

PUNISHER

THE PLATOON



6

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GORAN
PARLOV

PUNISHER

THE PLATOON



PREVIOUSLY

The surviving members of the first platoon under Frank Castle's command met with author Michael Goodwin, who still had questions about the Punisher's origin in the Vietnam War. In turn, Goodwin shared information from his interview with Colonel Letrong Giap, the last living N.V.A. commander from Castle's first engagement.

While Lt. Castle made protecting his men his mission, Ly Quang, a soldier favored by Giap, fixated on killing Americans in revenge for the massacre of her home village. Castle had caught her attention for requesting an airstrike that killed her comrades.

She finally spotted his platoon and convinced commanding officer Cuong to order an attack. The Marines' radio malfunctioned—Staff Sergeant Donald sold their spare battery—so there was barely time to call in a dangerously close airstrike. Castle stayed with his injured men and sent the rest ahead, which is when Ly found him.

GARTH ENNIS WRITER **GORAN PARLOV** ARTIST **JORDIE BELLAIRE** COLORIST **ROB STEEN** LETTERER

GORAN PARLOV & GIADA MARCHISIO
COVER

JAY BOWEN DESIGNER **ANTHONY GAMBINO** PRODUCTION **KATHLEEN WISNESKI** ASSISTANT EDITOR **NICK LOWE** EDITOR

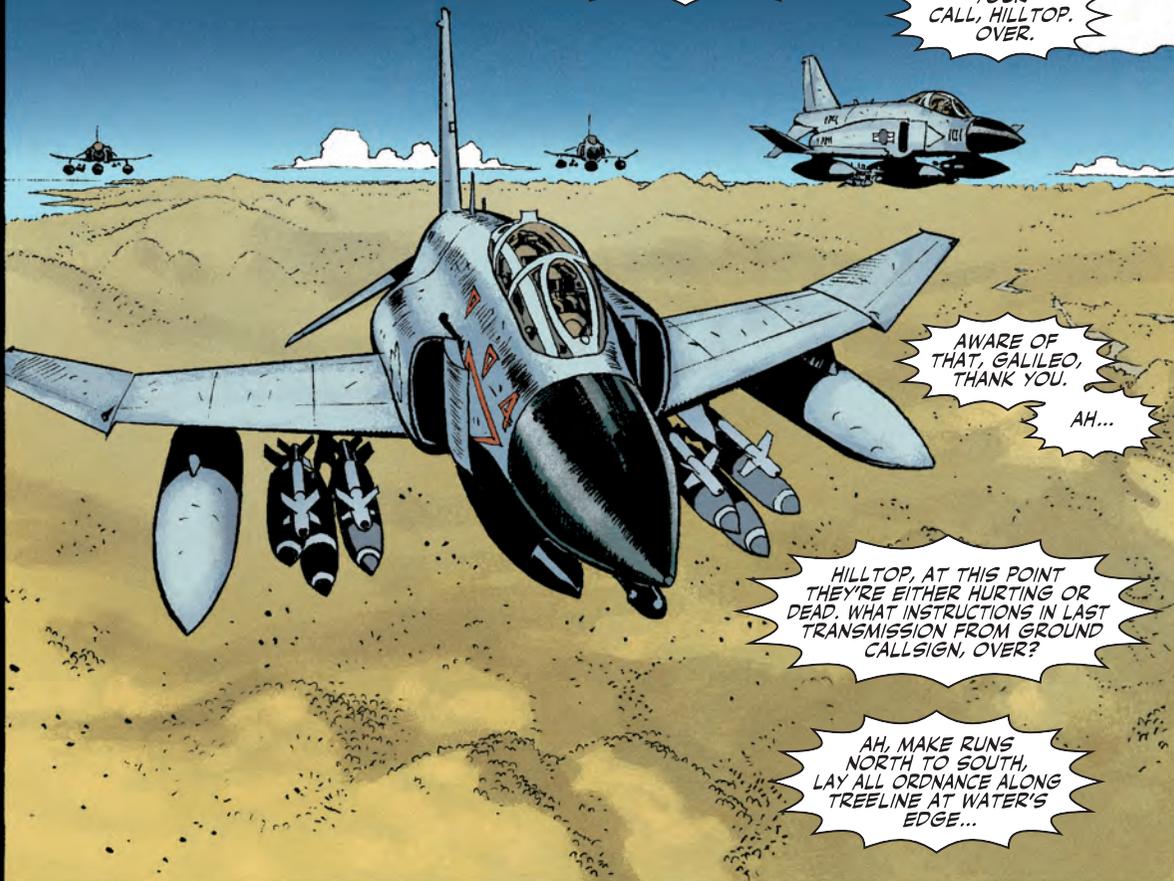
C.B. CEBULSKI EDITOR IN CHIEF **JOE QUESADA** CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER **DAN BUCKLEY** PRESIDENT **ALAN FINE** EXECUTIVE PRODUCER



