

AMMO.  
CHECK.



SONIC  
SWORD,  
CHECK.



METAL  
COFFIN...  
CHECK.



"LEFT FOOT,  
GOOD FOOT."

*KA-TUNNY*



THE SOUNDS IT MAKES  
WHEN YOU GET INSIDE ARE  
VERY DISCONCERTING...  
LIKE AN AIRLOCK THAT'LL  
NEVER OPEN AGAIN.



AND IT'S A TIGHT FIT.  
CLAUSTROPHOBIC,  
REALLY...

THE SOUND  
OF BREATHING  
IS DEAFENING  
IN MY EARS...

CLEAR BAY THREE FOR  
DEPRESSURIZATION...

MY HEART FEELS LIKE  
IT'S GONNA BLOW  
THROUGH MY CHEST  
IT'S BEATIN' SO HARD.







SECOND PLATOON ON STATION, COLONEL!



GOOD TO GO, LIEUTENANT!



PHALANX FORMATION ON-LINE!

MAKE READY!





TA-WOOSH!



INCOMING!



AAARRGGG!

RAAAHHH!



OOR-AGGH!

NOO-AGGHH!



FALL BACK!



BRING UP THE TOW!

FIRE FOR EFFECT!

ROGER THAT, LT!

FWA-WOOOSH!

KRA-FWBOOM!



FIRE  
TEAMS,  
NOW!!



KRS-SHH!



SWORDS!



PREPARE TO  
DEFEND  
YOURSELVES!



WALKER!



CORPSMAN!  
I NEED A CORPSMAN  
OVER HERE!



LEFT FLANK!  
THEY'RE ON  
THE MOVE!



BREAK INTO  
GROUPS AND WATCH  
YOUR BACKS!





YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT YOU DID!

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO HESITATE OUT THERE.

THIS WAR MIGHT'A BEEN THRUST ON US LIKE STINK ON SHIT, BUT THAT DON'T REALLY MATTER NOW.

WE'RE MARINES, AND WHO CAN TELL ME WHAT USMC STANDS FOR?



YOU SIGNED THE MOTHER-EFFIN' CONTRACT, SIR!

CORRECT! NO ONE MADE YOU DO IT, YOU VOLUNTEERED TO BE HERE! SO GET YER HEADS IN THE GAME AND OUTTA YER ASSES!

WHY DID YOU FAIL IN YOUR MISSION?

WE ALLOWED THE PHALANX TO BE DISRUPTED, SIR.

EXACTLY, LIEUTENANT!

STAND FAST AND GROUP TOGETHER. TRUST THAT THE MAN NEXT TO YOU WILL DO HIS JOB SO YOU CAN DO YOURS. AND GET THE AIM HIGHER WITH THE TOW\* NEXT TIME, AUSTIN.

YOU'RE OFFICERS! YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE CHOICES THAT'LL EITHER KEEP YOUR HELOT ENLISTED CORPS ALIVE, OR GET THEM KILLED OUT THERE!

\*TUBE-LAUNCHED, OPTICALLY TRACKED, WIRE-GUIDED MISSILE



AND DON'T THINK I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT THE MILITIAS, EITHER! THEY'RE ALL JUST FAT, SLOPPY COLONISTS WITH NO TRAINING.

YEAH, MANY OF 'EM ARE, BUT WE'RE STILL BURYING THE LAST MARINES WHO UNDERESTIMATED 'EM ON MARS.

NOW, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I AIN'T ITCHIN' TO LOSE ANY MORE OF YOUR SORRY ASSES TO A BUNCH OF MINERS!

OO-RAAAAH!

OKAY THEN, WE RUN IT AGAIN... AND WATCH YER FLANKS. YOU KNOW WE CAN'T PIERCE THEIR HEAVY ARMOR WITH SMALL ARMS FIRE. CALL IN FOR EM-ARTY\* WHEN YOU NEED IT.

\*ELECTRO-MAGNETIC ARTILLERY



GENERAL QUARTERS! THIS IS NOT A DRILL! ALL HANDS TO GENERAL QUARTERS! VENUS PLANET-FALL IN TWO HOURS!

