

Clint Barton, a.k.a.

↑
hawkeye

is one of the two greatest sharpshooters known to man.
He's also an Avenger.

Kate Bishop, a.k.a.

↑
hawkeye

is the other one. (Some might say the better one.)

This is what they do when they do what they do best.



Kate recently lost her faith in Clint when he decided to stop protecting the Project Communion kids. Now, in hopes of regaining his partner's trust, Clint's taken a mission to rescue the kids from Hydra—a mission that's left him gravely injured.

In an earlier time, a younger Kate struggles to strengthen her relationship with her father, only to discover that he's not the man she thought...

Hawkeyes

Part Two of Three

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THEN.

Dear Diary, when I woke up this morning, I thought I'd dreamt everything.

Or maybe I hoped I did.

MORNING, KATIE!

SO SORRY, MR. BISHOP, I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU'D BE TAKING BREAKFAST AT HOME THIS MORNING.

I FIGURED KATIE AND I COULD **FINALLY** CATCH UP BEFORE I HEAD TO THE OFFICE, KRIP.

And the thing that messed with me the most was that Dad actually acted like **nothing was different**. Like nothing had happened.

But it wasn't a dream. It was real. As much as it hurts to admit, I didn't really know my father at all.

SO, KATIE...
THERE'S SOMETHING
I NEED TO TALK TO
YOU ABOUT. I THINK
YOU KNOW WHAT
IT IS.



OH...UM.
YEAH. I THINK
I DO.



LOOK, KATE...
THERE'S NO EASY
WAY TO SAY THIS. I
DON'T KNOW WHEN, OR
EVEN IF, YOUR MOTHER
WILL BE COMING
BACK TO STAY
HERE.

OH.

I'M SORRY,
SWEETIE. I'M SURE
SHE'LL WANT TO TELL YOU
THIS HERSELF, BUT SHE AND
I...WELL, WE HAVEN'T REALLY
BEEN **TOGETHER**
IN A WHILE.



YOU KNOW
THAT. I KNOW THIS
ISN'T EASY FOR YOU.
I'M SORRY ABOUT
THAT, KATE. I
REALLY AM.

I KNOW.
IT'S OKAY, DAD.
IT'S NOT YOUR
FAULT.



IT'S
NOBODY'S FAULT.
ESPECIALLY NOT
YOURS. YOU KNOW
THAT, RIGHT? IT'S
NOTHING YOU
DID.



I KNOW.





UM, SIR...I HATE TO INTERRUPT, BUT YOU DO HAVE THAT MEETING THIS MORNING. IN REGARDS TO **LAST NIGHT'S** BUSINESS.

YES, KRIP. I'LL BE RIGHT THERE.



WELL, KATIE, I HAVE TO GO TO WORK. ARE YOU GOING TO BE OKAY HERE TODAY? YOU HAVE EVERYTHING YOU NEED?

YEAH. I HAVE ANOTHER DANCE CLASS THIS AFTERNOON.



ARE YOU OKAY, THOUGH? I MEAN, ARE YOU REALLY OKAY?



I'M OKAY, DAD. REALLY.

I am SO not okay.



How stupid do they think I am?

I don't know what was more insulting, Dad leaving me alone in the penthouse yet again, or him pretending that he wasn't beating the crap out of some guy in his study last night!