

SECRET WARS

THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED!

NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS... IS **BATTLEWORLD**: A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL OF ITS GOD AND MASTER, VICTOR VON DOOM!

EACH REGION IS A DOMAIN UNTO ITSELF!

IAN ROGERS IS **NOMAD**: BIOLOGICAL SON OF ARNIM ZOLA, ADOPTED SON OF STEVE ROGERS AND SHARON CARTER, AND PARTNER TO SAM WILSON, THE NEW CAPTAIN AMERICA.

NOMAD PASSED THROUGH THE INFINITE ELEVATOR AND EMERGED IN A NIGHTMARE VERSION OF NEW YORK CITY RULED BY HYDRA AND DEFENDED BY LEOPOLD ZOLA, THE MAN NOMAD WAS MEANT TO BECOME!

NOMAD ESCAPED THE DESTRUCTION OF THE UNDERGROUND RESISTANCE MOVEMENT LED BY STEVE ROGERS--ALONG WITH STEVE'S DAUGHTER, ELLIE. TOGETHER, THEY DECIDED TO TAKE THE FIGHT TO THE LEADER OF THE EMPIRE, ARNIM ZOLA.

USING A DEVICE CREATED BY TONY STARK, THEY TRAPPED ZOLA IN THE BODY OF STEVE ROGERS--BUT JUST WHEN THEY THOUGHT THEY'D WON, ELLIE WAS CORRUPTED BY A SYMBIOTE AND NOMAD WAS AMBUSHED BY CAPTAIN HYDRA AND HIS TEAM OF AVENGERS!



HAIL HYDRA

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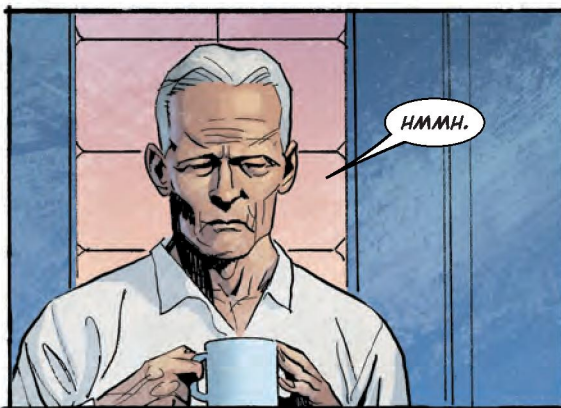
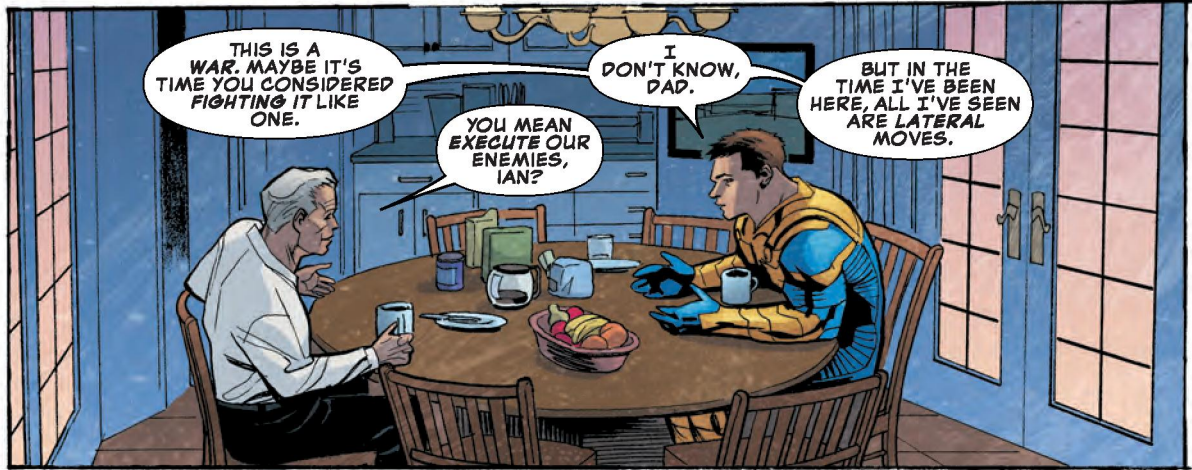
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**AVENGERS
MANSION.
EARTH-616.
BEFORE.**

--SO YOU
JUST SLAP THEIR
WRISTS AND LOCK THEM
AWAY TO PLOT HOW THEY
CAN DO BETTER THE
NEXT TIME?

IT'S
INSANE,
DAD.





SOME UPHILL BATTLES AREN'T WORTH THE CLIMB.

AT SOME POINT YOU HAVE TO ADMIT THE BAD GUYS WON AND CHANGE YOUR TACTICS.

AND WHAT?



RUN AWAY?

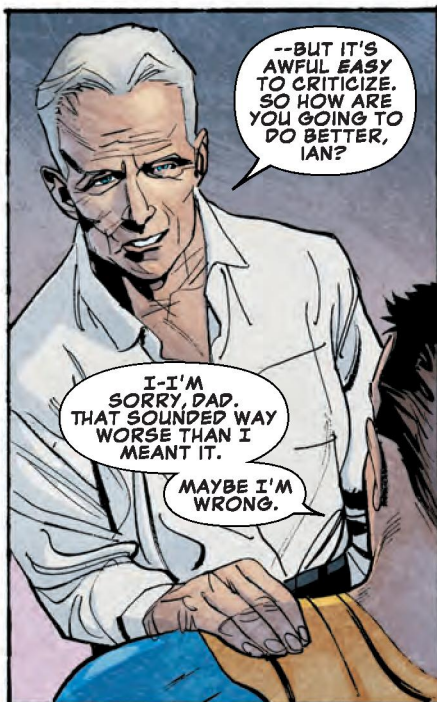
FROM A SOUL-CRUSHING FIGHT YOU HAVE NO HOPE OF WINNING.



