

AVENGERS

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MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP

THE AVENGERS

YOU COSTUMED
CRETINS
WON'T STOP
**BRAIN-
CHILD**
FROM **BLOWING
UP THE WORLD!**

**NO
ONE
WILL!**

HE'S--
**GONE
MAD!**

HE'S
OUT TO
**DESTROY
HIMSELF--**

--AND TAKE
THE WHOLE PLANET
**WITH
HIM!!**



THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!®

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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. 86, March, 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.

PLEASE--WE MUGN'T
BICKER--NOT NOW.

WE CAN'T CHANGE
THE FUTURE--BY
DWELLING BLACKLY
ON THE PAST.

THE PAST! AH,
YES...AND WOULDN'T
OUR YOUNG VIEWER
LOVE TO SEE THAT
MYSTERIOUSLY
MENACING PAST!

WELL, DIDN'T WE SAY--THIS COLOR-TV
IS DIFFERENT!

THE TIME: LESS
THAN SIXTY
SHORT
MINUTES
AGO...

...AS SEVEN
DIMENSION-HOPPING
SUPERHEROES
SUDDENLY BECAME
...FOUR.

WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE'S THOR--
THE PANTHER--THE
BLACK KNIGHT?

THE WHERE--
ABOUTS OF OUR
FELLOW AVENGERS
IS THE LEAST OF
OUR CONCERNS,
CLINT BARTON.

LOOK THERE--AT SUFFERING
SUCH AS YOU HAVE NEVER
SEEN--AT TRAGEDY TO
STAGGER THE SENSES.

WE'VE BEEN TRAPPED IN SOME
GHOSTLY LIMBO--LAST WITNESSES
TO A DOOMED AND BURNING
EARTH!

BUT--NOT THE EARTH OF OUR OWN
PRESENT, VISION. LOOK--THIS
HEADLINE --

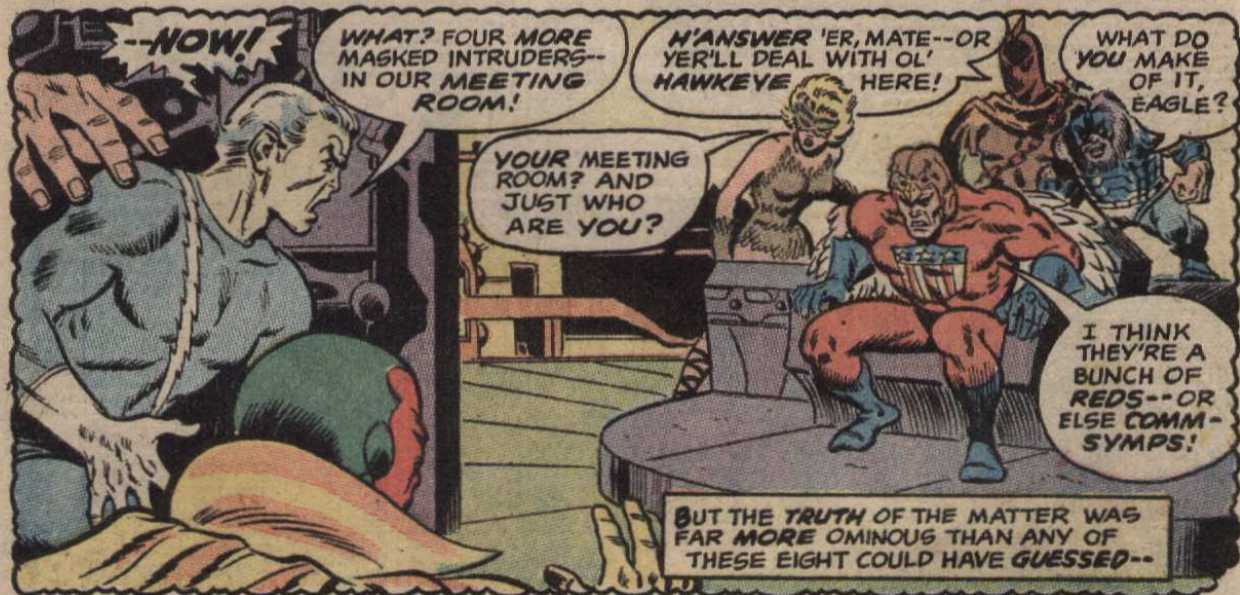
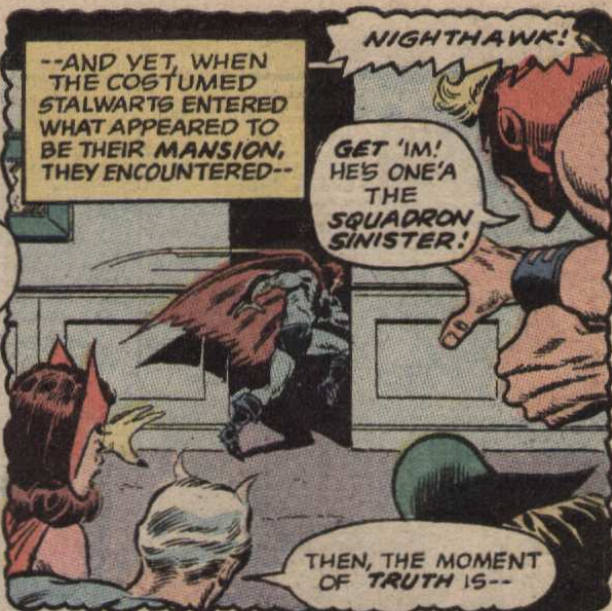
ITS DATE IS
JANUARY 4--
TWO WEEKS
FROM TODAY!

THEN--WE
ARE IN--
THE FUTURE?

EARTH'S
GOT NO FUTURE--
UNLESS WE GET BACK
TO GIVE IT ONE.

