



SO, WHAT ARE YOU GUYS GOING TO DO AFTER THE ARMY?


I HADN'T ACTUALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT. WHY?




THE BERLIN WALL'S COMING DOWN. HOW MUCH LONGER DO YOU THINK THEY'LL NEED US?



I DON'T KNOW. I THINK THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A NEED FOR SOLDIERS.




MAYBE FOR BORN KILLERS LIKE FISK, BUT FOR US SOFTER GUYS...



OH DON'T START THAT "BORN KILLER" SHIT, AGAIN, CARLOS.

LITTLE FISK?
A KILLER?




OKAY, SO SOME MARINE RECON
HARD ASSES CAME DOWN HERE
TO TRAIN AGAINST THE RANGERS...

BE CAREFUL...


AND FISK'S
SQUAD IS GETTING
HAMMERED...

THIS IS HOW
MYTHS START.



MOST OF US ARE BEEPING WHEN FISK ROUNDS
UP OUR AMMO AND STARTS TO CRAWL AROUND
THE ADVANCING MARINES, LIKE A HERO.

IT WASN'T
HEROIC. I
HAD NOTHING
TO LOSE!



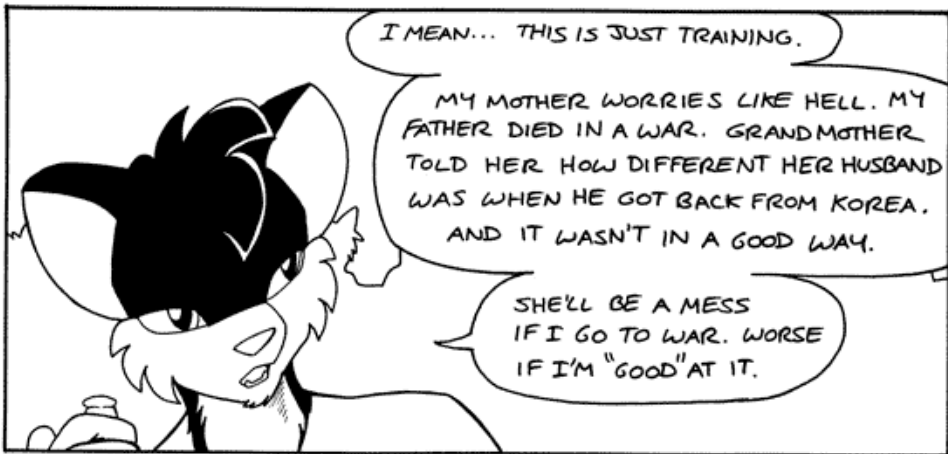
WHEN WE FOUND HIM
AFTERWARD, EVERYONE
WAS BEEPING EXCEPT
HIM.

DUDE, I
WAS LUCKY.

BEEP
BEEP
BEEP

BEEP
BEEP
BEEP

BEEP
BEEP
BEEP



1918



1944



1953



1968



1990





WE KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING!

ARE THESE MUTANT TERMITES?

AND WHY ARE THEY TALKING?

WE HAVE IMPORTANT THINGS TO SAY!
THAT'S WHY!

88

I AM MOHAMMED, AND THAT IS MY BROTHER, MOHAMMED.

WE ARE SUN SPIDERS! OR CAMEL SPIDERS IF YOU PREFER.

BUT WE'RE NOT REALLY SPIDERS AT ALL!

WE WON'T BITE YOU!

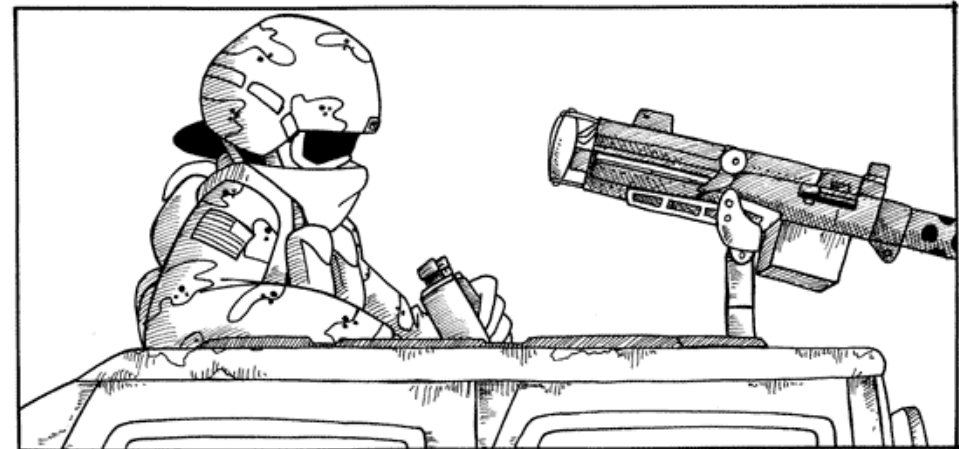
WHAT DID YOU HAVE TO SAY?

YOU HAVE TO WAKE UP!

WHY?

BECAUSE IT'S YOUR WATCH.

BLINK
BLINK





HEY FISK! YOU POOR THING!
I MISS YOU SO MUCH, YOU KNOW.
YOU BETTER GET HOME OKAY.



MAN, YOU MUST BE BLUE AS
HELL DOWN THERE... TSK...



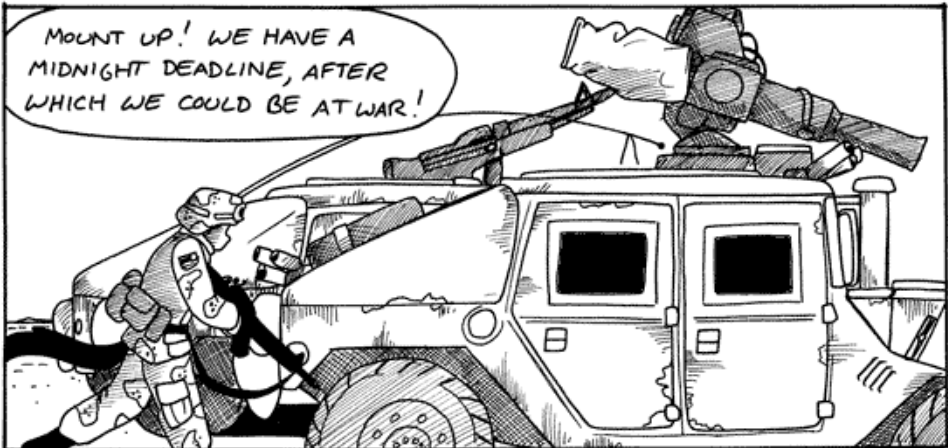
...I'LL TAKE REAL GOOD CARE
OF YOU WHEN YOU GET HOME...



OH YEAH... EVERYTHING YOU
WANT AND— HOLD ON A SECOND.



