

AVENGERS

15¢ 87 APR



MARVEL  
COMICS  
GROUP

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

# THE AVENGERS



LOOK  
HOMEWARD,  
AVENGER!

Telegram-Marvel comics  
(Avengers)



# THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!

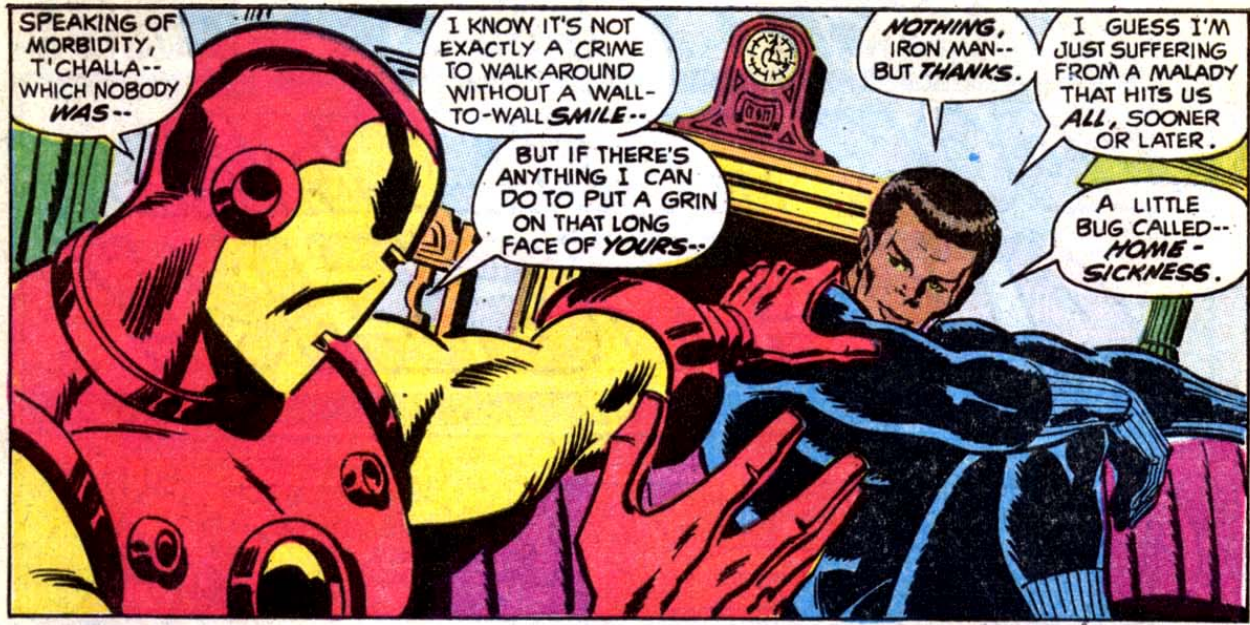
## LOOK HOMEWARD, AVENGER!



STAN LEE EDITOR  
ROY THOMAS WRITER  
FRANK GIACIOIA and SAL BUSCEMA ARTISTS  
MIKE STEVENS LETTERER

THE AVENGERS is published by MAGAZINE MANAGEMENT CO., INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 625 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly except January, semi-monthly. Copyright (C) 1971 by Magazine Management Co., Inc., Marvel Comics Group, all rights reserved 625 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Vol. 1, No. 87, April, 1971 issue. Price 15¢ per copy. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A. by World Color Press, Inc., Sparta, Illinois 62286. Subscription rate \$2.35 for 13 issues including 25¢ King Size Special. Canada \$2.75. Foreign subscriptions \$4.00.





SPEAKING OF MORBIDITY, T'CHALLA-- WHICH NOBODY WAS--

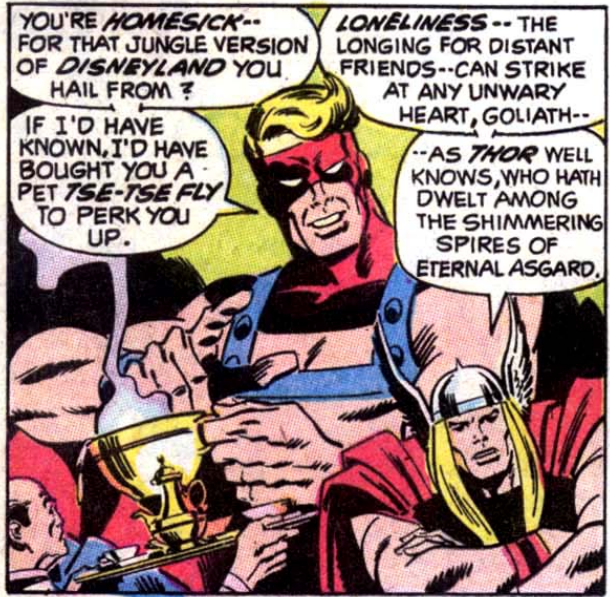
I KNOW IT'S NOT EXACTLY A CRIME TO WALK AROUND WITHOUT A WALL-TO-WALL **SMILE**--

**NOTHING, IRON MAN-- BUT THANKS.**

I GUESS I'M JUST SUFFERING FROM A MALADY THAT HITS US **ALL**, SOONER OR LATER.

BUT IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO TO PUT A GRIN ON THAT LONG FACE OF **YOURS**--

A LITTLE BUG CALLED-- **HOME-SICKNESS.**



YOU'RE **HOMESICK**-- FOR THAT JUNGLE VERSION OF **DISNEYLAND** YOU HAIL FROM?

**LONELINESS**-- THE LONGING FOR DISTANT FRIENDS--CAN STRIKE AT ANY UNWARY HEART, GOLIATH--

IF I'D HAVE KNOWN, I'D HAVE BOUGHT YOU A PET **TSE-TSE FLY** TO PERK YOU UP.

--AS **THOR** WELL KNOWS, WHO HATH DWELT AMONG THE SHIMMERING SPIRES OF ETERNAL ASGARD.



BUT PERHAPS-- THERE ARE **WORSE THINGS** THAN **LONELINESS, AVENGER.**

I, UH, DON'T MEAN TO CHANGE THE **SUBJECT**-- BUT PIETRO AND I HAVE NEVER BEEN TO YOUR AFRICAN KINGDOM, T'CHALLA.

WHAT OF ONE WHO HAS NEVER HAD A HOME TO **MISS**-- OR TRUE EMOTIONS TO **FEEL**?

YES-- COULD YOU TELL US A LITTLE ABOUT IT?



HMMM-- I SUSPECT THAT THE VISION AND I ARE THE RECIPIENTS OF A MILD DOSE OF **MUTANT PSYCHOLOGY**, BUT--

THANK YOU, JARVIS.

--BUT PERHAPS I **DO** NEED TO TALK A BIT ABOUT HOME--



--ABOUT DAYS LONG **FORGOTTEN**-- ABOUT NIGHTS LOST IN TIME'S **SHADOW**--

---AND ABOUT THE **ORIGIN** OF ONE WHOM THE OUTSIDE WORLD HAS CALLED-- THE **PANTHER!**



"SOME OF MY STORY IS KNOWN TO THE FANTASTIC FOUR, WHO WERE THE FIRST OUTSIDERS TO VISIT MY HOMELAND. I TOLD THEM OF OUR HIDDEN JUNGLE-- ONE OF THE LAST UNEXPLORED POCKETS ON THE ONCE-DARK CONTINENT-- AND OF MY FATHER T'CHAKA, CHIEF OF ALL THE WAKANDAS--"



ONE DAY,  
MY FATHER,  
I TOO SHALL  
BE CHIEFTAIN.

AND I SHALL  
BE WORTHY OF  
ALL YOU HAVE  
TAUGHT ME.

BUT NOW, IT  
IS *BEDTIME* FOR  
THE LITTLEST  
CHIEFTAIN  
OF ALL.

"HE WAS A GREAT MAN, MY FATHER--WISE  
IN COUNCIL, JUST IN JUDGMENT, AND  
BRAVE IN BATTLE.



"WHEREVER THERE WAS DANGER,  
THERE TOO WAS T'CHAKA--  
ALWAYS IN THE FOREFRONT.

BUT THE MOST FORMIDABLE OF ALL HIS RESPONSIBILITIES AS CHIEFTAIN WAS THE STEWARDSHIP OF OUR TRIBE'S MOST PRIZED POSSESSION--



ALL  
HAIL  
T'CHAKA--

GUARDIAN  
OF THE  
ETERNAL  
PEAK!



