

MARVEL COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS:

LAST DAYS

PART TWO

AFTER A STRANGE TERRIGEN MIST DESCENDED UPON JERSEY CITY, KAMALA KHAN GOT POLYMORPH POWERS AND BECAME THE ALL-NEW **MARVEL**.

KEEPING ALL OF JERSEY CITY SAFE IS KIND OF HER JAM, SO WHEN ANOTHER PLANET STARTED DESCENDING FROM THE SKY AND EVERYTHING WENT TOTALLY BONKERS, SHE KNEW SHE HAD TO STEP UP.

TO ADD ON TO THAT, HER EVIL EX-CRUSH, KAMRAN, KIDNAPPED HER BROTHER-- NOW EVEN JUST PROTECTING HER FAMILY SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE.

SHE NEEDED HELP AND IT ARRIVED...
IN THE FORM OF CAPTAIN MARVEL.
(cue freak out moment!)

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FOR A MINUTE, I AM NOT OKAY.

Are you... all right?

You look a little stunned.

NO, DUH. CAROL FREAKING DANVERS IS STANDING RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME, JUST LIKE I ALWAYS IMAGINED HER, ONLY APPROXIMATELY A FOOT TALLER.

BE COOL. BE COOL. BE COOL.

I'm fine. I'm *great*, actually. Totally not stunned at all.

IT ALMOST WORKS.

Everything sucks except for you!

Whoa!
Hi!
Hello!
Hey!

I'm sorry. This is totally *not* going the way I planned.

I mean, I had this whole *speech* written out in case I ever got to *meet* you, and *here* you are, and I've *forgotten* my speech--

That would have been really awkward for both of us, so I'm glad we can move right past the speech part.

I'm also a *total wreck*--today was 100 percent awful until you showed up.

You look great. I like the lightning bolt.



You do?
I'm *so*
glad--

I didn't mean
to camp out on
your old alias--a lot
of really *weird* things
happened right around
the time I got my
powers, and it just
sort of seemed
like fate--

We can
talk about
that later.
Listen--



How much do
you know about what's
happening right now in
Manhattan?

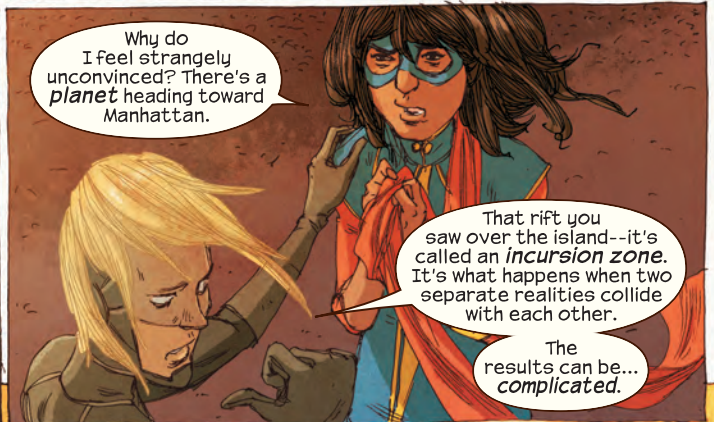
I was
just there.
It looks like
the end of
the world.



This is
where you're
supposed to
tell me I'm
wrong.



Yeah.
Absolutely.
Totally *not* the
end of the world.
Minor glitch is all.
We've faced
worse.



Why do
I feel strangely
unconvinced? There's a
planet heading toward
Manhattan.

That rift you
saw over the island--it's
called an *incursion zone*.
It's what happens when two
separate realities collide
with each other.

The
results can be...
complicated.



But we can
stop it, right?
You can stop it. You
and the Avengers--
or Queen
Medusa--

We're
doing the
best we
can.

But there
are some things
you can't *punch*
your way out of, honey.
This is one of
them.



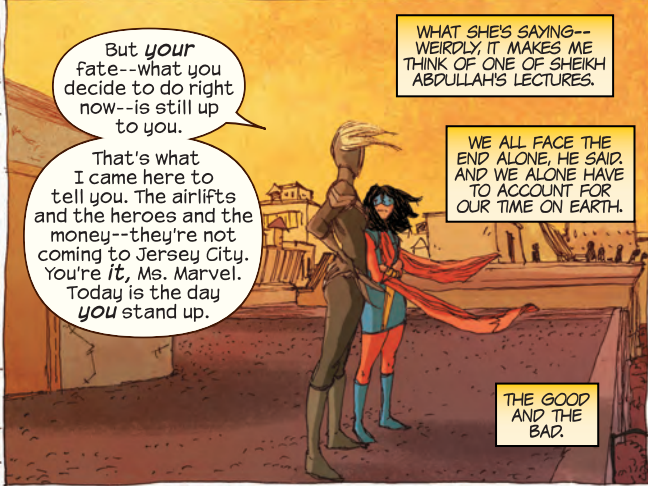
But--all the people I care about are here. I brought them here because I thought they'd be safe--that we'd make it through somehow.

What am I supposed to do? How do I help them now?



You can still help them. You always have a choice.

You can't stop what's coming, but you can decide *how* you meet it. The fate of the world is out of your hands. It always was.



But *your* fate--what you decide to do right now--is still up to you.

That's what I came here to tell you. The airlifts and the heroes and the money--they're not coming to Jersey City. You're *it*, Ms. Marvel. Today is the day *you* stand up.

WHAT SHE'S SAYING-- WEIRDLY, IT MAKES ME THINK OF ONE OF SHEIKH ABDULLAH'S LECTURES.

WE ALL FACE THE END ALONE, HE SAID, AND WE ALONE HAVE TO ACCOUNT FOR OUR TIME ON EARTH.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD.



"WHAT WILL BE IN THE BOOK OF YOUR LIFE?" HE USED TO ASK. "HOW WILL YOU BE REMEMBERED?"

All right.

I choose to keep fighting. And I'm gonna need your help.

My help? Listen, I'm not even really supposed to be here--there are certain things I have to do before--

Please. One hour.



I had a funny feeling I was going to get drafted into something when I came down here.

What are we up against?

Only an evil ex-crush who's kidnapped my big brother in order to get on his creepy boss's good side again while I'm distracted by all this chaos.

Sounds great.



AND THAT'S HOW I ENDED UP RUNNING ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS OF WESTSIDE AVENUE...

...WITH CAPTAIN FREAKING MARVEL AS MY WINGMAN.