

MARVEL

AGENT X

UDON • LEE • SIMONE

PG



AGENT X



DIRECT EDITION

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\$2.99 US \$4.75 CAN

Meet Sandi (formerly Sondra) Brandenburg, recent addition to this upper class neighborhood--

--when Sandi was five, she saved her snack time graham crackers to feed a starving dog that lived in the woods behind her Ohio home.

Sttttaa...

The dog promptly ate her crackers, and bit her hand bloody.

Hhhhhhhhuuh...

Um...

... Hello?

Two days and seven stitches later, her mother found her again trying to feed her scraps to the exact same dog.

Her mother yelled, "Where's your *sense*, Sondra? That's the same dog that bit you before!"

Do you need help or something?

Hnnnnnn...

Hu!hu!hu!gr-y-y-y-y-y..

President
Bill Jemas



I'm hoping she's still got some pity to spare.

oof...!

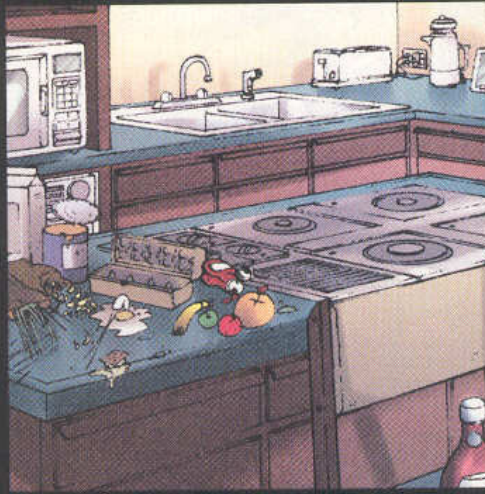
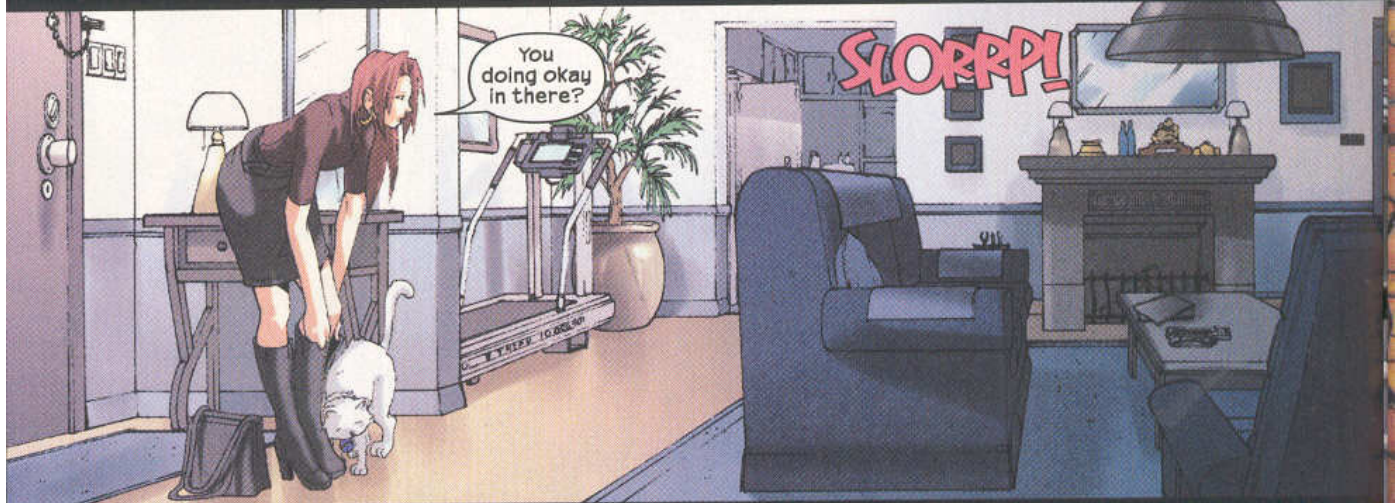


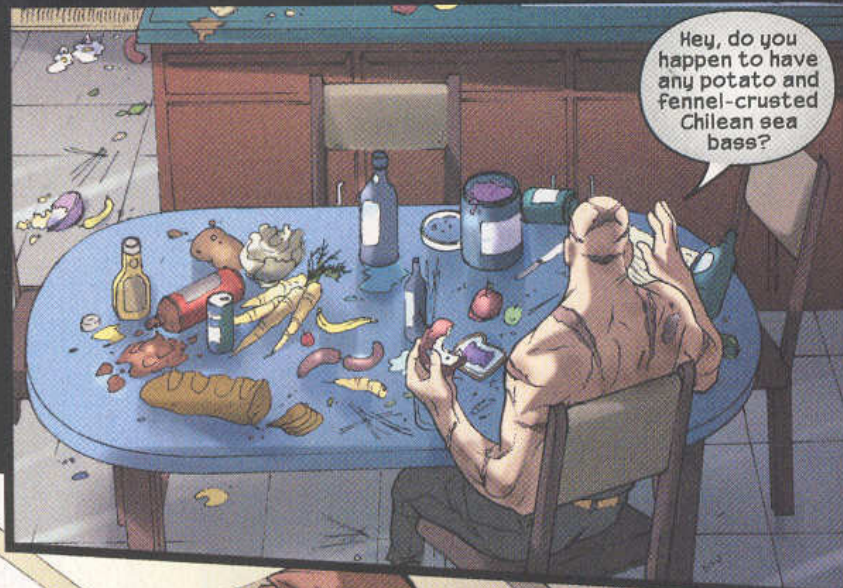
Dammit.

OW.



Eight





Hey, do you happen to have any potato and fennel-crusted Chilean sea bass?



No? Then how about some of those little mini-corndogs with the chili on the inside?



Yeah, some of those mini-corndogs would go down smooth. The chili is already inside. Man, that'd be sweet, some of those.

You're crying blood.

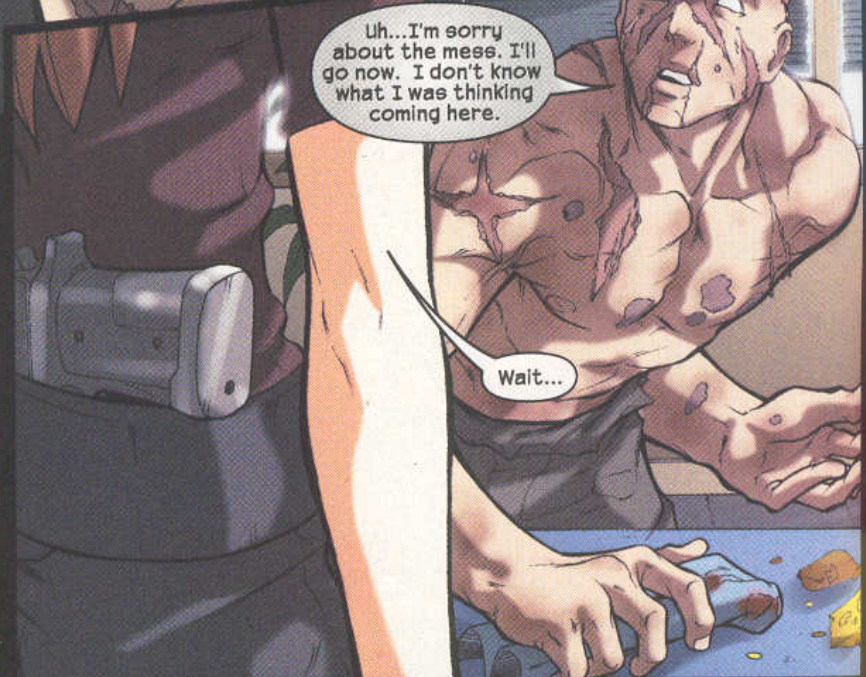


I am?

Pretty neat trick, since I haven't been able to detect my own pulse for ten minutes now.

