

CLIMBING UP THE LADDER INSIDE THE SHIP'S UMBILICAL. C.J FOUND HIMSELF MOVING SLOWER THAN THE OTHER TWO. HE FELT OVERWHELMED WITH FEELINGS OF AWE THAT WERE ACCOMPANIED BY A STRONG SENSE OF APPREHENSION.

IF WE WANTED TO DO THAT. WE WOULD HAVE JUST DONE IT.

COMMON! IF THAT'S AS FAST AS YOU CAN CLIMB A LADDER, WE'RE GONNA HAVE A PROBLEM.

SORRY.. I'M STILL HALF EXPECTING TO WAKE UP ANY SECOND.. OR GET A BULLET IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD..

WOW! THIS.. THIS IS REAL.. OHH MY GOD! ARE WE GOING TO BE FIGHTING ALIENS!?

THEN WHY DO WE HAVE A FREAKIN' SPACE SHIP!?

FIGHTING THEM? NOT EXACTLY. NO.

IN SHORT. WE STOLE IT FROM THE BAD GUYS.

YOU'LL BE FULLY BRIEFED HERE IN A BIT. THERE'S ALSO SOME TRAINING YOU'LL NEED..



MOST OF THAT WILL HAVE TO WAIT, STAFF SARGENT. WE'RE HEADIN' OUT!

SITUATION ON MARS, STILL DEVELOPING. COUPLE RESEARCHERS AND THEIR ESTSOF ESCORT WENT MISSING UNDER SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES. MIGHT BE THE C.C.P.

COLONEL, WHAT'S THE SITUATION.

MA-MARS!?

HOW LONG AGO DID THEY GO MISSING?

ABOUT 4 HOURS AGO. SATELLITE IMAGERY SHOWS THEIR ROVER PARKED EXACTLY WHERE IT WAS EXPECTED TO BE.



YOU MUST BE MY NEW MARINE! I'M COLONEL VAN HELDEN, COMMANDER OF THE CURTIS LEMAY.

SO EITHER ROVER TROUBLE, OR AMBUSH. COOL.

SIR! LANCE CORPERAL KINCAID, REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR!

RELAX, SON.



YES, SIR.

THE SARGENT
MAJOR TELLS ME
YOU'RE AN ANDROID,
IS THAT CORRECT?

FASCINATING! YOU'RE OUR
FIRST.. WELL, IF YOU DON'T MIND
ME SAYING, "NON-HUMAN" CREW
MEMBER.

BELIEVE IT OR
NOT, SIR. I HEAR
THAT A LOT.

INDEED! WELL, YOU'VE MET
MASTER SARGENT MAJOR SHAW
AND STAFF SARGENT DI PAULO.
STAFF SARGENT WINTERS HERE
WILL BE YOU'RE R.T.O.



AHH, WELL IT'S A
PLEASURE, STAFF
SARGENT.

JUST BE AWARE, I HAVE
THREE BUILT-IN RADIO
RECEIVERS, BUT IF YOU'D PREFER
TO WHISPER IT TO ME DIRECTLY,
THAT'S FINE TOO.

NICE TO MEET
YOU, LANCE CORPORAL.
NO MATTER WHERE YOU
GUYS GO, I'LL BE THAT
LITTLE VOICE IN YOUR
EAR!

HA! WELL, SORRY TO
DISAPPOINTED YOU, MARINE,
I'VE NEVER BEEN ONE TO
"WHISPER".



OH, WOW!

ALRIGHT!
THAT'S ENOUGH,
ARE YOU
SERIOUS?

I DON'T MIND
THE RIGHT KIND
OF SCREAMS
EITHER..

LISTEN, SON. I'M A PRETTY LAID
BACK GUY. YOU HAVE TO BE WITH
THIS JOB. BUT THIS IS STILL A UNITED
STATES AIR FORCE VESSEL, AND I
TAKE THAT VERY SERIOUSLY.

WHAT HAPPENS
BETWEEN TWO ADULTS, IN THIS
ENCLOSED SPACE FOR LONG PERIODS OF
TIME.. AS LONG AS I DON'T SEE IT, AND IT DOESN'T
INTERFERE WITH OUR JOB, I WON'T PUSH IT.
BUT IF I DO SEE IT, YOU'RE DONE.
UNDERSTOOD?

SEE THAT IT DOESN'T.

SARGENT MAJOR, WE'LL
HAVE A FULL MISSION BRIEF AT
1130. GET THE LANCE CORPORAL
AQUAINTED AS BEST YOU CAN
UNTIL THEN.

YES SIR,
SORRY, SIR. IT
WON'T HAPPEN
AGAIN.

YES SIR.



DO WHAT YOU GOTTA DO...

LES..

WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE!?

WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT IN FRONT OF THE COLONEL?

THEN WHY DID YOU KEEP FUCKING TALKING!?

I'M SORRY! I KNEW IT WAS STUPID AS SOON AS I SAID IT..

LISTEN TO ME YOU SPOILED PUNK!

I DIDN'T ASK TO HAVE YOU HERE, AND I DON'T CARE WHO YOUR DADDY IS!

IN FACT, I DIDN'T WANT YOU HERE AT ALL. NONE OF US DID!

I UNDERSTAND, I'M SORRY!

SHAW STUCK HIS NECK OUT FOR YOU! DON'T APOLOGIZE TO ME, APOLOGIZE TO HIM!



YEAH, NO SHIT.
SO DO THE REST OF US,
SON. IT'S CALLED BEING A GUY.
LEARN TO CONTROL IT. AT LEAST
WHEN THERE'S AN OFFICER
AROUND. FOR THE LOVE OF
GOD.

I AM SORRY.. I
HAVE A THING ABOUT
ATTRACTIVE WOMEN AND THIS
WHOLE THING IS KINDA
OVERWHELMING.

PFET. I'D
JUST CALL YOU AN
"ASSHOLE".

GETTING
REPRIMANDED BY THE
COMMANDER 15 SECONDS AFTER
MEETING HIM.. PROBABLY NOT A
GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION..

NO, DEFIANTLY NOT.
FOR ANY OF US.

YOU EITHER GET YOUR
ACT TOGETHER REAL FAST, OR
YOU SPEND THE REST OF YOUR
SYNTHETIC LIFE IN A STEEL CAGE
UNDER CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN,
UNDERSTOOD?

UNDERSTOOD.

YEAH, SURE THING.. YOU
SURE YOU DON'T WANNA DO
THAT AND I'LL DO THE
PAPERWORK?

PAUL, GET
HIM SETTLED IN AND
INTRODUCED TO THE REST
OF TEAM. I'VE GOT TO GET
THE BUG-LIGHT BACK TO THE
ARMORY AND HANDLE
SOME PAPERWORK.

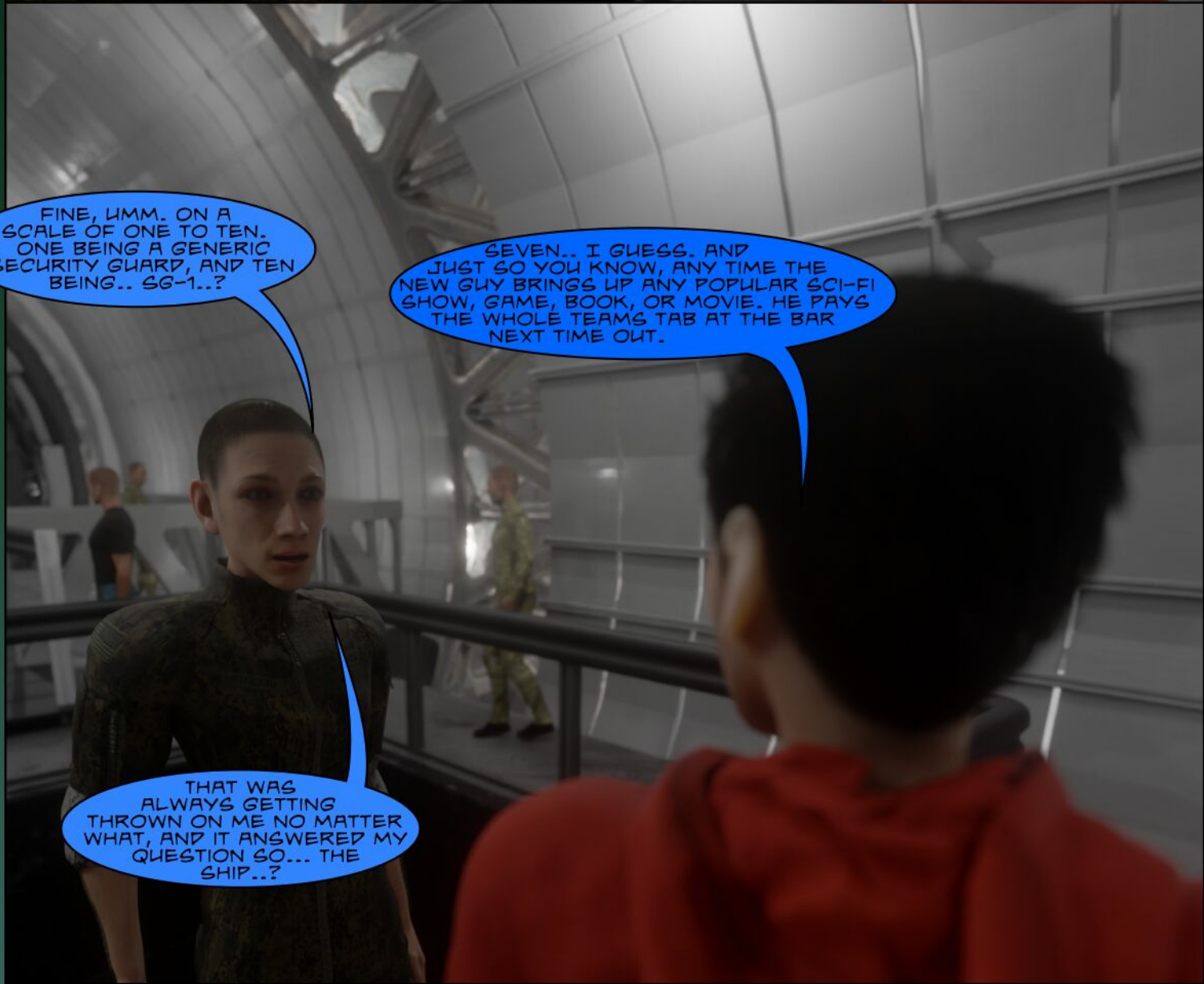
PRETTY DAMN.. UNLESS
THINGS CHANGE, AS THE
COLONEL SAID. BRIEFING AT
1130. SEE YOU GUYS
THERE.



LASER FOCUSED,
BOSS.

WELL
LOOKS LIKE I'M
STUCK WITH YOU, SO YOU.
DO AS I SAY AND PAY
ATTENTION.

COMMON, I'LL GIVE
YOU THE BASIC TOUR I
GUESS.



FINE, UMM. ON A
SCALE OF ONE TO TEN.
ONE BEING A GENERIC
SECURITY GUARD, AND TEN
BEING... SG-1..?

SEVEN.. I GUESS. AND
JUST SO YOU KNOW, ANY TIME THE
NEW GUY BRINGS UP ANY POPULAR SCI-FI
SHOW, GAME, BOOK, OR MOVIE. HE PAYS
THE WHOLE TEAMS TAB AT THE BAR
NEXT TIME OUT.

THAT WAS
ALWAYS GETTING
THROWN ON ME NO MATTER
WHAT, AND IT ANSWERED MY
QUESTION SO... THE
SHIP..?

THIS SHIP IS PRETTY OLD BELIEVE IT OR NOT. 92 YEARS OLD TO BE EXACT. WHEN IT WAS BUILT, IT WAS DESIGNED FOR SPIN GRAVITY. SINCE THEN, HOWEVER. IT'S BEEN MODIFIED AND REFIT A FEW DOZEN TIMES SO THINGS ARE A LITTLE... UNINTUITIVE...

RIGHT NOW, IN THIS CENTRAL PART OF THE SHIP, WE CALL IT THE HUB. WE'RE FEELING EARTH'S NATURAL GRAVITY. AND THAT'S GOING TO GO AWAY REAL SOON AS WE HEAD OUT.

THE CENTRAL AXIS HERE, NO MATTER WHAT IS ALWAYS A MICRO-GRAVITY ENVIRONMENT, BUT EVERYTHING ON THE OUTER EDGES OF THE DECKS HAS ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY.

ONLY THE CENTRAL HUB HERE IS SUBJECT TO NATURAL GRAVITY.

NO, THE ENGINES GENERATE GRAVITY. IT DOES IT... SOMEHOW. THAT'S ALL WAY BEYOND ME.

EITHER WAY, IT TAKES SOME GETTING USE TO. SO ONCE WE'RE IN THERE, DON'T BE AFRAID TO GRAB ON TO SOMETHING IF YOU FEEL LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO FALL. YOU WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST.

LEAVE YOUR PHONE AND ANY ELECTRONICS.. BESIDES YOURSELF OFF AND IN ONE OF THE SLOTS THERE, AND FOLLOW ME.

DOES IT STILL SPIN.. OR?

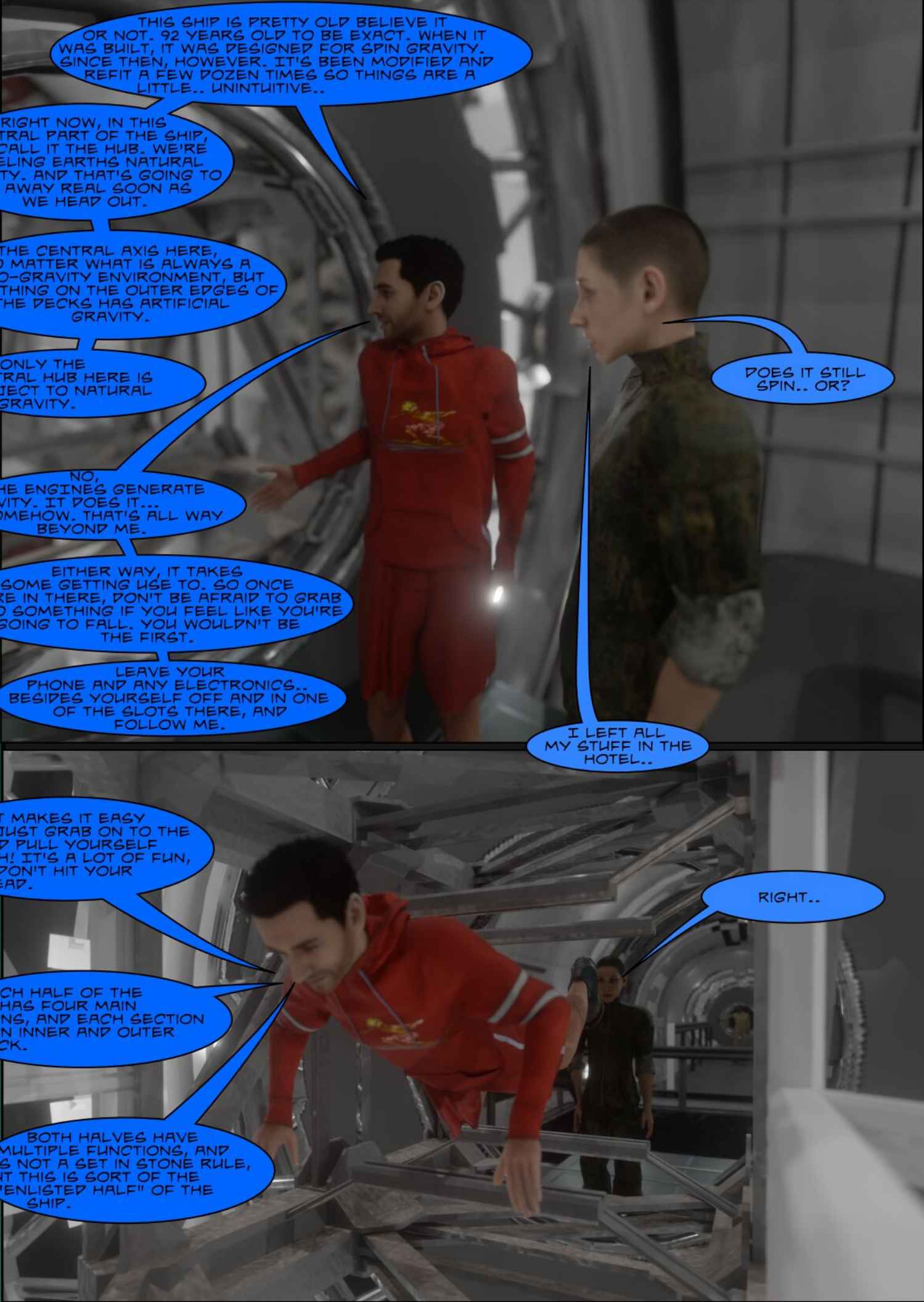
I LEFT ALL MY STUFF IN THE HOTEL...

THAT MAKES IT EASY THEN! JUST GRAB ON TO THE BARS AND PULL YOURSELF THROUGH! IT'S A LOT OF FUN, JUST DON'T HIT YOUR HEAD.

EACH HALF OF THE HULL HAS FOUR MAIN SECTIONS, AND EACH SECTION HAS AN INNER AND OUTER DECK.

BOTH HALVES HAVE MULTIPLE FUNCTIONS, AND IT'S NOT A SET IN STONE RULE, BUT THIS IS SORT OF THE "ENLISTED HALF" OF THE SHIP.

RIGHT..





THIS FIRST SECTION IS SPLIT INTO TWO, THIS FIRST HALF IS THE LAB AND ARMORY. DR. LAPOINTE KINDA THINKS OF THIS AS HIS OWN PERSONAL SECTION, BUT IT'S NOT. EVEN THOUGH HE'S GOT HALF THE OUTER DECK FILLED WITH HIS JUNK..

WE ALSO KEEP A BUNCH OF OUR E.V.A SUITS IN HERE, AND THE QUARTERMASTER HAS THE DORSAL QUADRANT, BOTH DECKS.

LOOK TO YOUR RIGHT HERE, WE FOUND THAT RECENTLY. THE POC THINKS IT'S IMPORTANT SOMEHOW.. IT BETTER BE..



WOAH!!!! COOL!! IS THAT REAL!?

THOSE ARE ALIENS! IS THAT REALLY WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE!?

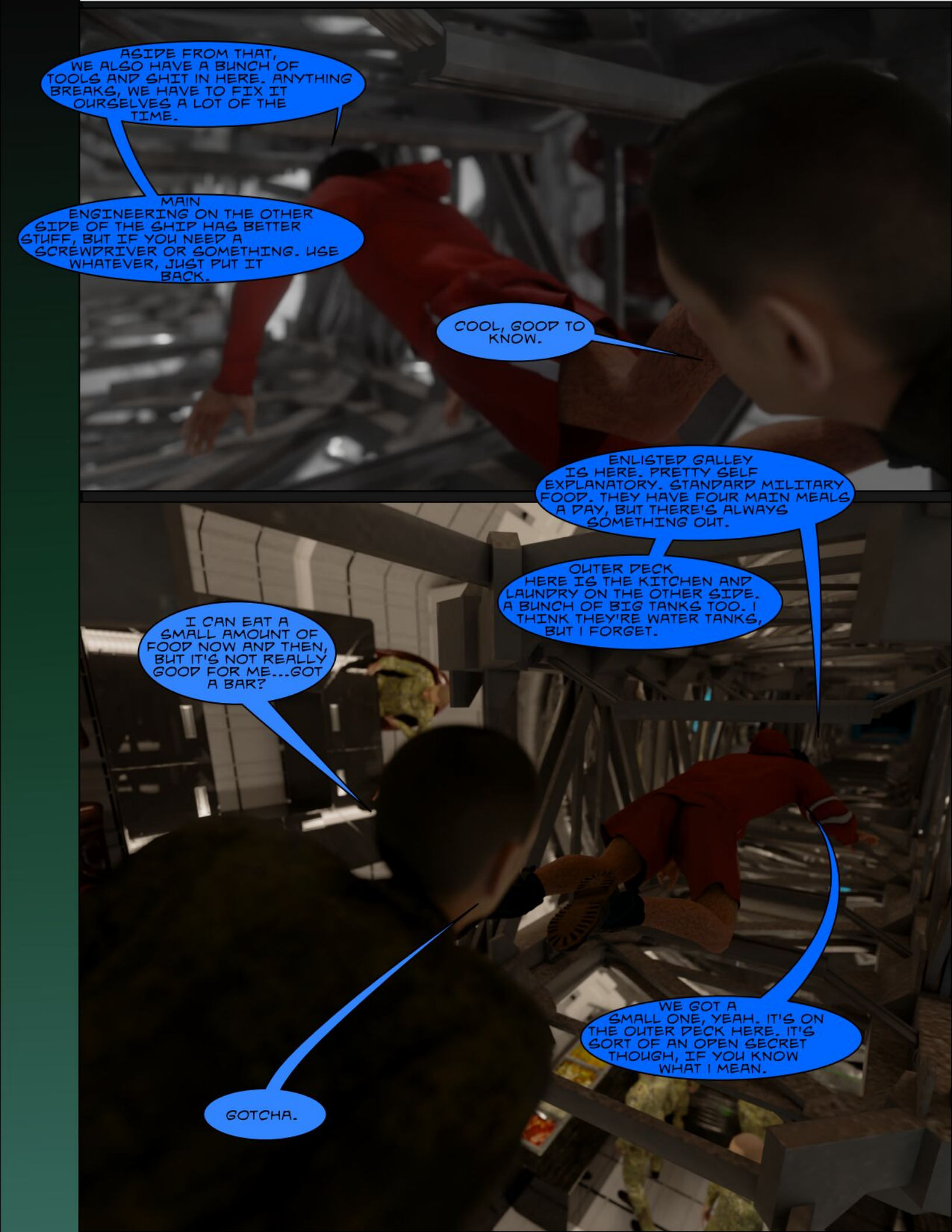
DOCTOR LAPOINTE THINKS IT'S FROM PERU, BUT IT'S GOT EGYPTIAN-LIKE WRITING ON IT, AND IS LIKE 20,000 YEARS OLD. HE'S BEEN STARING AT IT FOR THE PAST 3 MONTHS.



I'VE NEVER ACTUALLY SEEN ONE MYSELF. SEEN THEIR SHIPS, BUT NOT "THEM". BUT QUITE A FEW PEOPLE ON BOARD HAVE. THEY SAY YES.

TRY TO KEEP UP, YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO LEARN THE DETAILS. RIGHT NOW, THE BASICS. PAY ATTENTION, IT'S A BIG SHIP.

RIGHT.. SORRY.



ASIDE FROM THAT, WE ALSO HAVE A BUNCH OF TOOLS AND SHIT IN HERE. ANYTHING BREAKS, WE HAVE TO FIX IT OURSELVES A LOT OF THE TIME.

MAIN ENGINEERING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHIP HAS BETTER STUFF, BUT IF YOU NEED A SCREWDRIVER OR SOMETHING. USE WHATEVER, JUST PUT IT BACK.

COOL, GOOD TO KNOW.

ENLISTED GALLEY IS HERE. PRETTY SELF EXPLANATORY. STANDARD MILITARY FOOD. THEY HAVE FOUR MAIN MEALS A DAY, BUT THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING OUT.

OUTER DECK HERE IS THE KITCHEN AND LAUNDRY ON THE OTHER SIDE. A BUNCH OF BIG TANKS TOO. I THINK THEY'RE WATER TANKS, BUT I FORGET.

I CAN EAT A SMALL AMOUNT OF FOOD NOW AND THEN, BUT IT'S NOT REALLY GOOD FOR ME...GOT A BAR?

GOTCHA.

WE GOT A SMALL ONE, YEAH. IT'S ON THE OUTER DECK HERE. IT'S SORT OF AN OPEN SECRET THOUGH, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.



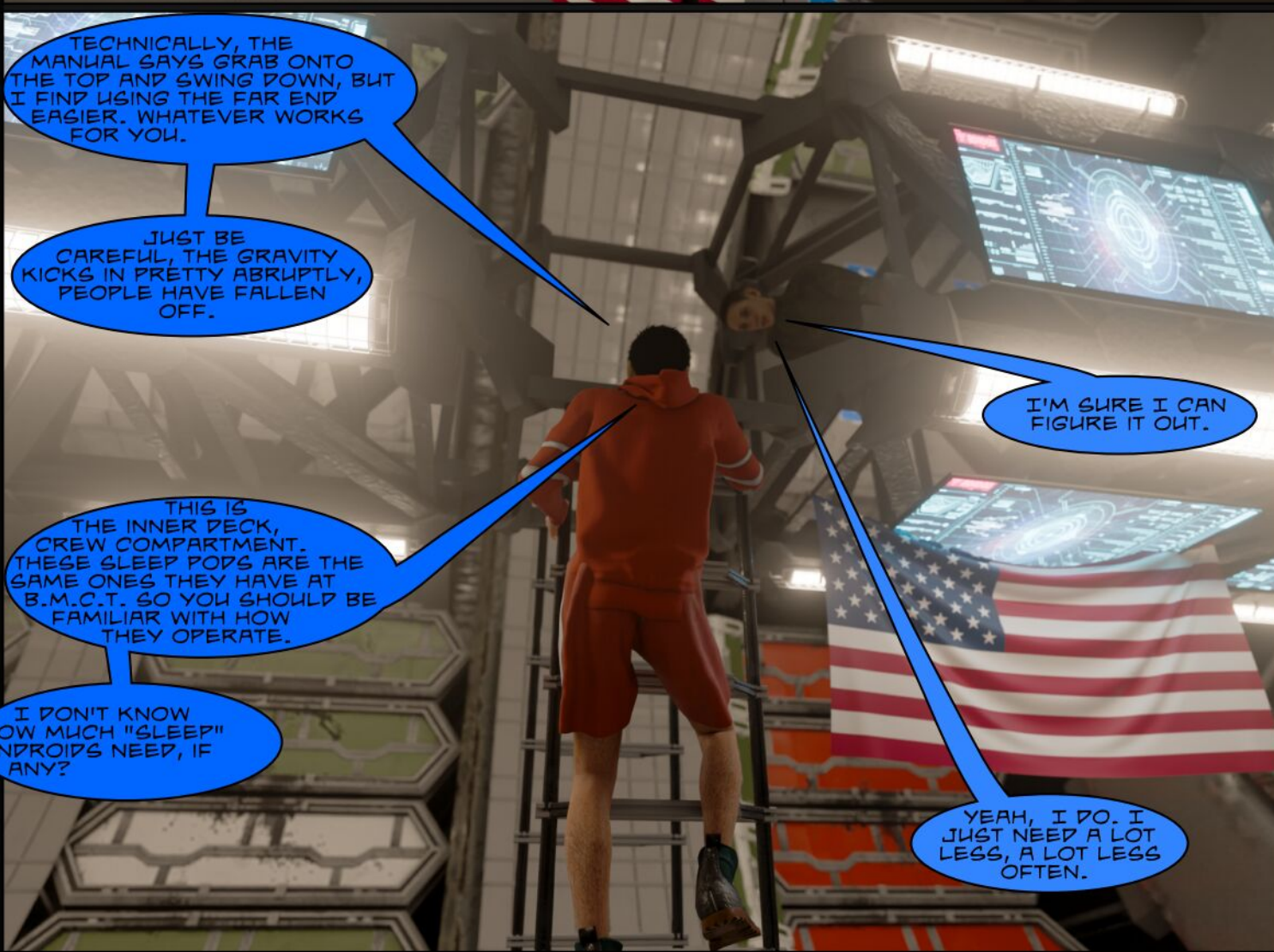
AND THESE ARE THE ENLISTED QUARTERS. WE'RE GONNA GO DOWN THE LADDER HERE.

