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CYBER FORCE



MARC SILVESTRI • KHOI PHAM
LAURA BRAGA • SAL REGLA • ARIF PRIANTO
ANDY TROY • STJEPAN SEJIC



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KICK STARTER
EXCLUSIVE

CYBER FORCE



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CYBER FORCE[®]



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SIL
VESTRI

CYBER FORCE

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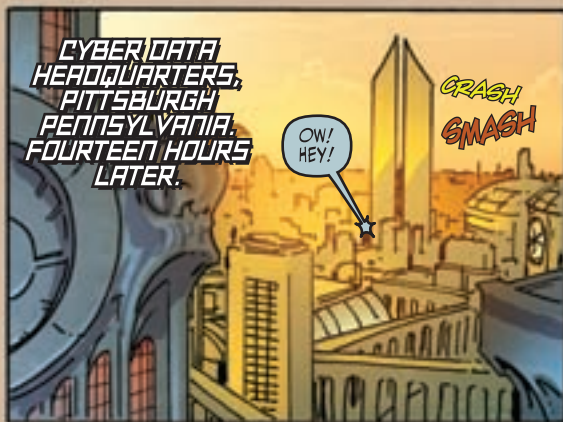
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BEIJING, CHINA.
MANY YEARS AGO.





CYBERDATA
HEADQUARTERS,
PITTSBURGH,
PENNSYLVANIA.
FOURTEEN HOURS
LATER.

OW!
HEY!

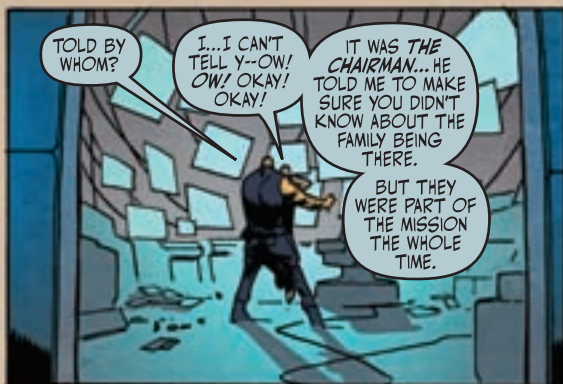
CRASH
SMASH



YOU WERE
RUNNING INTEL
ON THIS MISSION!
WHAT THE HELL
HAPPENED?

JESUS, GO EASY,
MAN! I... I WAS ONLY
DOING WHAT I WAS
TOLD!

SMASHHH



TOLD BY
WHOM?

I... I CAN'T
TELL Y--OW!
OW! OKAY!
OKAY!

IT WAS *THE*
CHAIRMAN... HE
TOLD ME TO MAKE
SURE YOU DIDN'T
KNOW ABOUT THE
FAMILY BEING
THERE.

BUT THEY
WERE PART OF
THE MISSION
THE WHOLE
TIME.



SELVER, IF
YOU'RE LYING
TO ME...

I BREAK
THIS.

AW, JEEZ, I'M
TELLIN' YOU THE
TRUTH, MAN...



"I SWEAR!"

WHAM
WHAM
THOOOMMM

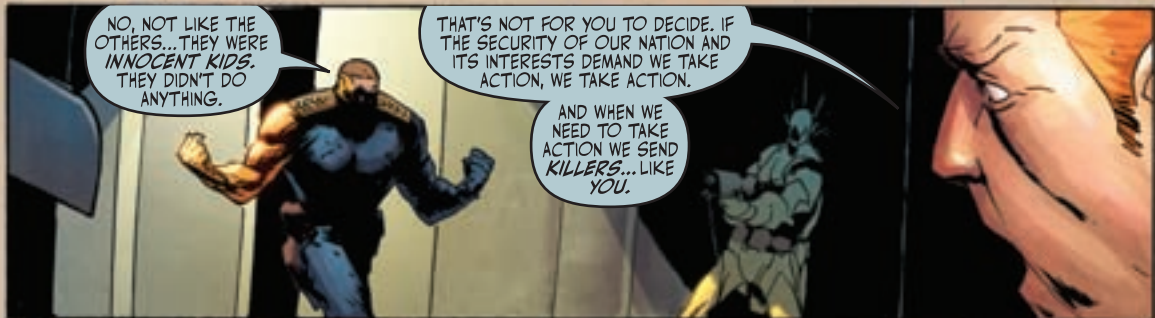


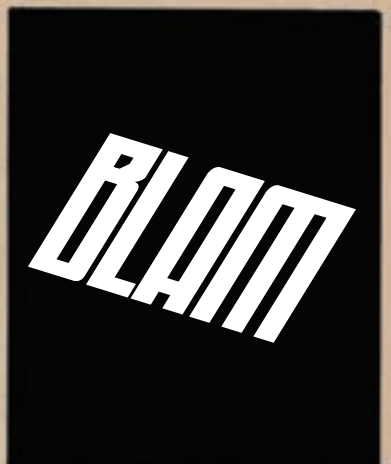
CHAIRMAN
TAYLOR...
WE NEED TO
TALK!

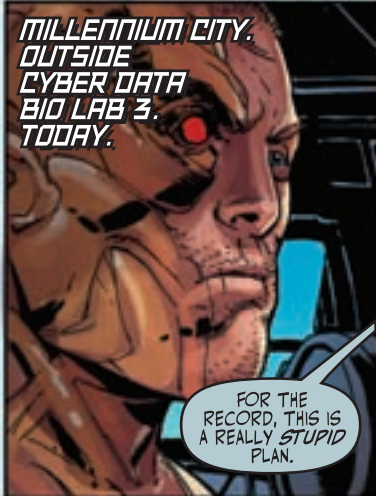


COME IN, MR.
STRYKER, THE
DOOR IS OPEN. WAS
THERE SOMETHING
ON YOUR MIND?

THEY WERE
CHILDREN,
YOU SON-OF-A-
BITCH!







MILLENNIUM CITY.
OUTSIDE
CYBER DATA
BIO LAB 3.
TODAY.

