



CYBER FORCE

Image

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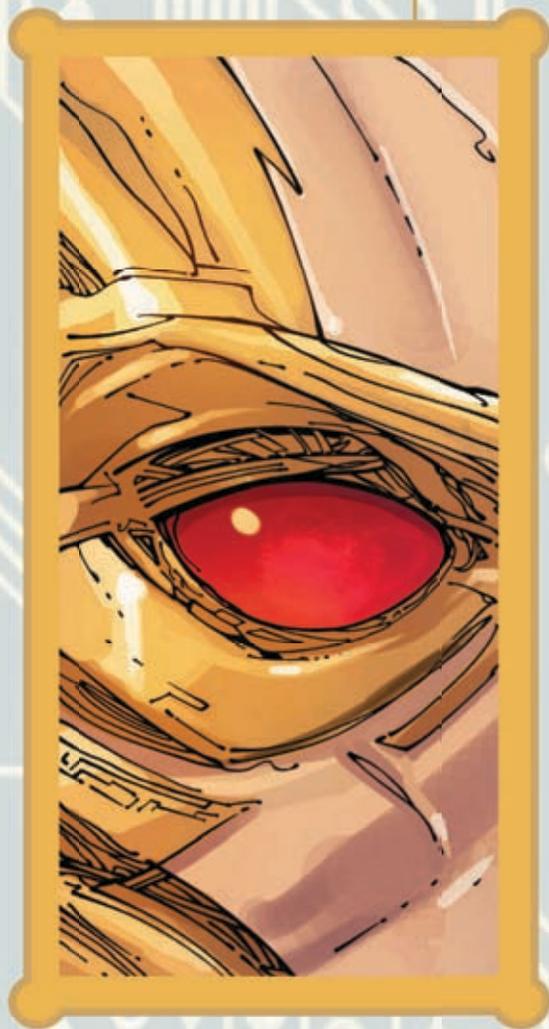
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MANY YEARS AGO.



CRINK





FRANCESCA, THERE'S NOT A MOMENT IN THE DAY WHEN YOU ARE ANYTHING LESS THAN ABSOLUTELY BREATHTAKING... AND I DREAM OF THE DAY WHEN I CAN WAKE UP EVERY MORNING TO THAT BEAUTIFUL FACE OF YOURS... SPEAKING OF WHICH...



OH, HUSH. YOU SAY THAT TO ALL THE HOPELESSLY SMITTEN WOMEN IN YOUR LIFE.

THERE WILL ALWAYS BE ONLY YOU.



TSK, NOW I FEEL BAD FOR ALL THE LESS FORTUNATE GIRLS IN THE WORLD.

I'M SERIOUS, FRANCESCA.

I WANT A NEW LIFE. I WANT A FAMILY WITH A HOUSE FULL OF KIDS... OUR KIDS.



DARLING...

I'VE ALREADY TOLD THE AGENCY THAT I'M DONE. BEIJING IS GOING TO BE MY LAST JOB.

SHHH, WE'VE BEEN OVER THIS MANY TIMES. YOU KNOW I CAN'T LEAVE MY HUSBAND, MY WORK.



BUT I LOVE YOU.

YOU SAY THAT BUT IF YOU DID, YOU WOULDN'T HURT ME BY ASKING THE IMPOSSIBLE.



I... I'M SORRY--

GOOD. NOW TAKE ME BACK TO BED AND APOLOGIZE TO ME PROPERLY.

TODAY.

...WHAT?

YOU HEARD ME. I SAID YOU'RE NOT LEAVING ME AGAIN. AND THEN, AFTER A DRAMATIC PAUSE, I SAID "DAD."

WHAT I MEANT WAS, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



OKAY, I'LL GO NICE AND SLOW THIS TIME. YOU BANGED MY MOTHER, SHE GOT PREGNANT, AND HERE WE ARE.

THERE'S THE LONGER VERSION WHERE YOU LEAVE, BECOME A TERRORIST, TRY TO KILL MY FAMILY, AND GENERALLY EXCEL AT BEING AN ASSHOLE; BUT WE'RE IN A HURRY.

LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS OR WHAT YOU WANT FROM ME BUT THERE'S NOTHING HERE FOR YOU...

...OR YOUR FRIENDS.

NOW YOU'VE GOT ABOUT NINETY SECONDS BEFORE THAT SECOND SQUAD OF SHOC'S GET HERE, AND SINCE NONE OF YOU LOOK UP TO A FIGHT, I SUGGEST YOU TAKE THE SUPPLIES I BROUGHT YOU AND LEAVE.

STRYKER...



...MANY PEOPLE HAVE DIED IN THE PAST FEW DAYS AND IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH YOU...
I WOULD LIKE TO THINK THAT THEY DIED FOR A REASON.



