

# WORLD WAR HULK™ FRONT LINE

# HULK'S HIT LIST



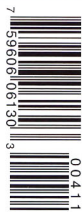
# WHO'S NEXT?

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4 of 6

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**RATED T+**

# WORLD WAR HULK FRONT LINE



**BEN URICH**  
JOURNALIST

During the course of covering the recent superhuman Civil War, Daily Bugle reporter Ben Urich and Alternative reporter Sally Floyd--who is now dating Costume Division detective Danny Granville -- each quit their respective newspapers. Bonded by their shared experience, both journalists agreed to then form their own start-up newspaper, *Front Line*, through which they seek to expose the truth without corporate meddling.



**KORG**

**HULK IS BACK!**

While trying to save the life of an innocent, Dr. Bruce Banner was caught in the blast of a gamma bomb and became **THE INCREDIBLE HULK**...a rampaging monster with near-limitless power.



**SALLY FLOYD**  
JOURNALIST



**THE INCREDIBLE HULK**

Leading his Warbound allies, the exiled Hulk has returned to exact revenge on the powerful heroes who shot him into space. With a little bit of luck (and a lot of cash from an anonymous benefactor), Sally and Ben have managed to survive the Hulk's war on Earth - and beat J. Jonah Jameson's *Daily Bugle* to some major headlines. Meanwhile, Danny Granville and Hulk's Warbound ally, Korg, have discovered a crucial piece of evidence in the murder of Hulk's robot pilot, ARCH-E-5912...

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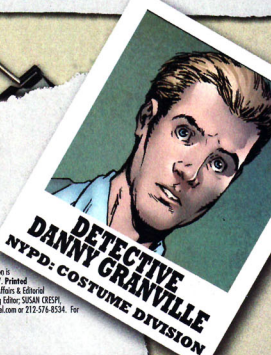
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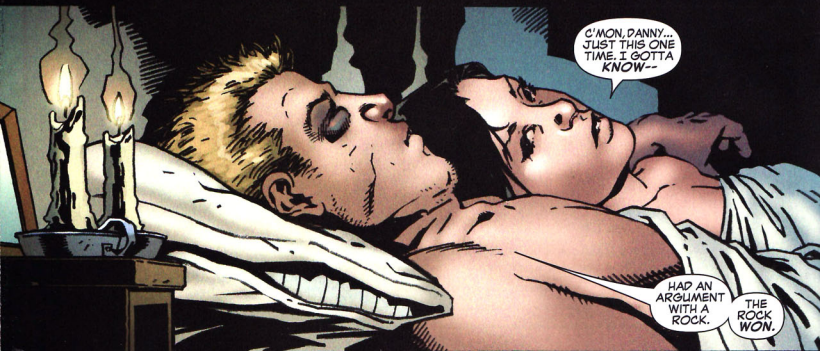


**DETECTIVE DANNY GRANVILLE**  
NYPD: COSTUME DIVISION

To find Marvel Comics at a local comic shop, call 1-888-COMICBOOK.

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HE HAD A FIGHT WITH A WHAT?

WELL DID YOU ASK HIM WHAT HE MEANT?



I DUNNO SALLY... MAYBE YOU SHOULD JUST GIVE DANNY A LITTLE SPACE FOR A WHILE--LET HIM WORK IT OUT FOR HIMSELF. IT'S KIND OF NUTS FOR EVERYONE LEFT IN THE CITY RIGHT NOW.

SPEAKING OF WHICH, I GOTTA GO. OKAY? I'LL LET YOU KNOW HOW IT WENT. TRY TO DESTRESS A LITTLE.

KAY. BYE.



THIS IS GONNA BE SO AWESOME. I'M GLAD I STAYED, MAN!

YOU LUCKY S.O.B.! I HADDA BRIBE SOME COPS TO GET INTO THE CITY. GOT IN FROM VERMONT LAST NIGHT...



YOU EVER THOUGHT YOU'D GET TA SEE SOMETHIN' LIKE THIS?

MAYBE IN A PAST LIFE... I DUNNO. MAYBE IN ANCIENT ROME.

HELL, YEAH!



