

ALEXANDERPLATZ, BERLIN.

I MUST ADMIT, HERR RUDEL, THAT YOUR INSISTENCE ON DINING AT THE TURM RESTAURANT WAS DAUNTING, TO SAY THE LEAST.

I HAD TO HAVE HALF THE SEATING ROPED OFF, AND COVER THE LOST REVENUE...

...AND THEN THERE WAS THE OVERTIME FOR GREGOR, OTTO, HANS, AND MAX. THE EXPENSE AND THE LOGISTICS WERE STAGGERING--

THAT'S WHY YOU ARE MY CHIEF OF SECURITY, HELGA...

...YOU INDULGE MY WHIMS UNFAILINGLY.

BUT GOOD FOOD, A BEAUTIFUL DINING COMPANION, AND THE BEST VIEW IN BERLIN ARE WORTH IT.

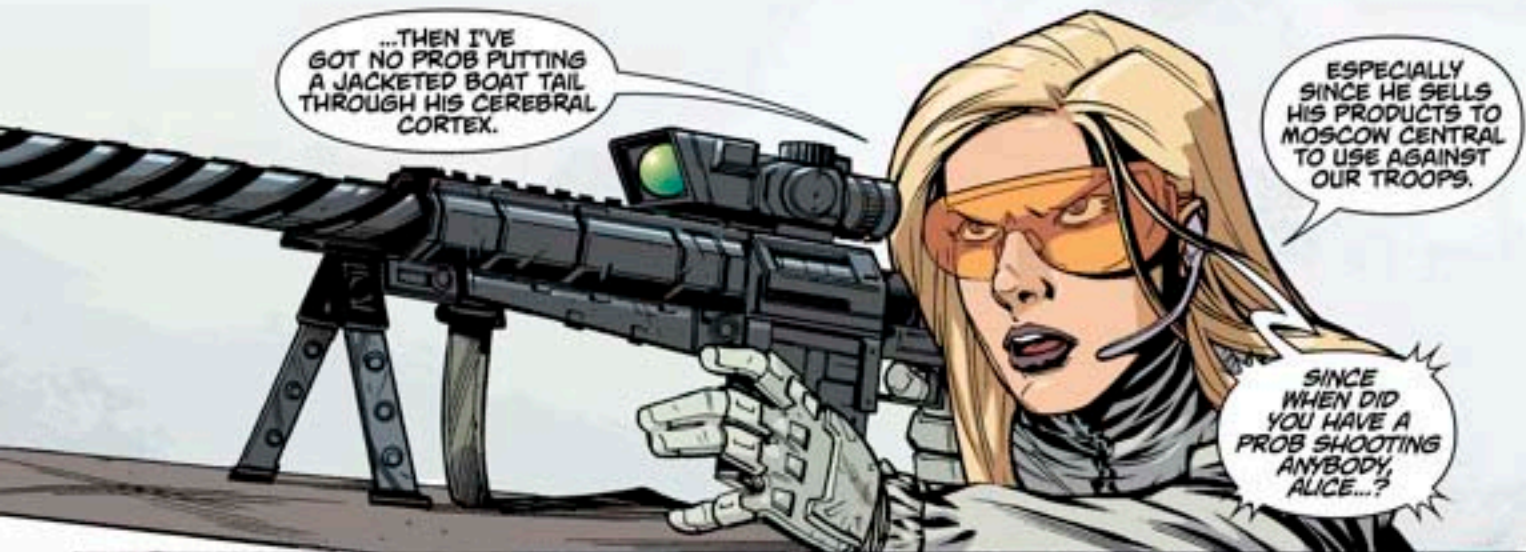
WHAT ELSE IS MONEY FOR, EH? EVEN IF THE VIEW IS A BIT DISTORTED.

I'VE GOT TARGET ACQUISITION, JACOB.

SNIPER-SCOPE RETICLE DEAD ON HIS CENTER OF MASS...

...IT'S A HELLACIOUS, HIGH-TRAJECTORY SHOT WITH FEROCIOUS CROSSWIND, BUT IT'S NINETY PERCENT FIRST-SHOT PROBABILITY IN MY BOOK.

IF THIS IVAN RUDEL IS THE SCUMBUCKET ARMAMENTS OLIGARCH WHO MANUFACTURES COMBAT ANDROIDS AND DRONES MODDED WITH THE CHIPS FROM ONI BOZU'S TOKYO FACTORIES...



...THEN I'VE GOT NO PROB PUTTING A JACKETED BOAT TAIL THROUGH HIS CEREBRAL CORTEX.

ESPECIALLY SINCE HE SELLS HIS PRODUCTS TO MOSCOW CENTRAL TO USE AGAINST OUR TROOPS.

SINCE WHEN DID YOU HAVE A PROB SHOOTING ANYBODY, ALICE...?

