



# TEAM FORTRESS®

#3

VALVE®



YES.

I KNOW  
THIS MAN.



BUT TO FIND  
HIM NOW  
WOULD BE  
YOUR DEATH.

IF THE STORMS DO  
NOT KILL YOU, THE  
MOUNTAINS WILL.



HE COMES HERE EVERY  
MONTH. FOR SUPPLIES.

ARE YOU SURE  
YOU WILL NOT WAIT  
FOR HIM?



YES.

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THIS MAN.

BUT TO FIND  
HIM NOW  
WOULD BE  
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IF THE STORMS DO  
NOT KILL YOU, THE  
MOUNTAINS WILL.

HE COMES HERE EVERY  
MONTH. FOR SUPPLIES.

ARE YOU SURE  
YOU WILL NOT WAIT  
FOR HIM?

YOUR INTERROGATION  
TECHNIQUES WON'T WORK  
ON *THIS* G.I., COMRADE.

I'VE BEEN IN P.O.W.  
CAMPS. VOLUNTARILY.

AND EVERY LAST ONE OF  
THEM BROKE BEFORE I DID  
AND ASKED ME TO LEAVE.

DO YOU HEAR THAT,  
COMMUNIST LISTENING  
DEVICES?

YOU CAN'T  
STOP US FROM  
FINDING OUR  
FRIEND!

AT LEAST  
TAKE THESE  
COATS. PLEASE  
DO NOT DIE.





EYES, I'M GOING TO STOP YOU RIGHT THERE.



THAT PROBABLY SAYS "SOVIET".

OR "STALIN".

"SOCIALISM".

THIS IS A PROPAGANDA COAT!



YOU SEE THIS, OLD WOMAN?

THIS IS AN AMERICAN COAT! MADE BY AN AMERICAN COMPANY!

IT IS GOOD! IT IS STRONG! IT IS—



RI-I-I-I-PPP

TATTER  
TATTER  
TATTER



I AM TOO COLD TO PICK THAT UP! DO NOT TOUCH IT!

I DON'T WANT YOU REVERSE ENGINEERING OUR AMERICAN COAT TECHNOLOGY.



HOW'D IT GO?  
THEY KNOW WHERE  
HEAVY IS? DID THEY  
HAVE ANY COATS?

YOU *DID*  
ASK ABOUT COATS,  
RIGHT?

PAH!  
WE DON'T NEED  
DIRECTIONS.

WE KNOW  
HE LIVES IN  
THE MOUNTAINS,  
RIGHT?





A comic book illustration showing three soldiers in red uniforms and helmets running away from the viewer across a vast, flat, snow-covered landscape. They are leaving a trail of footprints behind them. In the background, there are jagged, snow-capped mountains under a pale sky. Three speech bubbles are positioned above the soldiers. The overall tone is cold and desolate.

WELL, THEY  
ARE NOT HARD  
TO MISS.

**MOVE  
OUT!**

I SWEAR TO  
GOD, IF THEY  
HAD COATS  
IN THERE...

**PART THREE:**

# A COLD DAY IN HELL





SAXTON! MARGARET!  
DO COME IN.

I WAS  
JUST READING A  
CLASSIC WORK OF  
LITERATURE.

IT'S ONE  
OF MINE.



CHARLES @#%ING  
DARLING, MAGS? YOU'RE  
WORKING FOR CHARLES  
@#%ING DARLING?

IT'S MORE  
COMPLICATED  
THAN THAT! I—



IS IT,  
MARGARET?

I THINK IT  
COULDN'T BE  
SIMPLER.

TELL ME, SAXTON.  
DO YOU LIKE MY  
MOUNTINGS?

HA! WHEN DID YOU  
START FIGHTING  
@#%ING ANIMALS?

ALRIGHT, THE  
SWEARING'S GETTING  
A LITTLE EXCESSIVE,  
WHY DON'T WE ALL  
TAKE OUR FOOT OFF  
THE SWEAR PEDAL.



A man with a grey beard and mustache, wearing a green suit and tie, is holding a yellow, spotted animal head (possibly a giraffe or similar) in his right hand. The animal has a sad expression. The background is a red wall with a floral pattern.

AND ANYWAY,  
THESE ANIMALS  
AREN'T DEAD.


THEY'RE  
JUST SAD.

MRR...

A blue, spotted animal (possibly a rhinoceros or similar) is standing on a white pedestal. The animal is looking down. The background is a blue wall with a window and a hanging lamp.

I MAKE THEM  
STAND ON BOXES,  
YOU SEE.

SO I CAN LOOK  
INTO THEIR HILARIOUS  
DEFEATED EYES ANY  
TIME I LIKE.

A man in a green suit is holding a yellow animal head. He is standing in a room with red walls and a portrait of a man in a suit on the wall. A woman in a brown coat and a man in a brown suit are standing nearby.

A HIMALAYAN  
WILDEBEEST? A  
SNOW LEOPARD?

BUT ALL OF  
THESE ANIMALS  
ARE—

EXTINCT.  
ALMOST, YES.

THEY'RE THE  
LAST OF THEIR BREEDS,  
ACTUALLY.

WHEN THEY DIE,  
THEIR KIND WILL BE  
GONE FOREVER.









UNLESS THERE  
WAS A WAY TO MAKE  
THEM *IMMORTAL*.

I'LL GET YOU  
MANN CO. BACK,  
SAXTON.

IF YOU CAN GET  
ME *AUSTRALIUM*.



AUSTRALIUM?  
*THAT'S* ALL YOU WANT?  
I'VE GOT *TONS* OF THE  
STUFF BACK IN—

...YOUR VAULT, YES.  
IT'S GONE. I TRUST  
YOU REMEMBER YOUR...  
"ADMINISTRATIVE"  
ASSOCIATE?

HELEN? SURE. BUYS HATS  
AND GUNS FROM ME. WORKS  
WITH THE MERCS. WHY?





UNLESS THERE WAS A WAY TO MAKE THEM *IMMORTAL*.

I'LL GET YOU MANN CO. BACK, SAXTON.

IF YOU CAN GET ME *AUSTRALIUM*.



AUSTRALIUM? THAT'S ALL YOU WANT? I'VE GOT TONS OF THE STUFF BACK IN—

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HELEN? SURE. BUYS HATS AND GUNS FROM ME. WORKS WITH THE MERCS. WHY?



IT TURNS OUT SHE'S BEEN DOING A BIT *MORE* THAN THAT.

PLAYING TWO OLD GRAVEL MAGNATES AGAINST EACH OTHER. ESTABLISHING THOUSANDS OF SHELL COMPANIES. FILLING ENTIRE COAL MINES WITH BODIES.

AND, OVER THE COURSE OF A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS, STOCKPILING THE *LARGEST SUPPLY OF AUSTRALIUM IN THE WORLD*.

WHICH RAISES THE OBVIOUS QUESTION...













"WHY?"

**YOU.**

THIS IS  
ALL YOUR  
FAULT.

HO HO HO! YOU'LL  
STARVE BEFORE YOU  
REACH ME, SOLDIER!

SO SAYS CHRISTOPHER,  
THE COMMUNIST MOUNTAIN!

YOU WILL GET  
CLOSER WHEN I  
CRAWL TOWARDS  
YOU, MOUNTAIN!



THAT IS  
AN ORDER!

EH?



WHY WOULD  
YOU BE STARVING,  
SOLDIER?

