

MARVEL®  
GRAPHIC  
NOVEL

No. 18

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THE SENSATIONAL  
**SHE-HULK™**  
by JOHN BYRNE with Kim DeMulder and Petra Scotese



Stan Lee presents:  
A MARVEL® GRAPHIC NOVEL

*THE SENSATIONAL*  
**SHE-HULK™**

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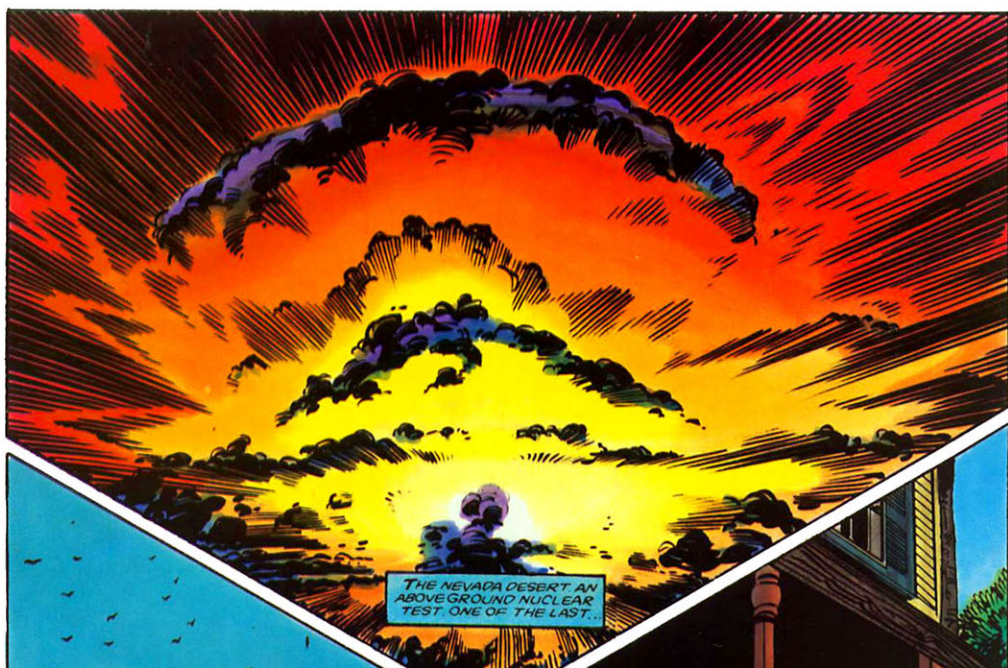
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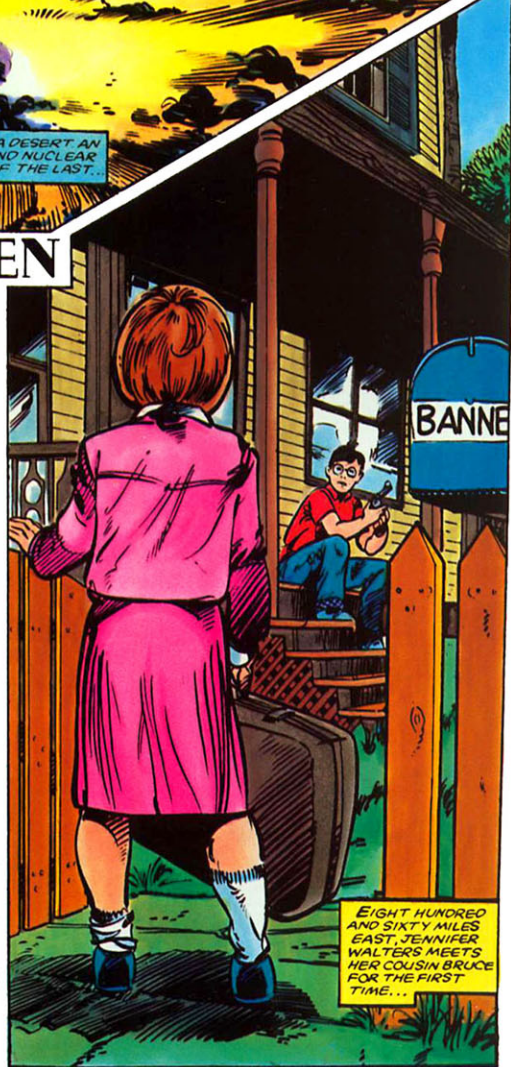


THE NEVADA DESERT: AN ABOVE GROUND NUCLEAR TEST, ONE OF THE LAST...

**THEN**



EIGHTY-FIVE MILES EAST, WILL CAMPBELL, PROSPECTOR, WANDERS LOST IN THE DESERT...



EIGHT HUNDRED AND SIXTY MILES EAST, JENNIFER WALTERS MEETS HER COUSIN BRUCE FOR THE FIRST TIME...









YEAH, SO I ALSO KNOW REED RICHARDS, AN' I'LL BETCHA HE DIDN'T INVITE TH' SHE-HULK TA BECOME A MEMBER OF TH' FANTASTIC FOUR WITHOUT CHECKIN' HER OUT REAL CLOSE.

TH' FF HAVE GONE TOE TA TOE WITH THE HULK ENOUGH TIMES THAT THEY WOULDN'T WANT SHE-HULK IN THEIR GROUP IF THERE WUZ ANY CHANCE OF HER TURNIN' NASTY.



NEVERTHELESS, FURY, AS MUCH AS WE RESPECT THE CREDENTIALS OF MISTER FANTASTIC, S.H.I.E.L.D.\* HAS A CLEAR DUTY IN THIS SITUATION.

YEAH, WELL I'M STILL EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF THIS LITTLE SOCIAL CLUB, MAYBE I'LL JUST PUT THE KIBOSH ON THIS PROJECT BEFORE IT EVEN GETS STARTED.

\*SUPREME HEADQUARTERS INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE LAW-ENFORCEMENT DIVISION.



YOU CAN'T DO THAT, NICK. YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T.

THESE ORDERS COME DIRECTLY FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF HIMSELF.

HRMPH!!



WELL, THERE AIN'T A WHOLE BUNCH I CAN DO ABOUT THAT, BUT THERE IS SOMETHING I CAN DO.

S.H.I.E.L.D. OWES ME ABOUT A MILLION YEARS VACATION TIME.

AN' I'M GONNA TAKE IT... AS OF RIGHT NOW!!

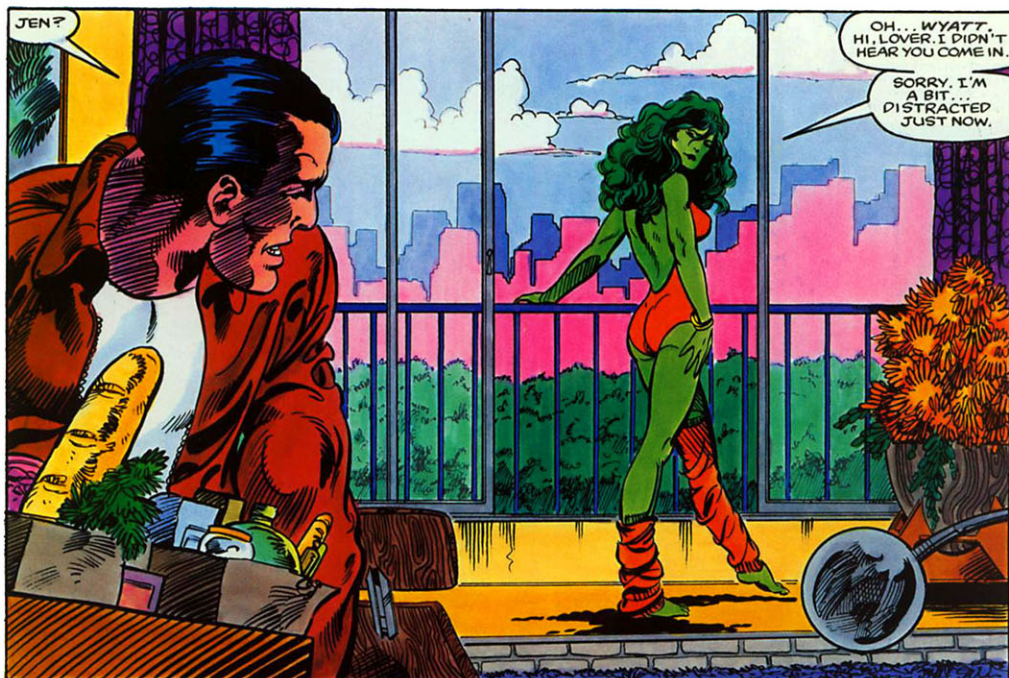




HELLO, JEN,  
I ... JEN?

IS SOMETHING  
THE MATTER?





TELL ME SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW.

INDIAN BRAVE HEAP BIG EXPERT AT READ-UM BODY LANGUAGE, AND WHEN THE BODY IN QUESTION COVERS SEVERAL ACRES...

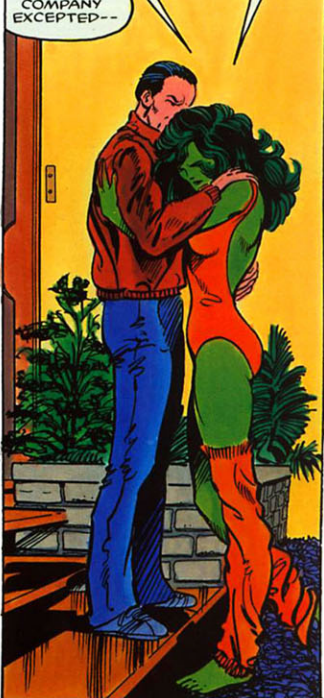
OH... I'VE JUST NOTICED THE DATE IS ALL. I'VE BEEN HAVING SO MUCH FUN PLAYING SUPER HERO IT ALMOST SLIPPED PAST ME. BUT TOMORROW IS MY COUSIN BRUCE'S BIRTHDAY.

OR WOULD HAVE BEEN IF... IF...

DARNIT ALL, WYATT, BRUCE SANNER WAS THE SWEETEST, KINDEST MAN I EVER MET--

IT JUST ISN'T FAIR SOMETHING SO HORRIBLE SHOULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM.

PRESENT COMPANY EXCEPTED--





LIFE IS VERY RARELY FAIR, JENNIFER. THE BEST WE CAN DO IS TO TAKE WHATEVER IT THROWS AT US AND TRY TO TURN IT INTO SOMETHING USEFUL.

THE TRAGEDY OF BRUCE BANNER'S LIFE IS VIRTUALLY WITHOUT EQUAL, BUT AT LEAST THE WORLD GAINED SOMETHING OUT OF IT: YOU.



WITHOUT A HULK THERE WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN A SHE-HULK...

AND WITHOUT SHE-HULK THERE'D NEVER HAVE BEEN US.

YOU'RE RIGHT.

THANKS, BABE. YOU ALWAYS KNOW THE RIGHT THING TO SAY.



NOW, I HAVE HERE TWO TICKETS FOR THE SHOW REED AND SUE SO HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

WHAT SAY WE TRY TO FORGET THE WOES OF THE WORLD FOR AN EVENING, AND JUST ENJOY OURSELVES?

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!

AND I KNOW JUST HOW I WANT TO START!



HEY!!







JEN, ARE YOU  
NEARLY FINISHED  
IN THERE?  
WE'RE RUNNING  
A LITTLE BEHIND  
SCHEDULE.

SORRY, SWEETS.  
LATE I MAY BE...

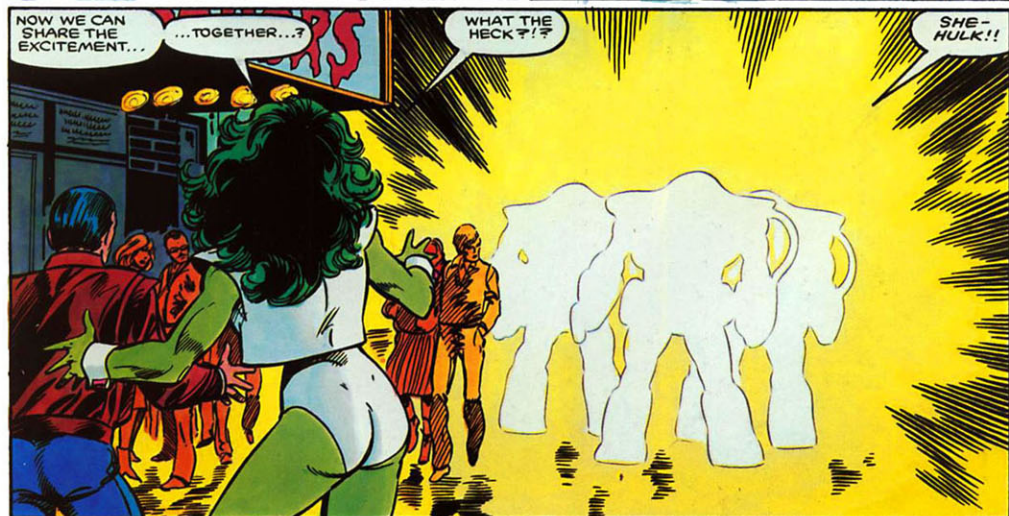
... BUT SURELY  
WORTH  
WAITING FOR?



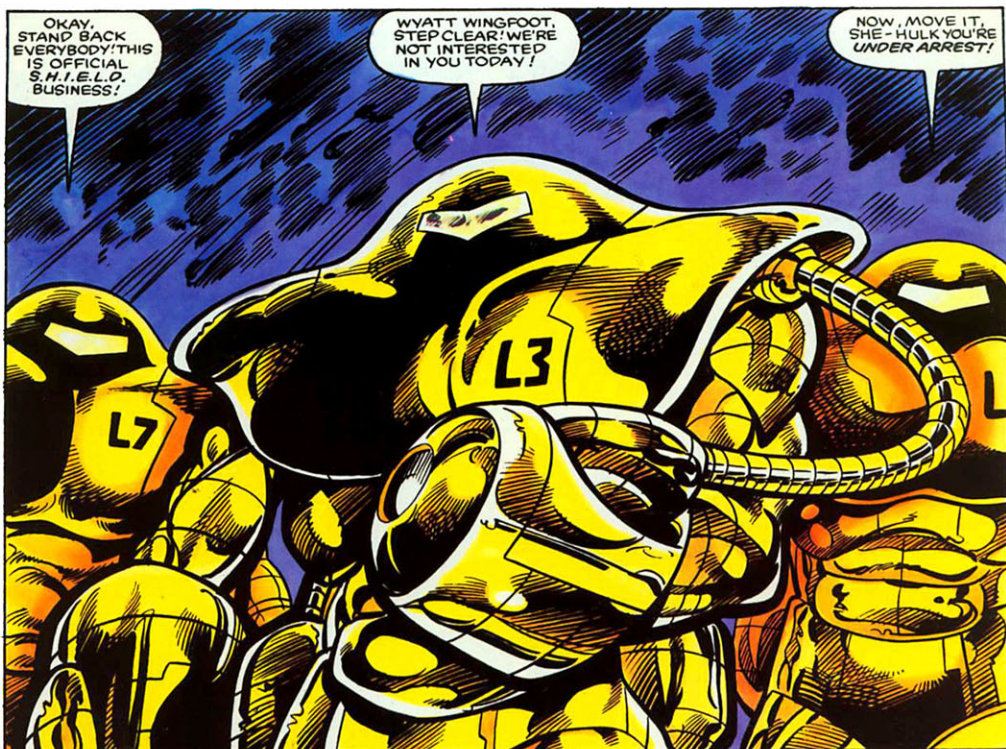












OKAY, BACK EVERYBODY! THIS IS OFFICIAL S.H.I.E.L.D. BUSINESS!

