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**FRONT LINE**<sup>™</sup>  
 A MARVEL COMICS<sup>®</sup> EVENT

**CIVIL WAR**<sup>™</sup>

PAUL JENKINS

RAMON BACHS

**RATED T+**



00111

DIRECT EDITION

STEVE LEIBER

KEI KOBAYASHI

\$2.99 US \$4.25 CAN

CALVARY CEMETERY, QUEENS





MAYBE A CUT ABOVE, I DON'T KNOW. ALL I KNOW IS THAT THE LAST TIME I SAW JOHNNY WAS EIGHT DAYS AGO, COMING OUT THE BACK OF O'FLANAGAN'S, MAYBE ABOUT NINE OR TEN AT NIGHT.

HE WAS PRETTY GIDDY. KNOWING HIM, THAT WAS PROBABLY DUE TO THE GUINNESS. HE TOLD ME HE'D JUST GOTTEN FULL-TIME WORK WITH THE NEW WARRIORS REALITY SHOW.

I WISHED HIM LUCK AND TOLD HIM TO BE CAREFUL.

"JOHNNY HAD BEEN ON AT LEAST FOUR TOURS OF BOSNIA, THREE TO AFGHANISTAN AND MAYBE EIGHT OR NINE TO BAGHDAD WITH CNN.

"LAST YEAR, HE WON AN EMMY NOMINATION FOR HIS BIT ON THE U.S.S. ABRAHAM LINCOLN. AND FROM THERE, HE GRADUATED TO THIS ASSIGNMENT. THIS WAS HIS BIG BREAK.

"HE USED TO SAY ALL THE TIMES HE'D BEEN BOMBED OR SHOT AT WERE JUST PRACTICE RUNS FOR THE REAL THING.

"BUT HE ALWAYS WAS CAREFUL. AND HE ALWAYS FIGURED HE'D SEE IT COMING.

**BROOM!!!**

"THE TRUTH IS, YOU NEVER SEE IT COMING."



...HOW'S THE WRIST HEALING?

BETTER THAN THE RIBS. IT'S LIKE THEY NEVER GO AWAY.

OH, YEAH... I BROKE A COUPLE ONCE: YOU MOAN ABOUT THEM FOR, LIKE, A YEAR...YOU NEVER SLEEP RIGHT, AND SUDDENLY, YOU WAKE UP ONE DAY AND REALIZE THE PAIN WENT AWAY.

I'M STILL WAITING. HOW'S WORK?

WORSE THAN BROKEN RIBS.



FORGET YOUR UMBRELLA?

DON'T OWN ONE. I LIKE GETTING WET.

MM-HMM... THAT'S PRETTY TYPICAL. STILL GOING TO YOUR AA MEETINGS?

OH, GOD... YOU SOUND LIKE NEIL. HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED I'M DRINKING COKE?



I CAN NEVER TELL WITH YOU, SALLY. YOU DON'T NEED BOOZE TO BE MORBID.

GOD, YOU GOTTA LOVE THIS, THOUGH, DON'T YOU? THE ONLY TIME WE EVER GET TOGETHER LIKE THIS IS WHEN SOMEONE DIES.

AT LEAST WE GOT TO WEAR FUNNY HATS. JOHNNY FERNANDEZ WOULD'VE LIKED THAT.



YOU KNOW THIS THING WITH THE SUPERHUMAN REGISTRATION ACT IS GOING TO HAPPEN, DON'T YOU?



I DON'T WANT TO BELIEVE IT JUST YET, BEN. BUT I DON'T THINK ANYONE AT THE WHITE HOUSE COULD HAVE SCRIPTED THIS NITRO THING ANY BETTER.

A SCHOOL FULL OF KIDS WIPED OUT IN A PUNCH-UP INVOLVING UNTRAINED, UNSUPERVISED, UNDERAGED SUPER HEROES.

HOW'S JONAH TAKING IT?  
LIKE HE WON THE LOTTERY.



OH, GOD...I CAN JUST IMAGINE: "LAYDEEZ AND GENTLEMEN...IN THE RED CORNER, THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION.

"IN THE BLUE CORNER, THE UNSTOPPABLE TAG-TEAM OF DISINFORMATION AND PARANOIA, WINNER BY TWO FALLS AND A SUBMISSION."

HEHH...THAT'S THE BUGLE, ALL RIGHT. WHAT DID THEY GIVE YOU AT THE ALTERNATIVE?



CARTE BLANCHE TO WRITE ABOUT THE EROSION OF CIVIL LIBERTIES IN AMERICA. AND CAN I LINK IT TO THE WIRETAPPING THING, IF I WOULD BE SO KIND? YOU?

JONAH SAID, AND I QUOTE: "LET'S SHOVE THIS SO FAR UP THE LIBERALS' KEISTERS THEY THINK THE WEDNESDAY SPORTS PAGE IS THE SUNDAY EDITION."

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, EXACTLY?  
I HAVE NO IDEA. HE WAS ON A ROLL.



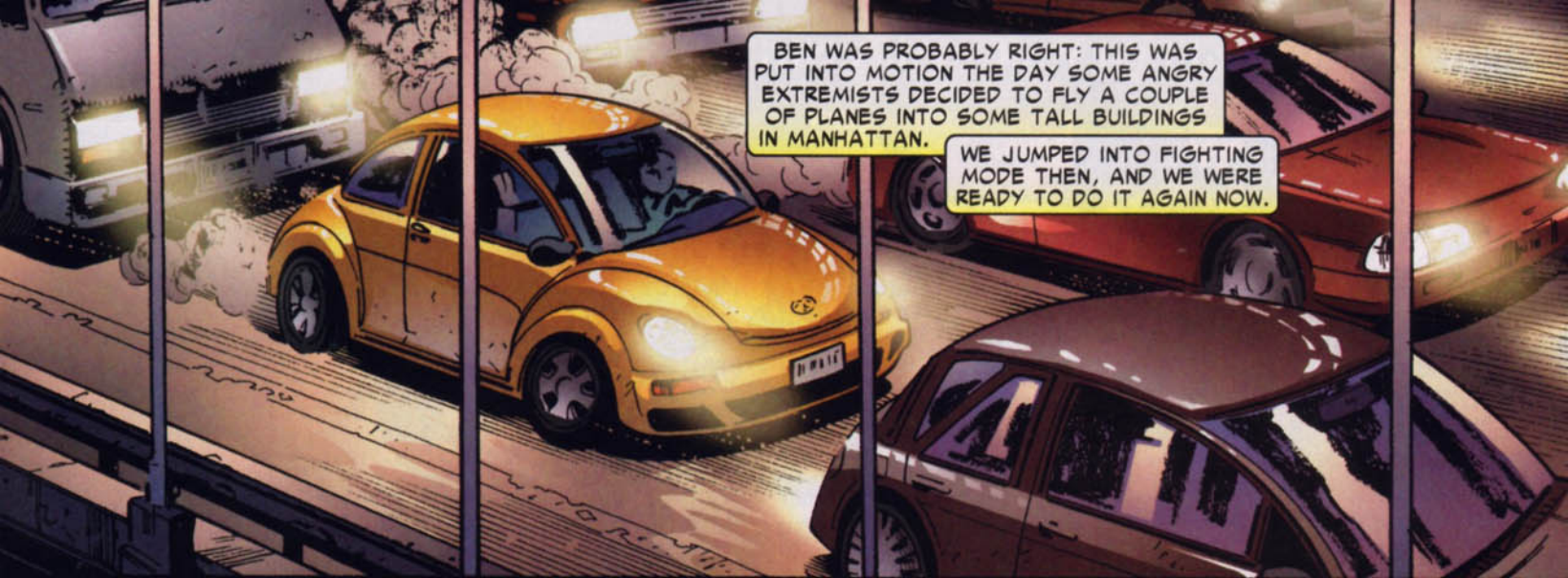
WELL, THEN...TO BATTLE, AND MAY THE BEST HACK WIN. I LIKE MY CHANCES. NO ONE WANTS THE GOVERNMENT TO INSTITUTE A DRAFT.

THIS IS DIFFERENT, SALLY-- JUST FOR A CHANGE, I THINK JONAH MAY BE RIGHT.



THE TIMING IS PERFECT TO PUSH FOR SUPER-HERO FEDERALIZATION. THIS REGISTRATION ACT IS GOING TO MEET LITTLE OR NO OPPOSITION AFTER THE DISASTER IN STAMFORD.

IF IT PASSES, EVERYTHING CHANGES.



BEN WAS PROBABLY RIGHT: THIS WAS PUT INTO MOTION THE DAY SOME ANGRY EXTREMISTS DECIDED TO FLY A COUPLE OF PLANES INTO SOME TALL BUILDINGS IN MANHATTAN.

WE JUMPED INTO FIGHTING MODE THEN, AND WE WERE READY TO DO IT AGAIN NOW.



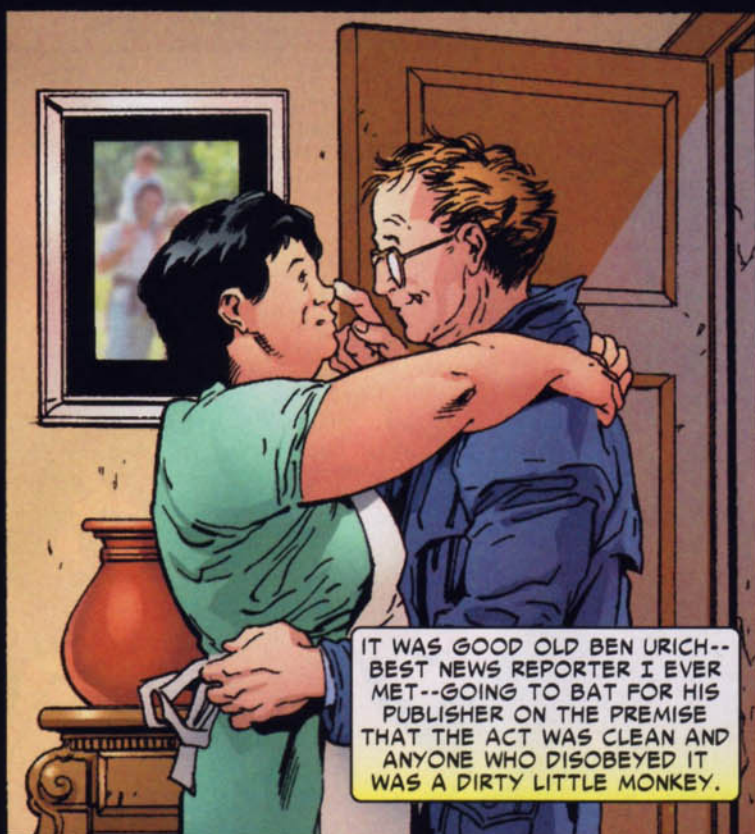
ALL OF A SUDDEN, JOURNALISM WAS GOING TO TAKE A BACKSEAT TO JINGOISM, AND THE FIGHT FOR A NATION'S SENTIMENT WOULD BE ON.

THIS WAS CIVIL LIBERTY VERSUS CIVIL COMFORT; WIRETAPPING VERSUS TERRORISM; FOX VERSUS CNN.

