

**MARVEL**

**#20**

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**BONUS  
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MARVEL COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS:

# MECCA

PART 2 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 **MS. MARVEL**. HER LIFE WAS CHANGED FOREVER... AND SO WERE THE LIVES OF HER FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

MONTHS AGO, MS. MARVEL'S IMAGE WAS PASTERED ACROSS JERSEY CITY IN A CAMPAIGN THAT MADE HER THE POSTER CHILD FOR GENTRIFICATION--WITHOUT HER CONSENT.

BUT JUST AS HER HEROIC LIFE AND PERSONAL LIFE WERE SETTLING INTO SOMETHING CLOSE TO NORMALCY, A MYSTERIOUS MASKED ENEMY ATTACKED MS. MARVEL AND RENDERED HER UNCONSCIOUS, WHILE ELSEWHERE HER BROTHER ADAMIR WAS PICKED UP BY THE NEW MAYOR'S KEEPERS OF INTEGRATION, NORMALIZATION AND DEFERENCE AGENCY...

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**BWOM**

Aargh!  
That's  
bright!

So like...  
you just want  
me to start  
talking?

Shouldn't  
I have a lawyer  
or something?  
Don't I have  
*rights*?

Okay,  
okay. Chill  
out.

I have  
nothing to  
hide. I just...  
I just...

I just worry  
that you don't  
actually *care*  
whether or not  
I have something  
to hide.

I worry we're  
*past* that now. I  
worry you're *not*  
*interested* in who's  
innocent and  
who's guilty.

You just  
want to punish  
somebody  
*convenient*.



I mean... I know how this looks.

I know how I look.



But did it ever occur to you that the morons who blow up shopping malls almost *never* look like me?

They look like *you*, man.

They date the cute girls, they wear the Adidas, they gel their hair, they go to parties...



They do all that, but then they discover... it *doesn't* work.

Because they're still named *Muhammad*. They've still got an *accent*, or if they don't, their parents do. They've still got brown skin.

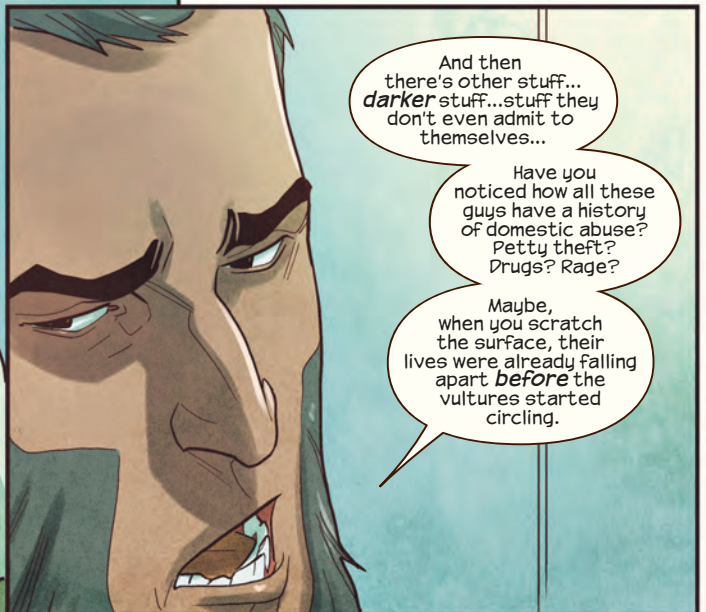
And because of that, they'll *never* really be one of you. No matter how many cute girls they date or how many pairs of Adidas they buy.



So a few of them *snap*.

They feel *guilty* for giving up religion. Maybe they never really understood it in the first place--never learned Quran, never prayed, never read a single account of the Prophet's life.

Which makes them vulnerable to whatever *vulture* is circling overhead, selling death and despair as a way through the gates of paradise.



And then there's other stuff... *darker* stuff...stuff they don't even admit to themselves...

Have you noticed how all these guys have a history of domestic abuse? Petty theft? Drugs? Rage?

Maybe, when you scratch the surface, their lives were already falling apart *before* the vultures started circling.



They have no narrative, you know? No *story*.

That's the most dangerous thing of all--when you don't have a story to tell yourself about who you are and what your *purpose* is.

When you believe in nothing, you'll fall for anything. Or however the saying goes.