"THE ETERNAL PEAK! THAT SACRED MOUND WHICH HAS BORDERED THE LAND OF THE WAKANDAS SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME!"

COME, MY SON. THIS DAY YOU MUST LEARN OUR TRIBE'S DEEPEST SECRET.



YONDER FLAME HAS BEEN BURNING SINCE THE DAY YOU WERE BORN.

IT IS MADE OF METAL TAKEN FROM THE SACRED MOUND-- THE METAL CALLED VIBRANIUM.



SEE HOW COOL IT IS TO THE TOUCH--HOW IT ABSORBS HEAT, SOUND-- ALL VIBRATIONS.

OUR STORE OF THIS METAL IS PRECIOUS BEYOND BELIEF TO THE WORLD OUTSIDE--

--AND, AS CHIEFTAIN, I MUST GUARD IT WITH MY LIFE.



"THE DEADLY IRONY OF MY FATHER'S WORDS STILL RINGS IN MY EARS. FOR, IT WAS NOT LONG AFTERWARD THAT THE MAN NAMED KLAU CAME TO OUR LAND."

KLAU--THE MASTER OF SOUND--THE EVIL ONE WHO POSSESSED A WEAPON THE LIKE OF WHICH NO MAN HAD EVER BEFORE SEEN-- A WEAPON THAT COULD CONVERT SOUND INTO MASS.



VIBRANIUM-- THE ONE ELEMENT I NEED TO POWER MY SOUND TRANSFORMER--

--SO THAT I MAY CHANGE THE BASIC ENERGY OF SOUND INTO ANY LIVING FORM I DESIRE!

"BUT, MY FATHER SAW THE EVIL IN THIS MAN'S HEART--AND STOOD UP BEFORE HIM--

BEGONE! THIS LAND IS OURS--SO SPEAKS T'CHAKA.

THEN-- T'CHAKA SHALL SPEAK NO MORE!



"I STILL REMEMBER THAT DEAFENING BURST OF GUNFIRE--THE FIRST I EVER HEARD--

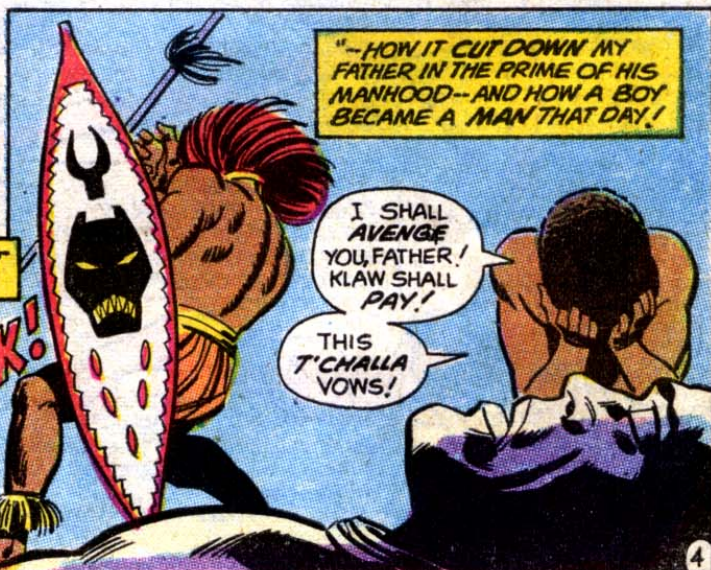
KRAK! KRAK! KRAK!



"--HOW IT CUT DOWN MY FATHER IN THE PRIME OF HIS MANHOOD--AND HOW A BOY BECAME A MAN THAT DAY!"

I SHALL AVENGE YOU, FATHER! KLAU SHALL PAY!

THIS T'CHALLA VOWS!





"AFTER THIS TIME, MY CLOSEST--MY ONLY REAL COMPANIONS--  
WERE MY CHILDHOOD FRIEND B'TUMBA--"

COME, T'CHALLA,  
YOU CANNOT STAND  
FOREVER OUTSIDE  
OUR CHIEFTAIN'S  
TOMB.

LET US PLAY,  
WE MUST BE  
MEN SOON  
ENOUGH.

YOU MAY PLAY,  
B'TUMBA, I MUST  
BE A MAN-- NOW!

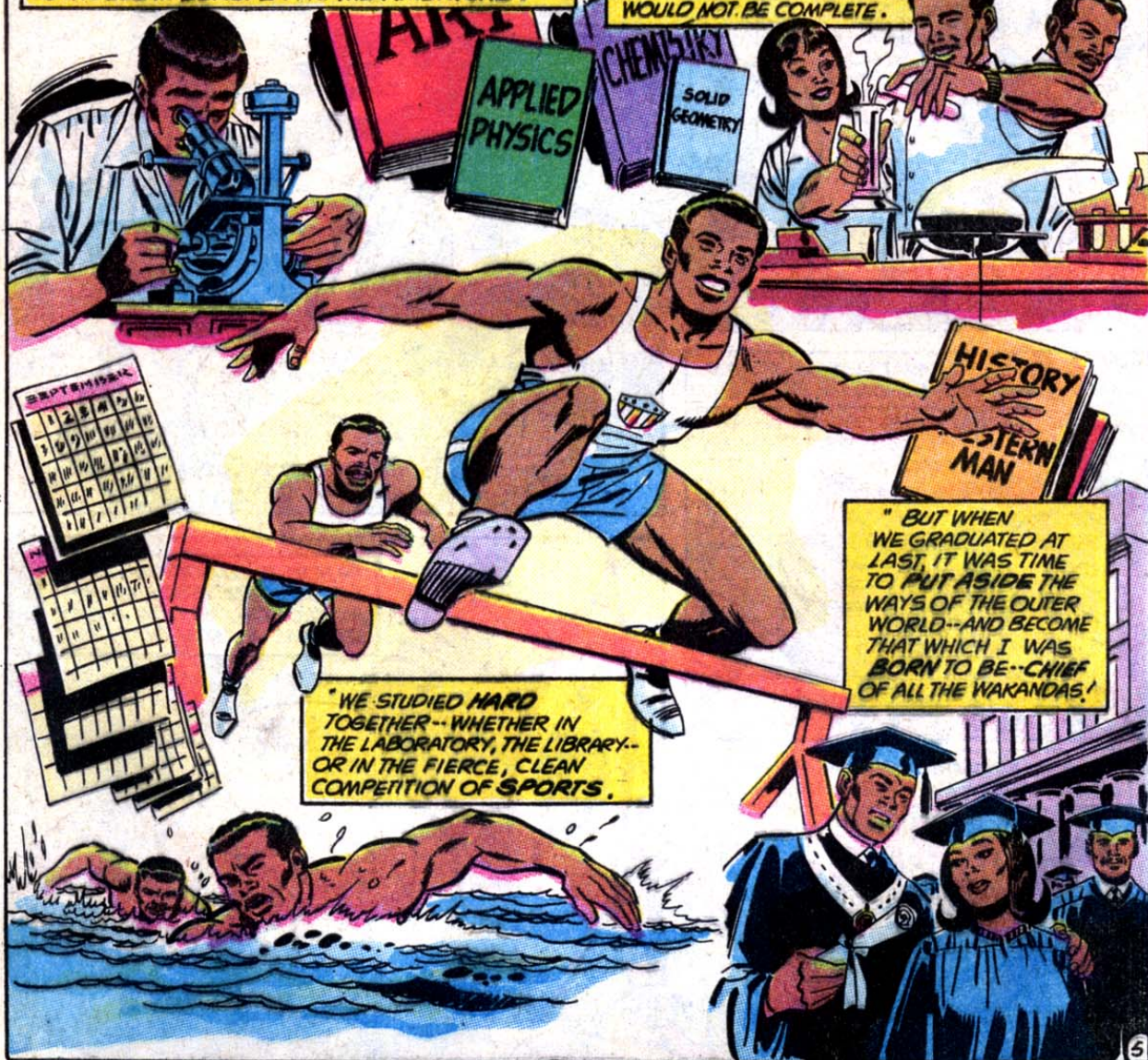
"...AND HIS FATHER N'BAZA. YOU MIGHT  
CALL HIM A WITCH DOCTOR-- BUT HE  
WAS MY FATHER'S MOST TRUSTED COUNCIL--  
SO--YOU WOULD BE A MAN, WOULD YOU ?