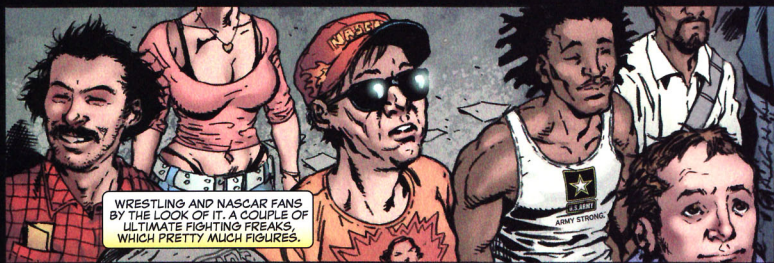
JUST ANOTHER NORMAL DAY IN THE CITY.



WHAT PASSES FOR  
"NORMAL" THESE  
DAYS, ANYWAY.



I'M NOT GOING TO  
RECOGNIZE ANYONE IN THE  
FAN BASE TODAY. THEY'RE  
MOSTLY TRANSPLANTS--  
THRILL-SEEKERS FROM  
OUT OF TOWN.



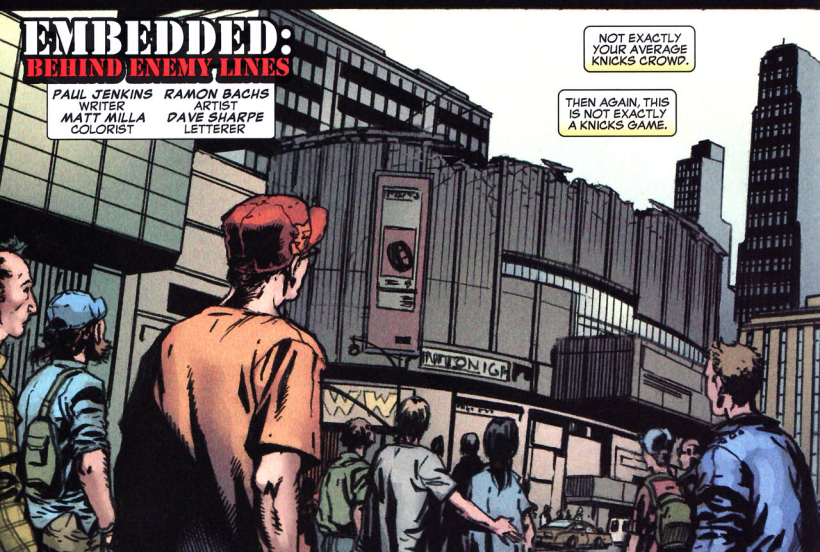
WRESTLING AND NASCAR FANS  
BY THE LOOK OF IT. A COUPLE OF  
ULTIMATE FIGHTING FREAKS,  
WHICH PRETTY MUCH FIGURES.

## EMBEDDED: BEHIND ENEMY LINES

PAUL JENKINS WRITER  
MATT MILLA COLORIST  
RAMON BACHS ARTIST  
DAVE SHARPE LETTERER

NOT EXACTLY  
YOUR AVERAGE  
KNICKS CROWD.

THEN AGAIN, THIS  
IS NOT EXACTLY  
A KNICKS GAME.





I DUNNO, MOM... IT'S JUST KIND OF A WEIRD TIME FOR ME AN' DANNY RIGHT NOW.

OF COURSE IT IS, SWEETIE. YOU'RE BOTH GOING THROUGH A TRANSITIONAL PHASE--

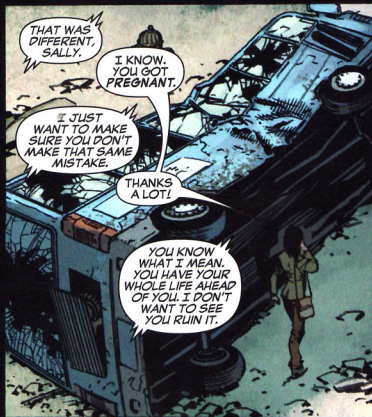
MOM...THE PROBLEM IS NOT THAT WE MOVED IN TOGETHER. THE PROBLEM IS THE GIANT GREEN DEATH SENTENCE HANGING OVER OUR HEADS.



WELL, I STILL THINK YOU COULD HAVE WAITED JUST TO GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER.

