

# LIFE IN HELL



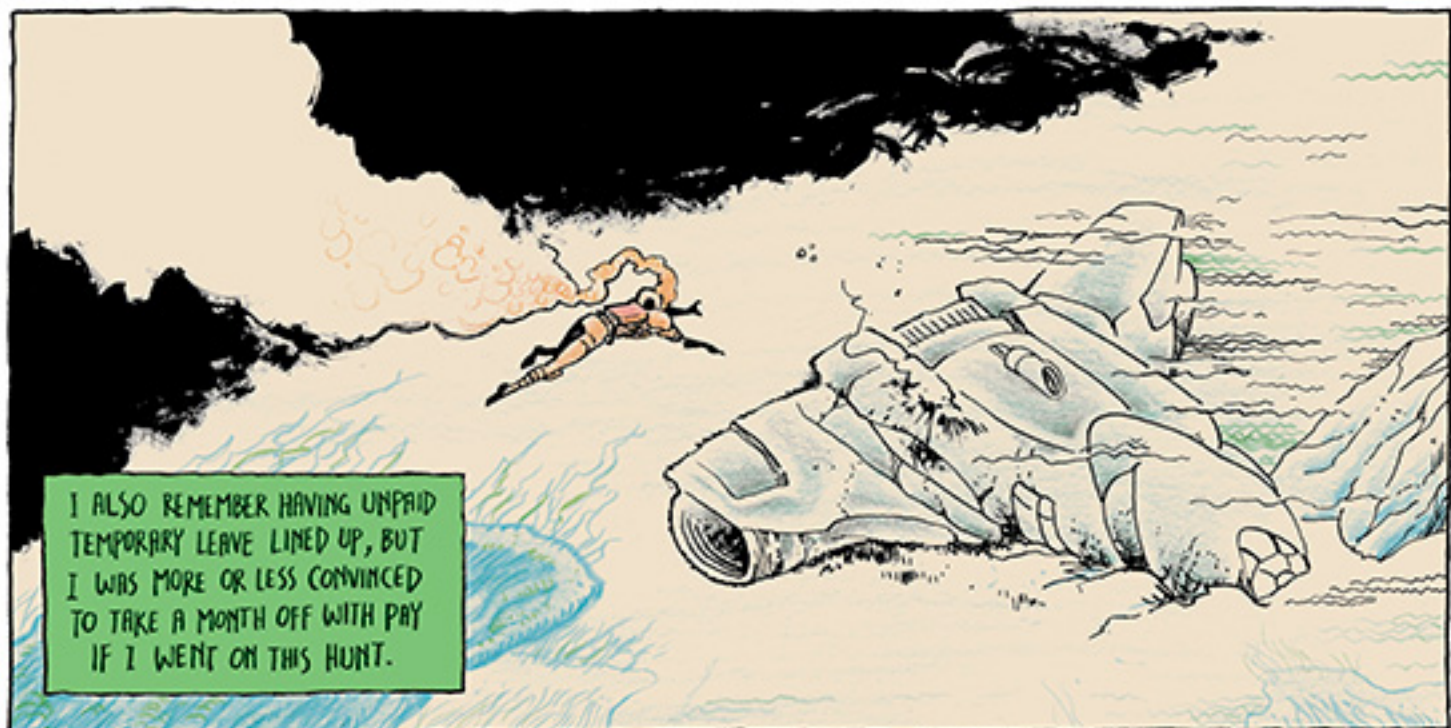
MY NAME IS CABBOT STONE.  
MY FIELD NAME IS  
BLOODSTRIKE.

THE MISSION IS TO LOCATE AND  
RETRIEVE GOVERNMENT PROPERTY,  
A.K.A. MY EX-TEAMMATES' CORPSES,  
FROM A SUNKEN ALIEN SPACECRAFT.

MY MEMORY AIN'T  
WHAT IT USED TO BE.  
I HAVE TO REPEAT THIS  
SORT OF INFORMATION  
ONCE IN A WHILE.

JUST IN CASE  
I FORGET.





I ALSO REMEMBER HAVING UNPAID TEMPORARY LEAVE LINED UP, BUT I WAS MORE OR LESS CONVINCED TO TAKE A MONTH OFF WITH PAY IF I WENT ON THIS HUNT.