HILLTOP, THIS IS GALILEO ONE-FIVE. FOUR FOX-FOURS HAULING BEAUCOUP HOTEL-ECHO FOR YOUR CONTROL. TWENTY SOUTHWEST OF TARGET, ANGELS EIGHTEEN.

AH, COPY THAT, GALILEO...AH...SITUATION UNCLEAR AT THIS TIME, CONTACT WITH GROUND CALLSIGN HAS BEEN LOST, OVER.

YOUR CALL, HILLTOP. OVER.



AWARE OF THAT, GALILEO, THANK YOU.

AH...

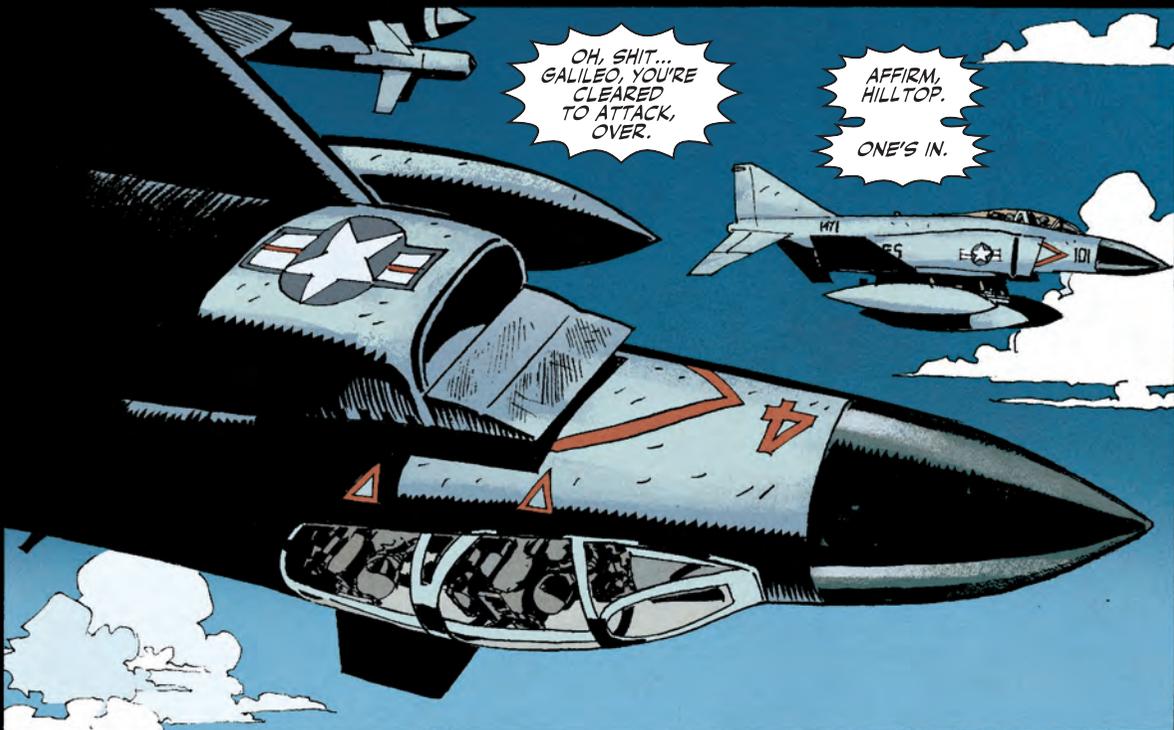
HILLTOP, AT THIS POINT THEY'RE EITHER HURTING OR DEAD. WHAT INSTRUCTIONS IN LAST TRANSMISSION FROM GROUND CALLSIGN, OVER?

