

**NORTH LONDON.  
FOUR YEARS AGO.**

IF YOU'RE AS CLEVER AS YOU SAY, MR NOBLE...  
...TRAIN A LEAVES CAMBRIDGE AT 19:06 TRAVELING TOWARD LONDON KING'S CROSS, 60 MILES DISTANT, AT 55 MILES PER HOUR...

...MEANWHILE, TRAIN B LEAVES KING'S CROSS AT 19:21 HEADING TOWARD CAMBRIDGE AT 65 MPH.  
WHEN DO THE TWO TRAINS MEET AND HOW FAR FROM LONDON ARE THEY, MR NOBLE?  
NOT AS FAR AS I WANT TO BE.



WHAT DID YOU SAY?  
I SAID THIS IS TOTAL CRAP—

—NOBODY NEEDS THIS.  
I SURE DON'T!  
IAN, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS.  
YEAH, WELL—

—I KNOW MY LIFE WILL BE ABOUT MORE THAN TRAIN SCHEDULES!



# ACTION **man** IN: ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS

*SOUTH OF CAMBRIDGE.  
TODAY.*

BOLLOCKS.

ACTION  
MAN, THIS IS  
CONTROL.

NEARLY TWO  
HUNDRED SOULS  
ARE ONBOARD  
YOUR TRAIN.

ONE DIRTY  
BOMB, AS  
WELL.

THAT TANKER  
COMING AT YOU HAS  
LOST ALL CONTROL  
AND IS FILLED  
WITH—

VERY  
EXPLOSIVE.

—PETROL.



SOUNDS MANAGEABLE.

OH, AND THE SUPPORT TEAM IS TAKING FIRE IN MILTON KEYNES.

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.



PERFECTLY MANAGEABLE!

DO YOU HAVE EYES ON?



LOOKS LIKE... FOUR HOSTAGES.

FIVE BAD GUYS. JET PACKS.

AND BRYCE'S ATOMIC BOMB.

NOT MINE!

NOT REALLY AN ATOMIC BOMB, EITHER.

I'M GOING TO ENGAGE.

YOU'RE WHAT?



TAPTAP

YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

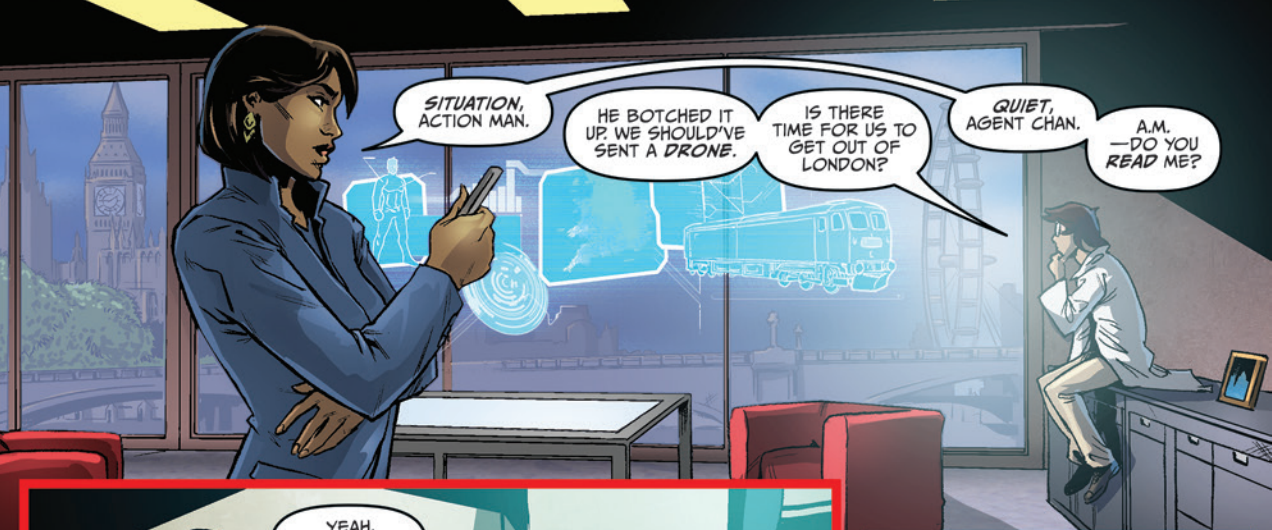
TREE BRANCH? THE S.A.S. IS TIED UP WITH B-SQUAD.

I REALLY THOUGHT I HEARD—



CRASH!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT



SITUATION, ACTION MAN.

HE BOTCHED IT UP. WE SHOULD'VE SENT A DRONE.

IS THERE TIME FOR US TO GET OUT OF LONDON?

QUIET, AGENT CHAN.

A.M. —DO YOU READ ME?



YEAH, EVERYTHING'S BRILLIANT.

YOU SAVED US!

NOT YET, I HAVEN'T.



CONTROL, I'M ON THE BOMB.

WHAT DO I DO?

CUT THE BLUE WIRE OR SOMETHING?



HOW WOULD I KNOW WHAT KIND OF WIRES THEY USED?

THIS IS POTENTIALLY NOT A REGULATION DIRTY BOMB.

DAMMIT, YOUR PREDECESSOR WOULD'VE KNOWN WHAT TO DO.



HE SHOULDN'T HAVE DIED, THEN.

I'VE HALF A MIND TO HANG UP ON YOU.

IT'S A DIRTY BOMB, IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU DEFUSE IT, ONCE THE PETROL TRAIN HITS.

