

# BLOODSHOT REBORN



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## **BLOODSHOT® REBORN #3**

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## **BLOODSHOT WAS THE PERFECT LIVING WEAPON,**

an indestructible killing machine pumped full of nanites by the private paramilitary organization Project Rising Spirit and brainwashed into doing its bidding. Eventually, Bloodshot broke free of his programming and became a hero. He fell in love with the Geomancer, Kay McHenry, but during a great battle she died in his arms. As Kay's last act, she stripped the nanites from Bloodshot's body, granting him one last chance at a normal life.

Months later, Bloodshot is powerless and living under the name Ray Garrison. He works in a motel in Colorado, drowning himself in drugs and alcohol to forget all the people he killed and the woman he couldn't save. However, Ray is pulled back into a life of violence when a mass shooting is carried out by someone who looks just like Bloodshot.

Believing his old nanites to be the cause of these murders, Ray sets out to find the imposters. But the months of self destruction have taken their toll. Kay and a cartoon version of Bloodshot keep following Ray and he can't tell if they're real or not. Even worse, the FBI is hot on Ray's trail, believing him to be behind the recent killings...

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THIRTY-SIX MILES NORTH  
OF DENVER, COLORADO.



WE'RE IN  
POSITION, AGENT  
FESTIVAL--

SO ARE  
WE.



DIRECTOR COLE  
PUT YOU IN CHARGE,  
HOT SHOT. SO MAKE  
THE CALL ALREADY OR  
I'M GOING TO COME  
DOWN THERE AND DRAG  
THIS SICK #3@ OUT  
OF THAT CABIN  
BY MYSELF.



WE'RE TOO LATE,  
HOYT. IT DOESN'T  
MATTER.

WHAT  
DID YOU  
SAY?

*SIGH*  
NOTHING. LET'S  
JUST GET THIS  
OVER WITH...







**ALL  
TUCKED  
INN**

WELL IF IT ISN'T MY OLD ENEMY X-O SQUIRT-O-WAR!

YOU THINK THAT ARMOR CAN STOP MY NANO-SQUIRTS, YOU ARE WRONG, PAL!



DEAD WRONG... GET IT?! HA HA HA HA!!



ARRRRGH!!!

--THE POLICE HAVE HAD A HUGE BREAKTHROUGH IN THE CASE, ARRESTING A SECOND MEMBER OF THE RED CIRCLE MURDER CULT. HE IS BEING HELD IN CUSTODY IN MORG, COLORADO.



clik

HEY! COME ON, RAY! MY SHOW WAS ON! I WAS WATCHING THAT!

QUIET.



clik





THE SUSPECT, A MAN NAMED DONALD CHESTER, OPENED FIRE IN A SHOPPING MALL IN MORG, COLORADO YESTERDAY AFTERNOON, KILLING SEVEN AND WOUNDING SEVERAL OTHERS.

THIS HORRIBLE INCIDENT COMES JUST TWO DAYS AFTER THE MASS SHOOTING AT A MOVIE THEATER IN BROOMFIELD--

SHORT

BOTH KILLERS WERE WEARING WHITE MAKEUP AND HAD RED CIRCLES ON THEIR CHESTS.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING, RAY?



WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE, KAY?

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE YOU STARTED.

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE HOLED UP IN YET ANOTHER SKETCHY HOTEL ROOM, TRYING TO FORGET WHO YOU REALLY ARE, WHILE THERE IS STILL A KILLER OUT THERE.



IT'S OVER, KAY. I KILLED HARLAN CADY AND BURNED HIS DAMNED BODY. I TOOK THE NANITES BACK. WHAT ELSE DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!

IT'S NOT OVER. THERE WAS ANOTHER SHOOTING! HOW LONG DO YOU THINK THE POLICE CAN CONTAIN THIS OTHER BLOODSHOT?



CADY HAD SOME OF THE NANITES IN HIM, BUT NOT ALL OF THEM.



SO, WHAT? I GO TO MORG?  
GO AFTER THIS SECOND SHOOTER?  
HOW THE HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO BREAK  
INTO A POLICE STATION?! ESPECIALLY WITH  
THE F.B.I. AND HALF THE REPORTERS IN  
AMERICA SWARMING  
ALL OVER IT?!

YOU'RE  
NOT A SUSPECT,  
RAY. YOU CAN GET  
CLOSE...WITH YOUR  
TRAINING, YOU CAN  
FIND A WAY.

STEALTH  
MISSION!  
I LOVE IT,  
RAY!