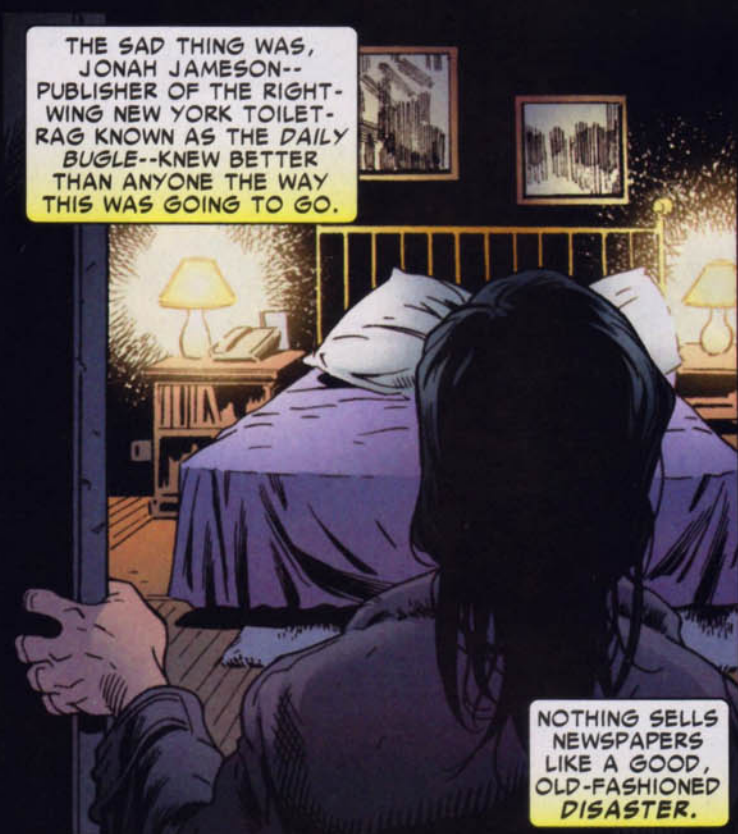


IT WAS ME IN MY LITTLE CORNER OF HECK, READY TO TELL THE WORLD ABOUT THE INJUSTICE OF THE REGISTRATION ACT.

AAA



IT WAS GOOD OLD BEN URICH--BEST NEWS REPORTER I EVER MET--GOING TO BAT FOR HIS PUBLISHER ON THE PREMISE THAT THE ACT WAS CLEAN AND ANYONE WHO DISOBEYED IT WAS A DIRTY LITTLE MONKEY.



THE SAD THING WAS, JONAH JAMESON--PUBLISHER OF THE RIGHT-WING NEW YORK TOILET-RAG KNOWN AS THE DAILY BUGLE--KNEW BETTER THAN ANYONE THE WAY THIS WAS GOING TO GO.

NOTHING SELLS NEWSPAPERS LIKE A GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED DISASTER.

THE DAILY BUGLE NEWSROOM, ASSIGNMENTS MEETING.



\* HOSKINS: STAMFORD INT.  
 WRIGHT: - AVENGERS REACTION?  
 STANLEY: - ?  
 URICH: NITRO BACKGROUND ?  
 DUPREE: ?  
 DINKSON: TV CREW!  
 - ??

...AND DUKE, WE'LL PROBABLY HAVE YOU FOLLOW UP WITH THE STAMFORD KIDS' FAMILIES: RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION, THE INJUSTICE OF IT ALL, SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

TRY TO SKEW IT AWAY FROM THE FUNERALS, THOUGH. WE DON'T WANT TO MAKE OUR READERS MISERABLE OVER THEIR CORNFLAKES.



WRIGHT: STAMFORD INT. REACTION?  
 STANLEY: AVENGERS ?  
 URICH: NITRO BACKGROUND (IRON MAN PRESS GO ?)  
 FREE: TV CREW!!  
 DINKSON: TOMORROW  
 - ??

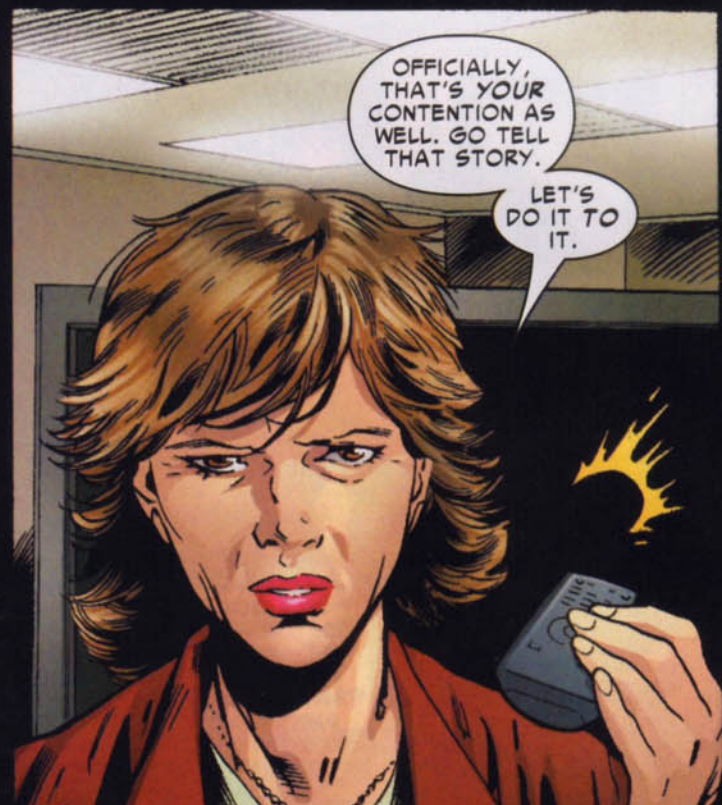
BEN, I WANT YOU TO GO DOWN TO THE PRECINCT AND TALK TO YOUR GUY THERE. DIG UP SOME STUFF ON NITRO: POWERS, KNOWN CRIMINAL AFFILIATES...

NITRO'S IN THE WIND, AND THE MAYOR'S GOING NUTS FOR AT-LARGE CRIMINALS RIGHT NOW-- PLAY THAT ONE UP, IF YOU CAN. AND DON'T FORGET THE IRON MAN PRESS CONFERENCE TOMORROW MORNING.



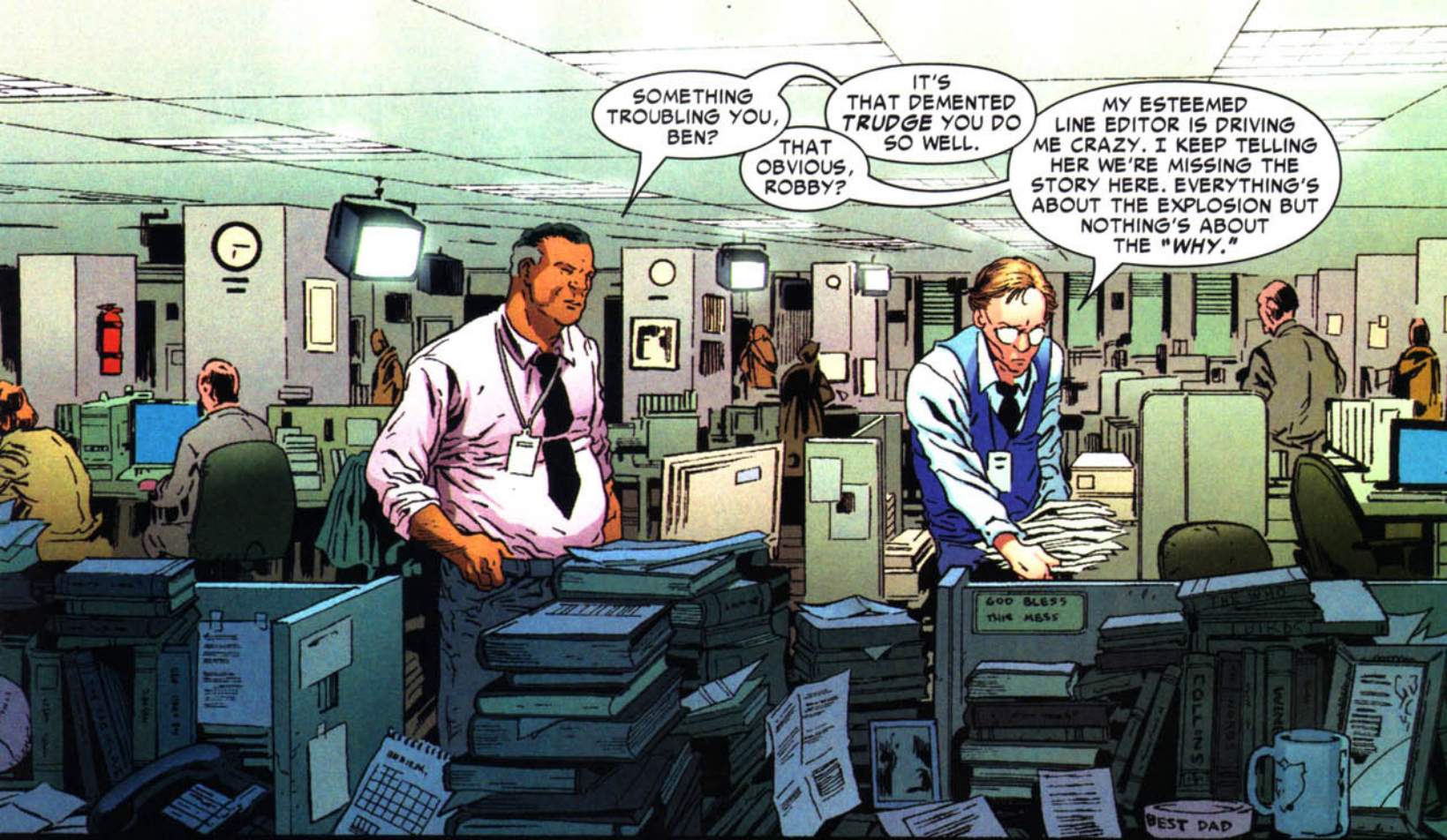
THIS IS BIG, PEOPLE: THERE'S MILEAGE IN THIS. JONAH'S GOING ALL OUT WITH THE P.R. GUYS FOR A SPOT ON THE O'REILLY SHOW TONIGHT.

IT'S HIS CONTENTION THAT AMERICA'S SECURITY JUST CAME UNDER ATTACK FROM AN OUT-OF-CONTROL PACK OF COSTUMED FREAKS.



OFFICIALLY, THAT'S YOUR CONTENTION AS WELL. GO TELL THAT STORY.

LET'S DO IT TO IT.



SOMETHING TROUBLING YOU, BEN?

IT'S THAT DEMENTED TRUDGE YOU DO SO WELL. THAT OBVIOUS, ROBBY?

MY ESTEEMED LINE EDITOR IS DRIVING ME CRAZY. I KEEP TELLING HER WE'RE MISSING THE STORY HERE. EVERYTHING'S ABOUT THE EXPLOSION BUT NOTHING'S ABOUT THE "WHY."



SHE SAYS JONAH WANTS TO SET UP SUPPORT FOR THIS REGISTRATION ACT THEY'RE PUTTING THROUGH CONGRESS. AND THEN SHE SENDS ME TO A FREAKIN' IRON MAN PRESS CONFERENCE.



AND BESIDES...WHO SAYS, "LET'S DO IT TO IT"? SHE'S A MANAGING EDITOR, NOT A DESK SERGEANT.

BEN, THIS IS JONAH'S THING: HE'S A SMART COOKIE. HE KNOWS WHAT WORKS HERE.