YOU TELL ME A BETTER WAY TO GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER THAN LIVING IN NINE-HUNDRED SQUARE FEET OF APARTMENT WITH A FLATULENT CAT?

BESIDES... YOU AN' DAD ONLY KNEW EACH OTHER FIVE MONTHS BEFORE YOU GOT MARRIED.



THAT WAS DIFFERENT, SALLY.

I KNOW. YOU GOT PREGNANT.

I JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T MAKE THAT SAME MISTAKE.

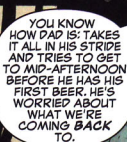
THANKS A LOT!

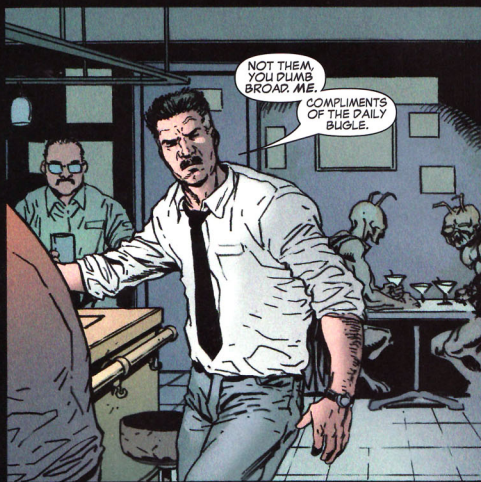
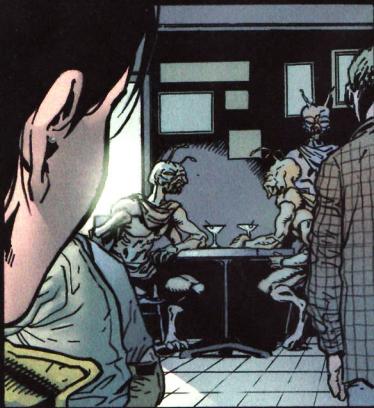
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. YOU HAVE YOUR WHOLE LIFE AHEAD OF YOU. I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU RUIN IT.



MOM...YOU DO KNOW MY LIFE EXPECTANCY IS ABOUT NINE HOURS, RIGHT?











I WOULD'VE PREFERRED THE ALIENS. WHAT'S THE OCCASION, JONAH? YOU JUST FIND OUT HOW MUCH FRONT LINE'S CIRCULATION WENT UP?

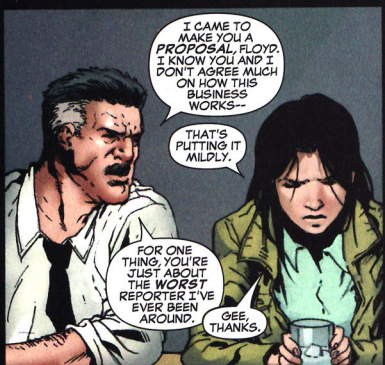
THAT'S A BLIP ON THE RADAR. YOU'LL BE BACK DOWN AGAIN BY THE END OF THE MONTH.

CNN DIDN'T SEEM TO THINK SO.



I OUGHTTA GET MY HEAD EXAMINED. BUYING BOOZE FOR AN ALCOHOLIC--

MMH. DID YOU COME HERE TO INSULT ME OR JUST GENERALLY INSULT EVERYONE?



I CAME TO MAKE YOU A PROPOSAL, FLOYD. I KNOW YOU AND I DON'T AGREE MUCH ON HOW THIS BUSINESS WORKS--

THAT'S PUTTING IT MILDLY.

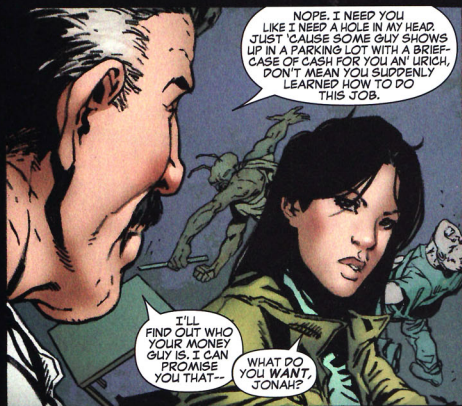
FOR ONE THING, YOU'RE JUST ABOUT THE WORST REPORTER I'VE EVER BEEN AROUND.

