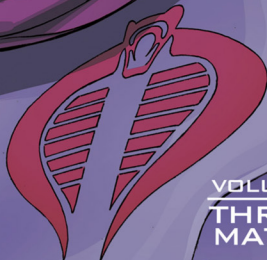


GI JOE



VOLUME 2:
THREAT
MATRIX

GI JOE

THREAT MATRIX

IDW



Special thanks to Hasbro's Ed Lane, Joe Furlaro, Heather Hopkins, and Michael Kelly for their invaluable assistance.

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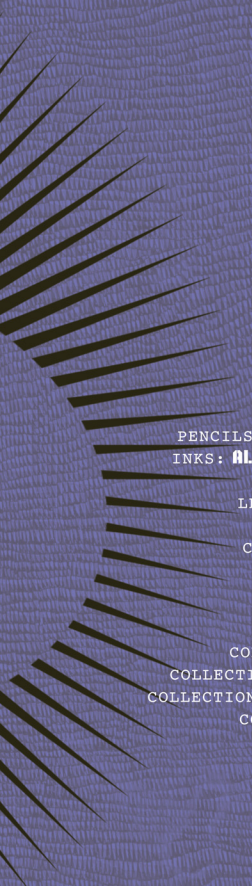
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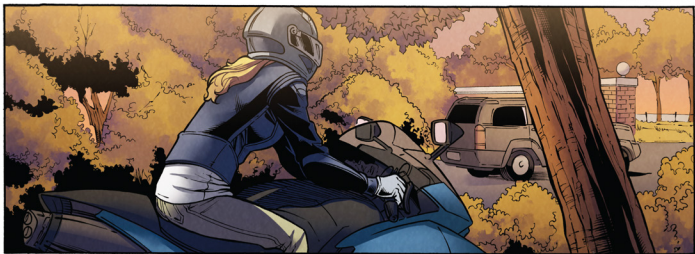
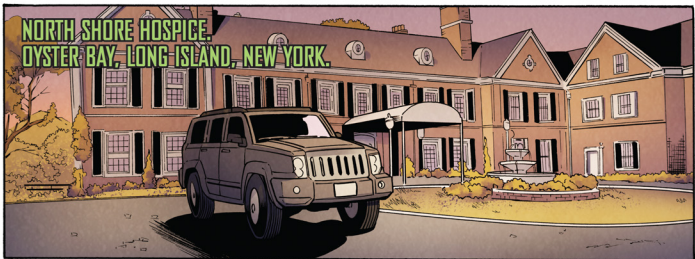
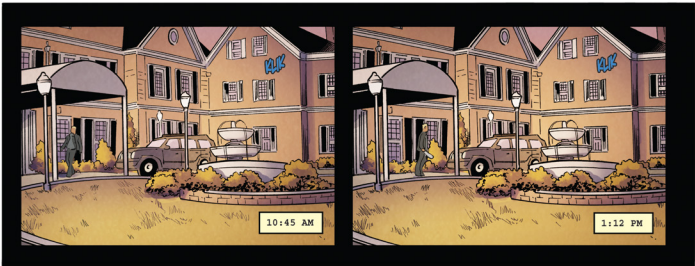
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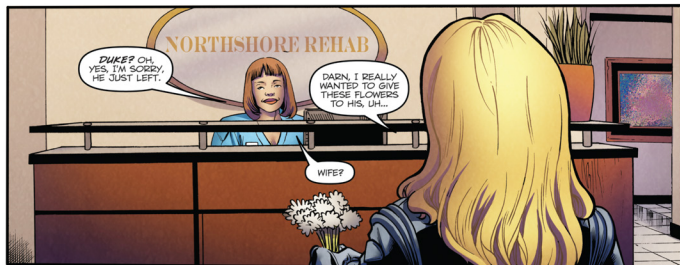
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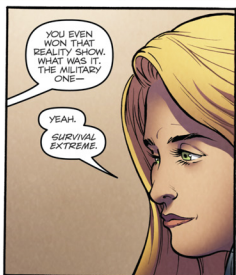
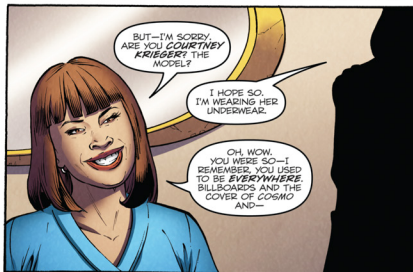
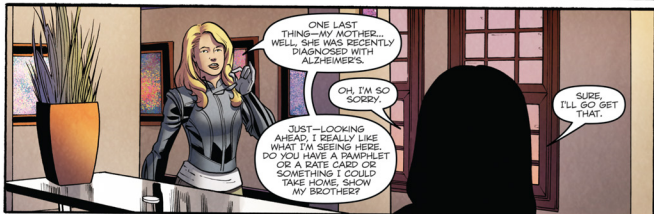
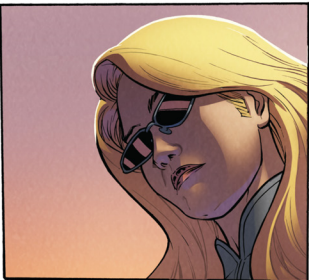
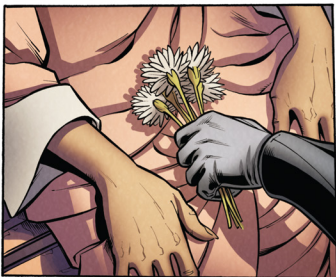
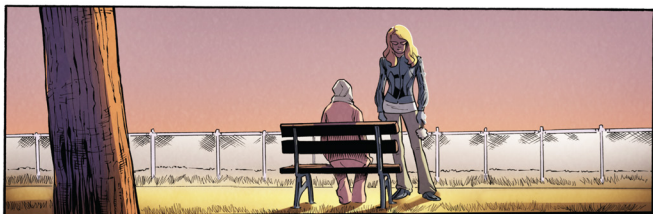
CHAPTER ONE

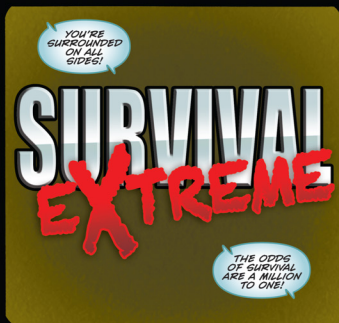


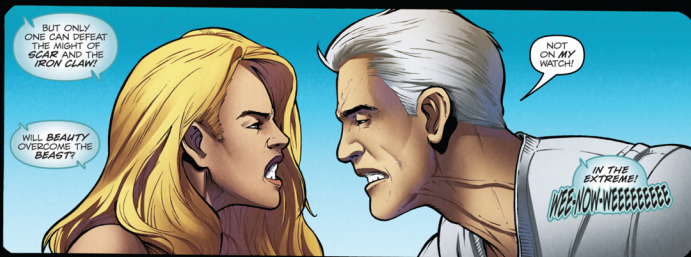
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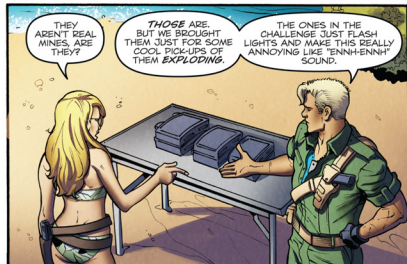
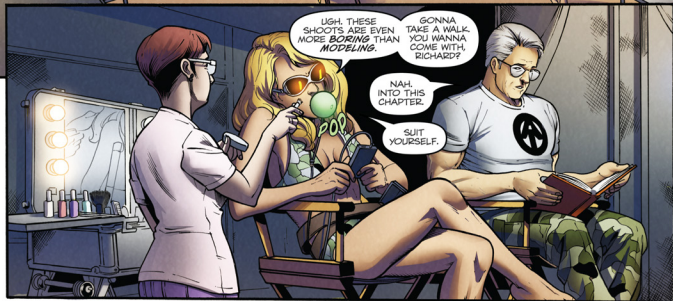








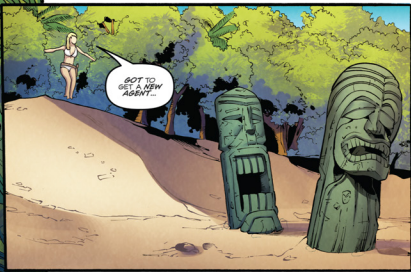




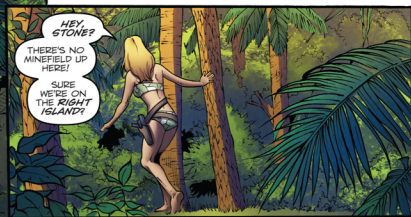


"MODEL YEARS ARE LIKE DOG YEARS, YOU'RE GETTING UP THERE," HE SAYS.

"A REALITY SHOW IS THE CAREER RESET YOU NEED," HE SAYS.



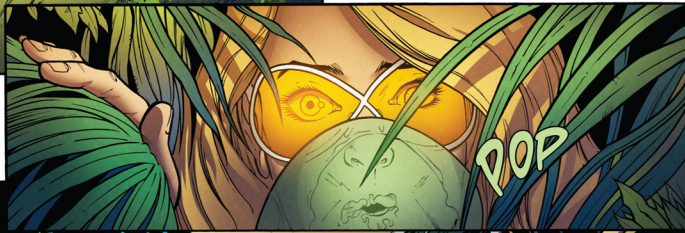
"GOT TO GET A NEW AGENT..."



"HEY, STONE?"

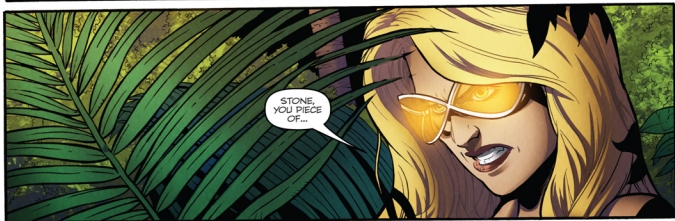
"THERE'S NO MINEFIELD UP HERE!"

"SURE WE'RE ON THE RIGHT ISLAND!"



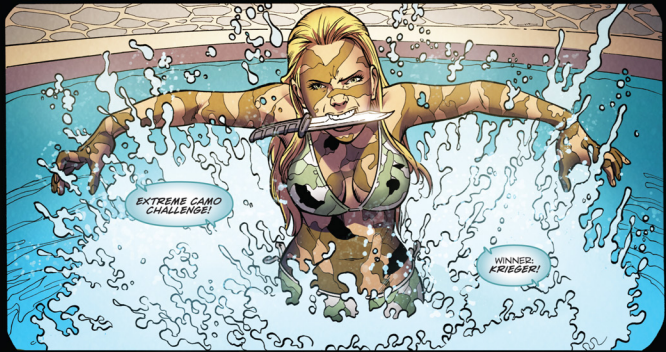
POOP



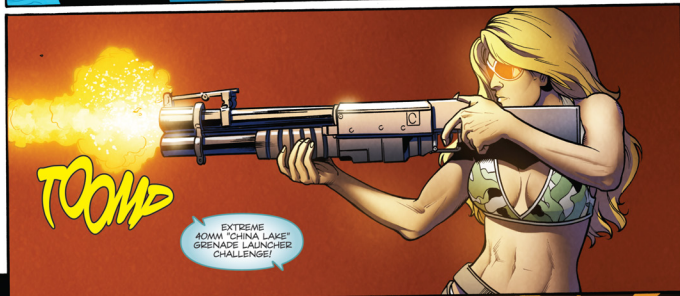














PIRATES.

FROM NANTZHOV, FROM THE SOUND OF THEIR LANGUAGE, NOT TOO FAR FROM HERE.

GUESS WE LANDED ON THEIR BASE BY ACCIDENT.



COURTNEY...

WHAT'S THAT, STONE?

I HEAR A HIGH-PITCHED, WHINING SOUND.

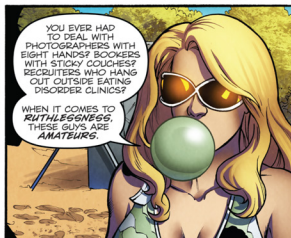
NOT UNLIKE AIR ESCAPING FROM A BALLOON.



THAT WAS... IMPRESSIVE.

WHAT, JUST BECAUSE I PAID ATTENTION WHEN THEY PUT US THROUGH FAUX-BASIC TRAINING?

THAT WAS ABOVE AND BEYOND. YOU'RE A NATURAL.



YOU EVER HAD TO DEAL WITH PHOTOGRAPHERS WITH EIGHT HANDS? BOOKERS WITH STICKY COUCHES? RECRUITERS WHO HANG OUT OUTSIDE EATING DISORDER CLINICS?

WHEN IT COMES TO RUTHLESSNESS, THESE GUYS ARE AMATEURS.



IF YOU EVER WANT TO CHANGE CAREERS, I KNOW A GUY TO TALK TO.

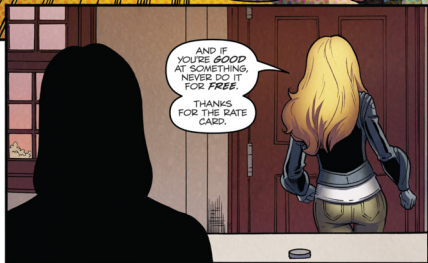
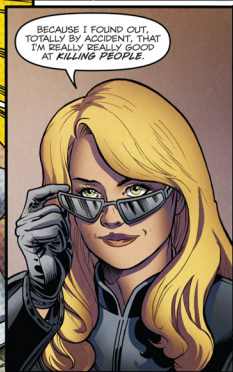
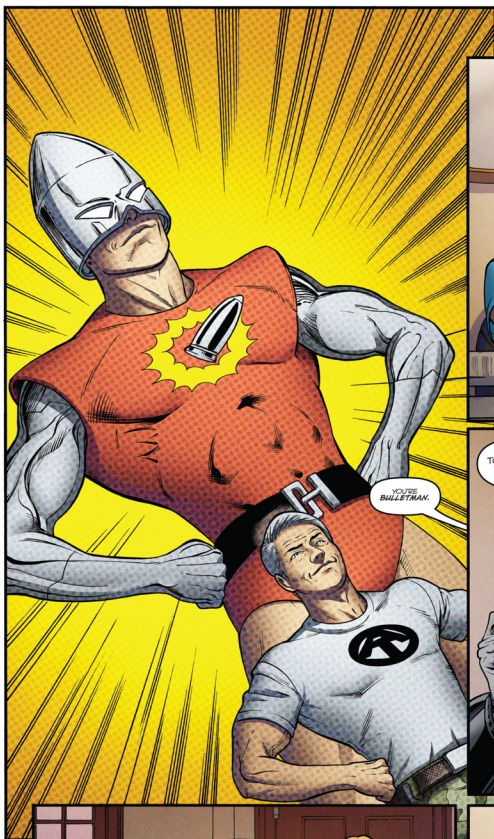
THESE DAYS HE GOES BY "HAWK."

