

# TEAM FORTRESS®

#1  
OF 6



"MANN CO  
NO MORE!"

VALVE®

**CRASH**

*SAW SAW SAW SAW*

**SKKTTCHHH**

MISTER  
HALE?

**CRASH**

*SAW SAW SAW SAW*

**SKKTTCHHH**

MISTER  
HALE?

**SMASH**

**CREEEEEAKKK**

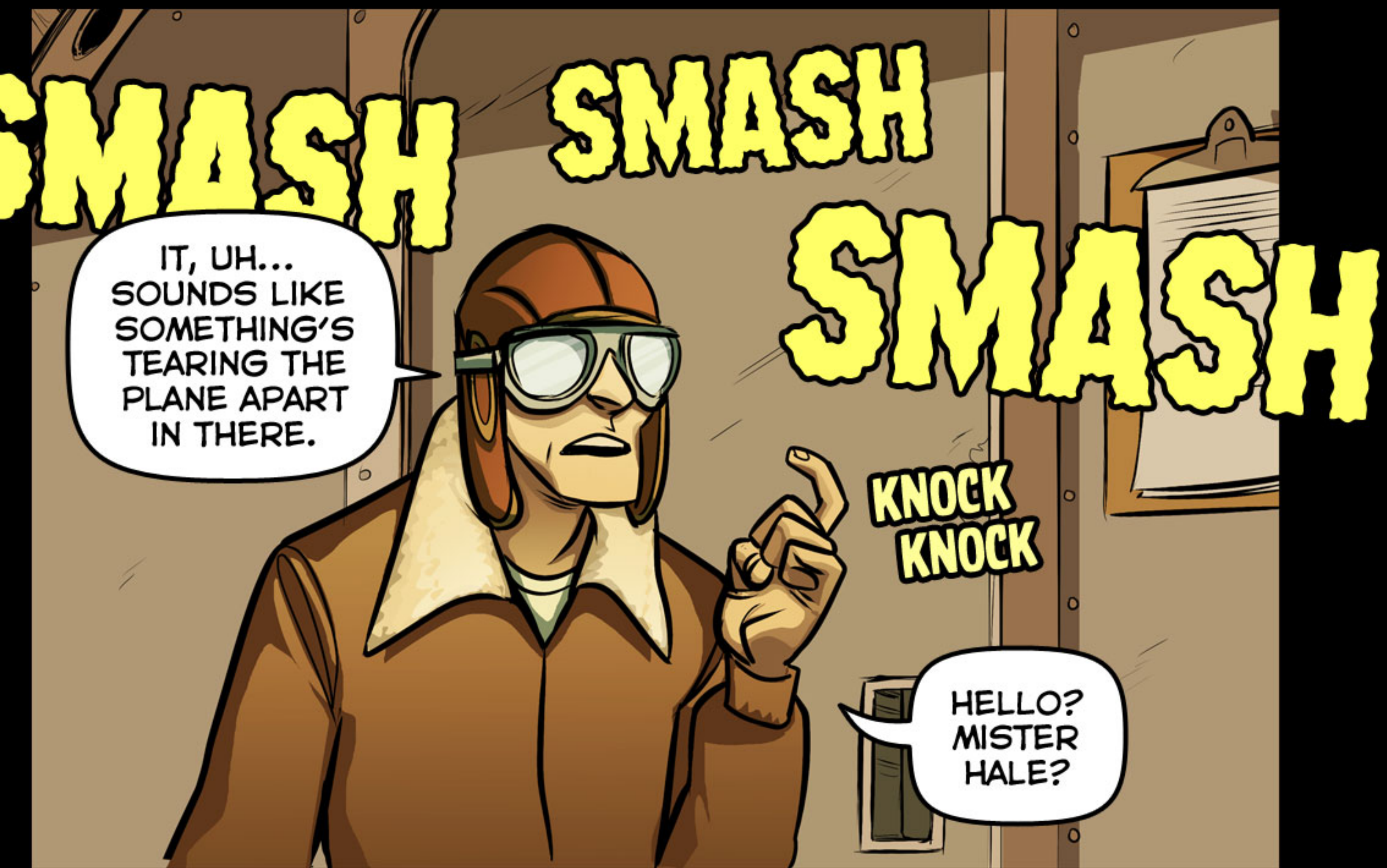
**PUNCH**

**PUNCH**

**PUNCH**

**PUNCH**

MISTER HALE,  
IS EVERYTHING  
ALRIGHT?



**SMASH SMASH SMASH**

IT, UH... SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING'S TEARING THE PLANE APART IN THERE.

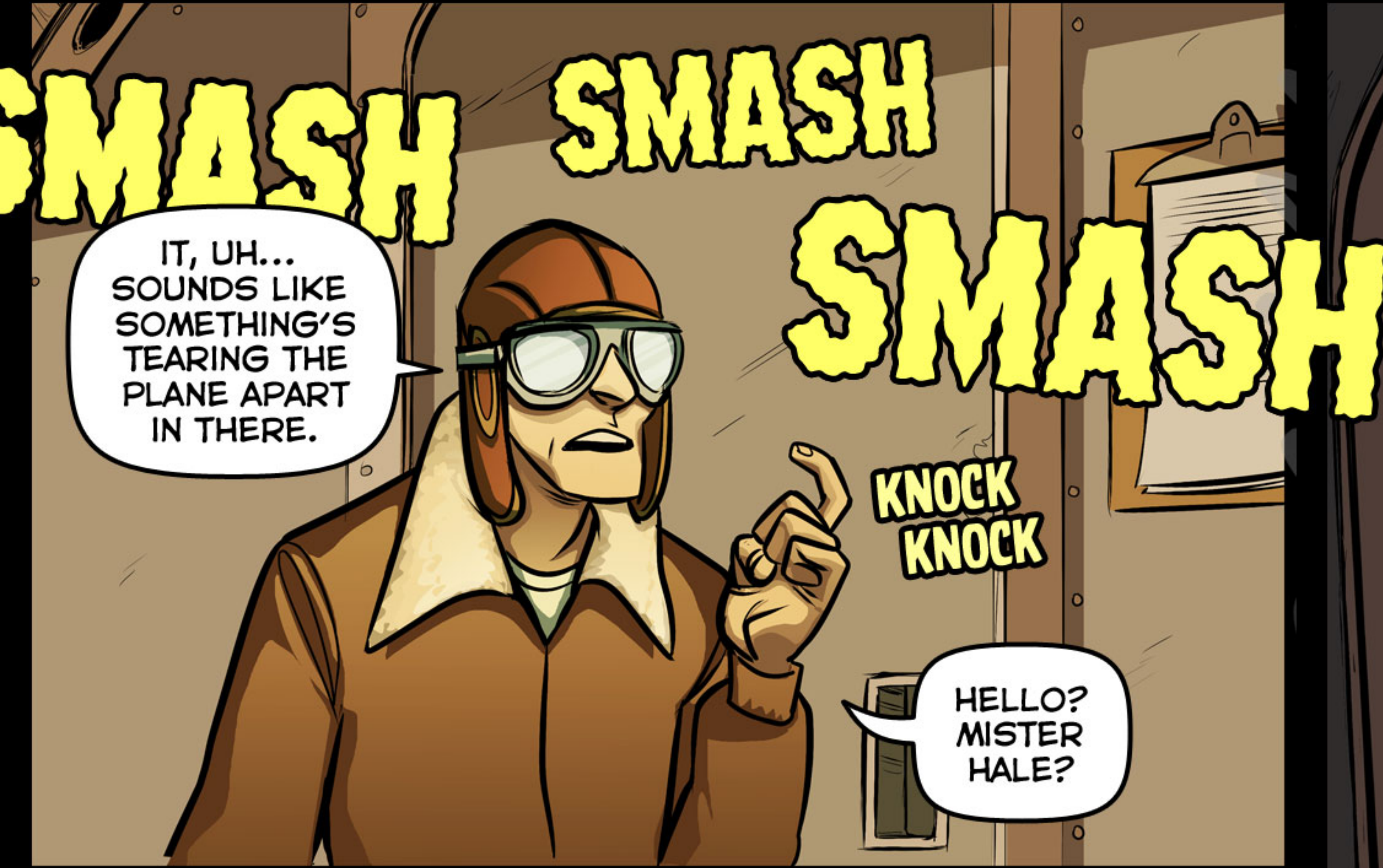
**KNOCK KNOCK**

HELLO? MISTER HALE?



SIR?

**EERIE SILENCE**





IT'S STUFFED, JERRY.

WHAT'S UP? WE THERE YET?



ABOUT A MINUTE OUT, SIR.

I, UH... WAS ASKED TO REMIND YOU ABOUT OUR NEW INSURANCE POLICY.

NO MORE JUMPING OUT OF THE PLANE.

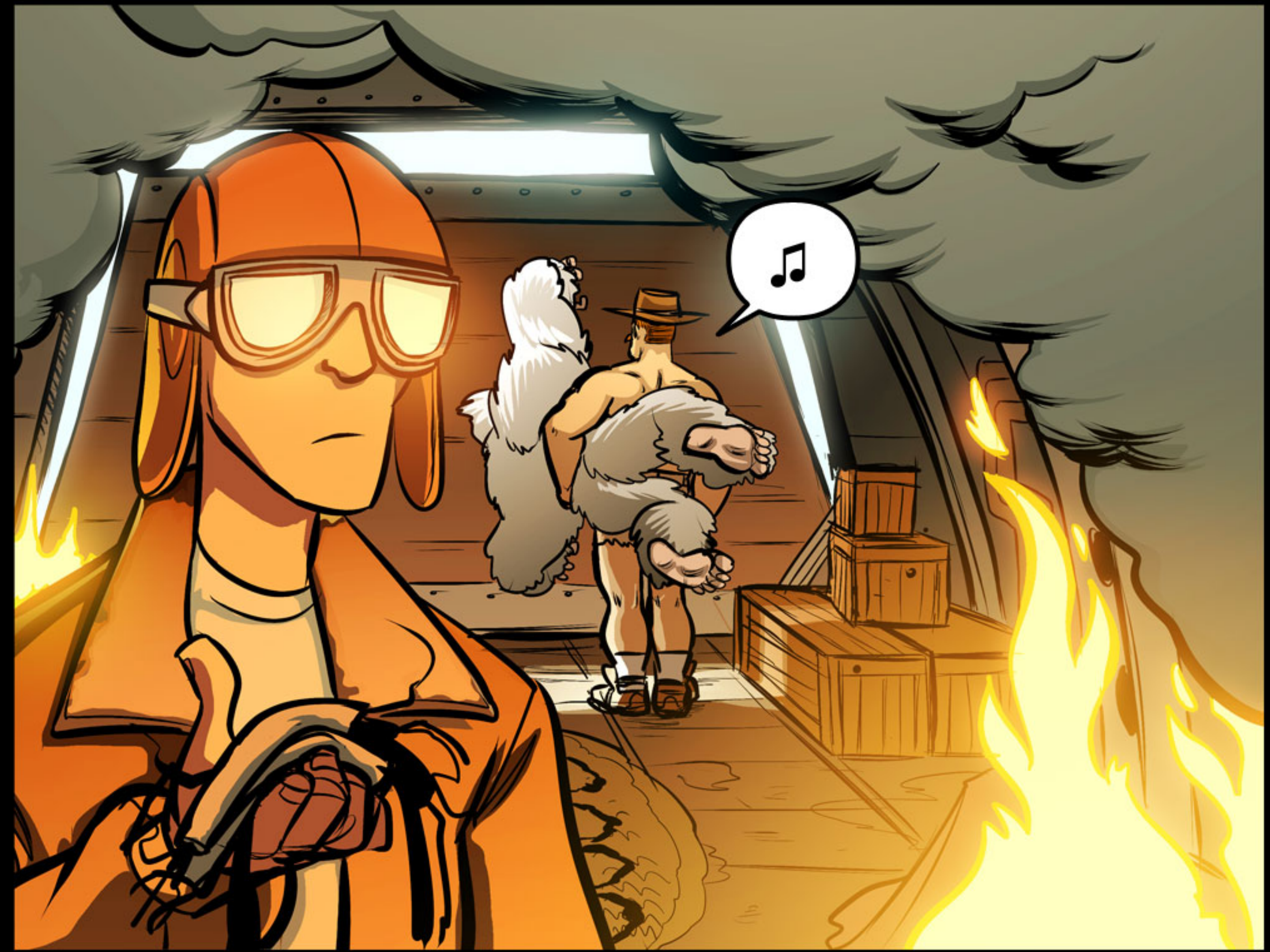
I HEARD.

WHAT IF THERE WAS ENGINE TROUBLE? COULD WE JUMP OUT OF THE PLANE THEN?



WELL... SURE. WE'D HAVE TO EVACUATE IF--

HERE, HOLD THESE ENGINE PARTS.




♪

**SAXTON HAAAAAAALE!**



AA

A muscular man with a mustache, wearing a brown cowboy hat and no shirt, is flying through the sky with his right arm raised in a fist. He is holding a large, white, furry yeti. A woman with a red helmet and goggles is flying upside down next to the yeti. The background is a bright blue sky with white clouds and orange streaks.

AT THIS POINT IN A BATMAN COMIC,  
YOUR HERO'D BE KNEELING IN AN  
ALLEY, CRYING OVER SOME DEAD  
OPERA LOVERS! *NOT HERE!*

WITH TEAM FORTRESS COMICS,  
YOU'LL GET ONLY THE HIGHEST  
QUALITY *WHITE-KNUCKLED PROSE!*

THEN WE'LL SMASH IT LIKE A *FIERY  
ZEPPELIN* INTO *ACTION-GORGED  
DRAWINGS* OF ME HOLDING YETIS  
I KILLED WITH MY BARE HANDS WHILE  
I PLUMMET OUT OF PLANES THAT I  
ALSO *JUST KILLED WITH MY BARE HANDS!*

GET READY FOR THE MOST MONUMENTAL  
EVENT IN COMICS HISTORY: AN *ONGOING  
SERIES* STARRING *ME* (PLUMMETING TO MY  
DEATH!) AND ALSO THE *MERCENARIES WHO  
WORK FOR ME* (NOT CURRENTLY PLUMMETING  
TO THEIR DEATHS, BUT JUST YOU WAIT!)

ALMOST FORGOT! HERE'S THE  
TITLE OF THE FIRST ISSUE!

**PART ONE:**

# RING OF FIRED







ANNNND...  
THERE.

SKOOTCH  
SKOOTCH

AAAAAAA

WELCOME  
BACK, SIR.

BIDWELL!  
BLOODY MARVELLOUS  
TO SEE YOU. I'LL BET  
YOU REMEMBER THIS  
SAVAGE FELLOW.\*

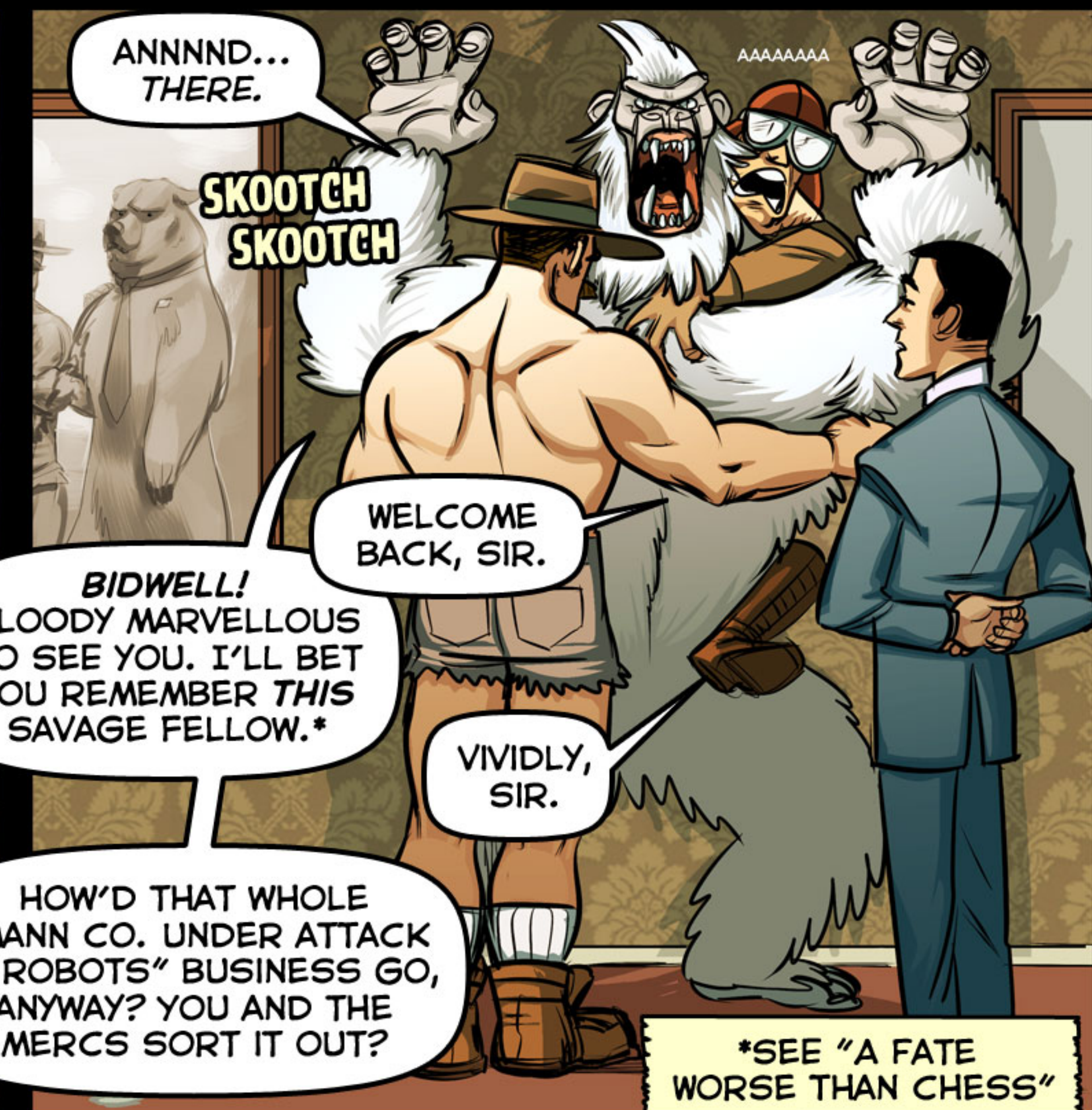
VIVIDLY,  
SIR.

HOW'D THAT WHOLE  
"MANN CO. UNDER ATTACK  
BY ROBOTS" BUSINESS GO,  
ANYWAY? YOU AND THE  
MERC'S SORT IT OUT?

\*SEE "A FATE  
WORSE THAN CHESS"



NOT...



ANNNND... THERE.

SKOOTCH SKOOTCH

AAAAA

WELCOME BACK, SIR.

BIDWELL! BLOODY MARVELLOUS TO SEE YOU. I'LL BET YOU REMEMBER THIS SAVAGE FELLOW.\*

VIVIDLY, SIR.

HOW'D THAT WHOLE "MANN CO. UNDER ATTACK BY ROBOTS" BUSINESS GO, ANYWAY? YOU AND THE MERC'S SORT IT OUT?

\*SEE "A FATE WORSE THAN CHESS"



NOT...

...EXACTLY, SIR.

