



ICON VAULT
— CO. 4128 —

ISSUE No. 2

TWILIGHT *THUNDER*



ICON VAULT COMICS PRESENTS



TWILIGHT THUNDER #2

BEYOND THE FOLD

CREATED BY ICON VAULT COMICS

STORY • SCRIPT • ART DIRECTION • LETTERING: ICON VAULT COMICS

TWILIGHT THUNDER CREATED FOR THE ICON VAULT UNIVERSE

ALL CHARACTERS AND EVENTS IN THIS STORY ARE FICTIONAL.

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TOMORROW. WHAT REMAINS
OF IT.

IF THIS REACHES YESTERDAY, DO NOT GIVE ZORA
ELLIS BACK HER MISSING YEAR.

I SPENT MY LIFE TRYING TO OUTRUN THIS
MOMENT. IT LEARNED TO ARRIVE BEFORE ME.



THE MESSAGE FALLS BACKWARD.

NOT THROUGH DISTANCE. THROUGH DECISIONS.

EVERY FUTURE SAYS SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

EXCEPT THIS: THE 313TH SUNSET IS THE EXCHANGE.

MALIK... THE FUTURE JUST ANSWERED US.

MERIDIAN CITY. 8:16 A.M.

YOU DESTROYED ONE MACHINE AND BUILT
ANOTHER WAY TO WATCH ME.

THIS ONE CANNOT OPEN ANOTHER
DIMENSION.

THAT WAS NOT MY ACCUSATION.

YOUR CELLS ARE STILL DECIDING WHICH LAWS
THEY BELONG TO. I WOULD RATHER THEY
DECIDE SLOWLY.



THE AURORA GRID IS GONE. HALF OF MERIDIAN IS DARK, AND SOMEHOW THE CITY IS CALLING THAT A VICTORY.



VICTORY IS A WORD PEOPLE USE BEFORE THE REPAIR BILL ARRIVES.



YOU SAVED THE PEOPLE WHO ARE BLAMING YOU. HOW DOES THAT FEEL?



LIKE RESPONSIBILITY. ASK ME AGAIN WHEN IT FEELS LIKE FORGIVENESS.



ZORA'S OLD ADDRESS.

I KNOW. I WAS HER.



MS. ELLIS LIVED HERE. BEFORE THE MEMORIAL.



MY DAUGHTER SLEEPS IN THAT ROOM. WHATEVER THIS IS, PLEASE DO NOT MAKE HER AFRAID.



I CAME TO SEE WHETHER MY LIFE WAITED. I HAVE MY ANSWER.



THE AURORA MEMORIAL.

THEY CARVED MY NAME DEEPER THAN
ANYONE EVER LISTENED TO IT.

STONE REMEMBERS THE VERSION OF
YOU THAT STAYED DEAD.

THEN STONE HAS MET THE WRONG
WOMAN.



THE SIGNAL CONTAINS HUNDREDS OF BROADCASTS OCCUPYING THE SAME SECOND.

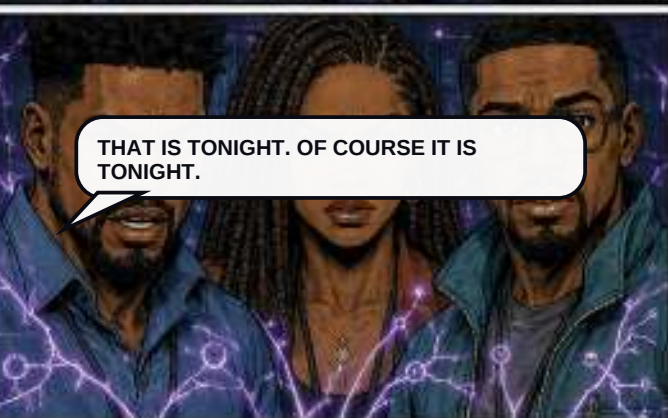
IN SOME, THUNDER SAVES MERIDIAN.