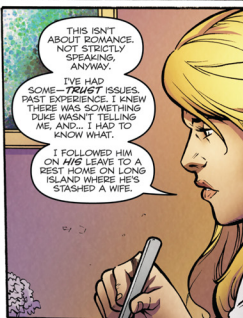
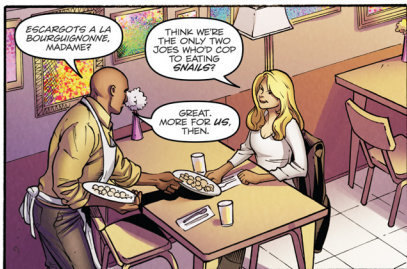
YEAH? WHAT KINDA CAREER ARE YOU REFERRING TO?

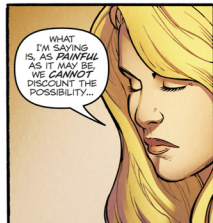
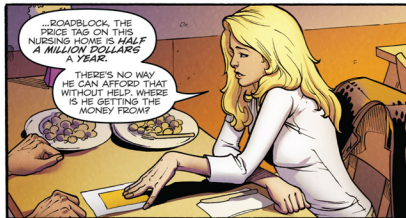
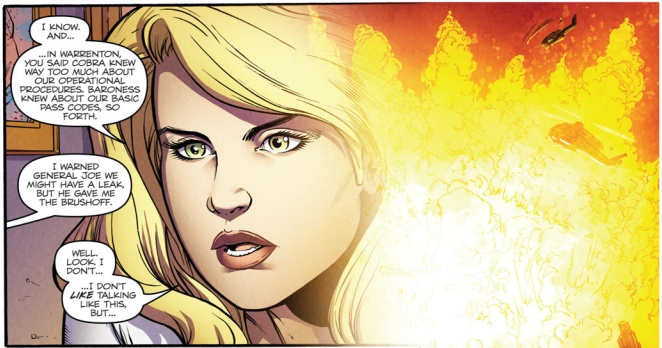
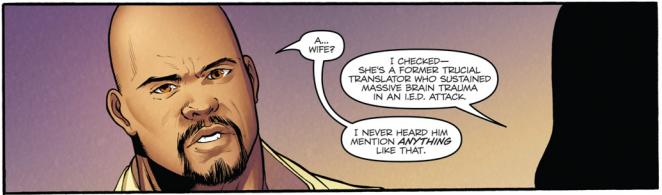
I NEVER CAUGHT WHAT YOU WERE FAMOUS FOR, RICHARD.



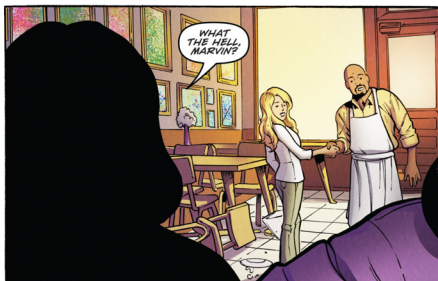
OH.
OH.
WOW.

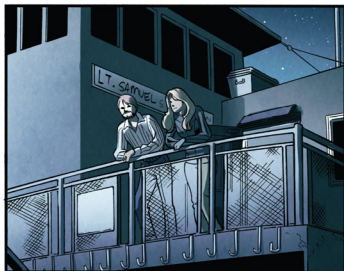
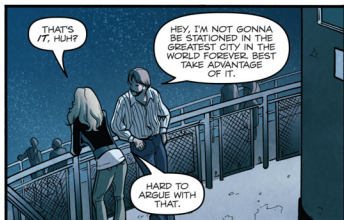


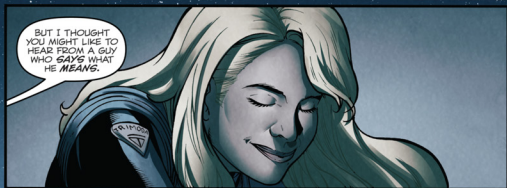
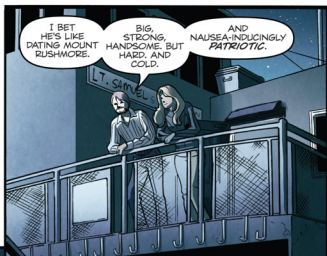
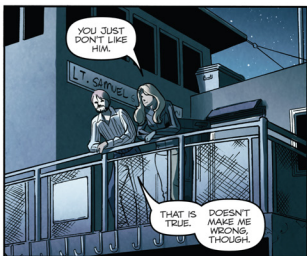
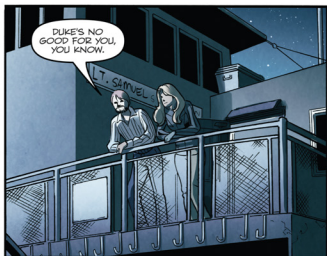


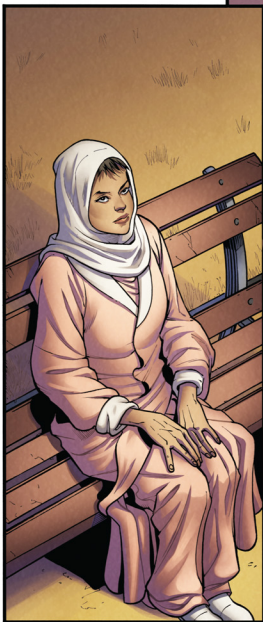




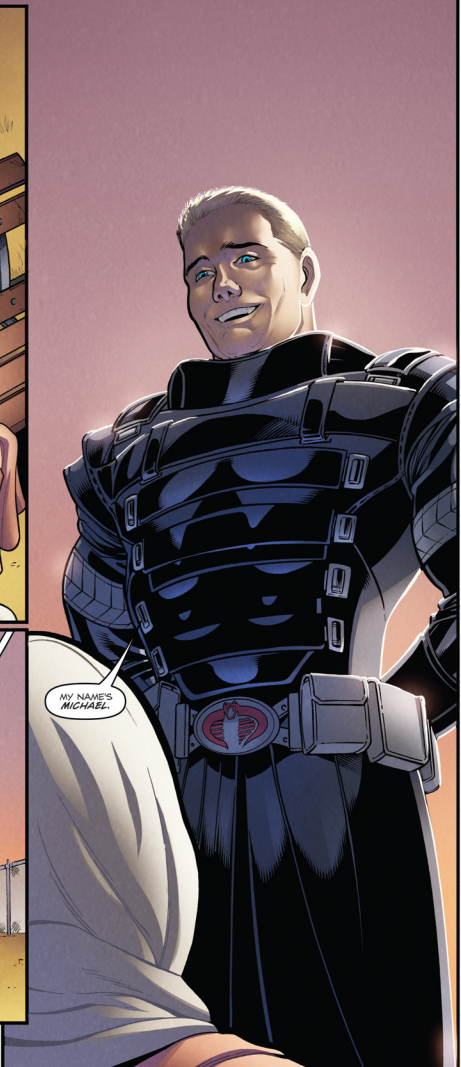








HELLO,
AISHA.



MY NAME'S
MICHAEL.

CHAPTER TWO



ART BY **STEVE HORTH**
INKS BY **ALLEN MARTINEZ**
COLORS BY **JOANA LAFUENTE**

COMMANDER'S HOUSE,
GOVERNORS ISLAND.
G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS.

YOU HEARD OF
ROBERT STEVENS
SAVAGE, SON?

OF COURSE NOT.
YOU'RE BARELY OLD
ENOUGH TO KNOW
YOU'RE ALIVE.

ONE OF MY
HEROES. ONE OF THE
MAIN INSPIRATIONS FOR
OUR ADVENTURE
TEAM.

HE AND HIS
**SCREAMING
EAGLES** HAD LIMITED
MANPOWER DURING
THE **BIG ONE**.

SO THEY RAN
AN OPERATION
THEY CALLED
**"THE NOTIONAL
MOLE."**

"THEY'D PARACHUTE A HIDDEN RADIO... CODE BOOK...
WEAPONS... INTO ENEMY-OCCUPIED TERRITORY.

"MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A DOUBLE
AGENT HAD LANDED.

"THEN **SAVAGE**, THAT WILY BASTARD, WOULD
ALLOW CERTAIN WIRELESS MESSAGES TO BE
INTERCEPTED, IMPLYING THE UPPER ECHELONS
OF THE **IRON ARMY** HAD BEEN **PENETRATED**.

"WHY, IT DROVE GENERAL BLITZ **CRAZY** WITH
PARANOIA! HE FELL OVER HIMSELF TRYING
TO FIND THIS NON-EXISTENT TRAITOR!"

"BLITZ HAD A **THIRD**
OF HIS HIGH COMMAND
EXECUTED WITHOUT
SGT. SAVAGE FIRING
A SHOT!"

"HA! CAN YOU BELIEVE THE
STONES ON THAT GUY?"



SIR,
GREAT
STORY.
REALLY.



BUT IF THE
WARRENTON OPERATION
PROVED ANYTHING, COBRA
IS FAR TOO FAMILIAR WITH
G.I. JOE PROCEDURES,
STRATEGY, AND
TECH.

ALL I'M SAYING IS
THAT WE CONDUCT AN
IN-DEPTH REVIEW OF THE
TEAM'S OPERATIONAL
SECURITY, JUST MAKE
SURE WE HAVEN'T
SPRUNG ANY
LEAKS—

ALL YOU ARE
SAYING, ROADBLOCK,
IS THAT WHERE THERE'S
A HAYSTACK, THERE
MUST BE A NEEDLE.



I AM SAYING
THAT NOT ONLY
THAT IS NOT
NECESSARILY
SO—

—BUT WITHOUT
MORE THAN VAGUE
SUSPICIONS TO GO
ON, TEARING OFF ON A
WITCH HUNT CAN DO
MORE DAMAGE THAN ANY
REAL LEAK IN G.I. JOE
EVER COULD.

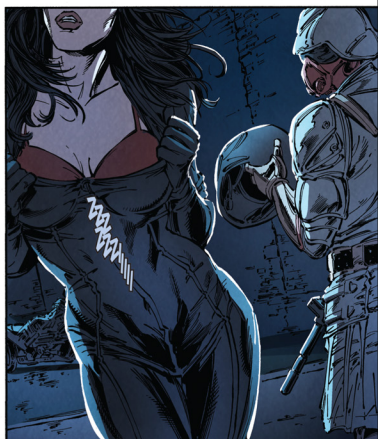


I APPRECIATE
YOUR CONCERN,
SERGEANT. I TRULY
DO. BUT YOU'LL
LEARN:

IN THE
FOG OF WAR,
NOTHING IS MORE
IMPORTANT...

...THAN
SEPARATING
SIGNAL FROM
NOISE.

SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.





PICK IT UP.

AYE, MUM.

BARONESS. YOU LOOK...

...AS ANTICIPATED. THANK YOU FOR COMING ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE.

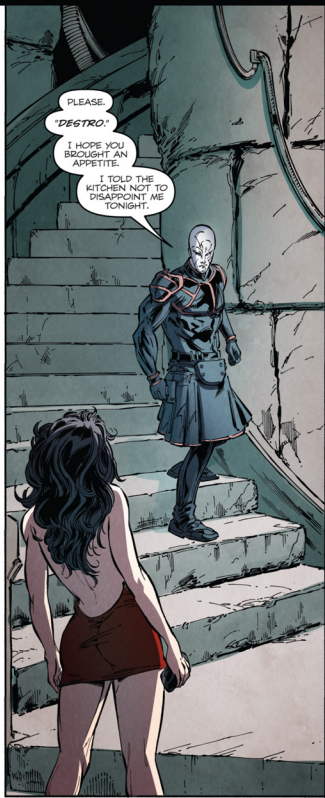
THANK YOU FOR HAVING ME.

YOU FOUND THE PLACE ALL RIGHT?

IT RISES UP FROM THAT BAREN MOOR LIKE A BROKEN BONE.

HARD TO MISS, LAIRD.

DDDDDD



PLEASE.

"DESTRO."

I HOPE YOU BROUGHT AN APPETITE.

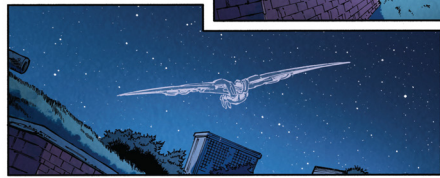
I TOLD THE KITCHEN NOT TO DISAPPOINT ME TONIGHT.



AND WHEN I SAY THAT...

...THEY NEVER DO.

FORT JAY, GOVERNORS ISLAND.





I'D SAY
"THANKS FOR
DROPPING
IN"

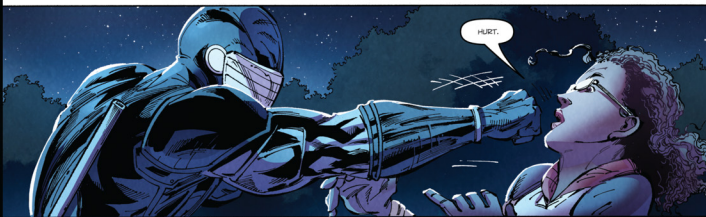


BUT THAT
WOULD BE
LAME.





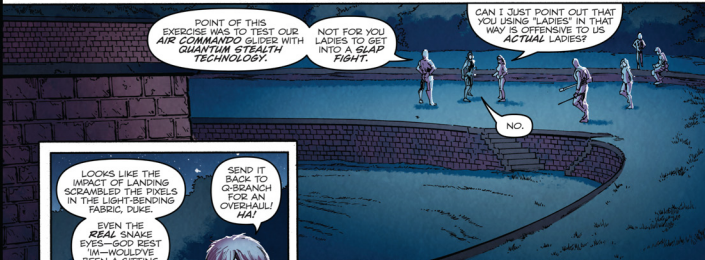






ALL RIGHT,
THAT'S ENOUGH.
QUICK KICK...

...OR SHOULD
I SAY "FAKE
EYES"?



POINT OF THIS
EXERCISE WAS TO TEST OUR
AIR COMMANDO GLIDER WITH
QUANTUM STEALTH
TECHNOLOGY.

NOT FOR YOU
LADIES TO GET
INTO A SLAP
FIGHT.

CAN I JUST POINT OUT THAT
YOU USING "LADIES" IN THAT
WAY IS OFFENSIVE TO US
ACTUAL LADIES?

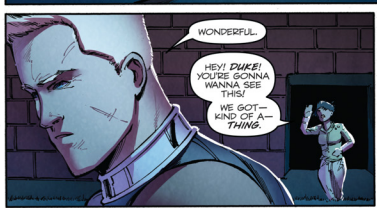
NO.



LOOKS LIKE THE
IMPACT OF LANDING
SCRAMBLED THE PIXELS
IN THE LIGHT-BENDING
FABRIC, DUKE.

EVEN THE
REAL SNAKE
EYES—GOD REST
'IM—WOULD'VE
BEEN A SITTING
DUCK.

SEND IT
BACK TO
Q-BRANCH
FOR AN
OVERHAUL!
HA!



WONDERFUL.

HEY! DUKE!
YOU'RE GONNA
WANNA SEE
THIS!
WE GOT—
KIND OF A—
THING.



USE
YOUR WORDS,
HASHTAG.

YOU KNOW
DEE-JAY ASSIGNED
ME MONITOR DUTY
ON THE THREAT
MATRIX?