SAXTONETTES SUMMER CAMP '68

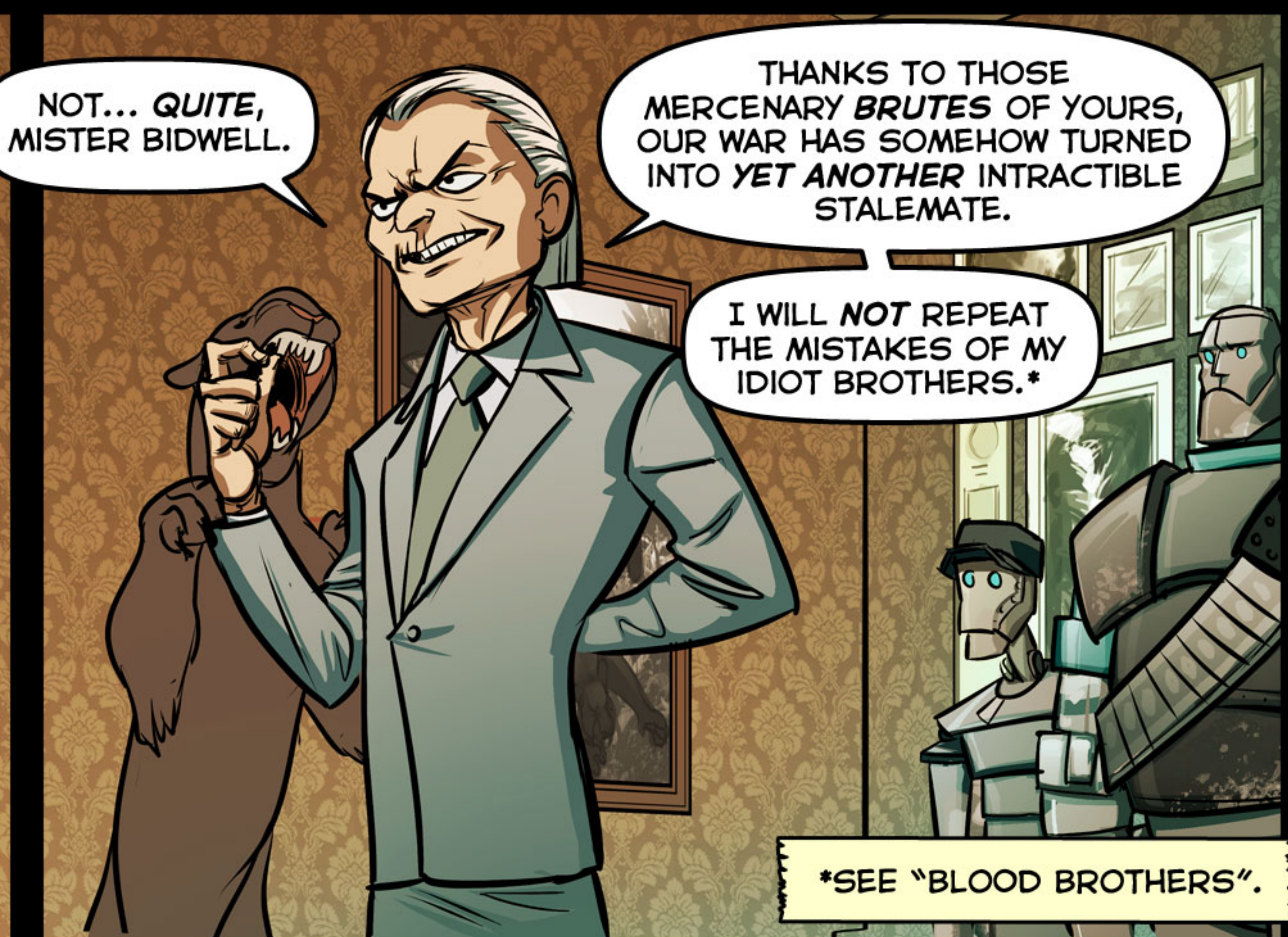


**YOU.**



BIDWELL,  
WHO IS THIS?

GRAY MANN, SIR.  
THE ONE ATTACKING  
US. WITH ROBOTS.



NOT... QUITE,  
MISTER BIDWELL.

THANKS TO THOSE  
MERCENARY BRUTES OF YOURS,  
OUR WAR HAS SOMEHOW TURNED  
INTO YET ANOTHER INTRACTIBLE  
STALEMATE.

I WILL NOT REPEAT  
THE MISTAKES OF MY  
IDIOT BROTHERS.\*

\*SEE "BLOOD BROTHERS".



THE WAR IS OVER,  
HALE. YOU WIN.

I GIVE  
UP.

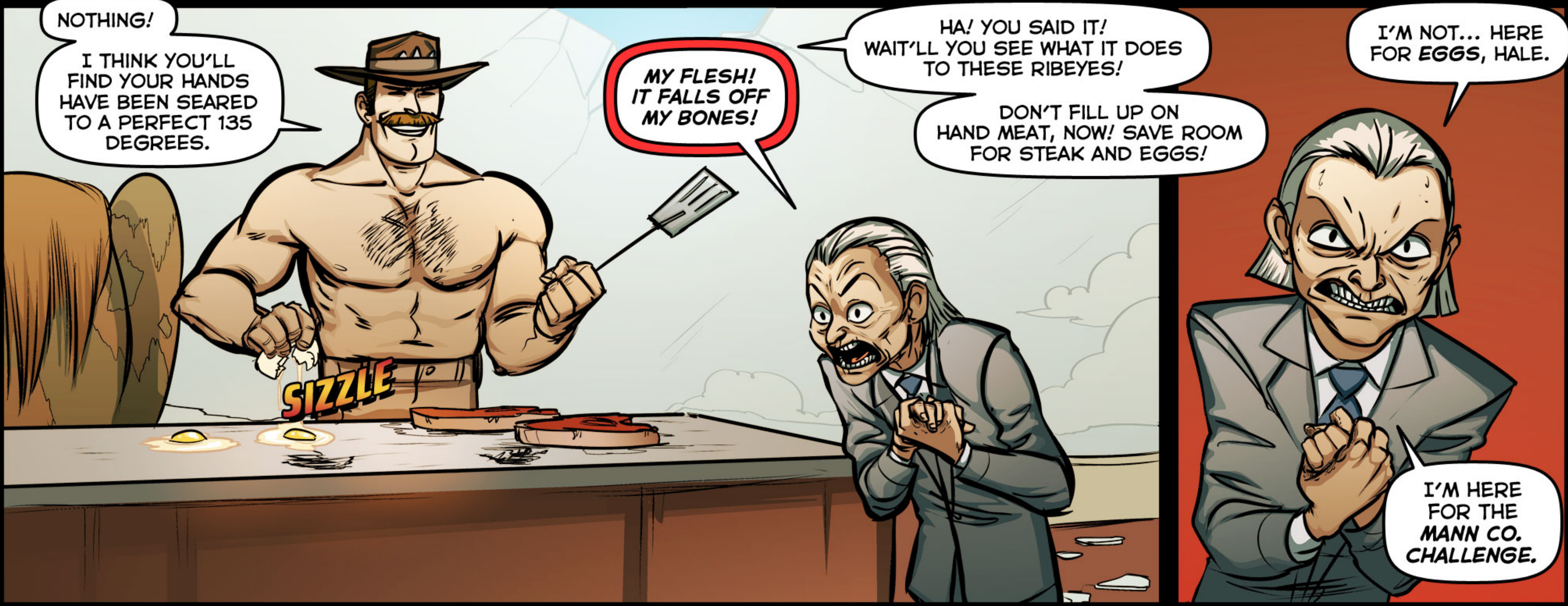
I'M HERE TO  
OFFER YOU A NEW  
PROPOSITION.



ALL OR  
NOTHING.







NOTHING!

I THINK YOU'LL FIND YOUR HANDS HAVE BEEN SEARED TO A PERFECT 135 DEGREES.

MY FLESH!  
IT FALLS OFF  
MY BONES!

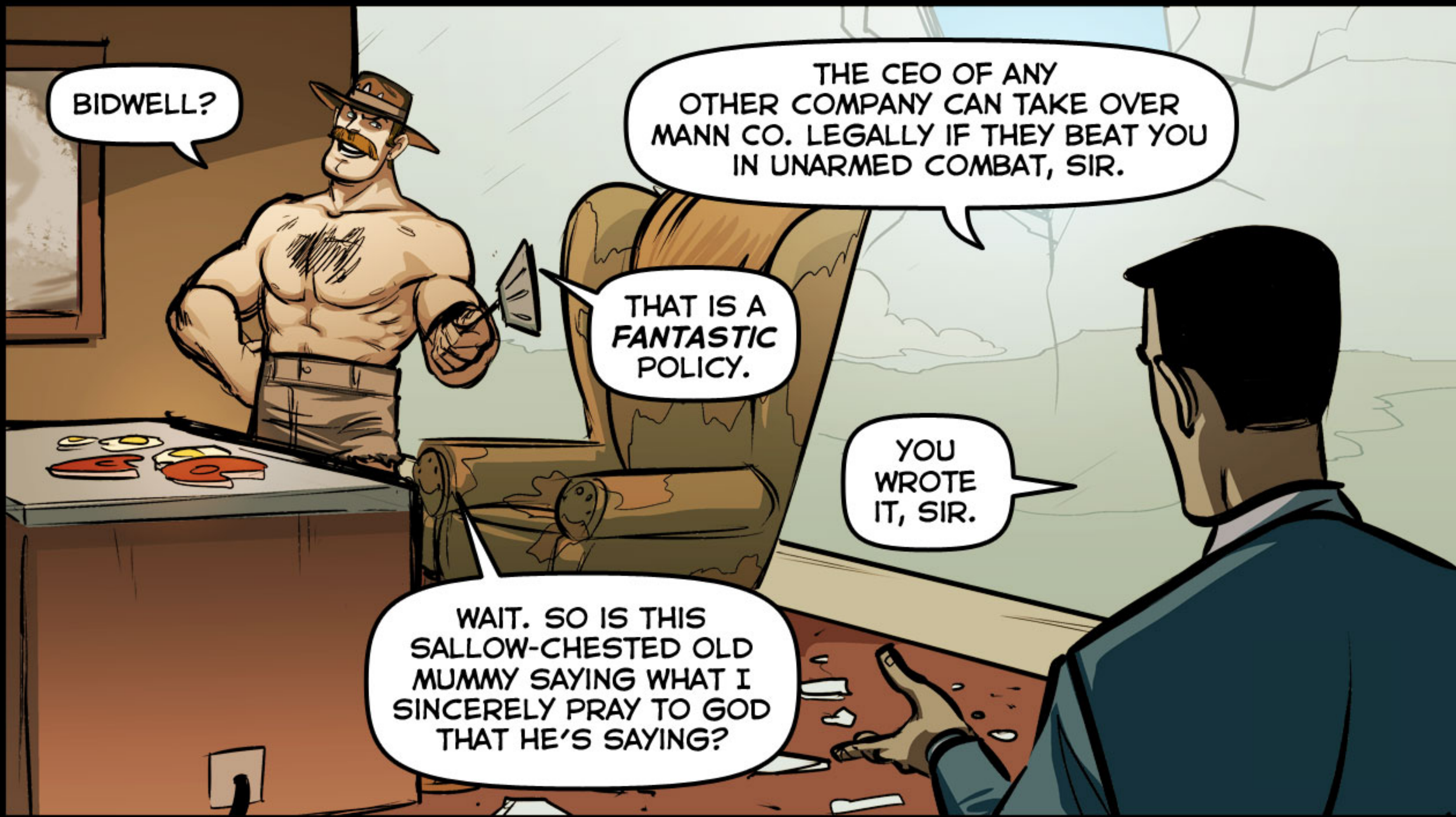
HA! YOU SAID IT!  
WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT IT DOES  
TO THESE RIBEYES!

DON'T FILL UP ON  
HAND MEAT, NOW! SAVE ROOM  
FOR STEAK AND EGGS!

I'M NOT... HERE  
FOR EGGS, HALE.

**SIZZLE**

I'M HERE  
FOR THE  
MANN CO.  
CHALLENGE.



BIDWELL?

THE CEO OF ANY  
OTHER COMPANY CAN TAKE OVER  
MANN CO. LEGALLY IF THEY BEAT YOU  
IN UNARMED COMBAT, SIR.

THAT IS A  
FANTASTIC  
POLICY.

YOU  
WROTE  
IT, SIR.

WAIT. SO IS THIS  
SALLOW-CHESTED OLD  
MUMMY SAYING WHAT I  
SINCERELY PRAY TO GOD  
THAT HE'S SAYING?



HEH. IN A  
MANNER OF  
SPEAKING,  
YES. LET-



NOTHING!

I THINK YOU'LL FIND YOUR HANDS HAVE BEEN SEARED TO A PERFECT 135 DEGREES.



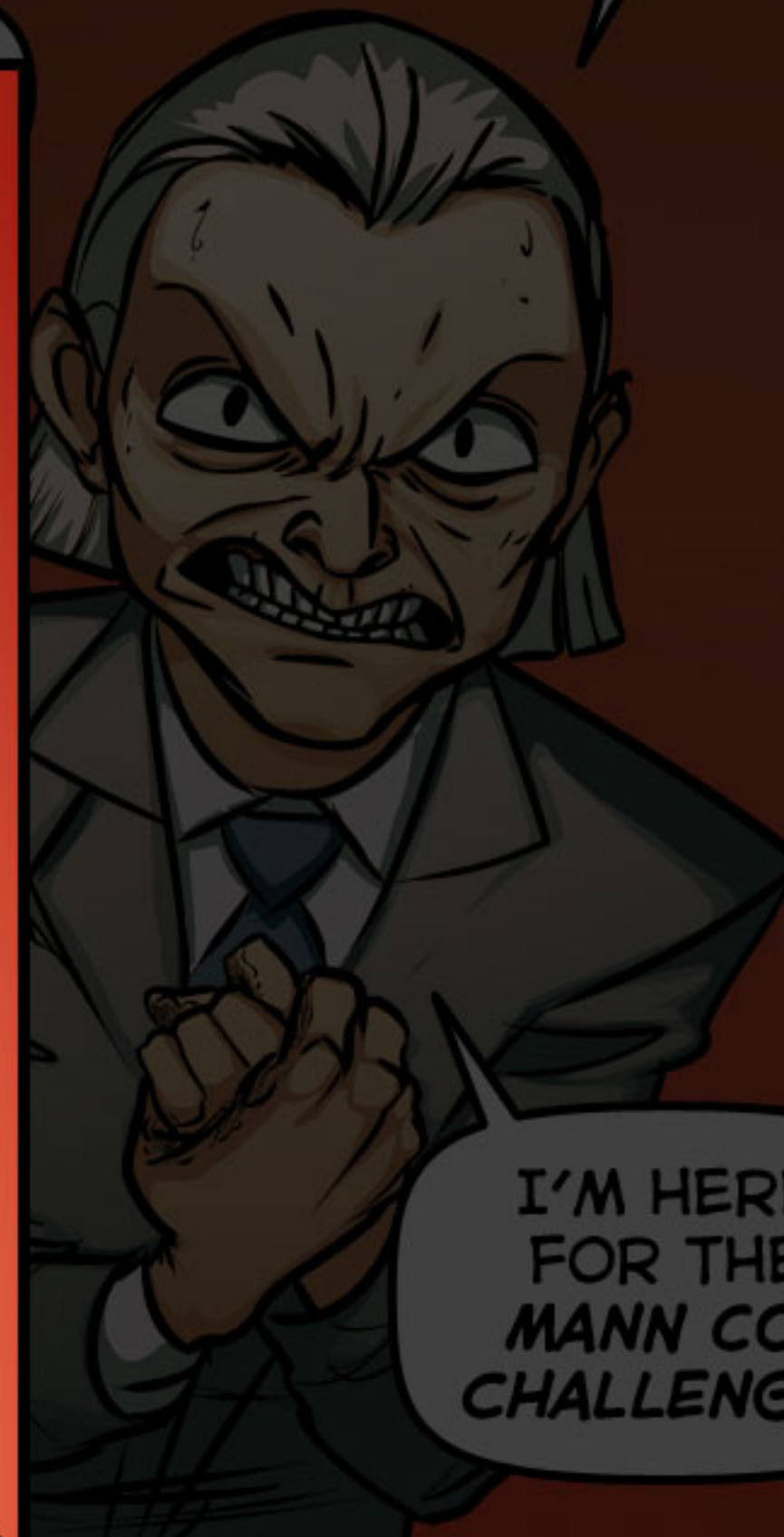
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DON'T FILL UP ON

I'M NOT... HERE  
FOR EGGS, HALE.

GLGK



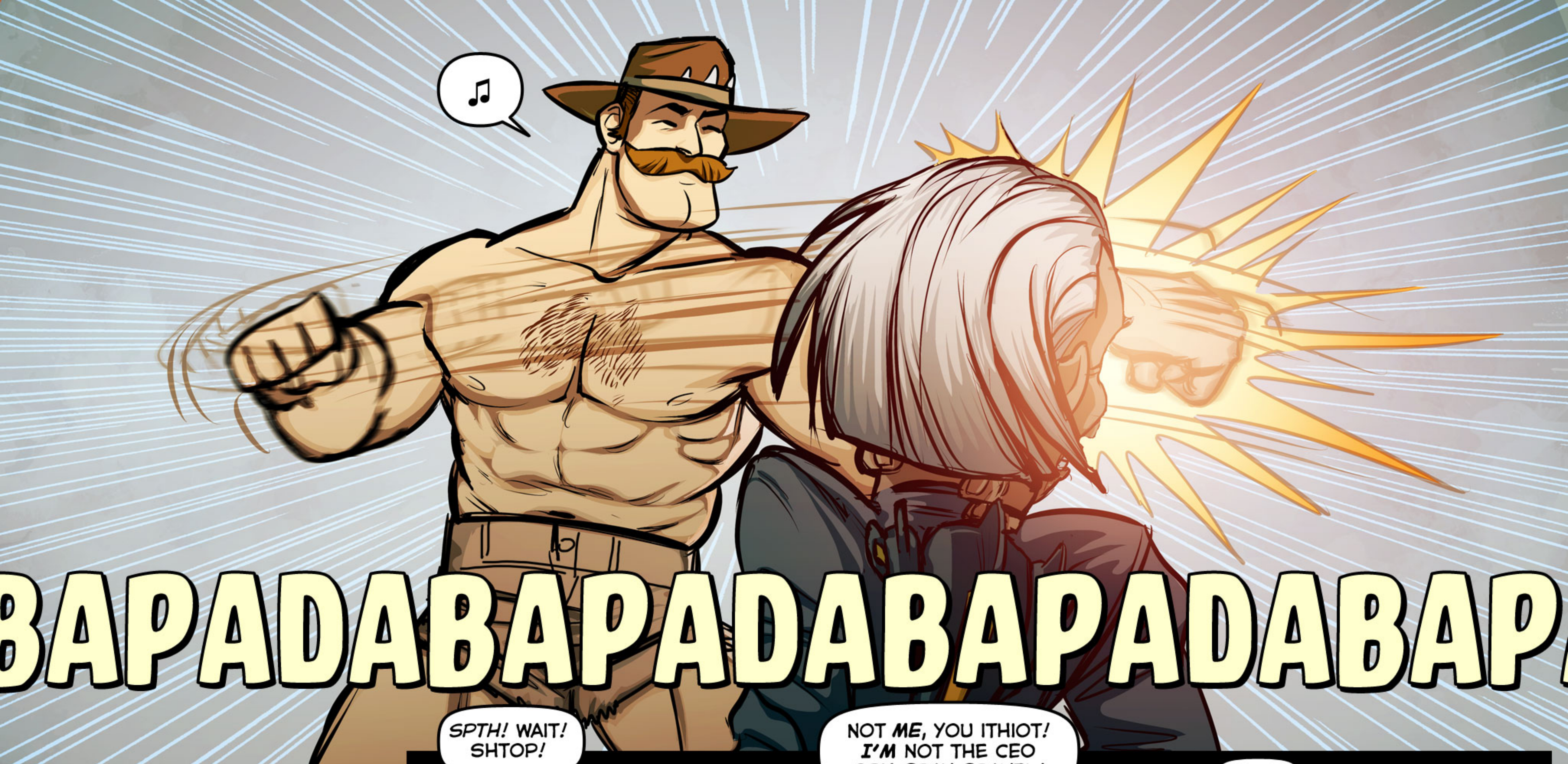
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MANN CO.  
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BIDWELL?



HEH. IN A  
MANNER OF  
SPEAKING,  
YES. LET-

SALLOW-CHESTED OLD  
MUMMY SAYING WHAT I  
SINCERELY PRAY TO GOD  
THAT HE'S SAYING?



**BAPADABAPADABAPADABAP**

SPTH! WAIT!  
SHTOP!

NOT ME, YOU ITHIOT!  
I'M NOT THE CEO  
OPH GRAY GRAVEL!



WHAT'S  
UP?



THEN WHO IS?



HER.

NOW,  
DADDY?



YOU... YOU WANT ME TO BEAT UP A LITTLE GIRL?

HH HH HH HH!  
YESH, SAXSHTON.



AND WHEN YOU CAN'T, MANN CO. IS MINE.



OOOO, YOU ROTTEN OLD SON OF A BITCH. I'LL-



YOU... YOU WANT ME TO BEAT UP A LITTLE GIRL?

HH HH HH HH!  
YESH, SAXSHTON.



