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AVENGING ANGELS PART TWO

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TO RESURRECTION
MAN'S
RESCUE?!



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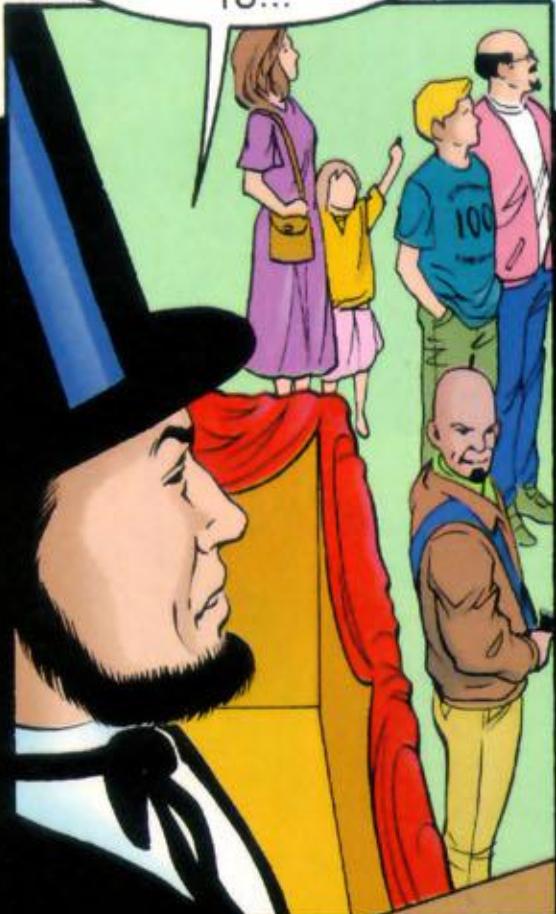




LEESBURG CENTENARY

IT'S AN EXACT REPLICA OF A BLIMP CIRCA 1898, ONE OF THE FEW BLIMPS LEFT IN THE UNITED STATES, SPECIALLY DECORATED FOR LEESBURG COURTESY OF THE FINE PEOPLE AT ATLAS CORPORATION. THAT'S ATLAS CORPORATION, WHERE THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD IS ON THEIR SHOULDERS.

OUT OF INTEREST TO HISTORICAL ACCURACY, IT'S FILLED WITH HYDROGEN, BUT DON'T WORRY, FOLKS! EVERYTHING'S WELL UNDER CONTROL AND THERE WON'T BE ANY ACCIDENTS TO...



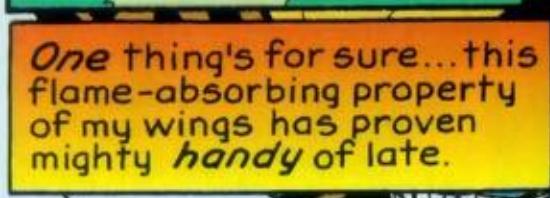
AVENGING ANGELS PART 2:

DEATH QUAD QUIET LIVE

PETER DAVID • WRITER
LEONARD KIRK • PENCILLER
ROBIN RIGGS • INKER
PAT PRENTICE • LETTERER
GENE D'ANGELO • COLORIST
DIGITAL CHAMELEON • SEPS
FRANK BERRIOS • ASST. ED.
MIKE MCAVENNIE • EDITOR

