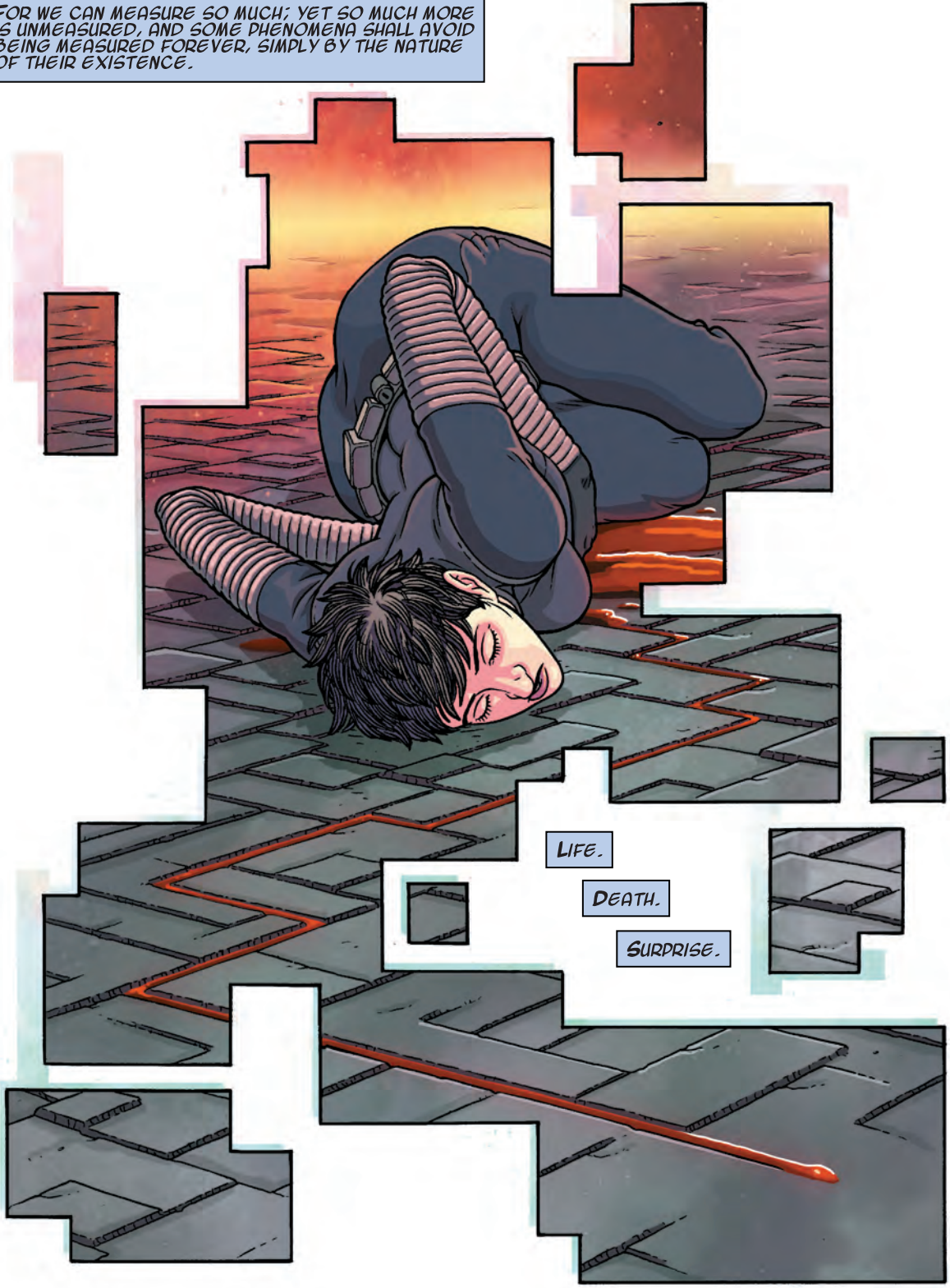


TO SPEAK OF THE EVENTS THAT HAVE HAPPENED BEFORE AND WILL HAPPEN AFTER, IN MINOR AND MAJOR VARIATIONS.

TO RESONATE THROUGH TIMESPACE WITH THE SONGS OF THE MULTIVERSE.

THAT IS THE GIFT OF THE PAO'REE LIBRARY TO THE WHOLE THAT IS THE UNKNOWN.

FOR WE CAN MEASURE SO MUCH; YET SO MUCH MORE IS UNMEASURED, AND SOME PHENOMENA SHALL AVOID BEING MEASURED FOREVER, SIMPLY BY THE NATURE OF THEIR EXISTENCE.



LIFE.

DEATH.

SURPRISE.

HORROR.

LOVE.

TO SPEAK OF THE TIME WHEN THE PAO'REE HAVE NEARLY LOST THEIR WAY.

WHEN MEN OF WAR DESCENDED UPON MER-Z-BOW AND BROUGHT WITH THEM THE VIRUS OF HATE.

WHEN VENTOLIN XTAL HELD THE HAND OF BUCKY BARNES, BOTH KNOWING THEY BELONGED.



WHEN THE SHADOW BEHIND THEM MADE ITS WAY TO THE POLARITY ENGINE ROOM, READY TO TWIST AND TURN THE KNIFE UNTIL ITS PAIN WOULD FINALLY VANISH.

BUT NO AMOUNT OF PAIN CAUSED TO OTHERS WILL ALLOW YOU TO FORGET YOUR OWN.

THROUGH SEVENTEEN WARS, WE HAVE LEARNED THIS ALL TOO WELL.

THE BOY IN THE BODY OF A MAN DOESN'T KNOW.

ALL HE SEES IN THE WORLD IS WHAT IS INSIDE HIM—LOSS, HURT, A CYCLE HE BELIEVES CAN NEVER BE BROKEN.



TO SPEAK OF THE TIME WHEN DAISY JOHNSON LAY BLEEDING ON THE FLOOR.

WHEN BUCKY BARNES AND VENTOLIN XTAL HAD NO IDEA WHAT WAS COMING.

WHEN DOPPELGANGERS RAN ACROSS THE PLAINS OF MER-Z-BOW, HOPING IT WAS NOT TOO LATE.

MEANWHILE,
OUTSIDE THE
CITY GATES.

SON, PLEASE--
YOU HAVE TO LET ME
THROUGH. YOUR QUEEN
AND BUCKY BARNES
ARE IN GREAT
DANGER.

SURRENDER
YOUR WEAPONS
NOW, HUMAN.

WHAT IS
YOUR PURPOSE
HERE?