

TWENTY LOOOOOONGGG AND BORRRRRRINGGGG HOURS.

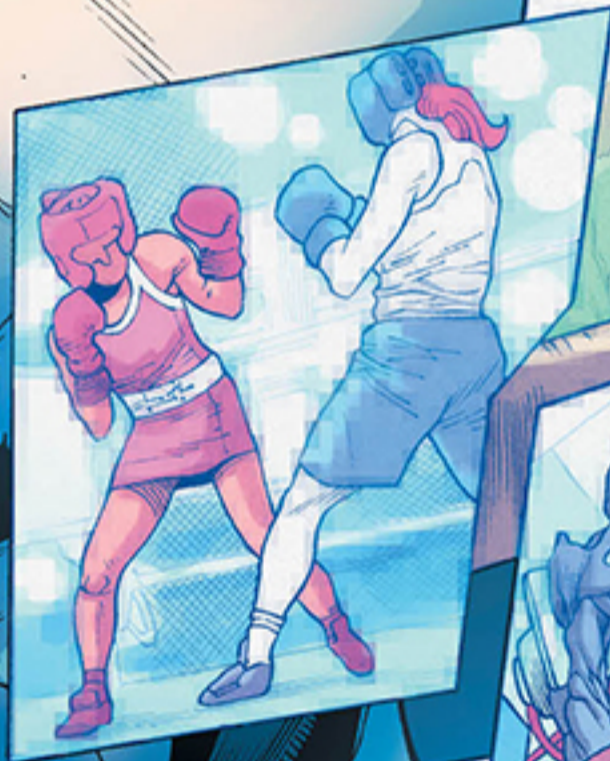
THAT'S HOW LONG I'VE BEEN STUCK IN HERE WHILE S.T.A.R. LABS* SCANS EVERY SQUARE INCH OF MY NO-LONGER-PRIVATE BODY PARTS LOOKING FOR RESIDUAL TECHNOSAPIEN DAMAGE. VERDICT? I'M CLEAN

THE OTHER GOOD NEWS IS I'VE ONLY GOT THREE PLUS MINUTES LEFT BEFORE MY LONG, NATIONAL NIGHTMARE FINALLY GRINDS TO AN END.

TRUTH IS IT HASN'T ALL BEEN SUCKY. EXCEPT FOR THE ENDLESS NEWS REPORTS THAT VOMIT OUT DOOM AND GLOOM 24/7...

...I'VE HAD A CHANCE TO STREAM EVERY SPORTS GAME I'VE MISSED THESE PAST MONTHS.

GO TIGERS.
GO LIONS!



*THE SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY
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NOT OFTEN, BUT EVERY NOW AND THEN, IT HITS ME: THERE WAS A TIME I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ONE OF THOSE GUYS.

OBVIOUSLY I'M THRILLED MY DAD SAVED MY LIFE, THOUGH I CAN'T HELP BUT WISH THERE'D BEEN A WAY THAT WOULD'VE LET ME STILL PLAY.

BINGGG

⇒ Sigh ⇒ "IF WISHES WERE FISHES."

S.T.A.R. LABS SECURITY... JACKING INTO INTERNAL CAMS...

INTRUDERS. AND OF COURSE THEY'RE WEARING SUPER-VILLAIN UNIFORMS. THESE DAYS, WHO DOESN'T?

I'D GUESS MID-TWENTIES. Hmm. THE MALE'S BENT OVER. SHUFFLING. LOOKS WEAK. SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE FEMALE, TOO.

ACTIVATING SECURITY.

SLAMMM

SURPRISE. YOU GUYS ARE GOING NOWHERE.

Huh? SHE'S MOVING THROUGH THE WALL? THROUGH THE WALL?

AND HE'S MORPHING?

OKAY. ON THE WEIRD SCALE OF ONE TO TEN, WE'VE JUST GONE TO AN ELEVEN.

OH, HELL.

HIS MORPHED PARTS ARE SMASHING DOWN THE BARRICADE. IT'S LIKE HE'S A STEEL BATTERING RAM.

WHO THE HELL ARE THESE PEOPLE? AND WHY THE HELL ARE THEY HERE?



FORTY-SEVEN SECONDS LEFT BEFORE THIS POD OPENS. DAMMIT. I DON'T HAVE FORTY-FIVE SECONDS.

CALM DOWN, VIC. IT'S ONLY FORTY-THREE SECONDS NOW. THINK.