AND THE
FABULOUS
FOUR SOME
DID GET
BACK, DIDN'T
THEY--

--THRU THE
SCARLET
WITCH'S
UNPREDICTABLE
HEX POWER!



JUST THEN, **NIGHTHAWK** RETURNED--
TO MAKE IT A **NINE-WAY FREE-FOR-ALL**--



BUT, THE **VISION'S**
UNCANNY POWERS
TOOK CARE OF HIM
--AND **TOM THUMB**
--AND THE **AMERICAN EAGLE**--



--WHILE A CAREENING **QUICK-SILVER** FINISHED OFF THE
COCKNEY VERSION OF
HAWKEYE--



--AND A FINAL **HEX SPHERE**
SPELLED DISASTER FOR THE
LIBERATED WOMAN CALLED
LADY LARK.



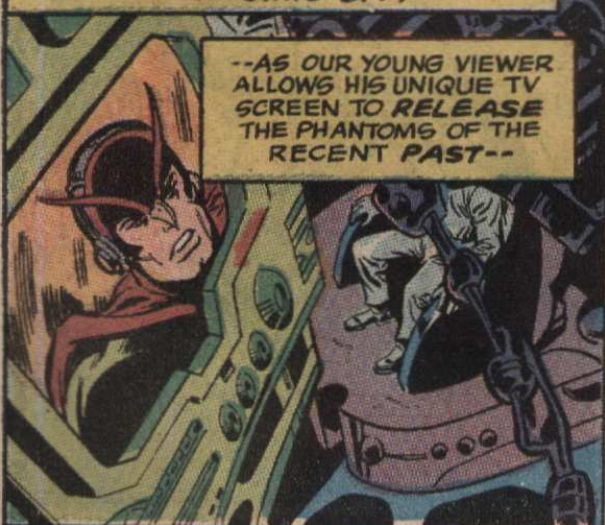
C'MON, CREW.
LET'S HOP
OUT WEST
AND FLATTEN
THAT **SOLAR ROCKET**.

I GOT US
A **HOODED HOSTAGE**.



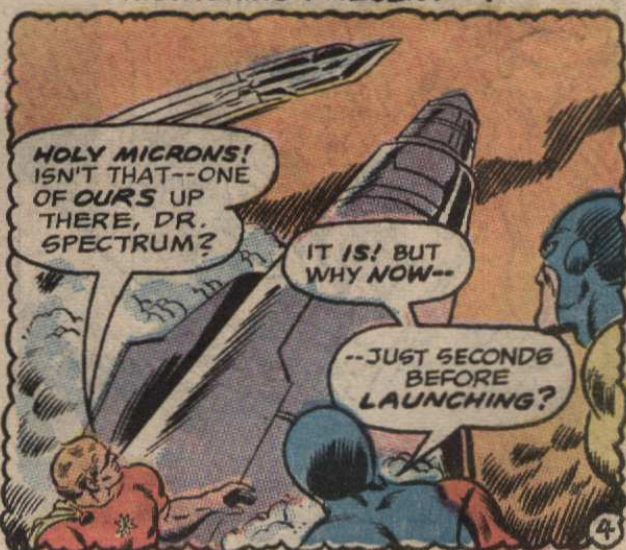
NOT A
HOSTAGE--
BUT HOPEFULLY,
AN **ALLY**.

AND IT IS AN **ALLY** WHO NOW PILOTS THE
SQUAD-SHIP TOWARDS DESERT-BORDERED
ATOMIC CITY--



--AS OUR YOUNG VIEWER
ALLOWS HIS UNIQUE TV
SCREEN TO **RELEASE**
THE **PHANTOMS** OF THE
RECENT **PAST**--

--TO DWELL UPON THE PROSPECTS OF THE
FRIGHTENING **PRESENT**--!



HOLY MICRONS!
ISN'T THAT--ONE
OF OURS UP
THERE, **DR. SPECTRUM?**

IT IS! BUT
WHY NOW--

--JUST SECONDS
BEFORE
LAUNCHING?

NO USE. THEY'RE STILL MAINTAINING RADIO SILENCE.

THAT WAS OUR PLAN-- SO THAT A HOSTILE NATION COULDN'T HAVE OUR VOICES IMITATED, AND SOMEHOW SABOTAGE THE TAKEOFF.

AND NOW, THAT SELF-SAME PLAN MAY MEAN-- WORLD'S END.

FOR, IT'S ALMOST CERTAIN THAT THAT SOLAR ROCKET WILL BE THE CAUSE OF THE SUPER-NOVA WE FORESAW...

...A BLINDING, BLAZING BALL OF FIRE THAT ROASTED MEN ALIVE-- AND MADE CONCRETE RUN LIKE WATER!

TRANSLATION: DOOMSDAY!

OKAY, JUNIOR BIRD-MAN-- I KNOW YOU GOTTA FIRE DOWN THIS BUGGY.

MAYBE WE CAN TALK SOME SENSE INTO YOUR PLAYMATES BY THE TIME YOU'RE THRU.

OR AT LEAST --DELAY THE FIRING.

HUH? WHO'S THAT? A GIANT-- AND SOME COSTUMED CLOWN RUNNING LIKE THE WIND!??

I DON'T KNOW, BUT--HOLD IT!

YOU FOUR CAN IDENTIFY YOURSELVES-- AFTER THIS ROCKET IS ON ITS WAY TO THE SUN.

NO! THE ROCKET MUST NOT BE LAUNCHED!

OH? WELL, TO STOP IT, SON, YOU'VE GOT TO GET PAST HYPERION--

--AND THERE'S NO MAN ON EARTH WHO CAN DO THAT!



NICE TRY, QUICKIE--
AND IF IT'LL CHEER
YA UP--

SQUADRON
SUPREME--
LISTEN TO
ME--

A RUNAWAY
TRAIN WOULDN'T
HAVE DONE MUCH
BETTER.

