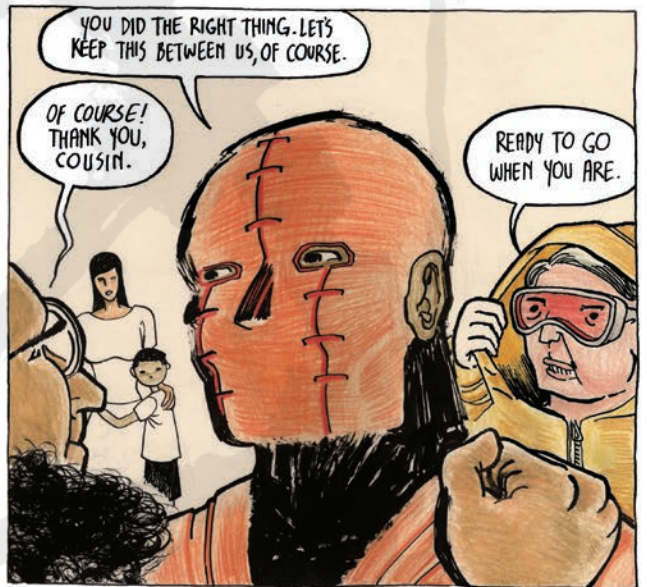
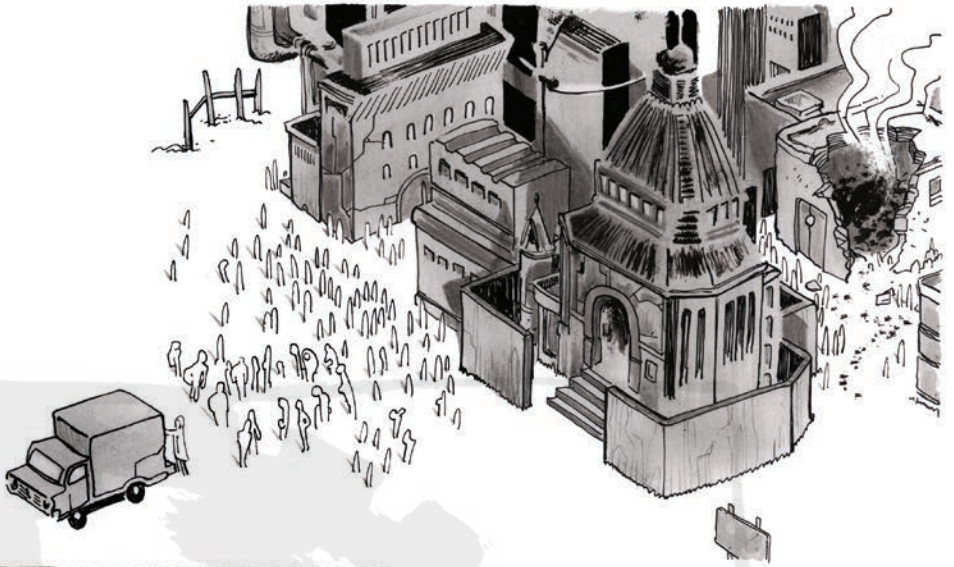


COPRA™

—ROUND ONE—



MICHEL FIFFE



LET ME BACK UP.

MY GOVERNMENT JOB IS TO CORRAL THE DANGEROUS AND THE HOSTILE AND MAKE THEM USEFUL. THE THROWAWAYS HAD DIRTY WORK TO DO.

THEY CAME, THEY WENT. SOME DIED, SOME STUCK AROUND AND THEY WERE ALL PAINS IN MY ASS.

HOWEVER.

AS BACKBITING AS THEY ARE, THEY'RE PRETTY GOOD. THEY WOULD DISAGREE, THOUGH.

