

WORLD WAR HULK™ FRONT LINE



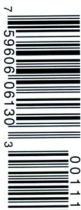
WEDNESDAY JUNE 27TH 200

DAILY BUGLE™

JENKINS
BACHS

MARVEL®
LIMITED SERIES
1 of 6

DIRECT EDITION



\$2.99 US \$3.75 CAN

RATED T+

00111

...akes MANHAT

THE WORLD WAR HULK FRONT LINE



BEN URICH
JOURNALIST

During the course of their coverage of the recent superhuman Civil War, *Daily Bugle* reporter **Ben Urich** and *Alternative* reporter **Sally Floyd** -- who is now dating Costume Division detective **Danny Granville** -- each quit their respective newspapers. Bonded by their shared experience, both journalists agreed to form their own start-up newspaper, *Front Line*, through which they seek to expose the truth without corporate interference.

HULK IS BACK!



SALLY FLOYD
JOURNALIST



THE INCREDIBLE HULK

Fearing the threat he posed to humanity, Earth's most powerful heroes shot the gamma-spawned monster known as the **Hulk** into space. Landing on a faraway planet, **Hulk** battled his way to the position of emperor and fell in love. But the shuttle that sent **Hulk** from Earth exploded, killing millions of people, including **Hulk's** queen and the baby growing inside her. Filled with rage, **Hulk** and his Warbound allies have set course for Earth, to bring revenge upon those he holds responsible for destroying his world.

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WHERE DID ALL THE
PIGEONS
GO?



HEY, SALLY...
WANNA GRAB A
LATE LUNCH?

IS IT
FREE?

NO SUCH
THING AS A FREE LUNCH.
BUT IT'S TAX-
DEDUCTIBLE.

BIG
WHOOOP.

WHAT
HAPPENED TO
YOUR
HAND?



DANNY'S CAT.
FREAKIN' LITTLE
PSYCHOPATH.

DOESN'T
SEEM FAIR. YOU
BEING SUCH A
CAT LOVER, AN'
EVERYTHING--

HEY, I WAS
FEEDING THE MOTH-
EATEN MONSTER!
WHAT MORE DOES
IT WANT?

NOT A
FREE LUNCH,
APPARENTLY.

YEAH, WELL...
I OUGHT TO GET
DANGER MONEY FOR
LIVING WITH THAT
FLEA FACTORY. IF THE
SEX WASN'T SO
GOOD--

WITH
WHO?

FUNNY,
YOU'RE
FUNNY.

I'M TELLING
YOU, THAT
CAT'S LOSING
ITS MIND. BEEN
ACTING WEIRD
ALL WEEK.



HEY, BEN...
WHEN WAS THE
LAST TIME YOU
SAW ANY PIGEONS
NEAR OUR
BUILDING?

SALLY FLOYD
SENIOR COLUMNIST
THE ALTERNATIVE
FRONT LINE



"PUBLISHER."
THAT HAS A NICE
RING TO IT.

"BEN URICH:
PUBLISHER."



AND TO BE PUBLISHER OF
AN OPERATION LIKE THIS,
WELL... I NEVER THOUGHT
IN A MILLION YEARS.

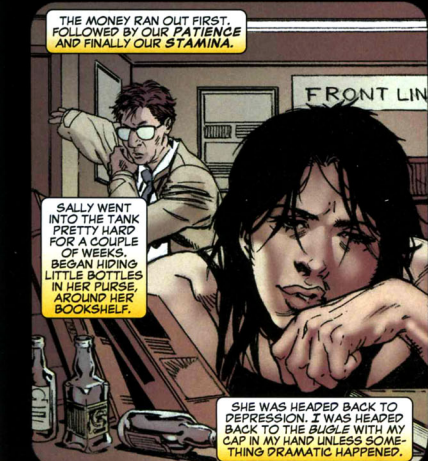
I DUNNO,
JOO... COAST
GUARD SAYS IT'S
SOME KIND OF
SEISMIC ACTIVITY
ON THE
MOON...

NAH, IT'S
JUST ALL THAT
RAIN WE'VE BEEN
GETTING.



OUR FIRST FEW
WEEKS WITH FRONT
LINE WERE TOUGH.
EIGHTEEN-HOUR DAYS
FOLLOWED BY A
LOT OF FOUR-HOUR
NIGHTS.

FRONTLINE.COM CAUGHT
ON FIRE... BUT ONLY AS
ONE OF EIGHTY THOUSAND
ONLINE NEWS OUTLETS.
CRITICAL ACCLAIM DOESN'T
PAY THE BILLS.



