

HELSINKI,
FINLAND.

TALK ABOUT
A MAJOR CLUSTER
FOUL-UP! OUR FIRST
DAY IN COUNTRY, AND
OUR TARGET TAKES
OUT A HIT ON
US!

SO MAXIM
CHERNAKOV TURNS
OUT TO BE A PREEMPTIVE
CUTTHROAT POKER
PLAYER, AS WELL AS
BEING THE WET
WITCH'S BADDEST ASSET
NORTH OF THE ARCTIC
CIRCLE!

CONTROL
SAID YOU WERE
DEATH ON WHEELS
AS A DRIVER,
HARUKO-- CAN YOU
SHAKE THESE
MOOKS?

RPM'S
JUST NOSE-
DIVED, JACOB. I
THINK A BULLET
NICKED A FUEL
LINE!

JOHN!
DYLAN! HOW'S
ABOUT SOME
SUPPRESSIVE
FIRE BACK
THERE?



I SMELL GAS.
THAT FUEL LINE
BETTER NOT BE
SPRAYING THE
MANIFOLD--

WE'RE FIRING,
BUT THEY AIN'T
GETTING TOO
SUPPRESSED!



MAGNUS!
GET ME NEXT
TO THE VAN ON
THE DRIVER'S
SIDE!





FOOMP

OH, GREAT...



...FUEL PRESSURE MEANS WE HAVE POWER, BUT IT'S ALSO FEEDING THE FIRE!

IF WE STOP, WE'RE DEAD--



BRRAAP

HA! NAILED 'EM, I DID!



UNGH! I'M HIT!

I'VE GOT MULTIPLES, JACOB--



-- BUT THAT'S NOT STOPPING ME FROM SCORING PAYBACK.

NICE DEFLECTION, HARUKO!

FWUMP

NOOOOO--!



WE STILL HAVE THE ARMORED CAR TO CONTENT WITH--

I'M DEALING WITH IT...

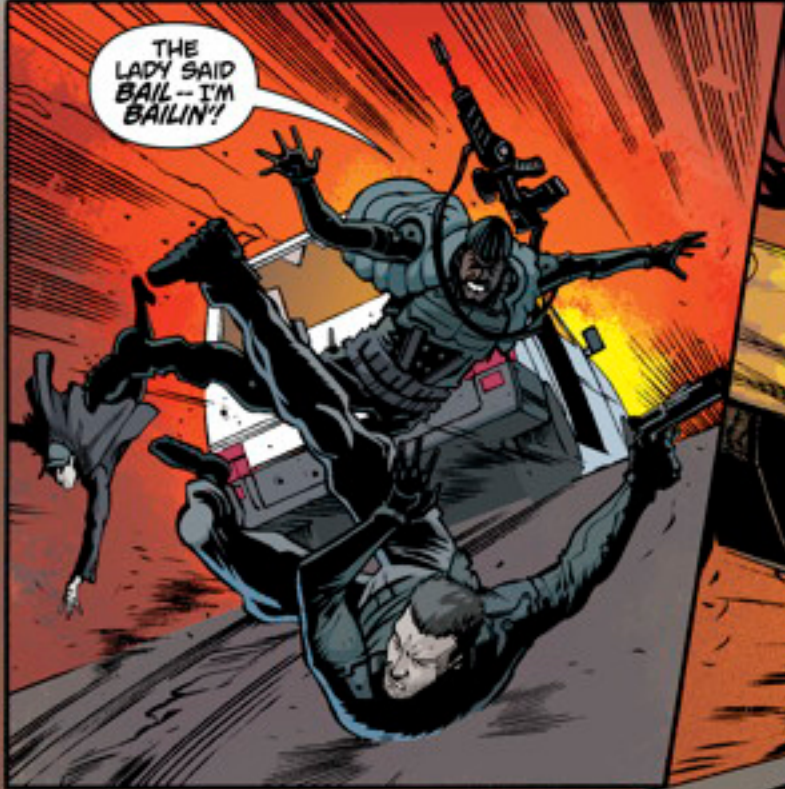
SKREEEE



...JUST TRUST ME--



-- AND BAIL OUT!



THE LADY SAID BAIL-- I'M BAILIN!



WHOMP



BACK IT UP, LINUS! BEFORE THEY--



TOO LATE, LINUS.

BOOM!



KA-POW

YOU TOO, WHATEVER YOUR PLUNK NAME WAS.



AND WHAT WOULD YOUR NAME BE, DIRTBAG?

M-M-MAGNUS.



WELL, I'M JACOB HENDRICKS.

AND YOU'RE ONE LUCKY DIRTBAG, FOR NOT GETTING TURNED INTO A PILE OF ROTTING MEAT LIKE YOUR BUDDIES.

YOU WANT TO DIE AND ROT, M-M-MAGNUS? DO YOU?

N-NO, SIR.

HARUKO MANDELBAUM WAS ON OUR TEAM FOR LESS THAN A DAY, UNTIL YOU AND YOUR PALS MADE HER EXTRA CRISPY. THAT'S NOT RIGHT.

YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT BY TAKING US ALL ON A NICE SOCIAL CALL ON YOUR BOSS, MAXIM CHERNAKOV.

HE'LL KILL ME...

NOT AS BAD AS I WILL.