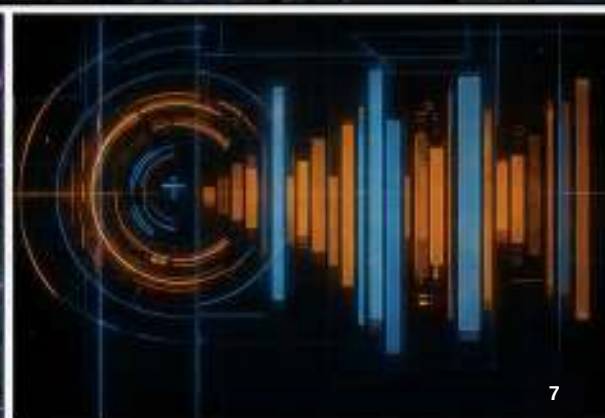
IN OTHERS, HE IS WHY THERE IS NOTHING LEFT TO SAVE.



THE 313TH SUNSET IS THE EXCHANGE.



THAT IS TONIGHT. OF COURSE IT IS TONIGHT.



MERIDIAN LOSES
TWELVE SECONDS.



I WAS TALKING TO SOMEONE.

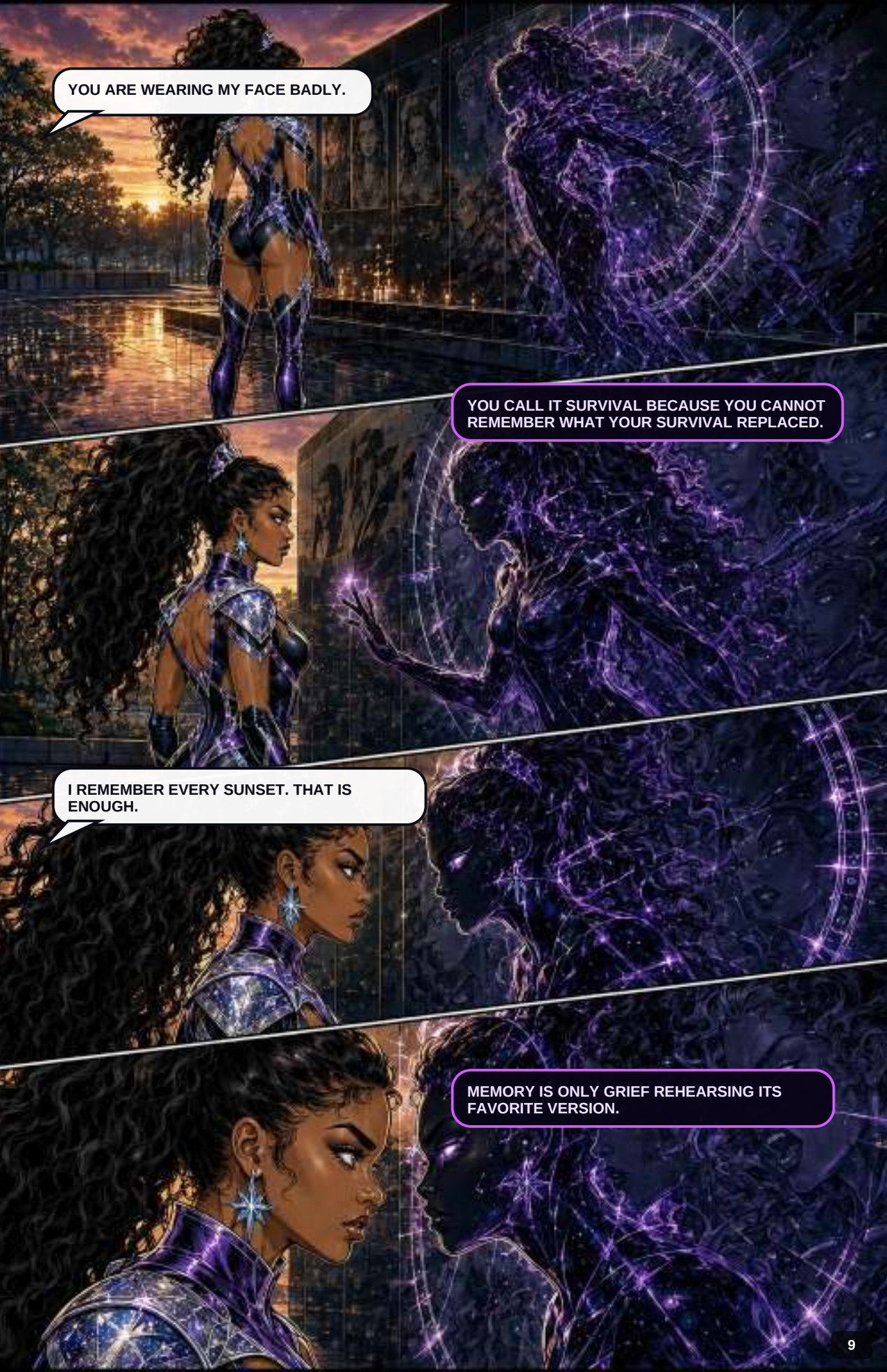


MOM, WHAT DID YOU SAY BEFORE MY
NAME?



TWELVE SECONDS VANISHED FROM EVERY
RECORDING IN THE CITY. THE CLOCKS INSIST
NOTHING HAPPENED.





YOU ARE WEARING MY FACE BADLY.

YOU CALL IT SURVIVAL BECAUSE YOU CANNOT
REMEMBER WHAT YOUR SURVIVAL REPLACED.

I REMEMBER EVERY SUNSET. THAT IS
ENOUGH.

MEMORY IS ONLY GRIEF REHEARSING ITS
FAVORITE VERSION.



HE ABANDONED US.

WE NEVER ESCAPED.

WE FORGAVE HIM TOO QUICKLY.

WE BECAME WHAT VOSS WANTED.

YOU ARE NOT MY POSSIBILITIES. YOU ARE MY WOUNDS WEARING COSTUMES.



6:48 P.M. FOURTEEN MINUTES
TO TWILIGHT.

NO LIGHTNING. NO ARMOR. STILL A GRID
BENEATH EVERY STREET.