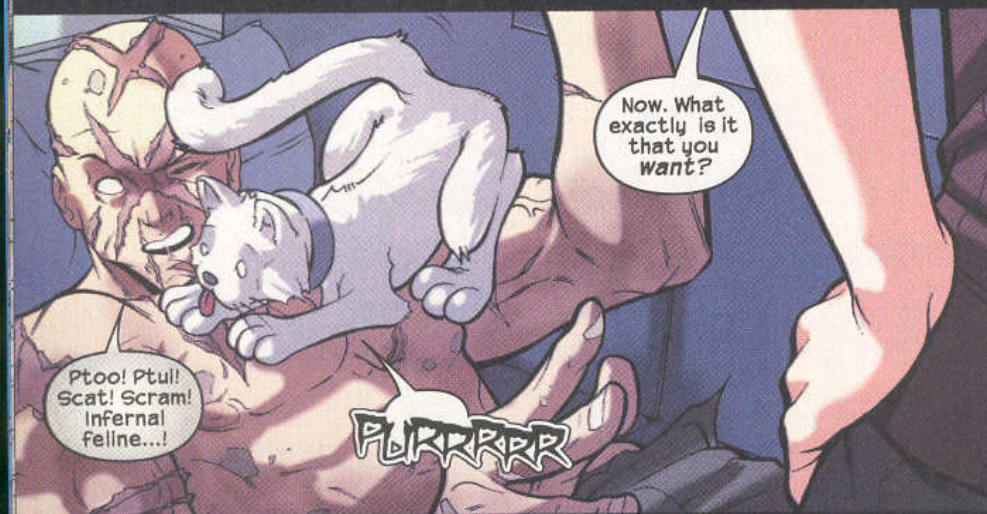
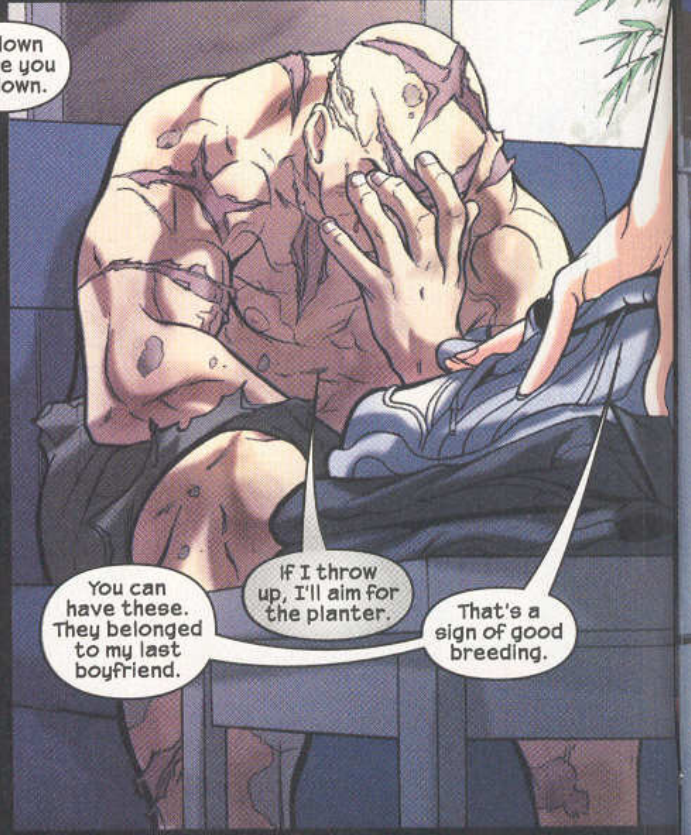
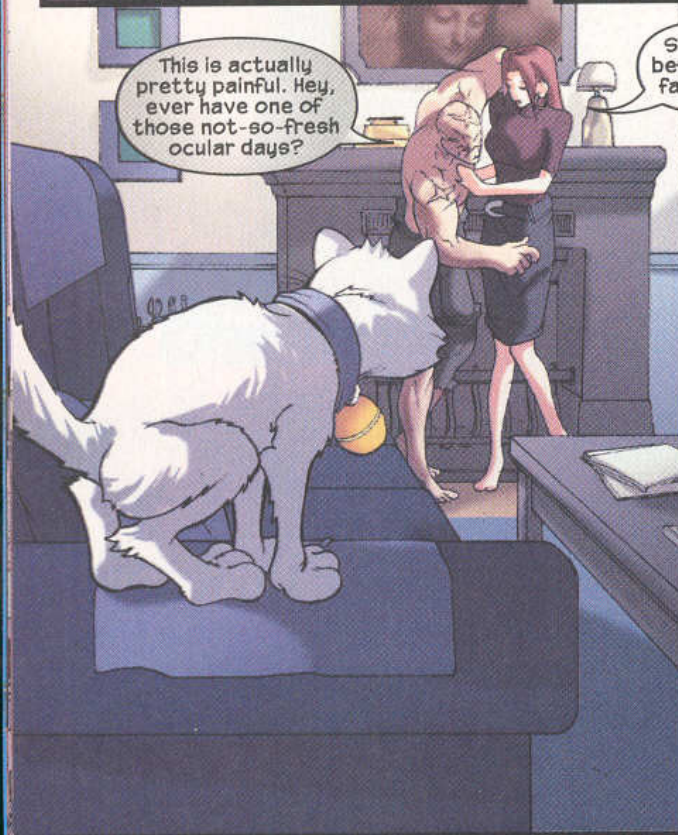


Whoa, that ain't right.



Uh...I'm sorry about the mess. I'll go now. I don't know what I was thinking coming here.

Wait...



Kenichi Building,
twenty miles away...

Forgive me,
Higashi-sama.
It is time.

Do you
believe the
dead are aware
of our actions,
Saguri?

Respectfully,
Higashi-sama--

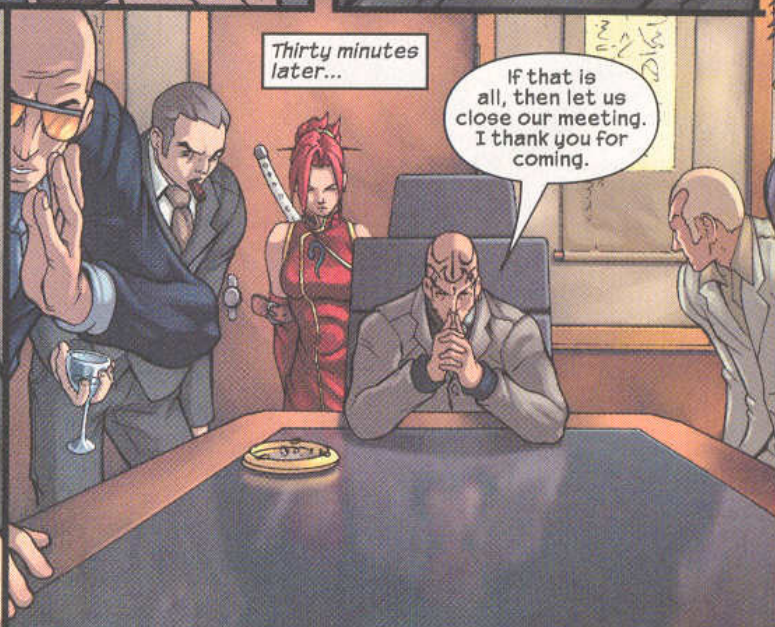
--I believe
you were made
our new Lord based
on the wishes of our
Lady, the former
Eastern Wind. And
when she died, the
strength of our
organization died
with her.

I believe the
underbosses see
you as weak and
frightened. I believe
that I will soon be
given an envelope,
and inside will be your
name, and then you'll
be able to speak
to the dead
directly.

That
is what I
believe.

Respectfully.

Let's
get this
finished.





Weak-minded, overmuscled fool...

