



**SOMEWHERE IN NEW MEXICO.**

MY NAME IS  
**BRUCE BANNER.**

I GOT THE  
**HUNCH** HALF AN  
HOUR AGO.

I'M THE **RATIONAL** ONE,  
YOU SEE. THE **SCIENTIST**. I  
BELIEVE IN WHAT I **PERCEIVE**  
WITH MY **FIVE SENSES**.

**HUNCHES, GUT FEELINGS,**  
**MAGICAL THINKING--**  
THAT'S THE **REPPRESSED,**  
**IRRATIONAL** SIDE.



THAT'S **HIM**  
TALKING TO ME.

THE **OTHER GUY.**

THAT **BRUTAL, BESTIAL**  
**MOCKERY** OF A HUMAN -- THAT  
**CREATURE** WHICH FEARS  
**NOTHING** -- WHICH **DESPISES**  
**REASON** AND **WORSHIPS** POWER!



AN **ITCH** IN MY SKULL LIKE A  
**HOMING BEACON**. A **COMPASS**,  
TELLING ME WHERE TO GO.

HE KNOWS THERE'S  
SOMETHING **HERE...**



AH.

A NAME  
POPS INTO  
MY HEAD.

"**STEVE.**"

IT'S DEFINITELY HIM.

HE'S BEEN BURNED TO THE BONE... AND SOMETHING'S MISSING FROM THE BODY.

THE AMULET HE ALWAYS WORE-- IT'S NOT HERE.

THE EYE OF SOMETHING... AGAMEMNON...

...THE EYE OF AGAMOTTO.

DOCTOR STRANGE'S TALISMAN. IT SAW THE TRUTH LOCKED INSIDE PEOPLE. IT COULD TEAR OUT WHAT WAS HIDDEN...

...AND THAT'S MORE THAN MOTIVE ENOUGH FOR MURDER.

STEVE AND I HAD OUR DISAGREEMENTS. SOMETIMES VIOLENT ONES.

BUT HE ALWAYS LET ME STAY AT HIS HOUSE-- AND THAT'S NO SMALL THING TO A MAN WITHOUT A HOME.

STEVE... WAS A FRIEND OF MINE.

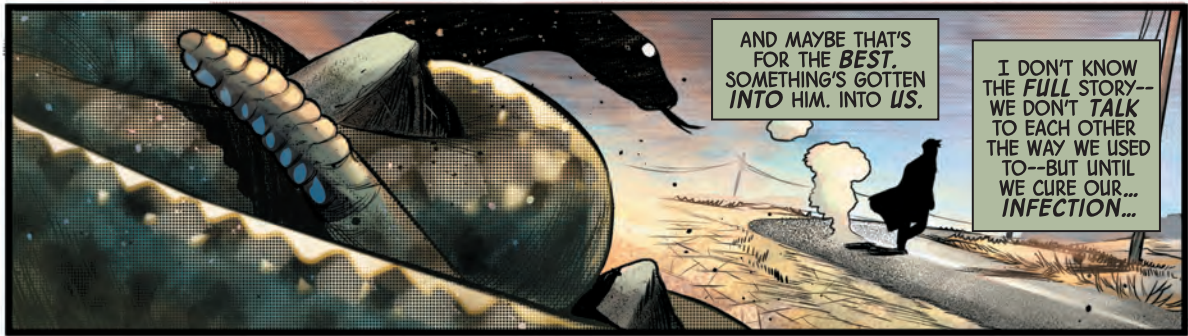
AND SOMEONE KILLED HIM OVER A FIST-SIZED CHUNK OF METAL.

THAT MAKES ME ANGRY.



THE *TIMING*  
ISN'T GREAT.

NIGHT IS THE *HULK'S*  
TIME--BUT RIGHT NOW,  
IT'S JUST PAST *NOON*.  
HE WON'T BE  
APPEARING IN PERSON.



AND MAYBE THAT'S  
FOR THE *BEST*.  
SOMETHING'S GOTTEN  
INTO HIM. INTO *US*.

I DON'T KNOW  
THE *FULL* STORY--  
WE DON'T *TALK*  
TO EACH OTHER  
THE WAY WE USED  
TO--BUT UNTIL  
WE CURE OUR...  
*INFECTION*...



...WE JUST  
CAN'T *TRUST*  
OURSELVES.

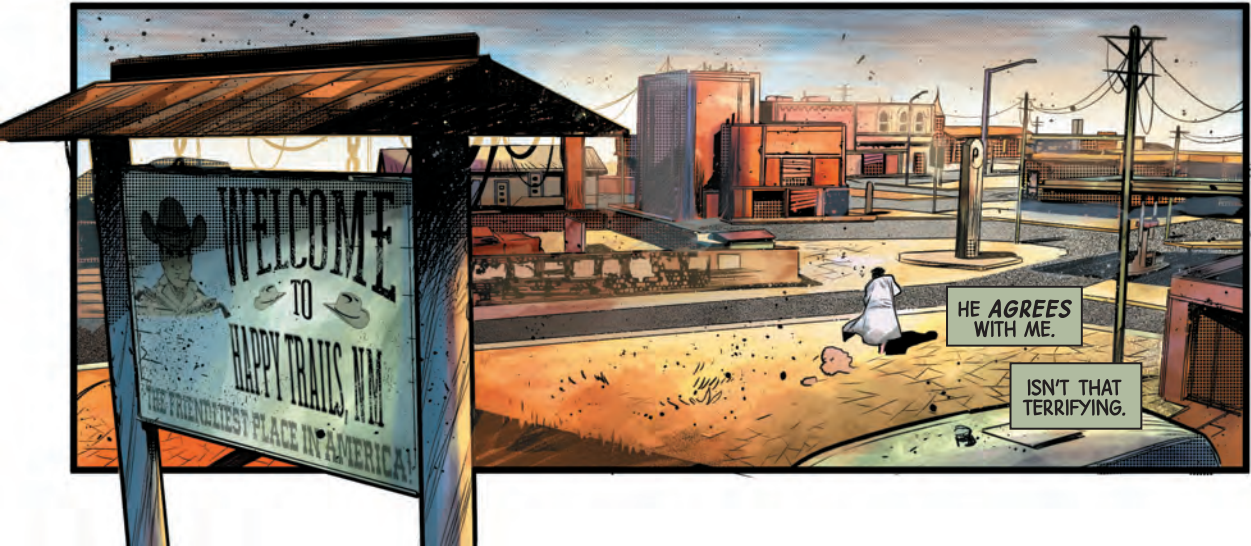
SO I'M  
NOT LETTING  
YOU OUT,  
HULK.

FAIR?



HMM.

NO ANSWERING  
ITCH IN MY SKULL.  
NO STRANGE *HUNCHES*  
OR *COMPULSIONS*...



HE *AGREES*  
WITH ME.

ISN'T THAT  
TERRIFYING.



ALL RIGHT. WE'RE NOT IN A POSITION TO *DEAL* WITH THIS ONE. I *ACCEPT* THAT.

THE LOCAL POLICE, THEN. I'LL POINT THEM IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION, THEN SLIP AWAY.



THEY'LL CALL *STARK* OR *DANVERS*. SOMEONE QUALIFIED TO DO THE *RIGHT THING* FOR STEPHEN.

THE *HEROES* CAN SOLVE THE MURDER AND SAVE THE DAY, AND IT'LL BE LIKE I WAS NEVER...



...NEVER HERE AT ALL.

HELLO?



LET'S NOT JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS, BRUCE.



HELLO? ANYONE?

I'M SURE THERE'S A GOOD EXPLANATION FOR A *TOTALLY EMPTY POLICE STATION* IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY...