

EARTH-0. First World of the Multiverse.

S.T.A.R. Labs.

Detroit.

RINGING

DAD,
WHAT'S THAT
RINGING?

JUST ONE OF A
THOUSAND ALARMS
THAT GO OFF IN HERE
EVERY DAY. PROBABLY SOME
PUNK M.I.T. STUDENT WHO
THINKS HE CAN GET A
JOB IF HE BREAKS
INTO MY WORK
STATION.

DON'T GIVE
IT A SECOND
THOUGHT.

DAD, I TOLD
YOU YOU NEED
TO GET OUT OF
S.T.A.R. LABS
NOW.

SOMETHING
SERIOUS IS GOING
ON. SOME KIND OF
INVASION. CITIES
ARE FALLING.

THAT
IS **PRECISELY**
WHY I'M STAYING
PUT. I WANT TO
UNDERSTAND
WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE.

I
CAN **HELP**
YOU.

IT'S THE METAL, ISN'T
IT? THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID
THE BLACKHAWKS TOLD YOU
LEAGUERS. METAL VIBRATING
AT THE FREQUENCY OF AN
UNDISCOVERED PLANE
OF EXISTENCE.*

IN
CASE YOU'VE
FORGOTTEN, VICTOR,
I'VE WORKED WITH
OTHERWORLDLY METALS
IN THE PAST. A FEW
OF THEM ARE RIGHT
IN YOUR CHEST.

