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007

AMERICA

Quinones 2017



**RIVERA
QUINONES
BARTEL
DOYLE
KOCH
WU**

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VIVA AMERICA

That's right, it's me: America Chavez, exile of the Utopian Parallel and student at Sotomayor U. And I'm not new. I'm Teen Brigade, Young Avengers, and the Ultimates certified. You don't need to see I.D. I've got my own solo series now, *oíste?*

BEAMCHAT



AMERICA CHAVEZ

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message ...

LAST PLAYED:

So a while back, I started college with my old friend Prodigy, Sotomayor University, baby!



But then some luchador-looking *vieja* showed up using my portals as her calling card.



I met up with my girl Kate Bishop to help me sort out my life...

...and ended up fighting to save an old crush, courtesy of the Midas Corporation.



By the time lady luchador showed up again, I was ready to listen.



Check this: She's my *grandmother*. Madrimar is family, y'all. I have an *abuela*. And she's taking me home.

My Friends

My Contacts

- ◆ Gabby Rivera: Writer
- ◆ Joe Quinones: Cover Artist
- ◆ Jen Bartel (pgs. 1-4), Annie Wu (pgs. 5-9), Ming Doyle (pgs. 10-14), Aud Koch (pgs. 15-19), and Joe Quinones with Joe Rivera (pg. 20): Artists
- ◆ Sarah Brunstad & Wil Moss: Editors
- ◆ Jen Bartel (pgs. 1-4), Rachele Rosenberg (pgs. 5-19), and Jordan Gibson (pg. 20): Color Artists
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- ◆ Alan Fine: Executive Producer

"BABY, IT'S YOU"

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UTOPIAN PARALLEL.

Birthplace of America Chavez.



WHEN THEY TELL YOU THAT YOUR MOMS HAVE SACRIFICED THEMSELVES BUT CAN'T EXPLAIN THE FINALITY OF DEATH, YOU LEAVE. YOU HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE ATMOSPHERE, KNOWING THAT IF YOU JUST TRY HARD ENOUGH, YOU'LL FIND YOUR MOMS. ALL BY YOURSELF.



DON'T GO, AMERICA! WE'LL PROTECT YOU!

YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO RETURN IF YOU LEAVE!

FORGE YOUR PATH.

CRACK YOUR ANCESTORS WIDE OPEN.

BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY, UNEARTH YOUR ROOTS.

READY?

PA'LANTE. SIEMPRE PA'LANTE.

THE ANCESTRAL PLANE.

A metaphysical space that holds the history of Madrimar's people.



THE ANCESTRAL PLANE HOLDS OUR ENTIRE LIVES.

IT BELONGS TO ALL OF US. IT IS US.

LISTEN, IF YOU'RE GONNA BE MY GRANDMA, YOU'VE GOT TO STOP SPEAKING THIS OLD-SCHOOL RIDDLE SPEAK, OKAY?

IMPOSSIBLE.

SAY WHAT YOU WILL, BUT THE POWER OF THE SPIRITS RUNS THROUGH OUR *SANGRE*. YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO HEAR ALL ABOUT IT...

PLEASE, YES. DON'T LEAVE ANYTHING OUT.

THE SKIES OF THE ANCESTRAL PLANE SHOW ONLY THE TRUTH.

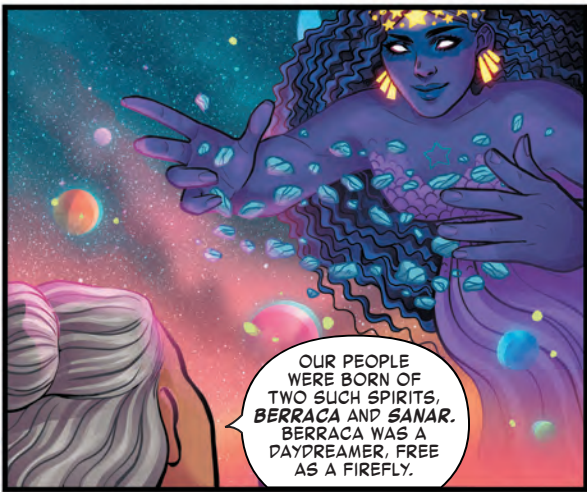


BEFORE THERE WAS ANYTHING ELSE, THERE WERE THE *SPIRITS*. THEY FORMED THE GALAXIES, STRETCHING CREATION BEYOND ALL LIMITS.

