



 **SOMEWHERE ON THE GREENLAND ICE SHEET**





Welcome to the Arctic!



When people told me you were working for America, I defended your honor. I said, "No! Surely the great Baboushka would die before becoming an imperialist tool!"

Yet here we are. You have made a liar of me... but I can't hate you for it.



That's OK, Sebastien. I don't hate you, either.

I wouldn't waste the effort.

HAHAHA!



Let's get you out of this cold. I wouldn't want you to freeze on the ice.

I didn't know you cared.



I don't. But when you die here--and you will, be assured--it will be at a time of my choosing. Nothing else would satisfy me.



And what does satisfy you, Sebastien?

Why are you so interested in old Ghost Stations, and how on earth is it connected to your mining company?



You didn't tell her?

I wanted you to have the pleasure.



Well, now you'll find out why you can't trust the Americans. They will lie and deceive you, even as they use you for their own ends.

First, the drilling. Look out that window.



*Ghost Station 29* in the Alps was one of the few bases the Soviets didn't drown under concrete when they closed it.

Most of them require more...forceful methods to penetrate.



So you use Helvigori's operations as a cover to drill your way inside?

And to extract what I need--all of which has been leading here.



But what are--oh!



Ah, look at that face. You really didn't know, did you?

This isn't just another Ghost Station. I've spent ten years searching for this, the ultimate prize...





But it doesn't matter now. *Ghost Station 13* in Canada was the last piece. And so...  
*Open sesame!*



Are they not beautiful?  
Waiting here for decades, abandoned and forgotten. And now, their time has come.



So now what? You're going to hold America to ransom by pointing nukes at them?

No, no...my dear Baboushka, you have me all wrong. I have no intention of *firing* these missiles.



I'm going to *sell* them!