THE MONEY RAN OUT FIRST.
FOLLOWED BY OUR PATIENCE
AND FINALLY OUR STAMINA.

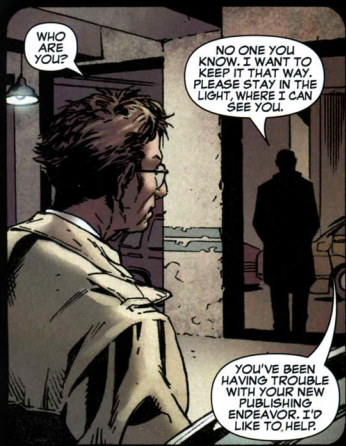
SALLY WENT
INTO THE TANK
PRETTY HARD
FOR A COUPLE
OF WEEKS.
BEGAN HIDING
LITTLE BOTTLES
IN HER PURSE,
AROUND HER
BOOKSHELF.

SHE WAS HEADED BACK TO
DEPRESSION. I WAS HEADED
BACK TO THE BUGLE WITH MY
CAP IN MY HAND UNLESS SOME-
THING DRAMATIC HAPPENED.



BEN
URICH.

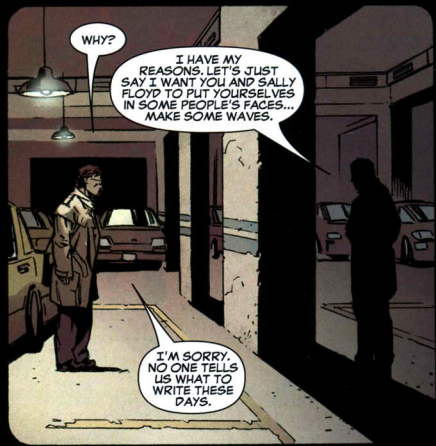
SOMETHING
DRAMATIC
HAPPENED.



WHO ARE YOU?

NO ONE YOU KNOW. I WANT TO KEEP IT THAT WAY. PLEASE STAY IN THE LIGHT, WHERE I CAN SEE YOU.

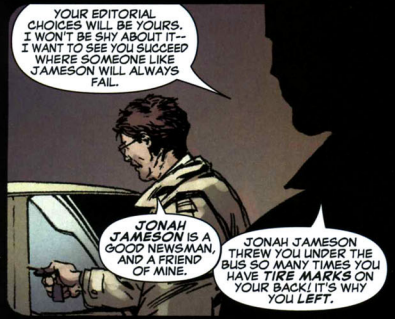
YOU'VE BEEN HAVING TROUBLE WITH YOUR NEW PUBLISHING ENDEAVOR. I'D LIKE TO HELP.



WHY?

I HAVE MY REASONS. LET'S JUST SAY I WANT YOU AND SALLY FLOYD TO PUT YOURSELVES IN SOME PEOPLE'S FACES... MAKE SOME WAVES.

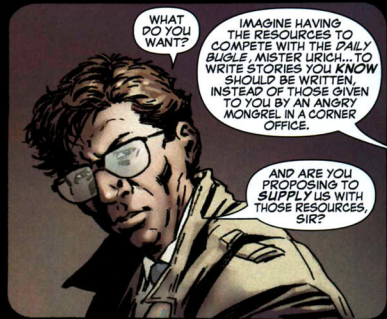
I'M SORRY. NO ONE TELLS US WHAT TO WRITE THESE DAYS.



YOUR EDITORIAL CHOICES WILL BE YOURS. I WON'T BE SHY ABOUT IT-- I WANT TO SEE YOU SUCCEED WHERE SOMEONE LIKE JAMESON WILL ALWAYS FAIL.

JONAH JAMESON IS A GOOD NEWSMAN, AND A FRIEND OF MINE.

JONAH JAMESON THREW YOU UNDER THE BUS SO MANY TIMES YOU HAVE TIRE MARKS ON YOUR BACK! IT'S WHY YOU LEFT.



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

IMAGINE HAVING THE RESOURCES TO COMPETE WITH THE DAILY BUGLE, MISTER URICH... TO WRITE STORIES YOU KNOW SHOULD BE WRITTEN, INSTEAD OF THOSE GIVEN TO YOU BY AN ANGRY MONGREL IN A CORNER OFFICE.

AND ARE YOU PROPOSING TO SUPPLY US WITH THOSE RESOURCES, SIR?



JUST YESTERDAY, AN INVESTOR WHO WISHES TO REMAIN NAMELESS PURCHASED THE OFFICES AND OPERATIONS OF THE ALTERNATIVE-- A RATHER SAD LEFT-WING RAG, FORMERLY THE EMPLOYER OF ONE SALLY FLOYD.



TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND PER YEAR FOR EACH OF YOU. THESE ARE THE KEYS TO THE FRONT DOOR. MISS FLOYD IS FAMILIAR WITH THE ALARM SYSTEM.

WHY US?



"TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND PER, MISTER URICH."

"NOW GO AND MAKE SOME WAVES."

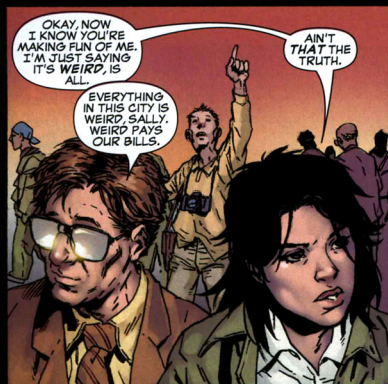


--SEE WHAT I MEAN? ALL THE PIGEONS WENT AWAY.

THE PIGEONS.

HMM? WHAT?

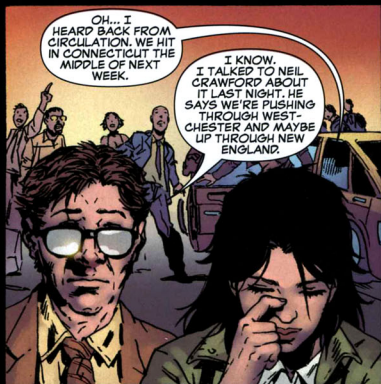
I DON'T SEE ANY PIGEONS.



OKAY, NOW I KNOW YOU'RE MAKING FUN OF ME. I'M JUST SAYING IT'S WEIRD, IS ALL.

EVERYTHING IN THIS CITY IS WEIRD, SALLY. WEIRD PAYS OUR BILLS.

AIN'T THAT THE TRUTH.



OH... I HEARD BACK FROM CIRCULATION. WE HIT IN CONNECTICUT THE MIDDLE OF NEXT WEEK.

I KNOW. I TALKED TO NEIL CRAWFORD ABOUT IT LAST NIGHT. HE SAYS WE'RE PUSHING THROUGH WEST-CHESTER AND MAYBE UP THROUGH NEW ENGLAND.



WE'RE DOING GOOD STUFF, BEN. REAL GOOD STUFF.

WE JUST NEED A BREAK. IS ALL. JUST ONE BIG STORY.

OH, HEY BOY...



WHAT'S UP, HUH, BUDDY? WHATCHA DOIN', HUH?



EVERYTHING MOVED REAL FAST AFTER THAT.

IT WAS THE HULK IN THAT SHIP, AND HE ISSUED AN ULTIMATUM: APPARENTLY, FOUR OF OUR BEST AND BRIGHTEST—MR. FANTASTIC, DR. STRANGE, BLACK BOLT, AND IRON MAN—SHOT HIM INTO SPACE WITHOUT HIS PERMISSION AND THEN BLEW UP HIS LANDING SPOT.

WE HAD TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO HAND THEM OVER, OR WE HAD TWENTY-FIVE HOURS TO LIVE.

FIVE HOURS AFTER THE SHIP FIRST APPEARED, MOST OF NEW YORK CITY'S INHABITANTS WERE GETTING OUT OF DODGE.

EVACUATION PROCEDURES IMPLEMENTED
TAKE ONLY
TRIAL RUNS

THIS WAS A MASSIVE UNDERTAKING, WE'D ALL SEEN THE REPORTS ON TV. PEOPLE KNEW BETTER THAN TO ARGUE WITH A FORCE OF NATURE.



SALLY AND GEOFF CRESWELL WENT TO MOTT HAVEN IN THE SOUTH BRONX TO CHECK ON EVACUATION PROCEEDINGS THERE.

IN SUCH A POOR AREA, THERE WAS NEITHER MONEY NOR A SINGLE CITY OFFICIAL IN EVIDENCE TO HELP WITH THE EXODUS. THAT WAS THE REALITY OF THIS SITUATION.

OKAY... GEORGE HJUMBERT CAN TAKE THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.
COPY, CHIEF.

AS FOR ME: I GOT READY TO ENJOY MYSELF.