YOU HEARD THE MAN! GET TO YOUR STATIONS AND SUIT UP!



THIS MOMENT, RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW, IS WHERE YOU LEARN WHO YOU ARE, WHAT YOU'RE MADE OF...

SIR, I DUNNO IF I CAN DO THIS AFTER --

THOSE HELOTS OUT THERE NEED YOU, NEED YOUR LEADERSHIP IF THEY'RE GONNA MAKE IT THROUGH.

BE STRONG FOR THEM AND DON'T LET THEM DOWN.

YES, SIR.



WE'RE MARINES, LIEUTENANT MARCUS.

DYIN'S OUR BUSINESS!



OKAY,  
FALL IN PEOPLE,  
WE DON'T HAVE  
ALL DAY.

SO, WHAT  
HAPPENED  
OUT THERE?  
ANYONE?

WE GOT  
OUR *ASSES*  
KICKED, SIR.



WHAT THE--?!



NNOOO!



SHIT!

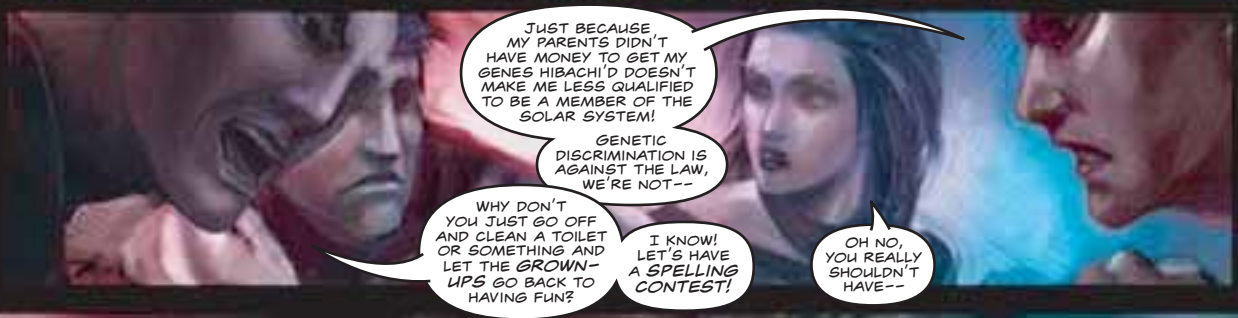
[ SIMULATION ]  
[ TERMINATED ]

**BLAM!**

DAMMIT...



WELL, THERE YOU GO!  
AND NOW YOU'LL BE PERFORMING MENIAL JOBS UNTIL YOU DIE!  
WHAT ARE YOU, LIKE A GARBAGE MAN? TRUCK DRIVER?  
BEEP BEEP! HAHahaha!



JUST BECAUSE MY PARENTS DIDN'T HAVE MONEY TO GET MY GENES HIBACHI'D DOESN'T MAKE ME LESS QUALIFIED TO BE A MEMBER OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM!  
GENETIC DISCRIMINATION IS AGAINST THE LAW, WE'RE NOT--  
WHY DON'T YOU JUST GO OFF AND CLEAN A TOILET OR SOMETHING AND LET THE GROWN-UPS GO BACK TO HAVING FUN?  
I KNOW! LET'S HAVE A SPELLING CONTEST!  
OH NO, YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE--



ENGH--!  
KRRRRAK!



REMAND ME TO PICK UP SOME DORAXAL BLEACH. IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT GETS SPICER BLOOD OUTTA MY CLOTHES.  
SURE.  
I KNEW I SHOULDN'A WORN WHITE TONIGHT...



YOU WANNA GET IN ON SOME A THIS OR MIGHT WE BREAK A NAIL?  
NO THANKS.  
NEVER EVEN SEEN YOU THROW A PUNCH, SAM. LET OUT SOME STEAM ONCE IN A WHILE, HUH?  
YOU TWO ARE SUCH CHILDREN... I JUST WANNA RELAX BEFORE OUR SHIFT.  
OH, GOOD, GET DRUNK BEFORE YOU FLY.  
SAFETY FIRST, HUH, PILOT?!

DON'T YOU HAVE SOMEONE TO HIT?



OH, MY GOD...

