

AVENGERS

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THE AVENGERS

APPROVED
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COMICS
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AUTHORITY

THE *SENTRY*
IS PROGRAMMED
TO *DESTROY* YOU
--AND DESTROY YOU
I *SHALL!*

AND THE
ONES YOU
DON'T KILL,
TIN MAN--

*GOLIATH
WILL!!*

*RUN,
ALL OF
YOU--
RUN!*

*NO!
WE CANNOT
FLEE-- WE
DARE NOT!*

*IT'S AVENGER
VS. AVENGER--
--- TO THE
DEATH!*

AND THE
PRIZE IS--
*THE PLANET
EARTH!!*

Telegram-Marvel comics
(Avengers)

THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!

"LOOK, CAPTAIN MARVEL--GAZE DEEPLY AT THAT SCREEN, AT ITS SEA OF EVER-SHIFTING SCENES--AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE--!"

"WATCH THE GIRL KNOWN AS THE WASP--MENACED BY A BROODING, BESTIAL PRIMITIVE WHO WAS ONCE--HER HUSBAND!"

"STARE WIDE-EYED AT THREE SO-CALLED AVENGERS--BESET BY BOTH A KREE SENTRY, AND ONE OF THEIR OWN KIND--"

TAKE ONE GIANT STEP-- BACKWARD!

STAN LEE EDITOR * ROY THOMAS WRITER
SAL BUSCEMA ARTIST
ARTIE SIMEK LETTERER

--AND NOW, ENVISION YOURSELF, MAR-VELL-- HELD HELPLESS BY NEO-GRAVITON FIELDS.

DOES THAT NOT TELL YOU THE DAY OF DOOM IS AT HAND, FOR ALL THOSE WHO CALL THEMSELVES-- HUMAN BEINGS??"

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. 91, August, 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.



"ONCE, THAT RAGING BRUTE WAS A MAN--HIS NAME, HENRY PYM--"

"--AN AVENGER HIMSELF, CALLED YELLOW-JACKET--"



"YET, WHEN THAT WAR-CLUB DESCENDS UPON THE GIRL'S HEAD, HE WILL BE LIVING PROOF OF THE VICTORY OF OUR DE-EVOLUTIONARY BEAMS OVER THE WILL OF MANKIND--"



"--THE FINAL TRIUMPH OF KREE SCIENCE-- OVER THE UPSTART HUMAN RACE!"

"BUT-- HOLD! HE PAUSES--!"



"DOES SOME RESIDUE OF HUMANITY REMAIN, LOCKED SOMEWHERE BENEATH THAT MISSHAPEN SKULL?"

"IS THERE-- YET HOPE FOR THE PITIABLE EARTHLINGS?"

GIRL--



WEAK... NO CLUB... HURT... PRETTY...



TAKE YOU WITH...



...FOR
LATER...



IF THE HUMAN
HAD BEEN A
MALE, THE
DEATH-BLOW
WOULD
HAVE BEEN
STRUCK.

STILL,
PERHAPS
CERTAIN
FURTHER
TESTS ARE
STILL IN
ORDER...



PUTTER AROUND
ALL YOU WANT,
RONAN.

THE
AVENGERS
WILL STILL
STOP YOU--
YOU, AND
YOUR MAD
DREAMS.



AH, THERE
IS NO
NEED FOR
CONCERN.

THE SAVAGE
SIMPLY
DESIRES
--A MATE.

NATURAL
ENOUGH,
ON A
BARBARIAN
WORLD
SUCH AS
THIS--

SILENCE, YOU MONUMENTAL TRAITOR
TO THE STAR-SAILING KREE WHO SPAWNED
YOU!



--WHERE
CHILD-
BEARING HAS
NOT YET BEEN
SUPERCEDED
BY MORE
CIVILIZED
PRACTICES.

MIGHTIER THAN
YOU HAVE TRIED
ALREADY TO
INTERFERE--
AND FAILED.



WAS NOT THAT SELF-
SAME HENRY PYM
ONE OF THE FIRST TO
DISCOVER ME, HERE
IN THESE ARCTIC
REGIONS I HAVE
TURNED INTO A
STEAMING JUNGLE?

