
G.I. JOE
THE IDW COLLECTION



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120 **HEARTS AND MINDS**
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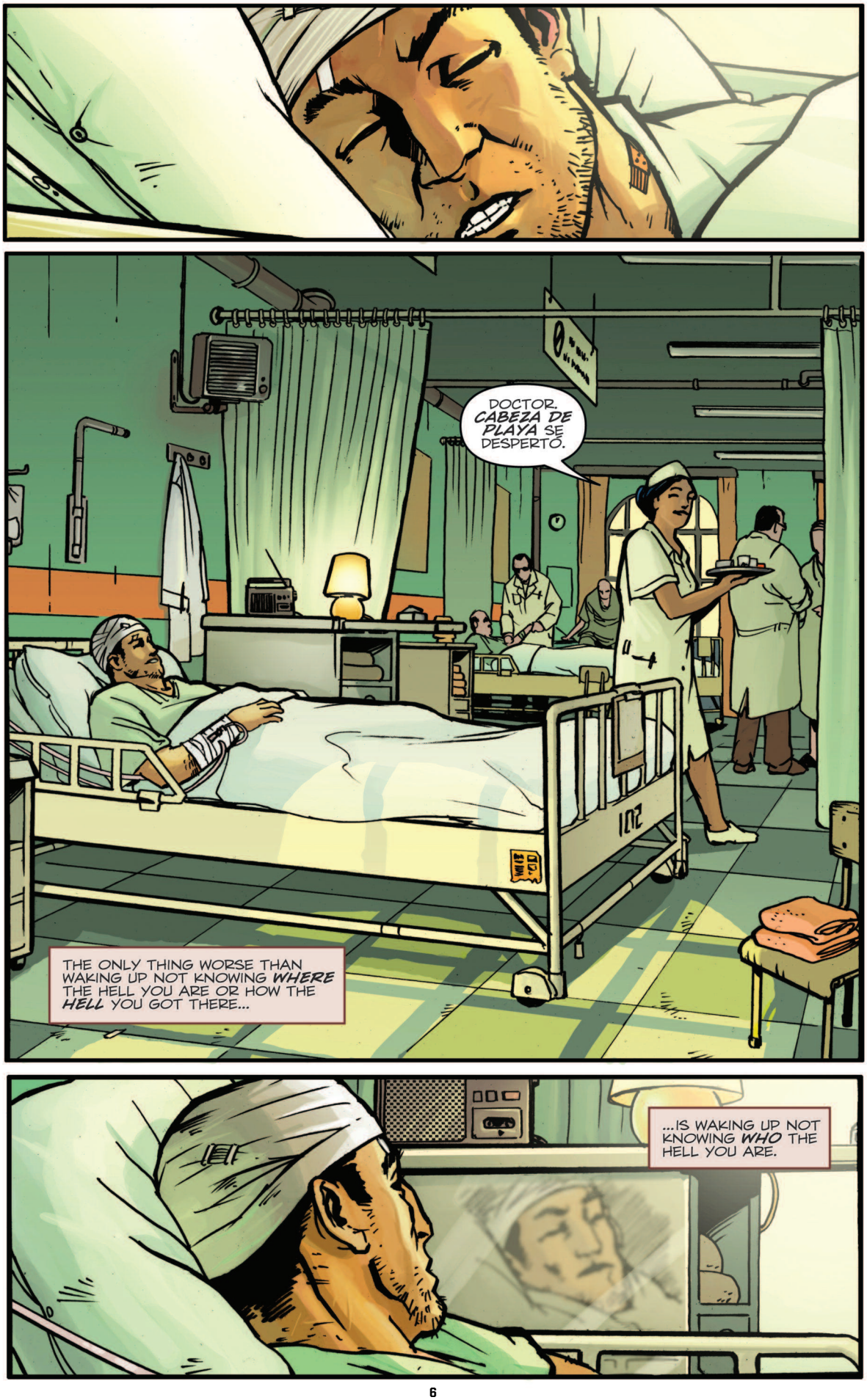
244 **G.I. JOE #16-17**
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290 **COBRA II #1-4**
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G.I. JOE: ORIGINS #11 COVER BY **TOM FEISTER**


RÍO DULCE.
GUATEMALA.


DOCTOR. CABEZA DE PLAYA SE DESPERTÓ.
THE ONLY THING WORSE THAN WAKING UP NOT KNOWING WHERE THE HELL YOU ARE OR HOW THE HELL YOU GOT THERE...
...IS WAKING UP NOT KNOWING WHO THE HELL YOU ARE.


GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE.
CALMA, CALMA.
RELÁJESE.
LET ME GO!
A USTED LE HAN DISPARADO.
DATE PRISA. SOSEGALO.
WHOEVER I AM, I SPEAK ENGLISH... BUT I THINK I ALSO UNDERSTAND SPANISH. AND, I GOT THE GIST... SEDATE HIM.
NNNNNN.
TE DIJE QUE LO DEBERÍAMOS DE HABER RESTRINGIDO.
CABEZA DE PLAYA SIEMPRE PARECÍA TAN PACIFICO.
NUNCA SE SABE CON LOS AMERICANOS.


ARMY


NNNNNN!
IT'S OKAY. TAKE IT EASY. YOU ARE SAFE.


WHAT HAPPENED? WHO ARE YOU?
I AM DOCTOR ANDERSON. YOU WERE FOUND FACE DOWN ON THE BEACH, WASHED ASHORE WITH MULTIPLE GUNSHOT WOUNDS. YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE.
YEAH. I FEEL LUCKY. YOU ARE AN AMERICAN?
YES. I'VE BEEN IN GUATEMALA FOR THE PAST SIX MONTHS, ROTATING THROUGH THEIR HOSPITALS. YOU ARE AMERICAN AS WELL, RIGHT?


I... I DON'T KNOW... ANYTHING. I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER MY NAME.
CONSIDERING YOUR INJURY, SOME FORM OF AMNESIA WAS LIKELY. THE ONLY QUESTION IS WHETHER IT'S SHORT-TERM OR PERMANENT.
HA. THAT'S NOT THE ONLY QUESTION. TRUST ME.
SORRY. POOR CHOICE OF WORDS. MOST OFTEN IT'S TEMPORARY. YOU JUST NEED SOMETHING TO TRIGGER YOUR MEMORY.
LIKE WHAT?
WELL... THEY SAY CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN. AND TO ME, THIS SAYS UNITED STATES ARMY.


MY DIGIES.


IMAGES FLOOD BACK INTO MY HEAD.
THE JUNGLES OF EASTERN GUATEMALA.
A DRUG FARM.
MANUEL MONTENEGRO.


THAT'S WHY I WAS THERE.


I'M A SOLDIER.


AN ARMY RANGER.


THE MISSION WAS RECON ON MONTENEGRO. HIM, I REMEMBER—A NEW FACE ON THE DRUG SCENE.
NOT A MAJOR PLAYER BY ANY STRETCH, BUT ENOUGH OF AN UNKNOWN TO DROP THE FOUR OF US IN COUNTRY TO COLLECT SOME FIRSTHAND INTEL.
THE WAY SOME PLAY IT IN THE STATES, YOU'D THINK EVERYONE SOUTH OF THE BORDER WAS A DRUG DEALER.
BUT, LIKE ANYWHERE, YOU FIND MOST PEOPLE ARE JUST TRYING TO LIVE THEIR LIVES.


THESE LOCALS WANT *NOTHING* TO DO WITH THE DRUG WORLD, BUT THEY DON'T HAVE MUCH OF A CHOICE. THEY'VE ACCEPTED THAT, I GUESS.
CASE IN POINT—NOT REACTING TO HAVING AMERICAN SOLDIERS SETTING UP CAMP IN THEIR VILLAGE.
SOME OF THEM HAVE EVEN BEEN DOWNRIGHT FRIENDLY.
MAYBE THEY THOUGHT THAT WE'D COME TO TAKE MONTENEGRO OUT. CLEAN UP THEIR LITTLE CORNER OF THE WORLD.
I WISH IT WERE THAT EASY.
RANGER



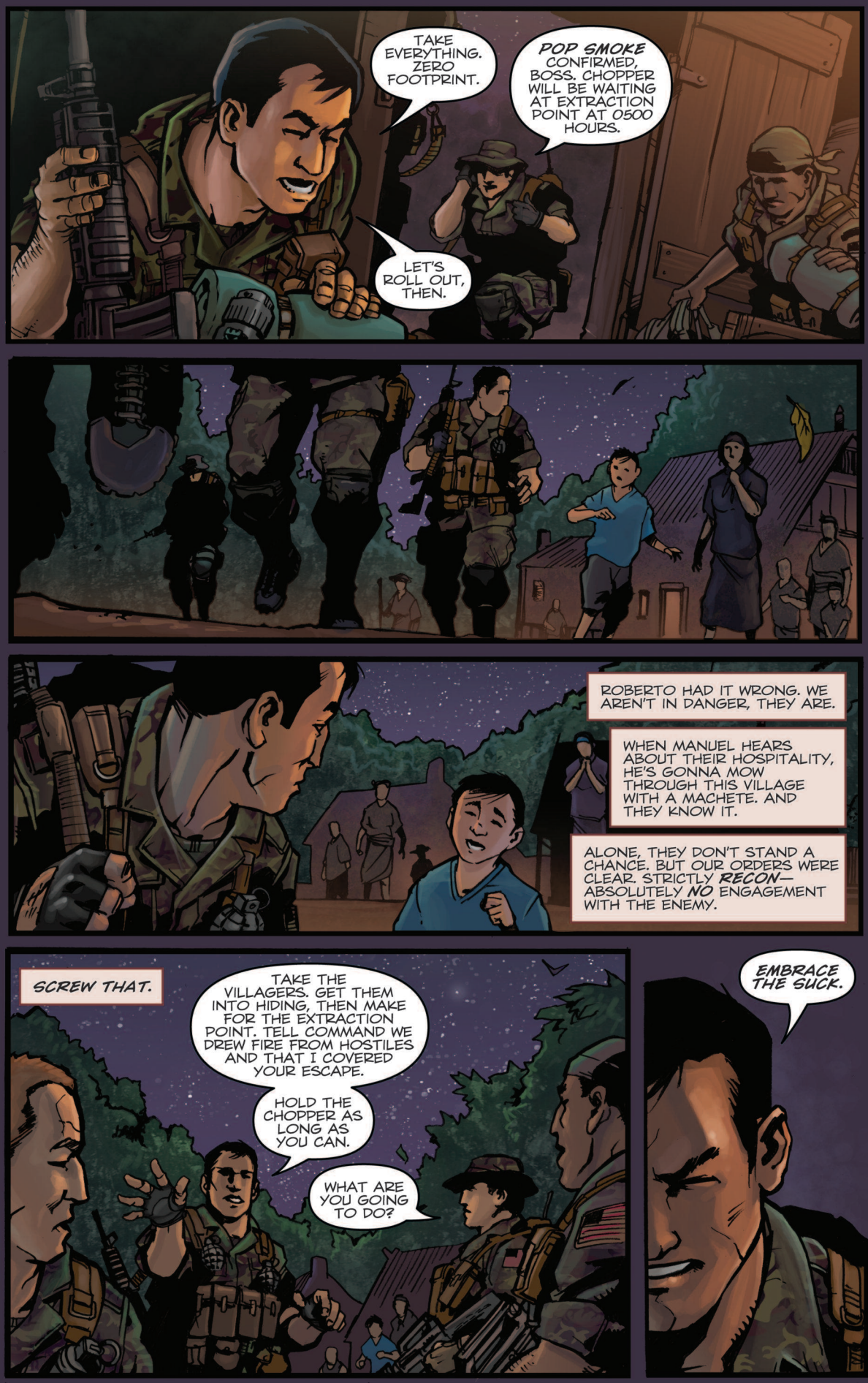

(CAN'T BELIEVE WE ARE LETTING THEM INTO OUR VILLAGE.)*
(THEY HAVE CAUSED US NO HARM AND EVEN BROUGHT US SUPPLIES.)
(THEY ARE USING US, ROBERTO.)
(MANUEL IS THE ONE USING US, TITO. HOW MANY TIMES HAVE HIS SOLDIERS STORMED THROUGH HERE TAKING WHATEVER THEY LIKE?)
*TRANSLATED FROM KEKCHI


(WHAT THEY ARE DOING IS BEING STRONG. THEY DO NOT COWER BEFORE AMERICA OR THEIR MERCENARIES.)
(YOU'LL SEE... YOU'LL SEE WHAT THEY'LL DO TO THESE AMERICANS WHEN THEY CATCH THEM.)


(TITO... WAIT!)


(ROBERTO, WHAT IS IT?)
(I... HE...)


(YOU ARE IN DANGER.)


TAKE EVERYTHING. ZERO FOOTPRINT.
POP SMOKE CONFIRMED, BOSS. CHOPPER WILL BE WAITING AT EXTRACTION POINT AT 0500 HOURS.
LET'S ROLL OUT, THEN.
ROBERTO HAD IT WRONG. WE AREN'T IN DANGER, THEY ARE.
WHEN MANUEL HEARS ABOUT THEIR HOSPITALITY, HE'S GONNA MOW THROUGH THIS VILLAGE WITH A MACHETE. AND THEY KNOW IT.
ALONE, THEY DON'T STAND A CHANCE. BUT OUR ORDERS WERE CLEAR. STRICTLY RECON— ABSOLUTELY NO ENGAGEMENT WITH THE ENEMY.
SCREW THAT.
TAKE THE VILLAGERS. GET THEM INTO HIDING, THEN MAKE FOR THE EXTRACTION POINT. TELL COMMAND WE DREW FIRE FROM HOSTILES AND THAT I COVERED YOUR ESCAPE.
HOLD THE CHOPPER AS LONG AS YOU CAN.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
EMBRACE THE SUCK.




IF THIS WERE A FOXHUNT, THE DOGS COULD FOLLOW BY SCENT ALONE.
THESE GUYS AIN'T AS SMART AS DOGS. SO, I'LL HAVE TO GIVE THEM A CLEAR TARGET TO LEAD THEM AWAY FROM THE VILLAGE AND GIVE THE TEAM TIME TO REACH THE CHOPPER.




CLEARING AHEAD. COULD BE MY WAY OUT.
OR NOT.


I'M GOOD, BUT I'M NOT DELUSIONAL.
I KNEW I HAD LITTLE CHANCE OF MAKING THE CHOPPER.
I KNEW, IN THE END, I WOULD MOST LIKELY BE KIA.

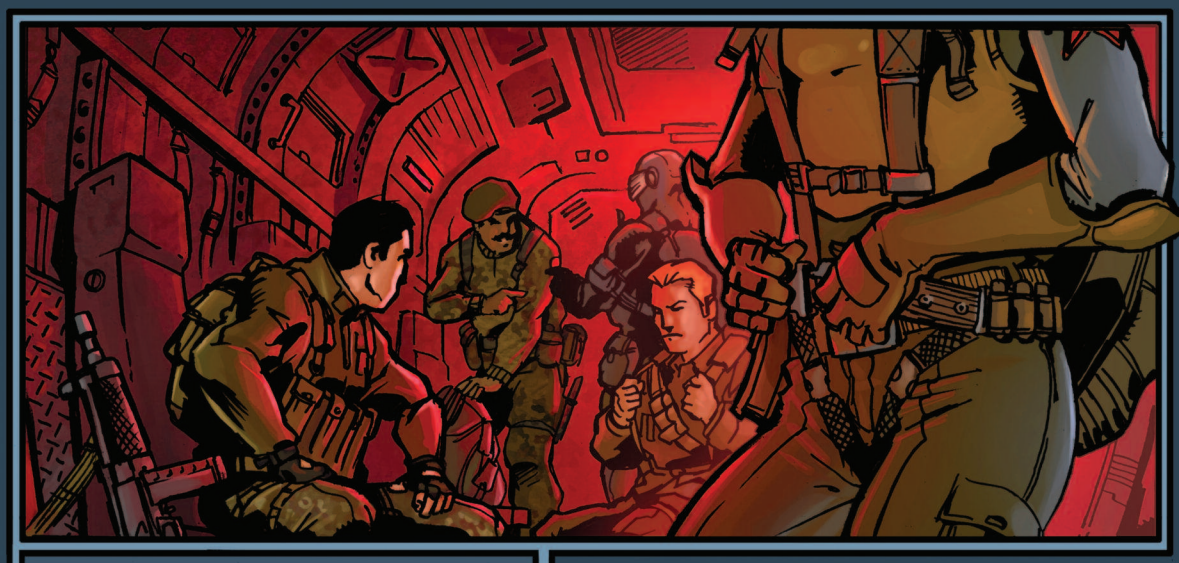

SO? REMEMBER ANYTHING?
NAH. NOT REALLY. JUST STATIC.
THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE SAYS DIFFERENT.
SORRY. NOTHING.
YOU DON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT ME. I'M NO SECURITY THREAT, WAYNE.
WHAT DID YOU CALL ME?
WAYNE. WAYNE SNEEDEN. SERGEANT. ARMY RANGER.
IS... IS THAT MY NAME?
IT WAS. YOU'VE BEEN DECLARED KIA.
KIA? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
FOR STARTERS, I'M NO DOCTOR.
AND, MY NAME ISN'T ANDERSON. TECHNICALLY, I DON'T EVEN HAVE A NAME...


...BUT YOU CAN CALL ME DUKE.


WAIT. AM I BEING HELD HERE? IS THIS SOME KIND OF AN INTERROGATION?
NO. YOU'RE BEING RECRUITED.
RECRUITED? FOR WHAT?
FIGHTING THE GOOD FIGHT. I'M PART OF AN ELITE ORGANIZATION DEDICATED TO BATTLING THE MOST EXTREME INTERNATIONAL THREATS AROUND THE GLOBE.
SOME KIND OF SPECIAL FORCES, HUH? CAN YOU BE ANY MORE VAGUE?
ACTUALLY, I COULD.
AND YOU WANT ME? THE GUY WHO CAN'T REMEMBER JACK SQUAT. MUST BE PRETTY DESPERATE.
MORE LIKE OPPORTUNISTIC. I'VE SEEN SUCH CASES OF RETROGRADE AMNESIA BEFORE. MOST OFTEN SUBJECTS RETAIN THE IMPORTANT STUFF—YOUR TRAINING.


EASY FOR YOU TO SAY. YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
I'VE SEEN YOUR FILE, WAYNE. I KNOW YOU. TRUST ME, THERE ISN'T MUCH OF A PAST WORTH REMEMBERING.
FLATTERY WILL GET YOU NOWHERE.
I'M NOT HERE TO BEG.
I'LL TELL YOU THE SAME THING THEY TOLD ME. THIS IS A ONE-TIME OFFER.
LOOK AT IT THIS WAY—THE GOOD THING ABOUT AMNESIA IS THAT IT GIVES YOU A CLEAN SLATE.
NO GRUDGES. NO VENDETTAS. NO SCORES TO SETTLE.
ALMOST NONE.
RIGHT. I GUESS IT'S A GOOD THING I DIDN'T COME ALONE.






MONTENEGRO'S CAMP IS TEN MILES OUT. YOU READY?
I'M READY, BUT I WANTED TO TALK ABOUT THE CODENAME YOU GAVE ME. I'M NOT A FAN. I WAS THINKING SOMETHING MORE LIKE NIGHT RANGER OR EVEN WOLFMAN.
I'D BE HAPPY TO TAKE THOSE UNDER CONSIDERATION, IF YOUR OPINION MATTERED. IT DOESN'T. GET USED TO IT.
WHERE'D YOU EVEN COME UP WITH IT?
IT WAS WHAT THE NURSES AT THE HOSPITAL CALLED YOU WHEN YOU WASHED UP ON SHORE.


CABEZA DE PLAYA.
FINE. WHATEVER.


CALL ME BEACH HEAD.


YO, JOE!
THE END...





G.I. JOE #13 COVER BY **ROBERT ATKINS** COLORS BY **ANDREW CROSSLEY**


HOW MANY ARE OUT THERE?
ENOUGH.
BUNCH OF AMATEURS.
AMATEURS GET LUCKY *TOO*, BEACH.


THERE'S MORE THAN THERE WAS.
I CAN SEE 'EM *MOVIN'* IN THE MOONLIGHT.
DANG!
CAN YOU COVER ME?
WHAT'S THAT?
A LITTLE SOMETHING I PICKED UP IN THE FOBBIT HOLE.
THEY *KNOW* YOU TOOK IT, TRIPWIRE?
BETTER TO APOLOGIZE THAN ASK PERMISSION, BEACH.
GIVE ME TWO SECONDS OF FIRE.


MOVE!
GET WHAT YOU NEED?
PRETTY PICTURES.
BETTER THAN STICKIN' MY HEAD OUT.
IT'S THE TECHNOLOGICAL HIGH GROUND, BEACH.
RPG.
CENTER TRAIL. FIFTY YARDS OUT.
ALL MINE.
IN YOUR DREAMS.










HOW'D WE GET INTO THIS MESS, BEACH?
WE VOLUNTEERED.
OH YEAH.
THOUGHT I WAS THE ONE WITH MEMORY PROBLEMS.


SKIIK-ROGUE ONE TO BEACHHEAD.
GO AHEAD, ROGUE.
WE ARE AWAY, BEACHHEAD.
GOOD TO KNOW, ROGUE.


WE'RE EN ROUTE BACK TO THE BIG PX.*
HOW'S THE SENATOR, ROGUE?
*THE BIG PX= THE UNITED STATES.
HE'S FINE, BEACH. CONSIDERING HE'S BEEN HELD FOR SIX MONTHS BY THOSE ANIMALS.
MAYBE HE SHOULD CONSIDER WISCONSIN FOR HIS NEXT FACT-FINDIN' TRIP.
HE WANTED ME TO SAY THAT HE'S GRATEFUL... Y'KNOW FOR...
WELL, REMIND HIM THAT JOES CAN'T VOTE, OKAY?
COLOMBIAN TROOPS ARE MOVING TO YOUR POSITION.
YOU GET CLEAR WHEN YOU CAN, OKAY? WHAT'S YOUR CURRENT SITUATION?
YOU KNOW, RED—
—SAME BULLETS—DIFFERENT DAY.
BEACHHEAD OUT.


YOU PICKED A HELL OF A MISSION FOR YOUR FIRST OP, TRIP.
TIGHT SPOTS ARE MY THING. THAT'S WHY I WAS TAPPED FOR THIS UNIT.
WHY'D *YOU* BECOME A JOE?


I FORGET.
THAT'S FUNNY.
NAW. IT'S THE *AMNESIA* THING AGAIN—KEEPS KICKING IN. EVEN AFTER THE—
GOT TWO SNAKING FORWARD, LEFT OF THE TRAIL.



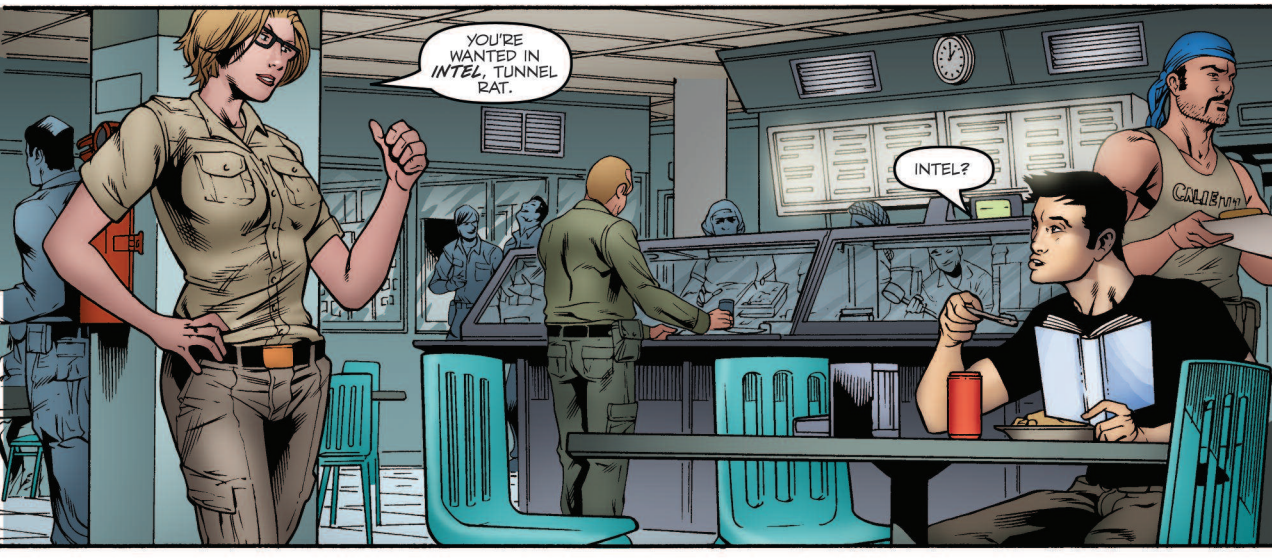

YOU *KNOW* THEY'RE GONNA RUSH US WHEN THE SUN COMES UP.
YEAH.
I *TRAINED* DOWN HERE WITH THE GREEN BEANIES.
UH HUH.
THOSE FEDERALES WON'T BE HERE UNTIL *NOON.*
CHECK.


MAYBE THE INCAS BUILT A BACKDOOR INTO THIS PILE OF ROCKS.
YOU SAID YOU LIKE TIGHT SPOTS, RIGHT?


CREEPING AROUND INSIDE A TWO-THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD RUIN?
I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES WITH THE CLOWNS OUTSIDE.




WHAT ABOUT NOW?
ARE WE SUPPOSED TO FEEL OUR WAY BLIND?
I MIGHT KNOW A GUY WHO COULD HELP.

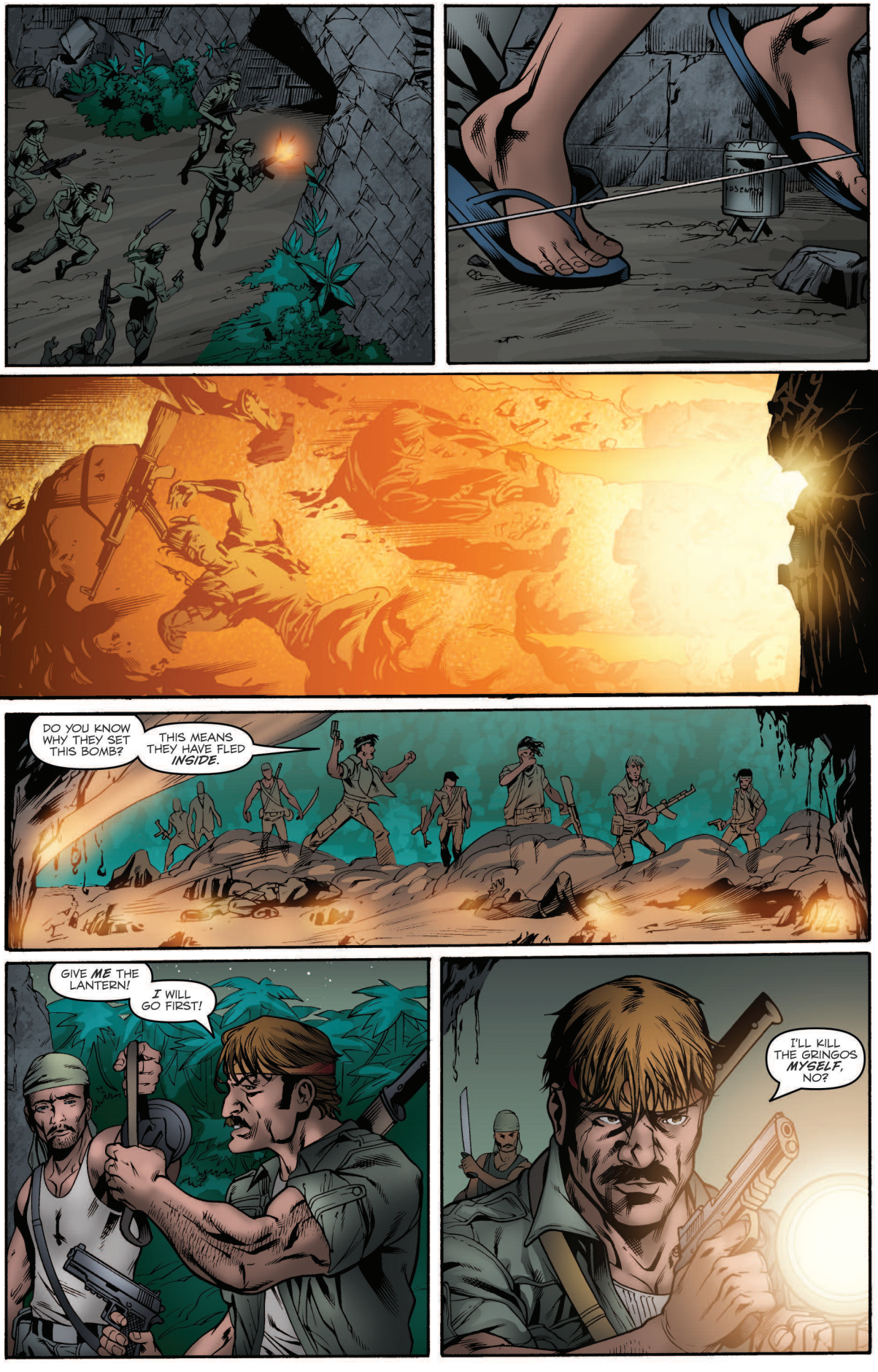

YOU'RE WANTED IN INTEL, TUNNEL RAT.
INTEL?


WE INSERTED A UNIT INTO THE COLOMBIAN HIGHLANDS TO EXTRACT AN ABDUCTEE HELD BY NARCO-TERRORISTS.
SENATOR HOPKINS—MAYBE YOU READ ABOUT HIM.
YES, GENERAL.
B 2
OUR TEAM SNAGGED HOPKINS RIGHT WHERE INTEL PLACED HIM AND ARE ON THEIR WAY BACK.
BUT THINGS WENT FUBAR IN A HURRY AND BEACHHEAD AND TRIPWIRE DREW AWAY PURSUIT TO COVER THE EVAC.
THE SENATOR WAS PRIORITY. WE HAVE NO UNITS IN RANGE—IN TIME—TO SUPPORT THE TWO LEFT IN PLACE.
A 3
A 4
DEE-TEE MENTIONED AN INCAN TEMPLE, GENERAL?
THAT'S WHERE OUR JOES ARE HOLED UP.
YOU HAVE AN IMPRESSIVE RANGE OF SPECIALTIES—BUT I'M ALSO TOLD YOU'RE A WALKING WIKIPEDIA.
I HOPE I'M MORE ACCURATE THAN THAT, SIR.
AND I HAVE MADE A STUDY AND EXPLORED MY SHARE OF PRE-COLOMBIAN STRUCTURES.

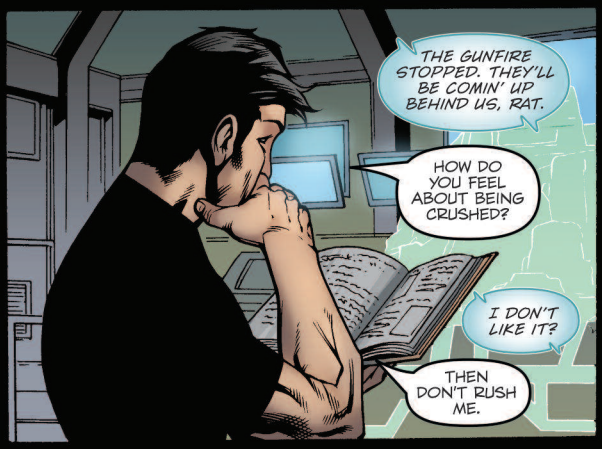

BEACH, LOOK FOR ANY KIND OF RECURRING MOTIF ON THE WALLS.
LOOKS LIKE A MAN WITH A CAT HEAD.
A JAGUAR.
YEAH. IT'S OLMEC. THEY CONSIDERED THEMSELVES THE JAGUAR PEOPLE.
THE PYRAMID IS VERY OLD AND A LOT FARTHER SOUTH THAN IT SHOULD BE.
HOW'S THIS HISTORY CHANNEL STUFF HELP THEM EVAC?
ALL THE WORLD'S KNOWLEDGE IS NOT ON THE 'NET.
GET YOUR HEAD OUT OF YOUR USB PORT, DIAL-TONE.
EXCUSE ME?
YEAH, BUT WHAT'S IT MEAN TO TRIP AND ME, RAT?
YOU'RE IN LUCK, BEACH. UNLIKE OTHER MESO-AMERICANS, THE OLMECS BUILT DRAINAGE TUNNELS UNDER THEIR STRUCTURES.
SO THERE'S A WAY OUT?
I CAN WALK YOU THROUGH.
I'M READY TO ROLL.
FRONT
TOWARD ENEMY


MY NIGHT GEAR BATTERIES ARE DEAD. LOST THE SPARES IN THE RUN THROUGH THE JUNGLE.
HOPE YOU DON'T EARN YOUR CODENAME.
HAR.
WAY AHEAD IS... CHALLENGING.
IT'LL GET TIGHT, BEACH.
BUT SO LONG AS WE DON'T LOSE SIGNAL—
—OR THE TUNNEL'S COLLAPSED—
—OR FLOODED—
I GET THE PICTURE, RAT.
OKAY. THE CORRIDOR SHOULD END IN A "T".
PUH! PLUH!
DISGUSTING.


THOSE WERE WEBS WE HACKED THROUGH, RIGHT?
DO I HAVE ANY SPIDERS ON ME?
LEMME LOOK.
NAW. NOT A SINGLE SPIDER.
GOOD.
WE'RE AT THE "T" INTERSECTION.
IS THERE AN ANIMAL HEAD ON THE WALL ANYWHERE?
CHECKING.
ANOTHER JAGUAR.
IT'S A SUN TEMPLE. YOU'RE HEADING FOR THE HEART OF IT.
SKIP THE HISTORY CHANNEL, RAT—
"—WE NEED TO MOVE THIS ALONG."


DO YOU KNOW WHY THEY SET THIS BOMB?
THIS MEANS THEY HAVE FLED *INSIDE*.
GIVE *ME* THE LANTERN!
I WILL GO FIRST!
I'LL KILL THE GRINGOS *MYSELF*, NO?


DO YOU HEAR WATER?
NO.
DO YOU SMELL WATER?
ALL I SMELL IS OLD.


THE GUNFIRE STOPPED. THEY'LL BE COMIN' UP BEHIND US, RAT.
HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT BEING CRUSHED?
I DON'T LIKE IT?
THEN DON'T RUSH ME.


WE NEED TO DO THIS NOW.
RIGHT! GO RIGHT!
YOU SURE ABOUT THAT, RAT?


LOOK, I PICKED ONE, OKAY?
THE TUNNEL SHOULD SLOPE DOWN SLIGHTLY FROM HERE.


IT'S ABOUT A TWENTY-DEGREE DROP.
THAT MEANS I PICKED THE RIGHT WAY.
YOU WEREN'T SURE?
KEEP MOVING.
BEACH? YO?


WHERE'VE YOU BEEN, TRIP?
LEAVIN' A LITTLE SUMPIN' SUMPIN' FOR OUR AMIGOS.
HAND ME YOUR CELLY.
WHO THE HELL'RE YOU CALLIN'?
MYSELF.
DEE DEE DEE DOO DEE
EH?
LISTEN!
THEY WENT THAT WAY! TO THE LEFT!
DEE DEE DEE DOO DEE
ALLÍ.
DEE DEE DEE DOO DEE
TLNC


YAAAAA!!!!
CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW?
RAT, WE HIT A SPEED BUMP HERE.
TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE, BEACH.
THERE'S A LONG RAMP LEADING DOWN. IT'S COLLAPSED.
YOU'LL HAVE TO TURN BACK AND TRY ANOTHER WAY.
NOT HAPPENING. WE HAVE HEAVY PURSUIT ON OUR SIX.


HOW MUCH DO YOU TRUST ME?
WITH MY LIFE, BRO.
JUST WHAT I WANTED TO HEAR.
STAY THERE.
HUH?
SEE MY NIGHT SPECS, TRIP?
YEAH.
LEAP OUT ABOUT FOUR FEET. IT'S A LONG DROP.
STEADY.
WOO.


¡MÁTENLOS!
DAMN.
NEXT DROP'S ONLY EIGHT FOOT.
WHUH?
IS THAT GUNFIRE, BEACH?
NOT NOW, RAT!

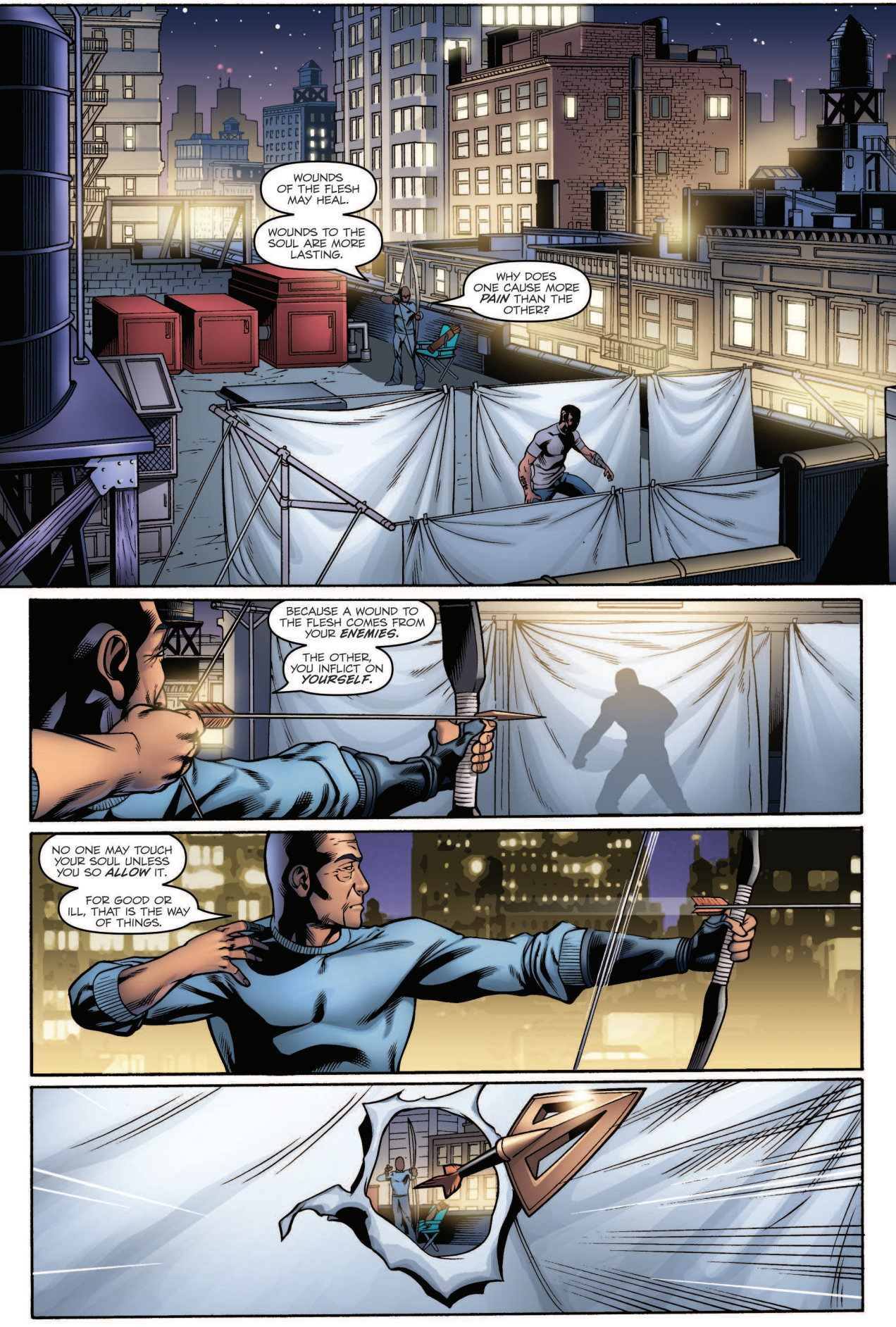

UNNH!
QUE?
NICE WORK.
SHOULD'VE THOUGHT OF THIS BEFORE.
...ING SIGNAL... SKIKK... READ ME...
WE'RE LOSING OUR GUIDE.


YOU'RE WAY DEEP NOW, GUYS. YOU'RE BREAKING UP.
SKAAK
FIND THE WATER. FOLLOW THE WATER.
SKZZZZZZZZ
WE'RE ON OUR OWN NOW.
THERE'S A CURRENT.
THEN THAT'S GOTTA BE THE WAY OUT, RIGHT?
BRO, WE'RE GONNA FIND OUT WHERE EVERYTHING GOES WHEN YOU FLUSH.
WHAT'S ON THE CEILING, BEACH? LOOKS LIKE PHOSPHORESCENT ROCK.
YEP. THAT'S WHAT IT IS, ALL RIGHT.
COOL...
¡SON ELLOS!
WE SWIM FROM HERE.
ULP!

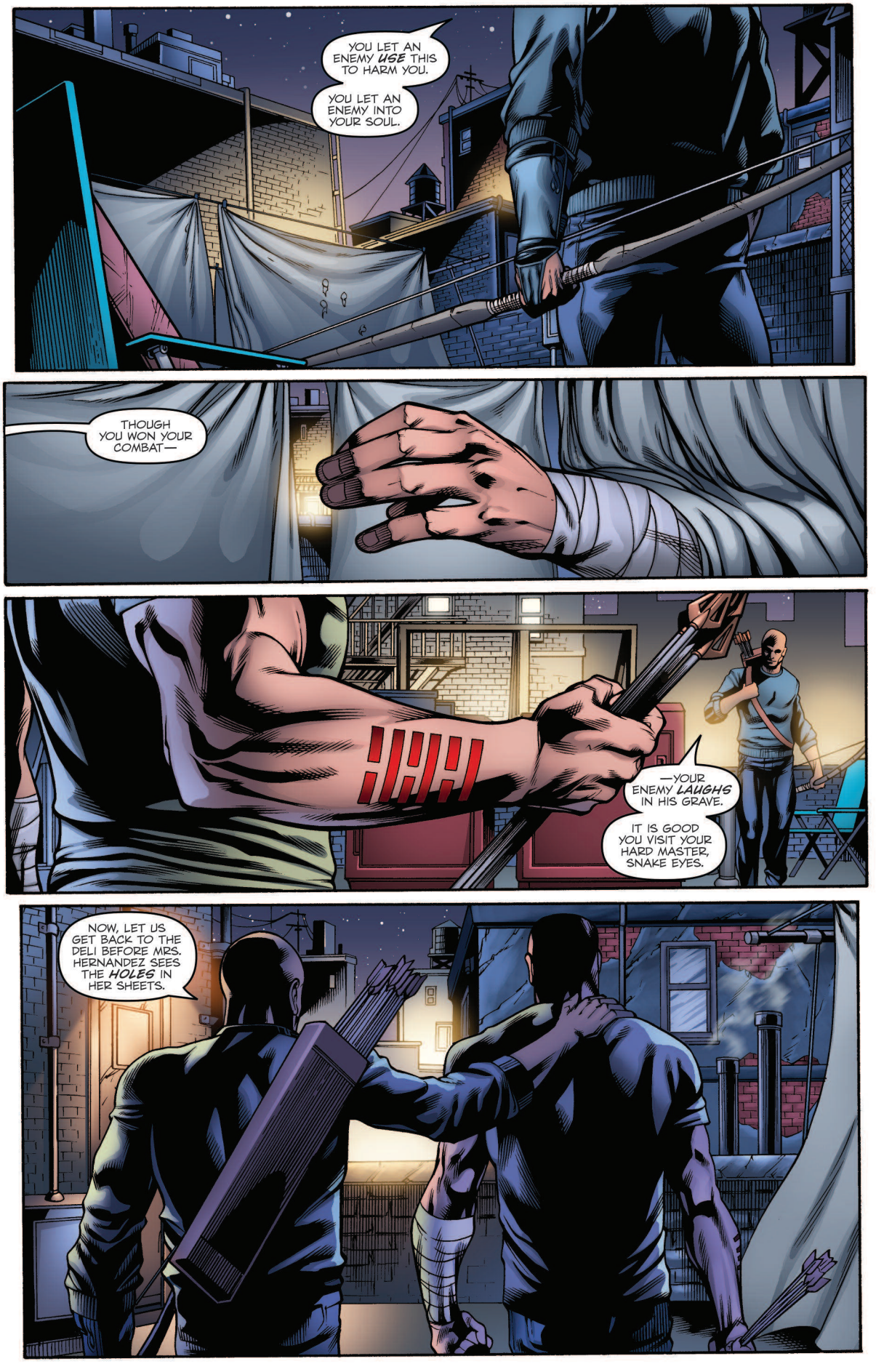

NOW THEY ARE TRAPPED! SHOOT THEM!
¡MURCIELAGOS!


AND YOU OWE SOMEONE BIGTIME WHEN YOU GET BACK TO THE PIT.
THE RAT CAME THROUGH AGAIN.
SO, WE'RE HITCHIN' A RIDE INTO VALLEDUPAR.
GRACIAS, MAJOR.
THINK YOU CAN ARRANGE A FLIGHT FROM THERE, DEE-TEE?
FIRST CLASS ALL THE WAY, GUYS.
HELL, WE'LL FLY CARGO–
"–SO LONG AS IT TAKES US AWAY FROM HERE."
JEFE, THERE IS NO WAY BACK UP.
AND THE WATER IS RISING HIGHER.
LOOK FOR ANOTHER TUNNEL OR STEPS!
¡RÁPIDAMENTE!
THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY OUT.
THERE MUST BE.


YOU ARE BADLY WOUNDED.
AND YET YOU LIVE.
BUT *HOW* WILL YOU LIVE?


WOUNDS OF THE FLESH MAY HEAL.
WOUNDS TO THE SOUL ARE MORE LASTING.
WHY DOES ONE CAUSE MORE PAIN THAN THE OTHER?
BECAUSE A WOUND TO THE FLESH COMES FROM YOUR ENEMIES.
THE OTHER, YOU INFLICT ON YOURSELF.
NO ONE MAY TOUCH YOUR SOUL UNLESS YOU SO ALLOW IT.
FOR GOOD OR ILL, THAT IS THE WAY OF THINGS.


IT IS PRIDE.
DO NOT CONFUSE PRIDE WITH HONOR.
PRIDE IS EPHEMERAL. HONOR IS ETERNAL.
PRIDE IS TO BE DISCARDED. HONOR TO BE HELD DEAR.
WHEN YOU ARE DEAD, NO ONE WILL REMEMBER YOUR PRIDE.

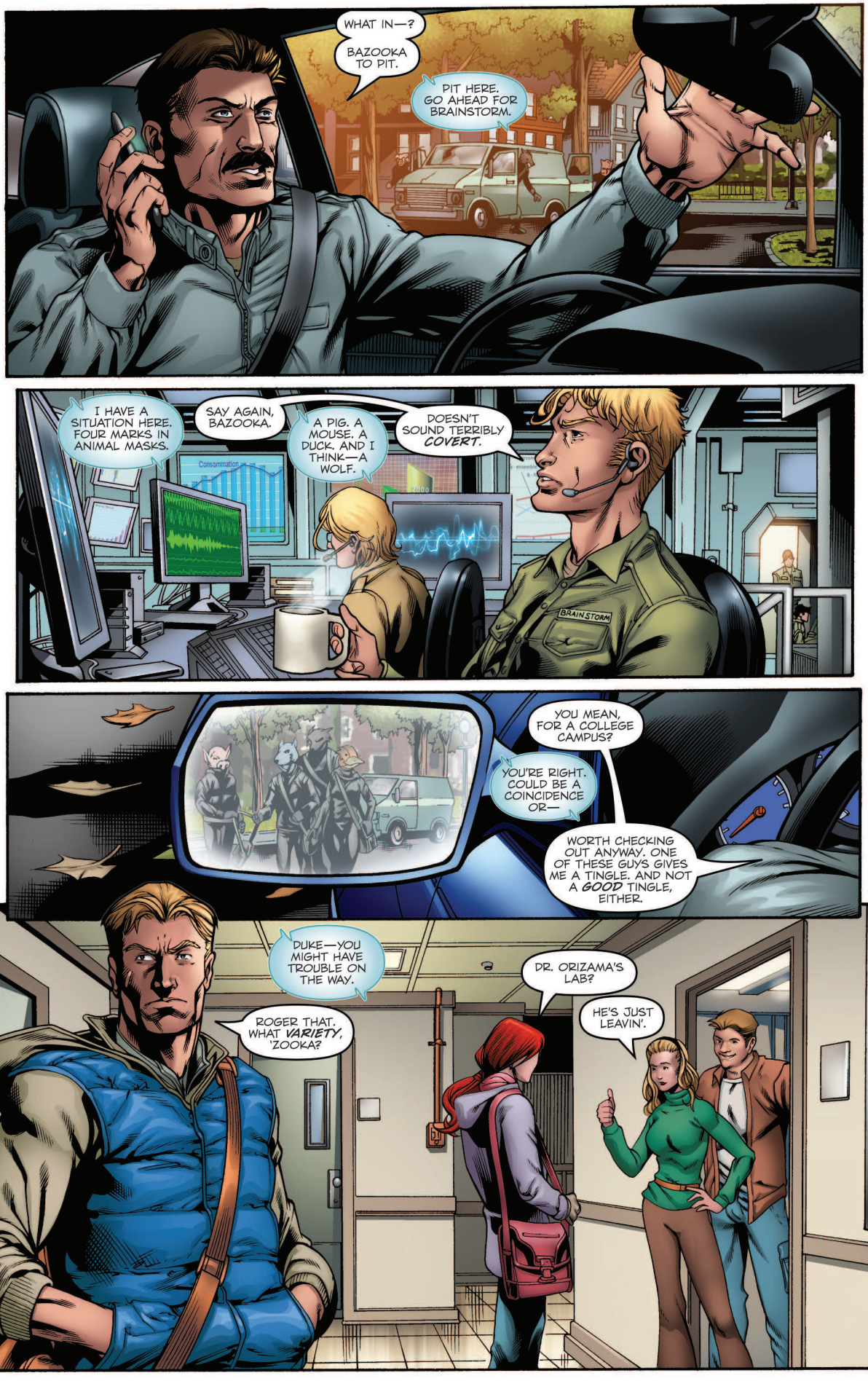

YOU LET AN ENEMY USE THIS TO HARM YOU.
YOU LET AN ENEMY INTO YOUR SOUL.
THOUGH YOU WON YOUR COMBAT—
HHH
—YOUR ENEMY LAUGHS IN HIS GRAVE.
IT IS GOOD YOU VISIT YOUR HARD MASTER, SNAKE EYES.
NOW, LET US GET BACK TO THE DELI BEFORE MRS. HERNANDEZ SEES THE HOLES IN HER SHEETS.


THE PIT.
GERRY ORIZAMA. TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN FOR GRANTS IN THEORETICAL AND APPLIED PHYSICS.
DIRECTOR OF THE SUPER-KUZUKI NEUTRINO MASS PROJECT AT ROBILLARD COLLEGE.
HIS WHOLE AREA OF STUDY IS AROUND FIELD THEORY—HE'S MADE BREAKTHROUGHS IN THE AREA OF HEISENBERG PRINCIPLE.
HE'S SUCCESSFULLY DISINCORPORATED AND RE-ASSEMBLED SIMPLE OBJECTS UNDER LAB CONDITIONS.
IF I WAS BUILDING A DEPLOYABLE TELEPORTATION DEVICE, I'D NEED THIS GUY ON MY TEAM.
14
THEN COBRA WILL BE AWARE OF HIM.
YOU WANT US TO GO AND TALK TO HIM, BRAINSTORM?
NO, SCARLETT. WE WANT YOU TO BRING DR. ORIZAMA IN.
AND IF HE DOESN'T WANT TO, GENERAL?
USE YOUR POWERS OF PERSUASION. YOU LEAVE IN THIRTY.
TWENTY-SIX MINUTES LATER.
YOU'RE GOING UNDERCOVER? SERIOUSLY?
ACE


YOU GOING BACK IN TIME TOO, BAZOOKA?
YOU DON'T LIKE MY JACKET, ACE?
JUST TELL ME HOW THE DURAN DURAN CONCERT WAS, OKAY?
SOME OF US HAVEN'T BEEN ON A CIVILIAN STREET IN A WHILE.
SOME OF US HAVE BEEN ON THE WALL.
HEY, IT'S RETRO. IT'S METAL.
HAVE YOU HEARD FROM SNAKE EYES?
YOU KNOW I HAVEN'T, DUKE.
YOU WENT ALL-IN FOR HIM, RED.
AND THE FIRST CHANCE HE GETS, HE TAKES OFF.
STAY FOCUSED. AND STAY OUT OF MY ZONE.
OH YEAH. THIS IS GONNA BE FUN.


PRIDE AND SHAME ARE SHADES OF THE SAME COLOR.
TO EMBRACE ONE IS TO RISK THE OTHER.
MOVE BEYOND THESE PETTY THINGS.
THEY ARE THE PATHWAY TO FEAR.
AND FEAR IS THE DEADLIEST WEAPON OF ALL.
YOUR FIGHT WAS HARD.
THE HARDEST OF YOUR LIFE.
TRUST IN YOUR SKILLS.
FOR THERE ARE HARDER FIGHTS AHEAD OF YOU.
I DO NOT TAKE MANY STUDENTS. EVEN LESS MAKE IT THROUGH MY LESSONS.
SEE WHAT I SAW IN YOU.


ROBILLARD COLLEGE, MAIN CAMPUS.
THE MINIVAN WAS THE CHEAPER RENTAL, 'ZOOKA.
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BLEND, DUKE. ME IN A MINIVAN? GET REAL.
BLEND? YOU AS A COLLEGE STUDENT?
DANZINGER HALL, UP THERE ON THE RIGHT.
FOOTBALL SCHOLARSHIP. LATE ADMISSION.
TEN YEARS LATE.
STAY ALERT. WE SHOULD BE RIGHT OUT.
I'LL BET THIS COLLEGE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE FOOTBALL.

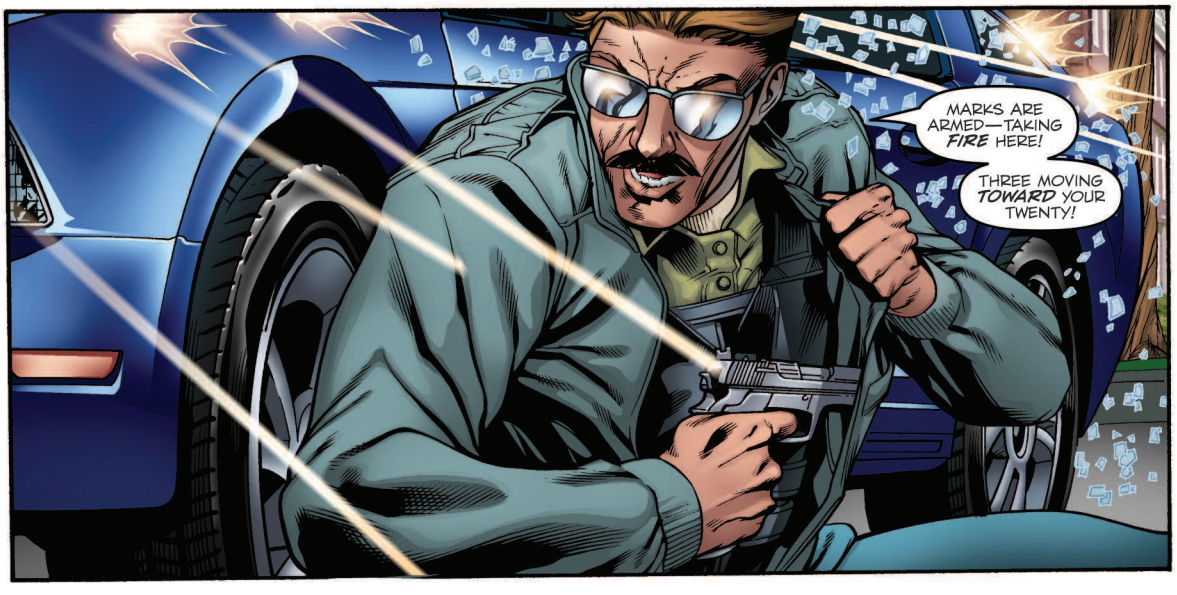

WHAT IN—?
BAZOOKA TO PIT.
PIT HERE. GO AHEAD FOR BRAINSTORM.
I HAVE A SITUATION HERE. FOUR MARKS IN ANIMAL MASKS.
SAY AGAIN, BAZOOKA.
A PIG. A MOUSE. A DUCK. AND I THINK—A WOLF.
DOESN'T SOUND TERRIBLY COVERT.
BRAINSTORM
YOU MEAN, FOR A COLLEGE CAMPUS?
YOU'RE RIGHT. COULD BE A COINCIDENCE OR—
WORTH CHECKING OUT ANYWAY. ONE OF THESE GUYS GIVES ME A TINGLE. AND NOT A GOOD TINGLE, EITHER.
DUKE—YOU MIGHT HAVE TROUBLE ON THE WAY.
ROGER THAT. WHAT VARIETY, 'ZOOKA?
DR. ORIZAMA'S LAB?
HE'S JUST LEAVIN'.


DR. ORIZAMA?
YES?


HEY!
LET'S SEE HANDS, PEOPLE!


WE'RE FROM A GOVERNMENT AGENCY.
WHICH AGENCY?
THAT'S CLASSIFIED. BUT WARD MICHAELMAS SENT US.
BUT WARD DIED FIVE YEARS AGO IN A CAR ACCIDENT.

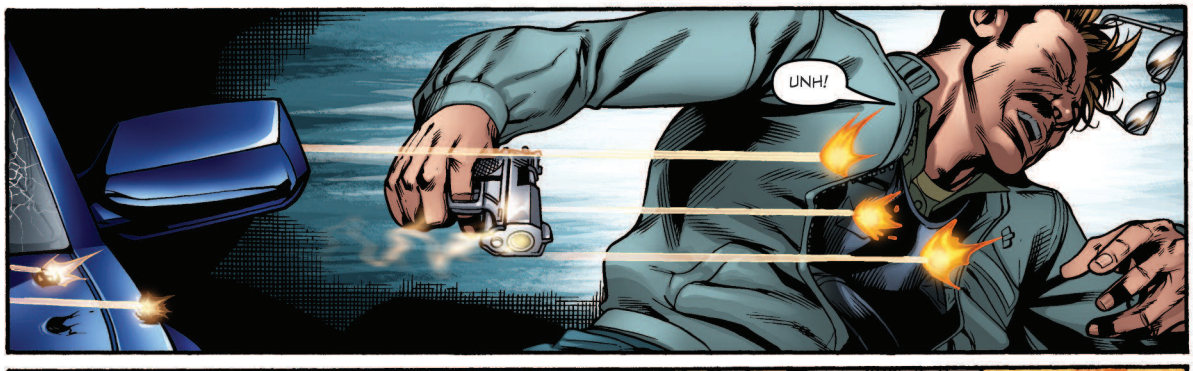



MARKS ARE ARMED—TAKING FIRE HERE!
THREE MOVING TOWARD YOUR TWENTY!


MANHATTAN.
YOU SEE THIS?
I ASKED FOR THIN SLICES. I CAN'T MAKE A SAMMICH OUTTA THESE SLABS.
HELLO?
PHAH!
YO!
TEENA!


I TOL' YOU I WANT YOU OUDDA MY FACE!
COME AWN, TEENA! I WAS ONLY TALKIN' TO HER.
THAT'S NOT WHAT SHE SAID!
TEENA...
SHUT UP!
STEP BACK, YO.
TEENA—
—YOU'RE GONNA LISTEN!
TAKING A BREAK?


BAZOOKA TO RED—ENGAGING ONE MARK!

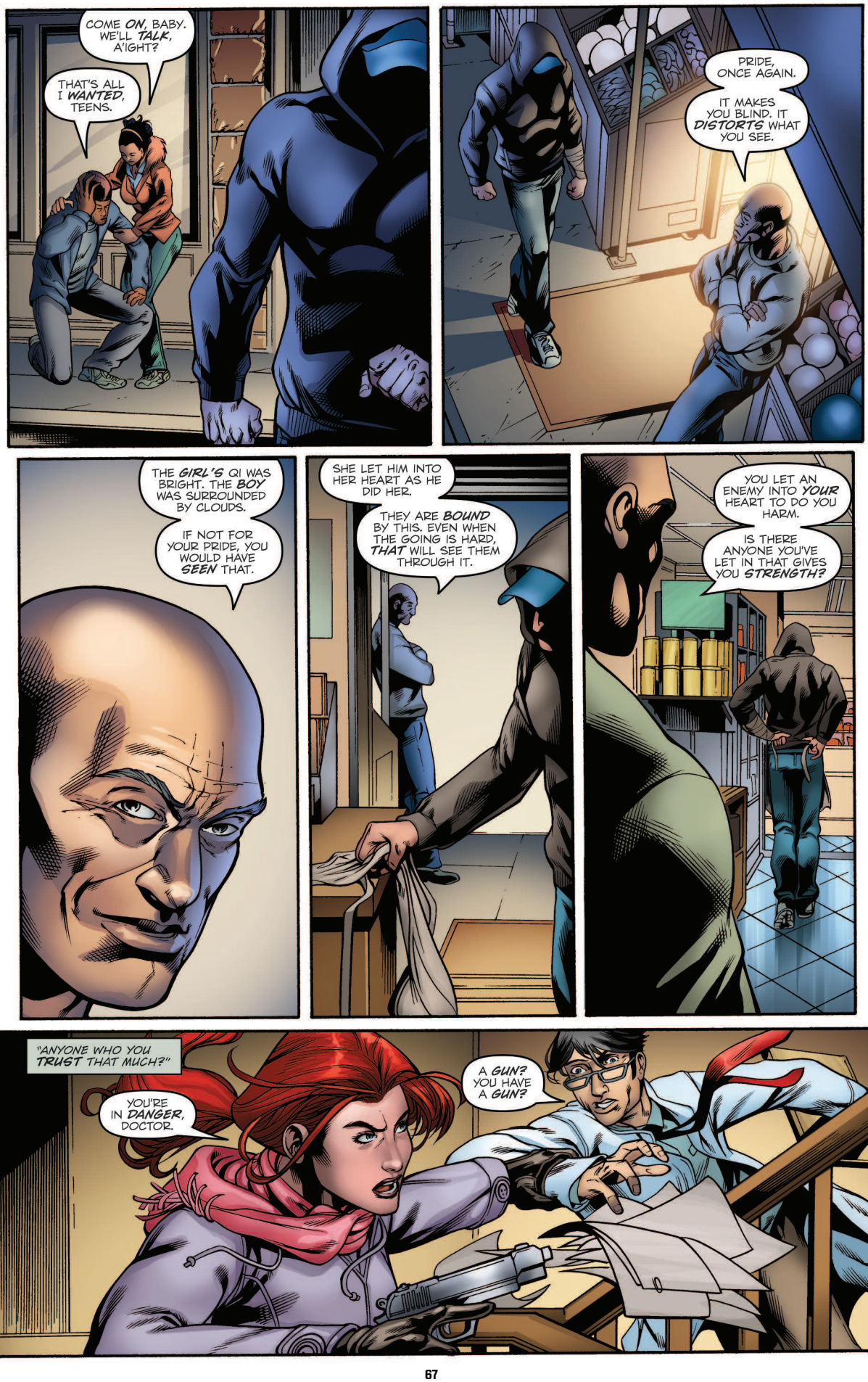

UNH!


GARDIENS POLICE


WE NEED TO MOVE. NOW.
COULD I SEE SOME IDENTIFICATION, PLEASE?
JUST GO WITH THE LADY, DOCTOR.
CONTACT REAR!
GET CLEAR, RED!
UNNF!
FREEZE!
RIGHT THERE!
OKAY! OKAY!
MAN!


CAR THREE TO BASE!
GO AHEAD, THREE.
I QUIT!
BAZOOKA TO TEAM—THIS GUY'S LOADED FOR BEAR—
—TRYIN' TO KEEP HIM CONTAINED—
"—BUT HE AIN'T COOPERATING."


LEAVE ME ALONE!
I CAN'T LEAVE IT LIKE THIS, A'IGHT?
P.KOST
MOVING AND SHIPPING
YOU DON'T WALK AWAY FROM ME, GIRL!
LET GO!
HUNH!
OW!
YOU DON'T NEVER TOUCH ME LIKE THAT, YO.
A'IGHT! MY BAD!
WHAT'RE YOU LOOKIN' AT?
DAMN... AN' I PAID FOR YOUR AIKIDO.


COME ON, BABY. WE'LL TALK, A'IGHT?
THAT'S ALL I WANTED, TEENS.
PRIDE, ONCE AGAIN.
IT MAKES YOU BLIND. IT DISTORTS WHAT YOU SEE.
THE GIRL'S QI WAS BRIGHT. THE BOY WAS SURROUNDED BY CLOUDS.
IF NOT FOR YOUR PRIDE, YOU WOULD HAVE SEEN THAT.
SHE LET HIM INTO HER HEART AS HE DID HER.
THEY ARE BOUND BY THIS. EVEN WHEN THE GOING IS HARD, THAT WILL SEE THEM THROUGH IT.
YOU LET AN ENEMY INTO YOUR HEART TO DO YOU HARM.
IS THERE ANYONE YOU'VE LET IN THAT GIVES YOU STRENGTH?
"ANYONE WHO YOU TRUST THAT MUCH?"
YOU'RE IN DANGER, DOCTOR.
A GUN? YOU HAVE A GUN?


YEAH.
SO DO THEY, DOC.
THE ZOO CREW WAS A DIVERSION!
AND WE FELL FOR IT!
-:KAFF:-
I TASTE ORANGES-
-:KAFF:-
FENTANYL-
-:KAFF-KOFF:-
-:KAFF-KOFF:-


UH!


klik
klik
klik
ARR!
THIS IS BLACKLIGHT.
IS THE PACKAGE IN HAND?
READY FOR RETRIEVAL IN THIRTY.
COMPLICATIONS?
FSSSSSSSS...


SOME. AGENTS UNKNOWN.
DO YOU HAVE VISUAL?
AFFIRMATIVE.
CLOSING ON YOUR SIGNAL.
TRAP DEPLOYED.
YOU HAVE CAPTURE. PACKAGE AWAY.
WILL YOU REQUIRE ASSISTANCE?
NEGATIVE. WILL MAKE MY OWN WAY.
BLACKLIGHT BREAKING CONTACT.
ACKNOWLEDGED.


SECTION ZERO.
AND YOU ARE CERTAIN YOU WERE NOT FOLLOWED?
ESCAPE MADE UNDETECTED. PACKAGE IS IN TRANSIT.
DR. ORIZAMA IS COMING TO JOIN US.
I ADMIRE YOUR RESOURCES, BARONESS.
AND I REGRET HAVING TO USE THEM IN SO OVERT A MANNER, DESTRO. I ONLY HOPE THAT COBRA FEELS THE RISK WAS WORTH THE PRIZE.
THIS IS YOUR FINAL CHANCE TO MAKE THE M.A.S.S. DEVICE FUNCTION AS PROMISED.
THEY WILL NOT BE PLEASED. YOU SHOW THEIR HAND TOO READILY.
I NEED NO REMINDERS OF THE CHANCE I TAKE IN THIS, MINDBENDER.
I ASSURE YOU BOTH THAT THE SLIGHT RISK OF EXPOSURE IS NOTHING—
—COMPARED TO THE BENEFIT OF HAVING THE WORLD IN YOUR FIST.


HANDS WHERE WE CAN SEE THEM!
ON YOUR FEET!
UM... DUKE?
ROBILLARD COLLEGE.
OPERATION: AZTEC HUSTLE.


DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT.
STAN, GET THEIR GUNS.
YO.
YOU SERVE IN THE CORPS, OFFICER?
THIRD MARINES. FIVE YEARS.
HOW'D YOU KNOW?
'CAUSE YOU HOLD THAT GLOCK LIKE A GIRL.
OH GEEZE...
WHOAP!


HUNH!
FREEZE! I MEAN IT!
OH...
...BAZOOKA.


THINK ABOUT YOUR OPTIONS, SON.
SCARLETT... WE'RE THROUGH HERE.
YEAH.
WE ARE.
WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE, OFFICER.
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT.
YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT. ANYTHING YOU SAY MAY BE USED AGAINST YOU IN A COURT OF LAW...
FOUND THESE TWO UNCONSCIOUS. THREE MORE ALREADY CUFFED ON FOUR. THE REST OF THE PLACE IS CLEAR.
WE HAVE A ONE-EIGHTY-SEVEN HERE. SOMEONE KNOWS HOW HE GOT THAT WAY.
RUN 'EM ALL IN AND PROCESS 'EM.

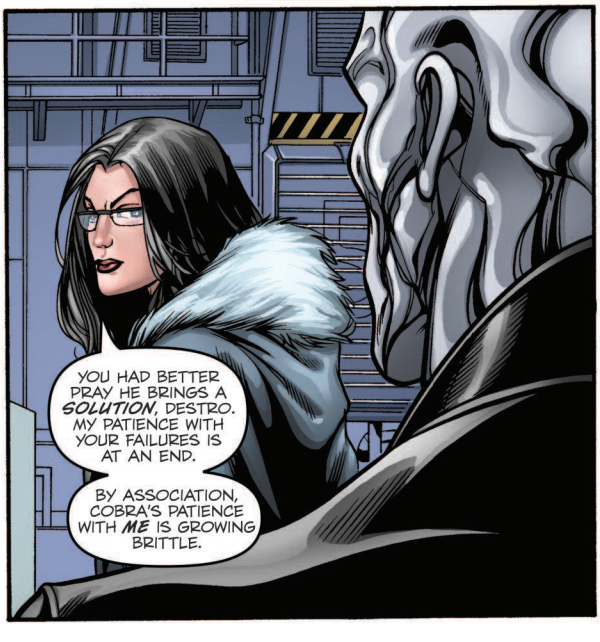

THERE WAS A GUNMAN HERE. GUY IN A WOLF MASK.
I SAW A PIG, A MOUSE AND A DUCK. NO BIG BAD WOLF, PAL.
ONLY GUNS I SAW WERE YOU AND THE LADY'S.
I THINK YOU AND RED HERE DID THE OTHER GUY AN' NODDED OFF ON WHATEVER YOU'RE HIGH ON.
GOOD LUCK ON THAT DETECTIVE EXAM, SHERLOCK.
COLLEGE SECURITY SAYS SOME GUY IN A DOG MASK BLEW UP THEIR ROLLER.
COULD IT HAVE BEEN A WOLF?
MAYBE. THESE TWO SHEDDING ANY LIGHT ON THIS?
NO. AND NO I.D. EITHER. JUST A CARD WITH A PHONE NUMBER.
CALL THE NUMBER. SAVE YOURSELF A WORLD OF AGGRAVATION.
POLICE

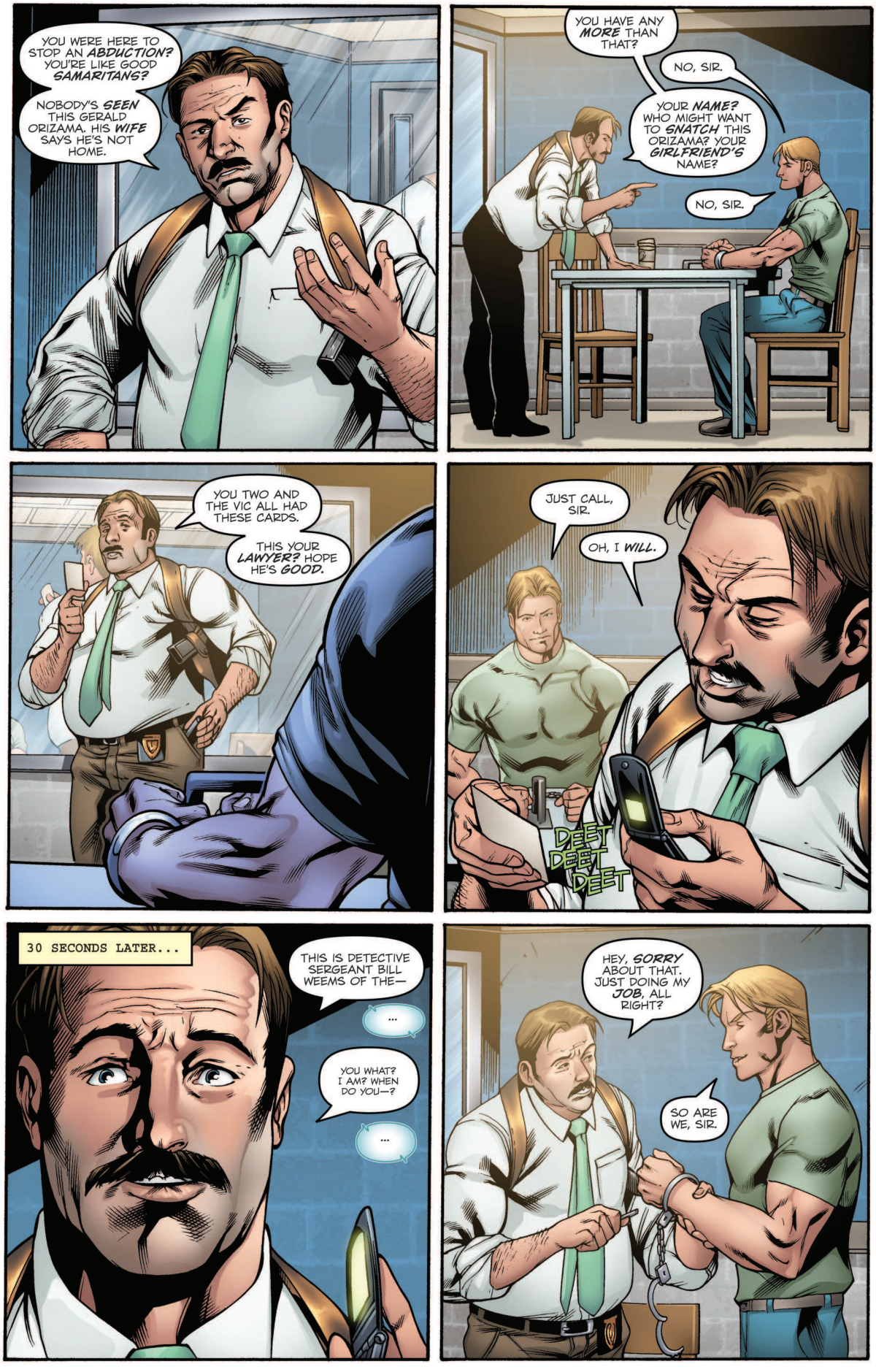

ABOVE THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.
WHUZZ?

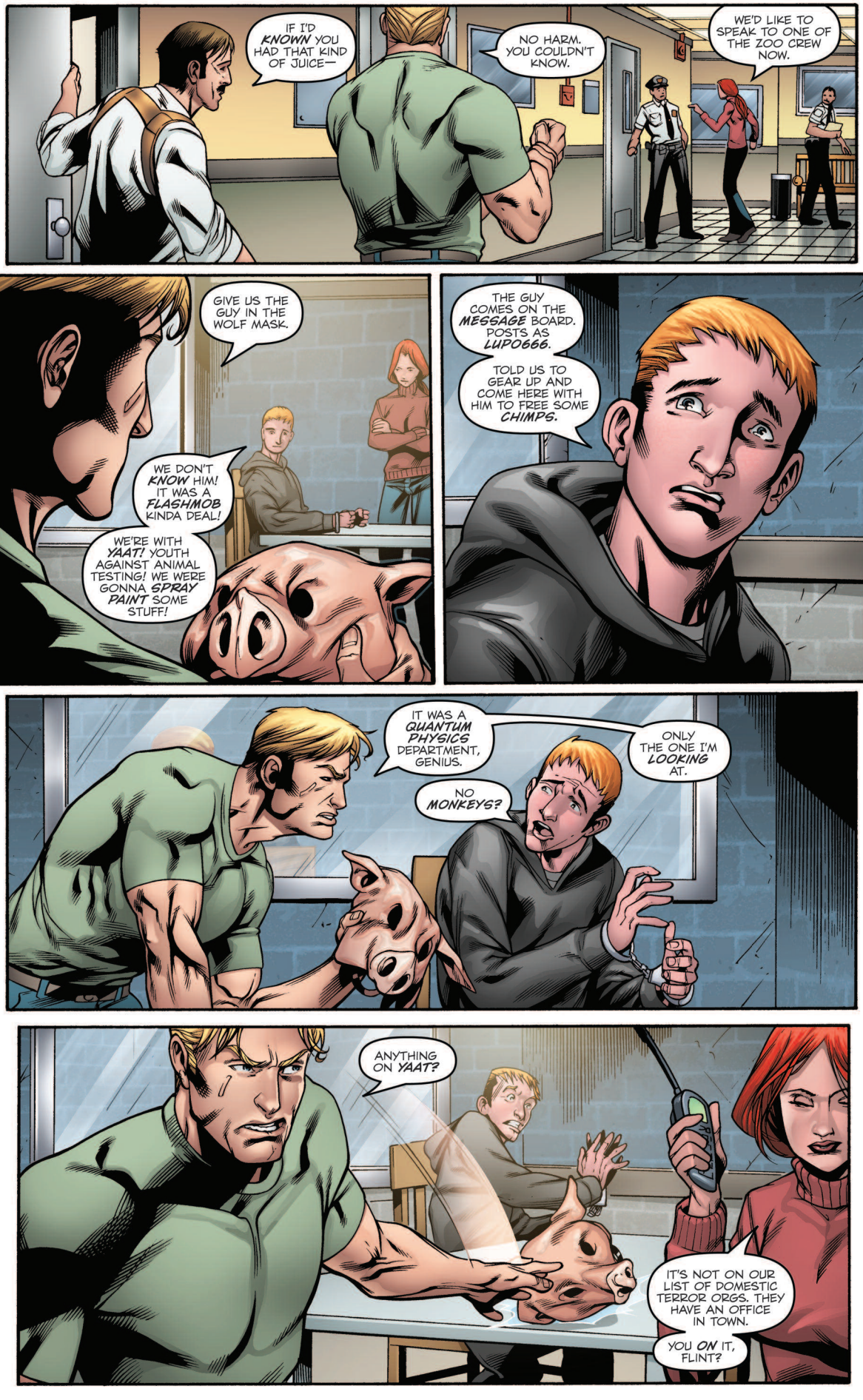

WELCOME TO SECTION ZERO, DR. ORIZAMA. EXCUSE ME IF WE DO WITHOUT INTRODUCTIONS.
WE HAVE WORK FOR YOU TO PERFORM IN YOUR SPECIALIZED AREA.
WUH-WUH-WORK?


I AM A THEORETICAL FIH-FIH-PHYSICIST—
WE ARE WELL AWARE OF YOUR REPUTATION, DOCTOR.
ALL WILL BE EXPLAINED WHEN YOU HAVE WARMED UP AND RESTED.

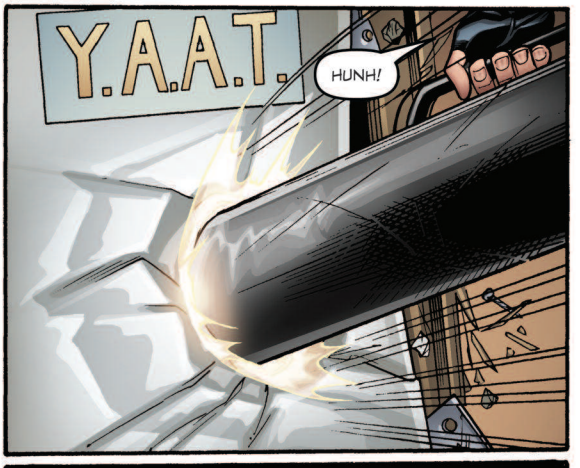

ORIZAMA'S ABDUCTION BROUGHT MORE EXPOSURE TO COBRA THAN WE USUALLY TOLERATE.
IT WILL PROVE WORTH IT, BARONESS. HIS MIND WILL BRING A NEW PERSPECTIVE TO THE M.A.S.S. PROJECT.


YOU HAD BETTER PRAY HE BRINGS A SOLUTION, DESTRO. MY PATIENCE WITH YOUR FAILURES IS AT AN END.
BY ASSOCIATION, COBRA'S PATIENCE WITH ME IS GROWING BRITTLE.


YOU WERE HERE TO STOP AN ABDUCTION? YOU'RE LIKE GOOD SAMARITANS?
NOBODY'S SEEN THIS GERALD ORIZAMA. HIS WIFE SAYS HE'S NOT HOME.
YOU HAVE ANY MORE THAN THAT?
NO, SIR.
YOUR NAME? WHO MIGHT WANT TO SNATCH THIS ORIZAMA? YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S NAME?
NO, SIR.
YOU TWO AND THE VIC ALL HAD THESE CARDS.
THIS YOUR LAWYER? HOPE HE'S GOOD.
JUST CALL, SIR.
OH, I WILL.
DEET DEET DEET
30 SECONDS LATER...
THIS IS DETECTIVE SERGEANT BILL WEEMS OF THE—
...
YOU WHAT? I AM? WHEN DO YOU—?
...
HEY, SORRY ABOUT THAT. JUST DOING MY JOB, ALL RIGHT?
SO ARE WE, SIR.


IF I'D KNOWN YOU HAD THAT KIND OF JUICE—
NO HARM. YOU COULDN'T KNOW.
WE'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO ONE OF THE ZOO CREW NOW.
GIVE US THE GUY IN THE WOLF MASK.
WE DON'T KNOW HIM! IT WAS A FLASHMOB KINDA DEAL!
WE'RE WITH YAAT! YOUTH AGAINST ANIMAL TESTING! WE WERE GONNA SPRAY PAINT SOME STUFF!
THE GUY COMES ON THE MESSAGE BOARD. POSTS AS LUPO666.
TOLD US TO GEAR UP AND COME HERE WITH HIM TO FREE SOME CHIMPS.
IT WAS A QUANTUM PHYSICS DEPARTMENT, GENIUS.
NO MONKEYS?
ONLY THE ONE I'M LOOKING AT.
ANYTHING ON YAAT?
IT'S NOT ON OUR LIST OF DOMESTIC TERROR ORGS. THEY HAVE AN OFFICE IN TOWN.
YOU ON IT, FLINT?

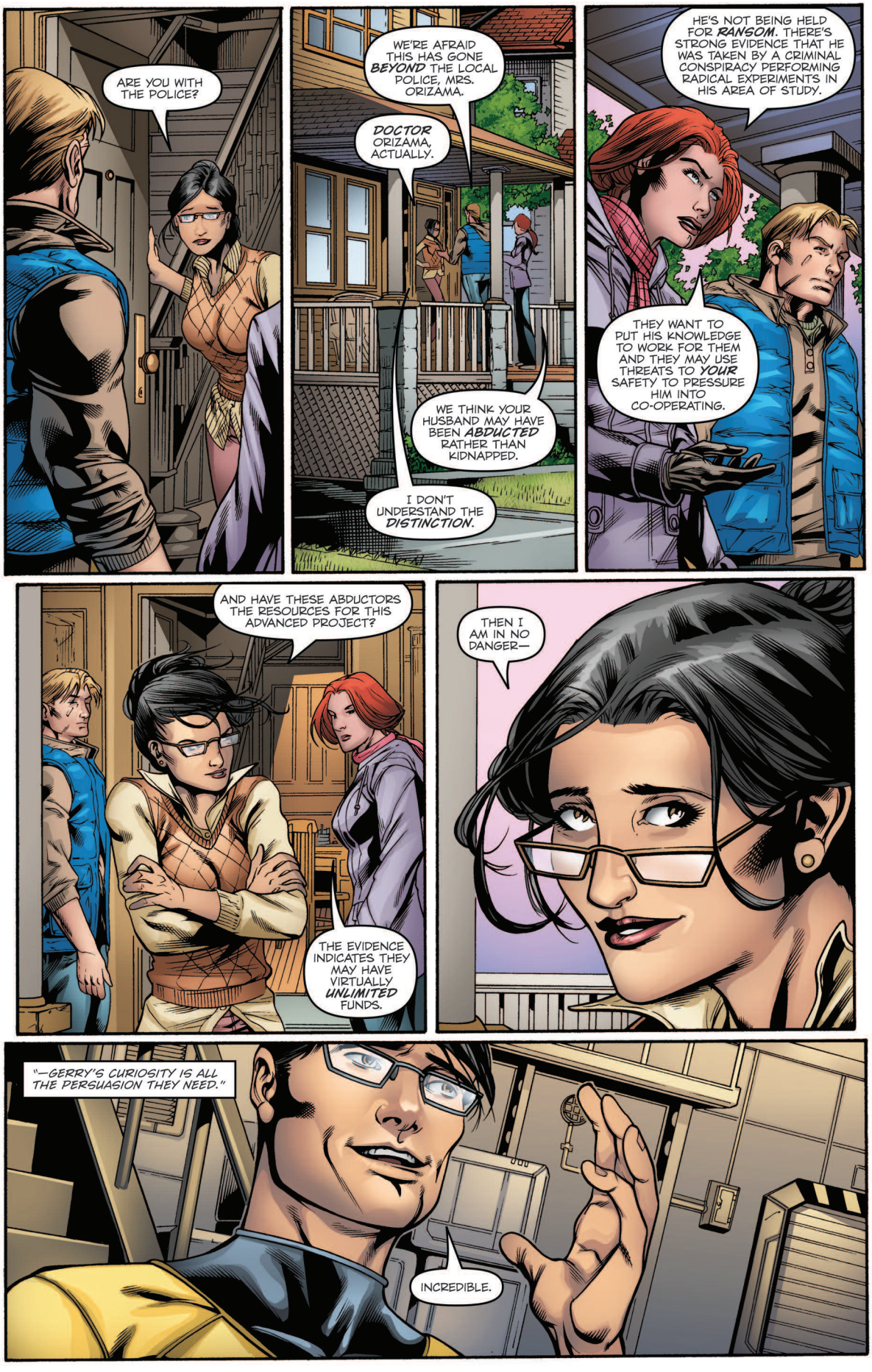

WE'RE ON SITE, RED. GOING IN HOT.
THIS COULD BE THE GUY WHO DID BAZOOKA.
SAFETIES OFF, COVERGIRL.
YO!


