

LONDON.
FOUR YEARS AGO.

NOT
BAD, YOU
SNEAKING
IN HERE.

OUR SECURITY
SYSTEM'S NOT
EXACTLY IMPERVIOUS,
BUT IT SHOULD TAKE
LONGER THAN
THAT, AND—

—NO
OFFENSE—

—MORE
THAN YOU.



UH. NONE
TAKEN.

SOOO...
WHERE IS
THIS?

AND COULD
YOU, UH, NOT
POINT THE GUN
AT ME?



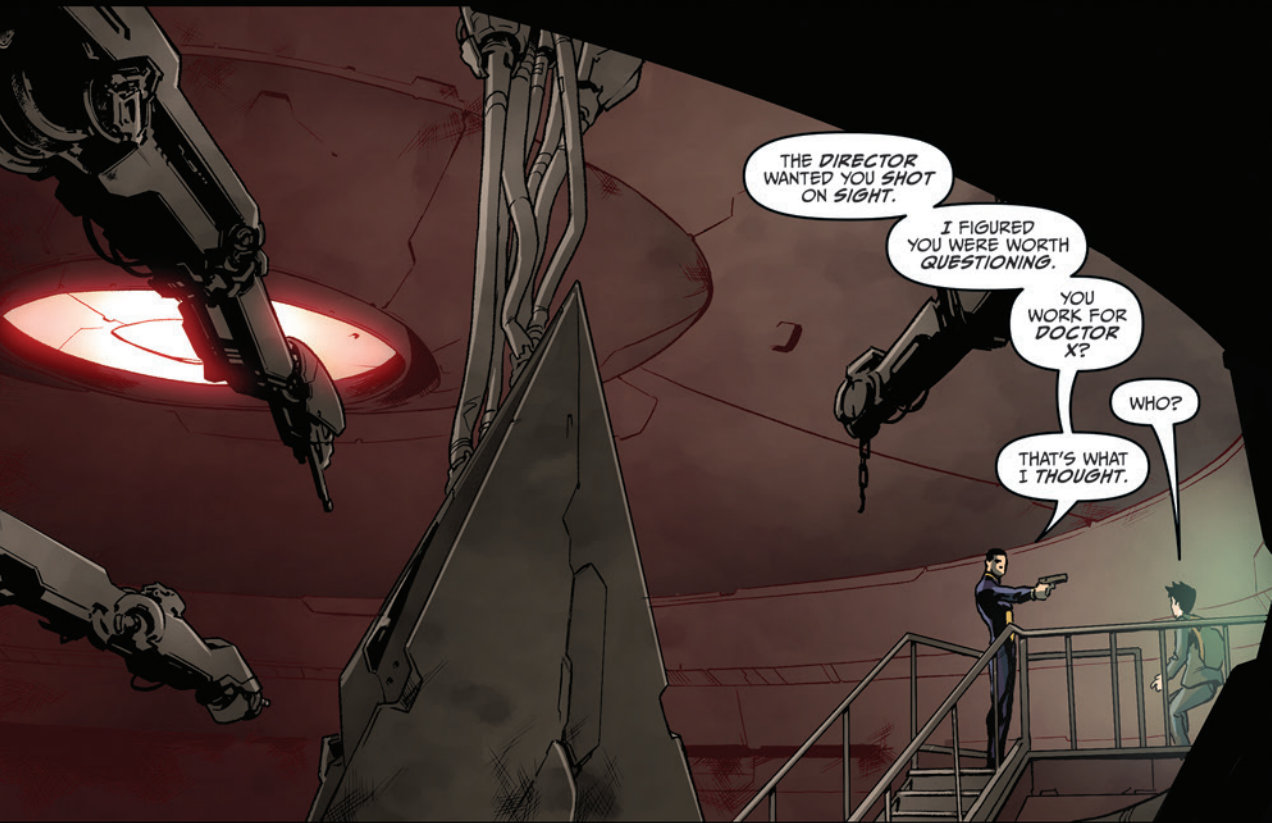
THE DIRECTOR
WANTED YOU SHOT
ON SIGHT.

I FIGURED
YOU WERE WORTH
QUESTIONING.

YOU
WORK FOR
DOCTOR
X?

WHO?

THAT'S WHAT
I THOUGHT.