GEE. THANKS.



BUT FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, YOU GOT SOMETHING--

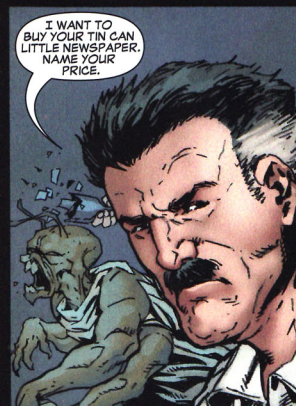
YEAH. A GROWING CIRCULATION. YOU WANT TO OFFER ME A JOB?



NOPE. I NEED YOU LIKE I NEED A HOLE IN MY HEAD. JUST 'CAUSE SOME GUY SHOWS UP IN A PARKING LOT WITH A BRIEFCASE OF CASH FOR YOU AN' URICH, DON'T MEAN YOU SUDDENLY LEARNED HOW TO DO THIS JOB.

I'LL FIND OUT WHO YOUR MONEY GUY IS. I CAN PROMISE YOU THAT--

WHAT DO YOU WANT, JONAH?



I WANT TO BUY YOUR TIN CAN LITTLE NEWSPAPER. NAME YOUR PRICE.



I'D RATHER SPEND MY MONEY ON BOOZE THAN GAMBLING. BUT I BET IN THE OFFICE POOL YOU'D TRY TO BUY US OUT BY FRIDAY. I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE THAT SCARED.

OF YOU? GIVE ME A BREAK--

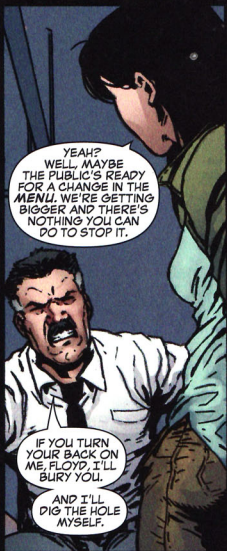


HEY, I MAY NOT BE MUCH OF A REPORTER, BUT MY CRAPPY SOURCES TELL ME THE BUGLE COULDN'T GET ITS PRESS RUN OFF THE DECK THIS MORNING BECAUSE YOUR GENERATORS BROKE DOWN.



YOU KNOW WHAT? I NORMALLY LIKE THE TASTE OF JACK, BUT THAT ONE TASTED BAD. I GUESS I'LL TRY THE BAR DOWN THE STREET.

YOU AN' URISH JUST GOT LUCKY BECAUSE OF THAT CNN PIECE. YOU'RE JUST THE FLAVOR OF THE MONTH.



YEAH? WELL, MAYBE THE PUBLIC'S READY FOR A CHANGE IN THE MENU. WE'RE GETTING BIGGER AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO STOP IT.

IF YOU TURN YOUR BACK ON ME, FLOYD, I'LL BURY YOU.

AND I'LL DIG THE HOLE MYSELF.



SURE YOU WILL. NICE TRY, THOUGH. THANKS FOR PLAYING.

YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE, FLOYD. YOU HEAR ME? A BIG MISTAKE!



I'M AN ALCOHOLIC, JONAH. THOSE ARE THE ONLY KIND OF MISTAKES I KNOW HOW TO MAKE.



TODAY, I VISITED A  
DIFFERENT WORLD.

A MAKESHIFT GLADIATORIAL  
ARENA, RIGHT IN THE HEART  
OF MANHATTAN.

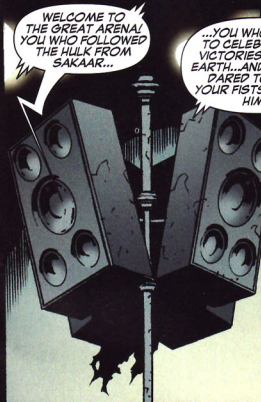
OR MAYBE IT WAS A  
DIFFERENT TIME,  
A SNAPSHOT  
OF THE ANCIENT PAST  
IN THE FORM OF A  
MAKESHIFT GLADIATOR'S  
ARENA.

MAYBE IT WAS A  
GLIMPSE INTO MANKIND'S  
INEVITABLE FUTURE.