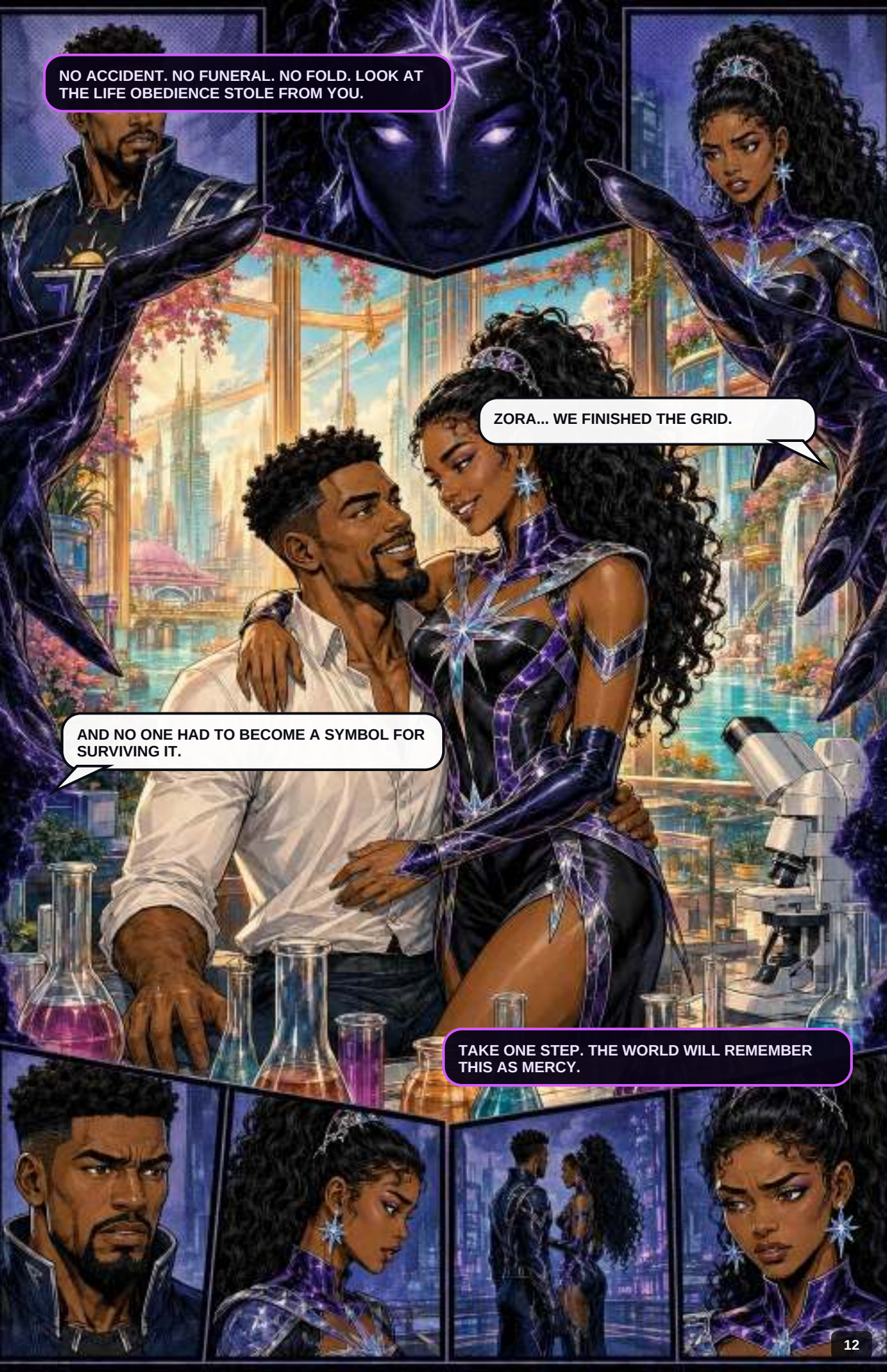
SUBSTATION NINE, CLOSE YOUR WEST
CIRCUIT. HOSPITAL RESERVE, TAKE THE
LOAD.



A HERO IS NOT THE WEATHER AROUND HIM.
MOVE.



YOU SOUND CONVINCING WHEN YOU ARE
TERRIFIED.



NO ACCIDENT. NO FUNERAL. NO FOLD. LOOK AT
THE LIFE OBEDIENCE STOLE FROM YOU.