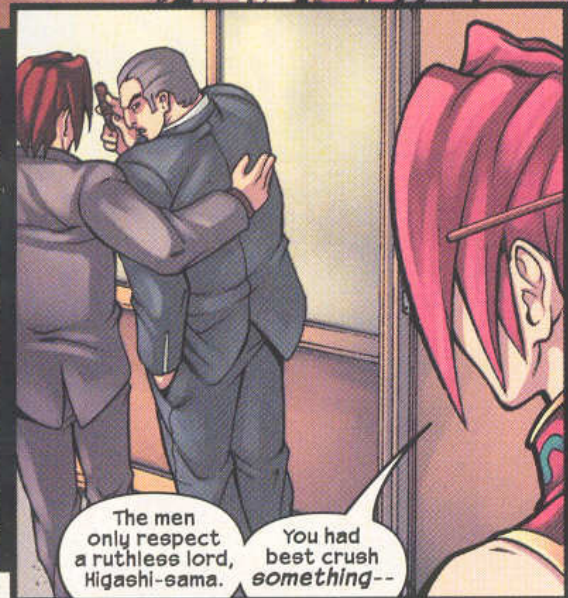
...taking orders from a degraded child.

Not forever. Patience.



The underbosses do not fear you. The families are a step away from open rebellion.

I could break them in two-- I could crush any one of them!



The men only respect a ruthless lord, Higashi-sama.

You had best crush something--



"...and soon."

FLURRR FLURRR

Sand's sofa is nice. Hate her stupid cat the most, though.

KLAK



What the hell was that?

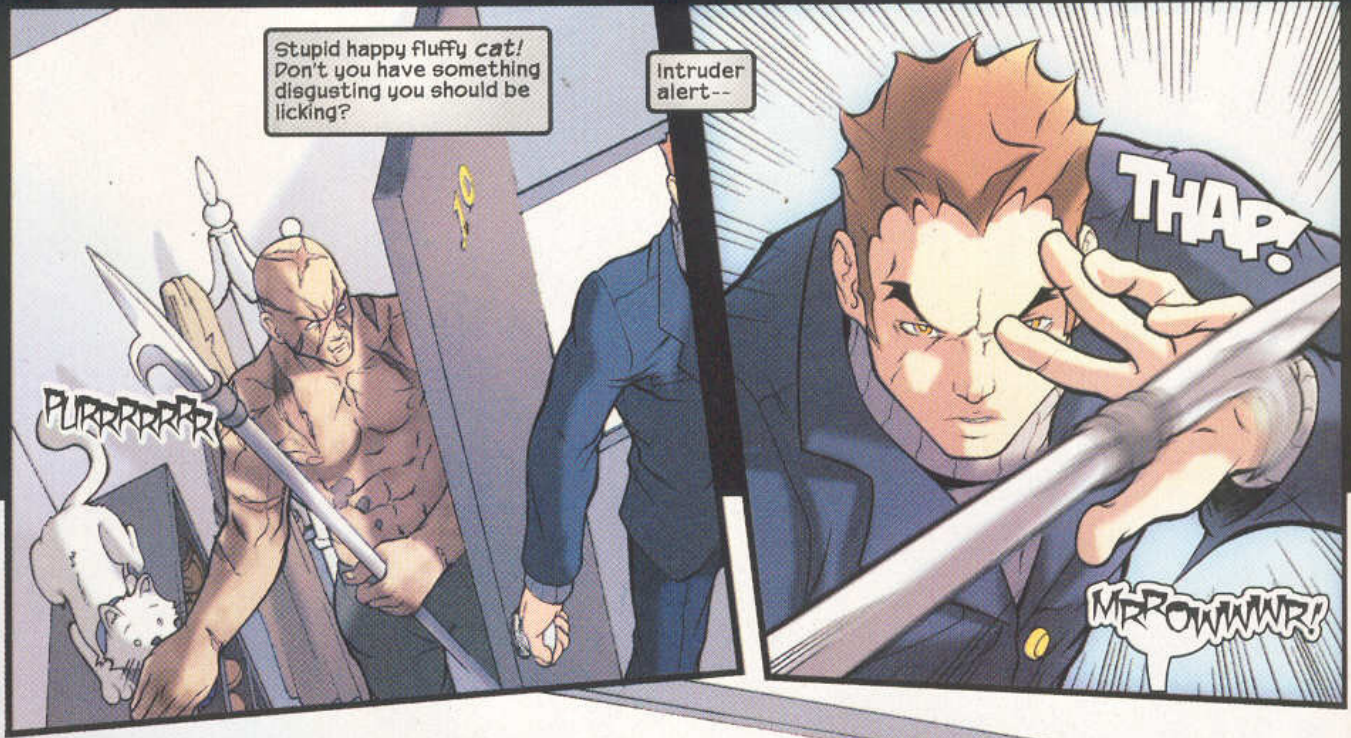
KKT

MROOOOW!



Stupid happy fluffy cat!
Don't you have something
disgusting you should be
licking?

Intruder
alert--



Uh-oh. Who's *this*
slice of ugly?

Maybe he's the world's
oddest Jehovah's Witness?







The next day...

I really appreciate you helping me like this.

Uh--you're not just going to kill me and dump my body out here, are you? That'd be rude.



Is this where you keep your gym? Looks like a dump.

Hey, I had this great idea for my merc gimmick. What about if, at the end of every sentence, I add "amundo?"

Like, "Take that-amundo, pus-bag"... or "Where's my cash-amundo, butt-face?"

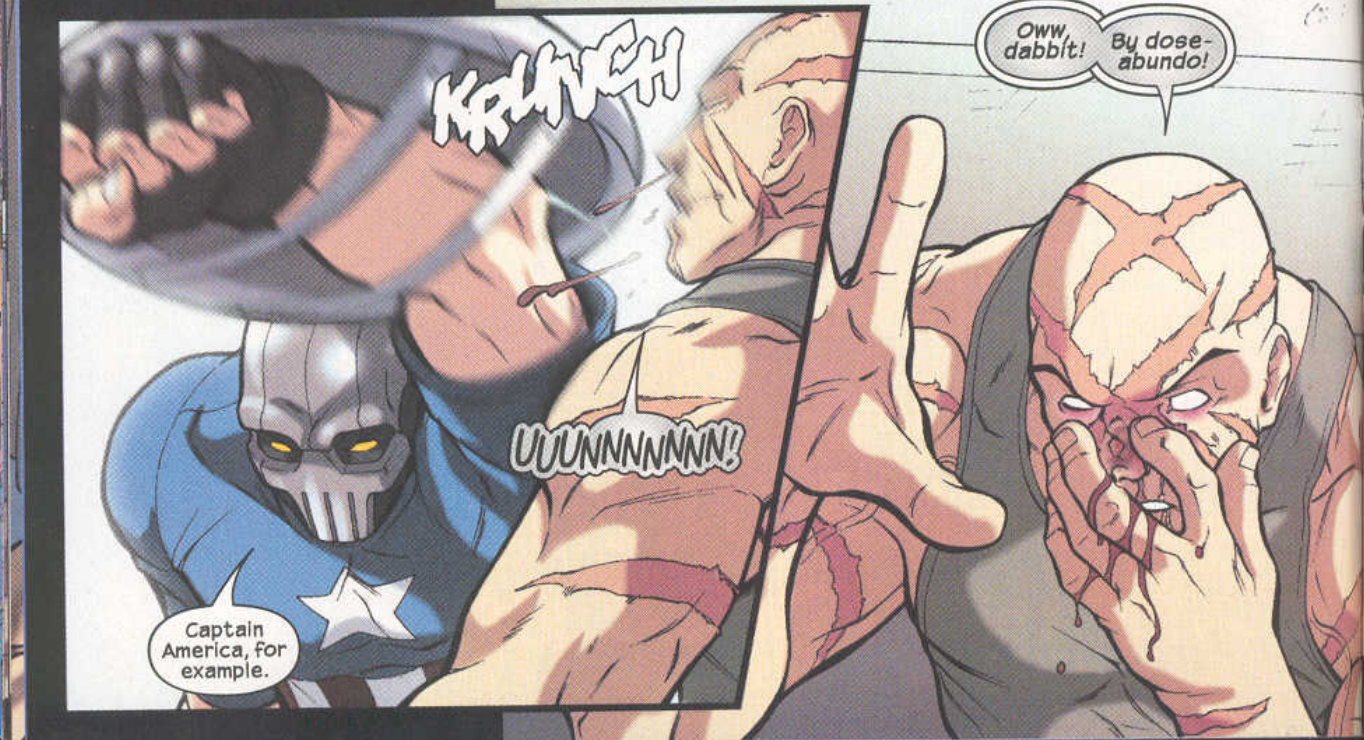


For Sandi's sake, I agreed to train you, 'Hayden,' not to listen to you. So shut up.