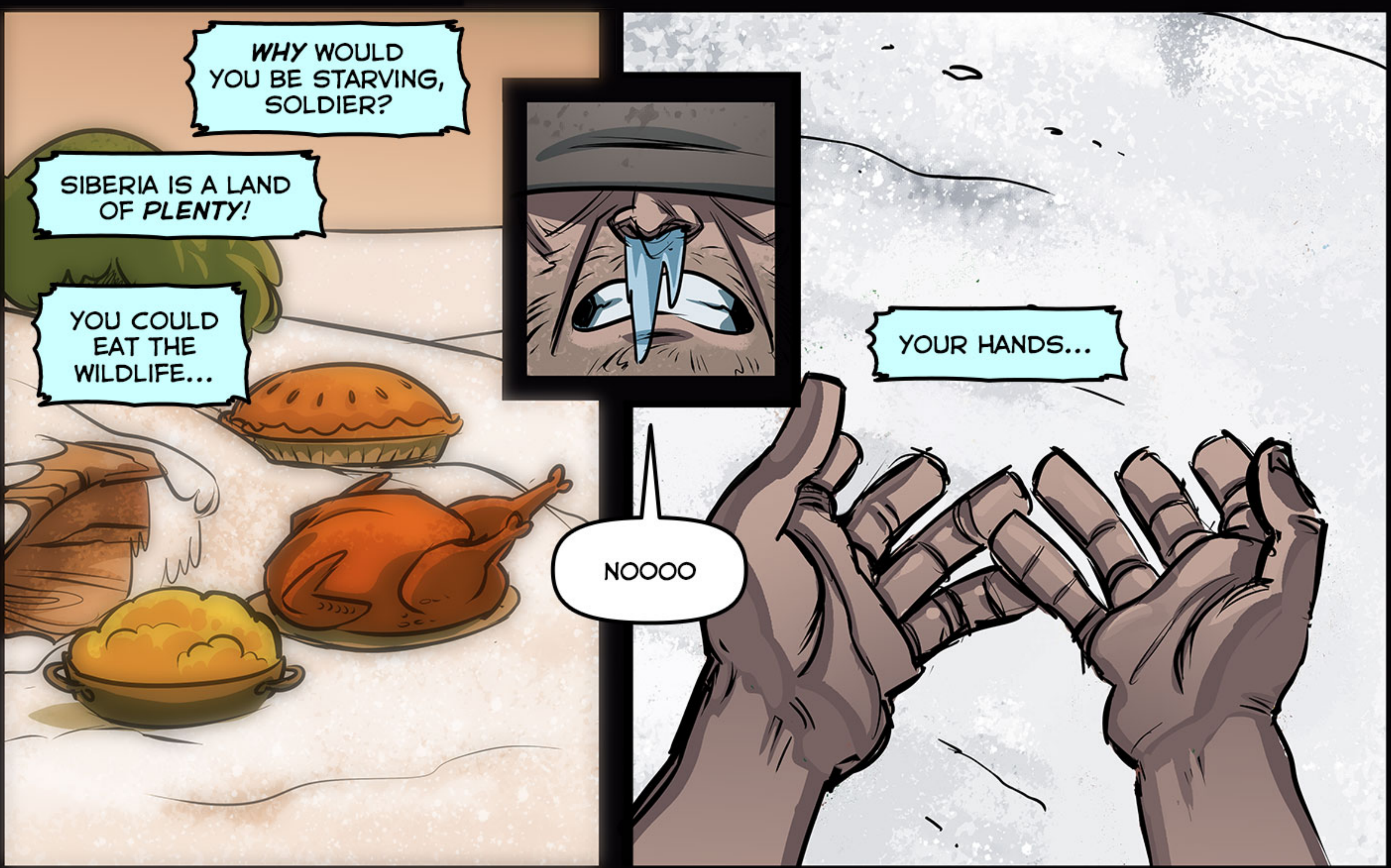
SIBERIA IS A LAND  
OF PLENTY!

YOU COULD  
EAT THE  
WILDLIFE...



NOOOO









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YOU COULD  
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WILDLIFE...



YOUR HANDS...



NOOOO

NOOOOOOOOOOO





"WHY?"

**YOU.**

THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT.

HO HO HO! YOU'LL STARVE BEFORE YOU REACH ME, SOLDIER!

SO SAYS CHRISTOPHER, THE COMMUNIST MOUNTAIN!

YOU WILL GET CLOSER WHEN I CRAWL TOWARDS YOU, MOUNTAIN!



THAT IS AN ORDER!

EH?



WHY WOULD YOU BE STARVING, SOLDIER?

SIBERIA IS A LAND OF PLENTY!

YOU COULD EAT THE WILDLIFE...



YOUR HANDS...



YOUR... FRIENDS.

NOOOO

NOOOOOOOOOOOO

YOU OKAY, PAL?

I NEED YOU TO LISTEN VERY CAREFULLY, GIANT HOT DOG.

I AM GOING TO EAT YOU.



YEAH, THAT'S GOOD.  
LISTEN, STOP BEIN'  
CRAZY FOR A SECOND  
AND CHECK IT OUT.

PYRO FOUND OUT  
WHAT HAPPENED TO  
AMELIA EARHART!

EVEN FOUND  
ME SOMETHIN' TO  
WEAR SO I CAN  
STOP FREEZIN'  
TO DEATH!

CHECK OUT THE  
*MUSTARD LINES*  
ON THIS BABY!

I CAN FEEL STUFF  
HAPPENIN' IN MY  
BODY AGAIN!





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LISTEN, STOP BEIN'  
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ON THIS BABY!

I CAN FEEL STUFF  
HAPPENIN' IN MY  
BODY AGAIN!

I WOULD LIKE  
TO FEEL THINGS  
HAPPENING IN  
MY BODY.

ARE THERE  
MORE HOT DOG  
COSTUMES?

WHY WOULD  
AMELIA EARHART  
HAVE *TWO* HOT DOG  
COSTUMES?

NAW, YOU'RE GONNA  
HAVE TO FACE FACTS.  
PROBABLY YOU'RE GONNA  
DIE. THERE'S NUTHIN' ME  
OR THE HOT DOG COSTUME  
CAN DO FOR YOU NOW.





YEAH, THAT'S GOOD.  
LISTEN, STOP BEIN'  
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PROBABLY YOU'RE GONNA  
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OR THE HOT DOG COSTUME  
CAN DO FOR YOU NOW.

**ROAR**

THE HELL?







**RRRRRRRR**

**BEARS!**

AW, CRAP!  
HOW'D THEY  
FIND US?

THEY COULDN'T  
HAVE TRACKED US.  
WE'VE BEEN STEALTHY  
LIKE SHADOWS.

SOMETHING MUST  
HAVE **BROUGHT**  
THEM HERE.

THERE ARE  
ONLY **TWO THINGS**  
THAT ATTRACT  
BEARS...

HONEY...

...AND  
**MENSTRUATING**  
WOMEN.

MY GOD,  
I KNEW IT!

SOMEHOW I  
ALWAYS KNEW!

**PYRO!**









STOP  
BLOCKING  
THE DOOR!

GOOD LORD!  
THIS PLANE IS  
FILLED WITH  
HONEY!

AMELIA EARHART'S  
FAMOUS SWEET TOOTH  
HAS DOOMED US ALL!



QUICKLY,  
MEN!

WE NEED TO  
EAT ALL THIS HONEY  
BEFORE THE BEARS  
GET HERE!

YOU'RE  
JUST COVERIN'  
YOURSELF  
IN IT...

QUICKLY, MEN!  
EAT THIS HONEY  
OFF ME BEFORE  
THE BEARS  
GET HERE!



LATER...

AWWWGOD.  
AWWWGOD.  
I AM SO FULL  
OVER HERE.

HOW MANY  
CRATES WE EAT  
SO FAR?



APPROXIMATELY  
NONE.

WE ARE THREE JARS  
INTO THE FIRST CRATE.

PLAN B!  
WE NEED TO FIX  
THIS PLANE BEFORE  
THE BEARS GET  
HERE!



AH  
HELL.











**ROAR**



**PA-TONK**

**SCOUT!  
NOOOO!**



IF YOU NEED ME  
TO HOLD YOUR GUTS IN  
AND SCREAM AT THE SKY,  
I HAVE A SPEECH PREP—

NAW,  
I'M FINE.

THOSE MUSTA  
BEEN AMELIA  
EARHART BONES.  
THIS HOT DOG'S  
FULL OF HER.



**SHAKE  
SHAKE  
SHAKE**

RR?

HEY, I BET THIS  
SKELETON'S  
WORTH SOME  
MON—



**SSHKKSH**

WHOA!



ALRIGHT!  
THAT DOES IT!

COME GET  
YOUR HOT  
DOG, PAL...



AGGHH...

THAT  
HURT, YOU  
STUPID  
BEAR!



...CUZ I AM GONNA  
RELISH THIS.

GOOD ONE,  
SON.

THANKS, SOLDIER.









I AM THE  
**BEST**  
AT HITTIN'  
BEARS!

AW, COME  
ON...

OF ALL THE BONES  
IN ALL THE HOT DOG  
COSTUMES IN SIBERIA,  
I GOTTA GET ONE MADE  
OUTTA EGG SHELLS.



CRAP, MORE  
BEARS.

C'MON, AMELIA,  
WHERE'S YOUR  
OTHER FEMUR?

DAMN IT, NOTHIN'  
BUT FINGER BONES  
DOWN HERE...



SOLDIER,  
WHAT THE  
HELL?

YOU GONNA  
JUMP IN HERE,  
OR...

..OR...