THEN YOU  
MUST GO TO  
SCHOOL  
IN THE  
OUTSIDE  
WORLD--

---THAT  
YOU MAY  
BE A  
GOOD  
ONE.

"THUS, WITH N'BAZA AS REGENT, I LEFT THE LAND  
OF THE WAKANDAS--TO STUDY IN THE BEST  
SCHOOLS IN EUROPE AND THE AMERICAS .

"B'TUMBA WAS SENT WITH  
ME--SO THAT MY LONELINESS  
WOULD NOT BE COMPLETE .



"WE STUDIED HARD  
TOGETHER--WHETHER IN  
THE LABORATORY, THE LIBRARY--  
OR IN THE FIERCE, CLEAN  
COMPETITION OF SPORTS .

" BUT WHEN  
WE GRADUATED AT  
LAST, IT WAS TIME  
TO PUT ASIDE THE  
WAYS OF THE OUTER  
WORLD--AND BECOME  
THAT WHICH I WAS  
BORN TO BE--CHIEF  
OF ALL THE WAKANDAS!



"YET ALWAYS  
OVER THE YEARS,  
A NAGGING  
SUSPICION  
DOGGED MY  
TRACKS--HAUNTED  
MY MOMENTS  
OF REVERIE--

"--THE SUSPICION THAT N'BAZA HAD SIMPLY WISHED  
TO BE RID OF ME FOR YEARS--WHILE CONSOLIDATING  
HIS OWN POSITION OF POWER--

"AND INDEED, ON THE DAY OF MY HOMECOMING--

ALL  
HAIL  
T'CHALLA--

-- SON OF T'CHAKA, AND GUARDIAN  
OF THE SACRED MOUND.!

HAIL!  
HAIL!

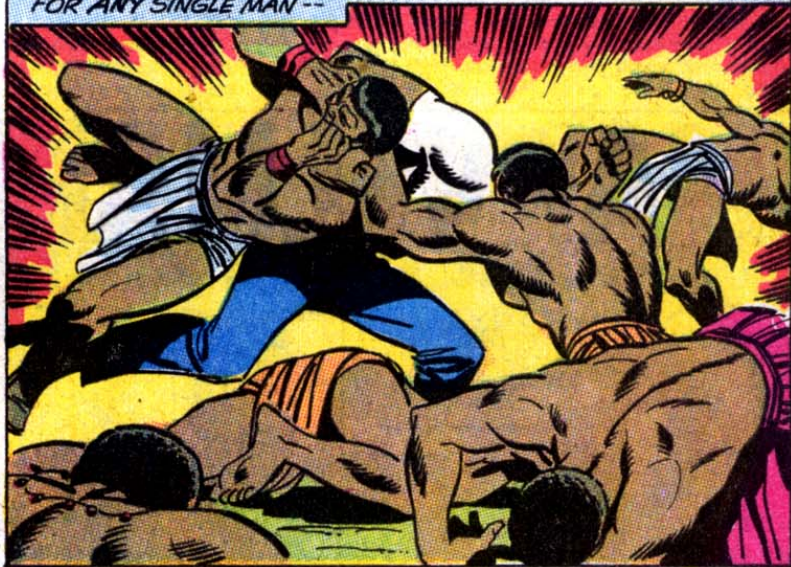
YOU HAVE STUDIED LONG AND WELL,  
T'CHALLA--AND IT WOULD SEEM THE  
MANTLE OF LEADERSHIP IS TO BE  
YOURS THIS DAY.

BUT, YOU MUST  
PASS TWO FINAL  
TESTS PROVIDED  
FOR BY YOUR  
FATHER--

FIRST, YOU MUST  
DEFEAT HALF A  
DOZEN OF OUR  
FINEST WARRIORS--  
IN HAND-TO-  
HAND COMBAT.!

I KNEW  
NOTHING OF  
THIS TEST-- BUT  
I STAND READY.

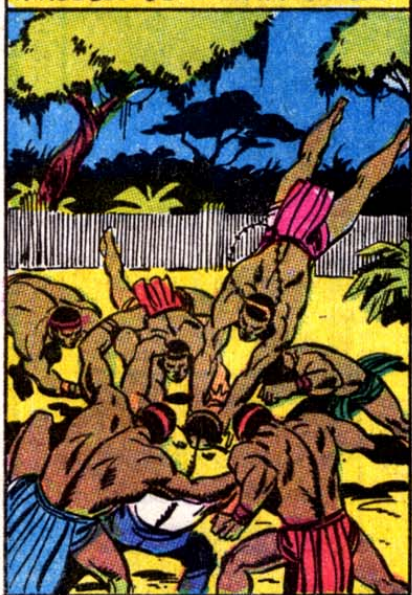
"N'BAZA HAD NOT MADE MATTERS SIMPLE FOR ME. THE  
WARRIORS CHOSEN TO BATTLE ME WERE MORE THAN A MATCH  
FOR ANY SINGLE MAN --



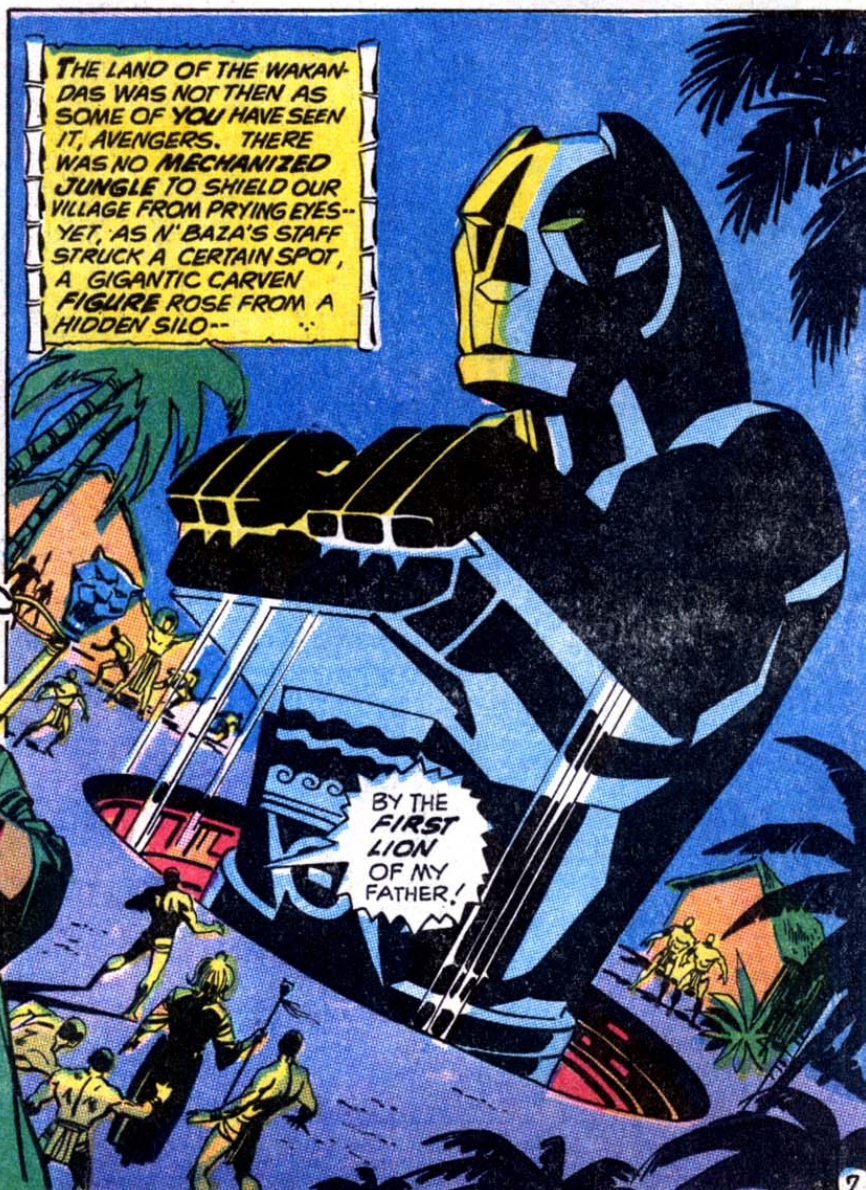
"BUT, THE BLOOD OF T'CHAKA--  
AND THE DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE--  
THROBBED BENEATH MY TEMPLES--

"AND SO --

"I TRIUMPHED!

