

Human nature isn't pretty. It's driven by bad things-- ugly things.

IT'S BAD OUT THERE, COMMISSIONER--AND PEOPLE ARE LOOKING TO CITY HALL FOR ANSWERS.

WE'RE GETTING REPORTS OF SNIPER FIRE, CAR BOMBS... HE EVEN DROVE A TANK THROUGH THE CITY COURTHOUSE, FOR **WARNING!** SAKE.

I HEAR YA-- I'VE BEEN HEARING THE CHATTER ALL NIGHT ON MY WRIST WALKIE.

BUT THERE'S A REASON I ALWAYS WEAR RED, MISTER MAYOR--IT'S SO THE BAD GUYS CAN SEE ME COMING.

POLICE

The truth is, we don't huddle around the light for charity, prosperity, or warmth.

WE'RE GONNA CATCH THIS "ROACH" SOON ENOUGH-- OR MY NAME ISN'T DAN TIFFANY.

No--the thing that holds society together... is fear.

Fear of loss. Fear of pain. And sometimes the most insidious fear of all...

SEE--WE EVEN GOT A CHOPPER BACK. PROBABLY MISSION ACCOMPLISHED ALREADY.

UH, SIR...

Fear of the unexpected.

I NEVER CALLED FOR A HELICOPTER.

WHA-KROOOM



But at the end of the day, fear is just the shackles that hold us back.

KHAGG:
NO...



Because that's the real truth about human nature--we're just like insects.

YOU
S-S-ON OF
A--

We can survive darkness.
We can survive pain.
We can survive anything.

HEY, THAT'S A
NICE SUIT YOU'RE
WEARING...



Sometimes we just need a push.

MAKES FOR
ONE DANGER
OF
A TARGET.

They say war
is **WARNING!**

If that's
true...

whump

Then maybe
this is where
I belong.

The mission was supposed to be simple.

GASP!

We were supposed to move through the No Man's Land undetected.

Rumor is there's a new weapon in Berlin—a weapon that could change the war.

Our goal was to get there before the Nazis could finish it.

C'MON, LOCKE... GOTTA GET IT TOGETHER...

Like I said—the mission was supposed to be simple.

YOU HURT, SOLDIER?

Spencer & LOCKE

*But no plan ever
survives contact
with the enemy.*

THEN
YOU'LL FIT
RIGHT IN..

WE'RE ALL
WOUNDED
HERE.

BERLIN, HO!

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"THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING WORSE THAN
KILLER MUTANT
SNOWMEN..."

"AND THAT'S NAZI
KILLER MUTANT
SNOWMEN."



BUT THAT'S WHY I'M
HERE, CAPTAIN--TO GET
YOU TO BERLIN IN ONE
PIECE.

NAME'S SPENCER.
COLONEL SPENCER
PANTHERTON THE THIRD,
TO BE PRECISE--HER
MAJESTY'S ROYAL
PANTHER DIVISION.

YEAH, SURE, SOUNDS
FANCY--DID THE QUEEN
SEND ANY ARTILLERY TO GO
WITH THOSE CRUMPETS?



LOCKE...

NO...

WE KNEW
YOU'D COME
BACK.



BUT THAT'S
MY BOY...

LOCKE!
STAY WITH
ME!



...ALWAYS COMING
BACK TO THE SCENE
OF THE CRIME.