

Annie Thomas

March 30, 1926 – March 21, 2010



The Infinities...and everything I write...is dedicated to the memory of my beloved mother, Annie Thomas, who passed away at the age of 84, after a lengthy, courageous and inspiring fight with Alzheimer's.

The disease ravaged her memory, her speech and her body, and ultimately took her from us, but her soul and spirit proved utterly invulnerable to the illness. Try as it might, these were fortresses unassailable to the disease. Her grace, her dignity, her joy, her humor, her compassion and her love shine like brilliant beacons in this dark night.

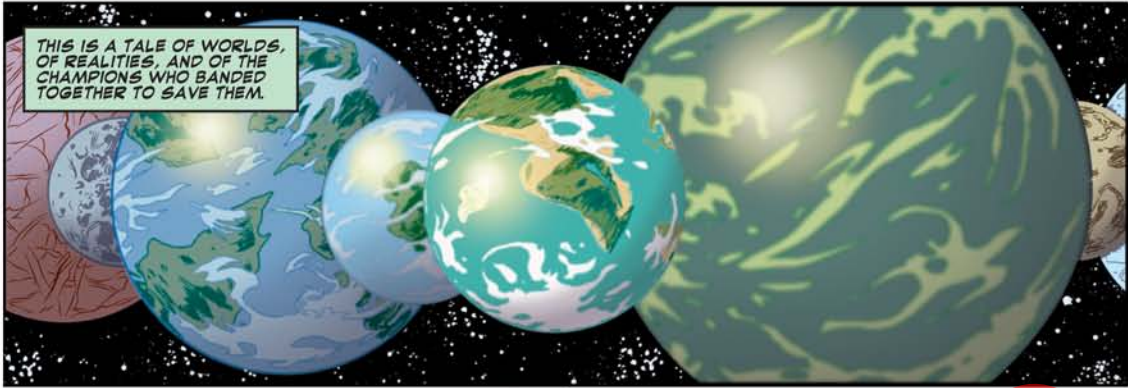
Mom, you taught me that love is both an irresistible force and an immovable object.

I love you now and forevermore. I will never forget you.


Your loving son,

David
March 21, 2011


"Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not." Jeremiah 33:3 KJV




THIS IS A TALE OF WORLDS,
OF REALITIES, AND OF THE
CHAMPIONS WHO BANDED
TOGETHER TO SAVE THEM.



THE WORLD
IS KNOWN
AS MV4.



A SPLIT SECOND
AWAY BUT A REALITY
REMOVED, EXISTING
IN A PARALLEL
DIMENSION AND
OCCUPYING THE
SAME RELATIVE
DIMENSIONAL SPACE
AS EARTH, MV4 IS A
WORLD OF SCIENCE
AND OF
TECHNOLOGICAL
WONDERS SO
ADVANCED AS TO
BORDER ON MAGIC.




IT IS THE TWENTY
THIRD YEAR OF THE
172ND DYNASTY OF
THE ONE KINGDOM.
THE YOUNG KING,
HERTSHER, AND
HIS SISTER AND
CO-REGENT
UASHMASHERAT,
RULE FROM THE
IVORY THRONE. IN
THE COMMON
RECKONING, IT IS
THE YEAR 13727
SINCE THE GREAT
MANIFESTATION.

IT IS A TIME OF
UNENDING PEACE BUILT
UPON TECHNOLOGICAL
SUPREMACY. WAR IS
NOTHING BUT A FADED
MEMORY, A TALE TOLD BY
ELDERLY CHILDREN INTO
OBEDIENCE.



TO THE
WEST OF
HELIOPOLIS
LIES THE
LAND OF
TUAT.

A VAST EXPANSE OF DRIFTING, GOLDEN SANDS, THE "LAND OF
NIGHT" IS A PLACE OF DARK MYSTERIES AND OF MYTHS AS
ELUSIVE AND SHIFTING AS THE DUNES THEY ARE BUILT UPON.



LOST IN THE TRACKLESS DEPTHS OF TUAT IS THE
LEGENDARY MT. MANU, SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE ABODE OF
THE DEITIES AND DEMONS OF THE UNDERWORLD IN ANCIENT
DAYS, MANU VANISHED BENEATH THE ETERNALLY CHURNING
SANDS UNTOLD MILLENNIA AGO, FALLING FROM THE GAZE OF
MAN INTO THE REALM OF MYTH AND LORE.