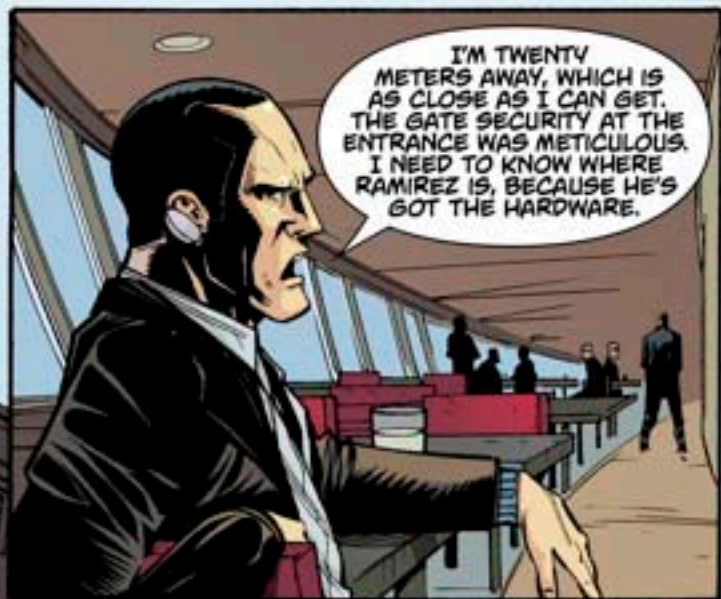


...ANYWAY, I CAN GIVE YOU THE GREEN LIGHT AS SOON AS I MAKE SURE THE BACKUPS ARE GOOD TO GO. OVER AND OUT.

DYLAN, THIS IS JACOB. YOU AND FIERRO IN POSITION?



ROGER THAT, JACOB. WINDY AS HELL UP HERE, BUT WE ARE SET TO ROCK AND ROLL. IS JOHN ON TARGET?



I'M TWENTY METERS AWAY, WHICH IS AS CLOSE AS I CAN GET. THE GATE SECURITY AT THE ENTRANCE WAS METICULOUS. I NEED TO KNOW WHERE RAMIREZ IS, BECAUSE HE'S GOT THE HARDWARE.



I'M IN THE KITCHEN, BUT I HAVE EYES ON THE TARGET. I CAN BE IN POSITION WITH MY CART WITHIN TEN SECONDS OF GREEN LIGHT.



YOU HAVE GREEN LIGHT, ALICE.

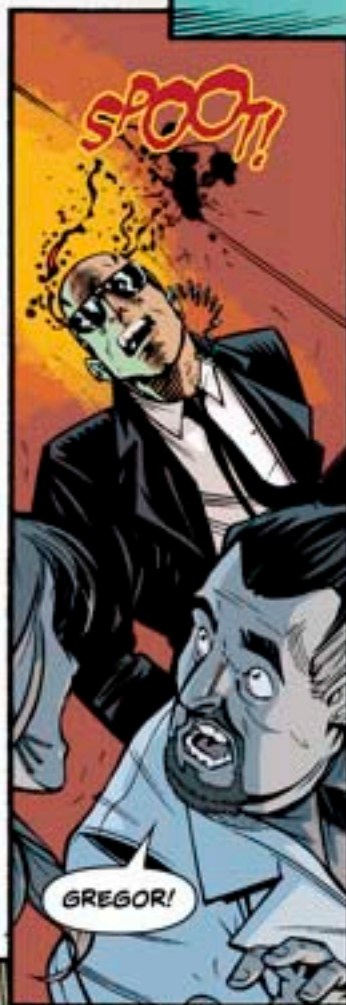
PUNCH HERR RUDEL A ONE-WAY TICKET TO VALHALLA.



PHUD!



KA-CHUNK!



SPOOT!

GREGOR!



ARGH! THE WINDOW WAS REPLACED WITH A REFRACTING PANE!

IT ACTS AS A PRISM AND SHOWS AN IMAGE THAT IS ACTUALLY A METER TO THE SIDE OF WHAT APPEARS ON THE GLASS SURFACE...

HANS, OTTO, AND MAX! FORM A SHIELD BETWEEN HERR RUDEL AND THE WINDOWS.



WE HAVE TO MOVE TO THE CENTRAL CORE WHERE THE ELEVATOR IS!



TAKE OUT THE GLASS, FIERRO!



KEE-RACK!

WALMP!

WHAT'S OUR ROE?*

SHOOT ANYTHING THAT ISN'T JOHN TAYLOR OR JAVIER RAMIREZ!

BRRRRRR!

*RULES OF ENGAGEMENT



THEY GOT OTTO!

NSGGH!

BLAM!
BLAM!

BONUSES FOR EVERYBODY WHO TAKES A HIT FOR HERR RUDEL!



THEY'RE BOTH LOADED AND LOADED, JOHN!

I SEE YOU BROUGHT THE "ESCAPE CLAUSES" AS WELL, JAVIER!

BUT OF COURSE!



TAKE THEM OUT, MAX!

BLAM!
BLAM!

NOT TO WORRY, BOSS! I WAS PISTOL CHAMPION AT STUTTGART FIVE YEARS IN A --

--ROW.

BARAP!
BARAP!



YOU HAVE TO HOLD THEM OFF UNTIL THE ELEVATOR ARRIVES, HANS!

I WAS AWARDED THE EINSATZMEDAILLE GEFECHT* DURING THE TURKISTAN INCURSION! I AM NO THEORETICAL PRETENDER --

*COMBAT ACTION MEDAL



WELL, NOW YOU QUALIFY FOR A GOLD WOUND BADGE!*

THE ELEVATOR'S HERE!

BARAP!

*POSTHUMOUS DECORATION