

Subject:

Woodrow McCord

Known Associates:

Peggy Carter, Howard Stark



Findings:

Reports suggest that McCord located a beacon of sorts, likely alien, that led to the assembly of his misfit crew: him, Carter, Stark, a Russian teenager only in it for herself and another Russian teenager who, supposedly, turns into a bear. They traced the beacon's journey into Siberia, where they came upon a strange alien ship and accidentally set it on its pre-piloted course—right toward a Hydra base. This Hydra base, full of scientists kept against their will, including Anton Vanko and his associate Shareen, was the location of experiments to determine the source of mysterious energy that may or may not have to do with the beacon. As the ship approached, the portal came alive, having an odd effect on Shareen.

Recorder's Notes:

McCord is gruff and easily agitated by aliens, humans who transform into bears, and most situations he finds himself in.

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--FINISH MY CAREER AS THE **ONLY MAN** STANDING BETWEEN **EARTH** AND AN ALL-OUT **ALIEN** INVASION!



GOD! SING ANOTHER **SONG**, **MCCORD!** WHAT ARE THE REST OF US, **TOURISTS?**



--**FAIL** MISERABLY IN YOUR EFFORTS TO PROTECT THOSE WHO ARE **HELPING** YOU! ONCE A **TRAITOR**, **ALWAYS** A **TRAITOR**, **SPEAK**, OR I WILL BEGIN MAKING **EXECUTIVE** DECISIONS.



WE WERE **NEVER** GOING TO SURVIVE THIS PLACE. I SEE THAT NOW.



WHAT IN **GOD'S** NAME ARE YOU ALL **TALKING** ABOUT?! **EVERYONE** NEEDS TO GET OUT OF HERE **NOW!** WE ARE ALL GOING TO--



DIE!



YOU TWO NEED TO STRAP IN!

IT FEELS LIKE WE'RE SLOWING DOWN, YES?



NO! IT'S *NOT* JUST ENERGY! IT'S GAINING MASS!

I HAVE TRAVERSED THE ENDLESS TRACTS OF TIME AND SPACE.



PLEASE, PLEASE LET ME GO--



WE'RE BEING DRAWN DOWN! OR MAYBE...MAYBE WE'RE GETTING HEAVIER?

HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?



IT'S PUSHING AND PULLING IN EVERY DIRECTION AT ONCE! I CAN'T SHUT DOWN THE PORTAL!

EATEN OF THE REMNANTS OF YOUR HEART AND MIND.



THIS IS MY FAULT. IT'S TOO LATE.



SURE DOESN'T FEEL LIKE WE'RE COASTING INTO THE GATE!

I'VE GOT ENOUGH REVERSE THRUST. WE'RE GONNA BE OKAY!



BOZHE MO!

SUSTAINED BY THE ATOMS LEFT IN YOUR WAKE, AND NOW--



YOU HAVE FOUND ME.