Sir--

I know, I know. I'm rambling. I just--

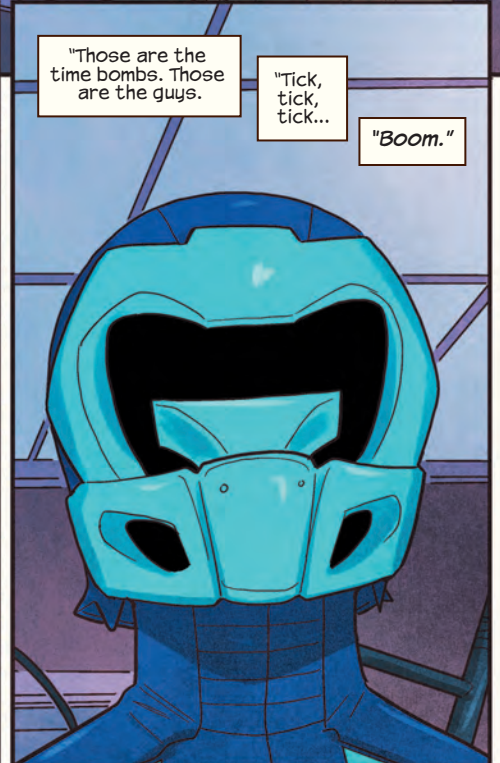
While I'm in here, some *actual* terrorist is getting away. Because y'all are just fumbling around in the dark. Missing the real danger signals.



"You wanna know how people get *radicalized*?"

"They get radicalized when they think the *only way* they can have a *starring role* in their own lives is by playing the *villain*."

"That's their *one shot* at getting back into the story."



"Those are the time bombs. Those are the guys."

"Tick, tick, tick..."

"*Boom.*"



Sir... that's all very eloquent...

But this isn't about terrorism right now.

We had you brought in because we had reports that you've been hiding your super-power status illegally.

What?!



Multiple witnesses have come forward to allege that you displayed potentially destructive super-powers at a local high school while it was being used as a temporary shelter during the events of last year.



It was just that one time! It's never happened since then!

There was some kind of *magnetic disturbance* or whatever thanks to my little sister's evil *non-boyfriend*--

=Sigh=

Let the record state that the suspect has made a free and full admission of guilt--



Wait a minute! I'm not admitting to *anything*! I don't have super-powers!

My notes say you are *not* a native-born citizen of the United States. You were born in *Pakistan*. Is that correct?



Yeah.

Yeah, that's correct. But I've been here since I was *five*. I've been a *citizen* since I was eight.

What...what does that have to do with anything?

Under the new law, failing to disclose super-powers could potentially count as *immigration fraud*. If you obtained your citizenship under *false pretenses*, this could be grounds for *revocation*.

I'm sorry.



But I didn't even *know* I had super-powers when I was eight!

And I *don't!* I mean, I don't have super-powers at all!

Doesn't matter, sir. The law is the law.

Witnesses also say you were just seen walking down the street openly carrying a pressure cooker--

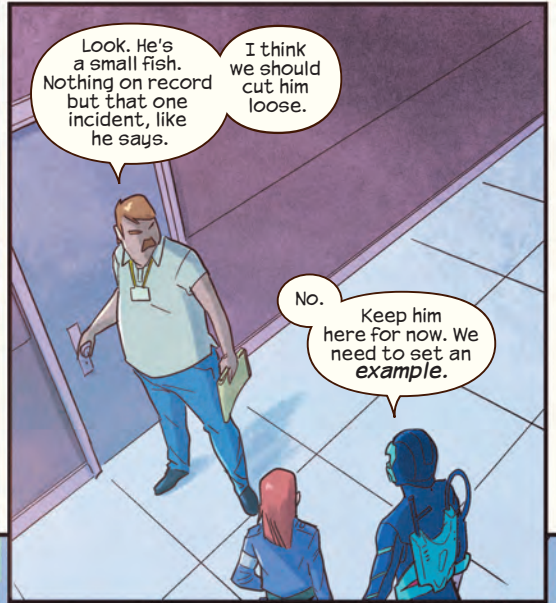


Slow cooker. It was a slow cooker.

A pressure cooker can be used to make *bombs*. A slow cooker takes six hours to heat up a *potato*.

I've got no option here, sir. I'm going to have to bring this to my superiors.

We'll talk again soon.



Look. He's a small fish. Nothing on record but that one incident, like he says.

I think we should cut him loose.

No. Keep him here for now. We need to set an *example*.



Jersey City is *done* with super heroes. Done with surprise visits by Norse gods, done with four-story-tall *dinosaurs*, done with clone armies.

We are getting back to *normal*. Back to the things that used to make this city a great place to live.

