

4



FRONT LINE

A MARVEL COMICS® EVENT

CIVIL WAR™

JENKINS

BACHS

LIEBER



WEEKS

CHEN

WATSON

EMBEDDED

PART FOUR

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THE PRO-REGISTRATION FORCES GOT WHAT THEY WANTED. DIDN'T THEY? NOTHING BETTER THAN A FEW CORPSES TO GET PEOPLE LOOKING THE OTHER WAY. AND ANOTHER EXPLOSION JUST BIG ENOUGH TO MAKE PEOPLE REMEMBER STAMFORD.

TRY TELLING ME THEY DIDN'T SALIVATE INTO THEIR STEAK DINNERS WHEN THEY FOUND OUT A LAW-ABIDING HERO GOT KILLED BY AN UNREGISTERED COMBATANT.

I WAS THERE, BEN. I SAW BANTAM GET KILLED! GEOFFY CRESWELL TOOK PHOTOS. IT WAS LIKE SOME KIND OF STAGED EVENT. ALL WRAPPED UP IN A NICE, NEAT PACKAGE. IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IF SOMEONE PLACED THAT GAS TANKER THERE ON PURPOSE--

SALLY, IT'S YOUR JOB TO LOOK AT THIS OBJECTIVELY. YOU'RE A WHOLE DIFFERENT CLASS OF HACK WHEN YOU START IMAGINING THE NEWS INSTEAD OF REPORTING IT.

"I REMEMBER WHEN THE SILVER SURFER FIRST SHOWED UP. I'D ONLY BEEN ON THE JOB FOR ABOUT A YEAR...I WAS COVERING LOCAL SPORTS AT THE TIME.

"THE SKY WAS ON FIRE FOR DAYS BEFOREHAND... HALF THE ELECTRICAL GRIDS ON THE EAST COAST BLEW OUT.

"THAT EVENT CHANGED THE WAY WE LOOKED AT OURSELVES. I MEAN, THIS WAS OBVIOUSLY AN INTELLIGENCE FAR BEYOND OUR COMPREHENSION. WE WERE NOT ALONE IN THE UNIVERSE."

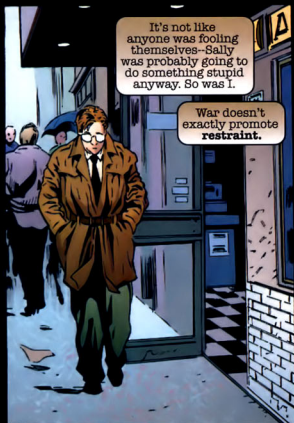
I DRUNK MYSELF DUMB FOR A YEAR AFTERWARDS, JUST CONSIDERING THE RAMIFICATIONS. BUT I BLAME MYSELF FOR THAT, NOT ANYBODY ELSE--

BEN, YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT THEY'RE MAKING A WACKERY OF THE CONSTITUTION. WE HAVE A DUTY TO MAKE PEOPLE SEE THAT, NO MATTER WHICH NEWS ORGANIZATION WE WORK FOR.

DON'T TAKE THE SITUATION PERSONALLY, SALLY. MAKE A JUDGMENT BASED ON WHAT YOU SEE--NOT WHAT YOU EXPECT TO SEE--BECAUSE THIS JOB WILL EAT YOU UP AND SPIT YOU OUT IF YOU LET IT.

AND DON'T SAY IT WON'T. IT ALREADY DID.

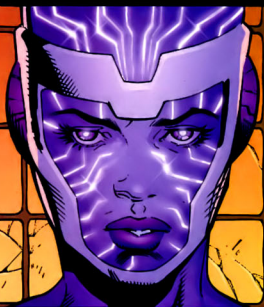




A SECRET
LOCATION,
SOMEWHERE
IN MANHATTAN.

WE CAN'T SIT
AROUND LIKE THIS
FOREVER. YOU'D
THINK A BUNCH OF
COSTUMED HEROES
WOULD KNOW HOW
TO TAKE ACTION.

WE'VE GOT TO
GET ORGANIZED.
WE'VE GOT TO FIND
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S
PEOPLE.



OKAY, SO HOW DO WE FIND
THEM, NETWORK? DID YOU
FIND ANY TRACE OF THEM
ON THE WEB--ANYTHING
AT ALL?

NOT YET... BUT I'LL
KEEP LOOKING. IN THE
MEANTIME, WE HAVE
TO STAY TOGETHER
AND BE CAREFUL.



EVERYONE HERE AGREES WITH
YOU, NETWORK. BUT THE MOMENT
WE BECOME A SINGLE UNIT, WE
MAKE OURSELVES EASIER
TO FIND.

OUR GOAL IS TO
REMAIN FREE SO THAT
WE CAN CONTINUE THE
WORK WE'VE EACH CHOSEN
TO DO. WHICH IS WHY I
SUGGEST WE MODERATE
YOUR PLAN SOMEWHAT IF
WE WANT TO REMAIN
AT LARGE.



IT'S NOT AS
THOUGH ANY OF
US IS IN DANGER
OF BEING LOST
IN A CROWD.











SIX
MINUTES
LATER...

“FZZK+
BLOCKING ALL THE
COMMUNICATIONS!
MY SIGNAL'S GOING
CR--

“FZZK+
CAME IN ON
EVERY SIDE...
THEY HAD HELP
“FZZK+

“FZZK+ I'M
TELLING YOU,
SOME OF THOSE
PEOPLE WERE NOT
SUPPOSED TO BE
THERE--

MAYBE SOLO
WAS RIGHT--MAYBE
SOMEONE KNEW I WAS
COMING. THEY COULD
HAVE TAILED ME FROM
THE DINER.

BEN...THEY'RE
TAGGING
REPORTERS NOW.
WE'VE GOT TO BE
CAREFUL WITH OUR
SOURCES.





Good reporters sometimes get a sixth sense about trouble. It's something you can't define... just an urge to be in a certain place at a certain time and see what the wind blows in.

I remember she said the wind picked up.

Sally, I mean... she said, "The wind picked up."

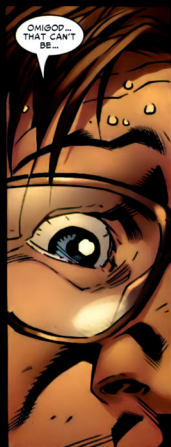
I remember that was the first time I noticed it.



The bad news was, Sally Floyd was a good reporter.



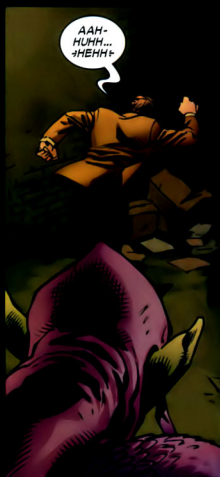
IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE...?



OMIGOD... THAT CAN'T BE...



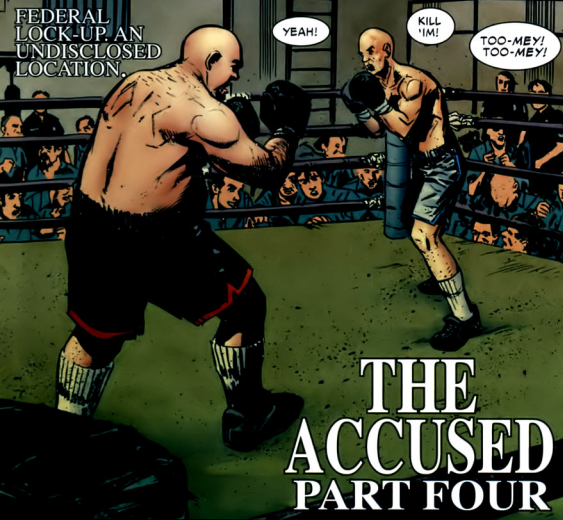
YOU'RE PROBABLY NOT GOING TO WANT TO TURN AROUND.





TO BE
CONTINUED...

FEDERAL
LOCK-UP. AN
UNDISCLOSED
LOCATION.



THE ACCUSED PART FOUR

YEAH!

KILL
'IM!

TOO-MEY!
TOO-MEY!

MAN...WE ARE
GONNA TAKE A BATH
ON THIS. EVERYONE
PUT THEIR MONEY
ON TOOMEY.