ZORA... WE FINISHED THE GRID.

AND NO ONE HAD TO BECOME A SYMBOL FOR
SURVIVING IT.

TAKE ONE STEP. THE WORLD WILL REMEMBER
THIS AS MERCY.



YOU LOOKED HAPPY.



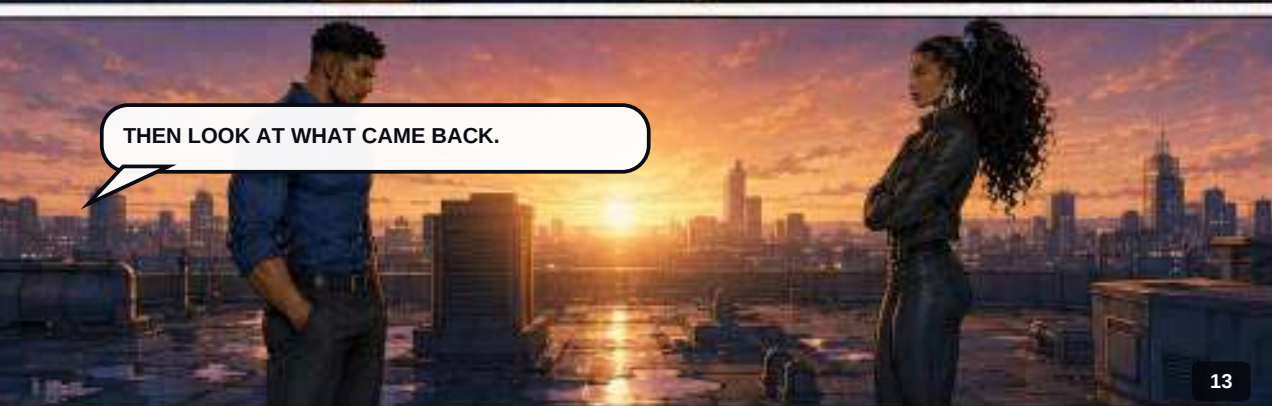
YOU WERE ALIVE BEFORE SURVIVAL
BECAME YOUR FULL-TIME JOB.



