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BONUS DIGITAL EDITION — DETAILS INSIDE!

QUICKSILVER

NO SURRENDER

PART

2





*Quicksilver accelerated beyond the speed
of perception to save the world.*

*Now he's an isolated castaway on a
frozen Earth, barely holding off madness
and desperate to find a way home.*

But he's not safe. And he's not alone.

QUICKSILVER
NO SURRENDER



I'M THE
FASTEST MAN
IN THE WORLD.

THE FASTEST
THAT'S EVER BEEN.



TOO FAST FOR
MY OWN GOOD.


NOT FAST
ENOUGH.

I'M TRAPPED HERE BETWEEN
MOMENTS WHILE THE REST OF
THE WORLD SITS SUSPENDED IN TIME.

IF I'M BEING
HONEST WITH
MYSELF, I'M
LONELY.



BUT I'M NOT
ALONE...



I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY ARE, BUT THEY ARE THE ONLY OTHER THINGS MOVING IN THIS FROZEN LANDSCAPE. THEY'RE AS FAST AS I AM, AND THEY'RE KILLING PEOPLE WHO DON'T EVEN KNOW THEY'RE DYING.

THEY DON'T SPEAK AND THEY DON'T BOTHER ME UNLESS I TRY TO STOP THEM.

THE WEIRDEST PART IS, THEY LOOK LIKE ME. I'VE DESTROYED A DOZEN OF THEM, BUT THEY JUST KEEP APPEARING.

I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY THERE ARE. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO STOP THEM ALL.

THEY'RE KILLING INNOCENT PEOPLE, AND THEY'RE *DARING* TO WEAR MY HANDSOME FACE WHILE THEY DO IT.

THE VICTIMS AREN'T RANDOM. THEY'VE ALL BEEN PEOPLE I KNOW. THIS IS MRS. SARAH LOWENSTEIN, RETIRED NOW AND ON VACATION WITH HER HUSBAND.

MRS. LOWENSTEIN IS AN IMMIGRATION LAWYER. YEARS AGO, SHE HELPED MY SISTER AND ME GET THROUGH A DIFFICULT PROCESS. WE SPEAK OCCASIONALLY.

NOW I'M FIGHTING TO KEEP A MONSTROUS COPY OF MYSELF FROM RIPPING HER IN HALF.

LIFE IS WEIRD, HUH?



HEY!
YOU UGLY
BUNCH OF INFERIOR
KNOCKOFFS! OVER
HERE!

WHATEVER
YOU THINGS ARE,
DO YOU HAVE TO BE
SO DAMN QUIET?
IT'S CREEPY.

WHAT I
WOULDN'T GIVE
FOR SOME CRAPPY
SUPER VILLAIN SPEECH
RIGHT NOW TO BREAK
THIS SILENCE.



I'VE GOTTEN
BETTER AT TAKING
THEM OUT.

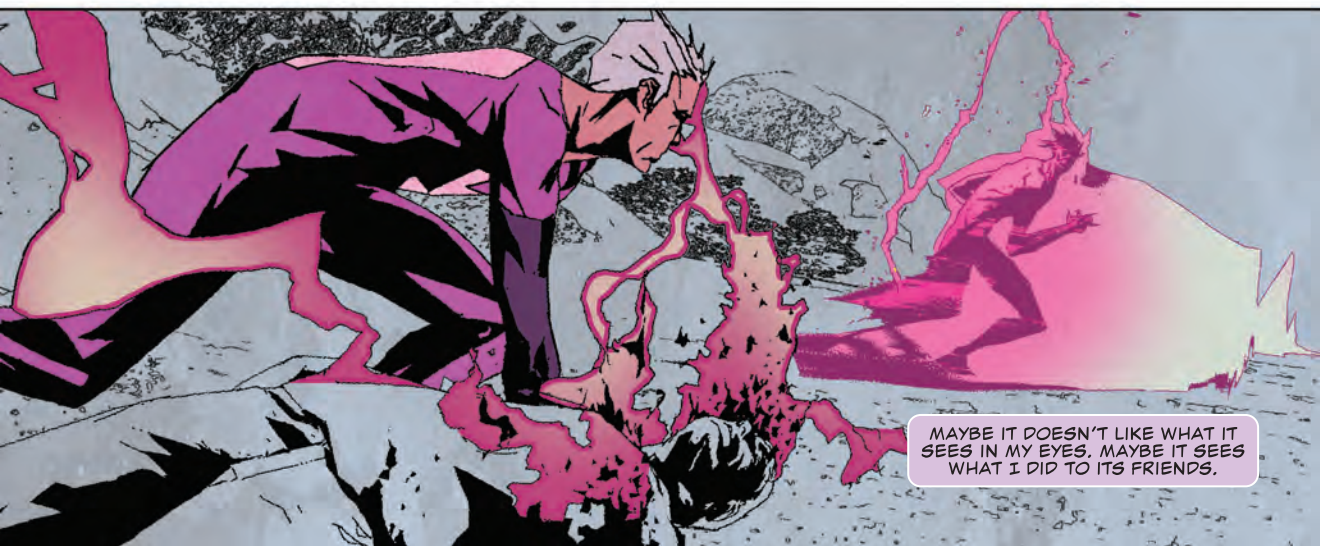
I SAVE
MRS. SARAH
LOWENSTEIN'S
LIFE.