WYATT WINGFOOT, STEP CLEAR! WE'RE NOT INTERESTED IN YOU TODAY!

NOW, MOVE IT, SHE-HULK YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



ARREST?!?

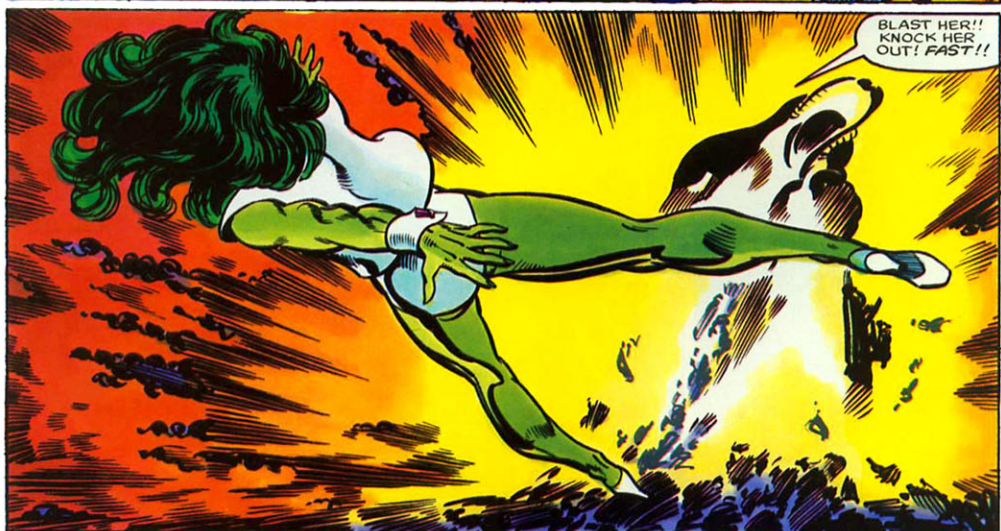
HOLD THE PHONE, IRONSIDES, LET'S SEE SOME PAPER ON THAT FIRST! I ASSUME YOU'VE GOT A WARRANT?



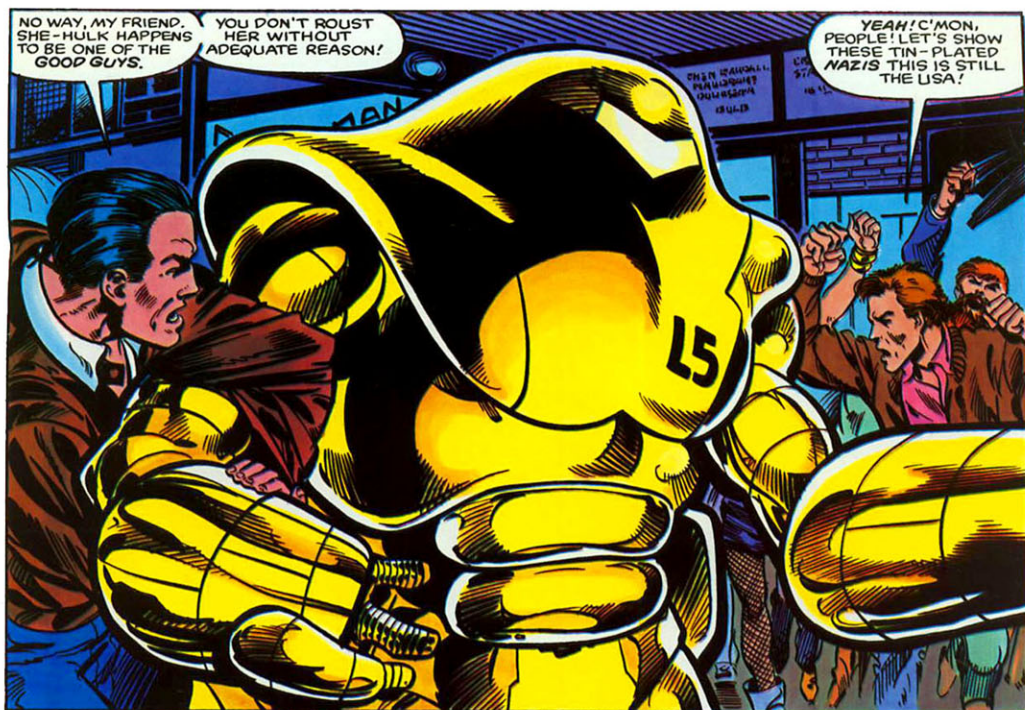
HEY, WAKE UP AN' SMELL THE COFFEE, GREENIE!

WE'RE S.H.I.E.L.D. WE DON'T NEED WARRANTS!





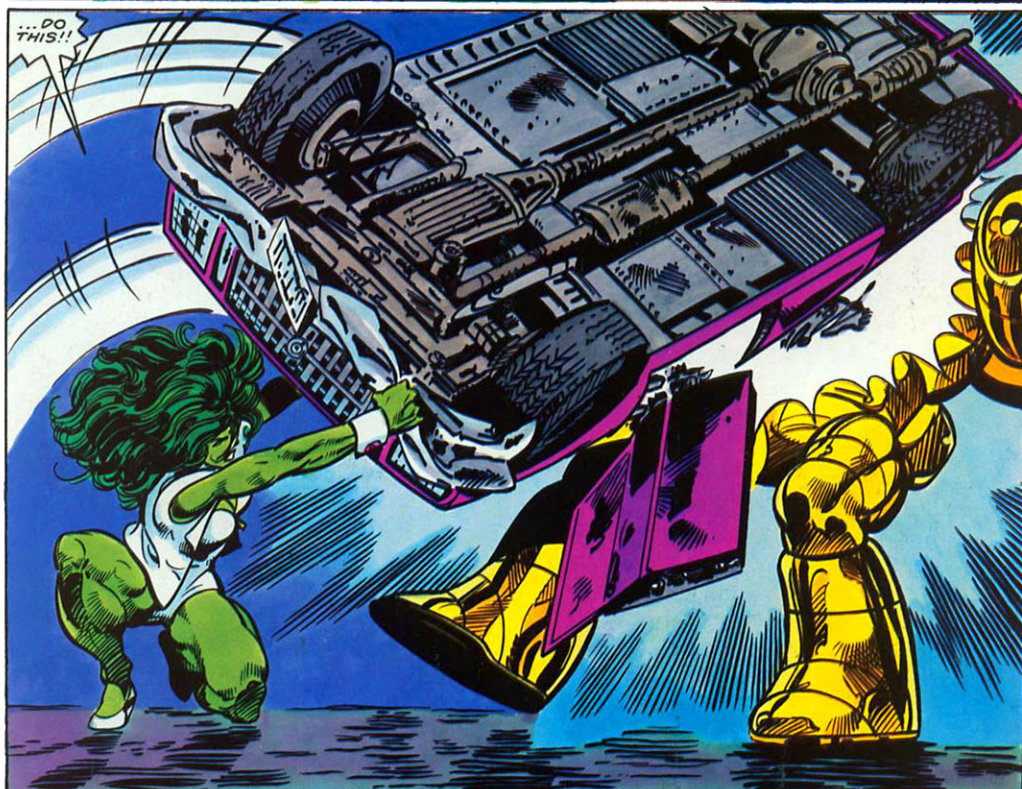




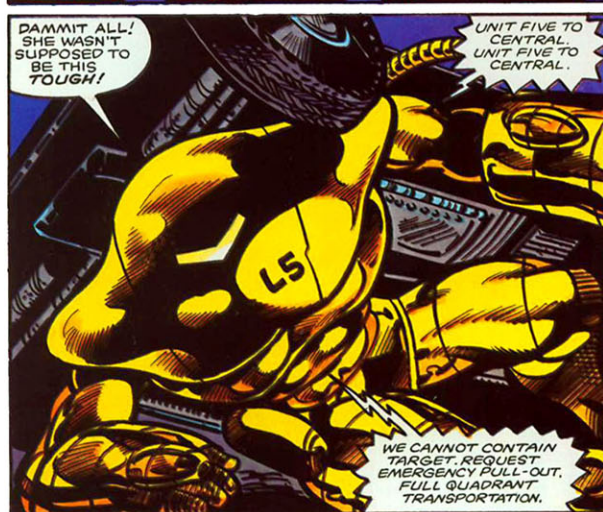
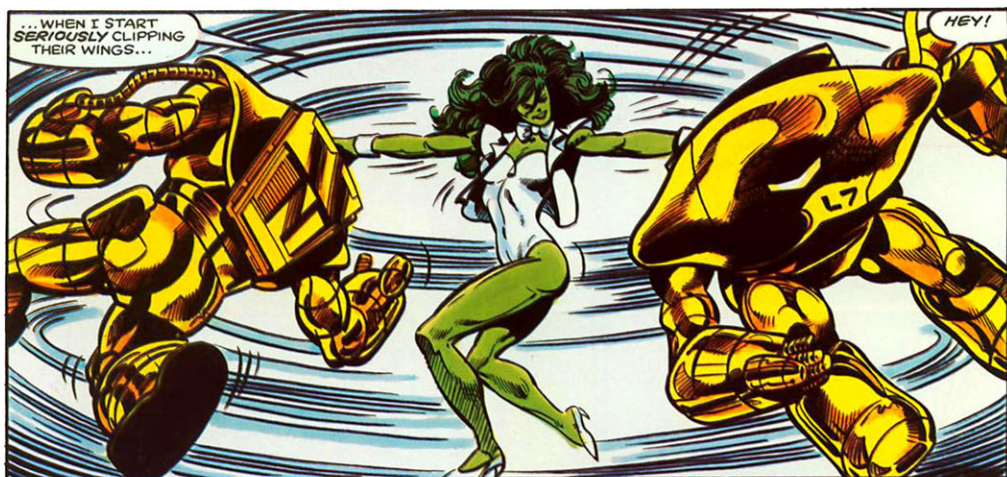




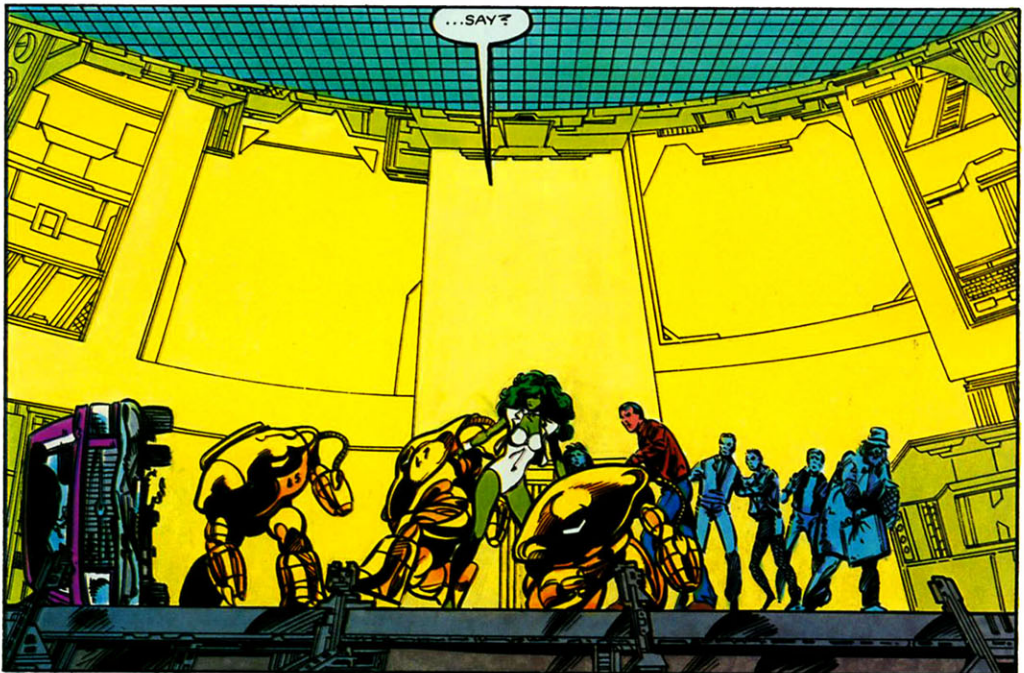




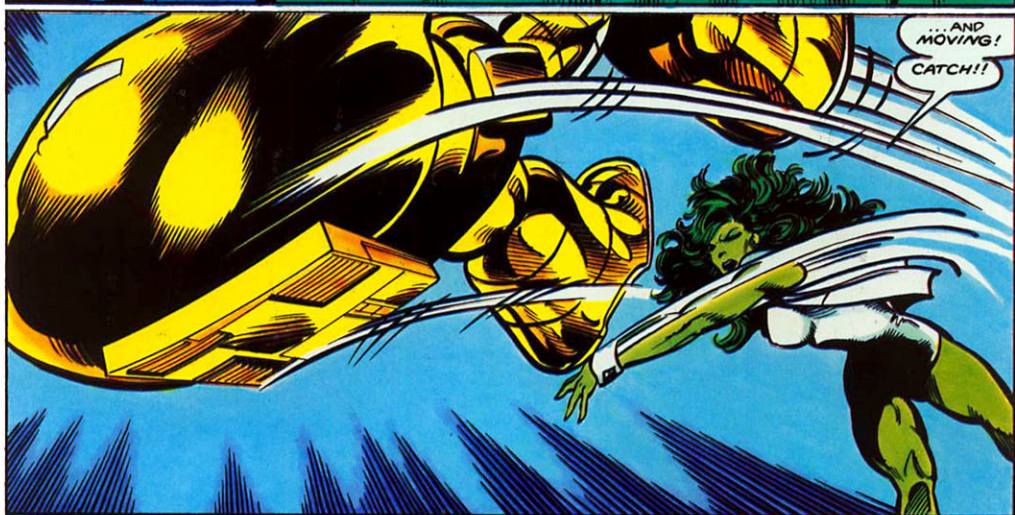
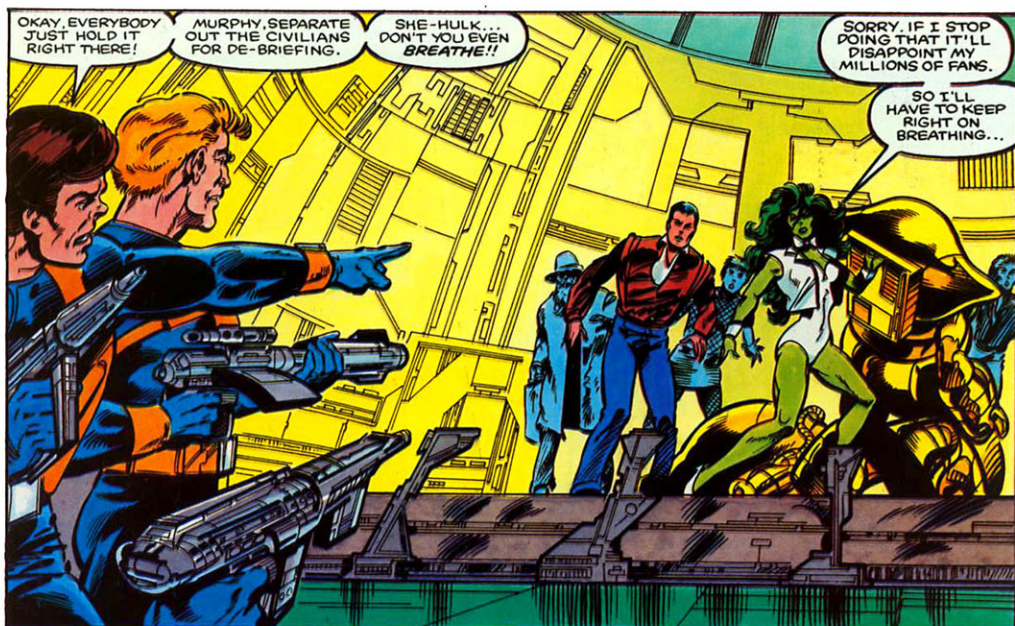




