


THIS WAS SUPPOSED
TO BE A SAFE AND
QUIET PLACE.



tink



A PLACE WHERE AL
AND CYAN COULD FINALLY
CATCH THEIR BREATH.



THEIR RESPIRE
LASTED BARELY
TWENTY-FIVE
MINUTES.



FREEZE!

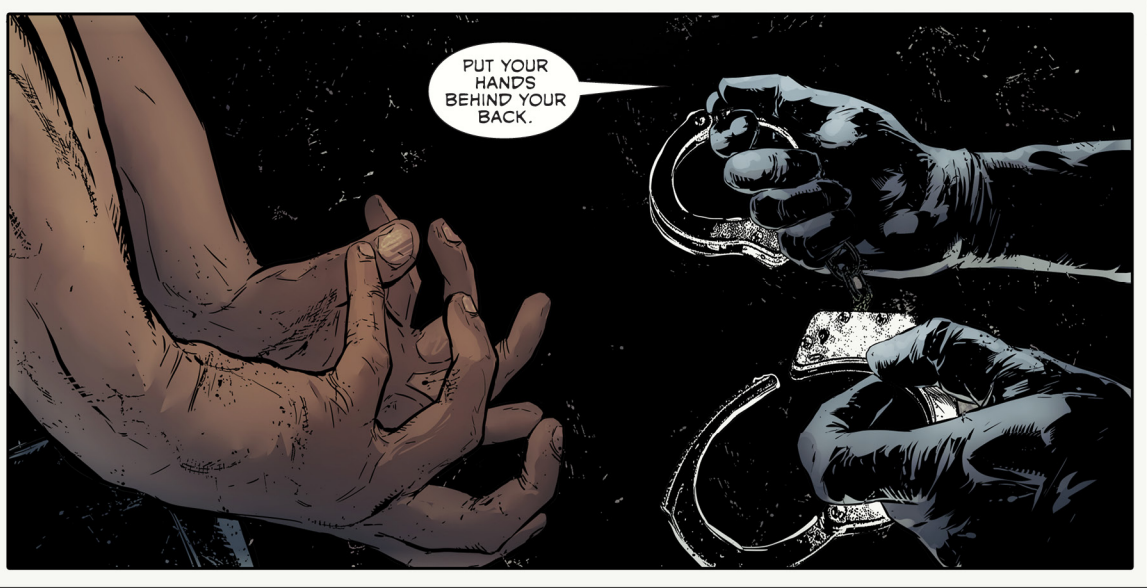
DON'T MOVE A MUSCLE!

WINCING FROM THE BRIGHT LIGHT BLASTING IN HIS FACE, AL IS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW THE S.W.A.T. TEAM COULD HUNT HIM DOWN SO QUICKLY.*

*Last issue--Todd



WHAT HE HASN'T GRASPED YET IS THIS IS AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT GROUP, TAKING ORDERS FROM BOSSES THAT PREFER TO REMAIN AWAY FROM THE LIMELIGHT.



PUT YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR BACK.



YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE.

?



WHAT THE F*CK? WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?



SARGE... HE LOOKS JUST LIKE THE OTHER GUY. ARE THEY TWINS?



IT'S MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT.

ANOTHER ONE!?



LIKE I SAID, YOU'RE MAKING...



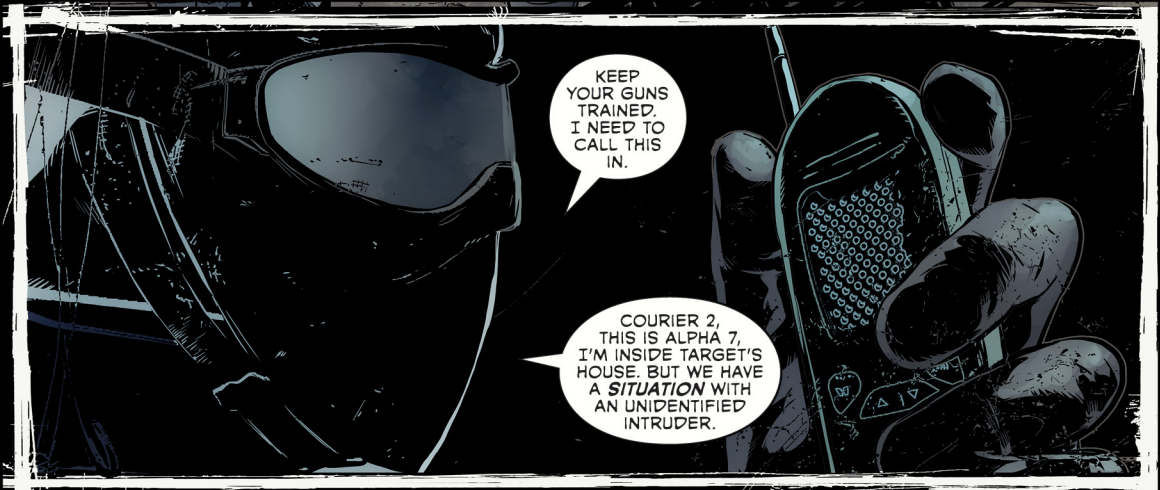
...A MISTAKE.

...A MISTAKE.

...A MISTAKE.

...A MISTAKE.

SARGE?
WHAT'S GOING ON?



KEEP YOUR GUNS TRAINED. I NEED TO CALL THIS IN.

COURIER 2, THIS IS ALPHA 7. I'M INSIDE TARGET'S HOUSE. BUT WE HAVE A SITUATION WITH AN UNIDENTIFIED INTRUDER.



"ALPHA 7. WHAT KIND OF SITUATION?"



"I'VE GOT FOUR INTRUDERS, BUT THEY'RE ALL... I, IT'S SOMETHING I CAN'T EXPLAIN."



"THEN BRING THEM ALL IN."

BAP



AL BOLTS OUT A SIDE DOOR AND SO DO THE OTHER THREE 'CLONES,' EACH DARTING IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION.