

# TEAM FORTRESS®



TEUFORT.

WEEKS AGO.

—GET TO THE COURTHOUSE AND FIND OUT WHERE THEY'RE KEEPING SPY AND SCOUT.

AND REMEMBER: **LOW PROFILE.** GOT IT?

OCH AYE. WE'LL BE QUIET AS WEE CHURCH MICE, MISS PAULING.

SOLDIER?

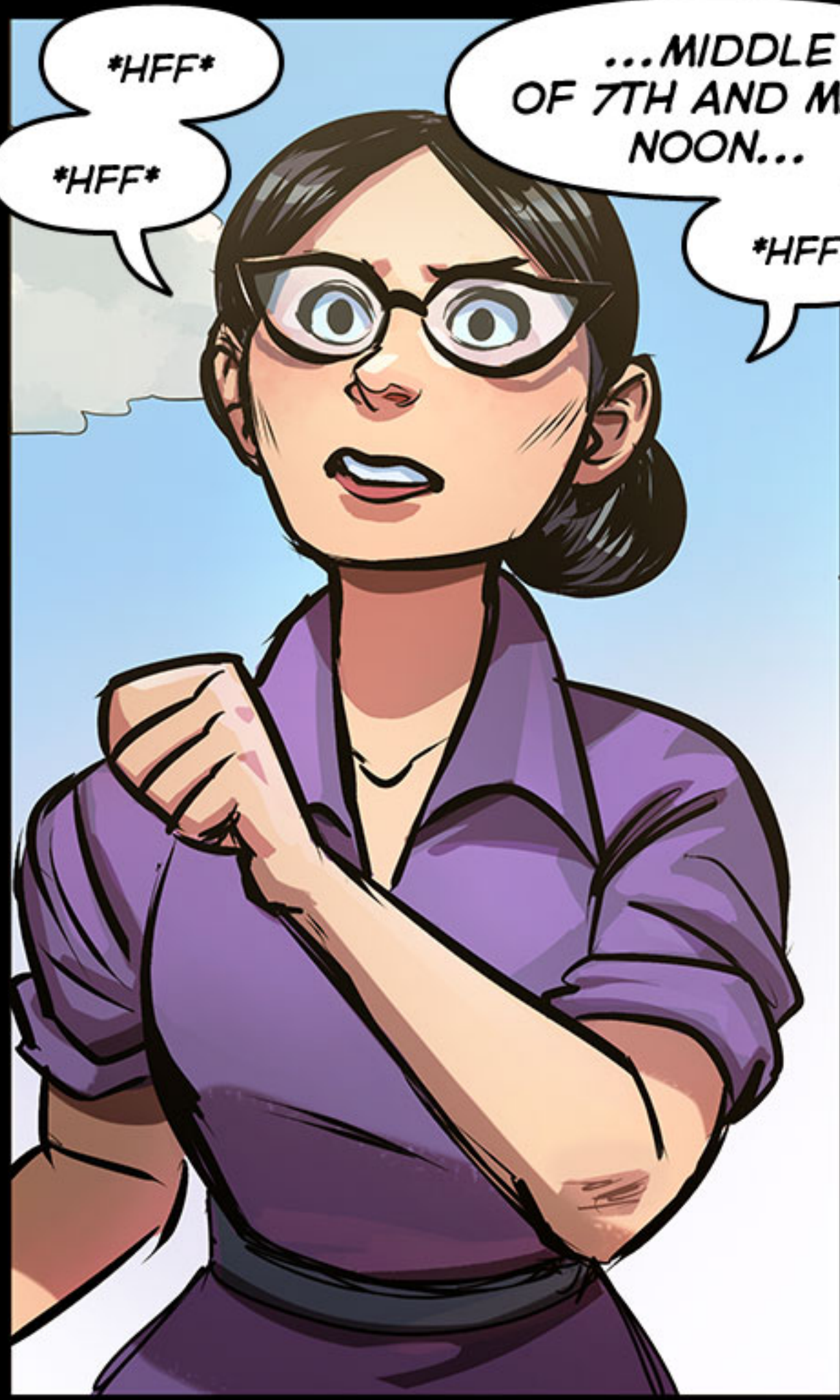
WHAT? YES. WE WILL KILL ALL THE MICE.

CRAP, GOTTA GO.

PYRO! YOU'RE WITH ME.

...ALLEY, MIDDLE OF 7TH AND MAIN, NOON...





\*HFF\*

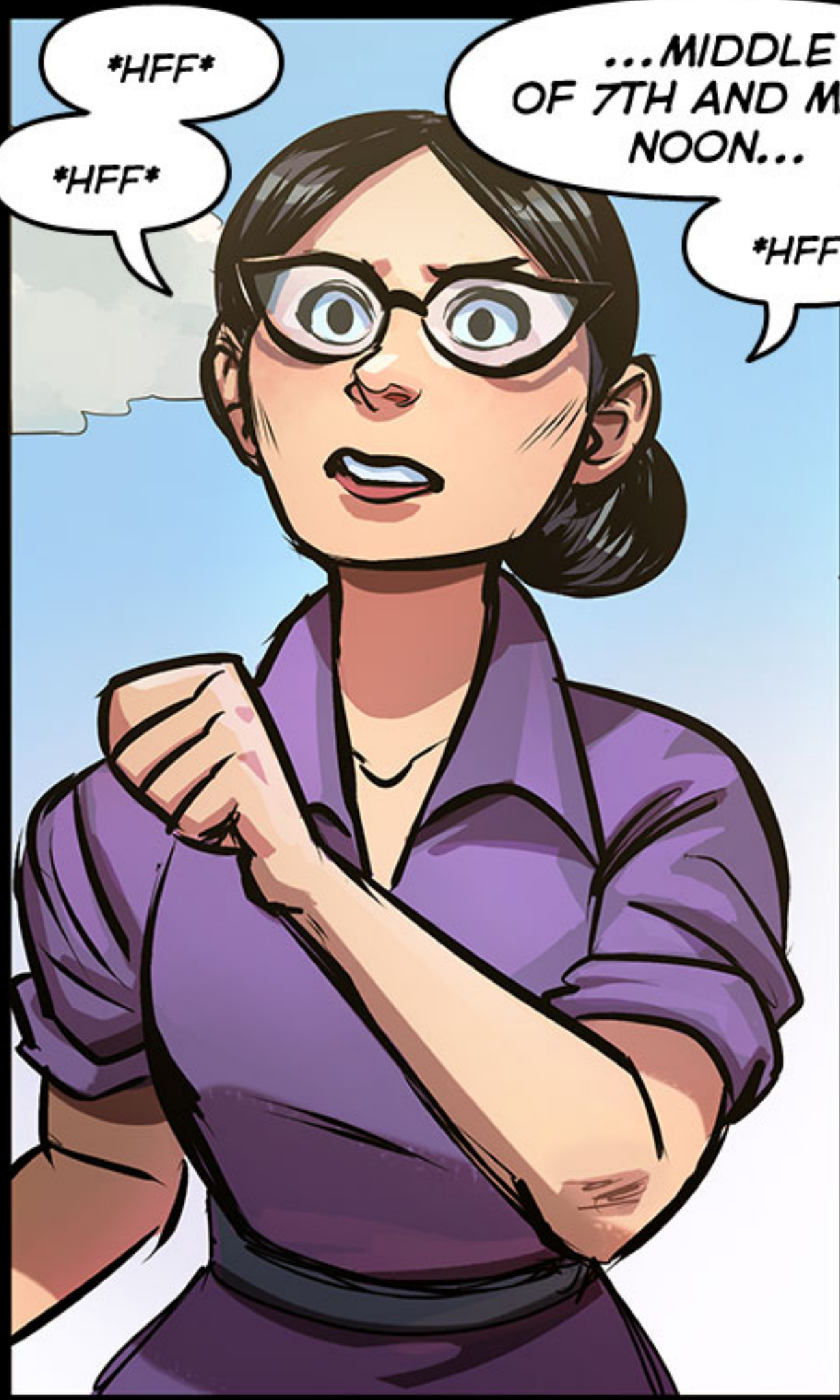
...MIDDLE  
OF 7TH AND MAIN,  
NOON...

\*HFF\*

ALLEY!  
MIDDLE OF  
7TH AND  
MAIN.

EXAAACTLY...  
NOON.





\*HFF\*

\*HFF\*

\*HFF\*

...MIDDLE OF 7TH AND MAIN, NOON...

ALLEY! MIDDLE OF 7TH AND MAIN.

EXAAACTLY... NOON.



MISS PAULING.



ADMINISTRATOR?



OH, THANK GOD!

I'VE ALMOST GOT THE TEAM TOGETHER LIKE YOU ASKED! WE'RE BREAKING OUT SPY AND SCOUT RIGHT NOW. I TRACKED HEAVY TO SIBERIA AND—

**DON'T. COME. IN. HERE.**



UM.

OKAY.

ARE YOU...

ARE YOU  
ALRIGHT,  
ADMINI—

NO, I  
AM *NOT*  
ALRIGHT!

*NOTHING* IS  
ALRIGHT, AND I DO NOT  
HAVE TIME TO PRETEND TO  
BE YOUR *FRIEND*, MISS  
PAULING!

NOW  
SHUT UP  
AND LISTEN  
TO ME!



ARE YOU...

ARE YOU ALRIGHT, ADMINI—

NO, I AM NOT ALRIGHT!

NOTHING IS ALRIGHT, AND I DO NOT HAVE TIME TO PRETEND TO BE YOUR FRIEND, MISS PAULING!

NOW SHUT UP AND LISTEN TO ME!



\*SIGH\*

I APOLOGIZE. YOU'VE DONE WELL. AND I'M...

...PROUD OF YOU.

BUT WE DON'T HAVE TIME. PLEASE JUST LISTEN.



THERE ARE  
**89,000 TONNES**  
OF AUSTRALIUM IN  
EXISTENCE, MISS  
PAULING.



THERE ARE **89,000 TONNES** OF AUSTRALIUM IN EXISTENCE, MISS PAULING.



OVER THE LAST SIX MONTHS I HAVE LIED, CHEATED AND KILLED TO OBTAIN ALL OF IT.

UM.

THE MERC'S AND I HAVE BEEN OFF THE GRID FOR THE LAST **SIX MONTHS**.

HOW HAVE YOU BEEN **GETTING** ALL THESE...?





THERE ARE **89,000 TONNES OF AUSTRALIUM** IN EXISTENCE, MISS PAULING.



OVER THE LAST SIX MONTHS I HAVE LIED, CHEATED AND KILLED TO OBTAIN ALL OF IT.

UM.

THE MERCS AND I HAVE BEEN OFF THE GRID FOR THE LAST **SIX MONTHS.**

HOW HAVE YOU BEEN **GETTING** ALL THESE...?



YOU'RE BETTER OFF NOT KNOWING.

THERE IS **ONE LAST CACHE OF AUSTRALIUM,** MISS PAULING.

AND WE'RE NO LONGER THE ONLY ONES LOOKING FOR IT.

YOU'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME.  
FINISH GATHERING YOUR MEN  
AND GET TO THAT CACHE  
QUICKLY.

MEET ME AT  
THESE COORDINATES ONCE  
YOU HAVE IT.



YES, MA'AM.

