

**image**

**16** JUL **\$3.99** US

**GHOST**  
machine

THE  
**UNNAMED**  
\*\*\*\*\*

**GEOFF JOHNS**  
**EAMON WINKLE**  
**NORM RAPMUND**  
**ROBERT NUGENT**  
**ROB LEIGH**

# GHOST

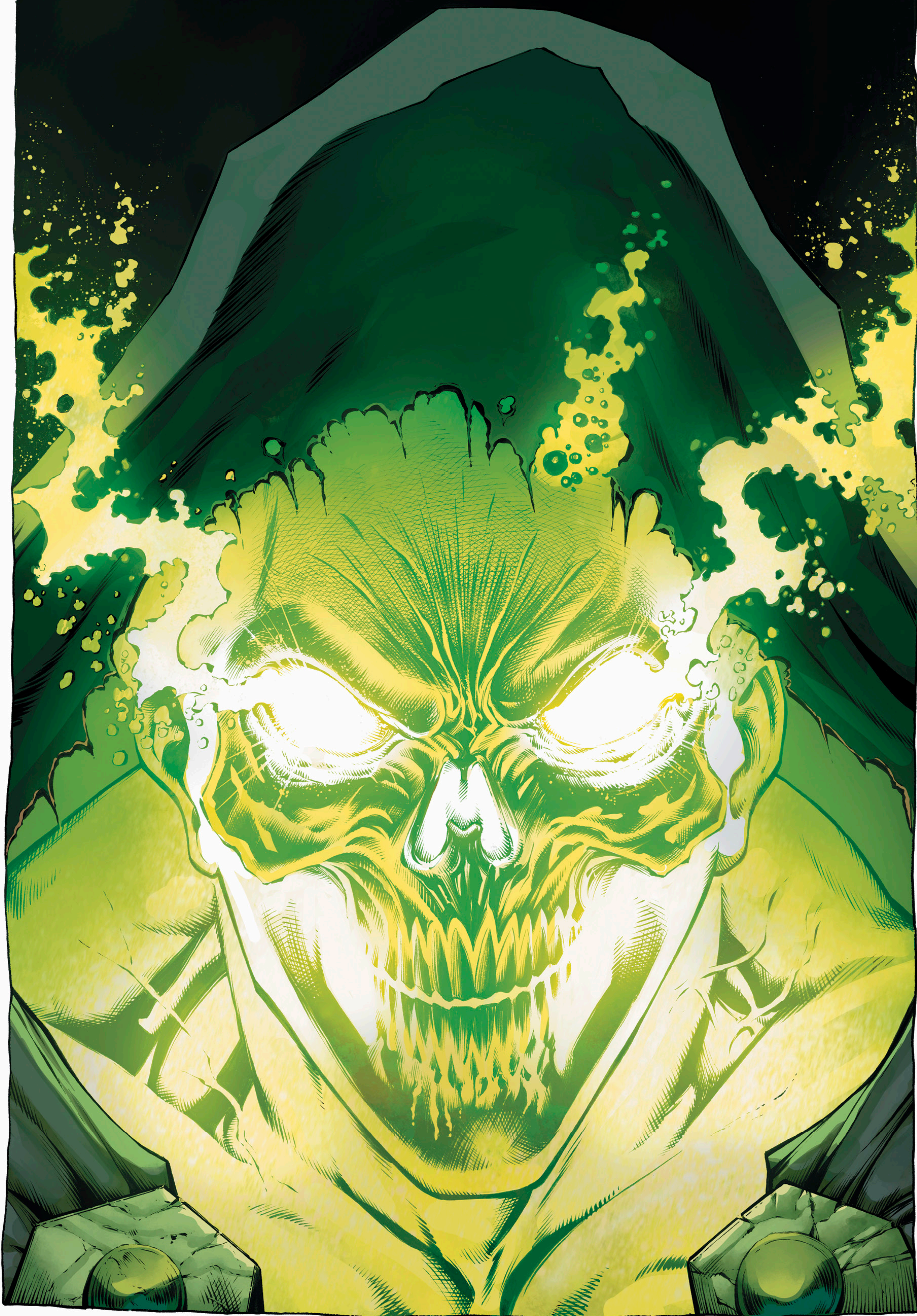


2025  
ANDERSON

CVR A GARY FRANK  
**LUNAR CODE**  
**0525IM371**



*I CREATED A MONSTER.  
NOT IN A LABORATORY.  
IN WAR.*





AND I CREATED  
MORE THAN ONE.





THAT IS WHY  
I TRIED TO GUIDE  
ASHLEY ARDEN.

