

SAN FRANCISCO, TERRA.

"I NEVER EXPECTED THERE TO BE SO MANY OF THEM."

THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH THE GOVERNMENT, TAMMY. THEY SPEND SO MUCH TIME TELLING YOU TO BECOME A CITIZEN, THEY FORGET THESE POOR SOULS WHO CAN'T REACH THAT HIGH.

HERE YOU GO. GRAB SOME BREAD.

BUT WHY CAN'T THEY GET CITIZENSHIP? AND EVEN IF THEY CAN'T, WHY DOES IT MEAN THEY END ON THE STREETS? MY BROTHER ISN'T A CITIZEN, AND HE -

IT'S ALL A MATTER OF CREDIT.



FANKOO.

EVERYTHING RELIES ON CREDIT. THE BETTER IT IS, THE MORE CHANCE YOU HAVE OF GETTING THE THINGS YOU NEED. A HOUSE, CAR, BETTER JOB, EVEN THE RIGHT TO HAVE CHILDREN -

-AND IF YOU'RE A CITIZEN, YOUR CREDIT RATING SKYROCKETS.

BUT IF YOU HAVE A **BAD** CREDIT RATING, YOU CAN'T GET **ANYTHING**. WITHOUT A JOB, YOU LOSE YOUR HOUSE. AND WITHOUT A HOUSE, YOU CAN'T GET A JOB. IT'S A VICIOUS CIRCLE.

OF COURSE, THERE'S TALK THAT HE KILLED HER DELIBERATELY, AND IT WAS HUSHED UP BECAUSE SOME MAJOR OWED HIM A FAVOUR -

CASE IN POINT. SEE THE POOR SOUL WE JUST SERVED? I HEARD HE WAS IN THE MILITARY.

KILLED HIS COMMANDING OFFICER IN SOME KIND OF FREAK ACCIDENT. DRUMMED OUT OF THE SERVICE.



- BUT I ASK YOU, DOES HE LOOK LIKE HE HAS FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES?

WHEN YOU'RE IN TRANSIENT TOWN, RUMORS WORK LIKE CURRENCY. I'VE BEEN A HERO, A KILLER, A MARTYR -

AND I NEVER EXPECTED YOU TO BE A QUITTER, TANNER.

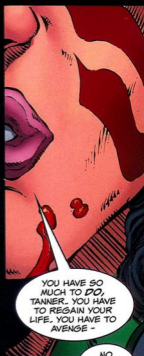
HEH. WONDERED HOW LONG IT'D TAKE YOU TO RETURN.

AFTER THE LAST TIME, YOU SEEMED QUITE AGITATED THAT I HAD DISCOVERED YOUR HIDING PLACE. I THOUGHT IT BEST TO GIVE YOU SPACE.

AND NOW YOU'RE BACK TO NAG ME, YES?

YOU HAVE SO MUCH TO DO, TANNER. YOU HAVE TO REGAIN YOUR LIFE. YOU HAVE TO AVENGE -

NO OFFENSE, MA'AM -



BUT YOU'RE  
DEAD — A  
HALLUCINATION.

SO I CAN DO  
WHATEVER THE  
HELL I WANT.

THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM! WE HAVE TO REGROUP AND TAKE STOCK!

BALDWIN, GHOST - GET THE OTHERS BACK TO THE DROP POINT!

**BUMMMM!**

YOU CAN'T KILL THEM ALL BY YOURSELF, SINCLAIR! THAT'S JUST MENTAL!

I DON'T INTEND TO. I JUST NEED TO CRIPPLE THEM AS A DISTRACTION.

JUST GATHER THE TIGERS AND GET OUT OF HERE!

WE'RE SINCLAIR'S SURVIVORS NOW, LIEUTENANT. THE TIGERS HAVE BEEN DEAD FOR ALMOST HALF A YEAR.

**SKREEEEEE**

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

**Foam**



WOOH!

YEP, BLOO-BLOO DOO! NOW CAN WE GET OUT OF HERE?



I'VE GOT GRAVES ON COM. BOY - HE'S SAYING THERE'S A GENETICAL MUTATION. WE'RE CALLED.

ALL UNITS TO HOLD UP TO DROP POINTS - RECONNAISSANCE SCOUTS ARE BEING SENT DOWN.



HEH, GOTTA LOVE IT WHEN A PLAN COMES TOGETHER.

YEAH - FIRST WORD IS CLUSTER, AND THE SECOND SOUNDS LIKE PUCK.

ANY IDEA OF THE SITUATION WITH THE OTHER UNITS?

SARCASM DOESN'T HELP, SERGEANT.



GRABBS! GRABBS! REPORT!

WE ARE INFORMED, SIR. THE SERVICES WE AND UNIT DOWN WITH US CRAPPED THEIR PANTS AND CALLED TO HOMEY BEFORE THE BLOO CRATTERED THEM.



NO CHANGE THERE, SIR.

WE HAVE ENCOUNTERED MASSIVE BOMB ATTACK!



GET ON THE BOATS TO LEAVE!



THESE LOOK THEE, WE COULD DO WITH TANKS TURNING UP TO SAVE THE DAY, AMEN.

TANKS WAS A THREAT. WHOOPS, HE SHOT HIS COMMANDING OFFICER.

HE GOT WHAT HE DESERVED.



YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT DO YOU?

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOU BELIEVE - IT'S WHAT SECOND BELIEVE.





WAIT!  
WAIT FOR  
US!



COME  
ON! GRAB  
MY ARM!



AIIIEEEE!!!!



GET US  
OUT OF  
HERE.