Y.A.A.T.
HUNH!

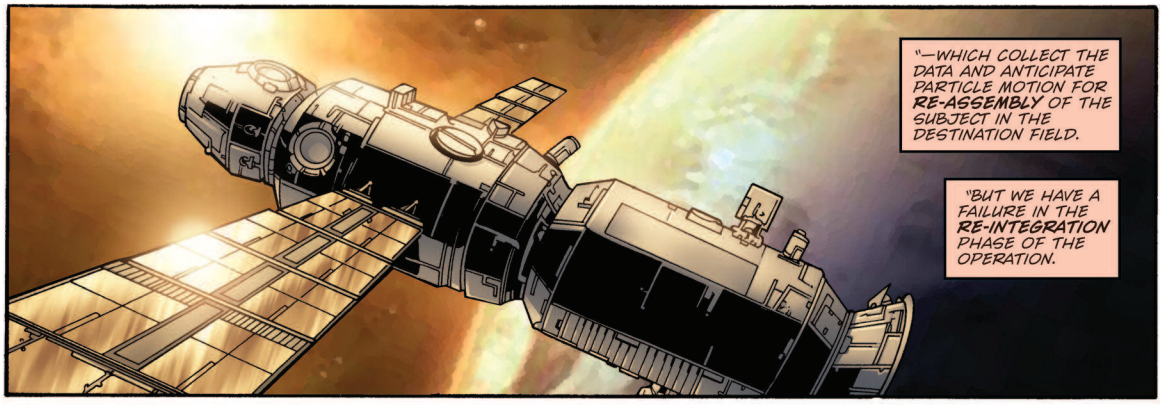

NOTHING.
THE DUST IN THIS PLACE HAS DUST.


ROGER THAT, FLINT.
NO GO. IT'S A SHELL.
DAMN! COBRA USES THESE CLOWNS FOR COVER—


"—AND THEIR OP IS A WORLD AWAY WITH ORIZAMA."
OPERATION SUCCESSFUL. THINGS HAVE COOLED ENOUGH FOR ME TO MOVE.
MINIMAL.
CONTACT?
LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENT?
I DON'T BELIEVE SO. SOME KIND OF INTELLIGENCE OPERATIVES.
THAT'S NO COINCIDENCE. WHO WOULD HAVE ANTICIPATED OUR INTEREST?
I LEFT TWO OF THEM ALIVE.
OUR SOURCES SAY THEY WERE ARRESTED BY CITY POLICE.
THAT MIGHT PROVIDE SOME INSIGHT INTO WHICH AGENCY THEY'RE FROM.
PERHAPS. WILL YOU NEED ASSISTANCE WITH EVACUATION?
I'VE MADE MY OWN PREPARATIONS.
ARE THERE FURTHER ASSIGNMENTS?
MAKE CONTACT AGAIN WHEN YOU HAVE SUCCESSFULLY EXFILTRATED.
BLACKLIGHT OUT.

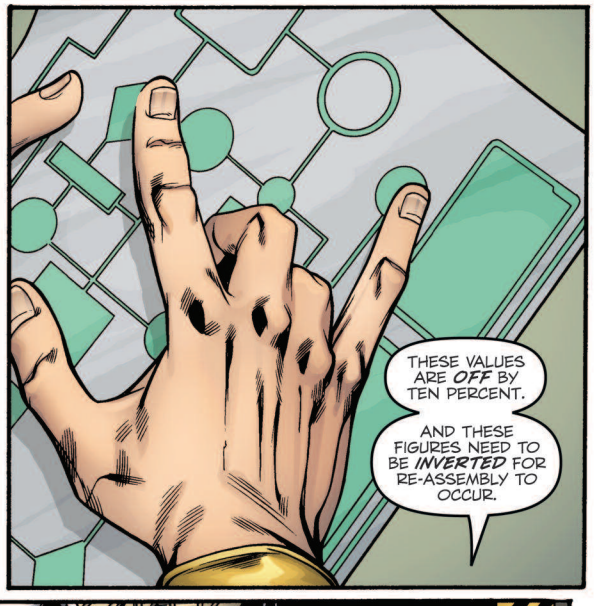

ARE YOU WITH THE POLICE?
WE'RE AFRAID THIS HAS GONE BEYOND THE LOCAL POLICE, MRS. ORIZAMA.
DOCTOR ORIZAMA, ACTUALLY.
WE THINK YOUR HUSBAND MAY HAVE BEEN ABDUCTED RATHER THAN KIDNAPPED.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE DISTINCTION.
HE'S NOT BEING HELD FOR RANSOM. THERE'S STRONG EVIDENCE THAT HE WAS TAKEN BY A CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY PERFORMING RADICAL EXPERIMENTS IN HIS AREA OF STUDY.
THEY WANT TO PUT HIS KNOWLEDGE TO WORK FOR THEM AND THEY MAY USE THREATS TO YOUR SAFETY TO PRESSURE HIM INTO CO-OPERATING.
AND HAVE THESE ABDUCTORS THE RESOURCES FOR THIS ADVANCED PROJECT?
THE EVIDENCE INDICATES THEY MAY HAVE VIRTUALLY UNLIMITED FUNDS.
THEN I AM IN NO DANGER—
"—GERRY'S CURIOSITY IS ALL THE PERSUASION THEY NEED."
INCREDIBLE.


A WORKING TELEPORTATION DEVICE?
THE POWER DEMANDS MUST BE ENORMOUS.
WE UTILIZE THE EARTH'S MAGNOSPHERE FOR OUR ENERGY NEEDS, DR. ORIZAMA.
HENCE THE LOCATION OF SECTION ZERO IN THE ARCTIC.
THIS ENTIRE PROJECT IS OFF THE GRID AND SELF-SUSTAINING.
AND THIS FOCUSES THE FIELD ON THE SUBJECT TO BE DISASSEMBLED.
BUT HOW HAVE YOU WORKED THROUGH HEISENBERG UNCERTAINTY?
THAT'S BEEN THE STICKY PART, DOCTOR. I AM ABLE TO DISASSEMBLE THE TARGET SUBJECT ON A MOLECULAR LEVEL.
WE'RE USING NANOMITE PROCESSORS ABOARD THE RELAY STAR SATELLITES—


"—WHICH COLLECT THE DATA AND ANTICIPATE PARTICLE MOTION FOR **RE-ASSEMBLY** OF THE SUBJECT IN THE DESTINATION FIELD.
"BUT WE HAVE A FAILURE IN THE **RE-INTEGRATION** PHASE OF THE OPERATION.


"WITHIN A FIVE-MINUTE WINDOW THE SUBJECT LOSES STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY AT AN **EXPONENTIAL** RATE OF COLLAPSE.
"WITHOUT THE AID OF A CONTAINMENT FIELD, THE SUBJECT **DISSOLVES** INTO INERT ATOMIC COMPONENTS."


I SEE YOUR PROBLEM RIGHT ***HERE.***
YE SEE IT THAT ***QUICKLY?*** IMPOSSIBLE.


THESE VALUES ARE ***OFF*** BY TEN PERCENT.
AND THESE FIGURES NEED TO BE ***INVERTED*** FOR RE-ASSEMBLY TO OCCUR.


THIS CONFIGURATION WILL ***INCREASE*** THE PROBABILITY OF MAPPING PARTICLE MOVEMENT ACCURATELY TO A POINT ZERO ZERO ONE PERCENT CERTAINTY.
I...
HA HA!


DR. ARMAND SINGH?
THE SAME. I MIGHT HAVE DISCERNED THE SAME INCONSISTANCIES IN DESTRO'S CALCULATIONS GIVEN FREE REIGN ON THIS PROJECT.
DOUBTFUL.
IT WAS YOUR OWN WORK THAT LED TO THE DISASTROUS TAIGA COLLAPSAR BLAST TWO YEARS AGO, NO?
YOU ARROGANT...
CAN YOU MAKE THE CHANGES THAT WOULD FINALLY BRING US THE DESIRED RESULTS, DOCTOR?
THERE NEEDS TO BE AN INTERFACE BETWEEN THE DATA STORED ON YOUR SATELLITE AND YOUR TELEPORTED SUBJECTS.
I WOULD NEED TO SPEAK TO YOUR ENGINEERS. BUT I SEE NO REASON WHY A MINOR ADJUSTMENT COULDN'T BRING YOUR DEVICE ON LINE.
"HER" DEVICE. AS IF SHE HAD A BLOODY THING T'DO WITH IT!
GRATITUDE IS AN UNKNOWN CONCEPT TO COBRA.

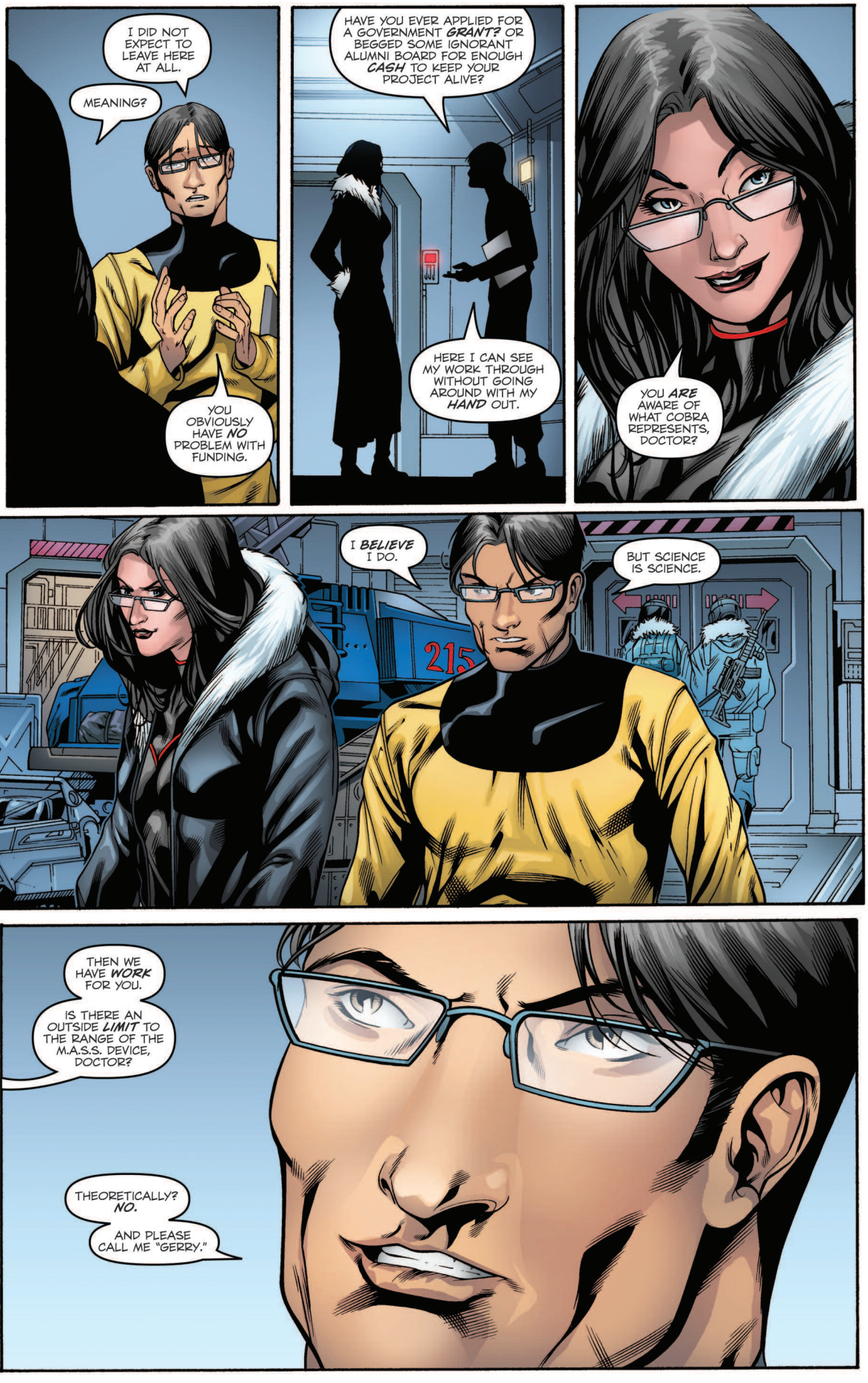

YOU SEE, VITAL DATA IS *LOST* BETWEEN THE UPLOADING OF THE TARGET SUBJECT'S ATOMIC RECORD AND THE DOWNLOADING ON EITHER END OF THE PROCESS.
THERE NEEDS TO BE A MORE *CONSISTENT* EXCHANGE OF DATA THROUGHOUT THE TELEPORTATION EVENT.
A *SIMPLIFIED* NANOMITE PROCESSOR COULD BE DESIGNED TO TAKE UP THE SLACK.
WHEN COULD YOU *APPLY* THESE CHANGES?
AS QUICKLY AS YOUR TECHNICIANS COULD *FASHION* THE DEVICE. IT'S SIMPLE ENOUGH IN *THEORY*.
THEN, IT WOULD NEED TO BE CALIBRATED AND PROGRAMMED. IT WOULD ALL DEPEND ON THEIR *DEDICATION* TO A COMPLETION DATE.
OH, YOU'D BE *SURPRISED* AT THEIR LEVEL OF DEDICATION, DOCTOR.
GIVE ME THE *MATH* AND THEY'LL BUILD THE *MACHINE*.


ZURICH.
BANQUE DE SUISSE.
THE VAULT LEVEL, FOUR STORIES BENEATH THE STREET.
CLOSING FOUR.
FOUR IS CLEAR.
WE ARE AT TARGET POINT.
INTEGRITY AT MAXIMUM. WILL CONTINUE TO MONITOR.


SECTION D. BOX ONE-THREE-NINE NINE.
SECTION B. BOX FOUR-SIX-ZERO-THREE.
MARKED CHANGE IN AIR PRESSURE IN FOUR.
MON DIEU!
WE ARE ON SITE! OPEN FOUR NOW!
OPENING FOUR.
READY...


...EH?
ZURICH MISSION RETRIEVAL ACTIVATED.
WELCOME BACK TO SECTION ZERO. ANY ILL EFFECTS?
A BUZZ OF STATIC. A TOUCH OF NAUSEA.
MOLECULAR INTEGRITY OPTIMAL.
RADIATION LEVELS ONE POINT-OH-OH-SEVEN. —NORMAL.
SUCCESS AT LAST.
ALL FOUR SUBJECTS CAPTURED AND RETURNED ALONG WITH EQUIPMENT, ORDNANCE, AND THE LOOT.


M.A.S.S. IS—AT LAST—FUNCTIONAL.
BARONESS, I CAN NOW RECALIBRATE FIELD INTEGRITY TO REVERSE MY OWN CONDITION.
NO. YOU MAY NOT, DESTRO.
BUT A SIMPLE ADJUSTMENT AND I COULD BE FREE OF THIS CONTAINMENT SUIT.
NOT AN IMMEDIATE CONCERN.
MINDBENDER, YOU WILL RETURN TO THE TACHYON PROJECT.
BUT—
THIS IS NOT ABOUT YOUR PETTY AMBITIONS, GENTLEMEN. ONLY COBRA'S CONCERNS MATTER HERE.
NOW, I HAVE SEVERAL TOPICS TO DISCUSS WITH DR. ORIZAMA.
THE UNGRATEFUL BICK FORGETS WHO WROUGHT THESE MIRACLES.
THE NERVE—SHOOING ME AWAY, AS THOUGH I WERE A CHILD.
WHAT IS NEXT FOR ME, BARONESS?
DID YOU HONESTLY EXPECT TO LEAVE HERE ALIVE, ORIZAMA?
HUH?


I DID NOT EXPECT TO LEAVE HERE AT ALL.
MEANING?
YOU OBVIOUSLY HAVE NO PROBLEM WITH FUNDING.
HAVE YOU EVER APPLIED FOR A GOVERNMENT GRANT? OR BEGGED SOME IGNORANT ALUMNI BOARD FOR ENOUGH CASH TO KEEP YOUR PROJECT ALIVE?
HERE I CAN SEE MY WORK THROUGH WITHOUT GOING AROUND WITH MY HAND OUT.
YOU ARE AWARE OF WHAT COBRA REPRESENTS, DOCTOR?
I BELIEVE I DO.
BUT SCIENCE IS SCIENCE.
215
THEN WE HAVE WORK FOR YOU.
IS THERE AN OUTSIDE LIMIT TO THE RANGE OF THE M.A.S.S. DEVICE, DOCTOR?
THEORETICALLY? NO.
AND PLEASE CALL ME "GERRY."

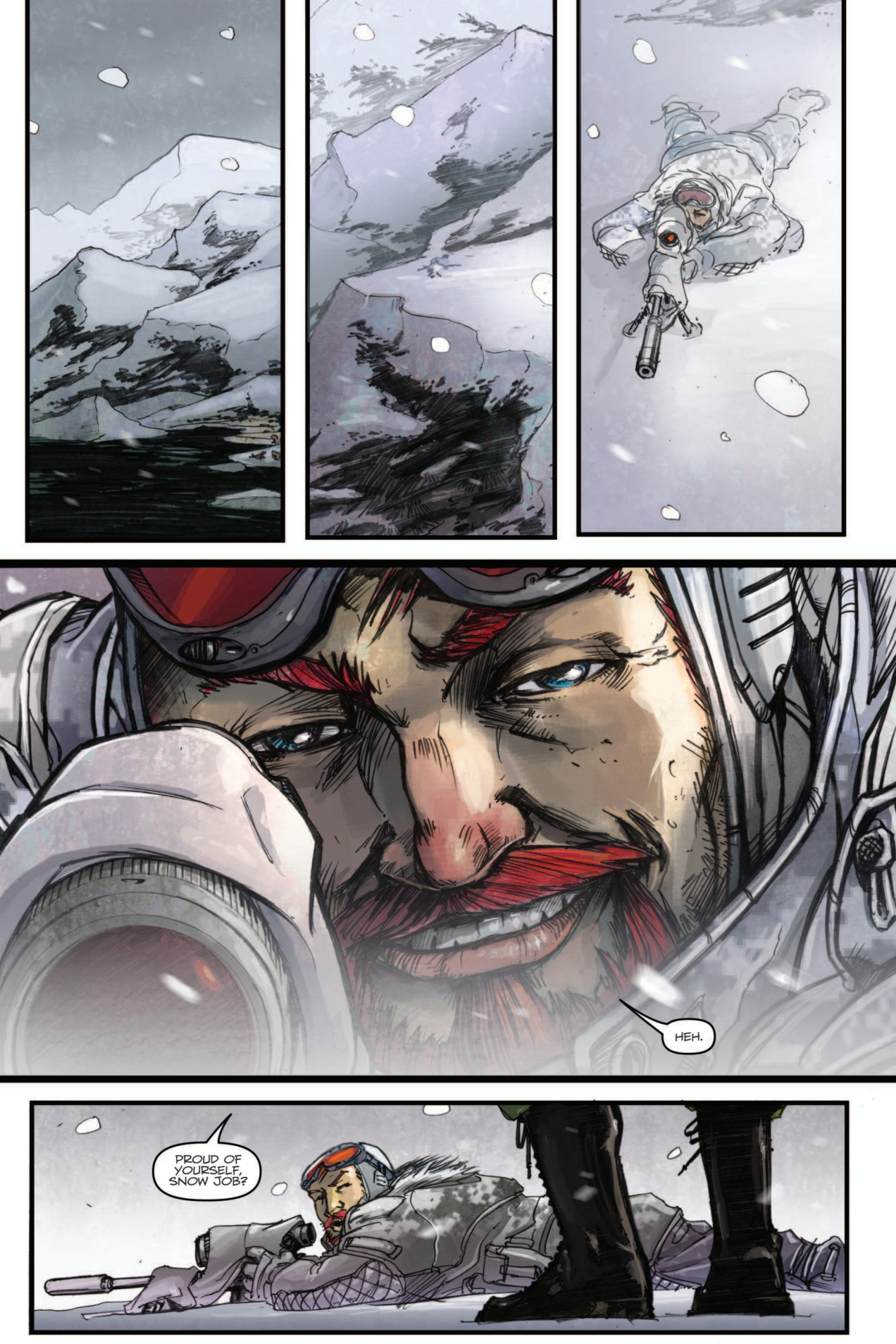

DAVID L. KATZENBOGEN *DIED* SO THAT BAZOOKA COULD BE BORN.
BAZOOKA DIED SO HIS FELLOW *JOES* COULD LIVE.
BAZOOKA GAVE IT *ALL* FOR HIS COUNTRY AND FOR THE JOES. HE MADE SOME *MEAN* FIREHOUSE CHILI AND HE WAS *ALWAYS* THERE WHERE THE LEAD WAS THICKEST.
WHEN THAT LAST BUGLE CALLS FOR YOU—PRAY YOU'RE *HALF* THE JOE YOUR BROTHER WAS.
YO JOE!
14
DISMISSED.





G.I. JOE: ORIGINS #15 COVER BY **TOM FEISTER**


THE ANTARCTIC (SOUTHERN) OCEAN.
AND THERE THEY ARE.
SOME NICE, FAT FUR SEALS. AND FAR FROM THE PRYING EYES OF THE ECO-POLICE.
BE CAREFUL NOW, MEN. WE WANT TO KEEP THEIR PELTS IN AS NICE A SHAPE AS POSSIBLE FOR THE TANNING PROCESS.
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO THE ENGINE?
WERE WE JUST SHOT?
WHO SHOT US?
I DON'T KNOW! NO ONE'S OUT THERE.


HEH.
PROUD OF YOURSELF, SNOW JOB?

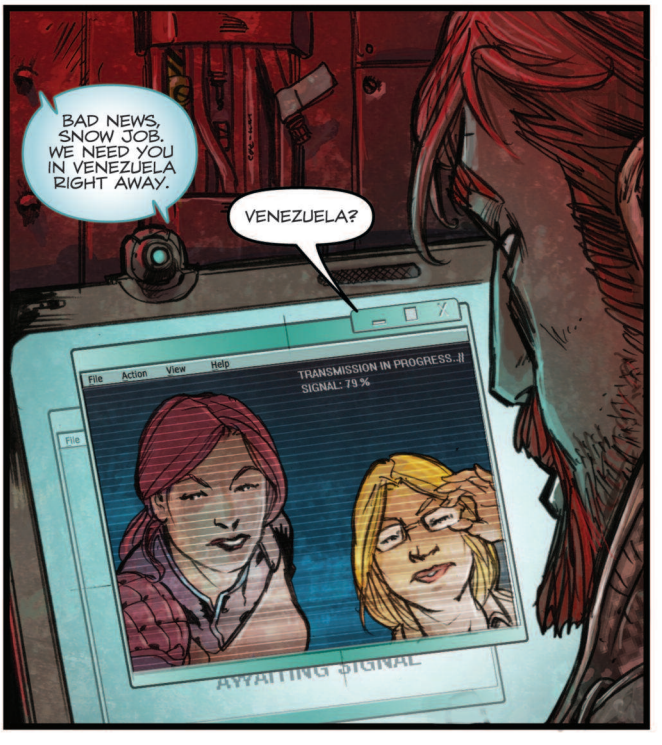

ACE!
SO, THIS IS WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING WHILE YOU WERE HERE IN ANTARCTICA?
FIRING ON CIVILIANS FROM 1,000 METERS AWAY? REALLY GOOD WORK. ESPECIALLY SINCE THE U.S. IS NOT OFFICIALLY ALLOWED TO HAVE A MILITARY PRESENCE DOWN HERE.
FIRST OF ALL, ACE, THOSE AREN'T CIVILIANS, THEY'RE POACHERS. REAL SCUM OF THE EARTH. AND SHOOTING OUT THEIR ENGINES IS ABOUT THE ONLY FUN THING TO DO AROUND HERE.
UNTIL YOU ACCIDENTALLY SHOOT A POACHER.
SORRY, ACE. I NEVER MISS.
THAT'S NOT WHAT YOUR RECORDS SHOW.
TRUST ME. I'VE HAD A LOT OF TIME TO PRACTICE DOWN HERE.
I'M STARTING THE FLIGHT BACK TO AMERICA IN AN HOUR, SNOW JOB. GET YOUR STUFF READY.


WHAT DO THEY NEED YOU BACK AT THE PIT FOR, ANYWAYS? TRAINING?
DON'T KNOW. DON'T CARE. AS LONG AS WHEN I WAKE UP, I'M SOMEWHERE SUNNY AND THERE ARE FEMALES THAT AREN'T OF THE PENGUIN VARIETY.


SWEET DREAMS, SUNSHINE.


SNOW JOB!
SNOW JOB, WAKE UP!


WHA...?
SCARLETT'S GOT AN EMERGENCY. GET ON THE COMMUNICATOR.

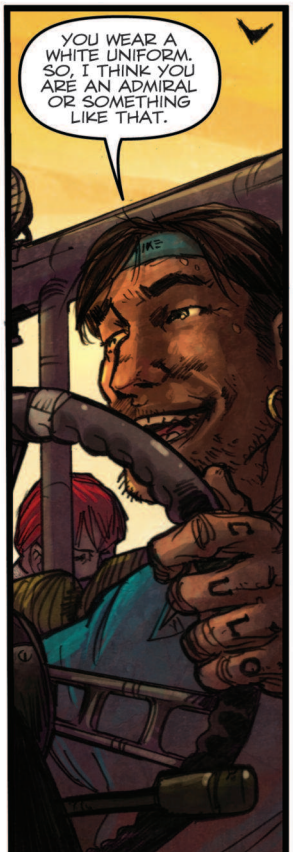

BAD NEWS, SNOW JOB. WE NEED YOU IN VENEZUELA RIGHT AWAY.
VENEZUELA?
File Action View Help
TRANSMISSION IN PROGRESS..!!
SIGNAL: 79 %
AWAITING SIGNAL

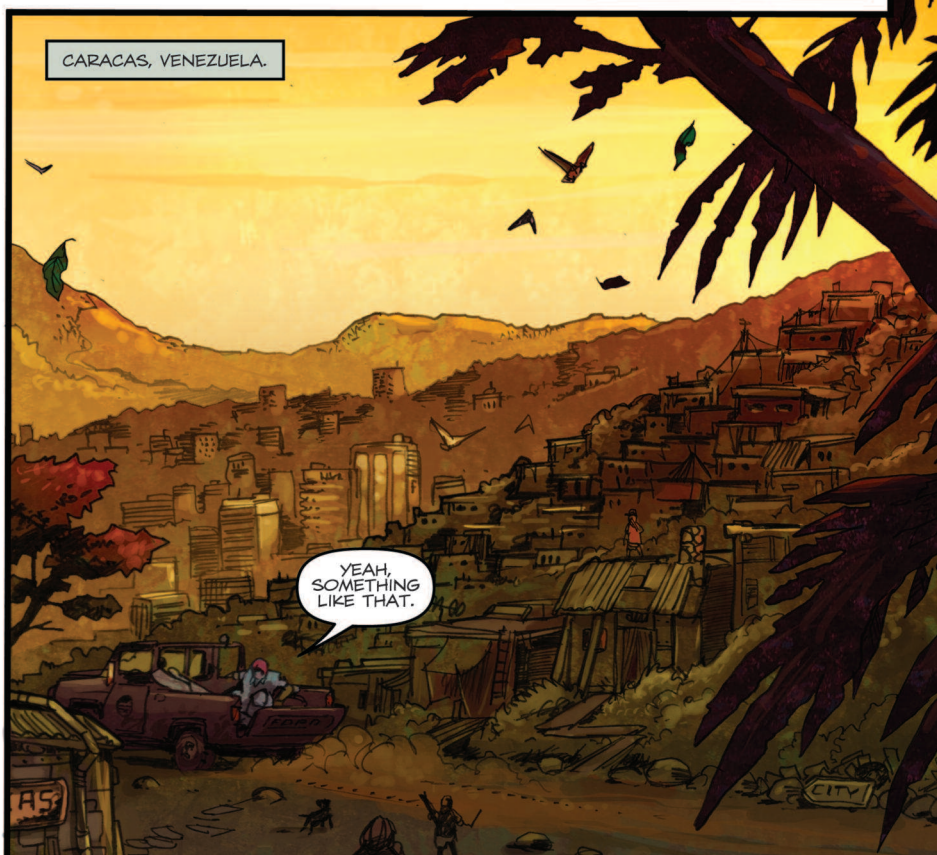

WE'VE JUST UNCOVERED SERIOUS CHATTER ABOUT A MAJOR PLOT TO ASSASSINATE THE PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA WITHIN THE NEXT FEW HOURS.
SO? VENEZUELA DOESN'T EXACTLY HAVE THE FRIENDLIEST RELATIONSHIP WITH AMERICA, IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED.
NO KIDDING. BUT THE PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA IS ALSO THE LEADER OF OPEC AND HE HAPPENS TO CONTROL A PRETTY SIGNIFICANT PORTION OF THE WORLD'S OIL SUPPLY.
THE WORRY IS THAT HIS VIOLENT REMOVAL FROM OFFICE WOULD CAUSE TREMENDOUS TURMOIL IN THE GLOBAL ECONOMY.
SNOW JOB, YOU'RE THE CLOSEST JOE MEMBER TO THE SCENE. IT'S UP TO YOU TO PROTECT THE VENEZUELAN PRESIDENT.
ME? SCARLETT, I'M NOT PREPARED FOR A MISSION! ALL I HAVE IS MY COLD WEATHER GEAR!
THIS ISN'T AN IDEAL SITUATION FOR ANYONE, SOLDIER. I DON'T WANT TO SEND A COLD-WEATHER SPECIALIST INTO A POLITICAL, AND LITERAL, HOT SPOT. BUT IT'S WHAT WE HAVE. SO KEEP YOUR RADIO ON AND, REST ASSURED, THAT IF ANYONE ELSE IS AVAILABLE, I WILL GET THEM OUT THERE ASAP. OVER AND OUT.


DO YOU THINK HE CAN HANDLE THIS?
I DON'T LIKE THAT HE'S SO OUT OF HIS ELEMENT, BUT HE IS THE ONLY OPTION WE HAVE.
7AM 11AM 3PM


WHAT WAS HE COMING TO THE PIT FOR, ANYWAY?
HIS MARKSMAN PROFICIENCY TESTS. HE WAS A DECENT SHOT, BUT HE SWEARS HE'S GOTTEN BETTER IN ANTARCTICA, NOT THAT ANYONE KNOWS IF THAT'S TRUE OR NOT.


ARE YOU AN ADMIRAL?
AN ADMIRAL? WHY WOULD YOU ASK THAT?

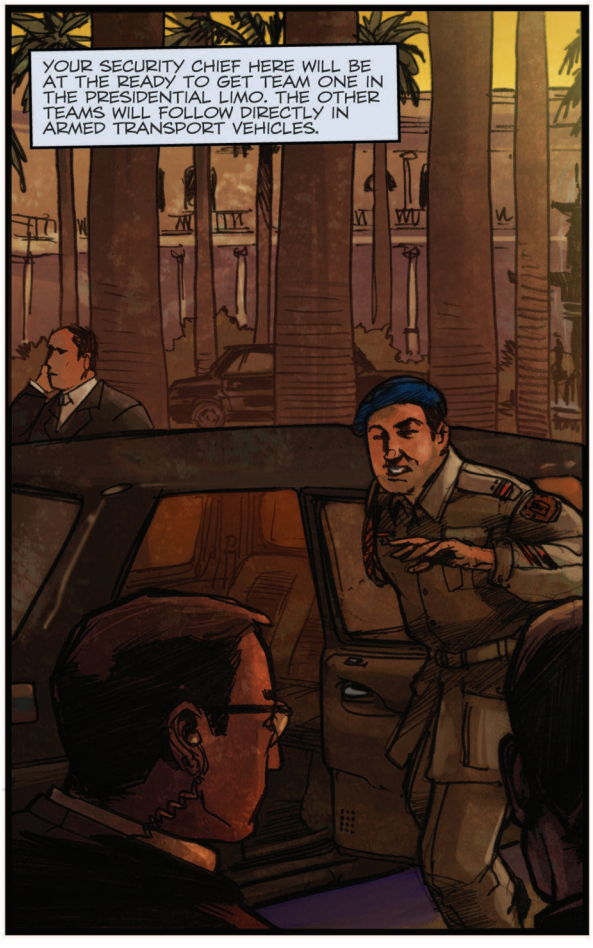

YOU WEAR A WHITE UNIFORM. SO, I THINK YOU ARE AN ADMIRAL OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.


CARACAS, VENEZUELA.
YEAH, SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
CITY


THE CAPITOL BUILDING. CARACAS, VENEZUELA.
YOU WANT ME TO PUT MY LIFE IN THE HANDS OF THIS RIDICULOUS AMERICAN SOLDIER? IT MAKES NO SENSE! WHY WOULD AMERICA WANT TO PROTECT ME?
THIS MAN SHOWS UP, IN MY COUNTRY, DRESSED TO FIGHT THE "ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN," AND YOU TELL ME TO TRUST HIM? THAT HE'S MY ONLY CHANCE? AND ONLY THREE HOURS AGO, YOU HAD NEVER EVEN HEARD OF THESE ASSASSINATION ATTEMPTS!
MR. PRESIDENT, IF I MAY, YOU'VE HAD TWO COUP ATTEMPTS AGAINST YOU, ONE OF WHICH WAS ALMOST SUCCESSFUL. AND YOU HAVE A BUNCH OF PEOPLE WHO HATE YOU OVER YOUR OIL POLICIES. SO, I GUESS MY QUESTION TO YOU IS...
...ARE YOU READY TO THROW YOUR LIFE AWAY BECAUSE YOU DON'T WANT AMERICAN HELP?
NO. NO, I SUPPOSE YOU ARE RIGHT.
GOOD. GLAD THAT'S SETTLED. NOW SOMEONE GET ME A JACKET SO I CAN BLEND IN. THIS IS WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO...


...WE DEPLOY THREE TEAMS AT ONCE, TWO OF WHICH ARE DECOYS.


THERE'S NOT A LOT OF SPACE AT ALL BETWEEN THE CAPITOL AND THE REST OF CARACAS, SO AN ATTACK COULD COME FROM ANYWHERE.


YOUR SECURITY CHIEF HERE WILL BE AT THE READY TO GET TEAM ONE IN THE PRESIDENTIAL LIMO. THE OTHER TEAMS WILL FOLLOW DIRECTLY IN ARMED TRANSPORT VEHICLES.


WE GET THE PRESIDENT TO A SECURE SAFE HOUSE OUTSIDE OF TOWN AND IT SHOULD ALL BE EASY AFTER THAT.


OKAY, EVERYONE STAY CALM AND FOLLOW THE PLAN!
SNIPER!
TAKE COVER BEHIND THE WRECKAGE!


SO, SO STUPID, SNOW JOB.
IS THE PRESIDENT OKAY?
HE'S FINE. WHAT HAPPENED OUT THERE?
SNIPER'S SMART. HE HONED IN ON THE ONLY SECURITY GUARD WHO LOOKED AT ALL DIFFERENT. THE GUY WITH RED HAIR. WE SHOULD HAVE COVER FROM HIM HERE, THOUGH.
OH, HELL.
TWO AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS! THEY GOT US PINNED DOWN!


YOU IDIOT! IT WAS YOUR PLAN THAT PUT US IN THIS POSITION!


PRETTY BIG TALK FOR A MAN WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE HE WAS GOING TO BE ASSASSINATED AN HOUR AGO. LET ME SEE YOUR HANDS.


YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LOSE ME FOR A SECOND, GUYS.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?


IF WE JUST KEEP TRADING FIRE WITH THESE GUYS, EVENTUALLY WE'RE OUT OF AMMO AND WE'RE DEAD. THE SNIPER WILL GET US.


GET READY. THIS OUGHT TO MAKE THEM LOSE THEIR COVER.
I HOPE.

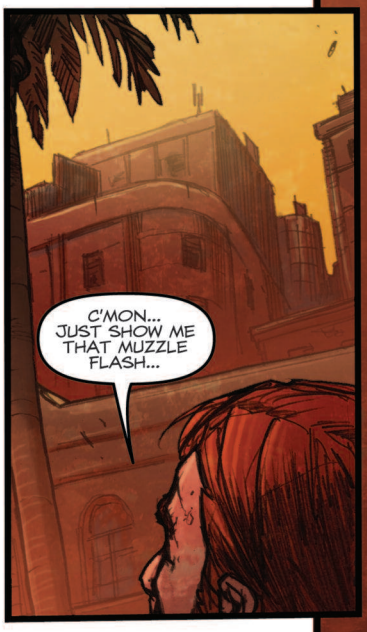

WHAT IS THAT?
IS THAT...?
00:07
HRS
...THAT'S PLASTIQUE!
00:06
HRS
GET OUT OF HERE!


BOOM.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
IF YOU WANT YOUR WATCH BACK, IT'S IN MY SKI WAX CANISTER AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS. MIGHT BE STICKY, THOUGH.
WHAT NOW?
I'M GOING TO DEAL WITH THIS SNIPER, YOU GET READY TO RUN FOR THE CAPITOL WITH THE PRESIDENT.


MAKE A BREAK FOR IT! GO! GO! GO!


HURRY, MR. PRESIDENT!


WHERE ARE YOU, PAL?


C'MON... JUST SHOW ME THAT MUZZLE FLASH...




THERE YOU ARE!




DID YOU GET HIM?
I CAN'T TELL. HOW IS THE PRESIDENT?
THE PRESIDENT'S FINE.


THAT'S ALL I NEEDED TO HEAR.


DOOR'S LOCKED.
SALIDA
THIS WAS DEFINITELY THE SNIPER'S NEST. WHERE'S THE SNIPER?
HE LEFT THIS WINDOW OPEN, TOO.




ARE YOU STILL ALIVE IN THERE, AMERICAN? OR DID I GET YOU?


YOU ARE AN AMERICAN, RIGHT? YOU DON'T SEE MANY RED-BEARDED VENEZUELANS.


THE PRESIDENT IS SAFE. I PROPOSE WE BOTH LEAVE AND REFLECT ON THE MISTAKES WE HAVE MADE THIS DAY.




THERE YOU ARE.


NEVER MISS.


WELL, LOOK AT THAT. I MIGHT JUST BE AS GOOD AS I SAY I AM!


IT WAS DAMN NEAR IMPOSSIBLE TO HIT THE BUTT OF YOUR RIFLE AND NOT SHOOT YOU. YOU'RE LUCKY I HAD ALL THAT TIME IN ANTARCTICA TO PRACTICE. NOW, LET'S SEE IF YOUR LUCK HOLDS OUT.
IF YOU TELL ME WHO YOU GUYS WORK FOR IN THE NEXT FORTY SECONDS, I'LL MAKE SURE YOU GET IN THE CUSTODY OF THE AMERICAN MILITARY.
IF YOU WANNA BE NASTY, I'LL HAND YOU OVER TO THE VENEZUELANS, WHO WILL PROBABLY NOT BE AS NICE ABOUT YOU TRYING TO KILL THEIR PRESIDENT.
THE BLACK BLOODS. MY TEAM IS PART OF THE BLACK BLOODS.
THE BLACK BLOODS?


File Action View Help
SIGNAL: 96%
THE BLACK BLOODS ARE RUMORED TO BE A CABAL OF BUSINESSMEN AND MERCENARIES WHO TRY TO MANIPULATE THE PRICE OF OIL FOR THEIR OWN FINANCIAL GAIN.
BUT, UNTIL TODAY, THEY WERE ONLY JUST A RUMOR.


SO KILLING THE PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA WOULD HAVE EVENTUALLY WEAKENED THE PRICE OF OIL BECAUSE HE'S ALSO THE LEADER OF OPEC.
IN THEORY. THIS IS REALLY OUR FIRST SOLID LEAD ON THESE GUYS.


SO, WHAT DO WE DO NEXT, LADIES?


WHAT'S NEXT FOR YOU IS THAT YOU STILL COME TO THE PIT FOR YOUR TEST AND ALSO YOUR CERTIFICATION AS A RIFLE INSTRUCTOR. BUT WE'LL MAKE SURE YOU GET SOME TIME IN THE SUN, TOO.
SIGNAL: 96%


WE CAN CANCEL THE SUN WORSHIPPING. AFTER BEING CHASED AROUND SOUTH AMERICA IN MY WINTER GEAR, I'VE HAD ALL THE HEAT I CAN HANDLE.



END.





G.I. JOE: HEARTS AND MINDS #1A COVER BY **HOWARD CHAYKIN**
COLORS BY **EDGAR DELGADO**




I'M NOT GOING OUT LIKE MY OLD MAN...
...WHO WATCHED HIS FACTORY MOVE AWAY.
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT




I'M NOT GOING OUT LIKE HIS OLD MAN...
...WHOSE FARM WAS TAKEN AWAY.
FORECLOSURE


RIGHT, RIGHT, IT'S ALL HERE, NOW WIRE MY BLOODY MONEY!
THE WORLD IS FILLED WITH GOOD MEN.
MEN WHO COULDN'T EARN A LIVING ANYMORE.
homeless vet, please help.
will work for food
MEN WHOSE SKILLS HAD BECOME "REDUNDANT."
MEN WHO WATCHED THEIR MANHOOD DIE...
...BECAUSE THEY COULDN'T PROVIDE.

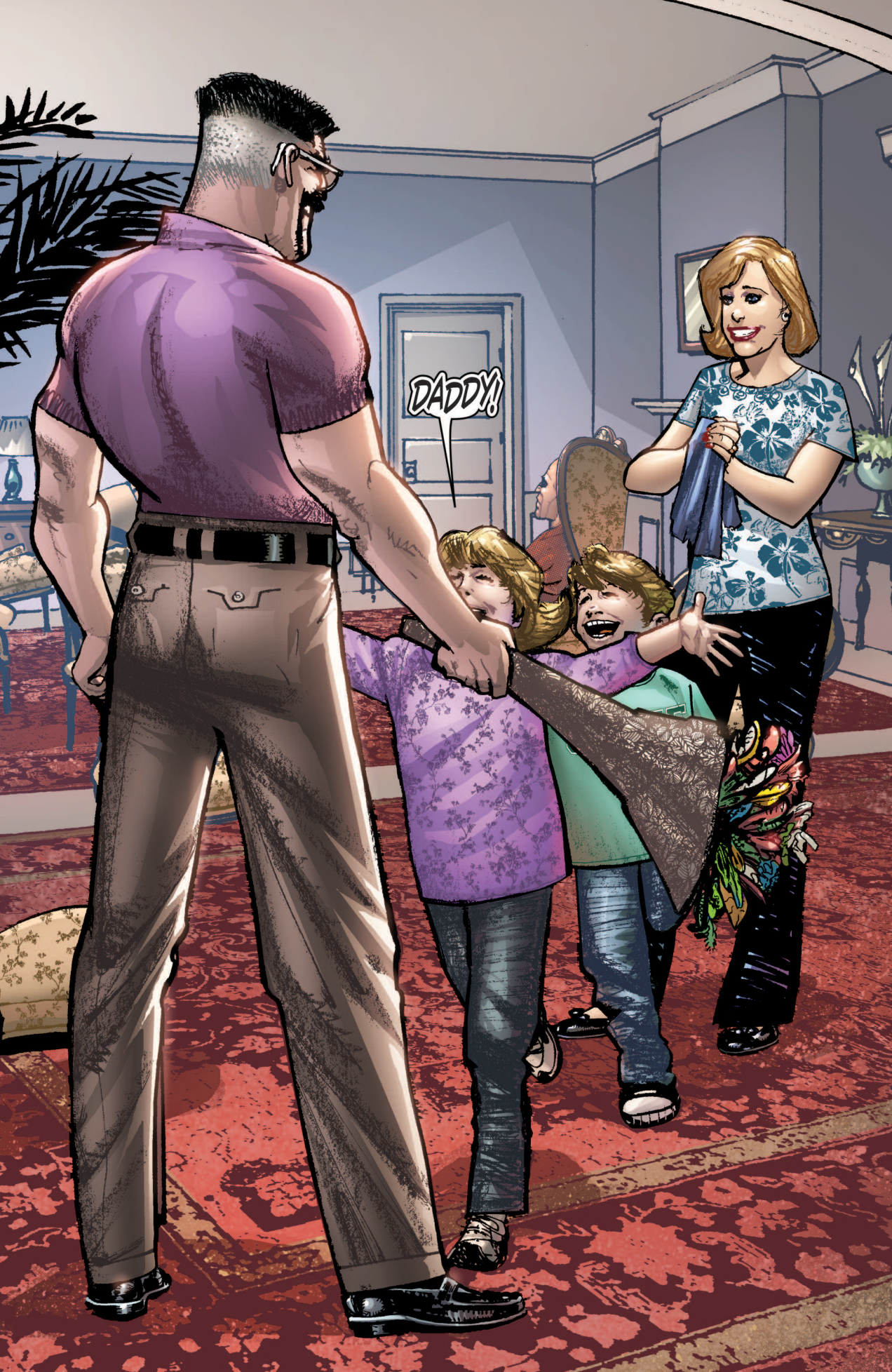

MEN WITHOUT DIGNITY, WITHOUT PURPOSE, WITHOUT HOPE.

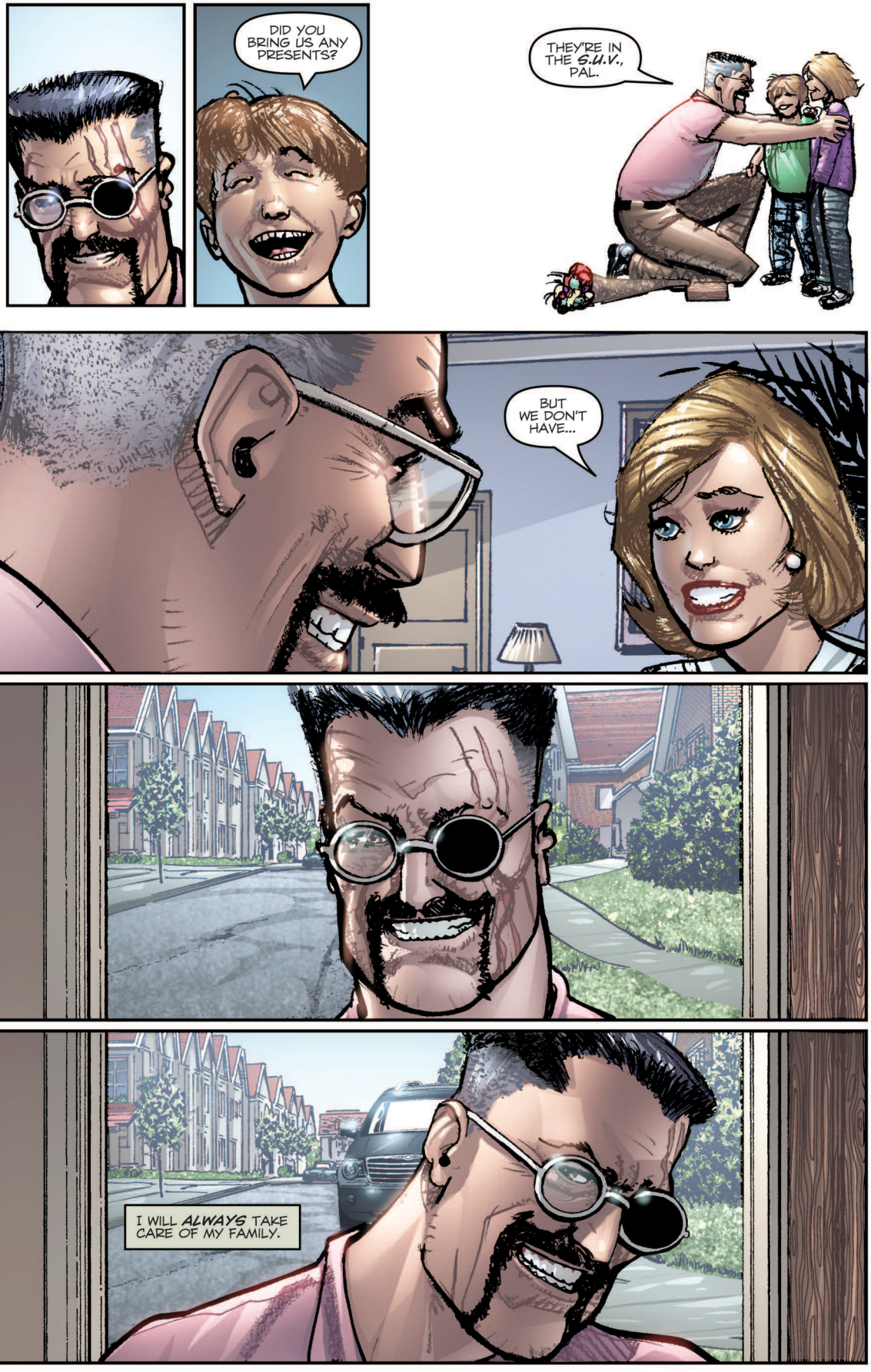

WHADDAYA WANNA DO WITH THE PRISONERS?
TIMES CHANGE.


YOU MEAN "WITNESSES."
MEN DON'T.
THEY JUST GET TOSSED ASIDE...
...WITH THE REST OF YESTERDAY'S RUBBISH.
NOT ME.


I'M NOT GOING OUT LIKE MY OLD MAN...
...WHO'S WAITING TO DIE.
I'M NOT GOING OUT LIKE HIS OLD MAN...
...WHO JUST COULDN'T WAIT.


I WILL ALWAYS BE VALUED.
I WILL ALWAYS BE NEEDED.
SORRY, LOVE, JUST DOIN' ME JOB.
TIMES CHANGE. MEN DON'T.
I WILL *NEVER* BE "REDUNDANT."


DADDY!


DID YOU BRING US ANY PRESENTS?
THEY'RE IN THE S.U.V., PAL.
BUT WE DON'T HAVE...
I WILL ALWAYS TAKE CARE OF MY FAMILY.


DAD?
HUH...? WHU...?
BRUNG YA SOMETHIN'...
I WILL ALWAYS PROVIDE.
SSSON...
LUV YOU TOO, DAD.
MY CODE NAME IS MAJOR BLUDD. I AM COBRA.



G.I. JOE: HEARTS AND MINDS #1B COVER BY **ANTONIO FUSO**





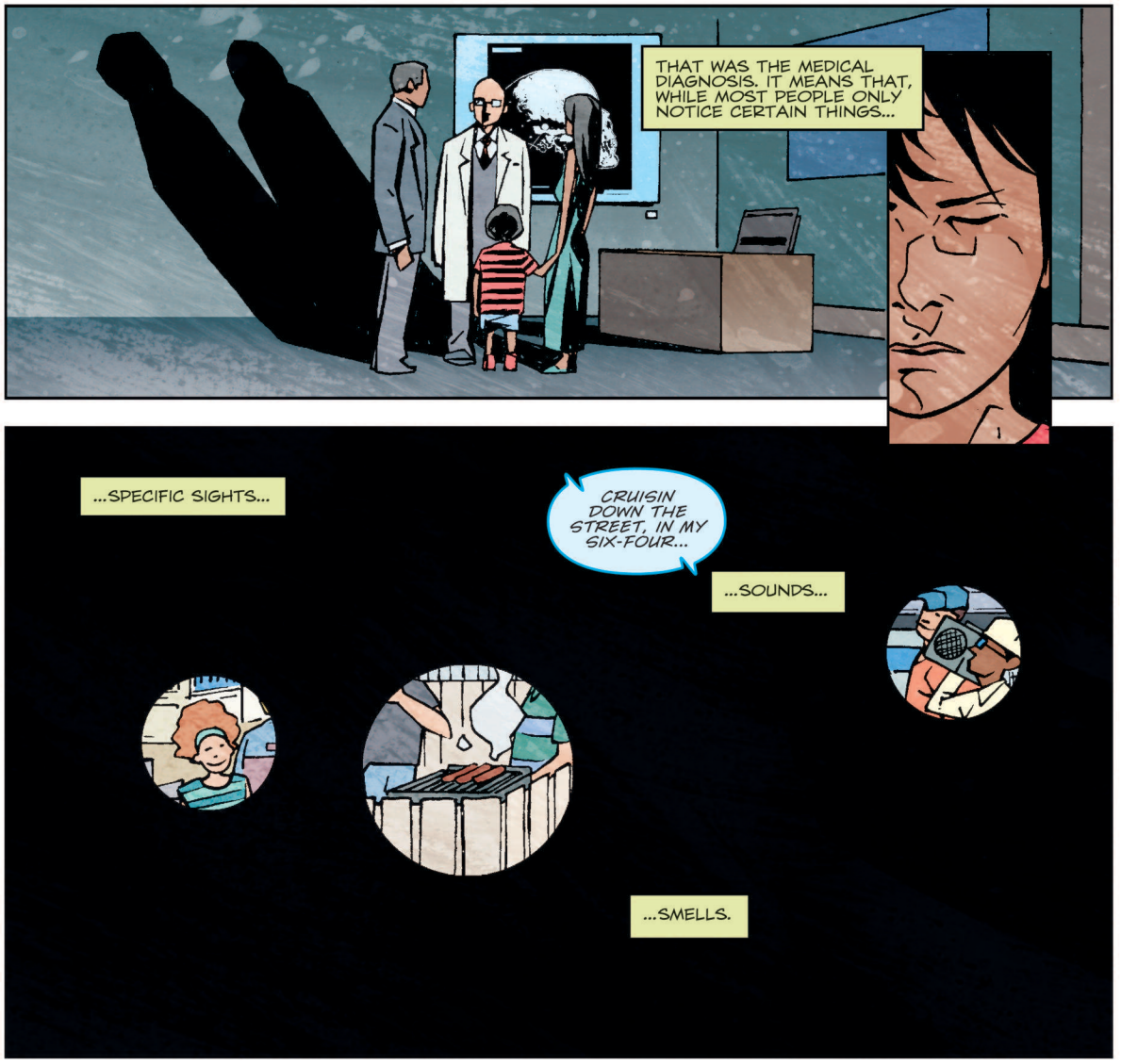

ROCK'S BEEN DRIVEN DOWN.
LIKE SOMEONE STEPPED ON IT.
HOW THE HELL DID HE...?

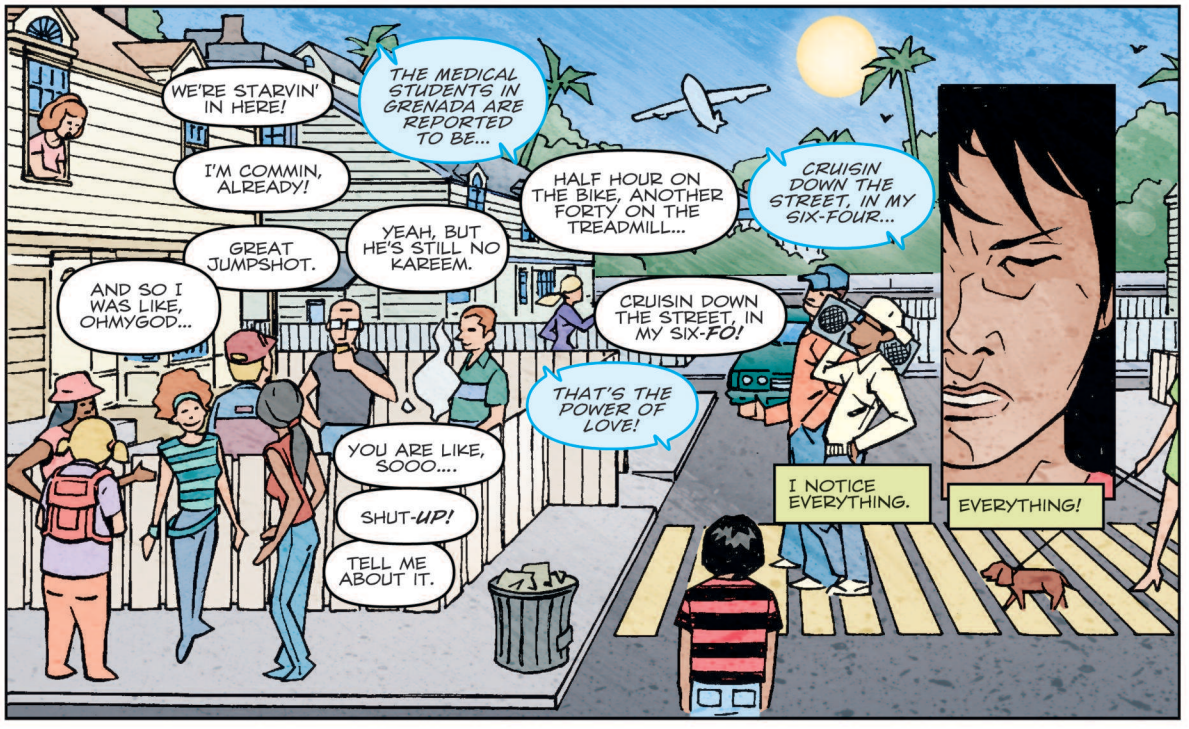

HOW DO YOU THINK?
OF COURSE THEY MADE ME A TRACKER.
I'M AN INDIAN.
AT ONE WITH NATURE AND ALL THAT CRAP... AND IT *IS* CRAP.
MY FAMILY ARE CITY FOLK...


...HAVE BEEN FOR A THOUSAND YEARS.
BACK WHEN A LOT OF WHITES WERE STILL BEARDED, BLUE BARBARIANS.

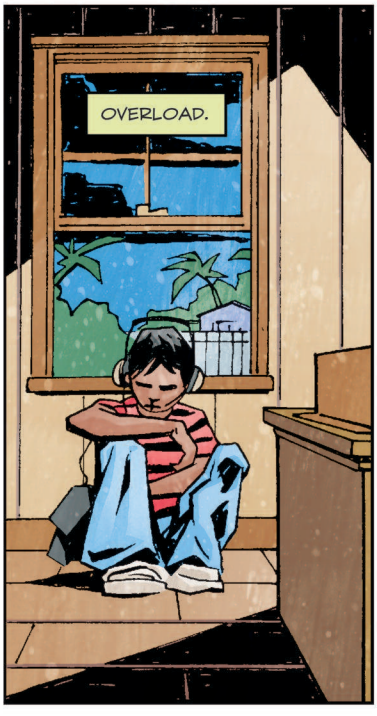

SOME STILL ARE.
JUST LIKE I ALWAYS SAY.
"HUMAN MAN, HE LIKES TRACKIN' AND KILLIN'. INJUN FIGURES IT'S NATURAL."
RACIST, MOVIE-QUOTING SON OF A...


...THE KICKER IS...
...HE WAS RIGHT.
IT IS NATURAL FOR ME.
BUT NOT CAUSE I'M AN "INJUN."
EVAPORATED SWEAT.
SENSORY INTEGRATION DYSFUNCTION.


THAT WAS THE MEDICAL DIAGNOSIS. IT MEANS THAT, WHILE MOST PEOPLE ONLY NOTICE CERTAIN THINGS...
...SPECIFIC SIGHTS...
CRUISIN DOWN THE STREET, IN MY SIX-FOUR...
...SOUNDS...
...SMELLS.


WE'RE STARVIN' IN HERE!
I'M COMMIN, ALREADY!
GREAT JUMPSHOT.
AND SO I WAS LIKE, OHMYGOD...
THE MEDICAL STUDENTS IN GRENADA ARE REPORTED TO BE...
YEAH, BUT HE'S STILL NO KAREEM.
YOU ARE LIKE, SOOO....
SHUT-UP!
TELL ME ABOUT IT.
HALF HOUR ON THE BIKE, ANOTHER FORTY ON THE TREADMILL...
CRUISIN DOWN THE STREET, IN MY SIX-FO!
THAT'S THE POWER OF LOVE!
CRUISIN DOWN THE STREET, IN MY SIX-FOUR...
I NOTICE EVERYTHING.
EVERYTHING!


CROWDS.
CITIES.
EVERYDAY "NORMAL" LIFE.


OVERLOAD.


A QUIET SPACE. "DEVOID OF EXTRANEOUS STIMULI."

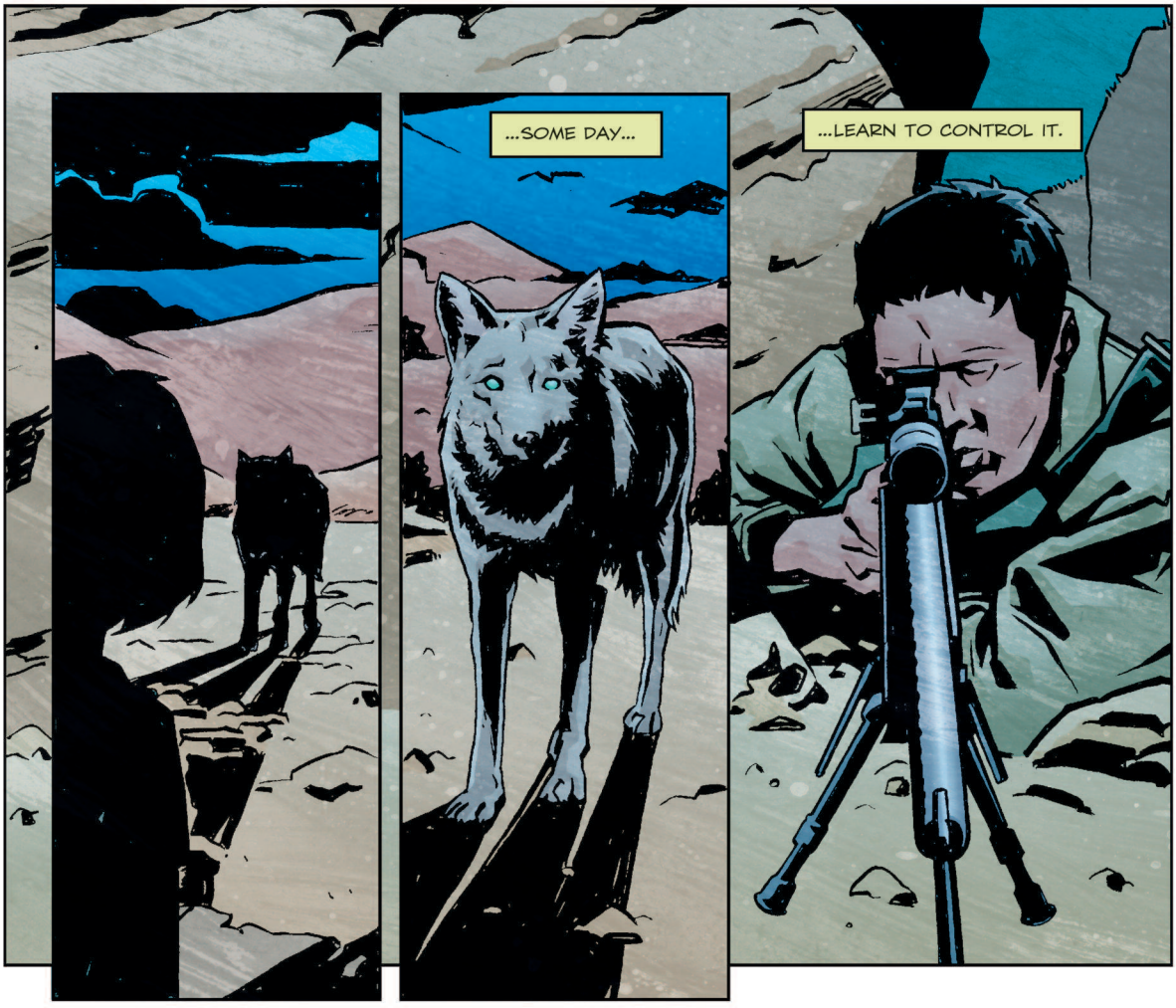

A SAFE PLACE. "CONDUCIVE TO DEVELOPMENTAL MOTOR PLANNING."


THAT'S WHAT THE OCCUPATIONAL THERAPISTS SAID.
SPACE AND TIME... THE FREEDOM TO UNDERSTAND MY "DISORDER."

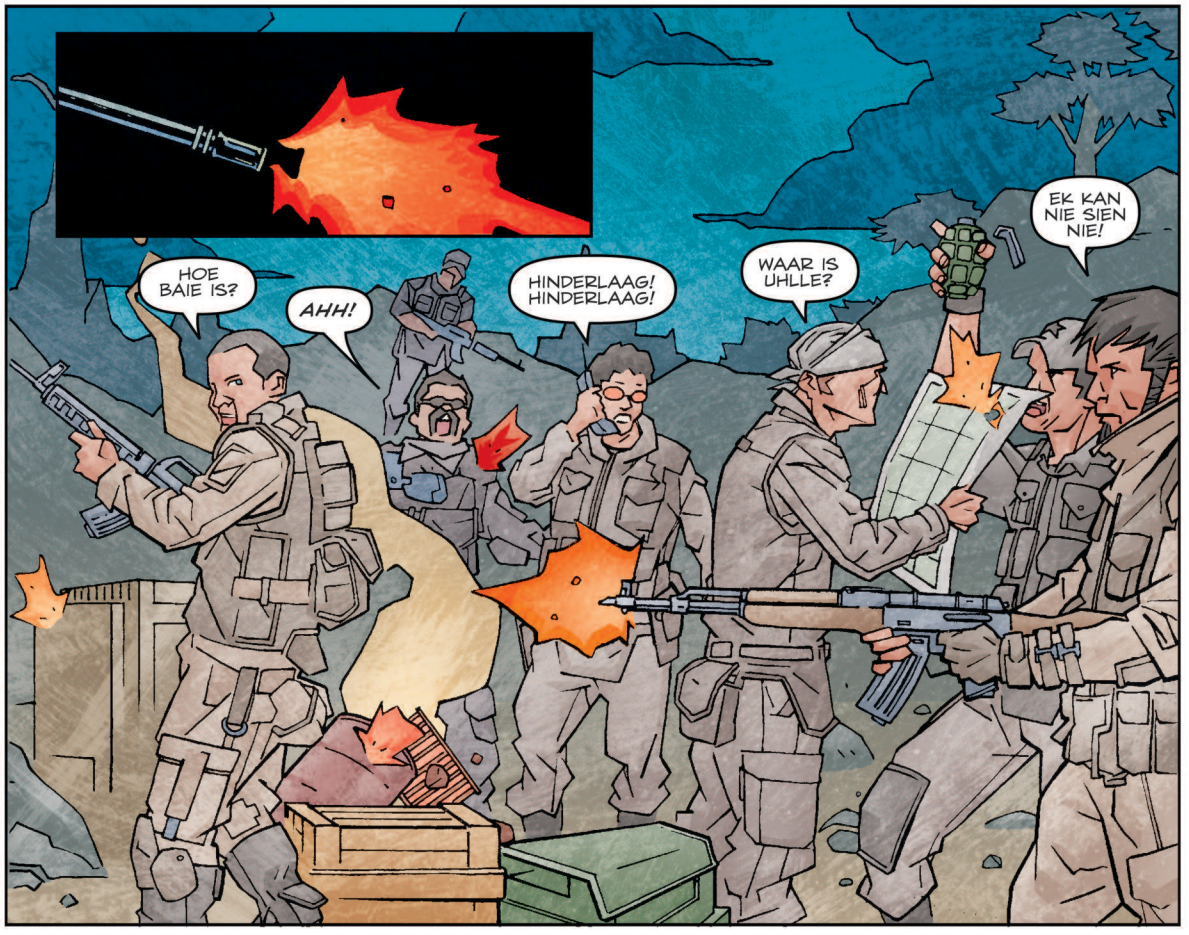

LEARN TO LIVE WITH IT...


...ACCEPT IT...


...AND MAYBE...

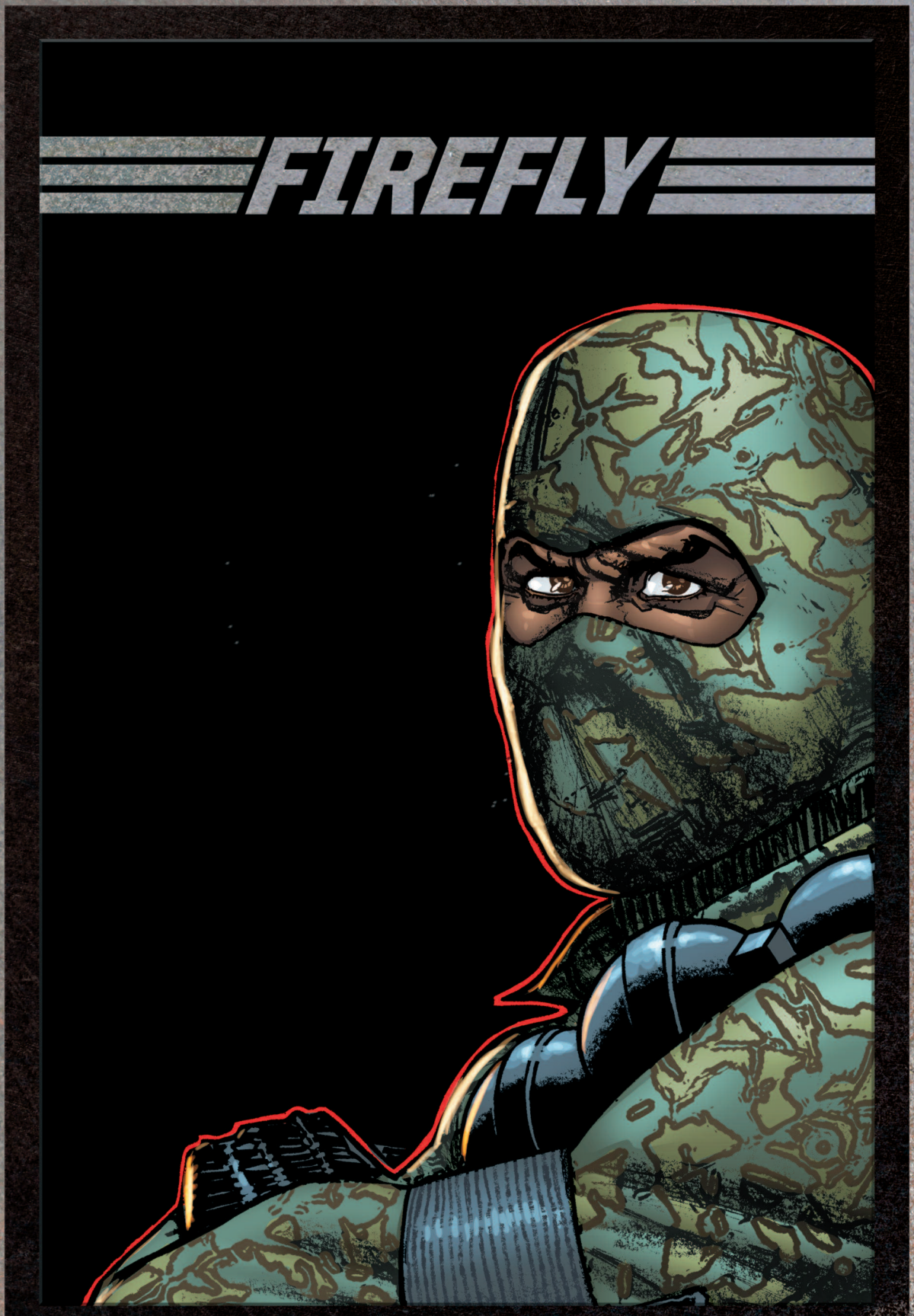

...SOME DAY...
...LEARN TO CONTROL IT.



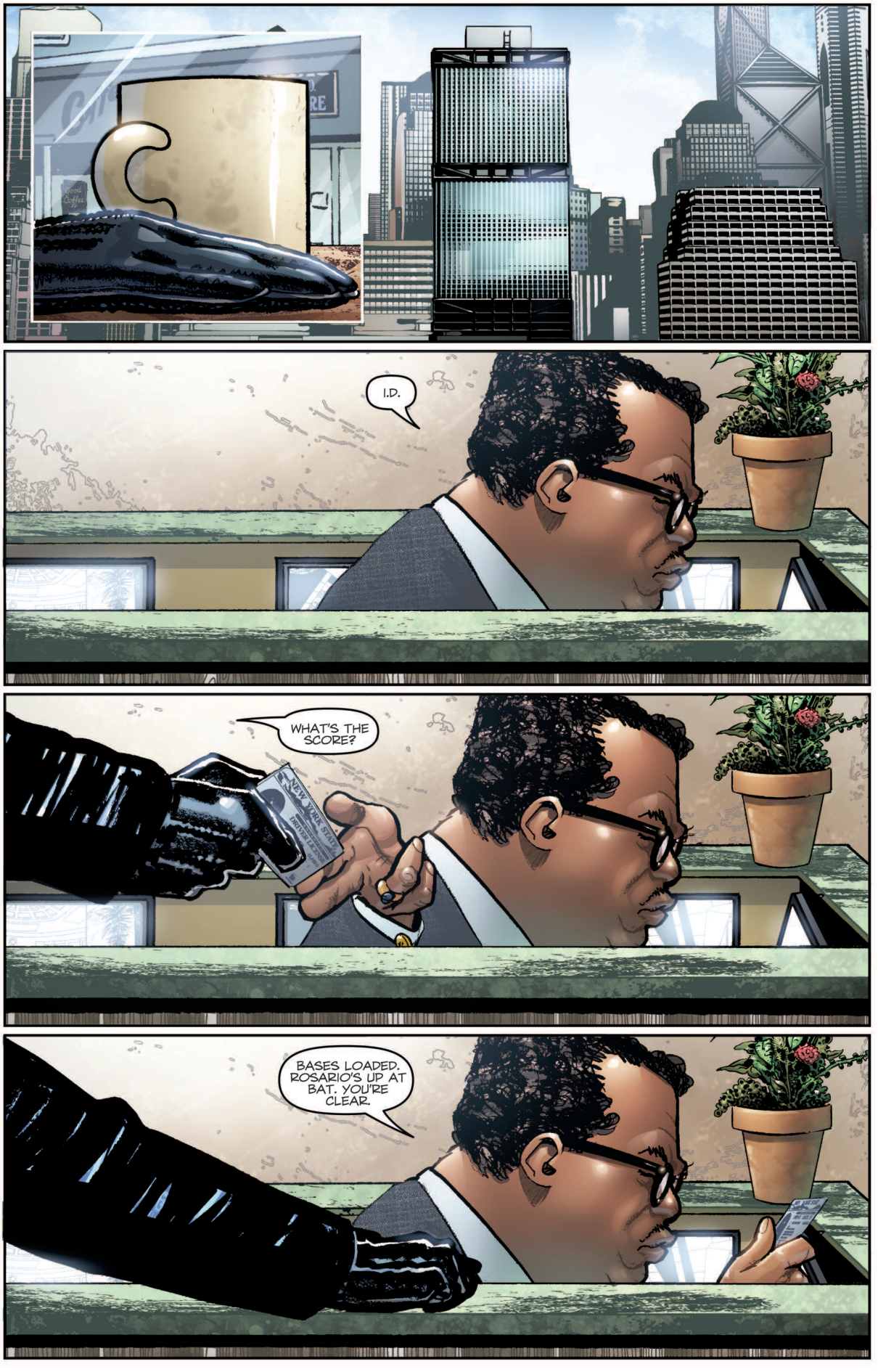

HOE BAIE IS?
AHH!
HINDERLAAG! HINDERLAAG!
WAAR IS UHLLE?
EK KAN NIE SIEN NIE!


AND I *CAN* CONTROL IT.

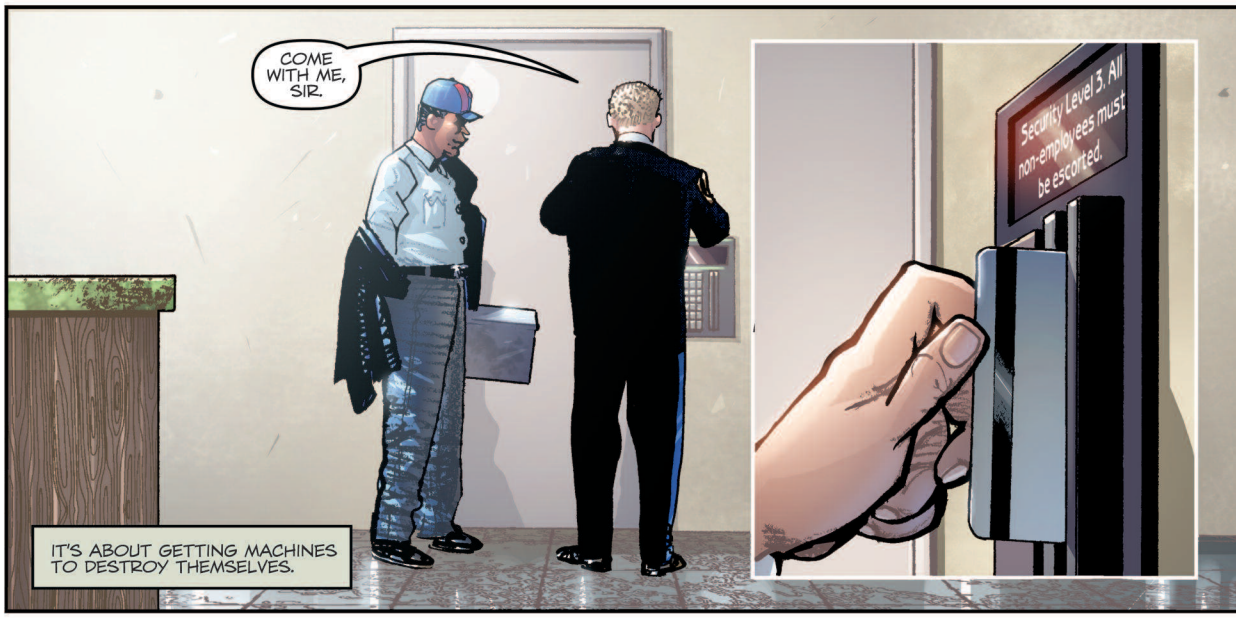

BUT IT'LL NEVER BE "NATURAL."
HEY, WHERE'S CHARLIE?
MY CODE NAME IS SPIRIT.
I AM G.I. JOE.



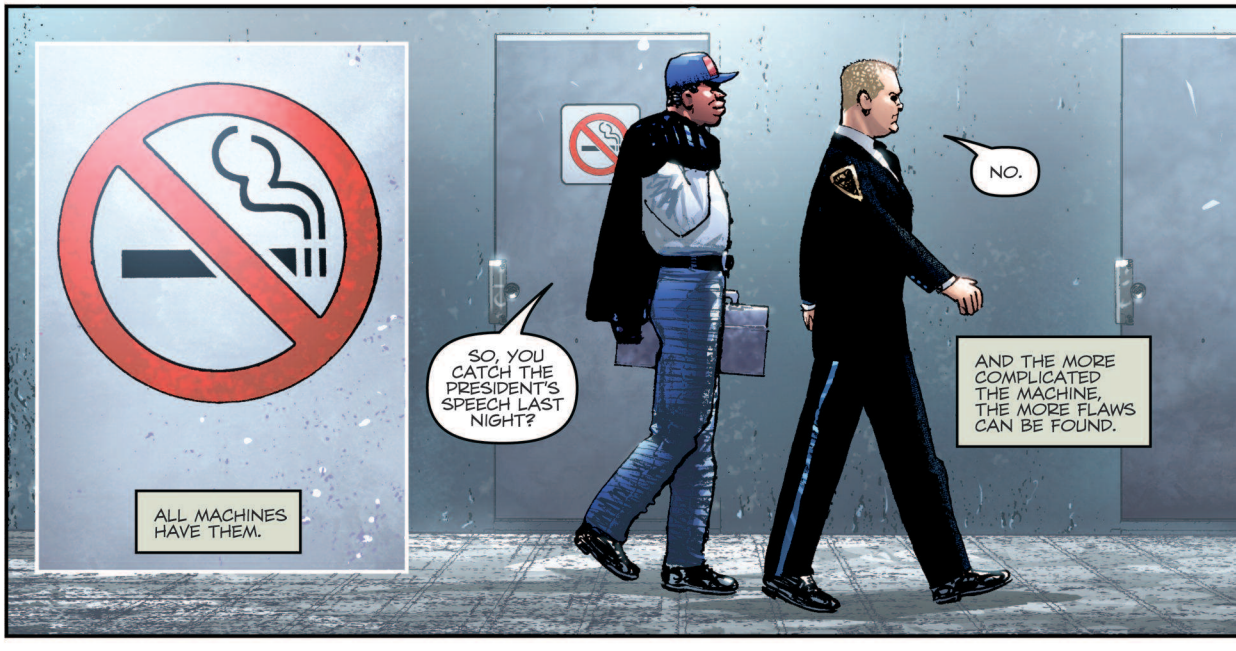
G.I. JOE: HEARTS AND MINDS #2A COVER BY **HOWARD CHAYKIN**
COLORS BY **EDGAR DELGADO**

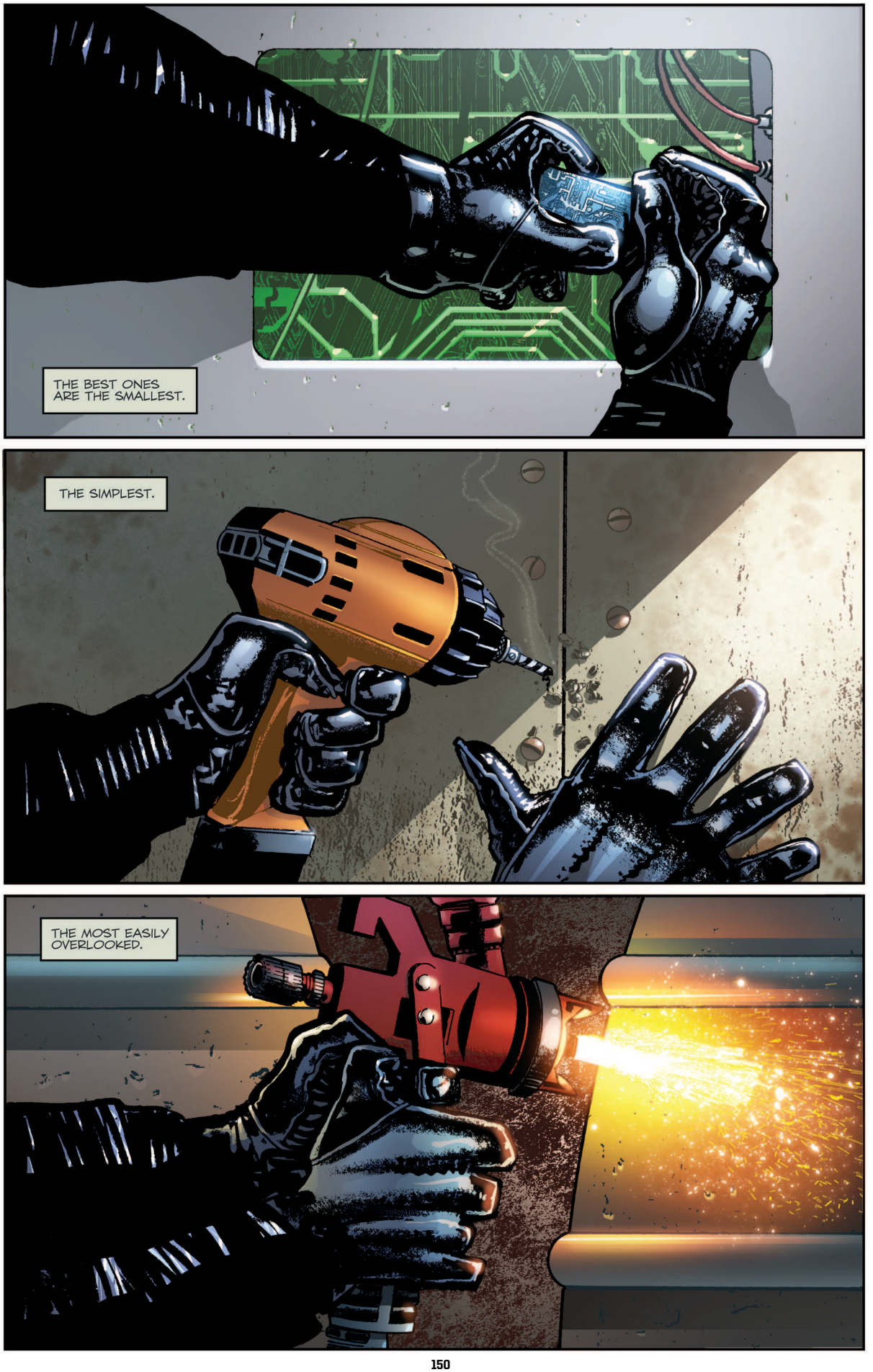

I.D.
WHAT'S THE SCORE?
NEW YORK STATE
BASES LOADED. ROSARIO'S UP AT BAT. YOU'RE CLEAR.


THANKS, DUDE.
SABOTAGE ISN'T ABOUT DESTROYING MACHINES.


COME WITH ME, SIR.
Security Level 3. All non-employees must be escorted.
IT'S ABOUT GETTING MACHINES TO DESTROY THEMSELVES.


SABOTAGE IS ALL ABOUT FINDING THE FLAWS.


ALL MACHINES HAVE THEM.
SO, YOU CATCH THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH LAST NIGHT?
NO.
AND THE MORE COMPLICATED THE MACHINE, THE MORE FLAWS CAN BE FOUND.