HULK'S ALIEN COHORTS HAD REQUISITIONED  
A LION FROM THE ZOO—BETTER THAN TO  
LET THE POOR BEAST DIE OF STARVATION, I  
HEARD SOMEONE SAY.

AS A WARM-UP TO THE  
MAIN EVENT, THEY THREW  
IT IN WITH A BEAST THEY'D  
BROUGHT WITH THEM FROM  
THEIR PLANET, SAKAAR. IT WAS  
CALLED A DEMON SHRIKE.





WELCOME TO THE GREAT ARENA! YOU WHO FOLLOWED THE HULK FROM SAKAAR...

...YOU WHO CAME TO CELEBRATE HIS VICTORIES HERE ON EARTH...AND YOU WHO DARED TO RAISE YOUR FISTS AGAINST HIM...

...NOW BEAR WITNESS.



I DON'T GET IT...HOW DO THEY KEEP THEM FROM ESCAPING?

BEATS ME. PRETTY COOL, THOUGH, HUH?

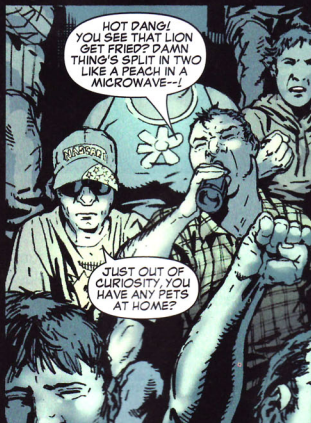


YOU A FIGHT FAN?

DAMN RIGHT! I SEEN JOHNNY PETERS TAKE ON IVAN THE HIDEOUS IN THAT SUPERIOR FIGHTING LEAGUE ONE TIME.

MAN...HE JUST ABOUT GOT ALL OF HIS RIBS BROKE BEFORE THEY DRAGGED HIM OUT ONTO THE RESPIRATOR!

AIN'T NEVER SEEN NOTHING LIKE THIS, THOUGH! THEY OUGHTTA DO THIS ON PAY-PER-VIEW!



HOT DANG! YOU SEE THAT LION GET FRIED? DAMN THING'S SPLIT IN TWO LIKE A PEACH IN A MICROWAVE--!

JUST OUT OF CURIOSITY, YOU HAVE ANY PETS AT HOME?



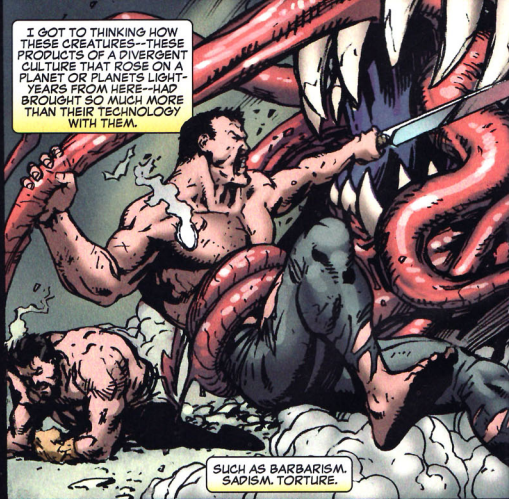
SURE I DO. COUPLA DOGS, WHY?

NO REASON.





THE LONGER I STOOD  
IN THIS ENVIRONMENT  
SO ALIEN TO ME, THE  
MORE I GOT TO THINKING  
ABOUT THE INVASION.



I GOT TO THINKING HOW  
THESE CREATURES--THESE  
PRODUCTS OF A DIVERGENT  
CULTURE THAT ROSE ON A  
PLANET OR PLANETS LIGHT-  
YEARS FROM HERE--HAD  
BROUGHT SO MUCH MORE  
THAN THEIR TECHNOLOGY  
WITH THEM.

SUCH AS BARBARISM.  
SADISM. TORTURE.



THE ALIENS HAD  
BROUGHT THE  
RULE OF MIGHT,  
NOT RIGHT.

THEY REVELED IN THEIR  
UTTER DISREGARD FOR  
THE SANCTITY OF LIFE.



THEY ACCEPTED  
DEATH AS THE  
NORM.

