



Michael



I-I'M SORRY, SIR... THEY WOULDN'T WAIT--!

DIRECTOR BREWER, CONSIDER THIS YOUR FORMAL NOTIFICATION OF FULL TERMINATION.



ROXXON CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS. DUBAI

YOU'RE FIRED.

WHAT?! YOU CAN'T--!

I CAN'T, BUT THE BOARD CAN... AND HAS.



THE VOTE WAS UNANIMOUS.

THIS IS... UNBELIEVABLE...

WHAT'S UNBELIEVABLE IS THAT YOU ACTUALLY SENT THE BEARER BONDS.



EIGHT HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS... WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?

I... THERE WAS NO TIME! I HAD TO MAKE A DECISION!

YOU MADE THE WRONG DECISION.



WAIT!

TH-THE OIL RESERVES BENEATH MONSTER ISLAND ARE MASSIVE-- UNPRECEDENTED! EVEN IF...LOOK, IT'S WORTH THE RANSOM!



SINCE WHEN DOES ROXXON PAY WHAT RESOURCES ARE WORTH?

WE'RE IN THE EXPLOITATION BUSINESS, BREWER... HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT?



"AND HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE TO MULL OVER IN THE LAST FEW SECONDS OF YOUR LIFE--THIS MENTALLO GUY?"

1001...
1001...
1001...

"HE'S INSANE."



"GUYS LIKE HIM, YOU CAN'T JUST PAY 'EM OFF AND CROSS YOUR FINGERS THAT--"

"NO! I-- I KNOW THAT! THAT'S WHY I--AAOW!"

"SHUT UP AND LISTEN TO ME."



"ONCE HE HAS THE BEARER BONDS..."

THERE YOU ARE... THE LOOT AND THE GETAWAY CAR, ALL IN ONE CONVENIENT PACKAGE.

SW 30° NE 47°



"...WHAT'S TO STOP HIM FROM DEMANDING MORE?"

MARTIN, YOU ARE, QUITE SIMPLY, ONE HELL OF A CRIMINAL MASTERMIND.

"TH-THE X-MEN!"

CHWI!

BEEP

"WRONG ANSWER, BREWER."

RRRRUUUMMMBBBBLLE



"CRIMINAL
MASTERMIND,"
EH?
MAYBE IN
YER MIND...
BUT IN MINE...
AN' DAMN-NEAR
EVERYBODY
ELSE'S...?"



YER JUST
A & # % \$
JOKE.



BUT...
THAT
RUMBLIN'?
YEAH, THAT AIN'T
YER EXPLOSIVES--
THEY GOT DE-
ACTIVATED.
BY ME.

THEN...
WHAT...?

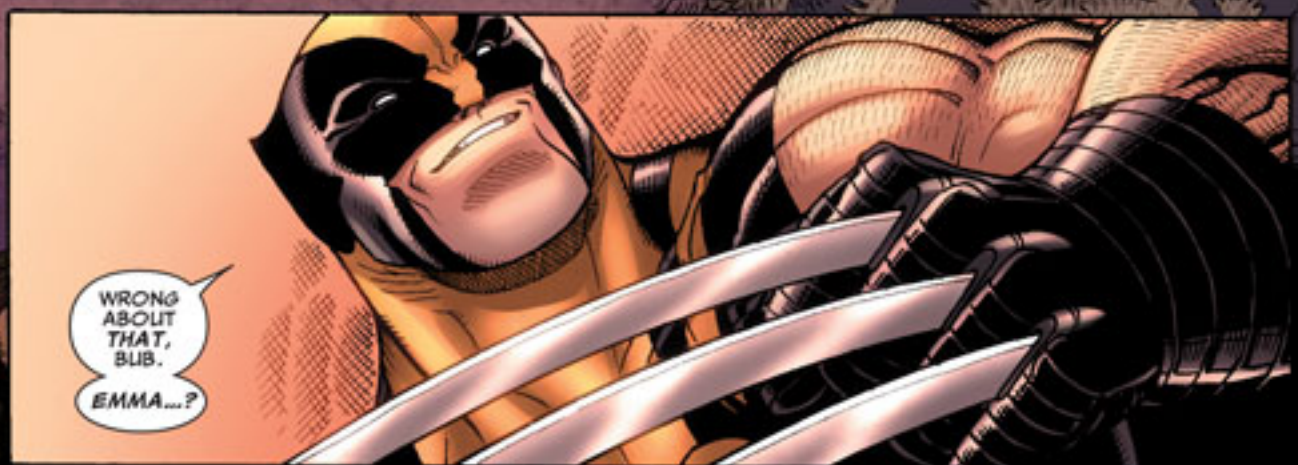


IT'S THE
CAVALRY.





YES...
...MY
CAVALRY.



WRONG
ABOUT
THAT,
BUB.
EMMA...?