I'M SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS ROBERT, BUT THEIR DEATHS HAVE *NOTHING* TO DO WITH ME. I SAVED YOUR LIVES; NOW TAKE THE GIRL AND GO.

F#%& YOU, STRYKER...



I DON'T CARE WHOSE DICK MADE THAT LITTLE BRAT, BUT IF YOU THINK NONE OF THIS WAS YOUR FAULT THEN YOU AND ME... WELL, WE GOT A PROBLEM.



NO OFFENSE, MARK, BUT RIGHT NOW YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE YOU'D BE MUCH OF A PROBLEM FOR ME.



BOTH OF YOU STOP IT. LOOK, DUDE, MAYBE THE *ONLY* THING YOU AND I WILL EVER HAVE IN COMMON IS MY MOTHER'S WOMB, AND THAT'S FINE...
...BUT WE REALLY DO NEED YOUR HELP.

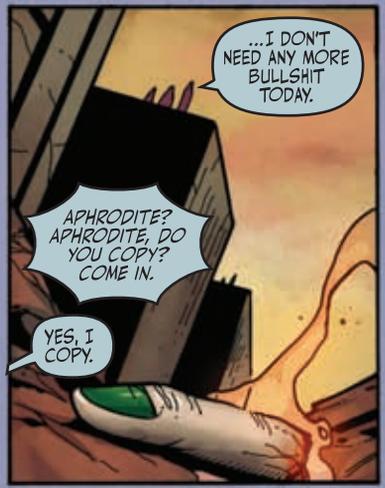


...DAMMIT.





COME ON THEN. THOSE BLINDERS HAVE A TWO HUNDRED METER RANGE BUT THEY DON'T LAST LONG SO WE GOTTA MOVE. TRY TO KEEP UP..



...I DON'T NEED ANY MORE BULLSHIT TODAY.

APHRODITE? APHRODITE, DO YOU COPY? COME IN.

YES, I COPY.



WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON? YOU SAID YOU FOUND MY SISTER, AND THEN NOTHING.

SHE WAS WITH RIFCLAW AND ARES. LIKE WE FIGURED.

AND?



AND I'LL NEED MORE MEN.

WHAT HAPPENED?

STRYKER. HE LEFT WITH THEM.



JESUS, SO HE IS ALIVE. CAN YOU TRACK THEM?

THAT'S AFFIRMATIVE. STRYKER HAD "BLINDERS" THAT SOMEHOW NEUTRALIZED ALL OF MY INTERNAL FILTERS. BUT I KNOW WHAT TO LOOK FOR.



APHRODITE LISTEN, THIS IS IMPORTANT. IS MY SISTER SAFE WITH THEM?



I'D SAY YES, MA'AM, AS IT APPEARS THAT STRYKER IS HER "NATURAL FATHER."

?!



WELL?

ARE YOU KIDDING? DUDE, IF *DICK* TASTED LIKE THIS *BACON*, I'D BE GAY TOMORROW!



GIMME YOUR PHONE A SEC, I GOTTA POST ABOUT THIS PLACE ON MY WALL.

C'MON, MAN. IT'S 2013, GET A *SMARTPHONE* ALREADY! I'M EMBARRASSED TO KNOW YOU.

YOU HAVE RED VELVET CAKE, YES? IT'S MY FAVORITE.



OH, I'M SORRY, OFFICER, BUT WE JUST RAN OUT. WE'VE GOT A GREAT PEACH PIE, THOUGH! HOW ABOUT I BRING YOU A SLICE OF THAT?



WELL, THIS *IS* AWKWARD. YOU SEE WHEN I SAT DOWN I WAS THINKING I WAS GOING TO DO ONE OF TWO THINGS...

I WAS EITHER GOING TO SIT AND ENJOY A SLICE OF RED VELVET CAKE, *OR* I WAS GOING COME BACK LATER TONIGHT, *KILL* ALL OF YOUR COWORKERS, AND THEN *RAPE* YOU ATOP THEIR BLOODY CORPSES...



AND IT WOULD APPEAR AS THOUGH I AM *NOT* HAVING CAKE. AWKWARD, YES?

MAJOR DOLOROSSA.

EXCUSE ME. YES, MR. CHAIRMAN?



WE'VE JUST INTERCEPTED A CALL BETWEEN BALLISTIC AND APHRODITE. IT SEEMS OUR OLD FRIEND MORGAN STRYKER IS *ALIVE* AND WELL...



...AND CLOSE TO YOUR LOCATION.

LIEUTENANT, WE'RE MOVING OUT.

YESSIR.



HEY!

NOW YOU STOP RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, MISTER!

I'M SORRY, DID I FORGET YOUR TIP?



HOW DARE YOU COME OVER HERE AND SCARE A PERSON LIKE THAT! I'M GOING TO CALL YOUR BOSS AND REPORT YOU, YOU...BULLY!