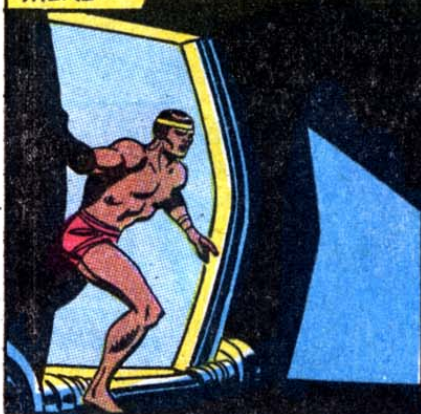








"MY FATHER HAD HAD THE GREAT  
STATUE BUILT, N'BAZA SAID,  
AND SO I ENTERED IT-- NOT  
KNOWING WHAT I MIGHT FIND  
THERE--



"AND THERE, AMIDST COMPUT-  
ERS SO ALIEN TO THE JUNGLE  
SETTING, I FOUND--



A--  
PANTHER--  
LIKE  
COSTUME--

--JUST  
WHERE N'BAZA  
SAID IT  
WOULD BE.

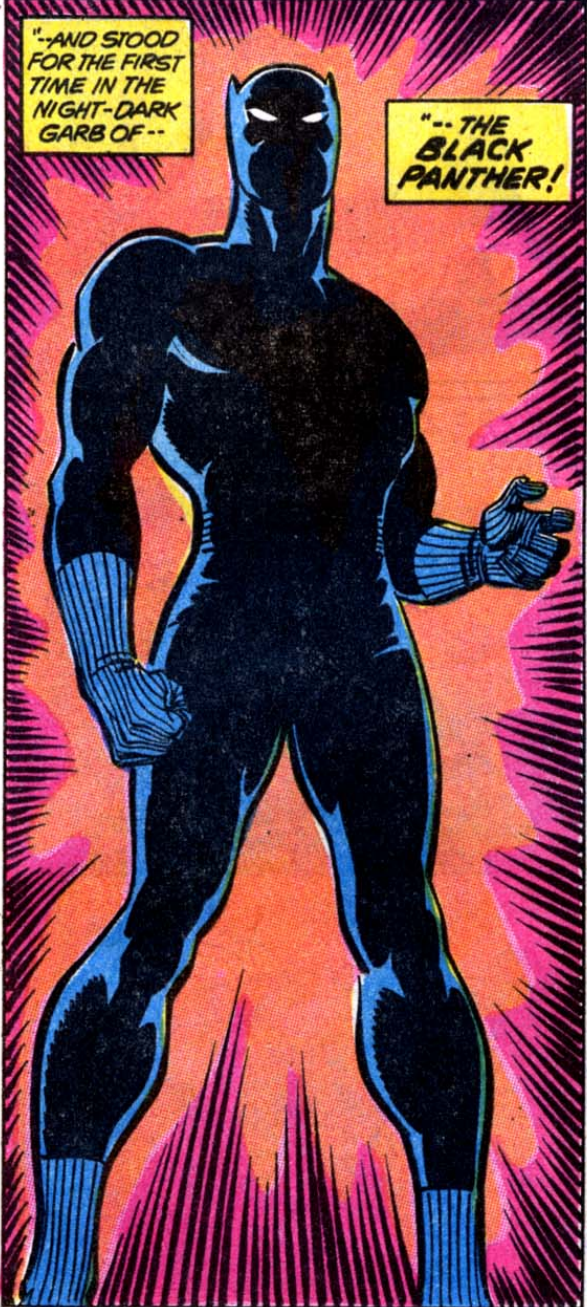
"A MILLION  
QUESTIONS  
WELLED UP  
WITHIN  
ME--



"--AS I  
DONNED  
THOSE  
FELINE  
TRAPPINGS--

"--AND STOOD  
FOR THE FIRST  
TIME IN THE  
NIGHT-DARK  
GARB OF--

"--THE  
BLACK  
PANTHER!



"THEN, AS I EMERGED ONCE MORE INTO THE  
'LIGHT OF DAY--

**HAIL, T'CHALLA--  
SON OF T'CHAKA!**



NOW, AT  
LAST, YOUTH--  
YOU ARE  
READY!

THEN TELL  
ME, N'BAZA--  
OF THE FINAL  
TEST.

ON THE REACHES OF THE GREAT  
PLATEAU, NEAR THE VERY BORDERS  
OF OUR LAND, THERE GROWS A  
HEART-SHAPED, FORBIDDEN HERB.

YOU HAVE  
BUT TO EAT  
OF THAT  
HERB--




--AND THEN YOU SHALL TRULY  
BE HEIR TO THE PANTHER  
THRONE--WITH POWERS  
LIKE THOSE OF THE GREAT  
CAT HIMSELF!

GO NOW--  
AND DO NOT  
FAIL!

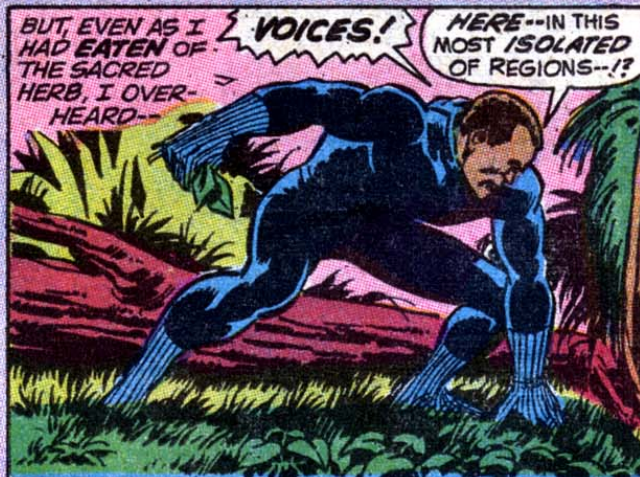


"GO NOW--AND DO NOT FAIL!" HOW THOSE OMINOUS WORDS RANG IN MY EARS AS I BEGAN MY JUNGLE QUEST--FOR HOW COULD I FAIL--UNLESS THERE WAS TREACHERY IN N'BAZA'S MIND, AND MURDER IN HIS POWER-LUSTFUL HEART?--OR DID I JUDGE HIM WRONGLY, AND WAS THIS TASK MERELY THE SIMPLEST OF ALL?



"THOUGH NOT  
YET POSSESSED  
OF TRUE  
PANTHER  
POWER--

--MY STRENUOUS  
UPBRINGING  
SERVED ME WELL  
AS I CLIMBED,  
HAND OVER HAND,  
TO THE VAST  
PLATEAU ON  
WHICH I WOULD  
FIND--THAT CERTAIN  
HEART-SHAPED  
HERB,





"THE SIGHT I SAW NEXT, AS I STOLE TO THE EDGE OF A CLEARING, WAS ONE THAT BELONGED IN A **SCIENCE-FICTION FILM**, RATHER THAN THE JUNGLE. A SMALL, FUTURISTIC **REFINERY** OF SOME SORT-- IN IT, HALF A DOZEN HOODED, UNIFORMED MEN-- AND **BEYOND IT**, A CRAFT SUCH AS I HAD NEVER SEEN--

HURRY, YOU FOOLS! YOUR WORK HERE IS DONE.

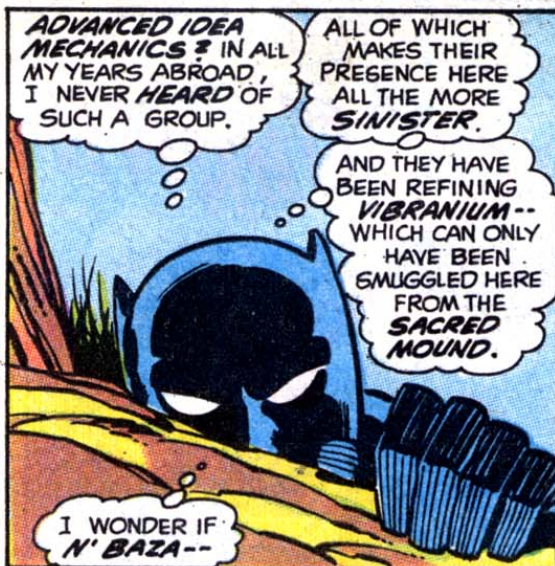
LOAD THE REFINED VIBRANIUM ON THE SHIP-- AND YOU SHALL DEPART FOR **AIM HEADQUARTERS**.