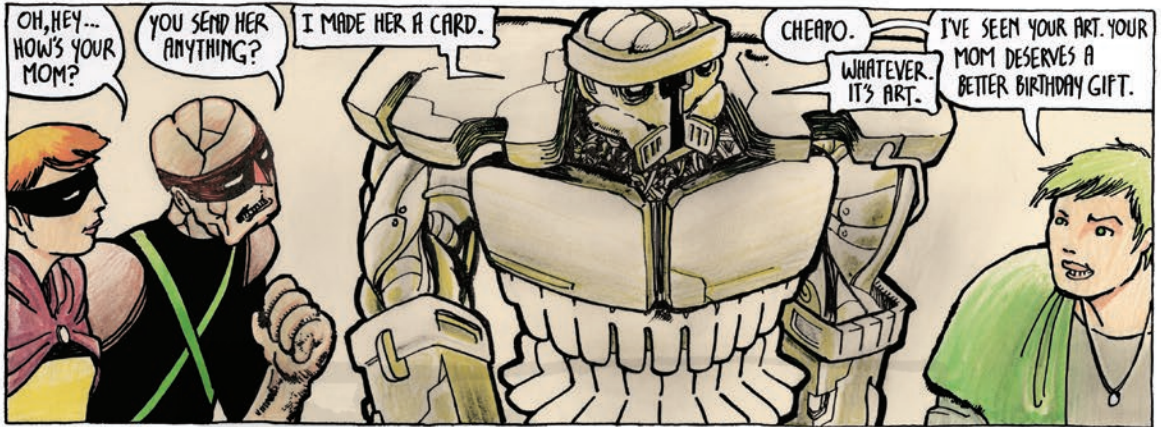


THEY'VE HUMBLY DESCRIBED THEMSELVES AS THE WRATH OF GOD BY WAY OF LOSER ASSASSINS.

THIS IS MY TEAM.

THIS IS COPRA.

RAGING WRATH



THOSE TWO UP THERE ARE A COUPLE: SMIFER & BRAWLER. HE'S WAY OLDER. NOT MY BUSINESS. THEY GO WAY BACK WITH COPRA.

THE ROBOT, WIR, IS A JUVIE WITH AN ARMOR AT HIS COMMAND. HE'S THICK BUT LOYAL.

GREENIE CALLS HERSELF GUTHIE. STUBBORN, AMNESIAC, GUN NUT.

SEND HER A CAKE WHEN WE GET BACK.

I'M SO HUNGRY! NO FOOD TALK!

YOU WANNA HIT UP THAT NEW DOMINICAN PLACE WHEN WE GET BACK?

CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG. REST STOP FOOD WILL DO.



LITE IS A NEW RECRUIT. NEUROTIC CRYPBABY DESPITE A POWER SUIT.

GRACE IS AN EX-MODEL AND A HAND TO HAND COMBAT EXPERT.

HOW ARE YOU PEOPLE IGNORING-- THIS?

HEYHEY-- CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE MAKING DINNER PLANS HERE?

THERE IS A HEAD. IT MAY BE RADIOACTIVE.

SO?