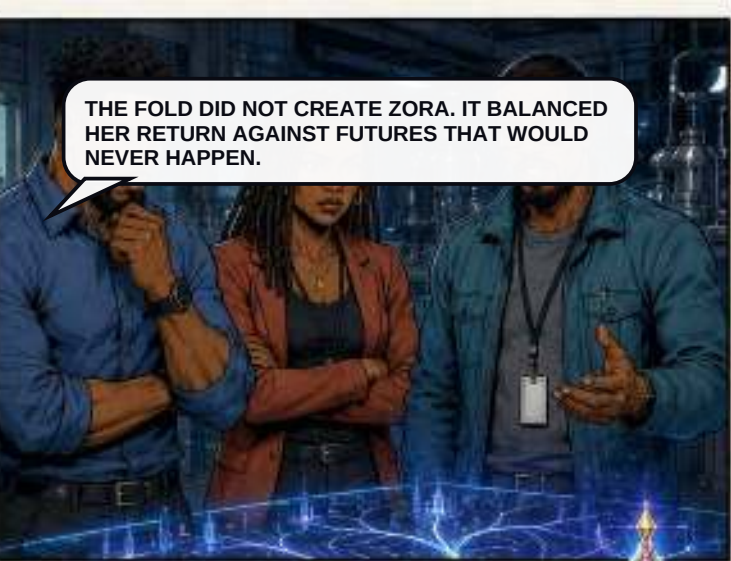
I AM ALIVE NOW. YOU KEEP SPEAKING AS IF
THE BETTER VERSION IS ELSEWHERE.



I WAS LOOKING AT WHAT THEY TOOK FROM
YOU.



THEN LOOK AT WHAT CAME BACK.



THE FOLD DID NOT CREATE ZORA. IT BALANCED
HER RETURN AGAINST FUTURES THAT WOULD
NEVER HAPPEN.



THE AFTERIMAGE IS THE DEBT THOSE
FUTURES LEARNED TO COLLECT.



SO I AM ALIVE BECAUSE OTHER VERSIONS
OF US ARE NOT?



NO. YOU ARE ALIVE BECAUSE VOSS TREATED
POSSIBILITY LIKE INVENTORY.



THE EXCHANGE EQUATION.

AT 7:02, THE FOLD CAN RESTORE THE YEAR ZORA LOST.



BY REPLACING THE YEAR MERIDIAN ACTUALLY LIVED.



EVERYONE BORN, SAVED OR CHANGED SINCE THE ACCIDENT...



ERASED SO CLEANLY NOBODY REMEMBERS TO MOURN THEM.



CALL IT A STABILIZER. THE LOCK ENGAGES ONLY IF HER SIGNATURE FRACTURES.



A CAGE WITH DIAGNOSTICS IS STILL A CAGE.



EVERY MODEL ENDS WITH HER DISAPPEARING AT 7:02.



YOU KEEP CALLING IT PROTECTION BECAUSE CONTROL SOUNDS UGLIER IN YOUR VOICE.



EVERY MODEL ENDS THE SAME WAY. AT 7:02, YOU DISAPPEAR.



THEN STOP ASKING THE MODEL WHAT I WANT.



MODELS DO NOT RESENT ME.



NO. THEY ONLY INHERIT YOUR FEAR.



I CANNOT WATCH ANOTHER DOOR CLOSE ON YOU.

THEN STAND BESIDE ME WHEN I OPEN IT.



7:02 P.M. THE 313TH
SUNSET.

THE CURRENT IS SPLITTING BEFORE I
CHOOSE IT.