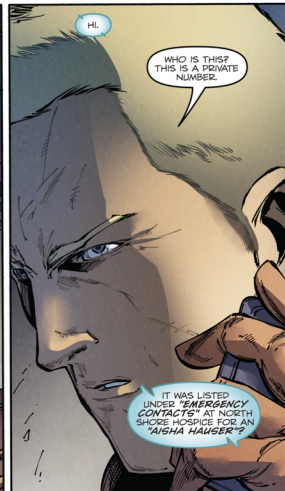
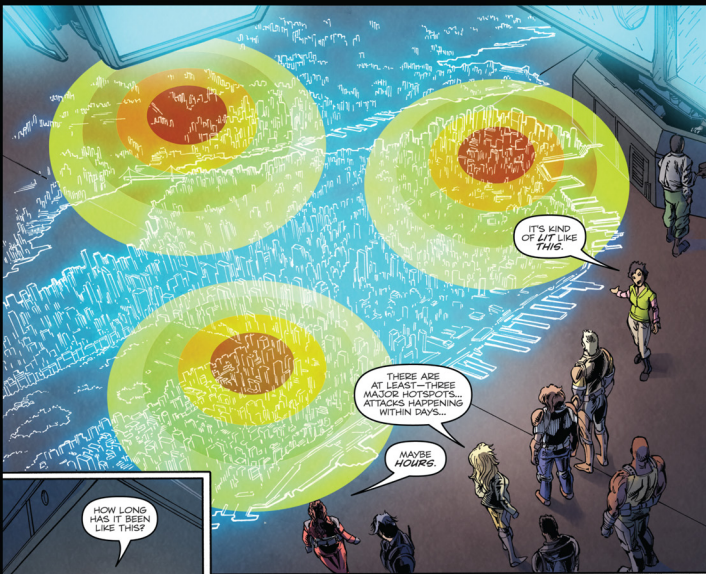
THAT'S THE
PROGRAM MAINFRAME
AT SPECIAL MISSIONS
DEVELOPED THAT AGGREGATES
ALL OF THE RAW DATA—THE
CHATTER—THAT GETS SENT
OUR WAY FROM NSA'S
PRISM PROGRAM?

TRYING TO
PINPOINT AREAS
OF PROBABLE
TERRORIST
ATTACK?



WHOA.

WELL... MY
SECOND COUSIN
OWNS AN INDIAN
RESTAURANT ON
EAST SIXTH.







AS I'M SURE YOU'VE ALREADY NOTICED, I'VE FLOODED YOUR **THREAT MATRIX** WITH CHATTER ABOUT POTENTIAL TERRORIST ATTACKS IN THE NEW YORK CITY AREA TAKING PLACE WITHIN THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

ONLY **ONE** OF THESE ATTACKS IS **SERIOUS**.

I AM **NOT** GOING TO TELL YOU WHICH ONE.



IN FACT, THE MERE FACT I HAVE TOLD YOU ONE OF THESE ATTACKS **IS** SERIOUS IS BETTER INTEL THAN MOST ANALYSTS GET IN A SINGLE DAY.

DADDY, LOOK.



NEEDLESS TO SAY, IT IS THE **GENUINE** ONE THAT WILL LEAD YOU TO **HER**.

DADDY, YOU'RE **NOT** LOOKING!



MOMMY HELPED ME—

INSIDE VOICE.

MOMMY HELPED ME SPELL YEESSHA.



THAT'S GREAT, BABY. BUT DADDY'S ON THE PHONE RIGHT NOW.

HELLO? YOU STILL THERE?



RIGHT NOW I'M TEXTING YOU PROOF YOU SHOULD TAKE ME SERIOUSLY.

MOMMY!

IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TELL ME WHO YOU ARE...



...YOU AT LEAST GOING TO TELL ME WHY YOU'RE DOING THIS?

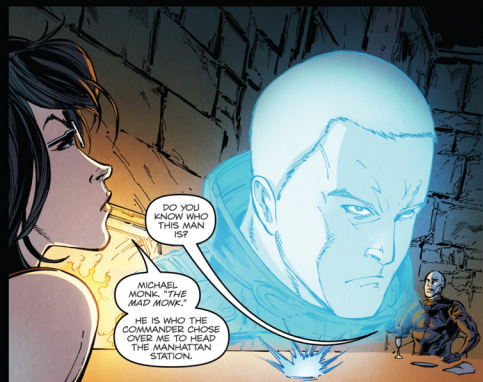
I AM A MAN WHO WANTS TO RIP THE VEIL OF **ILLUSION** AND **SELF-DECEPTION** FROM YOUR EYES.

IF YOU CAN DISCERN THE **TRUTH** FROM WHAT YOU **WANT** TO BE TRUE... SHE LIVES.



IF YOU **CAN'T**... YOU WILL **DIE**.





DO YOU
KNOW WHO
THIS MAN
IS?

MICHAEL
MONK. "THE
MAD MONK."

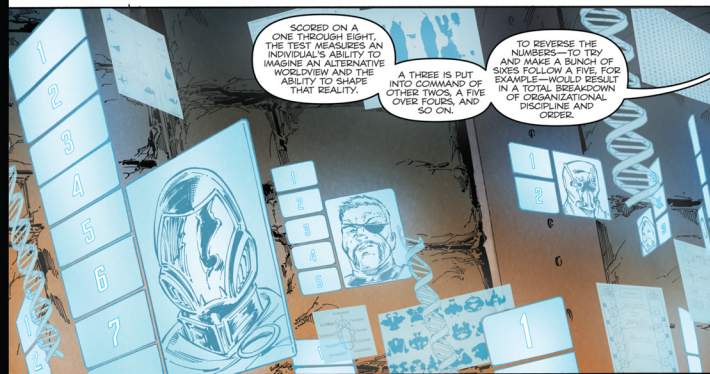
HE IS WHO THE
COMMANDER CHOSE
OVER ME TO HEAD
THE MANHATTAN
STATION.



INDEED,
AND MONK WAS
RECRUITED BY THIS
MAN: DR. LESTER
HORVATH.

AS WERE
MOST OF
COBRA'S EARLY
RECRUITS.

INDEED.
THEN YOU'VE
HEARD OF
HIS "LOME
TEST"?



SCORED ON A
ONE THROUGH EIGHT,
THE TEST MEASURES AN
INDIVIDUAL'S ABILITY TO
IMAGINE AN ALTERNATIVE
WORLDVIEW AND THE
ABILITY TO SHAPE
THAT REALITY.

A THREE IS PUT
INTO COMMAND OF
OTHER TWOS, A FIVE
OVER FOURS, AND
SO ON.

TO REVERSE THE
NUMBERS—TO TRY
AND MAKE A BUNCH OF
SIXES FOLLOW A FIVE, FOR
EXAMPLE—WOULD RESULT
IN A TOTAL BREAKDOWN
OF ORGANIZATIONAL
DISCIPLINE AND
ORDER.



YOU
SCORED A
SIX, BY THE
WAY.

HOW
LOVELY.

AND
YOU KNOW
THIS...?



BEFORE SOMEONE
INVITED DR. HORVATH TO
LEAP OUT OF A TWENTY-THREE-
STORY HOTEL ROOM IN PARIS,
HE SENT ME HIS NOTES ON
A VARIETY OF COBRA
PERSONNEL.

I WAS
THINKING OF
IMPLEMENTING
THE LOME TEST
IN MARS.



THE
COMMANDER
IS, AS YOU
MIGHT SUSPECT,
AN EIGHT.

BUT MR. MONK
IS SOMETHING
EVEN RARER.

"HE IS A ONE."



"HE CANNOT *LEAD*,
BECAUSE HE LACKS THE
ABILITY TO *INSPIRE*."

"YOU KNOW
THIS DUMMY
CAN'T GO TO THE
BATHROOM BY
HERSELF,
RIGHT?"

"YOU
EXPECT ME
TO CHANGE
HER BEDPANS,
TOO?"



"YOU'LL DO
WHATEVER I
TELL YOU,
TARA."

"MONK'S... MONK'S RUNNING
THE ENTIRE NEW YORK
STATION... BY HIMSELF?"



"THAT HE IS INDEED."

"HE CANNOT INSPIRE BECAUSE
HE LACKS THE CAPACITY FOR
SELF-DECEPTION."

"HE SEES THINGS *EXACTLY*
AS THEY *ARE*."



"HORVATH BELIEVED HE HAS A
DEATH WISH MATCHED ONLY
BY HIS *SURVIVAL INSTINCTS*."



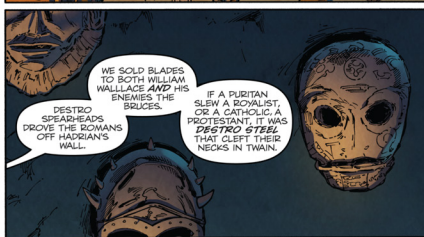


WHY LARID
DESTRO...

...IT ALMOST
SOUNDS LIKE
YOU'RE **AFRAID**
OF THIS MAN.



THE DESTRO CLAN
PERFECTED THE PROCESS
OF MAKING STEEL **CENTURIES**
BEFORE THE REST OF EUROPE,
RIGHT HERE, IN THESE PEAT
BOGS FROM WHICH MY
CASTLE RISES.



WE SOLD BLADES
TO BOTH WILLIAM
WALLACE **AND** HIS
ENEMIES THE
BRUCES.

DESTRO
SPEAR-HEADS
DROVE THE BRUANS
OFF HADRIAN'S
WALL.

IF A PURITAN
SLEW A ROYALIST,
OR A CATHOLIC, A
PROTESTANT, IT WAS
DESTRO STEEL
THAT CLEFT THEIR
NECKS IN TWAIN.



OUR CLAN HAS
BEEN FORGED TO
FEAR **DISHONOR**
OVER **DEATH**.

BUT I TELL
YOU THIS "MAD
MONK" IS
BOTH.

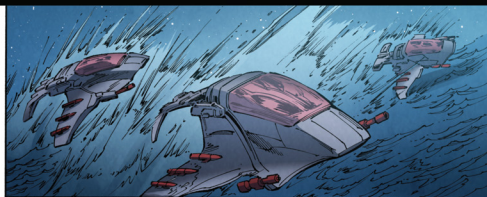
IN ORDER
FOR ME TO SELL
WEAPONS I NEED A
WORLD TO SELL
THEM **TO**.

IF THE
COMMANDER
PLACES HIS FAITH IN
MEN LIKE MONK, IT IS
NOT JUST **COBRA**
THAT WILL BE
DESTROYED.



CAN I COUNT
ON YOU TO
HELP ME **SHAKE**
THAT FAITH?







A comic book panel showing Scarlett, a woman with long brown hair and blue eyes, wearing a yellow tank top and blue pants, leaning against a metal railing. She is looking up and to the right. In the background, Duke, a man with a goatee wearing a green jumpsuit, is standing with his arms crossed. Another person in a green jumpsuit is visible in the background. A large screen in the background shows a close-up of a woman's face. The scene is set in a dark, industrial environment with metal structures and cables.

AND WE **BOTH**
WANT TO MAKE SURE
SOMETHING LIKE THAT
NEVER HAPPENS AGAIN,
SCARLETT.

ONLY YOU
AND YOUR **SPECIAL**
MISSIONS TEAM CAN
INVESTIGATE DUKE, AND
CLEAR HIM OF BEING
THE LEAK... OR...

...OR THE
OTHER
THING.

ALL
RIGHT.

WE'LL SEE
WHAT WE
CAN DO.

CHAPTER THREE



ART BY STEVE HURTH
INKS BY ALLEN MARTINEZ
COLORS BY JOANA LAFUENTE

NEW YORK HARBOR.

ATTENTION
WATERCRAFT!

THIS
IS THE JOINT
SERVICES SPECIAL
COUNTERTERRORISM
GROUP!

YOU HAVE
ENTERED AN
UNAUTHORIZED
PERIMETER
AROUND LIBERTY
ISLAND!

CUT YOUR
ENGINES
IMMEDIATELY AND
TURN TO FACE US
IMMEDIATELY!

OR WE
WILL OPEN
FIRE!

WE GAVE
'EM TO THE
COUNT OF ONE.

ROADBLOCK?



DO YOUR
THING.

TOOM
TOOM
TOOM



TOOM TOOM TOOM

WHOA.

I KNOW I
GOT DIRECT
HEADSHOTS
ON A COUPLE,
DUKE!

NOT EVEN
COBRA'S GOT
ARMOR THAT
SHUGGS OFF NA
PEUCE LIKE THAT!

THEN
WE GOT NO
CHOICE BUT
TO GET UP
CLOSE AND
PERSONAL!

SHIPWRECK!
OPEN THIS
WHALE. UP-BRING
IT AROUND FOR
BOARDING!

SHIPWRECK?

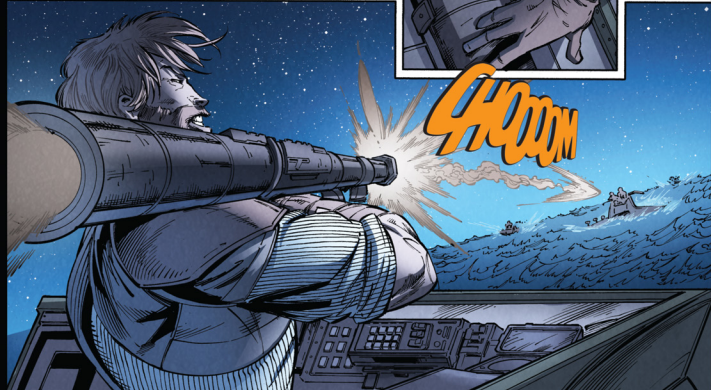


DAMN
IT, SHIPWRECK,
ON SEA OR ON
LAND I AM YOUR
G.O. AND I AM
GIVING YOU AN
ORDER.

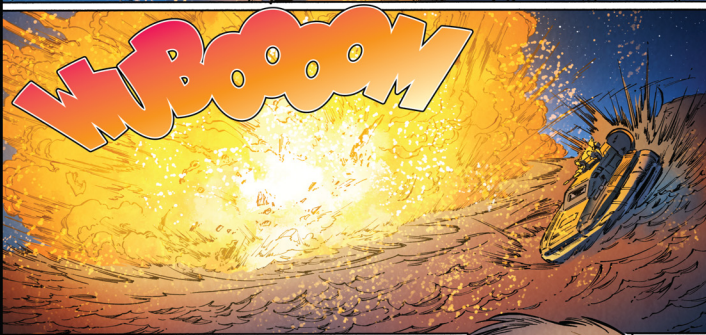
BRING
THE KILLER
WHALES, ALONG
THOSE VESSELS
SO WE CAN
BOAR—



OOOF!



CHOOOM





**COBRA NYC HQ.
LOCATION CURRENTLY UNKNOWN.**

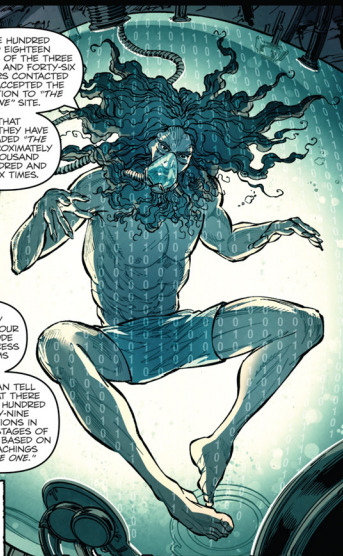
CRYSTAL
BALL.
CURRENT
CELL
STATUS.