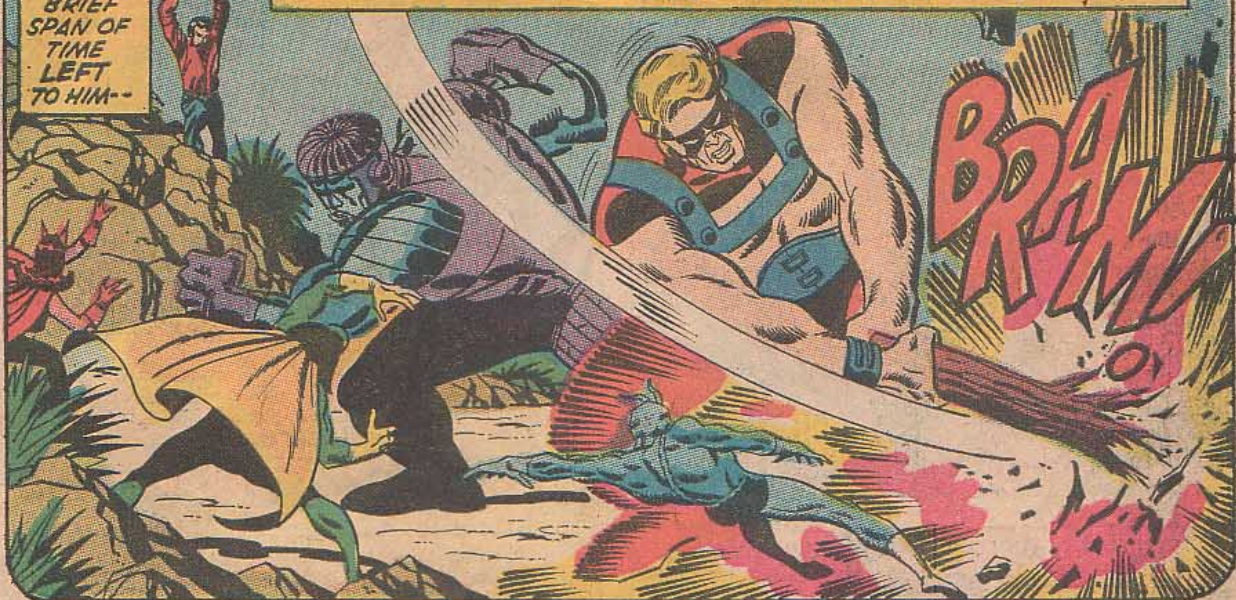
HE FELL
QUICKLY TO
THE EVO-RAYS,
BECAUSE HE
WAS THEN THE
SIZE OF A
MERE
INSECT--



BUT, EVEN SUCH A GARGANTUAN
BEING AS THE ONE THEY CALL
GOLIATH WILL SOON
SUCCUMB, AND BECOME A
BLITHERING, MUMBLING
MAN-BRUTE.

"YET, IN THE BRIEF SPAN OF TIME LEFT TO HIM--

"--HE SHALL REMAIN UNDER MY INFLUENCE, HELPING SENTRY 459 TO SMASH FOREVER THE TWO MUTANTS AND THE UPSTART ANDROID WHOM THE EVO-RAYS MIGHT NEVER AFFECT!"



"WHILE, WITH EACH MINUTE, THE DEADLY ARC OF THOSE RAYS SHALL SWEEP EVER WIDER--MELTING SHEETS OF AGE-OLD ICE, GIVING BIRTH TO PRIMORDIAL FOREST--



"--AND TO SCENES THAT HUMAN-KIND HAS KNOWN ONLY IN ITS WILDEST NIGHTMARES--OR IN ITS DEEPEST RACIAL REMEMBERINGS--



--UNTIL EVERY LIVING THING ON EARTH IS HURLED BACK ALONG THE EVOLUTIONARY PATH--TO BEGIN ANEW THE SLOW STUMBLINGS UPWARD.

ONLY THUS CAN KREE SUPREMACY IN THIS SECTOR OF THE COSMOS BE ASSURED FOR ANOTHER THOUSAND THOUSAND YEARS.

WELL, MAR-VELL? NOW DO YOU SEE WHAT YOU HAVE WROUGHT BY DRAWING MY ATTENTION TO THIS CROSS-ROADS WORLD?



AND YOU--WHO CHOSE TO CAST YOUR LOT WITH THIS PLANET'S--

--NOW MUST PAY THE PRICE!

"BUT FIRST, OBSERVE THE CLIMAX OF THE ONE-SIDED BATTLE WITHOUT--!"

