



Present day...



Peter:  
Pfft!!  
Nice. You  
scared  
the--



Clean it up,  
please.

Sorry  
to barge in  
and--

stealing  
milk in Hell's  
Kitchen.

I was  
thirsty.

That's  
courage.

What's  
on your mind,  
Peter?

I've, um, well,  
this is going to  
sound weird: I've  
been seeing  
things.



Good  
for you.

This--  
this scene in  
my head.

Images,  
really. Like a dream,  
but I'm awake. It's  
quite freaky.

Do you  
know what I'm  
talking about?

I really  
don't.



It's me and you and Luke Cage  
and that redhead Black Widow  
chick (the hot one...) and that  
Wolverine dude and Captain  
America.

And we're in  
*Latveria*, of all  
places. I don't  
know how I *know*  
it's Latveria,  
but I do.

And we're up  
to our ears in crazy  
goons with big guns  
and it's--it's *ugly* is  
what it is.

It's just  
violent and ugly,  
and I don't--it's  
weird because it's  
like I *remember*  
it.



But it *didn't* happen. Am  
I making sense?

No.



Right.  
Okay.

So why am  
I having these  
flashes of memories  
of something we  
didn't do?















It's like we're having a convention.  
Boys...  
You heard me whisper from that far away?

Yes. Sorry.  
But it seems that those of us with public or semi-public identities have a price on our heads tonight.

Yes, it would.  
Isn't that just so me...  
I go to painstaking efforts to keep my identity a secret and I'm *still* caught up in this.  
You were caught up in this anyhow.

I was?  
What does *that* mean?

Tonight's the anniversary.

Of what?

Of our secret war.