VNNNN



OH, I HAVE NO DOUBT OF THAT.

SO TONIGHT, THEN, SAY EIGHT THIRTY-ISH?

VNNNN



I'LL BRING A NICE WINE.



ARE WE THERE YET? THEY AREN'T LOOKING TOO GOOD.

YES. AND THEY'LL BE FINE...



BOOP
BOOP
BEEP
BEBOP



UM, NICE PLACE.

MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE.

YOU TAKING A STANDARD 20% SALINE NANO-GLYCOL MIX?

YES.



THAT SOUNDS DELISH BUT I'LL TAKE A ROOT BEER IF YOU HAVE IT.



HERE'S THREE DOSES FOR EACH OF YOU. UNCUT. TAKE ALL OF IT.

YOU'LL BE HIGH AS A KITE FOR ABOUT THIRTY MINUTES BUT IT'LL HELP THE HEALING PROCESS. I'LL GET YOU SOME SKIN TAPE.



WHAT ABOUT HER?



...WHAT ABOUT HER?

YEAH, WHAT "ABOUT" ME?



DAMN, THIS SHIT IS ALREADY KICKING MY ASS!

YO, DOESN'T SHE GET ANY SERUM? 'CAUSE I'LL TAKE IT IF SHE DOESN'T WANT IT. WHOOO!



I DIDN'T KNOW SHE NEEDED ANY.

WHAT'S "SERUM"?

YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT? HOW COULD YOU NOT KNOW WHAT SERUM IS?



YOU SAID YOU WERE LIKE US. OR WAS THAT JUST BULLSHIT?

I AM LIKE YOU. I CAN RUN FAST AND LEAP TALL BUILDINGS AND STUFF. BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS "SERUM" CRAP IS YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

THAT'S ENOUGH.



I DON'T CARE WHO GETS WHAT. YOU CAN FIGURE IT OUT ONCE YOU LEAVE.

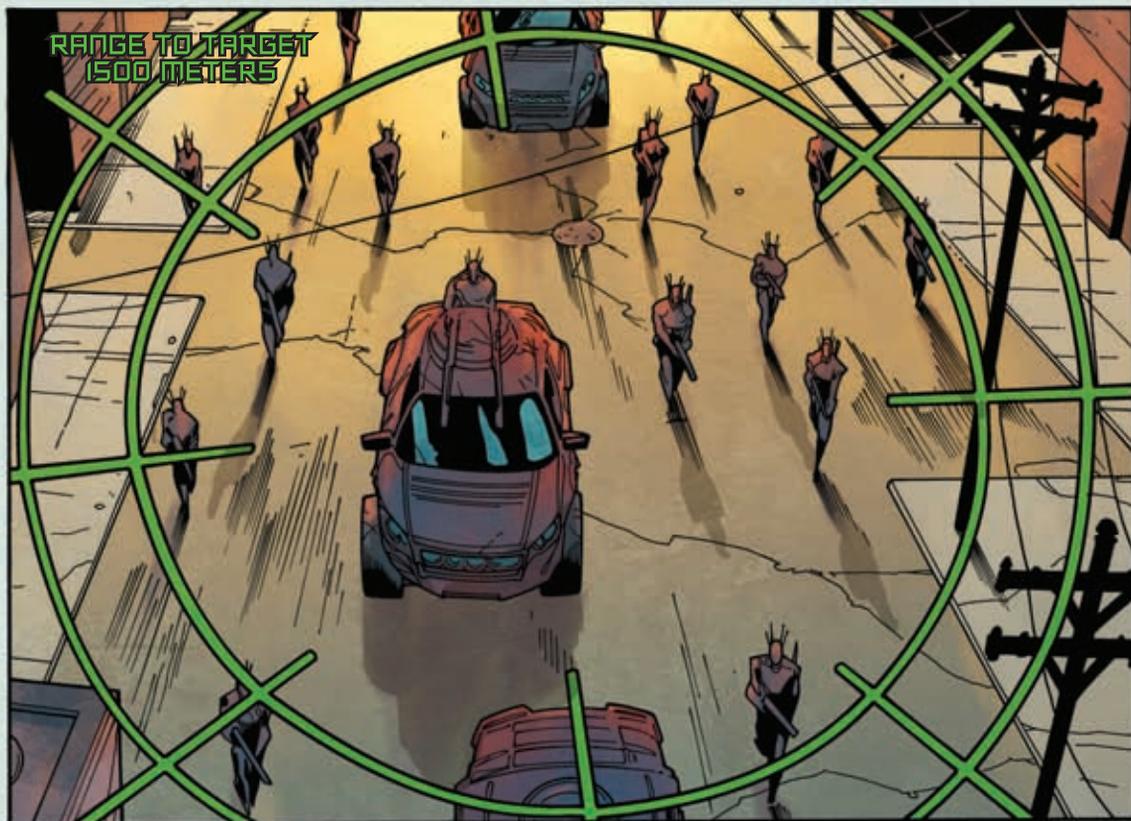
YOU CAN REST HERE TONIGHT. BUT THEN IN THE MORNING I WANT YOU OUT...