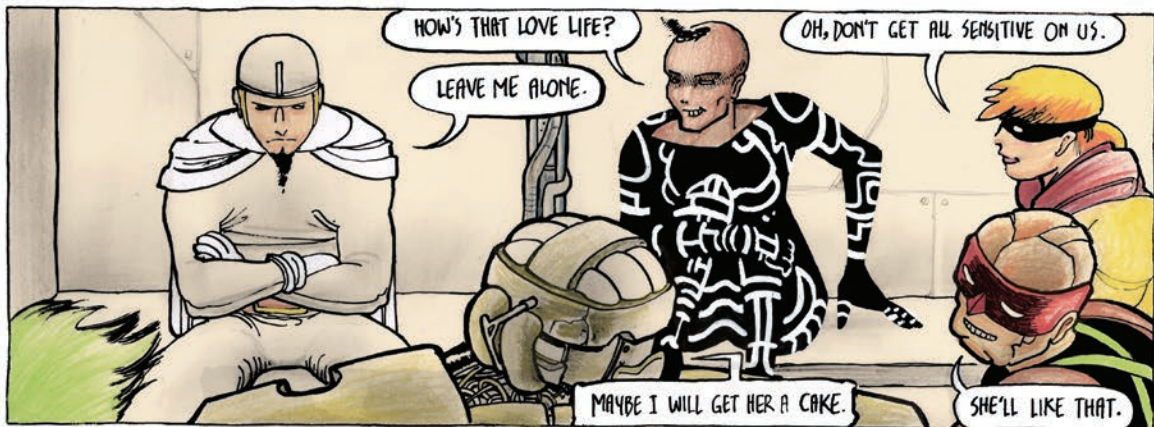


THIS POOR SAP GOT KILLED BY SOME WEIRD... THING... SOME GLOWING ALIEN THING...

IT'S NOT ALIEN, DUDE.

YOU DON'T KNOW THAT. WE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING AND YOU'RE ALL JABBING AWAY AND WE COULD ALL BE DYING...

THIS YOUR FIRST MISSION OR WHAT? SHUDDUP ALREADY.



HOW'S THAT LOVE LIFE?

OH, DON'T GET ALL SENSITIVE ON US.

LEAVE ME ALONE.

MAYBE I WILL GET HER A CAKE.

SHE'LL LIKE THAT.

THAT'S BEEN THE STEADY CREW FOR CLOSE TO A YEAR. YOU CAN CALL THEM UNDERDOGS BUT THAT HAS A ROMANTIC TONE TO IT.

THEY'RE GRIMY, DAMAGED, AND THEY HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE.

WELL, MOST OF THEM DON'T.

THIS HERE IS MAN-HEAD, FIELD LEADER, THE ONE WHO LED THE PACK ON THIS ONE.

C'MON, MAN. DON'T BE WEIRD.

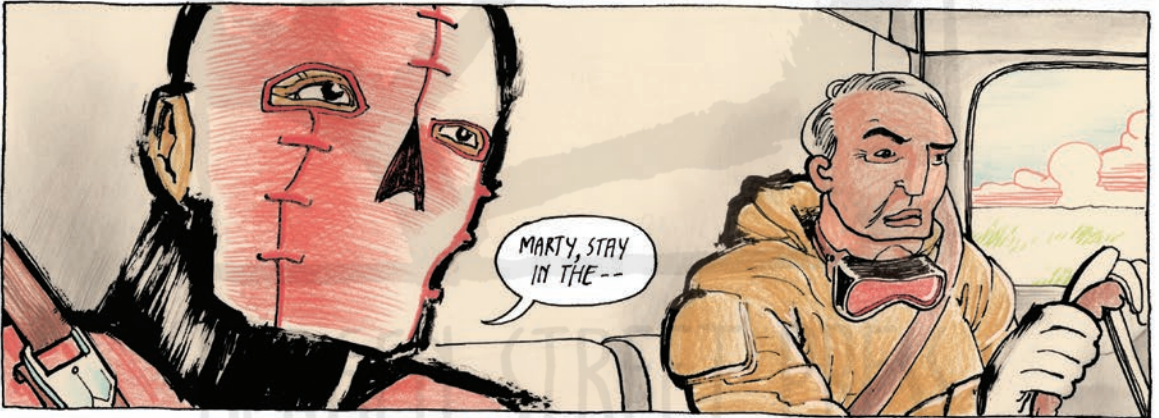
I SAID NO PERSONAL STUFF.

