

NYPD 74TH PRECINCT, ORGANIZED CRIME CONTROL UNIT

WHAT A
MESS.

EVERY DAY--THIS
SHIRT, THIS TIE, THIS
DESK, WHILE
WAKANDA BURNS.

AND AT THIS RATE,
I MIGHT DIE
BEFORE I MAKE
DETECTIVE.



KASPER! WE'RE
ALMOST READY
TO MOVE ON THE
YUPPIE BUTCHER
CASE.

THERE'S SOME OF
EVERYTHING IN HERE:
AN ADDRESS, LIST OF
ASSOCIATES, LICENSE
PLATES, AND OF
COURSE, THE
PERP.

AND I
NEED YOU TO
GO THROUGH
IT ALL AND
WRITE THE
REPORT.

TONIGHT?

THUD



THERE'S
HUNDREDS OF
PHOTOS HERE!
LITERALLY
HUNDREDS.

ONE OF
THESE IS
ACTUALLY A
POLAROID--
WHAT YEAR
IS IT?

THIS IS MY
LIFE NOW.



I USED TO HELP PEOPLE.
I USED TO SAVE PEOPLE.
I USED TO FEEL BIG,
STRONG, POWERFUL.

AT LEAST I DON'T LOOK
LIKE THIS VAMPIRE IN
BROOKLYN CAT, THOUGH.
SO THERE'S THAT.

KASPER'S APARTMENT

DECIDED TO JUST TAKE THE WORK HOME WITH ME, BUT I FORGOT THIS SHOEBOX IS THE SIZE OF A MATCHBOX.

AND YEAH, I CAN BARELY AFFORD IT, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE A LOT OF OPTIONS AT THE TIME. AFTER GWEN KICKED ME OUT--OUT OF MY OWN MOTHER'S APARTMENT, NO LESS--I HAD TO GET BACK ON MY FEET.

NOW I BARELY GET TO SEE MY BEAUTIFUL BABY THESE DAYS. UNTIL I FIGURE OUT HOW TO SUPPORT HIM--GWEN TOO, I GUESS--THAT MEANS WEARING LESS WHITE AND MORE BLUE...I'M TRAPPED.

THIS MIGHT AS WELL BE A JAIL CELL.

I KIND OF WISH THIS WAS JAIL. AT LEAST I'D GET TO BEAT DUDES UP AGAIN.

DAMN, THAT'S DARK. LET ME GET THROUGH THIS WORK SO I CAN GO TO SLEEP--



**PINC
PINC**



**PINC
PINC**

!\$#*^



**PINC
PINC**

#\$%!&@#%&^%&@



WHO'S CALLING ME?

**PINC
PINC**

WELL, THE OTHER ME. THE SAME GUY WHO SITS AT A DESK USED TO WEAR THE COSTUME, PRETENDED TO BE WAKANDAN, HAD A SUPER HERO NAME-- WHITE TIGER.

AND NO ONE KNEW. AND I NEVER GOT ANY REAL CREDIT. AND I'M STILL BROKE, LOOKING AT PICTURES OF LAME BAD GUYS IN QUEENS.

IT SEEMS LIKE A LIFETIME AGO.

NOWADAYS, WAKANDA'S IN AN UPRISING AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO.



**PING
PING**

BETWEEN THE AVENGERS AND THE ULTIMATES, I WONDER IF T'CHALLA EVEN REMEMBERS HOW TO GET TO WAKANDA. MAYBE I SHOULD SEND HIM DIRECTIONS.



NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, KEVIN.



AND SOMEHOW, THIS NIGHT GETS WORSE.

T'CHALLA. LONG TIME. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



I NEED YOUR ASSISTANCE. THERE'S SOMETHING TRANSPIRING IN NEW YORK, SOME TROUBLE.

HE GOES BY VANISHER AND HE'S DISTRIBUTING STOLEN RAW VIBRANIUM.



HERE WE GO...





VANISHER IS ARMED WITH THE POWER TO TELEPORT, WHICH IS HOW HE MOVES THE VIBRANIUM SO EASILY, WHICH IS WHY HE'S SO DANGEROUS.

I NEED YOU TO STOP HIM. I KNOW IT HAS BEEN SOME TIME, BUT IF YOU DO THIS I CAN GO BACK TO FOCUSING ON THE NEW WAKANDAN GOVERNMENT.

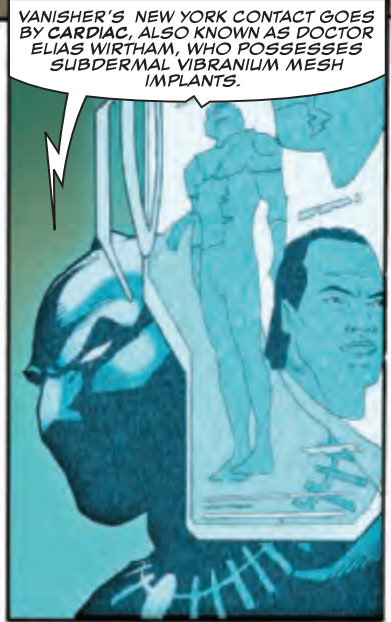
ARE YOU SURE YOU REALLY EVEN CARE?



NO ONE CARES ABOUT WAKANDA MORE THAN I DO--DO NOT EVER FORGET THAT.



I KNOW YOU CARE...



VANISHER'S NEW YORK CONTACT GOES BY CARDIAC, ALSO KNOWN AS DOCTOR ELIAS WIRTHAM, WHO POSSESSES SUBDERMAL VIBRANIUM MESH IMPLANTS.



CURIOUSLY, HE STYLES HIMSELF A VIGILANTE, BUT HIS METHODS ARE TOO BRUTAL TO REMAIN UNCHECKED.

FUNNY, I'VE BEEN LOOKING AT THIS UGLY CREEP ALL NIGHT.



LOOK FAMILIAR?



I WILL DO THIS FOR YOU, T'CHALLA, FOR WAKANDA.
BUT THIS IS THE LAST TIME.

DEATH OF THE WHITE TIGER

REMBERT BROWNE WRITER JOE BENNETT PENCILER ROBERTO POGGI INKER RACHELLE ROSENBERG COLORIST VC's JOE SABINO LETTERER