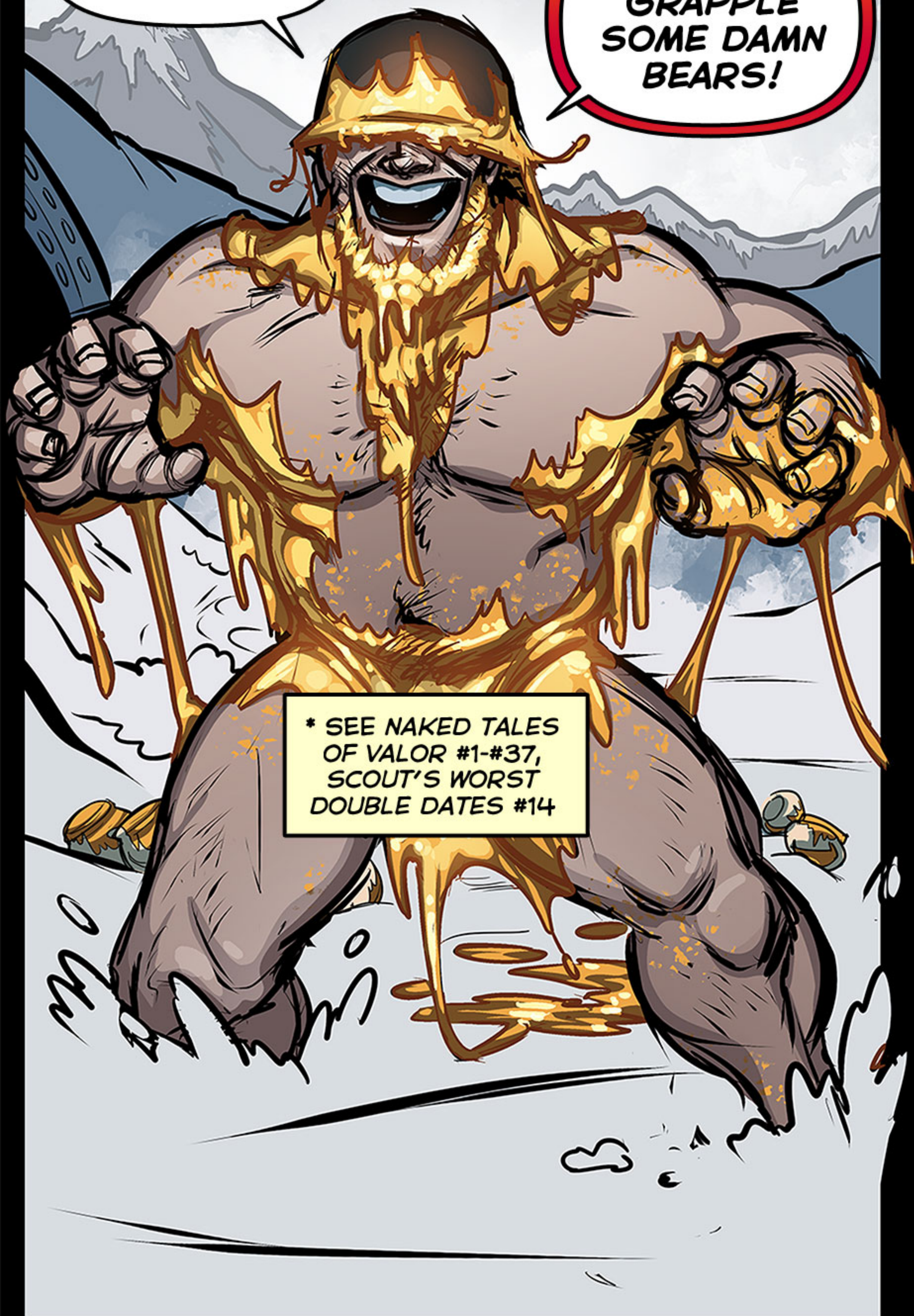




DON'T WORRY,  
SCOUT! I AM NUDE  
AND COVERED IN  
HONEY AGAIN!\*

LET'S  
GRAPPLE  
SOME DAMN  
BEARS!

\* SEE NAKED TALES  
OF VALOR #1-#37,  
SCOUT'S WORST  
DOUBLE DATES #14





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RRRAGH!

HUTTAH!

NECK SNAP!











Heroes **3** Bears **0**

HEROES WIN!

Heroes MVPs:



Scout



Soldier



Pyro

Number of Stupid Bears Killed:

1

1

1





Heroes **3** Bears **0**

HEROES WIN!

Heroes MVPs:

 Scout  
 Soldier  
 Pyro

Number of Stupid Bears Killed:

1  
1  
1



OH, HEY!  
IT'S HEAVY!

WAY TO SHOW UP  
TWO MINUTES LATE  
TO A FIGHT, PAL!

SORRY WE  
KILLED ALL  
THE BEARS IN  
SIBERIA FOR  
YOU.

THESE  
BEARS WERE  
BABIES.

YEAH YEAH,  
EVERYTHING'S A  
BABY TO YOU.





Heroes **3** Bears **0**

HEROES WIN!

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BEARS WERE  
BABIES.

YEAH YEAH,  
EVERYTHING'S A  
BABY TO YOU.



**RRROARRR**

NO. THESE  
BEARS WERE  
BABIES.

HER BABIES.

**CR-R-NCH**









OH HHHH,  
THIS SHOULD  
BE GOOD.

HUH. SOME IDIOT  
STUFFED THIS COSTUME  
WITH ORGANS INSTEAD A  
COTTON.

THERE'S EVEN  
A BEATIN' HEART  
IN HERE!



SHOW THAT  
BEAR WHO'S  
BOSS, SON!

**THUMP**

WAIT,  
NEVERMIND.  
IT STOPPED.








PYRO,  
I THINK SCOUT'S  
DEAD. MAYBE WE  
SHOULD—

OO, NEVERMIND.  
THE FIGHT'S ABOUT  
TO START.





PYRO,  
I THINK SCOUT'S  
DEAD. MAYBE WE  
SHOULD—

OO, NEVERMIND.  
THE FIGHT'S ABOUT  
TO START.

"AND THE BEAR KILLED  
EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM."



...EXCEPT FOR CLAUDE HUGGINS, WHO HID UNDER THE CORPSE OF HIS WIFE UNTIL THE BEAR LEFT.

"TOO SCARED TO LEAVE, HE FOUNDED A TOWN IN THE VERY SPOT OF THE MAULING, ON TOP OF HER SKELETON, AND CALLED IT 'HUGGINSVILLE'."

"IN 1847, A WANDERING PACK OF TEENAGE BULLIES FORCED HIM TO RENAME IT 'TWO FARTS'."

"AFTER THEY LEFT, HE WAS TOO SCARED TO CHANGE IT ALL THE WAY BACK. THUS TEUFORT WAS BORN."

WOW, THIS IS FASCINATING! ARE ALL THESE BOOKS ABOUT TEUFORT?

NOPE! THAT'S THE ONLY ONE! I WROTE IT!

WELL, I HOPE YOU'RE AS GOOD AT BURNING BOOKS AS YOU ARE AT WRITING THEM, TERRY, BECAUSE THE REST OF THESE ARE GOING TO HAVE TO GO.

OH! HELLO! CAN I HELP YOU?

