

GI JOE

SNAKE EYES

**AGENT OF
COBRA**

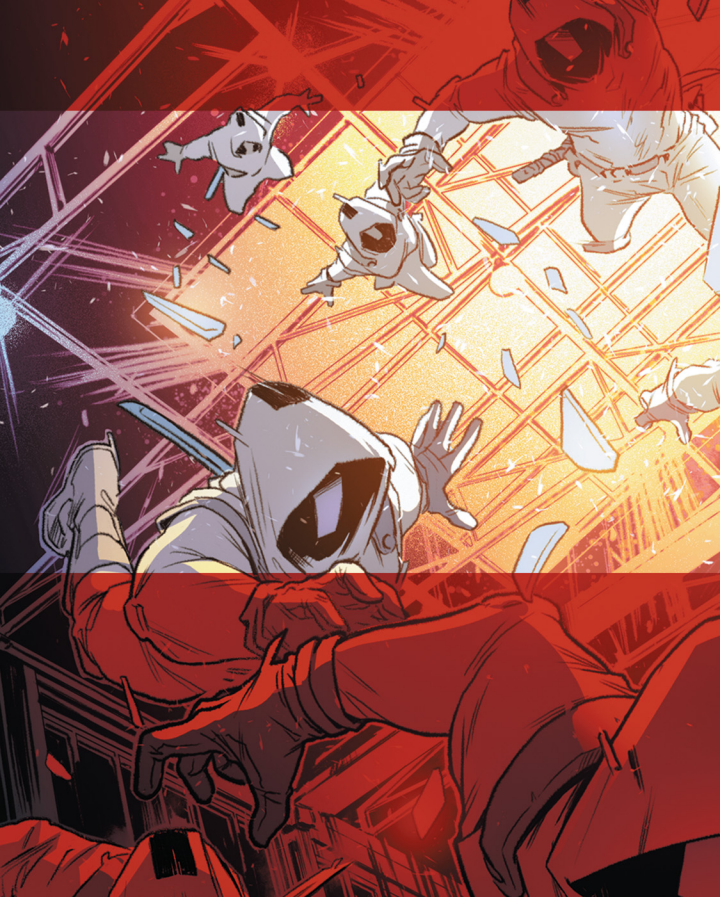




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Special thanks to Hasbro's Ed Lane, Joe Furforo, Heather Hopkins, and Michael Kelly for their invaluable assistance.

ISBN: 978-1-63140-371-2

18 17 16 15 1 2 3 4

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Originally published as G.I. JOE: SNAKE EYES, AGENT OF COBRA issues #1-5.



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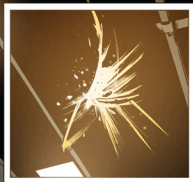
IT'S BEEN
GETTING WORSE.



LATELY I'VE FOUND
MYSELF SQUEEZING
ORANGES TO A PULP
WHEN I PICK THEM UP.



THE SOUND OF METAL
ON METAL AS MY THIGHS
SCRAPE TOGETHER. YOU
CAN'T IMAGINE IT.




I HEATED UP MY ELBOW ON A
STOVE, TO SEE AT WHAT POINT I
WOULD EXPERIENCE DISCOMFORT.
THE TEMPERATURE ON MY IR
THERMOMETER CLIMBED ABOVE
300 DEGREES BEFORE I FELT
ANYTHING.



IT TOOK OVER AN HOUR TO
COOL OFF. I SCORCHED TWO
OF MY BEST CHAIRS—I WAS
TOO AFRAID TO QUENCH IT.
WHAT IF IT *CRACKED*?

WHAT *IF* INDEED?
WOULD I STILL BE
THERE, UNDERNEATH,
PINK AND SENSITIVE
AS A NEWBORN?

A dramatic comic book illustration featuring Snake Eyes and The Tin Man. Snake Eyes, in his iconic black tactical suit and mask, is shown from the back, crouching on a dark, reflective surface. He is holding the hand of The Tin Man, who is a bald, muscular man with a determined, almost pained expression. The Tin Man is wearing a brown, textured jacket and is being pulled up or supported by Snake Eyes. The background is a dark, stormy sky with bright, jagged lightning bolts and heavy rain falling diagonally across the frame. The overall tone is intense and action-packed.

I CAN NO LONGER
FEEL THE RAIN ON
MY FACE.

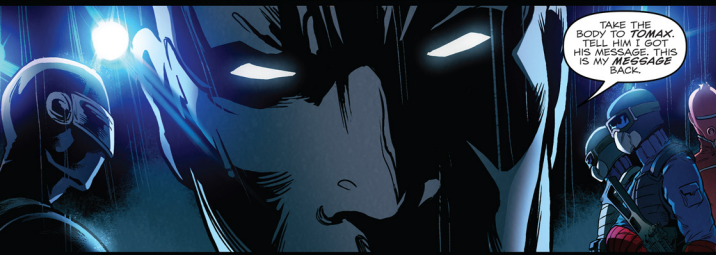
**SNAKE EYES, AGENT OF COBRA PART ONE:
THE TIN MAN**













COME, MR. JAMES. IT'S YOUR RIDING LESSON TODAY.

MANY YEARS AGO




THE HORSES
SMELL.

THAT THEY DO, BUT ONE DAY YOU WILL RULE HERE, AND YOU MUST LEARN TO DO UNPLEASANT THINGS.



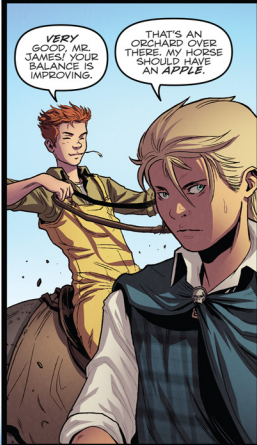
I HATE IT WHEN YOU MAKE ME DO THINGS I DON'T WANT TO DO. WHEN I'M LAIRD, I WON'T DO ANYTHING I DON'T WANT TO DO.



AS YOU SAY, MR. JAMES, BUT UNTIL THAT DAY, WE LISTEN TO YOUR FATHER.



BE SURE TO KEEP YOUR MOUNT IN HAND, MR. JAMES. TODAY WE TRY A CANTER.

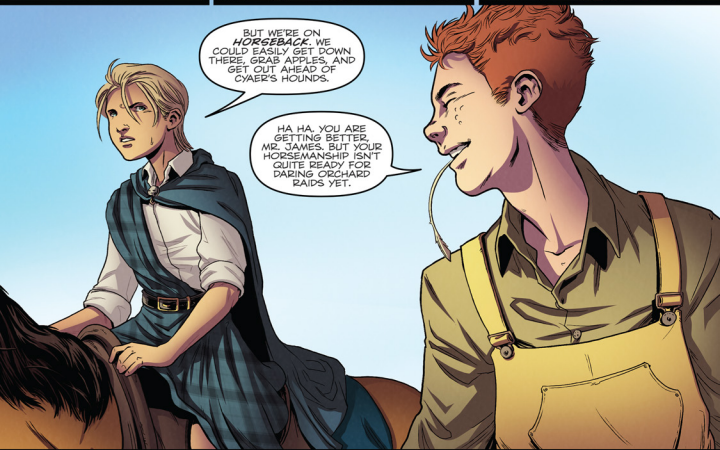


VERY GOOD, MR. JAMES! YOUR BALANCE IS IMPROVING.

THAT'S AN ORCHARD OVER THERE. MY HORSE SHOULD HAVE AN APPLE.



THOSE ARE NOT YOUR FATHER'S ORCHARDS, MR. JAMES. THEY BELONG TO THE MUCH HONORED *LORD OF CYAER*. WE CAN GET AN APPLE FROM THE LARDER.



BUT WE'RE ON HORSEBACK. WE COULD EASILY GET DOWN THERE, GRAB APPLES, AND GET OUT AHEAD OF CYAER'S HOUNDS.

HA HA. YOU ARE GETTING BETTER, MR. JAMES. BUT YOUR HORSEMANSHIP ISN'T QUITE READY FOR DARING ORCHARD RAIDS YET.



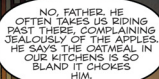
BUT *YOURS* IS, RIGHT? AND YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DO *WHATEVER* I SAY.

SO IF I SAY I WANT SOMEONE TO GO STEAL SOME APPLES...





DID YOU
COMMAND THIS
STABLE-HAND TO
TRESPASS IN
CYEAR'S ORCHARDS
AND STEAL HIS
APPLES?



NO, FATHER. HE
OFTEN TAKES US RIDING
PAST THERE, COMPLAINING
JEALOUSLY OF THE APPLES.
HE SAYS THE OATMEAL IN
OUR KITCHENS IS SO
BLAND IT CHOKES
HIM.



HE OFTEN SAYS
DISRESPECTFUL
THINGS.



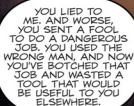
SEND THE
BOY AWAY.
SEE THAT HE
IS PUNISHED
FIRST.