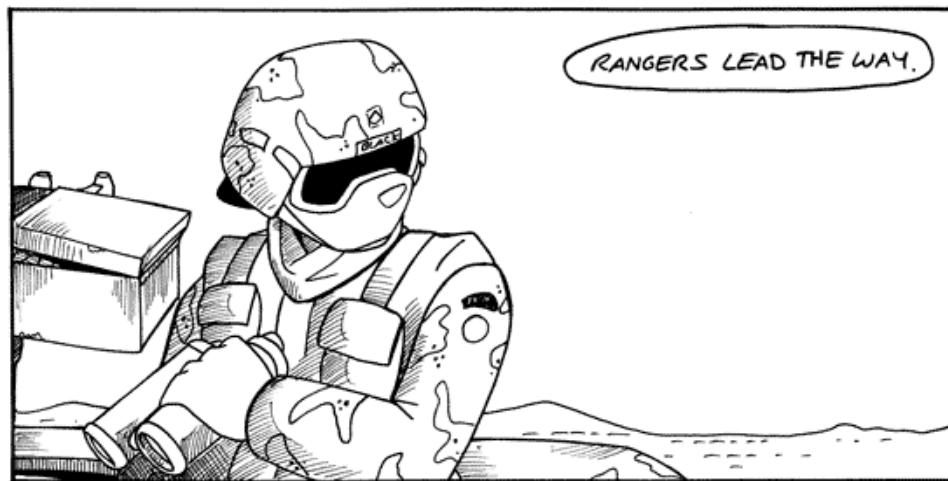
MOUNT UP! WE HAVE A MIDNIGHT DEADLINE, AFTER WHICH WE COULD BE AT WAR!

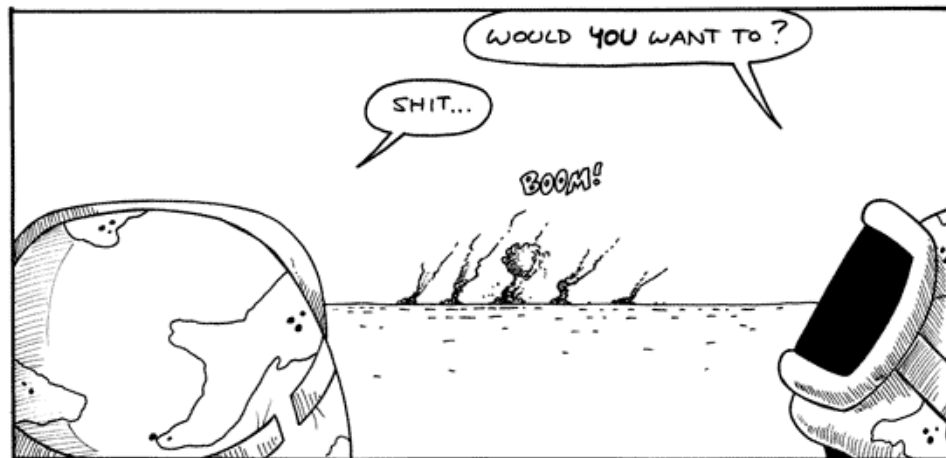
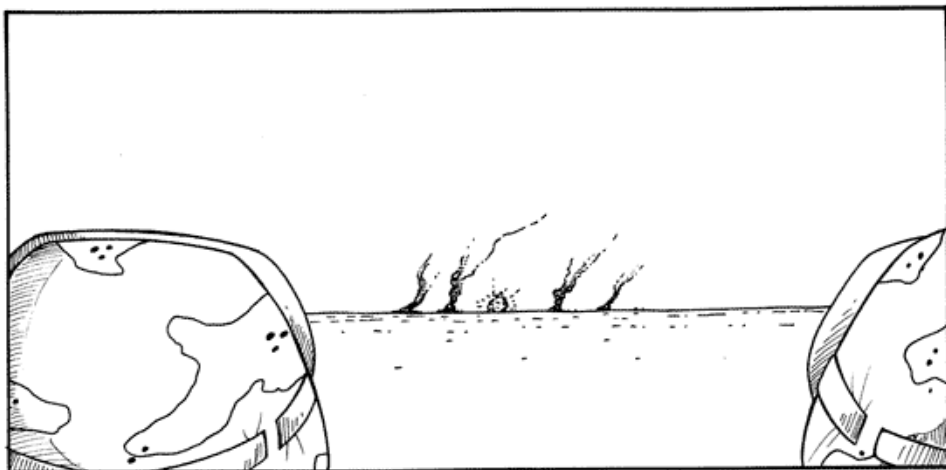


OUR NEXT STOP IS THE IRAQ BORDER. YOU ARE THE EYES OF THE ARMY. ANYTHING YOU SEE YOU REPORT. YOU WILL VERIFY AIR INTELLIGENCE AT A MOMENTS NOTICE...



RANGERS LEAD THE WAY.





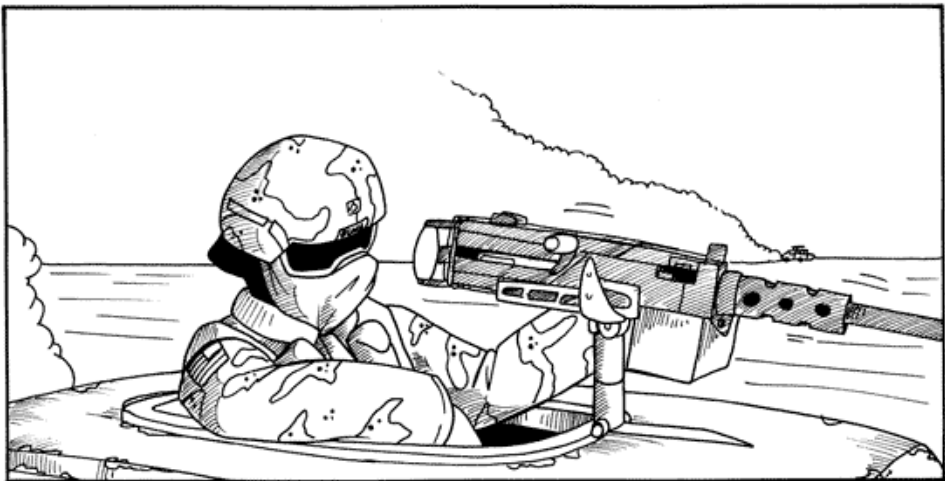
TORES! WAKE UP BLACK AND
GET HIM ON THAT FIFTY.

GET UP, KILLER!



WE'RE GOING AHEAD OF 4th I.D. BUT
THERE'S A DOWN MEDIVAC AND WE'RE
BEING DIVERTED.

GET ON THE
FIFTY.



...GUARD THE CRASH
SITE UNTIL THE MAIN
COLUMN REACHES
YOU...

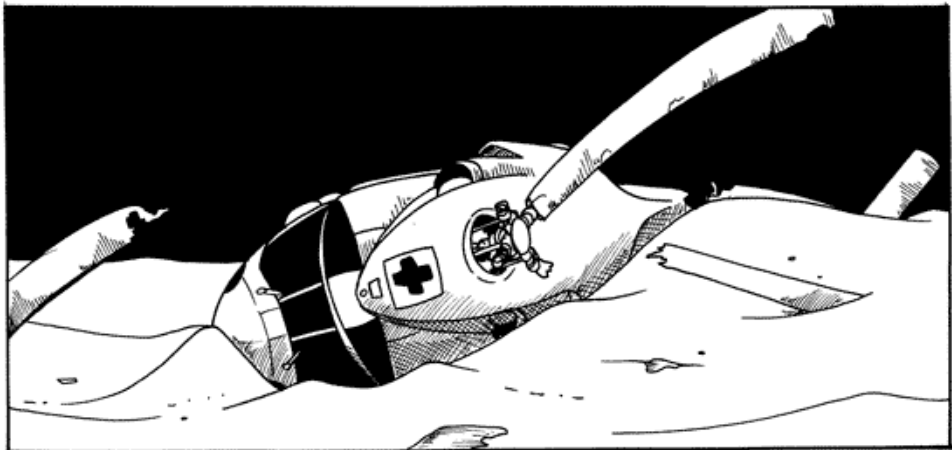
AIR ELEMENTS ARE
IN THE AREA. OVER.

ROGER.

THERE ARE TO
BE NO TROPHIES
IN BAGHDAD,
CAPTAIN.

YES, SIR.





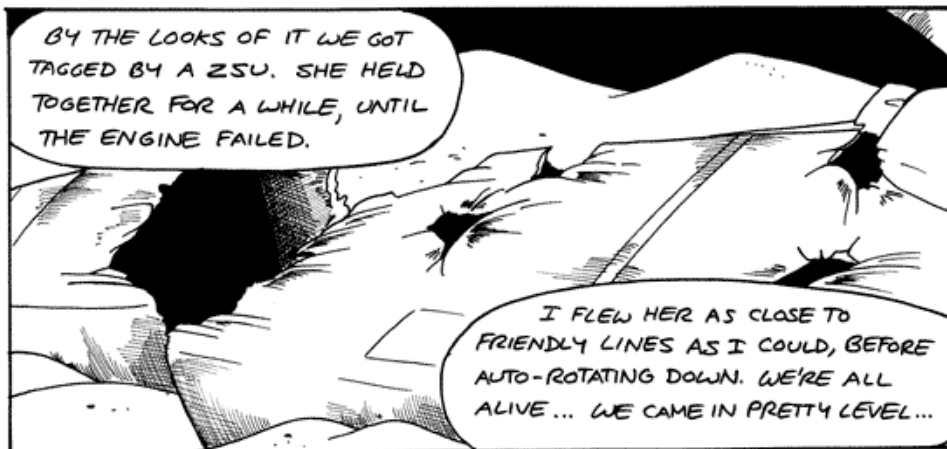
WHAT HAPPENED, CAPTAIN?



WE WERE ON ROUTE TO A GROUP SNEAKIN' AROUND NORTH OF HERE WHEN WE FLEW OVER A REPUBLICAN GUARD UNIT NO ONE TOLD US ABOUT...

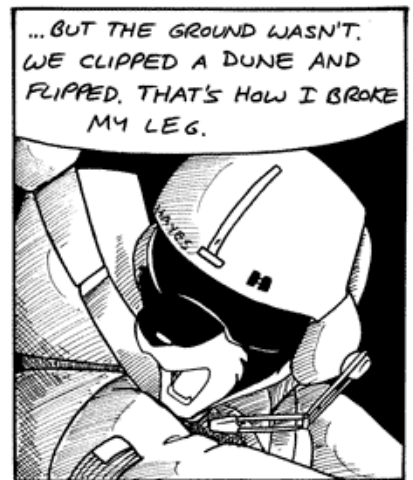


BY THE LOOKS OF IT WE GOT TAGGED BY A ZSU. SHE HELD TOGETHER FOR A WHILE, UNTIL THE ENGINE FAILED.



I FLEW HER AS CLOSE TO FRIENDLY LINES AS I COULD, BEFORE AUTO-ROTATING DOWN. WE'RE ALL ALIVE ... WE CAME IN PRETTY LEVEL...

... BUT THE GROUND WASN'T. WE CLIPPED A DUNE AND FLIPPED. THAT'S HOW I BROKE MY LEG.

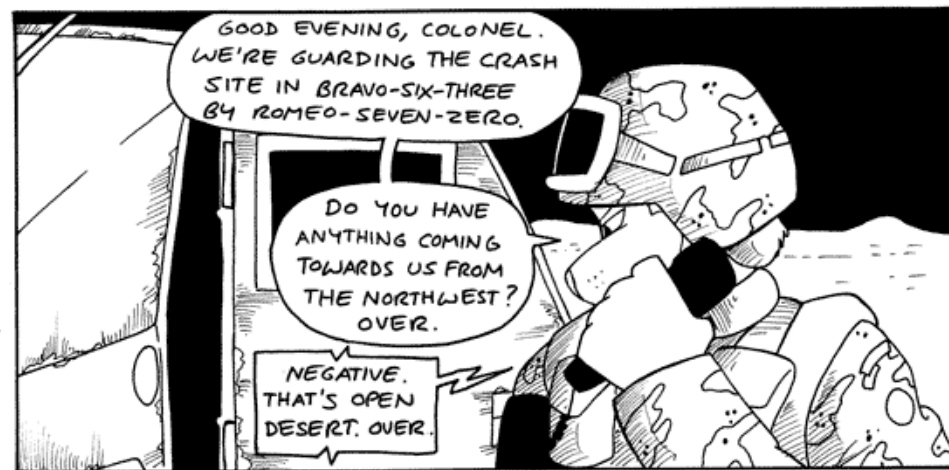
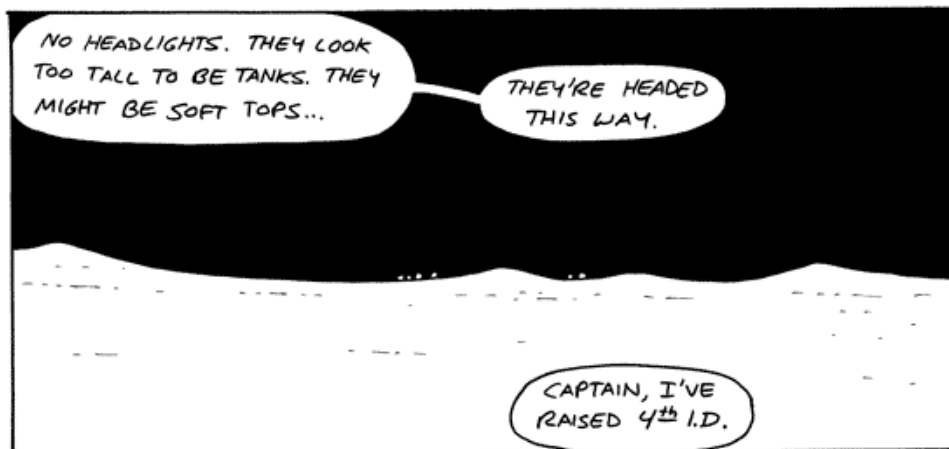