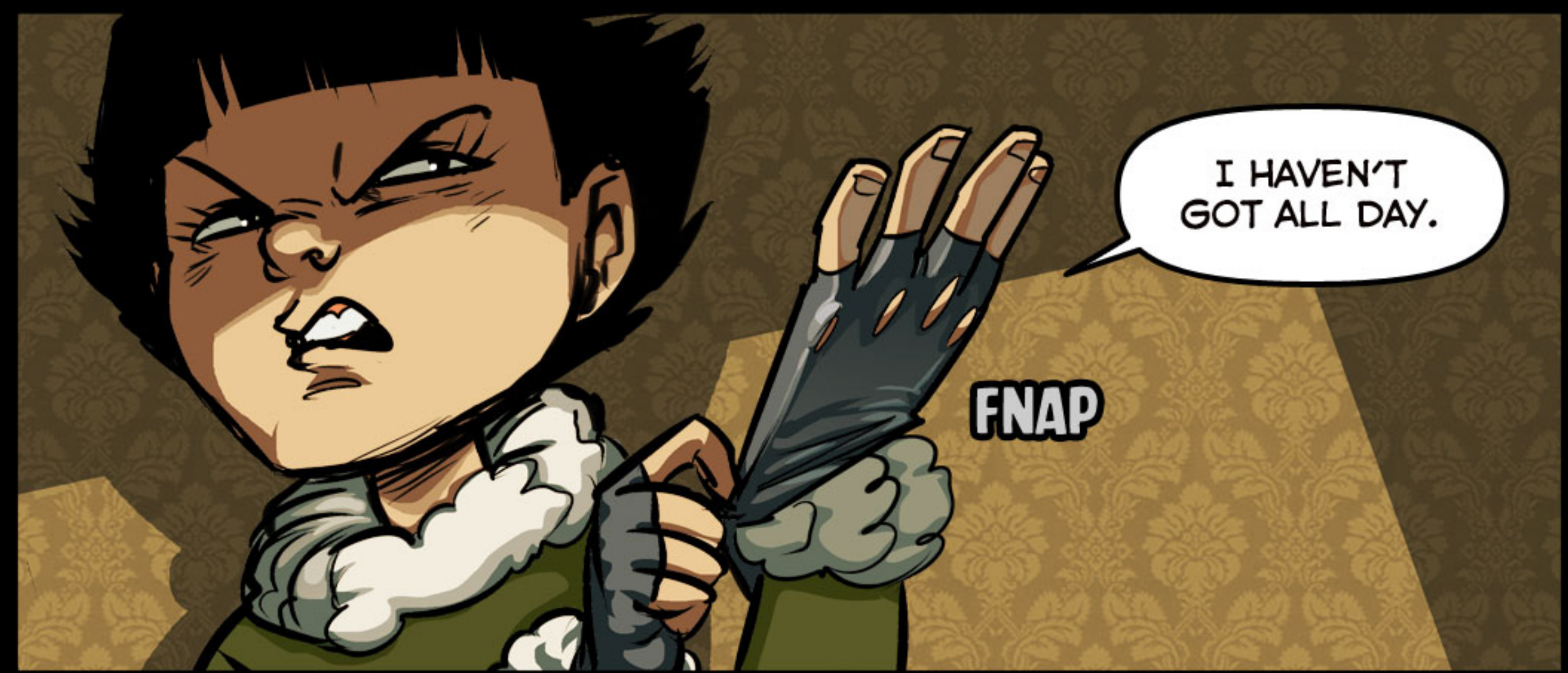
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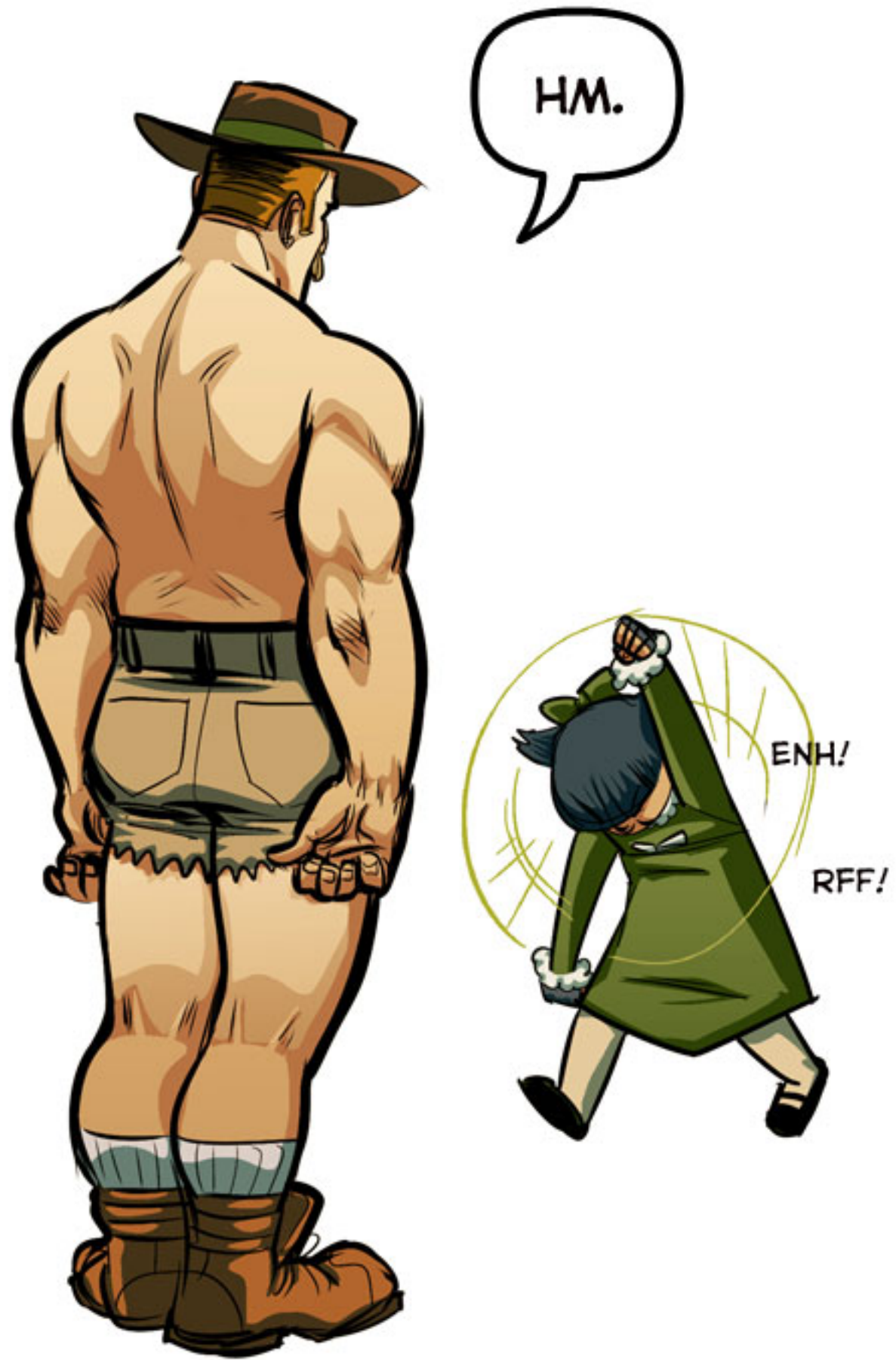


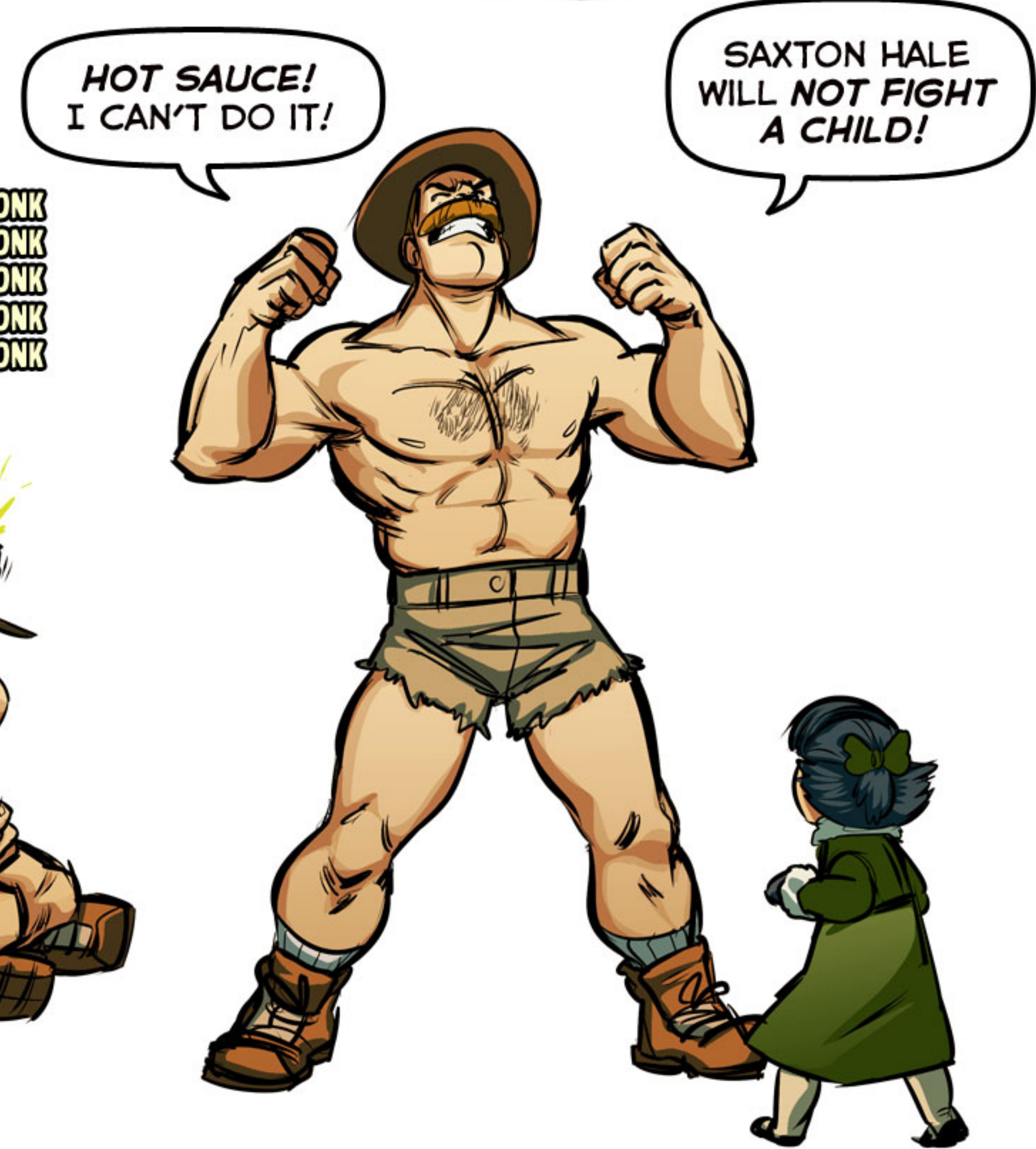
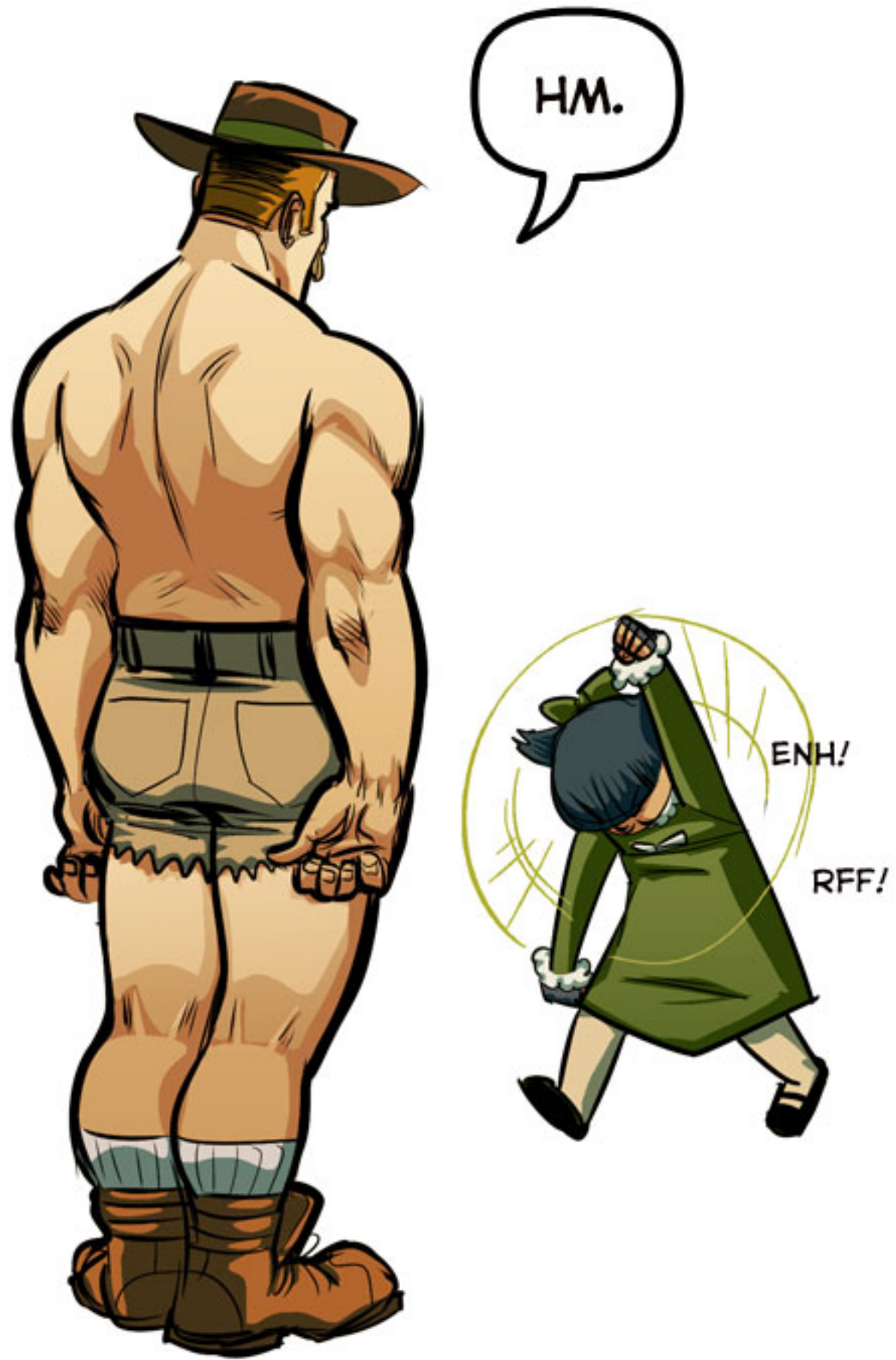
HALE!



I HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY.

FNAP







THINK, SAXTON.  
THINK THINK THINK...

BIDWELL!

CONGRATULATIONS,  
YOU'RE CEO. NOW FIGHT  
THIS LITTLE GIRL!

SIR, I'M HARDLY GOING  
TO *FISTFIGHT* A CHILD  
JUST TO GET A PROM--



FINEFINEFINE.  
BIDWELL, YOU'RE  
FIRED.

REDDY? SAME DEAL.  
GO GET HER, CHAMP.



YES, SIR.

REDDY!



HH HH HH!  
I *BEAT*  
YOU, HALE.

WE BEAT  
HIM, DADDY.

YES WE  
DID, OLIVIA.



\*SIGH\* FINE. LITTLE GIRL, YOU'RE CEO OF MANN CO.

I'LL JUST GRAB MY TROPHIES AND GO.



THEY'RE MY TROPHIES NOW.

GET OUT.

OH, I'LL GET OUT. I'LL FIGHT MY WAY OUT THROUGH THAT WALL OF ROBOTS FOR STARTERS, AND THEN I'LL---



NO. YOU'RE FREE TO GO. ROBOTS! NON-VIOLENCE MODE!



I--

YOU--

OH, COME ON, THAT'S NOT--

GO.



NON-VIOLENCE MODE, EH? WE'LL SEE... ABOUT... THAT!



C'MON, FIGHT, YOU TIN CANS!



RNH!  
RRGHH!  
RRRARRGH!



SOMETHING FIGHT ME!







**ADMINISTRATOR?**

...HH...  
...HH...

**ADMINISTRATOR?**

ADMINISTRATOR!

...HH...  
...HH...

HH... HE DID IT!  
HE... HH... ACTUALLY  
DID IT!

GRAY MANN'S  
TAKEN CONTROL  
OF MANN CO!

HALE'S LEFT  
THE COUNTRY, GRAY  
FIRED THE MERCS,  
AND... AND...



ADMINISTRATOR!

...HH...  
...HH...

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HE... HH... ACTUALLY  
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GRAY MANN'S  
TAKEN CONTROL  
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HALE'S LEFT  
THE COUNTRY, GRAY  
FIRED THE MERCS,  
AND... AND...

ADMINISTRATOR?

> MISS PAULING  
>  
>  
> HIDE ■

SIX MONTHS LATER



COMMMPANYYY...  
HALT!

A man with a mustache, wearing a brown helmet and a red jacket, stands in a green field with several cows. He is speaking with a determined expression. In the background, there are rolling green hills, a blue sky with white clouds, and a silhouette of a person taking a photo. A fence with wooden posts is visible in the foreground.

**LISTEN UP,  
MEN!**

**BEHIND ME! BETWEEN THOSE  
TWO COWS! *THREE HUNDRED BRAVE  
MEN* DIED DEFENDING FORT STANWIX  
FROM THE BRITISH!**

I DON'T  
SEE A FORT...

**WHAT? IF IT WAS NOT FOR  
THESE MEN, YOU WOULD ALL  
BE *SPEAKING ENGLISH* RIGHT  
NOW! *BRITISH ENGLISH!***

**THESE MEN PUKED BLOOD  
FOR YOUR FREEDOM! AND BY  
GOD, YOU BLIND OLD LADIES  
*WILL* SEE THEIR FORT!**



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*WILL* SEE THEIR FORT!

MISTER DOE,  
YOUR BROCHURE PROMISED  
US A TOUR OF *CELEBRITIES'*  
*HOMES.*





MISTER DOE, SOLDIERS ARE NOT CELEBRITIES.

SISTER, YOU ARE LOOKING AT THEIR HOME!

IT WILL BE A DARK NIGHT TONIGHT! BECAUSE ALL THE STARS ARE BURIED IN THIS FIELD!



MISTER DOE, SOLDIERS ARE NOT CELEBRITIES.

SISTER, YOU ARE LOOKING AT THEIR HOME!

IT WILL BE A DARK NIGHT TONIGHT! BECAUSE ALL THE STARS ARE BURIED IN THIS FIELD!

IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SHOW US WHERE FAMOUS PEOPLE LIVE, MISTER DOE...



...I WANT A REFUND.





MISTER DOE, SOLDIERS ARE NOT CELEBRITIES.

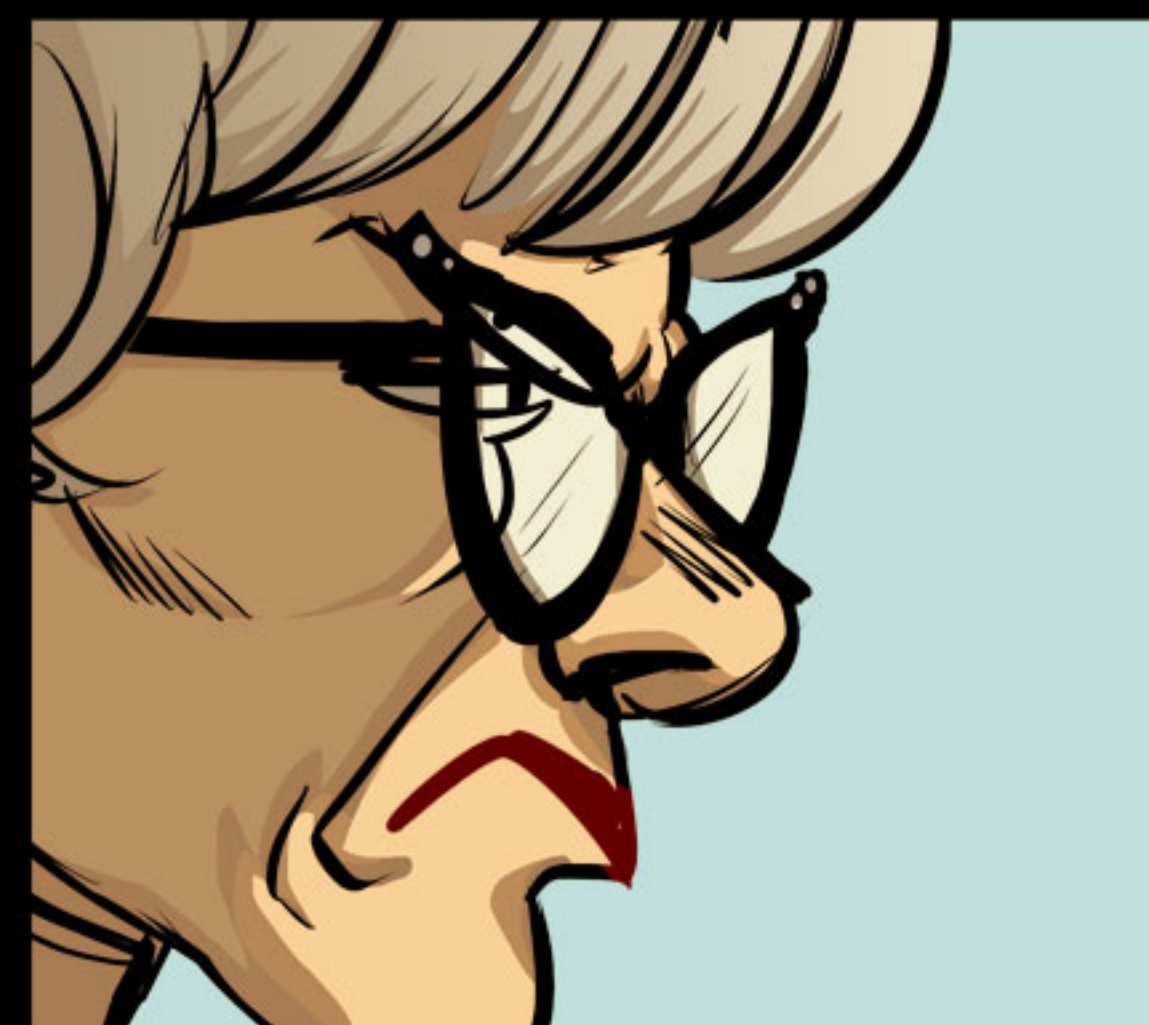
SISTER, YOU ARE LOOKING AT THEIR HOME!

