

**WAKANDA.
NOW.**

OKAY, STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE.
I'M STOPPING YOU.

WOOOM!



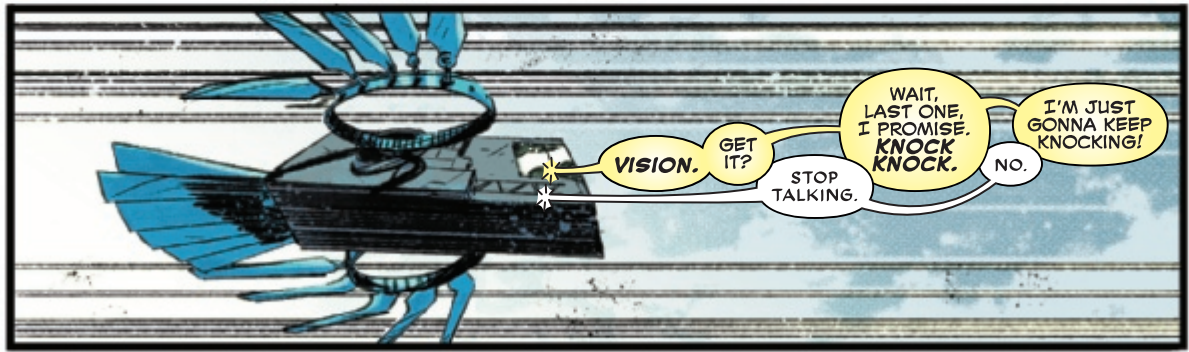
THAT'S JUST AN EXPRESSION. DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE AVENGER WHO BIT HIS TONGUE?

IT WATH THOR.

FWOOOM!



WAIT, I GOT ANOTHER. WHICH AVENGER IS DAREDEVIL'S ARCHENEMY?



VISION.

GET IT?

STOP TALKING.

WAIT, LAST ONE, I PROMISE. **KNOCK KNOCK.**

I'M JUST GONNA KEEP KNOCKING!

NO.



≠SIGH≠ FINE. "WHO'S THERE?"

WAKANDA.

WAKANDA WHO?



YOU SAID IT YOURSELF. IT WAS **UNSAFE** TO FLY BACK TO WAKANDA WITH A HOMICIDAL MANIAC ON BOARD.

I MEANT **JACK O'LANTERN!** AND YOU SHOULD BE **THANKING** ME FOR PUNCHING THAT DUDE'S CARD. I ALREADY GOT PAST YOUR SECURITY **TWICE** AND I'M ONE OF THE **GOOD GUYS**.



SO YOU KEEP TELLING YOURSELF.

HEY, CAN I ASK YOU A QUESTION?

NO.

IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG TRIP IF WE CAN'T CHIT-CHAT.

IT ALREADY IS.



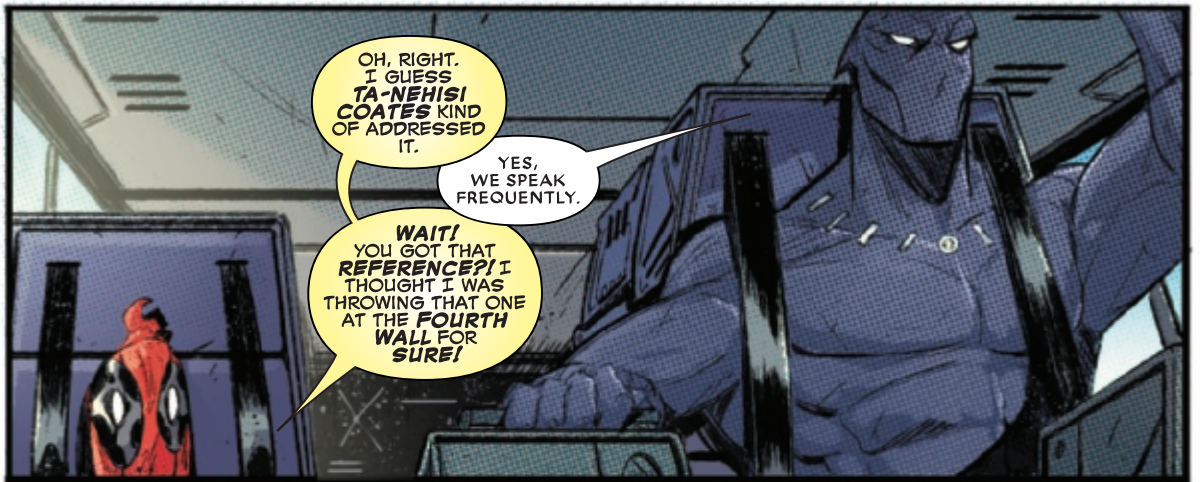
I MEANT FOR ME.

ISN'T "BLACK PANTHER" KIND OF REDUNDANT? I MEAN, AREN'T ALL PANTHERS BLACK?



MY HONORIFICS DO NOT TRANSLATE **CLEANLY** INTO SIMPLER LANGUAGES. TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD, I AM "THE BLACK PANTHER."

TO MY PEOPLE, I AM **DAMISA-SARKI**-- SIMPLY "THE PANTHER."



