

WHEN I FIRST STARTED
TURNING INTO THE
GHOST RIDER, IT WAS
LIKE HE WAS A WHOLE
DIFFERENT PERSON.

HONK HONK

C'MON!
MOVE IT!

I COULDN'T CONTROL HIS
ACTIONS. COULDN'T SPIT
MY WORDS OUT THROUGH
HIS FLAMING MOUTH.

WHEN THE RIDER CAME,
IT WAS LIKE...ROBBIE
REYES WENT AWAY.

WENT AWAY TO A VERY DARK
AND LONELY PLACE. A PLACE
I SOON CAME TO REALIZE...
WAS SOME KIND OF *HELL*.

OR AT LEAST
MY VERSION
OF IT.

LET'S GO!
SOMEBODY!
ANYBODY!

I WAS BORN AND
RAISED IN
LOS ANGELES.
SO FOR ME...

...HELL IS A
FREEWAY.

GOING
NOWHERE
AT ALL.

MOVE!
PLEASE
MOVE!

WHICH IS
EXACTLY
WHERE I'M
HEADED.



BEEN A WHILE SINCE I'VE
ENDED UP TRAPPED HERE. I'D
GOTTEN TO WHERE I COULD
CONTROL THE RIDER MORE.

THOUGHT I WAS
ACTUALLY STARTING
TO GET A HANDLE ON
WHATEVER THIS THING
IS I'VE BECOME.

OH GOD.
OH THOR. OH
ANYBODY. PLEASE
GET ME OUT
OF HERE.



BUT THEN A BIG TALKING DOG
AND HIS VAMPIRE FRIENDS
WALKED INTO MY LIFE, SPOUTING
MAGICAL GIBBERISH THAT MADE
ME LOSE WHATEVER MIND I'VE
GOT LEFT IN THIS BURNED-OUT
SKULL I CALL A HEAD.

THE DEVIL.
ANY DEVIL.
WHOEVER THE HELL
IS LISTENING.



SO NOW HERE I AM AGAIN, BACK
ON HELL'S GRIDLOCKED HIGHWAY.
WHILE THE RIDER RUNS FREE,
DOING GOD KNOWS WHAT.

A FEW WEEKS AGO, I
WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO
PUNCH OUT A CELESTIAL.

BETTER BE
CAREFUL SAYING
STUFF LIKE THAT
DOWN HERE,
BOY.

VR000000000M



NOW I'M JUST SOME
WEAK LITTLE KID
WHO'S IN WAY OVER
HIS STUPID HEAD.

YOU DON'T
WANNA GO
MAKING ANY *DEALS*
YOU CAN'T
LIVE UP TO.

WHAT...?
WHAT THE HELL
ARE *YOU* DOING
HERE?

YEAH, I'M DEFINITELY
THE **WEAKEST** AVENGER
YOU'VE EVER SEEN.

NO DOUBT
ABOUT IT.

GHHHK. HIS
ARMS...ARE NOTHING
BUT BONE. **HOW** CAN
HE BE THIS
STRONG?!

DON'T
FORGET...

MADRIPOOR.

...THE
FIRE.

HRRRGH!!!

I'LL
TAKE URU
AND THUNDER
OVER BONE AND
FLAME ANY
DAY!

THOR,
STOP!



HE DOESN'T
KNOW WHAT HE'S
DOING! ROBBIE
ISN'T HIMSELF!

THE BOY
IS A SPIRIT OF
VENGEANCE. I FEAR
HE IS MORE HIMSELF
THAN EVER
BEFORE.

I DON'T BELIEVE THAT.
HE'S A GOOD KID. WE
HAVE TO TAKE HIM
DOWN WITHOUT
HURTING HIM!



GAAGH!

THEN WE ARE
HALFWAY THERE.
FOR WE DEFINITELY
HAVE NOT HURT
HIM.



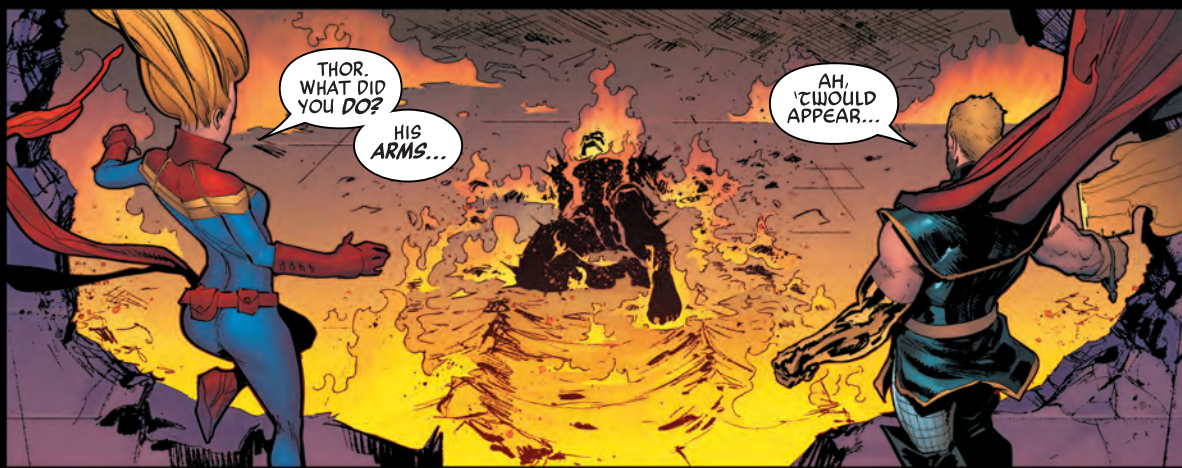
ROBBIE, FIGHT
THIS! YOU'RE NOT
A MONSTER! DON'T
MAKE US HAVE TO
TREAT YOU LIKE
ONE!

HE CANNOT
HEAR YOU, LADY CAROL.
ROBERTO IS DEEP IN THE
THROES OF **WARRIOR
MADNESS**.

AND AS I
KNOW ALL TOO WELL,
THERE IS ONLY ONE
CURE FOR SUCH A STATE.



THE
SHOCK OF
PAIN!



THOR.
WHAT DID
YOU DO?
HIS
ARMS...

AH,
'TWOULD
APPEAR...

...I
MADE HIM
ANGRY.
GRRRGH!

AGH!



ROBBIE!
THAT'S ENOUGH!
WE'RE NOT YOUR
ENEMIES!



WE'RE
YOUR FELLOW
AVENGERS!

AND WE'RE
HERE TO HELP YOU
WIN THE FIGHT OF
YOUR LIFE--