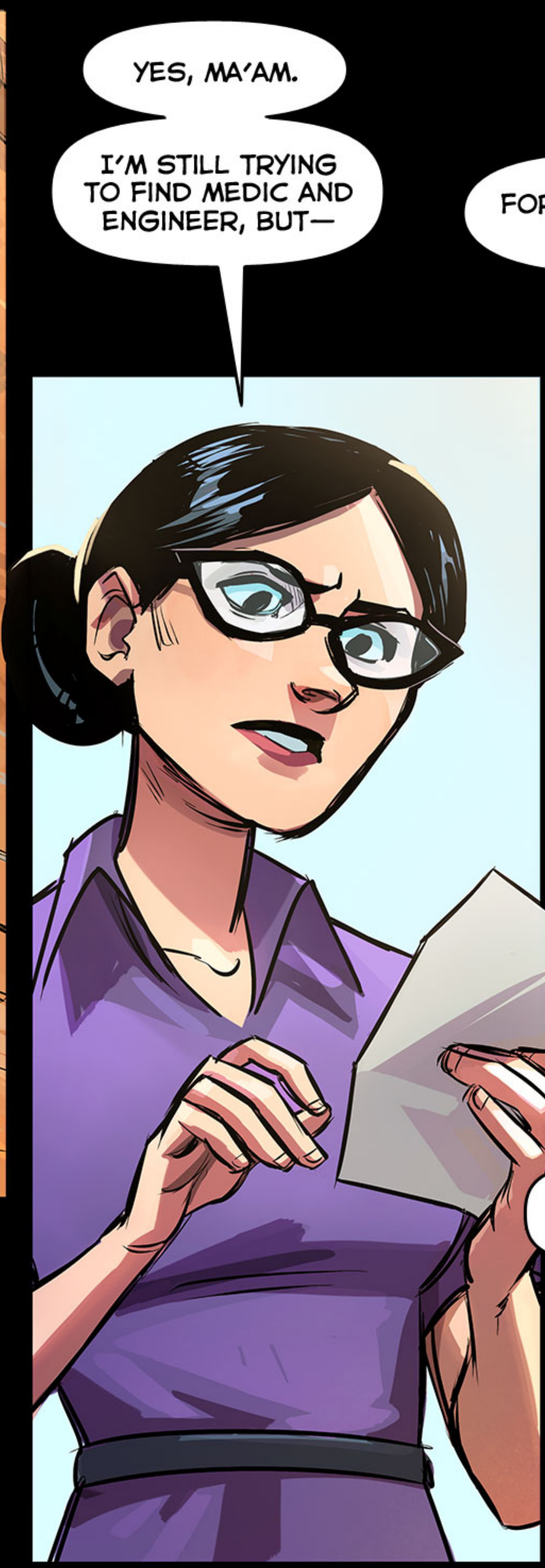
I'M STILL TRYING  
TO FIND MEDIC AND  
ENGINEER, BUT—





YOU'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME. FINISH GATHERING YOUR MEN AND GET TO THAT CACHE QUICKLY.

MEET ME AT THESE COORDINATES ONCE YOU HAVE IT.



YES, MA'AM.

I'M STILL TRYING TO FIND MEDIC AND ENGINEER, BUT—



FORGET ABOUT THEM.

GATHER THE MERCS YOU HAVE FOUND AND GET MY AUSTRALIUM.

AND IF YOU DO RUN INTO THIS OTHER TEAM...

DON'T WORRY. WE CAN HANDLE THEM.

YES, I KNOW THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK.

LISTEN TO ME:

TAKE THE AUSTRALIUM AND RUN.

**PART FOUR:**

# **BLOOD IN THE WATER**



AUSTRALIA.

NOW.

SO THIS MISSION  
MISS PAULING SENT US ON.  
IT'S A *SECRET* MISSION,  
RIGHT? SO ONLY PEOPLE  
SHE *REALLY* TRUSTS.

YES.

AND MISS PAULING  
ASKED FOR ME  
*SPECIFICALLY*.

YES, FINE.

WHY DIDN'T SHE  
TALK TO ME INSTEAD  
YOU? DID SHE SAY?

DID SHE SAY IT WAS  
FOR SEXUAL TENSION  
REASONS?

THAT IS  
FINE.





WAIT. IT'S JUST THE TWO OF US. HOW'S SHE EXPECT US TO GET ALL THE AUSTRALIUM OUTTA THIS PLACE?

THERE IS NO AUSTRALIUM.

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?

I DO NOT KNOW. I SUSPECT.

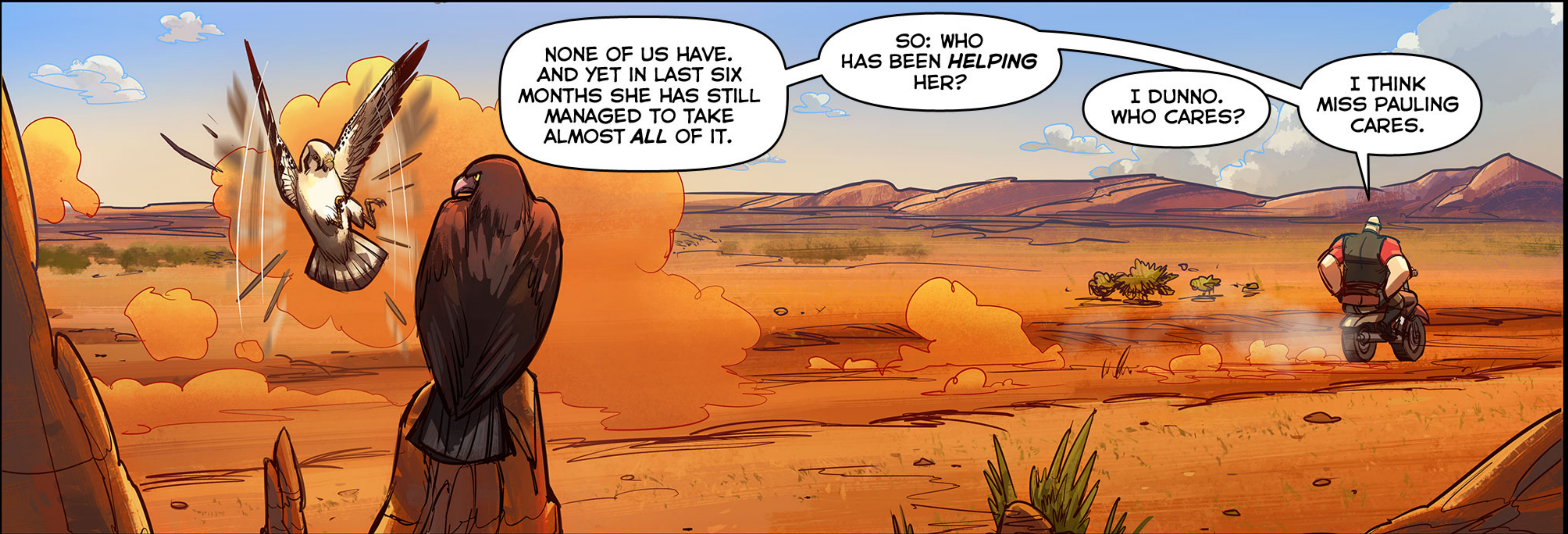


WHY THE HELL ARE WE GOIN', THEN?

HOW MUCH AUSTRALIUM HAVE YOU HELPED THE OLD WOMAN TO FIND?

UHHH.

NONE.



NONE OF US HAVE. AND YET IN LAST SIX MONTHS SHE HAS STILL MANAGED TO TAKE ALMOST ALL OF IT.

SO: WHO HAS BEEN HELPING HER?

I DUNNO. WHO CARES?

I THINK MISS PAULING CARES.



AND YOU GOT ALL THAT FROM "GO HERE"?

YOU SHOULD LISTEN MORE AND TALK LESS.





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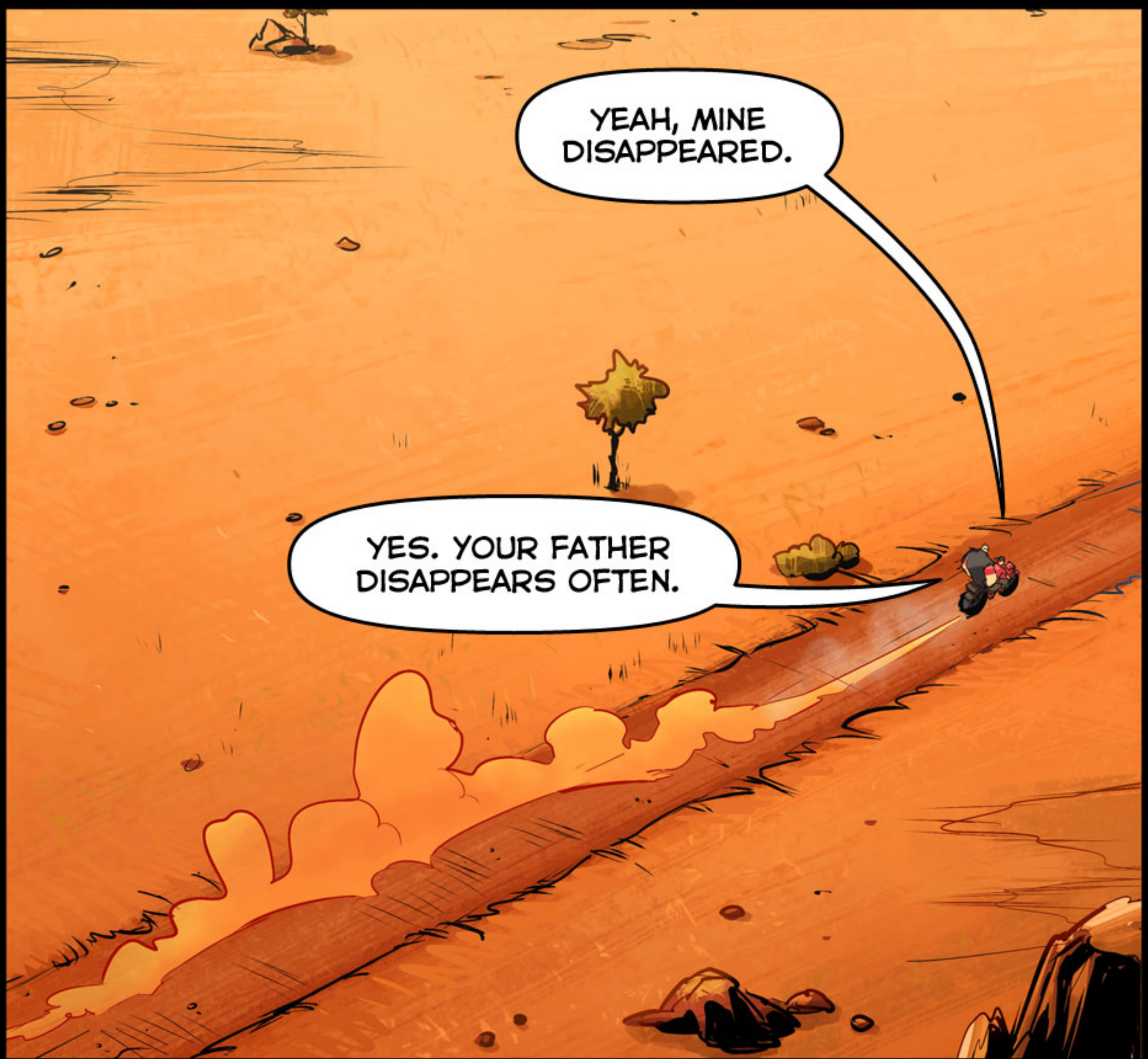
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YOU SHOULD LISTEN MORE AND TALK LESS.



SO YOUR DAD'S DEAD, HUH?

YES.



YEAH, MINE DISAPPEARED.

YES. YOUR FATHER DISAPPEARS OFTEN.