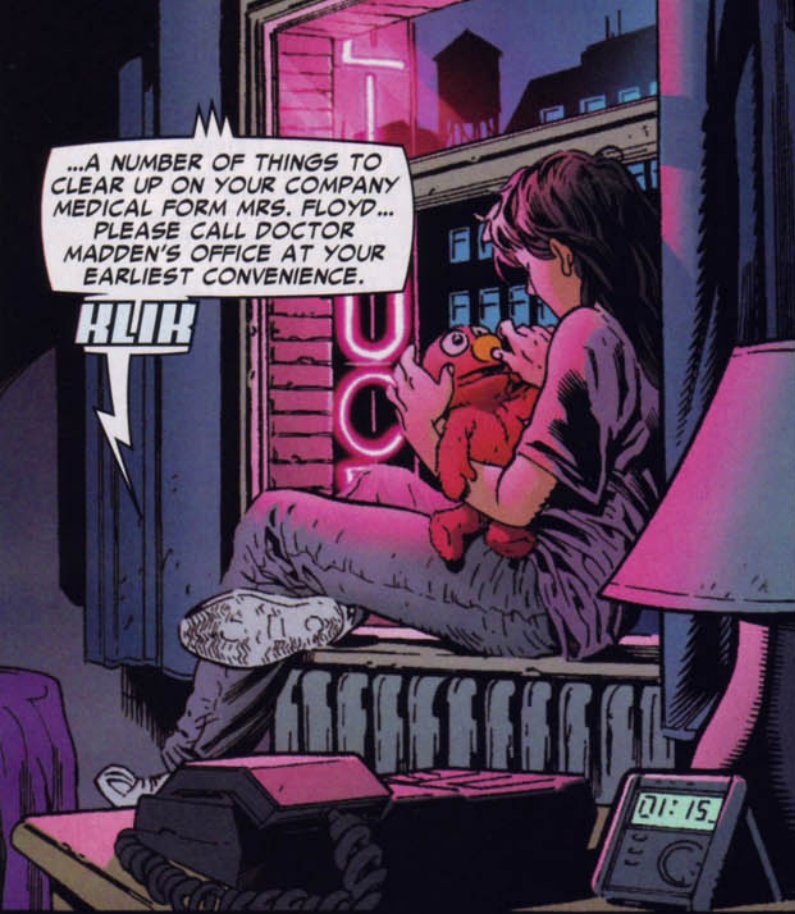
OUR CIRCULATION IS ABOUT THE SAME AS THAT OF A SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD WITH EMPHYSEMA. WE'RE CONSTANTLY FIGHTING LOW NUMBERS AND THE ONLINE THING IS CUTTING INTO US DAY BY DAY.

WE NEVER CIRCUMVENT THE TRUTH, BEN--YOU KNOW THAT. BUT PULITZER PRIZE-WINNING PIECES ARE OUR SECONDARY CONCERN RIGHT NOW.



YOUR PRIMARY JOB IS TO HELP US SELL NEWSPAPERS. HOW HARD IS THAT?





...A NUMBER OF THINGS TO CLEAR UP ON YOUR COMPANY MEDICAL FORM MRS. FLOYD... PLEASE CALL DOCTOR MADDEN'S OFFICE AT YOUR EARLIEST CONVENIENCE.

**KLK**



YEAH...HEY, SALLY--THIS IS ERIC! I'LL BE YOUR SPONSOR FOR THIS EVENING... HA HA! I WAS WONDERING IF WE'RE ON FOR FRIDAY...I MEAN, IF YOU STILL WANT TO. CALL ME!

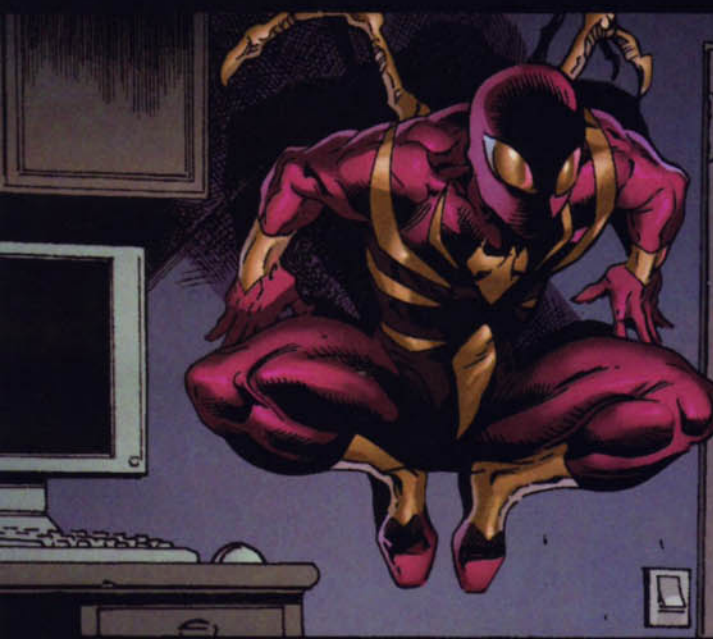
**KLK**

SALLY, THIS IS NEIL: CAN YOU CALL ME ABOUT THIS HAVOK THING? I'M STILL MISSING COPY--



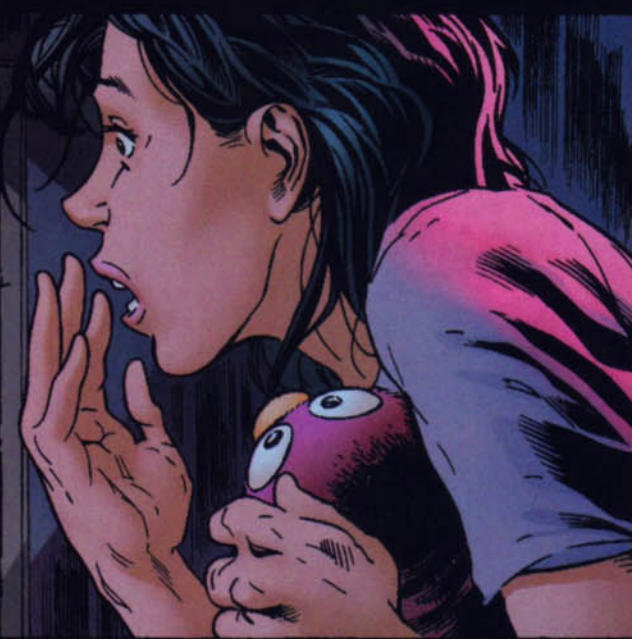
**KLK**

HELLO, SALLY.



I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU--

AAAH!  
AAAAAH!



NO, WAIT...CHILL OUT! EVERYTHING'S COOL. IT'S ME...SPIDER-MAN!

HOW DO I KNOW THAT? WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR COSTUME? AND HOW THE HELL DID YOU GET IN?

YOU LEFT THE FRONT DOOR OPEN! I DON'T ALWAYS COME IN THROUGH THE WINDOW!



OWW!  
HEY!



YOU STUPID IDIOT! YOU SCARED THE HELL OUT OF ME! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE PLAYING AT, COMING INTO SOMEONE'S HOUSE LIKE THAT? DON'T YOU PEOPLE KNOW HOW TO KNOCK?

WHAT, LIKE I SHOULD WAIT AROUND IN A HALLWAY? I'M KINDA HIGH-PROFILE RIGHT NOW, LADY!



JEEZ...OKAY, I GET IT. FINE. YOU'RE NOT IN THE MOOD--

NO, WAIT!



OH, GOD...

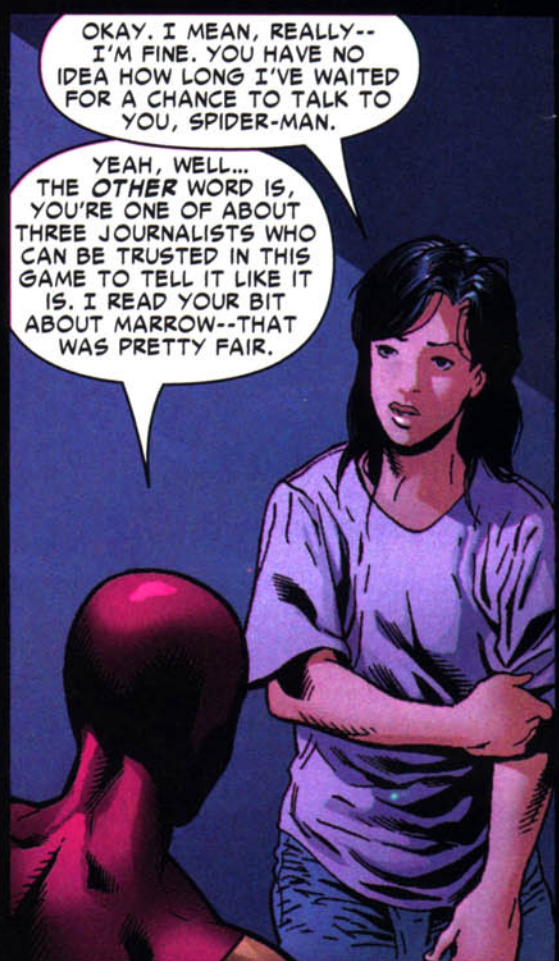
...AH-HEHH...  
-HUHH-...

...I'M *SORRY*, OKAY? THE COSTUME THREW ME. I'M KINDA EDGY RIGHT NOW AFTER THAT BUSINESS WITH THE GHOUL. YOU DO READ NEWSPAPERS, I TAKE IT?



LOOK...I'M SORRY-- IT'S MY FAULT. WORD IS YOU LIKE DRAMATIC ENTRANCES.

YOU'RE RIGHT: I'M AN IDIOT. I WAS JUST TRYING TO BE *SPOOKY*.



OKAY. I MEAN, REALLY-- I'M FINE. YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW LONG I'VE WAITED FOR A CHANCE TO TALK TO YOU, SPIDER-MAN.

YEAH, WELL... THE *OTHER* WORD IS, YOU'RE ONE OF ABOUT THREE JOURNALISTS WHO CAN BE TRUSTED IN THIS GAME TO TELL IT LIKE IT IS. I READ YOUR BIT ABOUT MARROW--THAT WAS PRETTY FAIR.



SO HERE IT IS: YOUR BIG CHANCE. ONE-TIME ONLY.

SPIDEY TELLS ALL.



AH, WHAT THE HECK...SOBRIETY CAN WAIT ANOTHER DAY. YOU WANT ONE?

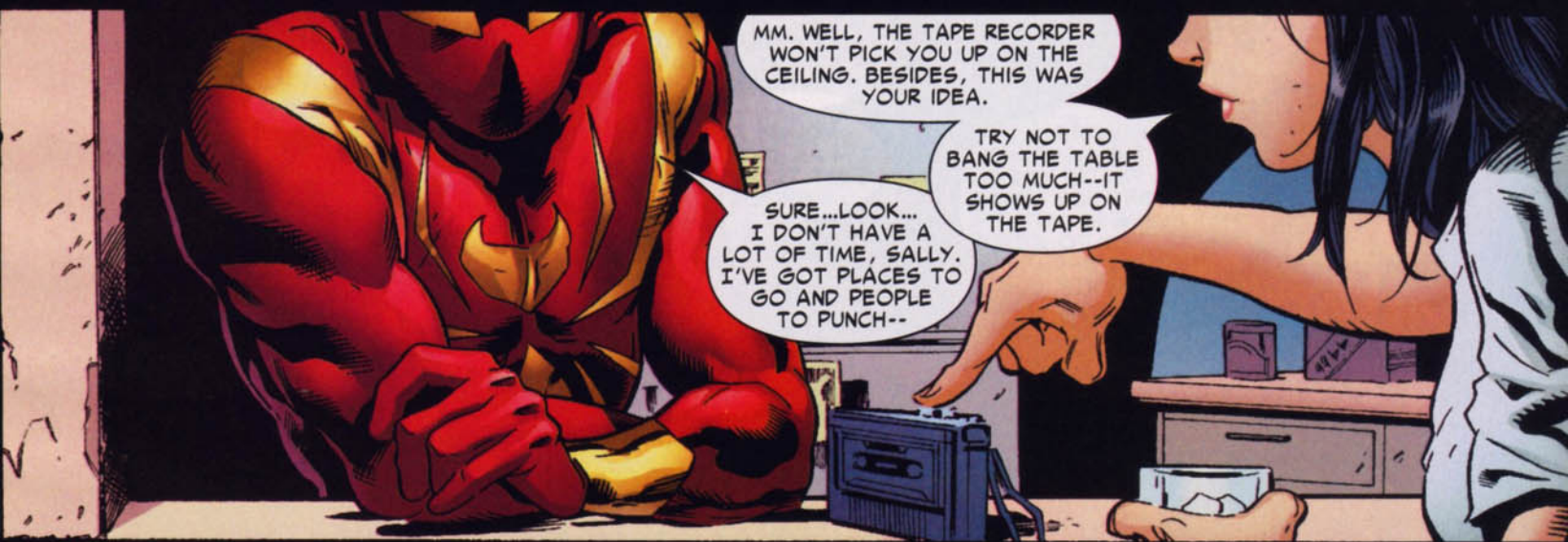
I DON'T DRINK. SOMEONE MIGHT TAG ME FOR SWINGING UNDER THE INFLUENCE.

