

TO MY EYES,
IT HAPPENS IN
SLOW MOTION.

THE CREATURE
RISING LIKE THE
MOON OVER MONTAUK BEACH.

ITS PREY SEEPING
INLAND LIKE A WAVE
OF MOLASSES--

--AS IT DAWNS ON
THEM PAINFULLY
SLOWLY THAT
SALVATION
HAS ARRIVED.





SEE? IT'S THE AVENGERS! WE'LL BE OKAY!

I DON'T SEE THOR.

THOSE AREN'T THE REAL AVENGERS.



--AND I WOULD LIKE TO KEEP EXISTING.

POSSIBLY NOT, BUT I SWEAR TO MAKE THE EFFORT.

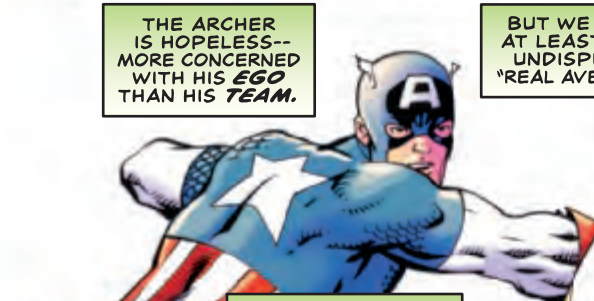
I AM PIETRO MAXIMOFF, FASTEST MAN TO EXIST--

HAWKEYE! YOU SAW ME AND FIRED ANYWAY?

AND YOU DUCKED SO FAST. HAPPY ENDING, ZIPPY.

THE ARCHER IS HOPELESS-- MORE CONCERNED WITH HIS EGO THAN HIS TEAM.

BUT WE HAVE AT LEAST ONE UNDISPUTED "REAL AVENGER."



CAPTAIN AMERICA, GREAT WARRIOR OUT OF HISTORY--



--THOUGH PERHAPS NOT MADE TO SPECIFICATIONS FOR VANQUISHING GIANT MONSTERS.

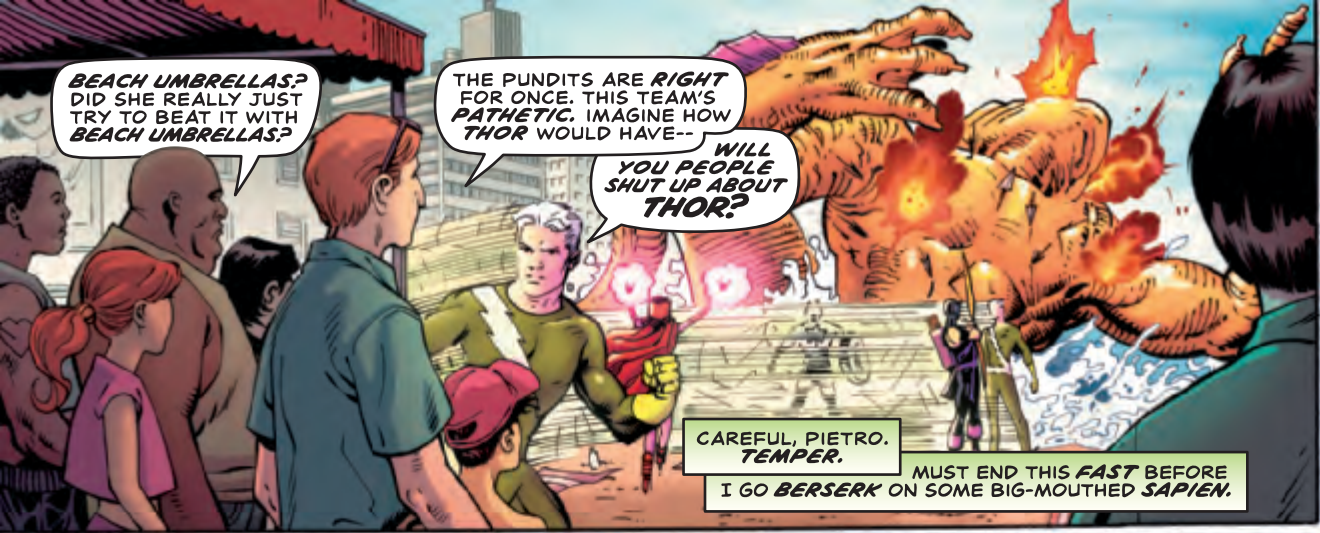


--THE SCARLET WITCH, WHOSE HEXES DERANGE THE NATURAL ORDER.

ALAS, SHE MUST FIGHT WITH THE WEAPONS AT HAND.