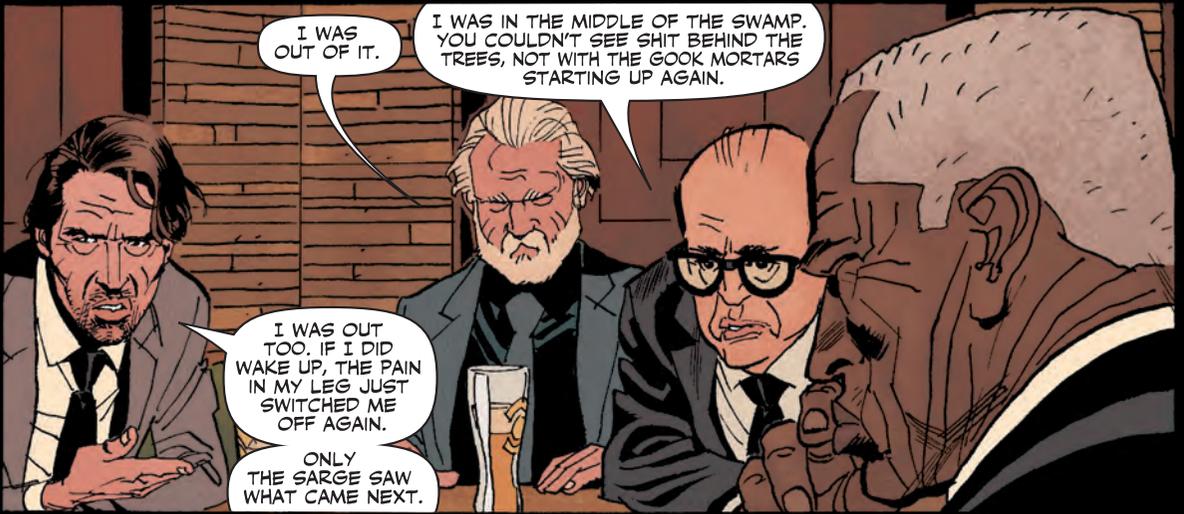
AH, MAKE RUNS NORTH TO SOUTH, LAY ALL ORDNANCE ALONG TREE LINE AT WATER'S EDGE...

OH, SHIT... GALILEO, YOU'RE CLEARED TO ATTACK, OVER.

AFFIRM, HILLTOP.

ONE'S IN.





I WAS OUT OF IT.

I WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SWAMP. YOU COULDN'T SEE SHIT BEHIND THE TREES, NOT WITH THE GOOK MORTARS STARTING UP AGAIN.

I WAS OUT TOO. IF I DID WAKE UP, THE PAIN IN MY LEG JUST SWITCHED ME OFF AGAIN.

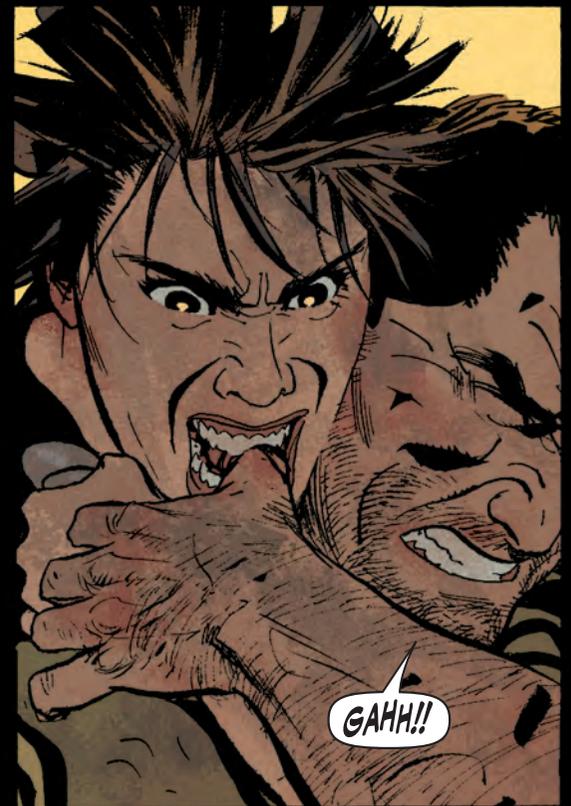
ONLY THE SARGE SAW WHAT CAME NEXT.



HNNH
NAH
GNNGGH



NAAAAAHH...!



GAHH!!



OH FUCK-



ELL TEE...!



HAH!
HAH!
HAH!