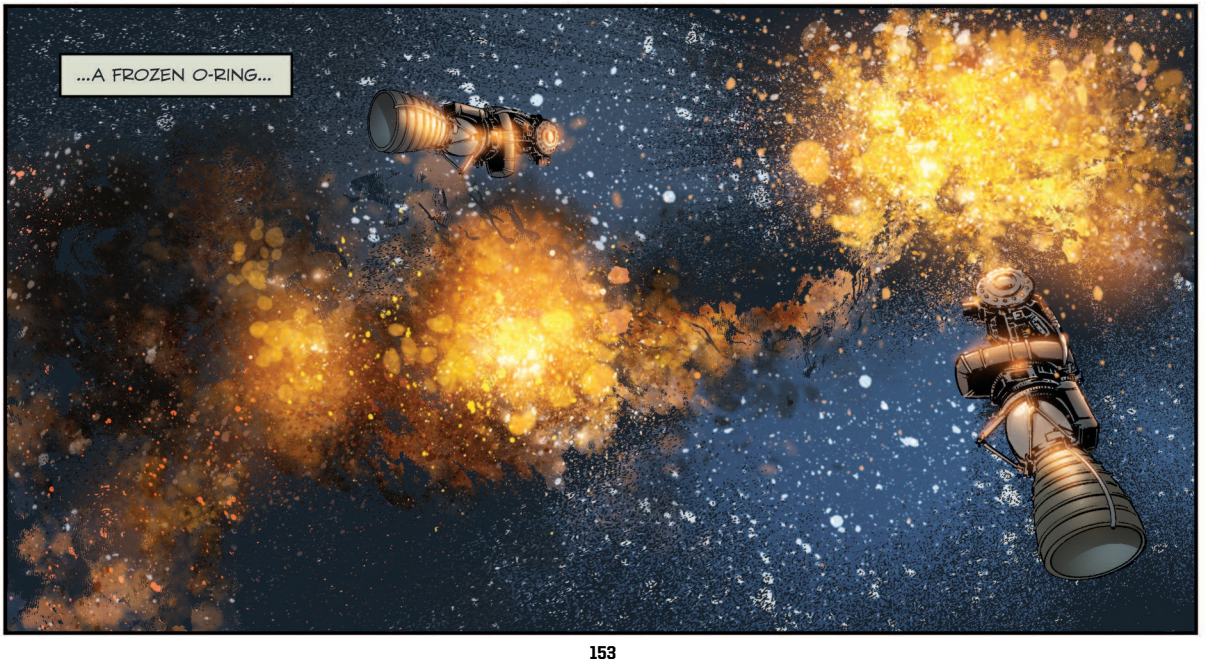

THE BEST ONES ARE THE SMALLEST.
THE SIMPLEST.
THE MOST EASILY OVERLOOKED.

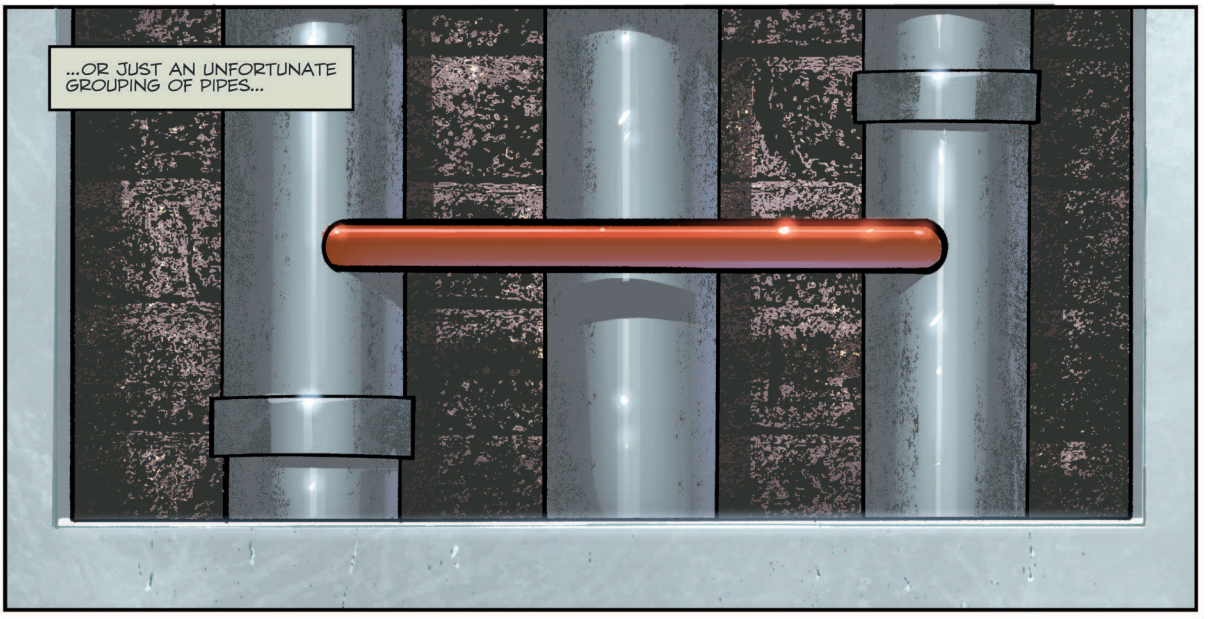

HERE IT IS.
ANYWAYS, THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH, COMPLICATED ISSUE, EDUCATION REFORM.
MMMM...
NO PROBLEM, JUST GIMME A MINUTE TO SNAKE IT, AND MAYBE CHECK THE SEALS. A LOT OF THE PIPES ARE CORRODED, YOU KNOW.

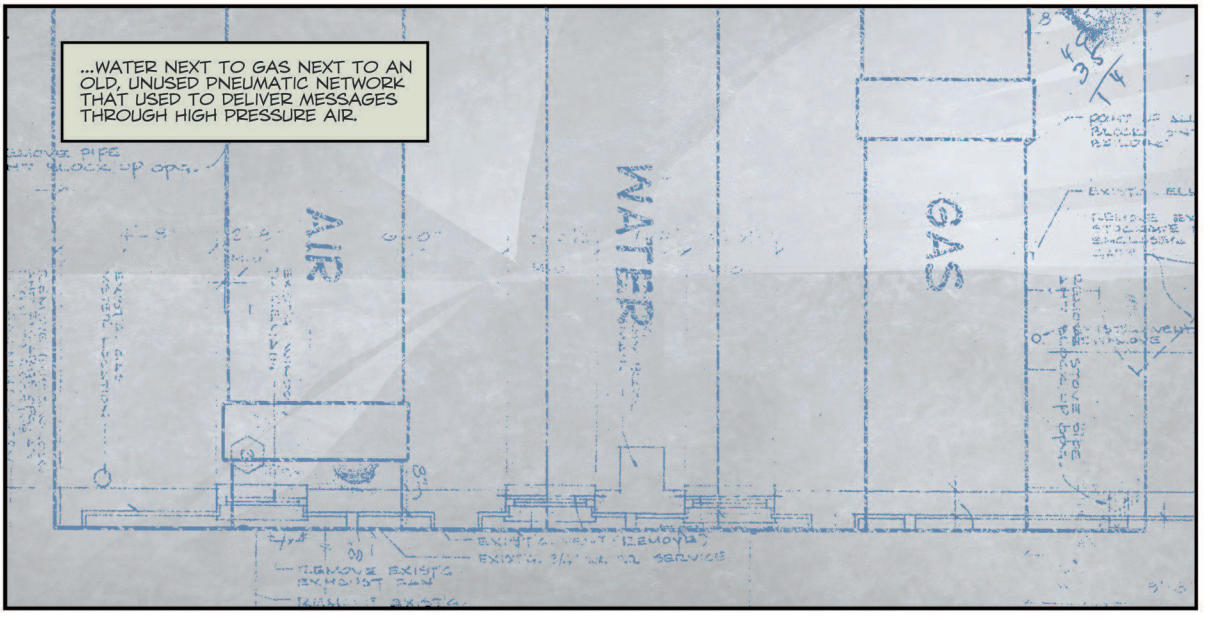

I MEAN, A LOT OF SMART KIDS JUST AREN'T GOOD AT STANDARDIZED TESTS...
...BUT THEN HOW DO YOU KNOW HOW THEY'RE DOIN'...
...SAY, COMPARED TO KIDS IN CHINA OR INDIA?
AND TEACHERS, HEY, I AIN'T AGAINST UNIONS AND ALL...
...BUT IF YOU DON'T DO YOUR JOB RIGHT, YOU SHOULD GET FIRED, RIGHT? RIGHT?
YEAH... UH HUH.
THE FLAWS...

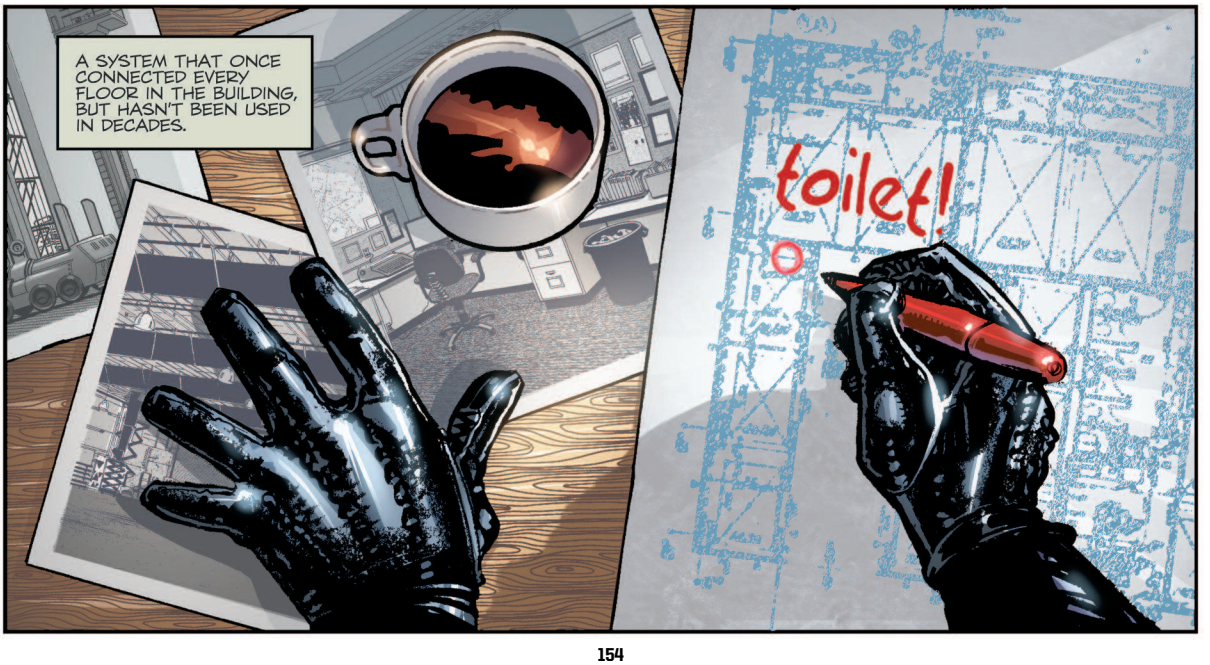

...A CROSSED WIRE...


...A WEAKENED SEAL...


...A FROZEN O-RING...


...OR JUST AN UNFORTUNATE GROUPING OF PIPES...


...WATER NEXT TO GAS NEXT TO AN OLD, UNUSED PNEUMATIC NETWORK THAT USED TO DELIVER MESSAGES THROUGH HIGH PRESSURE AIR.
AIR
WATER
GAS


A SYSTEM THAT ONCE CONNECTED EVERY FLOOR IN THE BUILDING, BUT HASN'T BEEN USED IN DECADES.
toilet!


OKAY!
GOOD AS NEW!
YOU GOIN UP TO THE 12TH?
YEAH, TOO COLD OUTSIDE.
A LUCKY BREAK CAN MAKE A JOB EASIER, BUT SABOTAGE ISN'T ABOUT LUCK.
IT'S ABOUT FINDING THE FLAWS.


ALL MACHINES HAVE THEM.
LOWMAN'S
AND THE MORE COMPLICATED THE MACHINE...
GO TEAM!
SO, EVERY TIME MY WIFE STARTS TALKIN' POLITICS, I JUST ZONE OUT.
...THE MORE FLAWS CAN BE FOUND.

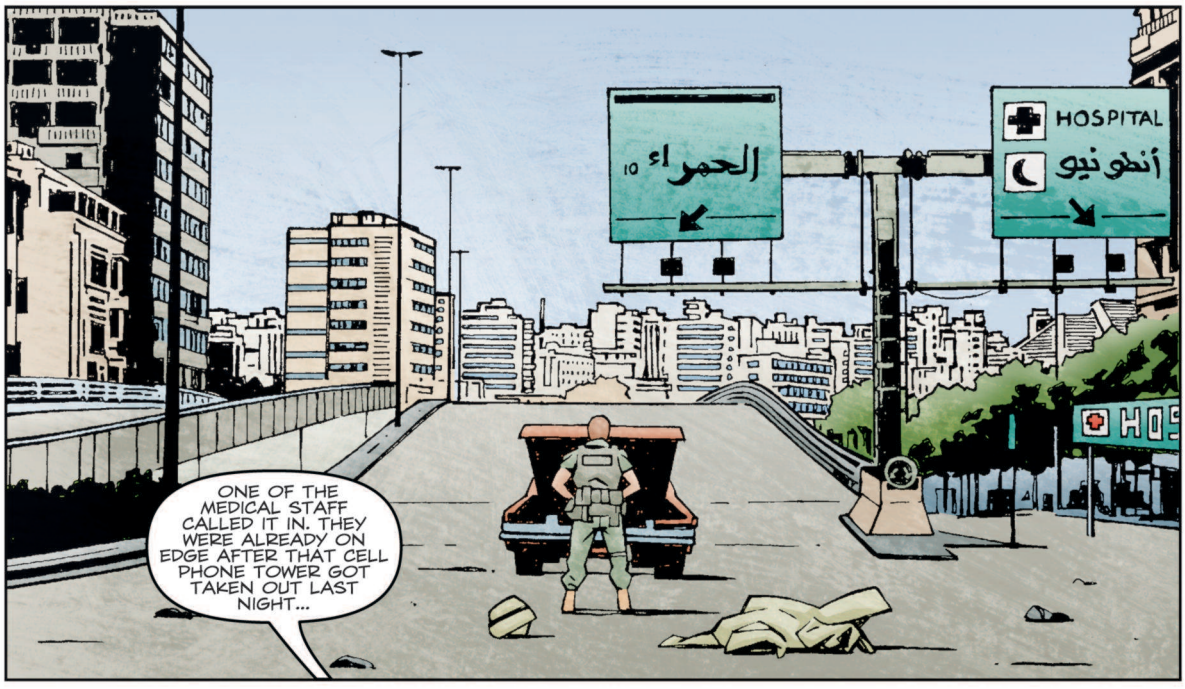

AND THERE'S NO MACHINE ON OUR EARTH...
Secret
Smok
Room!
...AS COMPLICATED...
...OR FLAWED...
JOE'S BARBER SHOP
HEY, DO YOU SMELL SOMETHING?
...AS A HUMAN BEING.


BARBER
Menu


BARBER
Menu
MY NAME IS FIREFLY.
I AM COBRA.

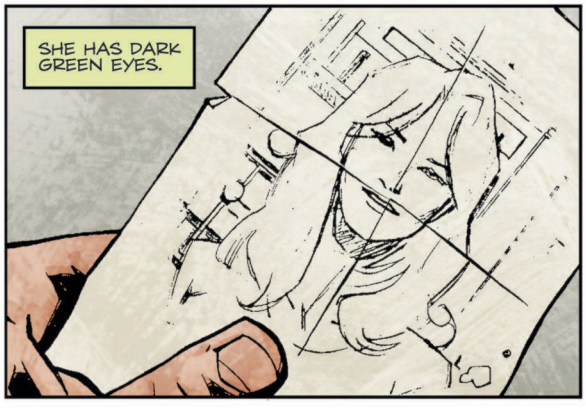


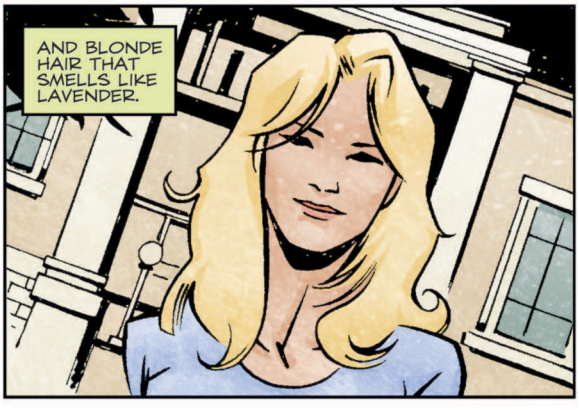
G.I. JOE: HEARTS AND MINDS #2B COVER BY **ANTONIO FUSO**


HOSPITAL
الحمراء 10
أنطونيو
ONE OF THE MEDICAL STAFF CALLED IT IN. THEY WERE ALREADY ON EDGE AFTER THAT CELL PHONE TOWER GOT TAKEN OUT LAST NIGHT...


...NO ONE KNOWS WHEN IT WAS PARKED—
BUT THE TRUNK IS SAGGING. GOT IT.


AND THE BOT?
SKOOG WOULDN'T WAIT FOR IT.
AND THAT SURPRISES YOU BECAUSE...?


SHE HAS DARK GREEN EYES.

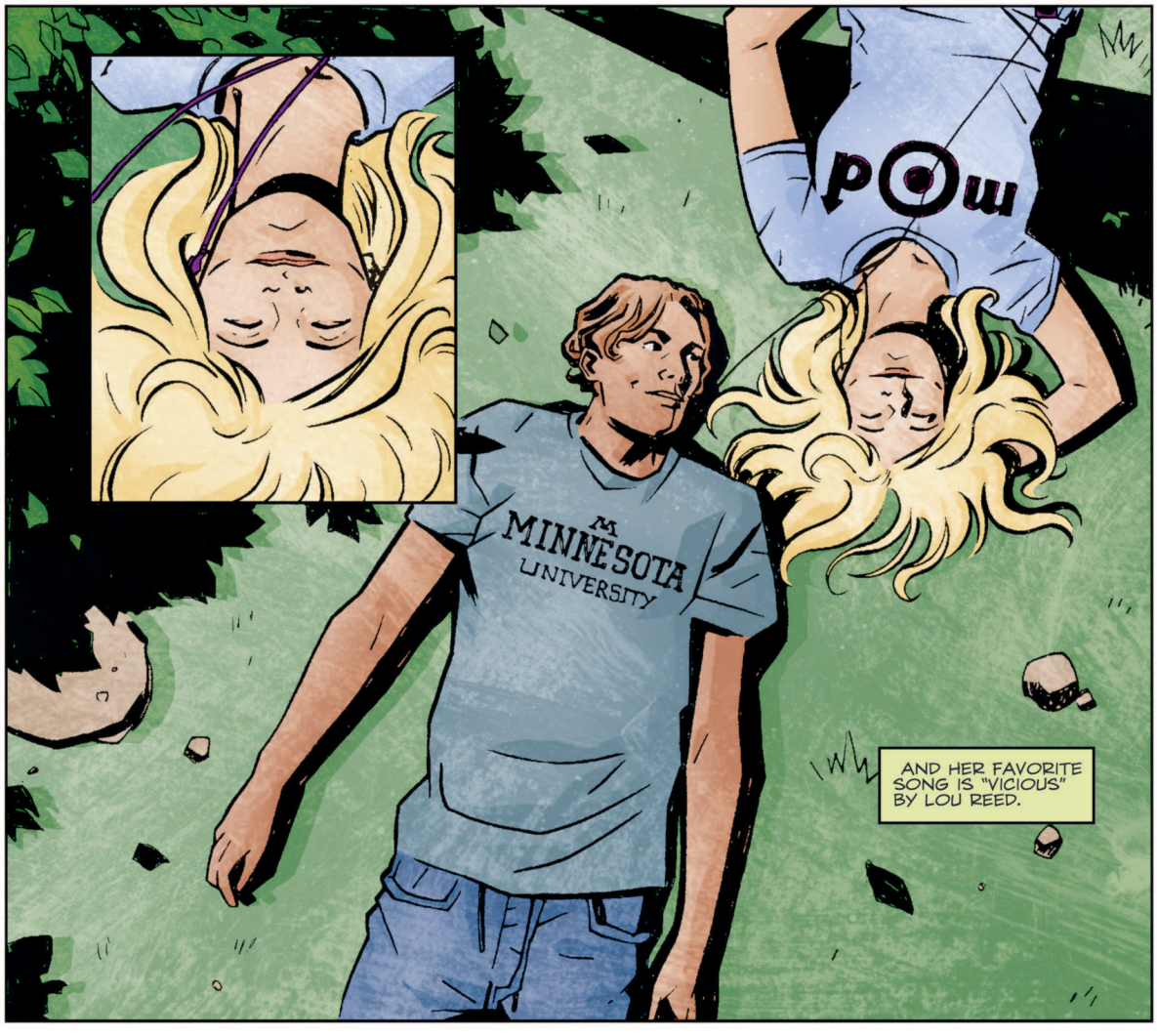

AND BLONDE HAIR THAT SMELLS LIKE LAVENDER.

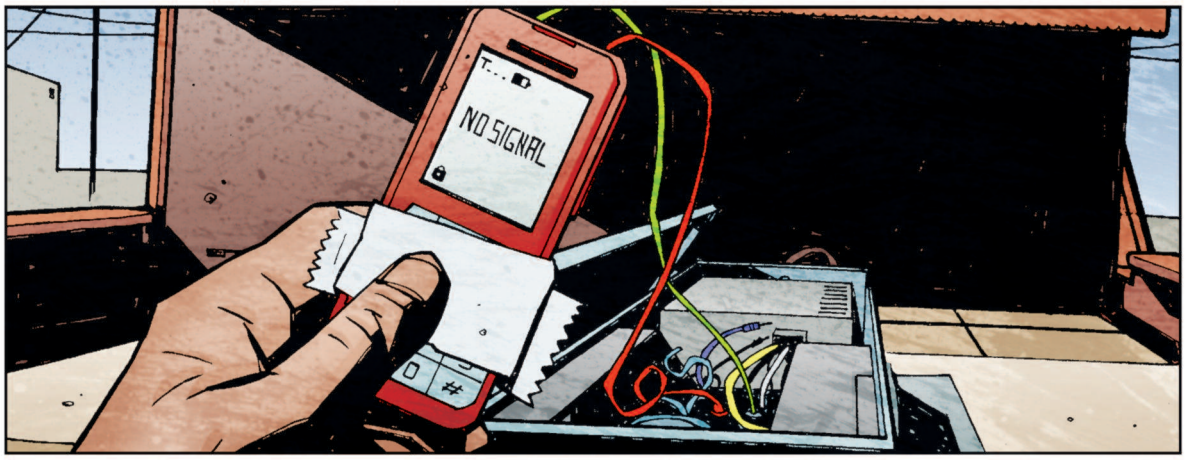

WHAT'S THE STORY, MORNING GLORY?
MAYBE THESE GUYS AREN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL...
...AT LEAST THEY BUY AMERICAN.
HALIDOW INC. # 5771 - E.
Spartanburg. South Carolina. USA

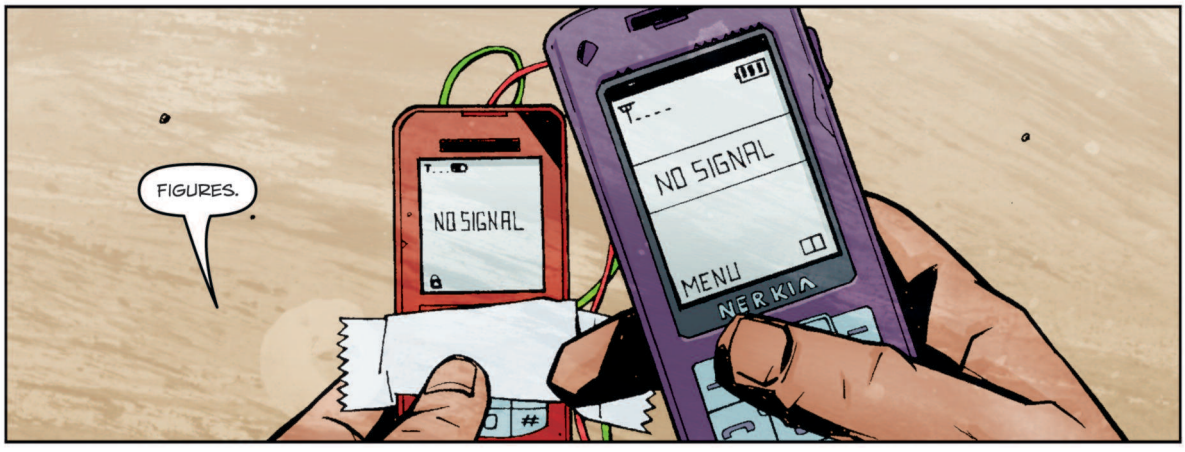

DAMMIT, SKOOG!
DID I SAY THAT OUT LOUD?
DETONATOR...


HER FAVORITE PAINTING IS "BELLA" BY LUCIAN FREUD.
Lucian Freud
Bella (1981)

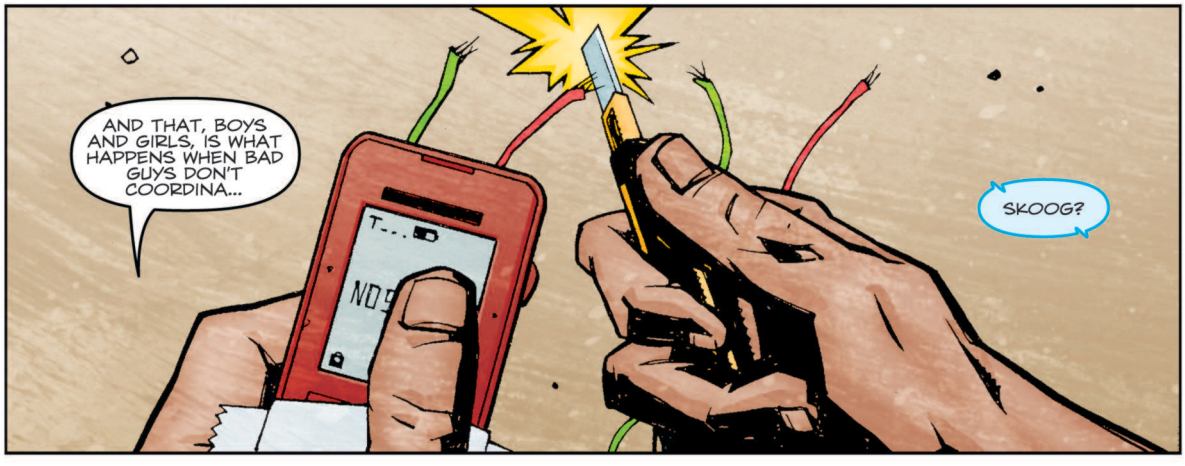



POW
MINNESOTA UNIVERSITY
AND HER FAVORITE SONG IS "VICIOUS" BY LOU REED.

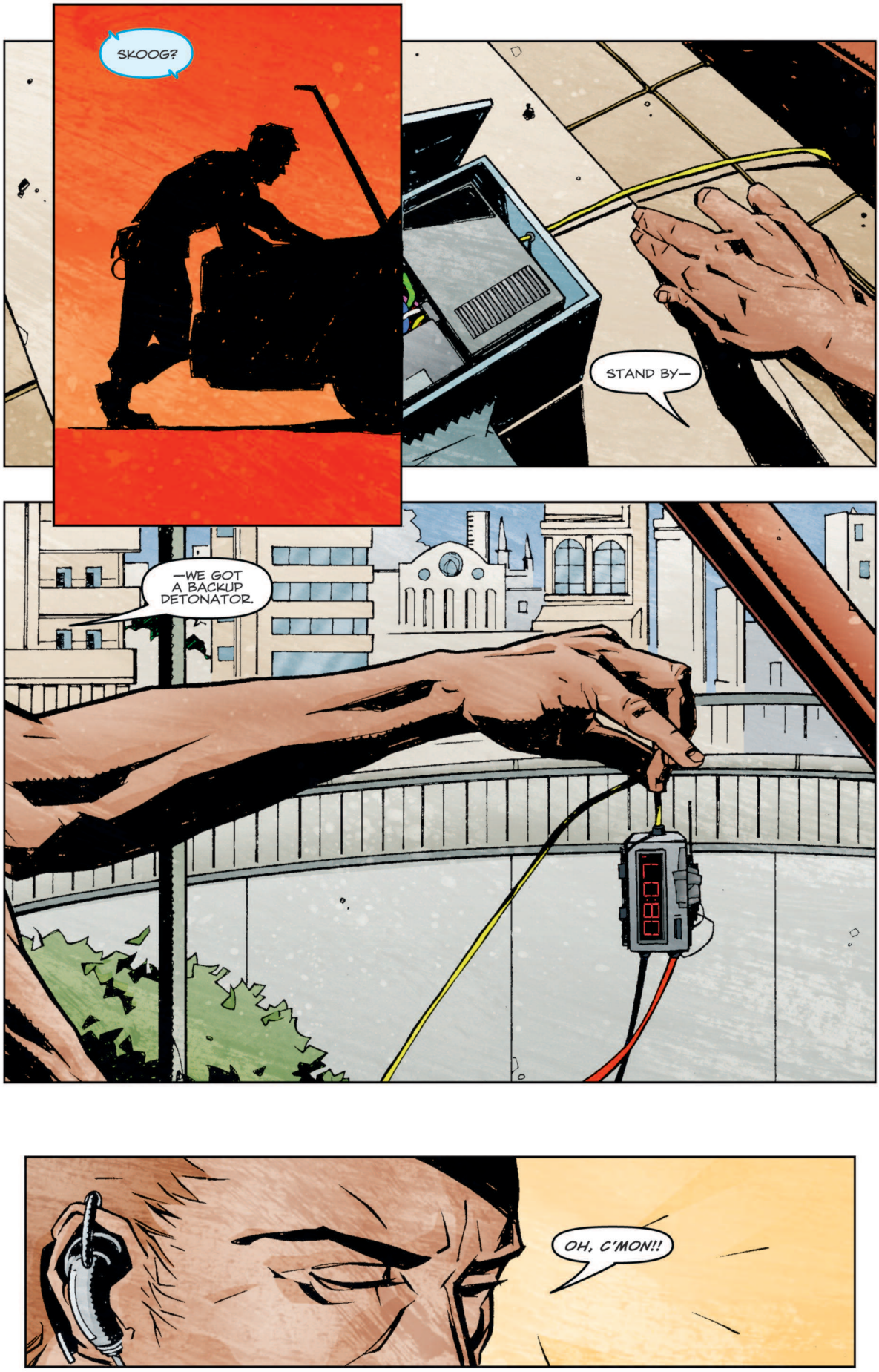

NO SIGNAL

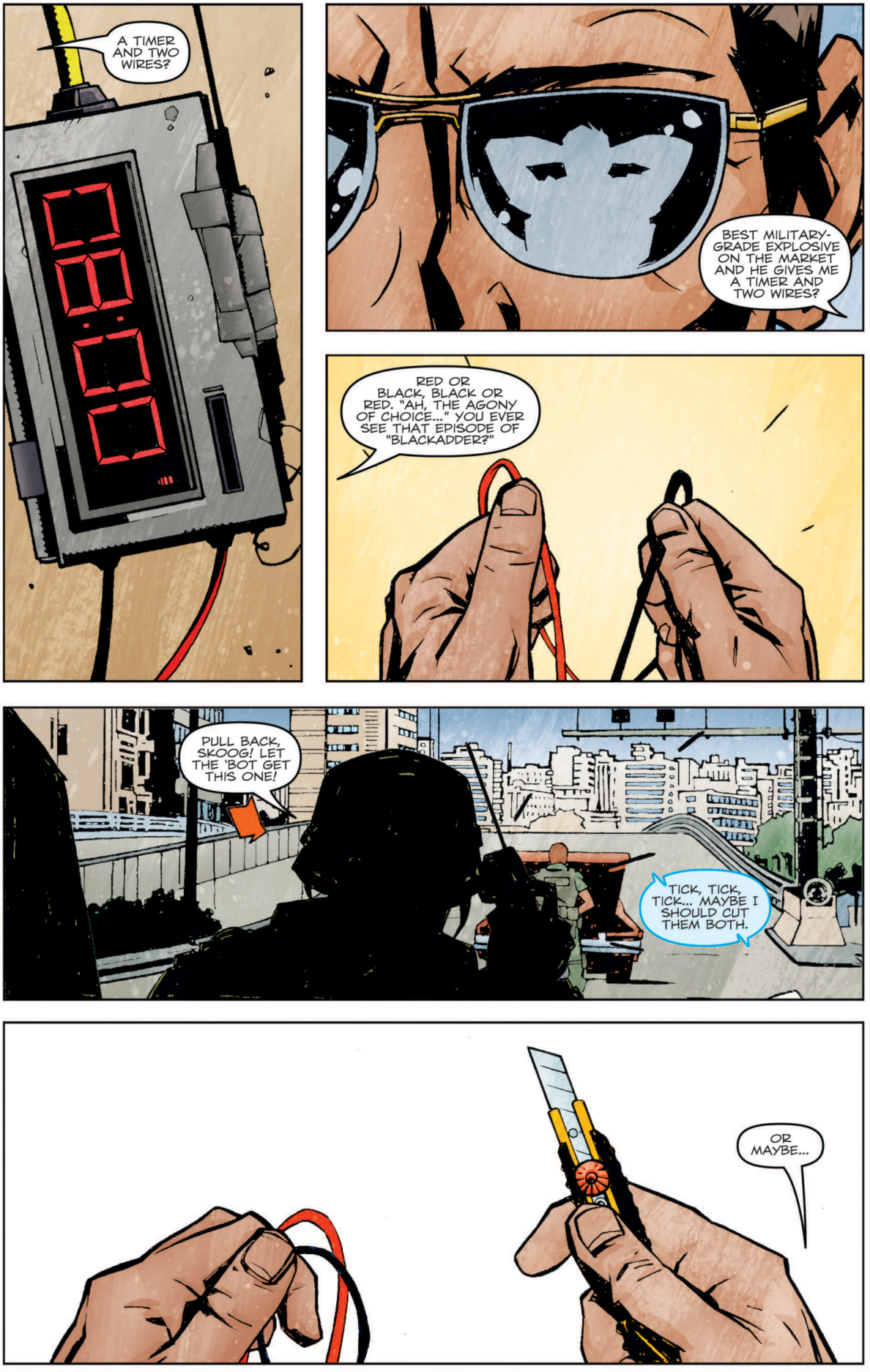

FIGURES.
NO SIGNAL
NO SIGNAL
MENU
NERKIA

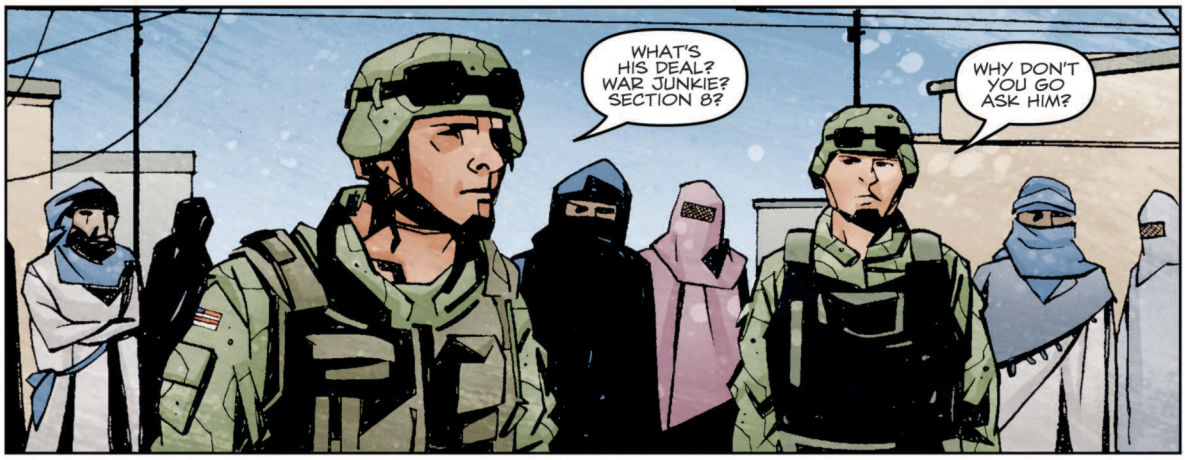

HEY L.T., THAT CELL TOWER THAT GOT TAKEN OUT LAST NIGHT? PROBABLY A RIVAL FACTION THAT DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THIS PRESENT.


AND THAT, BOYS AND GIRLS, IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN BAD GUYS DON'T COORDINA...
SKOOG?


SHE LOVES SMARTIES...
IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF LONDON
...AND SKETCHING...
...AND LONG WALKS BY THE THAMES...

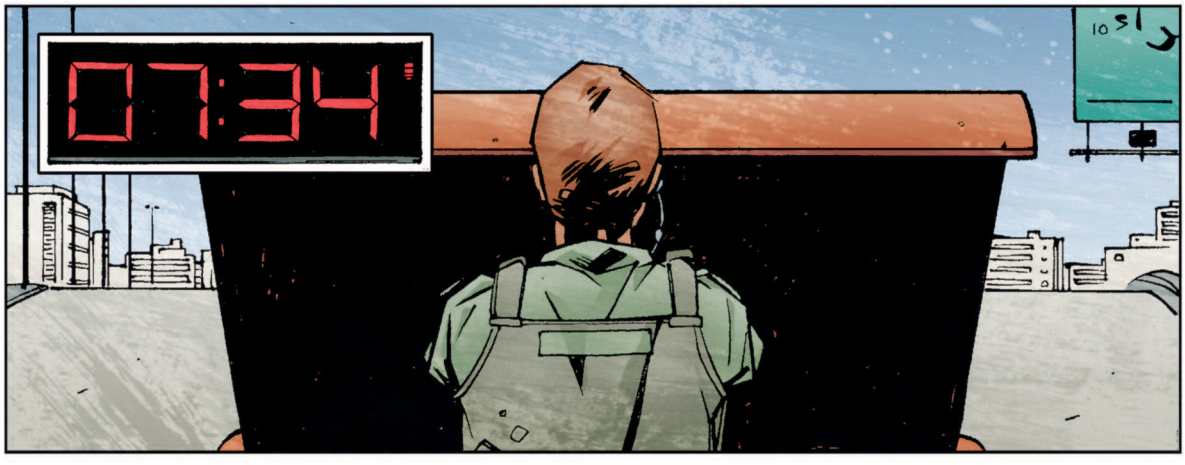

SKOOG?
STAND BY—
—WE GOT A BACKUP DETONATOR.
OH, C'MON!!

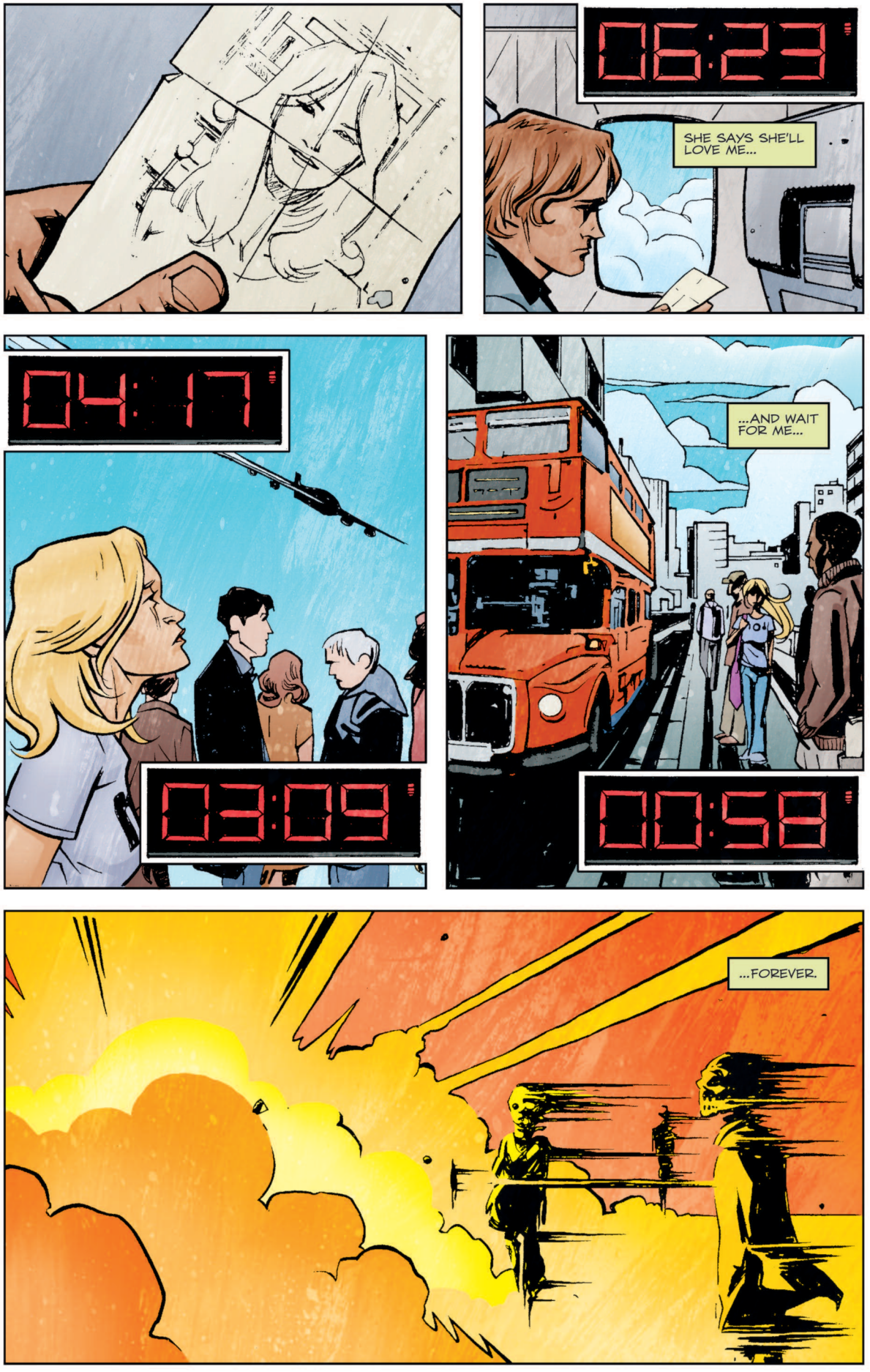

A TIMER AND TWO WIRES?
BEST MILITARY-GRADE EXPLOSIVE ON THE MARKET AND HE GIVES ME A TIMER AND TWO WIRES?
RED OR BLACK, BLACK OR RED. "AH, THE AGONY OF CHOICE..." YOU EVER SEE THAT EPISODE OF "BLACKADDER?"
PULL BACK, SKOOG! LET THE 'BOT GET THIS ONE!
TICK, TICK, TICK... MAYBE I SHOULD CUT THEM BOTH.
OR MAYBE...


WHAT'S HIS DEAL? WAR JUNKIE? SECTION 8?
WHY DON'T YOU GO ASK HIM?


SKOOG, I AM GIVING YOU A DIRECT—

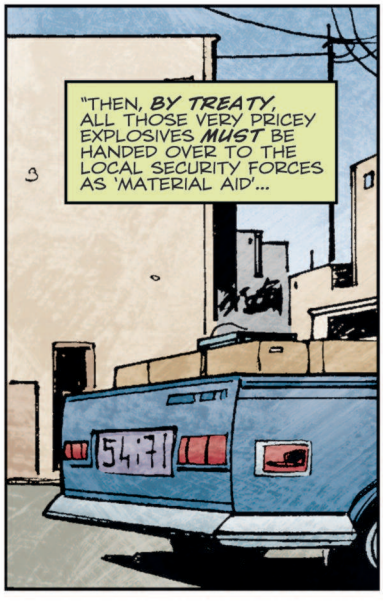



07:34


06:23
SHE SAYS SHE'LL LOVE ME...
04:17
03:09
...AND WAIT FOR ME...
00:58
...FOREVER.

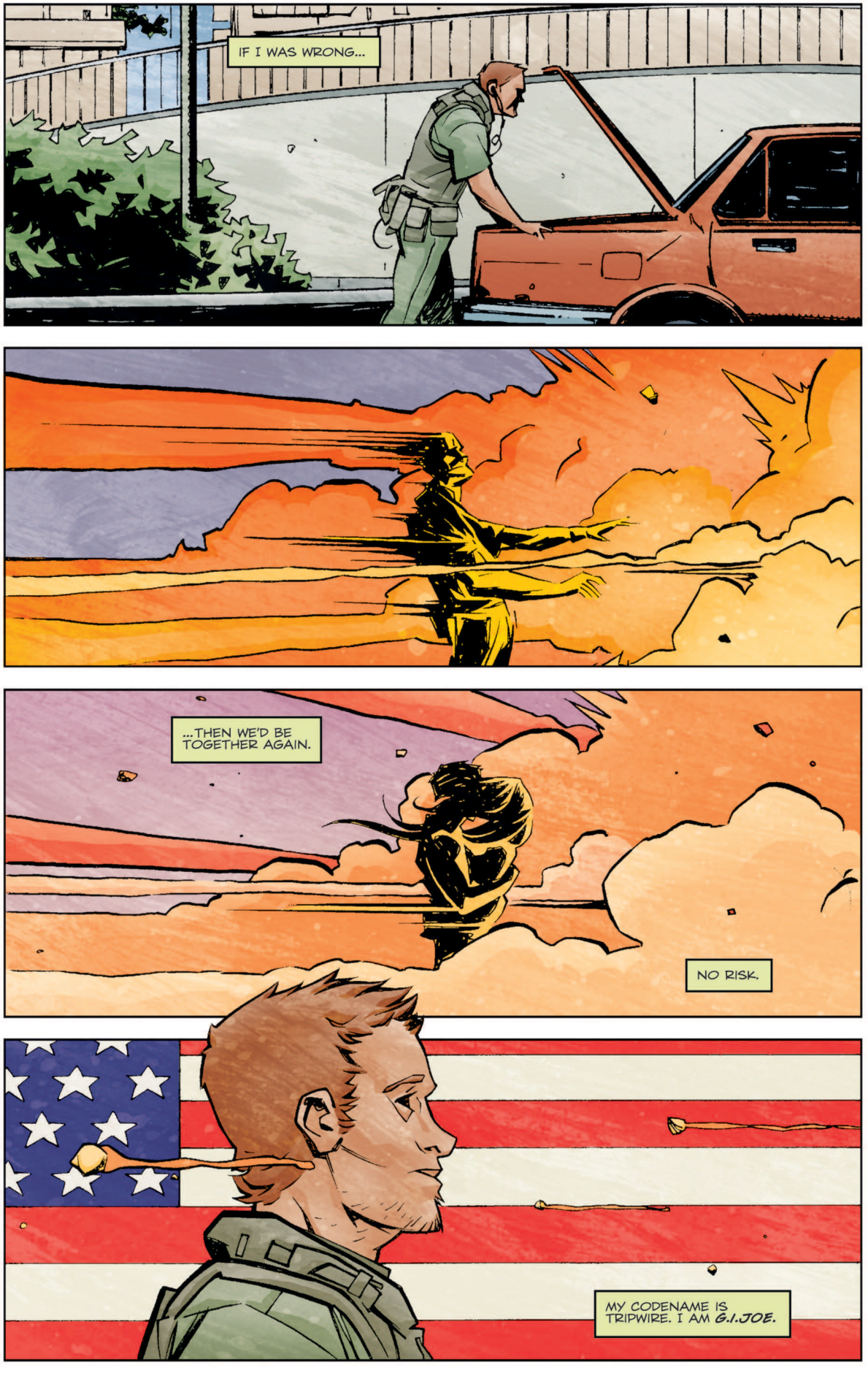

00:00
NO RISK.
THAT'S WHAT YOU KEEP SAYING.


SIR, IF I'DA BEEN SPOOKED ENOUGH TO CUT EITHER OF THOSE WIRES, OR BOTH, IT WOULD HAVE TRIGGERED THE DEVICE AND THEY'D BAG THEMSELVES A WELL TRAINED, HIGHLY EXPERIENCED U.S. MILITARY ASSET.
AND BY NOT DOING ANYTHING?


"THEN, BY TREATY, ALL THOSE VERY PRICEY EXPLOSIVES MUST BE HANDED OVER TO THE LOCAL SECURITY FORCES AS 'MATERIAL AID'...

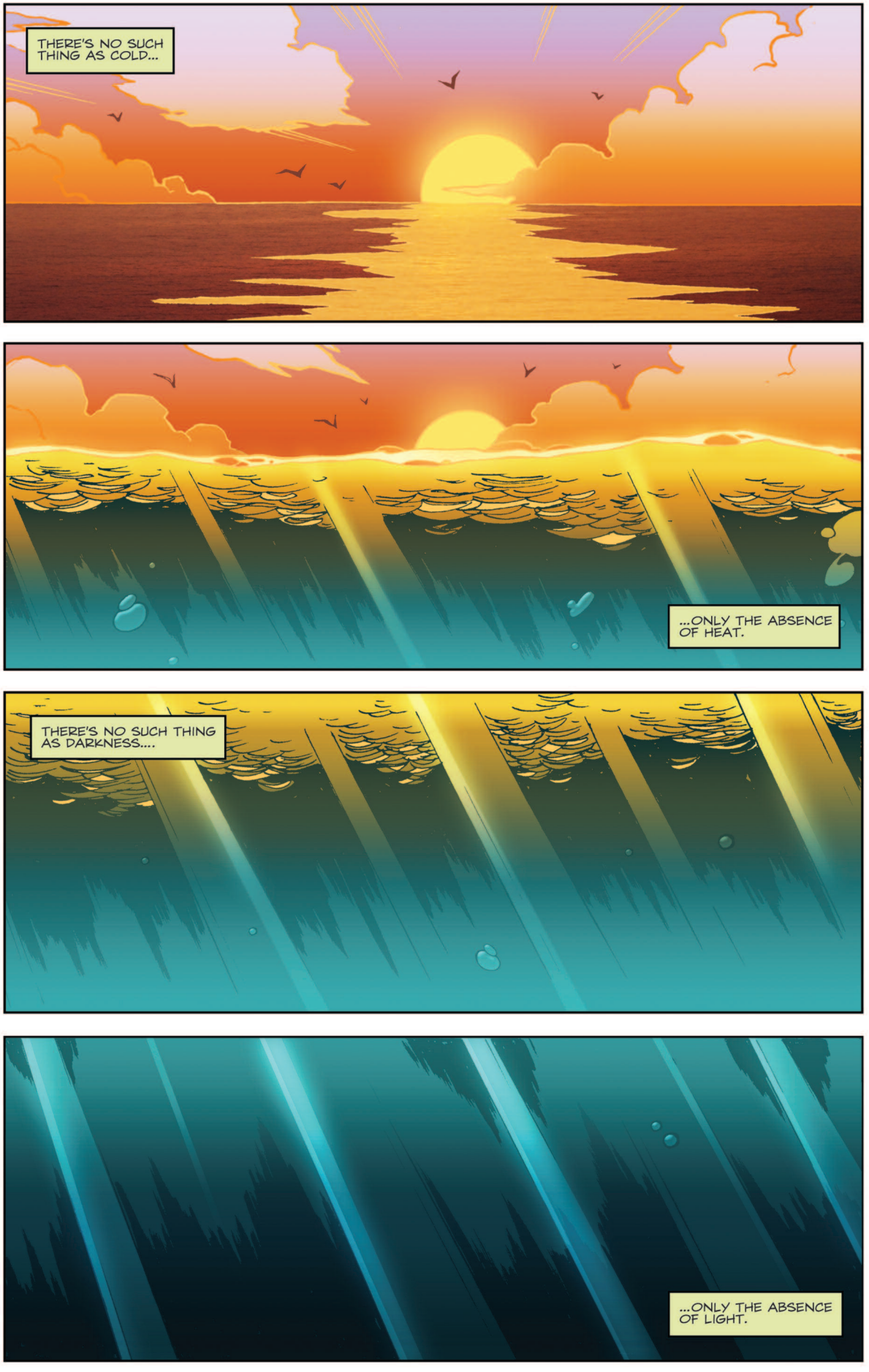

"...AND CHANCES ARE, THAT 'MATERIAL AID' WILL END UP 'MISPLACED' BY THE LOCAL SECURITY FORCES AND RIGHT BACK WHERE IT STARTED. EITHER WAY, THEY CAN'T LOSE. NO RISK.

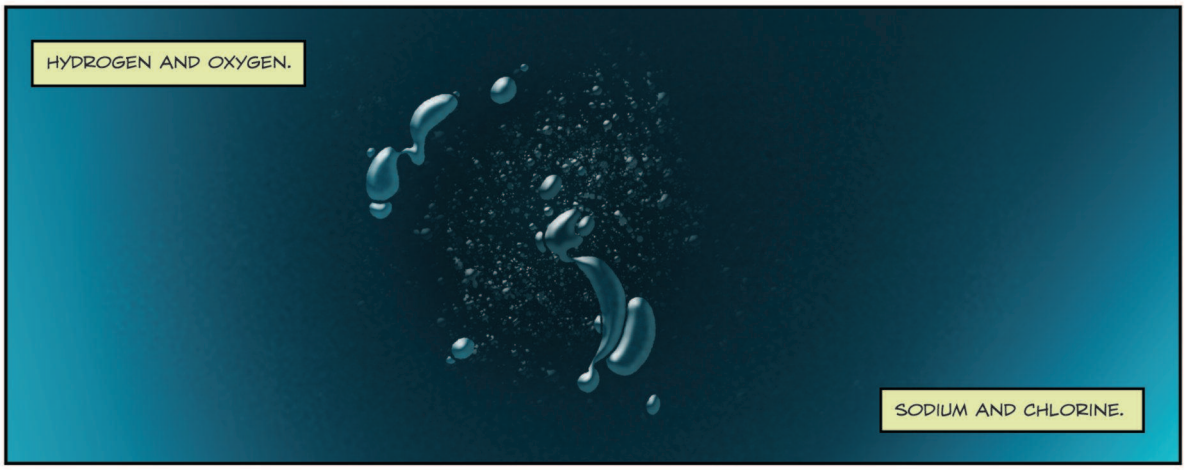

SOUND LOGIC, SPECIALIST, BUT WHAT IF YOU WERE WRONG?

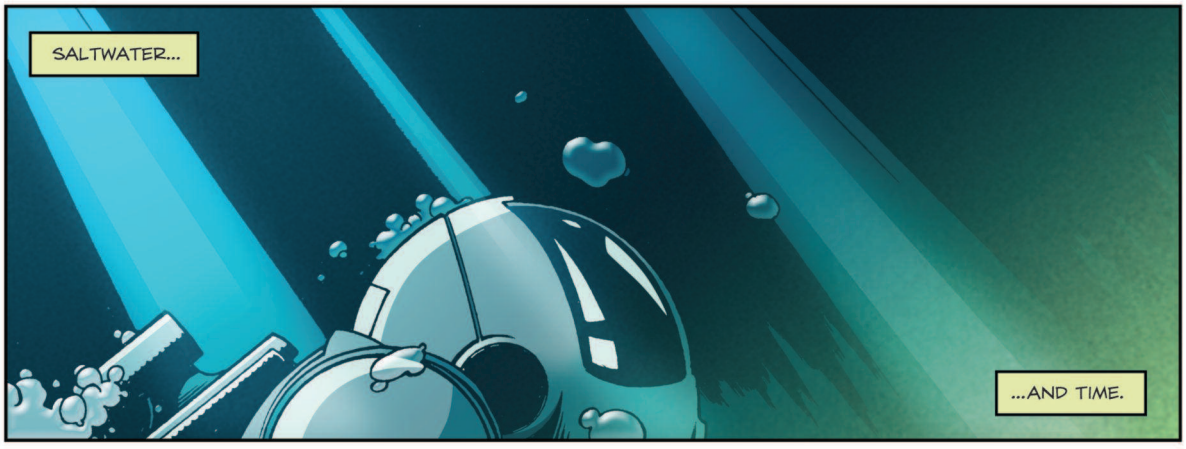

IF I WAS WRONG...
...THEN WE'D BE TOGETHER AGAIN.
NO RISK.
MY CODENAME IS TRIPWIRE. I AM G.I.JOE.

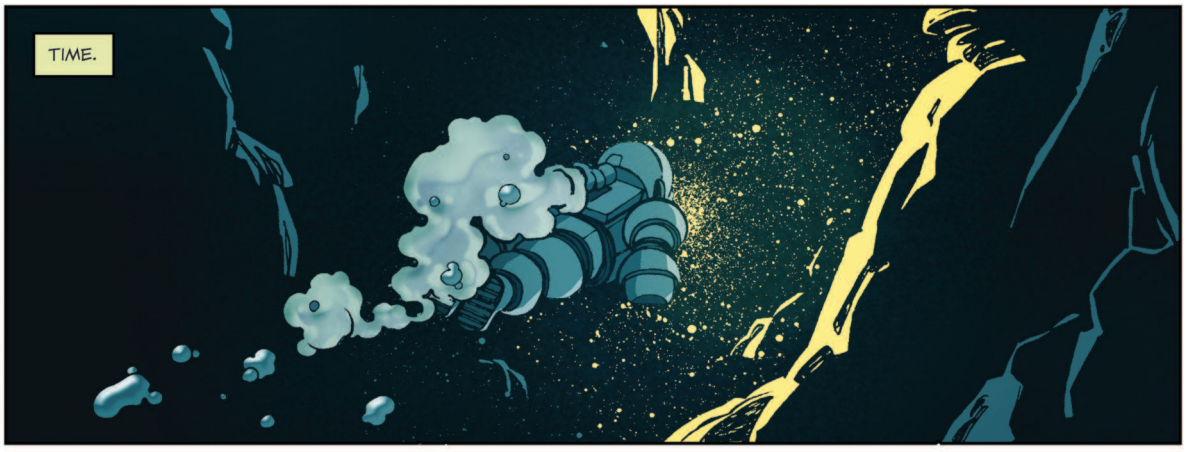


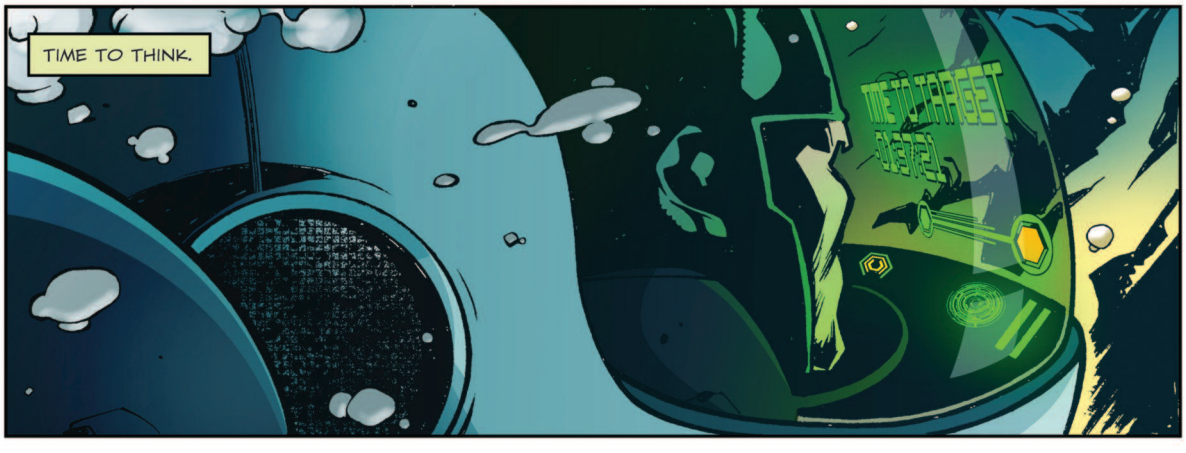
G.I. JOE: HEARTS AND MINDS #4B COVER BY **ANTONIO FUSO**

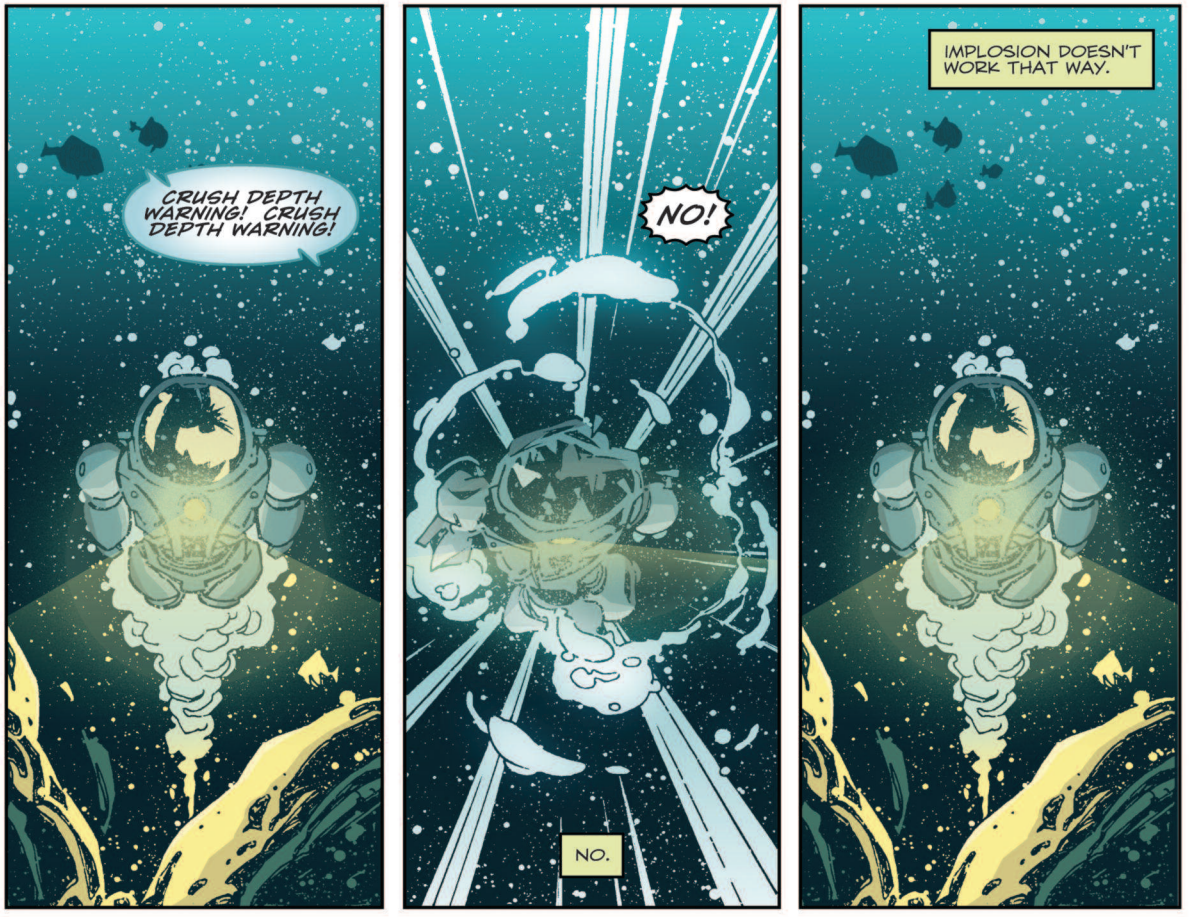

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS COLD...
...ONLY THE ABSENCE OF HEAT.
THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS DARKNESS....
...ONLY THE ABSENCE OF LIGHT.

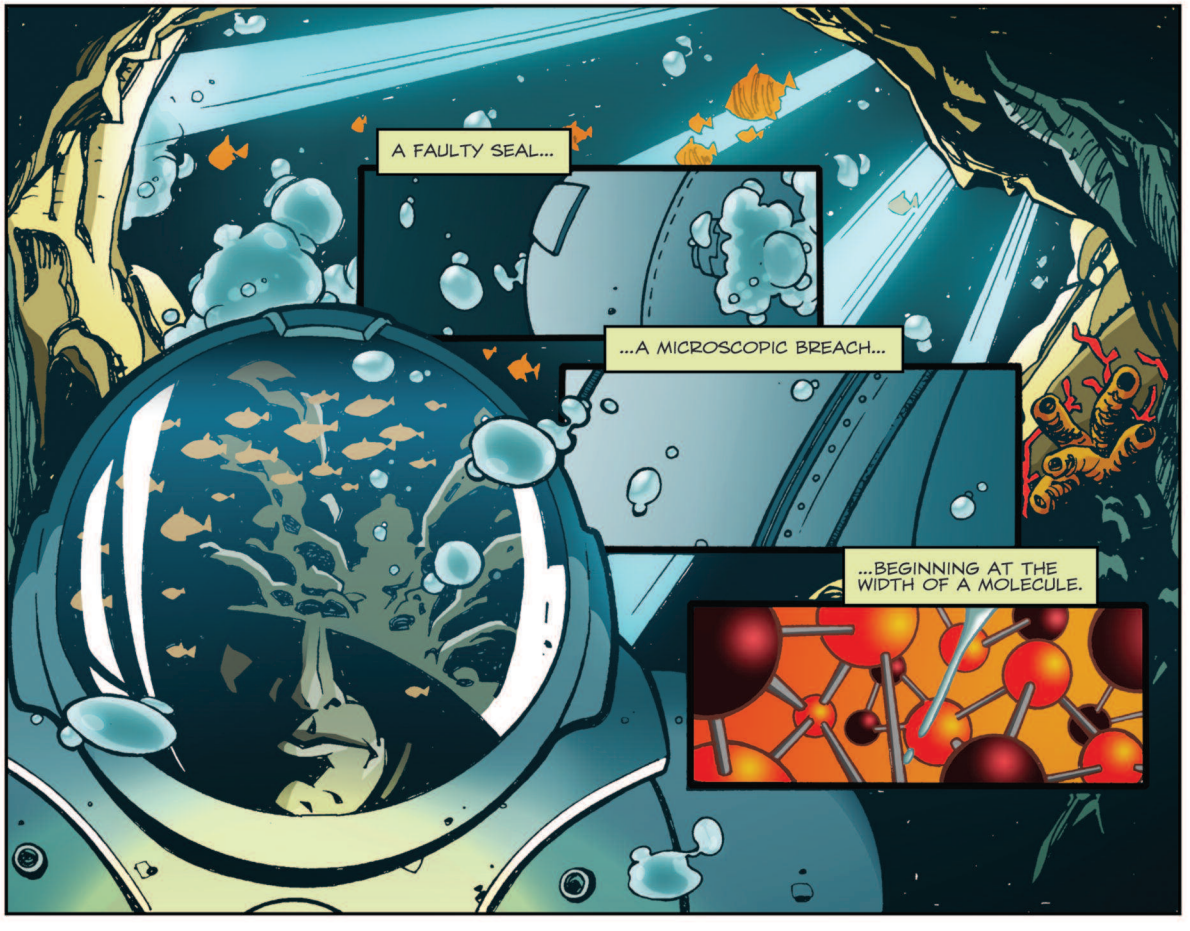

HYDROGEN AND OXYGEN.
SODIUM AND CHLORINE.


SALTWATER...
...AND TIME.

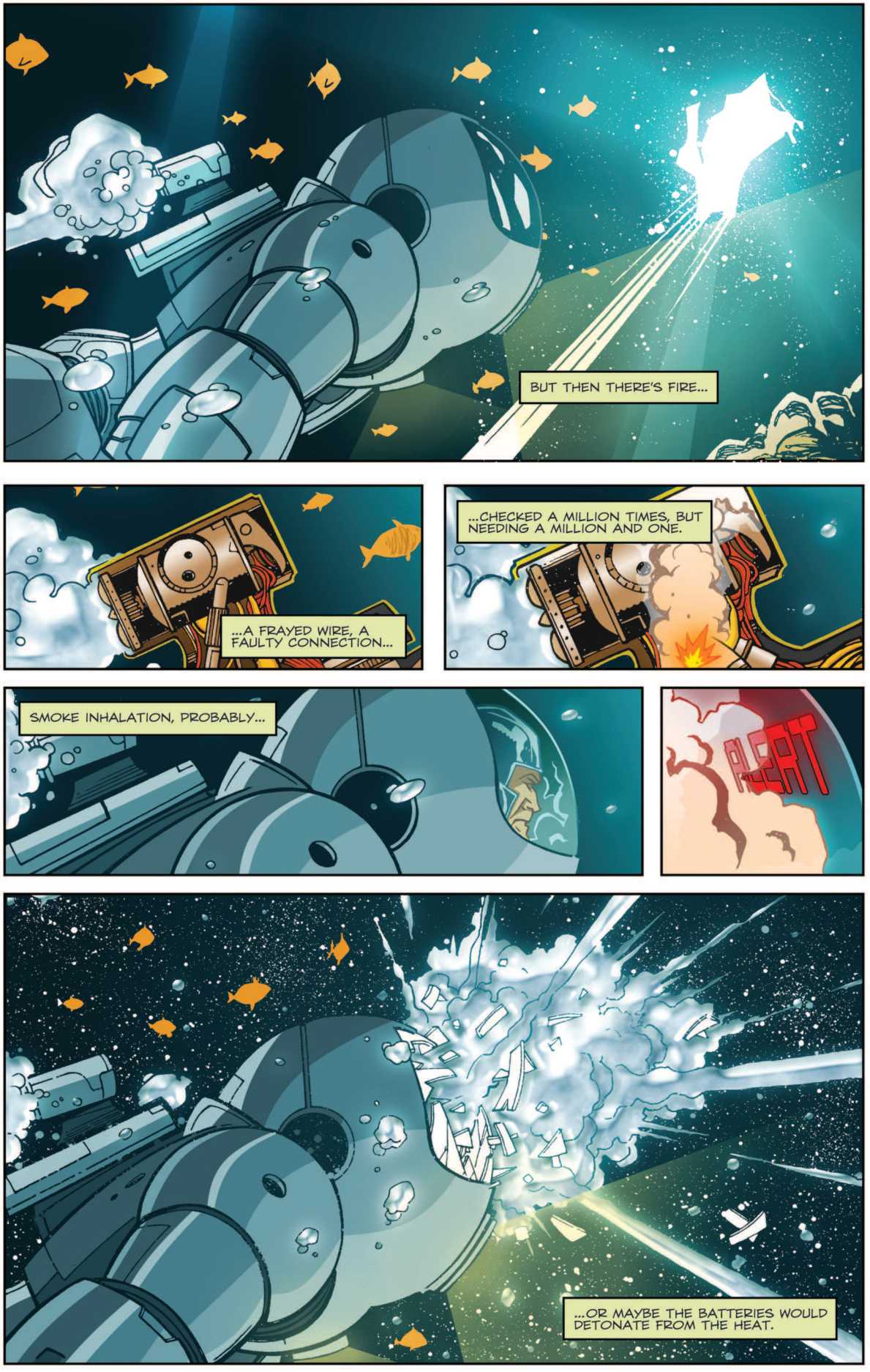

TIME.

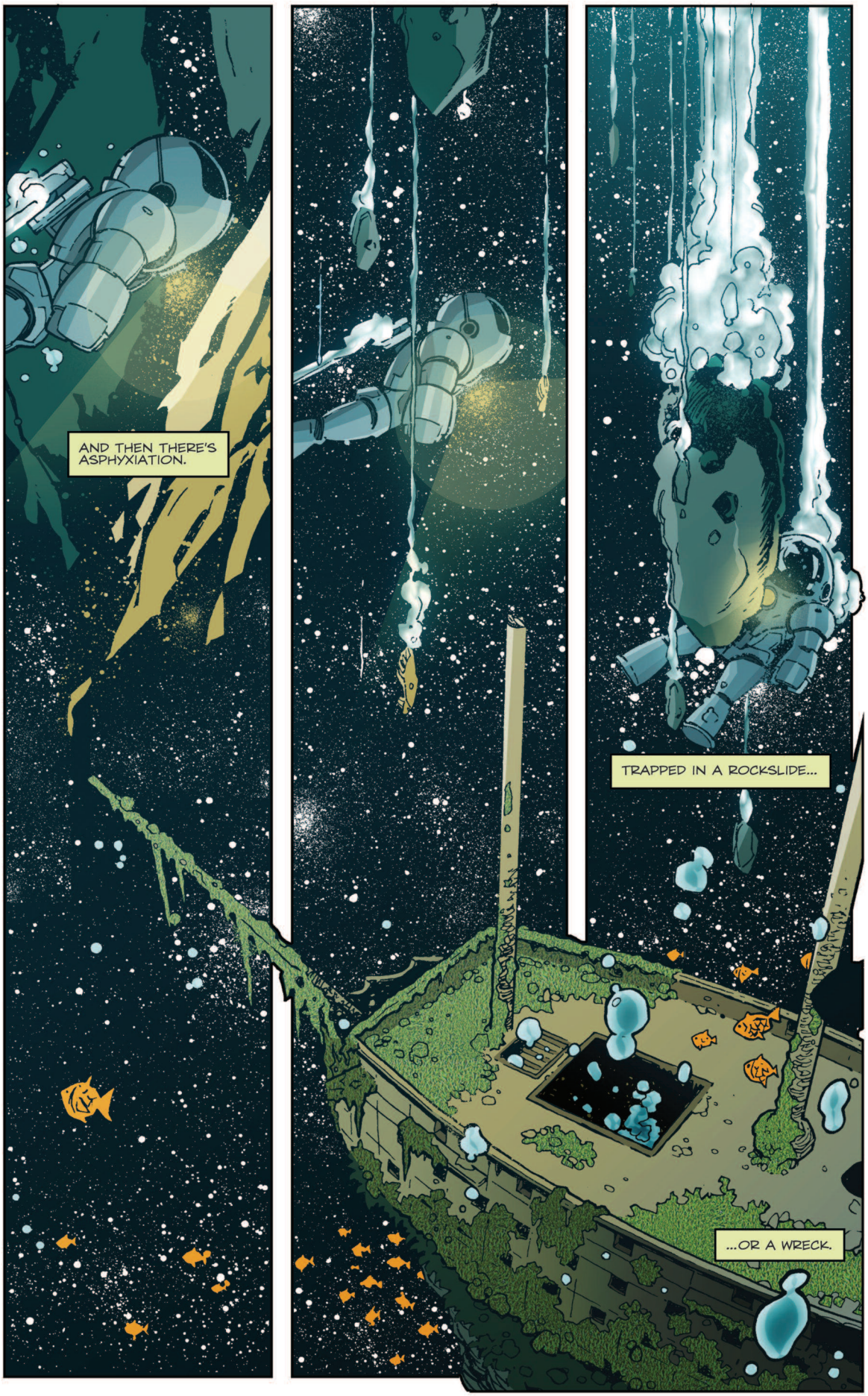

TIME TO THINK.


CRUSH DEPTH WARNING! CRUSH DEPTH WARNING!
NO!
NO.
IMPLOSION DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY.

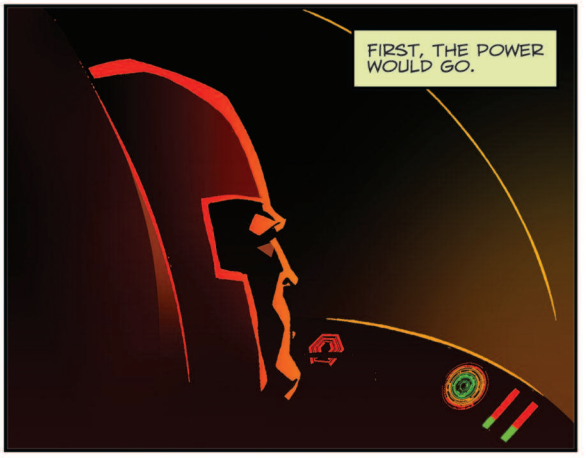

A FAULTY SEAL...
...A MICROSCOPIC BREACH...
...BEGINNING AT THE WIDTH OF A MOLECULE.

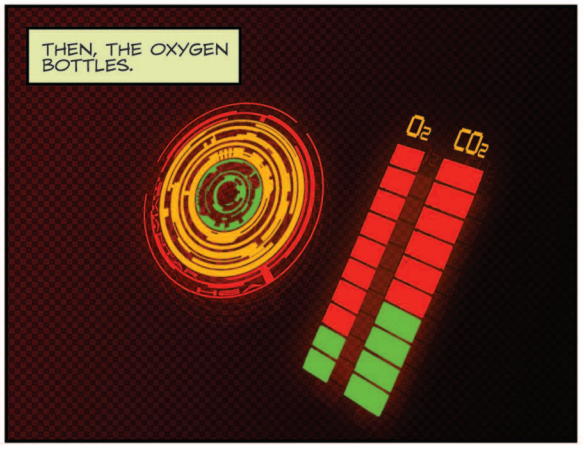

OVER 1,000 POUNDS PER SQUARE INCH.
AT LEAST THAT'D BE QUICK.

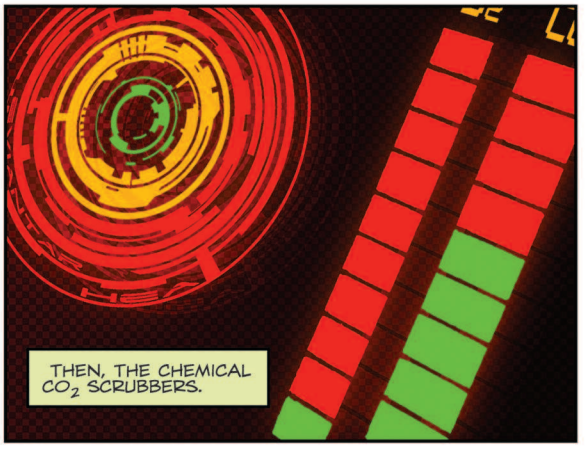

BUT THEN THERE'S FIRE...
...A FRAYED WIRE, A FAULTY CONNECTION...
...CHECKED A MILLION TIMES, BUT NEEDING A MILLION AND ONE.
SMOKE INHALATION, PROBABLY...
ALERT
...OR MAYBE THE BATTERIES WOULD DETONATE FROM THE HEAT.


AND THEN THERE'S ASPHYXIATION.
TRAPPED IN A ROCKSLIDE...
...OR A WRECK.

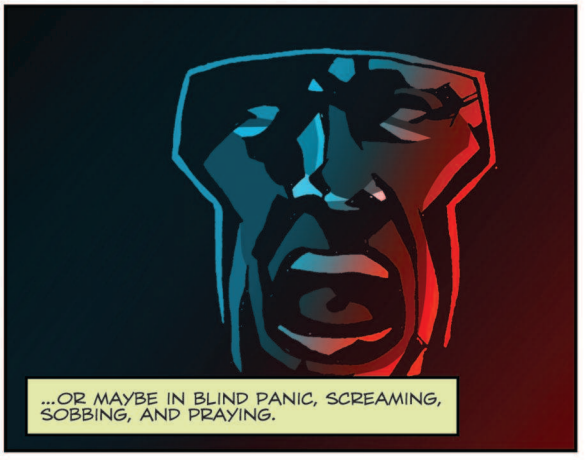

DISTRESS BEACON
INOPERATIVE


FIRST, THE POWER WOULD GO.


THEN, THE OXYGEN BOTTLES.
O2
CO2


THEN, THE CHEMICAL CO_2 SCRUBBERS.


MAYBE I'D GO QUIETLY, IN SUFFOCATING EUPHORIA...


...OR MAYBE IN BLIND PANIC, SCREAMING, SOBBING, AND PRAYING.

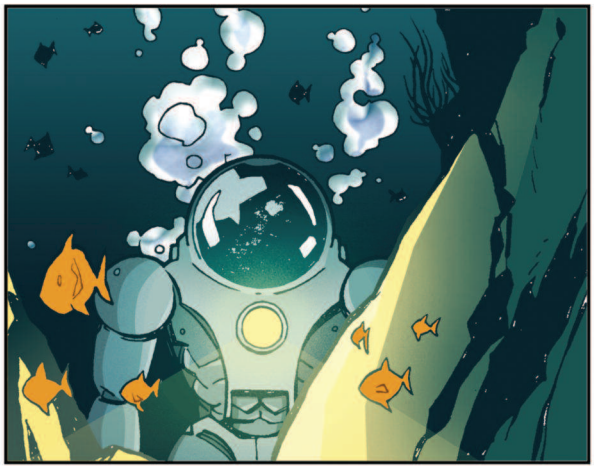

EITHER WAY, I'D DIE GASPING LIKE A FISH OUT OF WATER.

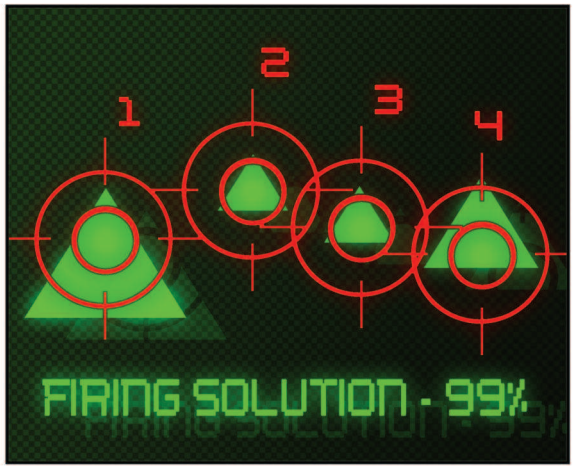

AND MAYBE MY LAST LIVING BRAIN CELLS WOULD RECOGNIZE THE IRONY.


SO MUCH TIME TO THINK.
TIME TO TARGET
- 00.06.59


SO MANY WAYS TO DIE.






1
2
3
4
FIRING SOLUTION - 99%


TORPEDOES IN THE WATER!
1
2
3
4
TARGETS DESTROYED.
HOSTILE TORPEDOES INBOUND.

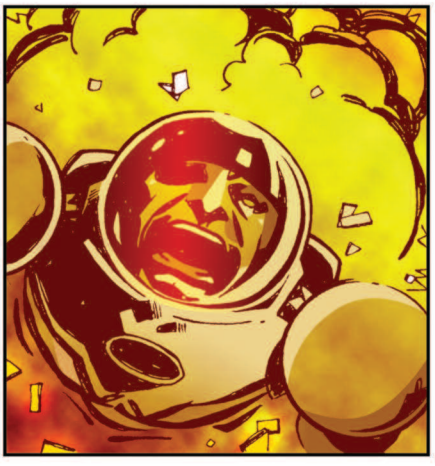

TORPEDO LOCK
RC SERVO MOTORS
SER1
R3
220
SER1
STEERING MOTOR
R9
10k
ENC
C6
.1uF
TORPEDO RANGE: TWENTY YARDS.
COUNTERMEASURES DEPLOYED.
TORPEDO ALPHA DECOYED.
TORPEDO BRAVO LOCKED.
TIME TO IMPACT!
TIME.

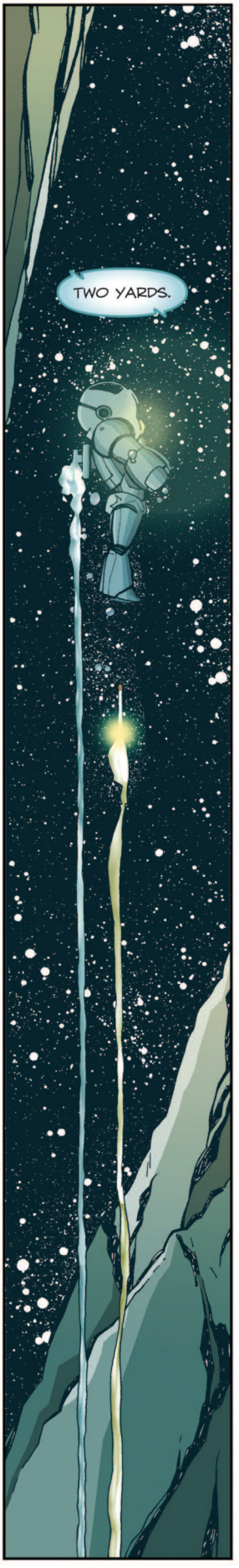

TIME TO THINK.
RANGE—THREE YARDS.



