



ARE THEY NOT GOING TO ARM US FOR THE COMING BATTLE?

NO.



THEY DON'T ARM THE SOLDIERS PRESSED INTO SERVICE. DON'T WANT US RUNNING OFF OR FIGHTING OUR WAY TO FREEDOM.



WE'RE BOLT-FODDER. WE'RE NOT ENLISTED TO FIGHT. WE'RE GLORIFIED SHIELDS FOR THE REAL SOLDIERS.



LISTEN, MEAT. MANY OF YOU PROBABLY WON'T GET WEAPONS TOMORROW. MOST OF YOU WON'T MAKE IT TO MIDDAY'S SUNS.



THIS IS THE FINAL PUSH, SO LISTEN TO ME--WHEN THE SOLDIER NEXT TO YOU FALLS, GRAB HIS WEAPON.



TRUST ME. THERE WILL BE *PLENTE* OF AVAILABLE WEAPONS.



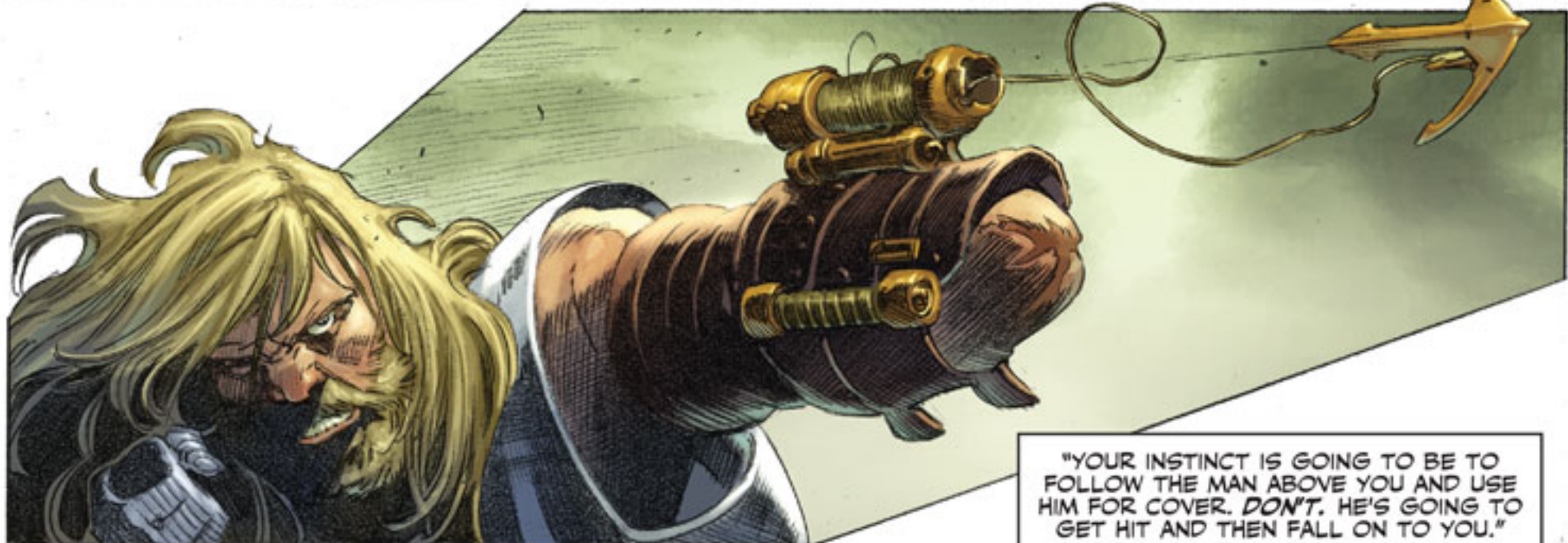
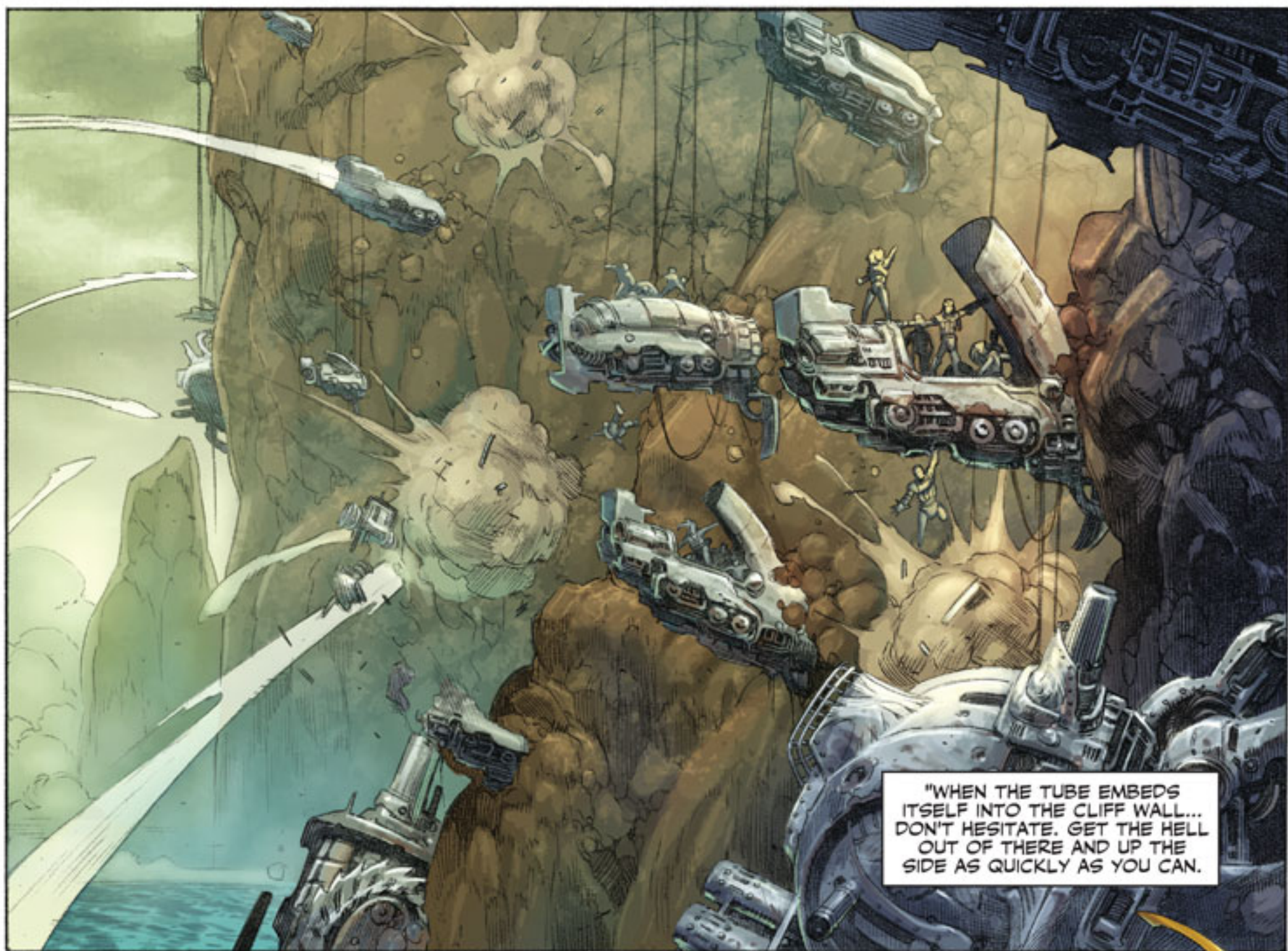
WE'RE PUSHING TOWARD THE *CADIUM* EMPEROR'S PALACE ON FOOT. THE *CADIUMS* HAVE CONTROL OF THE SKIES. THE ONLY WAY IN IS GOING TO BE ON THE GROUND.



UNFORTUNATELY, THEY KNOW THIS.

ALSO, DON'T EAT TONIGHT...







"GET TO THAT CLIFF-TOP AS QUICKLY AS YOU CAN. DON'T THINK. DON'T SHOOT. JUST MOVE."

"YOUR GRAPPLING GAUNTLET IS YOUR ONLY FRIEND ON THAT CLIFF."

"JUST KEEP IT WORKING."



"THE CADMIUM SCUM WILL BE WAITING."



"THE CLIFF IS ONE KLICK HIGH."



"IT WILL BE THE SHORTEST...OR LONGEST KLICK OF YOUR LIVES."



FOR THE  
GLORY OF THE  
EMPEROR--!



FIND  
YOUR GLORY  
ELSEWHERE.



"IF YOU MAKE IT TO THE TOP?"