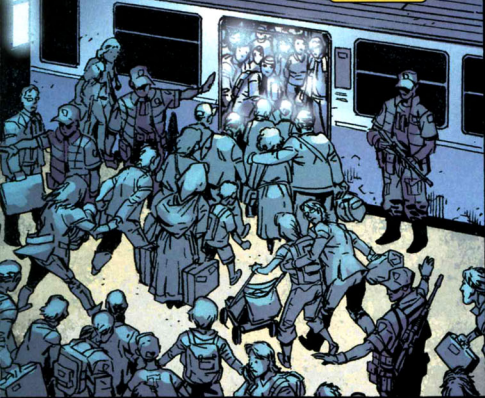
WELL... AT LEAST NOW I KNOW WHERE ALL THE FREAKIN' PIGEONS WENT.



SO IT BEGAN: THE SINGLE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLICATED MASS EXODUS OF HUMAN BEINGS EVER ATTEMPTED.

EIGHT MILLION PEOPLE: AT LEAST, THOSE WHO WOULD LEAVE.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.



THEY BROUGHT DOWN A PORTION OF THEIR SHIP! THE ALIENS!

IT BROKE AWAY FROM THE MAIN CRAFT AND LANDED IN CENTRAL PARK!



OKAY, EVERYONE... LISTEN UP.

THINGS COULD GET VERY BAD AROUND HERE IF THESE ALIENS COME INTO THE STREETS. NOT TO MENTION THE HULK.

NATIONAL THREAT ASSESSMENT CENTER PROJECTS HE COULD TEAR THIS CITY APART IN LESS THAN EIGHT HOURS WITH JUST HIS BARE HANDS, ASSUMING HE'S STILL AS STRONG AS HE WAS.

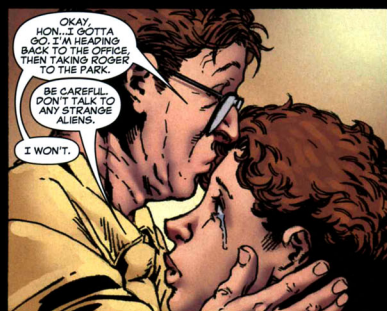
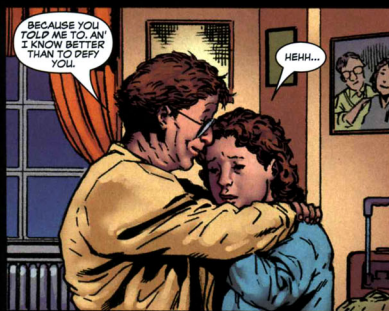


THIS THING IS GOING TO HAPPEN, AND NEITHER YOU NOR I CAN STOP IT. WE CAN ONLY WATCH. THIS IS THE BIG STORY WE WANTED: MAKE OR BREAK. BUT I NEED TO KNOW NOW IF IT'S GOING TO BE "BREAK."

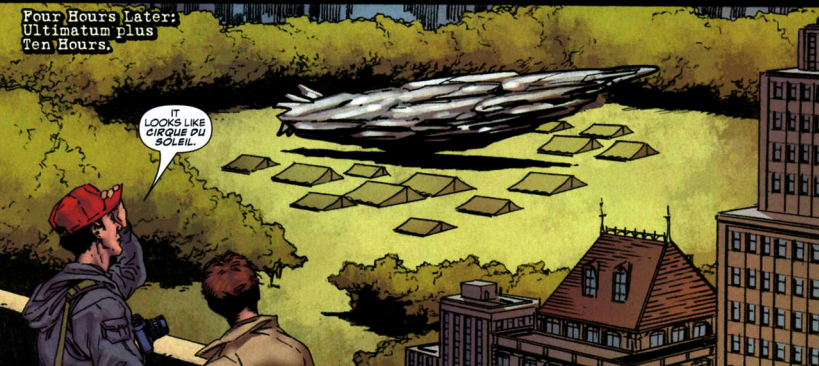
NOW, NO ONE WILL EVER HOLD IT AGAINST YOU IF YOU FEEL YOU HAVE TO LEAVE TO BE WITH YOUR FAMILIES. THIS IN NO WAY REFLECTS ON YOUR POSITION HERE.

SHOW OF HANDS: WHO'S GOING TO STAY?





Four Hours Later:
Ultimatum plus
Ten Hours.





THEY CAME DOWN IN A PLACE THEY KNEW WOULD BE UNINHABITED. ROGER. THAT HAS TO MEAN SOMETHING.

BAD AIM?

MAYBE GOOD AIM. MAYBE THEY INTENDED TO MAKE SURE NO ONE WAS HARMED.



OH, SURE...THEY WANT TO CUT MY APARTMENT IN TWO BUT THEY DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYONE--

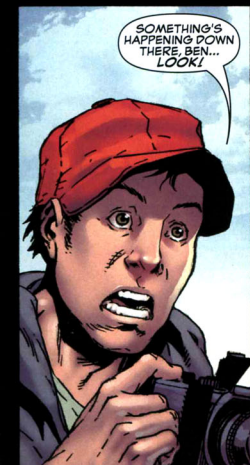
WHERE THE HELL IS THE MILITARY?