FORWARDING THEIR PICTURES THROUGH FACIAL I.D. LET'S FIND OUT WHO--



--WAIT...OH, DAMN. HE REALIZES HE'S ON OUR SECURITY FEED.



HE'S MORPHING AGAIN. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...



...THE BAD-BOY NOW HAS CLAWS.

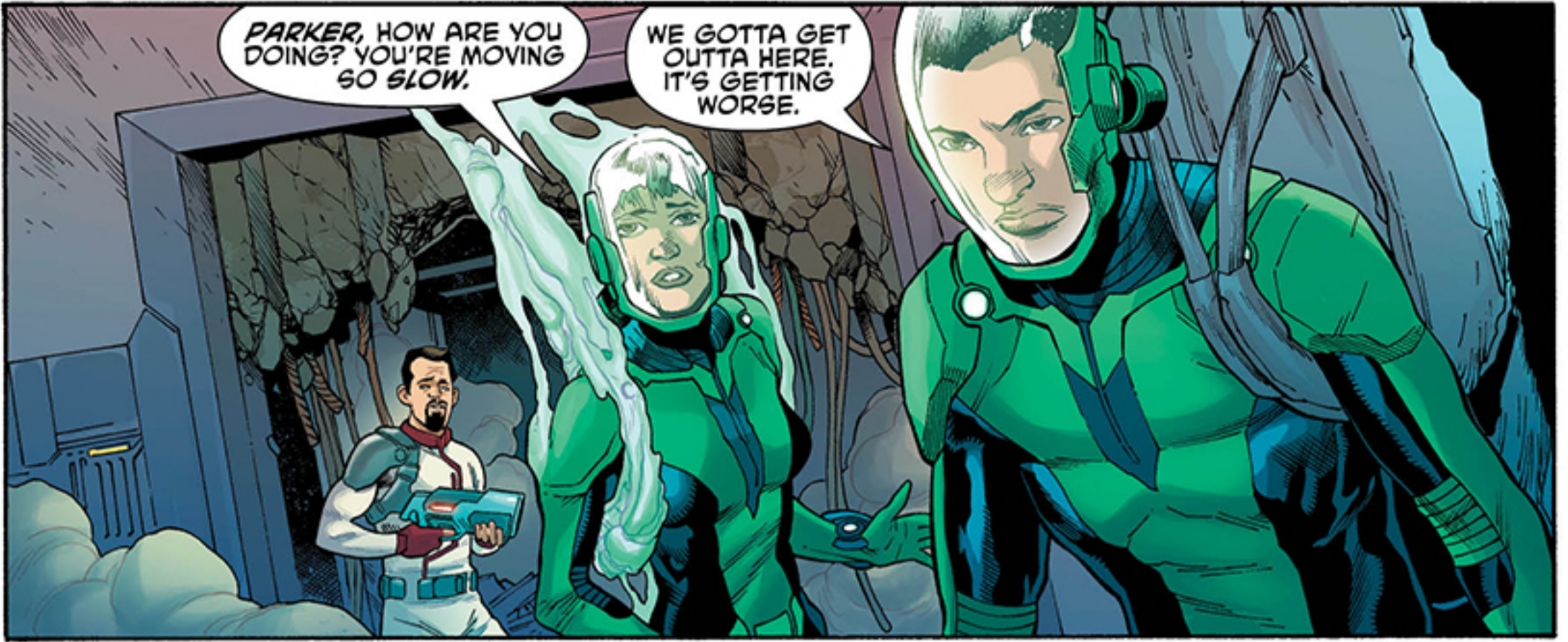


CAMERA'S DOWN. EYES ARE OFF-LINE.

DOESN'T MATTER, THOUGH. FIVE...FOUR... THREE...TWO...



...AND THE CROWD CHEERS.



PARKER, HOW ARE YOU DOING? YOU'RE MOVING SO SLOW.

WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE. IT'S GETTING WORSE.



STOP!

I SAID DON'T MOVE, TAKE ANOTHER STEP, AND I SWEAR I'LL SHOOT.

A GUARD? YOU'RE NEW.



ARM DENSITY LEVEL 1.7.

LISTEN TO ME. WE DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU. WE DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYONE.

SO PLEASE, STAY BACK AND LET US GO.



AUTUMN... WE'VE GOT TO GO. NOW.



SHOULD WE DO IT HERE?

ACSHHHH!

OH, GOD... I INCREASED DENSITY TO 100% WITH MY ARM INSIDE HIM.



