

Every once in a while, Dum Dum Dugan asks me what I want engraved on my tombstone. My answer's always the same: "I should brought backup."



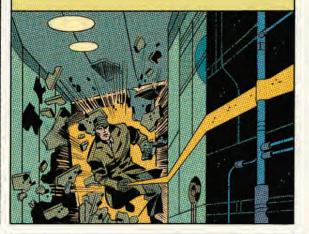
I thought this was a milk run. I didn't figure I'd be wandering into a full nest of Hydra goons.



And even though I'm topkick of the world's most powerful spy network--



--loaded with the sharpest surveillance and the craziest gadgets--my number could come up at any time. Hopefully, today's not the day.



I can't go to my grave without reading what's in this file. It holds a secret--the name of a man I can barely remember. The man who picked me for this nutty job.



And his initials are D.E.A.T.H.











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