NIGHTHAWK
IS ON HIS
WAY HERE
TO--



SORRY, RED MAN,
BUT WE'RE NOT
BUYING THAT
LINE THIS WEEK.

SAVE YOUR
BREATH,
DOC.

WHIZZER--LAUNCH
BRAIN-CHILD ONE
FAST, BEFORE--

I HIT THE LAUNCH
BUTTON IN THE MIDDLE
OF YOUR SECOND SYLLABLE.



THE FIRING OF AN INTERPLANETARY ROCKET--
PERHAPS THE ULTIMATE FEAT OF MAN'S
FORMIDABLE TECHNOLOGY--AND IT CAN MAKE A
MAN FEEL PROUD--PROUD OF HIS COUNTRY,
OR JUST OF THE HUMAN RACE--

BUT KNOWING
WHAT THEY KNOW--
FEARING WHAT
THEY FEAR-- THE
AVENGERS CAN FEEL
NOTHING BUT--
HORROR!



THEN, SUDDENLY--A BLOOD-RED GLOW, AND--

NO! IT'S NOT
TOO LATE--IT
CAN'T BE!

MY HEX SPHERE
CAN'T BE STOPPED
BY SPEED--OR
BY SHEER
MUSCLE.

IT'S OUR LAST
CHANCE--AND IT
MUST WORK!
IT MUST!



WHAT THE--?
THAT GIRL'S
FORMED SOME
KIND OF--
ENERGY
GLOBE--
AROUND THE
MISSILE.

WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S
STOPPED THE ROCKET
DEAD--CAUSING IT
TO MISFIRE.

HYPERION--DOC
SPECTRUM--WE'VE GOT
TO POLISH OFF
THESE FOUR--THEN--



YOU'LL POLISH OFF
MORE THAN FOUR
PEOPLE, WHIZZER--
IF YOU FIRE THAT
ROCKET.

NIGHTHAWK! THEN--
THESE STRANGERS AREN'T
SABOTEURS--IF YOU'RE
THE REAL MCCOY.

I'M REAL, ALL RIGHT--AS MY KNOWING THE CODE-WORDS "DARK TOWER" OUGHT TO PROVE.

THESE NEW-COMERS HAVE CONVINCED ME THE SOLAR ROCKET MAY SOMEHOW POSE A DANGER--TO ALL LIFE ON EARTH.

WE'VE GOT TO POSTPONE THE LAUNCHING--TILL WE'RE SURE.

IF THAT'S TRUE--THEN WE OWE YOU FOUR AN APOLOGY.

FORGET IT, FELLA. IT'S JUST WEIRD TO MEET SOME SUPER-HEROES WE DON'T WIND UP FIGHTIN' FOR A CHANGE.

DOESN'T SEEM TO HAPPEN MUCH TO THE AVENGERS.

A QUESTION, DR. SPECTRUM...

ASK IT.

A ROCKET SUCH AS THAT ONE SHOULD NOT CAUSE A SUPER-NOVA SUCH AS WE FOUR--PREDICT.

DOES IT CONTAIN A NUCLEAR WARHEAD--EXPLOSIVES OF ANY SORT?

NO. WHY SHOULD IT, WHEN IT WAS BUILT ONLY TO ORBIT THE SUN?

BUT, OF COURSE--**BRAIN-CHILD** DESIGNED IT--NOT WE.

BRAIN-CHILD? I THOUGHT THAT WAS NOTHIN' BUT THE NAME OF THE ROCKET.

NIGHTHAWK DIDN'T SAY WHERE YOU HAIL FROM, GIANT--BUT IT MUST BE ANOTHER PLANET--

--IF YOU HAVEN'T HEARD OF--**BRAIN-CHILD**.

LET ME FILL YOU IN.

"IT WAS A DECADE AGO--TEN YEARS TO THE DAY, IN FACT--THAT HE WAS BORN--

STRANGE--THE CHILD IS HEALTHY--VERY HEALTHY.

PERHAPS IT'S ONLY THE FACT THAT BOTH HIS PARENTS HAVE BEEN EXPOSED TO EXCESSIVE RADIATION--

BUT I CAN'T HELP FEELING--THERE IS SOMETHING UNCANNY ABOUT HIM.

"YES, IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE RADIATION--FOR, ALMOST WITHIN THE SPACE OF A YEAR--

ISN'T THAT CUTE, HAROLD? HE'S ALREADY LOOKING AT BOOKS.

TOO BAD HE CAN'T REALLY READ THEM.

MIGHT SAVE ME A BUNDLE BY SKIPPING COLLEGE.

PLANE GEOMETRY

"WHAT HIS PARENTS SOON LEARNED WAS THAT LITTLE ARNOLD SUTTON COULD READ-- WITH COMPLETE COMPREHENSION AND TOTAL RECALL-- SO THAT, BY THE AGE OF FOUR--

I HAVE BUT TO MIX THESE TWO **CHEMICALS**--AND I WOULD CREATE THE FIRST TRUE **UNIVERSAL SOLVENT**.

IT WOULD **DISSOLVE** ANYTHING IT TOUCHED.

OF COURSE, THERE IS THE DILEMMA OF WHAT I WOULD **KEEP** IT IN.

"SOME SAY IT WAS **ARNOLD** HIMSELF WHO CAUSED HIS BRAIN TO GROW TO **MAMMOTH PROPORTIONS**-- FOR REASONS ALL HIS OWN--

I MUST HAVE **MORE BRAIN-POWER--MORE!**

MY PORTABLE **CYCLOTRON** IS NOT YET PERFECTED.

"BUT, THERE WERE THE **INEVITABLE SOCIAL SIDE-EFFECTS**--

GOOD LORD-- HOW **HIDEOUS!** ER--I--

UNITED STATES
PATENT
OFFICE

PARDON ME, SON-- I DIDN'T--

FORGET IT.