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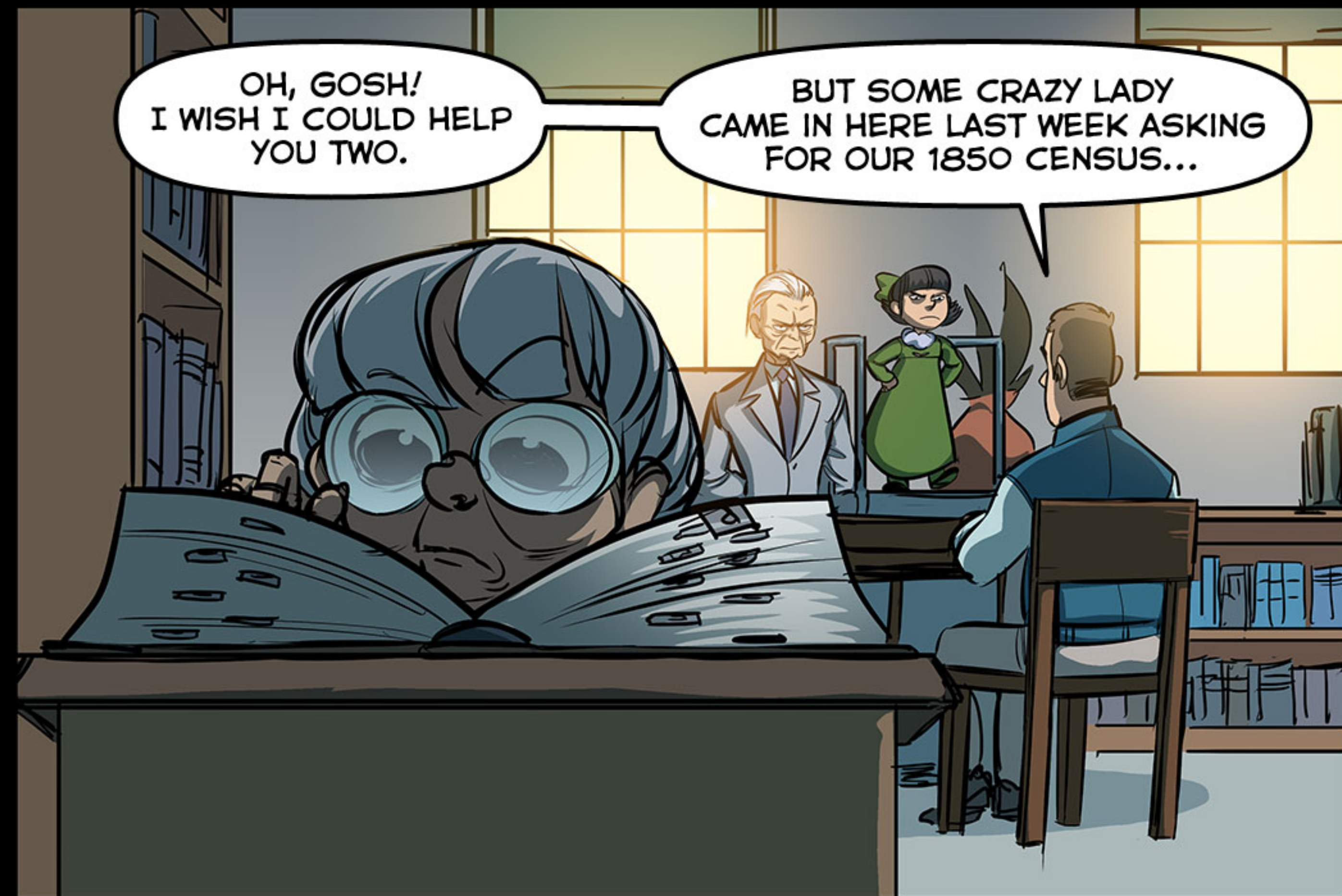
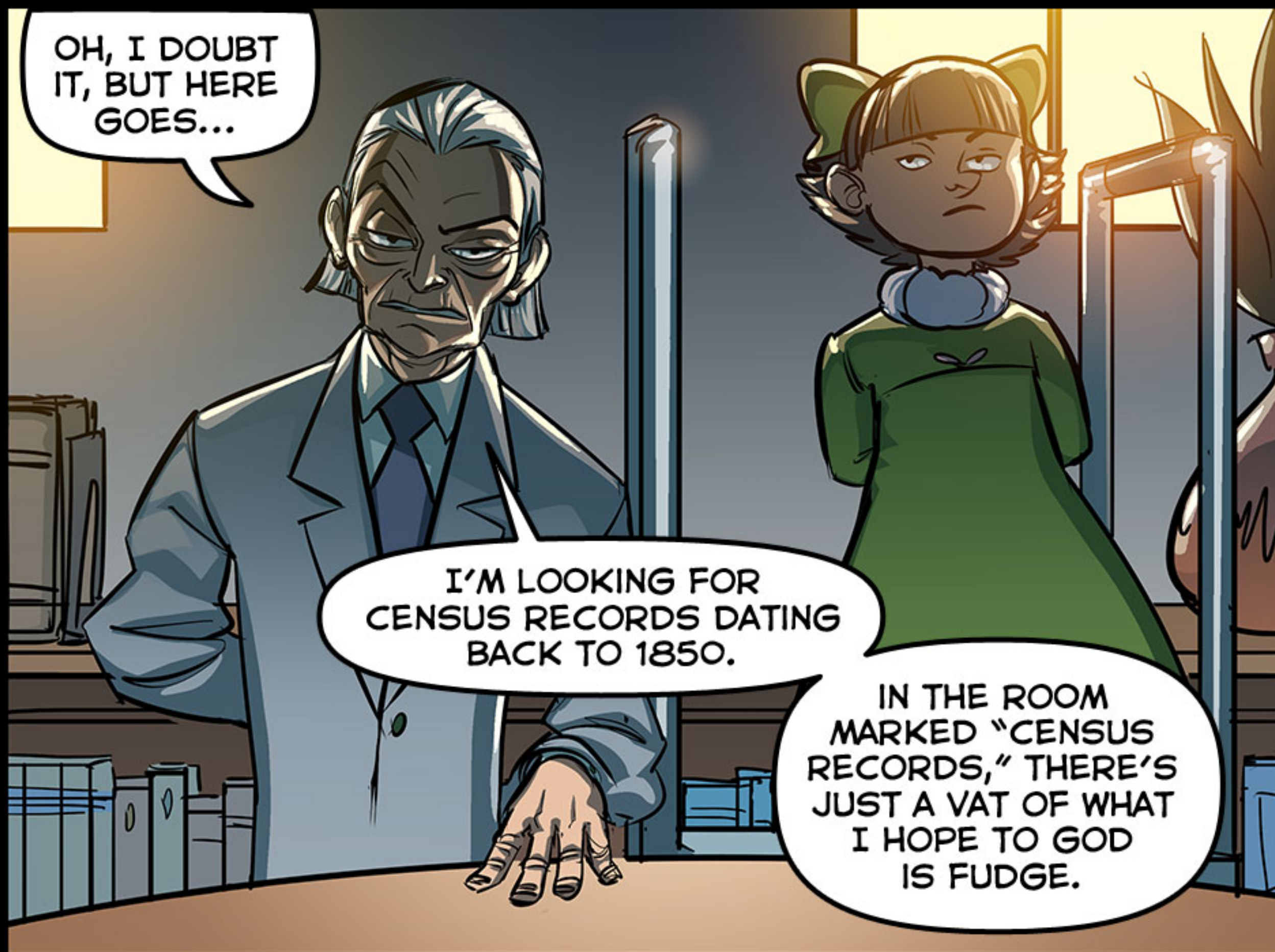
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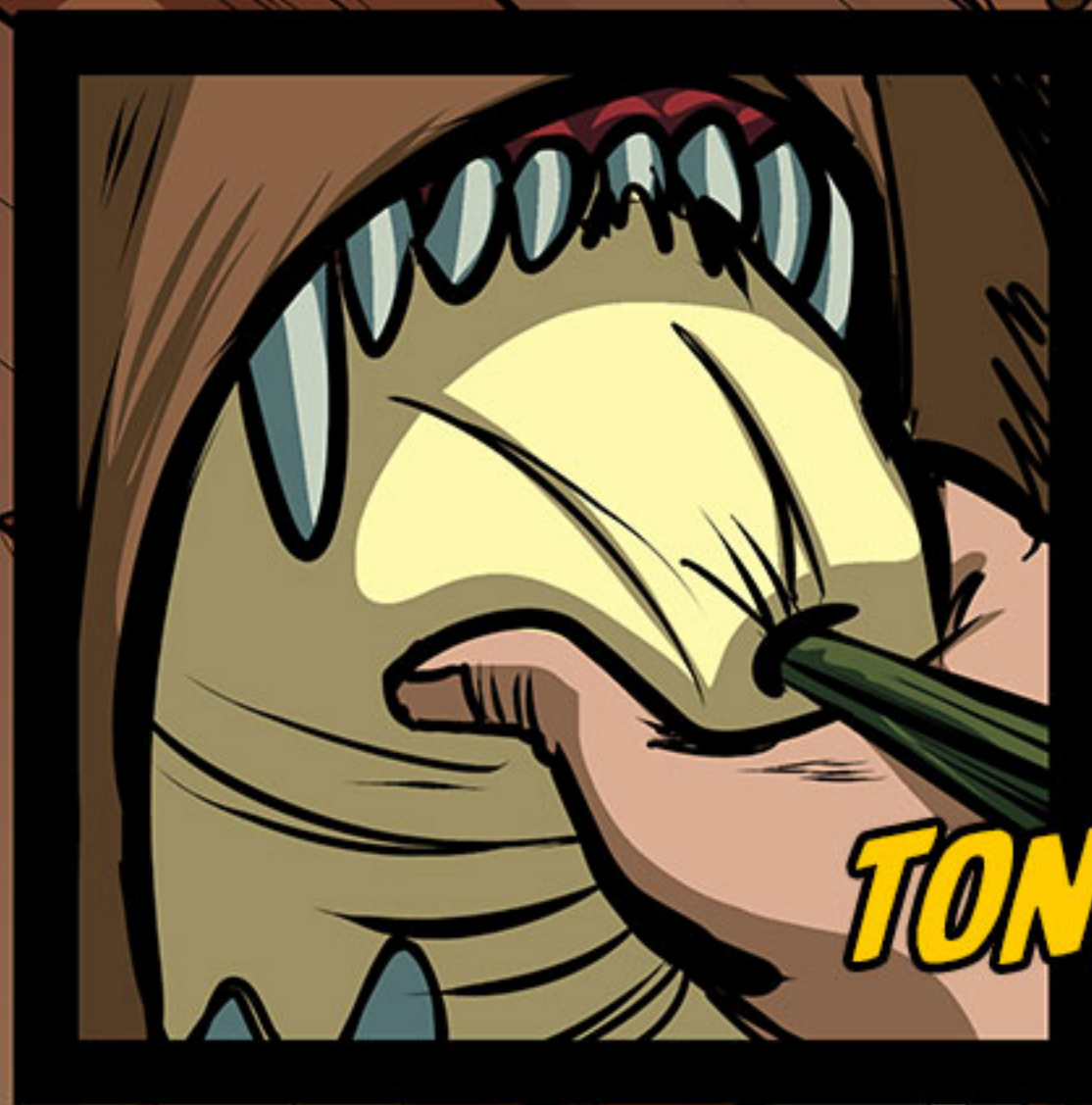






**TONK**





TONK

MISTER  
DOE?

IS THERE  
ANYTHING I COULD  
GET YOU?

SOME WINE?  
OR I COULD TAKE  
YOUR HELMET?

OR I  
COULD GIVE  
YOU A TOWEL  
OR—

SOLDIER,  
PUT PANTS  
ON.







PLEASE. YOU ARE STARVING.  
AT LEAST EAT SOMETHING.



NO CAN DO, HEAVY'S  
COMMUNIST MOM.

I AM FROM  
**AMERICA**. THIS  
BROTH WILL NOT  
NOURISH ME.

EVEN THOUGH  
IT DOES SMELL  
DELICIOUS...





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DELICIOUS...



AS WELL IT *SHOULD*,  
SOLDIER! FOR THAT  
IS THE WAY OF ALL  
TEMPTATIONS.

HELLO, EVERYONE!  
IT IS I! **GEORGE  
WASHINGTON!**






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WASHINGTON!**



HOLD ON,  
SOLDIER!



IT IS I!  
**BENEDICT ARNOLD!**  
DO NOT MAKE MY  
MISTAKE!





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SOLDIER! FOR THAT  
IS THE WAY OF ALL  
TEMPTATIONS.


I CARRY THE  
CHAINS OF THE SOUP I  
DID NOT EAT IN LIFE! AND  
HISTORY HAS MADE ME  
A MONSTER FOR IT!