SPECIAL THANKS TO
DAN ABNETT,
ANDY LANNING &
EDDIE BERGANZA

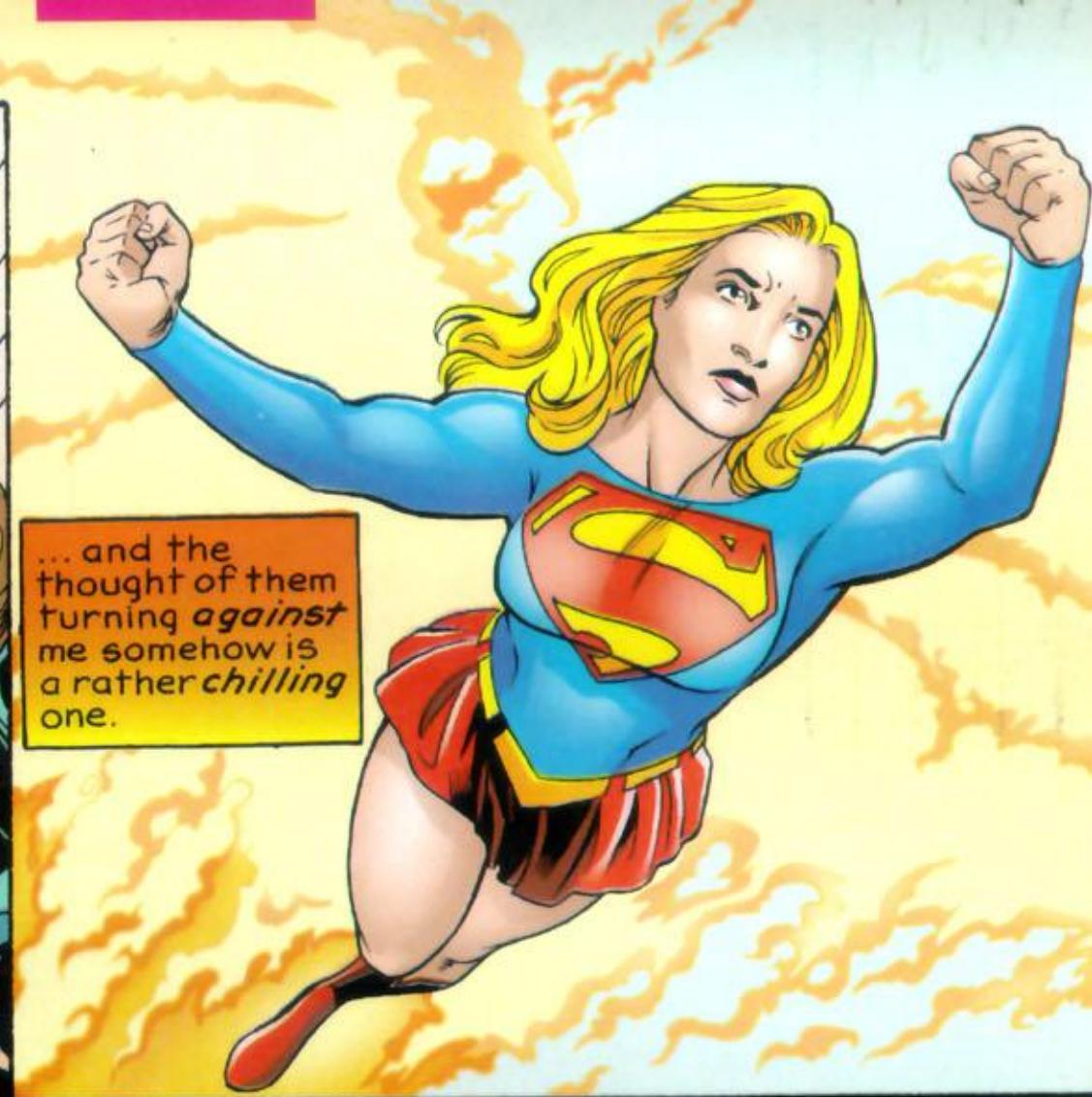




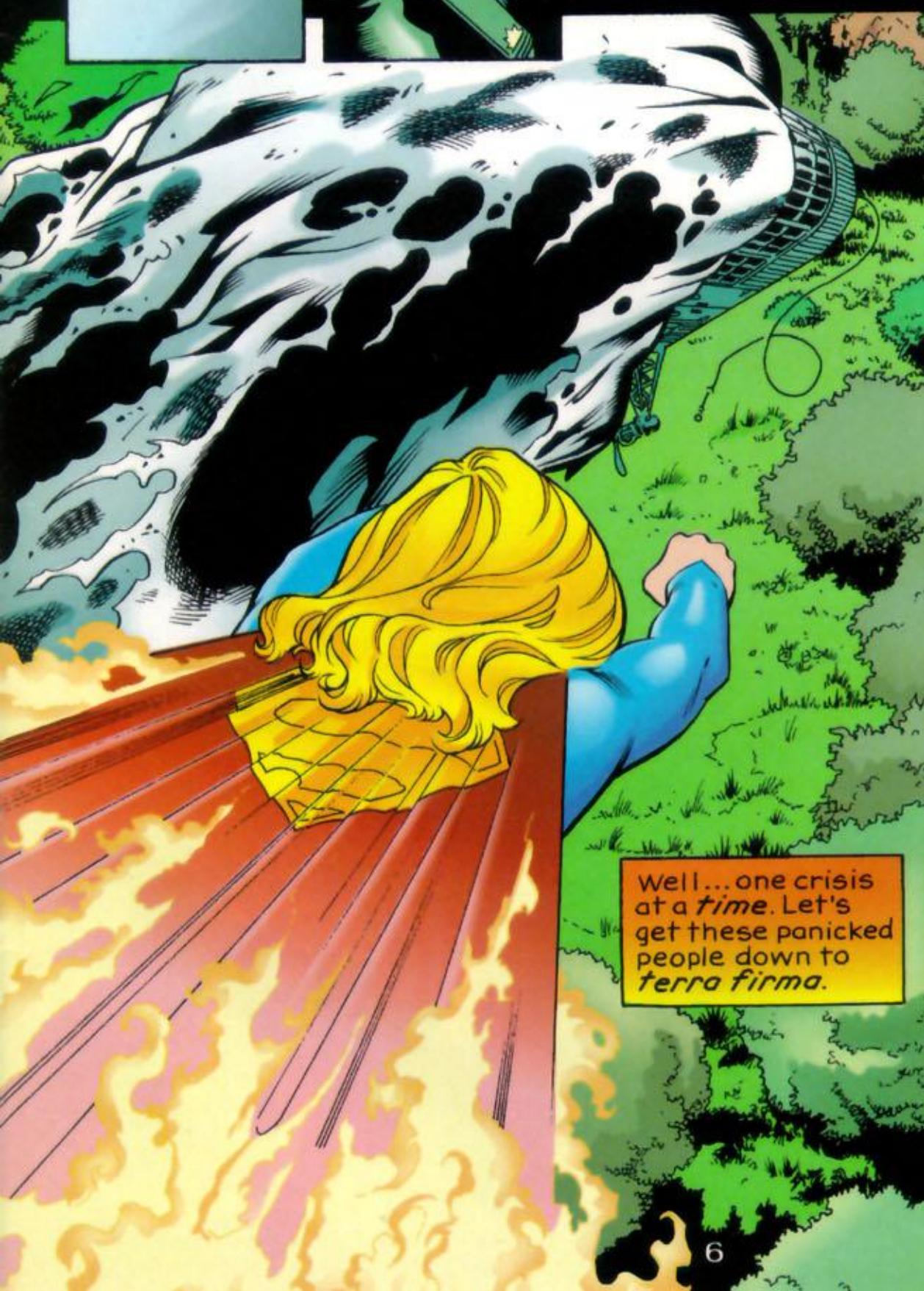
I feel torn. I'm not exactly at a high *comfort* level, operating with powers that I don't fully understand. Because with lack of understanding comes lack of *control*...



...and the thought of them turning *against* me somehow is a rather chilling one.



Well... one crisis at a time. Let's get these panicked people down to *terra firma*.



Bet it's a cold day in hell before these folks go any higher than the balcony at the Leesburg Multiplex.



FELT THAT,
DIDN'T WE,
MITCHELL.

SURPRISING. IN THIS
LATEST FORM, I WOULD
HAVE THOUGHT PAIN
WAS SOMETHING WE
COULD DO WITHOUT.

WELL, WHAT
WE CAN TRULY
DO WITHOUT
IS THAT
LITTLE--

My...my wings...
they flared out
without my
summoning them.
And they...they
feel...angry?

But how can
they feel/
anything?

E-EMBER!
YOU...YOU CAN'T
BE HERE, NOW!
HOW CAN--?

I NEED
SOMETHING
MORE TO FIGHT
YOU THAN JUST
THIS! SOMETHING
MORE--!



IT IS 1870... IT IS
A COLD NIGHT, BUT
I AM SWEATING...

