

MARVEL

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LGY#697

JASON AARON • SARA PICHELLI • JUSTIN PONSOR

EARTH'S MIGHTIEST HEROES

THE AVENGERS



RATED T+ | \$3.99 US



BONUS **DIGITAL EDITION** — DETAILS INSIDE!

One million years ago, before the dawn of civilization, Odin assembled a motley crew of prehistoric Avengers.

One of the most powerful and dangerous of their number...
was the very first Ghost Rider.



"FIRE AND BONE"

By Jason Aaron & Sara Pichelli

Avengers created by Stan Lee & Jack Kirby

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EARTH. ONE MILLION B.C.

I WAS BORN INTO
A SMALL PACK
OF CAVE FOLK
STRUGGLING TO
SURVIVE ON THE EDGE
OF THE **BIG WHITE**.

IT WOULD BE A
LONG TIME BEFORE
I'D HAVE A **NAME**.

IN MY PACK, THERE WERE
NO SUCH THINGS AS NAMES.
WE RECOGNIZED EACH OTHER
BY OUR FACES OR SMELLS.

WE COMMUNICATED
WITH GRUNTS AND FISTS.

I DON'T KNOW WHO
MY FATHER WAS. DON'T
THINK MY MOTHER DID
EITHER. I LEARNED
EVERYTHING SHE HAD TO
TEACH ME BY THE
TIME I COULD WALK.

EVEN AS A CHILD, I WAS
ALREADY **SMARTER** THAN
EVERYONE I KNEW, WHICH
WAS MY **GREAT SECRET**.

MY GREAT
SHAME.

I WAS DIFFERENT,
AND DIFFERENT WAS
FRIGHTENING TO MY
PEOPLE. DIFFERENT
WOULD GET YOU CAST
OUT, LEFT IN THE
SNOW TO STARVE.

I NEVER
UNDERSTOOD
THEIR FEAR...

...UNTIL THE
STRANGER
CAME.



A STRANGER
FROM ACROSS
THE BIG WHITE.

NO ONE FROM
MY PACK HAD
EVER DARED TO
EVEN *ENTER*
THE BIG WHITE.

HE TRAVELED ALONE,
WHICH WAS CERTAIN
DEATH OUT HERE.

ONLY SABERCATS
AND WALKING
MOUNTAINS
TRAVELED ALONE.

AND HE DIDN'T
LOOK LIKE EITHER.



BUT HE WIELDED
WEAPONS OF A
SORT WE'D NEVER
SEEN BEFORE.

AND IN THE TIME IT'D
TAKE A HUNGRY WOLF
TO DEVOUR A BABY...



...HE'D CARVED HIS WAY INTO
BEING OUR NEW *PACK LEADER*.
EVERY HUNTER IN THE CAVE ROARED
IN APPROVAL. EVEN THE BLOODY ONES.

AND I CLOSED MY EYES AND
WISHED, AS ALWAYS, THAT
WHEN I OPENED THEM...I
WOULDN'T BE SMART ANYMORE.

INSTEAD, I WAS THE ONLY
ONE SMART ENOUGH
TO BE TRULY *AFRAID*.



I KNOW HOW ALONE YOU FEEL.



YOU'VE NEVER MET ANYONE ELSE LIKE YOU, HAVE YOU?



IT'S OKAY. YOU CAN SPEAK FREELY. I WON'T LET THEM HURT YOU IF THEY HEAR.



I DIDN'T KNOW...

...THERE WERE OTHERS...

...WHO COULD MAKE THE SOUNDS.



THERE ARE A FEW. SCATTERED AMONG THE PACKS OF APE-MEN ALL ACROSS THE LAND.

ALL OF THEM BORN DIFFERENT. SMARTER THAN THEY HAVE ANY RIGHT TO BE.

HOW IS THIS? HOW DO I KNOW THESE THINGS?




I COME FROM A PACK THAT FEARED EVERYTHING OUTSIDE THEIR CAVE.

THEY'D SCREAM AND CRY EVERY NIGHT WHEN THE BIG RED BALL WENT AWAY. THEY ALWAYS THOUGHT THE WORLD WAS *ENDING*.

EVERY SINGLE NIGHT OF MY LIFE.

AND THEN, ONE PARTICULARLY DARK EVENING...THEY WERE FINALLY *RIGHT*.



IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW WE'RE BORN DIFFERENT, BUT THE *WHY* IS CLEAR.


WE ARE THIS WORLD'S TRUE *MASTERS*.



AND *THEM*?

THEY HELP US BECOME WHAT WE'RE MEANT TO BE.

HOW DO THEY DO THAT?



BY *DYING*. THAT'S ALL THEY REALLY KNOW HOW TO DO.

WHAT... WHAT WAS IT THAT HAPPENED TO YOUR PACK? HOW DID THE WORLD END FOR THEM?

THE SAME WAY IT ALWAYS ENDS OUT HERE. SOMETHING FOUND THEM. SOMETHING STRONGER.



SOMETHING *HUNGRY*.