IT WILL BE A DARK NIGHT TONIGHT! BECAUSE ALL THE STARS ARE BURIED IN THIS FIELD!

IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SHOW US WHERE FAMOUS PEOPLE LIVE, MISTER DOE...



...I WANT A REFUND.



SO YOU SOPPY OLD SLOP RAGS WANT MOVIE STARS, HUH?



I KNOW JUST THE PLACE.



DISMISSED!

ALRIGHT, TROOPS, LISTEN UP!

SHOVE



WE HAVE GOT A LONG MARCH AHEAD OF US!

SO WE WILL NEED TO TRAVEL LIGHT IF WE ARE GOING TO RUN THERE!



YOU!  
DROP THE PURSE!



YOU!

THIS WIG IS GOING TO GET YOU KILLED!



IF YOUR PACEMAKERS HAVE ANY ALARMS, TURN THEM OFF!

BECAUSE WE ARE MOVING OUT!

1400 HOURS.



TO YOUR LEFT IS WHERE DICK VAN DYKE HELD HIS GUTS IN HIS HANDS AFTER TAKING A MUSKET SHOT IN THE STOMACH FROM AVA AND ZSA ZSA GABOR!

1600 HOURS.



SEE THOSE SUBMERGED LOGS OVER THERE? THAT IS THE BEATLES! DO NOT STOP RUNNING!

1400 HOURS.



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SEE THOSE SUBMERGED LOGS OVER THERE? THAT IS THE BEATLES! DO NOT STOP RUNNING!

1900 HOURS.



WE LEFT MILDRED AT THE LAST STOP!

SHE IS DEAD, ETHEL! FOCUS!

WHOSE HOUSE IS THIS?

THAT'S TOM JONES!

OH MY! WE'RE ACTUALLY INSIDE A REAL CELEBRITY'S HOME!

THANK YOU, MISTER DOE!

STAY FROSTY, LADIES!

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STAY FROSTY, LADIES!

THANK YOU, MISTER DOE!

WOT'S ALL THIS THEN?

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU PEOPLE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN ME BLOODY HOME?







HUTTAH!

NECK SNAP!



TOM? I HEARD A CRACKING NOISE!

ARE YOU CRACKING SOME POPCORN?

BECAUSE I ALREADY MADE SOME!

CHK  
CHK  
CHK  
CHK  
CHK  
CHK  
CHK  
CHK  
CHK  
CHK

OH MY GOD OH MY GOD



YOU.



HELLO, MERASMUS!

YOU--

WHY--

WHY CAN'T I EVER BE RID OF YOU?

I'M CALLING THE POLICE!



GO AHEAD, MERASMUS. THEY'LL PROBABLY GIVE ME A MEDAL!

I AM FULLY WITHIN MY LEGAL RIGHTS AS YOUR OLD ROOMMATE TO KILL YOUR STUPID NEW ROOMMATE!

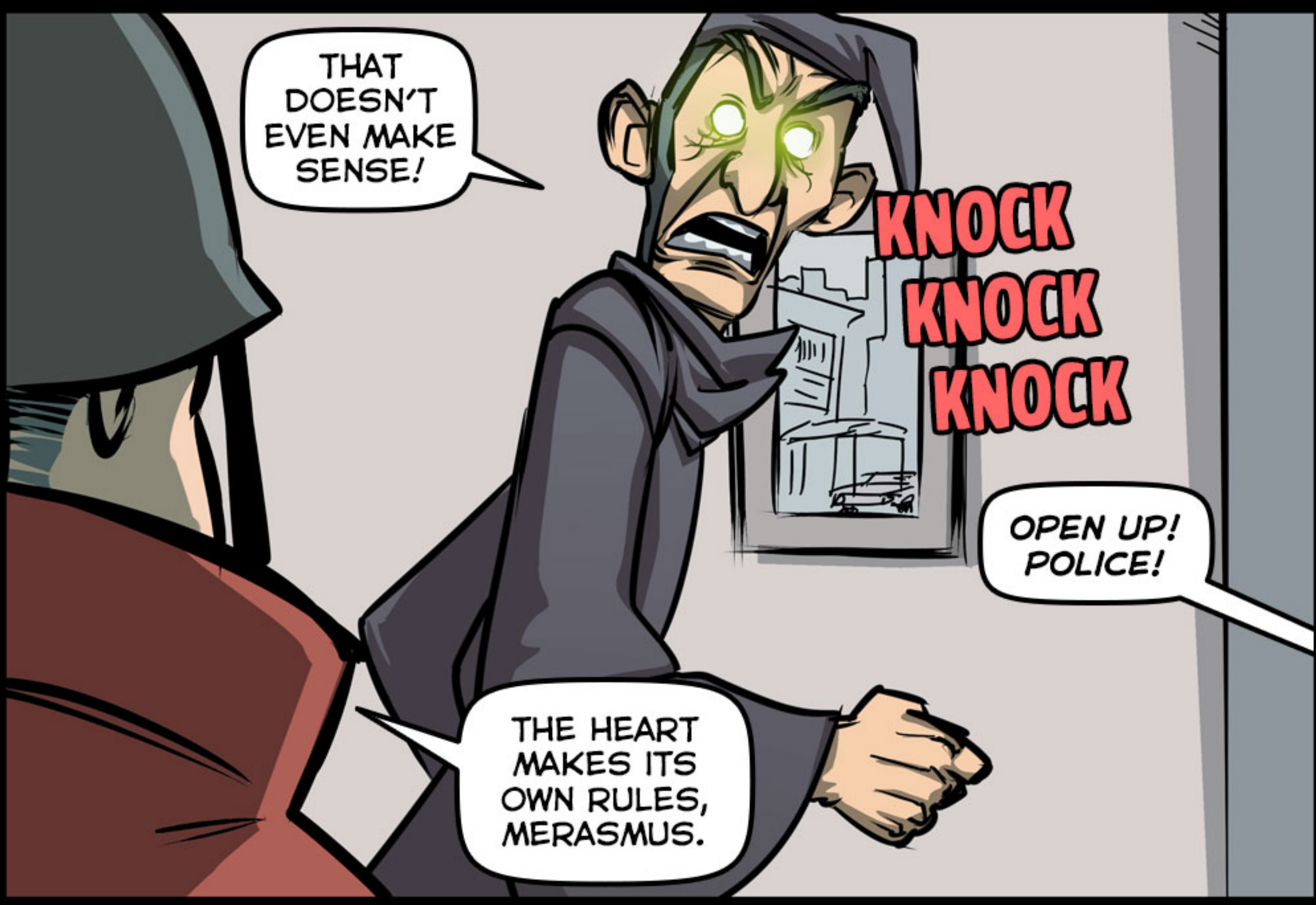
I AM LIVING IN A BOX, MERASMUS!

BUT-- BUT YOU EVICTED ME FROM MY OWN CASTLE!\* WHY DON'T YOU LIVE THERE?

I LOST MY MERCENARY JOB! THEY TOOK EVERYTHING!

I WAS SAD! YOU WERE HAPPY! SO I KILLED TOM JONES.

\*SEE "DOOM-MATES!"

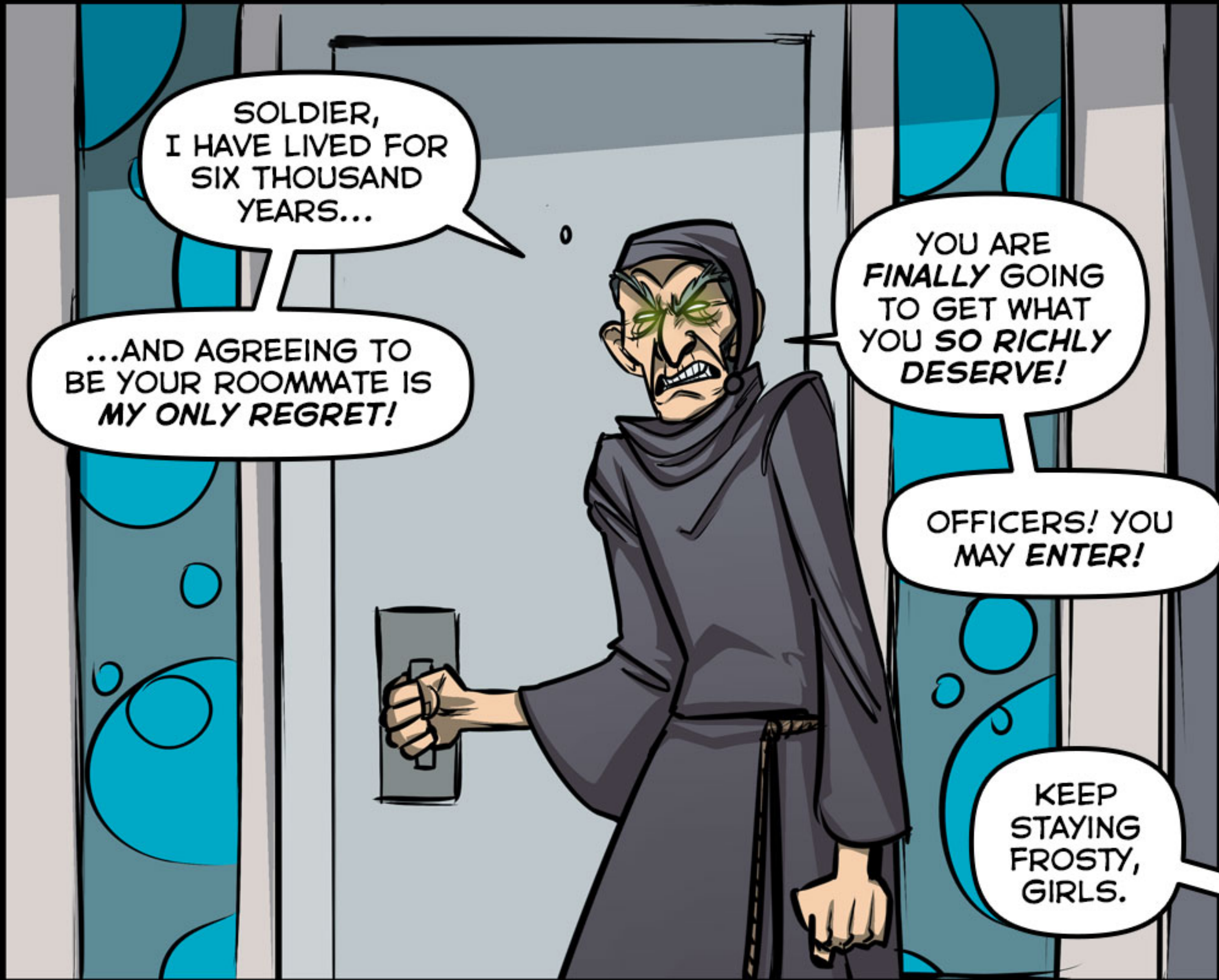


THAT DOESN'T EVEN MAKE SENSE!

**KNOCK  
KNOCK  
KNOCK**

OPEN UP!  
POLICE!

THE HEART MAKES ITS OWN RULES, MERASMUS.



SOLDIER, I HAVE LIVED FOR SIX THOUSAND YEARS...

...AND AGREEING TO BE YOUR ROOMMATE IS MY ONLY REGRET!

YOU ARE FINALLY GOING TO GET WHAT YOU SO RICHLY DESERVE!

OFFICERS! YOU MAY ENTER!

KEEP STAYING FROSTY, GIRLS.

UM. ALRIGHT, EVERYBODY CALM DOWN!

MA'AM, IS THIS YOUR TOM JONES CORPSE?

INDEED, OFFICER! AND THAT MAN IS THE CAUSE OF IT!

I DON'T KNOW HOW THINGS WORK IN THE BADLANDS, SON, BUT AROUND HERE WE DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO MURDERING TOM JONES!

HELLO, MISS PAUL--

QUIET, PRISONER!

**TONK**

MA'AM, I'M GOING TO NEED YOU TO CHECK TOM JONES'S PULSE.

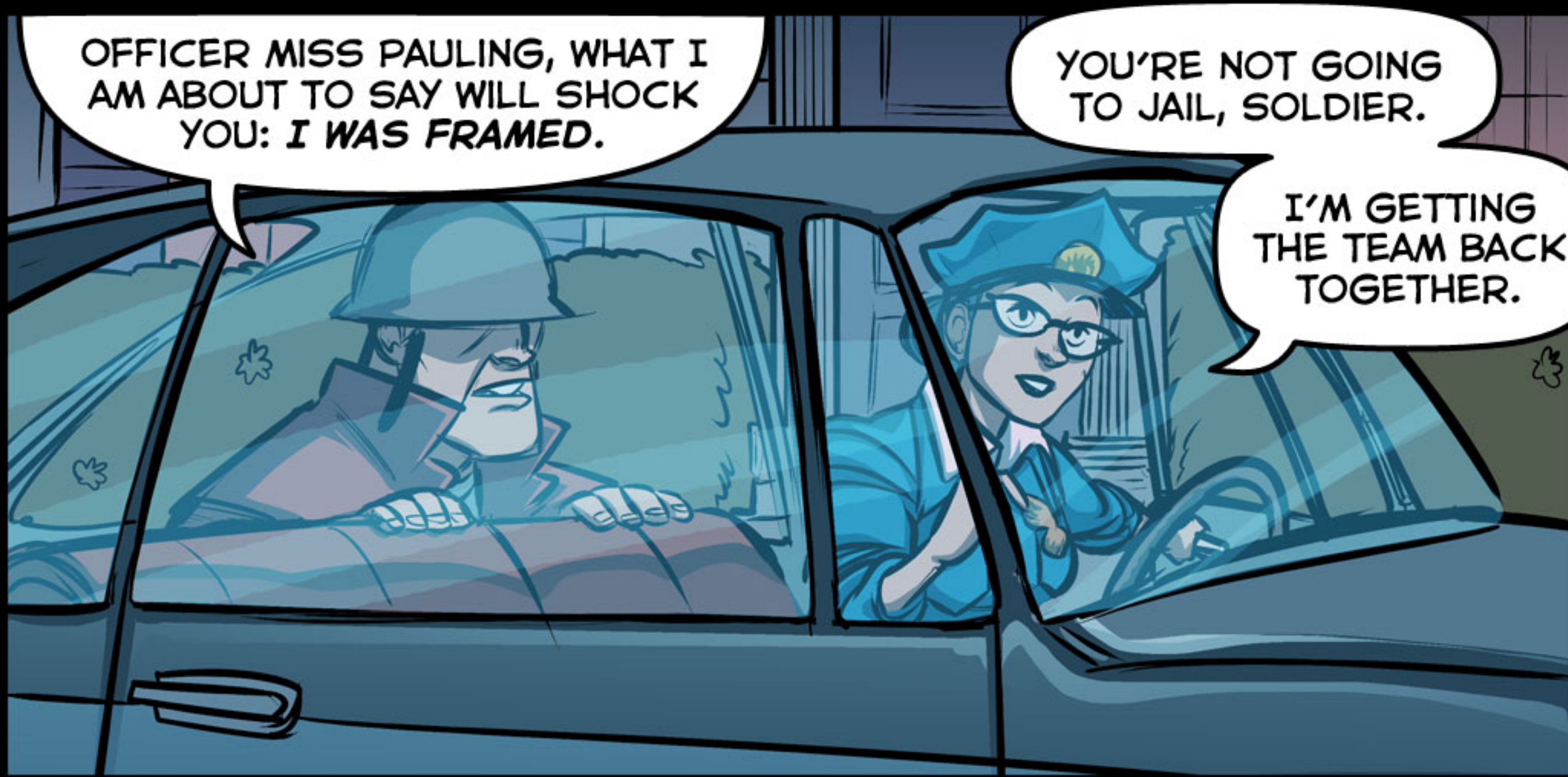
UM. MAKE SURE YOU REALLY GET YOUR FINGERS ALL OVER HIS NECK.

AT ONCE, OFFICER!

AND YOU! YOU'RE GOING TO GET THE CHAIR, SCUM!

KEEP MOVING, KEEP MOVING...

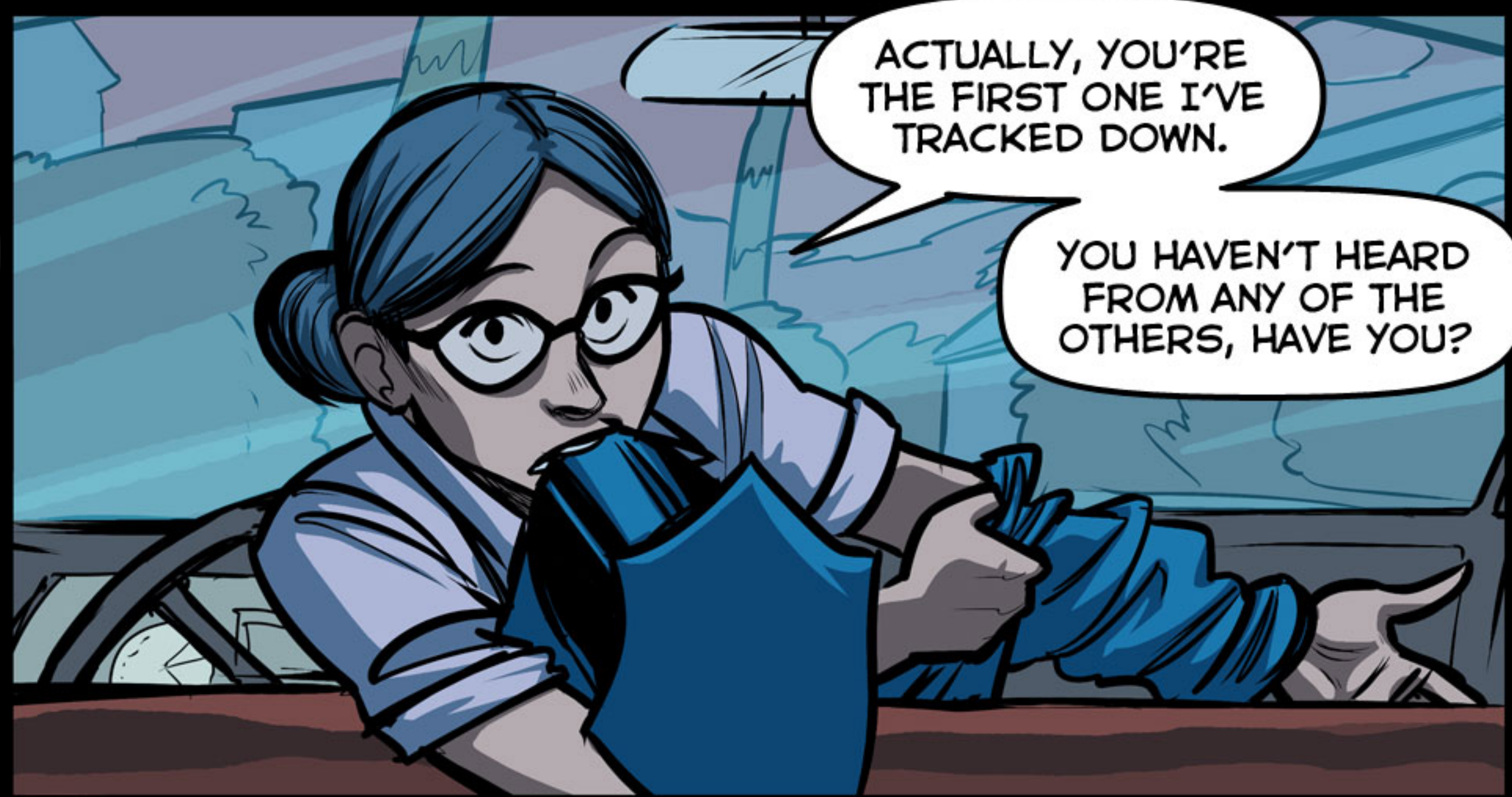
BYE, MERASMUS!