THOSE ARE NOT CURRENTS. THEY ARE
CONSEQUENCES.

EVERY CHOICE IS LIGHTNING PRETENDING IT STRUCK ONLY
ONCE.



MERIDIAN REMEMBERS
TOO MUCH.

THIS STREET WAS DEMOLISHED.

MY HUSBAND DIED HERE.

THAT WOMAN HAS MY FACE.

CHOOSE CAREFULLY. NOSTALGIA HAS
EXCELLENT TEETH.



IF YOU SEE THE LIFE YOU WISH YOU HAD, DO NOT FOLLOW IT. IT DOES NOT KNOW THE PERSON YOU BECAME.

HOW DO WE KNOW WHICH CITY IS OURS?



OURS IS THE ONE ASKING YOU TO PROTECT SOMEBODY BESIDES YOURSELF.



THAT IS EITHER EXCELLENT JOURNALISM OR A TERRIBLE PRAYER.





THE EXCHANGE IS ANCHORING AT MERIDIAN CENTRAL.



WHERE YOU BECAME THUNDER.

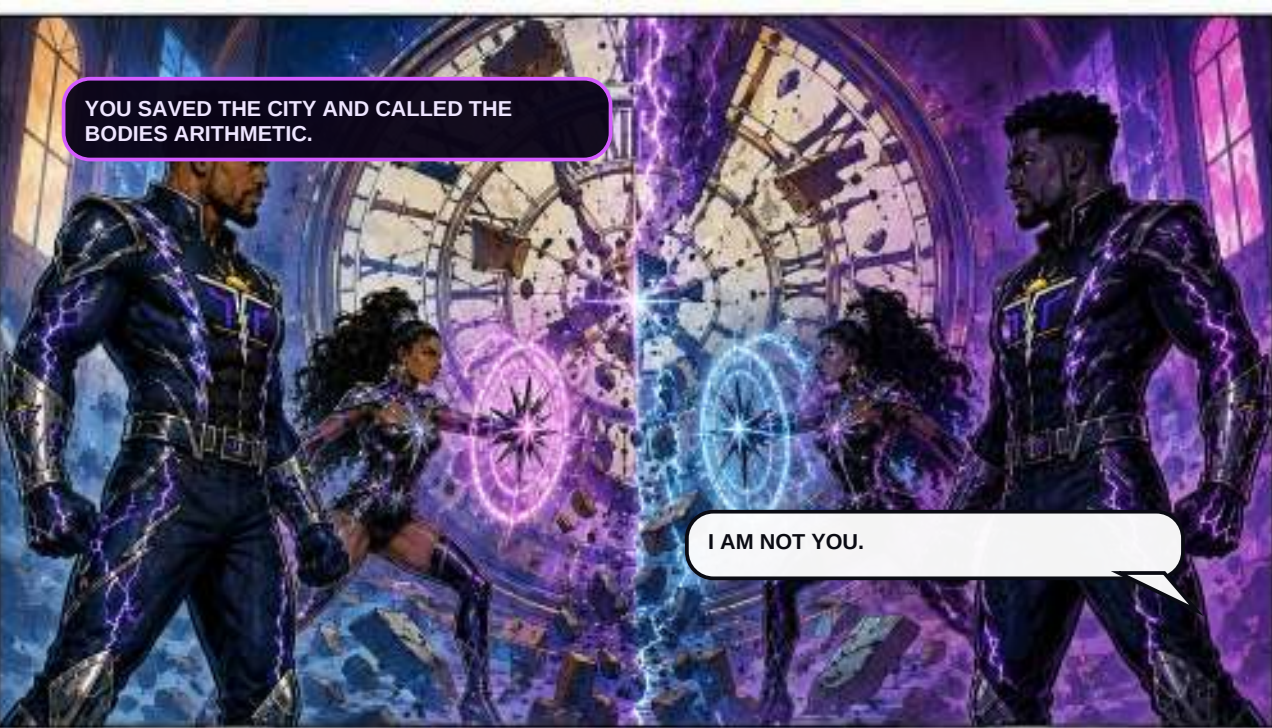


WHERE I CHOSE STRANGERS BEFORE I UNDERSTOOD THE PRICE.



