

BRUTAL NATURE



CONCRETE FURY

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I could ask myself a thousand questions at a time like this.

Most of them would refer to my new biological structure, the concept of the impossible, and other issues along those lines.

But before reaching those questions, there are two bouncing off my new skull as if they were the sound of an infernal gong:

a) "How did I get here?"

"How the hell do I get out of this?"



GRIARRR

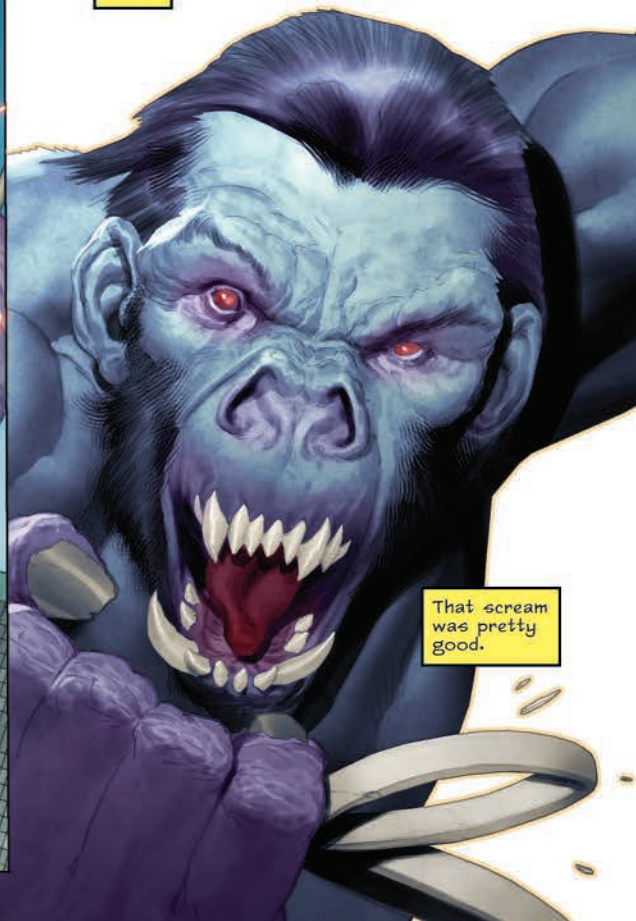
That burns, motherfucker!



Come here, you little...



Wow!



That scream was pretty good.



AAACH



And now it would be better to put an end to these toys.

Let's see if this monster form's aim is as good as my human aim.



Sure is!



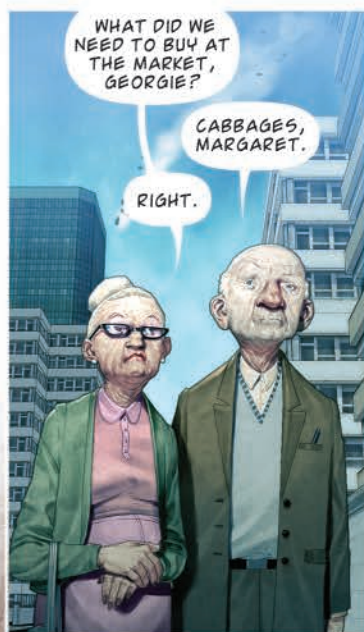
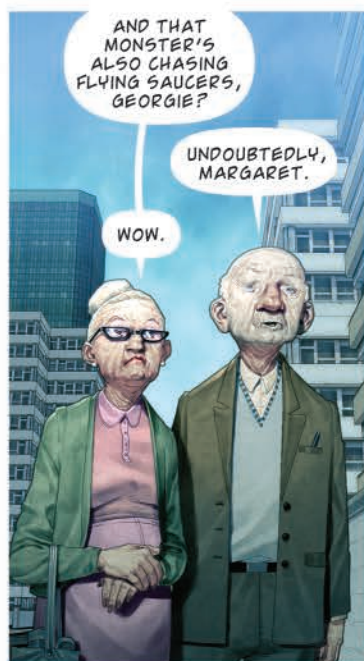
Take one down and two more take its place. Great.

Are these drones branded "Hydra", perhaps?



I would continue this conversation with you to find out what the hell is going on here. But, you know...

"He who fights and runs..." and all that.



AAARGHH

In case all of my vital organs remain the same inside, this has to have hit one.



They say broken hearts hurt. I won't deny it, but I can attest that a bullet from a high tech drone hunts even worse.

Desperate times...



GRRRAAPHHH



...call for desperate measures.

CRASH

