



GUILTY OF WAR CRIMES?!



ON WHOSE ACCOUNT?

HEY, DON'T SHOOT THE MESSENGER. I'M ONLY TELLING YOU WHAT PROFESSOR HONEYCUTT TOLD ME BEFORE WE BROUGHT THE REST OF YOU OUT OF STAGIS.

HONEYCUTT? THE ROBOT?

YES.



WHAT RIGHT DOES A MACHINE HAVE TO PASS JUDGMENT ON AN UTRONIMON WAR HERO?!

NO RIGHT, SIR! NO RIGHT AT ALL!

UM... CAN I TALK TO YOU PRIVATELY FOR A MOMENT, MA'RIELL? I MIGHT BE ABLE TO CLEAR A FEW THINGS UP WITHOUT ALL THE SHOUTING.



IT APPEARS, CORPORAL MONTUORO, THAT CIVILIANS REMAIN THE SAME IN ANY DIMENSION—BLEEDING-HEARTED WEAKLINGS. COLONEL CH'RELL A WAR CRIMINAL?

PREPOSTEROUS!

SIR, YES, SIR.



VERY WELL.

LIEUTENANT KLEVE—PLEASE REMAIN WITH MY BROTHER WHILE I SPEAK FURTHER WITH DONATELLO ABOUT THIS MATTER.

THANK YOU.

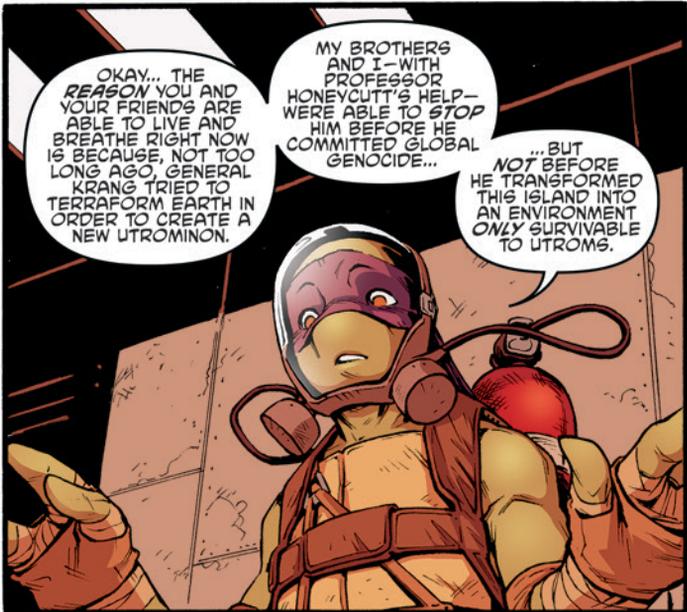


LOOK—THERE'S SOMETHING **IMPORTANT** YOU SHOULD KNOW, AND I WAS HOPING I COULD SHARE IT WITH YOU IN A RATIONAL FASHION, SCIENTIST TO SCIENTIST. NO OFFENSE, BUT YOUR SOLDIER FRIENDS ARE A LITTLE...

OVER-EXUBERANT?

I WAS GONNA SAY "TOO LOUD," BUT, YEAH, THEY'RE PROBABLY TOO WORKED UP RIGHT NOW FOR **WHAT I HAVE TO TELL YOU.**

I AM LISTENING.



OKAY... THE **REASON** YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE ABLE TO LIVE AND BREATHE RIGHT NOW IS BECAUSE, NOT TOO LONG AGO, GENERAL KRANG TRIED TO TERRAFORM EARTH IN ORDER TO CREATE A NEW UTROMINON.

MY BROTHERS AND I—WITH PROFESSOR HONEYCUTT'S HELP—WERE ABLE TO **STOP** HIM BEFORE HE COMMITTED GLOBAL GENOCIDE...

... BUT BEFORE HE TRANSFORMED THIS ISLAND INTO AN ENVIRONMENT **ONLY SURVIVABLE TO UTROMS.**



AND GENERAL KRANG?

IN PRISON IN **DIMENSION X.**

HE WAS ALREADY WANTED FOR WAR CRIMES ON PLANET NEUTRINO, SO THE PROFESSOR THOUGHT IT BEST HE STAND TRIAL THERE, WHICH WAS FINE WITH US—WE JUST WANTED HIM AS **FAR AWAY** AS POSSIBLE.

IT WASN'T UNTIL WE WERE BRINGING THE REST OF YOU OUT OF STASIS THAT THE PROFESSOR TOLD US YOUR **BROTHER** WAS GUILTY OF WAR CRIMES, TOO.



THING IS, HE DIDN'T TELL US **WHAT** THEY WERE—JUST THAT HE WANTED TO TALK TO YOU AND THE OTHERS ABOUT IT FIRST.

AND... WELL, YOU KNOW THE REST.

GENOCIDE?

AH, KRANG... SO VERY LIKE YOUR **FATHER** AFTER ALL.