IT MAY BE UP TO MY SISTER WANDA--





BEACH UMBRELLAS? DID SHE REALLY JUST TRY TO BEAT IT WITH BEACH UMBRELLAS?

THE PUNDITS ARE RIGHT FOR ONCE. THIS TEAM'S PATHETIC. IMAGINE HOW THOR WOULD HAVE--

WILL YOU PEOPLE SHUT UP ABOUT THOR?

CAREFUL, PIETRO. TEMPER.

MUST END THIS FAST BEFORE I GO BERSERK ON SOME BIG-MOUTHED SAPIEN.



A BLAST OF SAND TO BLIND THE BEAST--



--AND IT'S WORKING. FOR A MOMENT.

I GAVE YOU AN OPENING. FINISH HIM OFF, AND DON'T DITHER.



WANDA! FOCUS ON THE SEA ITSELF!

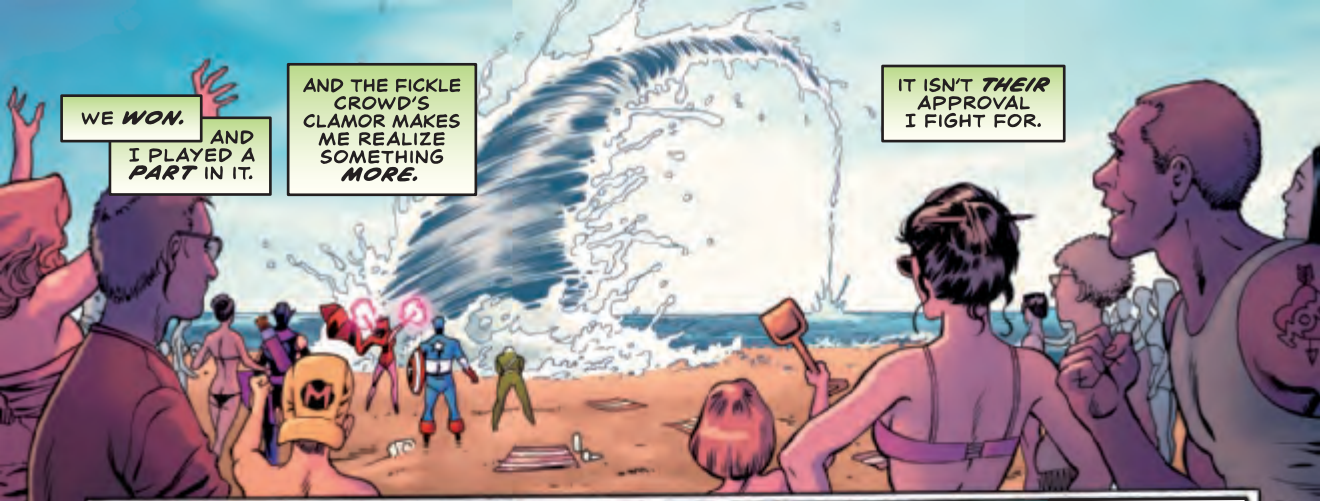
WATCH ME, CAPTAIN.

AND AS THE HEX-CHURNED WATERS BEGIN TO ROAR--

--THE HECKLERS FALL SILENT.



THE CREATURE CRIES OUT.



WE WON.

AND I PLAYED A PART IN IT.

AND THE FICKLE CROWD'S CLAMOR MAKES ME REALIZE SOMETHING MORE.

IT ISN'T *THEIR* APPROVAL I FIGHT FOR.



IT'S MY CAPTAIN'S.

WHAT...
SHFF...
WAS...
THAT...?

ATLANTEAN REFUGEE, MOST LIKELY.

AVENGERS, THAT WAS *TERRIBLE*. WE'D HAVE BEATEN THAT THING A LOT *FASTER* BY WORKING *TOGETHER* LIKE WE *PRACTICED*.



AS OF TODAY, WE *DOUBLE* OUR--

HAWKEYE!



OVER HERE! NOW!

SORRY, LADIES. GRANDPA GETS CRANKY IF HE DOESN'T TAKE HIS *METAMUCL*.



AS I WAS SAYING, WE ARE *DOUBLING* OUR TRAINING TIME UNTIL WE GET IT *RIGHT*--

--STARTING AS *SOON* AS QUICKSILVER RUNS US BACK TO HEADQUARTERS.

CAPTAIN, I RAN US ALL *HERE*, I RAN AGAINST THE *MONSTER*--



--AND NOW I CANNOT RUN. I AM *EXHAUSTED*.