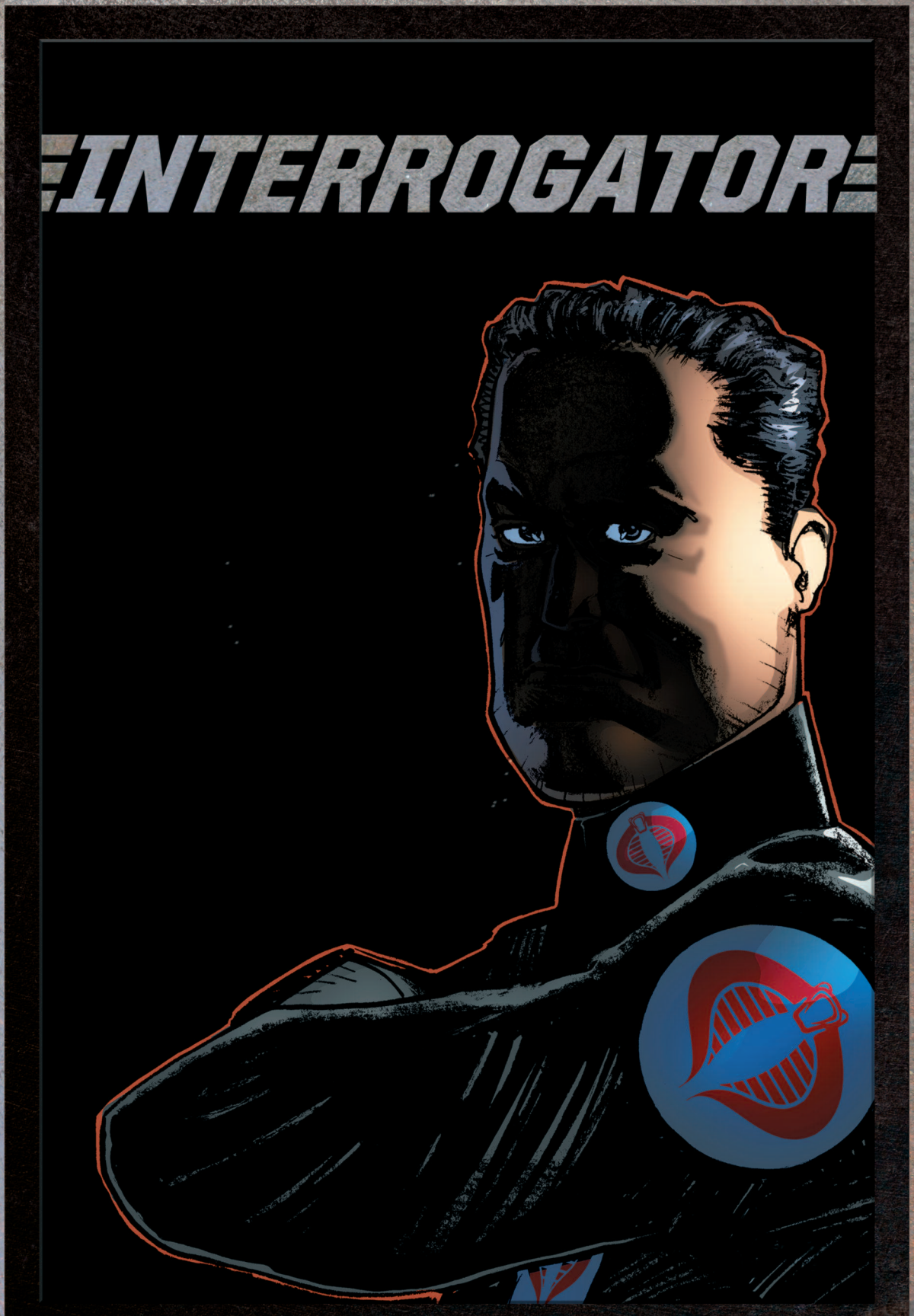




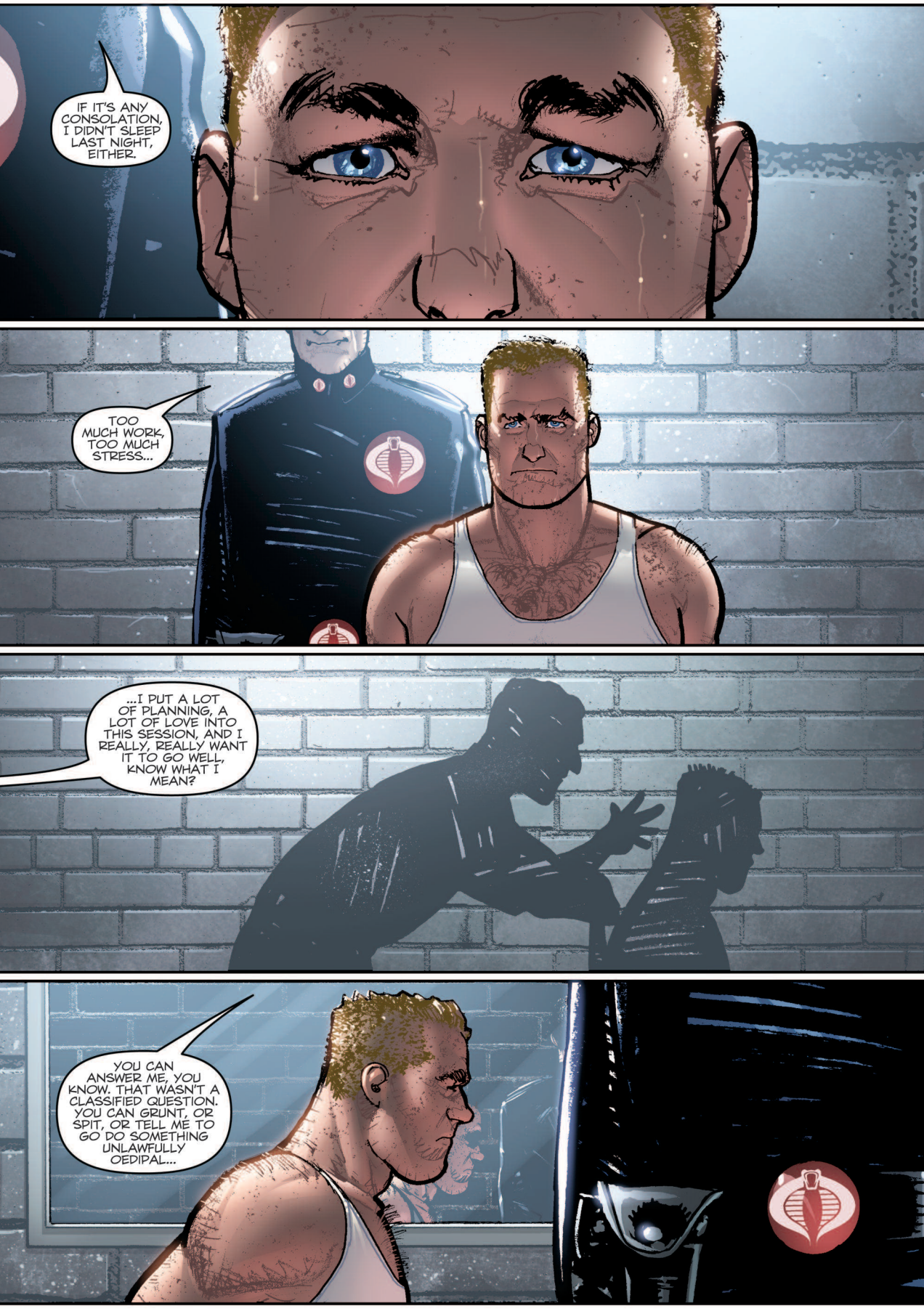



TWO YARDS.

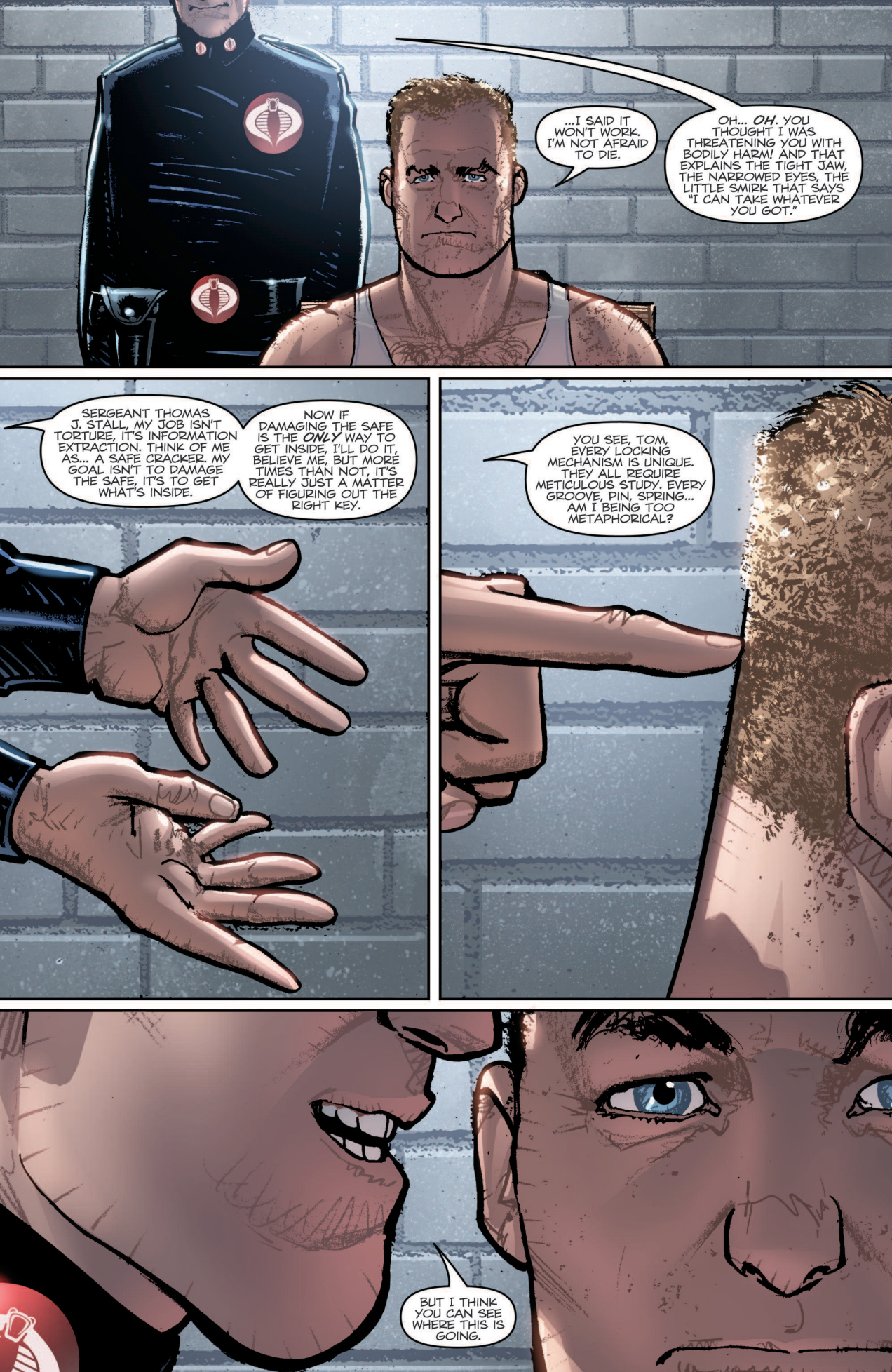

ONE YARD.
THREE YARDS.
TORPEDO FUEL EXPENDED.
TIME TO THINK...
...ABOUT NEXT TIME.
MY CODE NAME IS DEEP SIX. I AM G.I. JOE.

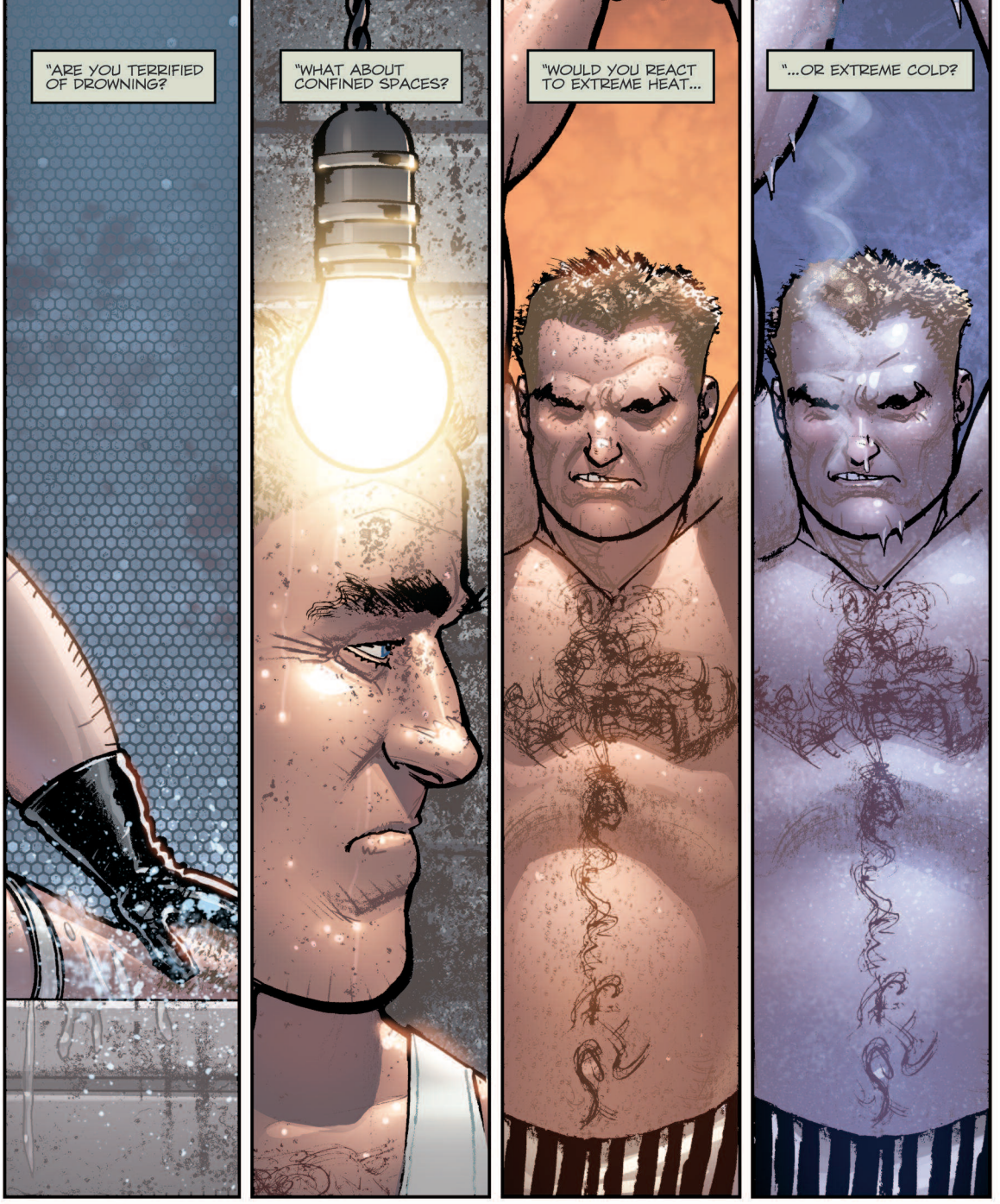


G.I. JOE: HEARTS AND MINDS #4A COVER BY **HOWARD CHAYKIN**
COLORS BY **EDGAR DELGADO**

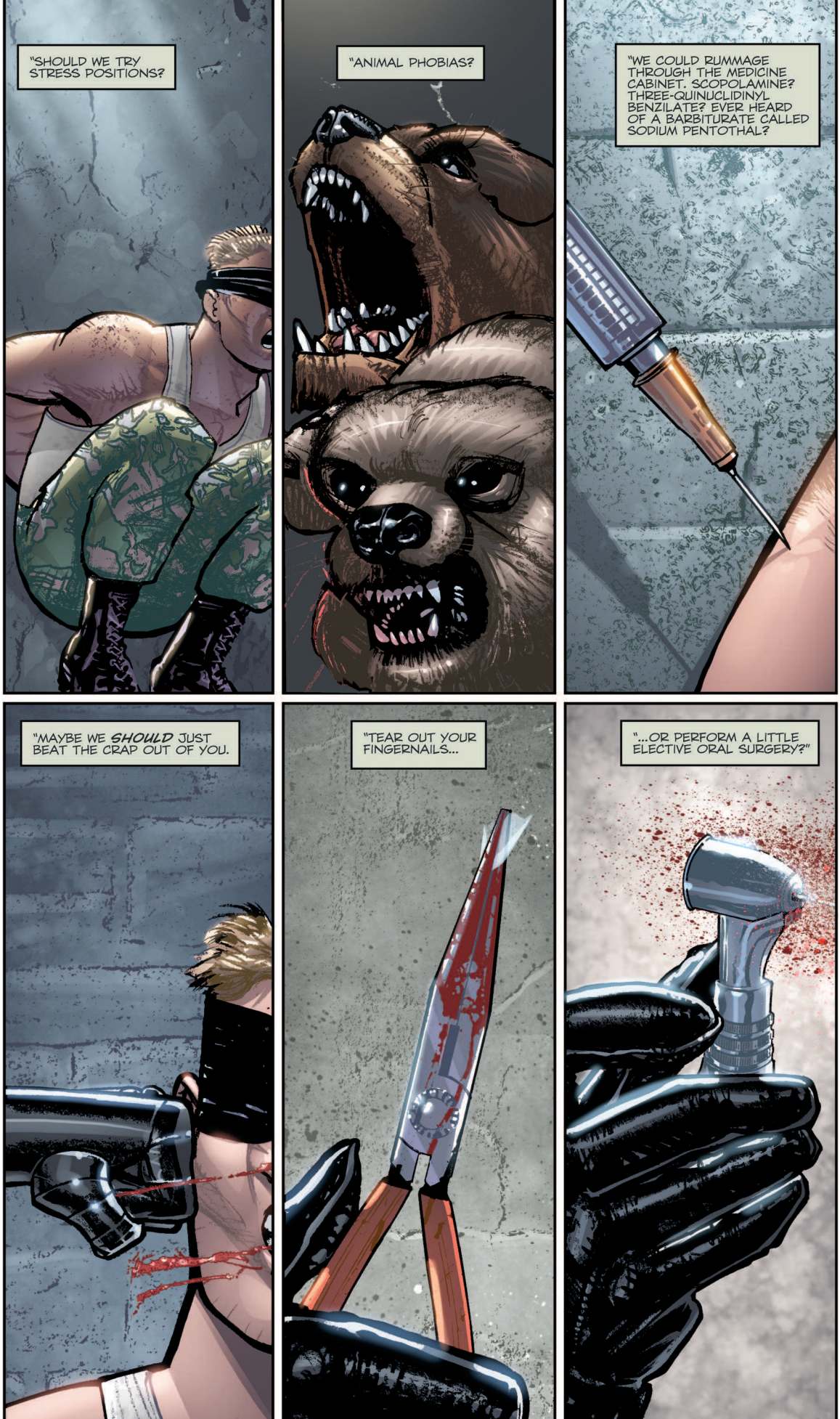

IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, I DIDN'T SLEEP LAST NIGHT, EITHER.
TOO MUCH WORK, TOO MUCH STRESS...
...I PUT A LOT OF PLANNING, A LOT OF LOVE INTO THIS SESSION, AND I REALLY, REALLY WANT IT TO GO WELL, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
YOU CAN ANSWER ME, YOU KNOW. THAT WASN'T A CLASSIFIED QUESTION. YOU CAN GRUNT, OR SPIT, OR TELL ME TO GO DO SOMETHING UNLAWFULLY OEDIPAL...


...OR YOU COULD ASK ME SOMETHING, ANYTHING. WHERE AM I FROM? WHO DO I WORK FOR? WHY DO I HAVE THIS PRETENTIOUS NEED TO BRING UP SOPHOCLES?
SERIOUSLY, I'D LIKE THIS TO BE A GENUINE CONVERSATION. IT'S JUST... NICER.
NO? NOTHING? TOUGH ROOM.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS... AND NO, DON'T BE CUTE AND SAY IT'S A RHETORICAL QUESTION.
WELL, TECHNICALLY, IT'S YOUR OWN SIDEARM, CLEANED, OILED, AND NOW WITH ONE LIVE ROUND IN THE CHAMBER. AND THAT ROUND IS WHY I CALL THIS A "CHOICE."
WON'T WORK...
PARDON?


...I SAID IT WON'T WORK. I'M NOT AFRAID TO DIE.
OH... OH. YOU THOUGHT I WAS THREATENING YOU WITH BODILY HARM! AND THAT EXPLAINS THE TIGHT JAW, THE NARROWED EYES, THE LITTLE SMIRK THAT SAYS "I CAN TAKE WHATEVER YOU GOT."
SERGEANT THOMAS J. STALL, MY JOB ISN'T TORTURE, IT'S INFORMATION EXTRACTION. THINK OF ME AS... A SAFE CRACKER. MY GOAL ISN'T TO DAMAGE THE SAFE, IT'S TO GET WHAT'S INSIDE.
NOW IF DAMAGING THE SAFE IS THE ONLY WAY TO GET INSIDE, I'LL DO IT, BELIEVE ME, BUT MORE TIMES THAN NOT, IT'S REALLY JUST A MATTER OF FIGURING OUT THE RIGHT KEY.
YOU SEE, TOM, EVERY LOCKING MECHANISM IS UNIQUE. THEY ALL REQUIRE METICULOUS STUDY. EVERY GROOVE, PIN, SPRING... AM I BEING TOO METAPHORICAL?
BUT I THINK YOU CAN SEE WHERE THIS IS GOING.

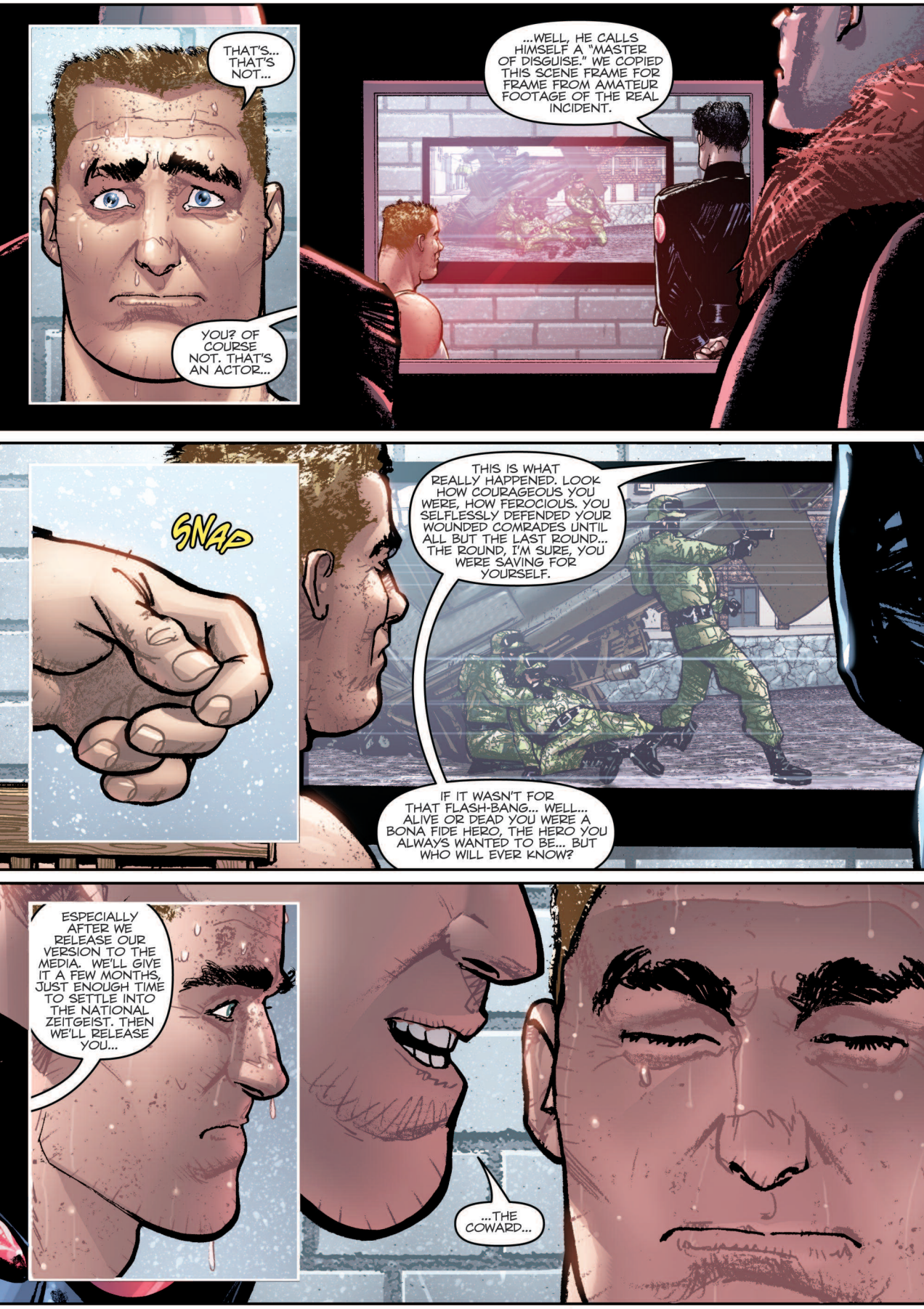

"ARE YOU TERRIFIED OF DROWNING?
"WHAT ABOUT CONFINED SPACES?
"WOULD YOU REACT TO EXTREME HEAT...
"...OR EXTREME COLD?


"WOULD YOU BE SUSCEPTIBLE TO THREATS AGAINST LOVED ONES? THAT ONE WORKS WONDERS... BUT I'M GUESSING IT WOULDN'T WITH YOU."


"SHOULD WE TRY STRESS POSITIONS?
"ANIMAL PHOBIAS?
"WE COULD RUMMAGE THROUGH THE MEDICINE CABINET. SCOPOLAMINE? THREE-QUINUCLIDINYL BENZILATE? EVER HEARD OF A BARBITURATE CALLED SODIUM PENTOTHAL?
"MAYBE WE *SHOULD* JUST BEAT THE CRAP OUT OF YOU.
"TEAR OUT YOUR FINGERNAILS...
"...OR PERFORM A LITTLE ELECTIVE ORAL SURGERY?"


REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME YOU GOT KICKED IN THAT SPECIAL PLACE? REMEMBER HOW SHOCKED YOU WERE THAT IT WAS POSSIBLE TO FEEL THAT MUCH AGONY? WELL, I COULD INTRODUCE YOU TO PAIN RECEPTORS IN YOUR BODY THAT YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU HAVE.
THE PROBLEM IS, THEY WOULDN'T WORK. THAT KEY JUST DOESN'T FIT IN YOUR LOCK. IN FACT, KNOWING YOU AS I'VE COME TO, I SUSPECT A PART OF YOUR PSYCHE WOULD RELISH IT. NO GREATER HERO THAN A POW UNDER TORTURE, RIGHT? AND THAT'S VERY IMPORTANT TO YOU, BEING A HERO.
IN FACT, IT'S YOUR KEY!
Geneva Convention
ARTICLE THREE, SUBSECTION C EXPRESSLY FORBIDS: "OUTRAGES UPON PERSONAL DIGNITY, IN PARTICULAR HUMILIATING AND DEGRADING TREATMENT."
BECAUSE THE NUMBER-ONE FEAR OF MEN, INCLUDING YOU, ISN'T PAIN OR EVEN DEATH...
...IT'S SHAME.


WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!
MY LEGS! I CAN'T FEEL MY LEGS!
WE GOTTA MOVE, C'MON!
I CAN'T!
WE... I....
WH... STALL! WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU GOING?!
I... UH...
DON'T LEAVE ME HERE, YOU COWARD!
I'M SORRY, WILLARD!
TOMMY, PLEASE!
I'M SORRY!


THAT'S... THAT'S NOT...
YOU? OF COURSE NOT. THAT'S AN ACTOR...
...WELL, HE CALLS HIMSELF A "MASTER OF DISGUISE." WE COPIED THIS SCENE FRAME FOR FRAME FROM AMATEUR FOOTAGE OF THE REAL INCIDENT.
SNAP
THIS IS WHAT REALLY HAPPENED. LOOK HOW COURAGEOUS YOU WERE, HOW FEROCIOUS. YOU SELFLESSLY DEFENDED YOUR WOUNDED COMRADES UNTIL ALL BUT THE LAST ROUND... THE ROUND, I'M SURE, YOU WERE SAVING FOR YOURSELF.
IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT FLASH-BANG... WELL... ALIVE OR DEAD YOU WERE A BONA FIDE HERO, THE HERO YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO BE... BUT WHO WILL EVER KNOW?
ESPECIALLY AFTER WE RELEASE OUR VERSION TO THE MEDIA. WE'LL GIVE IT A FEW MONTHS, JUST ENOUGH TIME TO SETTLE INTO THE NATIONAL ZEITGEIST. THEN WE'LL RELEASE YOU...
...THE COWARD...

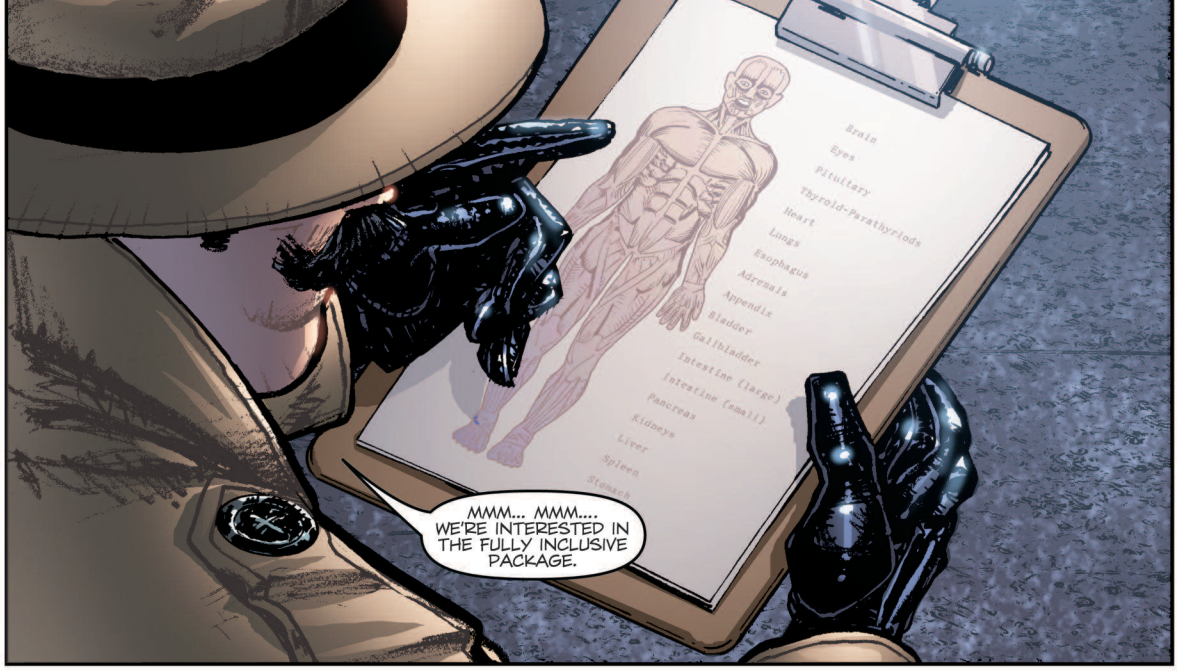

"...THE DISGRACED LITTLE WEAKLING, BLATHERING DESPERATELY ABOUT HOW HE WAS "SET UP." I WONDER WHO'LL BELIEVE IT?
"TYLER KRAKOWSKI?
"JESIKA SAMUELSON?
"YOUR FATHER?
"I WONDER HOW 'THE COLONEL' WILL DEAL WITH THE SHAME...
"...OF HIS SON'S FAILURE."


ASSUMING, OF COURSE, THAT HE HAS TO SEE IT.
AND THAT'S WHY I CALL THIS A "CHOICE."
STAY STRONG AND SILENT, AND WE'LL MAKE SURE THE WHOLE WORLD THINKS YOU'RE A DESPICABLE COWARD. OR, TALK TO ME FOR FIVE MINUTES, JUST FIVE MINUTES, AND INSTEAD WE'LL RELEASE THE REAL FOOTAGE OF A "REAL AMERICAN HERO." NO ONE HAS TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED IN THIS ROOM... NOT EVEN YOU...
...WHEN YOU GET YOUR GUN BACK.
WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT, TOMMY? BEING A HERO, OR BEING SEEN AS ONE? TAKE THE NIGHT OFF TO THINK ABOUT IT. I DOUBT EITHER OF US WILL BE GETTING ANY SLEEP.
MY CODE NAME IS INTERROGATOR. I AM COBRA.



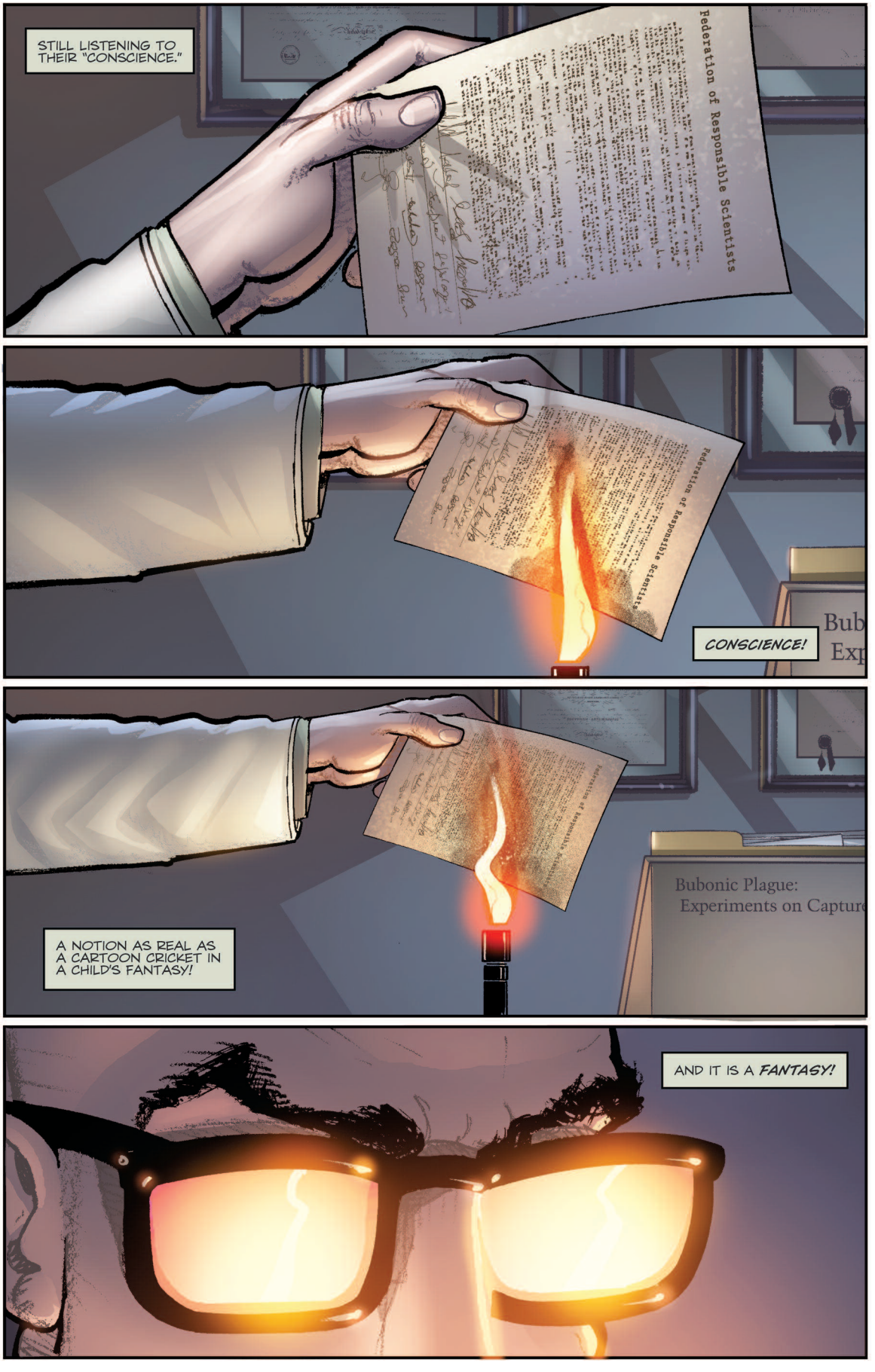
G.I. JOE: HEARTS AND MINDS #4A COVER BY **HOWARD CHAYKIN**
COLORS BY **EDGAR DELGADO**


I NEVER WOULD HAVE CONSIDERED THAT... SHAPED CHARGES, PROPERLY SYNCHRONIZED, THEORETICALLY NEGATE PRE-INITIATION...
NICE WORK, KID.
ETHICS...
...MORALITY.
WE NEED CONSCIOUS SENSORY REACTION DATA. SO MAKE DAMN SURE IT DOESN'T PASS OUT.
THE OBSOLETE SHACKLES OF LESSER MINDS.

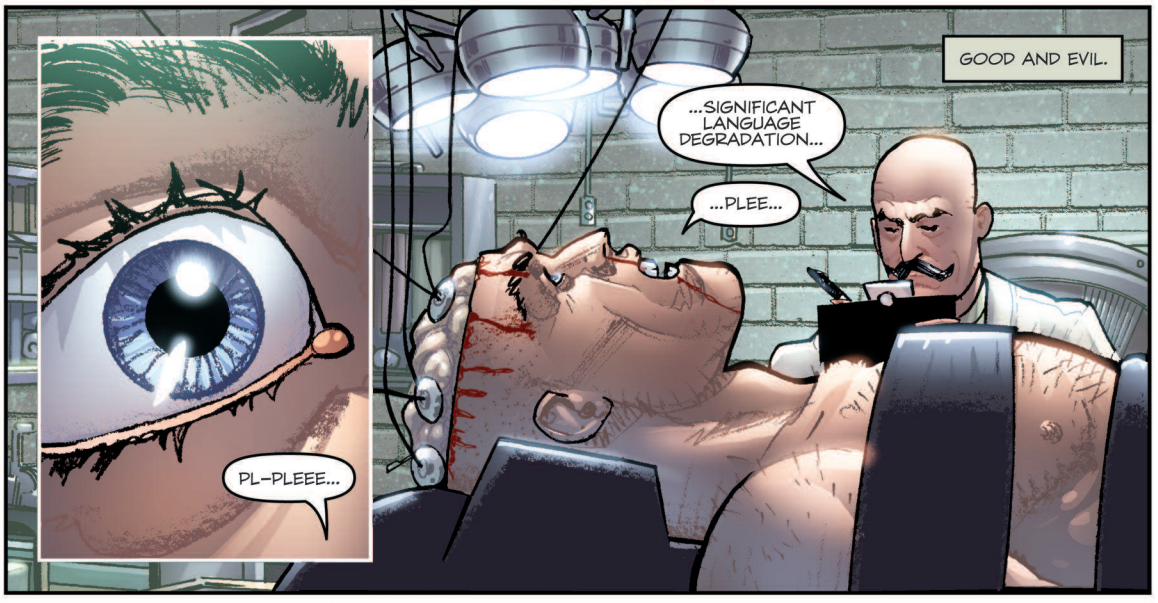

Brain
Eyes
Pituitary
Thyroid-Parathyroids
Heart
Lungs
Esophagus
Adrenals
Appendix
Bladder
Gallbladder
Intestine (large)
Intestine (small)
Pancreas
Kidneys
Liver
Spleen
Stomach
MMM... MMM.... WE'RE INTERESTED IN THE FULLY INCLUSIVE PACKAGE.

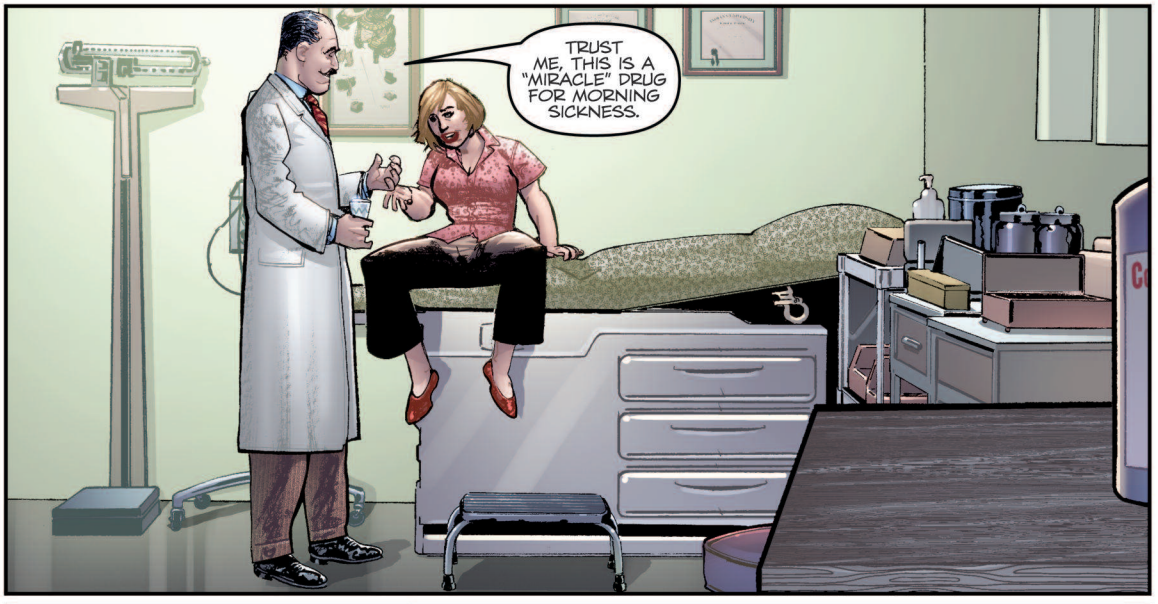

MINDS TOO PRIMITIVE AND FRIGHTENED TO EMBRACE THEIR DIVINE GIFT.
HOW MANY DISSIDENTS DO YOU REQUIRE?
HOW MANY DO YOU HAVE?

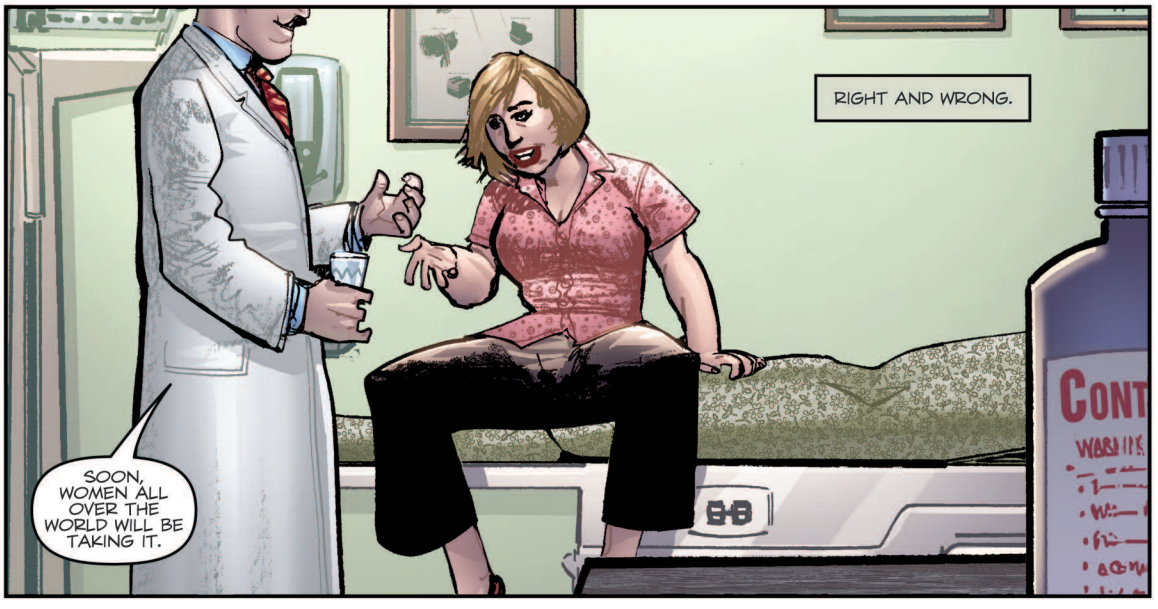

YOU SIGN THE PETITION?
SOON AS I READ IT. I MEAN, WHEN WE THOUGHT WE WERE IN A RACE... WHEN IT WAS US OR THEM, HEY, THAT'S SELF-DEFENSE. BUT NOW? IT'S JUST NOT—
...NECESSARY, I KNOW! I DON'T WANT THAT ON MY CONSCIENCE!
WHO THE HELL WOULD?
COWARDS!
Ban the BOMB
STOP NUCLEAR WAR!
STILL TRYING TO "BEHAVE."
STILL CRAWLING LIKE BABIES.

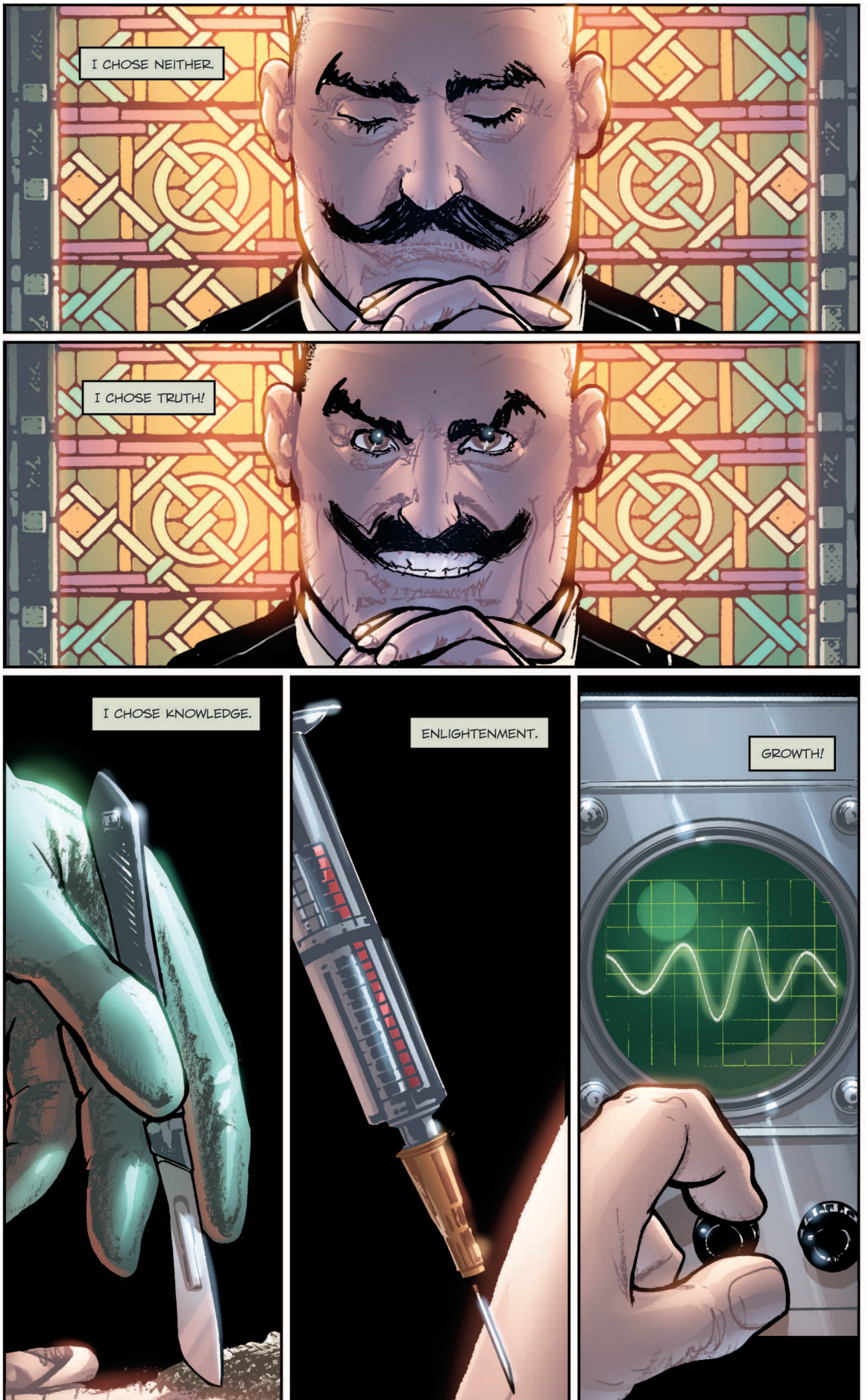

STILL LISTENING TO THEIR "CONSCIENCE."
Federation of Responsible Scientists
CONSCIENCE!
Bub
Exp
A NOTION AS REAL AS A CARTOON CRICKET IN A CHILD'S FANTASY!
Bubonic Plague:
Experiments on Capture
AND IT IS A FANTASY!

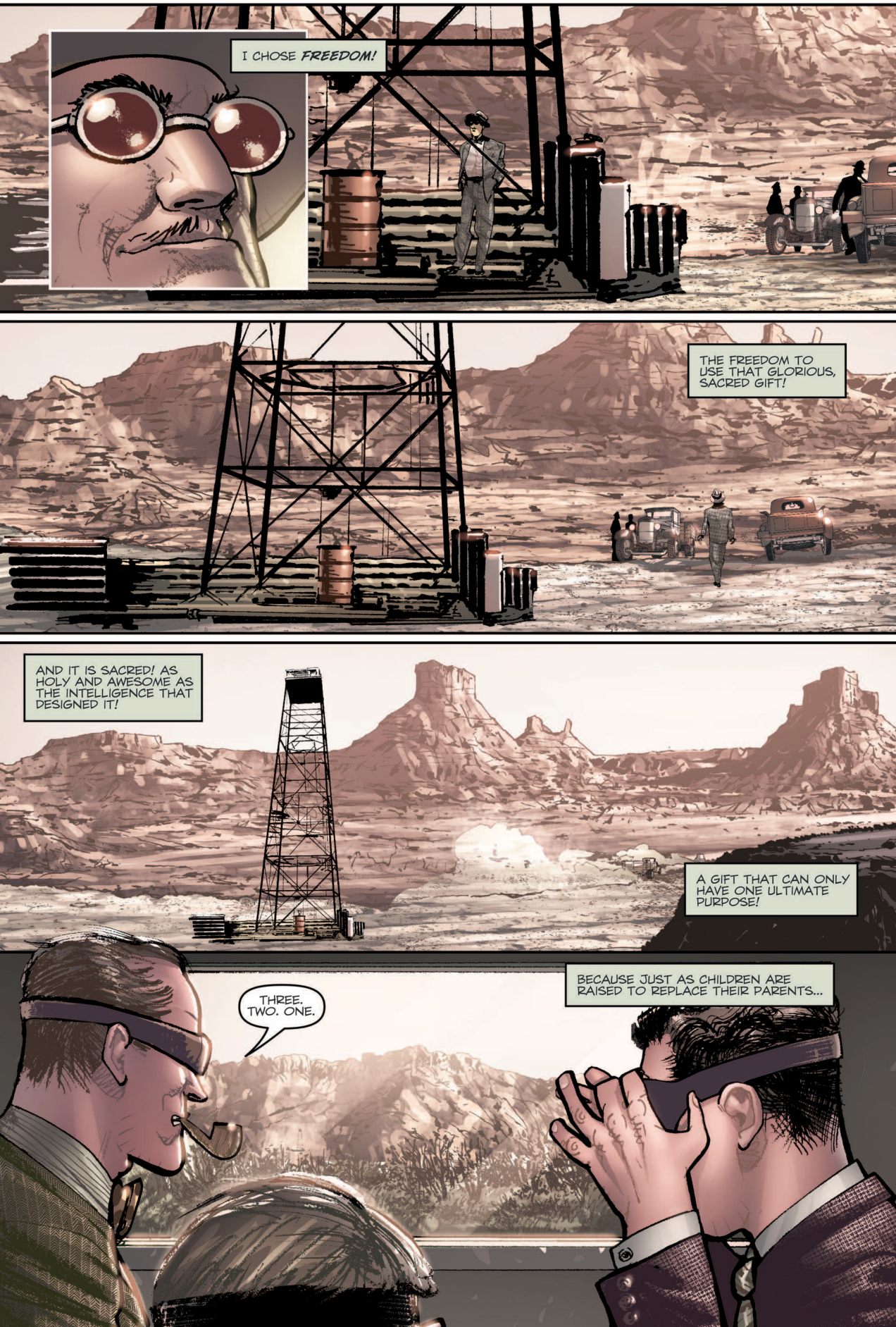

JUST TAKE THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH... AND IF YOU START TO SLIDE... GIVE A LITTLE WHISTLE...
AS IF BY LISTENING TO THEIR "CONSCIENCE," THEY WILL REAP SOME SELF-INDUCED REWARD...
...GIVE A LITTLE WHISTLE...
HAVE THERE BEEN CLINICAL TRIALS ON HUMANS YET?
...OR AVOID SOME SELF-INFLICTED PUNISHMENT.
WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS?


PL-PLEEE...
...PLEE...
...SIGNIFICANT LANGUAGE DEGRADATION...
GOOD AND EVIL.


TRUST ME, THIS IS A "MIRACLE" DRUG FOR MORNING SICKNESS.


RIGHT AND WRONG.
SOON, WOMEN ALL OVER THE WORLD WILL BE TAKING IT.


I CHOSE NEITHER.
I CHOSE TRUTH!
I CHOSE KNOWLEDGE.
ENLIGHTENMENT.
GROWTH!


I CHOSE FREEDOM!
THE FREEDOM TO USE THAT GLORIOUS, SACRED GIFT!
AND IT IS SACRED! AS HOLY AND AWESOME AS THE INTELLIGENCE THAT DESIGNED IT!
A GIFT THAT CAN ONLY HAVE ONE ULTIMATE PURPOSE!
BECAUSE JUST AS CHILDREN ARE RAISED TO REPLACE THEIR PARENTS...
THREE. TWO. ONE.


...SOME DAY WE SHALL REPLACE...


GOD!
MY CODE-NAME IS DOCTOR MINDBENDER.
I AM COBRA.



G.I. JOE: HEARTS AND MINDS #4B COVER BY **ANTONIO FUSO**

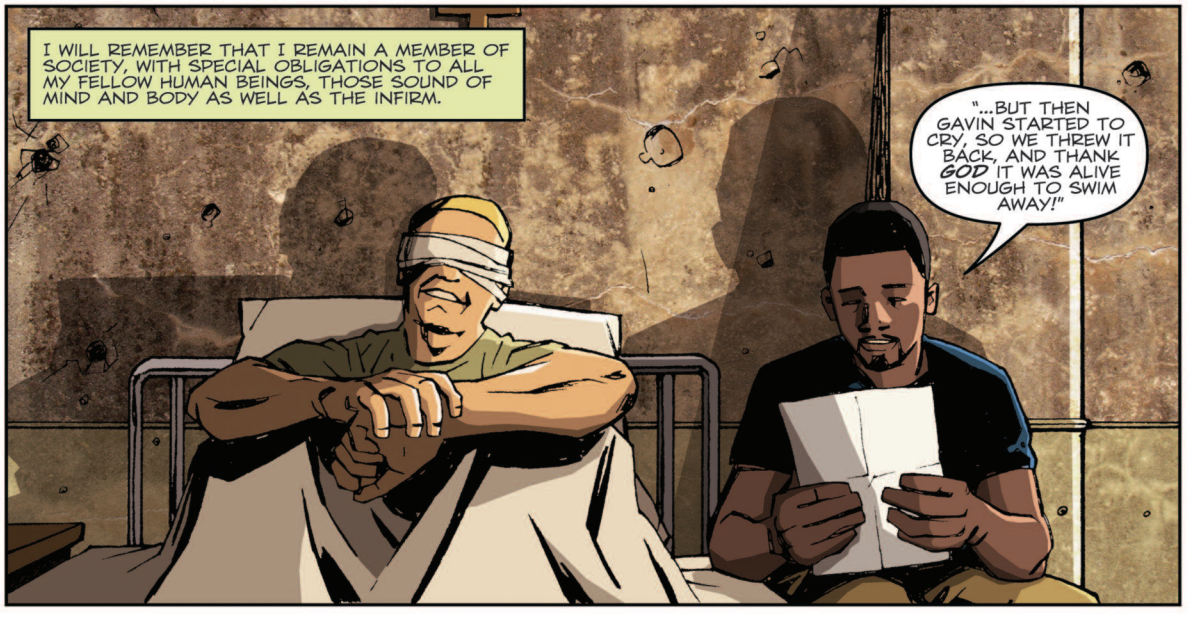

I WILL APPLY, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SICK, ALL MEASURES REQUIRED.
DOC!


06:00
DON'T LOOK SO WORRIED. WE JUST HAVE TO ASPIRATE THE EXCESS FLUID.
SHE'S STILL BREATHING ON HER OWN. NO ASSIST. THIS HAPPENS ALL THE TIME. WE'LL HAVE YOU IN TO SEE HER IN AN HOUR, NINETY MINUTES, TOPS.
IT'S A GIRL
AND LET'S HAVE SOME SMILES WHEN I COME BACK.


I WILL REMEMBER THAT THERE IS ART TO MEDICINE AS WELL AS SCIENCE...
KILA KITU NI SAWA. SITAKI KUKUUMIZA.
...AND THAT WARMTH...
YARAYI TEMIZ TUTUN VE SANA VERDIK ILAÇ KULLANIMI VE ADAM OLMAK SENIN TORUNUN IZLEYECEKLER.
...SYMPATHY...
SÉ QUE ESTÁ ASUSTADA. YO TAMBIÉN.
WE SHOULD SWITCH OUT THE MRE BEEF PATTIES FOR PORK. THIS IS A HINDU VILLAGE, NOT MUSLIM.
...AND UNDERSTANDING MAY OUTWEIGH THE SURGEON'S KNIFE OR THE CHEMIST'S DRUG.
UN TSUNAMI AID STA


I WILL REMEMBER THAT I DO NOT TREAT A FEVER CHART, OR A CANCEROUS GROWTH, BUT A SICK HUMAN BEING.
ALL YOU, SOLDIER! ALL YOU!


I WILL NOT BE ASHAMED TO SAY "I KNOW NOT," NOR WILL I FAIL TO CALL IN MY COLLEAGUES WHEN THE SKILLS OF ANOTHER ARE NEEDED FOR A PATIENT'S RECOVERY.
HEMORRHAGING! NEED SOME BACKUP HERE!


I WILL REMEMBER THAT I REMAIN A MEMBER OF SOCIETY, WITH SPECIAL OBLIGATIONS TO ALL MY FELLOW HUMAN BEINGS, THOSE SOUND OF MIND AND BODY AS WELL AS THE INFIRM.
"...BUT THEN GAVIN STARTED TO CRY, SO WE THREW IT BACK, AND THANK *GOD* IT WAS ALIVE ENOUGH TO SWIM AWAY!"


VELCOM
12:00
SHE DEVELOPED A PNEUMOTHORAX, SO WE NEED TO GET IN THERE AND RELIEVE THE PRESSURE IN THE CHEST CAVITY. IT'S A MINOR PROCEDURE. SHE'S GOING TO BE JUST FINE.


I PROMISE.


DOC!
MOST ESPECIALLY MUST I TREAD WITH CARE IN MATTERS OF LIFE AND DEATH.


I GOT YOU!
JUST A FEW MORE STEPS! HANG ON!
HANG ON!

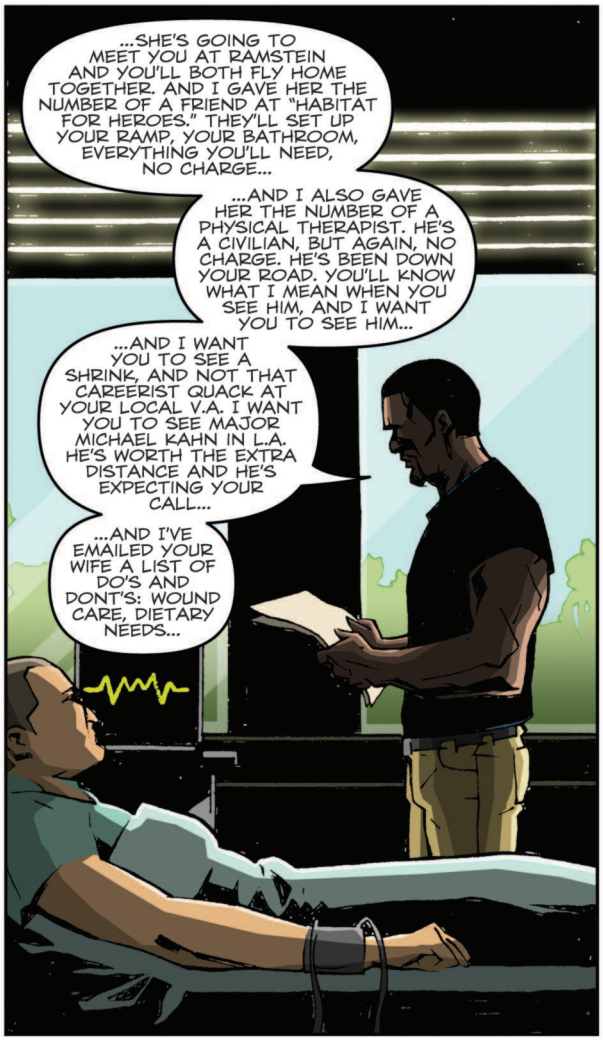

IF IT IS GIVEN ME TO SAVE A LIFE, ALL THANKS.


BUT IT MAY ALSO BE WITHIN MY POWER TO TAKE A LIFE.


THIS AWESOME RESPONSIBILITY MUST BE FACED WITH GREAT HUMILITY...


...AND AWARENESS OF MY OWN FRAILTY.


I CALLED YOUR WIFE...

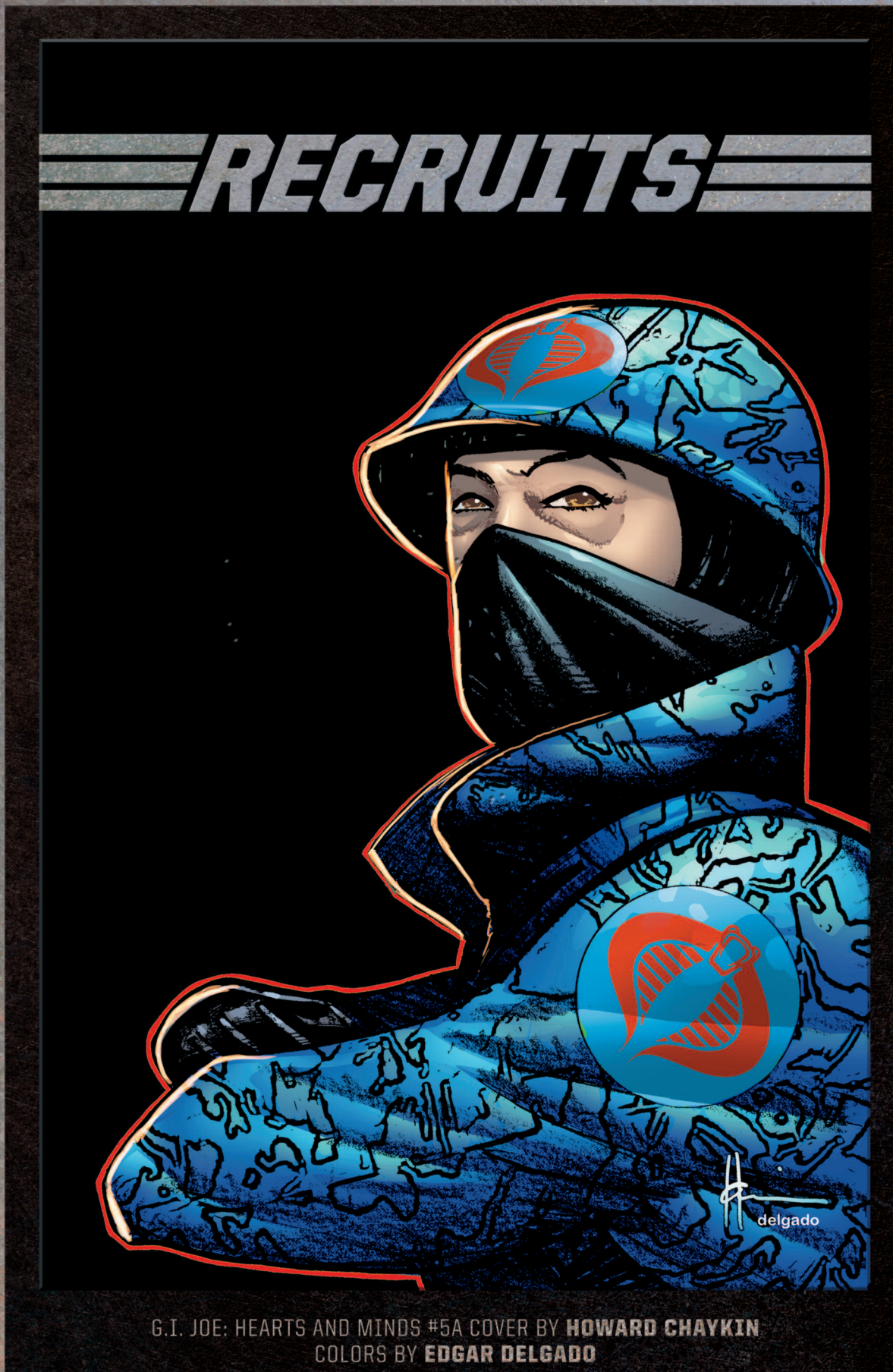

...SHE'S GOING TO MEET YOU AT RAMSTEIN AND YOU'LL BOTH FLY HOME TOGETHER. AND I GAVE HER THE NUMBER OF A FRIEND AT "HABITAT FOR HEROES." THEY'LL SET UP YOUR RAMP, YOUR BATHROOM, EVERYTHING YOU'LL NEED, NO CHARGE...
...AND I ALSO GAVE HER THE NUMBER OF A PHYSICAL THERAPIST. HE'S A CIVILIAN, BUT AGAIN, NO CHARGE. HE'S BEEN DOWN YOUR ROAD. YOU'LL KNOW WHAT I MEAN WHEN YOU SEE HIM, AND I WANT YOU TO SEE HIM...
...AND I WANT YOU TO SEE A SHRINK, AND NOT THAT CAREERIST QUACK AT YOUR LOCAL V.A. I WANT YOU TO SEE MAJOR MICHAEL KAHN IN L.A. HE'S WORTH THE EXTRA DISTANCE AND HE'S EXPECTING YOUR CALL...
...AND I'VE EMAILED YOUR WIFE A LIST OF DO'S AND DONT'S: WOUND CARE, DIETARY NEEDS...


HEY, DOC...

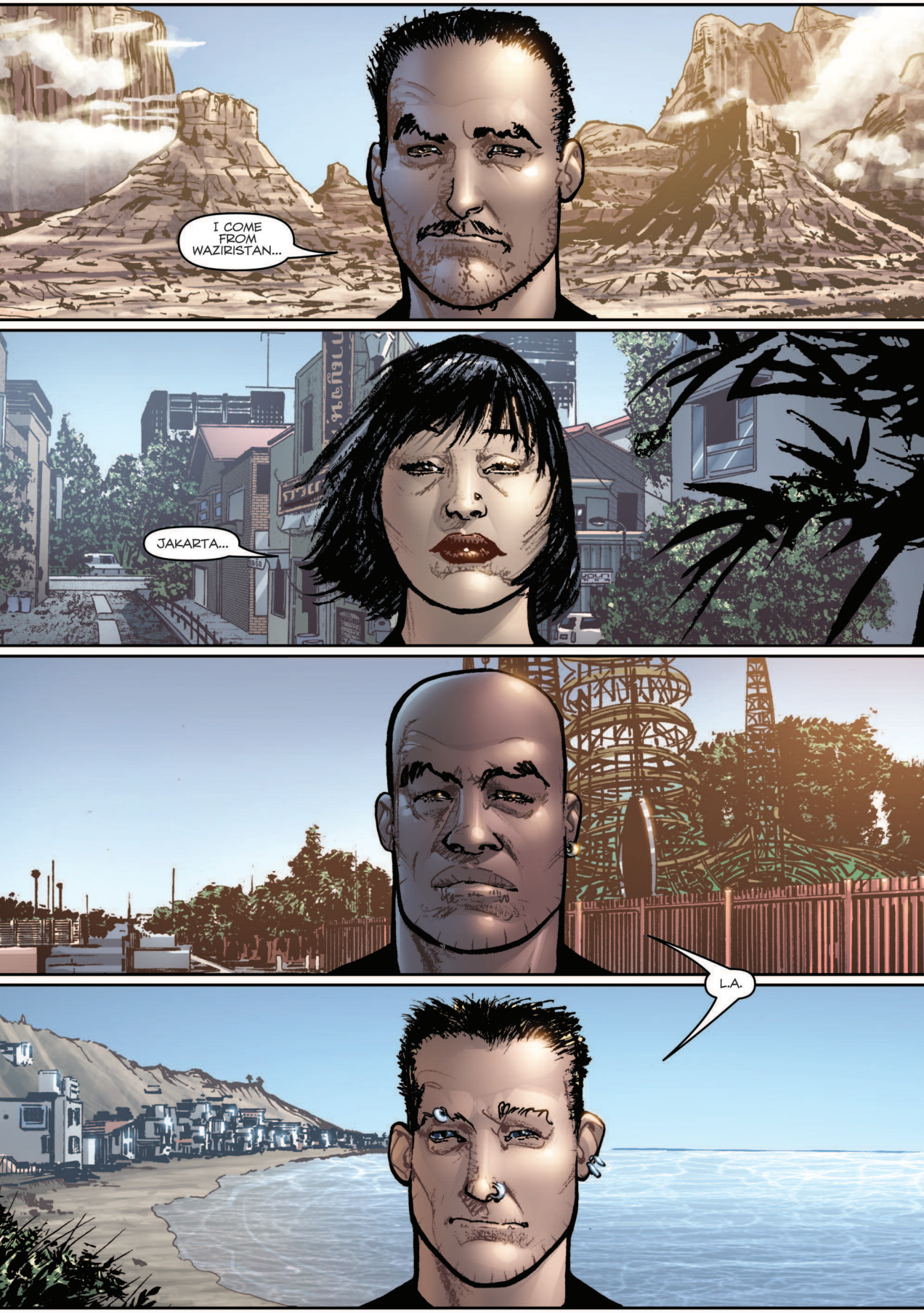

...GOD BLESS YOU.




THERE, UH... WERE... UNFORESEEN...
ABOVE ALL...
06:00
...WE... I ATTEMPTED TO...
...I WILL NOT PLAY GOD.
...I... I'M SORRY.
MY CODE-NAME IS DOC. I AM G.I. JOE.



G.I. JOE: HEARTS AND MINDS #5A COVER BY **HOWARD CHAYKIN**
COLORS BY **EDGAR DELGADO**

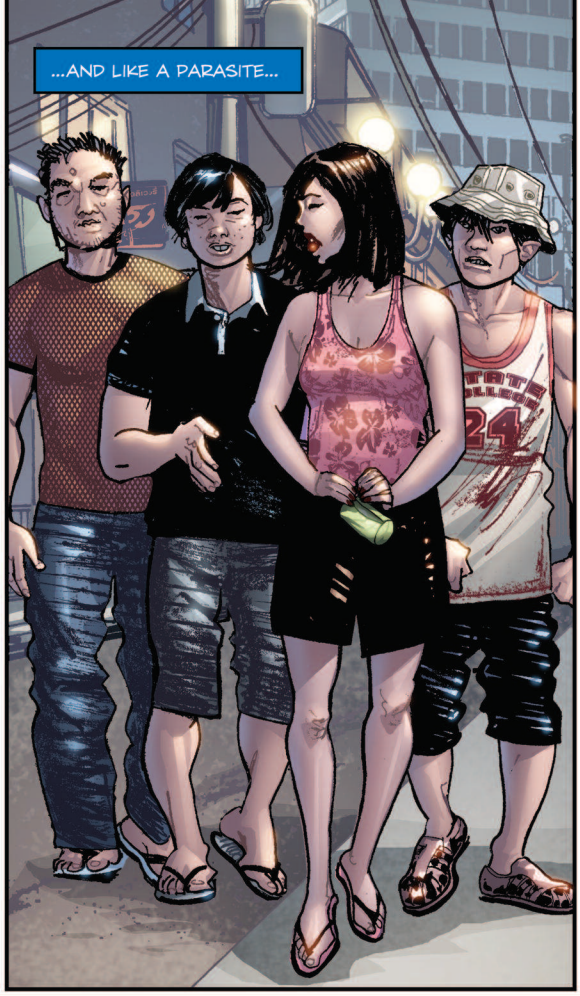

I COME FROM WAZIRISTAN...
JAKARTA...
L.A.


I'D NEVER DECLARED WAR ON THEM...
...THE STRANGERS HALF A WORLD AWAY...
...WHO WERE TRYING TO KILL OTHER STRANGERS...
...WHO JUST SHOWED UP ONE DAY AT OUR VILLAGE...
...WITH FOOD AND MEDICINE AND ENOUGH COOKING OIL TO LAST ALL WINTER.

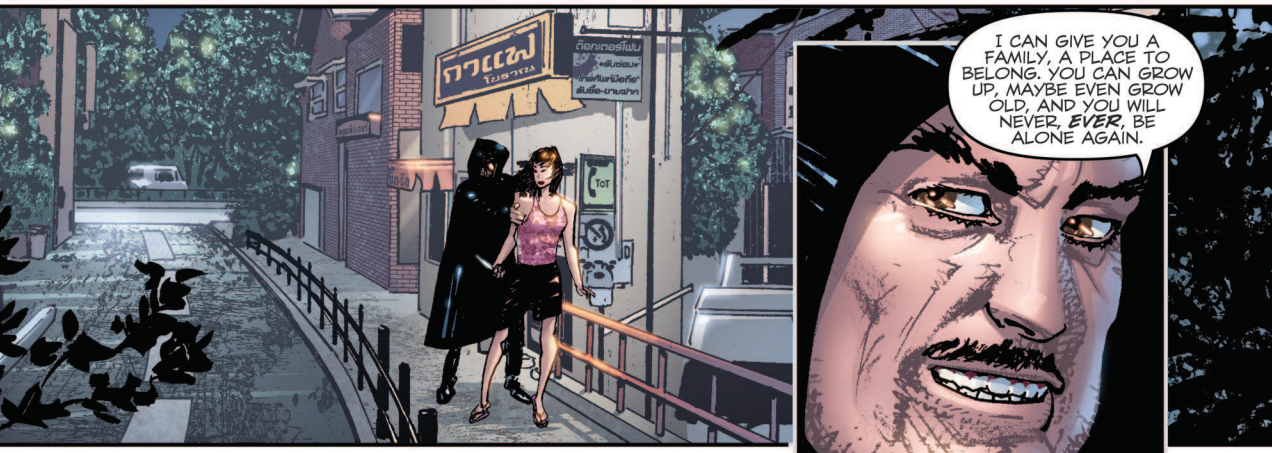

"COLLATERAL DAMAGE."
"ACCEPTABLE LOSSES."
"REGRETTABLE CIVILIAN CASUALTIES."
DID THEY UNDERSTAND THE CONSEQUENCES? DID THEY CARE?
YOUR ENEMIES ARE NOT UNTOUCHABLE.
COME WITH ME AND MAKE THEM BURN!


I HAD NO FUTURE, NO PARASITE DOES. I LIVED OFF THE HUMAN ANIMALS SCAVENGING THE LAST LINKS OF SOCIETY'S FOOD CHAIN.
DOING WHATEVER...
...WHENEVER...
...AND WITH WHOMEVER I HAD TO.


LIKE A PARASITE, I EXISTED ONLY TO EXIST...


...AND LIKE A PARASITE...


...I DREW BLOOD TO SURVIVE.

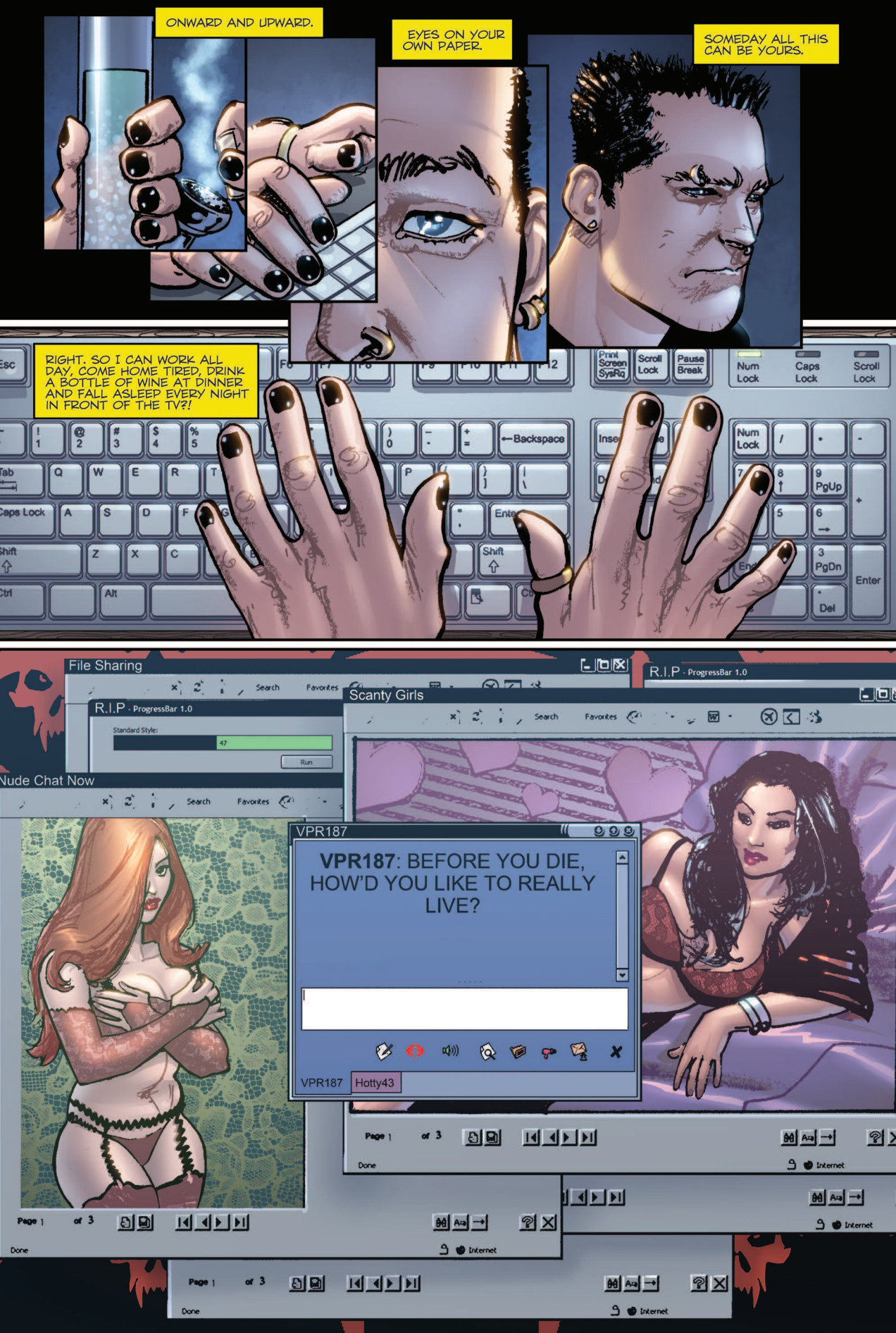

I CAN GIVE YOU A FAMILY, A PLACE TO BELONG. YOU CAN GROW UP, MAYBE EVEN GROW OLD, AND YOU WILL NEVER, EVER, BE ALONE AGAIN.


Crenshaw
I WAS ALREADY AT WAR.
WE HAD UNIFORMS...
...AND BATTLES.
HEROES...
...AND CASUALTIES.


AND FOR WHAT?!
A SLICE OF A PIE I COULD ONLY SMELL?
THE LIES OF A SYSTEM I WASN'T ALLOWED TO JOIN?
BLING
BLING


OME AN
GET IT!
THE WORLD IS YOURS
AND THE WORLD IS MINE.
ISN'T IT?
FIRST YOU GET THE MONEY, THEN YOU GET THE POWER, RIGHT?
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GET IT ALL?
VISITORS

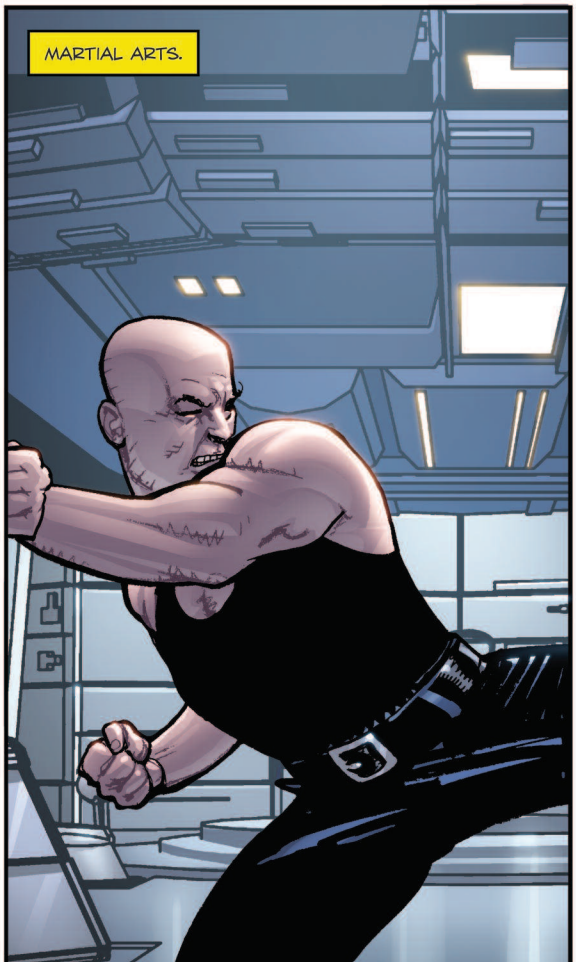

San Vicente
DEATH BY BOREDOM, THAT WAS MY SO CALLED "LIFE."
NICE HOUSE, GOOD SCHOOL, MONEY AND SECURITY...
...LIVIN' THE DREAM,
America's Idol
MOM AND DAD WORKED ALL DAY, CAME HOME TIRED, DRANK A BOTTLE OF WINE AT DINNER AND FELL ASLEEP EVERY NIGHT IN FRONT OF THE TV.
AND FOR WHAT?

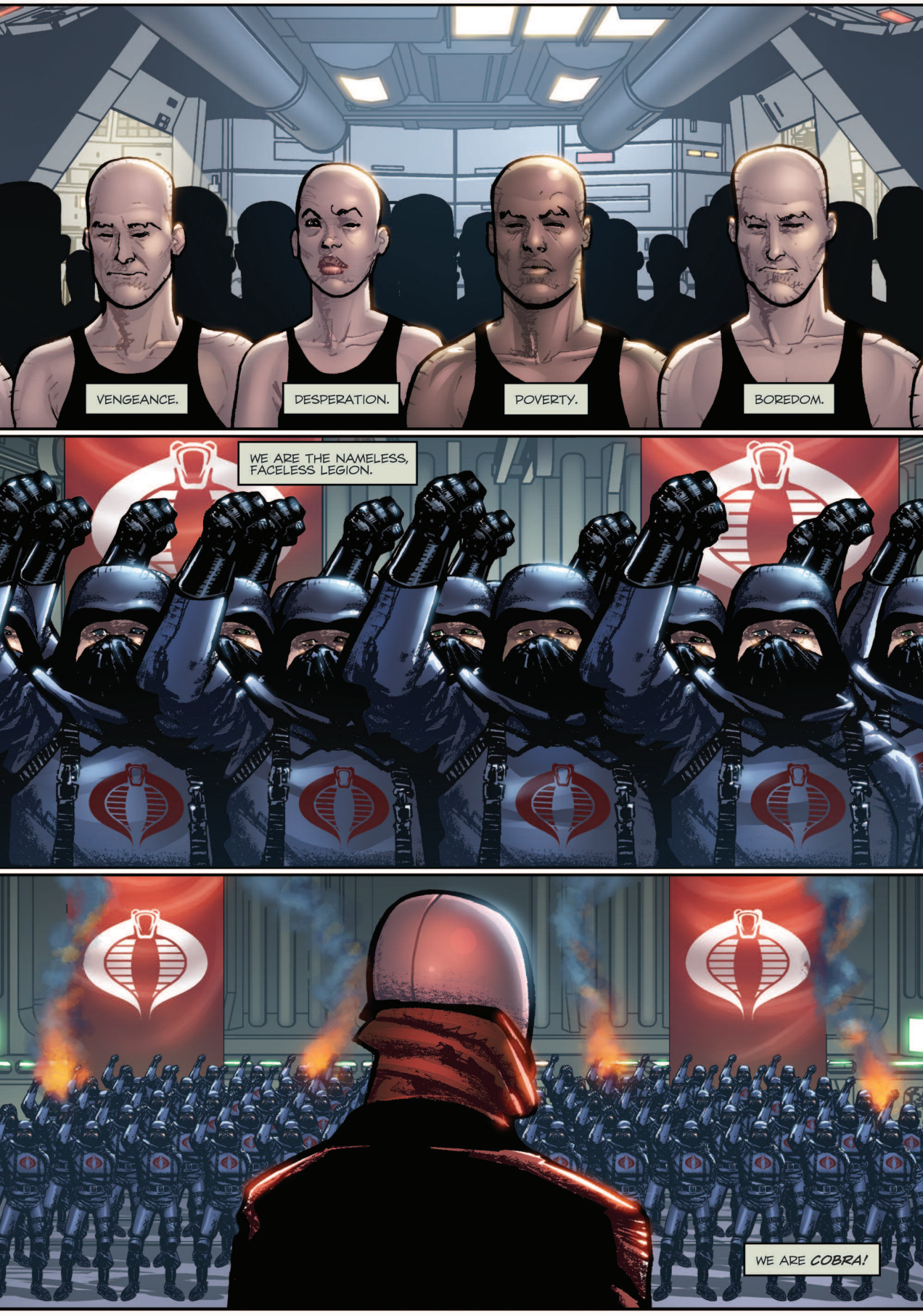

ONWARD AND UPWARD.
EYES ON YOUR OWN PAPER.
SOMEDAY ALL THIS CAN BE YOURS.
RIGHT. SO I CAN WORK ALL DAY, COME HOME TIRED, DRINK A BOTTLE OF WINE AT DINNER AND FALL ASLEEP EVERY NIGHT IN FRONT OF THE TV?!
File Sharing
R.I.P - ProgressBar 1.0
Standard Style:
47
Run
Nude Chat Now
Scanty Girls
VPR187
VPR187: BEFORE YOU DIE, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO REALLY LIVE?
VPR187
Hotty43
Page 1 of 3
Done
Internet


EXPLOSIVES.


SMALL ARMS.


SABOTAGE.


MARTIAL ARTS.


VENGEANCE.
DESPERATION.
POVERTY.
BOREDOM.
WE ARE THE NAMELESS, FACELESS LEGION.
WE ARE COBRA!



G.I. JOE: HEARTS AND MINDS #5B COVER BY **ANTONIO FUSO**




FIRE.
THE "CIVILIZED WORLD" WANTS IT BANNED FROM WARFARE.
THEY CALL IT BRUTAL, SAVAGE... INHUMAN.
INHUMAN.


SAVAGE.
BRUTAL.
THAT'S NOT US. NOT ANYMORE.
WE'RE SMARTER.
WE'RE ADVANCED.
WE'RE ENLIGHTENED.


WE'RE EVOLVED.

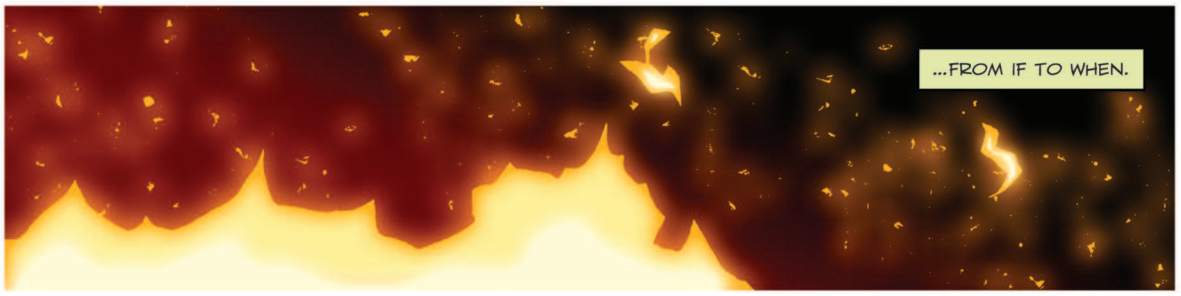

HANRAHAN!
GET OVER HERE!