EAT THE SOUP,  
SOLDIER!

HELLO, EVERYONE!  
IT IS I! **GEORGE  
WASHINGTON!**

HOLD ON,  
SOLDIER!

IT IS I!  
**BENEDICT ARNOLD!**  
DO NOT MAKE MY  
MISTAKE!



I CANNOT TELL A LIE.  
YES, IT IS TRUE. BENEDICT  
ARNOLD'S GREATEST CRIME  
WAS NOT EATING SOUP.

BUT THE  
CIRCUMSTANCES WERE  
**VASTLY DIFFERENT**, SOLDIER!  
ALLOW ME TO EXPLAIN AT  
GREAT LENGTH...



**BORING  
MORAL CHOICE!**





SOLDIER, WAIT!  
BEFORE YOU CHOOSE!  
IT IS I! A *BIG*  
*HOT DOG!*

I EXIST IN A  
TERRIFYING FOOD-BASED  
LIMBO BECAUSE *I WAS NOT*  
*EATEN IN LIFE!*

EAT THE SOUP!  
AND *SAVE MY SOUL!*





SOLDIER, WAIT!  
BEFORE YOU CHOOSE!  
IT IS I! A *BIG*  
HOT DOG!

I EXIST IN A  
TERRIFYING FOOD-BASED  
LIMBO BECAUSE *I WAS NOT*  
EATEN IN LIFE!

EAT THE SOUP!  
AND *SAVE MY SOUL!*



SON, I OFFERED  
YOUR FRIEND SOUP  
AND HE HAS BEEN  
SCREAMING FOR  
FIVE MINUTES.





SOLDIER, WAIT!  
BEFORE YOU CHOOSE!  
IT IS I! A *BIG*  
HOT DOG!

I EXIST IN A  
TERRIFYING FOOD-BASED  
LIMBO BECAUSE *I WAS NOT*  
EATEN IN LIFE!

EAT THE SOUP!  
AND *SAVE MY SOUL!*



SON, I OFFERED  
YOUR FRIEND SOUP  
AND HE HAS BEEN  
SCREAMING FOR  
FIVE MINUTES.

**AGHHHHH!**

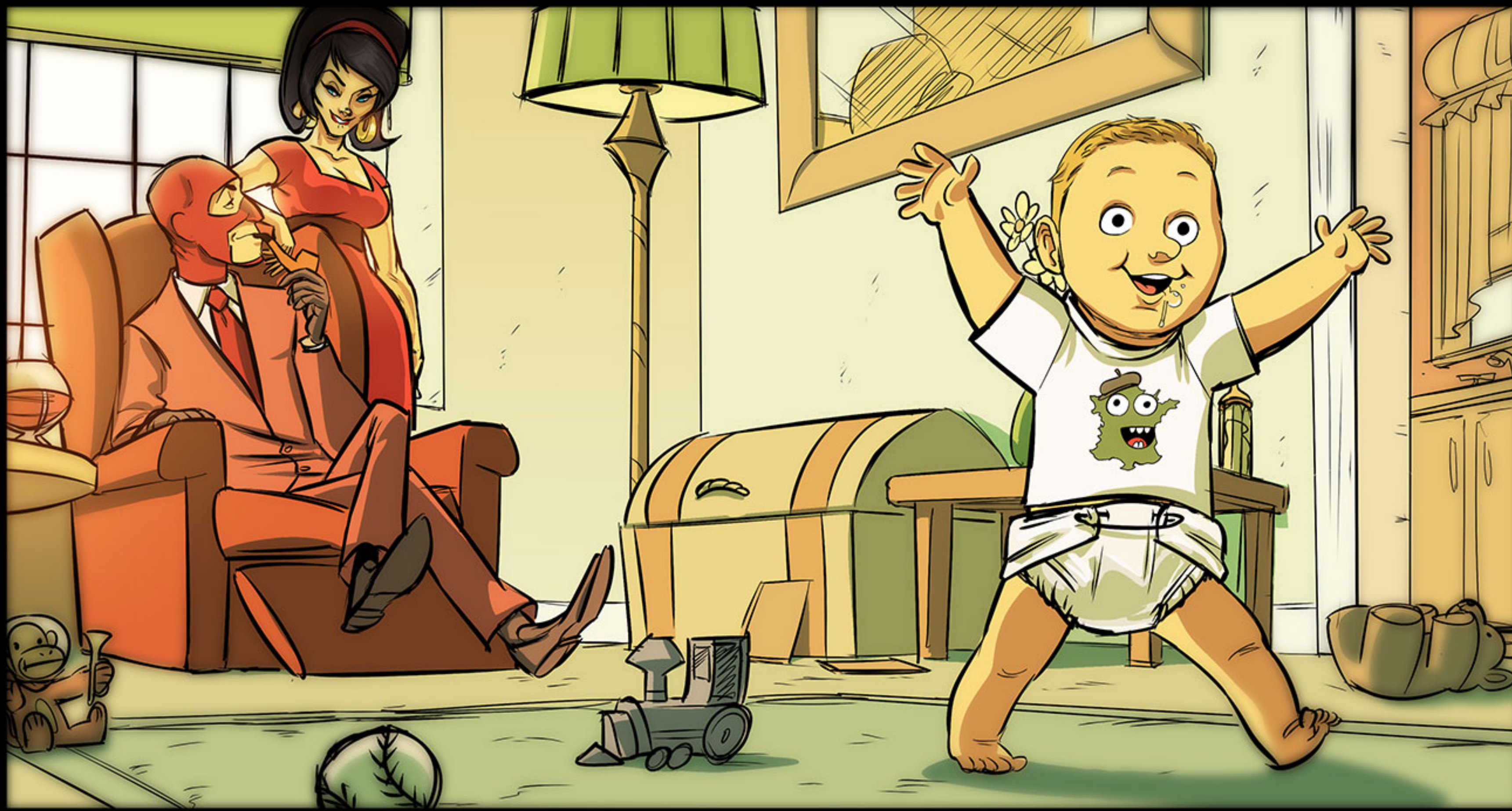


AH. AND NOW  
YOUR *OTHER* FRIEND  
IS SCREAMING.  
SO HE LIVES.

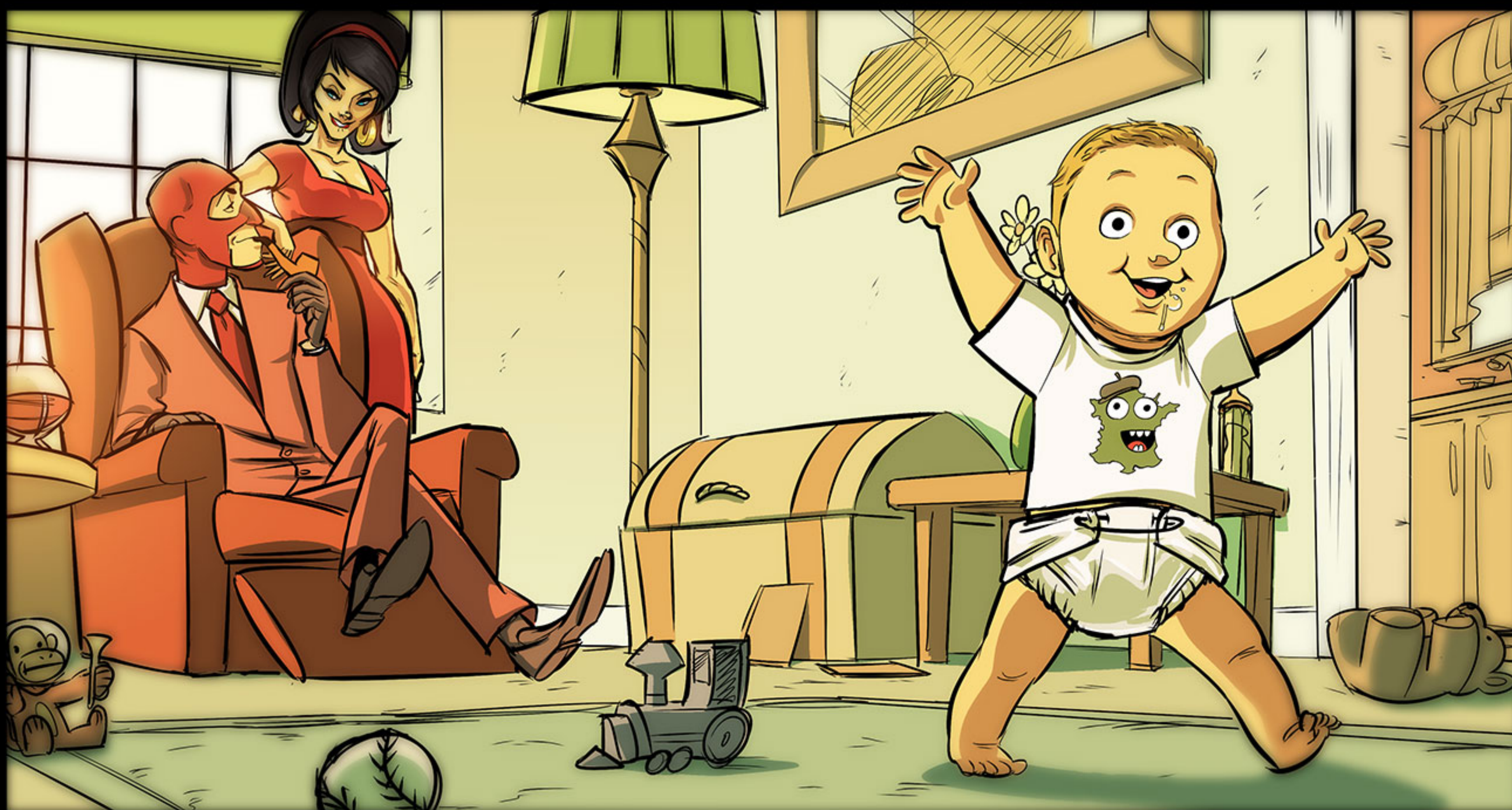
ZHANNA IS  
MINISTERING  
TO HIM.