FOR THE
RECORD, THIS IS
A REALLY *STUPID*
PLAN.



IT'S
YOUR PLAN,
SERVER.

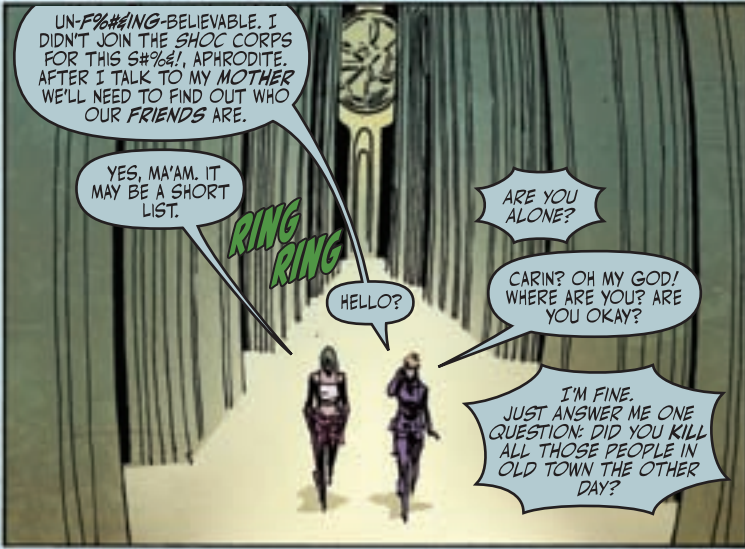
I KNOW,
AND IT'S *STUPID*.
WE NEED MORE
TIME.

THOSE PEOPLE
IN THE CHURCH ARE
GONNA *DIE*; WE DON'T
HAVE ANY MORE TIME...



I NEED
TO MAKE
A CALL.

HERE, USE
THIS PHONE. IT'S
PROBABLY THE ONLY
SECURE LINE ON THE
PLANET. BUT HURRY,
WE'RE ALMOST
THERE.



UN-F%#ING-BELIEVABLE. I
DIDN'T JOIN THE SHOC CORPS
FOR THIS S%#!, APHRODITE.
AFTER I TALK TO MY *MOTHER*
WE'LL NEED TO FIND OUT WHO
OUR *FRIENDS* ARE.

YES, MA'AM. IT
MAY BE A SHORT
LIST.

RING
RING

HELLO?

ARE YOU
ALONE?

CARIN? OH MY GOD!
WHERE ARE YOU? ARE
YOU OKAY?

I'M FINE.
JUST ANSWER ME ONE
QUESTION: DID YOU KILL
ALL THOSE PEOPLE IN
OLD TOWN THE OTHER
DAY?



NO, IT WAS DOLOROSSA...
AND HE WAS FOLLOWING OUR
FATHER'S ORDERS.

CARIN, I...I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S GOING ON...AND I
SWEAR I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT
STRYKER... BUT I'M SO
SORRY---

CLICK

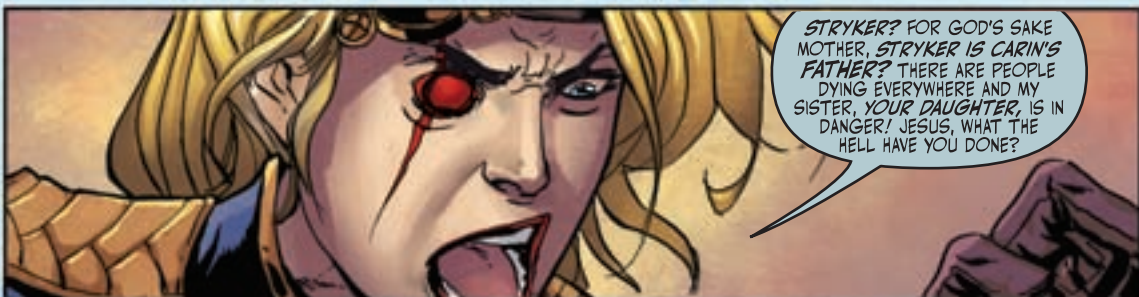
CARIN?
CARIN?

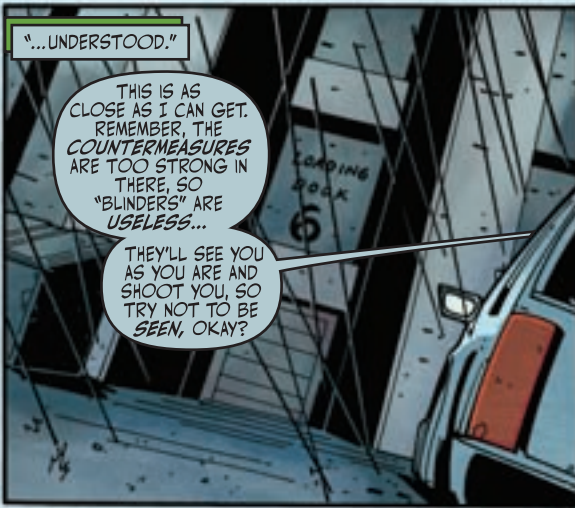


ROBERT, MY SISTER SAID
THAT SHE DIDN'T KILL
YOUR FAMILY, AND I
BELIEVE HER. SHE SAID IT
WAS DOLOROSSA...AND
MY DAD...



MY
OTHER
ONE.





"...UNDERSTOOD."

THIS IS AS CLOSE AS I CAN GET. REMEMBER, THE COUNTERMEASURES ARE TOO STRONG IN THERE, SO "BLINDERS" ARE USELESS...

THEY'LL SEE YOU AS YOU ARE AND SHOOT YOU, SO TRY NOT TO BE SEEN, OKAY?



I CAN MESS WITH THEIR VIDEO SURVEILLANCE AND I'LL TRY TO KEEP THEM OFF YOU TILL YOU GET TO THE CONTROL ROOM AND THE CHAIRMAN, BUT...WELL, I JUST WISH I COULD HAVE HAD MORE TIME TO --



SORRY. HERE, THIS IS A HYPER-CAPACITY "SECURE CARD." IT'S OUR "SILVER BULLET" SO DON'T LOSE IT.