HOW COULD THERE BE A "CIVILIZED WORLD"?
THE ARTISTS...
...AND BUILDERS.
THE THINKERS...
...AND DREAMERS.


HOW CAN THERE BE CIVILIZATION...


...IN A WORLD OF BARE SURVIVAL?
WHERE LIFE IS LIVED SECOND TO SECOND...
...ALWAYS LOOKING OVER YOUR SHOULDER...
...ALWAYS HUNTED...
...ALWAYS AFRAID.


HANRAHAN!
I GOT 'EM.
FROM PREY TO PREDATOR...
...FROM HUNTED...
...TO HUNTER.


...FROM IF TO WHEN.


SO WE DARE TO CLAIM TOMORROW.


FROM THE TORCH...


...TO THE FLAMETHROWER...


...TO THE THERMOBARIC WARHEAD.


THERE IS NOTHING...
...MORE HUMAN...
...THAN FIRE.




MY CODENAME IS BLOWTORCH.
I AM G.I. JOE.

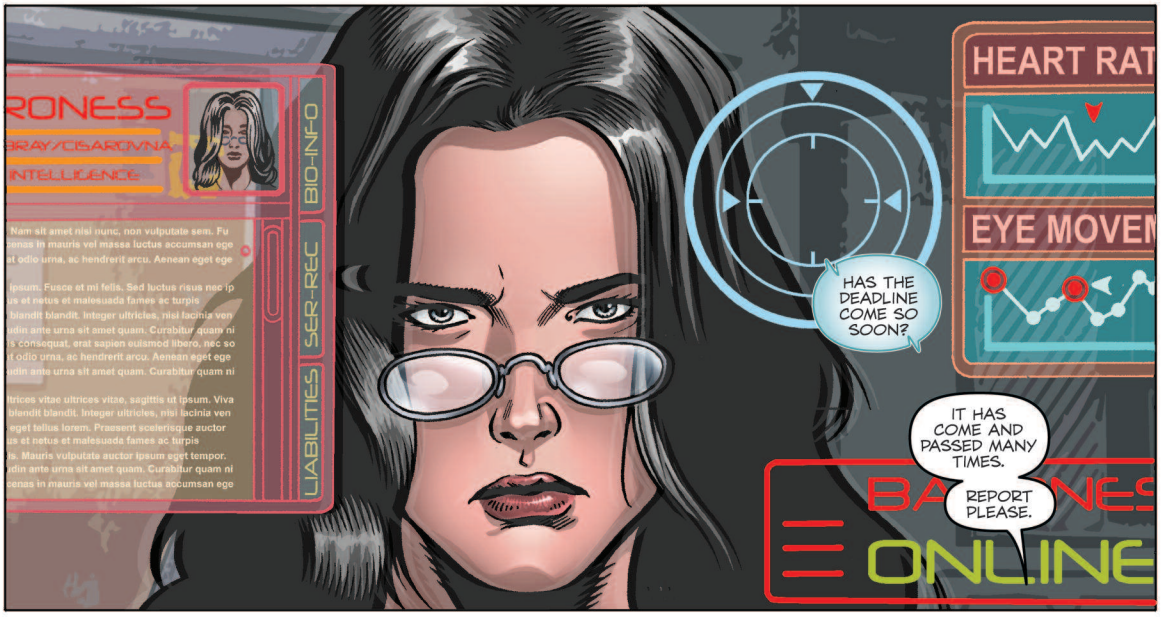




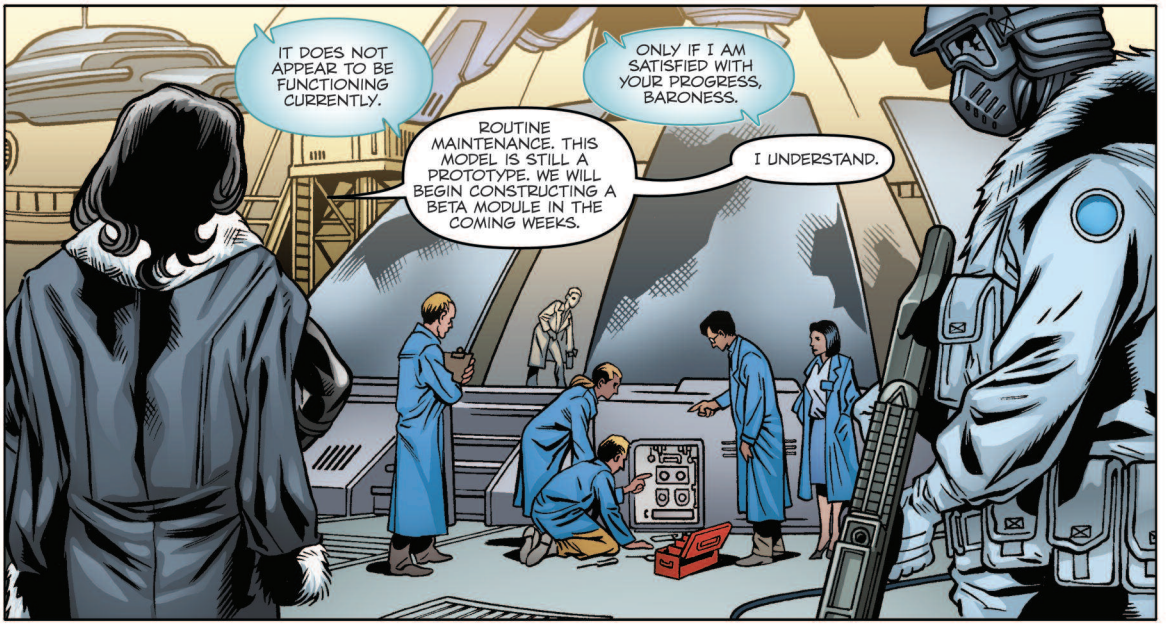
G.I. JOE #17 COVER BY **ROBERT ATKINS** COLORS BY **ANDREW CROSSLEY**

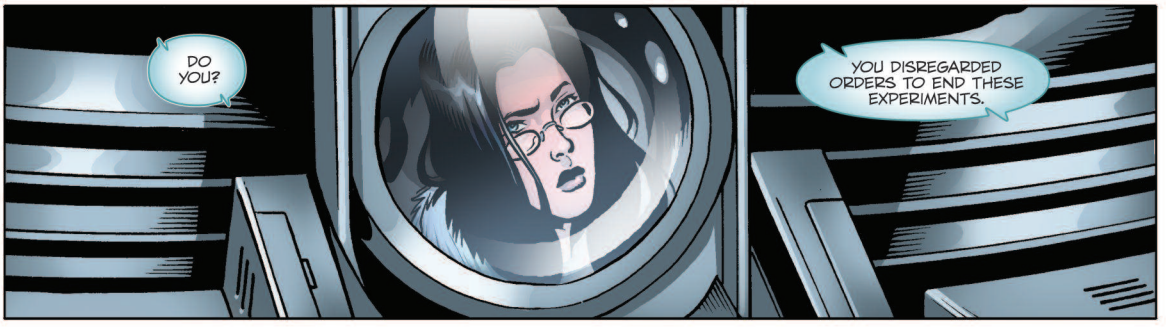

BARONESS?
ANASTASIA?

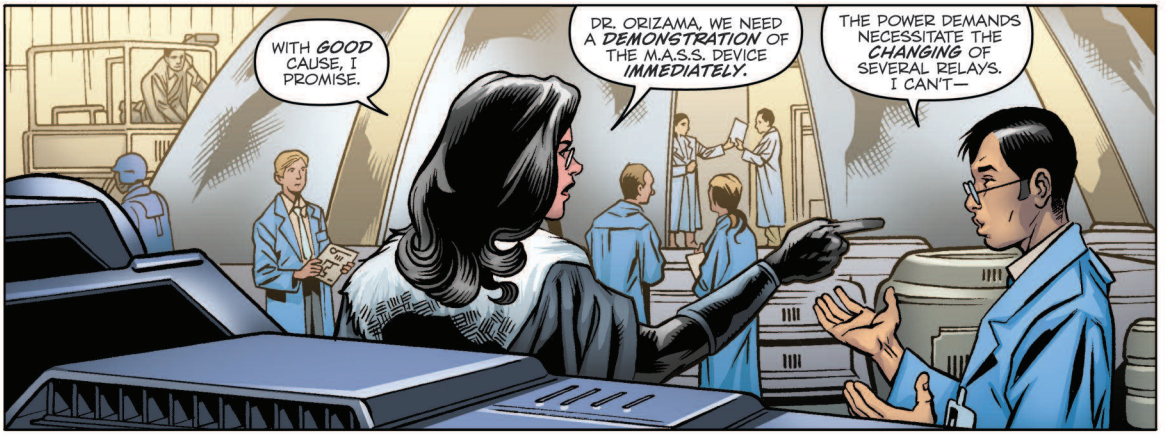

OH?
REPORT PLEASE.
BARONESS
ONLINE

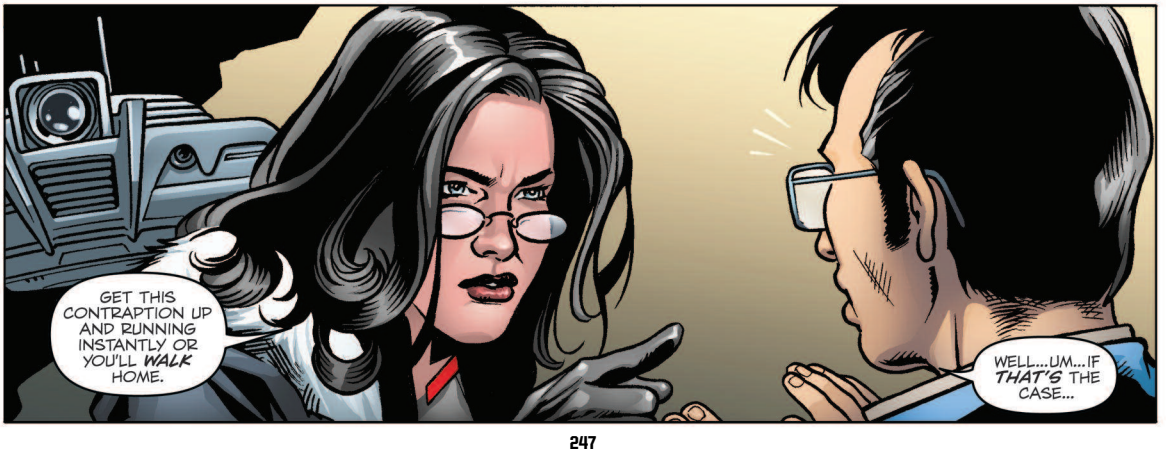

BIO-INFO
SER-REC
LIABILITIES
HEART RAT
EYE MOVEM
HAS THE DEADLINE COME SO SOON?
IT HAS COME AND PASSED MANY TIMES.
REPORT PLEASE.
ONLINE


SECTION ZERO. COBRA'S SECRET ARCTIC BASE.
I'VE BEEN SUBMITTING REPORTS TO THE CONSULS. IS THIS TO BE A PERSONAL AUDIT?
MORE OF A RECKONING.
WE HAVE SPENT NEARLY A HUNDRED BILLION IN FUNDS.
I WISH TO SEE WITH MY OWN EYES—AS IT WERE—WHAT YOU HAVE ACCOMPLISHED.
THE M.A.S.S. DEVICE HAS PERFORMED TO EXPECTATIONS IN TESTS. YOU WILL BE PLEASED, I ASSURE YOU.*
*MULTIPOINT ASYNCHRONOUS SUB-ETHER STATION


IT DOES NOT APPEAR TO BE FUNCTIONING CURRENTLY.
ONLY IF I AM SATISFIED WITH YOUR PROGRESS, BARONESS.
ROUTINE MAINTENANCE. THIS MODEL IS STILL A PROTOTYPE. WE WILL BEGIN CONSTRUCTING A BETA MODULE IN THE COMING WEEKS.
I UNDERSTAND.

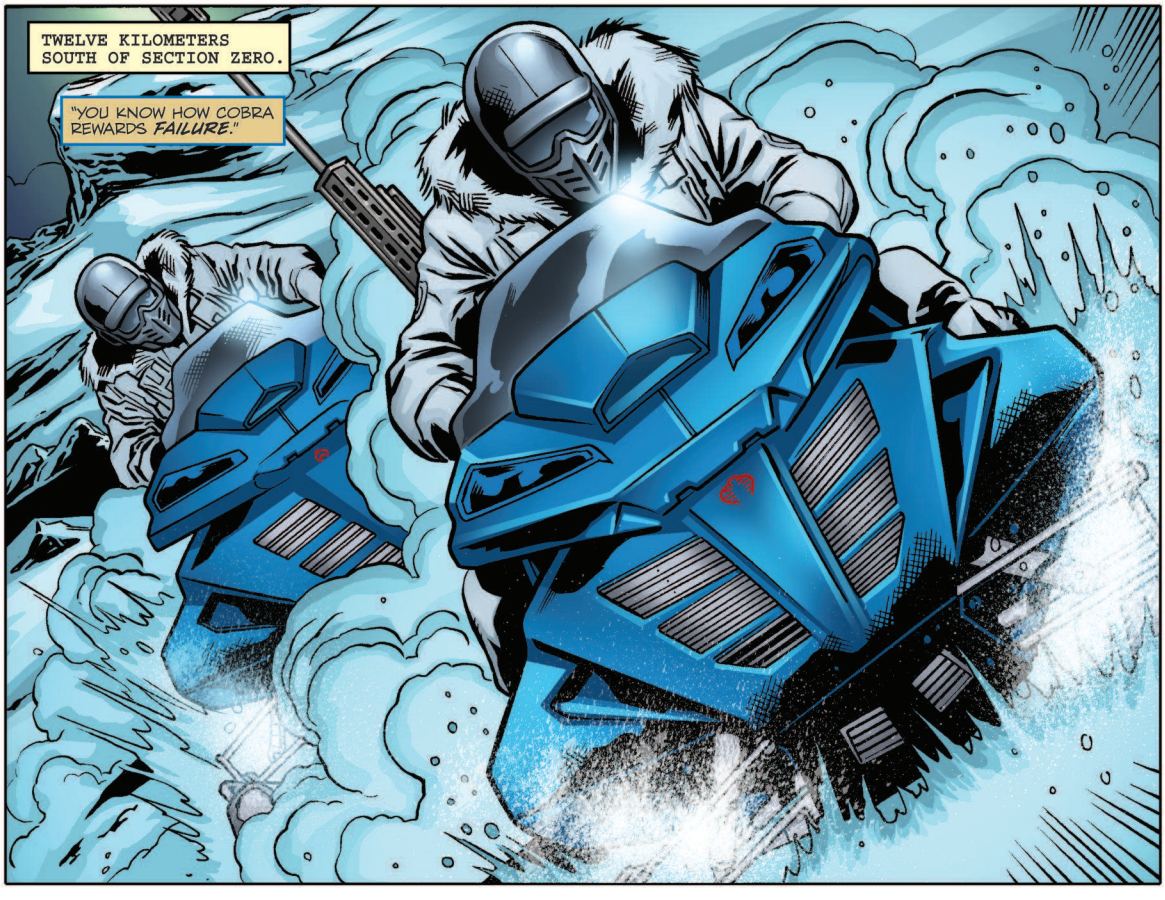

DO YOU?
YOU DISREGARDED ORDERS TO END THESE EXPERIMENTS.

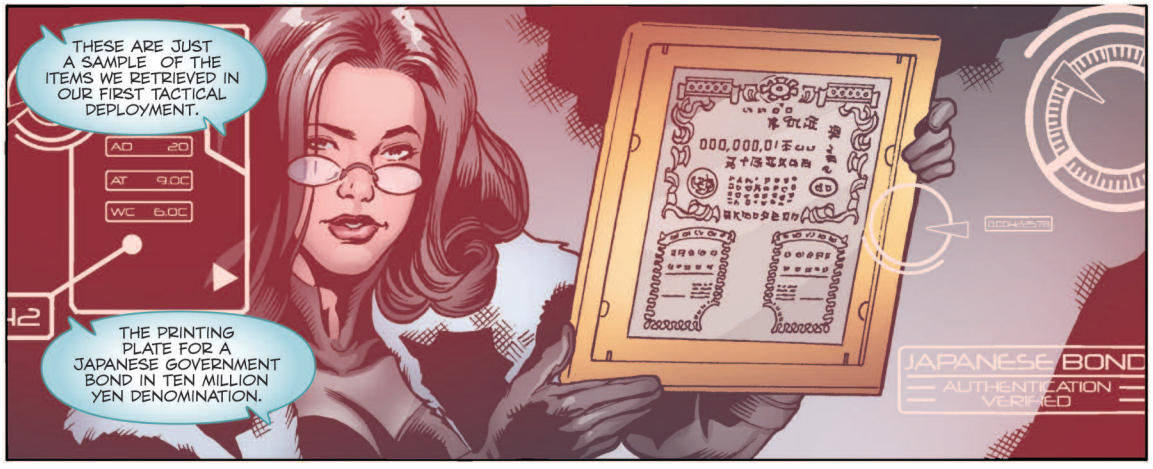

WITH GOOD CAUSE, I PROMISE.
DR. ORIZAMA, WE NEED A DEMONSTRATION OF THE M.A.S.S. DEVICE IMMEDIATELY.
THE POWER DEMANDS NECESSITATE THE CHANGING OF SEVERAL RELAYS. I CAN'T—

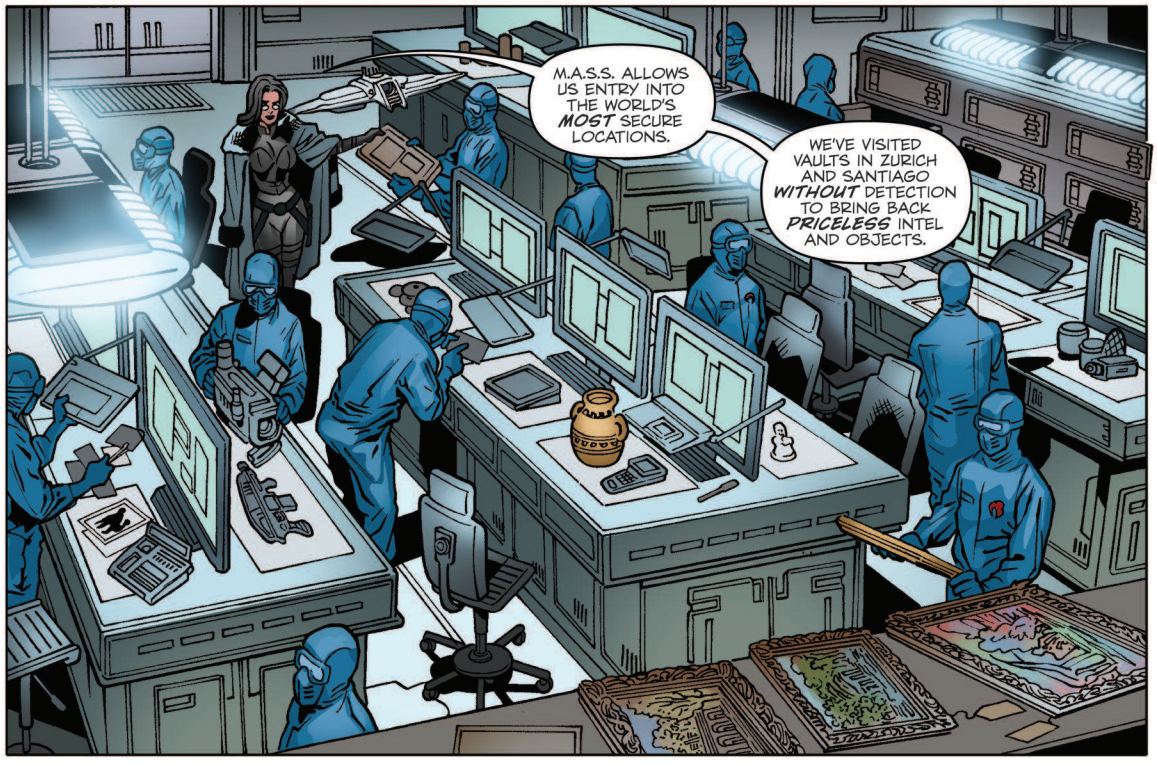

GET THIS CONTRAPTION UP AND RUNNING INSTANTLY OR YOU'LL WALK HOME.
WELL...UM...IF THAT'S THE CASE...

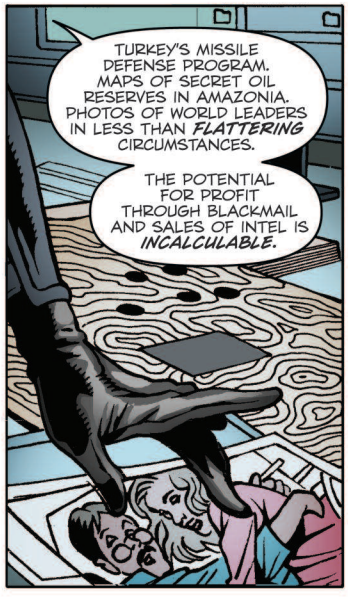

DR. ORIZAMA HERE. IT WILL BE JUST A FEW MINUTES AND WE'LL BE BACK ONLINE.
THERMAL SCANS INDICATE YOU ARE TELLING THE TRUTH.
PROCEED.
MUTE

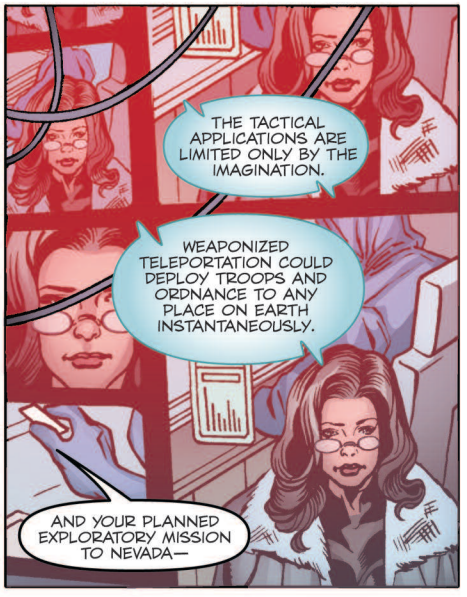

AND, FOR YOUR SAKE, THIS LITTLE SHOW HAD BETTER IMPRESS.

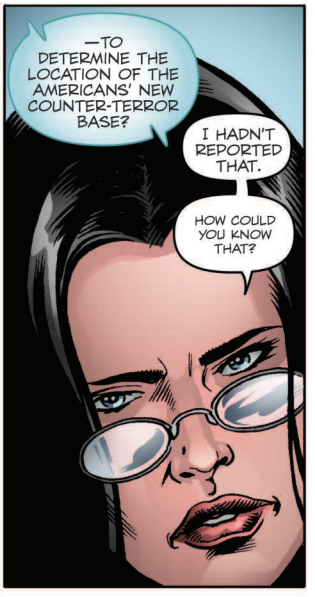

TWELVE KILOMETERS SOUTH OF SECTION ZERO.
"YOU KNOW HOW COBRA REWARDS *FAILURE*."

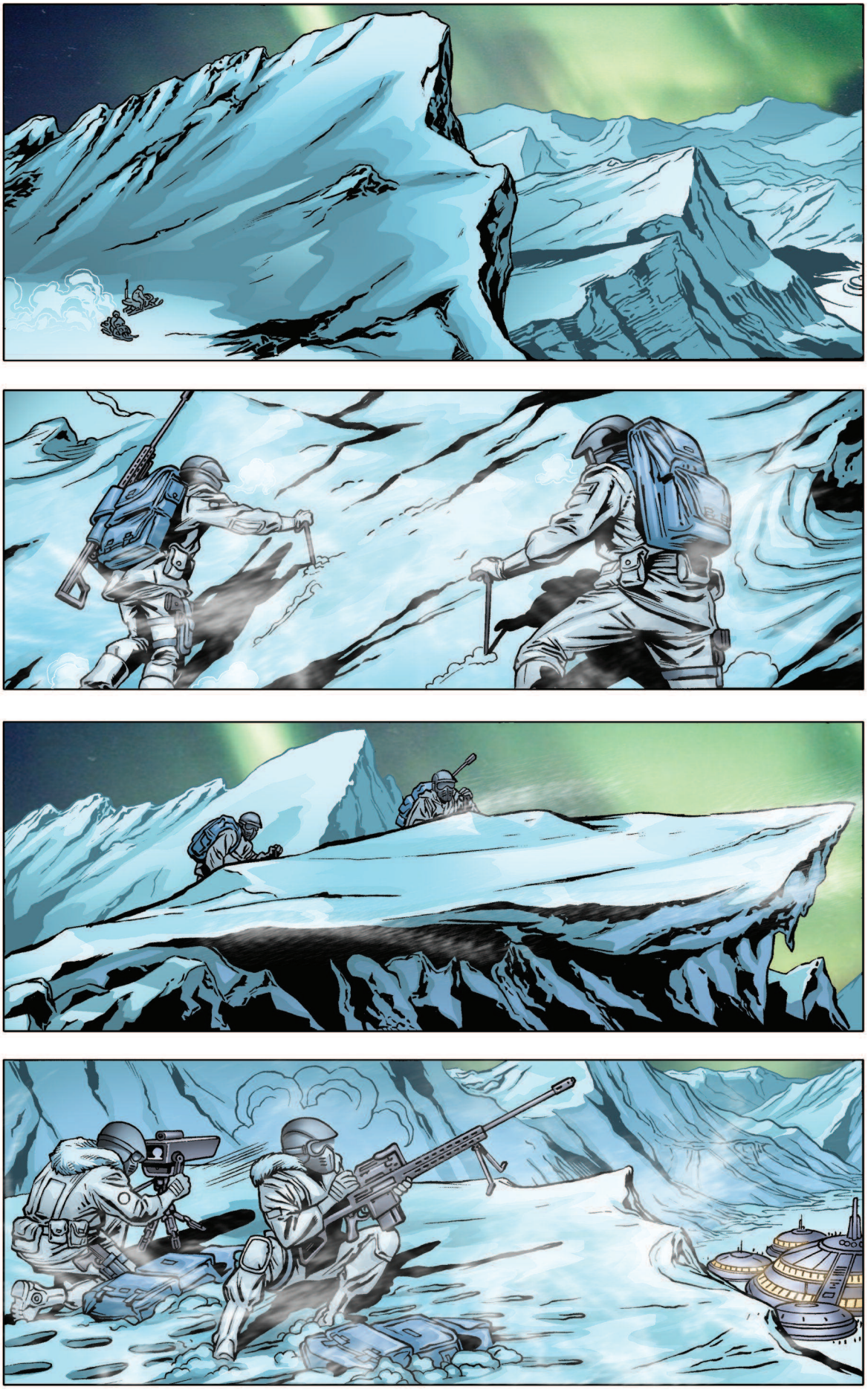

THESE ARE JUST A SAMPLE OF THE ITEMS WE RETRIEVED IN OUR FIRST TACTICAL DEPLOYMENT.
AD 20
AT 9.0C
WC 6.0C
THE PRINTING PLATE FOR A JAPANESE GOVERNMENT BOND IN TEN MILLION YEN DENOMINATION.
JAPANESE BOND
AUTHENTICATION VERIFIED

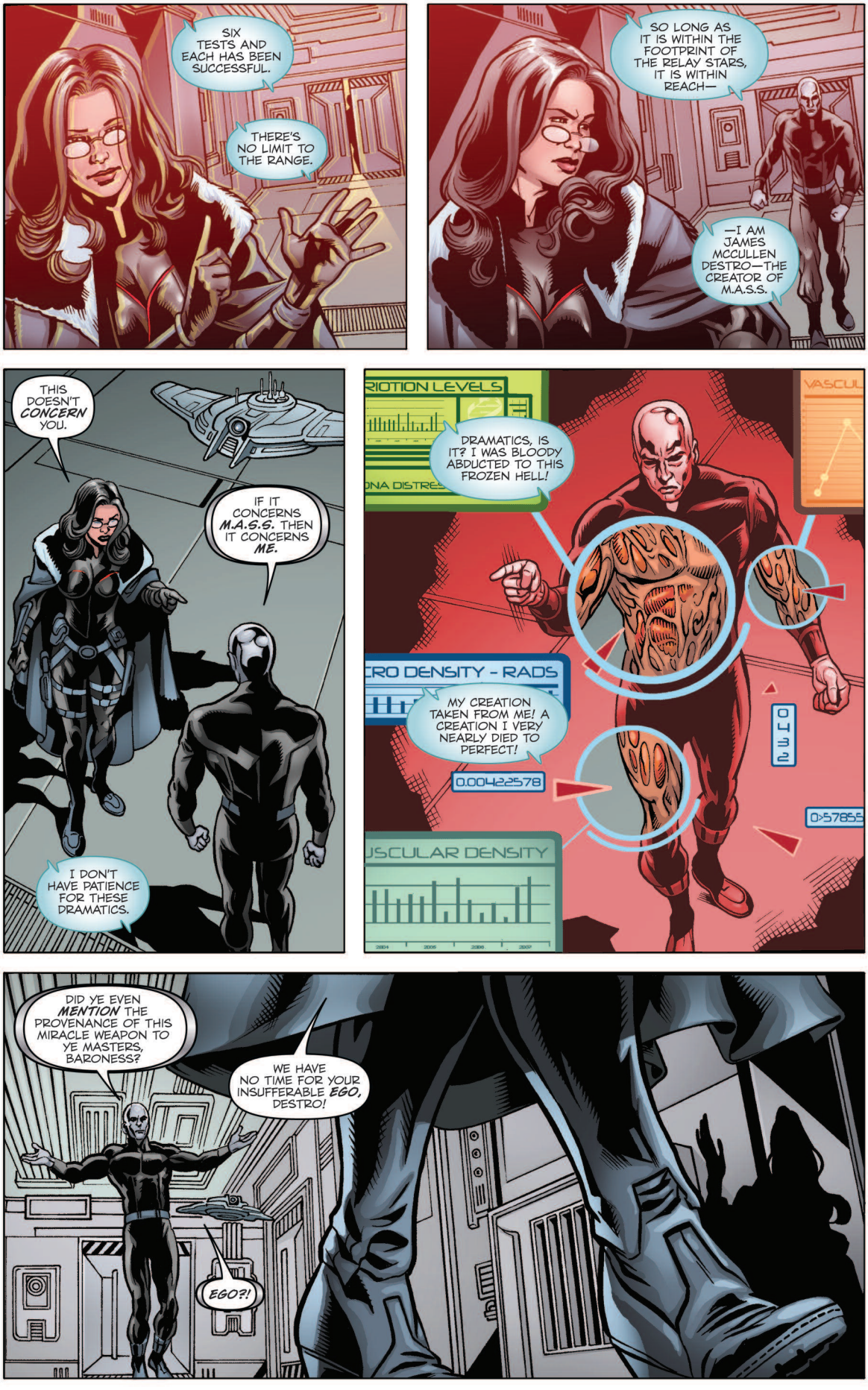

M.A.S.S. ALLOWS US ENTRY INTO THE WORLD'S *MOST* SECURE LOCATIONS.
WE'VE VISITED VAULTS IN ZURICH AND SANTIAGO *WITHOUT* DETECTION TO BRING BACK *PRICELESS* INTEL AND OBJECTS.

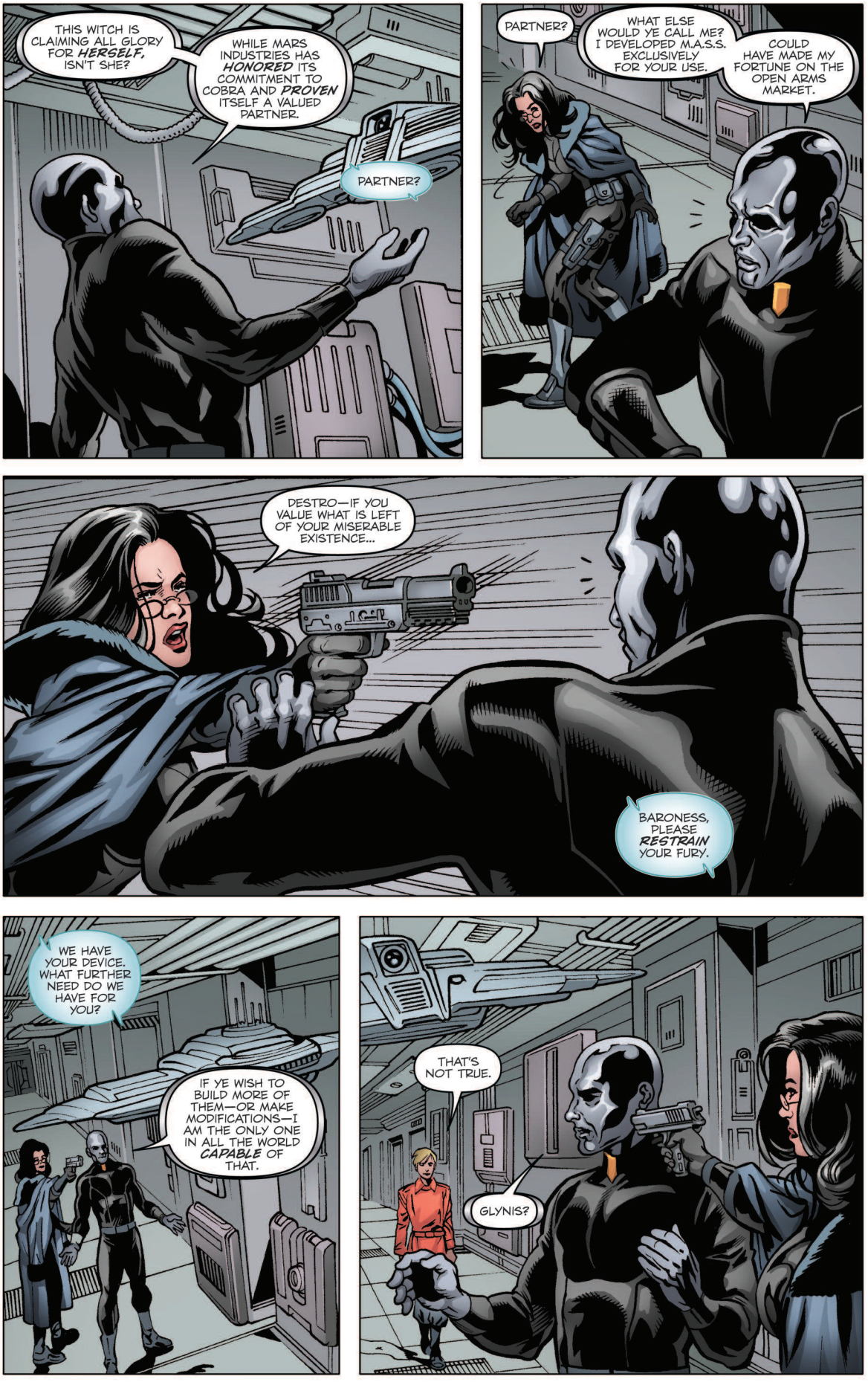

TURKEY'S MISSILE DEFENSE PROGRAM. MAPS OF SECRET OIL RESERVES IN AMAZONIA. PHOTOS OF WORLD LEADERS IN LESS THAN *FLATTERING* CIRCUMSTANCES.
THE POTENTIAL FOR PROFIT THROUGH BLACKMAIL AND SALES OF INTEL IS *INCALCULABLE.*

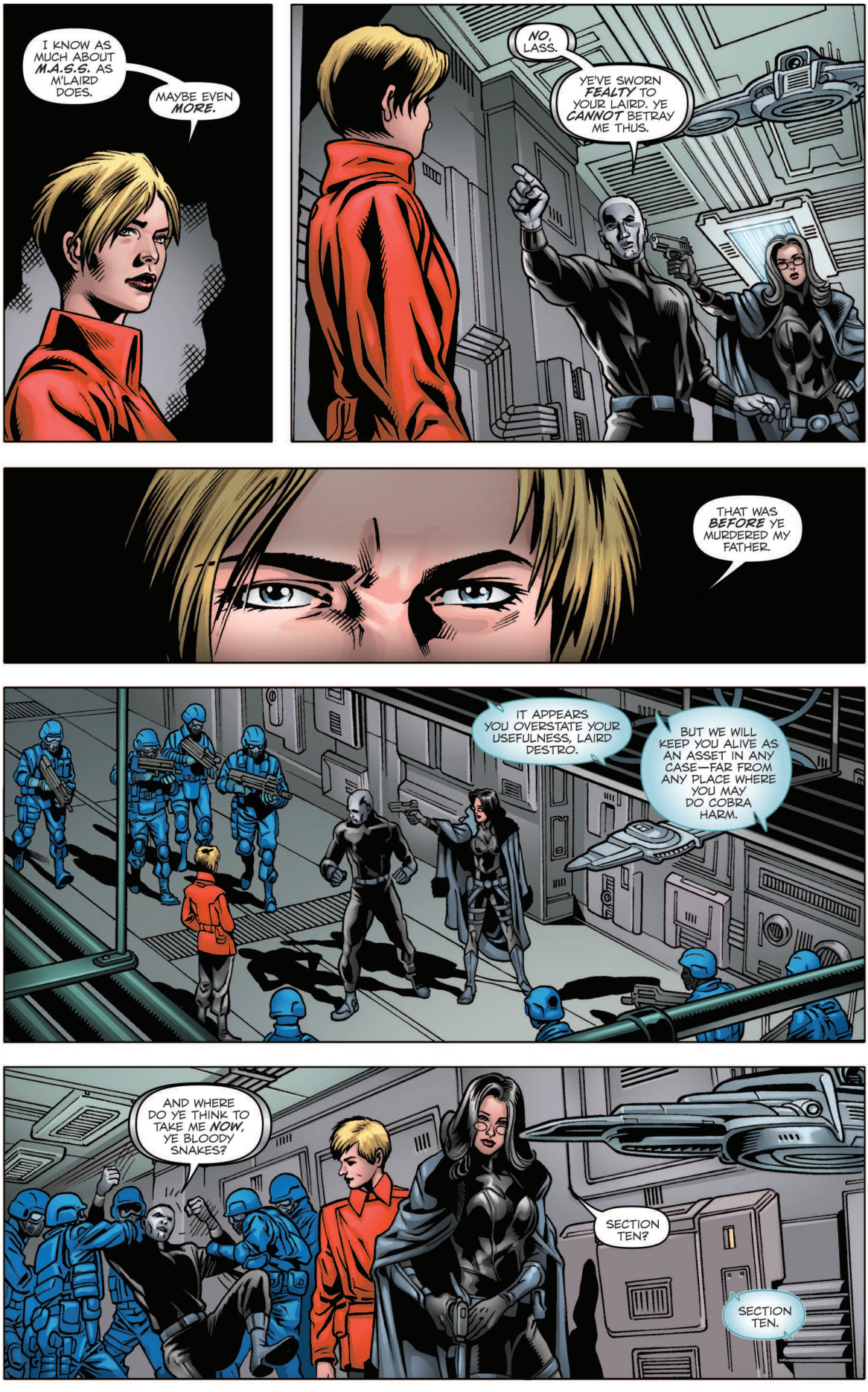

THE TACTICAL APPLICATIONS ARE LIMITED ONLY BY THE IMAGINATION.
WEAPONIZED TELEPORTATION COULD DEPLOY TROOPS AND ORDNANCE TO ANY PLACE ON EARTH INSTANTANEOUSLY.
AND YOUR PLANNED EXPLORATORY MISSION TO NEVADA—


—TO DETERMINE THE LOCATION OF THE AMERICANS' NEW COUNTER-TERROR BASE?
I HADN'T REPORTED THAT.
HOW COULD YOU KNOW THAT?

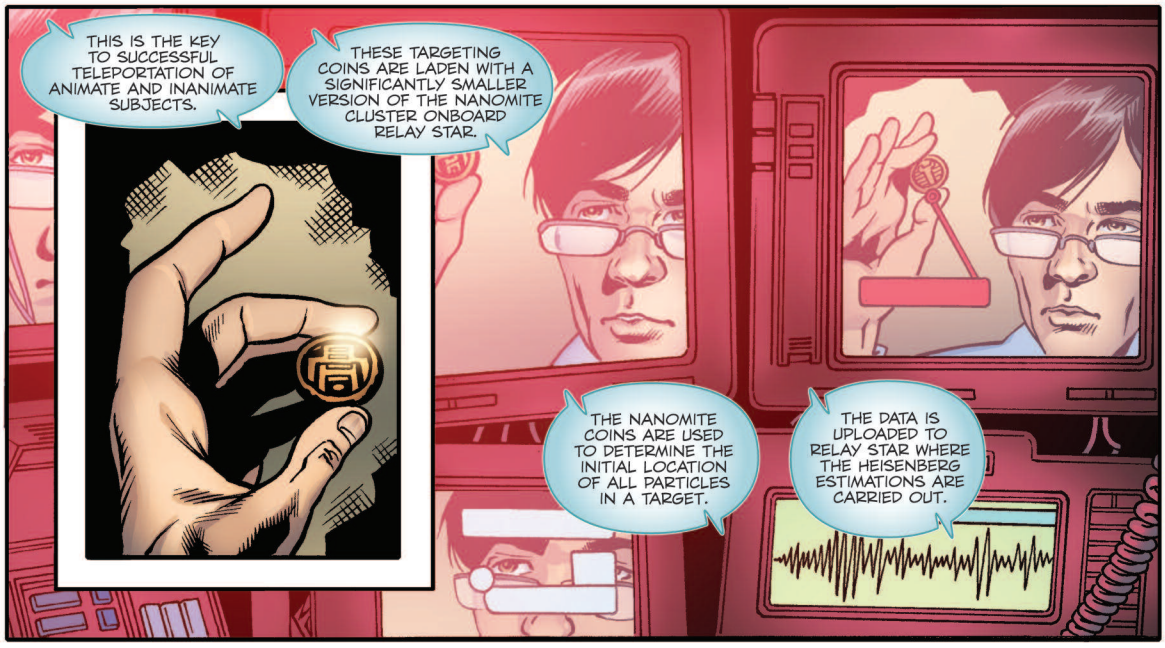


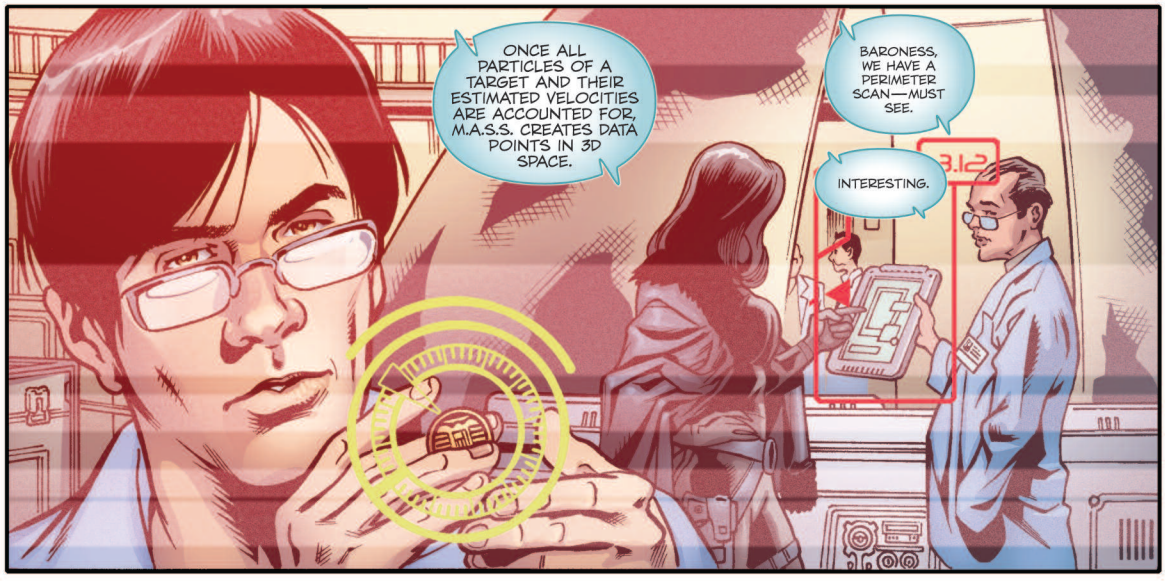

SIX TESTS AND EACH HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL.
THERE'S NO LIMIT TO THE RANGE.
SO LONG AS IT IS WITHIN THE FOOTPRINT OF THE RELAY STARS, IT IS WITHIN REACH—
—I AM JAMES MCCULLEN DESTRO—THE CREATOR OF M.A.S.S.
THIS DOESN'T CONCERN YOU.
IF IT CONCERNS M.A.S.S. THEN IT CONCERNS ME.
I DON'T HAVE PATIENCE FOR THESE DRAMATICS.
DRAMATICS, IS IT? I WAS BLOODY ABDUCTED TO THIS FROZEN HELL!
MY CREATION TAKEN FROM ME! A CREATION I VERY NEARLY DIED TO PERFECT!
0.00422578
0432
USCULAR DENSITY
DID YE EVEN MENTION THE PROVENANCE OF THIS MIRACLE WEAPON TO YE MASTERS, BARONESS?
WE HAVE NO TIME FOR YOUR INSUFFERABLE EGO, DESTRO!
EGO?!

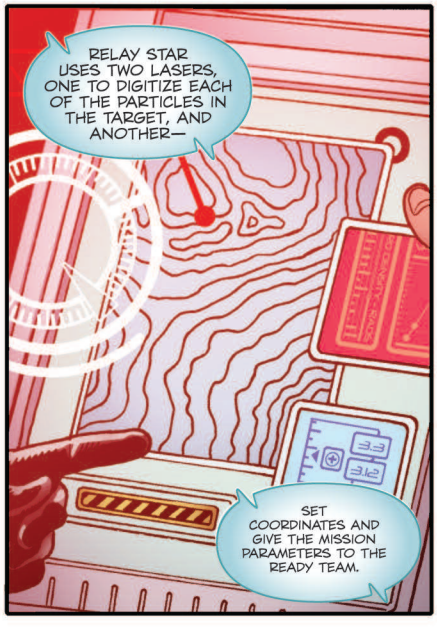

THIS WITCH IS CLAIMING ALL GLORY FOR *HERSELF,* ISN'T SHE?
WHILE MARS INDUSTRIES HAS *HONORED* ITS COMMITMENT TO COBRA AND *PROVEN* ITSELF A VALUED PARTNER.
PARTNER?
PARTNER?
WHAT ELSE WOULD YE CALL ME? I DEVELOPED M.A.S.S. EXCLUSIVELY FOR YOUR USE.
COULD HAVE MADE MY FORTUNE ON THE OPEN ARMS MARKET.
DESTRO—IF YOU VALUE WHAT IS LEFT OF YOUR MISERABLE EXISTENCE...
BARONESS, PLEASE *RESTRAIN* YOUR FURY.
WE HAVE YOUR DEVICE. WHAT FURTHER NEED DO WE HAVE FOR YOU?
IF YE WISH TO BUILD MORE OF THEM—OR MAKE MODIFICATIONS—I AM THE ONLY ONE IN ALL THE WORLD *CAPABLE* OF THAT.
THAT'S NOT TRUE.
GLYNIS?

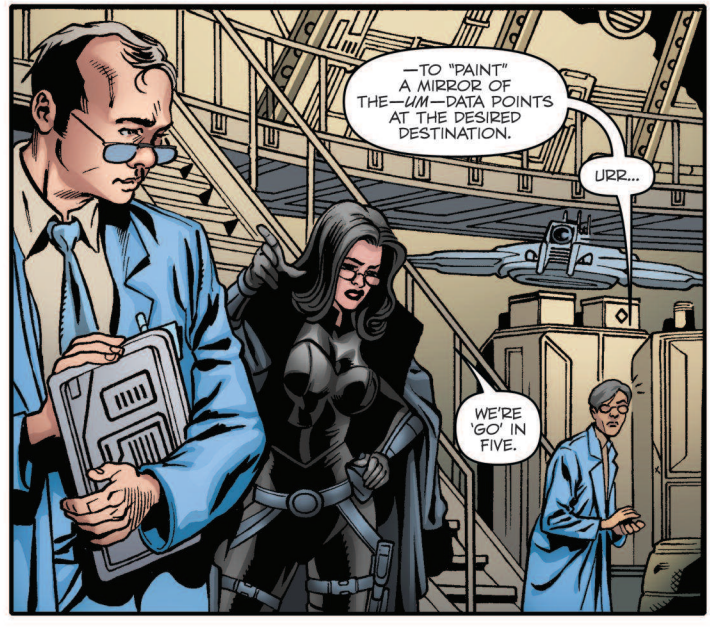

I KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT M.A.S.S. AS M'LAIRD DOES.
MAYBE EVEN MORE.
NO, LASS.
YE'VE SWORN FEALTY TO YOUR LAIRD. YE CANNOT BETRAY ME THUS.
THAT WAS BEFORE YE MURDERED MY FATHER.
IT APPEARS YOU OVERSTATE YOUR USEFULNESS, LAIRD DESTRO.
BUT WE WILL KEEP YOU ALIVE AS AN ASSET IN ANY CASE—FAR FROM ANY PLACE WHERE YOU MAY DO COBRA HARM.
AND WHERE DO YE THINK TO TAKE ME NOW, YE BLOODY SNAKES?
SECTION TEN?
SECTION TEN.


THERMAL IMAGING
TARGET: A
3.442
3.3
3.12
TARGET ACQUIRED.
TARGET: B
N/A
WV: 39.5MPH
AD 320
AT -19.0C
36.0C
HOLD FOR CONFIRMATION.

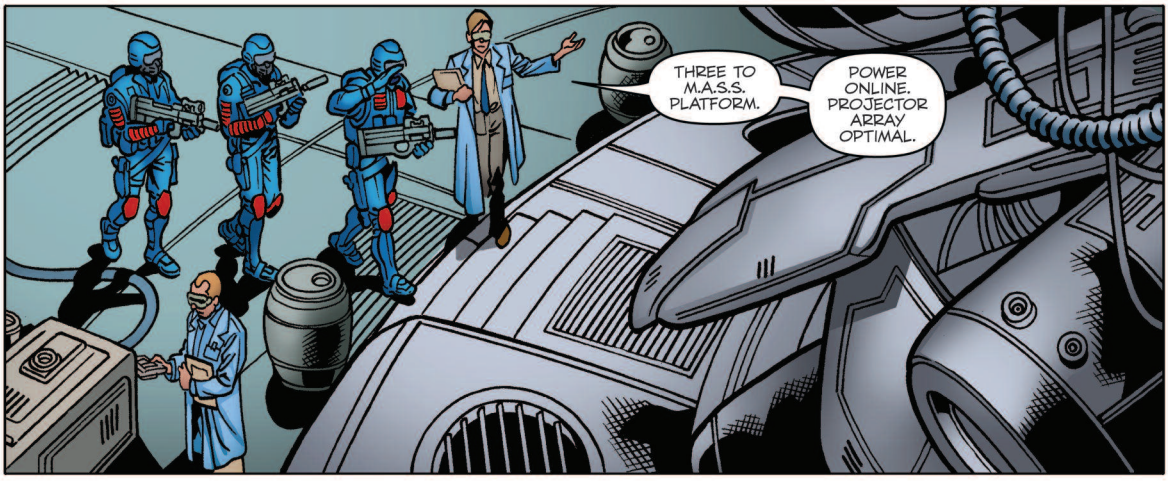

THIS IS THE KEY TO SUCCESSFUL TELEPORTATION OF ANIMATE AND INANIMATE SUBJECTS.
THESE TARGETING COINS ARE LADEN WITH A SIGNIFICANTLY SMALLER VERSION OF THE NANOMITE CLUSTER ONBOARD RELAY STAR.
THE NANOMITE COINS ARE USED TO DETERMINE THE INITIAL LOCATION OF ALL PARTICLES IN A TARGET.
THE DATA IS UPLOADED TO RELAY STAR WHERE THE HEISENBERG ESTIMATIONS ARE CARRIED OUT.

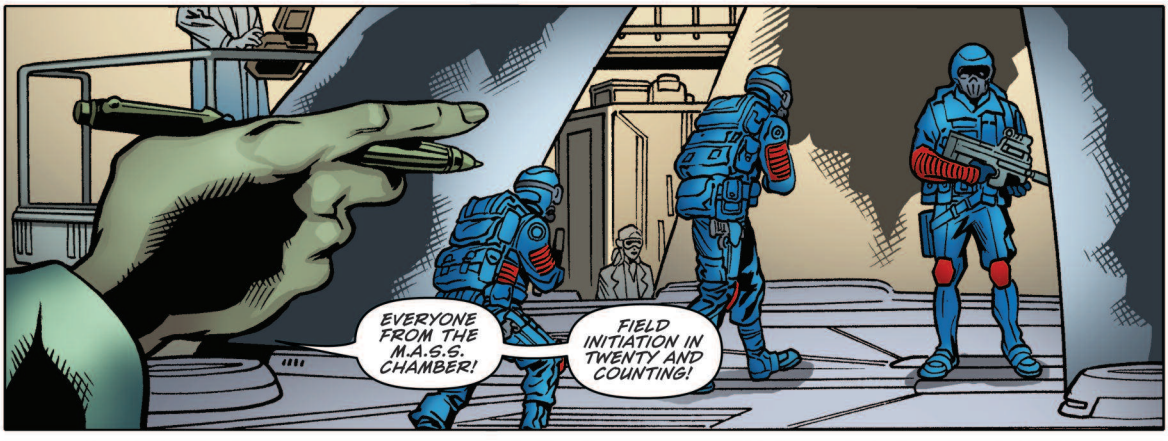

ONCE ALL PARTICLES OF A TARGET AND THEIR ESTIMATED VELOCITIES ARE ACCOUNTED FOR, M.A.S.S. CREATES DATA POINTS IN 3D SPACE.
BARONESS, WE HAVE A PERIMETER SCAN—MUST SEE.
INTERESTING.

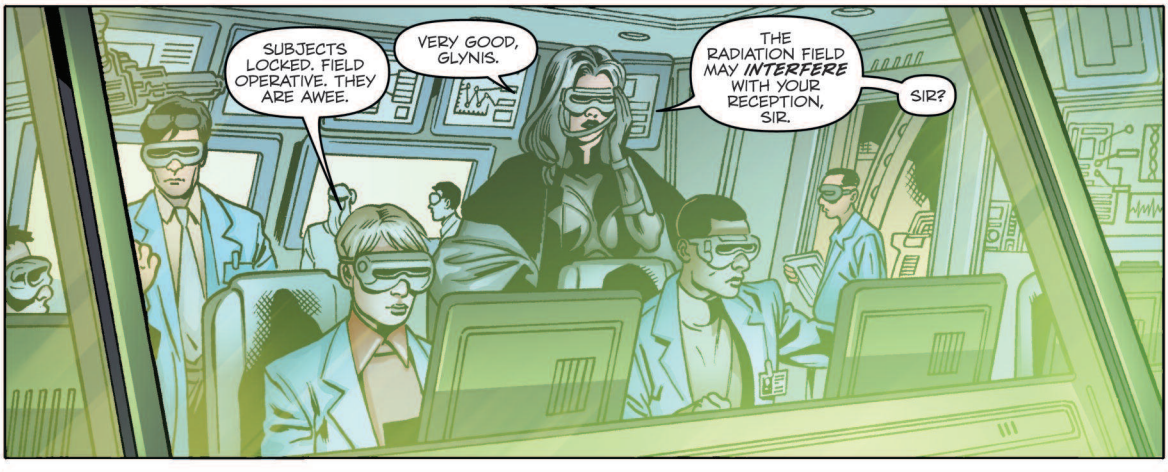

RELAY STAR USES TWO LASERS, ONE TO DIGITIZE EACH OF THE PARTICLES IN THE TARGET, AND ANOTHER—
SET COORDINATES AND GIVE THE MISSION PARAMETERS TO THE READY TEAM.

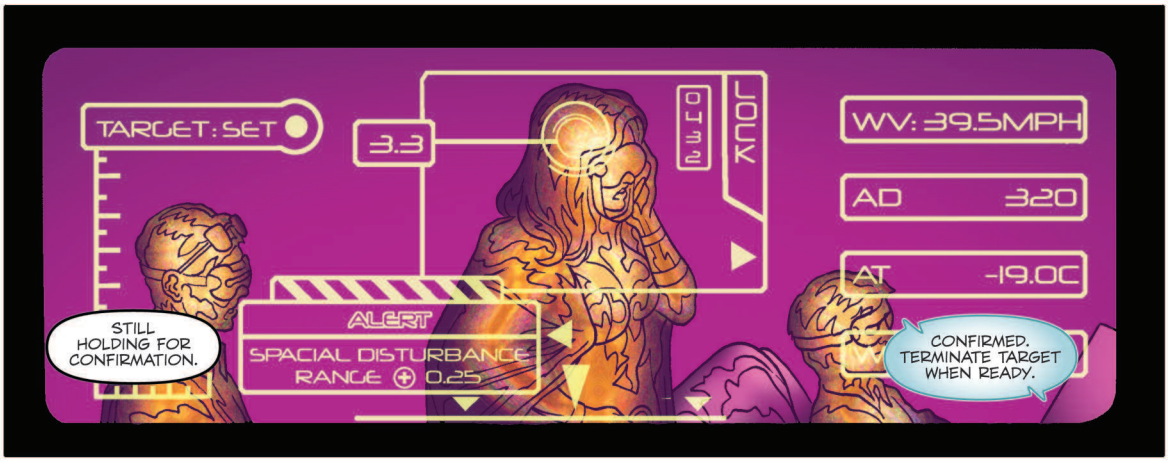

—TO "PAINT" A MIRROR OF THE—*UM*—DATA POINTS AT THE DESIRED DESTINATION.
URR...
WE'RE 'GO' IN FIVE.


YES, BARONESS!
A MURDER CONTRACT? UNDER WHOSE AUTHORITY?
WE'RE GOOD FOR DEPARTURE. THREE TO TELEPORT. MISSION ANACONDA.
MY OWN.
DESTINATION COORDINATES ARE BEING ENTERED, DOCTOR.
OUR CALIBRATIONS ARE COMPLETED.
YOUR CAREER WITH COBRA—IN TRUTH YOUR LIFE—DEPENDS ON WHAT HAPPENS IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES.
AND MINE AS WELL.
TARGET SET
MARK TARGET AND HOLD.
TARGET MARKED AND HOLDING.
WV:39.5MPH
AD 320
AT -19.0C
-36.0C

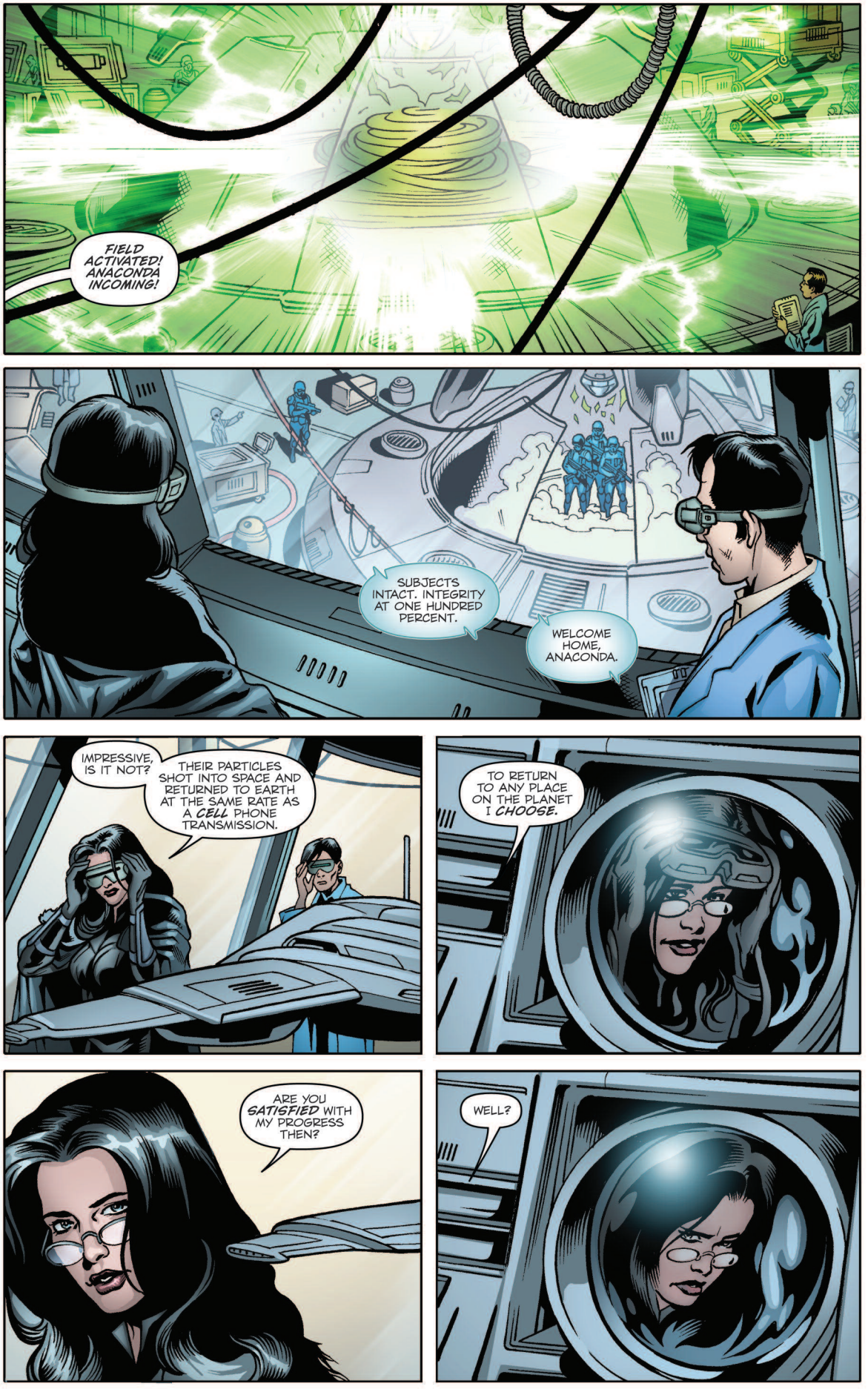

THREE TO M.A.S.S. PLATFORM.
POWER ONLINE. PROJECTOR ARRAY OPTIMAL.

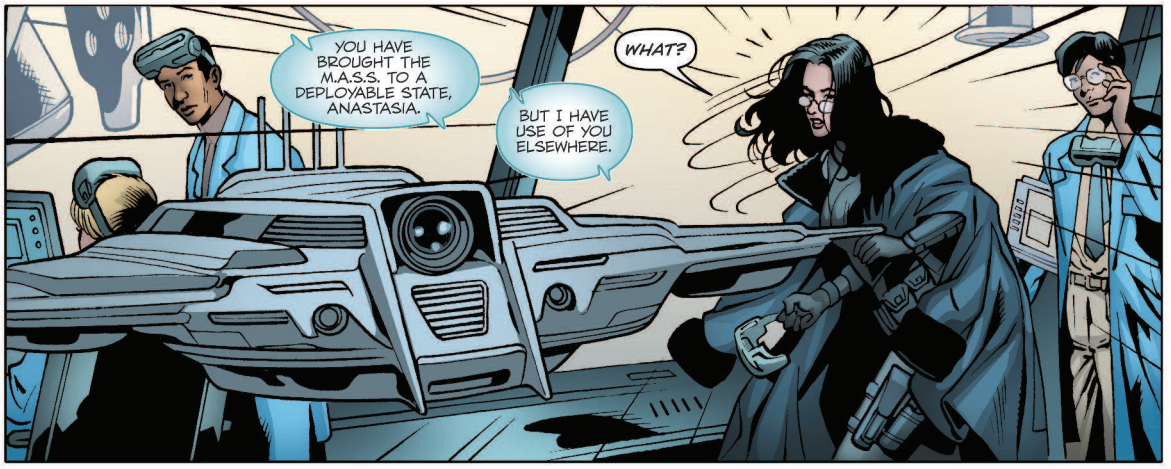

EVERYONE FROM THE M.A.S.S. CHAMBER!
FIELD INITIATION IN TWENTY AND COUNTING!

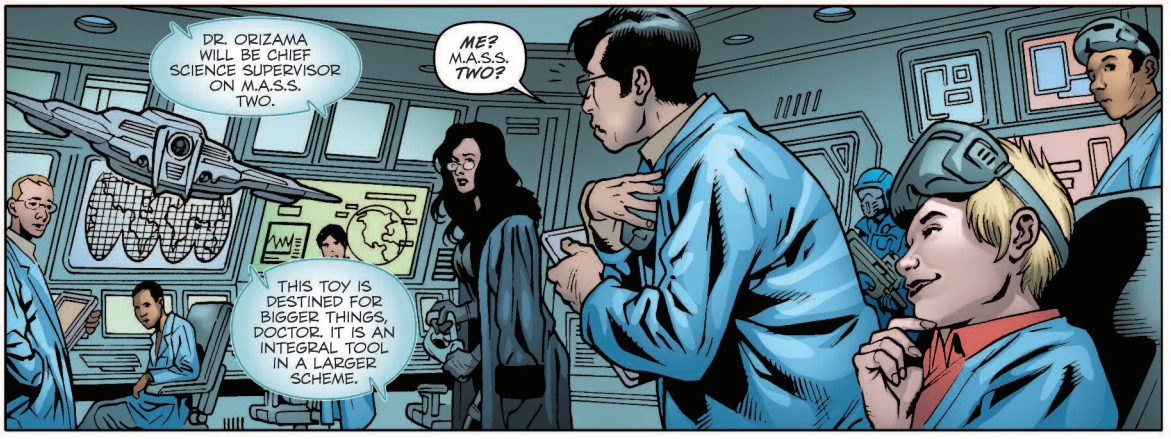

SUBJECTS LOCKED. FIELD OPERATIVE. THEY ARE AWEE.
VERY GOOD, GLYNIS.
THE RADIATION FIELD MAY INTERFERE WITH YOUR RECEPTION, SIR.
SIR?


TARGET: SET
3.3
WV: 39.5MPH
AD 320
AT -19.0C
ALERT
SPACIAL DISTURBANCE
RANGE ⊕ 0.25
STILL HOLDING FOR CONFIRMATION.
CONFIRMED. TERMINATE TARGET WHEN READY.


UH?
NO!
ANACONDA TO BARONESS. TWO TARGETS ELIMINATED. HOW ARE WE TO PROCEED?
AND THE BODIES?
LET THEM FREEZE.
PREPARE FOR TELEPORATION TO BASE.


FIELD ACTIVATED! ANACONDA INCOMING!
SUBJECTS INTACT. INTEGRITY AT ONE HUNDRED PERCENT.
WELCOME HOME, ANACONDA.
IMPRESSIVE, IS IT NOT?
THEIR PARTICLES SHOT INTO SPACE AND RETURNED TO EARTH AT THE SAME RATE AS A CELL PHONE TRANSMISSION.
TO RETURN TO ANY PLACE ON THE PLANET I CHOOSE.
ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH MY PROGRESS THEN?
WELL?


YOU HAVE BROUGHT THE M.A.S.S. TO A DEPLOYABLE STATE, ANASTASIA.
BUT I HAVE USE OF YOU ELSEWHERE.
WHAT?


DR. ORIZAMA WILL BE CHIEF SCIENCE SUPERVISOR ON M.A.S.S. TWO.
ME? M.A.S.S. TWO?
THIS TOY IS DESTINED FOR BIGGER THINGS, DOCTOR. IT IS AN INTEGRAL TOOL IN A LARGER SCHEME.

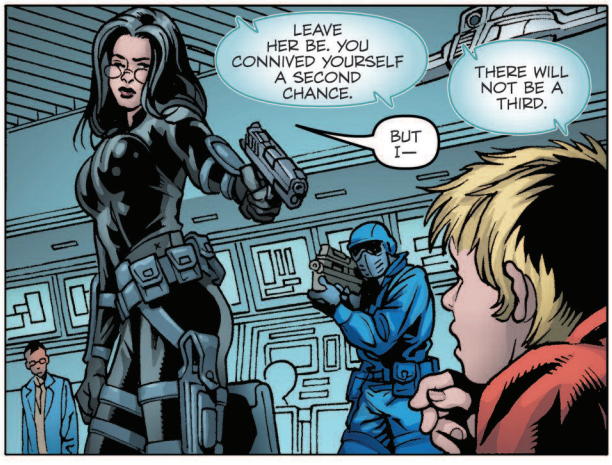

GLYNIS MACDOUGALL. YOU WILL BE ASSIGNED TO OVERSEE CONSTRUCTION OF A MORE AMBITIOUS M.A.S.S. FACILITY.
YOU WILL ALSO BE GIVEN DIRECT COMMAND OF SECTION ZERO AS CODE DESIGNATE COPPERBACK.
YES, SIR. THANK YE, SIR.

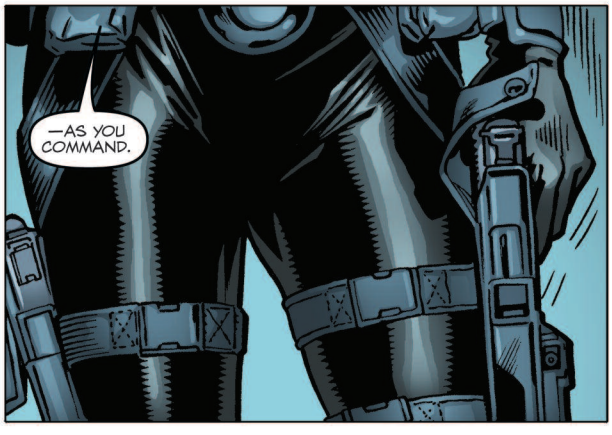

IT WAS YOU!
I'M SURE I'VE NO IDEE WHAT YE'RE ON ABOOT.

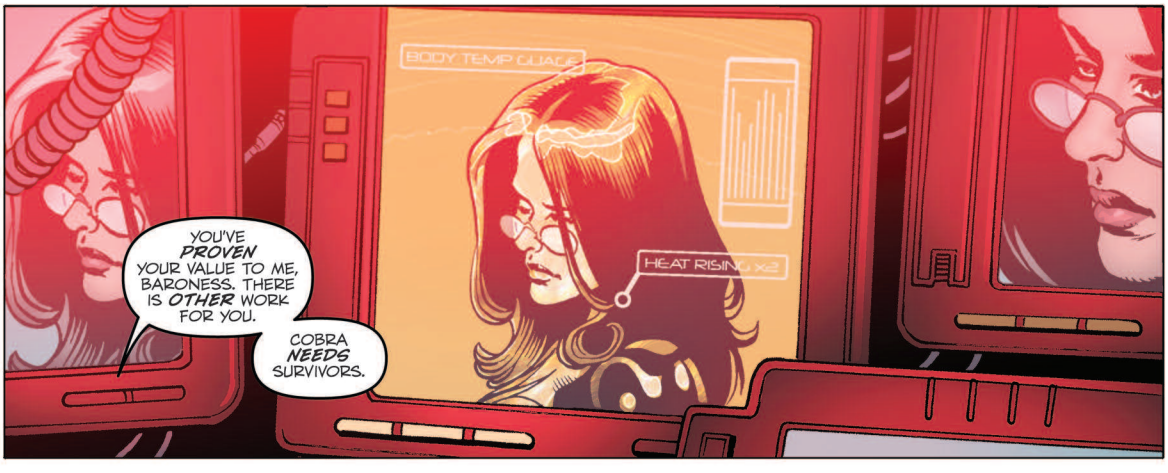

THE PLANNED NEVADA MISSION. YOU UNDERMINED ME. YOU INFORMED THE CONSULS.
I RELAYED THE MISSIONS PLAN, AYE.
I'VE MADE MY DECISION AND IT IS FINAL.

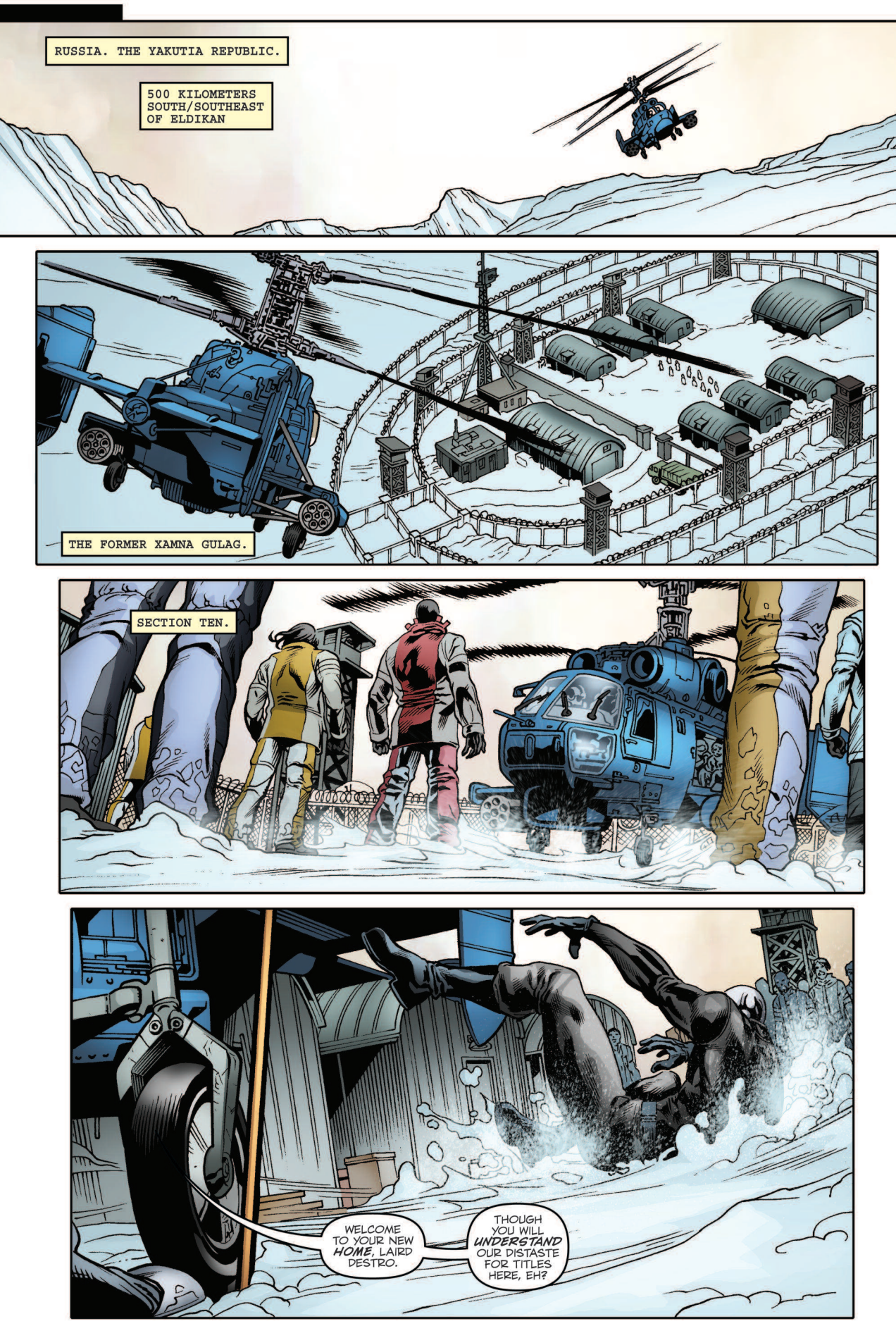

UNNH!


YOU BETRAYED ME AS WELL.
I NIVVER GAVE YE MY WORD, WITCH.

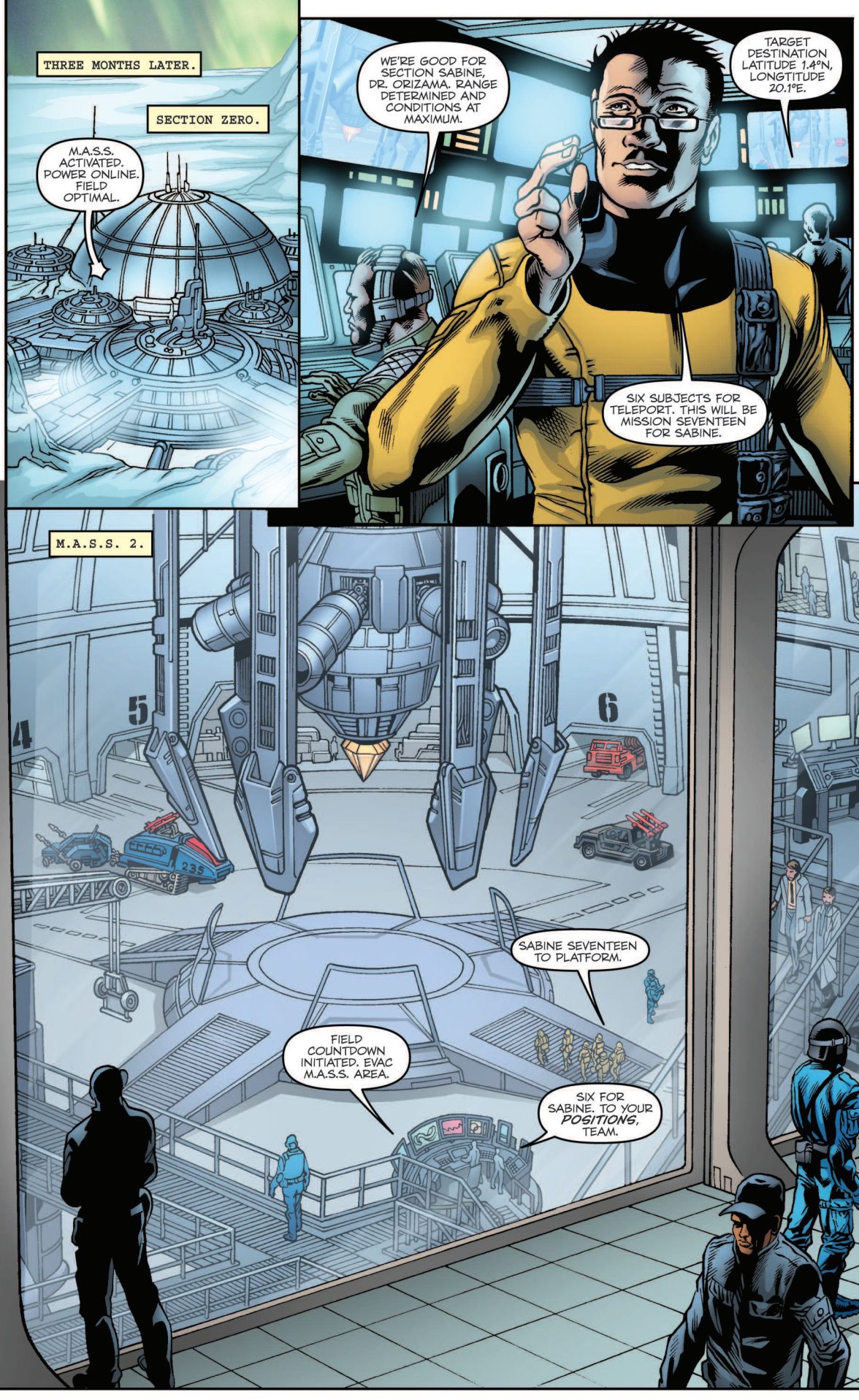

LEAVE HER BE. YOU CONNIVED YOURSELF A SECOND CHANCE.
THERE WILL NOT BE A THIRD.
BUT I—

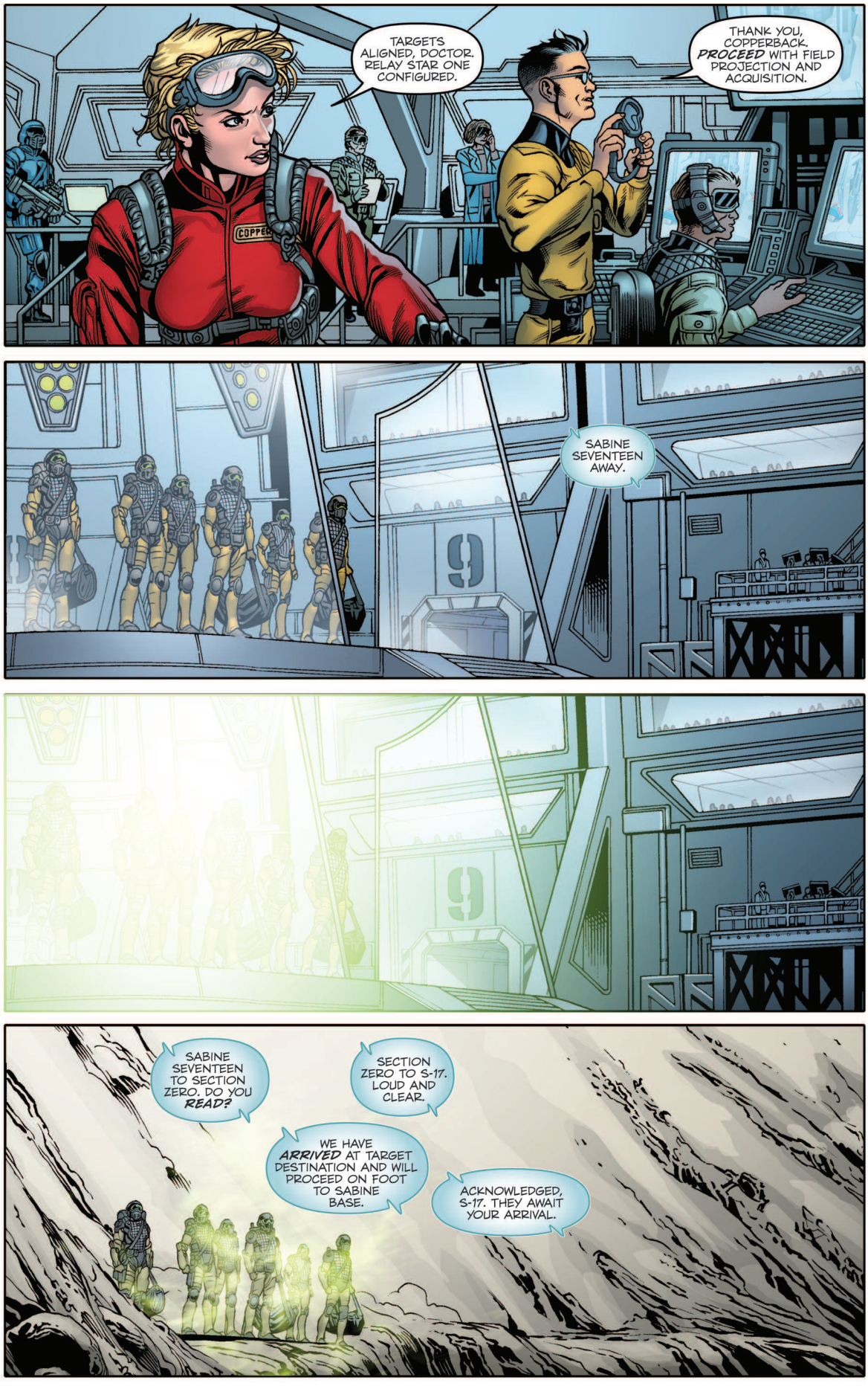

—AS YOU COMMAND.


BODY TEMP GUAGE
HEAT RISING x2
YOU'VE PROVEN YOUR VALUE TO ME, BARONESS. THERE IS OTHER WORK FOR YOU.
COBRA NEEDS SURVIVORS.


RUSSIA. THE YAKUTIA REPUBLIC.
500 KILOMETERS SOUTH/SOUTHEAST OF ELDIKAN
THE FORMER XAMNA GULAG.
SECTION TEN.
WELCOME TO YOUR NEW HOME, LAIRD DESTRO.
THOUGH YOU WILL UNDERSTAND OUR DISTASTE FOR TITLES HERE, EH?


THIS LOCATION HAS BEEN A GULAG SINCE THE BOLSHEVIKS ESTABLISHED IT HERE FOLLOWING THE OCTOBER REVOLT. MANY OF THE CZAR'S PRIVILEGED MATES ENDED THEIR LIVES HERE.
COBRA HAS GIVEN ME SECTION TEN—A COMMISSION IF NOT A TITLE AND A COMMAND IF NOT A FIEFDOM.
BUT MAKE NO MISTAKE, SECTION TEN IS *MINE* TO RULE AS A GOD MIGHT.
AND *UNTIL* THE DAY YOU DIE YOU WILL KNOW ME AS *MAJOR BLUDD.*


THREE MONTHS LATER.
SECTION ZERO.
M.A.S.S. ACTIVATED. POWER ONLINE. FIELD OPTIMAL.
WE'RE GOOD FOR SECTION SABINE, DR. ORIZAMA. RANGE DETERMINED AND CONDITIONS AT MAXIMUM.
TARGET DESTINATION LATITUDE 1.4°N, LONGTITUDE 20.1°E.
SIX SUBJECTS FOR TELEPORT. THIS WILL BE MISSION SEVENTEEN FOR SABINE.
M.A.S.S. 2.
4
5
6
235
SABINE SEVENTEEN TO PLATFORM.
FIELD COUNTDOWN INITIATED. EVAC M.A.S.S. AREA.
SIX FOR SABINE. TO YOUR *POSITIONS*, TEAM.


TARGETS ALIGNED, DOCTOR. RELAY STAR ONE CONFIGURED.
THANK YOU, COPPERBACK. PROCEED WITH FIELD PROJECTION AND ACQUISITION.
SABINE SEVENTEEN AWAY.
SABINE SEVENTEEN TO SECTION ZERO. DO YOU READ?
SECTION ZERO TO S-17. LOUD AND CLEAR.
WE HAVE ARRIVED AT TARGET DESTINATION AND WILL PROCEED ON FOOT TO SABINE BASE.
ACKNOWLEDGED, S-17. THEY AWAIT YOUR ARRIVAL.


HOW'S THE WEATHER UP THERE?
NOT A CLOUD IN THE SKY, ZERO.