You say you've got a healing factor, so I'm not pulling any punches here.

Each of these shirts represents a person's fighting style. When I put one on, you can consider me that person and respond accordingly.

Coolamundo. This'll be fu...



KRRUNCH

UUUNNNNNNN!

Oww, dabbt!

By dose-abundo!

Captain America, for example.



TRAINING: DAY ONE

SANDY SUGGESTS KEEPING TRAINING JOURNAL--CLARIFY THINGS, FEEL CONFIDENT THIS IS GOING TO WORK. TASKMASTER HAS INCREDIBLE ABILITY; IF HE SEES ANYONE DO SOMETHING, NO MATTER HOW COMPLICATED, CAN DUPLICATE IT EXACTLY. CALLS IT "PHOTOGRAPHIC REFLEXES." SO, IN A WAY, LIKE BEING TRAINED BY CAPTAIN AMERICA, SPIDER-MAN, MANY OTHERS. CAN'T PAY FOR THIS KIND OF EXPERIENCE. HAS GREAT SCHEDULE, WHERE TM BEATS ME UP FOR HALF AN HOUR AS DIFFERENT PERSON EACH TIME, AND BEST PART IS, AFTER EACH SESSION, GET FULL HOUR TO HEAL! AM SURE WILL GET TO HIT BACK AT SOME POINT.

TRAINING: DAY TWO

HA HA HA! OUTSMARTED TASKMASTER TODAY! HA HA HA! WAS HURTING ME VERY BADLY AS WOLVERINE HOUR OF HEALING TOTALLY INSUFFICIENT! TASKMASTER UNCONCERNED WITH MULTIPLE GRIEVOUS WOUNDS INFLICTED ON ME SO, CAME UP WITH CUNNING PLAN-AMUNDO! BLEED PROFUSELY ON WOLVERINE SHIRT, SO TM DOESN'T WEAR AGAIN! HA HA HA! SCORE ONE, ME! SORRY, JOURNAL, BLEEDING ON YOU ALSO.

NOTE: BRING MORE BANDAGES TOMORROW!



TRAINING: DAY THREE

BEGINNING TO SUSPECT TM DOESN'T LIKE ME. CAN'T FIND FOOT. BEGINNING TO HATE TM.



A few days, and multiple compound fractures later...

...not trying hard enough.

I'm trying everything I can think of. Don't you get it? He's incompetent. Being able to heal isn't enough. I want him out of here.

That's not your decision, "Taskmaster." This is *my* apartment, and I said I'd help him.

Sandi, come on... even if he isn't Wade--

--This guy is a flat-out, no redemption loser, and he's going to get himself and the people around him dead.

I don't want you getting hurt again, all right? There, I said it.



Kenichi Building.

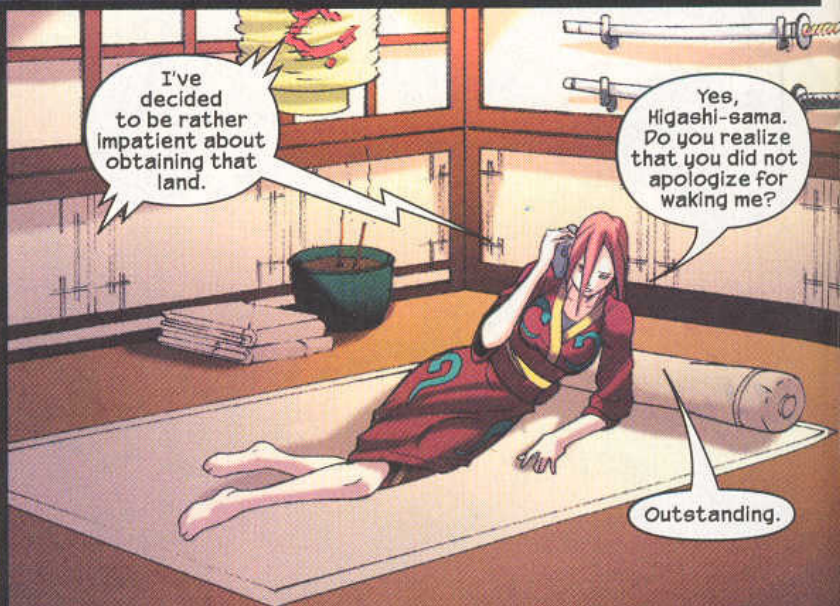


Saguri? I want you to find out what precisely is the problem with our river development. The one that Sonoda complained about in our meeting.



Also, I want a cost analysis on whether or not Sonoda is expendable. Within the hour, please.

I've decided to be rather impatient about obtaining that land.



Yes, Higashi-sama. Do you realize that you did not apologize for waking me?

Outstanding.

TRAINING: DAY FOUR: SANDI SUGGESTS BRINGING IN OTHER TRAINERS SINCE TM OBVIOUSLY LOSING PATIENCE. OUTLAW (NOTE: DO NOT CALL HER CRAZY INEZ, DESPITE THIS ASSERTION SHE LIKES IT! OW! EARS STILL RINGING!) VERY GOOD W/ GUNS, DOESN'T STAB ME ALSO, EYE-GOUGING, NONE. FOOT GREW BACK, TOO! WAY TO GO, FOOT!



...both eyes open, and remember to re-sight quickly after every...

CONFIDENTIAL! LIKE OUTLAW MUCH BETTER THAN INCREASINGLY CRABBY TM

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

...shot.



Well, I'd say this settles it. This boy ain't Wade Wilson, or Deadpool, or whatever he was called.

Why not?

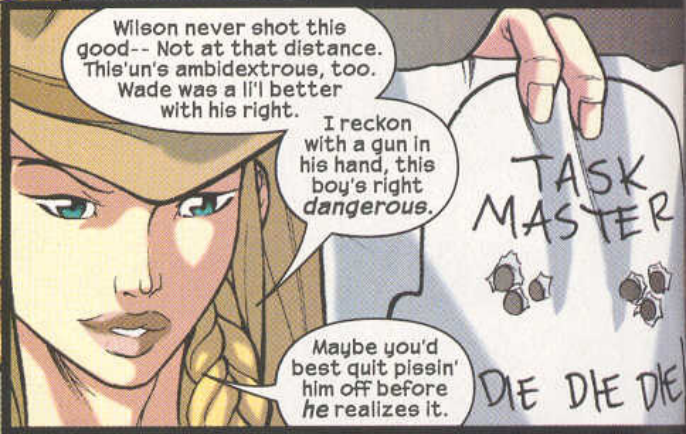


Wilson never shot this good-- Not at that distance. This'un's ambidextrous, too. Wade was a lil' better with his right.

I reckon with a gun in his hand, this boy's right dangerous.

Maybe you'd best quit pessin' him off before he realizes it.

TASK MASTER
DIE DIE DIE



BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Ka-pow, Ka-pow! Ha ha!

HEY...FIRST TRAINING SESSION NOT FOLLOWED BY EXTENSIVE HEALING PROCESS! OUTLAW TRAINING METHOD FAR SUPERIOR!!!



Hinton Fields Cemetery.

Sandi's always looking at me out of the corner of her eye. I know she expects something from me... but I have no idea *what*. Taskmaster just looks at me like I'm a live grenade and he can't find the *pin*. Sick of him *and* his constant stabbing!!!