NEVER STOPPED ME.



HUHH...HEHH...YOU LOOK KIND OF DORKY IN THAT CHAIR. IT'S CUTE.

I DON'T LIKE CHAIRS. WORST THING YOU CAN DO TO A HYPERACTIVE SPIDER.



MM. WELL, THE TAPE RECORDER WON'T PICK YOU UP ON THE CEILING. BESIDES, THIS WAS YOUR IDEA.

TRY NOT TO BANG THE TABLE TOO MUCH--IT SHOWS UP ON THE TAPE.

SURE...LOOK... I DON'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME, SALLY. I'VE GOT PLACES TO GO AND PEOPLE TO PUNCH--

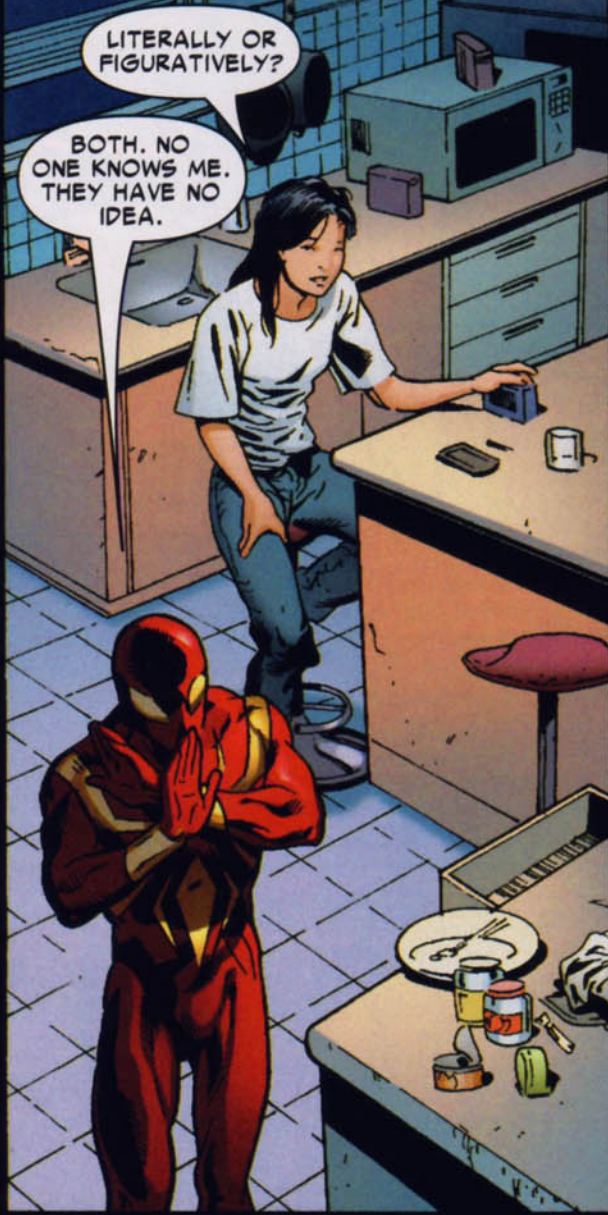


AND YET HERE YOU ARE, TAKING TIME OUT OF YOUR BUSY VIGILANTE SCHEDULE TO TALK WITH LITTLE OLD ME.

SO WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT YOU SUDDENLY WANT TO TELL THE WORLD?



I'VE NEVER TOLD THEM WHO I AM.



LITERALLY OR FIGURATIVELY?

BOTH. NO ONE KNOWS ME. THEY HAVE NO IDEA.



BEEN THINKING A LOT LATELY ABOUT WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I DID... TELL PEOPLE, I MEAN.

SO FAR, I'VE MANAGED TO SKIRT AROUND THE LEGAL ASPECT OF WHAT I DO. I MEAN, YOU KNOW I'VE NEVER DONE HALF THE BAD THINGS CERTAIN PEOPLE GIVE ME CREDIT FOR.



THERE'S GOING TO BE A LOT OF PRESSURE ON ME TO REVEAL MY IDENTITY--MORE NOW THAN EVER BEFORE. UP UNTIL NOW, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN, MORE OR LESS ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE LAW.

I DON'T WANT TO BE ON THE WRONG SIDE IF THE ACT PASSES, BUT PEOPLE DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY'RE ASKING OF ME.




I KNOW YOU LOST YOUR LITTLE GIRL LAST YEAR, SALLY. I READ ABOUT IT, AN' THAT ARTICLE YOU DID BROKE MY HEART.

I'VE LOST PEOPLE TOO...DIRECTLY AS A RESULT OF WHAT I DO. PEOPLE I CARED ABOUT. I STILL HAVE PEOPLE.

AND NOW THE GOVERNMENT WANTS ME TO REGISTER MY IDENTITY OR GO TO JAIL.

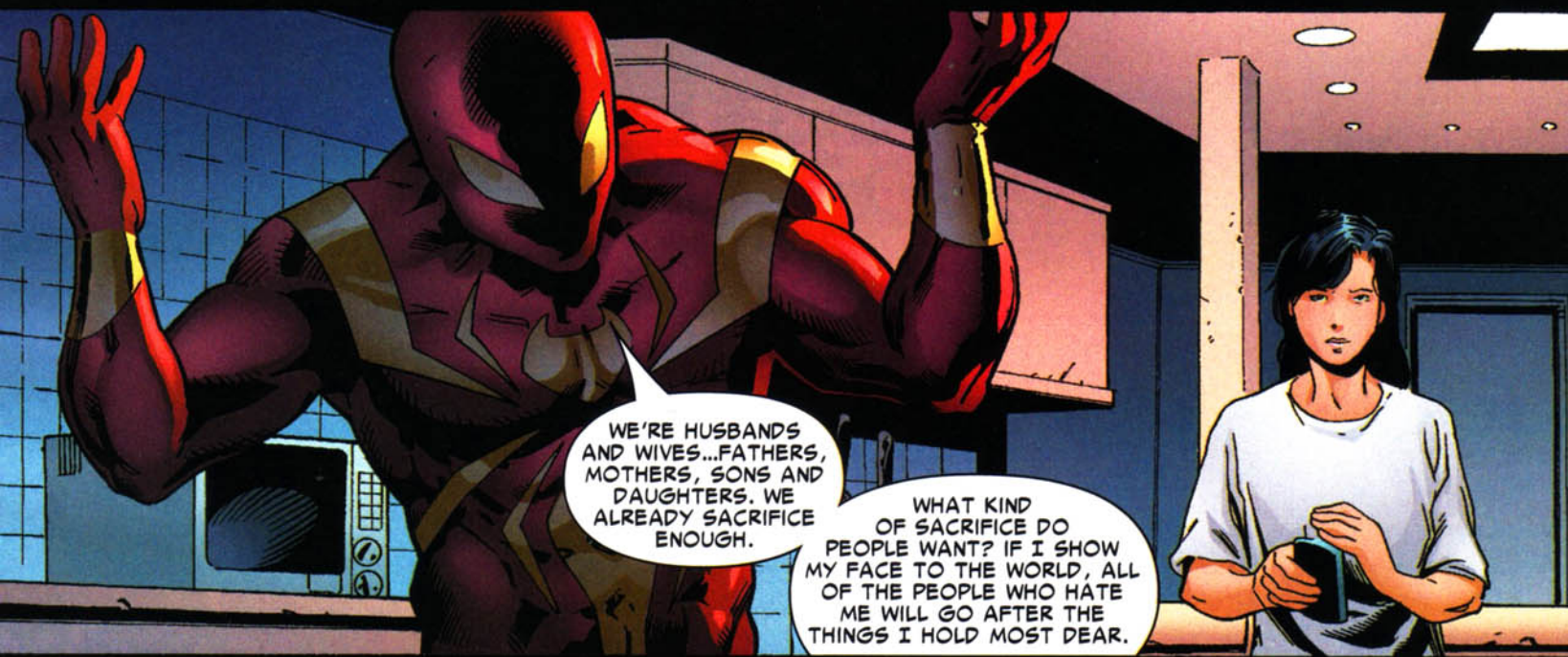


DIDN'T IT OCCUR TO ANYONE WHAT THIS WOULD DO TO MY FAMILY?



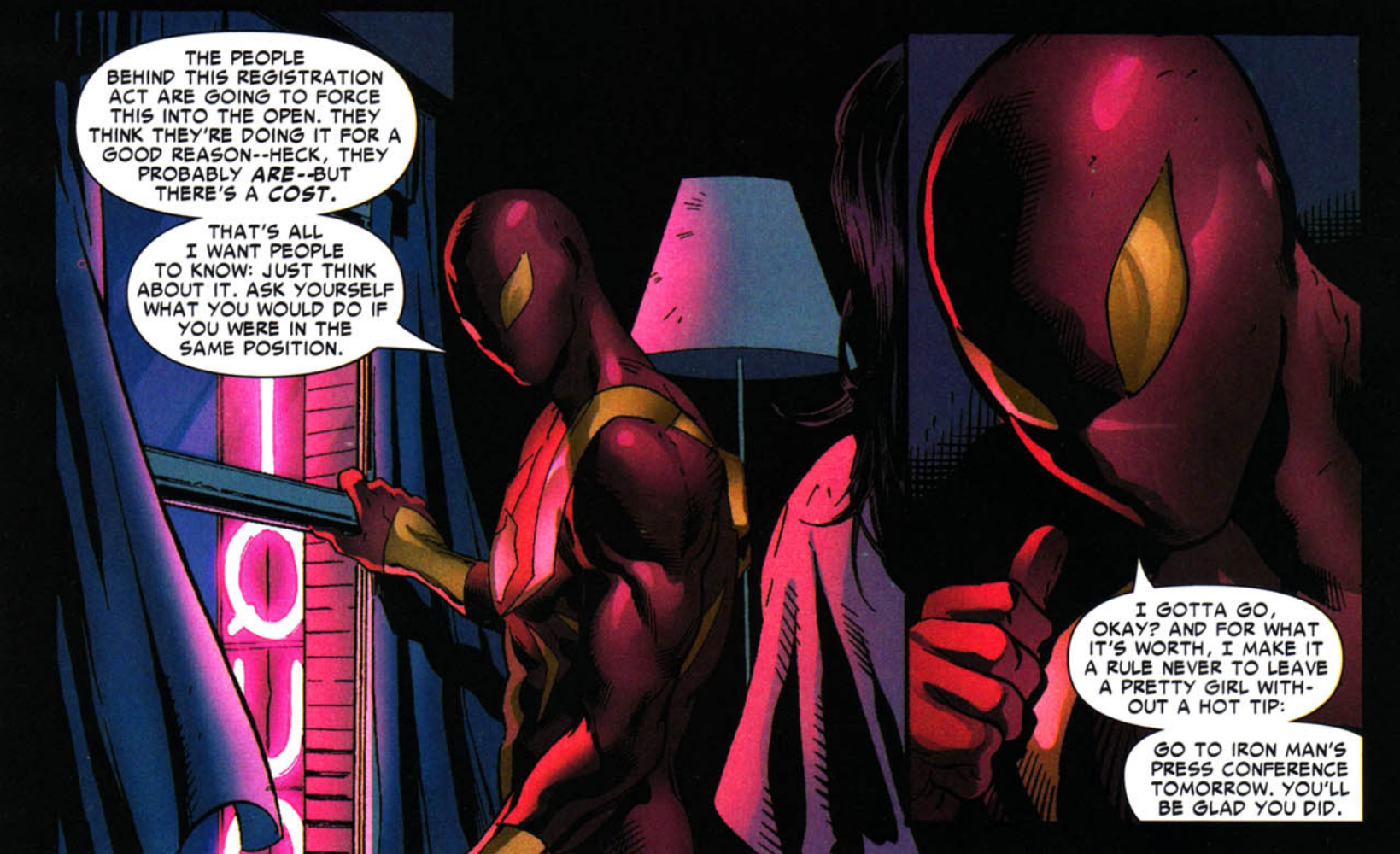
WAIT...YOU WANT THE WORLD TO KNOW YOU HAVE FAMILY? ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT ME TO WRITE THAT DOWN?