ALL THESE INTERCHANGE SECTIONS ARE THE SAME, AND ALL THE LADDERS GO IN THE SAME DIRECTION, TOWARDS THE BOTTOM OF THE SHIP.

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER SIDE?

THE OTHER SIDE HAS THE INFIRMARY, OFFICERS' QUARTERS AND GALLEY, MAIN ENGINEERING, CARGO BAY, AND AN AUXILIARY COMMAND DECK.

PAST THIS IS OPS, THAT'S WHERE ALL THE MONITORS ARE, WE RUN OUR TOC OUT OF THERE, DO BRIEFINGS, THINGS LIKE THAT. PAST THAT IS THE COMMAND DECK.



TECHNICALLY, THE MANUAL SAYS GRAB ONTO THE TOP AND SWING DOWN, BUT I FIND USING THE FAR END EASIER. WHATEVER WORKS FOR YOU.

JUST BE CAREFUL, THE GRAVITY KICKS IN PRETTY ABRUPTLY, PEOPLE HAVE FALLEN OFF.

THIS IS THE INNER DECK, CREW COMPARTMENT. THESE SLEEP PODS ARE THE SAME ONES THEY HAVE AT B.M.C.T. SO YOU SHOULD BE FAMILIAR WITH HOW THEY OPERATE.

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH "SLEEP" ANDROIDS NEED, IF ANY?

I'M SURE I CAN FIGURE IT OUT.

YEAH, I DO. I JUST NEED A LOT LESS, A LOT LESS OFTEN.

AS C.J. STEPPED ONTO THE FLOOR, HE INSTANTLY FELT PIZZY AND OFF BALANCE AS A SIDE EFFECT OF THE ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY

HANG ONTO THE LADDER FOR A SECOND IF YOU HAVE TO, IT DOES HELP.

IT DOES THE SAME THING TO THE HUMAN INNER EAR, BUT YOU GET USE TO IT PRETTY QUICK. IF YOU'RE GONNA PUKE, THE HEADS ARE RIGHT THERE BEHIND YOU.

ALRIGHT, WELL IF YOU DO PUKE, YOU HAVE TO CLEAN IT UP.. YOU WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST.

EITHER WAY, WE'RE IN THE RED ONES, YOU'RE IN THE 4TH FROM THE TOP.

WOAH! OK, THAT IS KINDA STRANGE.

I'M GOOD, I DON'T THINK MY GYROS LIKED THAT, AT ALL.. I THINK THEY'VE ADJUSTED NOW, THOUGH.

HA! NO, I'M FINE.

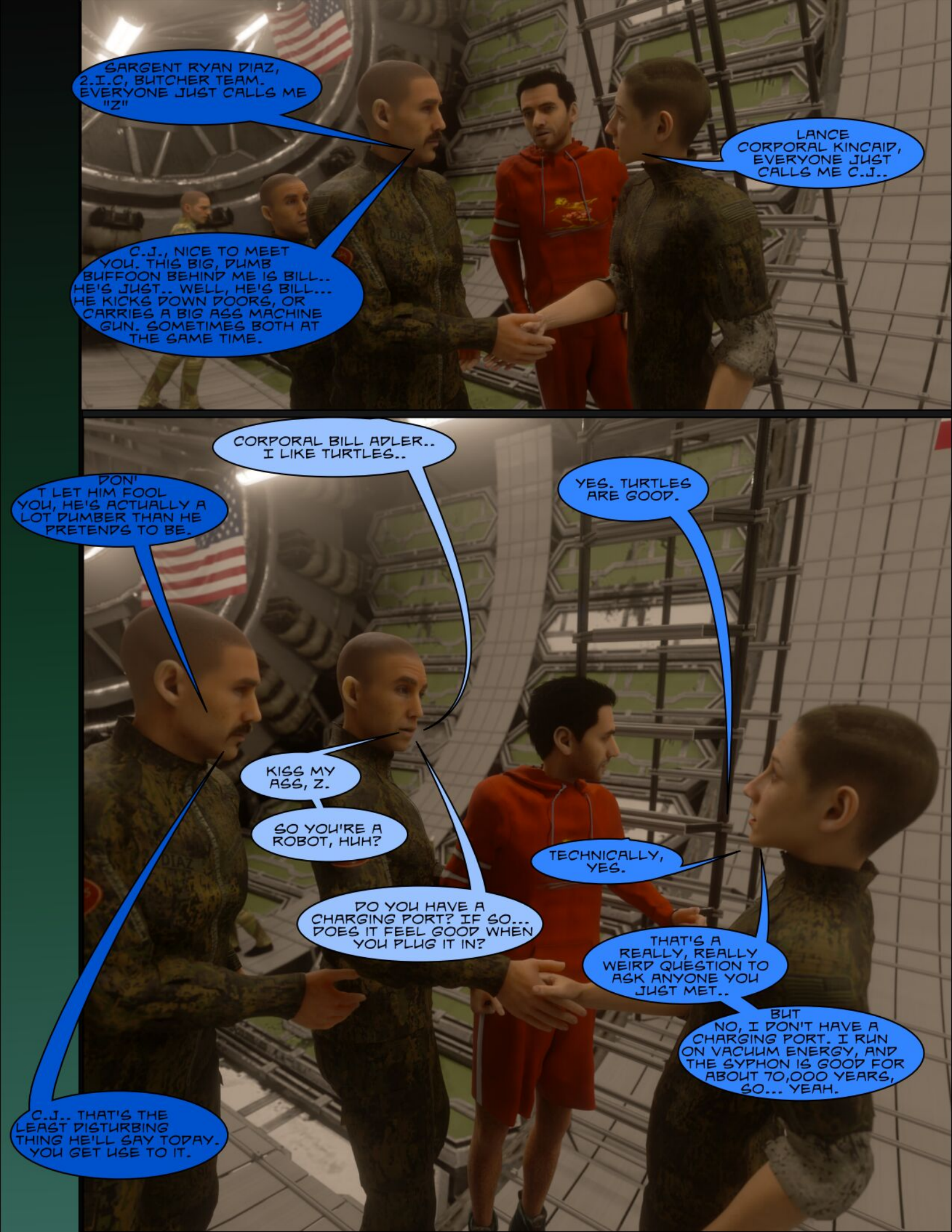
4TH FROM THE TOP. GOT IT.

THESE GREY PODS ARE THE SHOWERS. THERE'S 12 TOTAL IN EACH CREW SECTION. THEY'RE CRAMPED, BUT THEY'RE PRIVATE AND THE WATER GETS REALLY HOT. BATHROOMS ARE UP THERE, LIKE I SAID..

ACTUALLY, PART OF THAT TRAINING I MENTIONED IS SITTING THROUGH A LONG VIDEO ABOUT HOW THE SHIP WAS BUILT, HOW IT WORKS, AND A BUNCH OF SAFETY STUFF. YOU DON'T HAVE TO PASS A TEST OR ANYTHING. I FOUND A LOT OF IT IMPOSSIBLE TO FOLLOW MYSELF.

PRETTY INCREDIBLE, HUH? FIRST TIME I SAW HER I JUST ABOUT SHIT MYSELF!

I DON'T SUPPOSE THEY'D LET ME SEE THE.. I DON'T KNOW. THE SCHEMATICS FOR THIS THING?



SARGENT RYAN DIAZ,
2.I.C, BUTCHER TEAM.
EVERYONE JUST CALLS ME
"Z"

LANCE
CORPORAL KINCAID,
EVERYONE JUST
CALLS ME C.J..

C.J., NICE TO MEET
YOU. THIS BIG, DUMB
BUFFOON BEHIND ME IS BILL...
HE'S JUST.. WELL, HE'S BILL...
HE KICKS DOWN DOORS, OR
CARRIES A BIG ASS MACHINE
GUN. SOMETIMES BOTH AT
THE SAME TIME.

CORPORAL BILL ADLER..
I LIKE TURTLES..

DON'T
LET HIM FOOL
YOU, HE'S ACTUALLY A
LOT DUMBER THAN HE
PRETENDS TO BE.

YES. TURTLES
ARE GOOD.

KISS MY
ASS, Z.

SO YOU'RE A
ROBOT, HUH?

DO YOU HAVE A
CHARGING PORT? IF SO...
DOES IT FEEL GOOD WHEN
YOU PLUG IT IN?

TECHNICALLY,
YES.

THAT'S A
REALLY, REALLY
WEIRD QUESTION TO
ASK ANYONE YOU
JUST MET..

BUT
NO, I DON'T HAVE A
CHARGING PORT. I RUN
ON VACUUM ENERGY, AND
THE SYPHON IS GOOD FOR
ABOUT 70,000 YEARS,
SO... YEAH.

C.J.. THAT'S THE
LEAST DISTURBING
THING HE'LL SAY TODAY.
YOU GET USE TO IT.



YO,
JIMMY..
C'MERE..

HMMPH.. FINE..

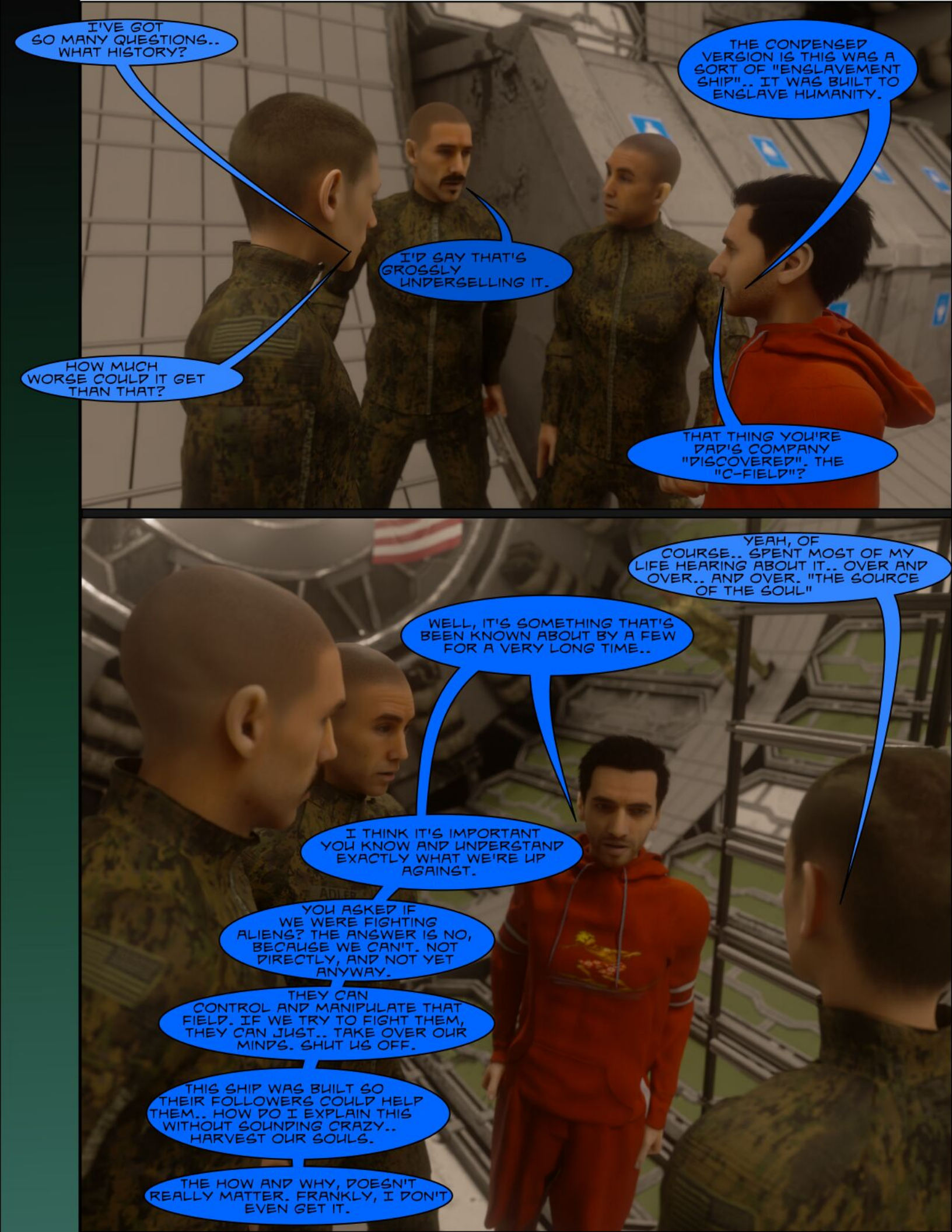


JIMMY, C.J., C.J.,
JIMMY. YOU TWO ARE OUR
SNIPERS.

YOU'LL BE WORKING
TOGETHER A LOT.

GREAT...





I'VE GOT
SO MANY QUESTIONS..
WHAT HISTORY?

THE CONDENSED
VERSION IS THIS WAS A
SORT OF "ENSLAVEMENT
SHIP".. IT WAS BUILT TO
ENSLAVE HUMANITY.

I'D SAY THAT'S
GROSSLY
UNDERSELLING IT.

HOW MUCH
WORSE COULD IT GET
THAN THAT?

THAT THING YOU'RE
DAD'S COMPANY
"DISCOVERED".. THE
"C-FIELD"?

YEAH, OF
COURSE.. SPENT MOST OF MY
LIFE HEARING ABOUT IT.. OVER AND
OVER.. AND OVER. "THE SOURCE
OF THE SOUL"

WELL, IT'S SOMETHING THAT'S
BEEN KNOWN ABOUT BY A FEW
FOR A VERY LONG TIME..

I THINK IT'S IMPORTANT
YOU KNOW AND UNDERSTAND
EXACTLY WHAT WE'RE UP
AGAINST.

YOU ASKED IF
WE WERE FIGHTING
ALIENS? THE ANSWER IS NO,
BECAUSE WE CAN'T. NOT
DIRECTLY, AND NOT YET
ANYWAY.

THEY CAN
CONTROL AND MANIPULATE THAT
FIELD. IF WE TRY TO FIGHT THEM,
THEY CAN JUST.. TAKE OVER OUR
MINDS. SHUT US OFF.

THIS SHIP WAS BUILT SO
THEIR FOLLOWERS COULD HELP
THEM.. HOW DO I EXPLAIN THIS
WITHOUT SOUNDING CRAZY..
HARVEST OUR SOULS.

THE HOW AND WHY, DOESN'T
REALLY MATTER. FRANKLY, I DON'T
EVEN GET IT.



SO... WHAT DO WE ACTUALLY DO? AND WHY DON'T THEY STOP US?

BECAUSE THEY CAN'T EITHER.

THE ALIENS WE'RE DEALING WITH.. THEY'RE ESSENTIALLY A SMALL FACTION OF NUT JOBS.

THEY'RE NOT ALL BAD, BUT THERE ARE FEWER GOOD ONES THAN BAD ONES. AT LEAST FOR THE TIME BEING.

THE GOOD ONES DO SEEM TO HAVE THE BETTER EQUIPMENT THOUGH, AND THEY'VE HAD AN AGREEMENT FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS THAT EARTH CANNOT BE DIRECTLY ATTACKED WITHOUT INCURRING THEIR WRATH.



BASICALLY, MUTUALLY ASSURED DESTRUCTION. THE AGREEMENT ACTUALLY ALIGNS WITH BASIC MARITIME RULES IN A LOT OF WAYS, AND ONLY THE UNITED STATES IS RECOGNIZED IN THE AGREEMENT IN TERMS OF SHIPS, AND THE PROTECTED SHIPS ARE LISTED BY NAME. THIS SHIP IS BASICALLY STOLEN.

AHH, THAT MAKES SENSE. I WAS GONNA SUGGEST WE RENAME IT THE ENT..

IF YOU FINISH THAT SENTENCE, YOU HAVE TO BUY THE WHOLE SHIPS TAB. AS OF NOW, YOU'RE UP TO BUYING FOR JUST US, TWICE.

THE ALIENS, THE BAD ONES. THEY BELIEVE THE OTHERS ARE ON THEIR WAY AND THAT THEY'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME TO COMPLETE THEIR OBJECTIVE.

OUR JOB IS TO BE A THORN IN THEIR SIDE, DELAY THEM, DO ANYTHING WE CAN.

THEY THINK THEY CAN USE OUR SOULS AS A MEANS TO SUMMON THE ANTICHRIST.

PROBLEM IS, THEY'RE TOO LATE. IT'S STANDING RIGHT HERE!

OK, WHAT OBJECTIVE?

C.J. SAID NOTHING IN RETURN, JUST TURNED, GAVE JIMMY THE MIDDLE FINGER, AND TURNED BACK.

LOOK, I'M THE NEW GUY, I GET IT. AND I UNDERSTAND I WASN'T YOUR FIRST CHOICE.. BUT CAN I HAVE A DIFFERENT PARTNER?

JIMMY AINT THAT BAD. THE WHOLE ANDROID THING FREAKS HIM OUT, AND HE'S CONVINCED YOUR INITIALS BEING "CJ" MAKE YOU THE ANTICHRIST.

THEN HE'S NOT JUST A DICK, HE'S A RETARD. MY INITIALS ARE "CK".

THAT GUY WHO SHOT AT ME WHEN I WAS SIX I TOLD YOU ABOUT? HE BELIEVED THE SAME EXACT THING.

THAT'S PART OF IT, BUT HE ALSO GREW UP EXTREMELY POOR IN THE RURAL ALABAMA GHETTOS. YOU'VE HEARD STORIES, I'M SURE.

HOMIE DIDN'T EVEN RIDE IN A CAR UNTIL HE WAS LIKE 15, AND WE ALL KNOW WHO YOUR DAD IS.

MY FIRST CAR WAS A 2074 911 GT2 RS WITH THE RETRO BODY KIT AND FULL TRACK PACKAGE.

EXACTLY MY POINT. WHAT'S THAT, A 150,000 DOLLAR CAR?

YOU MIGHT FIND ONE FOR 150K IF IT HIT A BRICK WALL AT 90 AND ROLLED 14 TIMES.. THE ONE I HAVE.. 850 FOR THE BASE MODEL, BEFORE THE UPGRADES.

YOU'RE TELLING ME HE'S REALLY JUST BEING A JEALOUS BITCH?



TO AN EXTENT HE IS, BUT CAN I GIVE YOU SOME ADVICE? KEEP THAT KIND OF THING TO YOURSELF. BRAGGING ABOUT YOUR RICH DADDY BUYING YOU A RACECAR... NO ONE IS IMPRESSED.

IN FACT, IT MAKES YOU REALLY UNLIKABLE.

I DIDN'T MEAN TO BRAG, I JUST REALLY LOVE THAT CAR. BUT FAIR ENOUGH.

NOW IF I WANTED TO BRAG, JUST FOR SAKE OF EXAMPLE I'D TALK ABOUT SOMETHING MUCH RARER AND MORE EXPENSIVE, LIKE THE 959.

WAIT, REALLY? THE 959S! WERE BEAUTIFUL! THAT'S ONE OF THE RAREST CARS IN THE WORLD! YOU DON'T REALLY HAVE ONE, DO YOU?

THANKS BILL, BIG HELP.

NO, I HAVE TWO.

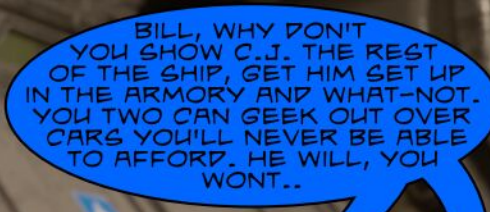
UHH, I CAN EASILY BUT DON'T HAVE MY PHONE, IT'S...

PROVE IT!

RIGHT! IN THE CENTRAL HUB! LATER THEN!

ACTUALLY, I LEFT MY PHONE BACK AT THE HOTEL YOU GUYS PICKED ME UP FROM. THEY TOLD ME TO. TELL YOU WHAT, I ASSUME WE'LL GET THE CHANCE EVENTUALLY. I'LL TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE IN IT.

YOU FUCKING BETTER! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, Z. I LOVE THIS KID ALREADY!



YEAH, SURE THING BOSS!

BILL, WHY DON'T YOU SHOW C.J. THE REST OF THE SHIP, GET HIM SET UP IN THE ARMORY AND WHAT-NOT. YOU TWO CAN GEEK OUT OVER CARS YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO AFFORD. HE WILL, YOU WON'T..

ALSO, GET HIM TO THE QUARTERMASTER. SOUNDS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO MARS, SO HE'LL NEED TO BE FITTED FOR AN E.V.A. SUIT.



SURE, UNLESS THE
ARMORY IS FILLED WITH
COOL, ALIEN LASER GUNS. IN
WHICH CASE, LASER GUNS
FIRST.

NAH MAN,
HK-416S, M27S, BASIC
SHIT.

COOL, SO, IT ONLY
TAKES A FEW MINUTES TO
SEE THE WHOLE SHIP.
WANNA DO THAT FIRST?

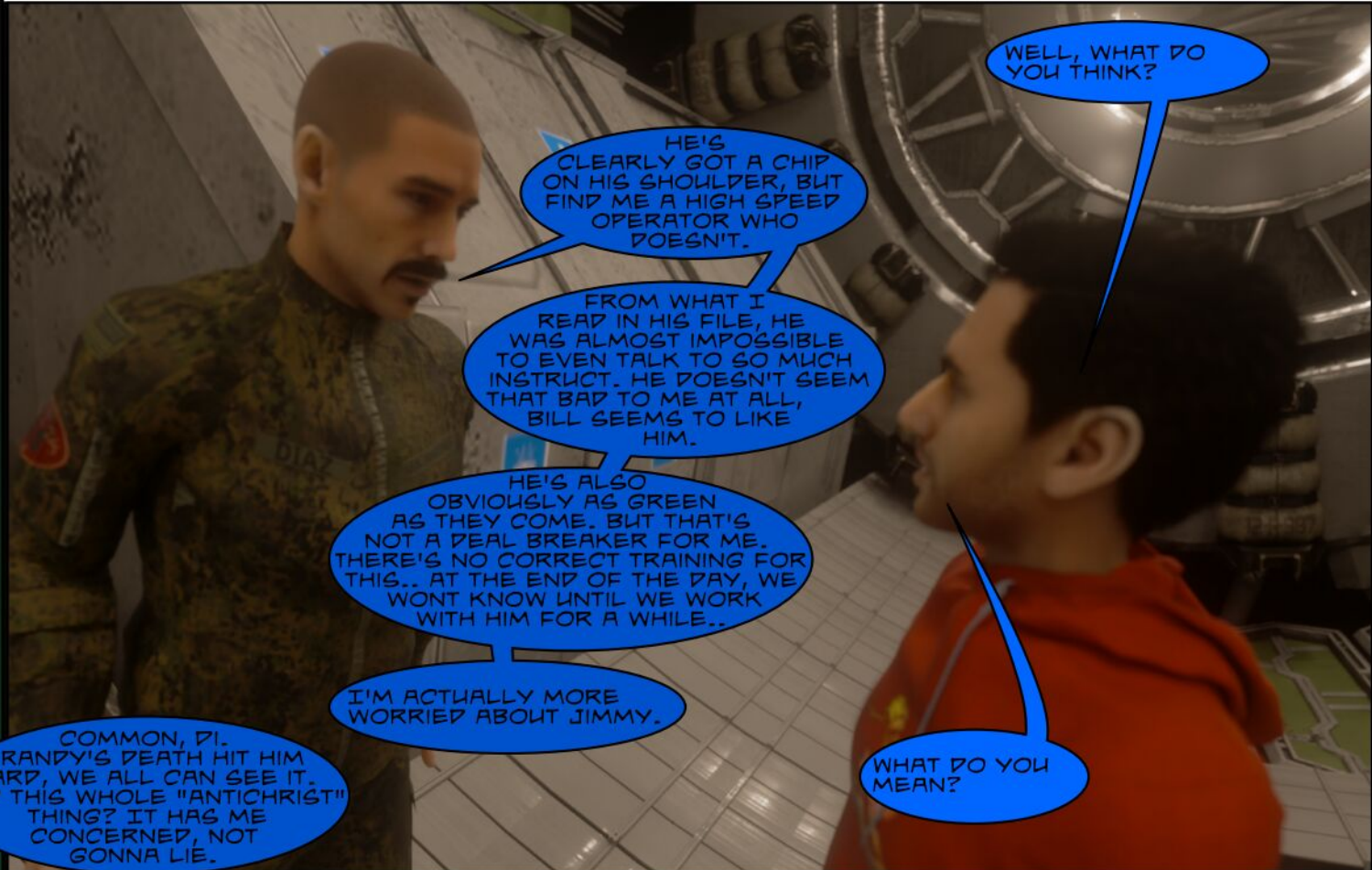
...P-90S?

THAT COUNTS! HOW MANY TABS IS THAT HE'S PAYING,

HEY BILL! WHAT DO YOU SAY YOU SHOW ME AROUND THIS SHIP BEFORE I HAVE TO BUY AN ENTIRE BREWERY TO KEEP UP? BECAUSE I DON'T THINK I CAN STOP.

WE'RE UP TO THREE WITH THAT!

I THINK THAT'S PROBABLY SMART, THEN AGAIN... HAVING YOU PAY FOR US FOREVER WOULD BE CONVENIENT..



WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK?

HE'S CLEARLY GOT A CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER, BUT FIND ME A HIGH SPEED OPERATOR WHO DOESN'T.

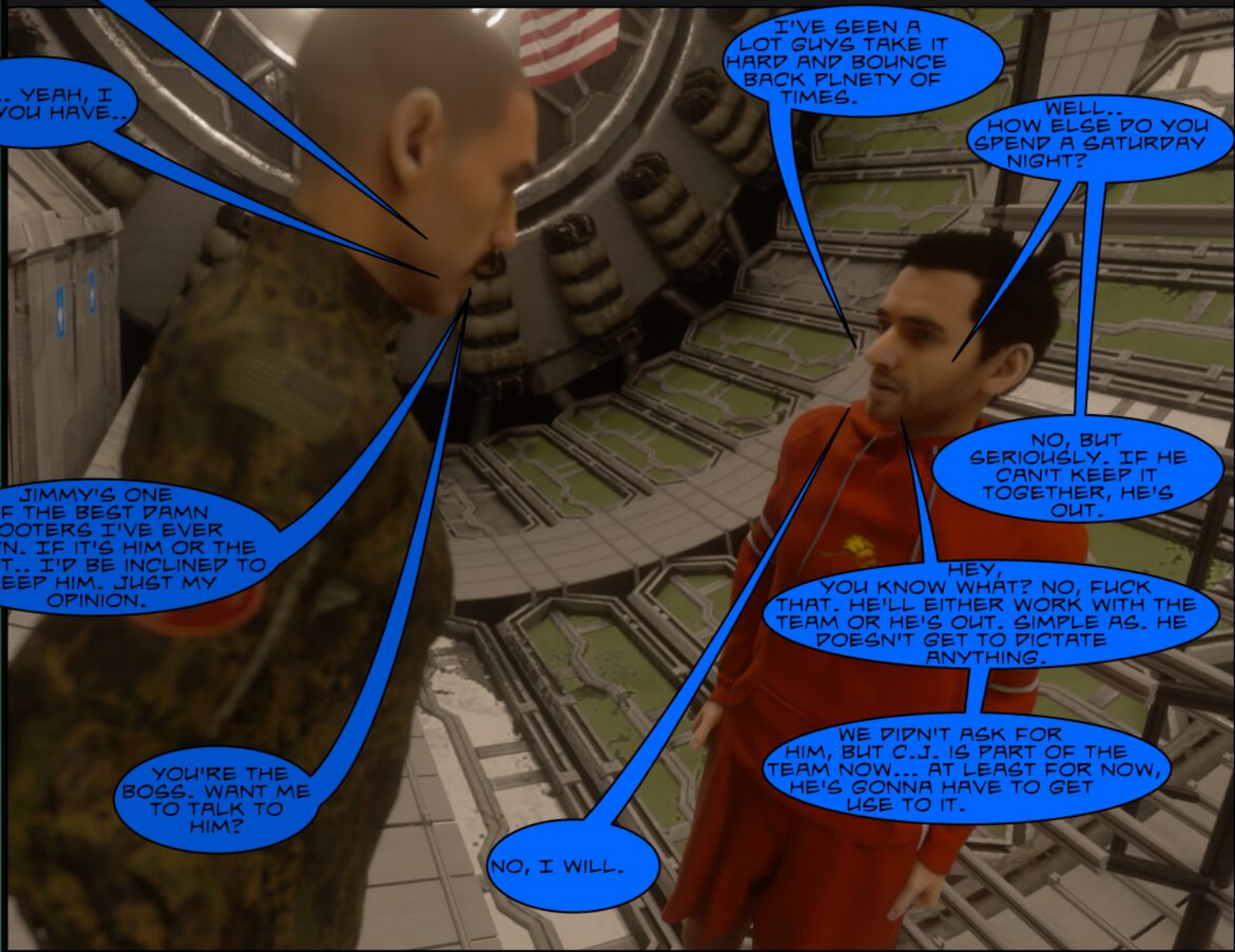
FROM WHAT I READ IN HIS FILE, HE WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO EVEN TALK TO SO MUCH INSTRUCT. HE DOESN'T SEEM THAT BAD TO ME AT ALL, BILL SEEMS TO LIKE HIM.