YOUR **AESTHETIC JUDGMENTS** ARE NO CONCERN OF MINE.

"BUT, PERHAPS THEY DID BOTHER **ARNOLD SUTTON** MORE THAN HE ADMITTED--FOR WHEN, LAST YEAR, HE BEGAN TO WORK FOR THE **MILITARY**--

THIS **ANTI-BALLISTICS MISSILE** YOU'VE DESIGNED IS A **STROKE OF GENIUS**, BRAIN-CHILD.

I'M SURE HE'S BECOME QUITE USED TO BEING CALLED "**BRAIN-CHILD**" BY NOW, GENERAL.

UH-- MY **APOLOGIES**, ARNOLD. I DIDN'T INTEND TO CALL YOU BY THAT OFFENSIVE **NICKNAME**.

YES--**QUITE** USED TO IT, THANK YOU.

"PERHAPS IT SHOULD HAVE SURPRISED NO ONE WHEN, AT A RECENT **TOP-LEVEL DEFENSE MEETING**--

GENTLEMEN--I NO LONGER HAVE ANY DESIRE TO **ASSOCIATE** WITH MY FELLOW HUMANS.

--**ONLY IF I CAN** DO IT IN THE SECLUSION OF THIS DESERTED ISLAND OFF THE WEST COAST.

ACCORDINGLY, I SHALL CONTINUE TO DEVELOP **ROCKETRY** FOR THIS NATION--

GRANTED, SON. YOU'RE WORTH A **HUNDRED ISLANDS**.

HE MUST BE TIRED OF BEING REGARDED AS A **FREAK**.

I DON'T **BLAME** HIM. BUT HE IS A **FREAK**.



HMMM...THIS BRAIN-CHILD OF YOURS SOUNDS DANGEROUSLY EMBITTERED--AND, WITH HIS FORMIDABLE INTELLECT--

YES, I THINK WE SHOULD PAY HIM A VISIT-- ALL OF US.

SURE WE SHOULD AND HE AIN'T GETTIN' ANY YOUNGER WHILE WE'RE YAKKIN'.

INTERESTING THAT YOU SHOULD SAY THAT, GIANT--



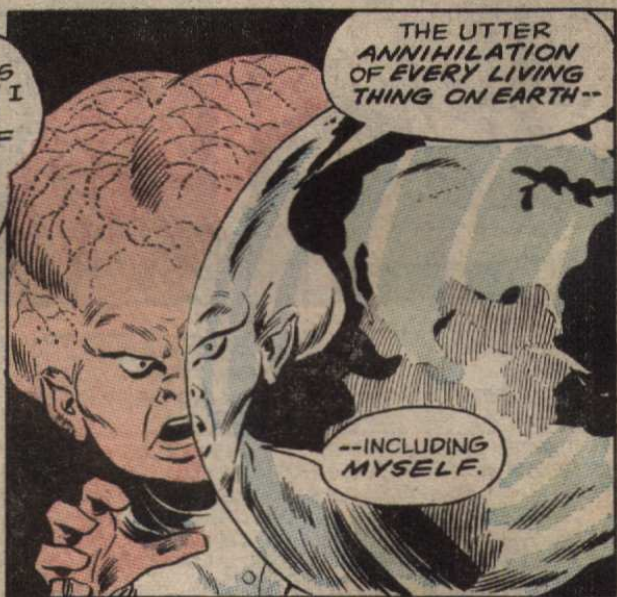
--SINCE, AS I MENTIONED BEFORE--

THIS IS ARNOLD SUTTON'S BIRTHDAY!



YES, MY DEAR DR. SPECTRUM-- MY TENTH BIRTHDAY, TO BE PRECISE.

AND THIS WAS THE DAY WHEN I WAS TO HAVE GIVEN MYSELF THE MOST WELCOME BIRTHDAY GIFT OF ALL--



THE UTTER ANNIHILATION OF EVERY LIVING THING ON EARTH--

--INCLUDING MYSELF.



NOW, THEY WANT TO RESCUE ALL THE PEOPLE WHO MOCKED ME--

--LAUGHED AT ME BEHIND MY BACK-- CALLED ME A FREAK.

IT ISN'T FAIR. IT ISN'T FAIR.



AND THEY'RE NOT GOING TO DO IT!

WHILE, IN ANOTHER COSMOS--NEARER THAN A HEARTBEAT, YET FURTHER AWAY THAN THE FARTHEST STAR--

THE POWER OF ENCHANTED MJOLNIR FLOWS INTO YON DEVICE--BUT TO NO EFFECT.

IT'S GOT TO WORK, THOR--IT'S GOT TO.

IF ANYTHING CAN POWER THAT INTER-DIMENSIONAL SCANNER AND LOCATE THOSE MISSING AVENGERS--YOUR HAMMER CAN.

NO! HOLD IT!

STOP THE OUTFLOW, THUNDER-GOD--FAST!

YOU ORDERED WISELY, MY FRIEND. THE SCANNER WAS ON THE VERGE OF EXPLOSION.

HE'D UNDERSTAND, PANTHER. BUT--NO PURPOSE WOULD BE SERVED BY PUSHING THE THING BEYOND ITS LIMITS.

I'M SURE TONY STARK WOULD PREFER WE RETURNED HIS EQUIPMENT--IN ONE PIECE.

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, IRON MAN--PERHAPS IF STARK HIMSELF WERE HERE--

EVEN HE KNOWS NO MORE ABOUT THIS MACHINE THAN I DO, ASGARDIAN.

THIS IS-- MADDENING.

BUT WE MUSTN'T STOP TRYING, AVENGER.