YES, I AM. MAYBE IT'LL FORCE PEOPLE TO UNDERSTAND THE PRESSURE WE'RE UNDER IN THIS BUSINESS.



WE'RE HUSBANDS AND WIVES...FATHERS, MOTHERS, SONS AND DAUGHTERS. WE ALREADY SACRIFICE ENOUGH.

WHAT KIND OF SACRIFICE DO PEOPLE WANT? IF I SHOW MY FACE TO THE WORLD, ALL OF THE PEOPLE WHO HATE ME WILL GO AFTER THE THINGS I HOLD MOST DEAR.



THE PEOPLE BEHIND THIS REGISTRATION ACT ARE GOING TO FORCE THIS INTO THE OPEN. THEY THINK THEY'RE DOING IT FOR A GOOD REASON--HECK, THEY PROBABLY ARE--BUT THERE'S A COST.

THAT'S ALL I WANT PEOPLE TO KNOW: JUST THINK ABOUT IT. ASK YOURSELF WHAT YOU WOULD DO IF YOU WERE IN THE SAME POSITION.

I GOTTA GO, OKAY? AND FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, I MAKE IT A RULE NEVER TO LEAVE A PRETTY GIRL WITHOUT A HOT TIP:

GO TO IRON MAN'S PRESS CONFERENCE TOMORROW. YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU DID.



IRON MAN, HUH? IS THIS, LIKE, INSIDER TRADING?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT. TRUST ME: YOU'LL WANT TO BE THERE FOR THIS ONE.



HA! HEHH... YOU'RE KINDA DORKY. I LIKE IT... IT'S REALLY CUTE.

YOU KNOW, IF YOU WANT TO COME BY AGAIN SOMETIME, I COOK A MEAN LASAGNA. WE CAN KEEP IT OFF THE RECORD--



YEAH, UH... THAT THING I SAID ABOUT FAMILY...

...ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE WOULD BE MY WIFE.



WELL... THIS WAS AWKWARD--



YOU GET A HOT TIP LIKE THAT, YOU GO. AND SO I WENT.

FEELING LIKE A TOOL.



SPIDER-MAN WAS INSIDE MY APARTMENT FOR THREE MINUTES AND I JUST ABOUT JUMPED INSIDE HIS SPANDEX.

ALWAYS, I GOTTA GO FOR THE UN-ATTAINABLE ONES.

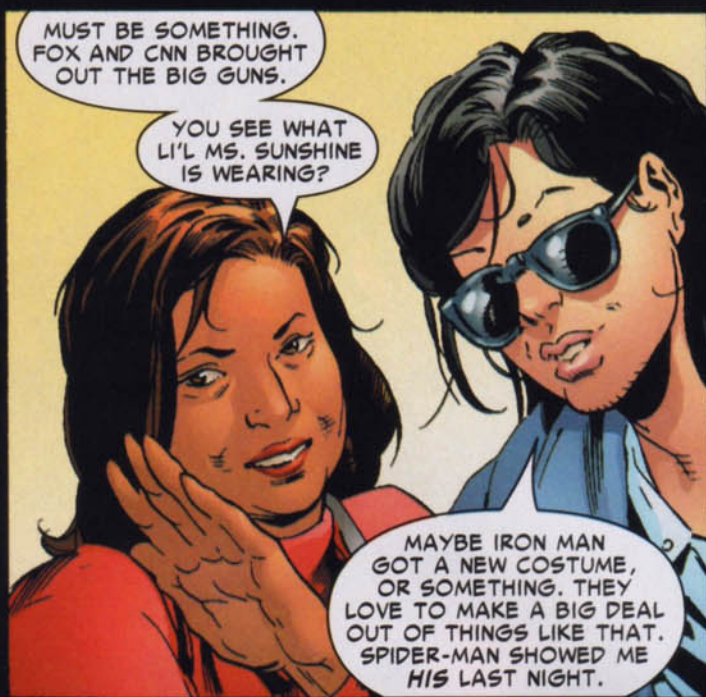


HEYA, MONI! HOW WAS IRAQ?

CRAPPY. HOW ARE THE RIBS?

CRAPPY. YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS ABOUT?

I DUNNO... SOME AVENGERS THING, I GUESS.



MUST BE SOMETHING. FOX AND CNN BROUGHT OUT THE BIG GUNS.

YOU SEE WHAT LI'L MS. SUNSHINE IS WEARING?

MAYBE IRON MAN GOT A NEW COSTUME, OR SOMETHING. THEY LOVE TO MAKE A BIG DEAL OUT OF THINGS LIKE THAT. SPIDER-MAN SHOWED ME HIS LAST NIGHT.

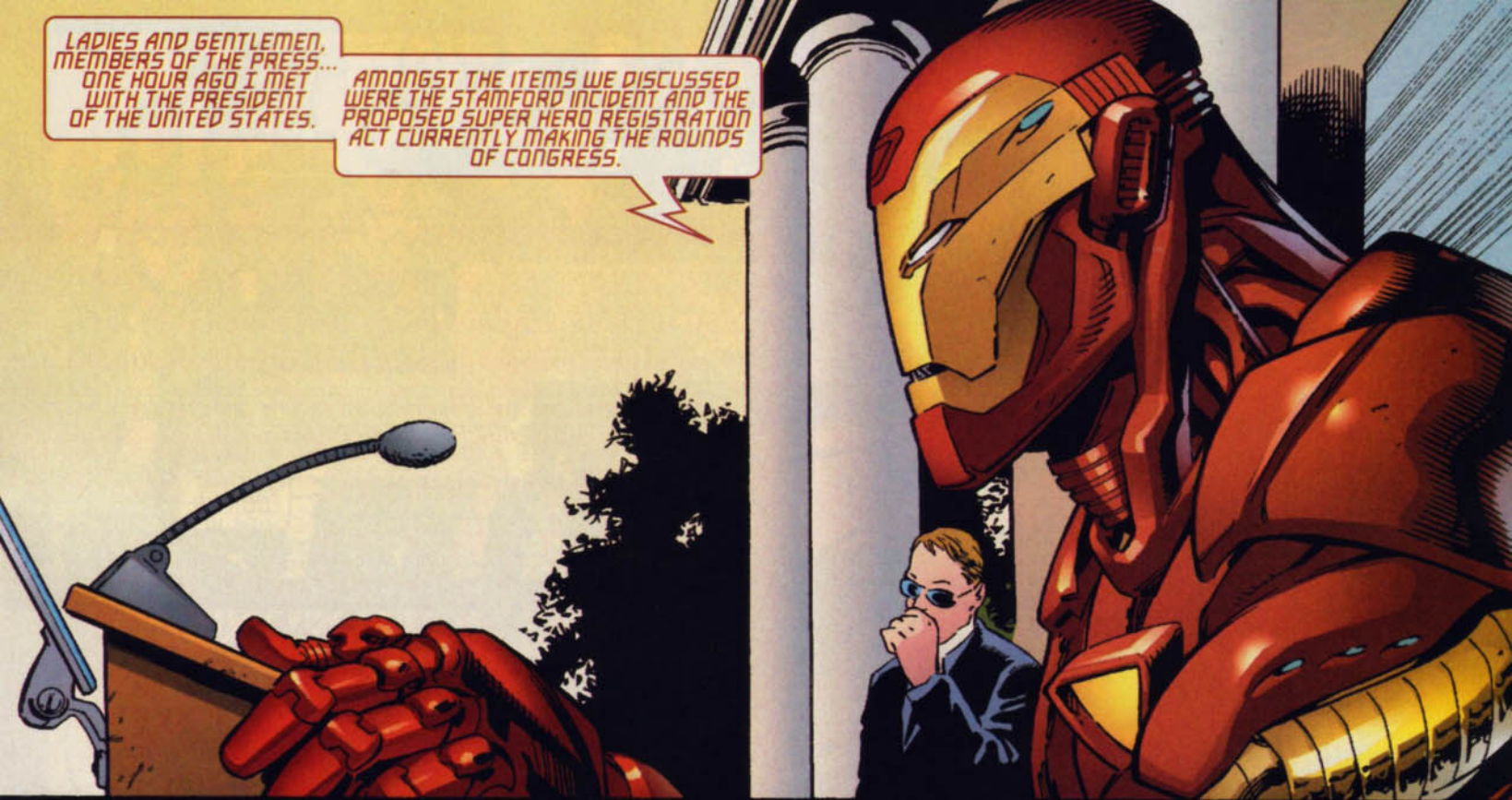


SPIDER-MAN SHOWED YOU HIS WHAT--?

OOP. HERE WE GO...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MEMBERS OF THE PRESS... ONE HOUR AGO I MET WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

AMONGST THE ITEMS WE DISCUSSED WERE THE STAMFORD INCIDENT AND THE PROPOSED SUPER HERO REGISTRATION ACT CURRENTLY MAKING THE ROUNDS OF CONGRESS.



AS YOU ALL KNOW, THERE HAS BEEN MUCH SPECULATION IN RECENT WEEKS OVER THE ACCELERATION OF THIS PROPOSED ACT. WE FIND OURSELVES AT THE CUSP OF AN HISTORIC MOMENT.



IF THE ACT PASSES--AS EXPECTED-- THEN ROUGHLY HALF OF THOSE CURRENTLY SERVING YOU AS PROTECTORS WILL BE IN VIOLATION OF THE LAW.

OVER THE YEARS I HAVE ALWAYS ENDEAVORED TO DO WHAT IS RIGHT FOR THE CITIZENS OF THIS COUNTRY. I HAVE ALWAYS--WITHOUT QUESTION OR HESITATION--BEEN YOUR SERVANT.

BUT AS I INFORMED THE PRESIDENT THIS MORNING, THE QUESTION OF THE MASK I WEAR HAS NAGGED AT MY CONSCIENCE SINCE THE DAY I PUT IT ON.



WHO EXACTLY AM I HIDING FROM: MY ENEMIES, OR MYSELF?