NOT
EVERYONE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
"NOT EVERYONE?" WHO'D
BE DUMB ENOUGH
TO BET ON BALDWIN?



UHHF!

HIS CELLMATE.
"HICKEY."



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ARTIST

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TOO-MEX! TOO-MEX! TOO-MEX!



I LIKE THAT SOUND, BABY-KILLER. SOUNDS TO ME LIKE SOME CONVICTED FELONS WHO PUT THEIR MONEY ON A WINNER.

-AH-LHH-

I AIN'T NEVER LOST A FIGHT IN HERE YET. LEAST OF ALL TO A LITTLE MIDGET LIKE YOU.



FIRST OF ALL, GENIUS, "AIN'T NEVER" IS A REDUNDANCY. SO IS "LITTLE MIDGET." WE VOTED ENGLISH AS THE NATIONAL LANGUAGE TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO...-HEHH-

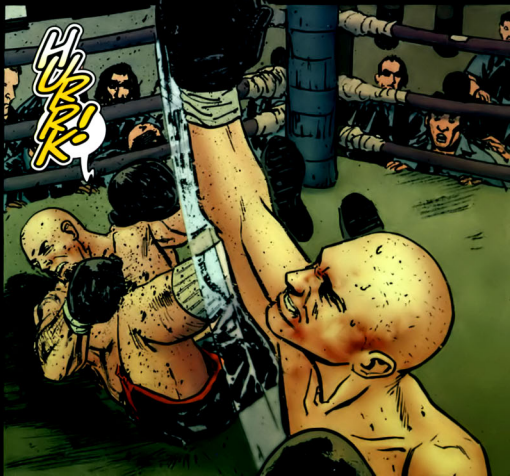
...AN' SECOND OF ALL, I LET YOU HIT ME TO FIND OUT HOW HARD YOU PUNCH--WHICH, I MIGHT ADD, IS SOFTER THAN A LEFT-HANDED KNUCKLEBALLER IN MY LOCAL UNDER-SEVEN T-BALL LEAGUE.

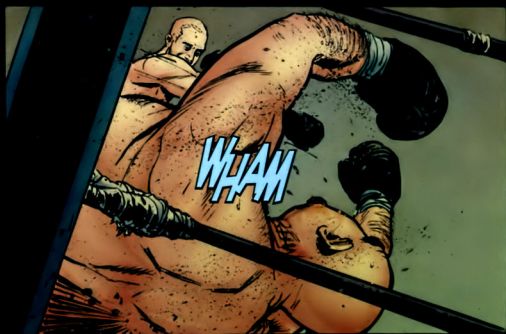
LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN HIT ME AGAIN!

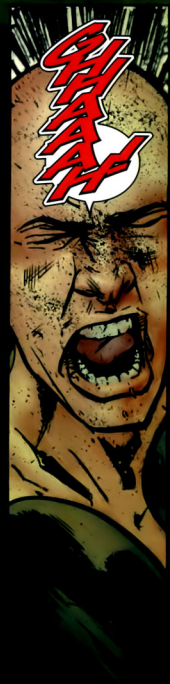


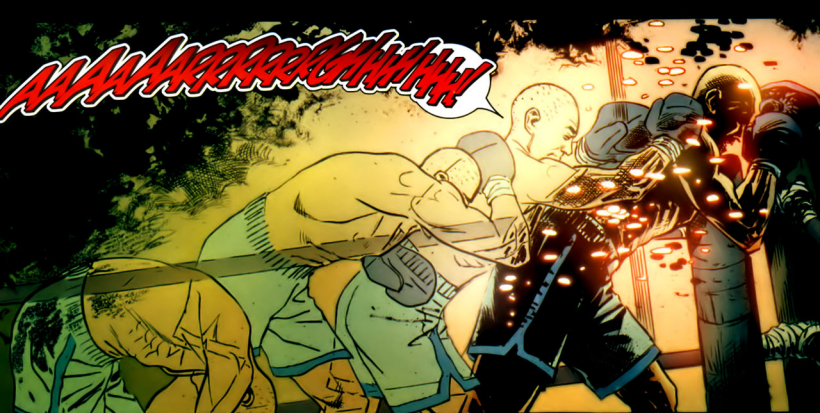
HRAHH!