I CRY OUT, "NO! WHAT
WE'RE DOING HERE IS WRONG!
I... I BOWED TO THE PRESSURE
TO JOIN YOU... BUT I CAN'T
DO THIS! NONE OF US
SHOULD! IT HAS TO STOP!"



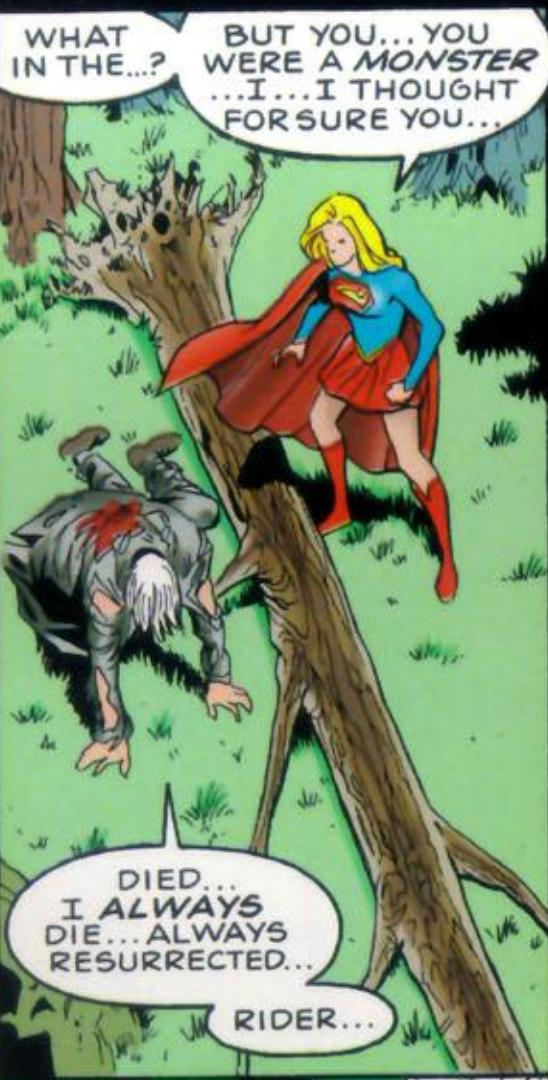
I RUN FORWARD,
TRYING TO GET TO
THE HANGING MAN
TO SAVE ME...

...AND ONE OF THE
KLANSMEN WHIRLS
AND, WITH A SWORD,
CUTS ME DOWN.



THERE'S A RAPID-FIRE
OF IMAGES... OTHER
LIVES, OTHER INCARNA-
TIONS... AND THEN...

RESURRECTION.





RESURRECTION.

HAH!
THERE IT
IS!!

I
KNEW IT!
IT CALLED TO
ME! BEGGED
ME TO COME
AND EXPLOIT
IT!

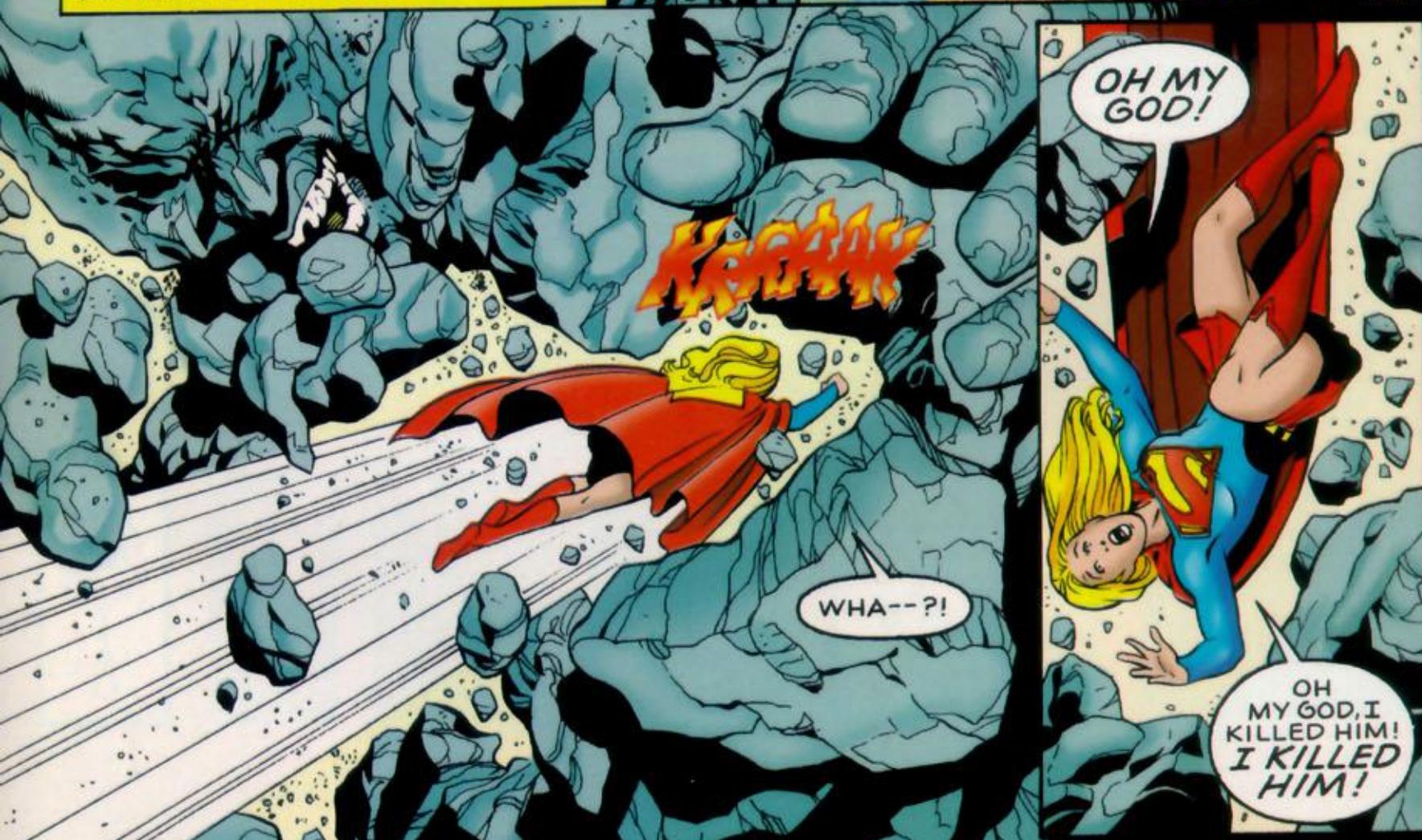
I'm not sure
what the devil
he's talking
about, but I'm
starting to get
a very worrying
suspicion...

