

WAUSAU, WISCONSIN.

INSIDE THE QUARANTINE ZONE.

2:12 AM.



THIS IS HAYES TO CHECKPOINT NOVEMBER.

I AM ATTEMPTING TO LAND NEAR THE TARGET AND SECURE THE AREA NOW.



VISIBILITY IS FUBAR. ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS AND GROUND TEMPERATURE ARE MIXING FOR A HOAR FROST AND A BITCH OF AN ATMOSPHERIC WIND.

THIS AREA IS AN EXTREMELY IMPORTANT ASSET, LIEUTENANT.



I UNDERSTAND THAT, GENERAL, MA'AM, I'M JUST--

SHRNCH



MAYDAY! MAYDAY! TAIL ROTOR IS--GODDAMN IT--I CAN'T SEE IN THIS SOUPY SHIT.



OH, GOD.

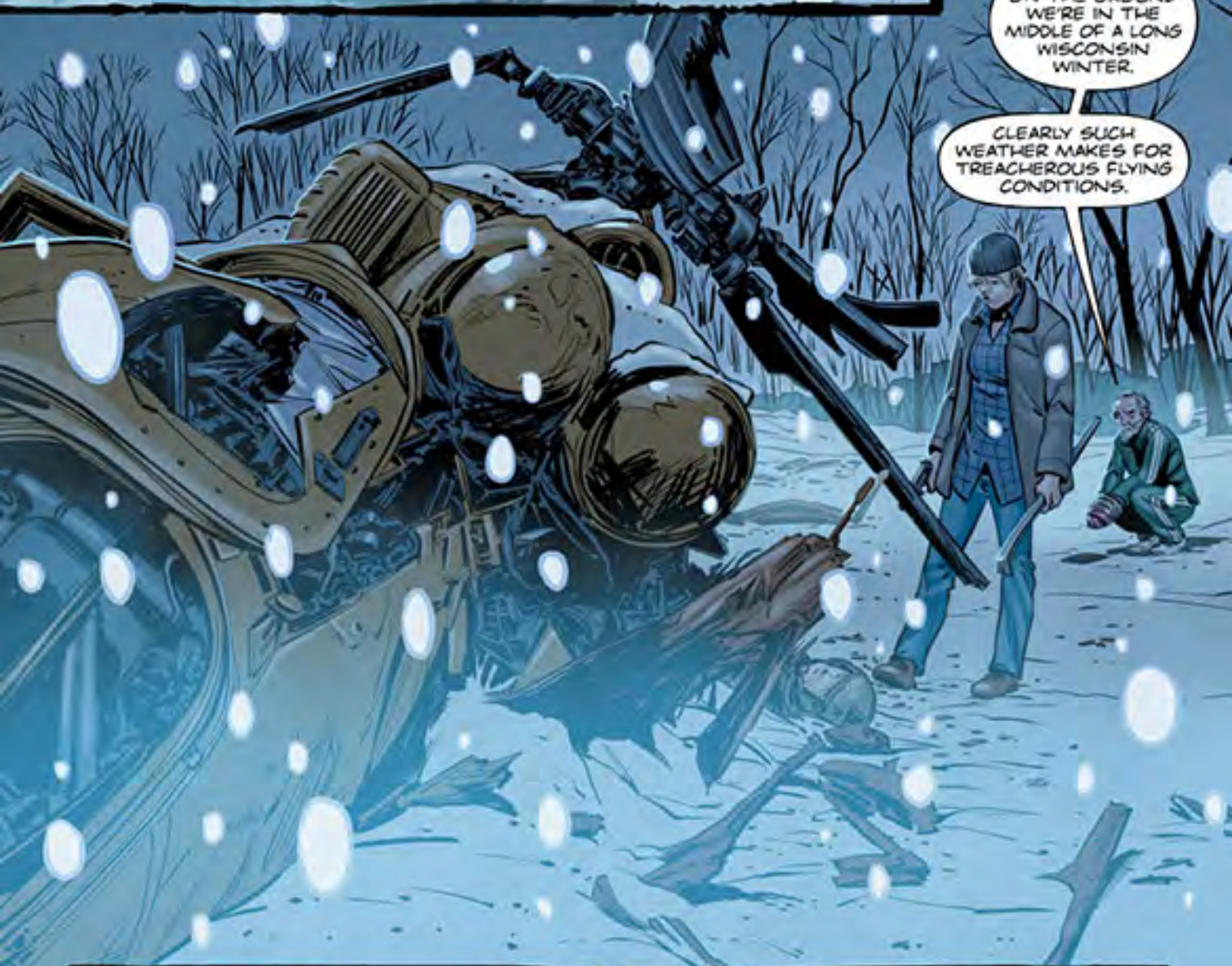
2:24 AM.

JESUS,
HE'S JUST
A KID.

OUTSIDE OF
THE QUARANTINE
ZONE AND A FEW
HUNDRED FEET UP,
IT'S A WARM JUNE
NIGHT.

BUT HERE
ON THE GROUND
WE'RE IN THE
MIDDLE OF A LONG
WISCONSIN
WINTER.

CLEARLY SUCH
WEATHER MAKES FOR
TREACHEROUS FLYING
CONDITIONS.



WHAT
WERE THEY
TRYING TO
DO?

YOU SAW IT
FOR YOURSELF,
OFFICER
CYPRESS.

THIS
CREEK BRIDGES
THE WORLDS
OF LIFE AND
DEATH--



THE
U.S. MILITARY
WANTS IT FOR
THEMSELVES.

IT
HAS TO BE
GENERAL
CALE.