FEEL LIKE THE ORIGINAL *WHEEL#5*,
THROWIN' STONES AT THE *SENTRY*.

BUT, I
GOT TO DO
SOMETHIN'!

I GOT
TO!

YOU MAY HAVE
HELPED MORE
THAN YOU
IMAGINE, RICK--

--IF I CAN JUST
FORM A *HEX*
SPHERE AROUND
SENTRY AND
ROCK FRAGMENTS
--IN *TIME*.

SKRAK!

YOU *DID* IT, GIRL.
BUT--*WHAT* DID
YOU DO?

SOMEHOW, I
MUST HAVE
AFFECTED THE
STONE'S *MAKEUP*--
--CAUSED IT TO
BE FORMED OF
MAGNETIC
ALLOYS--

--ALLOYS WHICH, THOUGH SHATTERED,
ATTRACTED EACH OTHER SO STRONGLY--
THEY CAUGHT THE *SENTRY* IN THE *MIDDLE*.

WELL DONE,
WANDA. YET,
THAT GIVES
US BUT A
BRIEF
RESPITE
AT BEST--

--JUST AS *QUICKSILVER*
HAS DONE BY HURLING
HIMSELF PELLMELL AT
THE MESMERIZED
GOLIATH.

NONE OF
THIS WILL
GAIN US
ACCESS TO
THAT
CITADEL
YONDER.

THEN MAY I
SUGGEST,
FELLOW
AVENGER--

--THAT
YOU
SPEAK
LESS--
AND
FIGHT
MORE?

WHAH!

UNNHHH!

YOU MOCK ME, MUTANT-- BUT THAT'S JUST WHAT I HAVE PLANNED AND HAVE DREADED DOING.

FOR, JUST AS I POSSESS THE POWER TO LET HIS MASSIVE FIST PASS THRU MY FRAME--

SO MAY MY FIST SLIDE THRU HIS BONE AND SINEW--

--AS EASILY AS IF I WERE TRULY A VISION-- A GHOST--

--NOT A MERE ANDROID, WITH THE ABILITY TO CONTROL MY MASS AND DENSITY--

--AGONY ENDING ONLY WITH TOTAL LOSS OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

AND, IF I COULD PRAY, THEN I WOULD PRAY--

--THAT PAIN IS ALL I HAVE BROUGHT CLINT BARTON,

--YES, EVEN TO SOLIDIFY THAT FIST EVER SO SLIGHTLY--YET ENOUGH TO CAUSE THE GIANT GREAT INTERNAL PAIN--

NOW DO YOU SEE WHY I DELAYED MY ATTACK?

NOW DO YOU BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND?

YOU WERE HOLDING BACK--AS LONG AS POSSIBLE--

--BECAUSE YOU KNEW THAT, AN *INSTANT* TOO MUCH OF THAT INTERNAL PRESSURE--

--WOULD SPELL AN AVENGER'S DEATH!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE



MORE THAN ONE AVENGER IS IN DANGER OF AN EARLY DEATH, PIETRO--



FOR--THE SENTRY IS FREE AGAIN!

ZZZAT!!



INCREDIBLE, HE MENTALLY ANALYZED THOSE FRAGMENTS --AND NEUTRALIZED THEM.

PIETRO--KEEP WANDA BACK. ONLY MY POWERS STAND A CHANCE AGAINST A CREATION OF THE KREE.

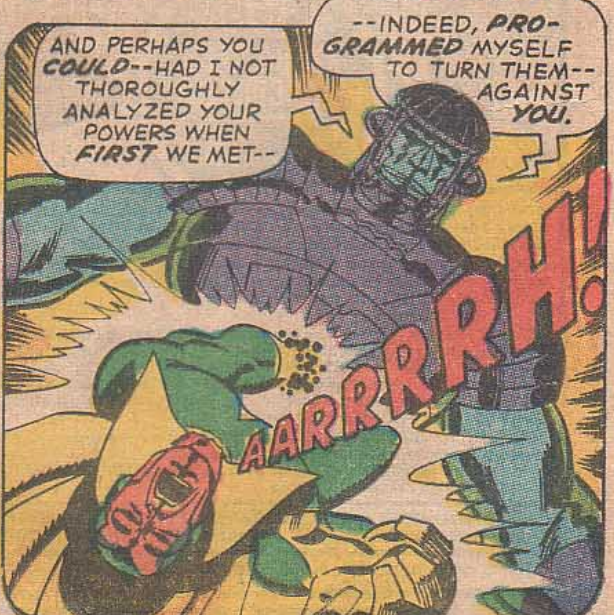
YES, ANDROID. LET THIS BE A BATTLE OF THE NON-HUMANS.

