

SHADOW BASE SITE B.

SO...
WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE?

ORDINARILY,
YOU WOULDN'T
HAVE **CLEARANCE**
FOR THIS, DR.
MCGOWAN.

BUT SINCE THE
HULK'S **CAPTURE**
WILL DIRECTLY
IMPACT **YOUR**
WORK, I THOUGHT
YOU'D LIKE TO SEE
HOW WE **DID** IT.

PROCURING
RICK JONES'
CORPSE GOT
THE HULK'S
ATTENTION.

AS PREDICTED,
HIS **COUNTERMOVE**
WAS TO INVESTIGATE THE
ABANDONED **SHADOW**
BASE SITE A--

--WHICH
WASN'T AS
ABANDONED AS
WE MADE IT
LOOK.

WE DIDN'T
THINK HE'D BRING
HIS **THERAPIST** ALONG,
BUT **AGENT BURBANK**
MANAGED TO **REMOVE**
DOC SAMSON WITHOUT
DIFFICULTY...

..FOLLOWING
THAT, WE FIRED
UP THE **RADIATION**
EMITTERS WE'D
INSTALLED--THE SAME
TYPE WE USE FOR
TESTING--

--AND GAVE
THE HULK A
SUNBURN.

POV: BURBANK, C.

NOW
BRUCE BANNER
IS TRAPPED IN **THAT**
MOUNTAIN--EXPOSED,
WOUNDED AND
HELPLESS.

ALL BURBANK
HAS TO DO IS FIRE
ONE BULLET.

SITE A,
NM

I...DON'T SEE BANNER
ON-SCREEN, GENERAL
FORTEAN...

...
AS I
SAID.

ALL YOU
HAVE TO
DO, AGENT
BURBANK...



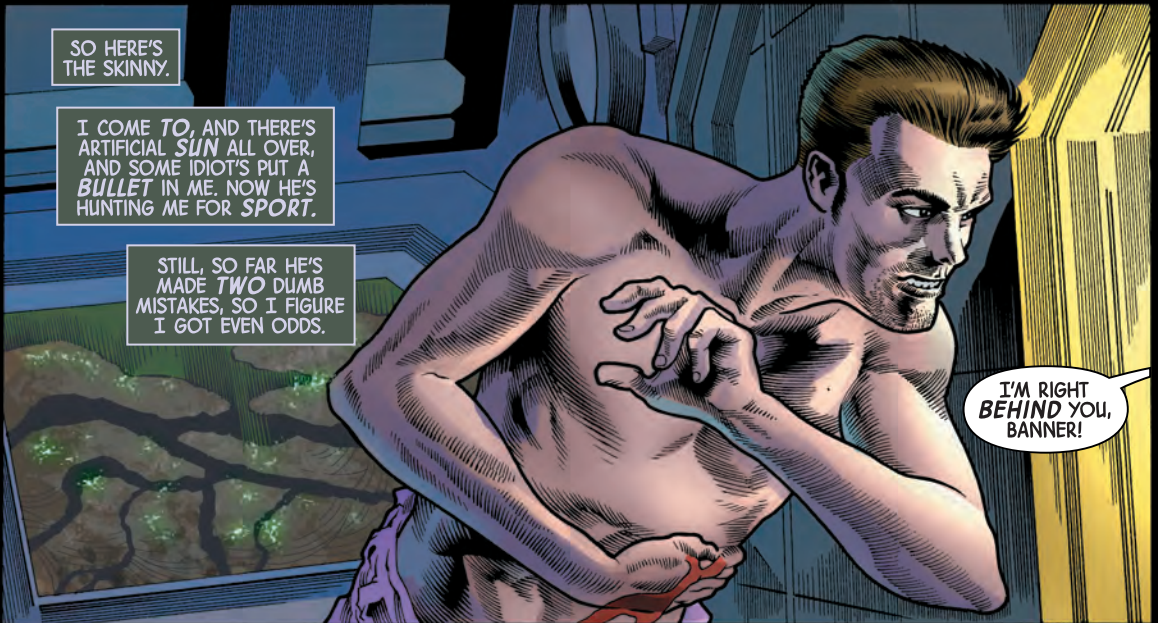
...IS
FIRE ONE
BULLET.

GENERAL
REGGIE. YOU JUST
SAID HE'S *HELPLESS*.
THE GUY WHO SENT
ME TO *HELL*...IS
HELPLESS.

LET ME
HAVE MY
FUN.

BANNER!

YOU
CAN'T RUN,
BANNER!

