN.

I ALREADY SAW HIS
FACE IN WARSTAR'S
MIND. SO IT'S NOT
LIKE I'M SURPRISED.

BUT THEN...
NEITHER IS
HE.

IT'S IN THE WAY HE
STANDS. CASUAL. CALM.
PREPARED. LIKE HE'S
SEEN EVERY TOMORROW
AND MAPPED THEM
ALL OUT. LIKE HE'S
CONQUERED THEM
ALREADY.

THE CLUE'S IN
THE NAME, I
GUESS.

KANG THE
CONQUEROR.



CURIOUS. THE WARSTAR-CLASS IS A STICKLER FOR PROTOCOL. YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO PILOT ONE WITHOUT AUTHORIZATION LIKE THAT.

BUT THEN... YOU ALWAYS DID HAVE A WAY WITH A SYMBIOTE, EDWARD.



YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

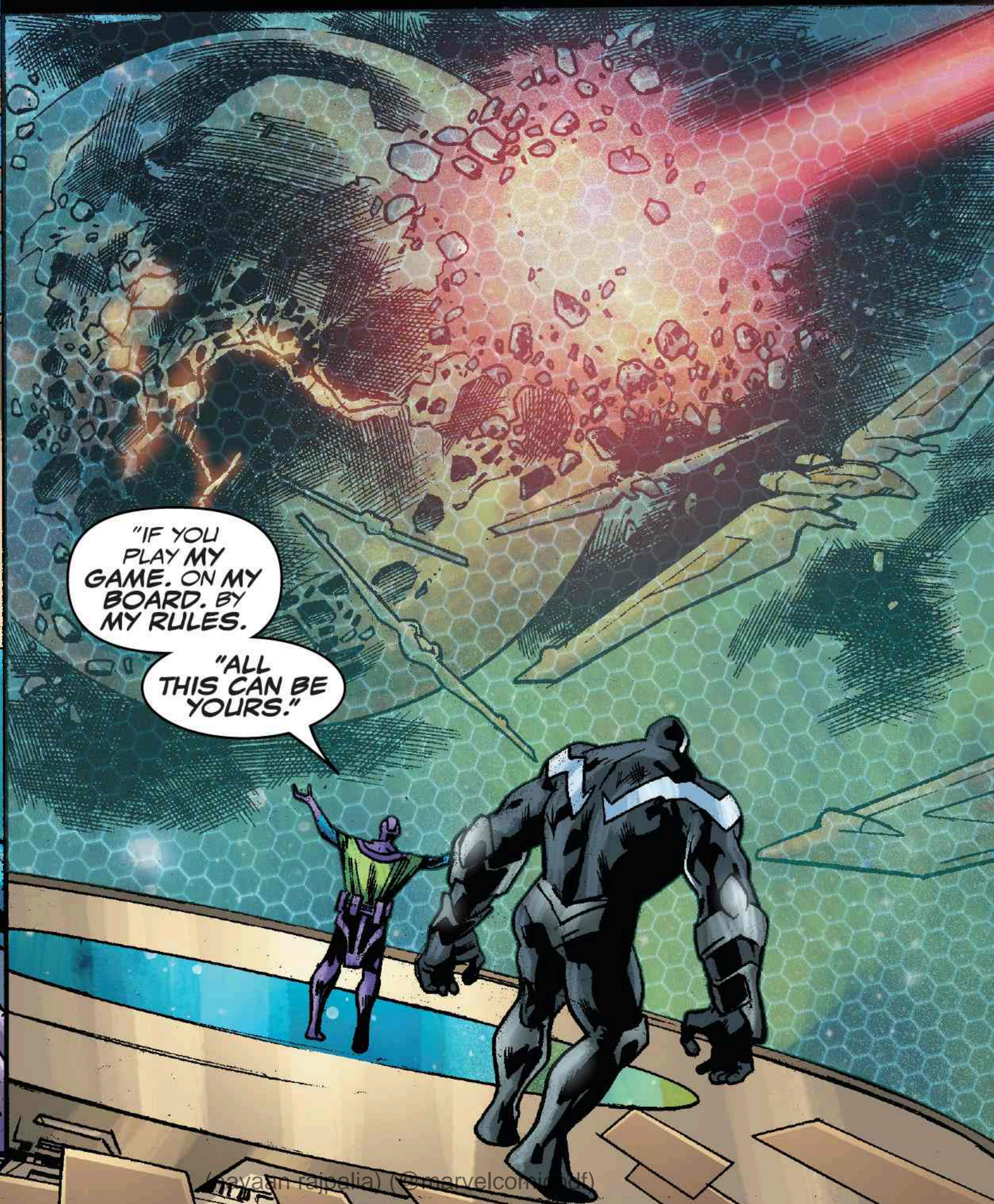
I'VE KNOWN YOU FOR YEARS-- ACROSS EONS.

TEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO, WE STOOD ON A BRIDGE MUCH LIKE THIS ONE...AND I SHOWED YOU A HARD-LIGHT HOLOGRAM.



IT WAS THE UNIVERSE. EACH GALAXY--THE SIZE OF A SINGLE GRAIN OF SAND.

I RAN THEM THROUGH MY FINGERS, AND I SAID TO YOU: "ALL THIS, MY FRIEND."

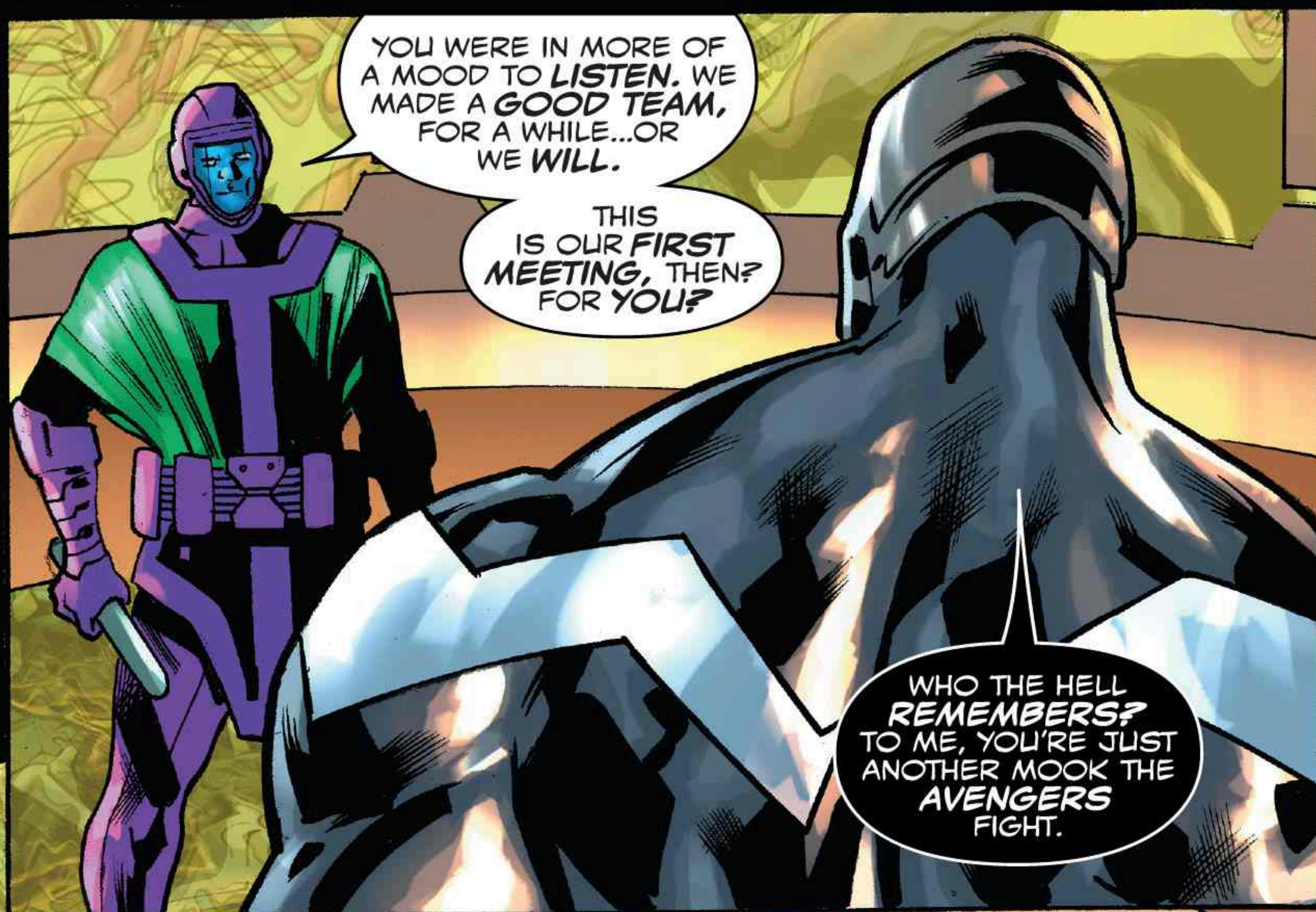


"IF YOU PLAY MY GAME. ON MY BOARD. BY MY RULES."

"ALL THIS CAN BE YOURS."



...
DID I TELL
YOU WHERE
TO **SHOVE**
IT?



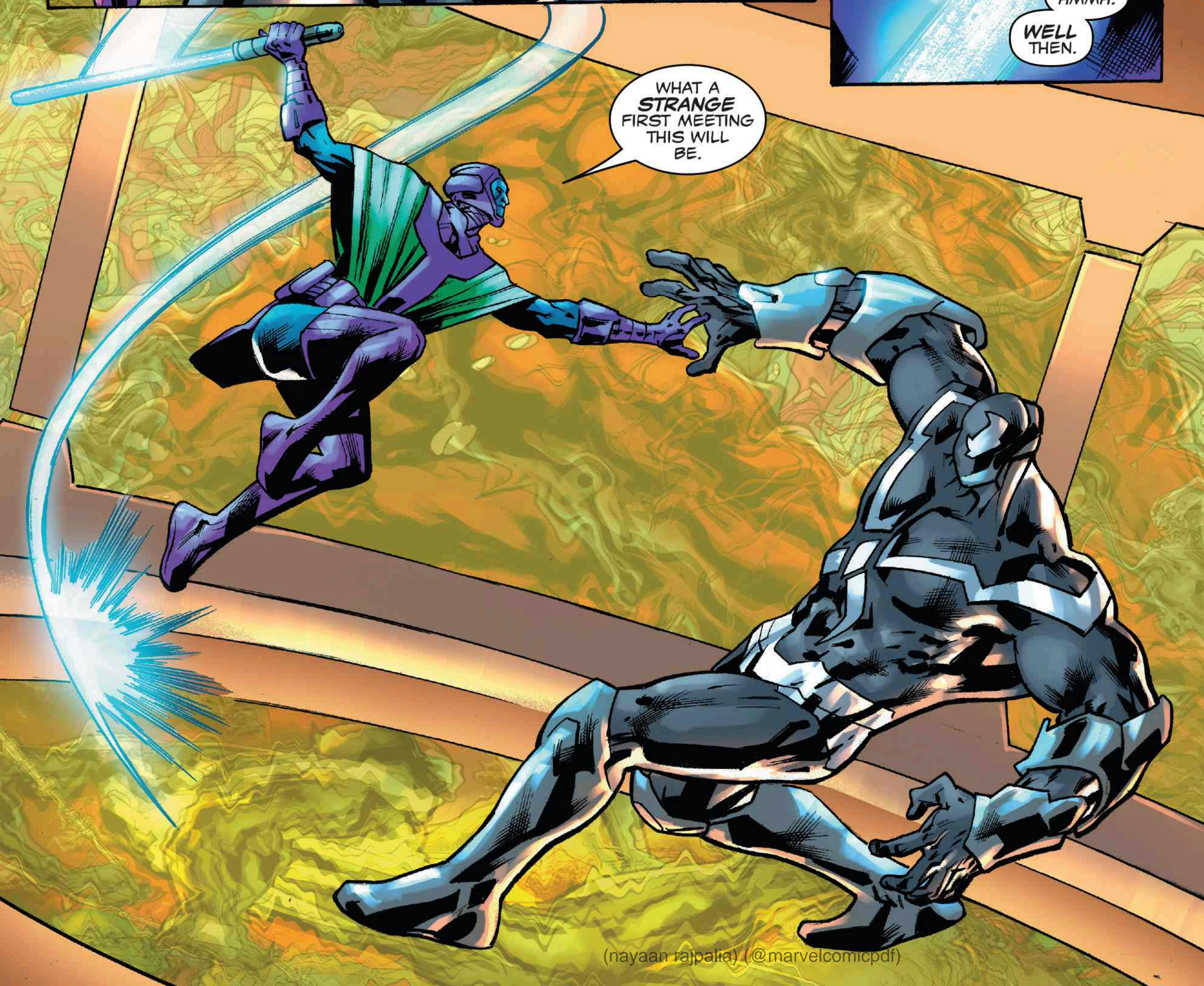
YOU WERE IN MORE OF
A MOOD TO **LISTEN**. WE
MADE A **GOOD TEAM**,
FOR A WHILE...OR
WE **WILL**.