WE GOT NEW YORK'S FINEST DOWN THERE, DON'T WE? MAYBE THERE'S SO MUCH GOING ON, OUR PEOPLE ARE TOO STRETCHED, BEN.

PROBABLY, BUT THIS SHIP WOULD SEEM TO BE A FOCAL POINT.

THAT BIG STONE SHIP IN THE SKY IS THE FOCAL POINT!



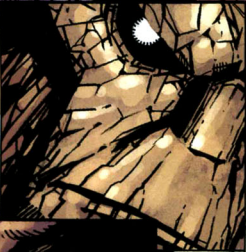
SOMETHING'S HAPPENING DOWN THERE, BEN... LOOK!



HFSSSSSSSSSS

FIRST CONTACT
MADE AT EXACTLY, UH...
SIX-OH-FIVE. SMALL
APERTURE APPEARS IN
THE SIDE OF THE CRAFT...
OPENING ONTO THE
EAST MAIN GATE OF
THE PARK.

I'VE SEEN MY
SHARE OF CRAZY,
BUT WORDS CAN'T
DESCRIBE THE FEELING
OF WATCHING HISTORY
BEING WRITTEN AT THIS
VERY MOMENT.



WELL,
THERE GOES
THE NEIGHBOR-
HOOD.

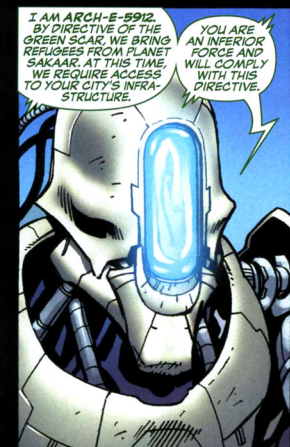






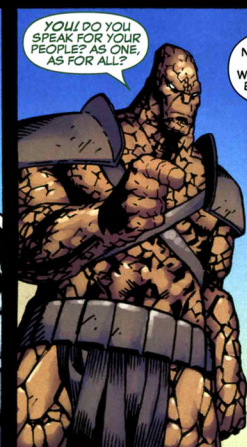
SIR... THIS IS THE SOVEREIGN NATION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. WE ARE A FREE NATION. WE DO NOT RECOGNIZE YOUR OCCUPATION.

PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPONS AND WE CAN DISCUSS THIS.



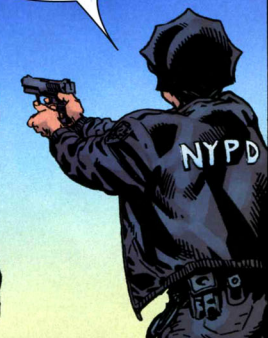
I AM ARCH-E-5912. BY DIRECTIVE OF THE GREEN SCAR, WE BRING REFUGEES FROM PLANET SAKAAR. AT THIS TIME, WE REQUIRE ACCESS TO YOUR CITY'S INFRA-STRUCTURE.

YOU ARE AN INFERIOR FORCE AND WILL COMPLY WITH THIS DIRECTIVE.



YOU! DO YOU SPEAK FOR YOUR PEOPLE? AS ONE, AS FOR ALL?

S-SIR... I WILL NOT ASK YOU AGAIN. PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPONS OR WE WILL BE FORCED TO FIRE UPON YOU.



YOU WILL RECOGNIZE THE FORCES OF THE GREEN SCAR AS YOUR OCCUPIERS. WE DO NOT WISH TO HARM YOU UNNECESSARILY.

NEVERTHELESS, THOSE WHO BETRAYED MY WARBOUND BROTHER HAVE BEEN GIVEN A PERIOD OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO ANSWER HIS SUMMONS, OR YOUR CITY IS FORFEIT.



IF YOU FIRE A SINGLE WEAPON AGAINST US, I WILL ACCELERATE THAT TIMETABLE BY TWENTY-THREE HOURS.

