

ANGELA IS A WARRIOR WITHOUT A HOME.

EONS AGO, DURING A WAR BETWEEN THE ANGELS OF THE TENTH REALM KNOWN AS HEVEN AND THE GODS OF ASGARD, THE NEWBORN DAUGHTER OF ASGARD'S RULERS, ODIN AND FREYJA, WAS SEEMINGLY MURDERED BY THE QUEEN OF ANGELS. IN RESPONSE, ODIN BANISHED THE TENTH REALM TO ANOTHER DIMENSION. BUT UNBEKNOWNST TO NEARLY EVERYONE, THE CHILD WAS ACTUALLY SAVED BY ONE OF THE QUEEN'S HANDMAIDENS AND RAISED TO BELIEVE SHE TOO WAS AN ANGEL.



RECENTLY, THOR AND LOKI LEARNED OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE TENTH REALM AND THEIR LOST SIBLING, RESULTING IN BOTH HEVEN'S RETURN TO OUR DIMENSION AND ANGELA'S TRUE IDENTITY BEING REVEALED TO ALL. BUT HAVING BEEN RAISED TO HATE ALL ASGARDIANS, ANGELA TURNED HER BACK ON THOR AND LOKI AND EVEN THREATENED TO KILL ODIN THE NEXT TIME THEY MET.

WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF HER TRUE HERITAGE NOW PUBLIC, ANGELA HAS BEEN CAST OUT OF THE TENTH REALM AND WANTS NOTHING TO DO WITH ASGARD. NOW THE DEADLIEST WARRIOR IN ALL THE TEN REALMS IS CHARTING HER OWN PATH -- HEVEN HELP US ALL.

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*The angel who wasn't an angel  
walked across a desert that  
wasn't a desert.*



*She walked across  
a land between lands.*

*She walked  
across nothing.*



*"Nothing for nothing," the angel  
thought to herself as the air tore  
at her skin and the bundle  
strove to sear the flesh  
from her fingers.*

*Nothing for  
nothing.*

*Everything  
has its price.*





That's what the angels believed: the people who were not her people.

It's what she learned in her crib from her mother who was not her mother. Even before she learned where to cut, she learned it.

Make sure you're paid, or you may as well be one of One-Eye Odin's brats toiling for immaterial "honor" or "duty" or any of those words which translate to "Obey me for no reason but pretty words, for no one's gain but my own."

Do not let yourself be exploited. Do not enslave yourself.

The angel who was not an angel felt sure that there must be a very good reason for stomping through the living hell of Limbo's sands of time.

She was in debt, or the ordeal would move her deep into credit.



There had to be a reason.



If there wasn't or that reason was immaterial, or slipped through her fingers like so many of the promises she had given...



...she'd probably have to kill someone.



And it was far too early in the day for murder.

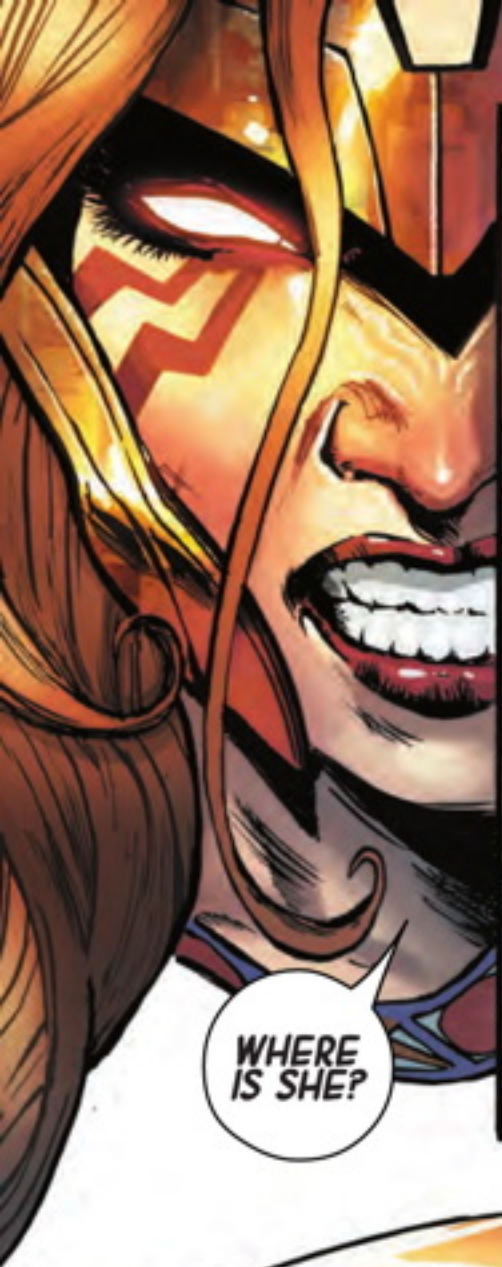


She really was trying to cut down.

WELCOME TO UN-TOWN. STAY A WHILE!



OR YOU CAN CARRY ON WALKING IF YOU WANT TO ANNIHILATE YOURSELF. IT'S ENTIRELY YOUR CALL. TALL, REDHEADED AND HEAVILY ARMED.



WHERE IS SHE?

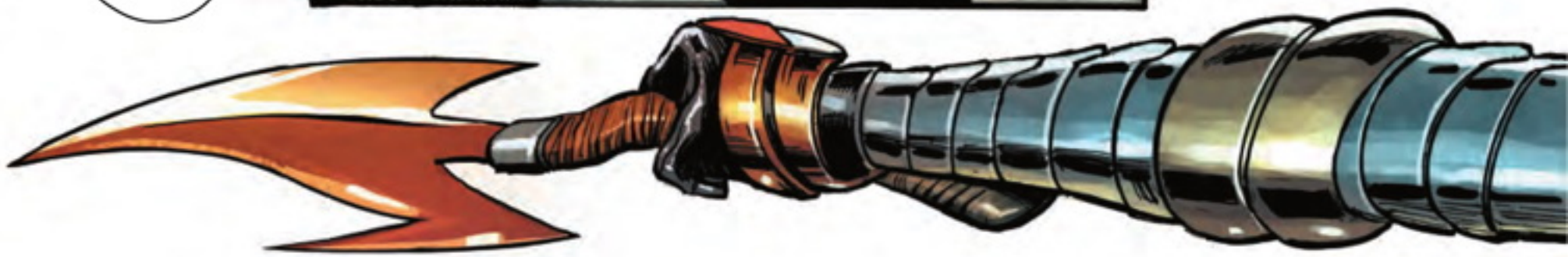


ER... SORRY. I'M LOST.

SHE MEANS THE OTHER ONE.



THE TROUBLE-MAKER?



SHE W--



IF YOU'VE TOUCHED THE SLIGHTEST HAIR...

HEY, ANGELA. STEP DOWN FROM EVISCERATION HOUR.

I'M FINE.