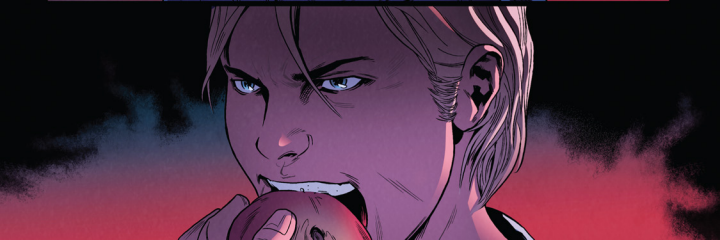
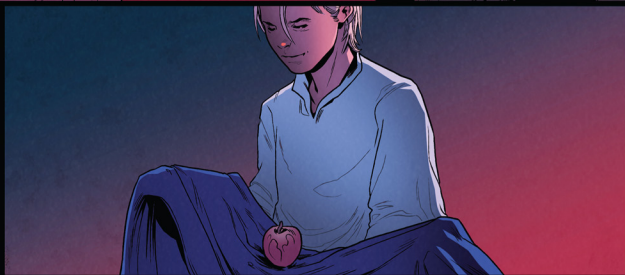
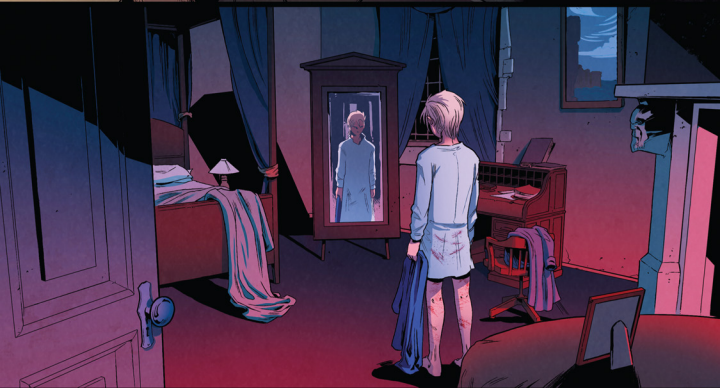
SEVERELY.



DO NOT
LOOK SO
SATISFIED, BOY.
YOU MUST MAKE
YOUR FACE A
MASK.



YOU LIED TO
ME. AND WORSE,
YOU SENT A FOOL
TO DO A DANGEROUS
JOB. YOU USED THE
WRONG MAN, AND NOW
YOU'VE BOTCHED THAT
JOB AND WASTED A
TOOL THAT WOULD
BE USEFUL TO YOU
ELSEWHERE.



ALASKA.

STEELHEAD
BAIT SHOP. A
HORRIBLE JOKE,
I KNOW....

...BUT THERE
AREN'T MANY
BUSINESSES IN THE
ALEUTIAN ISLANDS WITH
A PRIVATE COVE AND
ACRES OF PRIVATE
WATERFRONT.

TOMAX BETRAYED ME.
HE HAS PRIVATE MILITARY ALL
OVER THE WORLD, MOST OF IT
ABOVE THE WATER AS LEGITIMATE
BUSINESS. HE DOESN'T NEED THE
COMPETITION, OR THE CHAOS.
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN SOMETHING
OF A WILDCARD.

THAT LIKELY
MEANS THE
BARONESS
TALKED HIM
INTO SENDING
YOU.

IT MAKES SENSE.
YOU COME TO THEM
FROM GOD KNOWS
WHERE, TOO DANGEROUS
TO TRUST BUT TOO
MUCH OF AN ASSET
TO TURN AWAY.

I SUPPOSE IT'S BEEN
MEAGER TASKS TO SLOWLY
TEST YOUR LOYALTY UP UNTIL
THIS, YOUR BIG TEST. AND EVEN
THIS ONE, IF YOU FAILED OR
BETRAYED COBRA, WOULD NOT BE
SO TERRIBLE. THE WORST THAT
COULD HAPPEN IS THAT I WOULD
STILL BE IN THE PRISON CELL
TOMAX HAD ALREADY
PREPARED FOR ME.

WHAT **ELSE** HAVE
YOU DONE? THEFTS?
ASSASSINATIONS?



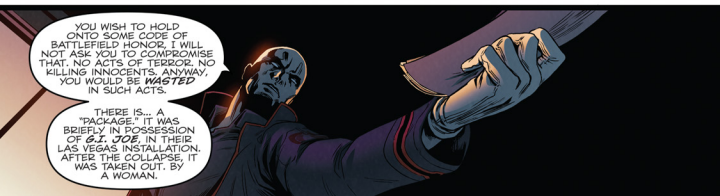


TOMAX DOESN'T REALIZE WHAT A TOOL HE'S GIVEN ME IN YOU. HE MUST BE CAUTIOUS. HE HAS TOO MUCH TO LOSE BY TRUSTING SOMEONE LIKE YOU. SOMEONE HE CAN'T CONTROL.

I HAVE **NOTHING** TO LOSE. I HAVE NO SUCH CONSTRAINTS.

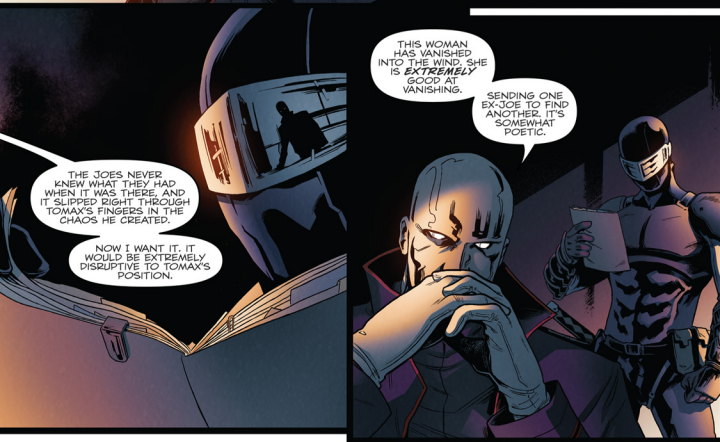


I UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'RE DOING THIS. YOU'VE BEEN FORSAKEN BY YOUR OWN PEOPLE, BUT ONLY AFTER THEY'VE BOILED AWAY EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU THAT ISN'T THE WAR. WHERE ELSE CAN A MAN LIKE YOU GO?



YOU WISH TO HOLD ONTO SOME CODE OF BATTLEFIELD HONOR. I WILL NOT ASK YOU TO COMPROMISE THAT. NO ACTS OF TERROR. NO KILLING INNOCENTS. ANYWAY, YOU WOULD BE **WASTED** IN SUCH ACTS.

THERE IS... A "PACKAGE." IT WAS BRIEFLY IN POSSESSION OF **G.I. JOE** IN THEIR LAS VEGAS INSTALLATION. AFTER THE COLLAPSE, IT WAS TAKEN OUT. BY A WOMAN.



THIS WOMAN HAS VANISHED INTO THE WIND. SHE IS **EXTREMELY** GOOD AT VANISHING.


SENDING ONE EX-JOE TO FIND ANOTHER. IT'S SOMEWHAT POETIC.

THE JOES NEVER KNEW WHAT THEY HAD WHEN IT WAS THERE, AND IT SLIPPED RIGHT THROUGH TOMAX'S FINGERS IN THE CHAOS HE CREATED.

NOW I WANT IT. IT WOULD BE EXTREMELY DISRUPTIVE TO TOMAX'S POSITION.



YOU'RE A MAN
OF FEW WORDS.
TO ACCEPT THE
JOB, TAKE THE
DOSSIER.



I WON'T PRETEND
TO KNOW YOUR MIND.
BUT YOU'RE SMART
ENOUGH TO KNOW IT'S
NOT ABOUT PICKING
SIDES. IT'S NOT A
GAME. IT'S A
MACHINE.

AND YOU
CAN EITHER
BE A *COB*, OR
A *MONKEY
WRENCH*.



WHAT A
HORRIBLE,
DESOLATE PLACE
THIS IS. SO MUCH
LIKE HOME.



THANK
GOD I CAN'T
SMELL THE FISH
ANYMORE.



BEING ONE OF THE
WORLD'S MOST
NOTORIOUS ARMS
MANUFACTURERS
HAS LITTLE TO DO
WITH ENGINEERING

IT ISN'T FINDING A NEED AND
FILLING IT. IT ISN'T EVEN
REALLY ABOUT KNOWING
THE RIGHT PEOPLE.

YOU SELL THE AMMUNITION.
YOU SELL THE WEAPON
SYSTEM. YOU SELL THE WAR.

YOU LOOK INTO THE FACE OF
THE OTHER PERSON AND YOU
SEE WHAT THEY FEAR. YOU SEE
IT IN THE SET OF THEIR JAW
AND THE FLIT OF THEIR EYES.
YOU SEE IT, AND YOU SELL
THEM THEIR MEDICINE.

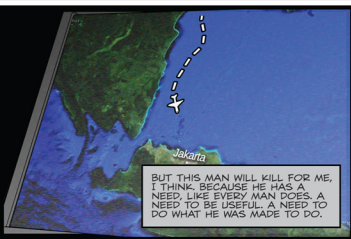
IT'S ABOUT *SALESMANSHIP*.



THIS GHOUL WHO HAS COME INTO MY SERVICE HAS NO FACE TO READ, HE HAS NO VOICE TO GIVE HIM AWAY.



HE COMMUNICATES IN THE SLOWER, IMPLACABLE LANGUAGE OF STONES AND TREES. GREAT DIGNITY. GREAT STRENGTH. A VAST AND BOTTOMLESS PATIENCE THAT WILL DROWN YOU.



Jakarta

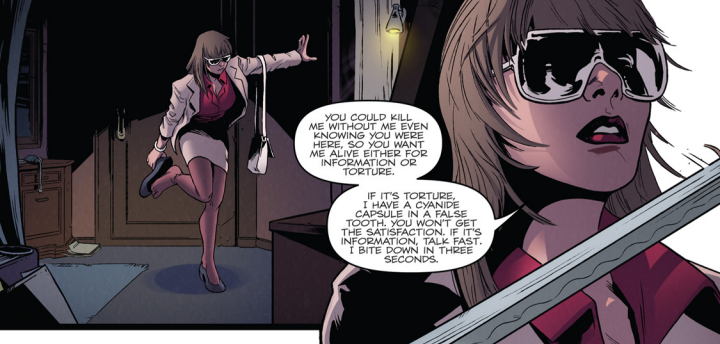
BUT THIS MAN WILL KILL FOR ME, I THINK, BECAUSE HE HAS A NEED, LIKE EVERY MAN DOES, A NEED TO BE USEFUL. A NEED TO DO WHAT HE WAS MADE TO DO.