THE "GO CODE" WILL AUTOMATICALLY BE SENT TO THE SHOCKS IN ALABAMA IN EXACTLY ONE HOUR AND TWENTY MINUTES AND ONCE IT'S SENT, BOOM, THAT'S IT, CIVIL WAR.

THE SIGNAL IS GOING TO COME FROM THE CHAIRMAN'S CELL PHONE, SO THAT'S YOUR GOAL.

NOW, HERE'S WHERE THE PLAN GETS IFFY.



WAIT, NOW IT GETS IFFY?

NOW IF YOU HAVEN'T GOTTEN KILLED UP TO THIS POINT, YOU'LL STILL NEED TO PLUG THIS CARD INTO THE POWER PORT OF THE CHAIRMAN'S PHONE... AND YOU HAVE AN HOUR AAAND SEVENTEEN MINUTES TO DO IT.

NOT A PROBLEM. SELVER, THIS THING GOES WRONG YOU LEAVE IMMEDIATELY. AND DON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO HER.

OKAY.

EVER.

OKAY.



ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO.

ABOUT FRIGGIN' TIME!

K-CHAK

**BIRMINGHAM BAPTIST
CHURCH OF CHRIST,
BIRMINGHAM,
ALABAMA.**

WELCOME,
FRIENDS.
PLEASE COME
IN AND JOIN
US!

THANKS.



**COMMAND
CENTER, LOT
BIG-LAB 3.**

MAKE YOURSELVES
COMFORTABLE AND
HELP YOURSELVES
TO A GLASS OF
FREE LEMONADE!

DOLOROSSA, MAKE SURE YOUR MEN
SPARE A FEW CIVILIANS. IF WE HAVE A SLIP IN
OUR COVERAGE WE'LL NEED *LIVE* WITNESSES.
TELL MR. FERRIS I WANT CONTINUOUS
RECALCULATIONS FROM THE MOMENT
YOUR MEN *OPEN FIRE*.

IF WE DO OUR JOBS CORRECTLY
TODAY AND THROW THE UNITED STATES INTO
COMPLETE *DISARRAY*, THE WORLD WILL
STOP IN ITS TRACKS AND TREMBLE LIKE
SCARED LITTLE *CHILDREN*...

THE REST OF THE WORLD MAY HATE THIS
COUNTRY, DOLOROSSA. THE SAME AS CHILDREN
OFTEN HATE THEIR PARENTS, BUT WHEN MOM AND
DAD ARE FIGHTING, A CHILD'S ENTIRE EXISTENCE
BECOMES A DARK AND *SCARY* PLACE...

AND CHILDREN ALWAYS DO WHAT THEY
ARE TOLD WHEN THEY ARE *SCARED*.
WOULDN'T YOU AGREE, MAJOR?

YES, OF COURSE,
MR. CHAIRMAN.

ANY NEWS OF
OUR FRIEND MORGAN
STRYKER?

NO, BUT MY MEN HAVE HIM ON THE RUN.
I WOULD SUSPECT HIS *CAPTURE* IS
IMMINENT SO WE NEED NOT WORRY
ABOUT HIM, SIR.

MAJOR
DOLOROSSA?

WHAT IS
IT?

IT'S PROBABLY
NOTHING, BUT WE'RE OBSERVING
SOME ODD BEHAVIORS COMING
FROM OUR INTERNAL SECURITY
SYSTEMS. WE UM...MAY HAVE BEEN
HACKED, SIR.

THAT IS
IMPOSSIBLE.

AN ENTIRE
SQUAD OF *SHOCS*
WERE TAKEN OFF
ROUTINE PATROL AND
ORDERED TO BREAK
FOR LUNCH.

?!



SO WHAT'RE YOU DOING?

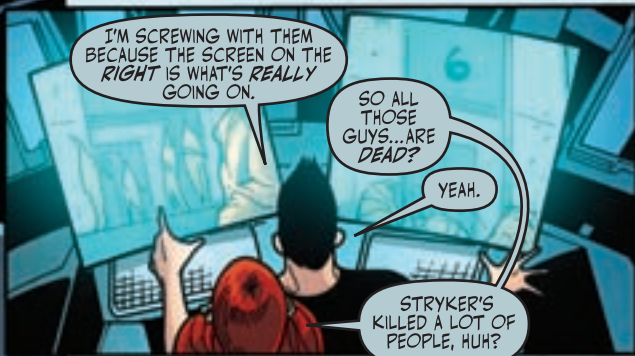
RIGHT NOW I'M SERVING LUNCH.

HUH?

NOTHING. HERE LOOK, WHAT I'M DOING IS TAKING CDI'S OWN SECURITY FEEDS, BLOCKING THEM, AND PLUGGING IN MY OWN COMPUTER-GENERATED VERSION OF EVENTS IN REAL TIME.

YOU MEAN LIKE NEO OR SOMETHING?

YEAH, NEO. ANYWAY, CHECK OUT THE SCREEN ON THE LEFT. LOOKS PRETTY CHILL RIGHT? WELL THAT'S THE IMAGE THAT I'M SENDING TO CDI'S SECURITY MAINFRAME.



I'M SCREWING WITH THEM BECAUSE THE SCREEN ON THE RIGHT IS WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON.

SO ALL THOSE GUYS...ARE DEAD?

YEAH.

STRYKER'S KILLED A LOT OF PEOPLE, HUH?



"...YEAH."

KEEP MOVING!



POK POKPOK

"BRAINAC" BETTER KNOW WHAT THE HELL HE'S DOING STRYKER, WE'RE A LONG WAY FROM THE CONTROL ROOM AND WE GOT NO TIME FOR ANY MORE OF THESE TURDS!



THERE! THAT'S WHAT I WANTED YOU TO SEE, SIR, IT'S LOADING DOCK SIX.