LIKE TARIQ GEIGER,  
SHE WAS CHANGED BY  
THE FALLOUT FROM THE  
BOMBS I BUILT.

HER BODY HOARDS  
THE RADIATION NOW...  
AND RELEASES IT  
LIKE BREATH.

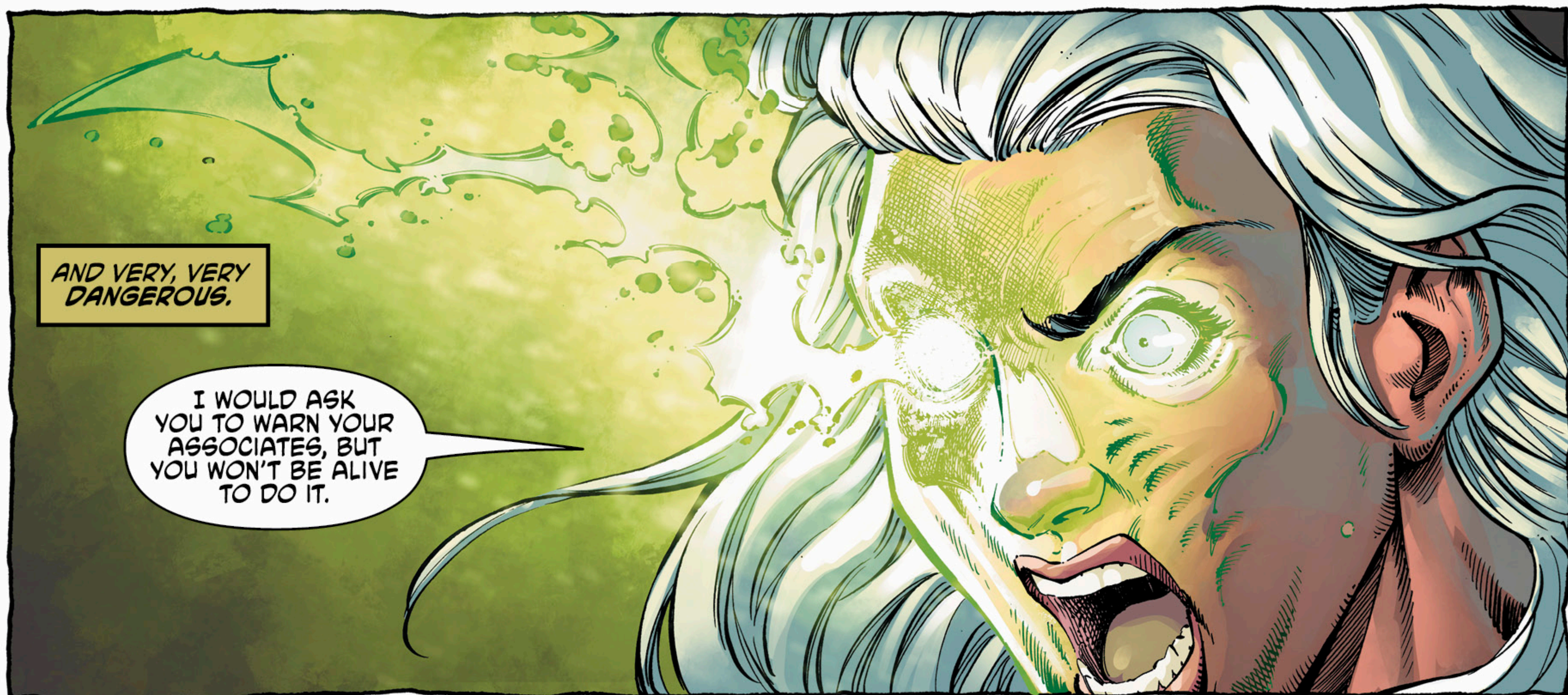


IT MAKES HER  
LUMINOUS.

