

ULTIMATE NIGHTMARE™

ISSUE

3



MARVEL
PSR

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EPTING
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DIRECT EDITION



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MARVEL®



Gathered by mutant psychic Professor Charles Xavier, the X-Men are soldiers for his dream of coexistence between normal humans and mutants like them.

Formed by General Nick Fury and led by Captain America, THE ULTIMATES are a small but lethal army created to protect humanity against all the new rising threats to the world.

When nightmarish scenes of what appears to be the annihilation of an alien civilization start broadcasting on every television, radio, cell phone and computer in the world, Nick Fury (leader of The Ultimates) tracks it down to an area of Russia called Tunguska. Gathering a small strike team of Captain America and the Black Widow, Fury goes to investigate. He also contacts an operative named Sam Wilson, who was investigating the Amazon River Basin using his remarkable flying wing-pack, to join the strike team.

The strange scenes were also broadcast into the minds of psychics across the planet—psychics like Charles Xavier and Jean Grey of the X-Men. Xavier has also pinpointed the source to Tunguska.

Both Nick Fury's strike force and the X-Men have reached Tunguska at nearly the same time. Now, each group plans to enter the seemingly deserted bunker from which the signals emanate, unaware the other team is there.



S t a n L e e p r e s e n t s :
ULTIMATE NIGHTMARE

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Based on an idea by Joe Quesada



The year they started building, maybe?

I'd have to say so. But keeping something like this secret for so long, even in Russia...


It must predate even the Cheka, Stalin's spies.



Sam, Natasha--you want to take a look at these papers before we move on?

Mm. I'm just a little bothered by the date.

Me too. If there was a military application to whatever's in here, surely it would've been used during the war.



The nuclear mines are post-World War Two. Maybe they didn't know what they had until it was too late.


Let's see if there's a final entry... Sam, can I get some light?



Here we go.

Yes. The staff here didn't get paid for six months. This looks to be around 1944.

So they literally just locked up and left.



I knew a lot of Russians. I could never imagine Russians doing that.



You missed sixty years of disappointments, Captain.



Sixty years of the state saying they'd look after us, and then having no choice but to look after ourselves.



Let's keep moving, people.



Take the book. Keep reading.



Is that smell what I think it is?



I can't smell much aside from...



...nah.



It's old, but yeah, it is.



Droppings.

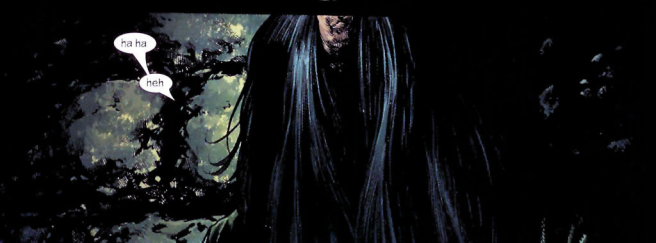


That ain't what I think it is, right?











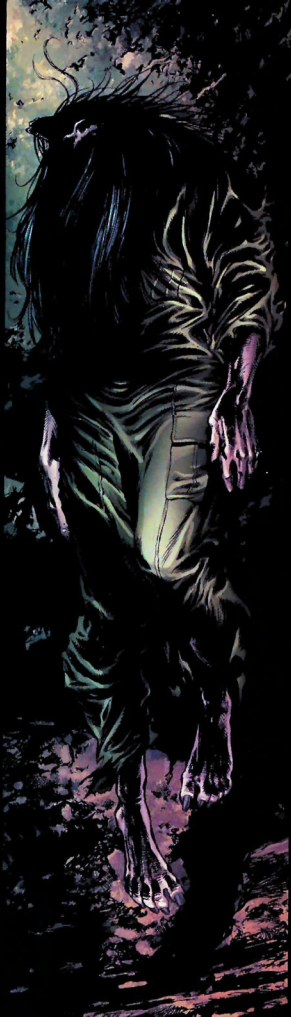
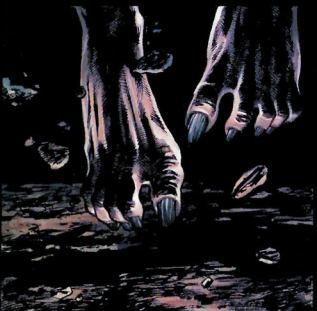


ha ha

neh

Tell him to put his hands
on his head or I'm going to
take him down.