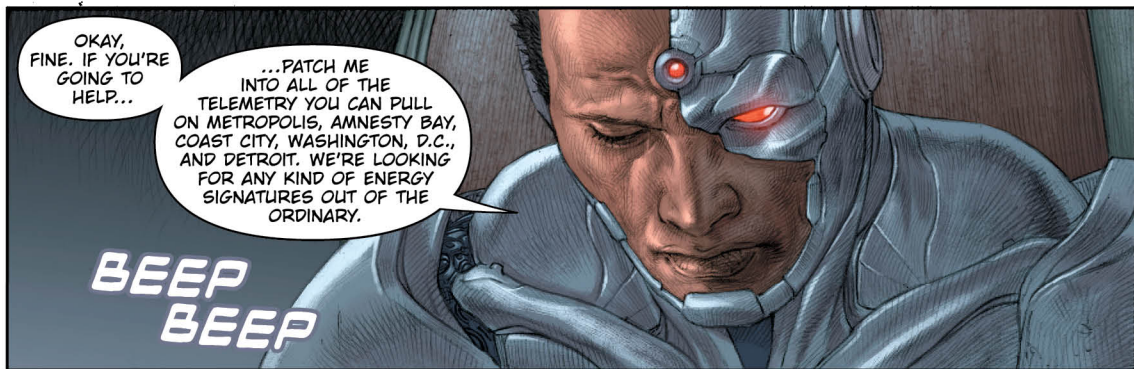
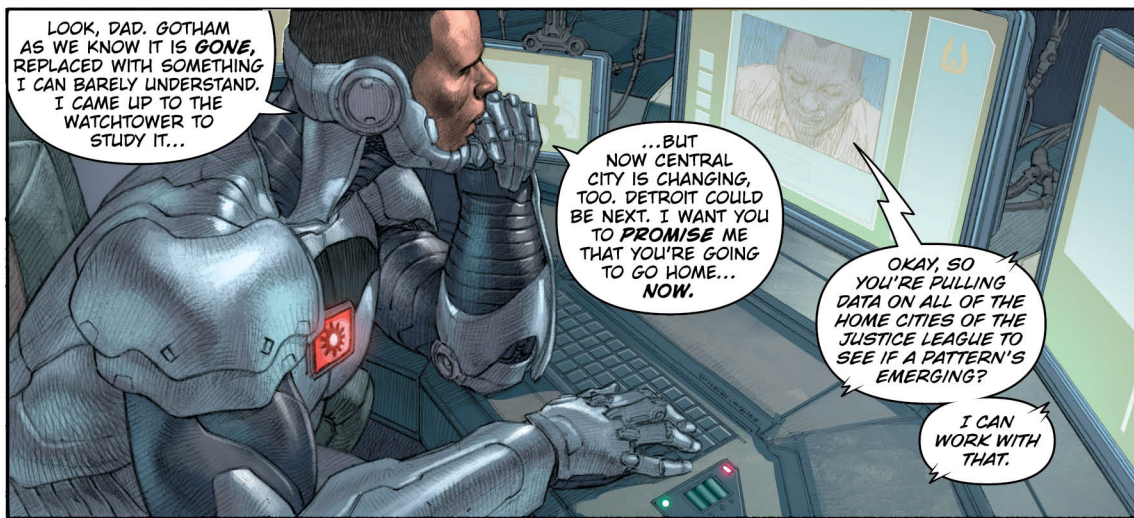
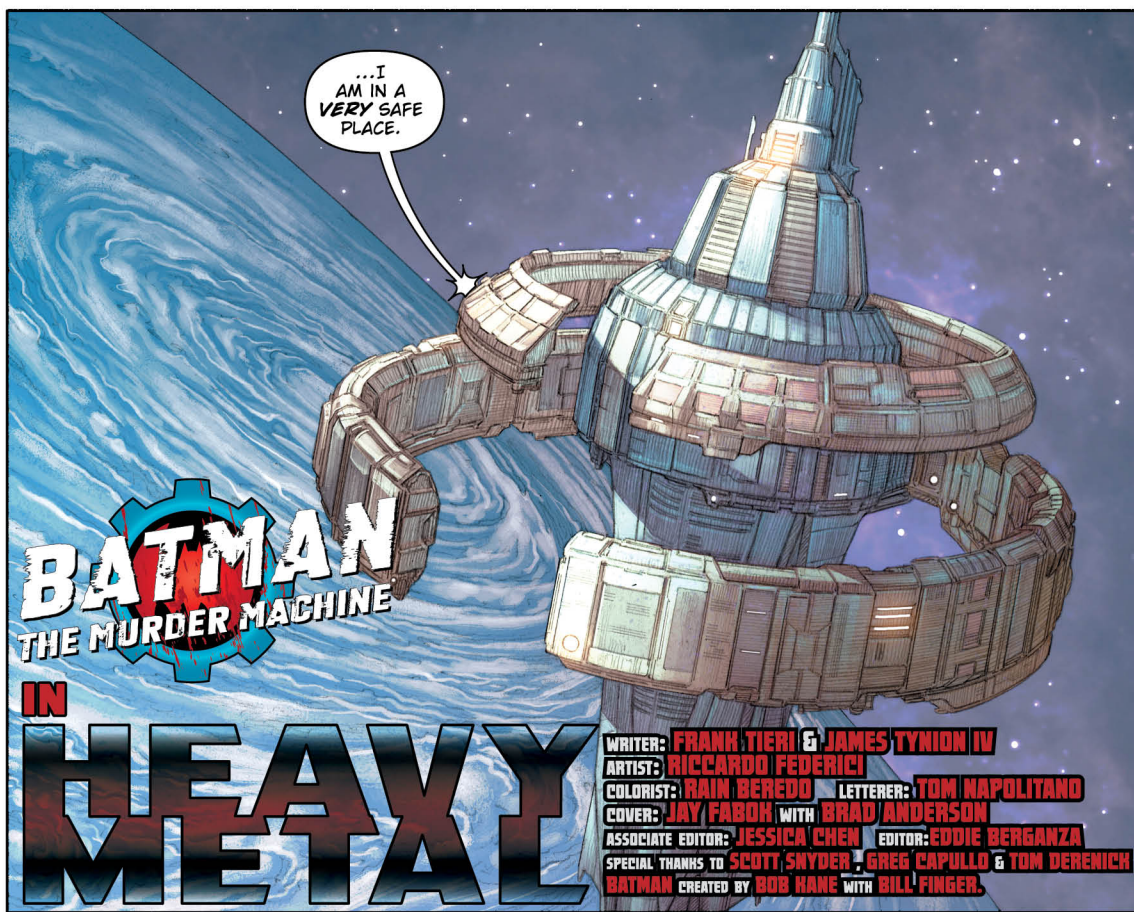
HARD
TO FORGET,
DAD...