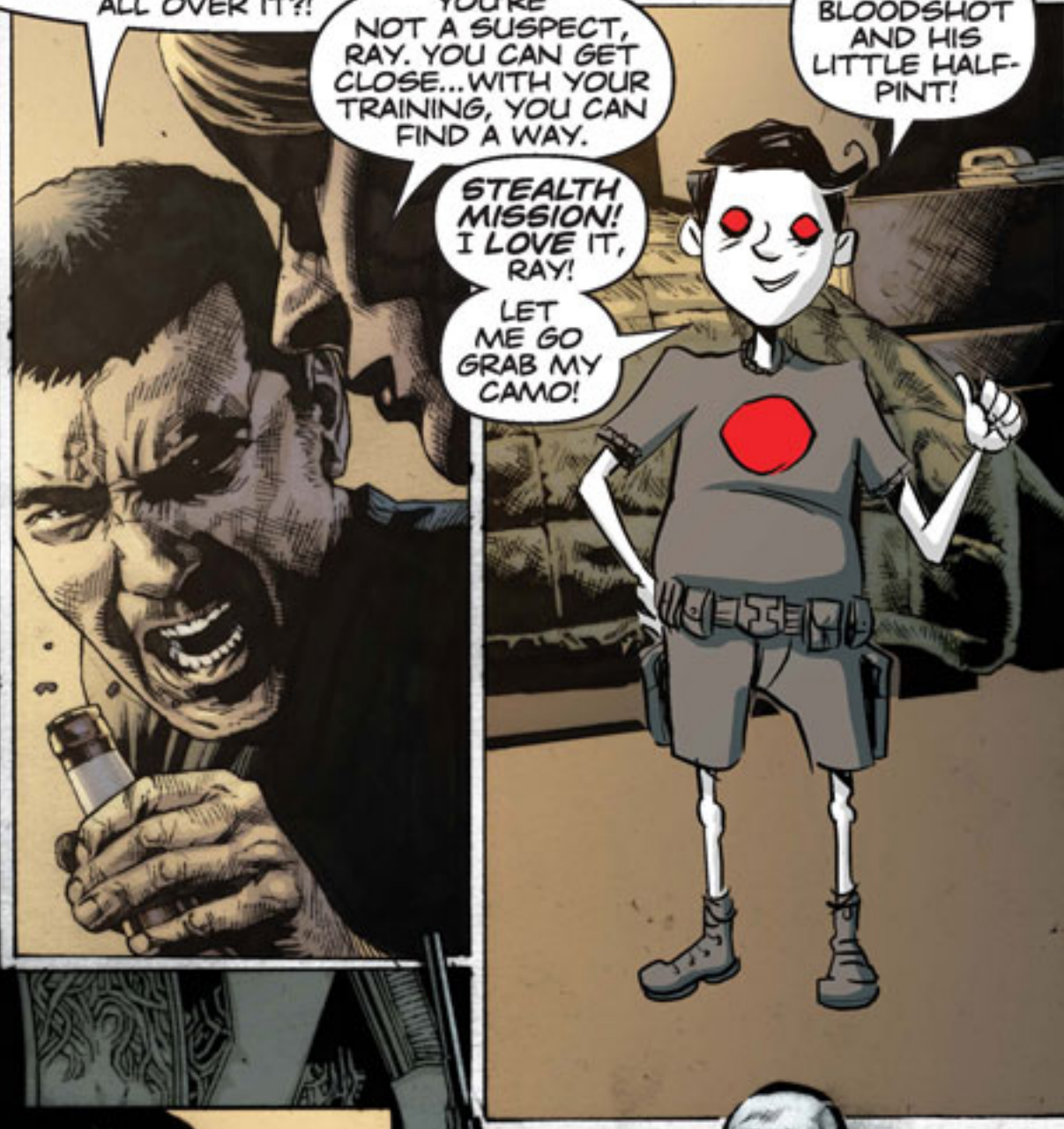
LET  
ME GO  
GRAB MY  
CAMO!

THIS IS  
A JOB FOR  
BLOODSHOT  
AND HIS  
LITTLE HALF-  
PINT!

YOU HAVE  
TO DO THIS,  
RAY.

WHATEVER  
PROJECT RISING  
SPIRIT DID TO YOU,  
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE  
WHO CAN TAKE THE  
NANITES BACK.

YOU'RE THE  
ONLY ONE WHO  
CAN HANDLE  
THEM.



I DON'T  
USUALLY AGREE WITH  
THIS TREE-HUGGING,  
GRANOLA-CRUNCHING,  
BLEEDING-HEART, LEFT-  
WING GEO-HIPPIE,  
RAY--

--BUT THE  
LAME-OMANECER  
HAS A POINT,  
BIG GUY.



I CAN'T.  
YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHAT IT  
WAS LIKE...

"...WHAT THEY  
MADE ME DO."



I CAN'T  
GO BACK TO  
BEING BLOODSHOT.  
EVEN NOW I CAN  
FEEL THE NANITES  
I TOOK FROM CADY  
CHANGING  
ME...

...I WON'T  
BECOME THAT--  
THAT THING AGAIN.  
NOT NOW. NOT AFTER  
YOU'VE MADE ME  
A MAN.