YES, WELL... WHEREAS KLEVE AND MONTJORO TEND TO BE **BOISTEROUS** IN THEIR SOLDIERLY DEVOTION, CH'RELL IS THE **EPITOME** OF A TRUE ZEALOT, LOYAL TO A FAULT.

I HAVE NO DOUBT HE WOULD HAVE REACTED WITH **EXTREME DISPLEASURE** AT THE NEWS HIS BELOVED LEADER HAS BEEN IMPRISONED.



AS SAD AS IT IS FOR ME TO ADMIT, YOUR ROBOT FRIEND WAS **WISE** TO BE CAUTIOUS WITH MY BROTHER.

THIS IS MOST DEFINITELY A SITUATION I MUST DISCUSS WITH MY FELLOW UTROMS...

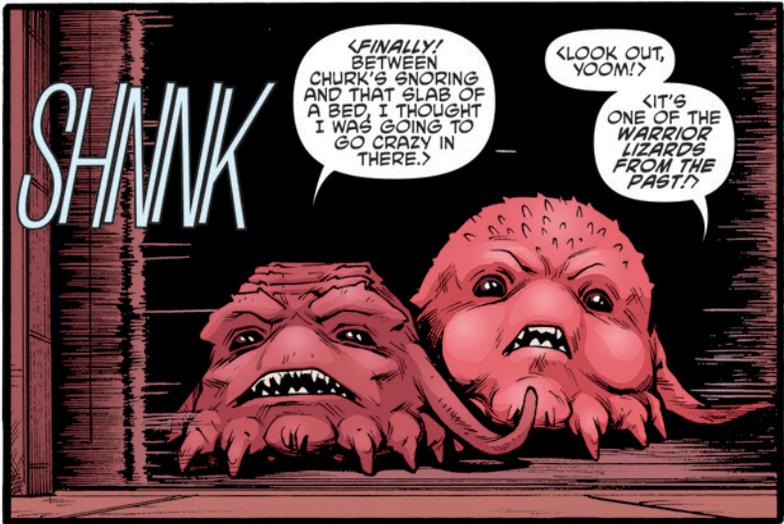


"... AS SOON AS TECHNICIAN LEESHAWN AND YOUR BROTHER RETURN THEM TO US."

OH... POOR COUNCILOR LORGA.

DON'T LOOK AT IT, DUDE.

THAT KINDA STUFF CAN GIVE YOU ALL KINDS OF NIGHTMARES, TRUST ME.



SHANK

«FINALLY! BETWEEN CHURK'S SNORING AND THAT SLAB OF A BED, I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO GO CRAZY IN THERE.»

LOOK OUT, YOOM!>

«IT'S ONE OF THE WARRIOR LIZARDS FROM THE PAST!>



RAHH!

NO, CHURK! MICHELANGELO IS HELPING US!



WHO'S MICHELANGELO?

ME, YOU SLIMY JERK!



IT'S CHURK! AND LAST TIME WE SAW YOU WARRIOR LIZARDS, YOU WEREN'T EXACTLY THE HELPING KIND.

CHURK'S RIGHT. AND WHY ARE WE SPEAKING EARTH ENGLISH? WHAT'S GOING ON, LEESHAWN?

QUITE A LOT, ACTUALLY.

LAST TIME YOU SAW US...?



WAITASEC! YOU WERE THERE WHEN WE WENT TO PREHISTORIC TIMES WITH RENET, WEREN'T YOU?!

SO OUR ALIEN FRIENDS HAVE MADE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE BEFORE-

*SEE TMNT: TURTLES IN TIME - B.C.



-HOW WONDERFULLY SERENDIPITOUS.

LEATHERHEAD!

THIS WARRIOR LIZARD IS BIGGER.

I'LL HAPPILY LET SOMEONE ELSE JUMP ON THAT ONE'S FACE.

WISE DECISION, CHURK. WISE DECISION.



DUDE... WHAT HAPPENED?

IT'S RATHER EMBARRASSING, REALLY. I WAS SEARCHING WITH YOUR BROTHERS AND SEEMED TO HAVE BLOODED MYSELF IN THE DARK.

SO RIDICULOUSLY CLUMSY OF ME- I KNOW THOSE TUNNELS INTIMATELY, AFTER ALL.



ANYWAY, I DECIDED TO RETURN IN ORDER TO CLEAN UP AFTER MYSELF. YOUR BROTHERS ARE WAITING FOR YOU TO JOIN THEM IN THE TUNNELS, IN THE MEANTIME.

ME? WHY?

SAFETY IN NUMBERS, I SUPPOSE. I TOLD THEM I WOULD TAKE CHARGE OF WATCHING OVER THE UTRONS WHILE YOU WERE AWAY.

BUT... HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO FIND THEM?



THE BLOOD TRAIL I LEFT BEHIND SHOULD GUIDE YOUR WAY JUST FINE.

UH, YEAH... THAT'S NOT TOO NASTY.



IF YOU ONLY KNEW, MY FRIEND.

