

HALF AN HOUR AGO.

WHAT ABOUT
BETTY GRABLE?
SHE STILL A THING?
WHAT A CUTIE.

RRNN...

GIVE BRUCE A REST,
CLARENCE. HE'S APPARENTLY
HERE TO PULL THE HULL OF
MY PLANE OUT OF THE MUD
FOR SOME REASON.

HE'S NOT
HERE TO BE
YOUR CIRCUS
MONKEY.



CAN YOU BLAME
ME, HIROSHI? I'VE
ONLY GOT YOU
TO TALK--

EEK!

GAHH!

HAI! NOW
THAT'S YOUR
CIRCUS
MONKEY!

PUMMEL HIM
WITH SOME
QUESTIONS.

EEK EEK

IT'S OKAY,
HIROSHI. I DON'T
MIND ANSWERING
WHATEVER
QUESTIONS YOU
MEN HAVE ABOUT
THE WORLD.

IT'S
UNDERSTANDABLE...
AND I'D BE
HONORED TO SHOW
IT TO YOU.

BUT
FIRST...





...I NEED
YOU FOR...

...ONE LAST
MISSION.

→RGNN←



I'LL START
CLIMBING. HIROSHI,
HELP ME HOIST THAT
HUNK O' JUNK
UPSTAIRS INTO THE
CANOPY.



KID, YOU SAID
YOU NEEDED ONE
MORE THING.
WHAT WAS--



KID?
YOU OKAY?



I TOLD YOU
THAT MY WORK
SOMETIMES REQUIRES
ME TO *HIDE* MY
IDENTITY.

FEAR IS
THE ONLY LANGUAGE
SOME PEOPLE
UNDERSTAND. CRIMINALS
ARE SUPERSTITIOUS.
COWARDLY.



YEAH,
THAT WAS TRUE
BACK IN MY DAY,
TOO. SOME THINGS
NEVER CHANGE,
I GUESS.

GOT THAT RIGHT,
BRUCE. AND HERE'S
THE REST OF WHAT
YOU ASKED--



SON
OF A--

DEADSHOT.
THE ASSASSIN.
HE'S CLOSE...



YOU KNOW
YOUR JOB,
SOLDIERS.

WAIT FOR
MY SIGNAL.