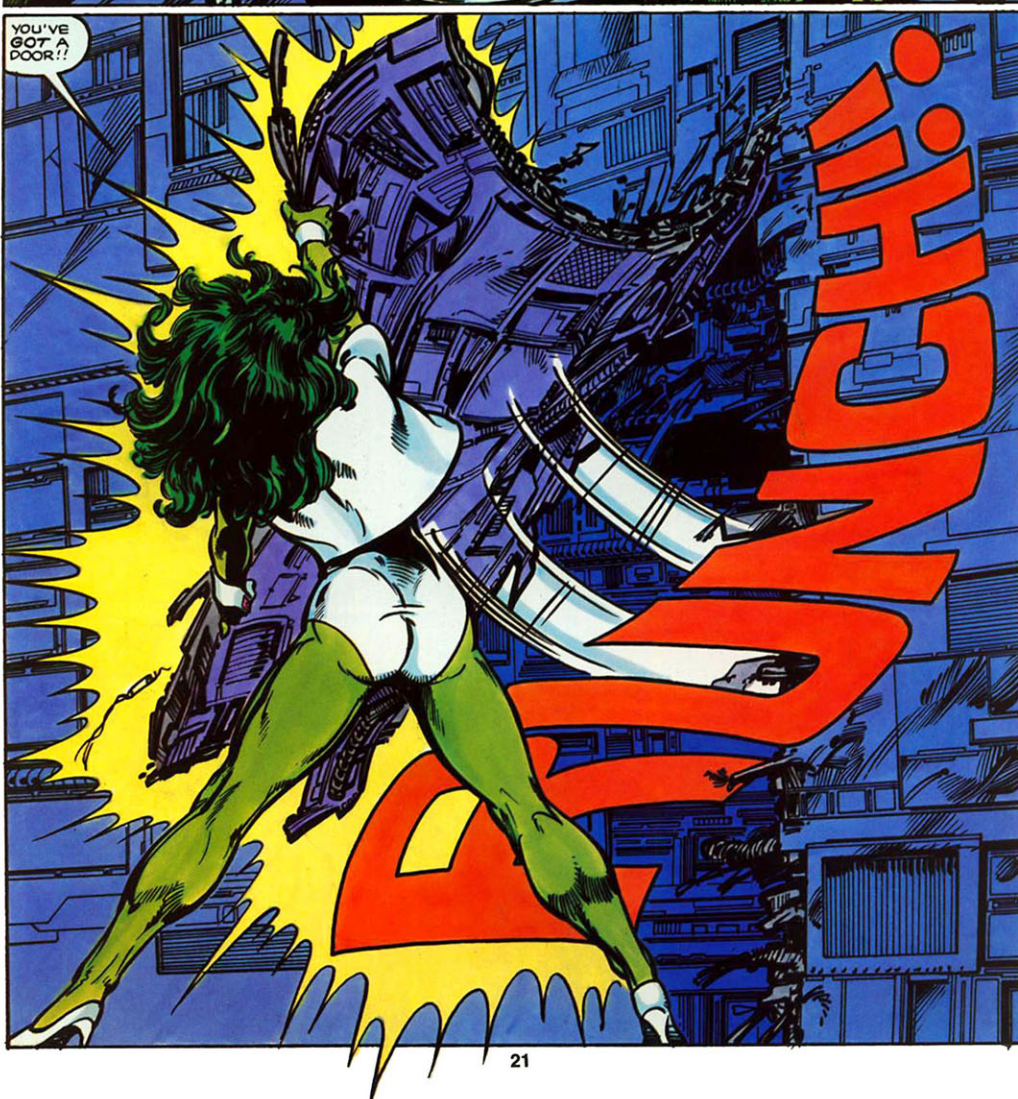




















WE'VE GOT TO KEEP  
HEADING **UPWARDS!**  
THE ONLY PLACE ALL  
THIS HARDWARE COULD  
BE IS UNDERNEATH  
THE CITY'S STREETS.

YES, THAT SOUNDS  
LIKE THE WAY I'VE  
HEARD **S.H.I.E.L.D.**  
OPERATES.



BUT I'M SURPRISED  
THEY HAVE NO INTERNAL  
DEFENSE SYSTEMS TO...

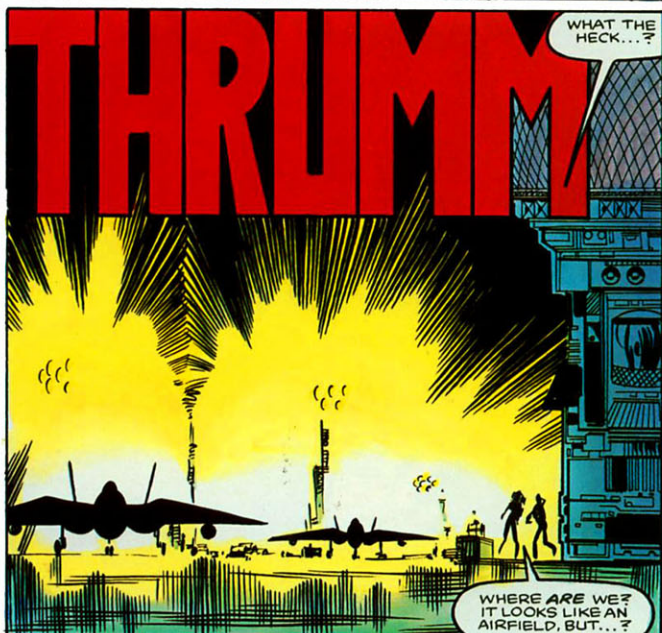
BITE YOUR  
TONGUE,  
LOVER.

GAS!



THIS WALL FEELS  
COOLER... MUST  
BE AN OUTSIDE  
SURFACE.

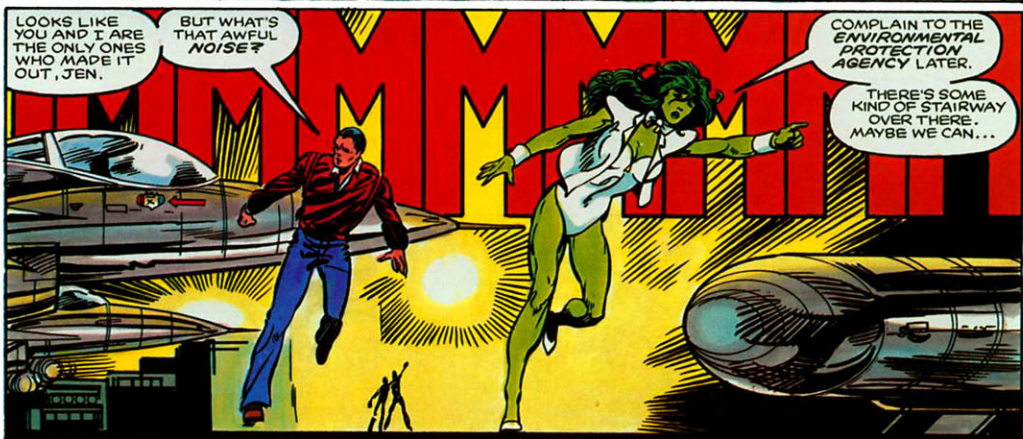
I HOPE SO.  
THIS IS OUR  
LAST...



WHAT THE  
HECK...?

**THRUMM**

WHERE ARE WE?  
IT LOOKS LIKE AN  
AIRFIELD, BUT...?



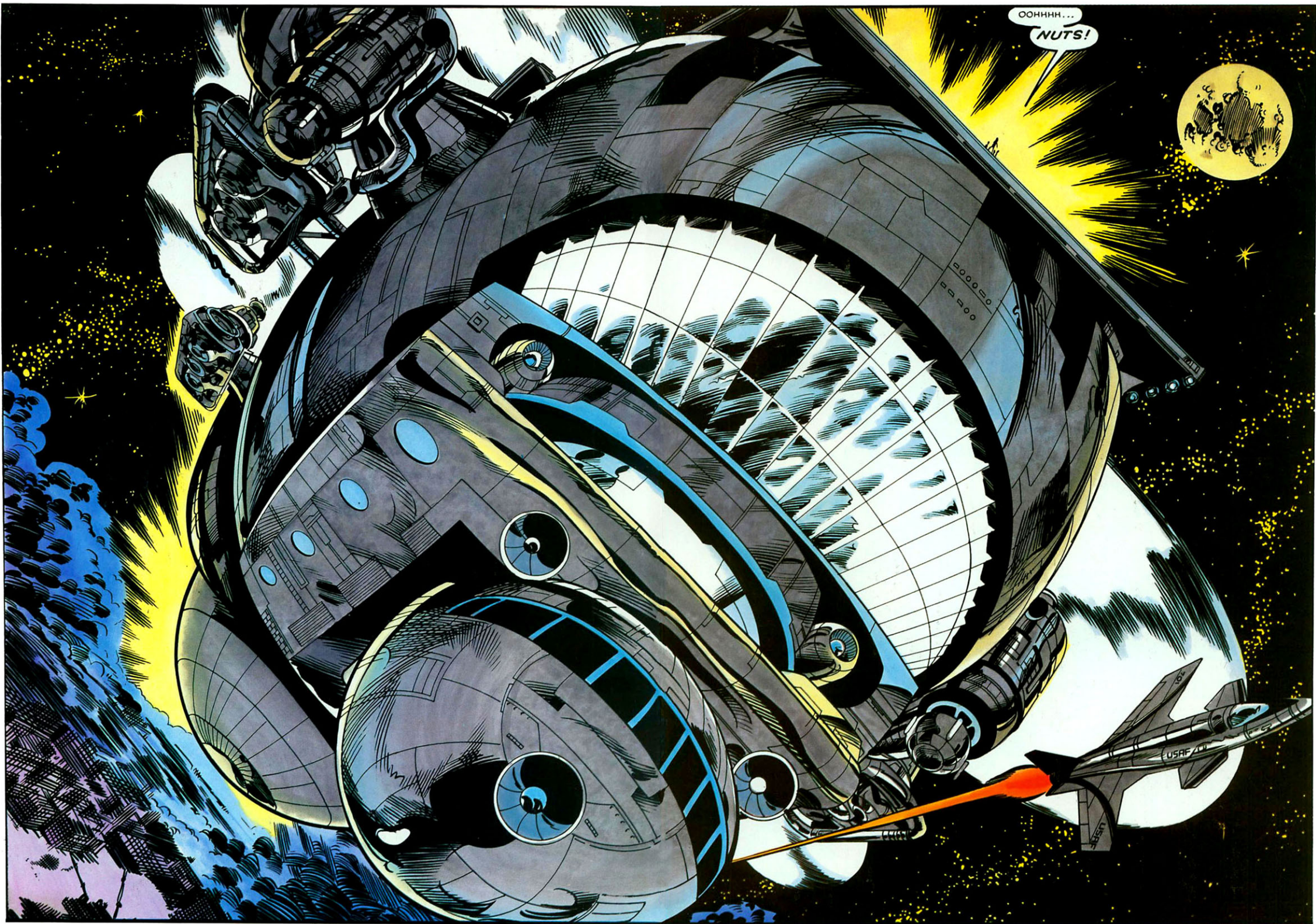
LOOKS LIKE  
YOU AND I ARE  
THE ONLY ONES  
WHO MADE IT  
OUT, JEN.

BUT WHAT'S  
THAT AWFUL  
NOISE?

COMPLAIN TO THE  
**ENVIRONMENTAL  
PROTECTION  
AGENCY** LATER.

THERE'S SOME  
KIND OF STAIRWAY  
OVER THERE.  
MAYBE WE CAN...





OOHHHH...  
**NUTS!**











YOU HEARD ME, NOW DROP 'EM...

...OR YOU CAN BURY YOUR BOYFRIEND AT WOUNDED KNEE...

SHE-HULK, DON'T! YOUR LEGAL RIGHTS...



...DON'T COUNT FOR MUCH AROUND THESE PARTS, I EXPECT. WELL... I CAN ALWAYS WRITE A NASTY NOTE TO MY CONGRESSMAN LATER.

S'ALL RIGHT, LOVER, NOTHING WORTH YOUR GETTING VENTILATED FOR.



FUNNY THING, THOUGH, I REMEMBER WHEN SHIELD WAS THE GOOD GUYS.

I GUESS THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH PARA-MILITARY SPY GROUPS.



THEY TEND TO START OUT AS THE SECRET SERVICE, AND END UP AS THE K.G.B.

SEEMS LIKE IT'S ALL BEEN DOWNHILL SINCE THEY CANCELED "THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E."



OKAY, BRIGHT-BOYS, NOW WHAT?

MAYBE YOU'D LIKE ME TO JUMP ROPE FOR YOU?









STRIP SEARCHED?!!  
YOU GODDAM IDJIT!  
THAT'S SUPPOSED TO  
BE DONE IN A PRIVATE  
CELL, BY AN AGENT OF  
THE SAME SEX!!

I CALL THIS GROSS  
MIS-USE OF  
AUTHORITY, DOOLEY.  
CONFINE YOURSELF  
TO QUARTERS UNTIL  
I'VE FILED A REPORT!

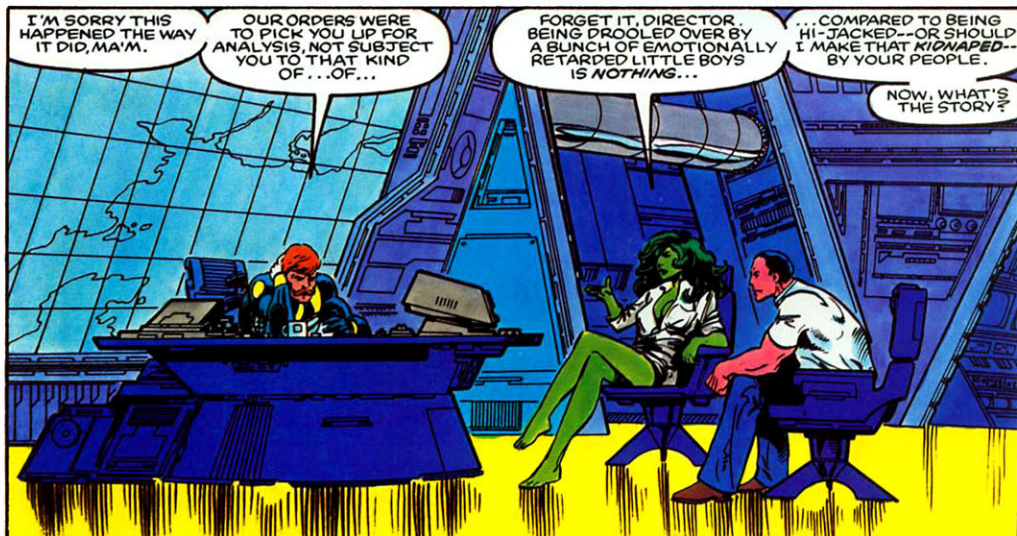


YOU HAVEN'T  
HEARD THE LAST  
OF THIS, DUGAN. I  
HAVE FRIENDS IN  
HIGH PLACES.