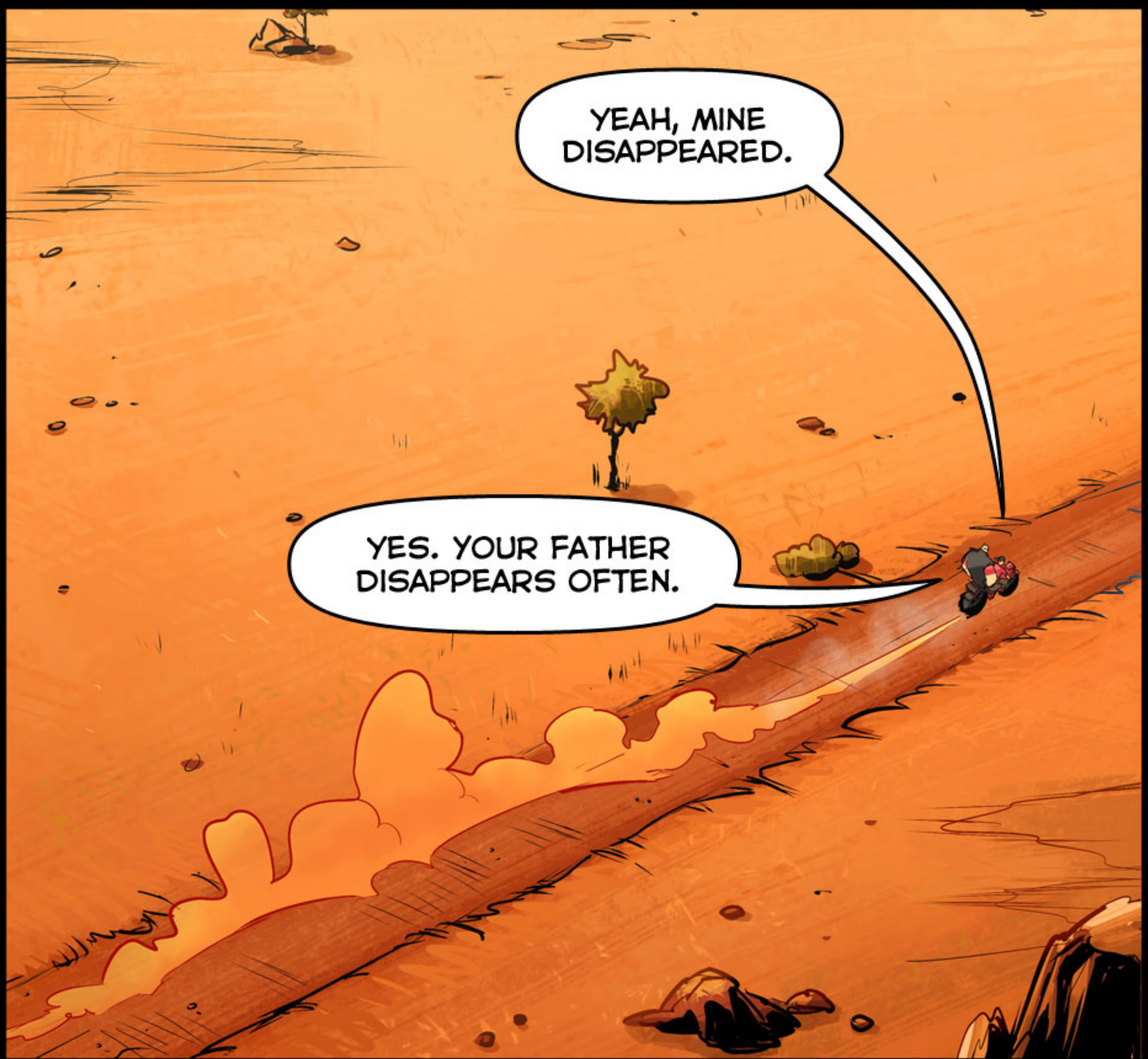
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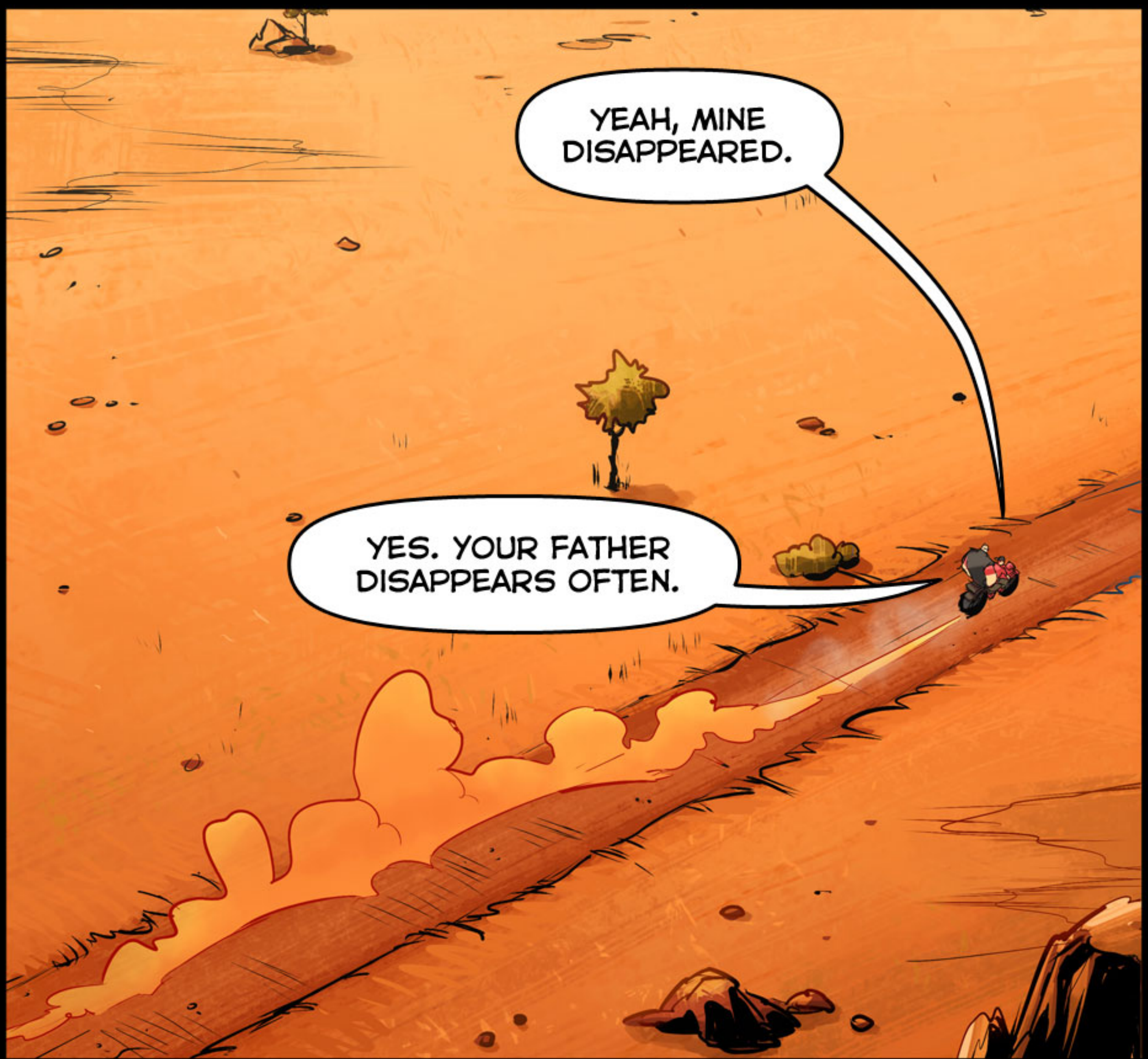
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HE IS  
*DEAD.*

IT IS A  
PAINFUL  
MEMORY.

OF A THING  
THAT ACTUALLY  
HAPPENED.

TO A MAN  
NONE OF US HAVE  
EVER MET.

SO LET'S  
STOP TALKIN'  
ABOUT IT!



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OF A THING  
THAT ACTUALLY  
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NONE OF US HAVE  
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ABOUT IT!



YES.

FINE.



I'M NOT A BABYSITTER.

YOU'RE NOT BABYSITTING HIM. HE'S YOUR BACKUP.

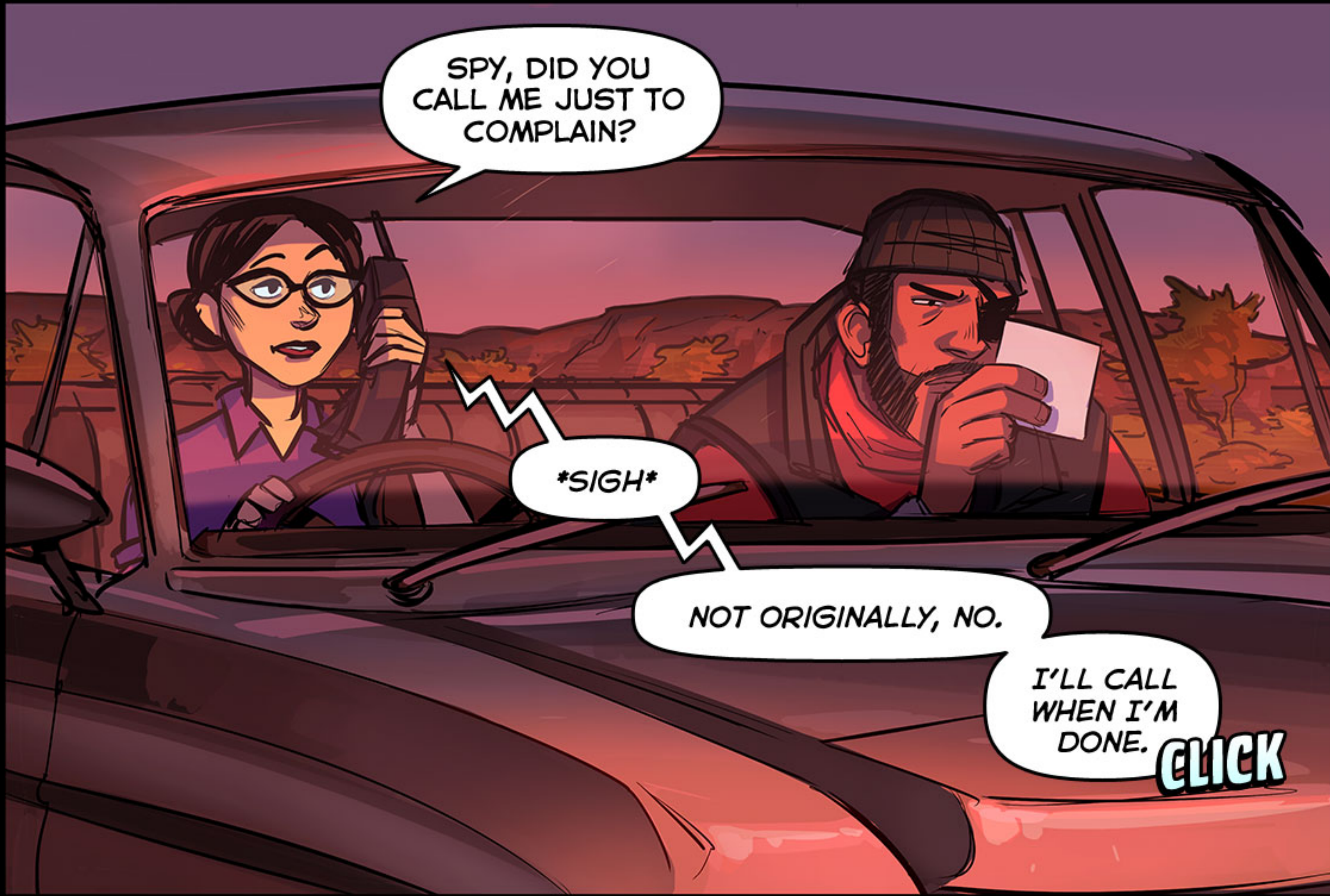
HE'S A LIABILITY. YOU'RE NOT *STILL* LOOKING FOR THE BUSHMAN, ARE YOU?



ALMOST DONE. WE'RE FOLLOWING UP ON ONE LAST LEAD.

HE'S HIDING SOMEWHERE IN THE BUSHES. DO WE REALLY NEED TO FIND HIM SO HE CAN GO HIDE IN A DIFFERENT SET OF BUSHES?

I STILL SAY—



SPY, DID YOU CALL ME JUST TO COMPLAIN?

*\*SIGH\**

NOT ORIGINALLY, NO.

I'LL CALL WHEN I'M DONE.

**CLICK**



ACH, PULL OVER. THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE.



I'M NOT A BABYSITTER.

YOU'RE NOT BABYSITTING HIM. HE'S YOUR BACKUP.