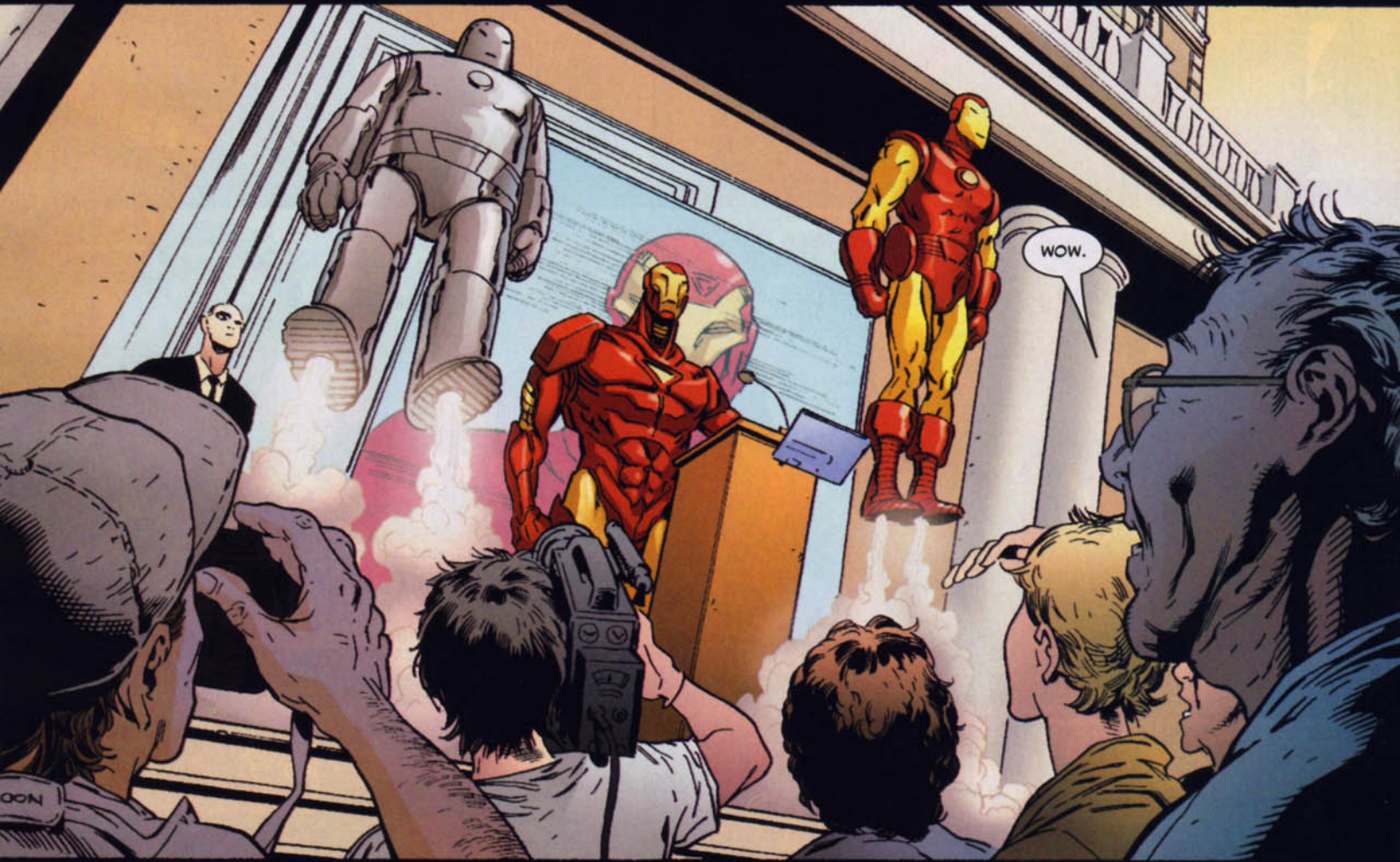




IN HIS SPEECH TO CONGRESS YESTERDAY, THE PRESIDENT SPOKE OF THE NEXT LOGICAL STEPS WE MUST TAKE TO ENSURE THE SECURITY OF ALL AMERICANS.

I HAVE MY OWN SERIES OF "STEPS" THAT I LONG AGO PROMISED MYSELF I WOULD TAKE.

PLEASE LOOK UP.



WOW.

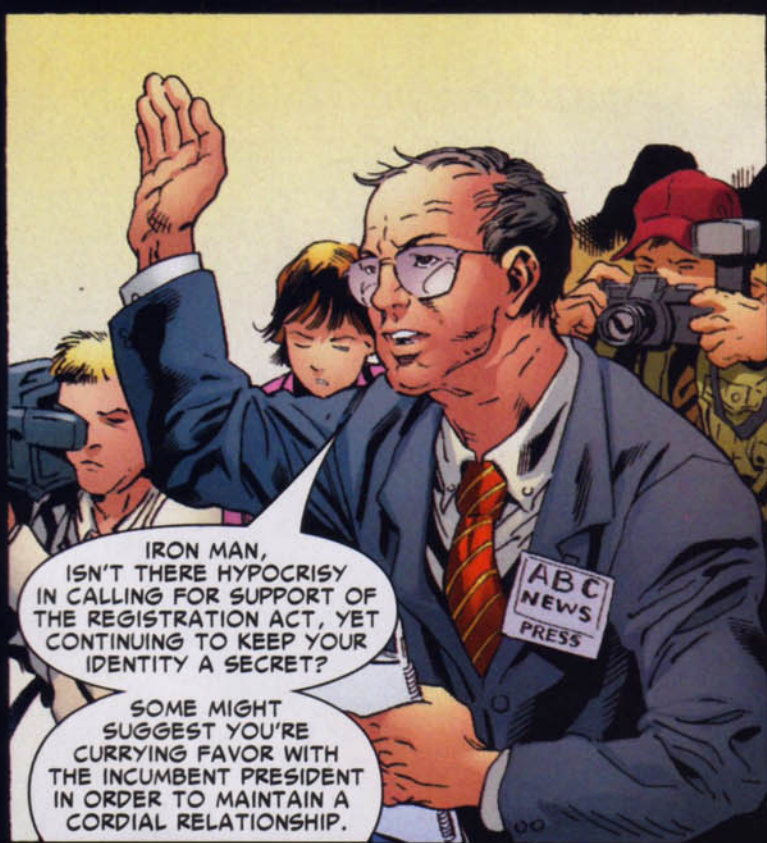


THESE ARE SOME OF THE MANY AUTOMATED SUITS I HAVE CONSTRUCTED OVER THE YEARS FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF PROTECTING MY IDENTITY.

I DID THIS IN ORDER TO PRETEND I COULD BE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE.

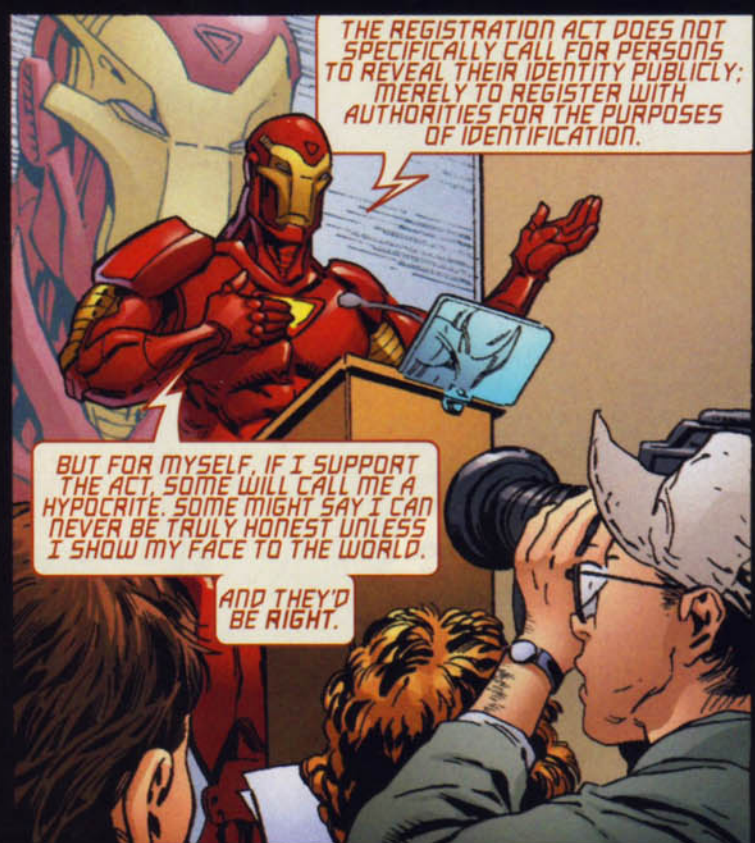


IN OTHER WORDS, I LIED.



IRON MAN, ISN'T THERE HYPOCRISY IN CALLING FOR SUPPORT OF THE REGISTRATION ACT, YET CONTINUING TO KEEP YOUR IDENTITY A SECRET?

SOME MIGHT SUGGEST YOU'RE CURRYING FAVOR WITH THE INCUMBENT PRESIDENT IN ORDER TO MAINTAIN A CORDIAL RELATIONSHIP.



THE REGISTRATION ACT DOES NOT SPECIFICALLY CALL FOR PERSONS TO REVEAL THEIR IDENTITY PUBLICLY; MERELY TO REGISTER WITH AUTHORITIES FOR THE PURPOSES OF IDENTIFICATION.

BUT FOR MYSELF, IF I SUPPORT THE ACT, SOME WILL CALL ME A HYPOCRITE. SOME MIGHT SAY I CAN NEVER BE TRULY HONEST UNLESS I SHOW MY FACE TO THE WORLD.

AND THEY'D BE RIGHT.



DID HE JUST SAY WHAT I THOUGHT HE SAID?



I'VE DONE THIS BEFORE, BUT ALWAYS WITH A CLEVER TAKE-BACK, A WAY OF ONCE MORE OBSCURING THE ISSUE.

BUT, TODAY I'M GOING TO COME CLEAN WITH THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, AS I SHOULD HAVE DONE FROM DAY ONE.

I CAN THINK OF ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE YOU ALL UNDERSTAND WHY.





HELLO.

MY NAME IS TONY STARK, AND I AM AN ALCOHOLIC.

AND NOW IT'S TIME TO COME CLEAN.

# EMBEDDED PART ONE

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WHAT IN  
GOD'S NAME  
IS WRONG WITH  
YOU, ALBIE...

→HUFF←

...SLOW  
DOWN!



I'M TELLIN'  
YOU, PETE...IT WAS  
RIGHT ABOUT **HERE**. CAME  
THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A DAMN  
**MISSILE** OR SOMETHIN'--IT  
WAS ONLY ABOUT FIFTEEN OR  
TWENTY FEET OVER THE  
FARMHOUSE, BY THE  
SOUND OF IT.

I AIN'T  
NEVER HEARD  
NOTHIN' LIKE IT!



ALBIE, YOU'RE  
ALWAYS HEARING  
SOMETHING OUT  
HERE. I SWEAR...

→HUFF←  
HEHH...

...IF THIS IS  
ANOTHER ONE OF  
YOUR SPACESHIP  
ENCOUNTERS, I'M GONNA  
TAKE YOU BACK TO THE  
STATION, SOBER OR CLEAN!

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WHAT ON  
EARTH--?



I TOLD YOU I HEARD SOMETHIN'--

DISPATCH...THIS IS TEN-ADAM-CHARLIE: I'M GONNA NEED BACKUP AND MEDICAL TEAMS TO THE NORTH WHEAT FIELD UP BY ALBIE JOHNSON'S FARM.

WE GOT A POSSIBLE LIGHT AIRCRAFT DOWN OVER HERE. I AM PROCEEDING TO INVESTIGATE. OVER.



NOW YOU JUST WAIT BACK HERE, ALBIE. IF THIS IS ANYTHING, I DON'T WANT YOU GETTING YOURSELF HURT.

ARE YOU NUTS? I AIN'T LETTIN' YOU DISCOVER 'EM BY YOURSELF! THIS IS MY LAND!



IT'S NOT ALIENS, YOU IDIOT.

OH, YEAH? YOU THINK A LIGHT PLANE COULD DO THIS MUCH DAMAGE?

MAYBE.

SO WHAT'S WITH THE GUN?



IT'S JUST FOR SAFETY--

HEY! YOU SEE THAT?





# THE ACCUSED

PART ONE

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DAN  
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PUBLISHER



WHAT IS THAT THING?  
WHAT IS IT?

AN' WHAT THE HECK IS THAT NOISE?

I DON'T KNOW! KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN!

**HMMMMMMMM**



...MNHM...



**HMMMMMMMM**



AW, JEEZ... THAT'S ONE OF THEM NEW WARRIORS!

WHATSISNAME... SPEEDBALL!