DID YOU NOT HEAR HIM, MY SISTER? STAY BACK!



SO--YOU THINK A SENTRY WILL FALL, AS EASILY AS DID THE GIANT ONE?

PERHAPS-- IF I CAN ONLY DAMAGE SOME INTERNAL COMPONENTS--



AND PERHAPS YOU COULD--HAD I NOT THOROUGHLY ANALYZED YOUR POWERS WHEN FIRST WE MET--

--INDEED, PROGRAMMED MYSELF TO TURN THEM-- AGAINST YOU.

AARRRRH!!



THE VISION--
HE'S HURT!

WANDA--
COME BACK!
YOU CAN'T--

HE
RISKED
HIS LIFE
FOR US.
CAN WE
DO
LESS?



CORRECTION,
MUTANT
EARTHLING!
YOU SHALL NOT
PASS BEYOND
THIS RING
OF SEARING
FIRE.

THE
FEMALE
WAS
FELLED BY
AN ENERGY
DISCHARGE
FROM THE
DEFEATED
ANDROID--

--AND SHE
IS A
PRISONER
OF THE
KREE.

NO!
NEVER!



SPEAK
TO ME,
AVENGER.
LET ME--

OOHHHH--

ZZZZZ



DON'T TRY IT, PIETRO!
YOU KNOW YOU'RE NO
MATCH FOR GODZILLA.

C'MON! IT WON'T
DO ANY GOOD
IF WE ALL
GET HAULED IN.

BUT WANDA--
MY SISTER--
SHE LIES ON
THE OTHER
SIDE OF
THAT RAGING
INFERNO.

IF SHE
SHOULD
DIE--
WHILE I
TURN AND
RUN--



WANDA!
WHAT'S
WRONG?
WHAT IS
HAPPENING
TO YOU?

I'M
COMING,
WANDA!
I--



YET, I MUST--
I MUST!
THOUGH EVERY
FIBRE OF MY
BEING SAYS TO
ATTACK--

I'VE NO
CHOICE BUT
TO FLEE--
FOR THE
SAKE OF AN
ENTIRE
PLANET.

BUT
WE'LL BE
BACK,
SENTRY--
Y'HEAR?

WE'LL
BE
BACK!

YES, I HEAR THEM--YET I CANNOT **RAGE** AND **BELLOW**, AS THEY WOULD HAVE ME.

IT IS NOT GIVEN TO A **SENTRY** TO KNOW THE WHITE-HOT WRATH OF **HATRED**--NOR EVEN THE GOLDEN GLOW OF **PRIDE** IN **VICTORY**.

THAT IS FOR **LESSER** CREATURES--FOR THOSE WHO CALL THEMSELVES **HUMAN**.

A **SENTRY** CAN ONLY **OBEY**--AND **FIGHT**--

--AND **INEVITABLY TRIUMPH**.

WANDA--THE VISION--**GOLIATH**--ALL **GONE**--TAKEN INSIDE THE **KREE CITADEL**.

IF ONLY I HAD **DIED**, BEFORE I SAW THIS DAY.

DON'T BLAME **YOURSELF**, QUICKIE. BESIDES, THERE'S **STILL A--**

HEY--**LOOK!**

A TRIO OF **CAVEMEN**--IF SUCH AS THEY CAN BE **CALLED** MEN. BUT **WHO--?**

DON'TCHA **REMEMBER?** THERE WAS A GOVERNMENT **STATION** IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD.

THAT'S WHAT'S **LEFT** OF THREE TRAINED **TECHNO**S.

IF **THAT** IS WHAT THE HUMAN RACE IS DESTINED TO **BECOME**--WE **CANNOT** STOP FIGHTING, AS LONG AS WE **LIVE**.

BUT **COME**--THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO **SEE** **HERE**.

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE **WRONG**, MAN.

THERE'S--SOMETHIN' **HAPPEN**-IN' DOWN THERE--!



--BUT ROMAN NO LONGER CARES WHAT IT IS.