TO KNOW THAT FOUR FRIENDS ARE TRAPPED --IN ANOTHER UNIVERSE SOMEWHERE--AND NOT TO BE ABLE EVEN TO FIND THEM--

AND WE WON'T! BUT, IF ONLY WE HAD SOME HINT--SOME CLUE--

THERE IT IS, MEN OF ANOTHER WORLD --THE DARK TOWER.

NAMED FOR A POEM BY A MAN NAMED BROWNING--WHO, I TRUST, EXISTED ON BOTH OUR WORLDS.

THE POEM: "CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME."

BUT THIS CHILD--NEVER INTENDED TO LEAVE AGAIN.



AND, IF YOU DO NOT
TREAD CAREFULLY,
FOOLS--

'NEITHER
SHALL
YOU!'



HEAR ME, INTERLOPERS.
YOU ARE TRESPASSING
ON THE ISLAND WHICH
BELONGS TO-- BRAIN-
CHILD.

YOU HAVE
THIRTY
SECONDS
TO LIFT YOUR
PRIMITIVE
CRAFT SKY-
WARD ONCE
MORE--

--OR FACE
IMMEDIATE
DESTRUCTION.



WHO DOES DENNIS
THE MENACE
THINK HE'S TRYIN'
TO BLUFF?

DON'T YOU SEE, GOLIATH?
EVEN IF HE IS GUILTY--IT
IS HUMANITY WHICH SHARES
THE GUILT.

WE MAY BE JUMPING THE
GUN, QUICKSILVER--IF I
HAVE YOUR NAME RIGHT.

THE AVENGERS
HAVE BEEN
THREATENED BY
EXPERTS--AND
NOW SOME
WHIZ-KID
WEIRDO--

THE HUMANITY WHICH
HAS CALLED MUTANTS
FREAKS--CALLED YOU
A FREAK--HAS
TAUNTED HIM,
UNTIL--

ARNOLD SUTTON--
WE'VE COME HERE
SIMPLY TO TALK TO
YOU-- NOT
NECESSARILY
TO ACCUSE
YOU.

BUT THERE
ARE CERTAIN
QUESTIONS
THAT HAVE
ARISEN--IN
CONNECTION
WITH THE
SOLAR
ROCKET--



SUCH AS--WAS BRAIN-
CHILD ONE SOMEHOW
DESIGNED TO CAUSE
THE END OF THE
WORLD?

I'LL KEEP YOU IN
SUSPENSE NO
LONGER. THE
ANSWER IS--
YES!

THE
MISSILE
WAS
STRUCTURED
OF A METAL
OF MY OWN
DESIGN--WHICH
WOULD HAVE TRIGGERED
A CHAIN REACTION
WITHIN THE SUN--

--TURNING IT,
INDEED, INTO A
SUPER-NOVA.



AFTER ALL, WHY
SHOULD I BE-
GRUDGE TELLING
YOU ALL THIS--

--WHEN YOU'LL
NEVER LEAVE
THIS ISLAND
ALIVE--TO
DIVULGE MY
SECRET?

HEAVY! STILL,
FOR ALL HIS
BIG TALK--
HE MISSED
US.

BECAUSE HE
WANTED
TO. HE'S
TOYING
WITH US.

THEN, WE
MUST FIGHT
BACK--WHETHER
WE WISH TO
OR NOT.


PERHAPS IF WE
SPLIT UP--
IF TWO OF US
ATTACKED THE
FORTRESS FROM
EACH POINT OF
THE COMPASS--

AN IDEA WELL
WORTH PURSUING,
ANDROID--

--ONCE MY
POWER PRISM
HAS BLASTED OUR
FOE'S SPY-EYE
OUT OF EXISTENCE--
THUSLY.

Y'KNOW, I
WAS WONDERIN'
WHY YOU LUGGED
THAT NUTTY
JEWEL AROUND.

WELL, NOW
YOU KNOW.



JUST THE SAME, I'M
BETTING **LITTLE**
BROTHER'S STILL
WATCHIN' US--
SOMEHOW.

THAT IS WHY
WE MUST
SEPARATE
AS THE VISION
SUGGESTED--
AND I ALREADY
HAVE PRECISE
TEAMS IN
MIND.


THIS IS
YOUR WORLD--
YOU KNOW
THE ENEMY
BEST.

WE'LL LET YOU
MAKE THE BATTLE
PLANS--FOR THE
PRESENT.

FOR ALL TIME,
MY UNHEARING
ANTAGONISTS.

WHAT
CHANCE
HAVE YOU
AGAINST ONE
WHO CAN
DETECT YOUR
VERY **BRAIN-
WAVES?**

"DO YOU THINK I DON'T
KNOW THAT THE TWO
SUPER-SPEEDSTERS
EVEN NOW APPROACH MY
NETHER SIDE--?"



HEY, 'SILVER--IF BRAIN-
CHILD CAUSED A **SUPER-
NOVA**--WOULDN'T HE
PERISH, AS WELL
AS US?

THE SAME
THOUGHT
HAS CROSSED
MY MIND,
WHIZZER.

IT BUT PROVES HIS UTTER
LONELINESS--THE ALIENATION
HE FEELS--THAT HE WOULD
COMMIT VIRTUAL **SUICIDE**,
TO DESTROY THOSE WHO
HAVE **OPPRESSED**
HIM.



WELL, NO USE
CRYIN' OVER
SPILLED COLA.

C'MON--FIRST
MAN REACHIN'
ONE OF THOSE
WINDOWS WING
THE KEWPIE
DOLL.

THIS ALL SEEMS
SO EASY--FAR
TOO--



--EASYYY!

WUKKA-WOM!



THAT WAS SOME SORT OF
SHOCK WAVE-- BUT I
DON'T KNOW HOW--

LOOK OUT! NOW
HE'S TURNING THE
VERY BOULDERS
INTO WEAPONS
AGAINST US.