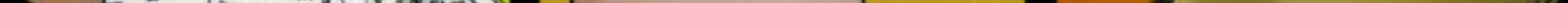
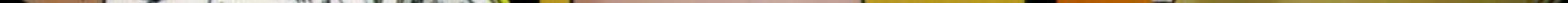
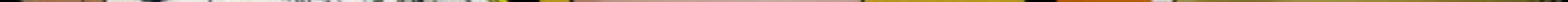
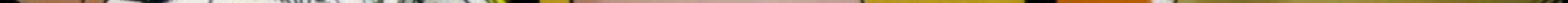
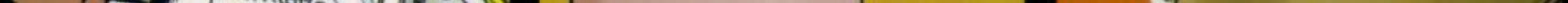
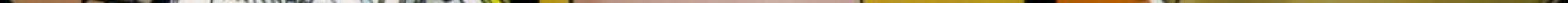
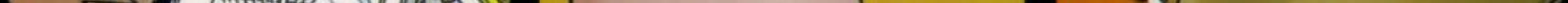
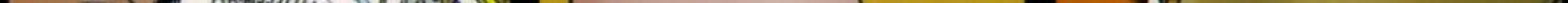
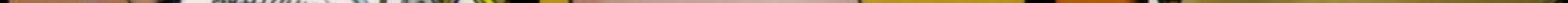
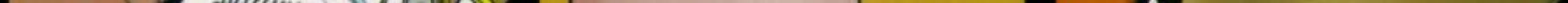
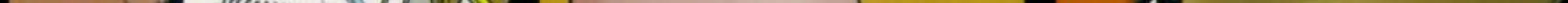
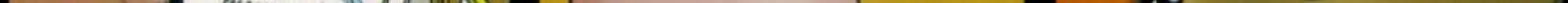
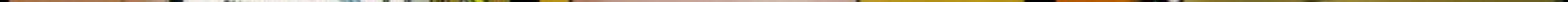
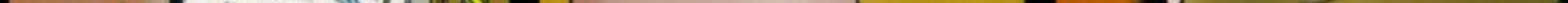
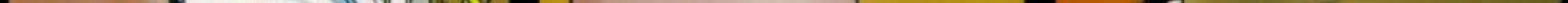
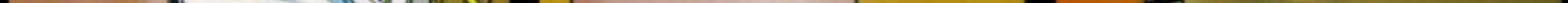
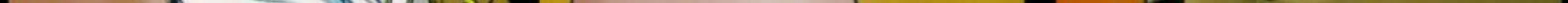
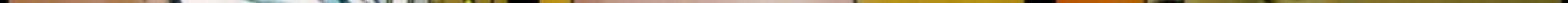
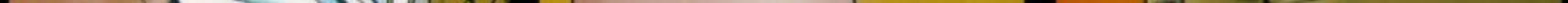
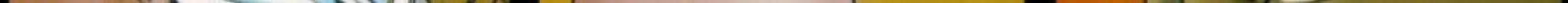
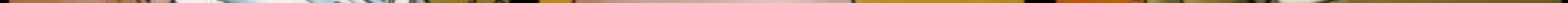
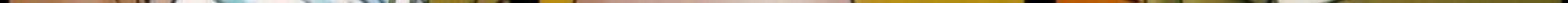
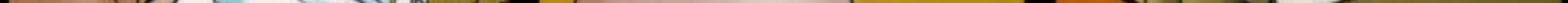
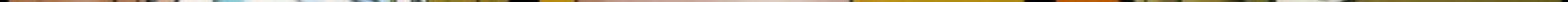
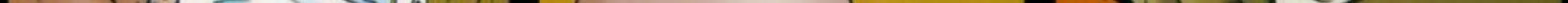
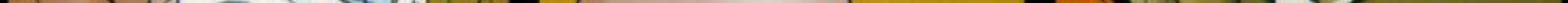
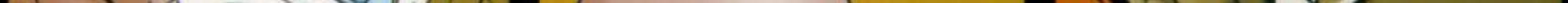
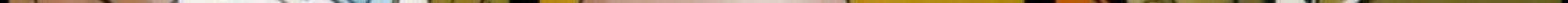
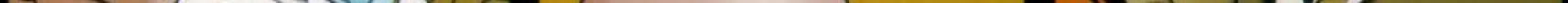
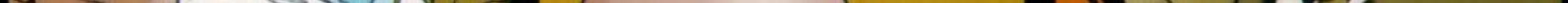
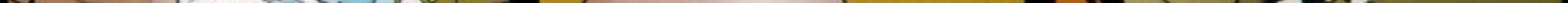
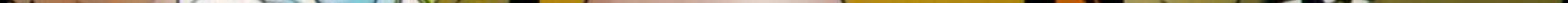
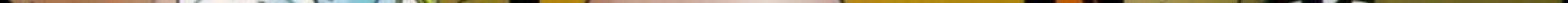
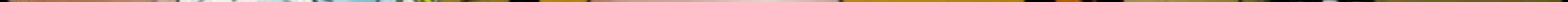
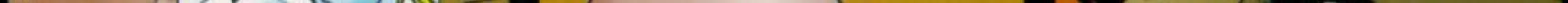
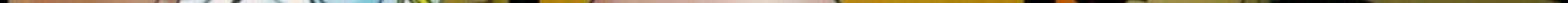
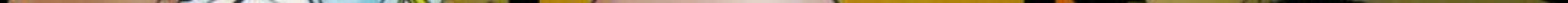
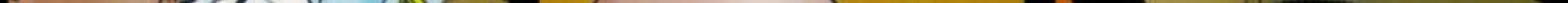
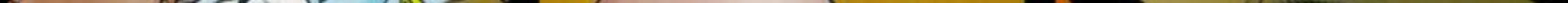
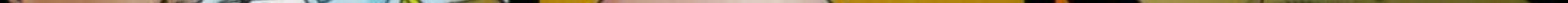
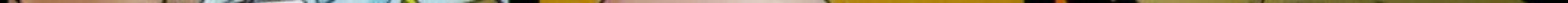
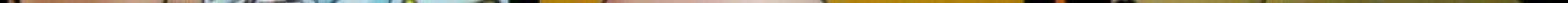
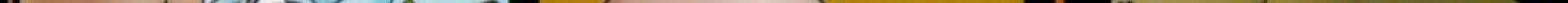
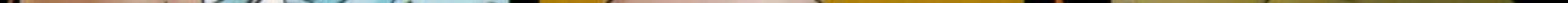
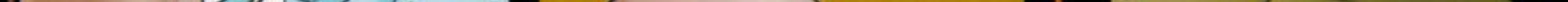
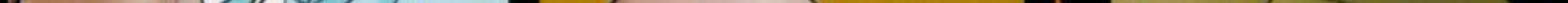