I'VE BEGUN TO IMAGINE THAT, SHOULD SOME EXTRAORDINARILY LUCKY FOOL GET BEHIND HIS GUARD AND ACTUALLY REMOVE THE MASK, THERE'D BE NOTHING INSIDE AT ALL.



THAT, MORE THAN ANYTHING, MAKES HIM ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS PEOPLE I'VE EVER MET.



YOU COULD KILL ME WITHOUT ME EVEN KNOWING YOU WERE HERE, SO YOU WANT ME ALIVE EITHER FOR INFORMATION OR TORTURE.

IF IT'S TORTURE, I HAVE A CYANIDE CAPSULE IN A FALSE TOOTH. YOU WON'T GET THE SATISFACTION. IF IT'S INFORMATION, TALK FAST. I BITE DOWN IN THREE SECONDS.



OH MY GOD.

IT'S YOU.



YOU'RE WORKING FOR THE OTHER SIDE NOW



I KNOW HOW THAT GOES.

IT'S A COMPLICATED WORLD.





Art by Paolo Villanelli, Colors by Joana Lafuente



BERLIN. FOURTEEN
MONTHS AGO.

IT'S NOT GETTING
ANY BETTER.

FOUR YEARS OUT, AND I
STILL CAN'T SLEEP THROUGH
THE NIGHT. NOT REALLY.

I GIVE MY LIFE OVER TO
SIMPLE PLEASURES. TRY TO
LIVE LIKE A HUMAN BEING.

GOOD FOOD. GRASS
BETWEEN MY TOES.

I TRY TO STAY
AWAY FROM
THE WINE AS A
SOLUTION. I
KNOW IT WOULD
ONLY MAKE
THINGS WORSE.
BUT STILL.
FOUR YEARS.



SNAKE EYES, AGENT OF COBRA PART TWO: THE DARK SISTER

AND THE FEAR THAT THEY'LL
FIND ME NEVER GOES AWAY.

ERIKA,
RIGHT?





YOU'RE NOT
MY TINDER
DATE.

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
THAT IS.



THE AMAZING
THING ABOUT
BERLIN? IT'S SUCH A
PEACEFUL CITY NOW,
BUT EVERYWHERE YOU
GO, THERE'S SOME
RELIC OF WAR.

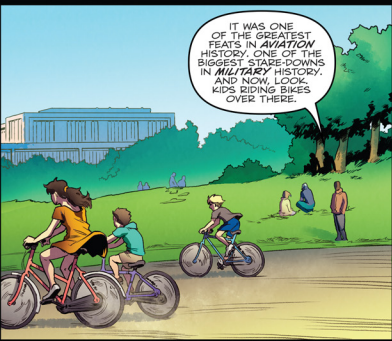
YOU KNOW
THIS PARK USED
TO BE AN
AIRPORT?

WHEN THE
SOVIETS CUT OFF ALL
GROUND AND MATERIAL
ACCESS TO WEST BERLIN,
THE UK AND THE STATES
DECIDED TO CALL THEIR
BLUFF AND SEND IN
CARGO PLANES.

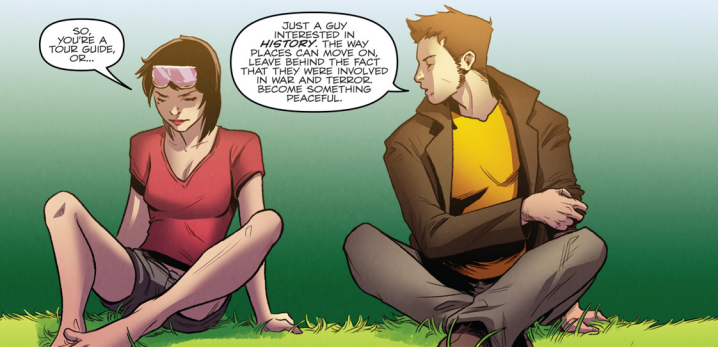
MILK, COAL,
GRAINS, MEDICINE.
EVERYTHING A CITY
NEEDS TO LIVE. IT WAS
ALL FLOWN IN. PLANES
WERE LANDING HERE
EVERY THREE MINUTES
FOR A YEAR.



IT WAS ONE
OF THE GREATEST
FEATS IN AVIATION
HISTORY. ONE OF THE
BIGGEST STARE-DOWNS
IN *MILITARY* HISTORY.
AND NOW, LOOK
KIDS RIDING BIKES
OVER THERE.

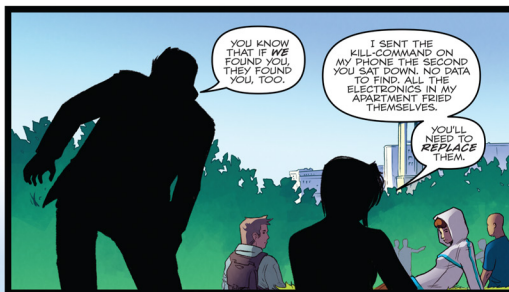


JUST A
PARK.





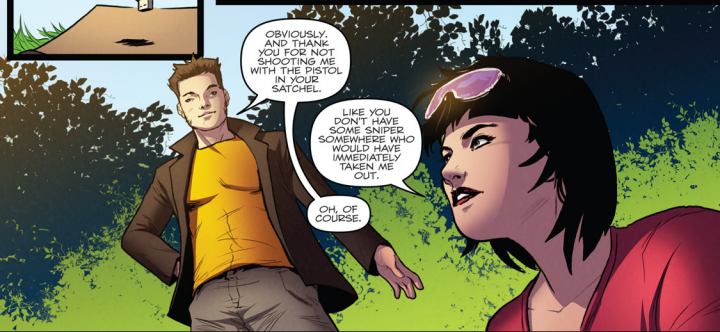
YOU'RE HIRED.
BE AT THAT MEET
IN BUDAPEST IN
TWO DAYS.



YOU KNOW THAT IF *WE*
FOUND YOU, THEY FOUND
YOU, TOO.

I SENT THE
KILL-COMMAND ON
MY PHONE THE SECOND
YOU SAT DOWN. NO DATA
TO FIND. ALL THE
ELECTRONICS IN MY
APARTMENT FRIED
THEMSELVES.

YOU'LL
NEED TO
REPLACE
THEM.



OBVIOUSLY,
AND THANK YOU FOR NOT
SHOOTING ME
WITH THE PISTOL
IN YOUR SATCHEL.

LIKE YOU DON'T HAVE
SOME SNIPER
SOMEWHERE WHO
WOULD HAVE
IMMEDIATELY
TAKEN ME
OUT.

OH, OF
COURSE.



BUT A LOT
OF PEOPLE
GET BACK INTO
THE LIFE JUST
TO *DIE*.



"AND THAT WAS HOW
I STARTED WORKING
FOR THE *YAKUZA*."



THE OLYMPICS ARE COMING TO JAPAN IN A FEW YEARS AND THE AMOUNT OF CAPITAL JUST THE YAMAGUCHI-GUMI HAVE COMING IN IS **STAGGERING**. THEIR COUNTER-ESPIONAGE CAPABILITIES ARE NOW THE MOST SOPHISTICATED IN THE EAST.

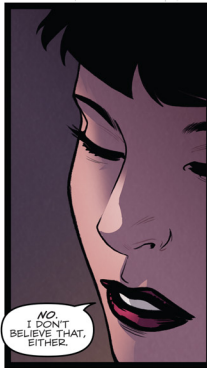
G.I. JOE SHOULD LOOK INTO THAT.



OR COBRA, OR WHOMEVER YOU WORK FOR NOW.



I DON'T KNOW ANY MORE THAN YOU DO ABOUT WHERE HE IS. HE VANISHED IN ALL THE CHAOS OF OUR VEGAS BUILDING COMING DOWN. HE'S PROBABLY DEAD IN THE RUBBLE.



NO. I DON'T BELIEVE THAT, EITHER.



AN OPERATIVE NAMED **RONIN** ALSO DISAPPEARED OFF THE GRID AFTER THAT DEBACLE.

IF HE'S NOT DEAD, HE HAS TO BE UNDER HER PROTECTION. OTHERWISE HE'D HAVE BEEN SWEPT UP BY NOW. THAT BOY COULD NOT SURVIVE OUT IN THE COLD ALONE.



RONIN WAS ONE OF THE MOST CAPABLE FIELD AGENTS I'VE EVER SEEN. SHE'S GOT A **NINJA** THING GOING ON, SO IF YOU CAN'T FIND HER, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE EXPECTING FROM ME. THIS TRAIL HAS BEEN COLD FOR **FOUR YEARS**.



WELL, THIS DOESN'T WORK FOR ME. I'M WORKING FOR SOME VERY DANGEROUS PEOPLE WHO LIKELY HAVE ME UNDER SURVEILLANCE RIGHT NOW. YOU'RE COMPROMISING ME IN SOME REALLY SCARY WAYS HERE.