THEY'RE
LIKE GIANT
BULLETS--
COMIN' FROM
EVERY
DIRECTION--



OUR ONLY RECOURSE
IS TO DRAW ALL
THE ROCKS--INTO
ONE DIRECTION.

FOLLOW ME,
WHIZZER. WE
MUST CREATE
A LIVING
TORNADO--

--OR
DIE!



NO CONTEST, 'SILVER.
I'M WITH YOU.

THEN MOVE,
MAN--
MOVE!



"AHHH...WHILE MY MENTAL EFFORTS
HAVE BEEN FOCUSED UPON THOSE TWO,
ANOTHER PAIR HAS GAINED ACCESS TO--
THEIR OWN TOMB."

HE KNOWS WE'RE
HERE, NIGHTHAWK.
I CAN SENSE HIS
MIND--PROBING
US.

AND IF HE HIMSELF
DOESN'T TRACK US
DOWN, WITCH-LADY--

--ONE OF HIS
WATCHDOGS WILL.

LOOK!

IT'S--SOME SORT OF
MONSTROUS HUMANOID
--WITH EYES THAT ARE
STARTING TO--GLOW!

AND WHAT-
EVER THAT
MEANS--YOU
CAN BET IT
WON'T DO
US ANY
GOOD.

STAND
BACK,
GIRL.

MY ATHLETIC POWERS
ARE GREATEST WHEN
THE MOON IS OUT--

--BUT WE'LL SEE
IF I CAN DO ANY
GOOD --AT TEA-
TIME.

AARRHH!

"NO GOOD AT ALL,
YOU COSTUMED
INCOMPETENT--AS
THE BLINDING
TORMENT YOU NOW
FEEL SHOULD
PROVE TO YOU.

"HARDER, MY PET.
SQUEEZE HARDER--
HARDER!"

NIGHTHAWK'S
BLACKING OUT
--FROM SHEER
PAIN.

AND--
THERE'S NO
WAY I CAN
HELP HIM--
UNLESS I
RISK A
HEX
SPHERE.

YES--THAT'S WHAT I MUST
DO--NO MATTER WHAT THE
RISK TO--

I--I'M
GOING TO
--I WAS
GOING TO
--DO SOME-
THING--

BUT--I CAN'T SEEM--TO
REMEMBER WHAT--!

"AND, BY THE TIME YOU DO REMEMBER, WOMAN--I'LL HAVE TAKEN CARE OF TWO MORE INVADERS--"



EVEN MY POWER PRISM COULDN'T DEMOLISH THE WHOLE TOWER--

-- BUT AT LEAST IT'S LAID IT OPEN LIKE A CAN OF SARDINES.



NOT FOR LONG, DR. SPECTRUM. SEE HOW THE WALLS QUIVER-- LIKE A THING ALIVE.

WE STEPPED THRU BUT A MOMENT AGO-- YET ALREADY THE FORTRESS HAS REPAIRED ITSELF-- SEALED US IN DARKNESS.



WAIT! WHAT'S THAT STRANGE SOUND-- ABOVE US--?

AMOEBA! IT'S-- A GIANT AMOEBA!



MMFF!

WH--? YOU'VE PASSED RIGHT THRU IT-- LIKE A GHOST. AMAZING!



NO MORE SO THAN YOUR MYSTIC GEM.

SPEAKING OF WHICH-- IT'S TIME I WILLED IT TO DO ITS THING.



DO YOU HAVE THAT EXPRESSION IN YOUR WORLD, VISION?

UNFORTUNATELY--YES.

BUT--LOOK! INSTEAD OF YOUR JEWEL DESTROYING THE AMOEBA--

THE CREATURE MERELY SPLIT-- INTO TWO SEPARATE ENTITIES.



ONE'S RUSHING TOWARD EACH OF US-- BUT WE CAN HANDLE THEM.

CAN WE, SPECTRUM? SOMEHOW-- THIS MONSTER HAS ADAPTED ITSELF TO MY POWERS.

AND THIS ONE-- SEEMS IMMUNE TO MY PRISM.

IT'S CLAMPED ONTO ME-- SOMEHOW KEEPING ME-- FROM BECOMING INTANGIBLE.



KEEP FIGHTING, MAN! WE'VE GOT TO-- FOR THE SAKE OF THE WORLD!



BLAST THEM!
DON'T THEY
REALIZE--
THAT THEY
ARE UP
AGAINST--
A SUPREME
INTELLECT?



THEY ARE
TIRING
ME--BUT
I WON'T
SURRENDER
--UNTIL THEY
ARE ALL
DEAD.

HOLD!
THE
NETHER
SIDE AGAIN--!

THERE! THAT
WHIRLWIND WILL
HOLD THE RUBBLE
TILL WE'VE GONE.

THEN--LET'S
TACKLE THAT DARK
TOWER AGAIN, BROTHER.



NO SOONER SAID
THAN--UNNHH!

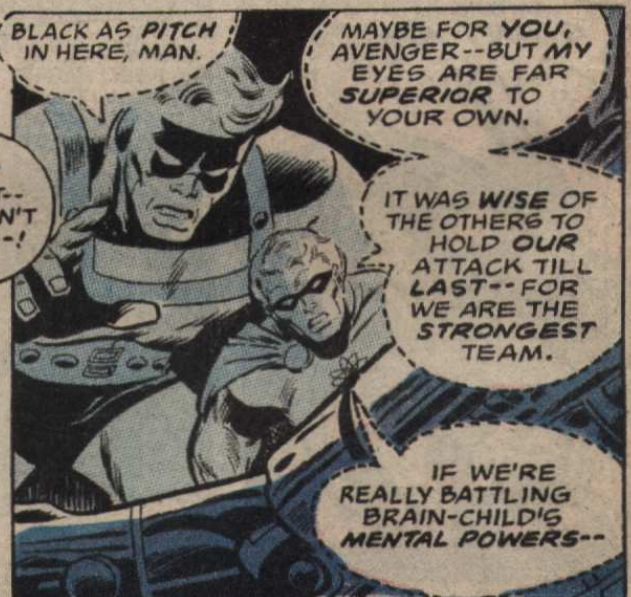
THE WALL
IS--
STICKING
TO US.