IT CANNOT BE TOO SOON FOR US, SQUADRON LEADER.

OUR ACRONYM-TITLE MAY STAND FOR **ADVANCED IDEA MECHANICS--**

BUT SOME OF US STILL WISH WE HAD BEEN ASSIGNED TO **WESTERN EUROPE** OR THE **U.S.**-- NOT THE HEART OF **AFRICA!**





ADVANCED IDEA MECHANICS? IN ALL MY YEARS ABROAD, I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A GROUP.

ALL OF WHICH MAKES THEIR PRESENCE HERE ALL THE MORE SINISTER.

AND THEY HAVE BEEN REFINING VIBRANIUM-- WHICH CAN ONLY HAVE BEEN SMUGGLED HERE FROM THE SACRED MOUND.

I WONDER IF N' BAZA--



LOOK! SOMEONE IS SPYING ON US--FROM CHECKPOINT C!

THEN-- ALL THE WORSE FOR HIM, SQUADRON LEADER.



"THEN, EVEN AS I REALIZED WITH A START THAT THE VOICES I HEARD WERE TALKING ABOUT ME--THE WORLD ABOUT ME SEEMED SUDDENLY TO EXPLODE--



--AND I TOPPLED HELPLESSLY FORWARD-- DOWNWARD-- LIKE A WOUNDED BIRD--



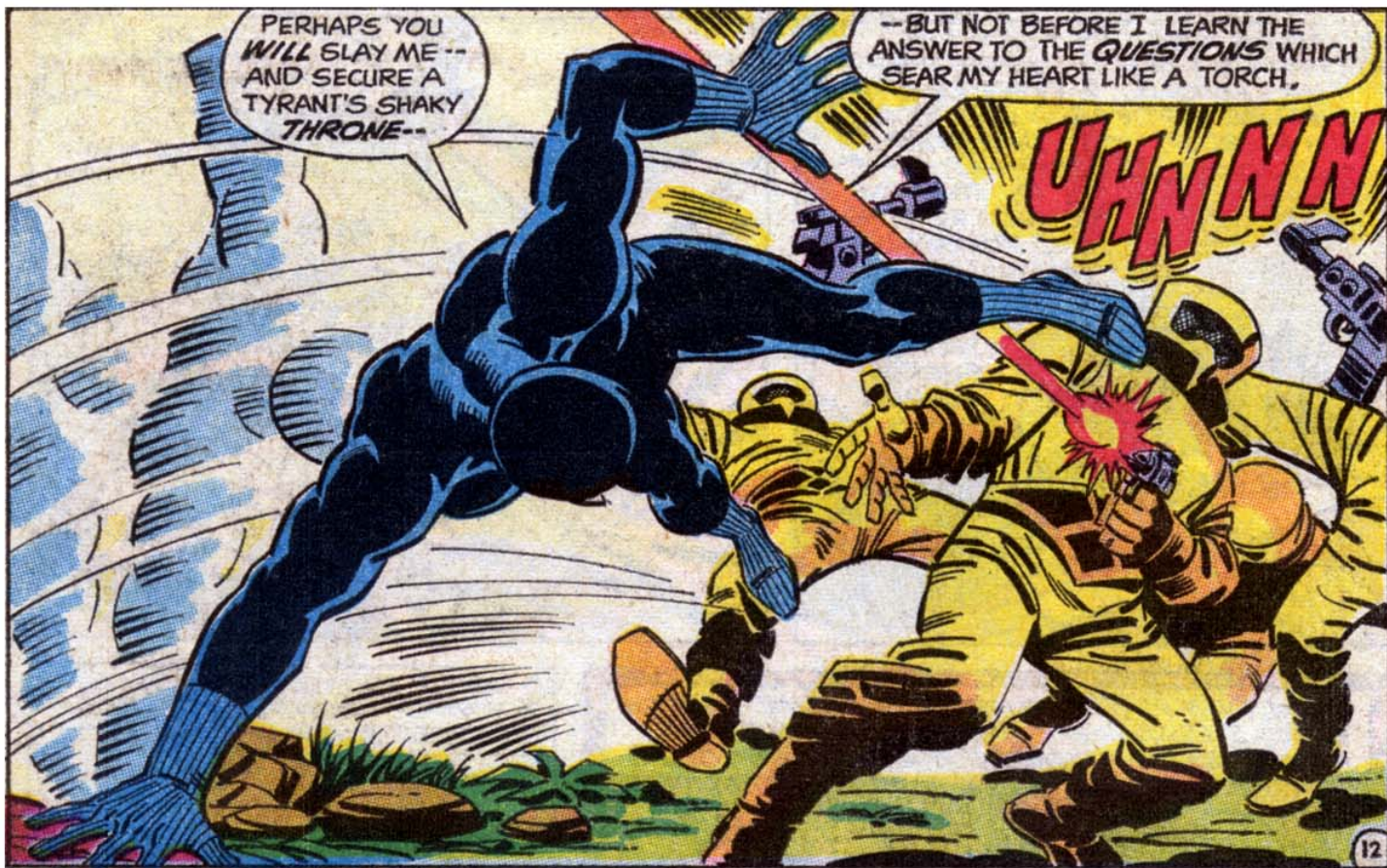
--YET, NOT SO HELPLESS--NOT SO STUNNED THAT I COULD NOT FEEL THE SACRED HERBS WORKING ALREADY WITHIN MY SYSTEM-- GIVING MY BODY A RESILIENCY, A CAT-LIKE STRENGTH IT HAD NEVER KNOWN BEFORE--

HE STILL LIVES! INCREDIBLE!

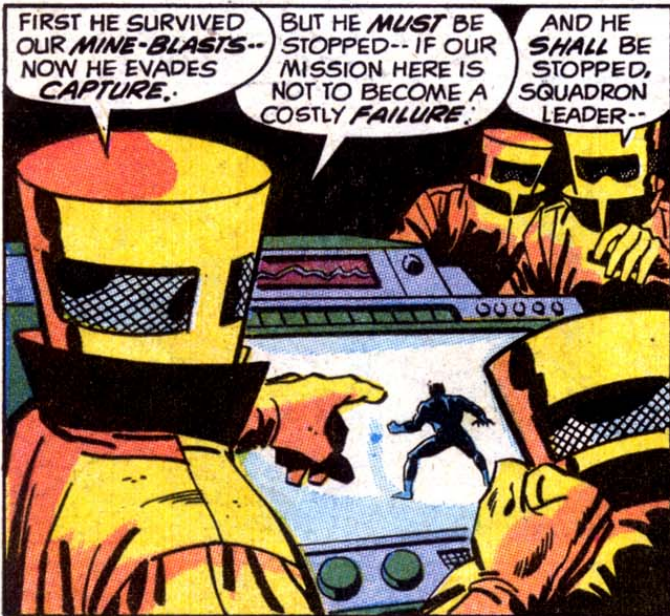
EVEN MORE INCREDIBLE-- IF HE LIVES FIVE SECONDS LONGER.

SLAY HIM!