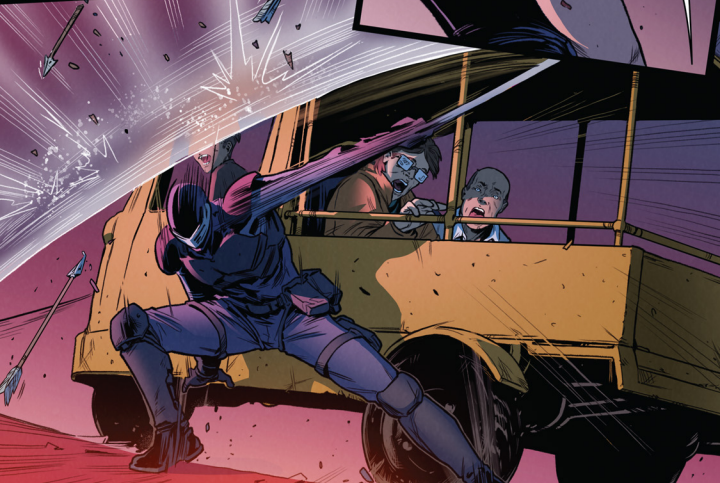
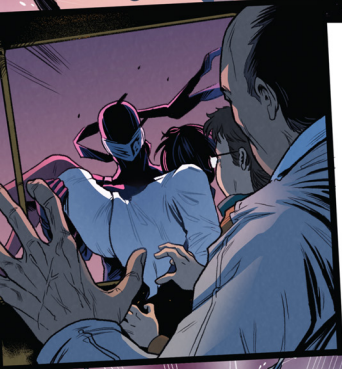
TAKE WHATEVER FILES YOU NEED BUT PLEASE **LEAVE**.



SO THIS IS WHAT IT IS WITH YOU? YOU JUST SIT THERE AND FORCE PEOPLE TO HAVE BOTH SIDES OF THE CONVERSATION?

















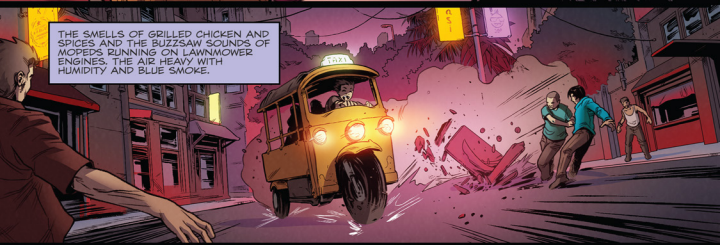
I CAN'T SAY I EXPECTED TO DIE
THIS WAY SPECIFICALLY... BUT
GETTING KILLED BY FACELESS
PEOPLE FOR STUPID REASONS...



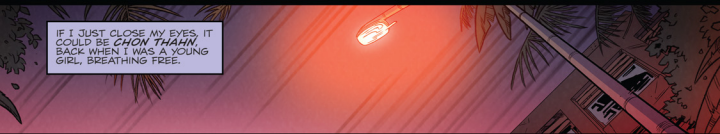
...PROTECTING SECRETS.
TELLING LIES. IT'S
CLOSE ENOUGH.



I'VE DECIDED
THIS ISN'T SO
BAD, THOUGH.



THE SMELLS OF GRILLED CHICKEN AND
SPICES AND THE BUZZSAW SOUNDS OF
MOPEDS RUNNING ON LAWNMOWER
ENGINES. THE AIR HEAVY WITH
HUMIDITY AND BLUE SMOKE.



IF I JUST CLOSE MY EYES, IT
COULD BE *CHON THAHN*,
BACK WHEN I WAS A YOUNG
GIRL, BREATHING FREE.




BACK BEFORE LIES AND
BAD MEN SWAMPED MY
LIFE AND DROWNED ME.



ERIKAI!
ENJOY THE
STILLNESS. DO
NOT DISTURB
IT.



MUMMY ISN'T
COMING THIS
SUMMER. SHE SAID
SHE *WOULD*.



MUMMY IS
VERY BUSY BACK IN
EUROPE, LITTLE BEAN.
BUT SHE LOVES YOU
VERY MUCH AND WHEN
YOU ARE OLDER YOU WILL
GO TO LIVE WITH HER.
SHE WILL BE SO HAPPY
AND EVERYTHING WILL
BE AS YOU DREAM
IT TO BE.

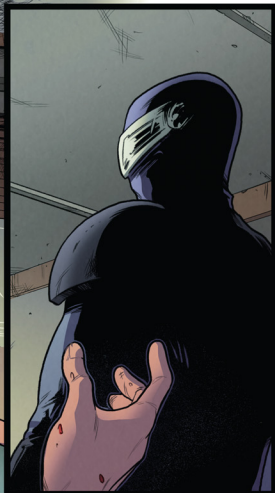
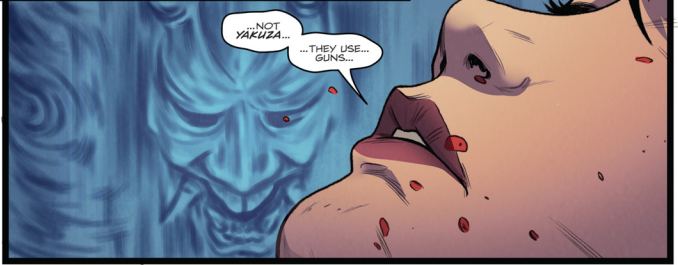


REALLY
AND TRULY?



TRULY,
LITTLE BEAN.
PHAM WOULD NOT
LIE TO YOU.









OUR BROTHERS
DID NOT
RETURN.

THERE WAS
A FIRE BURNING
OUT OF CONTROL
WHEN WE ARRIVED,
AND BLOOD, THE
WOMAN'S BLOOD.
BUT THERE WAS
NO TRAIL.

OUR BROTHERS
FELL IN GLORIOUS
BATTLE. WE WILL
SEE THEM IN THE
AFTERLIFE.

ONLY AS
SERVANTS.
THEY WERE
FOOLS. THEY
THOUGHT TO
HUMILIATE AND
HUMILIATE OUR
LOST BROTHER
BY KILLING THE
WOMAN IN
FRONT OF
HIM.

NOW THEY
ARE DEAD. THE
WOMAN MIGHT
YET LIVE, AND
HE IS *AWARE*
OF US.

THE FACT
THAT YOU SEE
THIS AS WORTHY
OF *PRaise*
MEANS YOU ARE
OF AS LITTLE USE
TO ME AS THEY
WERE. RETURN
TO YOUR
STUDIES.



I'LL TAKE
CARE OF **SNAKE**
EYES.

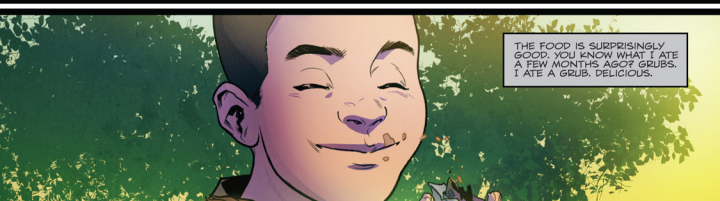


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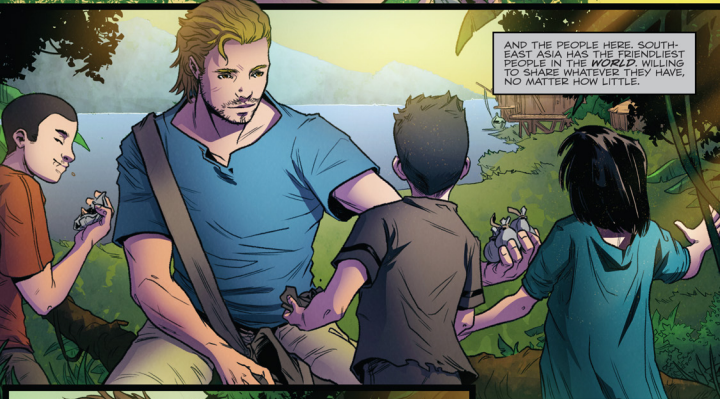




IT HASN'T
BEEN SO BAD.



THE FOOD IS SURPRISINGLY
GOOD. YOU KNOW WHAT I ATE
A FEW MONTHS AGO? GRUBS.
I ATE A GRUB. DELICIOUS.



AND THE PEOPLE HERE. SOUTH-
EAST ASIA HAS THE FRIENDLIEST
PEOPLE IN THE *WORLD*. WILLING
TO SHARE WHATEVER THEY HAVE,
NO MATTER HOW LITTLE.



IT FEELS GOOD TO HELP
PEOPLE AGAIN. TO MAKE
PEOPLE *HAPPY*.



ONLY *ONE* PROBLEM.



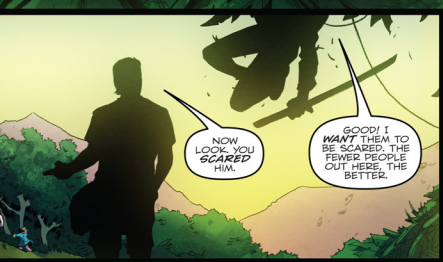
I'M BEING HUNTED BY THE MOST DANGEROUS PEOPLE ON EARTH.

WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT THIS?

NEXT TIME, THE PERSON WITH A SWORD AT YOUR THROAT MIGHT NOT BE ME.

BUT IT'S ALWAYS YOU, RONIN.

**SNAKE EYES, AGENT OF COBRA PART THREE:
THE LOST BOY**





MY JOB
IS TO KEEP
YOU ALIVE, NOT
ENTERTAINED.

AND I GO INTO
THE CITY BECAUSE
I KNOW HOW TO
DISGUISE MYSELF, YOU
DON'T, AND WE NEED
MORE TAR FOR THE
THATCH ROOF BEFORE
THE **MONSOON**
STARTS.



WE'VE BOTH
WORKED REALLY
HARD ON THIS
PLACE. DON'T
SPOIL IT BY BEING
RECKLESS.



IT'S
SAFE.