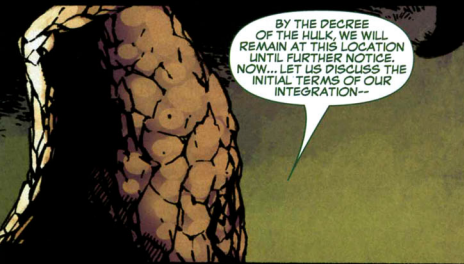


WE REQUIRE ACCESS TO YOUR CITY THOROUGHFARES, AND WILL CALL UPON YOU FOR GUIDANCE WITH LOCAL CUSTOMS. IN ADDITION, I WILL PERFORM AN ANALYSIS ON A SELECTION OF YOUR SO-CALLED "SUPER HEROES"--

OUR PEOPLE ARE REFUGEES UNDER MY PROTECTION. THEY WILL WALK AMONG YOU. SHOULD ANYONE ATTEMPT HARM AGAINST ONE OF MY NUMBER, I WILL CONSIDER IT AN ATTACK AGAINST ME.

...THIS IS AMAZING! THESE PEOPLE HAVE TRAVELED ACROSS THE STARS, YET THEY SEEM AS COMFORTABLE HERE AS A VISITOR FROM SWEDEN.

NOTE TO SELF: PUT IN REQUEST FOR AVENGERS TOWER FOR REFERENCE LIST OF KNOWN EXTRATERRESTRIAL LIFE FORMS--FIND OUT WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT THESE PARTICULAR SPECIES...



BY THE DECREE OF THE HULK, WE WILL REMAIN AT THIS LOCATION UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. NOW... LET US DISCUSS THE INITIAL TERMS OF OUR INTEGRATION--

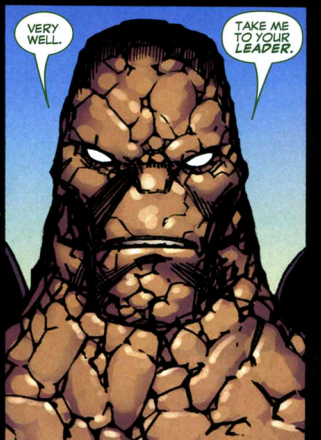


SIR... I'M NOT AUTHORIZED TO DO THAT. I'M JUST A POLICE OFFICER.



UH-OH. HEHL...

DON'T SAY IT. PLEASE DON'T SAY IT.



VERY WELL.

TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER.

Three Hours Later:
Ultimatum plus
Thirteen Hours.



The Money Analyst* TV Studio.



--YOU HAVE TO CONSIDER THE FINANCIAL IMPLICATIONS OF THIS, BARBARA. NEW YORK CITY IS THE WORLD'S TWENTY-FIFTH LARGEST ECONOMY!

ARE YOU SAYING, THEN, LARRY, THAT MASS EVACUATION SHOULD BE HALTED BECAUSE OF POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC CONSIDERATIONS?



Bar

I SERVED A COUPLE OF 'EM LAST NIGHT. THE INSECT ONES GOT A REAL TASTE FOR LEMON-DROP MARTINIS.

GOOD TIPPERS, TOO. DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY GOT THE DOLLARS FROM, THOUGH...

Midtown Manhattan.

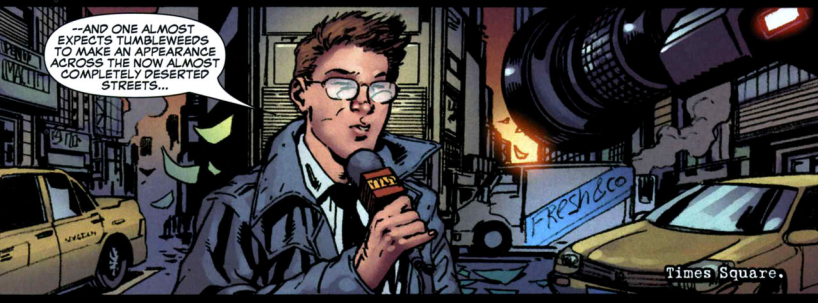
Jackson Heights.



I WANNA SEE THESE ALIEN CRACKERS TRY AND COME DOWN MY STREET. AIN'T NO ONE MESSES WIT' THE AVENUE... I DON'T CARE IF THEY FROM OUTER SPACE!

MAYBE WE'LL SEE IF THEY BLEED GREEN, YO.

--AND ONE ALMOST EXPECTS TUMBLEWEEDS TO MAKE AN APPEARANCE ACROSS THE NOW ALMOST COMPLETELY DESERTED STREETS...



Times Square.

Gracie Mansion.

--WHILE AT PRESENT, THE CITY HAS AGREED TO A FORM OF ENTENTE CORDIALE WITH THE VISITORS. THEY HAVE AGREED TO ABIDE BY NEW YORK CITY LAWS AND ORDINANCES...

...ONE NOTABLE EXCEPTION TO WHICH WOULD BE THE CARRYING OF WEAPONS IN PUBLIC. OUR PEOPLE ARE GETTING TOGETHER WITH THEIRS TO WORK ON CERTAIN COMPROMISES AT THIS TIME...