WITH THESE OTHERS IN MY GRASP, WHAT CAN A MERE **SPEED-STER** AND AN UNTRIED YOUTH HOPE TO ACHIEVE?

MY CALCULATIONS, MASTER, ARE: **NOTHING.**

PRECISELY. THE TRAITOR MAR-VELL IS MAGNETICALLY HELD BY THE VERY **MINERAL CONTENT** OF HIS OWN BODY--



AND THE ENERGY-BONDS WHICH HOLD **THOSE** TWO HAVE BEEN PROGRAMMED TO **NULLIFY** THEIR PITIFUL POWERS.

MUTANT AND ANDROID--I MIGHT HAVE MADE THEIR KIND MY **LIEUTENANTS** ON THIS BACKWASH PLANET.

NOW THEY ARE AS **DOOMED** AS THE TRUE HUMANS THEY STROVE TO DEFEND.



WANDA-- THEN YOU WERE CAPTURED, EVEN AS I WAS!?

YES--BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER. **NOTHING MATTERS--**



--JUST AS LONG AS YOU WEREN'T HARMED.

I--**KNOW** THAT NOW.

WANDA-- I--





NO! IT
MUST
NOT
BE.

VISION--
WHY?
WHY
DID
YOU--?

BECAUSE I'M
AN ANDROID--
A MERE COPY
OF A LIVING
BEING--

A THING OF
PLASTOID
FLESH--AND
SYNTHETIC
BLOOD!



BY THE
GREAT
NEBULA!
THEY ARE--
IN LOVE!

AN ANDROID
--AND AN ATOM-
BORN MUTANT--
REJECTED
OFFSPRING
OF EARTHIAN
TECHNOLOGY--
IN LOVE!



BUT, WHILE
I SPEAK OF
LOVE AND
OTHER LOWER
AND BASER
EMOTIONS--

THERE
IS ONE
FINAL
GROUPING
I MUST
CHECK.

THE
GIRL
CALLED
JAN--

THIS SIGHT
ALONE WAS WORTH
MY JOINING THE
SENTRY HERE, AFTER
TELEPORTING HIM
TO THESE ONCE-ICY
WASTES.



--AND THE DULL-WITTED
SAVAGE WHO ONCE DID
LOVE HER.

"AS I EXPECTED, THEY POSE NO
THREAT TO ME. YET WHAT CAUSES
THE MALE TO BRANDISH HIS WEAPON
--MAKE MENACING GESTURES--?

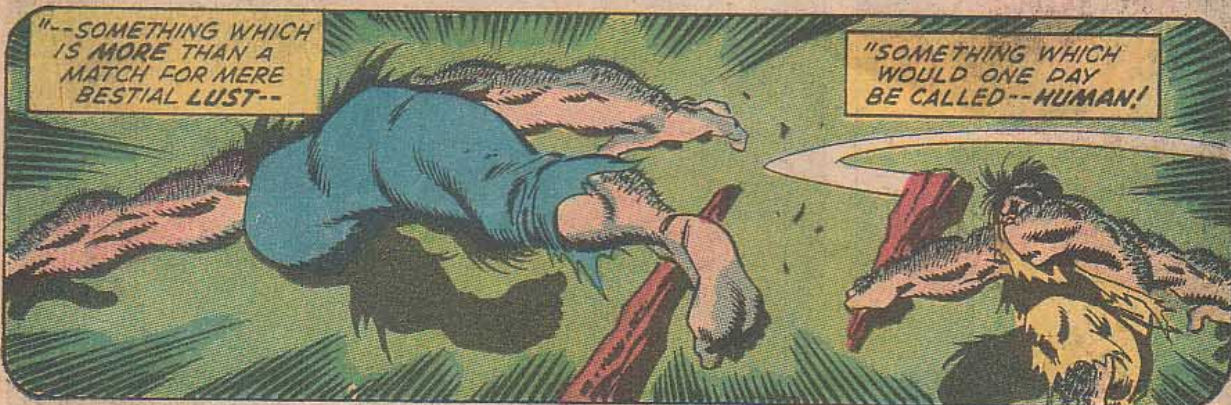


"AHHH...
NOW ALL IS
CLEAR TO ME.
THOSE WHO
WERE THE FIRST
THREE TO DEVOLVE
INTO PRIMEVAL
BRUTES--THEY
DESIRE THE
FELLOW'S
MATE--



"--AND THEY MEAN TO TAKE HER!"

