

MARVEL

48

BRISSON
ROBERSON
LOPEZ

OLD MAN

LOGAN



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
\$3.99 US



04811
7 59606 08336 7
BONUS DIGITAL EDITION — DETAILS INSIDE!

OLD MAN

LOGAN

**KING OF
NOTHING**
PART ONE

SURVIVING A FUTURE KNOWN AS THE WASTELANDS, WHERE EVERYTHING GOOD IN THE WORLD, INCLUDING HIS FAMILY, WAS DESTROYED, OLD MAN LOGAN AWOKE IN THE PRESENT, DETERMINED TO PREVENT THIS CATASTROPHIC REALITY FROM EVER COMING TO PASS. NOW, LOGAN TRIES TO FIND HIS PLACE IN A WORLD NOT QUITE HIS OWN.

PREVIOUSLY IN OLD MAN LOGAN...

LOGAN'S HEALING FACTOR IS MYSTERIOUSLY WEAKENING. INJURIES THAT NORMALLY WOULD HAVE HEALED RAPIDLY, AREN'T. WITHOUT THE HELP OF A DANGEROUS PHARMACEUTICAL CALLED REGENIX TO BOOST HIS HEALING, LOGAN IS MORE VULNERABLE THAN EVER...

ED BRISSON
WRITER

IBRAIM ROBERSON
ARTIST

CARLOS LOPEZ
COLOR ARTIST

VC's CORY PETIT
LETTERER

ANDREA SORRENTINO
COVER ARTIST



JAY BOWEN & ANTHONY GAMBINO
GRAPHIC DESIGNERS

CHRIS ROBINSON
ASSISTANT EDITOR

CHRISTINA HARRINGTON & JORDAN D. WHITE
EDITORS

C.B. CEBULSKI EDITOR IN CHIEF **JOE QUESADA** CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER **DAN BUCKLEY** PRESIDENT **ALAN FINE** EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

OLD MAN LOGAN No. 48, November 2018. Published Monthly except in January, March, May, June, July, August, September, and October by MARVEL WORLDWIDE, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, LLC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 135 West 50th Street, New York, NY 10020. BULK MAIL POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. © 2018 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. (GST #R127032852) in the direct market; Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in the USA. Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. \$26.99; Canada \$42.99; Foreign \$42.99. POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO OLD MAN LOGAN, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTIONS P.O. BOX 727 NEW HYDE PARK, NY 11040. TELEPHONE # (888) 511-5480. FAX # (347) 537-2649. subscriptions@marvel.com. DAN BUCKLEY, President, Marvel Entertainment; JOHN NEE, Publisher; JOE QUESADA, Chief Creative Officer; TOM BREVOORT, SVP of Publishing; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Business Affairs & Operations, Publishing & Partnership; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Sales & Marketing, Publishing; JEFF YOUNGQUIST, VP of Production & Special Projects; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; ALEX MORALES, Director of Publishing Operations; DAN EDINGTON, Managing Editor; SUSAN CRESPI, Production Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Vit DeBellis, Custom Solutions & Integrated Advertising Manager, at vdebells@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 888-511-5480. Manufactured between 08/31/2018 and 09/10/2018 by FRY COMMUNICATIONS, MECHANICSBURG, PA, USA.

**FORT WELLS,
NORTHWEST TERRITORIES, CANADA.
SIX MONTHS AGO.**



EVERY TIME
I'VE FOUND
MYSELF
DISPLACED...

ALL RIGHT,
THAT ABOUT
DOES IT FOR
ME.



...SOMEWHERE
NEW...

JUST
ONE MORE.
ON ME.

NO CAN DO.
GOTTA GET HOME
TO LISA. ALREADY AN
HOUR LATE AND SHE'S
BOUND TO HAVE
MY HIDE.

ALL THE
MORE REASON
TO STAY. C'MON,
IT'S ON ME.

LET HIM GO,
JOEL. JUST BECAUSE
YOU DON'T GOT NO ONE
TO GO HOME TO DON'T
MEAN HE'S GOTTA
SHARE IN YOUR
MISERY.

THANKS,
LUCE. KEEP THE
CHANGE.



...SOMEWHERE
UNFAMILIAR.

BAH!

TONY'S
THE ONE LIVING
IN FEAR OF HIS
WIFE.

"YES,
DEAR."

"NO,
DEAR."

"WHATEVER
YOU WANT,
DEAR."

HE DON'T
NEED NONE OF MY
MISERY BECAUSE HE'S
GOT PLENTY ENOUGH
FOR THE BOTH
OF US.





SAME REASON EVERY TIME YOU WALK INTO AN IRISH-THEMED PUB...

YOU SAY SOMETHING, OLD-TIMER?

...YOU FIND THE PLACE FILLED WITH IRISH EXPATS SINGING OLD IRISH FOLK SONGS THAT THEY NEVER KNEW THE LYRICS TO WHEN THEY LIVED BACK ON THE EMERALD ISLE.



WHEN I FIRST WALKED INTO THIS TOWN, I WAS SHOCKED AT THE WASTED POTENTIAL.

YOU HAVE A PLETHORA OF UNEXPLOITED NATURAL RESOURCES. YET YOUR TOWN IS FALLING APART AT THE SEAMS.

WHICH MADE ME ASK MYSELF WHAT TYPE OF FOOLS COULD BE BLIND TO THE OPPORTUNITIES AT HAND.



ALL OF THEM TEARY-EYED, LEANING BACK IN THEIR CHAIRS, HOISTING THEIR BEERS AND SINGING "WHISKEY IN THE JAR" AS THOUGH THEY'D BEEN SINGING IT ALL THEIR LIVES.

NOW I KNOW.



ALL OF THEM HAPPY JUST TO HAVE THAT CONNECTION TO THEIR HOMELAND.

YOU KNOW THIS JERK, LUCY?

NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE TONIGHT.

HEY, PAL, HOW ABOUT YOU STOP RUNNING YOUR MOUTH BEFORE I MAKE YOU SWALLOW YOUR TEETH?



THAT LITTLE BIT OF THE WORLD THEY ONCE KNEW.

OH...H...



...I WAS HOPING FOR A FIGHT.

THREE MONTHS AGO.

SOMETIMES...

I CAN'T
SEE ANYTHING.
IT'S TOO
DARK.

CAN'T WE
TURN ON A
FLASHLIGHT?
DADDY...
PLEASE?

...SOMETIMES
THE NEW WORLD
OFFERS NOTHING.

WE CAN'T,
SWEETIE. AND WE
HAVE TO BE VERY,
VERY QUIET.

DO YOU
UNDERSTAND?

WHY?

WE HAVE
TO BE QUIET
SO *THE KING*
DOESN'T
HEAR US.

TELL YOU
WHAT, WHY DON'T
I CARRY YOU FOR
A BIT, OKAY?

OKAY,
DADDY.

AND YOU FIND YOURSELF
COMPLETELY DISCONNECTED
FROM THE LIFE YOU ONCE HAD.