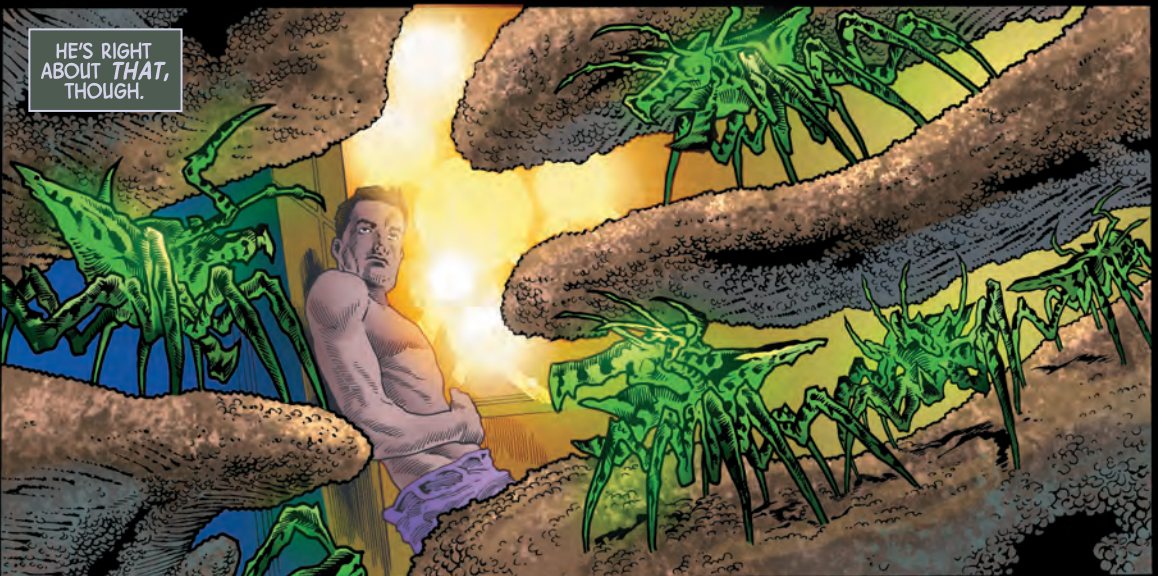


SO HERE'S
THE SKINNY.

I COME *TO*, AND THERE'S
ARTIFICIAL *SUN* ALL OVER,
AND SOME IDIOT'S PUT A
BULLET IN ME. NOW HE'S
HUNTING ME FOR *SPORT*.

STILL, SO FAR HE'S
MADE *TWO* DUMB
MISTAKES, SO I FIGURE
I GOT EVEN ODDS.

I'M RIGHT
BEHIND YOU,
BANNER!



HE'S RIGHT
ABOUT *THAT*,
THOUGH.

I NEED TO
MAKE A
LITTLE SPACE.

KRIIISH

WHAT'S
THAT NOISE,
BANNER?

TRYING TO
SMASH THE *EMITTERS*?
GET SOME *DARKNESS*?
GOOD LUCK--THEY'RE
EVERYWHERE.

OR--WAIT, ARE
YOU SCROWNGING
TECH? YOU GONNA
INVENT YOUR WAY
OUT OF THIS?

IS
THAT
IT?

YOU
GONNA MAKE
SOMETHING REALLY
SMART?

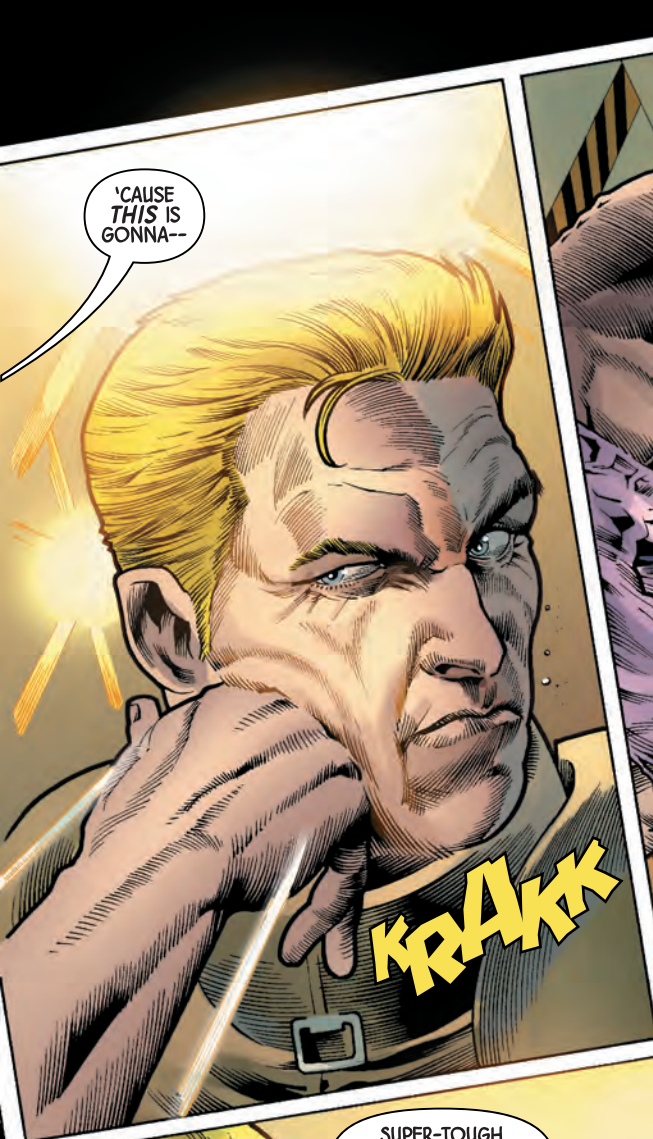
YEAH.