ALL I SEE, SERGEANT, IS A GUARD STANDING WATCH.

THAT'S JUST IT, SIR. CORPORAL HICKS HAS A HABIT OF ROCKING BACK AND FORTH ALL THE TIME. HE NEVER STANDS STILL.



SO?

HE HASN'T MOVED IN FIVE MINUTES.

GO TO ORANGE ALERT AND DO A FULL PERIMETER CHECK, SIX-BLOCK RADIUS. SOMEONE IS IN THE SYSTEM. AND TO DO THIS...

THEY MUST BE CLOSE.



YO, STRYKER, I WAS THINKING...YOU'RE GONNA OWE ME BIG-TIME FOR THIS.

HOW DO YOU FIGURE?

THE WAY I SEE IT, BOTH YOU AND ROBERT GOT A REASON TO BE HERE, RIGHT? I MEAN, YOU GOT PEOPLE YOU WANNA KILL. WHAT DO I GET OUTTA THIS?

C'MON, ARES, A DISAGREEABLE GUY LIKE YOU? THERE MUST BE SOMEBODY YOU WANT TO KILL.

WELL, THERE'S YOU.



SEE? THERE YOU GO... WAIT...



ROBERT?

SOMETHING... JUST AHEAD...

SWEAT, BREATHING, MULTIPLE HEARTBEATS... SERVOS...



CYCLING THROUGH OPTICAL FILTERS NOW...

WRRR KLIK KLIK KLIK



STRYKER! ARES! SWITCH OPTICALS TO NEGATIVE THREE DEGREES REFRACTION, BOOST TO MAXIMUM WAVELENGTH!

YES, WE'VE MADE SOME IMPROVEMENTS SINCE YOU'VE BEEN AWAY.

HELLO, ROBERT... HOW'S THE FAMILY?

WNNN

WNNN

WNNN

WNNN







GIVE UP, STRYKER. YOUR LITTLE TRICKS FAILED AND WE OUTNUMBER YOU TWENTY-TO-ONE.

YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS WERE *SPECIAL* ONCE, THE BEST...BUT THAT WAS MANY YEARS AND MANY ADVANCEMENTS AGO.



HATE TO SAY IT, BUT HE'S KINDA GOT A POINT.

STRYKER, THERE'S NO WINNING THIS FIGHT! YOU NEED TO GET TO THE CONTROL ROOM AND STOP THE CHAIRMAN BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

ARES AND I WILL STAY AND HOLD THEM BACK AS LONG AS WE CAN...FIRE IT!



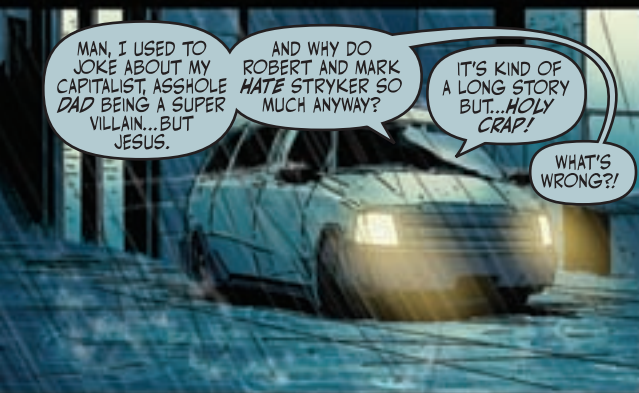
CHUK

ALL RIGHT, GOOD LUCK! BRACE YOURSELVES!



SPIKE!







OWWW...



HOLY HELL,
MY HEAD
HURTS...

YO, ROBERT. YOU
OKAY, MAN?

UNNN, YES,
I'M FINE.

C'MON, WE
GOTTA GET
OUTTA HERE,
BRO.



I DON'T SEE
STRYKER.

OR DOLOROSSA.

NUHHH...



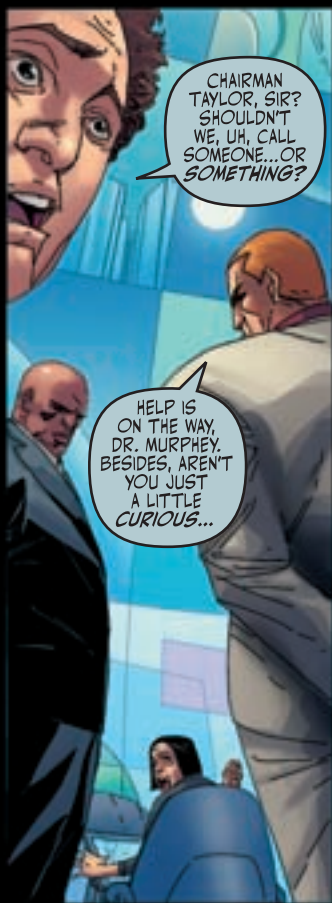
ROBERT, YOU GO AFTER THEM...
I'LL STICK AROUND HERE FOR A
BIT AND MAKE SURE **NOBODY**
FOLLOWS YOU.

UUUUHHH...



WHAM
WHAM
WHAM

UM,
MR. CHAIRMAN...



CHAIRMAN
TAYLOR, SIR?
SHOULDN'T
WE, UH, CALL
SOMEONE...OR
SOMETHING?

HELP IS
ON THE WAY,
DR. MURPHEY.
BESIDES, AREN'T
YOU JUST
A LITTLE
CURIOUS...



...TO HEAR
WHAT THE MAN
HAS TO SAY?

TAYLOR!

KKKCHOOOMMM



STOP RIGHT THERE, ASSHOLE, OR WE FIRE!

NO.

OKAY, TAKE HIM DOWN!



BLAM

I SAID, NO.

BLAM

TELL YOUR MEN TO PUT DOWN THEIR GUNS, TAYLOR. THIS GRENADE HAS NO FUSE AND I'VE ALREADY PULLED THE PIN...

I LET GO, AND WE ALL DIE.



THAT IS A BIG GRENADE. EVERYONE...PLEASE.