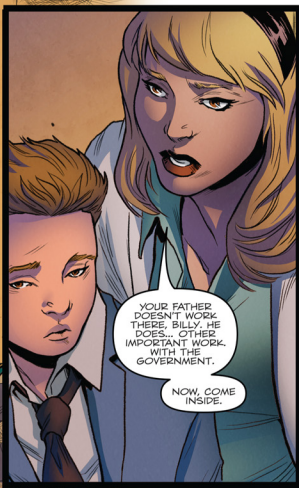
VIENNA.
MANY YEARS AGO.

BILLY!



YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO
BE HOME A
HALF-HOUR
AGO.

MOM! I WAS
JUST OVER BY
THE RATHAUS,
LOOKING FOR DAD.



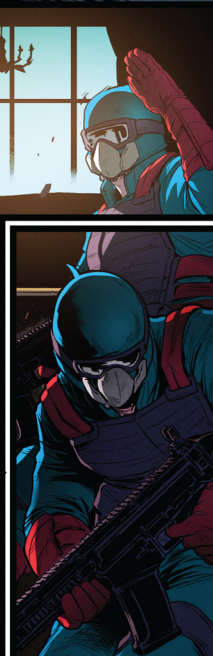
YOUR FATHER
DOESN'T WORK
THERE, BILLY. HE
DOES... OTHER
IMPORTANT WORK,
WITH THE
GOVERNMENT.

NOW, COME
INSIDE.

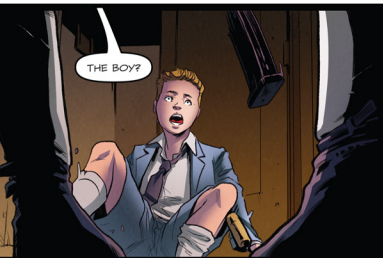


WHERE
IT'S SAFE.











SECURED,
SIR.

GOOD.



ARROGANT PIG.
HIGH COMMAND
WILL NEVER—



THEY ALREADY
HAVE.



WILLIAM.

WILLIAM,
CAN YOU
SEE?



DAD?

YES, IT'S ME, SON. I'M SORRY ABOUT THE FLASH, BUT YOUR EYES WILL HEAL.

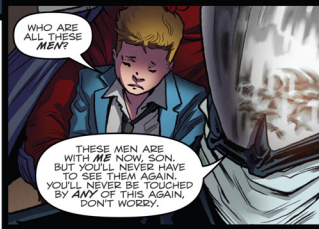
IT'S OVER NOW, SON. IT'S ALL RIGHT.

TAKE HIM.



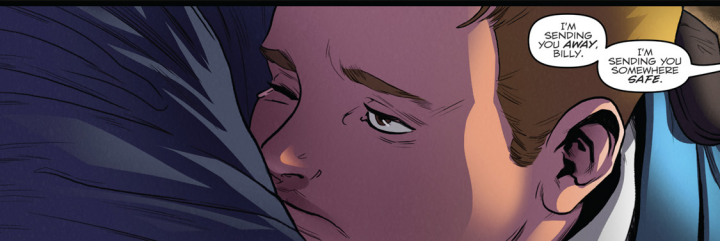
MOM... MOM IS...

DON'T THINK ABOUT YOUR MOTHER, WILLIAM. WHAT HAPPENED HERE WILL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN. I PROMISE YOU.



WHO ARE ALL THESE MEN?

THESE MEN ARE WITH ME NOW, SON, BUT YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO SEE THEM AGAIN. YOU'LL NEVER BE TOUCHED BY ANY OF THIS AGAIN. DON'T WORRY.



I'M SENDING YOU AWAY, BILLY.

I'M SENDING YOU SOMEWHERE SAFE.

STOCKHOLM SYNDROME ACTUALLY
MAKES PERFECT SENSE FROM AN
EVOLUTIONARY STANDPOINT.

I NEED
TO MAKE ONE
MORE RUN FOR
SUPPLIES BEFORE
THE RAINS GET
HERE.

DEVELOPING EMPATHY
FOR YOUR CAPTOR IS
AN UNCONSCIOUS
STRATEGY TO CREATE
INTIMACY. IF SOMEONE
CARES ABOUT YOU,
THEY WON'T HURT YOU.

YOU JUST
GONNA SIT
THERE AND
OGLE YOU
CREEP?

EVOLUTION GOT THAT
WRONG, THOUGH.

IT'S THE ONES WHO CARE
ABOUT US THAT HURT US
THE *MOST*, OF COURSE.

THERE'S
NOTHING *ELSE*
FOR ME TO WATCH
AROUND HERE.

THREE YEARS. THOUSANDS
OF MILES. SHE *MUST* KNOW.

WATCH SOME
MORE OF THAT
HORRIBLE BRITISH
SCI-FI CRAP YOU
LOVE.

JUST STAY
OUT OF
TROUBLE.

BUT SHE *NEVER* SMILES.



MR. BILLY!
MR. BILLY!



MR. BILLY
DONES'T LIVE
HERE, KID.
GO AWAY.

ALSO,
MR. BILLY
PROBABLY
SHOULDN'T
HAVE
TOLD YOU HIS
NAME SO DON'T
GO SAYING THAT
WHEN MISS
RONIN IS
AROUND.



MR. BILLY
YOU MUST
HELP!

KID, YOU HAVE
TO GO. I'M SORRY
I CAN'T SNEAK YOU
CHOCOLATE FOR
A WHILE.



NO,
PLEASE.



IT'S THE
RIVER.



MUST GET
BACK. MUST
GET BACK
TO HOME!

KID, YOU PICKED
THE **WRONG** DAY
TO COME LOOKING FOR
HERSHEY'S.



AW CRAP.
STUPID **TOURISTS**.

STAY
THERE!

OH, THIS
IS STUPID. THIS
IS **STUPID**.





AREN'T YOU GONNA HELP?

YOU KIDDING?



GRAB THE LINE! TIE IT AROUND YOURSELF!

GRAB IT!



OH, WHY DID I DO THIS?





MIGHT HAVE
SOMETHING. FACIAL
RECOGNITION ALGORITHMS
FOUND A VIDEO GOING
VIRAL IN *THAILAND*.



UPLOADED BY
TOURISTS THREE
DAYS AGO AFTER THEY
GOT BACK FROM A
RAFTING TRIP IN
NONG BON.

EIGHTY-NINE
PERCENT MATCH.
I'LL SEND IT TO
YOUR DUMP.



THIS COULD
HAVE BEEN
SHOT A WEEK
AGO. MAYBE
LONGER.

AND IF I'M
SEEING IT,
THEY'VE SEEN IT.
WE'LL HAVE TO
BOOK A FLIGHT
IMMEDIATELY.
OR...



HEY, HOW DO
YOU GET *AROUND*.
ANYWAY? NO NAME.
NO PASSPORT.
NO *FACE*.

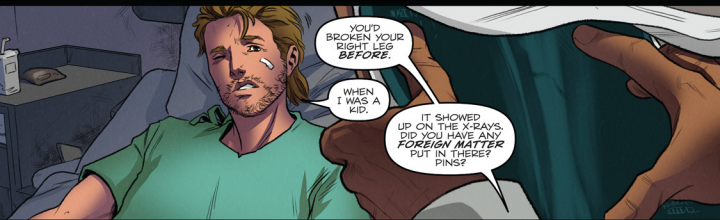
HOW DO YOU EVEN
COMMUNICATE? DO
YOU TEXT? I'M ALWAYS
GETTING IN TOUCH
WITH YOU.

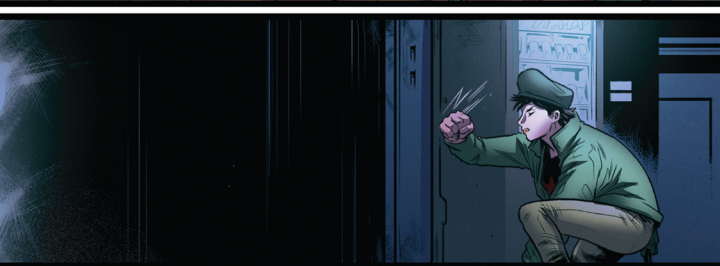


I HAVE NO
IDEA IF YOU'RE
EVEN *THERE*
RIGHT NOW.



I CAN'T
BELIEVE I'M
WORKING WITH
THESE FREAKS
AGAIN.











"WE'VE BEEN *FOUND*."



Art by Paolo Villanelli, Colors by Joana Lafuente






IT WAS GETTING
BETTER.



GO? GO
WHERE?

SEVEN MONTHS OF STAYING
PUT AFTER **SEVENTEEN** OF
MOVING. I WAS ACTUALLY
STARTING TO **SLEEP** AGAIN.



IT WAS ACTUALLY
STARTING TO FEEL
LIKE A **LIFE**.



I CAN'T
GO OUT THE
WINDOW!

NOT YOU.

BUT WHO AM
I KIDDING?

A dynamic comic book illustration of Snake Eyes in a city street at night. He is in the center, wearing his signature black tactical suit and mask, holding a handgun with a glowing orange muzzle flash. He is surrounded by several enemies in white tactical gear. One enemy is on the left, another on the right, and a third is in the foreground with their back to the viewer. Snake Eyes is looking down at the enemy in the foreground. The background shows a multi-story building with lit windows and falling rain. A speech bubble is at the top.

I DON'T GET TO
HAVE A LIFE.

**SNAKE EYES,
AGENT OF COBRA
PART FOUR:
KNIGHT ERRANT**





HEY,
EXCUSE
ME.

I'D LIKE
TO CHARTER
A PLANE WITH
YOU GUYS.

MAAFKAN
SAYA, APA YANG
KAU LAKUKAN
DI SINI?