DO YOU SEE THAT?

YES I DO!

NO, I DON'T, AND NEITHER DO YOU.

HEY! GET YOUR TONGUE OUT OF HIS EAR, RACHEL!

SAM, TAKE THIS.

SURE.

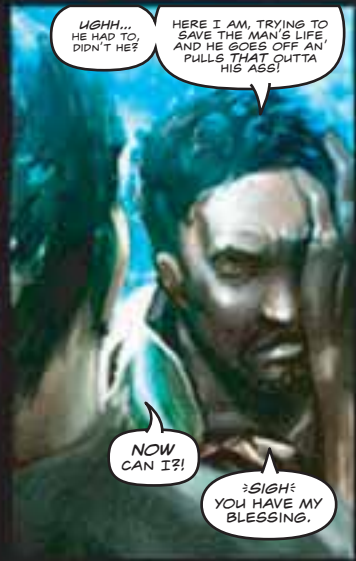
THAT'S MY GIRL! I SAW HER FIRST!



I'LL KILL 'IM! I'LL FREAKIN' KILL 'IM!

SCREW OFF, WORTHLESS HELOT...

WHA--  
WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?!



UGHH... HE HAD TO, DIDN'T HE?

HERE I AM, TRYING TO SAVE THE MAN'S LIFE AND HE GOES OFF AND PULLS THAT OUTTA HIS ASS!

NOW CAN I?!

SIGH: YOU HAVE MY BLESSING.



THIS IS A HELOT BAR, PAL. WHY DON'T YOU BIOPUNKS GO BACK TO CLUB 42 IN DOME SEVEN AND LET US DRINK IN PEACE.

HEY, WE DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE.

SCREW THIS HELOT! WE COME HERE BECAUSE WE DON'T HAVE TO WORK AS HARD TO GET LAID!

-- HEY!

COME TO PLAY IN THE SLUMS, THAT IT?

YOU SAID IT, I DIDN'T!



ALL YOU SPLICERS COME IN HERE, THROW YOUR CASH AROUND, SCREW OUR CHICKS, THEN TAKE OFF.

THINK YOU CAN DO WHATEVER YOU WANT? BULLSHIT!

YOU DON'T LIKE IT, TOO BAD! YOU'RE THE BOTTOM RUNG, HELOT!

I'LL BREAK IT DOWN PRE-SCHOOL SO YOU CAN UNDERSTAND-- WE'RE SMARTER THAN YOU AND THAT'S WHY WE RUN THE SYSTEM!



HELOTS ARE JUST AS GOOD A HUMAN AS ANY SPLICER.

SO I CAN'T FIGURE OUT PI TO THE LAST DIGIT IN MY HEAD, OR RUN AS FAST AS YOU, BUT AT LEAST I HAVE SOME FRICKING MANNERS!

HEY, NOT MY FAULT YOU'RE A HELOT. BLAME IT ON YOUR PARENTS FOR NOT HAVING YOU SCREENED AT IMPLANTATION!



OH NO, DUDE, NOT HIS PARENTS...

MAN, THIS IS GONNA GET UGLY...

I'M NOT HIS DAD!

THIS HAPPENS EVERY TIME YOU LET HIM DRINK THAT MARTIAN SWILL.

NO, BUT YOU ARE HIS FRIEND. YOU SHOULD ACT LIKE IT.

I WAS CONCEIVED, YOU GENE SEQUENCED FREAK!!!

I KNEW I SHOULDN'A WORN WHITE TONIGHT...



"DON'T BE JEALOUS. HIROKO STILL LIKES YOU FINE."



"MAN, I'VE HIT THAT MORE TIMES THAN RUSSO HIT, TRIPLE HUNDREDS IN THE '24 SOLAR SERIES."

"I'M NOT GOING TO BE DISRESPECTED IN MY OWN BAR JUST BECAUSE I'M HUMAN! SCREW THOSE SPLICERS!"



"IF YOU DON'T CALM DOWN, THIS'LL END UP JUST LIKE LAST WEEK, AND I AIN'T GOING TO THE TANK AGAIN BECAUSE OF YOU..."