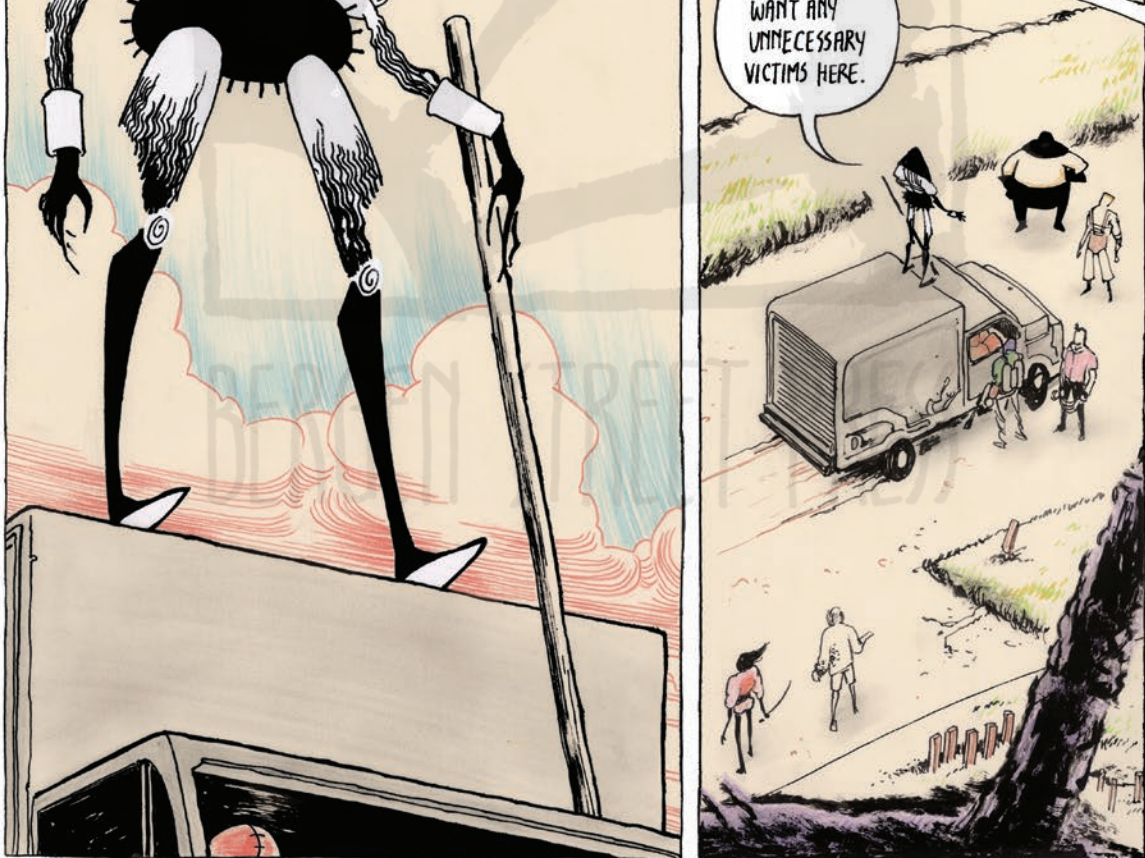
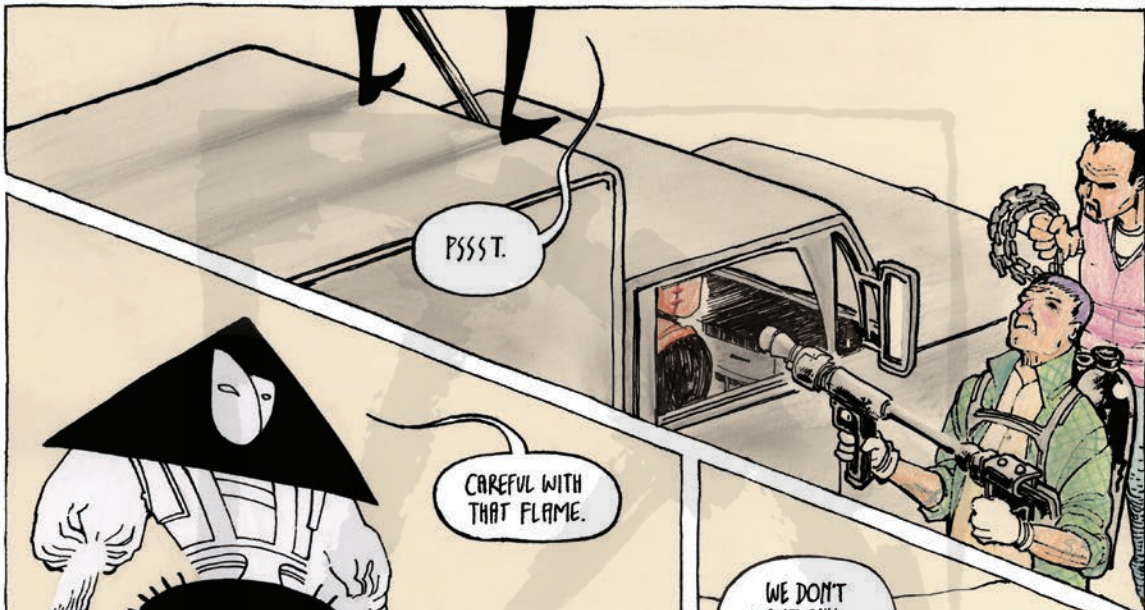
ON THIS UNAUTHORIZED MISSION.