Got it.
Let's go.

She's trying to help me figure out my past. I know she means well.

I checked around. No one's ever heard of him. No one's seen any sign of *Wade*, either, not since he got blown up in Germany. I think this guy *is* Wade, and he's playing us for saps.

I'm not going back to dancing, Tony. I *liked* running a merc business. And with a little help, Alex will be great at it. I know it.

But she's glossing over a very important fact--

He's like a pet to you, right? A three-legged mutt you can name and feed and buy a shiny collar for...

...Any of this look familiar, Alex? Are you remembering anything?

--I don't *want* to know my past.

Do *these* mean anything to you?

I *like* not knowing.

And nothing she shows me changes that.

WADE
WILSON

WADE
WILSON,
AGAIN

Nope.
Sorry.

It's very liberating to not be anybody.

Kenichi
Building

Gentlemen,
please sit. I will
tell you when you
may speak.

As a token of my appreciation for your
loyalty in this dark time, I have given
each of you a gift-- something that
belonged to our sadly departed
associate, Sonoda-
san.

I insist that
you take my gifts
to your homes and
display them where
they will cause you
to reflect upon our
trust in each other.

Wei-san. You will oversee Sonoda's
territory. In particular, I wish to
see immediate movement in our
efforts to evict the current tenants,
so that we may proceed with our
river development
plans.

Convince
them of our will in
this matter. There
will be no further
warnings.

H...h...
hai, Higashi-
sama!

We have been adrift since the
death of our Lady. The time for
grief is over. There are profits
to be had, acquisitions to
be made and enemies
to bury.

The
Four Winds
are returning,
gentlemen.

Do not
disappoint
me.

TRAINING: DAY FIVE TM
EXTRA CRABBY TODAY.



BROUGHT EXTRA
BANDAGES, HID
ELEKTRA T-SHIRT AS
SAFETY PRECAUTION.



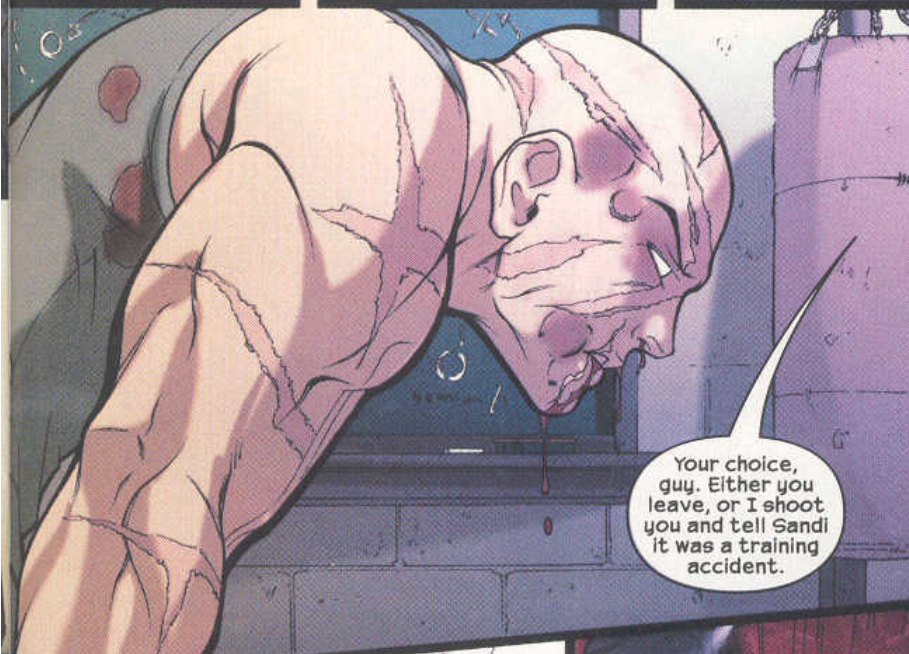
...huh... huh...
huccc... ... had
enough?

I want you
to leave, 'Hayden.'
I want you out of
Sandi's life.



I don't
believe this 'amnesia'
crap. Wilson's pulled
that gag before. You
got everyone else
snowed.

But
not me.



Your choice,
guy. Either you
leave, or I shoot
you and tell Sandi
it was a training
accident.



I'm...not...
Wilson.



All the more
reason to shoot
you. I liked Wilson
okay. You, I don't
give a...

Enough.

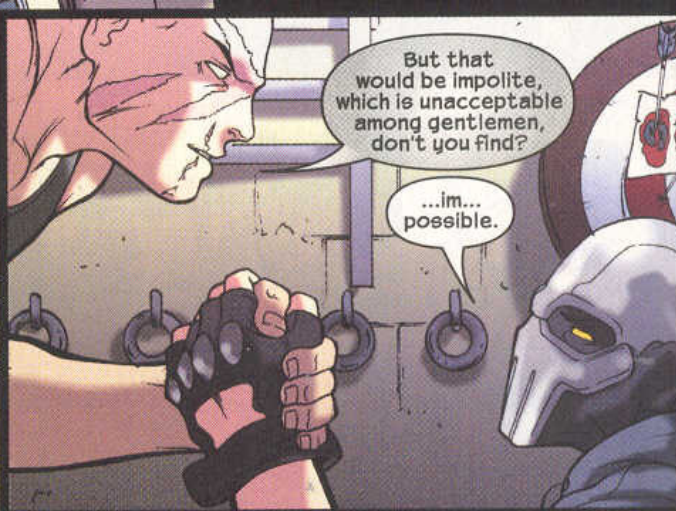


>huaackkk<



Do you know I find your arrogance tedious, Mr. "Taskmaster."

How would it be if I shot you and told Sandi it was an accident?



But that would be impolite, which is unacceptable among gentlemen, don't you find?

...im... possible.



Excuse me?

I should be able to do that move you just did. That's my gift. But I can't. I can't feel how.

It's like I can't read you at all. That's impossible.

huk...ch... ackk.



Really? Huh.

I don't even know what I did.



Give me back my gun, Hayden.

NOTE: TM EXTREMELY CRABBY FOR REST OF SESSION. PAIN, BLOOD, SNAPPING, POPPING, RIPPING. TM BECOMING REAL ASS PAIN, HAS MANY ISSUES AND REAL BIG STABBING PROBLEM.

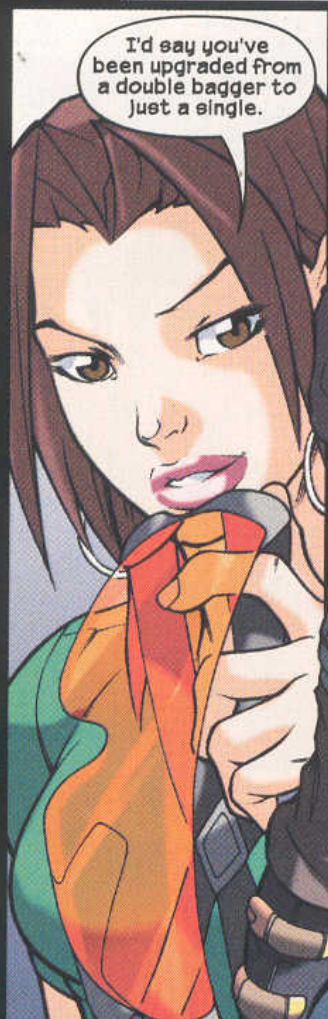
RESOLVE NOT TO HUMILIATE TM, ALSO, GET OWN GUNS, JUST IN CASE.



JOB-HUNTING: PAY ONE SO FIGHTING SKILLS A BIT RUSTY. STILL FEEL READY TO START WORK. SHOULD WISH LUCK TO SELF, SELF, GOOD LUCK!!!

How's that feel in the back?

Good. Roomy.



I'd say you've been upgraded from a double bagger to just a single.



You sure you're up to this already?

I gotta start lining up some paying work. Can't sleep on your couch forever-- I think your cat is developing a Fatal Attraction.

He looks like a crash test dummy on a hot date.