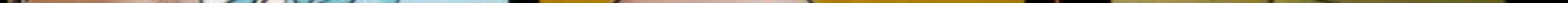
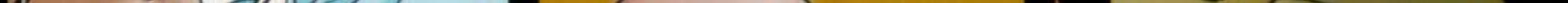
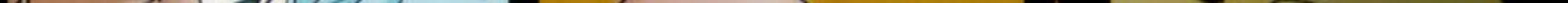
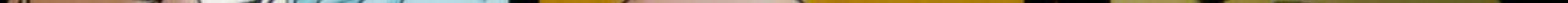
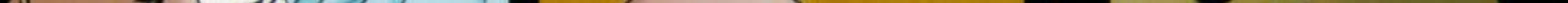
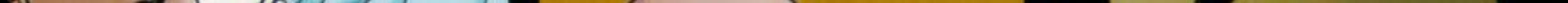
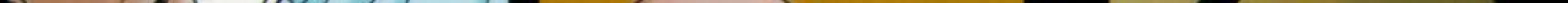
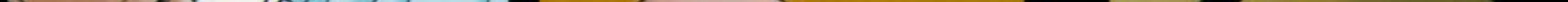
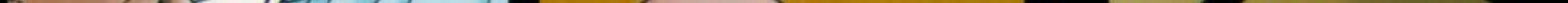
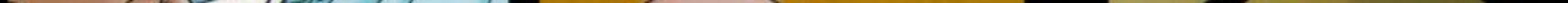
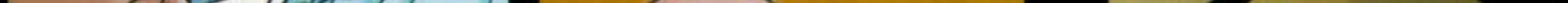
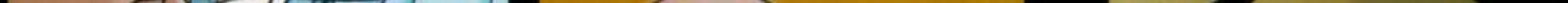
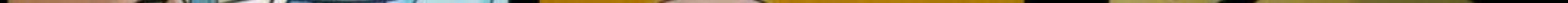
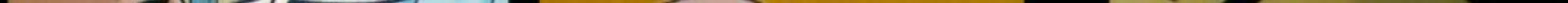
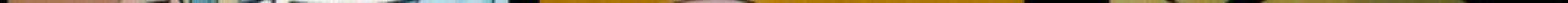
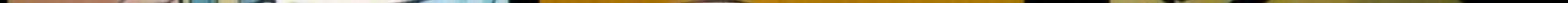
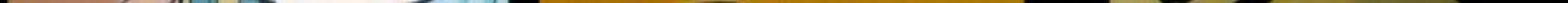
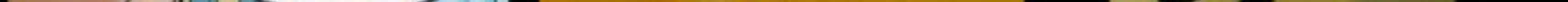
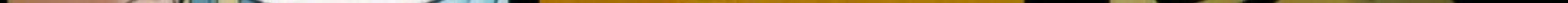
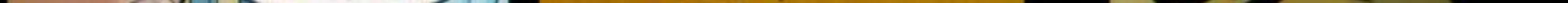
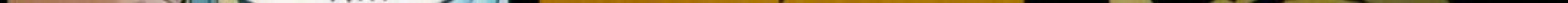
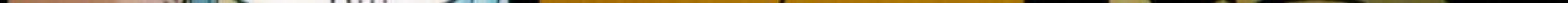
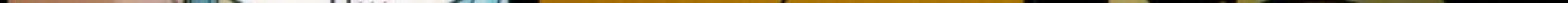
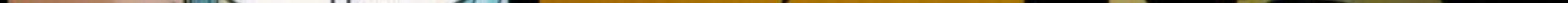
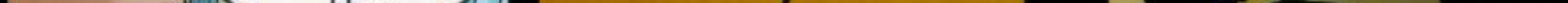
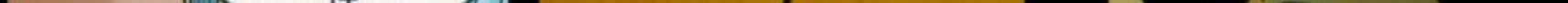
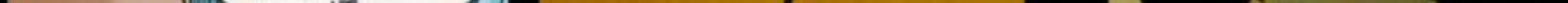
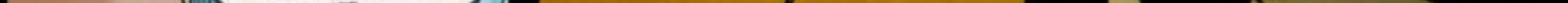
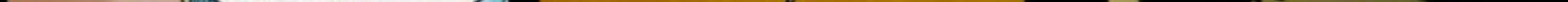
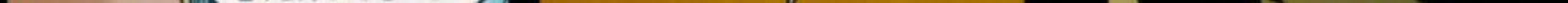
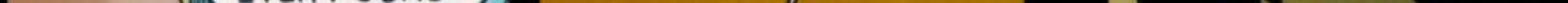
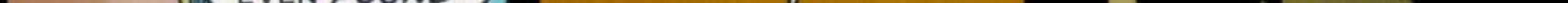
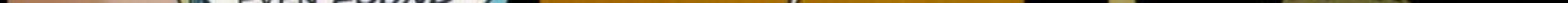
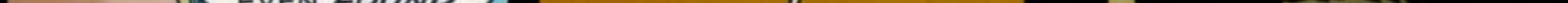
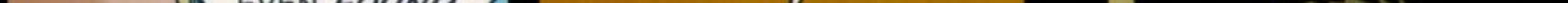
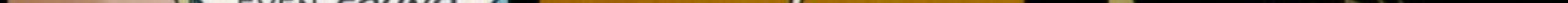
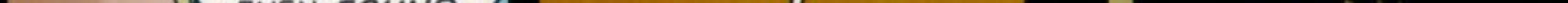
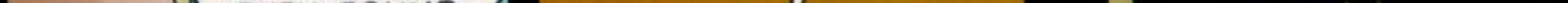
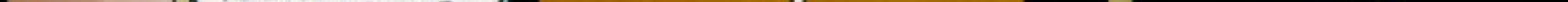
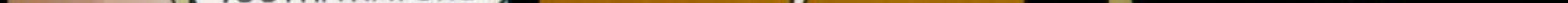
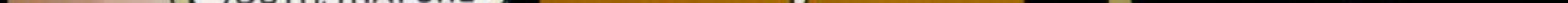
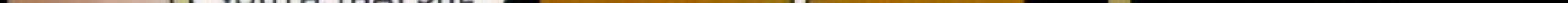
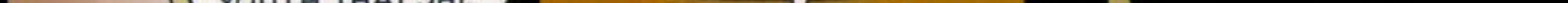
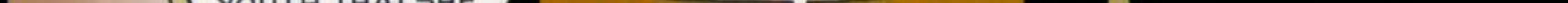
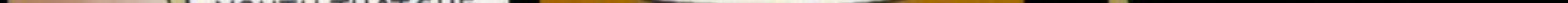
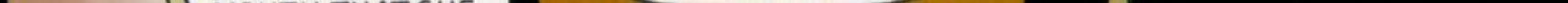
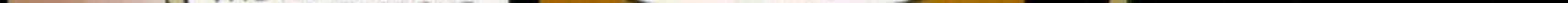
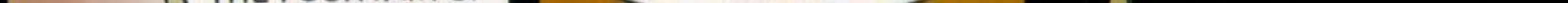
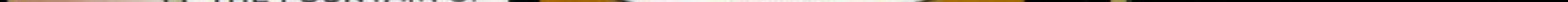
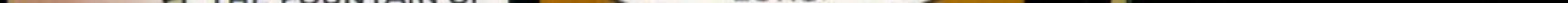
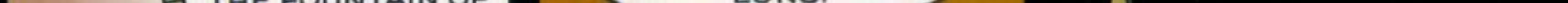
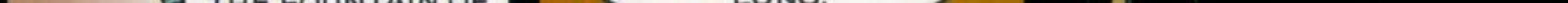
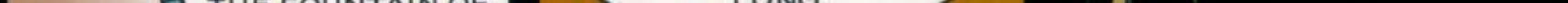
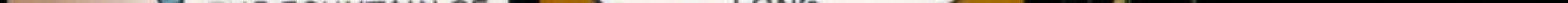
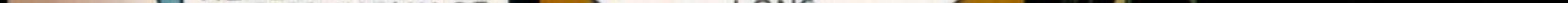
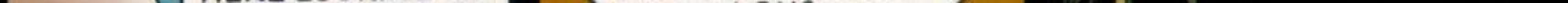
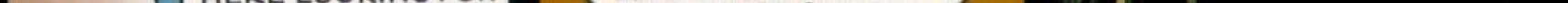
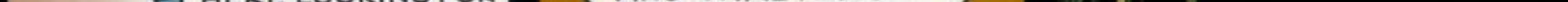
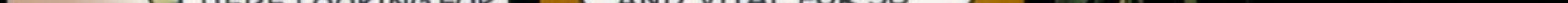
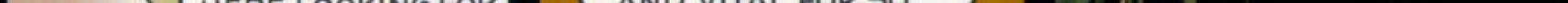
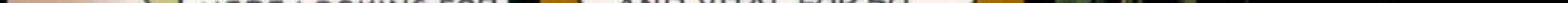
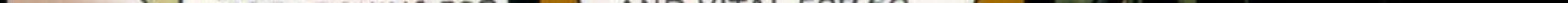
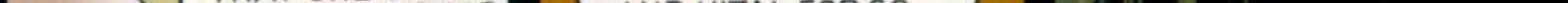
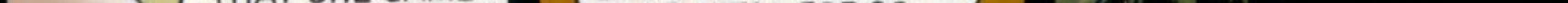
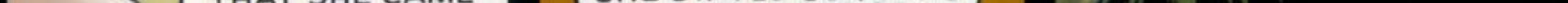
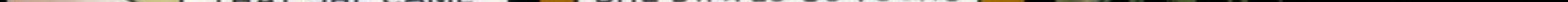
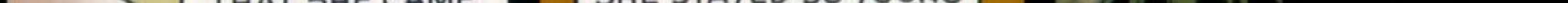
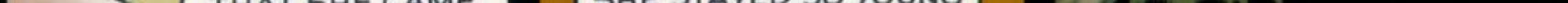
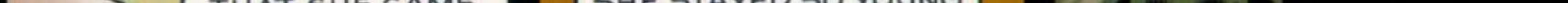
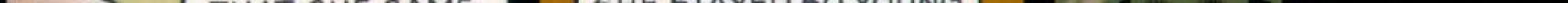
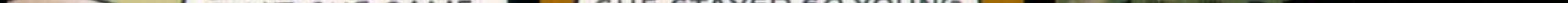
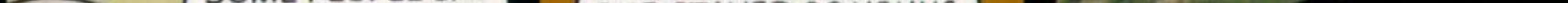
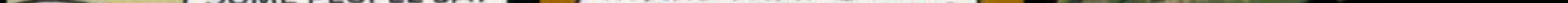
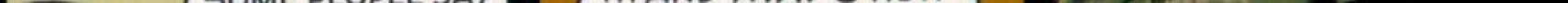
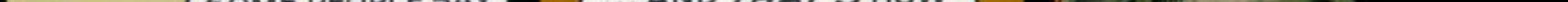
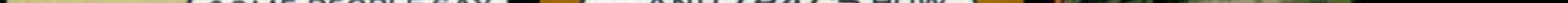
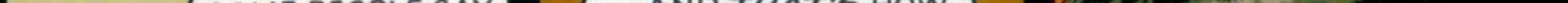
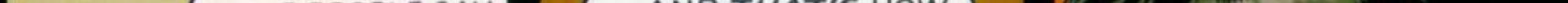
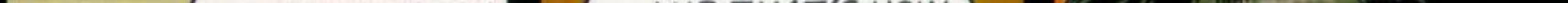
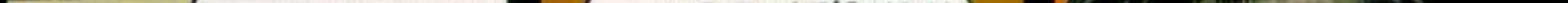
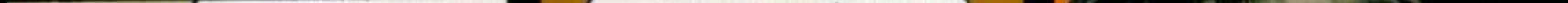
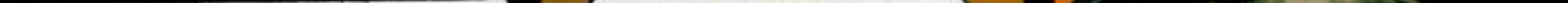
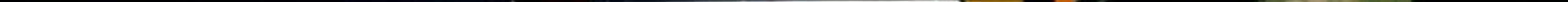
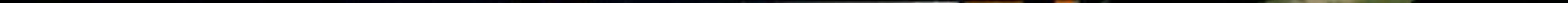
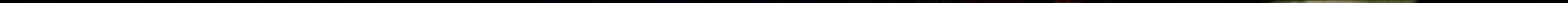
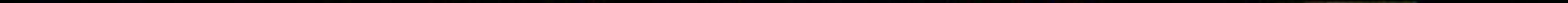
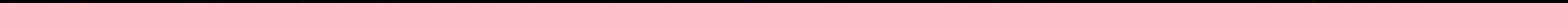
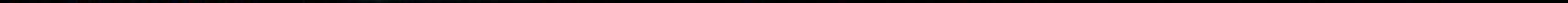
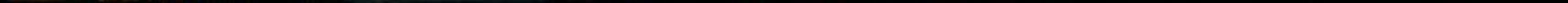
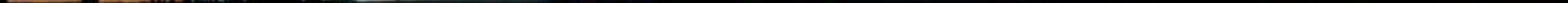
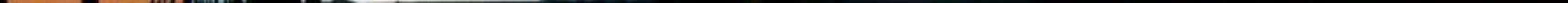
OOOOOFF!

Nuts. Superman
never has to
worry about
landing in a tree
and getting
branches and
leaves stuck
in his tights.

...because we're also
by the entrance to
the cave of the Chaos
Stream. It can't be
coincidence that he's--

That's it. I'm
switching to
long under-
wear.





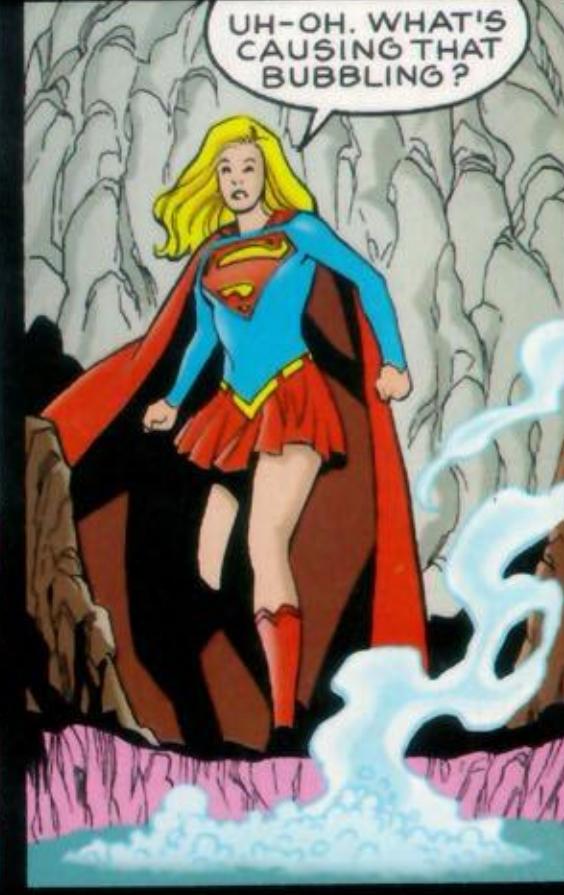
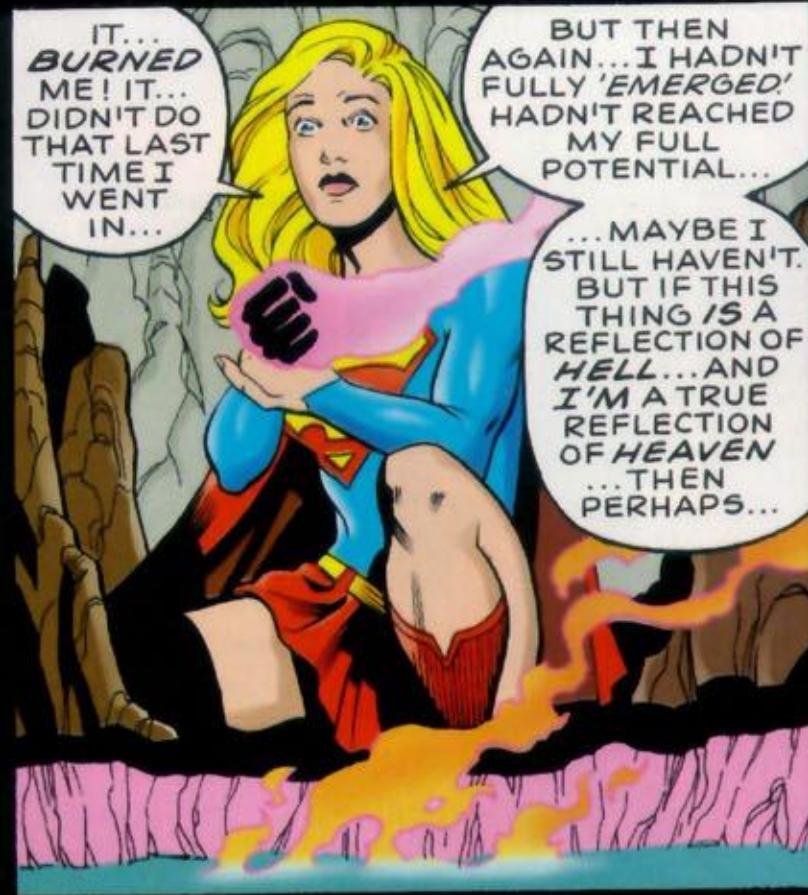
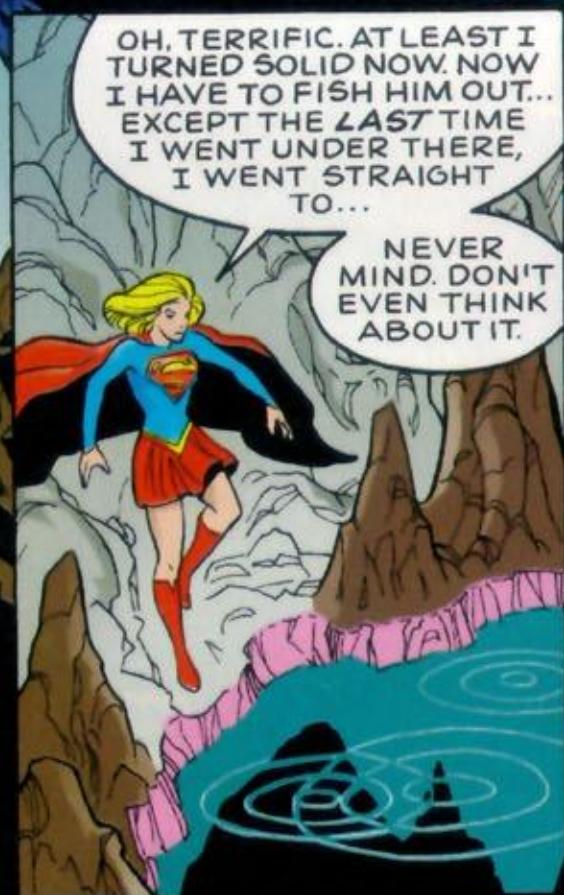