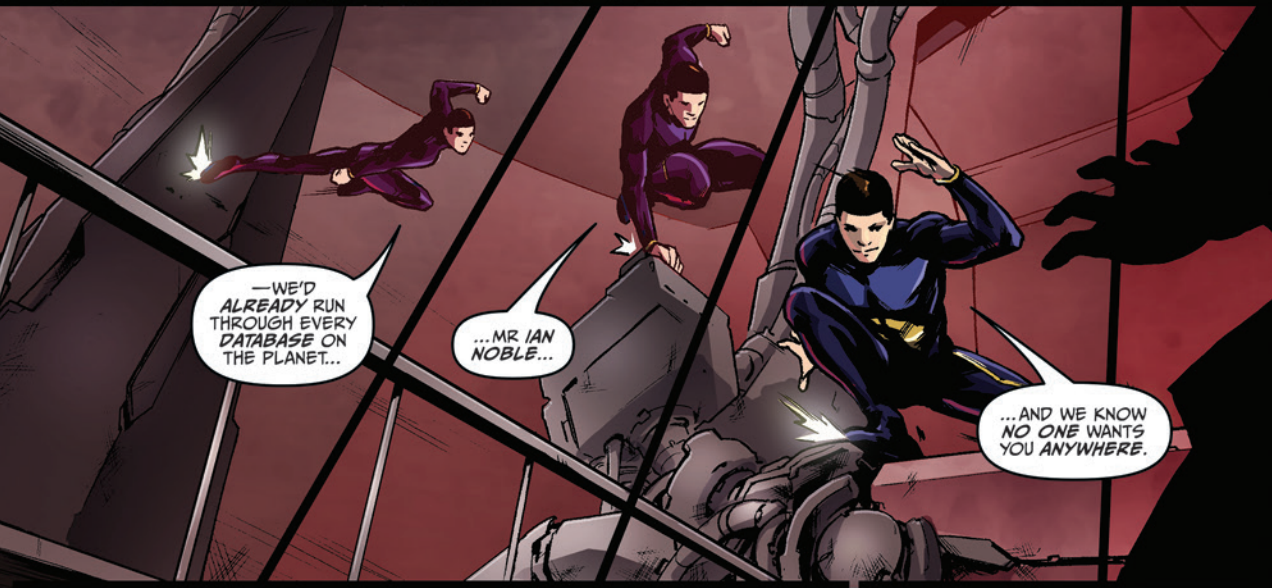


LOOK, IT'S BEEN NICE—



—BUT I HAVE PLACES TO BE!

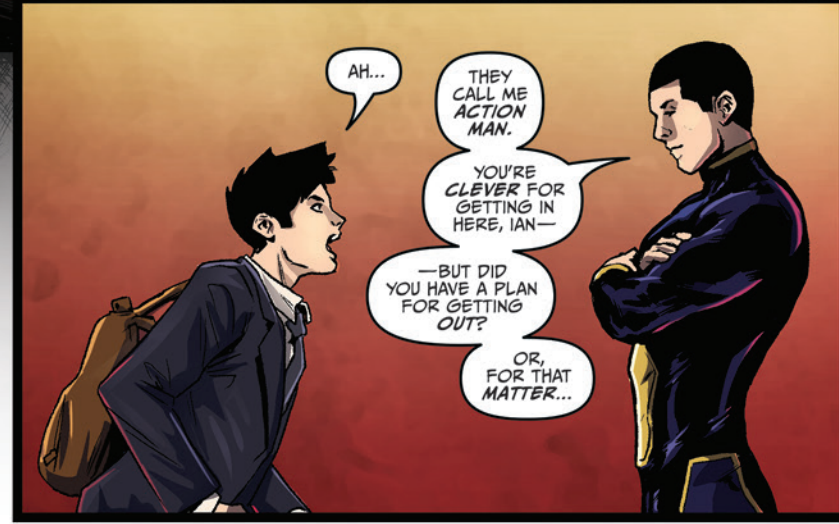
THE MOMENT YOU STEPPED THROUGH THE DOOR—



—WE'D ALREADY RUN THROUGH EVERY DATABASE ON THE PLANET...

...MR IAN NOBLE...

...AND WE KNOW NO ONE WANTS YOU ANYWHERE.



AH...

THEY CALL ME ACTION MAN.

YOU'RE CLEVER FOR GETTING IN HERE, IAN—

—BUT DID YOU HAVE A PLAN FOR GETTING OUT?

OR, FOR THAT MATTER...



...A REASON TO?

ACTION **man** IN: OUT OF THE WAY

YOU LOT
HAVE A REASON
FOR TAKING ME
HERE...?

... OTHER THAN
THE SCENERY,
I MEAN.

THE BAVARIAN ALPS.
TODAY.

YOU'RE NOT
GONNA TALK
TO ME, EH?

THIS WAY,
COLDITZ. YOU'RE
WANTED.

YEAH,
WELL.

WHO DOESN'T
WANT A PIECE OF
THIS GUY.

SIS HEADQUARTERS. YESTERDAY.

YOU WANT ME TO DRESS AS WHAT?