SAVE THE THREATS,  
DOOLEY. I'VE HEARD  
WORSE, FROM BETTER  
MEN THAN YOU, AN'  
I'M STILL LAUGHIN'.

OKAY... I  
WANNA SEE  
TH' SHE-HULK  
IN MY OFFICE  
IN TEN  
MINUTES...

AN' GET THE  
LADY A SHOCK  
FER CHRISSAKE!!



I'M SORRY THIS  
HAPPENED THE WAY  
IT DID, MA'AM.

OUR ORDERS WERE  
TO PICK YOU UP FOR  
ANALYSIS, NOT SUBJECT  
YOU TO THAT KIND  
OF... OF...

FORGET IT, DIRECTOR.  
BEING DROOLED OVER BY  
A BUNCH OF EMOTIONALLY  
RETARDED LITTLE BOYS  
IS NOTHING...

... COMPARED TO BEING  
HI-JACKED--OR SHOULD  
I MAKE THAT KIDNAPED--  
BY YOUR PEOPLE.

NOW, WHAT'S  
THE STORY?



I'M NOT SURE  
MYSELF. SHE-HULK  
IF THEM ORDERS HADN'T  
COME IN WRITING FROM  
COLONEL FURY HISSELF  
I'D NEVER HAVE GONE  
ALONG WITH IT.

SEEMS, THOUGH,  
THAT THE TOP  
BOYS ARE WORRIED  
YOU MIGHT POSE A  
POTENTIAL THREAT  
TO CIVILIAN SAFETY.

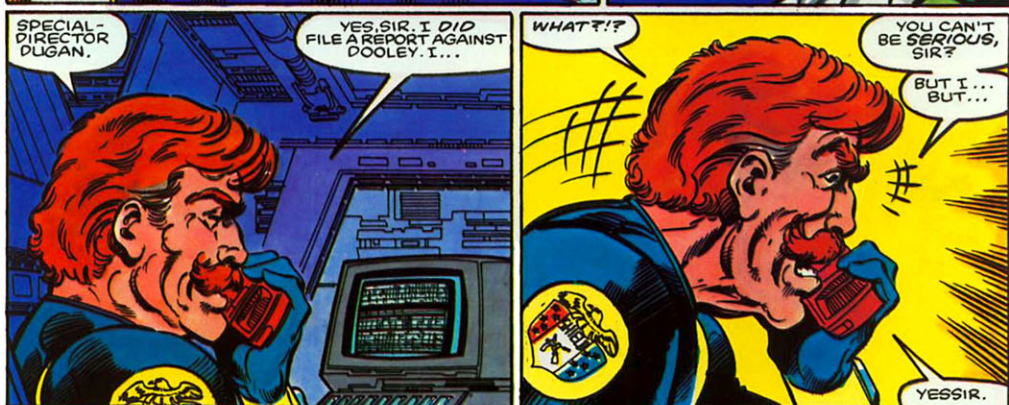
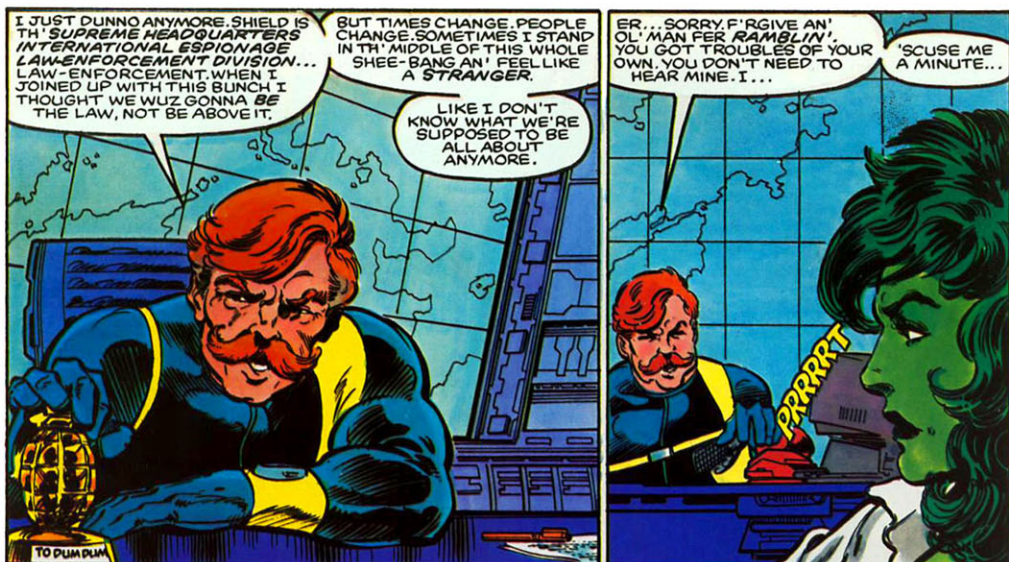
THEY WANNA  
MAKE SURE YOU  
AIN'T GONNA GO  
NASTY ON US LIKE  
THE HULK DID.  
UNDERSTAND?

I CAN UNDERSTAND  
THE CONCERN.  
FELT IT MYSELF MORE  
THAN ONCE.

IT'S THE  
METHODS I  
HAVE TO  
QUESTION.

OR DOES  
SHIELD REALLY  
CONSIDER ITSELF  
OUTSIDE THE LAW  
THESE DAYS?





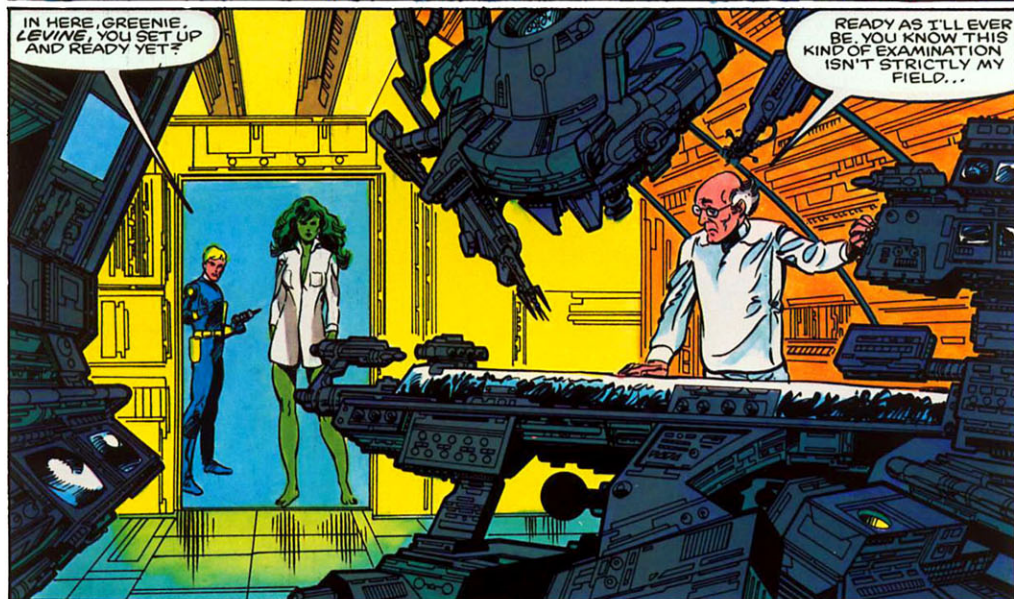




OKAY, DUGAN, YOU'VE GOT THREE MINUTES TO HAUL YOUR FLABBY OLD ASS DOWN TO THE SHUTTLE-BAY.

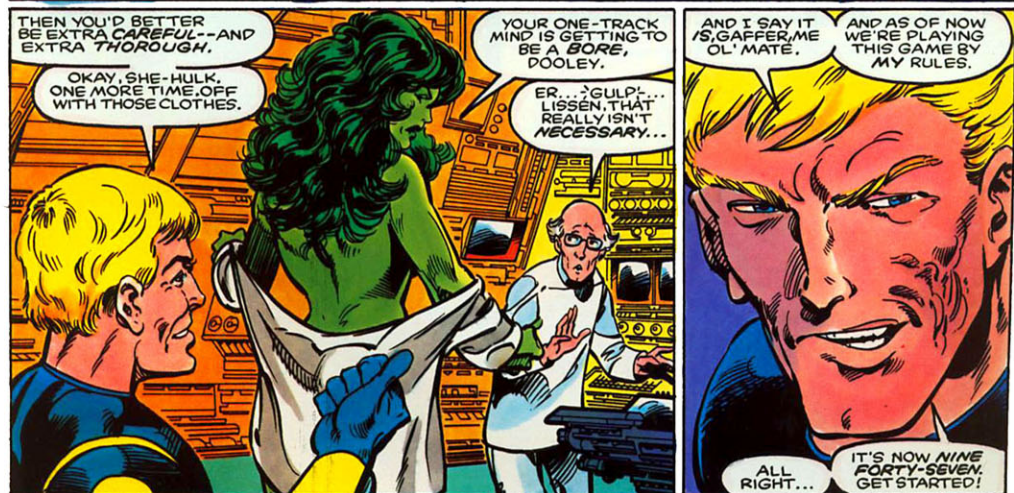
WINGFOOT-- WE'VE PREPARED SPECIAL QUARTERS FOR YOU. WE WANT YOUR GIRLFRIEND TO KNOW WE'RE TAKING PROPER CARE OF YOU...

AND SHE--HULK... YOU'RE COMING WITH ME.



IN HERE, GREENIE. LEVINE, YOU SET UP AND READY YET?

READY AS I'LL EVER BE. YOU KNOW THIS KIND OF EXAMINATION ISN'T STRICTLY MY FIELD...



THEN YOU'D BETTER BE EXTRA CAREFUL--AND EXTRA THOROUGH.

OKAY, SHE--HULK. ONE MORE TIME, OFF WITH THOSE CLOTHES.

YOUR ONE-TRACK MIND IS GETTING TO BE A BORE, DOOLEY.

ER... GULP!-- LISTEN, THAT REALLY ISN'T NECESSARY...

AND I SAY IT IS, GAFFER, ME OL' MATE.

AND AS OF NOW WE'RE PLAYING THIS GAME BY MY RULES.

ALL RIGHT...

IT'S NOW NINE FORTY-SEVEN. GET STARTED!









EASY, BARE, EASY.  
DON'T TALK. SAVE  
YOUR STRENGTH.

S'ALL  
RIGHT...

S'NOT AS *BAD* AS IT  
LOOKS. I'M JUST  
WORN OUT. FEEL LIKE  
I'VE BEEN THROUGH...

THROUGH...

I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT I FEEL  
LIKE I'VE BEEN  
THROUGH.



HERE, TAKE A SIP  
OF COFFEE. IT'S NOT  
EXACTLY *HOT* ANYMORE,  
BUT THE CAFFEINE MAY  
BOOST YOUR ENERGY.

MMMMMM,  
THANKS.

THAT WAS  
REALLY  
*SOMETHING*  
*ELSE*. I'VE BEEN  
POKED AND PRODDED  
AND PROBED IN  
PLACES I DIDN'T EVEN  
KNOW I HAD!

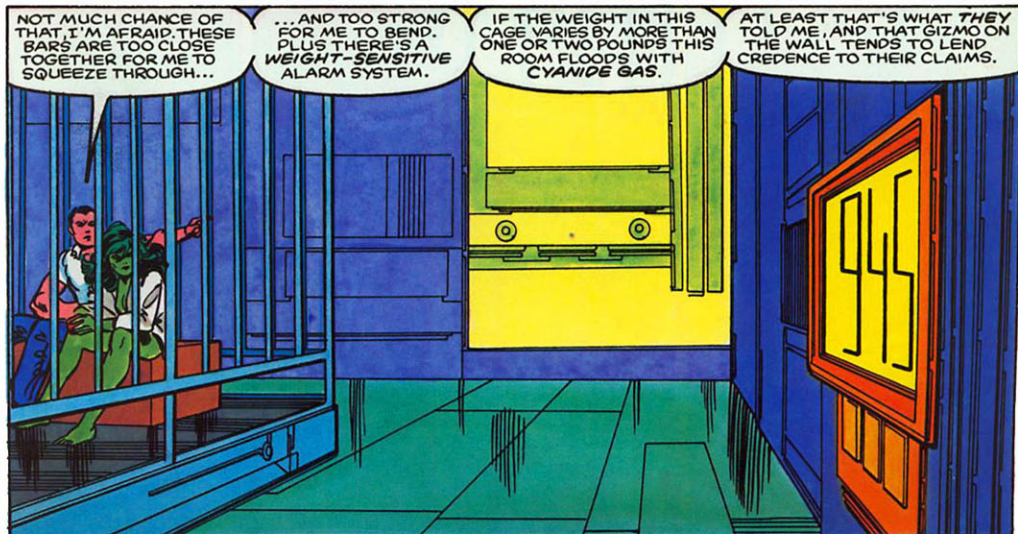


WHY DIDN'T  
YOU *RESIST*,  
THEM?

BECAUSE OF  
YOU, SWEETIE.

AS LONG AS  
THEY'VE GOT  
YOU I'M  
GONNA PLAY  
NICE...EVEN IF  
IT *KILLS* ME!

WHAT ABOUT *YOU*?  
HAVE YOU TRIED TO  
BUST OUT OF THIS  
CAGE AT ALL?



NOT MUCH CHANCE OF  
THAT, I'M AFRAID. THESE  
BARS ARE TOO CLOSE  
TOGETHER FOR ME TO  
SQUEEZE THROUGH...

...AND TOO STRONG  
FOR ME TO BEND.  
PLUS THERE'S A  
*WEIGHT-SENSITIVE*  
ALARM SYSTEM.

IF THE WEIGHT IN THIS  
CAGE VARIES BY MORE THAN  
ONE OR TWO POUNDS THIS  
ROOM FLOODS WITH  
*CYANIDE GAS*.

AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT *THEY*  
TOLD ME, AND THAT GIZMO  
ON THE WALL TENDS TO LEND  
CREDENCE TO THEIR CLAIMS.





WELL, THAT SUCKS.

AND THESE BARS FEEL LIKE SOME DISTANT COUSIN TO ADAMANTIUM. PROBABLY TOO TOUGH FOR ME, EVEN IF I WASN'T SHAGGED OUT.