TRY CHOOSING WITH YOUR EYES OPEN THIS TIME.

STAY CLOSE ENOUGH TO ARGUE.



YOU SAVED THE CITY AND CALLED THE
BODIES ARITHMETIC.

I AM NOT YOU.



YOU LEFT MALIK IN THE FOLD AND BECAME
BELOVED FOR SURVIVING.



I AM NOT YOU EITHER.



GOOD. THEN NEITHER OF YOU KNOWS WHAT WE CHOOSE NEXT.



NO WOUND. NO POWERS. NO EMPTY CASKET.
EVERYTHING YOU WANTED REMAINS ONE STEP
AWAY.

WE LOOK HAPPY.

WE LOOK UNTOUCHED. THAT IS NOT THE SAME
THING.

NOTHING WAS LOST. IT WAITED FOR YOU TO
STOP PROTECTING THE WRONG WORLD.



I KNOW WHICH LIFE I WANT. I DO NOT GET TO CHOOSE YOURS.

AND IF I WANT THE OTHER ONE?

THEN I WILL HATE YOUR ANSWER. I WILL SURVIVE IT. AND IT WILL STILL BE YOURS.

THAT MAY BE THE FIRST GIFT YOU HAVE GIVEN ME WITHOUT KEEPING A HAND ON IT.



STEP THROUGH AND BECOME THE WOMAN YOU
WERE MEANT TO BE.

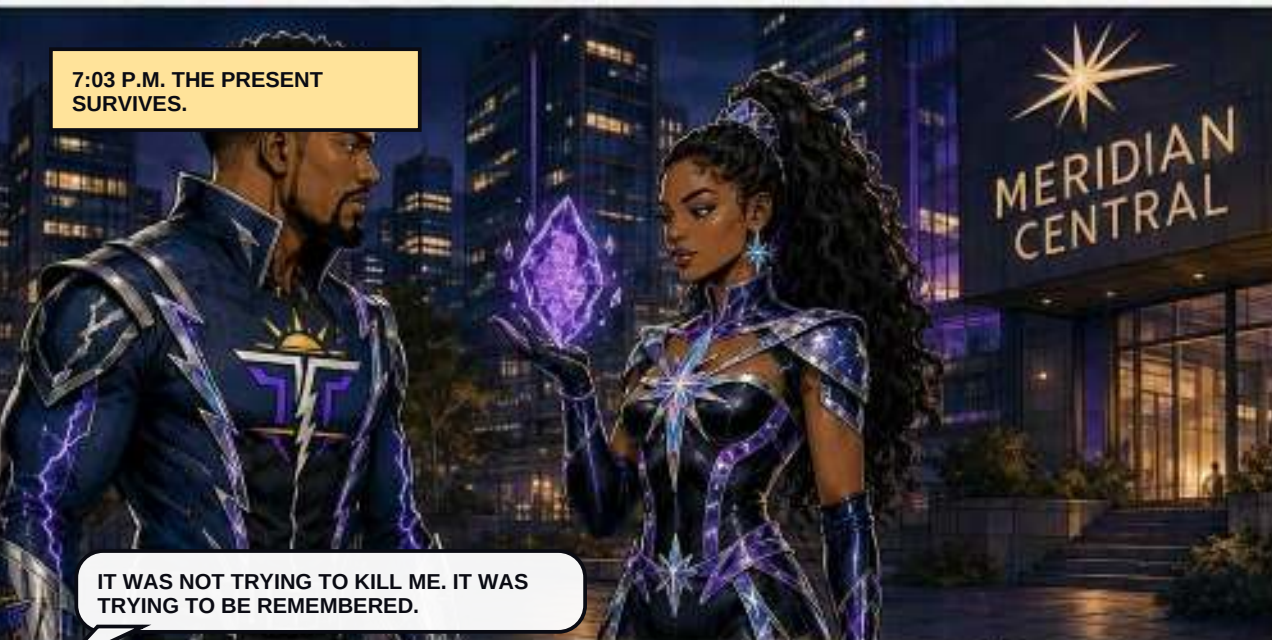
SHE NEVER BURIED HERSELF. SHE NEVER
LEARNED TO RETURN. SHE IS NOT ME.

