

MARVEL



**CAPTAIN
MARVEL**

AN ORIGIN STORY

higher until the edge of the continent curved away from her. She headed north, flying as fast as she could. She had to find a way to stop what was happening before the ice cap collapsed completely. But first, she had to save the people on that ship.

As she reached the ship, Captain Marvel could see that it was in real trouble. It was simply too small to navigate the huge waves crashing into it. Massive chunks of the glacier kept breaking off, plunging into the ocean and sending yet more water washing over the bucking ship. It made Carol think about what would happen if the whole ice cap melted – cities all over the world would suffer a similar fate.

She could see people on the ship's deck desperately clinging to whatever they could. It was going to sink if she couldn't save it, and quickly.

'You're the strongest woman in the world,' Captain Marvel reminded herself. 'You can do this.'

Carol shot towards the ship faster than a bullet from a gun. She hovered at the ship's prow, just above the icy water, feeling it splash against her suit as she found her grip.

Then she began to lift. The effort made her muscles burn, but the ship began to rise out of the waves, saltwater streaming from the hull. As another gigantic wave burst across her back, Captain Marvel gasped. Still, she didn't let go.

Second by second she gained momentum, shoving the ship clear of the waves until she could set it down on smoother waters again. She let it go and hovered above the deck, letting the water trickle off her suit.

The people on the deck of the ship started to notice her. They looked like the crew of a research vessel – these weren't seasoned deep-sea sailors. Were they scientists? Then Carol saw the logo on their jackets. It belonged to a global oil company.

She turned to look at the disaster still happening beneath the ice, then back at the

people below her.

'Hey,' she said. 'Do you know what that is? Do you know what's happening out there?'

One of the men struggled to his feet, his face pale.

'We – we didn't know,' he stammered. 'We didn't know this would happen!'

Captain Marvel landed on deck, standing before him with her hands on her hips. 'You didn't know what would happen? What did you do?'

'We found something beneath the ice,' the man said. 'It must have been there for centuries, but with climate change, the ice has now melted enough for us to detect it.'

'What is it?' Carol demanded. 'What did you find?'

'We don't know. Some sort of machine. We thought – *I* thought – that if we could get it out, we might be able to use it to mine the oil that's below the surface. But something activated it before we could get it out.'

'Now it's destroying the entire ice cap,'

said a woman next to him. 'If that happens, these waves are going to look like droplets in comparison with what will come next. It will destroy *everything*. Earth will never be the same.'

'Not if I can stop it,' said the super hero. 'Get out of here. Get the ship as far away as you can. I'll deal with this – whatever it is.'

Captain Marvel flew into the air again, speeding back towards the rupturing mass of land and ice. A shape was visible now, a dark shadow was forcing its way towards the surface from beneath the splintering ice and snow.

Something punched its way free of the ice. It was a massive metal hand. It smashed down into the snow, clutching for grip as it hauled itself free of its icy prison.

'It's a robot,' Captain Marvel said aloud. 'It's a giant metal robot! Why is it *always* robots?'



CHAPTER 2 **A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE**

Sometime after midnight on a cold, clear night, the silver-and-red toy robot that Carol had just got for her fifth birthday decided to wake her up and start talking.

'Robot Supreme to Carol Squirt Danvers,' it said, in a low voice that sounded a lot like her big brother Stevie. *'Directive from Robot Control says: Wake up! You're missing all the fun!'*

Carol blinked her bleary eyes and stared at the robot. It had snuck under the duvet she had pulled up over her head.

'What?' she asked.

'Not "what?,"' the robot corrected her

primly. *'Sorry!'*

Carol blinked again. 'Sorry, what?'

'Never mind,' said Stevie in a hushed voice, appearing from the side of the bed and dropping the robot on her pillow. 'Just wake up!'

Carol Danvers' childhood home was in a quiet suburb of Boston, where she lived with her mum Marie, her dad Joe and her two stepbrothers, Stevie and Joe Junior. Though her brothers were a few years older than her, they never minded their little sister hanging around with them. Like now, for instance, when Stevie had snuck into her room to wake her up to play, when she really should have been fast asleep.

'What's happening?' Carol mumbled, still sleepy.

'Ssh,' Stevie whispered. 'Come on, Squirt, we're going on an adventure.'

To five-year-old Carol, the idea of an adventure in the middle of the night was both exciting and scary. She sat up and rubbed her eyes. 'An adventure? Where? Are

Mom and Dad coming?’

‘Nope, it’s just us and Joe. You’d better hurry, or you’ll miss it. Put on the warmest sweater and socks you’ve got.’

‘Are we going very far?’ Carol asked.

‘Yes,’ Stevie said. ‘We’re going into space. Hurry up!’

Carol rushed to do as her brother said and then followed him out of her room and down the hallway, treading on tiptoe past their parents’ bedroom.

She held her breath as they crept down the stairs, avoiding the one that always creaked. Once they were downstairs, she looked around for her other brother.

‘Where’s Joe?’

‘He’s already started the adventure,’ Stevie told her. ‘We’re late!’

Stevie took Carol’s coat from the hook in the hallway and made her put it on, as he quietly opened the door. Then they went out into the garden. At first Carol couldn’t see anything because it was so dark.

‘Can’t we use a flashlight?’ she asked.

‘No!’ Stevie told her. ‘There need to be as few lights as possible or your eyes won’t adjust. Come on.’

He led Carol further into the garden.

‘Hey, Squirt,’ said a voice near Carol’s left foot. ‘You made it, then.’

It was her brother Joe. He was lying on his back on the grass, zipped inside a sleeping bag. There were two other sleeping bags laid out beside him.

‘Quick, get in,’ Stevie told her, as he sat down and began to get into his own bag.

Carol did as she was told. ‘I thought you said we were going into space?’ she asked, disappointed that they hadn’t gone any further than their own backyard. She’d imagined a beautiful silver rocket carrying them up into the night sky.

‘We are,’ Stevie told her. ‘Lie back and look at the stars.’

She did. Carol had never really paid attention to the stars properly before. The