THREE DAYS AGO, MOUNT MANU, THE DWELLING PLACE OF PRIMORDIAL EVIL, REAPPEARED...

HIS NAME IS DR. KARNAK. HE IS THE SCIENTIST ROYAL OF THE PHARAONIC COURT, NOMARCH OF AMARNA, AN EXPLORER, A CHRONONAUT AND, ULTIMATELY, A CHAMPION OF HIS WORLD.

ACCOMPANIED BY HIS FAITHFUL ROBOT RETAINER, TUT, KARNAK HAS CRISSCROSSED HIS WORLD HAS TRAVELED HIS REALITY AND HAS SOJOURNED FARTHER, TO OTHER REALMS AND UNIVERSES IN HIS UNENDING QUEST FOR KNOWLEDGE...AND THE POWER IT BRINGS.

MORE RECENTLY, HE HAS ALLIED HIMSELF WITH HIS COUNTERPARTS FROM A HANDFUL OF ALTERNATE EARTHS TO BECOME A FOUNDING MEMBER OF THE INFINITES'.

(COME ALONG, TUT--)**

(YES, MASTER.)

(AND DON'T DAWDLE, LEST BY YOUR LAGGARDLINESS YOU INVITE THE FLOGGING THAT YOU SO RICHLY DESERVE.)

(NO, MASTER, THANK YOU, MASTER.)

PART ONE OF EIGHT VEILED TRUTHS AND HIDDEN TREASURES

THE INFINITES
created by
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Story and
characters by
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Lettering and Consulting
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* See The InFinites:
Point Zero.

** Translated From
ancient Egyptian.





(ENOUGH CONTEMPLATION! NOW IS THE TIME FOR ACTION. NOW IT FALLS TO THE SCIENTIST SUPREME TO CHALLENGE THE WORKS OF THE GODS THEMSELVES!)

(DEPLOY THE TECHNO POD!)



(YES, MASTER. TECHNO POD DEPLOYING...)



(...NOW!)



(EXCELLENT.)

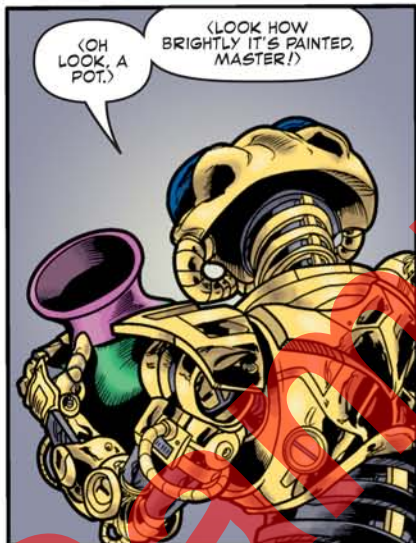
BORN WITH A TRANSGENIUS LEVEL INTELLECT, DR. KARNAK'S FORMIDABLE MENTALITY MADE HIM THE PERFECT CANDIDATE FOR MV4'S NASCENT SUPERHUMAN PROGRAM, THE POWER PROTOCOL.

THE ULTIMATE RESULT WAS A POLYMATH OF STAGGERING SCOPE AND ABILITY. THE FEW SCIENCES THAT DR. KARNAK HAS NOT YET MASTERED ARE MERELY THOSE THAT HE HAS NOT YET STUDIED.

NEITHER ENHANCED COMPASSION NOR PARA HUMAN HUMILITY WERE SIDE EFFECTS OF THE PROTOCOLS.



(WERE IT NOT FOR HIS MAJESTY, THE IMPERIAL HALFWIT'S, REALIZATION THAT ONLY I, THE ULTIMATE INTELLECT...THE LIVING COMPUTER...AM CAPABLE OF ANALYZING AND DECIPHERING THE SUBTLE AND INEFFABLE WORKINGS OF THE GODS OF OLD, THEMSELVES--)



(OH LOOK, A POT.)

(LOOK HOW BRIGHTLY IT'S PAINTED, MASTER!)



(I WONDER WHAT'S IN IT, MASTER? MAYBE SOME HIDDEN TREASURE?!)

(PERHAPS, TUT...)



(I-I THINK I FEEL SOMETHING, MASTER!)

(...IF ONE IS PARTIAL TO CONCEALING ONE'S TREASURES IN A CHAMBER POT.)



(GAH!)