AND "OLE."











I WALKED INTO A DOOR.

ROBBIE, YOU DIDN'T WALK INTO A DOOR!

IT WAS A LOW DOOR.

WHERE'S DAD?



HOW COULD THEY LET THIS HAPPEN? MY OWN SON! YOU COULD DIE IN THIS PLACE--

SORRY...I DIDN'T HEAR YOU, MOM. WHERE DID YOU SAY MY FATHER WAS AGAIN?



HE'S NOT COMING, ROBBIE. I THINK YOU KNOW HOW HE FEELS ON THE SUBJECT.

ENLIGHTEN ME.

HIS SON WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF OVER SIX HUNDRED PEOPLE.

VERY SUPPORTIVE OF HIM. AND HOW ABOUT YOU?



WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU, ROBBIE?



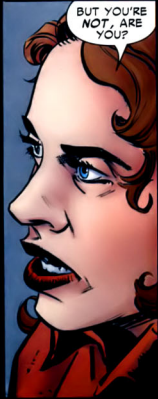
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT YOU ON CNN LAST NIGHT? THEY DESCRIBED YOU AS "THE MOST HATED MAN IN AMERICA."

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW IT FEELS FOR A MOTHER TO HEAR THAT ABOUT HER SON? DO YOU



A NEWSPAPER CALLED ME TO ASK IF YOU WERE REMORSEFUL FOR YOUR PART IN THE EXPLOSION.

AND I WANTED TO TELL THEM HOW SORRY YOU WERE... I REALLY DID.



BUT YOU'RE NOT, ARE YOU?



I DIDN'T KILL ANYONE, MOM. WHAT HAPPENED HAS BEEN DISTORTED BEYOND RECOGNITION--

THEY'VE GIVEN YOU A CHANCE, ROBBIE BALDWIN! ALL THEY'RE ASKING YOU TO DO IS EXPRESS REMORSE.



THOSE PEOPLE IN STAMFORD DESERVE THIS MUCH, ROBBIE. THEIR LOVED ONES DIED BECAUSE YOU MADE A MISTAKE. THE LEAST YOU COULD DO IS UNMAKE IT.

YOU COULD STILL DO SOME GOOD FOR THOSE PEOPLE.



SURE. BUT WHY BREAK THE HABIT OF A LIFETIME?

THIS IS A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE. I UNDERSTAND THAT.

YOU WERE ALWAYS A **STUBBORN** ONE, EVEN AS A CHILD. I KNOW YOU'RE SURE ABOUT EVERYTHING YOU DO.



INCLUDING **THIS**, ROBBIE.

I LOVE YOU. NOTHING CAN EVER CHANGE THAT--



HEY...THIS WAS FUN, RIGHT?

NEXT TIME, SEE IF DAD WANTS TO COME! I SURE MISS LISTENING TO BOTH OF YOU SHOUT AT ME AT ONCE!

"LAW! ART!"
HEH.



THERE WON'T BE A "NEXT TIME," ROBBIE.

I'M NEVER COMING BACK.



TO BE
CONTINUED...

SLEEPER CELL

PART TWO

JOE'S MARINE MANIA CRIME SCENE.



...HE SAID WHAT NOW? YOU DON'T SAY!

YOU DON'T SAY.

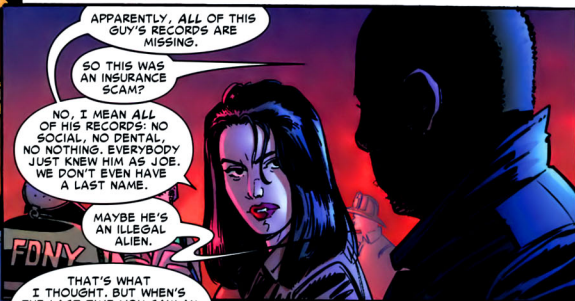
CAN I GET VERIFICATION OF THAT? SERIOUSLY??



KEITH, WE GOT A PROBLEM. TURNS OUT OUR STORE-OWNER HAD A COUPLE OF SECRETS HE WAS KEEPING TO HIMSELF.