RANGE TO TARGET 500 METERS

...BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE HAPPENS.







OUT? THERE'S NO "OUT." YOU HEARD WHAT ROBERT SAID. A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE DEAD BECAUSE I CAME LOOKING FOR YOU!

I MEAN THIS IS *INSANE*. A WEEK AGO I WAS JUST A GIRL *NOT* ENJOYING HER BIRTHDAY AND BAM, I FIND OUT ABOUT A PLAN WHERE *EVERYBODY* DIES HORRIBLY, SOLDIERS ARE TRYING TO KILL ME, THERE'S A WHOLE SECRET ARMY OF FREAKS LIKE YOU RUNNING AROUND MURDERING PEOPLE.

AND, AS A CAPPER, I FIND OUT I'VE GOT TWO DADS. AND BOTH OF THEM ARE DICKS!

WHO TOLD YOU THIS?



MY DOG.

BUT WHAT SUCKS THE MOST IS THAT I THOUGHT FINDING YOU WAS SOMEHOW GONNA FIX EVERYTHING.

BUT NOW THAT I'M HERE, I'M WONDERING WHAT ALL THE FUSS WAS ABOUT. I FEEL LIKE AN IDIOT.

IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK. THERE'S A LOT YOU DON'T KNO--



RRRRRRRRROKKKKK

KKKKKKRRRESSSHHHHH



SPAKT
SPAKT
SPAKT

EFFIN' CHRIST, MAN!





SHIT... EVERYONE ALL RIGHT? ARES, RIPCLAW, ARE YOU HIT?

NOT LATELY.

YEAH, I'M NOT HIT EITHER...BUT THANKS FOR ASKING.



DUMBASSES DIDN'T HIT SHIT. WHAT'D YOU DO, STRYKER, PISS OFF A BUNCH OF IMPERIAL STORMTROOPERS?

UNPH, YOU CAN GET OFFA ME NOW. OH...

UM, GUYS?



WHOA.



YOU SAID YOU COULD RUN FAST?

YEAH.

HOW FAST?

LIEUTENANT, FAN YOUR MEN OUT. I WANT EVERY BUILDING SEARCHED, TOP TO BOTTOM. ARREST OR SHOOT ANY CIVILIAN THAT YOU DEEM UNCOOPERATIVE. WE'LL CLEAN ANY MESSES LATER.

YES, SIR. POOLE, YOU AND THREE MEN TAKE THAT SIDE STREET...



HIGH VELOCITY .70 CALIBER TITANIUM ROUNDS TRAVELING 3300 FEET PER SECOND...

BAROMETRIC PRESSURE NOMINAL, COMPENSATING FOR ECHO AND AMBIENT SOUND...

TIME BETWEEN MUZZLE BLAST AND IMPACT PUTS TARGET AT 1200 YARDS. PRECISELY OVER...

THERE!

SARGENT, PUT EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT ON THAT ROOFTOP!

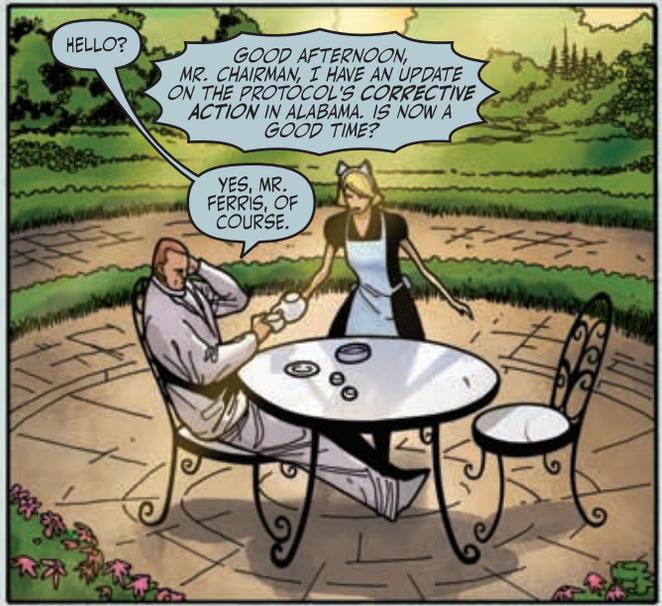


THANK YOU, MARIA.

OF COURSE, SIR. WOULD YOU CARE FOR MORE TEA?

PLEASE.