ONE HUNDRED
AND EIGHTEEN
ENTITIES OF THE THREE
HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIX
OUTLIERS CONTACTED
HAVE ACCEPTED THE
INVITATION TO "THE
ONE" SITE.

OF THAT
NUMBER, THEY HAVE
DOWNLOADED "THE
ONE" APPROXIMATELY
ONE THOUSAND
TWO HUNDRED AND
SIXTY-SIX TIMES.

THEREBY
UNWITTINGLY
DOWNLOADING OUR
BACKDOOR CODE
SO WE CAN ACCESS
THEIR SYSTEMS
AT WILL.

SO I CAN TELL
YOU THAT THERE
ARE ONE HUNDRED
THIRTY-NINE
OPERATIONS IN
VARIOUS STAGES OF
PLANNING BASED ON
THE TEACHINGS
OF "THE ONE."



**GOVERNORS ISLAND, NYC.
G.I. JOE HQ.**

OKAY, DUKE,
I'VE MANAGED
TO NARROW THE
"THREAT MATRIX" DATA
TO IMMINENT
THREATS...

THREE OF
THOSE ARE ON
THE VERGE OF
EXECUTION.

I HAVE
QUIETLY DROPPED
HINTS OF THEM
FROM THE DATA
STREAM IN WHICH
I FLOAT...

...VAGUE ONLINE
"CHATTER" THAT
WILL BE PICKED UP BY
THE NATIONAL SECURITY
AGENCY'S SPIDERS
AND OTHER
AUTOMATED SNIFFER
PROGRAMS...

...AND
PASSED
ALONG TO
G.I. JOE.

...WHICH SEEM
TO NUMBER THREE,
ALL OF WHICH HAVE A
HIGH LIKELIHOOD OF
LANDING IN THE NEXT
TWENTY-FOUR
HOURS.





"THE SOURCE OF MOST OF THE METH IN EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA, **THE HEATHENS** MOTORCYCLE GANG, IS PLANNING A MAJOR ARMS DEAL ON RANDALL'S ISLAND TONIGHT.

"IN PREP FOR A MUCH LARGER AND MUCH **MASTER PLAN**."



"A MILITANT REFUGEE GROUP CLAIMING TO REPRESENT THE SURVIVORS OF THE **NANZHAO** NUCLEAR STRIKE ARE BRAGGING THEY'VE ASSEMBLED A **DIRTY BOMB** IN **FLUSHING**."



"AND SOME AMERICA-FIRSTERS ARE BEATING THEIR CHESTS ABOUT SOME KIND OF CHEMICAL OR BIOLOGICAL ATTACK ON THE ROOSEVELT ISLAND **TRAMWAY**."

"THE ISLAND IS A POPULAR RESIDENCE FOR **UNITED NATIONS** DIPLOMATS. THAT'S WHY THE **RED**, **WHITE**, AND **BROWNSHIRTS** CHOSE IT AS A TARGET..."

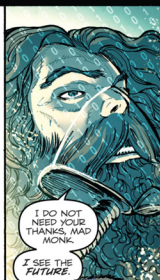


THAT ALL SOUNDS IDEAL FOR MY PLANS, CRYSTAL BALL.

WELL DONE. THANK YOU.

I KNOW... I AM NOT POPULAR IN THE COBRA RANKS.

YOU RISK A LOT BY HELPING ME.



I DO NOT NEED YOUR THANKS, MAD MONK.

I SEE THE FUTURE.



AND YOU ARE IT.



"WELL DONE."

"THANK YOU."

LISTEN TO IT.

YOU'D ALMOST THINK IT'S HUMAN.



IT'S BECAUSE IT'S BEEN AROUND HUMANS ALL ITS LIFE. IT KNOWS HOW TO PASS.

IT HAS TO SAY THESE THINGS SOMETIMES TO NOT BE FOUND OUT. IT HAS TO ACT LIKE IT LOVES ITS DAUGHTER. LIKE SHE GIVES IT JOY.

LIKE IT KNOWS WHAT JOY IS, OTHER THAN A WORD.



BUT I KNOW IT BETTER THAN EVERYONE ELSE.

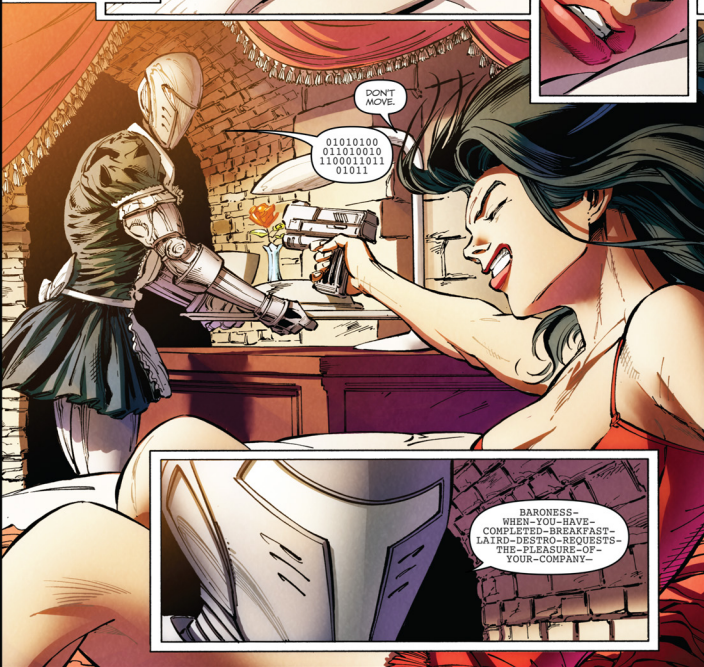
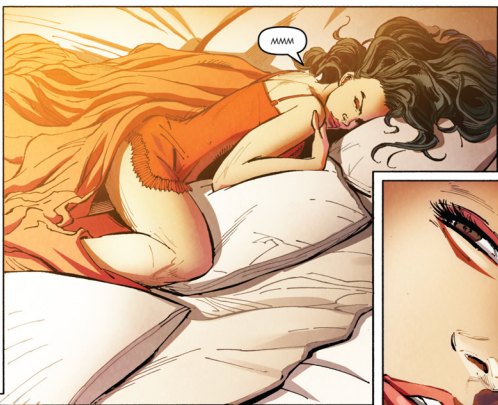


I SEE THROUGH THE ACT.



I KNOW WHAT YOU REALLY ARE, MICHAEL.

SCOTTISH
HIGHLANDS.



BARONESS-
WHEN-YOU-HAVE-
COMPLETED-BREAKFAST-
LAIRD-DESTRO-REQUESTS-
THE-PLEASURE-OF-
YOUR-COMPANY-

"—ON-THE-MOOR."

GOOD
MORNING,
ANASTASIA.

YOU
SLEPT
WELL?

LIKE THE
PROVERBIAL
DEAD.

CAPITAL.

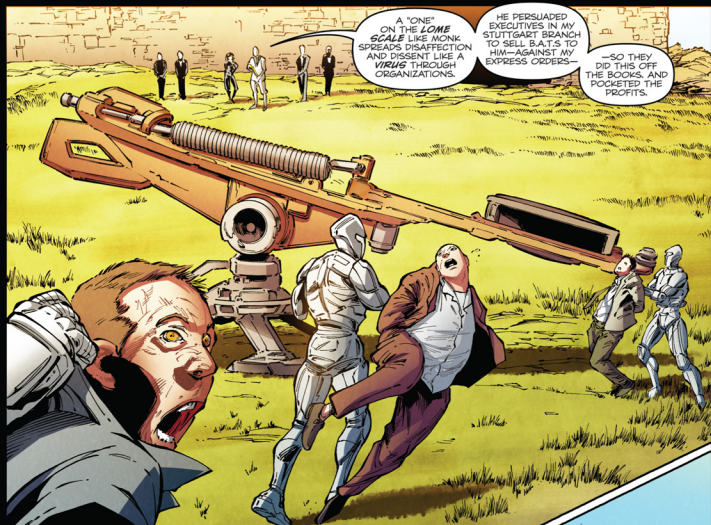
THERE
IS MUCH
TO DO.

WE MUST ACT
TO CURTAIL *THE*
MAD MONK'S
GROWING POWER
WITHIN COBRA
IMMEDIATELY.

HE'S ALREADY
DEPLOYED MARS'
BATTLE ANDROID
TROOPERS IN THE
HEART OF NEW
YORK CITY—

—WHAT
KIND OF A
MADMAN
DOES THAT?

WORSE, HE TREATS
THEM LIKE DISPOSABLE
DRONES—SINKING THEM
LIKE *TOYS* IN A CHILD'S
BATH TUB—INSTEAD OF
THE SOPHISTICATED
WEAPONS SYSTEM
THEY ARE!



A "ONE"
ON THE LOME
SCALE LIKE MONK
SPREADS DISAFFECTION
AND DISSENT LIKE A
VIRUS THROUGH
ORGANIZATIONS.

HE PERSUADED
EXECUTIVES IN MY
STUTTGART BRANCH
TO SELL B.A.T.S. TO
HIM—AGAINST MY
EXPRESS ORDERS—

—SO THEY
DID THIS OFF
THE BOOKS, AND
POCKETED THE
PROFITS.



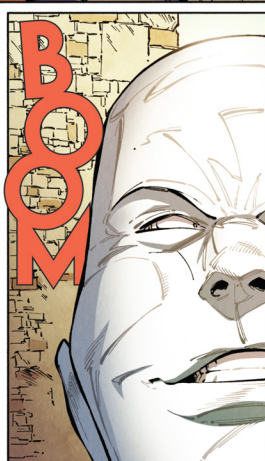
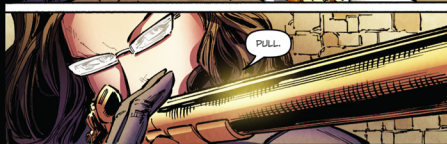
DO YOU
ENJOY SKEET
SHOOTING,
MY DEAR?



N-NEIN—
NO, MY LORD
DESTRO—
BITTE—



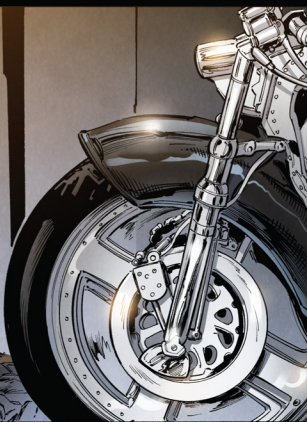
TUNNAGE



RANDALL'S ISLAND, NYC.

WHOOEEE...
"THE ONE" WAS
RIGHT ABOUT
YOU GUYS...

...YOU KNOW
WHAT THE
HEATHENS
NEED.



ALREADY
THIS IS A BETTER
RELATIONSHIP
THAN MY LAST
MARRIAGE.



WE'RE
FOLLOWING
THE PROGRAM.
"THE ONE" SAYS,
GO BIG, OR GO
HOME.

THE
PENNSYLVANIA
STATES HAVE
DECLARED
WAR ON THE
HEATHENS.

SO
THE ROADS
ARE GONNA BE
CRISGCROSSED
SOON WITH
HEATHEN TIRE
TRACKS IN PIGGY
BLOOD.



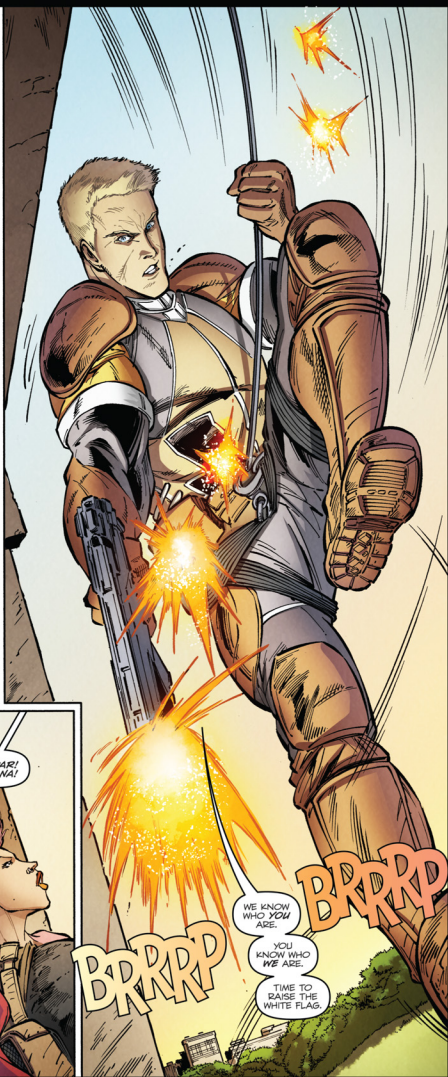
MAYBE WE'LL
BLOW OFF A FEW
VAULT DOORS WITH
THIS NEW HARDWARE.
SUPPLEMENT OUR
METH PROCEEDS.

WE DO NOT NEED TO HEAR YOUR LIFE STORY.

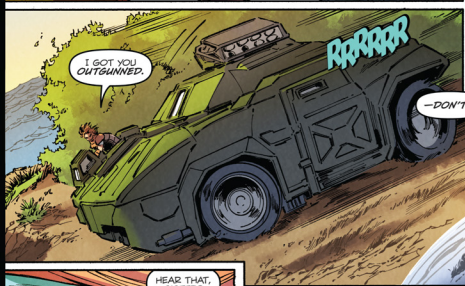
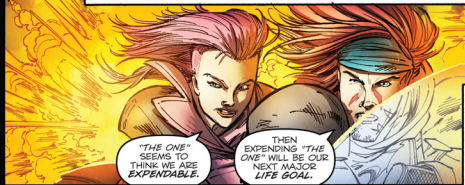
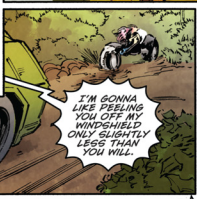
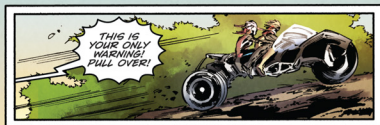
YOUR LIFE STORY WE DO NOT NEED.

YOUR MONEY WILL SUFFICE.

JUST GIVE US YOUR MONEY.







FLUSHING, QUEENS.

I FOLLOWED
"THE ONE'S"
INSTRUCTIONS
TO THE
LETTER...

...THOUGH I
DOUBT ANYONE
WHO DOESN'T HAVE
AN ENGINEERING
DOCTORATE LIKE ME
COULD'VE DONE
THE SAME...

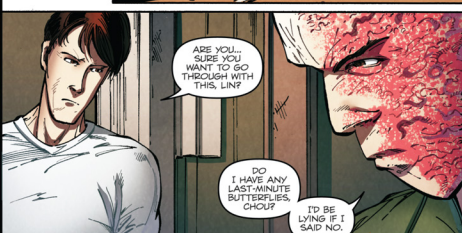
THERE.
IT'S DONE.