HE'S ALSO OBVIOUSLY AS GREEN AS THEY COME. BUT THAT'S NOT A DEAL BREAKER FOR ME. THERE'S NO CORRECT TRAINING FOR THIS.. AT THE END OF THE DAY, WE WONT KNOW UNTIL WE WORK WITH HIM FOR A WHILE..

I'M ACTUALLY MORE WORRIED ABOUT JIMMY.

COMMON, PI. RANDY'S DEATH HIT HIM HARD, WE ALL CAN SEE IT. AND THIS WHOLE "ANTICHRIST" THING? IT HAS ME CONCERNED, NOT GONNA LIE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



MM.. YEAH, I BET YOU HAVE..

I'VE SEEN A LOT GUYS TAKE IT HARD AND BOUNCE BACK PLNETY OF TIMES.

WELL.. HOW ELSE DO YOU SPEND A SATURDAY NIGHT?

NO, BUT SERIOUSLY. IF HE CAN'T KEEP IT TOGETHER, HE'S OUT.

HEY, YOU KNOW WHAT? NO, FUCK THAT. HE'LL EITHER WORK WITH THE TEAM OR HE'S OUT. SIMPLE AS. HE DOESN'T GET TO DICTATE ANYTHING.

WE DIDN'T ASK FOR HIM, BUT C.J. IS PART OF THE TEAM NOW... AT LEAST FOR NOW, HE'S GONNA HAVE TO GET USE TO IT.

YOU'RE THE BOSS. WANT ME TO TALK TO HIM?

NO, I WILL.

JIMMY'S ONE OF THE BEST DAMN SHOOTERS I'VE EVER KNOWN. IF IT'S HIM OR THE ROBOT.. I'D BE INCLINED TO KEEP HIM. JUST MY OPINION.



BLUE EAGLE-1,
YOU ARE GO FOR
DEPARTURE.
GODSPEED.

VANDENBERG
CONTROL. BLUE
EAGLE-1, ALL SYSTEMS
GO FOR MARS
DEPARTURE.

YO! DOC! THIS IS THE
NEW GUY, C.J. HE'S A
ROBOT! AND HAS A BUNCH
OF REALLY COOL OLD
CARS!

HUH? OH...
OHH! YEAH, HI. DOCTOR
WAYNE LAPOINTE. YOU CAN
CALL ME DALE.

FIGURE THIS SHIT
OUT YET?

THE OTHER
GUY SAID IT WAS LIKE
20,000 YEARS OLD? WHAT
IS IT? LOOKS EGYPTIAN...
WHERE DO YOU GET
"DALE"?

I'M REAL
CLOSE, I KNOW
IT.

I USE TO SIGN MY
NAME "DOC. L."
SOMEWHERE ALONG THE
LINE, THAT MORPHED INTO
"DALE" DON'T ASK.

IT'S AN ANCIENT CARVED
RELIEF. AT LEAST 20,000
YEARS OLD. I BELIEVE IT'S A
DEPICTION OF THE BINDING OF
SHEMHAZAH

AHH, THE
BOOK OF ENOCH!
COOL!

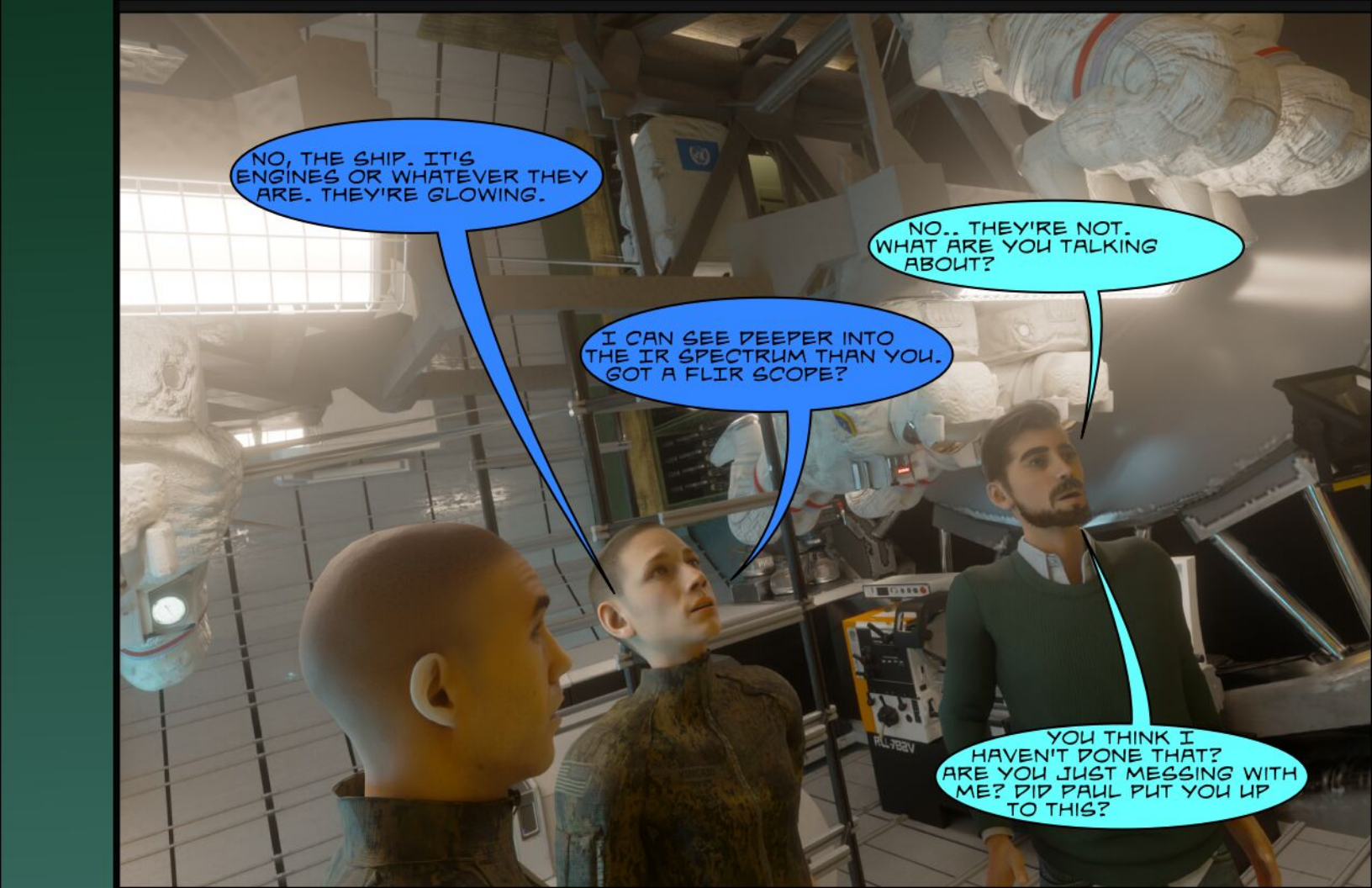


THAT'S RIGHT! I'M SURPRISED YOU KNOW THAT. YOU MARINES AREN'T EXACTLY KNOWN FOR YOUR ACADEMIC PROWESS.

ANYWAY, THIS SEEMS TO DEPICT THE ARRIVAL OF MICHEAL.

MY DAD'S OBSESSED WITH THAT KIND OF STUFF. I NEVER WATCHED CARTOONS AS A KID, I HAD TO WATCH ANCIENT ALIENS AND THAT KIND OF STUFF.. ANYWAY, WHAT POWERS THE LIGHTS?

WHAT LIGHTS? THE ALIENS EYES ARE A KIND OF BLUE QUARTZ THAT CAPTURE A LOT OF LIGHT AND LOOK LIKE THEY GLOW A BIT..

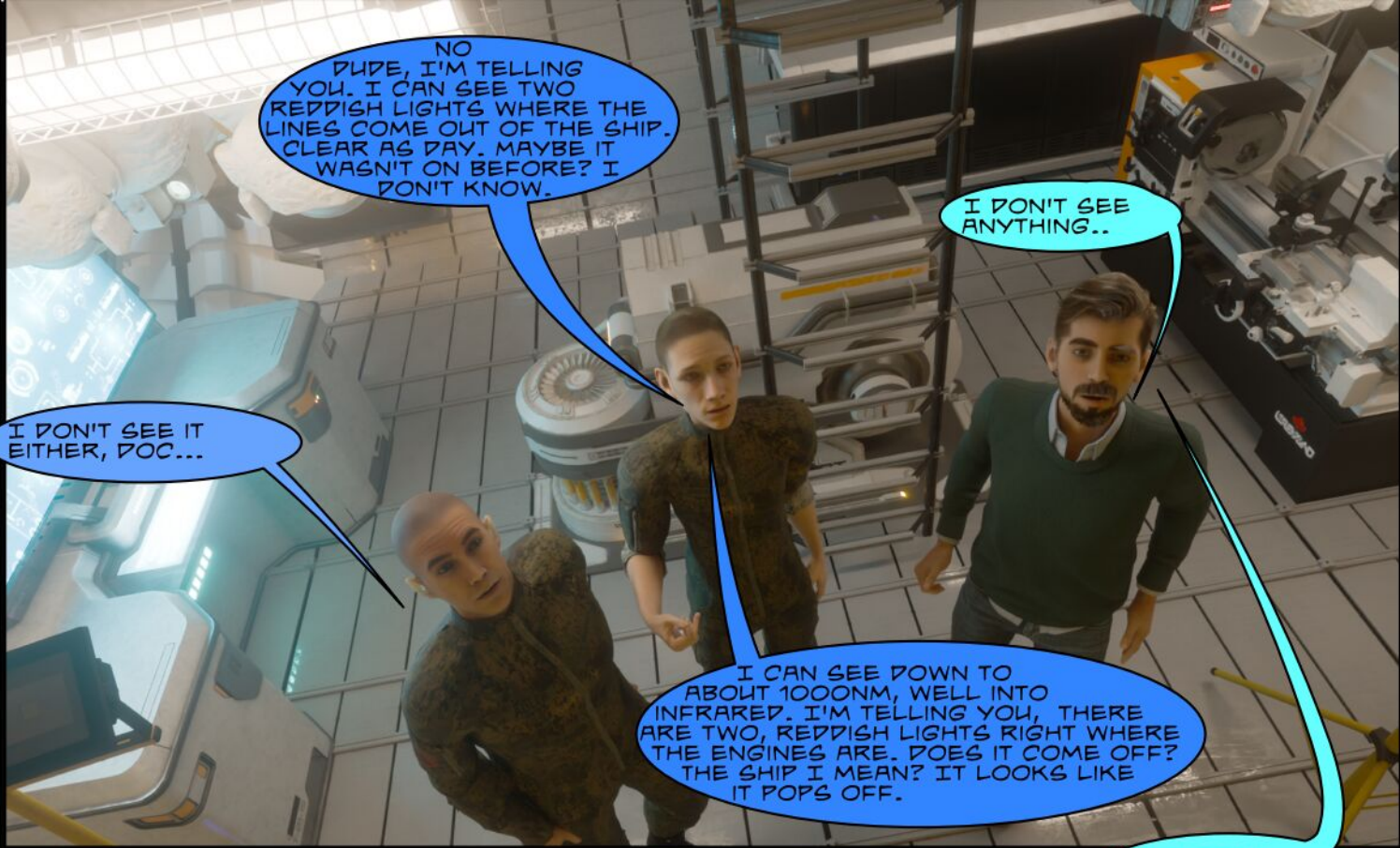


NO, THE SHIP. IT'S ENGINES OR WHATEVER THEY ARE. THEY'RE GLOWING.

NO.. THEY'RE NOT. WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

I CAN SEE DEEPER INTO THE IR SPECTRUM THAN YOU. GOT A FLIR SCOPE?

YOU THINK I HAVEN'T DONE THAT? ARE YOU JUST MESSING WITH ME? DID PAUL PUT YOU UP TO THIS?



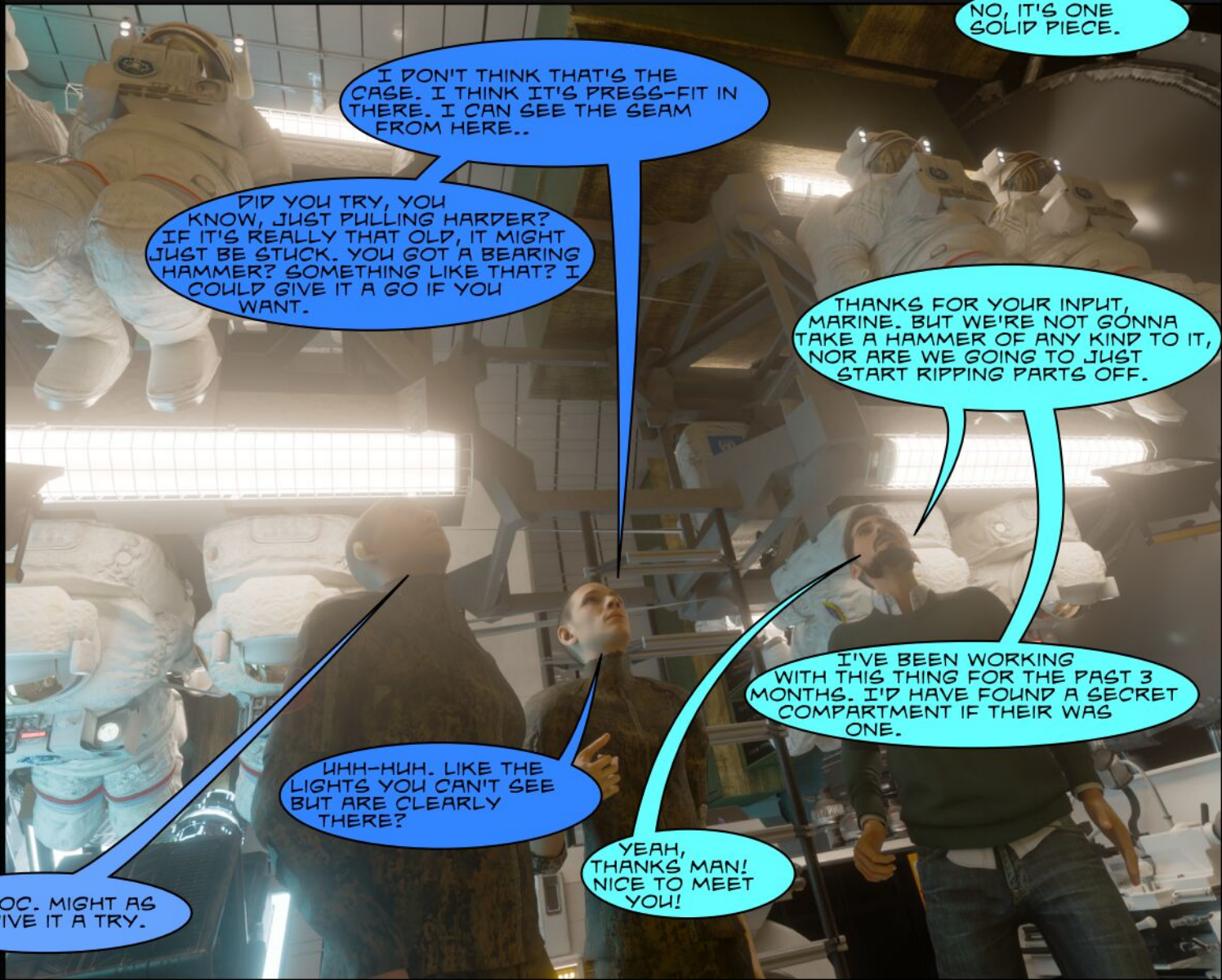
NO DUDE, I'M TELLING YOU. I CAN SEE TWO REDDISH LIGHTS WHERE THE LINES COME OUT OF THE SHIP. CLEAR AS DAY. MAYBE IT WASN'T ON BEFORE? I DON'T KNOW.

I DON'T SEE ANYTHING..

I DON'T SEE IT EITHER, DOC...

I CAN SEE DOWN TO ABOUT 1000NM, WELL INTO INFRARED. I'M TELLING YOU, THERE ARE TWO, REDDISH LIGHTS RIGHT WHERE THE ENGINES ARE. DOES IT COME OFF? THE SHIP I MEAN? IT LOOKS LIKE IT POPS OFF.

NO, IT'S ONE SOLID PIECE.



I DON'T THINK THAT'S THE CASE. I THINK IT'S PRESS-FIT IN THERE. I CAN SEE THE SEAM FROM HERE..

DID YOU TRY, YOU KNOW, JUST PULLING HARDER? IF IT'S REALLY THAT OLD, IT MIGHT JUST BE STUCK. YOU GOT A BEARING HAMMER? SOMETHING LIKE THAT? I COULD GIVE IT A GO IF YOU WANT.

THANKS FOR YOUR INPUT, MARINE. BUT WE'RE NOT GONNA TAKE A HAMMER OF ANY KIND TO IT, NOR ARE WE GOING TO JUST START RIPPING PARTS OFF.

I'VE BEEN WORKING WITH THIS THING FOR THE PAST 3 MONTHS. I'D HAVE FOUND A SECRET COMPARTMENT IF THEIR WAS ONE.

UHH-HUH. LIKE THE LIGHTS YOU CAN'T SEE BUT ARE CLEARLY THERE?

YEAH, THANKS MAN! NICE TO MEET YOU!

SHIT, DOC. MIGHT AS WELL GIVE IT A TRY.

A comic book page featuring two characters in a futuristic space station. The top panel shows a man and a woman in dark, patterned jumpsuits standing in a room with large, white, mechanical structures hanging from the ceiling. The man is on the left, looking towards the woman on the right. The bottom panel shows the same two characters from a different angle, with the woman on the left and the man on the right. They are standing near a large, white, mechanical structure. The background is filled with various technological elements, including screens and pipes.

LET'S
LEAVE THE DOCTOR
ALONE BEFORE HE
BREAKS SOMETHING AND
STARTS FREAKING OUT,
GET YOU SET UP WITH
A RIFLE.

GUNS! NOW
YOU'RE TALKING!

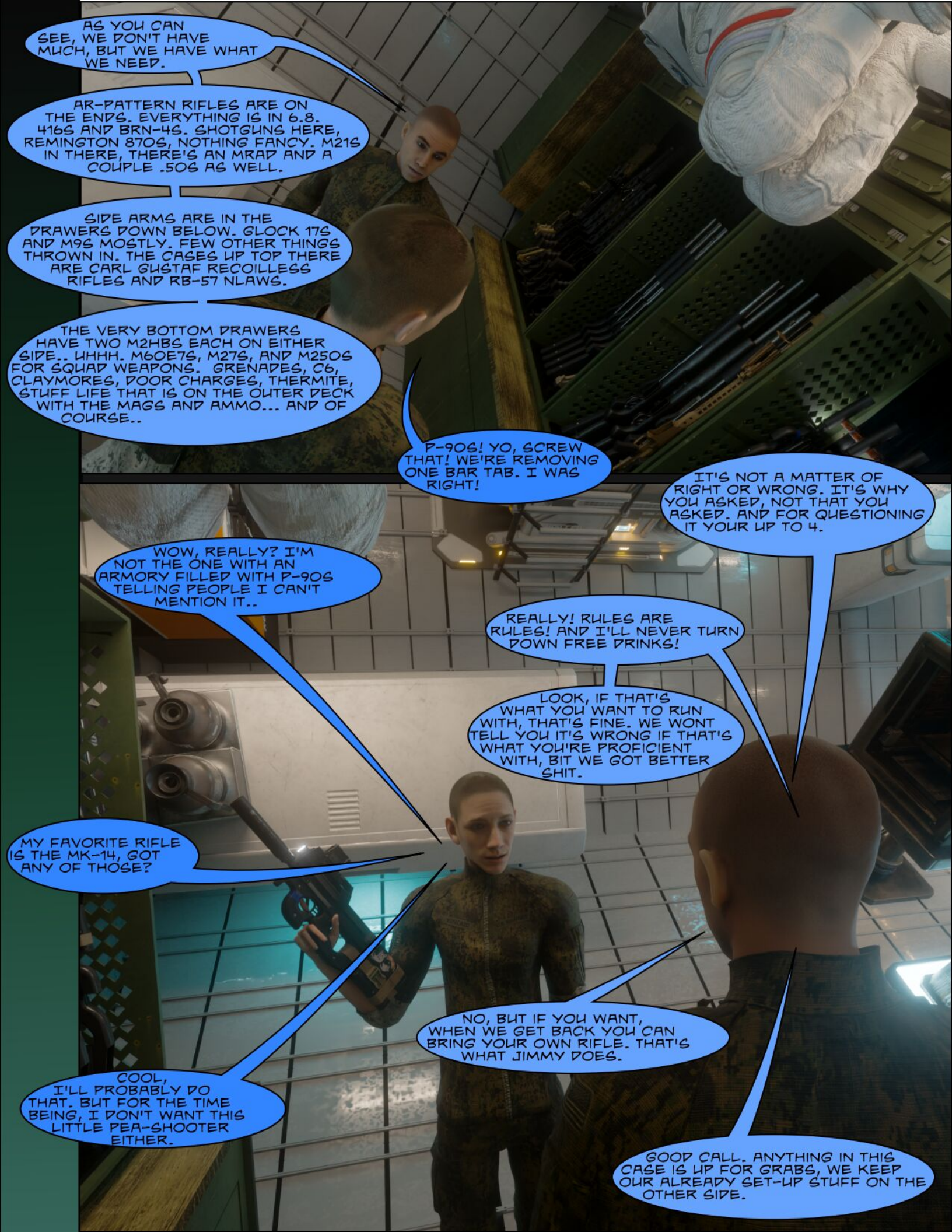
JUST BE
CAREFUL TO NOT
KNOCK ONE OF THESE
SUITS DOWN. THEY'RE JUST
HELD UP WITH VELCRO AND
BUNGEE CORDS.. I DID THAT
ONCE AND THE VISOR
CRACKED. THEY WERE
PISSED.

NORMALLY, IF
YOU'RE GOING TO THE
ARMORY, WE COME
DOWN THE OTHER
LADDER. JUST SO

GOOD TO
KNOW... LATHE IN
A SPACESHIP?
SEEMS UNSAFE.
METAL CHIPS AND
ALL?

DON'T ASK ME. THAT'S
SOMETHING DALE HAD TO
HAVE AND USED ONCE. YOU'LL
FIND THIS WHOLE SECTION IS
LITTERED WITH THAT KIND OF
STUFF.

OH NO, HE'S
ONE OF THOSE GUYS?
SOUNDS LIKE MY
DAD..



AS YOU CAN SEE, WE DON'T HAVE MUCH, BUT WE HAVE WHAT WE NEED.

AR-PATTERN RIFLES ARE ON THE ENDS. EVERYTHING IS IN 6.8. 416S AND BRN-4S. SHOTGUNS HERE, REMINGTON 870S, NOTHING FANCY. M21S IN THERE, THERE'S AN MRAP AND A COUPLE .50S AS WELL.

SIDE ARMS ARE IN THE DRAWERS DOWN BELOW. GLOCK 17S AND M9S MOSTLY. FEW OTHER THINGS THROWN IN. THE CASES UP TOP THERE ARE CARL GUSTAF RECOILLESS RIFLES AND RB-57 NLAWS.

THE VERY BOTTOM DRAWERS HAVE TWO M2HBs EACH ON EITHER SIDE.. UHHH. M60E7S, M27S, AND M250S FOR SQUAD WEAPONS. GRENADES, C6, CLAYMORES, DOOR CHARGES, THERMITE, STUFF LIKE THAT IS ON THE OUTER DECK WITH THE MAGS AND AMMO... AND OF COURSE..

P-90S! YO, SCREW THAT! WE'RE REMOVING ONE BAR TAB. I WAS RIGHT!

IT'S NOT A MATTER OF RIGHT OR WRONG. IT'S WHY YOU ASKED, NOT THAT YOU ASKED. AND FOR QUESTIONING IT YOUR UP TO 4.

WOW, REALLY? I'M NOT THE ONE WITH AN ARMORY FILLED WITH P-90S TELLING PEOPLE I CAN'T MENTION IT..

REALLY! RULES ARE RULES! AND I'LL NEVER TURN DOWN FREE DRINKS!

LOOK, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT TO RUN WITH, THAT'S FINE. WE WON'T TELL YOU IT'S WRONG IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE PROFICIENT WITH, BUT WE GOT BETTER SHIT.

MY FAVORITE RIFLE IS THE MK-14, GOT ANY OF THOSE?

NO, BUT IF YOU WANT, WHEN WE GET BACK YOU CAN BRING YOUR OWN RIFLE. THAT'S WHAT JIMMY DOES.

COOL, I'LL PROBABLY DO THAT. BUT FOR THE TIME BEING, I DON'T WANT THIS LITTLE PEA-SHOOTER EITHER.

GOOD CALL. ANYTHING IN THIS CASE IS UP FOR GRABS, WE KEEP OUR ALREADY SET-UP STUFF ON THE OTHER SIDE.

C.J. LOOKED OVER THE RIFLES BRIEFLY BEFORE GRABBING ONE.

ALRIGHT, COOL. JUST SET IT ON THE TABLE HERE AND WE'LL HAVE DOUG, THE ARMORER SIGN IT OUT TO YOU.

THAT WAY NO ONE ELSE GRABS IT, EVEN THOUGH WE'RE PRETTY MUCH THE ONLY ONES WHO TOUCH THE GUNS... NOW WE JUST GOTTA FIND HIM... IF WE CAN'T, FRANK, THE QUARTERMASTER CAN SIGN IT OUT TOO. HE'S ALWAYS AROUND.