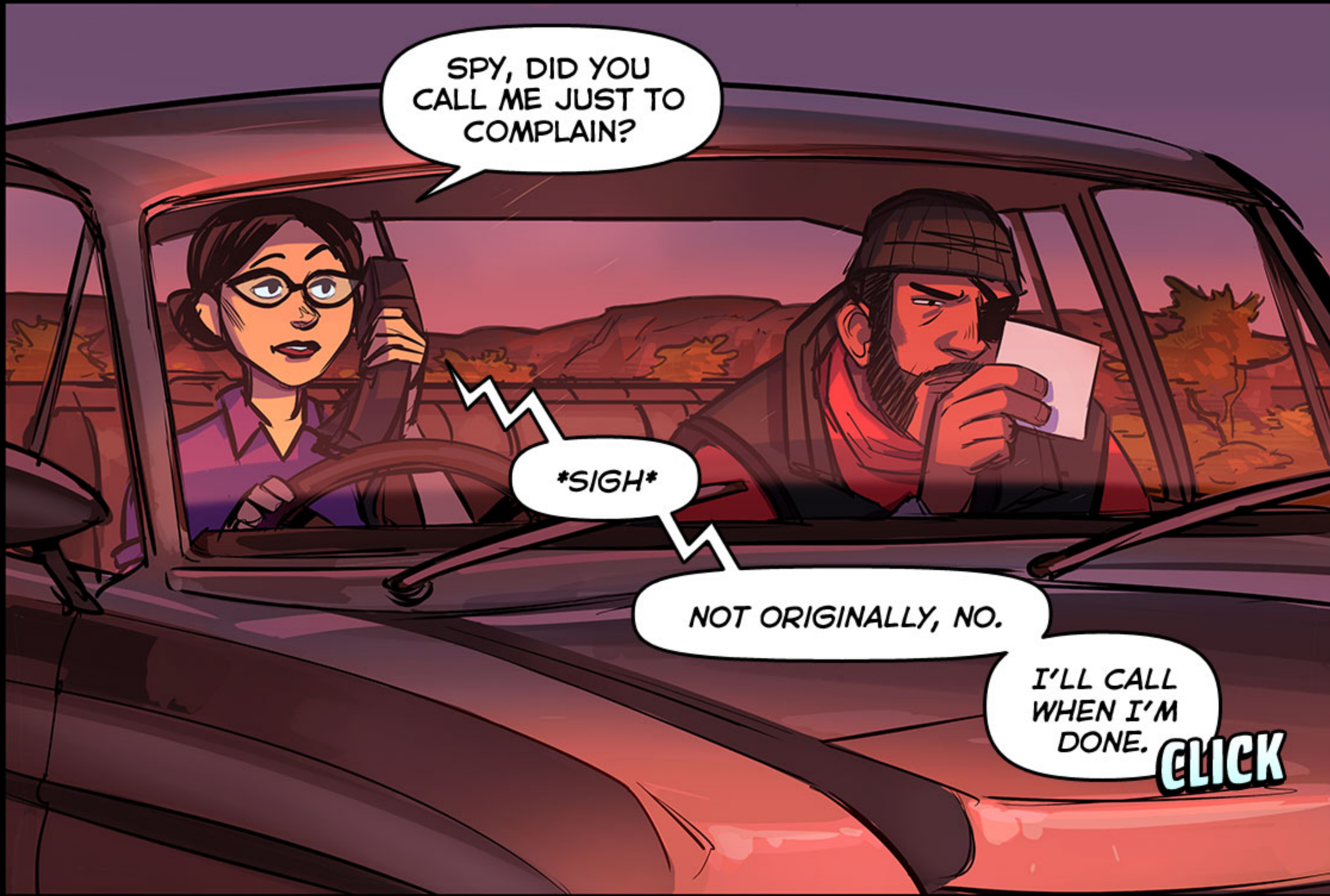
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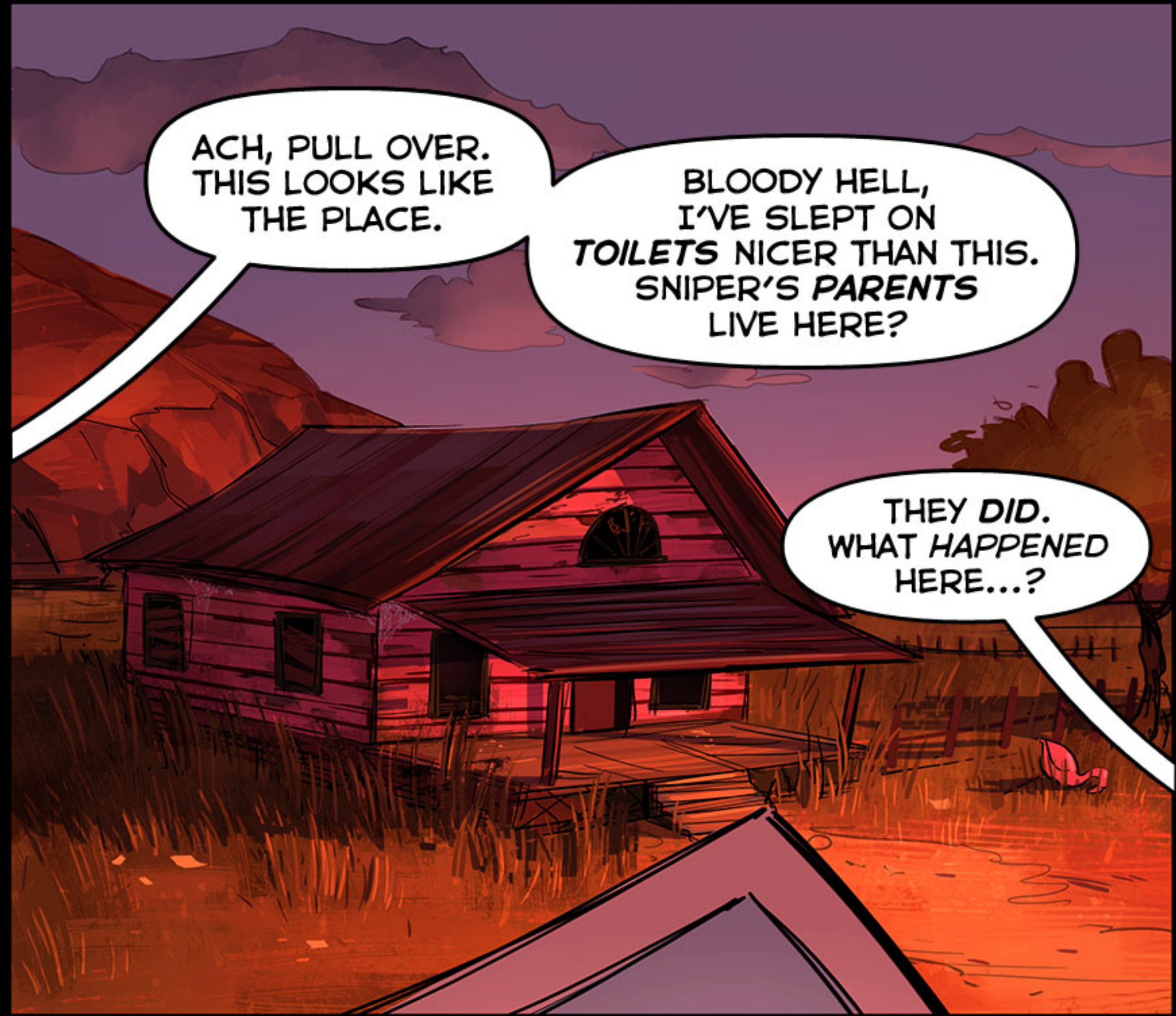
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**CLICK**



ACH, PULL OVER. THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE.

BLOODY HELL, I'VE SLEPT ON TOILETS NICER THAN THIS. SNIPER'S PARENTS LIVE HERE?

THEY *DID*. WHAT HAPPENED HERE...?



HELLO?

MR. AND MRS. MUNDY?

SNIPER?

WELL, THERE'S NOBODY HERE. LET'S GO.



HOLD ON, HOLD ON. WE DROVE ALL THE WAY OUT HERE.

WE SHOULD AT LEAST SEARCH THE PLACE.



MISS PAULING, ALL WE'RE GONNA FIND IS A ROOM FULLA PISS-JARS AND FINGERNAILS.



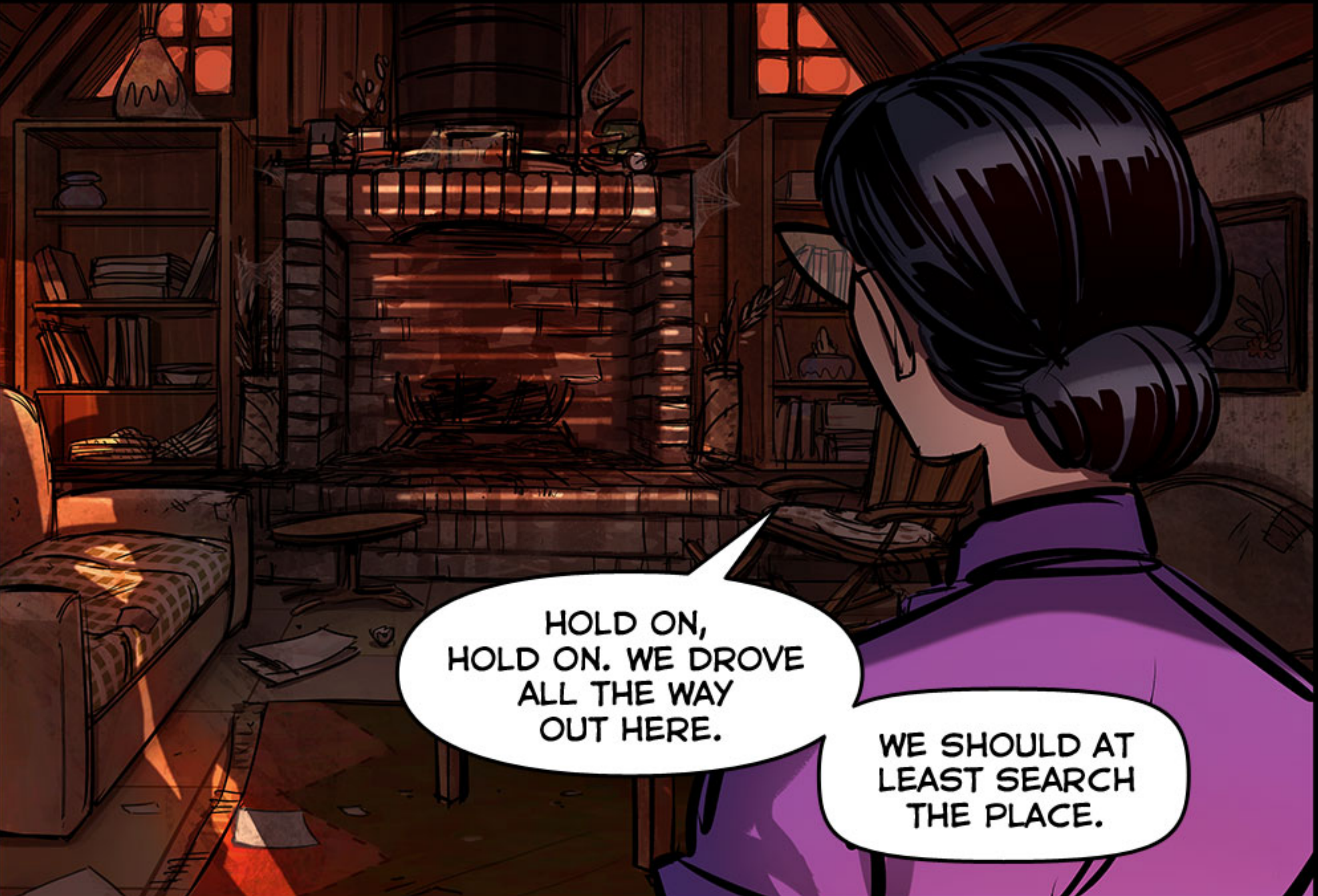


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THE MAN'S A BLOODY LUNATIC. WE TRIED TA FIND HIM, AND WE CAN'T. GOOD RIDDANCE.

LET'S GET OUTTA THIS HOVEL BEFORE HE MAKES A LAMP OUT OF OUR FACES.



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**AGHHHH!**

**TUNK**

**DEMO!**



EXPECT HEAVY  
RESISTANCE ALONG THE  
EASTERN PERIMETER.

I WANT YOU  
TO TREAT THESE  
MEN WITH *EXTREME*  
*PREJUDICE.*



EXPECT HEAVY RESISTANCE ALONG THE EASTERN PERIMETER.