ARE YOU...
SURE YOU
WANT TO GO
THROUGH WITH
THIS, LIN?

DO
I HAVE ANY
LAST-MINUTE
BUTTERFLIES,
CHOU?

I'D BE
LYING IF I
SAID NO.



BUT AS "THE ONE"
SAYS—"COWARDS
NEVER KNOW THAT IT
IS ONLY WITH GREAT
RISK THAT GREAT
BATTLES ARE
WON.

"AND
THE BRAVE
KNOW IT IS ONLY
THROUGH SUCH
RISKS THEY
ARE."



AMERICA
HAS CHOSEN TO
IGNORE **NANZHAO**.
AFTER ITS NUCLEAR
DISASTER—THE ONE
THAT BURNED ME
FOR LIFE, AND
CLAIMED THE REST
OF OUR FAMILY.

YOU WERE HERE
IN AMERICA, WITH
YOUR **TRIAD**, AND
SO YOU ESCAPED
THE BLAST—

—BUT I HAVE
FORGIVEN YOU. FOR
YOUR CONNECTIONS
HAVE GIVEN ME THE
COMPONENTS I NEEDED
TO COMPOSE **THIS**
DEVICE.

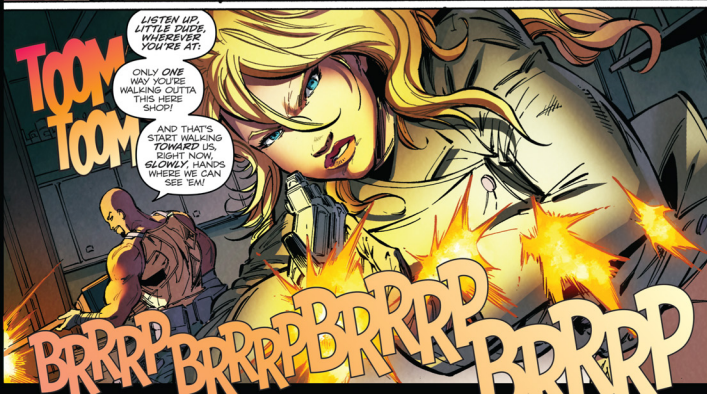


ONCE I
DETONATE IT
BENEATH THE
UNISPHERE IN
FLUSHING
MEADOW
PARK...

...THEY MAY
NOT **HELP**
US, BUT THE
SUPERPOWER
CAN NO LONGER
IGNORE US.

YOU.
**PUT
THE METAL
BASKETBALL
DOWN.
SLOWLY.**

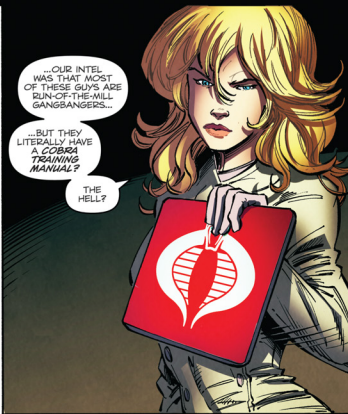






WHY DO I
FEEL LIKE THIS
WHOLE DAY HAS
BEEN US **YELLING**
AT PEOPLE AND
THEM **NOT**
LISTENING?

WHOA,
HOLD
ON...



...OUR INTEL
WAS THAT MOST
OF THESE GUYS ARE
RUN-OF-THE-MILL
GANGBANGERS...

...BUT THEY
LITERALLY HAVE
A **COBRA**
TRAINING
MANUAL?

THE
HELL?



WAIT,
HOLD ON.
SOME KINDA
ONLINE
THING...

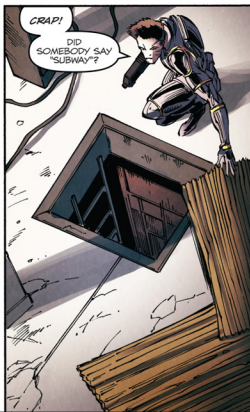
...DETAILING
ARMS DEALERS,
TACTICS,
BOMB-MAKING
INSTRUCTIONS?

GEEZ
LOUISE...



...SOMEBODY IN
COBRA IS POSTING
THIS STUFF ON AN
ENCRYPTED SITE WHERE
ANY PSYCHOPATH WITH
A GRUDGE AND A
PASSWORD CAN
DOWNLOAD IT.

IT'S LIKE
THEY'RE
FRANCHISING,
LIKE BURGER
KING OR
SUBWAY.



CRAP!

DID
SOMEBODY SAY
"SUBWAY"?



THAT
LOOKS LIKE
JUST WHERE
MR. DIRTY
BOMB HAS
RUN TO.

G.I. JOE SPECIAL MISSIONS HQ. NAVAL SUPPORT FACILITY, DIEGO GARCIA.

SCARLETT?
I THINK...

WELL, "I THINK
YOU'LL WANT
TO SEE THIS" IS
NOT QUITE
ACCURATE...

WHAT, OUR
WITCH HUNT OF
DUKE ON BEHALF
OF HER HIGHNESS
MISS PRINCESS
COVER GIRL HAS
UNCOVERED
SOMETHING?

LET
ME GUESS:
INAPPROPRIATE
SEXTING?

HE TAKES A
HOME OFFICE
TAX DEDUCTION
WHEN HE ONLY
USES IT FOR
BUSINESS 80%
OF THE TIME?

NO...

...IT WAS
HIDDEN IN
SOME OF HIS
FINANCIALS, BUT
HE'S PAYING FOR HIS
WIFE'S NURSING
HOME CARE FROM
AN ANONYMOUS
ACCOUNT...

...SET
UP YEARS
AGO—PRIOR
TO HIM JOINING
JOE, EVEN—BY
COLOSSUS
WORLD
SECURITY.

COLOSSUS
IS A KNOWN
COBRA
FRONT, RED.

OKAY. PUT
SPECIAL
MISSIONS
ON ALERT,
MAINFRAME.

GET
ME AN ACTIVE
TAP ON ALL OF
DUKE'S COMMS,
EMAIL, THE
WORKS.

NEXT
TIME HE
POPS UP ON
THE GRID...

...WE
HAVE NO
CHOICE BUT
TO TAKE HIM
DOWN.

CHAPTER FOUR



ART BY STEVE KURTH
INKS BY ALLEN MARTINEZ
COLORS BY JOANA LAFUENTE

FLUSHING, QUEENS.

PURSuing TANGO ON FOOT.

PRESUMING HE'S STILL CARRYING THAT DIRTY H.E.*

COPY THAT, TUNNEL RAT. I'VE GOT YOUR COMM ON MONITOR.

ROADBLOCK AND I WILL TRIANGULATE WITH YOU TOPSIDE, IN THE HAMMER.

*HIGH EXPLOSIVE.

ROGER, COVER GIRL. HE CAN'T BE TOO FAR AHEAD OF ME.

I HOPE.

IF THE G.P.S. FAILS YOU CAN ALWAYS MARK MY LOCATION BY THE MUSHROOM CLOUD.

FUNNY YOU'RE NOT, RAT.

HH!
HH!





FFFF!



OUTTA THE WAY!

HOONK HOONK

HELL ARE YOU DOING?

WHAT? I THOUGHT YOU SAID FRENCH CONNECTION WAS ONE OF YOUR FAVORITE MOVIES.

YEAH, DOESN'T MEAN I WANT TO LIVE IT!

TUNNEL RAT, I ASSUME THAT'S YOU ON THAT SUBWAY TRAIN ABOVE US AND YOU DIDN'T JUST ATTACH YOUR G.P.S. TO IT FOR GIGGLES?

WITH THESE ONE-WAY NEW YORK STREETS IT'S MAKING FOLLOWING YOU... SOMETHING OF A CHALLENGE.

HEY, I'M DRIVING HERE!

SKYKREEEE



YEAH, I SEE TANGO—HE'S TAKEN A CONDUCTOR HOSTAGE, MAKING HIS WAY FURTHER UP THE TRAIN.

COULD USE SOME BACKUP HERE WHILE I MAKE MY WAY TO HIM.



WHY ME?

YOU'RE UP, BIG MAN.

I'M DRIVING!

I COULD TAKE THE WHEEL—

I'M ALSO HANDLING THE OTHER THING—THE SCARLETT THING?

YOU JUST DON'T WANT TO STRAP ON THE JUMP.*

* JET MOBILE PROPULSION UNIT.

DAMN STRAIGHT...



GGAAAHHHH...

...DON'T LOOK DOWN DON'T LOOK DOWN DON'T LOOK DOWN

WUULLP...

YOU LOOKED DOWN, DIDN'T YOU.

SOMEBODY ON THAT STREET CORNER IS GONNA BE WEARING MY BREAKFAST FOR A HAT.



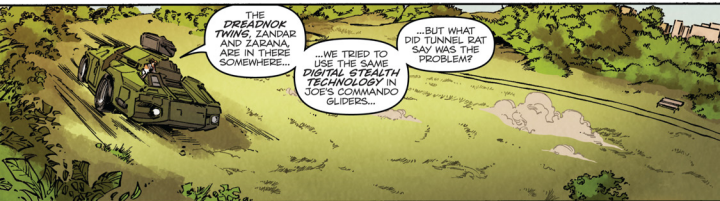
RANDALL'S ISLAND.

STUPID
GADGETS.

WAR
USED TO BE
SIMPLE.

SEE THE
TARGET.

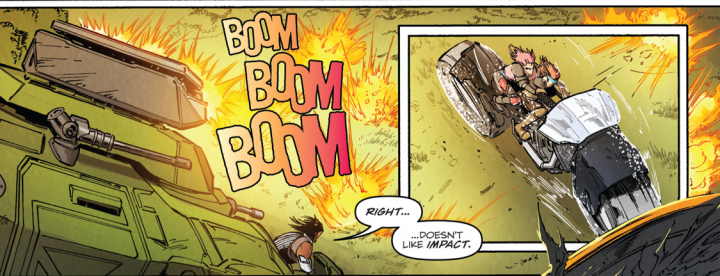
SHOOT THE
TARGET.



THE
DREADNOK
TWIN, ZANDAR
AND ZARANA
ARE IN THERE
SOMEWHERE...

...WE TRIED TO
USE THE SAME
DIGITAL STEALTH
TECHNOLOGY IN
JOE'S COMMANDO
GLIDERS...

...BUT WHAT
DID TUNNEL RAT
SAY WAS THE
PROBLEM?



BOOM
BOOM
BOOM

RIGHT...

...DOESN'T
LIKE IMPACT.



WHAMMM



GO GET
'EM, QUICK
KICK.

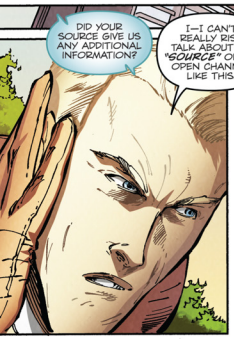
WE'LL WANT THEM
SINGING ABOUT
WHATEVER NASTINESS
THE DREADNOKS HAVE
GOTTEN INTO SINCE
SPECIAL MISSIONS
TANGLED WITH THEM
IN AUSTRALIA.

CONSIDER
THEM *GOT*.



DUKE, THIS IS
DOC. I'M AT THE
ROOSEVELT ISLAND
TRAMWAY.

GO AHEAD.
WHAT'S THE
SITREP?



DID YOUR
SOURCE GIVE US
ANY ADDITIONAL
INFORMATION?

I—I CAN'T
REALLY RISK
TALK ABOUT MY
"SOURCE" ON AN
OPEN CHANNEL
LIKE THIS.

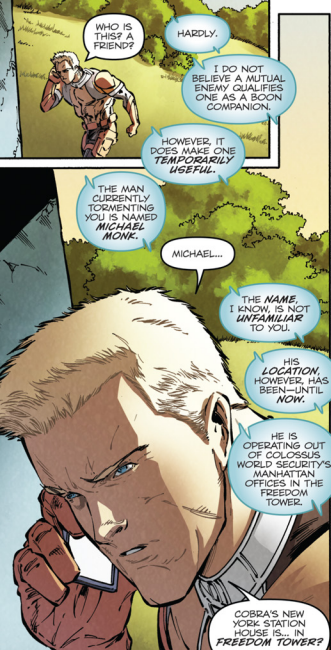


WELL,
I'M SCANNING
THE TRAMWAY
AND THE AREA
FOR BIOCHEMICAL
TRACES AND SO
FAR I'VE COME UP
WITH *NADA*.

SO FAR, THIS
PARTICULAR
LEAD LOOKS
LIKE A *SNIP*
HUNT.









NO FORGIVENESS REQUIRED, LAIRD.

I QUITE ENJOY MY OWN COMPANY.

IT IS THE ONLY TIME I CAN BE GUARANTEED OF THE PRESENCE OF AN EQUAL.

SHOULD I LEAVE YOU TWO ALONE THEN?



WELL, NOW.



I DIDN'T SAY THAT.



YES, GOOD.



KEEP THE MASK ON.



WAIT!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?
KEEP THOSE
CELL PHONES
ON ME!

KEEP
FILMING!



I HAVE
SOMETHING
TO SAY TO
THE WORLD—



—AND
YOU WILL
ALL BEAR
WITNESS
TO IT!

WHEN
I'M DONE,
YOU'LL UPLOAD
ALL YOUR
RECORDINGS
ONLINE—

—IN CASE
YOUR PHONES,
LIKE YOU, DON'T
SURVIVE THE
COMING FIRE!



SARGE, THIS
DUDE'S CRAZY
IS ABOUT TO
REACH CRITICAL
MASS.

WHAT'S
YOUR
POSITION?



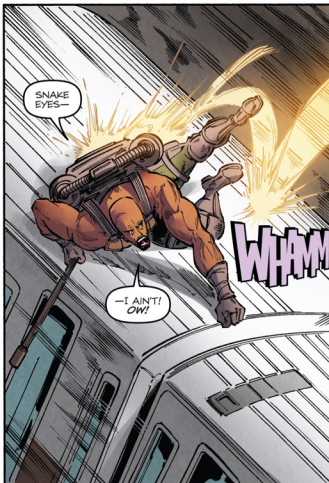
NOT TRYIN'
TO SLAM INTO
THE SIDE OF ANY
BUILDINGS, *THAT'S*
MY FREAKIN'
POSITION!



HE'S IN
THE LEAD
CAR Y' SAY?

AFFIRMATIVE.

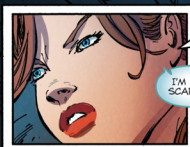
WELL THEN
I WON'T LAND
THERE.



SNAKE
EYES—

—I AIN'T!
OW!

WHAM



COVER GIRL. THIS IS SCARLETT. COME IN, DO YOU READ?

I'M HERE, SCARLETT.

ARE YOU ALONE? IS THIS A GOOD TIME?

THAT DEPENDS ON YOUR DEFINITION OF "GOOD."

SCARLETT

BUT GO AHEAD.