THEY DELIGHTED  
IN CARNAGE.



THESE ALIENS HAD DISPLACED  
TWELVE MILLION PEOPLE WITHOUT  
SO MUCH AS THE BLINK OF AN EYE.

THEY HAD BROUGHT WITH  
THEM A LUST FOR BLOOD, A  
REMORSELESS BRUTALITY.



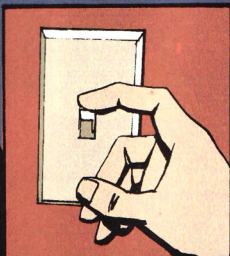
AND I REALIZED  
SOMETHING...

...WE  
HADN'T BEEN  
OVERRUN.

YOU CAN'T BE OVERRUN  
WHEN YOUR INVADERS  
ARE EXACTLY LIKE YOU.

**TO BE CONTINUED...**





## **COSTUME DIVISION: DEATH OF AN ANDROID**

PAUL JENKINS WRITER SHAWN MARTINBROUGH ARTIST MATT MILLA COLORIST DAVE SHARPE LETTERER



I AM CONFUSED, DANNY...WHAT ARE WE DOING INSIDE YOUR PERSONAL QUARTERS?

TAKING A BREAK.

BUT WE ARE IN JUDICIAL SERV--

OKAY, KORG. WE'RE "EXAMINING EVIDENCE."



I FAIL TO SEE THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS EXAMINATION. IS THIS YOUR WOMAN?

NOPE. I BELIEVE I AM HER MAN.

AH, SHE OWNS YOU. BUT SHE DOESN'T LOOK LARGER THAN YOU.

NO. JUST MEANER.



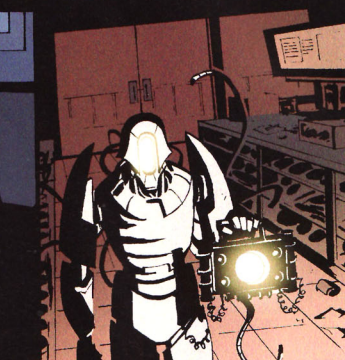
WELL, SHE IS UGLY. HER SKIN IS SOFT LIKE A NEWBORN--

KEEP IT DOWN, HUH? SHOW'S ABOUT TO START.

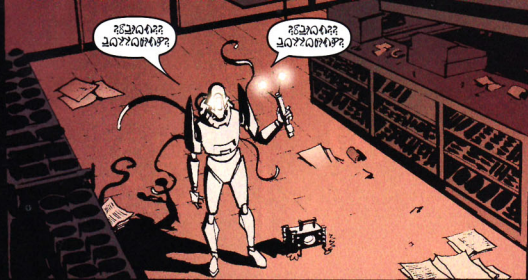


ARE YOU SURE THIS "SURVEILLANCE TAPE" OF YOURS WILL HELP?

SSH!







WHAT'S HE DOING?

THAT IS CLASSIFIED.

WELL, WHAT'S HE SAYING, THEN?

THAT IS ALSO CLASSIFIED.

IS IT ME, OR ARE YOU DESPERATE TO COMMIT RITUAL SUICIDE LATER THIS EVENING?

OF COURSE NOT.

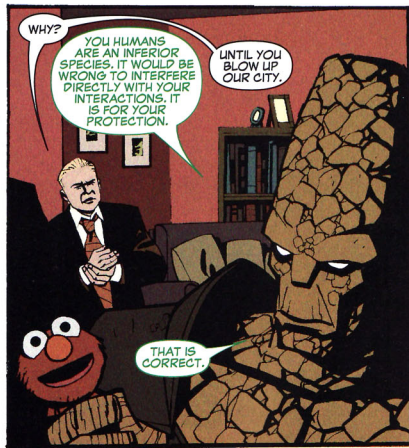
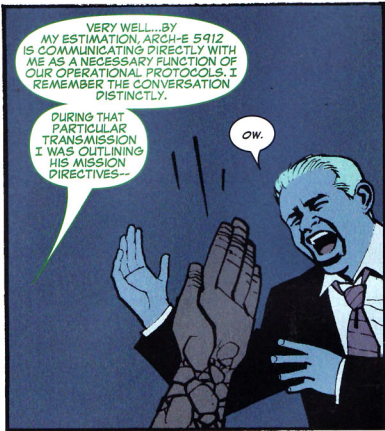
THEN DO ME A FAVOR, OKAY? GIVE ME JUST A TEENSY-WEENSY LITTLE CHANCE TO AVOID WHATEVER HORRIBLE FATE AWAITS ME AT THE END OF THIS STUPID ORDEAL I ACCIDENTALLY SIGNED UP FOR.