I WANT YOU TO TREAT THESE MEN WITH *EXTREME PREJUDICE*.

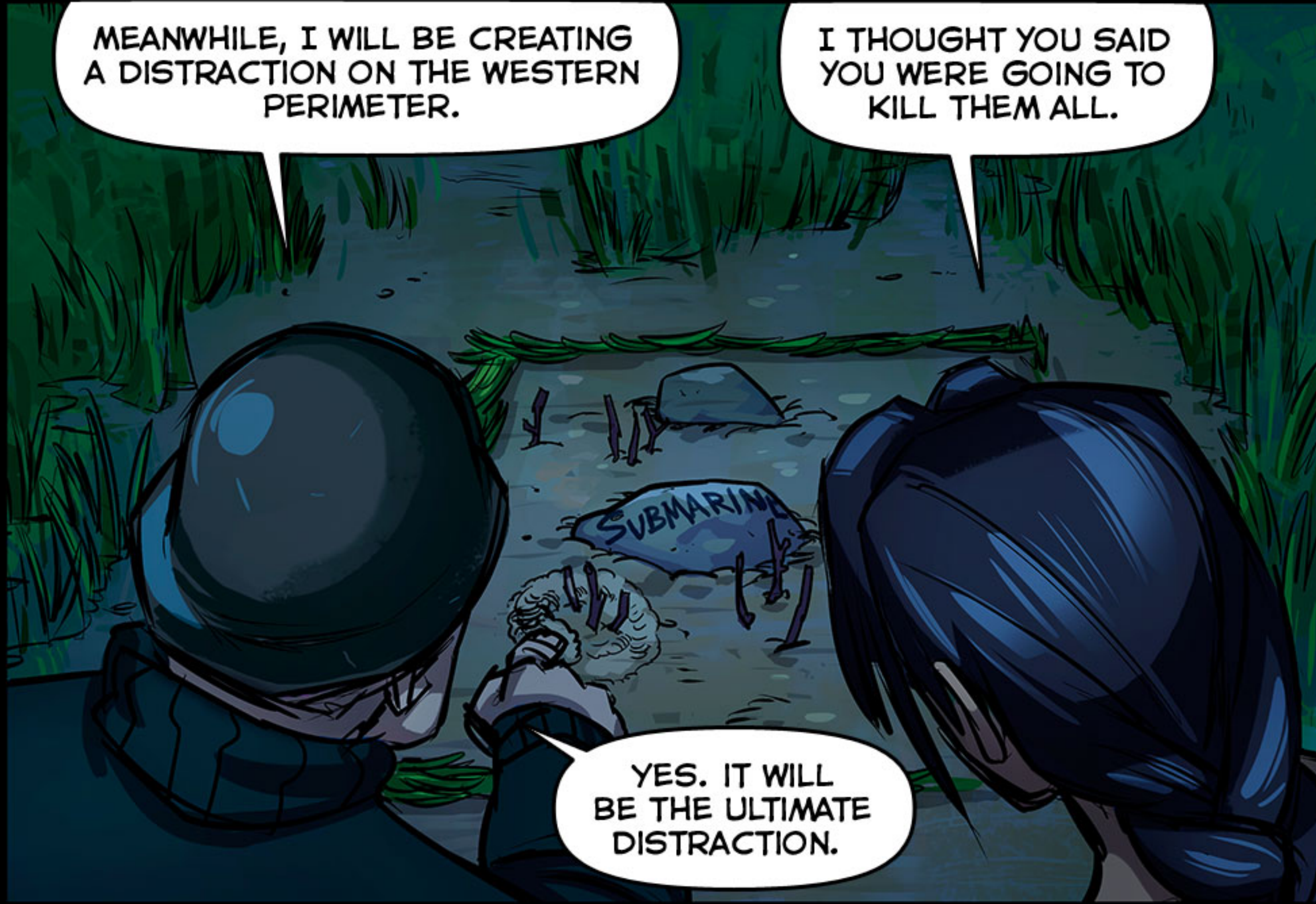


YOU... WANT ME TO BE RACIST AT THEM.

I'VE MADE THAT SAME MISTAKE, BUT NO.

"EXTREME PREJUDICE" JUST MEANS KILLING EVERYBODY AS VIOLENTLY AS POSSIBLE.

I WILL LEAVE THE AMOUNT OF *ACTUAL* PREJUDICE TO YOUR DISCRETION.



MEANWHILE, I WILL BE CREATING A DISTRACTION ON THE WESTERN PERIMETER.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO KILL THEM ALL.

YES. IT WILL BE THE ULTIMATE DISTRACTION.



LOOK, I WAS GOING TO SAVE THIS FOR LATER, BUT...

SON, THESE ARE **AUSTRALIANS** WE'RE UP AGAINST.

THERE IS A GOOD CHANCE WE WILL BE GOING ON OUR HONEYMOON IN **BODYBAGS**.

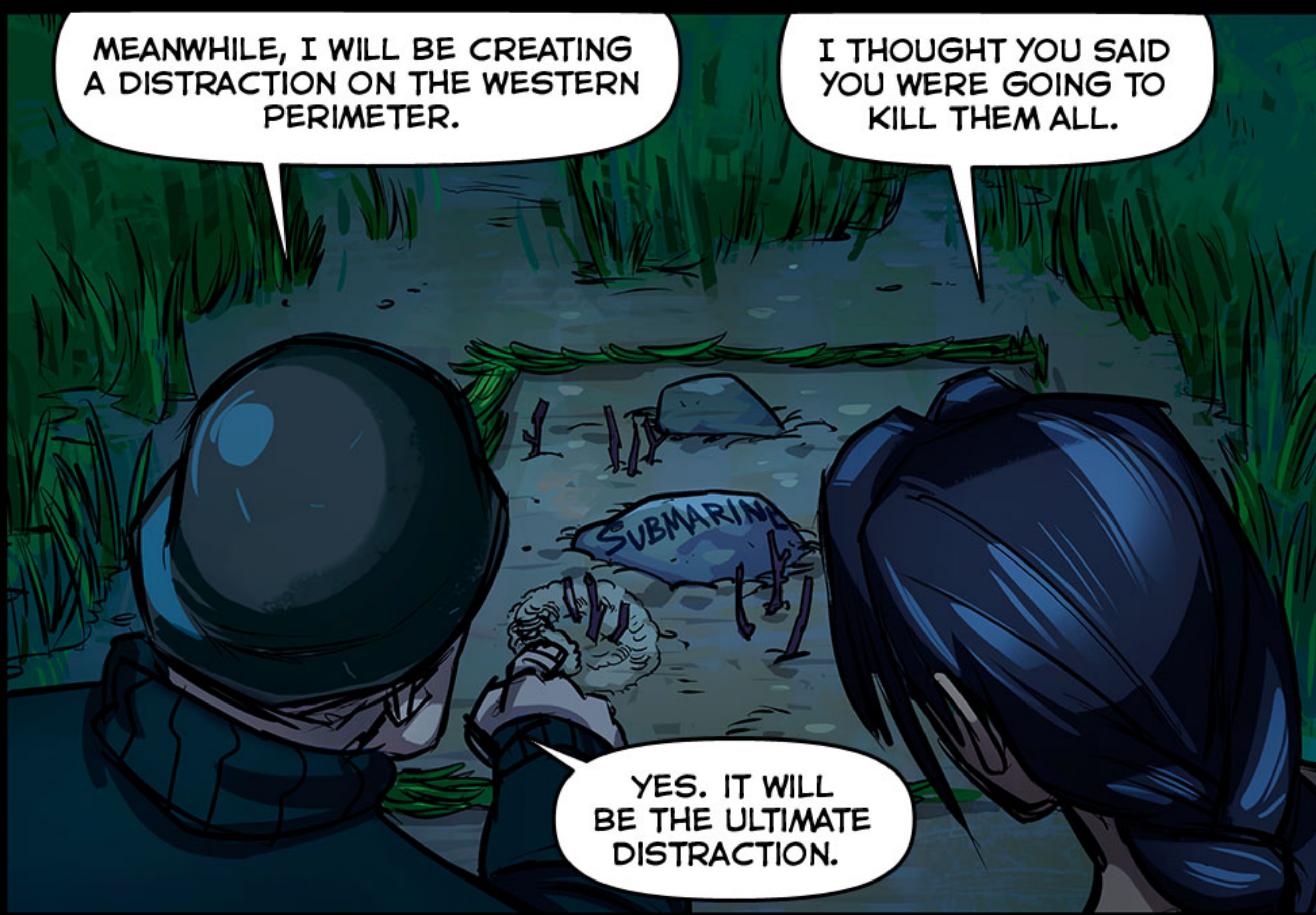
SO...



AND THEN EAST MEETS WEST IN THE MIDDLE, YES?

LOOK FOR THE NAKED MAN COVERED IN BLOOD.

IT WILL PROBABLY BE ME.



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IT WILL PROBABLY BE ME.



I AM MAKING YOU A NECKLACE OF HUMAN EARS.

I KNOW IT'S UPSETTING TO LOOK AT, BUT TRUST ME: BY THE TIME IT'S FINISHED, THERE WILL BE A **LOT** MORE EARS ON IT.

ZHANNA...?

**SSSSSSSMACK!**



IF YOU TWO ARE FINISHED RUTTING LIKE PIGS...

I'VE BEEN SCOUTING AHEAD.



SPY! WE CAME UP WITH A PLAN!

NO YOU DIDN'T, AND YOU'RE BOTH MORONS.



WHAT?!

ZHANNA! QUICKLY! BE RACIST!

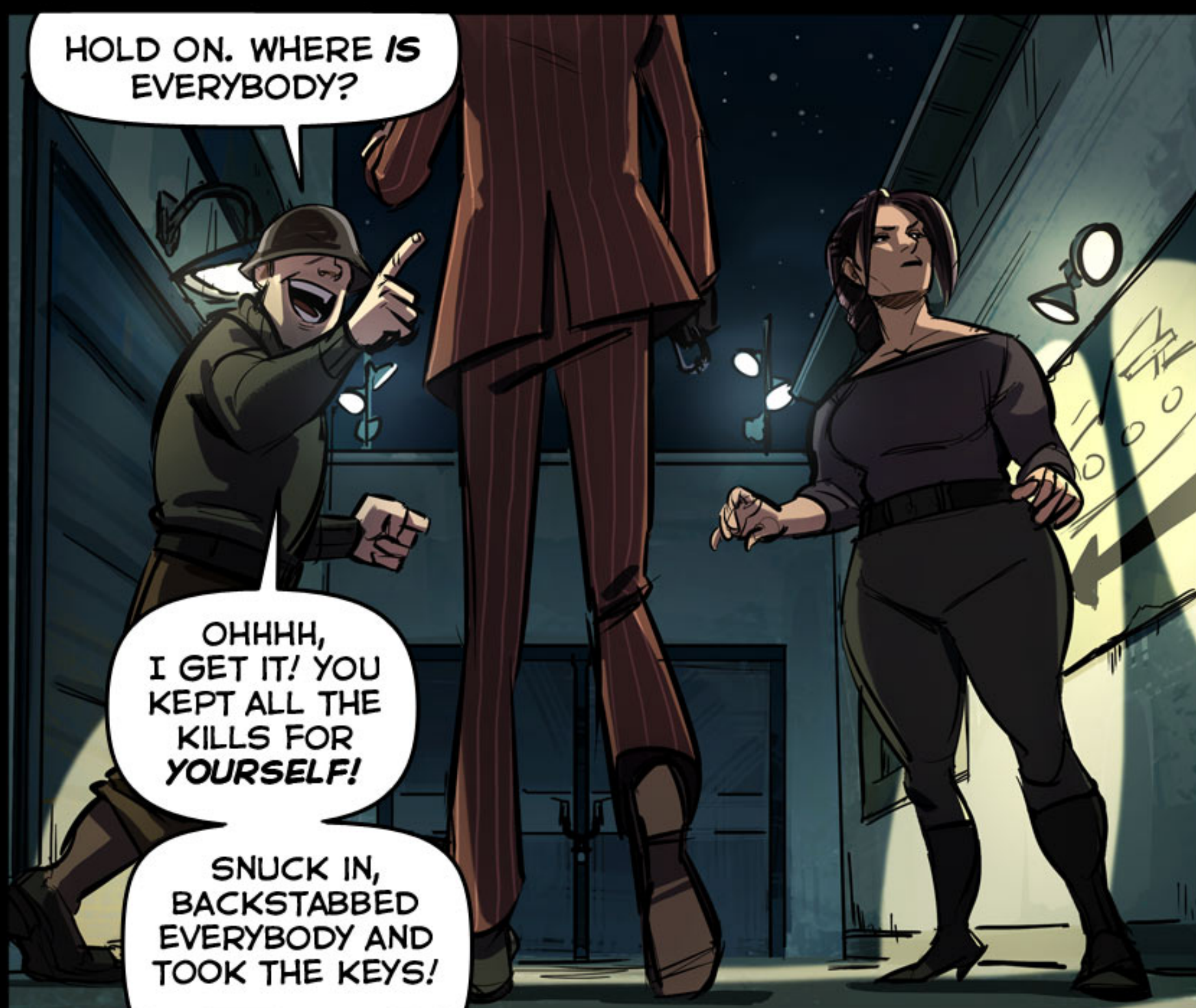
YOU [REDACTED] THE [REDACTED].