THIS
IS OUR **FIRST**
MEETING, THEN?
FOR YOU?

WHO THE HELL
REMEMBERS?
TO ME, YOU'RE JUST
ANOTHER MOOK THE
AVENGERS
FIGHT.



HMMH.
WELL
THEN.



WHAT A
STRANGE
FIRST MEETING
THIS WILL
BE.



ERROR. WE ARE ATTACKING THE CONQUEROR HIMSELF. IT IS EXTREMELY AGAINST PROTOCOL.

UH-OH-- DISSENT AMONG THE RANKS. THINK FAST, EDDIE...

NEW MISSION DATA. WE'RE HERE TO TEST HIS PERSONAL DEFENSES.

WE GET A **BONUS** IF WE KICK HIS BLUE BEHIND OFF HIS OWN SHIP...



MISSION DATA ACKNOWLEDGED.

BUTT-KICKING COMMENCES.

...OR MAYBE NOT SO NICE.

PROJECTILES.

SUCH A **PRIMITIVE** TECHNOLOGY.

THERE WE GO.

NICE OF KANG TO BRING A SWORD TO A GUN FIGHT...

YOU WANT **PRIMITIVE**? HERE'S ONE FROM THE **STONE AGE**.

A LITTLE **FIRE**, SCARECROW--?

PROJECTED TEMPERATURE: 2,000 DEGREES KELVIN.

SLIGHTLY
MORE
IMAGINATIVE.

BUT RAPID
MOLECULAR MOTION
IS **HARDLY** A THREAT TO A
MAN WHO CAN **FREEZE TIME**
ITSELF. YOU'RE ENGAGED IN
A BATTLE YOU HAVE **NO**
UNDERSTANDING
OF, EDWARD--

--WHILE WAGING A
WAR YOU COMPREHEND
EVEN **LESS**.

I
PROMISE
YOU--ALL I'M
TRYING TO DO
IS **HELP**
YOU.

HE'S STILL
TALKING LIKE
HE'S MY
FRIEND.

MAYBE
HE IS.

