

**NORTHERN FRANCE.  
THE 1940s.  
LATE IN THE  
SECOND WORLD WAR.**

I was not there at the beginning.

<YOU WILL BURN IN HELL FOR THIS.>\*

<PERHAPS, MADAME, BUT THE WAR DRAGS ON, AND THE FÜHRER DEMANDS EVER-MORE-CREATIVE APPROACHES TO ASSURING HIS THOUSAND-YEAR REICH.>

<IF YOU DO NOT DO AS I ASK, MARIE, IF YOU DO NOT BRING FORTH THE NEW WEAPON YOU HAVE PROMISED...>

\*TRANSLATED FROM FRENCH.

<...YOUR DAUGHTER WILL SEE HELL BEFORE ANY OF US.>

We'll see if I'm there when it ends.



<VERY WELL.>

If it ever ends.







WHAT THE HELL'S SHE DOIN' DOWN THERE, SARGE?

NOTHING GOOD, WYKOWSKI. THAT'S FOR DAMN SURE. I CAN FEEL IT IN MY GUT.

MFCXPY!  
MFCXPY!  
MFCXPY!

A curse fell on my family that night.

But like most curses...we brought it on ourselves.



ALL RIGHT. WE'LL SPREAD OUT, HIT THEM FROM ALL SIDES. WE'VE GOT THE HIGH GROUND, AND THERE AIN'T MUCH COVER DOWN THERE. FISH IN A BARREL.

NOT ALL FISH.



We damned someone else that night too. Made him part of the family.

Logan.

The Wolverine.

I'M AWARE OF THAT, LOGAN. WE'LL DO OUR BEST TO KEEP HER SAFE.

BUT THEY'RE NAZIS, AND OUR JOB'S STOPPIN' NAZIS. WE'RE SOLDIERS.



AND IT'S WAR.



# ATLANTIS. 1945.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, NAMOR?

LEAVE ME ALONE.

WHATEVER HAPPENED DOWN HERE IS ANCIENT HISTORY.

WE NEED YOU BACK ON THE SURFACE, IN THE HERE AND NOW.

I'VE KILLED 3,000 AXIS SOLDIERS FOR YOU, LUNGMAN.

I'M TIRED OF YOUR AGE OF MASSACRE.







WE'RE TRYING TO STOP THE MASSACRES, NAMOR. WE'RE FIGHTING AGAINST THE AXIS. THEY'VE KILLED MORE CIVILIANS THAN ANY--

BUT YOU STARTED IT, SAWYER. WITH MY OWN CITY, YEARS AGO.

AND YOU CONTINUED IT. HAMBURG. DRESDEN. TOKYO.

YOU CAN'T COMPARE--



I DON'T CARE. I'M DONE. ALL YOU HUMANS EVER DO IS MURDER.



WELL, THEN. THAT'S EXACTLY WHY WE NEED YOU. THE GERMANS ARE AT IT AGAIN.



HITLER'S DEAD. THEY SURRENDERED MONTHS AGO.

WE'VE LOCATED A CELL OF NAZI SCIENTISTS IN ARGENTINA.

THEY'RE PERFECTING THEIR ROCKET BOMBS.

THEY COULD MURDER THOUSANDS. EVEN MILLIONS.



EVERY CITY ON THE SURFACE COULD BECOME ANOTHER ATLANTIS.



STILL ALIVE, CAP?

JUST AHEAD OF THE FIREBALL.

GET A BOOST FROM THE EXPLOSIVE--

I DON'T HAVE TIME TO RIG A BOMB TO THE PUSHER PLATE. SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO JUST SEND IT.

OKAY, COWBOY. TRY TO STAY UPRIGHT.

SHUT IT, STARK. THIS AIN'T MY FIRST GRAND PRIX.

WTF  
COOL!