I WOULD  
LIKE IT IF ZHANNA  
MINISTERED TO  
HIM LESS...









**AGHHHHH!**  
SPY'S MY DAD!  
SPY IS MY DAD!

OH THANK GOD.  
NOT A MEMORY. JUST  
A DREAM.

WHERE THE  
HELL...?



HELLO, LITTLE MAN.  
I AM ZHANNA.

I HAVE BEEN  
TRAPPED IN THIS  
FROZEN PRISON  
SINCE I WAS  
A GIRL.

YOU ARE THE  
FIRST MAN I HAVE  
SEEN IN TWENTY  
YEARS.

TODAY  
WE MAKE  
SEX.



WHAT?  
I MEAN, YEAH!  
I'LL MAKE YA SOME  
SEX, ALRIGHT.

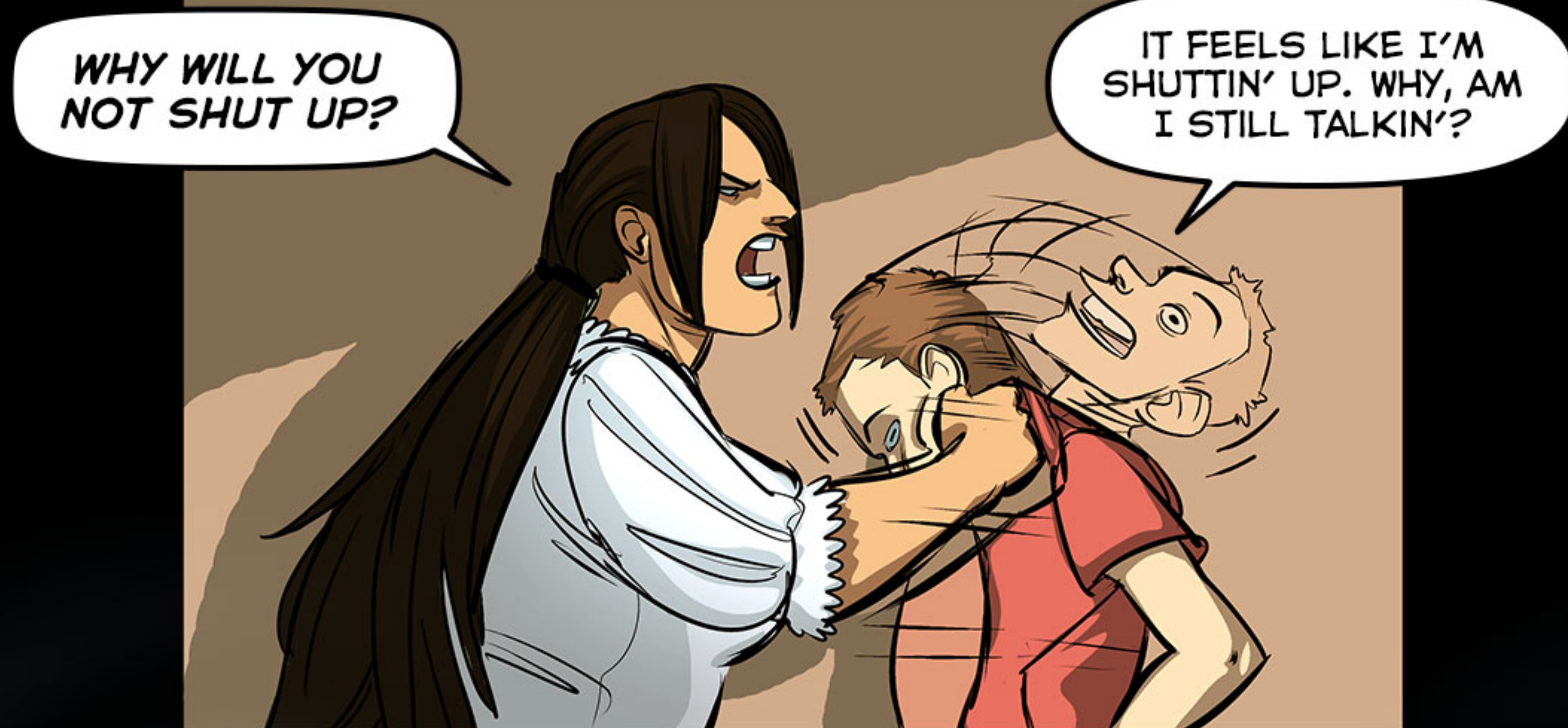
THEY CALL ME  
THE SEX MAKER!  
WHY, YOU ASK.

I DID NOT  
ASK THIS.

WELL, I'LL  
TELL YA ANYWAY.  
IT'S BECAUSE I AM  
PRETTY MUCH THE  
BEST AT SEX.

FOOTNOTE  
TO THAT STATEMENT:  
OTHER THINGS I AM  
THE BEST AT...