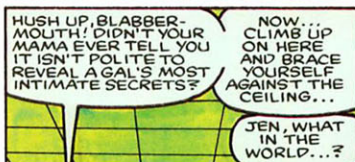


BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, WHILE THE TWO OF US ARE STILL TOGETHER-- AND BEFORE THE GOON SQUAD COMES BACK.

HMMM... WYATT, D'YOU THINK YOU COULD **PRESS** THE EQUIVALENT OF MY WEIGHT?

ER... WELL, I'M NOT EXACTLY A NINETY- EIGHT POUND WEAKLING TO BE SURE...

...BUT SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS?



HUSH UP, BLABBER-MOUTH! DIDN'T YOUR MAMA EVER TELL YOU IT ISN'T POLITE TO REVEAL A GAL'S MOST INTIMATE SECRETS?

NOW... CLIMB UP ON HERE AND BRACE YOURSELF AGAINST THE CEILING...

JEN, WHAT IN THE WORLD...?

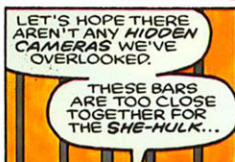


OH! OH, OF COURSE! I UNDERSTAND.

READY WHEN YOU ARE.



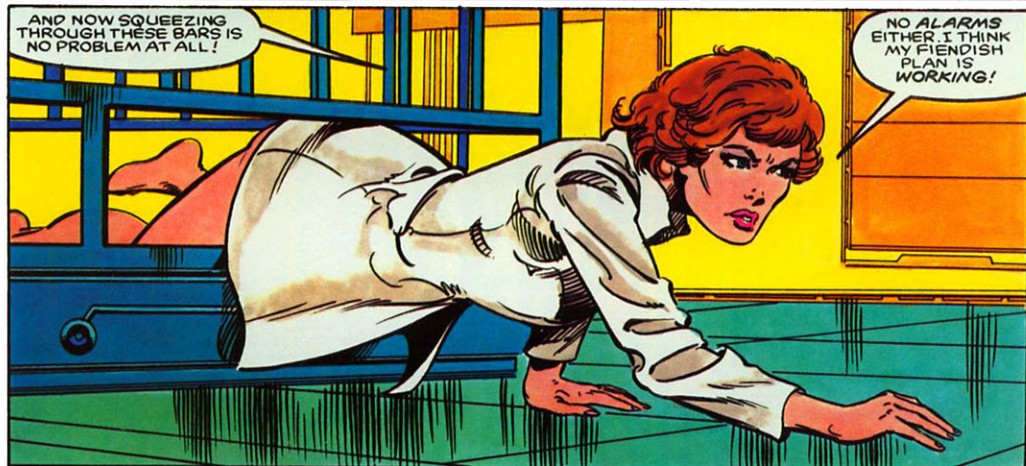
OKAY, I'LL TRY AND TAKE THIS SLOW AND EASY.



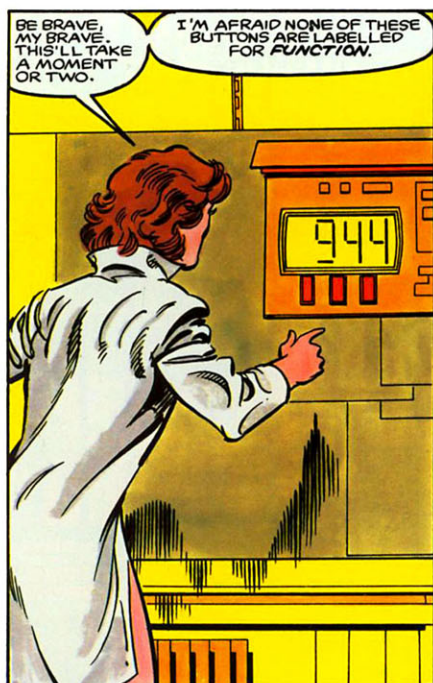
LET'S HOPE THERE AREN'T ANY HIDDEN CAMERAS WE'VE OVERLOOKED.

THESE BARS ARE TOO CLOSE TOGETHER FOR THE SHE-HULK...









BE BRAVE,  
MY BRAVE.  
THIS'LL TAKE  
A MOMENT  
OR TWO.

I'M AFRAID NONE OF THESE  
BUTTONS ARE LABELLED  
FOR *FUNCTION*.



BUT THERE'S ONLY  
*THREE* OF 'EM, SO  
THERE MUST BE  
SOME *LOGIC*  
TO IT.

"ON" WOULD BE  
ONE, "OFF" WOULD  
BE ANOTHER. THE  
THIRD PROBABLY  
SETS THE DESIRED  
WEIGHT.

SO... IT WOULDN'T  
BE "ON-OFF-SET".  
WOULD IT? IT'D BE  
"ON... SET..."



"...OFF!"



SUNNUVAGUN! WE  
AREN'T *DEAD*.  
GUESS THERE *ARE*  
ADVANTAGES TO  
THINKING LIKE A  
LAWYER.

GOOD  
WORK,  
JEN!

NOW, HOW CAN WE GET  
*ME* OUT OF HERE?



OH, *DRAT*! I HADN'T  
THOUGHT OF THAT!

I COULDN'T BEND  
THESE BARS FROM  
THE *INSIDE*, SO I  
CAN'T DO IT NOW,  
EITHER.

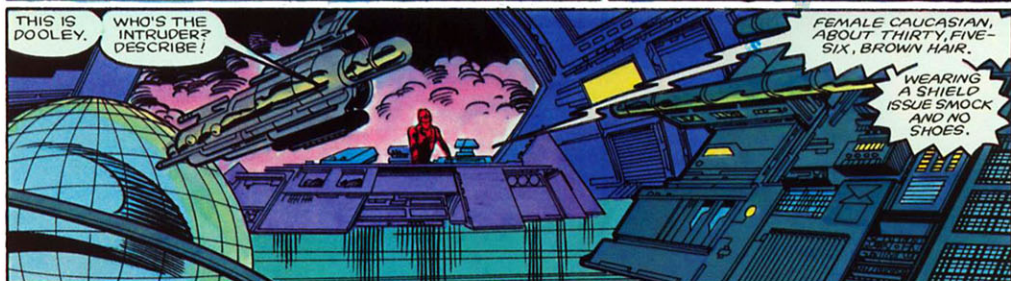
HMM, THAT LEAVES  
US CLOSE TO BEING  
BACK WHERE WE  
STARTED.

I THINK YOU'D  
BETTER START  
DOING WHAT  
YOU HAVE TO  
DO, AND STOP  
WORRYING  
ABOUT ME.













OF ALL THE  
BLASTED  
COCK-UPS!

THIS WHOLE  
OPERATION  
HAS  
BEEN A MESS!

FURY... DUGAN... I WOULDN'T  
BE A BIT SURPRISED IF THIS WAS  
ALL *THEIR* DOING.

THE OLD *FOOLS*! I'LL HAVE  
THEIR TAILS BRONZED BEFORE  
I'M THROUGH!



HEY, WHO  
THE HELL  
ARE...

HURRHHK!



W-WHO... WHAT  
ARE YOU...?



NO!

NO!

DON...



URMH!

URGLLL!





HEAR US, HUMAN.  
DO NOT RESIST. WE  
CONTROL YOU NOW.  
OUR THOUGHTS ARE  
YOUR THOUGHTS.

YOU ARE **DEAD**,  
HUMAN. WITHOUT US  
YOU HAVE NO **LIFE**,  
NO **THOUGHT**.

YOU  
WILL  
**OBEY**.

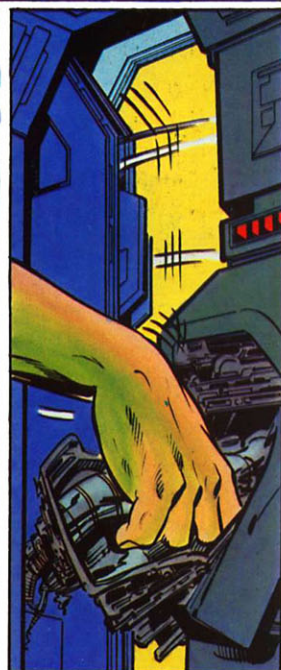
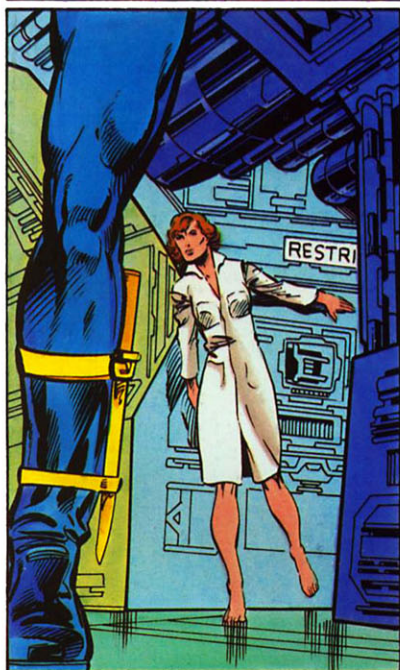
YOU WILL  
TAKE US TO  
THE CENTRAL  
CONTROL ROOM  
OF THIS  
AIRSHIP.

YOUR MEMORIES  
WILL GUIDE US.  
YOUR KNOWLEDGE  
WILL TEACH US  
WHAT WE NEED  
TO KNOW...

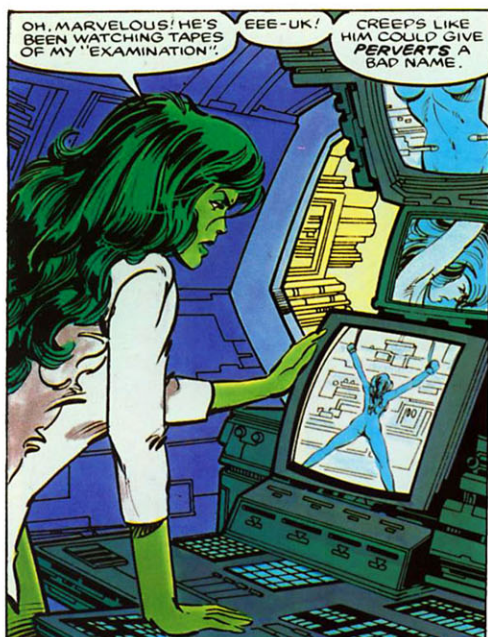


...THAT WE MAY  
**DESTROY** THIS  
HUMAN ENGINE,  
AND THUS SHOW THE  
WORLD OUR  
**POWER!**









EEE-UK!

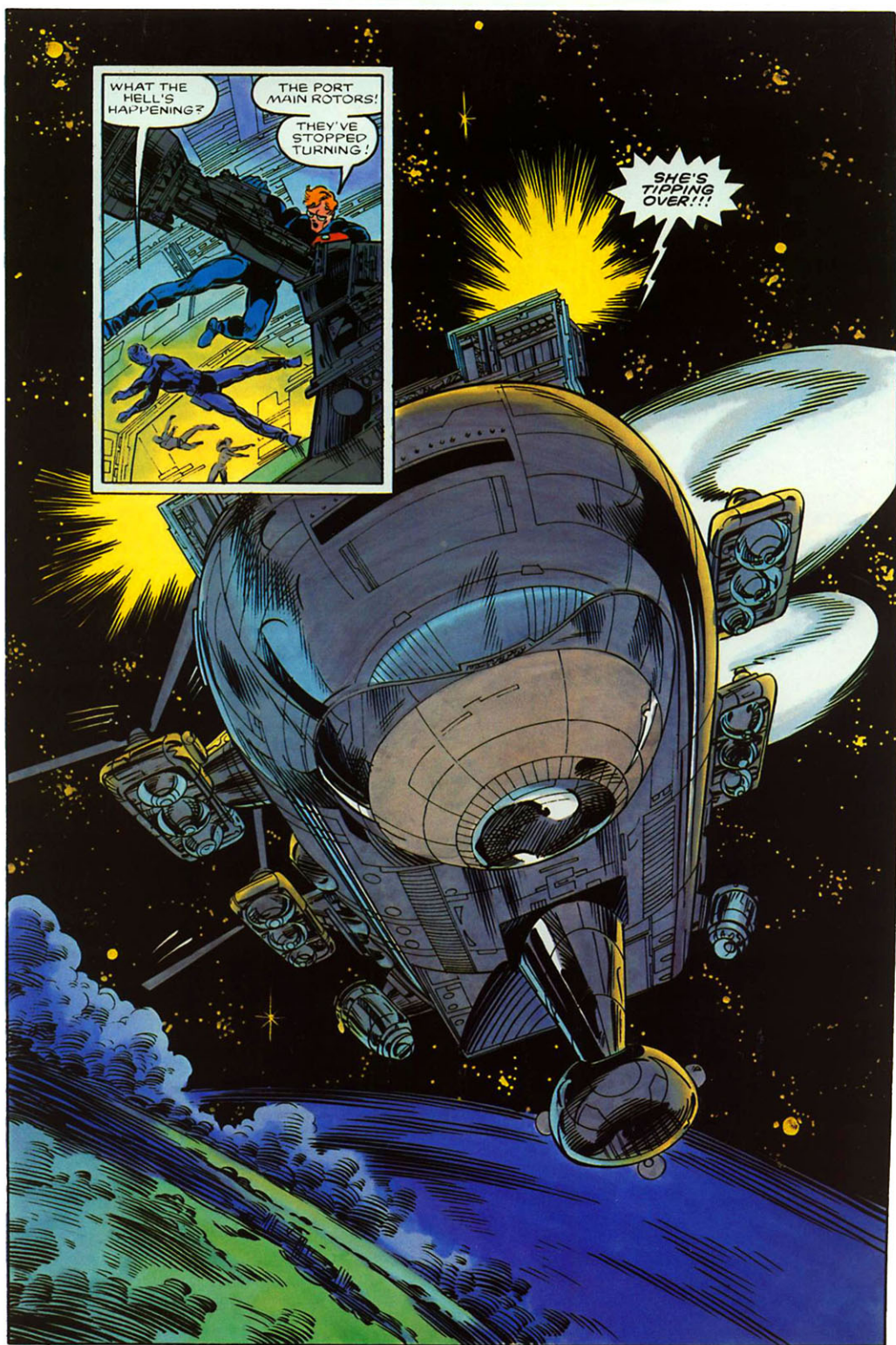
CREEPS LIKE HIM COULD GIVE PERVERTS A BAD NAME.



WELL, THIS CONSOLE LOOKS EASY ENOUGH TO OPERATE, SO I THINK I'LL JUST POP THE TAPE...







