

ANDREW JACKSON MAXIMUM SECURITY
FEDERAL CORRECTIONS FACILITY.

A.K.A. HELL.



MORAZZI!
TURN OUT THAT
LIGHT!

THREE MILES
DOWN.

THE *GUARD'S*
THE LAST OF YOUR
WORRIES, BOY...



...NOW COME
CLOSER.

I NEED
TO SEE YOUR
EYES.



WHAT
SO YOU CAN
CUT THEM
OUT?

I'VE BEEN
DOWN HERE
FIVE HUNDRED
YEARS, SAM
TINKER.

TRUST
ME, I'LL THINK
OF SOMETHING
BETTER THAN
THAT.

BUT FIRST,
TELL ME...

...HOW THE
HELL DID YOU
GET A MAP
OF HELL?





NNGH!

CRUNCH

I'M NOT GONNA LET YOU JUST--
--UKK!



HA!
DIDN'T THINK YOU HAD IT IN YOU!



NICE TRY, NOW TALK.

I... I MET THE WARDEN, SHE HAD A BOOK ON HER DESK--

AND SHE STOOD BY POLITELY WHILE YOU SAT DOWN AND MEMORIZED IT?

ALL I NEEDED WAS A SECOND.
I'M A CARTOGRAPHER. MY BRAIN JUST TAKES A PICTURE WHEN I SEE A MAP.



BUT I'M NOT SO GOOD WITH THE KILLING, WHICH IS WHY I SHOWED YOU THIS MAP IN THE FIRST PLACE.
LISTEN, YOU HELP ME...



...AND I'LL BUST YOU OUT OF HERE, TOO.

HNH.
YOU THINK YOU'RE THE FIRST WITH THIS STUPID DREAM?
I'VE SEEN A HUNDRED TRY AND DIE.



WHAT MAKES YOU--
--HEY--

ARGH!

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE, BOY.

CRACK



MY SISTER'S DOWN HERE.

AND I'M GETTING HER OUT.

NO MATTER WHAT.

YOU HAVE NO IDEA.

MAN WITH A MISSION, EH?

YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THAT?



DAMMIT.

KKRRUUUMBLLE

WHA--



WHOA!

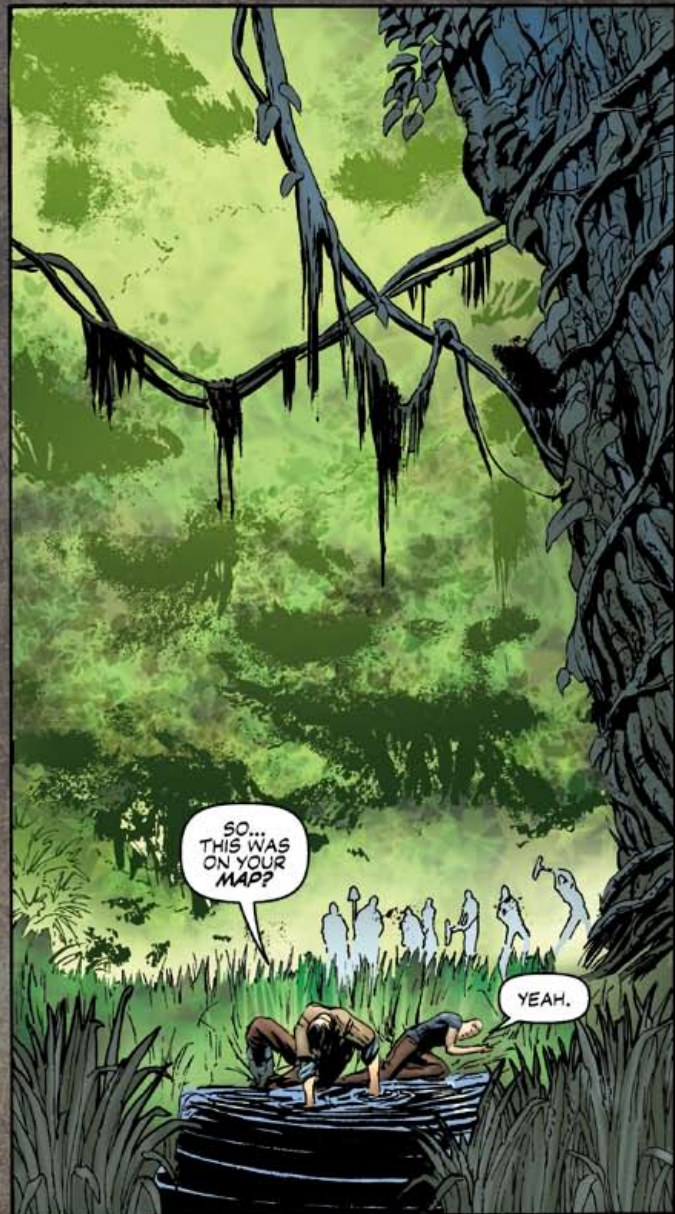
WHAT THE DEVIL...

FOURTH LEVEL! MURDERERS AND REBELS!

OW!
OW!
OW!

PRISONER TRANSFER!

WHUMP



SO... THIS WAS ON YOUR MAP?

YEAH.



BUT THAT WASN'T!





SHUNNKK



WOW.



THAT DAMN MONGOL.

BLAM