THERE'S SOME KIND OF RADIO TRANSMISSION BEING RELAYED. I NEED TO KNOW WHAT'S BEING SAID IN CASE IT HELPS ME UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR ROBOT.

WELL?

ᄒᆞᆫᄂᆞᆫᄂᆞᆫ ᄒᆞᆫᄂᆞᆫᄂᆞᆫᄂᆞᆫ

BY THE STONES OF O-KORGI! WHAT IS THAT STENCH? DID THIS CREATURE EAT SOMETHING IT FOUND IN A ZARDEK SHELL?







WHICH OF YOUR ANCESTORS DOES THIS RED FLURRY ONE REPRESENT?

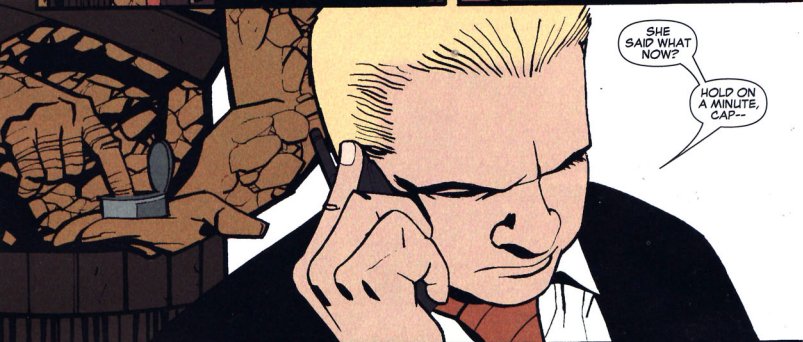
OH, SO YOU'RE CURIOUS ABOUT THAT, HUM? WE'RE BOTH ABOUT TO DIE BUT YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT A FREAKIN' CHILD'S TOY--

RRING



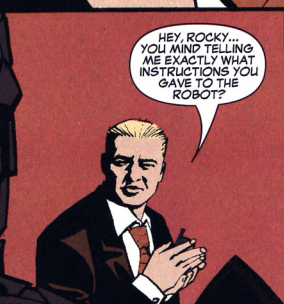
THIS IS GRANVILLE.

SAY AGAIN? A WITNESS?



SHE SAID WHAT NOW?

HOLD ON A MINUTE, CAP--



HEY, ROCKY... YOU MIND TELLING ME EXACTLY WHAT INSTRUCTIONS YOU GAVE TO THE ROBOT?



OF COURSE, THE LITERAL TRANSLATION IS: "SPEAK BUT DO NOT TOUCH. NEITHER ENDANGER NOR PROTECT. KILL ONLY IN SELF-DEFENSE. DO NOT DEFEND ONE FROM THE OTHER."

THAT IS THE WAY OF CONTACT, AND HAS BEEN FOR MILLENNIA.

RIGHT.

**TEN MINUTES LATER...**

I SHOULD'VE  
SEEN THIS BEFORE.  
IT WAS SITTING RIGHT  
OUT THERE IN FRONT  
OF ME--

WHAT?  
HAVE YOU MADE  
A DISCOVERY?

WE HAD A  
WITNESS COME  
BY THE PRECINCT--  
THEY'RE BRINGING  
HER DOWN HERE AS  
WE SPEAK. JUST  
BEAR WITH ME  
TILL I'M SURE,  
OKAY?

OKAY, SO...  
FOLLOW MY  
TRAIN OF  
THOUGHT--

TO  
WHERE?

JUST LISTEN:  
YOU AND OLD ARCHIE  
CHECK IN BACK AT SLAPPY'S  
DELI, RIGHT? YOU REMIND  
HIM OF HIS MISSION  
PARAMETERS AND SEND  
HIM ON HIS WAY.