OFFICER MISS PAULING, WHAT I AM ABOUT TO SAY WILL SHOCK YOU: **I WAS FRAMED.**

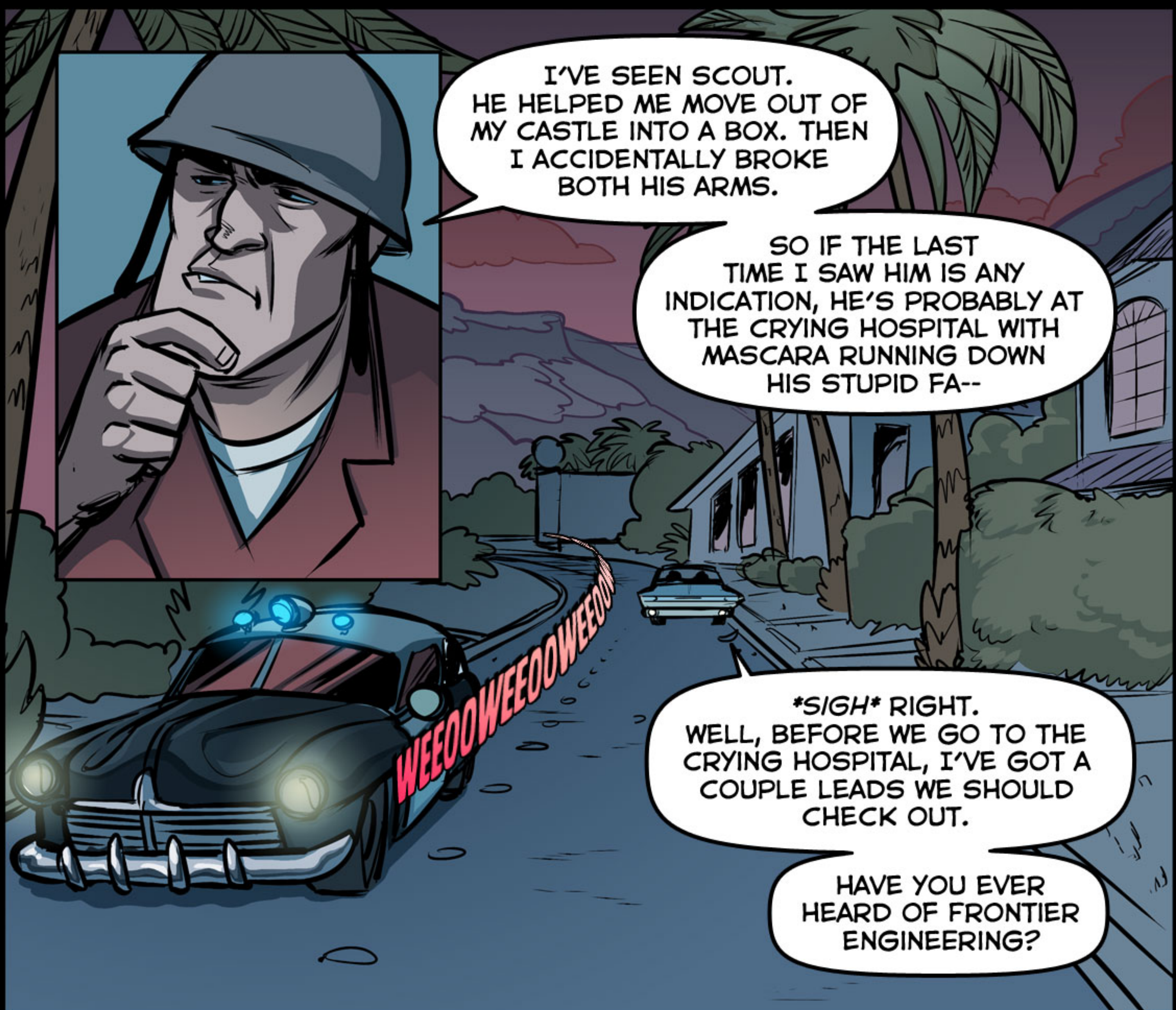
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO JAIL, SOLDIER.

I'M GETTING THE TEAM BACK TOGETHER.



ACTUALLY, YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE I'VE TRACKED DOWN.

YOU HAVEN'T HEARD FROM ANY OF THE OTHERS, HAVE YOU?



I'VE SEEN SCOUT. HE HELPED ME MOVE OUT OF MY CASTLE INTO A BOX. THEN I ACCIDENTALLY BROKE BOTH HIS ARMS.

SO IF THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM IS ANY INDICATION, HE'S PROBABLY AT THE CRYING HOSPITAL WITH MASCARA RUNNING DOWN HIS STUPID FA--

*\*SIGH\** RIGHT. WELL, BEFORE WE GO TO THE CRYING HOSPITAL, I'VE GOT A COUPLE LEADS WE SHOULD CHECK OUT.

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF FRONTIER ENGINEERING?



CONGRATULATIONS, EVERYONE!



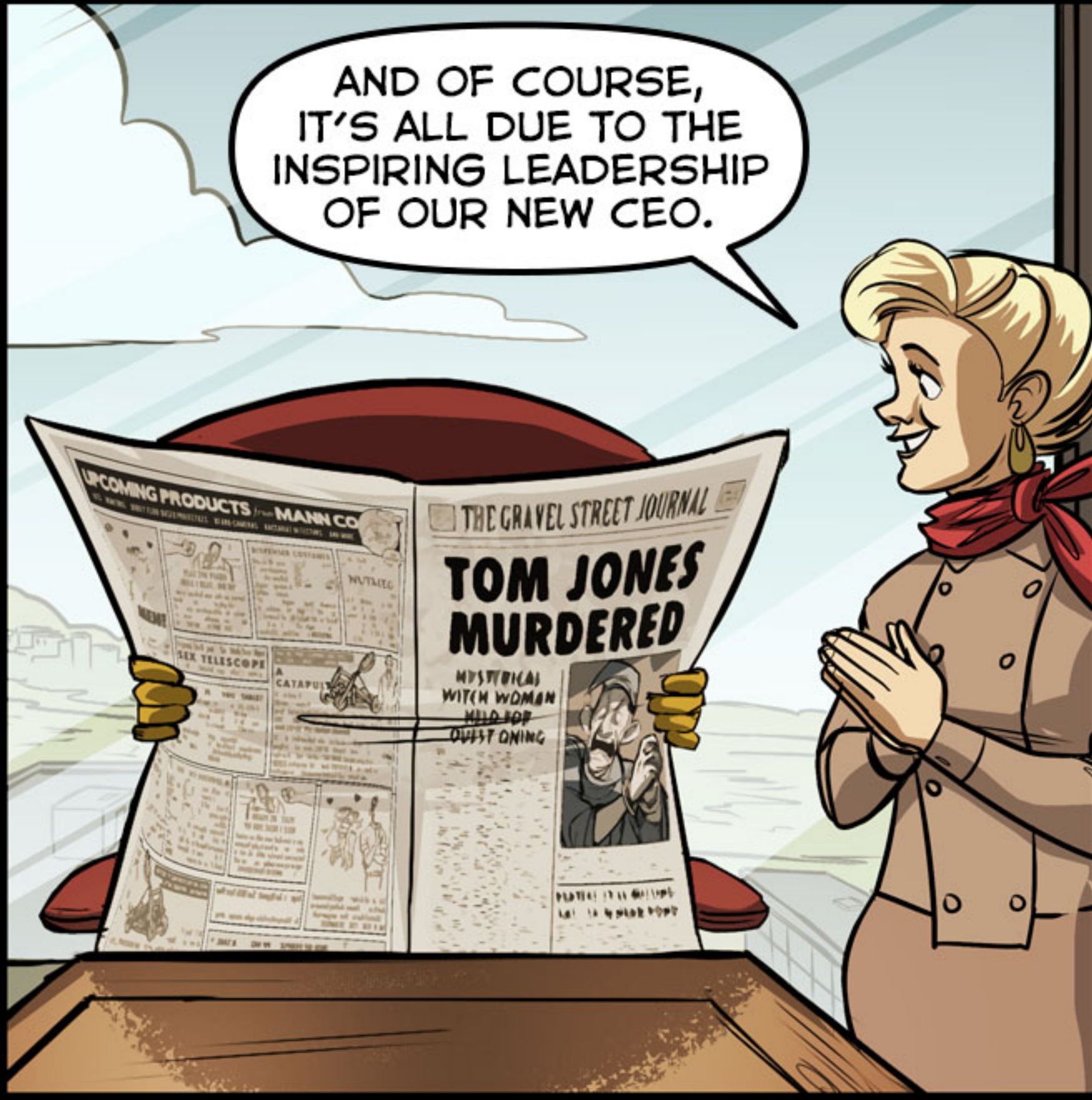
WE'VE JUST HAD OUR BEST QUARTER EVER.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE'RE ALL MILLIONAIRES!

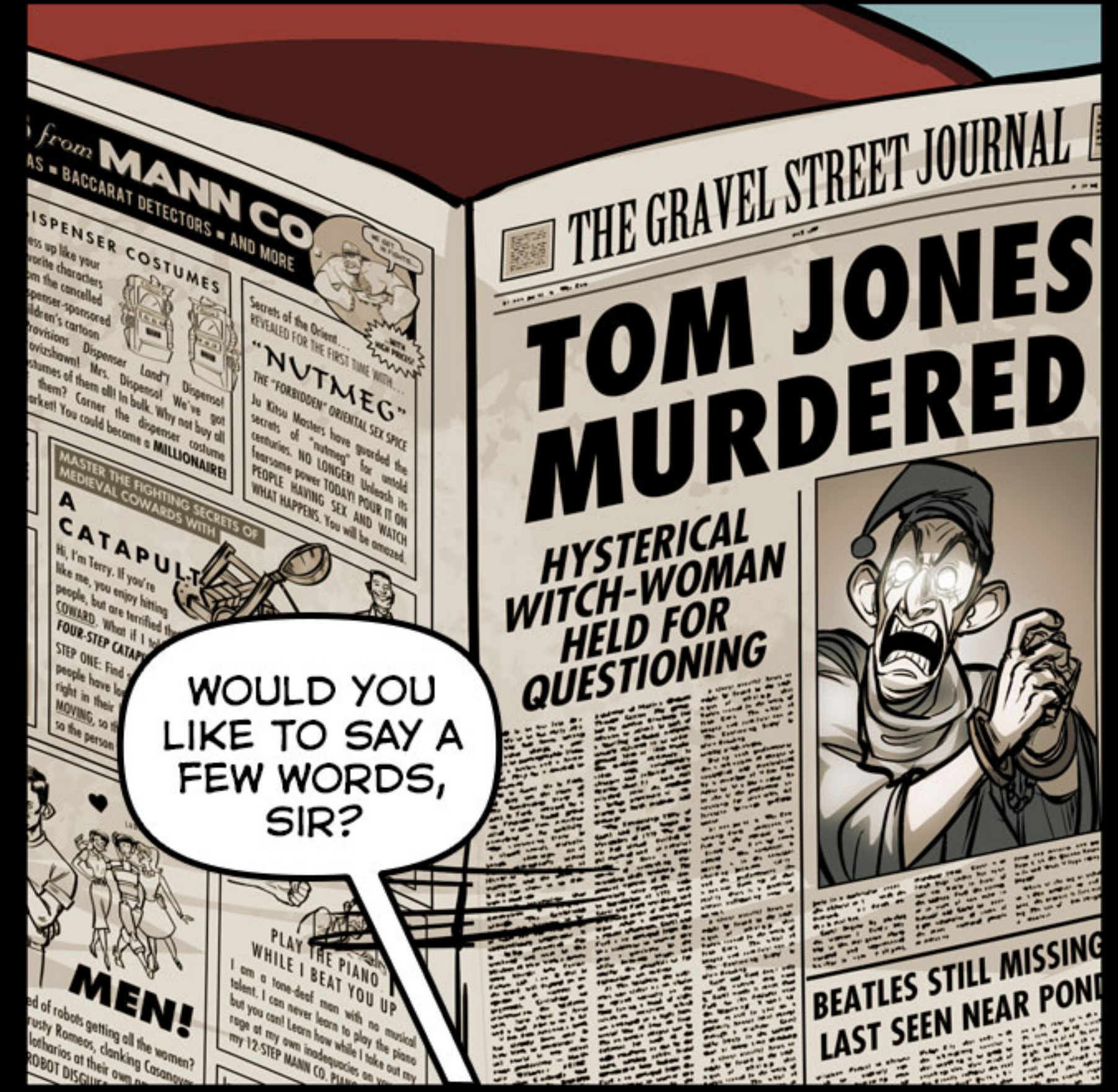
HEAR, HEAR!

**CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP**

I SAY!



AND OF COURSE, IT'S ALL DUE TO THE INSPIRING LEADERSHIP OF OUR NEW CEO.



WOULD YOU LIKE TO SAY A FEW WORDS, SIR?



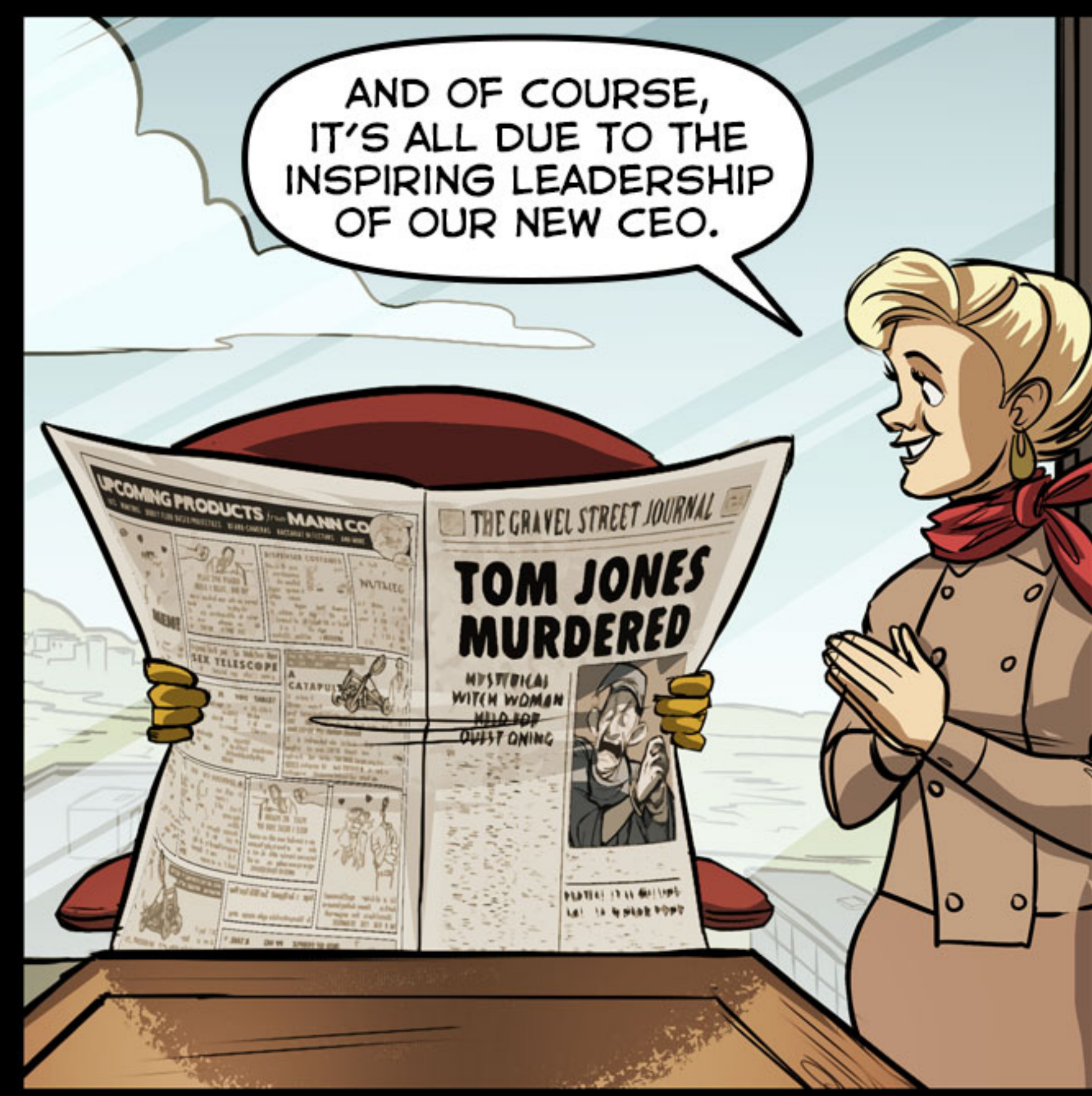
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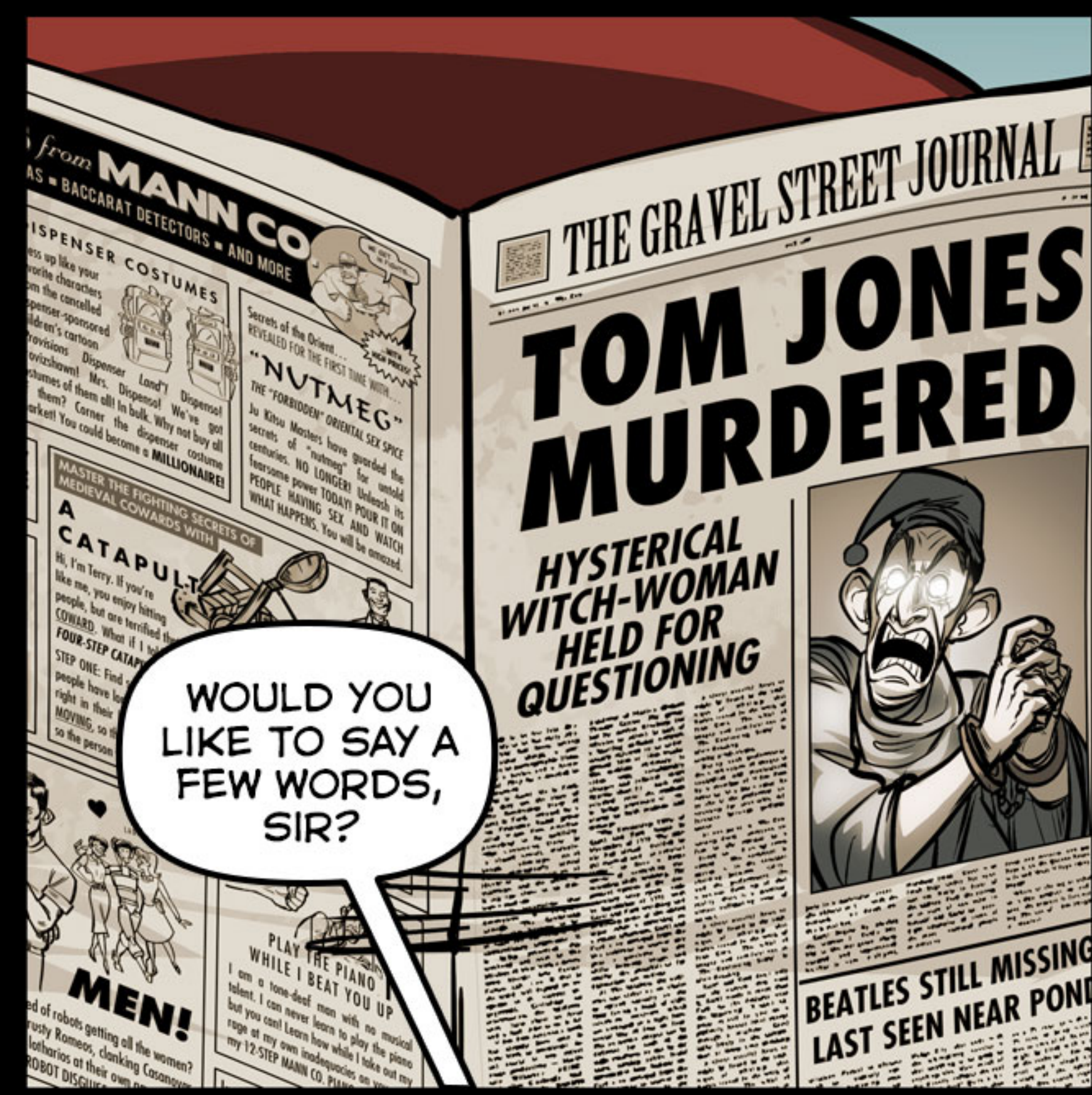
HEAR, HEAR!

**CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP**

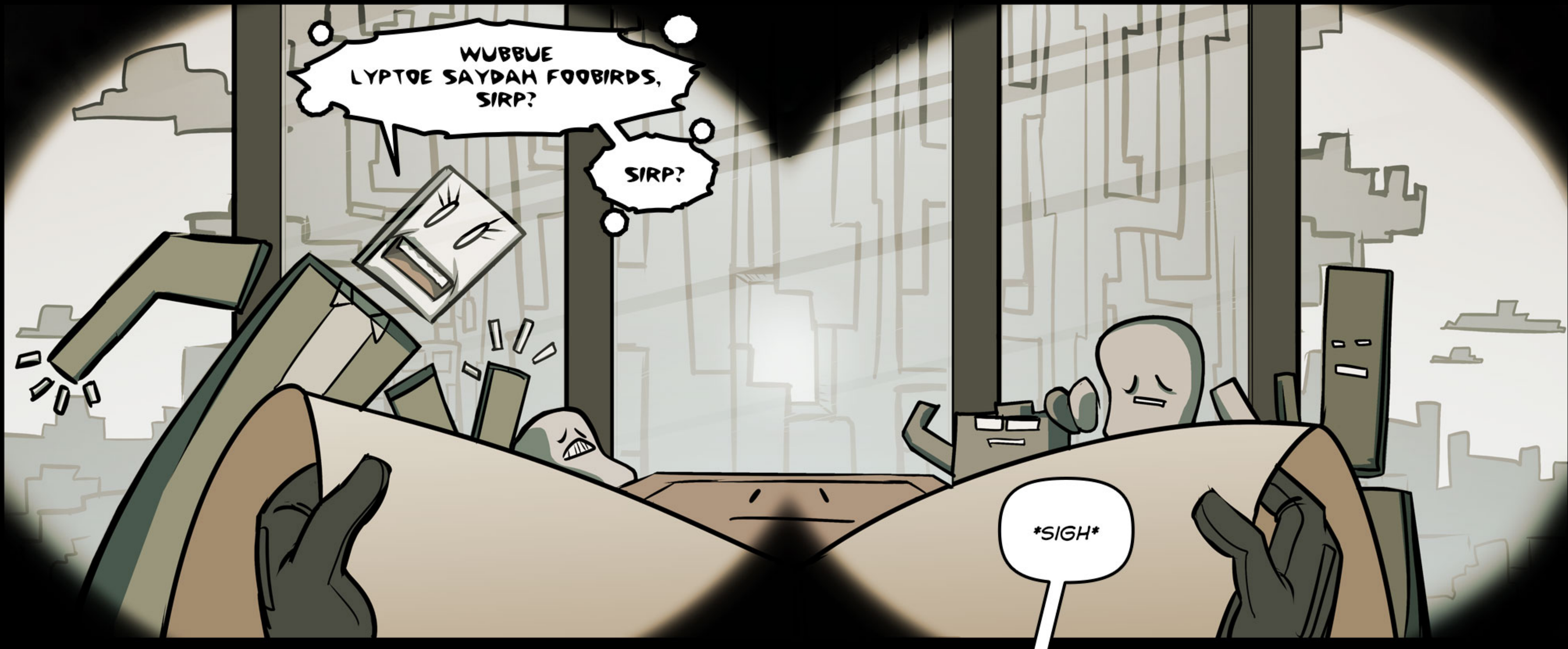
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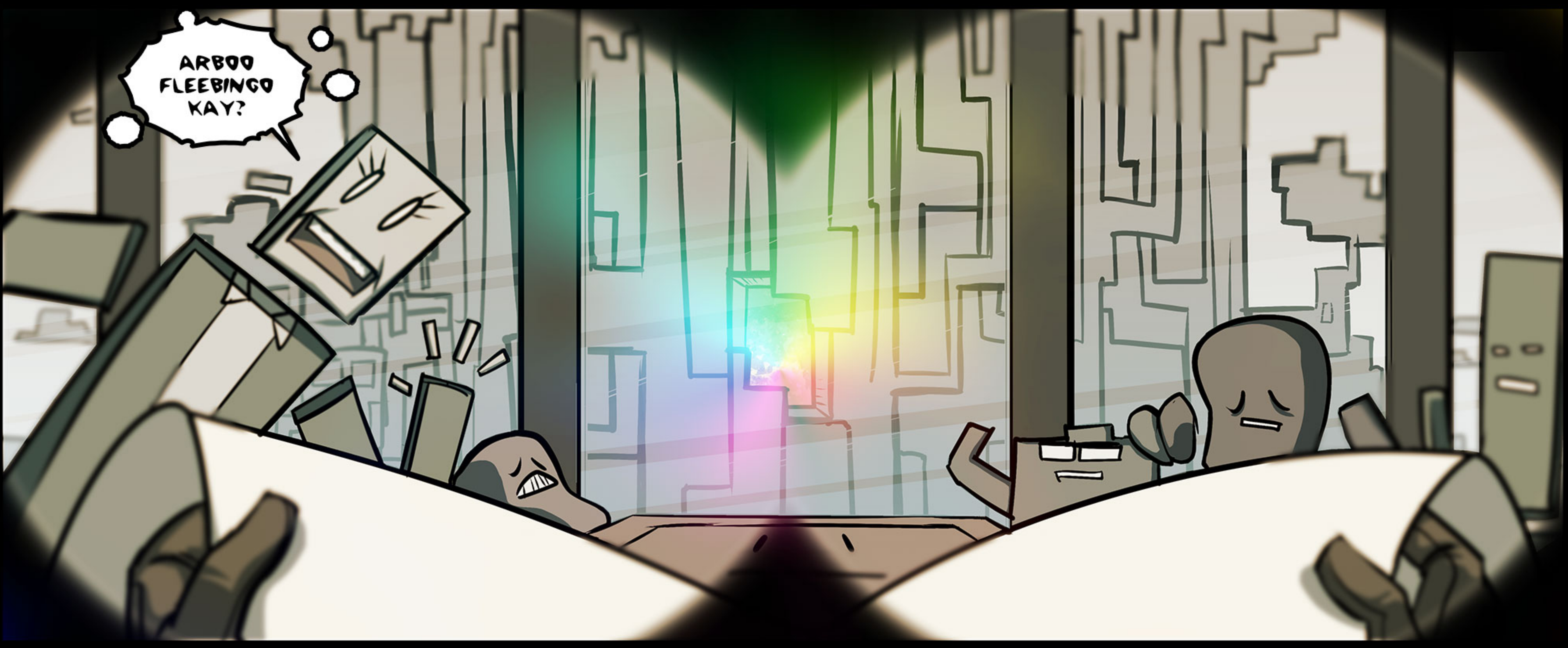
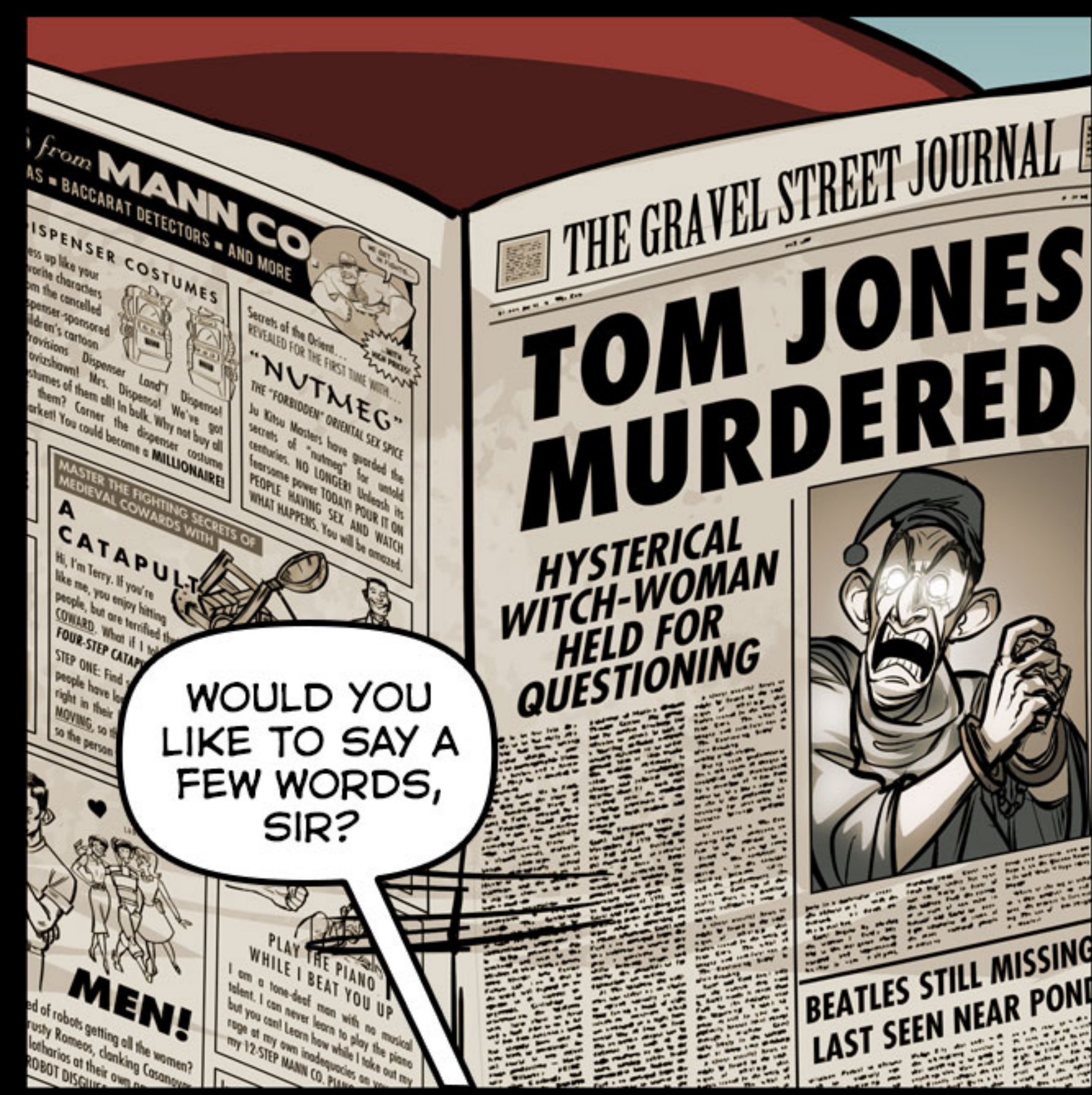
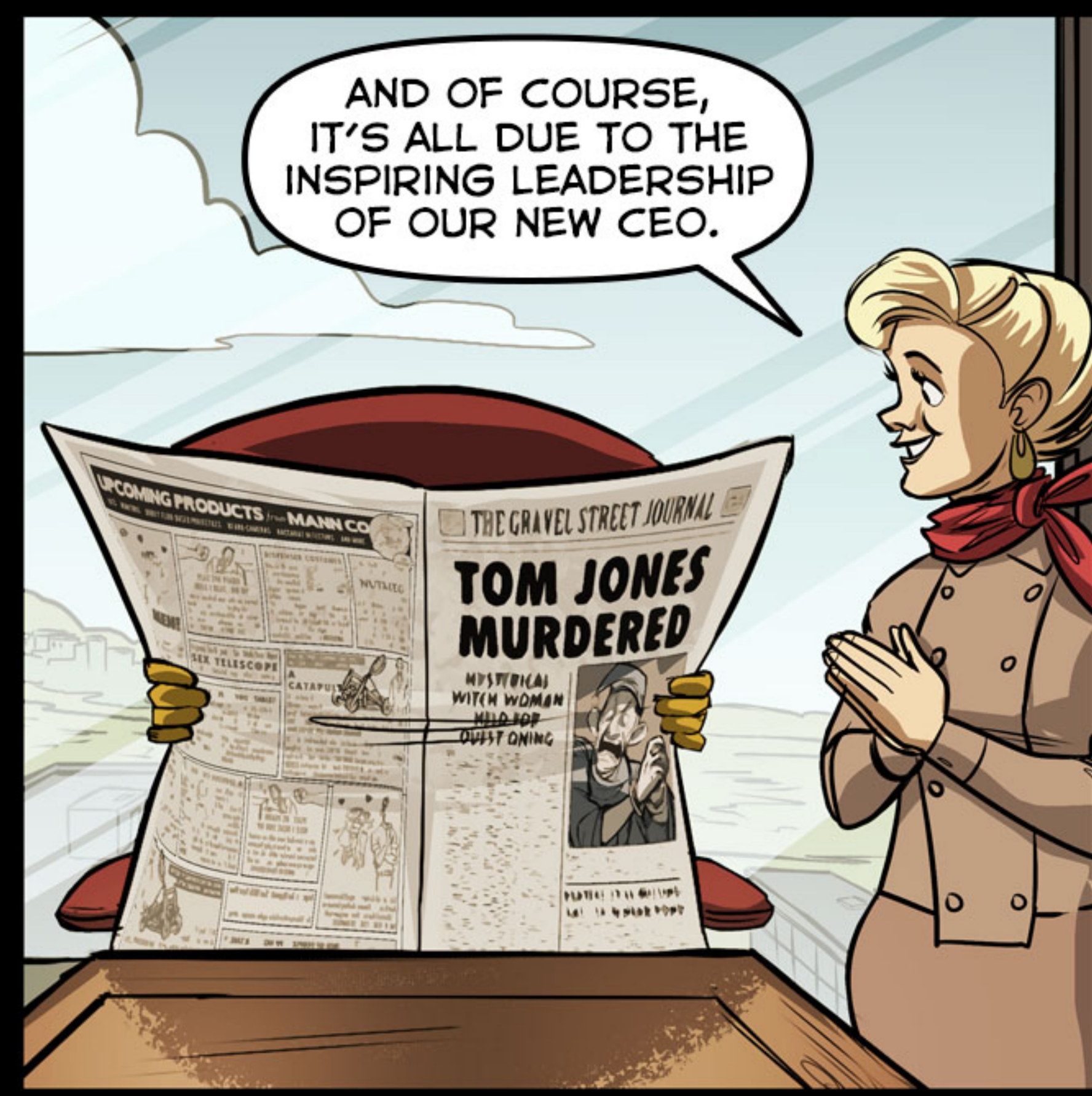
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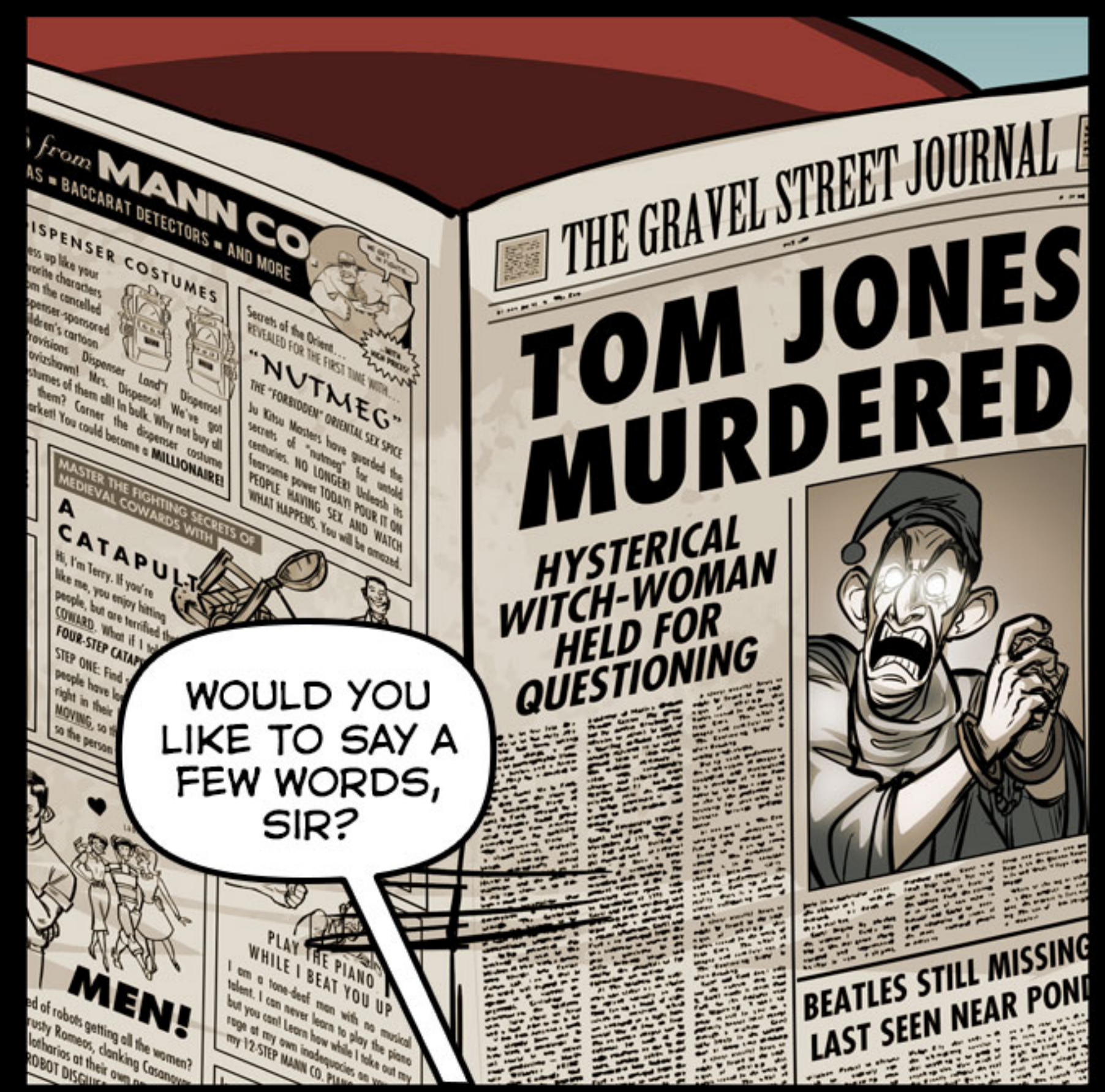
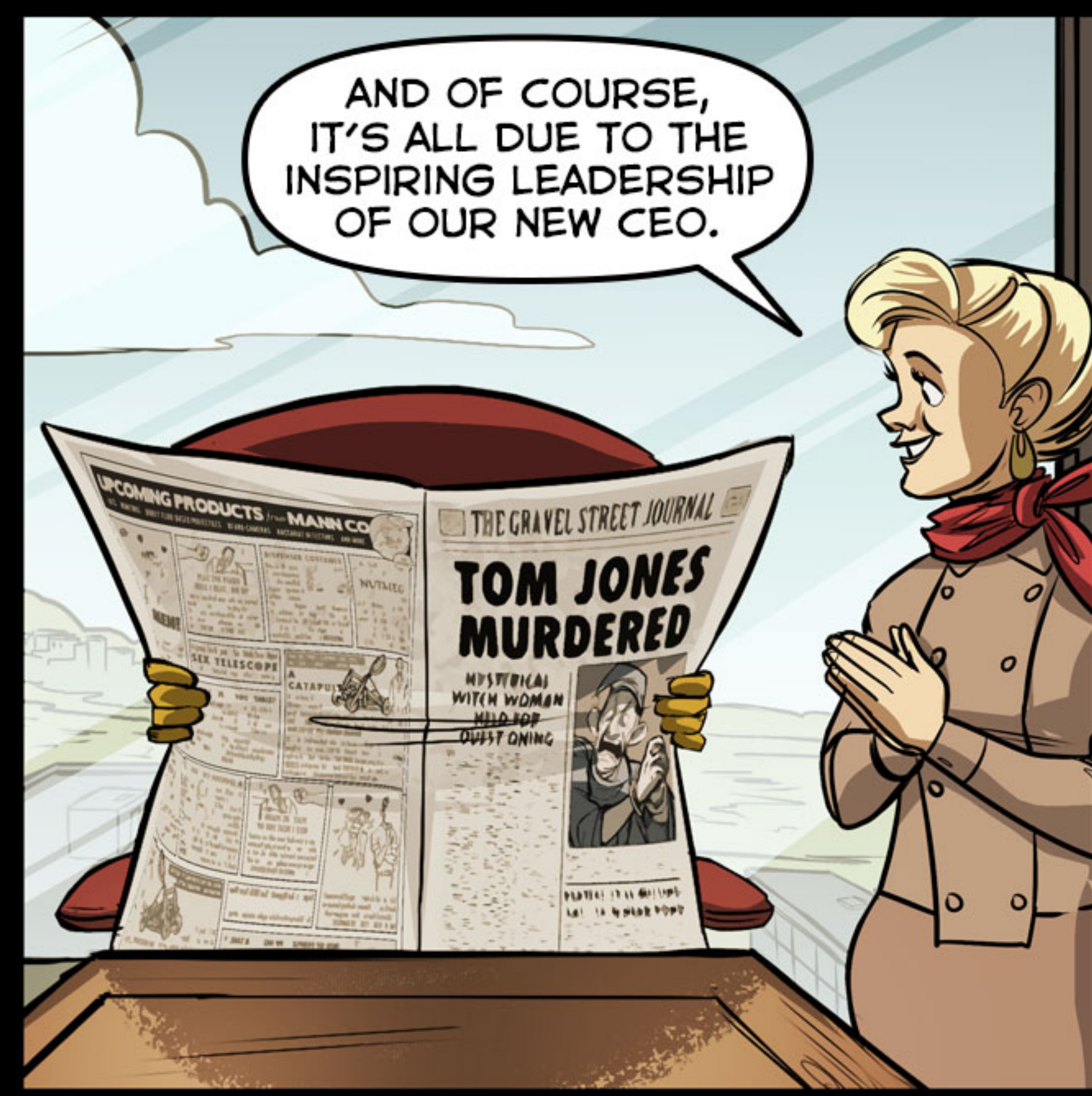


WUBBUE LYPTOE SAYDAH FOOBIRDS, SIRP?