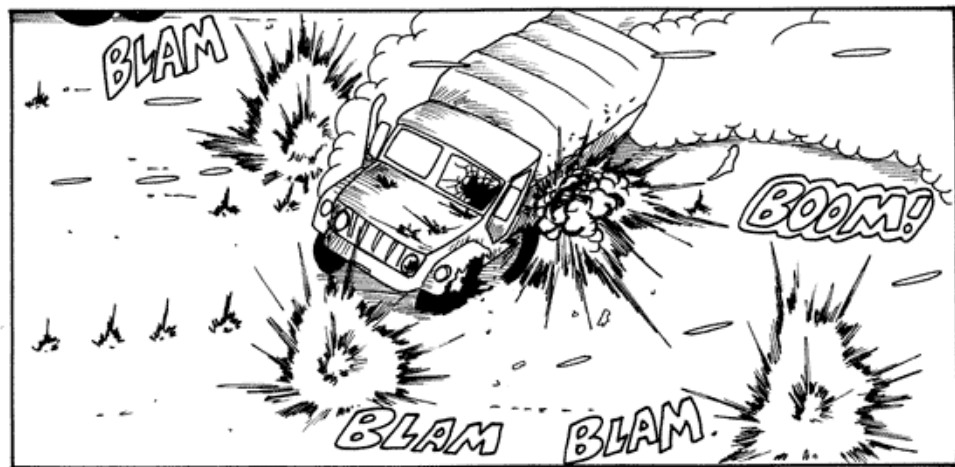
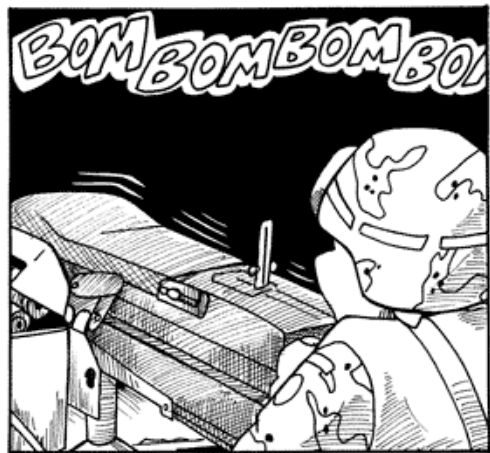
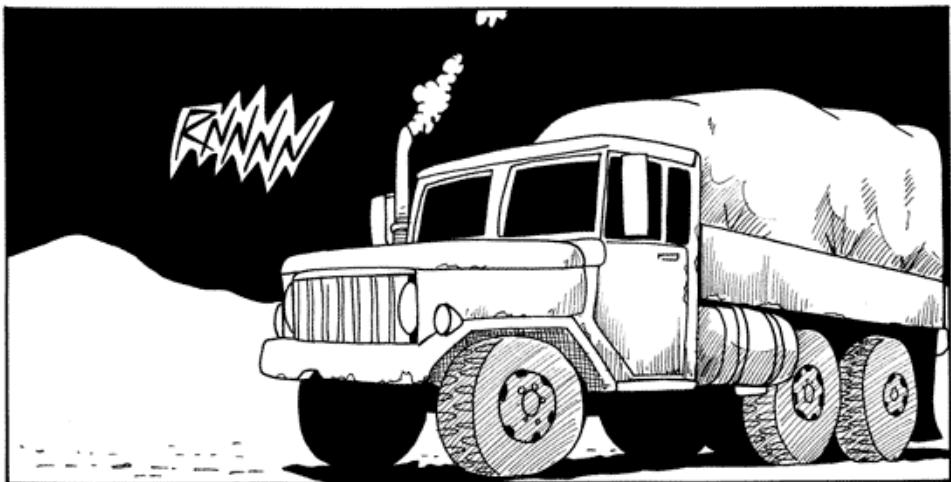
THERE'S A GUARD UNIT NEARBY?



MAYBE FIFTEEN KILKS NORTHEAST...

ABOUT A BATTALION IN SIZE...





BAMBAMBAMBAM! BAMB

TATATAT

TATATAT



BOOM!



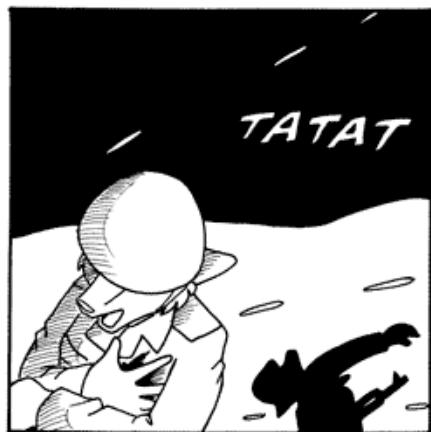
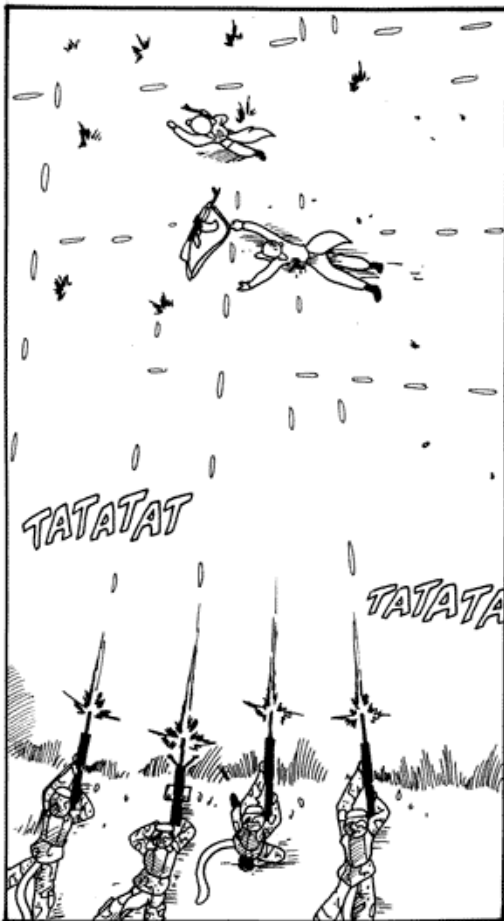
BAMBAMBAM



SWAP!

THUP!





GYM

HAVE YOU HEARD FROM FISK, LATELY?

I HEARD FROM HIM BEFORE THE GROUND WAR STARTED. HE SAID THEY WERE ALL PUMPED UP AND READY.

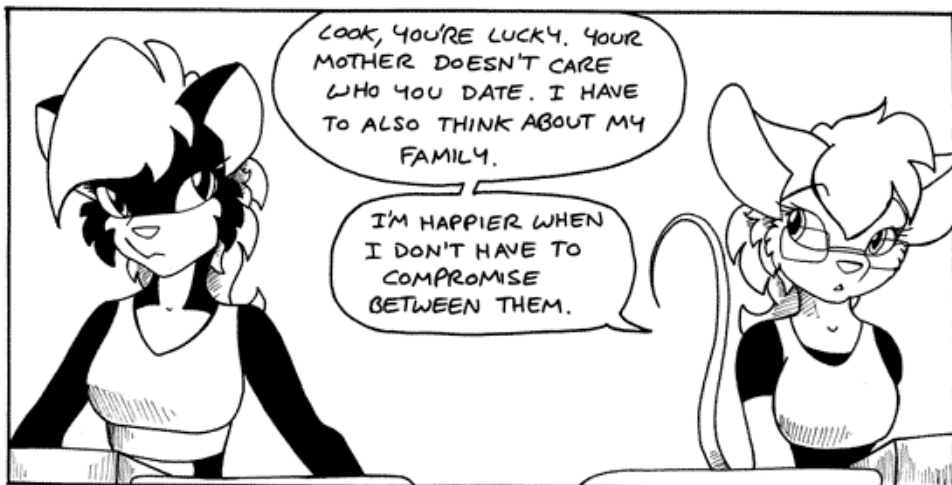
WELL, HOPEFULLY HE COMES HOME OKAY.

BETH WOULD BE HAPPY FOR THAT.

OHOOH, IS IT BETH NOW?

WAIT WHAT? WHAT WAS THAT? WAS THAT... JEALOUSY?

NO!





