

MARVEL COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS:

# DAMAGE PER SECOND

PART 3 OF 4

WHEN A STRANGE TERRIGEN MIST DESCENDED UPON JERSEY CITY, KAMALA KHAN WAS IMBUED WITH POLYMORPH POWERS. USING HER NEW ABILITIES TO FIGHT EVIL AND PROTECT JERSEY CITY, SHE BECAME THE ALL-NEW **M. MARVEL**.

A RECENT DISPUTE IN THE SUPER-POWERED COMMUNITY LEFT MS. MARVEL QUESTIONING EVERYTHING SHE KNOWS ABOUT BEING A HERO. AND WORSE, THOUGH SHE FOLLOWED HER HEART, KAMALA ENDED UP LOSING THE TRUST OF HER ROLE MODEL AND DESTROYING HER BEST FRIENDSHIP.

ONE OF THE FEW PLACES OF SOLACE KAMALA HAS LEFT—HER FAVORITE ONLINE GAME WORLD OF BATTLECRAFT—HAS BEEN HIJACKED BY A ROGUE VIRUS. AND IT'S BECOMING CLEAR THAT MAKING KAMALA'S LIFE A LIVING HELL ISN'T DOC.X'S ENDGAME...

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BATTLECRAFT  
STUDIOS.  
Several weeks ago.

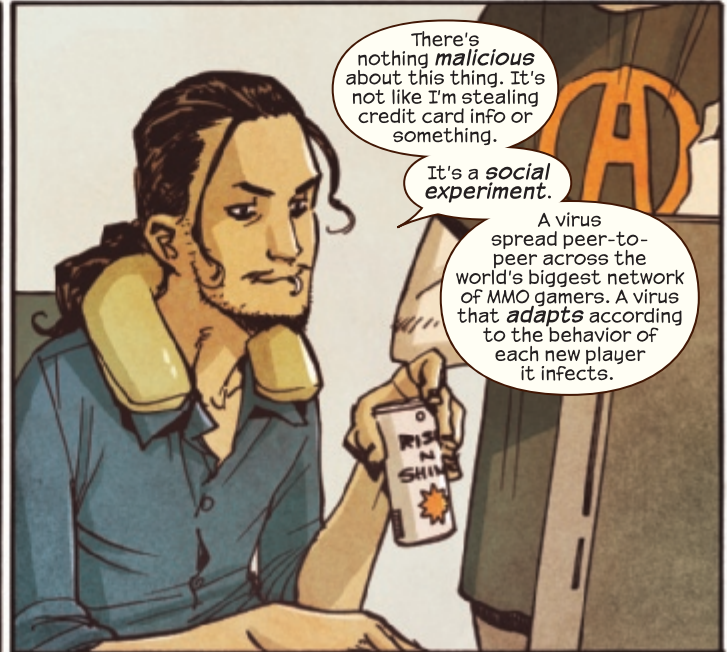


You sure about this, Jacob?



If anybody finds out about this, you're gonna get fired.

If anybody finds out about this, I'll get promoted.



There's nothing *malicious* about this thing. It's not like I'm stealing credit card info or something.

It's a *social experiment*.

A virus spread peer-to-peer across the world's biggest network of MMO gamers. A virus that *adapts* according to the behavior of each new player it infects.



Think about what we could *model* with this thing.

Disease outbreak patterns. Buying habits. *Meme* distribution.

I bet you anything the CIA's gonna want to talk to me.

Yeah, to throw you in a jail cell.



That's not even what the CIA does.

Says you.

Black ops! Secret prisons! Chemtrails! *Benghazi!*

Goodbye, Nick.



Now to find some poor damage-per-second end-game meta-junkie *stupid* enough to open a doc.x file from a dubious source.



Ah. Yes. You'll do nicely.

And even if you figure out you're patient zero in this outbreak, the original payload will pingback to some random ISP address in *New Jersey*.



I can't wait to find out how you *evolve* after you've had contact with a couple million of the most competitive, nihilistic *pooplords* on the Internet.

My guess is...

a CLOSET ON  
Grove Street.  
*Now.*

10:05 PM

"...you're  
gonna turn  
nasty."

