



I'LL GRANT YOU THAT THINGS LOOKED BAD. LIKE ALL MY STORIES. AND THEY WERE ABOUT TO GET WORSE. I WAS LOCKED AWAY
IN THE MYRMIDON, A
PRISON RUN BY ONE OF
MY OLDEST AND PEAPLIEST
FOES--WOLFGANG
VON STRUCKER. HE'D RECENTLY GONE LEGIT, AS LEGIT AS ANYONE COULD BE IN THOSE DAYS. BUT I KNEW THE TRUTH.