HA! YOU HEAR THAT, STUPID? MY FIANCEE HATES YOUR WHOLE STINKING RACE! BET YOU DIDN'T PLAN FOR THAT!

\*SIGH\*

FOLLOW ME.





HOLD ON. WHERE IS EVERYBODY?

OHHHH, I GET IT! YOU KEPT ALL THE KILLS FOR YOURSELF!

SNUCK IN, BACKSTABBED EVERYBODY AND TOOK THE KEYS!



I GUESS I CAN GET THOSE EARS ON THE WAY OUT...

I DIDN'T KILL ANYONE FOR THESE KEYS.





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I DIDN'T KILL ANYONE FOR THESE KEYS.



THEY GAVE THEM TO ME.













I WILL NOT BELIEVE THIS!  
AUSTRALIANS ARE STRONGEST  
FIGHTERS IN WORLD!

YOU! FIGHT ME!



PAT



THESE  
MEN ARE NOT  
AUSTRALIANS!

THEY ARE  
CUPCAKES!

NO, THESE ARE  
AUSTRALIANS.

AUSTRALIANS  
ROBBED OF THE  
SOURCE OF ALL  
THEIR POWER.

THEIR AUSTRALIUM  
MINE WENT DRY TWO  
MONTHS AGO.

RATHER  
SUDDENLY, I'M TOLD.

PAT  
PAT  
PAT



S'ALL TRUE, MATE. EVERY LAST BIT OF IT'S GONE.

WE'RE WEAK AS KITTENS.

LITTLE HELP?



THIS IS ALL SO SAD.

IT'S AGAINST EVERYTHING I STAND FOR, BUT...



**NECK FIX**



THERE. GOOD AS NEW.

LISTEN, ENLISTED MAN TO ENLISTED MAN, I PROMISED MY LADY FRIEND SOME EARS.

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU COULD...

I...

I CAN ASK THE LADS...

YOU GUYS ARE THE BEST. I'LL GO FIND A KNIFE.

PAT PAT PAT





MISS PAULING STILL AIN'T ANSWERIN' THE PHONE.

HUH. THAT AIN'T LIKE HER. I HOPE SHE'S OKAY.

MISS PAULING CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF.

LET'S LOOK AROUND.



SO THIS IS AYER'S ROCK, HUH? I ALWAYS FIGURED IT WAS MADE OF AUSTRALIUM.

IT IS.



YEAH, NO, IT'S NOT. AUSTRALIUM'S YELLOW.

Y'KNOW, JUST 'CAUSE YA BARELY TALK DON'T MAKE WHAT YA DO SAY ANY SMARTER.

NAH, WHAT WE GOT  
HERE, BROTHER, IS A BILLION  
TONS A' GOOD OL' MAGMUS  
SEDIMALISHUS MINERALIS—  
OR "COMMON ROCK"  
TO THE LAYMAN.



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IT IS FOUND  
THROUGHOUT THE  
LANDS, AS IT HAS  
BEEN THROUGH  
HISTORY. ALSO...

WHAT  
THE...



**SHIFFFFFFFT**

TONK

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HERE, BROTHER, IS A BILLION  
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WHAT  
THE...



**SHIFFFFFFFT**

YES! YES!  
I KNEW IT!

SCREW YOU,  
EVERYBODY! I FINALLY  
GOT SUPER STRONG!



IS HOLLOW SHELL MADE  
OF Balsa WOOD AND  
STYROFOAM.

FOLLOW ME.





BE  
SILENT.

SOMEONE  
IS HERE.



BE SILENT.

SOMEONE IS HERE.

WOWWWW.  
LOOKIT ALL  
*THIS!*

SO THIS IS WHERE  
AUSTRALIANS GET ALL THEIR  
AUSTRALIUM, HUH?

I DO NOT  
UNDERSTAND YOU.  
I HAVE TOLD YOU THAT  
SOMEONE IS HERE AND  
TO BE SILENT.



HOLD ON, THAT  
AIN'T RIGHT. ALL THE  
AUSTRALIUM'S—



HOLD ON, THAT AIN'T RIGHT. ALL THE AUSTRALIUM'S—



GGK?

**KT-CHHHH!**



**KHK!** HEAVY!

PULL ME UP  
PULL ME UP  
PULL ME UP!

**TUG**





HOLD ON, THAT AIN'T RIGHT. ALL THE AUSTRALIUM'S—



GGK?

**KT-CHHHH!**



**KHK!** HEAVY!

PULL ME UP PULL ME UP PULL ME UP!

**TUG**



**NNNG!**

OW!

OW OW OW OW!

OKAY, THAT IS NOT WORKIN'! LET ME GO LET ME GO LET ME—

**CRACK**





...GO!  
**AGGHHHH!**



**SNAG**

GOT HIM!

WHO ARE YOU?  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE?

**TOOM**



...GO!  
**AGGHHHH!**



**SNAG**

GOT HIM!

WHO ARE YOU?  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE?

**TOOM**



YOU BETTER START TALKING,  
BECAUSE IN FIVE SECONDS I'M GOING  
TO PUT MY FOOT UP YOUR ASS!

THEN WE'LL BOTH HAVE TO  
GO TO A SPECIAL HOSPITAL!  
FEET UP THE ASS ARE LIKE  
ARROWS, SON, YOU CAN'T JUST  
PULL 'EM OUT! THEY'LL HAVE TO  
PUSH MY WHOLE BODY OUT  
THROUGH YOUR MOUTH!

TRUST ME,  
SPEAK UP! NEITHER OF US  
WANTS THIS!



OH MY GOD!  
IT'S JUST A  
TINY CHILD!

I'M SO SORRY,  
LITTLE BOY!

DON'T BABY  
HIM, MAGS! HE'LL  
GROW UP SOFT!



WHAT? I'M NOT  
A KID!

GOOD LORD, SAX.  
I THINK IT'S TELLING  
THE TRUTH.

IT'S... SOME  
SORT OF *TINY LITTLE*  
*FULL-GROWN MAN.*



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GODDAMMIT,  
LADY...

I'M A HIRED KILLER!  
MISTER HALE, YOU HIRED ME!  
WE'RE YOUR MERCS!



MY MERCS?  
WHICH—

OHHHH.  
YOU GUYS.


HELEN SENT  
YOU, THEN?



YES.

WHAT? NO,  
MISS PAUL—

YES, THE  
OLD WOMAN  
SENT US.



WELL, IF IT'S AUSTRALIUM SHE'S AFTER, YOU'RE TOO LATE.

IT'S ALL GONE, MATE. EVERY LAST DAMN BIT OF IT.

WE ARE NOT HERE FOR AUSTRALIUM.

WE ARE HERE FOR THE *MEN WHO TOOK IT.*



YOU ARE? SWEET PANDA STEAKS, I LOVE IT!

THE THREE OF US'LL **TRACK DOWN** WHOEVER TOOK THE ROCKS, **GET** THE ROCKS BACK, THEN **USE** THE ROCKS TO BEAT THE BRAINS OUT OF THEIR STUPID EYEHOLE!



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SAX, WHAT ABOUT THIS THING?

LEAVE IT.

IT MAKES ME SAD INSIDE JUST LOOKING AT IT.

AW, SAX, SHH! I THINK IT KNOWS WHAT WE'RE SAYING!

WHAT IS *WRONG* WITH YOU TWO?



FINE, BRING IT! BUT LET'S *MOVE!*

THE SOONER WE FIND THAT AUSTRALIUM, THE SOONER I'LL GET *MANN CO.* BACK!

RIGHT.

*MANN CO.*







HWWWWWK!

PTUH!

*SPLT*



**SPLAT**  
**SPLOOT**

**HWWWWWK! PTUH!**  
**HWWWWWK! PTUH!**



**BLOODY HELL, GIRL!**

**ARE YOU SPITTING ON ME?**



**YES!**

**I'VE BEEN TRYING TO WAKE YOU UP FOR TEN MINUTES!**

**YE'VE BEEN SPITTIN' ON ME FOR TEN MINUTES?**

**DEMO, I'M TIED UP AND I'M WORRIED AND I'M VERY THIRSTY!**



**WELL. THAT IS DISGUSTIN'.**

**BUT IT WORKED. I'M UP.**

**AYE, HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO. THERE'S A FORK ON THE FLOOR JUST BEHIND YOU.**

**KICK IT OVER AND I'LL—**





**SPLAT**  
**SPLOOT**

HWWWWWK! PTUH!  
HWWWWWK! PTUH!



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**TUNK**



SORRY, MATE.  
CAN'T HAVE YOU UP  
AND ABOUT FOR WHAT  
HAPPENS NEXT.

WHAT'S IN THAT?  
DID YOU *POISON*  
HIM, SNIPER?



NAH. GAVE  
'IM A NECKFUL  
OF THE FAMILY  
MOONSHINE.

FRESH BATCH.  
IT DON'T KEEP LONG.  
MELTS THROUGH  
THE BARRELS.



SORRY, MATE.  
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HIM, SNIPER?



NAH. GAVE  
'IM A NECKFUL  
OF THE FAMILY  
MOONSHINE.

FRESH BATCH.  
IT DON'T KEEP LONG.  
MELTS THROUGH  
THE BARRELS.



ANYWAY.

LET'S GET  
TO IT.



MY PARENTS... PASSED  
SIX MONTHS AGO.

SNIPER, I'M  
SORRY...

NOT MY  
POINT.

WHEN I WAS  
CLEARIN' OUT THE  
HOUSE, I FOUND  
SOMETHIN'.

THEY'RE  
NOT MY REAL  
PARENTS.

SO I WENT OFF  
THE GRID FOR A BIT.  
STARTED DIGGIN'  
AROUND.

EVERYTHING LEAVES  
A TRAIL, MISS PAULING.  
*EVERYTHING.*

EXCEPT *ME.*  
IT'S LIKE I FELL  
FROM THE SKY.

NOBODY  
KNOWS *NOTHIN'.*



MY PARENTS... PASSED SIX MONTHS AGO.

SNIPER, I'M SORRY...

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WHEN I WAS CLEARIN' OUT THE HOUSE, I FOUND SOMETHIN'.

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EVERYTHING LEAVES A TRAIL, MISS PAULING. *EVERYTHING.*

EXCEPT ME. IT'S LIKE I FELL FROM THE SKY.

NOBODY KNOWS *NOTHIN'*.



BUT YOU KNOW.

*DON'TCHA, MISS PAULING?*

SO HERE'S WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN.

YER GONNA START TALKIN', AND—

JESUS, SNIPER, IS *THAT* ALL YOU WANT? TO MEET YOUR BIRTH PARENTS?