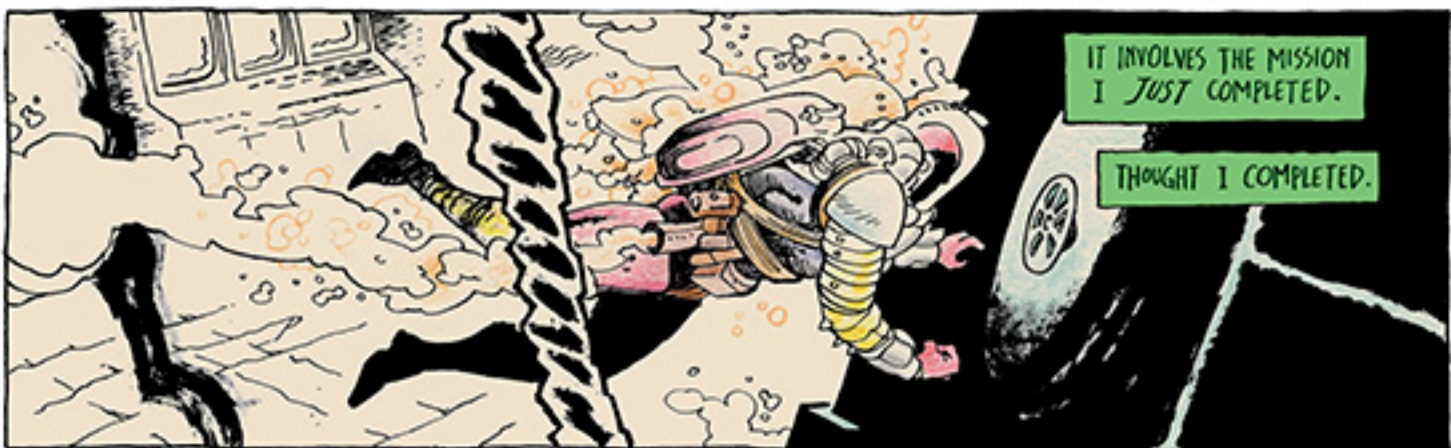
TOO CHEAP FOR PROPER MARINE SALVAGE.

FORGET ABOUT A CREW, EVEN.



AW, IT'S FASTER THIS WAY... AND I GUESS I TOOK THE JOB BECAUSE I FEEL PARTLY RESPONSIBLE--

GUILTY?



IT INVOLVES THE MISSION I *JUST* COMPLETED.

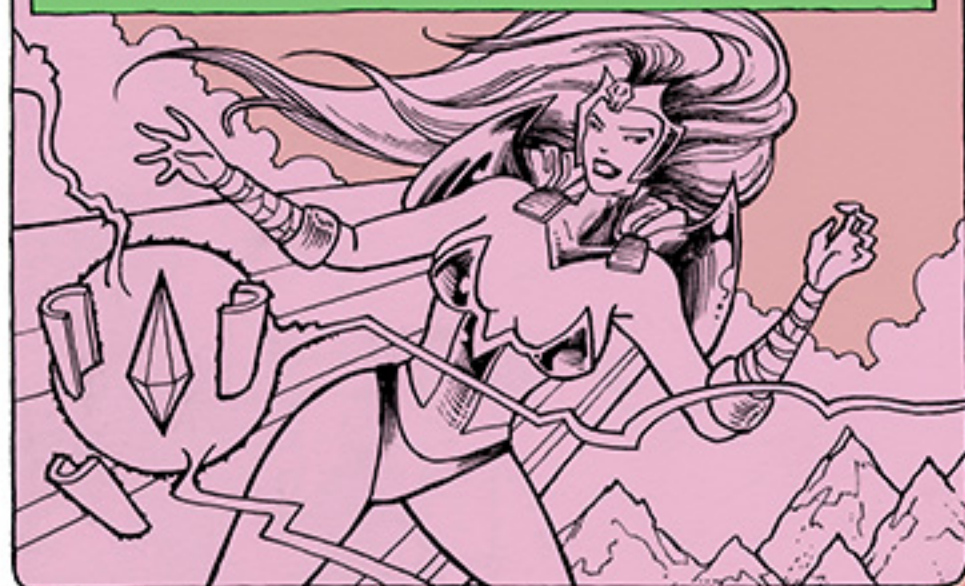
THOUGHT I COMPLETED.



I WAS WORKING SOLO UNTIL I WAS REUNITED WITH MY OLD TEAM, THE ORIGINAL BLOODSTRIKE. EVEN THOUGH WE WERE ALL REANIMATED SOLDIERS, I THOUGHT THEY WERE DEAD FOR GOOD... THOUGH I HAD TROUBLE REMEMBERING THE SPECIFICS.



OUR MISSION WAS TO TAKE OUT THIS EPIPHANY LADY AT ALL COSTS. IT COST THE MISTRESS HER HENCHMEN AND HER SHIP. IT COST ME MY CREW. I HATED LEAVING THEM BEHIND... BUT AT LEAST THEY WERE AT PEACE. THAT SEEMED LIKE A NICE ENDING.



I WAS ALMOST OUT THE DOOR—READY TO GET OUTTA TOWN—WHEN I WAS BASICALLY SENT BACK AROUND TO SALVAGE WHATEVER WAS LEFT OF TAG, DEADLOCK, SHOGUN, AND FOURPLAY. IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG TO FIND THE MAIN AREA WHERE IT ALL WENT DOWN.