OH, RIGHT. I GUESS **TA-NEHISI COATES** KIND OF ADDRESSED IT.

YES, WE SPEAK FREQUENTLY.

WAIT! YOU GOT THAT **REFERENCE?** I THOUGHT I WAS THROWING THAT ONE AT THE **FOURTH WALL** FOR **SURE!**



AGAIN, YOU'VE LOST ME, BUT **MR. COATES'** WORK HAS TAUGHT ME MUCH ABOUT THE AMERICAN PSYCHE.



SO FORGIVE ME IF I DON'T ENTIRELY TRUST YOU.

WHY DOES EVERYONE FORGET THAT I'M **CANADIAN?**



PROBABLY BECAUSE I'VE NEVER HAD ANYTHING TO SAY **"SO-RRY"** ABOUT.

GUARDS, PLEASE COLLECT THE **REST** OF HIM.



WOO-HOO!
AVENGER
ASSEMBLED!



YOU'RE
NOT AN
AVENGER.

ARE YOU
KIDDING? I'M
AN **EVERYTHING!**
AVENGER.
X-MAN. THINKING
ABOUT BECOMING
A **DEFENDER.**
TBH.

HEY, THANKS
FOR PUTTING ME
BACK TOGETHER.
YOU DIDN'T HAVE
TO DO THAT.



I KNOW.
I COULDN'T
RISK YOU
ESCAPING IN
A NEW
BODY.

OR
GROWING
A SECOND
MOUTH.

WHAT ARE
ALL THESE
POUCHES
FOR?



DON'T KNOCK THE POUCHES,
MAN. I GOT **EVERYTHING**
IN THOSE BABIES. SERIOUSLY,
READ ISSUE #1 ALREADY.

SO,
YOU'VE GOT ME
STRAPPED DOWN
IN YOUR OBVIOUS
SEX DUNGEON.
WHAT HAPPENS
NEXT?

I CALL THE
INTERNATIONAL
AUTHORITIES, AND
YOU STAND TRIAL
FOR MURDER.



ORRRR...
I GIVE YOU ONE
LAST CHANCE
TO GIVE ME THE VIBRANIUM
I NEED TO SAVE
WILLIE LUMPKIN'S
LIFE.

AND
YOU LET
ME GO!



YOU'RE JOKING.

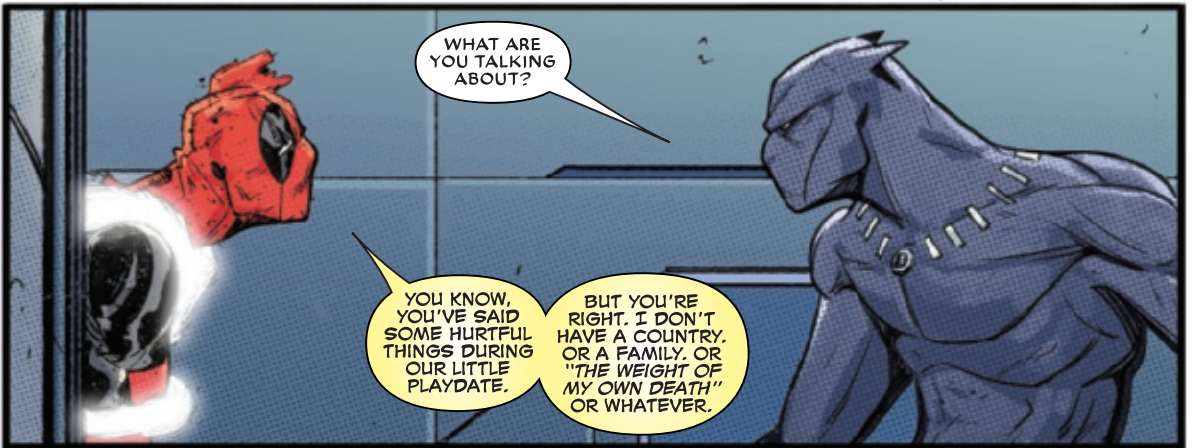
USUALLY! BUT NO.

I TOLD YOU, THE VIBRANIUM THERAPY, IT'S--

"A MILLION-TO-ONE ODDS." I KNOW.



KINDA LIKE DEADPOOL PULLING A FAST ONE ON THE BLACK PANTHER.



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

YOU KNOW, YOU'VE SAID SOME HURTFUL THINGS DURING OUR LITTLE PLAYDATE.

BUT YOU'RE RIGHT. I DON'T HAVE A COUNTRY, OR A FAMILY, OR "THE WEIGHT OF MY OWN DEATH" OR WHATEVER.



BUT WHAT I DO HAVE IS A POUCH FULL OF C-4 ON A 24-HOUR DEAD MAN'S SWITCH.

AND IF I DON'T HIT THE BUTTON IN A FEW SECONDS... KABOOM.



WHICH ONE, DAMMIT?! WHY DO YOU HAVE SO MANY ROUCHES!!!

SORRY FOR T'CHEATING, T'CHALLA, BUT I'M ON A DEADLINE HERE.

WHAT'S THAT OLD SAYING ABOUT PLAYING WITH SOMEONE WHO HAS NOTHING TO LOSE?



OH, RIGHT.
"DON'T."



KABOOM!

THUMP!