

MY FRIENDS!

THIS IS A DARK DAY FOR THOSE WHO GUARD THE SHIELD!

"THE ULTRON PERFECTION HAVE NUMBERS BEYOND NUMBERS AND STRENGTH BEYOND MEASURE.

"AND THEIR LEADER... OH, FALLEN FURY!

"HE IS AN UNSTOPPABLE FORCE LEADING AN UNSTOPPABLE FORCE!

"WE HAVE BUT AN EXCESS OF BRAVERY AND A SOMEWHAT-PRODIGIOUS WALL."

THE ONLY GOOD THING IS THAT *THEY* ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE AFOREMENTIONED FORTIFICATION. THIS IS A SITUATION WE ARE STRIVING TO ENSURE CONTINUES.

WHAT IS THIS? AH, I'M SURE YOU KNOW THE WORD. MY FRIENDS! WE ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF A...



SIEGE

IT'S CALLED "SIEGE" BECAUSE IT'S ABOUT A SIEGE.

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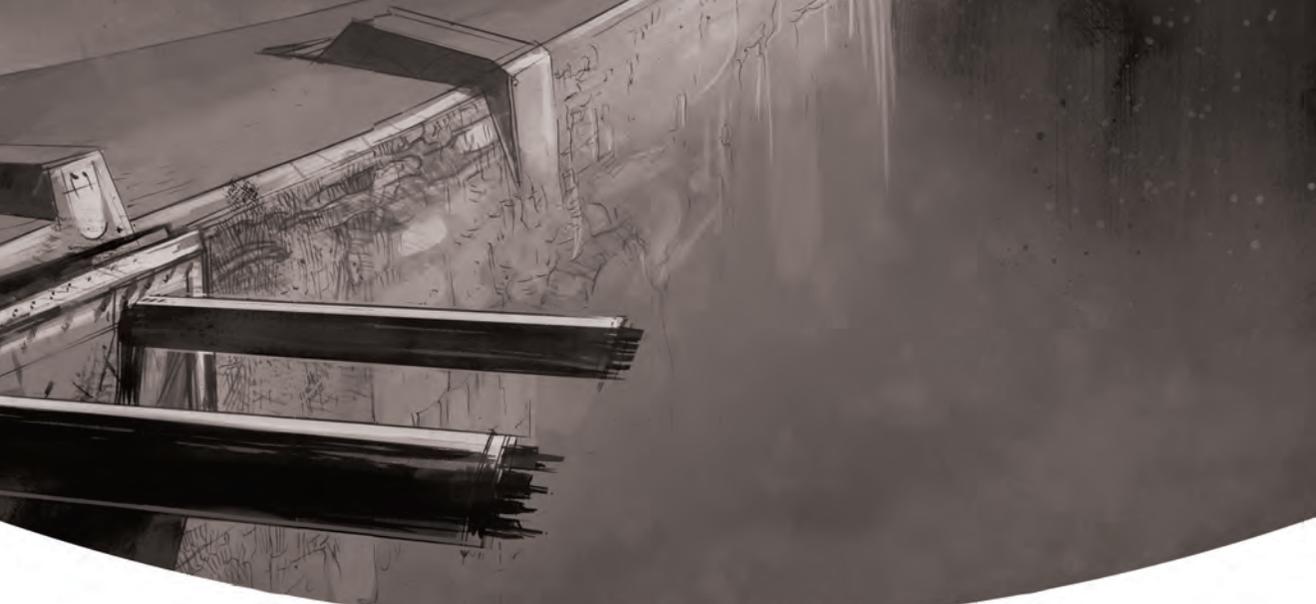
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THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED.

NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS **BATTLEWORLD!**

THE MORE CIVILIZED DOMAINS TO THE NORTH ARE PROTECTED FROM THE VIOLENT, UNGOVERNABLE TERRITORIES TO THE SOUTH BY A PLANET-SPANNING WALL KNOWN AS **THE SHIELD**.

DOOM'S DIVINE LAW DICTATES THAT REBELS LIKE **AMERICA CHAVEZ** AND **LADY KATE BISHOP** ARE CONSCRIPTED INTO SHIELD COMMANDER **ABIGAIL BRAND'S** ARMY. THE SOUTHERN LANDS' LAWLESSNESS DICTATES THAT THOSE WHO VENTURE THERE ARE LOST, OR DOOMED TO COME BACK WRONG.

BRAND'S SECOND-IN-COMMAND, **LEAH OF HEL**, DISAPPEARED IN SEARCH OF HER LOVER **MAGIK**. BRAND'S MENTOR, **NICK FURY**, RETURNED AS A MONSTER LEADING THE FORCES OF **ULTRON'S** PERFECTION.

THE PROGNOSIS IS BAD. THE PROGNOSIS IS ALWAYS BAD. WELCOME TO THE SHIELD.

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Abigail Brand's
War Journal.

Ultron symbiotes were a murderous
storm filling the sky. Synthezoid
silicon fascist attack waves danced
with Leonardo's sky armadas...

Between blasts, I sent messages to every
single lord of Battleworld who hadn't
delivered any support: "Time is running
out! Do not save things for a rainy day!
Today is the rainy day!"

But the Ultrons weren't
the real problem. Them we
had planned for.

They were merely the delivery device.
In the middle of the horde lurched the
monster that was once our commander.
We tried to get a reading of its power
levels, but sensors fried. He was trouble
with a capital "we're All Dead."

We made guesses of what Nick the Fury
could do and fought on, waiting for the
empirical proof emerging from his
fist-cannon.





When it did, Grimm's moan shook the entire Shield. His murmur to me was a rumble beneath my feet "Another couple of hits and it's rubblin' time."

The Summers boys volunteered. They knew what they had to do.

Take Nick the Fury down.