HA! YOU EXPECTED ANYTHING ELSE?

THIS IS ADEQUATE FOR NOW.

EVEN IN SPACE FIGHTING DEMONS, STILL GOTTA DO PAPERWORK, HUH?

HONESTLY? I'M STILL KINDA WAITING TO WAKE UP FROM WHATEVER DREAM THIS IS..

AHH! THAT'LL GO AWAY IN A FEW DAYS. WHAT'S REALLY WEIRD IS WHEN THIS BECOMES NORMAL.

YEAH.. SO UHH.. WE'RE GOING TO MARS? EVER BEEN THERE?

OHH YEAH, MANY TIMES. YOU?

NO, I WANTED TO FOR MY 15TH BIRTHDAY, BUT MY DAD FREAKED OUT. THE COMPROMISE WAS THE GT2.

WHAT A TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE THING... POOR YOU. I CAN'T EVEN IMAGINE SUCH HORROR..

PROBABLY. HEY, THAT'S SOMETHING I WAS GONNA ASK, BUT EVERYTHING IS HAPPENING SO FAST. HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE THIS SHIP? TO GET TO MARS?

THREE MONTHS THERE, THREE BACK ON A ROCKET.. NOT WORTH IT FOR RED SAND AND ROCKS. YOU GOT THE BETTER DEAL.

NOT LONG. DEPENDS ON HOW DESPERATE WE ARE TO GET THERE. PROBABLY THREE OR FOUR HOURS, TOPS.

ANOTHER THING THAT'S BUGGING ME. THERE'S PLENTY OF US ASSETS ON AND AROUND MARS. WHY ARE WE GETTING SENT ALL THE WAY FROM EARTH?



BUT WE CAN'T FIGHT THE ALIENS, RIGHT?

I DON'T ACTUALLY HAVE A BRAIN, THOUGH. I HAVE A 3 CPU'S AND FOUR REDUNDANT MEMORY CORES. SAME BASIC "PROGRAMMING", JUST DIFFERENT HARDWARE.

WHY WOULD THAT BE HILARIOUS?

OHH, I HAVE NO IDEA. USUALLY IT'S BECAUSE IT INVOLVES THE ALIENS, OR SOMETIMES THE C.C.P. THEY'RE OUT HERE TOO.

NOT DIRECTLY, NO. THEY'LL JUST SHUT OUR BRAINS OFF. YOU'VE HEARD UFO ABDUCTION STORIES, RIGHT? IT'S LIKE THAT. WE JUST WAKE UP WITH MISSING TIME. BUT WE CAN FIGHT THEIR FOLLOWERS. WE KICK THEIR ASSES!

OHH! NOW IT MAKES SENSE WHY THEY WANTED YOU SO BADLY! YOU MIGHT ACTUALLY BE IMMUNE TO THEIR MIND BEAMS! THAT'D BE HILARIOUS!

THEY HATE A.I. WE ALWAYS ASSUMED IT WAS BECAUSE THEY GOT WIPE OUT BY IT. THAT'S WHAT THEY'VE TOLD US, BUT I'M STARTING TO WONDER..

MY DAD INSISTS HE WAS VISITED BY AN ALIEN THE NIGHT HE DECIDED TO MAKE ME. SAYS I WAS MADE AT THEIR DIRECTION.

YEAH, GABRIEL.

YEAH! THAT'S WHY I WANTED TO COME SEE IT AGAIN. YOU KNOW HIM?

GOD, I HOPE THAT JIMMY GUY ISN'T RIGHT ABOUT ME..

THAT'S.. A LITTLE CONCERNING, ACTUALLY. DID HE HAPPEN TO MENTION A NAME?

DID YOUR DAD DESCRIBE HIM LOOKING A LOT LIKE THE ALIENS ON THAT ARTIFACT?

NO, BUT WE'RE AWARE OF HIM. HE'S ONE OF THE GOOD ONES FROM WHAT WE CAN TELL.

YEAH, SO DO I.. I GUESS IT'S AN EASY QUESTION TO ANSWER. DO YOU THINK YOU'RE...EVIL?

A comic book panel depicting a scene from a video game. Two characters, a woman and a man, are in a workshop filled with tools. The woman, on the left, is wearing a dark, patterned jumpsuit with 'KINCAID' on the chest. The man, on the right, is wearing a similar jumpsuit. They are both looking at each other. The background shows shelves with various tools and equipment.

NO.. BUT STILL. I
GET WHERE HE'S
COMING FROM IN A
WAY.

I'VE SEEN.. THE
MOVIES. I GET WHY
PEOPLE ARE AFRAID
OF ME.

HEY, NICE SAVE
THERE. UMM, THIS MIGHT
BE A DUMB QUESTION. BUT DO
YOU EVEN NEED AN E.V.A.
SUIT?

OHH, FUCK YES.
I'M NOT BUILT FOR VACUUM. I'D
SURVIVE A LOT LONGER THAN YOU, BUT
IT'D SUCK DONKEY BALLS. MY SKIN
WOULD CRACK AND SHIT, NOT
PLEASANT.

I ACTUALLY
DON'T KNOW AND DON'T
PARTICULARLY CARE TO
FIND OUT.

UGH.. WOULD IT
HEAL, OR, LIKE, SLOSH
OFF?

IS IT WEIRD IF I
KINDA DO? YOU KNOW,
JUST TO KNOW?

OHH! NOT.. LIKE,
WHILE IT'S ON YOU. I
MEAN, LIKE A SAMPLE OR
SOMETHING NAILED TO A
BOARD.. JUST TO SEE? YOU
KNOW WHAT?
NEVER-MIND.

YEAH, I GOT WHAT YOU
MEANT. THAT MIGHT ACTUALLY
NOT BE A BAD IDEA, HONESTLY IF I'M
GONNA BE OUT HERE.. CHANGING
SUBJECTS. WEREN'T WE SUPPOSE TO
BE LOOKING FOR SOME GUY
NAMED DOUG?

RIGHT! SCREW HIM, HE'S
NEVER AROUND. FUCKIN' CHAIR
FORCE, MAN. CAN'T EVEN BE
BOtherED TO BE IN THEIR DAMN
CHAIR?... LETS CHECK THE OUTER
DECK.





WHAT THE FUCK WAS
THAT BULLSHIT BACK
THERE?

DON'T TAKE THIS THE
WRONG WAY, DI. BUT I CAN'T
WORK WITH THAT.. THING.

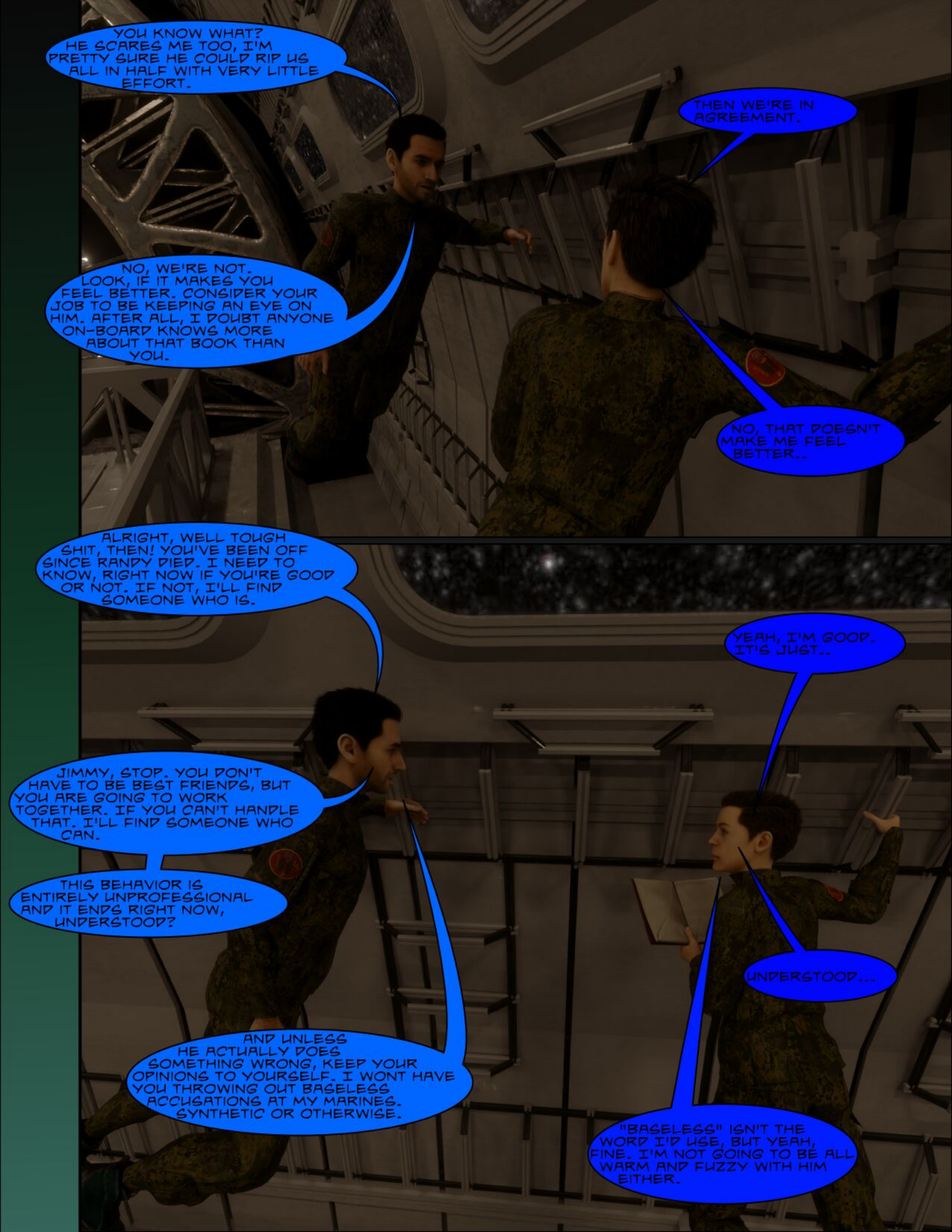


OH, REALLY? YOU
CAN'T? WELL, GUESS
WHAT? IT AIN'T FUCKING
UP TO YOU.

MARK MY
WORDS, WHATEVER THAT
THING IS, IT'S UNHOLY. I
DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO
DO WITH IT.

JIMMY.. YOUR TRACK RECORD
FOR "GUT FEELINGS" IS LESS THAN
STELLAR.

IT'S A WALKING,
TALKING MACHINE. IT'S AN
ABOMINATION. IT SHOULDN'T
BE ALLOWED TO EXIST.



YOU KNOW WHAT?
HE SCARES ME TOO, I'M
PRETTY SURE HE COULD RIP US
ALL IN HALF WITH VERY LITTLE
EFFORT.

THEN WE'RE IN
AGREEMENT.

NO, WE'RE NOT.
LOOK, IF IT MAKES YOU
FEEL BETTER. CONSIDER YOUR
JOB TO BE KEEPING AN EYE ON
HIM. AFTER ALL, I DOUBT ANYONE
ON-BOARD KNOWS MORE
ABOUT THAT BOOK THAN
YOU.

NO, THAT DOESN'T
MAKE ME FEEL
BETTER..

ALRIGHT, WELL TOUGH
SHIT, THEN! YOU'VE BEEN OFF
SINCE RANDY DIED. I NEED TO
KNOW, RIGHT NOW IF YOU'RE GOOD
OR NOT. IF NOT, I'LL FIND
SOMEONE WHO IS.

YEAH, I'M GOOD.
IT'S JUST..

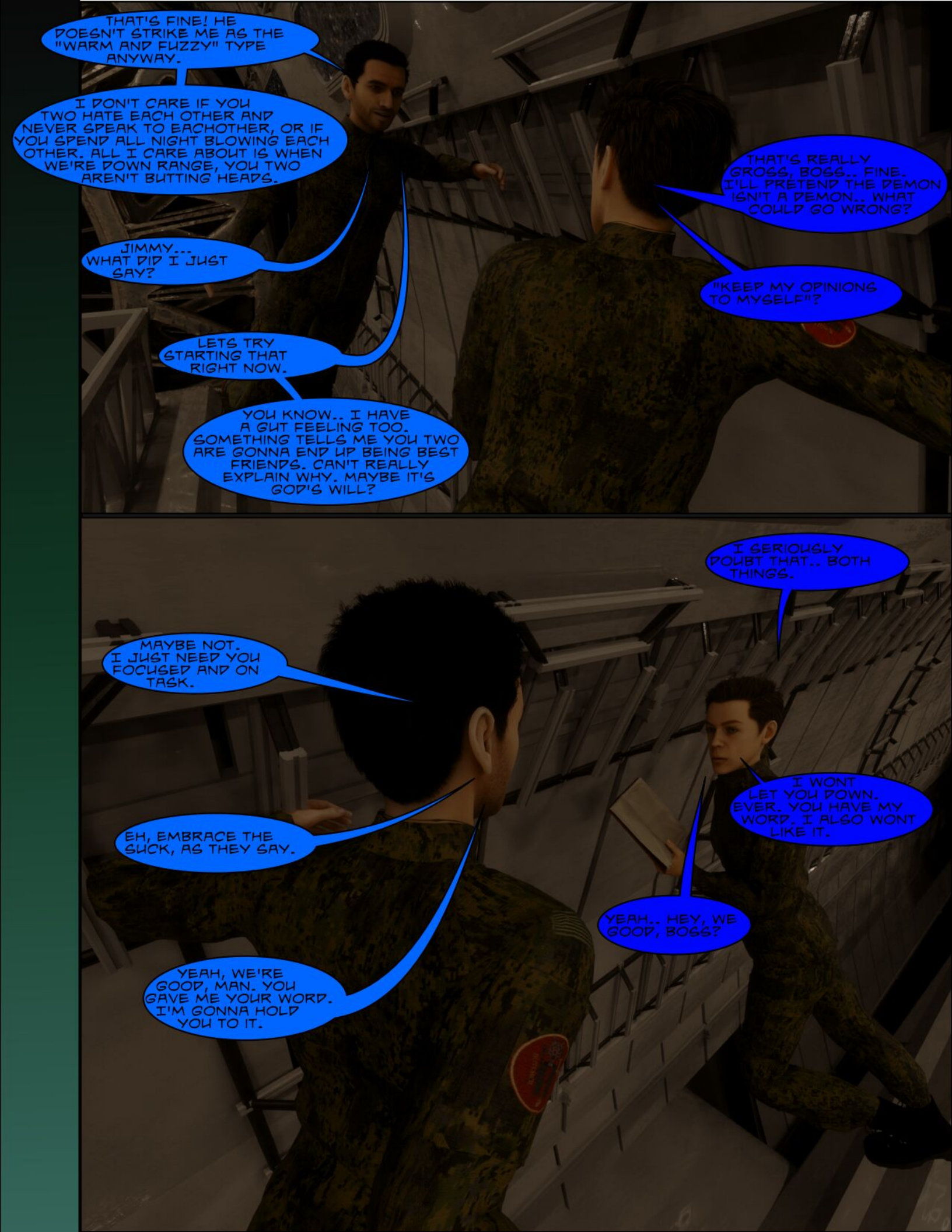
JIMMY, STOP. YOU DON'T
HAVE TO BE BEST FRIENDS, BUT
YOU ARE GOING TO WORK
TOGETHER. IF YOU CAN'T HANDLE
THAT. I'LL FIND SOMEONE WHO
CAN.

THIS BEHAVIOR IS
ENTIRELY UNPROFESSIONAL
AND IT ENDS RIGHT NOW,
UNDERSTOOD?

UNDERSTOOD...

AND UNLESS
HE ACTUALLY DOES
SOMETHING WRONG, KEEP YOUR
OPINIONS TO YOURSELF. I WON'T HAVE
YOU THROWING OUT BASELESS
ACCUSATIONS AT MY MARINES.
SYNTHETIC OR OTHERWISE.

"BASELESS" ISN'T THE
WORD I'D USE, BUT YEAH,
FINE. I'M NOT GOING TO BE ALL
WARM AND FUZZY WITH HIM
EITHER.



THAT'S FINE! HE DOESN'T STRIKE ME AS THE "WARM AND FUZZY" TYPE ANYWAY.

I DON'T CARE IF YOU TWO HATE EACH OTHER AND NEVER SPEAK TO EACHOTHER, OR IF YOU SPEND ALL NIGHT BLOWING EACH OTHER. ALL I CARE ABOUT IS WHEN WE'RE DOWN RANGE, YOU TWO AREN'T BUTTING HEADS.

JIMMY... WHAT DID I JUST SAY?

LET'S TRY STARTING THAT RIGHT NOW.

YOU KNOW.. I HAVE A GUT FEELING TOO. SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU TWO ARE GONNA END UP BEING BEST FRIENDS. CAN'T REALLY EXPLAIN WHY. MAYBE IT'S GOD'S WILL?

THAT'S REALLY GROSS, BOGG.. FINE. I'LL PRETEND THE DEMON ISN'T A DEMON.. WHAT COULD GO WRONG?

"KEEP MY OPINIONS TO MYSELF"?

MAYBE NOT. I JUST NEED YOU FOCUSED AND ON TASK.

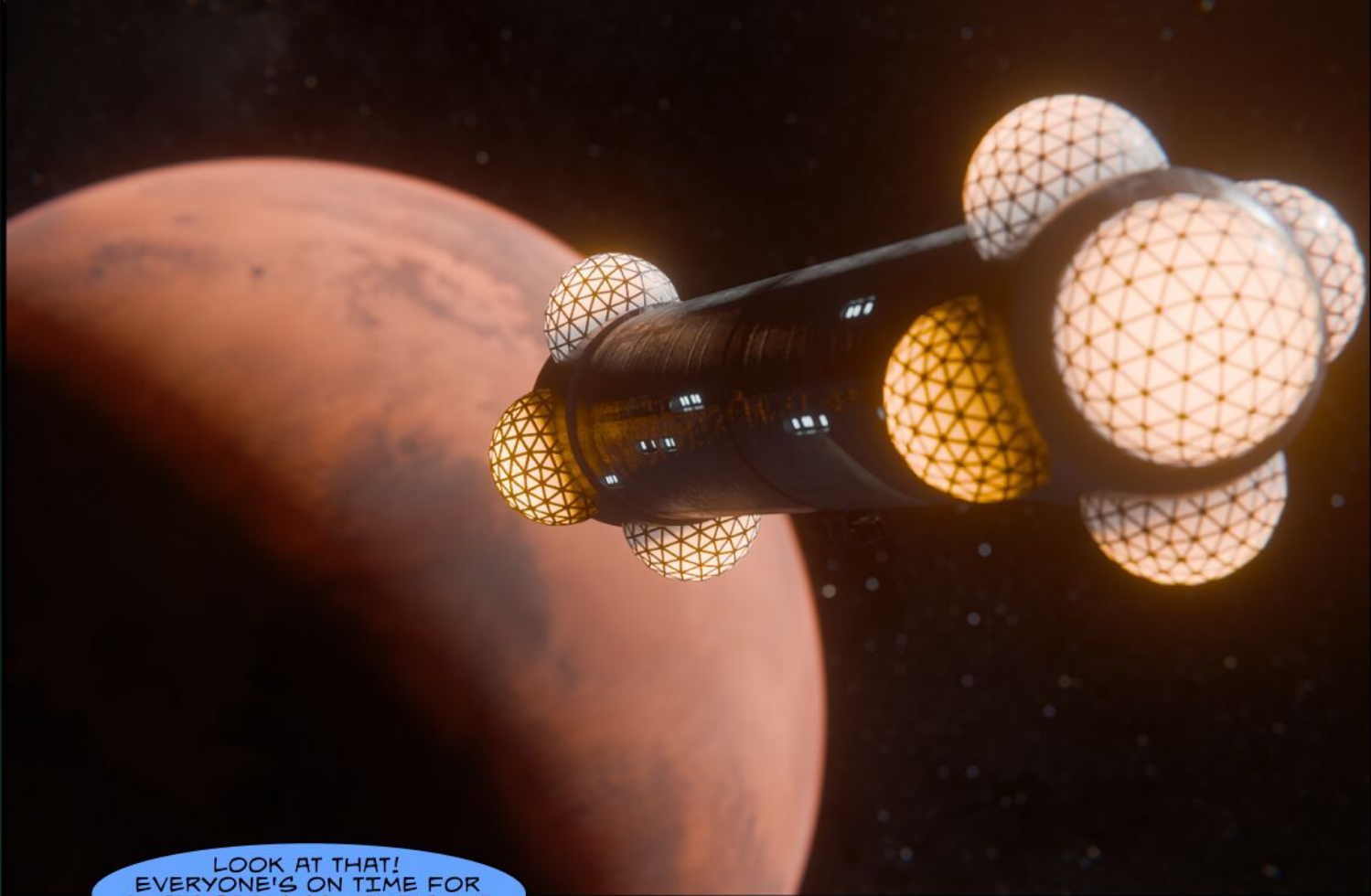
EH, EMBRACE THE SUCK, AS THEY SAY.

YEAH, WE'RE GOOD, MAN. YOU GAVE ME YOUR WORD. I'M GONNA HOLD YOU TO IT.

I SERIOUSLY DOUBT THAT.. BOTH THINGS.

I WON'T LET YOU DOWN. EVER. YOU HAVE MY WORD. I ALSO WON'T LIKE IT.

YEAH.. HEY, WE GOOD, BOGG?



LOOK AT THAT!
EVERYONE'S ON TIME FOR
ONCE! COOL! SO HERE'S THE
SITUATION.

AT AROUND 0330
THIS MORNING, TWO
AMERICAN GEOLOGISTS,
ALONG WITH FOUR OF THEIR
RESEARCH STUDENTS WERE
CONDUCTING A SURVEY ABOUT
135 KILLOMETERS NORTH-EAST
OF GALE.

THEY WERE IN
CONSTANT CONTACT WITH
THEIR COLLEAGUES BACK AT
THE NEW JAMESTOWN COLONY.
RIGHT UP UNTIL THEY
WEREN'T.

THE
TEAM BACK AT THE
COLONY REPORTED FRANTIC
SCREAMING AND GUNFIRE, AS
WELL AS WHAT THEY DESCRIBED
AS "LOUD METAL BANGS."
THEN THE COMMS CUT
OUT.

THE ROVERS
TELEMETRY-LINK
STAYED ONLINE FOR A FEW
MORE SECONDS THOUGH. WHAT
CAME THROUGH WAS INDICATIVE
OF A HIGH-SPEED IMPACT,
DESPITE THE FACT THE
ROVER WASN'T
MOVING.





UNCLEAR. TWO ESTONIAN ESTSO F OPERATORS WERE RUNNING P.S.D. WITH THEM.

UNFORTUNATELY, IT LOOKS LIKE COMPLACENCY IS GONNA BITE US IN THE BALLS ON THIS ONE. THEY WEREN'T RECORDING THE TRANSMISSION, SO WE ONLY HAVE THE WITNESS ACCOUNTS FROM THE PEOPLE WHO HEARD THE TRANSMISSION.

ARE WE SURE THEY DIDN'T JUST WRECK THE ROVER? THE GUNSHOTS, THE TELEMETRY. THAT COULD ALL JUST BE STATIC AND INTERFERENCE AS THE SYSTEM WENT DOWN. THE PROBABLY ROLLED IT OFF A CLIFF OR SOMETHING.

I ASSUME THE SCIENTISTS DIDN'T HAVE GUNS. WHO WAS SHOOTING? AND WHAT WERE THEY SHOOTING AT?



I HATE TO, BECAUSE HE'S THE NEW GUY, BUT I'VE GOT TO AGREE WITH C.J.. WE ALL KNOW THESE SCIENCE GUYS ARE PRONE TO OVERREACTING. PLUS, GALE IS PRETTY FAR FROM THE CHINESE COMPOUNDS.

VERY POSSIBLE. IT WAS ONE OF THOSE FANCY, HIGH-PERFORMANCE MODELS. THE DETAILS ARE IN THE FILES THERE. ALONG WITH THE NAMES AND PICTURES OF EVERYONE IN THAT ROVER.

REGARDLESS, THE NEXT NEAREST U.S. ASSET IS TWO DAYS OUT BY ROVER.

THERE ARE CLOSER ROVERS AT THE GALE OUTPOST, BUT THEY WON'T DEPLOY A RESCUE TEAM DUE TO THE GUNSHOTS.

THE ROVER HAS ENOUGH SUPPLIES FOR SEVERAL DAYS, HOWEVER IF IT'S DAMAGED, AND THE CREW HAD TO GET INTO THEIR SUITS. THEY MAY ONLY HAVE A FEW HOURS.



ON TOP OF ALL THAT, THERE'S A SANDSTORM COVERING HALF THE PLANET RIGHT NOW, AND IT'S STATIC CHARGE IS WELL BEYOND OUR DRIVES SAFE LIMITS, SO WE CAN'T PUT YOU IN DIRECTLY.

WE'RE SETTling INTO MARS ORBIT NOW. IN ABOUT 15 MINUTES WE'LL LINK UP WITH THE DESTROYER **U.S.S. ARES**, WHICH WILL TAKE YOU DOWN TO THE ESTONIAN COMPOUND AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE GALE REGION, ONLY 20 KLICKS FROM THE LAST-KNOWN OF THE ROVER.



THE TERRAIN IS PRETTY ROUGH OUT THERE AS WELL, THERE'S AN R.T.G. SERVICE ROAD THAT'LL TAKE YOU ABOUT 1/4 OF THE WAY THERE FROM THE COMPOUND. THEN IT'S ALL OFF-ROAD.

FROM THERE, THE ESTONIANS HAVE GRACIOUSLY OFFERED TO LET US USE THEIR ROVER.

YOUR MISSION IS COMBAT SEARCH AND RESCUE, PLAIN AND SIMPLE. THE PEOPLE BACK AT NEW JAMESTOWN ARE PRETTY INSISTENT, AND CONSISTENT ABOUT WHAT THEY HEARD.

THEY'RE PRETTY SURE THEY HEARD GUNSHOTS AND PANICKED SCREAMS ACCOMPANIED BY PHRASES LIKE "OHH MY GOD!"

I ASSUME THE SANDSTORM MEANS NO EYES ON THE ROVER? NO I.S.R?

WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF IMAGES OF IT BEFORE THE SANDSTORM ROLLED IN. WE DO HAVE LIVE RADAR IMAGINARY OF THE AREA, BUT THE RESOLUTION ISN'T VERY GOOD. BAD ANGLE, WE'RE WORKING TO CLEAR IT UP, BUT DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP.

THE ROVER IS RIGHT WHERE IT'S LAST KNOWN TELEMETRY SAID IT WAS. IT APPEARS TO BE RIGHT SIDE UP, POSSIBLE IN A DITCH OR STUCK ON A ROCK. IT'S HARD TO TELL.

THAT MEANS NO I.S.R. OR COMMS FOR THEM EITHER. LETS FIGHT IN THE SHADE! I'M COOL WITH THAT!

I WISH WE HAD MORE INFO FOR YOU, BUT WE DON'T. YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE IT WORK.