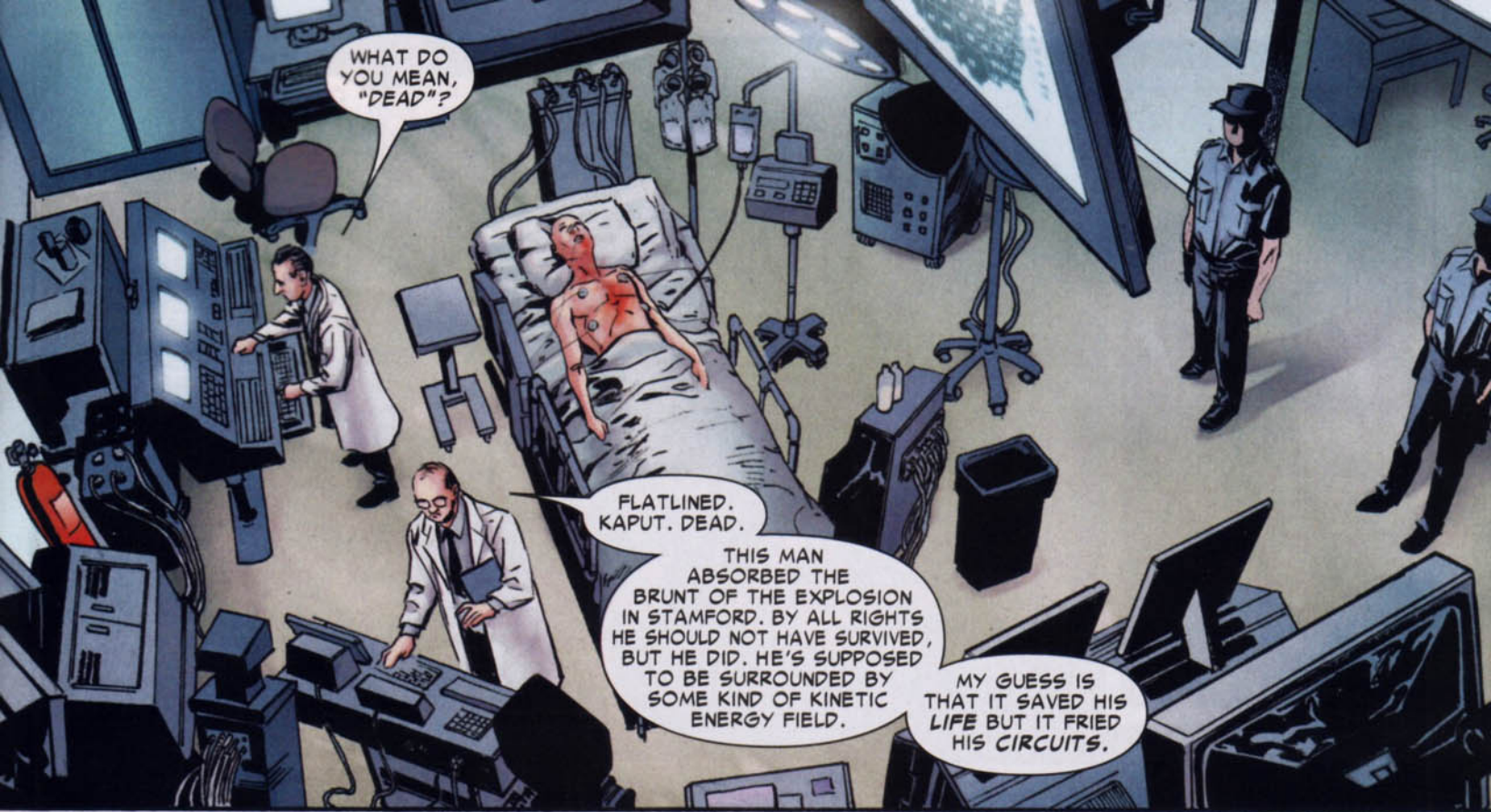
**HMMMMMMMM**







"SPEEDBALL IS DEAD."

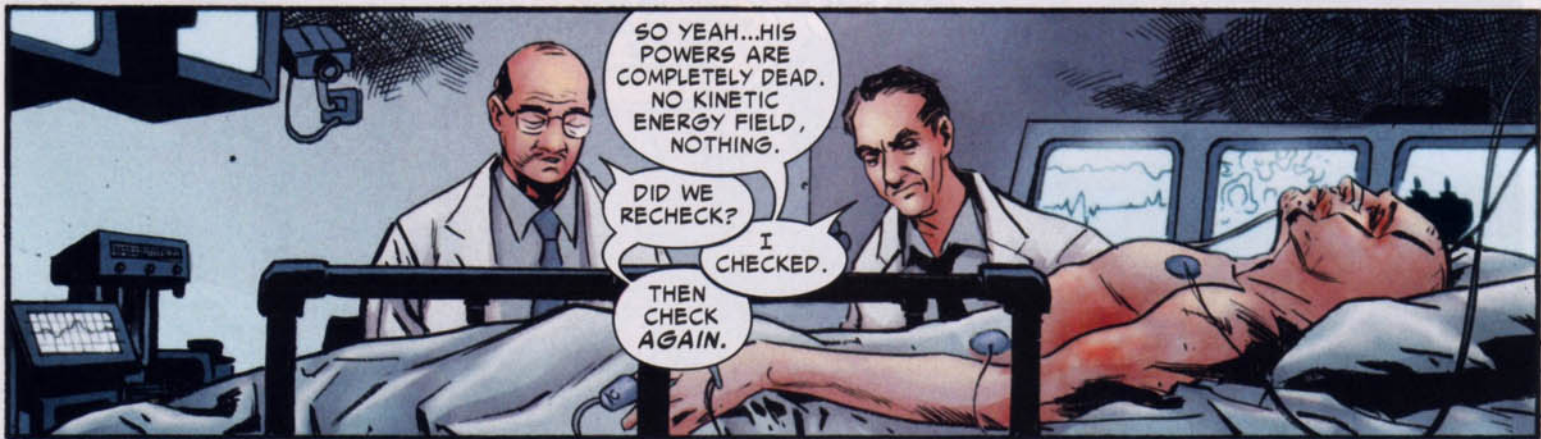


WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "DEAD"?

FLATLINED. KAPUT. DEAD.

THIS MAN ABSORBED THE BRUNT OF THE EXPLOSION IN STAMFORD. BY ALL RIGHTS HE SHOULD NOT HAVE SURVIVED, BUT HE DID. HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE SURROUNDED BY SOME KIND OF KINETIC ENERGY FIELD.

MY GUESS IS THAT IT SAVED HIS LIFE BUT IT FRIED HIS CIRCUITS.

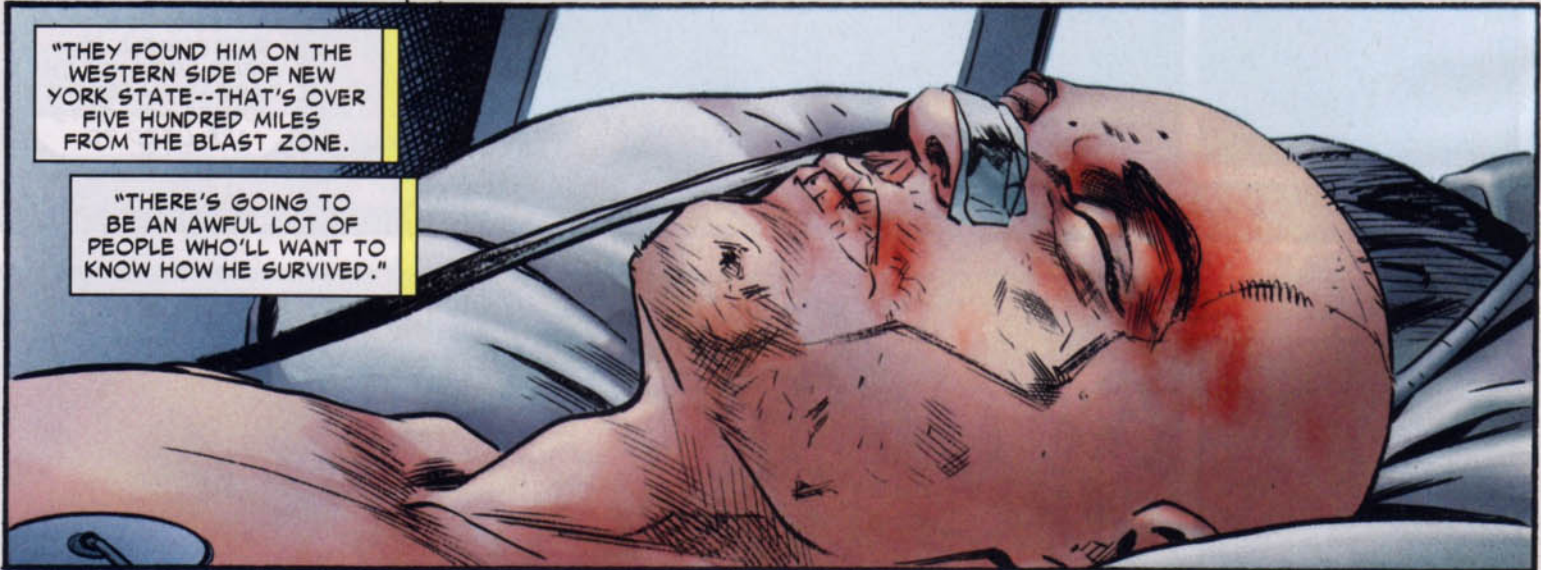


SO YEAH...HIS POWERS ARE COMPLETELY DEAD. NO KINETIC ENERGY FIELD, NOTHING.

DID WE RECHECK?

I CHECKED.

THEN CHECK AGAIN.



"THEY FOUND HIM ON THE WESTERN SIDE OF NEW YORK STATE--THAT'S OVER FIVE HUNDRED MILES FROM THE BLAST ZONE.

"THERE'S GOING TO BE AN AWFUL LOT OF PEOPLE WHO'LL WANT TO KNOW HOW HE SURVIVED."



"THAT DEPENDS ON WHOSE VERSION YOU BELIEVE..."

"...AND AT THE MOMENT, OUR PATIENT IS IN NO CONDITION TO SAY..."



OKAY, HOW MANY SUPER-VILLAINS ARE WE TALKING HERE, SPEEDBALL?

THREE. NO WAIT. I THINK I SEE COLDHEART IN THE BACKYARD EMPTYING THE TRASH...



...WE'VE BEEN MARKED!

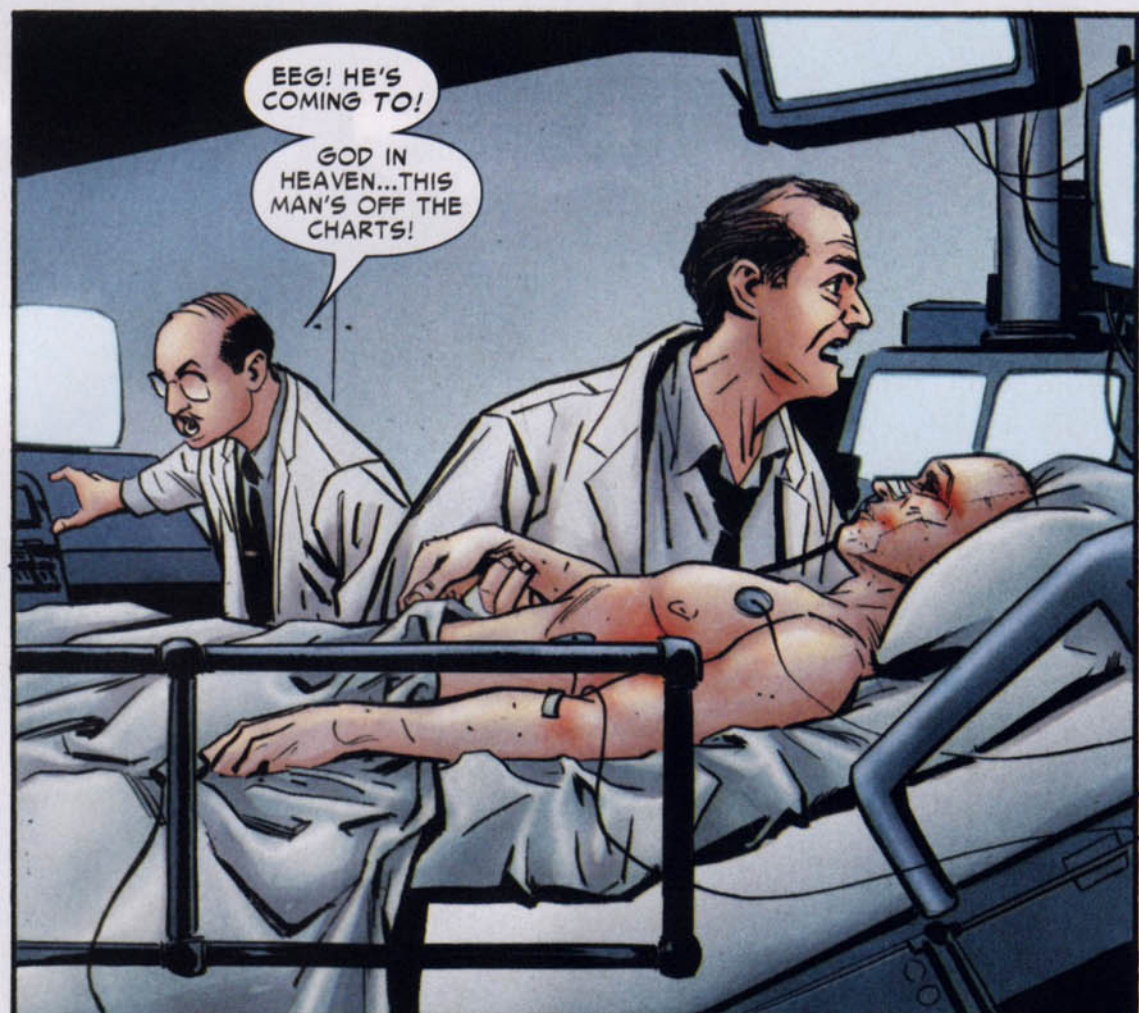
I'D HEARD THAT THE CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN, SPEEDFREEK...