"LIKE THAT WAS MY FAULT?! THE GUY INSULTED MY MANHOOD!"

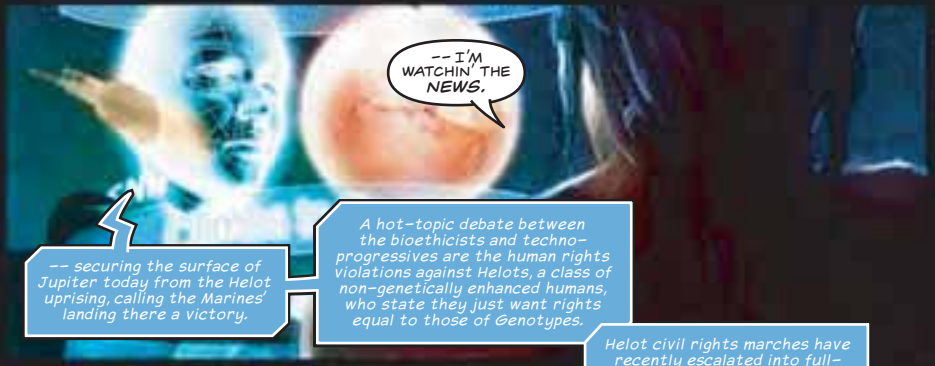


"YOU WERE WEARING A BRA, STAP..."

"LIKE IT WAS MINE! BESIDES, THAT JERK HAD IT COMIN'."



BESIDES--



-- I'M WATCHIN' THE NEWS.

-- securing the surface of Jupiter today from the Helot uprising, calling the Marines' landing there a victory.

A hot-topic debate between the bioethicists and techno-progressives are the human rights violations against Helots, a class of non-genetically enhanced humans, who state they just want rights equal to those of Genotypes.

Helot civil rights marches have recently escalated into full-fledged riots and civil uprisings, claiming tens of thousands of lives over the past five years.

Especially memorable was the police action carried out by United Space Marines in Odessa on Ganymede, claiming over four hundred Helot lives almost three years ago.

BASTARDS...

The strong, yet critical, techno-progressive positions include support for cognitive liberty, morphological freedom and reproduction, claiming genetic profiling still exists though strict laws have been implemented by the Venusian government.



SAY "HELOTS ROCK."

COME ON! SAY IT!

NO, LIKE YOU MEAN IT! COME ON!

HE-- HE-- HELOTS ROCK.

HELOTS ROCK!



-- AND DISORDERLY. REPEAT, SUSPECTS ARE INEBRIATED AND DANGEROUS. PROCEED WITH--



COPS!

STAP! JAMMER! STOREROOM!

I TOLD YOU, GODDAMN--

MOVE!