NO! NOT JUST--
STICKING TO US--
BUT ATTACKING
US.

YET--WE DARE NOT
FALL. KEEP STRUGGLING
--UNTIL WE ARE OVER-
WHELMED.

RIGHT
ON! BUT--
THAT WON'T
BE LONG--!



BLACK AS PITCH
IN HERE, MAN.

MAYBE FOR YOU,
AVENGER--BUT MY
EYES ARE FAR
SUPERIOR TO
YOUR OWN.

IT WAS WISE OF
THE OTHERS TO
HOLD OUR
ATTACK TILL
LAST--FOR
WE ARE THE
STRONGEST
TEAM.

IF WE'RE
REALLY BATTLING
BRAIN-CHILD'S
MENTAL POWERS--



--THEN WE SHOULD
CHARGE HIM NOW
--WHEN HE MAY
BE EXHAUSTED.

YOUR FURTIVENESS--
IS WASTED
HYPERION.

AND THERE HE
IS--IN THE VERY
CENTER OF
THE TOWER.

TRUE IT IS--
THAT YOUR
ALLIES--HAVE
FATIGUED ME--



--BUT I STILL
RETAIN POWER
ENOUGH--TO
DO--THIS!

THOK!

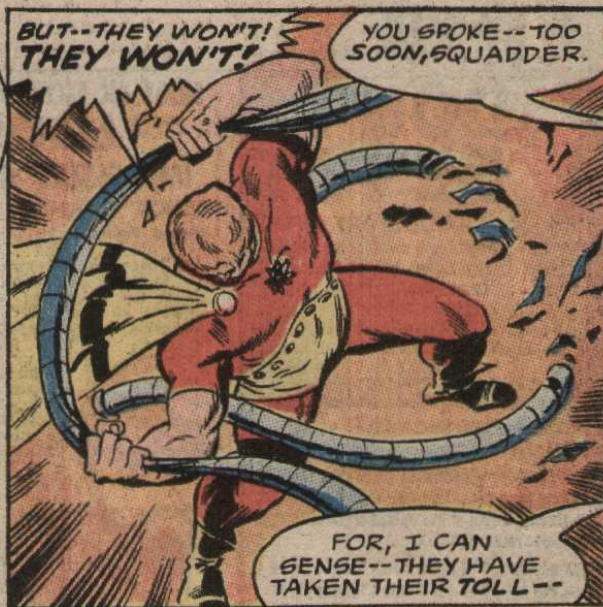
GOLIATH!



SAVE THE MASS--OF YOUR
PITY--FOR YOURSELF,
MAN OF BRAWN.

THESE--
ELECTRICALLY-
CHARGED STEEL
CABLES--SHOULD
ENERVATE
YOU.

MAYBE--
THEY
SHOULD--



BUT--THEY WON'T!
THEY WON'T!

YOU SPOKE-- TOO
SOON, SQUADDER.

FOR, I CAN
SENSE--THEY HAVE
TAKEN THEIR TOLL--



AND, IF MY MIGHTIEST
FOES CAN FALL--CAN THE
OTHERS LONG ENDURE?

HYPE!

WHAT?
STILL
CONSCIOUS,
GIANT?



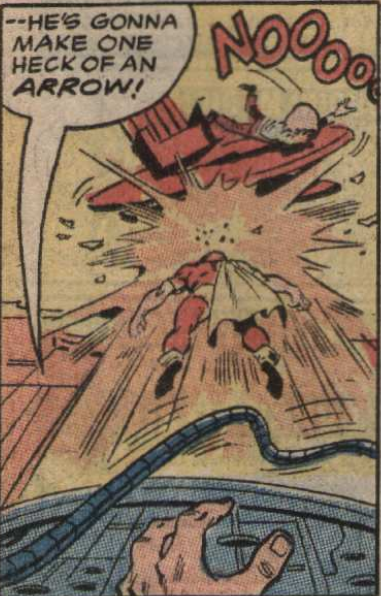
WELL, NOT FOR LONG-- WHEN
BRAIN-BOLTS PIERCE YOUR
SKULL --LIKE ARROWS.

A-ARROWS?
FUNNY YOU
SHOULD--
MENTION
THAT.



'CAUSE--I
USEDTA BE
A REAL HOT-
SHOT
ARCHER--
BACK WHERE
I CAME
FROM.

AND, IF OL'
HYPERION'S
HIDE IS AS
TOUGH AS
I THINK
IT IS--



--HE'S GONNA
MAKE ONE
HECK OF AN
ARROW!

NOOOO



MY--MY HEAD
--IT HURTS.
CAN'T THINK
ANY MORE.

NO! KEEP
AWAY FROM
ME--OR I'LL
DESTROY
YOU--

I'LL--FIRE
A BRAIN-
BOLT AT
YOU. I--
I'LL--



I'LL--CALL MY--
M-MOTHERRRR

HE'S--
OUT!



HUN? WHAT IN BLAZES--?

ALL THESE GIZMOS--
STARTIN' TO
DO A FADE-
OUT--!



THE ATTACKING
AMOEBEA-BEASTS
--WHAT'S HAPPENING
TO THEM?

THEY--
THE
TOWER--
EVERYTHING
IS GOING--



--GOING--



--GONE!

DOES THAT MEAN--
SOMEHOW--THEY
WERE ALL IN BRAIN-
CHILD'S MIND?

YES--BUT,
THAT MIND
ISN'T THE
SAME ANY
MORE.
LOOK.