"TO TEST ONE'S SENSES, IT IS NECESSARY TO TAKE ONE AWAY.
"TO BALANCE YOUR CHI... YOUR WA... WE MUST FIND WHAT IS OUT OF BALANCE.
"SO, WE REMOVE YOUR SIGHT, SNAKE EYES."


YOUR HEARING AND SENSE OF SMELL SHARPEN.
MORE THAN THAT, YOU REACH OUT WITH YOUR WARRIOR SENSE.
YOU FEEL THE AIR ABOUT YOU AND THE SUBTLE SHIFTS IN PRESSURE.
A WHISPER OF CLOTH. THE SLIGHTEST TENSION. AN ECHO OF MOVEMENT.






HUHN!


UFF!


GAH!


YOUR SKILL IS AS GREAT AS EVER.
BUT STILL, YOUR SPIRIT IS NOT IN HARMONY WITH YOUR BODY.


THERE IS CONFLICT. DOUBT.
THIS WILL NOT BE MADE RIGHT BY COMBAT.
NEITHER WILL YOUR SILENCE AID YOU.
I AM GOOD. BUT I CANNOT READ YOUR MIND, SNAKE EYES.
IN ANY CASE, THAT IS ENOUGH FOR TODAY.
BESIDES, THE PRODUCE WILL NOT STOCK ITSELF.
A DIVIDED SOUL IS NO REASON FOR IDLENESS.
UNTIL YOU RETURN TO THE WARRIOR'S PATH, YOU ARE A GREENGROCER.
ROTATE THE STOCK IN THE SIDEWALK STAND AND MIST THE GREENS.
LOW WORK FOR HANDS AS SKILLED AS YOURS—


So Fine DELI
"—BUT THE HARD MASTER IS NOT RUNNING A CHARITY HERE."
WHERE YOU GOIN', ALONDRA?
UH!
YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU—YOU'LL STAY DOWN.
AN' STAY OUTTA OUR WAY, GIRL.
HA HA HA HA!
INJUSTICE. IT IS HARD TO BEAR.
SOMETIMES IT IS HARDER TO WITNESS.
BUT JUSTICE IS OFTEN MORE CRUEL.
JUSTICE IS PERHAPS THE MOST DANGEROUS HUMAN CONCEPT OF ALL.


RUSSIA. THE YAKUTIA REPUBLIC.
SECTION TEN.
WHAT IS THE MEAT TODAY?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WHAT WAS THIS WHEN IT WALKED THE EARTH?
HORSE. IT'S USUALLY HORSE. SOMETIMES REINDEER.
LOVELY.
BETTER THAN NO MEAT AT ALL.
DIP THE BREAD, MY FRIEND. THEY MIX SAWDUST WITH IT.
I AM JAMES MCCULLEN.
YOU'RE DESTRO. EVERYONE KNOWS WHO YOU ARE.
THE MIGHTY MILITARY INDUSTRIALIST.
AND YE ARE?
VACLAV BORCHAK. FORMER MONEY LAUNDERER FOR COBRA.


AND WHY AM I HERE? I TOOK A BIT MORE CASH FOR MYSELF THAN WE HAD AGREED UPON.
SWISS BANKS ARE NOT SO DISCRETE AS THEY ONCE WERE.
THEN WHY'RE YE STILL ALIVE?
GIVE ME YOUR MEAT.
OH.
THEY GIVE YOU BIG PIECE.
YOU NOT HERE LONG ENOUGH DESERVING BIG PIECE.
GAAAHH!
KRAK
BRAK
WHUNH...

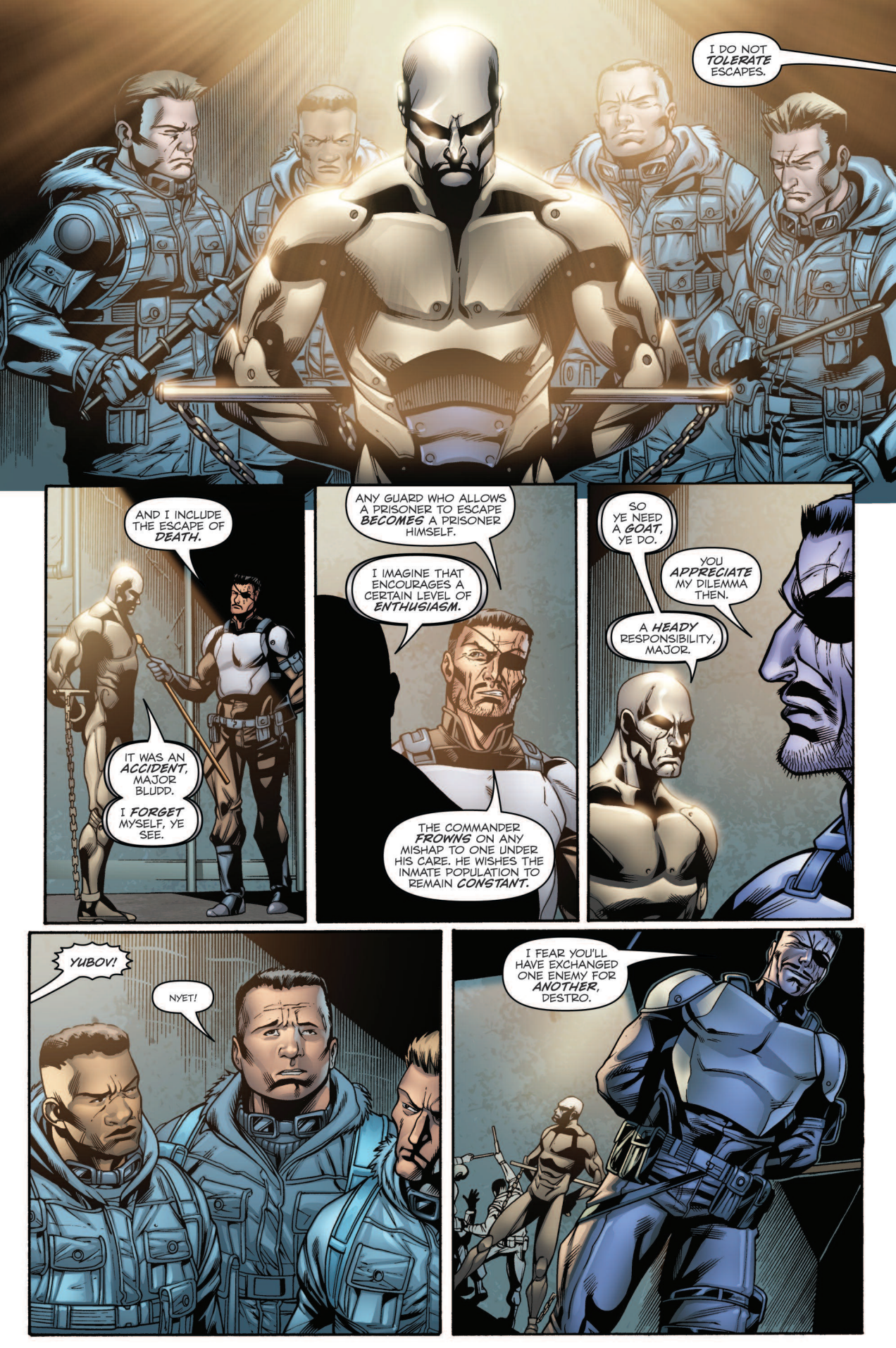

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
WHAT IS THE *SIGNIFICANCE* OF THE NUMERAL EIGHT?


IT MEANS THERE ARE SEVEN *MORE* OF HIM.


WHAT ABOUT *YOUR* DINNER?
YE TAKE IT. I MUST TAKE *MY* NUTRITION INTRAVENEOUSLY.
NO *MOUTH*, YE SEE.


THEN—*WHY*, MY FRIEND?
GIVE 'EM A WEE INCH AND THERE'S NAE *END* TO IT.


MANHATTAN.
OH?
UH... THANKS?
NOW YOU ARE GIVING AWAY MY STOCK.


I DO NOT TOLERATE ESCAPES.
AND I INCLUDE THE ESCAPE OF DEATH.
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, MAJOR BLUDD.
I FORGET MYSELF, YE SEE.
ANY GUARD WHO ALLOWS A PRISONER TO ESCAPE BECOMES A PRISONER HIMSELF.
I IMAGINE THAT ENCOURAGES A CERTAIN LEVEL OF ENTHUSIASM.
THE COMMANDER FROWNS ON ANY MISHAP TO ONE UNDER HIS CARE. HE WISHES THE INMATE POPULATION TO REMAIN CONSTANT.
SO YE NEED A GOAT, YE DO.
YOU APPRECIATE MY DILEMMA THEN.
A HEADY RESPONSIBILITY, MAJOR.
YUBOV!
NYET!
I FEAR YOU'LL HAVE EXCHANGED ONE ENEMY FOR ANOTHER, DESTRO.


MANHATTAN.
HEY.
YOU'RE FAST WITH THAT KNIFE, HUH? IT'S GOOD TO BE GOOD AT SOMETHING, I GUESS.
I'M GOOD AT SCHOOL. I CAN REMEMBER THINGS. MATH. SCIENCE. ALL IT DOES IS GET ME IN TROUBLE, THOUGH.
GET PUSHED AROUND BY THE OTHER GIRLS. GET PUSHED AROUND AT HOME FOR LETTING THE GIRLS PUSH ME AROUND.
BET YOU DON'T HAVE PROBLEMS LIKE THAT, HUH?
HE WILL NOT ANSWER YOU.
I KNOW THAT.
SO, HOW DO YOU KNOW HE'S EVEN LISTENING TO YOU, SILLY GIRL?
OH, I KNOW.
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU I WAS NOT RUNNING A CHARITY HERE.


SECTION 10.
OUR SECRETS ARE KEPT HERE.
SO WHY ARE WE KEPT HERE, BORCHAK?
THE GRAVE HOLDS SECRETS BETTER THAN ANY PRISON.
WE ALL HAVE TALENTS, AS WELL. KNOWLEDGE. EXPERTISE.
COBRA IS NOT WASTEFUL. THEY DON'T INDULGE PETTY VENGEANCE.
WE ARE AS MUCH STORED HERE AS IMPRISONED. LIKE THESE CONTAINERS.
BECAUSE ONE DAY WE MAY AGAIN PROVE USEFUL TO COBRA.
WE WOULD BE ROTTING IN A DITCH OTHERWISE. BETTER LIVING ON PONIES AND SAWDUST THEN DEAD, EH?
EVERYTHING HAS MULTIPLE USES, BORCHAK. EVEN THIS HUMBLE SOAP.
UH... WE'D BEST BE GOING, DESTRO.
THERE'S MORE TO UNLOAD.
YES...


MANHATTAN.
THAT'S NOT TAI CHI, IS IT? I SEE OLD LADIES IN THE PARK DOING TAI CHI.
THAT LOOKS A LOT MORE... SERIOUS.
YOU TEACH YOURSELF THAT? OR WAS IT THE OLD GUY?
BET NO ONE GETS IN YOUR FACE FOR LONG, RIGHT?
MUST BE COOL—HAVING THAT KIND OF CONTROL OVER STUFF.
FOR REAL?
UH HUH... I SEE.
AS YOU MIGHT RECALL, I'M GOOD AT REMEMBERING STUFF.


I NEED THE SALAD BAR RE-FILLED AND THE BREAD RETURNS DONE, SNAKE—
—EYES?
OKAY... I *THINK* I'M READY.
UH?
HUH!
WOO!
YES.


CLAP CLAP CLAP
PLAY TIME IS OVER.
WE WEREN'T PLAYING.
AND MY DOJO IS NOT FOR BEGGARS ANY MORE THAN MY PRODUCE STAND.
I DIDN'T BEG. I WAS INVITED.
NOT BY ME.
SEE YOU AROUND, SNAKE.
WHO TOLD HER YOUR NAME?
YOU DID.
HM.
AND I SUPPOSE YOU WILL CONTINUE TEACHING HER?
THEN YOU WILL DO SO ON YOUR OWN TIME.
FOR NOW, APPLY YOUR WARRIOR SKILL TO CHOPPING COLE SLAW.


SECTION TEN.
WELL, WHEN *WILL* HE BE AVAILABLE?
THE COMMANDER IS DEALING WITH MORE URGENT MATTERS, MAJOR.
REALLY.
WHAT WAS THE NATURE OF YOUR REQUEST FOR HIS ATTENTION?
THIS NEW PRISONER. THE *SCOTSMAN*. I WANT—
I HAVE ANOTHER MATTER TO ATTEND TO, MAJOR. COULD YOU HOLD, PLEASE?
SON OF A...
YOU'RE THINKING OF *ESCAPE*, DESTRO? YOU'RE *MAD*.
THE TRUCKS. HOW OFTEN DO *THEY* COME THEN, BORCHAK?
ONCE A MONTH. EXCEPT IN *WINTER*. NO TRUCKS THEN.
AND THE HELICOPTER?
ONLY WHEN A *PRISONER* IS BROUGHT HERE. OR A NEW *GUARD*.
THERE'S NO *RELIEF*, THEN?


THE GUARDS SERVE ONE-YEAR TOURS.
WHEN WAS THE LAST TURNOVER?
THREE MONTHS AGO... DESTRO...
I SAW THEM.
...THEY'LL KILL YOU, DESTRO. THEY HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE.
THEN I WILL MAKE THEM PART OF MY PLAN.
I WISH YOUR FACE WOULD MOVE SO I COULD TELL IF YOU'RE—
ублюдок!
GOOD GOD...
I BET YOU SHELL CAN BREAK, ENGLISH!


LIKE A CLAM, EH? I CRACK THE SHELL TO FIND THE MEAT, ENGLISH!
I UNDERSTAND YE'RE ANGRY, YUBOV.
BUT NOBODY CALLS ME "ENGLISH."
NAE MCCULLEN WILL STAND FOR IT!
UNNH!
YE THINK YE'RE BETTER THAN THE SCUM YE USED TO GUARD, DON'T YE?
UH!
YE'VE ALWAYS BEEN A PRISONER HERE NO MATTER YOOR UNIFORM, LAD.
NOW, I CAN SNAP YOOR NECK LIKE A CHICKEN.
OR WE CAN DO EACH OTHER A GOOD TURN. WHAT'S IT T'BE, THEN?


I HEARD YOU TALKING WITH—UH—BORCHAK. YOU PLAN TO ESCAPE.
IT'S—UR—IMPOSSIBLE.
I PLAN NOTHING OF THE SORT.
I'M NOT BLOODY DAFT ENOUGH TO THINK I COULD CROSS A THOUSAND MILES OF BARREN STEPPE.
I DON'T WANT TO RUN FROM HERE, LAD.
I WANT TO TAKE IT OVER.
SWEET MOTHER OF—
URRK!
LITTLE BORCHAK...
...WHERE IS YOUR SHINY TOVARICH?
WE HAVE A MATHEMATICS PROBLEM FOR HIM.


MANHATTAN.
YOU USE YOUR FREE TIME TO INSTRUCT THAT CHILD.
I DID NOT SPEND ALL THOSE YEARS MOLDING YOU TO HAVE YOU WASTE MY TEACHINGS ON A SPOILED AMERICAN BRAT.
WHAT USE COULD THESE SKILLS HAVE TO HER?
SHE IS AN UNWORTHY VESSEL. YOUR TIME IS BETTER SPENT ON YOUR OWN DIFFICULTIES.
ANYTHING ELSE IS A DISTRACTION FROM THE PATH THAT LIES BEFORE YOU IF YOU ARE TO BE MADE WHOLE AGAIN.
THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO STAY OUTTA MY SIGHT!
YOU DON'T LEARN SO GOOD. THAT'S WHY YOU DON'T NEED THESE BOOKS.
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

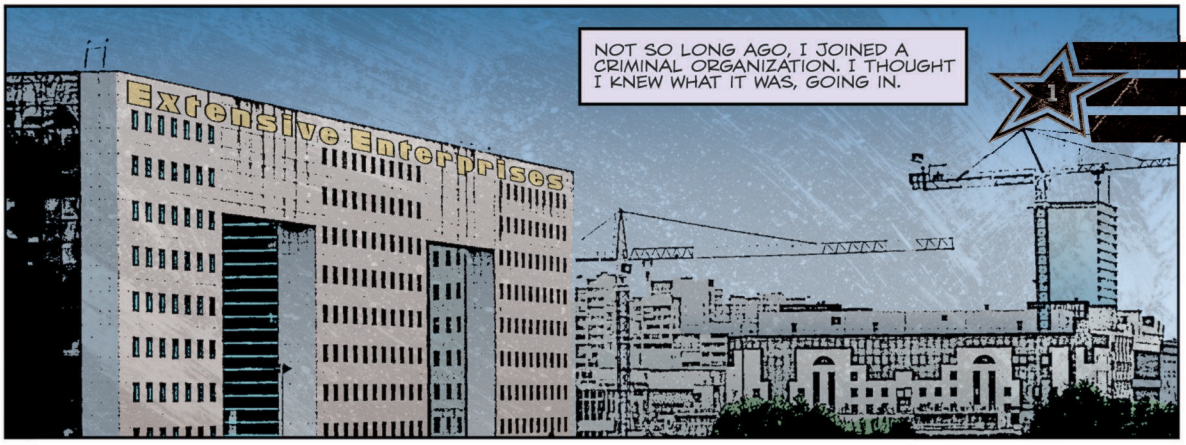


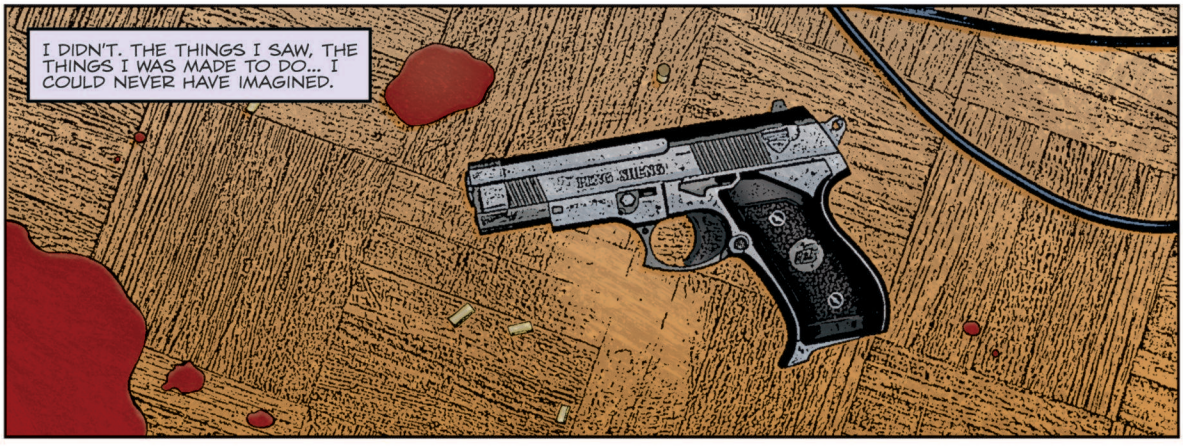

PICK THEM ALL UP.
HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE!
YOU BRING BALANCE TO YOURSELF BY OFFERING BALANCE TO THE CHILD. AS THE MUSICIAN TUNES AN INSTRUMENT TO RESTORE HIS OWN HARMONY.
SOMETIMES, THE MASTER LEARNS FROM THE STUDENT, EH?
I THINK IT IS TIME YOU RETURN TO YOUR ADOPTED CLAN, SNAKE EYES.
YOUR MIND AND SOUL ARE ONE AGAIN. YOUR PLACE IS THERE.
BESIDES, THE CUSTOMERS ARE COMPLAINING ABOUT YOUR COLE SLAW.
SoFine DELI

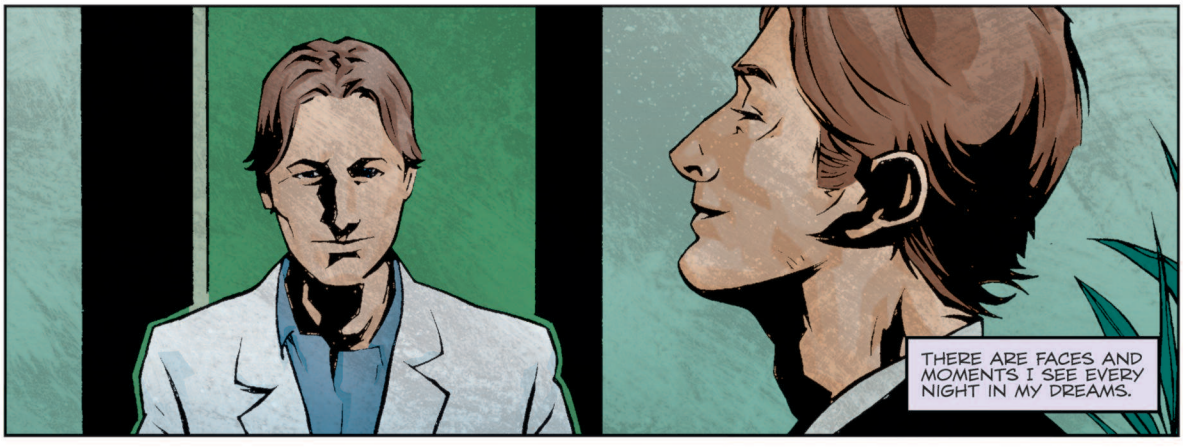


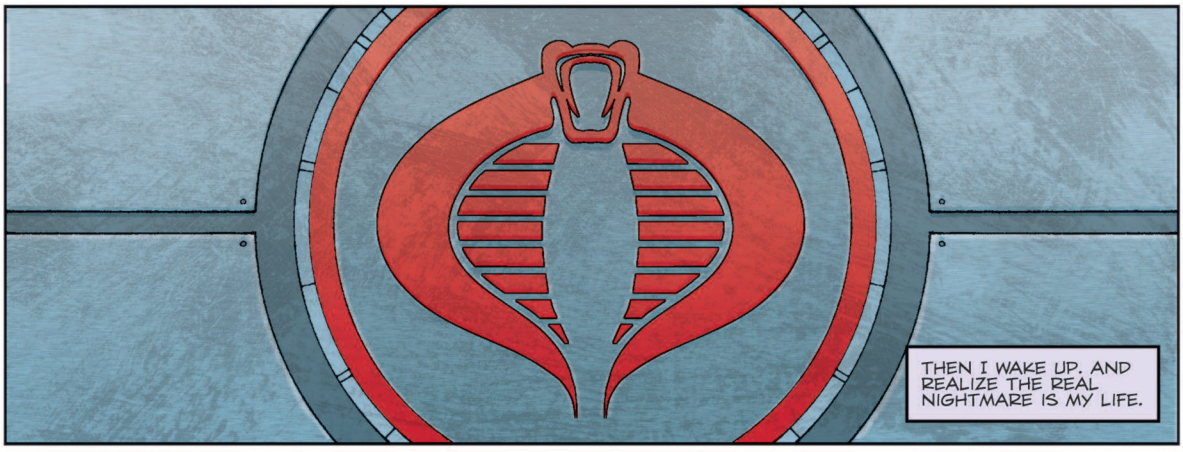


G.I. JOE: COBRA II #3 COVER BY **ANTONIO FUSO**


NOT SO LONG AGO, I JOINED A CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION. I THOUGHT I KNEW WHAT IT WAS, GOING IN.
Extensive Enterprises
1

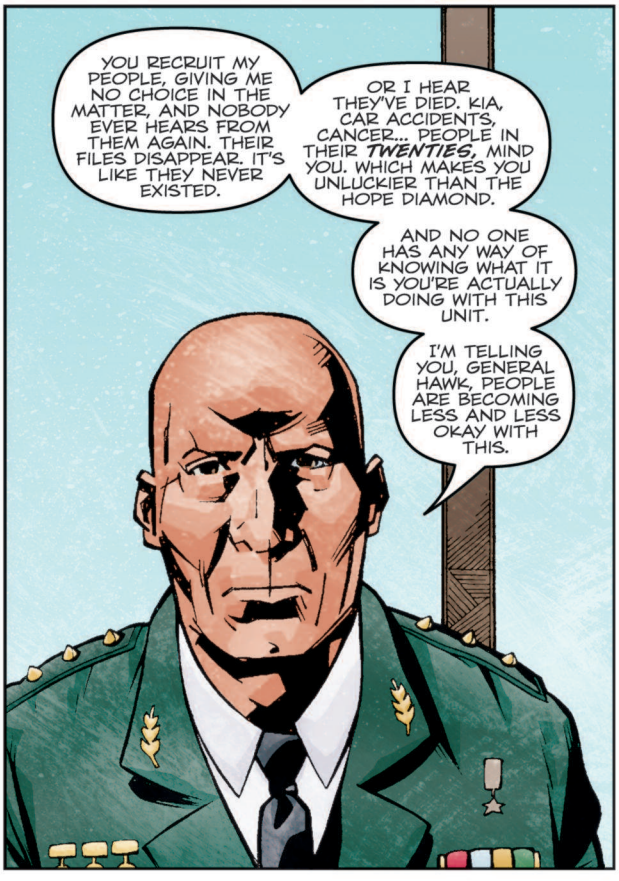

I DIDN'T. THE THINGS I SAW, THE THINGS I WAS MADE TO DO... I COULD NEVER HAVE IMAGINED.


THERE ARE FACES AND MOMENTS I SEE EVERY NIGHT IN MY DREAMS.

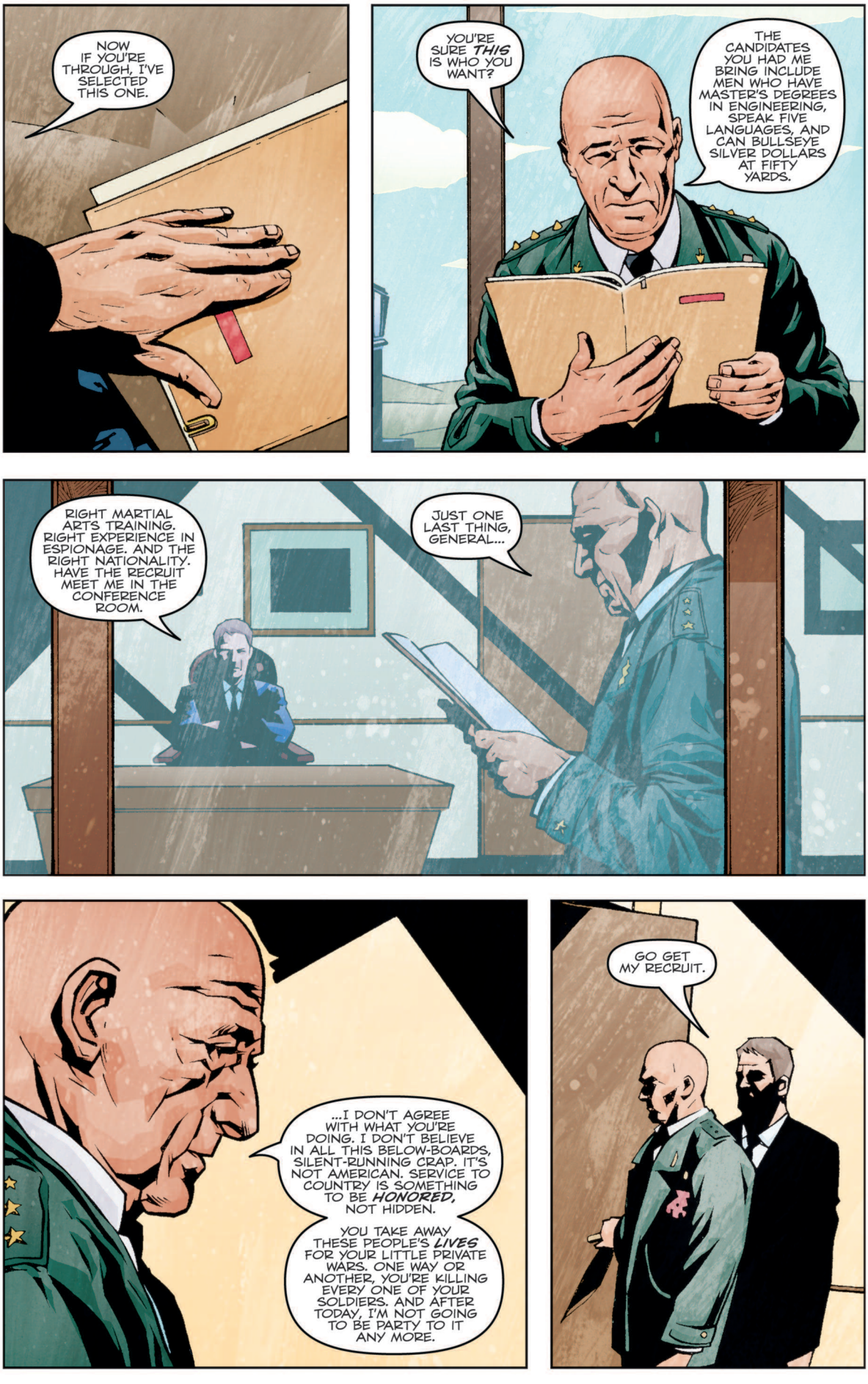

THEN I WAKE UP. AND REALIZE THE REAL NIGHTMARE IS MY LIFE.


"SO, YOU WANT TO POACH ANOTHER ONE OF MY MEN FOR YOUR DREAM TEAM."
AIRPORTinn

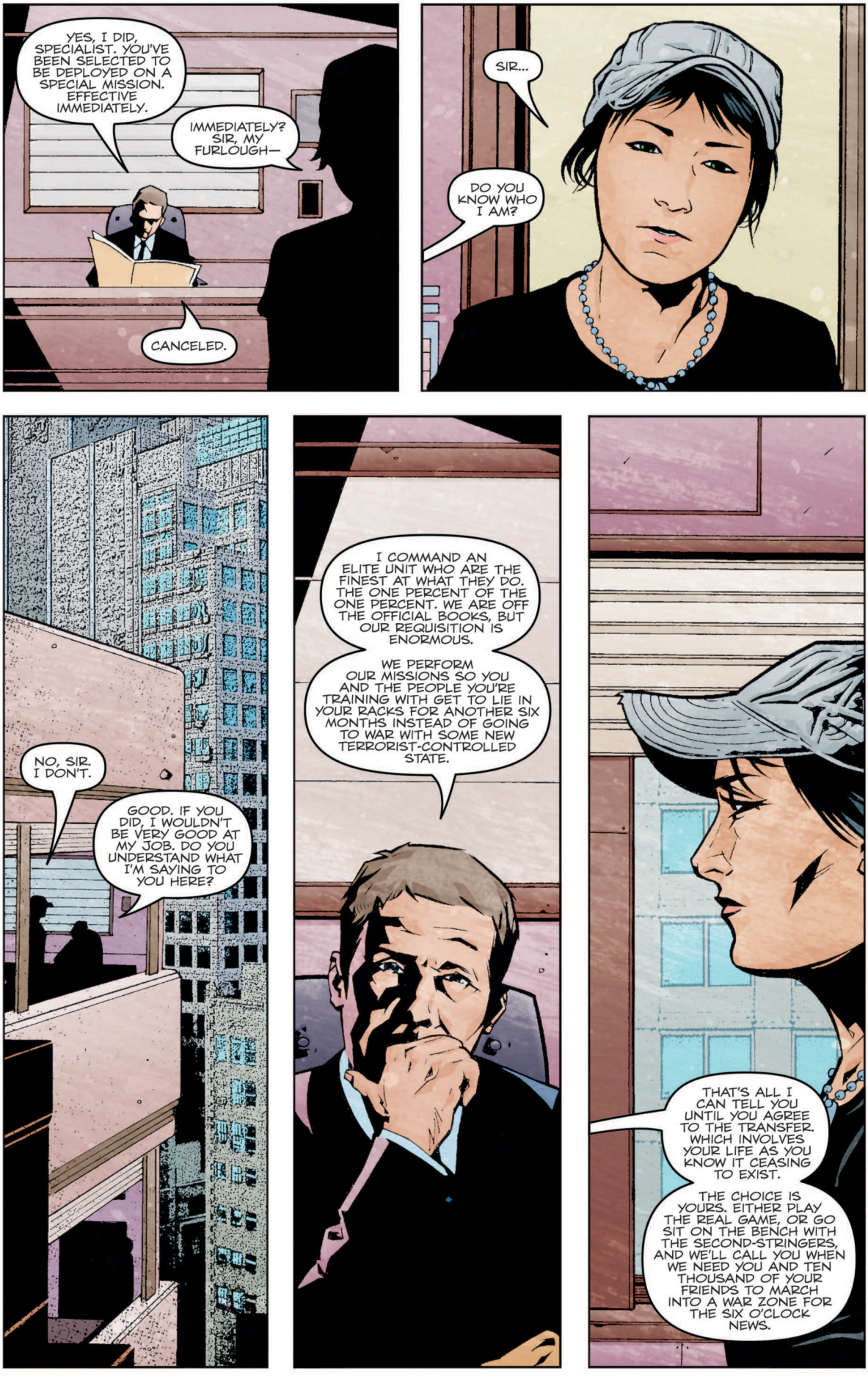

YOU REALLY NEED TO ADJUST YOUR ATTITUDE ABOUT THIS, COLONEL. AND REMIND YOURSELF I'M A SUPERIOR OFFICER.
ARE YOU? I'M NOT SURE WE'RE EVEN IN THE SAME MILITARY ANYMORE.


YOU RECRUIT MY PEOPLE, GIVING ME NO CHOICE IN THE MATTER, AND NOBODY EVER HEARS FROM THEM AGAIN. THEIR FILES DISAPPEAR. IT'S LIKE THEY NEVER EXISTED.
OR I HEAR THEY'VE DIED. KIA, CAR ACCIDENTS, CANCER... PEOPLE IN THEIR TWENTIES, MIND YOU. WHICH MAKES YOU UNLUCKIER THAN THE HOPE DIAMOND.
AND NO ONE HAS ANY WAY OF KNOWING WHAT IT IS YOU'RE ACTUALLY DOING WITH THIS UNIT.
I'M TELLING YOU, GENERAL HAWK, PEOPLE ARE BECOMING LESS AND LESS OKAY WITH THIS.


THE PRESIDENT IS OKAY WITH IT.


NOW IF YOU'RE THROUGH, I'VE SELECTED THIS ONE.
YOU'RE SURE *THIS* IS WHO YOU WANT?
THE CANDIDATES YOU HAD ME BRING INCLUDE MEN WHO HAVE MASTER'S DEGREES IN ENGINEERING, SPEAK FIVE LANGUAGES, AND CAN BULLSEYE SILVER DOLLARS AT FIFTY YARDS.
RIGHT MARTIAL ARTS TRAINING. RIGHT EXPERIENCE IN ESPIONAGE. AND THE RIGHT NATIONALITY. HAVE THE RECRUIT MEET ME IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM.
JUST ONE LAST THING, GENERAL...
...I DON'T AGREE WITH WHAT YOU'RE DOING. I DON'T BELIEVE IN ALL THIS BELOW-BOARDS, SILENT-RUNNING CRAP. IT'S NOT AMERICAN. SERVICE TO COUNTRY IS SOMETHING TO BE *HONORED*, NOT HIDDEN.
YOU TAKE AWAY THESE PEOPLE'S *LIVES* FOR YOUR LITTLE PRIVATE WARS. ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, YOU'RE KILLING EVERY ONE OF YOUR SOLDIERS. AND AFTER TODAY, I'M NOT GOING TO BE PARTY TO IT ANY MORE.
GO GET MY RECRUIT.


FORKED TONGUE
YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, SIR?


YES, I DID, SPECIALIST. YOU'VE BEEN SELECTED TO BE DEPLOYED ON A SPECIAL MISSION. EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY.
IMMEDIATELY? SIR, MY FURLOUGH—
CANCELED.
SIR...
DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
NO, SIR. I DON'T.
GOOD. IF YOU DID, I WOULDN'T BE VERY GOOD AT MY JOB. DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING TO YOU HERE?
I COMMAND AN ELITE UNIT WHO ARE THE FINEST AT WHAT THEY DO. THE ONE PERCENT OF THE ONE PERCENT. WE ARE OFF THE OFFICIAL BOOKS, BUT OUR REQUISITION IS ENORMOUS.
WE PERFORM OUR MISSIONS SO YOU AND THE PEOPLE YOU'RE TRAINING WITH GET TO LIE IN YOUR RACKS FOR ANOTHER SIX MONTHS INSTEAD OF GOING TO WAR WITH SOME NEW TERRORIST-CONTROLLED STATE.
THAT'S ALL I CAN TELL YOU UNTIL YOU AGREE TO THE TRANSFER. WHICH INVOLVES YOUR LIFE AS YOU KNOW IT CEASING TO EXIST.
THE CHOICE IS YOURS. EITHER PLAY THE REAL GAME, OR GO SIT ON THE BENCH WITH THE SECOND-STRINGERS, AND WE'LL CALL YOU WHEN WE NEED YOU AND TEN THOUSAND OF YOUR FRIENDS TO MARCH INTO A WAR ZONE FOR THE SIX O'CLOCK NEWS.

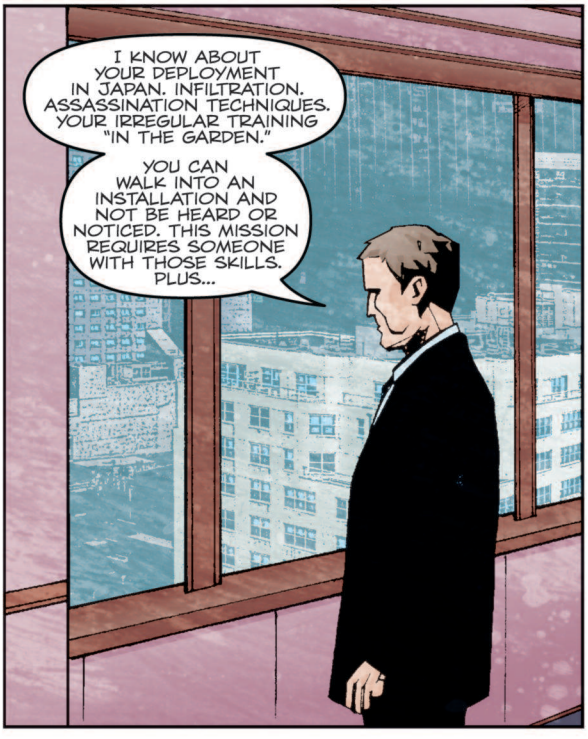

WHAT'S THE ASSIGNMENT?
UNDERCOVER.
WE HAD A MAN INFILTRATE A CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION LAST YEAR. THEY CALL THEMSELVES "COBRA."
IT WAS A BODY WE'D ONLY HEARD RUMORS OF BEFORE. HIS ACTIVITIES FINALLY CONFIRMED THEIR EXISTENCE, AND THEIR THREAT LEVEL.
HIS COMMUNICATIONS GREW MORE AND MORE DISTURBING. FINALLY, THEY STOPPED.
AFTER HIS HANDLER ALSO DISAPPEARED, WE HAD TEAMS MOVE INTO HIS LAST KNOWN LOCATION. THE PARAMILITARY INSTALLATIONS HAD BEEN DESTROYED. NO TRACE OF ANYTHING OR ANYONE.
FOUND THE CORPSE OF THE HANDLER IN A MASS GRAVE.


"CHUCKLES." "JINX." I'M ASSUMING THESE ARE CALL SIGNS.
THEY'RE NAMES. THE ONLY ONES OUR PEOPLE HAVE. YOURS IS ON PAGE ONE.
HM. SORTA SILLY, HUH?
SO, WHAT, YOU WANT ME TO GO IN AND TRY TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME? INFILTRATE THIS ORGANIZATION MYSELF AND START SENDING YOU BACK INTELLIGENCE?
NO.
OUTSIDE OF COBRA ITSELF, NO ONE KNOWS MORE ABOUT ITS INNER WORKINGS THAN CHUCKLES. WE CAN'T REPRODUCE THAT INTEL. HE IS THE ASSET HERE.
YOUR MISSION IS TO GO IN AND RETRIEVE HIM.


SIR, IF YOU RECOVERED HER BODY AND NOT HIS, HOW CAN YOU BE SURE HE HASN'T GONE NATIVE? JUST SWITCHED SIDES AND JOINED UP?
I'M SURE.


HE'S IN THE WIND. THAT'S WHY I NEED YOU, SPECIFICALLY, TO FIND HIM.

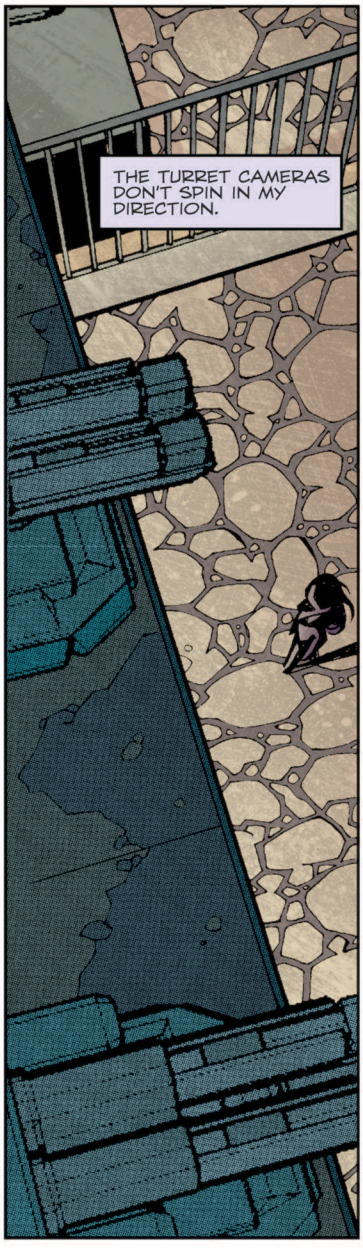

SIR?


I KNOW ABOUT YOUR DEPLOYMENT IN JAPAN. INFILTRATION. ASSASSINATION TECHNIQUES. YOUR IRREGULAR TRAINING "IN THE GARDEN."
YOU CAN WALK INTO AN INSTALLATION AND NOT BE HEARD OR NOTICED. THIS MISSION REQUIRES SOMEONE WITH THOSE SKILLS. PLUS...

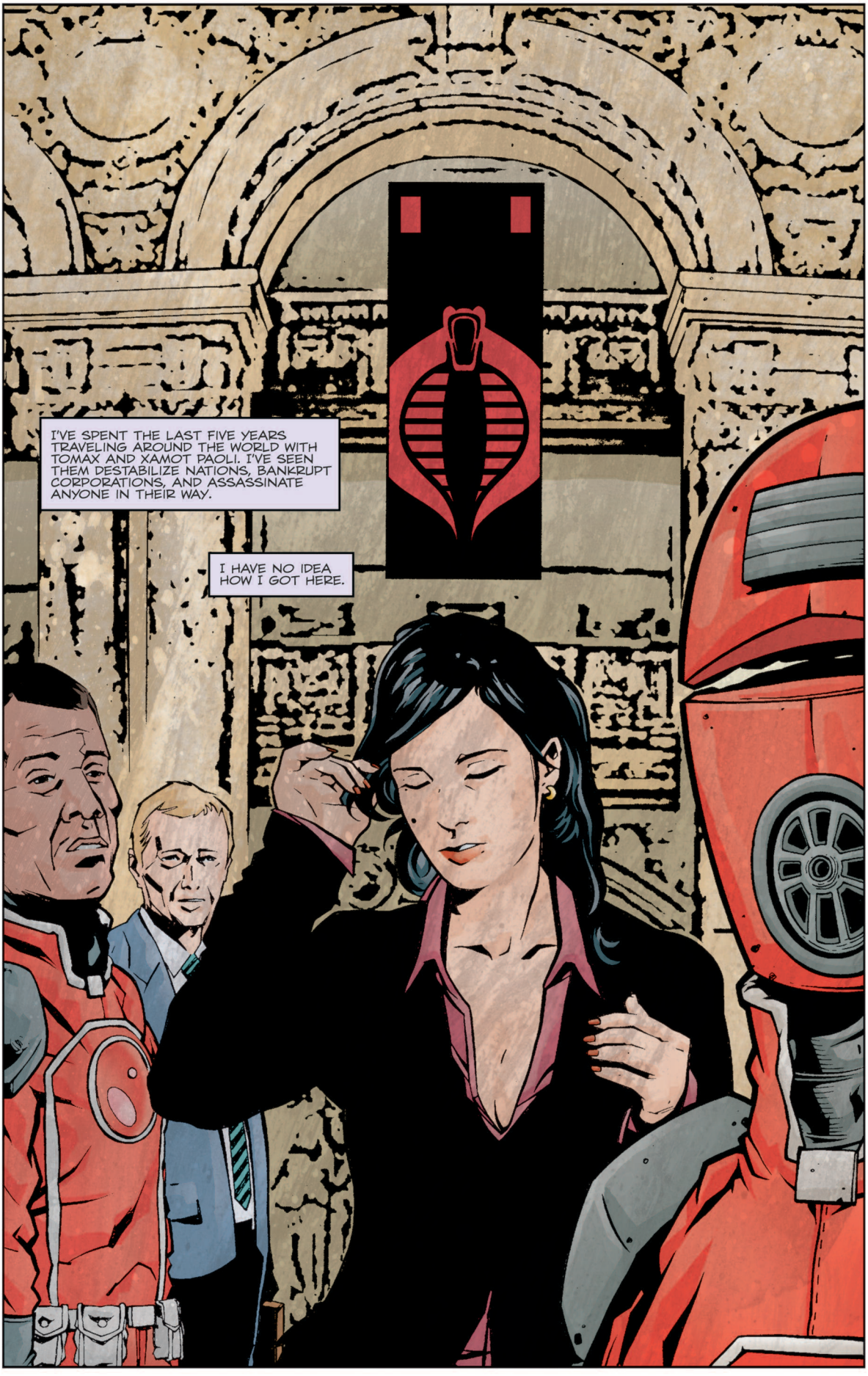

...YOU HAVE THE RIGHT LOOK.

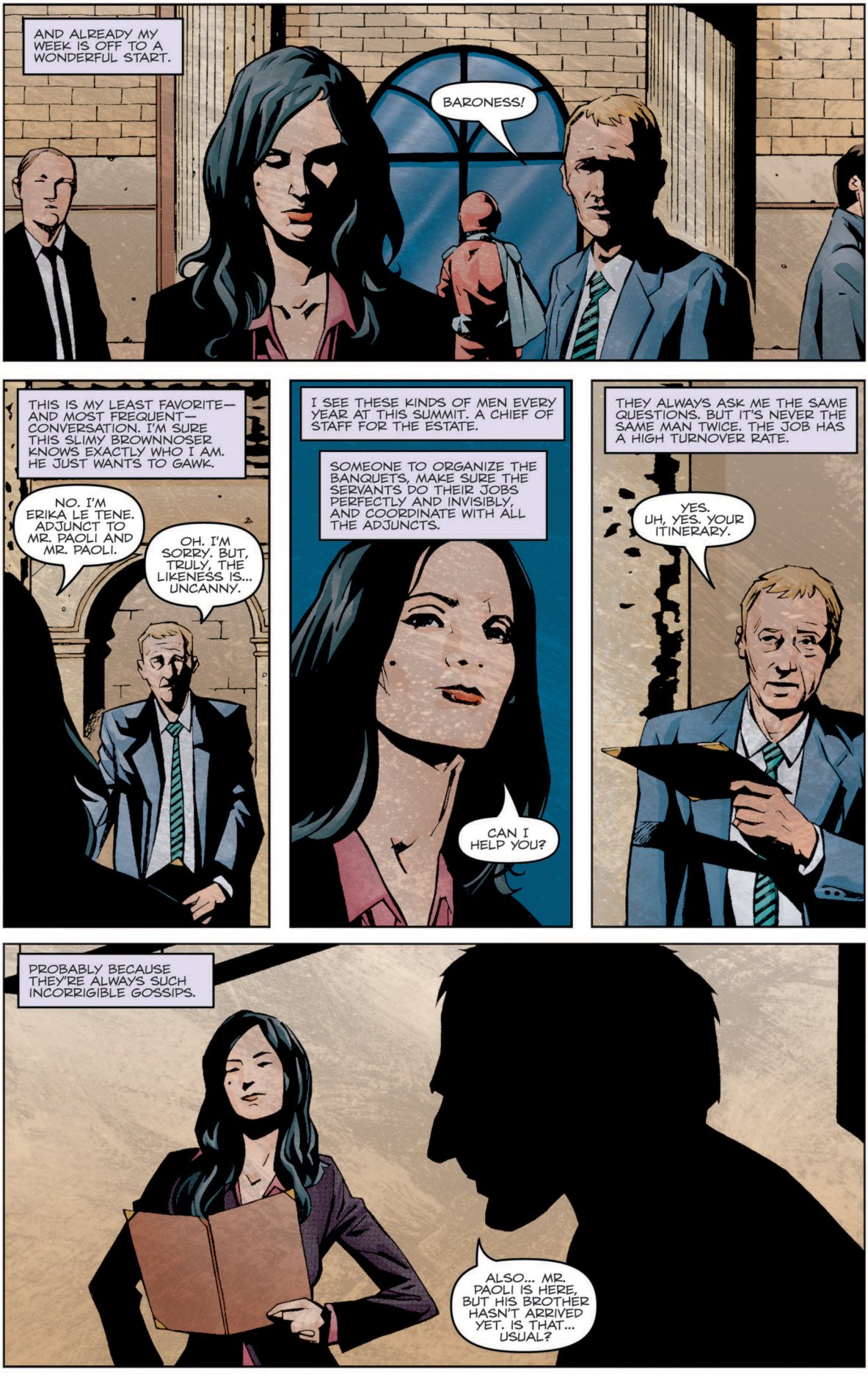

IT ALL JUST FEELS TOO EASY.


SECURITY WAVES ME THROUGH.
EE:577

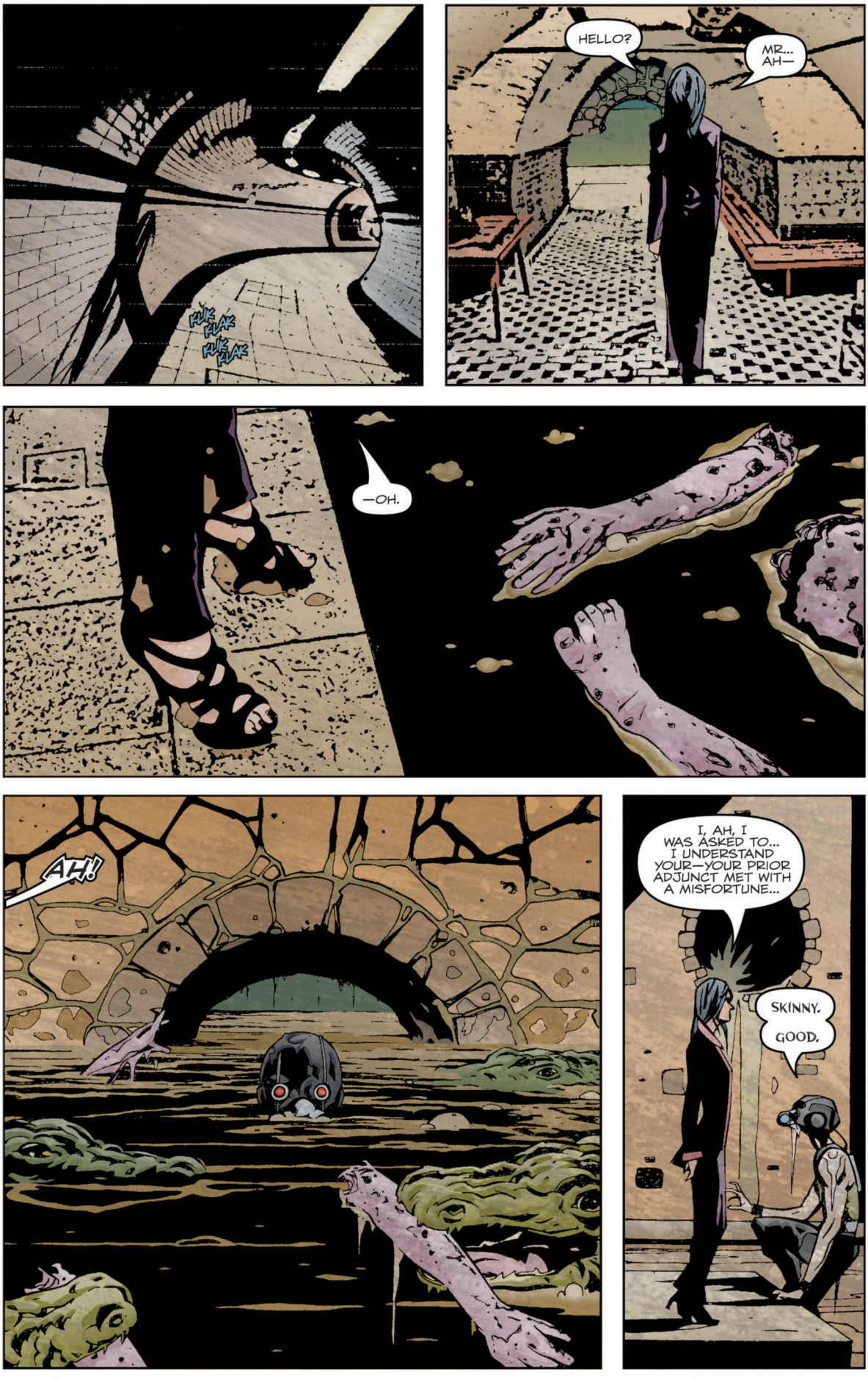

THE TURRET CAMERAS DON'T SPIN IN MY DIRECTION.

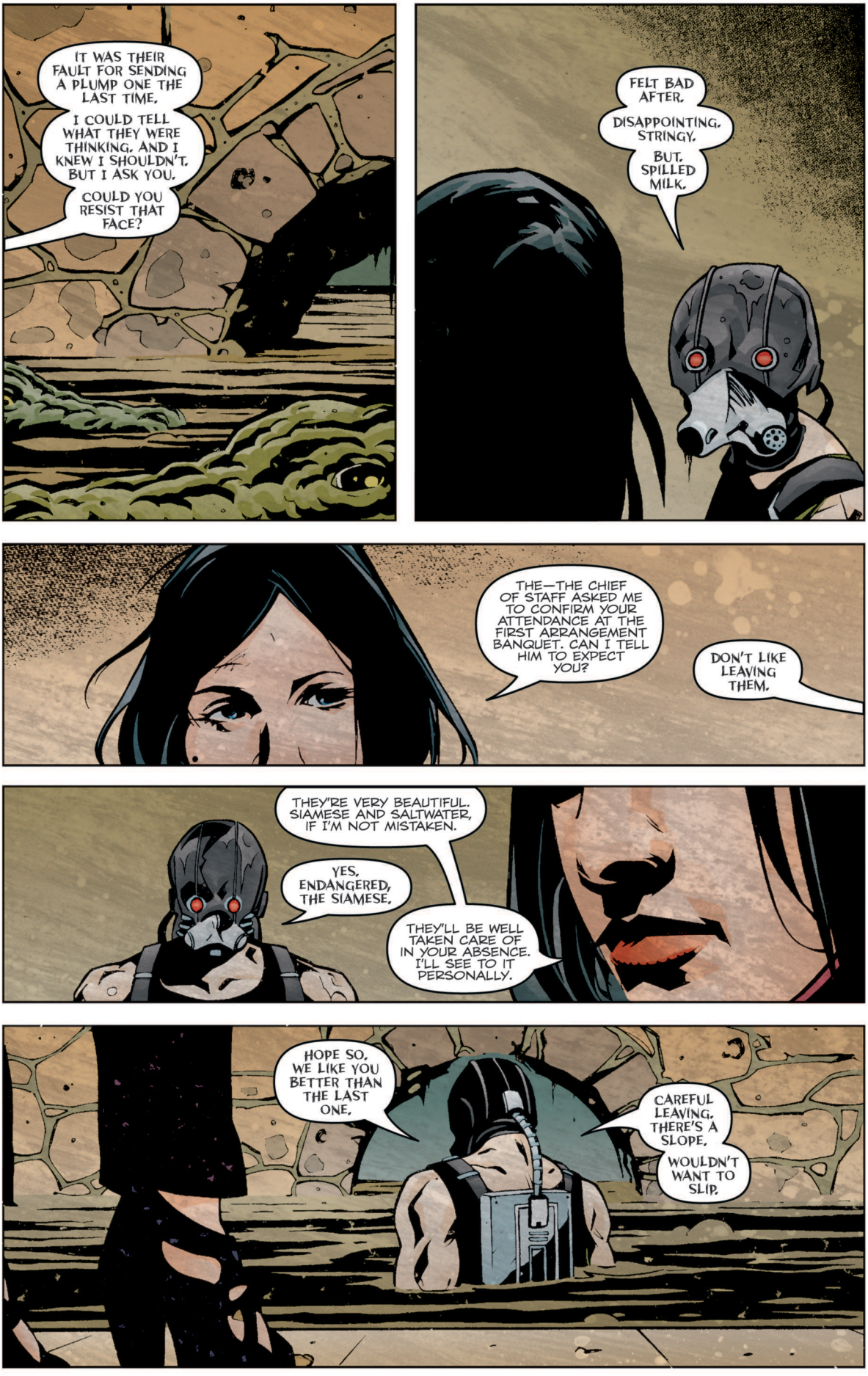

THE ADJUNCTS STANDING IN THE FOYER DON'T EVEN MAKE EYE CONTACT. JUST LIKE THAT, I'M IN.

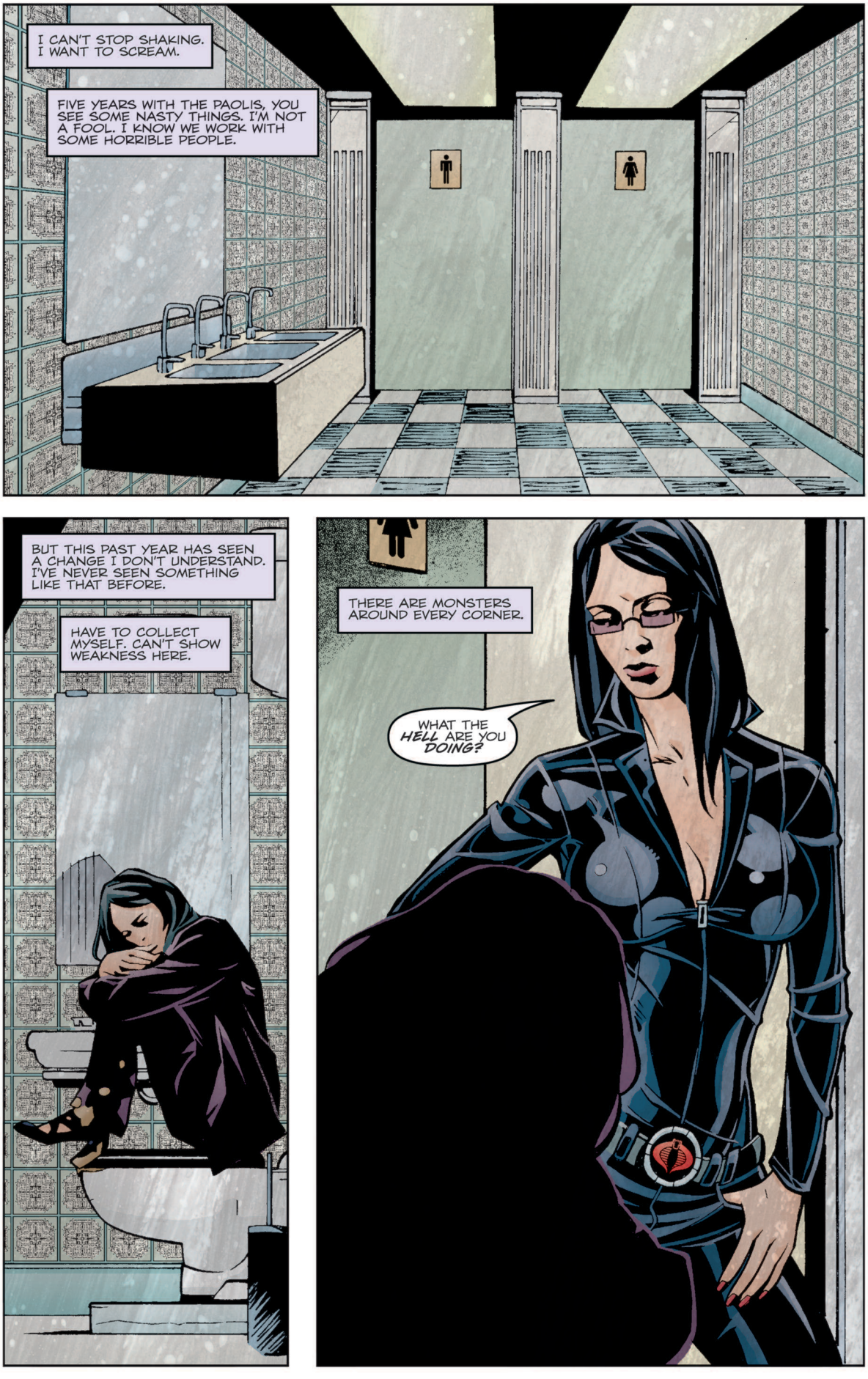

I'VE SPENT THE LAST FIVE YEARS TRAVELING AROUND THE WORLD WITH TOMAX AND XAMOT PAOLI. I'VE SEEN THEM DESTABILIZE NATIONS, BANKRUPT CORPORATIONS, AND ASSASSINATE ANYONE IN THEIR WAY.
I HAVE NO IDEA HOW I GOT HERE.

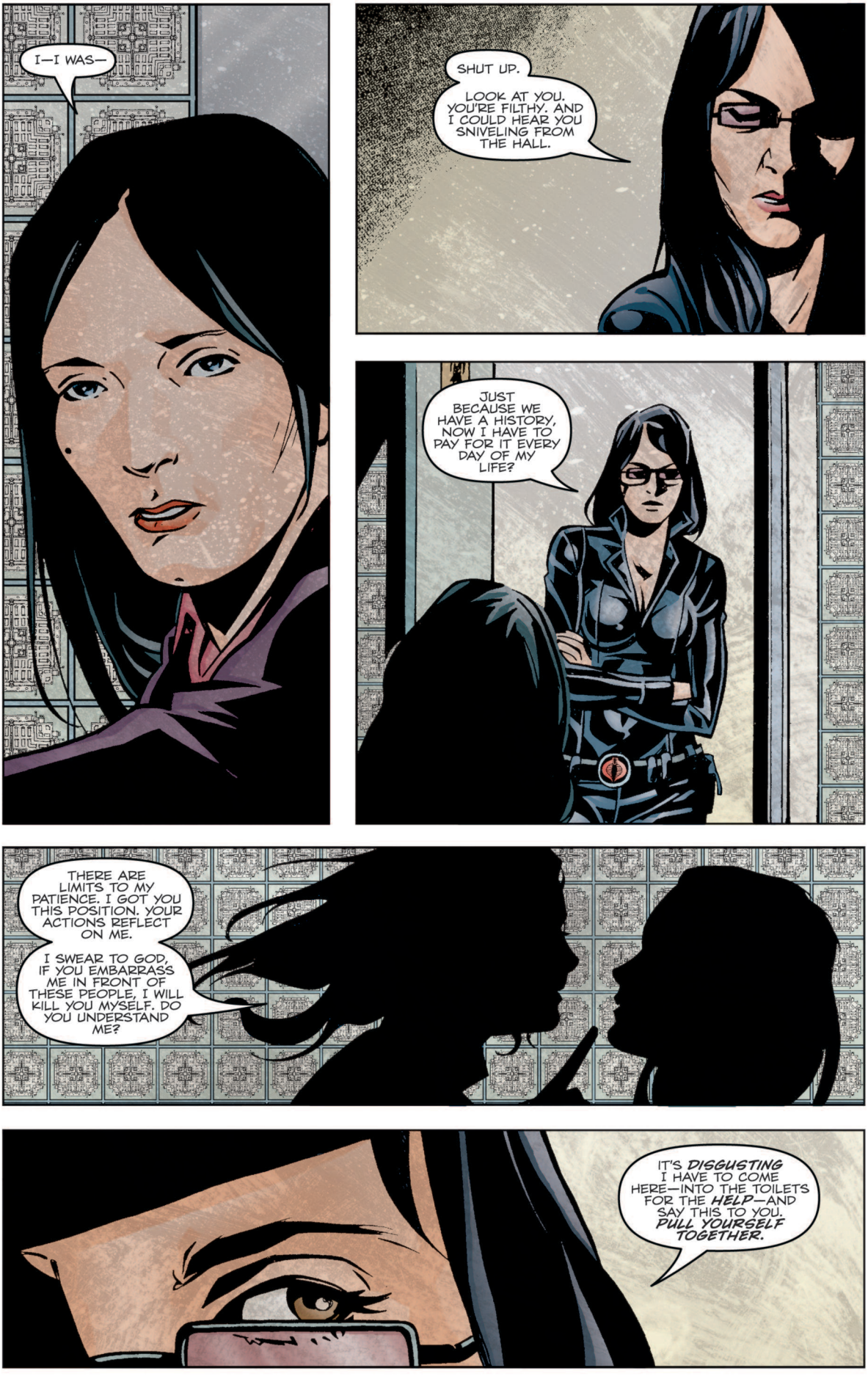

AND ALREADY MY WEEK IS OFF TO A WONDERFUL START.
BARONESS!
THIS IS MY LEAST FAVORITE—AND MOST FREQUENT—CONVERSATION. I'M SURE THIS SLIMY BROWNNOSER KNOWS EXACTLY WHO I AM. HE JUST WANTS TO GAWK.
NO. I'M ERIKA LE TENE. ADJUNCT TO MR. PAOLI AND MR. PAOLI.
OH. I'M SORRY. BUT, TRULY, THE LIKENESS IS... UNCANNY.
I SEE THESE KINDS OF MEN EVERY YEAR AT THIS SUMMIT. A CHIEF OF STAFF FOR THE ESTATE.
SOMEONE TO ORGANIZE THE BANQUETS, MAKE SURE THE SERVANTS DO THEIR JOBS PERFECTLY AND INVISIBLY, AND COORDINATE WITH ALL THE ADJUNCTS.
CAN I HELP YOU?
THEY ALWAYS ASK ME THE SAME QUESTIONS. BUT IT'S NEVER THE SAME MAN TWICE. THE JOB HAS A HIGH TURNOVER RATE.
YES. UH, YES. YOUR ITINERARY.
PROBABLY BECAUSE THEY'RE ALWAYS SUCH INCORRIGIBLE GOSSIPS.
ALSO... MR. PAOLI IS HERE, BUT HIS BROTHER HASN'T ARRIVED YET. IS THAT... USUAL?

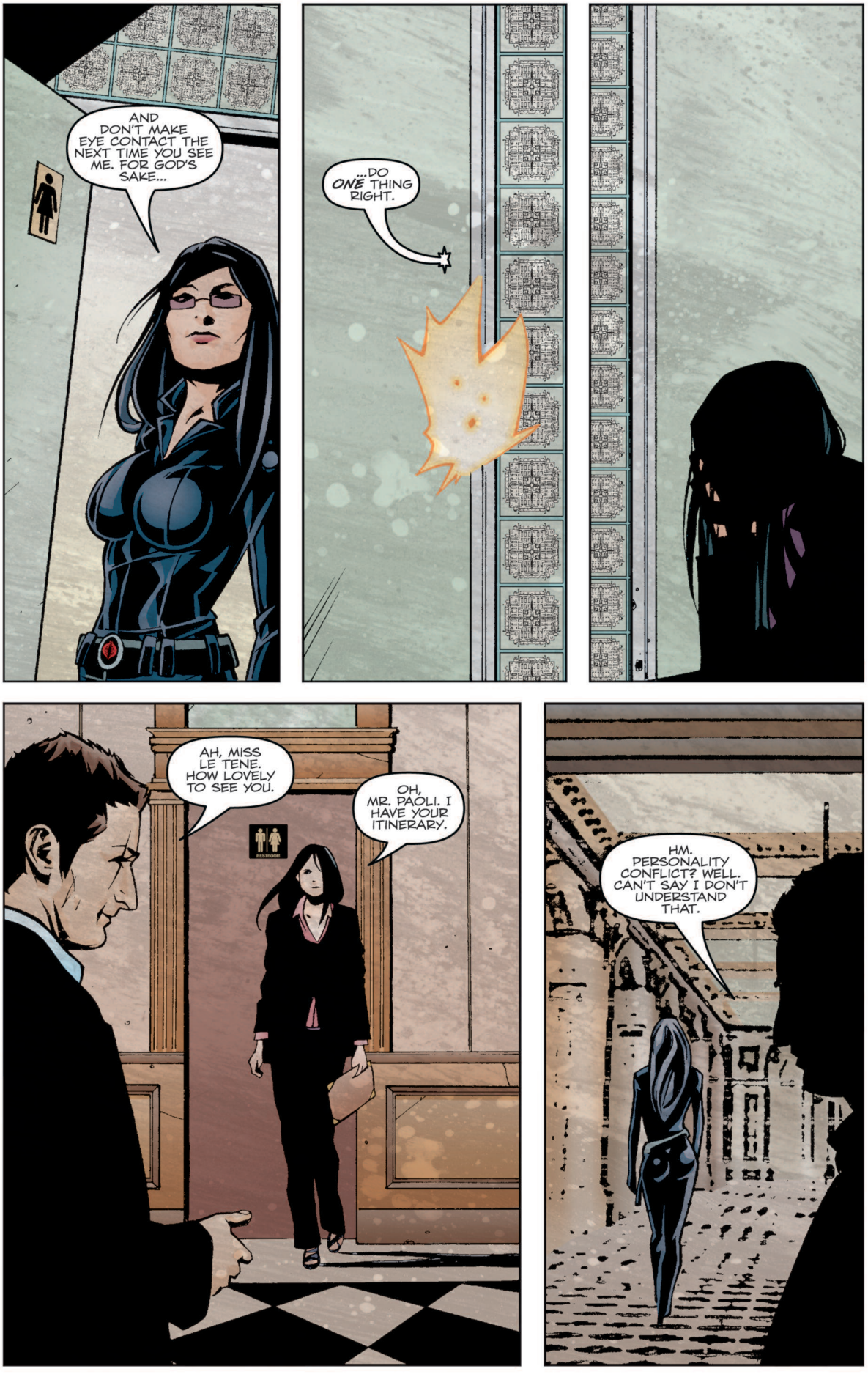

THEY'VE BEEN TRAVELING SEPARATELY. IS THAT A PROBLEM?
NO! NO, OF COURSE NOT.
BUT WE DO HAVE A REQUEST FOR YOU. THE CROC MASTER'S ADJUNCT HAS... MET WITH AN ACCIDENT.
SINCE YOU'RE CURRENTLY ONE LIGHT, WE WERE HOPING YOU COULD SUPPORT US THERE.
WE NEED HIM TO ATTEND THE FIRST ARRANGEMENT BANQUET TONIGHT. PERHAPS YOU COULD... PERSUADE HIM?
"CROC MASTER"...?
ONE OF OUR MEMBERS LESS ASSOCIATED WITH THE BUSINESS WORLD. HIS QUARTERS ARE IN THE EAST WING.


KLIK KLAK
KLIK KLAK
HELLO?
MR... AH—
—OH.
AH!
I, AH, I WAS ASKED TO... I UNDERSTAND YOUR—YOUR PRIOR ADJUNCT MET WITH A MISFORTUNE...
SKINNY.
GOOD.

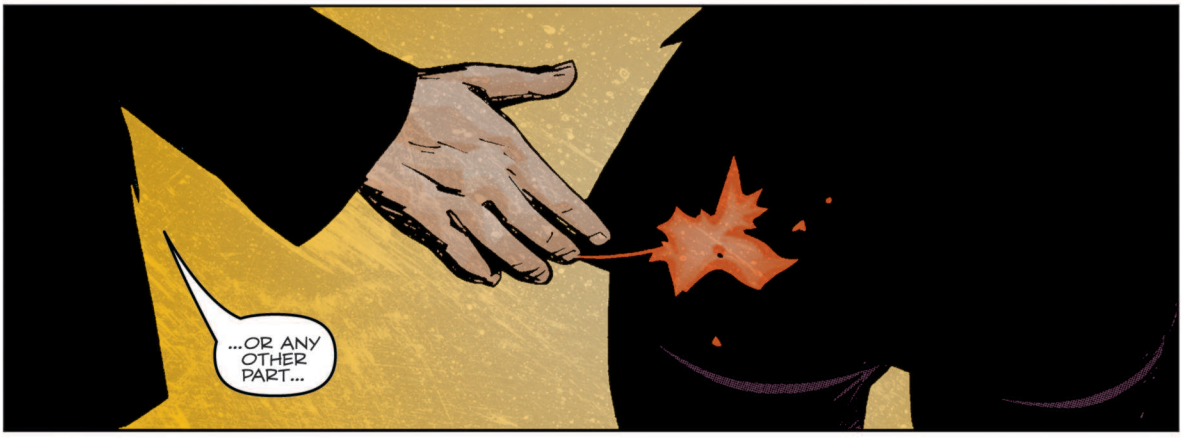

IT WAS THEIR FAULT FOR SENDING A PLUMP ONE THE LAST TIME.
I COULD TELL WHAT THEY WERE THINKING. AND I KNEW I SHOULDN'T. BUT I ASK YOU.
COULD YOU RESIST THAT FACE?
FELT BAD AFTER.
DISAPPOINTING. STRINGY.
BUT. SPILLED MILK.
THE—THE CHIEF OF STAFF ASKED ME TO CONFIRM YOUR ATTENDANCE AT THE FIRST ARRANGEMENT BANQUET. CAN I TELL HIM TO EXPECT YOU?
DON'T LIKE LEAVING THEM.
THEY'RE VERY BEAUTIFUL. SIAMESE AND SALTWATER, IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN.
YES. ENDANGERED, THE SIAMESE.
THEY'LL BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF IN YOUR ABSENCE. I'LL SEE TO IT PERSONALLY.
HOPE SO. WE LIKE YOU BETTER THAN THE LAST ONE.
CAREFUL LEAVING. THERE'S A SLOPE.
WOULDN'T WANT TO SLIP.


I CAN'T STOP SHAKING. I WANT TO SCREAM.
FIVE YEARS WITH THE PAOLIS, YOU SEE SOME NASTY THINGS. I'M NOT A FOOL. I KNOW WE WORK WITH SOME HORRIBLE PEOPLE.
BUT THIS PAST YEAR HAS SEEN A CHANGE I DON'T UNDERSTAND. I'VE NEVER SEEN SOMETHING LIKE THAT BEFORE.
HAVE TO COLLECT MYSELF. CAN'T SHOW WEAKNESS HERE.
THERE ARE MONSTERS AROUND EVERY CORNER.
WHAT THE *HELL* ARE YOU *DOING?*


I—I WAS—
SHUT UP.
LOOK AT YOU. YOU'RE FILTHY. AND I COULD HEAR YOU SNIVELING FROM THE HALL.
JUST BECAUSE WE HAVE A HISTORY, NOW I HAVE TO PAY FOR IT EVERY DAY OF MY LIFE?
THERE ARE LIMITS TO MY PATIENCE. I GOT YOU THIS POSITION. YOUR ACTIONS REFLECT ON ME.
I SWEAR TO GOD, IF YOU EMBARRASS ME IN FRONT OF THESE PEOPLE, I WILL KILL YOU MYSELF. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?
IT'S *DISGUSTING* I HAVE TO COME HERE—INTO THE TOILETS FOR THE *HELP*—AND SAY THIS TO YOU. *PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER.*

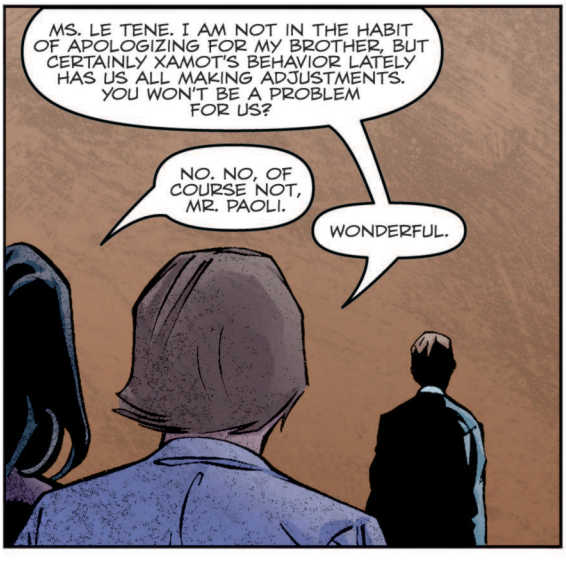

AND DON'T MAKE EYE CONTACT THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE ME. FOR GOD'S SAKE...
...DO ONE THING RIGHT.
AH, MISS LE TENE. HOW LOVELY TO SEE YOU.
OH, MR. PAOLI. I HAVE YOUR ITINERARY.
RESTROOM
HM. PERSONALITY CONFLICT? WELL. CAN'T SAY I DON'T UNDERSTAND THAT.

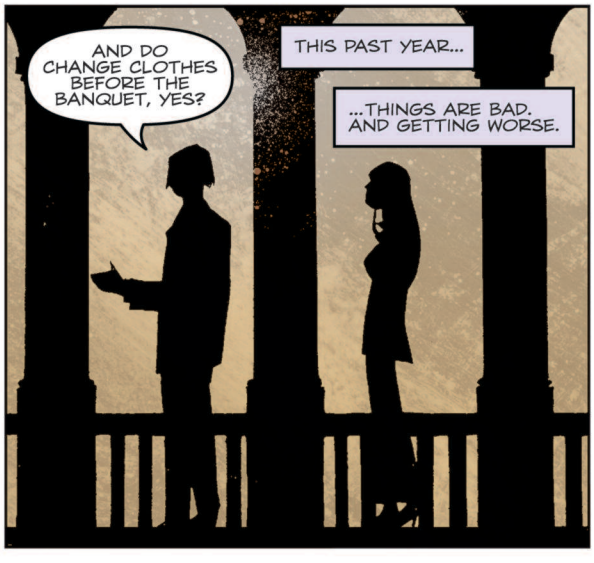

SO, PLEASE REMEMBER. SHOULD YOU EVER NEED A SYMPATHETIC EAR...


...OR ANY OTHER PART...


I... THANK YOU. THAT'S VERY KIND.
OH GOD...


YES. IT IS. HELLO, BROTHER.


MS. LE TENE. I AM NOT IN THE HABIT OF APOLOGIZING FOR MY BROTHER, BUT CERTAINLY XAMOT'S BEHAVIOR LATELY HAS US ALL MAKING ADJUSTMENTS. YOU WON'T BE A PROBLEM FOR US?
NO. NO, OF COURSE NOT, MR. PAOLI.
WONDERFUL.

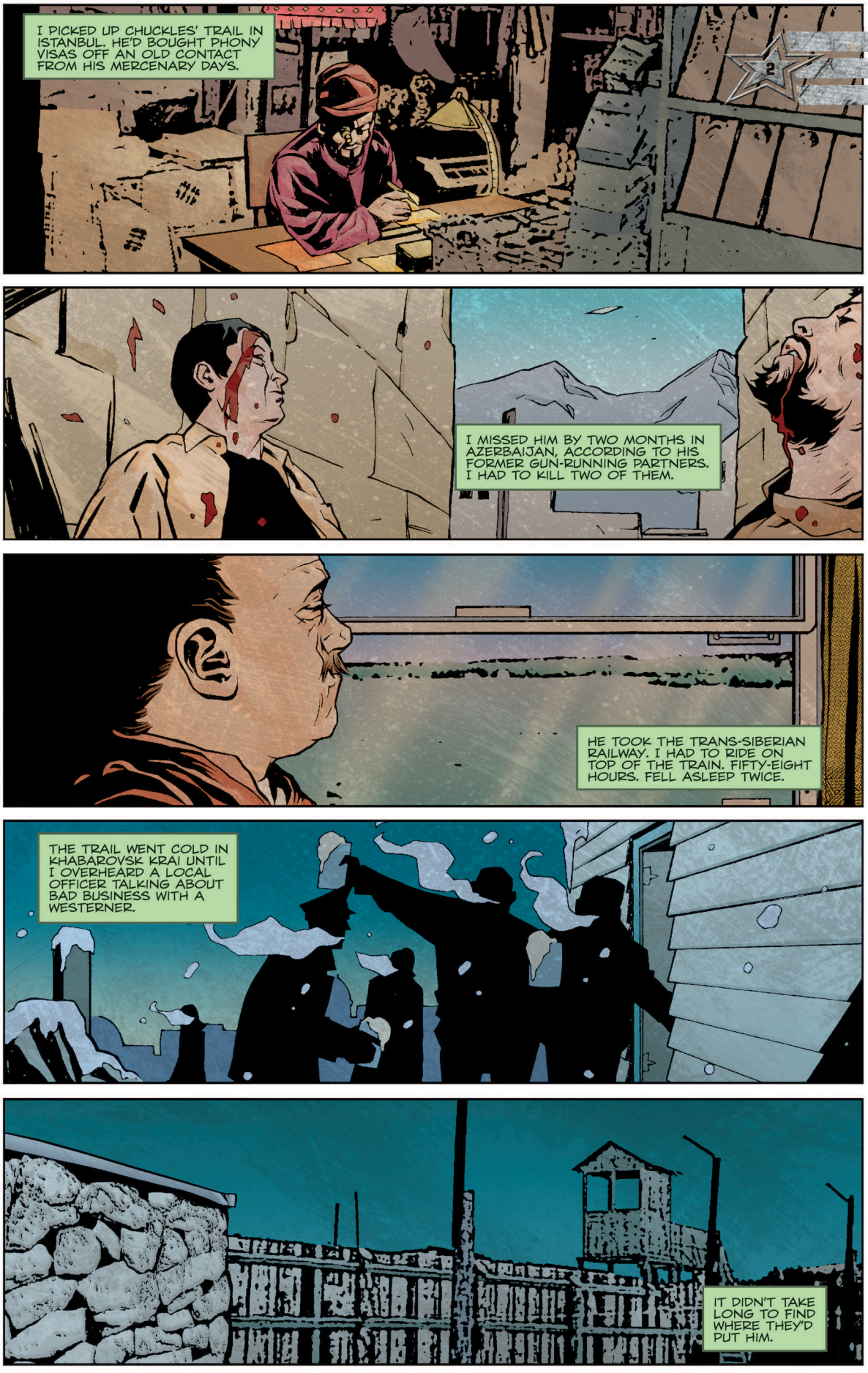

AND DO CHANGE CLOTHES BEFORE THE BANQUET, YES?
THIS PAST YEAR...
...THINGS ARE BAD. AND GETTING WORSE.

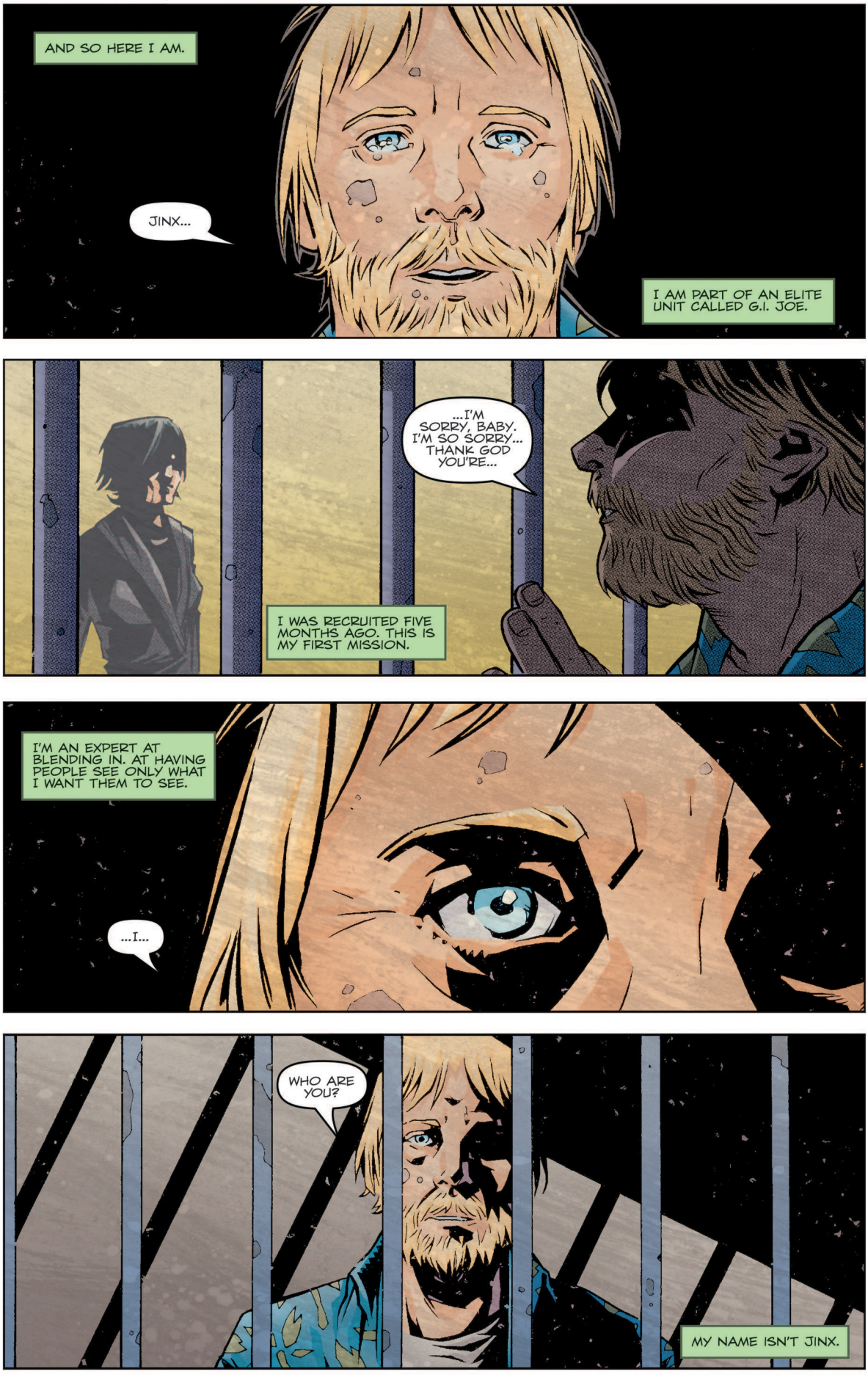



CLANG
CLANG
CLANG
CLANG
CLANG


WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
LET GO OF ME, YOU IDIOT! I'M HERE ON A RESCUE MISSION!
YOU'RE LUCKY YOU DIDN'T LOSE AN ARM!
OH MY GOD...