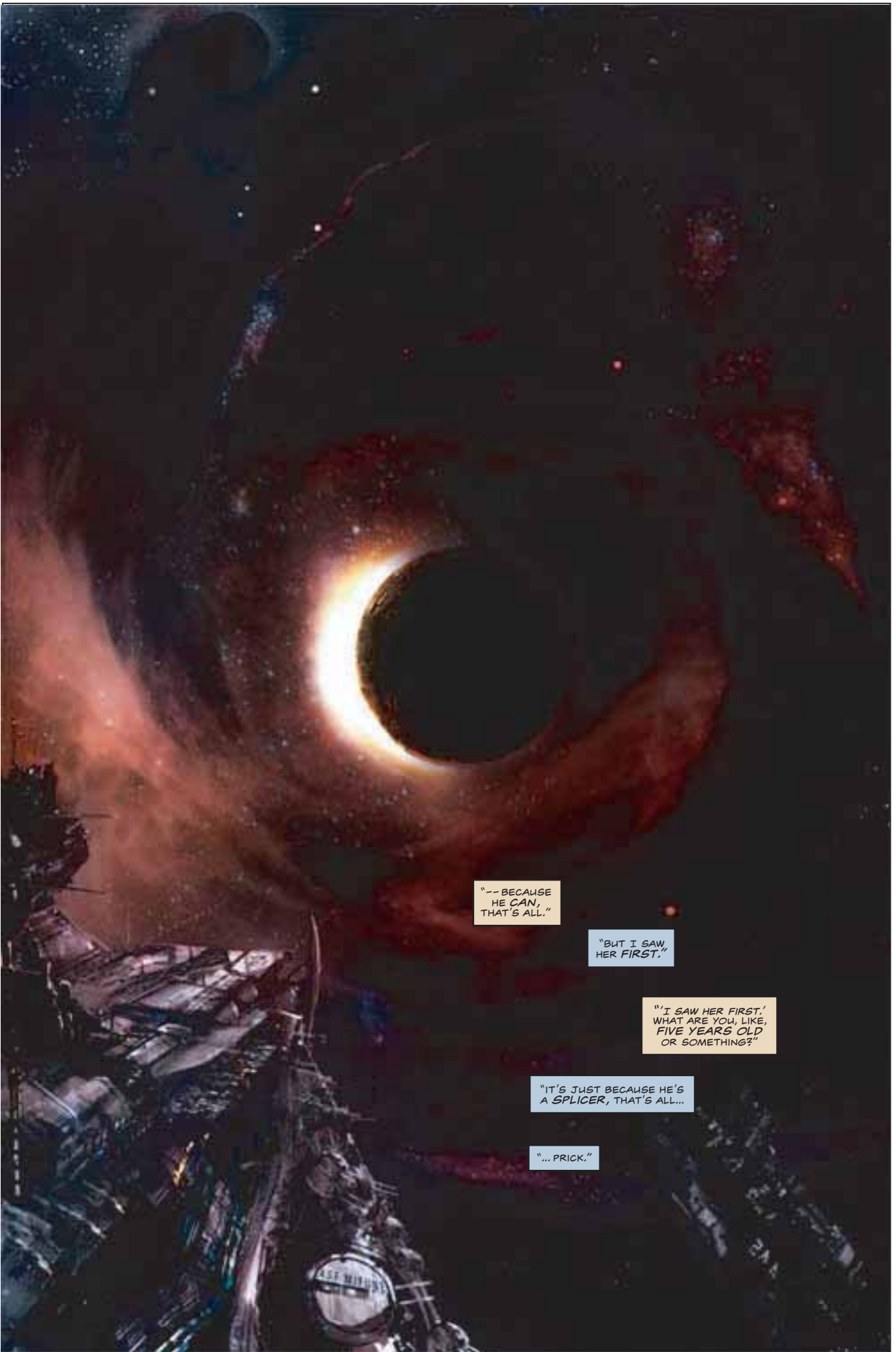
GOOD THINKING TO PARK IN THE BACK, SAM.

LIKE ANYTHING CAN BE DONE THE EASY WAY WITH YOU TWO DORKS ON A FRIDAY NIGHT.

BESIDES, AIN'T I THE ONE THAT BAILED YOU OUT LAST TIME!

WE'RE GOOD FOR IT!

AND THAT WASN'T OUR FAULT!



"-- BECAUSE HE CAN, THAT'S ALL."

"BUT I SAW HER FIRST."

"I SAW HER FIRST! WHAT ARE YOU, LIKE, FIVE YEARS OLD OR SOMETHING?"

"IT'S JUST BECAUSE HE'S A *SPLICER*, THAT'S ALL..."

"... PRICK."



EVERYONE STRAPPED IN?

OH, I'M FULLY STRAPPED!

WATCH IT, STAP, OR I'M GONNA ACCIDENTALLY HIT EJECT.

OKAY, OKAY!

RELEASE ON MY MARK. THREE--



-- TWO --



-- ONE.

MARK.



OH, LIKE WHEN YOU GUYS DECIDED TO RIDE THE MAYOR'S FLOAT IN THE VENUSIAN DAY PARADE WEARING ONLY A FEZZ?

WELL--

OR THE TIME YOU BOTH DECIDED TO TAKE ALL A THE BOLTS OUTTA THE WHEELS ON ROSCOE'S TRUCK SO THEY'D FALL OFF WHEN HE WAS DRIVING!?

NOW THAT WAS FUNNY--



"OR THE BRA INCIDENT IN THE--"

"IT WASN'T EVEN MINE!"