ON YOUR FEET, NITRO. AND DON'T TRY ANY OF YOUR STUPID EXPLOSIONS...

NAMORITA, RIGHT? WELL, I'M AFRAID WE'RE NOT THE BARGAIN BASEMENT LOSERS YOU GUYS ARE USED TO, BABY.



**BOOM!**





GOOD AFTERNOON, SPEEDBALL, OR SHOULD I SAY, MR. BALDWIN?



MY NAME IS ERIC MARSHALL--I'M ATTACHED TO S.H.I.E.L.D.'S ANTI-REGISTRATION TERRORIST VIOLATION SQUAD VIA THE N.S.A.

I HOPE YOU'RE NOT IN ANY WAY ATTACHED TO THE NUMBER FOUR. BECAUSE I HAVE FOUR PIECES OF BAD NEWS FOR YOU.



ONE: I'M AFRAID YOUR FRIENDS WERE CAUGHT WITH YOU IN AN EXPLOSION IN STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT.

YOU ARE THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THAT INCIDENT. EVERY OTHER NEW WARRIOR IS DEAD.



TWO: THE EXPLOSION ALSO KILLED SOMEWHERE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF SIX HUNDRED AND TWELVE STAMFORD RESIDENTS.

AT LEAST SIXTY OF THOSE VICTIMS WERE SCHOOLCHILDREN.



UHH...WHU..?  
WHE' M'I..?

THREE: THE  
RESULTANT BLAST  
REACTED WITH YOUR  
KINETIC ENERGY FIELD AND  
BOUNCED YOU ACROSS  
HALF A STATE. YOU WERE  
DISCOVERED LAST NIGHT  
IN A WHEAT FIELD IN  
NEW YORK.



BUT YOU ABSORBED THE BRUNT  
OF THE EXPLOSION. THANKS TO  
YOUR KINETIC POWERS, THE  
TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF  
RELEASED ENERGY WAS  
TRANSFERRED TO  
YOUR BODY.

WE BELIEVE THE SERIES OF  
UNIQUE SYNAPTIC AND NERVE-  
ENDING CONNECTIONS THAT  
ALLOWED YOU ACCESS TO  
YOUR ABILITIES WERE BURNED-  
OUT AS A RESULT  
OF THIS.

SO THAT  
YOU ARE NOW  
POWERLESS.



AND FOUR:  
YOU'RE UNDER  
ARREST.

TO BE  
CONTINUED

In 1942, concerned by a possible invasion of the West Coast, the President of the United States signed Executive Order 9066, precipitating one of the largest controlled migrations in history. Over 110,000 people of Japanese descent were moved from their homes near the Pacific Coast into 10 wartime communities under the jurisdiction of the Wartime Relocation Authority.

Most of these people were American Citizens of Japanese ancestry with little or no allegiance to the Japanese Emperor. Over half were children. They were forced to leave behind over two hundred million dollars' worth of real estate and possessions, though a later law permitted some of these people to renounce their citizenship and return to their former homes.

In the interests of fairness, it can be noted that while they provided very sparse accommodation, these relocation centers had the highest live-birth rate and the lowest death rate in wartime United States. The Japanese in the centers received free food, lodging, medical and dental care, clothing allowance, education, hospital care, and all basic necessities. The government even paid travel expenses and assisted in cases of emergency relief.

The following poem—written anonymously—was circulated at Poston War Relocation Camp during the summer of 1943.

**PAUL JENKINS**  
WRITER

**KEI KOBAYASHI**  
ARTIST

**CHRISTINA STRAIN**  
COLORIST

**VC'S RANDY GENTILE**  
LETTERER

**CORY SEDLMEIER**  
EDITOR

**TOM BREVOORT**  
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

**JOE QUESADA**  
EDITOR IN CHIEF

**DAN BUCKLEY**  
PUBLISHER

*They've sunk the posts deep into the ground  
They've strung out wires all the way around.  
With machine gun nests just over there,  
And sentries and soldiers everywhere.*

*Imprisoned in here for a long, long time,  
We know we're punished--though we've committed no crime,  
Our thoughts are gloomy and enthusiasm damp,  
To be locked up in a concentration camp.*

YEAH...  
HI, IT'S  
ME.

NOTHING.  
NO, NO  
PROBLEM.

IT'S JUST,  
YOU KNOW...KIND  
OF A WEIRD TIME  
RIGHT NOW.

YEAH,  
I KNOW.

I GUESS  
I HAVE A  
COUPLE OF  
DECISIONS  
TO MAKE.

I LOVE  
YOU,  
OKAY?

1942 Japanese  
to leave their  
and relocated  
their patriotic duty

April - 28, 1942  
INSTRUCTIONS  
TO ALL PERSONS OF  
JAPANESE  
ANCESTRY  
Living in the Following Area

NEW YORK POST

HULK  
Steroids  
scandal

Loyalty we know, and patriotism we feel,  
To sacrifice our utmost was our ideal,  
To fight for our country, and die, perhaps;  
But we're here because we happen to be Japs.

DADDY...  
WHEN CAN  
WE GO  
HOME?

THIS IS  
OUR HOME,  
KIMIKO.



I DON'T  
LIKE IT  
HERE.

HUSH NOW,  
DARLING.  
YOU'LL FRIGHTEN  
MOMMY.



We all love life, and our country best,  
Our misfortune to be here in the West,  
To keep us penned behind that damned fence,  
is someone's notion of national defense.

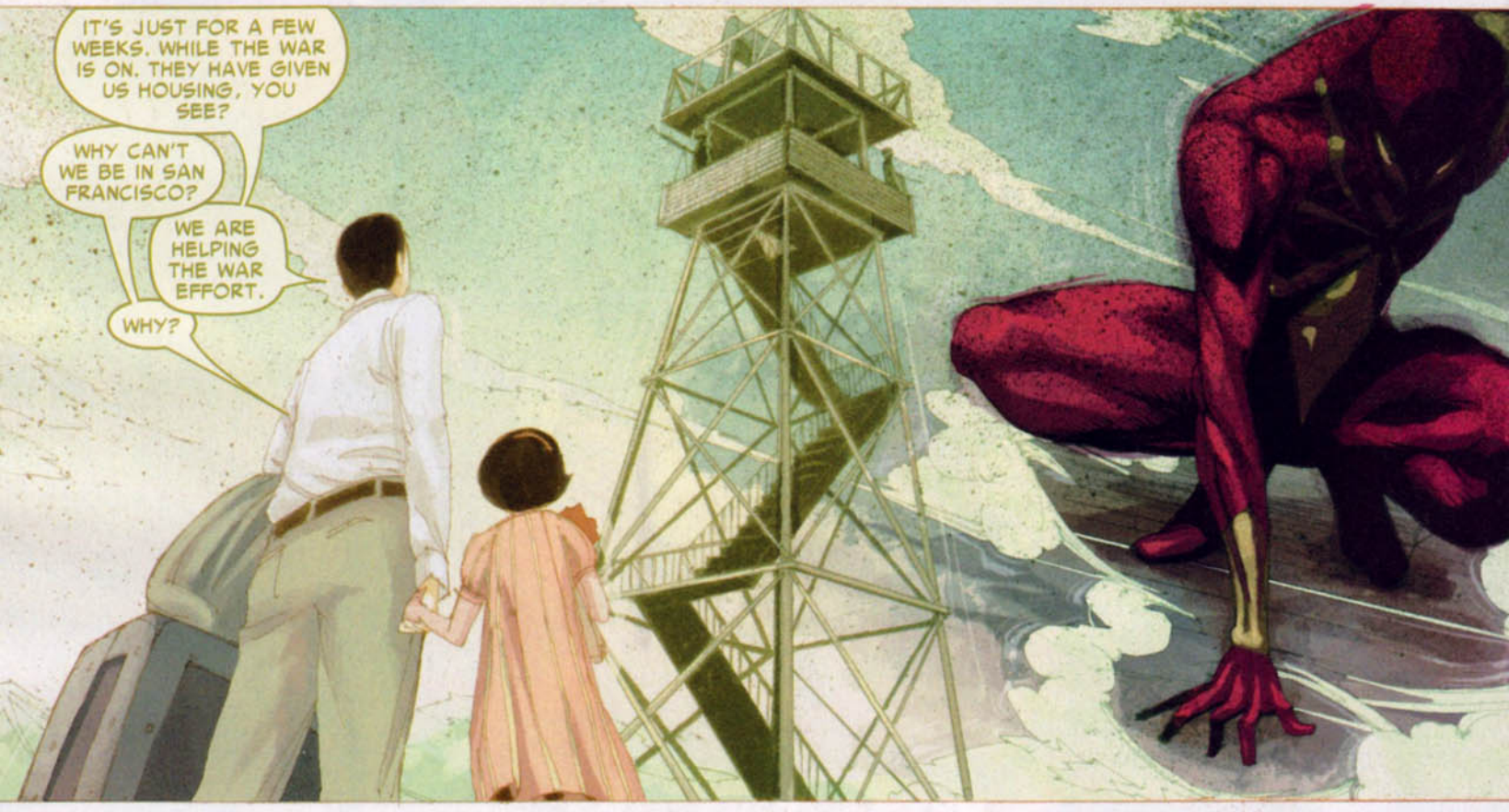






YOU MUST PROMISE TO BE A GOOD GIRL, KIMIKO. WE ARE ALL GOING TO HAVE TO DO THE BEST WE CAN.

DID WE DO SOMETHING WRONG?



IT'S JUST FOR A FEW WEEKS. WHILE THE WAR IS ON, THEY HAVE GIVEN US HOUSING, YOU SEE?

WHY CAN'T WE BE IN SAN FRANCISCO?

WE ARE HELPING THE WAR EFFORT.

WHY?



BECAUSE IT IS OUR DUTY.

BECAUSE WE ARE AMERICANS.

...WITH GREAT POWER, HUH?

A glowing yellow hand, resembling a futuristic or robotic hand, is shown holding the Earth. The hand is illuminated from within, creating a bright, golden glow. The Earth is positioned in the center of the palm, showing continents and oceans. The background is a dark space filled with stars and blue light rays emanating from the hand. The text is overlaid on the upper part of the hand and Earth.

**Team DCR**  
**A World of Possibilities**  
**Within our Grasp.**

Lightray  
KaiserSoze