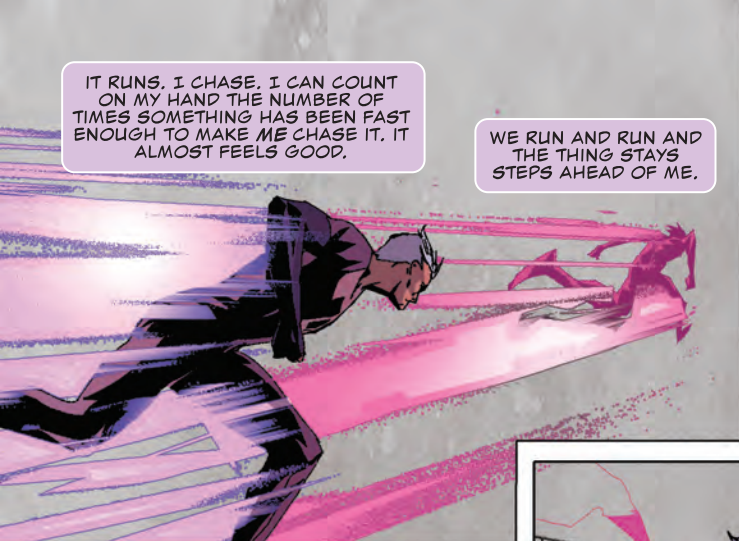
I'M THE
FASTEST MAN
IN THE WORLD.



BUT NEVER FAST
ENOUGH TO SAVE
EVERYONE.



MAYBE IT DOESN'T LIKE WHAT IT
SEES IN MY EYES. MAYBE IT SEES
WHAT I DID TO ITS FRIENDS.



IT RUNS. I CHASE. I CAN COUNT ON MY HAND THE NUMBER OF TIMES SOMETHING HAS BEEN FAST ENOUGH TO MAKE ME CHASE IT. IT ALMOST FEELS GOOD.


WE RUN AND RUN AND THE THING STAYS STEPS AHEAD OF ME.



ACROSS OCEANS WE RUN, THROUGH CITIES WE RUN, AND ONLY AT THE LAST MOMENT DO I REALIZE WE'RE NOT RUNNING RANDOMLY.



ONLY WHEN THE MONSTER STOPS AND TURNS TO FACE ME DO I REALIZE WHERE IT HAS LED ME.



IT'S THE SMELL THAT TELLS ME FIRST, EVEN BEFORE MY EYES. SCENTS ARE DULLED IN THIS WEIRD IN-BETWEEN WORLD, BUT THIS ONE CUTS THROUGH EVERYTHING.

ONION, PAPRIKA, IT'S THE SMELL OF JANJA, IT'S THE SMELL MY MOTHER USED TO MAKE.



DAMN, THESE MONSTERS HAVE LED ME HERE, THE FACES AND THE TRAILERS HAVE CHANGED OVER THE YEARS, BUT THERE'S NO MISTAKING IT...