SIRP?

\*SIGH\*







OH MY  
GOD...



OH MY  
GOD...



Ha ha  
ha ha ha  
ha ha!

Wheeee!



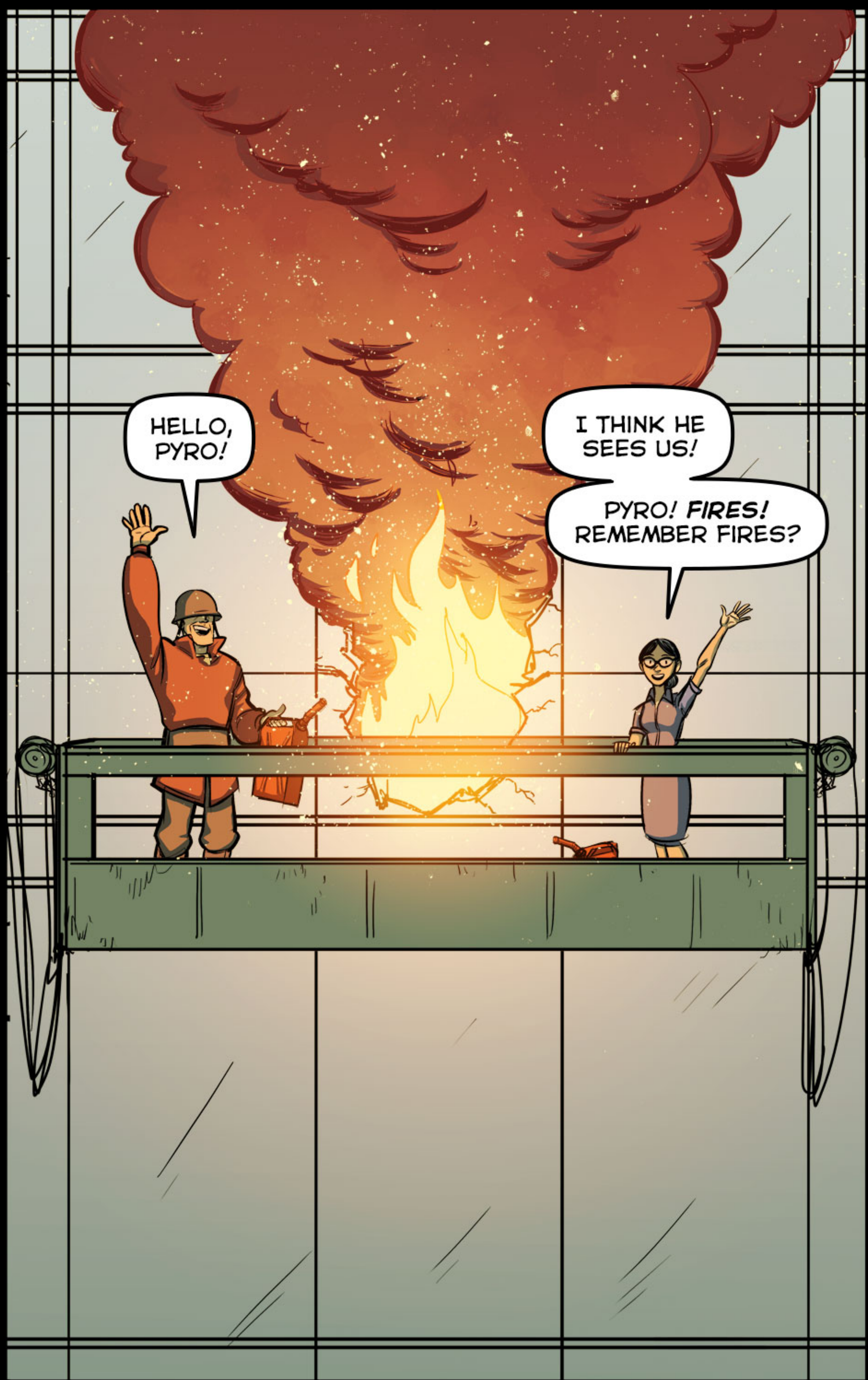
OH MY GOD...



HELLO, PYRO!

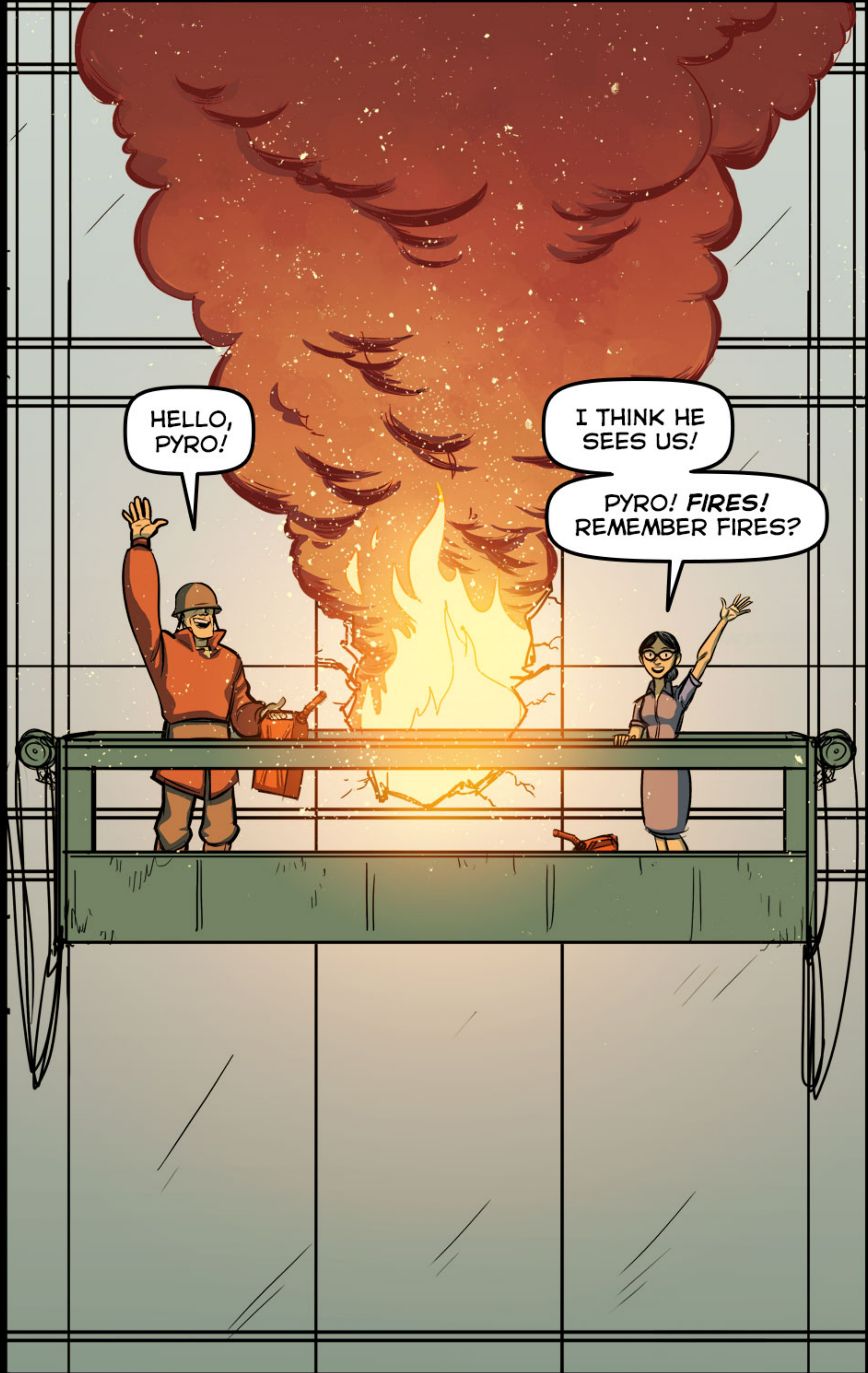
I THINK HE SEES US!

PYRO! FIRES! REMEMBER FIRES?





OH MY GOD...



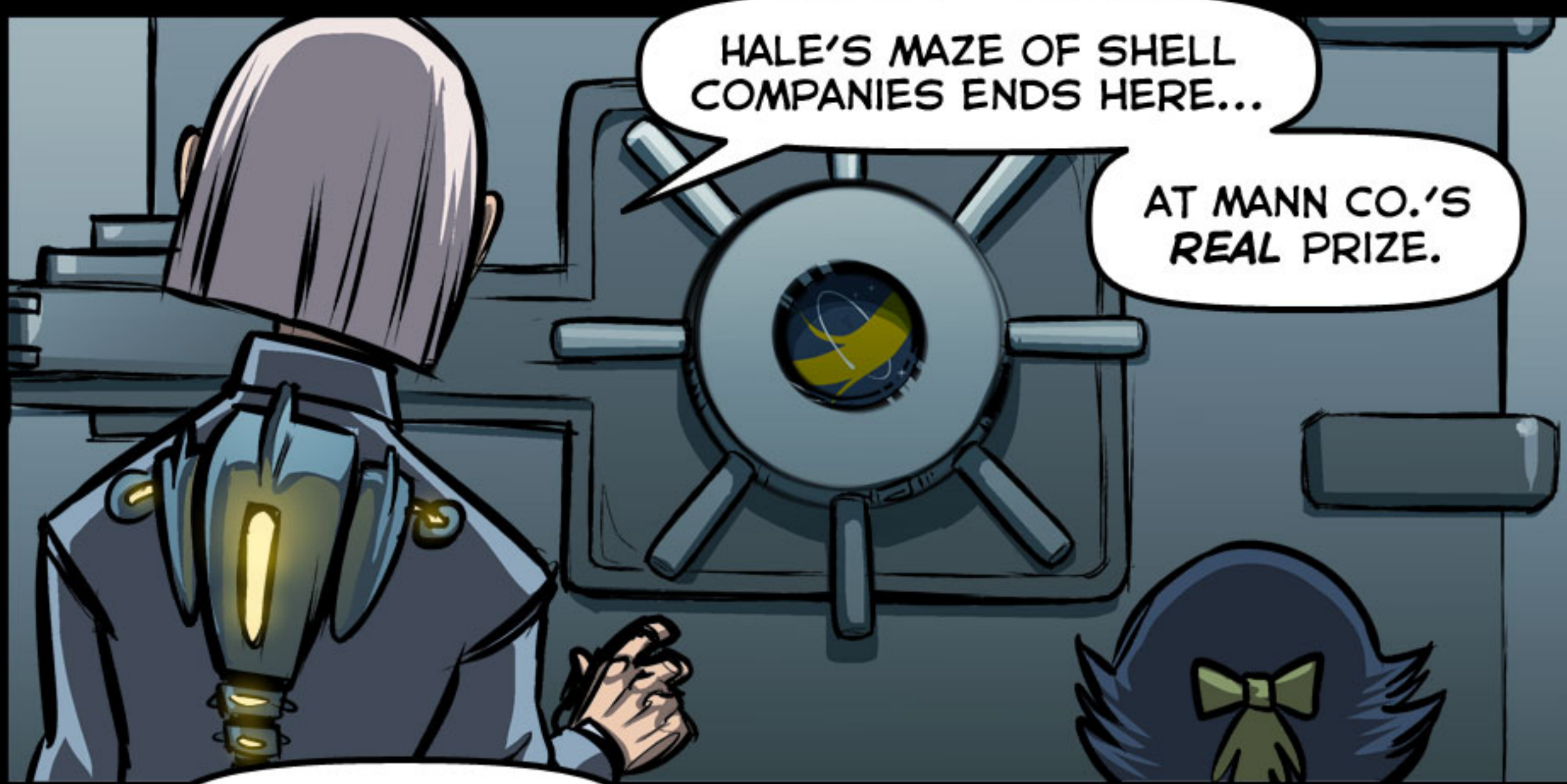
HELLO, PYRO!

I THINK HE SEES US!

PYRO! FIRES! REMEMBER FIRES?



"THIS IS IT, OLIVIA..."



HALE'S MAZE OF SHELL COMPANIES ENDS HERE...

AT MANN CO.'S REAL PRIZE.



AUSTRALIUM. TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS OF IT.

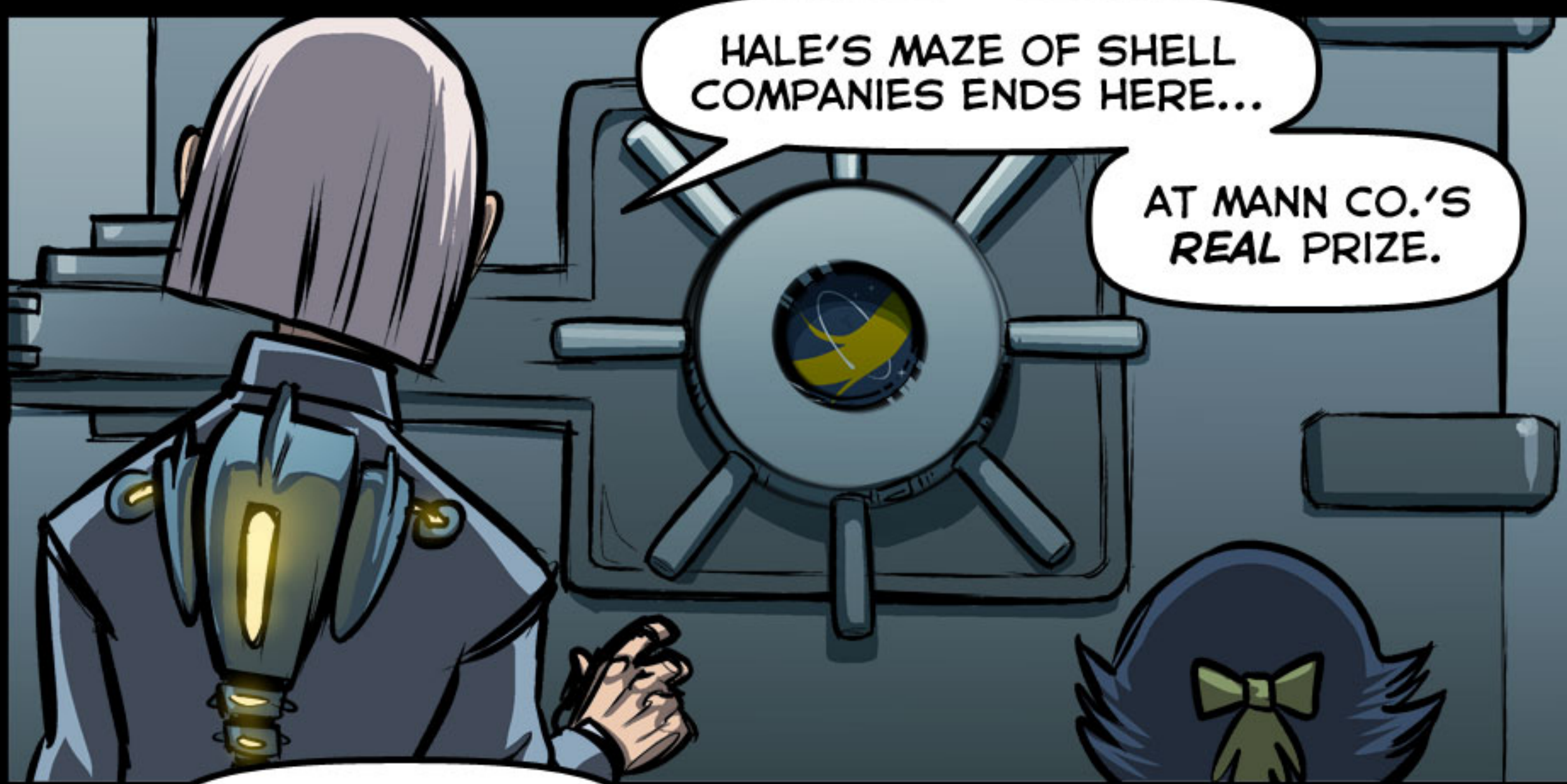


**KRNNNK**

GATHERING DUST WHILE THAT MUSCLE-HEADED OAF BARTERED FOR HEADWARE.



AND NOW IT'S *MINE*.



HALE'S MAZE OF SHELL COMPANIES ENDS HERE...

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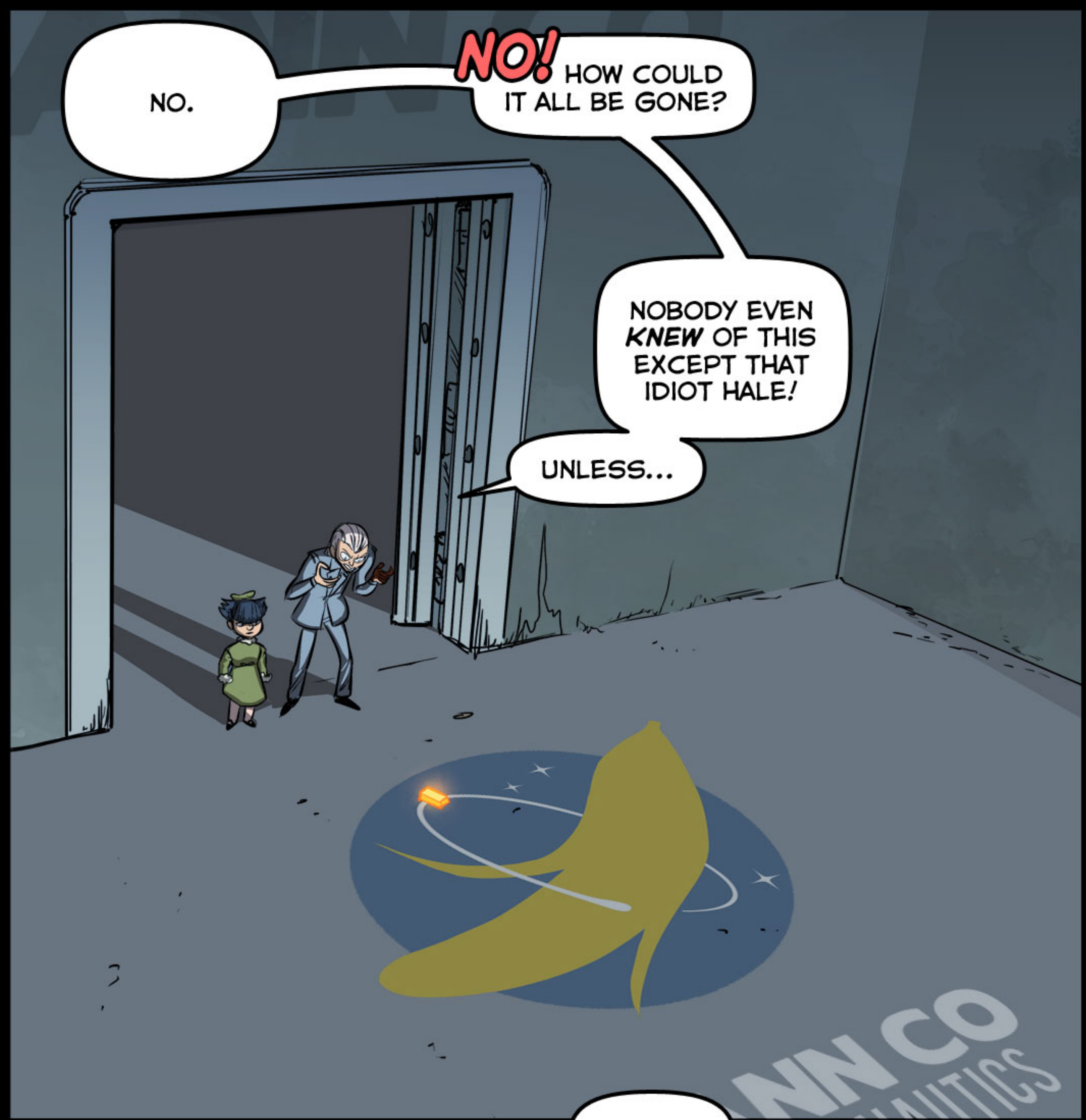


KRNNNK

GATHERING DUST WHILE THAT MUSCLE-HEADED OAF BARTERED FOR HEADWARE.



AND NOW IT'S MINE.



NO.

**NO!** HOW COULD IT ALL BE GONE?

NOBODY EVEN *KNEW* OF THIS EXCEPT THAT IDIOT HALE!

UNLESS...



HER.

"GUILTY AS CHARGED!"



TONY HATS, THIS COURT FINDS YOU GUILTY!

MAMA MIA! BUT WHO'S-A GONNA DO ALLA MY CRIMES?

DON'T WORRY, TONY.

YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO COMMIT CRIMES...



...IN PRISON.

WHY-A, YOU...



GOOD WORK, SIR.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH, TODD.

\*SIGH\* SOME DAY...



YOU'RE THE *BEST*, JOHN PHANTOM. THE MAYOR WANTS YOU TO D.A. ALL THE CRIMES *FROM NOW ON*.

THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR.



BUT I'M AFRAID THE DEFENSE RESTS.



...IN PEACE.