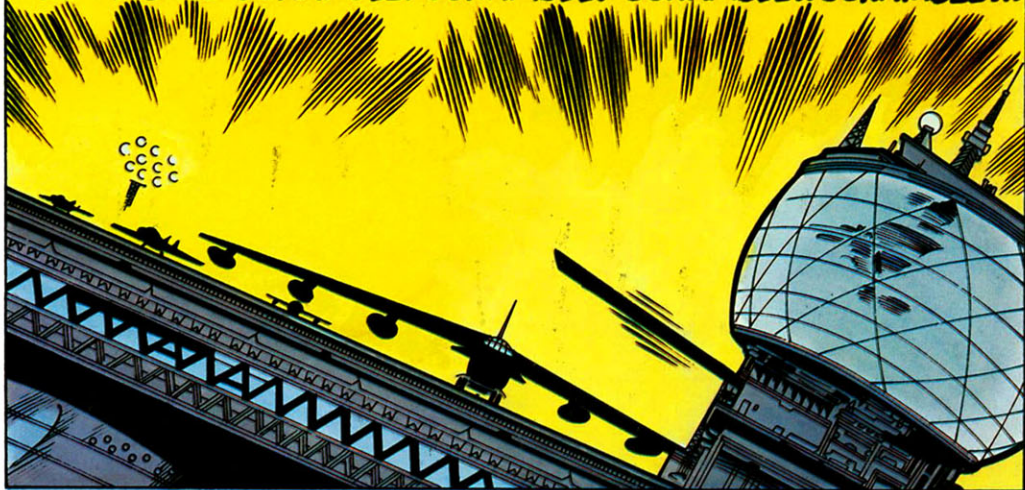






# AHH-000-GAH! AHH-000-GAH!

ALL FLIGHTS SCRAMBLE! SCRAMBLE! SCRAMBLE!! SCRAMBLE!!!



MOVE IT, YOU  
JET JOCKEYS!

GET EVERYTHING  
INTO THE AIR!

MOVE IT!  
MOVE IT!



HURRY IT  
UP, SMITTY!

ANOTHER COUPLA  
DEGREES AN' THESE  
BIRDS'LL SLIDE.

TOO LATE,  
SKIPPER!

LOOK!











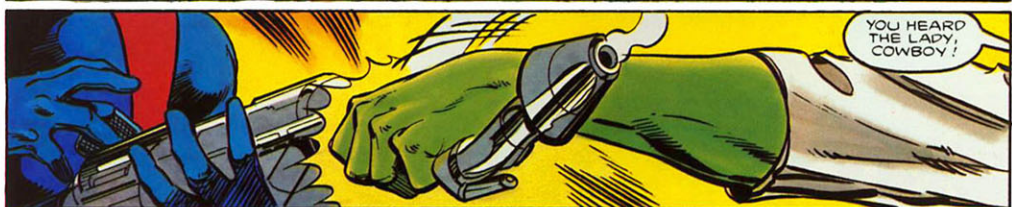
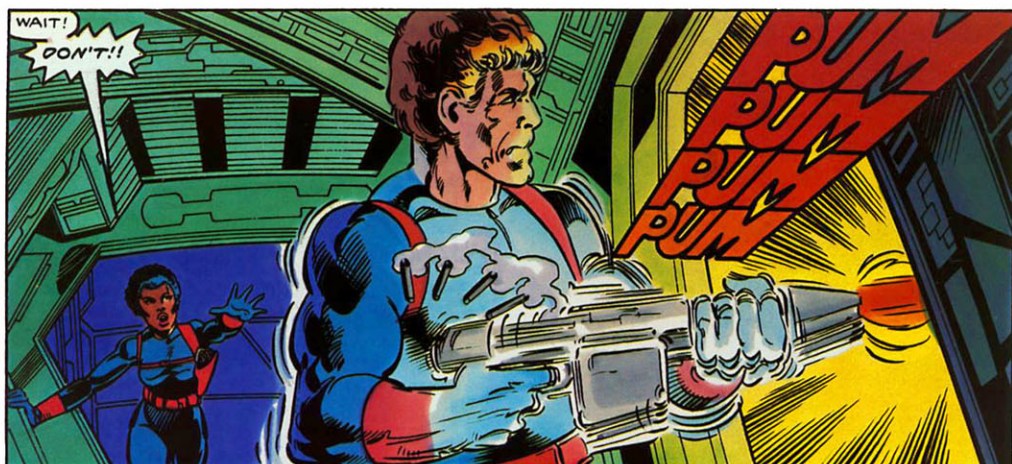
















HE-- HE CAME INTO THE MASTER CONTROL CENTER, ORDERED EVERYONE OUT.

WE KNEW HE'D BEEN PUT IN CHARGE, SO WE OBEYED.

THEN ALL THIS STARTED?

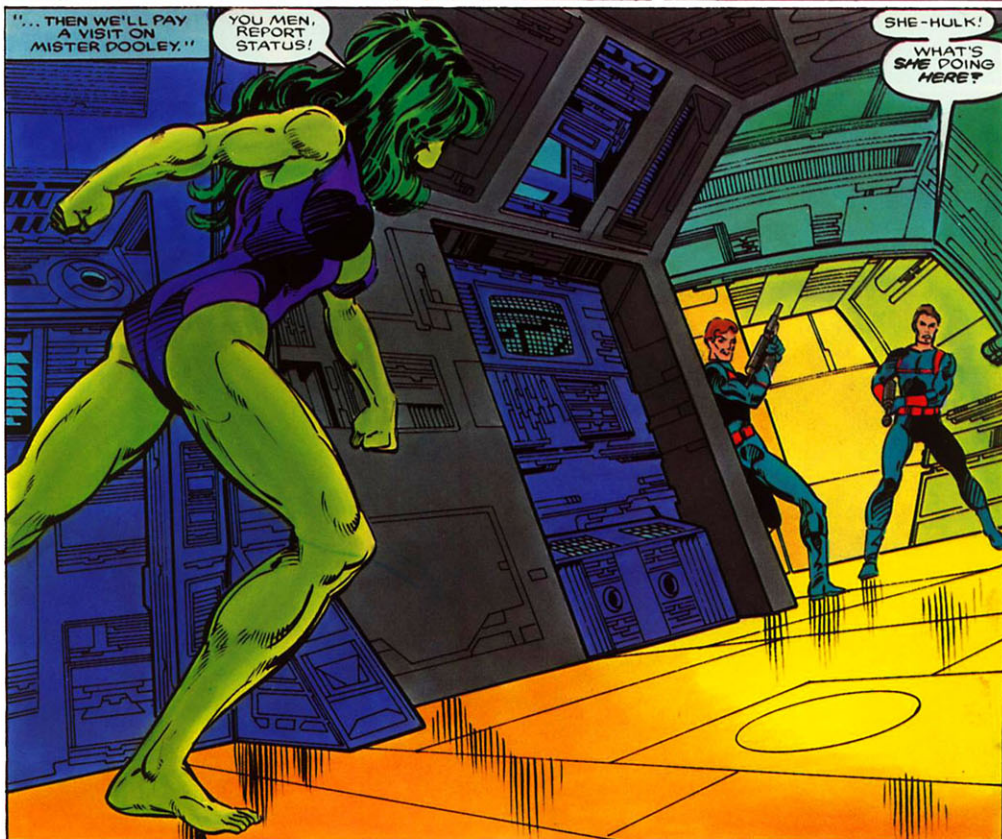


HMM. I SAW HIM LEAVE HIS OFFICE A WHILE AGO.

I THOUGHT SOMETHING LOOKED WRONG-- EVEN FOR HIM.

I'M BEGINNING TO SMELL A VERY LARGE RAT. AND I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

BUT NOT DRESSED LIKE *THIS*! GET ME SOMETHING I CAN WEAR...



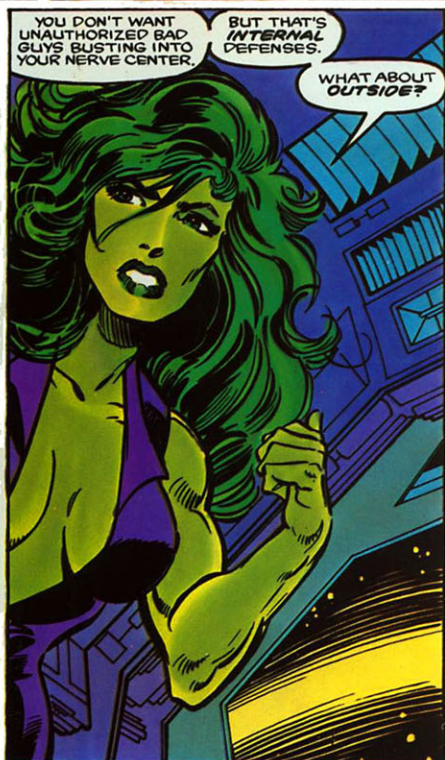
"... THEN WE'LL PAY A VISIT ON MISTER DOOLEY."

YOU MEN, REPORT STATUS!

SHE-HULK!

WHAT'S *SHE* DOING HERE?



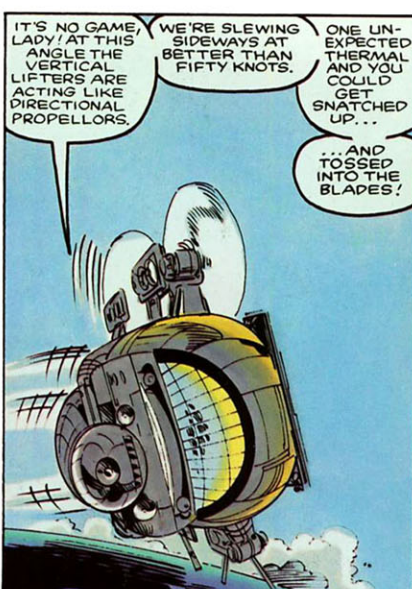






BE CAREFUL NOW, SHE-HULK, THERE'S NO WAY TO GUARANTEE STABILITY.

TELL ME SOMETHING I *DON'T* KNOW, GAFF. THE WAY THIS BIG BIRD'S TWIRLING IT'S GOT **GREAT** ADVENTURE BEAT ALL HOLLOW!



IT'S NO GAME, LADY! AT THIS ANGLE THE VERTICAL LIFTERS ARE ACTING LIKE DIRECTIONAL PROPELLORS.

WE'RE SLEWING SIDEWAYS AT BETTER THAN FIFTY KNOTS.

ONE UNEXPECTED THERMAL AND YOU COULD GET SNATCHED UP...

...AND TOSSED INTO THE BLADES!



YUM-YUM! DICED SHE-HULK! MY FAVORITE!

THANKS FOR THE WARNING. I'LL KEEP THIS **QUICK!**



OKAY, BIG TALKER... THERE'S THE COMMAND CENTER.

YOU'VE ONLY GOT **ONE** CHANCE AT THIS. MAKE IT...



...WORK!!





SO THIS IS THE  
HEART AND LUNGS OF  
THE BEAST, HM?

NOT TOO  
SHABBY.

JAMES BOND'D  
FEEL RIGHT  
AT HOME.



BUT WHERE'S OUR  
RESIDENT BAD BOY?  
I EXPECTED HIM TO  
BE WAITING WITH  
GUNS BLAZING...

... OR AT LEAST  
THE LATEST  
HUSTLER.



HEY!

YOU ARE  
FOOLISH,  
HUMAN  
FEMALE!

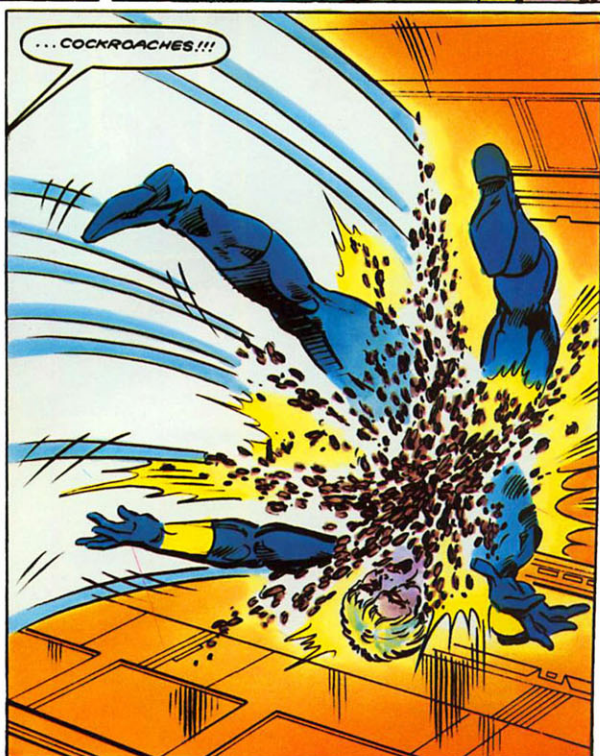


OH, MY  
GOD!

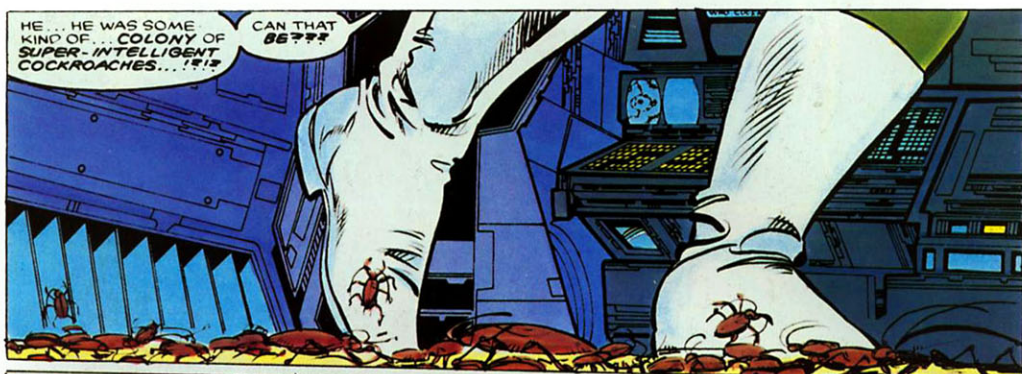
NOW YOU  
WILL DIE...

AND IN DYING,  
SERVE US!









HE... HE WAS SOME  
KIND OF... COLONY OF  
SUPER-INTELLIGENT  
COCKROACHES...!?!?

CAN THAT  
BE???



FACE IT, JENNY-POO!  
ANY WORLD THAT HAS  
YOU IN IT HAS LOTS  
OF ROOM FOR THE  
IMPOSSIBLE!

SO QUIT GAWKING  
AND GET THESE  
DARN DOORS  
OPEN... THERE!



ALL  
YOURS,  
GUYS!

GOOD WORK,  
SHE-HULK!

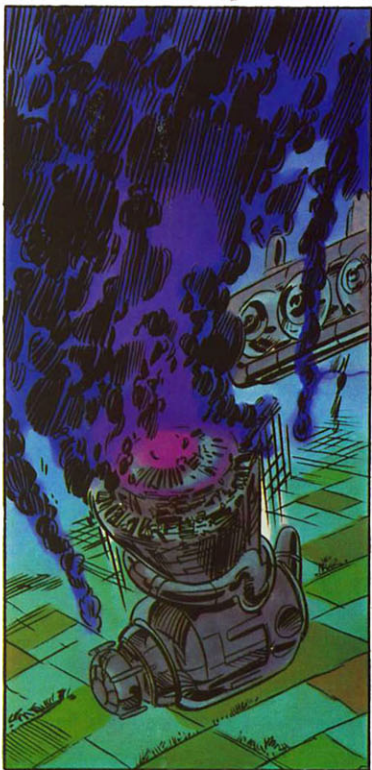
MORELLI!  
MACKIE!

GET THE PORT  
ROTORS  
RUNNING  
AGAIN-- FAST!