SO, MR. STRYKER, WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?

DO YOU NEED A JOB?

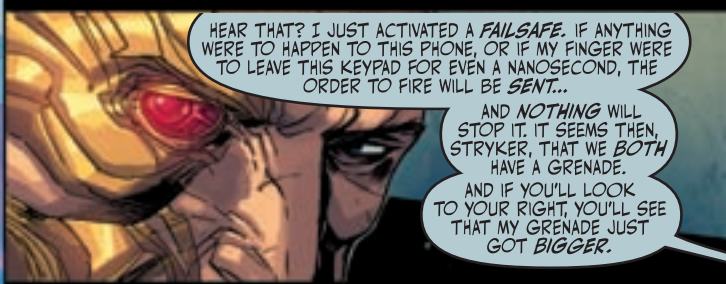
GIVE ME YOUR PHONE. NOW.



YOU MEAN THIS PHONE? I ASSUME THEN THAT YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS?

BLEEP

YES, I DO. GIVE ME THE PHONE, TAYLOR, AND I WON'T KILL YOU.



HEAR THAT? I JUST ACTIVATED A **FAILSAFE**. IF ANYTHING WERE TO HAPPEN TO THIS PHONE, OR IF MY FINGER WERE TO LEAVE THIS KEYPAD FOR EVEN A NANOSECOND, THE ORDER TO FIRE WILL BE **SENT**...

AND **NOTHING** WILL STOP IT. IT SEEMS THEN, STRYKER, THAT WE **BOTH** HAVE A GRENADE. AND IF YOU'LL LOOK TO YOUR RIGHT, YOU'LL SEE THAT MY GRENADE JUST GOT **BIGGER**.



...SORRY.

YOU TWO ALL RIGHT?

UH-HUH.

JUST A HEADACHE, THEY FIRED A NON-LETHAL CONCUSSION ROUND AND...

SELVER.

YEAH?

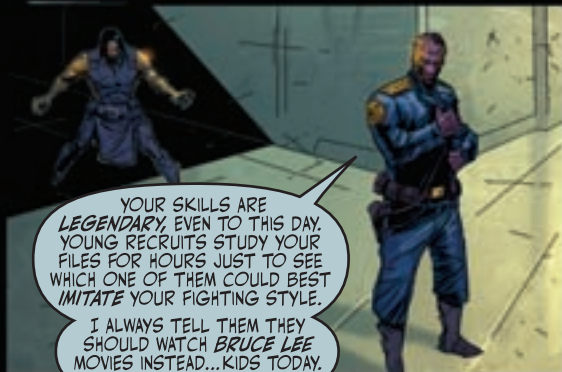
WE'LL TALK ABOUT THIS LATER.

OKAY.



I CAN SMELL YOUR PAIN. I CAN HEAR THE *UNIQUE* BLOOD OF OUR KIND MOVING THROUGH YOUR BODY, TRYING TO HEAL YOUR WOUNDS.

YOU ARE BADLY HURT. IT'S A SHAME THEN THAT THIS WILL NOT BE A FAIR FIGHT.



YOUR SKILLS ARE *LEGENDARY*, EVEN TO THIS DAY. YOUNG RECRUITS STUDY YOUR FILES FOR HOURS JUST TO SEE WHICH ONE OF THEM COULD BEST IMITATE YOUR FIGHTING STYLE.

I ALWAYS TELL THEM THEY SHOULD WATCH *BRUCE LEE* MOVIES INSTEAD...KIDS TODAY.



MUCH HAS CHANGED IN THE YEARS SINCE YOU BEGAN LIVING IN *SEWERS*, ROBERT.

I'VE BEEN UPGRADED, I'M EVERYTHING YOU *EVER* WERE, AND *TWICE* AGAIN AS MUCH.

I MADE SURE YOUR *WIFE* REALIZED THAT...



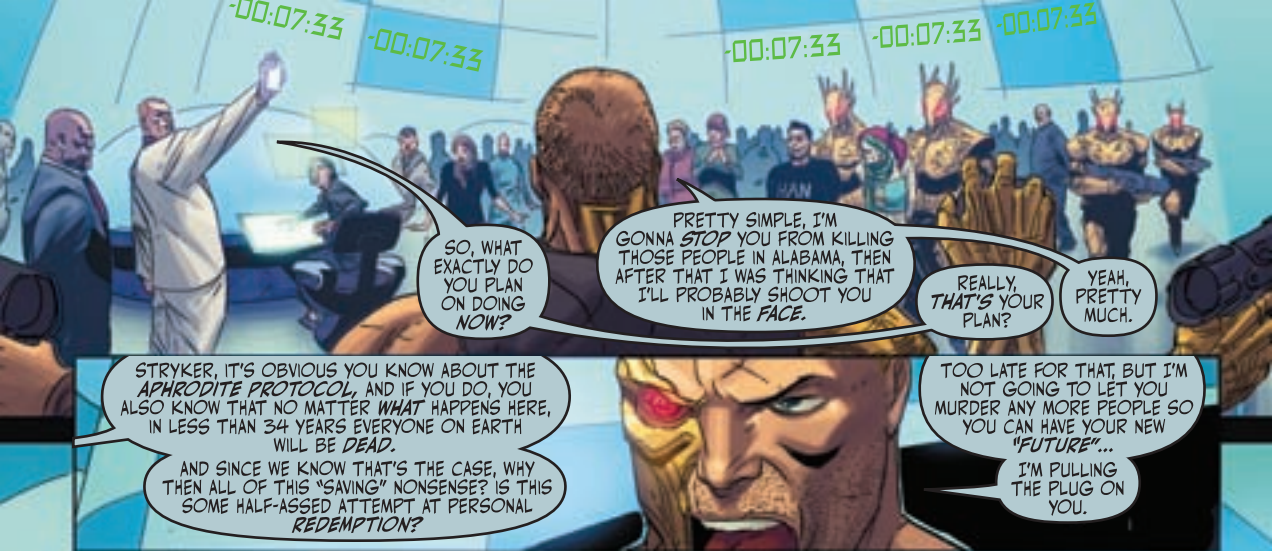
BEFORE I SLIT HER THROAT.

