

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.

Even beyond familial ties, there are other memories and obligations from the Wastelands that Logan cannot forget--including a Hulk baby that he swore to protect. Now, after breaking the magical being called Asmodeus out of prison, Logan is on a mission to get back to the Wastelands to save that baby.



OLD MAN LOGAN

PAST LIVES: PART I of IV

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LAST THING I REMEMBER IS ASMODEUS...THAT CREEP WAS SUPPOSED TO SEND ME *BACK* TO THE WASTELANDS.

BUT SOMETHING WENT WRONG...



WELL DONE, LADS. WE FINALLY GOT THE JUMP ON HIM... THE CANADIANS' BEST ASSASSIN IS NOW *OUR* PRISONER.

REALLY WRONG. I AIN'T IN THE WASTELANDS. NOT EVEN CLOSE.



THIS IS--THIS IS FAMILIAR THOUGH. I *ALMOST* REMEMBER THIS.

GET MOVING, SAVAGE.



THE WAR
OF 1812.

I WAS HERE. THIS DID
HAPPEN. ONLY PROBLEM
IS, I DON'T REMEMBER
WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.



MY WORD!
YOU ACTUALLY
CAUGHT HIM,
CAPTAIN!

THAT
WE DID, LAD.
INFORM GENERAL
MACMILLAN THAT *THE*
ASSASSIN IS IN
THE BRIG.

ONTARIO/MANITOBA BORDER.



CAREFUL, LADS.
HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE
MUCH, BUT THIS MAN IS NOT
TO BE TAKEN LIGHTLY. HE HAS
KILLED AT LEAST **TWO DOZEN**
OF OUR MEN OVER THE
LAST YEAR.

DID I? SO LONG AGO.
SO HARD TO REMEMBER
ANY DETAILS. I DID WORK
WITH THE CANADIAN ARMY.
I--I KILLED FOR THEM.

I COULD DO IT AGAIN. I COULD GET OUT OF THIS
IN **ONE BLOODY SECOND**. ALL I GOTTA DO IS
POP MY CLAWS. SO WHY DON'T I?



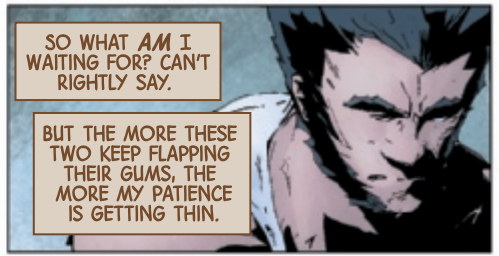
CAN'T REALLY SAY. SOME INSTINCT.
SOME FAINT MEMORY OF A MEMORY...
LIKE I'M **WAITING FOR SOMETHING**.



GENERAL MACMILLAN. IT'S HIM, SIR, THE ASSASSIN. WE CAUGHT HIM RED-HANDED.

HUMPH! HE DOESN'T LOOK SO DANGEROUS NOW, DOES, HE CAPTAIN EVERRET?

NO, GENERAL. JUST A SAVAGE. PROBABLY *MÉTIS*. YOU KNOW THOSE PEOPLE. NO SENSE OF HONOR.



SO WHAT *AM* I WAITING FOR? CAN'T RIGHTLY SAY.

BUT THE MORE THESE TWO KEEP FLAPPING THEIR GUMS, THE MORE MY PATIENCE IS GETTING THIN.



DO YOU SPEAK ENGLISH? *PARLEZ VOUS ENGLISH?*

NOT TALKING, HM?



WELL, I THINK YOU DO UNDERSTAND ME. I THINK YOU KNOW *EXACTLY* WHAT I'M SAYING.

SO LET ME TELL YOU WHY I HAVE HAD *MY* MEN SCOURING THESE WOODS FOR WEEKS HUNTING FOR YOU.



ONE OF THOSE MEN YOU BUTCHERED AT THE BATTLE OF DETROIT *WAS MY SON.*