

**WHO
ARE
THE**

MYSTERY MEN



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**DAVID LISS
PATRICK ZIRCHER
ANDY TROY**

I'd put a lot of deposits into the favor bank over the years, and it was time to start making *withdrawals*.

Like from *Haskell Smith*, a shamus I'd helped out of a jam once or twice.

PIPER, I WISH I KNEW WHAT TO SAY, PAL.

I NEED HELP, HASKELL. THE COPS WANT TO PIN THIS ON ME.

I HEARD THE NEWS, AND I'M ON TOP OF IT.

GET ON OVER TO MY OFFICE. I ALREADY HAVE A WIRE ON THIS.

"PIPER, DID YOU KNOW THAT ALICE HAD A *SISTER*? SOME KIND OF CRAZY LADY PILOT.

"AND YOU KNOW WHO THEY WERE LOOKING FOR BEFORE THEY WENT AFTER YOU? THAT *REVENANT LOON* I KEEP READING ABOUT IN THE PAPER!

"I'LL SPILL MORE WHEN YOU GET HERE."





They croaked Haskell to shut him up, the poor stiff. But that meant he'd discovered *something*. Something about Alice's sister.

And he'd left notes about an air-field out in Queens, the one where the amusement park used to be.



LOOKS LIKE PIPER BLIPPED OFF ANOTHER ONE, FELLAS.



GOTCHA NOW, RICH BOY.

REMEMBER FOR THE REPORT, MEN... I FEARED FOR MY LIFE. I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO USE DEADLY FORCE.



CHRIST... IT'S HIM, ISN'T IT? THE REVENANT! HE'S REAL!

HE AIN'T REAL! HE-- NNFF!




WHO--?




Not my fault they left cop cars just sitting around.

And this *Revenant*. I didn't even believe in him before this night. For the moment, though, he was okay in my book.



Haskell's notes said Alice's sister, *Sarah*, is renting this hangar. He thought she was *living* in it, kooky as that sounds.

I don't know what else Smith wrote down in his office, but the cops are hot on my trail.



Whatever is going on, I have to talk to the sister and beat it *fast*.



GET DOWN!

It's not like I didn't hear her.

And when someone comes running in *terror*, screaming to get down, chances are, getting down is the right thing to do.





It's just that... I didn't know she would look so much like Alice.

It's like looking at a ghost. I can hardly breathe.

Also, she's putting a lot of her weight on my chest, so that doesn't help.

IT DIDN'T EXPLODE. HEY MISTER, IT DIDN'T EXPLODE!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

SHHHHHH! NOT REALLY, NO.

BUT IF YOU COULD GET OFF ME, I'D LOVE TO HEAR ABOUT IT.



THE FUEL HAS GOT TO BE VOLATILE. OF COURSE IT DOES. OTHERWISE, IT'S NOT MUCH GOOD, IS IT?

BUT IT CAN'T BE TOO VOLATILE, OR ELSE IT EXPLODES IN YOUR FACE, AND NO ONE WANTS TO BLOW UP, DO THEY? KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

I'M SURE SOMEONE DOES, BUT IT'S NOT ME.

WAIT ONE MINUTE. WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE MYSELF.

MY NAME IS DENNIS PIPER. I'M--

JEEPERS! YOU'RE ALICE'S GUY.



YEAH, I WAS.

LISTEN, SARAH. THE COPS ARE TRYING TO PIN EVERYTHING ON ME.

A FRIEND OF MINE, A PRIVATE PEEPER, POKED AROUND AND WOUND UP DEAD.

BUT NOT BEFORE HE CAME UP WITH YOUR NAME.





