



I'VE HAD BETTER DAYS THAN THIS.

AS AN NYPD SWAT, I HAD TO SHOOT A ZEALOT IN THE HEAD FROM HALF A BLOCK AWAY TO KEEP HIM FROM DETONATING A BOMB AT THE SOUTH STREET SEAPORT.

THERE WAS A TIME I HAD TO STORM THROUGH A CLOUD OF TEAR GAS IN ORDER TO TERMINATE A CRAZED NYU STUDENT BEFORE HE COULD FINISH TERMINATING THE FACULTY LOUNGE.

HELLO?

CLAIRE,
IT'S ME.

WHA--?!
GRIFFIN, WHY
ARE YOU CALLING
ME NOW?

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO
BE MEETING JONATHAN
OUTSIDE OF THE THEATER
IN... EIGHT MINUTES!

THAT'S WHY I
CALLED-- FOR
THE EXACT TIME.
EIGHT MINUTES,
HUNH? I'LL BE
THERE.

YOU BETTER
BE! SO HELP ME,
GRIFFIN. IF YOU
DISAPPOINT HIM
AGAIN--

AND FIVE YEARS IN THE
MARINES BEFORE THIS?

NONE OF IT COULD
HAVE PREPARED ME
FOR WHAT HAPPENED
IN THE LAST HOUR.

WHAT I'VE
DONE.

WHAT I'M
ABOUT
TO DO.







TEN MINUTES AGO?
MAYBE FIVE?

THIS-- THING-- WAS A
MOTORCYCLE COP.

PROBABLY
NEAR THE END
OF HIS SHIFT.

THINKING ABOUT
GETTING HOME TO
HIS WIFE AND KIDS.

NOW ALL HE WANTS
TO DO IS KILL ME.

NO. WORSE
THAN THAT.

HE WANTS TO MAKE
ME JUST LIKE HIM.

RHEEKKK

TH-BOOM

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

AIN'T GONNA
HAPPEN!



DAMMIT!
GUN HAND...
IS PINNED
BETWEEN US!

I HAVE NO IDEA IF
A BITE WOULD DO
THE SAME THING
AS A SWIPE OF
ITS CLAWS.

BUT I DON'T
INTEND TO
FIND OUT!

RAARGH

"RAARGH?"

REALLY, GRIFF?

THAT IS SO
IMMATURE.

MY ONLY
CHANCE...

...IS TO
DROP THE
PHONE...

...AND
REACH...
HIS...