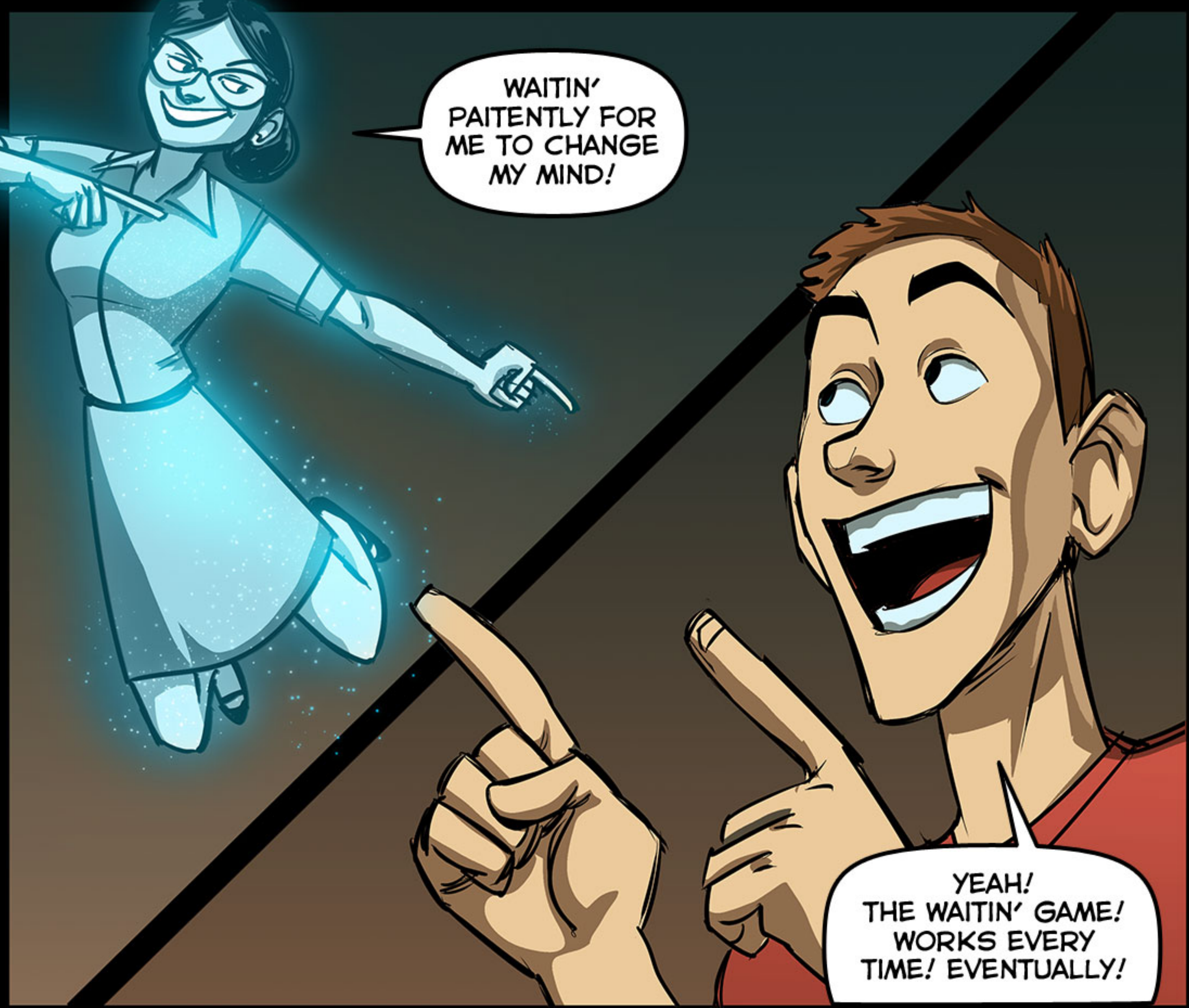






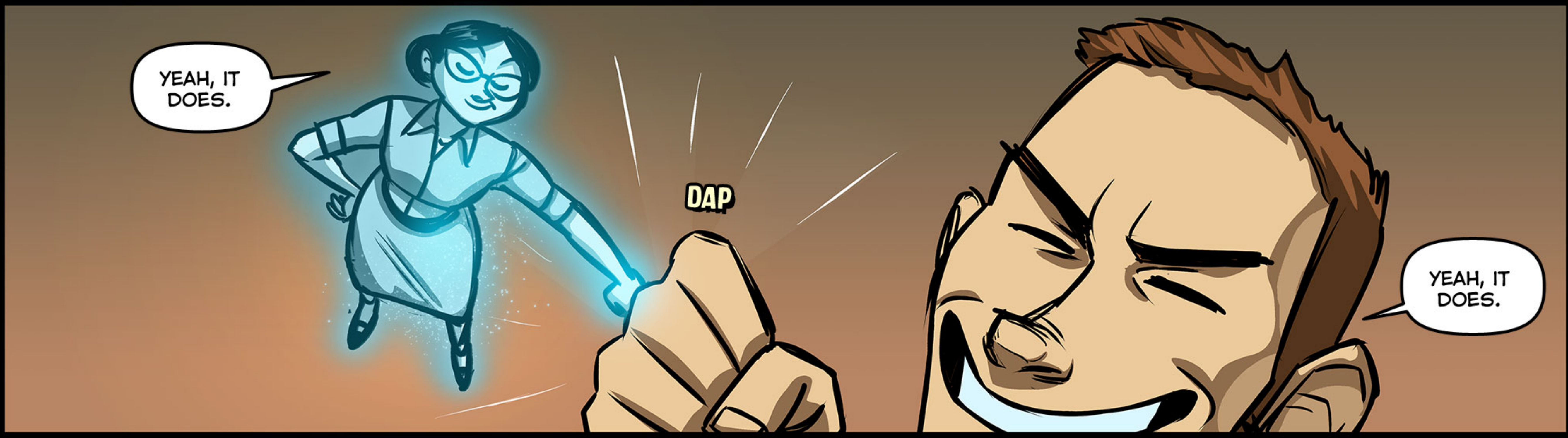
YOU GOT THAT RIGHT!

BUT YOU KNOW WHAT BOOK-SMART LADIES LIKE ME FIND SEXIER THAN ANYTHING?



WAITIN' PAITENTLY FOR ME TO CHANGE MY MIND!

YEAH! THE WAITIN' GAME! WORKS EVERY TIME! EVENTUALLY!



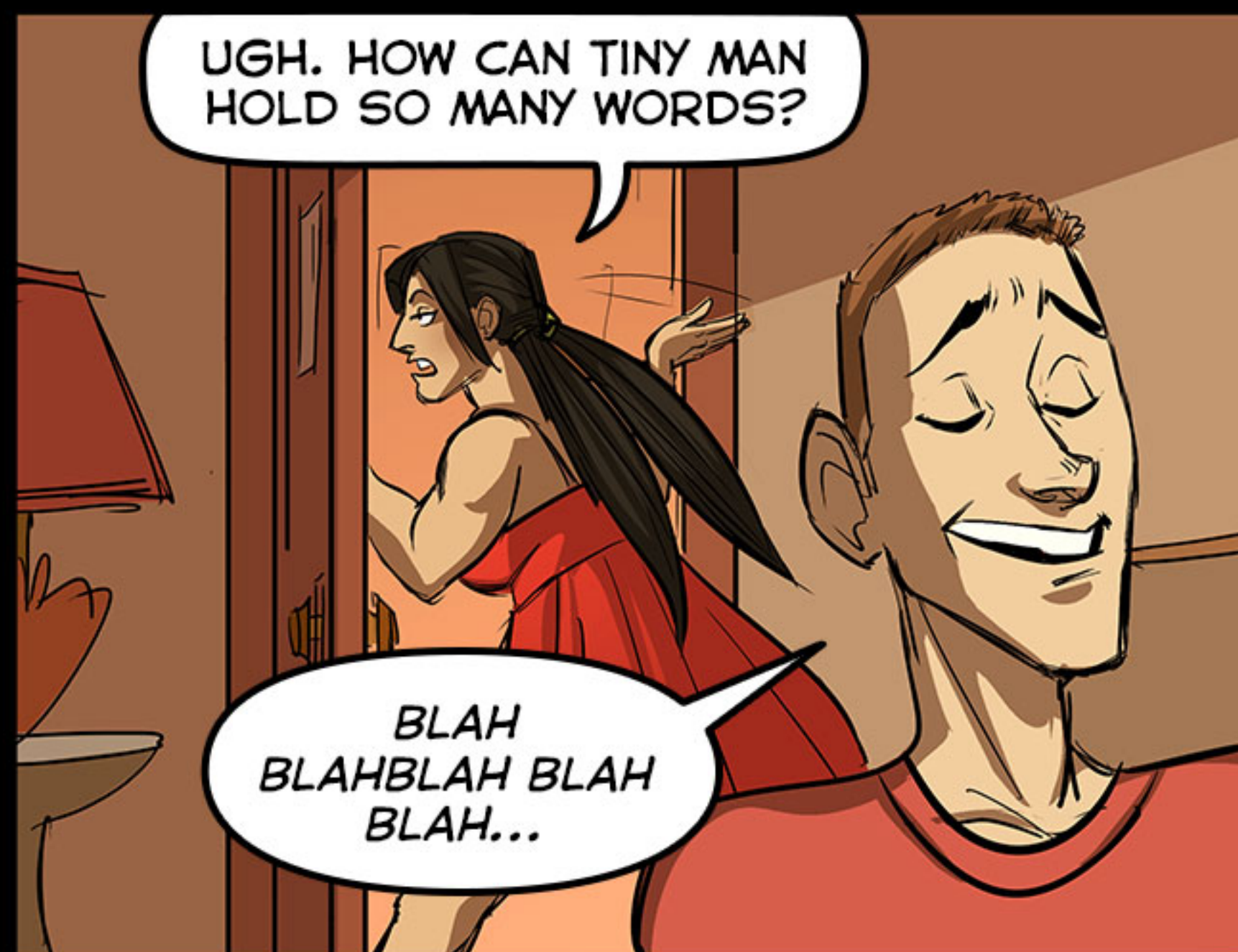
YEAH, IT DOES.

DAP

YEAH, IT DOES.



MEANWHILE...















WE'RE GETTIN' THE TEAM BACK TOGETHER. MISS PAULING **NEEDS** US, HEAVY.

AND WE NEED YOU! YOU **GOTTA** COME BACK!



NO.

I HAVE OBLIGATIONS HERE. TO PROTECT MY FAMILY.

I HAVE LET THEM DOWN ENOUGH. THEY MUST NEVER BE PUT IN DANGER AGAIN.



THIS IS THE LAST WE WILL DISCUSS THIS.

YOU WILL LEAVE IN THE MORNING.



YOU KNOW WHAT, BROTHER? NO. WE WILL DISCUSS THIS MORE.

YOU HAVE PROTECTED US ALL OUR LIVES.

WE CAN **NEVER** REPAY YOU FOR ALL THAT YOU HAVE SACRIFICED FOR US.

SO PLEASE DO NOT TAKE THIS THE WRONG WAY.

BUT IF I HAVE TO SPEND ONE MORE DAY LOCKED IN THIS CABIN EATING BEAR MEAT, I AM GOING TO LOSE MY @#%ING MIND, MISHA.





YANA. ZHANNA.  
BRONISLAVA. I KNOW  
IT IS HARD.

BUT THE  
PEOPLE WHO HURT US  
BEFORE...

WHO TOOK  
US AWAY...

THERE WILL  
ALWAYS BE MORE  
LIKE THEM.

IF I WASN'T  
HERE...

THEY WOULD  
COME. THEY WOULD  
*FIND* YOU.



MISHA...  
MEN HAVE  
COME.



WHAT?

WHILE YOU  
WERE AWAY IN  
AMERICA. WE DID  
NOT WANT TO  
WORRY YOU.





YANA. ZHANNA.  
BRONISLAVA. I KNOW  
IT IS HARD.

BUT THE  
PEOPLE WHO HURT US  
BEFORE...

WHO TOOK  
US AWAY...

THERE WILL  
ALWAYS BE MORE  
LIKE THEM.

IF I WASN'T  
HERE...

THEY WOULD  
COME. THEY WOULD  
*FIND* YOU.



MISHA...  
MEN HAVE  
COME.



WHAT?

WHILE YOU  
WERE AWAY IN  
AMERICA. WE DID  
NOT WANT TO  
WORRY YOU.



I SEE.

YOU... BUT  
YOU PROBABLY DID  
NOT MAKE THEM  
SUFFER.

OH, MISHA,  
WE *DID*, I PROMISE  
YOU.

NO, I SWEAR!  
WE BUTCHERED THEM  
LIKE HOGS. THEIR  
SCREAMS DIED ON  
THEIR LIPS.

