

DO YOU
SEE CYRUS,
MOLLY?

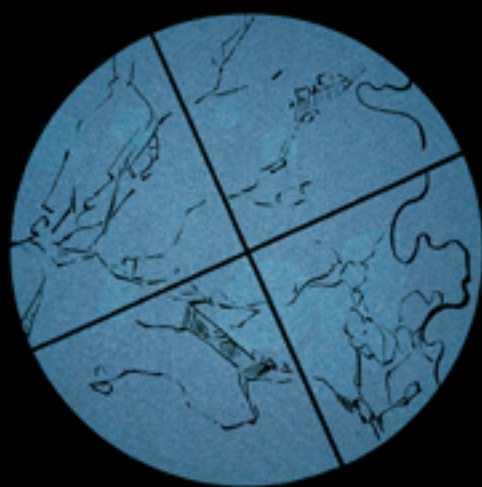
HE'S
THERE...

THERE...

IN THE
GROUND.

THERE'S
SOMETHING...

...IN THE
SKY...



ICH SEHE
SIE.





AAAAAAAAHHH!



CYRUS...!



WHAT NOW?

STAY WITH HIM. THERE'S TOO MANY DEAD HERE AS IT IS.

DONT KILL IF YOU DONT HAVE TO.



AND WHAT IF I WANT TO...?

WHAT IF CYRUS DOES?

RATA TATA RATA TATA RATA TATA

HO HO, THE BOY WANTS HIS REVENGE. NO WONDER YOU'VE A SOFT SPOT FOR HIM.





EVEN THE SKY AIN'T SAFE NO MORE.



THERE NOW, MOLLY, DON'T BE SO SKITTISH. YOU'RE A MUCH HARDER TARGET THAN THAT BIG OL' AEROPLANE.



EASY FOR YOU TO SAY.

MRF





ANY WORD ON WHEN THAT SECOND BATTALION'S S'POSED TO ARRIVE?



NON.

WE'RE GONNA DIE TODAY.

OUI.



WELL ALL RIGHT THEN.



TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT THIS DIRT, OLD MAN.

IS IT GOOD DIRT? DOES IT GROW, I DUNNO--WHEAT? I'M GONNA DIE FOR IT, MIGHT AS WELL KNOW WHAT IT GROWS.



IT GROWS FRENCHMEN.