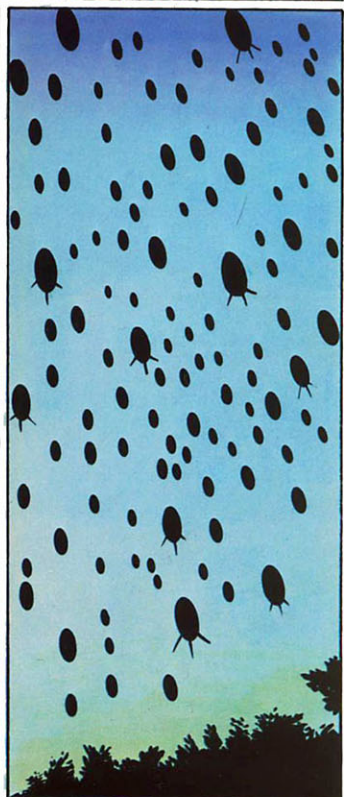
WILL DO,  
GA--



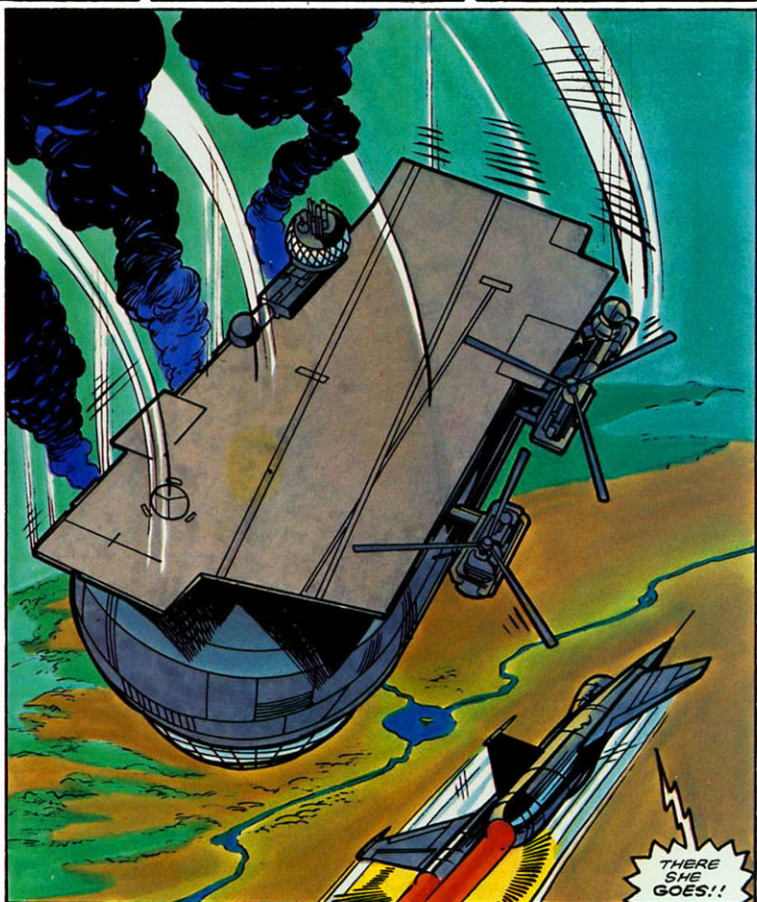




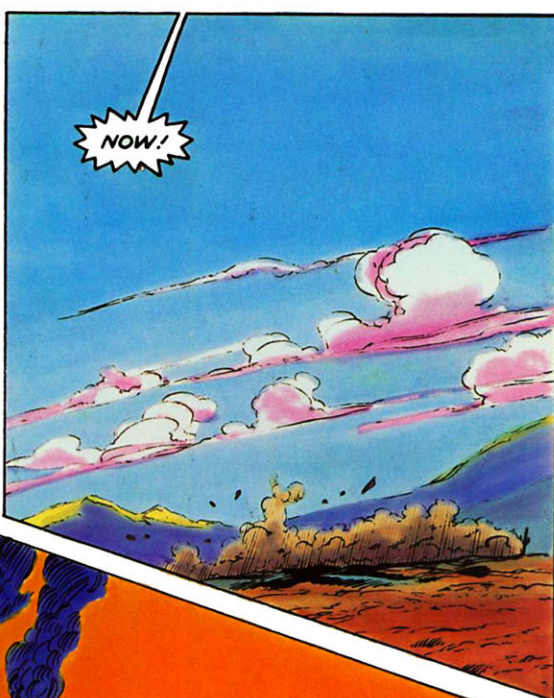




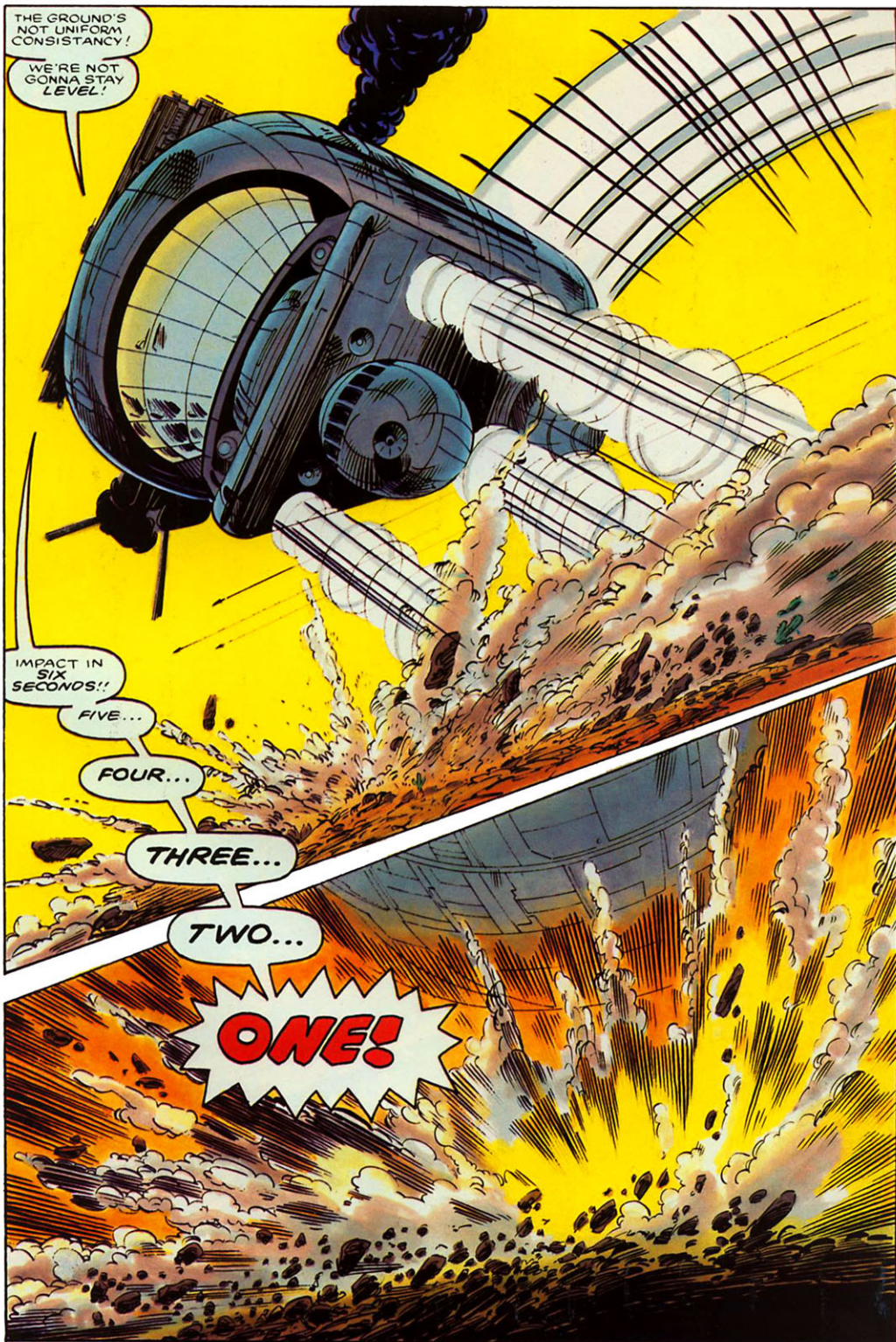








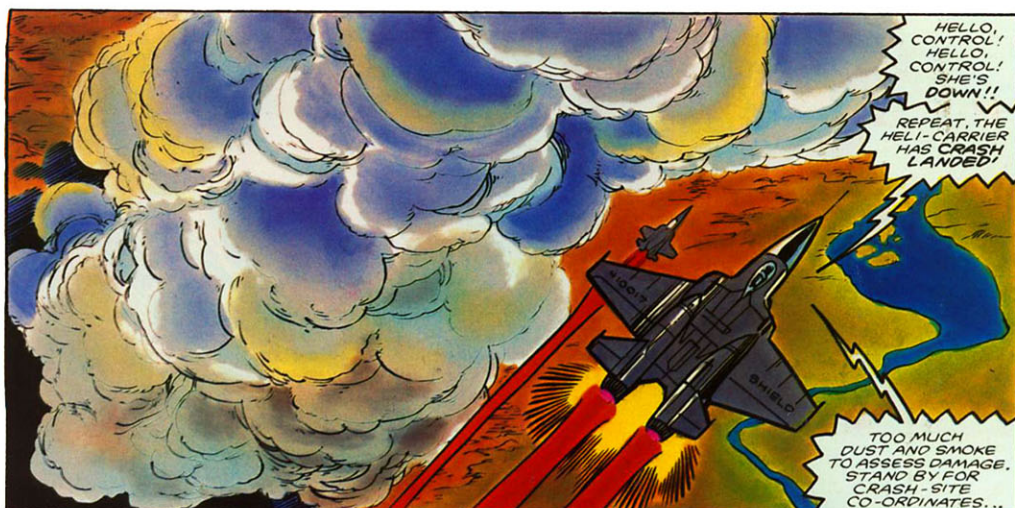








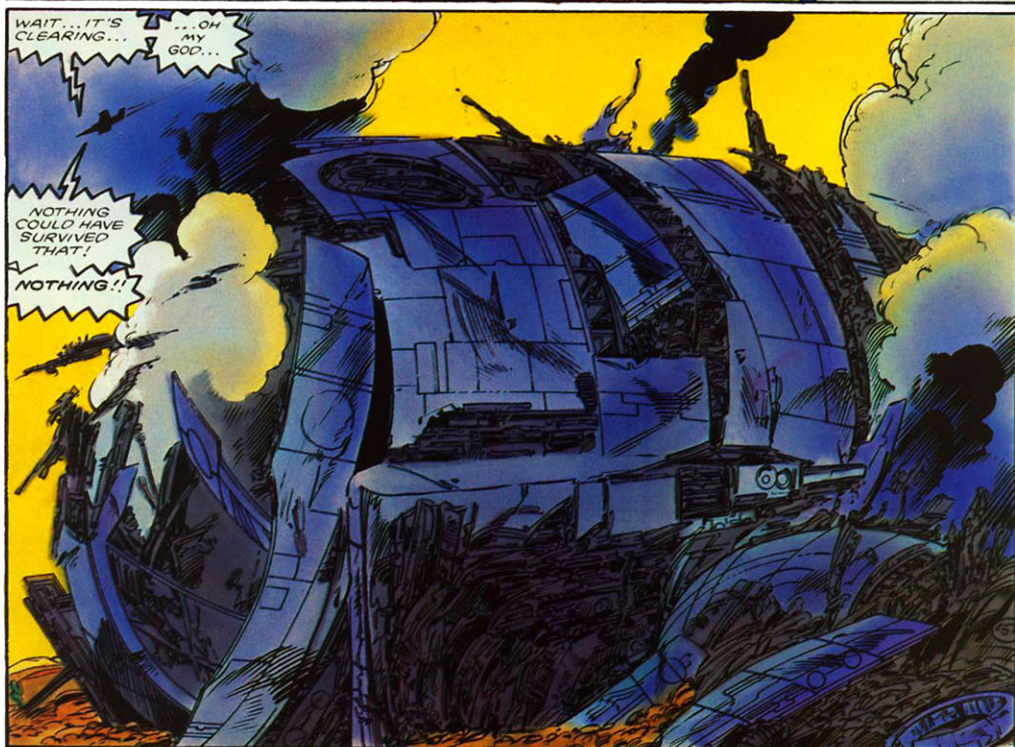




HELLO, CONTROL!  
HELLO, CONTROL!  
SHE'S DOWN!!

REPEAT, THE  
HELICOPTER CARRIER  
HAS CRASH  
LANDED!

TOO MUCH  
DUST AND SMOKE  
TO ASSESS DAMAGE.  
STAND BY FOR  
CRASH-SITE  
CO-ORDINATES...



WAIT...IT'S  
CLEARING...

...OH  
MY  
GOD...

NOTHING  
COULD HAVE  
SURVIVED  
THAT!

NOTHING!!



CREEAKK





C'MON, LOVE OF MY LIFE!

BE OKAY! PLEASE BE OKAY!

UHHNRH...

JEN...?

WHAT... HAPPENED?



WELL, TO COIN A PHRASE-- WE FAW DOWN, GO BOOM!

HOW ARE YOU, BABY?

LIKE ONE OF JAMES BOND'S MARTINIS, SHAKEN BUT NOT STIRRED.

I SUSPECT I'LL SURVIVE!

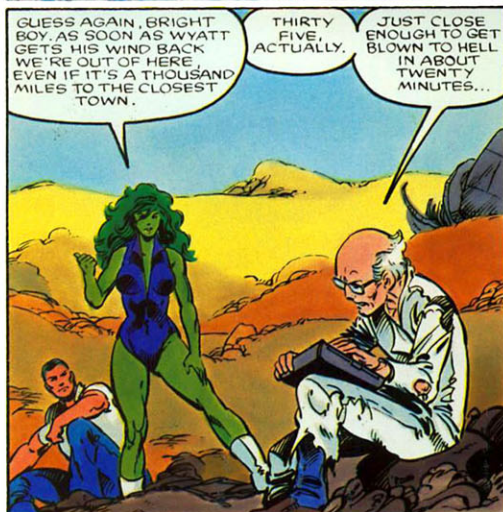
MAYBE. MAYBE NOT.



WHO...? GAFFER! YOU'RE OKAY TOO?

NOTHING BROKEN, BUT HARDLY OKAY, SHE-HULK.

WE'RE NOT FINISHED HERE YET.



GUESS AGAIN, BRIGHT BOY. AS SOON AS WYATT GETS HIS WIND BACK WE'RE OUT OF HERE. EVEN IF IT'S A THOUSAND MILES TO THE CLOSEST TOWN.

THIRTY FIVE, ACTUALLY.

JUST CLOSE ENOUGH TO GET BLOWN TO HELL IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES...



WHAT?!? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

THE HELI-CARRIER'S ATOMIC PILE, SHE-HULK. I'M GETTING ALL KINDS OF NASTY READINGS FROM IT.

I'D SAY IT'LL BLOW IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES, AND VAPORIZE EVERYTHING WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES...

...UNLESS YOU CAN SHUT IT DOWN.





HE??  
GAFFER,  
YOU  
MUST'VE  
BEEN  
KNOCKED  
ON THE  
HEAD...

NEVER  
THOUGHT  
MORE  
CLEARLY.

WHAT'S THE  
OLD QUOTE?  
"THE  
PROSPECT OF  
EXECUTION  
CONCENTRATES  
THE MIND  
WONDERFULLY."

