

A VISION OF THE FUTURE FORCED CLINT BARTON, A.K.A. HAWKEYE, TO KILL HIS LONGTIME FRIEND AND ALLY, THE HULK.

HE WENT TO TRIAL AND WAS ACQUITTED OF ALL CHARGES. THE PUBLIC SEES HIM AS A SAVIOR.
THE SUPER HERO COMMUNITY SEES HIM AS A PARIAH.

BUT HOW DOES HE SEE HIMSELF?

OCCUPY AVENGERS

HAWKEYE'S CROSS-COUNTRY JOURNEY OF REDEMPTION LED HIM TO A RESERVATION IN NEW MEXICO WHERE THE WATER SUPPLY HAD BEEN CONTAMINATED. WHEN HE TRIED TO INVESTIGATE THE CAUSE, HE RAN AFOUL OF AN ARMED MILITIA. LUCKILY, THE LOCAL DEPUTY, RED WOLF, ARRIVED IN TIME TO KEEP CLINT FROM BEING OVERWHELMED, BUT THEN THEY WERE BOTH ATTACKED BY HYDRO-MAN!



DAVID F. WALKER
WRITER

CARLOS PACHECO
PENCILER

RAFAEL FONTERIZ
INKER

SONIA OBACK
COLORIST

TRAVIS LANHAM
LETTERER & PRODUCTION

AGUSTIN ALESSIO
COVER ARTIST

DECLAN SHALVEY & JORDIE BELLAIRE
VARIANT COVER ARTISTS

DECLAN SHALVEY & JORDIE BELLAIRE
RECAP PAGE ARTISTS

ALANNA SMITH
ASST. EDITOR

TOM BREVOORT WITH DARREN SHAN
EDITORS

AXEL ALONSO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

JOE QUESADA
CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

ALAN FINE
EXEC. PRODUCER

AVENGERS CREATED BY STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY

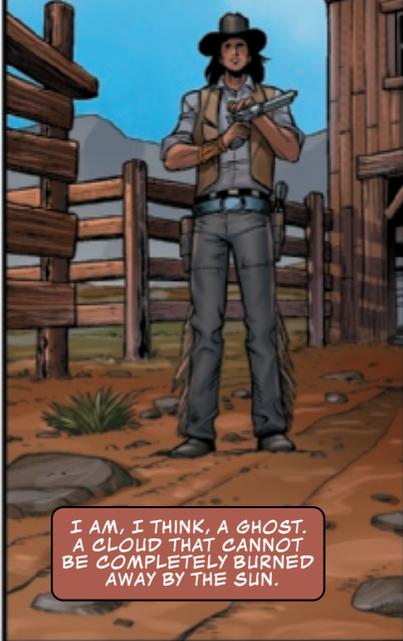
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THEN.

MY MEMORIES
HAVE BEGUN
TO FADE.

NOT THE MEMORIES
OF WHO I AM, JUST THE
MEMORIES OF WHO I WAS.

SOME REMAIN INTACT, BUT ONLY
A FEW, AND THE REST...THEY ARE
THE EARLY MORNING CLOUDS
THAT WILL BURN OFF AS THE SUN
JOURNEYS ACROSS THE SKY.



I AM, I THINK, A GHOST.
A CLOUD THAT CANNOT
BE COMPLETELY BURNED
AWAY BY THE SUN.

I KNOW THAT IN
ANOTHER SPACE AND
TIME I LIVED AS A
RIGHTEOUS MAN.



BUT SOMETHING HAPPENED
TO ME. PERHAPS SOME WOULD
CALL IT TIME TRAVEL. OR PERHAPS
IT WAS SOMETHING ELSE.

PERHAPS I DIED,
AS ALL THAT
LIVES MUST DO.



BUT IF
I DIED,
I FOUND
NO PEACE
IN THE
AFTER-LIFE.
INSTEAD, I
AWOKE IN
THE FUTURE,
WITH FADING
MEMORIES
OF WHO I
ONCE HAD
BEEN.

IN MY DAY, I COULD COMMUNE
WITH WOLVES--A GIFT FROM
BOTH THE SPIRIT OF THE LAND
AND THE SPIRIT OF THE SKY.

BUT THAT POWER HAS LEFT
ME. OR I HAVE FORGOTTEN
HOW TO USE IT, AND NOW I AM
LESS THAN THE MAN I WAS.



I AM A GHOST OF
MYSELF, TRAPPED IN A
SHELL OF FLESH AND
BLOOD, REPENTING
FOR A SIN OF WHICH
I HAVE NO MEMORY.

THIS IS WHAT I AM
BECOMING...A MAN
OUT OF PLACE AND
TIME, TRYING TO
FIND HIS WAY. LOST.



THERE IS MORE I
NEED TO DO IN THIS
WORLD--AS A MAN,
AS A GHOST...



...I MUST BE SURE
THAT THE NEXT
TIME I DIE, I WILL
BE ALLOWED TO
MOVE ON TO THE
NEXT EXISTENCE.

NOW.

DON'T FIGHT IT!
LET THE WATER
FILL YOUR
LUNGS!

I DO NOT REMEMBER
IF THERE WERE MEN
LIKE THIS IN MY WORLD--
MEN WITH THE
POWER OF GODS.

HAVE I
FOUGHT SUCH
BEINGS BEFORE?

THIS ONE--THIS
MAN MADE OF
WATER, HE IS GOING
TO KILL ME.

I AM GOING
TO DIE. AGAIN.

WHICH SEEMS
POINTLESS,
GIVEN THAT I WAS
BROUGHT THROUGH
TIME AND SPACE
TO LEARN A
LESSON I HAVE
YET TO LEARN.

CAN'T...
BREATHE...

"DUDE, THAT WATER GUY
IS ABOUT TO KILL DEPUTY
RED WOLF AND HAWKEYE!"





YEAH, I CAN SEE THAT. THING IS...

WE AIN'T LETTIN' THAT HAPPEN, FRANK.

WEZ HOW ARE WE GONNA STOP A GUY THAT'S MADE OF WATER, SILAS?

WE'RE INDIGENOUS, FIRST-PERSON, ABORIGINAL ASSKICKERS FROM THE SWEET MEDICINE INDIAN RESERVATION.

SILAS AND FRANK FIREHEART.



"THIS IS OUR LAND, AND IT'S UP TO US TO PROTECT IT. BESIDES, DEPUTY RED WOLF'S OKAY FOR A COP, AND HAWKEYE IS A BADASS. WE CAN'T LET THEM DIE."



TAKE THIS. I'D GIVE YOU THE 'CHUCKS, BUT YOU'D HIT YOURSELF IN THE HEAD.

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THIS?



BE LIKE MARK DACASCOS IN BROTHERHOOD OF THE WOLF-- ONLY DON'T GET KILLED.

AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, SAY A PRAYER FOR THE BAD GUYS, 'CAUSE I'M ABOUT TO GO FULL-ON BILLY JACK ON THEM.



WU-TAHI!



LET'S GO! IN THE SPIRIT OF CRAZY HORSE!

DIFFERENT TRIBE, FRANK.