WOULD QUITTING BE SO BAD?

YOUR LIFE IS JUST A POINTLESS BALLET OF PUNCHING, POLITICKING AND PIETY.

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT--



--BUT IT'S AWFUL EASY TO CRITICIZE. SO HOW ARE YOU GOING TO DO BETTER, IAN?

I-I'M SORRY, DAD. THAT SOUNDED WAY WORSE THAN I MEANT IT.

MAYBE I'M WRONG.



OR MAYBE I'M JUST DIFFERENT THAN YOU.

MAYBE I DON'T BELONG IN THIS FIGHT.

MAYBE I BELONG BACK FIGHTING THE WAR IN DIMENSION Z.



I LOVE YOU AND WANT YOU TO FIND YOUR HAPPINESS.

I KNOW YOU'LL DO WHAT YOUR HEART FEELS IS RIGHT.

BE IT HERE OR IN ANOTHER DIMENSION...

"...IT'S HARD TO FIND WHERE WE BELONG, SON."
**BATTLEWORLD.
HYDRA DOMAIN.
NOW.**

YOU'VE LOST.
IT'S WRITTEN ALL OVER YOUR FACE.
YOU'VE ENDURED ENOUGH.

YOU'RE READY TO QUIT.

I DON'T CARE WHERE YOU'RE FROM OR WHAT YOUR EXPERIENCES ARE.
YOU AND I ARE THE SAME PERSON, NOMAD, AND I KNOW THE PRAGMATISM THAT BEATS WITHIN YOUR HEART.

TAKE MY HAND.

EVERYBODY GETS TO WIN.

I DON'T NEED TO WIN, LEOPOLD--

--SO LONG AS YOU LOSE.

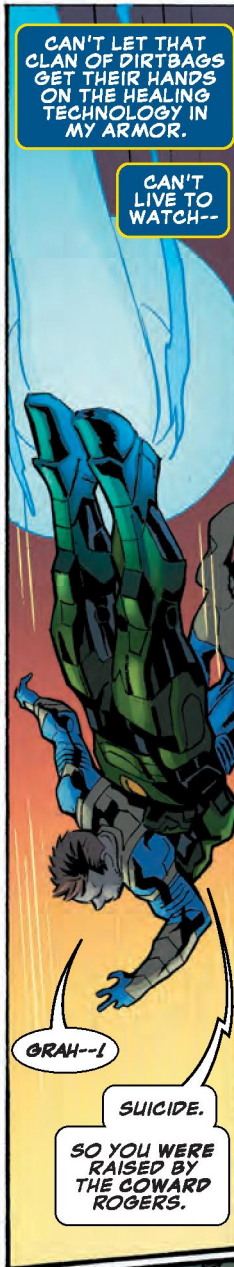
STRUCKER-- I NEED THE SECRETS INSIDE THAT ARMOR!

AND YOU SHALL HAVE THEM.



WELL, THAT WAS DUMB.

DEFIANCE FOR ITS OWN SAKE, I SUPPOSE.



CAN'T LET THAT CLAN OF DIRTBAGS GET THEIR HANDS ON THE HEALING TECHNOLOGY IN MY ARMOR.

CAN'T LIVE TO WATCH--

GRAH--!

SUICIDE.

SO YOU WERE RAISED BY THE COWARD ROGERS.

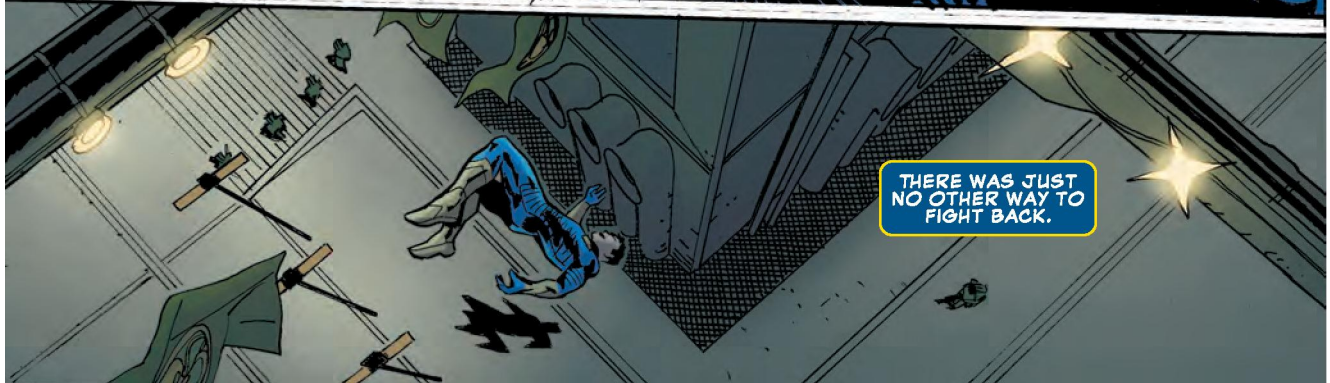


WHACK

I'D RATHER DIE THAN SEE ANY OF MY POWERS HELP YOU, FASCIST!



I DIDN'T GIVE UP, DAD.



THERE WAS JUST NO OTHER WAY TO FIGHT BACK.