YOU ARE  
JUST SAYING  
THIS.

I SEE.

I GUESS YOU  
ARE ALL GROWN UP  
GIRLS NOW.

BIG GIRLS  
WHO DO NOT NEED  
BOSSY OLD MISHA  
ANYMORE.





AW, MISHA.  
YOU'RE OUR **BIG BROTHER!**

BUT NOW YOU  
MUST LET US LOOK  
OUT FOR **OURSELVES.**

YOU'LL **ALWAYS**  
LOOK OUT FOR US.  
AND WE LOVE YOU  
FOR IT.



**OM NOM NOM**



THIS MISSION.  
IT WILL BE  
DANGEROUS?

OH YEAH  
IT WILL!

IT PAYS  
WELL?

PROBABLY?  
I FORGOT  
TO ASK.

BUT THERE  
WILL BE EVIL MEN?  
AND WE WILL  
DESTROY THEM?

HECK  
YEAH!



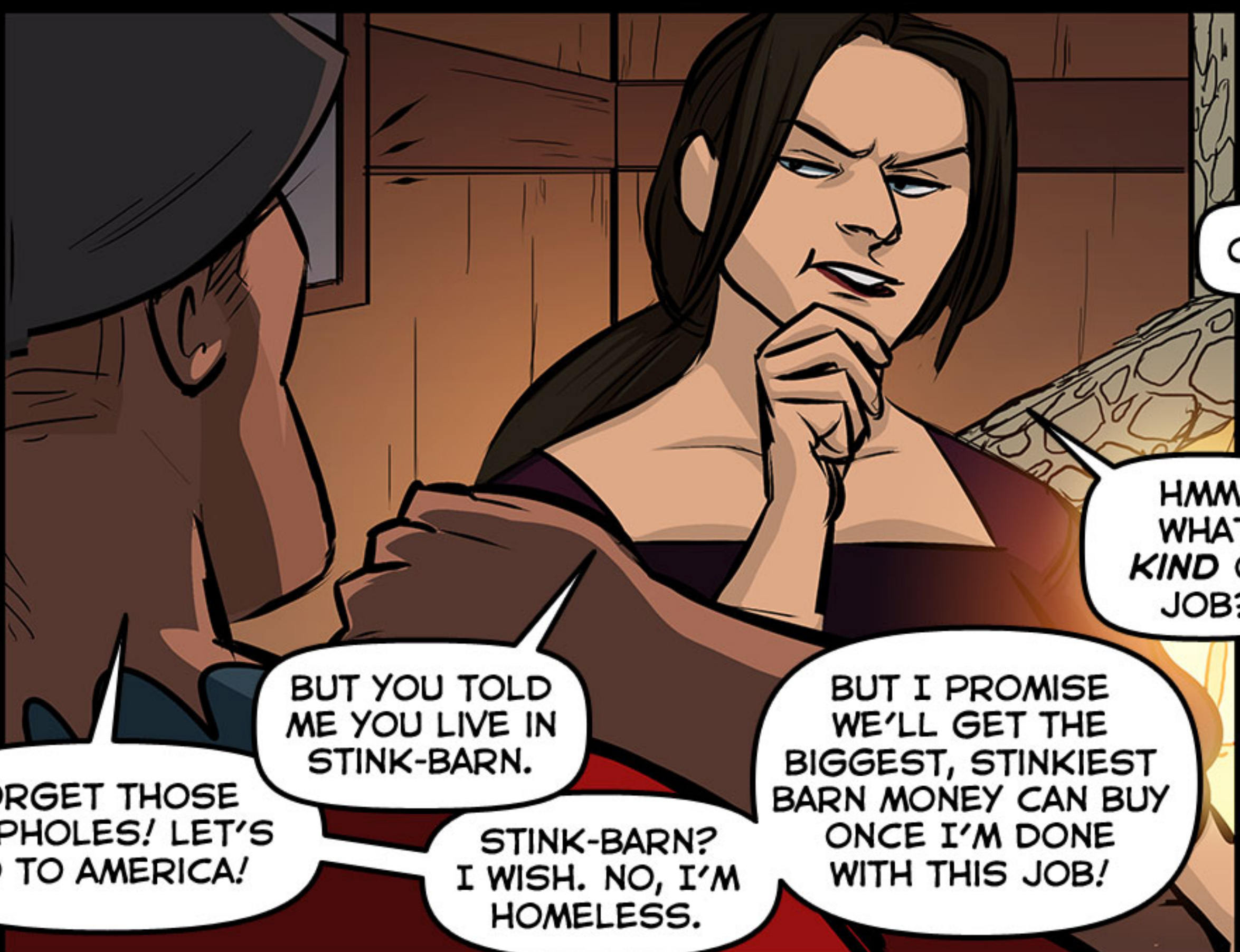






I'M GOING TO PARIS!

I WANT TO SEE NEW YORK!



FORGET THOSE CRAPHOLES! LET'S GO TO AMERICA!

BUT YOU TOLD ME YOU LIVE IN STINK-BARN.

STINK-BARN? I WISH. NO, I'M HOMELESS.

BUT I PROMISE WE'LL GET THE BIGGEST, STINKIEST BARN MONEY CAN BUY ONCE I'M DONE WITH THIS JOB!

HMM. WHAT KIND OF JOB?



ALL OF MY BABIES ARE LEAVING.

HERE. I PACKED SOME BEAR MEAT FOR YOUR TRIP.



MAMA. YOU ARE COMING WITH US.

AND WE ARE NEVER EATING BEAR MEAT AGAIN.







YOU  
CAME HIGHLY  
RECOMMENDED,  
YOU KNOW.

I'VE  
PROMISED  
YOU A SMALL  
FORTUNE.



AND YOU'VE  
DELIVERED  
NOTHING.

WOULD YOU LIKE  
TO KNOW WHAT I THINK?  
I THINK YOU'RE JUST A  
SORRY PACK OF BROKEN-  
DOWN OLD—



WE FOUND  
THEM THREE  
WEEKS AGO.





YOU CAME HIGHLY RECOMMENDED, YOU KNOW.

I'VE PROMISED YOU A SMALL FORTUNE.

AND YOU'VE DELIVERED NOTHING.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHAT I THINK? I THINK YOU'RE JUST A SORRY PACK OF BROKEN-DOWN OLD—

WE FOUND THEM THREE WEEKS AGO.



WE KNOW WHAT THEY'RE UP TO.

AND WE KNOW WHERE THEY'RE GOING NEXT.



ARE YOU— ARE YOU KIDDING ME? YOU'VE KNOWN THE WHOLE TIME?

WHY THE HELL HAVEN'T YOU ATTACKED THEM, YOU—



**MERRRRRCENARRRIES!**

FALLLL IN!



# TEAM FORTRESS

CLASSIC





# TEAM FORTRESS

## CLASSIC



WE HAVEN'T MOVED ON THEM BECAUSE YOU DON'T *WANT* THEM. YOU WANT *HER*.

AND THEY DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE IS. *YET*. BUT THEY'RE CLOSE.

SHE'LL HAVE TO REVEAL HERSELF SOON.

WHEN SHE DOES? WE'LL KILL ALL OF THEM. YOU'LL GET YOUR ROCKS. AND *WE'D* BETTER GET PAID.

**MEN!**

WE ARE *MOVING OUT*! YOU'LL BE BRIEFED ON THE BIRD. REMEMBER, THESE MORONS ARE D—

HOLD ON. WHERE'S THE NEW GUY?





WAIT! ARE WE LEAVING?

WHAT ABOUT THE BABOON UTERUSES?



WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

WHAT BABOON UTERUSES?



THE ONES I'M SEWING INTO YOU.

I HAVEN'T GOTTEN TO EVERYONE YET.



CAN I JUST SAY WHAT A PLEASURE IT'S BEEN TO WORK ON SUCH BLANK CANVASSES!

IF I DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER, I'D SAY YOUR LAST MEDIC BARELY EXPERIMENTED ON YOU AT ALL!













DARLING,  
I'M ONLY  
GOING TO SAY  
THIS ONCE:

I WILL  
**NEVER** WORK  
FOR YOU.



OKAY, NOW  
I WON'T EVER SAY  
THAT AGAIN.

NOW TELL ME  
WHAT I NEED TO DO TO  
GET MY COMPANY BACK.



I'VE ARRANGED TRAVEL  
FOR YOU AND MARGARET.  
YOUR PLANE LEAVES IN  
AN HOUR.





DARLING,  
I'M ONLY  
GOING TO SAY  
THIS ONCE:

I WILL  
**NEVER** WORK  
FOR YOU.



OKAY, NOW  
I WON'T EVER SAY  
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NOW TELL ME  
WHAT I NEED TO DO TO  
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I'VE ARRANGED TRAVEL  
FOR YOU AND MARGARET.  
YOUR PLANE LEAVES IN  
AN HOUR.



WE GOT  
HEAVY, MISS  
PAULING!

GOOD. GET BACK  
ACROSS THE BORDER.  
I'VE GOT A PLANE  
WAITING FOR YOU IN  
KOTZEBUE.



ON IT. YOU THINK  
HE'S THERE IN—



WELCOME TO  
AUSTRALIA

OH, HE'S  
DEFINITELY  
HERE.





**TO BE CONTINUED**