MAYBE I
SHOULD START
LISTENING.

WARSTAR?

PILOT-MIND?

IT'S HIS
BOARD--**HIS**
GAME.

LET'S
PLAY BY HIS
RULES.

TAKE THE
SHAPE IN
MY MIND...AND
GIVE ME HIS
WEAPON.



NOW
LET'S PLAY FOR
REAL.

EN GARDE,
YOU SUPERCILIOUS
%&%&.

TOUCHÉ.



I'M ALMOST
PROUD. GOING
BY YOUR TIMELINE,
THIS IS THE FIRST
LESSON I EVER
TAUGHT YOU.



KNOW WHEN
YOUR ENEMY HAS
THE SUPERIOR
WEAPON--

--AND
MAKE IT YOUR
OWN.

TO SLIT
A FOE'S THROAT
WITH HIS OWN BLADE
IS THE SWEETEST
PLEASURE OF
ALL...





...BUT YOU'RE
NOT THERE
YET.

NO--

IF IT
MAKES YOU FEEL
BETTER, OLD
FRIEND--

--YOU
COULD NEVER
HAVE HURT
ME.

BECAUSE
WHAT YOU **COPIED**
FROM ME WASN'T
A **WEAPON**.

STAND UP
STRAIGHT. YOU'RE
FINE.

I AM?

I AM. A LITTLE **HUMILIATED**,
MAYBE...BUT NOT HURT.

IN FACT, I'M FEELING
STRONGER THAN **EVER**...
MORE **STABLE**...

I USED
THE **TIME SWORD**
TO **PIN** YOUR TEMPORAL
FORM TO THIS MOMENT
OF "**NOW**"--LIKE PINNING
A **BUTTERFLY** TO
A **BOARD**.

IT'LL LAST
LONG ENOUGH.
YOU CAN **RELAX**
A LITTLE.

YOU **KNEW**
I WAS HAVING
TIME PROBLEMS?
HOW MUCH DO YOU
KNOW ABOUT
ME, KANG?

EVERYTHING
YOU **TOLD** ME,
OF COURSE.

IN YOUR
FUTURE--MY **PAST**--
YOU'RE ABLE TO MOVE MORE
FREELY IN THE TIMESTREAM.
I CAN START YOUR **TRAINING**
IN THAT WHENEVER
YOU LIKE.