I'VE FELT
YOU CALLING ME.
I KNEW THAT YOU
HAD RETURNED,
RESURGED AS YOU
DID A HUNDRED
YEARS AGO.

I'VE COME
BACK TO YOU.
MY FOUNTAIN.
MY BEAUTIFUL
FOUNTAIN.

It is the source of weirdness
that runs beneath Leesburg.
A tributary of confusion and
discord...my personal nemesis.

What does this
madman think
he's going to...



SHE IS WANDA LEE, DISCOVERING THE CHAOS STREAM AND DRINKING FROM IT. NOT THE STREAM'S CURRENT INCARNATION, BUT A SMALL POOL, WATER COLLECTING IN A CREVICE.

IT WAS ON THE VERGE OF DRYING UP, AND WANDA GOT TO IT JUST IN TIME.

IN ADDITION TO BEING ABLE TO SLOW DOWN HER AGING PROCESS TO VIRTUALLY NOTHING, WANDA DEVELOPS SUPERHUMAN PSIONIC ABILITIES. THE POWER TO "RIDE" OTHER BEINGS, POSSESS THEM.

SHE BECOMES THE DARK SHADOW AT THE HEART OF THE TOWN. AS WANDA, SHE IS SURROUNDED BY RICHES...

... WHILE THE RIDER SEEKS OUT FRESH VICTIMS...

... AND ALL MANNER OF DEBAUCHERIES.

HER EVENTUAL CONFLICT WITH EMBER ENDS DISASTROUSLY, HOWEVER, AS HER ENDEAVOR TO "RIDE" THE ANGEL GUARDIAN LEADS TO A SORT OF PSYCHIC BACKLASH...

... WHICH SENDS HER INTO A COMA THAT LASTS FIFTY YEARS. DURING THAT TIME, SHE PROCEEDS TO AGE.

BUT VERY RECENTLY, THE CHAOS STREAM-- STRONGER THAN EVER-- REEMERGES.

ALMOST AT THE SAME TIME, WANDA'S BODY GOES INTO ARREST.

EFFORTS TO REVIVE HER RESULT IN A JOLT THAT SEND THE RIDER LEAPING OUT OF WANDA'S BODY...

... AND INTO A NURSE.

SINCE THEN, SHE HAS TRAVELED THE UNITED STATES, MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME, GETTING STRONGER... AND NOW SHE HAS RETURNED TO LEESBURG...

... FOR REASONS THAT YOU, MITCHELL, ARE FINALLY BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND...

MY...MY
WINGS! IT'S
AS IF THEY SENSE
DANGER, OR...

Oh, good
Lord.

AT LAST!
AT LAST, THE
FULL POWER THAT
I'VE ALWAYS SOUGHT!
ALWAYS BEEN
ENTITLED
TO!!

FLUTTER
ABOUT AS YOU
WISH, CREATURE
OF FLAME! IT
MAKES NO NEVER
MIND TO
ME!

SUH...
SUPergirl!
IT'S ME...
MITCH
SHELLEY...

SHE'S
PLANNING TO
DI...DIVERT THE
CHAOS STREAM...
FLOOD THE LEES-
BURG WATER
SUPPLY...GAIN
CONTROL OF...
OF THE POP-
ULACE...

EH?!
WHAT ARE
YOU--?

IF YOU'RE
GOING TO DO
SOMETHING...
DO IT NOW!

When I touched the
Stream before...it
burned me...but it
generated flame...

I may be killing
myself...but I've
got zero choice...

THE
STREAM!

WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE?!

FLATLINING!
SHE'S FLAT-LINING!

WITH ALL RESPECT,
TAMMY, IT'S NOT
YOUR CALL TO MAKE.

NO! DO NOT
RESUSCITATE! IF I'D
BEEN AT HER BEDSIDE
TO STOP YOU LAST TIME,
A HELL OF A LOT OF
TROUBLE COULD HAVE
BEEN AVOIDED!

IT IS
NOW.

UHNNNHHFF!!!

NO BODY
TO COME BACK
TO, WANDA. THAT
CLOSES ONE
AVENUE OF
RETREAT.



WHAT THE HELL
IS GOING ON
AROUND HERE?!
WHAT WAS
THAT ?!?



CHAOS STREAM
...IS...IS GONE...
RIDER TOO...
CONSUMED...BOTH
...CAN'T MOVE...
CAN'T...

SU...
SUPER-
GIRL...?

Be right...
with you,
Mitch...

...wouldn't
have any...
Bactine...
on you...
would'ja...?

