

**THE GRID.**

Somewhere  
outside Bayonne,  
New Jersey.

The Grid's  
carbon-neutral,  
non-polluting,  
and better  
yet...

...it's taken a bunch  
of useless *brats* off the  
streets. We can reduce our  
carbon footprint *and* curb  
overpopulation at  
the same time!

So...  
what do you  
think?!

What do  
I *think*?

I think you're  
a wannabe evil genius  
who thinks he's saved  
the future when  
really he's just  
given up on it.

I think you're a  
megalomaniac with  
some kind of weird  
*Pied Piper*  
complex.

THIS IS IT. THE SUM OF  
THE INVENTOR'S PLANS. HIS  
VISION OF THE FUTURE.

I think  
you're a  
*bird*.

**I AM  
NOT A  
BIRD!**



But since we're having this conversation, let's talk about what I know about *you*, Ms. Marvel.

My homing beacon tracked you to Coles Academic High School. There is footage of you fighting my destructo-bot at that same location--obsured by smoke, but exposed nevertheless.



It's only a matter of time before I find out who you really are under that fig leaf of a domino mask.



HE'S BLUFFING. HE'S GOT TO BE.

THERE WAS A GIANT ROBOT...A TELEPORTING DOG...I WAS TOTALLY EMBIGGENED...NOBODY KNEW IT WAS ME.

...RIGHT?



Oh--speaking of which! While you created such convenient chaos at the aforementioned high school, I was able to make a few last minute acquisitions.

There's one I'm particularly fond of...



This one.



Nakia...  
no!