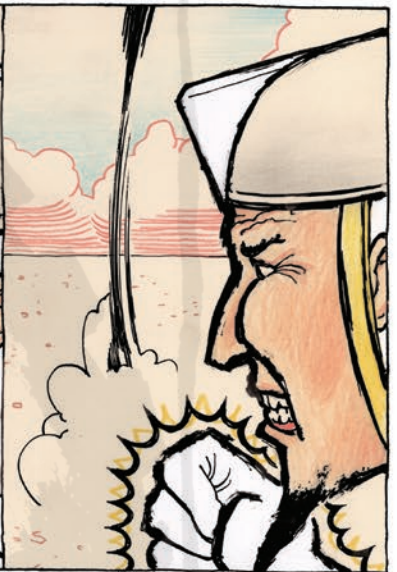
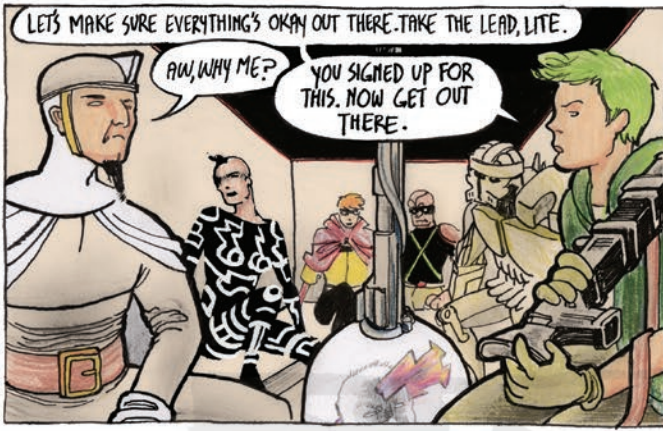
JUST ASKED HOW OLD'S YOUR KID. MINE'S AT THAT AGE WHERE THEY STOP LAUGHING AT YOUR JOSES.

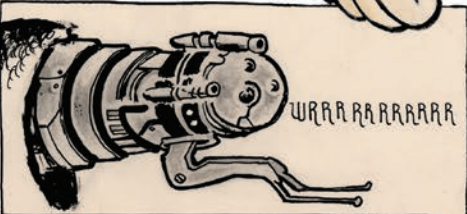
SO LONG AS WE'RE STILL ON THIS TRIP, I HAVE NO KID, NO WIFE, I DON'T EVEN EXIST.

DRAMATIC.









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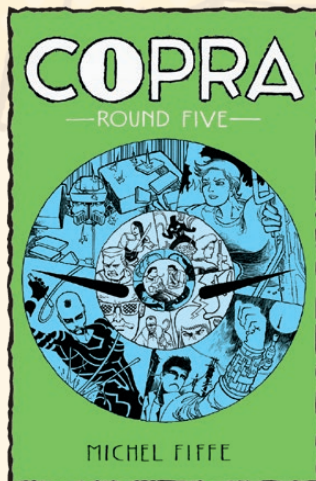
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