SHIK SHIK

SHIK SHIK



BASTARD!



-00:07:33

-00:07:33

-00:07:33

-00:07:33

-00:07:33

SO, WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU PLAN ON DOING NOW?

PRETTY SIMPLE, I'M GONNA **STOP** YOU FROM KILLING THOSE PEOPLE IN ALABAMA, THEN AFTER THAT I WAS THINKING THAT I'LL PROBABLY SHOOT YOU IN THE FACE.

REALLY, THAT'S YOUR PLAN?

YEAH, PRETTY MUCH.

STRYKER, IT'S OBVIOUS YOU KNOW ABOUT THE **APHRODITE PROTOCOL**, AND IF YOU DO, YOU ALSO KNOW THAT NO MATTER **WHAT** HAPPENS HERE, IN LESS THAN 34 YEARS EVERYONE ON EARTH WILL BE DEAD.

AND SINCE WE KNOW THAT'S THE CASE, WHY THEN ALL OF THIS "SAVING" NONSENSE? IS THIS SOME HALF-ASSED ATTEMPT AT PERSONAL **REDEMPTION**?

TOO LATE FOR THAT, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU MURDER ANY MORE PEOPLE SO YOU CAN HAVE YOUR NEW "FUTURE"...

I'M PULLING THE PLUG ON YOU.



-00:06:57

-00:06:57

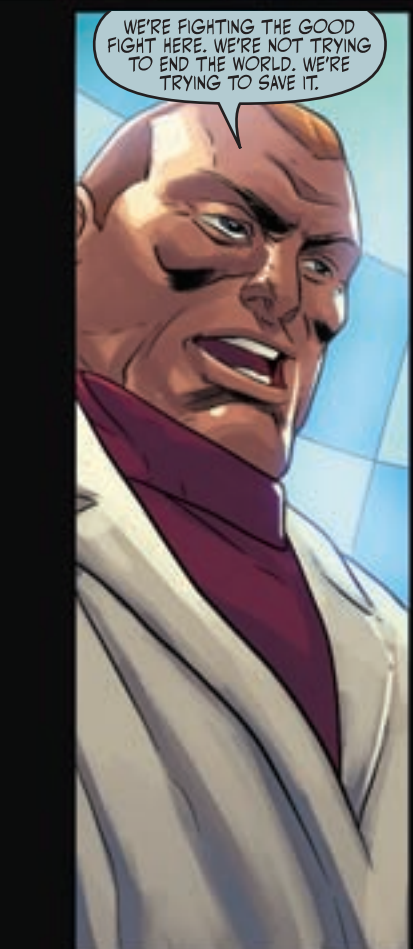
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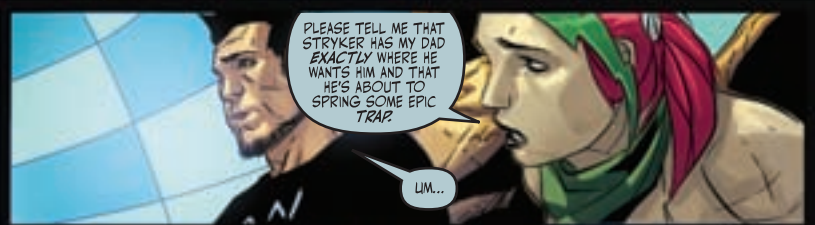
STRYKER, TRY TO LOOK AT THIS SITUATION AS A **SMART** MAN WOULD. ALL THESE PEOPLE THAT WE TRACK, AND PLACE, AND ADD AND SUBTRACT, NEED TO BE CONSIDERED AS A MEANS TO AN END.

IF WE WERE TO LOSE FOCUS FOR EVEN A MOMENT AND ALLOW THE WORLD TO FOLLOW ITS OWN **NATURAL** COURSE, THE ENTIRE HOUSE OF CARDS THAT IS THE **HUMAN RACE** WOULD, IN A STARTLINGLY SHORT SPAN OF TIME, **DISAPPEAR**.

AND IF YOU FANCY YOURSELF AS SOME SELF-RIGHTEOUS **WHISTLEBLOWER**, CONSIDER THE PANIC AND ENSUING CHAOS CAUSED IF "JOHN Q. PUBLIC" ACTUALLY SAW THE "MEN BEHIND THE CURTAIN."



WE'RE FIGHTING THE GOOD FIGHT HERE. WE'RE NOT TRYING TO END THE WORLD. WE'RE TRYING TO SAVE IT.



PLEASE TELL ME THAT STRYKER HAS MY DAD EXACTLY WHERE HE WANTS HIM AND THAT HE'S ABOUT TO SPRING SOME EPIC TRAP.

UM...



YOU'RE NOT "SAVING" ANYTHING, TAYLOR, YOU'RE PLAYING **GOD** AND RECREATING THE WORLD IN **YOUR** IMAGE... THERE'S NOTHING "GOOD" ABOUT YOUR FIGHT.

BEING **GOOD** AND BEING **RIGHT** ARE OFTEN TWO ENTIRELY DIFFERENT THINGS, STRYKER...



MY HUSBAND MAY BE A CAD, A MASS MURDERER, AND A SOCIOPATH, BUT THE ARGUMENT FOR **RECREATING** AN ALREADY **DOOMED** HUMANITY DOES MAKE A CERTAIN PRACTICAL SENSE. AND IN THE PROCESS...



"...WHY NOT WEED OUT THE SAVAGES."

GHNNN!

SHUK

I'M GOING TO RIP YOUR HEART OUT!

CHUNK



DON'T DELUDE YOURSELF, ROBERT...

SHLUUK

UGKKK!



YOU CAN BARELY STA...
GAAHH!

KRANK



ENOUGH OF THIS!

CHUK

AGHHH!



CHOMP

!



NNNNRRRRRRCH!