**DOODLY-DOODLY-DOOT**  
CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP





YOU'RE THE *BEST*, JOHN PHANTOM. THE MAYOR WANTS YOU TO D.A. ALL THE CRIMES FROM NOW ON.

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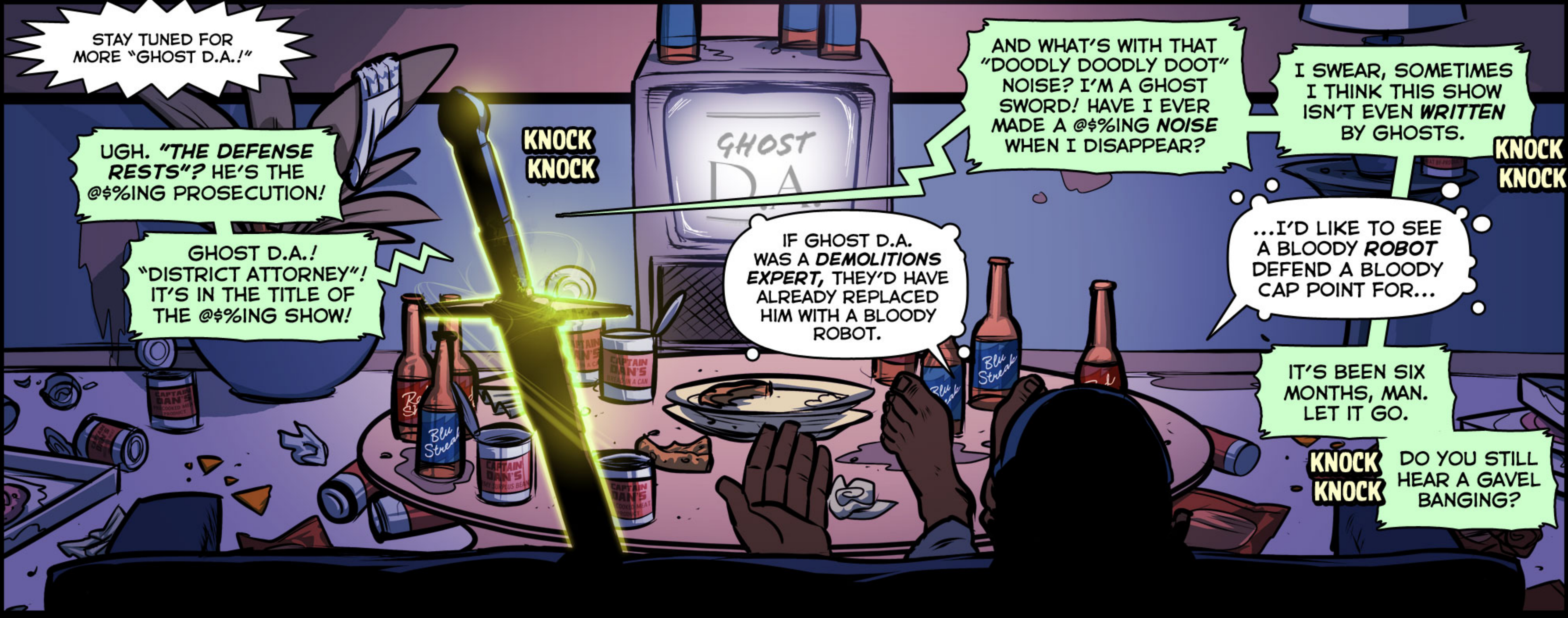


BUT I'M AFRAID THE DEFENSE RESTS.



...IN PEACE.

**DOODLY-DOODLY-DOOT**  
CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP



STAY TUNED FOR MORE "GHOST D.A.!"

UGH. "THE DEFENSE RESTS"? HE'S THE @&%ING PROSECUTION!

GHOST D.A.! "DISTRICT ATTORNEY"! IT'S IN THE TITLE OF THE @&%ING SHOW!

**KNOCK KNOCK**

IF GHOST D.A. WAS A DEMOLITIONS EXPERT, THEY'D HAVE ALREADY REPLACED HIM WITH A BLOODY ROBOT.

AND WHAT'S WITH THAT "DOODLY DOODLY DOOT" NOISE? I'M A GHOST SWORD! HAVE I EVER MADE A @&%ING NOISE WHEN I DISAPPEAR?

I SWEAR, SOMETIMES I THINK THIS SHOW ISN'T EVEN WRITTEN BY GHOSTS.

**KNOCK KNOCK**

...I'D LIKE TO SEE A BLOODY ROBOT DEFEND A BLOODY CAP POINT FOR...

IT'S BEEN SIX MONTHS, MAN. LET IT GO.

**KNOCK KNOCK**

DO YOU STILL HEAR A GAVEL BANGING?



**TAVISH!**

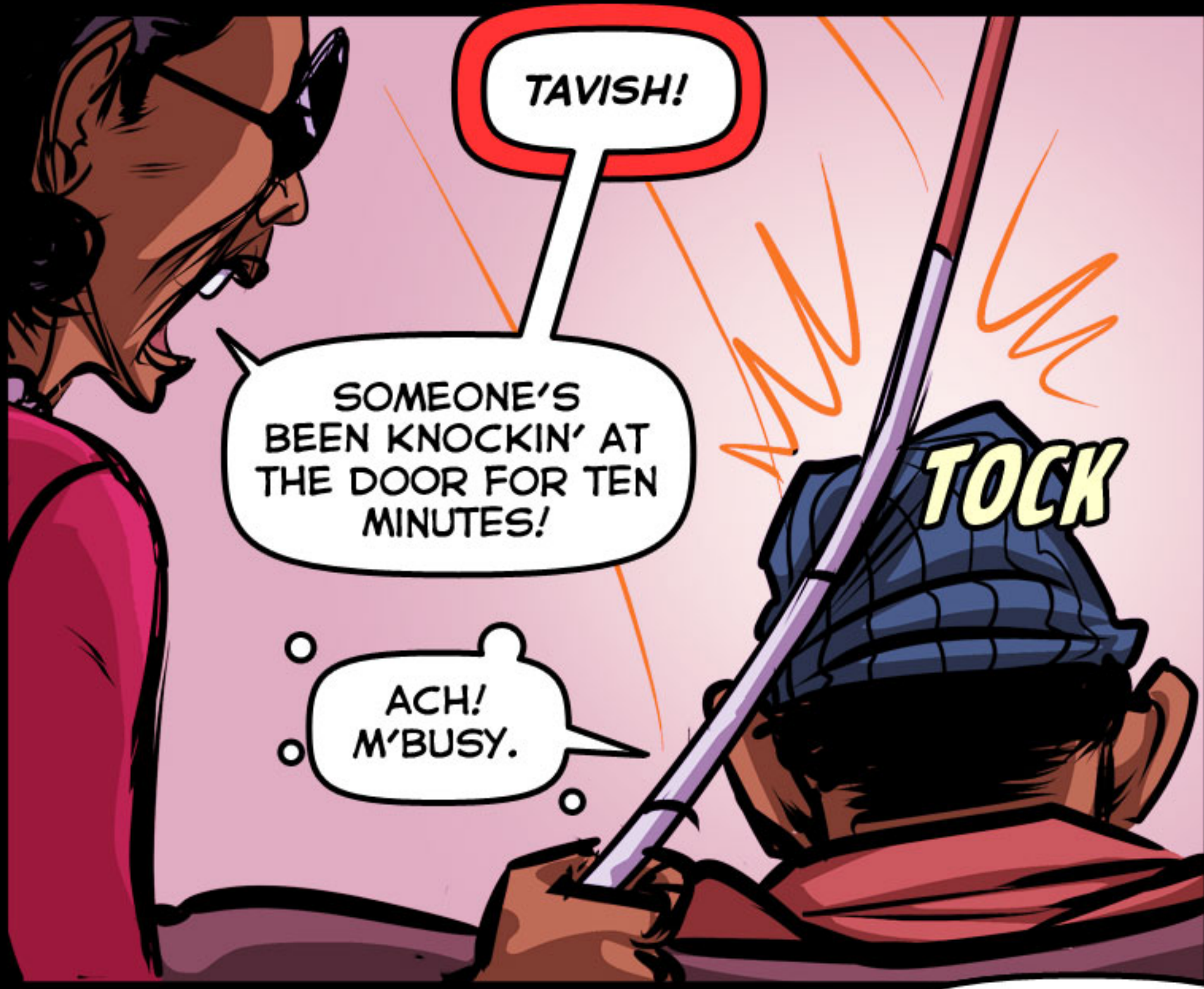
SOMEONE'S BEEN KNOCKIN' AT THE DOOR FOR TEN MINUTES!

ACH!  
M'BUSY.

**TOCK**



BUSY SITTING ON YER BAIG PILLA O' A BACKSIDE, MAYBE!  
TAVISH FINNEGAN DEGROOT, GO GET THAT DOOR!



TAVISH!

SOMEONE'S BEEN KNOCKIN' AT THE DOOR FOR TEN MINUTES!

ACH! M'BUSY.

TOCK



BUSY SITTING ON YER BAIG PILLA O' A BACKSIDE, MAYBE! TAVISH FINNEGAN DEGROOT, GO GET THAT DOOR!



IT MIGHT BE A JOB, TAVISH. AN' LAIRD KNOOS YAE COULD USE ONE.

I DUNNAE WANT ANOTHER JOB, MUM.

AND I DUNNAE CARE WHAT YOU WANT, LAD.

YOU AND YAIR LAZY GOOST-SWORD ...

HEY! I'M DEAD, LADY! NOT DEAF!

...NEED TAE GET OOT THIS HOOSE AND BLOW SOMETHIN' UP FOR MONEY, OR I'LL HAVE TAE BURY YE IN A BIG ROUND BOX!



WHAT DO YE --



-- OH. HULLO, MISS PAULING.



HELLO, FAT DEMOMAN!

DEMO? UM. WHAT-- HELLO. WHAT HAPPENED?

OCH, WAEL...

HAVE YE HEARD ABOUT THE BEER OF THE MONTH CLUB?



WELL, I JOINED THE BEER ALL AT ONCE CLUB.

WHO IS IT? ASK 'EM HAVE THEY GOT ANY JOBS!

ASK IF THEY'VE GOT CHURROS!

LOOK, I'M BUSY. WHAT D'YAE WANT?



UM. WELL.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A JOB?



ARE... ARE YAE...

ARE YAE GIVIN' ME ME OUL' JOB BACK?



THIS WAS IN MY MAILBOX THIS MORNING.

DEMO-- SHE'S BACK.



SO YE'VE FOUND HER THEN?

UM. NO.

BUT... YE KNOW WHAT THE JOB IS.

NOT A CLUE. YOU IN?



**EYELANDER!**

YAE ROOSTY WEE  
BOOTER KNIFE! PUT  
YER SHEATH ON!



THIS WAS IN MY MAILBOX THIS MORNING.

Assemble the team.

DEMO-- SHE'S BACK.



SO YE'VE FOUND HER THEN?

UM. NO.

BUT... YE KNOW WHAT THE JOB IS.

NOT A CLUE. YOU IN?



WE'VE GOT A JOB!

ME BOY!



EYELANDER!

YAE ROOSTY WEE BOOTER KNIFE! PUT YER SHEATH ON!

AUSTRALIUM CORE 19.5%  
DEPLETED. MEDICBOT'S  
DIAGNOSIS: RECHARGE  
IMMEDIATELY. \*BEEP\*

MM. RECHARGE MY AUSTRALIUM-  
FUELED LIFE EXTENSION MACHINE.  
WITH AUSTRALIUM.

WHY DIDN'T I  
THINK OF THAT.

DISMISSED.

TELL ME  
YOU'VE GOT  
GOOD NEWS.

HH. YOU'RE  
KIDDING.

HER ASSISTANT'S  
DISAPPEARED.

WE SEARCHED THE  
AUSTRALIUM SITES.  
HER OFFICE.

NOTHING.

IT'S A COLD  
TRAIL, MANN.

IF YOU'D CALLED US  
SIX MONTHS AGO...

AUSTRALIUM CORE 19.5%  
DEPLETED. MEDICBOT'S  
DIAGNOSIS: RECHARGE  
IMMEDIATELY. \*BEEP\*

MM. RECHARGE MY AUSTRALIUM-  
FUELED LIFE EXTENSION MACHINE.  
WITH AUSTRALIUM.

WHY DIDN'T I  
THINK OF THAT.

DISMISSED.

I'VE CALLED YOU NOW.  
AND I'M PAYING YOU A  
FORTUNE.

FIND HER AND  
GET IT BACK.

SHE'LL PUT UP  
A FIGHT, YOU KNOW.  
THOSE PET THUGS  
OF HERS...

HH. THEM?

TELL ME  
YOU'VE GOT  
GOOD NEWS.

HER ASSISTANT'S  
DISAPPEARED.

HH. YOU'RE  
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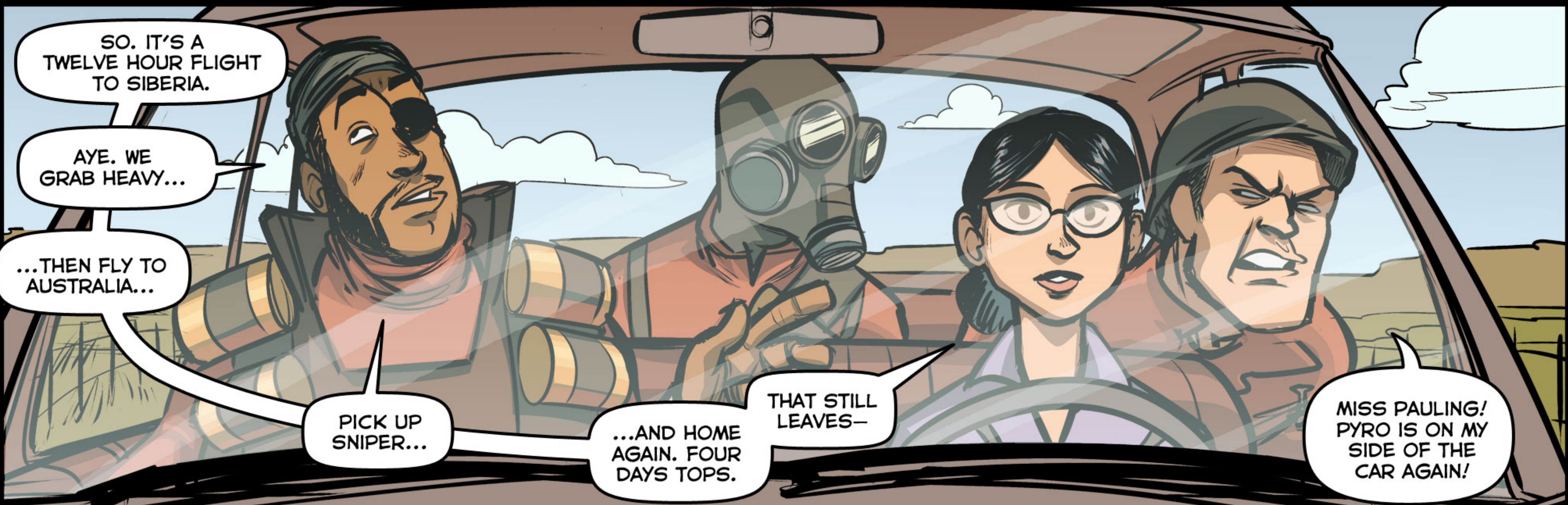
NOTHING.

IT'S A COLD  
TRAIL, MANN.

IF YOU'D CALLED US  
SIX MONTHS AGO...

DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT THEM.  
YOU'VE GOT  
US NOW.





SO. IT'S A TWELVE HOUR FLIGHT TO SIBERIA.

AYE. WE GRAB HEAVY...

...THEN FLY TO AUSTRALIA...

PICK UP SNIPER...

...AND HOME AGAIN. FOUR DAYS TOPS.

THAT STILL LEAVES—

MISS PAULING! PYRO IS ON MY SIDE OF THE CAR AGAIN!



PYRO, DON'T GO ON SOLDIER'S SIDE.

THAT STILL LEAVES ENIGIE, MEDIC, SPY AND SCOUT.

HUH. MEDIC? I'D FORGET ABOUT HIM. HE'S GOT HISSELF A FANCY JOB NOW.



WE'LL CONVINCE HIM.

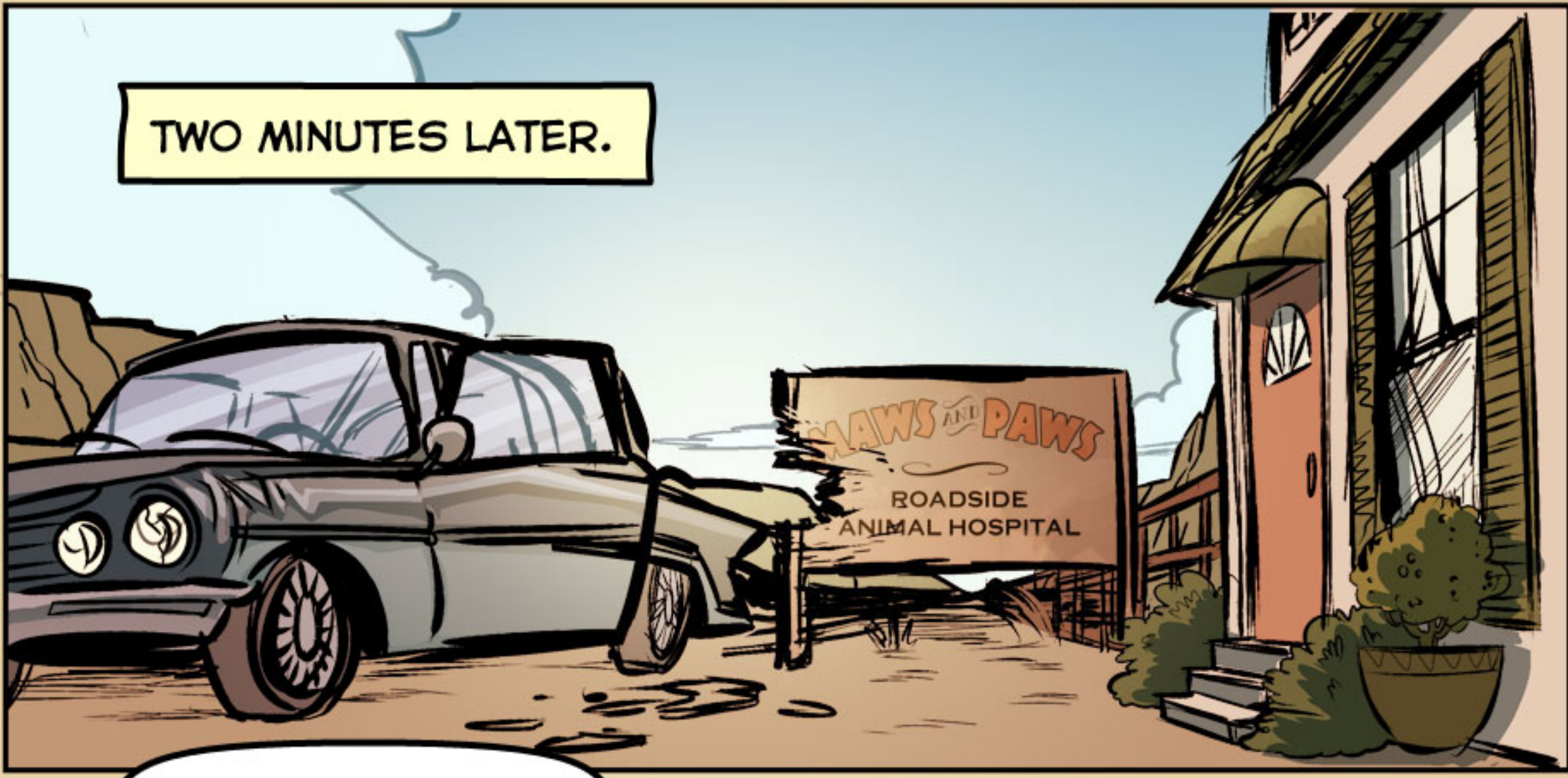
I'M MORE WORRIED ABOUT THE ENGINEER. IT'S LIKE HE DROPPED OFF THE FACE OF THE—



MISS PAULING! PYRO CUT OFF MY HAND.

PYRO, DON'T CUT OFF SOLDIER'S HANDS.

TWO MINUTES LATER.



SCOUT'LL TURN UP ON HIS OWN.

BUT SPY...

HE COULD BE ANYWHERE, DISGUISED AS ANYTHING.



TWO MINUTES LATER.



SCOUT'LL TURN UP ON HIS OWN.

BUT SPY...

HE COULD BE ANYWHERE, DISGUISED AS ANYTHING.



ACH, WELL... LET'S WORRY ABOUT THAT BACKSTABBER WHEN WE NEED TAE.

I THINK WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO MISS THE FLIGHT.

AS IT STANDS WE'VE GOT A PLANE TAE CATCH, AN'...

UM.



BLOODY HELL...