"Don't listen to him, Alex. You can do this. Just go where people look the most desperate-- sooner or later you'll find a client."



I can do this. I can do this.

Forty minutes later...

HA HA HA
HA HA!



What are you, nuts? Don't show your face here no more, freakshow.

You never feel truly humiliated until a bar full of sleazy drunken sots think you're a joke.

Enough!

I've been to ten bars, and the only job offers I've gotten so far were from drunk tourists who were *way* too lonely. Time for a change in tactics, citizens. Look out. Wake up. I'm through playin'.

ALL RIGHT, LISTEN UP. I'M THE BADDEST ASS IN THIS CITY, AND I'M OFFERING AN INTRODUCTORY SPECIAL ON ANYTHING FROM SIMPLE ASSAULT TO MULTIPLE BEHEADINGS.

Somebody here must have something *bad* they want done good.

HAHAHAHA
HAHAHA
No?
So it's that way. Fine.

KRICK SNAT KRAACK POP!

Hurm.
Anyone think I'm funny now?

This better work or I'm giving up my sex life for *nothing*.

Brother, you could be the answer to my prayers. Paul Steinen...listen, my situation is a bit... uh...*unlawful*-like.

My God. Your hair. Your hair.

Well, thanks, stranger. I got a gal cuts it just right. But let's get to business, hey?

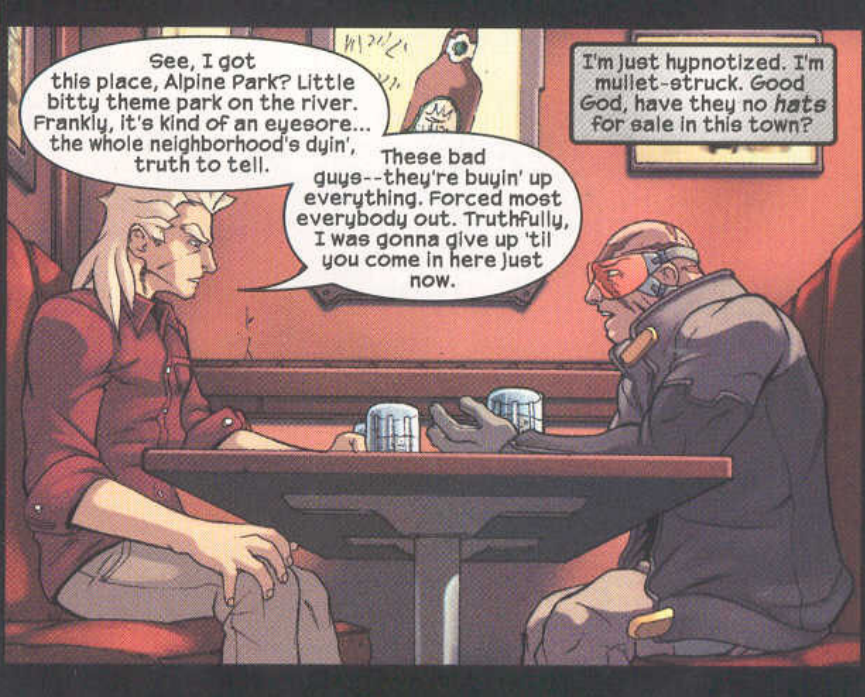
Good Lord! ~choke!~

Man, that mullet is gonna *haunt* my dreams.



AGENCY X
Jobs Done, Questions None
Agent Available 24 Hours
No Mess
Payments Made
309

That's a nice business card there, Mister. Gives a man confidence, is what.



See, I got this place, Alpine Park? Little bitty theme park on the river. Frankly, it's kind of an eyesore... the whole neighborhood's dyin', truth to tell.

These bad guys--they're buyin' up everything. Forced most everybody out. Truthfully, I was gonna give up 'til you come in here just now.

I'm just hypnotized. I'm mullet-struck. Good God, have they no hats for sale in this town?



Hey, you ever do any freakin'? I mean, no offense, but didn't I see you workin' as a geek down in Kansas City? No offense...

None taken. What is it you want me to do?



Why not just call Animal Control?

"And go to prison for negligence? No thanks. These developers... they own *everybody*. The police, judges... you name it!"

"Well, see, these guys... they scared off my employees. When I didn't sell, they let all my *show animals* loose."

Start at the bottom. That's how you build a career.

"But don't worry! I got tranq guns, nets...whatever you need."

Here, monkey, monkey...



Well, then why not take care of this yourself?

"Uh, nossir, I'm scared of those beasts."

Hey, Cheetah. Wanna go home? Home? Bananas, naughty movies on Animal Planet, all the poop you can throw?



"What you need to do is retrieve the animals, real quiet-like, before they kill somebody. But listen--*stay away* from them developers. I ain't lying, they'll kill you *over good*."

Lessee. Can't tranq him up here...

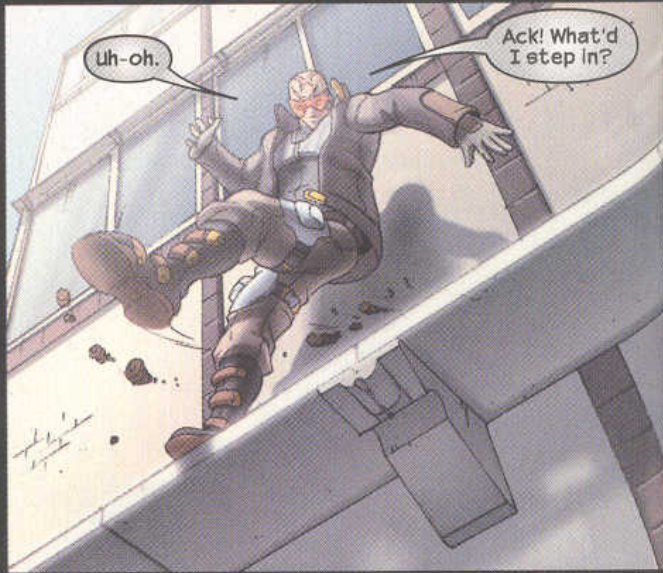
...a doped-up orangutan landing on a passerby would probably get me fired...

... heh. A monkey junkie. Funky.



Okay...look, I'm putting my gun down. I'm coming over there slowly. Don't be nervous.

Beautiful. I'm shouting at the monkey. Like *that* helps.



Uh-oh.

Ack! What'd I step in?



CRAP-AMUNDY!

Four disgusting
hours later...

Snork...
zzzzzzzz.