I'M GLAD THINGS SEEM TO BE GOING WELL OVER THERE.

YEAH. THE IRAQI ARMY IS FOLDING LIKE A HOUSE OF CARDS.



WHAT DO YOU THINK HE'S GOING TO DO WHEN HE LEAVES THE ARMY?

YOU KNOW... I HAVE NO IDEA. I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING HE'S SHOWN INTEREST IN...



MOM'S GETTING MARRIED WHEN HE GETS BACK. SAM WAS MENTIONING OPENINGS IN HIS COMPANY.

SOUNDS PROMISING!

I DON'T THINK I COULD WORK FOR FAMILY, THOUGH.

SHIT SHIT SHIT...

WHAT DO YA GOT THERE?

THERE'S A BMP
NOSING AROUND OUT
THERE.

PART OF A COLUMN?

YEAH. HE'S JUST
SITTIN' THERE...

THINK THEY KNOW
ABOUT THE CRASH?

MOTHERFUCKER.

THAT'S A T-72 BEHIND IT!

I KNOW WHAT THE
FUCK IT IS, TORES!
GET YOUR ASS ON
THAT RADIO!

THERE'S NOTHING ON THE RADIO! WE'RE BEING JAMMED!

THEY KNOW ABOUT THE CRASH SITE!



HIT THE GAS, WILCOTT!



KEEP ON THAT RADIO, TORES!



GET TO THE CRASH SITE, NOW! WE'VE GOT TO TELL THE OTHERS!



STAY ON THE RADIO, TORES! IF WE DON'T GET AIR SUPPORT, WE'RE FUCKED.



RISE AND SHINE!
SHIT'S ABOUT TO HIT
THE FAN!



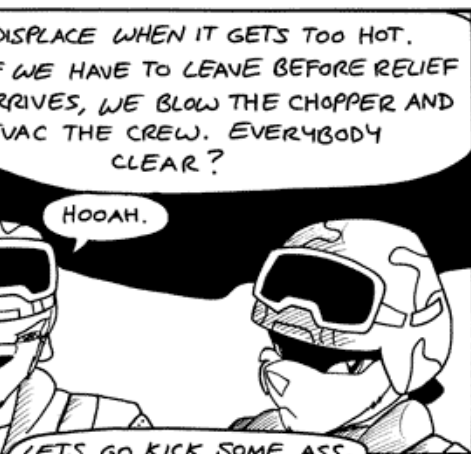
MORTAR TEAMS, HIT THEM AND
KEEP THEIR TANKS BUTTONED UP.



HIT THEM ON MY SIGNAL. WE'LL
GIVE THEM SO MUCH THEY'LL
THINK THEY'VE RUN INTO A
WHOLE FUCKING DIVISION.



GRENADES AND LAWS FOR
THE BMPs. HEAVY GUNS
FOR INFANTRY, AND BE
SURE TO RUN INTER-
FERENCE FOR THE TOW
LAUNCHERS.

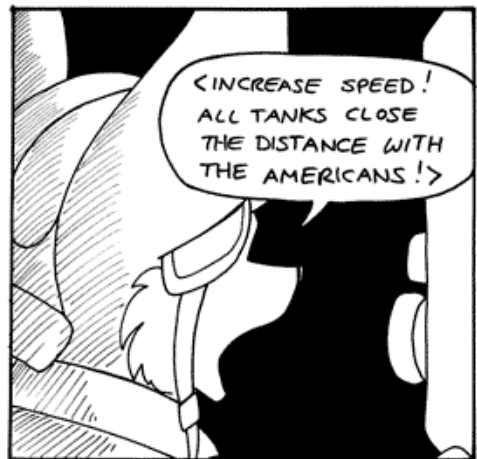
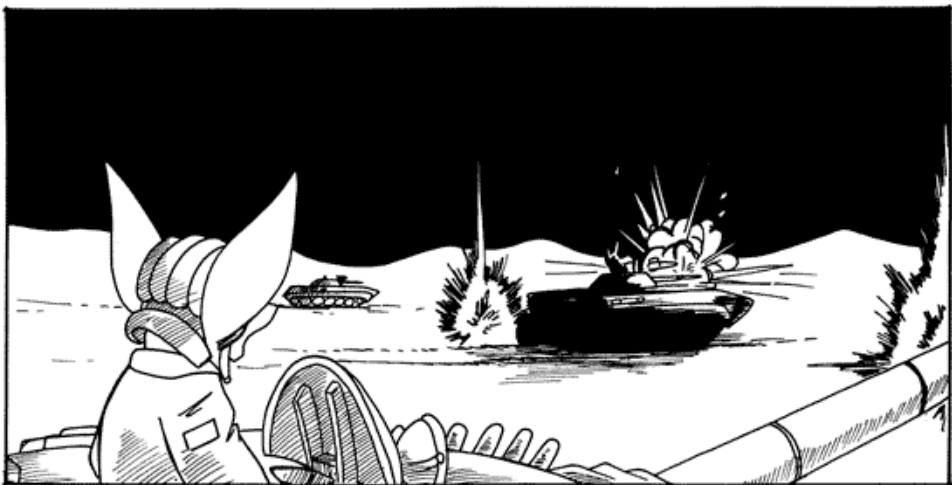
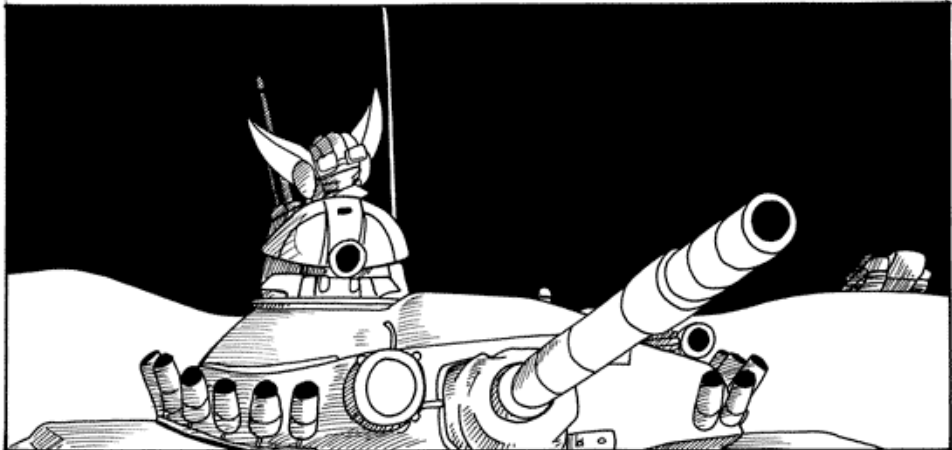


DISPLACE WHEN IT GETS TOO HOT.
IF WE HAVE TO LEAVE BEFORE RELIEF
ARRIVES, WE BLOW THE CHOPPER AND
EVAC THE CREW. EVERYBODY
CLEAR?

HOOAH,
SIR.