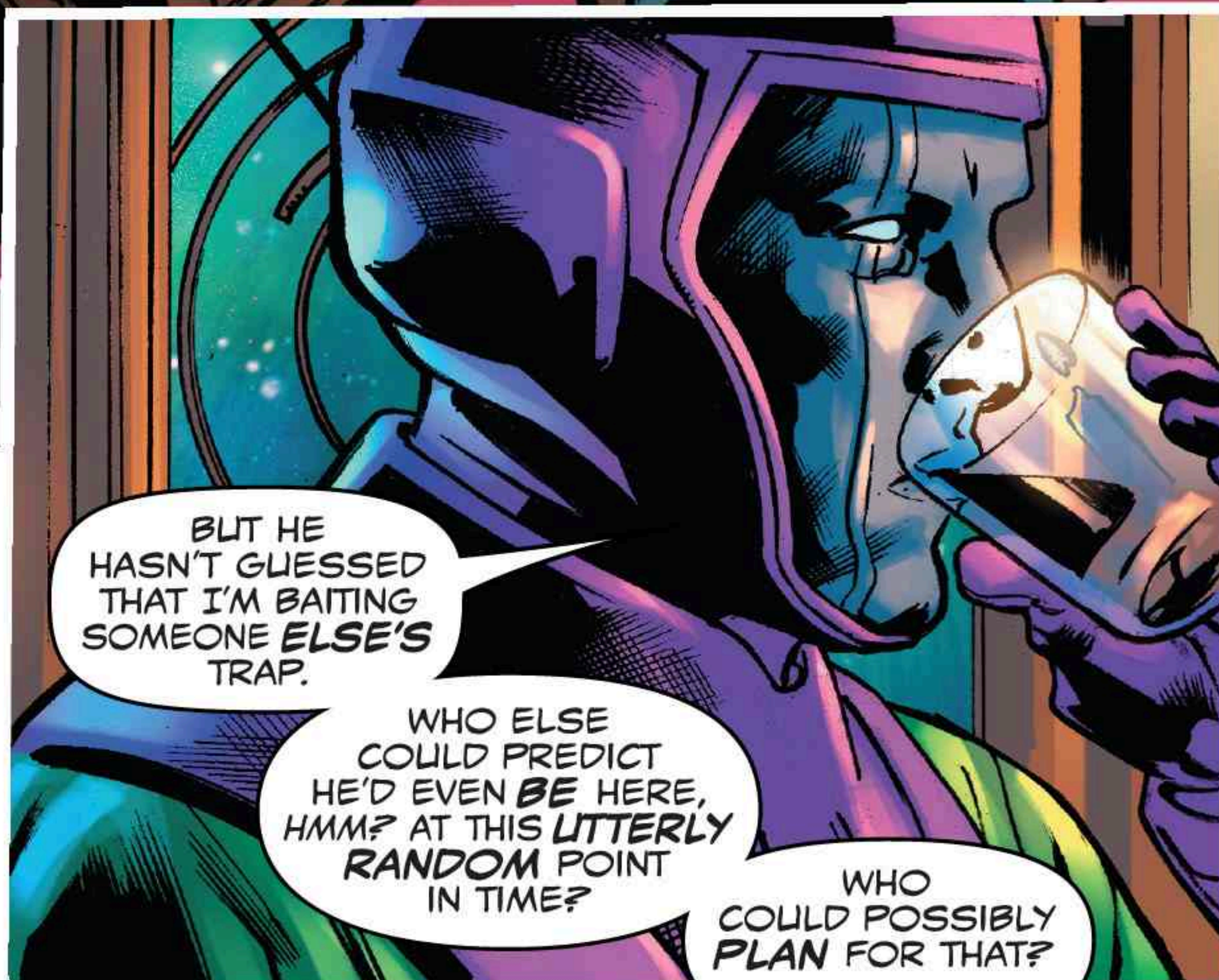