OOOH, SKY NOVELAS!



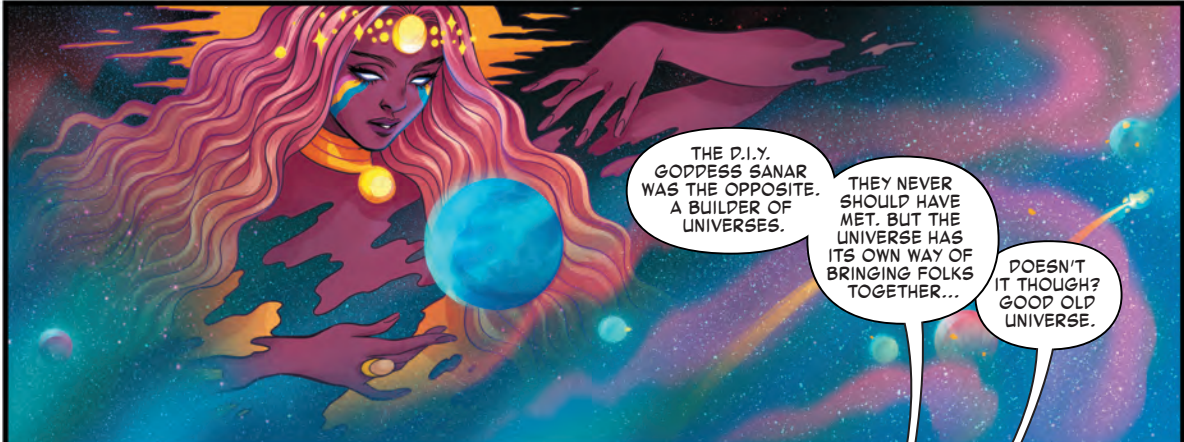
OUR PEOPLE WERE BORN OF TWO SUCH SPIRITS, *BERRACA* AND *SANAR*. *BERRACA* WAS A DAYDREAMER, FREE AS A FIREFLY.



THE D.I.Y. GODDESS *SANAR* WAS THE OPPOSITE. A BUILDER OF UNIVERSES.

THEY NEVER SHOULD HAVE MET. BUT THE UNIVERSE HAS ITS OWN WAY OF BRINGING FOLKS TOGETHER...

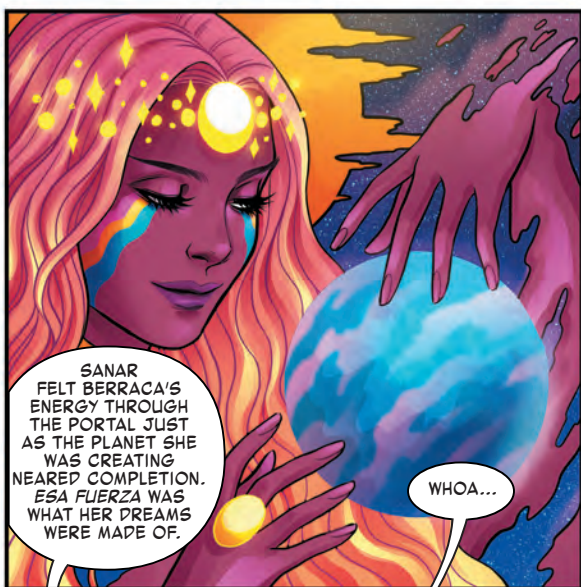
DOESN'T IT THOUGH? GOOD OLD UNIVERSE.





BERRACA
CREATED THE
FIRST EVER STAR
PORTAL WHILE
PLAYING WITH
ASTEROIDS.

LITERALLY,
ME.



SANAR
FELT BERRACA'S
ENERGY THROUGH
THE PORTAL JUST
AS THE PLANET SHE
WAS CREATING
NEARED COMPLETION.
ESA FUERZA WAS
WHAT HER DREAMS
WERE MADE OF.

WHOA...



AND IN
THAT MOMENT,
BERRACA CAUGHT
A GLIMPSE OF
THE VERY BEING WHO
WOULD CHANGE THE
COURSE OF HER
DESTINY.



AH, MY
HEART...



THEY
DIDN'T EVEN
REALIZE THEY
HAD FALLEN IN
LOVE UNTIL...

UNTIL?



...UNTIL
PLANETA FUERTONA
BLOOMED BETWEEN
THEM.