WE'RE GOING THERE NOW! WE CAME TO ASK YOU TO COME *WITH US!*





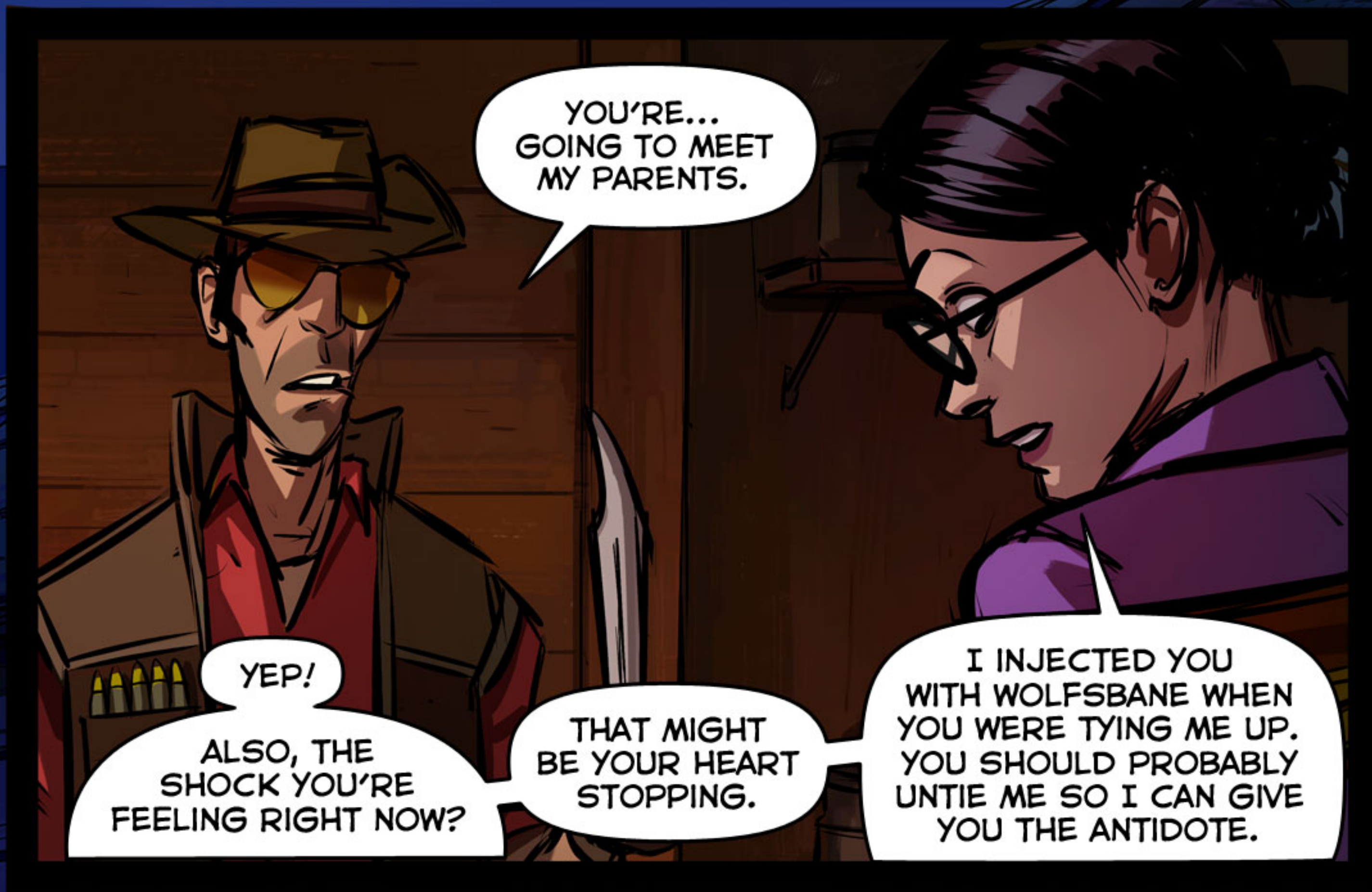
YOU'RE...  
GOING TO MEET  
MY PARENTS.

YEP!

ALSO, THE  
SHOCK YOU'RE  
FEELING RIGHT NOW?

THAT MIGHT  
BE YOUR HEART  
STOPPING.

I INJECTED YOU  
WITH WOLFSBANE WHEN  
YOU WERE TYING ME UP.  
YOU SHOULD PROBABLY  
UNTIE ME SO I CAN GIVE  
YOU THE ANTIDOTE.



YOU'RE... GOING TO MEET MY PARENTS.

YEP!

ALSO, THE SHOCK YOU'RE FEELING RIGHT NOW?

THAT MIGHT BE YOUR HEART STOPPING.

I INJECTED YOU WITH WOLFSBANE WHEN YOU WERE TYING ME UP. YOU SHOULD PROBABLY UNTIE ME SO I CAN GIVE YOU THE ANTIDOTE.



HEH. IS THAT WHERE YOU WERE GOING TO BURY US?

YEP. RIGHT IN THOSE SHALLOW GRAVES.

YOU KNOW, YOU COULD BE DIGGING THOSE SIX INCHES SHALLOWER.

HRM. THAT SEEMS TOO SHALLOW. BARELY EVEN A GRAVE AT THAT POINT.

I THOUGHT THE SAME THING. BUT HERE'S THE SECRET: GET A HACKSAW.

SPEEDS UP THE DECOMP RATE. TRUST ME, TEN MINUTES WITH A SAW WILL SAVE YOU THIRTY WITH A SHOVEL.

HM.

\*GRGL\*

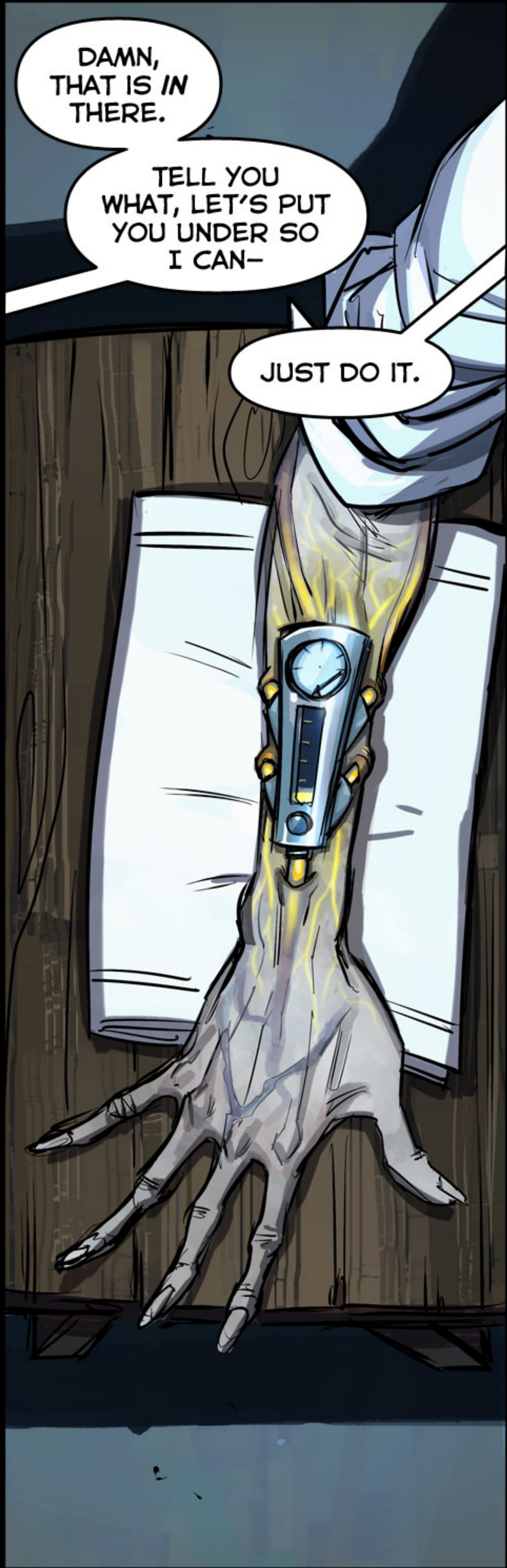
SPEAKIN' OF GRAVES, SHOULD I JUST...

NO, WE'LL NEED HIM.

DAMN,  
THAT IS *IN*  
THERE.

TELL YOU  
WHAT, LET'S PUT  
YOU UNDER SO  
I CAN—

JUST DO IT.





DAMN, THAT IS *IN* THERE.

TELL YOU WHAT, LET'S PUT YOU UNDER SO I CAN—

JUST DO IT.



I, UH... WELL—  
LOOK, THIS IS GONNA HURT, MA'AM.

MISTER CONAGHER,  
I HAVEN'T FELT ANYTHING  
IN A LONG TIME.



SUIT YERSELF.

LET'S  
GET THIS LITTLE  
NUMBER OUT.

**SHLLKTT**




THERE SHE IS.  
THE MARK FIVE.

NOW, SHE'LL RUN LEAN.  
PROBABLY A QUARTER OF THE  
AUSTRALIUM THE MARK FOUR  
WAS GOBBLIN' UP.



BUT I'LL BE  
HONEST WITH YA,  
WE'RE JUST KICKIN'  
THE CAN DOWN THE  
ROAD HERE.

WHEN IT RUNS  
OUT... WELL...



WHEN IT  
RUNS OUT,  
I WILL DIE.



YOUR FAMILY HAS  
ALREADY GIVEN ME MORE TIME  
THAN ANY OF US DESERVES,  
MISTER CONAGHER.




THERE SHE IS.  
THE MARK FIVE.

NOW, SHE'LL RUN LEAN.  
PROBABLY A QUARTER OF THE  
AUSTRALIUM THE MARK FOUR  
WAS GOBBLIN' UP.



BUT I'LL BE  
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WE'RE JUST KICKIN'  
THE CAN DOWN THE  
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WHEN IT  
RUNS OUT,  
I WILL DIE.

YOUR FAMILY HAS  
ALREADY GIVEN ME MORE TIME  
THAN ANY OF US DESERVES,  
MISTER CONAGHER.



I DON'T NEED  
MUCH MORE.

JUST ENOUGH  
TO SETTLE AN  
OLD DEBT.



THE NINE OF YOU WERE HAND-PICKED BY THE ADMINISTRATOR BECAUSE YOU'RE THE **BEST OF THE BEST**, SOLDIER.

AGREED. CONTINUE.



THAT MEANS I CAN TRUST YOU.

I DON'T KNOW WHO THIS "ZHANNA" IS.

WHAT IF SHE COMPROMISES THE MISSION? SHE HAS A NECKLACE OF **HUMAN EARS**, FOR GOD'S SAKE.



THE NINE OF YOU WERE HAND-PICKED BY THE ADMINISTRATOR BECAUSE YOU'RE THE **BEST OF THE BEST**, SOLDIER.

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WHAT IF SHE COMPROMISES THE MISSION? SHE HAS A NECKLACE OF **HUMAN EARS**, FOR GOD'S SAKE.



YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT ZHANNA?

HERE IS STORY ABOUT ZHANNA.

ONCE UPON A TIME I DO NOT LIKE YOU.

THE END.



YOU SAID SHE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD WE WERE SAYING!

YES. I MEANT THAT I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD YOU WERE SAYING.



A group of people are inside a submarine, looking out at an underwater environment with green plants and bubbles. The scene is lit with a blue-green hue.

WHAT DO YOU GUYS KNOW ABOUT NEW ZEALAND?

THAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO TELL US ABOUT IT AT LENGTH.

A close-up view of several people inside the submarine, looking towards the right. The background shows the interior of the vessel and the underwater environment.

A LOT OF PEOPLE CONFUSE IT WITH AUSTRALIA. BUT NEW ZEALAND WAS REALLY THE OPPOSITE.

ARTISTS. INTELLECTUALS. SCIENTISTS.

ALL THEY WANTED WAS TO BE LEFT ALONE.

FORTY YEARS AGO THEY GOT THEIR WISH.



THEY BUILT A GIANT  
GLASS DOME OVER THE  
WHOLE COUNTRY AND  
SUNK IT TO THE BOTTOM  
OF THE OCEAN.

THEY LIVED DOWN  
HERE FOR YEARS.

IT MUST HAVE  
BEEN A UTOPIA.  
A PARADISE UNDER  
THE SEA.

BUT  
SOMETHING  
HAPPENED.





THAT'S WHERE  
MY REAL PARENTS ARE?  
THE LOST BLOODY LAND  
OF NEW ZEALAND?