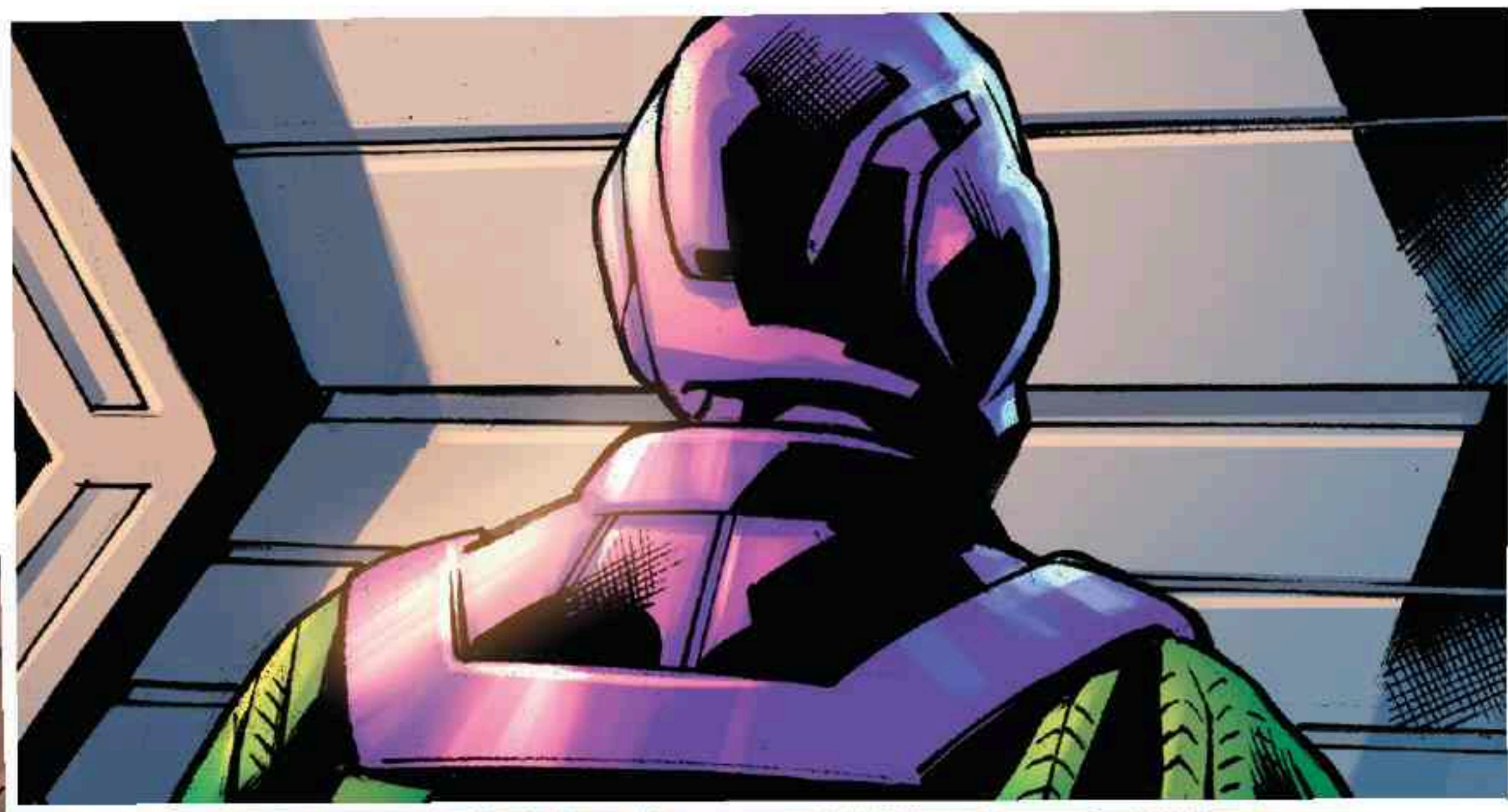
I SHOULDN'T
TRUST HIM.