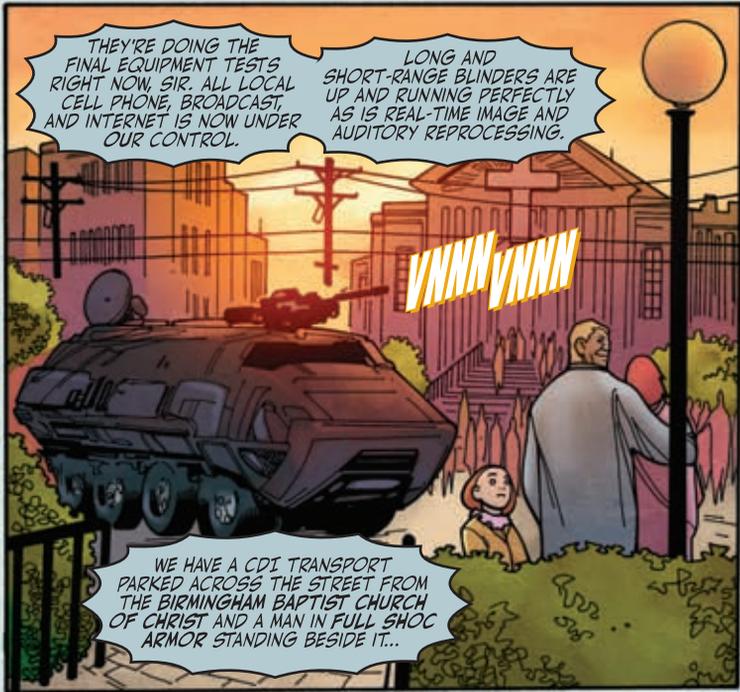
RING RING



HELLO?

GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. CHAIRMAN, I HAVE AN UPDATE ON THE PROTOCOL'S CORRECTIVE ACTION IN ALABAMA. IS NOW A GOOD TIME?

YES, MR. FERRIS, OF COURSE.



THEY'RE DOING THE FINAL EQUIPMENT TESTS RIGHT NOW, SIR. ALL LOCAL CELL PHONE, BROADCAST, AND INTERNET IS NOW UNDER OUR CONTROL.

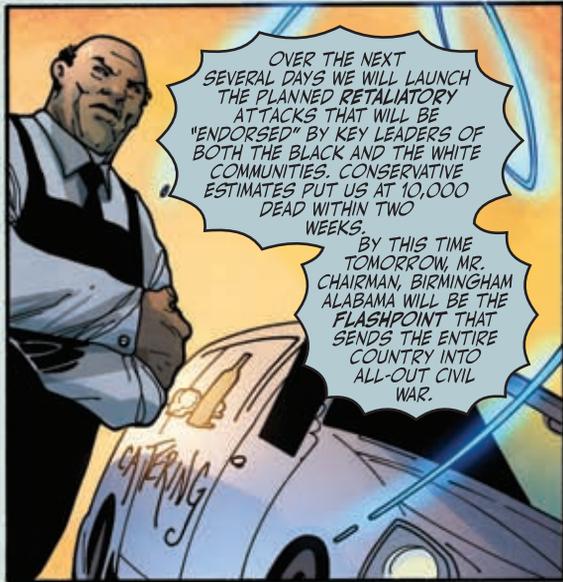
LONG AND SHORT-RANGE BLINDERS ARE UP AND RUNNING PERFECTLY AS IS REAL-TIME IMAGE AND AUDITORY REPROCESSING.

WE HAVE A CDI TRANSPORT PARKED ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE BIRMINGHAM BAPTIST CHURCH OF CHRIST AND A MAN IN FULL SHOC ARMOR STANDING BESIDE IT...



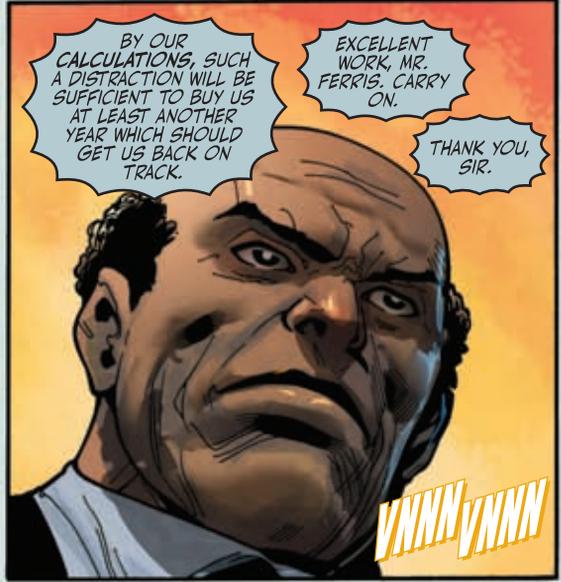
BUT AS FAR AS THE LOCALS ARE CONCERNED, IT IS JUST A BLACK MAN STANDING IN FRONT OF HIS CATERING TRUCK.