"WHY IS IT YOU'RE NEVER IN TROUBLE, SAM? NEVER IN A FIGHT, NEVER DRUNK, NEVER ANYTHING!"

"YEAH, YOU A PACIFIST OR SOMETHING, HELOT?"

"I JUST LIKE THE STATUS QUO..."

"DO YOU EVER DO ANYTHING BESIDES DRINK AND WORK?"

"BAILIN' YOU IDIOTS OUTTA THE SLAMMER IS A FULL-TIME JOB! IF THE COMPANY HADN'T PARTNERED ME UP WITH YOU TWO, I MIGHT NOT EVEN DO THAT ANYMORE!"

"OH, THAT HURTS! YOU KNOW YOU LOVE US!"

"YEAH, THE BROTHERS I NEVER WANTED. HA!"



HE DIGGS YOU, YOU KNOW, AND NOT LIKE A BROTHER.

SO DO I...

JAMMER, WE'VE BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS BEFORE. IT WAS FUN, BUT I'M NOT LOOKING TO GET INTO ANYTHING SERIOUS--

I KNOW, I JUST WISH YOU AND I COULD HAVE MET AT A DIFFERENT TIME, MAYBE A FEW YEARS BACK, BEFORE THIS WHOLE SOLAR WAR THING...

NEITHER WAS I. I HAD MY OWN PLACE ON IO, WORKIN' A SMALL PLOT... THEN THE ALLIANCE SLAMMED IN AND FORCED ME OUT HERE TO THE EDGE OF FREAKIN' NOWHERE.

NO, YOU DON'T.

I WASN'T THE SAME BACK THEN.

A CRAPPY JOB, CRAPPY PLACE... FIRST THAT, THEN LOSING MY SISTER JOLENE ON ODESSA.



EFFIN' ALLIANCE, EFFIN' MARINES...

I'VE LOST A LOT IN THE PAST FEW YEARS...

WE ALL HAVE. AT LEAST HERE ON VENUS YOU'RE ALIVE AND FREE.

WELL, I GUESS THAT COUNTS FOR SOMETHIN'.



COME ON, SPELL IT!

A-S-S-H-O-L-E!

THUNK  
THUNK  
THUNK

HAHA...!  
LOCK IN.



WHAT SAY WE KNOCK OFF EARLY TONIGHT, GO SEE THAT NEW SAMPSON FLICK.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND FOR THE LIFE ONE WHY YOU WATCH THAT CRAP...



I LIKE THAT STUFF! THE ONE-LINERS, THE CRAZY ACTION--



HOW MANY TIMES I GOTTA TELL YOU TO RELEASE THE PRESSURE IN THE LINE BEFORE YOU UNDO--



OOOFF!

PPSSSSSSSSHHHH



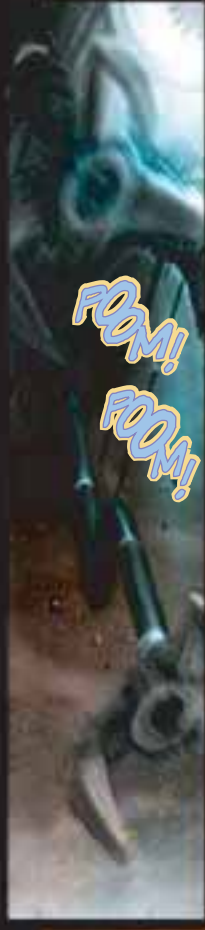
CLINKSH!



STAP!



THREE MINUTES UNTIL GRAVITY SHIELD PENETRATION--



POOM!  
POOM!



PITONS'RE SECURED, REELING IN.

KRA-KRA-KRA-KRA!



WE'RE DOWN. LET'S MOVE OUT.



THIS IS SO BORING. THIS JOB SUCKS...

WHAT DO YOU WANNA DO, HELOT? BE PRESIDENT OF THE COLONY?

MAYBE I COULD! SOMEDAY...!

WELL, YOU AT LEAST NEED TO BE ABLE TO SPELL "PRESIDENT!"

YOU'RE A DICK!



I JUST DIDN'T WANT TO BRING ATTENTION TO MYSELF AND NOW--

WE'VE BEEN DOWN THIS AVENUE BEFORE.



