

COBRA COMMAND

GI JOE



VOLUME

2

COBRA COMMAND

GI JOE



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COBRA COMMAND **G.I. JOE**

The new Cobra Commander has made his first move—all-out invasion of the Southeast Asian nation of Nanzhao, a center of the worldwide drug trade. As the world's eyes turn toward the attack, G.I. JOE moves in to try and stop the invasion and they soon realize Cobra's goals aren't occupation—but annihilation!

Cobra lays waste to Nanzhao's opium fields, as well as to the U.N. troops directing the civilian evacuation. While the rest of G.I. JOE tries to make sense of these tactics—and save what lives they can—Snake Eyes, Iceberg, and Helix infiltrate deeper into the country. But their presence has not gone unnoticed...





NANZHAD.

THE AYEYARDWADDY RIVER
ABOVE PHTAO.

1



"THE ATTACK BEGAN
JUST AFTER FULL DARK.

"ENEMY UNIT UNKNOWN.

"NO SURVIVORS.
NO WITNESSES."




"THE BRIDGE WAS MANNED
BY NORWEGIAN TROOPS
FROM FIVE CORPS.

"UNITED NATIONS
TROOPS ASSIGNED
TO ISAF.*

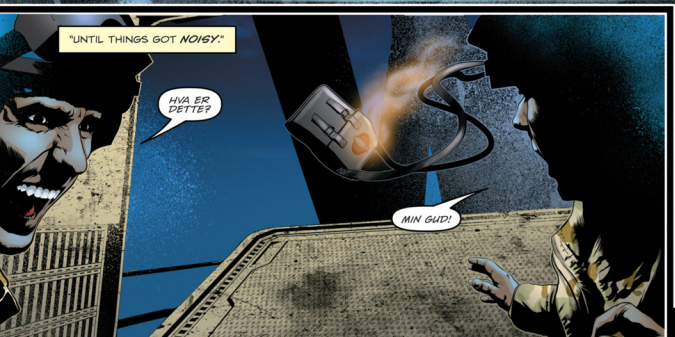
"POOR NORGIES
NEVER GOT OFF
A SHOT.

*ISAF = INTERNATIONAL
SECURITY ASSISTANCE FORCE



"THE ATTACKERS WERE FAST.

"THEY WERE SILENT.





"REAL NOISY."



"THE ENEMY UNIT WORKED
IN CLOSE. MOST CASUALTIES
WERE KILLED BY BLADES."



"THE REST BY ARROWS.
FREAKIN' ARROWS."

SO, YOU
RECOGNIZE THE
MARKINGS,
SNAKE?



THIS SEEMS LIKE
YOUR KIND OF PLAY.
SWORDS, ARROWS,
CHOPPING AND
SLASHING.

DOES THE
ARROW RING
ANY BELLS?



SNAKE EYES?



RANGOON.

SNAKE EYES!

WE'VE GOTTA GET
BACK TO THE BOAT!
THE PIT NEEDS THE
INTEL WE FOUND!



UNNH!





ICEBERG TO SNAKE EYES.

SNAP OUT OF IT, MAN!



WE GOTTA REPORT THIS MASSACRE, YOU FIND SOMETHING WE CAN USE?



THERE'S WRITING HERE. NINJAS, HUH?

NOT A FAN.



WHAT WAS *IN* THIS FOR COBRA? THEY DIDN'T EVEN KNOCK DOWN THE BRIDGE. JUST CHOPPED SOME NORGIES TO COLESLAW AND SPLIT.


YOU DON'T GET IT, DO YOU? IT'S A *GRUDGE* MATCH BETWEEN SNAKE AND HIS CLAN.

THEY'RE LEAVING A *TRAIL* FOR HIM TO FOLLOW.


EVER NOTICE HOW SNAKE EYES' PERSONAL LIFE CAN ALWAYS BE DEFINED AS A VITAL MISSION?

COME ON, DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE HOW THIS *ENDS*?


I JUST HOPE I'M STILL *HERE* WHEN IT *ENDS*.



"THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TARGETED AREA IS NEAR FIFTY PERCENT."



"OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND SQUARE MILES OF OPIUM CROP BURN'T TO THE ROOTS AND MORE SPRAYED WITH DEFLIANTS."




"THE COMING MONSOON RAINS WILL CAUSE FURTHER CATASTROPHIC DAMAGE WITH EROSION AND CONTAMINATION TO THE SOUTH."



"THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE IS NO MORE, COMMANDER..."



"...YOUR FIRST CAMPAIGN IS A RESOUNDING VICTORY."



THERE ARE STILL THE REFINERIES ALONG THE THAI BORDER. THEY MUST BE DESTROYED AS WELL, SAVANE.



YOU HAVE **CONQUERED** THE GLOBAL DRUG TRADE, COMMANDER. OUR HARVEST IN THE TRI-BORDER REGION IN SOUTH AMERICA WILL BE WORTH **MORE** THAN ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.



AND WITH THE AMERICANS WITHDRAWING FROM AFGHANISTAN, COBRA WILL CONTROL **THOSE** FIELDS AS WELL.



AND WORLD
OPINION OF
COBRA IS IN A
DEADLOCK.

WE ARE
CONDEMNED ON ONE
SIDE FOR SLAUGHTERING
UNITED NATIONS TROOPS,
BUT **APPLAUDED** FOR
BRINGING DOWN THE
NANZHACESE JUNTA
AND BURNING THE
POPPY FIELDS.



CONFUSION TO
OUR ENEMIES, THEN,
AND THE **WORLD**
IS OUR ENEMY,
SAVANE.



COBRA HAS
STEPPED FROM
THE SHADOWS
INTO A NEW
ERA.



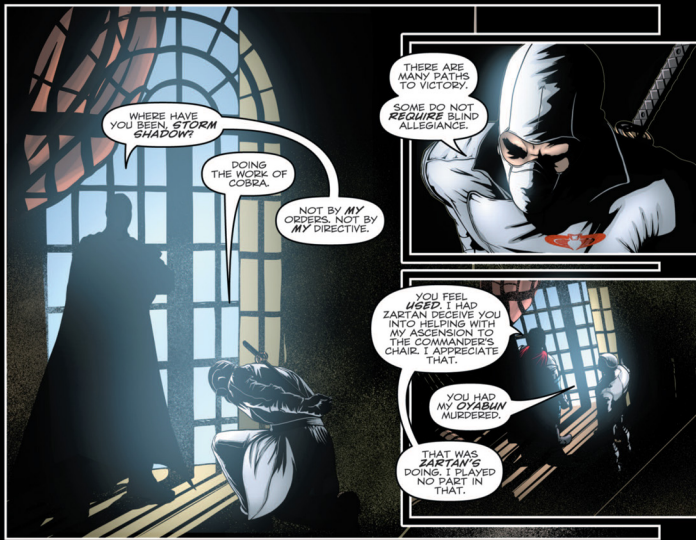
I WILL
REST. I DO NOT
WISH TO BE
DISTURBED

YOU HAVE
EARNED IT,
COMMANDER.



DOES THIS
CHAOS YOU HAVE
CREATED HAVE AN
ENDGAME?





WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, **STORM SHADOW**?

DOING THE WORK OF COBRA.

NOT BY **MY** ORDERS. NOT BY **MY** DIRECTIVE.

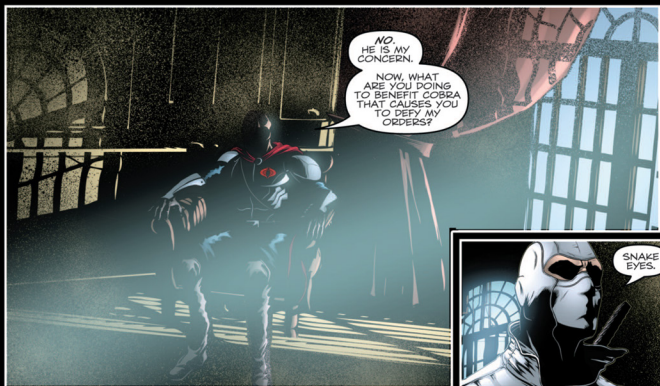
THERE ARE MANY PATHS TO VICTORY. SOME DO NOT **REQUIRE** BLIND ALLEGIANCE.

YOU FEEL **USED**. I HAD ZARTAN DECEIVE YOU INTO HELPING WITH MY ASCENSION TO THE COMMANDER'S CHAIR. I APPRECIATE THAT.

YOU HAD **MY OYABUN** MURDERED.

THAT WAS **ZARTAN'S** DOING. I PLAYED NO PART IN THAT.

THEN ALLOW ME TO **KILL HIM**.



NO. HE IS MY CONCERN.

NOW, WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO BENEFIT COBRA THAT CAUSES YOU TO DEFLY **MY** ORDERS?

SNAKE EYES.



#SNKE2RED
NEED 20 4
STRMSHOW

#SCARLETHOME
NINJAS DN'T LIK
TO BE FOUND



THESE NINJA DO

PLAIN TXT YOU
MST B SERIOUS
ANY HNCHES?

SAT PHTOS KACHIN
STATE TEMPLE OF BELLS
DA ZUM DAM REGION

A BIG CHNK 2
SRCH WHT DO U
EXPT 2 SEE?



OH.



THS WHAT U R
LOOKING 4?

