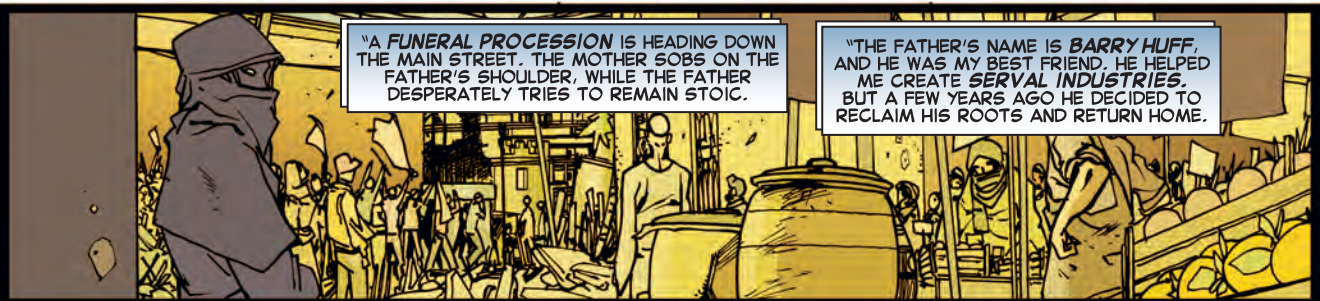




"THE OLD CITY. IT HAS HAD MANY NAMES THROUGHOUT THE AGES, BUT AT THE MOMENT, THAT IS WHAT WE WILL CALL IT."



"A FUNERAL PROCESSION IS HEADING DOWN THE MAIN STREET. THE MOTHER SOBS ON THE FATHER'S SHOULDER, WHILE THE FATHER DESPERATELY TRIES TO REMAIN STOIC."

"THE FATHER'S NAME IS **BARRY HUFF**, AND HE WAS MY BEST FRIEND. HE HELPED ME CREATE **SERVAL INDUSTRIES**. BUT A FEW YEARS AGO HE DECIDED TO RECLAIM HIS ROOTS AND RETURN HOME."




"HIS DAUGHTER, ELENA, WAS MY GODDAUGHTER."

"HE DIDN'T DESERVE THIS. HE DIDN'T DESERVE TO SEE HIS LITTLE GIRL BLOWN UP BY MISSILES."



"DIDN'T DESERVE TO HAVE HER BLEED TO DEATH IN HIS ARMS."




"BUT HE DID NOT EVEN HAVE TIME TO MOURN, BECAUSE THE HORRIFYING TRUTH IS THIS--"



"IT DOESN'T STOP.

"IT NEVER STOPS.

"THE U.N. COMES IN WITH CEASE-FIRES BUT IT NEVER, EVER STOPS.



"THE FUNERAL PROCESSION GOT BLOWN APART. BARRY AND HIS WIFE, THEY SURVIVED, BUT WHEN THEY LOOKED AROUND...



"...ELENA WAS GONE.



"THEY LOOKED EVERYWHERE, BUT THERE WAS NO SIGN OF HER.

"SOMEONE HAD MADE OFF WITH HER. AND THEY ARE REASONABLY SURE...



"...THAT THEIR CHILD WAS TAKEN OFF INTO THE TUNNELS."

SERVAL INDUSTRIES.

QUICKSILVER



MY GOD. THAT'S AWFUL.



WHAT TUNNELS?

THE HUFF'S NEIGHBORS--

THE ONES TRYING TO KILL THEM?

THE VERY SAME, YES...

POLARIS

GAMBIT



...THEY'VE CONSTRUCTED TUNNELS UNDER THEIR MAIN CITIES. THEY USE THE TUNNELS TO MOVE WEAPONRY ALL OVER THE PLACE SO IT CAN'T BE SPOTTED FROM OVERHEAD.

I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY KIDNAPPED ELENA, AND I DON'T CARE.

SHE'S MY GODDAUGHTER AND I OWE IT TO BARRY TO GET HER BACK.



AND YOU WANT US TO GET OVER THERE AND FIND HER?

IT HAPPENED THREE HOURS AGO. IF WE GET YOU ON THE PLANE FAST ENOUGH...

I'M ALL FOR IT.



YOU ARE?

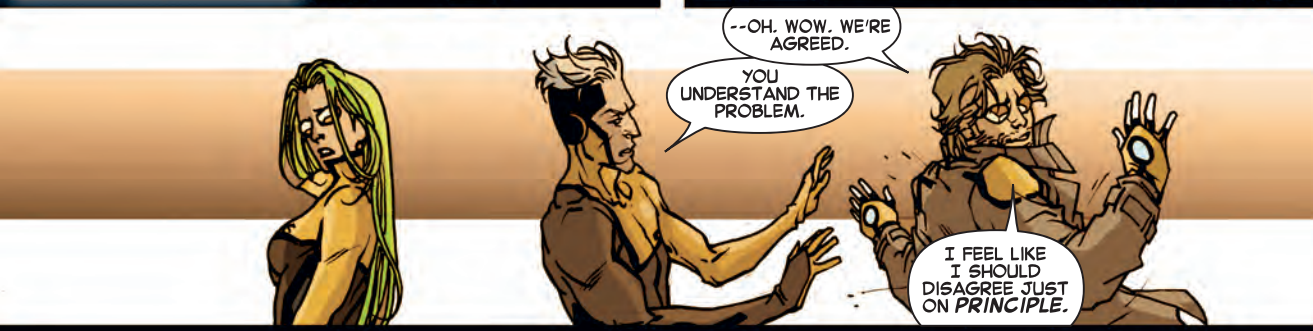
YEAH. WHY? AREN'T YOU, PIETRO?

DEFINITELY.

SO WE'RE AGREED.

YES.

THEN WHAT'S THE--?



--OH. WOW. WE'RE AGREED.

YOU UNDERSTAND THE PROBLEM.

I FEEL LIKE I SHOULD DISAGREE JUST ON PRINCIPLE.



I'LL GET THE REST OF THE TEAM TOGETHER, SNOW.

THANK YOU, LORNA.

WE WORK FOR YOU. THAT'S WHAT WE DO.

NEVERTHELESS...

OKAY, THEN.