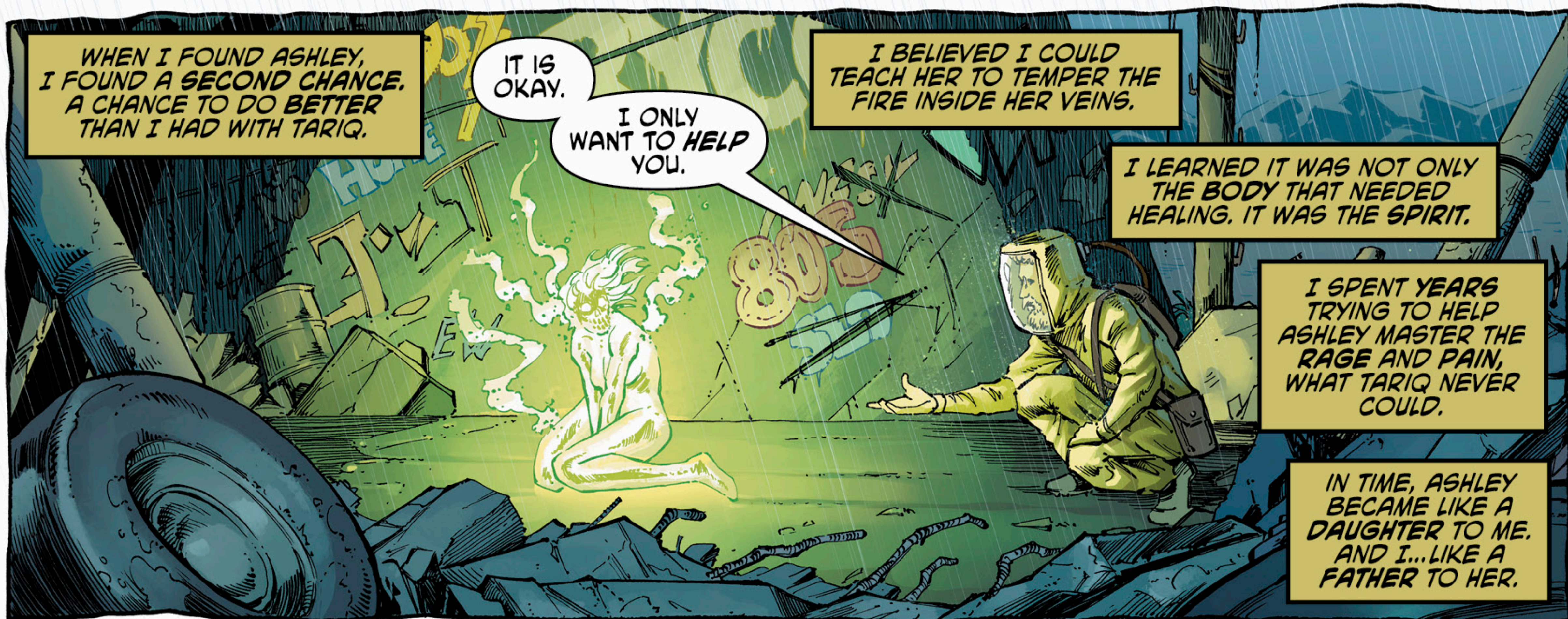
UNNATURALLY  
BEAUTIFUL.

AND VERY, VERY  
DANGEROUS.

I WOULD ASK  
YOU TO WARN YOUR  
ASSOCIATES, BUT  
YOU WON'T BE ALIVE  
TO DO IT.







WHEN I FOUND ASHLEY,  
I FOUND A SECOND CHANCE.  
A CHANCE TO DO BETTER  
THAN I HAD WITH TARIQ.

IT IS  
OKAY.

I ONLY  
WANT TO HELP  
YOU.

I BELIEVED I COULD  
TEACH HER TO TEMPER THE  
FIRE INSIDE HER VEINS.

I LEARNED IT WAS NOT ONLY  
THE BODY THAT NEEDED  
HEALING. IT WAS THE SPIRIT.

I SPENT YEARS  
TRYING TO HELP  
ASHLEY MASTER THE  
RAGE AND PAIN,  
WHAT TARIQ NEVER  
COULD.

IN TIME, ASHLEY  
BECAME LIKE A  
DAUGHTER TO ME.  
AND I...LIKE A  
FATHER TO HER.

