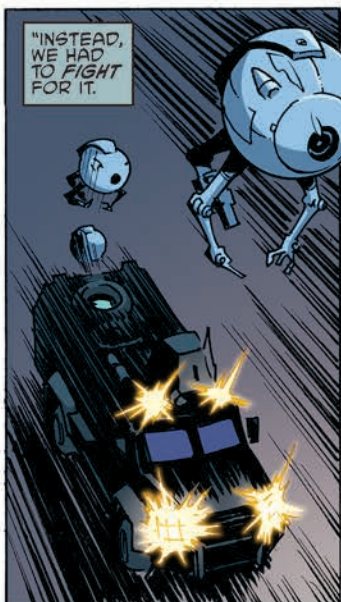




"THIS IS OUR WORLD."



"DESPITE WHAT MANY THINK, IT WAS NOT *HANDED* TO US BY PROVIDENCE OR FATE. HUMANITY WAS NEVER *DESTINED* TO BE THE CARETAKER OF EARTH."



"INSTEAD, WE HAD TO *FIGHT* FOR IT."



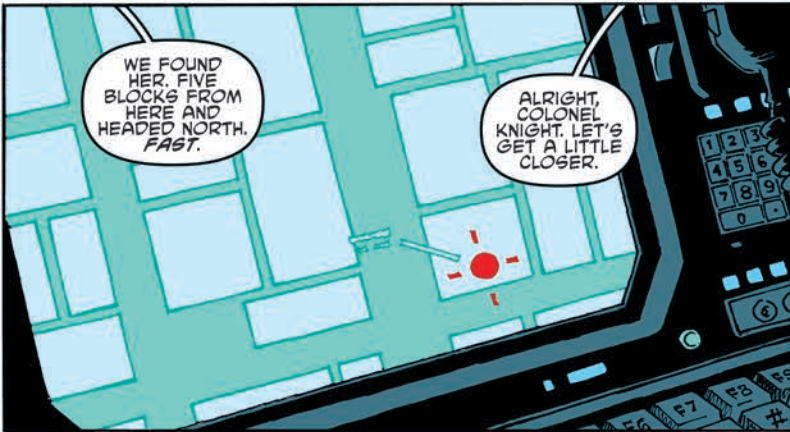
"BOOTS ON THE GROUND. FISTS IN THE AIR. EVERY STEP OF THE WAY, SINCE WE FIRST CRAWLED OUT OF THAT PRIMORDIAL SOUP."



"AND I'LL BE DAMNED IF I'M GOING TO SIT BACK AND WATCH IT TAKEN OVER BY MUTANTS AND MONSTERS."

"WE BELONG HERE."

"THEY DON'T."





I MEAN... IT'S A *STICK*, BRO. YOU'RE LIKE, THE BRAINIEST GUY ON THE TEAM, AND YOUR WEAPON IS... A *STICK*.

I'LL ADMIT, IT DOESN'T MATCH THE SOPHISTICATION OF *TWO STICKS*, BUT—

*TWO STICKS* AND A *CHAIN*, DONNIE. DON'T FORGET ABOUT THE *CHAIN*.



I MISSED THIS. DIDN'T YOU MISS THIS?

HMPH.

ALL OF US TOGETHER, OUT ON PATROL... IT FEELS...

SAFE. IT FEELS SAFE.



BUT IT'S NOT.



THE WEAPON IS JUST A TOOL, MIKEY. IT'S THE *MIND* THAT MATTERS.



WITH A WELL-TRAINED MIND YOU CAN SURVIVE ANYTHING THAT—



**THWAK!**

OW!



HAHA  
HAHAHAHA  
HA!

DONNIE!  
ARE YOU  
OKAY?

OF COURSE.  
IT'D TAKE AT  
LEAST ANOTHER  
TEN POUNDS OF  
PRESSURE PER  
SQUARE INCH TO  
FRACTURE MY—



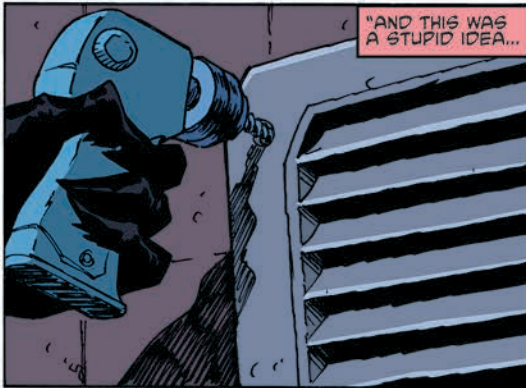
GOOD,  
THEN STOP  
SCREWING  
AROUND BEFORE  
YOU DO CRACK  
YOUR BIG DUMB  
SKULL!

UHM... OKAY,  
THAT WAS  
PRETTY CRANKY,  
EVEN BY RAPH  
STANDARDS.

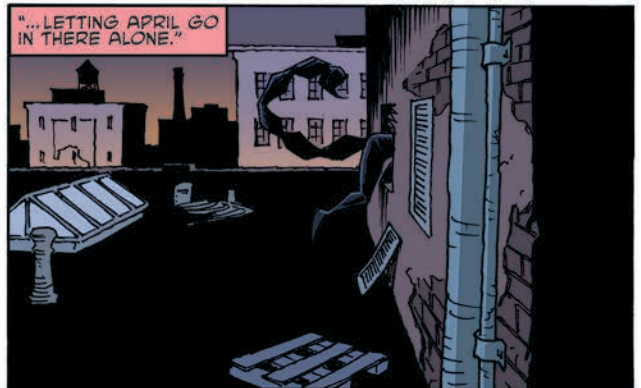


NO,  
HE'S—HE'S  
RIGHT, WE'RE  
HERE FOR A  
REASON.

YEAH.



"AND THIS WAS  
A STUPID IDEA..."



"...LETTING APRIL GO  
IN THERE ALONE."



IT WAS HER  
IDEA, RAPH. WE  
NEED ALL THE HELP WE  
CAN GET, AND IF APRIL  
THINKS SHE CAN FLIP  
STOCKMAN, AND USE HIS  
RESOURCES, THEN WE  
OWE IT TO HER TO  
LET HER TRY.

WE'RE  
HERE IF  
SHE—

HEY,  
WHAT'S  
THAT?