IN LESS THAN 24 HOURS THE WORLD WILL REACT IN STUNNED DISBELIEF WHEN SEVEN HEAVILY ARMED BLACK MILITANTS WALK INTO A PREDOMINANTLY WHITE CHURCH, AND OPEN FIRE...



OVER THE NEXT SEVERAL DAYS WE WILL LAUNCH THE PLANNED RETALIATORY ATTACKS THAT WILL BE "ENDORSED" BY KEY LEADERS OF BOTH THE BLACK AND THE WHITE COMMUNITIES. CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATES PUT US AT 10,000 DEAD WITHIN TWO WEEKS.

BY THIS TIME TOMORROW, MR. CHAIRMAN, BIRMINGHAM ALABAMA WILL BE THE FLASHPOINT THAT SENDS THE ENTIRE COUNTRY INTO ALL-OUT CIVIL WAR.



BY OUR CALCULATIONS, SUCH A DISTRACTION WILL BE SUFFICIENT TO BUY US AT LEAST ANOTHER YEAR WHICH SHOULD GET US BACK ON TRACK.

EXCELLENT WORK, MR. FERRIS. CARRY ON.

THANK YOU, SIR.

VNNN VNNN



POKT

CHUK

SPANNG

POKT

POKT

POKT

KLIK



POKT POKT

CLAKT



POKK

POKK

SPAKK

SPAKK



WELL?

DIRECT HIT, SIR. THE VIDEO FEED FROM THE DRONE CONFIRMS THE SHOOTER TO BE APHRODITE.

REALLY? WELL, DOESN'T THAT ADD A LITTLE SPICE TO THE STEW...IT SEEMS THE "ROYAL FAMILY" ARE IN A SHOOTING WAR. HMM.

SIR?



NOTHING. SEND SOME MEN UP THERE AND MAKE SURE SHE'S DEAD.

MAJOR DOLOROSSA, THIS IS TIGER RECON TWO.

HAVE YOU FOUND STRYKER?



YESSIR, HE'S UM, STANDING RIGHT IN FRONT OF US.

DOES HE SEE YOU?



NYAA!

YES, SIR.



THEN SHOOT HIM, YOU IDIOT!

YESSIR!

WHOOT!

HEY! JESUS, HE'S FAST!



TAKE A SPIN ON THIS, YOU BOZOS... YOUR MAMAS DID! HA!

SKEEEECH



HE'S GONE INTO THE HOUSE...



...C'MON!

YO, STRYKER, THEY WENT FOR IT...AND I'M CLEAR!



BLINDERS OFF!

VNNN VNNN

BAZINGA, SUCKERS!



BBBOOOOMMM

AH, STRYKER, SO GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK.

CAPTAIN, CALL IN MORE MEN AND CONTINUE YOUR SEARCH. I'M HEADING BACK TO BASE.

RIGHT AWAY, SIR.



...TO BOLDY GO...

OMG, CAN YOU BELIEVE ASHLEY DID THAT? I AM FREAKING...

к сожалению, я пока не говорю по-русски.

HURRICANE STELLA CONTINUES TO POUND THE EAST COAST AS...

THE SYRIAN GOVERNMENT TODAY ANNOUNCED...

