



BURN THE ORPHANAGE

SINA GRACE

DANIEL FREEDMAN

REIGN OF TERROR

Eric Combs

THERE IS NO
REASON TO BE
ALARMED.





IN OUR CONCERTE
EFFORTS TO UPHOLD
MANNCORP'S PROMISE IN
PROVIDING A CLEANER,
SAFER, RICHER CITY,
WE'VE HAD TO MAKE A FEW
CHANGES.

I KNOW,
I KNOW... I'M
NOT A FAN
OF CHANGE,
EITHER.

I MISS THE
OLD DAYS WHEN
THINGS WERE
SIMPLE...
...WHEN OUR CITY
PROSPERED
BECAUSE ITS CITIZENS
KNEW THEIR ROLES, KNEW
THEIR RESPONSIBILITIES,
AND KNEW THEIR PLACES.
UNFORTUNATELY-- THAT IS
NO LONGER
THE CASE.



BUT,
MANNCORP HAS
A SOLUTION.

A WAY FOR OUR ONCE-GREAT CITY
TO RETURN TO ITS FORMER GLORY. TO
WASH AWAY ITS GRIME. RID THE
STREETS OF THE RAMPANT CRIME...
AND REMOVE ALL TRACES OF THE
SLIME CLOGGING
OUR STREETS.



I PROMISE
TO UPHOLD THIS
SOLUTION...



I DON'T
THINK WE LOST
THE TRACKERS,
BEAR...

JESS,
WHAT THE
HELL IS
GOING
ON--

GOT AN
OPENING.



CAN SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENING?

BEAR, HOW YOU DOING OVER THERE?

GIMME ANOTHER SECOND, JUST NEED TO CATCH MY BREATH.



I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHY THE CITY LOOKS LIKE IT WAS HIT BY HURRICANE APOCALYPSE.

WAIT, WHERE'S LEX? IN FACT, WHERE'S ANYBODY?



HIDING.

WE NEED TO GET BACK BEFORE THEY SPOT US--

HOLD ON.



I MISSED YOU.

...



PAUSE... SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT. IT'S QUIET. TOO QUIET... EVEN FOR A DESERTED CITY UNDER MARTIAL LAW.



YER TELLING ME.

I'M HOME TEN MINUTES, AND MY GIRLFRIEND IS RAMBO...

HOW COULD MANNCORP GET SO OUT OF CONTROL?

ROCK, LOOK UP.

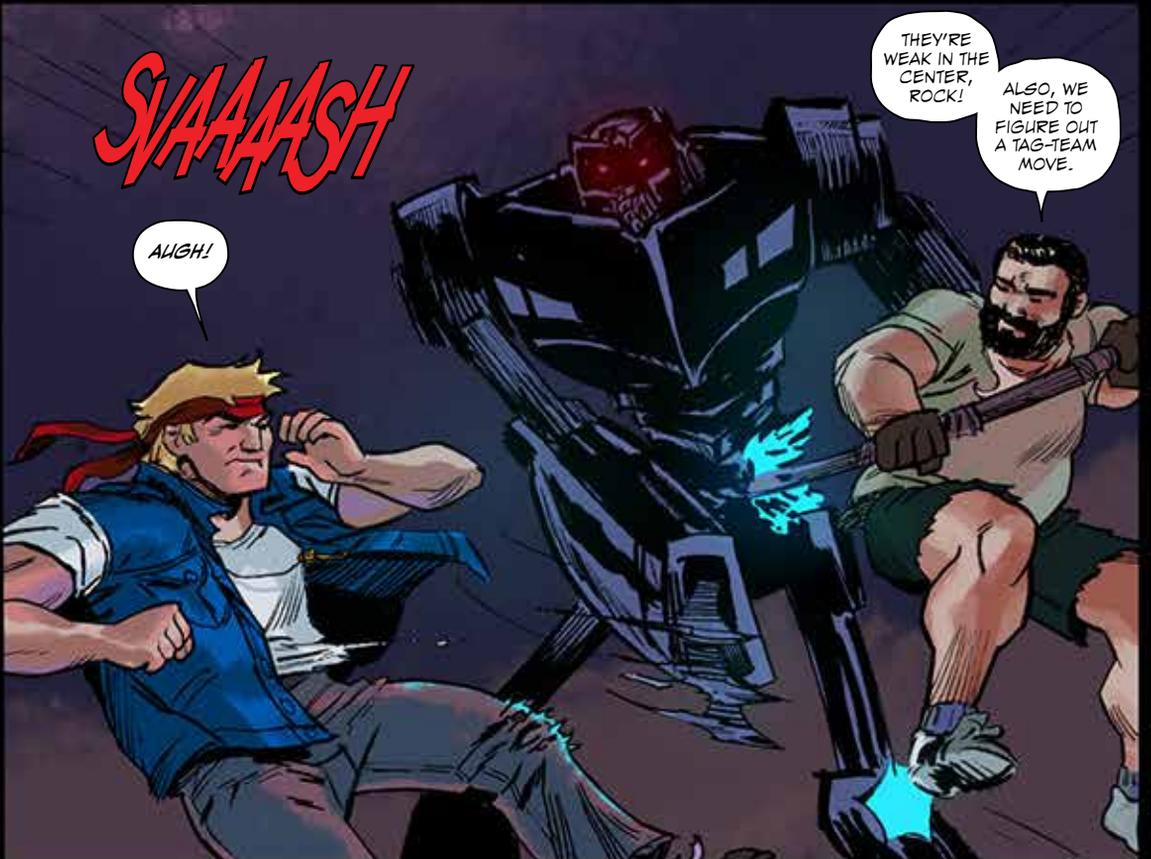
ROBOTS.

REIGN OF TERROR



HALT!

YOU ARE IN DIRECT VIOLATION OF MANINCORP CURFEW CODE 37. PUNISHABLE BY GAMMA BLAST AND DEATH CLAW.



SVAAAASH

AUGH!

THEY'RE WEAK IN THE CENTER, ROCK!

ALSO, WE NEED TO FIGURE OUT A TAG-TEAM MOVE.