There's
something on
his head. Can
you see it?'

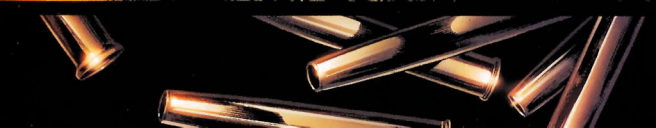


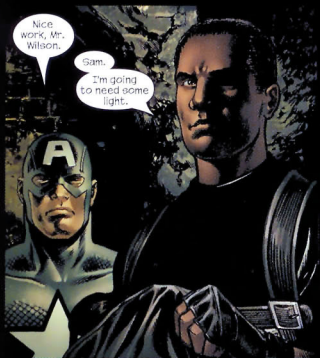










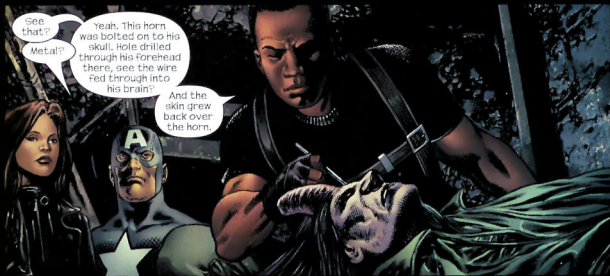




This guy's forty if he's a day, you know.

Signs of starvation in his past. Rough old life.

There we go...



See that?
Metal?

Yeah. This horn was bolted on to his skull. Hole drilled through his forehead there, see the wire fed through into his brain?

And the skin grew back over the horn.



Let's get him taken upstairs for a better look.

Fury to Helicruiser. Come in.

no escape if comes and there's no escape



Oh, well, that's just great.

We're too close to the source. It's blanketing the damn radio spectrum.



We're cut off.



End o'
the road.



Could this
place be so old
that it's just
collapsing in on
itself?

Perhaps that'd
go some way towards
explaining our mutant's
panic. Trapped underground
in a structure that's
giving way...



Trapped, maybe. Structural collapse, not so much.

This was put here.



Jean? What do you want to do?

It's getting stronger. The noise. I don't want to waste time.

We go through.



So who wants to move this mess? The big metal guy? The moves-stuff-with-her-mind chick?

Oh, let me guess...



Listen, if this junk turns out to be load-bearing, I ain't digging myself out from under the roof, okay?

You people make me sick. "Wolverine, don't kill that guy!" "Wolverine, save our useless butts but be nice about it!" "Wolverine, dig through a tunnel so we don't break our nails..."



"Wolverine, use your special cut-through-anything claws to save us from having to actually do work!"



CLANG



OWWWW!

What in hell--





At first,
I thought
you were a
robot.

But now that
I can *smell* you--
you are a man,
aren't you?

A man with
robot parts
bolted on
to him.



You *rust*. Your human
body sweats into the
metal and corrodes
it.

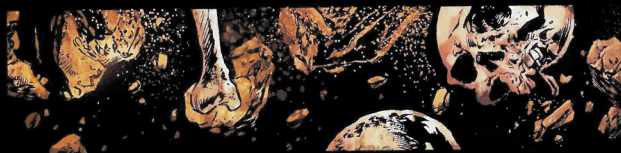
I wonder
if you rested
to stay dry.
And wait.



Are
those your
prey?

We came to
find a victim, not
monsters--







...and
neither might
we.

TO BE CONTINUED...