"BUT, SOMETHING OF THE AVENGER STILL REMAINS WITHIN THE OTHER--SOME LINGERING TRACE OF THE TRAINED FIGHTER--"



"--SOMETHING WHICH IS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR MERE BESTIAL LUST--"

"SOMETHING WHICH WOULD ONE DAY BE CALLED--HUMAN!"



"AND, EVEN IN THE OTHERS, THERE REMAINS A SHRED OF SELF-PRESERVING INTELLECT--"

"--JUST ENOUGH TO KNOW WHEN THEY ARE BEATEN."



"YET, PITY THE GIRL IF YOU PITY ANY--FOR SHE COULD SHRINK, PERHAPS--SPROUT WINGS AND FLY AWAY FROM THE THING WHICH NOW CLAIMS HER--"



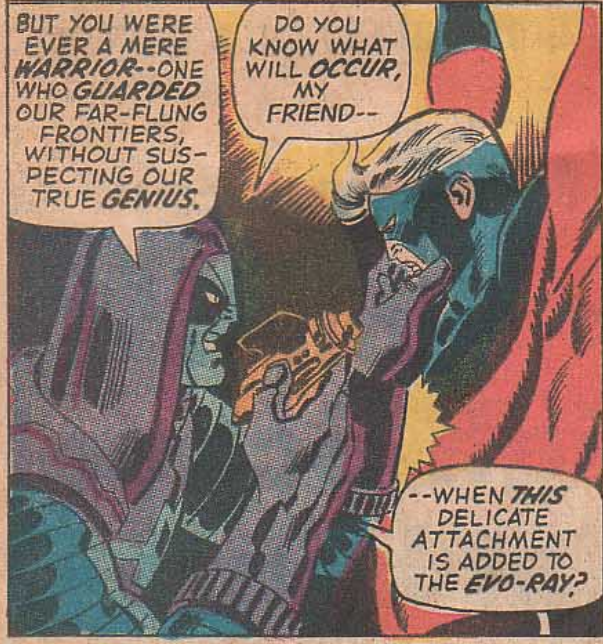
THEN PERHAPS YOU JUST DELIVERED YOUR EPITAPH, RONAN-- YOURS, AND THE KREE'S."

WHILE SUCH EMOTIONS REMAIN-- EVEN DEEPLY BURIED WITHIN SAVAGE BREASTS--"

--THE WORLD I HAVE RENOUNCED CAN NEVER SIT SECURE."

"--BUT FOR THAT SAME SELF-DAMNING EMOTION CALLED-- LOVE!"

TRUE ENOUGH, MAR-VELL-- SO FAR AS IT GOES."



BUT YOU WERE
EVER A MERE
WARRIOR--ONE
WHO GUARDED
OUR FAR-FLUNG
FRONTIERS,
WITHOUT SUS-
PECTING OUR
TRUE GENIUS.

DO YOU
KNOW WHAT
WILL OCCUR,
MY
FRIEND--

--WHEN *THIS*
DELICATE
ATTACHMENT
IS ADDED TO
THE *EVO-RAY*?



NO? THEN
IT WOULD
BE RUDE OF
ME TO KEEP
YOU IN
SUSPENSE.

AH...THIS
PREHISTORIC
TOAD WILL
SERVE MY
PURPOSE--



--FOR A
DEMONSTRATION.



THIS,
MAR-VELL--
THIS IS THE
ULTIMATE
FORM
OF THE
EARTHLING
RACE.

SOMEWHERE IN
THAT *DROPLET*
UNIVERSE--THAT
INFINITY OF
FATE AND FLUID--

--SWIMS THE
PROTOTYPE
OF THAT
WHICH ALL
EARTH-BORN
HUMANS SOON
SHALL
BECOME.



BUT DO NOT
STRAIN YOUR
EYES, FOOL..
EVEN *THEY*
ARE TOO WEAK
TO FOCUS
UPON--

--AN
AMOEBA!





YOU STRUGGLE TO REMAIN **UNIMPRESSED**, ANDROID, BY MY DE-EVOLUTION OF THE **TOAD**.