E 97 33' N 27 57'

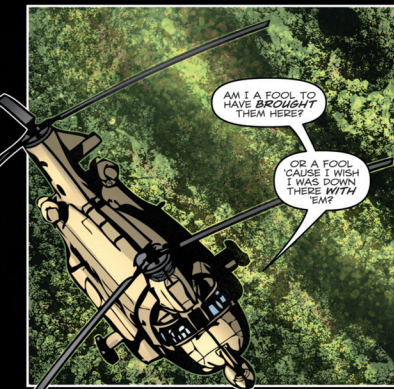
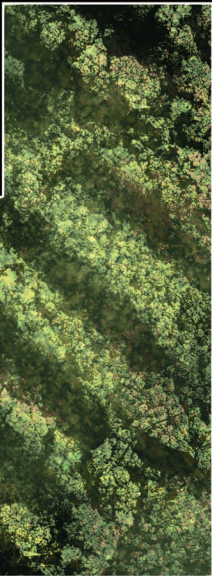


WTCH YR BACK
---RED

DON'T WANT
TO HEAR IT,
BERG!







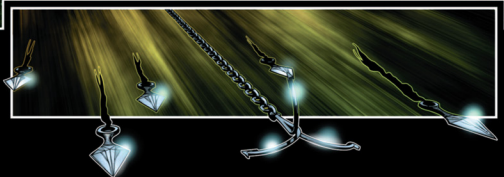




SNAKE EYES?
HELLO?
ALONE.



YOU *KNEW*
I'D FOLLOW
YOU.
I'M BAIT.



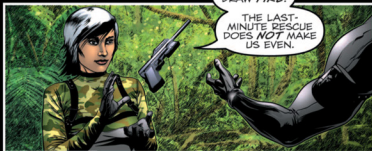








YOU SET
ME OUT TO
DRAW FIRE.



THE LAST-
MINUTE RESCUE
DOES *NOT* MAKE
US EVEN.



YOU *KNOW*
THESE GUYS.
YOU USED TO
HANG WITH
THEM.
AND WE'RE
HEADING FOR A
PLACE WHERE THERE'S
LOTS *MORE* OF
THEM, RIGHT?
OKAY,
LET'S GO.



I *KNOW*
THIS PLACE.
THE
TEMPLE OF
THE BELLS.

FORT
BAXTER.

LOOK AT THE
FACTS. COBRA
INVADES NANZHAO
WITH ONLY ENOUGH
FORCE TO TOPPLE
THE CURRENT
REGIME.

THEY
START THEIR
OPERATION WEEKS
AWAY FROM THE
START OF
MONSOON
SEASON.

ARE YOU
LISTENING,
DEE-TEE?

HIM MM

THEY'RE FORCING A
MASS EMIGRATION BUT **NOT**
ALONG THE BORDER WITH CHINA
AND INDIA. THEY'RE **DEFOLIATING**
THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE. BUT
THEY'RE TAKING PAINS **NOT**
TO DESTROY NANZHAO'S
INFRASTRUCTURE.

IF TAKING THE
LOCAL DRUG TRADE
OFF THE TABLE IS
OBJECTIVE ONE THEN
WHY **DE-POPULATE**
THE COUNTRY?

AND WHY LEAVE
HIGHWAYS AND RAIL AND
UTILITIES INTACT IF YOU'RE
GOING TO LEAVE THE
PLACE **EMPTY**?

YOU NEED
TO LOOK AT
THE **BIGGER**
PICTURE,
MAINS.

WHAT KIND OF
DEAL DID COBRA
CUT WITH INDIA AND
CHINA TO KEEP
THEM **OUT** OF
THIS?

AND EVEN
MORE INTERESTING—
WHAT DID YOU AND
SCARLETT TALK
ABOUT IN THE
REMOTE GUIDANCE
HANGAR?

NOTHING
THAT WOULD
INTEREST
YOU, DEE.

BUT WHAT'S
THE STRATEGY
HERE? THE
ENDGAME?

HOW DO YOU KEEP
NANZHAO STATUS QUO
WITHOUT A MILITARY
OCCUPATION?

...
NO
MUSHROOMS?

PHTAO, NANZHAO.

THE DEVICES
ARE HERE?

ALL
SIX. JUST
AS BEIJING
PROMISED.

WHERE
WILL THEY BE
DEPLOYED,
DESTROY?

WHERE
AND WHEN IS
NEED-TO-KNOW
FOR NOW. *YOUR*
TASK IS TO MAKE
CERTAIN THEY ARE
OPERATIONAL.

THEY'RE
TWENTY YEARS
OLD BUT THE
PLA UPDATED
THEM WITH NEW
DETONATION
PACKAGES.*

*PLA=PEOPLES LIBERATION ARMY

RELATIVELY
LOW-YIELD BUT
EXTREMELY
DIRTY.

ONCE THE CITIES
OF NANZHAO ARE
EMPTY, WE'LL MAKE
CERTAIN NO ONE
RETURNS.

 N9989

N9989

N9989

SNAKE EYES #10B by **Robert Atkins**

Colors by **Simon Gough**





"THE SNAKES
HAVE COME, AND
THEY HAVE TAKEN
EVERYTHING!"

2

"THE SERPENTS,
CRAWLING FROM
THE MUCK, HAVE
REARED UP TO
STRIKE!"



"THEY ARE QUICK,
THEY ARE POWERFUL,
THEY ARE DEADLY, WE
CANNOT FIGHT THEM."

"TO MEET FORCE WITH FORCE
IS *DEATH*. BUT IF WE RUN NOW,
WE GIVE UP OUR HOMES, OUR
LIVES, WE WILL RUN FOREVER."



NANZHAO.

OUR ONLY
OPTION, MY
BROTHERS, IS TO
JOIN THEM. WE
MUST JOIN
THEM!





LET THE
SCALES FALL
FROM YOUR
EYES! LET YOUR
FORMER LIVES
BE SHED!

BE EMBRACED!
BE EMBRACED
WITHIN *THE*
COIL!

"SEEMS LIKE MORE
FIRE AND BRIMSTONE
THAN YOU USUALLY
SPOUT ON LARRY
KING LIVE."

KNOW YOUR
AUDIENCE, BLUDD.
THESE ARE DESPERATE
PEOPLE, DISPLACED BY
CATASTROPHE. THEY'RE
LOOKING FOR A MESSAGE
OF *STRENGTH*, AND
THEY'RE USED TO HOLY
MEN SET APART
FROM SOCIETY.

MY FAITH WILL SWELL
BY THE *THOUSANDS* THIS
WEEK. THIS HAS ALLOWED ME
TO CARVE A SIGNIFICANT
TOEHOLD IN SOUTHEAST ASIA,
WHICH HAD PREVIOUSLY
BEEN VERY RESISTANT.



AND YOU THINK THAT'S WORTH THIS KIND OF CHAOS? THIS ENTIRE CAMPAIGN HAS ESCALATED TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL!

HAS IT? I FEEL LIKE THE COMMANDER HAS PLANNED ALL OF THIS FROM THE START.



THAT'S EXACTLY THE PROBLEM! HE'S OVER-PLAYING OUR HAND *DISASTROUSLY*. I THOUGHT HE WAS SHORING UP THE DRUG-TRADE IN THE AREA BUT THIS... THIS IS JUST MADNESS.

SLAUGHTERING U.N. TROOPS? AND STORM SHADOW AND HIS RIDICULOUS BAND OF NINJAS BUTCHERED AN ENTIRE BATTALION OF NORWEGIANS!

OH DEAR. NORWAY IS MAD AT US. WHAT WILL THEY DO? WRITE A BLEAK MODERNIST PLAY ABOUT US?



I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU LAUGH AT THIS. MENASIAN. EXPOSURE IS BAD FOR *BOTH* OF OUR BUSINESSES. THIS NEW COMMANDER IS TURNING COBRA INTO A MILITARY REGIME. HOW MUCH ROOM DO YOU THINK THERE'LL BE FOR SOMEONE LIKE YOU?



MY FRIENDSHIP CAN PROVIDE PLENTY OF TACTICAL ADVANTAGES.

OH YES? YOU THINK SOME OTHER JOE IS JUST GOING TO ACCIDENTALLY FALL INTO YOUR NET AGAIN? ESPECIALLY AFTER WHAT HAPPENED?





INDEED.

WE CAN'T DO THIS, JUST THE TWO OF US.





NO, SENATOR, IT'S **NOT** ACCEPTABLE. I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU CAN HAVE SUCH ENORMOUS FUNDING FOR SOME ELITE SPECIAL-FORCES PROGRAM, AND YET A TERRORIST ARMY IS OCCUPYING AN ENTIRE COUNTRY UNCHALLENGED. WHAT WAS ALL THAT MONEY FOR IF NOT FOR **THIS**?



WELL I SHOULD **HOPE SO**. I HAVE CONSIDERABLE BUSINESS INTERESTS IN SOUTHEAST ASIA, AS DO MANY OF MY COLLEAGUES. IN FACT, HERE ARE SOME OF THEM NOW.

I'LL SPEAK WITH YOU ABOUT THIS **LATER**, SENATOR.



BLUDD. MENASIAN.

SO, A CONSPIRACY, IS IT?



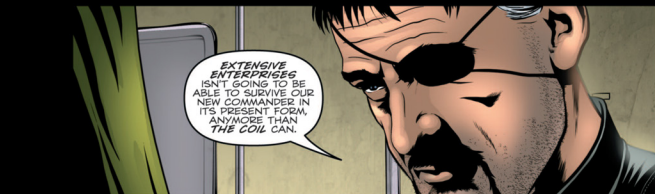
ALWAYS DIRECT. SEE, THIS IS WHY YOU AND I GET ALONG, TOMAX.