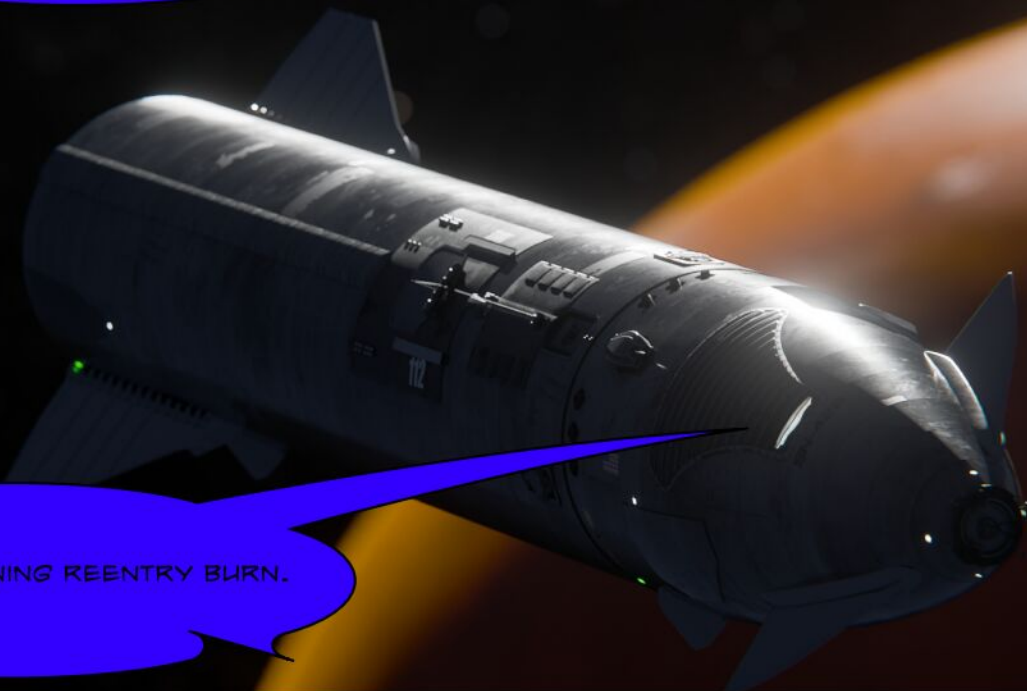
FUCKIN OOH-RA.



IF THERE'S NO FURTHER QUESTIONS, GEAR UP, MARINES. BRING EM HOME.



BLUE EAGLE-1, U.S.S. ARES, RELEASING
UMBILICAL SEAL.



ALL CLEAR, BEGINNING REENTRY BURN.



BUTCHER 1, ARES
ACTUAL. AIRLOCK SECURE, CLEAR
TO DEPART. BE ADVISED, AT CURRENT
WE SHOW FOUR HOURS UNTIL THE STORM
EXCEEDS OUR TAKE-OFF SAFETY
LIMITS.

LAUNCH CLOCK IS SET AT T-3
HOURS, 50 MINUTES. WHEN IT HITS
ZERO, WE LAUNCH WITH OR WITHOUT
YOU.

ONE COPIES ALL,
ARES. KEEP THE LIGHTS ON
FOR US, WE WON'T BE GONE
LONG.

ALRIGHT, BOYS, LET'S
BRING THESE GUYS HOME.
MOVE OUT.

SO, WE GOT A
WAGER GOING? WRECKED
ROVER OR CHINESE AMBUSH?
I GOT 50 ON WRECKED,
ANOTHER 25 IF THEY WERE
DRUNK.

NAH, BRO. IT
SEEMS PRETTY CLEAR THEY
WRECKED-OUT. SOME OF THESE
NEW ROVERS REALLY RIP. AND
WHEN THEY WRECK, THEY TEND
TO WRECK HARD.

THE FILE SAID THEY WERE
IN A NOVATECH KILONOVA.
THEY'RE LIKE 3,800
HORSEPOWER...



...WOOOOW!!!
THIS IS AMAZING!

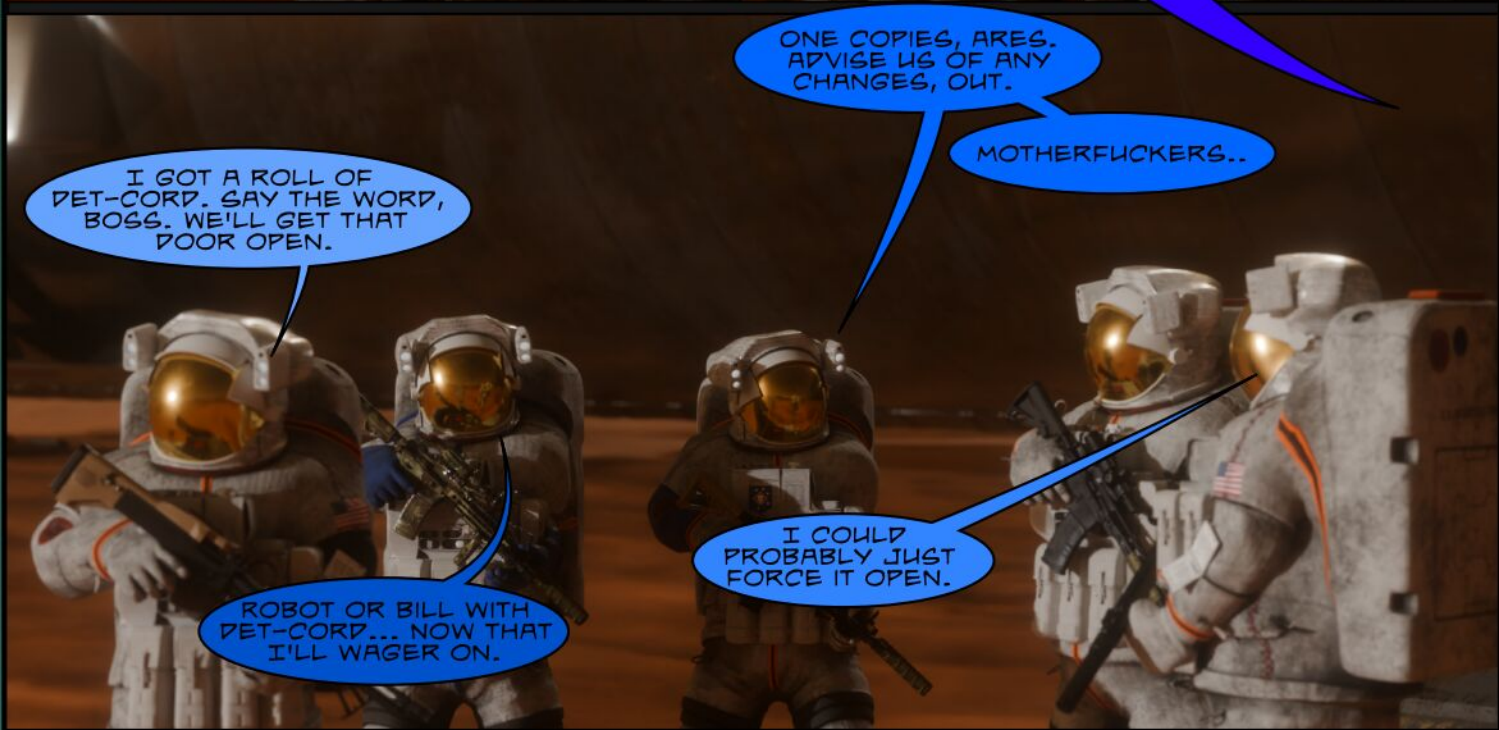


YO!
ROBOT! DON'T
BLAST OFF BEFORE THE
SHIP. STAY FOCUSED,
WE'RE NOT HERE TO
SIGHT-SEE.

ARES,
BUTCHER ONE. PARTNER
FORCE IS A NOW SHOW. SEE
IF YOU CAN RAISE EM FOR
US!

RIGHT.. WOW.. SO
COOL.

ONE, PARTNER FORCE JUST
INFORMED US THEY'RE HAVING TROUBLE
WITH THEIR GARAGE DOOR, CAN'T GET THE
ROVER OUT. THEY'RE GONNA NEED 10 MIKES
TO SORT IT OUT.



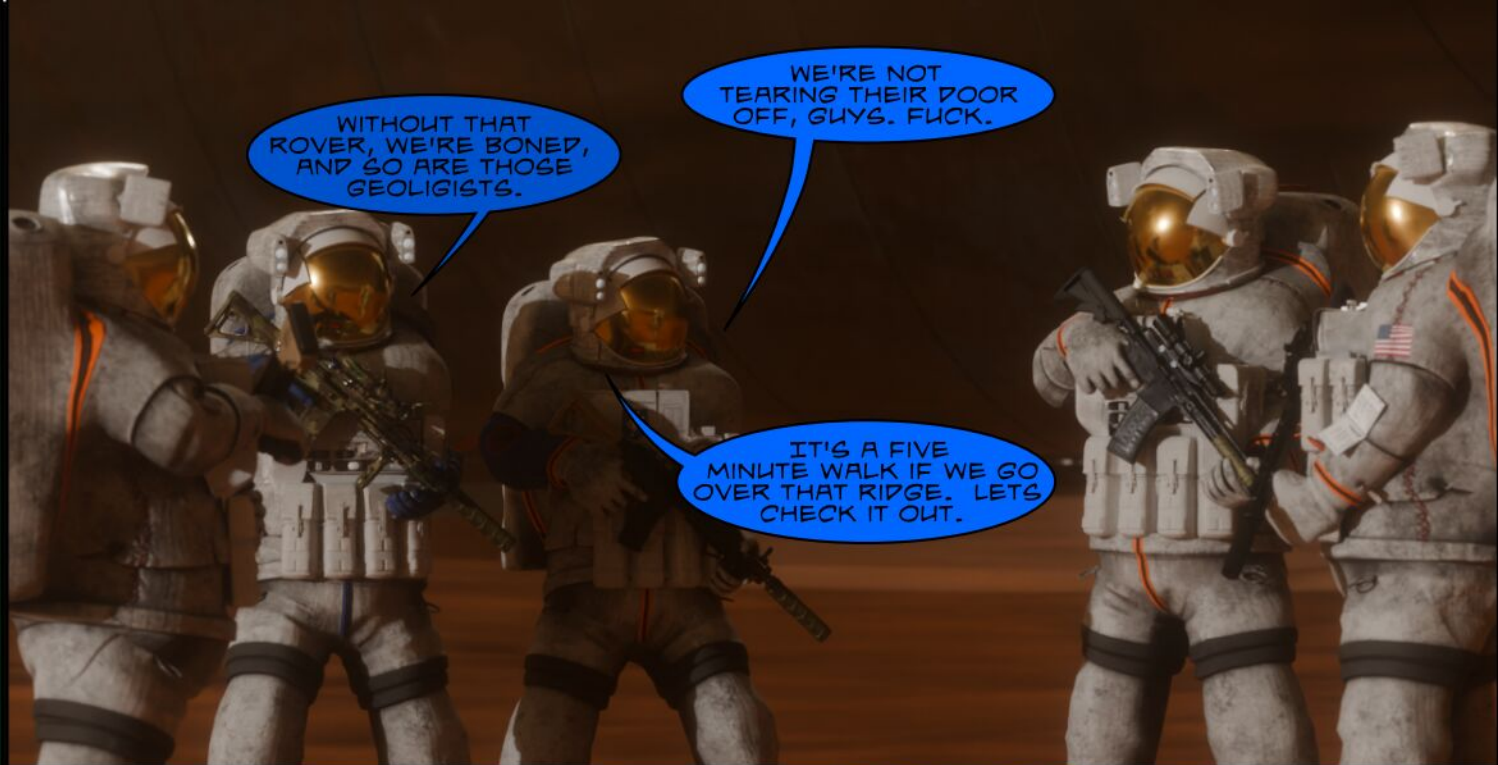
I GOT A ROLL OF
PET-CORD. SAY THE WORD,
BOSS. WE'LL GET THAT
DOOR OPEN.

ONE COPIES, ARES.
ADVISE US OF ANY
CHANGES, OUT.

MOTHERFUCKERS..

ROBOT OR BILL WITH
PET-CORD... NOW THAT
I'LL WAGER ON.

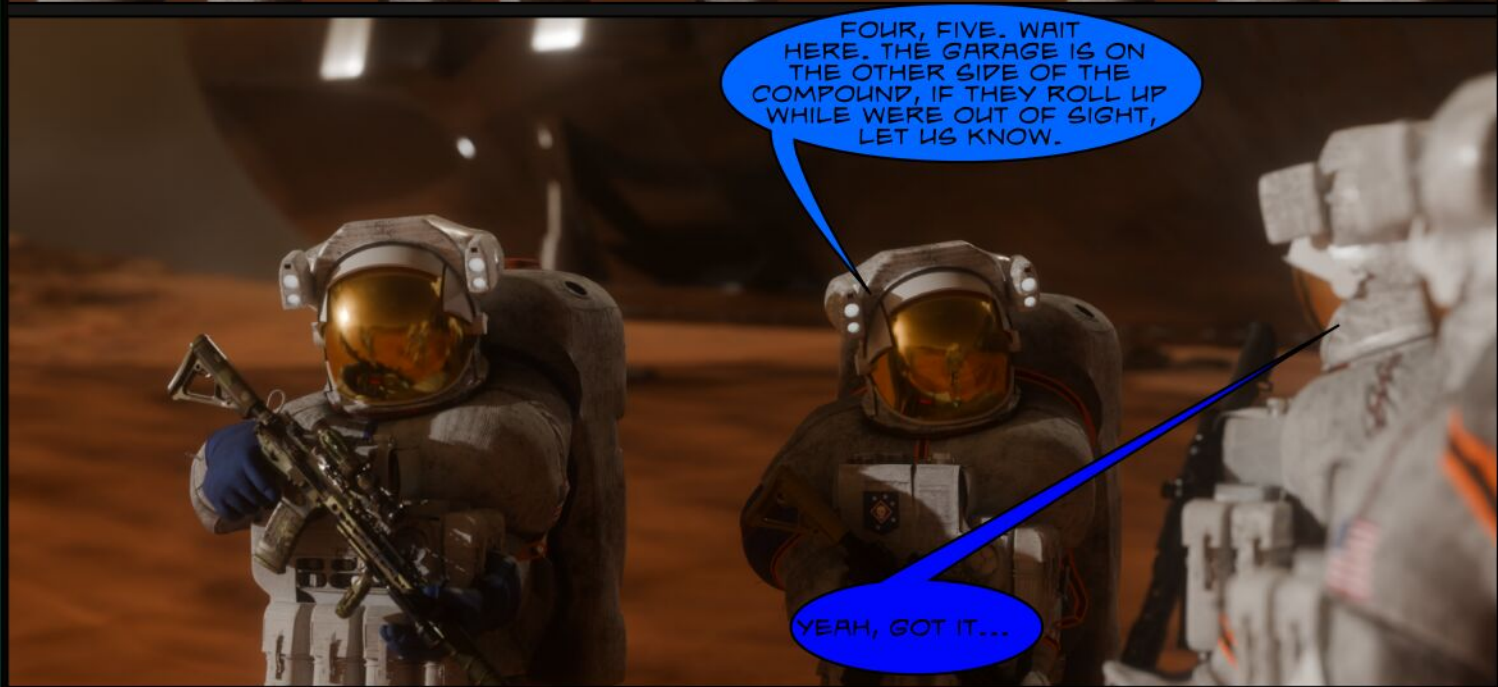
I COULD
PROBABLY JUST
FORCE IT OPEN.



WITHOUT THAT ROVER, WE'RE BONED, AND SO ARE THOSE GEOLIGISTS.

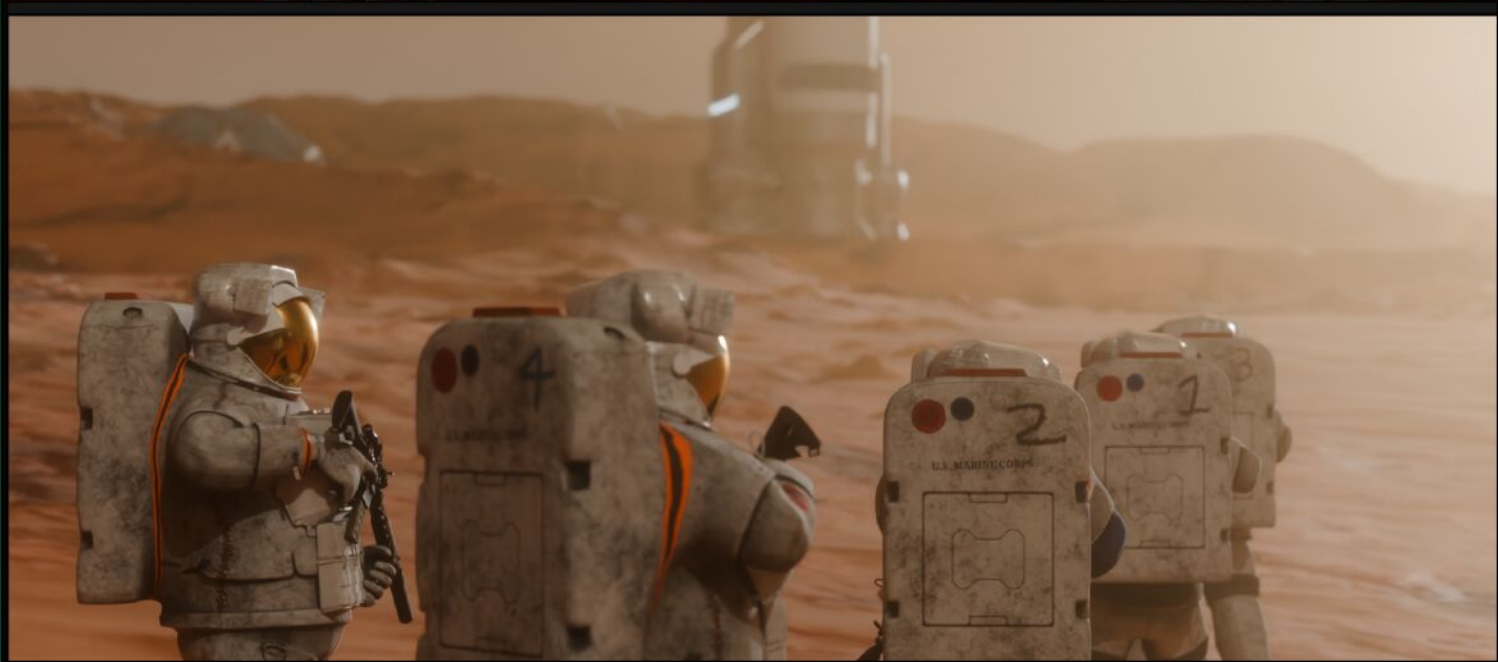
WE'RE NOT TEARING THEIR DOOR OFF, GUYS. FUCK.

IT'S A FIVE MINUTE WALK IF WE GO OVER THAT RIDGE. LETS CHECK IT OUT.



FOUR, FIVE. WAIT HERE. THE GARAGE IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COMPOUND, IF THEY ROLL UP WHILE WE'RE OUT OF SIGHT, LET US KNOW.

YEAH, GOT IT...





SO... WE'RE ALONE..

...SHALL WE PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO SATAN NOW?



HUH!? WHAT THE FUCK!?

FUCK YOU, CLANKER! THAT'S NOT FUNNY!

PFFFFFFT!!
AHHHAHAHAHAHA!

TOO EASY, MAN!

NO, YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'S REALLY NOT. IT'S YOUR REACTION THAT IS!



NO, IT'S NOT. THAT'S NOT SOMETHING YOU EVEN JOKE ABOUT.

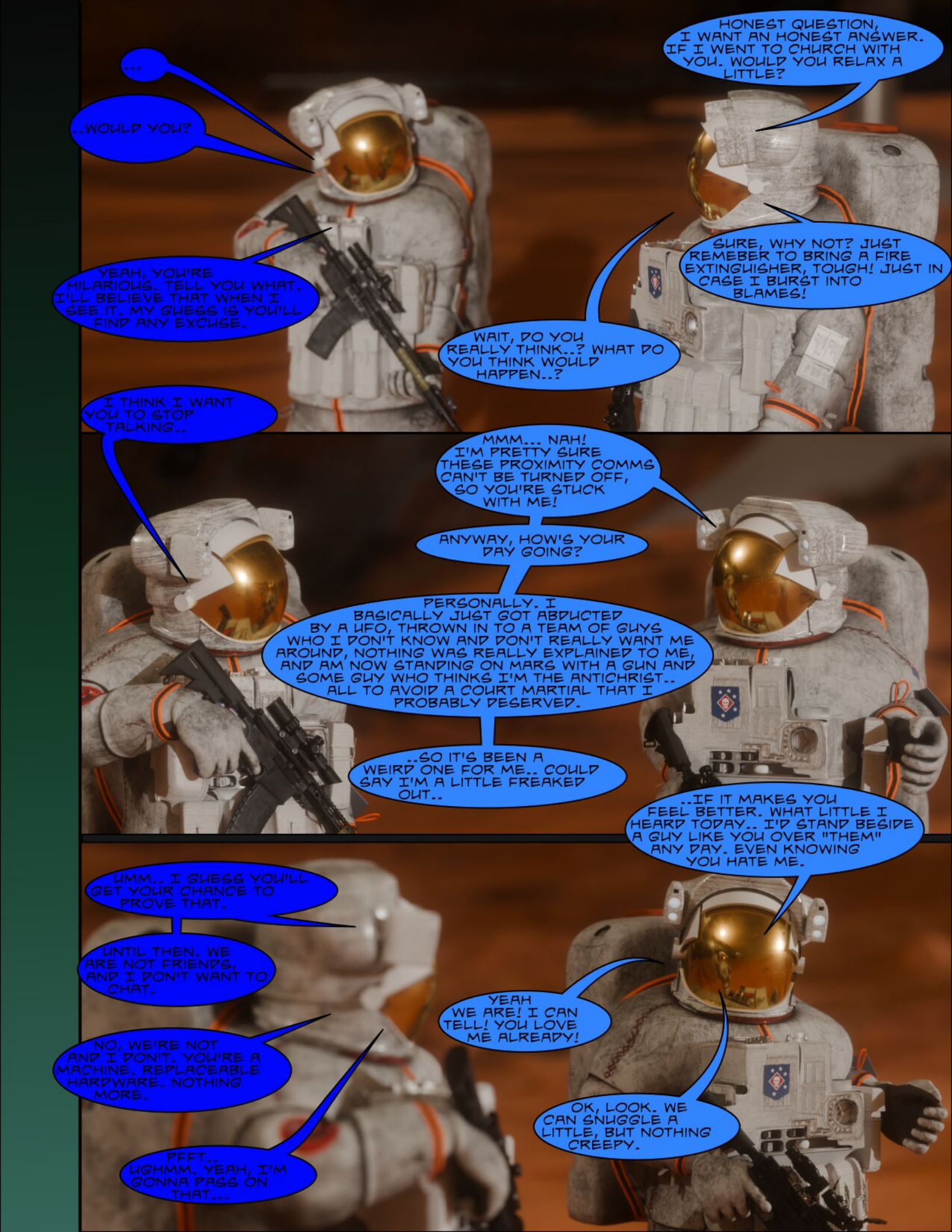
JUST... DON'T TALK TO ME. WE HAVE TO WORK TOGETHER, FINE. OTHER THAN THAT, I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU.

SHUT THE FUCK UP. WHAT PART OF "I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU" DO YOU NOT UNDERSTAND?

REALLY? I JUST DID!

OH, CALM DOWN, DUDE.

DO YOU NEED A HUG? SOME HOT COCOA?



HONEST QUESTION, I WANT AN HONEST ANSWER. IF I WENT TO CHURCH WITH YOU. WOULD YOU RELAX A LITTLE?

...WOULD YOU?

YEAH, YOU'RE HILARIOUS. TELL YOU WHAT. I'LL BELIEVE THAT WHEN I SEE IT. MY GUESS IS YOU'LL FIND ANY EXCUSE.

SURE, WHY NOT? JUST REMEMBER TO BRING A FIRE EXTINGUISHER, TOUGH! JUST IN CASE I BURST INTO BLAMES!

WAIT, DO YOU REALLY THINK...? WHAT DO YOU THINK WOULD HAPPEN...?

I THINK I WANT YOU TO STOP TALKING...

MMM... NAH! I'M PRETTY SURE THESE PROXIMITY COMMS CAN'T BE TURNED OFF, SO YOU'RE STUCK WITH ME!

ANYWAY, HOW'S YOUR DAY GOING?

PERSONALLY. I BASICALLY JUST GOT ABDUCTED BY A UFO, THROWN IN TO A TEAM OF GUYS WHO I DON'T KNOW AND DON'T REALLY WANT ME AROUND, NOTHING WAS REALLY EXPLAINED TO ME, AND AM NOW STANDING ON MARS WITH A GUN AND SOME GUY WHO THINKS I'M THE ANTICHRIST.. ALL TO AVOID A COURT MARTIAL THAT I PROBABLY DESERVED.

..SO IT'S BEEN A WEIRD ONE FOR ME.. COULD SAY I'M A LITTLE FREAKED OUT..

..IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER. WHAT LITTLE I HEARD TODAY.. I'D STAND BESIDE A GUY LIKE YOU OVER "THEM" ANY DAY. EVEN KNOWING YOU HATE ME.

UHM.. I GUESS YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE TO PROVE THAT.

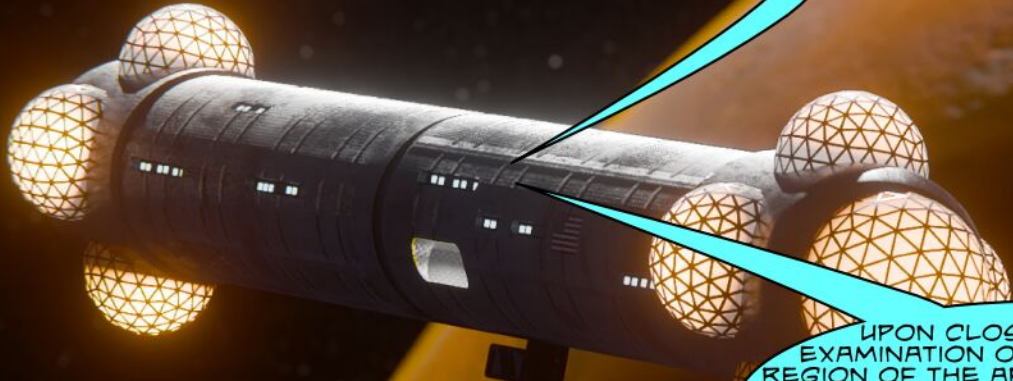
UNTIL THEN. WE ARE NOT FRIENDS, AND I DON'T WANT TO CHAT.

NO, WE'RE NOT AND I DON'T. YOU'RE A MACHINE. REPLACEABLE HARDWARE. NOTHING MORE.

YEAH WE ARE! I CAN TELL! YOU LOVE ME ALREADY!

PFET.. UGHMM. YEAH, I'M GONNA PASS ON THAT...

OK, LOOK. WE CAN SNUGGLE A LITTLE, BUT NOTHING CREEPY.



THIS IS DOCTOR LAPOINTE, LOG 0273.. THE DATE IS AUGUST 15TH, 2080. THE TIME IS 13:17, I AM PROCEEDING WITH EXAMINATION OF THE ARTIFACT DESIGNATED P-7-7 ALPHA-6-2.

UPON CLOSER EXAMINATION OF THE "SHIP" REGION OF THE ARTIFACT. I HAVE CONCLUDED THAT IT IS NOT ONE SOLID PIECE AS PREVIOUSLY DETERMINED. RATHER IT APPEARS TO PRESS FIT IN WITH EXTRAORDINARY CLOSE TOLERANCES.