SSHLAURCH



AH, FINALLY, I CAN SEE THE FAMILY RESEMBLANCE...

GGGGGG...

SLUCKT



BETWEEN YOU...AND YOUR SON.



TODAY... WE BOTH DIE, DOLOROSA...



BUT YOU...ARE FIRST.

AAAAGGGHHH!



THEM...
OR ME.



...IT WAS
THEM...
...OR
ME.

CHRIST...



GOTTA
FIND THE OTHERS...
THE HELL?

OH, YOU
HAVE *GOT*
TO BE
KIDDING
ME.



AH, FRANCESCA,
MY LOVING AND
SUPPORTIVE WIFE.
IT'S GOOD TO
HEAR YOU SHARE MY
VIEWS. IT'S SO RARE
THAT WE *AGREE* ON
ANYTHING...BY
THE WAY...



WHY IS OUR
DAUGHTER POINTING A
GUN AT YOUR HEAD?

SHE'S UPSET OVER MY DALLIANCE INTO EXTRAMARITAL
SEX. AND FOR THE RECORD, DARLING, I WASN'T
AGREEING WITH YOU, I WAS *MOCKING* YOU...
SO OUR REPUTATION IS SAFE.

FRANCESCA, YOU
ABOVE ALL OTHERS KNOW
WHAT'S *COMING*. IT WAS YOU
WHO LAID THE GROUNDWORK
FOR THE APHRODITE
PROTOCOL.

THE PROTOCOL WAS ABOUT
ACCELERATING OUR NATURAL
EVOLUTION IN ORDER TO SURVIVE
THE INEVITABLE POISONING OF OUR
WORLD, NOT TO *DESTROY* WHAT IS
HERE AND THEN LORD OVER ITS
REBIRTH. YOU ARE DETERMINING
WHO LIVES AND WHO *DIES*...



MY INTENTION HAS
ALWAYS BEEN TO GIFT
EVERYONE WITH A CHANCE
OF SURVIVAL. SEE THE
DIFFERENCE?

I DON'T. AND I'M
THE ONE WITH THE
GRENAD SO
LET'S CUT THE
BULLS#%&.



EXCEPT FOR THE MINOR DETAIL OF ME HAVING
A *DAUGHTER*, SELVER TOLD ME EVERYTHING
ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE DOING, INCLUDING THE
SYSTEMATIC *STERILIZATION* AND OUTRIGHT
MURDER OF LESS THAN *PERFECT* PEOPLE AS
WELL AS THOSE THAT YOUR COMPUTER SAID
SIMPLY *NEEDED* TO DIE...MURDERS CARRIED
OUT BY SOLDIERS...LIKE ME.

I ALSO KNOW HOW YOU
TARGETED WOMEN THAT FIT A
SPECIFIC *GENETIC PROFILE*.
AND HOW YOU MANIPULATED
THEIR REPRODUCTIVE SYSTEMS
TO GUARANTEE THEY GAVE
BIRTH TO CHILDREN ABLE TO
ABSORB *CYBERNETIC*
GRAFTS, WOMEN...

...LIKE
SELVY'S
MOTHER.



"NOW GIVE ME THE PHONE."

R...RUNNING THEM NOW, SIR...

SIGH, YOU STILL DON'T GET IT DO YOU? MR. FERRIS, CALCULATE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO THE PROTOCOL...IF THE ACTION IN ALABAMA WERE NOT TO PROCEED AS PLANNED?

YES, MR. CHAIRMAN. RUN THE NUMBERS PLEASE, BRYAN.



IT SAYS THAT IF WE ABORT NOW, WE LOSE FOUR YEARS FROM THE TIMELINE...

THE HUMAN RACE WILL HAVE DESTROYED ITSELF BEFORE WE CAN LAUNCH EVEN THE FIRST PHASE.

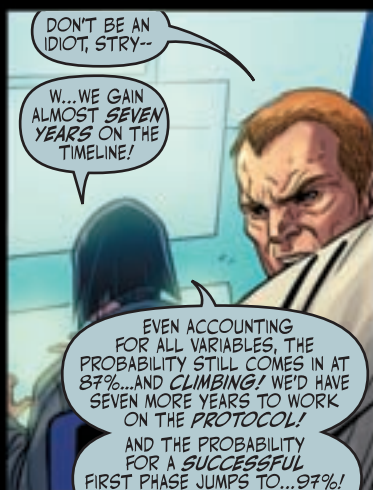
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YOU SEE STRYKER, EVERY ACTION WE TAKE, EVERY CHESS PIECE WE MOVE, REWARDS US WITH THE PRECIOUS TIME WE NEED TO REENGINEER AND SAVE THE SPECIES.



BRYAN, PUNCH IN A SCENARIO WHERE THERE IS NO CORRECTIVE ACTION IN ALABAMA AND THE CHAIRMAN DIES SUDDENLY FROM BULLET TO THE FOREHEAD, AND CALCULATE THAT.



DON'T BE AN IDIOT, STRY--

W...WE GAIN ALMOST SEVEN YEARS ON THE TIMELINE!

EVEN ACCOUNTING FOR ALL VARIABLES, THE PROBABILITY STILL COMES IN AT 87%...AND CLIMBING! WE'D HAVE SEVEN MORE YEARS TO WORK ON THE PROTOCOL!

AND THE PROBABILITY FOR A SUCCESSFUL FIRST PHASE JUMPS TO...97%!



THIS IS RIDICULOUS, STRYKER, BUT I'LL PLAY. BRYAN, TYPE IN MR. STRYKER'S DEATH AND RECALCULATE.

YES, SIR, ANY PARTICULAR WAY YOU WANT HIM TO DIE?

JUST KILL HIM YOU IMBECILE AND RECALCULATE!



I HEAR YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD WITH THAT ARM.

BEST HALF A BILLION CDI EVER SPENT. WHY?



TAKE THIS. I NEED YOU TO GET IT INTO THE POWER PORT ON THE CHAIRMAN'S PHONE.