AAHH--

RADIOACTIVE
ANTS IN YER EYES,
BIG SHOT!

DOES
THAT REALLY
SMART?





'CAUSE THIS IS GONNA--

KRAKKK



OKAY. THE ANTS WERE A SHOCK.

BUT A PUNCH IN THE FACE?

ARRH!

DAMN IT-- NOT USED TO THIS PUNY BODY--

WHAT'RE YOU--MADE OF--



SUPER-TOUGH PLASTIC, COURTESY OF THE CIA. I'M A CYBORG, BRUCE.

AND YOU'RE--

NOT BRUCE.

LIKE I SAID-- TWO DUMB MISTAKES.



WHAT?

HEY--

THE FIRST WAS THINKING I WAS BANNER.

THE SECOND...



IT'S JOE.

WHUNCH

...WAS THINKING I WAS HELPLESS.



GUESS THOSE AIN'T PLASTIC.

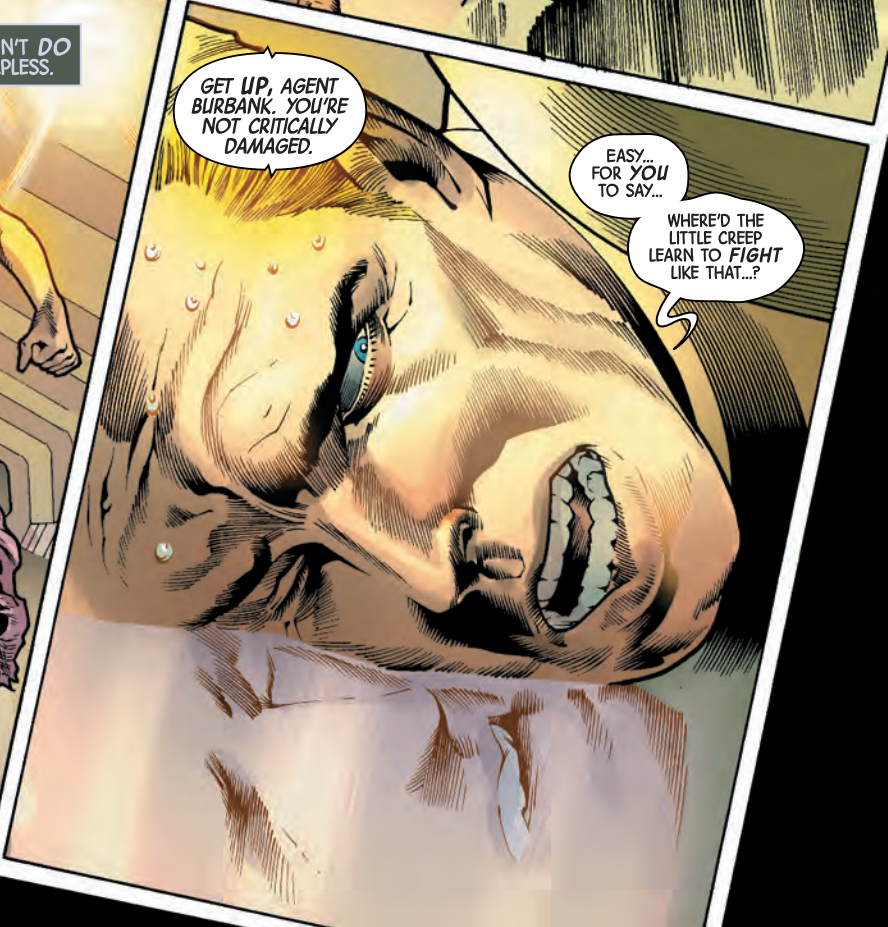
YOU HAVIN' FUN YET?

HNNNGH--



'CAUSE I AM.

I DON'T DO HELPLESS.



GET UP, AGENT BURBANK. YOU'RE NOT CRITICALLY DAMAGED.

EASY... FOR YOU TO SAY...

WHERE'D THE LITTLE CREEP LEARN TO FIGHT LIKE THAT...?