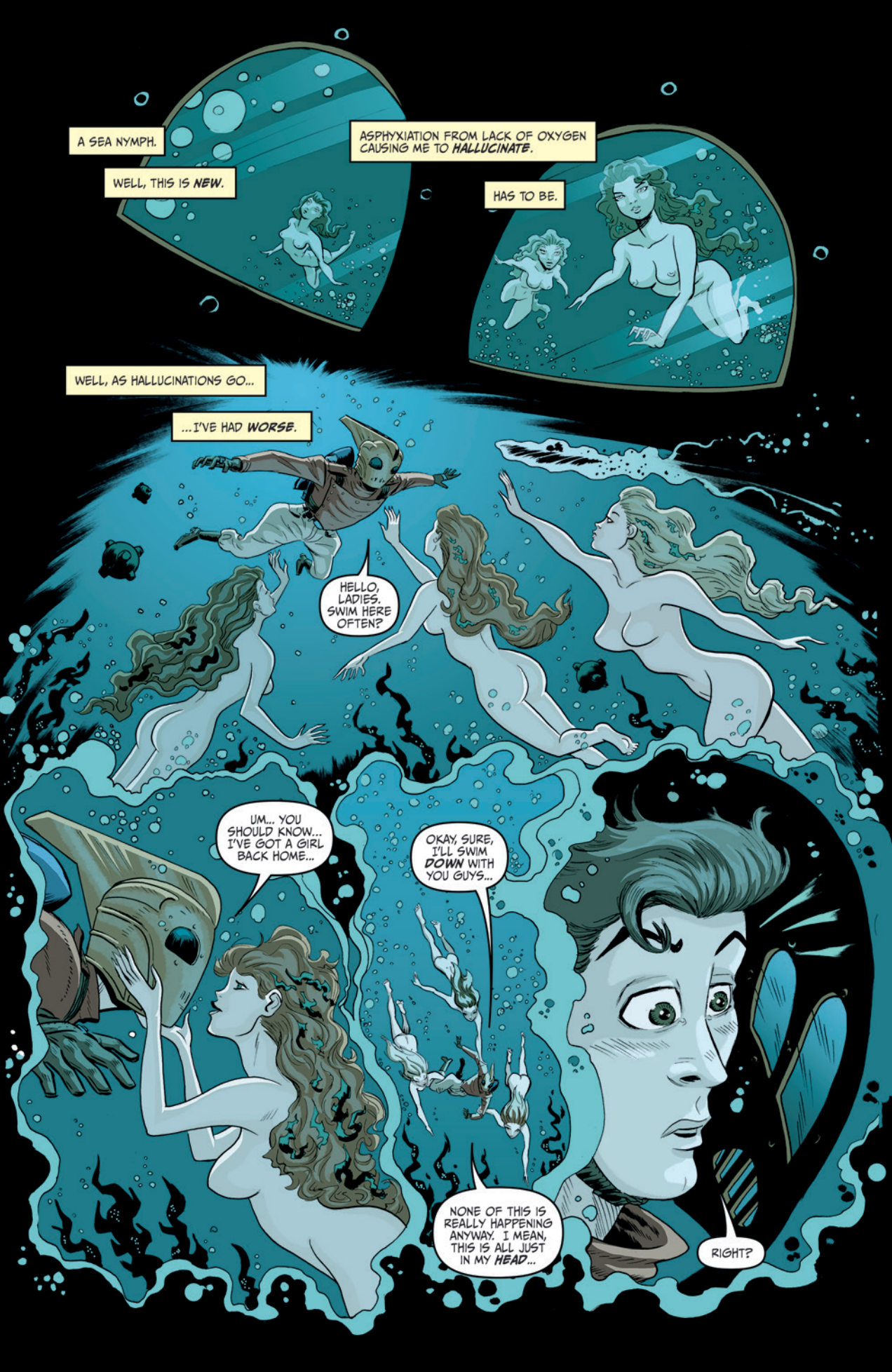
CHAPTER TWO:
DEPTH CHARGE!


A SEA NYMPH.
WELL, THIS IS NEW.
ASPHYXIATION FROM LACK OF OXYGEN CAUSING ME TO HALLUCINATE.
HAS TO BE.
WELL, AS HALLUCINATIONS GO...
...I'VE HAD WORSE.
HELLO, LADIES. SWIM HERE OFTEN?
UM... YOU SHOULD KNOW... I'VE GOT A GIRL BACK HOME...
OKAY, SURE, I'LL SWIM DOWN WITH YOU GUYS...
NONE OF THIS IS REALLY HAPPENING ANYWAY. I MEAN, THIS IS ALL JUST IN MY HEAD...
RIGHT?

FIVE MINUTES EARLIER.
OFF THE COAST OF AUSTRALIA.
OCTOBER 1942.
"SIMPLE MISSION TO GET YOU BACK IN THE SWING OF THINGS," GENERAL SPAATZ SAID.
FLY RECON AND SEE IF I CAN SPOT ANY JAPANESE SUBS OFF THE AUSTRALIAN COAST.
YUP. EASY AS PIE.
EXCEPT I DIDN'T FIND ANY SUBS.
NO, I HAD TO FIND *SOMETHING ELSE.*
A *BATTLESHIP.*
DID I SAY I FOUND IT?
MORE LIKE THE OTHER WAY AROUND.
BRAKA
BRAKA
BRAKA
BRAKA

HOLY SMOKES, THESE ZERO'S ARE *FAST!*
THREE AGAINST ONE...
DIRTY POOL, BOYS.
HOW DO YOU SAY "DIRTY POOL" IN *JAPANESE*?
BRAKA
BRAKA
BRAKA
BRAKA
BRAKA
BRAKA
NO, I'M PRETTY SURE IT'S *NOT* "BRAKABRAKABRAKA."
LOOKEE THERE. THE SUB I WAS LOOKING FOR.
DAMN, THOSE GUYS SURE MAKE 'EM *BIG*.
DOUBT I'D BE ABLE TO EAT IT ALL MYSELF.

TIME TO MIX THINGS UP A LITTLE.
HEY, BUDDY. WHAT'S THAT UP THERE?
MADE YOU LOOK.
HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING FROM THE BOYS BACK HOME.
BRAAPP
BRAAPP
BRAPP
SCRATCH ONE ZERO. YOUR TURN NOW, PAL!
なし!!
BRAAPP
BRAPP
*NO!!