

# LIFE SENTENCE?

**FIGHT FOR YOUR PLANET INSTEAD  
AND YOU'RE OUT IN 15 YEARS**

TALK TO YOUR M.I.D. RECRUITER FOR DETAILS

*This message brought to you by* **GLOBAL OUTREACH ENTERPRISES**

# CLUSTER™

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SHRAK

SHRAK  
SHRAK

SHRAK

TWOOM



STOP MOVING. PAPA JUST WANTS TO BLAST YOU OUTTA THE SKY, BABY.

BURK, STOP. NOW.

JUST ONE MORE...



...BOOM!

CHUMPS DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HIT--

BOOM



I SAID STOP!

THWAK



I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU ARE DOING?

MY FRIEND IS ON THAT SHIP, I'M NOT GOING TO STAND BY AND LET BURK SHOOT HIM DOWN.



WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE INSTEAD?

WE'RE GOING TO HELP HIM.

IF WE HAVE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN AN OLD FRIEND AND THE CORPORATE-RUN PRISON SYSTEM THAT'S KEPT US IN CAGES THE LAST TEN YEARS...



I'M IMPRESSED, I HAVE NO PROBLEM FOLLOWING WITH THESE NEW DIRECTIVES, AS LONG AS IT MEANS THAT I GET TO ADD MORE HUMAN HEADS TO MY TROPHY WALL.



LET'S JUST FOCUS ON STAYING ALIVE FOR NOW.

BRING US INTO THE LANDING BAY. WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE OUR WAY DOWN TO THEM.





YOU KNOW, I'M KINDA GETTING TIRED OF CRASH-LANDING.

YOU SAID THAT BEFORE.

I MEANT IT THEN, TOO.

CRAP! LUSTIG, YOU'RE HURT.

SLINFE



YEAH. LOOKS THAT WAY.



OK...I...THIS IS NOT THE IDEAL SITUATION, I KNOW. BUT WE CAN'T AFFORD TO SIT AROUND, CRYING OVER OUR MISTAKES.

WE WANT A SHOT AT MAKING IT, WE GOTTA...UNGH... WE GOTTA ACT FAST.

MILTON, GIVE ME THE DEVICE. MAKE SURE YOUR PAGURANI PALS KEEP THE M.I.D. SOLDIERS OCCUPIED.

EVERYONE, MAKE YOUR WAY TO SHIPPING BAY C. IT'S...IT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY, BUT...

WE GOT NO CHOICE.

WHAT ABOUT YOU?




"I WAS NEVER PLANNING TO LEAVE THIS PLANET. THERE'S TOO MUCH FOR ME TO DO HERE AFTER YOU'RE GONE.

"I'M GOING...I'M HEADED TO THE SECURITY ROOM. I'LL DO WHAT I CAN TO OPEN UP A PATH FOR YOU.

"IT'S DO-OR-DIE TIME. LET'S MOVE."



A multi-level industrial facility, possibly a prison or a ship's bay, with a large crowd of people on balconies. The scene is filled with orange flames and smoke. In the foreground, three men are visible: one on the left wearing a helmet and carrying a large pack, one in the center with spiky blue hair and a large gun on his back, and one on the right with a large, futuristic gun. The man on the right is looking towards the camera with a determined expression. The architecture is industrial with metal railings and concrete walls.

"...THERE'S A LOT OF PRISON BETWEEN YOU AND THE SHIP BAY."