WE **DON'T** GET ALONG, BLUDD. I THINK YOU'RE AN IDIOT. YOUR PLAN FOR THE COUP IS GOING TO BE IDIOTIC, AND I'M PROBABLY GOING TO END UP HAVING TO KILL YOU. BECAUSE, EVENTUALLY, IT'LL OCCUR TO YOU THAT I MIGHT GIVE YOU UP TO THE COMMANDER, AND THEN YOU'LL TRY TO KILL **ME**.



THAT'S NOT HOW YOU WANT TO PLAY THIS, TOMAX. BECAUSE WHILE YOU'RE HAVING FUN NOW, YOU KNOW THAT, ULTIMATELY, THIS IS BAD FOR YOU, TOO.



EXTENSIVE ENTERPRISES ISN'T GOING TO BE ABLE TO SURVIVE OUR NEW COMMANDER IN ITS PRESENT FORM, ANYMORE THAN THE COIL CAN.



I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE SO CONCERNED ABOUT THE FUTURE OF MY BUSINESS HOLDINGS.

OF COURSE I'M NOT. BUT WE CAN'T DO THIS WITHOUT YOU. WE DON'T HAVE YOUR ACCESS TO THE COUNCIL.



YES. I HAVE A CONNECTION ON THE COUNCIL. AND WHAT SHOULD I SAY TO HIM? "A DRUG DEALER AND A CRACKPOT REQUEST THAT YOU REMOVE YOUR CURRENT CHOICE FOR COMMANDER"?

HM.



HEH HEH.
OF COURSE.

WELL, THIS *IS*
INTERESTING.



STILL, YOU
THINK I'M JUST
GOING TO SALUTE
AND INSTALL YOU AS
MY SUPERIOR?



OF COURSE NOT.
IF I'VE LEARNED ONE
THING FROM THIS WHOLE
ORDEAL, IT'S THAT I DO NOT
WANT TO DEAL WITH THE
PSYCHOPATHS AND MADMEN
IN HIGH COMMAND ANY MORE
THAN I ABSOLUTELY HAVE TO.
I WOULDN'T TAKE THAT JOB
NOW IF THE COUNCIL
BEGGED ME.



YOU WILL BE
COMMANDER,
TOMAX.

THE PYRENEES.

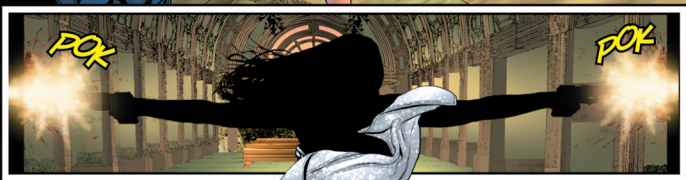
"THIS IS A VERY
STARTLING
REVELATION."

AND IF THE REST OF
THE SITUATION IS AS YOU
SAY... THERE IS MUCH TO
CONSIDER HERE. I'LL SPEAK
WITH THE OTHER COUNCIL
MEMBERS.

I'LL AWAIT
YOUR VERDICT.
WE ARE AT YOUR
SERVICE.

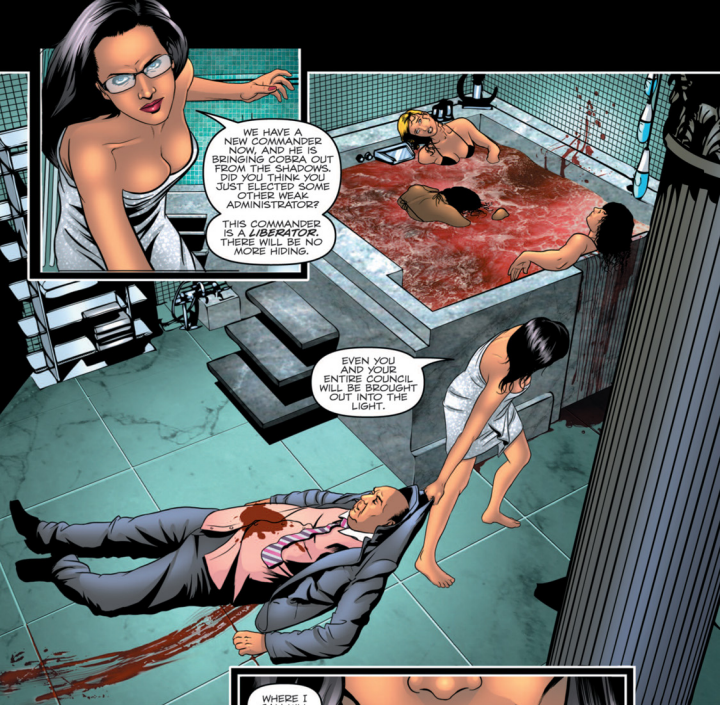


AH, MARIELLA. YES, I AM COMING BACK TO THE TUB. I'M SORRY TO KEEP YOU AND THE OTHERS WAITING.



NO.









WASHINGTON, D.C.

SERIOUSLY,
I CAN'T GET
ANY HELP?

THIS IS A
MILITARY
INSTALLATION FULL
OF MEN. I'VE GOT
TWO BRUISED RIBS,
HYPER-EXTENDED
FINGERS—

AND A BAD
ATTITUDE.
WE'RE DOWN TO
A SKELETON-
CREW HERE FOR
THE MOVE,
CHAMELEON.

IF YOU HADN'T
SPENT THE LAST
TWO WEEKS IN A
HOSPITAL BED, YOU'D
BE *DONE* AND *OUT*
OF HERE ALREADY.
BUT YOU WANTED
TO MILK IT.

MILK IT?!

SITUATION
ROOM IN TEN
MINUTES.
SOMETHING I
NEED YOU TO
LOOK AT.



FORT BAXTER, KANSAS.

I JUST GOT
SOMETHING I
HAVE TO
CHECK OUT.

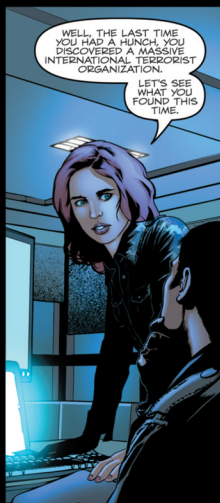
WHAT? WE'RE
RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE
OF SOMETHING
HERE, *MAINS*.

I KNOW, BUT
THIS IS A REPORT
AND INFORMATION
FROM *FIREWALL* AND
THAT TURNED *COBRA*
AGENT IN D.C.

WE'RE INVOLVED IN A
MAJOR OPERATION HERE.
WE'VE GOT INFORMATION
COMING IN FROM FIVE
HUNDRED DIFFERENT
PLACES.

YEAH BUT...
I'VE GOT A
HUNCH.

YOU'VE
GOT A
HUNCH.



WELL, THE LAST TIME YOU HAD A HUNCH, YOU DISCOVERED A MASSIVE INTERNATIONAL TERRORIST ORGANIZATION.

LET'S SEE WHAT YOU FOUND THIS TIME.



SO, CHAMELEON THINKS THAT **COBRA HIGH COMMAND** IS RUNNING SOME PARALLEL OPERATION, POTENTIALLY TO ASSASSINATE INTERNAL DISSENTERS.

AND ALL OF THIS IS PURE SPECULATION AT THIS POINT.



WE HAVE TO SEND SOMEONE OUT THERE, **SCARLETT**. GET THEM ON THE TRAIL. THIS COULD LEAD US TO THE PEOPLE WHO ARE **ACTUALLY** BEHIND COBRA.



MAINS, WHO CAN I SEND? EVEN IF EVERYONE WE HAD WASN'T IN THE FIELD RIGHT NOW, **HAWK** WOULDN'T SPARE ANYONE OFF THE ACTIVE LIST FOR SOMETHING LIKE THIS.

I MEAN, DO YOU WANT ME TO SEND CHAMELEON AND FIREWALL?



"CHAMELEON"...? MAYBE I CAN CALL SOMEONE WHO'S **NOT** ON THE ACTIVE LIST.

ZAPOROZHYE, UKRAINE.

GET THEM INTO
THE VAN, AND IF
THEY DON'T STOP
CRYING, KNOCK
THEM OUT.





YOU KNOW
THAT'S NOT MY
NAME ANYMORE.



COBRA #108 by **Antonio Fuso**
Colors by **Arianna Florean**





THE NANZHAD FRONTIER.
FIVE MILES FROM THE THAI BORDER.
JOE TEAM ALPHA:
POINT OF THE SPEAR.

THEY
REGROUPING
FOR ANOTHER
RUN AT US,
FLINT?