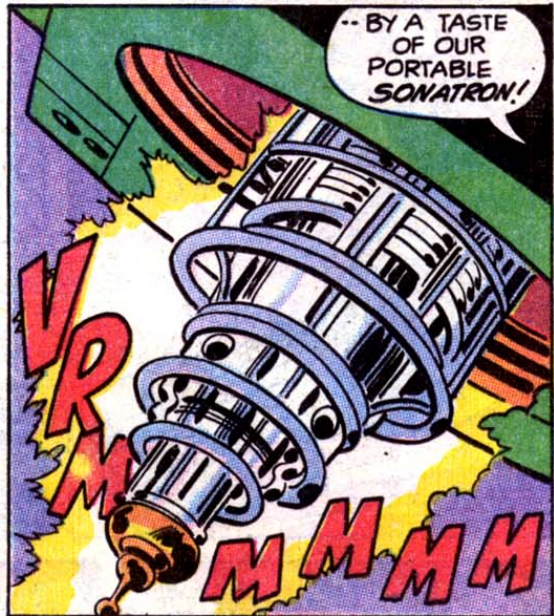




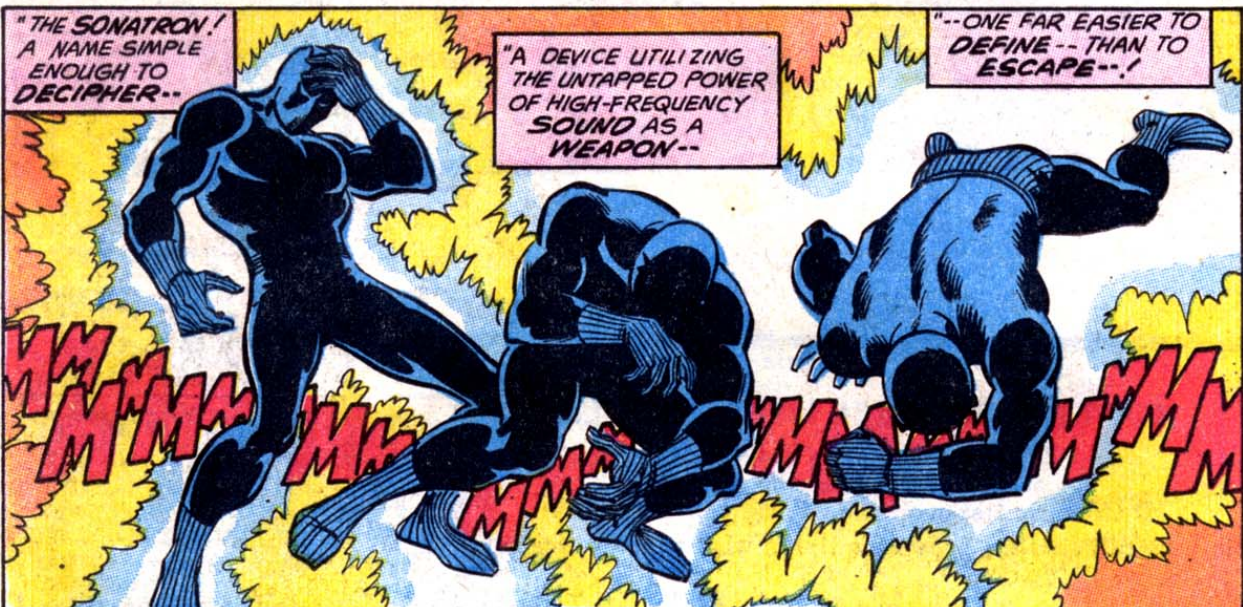
FIRST HE SURVIVED  
OUR **MINE-BLASTS**--  
NOW HE **EVADES**  
**CAPTURE.**

BUT HE **MUST** BE  
STOPPED-- IF OUR  
MISSION HERE IS  
NOT TO BECOME A  
COSTLY **FAILURE.**

AND HE  
**SHALL** BE  
STOPPED,  
SQUADRON  
LEADER--



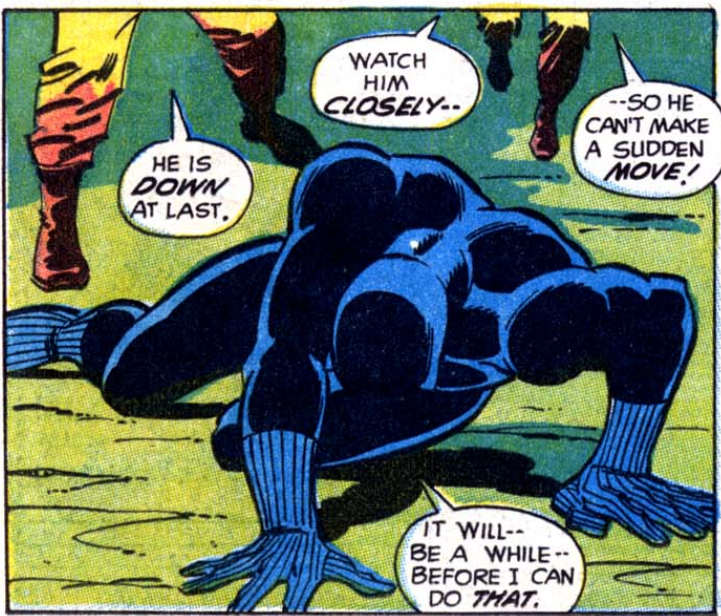
-- BY A TASTE  
OF OUR  
PORTABLE  
**SONATRON!**



"THE **SONATRON!**  
A NAME SIMPLE  
ENOUGH TO  
**DECIPHER--**

"A DEVICE UTILIZING  
THE UNTAPPED POWER  
OF HIGH-FREQUENCY  
SOUND AS A  
**WEAPON--**

"--ONE FAR EASIER TO  
DEFINE-- THAN TO  
**ESCAPE--!**



HE IS  
**DOWN**  
AT LAST.

WATCH  
HIM  
**CLOSELY--**

--SO HE  
CAN'T MAKE  
A **SUDDEN**  
**MOVE!**

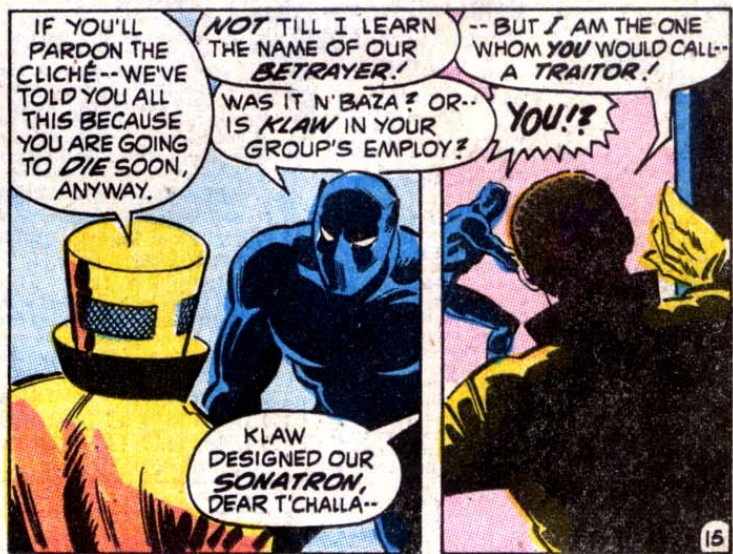
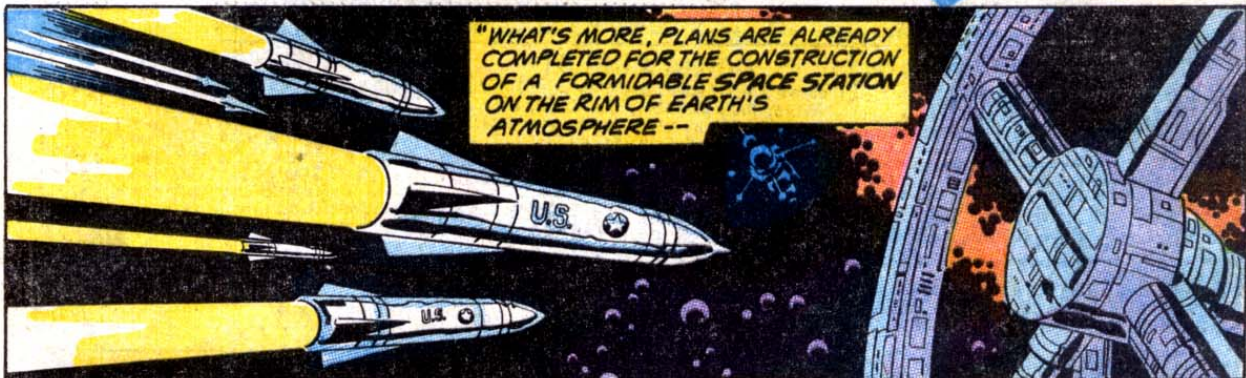
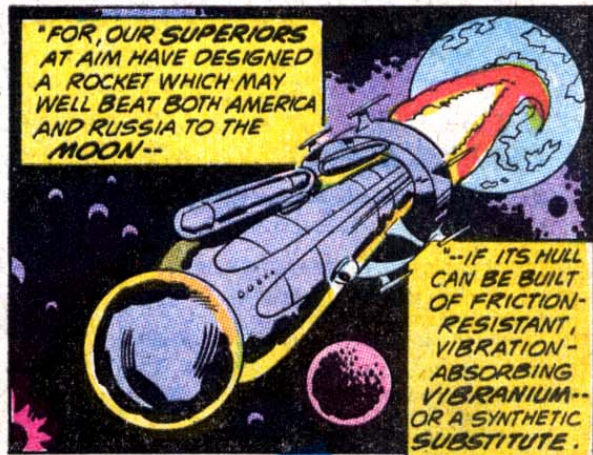
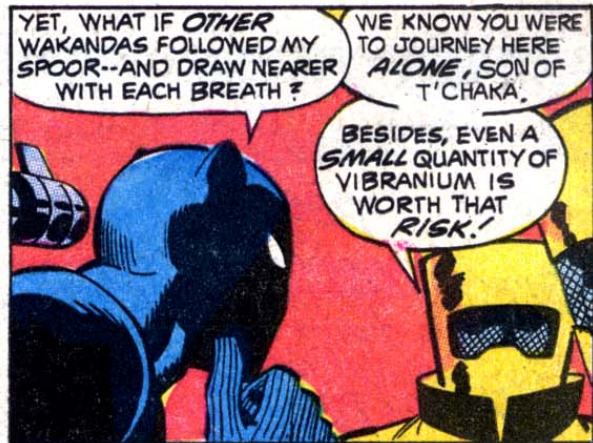
IT WILL--  
BE A WHILE--  
BEFORE I CAN  
DO **THAT.**