YOU DON'T SAY.

THAT'S WHAT I SAID.



APPARENTLY, ALL OF THIS GUY'S RECORDS ARE MISSING.

SO THIS WAS AN INSURANCE SCAM?

NO, I MEAN ALL OF HIS RECORDS: NO SOCIAL, NO DENTAL, NO NOTHING. EVERYBODY JUST KNEW HIM AS JOE. WE DON'T EVEN HAVE A LAST NAME.

MAYBE HE'S AN ILLEGAL ALIEN.

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT, BUT WHEN'S THE LAST TIME YOU SAW AN IMMIGRANT FINANCE AN ENTIRE BUSINESS WITHOUT AT LEAST TAKING UP WITH THE LOCAL MOB?

WHICH MEANS HIS WIFE DIDN'T KNOW, PROBABLY.

EXACTLY.



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LEE WEEKS
PENCILER

ROB
CAMPANELLA
INKER

SOTOCOLOR'S
J. BROWN
COLORIST

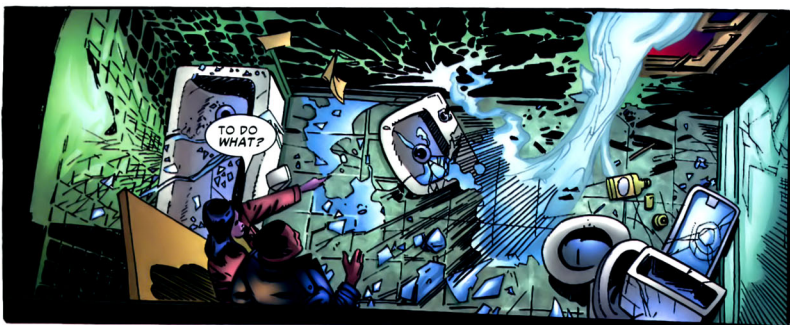
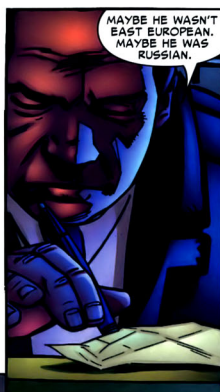
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"OKAY...SO GIVE ME THE RUN DOWN. WALK ME THROUGH THIS GENIUS THEORY OF YOURS."

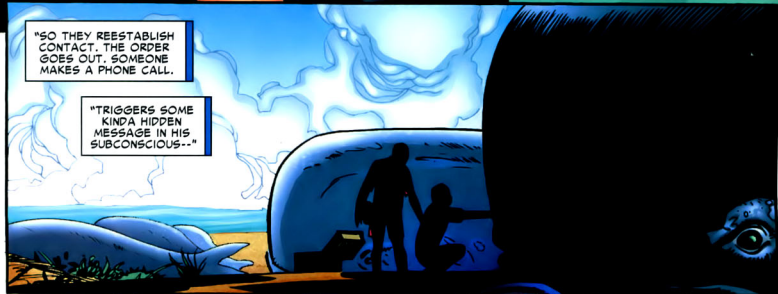
"WELL, THEY GET SOME ORDINARY GUY-- MAYBE HE'S A SECRET AGENT OF SOME KIND, RIGHT? AND THEY PUT THIS DEEP ROOTED PROGRAM INSIDE HIS BRAIN.

"I MEAN, EVEN HE ISN'T SUPPOSED TO REMEMBER EXACTLY WHO HE IS OR WHERE HE CAME FROM UNTIL THE TIME COMES.



"YEARS GO BY. HIS HANDLERS LOSE TRACK OF HIM, EVEN. TIMES CHANGE... POLITICS SHIFT.

"AND THEN, SOMETHING CHANGES BACK AGAIN. SOMETHING HAPPENS. ALL OF A SUDDEN, HIS PEOPLE HAVE A NEW REASON TO SECURE HIS SERVICES.



"SO THEY REESTABLISH CONTACT. THE ORDER GOES OUT. SOMEONE MAKES A PHONE CALL.

"TRIGGERS SOME KINDA HIDDEN MESSAGE IN HIS SUBCONSCIOUS--"



AND?