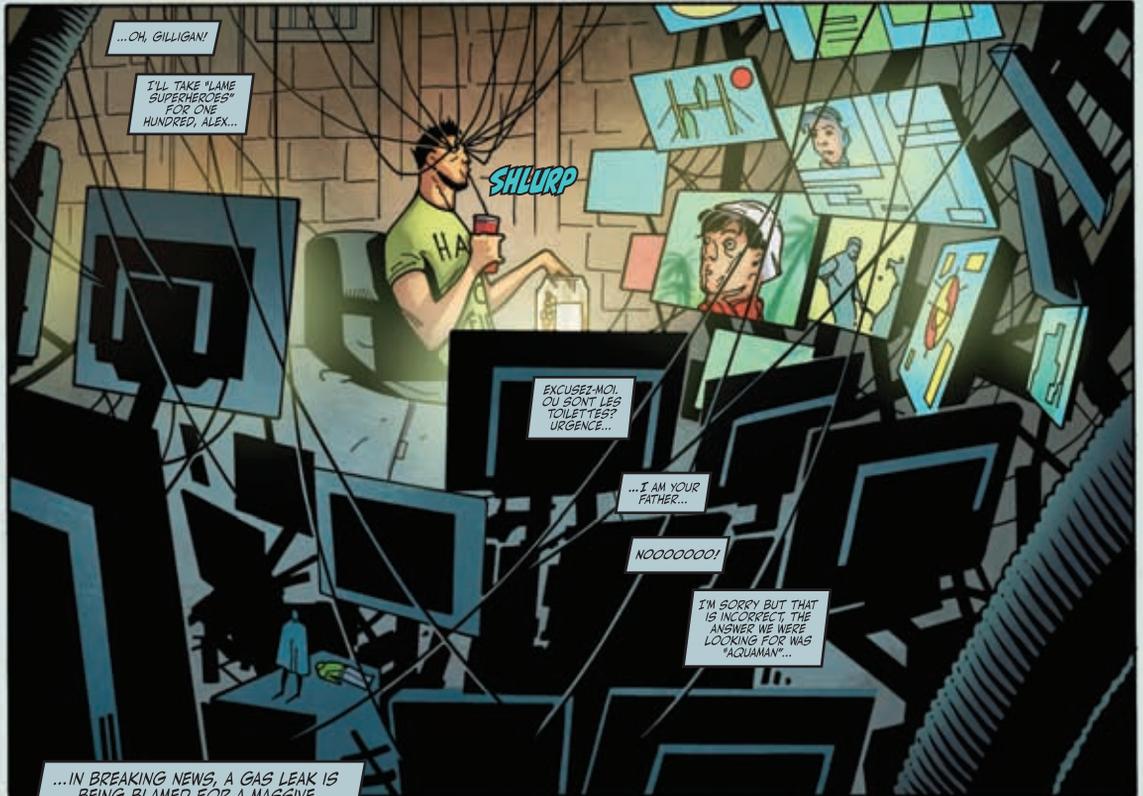


THUNDERCATS HOOOOO!

¿DONDE ESTA EL BARO?

...A SPOKESMAN FOR THE MILITANT POLITICAL ACTIVIST GROUP 'ONE BLACK NATION' ISSUED ANOTHER WARNING TODAY...

SHLURP



...OH, GILLIGAN!

I'LL TAKE 'LAME SUPERHEROES' FOR ONE HUNDRED, ALEX...

SHLURP

EXCUSEZ-MOI, OU SONT LES TOILETTES? URGENCE...

...I AM YOUR FATHER...

NOOOOOOO!

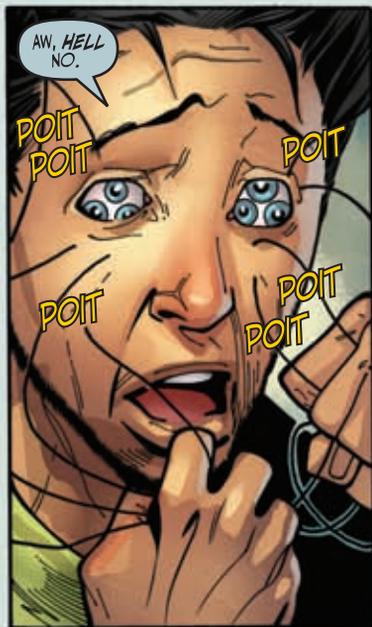
I'M SORRY BUT THAT IS INCORRECT, THE ANSWER WE WERE LOOKING FOR WAS "AQUAMAN"...

...IN BREAKING NEWS, A GAS LEAK IS BEING BLAMED FOR A MASSIVE EXPLOSION THAT ROCKED THE HOMEWOOD NEIGHBORHOOD OF OLD PITTSBURGH JUST MOMENTS AGO...



EH?

...MARIA VALDEZ IS ON THE SCENE...



AW, HELL NO.

POIT
POIT

POIT

POIT

POIT
POIT



THIS IS NOT HAPPENING.

I DID PRETTY GOOD BACK THERE, HUH?

YES.

TOLD YOU I WAS FAST. SO WHO DO YOU THINK WARNED US?

DON'T KNOW.

...HE'S DEAD, JIM.



SO, YOU GONNA KNOCK OR SOMETHING? WE'VE BEEN STANDING HERE FOR LIKE TEN MINUTES.

HE KNOWS WE'RE HERE...



HE'S IN FULL PANIC MODE RIGHT NOW...

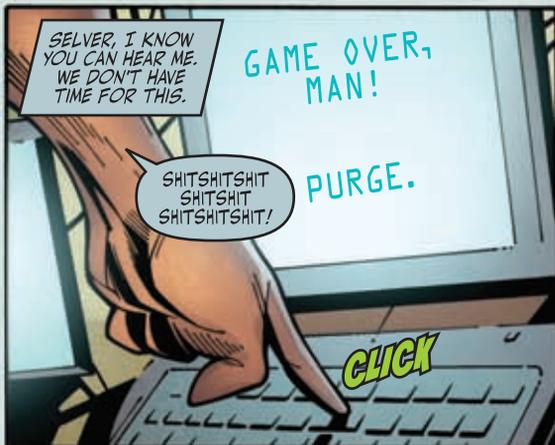
IT DOESN'T LAST LONG.

SHIT.
SHIT.
SHIT.



C'MON, SELVER, WE BOTH KNOW HOW THIS GOES.