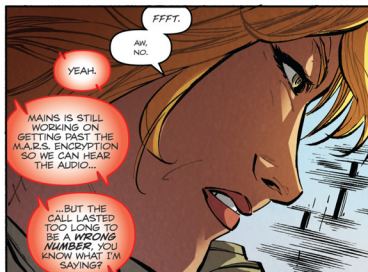


I AM THE BEARER OF CRAPPY NEWS.

MAINFRAME SET A TAP ON DUKE'S "SECRET CELL PHONE"...



...AND JUST INTERCEPTED A CALL FROM CASTLE DESTRO.



FFFT.

AH, NO.

YEAH.

MAINS IS STILL WORKING ON GETTING PAST THE M.A.R.S. ENCRYPTION SO WE CAN HEAR THE AUDIO...

...BUT THE CALL LASTED TOO LONG TO BE A **WRONG NUMBER**, YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING?



HE'S ON THE MOVE RIGHT NOW—WE CAN GO AFTER HIM A.S.A.P.—

—BUT I NEED YOUR FREAKING **WORD** YOU'VE GOT MY BACK WITH GENERAL JOE IF THIS GOES **PEAR-SHAPED**.

YOUR BOYFRIEND JUST WENT AWOL.

HE GOT SOME CALL WHILE 'KICK AND I WERE SUBDUING HOSTILES...

LET ME—

—LET ME CHECK WITH SOMEONE.



DON'T YOU **DARE** PUT ME ON HOLD, PRINCES—

SHIPWRECK, I CAN'T REACH DUKE—CAN YOU PUT HIM ON COMW?

NO CAN DO, GIRLY-GIRL.





...THEN
WENT
GHOST
ON US.



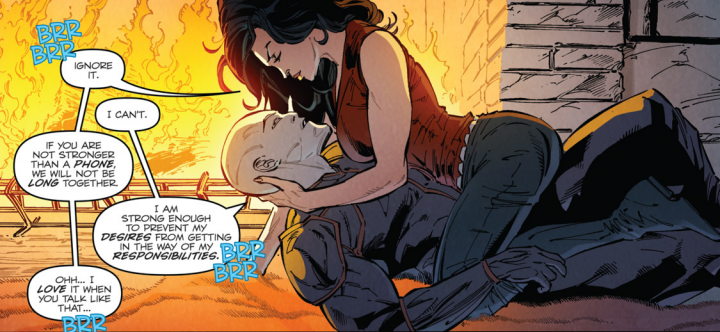
BRING
HIM IN,
SCARLETT.

COPY THAT.
SPECIAL
MISSIONS...

...HOPE YOU
MADE YOUR
BROADWAY
RESERVATIONS.

WE'RE
DEPLOYING TO
NEW YORK.





IGNORE IT.

I CAN'T.

IF YOU ARE NOT STRONGER THAN A PHONE, WE WILL NOT BE LONG TOGETHER.

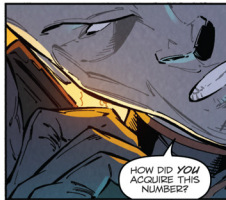
I AM STRONG ENOUGH TO PREVENT MY DESIRES FROM GETTING IN THE WAY OF MY RESPONSIBILITIES.

OH... I LOVE IT WHEN YOU TALK LIKE THAT...

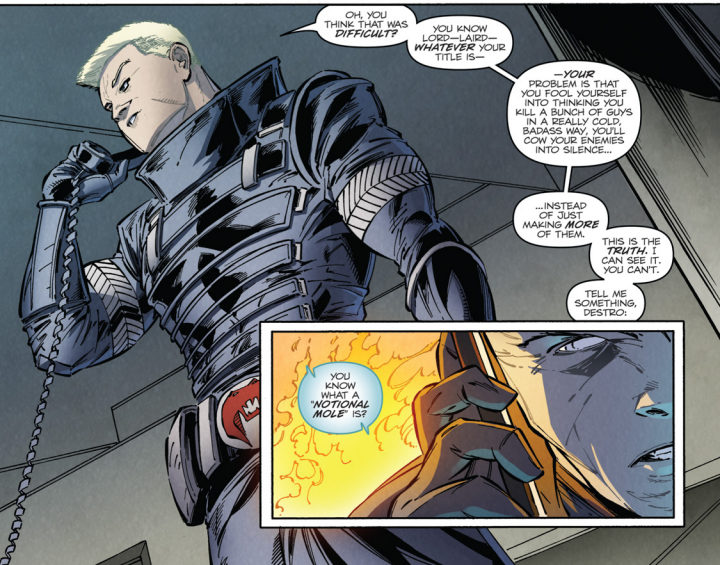
BRR BRR



WHO...?



HOW DID YOU ACQUIRE THIS NUMBER?



OH, YOU THINK THAT WAS DIFFICULT?

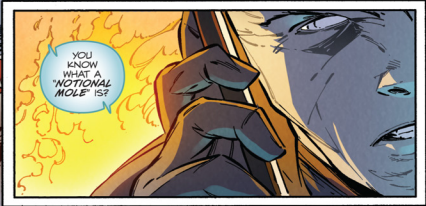
YOU KNOW LORD-LAIRD—WHATEVER YOUR TITLE IS—

—YOUR PROBLEM IS THAT YOU FOOL YOURSELF INTO THINKING YOU KILL A BUNCH OF GUYS IN A REALLY COLD, BADASS WAY, YOU'LL COW YOUR ENEMIES INTO SILENCE...

...INSTEAD OF JUST MAKING MORE OF THEM.

THIS IS THE TRUTH. I CAN SEE IT. YOU CAN'T.

TELL ME SOMETHING, DESTRO:

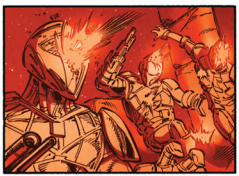


YOU KNOW WHAT A "NOTIONAL MOLE" IS?



WHAT—?

IT'S...
IT'S NOT
POSSIBLE...



"...THE CASTLE IS
UNDER ATTACK!"



COULD IT
BE THE
JOES?

I DON'T
CARE WHO
IT IS.

I WILL
MAKE THEM
CORPSES.

COME, THE
ARMORY IS—

UHHNNH!

COMMANDER!

WHAT IS
THE MEANING
OF THIS?

I WOULD
ASK THE
SAME OF
YOU, LAIRD.

WHAT COULD
HAVE POSSIBLY
MOTIVATED YOU
TO SELL OUT
COBRA TO
G.I. JOE?

OR DO YOU
DENY MAKING
DIRECT CONTACT
WITH THEIR
COMMANDER?

ONE
DOWN.

ONE TO
GO.

DUUUUUUUKE.

HOW'S IT
HANGING, MY
BROTHER FROM
ANOTHER
MOTHER?

UNLESS YOU'VE
FINALLY COME TO
YOUR SENSES AND
WANT TO *END* THIS,
I HAVE NOTHING
TO SAY TO YOU,
MONK.

WHERE'S
AISHA?

YOU REMEMBER MY
NAME AT LAST!
PRAISE THE LORD
HALLELUJAH.

THEN YOU
REMEMBER THE
TRUCIAL STATES. THE
CHECKPOINT. THE
SURRENDER THAT
WASN'T.

THE
INSURGENTS
WHOSE LIVES YOU
VALUED MORE THAN
THOSE OF YOUR
OWN *MEN*.

FOR SOMEONE
WHO CLAIMS TO
ONLY SEE THE
TRUTH YOU HAVE A
REAL *SELECTIVE*
MEMORY, MONK.

WAY TO
MISS THE
POINT,
CONRAD.

ANYWAY,
YOU'RE IN LUCK.
I *AM* HERE TO
DISCUSS
ENDGAME—

ME
TOO.

BETTER
FINISH THAT
COFFEE YOU'RE
HOLDING.

...

NOPE, I'M
NOT THERE.

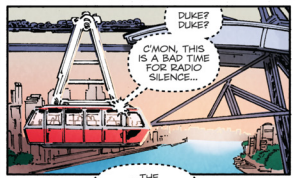
NOT THERE
EITHER.

YOU'LL BE
ABLE TO SEE
ME SOON
ENOUGH.



ON
IMPACT.





CHAPTER FIVE



ART BY **STEVE HURTH**
INKS BY **ALLEN MARTINEZ**
COLORS BY **JOANA LAFUENTE**

U.S. ARMY CHECKPOINT BRAVO-CHARLIE. DISPUTED ZONE, TRUCIAL STATES.

(STOP!
IDENTIFY!)*

YEARS AGO.





TOOM
TOOM
TOOM
TOOM

SHOULD
HAVE CHECKED
A MAP,
FRIEND.

GENEVA
IS THREE
THOUSAND
MILES THAT
WAY.

WAKK

HELL'S
A MATTER
WITH YOU,
MONK?

THOSE
MEN WERE
UNARMED!

SURRENDERING!

THOSE...
"MEN"... WERE
CAPTURED BY
MY GUYS SIX
WEEKS AGO.

THE BRASS
LET 'EM OUT...
AND THEY WENT
AND BLEW UP OUR
CONVOY. KILLED
FOUR OF OUR
OWN.

NOT
GONNA LET
THAT HAPPEN
AGAIN.

BUT DON'T
LET NOT HAVING
ANY CLUE WHAT
YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT STOP YOU
FROM TAKING THE
"HIGH ROAD"...



...FIRST
SERGEANT
HAUSER. THANKS TO
YOUR QUOTE-UNQUOTE
HEROISM, I WAS
DISHONORABLY
DISCHARGED.

LOST
THE MEDICAL
BENEFITS I NEEDED
TO PAY FOR TREATING
MY DAUGHTER'S
LUPUS.

I DRIFTED
FOR A LONG
TIME UNTIL THE
COMMANDER
RESCUED ME.

FIGHTED
YOU FROM
THE BOW.

FREEDOM
TOWER, N.Y.C.

NOW.



CALL IT
WHAT YOU
LIKE.

YOU, ON THE
OTHER HAND—BIG
SURPRISE—MADE
YOUR WAY UP IN THE
WORLD, "DUKE."

YOU'RE GOOD
AT REFLECTING
OTHER PEOPLE'S
LIES BACK AT
THEM.



THAT'S WHY
THEY LIKE
HAVING YOU
AROUND.



I, ON THE OTHER
HAND, LACK THE
CAPACITY FOR
DECEPTION.

IN MOST
ORGANIZATIONS,
THAT'S SEEN AS A
DETIMENT.

THE SELF
SUBORDINATES
TO THE MANY
FOR THE BENEFIT
OF ALL.

BUT COBRA
IS ALL ABOUT
TEARING DOWN
SOCIETY'S
ILLUSIONS, SO
THERE I EXCEL—



COBRA IS AS
SLIMY AS AN EEL,
"MAD MONK," AND
YOU FIT IN WELL
THERE BECAUSE
YOU'RE JUST AS
SLIPPERY—

—AT THE
BEGINNING YOU
SAID ALL BUT ONE
OF YOUR ATTACKS
WOULD BE FAKE!
BUT THEY'VE ALL
CHECKED OUT
SO FAR—



OH...

...HAVE
THEY?

QUEENS.

ROADBLOCK—
I CAN'T WAIT
FOR YOU ANY
LONGER.

THE TANGO
LOOKS LIKE
HE'S GONNA
BLOW BEFORE
HIS DIRTY
BOMB.

MOVING
IN!

SHRAKK

AHHH!

KRRZZZZZ

SKSSSHHH

DON'T—

NO!

YOU WILL
DROWN IN
FIRE!



YOU WILL BURN IN THE NUCLEAR FURNACE...

...LIKE THE NANZHOU MARTYRS...

...AND...

...AND, UH...

KK KK KK KK

THE APOCALYPSE IS EXPERIENCIN' TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES.

WAD

I ... I DON'T UNDERSTAND... THE BOMB... SHOULD HAVE WORKED...

...I FOLLOWED... ALL OF "THE ONE'S" INSTRUCTIONS...

...TO THE LETTER...

RANDALL'S ISLAND. EAST RIVER.



NOW THAT
LOCAL LAW
ENFORCEMENT
HAS ARRIVED,
LOOKS LIKE THEY
CAN TAKE IT
FROM HERE...

THESE ARE
THE WEAPONS
ZANDAR AND
ZARANA WERE
SELLING TO THE
BIKERS?



THEY
BELONG IN A
MUSEUM...



THE
HELL?!



YOU
FREAKS WERE
SELLING US
GARBAGE?

YOU'RE
GONNA REGRET
THIS! OUR BROTHER
HEATHENS RUN
HALF THE PRISONS
ON THE EASTERN
SEABOARD!

YOU TWO
AREN'T GONNA
LAST A WEEK
INSIDE, Y'HEAR
ME?



IF YOU'RE
THE BEST THEY
CAN THROW AT
US IN THERE...

...MY
BROTHER
AND I HAVE
NOTHING
TO WORRY
ABOUT.



THAT'S
ENOUGH.

WE DID
EXACTLY AS
"THE ONE"
INSTRUCTED
US!

CASTLE DESTRO, SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.



YOUR LEAK
OF THE LOCATION
OF COBRA'S
**MANHATTAN
STATION HOUSE**
WAS REPORTED
TO ME BY—

BY THE
STATION
COMMANDER,
AYE? YOUR
"MAD MONK"!

HE IS BEHIND
ALL OF THIS,
COMMANDER!

MONK IS
TRYING TO DRIVE
A WEDGE BETWEEN
M.A.R.S. AND
COBRA!



**BECAUSE
THAT IS WHAT
HE DOES! ALL
HE CAN DO!**

HOW CAN
I TEAR THESE
DELLUSIONS
FROM YOUR
EYES?

**MONK IS A
CANCER. HE
WILL DESTROY
EVERYTHING
YOU'VE BUILT—**



"BUILT?"

YOU
BREAK MY
HEART,
DESTRO.

YOU'VE NEVER
UNDERSTOOD ME,
OR COBRA.

YOU SEE
US AS JUST
ANOTHER CLIENT
FOR WEAPONS, LIKE
A GOVERNMENT,
OR A MAFIA.

WHEN WE
ARE SO MUCH
MORE THAN
THAT.

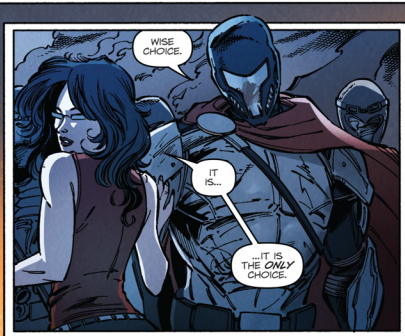
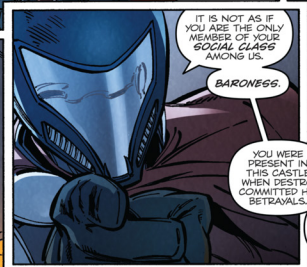
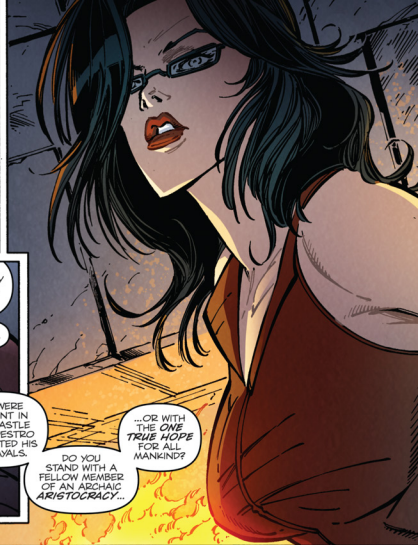


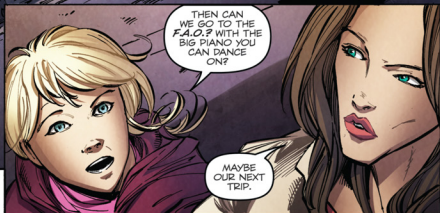
**COBRA
IS AN
IDEA.**

AN IDEA
MICHAEL MONK
EMBODIES.