I DIDN'T GET THAT FAR. MAYBE HE ASSASSINATES THE PRESIDENT OR SOMETHING.

OKAY...THAT'S THE MOST ABSURD THING YOU EVER SAID. A RUSSIAN SLEEPER AGENT?

YOU GOT A BETTER ENDING, SHAKESPEARE?



YEAH. SOME GUY CHEATS ON HIS WIFE AN' MAKES IT LOOK LIKE HE WAS KIDNAPPED. FIVE'LL GET YOU TEN THERE'S AN INSURANCE POLICY SOMEWHERE WITH A CLAUSE ABOUT "MYSTERIOUS DOMESTIC EXPLOSIONS."

YO, SMOKE-EATER! YOU WANNA GET SOME OF THESE RUBBERNECKERS OUT THE WAY, PLEASE?



OKAY, FOLKS... SHOW'S OVER. LET'S CLEAR BACK ANOTHER TWENTY YARDS AT LEAST.

YOU TOO, SIR! SIR?



OKAY, INSURANCE.

BUT I STILL THINK MY IDEA WAS BETTER.





The Vietnam War

According to the Adjutant General's Center (TAGCEN) file dated 1981, the United States suffered over 50,000 fatalities, including over 3000 military personnel who either died in captivity or were MIA. Over 300,000 were wounded.

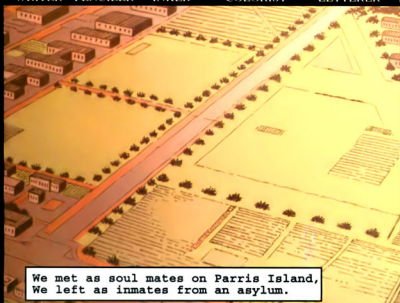
In 1995, on the twentieth anniversary of the ending of the war, North Vietnam supplied the Agence France Presse with fatality figures of their own: over 1,100,000 KIA, and over 600,000 wounded.

Sometimes the numbers speak for themselves.

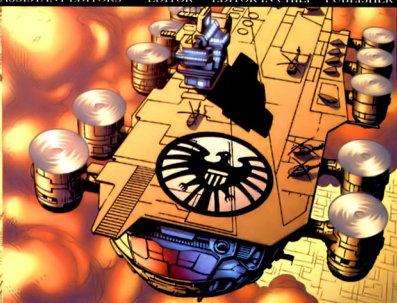
The words here are adapted from the song Goodnight Saigon by Billy Joel.

While they reflect the thoughts of a US Marine Corps recruit, it can be said that they reflect the thoughts of every soldier from every war in history...

PAUL JENKINS WRITER	SEAN CHEN PENCILER	RICK MAGYAR INKER	SOTOCOLOR'S A. CROSSLEY COLORIST	VC'S RANDY GENTILE LETTERER	MOLLY LAZER AND AUBREY SITTERSON ASSISTANT EDITORS	TOM BREYVOORT EDITOR	JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF	DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
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We met as soul mates on Parris Island,
We left as inmates from an asylum.



And we were sharp,
sharp as knives.



And we were so gung-ho
to lay down our lives.



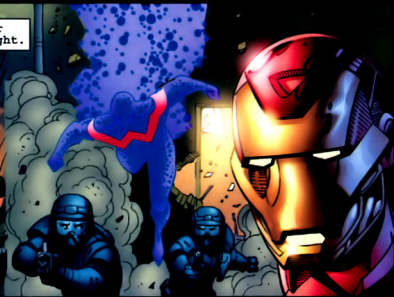




We came in spastic like tameless horses,
We left in plastic as numbered corpses.



And we learned fast to travel light, Our
arms were heavy but our bellies were tight.



And we would all go down together.
We said we'd all go down together.



Remember Charlie, remember Baker,
They left their childhood on every acre.



And who was wrong?
And who was right?



It didn't matter in the thick of the fight.



We held the day in the palm of our hand,
They ruled the night, and the night
Seemed to last as long as six weeks.

On Parris island
We held the coastline, they
held the highlands.



And they were sharp, as sharp as knives.
They heard the hum of our motors,
They counted the rotors
And waited for us to arrive



And we would all
go down together,
We said we'd all
go down together.