SHIT!
SHIT!
SHIT!
SHIT!
SHIT!



SELVER, I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME. WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS.

GAME OVER, MAN!

PURGE.

SHITSHITSHIT
SHITSHITSHITSHIT!
SHITSHITSHIT!

CLICK



I JUST BLEW UP MY HOUSE, SO MY PATIENCE IS VERY THIN RIGHT NOW.



AND DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT LOCKING YOURSELF IN YOUR PANIC ROOM...REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST TIME.

PTOO!
SHIT.



CLICK



OH, HEY, STRYKER! WHAT'S UP, BUDDY? LONG TIME NO SEE...HEH.



DR. MURPHEY, YOU'VE HEARD THE RUMORS FLOATING ABOUT THAT MORGAN STRYKER MAY ACTUALLY BE ALIVE?

YES, I HAVE, MADAM CHAIRWOMAN... VERY DISTURBING NEWS.



OH? HOW SO?

WELL, I DO RECALL A CONVERSATION I HAD WITH MR. FERRIS A FEW YEARS BACK. APPARENTLY YOUR HUSBAND HAD ORDERED MULTIPLE COMPUTER SIMULATIONS BE RUN IN THE EVENT THIS VERY SCENARIO WERE TO EVER HAPPEN.

I BELIEVE THE RESULTS WERE, UM, LESS THAN FAVORABLE TO THE PROTOCOL. I UNDERSTAND HE BECAME QUITE OBSESSED.

HE WOULD BE. AND THE OTHER MATTER WE DISCUSSED?



YOUR DAUGHTER'S DOG, YES, I ERASED THE "SENSITIVE" INFORMATION YOU HAD ASKED ABOUT.

AND NO ONE ELSE SAW IT?

NO ONE.



GOOD, NO NEED TO COMPLICATE MATTERS. NO ONE ELSE NEEDS TO KNOW THE ANIMAL ONCE BELONGED TO STRYKER.

OR THAT HE AND THE DOG STILL SHARE A NEURAL INTERFACE? I IMAGINE IF THAT WERE TO GET OUT, IT COULD INDEED... COMPLICATE THINGS.

DOCTOR, YOU DID WELL... DON'T SPOIL THE MOMENT. GOOD DAY.

I... YES, OF COURSE...



GOOD DOG.



WOW, LOOKS LIKE YOU AND MY MOM'S BOYFRIEND OVER HERE HAVE THE SAME DECORATOR.

YEAH, SORRY, I DON'T GET A LOT OF VISITORS.

CAN I GET YOU GUYS ANYTHING? I HAVE MORE DERMAL PLUGS AND TAPE DOWNSTAIRS IF YOU NEED 'EM.

GOT ANY BEER?



NO, JUST CREAM SODA AND VITAMIN WATER.

I'LL PASS. WHERE'D YOU GET ALL THIS STUFF?



I BORROWED SOME OFFICE SUPPLIES WHEN I USED TO WORK FOR CDI. PAPER CLIPS, NOTE PADS, QUANTUM MULTI-CORE PROCESSORS, ETC., YOU KNOW, TYPICAL STUFF.

CYBER DATA RECRUITED HIM INTO ITS BLACK LEVEL THINK TANK WHEN HE WAS NINE...



...IT WAS HIS THEORIES IN BIOLOGICAL COMPUTING THAT ALLOWED CDI TO LINK THE BRAINS OF A BILLION PEOPLE TO CREATE A MACHINE THAT COULD BASICALLY PREDICT THE FUTURE.

SMART DUDE, HUH?

SECOND ONLY TO YOUR MOTHER.

IN FACT, YOU CAN PRETTY MUCH PIN THE APHRODITE PROTOCOL ON "SMART DUDE" HERE.

SORRY ABOUT THAT.

SELVER..

YEAH?



SHE MY KID?

...YEAH.

WE'LL TALK ABOUT WHY YOU NEVER TOLD ME LATER.

OKAY.



YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT CDI MAKING SOME SORT OF AGGRESSIVE MOVE?

YEAH, THE PROTOCOL HAD A PROBLEM. THE SOLUTION CALCULATED OUT TO A DOMESTIC CRISIS UNLIKE ANY OTHER. LOTTA PEOPLE ARE GONNA DIE.

WHEN?

TOMORROW.



HOW MANY ARMED MEN DOES CDI HAVE GUARDING MILLENNIUM CITY?

4,127... MINUS HOWEVER MANY WERE IN YOUR HOUSE WHEN IT BLEW UP.

I WANT RIPCLAW AND ARES FIXED UP AND READY TO GO BY MORNING...

...THERE ARE PEOPLE AT CYBER DATA THAT I NEED TO HAVE SOME WORDS WITH.

TO BE CONTINUED!

NEXT ISSUE:

CYBER FORCE

Issue #5



5/14
VBS
TK