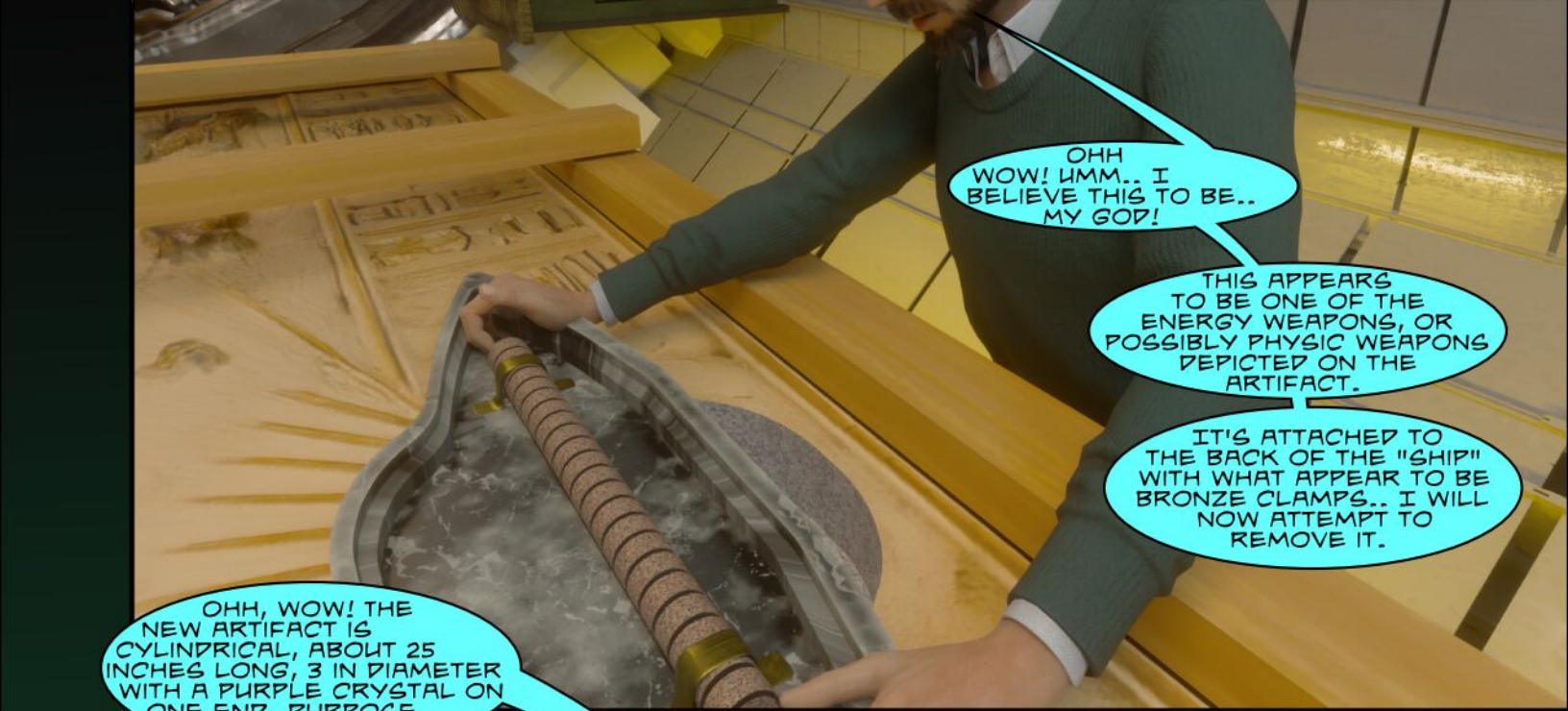
BEFORE I PROCEED WITH REMOVAL OF THE "SHIP" I WOULD LIKE TO NOTE, BEGRUDGINGLY THAT I DID NOT MAKE THIS DISCOVERY ALONE. ONE OF THE MARINES ON BOARD POINTED OUT THAT HE SAW LIGHT EMITTING FROM THE TWO POLISHED SPHERES.. I REGRET, I DON'T RECALL HIS NAME. "A.J" OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

I AM NOW ATTEMPTING TO LOOSEN THE FIT WITH A GENTLE ROCKING MOTION... I'M NOT FEELING ANY PLAY IN THE GAPS... I'M ALSO NOTING A LAYER OF DUST FALLING INTO THE GAPS AS I ROCK IT BACK AND FORTH.. INTERESTING.

THUNK!

OK! WOAH.. I JUST OBSERVED THE ENTIRE SECTION MOVE, ACCOMPANIED BY A VERY CLEAR, AUDIBLE THUNK. ALMOST LIKE AN AIR TIGHT SEAL WAS BROKEN..

THE "SHIP" DOES APPEAR TO BE FREE NOW... BUT VERY TIGHT STILL. I WILL NOW TRY TO CAREFULLY LEFT IT OUT OF IT'S SLOT AND TURN IT OVER..



OHH
WOW! UMM... I
BELIEVE THIS TO BE..
MY GOD!

THIS APPEARS
TO BE ONE OF THE
ENERGY WEAPONS, OR
POSSIBLY PHYSIC WEAPONS
DEPICTED ON THE
ARTIFACT.

IT'S ATTACHED TO
THE BACK OF THE "SHIP"
WITH WHAT APPEAR TO BE
BRONZE CLAMPS.. I WILL
NOW ATTEMPT TO
REMOVE IT.

OHH, WOW! THE
NEW ARTIFACT IS
CYLINDRICAL, ABOUT 25
INCHES LONG, 3 IN DIAMETER
WITH A PURPLE CRYSTAL ON
ONE END. PURPOSE
UNKNOWN.

THE MAIN BODY APPEARS
TO BE MADE OF TWO SEPARATE
MATERIALS, WITH ABOUT A DOZEN OR
SO SECTIONS. THOUGH I CAN'T SEE
ANY SEAMS, LEADING ME TO BELIEVE
THE MATERIALS MAY BE FUSED AT
THE ATOMIC LEVEL, AS WE'VE
OBSERVED BEFORE.

THE OUTER
MATERIAL APPEARS TO BE
A SORT OF ROSE GRANITE,
ROUGHLY FINISHED. WHILE THE
INNER MATERIAL SEEMS MUCH MORE
SOPHISTICATED. POSSIBLY A
GRAPHITE COMPOUND OR
SIMILAR CARBON-HEAVY
MATERIAL.

IT APPEARS A VERY
DARK GRAY IN COLOR, WITH
MORE SPECULAR LINES RUNNING
AROUND IT'S
CIRCUMFERENCE.

LIKE
MUCH ALIEN TECHNOLOGY.
I'M SEEING NO CLEAR SIGNS OF
CIRCUITRY OR AN INTERFACE
OF ANY KIND.

UNFORTUNATELY, IT
APPEARS THE POWER SOURCE
WITHIN THE DEVICE IS EITHER
DEPLETED, OR IS BIOMETRICALLY
LOCKED IN SOME WAY... OR I
JUST DON'T KNOW HOW TO
USE IT..

EVEN SO, FURTHER
RESEARCH OF THIS DEVICE MAY LEAD
TO A DEFENSE AGAINST THE PHYSIC CONTROL
THE ALIENS EXHIBIT OVER US. IF NOT, I AM STILL
CONFIDENT IT WILL LEAD TO A DEEPER
UNDERSTANDING OF OUR OWN MINDS, MAYBE
EVEN THE UNIVERSE ITSELF!
INCREDIBLE!

ESTSOF UNIT,
CALLSIGN DRAGON,
THIS IS BUTCHER ONE,
U.S. MARINE ELEMENT
TO YOUR NORTH EAST,
HOLD FIRE.

DRAGON-ONE-NINER
COPIES BUTCHER, WE
SEE YOU.

HEARD YOU BOYS GOT
SOME MEN MISSING?

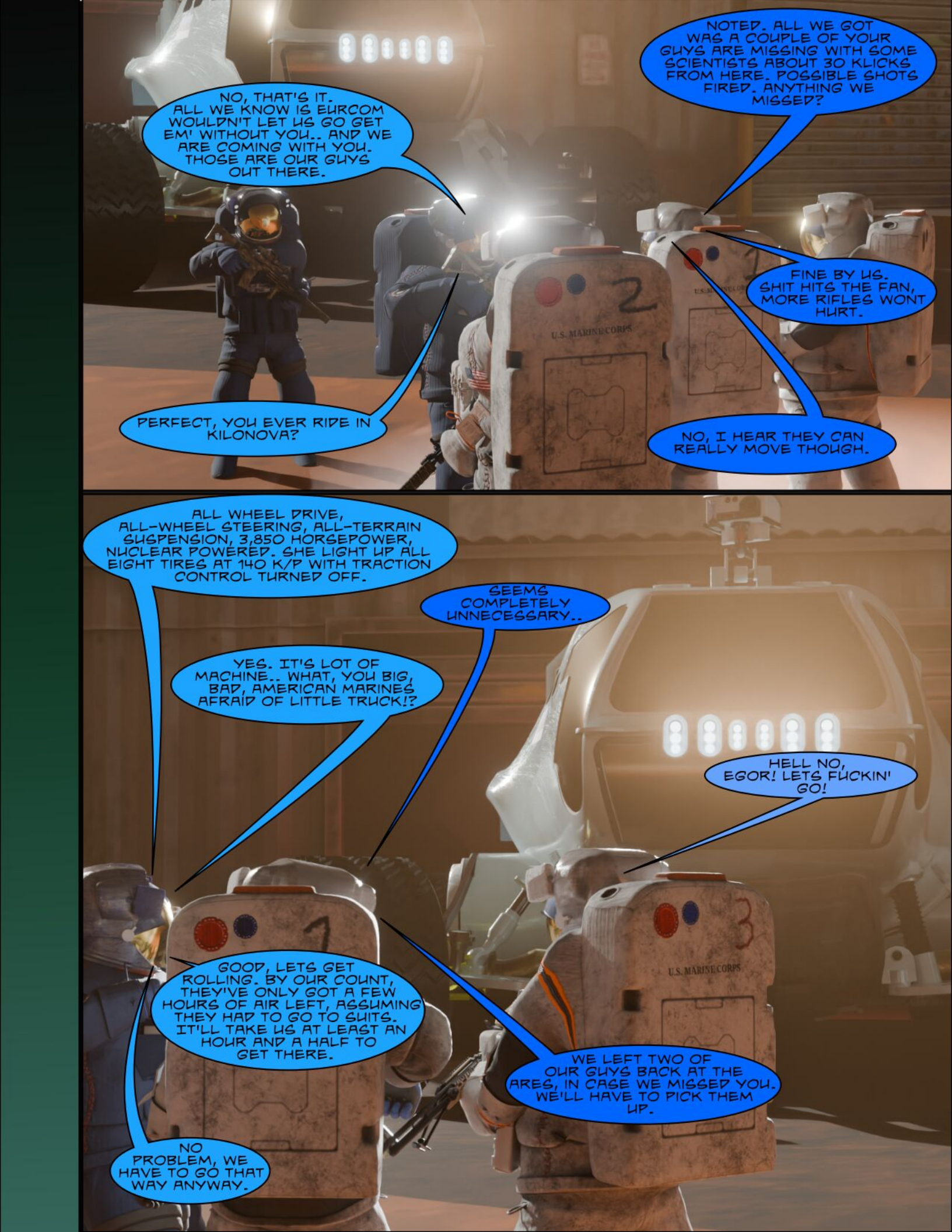
STAFF SARGENT DI
PAILO, UNITED STATES MARINE
SPECIAL OPERATIONS
COMMAND.

VANEMSEERSANT
SEBASTIAN KASS, THAT'S
KAPRAL ARTUR PEETRE BEHIND
ME. AND KAPRAL SETH EELMAA IN
THE DRIVERS SEAT. ESTONIAN
DEFENSE FORCE.

I SEE YOU GOT
THE ROVER OUT, WE
THOUGHT WE WERE
GONNA HAVE TO BLAST
THE DOOR OPEN!

HOW VERY
AMERICAN OF
YOU..

BUT NAH, WE GOT IT OPEN. JUST,
NEVER TRUST THE SWEDES TO BUILD
ANYTHING MISSION CRITICAL!



NO, THAT'S IT.
ALL WE KNOW IS EURCOM
WOULDN'T LET US GO GET
EM' WITHOUT YOU.. AND WE
ARE COMING WITH YOU.
THOSE ARE OUR GUYS
OUT THERE.

NOTED. ALL WE GOT
WAS A COUPLE OF YOUR
GUYS ARE MISSING WITH SOME
SCIENTISTS ABOUT 30 KILICKS
FROM HERE. POSSIBLE SHOTS
FIRED. ANYTHING WE
MISSED?

FINE BY US.
SHIT HITS THE FAN,
MORE RIFLES WONT
HURT.

PERFECT, YOU EVER RIDE IN
KILONOVA?

NO, I HEAR THEY CAN
REALLY MOVE THOUGH.

ALL WHEEL DRIVE,
ALL-WHEEL STEERING, ALL-TERRAIN
SUSPENSION, 3,850 HORSEPOWER,
NUCLEAR POWERED. SHE LIGHT UP ALL
EIGHT TIRES AT 140 K/P WITH TRACTION
CONTROL TURNED OFF.

SEEMS
COMPLETELY
UNNECESSARY..

YES. IT'S LOT OF
MACHINE.. WHAT, YOU BIG,
BAD, AMERICAN MARINES
AFRAID OF LITTLE TRUCK!?

HELL NO,
EGOR! LETS FUCKIN'
GO!

GOOD, LETS GET
ROLLING. BY OUR COUNT,
THEY'VE ONLY GOT A FEW
HOURS OF AIR LEFT, ASSUMING
THEY HAD TO GO TO SUITS.
IT'LL TAKE US AT LEAST AN
HOUR AND A HALF TO
GET THERE.

NO
PROBLEM, WE
HAVE TO GO THAT
WAY ANYWAY.

WE LEFT TWO OF
OUR GUYS BACK AT THE
ARES, IN CASE WE MISSED YOU.
WE'LL HAVE TO PICK THEM
UP.

BACK AT THE U.S.S. ARES LANDING SITE, C.J. WAS DOING HIS BEST TO ANNOY JIMMY BY SINGING.. BADLY..

PLEASE STOP..

NO, I DO. YOU'RE JUST A TERRIBLE SINGER AND I DON'T LIKE YOU.. SO PLEASE, SHUT THE FUCK UP...

GOOD. I MEANT IT TO BE.

SURE.

SURE.

..TONGS?

OH, LOOK! HERE THEY COME. YOU CAN STOP NOW.

"CAN YOU TAKE ME HIGHER? TO A PLACE WHERE BLIND MEN SEE?"

"CAN YOU TAKE ME HIGHER? TO A PLACE WITH GOLDEN STREEEEEEETS!!"

WHAT, YOU DON'T LIKE THAT SONG?

WELL THAT'S JUST MEAN.

YOU'RE VERY JUDGMENTAL FOR A GUY WHO SUPPOSEDLY BELIEVES WHAT YOU BELIEVE.

ARE YOU ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO NEEDS A CANDY BAR EVERY FEW HOURS OR HE TURNS INTO A POUCHE?

MAYBE THEY'LL HAVE THOSE FROSTED M.R.E. COOKIES OR SOMETHING IN THE ROVER.. OR TONGS..

TO GET WHATEVER CRAWLED UP YOUR ASS OUT.



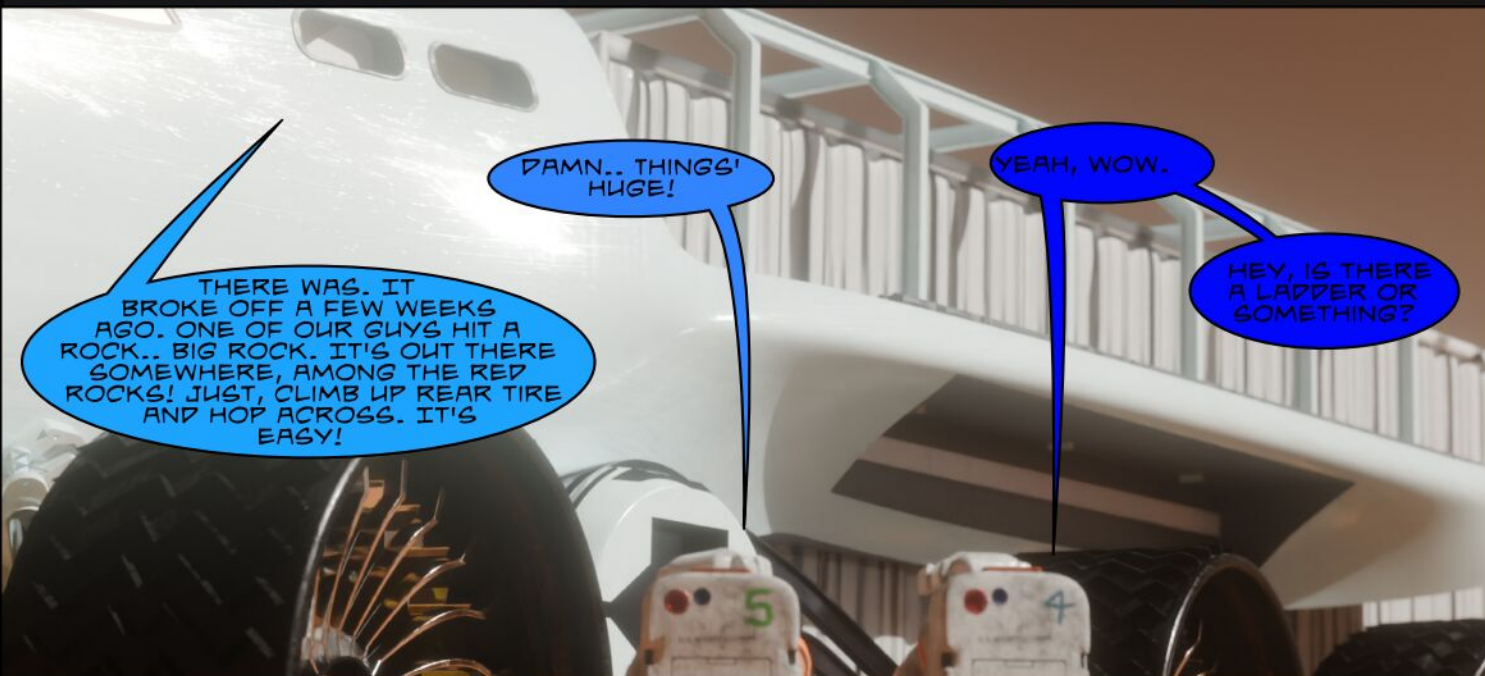
FOUR, FIVE. THIS IS ONE. NO TIME TO CYCLE THE AIRLOCK. JUST CLIMB ON THE BACK

IT'S PERFECTLY SAFE! WE DO IT ALL THE TIME! JUST AS LONG AS WE DON'T ROLL IT! THAT ONLY HAPPENS.. 25...NO 15 PERCENT OF TIME.

BAHH! DON'T WORRY. WE DRIVE IN THESE ALL THE TIME! WILL BE FINE! YOU MIGHT GET DUSTY, THOUGH!

UHH, YEAH COPY.. THAT STORM LOOKS PRETTY NASTY.. YOU GUYS TRACKING THAT?

WE'RE DEFINITELY GONNA DIE..



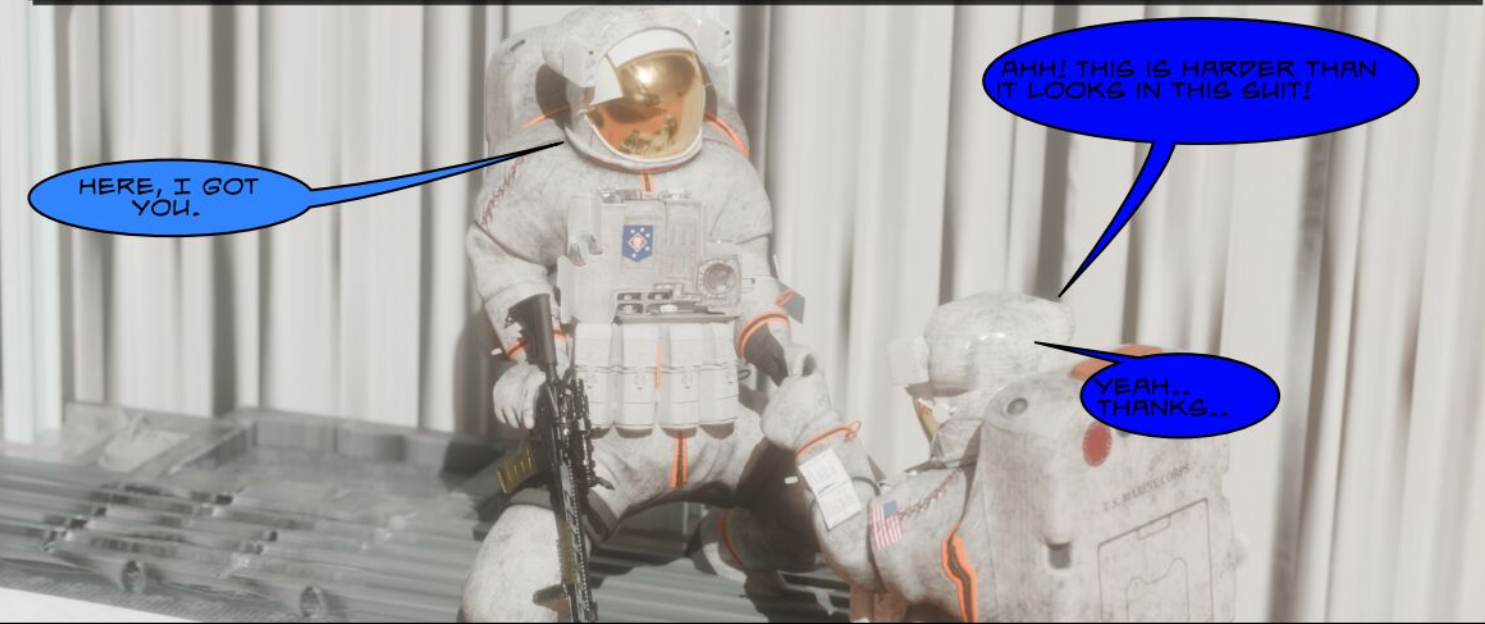
THERE WAS. IT BROKE OFF A FEW WEEKS AGO. ONE OF OUR GUYS HIT A ROCK.. BIG ROCK. IT'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE, AMONG THE RED ROCKS! JUST, CLIMB UP REAR TIRE AND HOP ACROSS. IT'S EASY!

DAMN.. THINGS' HUGE!

YEAH, WOW.

HEY, IS THERE A LADDER OR SOMETHING?

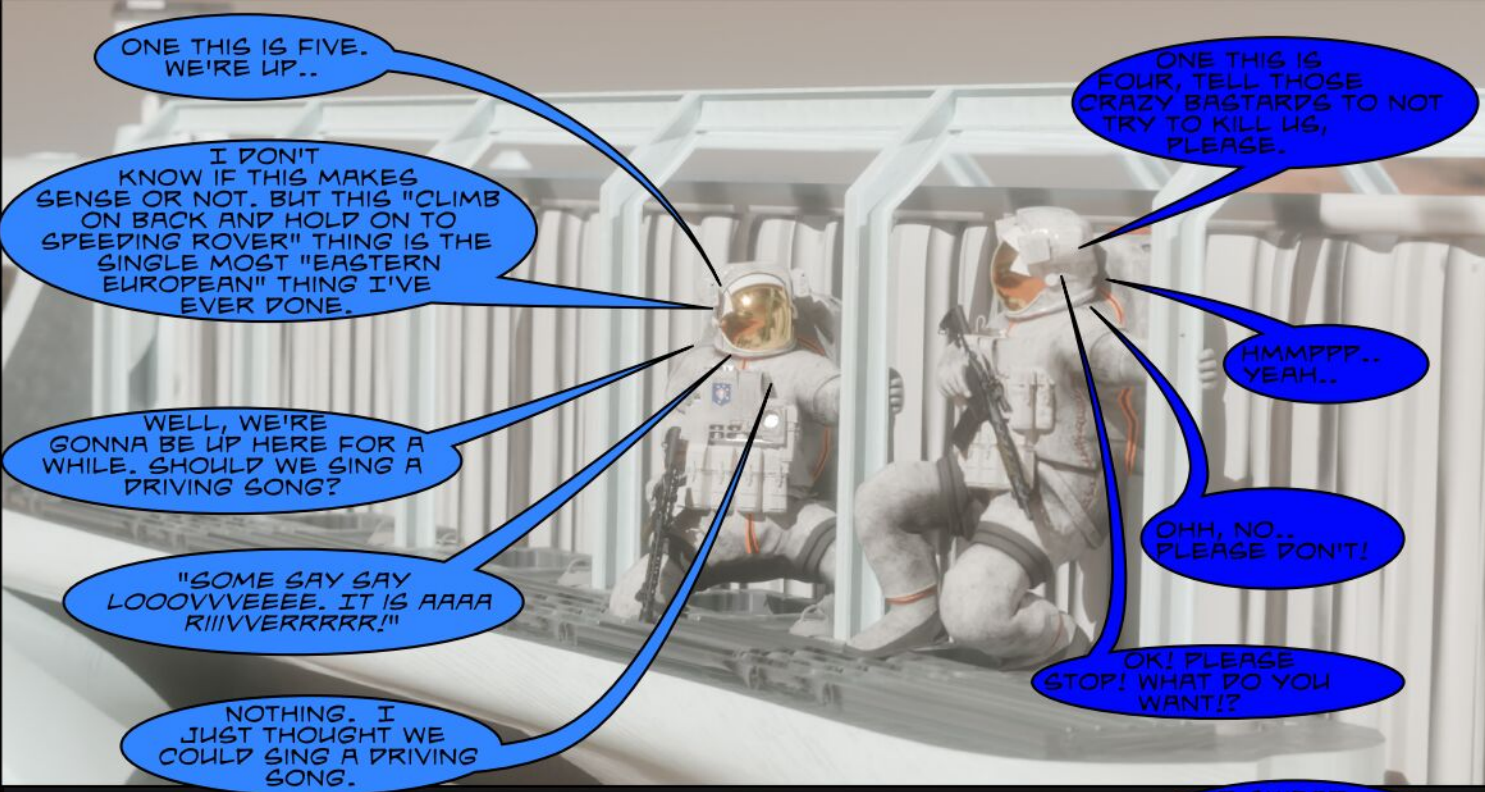
THE TWO MADE THEIR WAY AROUND TO THE BACK OF THE ROVER AND BEGAN TO CLIMB UP THE REAR WHEEL. C.J. WAS EASILY ABLE TO PULL HIMSELF UP, BUT GIVEN THE SIZE OF THE WHEEL AND CONSTRICTIONS OF THE SUIT. JIMMY HAD MUCH MORE TROUBLE.



HERE, I GOT YOU.

AHH! THIS IS HARDER THAN IT LOOKS IN THIS SUIT!

YEAH.. THANKS..



ONE THIS IS FIVE.
WE'RE UP..

I DON'T
KNOW IF THIS MAKES
SENSE OR NOT. BUT THIS "CLIMB
ON BACK AND HOLD ON TO
SPEEDING ROVER" THING IS THE
SINGLE MOST "EASTERN
EUROPEAN" THING I'VE
EVER DONE.

WELL, WE'RE
GONNA BE UP HERE FOR A
WHILE. SHOULD WE SING A
DRIVING SONG?

"SOME SAY SAY
LOOOVVVEEEE. IT IS AAAA
RIIIIVERRRRR!"