Meatpacking District.



I AIN'T GOIN'. WHERE'M I GONNA GO?

TELL HULK TO FLATTEN THIS DUMP. HE'D BE DOIN' US ALL A FAVOR.



I LOVE THESE GUYS! THEY'RE JUST LIKE US, MAN!

I GAVE ONE OF 'EM A BEER AND HE LET ME SHOOT OFF HIS RAY GUN!

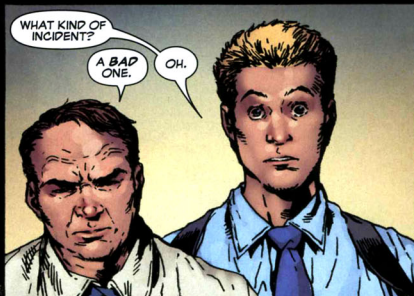
Central Park.



DO NOT ATTEMPT TO ENTER.

REMOVE THAT RECORDING DEVICE FROM THE AREA.

39th Street Precinct:
Ultimatum plus
Seventeen Hours.





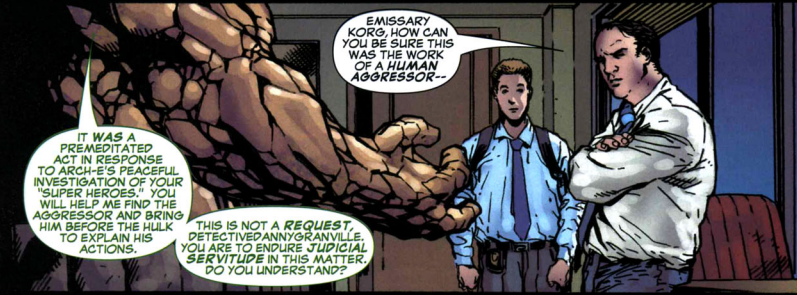
DETECTIVE DANNY GRANVILLE...
THIS IS **EMISSARY KORG** OF THE WAR-BOUND, WHO--

A CRIME HAS BEEN COMMITTED AGAINST US BY ONE OF YOUR KIND, **DETECTIVE-DANNYGRANVILLE**. YOU ARE INSTRUCTED TO HELP ME BRING JUSTICE TO ITS PERPETRATOR.



SIX OF YOUR HOURS AGO, AN ACT OF AGGRESSION WAS COMMITTED AGAINST MECHANOID UNIT **ARCH-E-5912**, WHO ACCOMPANIED ME AT THE INITIATION OF FIRST CONTACT WITH YOUR SPECIES.

THIS UNIT WAS KNOWN PERSONALLY TO THE **GREEN SCAR**, AND IS A HERO OF OUR PEOPLE. THE HULK HAS INSTRUCTED ME TO FIND THE MURDERER AND BRING JUSTICE, OR IMPOSE A PENALTY ON YOU ALL.



EMISSARY KORG, HOW CAN YOU BE SURE THIS WAS THE WORK OF A HUMAN AGGRESSOR--

IT WAS A PREMEDITATED ACT IN RESPONSE TO **ARCH-E'S** PEACEFUL INVESTIGATION OF YOUR "SUPER HEROES." YOU WILL HELP ME FIND THE AGGRESSOR AND BRING HIM BEFORE THE HULK TO EXPLAIN HIS ACTIONS.

THIS IS NOT A REQUEST, **DETECTIVE DANNYGRANVILLE**. YOU ARE TO ENDURE JUDICIAL SERVITUDE IN THIS MATTER. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



I WILL TAKE THAT AS A "YES."



WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT? AND WHAT THE HELL IS "JUDICIAL SERVITUDE"?

GOT NO CHOICE, DANNY. THIS IS A DELICATE SITUATION. THESE PEOPLE ARE BEYOND TOUCHY ABOUT ONE OF US ATTACKING ONE OF THEM. MAYOR'S OFFICE REQUESTED YOU SPECIFICALLY.

AN' EXACTLY WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO, CAP?

LOOK... THIS KORG GUY WANTS YOU TO HELP HIM PROCESS THE CRIME SCENE, GIVE HIM A LITTLE LOCAL KNOWLEDGE.

IT'S IMPORTANT RIGHT NOW THAT WE DON'T START ANYTHING WITH THESE PEOPLE. WE DON'T KNOW WHERE WE STAND UNTIL WE GET WORD FROM S.H.I.E.L.D.

YOU'RE JOKING, RIGHT? I MEAN, WE HAVE PEOPLE IN COSTUMES FOR THIS KIND OF THING! YOU WANT ME TO WORK A HOMICIDE WITH ROCKY FIVE...?

