

MARVEL
2
LGY#719

AL EWING • JOE BENNETT • RUY JOSÉ • PAUL MOUNTS

THE IMMORTAL FALLOUT



RATED T+
\$3.99 US



BONUS DIGITAL EDITION — DETAILS INSIDE!

**“ ALL THAT A MAN HATH WILL
HE GIVE FOR HIS LIFE.”**

- JOB 2:4



I DON'T DREAM ABOUT THE BOMB ANYMORE.

I DREAM ABOUT THE WAITING.



ABOUT A TINY ROOM AND A GEIGER COUNTER.

THE RADIATION I'D TAKEN...NOBODY COULD SURVIVE. NOBODY.



THE WALKING GHOST PHASE, THEY CALL IT. WHEN YOU FEEL LIKE YOU'RE STILL HEALTHY.

LIKE YOU'RE NOT ALREADY DEAD.



BUT DEATH WAS COMING. LUMBERING TOWARD ME...SLOW, PAINFUL...

AND THAT DAMN GEIGER COUNTER KEPT HISSING AND CRACKLING AT ME... LAUGHING AT ME...



IT WOULDN'T SHUT UP.

IT WOULDN'T LEAVE ME ALONE.



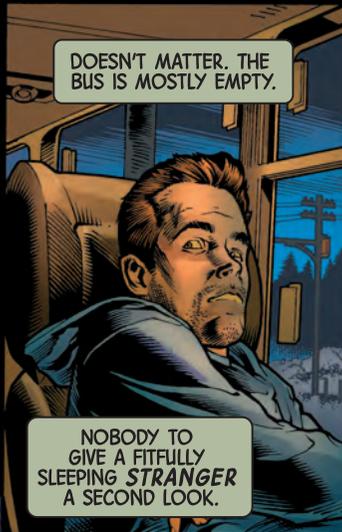
IT WOULDN'T

LEAVE ME



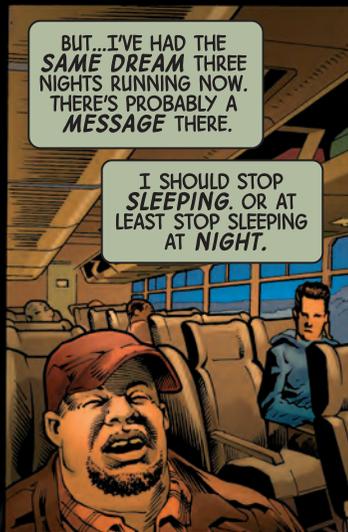
ALONE.

DID I SAY THAT OUT LOUD?



DOESN'T MATTER. THE BUS IS MOSTLY EMPTY.

NOBODY TO GIVE A FITFULLY SLEEPING STRANGER A SECOND LOOK.



BUT...I'VE HAD THE **SAME DREAM** THREE NIGHTS RUNNING NOW. THERE'S PROBABLY A MESSAGE THERE.

I SHOULD STOP **SLEEPING**. OR AT LEAST STOP SLEEPING AT NIGHT.



THE NIGHT IS HIS TIME.



THE BUS PULLS INTO THE STOP. A **SMALL TOWN**—I DON'T EVEN CATCH THE NAME.

BUT THERE'S AN **ITCH** IN MY SKULL, AND MY SEAT IS NO LONGER **COMFORTABLE**.

MESSAGE RECEIVED.

MY NAME IS
BRUCE BANNER,
AND MY LIFE IS
VERY SIMPLE.



I DON'T
OWN THINGS.

THE CLOTHES ON MY BACK
I'LL KEEP AS LONG AS I
CAN--BUT THEY WON'T
LAST. THEY NEVER DO.



ANY MONEY
I EARN, BEG OR
STEAL IS USED UP
QUICKLY, IF IT'S
NOT ABANDONED
WITH MY CLOTHES.

BUS TICKETS. A
BED AND A SHOWER,
WHEN I CAN AFFORD
THEM. A HOT MEAL
NOW AND THEN.



SIMPLE
PLEASURES.

TWO
EGGS, SUNNY-
SIDE UP?

THANK
YOU.

SMELLS
GOOD.



SALT ON THE WHITE, PEPPER
ON THE YOLK...LINGERING GOLD,
OOZING ON THE TONGUE...

MY FIVE
SENSES ARE
ALL I TRULY
HAVE.

I TRY TO
APPRECIATE THEM.

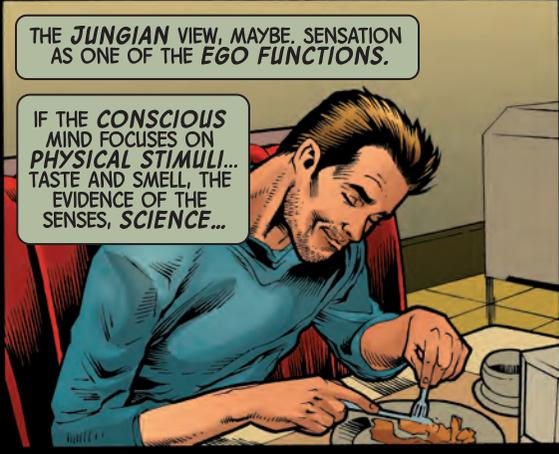
MMHH.





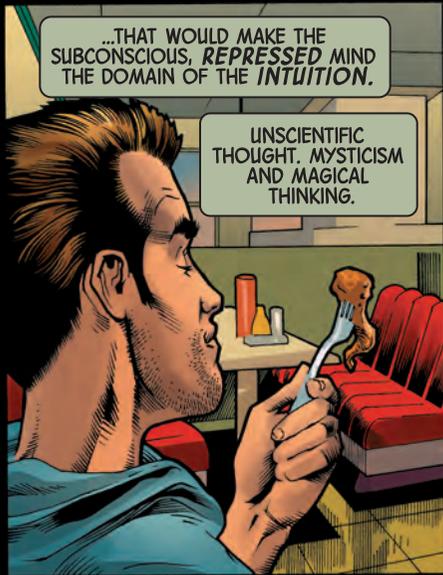
MMM...

WHAT WOULD MY OLD THERAPIST LEONARD SAMSON SAY TO THIS, I WONDER. BRUCE BANNER, SENSUAL BEING?



THE JUNGIAN VIEW, MAYBE. SENSATION AS ONE OF THE EGO FUNCTIONS.

IF THE CONSCIOUS MIND FOCUSES ON PHYSICAL STIMULI... TASTE AND SMELL, THE EVIDENCE OF THE SENSES, SCIENCE...



...THAT WOULD MAKE THE SUBCONSCIOUS, REPRESSED MIND THE DOMAIN OF THE INTUITION.

UNSCIENTIFIC THOUGHT. MYSTICISM AND MAGICAL THINKING.



GUT FEELINGS AND HUNCHES.



I HAVEN'T SPOKEN TO LEONARD IN A WHILE. DOES HE KNOW I'M ALIVE? DOES BETTY?

I SHOULD CALL. I WILL. I'LL PICK UP THE PHONE.

AS SOON AS I'M READY.

MM.