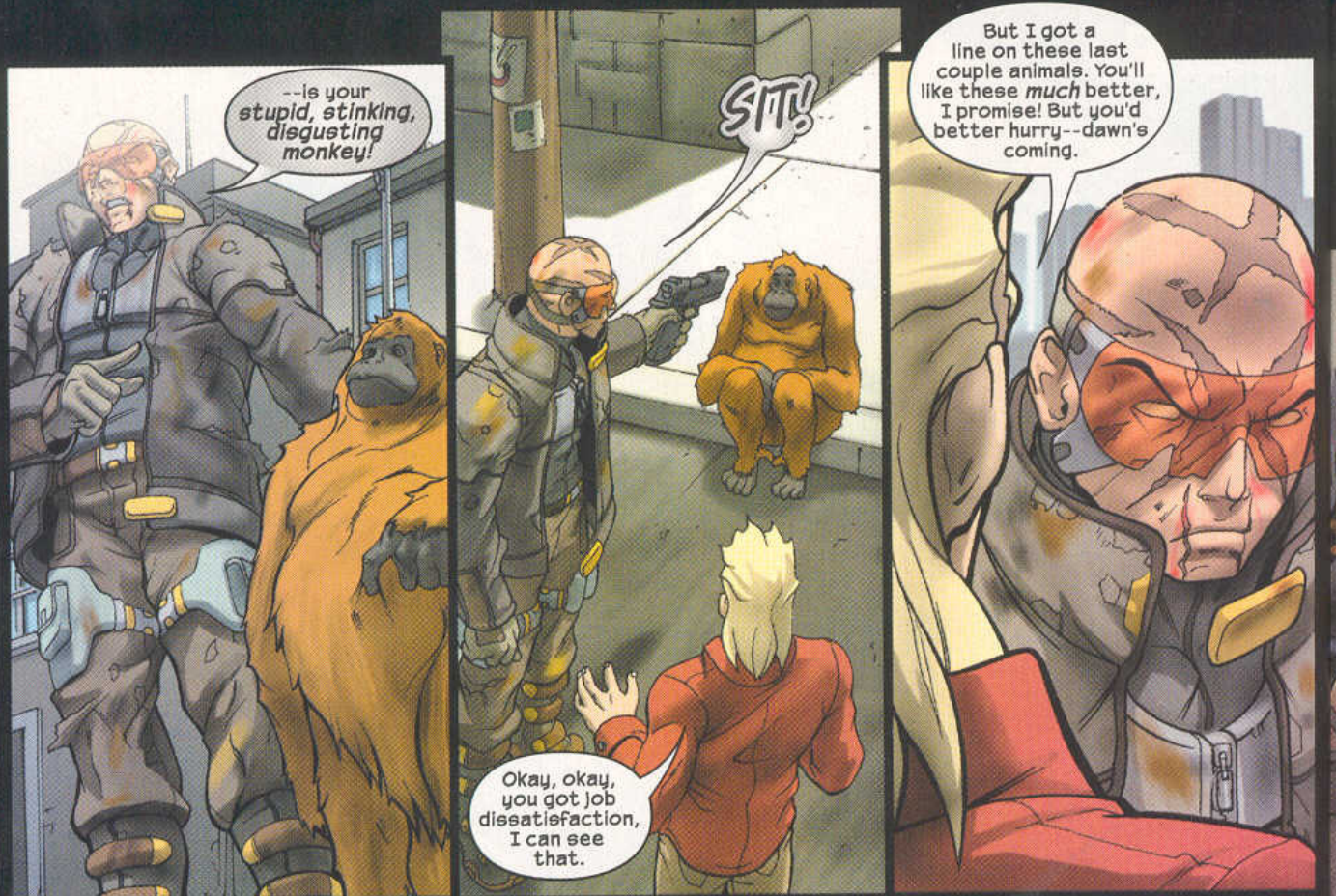
BAM BAM!
BAM

Hey,
Mister,
how's it
g--

You
shut
up.

Here's your
stupid *poodles*
on *tricycles*. Here's
your stupid *falcon*.
Here's your stupid
trained *pig*.

And
here, out
here--



"Just remember... she don't like loud noises. Oh, and she don't like people much, neither."

This is like every movie where the chatty idiot gets eaten in the tunnel. Good thing I'm the smart leading man.

RRRRRRRR

Okay,
okay. There
you are, baby.
It's okay.



Come on, baby. You
don't belong here.
Just... watch your
step, okay?

I have a no-
pouncing policy.
I hope you'll
honor.

Actually,
if I don't die,
this is pretty
cool.



You know,
my friend Sandi has
this cat you could eat.
He's just a pathetic
little thing. I'd
never tell.

Pamn. She's
over the third
rail.



Ack! That
light!



The morning train.
For the love of...

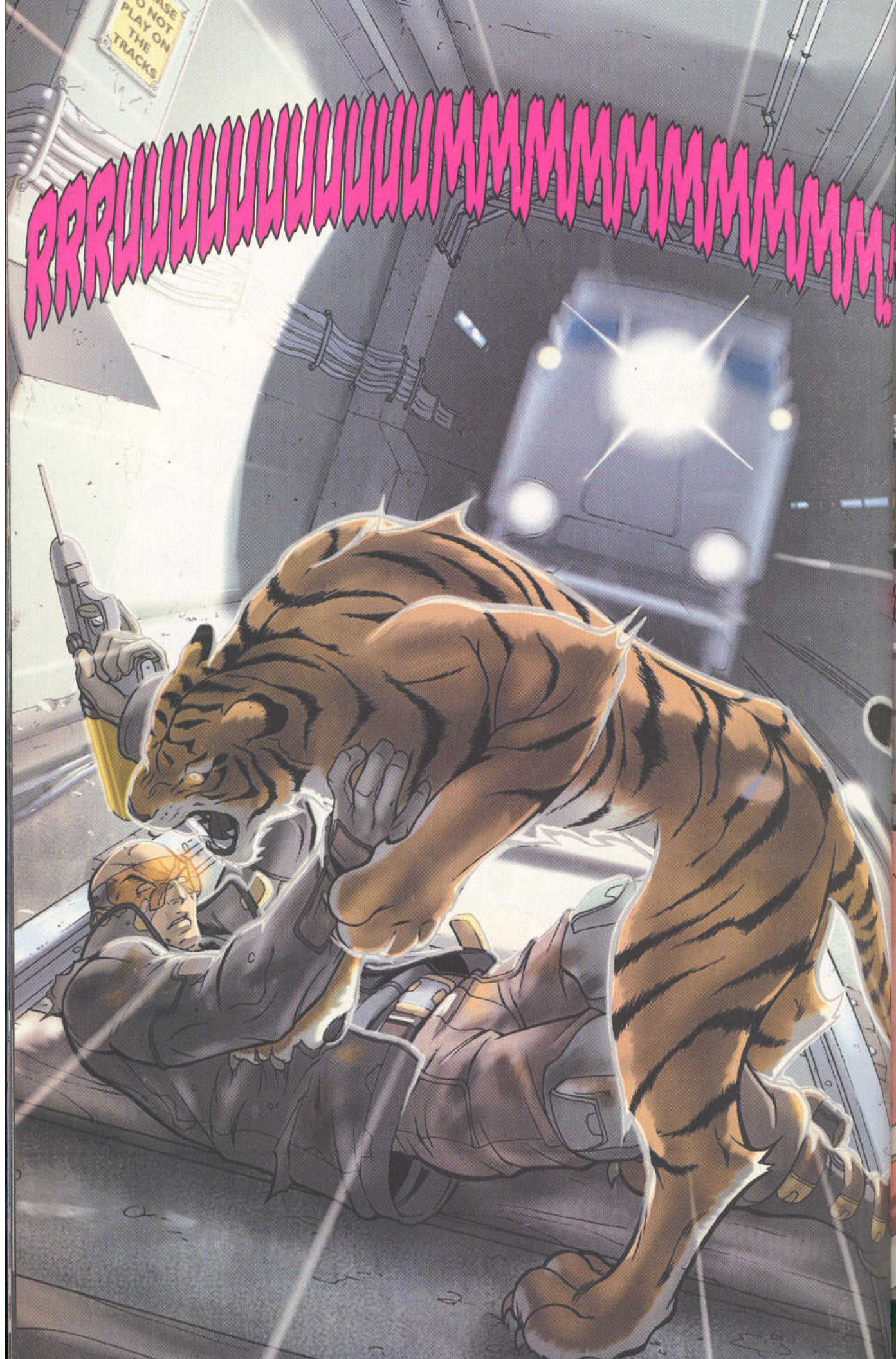
RRRUUUMMM

RRRUUUMMMM



I can see the
headlines now:

Merc Eaten By Tiger.
Should Have Realized
Mullet Was Bad Omen.