W-WANT MY
MOMMY--I--



I WON'T
INSULT YOUR
INTELLIGENCE,
AVENGERS, BY
EXPLAINING
WHAT'S HAPPENED
HERE TODAY.

THE SHOCK OF
DEFEAT--HAS
PLUNGED HIM
BACK INTO
TRUE CHILD-
HOOD.

AND, PERHAPS
MY SPACE-
SPAWNED
POWER
PRISM--



--CAN SEE THAT HE
REMAINS THAT WAY!



WH--WHO
AM I?
AND--
WHO'RE
ALL OF
YOU? I--

IT WORKED,
SPEC. FOR THE
FIRST TIME--
HE'S A NORMAL
BOY--

--WITH NO
MEMORY
OF THE
HOLOCAUST
HE NEARLY
CAUSED.



AND FROM HERE ON, KID,
YOU'RE GONNA GET ALL
THE BREAKS--

COURTESY
OF THE
SQUADRON
SUPREME.

GEE, I--
I BET
THAT'D
BE GREAT.

IT WILL, ARNOLD
--AND HYPERION'S
ONE GUY WHO CAN
KEEP HIS WORD.



NOTHIN' LIKE
AN OLD-TIME
HAPPY
ENDING
TO--

HEY!
WHAT IN--?
EVERYBODY'S
--VANISHED!

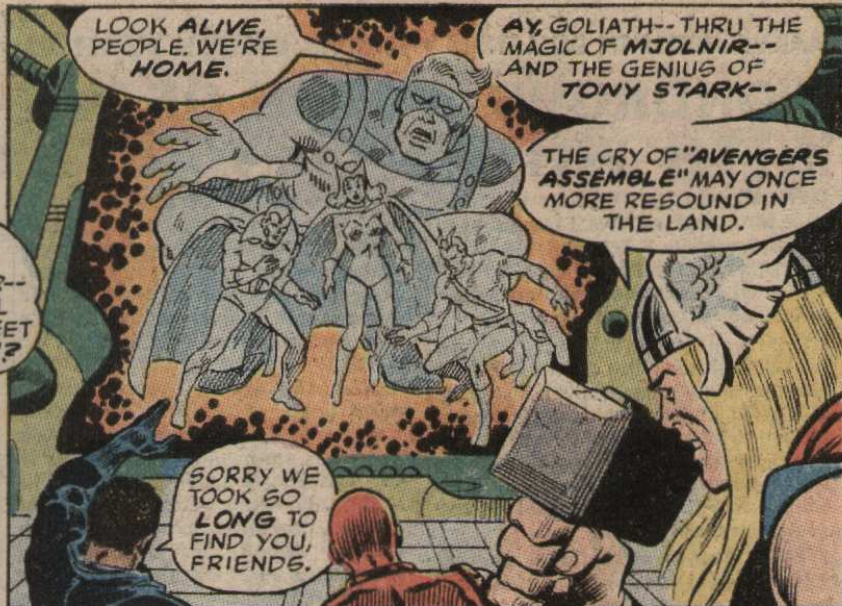
NOT THEM,
CLINT-- JUST
US!



THE ONES CALLED
AVENGERS--
THEY'VE
DISAPPEARED.

I ONLY HOPE
THEY'VE FOUND
THEIR WORLD
ANEW--AFTER
HELPING TO
PRESERVE OURS.

AND I
ONLY
WONDER--
IF WE'LL
EVER MEET
AGAIN!?



LOOK ALIVE,
PEOPLE. WE'RE
HOME.

AY, GOLIATH-- THRU THE
MAGIC OF **MJOLNIR**--
AND THE GENIUS OF
TONY STARK--

THE CRY OF "**AVENGERS
ASSEMBLE**" MAY ONCE
MORE RESOUND IN
THE LAND.

SORRY WE
TOOK SO
LONG TO
FIND YOU,
FRIENDS.



IT IS A **GODSEND**, T'CHALLA, THAT YOU FOUND
US NO **SOONER**.

GOLIATH? FINALLY
STARTED PULLING
YOUR **WEIGHT**,
EH, FELLA?

YOU
CAN TELL
US ALL
ABOUT IT,
PIETRO--

ELSE OUR
LARGEST AVENGER
MIGHT NOT HAVE--
SAVED A PLANET.

-- WHILE
JARVIS BREWS
UP SOME
COFFEE.



YEAH-- BUT TOO BAD
OL' **CAP** AIN'T HERE.
HE ALWAYS **SAID**
I'D AMOUNT TO
SOMETHIN' ONE
DAY.

VISION--
AREN'T YOU
COMING?

IN-- A
MOMENT,
WANDA.

THERE
IS SOME-
THING I
FIRST
MUST
PONDER.



WHY DO YOU
BROOD
ALONE,
ANDROID?
WE ARE
BACK IN
OUR OWN
WORLD
AGAIN, AND--

ARE WE? YES
-- I SUPPOSE
WE ARE.

AND YET, I
HAVE JUST
REALIZED THAT
THERE MAY BE--
PARADOXES
WITHIN
PARADOXES.

HOW
SO?



THINK, PIETRO. WE HAVE
RETURNED FROM **ONE EARTH**--
TO **ANOTHER**, WHEREIN **THREE**
AVENGERS SEARCHED THE
COSMOS FOR **FOUR OTHERS**--
AND SEEMINGLY **FOUND THEM.**

BUT, HOW CAN
WE BE **CERTAIN**
THAT WE HAVE
NOT BEEN RESCUED
BY A **THIRD WORLD**--
ONE ALL BUT
IDENTICAL TO
OUR OWN?

WE MAY
LIVE OUT
OUR **LIVES**--
-- TELL
OURSELVES
WE DO NOT
CARE--



-- YET, WILL
WE EVER **TRULY**
-- **KNOW?**

FINIS