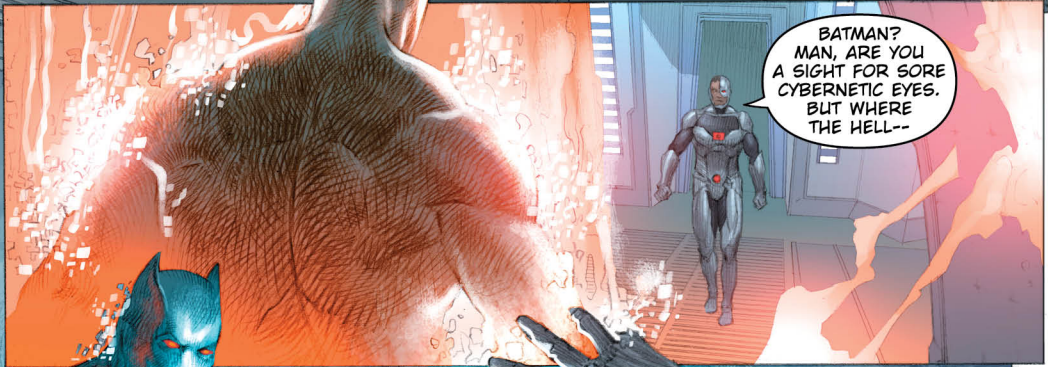
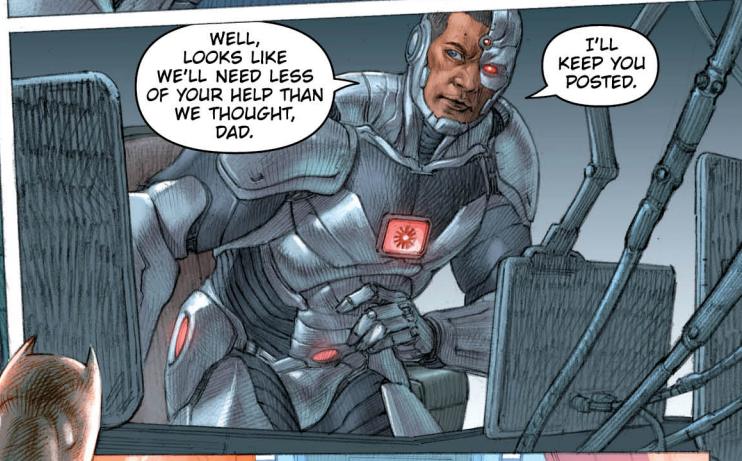
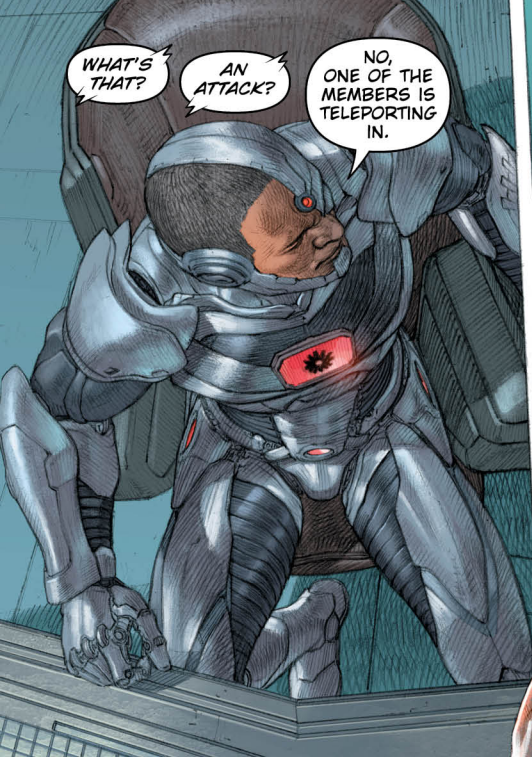
* METAL #1 -- EDDIE.

I AM AN OLD MAN SITTING
IN PROBABLY THE BEST
PROTECTED LABORATORY IN
NORTH AMERICA. **YOU'RE**
THE ONE WITH MISSING
TEAMMATES.

I CAN
PROTECT YOU
FROM MY OFFICE.
PUT ALL THE
POWER OF S.T.A.R.
LABS BEHIND
YOU.

DAD, I
PROMISE
YOU...







DON'T
WORRY,
CYBORG.



I'M
HERE TO
HELP.