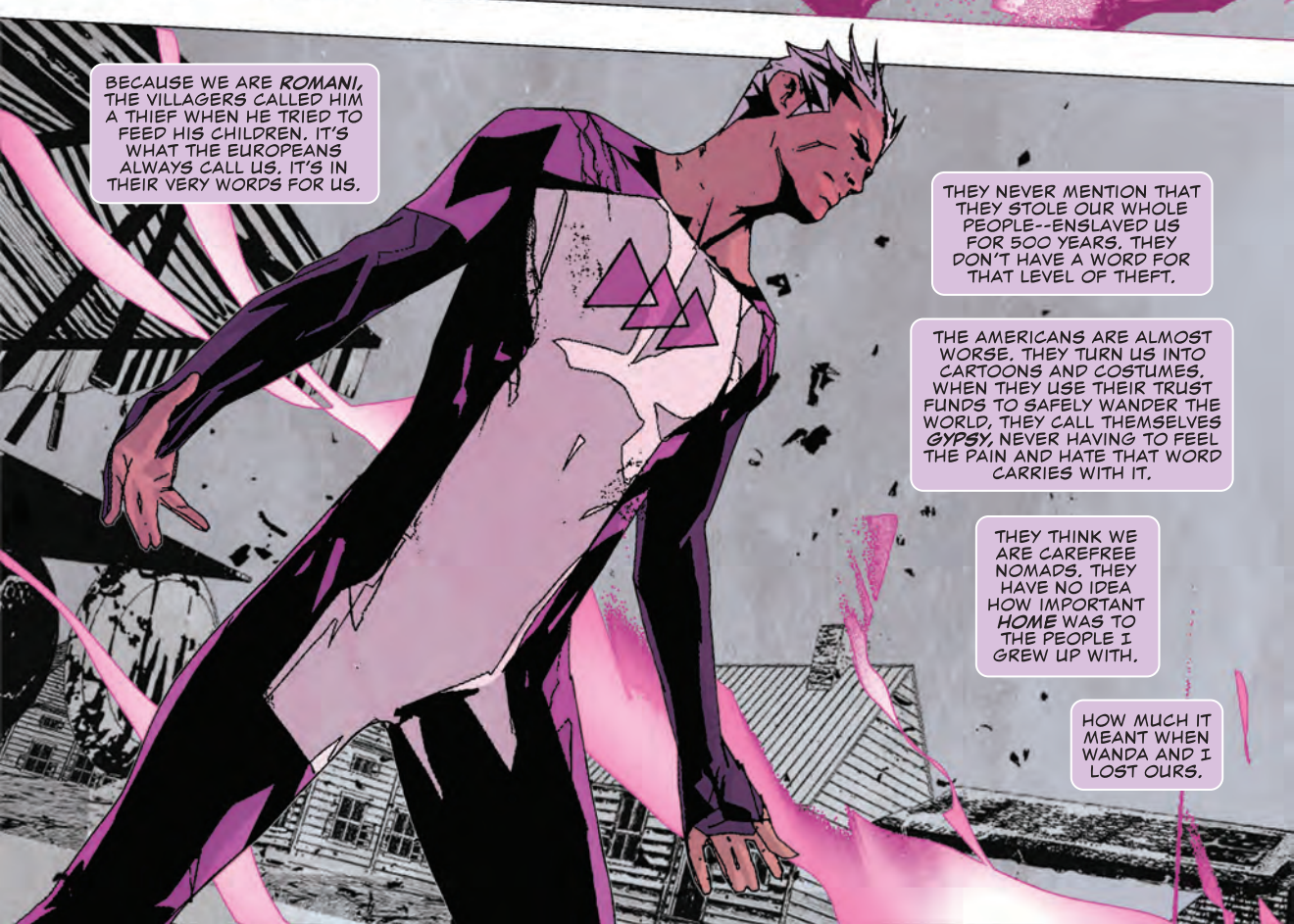
...HOME.

OR AT LEAST IT ONCE WAS. THIS IS THE PLACE MY PARENTS RAISED MY SISTER AND ME. WE WERE POOR, AND NOT POOR LIKE AMERICANS MEAN IT WHEN THEY SAY IT, BUT POOR.

WE HAD SHOES, BUT NOT EVERYONE WE KNEW DID. MY MOTHER APOLOGIZED TO BREAD WHEN SHE DROPPED IT.

MY FATHER DID ANYTHING HE COULD TO FEED MY SISTER AND ME. SOME OF IT WAS ILLEGAL, ALL OF IT WAS LONG, HARD WORK.

HE MADE A TINY FISTFUL OF MONEY A DAY, BARELY ENOUGH TO KEEP US OFF THE STREETS.



BECAUSE WE ARE ROMANI, THE VILLAGERS CALLED HIM A THIEF WHEN HE TRIED TO FEED HIS CHILDREN. IT'S WHAT THE EUROPEANS ALWAYS CALL US, IT'S IN THEIR VERY WORDS FOR US.

THEY NEVER MENTION THAT THEY STOLE OUR WHOLE PEOPLE--ENSLAVED US FOR 500 YEARS. THEY DON'T HAVE A WORD FOR THAT LEVEL OF THEFT.

THE AMERICANS ARE ALMOST WORSE. THEY TURN US INTO CARTOONS AND COSTUMES. WHEN THEY USE THEIR TRUST FUNDS TO SAFELY WANDER THE WORLD, THEY CALL THEMSELVES GYPSY, NEVER HAVING TO FEEL THE PAIN AND HATE THAT WORD CARRIES WITH IT.

THEY THINK WE ARE CAREFREE NOMADS. THEY HAVE NO IDEA HOW IMPORTANT HOME WAS TO THE PEOPLE I GREW UP WITH.

HOW MUCH IT MEANT WHEN WANDA AND I LOST OURS.