

James Bourne was an elite special forces soldier chosen to undergo an operation that gave him the ability to teleport and made him a one man war on terror. Now, after a series of losses and betrayals, Bourne is striking out on his own, becoming the anti-terrorism vigilante known only as...

SOLO

THE ONE MAN WAR ON TERROR

Previously...

Solo's renegade tactics have made him the ultimate anti-terror agent...it's only sometimes that they get him in over his head. A mission to extract a S.H.I.E.L.D. agent ended with the agent dead, and Solo destroying the Zoo Crew [a gang of extraterrestrial arms dealers] from the inside out while using his image inducer to look like their leader, Leo. He also told Commander Dugan that the evil Egghead was the Zoo's weapons supplier [based on a text he read on a Crew member's phone]...which, it turns out, wasn't exactly true. Hey, no one bats a thousand... Maybe "Egghead" was a nickname? Unfortunately, since Dugan's in the wrong place, Solo is about to come face-to-face with the real supplier, alone...

Writers	Geoffrey Thorne + Gerry Duggan
Artist	Paco Diaz
Colors	Israel Silva
Lettering	UC's Travis Lanham
Cover	Paco Diaz + Israel Silva
Assistant Editor	Kathleen Wisneski
Editor	Darren Shan
Consulting Editor	Jordan D. White
Editor in Chief	Axel Alonso
Chief Creative Officer	Joe Quesada
Publisher	Dan Buckley
Executive Producer	Alan Fine



NOW.

INCOMING CALL.
INCOMING CALL.

JAMES JAMES
MORRISON--

ACCEPT.

BREEP



BEFORE YOU
TALK, I WANT
YOU TO KNOW
SOMETHING.

WE'RE IN
MY BED. WE'RE
LISTENING TO MILES
DAVIS. THE SUN IS
SHINING.

WHEN I
SAY "WE," I'M
TALKING ABOUT
ME AND YOUR
DAUGHTER.



YOUR
DAUGHTER,
JAMES. OUR
DAUGHTER.

STOP.
I'M STILL
TALKING.

YOUR DAUGHTER
IS THE ONLY REASON
I TAKE YOUR CALLS,
JAMES. SHE'S THE
ONLY REASON I
HELP YOU.



I HAVE THIS
CRAZY IDEA THAT
SOMEDAY SHE SHOULD
SEE HER FATHER AGAIN.
MAYBE YOU'LL TEACH
HER TO SWIM. HAVE
A DAY AT THE
BEACH.

THINGS LIKE
THAT. THINGS
FAMILIES DO. NORMAL
THINGS. THINK ANY OF
THAT IS POSSIBLE,
JAMES?

YOU
TALK
NOW.



LISTEN, CAT--

OH, FOR GOD'S SAKE--

"CATITA"! "CATITA"! SORRY. ABSOLUTELY NOT HAPPENING AGAIN. PROMISE.



AND YES. IT'S POSSIBLE. SHE'S MY DAUGHTER. OURS. I WANT THAT STUFF, TOO.



I DEFINITELY HAVE A NEW PERSPECTIVE ON ALL OF THAT. IT'S SORT OF WHY I'M CALLING. REALLY.

I KNOW I'VE BEEN AN IDIOT ABOUT--WELL, A LOT OF THINGS. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE THAT SERIOUS TALK AS SOON AS I GET OUT OF...



Y'KNOW WHAT?

HOW ABOUT I JUST GIVE YOU THE SHORT VERSION?

THE SHORT VERSION (FOUR HOURS AGO).

SOLO SAFETY TIP 4783K:
A CLANDESTINE OPERATIVE'S
BEST WEAPON IS NOT A GUN
OR A KNIFE OR A GRENADE.

WHAT
THE HELL?

ARE YOU
KIDDING ME
WITH THIS?

THOSE THINGS
ARE NICE.

TELL ME
YOU'RE KIDDING,
LEO. TELL ME THIS
IS YOUR IDEA OF
A PRACTICAL
JOKE.

HEY,
WHAT CAN I
SAY, MAN?

BUT YOU'LL DIE
WITHOUT YOUR
IMAGE INDUCER.

YOU'D
BETTER START
SAYING *SOMETHING*,
RIGHT NOW, OR I'M
GOING TO BE VERY
CROSS WITH
YOU.





AND, I PROMISE, ME CROSS IS SOMETHING YOU WOULD NOT LIKE.

WHAT IN THE REDACTED REDACTED IS REDACTED GOING ON HERE?

WHAT? THIS? THIS IS NOTHING, MAN. JUST THE RESULT OF A LITTLE LABOR DISPUTE.



URK!

LABOR DISPUTE? AS FAR AS I CAN SEE, YOUR WHOLE CREW IS DEAD HERE.



ACTUALLY =GASP= I LEFT MOST =GASP= OF THEM BACK IN THE =GASP= GOBI.

BUT =GASP= YEAH =GASP= DEAD.

I'M THE =GASP= LAST OF THE ZOO, BABY.