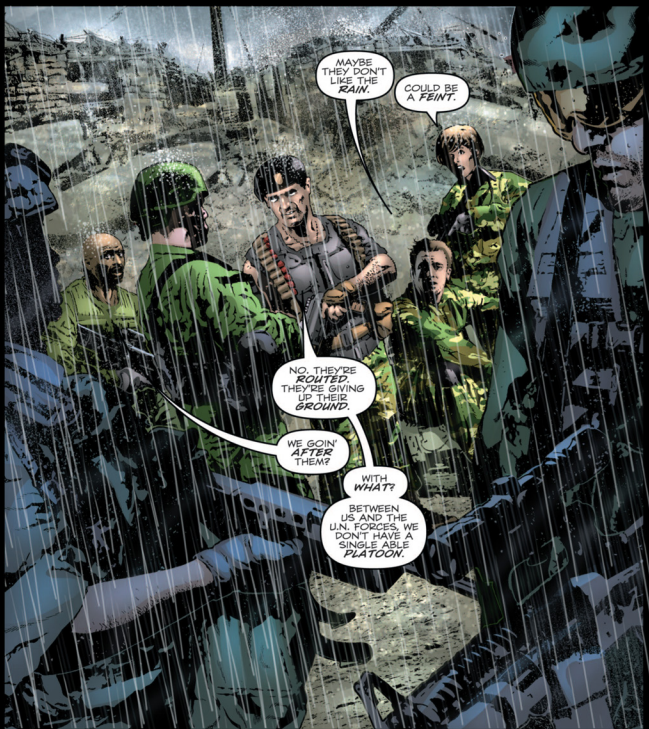
YOU MIGHT
NOT *BELIEVE*
THIS—





—NOT SURE
I BELIEVE IT
MYSELF.
ROADBLOCK.

COBRA'S
RETREATING.



MAYBE
THEY DON'T
LIKE THE
RAIN.

COULD BE
A FEINT.

NO. THEY'RE
ROUTED.
THEY'RE GIVING
UP THEIR
GROUND.

WE GOIN'
AFTER
THEM?

WITH
WHAT?

BETWEEN
US AND THE
U.N. FORCES, WE
DON'T HAVE A
SINGLE ABLE
PLATOON.



WITH WHAT?
WITH WHATEVER
WE GOT!

THE MORE OF
THEM WE WASTE
THE FEWER WE
FACE LATER!

STAND
DOWN,
ROAD.



WE'RE HERE
TO COVER THE
REFUGEE ESCAPE
ROUTES. WE THREW
THE VIPERS OFF
AND SENT 'EM
PACKING.

SO, WE
WIN. THEY
LOSE, EVEN IF
IT DOESN'T
LOOK THAT
WAY.



WE COVER THE
BLUE BEANIES SO
THEY CAN WITHDRAW
AND CROSS OVER
INTO THAILAND.

WHAT
ABOUT
NANZHAO,
GENERAL
HAWK?

IT'S
COBRA'S. FOR
ALL INTENTS IT
NO LONGER
EXISTS AS A
NATION.

THE SURVIVING
POPULATION'S
FLEEING AS FAST
AS THEY CAN. THE
WORLD'S ATTENTION
SHIFTS FROM WAR TO
A REFUGEE CRISIS
IN MYANMAR,
THAILAND AND
LAOS.



I'M HEARING
THAT COBRA'S
APPLYING FOR
MEMBERSHIP
IN THE UNITED
NATIONS.

GENERAL!



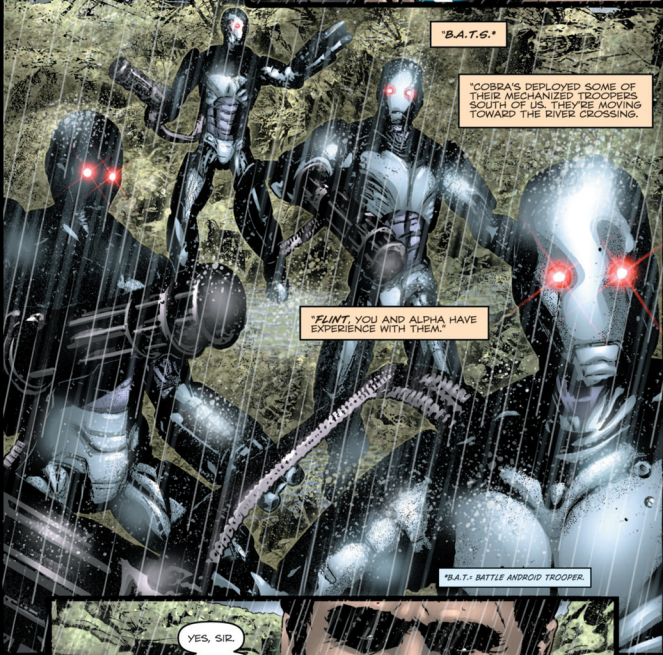
YEAH, I'M
SICK ABOUT
IT TOO.

WHAT
IS IT?

AIR RECON
WITH AN URGENT
UPDATE, SIR!



MY GOD.



"B.A.T.S."

"COBRA'S DEPLOYED SOME OF
THEIR MECHANIZED TROOPERS
SOUTH OF US. THEY'RE MOVING
TOWARD THE RIVER CROSSING."

"FLINT, YOU AND ALPHA HAVE
EXPERIENCE WITH THEM."

"B.A.T. = BATTLE ANDROID TROOPER."



YES, SIR.

ALL OF IT
BAD.



"IT TOOK AN *AIR STRIKE* TO SAVE ALPHA'S BACON IN SPRINGFIELD.

"AND THAT WAS JUST *ONE* OF THEM."

U.N. COMBAT
UNIT HAMMER TO
ANYONE! POSITION
OVERRUN BY
UNKNOWN HOSTILE
FORCE!

IN NEED OF
REINFORCEMENT!
HAMMER TO
ANYONE!



UH?



WE'RE NOT
EVEN GOING TO
SLOW THEM
DOWN WITH
CONVENTIONAL
ARMS, SIR.

THEN WE
HAVE TO USE
TERRAIN. THE
REFUGEES ARE
USING THIS
CAUSEWAY OVER
TO THE THAI
BORDER.



THESE
MACHINES CAN'T
WALK ON **WATER**,
RIGHT?

SO, WE
DENY THEM THE
CROSSING.

SIR!



WE'RE
MOVING
OUT!

THERE'S A
CHOKEPPOINT
TO THE EAST OF
HERE. WE'LL HOLD
THERE!



THESE
THINGS ARE
THAT BAD?

BADDER
THAN BAD,
ALPINE.

COBRA
RAN AWAY
WHEN THEY
HEARD THEM
COMING.

AND
THEY'RE ON
THE SAME
SIDE!

KACHIN PROVINCE, THE ZUM DAM REGION

YOU KNOW,
YOU'RE LUCKY
I'M STILL *HERE*,
SNAKE EYES.

I HAVEN'T
FORGIVEN YOU
FOR USING ME
AS BAIT.

COULD YOU
SLOW DOWN—A
LITTLE?

I CAN'T
IMAGINE WORSE
COUNTRY TO—

—JUST
WONDERFUL.

LOOK, DO
YOU HAVE A
PLAN OR—

—GUH?



YOU'RE
OUTNUMBERED
AND YOU MAKE
THE GODS WORSE
ON YOUR
IDiot.





THE RHOZHO RIVER CAUSEWAY

GOT ENOUGH
BOOM HERE,
TRIP? THIS IS
JUST A DIRT
BERM.

NO HALF
MEASURES,
BRO.

WE NEED
THIS CAUSEWAY
TO ***COLLAPSE***,
BEACH. LET THE
RIVER TAKE
CARE OF THOSE
B.A.T.S.

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT'S
HOLDING IT UP
NOW, GUYS.

WISH I HAD
ANOTHER ONE
OF THOSE **DAVY**
CROCKETTS,
FLINT. 'CAUSE THIS
IS DAMN SURE
ANOTHER **ALAMO**
SITUATION.

ME TOO,
BROTHER.
HOLD ON—

—FOUR OF THEM. FOUR HUNDRED METERS.

FLINT TO
HAWK, THE
MACHINES ARE
HERE.

ACKNOWLEDGED.

ANY LUCK
GETTING US
SOME **HEAVY**
ORDNANCE,
SIR?



I'M WORKING ON IT, FLINT. BUT YOU KNOW HOW THESE THINGS WORK—THEY GRIND ON SLOW BUT FINE.

GODSPEED, SIR. FLINT OUT.

GET ME **BAXTER COMMAND**. THIS IS A **ZULU** URGENT CALL.



LOOK—IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOUR NAME IS, WE **NEED** YOU.

GREAT. WHAT FOR?



HAWK TO **COMMAND**. **CENTRAL BAXTER**—ANYBODY HOME?

SIR?

COBRA'S DEPLOYED **B.A.T.S** IN OUR **A.O.** I NEED SOME **CLOSE FIRE** SUPPORT OR **ALPHA'S** IN THE **GRINDER**.



WE HAVE THE MAP UP NOW, GENERAL.

THEY'RE COMING ALONG THE WEST BANK, HEADING NETH TOWARD THE CAUSEWAY AT **RHOZHO RIVER** CROSSING.



WHAT DO YOU NEED, SIR?

I **NEED** ANOTHER TWELVE HOURS AND ALL THE **LUCK** IN THE WORLD. WHAT I **WANT** IS WHATEVER **HIGH EXPLOSIVE** CAPABILITIES YOU CAN DROP HERE.

WE'LL REACH **OUT**. HOLD TIGHT



"WE'LL HOLD WITH WHATEVER WE **HAVE**, **SCARLETT**."

FLINT! CHARGES ARE SET! GET **ACROSS** THE **RIVER**!



THE B.A.T.S
ARE TOO
CLOSE! ME AND
ROADBLOCK ARE
GOING TO BRUSH
THEM **BACK!**

GET TO THE
OTHER SIDE AND
BLOW THE CHARGES
WHEN YOU'RE
CLEAR!



BUT...

YOU HEARD
THE MAN.

FLINT'S ALL
GROWN UP.
HARD DRIVE. HE
KNOWS WHAT
HE'S DOING.



HEY, I
VOLUNTEERED YOU
WITHOUT **ASKING**
FIRST.

I **EARNED** MY
JOE NAME, FLINT.
I NEVER **STOP**
EARNING IT.



TAKE THE
CLOSEST
ONE.

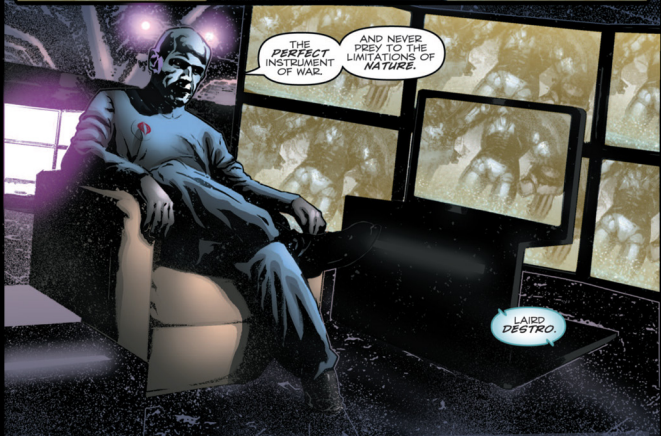
LINED UP ON
HIM. YOU BETTER
COVER YOUR
EARS.







HOW LOVELY YE ARE. UNSTOPPABLE. UNTIRING. AND WITHOUT PITY.



THE PERFECT INSTRUMENT OF WAR.

AND NEVER PREY TO THE LIMITATIONS OF NATURE.

LAIRD DESTRO.



COMMANDER!

WHAT PROGRESS HAVE YOU TO REPORT?

YOU KNOW, YE'LL NEED A TOKEN OCCUPATION FORCE—ONE THAT CAN WITHSTAND THE PUNISHMENT OF A HIGHLY IRRADIATED ENVIRONMENT.

WE ARE WITHIN TEN MINUTES OF THE DESTRUCTION OF NANZHAO'S POPULATION CENTERS. SAVE ONE. AND THE B.A.T.S HAVE DRIVEN THE UNITED NATIONS ACROSS THE THAI BORDER.

AND YOU WOULD SUGGEST MORE B.A.T.S CONSTRUCTED BY MARS INDUSTRIES?



LET US SAY FIVE THOUSAND UNITS TO START?

CONSIDER WHAT FUNDS YOU WOULD NEED TO START AND BEGIN CONSTRUCTION.



I WISH WE
COULD EXCHANGE
PLACES, GENERAL
HAWK.



NO YOU
DON'T, COLONEL.
AND **I'D** BE LYING IF
I SAID I WOULDN'T
WANT TO SWITCH
WITH YOU.

YOU AND
YOUR MEN ARE
VERY BRAVE.

JUST GET
YOUR UNIT CLEAR
OF HERE SO OUR
EFFORT'S NOT A
WASTE, OKAY?



YOU SURE
NONE OF THAT
FIREPOWER
WOULD BE
USEFUL, SIR?

NO, ALPINE.
I'VE CALLED
DOWN **HELL** ON
THIS PLACE—



—NO NEED
FOR ANY **MORE**
PERSONNEL TO BE
IN THE CROSSHAIRS
THAN NECESSARY.

WHAT
ABOUT
YOU?

WELL, SIR—MY
LEGS WOULD BE
SHAKING—



"—IF I STILL *HAD* LEGS."

ONE THOUSAND FEET OVER PNOM PROVINCE.
THE CENTRAL HIGHLANDS.



IRONHAND
TO JOE COMMAND!
I HAVE A *CODE*
ZULU IMMEDIATE
RESPONSE!

GO FOR JOE
COMMAND.

HAVE AN
UNMANNED DRONE ON A
SOUTH-SOUTHWEST HEADING
IN ZONE REFERENCE
BEE-NINETEEN-EIGHT.

MARKINGS?

COBRA.



MOVING AT THREE
HUNDRED KNOTS. I'M
RISKING FLAME-OUT
BY PACING IT.

IS IT A
SURVEILLANCE OR
ARMED DRONE,
IRONHAND?

LOOKS *ARMED*.
SOME KIND OF
ORDNANCE ON THE
RACK UNDER THE
FUSELAGE.



THAT HEADING PUTS IT ON COURSE FOR **PNOM PNAP**. ARRIVAL TIME ESTIMATED TWENTY MINUTES.

PNOM PNAP IS ONE OF THE **EVACUATED CITIES**, SCARLETT. COBRA'S GOING TO DROP A BOMB ON A **GHOST TOWN**?

NONE OF THIS HAD MADE ANY SENSE **SO FAR**, MAINFRAME.



YOU PICKING THIS UP, COMMAND?

IS THAT WHAT I **THINK** IT IS?



THAT'S NOT GOOD NEWS FOR PNOM PNAP.

COBRA IS A NUCLEAR POWER NOW. THAT'S NOT GOOD NEWS FOR ANYONE.

ORDERS, COMMAND?



CAN YOU HACK IT, MAINS?

THE **DRONE**? NOT INSIDE TWENTY MINUTES!

AND I'VE GOT THOSE **B.A.T.S** TO DEAL WITH!

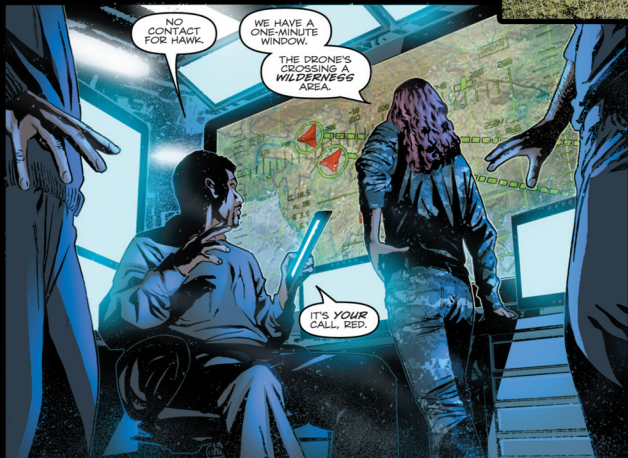
I'M NOT A **MAGICIAN**, RED!

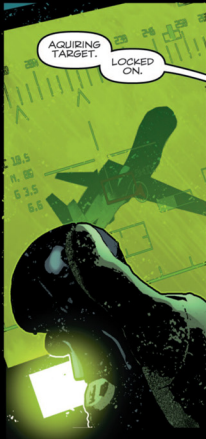


GIVE US FIVE MINUTES, **IRONHAND**.

ROGER THAT, COMMAND.

BUT MAKE IT A **SHORT** FIVE MINUTES, OVER.







HE IS NOT
GOING TO WANT
TO HEAR THIS.

ARE YOU
CERTAIN?

OVARATI, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF NANZHAD.

IS THE
EVACUATION OF
COBRA FORCES
GOING AS PLANNED,
SAVANE?

ALL IS ON ORDER
COMMANDER. BUT
THERE HAS BEEN A
COMPLICATION.



JUST IMAGINE.
WE WILL BE THE
LAST LIVING HUMANS
TO LOOK UPON
THIS VISTA.

A
COMPLICATION,
YOU SAY?

THE DEVICE
INTENDED FOR PNM
PNAP FAILED TO BE
DEPLOYED.

IT WAS
INTERCEPTED.

AND THE OTHERS?

DELIVERED ON
SCHEDULE.

NANZHAD'S
HISTORY ENDS
TODAY.



WHAT IS
ONE CITY,
MORE OR
LESS?

A comic book panel showing three soldiers in camouflage uniforms and tactical gear standing in a grassy field. They are looking towards three massive, bright orange and yellow nuclear mushroom clouds that rise from the horizon. The sky is filled with rain, depicted as diagonal lines. The soldiers are equipped with rifles and backpacks. The scene conveys a sense of impending doom and global conflict.

"THIS IS THE END OF
NANZHAO AND THE
NARGO CULTURE OF
THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE.

"COBRA'S HOLDINGS IN
THE TRI-BORDER REGION
OF SOUTH AMERICA
INCREASE A HUNDRED
TIMES AS OF NOW. IN
ADDITION, WE BECOME A
WORLD NUCLEAR POWER.

"THIS IS COBRA'S
WORLD NOW.

"WHO WILL DARE
STAND IN OUR WAY?"

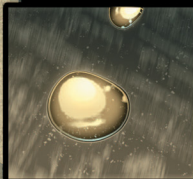
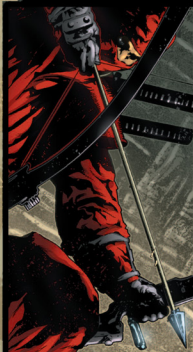




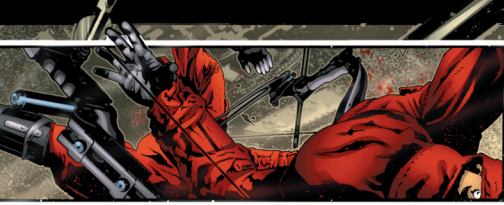
NANZHAD.

THE TEMPLE OF THE BELLS
IN KACHIN PROVINCE.

4







IT IS THE
TRAPPED
ANIMAL THAT
FIGHTS MOST
FERIOUSLY.







YOU ARE
ARASHIKAGE—
THE MOST FEARED
KILLERS THE
WORLD HAS EVER
KNOWN.

TO SNAKE
EYES YOU ARE
CHILDREN.



FIND HIM.
PRESS HIM.
KILL HIM.

YOUR ONLY
HOPE IS THAT
HE TIRES. OR
PERHAPS A BIT
OF LUCK.

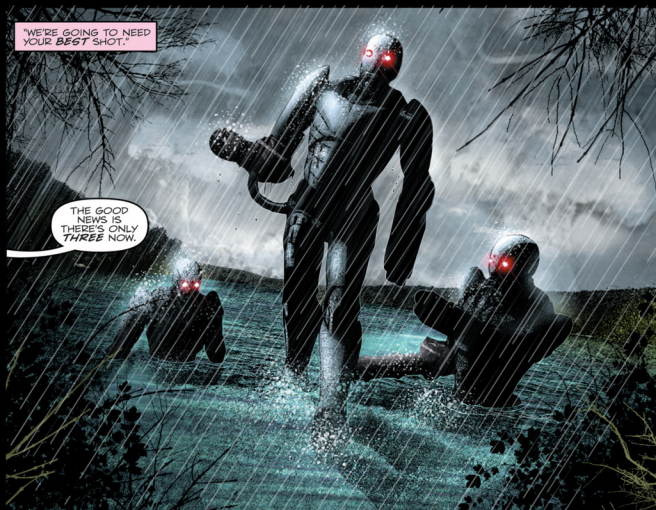
AND THEN,
FORTUNE HAS
ALWAYS SMILED
ON YOU, MY
BROTHER.

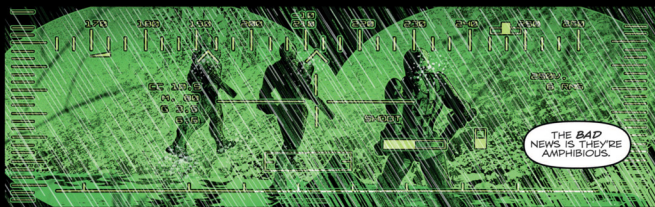


"—THOUGH YOU SELDOM SAW IT."

I'M CALLING
FOR A FIRE MISSION,
INTERNATIONAL
DISTRESS CODE VALIANT.
I HAVE FULL
AUTHORIZATION.

WHAT
MILITARY
AGENCY DO YOU
REPRESENT?







UNNH!

HEY!



LOOKS LIKE
WE'RE
SNAGGED.

AT LEAST WE
AIN'T *SINKING*
ANYMORE!
THAT'S A BREAK
FOR US.

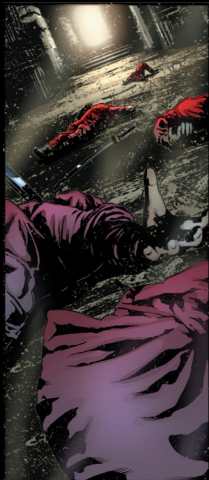


AW,
HELL
NO.

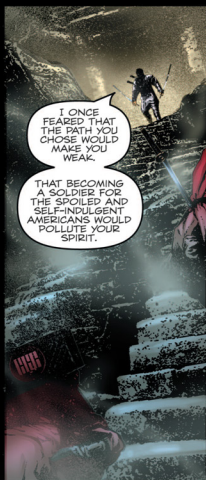


IT'S THE
ONE YOU HIT
WITH THE *TOW*,
ROAD!

AND HE
AIN'T *HAPPY*
ABOUT IT!



YOU ARE
EASY TO
FOLLOW, MY
BROTHER.
EVERYWHERE
YOU LEAVE A TRAIL
OF THE DEAD.



I ONCE
FEARED THAT
THE PATH YOU
CHOSE WOULD
MAKE YOU
WEAK.

THAT BECOMING
A SOLDIER FOR
THE SPOILED AND
SELF-INDULGENT
AMERICANS WOULD
POLLUTE YOUR
SPIRIT.



I AM
PLEASED TO
SEE THAT I
AM **WRONG**.

YOU DEAL
DEATH AS
BRUTALLY AND
ELEGANTLY AS
I REMEMBER.



I PROPOSE
THAT WE JOIN
OUR SKILLS—
AGAINST A
COMMON
ENEMY.



COBRA HAS BETRAYED ME. THE NEW COMMANDER HAD MY OYABUN MURDERED.

YOU KNOW THE OATH I TOOK TO ODA SATORI.



I OWE HIM BLOOD, EVEN IN DEATH.

MY WORD TO HIM IS MORE THAN MY ALLEGIANCE TO COBRA.



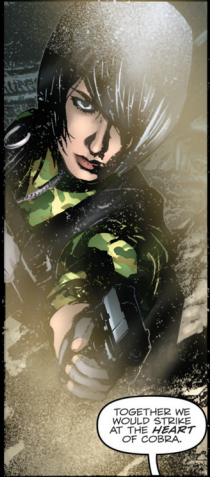
SO, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME, WE SHARE A COMMON ENEMY.

AN ENEMY WHOSE SECRETS ARE KNOWN TO ME.



YOU WERE ARASHIKAGE BEFORE YOU WERE ANYTHING ELSE.

THE CLAN WOULD WELCOME YOU BACK. WHAT ARE A FEW DEATHS BETWEEN US?



TOGETHER WE WOULD STRIKE AT THE HEART OF COBRA.



CONSIDER THE LIVES YOU TOOK TODAY AS A SIGN OF MY EARNESTNESS.

THEY ARE A SACRIFICE TO SEAL OUR BOND OF VENGEANCE.



OR YOU MAY STRIKE ME DOWN.



I WILL NOT LIFT MY HAND TO YOU.
I WILL DIE HONORABLY BY YOUR BLADE.



OR STAND WITH ME AND DELIVER FEAR TO OUR ENEMIES.



NO WAY.

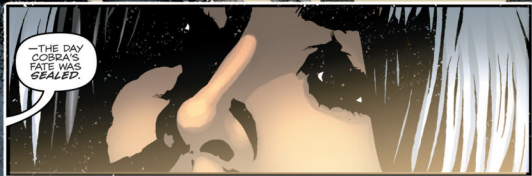


OUR PATHS
ARE ONE ONCE
MORE.

YOU WILL
NOT **REGRET**
THIS DAY, SNAKE
EYES—



—THE DAY
COBRA'S
FATE WAS
SEALED.



FORT BAXTER.

THE REGINA
IS IN POSITION
AND PREPARED
TO FIRE.

THE
AUTHORIZATION
IS "EVERGREEN."

THE MISSILE CRUISER HMCS REGINA, GULF OF PHTAO.

CONFIRMATION:
NAVAJO.

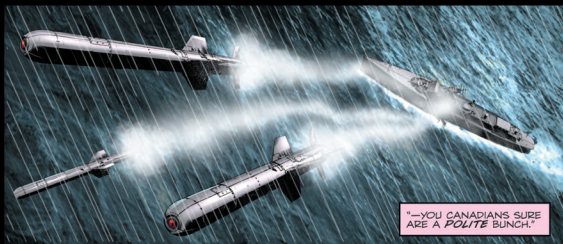
AFFIRMATION:
CARIBOU

WE HAVE YOUR
COORDINATES, BAXTER
COMMAND.

WE NEED SOME
PUNCH, CAPTAIN.
BUNKER BUSTER
STRENGTH.

WILL FOUR
HARPOONS DO,
MISS?

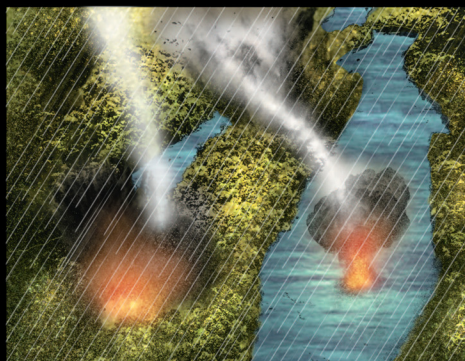
IT WILL, SIR,
AND MIGHT I
ADD—



HAWK TO
ALL UNITS!

WE HAVE
INBOUND
ORDNANCE!
CLEAR THE
AO!







ROAD!

YEAH, I
KNOW. *NOW*
WE SWIM.



HOLD ON...
HOLD ON...



BAXTER
COMMAND TO
HAWK—YOU
STILL WITH US,
GENERAL?

skiiikkk—
STANDING TALL,
BAXTER.

GOOD
WORK,
RED.



THE ORDNANCE
LANDED *ON* TARGET
IN CONCENTRATION!
PLEASE EXPRESS OUR
THANKS TO THE
CANUCKS.

I WILL, SIR.
BUT MORE
IMPORTANTLY,
DID IT TAKE CARE
OF YOUR *B.A.T.*?
PROBLEM?



YOU COULD
SAY THAT,
BAXTER.

HAWK
OUT.



NAY.

PLEASE TELL
ME THIS IS A
COMMUNICATIONS
GLITCH.



THE REMAINING
THREE UNITS WENT
OFFLINE AT THE
SAME TIME. LAIRD
DESTRO.

THEY ARE
GONE, SIR.

THIS IS NAE
GOOD. I MADE
ASSURANCES—

COMMANDER!

YES, ASSURANCES,
DESTRO. THESE
MACHINES WERE TO
REMAIN BEHIND IN
NANZHAO AS AN
OCCUPYING
FORCE.

AND NOW
THEY ARE
SCRAP.



AND AT
WHAT COST TO
COBRA?

FIFTY MILLION
PER UNIT,
COMMANDER.