BUT IF THIS IS
THE WAY TO
REACH **DYLAN**...

ALL
RIGHT. FOR
NOW.

FOR ALL
TIME, EDWARD.
I KNOW--I WAS
THERE.

NOW, IF
YOU'LL **EXCUSE**
ME...





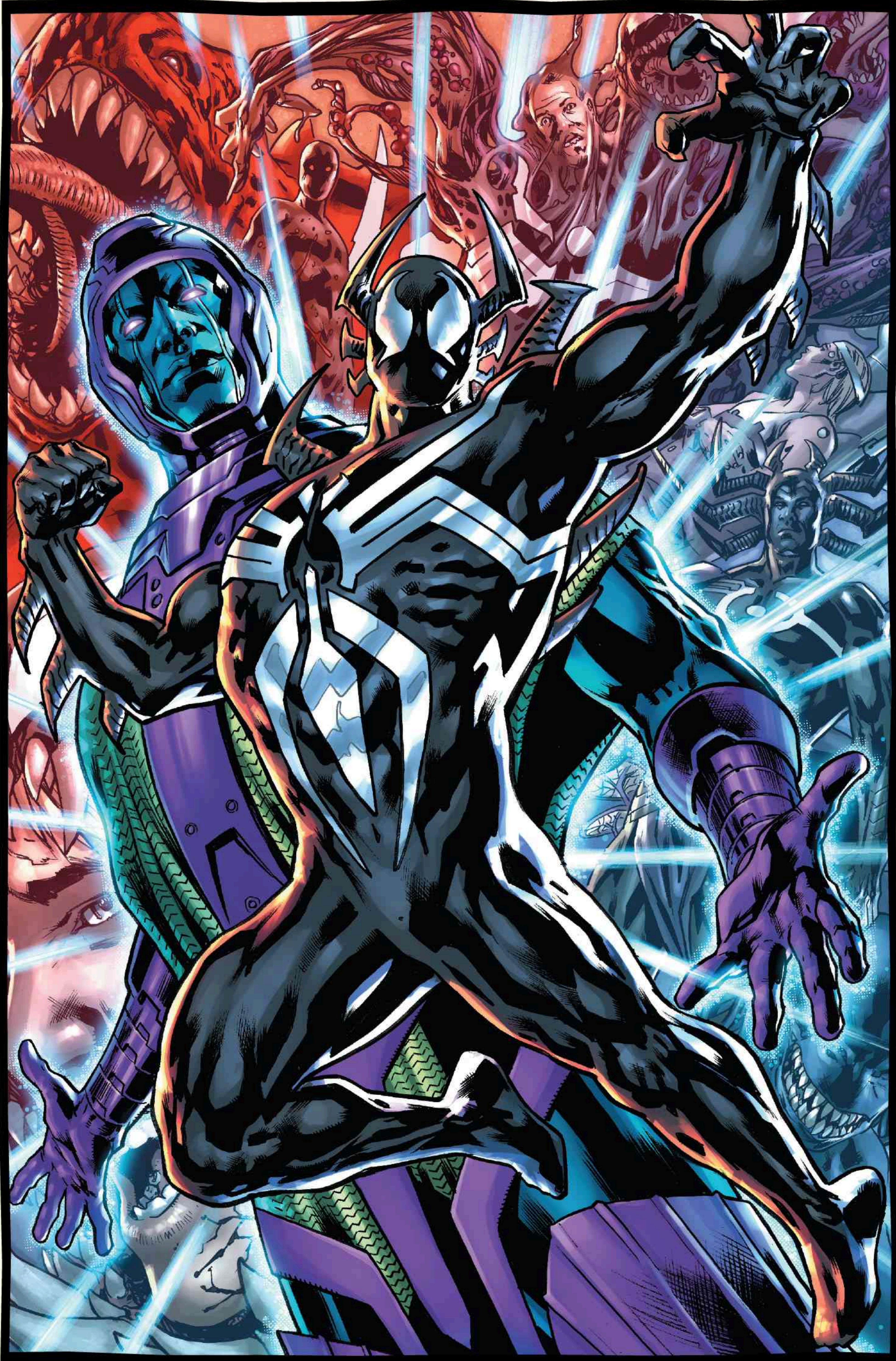
WHO
INDEED?

TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT: ISSUE #9

ON SALE IN JUNE

THE WICKED WEB-SLINGER WANTS YOUR
BRAINS--I MEAN, YOUR LETTERS!
SEND YOUR NOTES TO
SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM. BE SURE
TO MARK THEM "OKAY TO PRINT"! --TOM G



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MY NAME IS
JEAN GREY.

NOW...



Nayaan Rajpalia

...there
was a
witch.

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**This is
@marvelcomicpdf
Telegram
Channel**

Nayaan Rajpalia

A person is shown from the chest up, wearing a white t-shirt with a red heart graphic. Their face and hair are covered in vibrant, multi-colored powders (red, yellow, green, blue, orange). They are smiling and looking towards the camera. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with green trees and a building.

Happy Holi
@marvelcomicpdf

The background of the image is a collage. On the left, there are several comic book covers, including one with a prominent red and green color scheme. On the right, there is a character with a red and black suit, possibly Iron Man, in a dynamic pose. The overall image has a dark, textured appearance.

**THIS COMIC WAS
UPLOADED BY
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mayaan rajp