OKAY, WELL,
THERE'S ACTUALLY A
NINJA STEALING YOUR
PLANE RIGHT NOW. HE
DOESN'T NEED ME AS A
DISTRACTION, BUT I'M HOPING
THAT IF I'M OVER HERE
TALKING TO YOU GUYS, HE
CAN'T COMPEL ME TO
COME ALONG.

WELL,
THERE GOES
THAT IDEA.

DON'T EVEN
PRETEND YOU
CAN'T FLY THIS
PLANE.

I KNOW
YOU KNOW
HOW TO FLY
A PLANE.

WHEN I GET BACK UPSTAIRS I HAVE TO *FIND* HIM, BECAUSE HE'S FOUND A TACTICAL POSITION.

Rooms 304-308

BILLY, COME ON, WE GOTTA GO.



WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?!

IT'S POINTLESS AGAINST THE *ARASHIKAGE*. OF COURSE, BUT I'M PROUD.



YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON, WE HAVE TO MOVE OUT.

WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER TO STAY HERE? HOLE UP?



"HOLE UP." IF WE *STAY*, THEY KNOW WHERE WE ARE. THEY'LL COME IN HERE AND KILL US, AND ALL THESE NICE PEOPLE IN THE WAY.

THE ONLY WAY TO SURVIVE IS TO GET AWAY.

I HAVE A *BROKEN LEG* HERE!

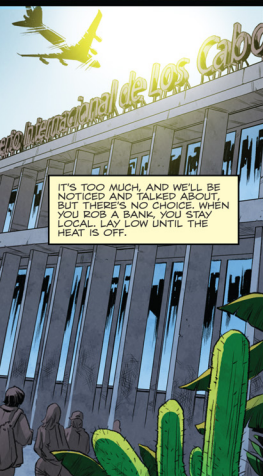


WE ALWAYS THINK OF SOMETHING.

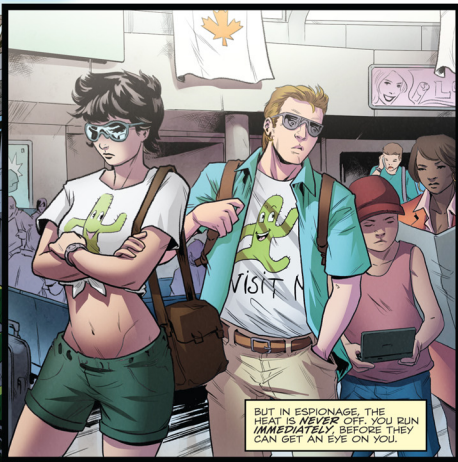




AFTER VEGAS, IT WAS STRAIGHT SOUTH THROUGH YUMA, OVER THE BORDER AT SAN LUIS. FIVE GRAND TO BRIBE FEDERALES, AND TEN TO GET US ON A PLANE OUT OF CABO SAN LUCAS, CONNECTING THROUGH HAVANA. **BRIBABLE AIRPORTS.**



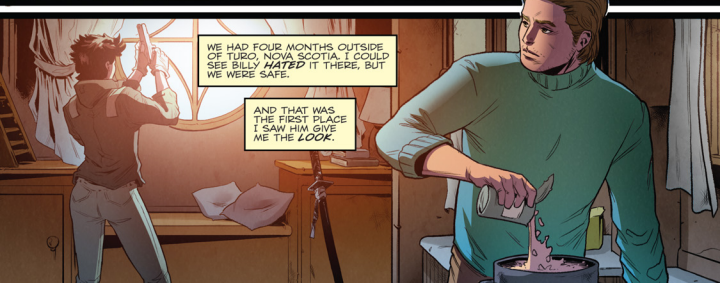
IT'S TOO MUCH, AND WE'LL BE NOTICED AND TALKED ABOUT, BUT THERE'S NO CHOICE. WHEN YOU ROB A BANK, YOU STAY LOCAL. LAY LOW UNTIL THE HEAT IS OFF.



BUT IN ESPIONAGE, THE HEAT IS **NEVER** OFF. YOU RUN **IMMEDIATELY**, BEFORE THEY CAN GET AN EYE ON YOU.



IT WASN'T UNTIL WE GOT TO **EASTERN CANADA** THAT I NO LONGER FELT THE EYES.



WE HAD FOUR MONTHS OUTSIDE OF TURO, NOVA SCOTIA. I COULD SEE BILLY **HATED** IT THERE, BUT WE WERE SAFE.

AND THAT WAS THE FIRST PLACE I SAW HIM GIVE ME THE **LOOK.**

THE LOOK IS *BAD*.
THE LOOK IS A *BIG*
PROBLEM. THE
LOOK MEANS HE'LL
BE WATCHING ME
AND SLOW TO ACT IF
TROUBLE JUMPS OFF.



THE LOOK MEANS I HAVE
TO BE *VERY CAREFUL*
HOW I LOOK BACK.



I LOVE YOU,
YOU KNOW THAT?
I LOVE THAT *SHIRT*
YOU WEAR. I LOVE
EVERYTHING
ABOUT YOU.



DO YOU
SMELL THAT?
THAT'S *CHICKEN*.
I LOVE THAT
SMELL.

I WHACKED
YOU UP WITH
DILAUDID. YOU'RE
GOING TO BE IN LOVE
WITH *EVERYTHING*
FOR THE NEXT
FEW HOURS.



JUST
SO LONG
AS YOU KEEP
WALKING.



YOU DON'T
WAIT FOR ME,
YOU DON'T *LOOK*
FOR ME, YOU JUST
GET TO THE
RIVER.



I'LL BE
WATCHING
YOU.



HE TAKES OFF INTO THE JUNGLE,
WOZZY AND HALF-CRIPPLED, BUT
I KNOW HE'LL GET THERE. HE
ALWAYS DOES HIS PART.



AS LONG AS
I DO MINE.



TO STAY OFF THE GRID, WE COULDN'T USE ANY OFFICIAL G.I. JOE-SANCTIONED NETWORKS FOR FINANCE OR INFORMATION. WE HAD TO USE SHAKY, BLACK MARKET PEOPLE I COULD EITHER TRUST OR LEVERAGE.



NEITHER OF THOSE THINGS TEND TO LAST, THOUGH, AND MY CONTACT IN EASTERN CANADA COLLAPSED. WE HAD TO MOVE AGAIN.



WE TOOK A JUNKER ACROSS CANADA, HIGHWAY 1 ALL THE WAY. TIM HORTONS AND BAD POUTINE. I KNEW SOME FORMER RANGERS FROM THE ROYAL THAI ARMY IN VANCOUVER. I COULD GET US *PASSPORTS*.



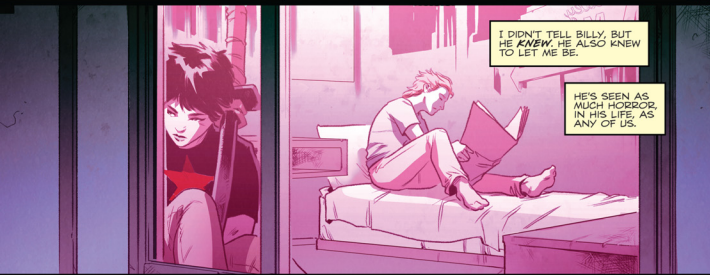
THAILAND IS A GOOD PLACE TO LAY LOW. A BUDDHIST COUNTRY WHERE PEOPLE MIND THEIR *BUSINESS*.

RTA RANGERS *DON'T*, THOUGH. I HAD TO KILL TWO OF THEM.



I DIDN'T TELL BILLY, BUT HE *KNEW*. HE ALSO KNEW TO LET ME BE.

HE'S SEEN AS MUCH HORROR, IN HIS LIFE, AS ANY OF US.





AND THEN HE'LL SAY
SOMETHING LIKE:

AMERICAN'S HATE
THE JUNGLE, DON'T
THEY? THEY'RE *OFFENDED*
BY IT. I THINK IT'S THE
LEGACY OF VIETNAM. ALL
THOSE MOVIES--THE JUNGLE
BECAME A TERRIFYING
PLACE.



I LOVE
IT, THOUGH.
HOW SAD TO
LET YOUR PAST
POISON YOUR
PRESENT.

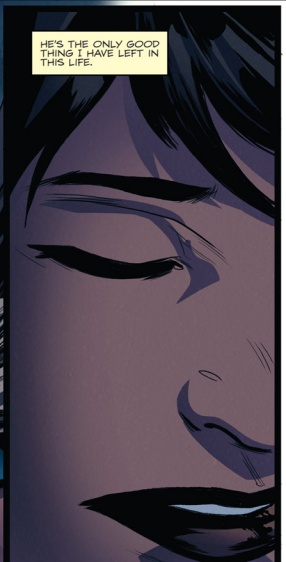
AND MAN, IT'S
BETTER THAN
CANADA.



EVEN IN THE MIST
OF ALL THIS--HIS
WORLD UPENDED,
YEARS OF RUNNING
FOR HIS LIFE--HE'S
AT PEACE.



I WILL DIE FOR THIS MAN.
BECAUSE I WAS GIVEN
ORDERS TO PROTECT
HIM AT ALL COSTS, AND
THAT'S MY MISSION. BUT
I'LL DIE FOR HIM ANYWAY.



HE'S THE ONLY GOOD
THING I HAVE LEFT IN
THIS LIFE.



I DON'T KNOW
WHAT I'D DO
WITHOUT HIM.

I KEEP ASKING
MYSELF: WHAT
AM I DOING?



WHY AM I HELPING
YOU FIND **BILLY**? THERE'S
NOTHING IN THIS FOR ME.
AND I DON'T EVEN HAVE
ANY IDEA WHAT YOU'RE
GOING TO DO WHEN
YOU FIND HIM.