THE
LINE



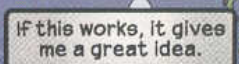
THE LINE



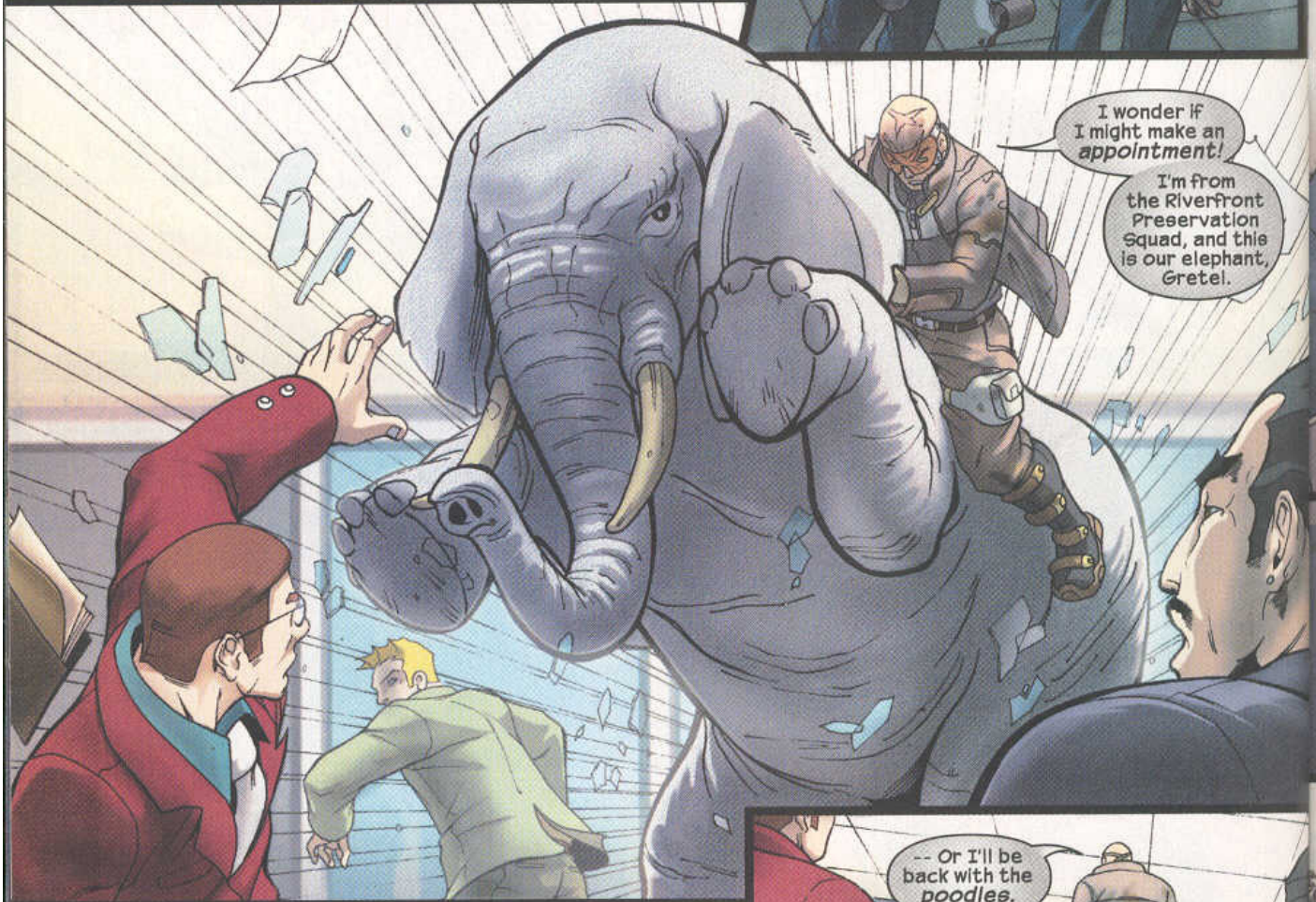
"Okay, Mister! Great job! Now we only got *one* little problem left..."



What the hell, right?

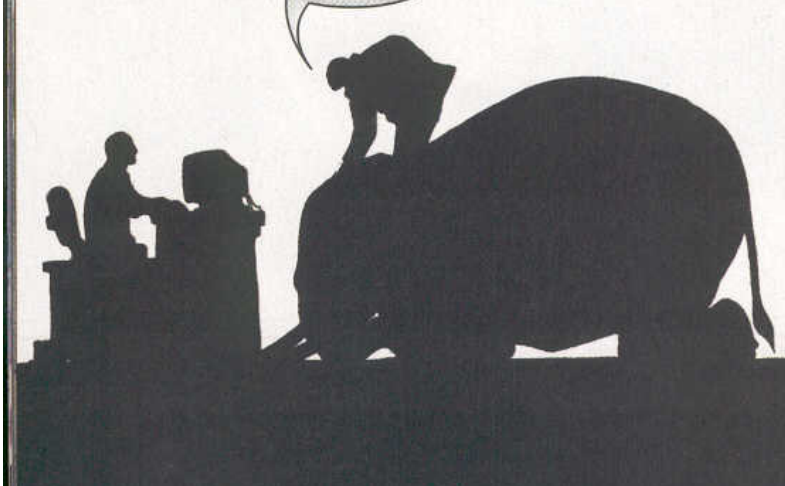


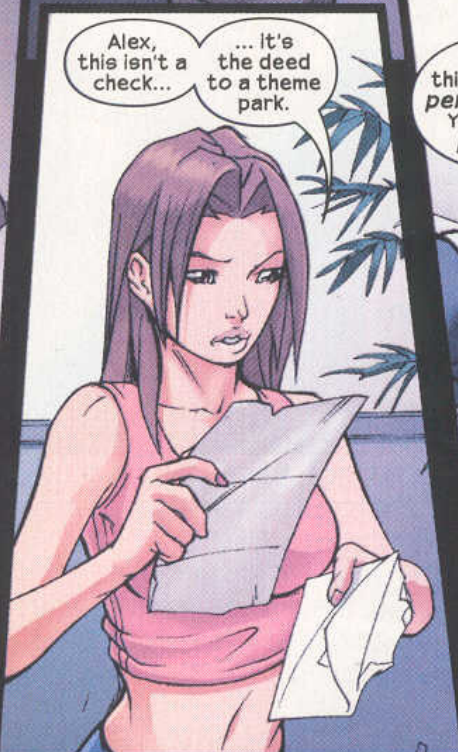
Main entrance,
Kenichi Building...



We're
not a couple.
We're just good
friends.

Never mind.
I can see you're
busy. Just tell
your boss to leave
Alpine Park
alone...





AGENT X

Real name: Alex Hayden

Height: 6'

Weight: 215 lbs.

Eye color: Brown

Hair color: None

Powers/Weapons:

- Superhuman healing factor
- Above-average strength, speed and dexterity
- Proficient in the use of virtually any weapon, but especially good with a firearm. Any firearm.



He knows nothing of his past ... and he doesn't care. Taking the name Alex Hayden, the man now called Agent X literally stumbled into the life of receptionist Sandi Brandenburg, who took him in because of his resemblance to an old friend and her fondness for hard-luck cases.

Appearing to have been grievously wounded, with the letter "X" carved into both his skull and face, Hayden arrived as a blank slate. As far as he knew, he had come into existence only moments before he found Sandi. While Hayden recalled nothing of his previous life, he did know one thing: With burning conviction, he wanted to become the world's best mercenary.

Sandi took compassion on Hayden and appealed to her boyfriend — the Taskmaster, a world-renowned mercenary — to train him. Taskmaster believed Hayden was merely an old colleague pretending to be stricken with amnesia, but his theory was refuted when Hayden denied under great duress approaching torture that he knew anything about his past.

The Taskmaster's training worked in ways neither Hayden nor his teacher had expected. The instruction awakened some innate ability, and Hayden's skills grew exponentially with experience — even more so during times of stress. Taskmaster grows increasingly jealous of Sandi's attachment to a man he considered a castoff, so watch out, Alex!

Together, Hayden and Brandenburg formed Agency X, a no-questions-asked mercenary service. Armed with any number of weapons, but especially proficient with handguns, a non-stop mouth and a bizarre sense of humor, Agent X seeks to make a name for himself as a soldier-for-hire.

Refusing to pause for even a moment of self-reflection, Hayden's singular ambition drives him ever onward. To what end, though, Hayden himself may never know. His total being is focused only on acquiring the skills he needs to be the best mercenary the world has ever seen. So far, he's succeeding. Agent X is very good at doing very bad things.