WHILE I AM
MUCH MORE THAN
A **GUN STORE,**
COMMANDER.

CLAN DESTRO
HAS **TRADITION.**
CLAN DESTRO
HAS **HONOR.**







ROGER
THAT, DOC.

'KICK AND I
ARE AT RANDALL'S
ISLAND, THAT'S
NOT FAR UPRIVER
FROM YOU.

WE'RE GRABBING
THE W.H.A.L.E. AND
BEE-LINING FOR YOUR
LOCATION—



HURRY!
I NEED
IMMEDIATE
BACKUP!



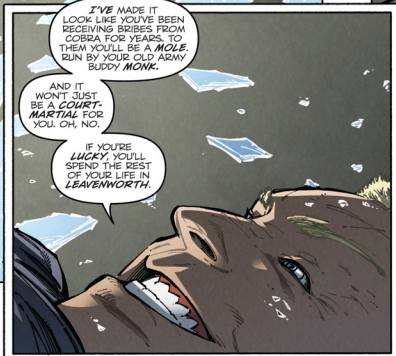
THE VEST
HAS STARTED
COUNTING
DOWN—



YOU'RE
THROUGH,
FIRST
SERGEANT
HAUSER.

SOON
ENOUGH, THE
TRUTH WILL
COME TO
LIGHT—

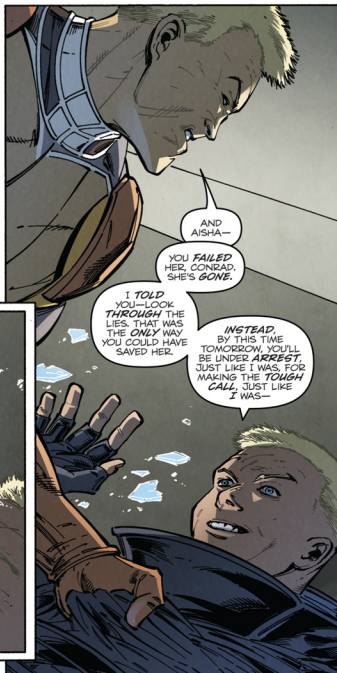
—THAT IT
WASN'T JUST
INCOMPETENCE
THAT MADE YOU SPLIT
UP G.I. JOE AND SEND
THEM TO ALL THE
LOCATIONS THE
REAL THREAT
WASN'T.



I'VE MADE IT
LOOK LIKE YOU'VE BEEN
RECEIVING BRIBES FROM
COBRA FOR YEARS. TO
THEM YOU'LL BE A **MOLE**.
RUN BY YOUR OLD ARMY
BUDDY **MONK**.

AND IT
WON'T JUST
BE A **COURT-
MARTIAL** FOR
YOU. OH, NO.

IF YOU'RE
LUCKY, YOU'LL
SPEND THE REST
OF YOUR LIFE IN
LEAVENWORTH.



AND
AISHA—

YOU **FAILED**
HER, CONRAD.
SHE'S **GONE**.

I **TOLD**
YOU—LOOK
THROUGH THE
LIES. THAT WAS
THE **ONLY** WAY
YOU COULD HAVE
SAVED HER.

INSTEAD,
BY THIS TIME
TOMORROW, YOU'LL
BE UNDER **ARREST**.
JUST LIKE I WAS, FOR
MAKING THE **TOUGH**
CALL, JUST LIKE
I WAS—



DUKE! LIE
DOWN ON THE
GROUND WITH
YOUR HANDS ON
YOUR HEAD!

DON'T
MAKE THIS
ANY HARDER
THAN IT HAS
TO BE!

...
OKAY, THAT
WAS A LITTLE
QUICKER THAN I
HAD ANTICIPATED.



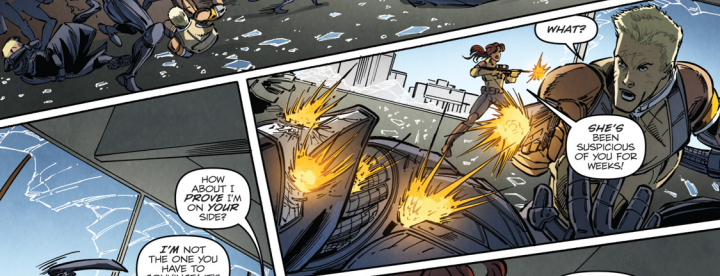
AND HERE I
THOUGHT I HAD
ALL ANGLES
COVERED.



01101011
011010010
110110001
101100

01101011
011010010
110110001
101100

B.A.T.S.!



WHAT?

SHE'S
BEEN
SUSPICIOUS
OF YOU FOR
WEEKS!



HOW ABOUT I
PROVE I'M
ON YOUR
SIDE?

I'M NOT
THE ONE YOU
HAVE TO
CONVINCE! IT'S
COVER GIRL!

LIKE WHERE
YOU GET THE
MONEY TO PUT
UP YOUR ALLEGED
WIFE IN THAT FANCY
NURSING HOME,
FOR INSTANCE!

HERE'S THE
RUB ABOUT WE
DECADENT, ARCHAIC
ARISTOCRATS,
COMMANDER...

...WE'VE HELD
POWER FOR
CENTURIES...

01101011
011010010
110110001
101100

01101011
011010010
110110001
101100

...SO WE'RE
ADEPT AT
KEEPING IT.

01101011
011010010
110110001
101100

TCH.

SO SOON
AFTER THE
RENOVATIONS.

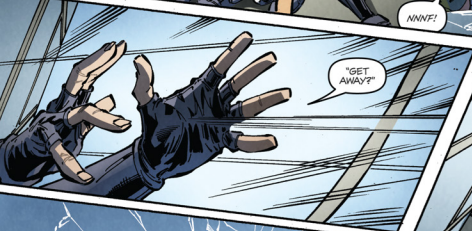
YOU
SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN
BETTER THAN
TO CONFRONT
ME IN MY OWN
HOUSE.

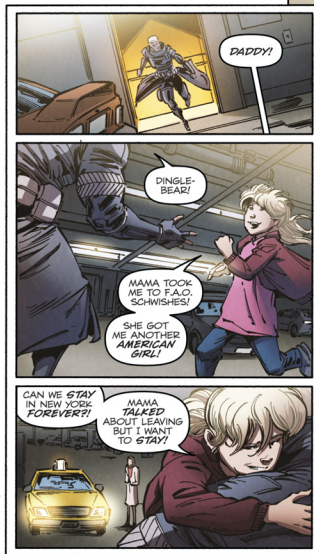
I WOULD SAY
"FAREWELL,"
COMMANDER...

...BUT WE
WILL MEET
AGAIN.

NEXT TIME,
WE'LL DO IT AT
YOUR PLACE.

KIAK







AAAAHH!





KICK

COME ON
COME ON
COME ON
COME ON

AAHHH!

WAKATHOODOOOM!

GASSSP!

AHoy
THERE,
DOC!

YOU ALL
RIGHT?
WHERE'S THE
VEST?

IN
THE... RIVER, I
REALIZED—THE
BACTERIA INSIDE
THE BOMB... WERE
AEROBIC—AIR-
BREATHERS!

THEY WON'T
BE ABLE TO
SURVIVE...
UNDERWATER!
THE BOMB'S
HARMLESS!

GOOD JOB,
BEAUTIFUL,
EVEN IF SOME
OF THE GUNK
REMAINS...

...IT'S
THE EAST
RIVER.

WHO'LL
NOTICE?



YOU! TAKE THE
RIGHT CORRIDOR
JUNCTURE!

THE REST
TAKE THE
LEFT!

YES,
BARONESS!



COME.

THE FOOLS
WILL BE
CHASING THEIR
TAILS FOR
HOURS.



WHY THE
CHANGE OF
HEART?

OH,
FOOLISH
LAIRD...



...MY HEART
NEVER
CHANGES.



THE
COMMANDER IS
UPSET *NOW*, BUT,
GIVEN TIME, I AM
CERTAIN I CAN
PERSUADE HIM WHAT
YOU DID WAS, IN ITS
OWN TWISTED WAY,
OUT OF LOYALTY.



THEN YOU
WILL BE IN MY
DEBT.

AND THERE
ARE *SO MANY*
DIFFERENT WAYS
YOU CAN
REPAY ME...

HA.



WHAT ABOUT
MONK?

PATIENCE.

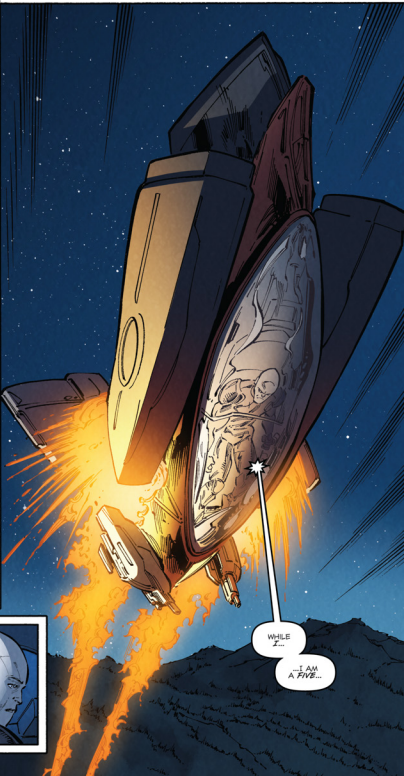
HE'S NOT
AS *SMART*
AS HE THINKS
HE IS.

TOGETHER
... WE WILL
OUTFOX HIM.

ON
HIS SILLY
APTITUDE
SCALE, AFTER
ALL...



...I
AM A
SIX, AM I
NOT?



WHILE
I...

...I AM
A *FIVE*...

NEW MEXICO.
WEEKS LATER

THIS NEW HOME SEEMS
PERFECT,
AISHA.

24-HOUR
STAFF...
DESERT
VIEW...

...AND, MOST
IMPORTANTLY...

...YOU'RE
CHECKED IN
UNDER A
PHONY
NAME.

GENERAL
JOE REALLY
CAME THROUGH
FOR ME ON
THIS ONE.

IT'S MORE THAN I
DESERVE, FOR
KEEPING THE TRUTH
FROM HIM—FROM
COVER GIRL.

GUESS...
I'VE NEVER
BEEN ONE
TO ASK FOR
HELP.

AND
I WAS WORRIED,
ONCE I JOINED
JOE, AND HAD
TO GO
UNDERGROUND...

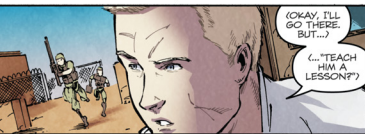
...YOU'D BE
ABANDONED,
WITH NO ONE
TO CARE FOR
YOU.

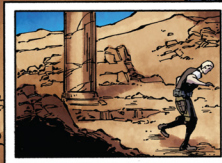
SO I DIDN'T
TELL ANYONE
ABOUT YOU.

THAT'S THE
ONLY GOOD
PART OF THIS.

I CAN LET MY
FRIENDS KNOW
ABOUT THE BEST
PART OF MY LIFE.

THEY HAVEN'T
EVEN ASKED
WHERE THE
MONEY COMES
FROM YET.





CHAPTER SIX



ART BY **STEVE KURTH**
INKS BY **ALLEN MARTINEZ**
COLORS BY **JOANA LAFUENTE**

U.S. ARMY
COMMUNICATIONS-
ELECTRONICS
COMMAND
FORT ABERDEEN, MD.
YEARS AGO

YOU'VE
GOTTA

WAIT

LOOK
ON YOUR

DANG!

COME ON
COME ON
COME ON

HA! HA!
GOTCHA!

YOU BETTER
START PULLING
YOUR WEIGHT
AROUND HERE,
LAMONT, OR I'M
GONNA FRAG
YOU MYSELF—

SHUT YOUR
MOUTH, MARVIN! I
GOT A RECORD-SETTING
CHAIN OF HEADSHOT
KILLS. I'M WORKING
ON HERE!

LOOK OUT
LOOK OUT
LOOK OUT
BEHIND
YOW—

USE
YOUR
EYES,
MAN!





I
THOUGHT THE
ARMY CREATED
THIS STUPID GAME
FOR, LIKE, TEAM
BUILDING!

NOT NANNY-
BUILDING!

TOOM
TOOM



AAAAHHH!!



CHOOO
CHOOO
CHOOO

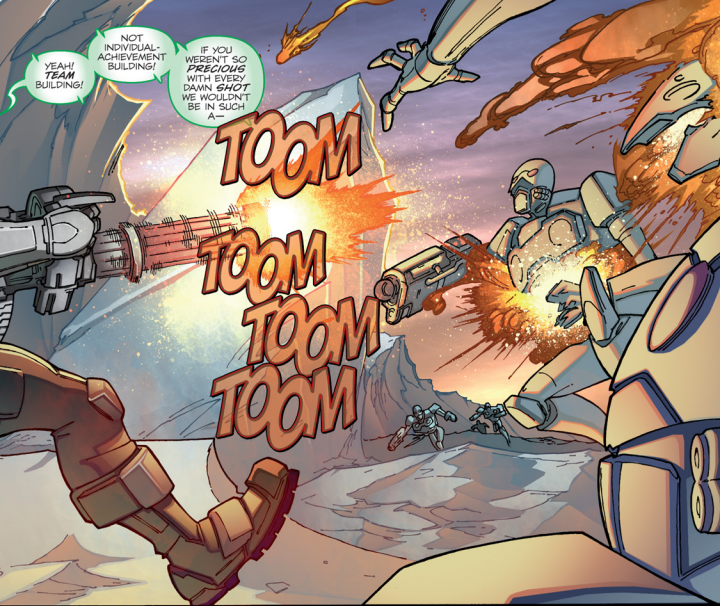
HOW COULD
SOMETHING
SO BIG SNEAK
UP ON US?!



IF YOU HADN'T
HAD YOUR HEAD
STUCK SO FAR UP
YOUR OWN BUTT,
WE MIGHTA SEEN
HIM COMING!

IF YOU WERENT
SO BUSY WITH YOUR
IMPERSONATION OF
OUR GRANDMAMA—





YEAH!
TEAM
BUILDING!

NOT
INDIVIDUAL-
ACHIEVEMENT
BUILDING!

IF YOU
WEREN'T SO
PRECIOUS
WITH EVERY
DAMN *SHOT*
WE WOULDN'T
BE IN SUCH
A—

TOOM

TOOM

TOOM

TOOM



BWEE
BWEE
BWEE
BWEE

—YOU'D BE
THANKIN' ME
FOR SAVING
YOUR ASS!