STILL, WHEN EVEN YOUR MUTANT **COMPANION** IS AFFECTED BY CLOSE-RANGE EXPOSURE--

IF YOU **DESTROY** HER, FIEND, I'LL--



YOU WILL DO **NOTHING**, HAPLESS ONE--

NOTHING SAVE--**OBSERVE**.

NO!



BOK!

YOU'LL HARM **HER**--AFTER YOU HAVE DEALT WITH **QUICKSILVER**.

PIETRO!

FLEE, PIETRO-- YOU MUST FLEE!

IF YOU INTER-FERE, YOU TOO WILL PERISH.



THEN PERISH I **SHALL**.

BUT FIRST, AS SOMEONE SAID--THEY MUST **CATCH THE RABBIT**.

MERE SPEED WILL AVAIL YOU **NAUGHT**, EARTH-LING.

WHOP!

YOU ARE INDEED A **FOOL**, MUTANT--FOR YOUR ATOMIC BIRTHRIGHT MIGHT HAVE SPARED YOU TILL THE **LAST**.

BUT NOW--YOU SHALL DIE **FIRST**.



SWEEP THE CHAMBER, #459, WITH ARCS OF DEATH!



YOU ARE *FAST* FOR YOUR SIZE, SENTRY--BUT I AM *SPEED* INCARNATE.

MAR-VELL--FAST, BEFORE QUICKIE GETS ZAPPED INTO NEXT YEAR--



TAKE THE *UNI-BEAM* FROM MY WRIST. *HURRY!*

TELL ME HOW I CAN *TURN OFF* WHATEVER'S GLUIN' YOU TO THOSE *CRYSTAL BALLS*.



THIS GIZMO?
IT WOULDN'T PUT A *DENT* IN OL' CHROME-DOME, PAL.

NOT THE *SENTRY*, RICK. YOU MUST FIRE IT AT THE *CENTRAL CONTROL PANEL*.

I--THINK I'VE CALCULATED WHICH ONE THAT IS.



"BUT, HURRY, LAD--FOR, WHILE PIETRO DODGED THE SENTRY, HE'S JUST BEEN FELLED BY ROMAN HIMSELF--

"AND, IN A MOMENT, HE'LL TURN OUR WAY--!"



YOU'VE GOT THE *RANGE*, SON.

NOW FIRE-- FIRE!

YEEOWW! HOW DO YA GET A *RECOIL*-- FROM A *FLASH-LIGHT*?

I HAD YOU SET THE BEAM FOR *SOLID LIGHT*, RICK--



"...A LETHAL-INTENSITY LASER DESIGNED TO CUT THRU ANY METAL--EVEN THOSE CREATED BY THE HYPER-ADVANCED KREE THEMSELVES!"

WHAT IS HAPPENING?
IT CANNOT END THUS--
IT IS NOT POSSIBLE.

MILLENNIA AGO, THIS
GREAT CITADEL WAS
BURIED BENEATH FIELDS
OF ICE, AWAITING
THIS DAY--

--AND, WITHIN SECONDS,
MASTER--THOUGH IT
DEFIES ALL RATIONAL
BELIEF--

--MY SENSORS
CALCULATE THAT
IT SHALL RETURN
THERE ANEW.

IF SO,
IT WILL
CARRY THE
COSTUMED
ONES TO
AN ICY
GRAVE.

SENTRY 459--
PREPARE FOR--

HEAR ME, RONAN--
SUPREMOD OF THE KREE
GALAXY--HEAR ME, O
MOST HIGH ACCUSER--

EH? IS THIS--
SOME SORT OF
TRICKERY?

NO! I KNOW
THE DEVICE
BEHIND
RONAN--AND
IT'S NO TRICK.

THAT
APPARATUS
IS DESIGNED
ONLY FOR
ONE-WAY
TRANSMISSION
FROM THE
KREE GALAXY
TO HERE.

I CANNOT
HEAR YOU,
GREAT
RONAN--
BUT I PRAY
THAT YOU
RECEIVE
MY
MESSAGE.

AN
EMERGENCY,
FIFTH
MAGNITUDE,
HAS
OCCURRED
IN THE SHORT
TIME SINCE
YOU LEFT US.

OUR SPACE-LANES
HAVE ONCE MORE
BEEN INVADED--OUR
STELLAR FREIGHTERS
DECIMATED--BY OUR
INTER-NEBULAR RIVALS.

THE SKRULLS!
THEY ARE OUR
AVOWED FOES--
SINCE TIME OUT
OF MIND.

NO LONGER
CAN I TOY
WITH THIS
MISERABLE
BLEMISH
UPON
THE MAP
OF THE
UNIVERSE.

THE
KREE
GALAXY
--IS
AT
WAR!

THE ENTIRE KREE
GALAXY IS UNDER
ASSAULT FROM--
THE SKRULLS!



FOR, USURPER
THOUGH I BE--

MY PLACE
IS STILL--
WITH MY
PEOPLE!



THE MASTER
IS GONE.

BUT HE DID
NOT PROGRAM
ME TO **SAVE**
MYSELF--DID
NOT PROGRAM
ME FOR **ANY**
ACTION.

THEN,
I HAVE
NO
RECOURSE
BUT TO
REMAIN AT
MY POST--



--TRY TO GENERATE
ENOUGH **POWER**
FROM MY OWN FRAME
--TO HOLD THE
CITADEL **TOGETHER**.

SUCH AN ATTEMPT IS
DOOMED--FORE-
DOOMED TO **FAILURE**.

BUT I MAY
NOT
FALTER--
FOR I AM
A SENTRY
--A
SENTRY--



A SENTRY



HEARD
SCREAMS--
SIRENS
BLASTIN'
IN MY
HEAD--

WHAT'S
BEEN
GOIN' ON--?

THAT WOULD
TAKE **TIME**
TO EXPLAIN,
MY FRIEND--
TIME WE DO
NOT HAVE.



THEN
FORGET I
ASKED,
RED.

JUST
GANGWAY,
FOR THE
ONE-MAN
STAMPEDE.

HERE,
WANDA--
LEAN
ON ME.

DISASTER
IS
IMMINENT.
IT'S IN
THE VERY
AIR!

YES,
PIETRO...
HELP
HER.



HOLY HANNAH!
LOOK AT
THIS!

THE PRIMEVAL VEGETATION
IS DYING--THE ARCTIC HAS
GAINED THE UPPER HAND
ONCE MORE.

THERE'S JAN--AND
HANK IS WITH HER.
HE'S **NORMAL** AGAIN.

B-BUT--
I'M
COLD--
SO
C-COLD--!

YOU'RE
SAFE--
ALL OF YOU!
THANK
GOD!

HERE, HANK--
TAKE MY
CLOAK.

OUR **COSTUMES**
WILL KEEP US
WARM--AT LEAST
TILL WE CAN REACH
OUR **QUINJETS.**

BUT--THE THREE
TECHNICIANS
HAVE CHANGED
BACK, TOO--
THEY'RE OVER
THERE--!

ALREADY LOCATED,
JAN--BY THE SOUND
OF THEIR CHATTER-
ING **TEETH.**

SPEAKIN' OF WHICH, VIZH--IF
Y-YOU GOT ANY **M-MORE** CAPES
UP YER SLEEVE, I--

HUH? WHAT
IN--?

BRACE
YOUR-
SELVES,
ALL OF
YOU--

THE KREE CITADEL
IS **RETURNING**
BENEATH THE ICE--
AND THIS TIME, IT
WILL REMAIN
THERE **FOREVER.**

WE **LICKED**
EM, GANG--AND
WE DID IT
TOGETHER--
AS **AVENGERS!**

SKRAAKKKK!

YOU MEAN **YOU SIX** DID IT.
YELLOWJACKET WAS JUST
SO MUCH **DEAD WEIGHT.**

I'M TAKING THAT
AS AN **OMEN,**
CREW--A SIGN
THAT I SHOULD
STAY IN THE
LAB, WHERE I
BELONG.

IN SHORT--AND
WITH TONS OF
REGRET--I'M
FORMALLY
RESIGNING AS
AN **AVENGER--**
EFFECTIVE
NOW.

THEN--I
GUESS THAT
GOES FOR
THE **WASP,**
TOO.

BUT, HANK--
WHAT OF THE
RACE THAT
BUILT THE
CITADEL?

IF THEY DO, HONEY,
THEN HANK PYM WILL
FIGHT THEM WITH A
TEST TUBE--
THE **AVENGERS** WITH
SUPER-POWERS.

AND A **PRAYER,** OLD
BUDDY. DON'T FORGET
THAT.

WILL THEY
EVER COME
BACK?

MOST
OF ALL--
WITH A
PRAYER.