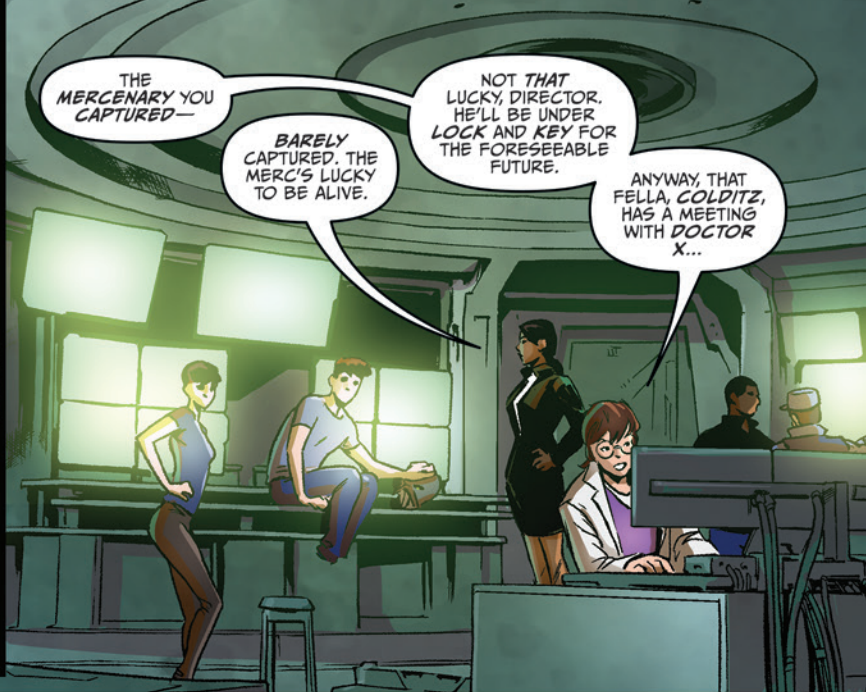


THE MERCENARY YOU CAPTURED—

BARELY CAPTURED. THE MERC'S LUCKY TO BE ALIVE.

NOT THAT LUCKY, DIRECTOR. HE'LL BE UNDER LOCK AND KEY FOR THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE.

ANYWAY, THAT FELLA, *COLDITZ*, HAS A MEETING WITH DOCTOR X...



"...AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MISS IT."

NICE PLACE.

RUSTIC.



THE CHATEAU IS A NEAR-LEGENDARY LOCATION IN OUR WAR WITH DOCTOR X—

—A PLACE WE'VE HEARD WHISPERS OF FOR DECADES, BUT THAT WE'VE NEVER LOCATED.

AGENT GALE?



ALL THE INTEL WE HAVE INDICATES THIS IS THE PRIMARY LABORATORY OF THE DOCTOR'S SCIENCE TEAM. THEY'RE THE WORST OF THE WORST, LIKE—

NAZI SCIENTISTS?

EXACTLY. SOULLESS MONSTERS...



"...EVERYONE THERE IS WILLING TO EXTERMINATE COUNTLESS PEOPLE FOR PERSONAL GAIN."

COLDITZ. YOU HAVE YOUR LETTER OF TRANSIT?





ASSUMING THE INFORMATION IN COLDITZ'S TRANSIT LETTER IS CORRECT...

...WE CAN DEDUCE THE CHATEAU IS SHIELDED BY EXTREMELY ADVANCED ELECTRONIC COUNTERMEASURES.

OUR COUSINS ACROSS THE POND HAVE REPORTED SIMILAR EFFECTS CAUSED BY ALIEN TECHNOLOGY IN MONUMENT VALLEY.



SO YOU THINK THEY'RE ALIENS, BRYCE?

COME ON. YOUR PREDECESSOR NEVER SHIED AWAY FROM A SPACE WAR.

I DOUBT THERE'S EXTRATERRESTRIAL TECH...



"...PROBABLY JUST HOMEGROWN NIGHTMARES."

THANK YOU.

UM, YEAH.

OF COURSE. I'M A PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER-FOR-HIRE.

I'M USED TO STUFF LIKE THIS.



YOU REMEMBER THIS, RIGHT? FROM YOUR ADVENTURE IN GUERNSEY.

THIS TIME, THE CARD CONTAINS INFORMATION TO MATCH YOUR COVER STORY.

GET THE CARD NEAR A COMPUTER, AND IT'LL REWRITE LOCAL DATA. SO IF THEY CHECK AND SEE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE UNDER THE MASK—



"—IT'LL BE YOUR PHOTO AND YOUR FINGERPRINTS IN THEIR RECORDS."

IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, COLDITZ.

FAR TOO MUCH TIME HAS PASSED SINCE OUR JOB IN LITTLE BAZELEY BY THE SEA.



HANG THE HELL ON!

WHAT IF SOMEBODY THERE KNOWS COLDITZ?

FALSE RECORDS WON'T FOOL A MATE OF HIS.