THIS MAN YOU SAVED TODAY, THE WAY IN WHICH YOU RESCUED HIM, IT WAS FAMILIAR, YES?

SOP.

STANDARD OPERATING PROCEDURE?

YEAH...

BUT NOT FOR A MINER.

NO.



IT WAS INSTINCT?

YES.

SO THEN YOU WOULD HAVE LET HIM DIE IF YOU HAD TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT?

NO! I--  
... IT JUST BROUGHT IT ALL FLOODING BACK, THAT'S ALL...



INSTINCT IS A DISTINCT PATTERN OF BEHAVIOR IN RESPONSE TO CERTAIN STIMULI. YOU SAVED THAT MAN BECAUSE THAT'S WHO YOU ARE, THAT'S WHAT YOU DO.

YOU ARE A HERO.

I'M A COWARD.

YOU ARE RUNNING.

THAT'S WHY WE'RE ON VENUS, RIA.



NO, NOT FROM SOME EXTERNAL OFFICIALDOM.

YOU ARE RUNNING FROM YOURSELF.



SECURITY DEFENSES!



RAKKA KAKAKKA AKAKKAKAKAKKA AKAKKAAK



AAARRGGG!  
NOOO!



RAKKA KAKAKKA AKAKKAKAKAKKAKAKKAKKAK





SAM!



HUF HUF HUF!

STAP! CONTROL YOUR BREATHING OR YOU'LL PASS OUT.

STAY WITH ME!



SHOOT!



NEXT TIME I TELL YOU TO DO SOMETHING, YOU FRICKING DO IT! THAT CLEAR, ASSHOLE!?

OOOHHH...

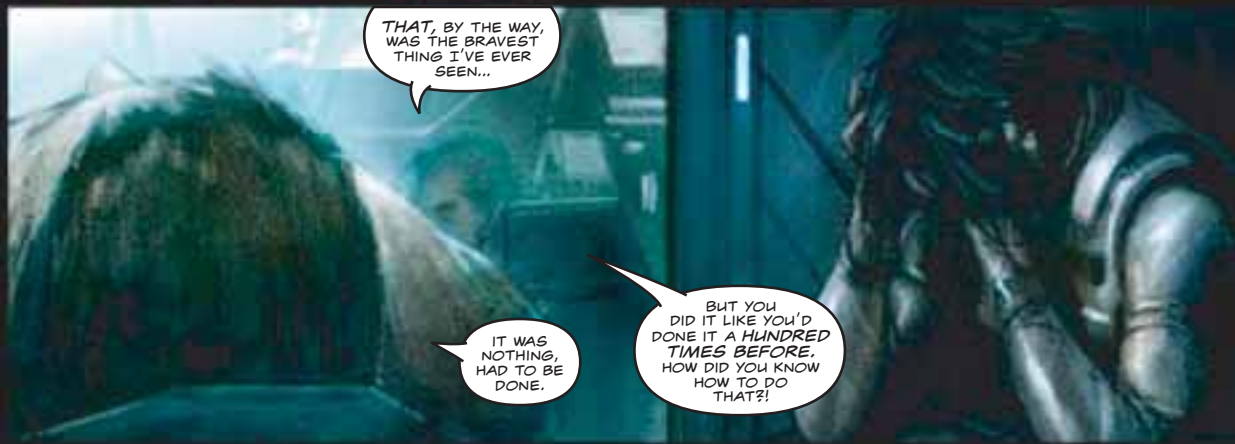
JAMMER, PREP THE SHIP, WE'RE GOING BACK!

RIGHT!



WELL?!

HE'LL BE FINE, HE JUST HYPER-VENTILATED...



THAT, BY THE WAY, WAS THE BRAVEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN...

IT WAS NOTHING, HAD TO BE DONE.

BUT YOU DID IT LIKE YOU'D DONE IT A HUNDRED TIMES BEFORE. HOW DID YOU KNOW HOW TO DO THAT?!



I SAID IT WAS NOTHING.



... OKAY...

"DO YOU THINK YOU SHOULD HAVE LET HIM DIE?"

"I DIDN'T SAY THAT."