...JINX?


I PICKED UP CHUCKLES' TRAIL IN ISTANBUL. HE'D BOUGHT PHONY VISAS OFF AN OLD CONTACT FROM HIS MERCENARY DAYS.
2
I MISSED HIM BY TWO MONTHS IN AZERBAIJAN, ACCORDING TO HIS FORMER GUN-RUNNING PARTNERS. I HAD TO KILL TWO OF THEM.
HE TOOK THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY. I HAD TO RIDE ON TOP OF THE TRAIN. FIFTY-EIGHT HOURS. FELL ASLEEP TWICE.
THE TRAIL WENT COLD IN KHABAROVSK KRAI UNTIL I OVERHEARD A LOCAL OFFICER TALKING ABOUT BAD BUSINESS WITH A WESTERNER.
IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO FIND WHERE THEY'D PUT HIM.


AND SO HERE I AM.
JINX...
I AM PART OF AN ELITE UNIT CALLED G.I. JOE.
...I'M SORRY, BABY. I'M SO SORRY... THANK GOD YOU'RE...
I WAS RECRUITED FIVE MONTHS AGO. THIS IS MY FIRST MISSION.
I'M AN EXPERT AT BLENDING IN. AT HAVING PEOPLE SEE ONLY WHAT I WANT THEM TO SEE.
...I...
WHO ARE YOU?
MY NAME ISN'T JINX.


MY NAME IS CHAMELEON.
I'M HERE TO RESCUE YOU.
SCALES


ARE YOU KIDDING ME?
HAWK SENT ME TO—


I *KNOW* WHY HAWK SENT *YOU*.


I WATCHED THIS PLACE FOR THREE DAYS. THE GUARDS' SHIFT-CHANGE COMES IN TWENTY MINUTES, SO WE NEED TO MOVE IF WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT.
STOP. I'M NOT GOING.

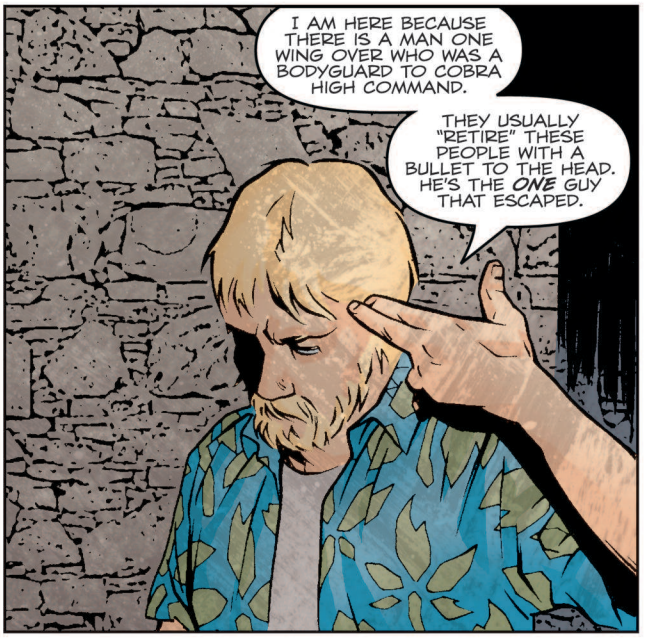

WHAT...? LISTEN, I UNDERSTAND IF YOU THINK YOU NEED TO BE... PUNISHED, OR SOMETHING. UNDERCOVER'S ROUGH.
BUT I AM NOT YOUR THERAPIST. YOU ARE A SOLDIER AND WE BOTH HAVE ORDERS.


NO, *YOU* LISTEN. YOU GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE. CLEAN THESE BODIES UP BEFORE YOU DO. YOU'RE GOING TO *RUIN* EVERYTHING.

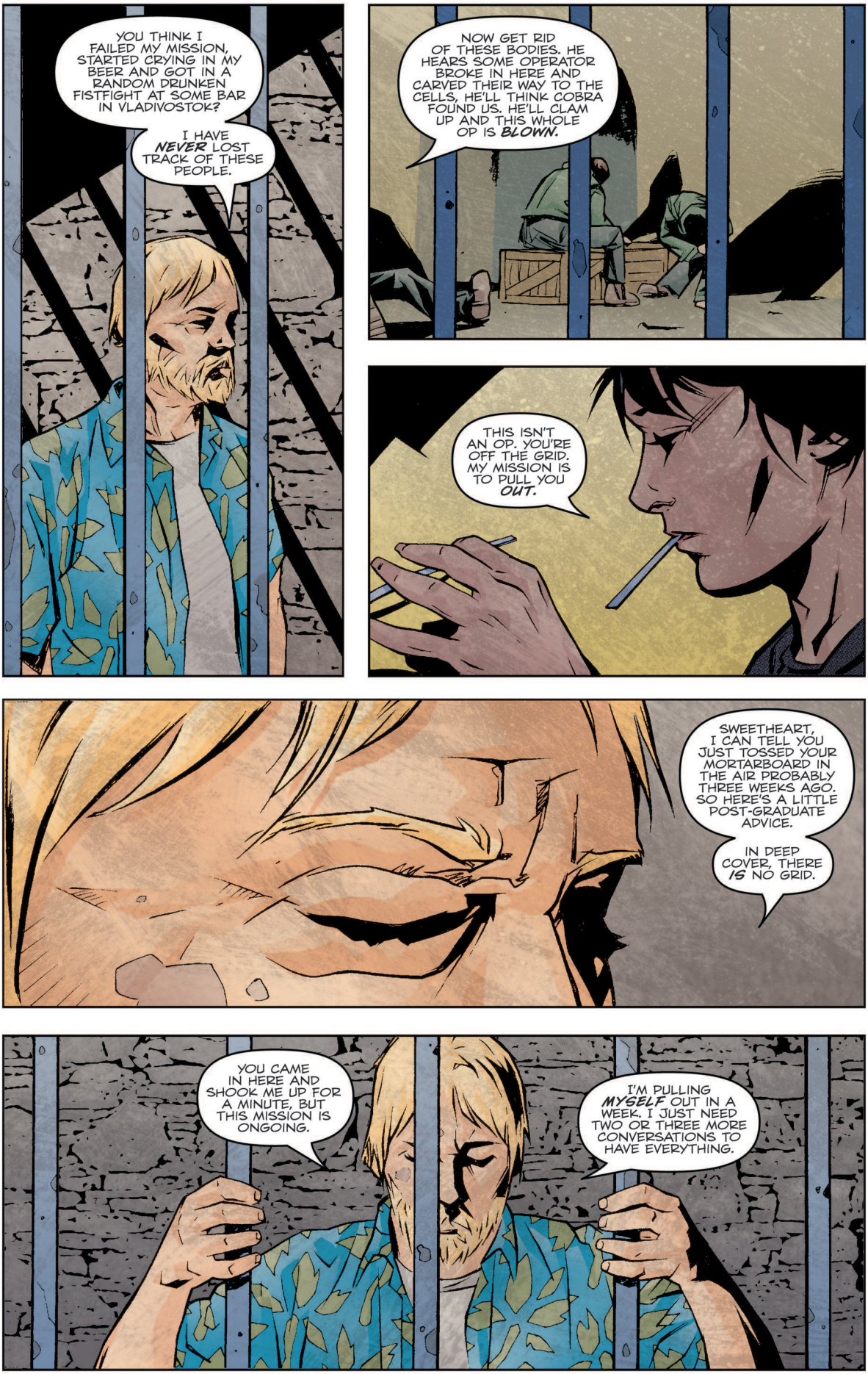

YOU THINK I'M HERE BECAUSE OF DISPLACED GUILT? I CAN LEAVE ANY TIME I WANT.

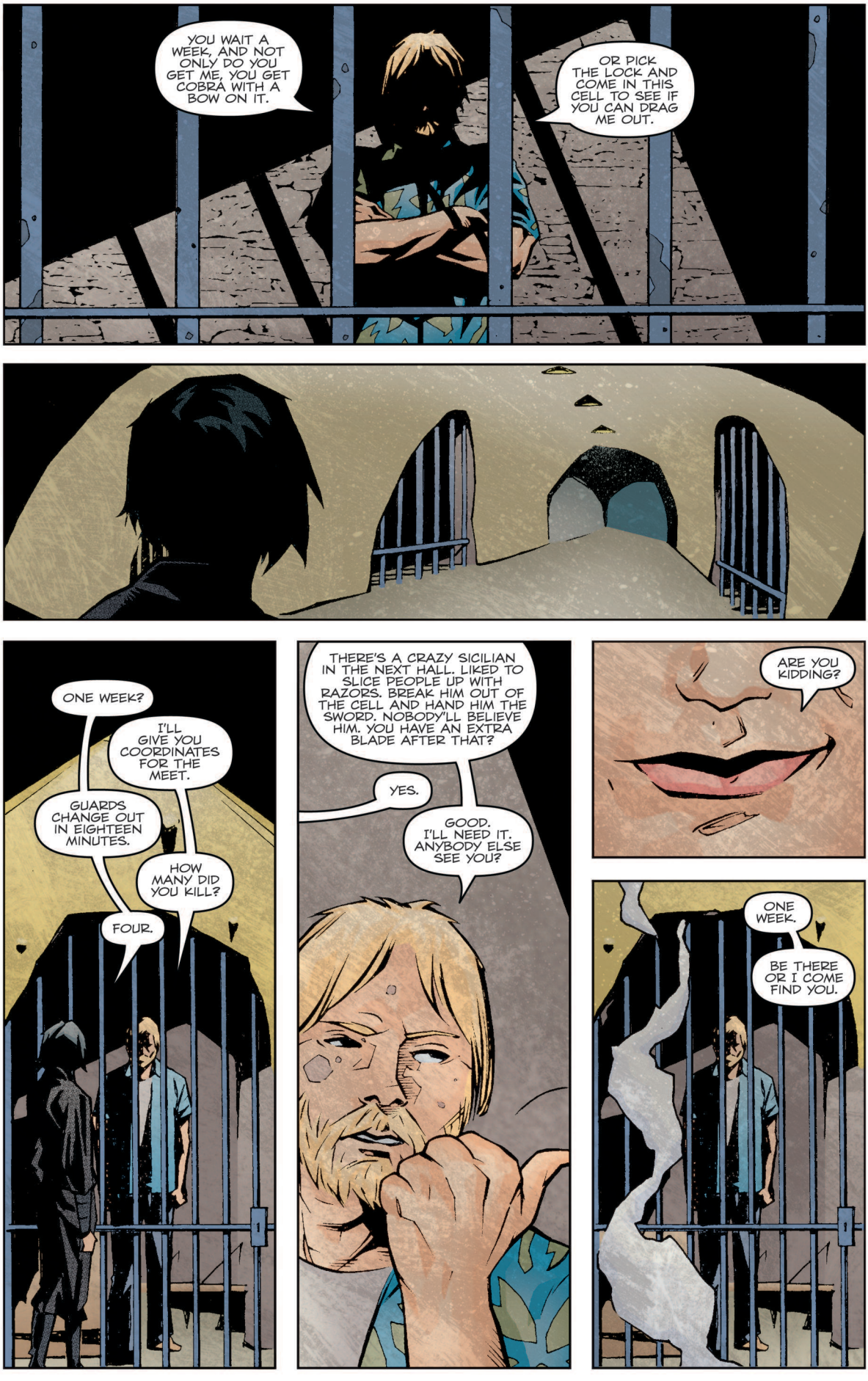

YOU JUST MISTOOK ME FOR A DEAD WOMAN. YOU'RE DELUSIONAL FROM DEHYDRATION, MALNUTRITION AND ISOLATION. I'M NOT TAKING YOUR WORD FOR IT.

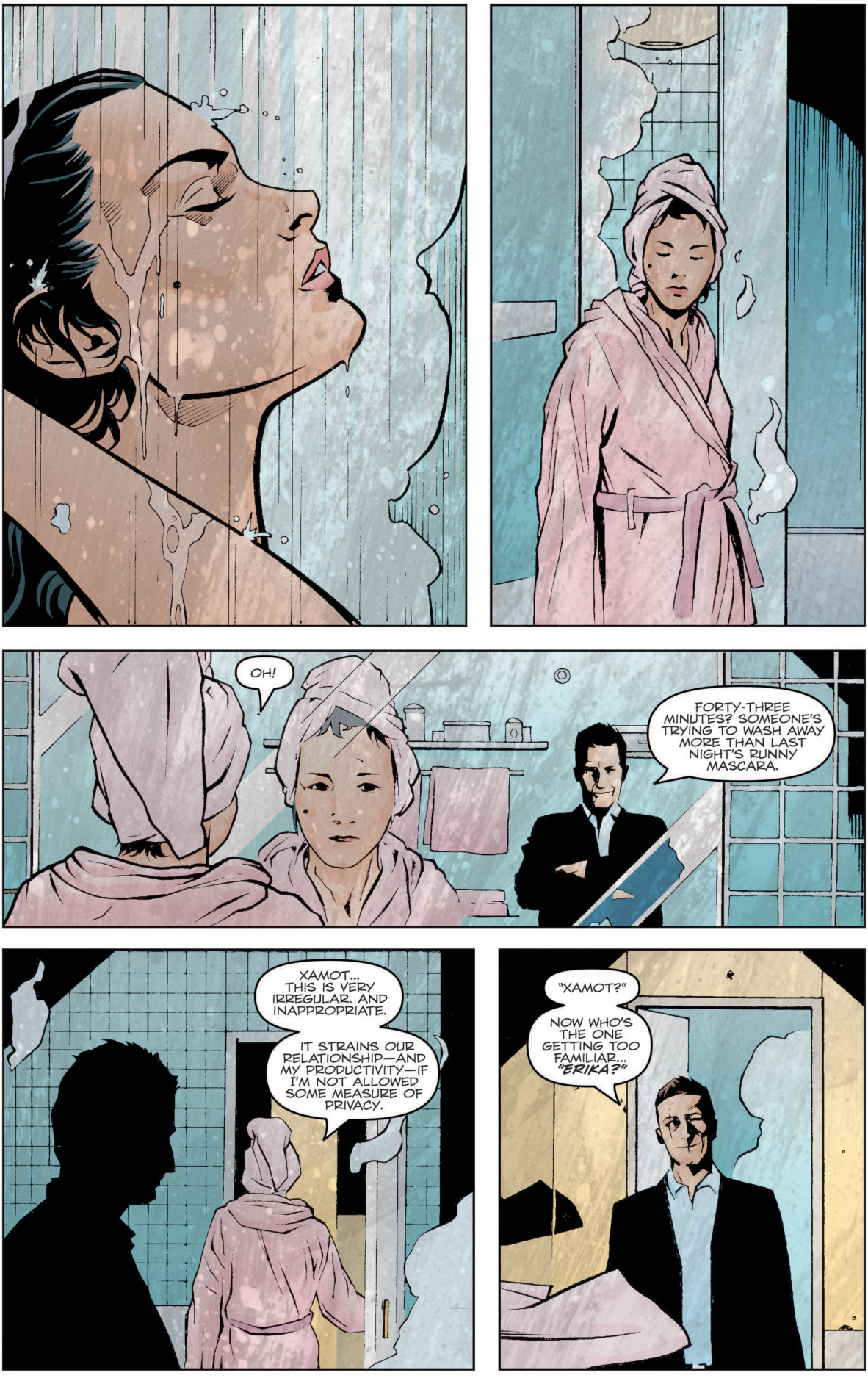

YOU *LISTEN* TO ME.

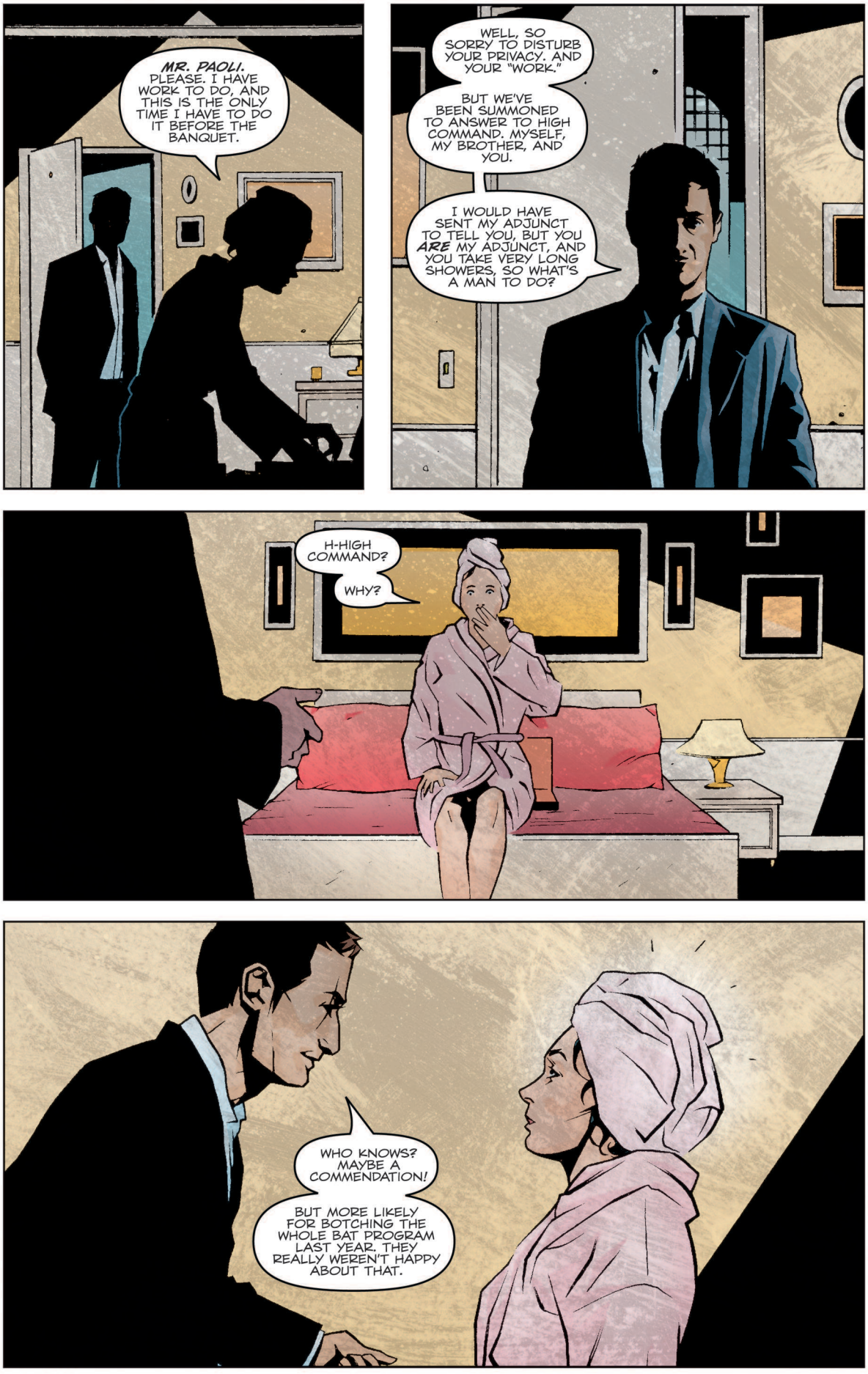

I AM HERE BECAUSE THERE IS A MAN ONE WING OVER WHO WAS A BODYGUARD TO COBRA HIGH COMMAND.
THEY USUALLY "RETIRE" THESE PEOPLE WITH A BULLET TO THE HEAD. HE'S THE *ONE* GUY THAT ESCAPED.


I'VE SPENT THE LAST THREE MONTHS GAINING THIS MAN'S TRUST. WE'VE BEEN TRADING WAR STORIES. I'M ON THE VERGE OF GETTING THE *ENTIRE PICTURE* OF COBRA'S TOP LEVEL.

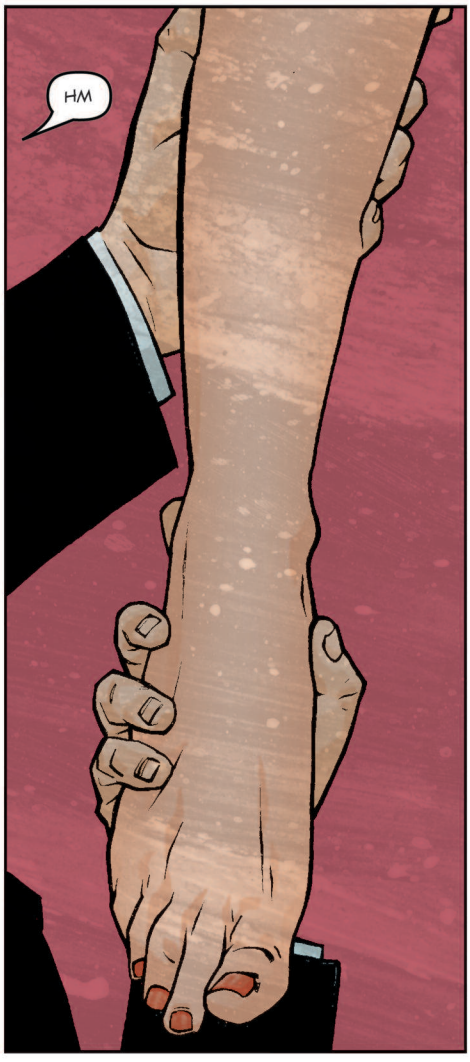

YOU THINK I FAILED MY MISSION, STARTED CRYING IN MY BEER AND GOT IN A RANDOM DRUNKEN FISTFIGHT AT SOME BAR IN VLADIVOSTOK?
I HAVE NEVER LOST TRACK OF THESE PEOPLE.
NOW GET RID OF THESE BODIES. HE HEARS SOME OPERATOR BROKE IN HERE AND CARVED THEIR WAY TO THE CELLS, HE'LL THINK COBRA FOUND US. HE'LL CLAM UP AND THIS WHOLE OP IS BLOWN.
THIS ISN'T AN OP. YOU'RE OFF THE GRID. MY MISSION IS TO PULL YOU OUT.
SWEETHEART, I CAN TELL YOU JUST TOSSED YOUR MORTARBOARD IN THE AIR PROBABLY THREE WEEKS AGO. SO HERE'S A LITTLE POST-GRADUATE ADVICE.
IN DEEP COVER, THERE IS NO GRID.
YOU CAME IN HERE AND SHOOK ME UP FOR A MINUTE, BUT THIS MISSION IS ONGOING.
I'M PULLING MYSELF OUT IN A WEEK. I JUST NEED TWO OR THREE MORE CONVERSATIONS TO HAVE EVERYTHING.


YOU WAIT A WEEK, AND NOT ONLY DO YOU GET ME, YOU GET COBRA WITH A BOW ON IT.
OR PICK THE LOCK AND COME IN THIS CELL TO SEE IF YOU CAN DRAG ME OUT.
ONE WEEK?
I'LL GIVE YOU COORDINATES FOR THE MEET.
GUARDS CHANGE OUT IN EIGHTEEN MINUTES.
HOW MANY DID YOU KILL?
FOUR.
THERE'S A CRAZY SICILIAN IN THE NEXT HALL. LIKED TO SLICE PEOPLE UP WITH RAZORS. BREAK HIM OUT OF THE CELL AND HAND HIM THE SWORD. NOBODY'LL BELIEVE HIM. YOU HAVE AN EXTRA BLADE AFTER THAT?
YES.
GOOD. I'LL NEED IT. ANYBODY ELSE SEE YOU?
ARE YOU KIDDING?
ONE WEEK.
BE THERE OR I COME FIND YOU.


OH!
FORTY-THREE MINUTES? SOMEONE'S TRYING TO WASH AWAY MORE THAN LAST NIGHT'S RUNNY MASCARA.
XAMOT... THIS IS VERY IRREGULAR. AND INAPPROPRIATE.
IT STRAINS OUR RELATIONSHIP—AND MY PRODUCTIVITY—IF I'M NOT ALLOWED SOME MEASURE OF PRIVACY.
"XAMOT?"
NOW WHO'S THE ONE GETTING TOO FAMILIAR... *"ERIKA?"*


MR. PAOLI. PLEASE. I HAVE WORK TO DO, AND THIS IS THE ONLY TIME I HAVE TO DO IT BEFORE THE BANQUET.
WELL, SO SORRY TO DISTURB YOUR PRIVACY. AND YOUR "WORK."
BUT WE'VE BEEN SUMMONED TO ANSWER TO HIGH COMMAND. MYSELF, MY BROTHER, AND YOU.
I WOULD HAVE SENT MY ADJUNCT TO TELL YOU, BUT YOU ARE MY ADJUNCT, AND YOU TAKE VERY LONG SHOWERS, SO WHAT'S A MAN TO DO?
H-HIGH COMMAND?
WHY?
WHO KNOWS? MAYBE A COMMENDATION!
BUT MORE LIKELY FOR BOTCHING THE WHOLE BAT PROGRAM LAST YEAR. THEY REALLY WEREN'T HAPPY ABOUT THAT.

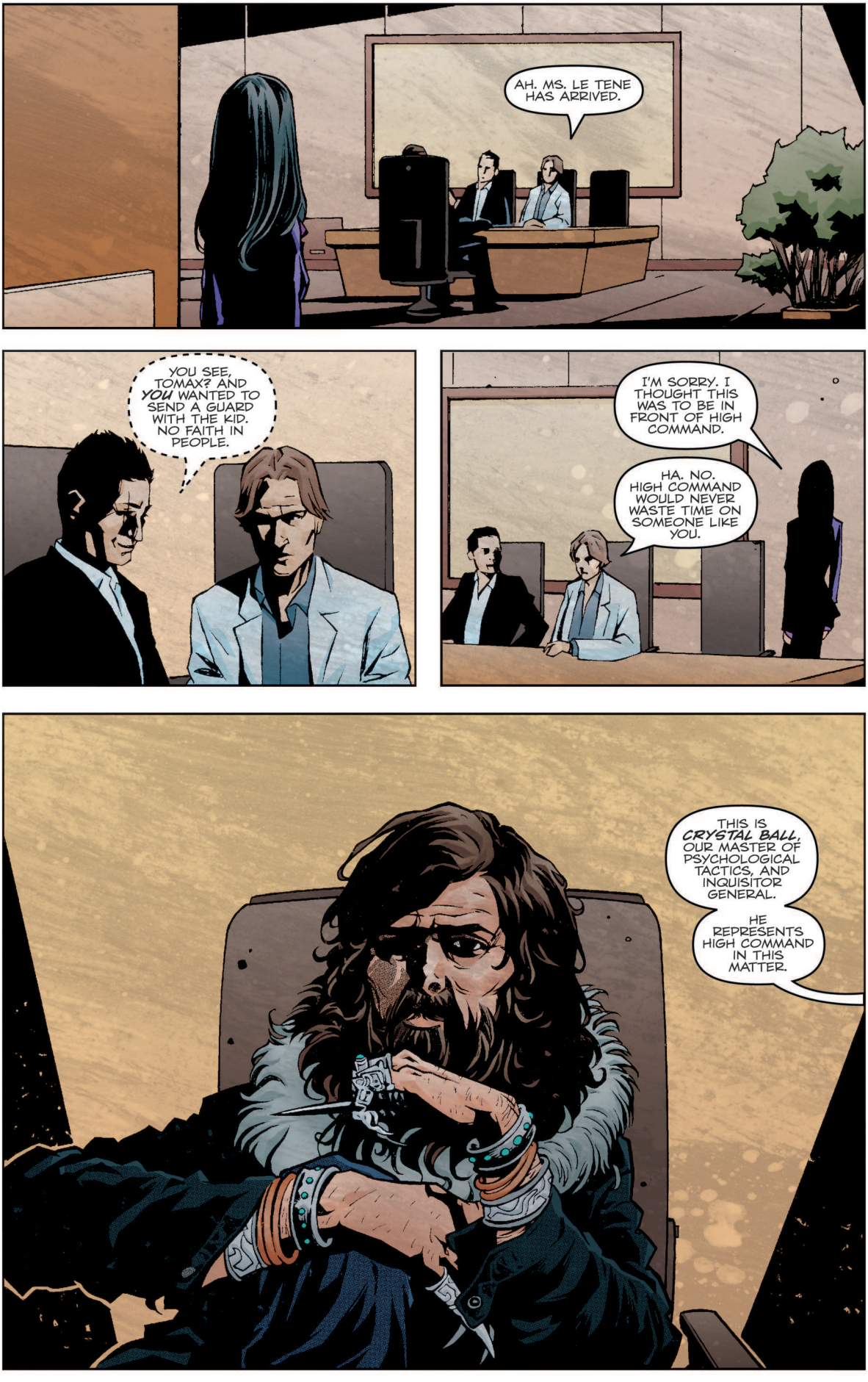

OH.
YES. WELL, NO SENSE WORRYING TOO MUCH ABOUT THE FUTURE. WE OFTEN HAVE SO LITTLE SAY IN WHAT HAPPENS TO US...


HM


TRY A NEW COAT OF POLISH. SEE YOU IN THE STAR CHAMBER IN HALF AN HOUR.

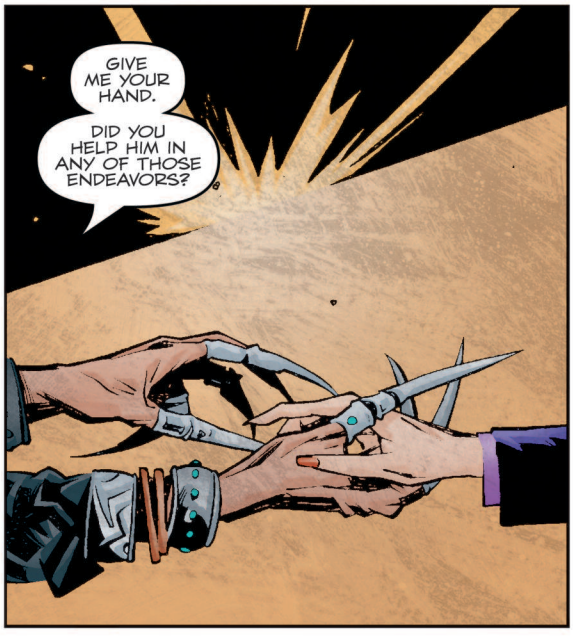


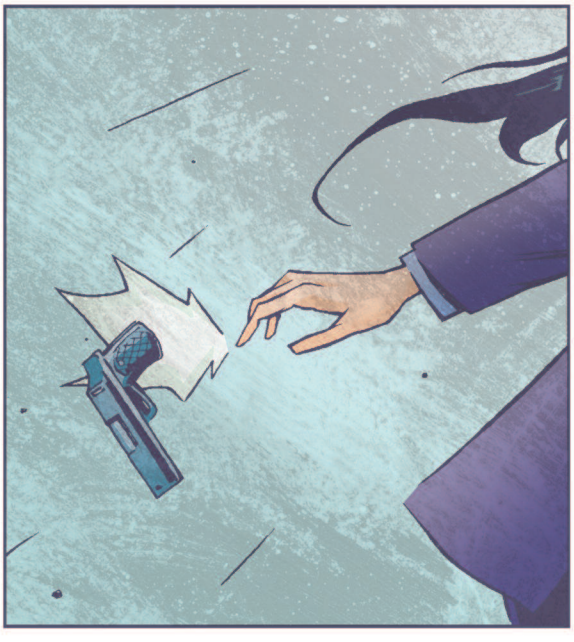

HELLO, MS. LE TENE. MR. PAOLI ASKED ME TO ESCORT YOU TO YOUR MEETING.
I AM FULLY CAPABLE OF WALKING THERE MYSELF.
WHAT DO THEY THINK I'M GOING TO DO? THROW A ROPE OF BEDSHEETS OUT MY WINDOW?
I COULDN'T SAY, MA'AM.
YOU'RE NOT EVEN ARMED. AND YOU LOOK MORE LIKE TECH SUPPORT THAN MUSCLE. NOT A VERY INTIMIDATING ESCORT AT ALL.
I THINK YOU MISUNDERSTAND, MA'AM. I'M NOT HERE TO GUARD YOU. I'M THE HEAD OF CYBER-BANKING AND ACCOUNTS SECURITY.
THEY WANTED TO KNOW IF, IN THE EVENT OF YOUR TERMINATION FROM DUTY, YOU'D LIKE YOUR ASSETS TRANSFERRED TO ANY BENEFICIARIES.
BENEFICIARIES?
FAMILY? FRIENDS?
NO.
THERE... THERE'S NO ONE.
WONDERFUL! THEN YOUR HOLDINGS WILL BE RE-ABSORBED BY THE CORPORATION. I'M SURE THEY'LL BE GRATIFIED BY YOUR GENEROSITY.
"TERMINATED FROM DUTY." IS THAT WHAT YOU—
WE'RE HERE.

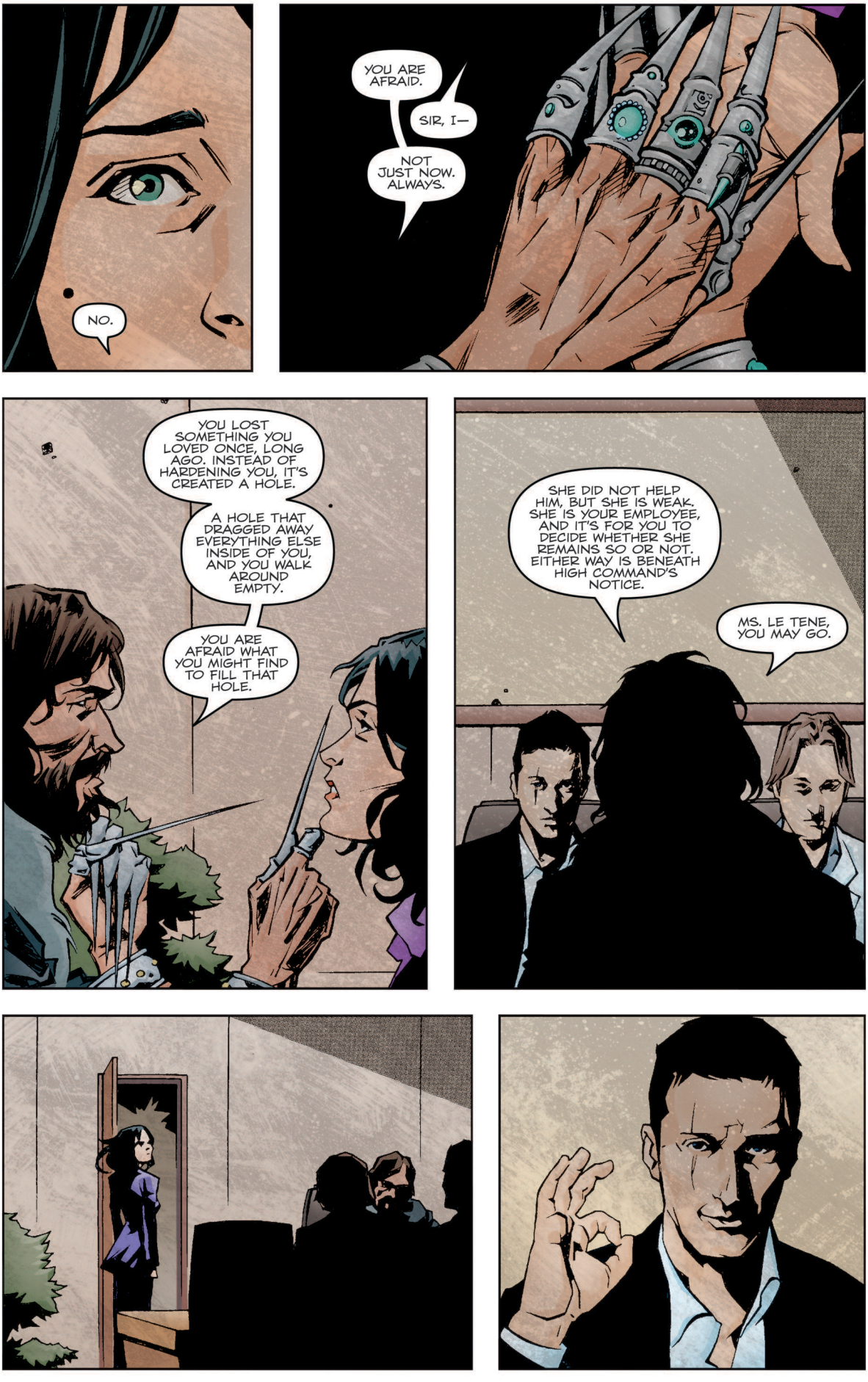

AH. MS. LE TENE HAS ARRIVED.
YOU SEE, TOMAX? AND *YOU* WANTED TO SEND A GUARD WITH THE KID. NO FAITH IN PEOPLE.
I'M SORRY. I THOUGHT THIS WAS TO BE IN FRONT OF HIGH COMMAND.
HA. NO. HIGH COMMAND WOULD NEVER WASTE TIME ON SOMEONE LIKE YOU.
THIS IS *CRYSTAL BALL*, OUR MASTER OF PSYCHOLOGICAL TACTICS, AND INQUISITOR GENERAL.
HE REPRESENTS HIGH COMMAND IN THIS MATTER.


SO YOU ARE THE FAMOUS ERIKA LE TENE. I KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT YOU.
THERE ARE NO THREATS IN THIS ROOM. THREATS ARE FOR THE STUPID AND THE WEAK. AND THERE IS ONLY TRUTH HERE, BECAUSE LIES ARE FOR THE DESPERATE AND THE LOST.

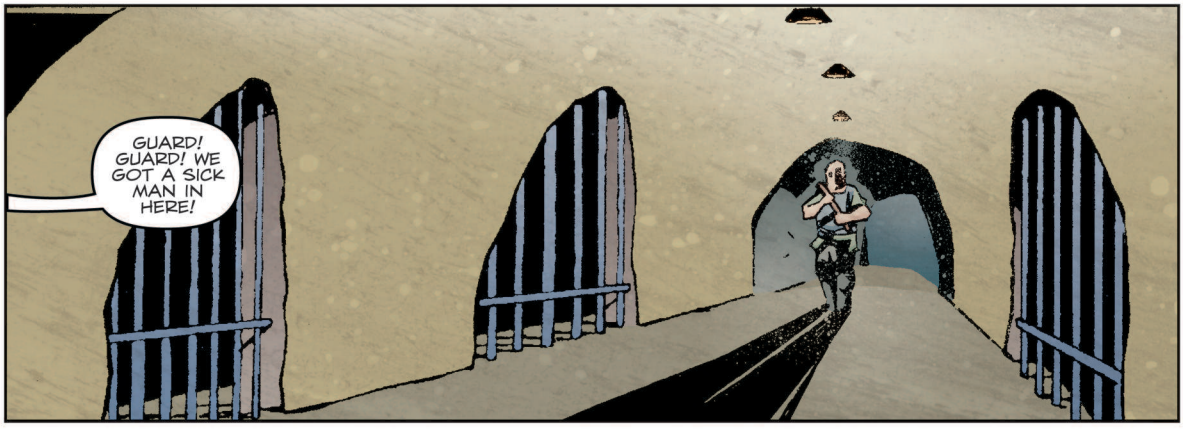

AT THE BEHEST OF THE CRIMSON TWINS, YOU CARRIED ON A RELATIONSHIP WITH AN UNDERCOVER G.I. JOE AGENT.
BY THE END OF THIS AFFAIR, HE MANAGED TO DESTROY AN IMPORTANT R&D PROJECT AND ESCAPE WITH HIS LIFE.


GIVE ME YOUR HAND.
DID YOU HELP HIM IN ANY OF THOSE ENDEAVORS?




NO.
YOU ARE AFRAID.
SIR, I—
NOT JUST NOW. ALWAYS.
YOU LOST SOMETHING YOU LOVED ONCE, LONG AGO. INSTEAD OF HARDENING YOU, IT'S CREATED A HOLE.
A HOLE THAT DRAGGED AWAY EVERYTHING ELSE INSIDE OF YOU, AND YOU WALK AROUND EMPTY.
YOU ARE AFRAID WHAT YOU MIGHT FIND TO FILL THAT HOLE.
SHE DID NOT HELP HIM, BUT SHE IS WEAK. SHE IS YOUR EMPLOYEE, AND IT'S FOR YOU TO DECIDE WHETHER SHE REMAINS SO OR NOT. EITHER WAY IS BENEATH HIGH COMMAND'S NOTICE.
MS. LE TENE, YOU MAY GO.




GUARD! GUARD! WE GOT A SICK MAN IN HERE!

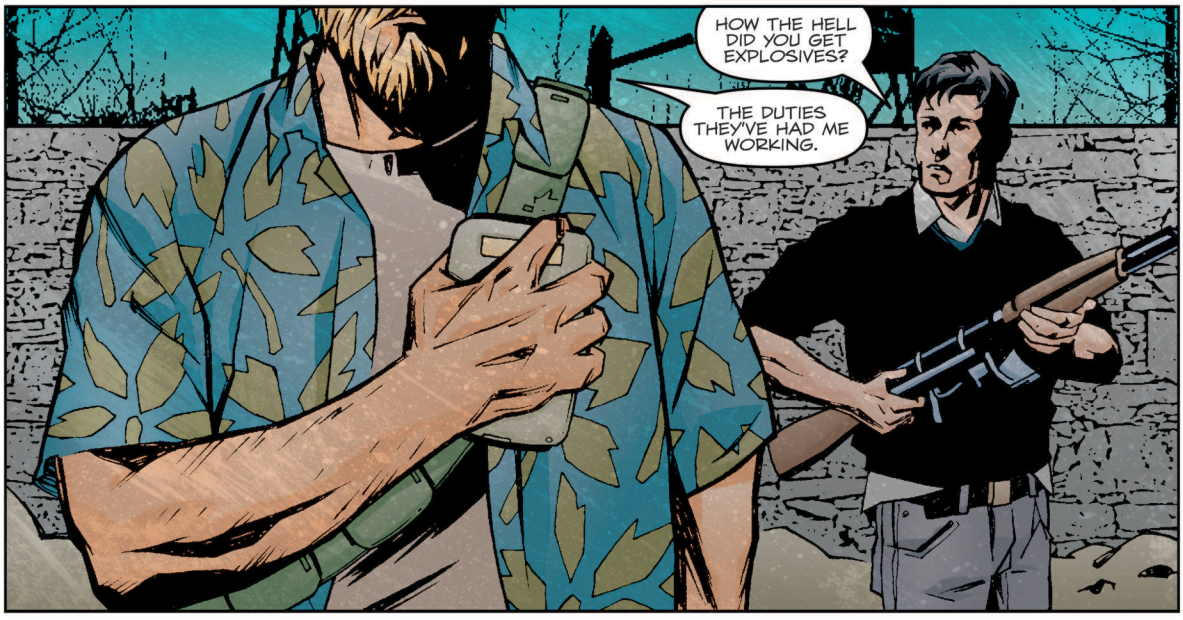

(SHUT UP!)*
I'M SERIOUS! HE'S PUKING EVERYWHERE!
*TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN


(SIX MONTHS YOU'RE HERE, NOT ONE WORD. WHAT'S GOING ON NO—)
-UCK-


"SICK MAN." I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU FELL FOR THAT.


WAKE UP.
WUZZAT?
COME ON, PARTNER. THIS IS A JAILBREAK.
WHAT? REALLY?!
HA *HA!* YOU CRAFTY S.O.B.! HOW DID YOU DO THIS?
I'VE BEEN PLANNING IT FOR MONTHS. BUT I COULDN'T LEAVE YOU TO ROT IN YOUR CELL, MAN.
NOT AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH. YOU'RE AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE PLAN.
OF COURSE, OF COURSE! WE GOTTA STICK TOGETHER, RIGHT?
RIGHT. HERE THEY COME.

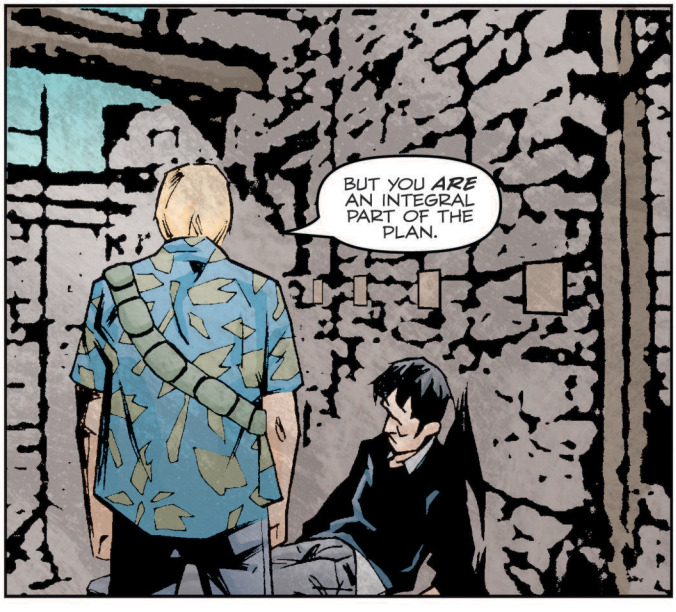

YOU'RE NOT BAD WITH THAT.
NEVER LOST THE TASTE, MAN. WHY DO YOU THINK I'M IN HERE?
HAHAHAHA!
OH MAN. THE WORLD HAS NO IDEA WHAT IT'S *IN* FOR.
THEY'LL NEVER SEE US COMING. TWO GUYS LIKE US? MONEY, WOMEN... WE'LL JUST *TAKE* IT ALL. FREEDOM IS GONNA TASTE *SO GOOD.*
OH YEAH. GONNA BE REAL SWEET.


HOW THE HELL DID YOU GET EXPLOSIVES?
THE DUTIES THEY'VE HAD ME WORKING.

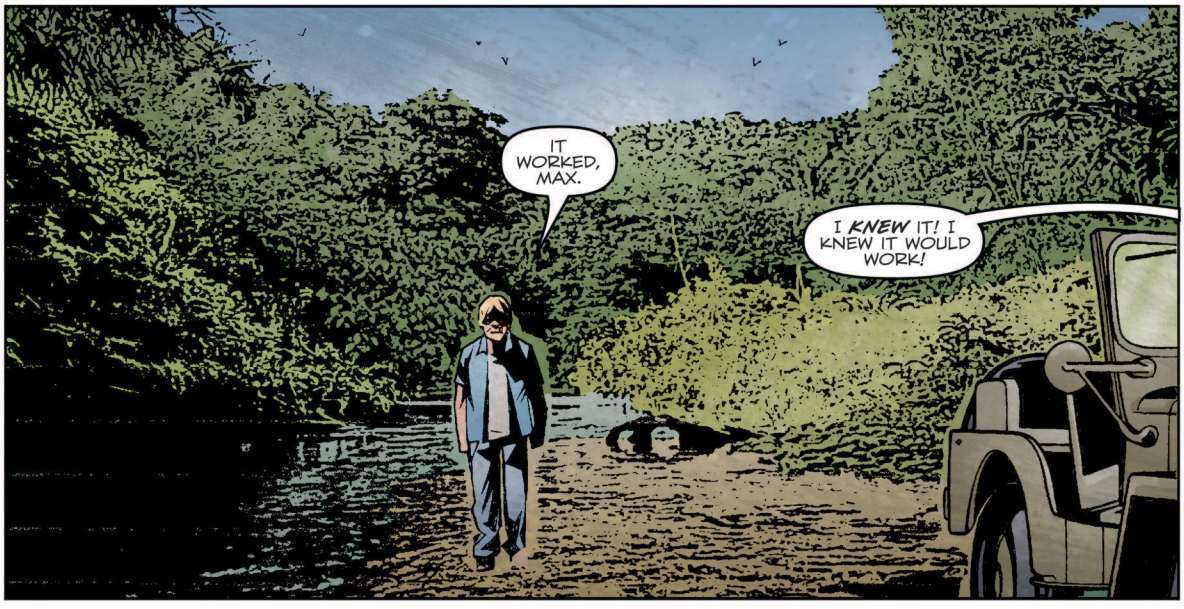

GOT SOME FERTILIZER FROM THE GARDEN. Z-GRADE STUFF, BUT IT'LL DO. SOME CLEANING AGENTS. AND I'VE BEEN RENDERING DOWN URINE FOR THE PAST THREE MONTHS FOR THE PHOSPHORUS.
JEEZ! THEY NEVER TAUGHT ME ANYTHING LIKE THAT. WHERE'D YOU GET THAT KIND OF TRAINING?

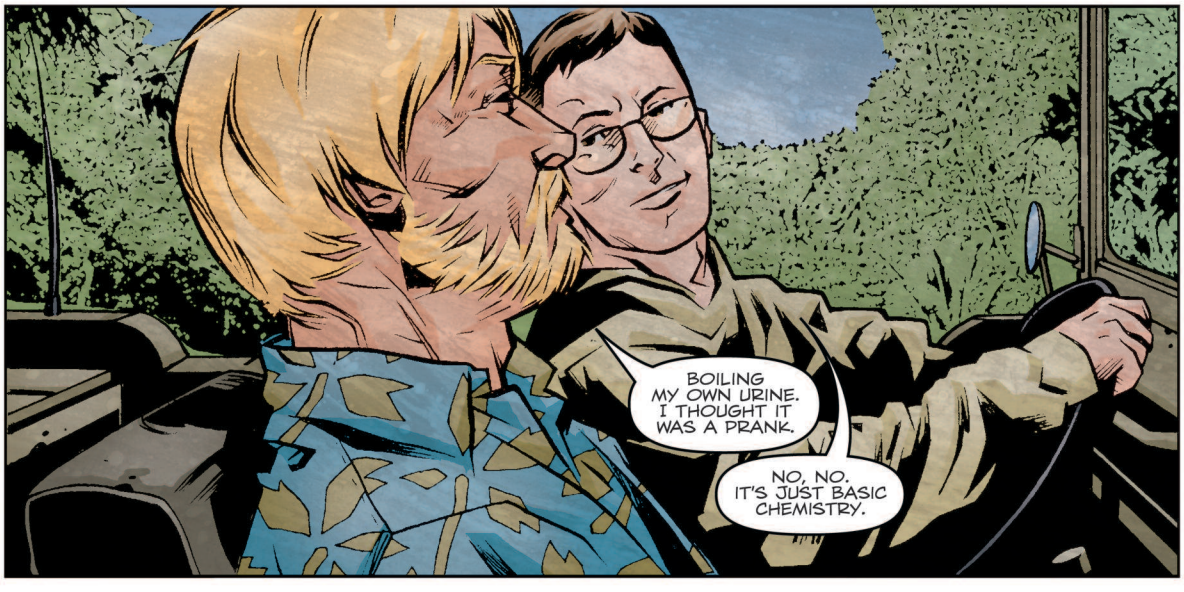

G.I. JOE.
WHAT?


SORRY ABOUT THE MONEY AND THE WOMEN YOU WERE GOING TO "TAKE."
CRACK
GUK


BUT YOU ARE AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE PLAN.

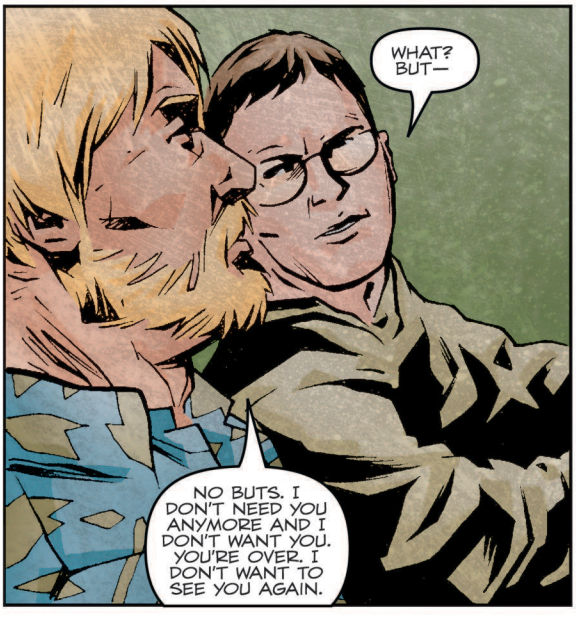


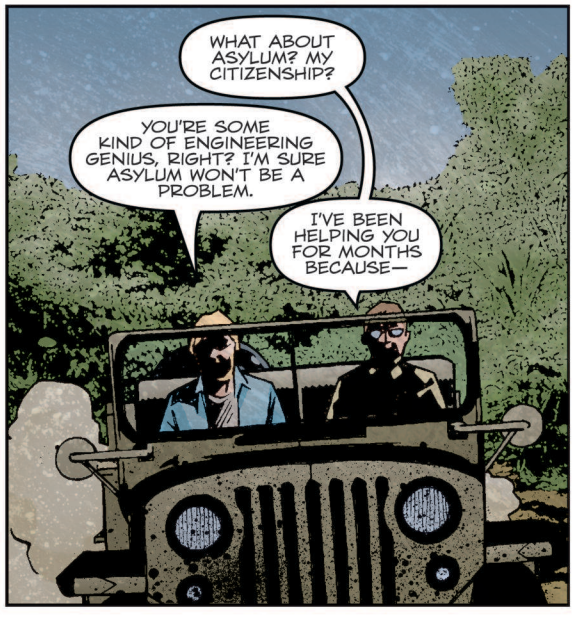

IT WORKED, MAX.
I *KNEW* IT! I KNEW IT WOULD WORK!

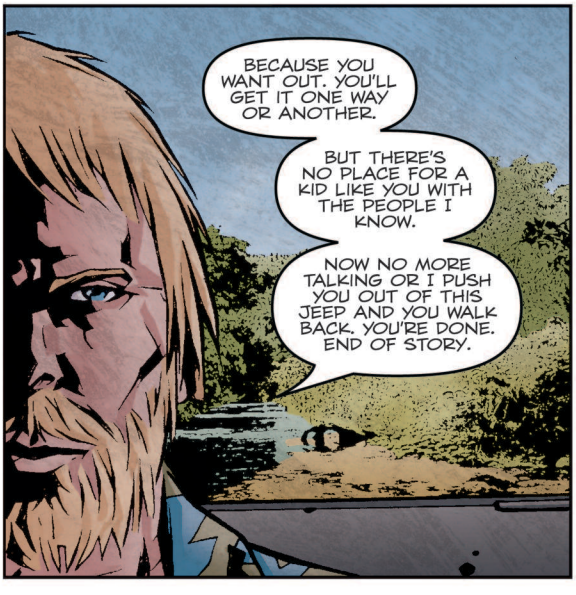

BOILING MY OWN URINE. I THOUGHT IT WAS A PRANK.
NO, NO. IT'S JUST BASIC CHEMISTRY.


SO WHAT'S NEXT?


NEXT IS YOU DUMP ME AT THE CAMP YOU PREPPED ON THE USSURI AND YOU GO HOME. YOU'RE DONE.


WHAT? BUT—
NO BUTS. I DON'T NEED YOU ANYMORE AND I DON'T WANT YOU. YOU'RE OVER. I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

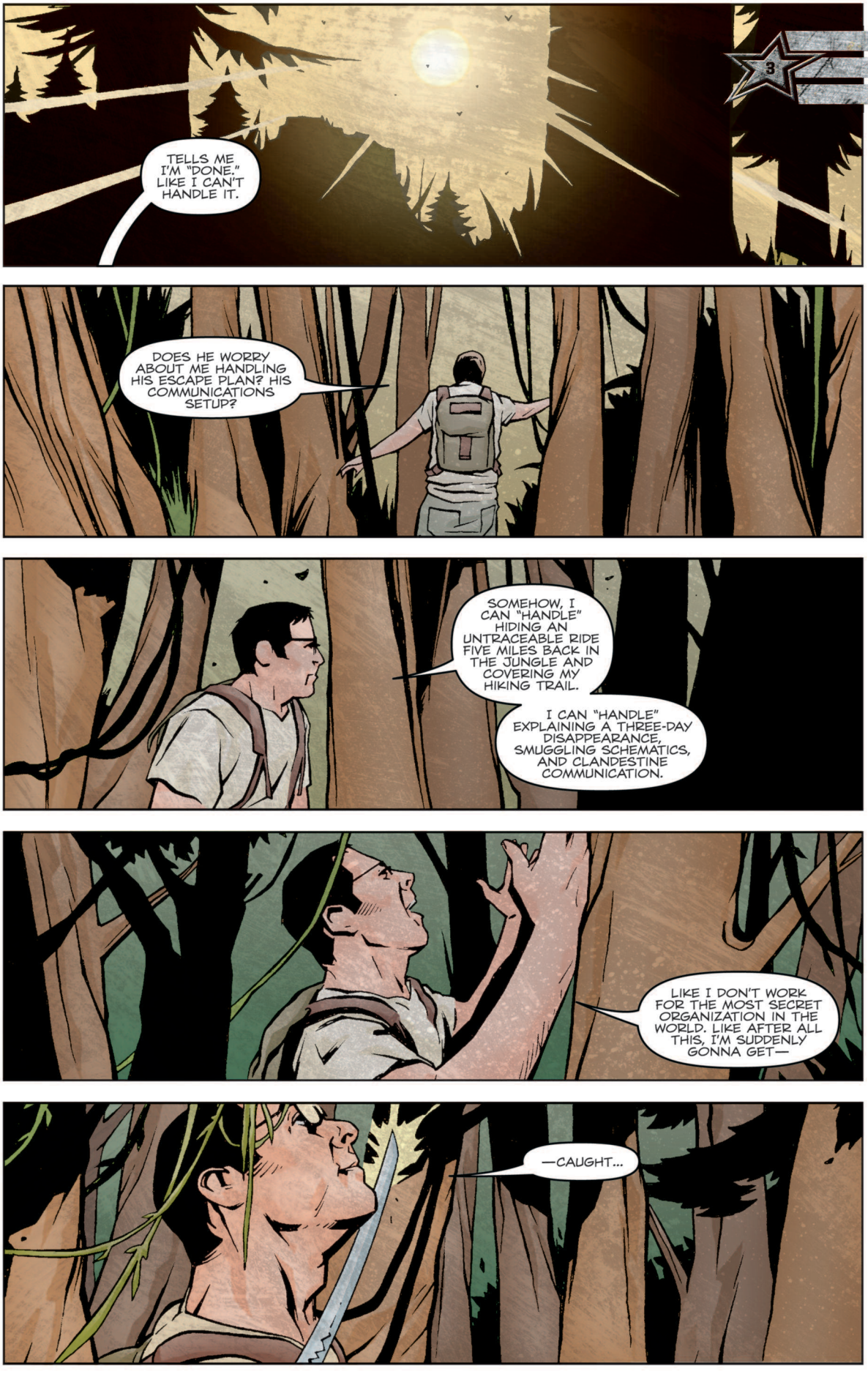

WHAT ABOUT ASYLUM? MY CITIZENSHIP?
YOU'RE SOME KIND OF ENGINEERING GENIUS, RIGHT? I'M SURE ASYLUM WON'T BE A PROBLEM.
I'VE BEEN HELPING YOU FOR MONTHS BECAUSE—


BECAUSE YOU WANT OUT. YOU'LL GET IT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.
BUT THERE'S NO PLACE FOR A KID LIKE YOU WITH THE PEOPLE I KNOW.
NOW NO MORE TALKING OR I PUSH YOU OUT OF THIS JEEP AND YOU WALK BACK. YOU'RE DONE. END OF STORY.


FROM HERE ON OUT I'M ALONE.

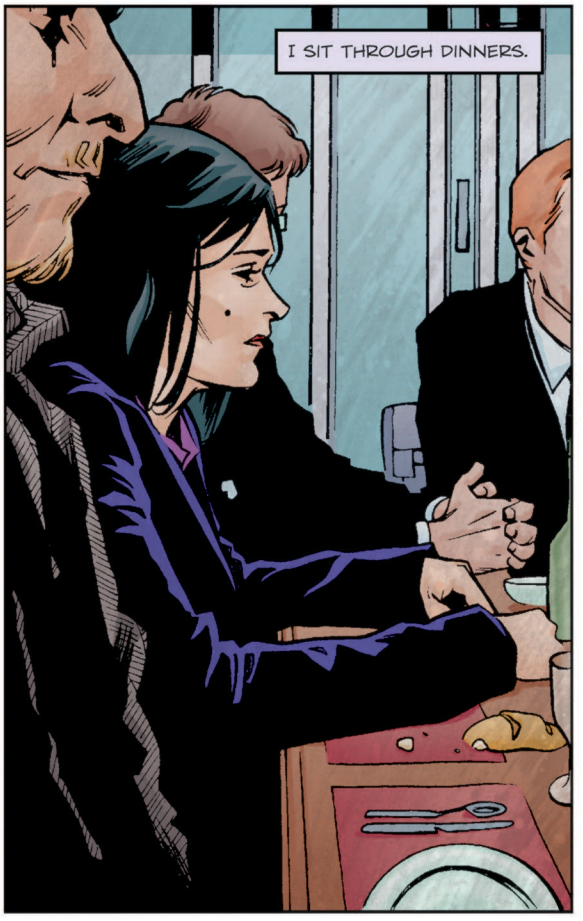

TWO DAYS PAST THE DEADLINE. HE STILL HASN'T SHOWN.
HE'S NOT COMING.
I DOUBLED BACK TO THE PRISON. DIDN'T REALLY EXPECT TO FIND HIM THERE.
FROM WHAT I COULD TELL, IT WAS A CLEAN ESCAPE. ACCOMPLICE KILLED. WITH SO MANY MANGLED BODIES IN THE EXPLOSION, THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL WHAT'S WHAT FOR SOME TIME.
I COULD GO AFTER HIM. I COULD PROBABLY PICK UP HIS TRAIL. BUT HE WAS SMART. HE GAVE ME SOMETHING TO DISSUADE ME.
THOSE COORDINATES FOR THE MEET MADE GOOD ON ONE PROMISE.

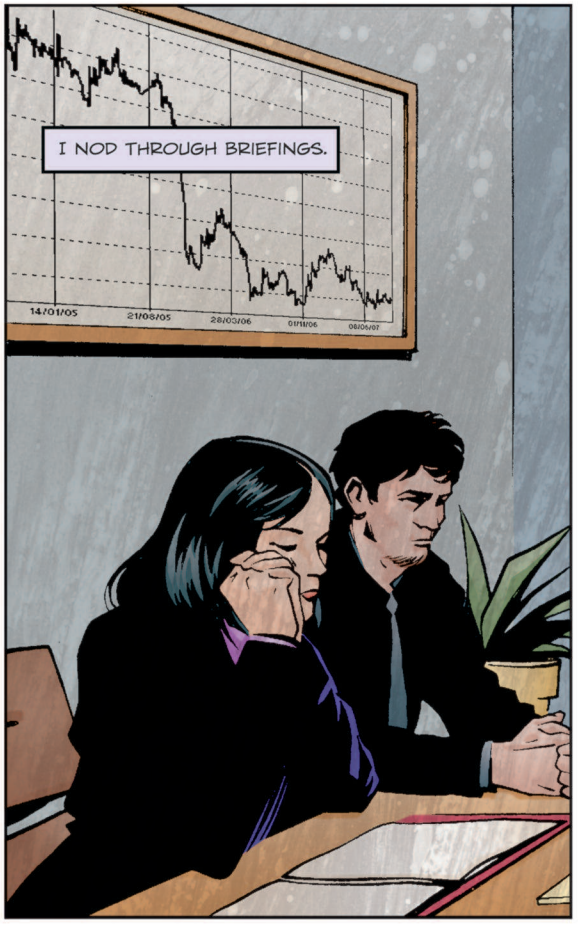

COBRA—
—WITH A BOW ON IT.


3
TELLS ME I'M "DONE." LIKE I CAN'T HANDLE IT.
DOES HE WORRY ABOUT ME HANDLING HIS ESCAPE PLAN? HIS COMMUNICATIONS SETUP?
SOMEHOW, I CAN "HANDLE" HIDING AN UNTRACEABLE RIDE FIVE MILES BACK IN THE JUNGLE AND COVERING MY HIKING TRAIL.
I CAN "HANDLE" EXPLAINING A THREE-DAY DISAPPEARANCE, SMUGGLING SCHEMATICS, AND CLANDESTINE COMMUNICATION.
LIKE I DON'T WORK FOR THE MOST SECRET ORGANIZATION IN THE WORLD. LIKE AFTER ALL THIS, I'M SUDDENLY GONNA GET—
—CAUGHT...

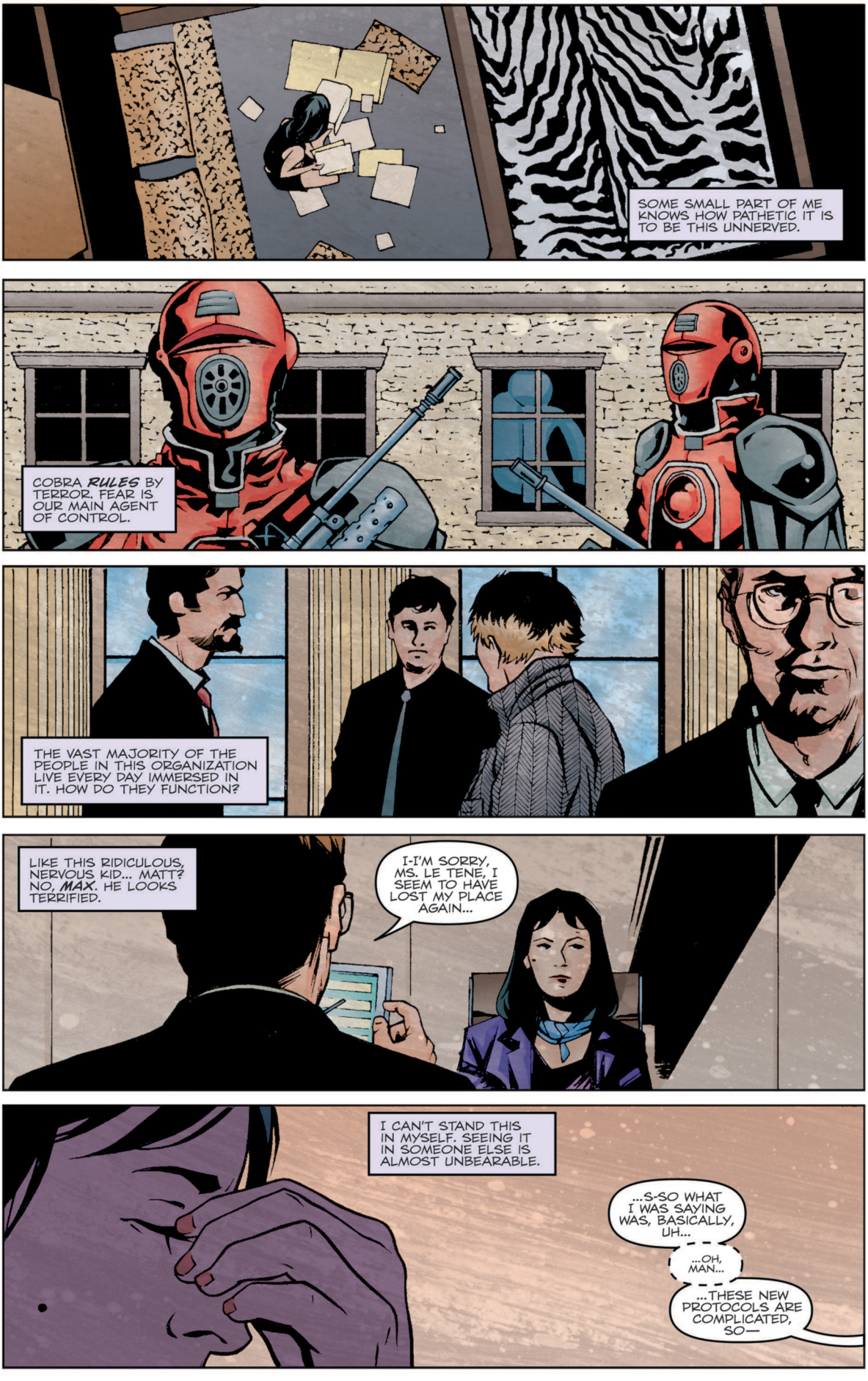

YOU TALK TO YOURSELF A LOT, LITTLE MAN.
HOW ABOUT YOU SIT DOWN AND TALK TO ME?
FANGS

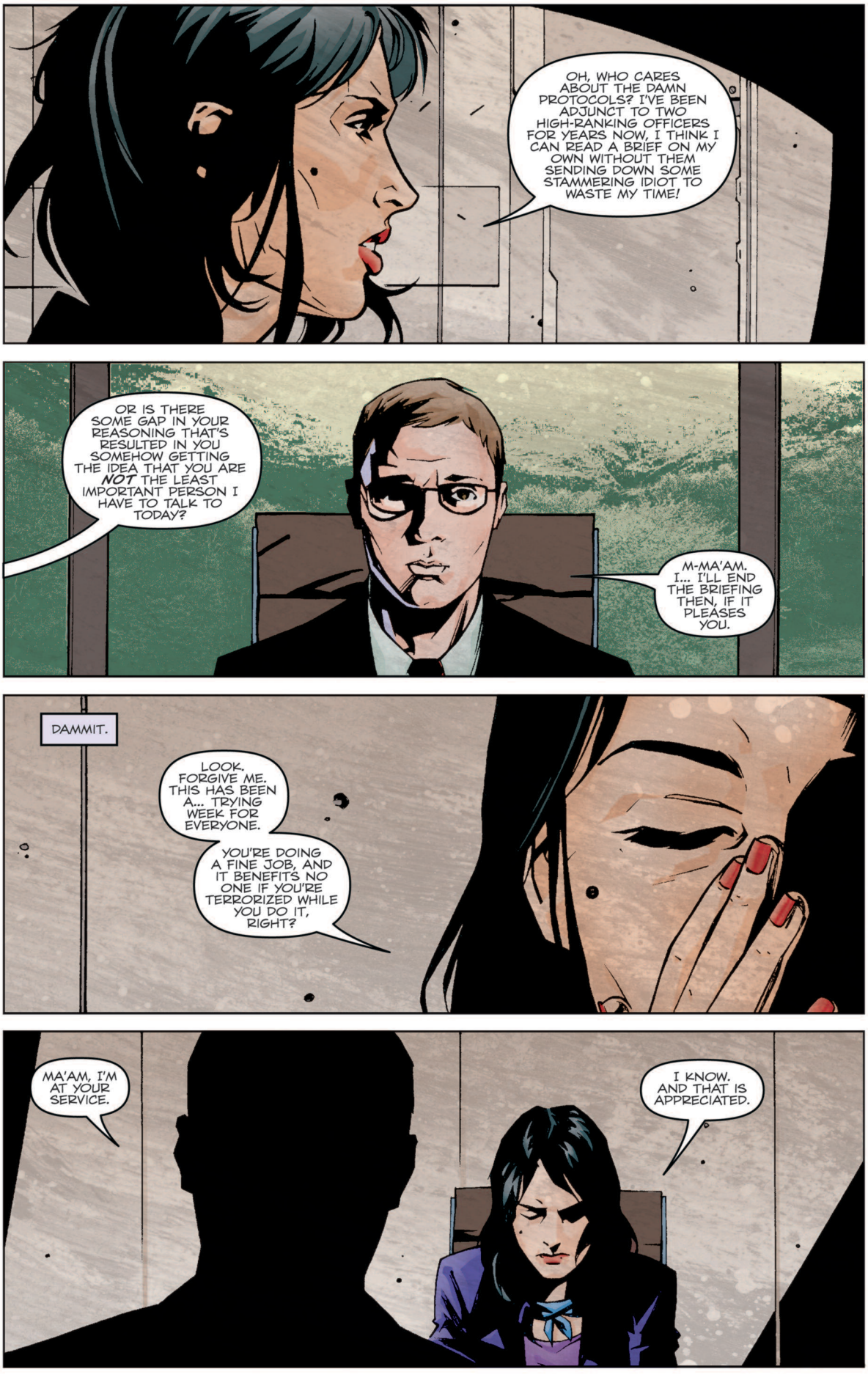

THREE DAYS. THREE DAYS I DO THIS.

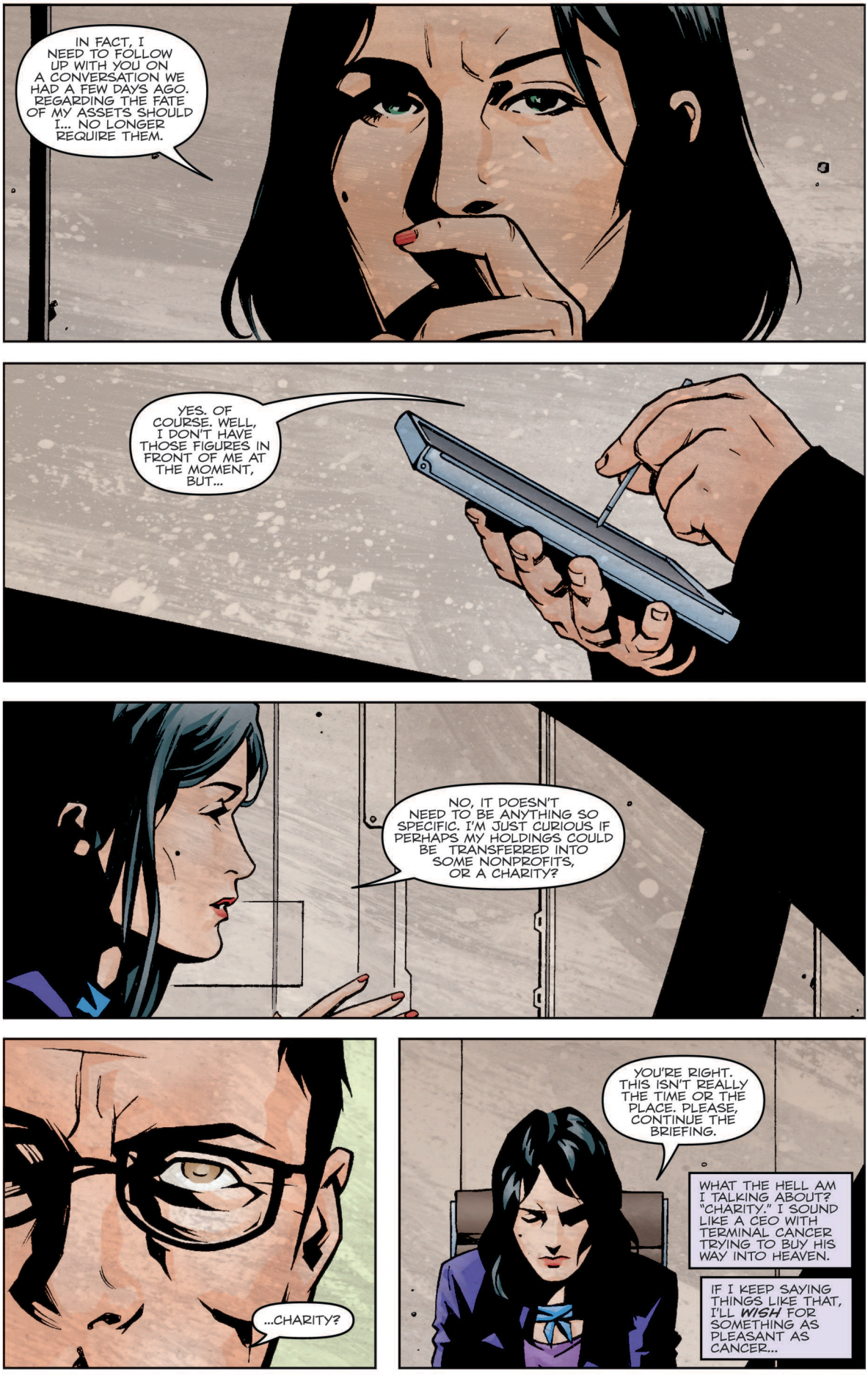

I SIT THROUGH DINNERS.


I NOD THROUGH BRIEFINGS.
14/01/05
21/08/05
28/03/06
01/11/06
08/06/07


AND EVERY MOMENT, I WONDER WHEN SOMEBODY WILL ASK ME TO STEP OUTSIDE TO MY DEATH.

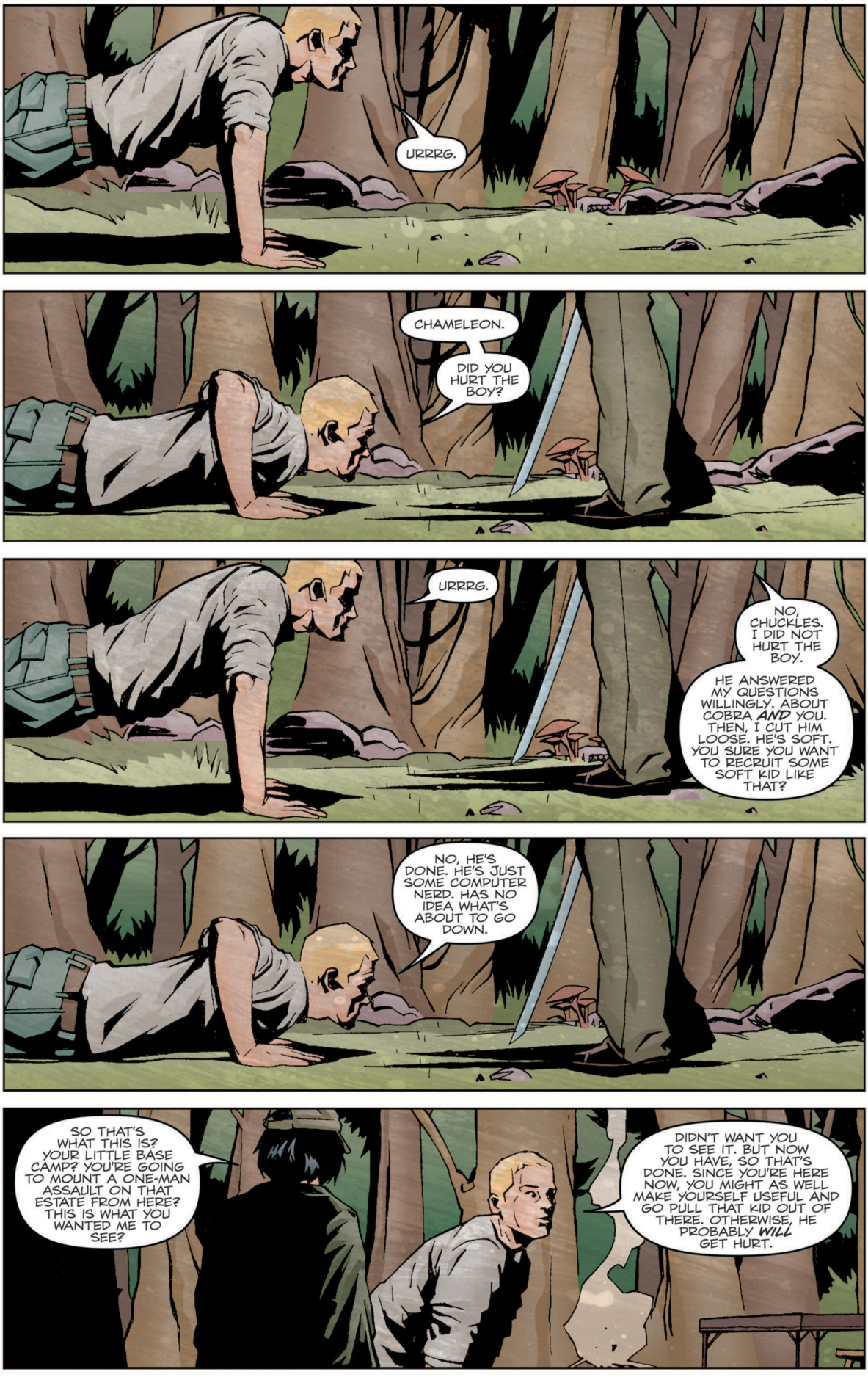

SOME SMALL PART OF ME KNOWS HOW PATHETIC IT IS TO BE THIS UNNERVED.
COBRA *RULES* BY TERROR. FEAR IS OUR MAIN AGENT OF CONTROL.
THE VAST MAJORITY OF THE PEOPLE IN THIS ORGANIZATION LIVE EVERY DAY IMMERSED IN IT. HOW DO THEY FUNCTION?
LIKE THIS RIDICULOUS, NERVOUS KID... MATT? NO, *MAX*. HE LOOKS TERRIFIED.
I-I'M SORRY, MS. LE TENE, I SEEM TO HAVE LOST MY PLACE AGAIN...
I CAN'T STAND THIS IN MYSELF. SEEING IT IN SOMEONE ELSE IS ALMOST UNBEARABLE.
...S-SO WHAT I WAS SAYING WAS, BASICALLY, UH...
...OH, MAN...
...THESE NEW PROTOCOLS ARE COMPLICATED, SO—

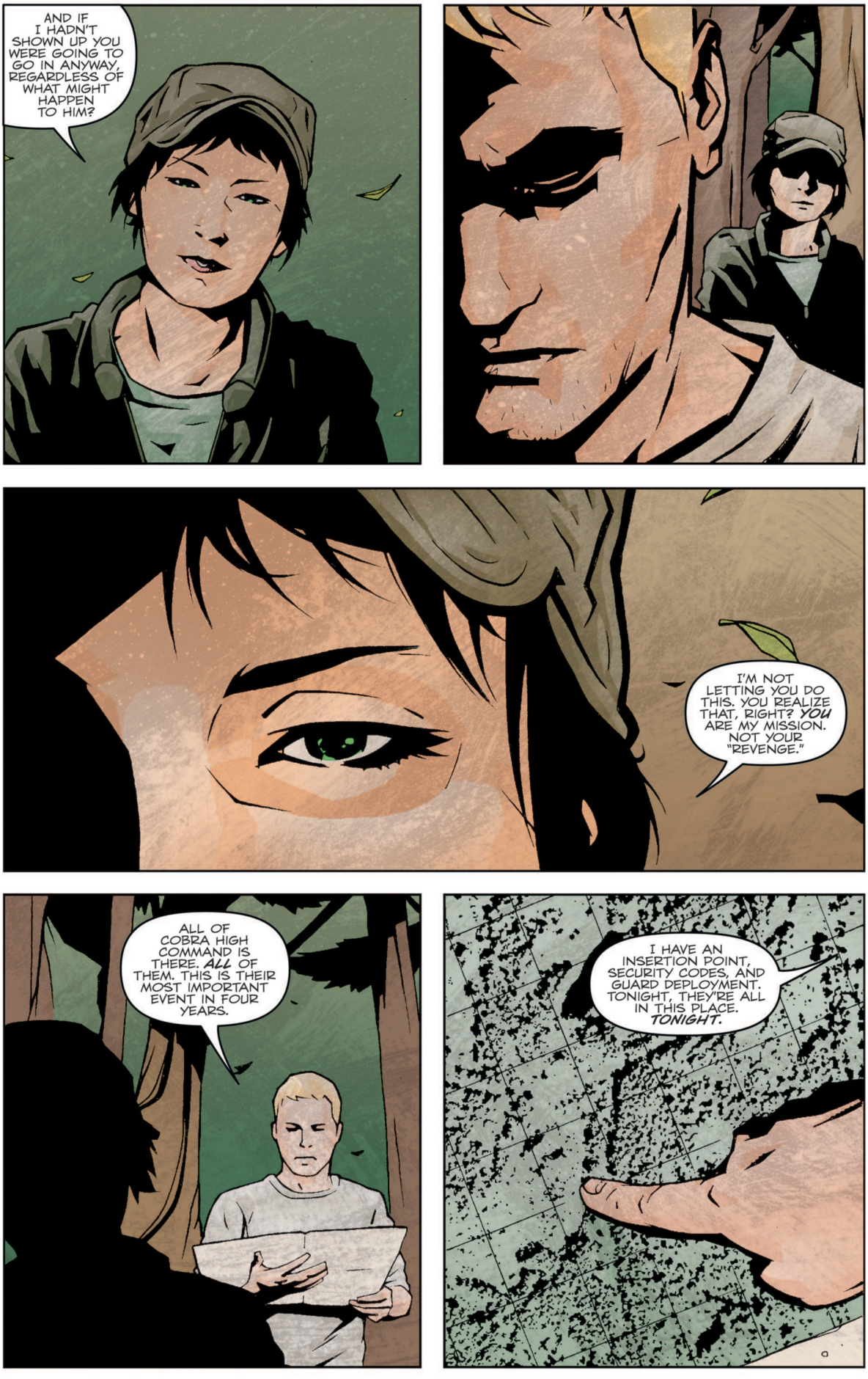

OH, WHO CARES ABOUT THE DAMN PROTOCOLS? I'VE BEEN ADJUNCT TO TWO HIGH-RANKING OFFICERS FOR YEARS NOW, I THINK I CAN READ A BRIEF ON MY OWN WITHOUT THEM SENDING DOWN SOME STAMMERING IDIOT TO WASTE MY TIME!
OR IS THERE SOME GAP IN YOUR REASONING THAT'S RESULTED IN YOU SOMEHOW GETTING THE IDEA THAT YOU ARE NOT THE LEAST IMPORTANT PERSON I HAVE TO TALK TO TODAY?
M-MA'AM. I... I'LL END THE BRIEFING THEN, IF IT PLEASES YOU.
DAMMIT.
LOOK. FORGIVE ME. THIS HAS BEEN A... TRYING WEEK FOR EVERYONE.
YOU'RE DOING A FINE JOB, AND IT BENEFITS NO ONE IF YOU'RE TERRORIZED WHILE YOU DO IT, RIGHT?
MA'AM, I'M AT YOUR SERVICE.
I KNOW. AND THAT IS APPRECIATED.