YOU'RE OUR  
ONLY HOPE,  
SHE-HULK.



HOW DO  
YOU FIGURE  
**THAT...**  
"GAFFER" IS  
IT? SHE-HULK  
IS NO  
**SCIENTIST.**

NOT  
EVEN  
CLOSE.

NO, BUT  
SHE'S THE  
STRONGEST  
THING IN  
**THIS**  
NEIGHBORHOOD,  
AND IF MY GUESS  
IS RIGHT ABOUT  
WHAT'S GONE  
WRONG WITH THE  
PILE, WE'LL **NEED**  
HER STRENGTH.



MAYBE-- BUT  
I'LL JUST BET  
YOU HAVEN'T  
GOT A  
RADIATION SUIT  
IN **MY** SIZE!

NO, BUT IF MY  
TESTS OF YOUR  
BIO-STRUCTURE  
WERE ACCURATE--  
AND THEY **WERE**--  
YOU HAVE A HIGHER  
TOLERANCE FOR  
RADIATION THAN  
US MORTALS.



JEN, I DON'T  
CARE FOR THIS  
AT ALL. THESE  
PEOPLE  
**KIDNAP** YOU,  
POKE AND PROD  
YOU, DAMN  
NEAR **KILL** YOU,  
AND EXPECT  
YOU TO SAVE  
THEIR HIDES?

IT'S NOT JUST  
THEM, **WYATT**. IF  
IT WAS I'D BE  
TEMPTED TO  
TOSS YOU OVER  
MY SHOULDER AND  
BE A HUNDRED  
MILES AWAY BEFORE  
THIS THING WENT  
KA-BLOOIE.

BUT THAT  
**TOWN...**  
INNOCENT  
CIVILIANS...



YOU'RE **SURE**  
SHE-HULK CAN  
WALK AWAY  
FROM THIS  
**UNHARMED**,  
OLD MAN?

I DIDN'T EXACTLY  
SAY **THAT**, INJUN.

I JUST SAID  
**SHE'S** GOT A  
BETTER CHANCE  
THAN **US**. I HAVE  
NO IDEA EXACTLY  
WHAT EXPOSURE  
TO THIS KIND OF  
RADIATION, IN  
THESE QUANTITIES,  
COULD DO TO HER,  
ALREADY  
IRRADIATED  
CELLS.



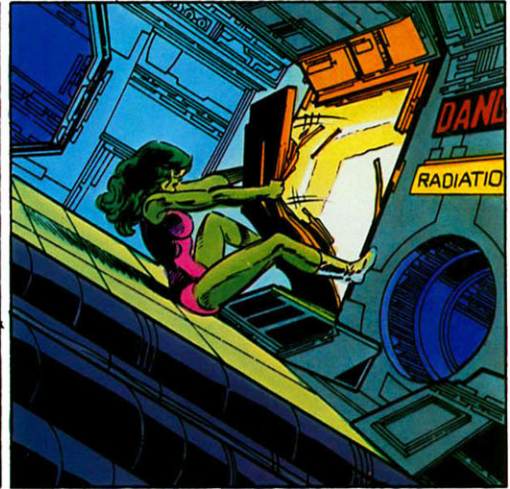
BUT, LOOK  
AT IT THIS  
WAY,  
SHE-HULK...

IF YOU DO IT,  
YOU **MAY NOT**  
BE HURT...

AND IF I **DON'T**  
WE'RE ALL **DEAD**  
FOR SURE.

THAT'S SOME  
KINDA CHOICE  
YOU'VE WHIPPED  
UP FOR ME  
THERE, GAFFER.

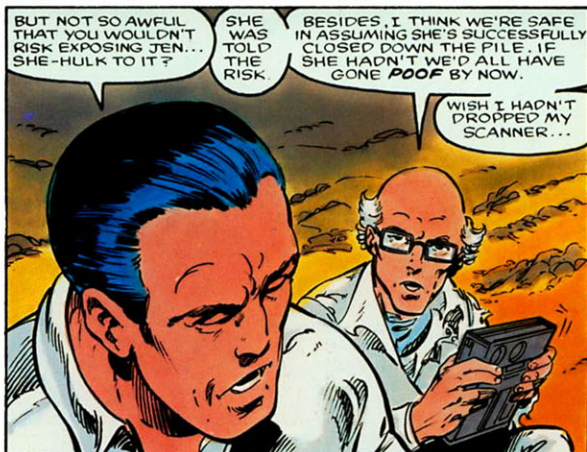














# **EPILOG ONE: NEW YORK, THREE DAYS LATER...**

ALL RIGHT, JENNIFER, YOU'RE "CLEAN"; NO SIGN OF ROACH CONTAMINATION ANYWHERE IN YOUR SYSTEM.

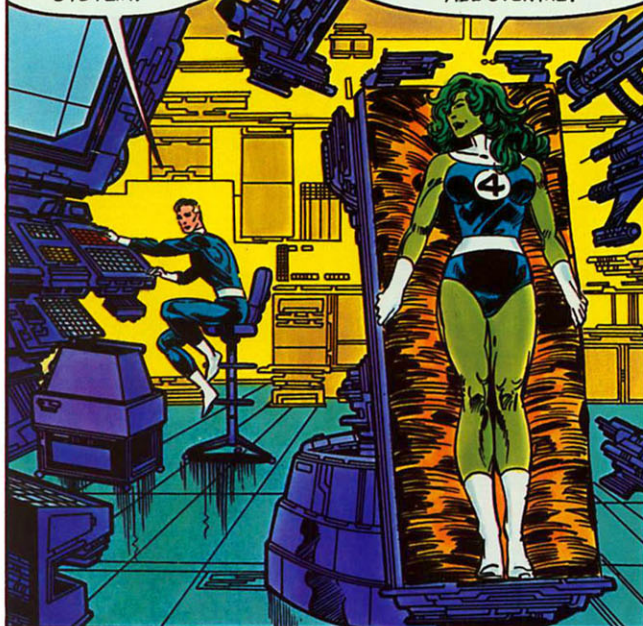
THAT'S A RELIEF.

I THINK I'VE TAKEN FIFTY SHOWERS IN THE LAST SEVENTY-ODD HOURS, AND I STILL FEEL LIKE THOSE LITTLE BUGGERS ARE CRAWLING ALL OVER ME.

NOT SURPRISING. A TRULY REMARKABLE CASE I'D SAY. COCKROACH INTELLIGENCE, HUMAN CORPSES AS HOSTS...

YOU'RE CERTAIN YOU CAN SHED NO FURTHER LIGHT ON HOW SUCH A CREATURE CAME INTO EXISTENCE?

JUST WHAT THE THING SAID ABOUT HAVING BEEN AROUND A LONG TIME - AND HOW IT CLEARLY THRIVED ON RADIOACTIVITY.



MM. THAT'S UNDOUBTEDLY THE KEY. SOME KIND OF **MUTATION**, PROBABLY CAUSED BY EXPOSURE TO HARD RADIATION. AN OLD ATOMIC TEST, PERHAPS.

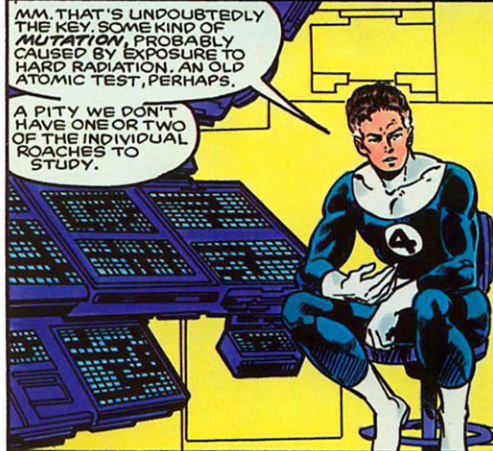
A PITY WE DON'T HAVE ONE OR TWO OF THE INDIVIDUAL ROACHES TO STUDY.

SORRY ONCE I GOT STARTED THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP FROM WOOFING MY COOKIES WAS TO CONCENTRATE ON GOOCHING ALL OF THEM.

BUT...

THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE, ISN'T THERE, REED?

I GET THE FEELING THAT YOU'RE TALKING AROUND SOME BAD NEWS.



...YES.

YES, I'M AFRAID I AM, JENNIFER. YOU SEE, THE EXPOSURE TO SHIELD'S ATOMIC PILE **DID** AFFECT YOU.

IT'S PUT A GENETIC LOCK ON THE RADIATION ALREADY IN YOUR CELLS.

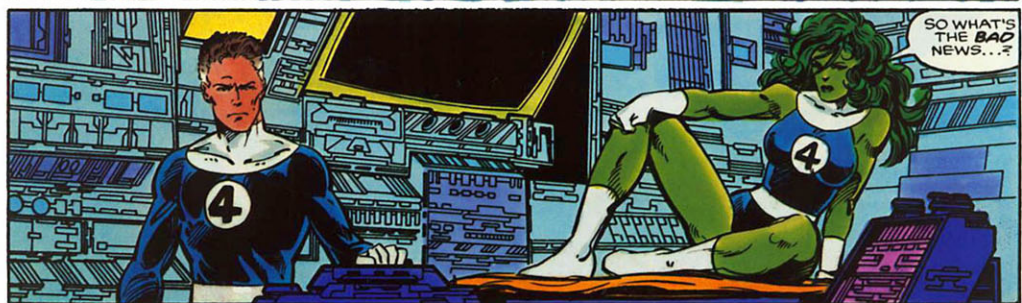
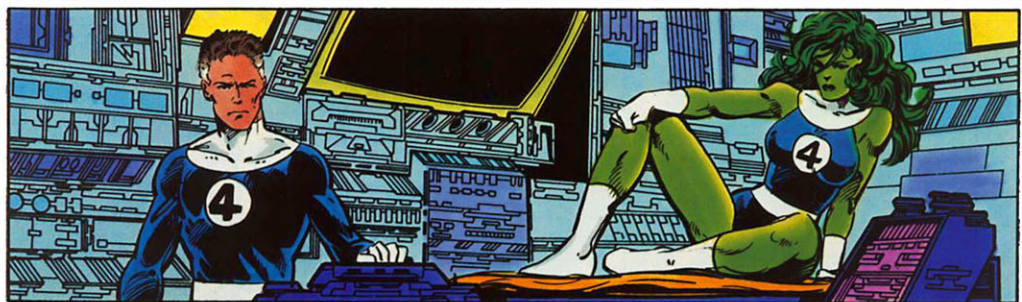
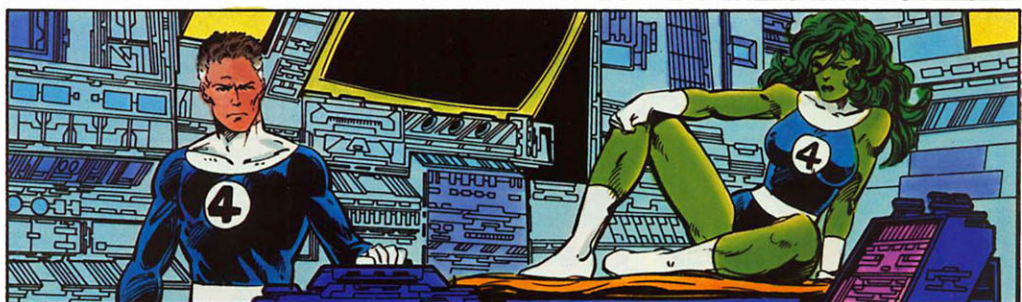
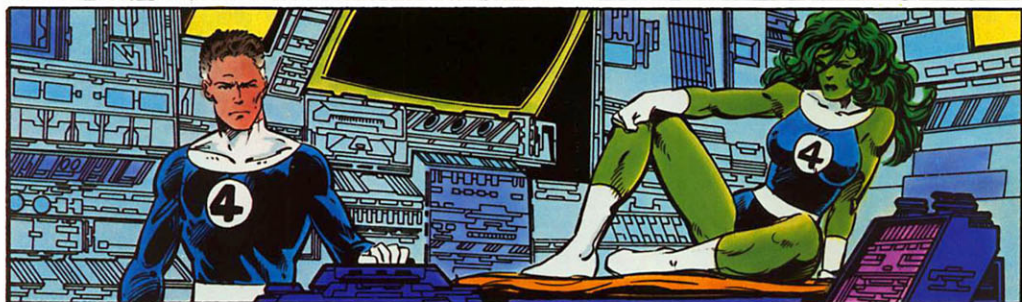
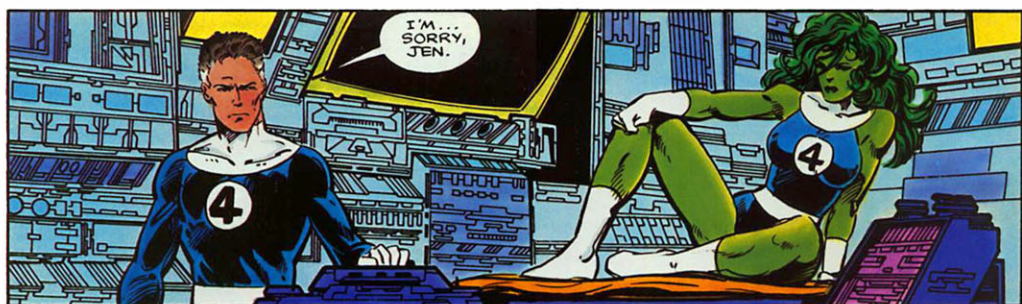
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DIE OR BECOME ILL OR ANYTHING OF THAT NATURE-- NO MORE THAN THE REST OF US... BUT--

BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'RE SHE-HULK PERMANENTLY NOW.

YOU CAN NEVER BECOME JENNIFER WALTERS AGAIN.





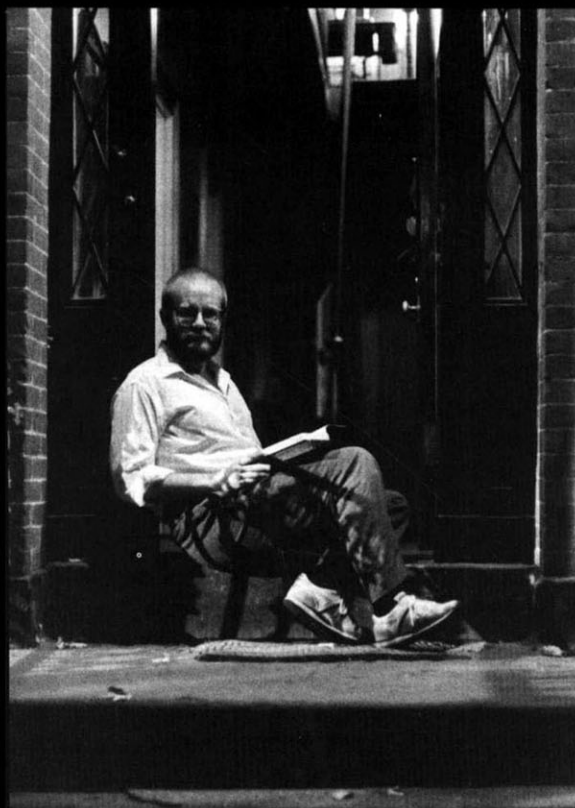




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## THE END





JOHN BYRNE



KIM DeMULDER



PETRA SCOTESE

a Bchry Sean