



CAN'T REMEMBER THE
LAST TIME I HAND-
WROTE A LETTER.



HOLY SHIT, MY
HANDWRITING HAS GONE
STRAIGHT TO HELL.

JUST LIKE THE
REST OF MY--



CHECK.



AGH.





LISTEN, "CAPTAIN MARVEL," I DON'T NEED THE JUDGING AFTER WHAT I'VE JUST BEEN THROUGH!

ARE YOU OKAY?

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO SAY?

"SURE."



DID THEY MAKE CONTACT?

WE NEED TO GO SOMEWHERE.

NOT OUT IN THE OPEN.

WE'RE HERE.

WE'RE HERE, WHERE?



I PICKED THIS PLACE FOR A REASON.

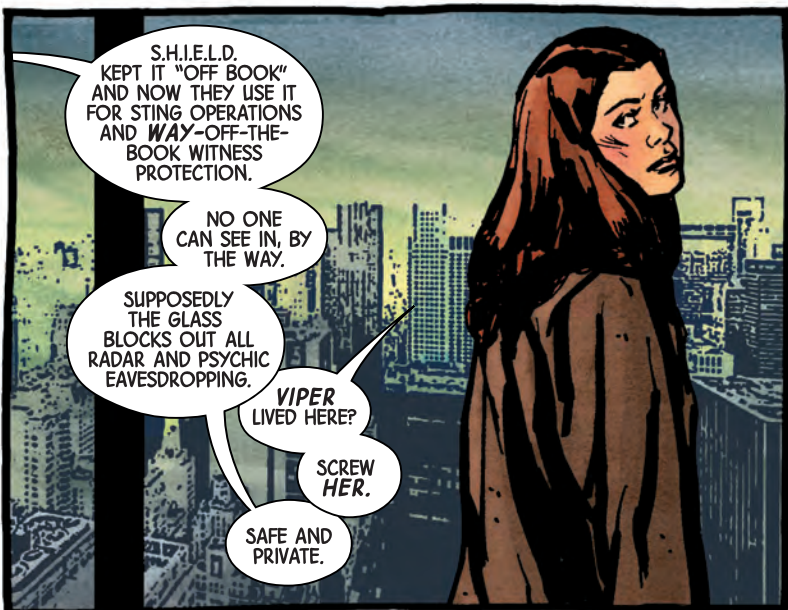
HOLY SHIT! THIS ISN'T YOURS, IS IT?

NO, IT BELONGS TO S.H.I.E.L.D.

OH, GOOD. I DON'T HAVE TO KILL YOU IN YOUR SLEEP.

WELL, TECHNICALLY THEY CONFISCATED IT.

IT USED TO BELONG TO VIPER.



S.H.I.E.L.D. KEPT IT "OFF BOOK" AND NOW THEY USE IT FOR STING OPERATIONS AND WAY-OFF-THE-BOOK WITNESS PROTECTION.

NO ONE CAN SEE IN, BY THE WAY.

SUPPOSEDLY THE GLASS BLOCKS OUT ALL RADAR AND PSYCHIC EAVESDROPPING.

VIPER LIVED HERE?

SCREW HER.

SAFE AND PRIVATE.



GOOD.

I'M PROBABLY BEING FOLLOWED.

THEN TALK FAST.

THEY CONTACTED YOU?