A LOSS I
EXPECT MARS
INDUSTRIES TO
SHARE IN.

YES,
COMMANDER.



I FOUND
THEM!



YOU GUYS
MAINTAINING?

WE'LL HAVE
HEADACHES FOR
A WHILE.

BEACH
TOOK A HIT.
HARD DRIVE
GOT A FEW
KNOCKS.



GOIN' HOME,
GIRL.

WHAT?

BACK TO
THE STATES.
CHEESEBURGERS
AND PIZZA ON
ME.



FLINT?
ROADBLOCK?

FISHED OUT
OF THE RIVER
TEN MILES
DOWNSTREAM.

THOSE ROBOT
THINGS?

RECYCLED.



DOES
THAT MEAN
WE WON?



THIS AIN'T
WHAT WINNIN'
LOOKS LIKE,
HARD D.

IT'S
NOBODY'S
IDEA OF A
WIN.

"A HALF DOZEN
CITIES *NUKED*."

"THIRTY *MILLION*
REFUGEES."

"COBRA *SCARING* THE
WHOLE WORLD INTO
RECOGNIZING THEM AS
A POWER."

"WE LOST A WHOLE
DAMN *COUNTRY*."



I DIDN'T
SEE THAT
COMING
AND I SEE
EVERY THING
COMING.



THE RHOZHO DELTA.

SIXTY MILES DOWNSTREAM AND TWO DAYS LATER.







SANTA CRUZ, ARGENTINA.

I BET YOU NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD END LIKE THIS.

AND THIS IS THE END, INCIDENTALLY. YOU ARE THE LAST ONE.

WHICH I ASSUME YOU KNEW, CONSIDERING HOW MANY ARMED MEN YOU HAD AROUND YOU.

5

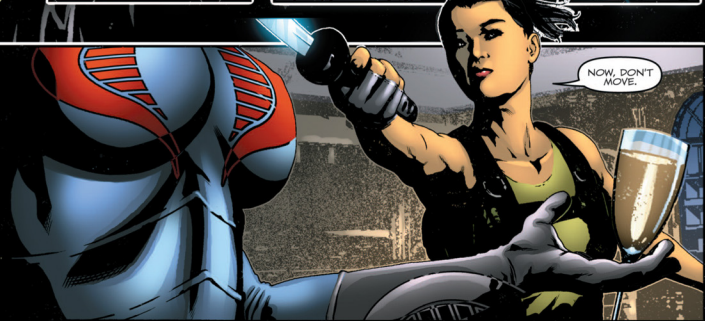
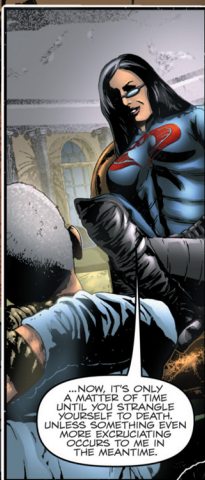
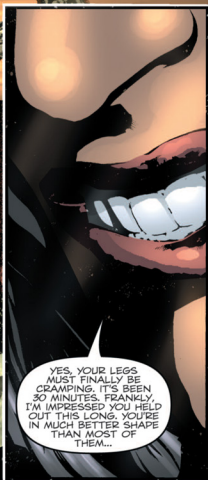
NO MATCH FOR SEVENTEEN POUNDS OF EXPLOSIVES, BUT STILL, AT LEAST YOU *ATTEMPTED* TO TAKE PRECAUTION.

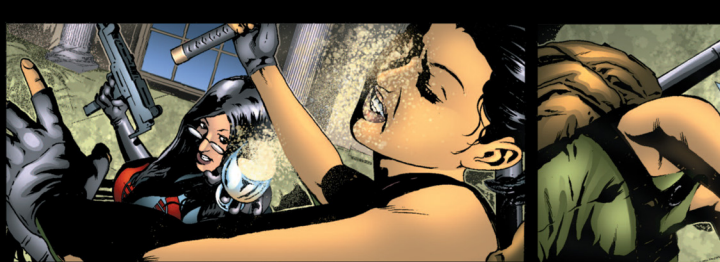
DESPITE THE DAMAGE, THIS PLACE REALLY IS MAGNIFICENT.

THE PROBLEM WITH UNJUST DICTATORS IS, THOUGH THE LAST FEW MINUTES OF THEIR LIVES TEND TO BE DESPERATE AND AGONIZING, THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO THE DECADENCE AND INDULGENCE OF EVERY OTHER MINUTE THEY LIVED.



BUT STILL...
THOSE FINAL
MOMENTS...







NICE TO FINALLY MEET YOU, BARONESS. I'VE BEEN CHASING YOU ACROSS THE WORLD FOR A WEEK.

I'VE READ YOUR FILE. SEEMS LIKE YOU GET CAPTURED A LOT.



NOW TELL ME WHO THESE MEN ARE YOU'VE BEEN KILLING.



I'LL TELL YOU NOTHING.





**FORT BAXTER.
LATER.**

MAINFRAME.
THIS IS CALL
SIGN RONIN

YOU ARE
GO, RONIN.
UPDATE?

I CAUGHT
UP WITH OUR
ASSASSIN. IT WAS
THE **BARONESS**. I
ATTEMPTED TO
APPREHEND HER, BUT
SHE POISONED ME WITH
A NERVE AGENT. I WAS
ABLE TO PROCURE
ENOUGH OF THE
ANTIDOTE TO SURVIVE,
BUT I WAS TOO WEAK
TO PREVENT HER
ESCAPE.

LUCKILY SHE
WAS HERSELF
TOO WEAK TO
FINISH ME OFF,
BUT I COULDN'T
FOIL THE
EXECUTION OF
HER FINAL
VICTIM.

THE GOOD NEWS
IS I'VE GOT A LOT OF
CAPTURED INTEL FOR YOU,
AND A VERY STRONG
SUSPICION THAT THIS STRING
OF WEALTHY, POWERFUL
MEN WERE CONNECTED
TO COBRA. PERHAPS
BEHIND-THE-SCENES
POWER BROKERS?

THOUGH WHY THE
BARONESS IS KILLING
THEM ALL - MAYBE, ALONG
WITH THIS BIG PUBLIC PUSH
INTO NANZHAO, COBRA IS
UNDERGOING A SEA CHANGE.
THE OLD GUARD BEING
WIPE OUT?

LET THE
ANALYSTS WORRY
ABOUT THE
THEORIES. YOU JUST
GET OUT OF THERE.
THE BARONESS
COULD HAVE
BACKUP.

I'M ALREADY
GONE, AND
MAINFRAME? FOR
WHAT I HAD TO DO
TO SURVIVE TODAY,
I'M GONNA KILL
YOU.



[THE CALL
HAS GONE
OUT!!]



[THE CALL
HAS GONE OUT,
AND IT HAS BEEN
ANSWERED! BY
THOSE WHO WISH
TO REBUILD!]



[BY THOSE
WHO WISH TO
REJOICE!]

OF COURSE
I DON'T KNOW
THE LANGUAGE,
BUT THE ENERGY
IS RIGHT.

YES, SIR. THE
NESTS IN THIS
COUNTRY SHOULD
CONTINUE TO
FLOURISH EVEN
WITHOUT YOUR
PRESENCE.

SIR!



AN URGENT
MESSAGE FROM
PYTHONA. ONE OF OUR
STRATEGICALLY PLACED
DEVOTED CALLED IN.
THERE HAVE BEEN
DEVELOPMENTS.

THE TROPHY ROOM.

THIS CAMPAIGN HAS REVEALED MUCH ABOUT MY HIGH COMMAND. ONLY A FEW OF MY LIEUTENANTS ACQUITTED THEMSELVES WHILE THE REST PROVED TO BE INCOMPETENT IN CRUCIAL MOMENTS.



THE PROBLEM WITH YOU, **TOMAX**, IS THAT I HAVE NO IDEA WHICH GROUP YOU BELONG IN.



MY VALUE TO COBRA HAS ALWAYS BEEN IN THE BOARDROOM, RATHER THAN THE BATTLEFIELD, AND THOUGH IT MIGHT SEEM TO SOME THOSE SKILLS HAVE LITTLE USE DURING A MILITARY CAMPAIGN, A SHREWD GENERAL KNOWS THAT HIS ENEMY'S STRENGTH DOESN'T LIE ENTIRELY IN THE MUSTER OF ARMS.





SINCE EVEN BEFORE THIS INVASION BEGAN, I'VE BEEN USING MY CONNECTIONS AND MY INFLUENCE TO WEAKEN G.I. JOE FROM THEIR MOST VULNERABLE POSITION.

YOU SAW THE FRUITS OF THIS IN THEIR DELAYED REACTION TIME AND CONFUSED ORGANIZATION, AND YOU'LL SEE EVEN MORE IN THE FUTURE.



YES, TOMAX, YOU *HAVE* BEEN SPENDING MOST OF THE WAR ON YOUR *PHONE*. A PHONE THAT HAS A SCRAMBLED SIGNATURE, EVEN TO MY MONITORS.



A HOLDOVER FROM THE PREVIOUS REGIME, WHERE COMPARTMENTALIZATION AND AUTONOMY WERE SEEN AS *ADVANTAGEOUS*. NOTHING MORE.

THIS IS *NOT* THE PREVIOUS REGIME.



FROM THIS MOMENT ON, ALL YOUR COMMUNICATIONS GO THROUGH THE MAIN COBRA CHANNELS. AND, THEREFORE, GO THROUGH ME.