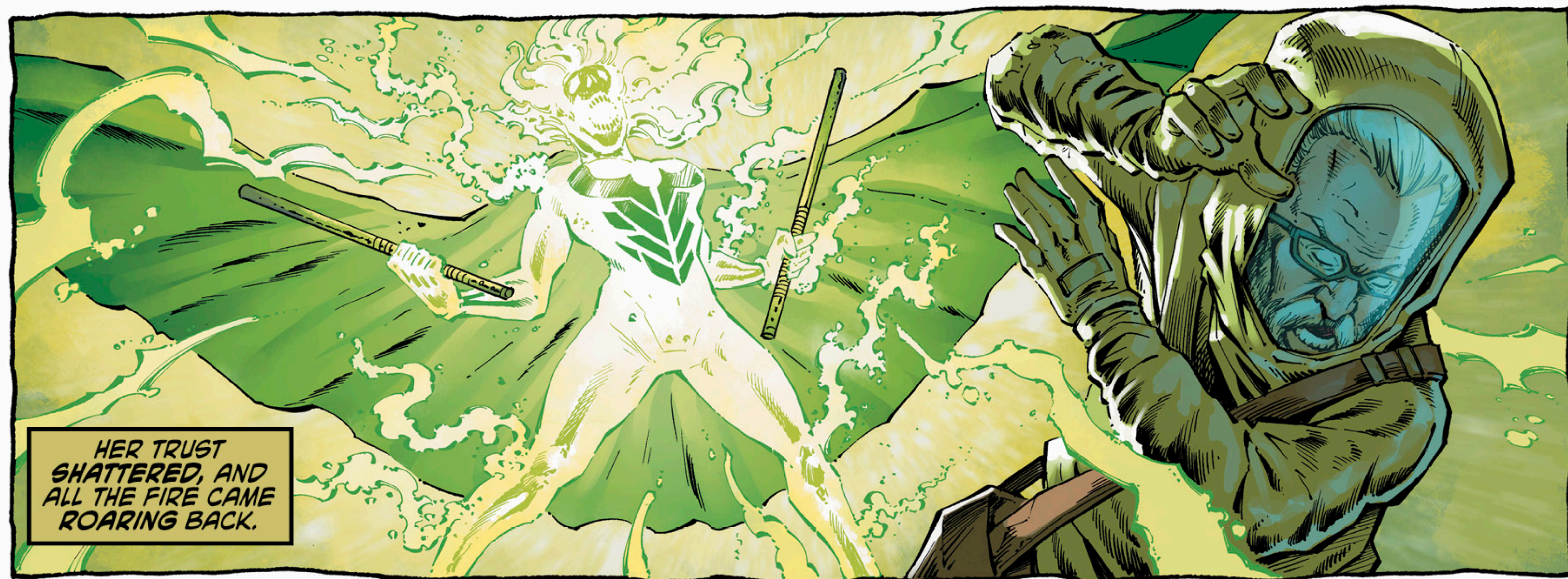


MY WIFE AND  
I DREAMED OF  
CHILDREN. IT IS  
WHY I DEFECTED  
TO AMERICA.

BUT THE WAR CAME. AND MY  
WIFE DIED WITH THE DREAMS.

NOW THERE  
IS NO FUTURE.  
ONLY GOOD  
DAYS. AND  
BAD ONES.

THE DAY I TOLD  
ASHLEY ABOUT  
MY PART IN THE  
WAR, THAT WAS  
A BAD DAY.



HER TRUST  
SHATTERED, AND  
ALL THE FIRE CAME  
ROARING BACK.

IN DESPERATION FOR FREEDOM,  
SHE DETONATED A NUCLEAR BOMB  
BENEATH LEWISTOWN...BELIEVING  
TARIQ COULD ABSORB THE  
FALLOUT AND TAKE HER LIGHT.

HE WOULD HAVE DIED DOING IT,  
BUT I CONVINCED ASHLEY TO SAVE  
HIM...AND REMAIN A MONSTER.

I AM SURPRISED  
SHE DID NOT KILL ME.  
MANY WOULD LIKE TO.





MY NAME IS  
DOCTOR ANDREI  
MOLOTOV.

I HELPED TO  
END THE WORLD.

FOR TWO DAYS I HAVE  
BEEN HELD HERE,  
LOCKED IN A BUILDING  
BASEMENT BY ONE OF  
THE LIVES I DESTROYED.

ALONE, WITH  
NOTHING BUT  
TIME TO THINK.

AND THINKING...  
THINKING SHARPENS  
THE GUILT LIKE A  
BLADE.

OPPENHEIMER SAW WHAT HE'D  
DONE AND QUOTED SCRIPTURE,  
"NOW I AM BECOME DEATH,  
THE DESTROYER OF WORLDS."

THEY CALLED IT  
POETRY. BUT IT WAS  
CONFESSION.



EDWARD TELLER  
NEVER WEPT  
FOR THE DEAD.  
HE BUILT THE  
HYDROGEN BOMB  
INSTEAD. MORE  
FIRE. LESS SOUL.

LEO SZILARD TRIED TO STOP THE  
BOMBS FROM DROPPING. PETITIONED  
TRUMAN. TOO LATE. HE DIED BELIEVING  
IN HUMANITY. A LONELY KIND OF FAITH.

ROBERT WILSON TURNED TO PARTICLE  
PHYSICS, TRYING TO BALANCE THE  
SCALES. BUT THE SCALES DON'T  
BALANCE. THEY BREAK.



SOME OF THEM DRANK.  
SOME TAUGHT. SOME PRAYED.

NONE WERE  
JUDGED.

NOT LIKE  
ME.

MOLOTOV.