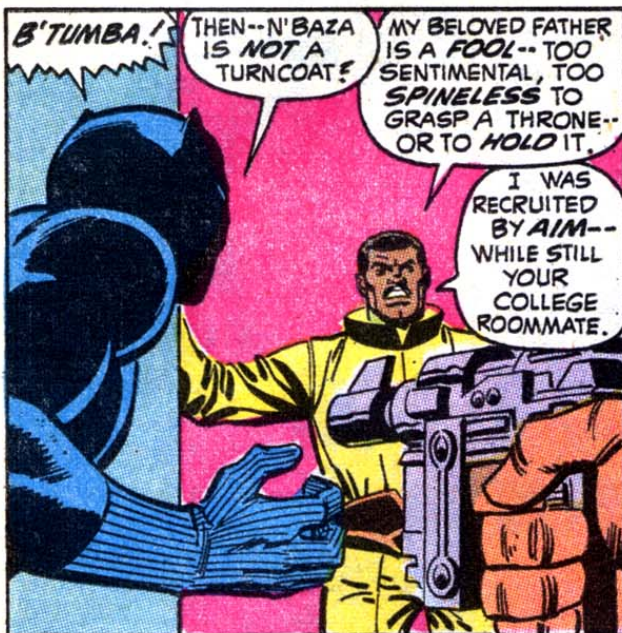
BUT, I MUST **KNOW--**  
WHO **MASTERMINDED**  
THIS PLOT, THAT WOULD ROB  
MY PEOPLE OF THEIR  
GREATEST **TREASURE?**

WHO?  
WHO??









B'TUMBA!

THEN--N'BAZA  
IS NOT A  
TURNCOAT?

MY BELOVED FATHER  
IS A FOOL-- TOO  
SENTIMENTAL, TOO  
SPINELESS TO  
GRASP A THRONE--  
OR TO HOLD IT.

I WAS  
RECRUITED  
BY AIM--  
WHILE STILL  
YOUR  
COLLEGE  
ROOMMATE.



YOU CAN ASK THAT ?

YOU, WHO *BESTED* ME AT  
EVERY SPORT, EVERY ENDEAVOR?  
YOU, WHO RECEIVED EVERY  
*HONOR*-- WHILE MY FATHER  
FORCED ME TO BE YOUR  
*LACKEY* ?

BUT NOW  
YOU'LL *PAY*--  
PAY FOR ALL  
THOSE YEARS  
I WALKED IN  
YOUR *SHADOW*--



YOU'LL  
PAY! WHAT--?

AND YOU, B'TUMBA,  
WILL PAY FOR STEP-  
PING *BETWEEN*  
T'CHALLA--AND THE  
GUNS OF AIM--



-- AS WELL AS FOR UNDERRATING THE  
*PANTHER POWERS* GIVEN ME BY  
THOSE HEART-SHAPED *HERBS* !



TRULY *IMPRESSIVE*  
POWERS, NATIVE SON--

LET US SEE  
IF THEY HAVE  
MADE YOU  
*IMMUNE* TO  
A MEDIUM-  
FREQUENCY  
*STUN BURST*.

NO & TOO BAD,  
PANTHER--TOO  
BAD *INDEED* !

OH!!!



" IT CAN HAVE BEEN ONLY A FEW MINUTES LATER THAT  
I *AWOKE*-- MY *UNMASKED* FACE DASHED BY DEATH-  
COLD WATER--

OPEN YOUR  
EYES, DOG !

I WANT TO SEE THE  
*EXPRESSION* ON  
YOUR FACE WHEN  
ONE OF MY MEN  
BLASTS YOU OUT  
OF *EXISTENCE*--

--WITH A LARGER  
VERSION OF THE  
WEAPON WHICH  
ABORTED YOUR  
FUTILE ATTACK.





SHOULD IT REALLY BE ONE OF US WHO TAKES HIS WORTHLESS LIFE, B'TUMBA?

DO YOU NOT WISH THE PLEASURE YOURSELF-- OR ARE YOU TOO SQUEAMISH TO--

WATCH YOURSELF, SWINE!

YES--I WILL KILL HIM MYSELF!

--AFTER YOU GET YOUR HAND OFF MY SHOULDER.



I MEANT NOTHING BY IT, SQUADRON LEADER.

NOTHING AT ALL.



"AND THEN, WE WERE ALONE, B'TUMBA AND I --

IF YOU EXPECTED TO WATCH ME CRINGE--

--THEN YOU'LL DIE LESS HAPPY THAN I!

ANY LAST WORDS, OLD FRIEND?

NO-- I SUPPOSE I DIDN'T, AT THAT.



NOW-- MAKE READY TO DIE, PANTHER.

DID YOU HEAR ME? TO DIE!

THEN PULL THAT TRIGGER, BETRAYER OF THE WAKANDAS.

PULL IT!

PULL IT!

PULL IT!



"AN INSTANT BECAME A MOMENT-- A MOMENT, AN ETERNITY--AND--

HAH!

AS THEY SAY IN AMERICA-- AIN'T THAT A KICK IN THE HEAD!

I CAN'T DO IT. I JUST CAN'T DO IT!



"SILENCE--A KNIFE SCRAPING MY BONDS-- THEN--

B'TUMBA-- THERE IS MUCH WE MUST TALK ABOUT, YOU AND I --

WHEN THIS BUSINESS IS DONE-- OLD FRIEND.

THEN WE CAN SPEAK OF YEARS WASTED-- OF AMBITIONS THAT SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN--



--BUT ONLY AFTER AIM HAS PAID THE PRICE FOR TURNING BROTHERLY LOVE INTO SMOLDERING HATRED--

-- FOR TRANSFORMING ONE FOOL'S YOUTHFUL FOLLY-- INTO AN INSTRUMENT OF DEATH!

BKOW!



IF THEY DO--IT WON'T BE BECAUSE WE PULL A **SURPRISE ATTACK.**

SOMEONE HAS ATTACHED A **MONITORING DEVICE** TO YOUR COLLAR.

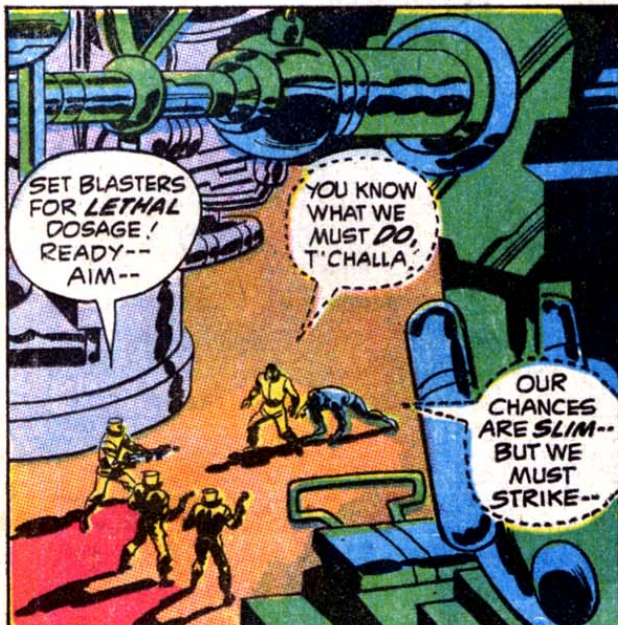
WHAT? THEN-- THAT MEANS--

-- THAT YOU HAVE BETRAYED AIM FOR THE **FIRST TIME--** AND THE **LAST!**

DID YOU THINK US **STUPID--** THAT WE WOULD **TRUST** ONE WHO BETRAYED HIS OWN PEOPLE?