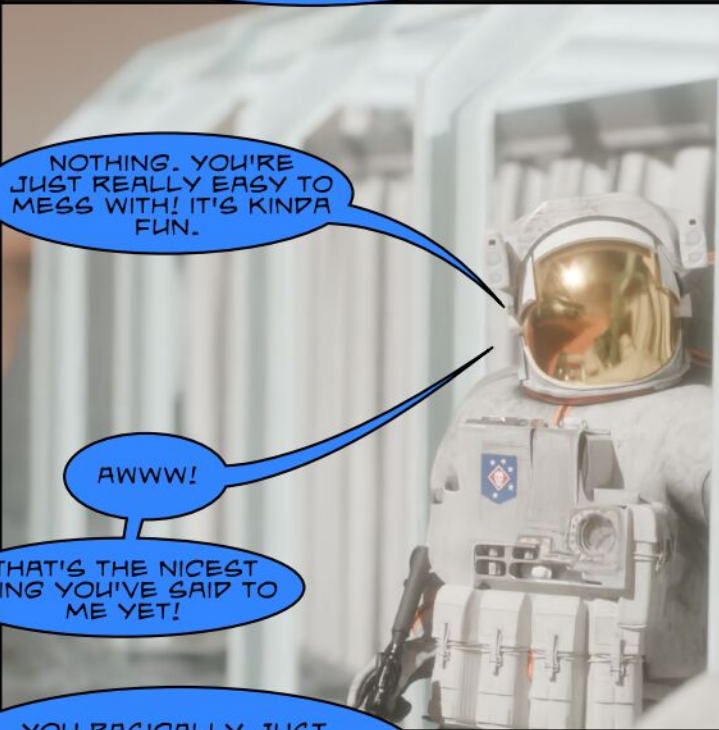
NOTHING. I
JUST THOUGHT WE
COULD SING A DRIVING
SONG.

ONE THIS IS
FOUR, TELL THOSE
CRAZY BASTARDS TO NOT
TRY TO KILL US,
PLEASE.

HMMPPP..
YEAH..

OHH, NO..
PLEASE DON'T!

OK! PLEASE
STOP! WHAT DO YOU
WANT!?



NOTHING. YOU'RE
JUST REALLY EASY TO
MESS WITH! IT'S KINDA
FUN.

AWWW!

THAT'S THE NICEST
THING YOU'VE SAID TO
ME YET!

YOU BASICALLY JUST
PROMOTED ME ON YOUR OWN
TIER LIST. I WENT UP A NOTCH,
NOT DOWN. I'LL TAKE IT!

I DON'T CARE IF YOU
LIKE ME OR NOT. I JUST DON'T
WANT TO LIVE AND WORK WITH A
GUY WHO ACTIVELY HATES ME
FOR NO REASON.



I SWEAR
TO GOD. I'M NOT
SITTING THROUGH 2
HOURS OF THIS, I'LL
THROW MYSELF OFF THIS
THING! TELL ME WHAT
YOU WANT FROM
ME!?

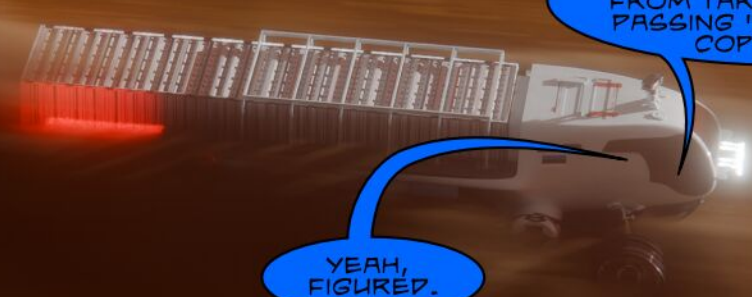
YOU KNOW WHAT? I TAKE
IT BACK. YOU COULD NEVER BE
THE ANTICHRIST. YOU'RE WAY TOO
REPULSIVE AND ANNOYING. YOU'RE
JUST A MISTAKE OF MODERN
SCIENCE.

UHM.. WELL, SHIT..

I GUESS
YOU DID.

DO YOU WANT ME
TO LIKE YOU? IS THAT
WHAT IT IS?

HMMM.. WELL,
SILENCE HELPS.



BUTCH...EAD
YO...MIN?

TOC, BUTCHER ONE.
WE'RE 30 SECONDS OUT
FROM TARGET LOCATION.
PASSING "GROVER" HOW
COPY? OVER

YEAH,
FIGURED.

COMMS ARE
FUCKED, BOYS. 30
SECONDS OUT.

YEAH, WE SEE IT
TOO. WE'RE GONNA STOP
HERE AND START CYCLING
THE AIRLOCK. IT'LL TAKE A
FEW MINUTES. MOVE UP, SEE
IF YOU CAN GET EYES ON
THE INSIDE

ONE THIS IS
FOUR, GOT EYES
ON THE ROVER.

YEAH,
COPY. WE'RE
ON IT

JAMESTOWN ROVER. THIS IS
WARWAGON 1. JOINT MILITARY
RESCUE OPERATION. PLEASE
RESPOND. NATO CHALLENGE IS
PHOENIX.

C.J. AND JIMMY BOTH JUMPED DOWN AS THE
ESTONIAN CREW CONTINUED TO ATTEMPT TO
CONTACT THE OTHER ROVER.

I SAY AGAIN. JAMESTOWN
ROVER. THIS IS WARWAGON 1. JOINT
MILITARY RESCUE OPERATION. PLEASE
RESPOND. NATO CHALLENGE IS
PHOENIX. PLEASE RESPOND.

SHE'S
BANGED UP GOOD.
LOOKS LIKE THEY
ROLLED HER AT SPEED.
I THINK WE'RE
GOOD.

YEAH.. I DIDN'T EVEN
THINK OF THAT.

ARMED GUYS,
SCARED, PROBABLE
CONCUSSIONS AND
HYPOXIC? RECIPE FOR
DISASTER.

NOW YOU
HAVE. MOVE UP, IF
THEY'RE IN THEIR
SUITS. PROX-CHAT
SHOULD KICK IN SOON.
START CALLING
THEM OUT.

ONE, FOUR.
ROVER IS DOWN HARD.
MOVING TO ASSES THE
OCCUPANTS.

ROVER
OCCUPANTS! U.S.
MARINES! IF THERE'S ANYONE
IN THERE, MAKE YOURSELF
KNOWN OR YOU MAY BE
SHOT!

OK BUDDY. WE'RE
HERE TO HELP. WHO
TOOK JULIUS?

OHH! THANK
GOD! PLEASE HELP!
BEFORE THEY COME
BACK! THEY TOOK
JULIUS!

THE SPIDERS!
THE GIANT ROCK SPIDERS!
THEY CAME FROM
UNDERGROUND! THEY JUST
DRAGGED HIM OFF! OHH
GOD!

I SEE.
HOW MANY OF
YOU ARE THERE,
AND IS ANYONE
HURT?

SEVEN! THERE'S
SEVEN! WE'RE ALL PRETTY
BANGED UP! THEY TOSSED THE
ROVER AROUND LIKE A TOY!
THERE WAS EIGHT BUT THEY
TOOK HIM!

ONE, FIVE. WE'VE MADE
CONTACT WITH A SINGLE
OCCUPANT. PROBABLE HYPOXIA.
POSSIBLE DRUGS. HE'S SAYING SPIDERS
ATTACKED THEM, CLAIMS ON MAN IS
MISSING. BE ADVISED, WE GOT
BULLET HOLES.

YEAH,
YEAH..

ALRIGHT GUYS,
WHY DON'T YOU COME
ON OUT? IT'S JUST A
SHORT WALK OVER TO
OUR ROVER.

ARE THEY GONE?
WHAT ABOUT JULIUS!?
DO YOU SEE HIM OUT
THERE!?

WE'RE NOT
CRAZY AND WE'RE NOT
ON DRUGS! THERE REALLY
WERE GIANT SPIDERS!

COPY FIVE, GET THEM
OUTTA THERE AND WE CAN
BE DONE EARLY TONIGHT.
YOU'RE BUYING THE DRINKS,
REMEMBER?

KEEP HIM
TALKING, FIVE.
I'LL CHECK THE
AIRLOCK... FUCK!
WE GOT BULLET
HOLES OVER
HERE!



IT'S STILL RIGHT THERE!! OHH GOD!

YEAH, MAN! I BELIEVE YOU. I THINK THEY'RE GONE. WE'LL FIND JULIUS REAL SOON, OK? RIGHT NOW, WE GOTTA GET YOU GUYS OUT. UNDERSTAND?

HOLY MOTHER OF FUCK! FOUR, FIVE, FALL BACK! WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT!?

HUH?

C.J. TURNED AND FOUND HIMSELF FACING A MASSIVE CREATURE, RESEMBLING A CRAB, SPIDER, AND TURTLE ALL IN ONE. IT'S PIERCING EYES STARED AT C.J. WITH INTENT AS IT SLOWLY, DELIBERATELY STALKED CLOSER.



OH... HI THERE... GOOD DOGGIE. I PROMISE, I WON'T TASTE VERY GOOD.

JIMMY... PLEASE TELL ME YOU'VE SEEN PLENTY OF THESE THINGS AND THEY'RE FRIENDLY?



SORRY.. CAN'T TELL YOU THAT.. GOD HELP US..

ONE, FIVE. WE MIGHT NEED MORE RIFLES OUT HERE, LIKE NOW.. I'M PRETTY SURE THIS THING IS ABOUT TO FUCK OUR DAY UP..

THE CREATURE STOOD ON IT'S BACK LEGS IN A CLEAR ATTEMPT TO INTIMIDATE, REVEALING A MASSIVE, MOUTH LIKE ORIFICE ON THE BOTTOM OF IT'S BODY FILLED WITH LARGE, JAGGED TEETH.



JIMMY DOVE UNDER THE DISABLED ROVER WHILE C.J. ATTEMPTED TO TOSS A FRAGMENTATION GRENADE INTO THE CREATURE'S "MOUTH"

THE GRENADE WENT INTO THE CREATURE'S MOUTH, BUT SEEMED TO JUST HIT THE BACK OF IT'S "THROAT" AND BOUNCED BACK OUT, FALLING TO THE GROUND AND LANDING UNDER A LARGE ROCK PILE BEFORE DETONATING HARMLESSLY.



THE DETONATION STARTLED THE CREATURE, WHICH SLAMMED ITSELF DOWN ONTO ALL EIGHT LEGS AND WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED USED ONE OF IT'S FORWARD LEGS TO SWEEP C.J. OFF HIS FEET, SENDING HIM FLYING DOZENS OF FEET THROUGH THE AIR BEFORE CRASHING DOWN PAINFULLY INTO THE NEARBY ROCKY EMBANKMENT.



FROM UNDER THE STRICKEN ROVER, JIMMY TOOK AIM AND STARTED PUMPING 7.62 ROUNDS INTO THE CREATURE'S HEAD..

FUCK! MAN DOWN!

BANG!
BANG! BANG!
BANG! BANG!
BANG!

AS THE ROUNDS STRUCK, MOST SEEMED TO GLANCE OFF HARMLESSLY, WHILE OTHERS SEEMED TO BREAK THROUGH IT'S THICK, ROCK-LIKE HIDE. BUT DID VERY LITTLE BESIDES UPSET THE CREATURE.

ONE, WHAT THE FUCK! WHERE ARE YOU GUYS!?

BANG!
BANG! BANG!
BANG!

WE'RE ON IT!

TAKE IT DOWN!

GET SOME!!!

BANG!
BANG!

BANG!
BANG!

BANG! BANG!
THOMP THOMP THOMP THOMP
BANG! BANG!

THE CREATURE ABSORBED A LETHAL BARRAGE OF BULLETS FROM THE ENTIRE FORCE, INCLUDING A FEW MORE ROUNDS COMING FROM INSIDE THE ROVER.

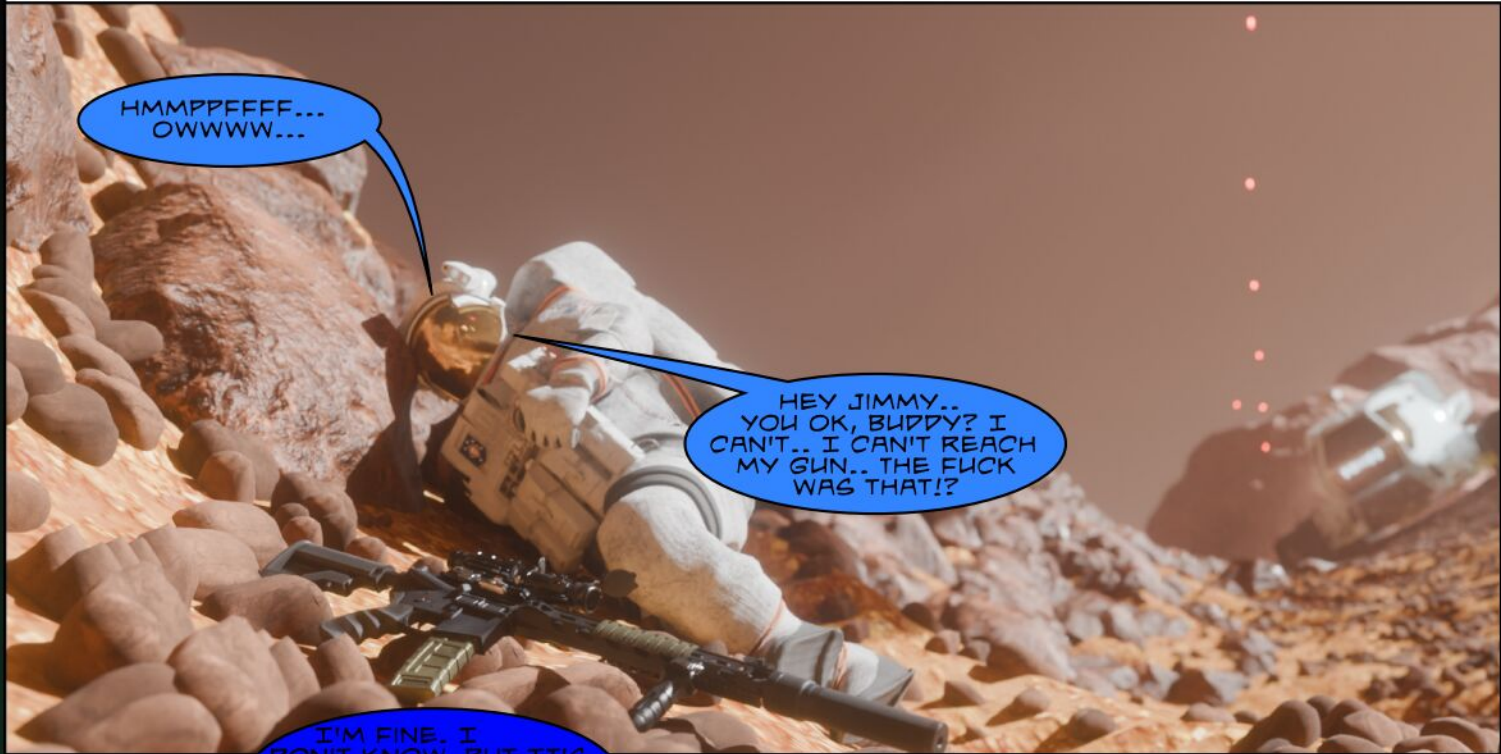
THE CREATURE AGAIN STOOD ON IT'S REAL LEGS, POSSIBLY IN AN ATTEMPT TO INTIMIDATE, OR IN AN ATTEMPT TO FLEET. EITHER WAY, IT WAS TOO LATE AND IT SUCCUMB TO IT'S WOUNDS. FALLING ONTO IT'S BELLY ONLY FEET FROM C.J.



DESPITE COLLAPSING, THE CREATURE CONTINUED TO TWITCH AND MOVE.

IT'S
STILL MOVING!
KEEP HAMERRIN'
IT!





HMMPPFFFF...
OWWWW...

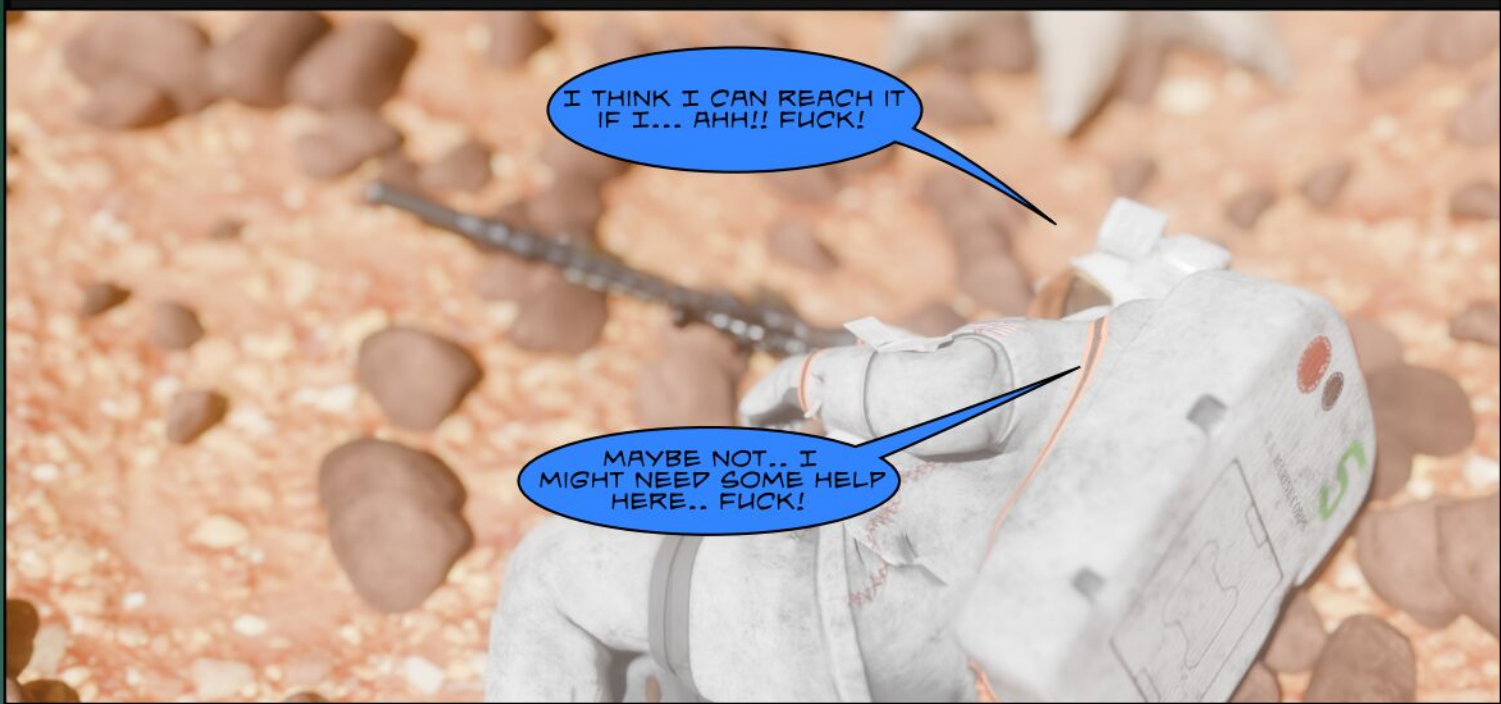
HEY JIMMY..
YOU OK, BUDDY? I
CAN'T.. I CAN'T REACH
MY GUN.. THE FUCK
WAS THAT!?

I'M FINE. I
DON'T KNOW, BUT IT'S
DOWN. I THINK WE'RE
GOOD, JUST DON'T
MOVE!



I THINK I CAN REACH IT
IF I... AHH!! FUCK!

MAYBE NOT.. I
MIGHT NEED SOME HELP
HERE.. FUCK!





WE'RE COMING
TO GET YOU, RELAX!
JUST DON'T MOVE. DON'T
WORRY ABOUT THE
GUN!

ONE THIS IS
FOUR! HOLD FIRE! IT'S
DEAD! FIVE IS DOWN HARD!
I'M MOVING TO HIM
NOW.

GO
GET HIM FOUR!
WE'RE ON OUR
WAY!

TWO, GO
WITH THESE GUYS
AND SECURE THE ROVER.
THREE WITH ME, WE'RE
GOING FOR FIVE!

LET'S GO!

LET'S GET HIM,
BOSS!

LET'S DO IT!
SETH, TURN THE
ROVER AROUND!
BACK IT IN!

HEY MAN! DON'T MOVE,
ALRIGHT? I GOT YOU.

AHHH! FUCK.. THAT
REALLY HURT..

AGHH! EVERYTHING!
WHAT HAPPENED?

UMM....IS
THIS MARS?
WHERE'S MY
GUN?

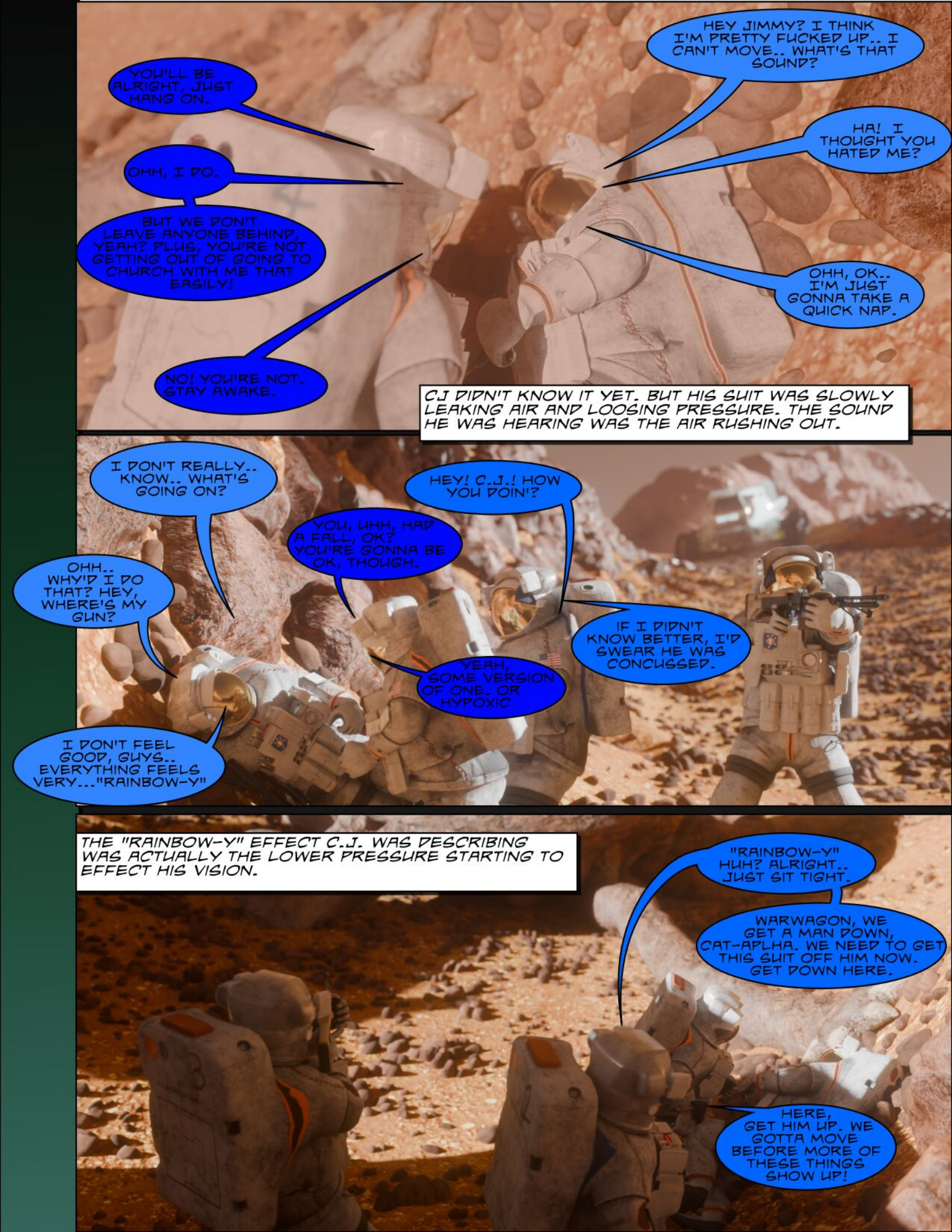
DID WE WIN?

YEAH, NO
SHIT! YOU GOT
THROWN INTO 40 FEET
INTO A PILE OF ROCKS.
WHAT HURTS?

HEY, C.J. DO YOU
KNOW WHERE YOU ARE
RIGHT NOW?

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT THE GUN RIGHT
NOW. FIGHT'S OVER,
ALRIGHT?

YEAH, WE DID.

A comic book page depicting a scene from the movie 'The Martian'. In the top panel, an astronaut (Mark Watney) is lying on the rocky, reddish-brown ground of Mars, appearing to be in a state of unconsciousness or distress. Another astronaut (Chris Pratt) is leaning over him, looking concerned. In the middle panel, the scene shifts to show three astronauts. One is lying on the ground, another is sitting up, and a third is standing nearby, looking on. The background shows the rugged, rocky terrain of Mars under a hazy sky. The bottom panel shows two astronauts in the foreground, looking towards the background where another astronaut is lying on the ground. The overall tone is one of urgency and concern.

YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT, JUST HANG ON.

OHH, I DO.

BUT WE DON'T LEAVE ANYONE BEHIND, YEAH? PLUS, YOU'RE NOT GETTING OUT OF GOING TO CHURCH WITH ME THAT EASILY!

NO! YOU'RE NOT. STAY AWAKE.

HEY JIMMY? I THINK I'M PRETTY FUCKED UP.. I CAN'T MOVE.. WHAT'S THAT SOUND?

HA! I THOUGHT YOU HATED ME?

OHH, OK.. I'M JUST GONNA TAKE A QUICK NAP.

CJ DIDN'T KNOW IT YET. BUT HIS SUIT WAS SLOWLY LEAKING AIR AND LOOSING PRESSURE. THE SOUND HE WAS HEARING WAS THE AIR RUSHING OUT.

I DON'T REALLY.. KNOW.. WHAT'S GOING ON?

HEY! C.J.! HOW YOU DOIN'?

YOU, UHH, HAD A FALL, OK? YOU'RE GONNA BE OK, THOUGH.

OHH.. WHY'D I DO THAT? HEY, WHERE'S MY GUN?

IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SWEAR HE WAS CONCUSSED.