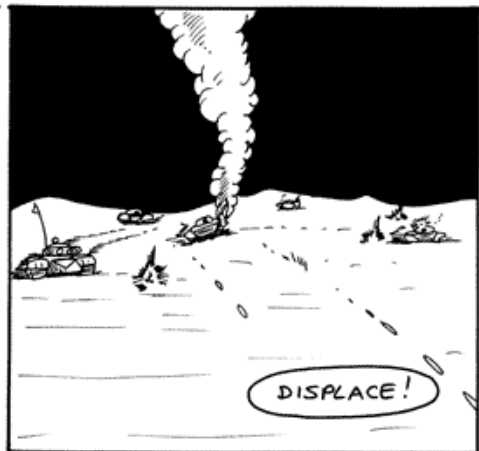
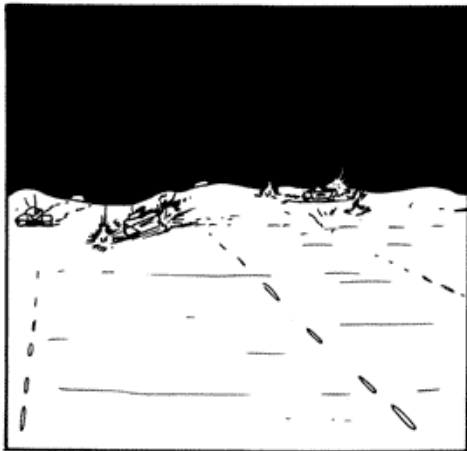
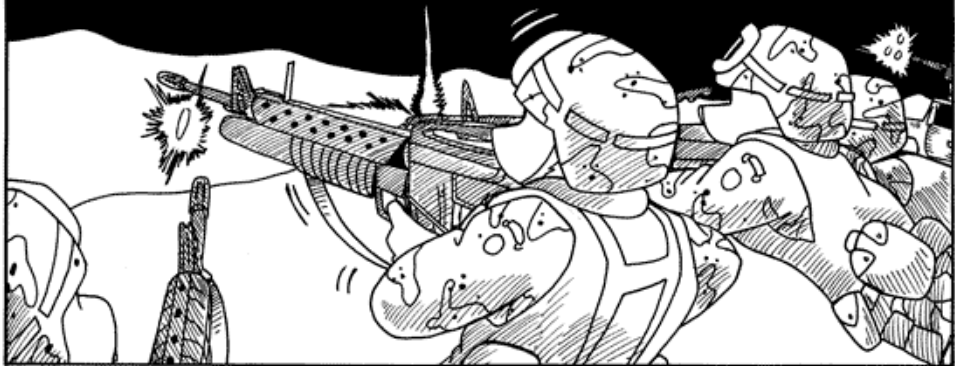
HOOAH.

LETS GO KICK SOME ASS.



THEY'RE SPEEDIN' UP!

OPEN FIRE!



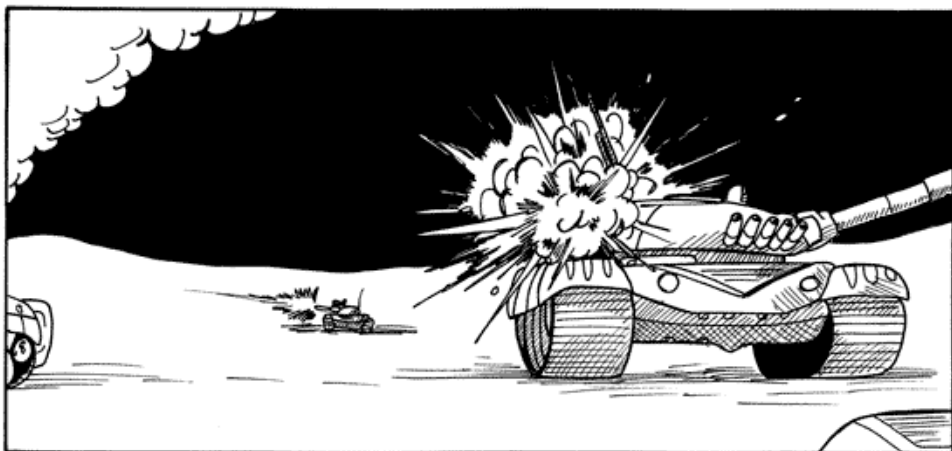
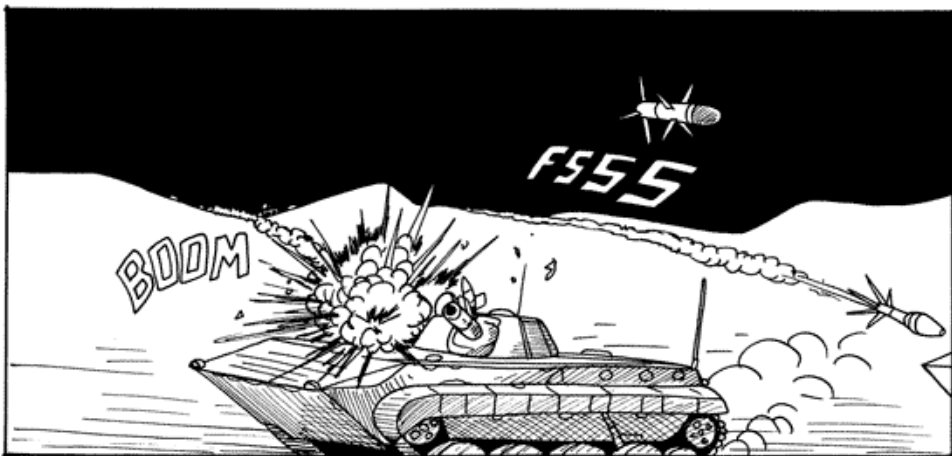
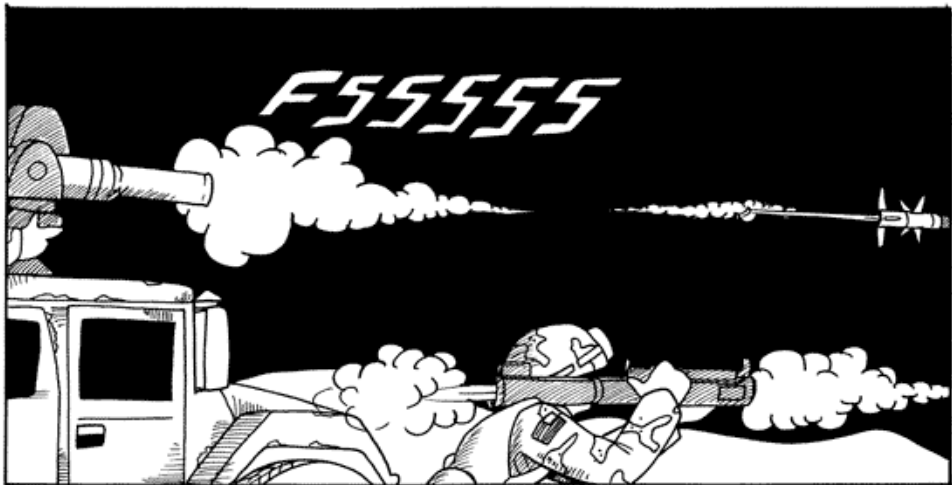
<ON THE RIDGELINE!
QUICKLY!>