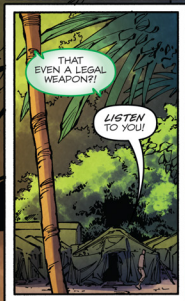


HA-HAHHH!

THAT'S
WHAT I'M
TALKING
ABOUT!

HELL'D
YOU GET
THAT
THING?!

LOCATION: CLASSIFIED.



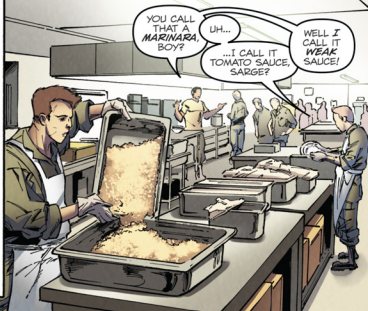


NEXT WEEK.



PFFBBBBFFF!

DAMN!



YOU CALL THAT A MARINARA, BOY?

UH...

...I CALL IT TOMATO SAUCE, SARGE?

WELL I CALL IT **WEAK SAUCE!**

YOU GO IN THAT PANTRY AND YOU GET ME OREGANO AND YOU GET ME PARSLEY AND YOU BRIBE OR KILL SOMEBODY FOR A CHIANTI—

—'CAUSE THIS BASE IS FULL OF TOILETS THAT NEED SCRUBBIN' AND YOU AIN'T OTHERWISE SETTIN' FOOT IN MY MESS AGAIN!

WISH I COULD FIND THAT INSURGENT THAT SHOT SERGEANT HINTON AND GOT HIM SENT TO OUR KITCHEN.

AND KILL HIM WITH MY BARE HANDS.

TOO LATE, SARGE ALREADY DID THAT. REMEMBER?



HINTON!



SIR, YES, SIR.

YOUR COUSIN IS SERGEANT LAMONT A. MORRIS?

YES, SIR, THOUGH HIS CURRENT POSTING IS CLASSIFIED—



I KNOW
THAT, SON.

AND I'M
AFRAID IT'S
GOING TO
REMAIN
THAT WAY.

SERGEANT, IT
IS MY SAD DUTY TO
INFORM YOU...

...YOUR COUSIN
LAMONT WAS
KILLED THIS
MORNING IN THE
LINE OF DUTY.

DUE TO THE
CLASSIFIED NATURE
OF HIS MISSION, I
AM AFRAID THERE
ARE PRECIOUS FEW
DETAILS I HAVE
TO OFFER.

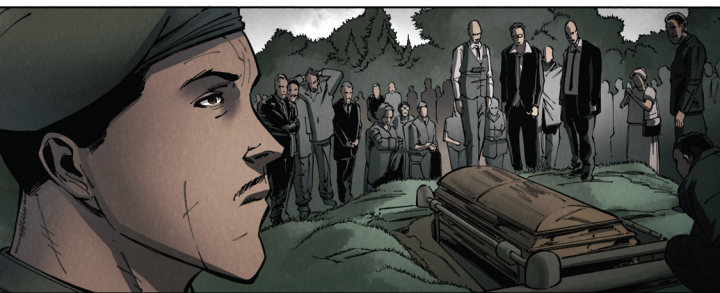
I *CAN* TELL
YOU THAT HIS UNIT
WAS SURPRISED BY
SUPERIOR NUMBERS
WHILE ATTEMPTING
TO TAKE AN ENEMY
POSITION.

AND SERGEANT
MORRIS DEMONSTRATED
EXTRAORDINARY BRAVERY
HOLDING HIS POSITION,
PROVIDING COVER FIRE
SO HIS FELLOW SOLDIERS
COULD WITHDRAW.

HE LAID DOWN
HIS LIFE SO
OTHERS
COULD LIVE.

HE **WILL**
BE NOMINATED
FOR THE MEDAL
OF HONOR.

YOU AND YOUR
FAMILY HAVE
THE DEEPEST
CONDOLENCES
OF THE UNITED
STATES ARMY.

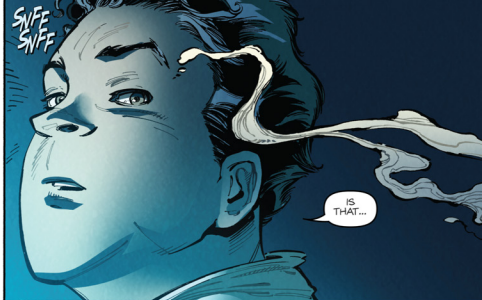












GULF SHRIMP,
SIMMERED TO
PERFECTION
IN BEER AND
BUTTER SAUCE?



WHY NO.
NO IT
IS NOT.



BECAUSE TAKING
THEM OUT OF THE
OFFICERS' MESS WOULD
VIOLATE ABOUT 250
REGULATIONS.



YOU DRIVE A
HARD BARGAIN,
MARVIN.

I
TRY.

GIVE ME THAT
NUMBER...

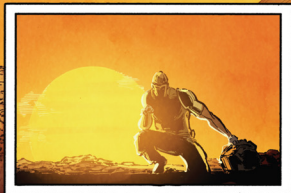
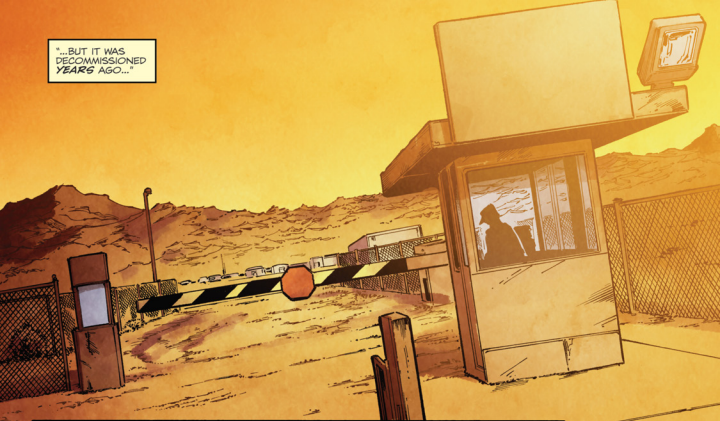


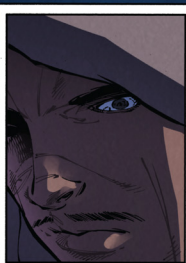
...HUH.

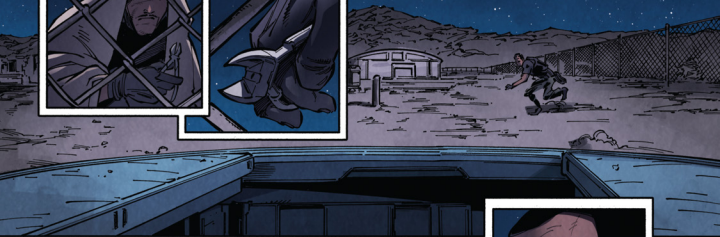
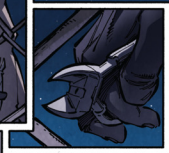
HUH?

IT'S WEIRD.
THIS IS AN
ARMY I.P. ALL
RIGHT, TO A BASE
IN NOWHERE,
NEVADA...

"...BUT IT WAS
DECOMMISSIONED
YEARS AGO..."















MARVIN
F. HINTON.
SERGEANT.
UNITED STATES
ARMY. SERIAL
NUMBER—

RA558203485.

WE KNOW
EVERYTHING
ABOUT YOU,
SERGEANT.

WE KNOW,
BETTER THAN
YOU DO, HOW
MUCH TROUBLE
YOU'RE IN FOR
BREACHING A
GHOST
FACILITY.

THE ONLY
THING WE DON'T
KNOW—



—IS WHAT
AN A/V CLUB
GEEK FROM FORT
ABERDEEN THINKS
HE'S GONNA GET
OUTTA HERE OTHER
THAN A SHALLOW
GRAVE.



COMM IS JUST
A TEMPORARY
POSTING, SIR. MY
M.O.S. IS HEAVY
MACHINE
GUNNER.

BRASS TOLD
ME MY COUSIN,
SERGEANT LAHONT
A. MORRIS, WAS
K.I.A., SIR.

BUT... I SAW
HIS AVATAR IN
A VIDEO GAME
EXERCISE WE WERE
DEVELOPING AT
ABERDEEN—



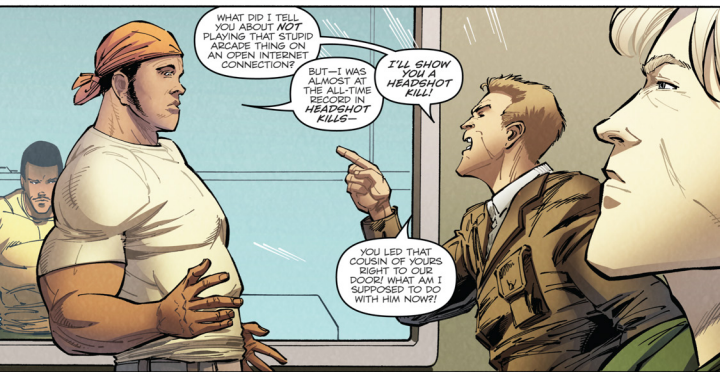
THAT'S ENOUGH,
SERGEANT. YOU SIT
HERE AND STEW
ON YOUR *SING*
FOR A BIT.

WHILE I DECIDE
WHETHER OR NOT
TO MYSTERIOUSLY
DISAPPEAR YOU
MYSELF.



HEAVY DUTY?

GET
OVER
HERE!



WHAT DID I TELL
YOU ABOUT *NOT*
PLAYING THAT STUPID
ARCADE THING ON
AN OPEN INTERNET
CONNECTION?

BUT—I WAS
ALMOST AT
THE ALL-TIME
RECORD IN
HEADSHOT
KILLS—

I'LL SHOW
YOU A
HEADSHOT
KILL!

YOU LED THAT
COUSIN OF YOURS
RIGHT TO OUR
DOOR! WHAT AM I
SUPPOSED TO DO
WITH HIM NOW?



WELL, SIR, IF
I WERE YOU...

...I'D GIVE
HIM A *JOB*. IN
THE GAME...

...HIS
CALLSIGN WAS
'ROADBLOCK.'

END



ART BY JAMAL IGLE
COLORS BY ROMULO FAJARDO, JR.



ART BY **STEVE HURTH**
INKS BY **ALLEN MARTINEZ**
COLORS BY **JOANA LAFUENTE**

GI JANE

A full-page illustration of a blonde woman with long hair, wearing a green military-style jacket and brown pants. She is holding a large American flag in her right hand and saluting with her left hand. She has a confident smile. The background is a light green with a blue border. The title 'GI JANE' is at the top in a stylized font with a blue star above the 'I'. Various text boxes and headlines are overlaid on the image.

The
HOT
issue!

**GOT TO
GET TOUGH!**

The workout
that'll do
the trick!

Courtney Kreiger

*Fashion
advice from
the frontline*

10

**vacation spots
to die for!**

Sierra Gordo!
Springfield!
Trucial Abyssmia!

**EATING RIGHT:
HALF THE BATTLE**

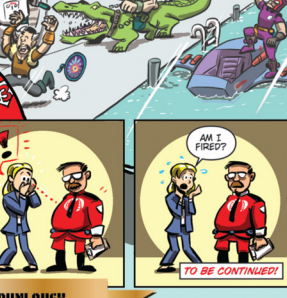
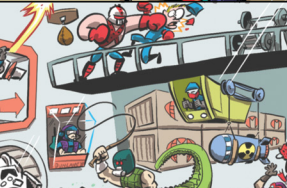
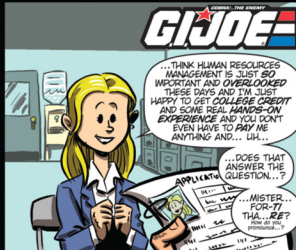
Tips to actually
hit your target

**"I broke
his O-ring."
Collectors
confess.**

**COVER GIRL:
WHO SHE IS and
HOW SHE CAME TO BE**

ART BY TIM SEELEY

GI JOE



ART BY RYAN DUNLAUEY

COBRA: THE ENERGY

GI JOE

MARCY MALONE: INTERN of COBRA!



ART BY RYAN DUNLAUEY

COBRA: THE ENERGY

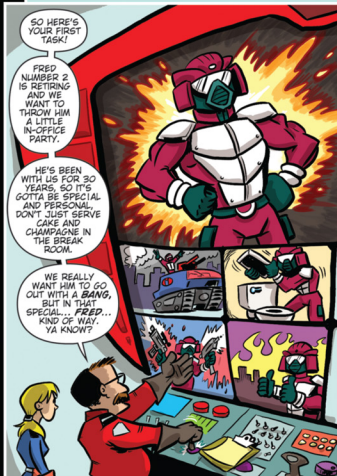
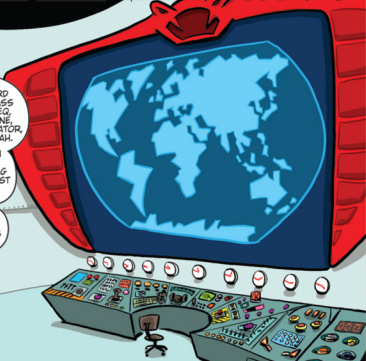
GI JOE MARCY MALONE: INTERN of COBRA!



S'GOT ALL OUR STANDARD SOFTWARE: MASS DEVICE, HI-FREQ, VULCAN MACHINE, WEATHER DOMINATOR, BLAH BLAH BLAH.

IF YOU NEED ANYTHING ELSE JUST CALL I.T.

NO EMAIL THOUGH—THAT TAKES 3 WEEKS.



TO BE CONTINUED!

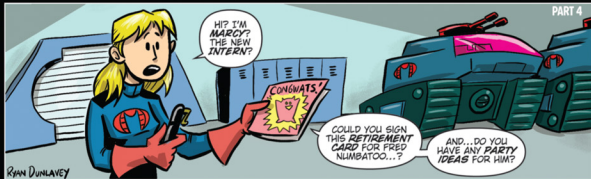
ART BY RYAN DUNLAUEY

COMING: THE ENEMY

GI JOE

MARCY MALONE: **INTERN of COBRA!**

PART 4



RYAN DUNLAVEY



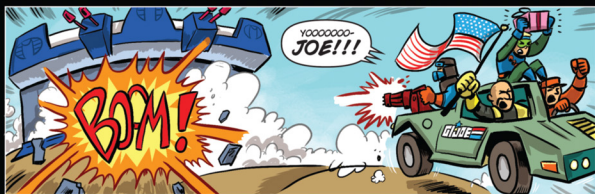
ART BY RYAN DUNLAVEY

COBRA: THE ENEMY

GI JOE

MARCY MALONE:

INTERN of COBRA!



ART BY RYAN DUNLAUEY



GI JOE

Cover Girl is on the hunt for a woman, a name, that Duke called out under "interrogation" by Dr. Mindbender. Newly installed as Cobra's Manhattan station chief Michael Monk, A.K.A. The Mad Monk, has also taken an interest in finding her with an eye for some personal revenge, as Duke's secrets come back to haunt him and the JOEs in "Threat Matrix."