YEAH, SOME VERSION OF ONE. OR HYPOXIC

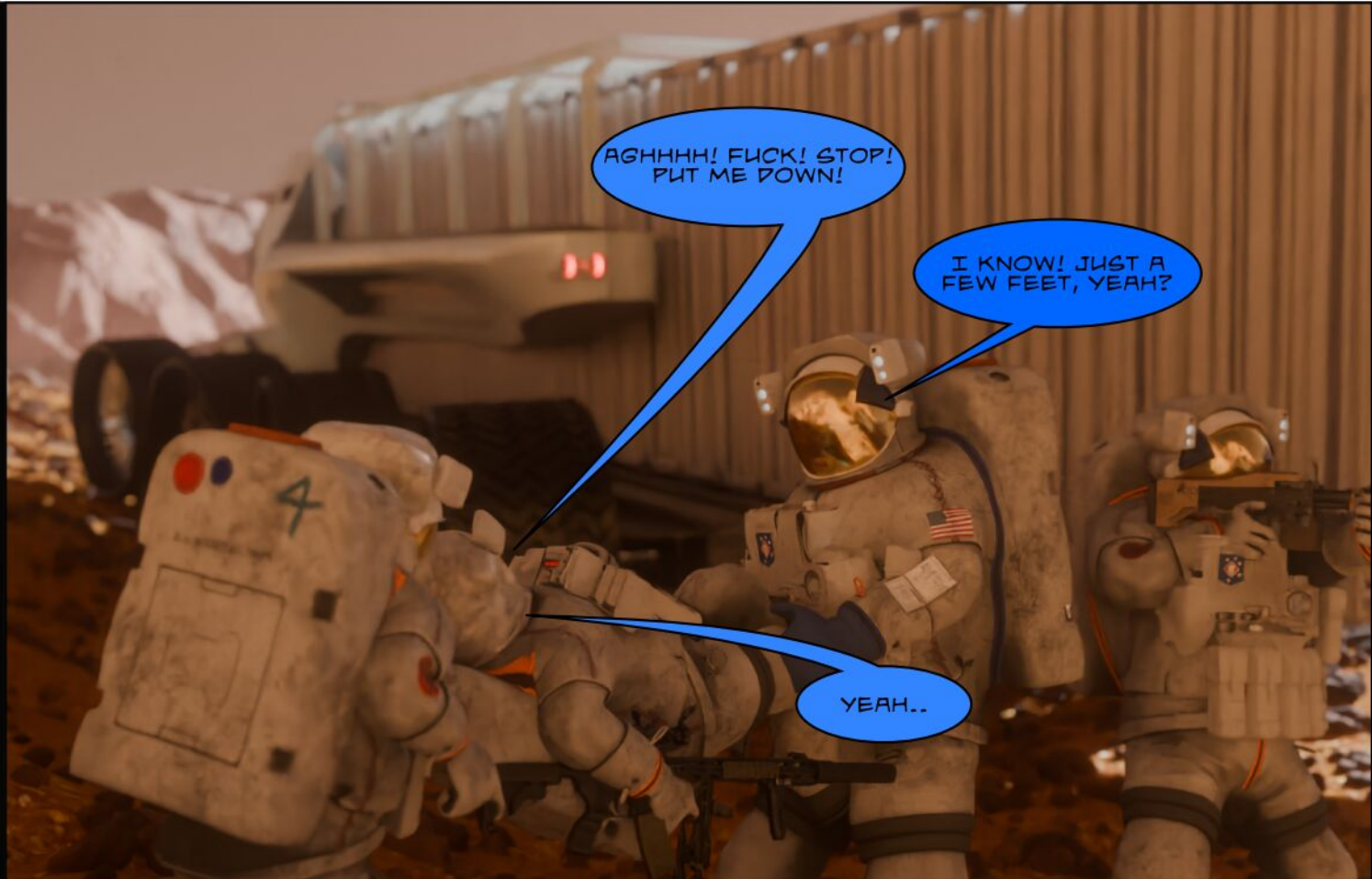
I DON'T FEEL GOOD, GUYS.. EVERYTHING FEELS VERY..."RAINBOW-Y"

THE "RAINBOW-Y" EFFECT C.J. WAS DESCRIBING WAS ACTUALLY THE LOWER PRESSURE STARTING TO EFFECT HIS VISION.

"RAINBOW-Y" HUH? ALRIGHT.. JUST SIT TIGHT.

WARWAGON, WE GET A MAN DOWN, CAT-ALPHA. WE NEED TO GET THIS SHIT OFF HIM NOW. GET DOWN HERE.

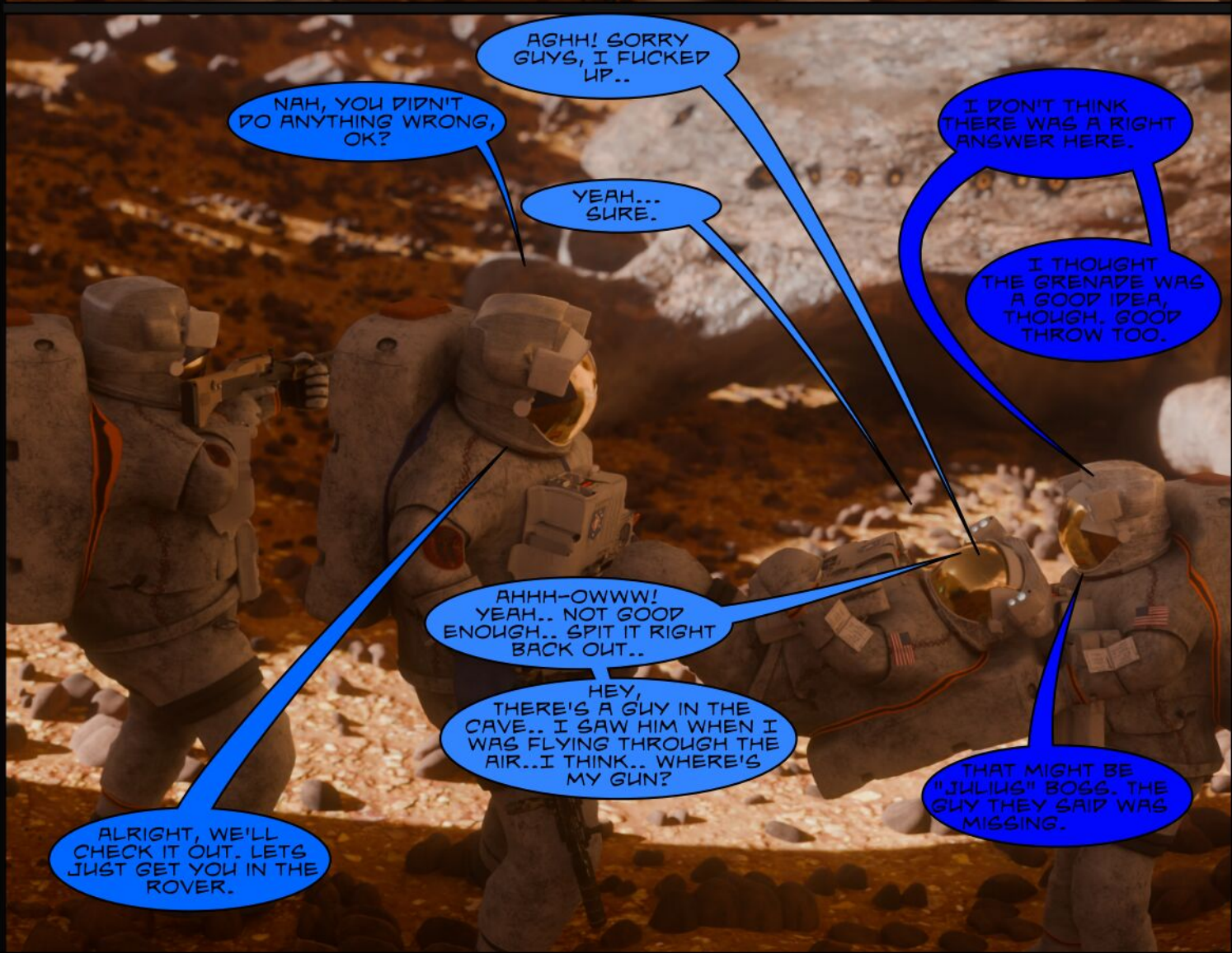
HERE, GET HIM UP. WE GOTTA MOVE BEFORE MORE OF THESE THINGS SHOW UP!



AGHHHH! FUCK! STOP!
PUT ME DOWN!

I KNOW! JUST A
FEW FEET, YEAH?

YEAH..



AGHH! SORRY
GUYS, I FUCKED
UP..

NAH, YOU DIDN'T
DO ANYTHING WRONG,
OK?

YEAH...
SURE.

I DON'T THINK
THERE WAS A RIGHT
ANSWER HERE.

I THOUGHT
THE GRENADE WAS
A GOOD IDEA,
THOUGH. GOOD
THROW TOO.

AHHH-OWWW!
YEAH.. NOT GOOD
ENOUGH.. SPIT IT RIGHT
BACK OUT..

HEY,
THERE'S A GUY IN THE
CAVE.. I SAW HIM WHEN I
WAS FLYING THROUGH THE
AIR...I THINK.. WHERE'S
MY GUN?

ALRIGHT, WE'LL
CHECK IT OUT. LETS
JUST GET YOU IN THE
ROVER.

THAT MIGHT BE
"JULIUS" BOGS. THE
GUY THEY SAID WAS
MISSING.



YOU'RE HOLDING
YOUR GUN, BHD.

NO!
JUST PROP ME UP
AND GIVE ME MY
GUN. I'LL COVER
YOU..

NEGATIVE, WE'LL
GO TOGETHER. JUST
KEEP THE PIG ON THAT
THING. IF IT MOVES, PUMP
THE WHOLE BELT INTO
IT.

I CAN STILL
SHOOT.. JUST SET
ME DOWN. AGHH!!

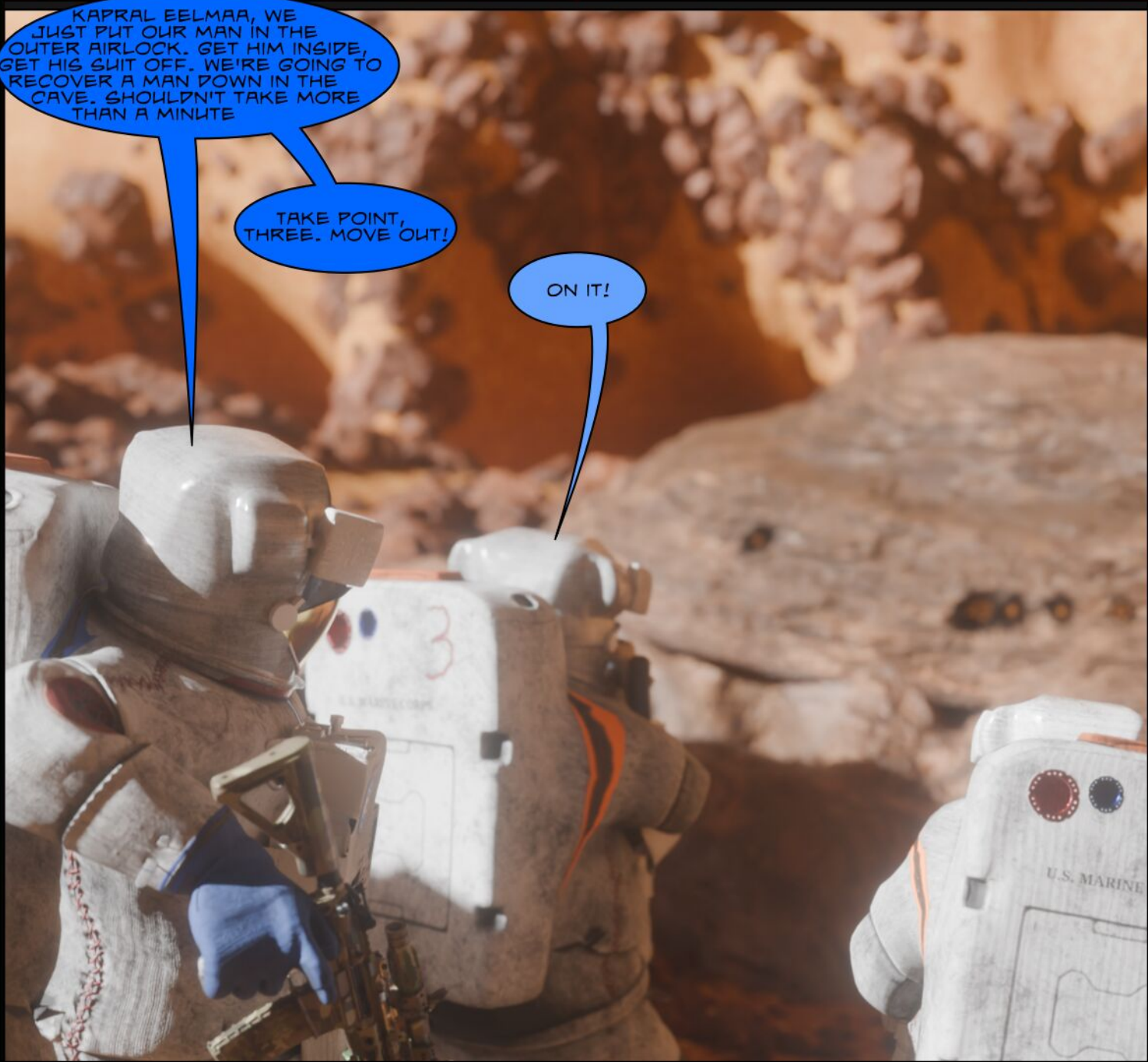
WANT ME TO CHECK
IT OUT, DI?

OHH-RAH.

KAPRAL EELMAA, WE
JUST PUT OUR MAN IN THE
OUTER AIRLOCK. GET HIM INSIDE,
GET HIS SUIT OFF. WE'RE GOING TO
RECOVER A MAN DOWN IN THE
CAVE. SHOULDN'T TAKE MORE
THAN A MINUTE

TAKE POINT,
THREE. MOVE OUT!

ON IT!



LOOKS CLEAR.

COMMS
CHECK, JULIUS.
WE'RE U.S. MARINES.
IF YOU HEAR ME,
MOVE OR SAY
SOMETHING.

YUP.

GOTCHA', GO!

THREE, YOU AND
I WILL GRAB HIM,
FOUR, COVER.

FUCKING SHIT WAY
TO GO, MAN.

NAH, HE'S IN
RIGOR. NOTHING WE
CAN DO.

YEAH, FUCKIN'
SUCKS.

LET'S GET HIM
UP AND GET THE
FUCK OUTTA HERE!
CAREFUL...

POOR
GUYS' STIFF AS A
BOARD. SUCKS FOR
HIM, MAKES OUR JOB
EASY THOUGH.

HOLY FUCK!

I DIDN'T SIGN UP
FOR THIS
BULLSHIT, BRO!

NO SHIT! RUN!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

GUYS!
FUCKING RUN!!

GET UP! WE
GOTTA MOVE!

JIMMY,
TERMITE! GLASS
THAT FUCKING
HOLE!

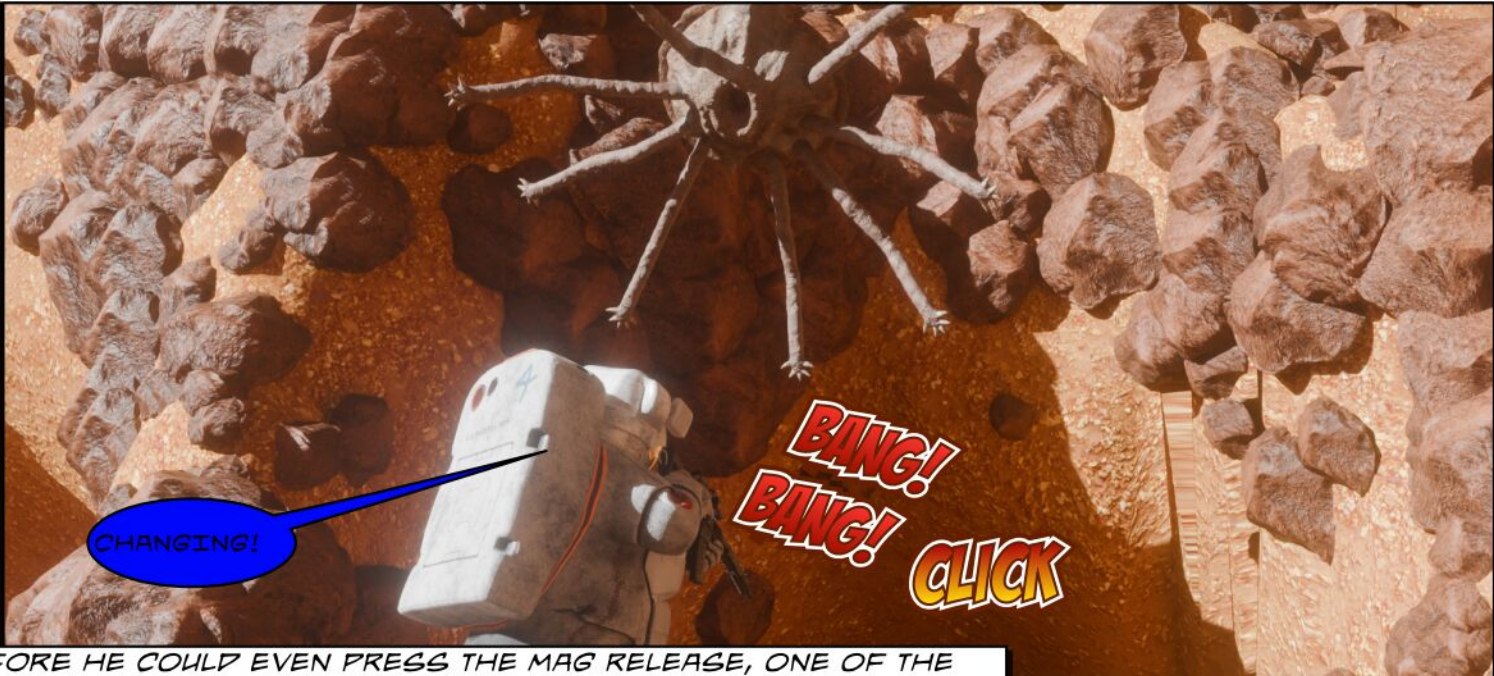
ON IT!

AH! FUCK!

BANG! BANG!
BANG! BANG!

JIMMY WRESTLED WITH A TERMITE GRENADE TUCKED INTO THE POUCHES OF HIS SUIT, BUT WITH THE LARGE GLOVES AND DOZENS OF ALIEN CREATURES SWARMING OUT OF THE CAVE, WAS UNABLE TO GET IT OUT BEFORE TRANSITIONING BACK TO HIS RIFLE AND CONTINUING TO FIRE.

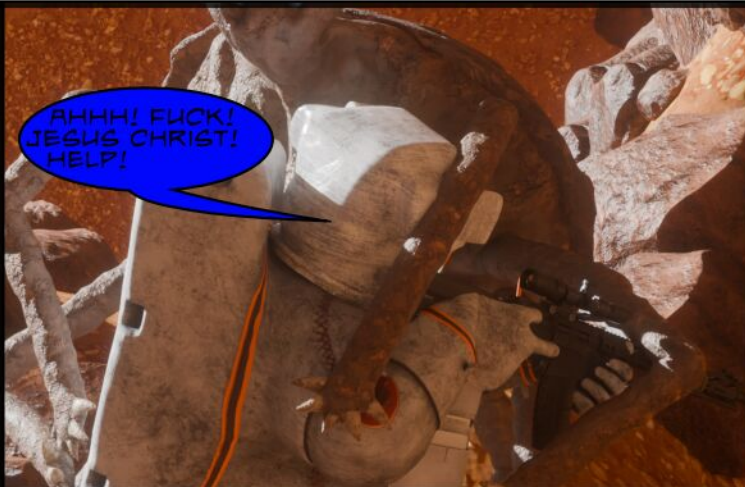
FUCK!
COMMON!



CHANGING!

BANG!
BANG! **CLICK**

BEFORE HE COULD EVEN PRESS THE MAG RELEASE, ONE OF THE CREATURES LEAPT DOWN FROM ABOVE THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE AND WRAPPED IT'S LEGS TIGHTLY AROUND JIMMY AND ATTEMPTED TO FORCE HIM TO THE GROUND. ALL WELL TRYING TO USE IT'S CLAWS TO RIP INTO JIMMY'S SUIT.

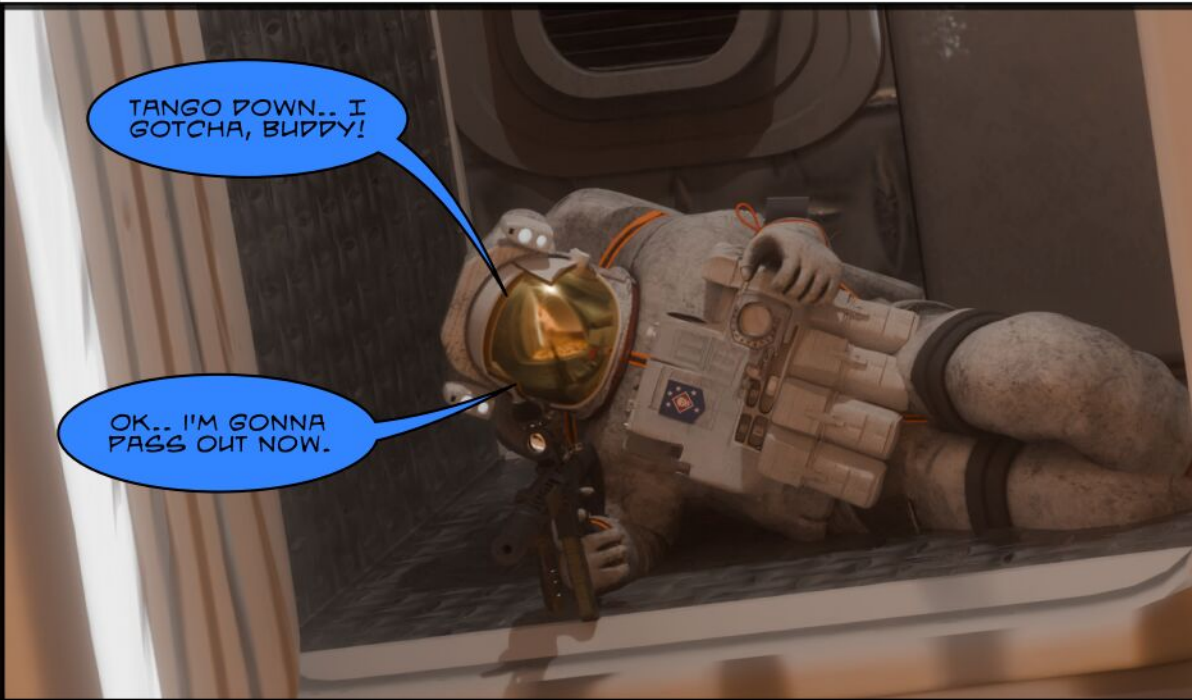


AAAAH! FUCK!
JESUS CHRIST!
HELP!



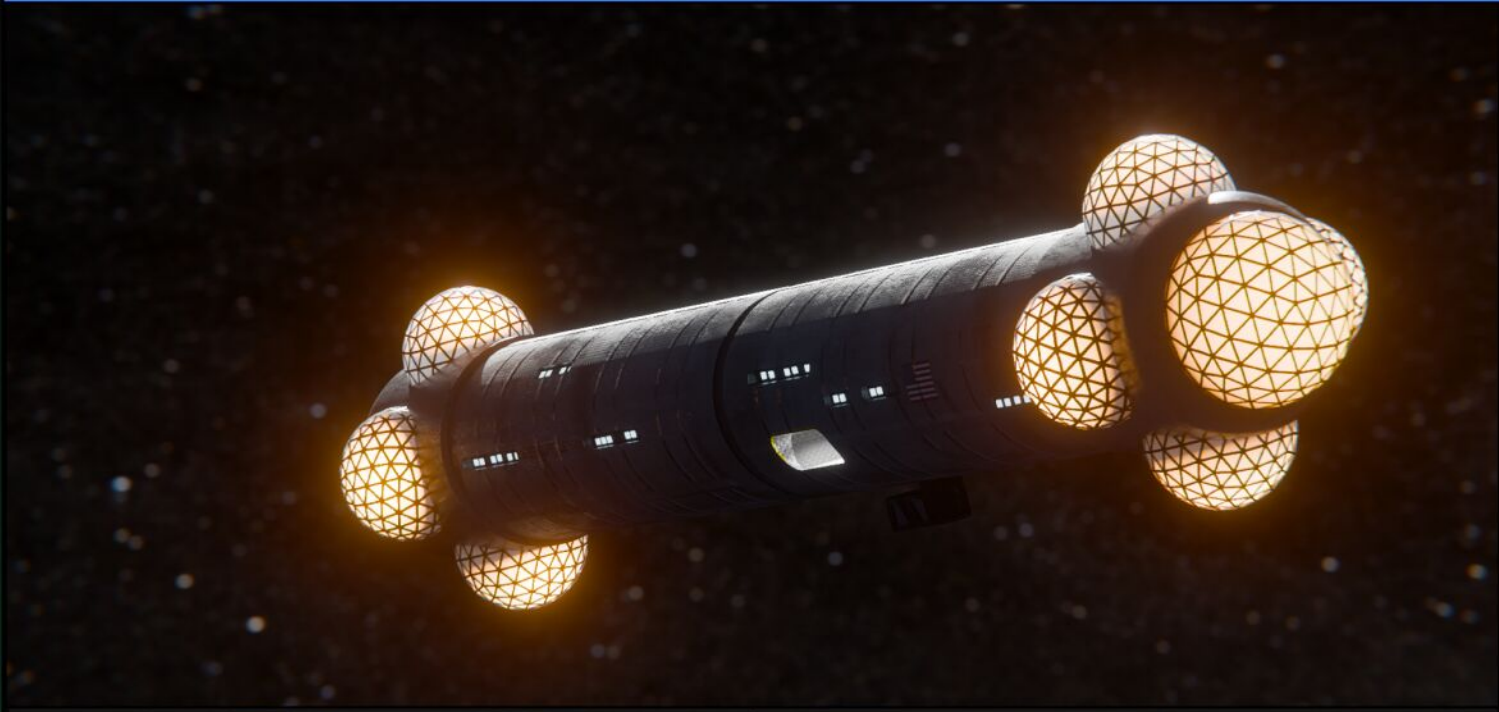
THWACK!

JUST AS IT SEEMED THE CREATURE WOULD PREVAIL, A BULLET STRUCK THE CREATURE DIRECTLY IN THE HEAD, CAUSING IT TO FALL DEAD AT JIMMY'S FEET. HE QUICKLY TURNED TO SEE BOTH PAUL AND BILL, SLOWED BY CARRYING THE BODY OF THE DECEASED GEOLOGIST WERE JUST NOW TURNING TO ASSIST, EXPECTING THE ROUND TO HAVE BEEN FROM ONE OF THEM..



TANGO DOWN.. I
GOTCHA, BUDDY!

OK.. I'M GONNA
PASS OUT NOW.





READING THE BIBLE AND PREYING FOR ME?

OHH.. WELL, THANKS I GUESS. DID IT HELP?

THAT'S GOOD. HOW LONG WAS I OUT?

AHH, NOT THAT BAD THEN. I'VE HAD WORSE.

IT WAS WEIRD. EVERYTHING STARTED SHIMMERING AND I COULDN'T THINK STRAIGHT.. I FEEL FINE NOW THOUGH...

AHH, THAT MAKES SENSE... YO, I THINK WE GOT OFF TO A BAD START. LETS TRY AGAIN.

HI, I'M C.J.!

FINE, WE'RE GOOD THOUGH, RIGHT?

HEY, WELCOME BACK.

SOMETHING LIKE THAT, YEAH.

I THINK SO.

NOT THAT LONG, A FEW HOURS.

YOU GOT A FEW BROKEN BONES, DISLOCATED ELBOW, AND LOT OF BRUISING, BUT THE THE DOC SAID YOU'LL BE FINE. APPARENTLY, YOU HEAL VERY FAST.



YOUR SUIT GOT A LEAK. YOU WERE ALMOST COMPLETELY PRESSURIZED BY THE TIME WE GOT YOU IN THE ROVER.

THAT MIGHT BE FURTHER BACK THAN WE NEED TO GO.