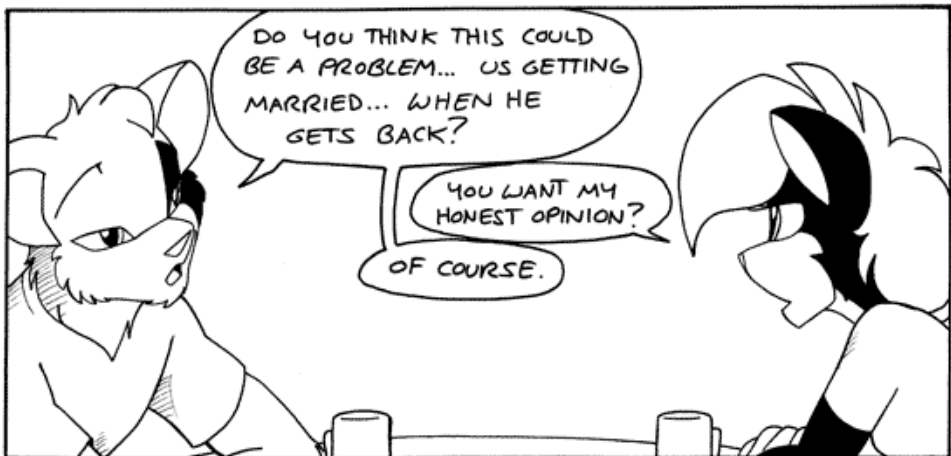
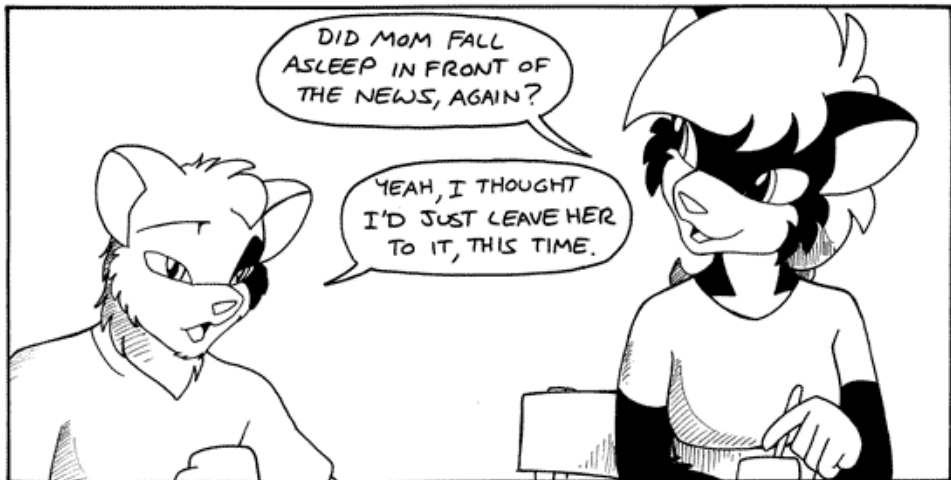
<FRAG
LOADED!>


<FIRE!>

BOOM

CLEAR!









PEOPLE CHANGE. FISK WAS YOUNGER AND LESS WISE AT THAT AGE. I REALLY DON'T THINK HE'D STAND IN THE WAY OF HIS MOTHER'S HAPPINESS.

BESIDES, HE'S AN ADULT, NOW. HE HAS HIS OWN LIFE AND HE DOESN'T RUN HIS DECISIONS BY OTHERS.



YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WHEN YOU MAKE DECISIONS WITH A CONSIDERATION FOR EVERYONE OTHER THAN YOURSELF. EVERYONE THINKS YOU'RE SINCERE AND THEY'RE LIED TO... AND YOU'RE MISERABLE... NOBODY WINS.

YOU KNEW YOU WEREN'T OBLIGATED TO YOUR WIFE'S IDEA OF MARRIAGE WHEN YOU LEFT HER. YOU'RE NOT OBLIGATED TO ME OR MY BROTHER, NOW.



DID YOUR MOTHER TEACH YOU THAT?

NO... MY BOYFRIEND.

HE'S HAD TO MAKE SOME TOUGH CALLS HIS FAMILY WASN'T TOO HAPPY WITH.

YOUR MOTHER TELLS ME
YOU'RE CONFIDENT HE'LL BE
FINE.

THE WAY THINGS
ARE GOING OVER
THERE, NOW?


OH YEAH.

HE'LL BE FINE.

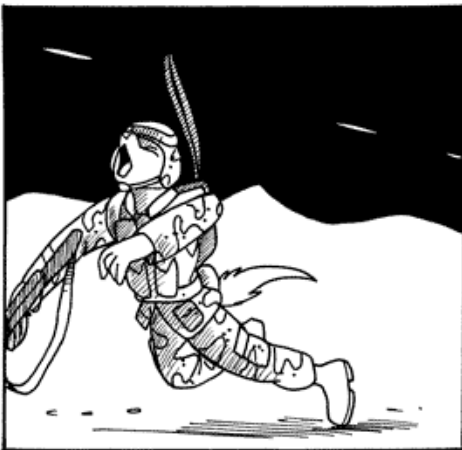
GNN

BOOM!

CRASH




GET OUT OF
THERE! GET TO
THE CRASH SITE!





IT'S GONE THROUGH
THE RADIO...

LOAD HIM
UP! WE'RE
GETTING OUT
OF HERE!

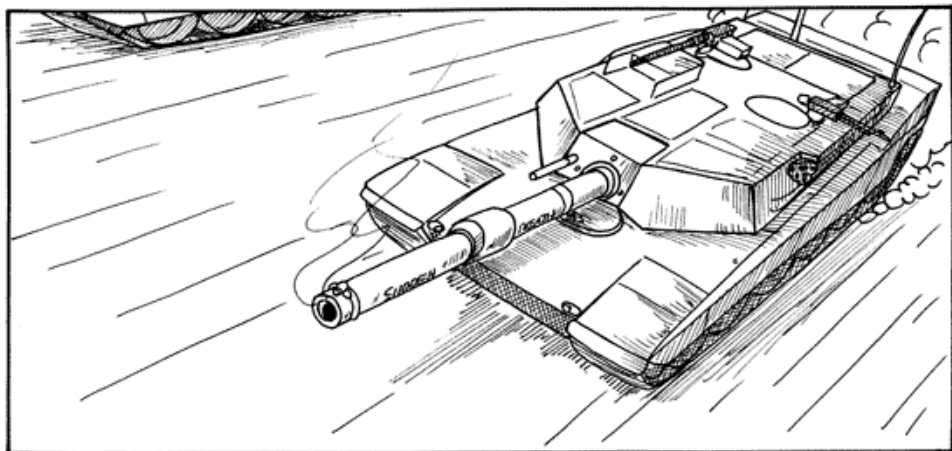
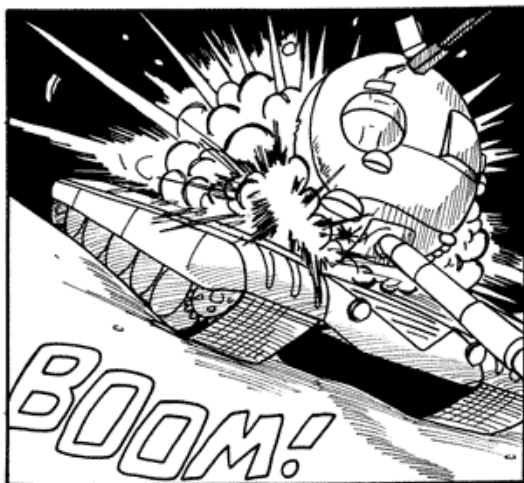
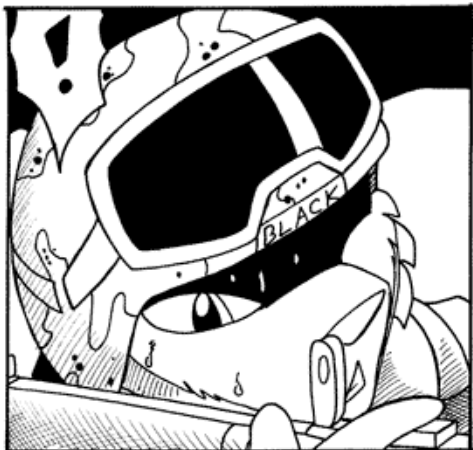
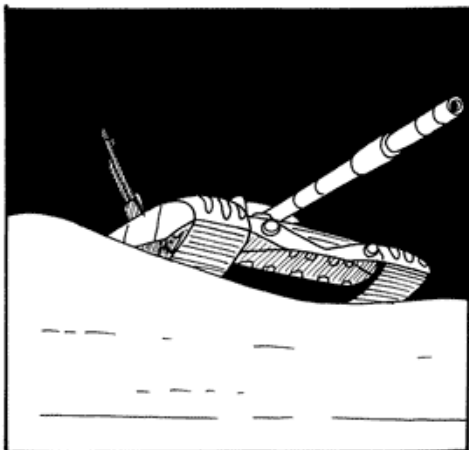