WILL YOU KILL
HIM YOURSELF?
SERVE HIM UP
TO COBRA?

I APPRECIATE YOU NOT
BRINGING THE **BARONESS**
TO MY DOOR, BUT I HAVE NO
REASON TO BELIEVE YOU'RE
NOT ACTUALLY WORKING
FOR THEM.



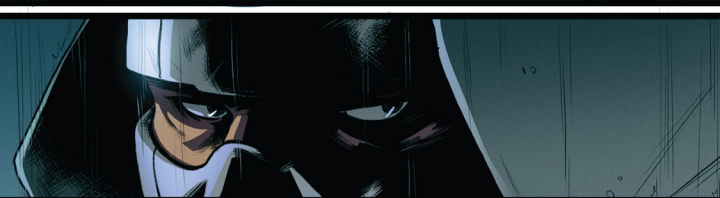
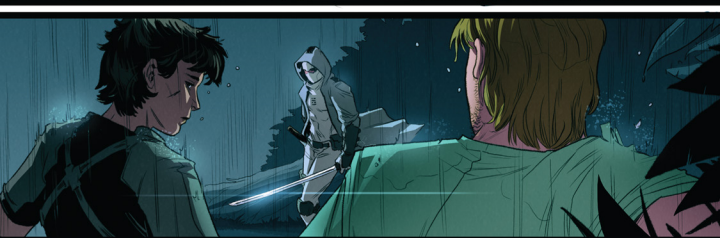
LOOK...
JUST DRAW A
SMILEY FACE ON
THE WINDOW IF
YOU SECRETLY
HAVEN'T THROWN
IN WITH GLOBAL
TERRORISM.



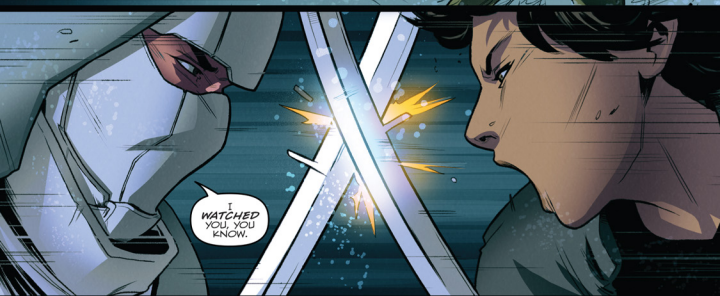
I SHOULD'VE
JUST CRASHED THIS
PLANE INTO THE
%% OCEAN.











I
WATCHED
YOU, YOU
KNOW.



WITH
THE **HARD**
MASTER.







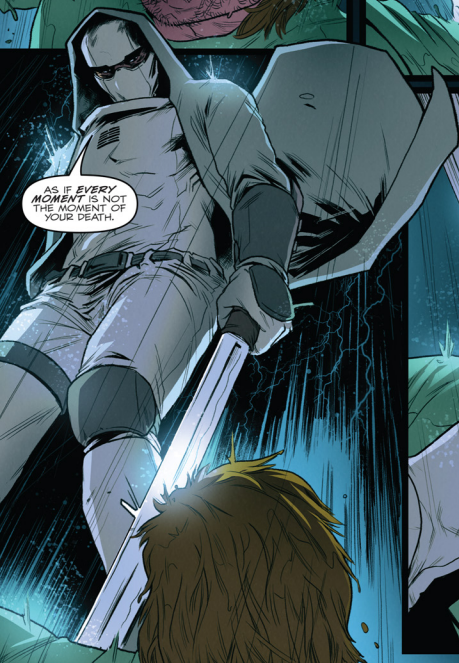
OW. WHAT...

...WHAT
THE HELL
WAS *THAT*
ABOUT?



A FINAL
ROMANTIC
GESTURE.

I FIND IT SO
CHARMING THE WAY
YOU WESTERNERS
EXPRESS DOOMED
NOBILITY IN THE FACE
OF DEATH, AS IF
THAT'S THE ONLY
MOMENT IT
MATTERS.



AS IF *EVERY*
MOMENT IS NOT
THE MOMENT OF
YOUR DEATH.



WE MUST
ALWAYS BE
PREPARED FOR
DEATH.





Art by Paolo Villanelli, Colors by Joana Lafuente





THIS
COULDN'T BE
BETTER.



WHEN WAS THE
LAST TIME YOU
SLEPT? YOU MUST
HAVE COME A LONG WAY
ON VERY LITTLE NOTICE.
I HOPE YOU'RE
NOT TIRED.

WHAT
WAS THE
LAST THING
YOU ATE?

DEATH
CATCHES YOU IN
INCHES. IN *SPLIT*
SECONDS OF
HESITATION.



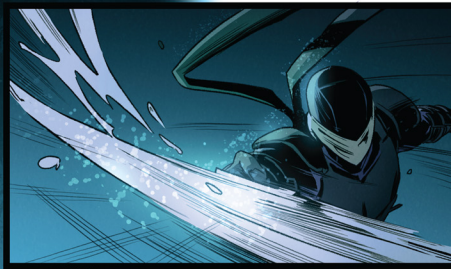
I'VE BEEN IN
COUNTRY AN
ENTIRE DAY. I'M
FRESH AND
PREPARED.

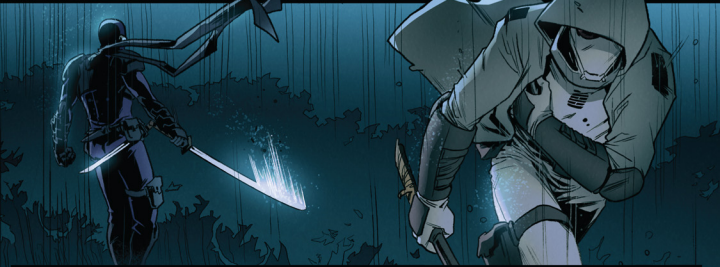
A dramatic comic book illustration of a battle between Snake Eyes and The Silent Warrior. Snake Eyes, on the left, is dressed in his iconic black tactical suit with a large black hood that covers his face, leaving only his eyes visible. He is in a dynamic, forward-leaning pose, holding a combat knife aloft in his right hand. The Silent Warrior, on the right, is clad in a dark, sleek, full-body suit with a helmet that has a visor. He is also in a combat stance, holding a sword or long knife. The background is a dark, stormy night with heavy rain falling diagonally across the frame and bright, jagged lightning bolts illuminating the sky. The overall color palette is dominated by dark blues, blacks, and greys, with highlights from the lightning and the characters' weapons.

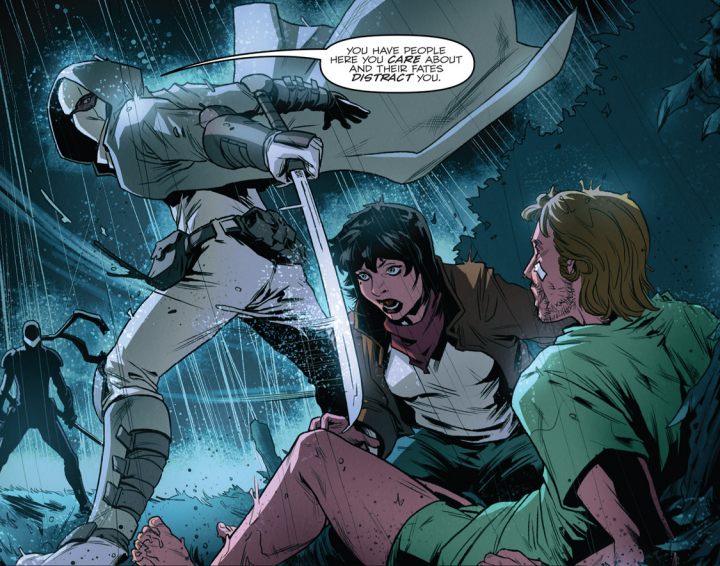
I'VE BEEN
WAITING HALF
MY LIFE FOR
THIS.

I AM
READY.

**SNAKE EYES, AGENT OF COBRA PART FIVE:
THE SILENT WARRIOR**







YOU HAVE PEOPLE
HERE YOU CARE ABOUT
AND THEIR FATES
DISTRACT YOU.



IT'S TRUE, YOU
COULD KILL ME NOW
AND HE PROBABLY
COULDN'T STOP
YOU.

BUT IN THE
SECOND IT TAKES
YOU TO DO IT, COULD
YOU STOP HIM FROM
GETTING BEHIND
YOUR GUARD AND
KILLING YOU?



MAYBE YOU
COULD, BUT IS
THAT REALLY HOW
YOU WANT TO DO
THIS? IT'LL PROBABLY
TAKE YOU ABOUT
THREE MINUTES.

AFTER YOU
TAKE HIM DOWN FAIR
AND SQUARE, YOU CAN
ALWAYS TRACK US AND
KILL US. IT'LL PROBABLY
TAKE YOU ABOUT
THREE MINUTES.



SHE
KISSED
ME.

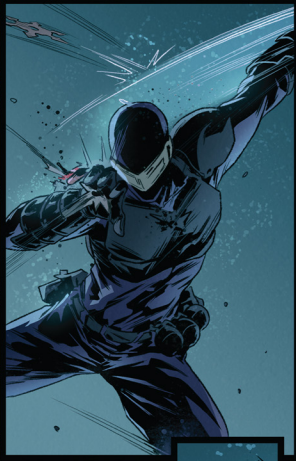
I'M GLAD
SOMEBODY
IS HAVING A
GOOD DAY.

