DISMISSED.



COMMANDER SERPENTOR REQUESTS AN AUDIENCE.



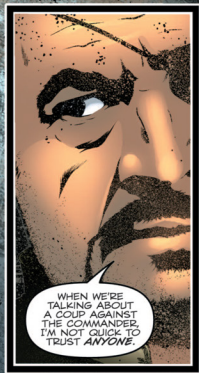


YESSIR?

CONNECT ME WITH MY CONTACT ON THE COUNCIL. MAKE IT CLEAR THAT THIS IS AN *UNSCRAMBLED* AND OPEN CONNECTION.

I'M SORRY, SIR. THAT CHANNEL IS DEAD. BACKTRACKING SUGGESTS IT'S BEEN OFFLINE FOR FIVE DAYS.

TELL *BLUDD* AND *MENASIAN* IT'S CRUCIAL THAT I SEE THEM IN NINETY MINUTES IN HANGER G.
AND HAVE MY JET FUELED AND *FULLY SWEPT*.





AND WELL YOU SHOULD'NT, BLUDD. YOU'VE NEVER BEEN EVEN HALF AS SMART AS YOU THINK YOU ARE. AND I TOLD YOU I WOULD BE HERE WHEN YOU OVER-REACHED.



MENASIAN—
YOU SOLD
ME OUT?!

I EXPOSED
TOMAX AND YOUR
SEDITION AFTER YOU
TRIED TO RECRUIT ME,
OF COURSE. I WOULD
NEVER BETRAY OUR
COMMANDER.

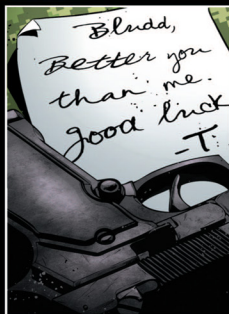
KILL HIM,
BARONESS.



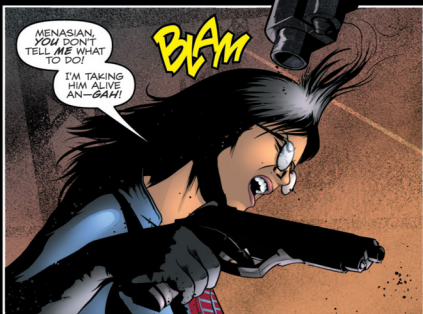
SO THE
DOSSIER YOU
SHOWED ME? THE
DNA? THAT WAS
CREATED TO
ENTRAP ME?

WHAT ARE
YOU—

HE'LL SAY
ANYTHING TO
BUY PRECIOUS
SECONDS.
SHOOT HIM.



Bludd,
Better you
than me.
Good luck
-T

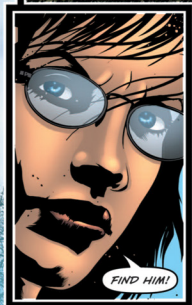
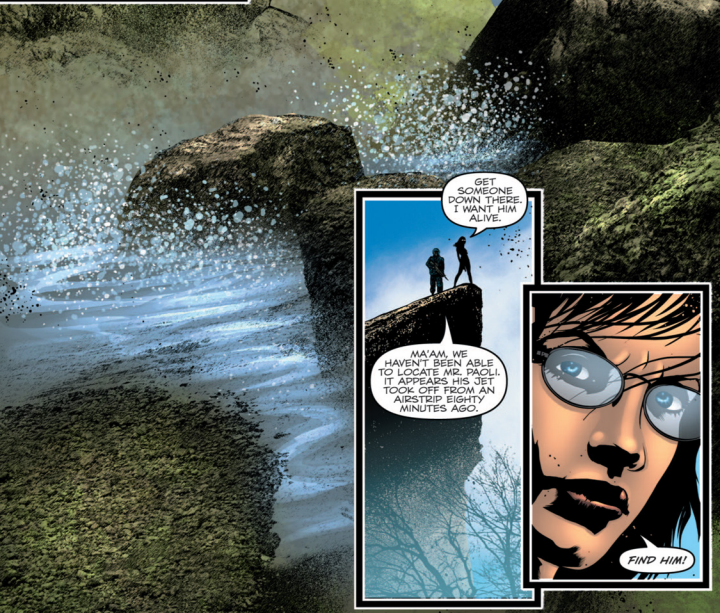
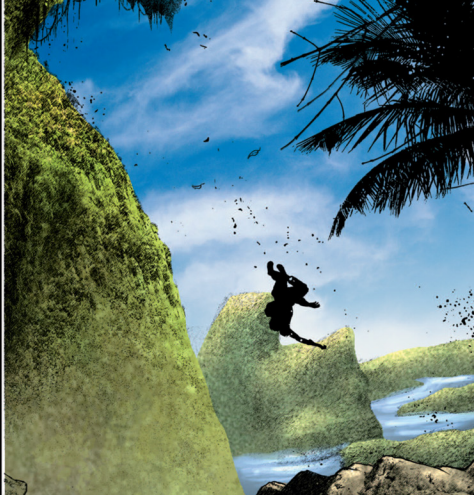


MENASIAN,
YOU DON'T
TELL ME WHAT
TO DO!

I'M TAKING
HIM ALIVE
AN—GAH!

Blam











HOWEVER, SERPENTOR'S RECRUITMENT EFFORTS HAVE YIELDED RESULTS IN EXCESS OF 500% OF OUR ORIGINAL PROJECTIONS. HE SEEMS CONFIDENT THAT THESE FOLLOWERS WILL CONTINUE TO SPREAD THE FAITH AND RESULT IN A MORE EFFECTIVE OCCUPATION THAN ANY MILITARY FORCE.

THAT COULD WELL BE.



SIX FORMER POPULATION CENTERS HAVE BACKGROUND RADIATION AT LEVELS THAT WILL BE DANGEROUS FOR FIFTY YEARS. WE HAVE THE GRATITUDE OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC FOR LEAVING A RADIATION-FREE CORRIDOR FOR THEIR PIPELINE TO THE BAY OF BENGAL.

THE BARONESS WAS SUCCESSFUL IN HER MISSION AND THE COUNCIL HAS BEEN ELIMINATED. YOU ARE NOW ENTIRELY *AUTONOMOUS* BUT THEIR CONSIDERABLE RESOURCES ARE UNAVAILABLE TO US.

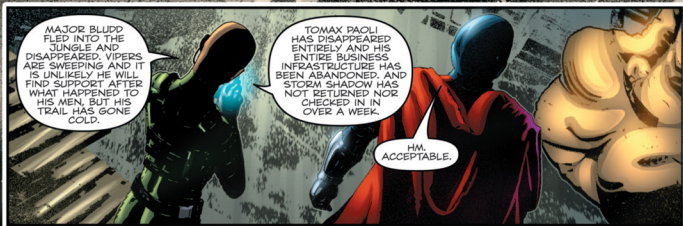
WE WILL NO LONGER REQUIRE IT.

DURING THE FINAL EXECUTION, THE BARONESS WAS INJURED IN AN ATTACK BY A JOE AGENT—NO BACKUP, POSSIBLY ROGUE. THE AGENT LIKELY SURVIVED THE ATTACK AS WELL.

THAT'S UNFORTUNATE BUT NOT PROBLEMATIC. THEY'D FIGURE IT OUT EVENTUALLY.

TELL ME ABOUT THE REST OF OUR PEOPLE.





MAJOR BLUDD
FLED INTO THE
JUNGLE AND
DISAPPEARED. VIPERS
ARE SWEEPING AND IT
IS UNLIKELY HE WILL
FIND SUPPORT AFTER
WHAT HAPPENED TO
HIS MEN, BUT HIS
TRAIL HAS GONE
COLD.

TOMAX PAOLI
HAS DISAPPEARED
ENTIRELY AND HIS
ENTIRE BUSINESS
INFRASTRUCTURE HAS
BEEN ABANDONED. AND
STORM SHADOW HAS
NOT RETURNED NOR
CHECKED IN IN
OVER A WEEK.

HM.
ACCEPTABLE.



SIR... IF
I MAY...
YOU'VE BEEN
SPENDING
INCREASING
AMOUNTS OF TIME
IN HERE AMONGST
THESE ITEMS. I'VE
TAKEN THE LIBERTY
OF INCREASING
SECURITY TO EQUAL
YOUR ACTUAL
QUARTERS.

VERY
GOOD.



I FEEL AT
HOME HERE.
THESE ARTIFACTS...
THEY REMIND ME OF
A FEELING I HAD.
LONG AGO.



I'LL SEE
TO THEIR
TRANSPORT
IMMEDIATELY FOR
WHEN WE DEPART,
AND THEIR
INSTALLATION
IN—

NO.



BURN
IT ALL.



THE END OF COBRA COMMAND.



ILLUSTRATED BY ANTONIO FUSO





art by **David Williams**
colors by **Kelsey Shannon**





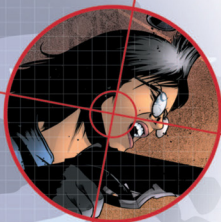
COBRA COMMAND

GI JOE



COBRA COMMAND

G.I. JOE



COBRA COMMAND CONCLUDES! The new Cobra Commander is on a path of conquest and destruction. The *G.I. JOE*, *Snow Eyes*, and *Cobra* story lines converge in this second volume as the JOES struggle to survive. Everything changes here! Who lives—who dies—who wins? The answers aren't what you expect, and the foundation for the future of G.I. JOE starts here!

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