SIR, UM...ACCORDING TO THIS, IF STRYKER WERE TO BE KILLED TODAY WE WOULD UM, LOSE ALMOST AN ENTIRE DECADE. WE WOULDN'T COME CLOSE TO BEING ABLE TO LAUNCH THE PROTOCOL AND EVERYTHING... WOULD END.

00:02:54



WHAT? THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE! RUN IT AGAIN!

OUCH, THAT'S GOTTA HURT.

SIR, THE ALGORITHM RAN OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION *SCENARIOS* AND IT STILL CALCULATES OUT TO THE SAME NUMBER.



OKAY, FINE, LET'S GO FARTHER...PUNCH IN A SCENARIO IN WHICH MY DARLING WIFE WAS TO DIE TODAY AND THEN RECALCULATE.



AH, MY DEAR HUSBAND, ALWAYS THE HOPELESS ROMANTIC.

BALLISTIC, THROW IT...

HE KEEPS WAVING THE DAMN THING AROUND. I DON'T HAVE A CLEAR SHOT.



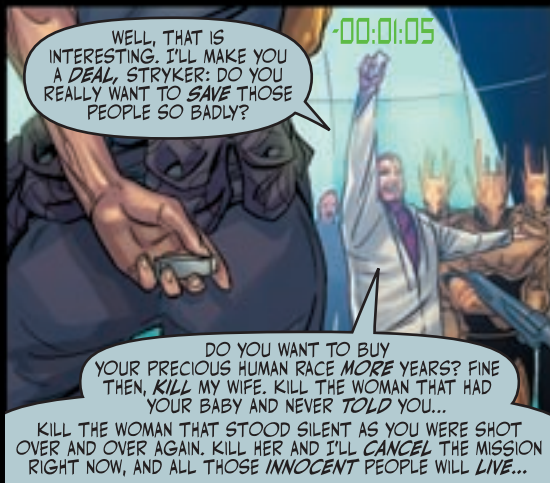
SIR! IF YOUR WIFE...THE CHAIRWOMAN WERE TO...DIE, WELL...IT WOULD BENEFIT THE PROTOCOL'S TIMELINE *IMMENSELY*. FIFTEEN YEARS TO BE EXACT!

EVEN IF WE ABORT TODAY'S MISSION, WE'D STILL *GAIN* THIRTEEN YEARS! AND THE CHANCE OF *SUCCESS* FOR ALL PHASES OF THE PROTOCOL JUMP TO...99%!

-00:01:07 -00:01:07

OOPS...

WHATEVER STRYKER'S GONNA DO HED BETTER DO IT *QUICK*...



-00:01:05

WELL, THAT IS INTERESTING. I'LL MAKE YOU A *DEAL*, STRYKER: DO YOU REALLY WANT TO *SAVE* THOSE PEOPLE SO BADLY?

DO YOU WANT TO BUY YOUR PRECIOUS HUMAN RACE *MORE* YEARS? FINE THEN, *KILL* MY WIFE. KILL THE WOMAN THAT HAD YOUR BABY AND NEVER *TOLD* YOU...

KILL THE WOMAN THAT STOOD SILENT AS YOU WERE SHOT OVER AND OVER AGAIN. KILL HER AND I'LL *CANCEL* THE MISSION RIGHT NOW, AND ALL THOSE *INNOCENT* PEOPLE WILL *LIVE*...



YOU HAVE MY *WORD*.

YOU'LL LET US *ALL* GO?

YES.

MY *DAUGHTER* GOES, TOO.



OF COURSE.

OKAY, *ONE* MORE THING...

FRANCESCA...

CLIK





WHAT THE HELL?

CODE: NZR-1701 SENT...
MISSION ABORTED.



YES!

BLAM



PRICK.



SPAK



HOLY...

TAKE 'EM
DOWN!



CHAK

K-CHAK

CLACK

CHAK



DON'T...SHE'S ALL
YOU SACKS OF S#%&
HAVE NOW.

WELL SAID,
DEAR.



...JESUS.

I SUPPOSE
CONGRATULATIONS
ARE IN ORDER,
STRYKER...



WHAT
NOW?

I DON'T
KNOW. I DIDN'T
FIGURE ON
ACTUALLY
GETTING THIS
FAR.

TWO WEEKS AGO.

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE MY LITTLE GIRL IS GOING TO BE SIXTEEN IN JUST A FEW DAYS... IT MAKES ME FEEL SO OLD. BUT AGE IS SOMETHING SHE'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT...

YES, MY LITTLE GIRL IS VERY SPECIAL, THE ONLY ONE OF HER KIND, THE FIRST LIVING BEING BORN WITH BIO-SYNTHETIC DNA.

AS THE FIRST TRUE "NEW HUMAN," SHE'LL HAVE NO NEED FOR ANY VILE SURGERIES OR PERVERSE APPARATUS TO SURVIVE THE LOOMING AND WRETCHED FUTURE...

CHANGE IS COMING AND THERE ARE THOSE, LIKE MY FOOL OF A HUSBAND, THAT STAND IN THE WAY. THEY THINK THEY KNOW, BUT THEY DON'T. IT HAS FALLEN ON ME TO SAVE THE WORLD.

BUT I COULD USE A LITTLE HELP...

AND THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN, MY BRAVE NINJA. I KNOW STRYKER'S ALIVE OUT THERE SOMEWHERE AND THAT ONLY YOU CAN FIND HIM...OF COURSE HE'LL NEED A REASON TO COME BACK...

IT WILL BE QUITE A SHOCK TO HER, AND SHE'S NEVER BEEN ON HER OWN, BUT I KNOW YOU'LL PROTECT MY LITTLE ANGEL WITH YOUR DYING BREATH.

SHE'S AT THAT AGE WHEN SHE THINKS SHE KNOWS SO MUCH...

DOWNLOAD Enabled

CLICK

BUT I THINK IT'S TIME SHE KNEW A LITTLE MORE.

NEXT ISSUE: **CYBER
FORCE**

#6