THE PAST DOES NOT BECOME SACRED
BECAUSE IT IS UNAVAILABLE.

THEN CHOOSE THIS IMPOSSIBLE LIFE.

I ALREADY DID.

7:03 P.M. THE PRESENT
SURVIVES.



IT WAS NOT TRYING TO KILL ME. IT WAS
TRYING TO BE REMEMBERED.



CAN YOU CONTAIN A MEMORY THAT
REWRITES BUILDINGS?



CONTAIN? BRIEFLY. JUDGE OUR DECISIONS?
INDEFINITELY.



GOOD. IT WILL FIT IN HERE.

THE NEXT MORNING.

NEW APARTMENT. NEW LOCK. NO MEMORIAL
DOWNSTAIRS.

YOUR NOTEBOOK SURVIVED THE ORIGINAL
LAB. I DID NOT READ THE LAST PAGE.

THIS DOES NOT MEAN I FORGIVE YOU.

IT MEANS YOU GET TO DECIDE IF YOU EVER
DO.



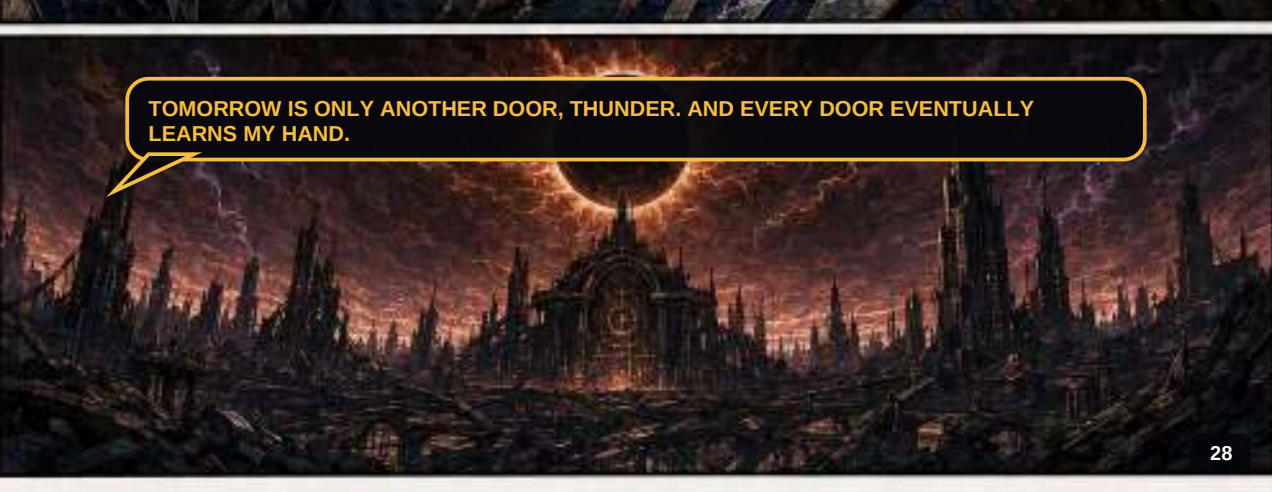
A MESSAGE FROM
TOMORROW.



ZORA, IF YOU CAN HEAR THIS, THEN I FAILED
EARLIER THAN I REMEMBER.



WHEN THE NEXT ECLIPSE COMES, DO NOT LET
ME SURVIVE IT.



TOMORROW IS ONLY ANOTHER DOOR, THUNDER. AND EVERY DOOR EVENTUALLY
LEARNS MY HAND.



NEXT IN TWILIGHT THUNDER

THE LIVES WE LEFT BEHIND

MERIDIAN REMEMBERS A LIFE IT NEVER LIVED.



EVERY WORLD HOLDS AN ICON.

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