

After surviving a future known as the Wastelands where everything good in the world was destroyed, Old Man Logan awoke in the present, determined to prevent the death of his wife and children. Even after accepting this second chance, he is haunted by the loss of his family.

When Logan avenged his family in the Wastelands, he did so by killing all crazed descendants of Bruce Banner...except for a young baby, who Logan took in as his own. Logan has awakened in the Wastelands to find that the baby Hulk had been taken by the King of the Wastelands...but nothing is as it seems. The last thing Logan remembered before waking up in the desert was being in the present, heading to space to save Alpha Flight and fighting off Brood alongside his old friend, Puck...



# OLD MAN LOGAN

## RETURN TO THE WASTELANDS: PART II

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COLD  
AND DARK.

WET AND  
FALLING.

WHICH IS REAL? WHY CAN'T I  
MOVE? SO COLD. TOO COLD.  
CLAWS POP OUT OF REFLEX.  
NO GOOD. NOTHING TO CUT.  
NOTHING TO SLICE.

JUST COLDNESS. DEEP  
INSIDE. SPREADING  
INTO MY MUSCLES  
NOW. MY BRAIN...

COLD.

DARK.

FALLING.

BROKEN.

HOW? HOW DID THIS  
HAPPEN? WHERE AM  
I? I MEAN, WHERE  
AM I REALLY?

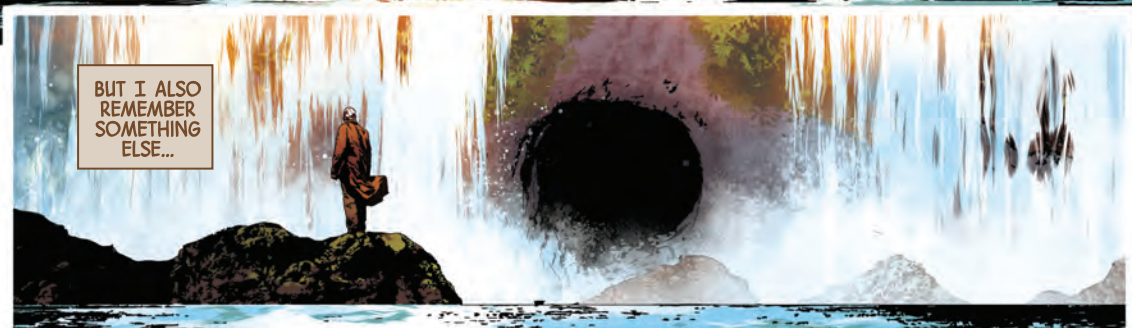




I REMEMBER.  
I'M BACK IN  
THE WASTELANDS.  
I--I CAME FOR  
THE BABY.



KANG!!!



BUT I ALSO  
REMEMBER  
SOMETHING  
ELSE...



I REMEMBER  
DARKNESS.



DARKNESS. FREEZING.  
SPACE. I--I WAS IN  
SPACE. I WAS FREEZING...





NO!

WHOA!  
SETTLE DOWN,  
BUB. YOU'RE  
OKAY.



I--I WAS IN SPACE  
FIGHTING THE BROOD  
WITH MY OLD ALPHA  
FLIGHT BUDDY, PUCK.  
WASN'T I?

HOW  
MUCH DO YOU  
REMEMBER?

NOT MUCH.  
IT'S ALL MIXED  
UP.



I PULLED  
YOU OUT OF SPACE.  
YOU WERE A POPSICLE.  
YOUR HEALING FACTOR  
AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE,  
BUT IT STILL WENT TO WORK.  
BEEN WORKING ON YOU FOR  
ABOUT FIFTEEN HOURS NOW.



FIFTEEN  
HOURS?! WHAT  
THE HELL YOU  
BEEN DOING ALL  
THAT TIME,  
PUCK?



BEEN CIRCLING  
THE STATION, WAITING  
FOR YOU. NO WAY I'M  
GOING BACK INTO THAT  
**BROOD NEST** ON  
MY OWN, BUB.



BUT, LIKE IT  
OR NOT, WE GOTTA  
GET BACK IN THERE.  
THE BROOD STILL  
HAVE BRAND AND  
SASQUATCH.

YEAH. MAYBE  
WE CAN PULL THEM  
OUTTA THERE AND BLOW  
THE STATION AND ALL  
THOSE SLIMY  
BASTARDS UP.





SOUNDS LIKE A PLAN. THEY'RE A STRANGE BREED OF BROOD THOUGH, AIN'T THEY? SORT OF MINDLESS. NOT AS SMART AS THE BROOD WARRIORS I BEEN UP AGAINST BEFORE.

DON'T MUCH CARE HOW SMART THEY ARE OR AREN'T, PUCK. LONG AS THEY BLEED, THEY ALL DIE THE SAME TO ME.



WHAT'S THAT?



IT--IT'S A DISTRESS CALL. BUT IT'S COMING FROM *THE STATION* AND IT'S NOT ANYONE FROM ALPHA FLIGHT!



SOMEONE ELSE IS STILL ALIVE IN THERE!