NO JOKE, DANNY. ANYONE WITH THE MEANS AND INTENT TO GO AFTER ONE OF THESE GUYS PROBABLY FALLS UNDER COSTUME DIVISION SPECS.

WE HAVE ZERO CHOICE ON THIS. I'LL GET YOUR PAPERWORK IN... YOU START IMMEDIATELY.

GOD... WHERE IS IRON MAN WHEN YOU NEED HIM?

Ultimatum plus
Twenty-Three Hours.

TCH...
WHERE IS
HE...?

HEY, DANNY, IT'S
ME. I COULDN'T GET
BACK TO FEED THE CAT.
SORRY. THINGS HAVE
BEEN CRAZY
HERE.

KENNY
I NEED
YOU.

WE'RE
AN HOUR AWAY
FROM P-DAY. NO ONE
KNOWS IF WE GIVEN
HULK WHAT HE WANTS.
THIS THING COULD
GO INSANE HERE IN
THE NEXT THIRTY
MINUTES.

I HOPE YOU'RE
SAFE, BABE. I'LL
SEE YOU WHEN
I GET HOME.

IF WE STILL
HAVE A HOME...
-KLIK-...

WHAT'S UP,
SAL? WHERE
WE GOING?

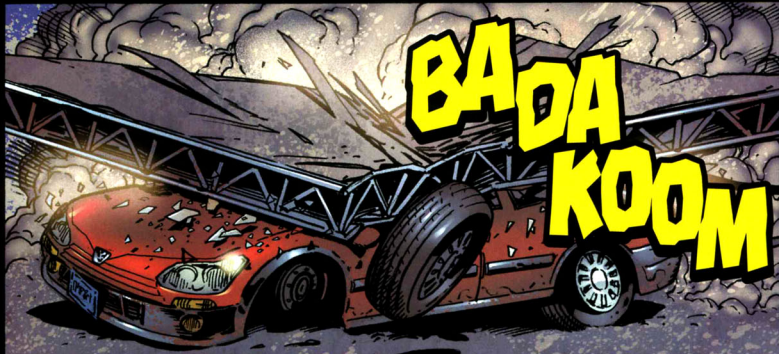
TO WIN A
PULITZER, KENNY.
OUR TIME'S UP WITH THE
HULK. MIGHT BE SOME
FIREWORKS.

OH...
COOL.

POOR LITTLE
GUY. I WONDER
WHAT--?

JEEZ!

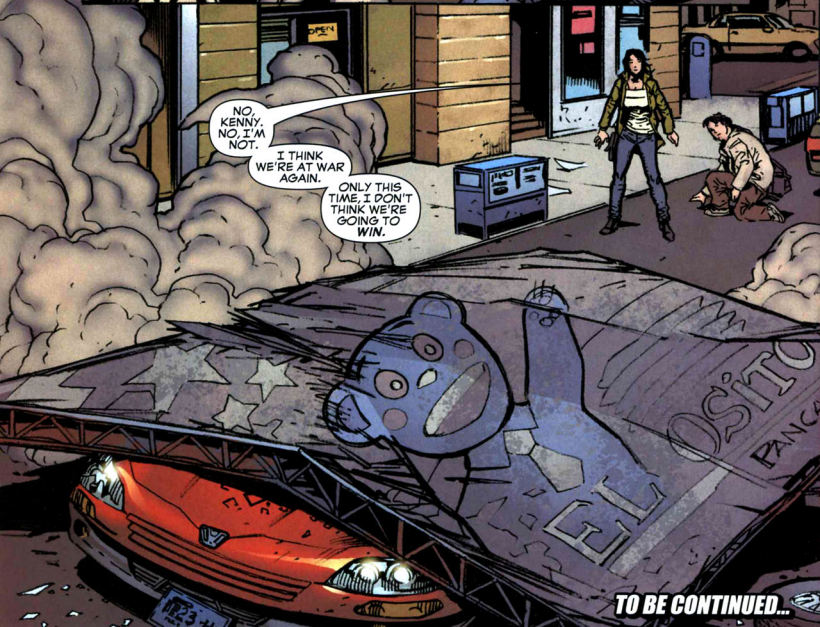




**BADA
KOOM**



AH-HEHH...
#KAFF... YOU
OKAY,
SAL?



NO,
KENNY.
NO, I'M
NOT.

I THINK
WE'RE AT WAR
AGAIN.

ONLY THIS
TIME, I DON'T
THINK WE'RE
GOING TO
WIN.

TO BE CONTINUED...