HE COMES  
ACROSS THE  
STREET AND  
HEADS DOWN  
THIS WAY.

SO, RIGHT HERE  
IS WHERE OUR BOY  
BLOWS HIS TOP, RIGHT?  
ONLY WE'VE HAD OUR  
BALLISTICS PEOPLE IN  
AND THERE'S NO SIGN  
OF ANY CONVENTIONAL  
EXPLOSIVE.

WE FOUND TRACES  
OF A MILD RADIOACTIVE  
SUBSTANCE, WHICH YOUR  
PEOPLE HAVE CONFIRMED  
WAS PROBABLY RELEASED  
FROM YOUR ROBOT WHEN  
HIS POWER TRAIN  
WARRANTY EXPIRED.

OF COURSE,  
THEY WOULDN'T LET  
US EXAMINE THE  
BODY "FOR OUR  
PROTECTION."

BOTTOM LINE:  
HE BLEW UP ALL  
BY HIMSELF.

AND HE WAS  
LOOKING IN THIS  
DIRECTION WHEN  
IT HAPPENED.







YOU SEE ALL THESE TELEVISIONS? YOU KNOW WHAT'S REMARKABLE ABOUT THEM?

I DO NOT.

TELEVISIONS ARE GENERALLY SOLD **INSIDE** A STORE, NOT OUTSIDE.



NOW WHY WOULD THESE ITEMS BE **OUTSIDE** THE STORE, MY STRANGE ALIEN FRIEND?

I FAIL TO SEE THE SIGNIFICANCE--

WELL, PREPARE TO BE ENLIGHTENED BY AN INFERIOR SPECIES: BECAUSE THE STORE WAS BEING LOOTED.



HEHH...HA. OH, BOY...I GET IT NOW.

YOU DARE LAUGH? THIS IS A PLACE OF MOURNING--

HA HA HA HA HA HA!



WHAT? WHAT IS IT? BY THE DRIFT OF ALL THAT IS CREATED, YOU WILL TELL ME OR I WILL SMASH YOU WHERE YOU STAND!



**TO BE CONTINUED...**





AND  
LO! IT WAS WRITTEN  
IN THE HANDBOOK OF THE  
MARVEL UNIVERSE THAT  
THE MIGHTY HULK DID COME  
FROM THE STARS AND  
HANDILY DEFEAT HIS  
HUMAN BETRAYERS IN  
COMBAT!

THE GREEN SCAR  
RAINED HAVOC UPON  
THE HEROES OF PLANET  
EARTH, SO THAT THE SKIES  
TREMBLED WITH HIS RAGE!  
STORIES OF HIS TERRIBLE  
CONQUEST WERE HANDED  
DOWN BY GENERATIONS  
OF SAKAARIANS, WHOSE  
QUEEN HAD BEEN SO  
ABRUPTLY BLOWN  
UP!

YET  
MANY OF HULK'S  
LESS INTERESTING  
BATTLES WERE OMITTED  
FROM THE HANDBOOK,  
LEAVING ONLY I, THE  
WATCHER, TO RECORD  
THEM IN MY COSMIC  
DIARY!

AS A KIND  
OF "WHAT IF"  
SCENARIO TO  
APPEASE OUR  
EDITORS! WITH  
EXCLAMATION  
POINTS!

**LE PEREGRINE!**

**POK**

SACRE  
BL--!

**THE BLAZING SKULL!**

**POK**

OW.

**CADAVER!**

**POK**

NOT  
AGAIN...

**BLISTIK!**

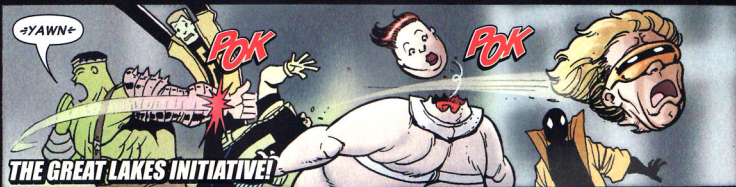
**POK**

HAVE AT  
TH--!

**CAPTAIN RECTITUDE!**

**POK**

NOW  
SEE H--!



**WAR IS HECK**

PAUL JENKINS WRITER  
CHRIS MORENO ARTIST  
DAVE SHARPE LETTERER