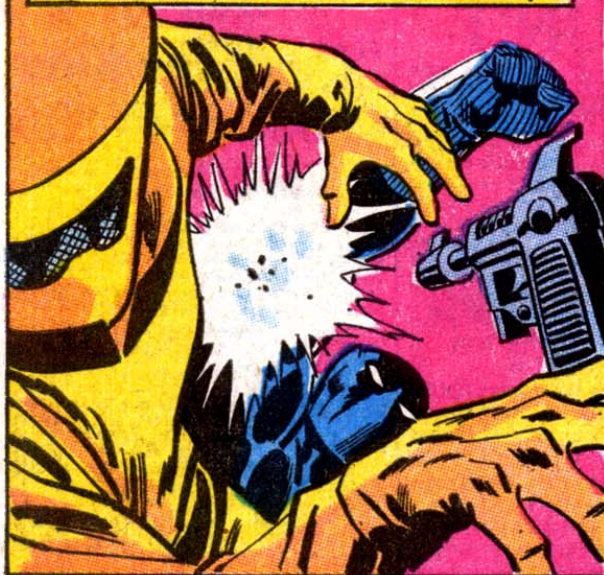
ENOUGH TALK, WE WANTED THE **VIBRANIUM--** AND WE **HAVE IT.**

WE DO NOT **NEED** YOU ANY LONGER -- **SQUADRON LEADER!**

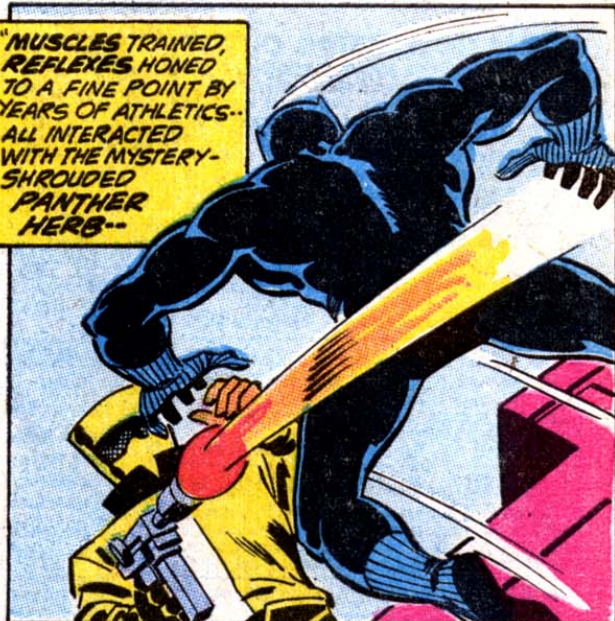




"I WAS INDEED--A **BLACK PANTHER!**"



"MUSCLES TRAINED,  
REFLEXES HONED  
TO A FINE POINT BY  
YEARS OF ATHLETICS--  
ALL INTERACTED  
WITH THE MYSTERY-  
SHROUDED  
**PANTHER  
HERB--**"



"--TO MAKE ME  
UNSTOPPABLE--  
**UNCONQUERABLE!**"



"BUT, WHEN THE LAST AIM AGENT HAD FALLEN-- I  
REALIZED HOW FUTILE MY NEWFOUND STRENGTH,  
HOW USELESS MY CATLIKE PROWESS-- WHERE IT  
COUNTED MOST--

**B'TUMBA!**

DO NOT--  
MOURN FOR ME--  
T'CHALLA--

I WAS A  
GREEDY  
**FOOL--**  
GOT WHAT  
I DESERVED--



MY FATHER--**INNOCENT** IN ALL  
THIS--NEVER WANTED ANYTHING  
BUT **GOOD** FOR YOU--

I **WON'T**,  
B'TUMBA-- I  
**SWEAR IT!**

DON'T TELL  
HIM-- I  
WEAKENED--  
BETRAYED HIM--  
PLEASE--  
PLEASE--

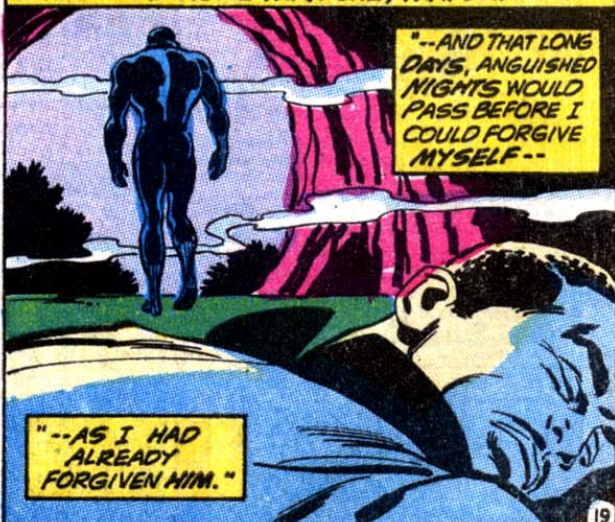
ANY  
MAN CAN  
MAKE-- A  
**MISTAKE.**  
I--

**B'TUMBA--!?**



"YES--ANY MAN CAN MAKE A MISTAKE. BUT, AS  
TEARS WELLED UP IN GLAZED EYES, I KNEW THAT  
I HAD MADE MORE THAN ONE, THAT DAY--

"--AND THAT LONG  
DAYS, ANGUISHED  
NIGHTS WOULD  
PASS BEFORE I  
COULD FORGIVE  
MYSELF--



"--AS I HAD  
ALREADY  
FORGIVEN HIM."



AND THERE YOU HAVE IT, MY FRIENDS--AN **ORIGIN OF SORTS**--

--BUT ONE I CAN SCARCELY POINT TO WITH PRINCELY **PRIDE**--

ONE WHICH RETURNS TO **HAUNT** ME ANEW--ON CERTAIN NIGHTS WHEN THE **SILENCE** GROWS DEAFENINGLY LOUD.

NOTHIN' BUT I LOST A BROTHER ON ONE CAPER--**SAD SONGS**-- PIETRO AND WANDA WERE MUTANTS FOR US SUPER-HEROES, IS THERE?

THE METAL OF THE **HUMAN SPIRIT** IS FORGED UPON THE ANVIL OF **SORROW**, AVENGER.

THUS HATH IT EVER BEEN--THUS SHALL IT EVER BE.

BUT, WHAT OF THY HIDDEN **TRIBE**, T'CHALLA

IT HAS BEEN GUIDED IN MY LONG ABSENCE BY THE WISE HAND OF **N'BAZA**--

--HIM WHOM I **WRONGED**--AND WHOSE SON I WAS TOO BLIND TO HELP--UNTIL **TOO LATE**.

BUT TONIGHT, I RECEIVED A MESSAGE THAT OLD **N'BAZA** HAS--**DIED**!

AND SO, I MUST SOON DECIDE WHETHER TO DON ONCE MORE THE MANTLE OF **KING-SHIP**--OR RENOUNCE IT FOREVER.

NOW-- IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I MUST BE **ALONE**--TO THINK--

THERE GOES ONE GREAT **GUY**-- BUT WE ALL KNOW THE **CHOICE** HE'S GOTTA MAKE.

LIKE I SAID BEFORE--THIS AVENGIN' SHTICK GETS IN YOUR **BLOOD**.

**ONCE AN AVENGER--ALWAYS AN AVENGER!**

YOU'LL SEE.

AH, **GOLIATH**--CLINT BARTON--IF ONLY THE TORMENTED **T'CHALLA** POSSESSED YOUR EASY **ASSURANCE** OF THINGS--

-- IF ONLY HE KNEW WHETHER HIS DESTINY LAY IN THE DUAL ROLE OF **GHETTO TEACHER** AND **CRIME-BATTLING PANTHER**--

--OR AS THE ONLY SON, AND TRUE HEIR, OF THE GREATEST CHIEFTAIN OF ALL.

HOW SIMPLE THEN TO ACT-- BUT NOW SO HARD--

--SO VERY, VERY HARD--!

**FINIS**