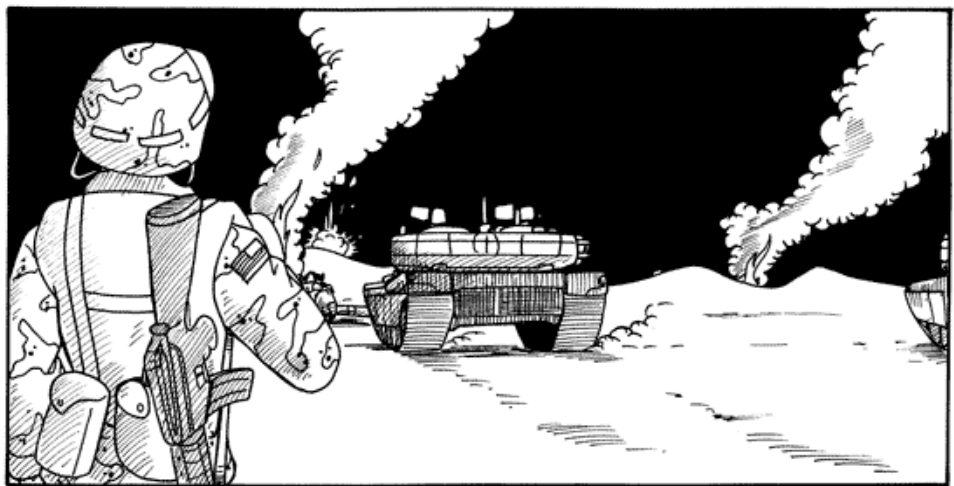
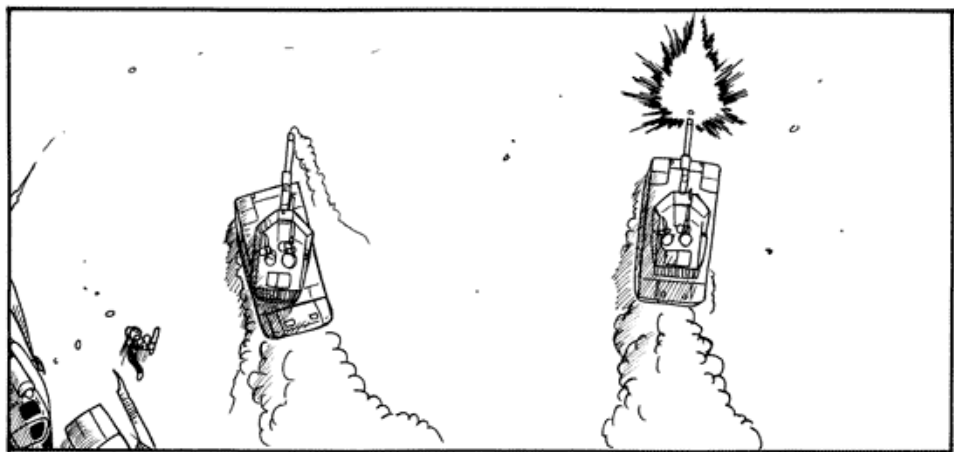
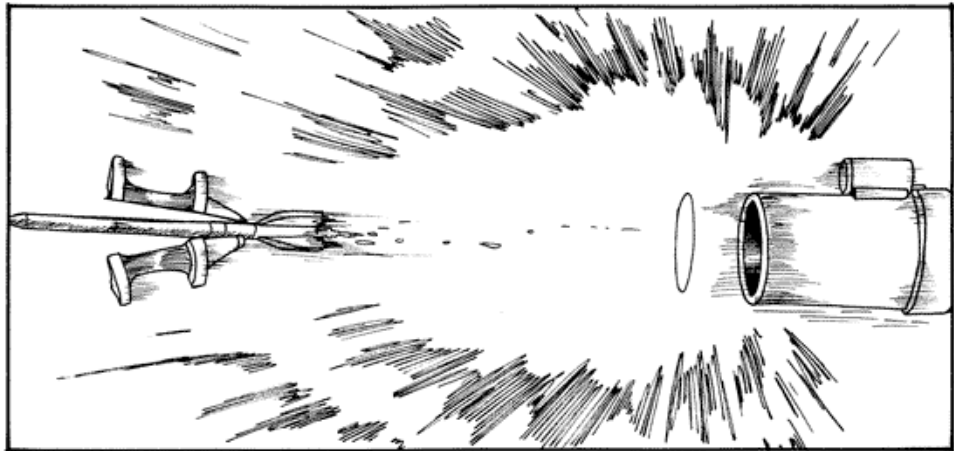
THEY'RE ABOUT TO CLEAR
THE LAST RIDGE! GET
READY TO BLOW THE
CHOPPER!




TAKE THE
LAST LAW,
BLACK!


MAKE IT COUNT
AND TAKE THE
LAST HUM-VEE
OUT OF HERE!








DEAR LUCY,
WE'LL BE COMING HOME SOON.
THE WAR IS OVER AND WE'RE
VERY HAPPY. WE ONLY HAVE
A FEW MORE WEEKS TO HELP
STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT, BUT
IT ISN'T PARTICULARLY
DANGEROUS WORK, NOT
LIKE FIGHTING A BATTLE.



BATTLE IS A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.
WE PLAN BY INTELLECT, FIGHT ON
TRAINING AND INSTINCT, AND ONLY
AFTERWARDS FEEL UNNERVED
BY REALIZING OUR SURVIVAL IS
OFTEN ONLY GRANTED BY CHANCE.
I HAVEN'T INCLUDED THESE THOUGHTS
IN MY LETTER TO MOM.
SHE WOULD ONLY
WORRY USELESSLY.



I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WANT TO
DO WHEN MY SERVICE IS UP, AND
I'M HOPING BEING AT HOME AND
AROUND MY OLD FRIENDS WILL
HELP ME. I MISS YOU AND MOM
VERY MUCH, AND I CAN'T WAIT
TO SEE YOU.

LOVE,
FISK

END