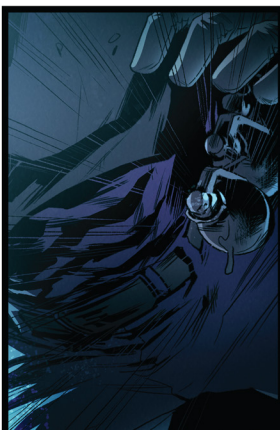
RG. HEH.
OKAY.



IT SEEMS YOU HAVE
ME AT YOUR MERCY, MY
FRIEND, BUT YOU HAVE
NOT WON. YOU WILL NOT
HAVE THE PRIVILEGE
OF MY DEATH.



ONLY I
GET TO END
THIS.





CASTLE DESTRO.

...THAT'S
SETTLED THEN.
ONTO OTHER
MATTERS
NOW.

I DON'T KNOW IF YOU
HAD ME ARRESTED SIMPLY
TO POSITION MY RESCUE AS
A TEST FOR YOUR NEW PET
JOE TRAITOR, OR IF THE
BARONESS SIMPLY CHANGED
YOUR MIND THROUGH
PETITION—

—BUT I **DON'T**
CARE. WHATEVER
THE MOTIVE, YOU
EFFECTED MY
RESCUE.

PLEASE. I
WON'T ENTERTAIN
YOUR **PARANOIA**.

WHAT INTERESTS ME
ARE THE **MEANS**. I'M AN
ARMS MANUFACTURER, AND
THOUGH I'VE RESISTED
EASTERN MYSTICISM AS
MOSTLY SUPERSTITION
AND BLUSTER... I CAN'T
IGNORE **RESULTS**.

I DEAL IN
WEAPONS SYSTEMS,
AND I ADMIT THAT I'VE
SEEN NONE FINER
THAN ONE IRREGULAR
COMMANDO WITH
ARASHIKAGE TRAINING.
I COULD MAKE GREAT
USE OF THAT
CLAN.

SEND A FEW OF
THEIR WARRIORS TO ME.
LET ME TAKE ADVANTAGE
OF THEIR EXPERTISE, AND
COBRA WILL PROFIT. YOU'VE
SHOWN ME THEIR VALUE
AS **EXTRACTORS** IN
PARTICULAR.

YOU WERE RIGHT
THE FIRST TIME, DESTRO.
THE ARASHIKAGE ARE
EFFECTIVE MOSTLY THROUGH
SUBTERFUGE AND THEIR
OUTSIZED REPUTATION. I'VE
SIDELINED THEM TO THEIR
OWN POINTLESS INTRA-CLAN
WARFARE. THEY'RE BACKWARD
AND SILLY AND YOU HAVE
NOTHING TO LEARN
FROM THEM.

THE EXCEPTION IS
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND
SNAKE EYES, AND I'M
SURE YOU'VE UTILIZED HIM
WITH SOME SUCCESS. I'M
HAPPY TO HAVE SENT
HIM TO YOU.



BE SURE TO
SEND HIM **BACK**
NOW THAT YOU'VE
FINISHED WITH
HIM.

HA HA! HE
WON'T SAY IT, BUT
HE **KNOWS** I USED
YOU TO DECIMATE THE
CLAN AND STEAL HIS
PRIZE FROM HIM. JUST
AS I KNOW HE WAS THE
ONE WHO SET ME UP TO
BE CAPTURED IN THE
FIRST PLACE.



MY PEOPLE IN
LAOS TELL ME THAT
AT LEAST **SEVEN** BODIES
WERE RECOVERED IN AND
AROUND A HOSPITAL, BUT
THE MONSOON LIKELY
SWEEPED MANY MORE AWAY
IN THE JUNGLE. YOU
AND THAT WOMAN
DID **FINE** WORK.

PITY SHE
HAD TO DIE. I
UNDERSTAND HER
LOYALTY WAS AS
FLUID AS YOURS.
I COULD HAVE
USED HER.



AND WHAT
OF **STORM
SHADOW**? DID
YOU KILL HIM
AS WELL?



BOLSHOY KAMEN, RUSSIA.

ALL OF
COBRA.

THAT'S
WHAT YOUR DAD
BEQUEATHED
YOU.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND WHAT
YOU'RE SAYING.
AFTER MY MOM DIED,
I NEVER **SAW** MY DAD.
HE WAS A MURDERER
AND A TERRORIST,
BUT AT LEAST HE
KEPT ME **OUT** OF
ALL THIS.

YOU NEVER SAW HIM,
BUT HE WAS KEEPING AN
EYE ON **YOU**. AND WHEN
YOU BROKE YOUR LEG IN
THAT SKIING ACCIDENT, HE
HAD THE DOCTORS
IMPLANT A SPECIAL **PIN**
IN YOUR FEMUR.

IT WOULD LOOK
NORMAL TO ANY
X-RAY, WHICH IS HOW
G.I. JOE DIDN'T FIND IT.
BUT IT WAS ACTUALLY
ENCODED WITH
INFORMATION.

EVERY NAME, EVERY
ACCOUNT, EVERY ARMS
CACHE AND DIRTY DEAL, HISTORY
AND INFORMATION ONLY A
COMMANDER LIKE YOUR FATHER—
A NON-MILITARY, BRILLIANT
ADMINISTRATOR—WOULD HAVE
ACCESS TO. HE'D HIDDEN YOU,
SO HE HAD ALL THIS
WITH YOU.

BUT **WHY**
WOULD HE
DO THAT?

WHO KNOWS? AS
INSURANCE? AS A WAY TO
FURTHER SHIELD YOU FROM HARM?
OBVIOUSLY **SOMEBODY** IN COBRA
KNEW ABOUT IT—PROBABLY
CRYSTAL BALL, THAT WACKO—AND
EVEN THEN, THEY WAITED UNTIL YOUR
DAD WAS LONG-DEAD AND COBRA
WAS SEMI-LEGITIMATE UNTIL
THEY WENT LOOKING.



SO IF YOU'RE JUST GOING TO GIVE IT TO THEM, WHY AM I STILL ALIVE?

BECAUSE WE DIDN'T GIVE IT TO THEM. WE GAVE DESTRO A COPY OF ALL OF MY FILES, PLUS A BUNCH OF NONSENSE I COOKED UP.

IT'S BASIC COUNTERESPIONAGE. MIX IN GOOD INTEL WITH BAD. LEAD YOUR ENEMY, DON'T CHASE HIM.



SO I'M BACK WITH THE JOES AGAIN.

HAH. THIS IS A CLOSED CITY. YOU WATCHED ME BUY THIS BUILDING FROM A LOW-LEVEL RUSSIAN MAFIA GOON WITH A CHANGE PURSE FULL OF UNCUT ALEXANDRITE. WE'VE BEEN LIVING OFF OF RUSSIAN SEAFOOD. YOU THINK THAT'S HOW G.I. JOE DOES THINGS?



HOW WOULD I KNOW HOW THE JOES DO THINGS?

WELL, YOU BETTER LEARN. WE BOTH TRIED TO RUN AND WE BOTH GOT CAUGHT. WE'RE IN THE WAR NOW. WE FIGHT—AND WE FIGHT SMART—OR WE DIE.

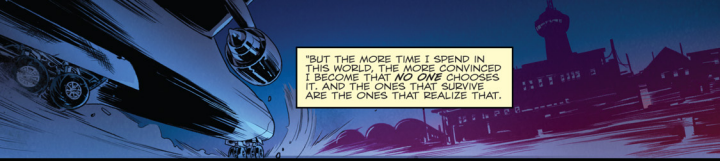


AND SOLDIERS DON'T EVEN GET A PROPER BURIAL IN THIS WAR, DO THEY?



I KNOW RONIN WAS IMPORTANT TO YOU, AND I'M SORRY. I KNOW YOU DIDN'T CHOOSE THIS.

I DIDN'T CHOOSE THIS EITHER. WE BOTH WERE BORN INTO IT.



"BUT THE MORE TIME I SPEND IN THIS WORLD, THE MORE CONVINCED I BECOME THAT **NO ONE** CHOOSES IT. AND THE ONES THAT SURVIVE ARE THE ONES THAT REALIZE THAT.



"IF YOU ACCEPT THAT—YOU ACCEPT THAT IT'S PART OF YOUR VERY **IDENTITY**—THEN YOU CAN MAKE THE CHOICES THAT KEEP YOU ALIVE. HARDEN UP. KEEP YOUR SECRETS. AND KEEP PEOPLE **OUT**.



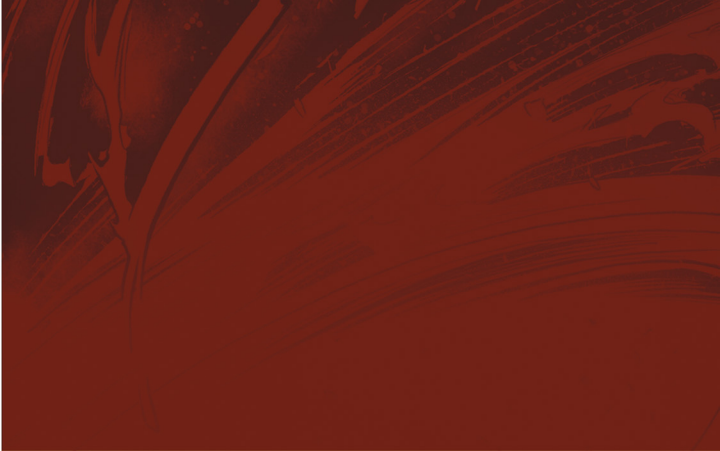
"LOVING ANYONE ELSE IS A **RISK**. LEARN, INSTEAD, JUST TO LOVE THE **WAR**.



"IT WILL NEVER LOVE YOU BACK. BUT IT'S **SOMETHING**."



THE END.



Art by Drew Johnson, Colors by Romulo Fajardo Jr.



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