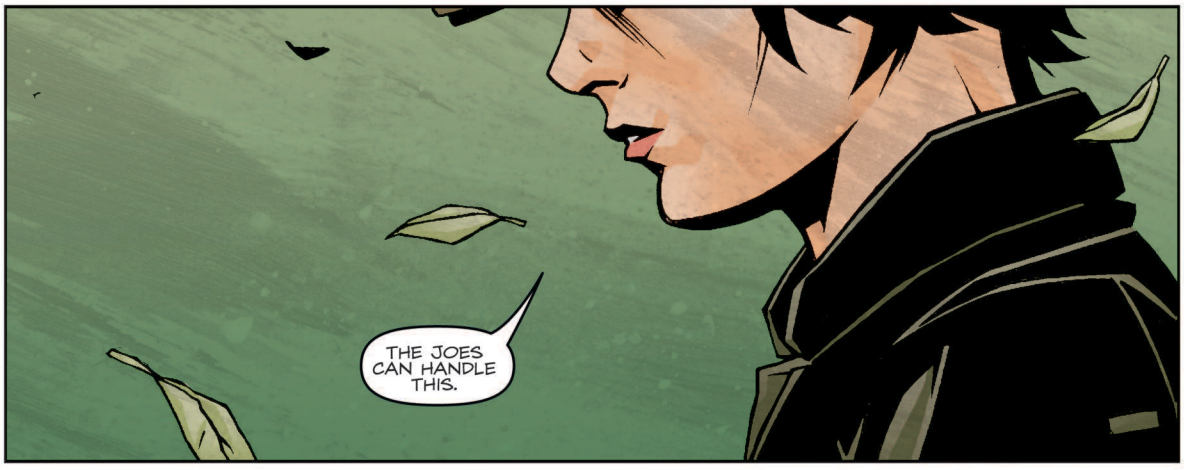

IN FACT, I NEED TO FOLLOW UP WITH YOU ON A CONVERSATION WE HAD A FEW DAYS AGO. REGARDING THE FATE OF MY ASSETS SHOULD I... NO LONGER REQUIRE THEM.
YES. OF COURSE. WELL, I DON'T HAVE THOSE FIGURES IN FRONT OF ME AT THE MOMENT, BUT...
NO, IT DOESN'T NEED TO BE ANYTHING SO SPECIFIC. I'M JUST CURIOUS IF PERHAPS MY HOLDINGS COULD BE TRANSFERRED INTO SOME NONPROFITS, OR A CHARITY?
...CHARITY?
YOU'RE RIGHT. THIS ISN'T REALLY THE TIME OR THE PLACE. PLEASE, CONTINUE THE BRIEFING.
WHAT THE HELL AM I TALKING ABOUT? "CHARITY." I SOUND LIKE A CEO WITH TERMINAL CANCER TRYING TO BUY HIS WAY INTO HEAVEN.
IF I KEEP SAYING THINGS LIKE THAT, I'LL *WISH* FOR SOMETHING AS PLEASANT AS CANCER...

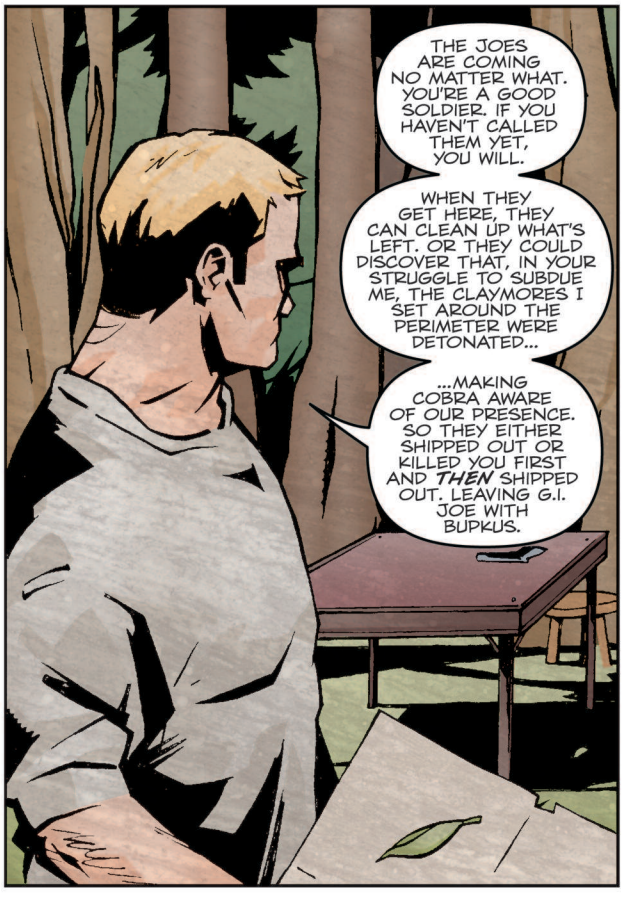

A FEW HOURS LATER I SEE HIM SPEAKING WITH THEIR INQUISITOR, "CRYSTAL BALL."
THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME. THE BOY IS TELLING HIM I'M COMING APART. THAT I'M CRUMBLING UNDER THE PRESSURE, I'M NOW EVEN LESS TRUSTWORTHY, AND IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE—
THEY'RE NOT TALKING ABOUT YOU.
WHAT? I WASN'T—
OF COURSE YOU WERE, ERIKA. YOU'VE BEEN ON EDGE SINCE YOUR LITTLE INTERVIEW. BUT THAT'S NOT ABOUT YOU.
MAX IS CRYSTAL BALL'S SON.
HIS SON?
I KNOW HE DOESN'T LOOK IT, BUT DON'T BE SO SHOCKED. JUST BECAUSE PEOPLE ARE FAMILY DOESN'T MEAN THEY HAVE TO BE EXACTLY THE SAME.
WE KNOW THAT BETTER THAN ANYONE, DON'T WE?




URRRG.
CHAMELEON.
DID YOU HURT THE BOY?
URRRG.
NO, CHUCKLES. I DID NOT HURT THE BOY.
HE ANSWERED MY QUESTIONS WILLINGLY. ABOUT COBRA *AND* YOU. THEN, I CUT HIM LOOSE. HE'S SOFT. YOU SURE YOU WANT TO RECRUIT SOME SOFT KID LIKE THAT?
NO, HE'S DONE. HE'S JUST SOME COMPUTER NERD. HAS NO IDEA WHAT'S ABOUT TO GO DOWN.
SO THAT'S WHAT THIS IS? YOUR LITTLE BASE CAMP? YOU'RE GOING TO MOUNT A ONE-MAN ASSAULT ON THAT ESTATE FROM HERE? THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED ME TO SEE?
DIDN'T WANT YOU TO SEE IT. BUT NOW YOU HAVE, SO THAT'S DONE. SINCE YOU'RE HERE NOW, YOU MIGHT AS WELL MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL AND GO PULL THAT KID OUT OF THERE. OTHERWISE, HE PROBABLY *WILL* GET HURT.

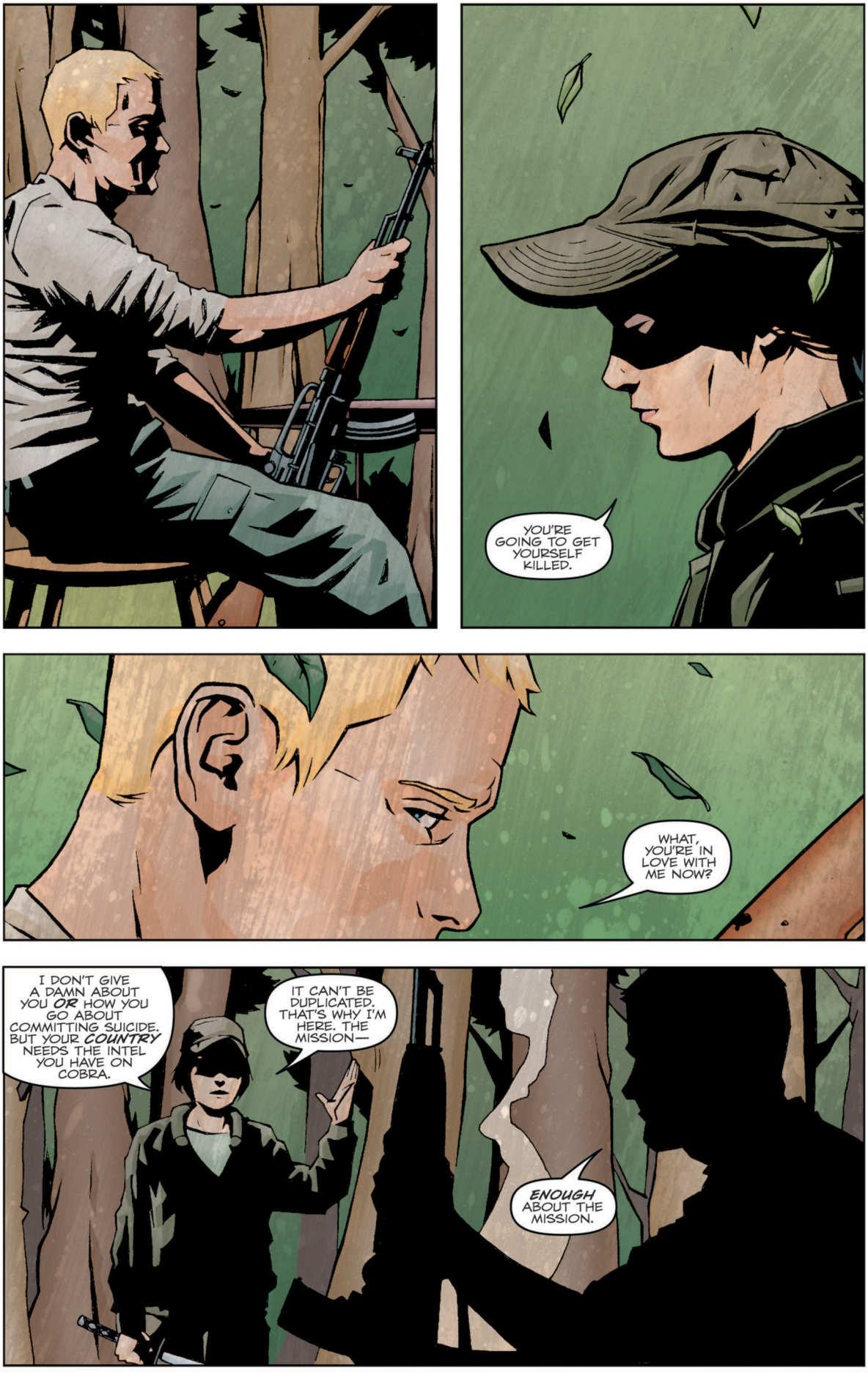

AND IF I HADN'T SHOWN UP YOU WERE GOING TO GO IN ANYWAY, REGARDLESS OF WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO HIM?
I'M NOT LETTING YOU DO THIS. YOU REALIZE THAT, RIGHT? YOU ARE MY MISSION. NOT YOUR "REVENGE."
ALL OF COBRA HIGH COMMAND IS THERE. ALL OF THEM. THIS IS THEIR MOST IMPORTANT EVENT IN FOUR YEARS.
I HAVE AN INSERTION POINT, SECURITY CODES, AND GUARD DEPLOYMENT. TONIGHT, THEY'RE ALL IN THIS PLACE. TONIGHT.


THE JOES CAN HANDLE THIS.


THE JOES ARE COMING NO MATTER WHAT. YOU'RE A GOOD SOLDIER. IF YOU HAVEN'T CALLED THEM YET, YOU WILL.
WHEN THEY GET HERE, THEY CAN CLEAN UP WHAT'S LEFT. OR THEY COULD DISCOVER THAT, IN YOUR STRUGGLE TO SUBDUE ME, THE CLAYMORES I SET AROUND THE PERIMETER WERE DETONATED...
...MAKING COBRA AWARE OF OUR PRESENCE. SO THEY EITHER SHIPPED OUT OR KILLED YOU FIRST AND THEN SHIPPED OUT. LEAVING G.I. JOE WITH BUPKUS.


YOU THINK THERE'D BE A STRUGGLE?


NOTHING IS STOPPING ME GOING AFTER THESE PEOPLE.


YOU'RE GOING TO GET YOURSELF KILLED.
WHAT, YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH ME NOW?
I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT YOU *OR* HOW YOU GO ABOUT COMMITTING SUICIDE. BUT YOUR *COUNTRY* NEEDS THE INTEL YOU HAVE ON COBRA.
IT CAN'T BE DUPLICATED. THAT'S WHY I'M HERE. THE MISSION—
ENOUGH ABOUT THE MISSION.


TAKING DOWN COBRA IS THE MISSION! THE ONLY MISSION! I'M GOING TO DO IT BECAUSE I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN.
ANYONE LEFT ALIVE, THEY CAN TELL YOU MORE THAN I EVER COULD. THAT BOY COULD TELL YOU MORE!

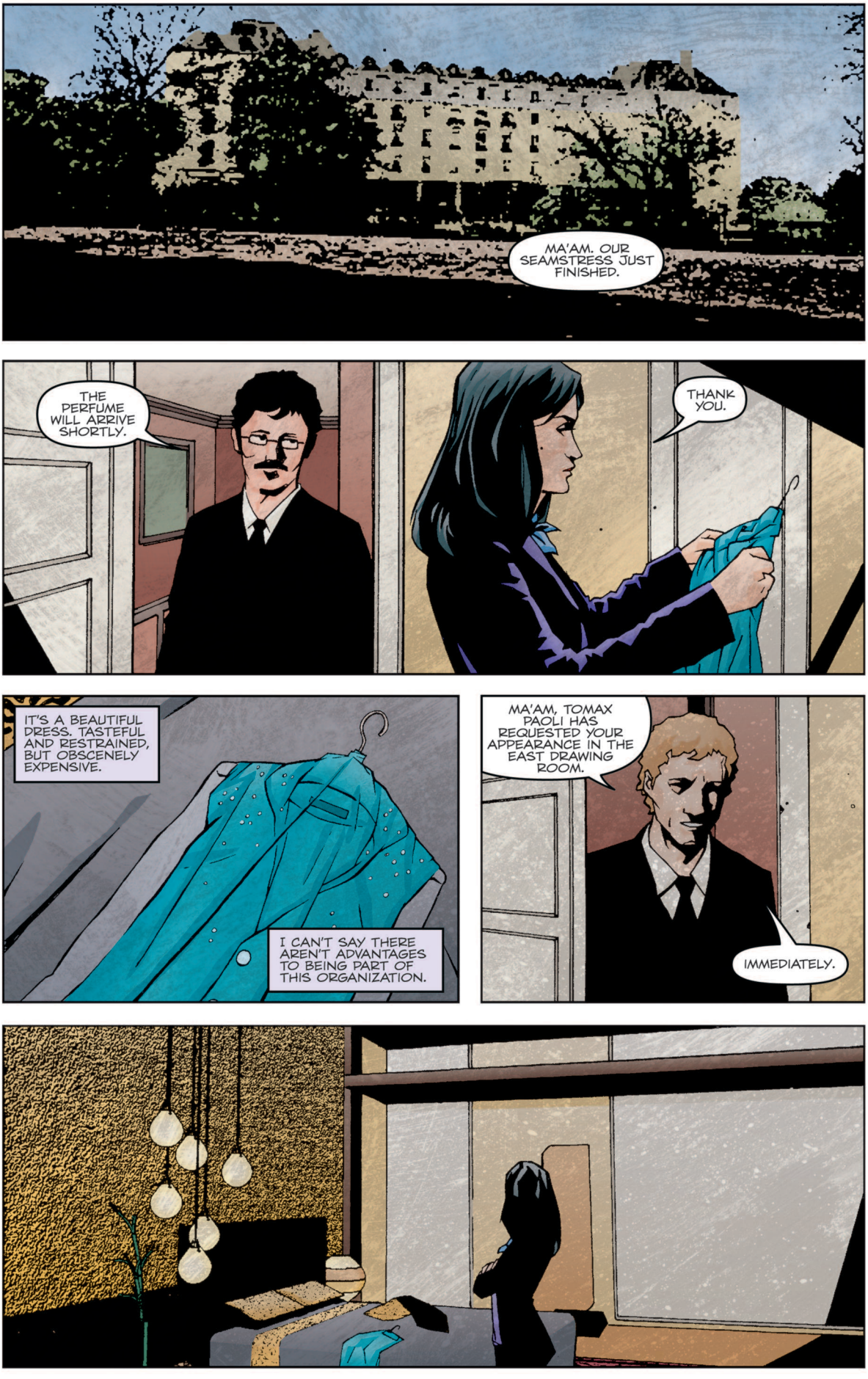

YOU'RE A SOLDIER. THIS IS NOT HOW THINGS WORK. WE FOLLOW ORDERS. YOU CAN'T FORGET THAT OR YOU'RE LOST.

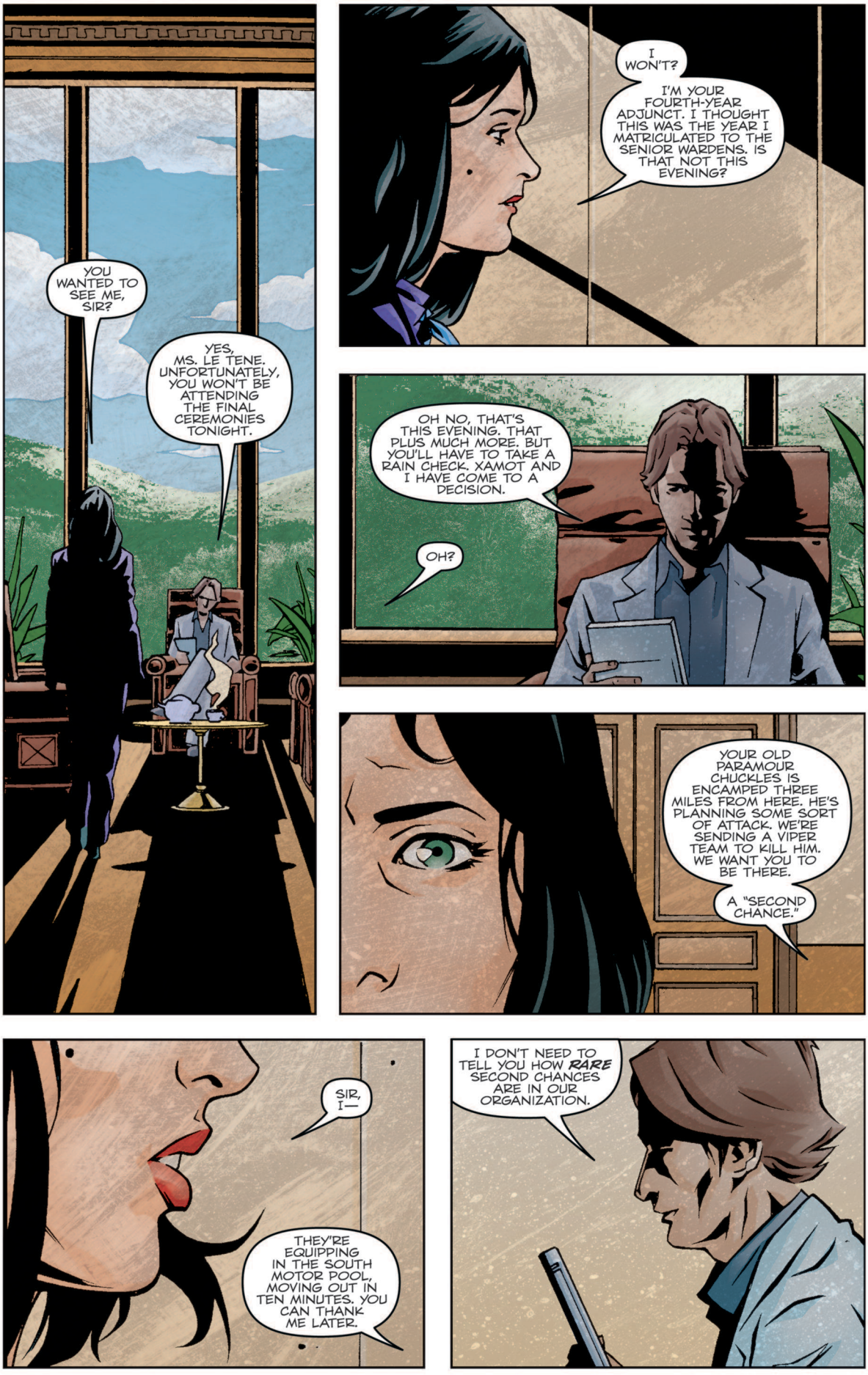

HA HA. A TRUE BELIEVER.
IT WAS FOLLOWING MY ORDERS THAT GOT ME LOST. YOU HAVE A LOT TO LEARN, AND I'M NOT TEACHING CLASS ANYMORE.
DO WHAT YOU THINK IS BEST, "SPECIALIST."




I'M GOING TO GET THE BOY.
GOOD.
I'M MOVING OUT IN FOUR HOURS. DON'T BE THERE. IT'LL BE UGLY.


IT ALREADY IS.

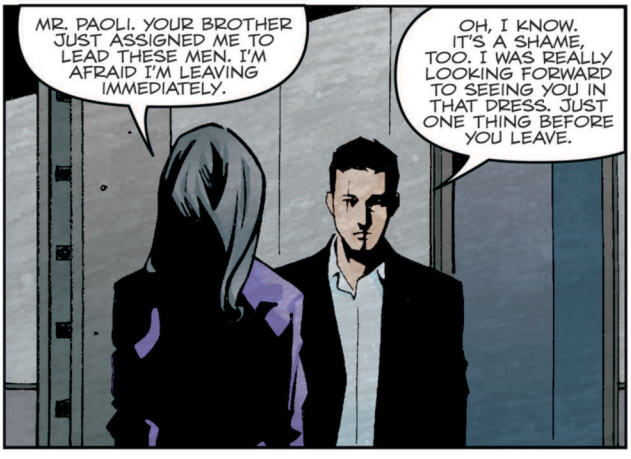

MA'AM. OUR SEAMSTRESS JUST FINISHED.
THE PERFUME WILL ARRIVE SHORTLY.
THANK YOU.
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DRESS. TASTEFUL AND RESTRAINED, BUT OBSCENELY EXPENSIVE.
I CAN'T SAY THERE AREN'T ADVANTAGES TO BEING PART OF THIS ORGANIZATION.
MA'AM, TOMAX PAOLI HAS REQUESTED YOUR APPEARANCE IN THE EAST DRAWING ROOM.
IMMEDIATELY.


YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, SIR?
YES, MS. LE TENE. UNFORTUNATELY, YOU WON'T BE ATTENDING THE FINAL CEREMONIES TONIGHT.
I WON'T?
I'M YOUR FOURTH-YEAR ADJUNCT. I THOUGHT THIS WAS THE YEAR I MATRICULATED TO THE SENIOR WARDENS. IS THAT NOT THIS EVENING?
OH NO, THAT'S THIS EVENING. THAT PLUS MUCH MORE. BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE A RAIN CHECK. XAMOT AND I HAVE COME TO A DECISION.
OH?
YOUR OLD PARAMOUR CHUCKLES IS ENCAMPED THREE MILES FROM HERE. HE'S PLANNING SOME SORT OF ATTACK. WE'RE SENDING A VIPER TEAM TO KILL HIM. WE WANT YOU TO BE THERE.
A "SECOND CHANCE."
SIR, I—
THEY'RE EQUIPPING IN THE SOUTH MOTOR POOL, MOVING OUT IN TEN MINUTES. YOU CAN THANK ME LATER.
I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU HOW *RARE* SECOND CHANCES ARE IN OUR ORGANIZATION.


SO, THIS IS THE PUNISHMENT. I DON'T GET MY "PROMOTION." I DON'T GET TO SEE WHATEVER ARCANE RITUALS THEY'RE PLANNING TONIGHT. I DON'T GET TO RUB ELBOWS WITH THE PSYCHOTIC RULERS OF A TERRORIST ORGANIZATION.
AND I DON'T GET "RETIRED."

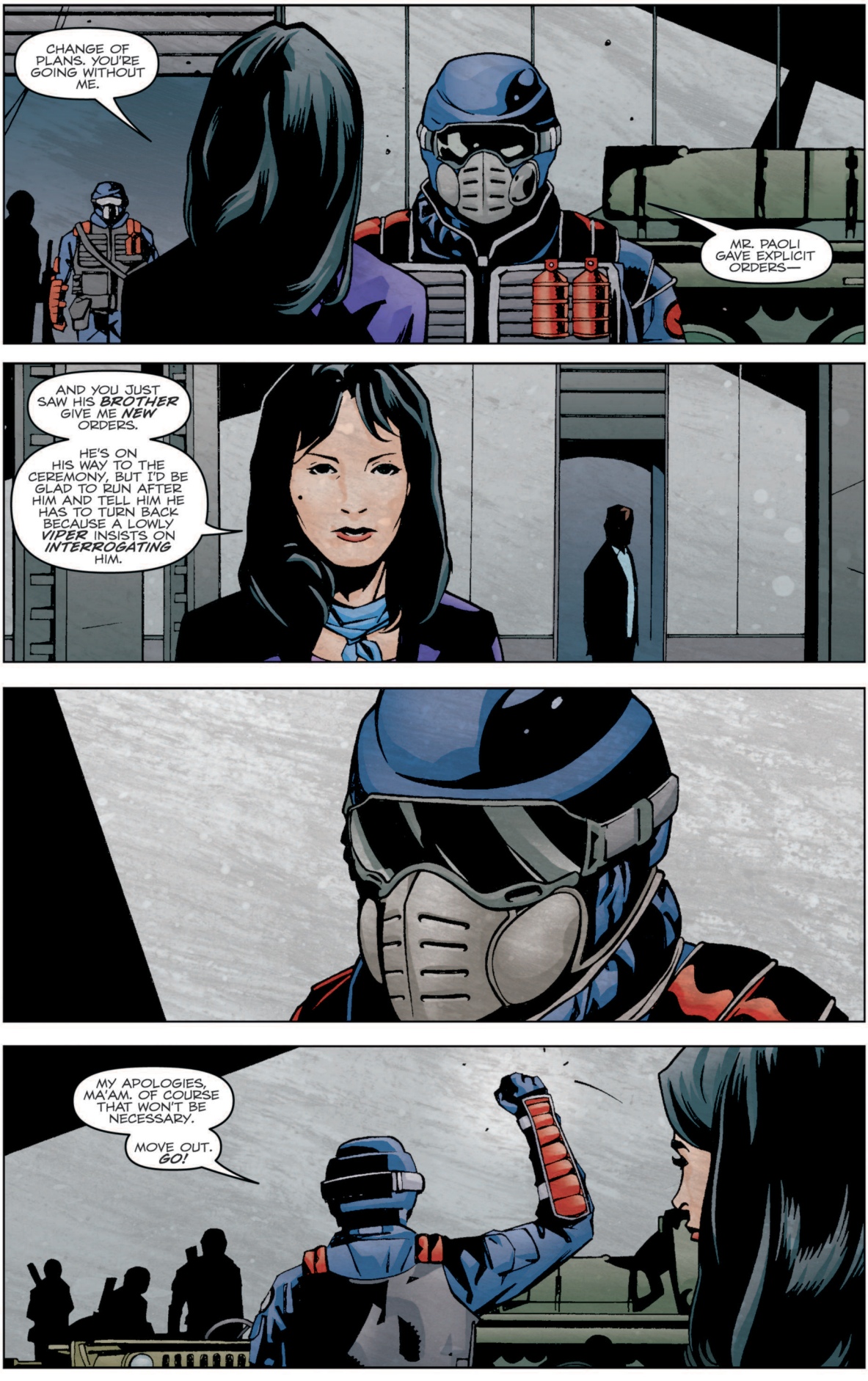

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS KILL SOMEBODY. SOMEBODY I—
MA'AM, YOU'LL NEED THIS.
NO! NO, I'M MERELY SUPERVISING.
AT LEAST WEAR SOME COBRA SKIN BODY ARMOR. BEING A NONCOMBATANT WON'T PROTECT YOU FROM THIS MANIAC.

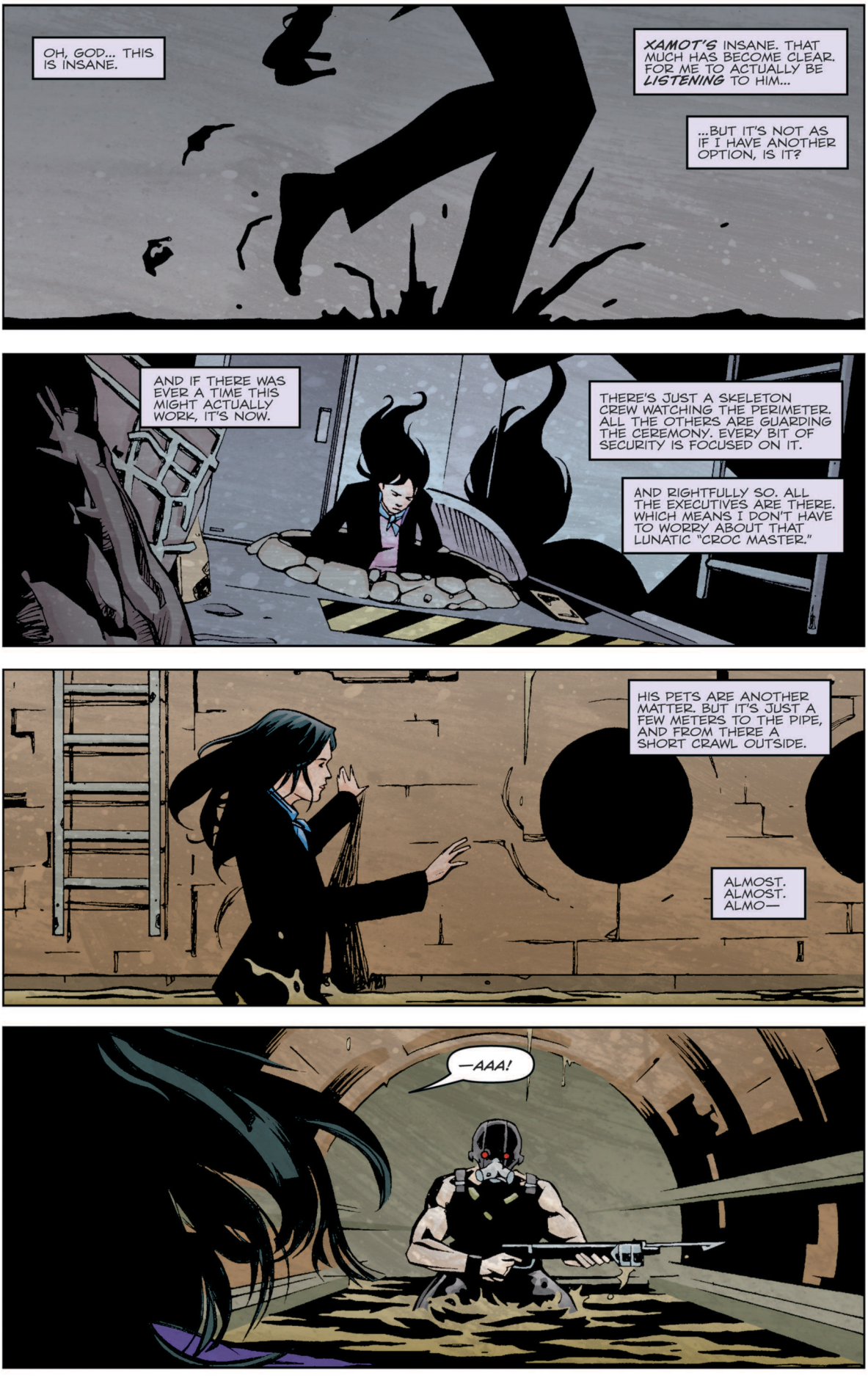

I'VE...
OF COURSE, EVEN THAT WOULD BE TOO EASY.
...EXCUSE ME.


MR. PAOLI. YOUR BROTHER JUST ASSIGNED ME TO LEAD THESE MEN. I'M AFRAID I'M LEAVING IMMEDIATELY.
OH, I KNOW. IT'S A SHAME, TOO. I WAS REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING YOU IN THAT DRESS. JUST ONE THING BEFORE YOU LEAVE.


SIR, I—




CHANGE OF PLANS. YOU'RE GOING WITHOUT ME.
MR. PAOLI GAVE EXPLICIT ORDERS—
AND YOU JUST SAW HIS BROTHER GIVE ME NEW ORDERS.
HE'S ON HIS WAY TO THE CEREMONY, BUT I'D BE GLAD TO RUN AFTER HIM AND TELL HIM HE HAS TO TURN BACK BECAUSE A LOWLY VIPER INSISTS ON INTERROGATING HIM.
MY APOLOGIES, MA'AM. OF COURSE THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY.
MOVE OUT. GO!


OH, GOD... THIS IS INSANE.
XAMOT'S INSANE. THAT MUCH HAS BECOME CLEAR. FOR ME TO ACTUALLY BE LISTENING TO HIM...
...BUT IT'S NOT AS IF I HAVE ANOTHER OPTION, IS IT?
AND IF THERE WAS EVER A TIME THIS MIGHT ACTUALLY WORK, IT'S NOW.
THERE'S JUST A SKELETON CREW WATCHING THE PERIMETER. ALL THE OTHERS ARE GUARDING THE CEREMONY. EVERY BIT OF SECURITY IS FOCUSED ON IT.
AND RIGHTFULLY SO. ALL THE EXECUTIVES ARE THERE. WHICH MEANS I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT LUNATIC "CROC MASTER."
HIS PETS ARE ANOTHER MATTER. BUT IT'S JUST A FEW METERS TO THE PIPE, AND FROM THERE A SHORT CRAWL OUTSIDE.
ALMOST. ALMOST. ALMO—
—AAA!


NO ONE'S ALLOWED THIS WAY.
YOU—YOU SHOULD BE AT THE CEREMONY.


HATE THOSE THINGS.
I LIKE YOU, SO I'LL REPEAT.
GO BACK.

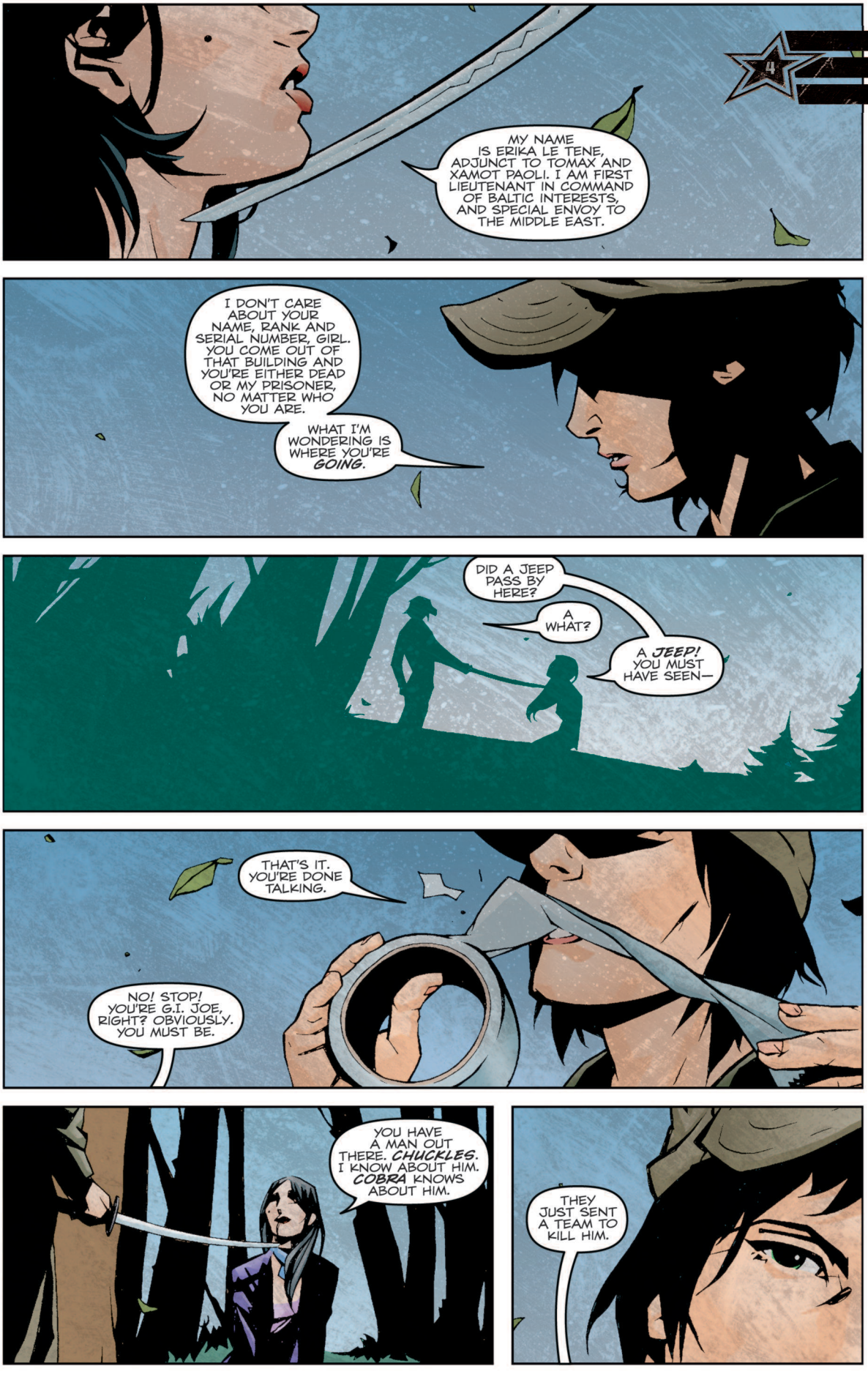

I CAN'T.
I DON'T HAVE ANY OTHER CHOICE.


WE'RE SO MUCH ALIKE.
SSTHT


SAD. SUCH A WASTE.
WE DON'T WASTE. DO WE, MY LOVES?
OPEN WI—
BLAM
—RRAAGH!
DIE! DIE! DIE!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
AS I WAS ABOUT TO TELL THAT VIPER....
...I LEARNED LONG AGO TO ALWAYS WEAR BODY ARMOR INTO A KILL ZONE.


MISSED ONE—
BLAM
CLICK
OH, NO, NO, NO, PLEASE—
—NOOOO—
SHNK


FIVE SECONDS.
TELL ME WHY I SHOULDN'T DO THE SAME TO YOU.


4
MY NAME IS ERIKA LE TENE, ADJUNCT TO TOMAX AND XAMOT PAOLI. I AM FIRST LIEUTENANT IN COMMAND OF BALTIC INTERESTS, AND SPECIAL ENVOY TO THE MIDDLE EAST.
I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR NAME, RANK AND SERIAL NUMBER, GIRL. YOU COME OUT OF THAT BUILDING AND YOU'RE EITHER DEAD OR MY PRISONER, NO MATTER WHO YOU ARE.
WHAT I'M WONDERING IS WHERE YOU'RE GOING.
DID A JEEP PASS BY HERE?
A WHAT?
A JEEP! YOU MUST HAVE SEEN—
THAT'S IT. YOU'RE DONE TALKING.
NO! STOP! YOU'RE G.I. JOE, RIGHT? OBVIOUSLY. YOU MUST BE.
YOU HAVE A MAN OUT THERE. CHUCKLES. I KNOW ABOUT HIM. COBRA KNOWS ABOUT HIM.
THEY JUST SENT A TEAM TO KILL HIM.


COLD-BLOODED




FRONT TOWARDS ENEMY

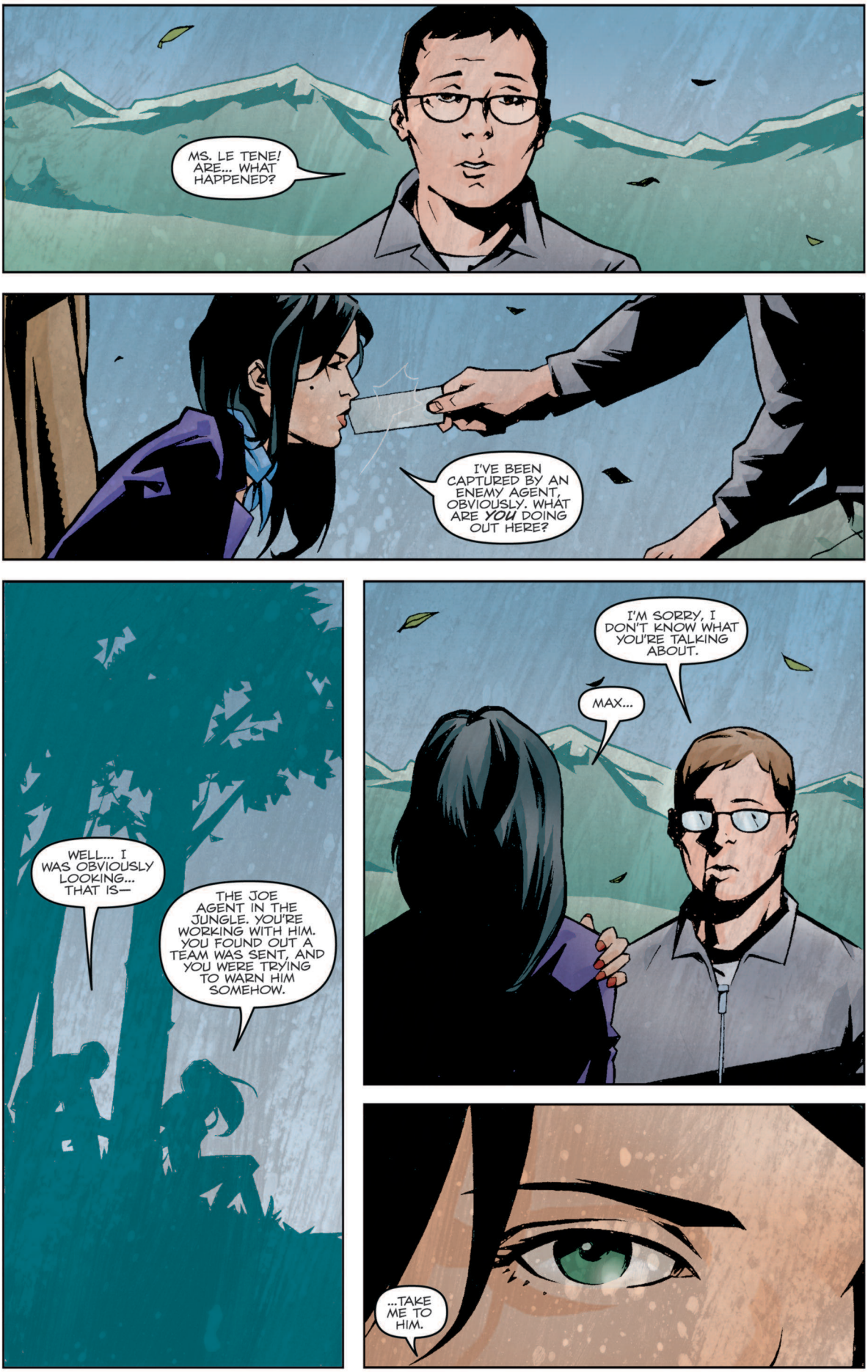

CLAYMORES! ON YOUR GUARD! HE'S—
—UK!

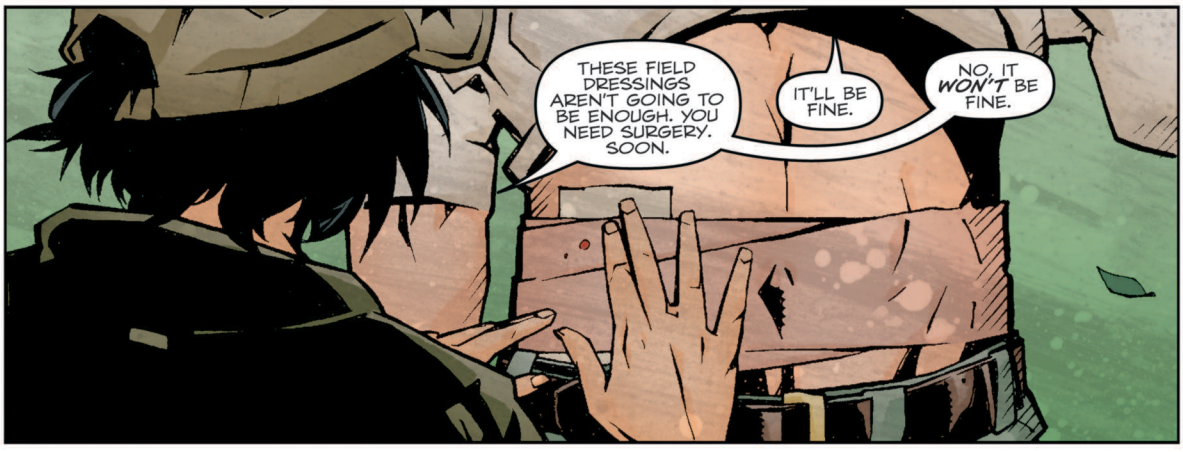

HE'S OUT.
SO AM I. COVER ME.




BLAM

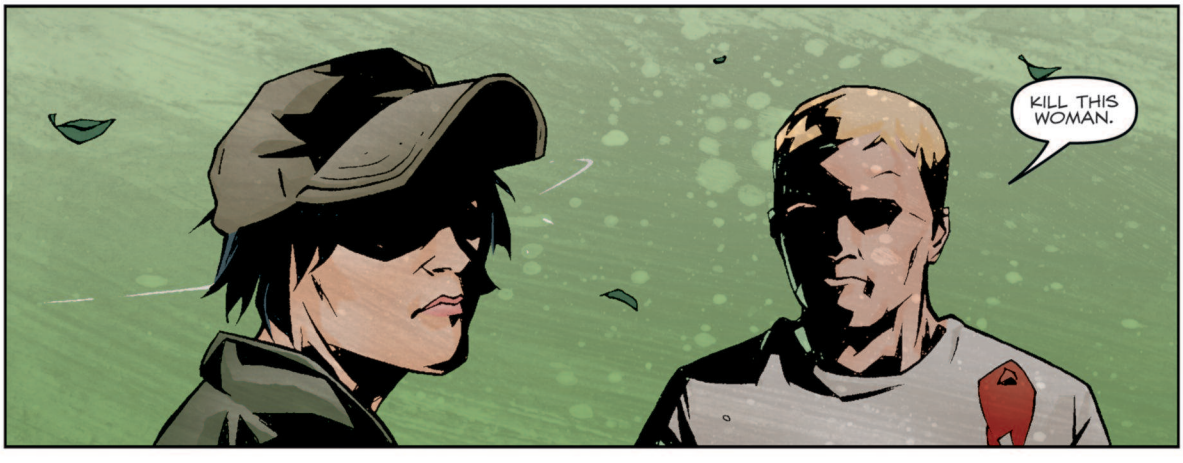

HOW LONG WERE YOU WATCHING?
JUST THE PAST TWENTY SECONDS OR SO.
FIVE OF THEM. NOT BAD.
SO, HOW'D THEY KNOW ABOUT ME?

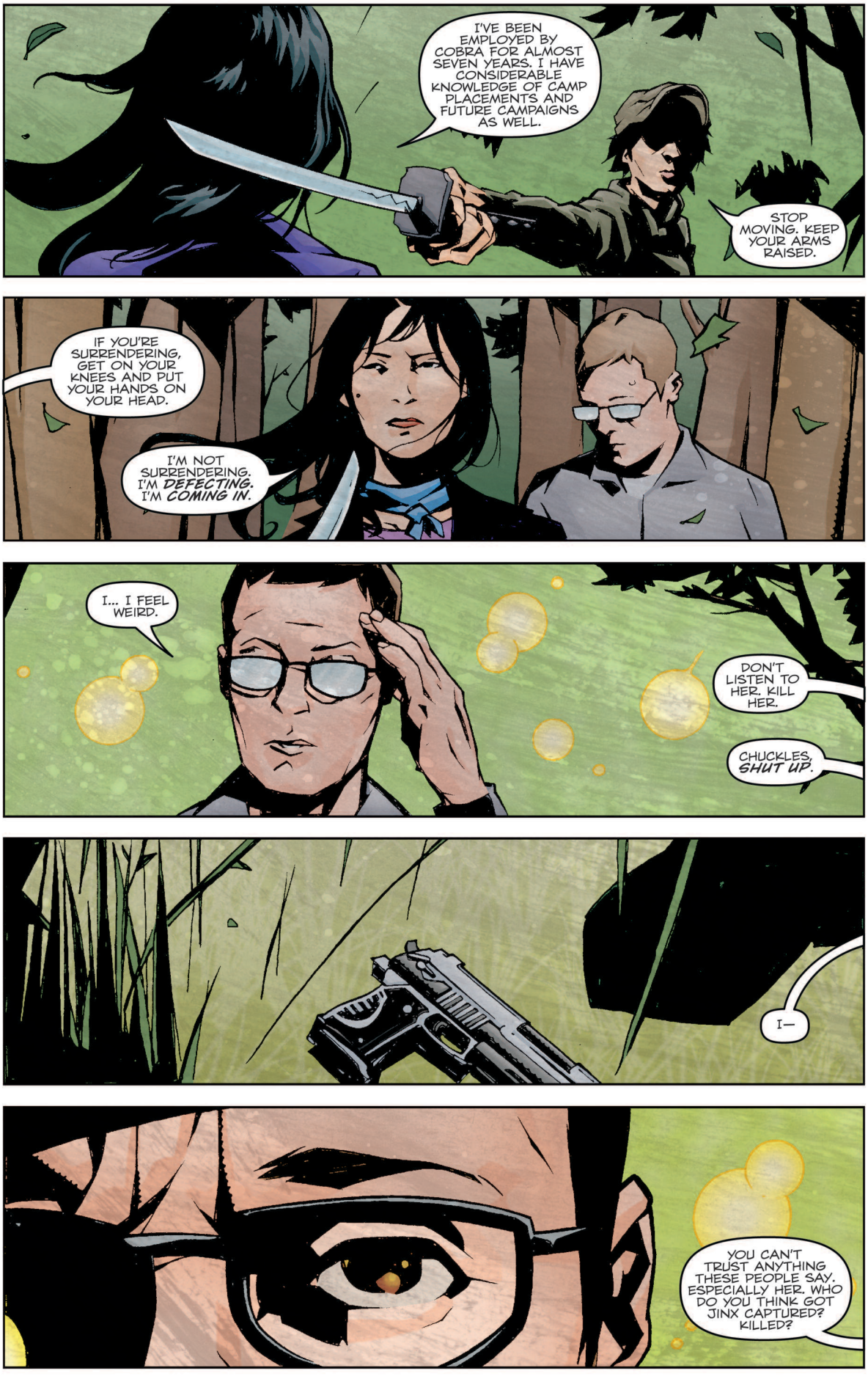

MS. LE TENE! ARE... WHAT HAPPENED?
I'VE BEEN CAPTURED BY AN ENEMY AGENT, OBVIOUSLY. WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE?
WELL... I WAS OBVIOUSLY LOOKING... THAT IS—
THE JOE AGENT IN THE JUNGLE. YOU'RE WORKING WITH HIM. YOU FOUND OUT A TEAM WAS SENT, AND YOU WERE TRYING TO WARN HIM SOMEHOW.
I'M SORRY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
MAX...
...TAKE ME TO HIM.


THESE FIELD DRESSINGS AREN'T GOING TO BE ENOUGH. YOU NEED SURGERY. SOON.
IT'LL BE FINE.
NO, IT *WON'T* BE FINE.

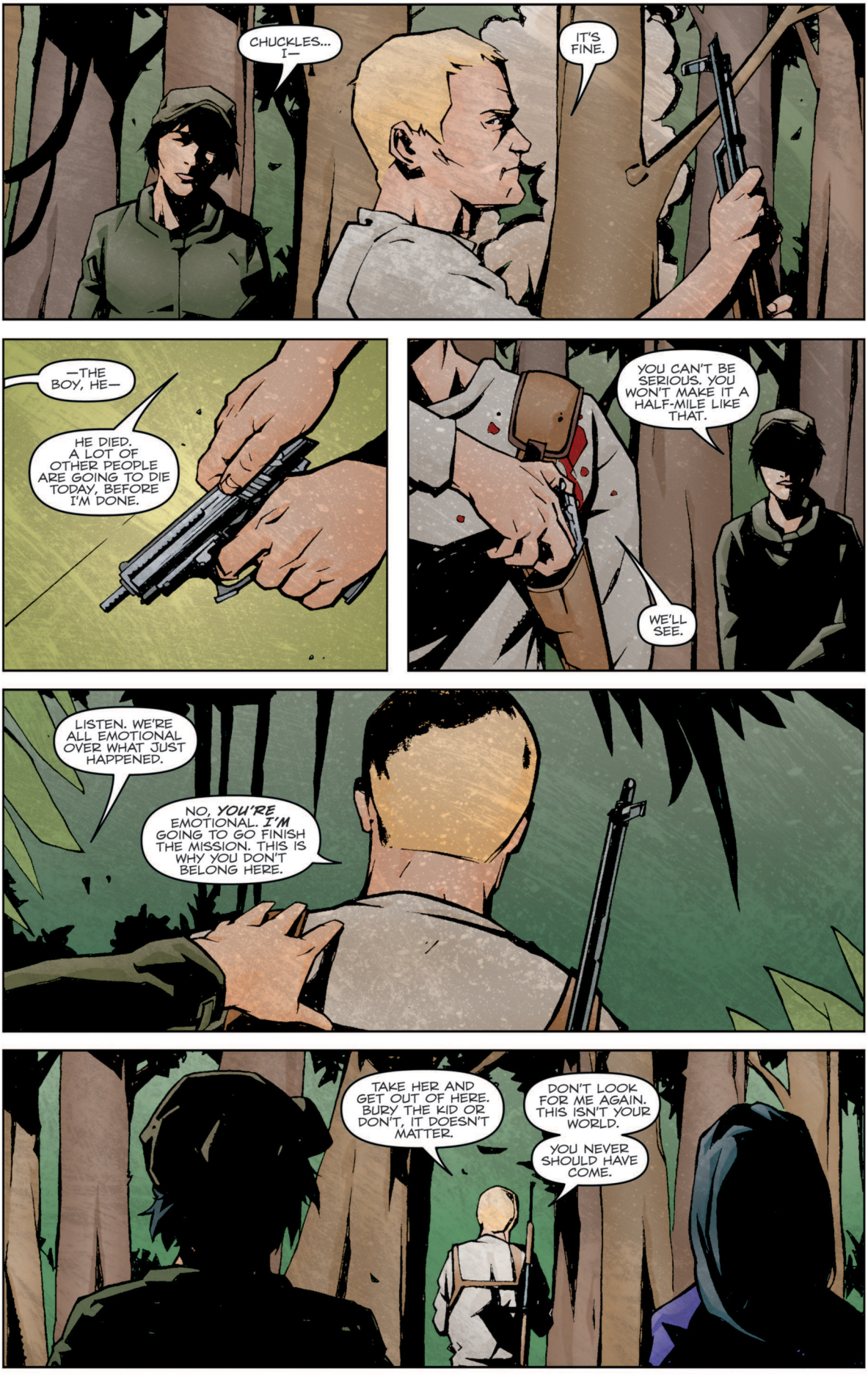

WE NEED TO GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL. AND DON'T EVEN START ACTING TOUGH, LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO FIGHT ME, BECAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE ANY FIGHT IN YOU RIGHT NOW.
WHY IS *SHE* HERE?

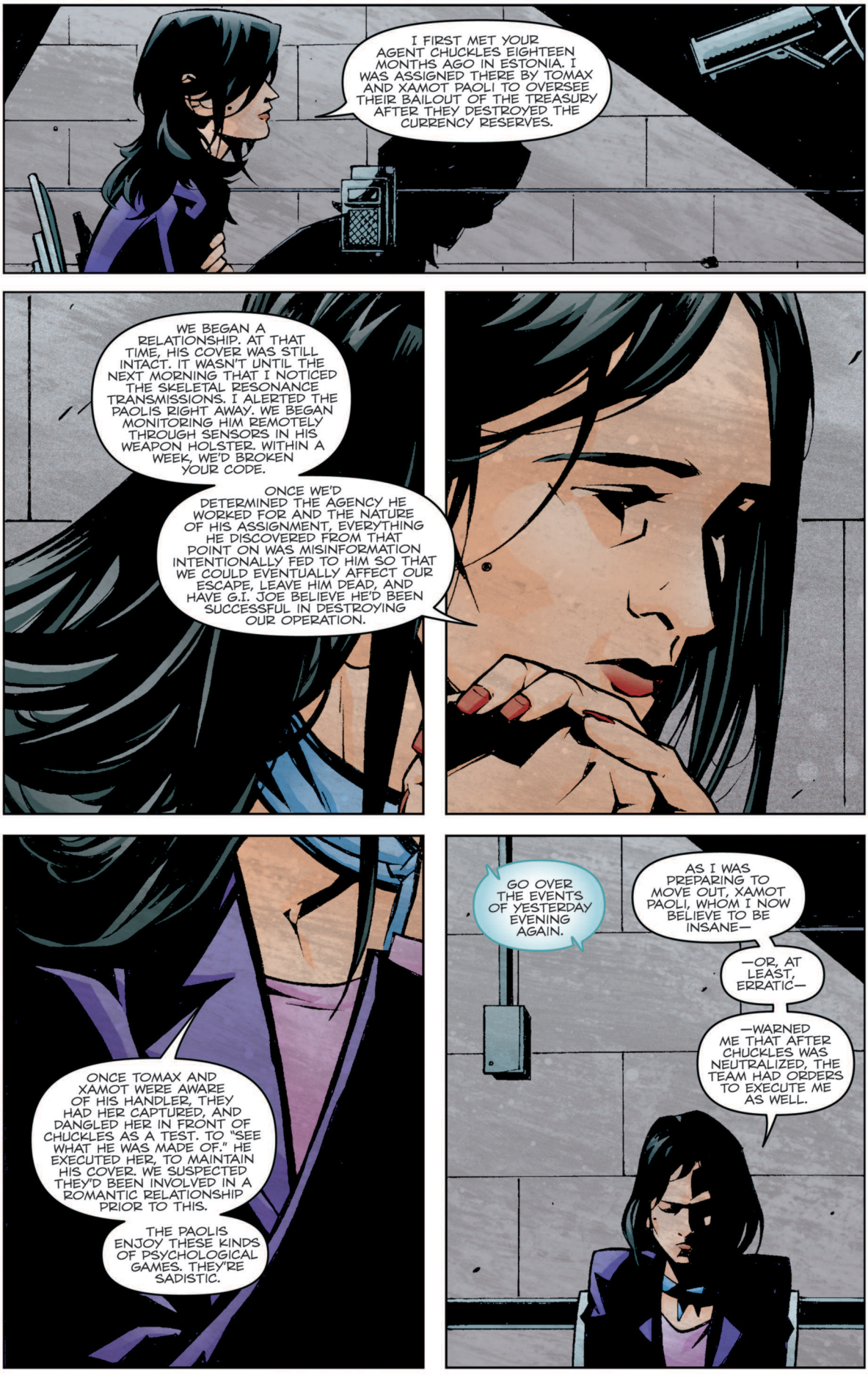

SHE *MADE* ME! SHE—
I AM DEFECTING. I HAVE VALUABLE INFORMATION ON THE INFRASTRUCTURE OF COBRA AND FOURTEEN OF THEIR SHELL CORPORATIONS, AND I AM WILLING TO SHARE ALL OF IT FOR ASYLUM.

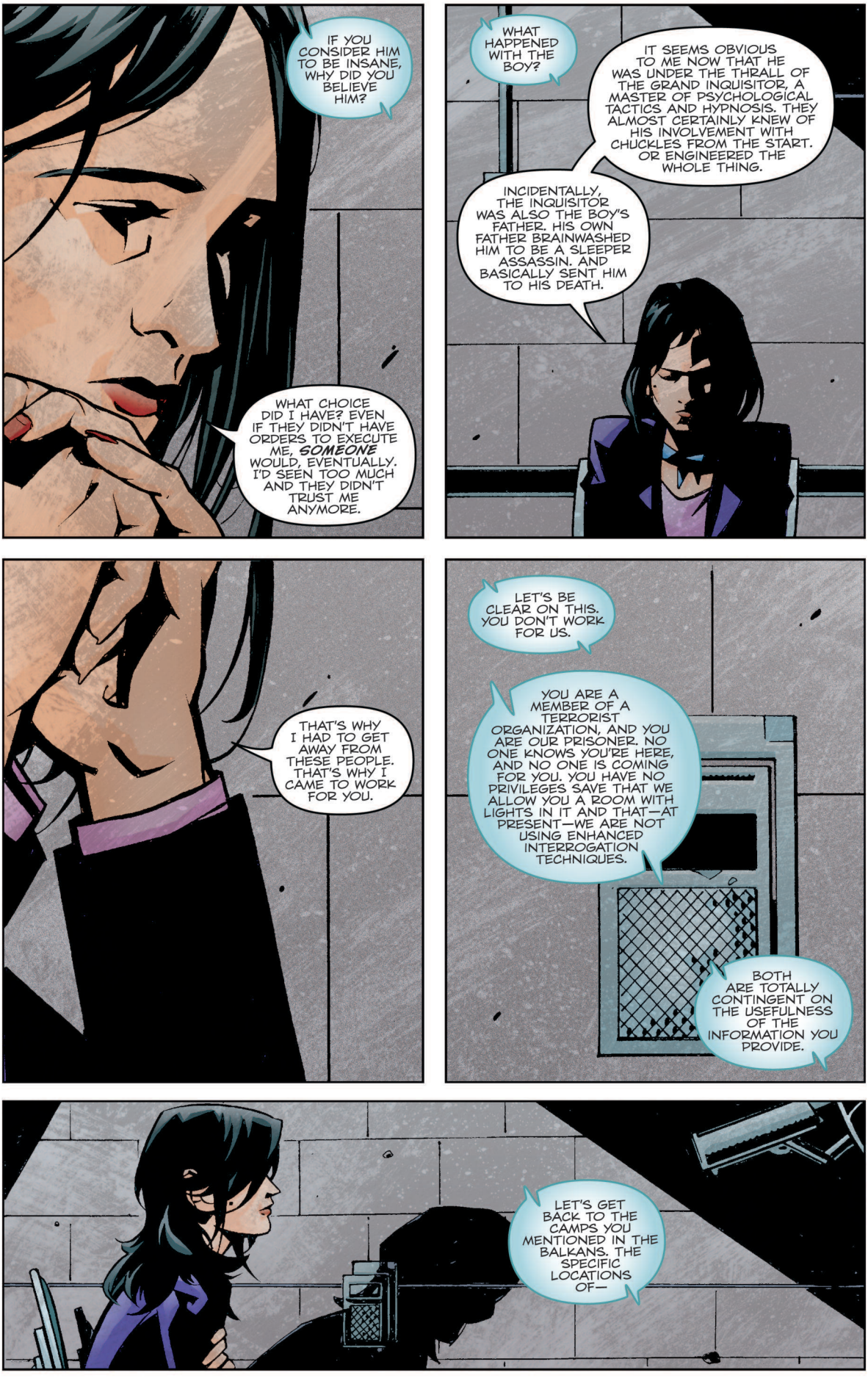

KILL THIS WOMAN.


I'VE BEEN EMPLOYED BY COBRA FOR ALMOST SEVEN YEARS. I HAVE CONSIDERABLE KNOWLEDGE OF CAMP PLACEMENTS AND FUTURE CAMPAIGNS AS WELL.
STOP MOVING. KEEP YOUR ARMS RAISED.
IF YOU'RE SURRENDERING, GET ON YOUR KNEES AND PUT YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEAD.
I'M NOT SURRENDERING. I'M *DEFECTING.* I'M *COMING IN.*
I... I FEEL WEIRD.
DON'T LISTEN TO HER. KILL HER.
CHUCKLES, *SHUT UP.*
I—
YOU CAN'T TRUST ANYTHING THESE PEOPLE SAY. ESPECIALLY HER. WHO DO YOU THINK GOT JINX CAPTURED? KILLED?

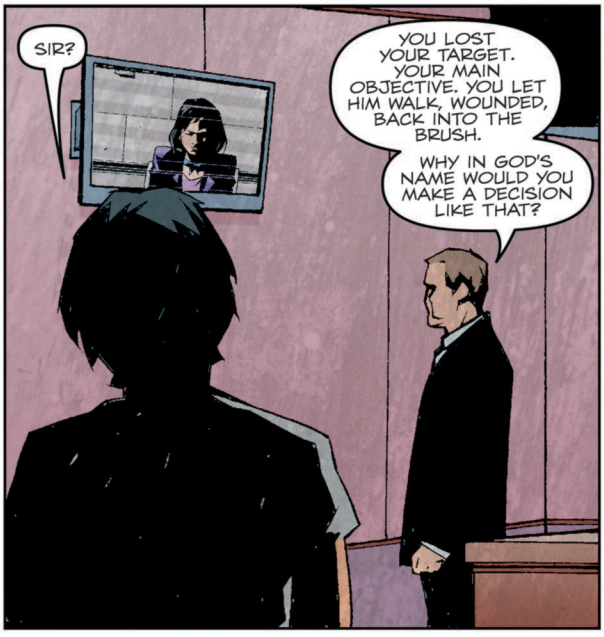

SO STUPID. RULE NUMBER ONE: YOU NEVER TURN YOUR BACK ON ANYONE THAT IS NOT IN YOUR UNIT. EVER.
IF I COULD RAISE MY ARMS, YOU'D BE DEAD. YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?
GUN!
BUT HE WAS JUST A KID. WEAK AND NERVOUS. I DIDN'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT.
AND I WASN'T LOOKING.
SSTHTT
DAD? I...
...I CAN'T HEAR YOU...
DAD, IT'S DARK... I'M SC—
OH MY GOD.


CHUCKLES... I—
IT'S FINE.
—THE BOY, HE—
HE DIED. A LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE ARE GOING TO DIE TODAY, BEFORE I'M DONE.
YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS. YOU WON'T MAKE IT A HALF-MILE LIKE THAT.
WE'LL SEE.
LISTEN. WE'RE ALL EMOTIONAL OVER WHAT JUST HAPPENED.
NO, YOU'RE EMOTIONAL. I'M GOING TO GO FINISH THE MISSION. THIS IS WHY YOU DON'T BELONG HERE.
TAKE HER AND GET OUT OF HERE. BURY THE KID OR DON'T, IT DOESN'T MATTER.
DON'T LOOK FOR ME AGAIN. THIS ISN'T YOUR WORLD.
YOU NEVER SHOULD HAVE COME.


I FIRST MET YOUR AGENT CHUCKLES EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO IN ESTONIA. I WAS ASSIGNED THERE BY TOMAX AND XAMOT PAOLI TO OVERSEE THEIR BAILOUT OF THE TREASURY AFTER THEY DESTROYED THE CURRENCY RESERVES.
WE BEGAN A RELATIONSHIP. AT THAT TIME, HIS COVER WAS STILL INTACT. IT WASN'T UNTIL THE NEXT MORNING THAT I NOTICED THE SKELETAL RESONANCE TRANSMISSIONS. I ALERTED THE PAOLIS RIGHT AWAY. WE BEGAN MONITORING HIM REMOTELY THROUGH SENSORS IN HIS WEAPON HOLSTER. WITHIN A WEEK, WE'D BROKEN YOUR CODE.
ONCE WE'D DETERMINED THE AGENCY HE WORKED FOR AND THE NATURE OF HIS ASSIGNMENT, EVERYTHING HE DISCOVERED FROM THAT POINT ON WAS MISINFORMATION INTENTIONALLY FED TO HIM SO THAT WE COULD EVENTUALLY AFFECT OUR ESCAPE, LEAVE HIM DEAD, AND HAVE G.I. JOE BELIEVE HE'D BEEN SUCCESSFUL IN DESTROYING OUR OPERATION.
ONCE TOMAX AND XAMOT WERE AWARE OF HIS HANDLER, THEY HAD HER CAPTURED, AND DANGLED HER IN FRONT OF CHUCKLES AS A TEST. TO "SEE WHAT HE WAS MADE OF." HE EXECUTED HER, TO MAINTAIN HIS COVER. WE SUSPECTED THEY'D BEEN INVOLVED IN A ROMANTIC RELATIONSHIP PRIOR TO THIS.
THE PAOLIS ENJOY THESE KINDS OF PSYCHOLOGICAL GAMES. THEY'RE SADISTIC.
GO OVER THE EVENTS OF YESTERDAY EVENING AGAIN.
AS I WAS PREPARING TO MOVE OUT, XAMOT PAOLI, WHOM I NOW BELIEVE TO BE INSANE—
—OR, AT LEAST, ERRATIC—
—WARNED ME THAT AFTER CHUCKLES WAS NEUTRALIZED, THE TEAM HAD ORDERS TO EXECUTE ME AS WELL.


IF YOU CONSIDER HIM TO BE INSANE, WHY DID YOU BELIEVE HIM?
WHAT CHOICE DID I HAVE? EVEN IF THEY DIDN'T HAVE ORDERS TO EXECUTE ME, SOMEONE WOULD, EVENTUALLY. I'D SEEN TOO MUCH AND THEY DIDN'T TRUST ME ANYMORE.
WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE BOY?
IT SEEMS OBVIOUS TO ME NOW THAT HE WAS UNDER THE THRALL OF THE GRAND INQUISITOR, A MASTER OF PSYCHOLOGICAL TACTICS AND HYPNOSIS. THEY ALMOST CERTAINLY KNEW OF HIS INVOLVEMENT WITH CHUCKLES FROM THE START. OR ENGINEERED THE WHOLE THING.
INCIDENTALLY, THE INQUISITOR WAS ALSO THE BOY'S FATHER. HIS OWN FATHER BRAINWASHED HIM TO BE A SLEEPER ASSASSIN. AND BASICALLY SENT HIM TO HIS DEATH.
THAT'S WHY I HAD TO GET AWAY FROM THESE PEOPLE. THAT'S WHY I CAME TO WORK FOR YOU.
LET'S BE CLEAR ON THIS. YOU DON'T WORK FOR US.
YOU ARE A MEMBER OF A TERRORIST ORGANIZATION, AND YOU ARE OUR PRISONER. NO ONE KNOWS YOU'RE HERE, AND NO ONE IS COMING FOR YOU. YOU HAVE NO PRIVILEGES SAVE THAT WE ALLOW YOU A ROOM WITH LIGHTS IN IT AND THAT—AT PRESENT—WE ARE NOT USING ENHANCED INTERROGATION TECHNIQUES.
BOTH ARE TOTALLY CONTINGENT ON THE USEFULNESS OF THE INFORMATION YOU PROVIDE.
LET'S GET BACK TO THE CAMPS YOU MENTIONED IN THE BALKANS. THE SPECIFIC LOCATIONS OF—

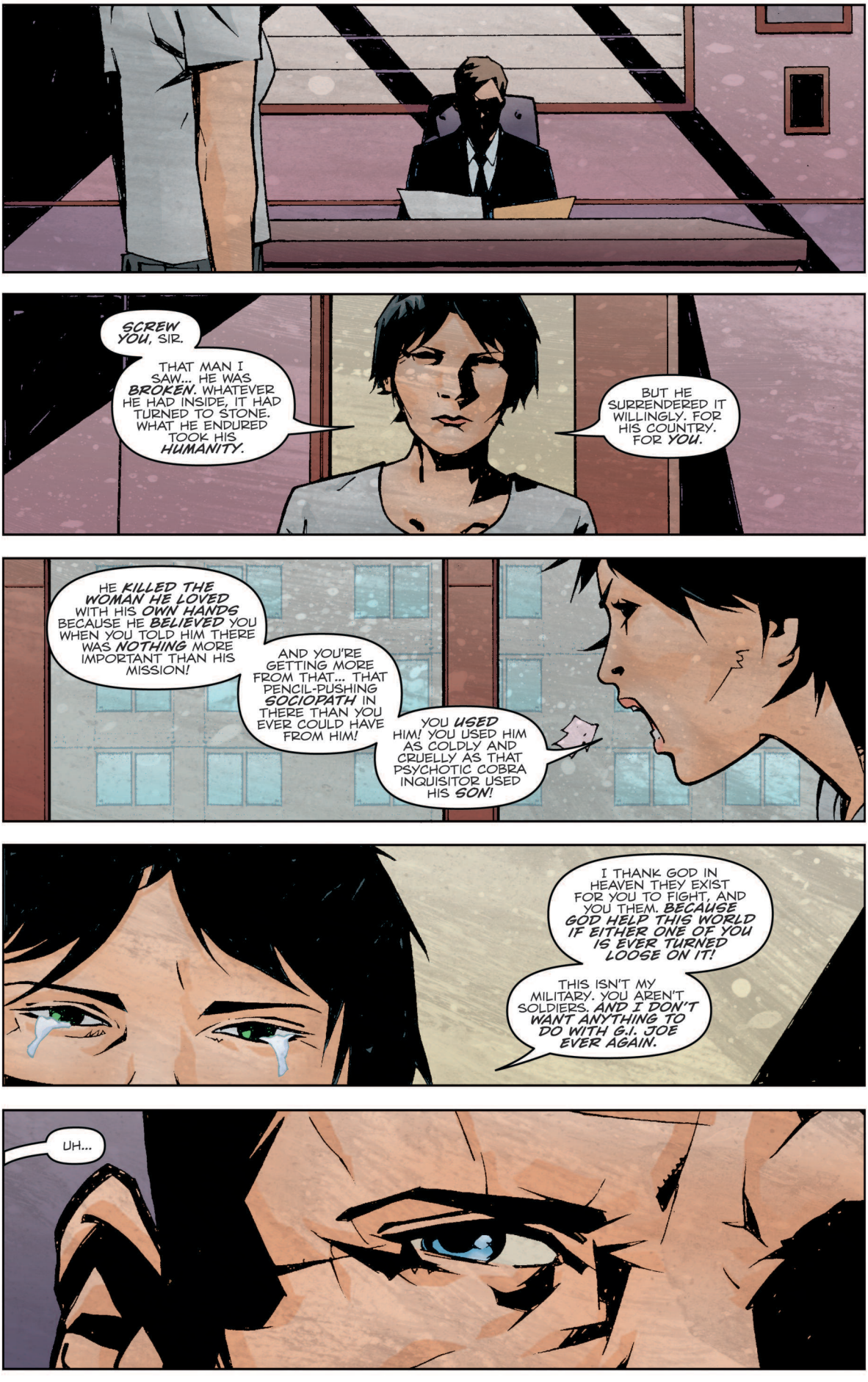

HER STORY JIBES WITH YOURS NICELY.
IT SHOULD. IT'S THE TRUTH.
MHM. SO WHAT HAPPENED OUT THERE?


SIR?
YOU LOST YOUR TARGET. YOUR MAIN OBJECTIVE. YOU LET HIM WALK, WOUNDED, BACK INTO THE BRUSH.
WHY IN GOD'S NAME WOULD YOU MAKE A DECISION LIKE THAT?


SIR, IT WAS NOT POSSIBLE TO CARRY A WOUNDED MAN—WHO'D MADE IT CLEAR HE'D *RESIST*—AS WELL AS THE PRISONER. NOT WITHOUT DETECTION AND IN TIME FOR EXTRACTION.
FURTHER, IT WAS MY ASSESSMENT THAT CHUCKLES WOULD LIKELY HAVE SUCCUMBED TO HIS INJURIES BEFORE THE RENDEZVOUS. GETTING ERIKA OUT WAS THE MORE VIABLE OBJECTIVE. SHE WAS HEALTHY, WILLING, AND HAD MORE INFORMATION.


ACCEPTABLE. YOU'RE DISMISSED.
SIR, IF I MAY... AS I SAID, CHUCKLES IS MOST LIKELY DEAD. I WOULD LIKE TO RECOMMEND A COMMENDATION.

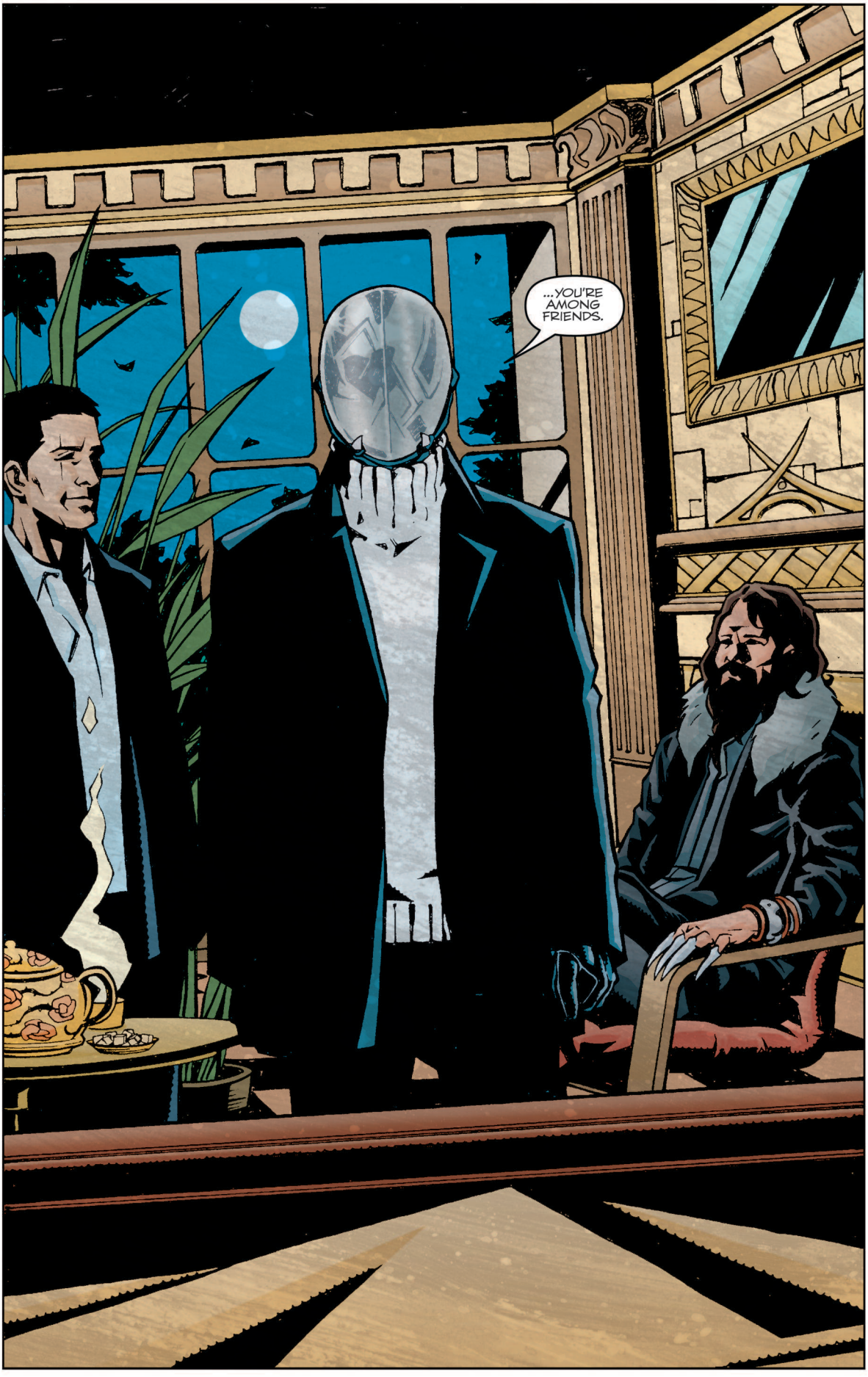

DENIED. THIS IS G.I. JOE. WE DON'T DO COMMENDATIONS. AND IF WE DID, WE WOULDN'T FOR HIM.
HE WAS INSUBORDINATE. IN DIRECT VIOLATION OF HIS ORDERS. HE RISKED THE ENTIRE MISSION. WE'RE NOT EVEN HAVING A SERVICE.
SIR, I—
DISMISSED, CHAMELEON.


SCREW YOU, SIR.
THAT MAN I SAW... HE WAS BROKEN. WHATEVER HE HAD INSIDE, IT HAD TURNED TO STONE. WHAT HE ENDURED TOOK HIS HUMANITY.
BUT HE SURRENDERED IT WILLINGLY. FOR HIS COUNTRY. FOR YOU.
HE KILLED THE WOMAN HE LOVED WITH HIS OWN HANDS BECAUSE HE BELIEVED YOU WHEN YOU TOLD HIM THERE WAS NOTHING MORE IMPORTANT THAN HIS MISSION!
AND YOU'RE GETTING MORE FROM THAT... THAT PENCIL-PUSHING SOCIOPATH IN THERE THAN YOU EVER COULD HAVE FROM HIM!
YOU USED HIM! YOU USED HIM AS COLDLY AND CRUELLY AS THAT PSYCHOTIC COBRA INQUISITOR USED HIS SON!
I THANK GOD IN HEAVEN THEY EXIST FOR YOU TO FIGHT, AND YOU THEM. BECAUSE GOD HELP THIS WORLD IF EITHER ONE OF YOU IS EVER TURNED LOOSE ON IT!
THIS ISN'T MY MILITARY. YOU AREN'T SOLDIERS. AND I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH G.I. JOE EVER AGAIN.
UH...


THAT'S IT. A COURT-MARTIAL.
I YELLED AT HAWK. AT *HAWK*. AND I *QUIT*. YOU DON'T QUIT G.I. JOE.
THEY PROBABLY DON'T EVEN BOTHER WITH COURTS-MARTIAL. THERE'S PROBABLY A HOLE IN THE DESERT BEING DUG FOR ME RIGHT—
REQUEST GRANTED.
S-SIR?
YOUR RESIGNATION IS ACCEPTED.
NOW, GET OUT OF MY SIGHT.
SIR.
THANK YOU, SIR.


DAMMIT.
DAMMIT...

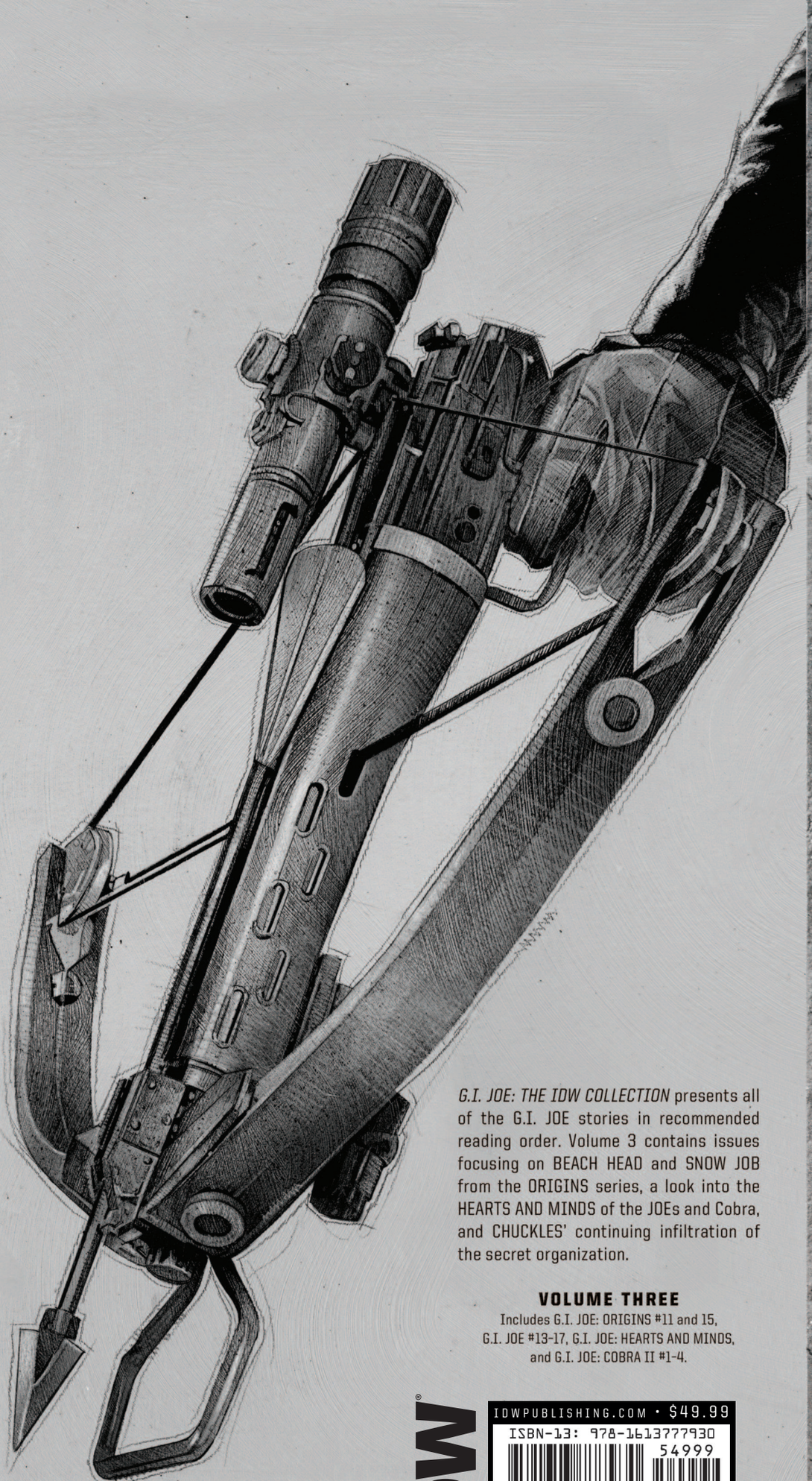

AH. YOU'RE AWAKE.
NO, NO, DON'T TRY TO MOVE. YOU'RE STILL TOO WEAK. ALSO, WE'VE GOT RESTRAINTS ON YOU SO YOU DON'T INJURE YOURSELF.
MF
DON'T WORRY, THIS ISN'T THE CASTLE. THAT WAS EVACUATED A FEW HOURS AFTER YOU WERE DISCOVERED. WE'RE IN A SAFE LOCATION HERE.
IT REALLY IS BLIND LUCK WE FOUND YOU. YOU WERE PROBABLY LESS THAN AN HOUR FROM DEATH. BUT WE'RE GETTING YOU THE BEST CARE MONEY CAN BUY. YOU SHOULD MAKE A FULL RECOVERY.
CLICK
YOU MADE IT NEARLY SIX MILES. YOU REALLY ARE A REMARKABLE MAN. THAT'S WHY, WHEN I HEARD YOU'D SURVIVED, I WANTED TO SEE YOU MYSELF. TO ASSURE YOU...


...YOU'RE AMONG FRIENDS.





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