ACCORDING TO  
THE ADMINISTRATOR,  
YES.




ALONG WITH  
THE LAST CACHE OF  
AUSTRALIUM.

LOOK ALIVE,  
EVERYBODY.  
WE'RE HERE.

**B-DEEP**

**CROOOOOM**



SO HELP ME  
GOD, IF YOU AND  
THAT OLD DEVIL  
ARE MAKIN' THIS  
UP, I'LL...

I'LL...

THAT'S WHERE  
MY REAL PARENTS ARE?  
THE LOST BLOODY LAND  
OF NEW ZEALAND?

ACCORDING TO  
THE ADMINISTRATOR,  
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UP, I'LL...

I'LL...



A comic book illustration of a bearded man with long white hair and a blue headband, wearing a blue robe with purple trim. He stands in a cave with two glowing yellow torches on the walls. He has his arms outstretched in a welcoming gesture. Two speech bubbles are positioned above him, one containing the text 'WELCOME TO NEW ZEALAND, SON.' and the other 'WELCOME HOME.'

WELCOME TO NEW  
ZEALAND, SON.

WELCOME HOME.

A man with a long grey beard and a blue headband, wearing a blue robe with yellow stripes on the sleeves. He has a stern, angry expression and his arms are outstretched. The background is a dark blue gradient.

**MINISTERS!**

**A DECADE  
AGO I WARNED YOU  
A DISASTER WAS  
COMING!**

**I WARNED YOU WE  
MUST MOVE OUR NATION  
BENEATH THE SEA!**

**AND YOU  
WOULD NOT  
LISTEN!**



WE DID LISTEN!

WE'RE UNDERWATER RIGHT NOW!

WE DID EVERYTHING YOU TOLD US TO! AND NOTHING HAPPENED!

OF COURSE NOT!  
THE POINT IS, I WAS RIGHT THEN AND I AM RIGHT NOW!

AND I AM TELLING YOU WE NEED TO GET THIS STINKING COUNTRY OUT OF THE OCEAN AND INTO SPACE!

WE DID LISTEN!

WE'RE UNDERWATER RIGHT NOW!

WE DID EVERYTHING YOU TOLD US TO! AND NOTHING HAPPENED!

BILL-BEL, WE WOULD LIKE NOTHING MORE THAN TO STOP LIVING IN A FRAGILE GLASS DOME AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN!

WE ALL HATE LIVING UNDERWATER! IT IS THE WORST!

BUT YOU EXHAUSTED ALL OF OUR RESOURCES GETTING US HERE!

WE'RE BROKE!

OF COURSE NOT! THE POINT IS, I WAS RIGHT THEN AND I AM RIGHT NOW!

AND I AM TELLING YOU WE NEED TO GET THIS STINKING COUNTRY OUT OF THE OCEAN AND INTO SPACE!

GET OUT!





WE DID LISTEN!

WE'RE UNDERWATER RIGHT NOW!

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WE'RE BROKE!

GET OUT!



NEW ZEALAND.

MANY YEARS AGO.

NO MONEY... BAH!

HAVE TO HAVE MONEY SOMEWHERE...

MY CALCULATIONS PROVE IT!

BILL-BEL!  
HUSBAND,  
WHAT DID  
THEY SAY?

THEY TOLD ME  
THEY'D *SPENT ALL*  
OF *THEIR MONEY*  
ALREADY!

*WHAT?* DID YOU  
SHOW THEM YOUR  
CALCULATIONS PROVING  
HOW MUCH MONEY  
THEY HAVE?

I DIDN'T  
HAVE THE  
CHANCE!

*WHAT?*

THEY ALSO SAID  
THEY *HATED* LIVING  
IN THE DOME!

DID YOU TELL THEM  
THAT *EVERYBODY* LOVES  
LIVING IN THE DOME?

I *TRIED!*  
THEY KICKED  
ME OUT!



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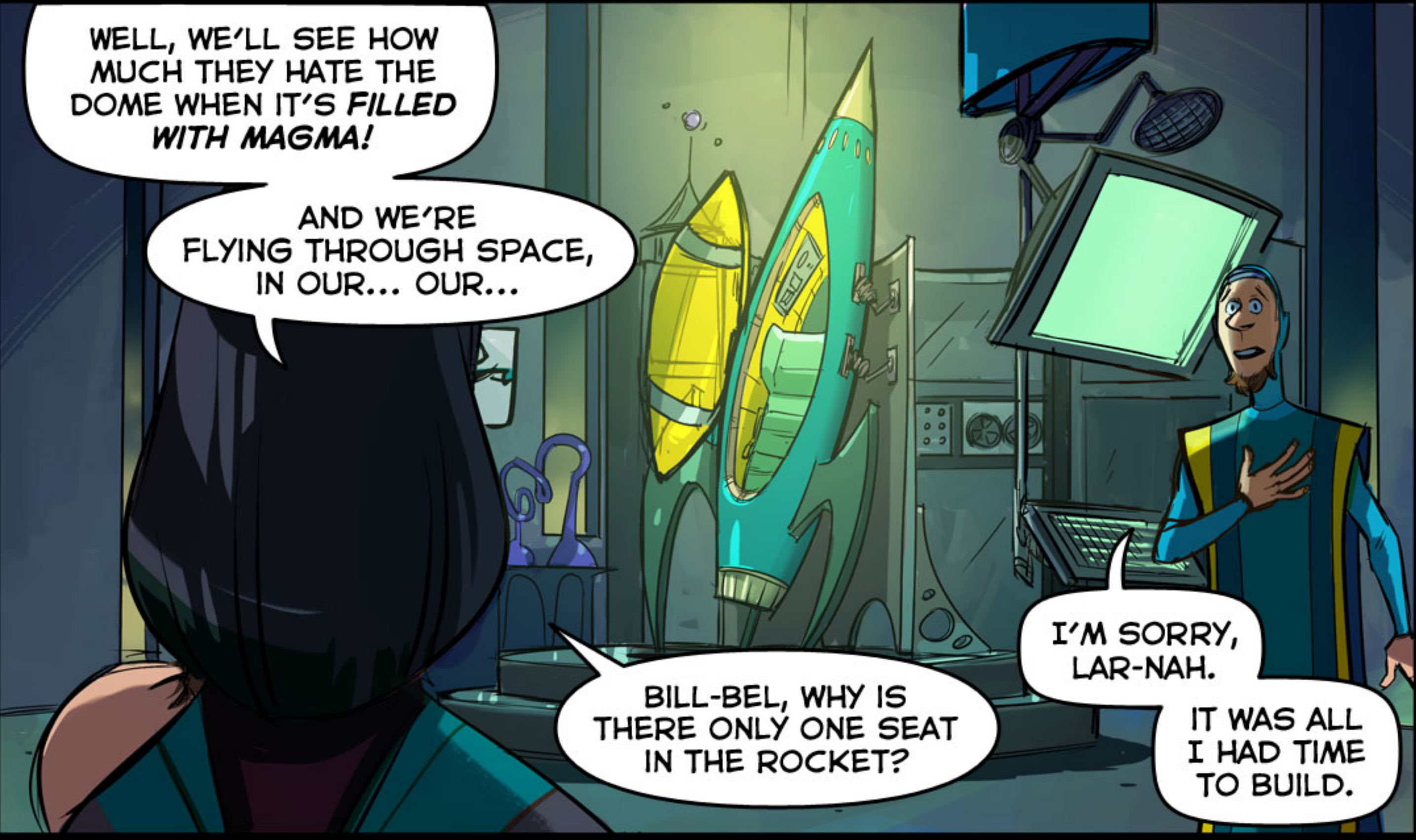
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THEY KICKED  
ME OUT!



WELL, WE'LL SEE HOW  
MUCH THEY HATE THE  
DOME WHEN IT'S FILLED  
WITH MAGMA!

AND WE'RE  
FLYING THROUGH SPACE,  
IN OUR... OUR...

BILL-BEL, WHY IS  
THERE ONLY ONE SEAT  
IN THE ROCKET?

I'M SORRY,  
LAR-NAH.

IT WAS ALL  
I HAD TIME  
TO BUILD.



OH,  
BILL-BEL...

WE CAN'T SAVE  
OUR PEOPLE, DEAR  
WIFE. BUT WE CAN AT  
LEAST SAVE OUR  
FUTURE.

GIVE ME  
LITTLE  
MUN-DEE.



BILL-BEL!  
HUSBAND,  
WHAT DID  
THEY SAY?

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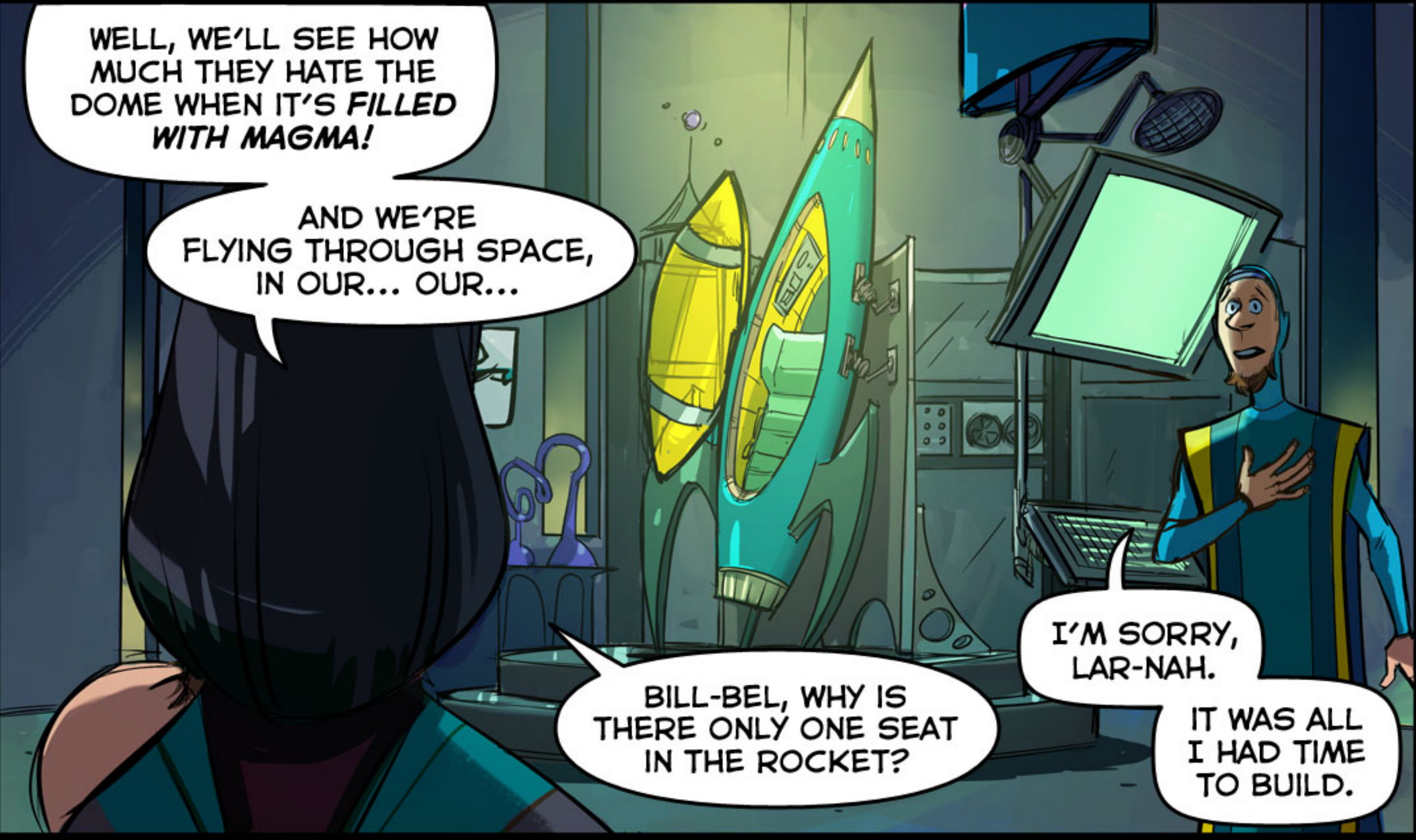
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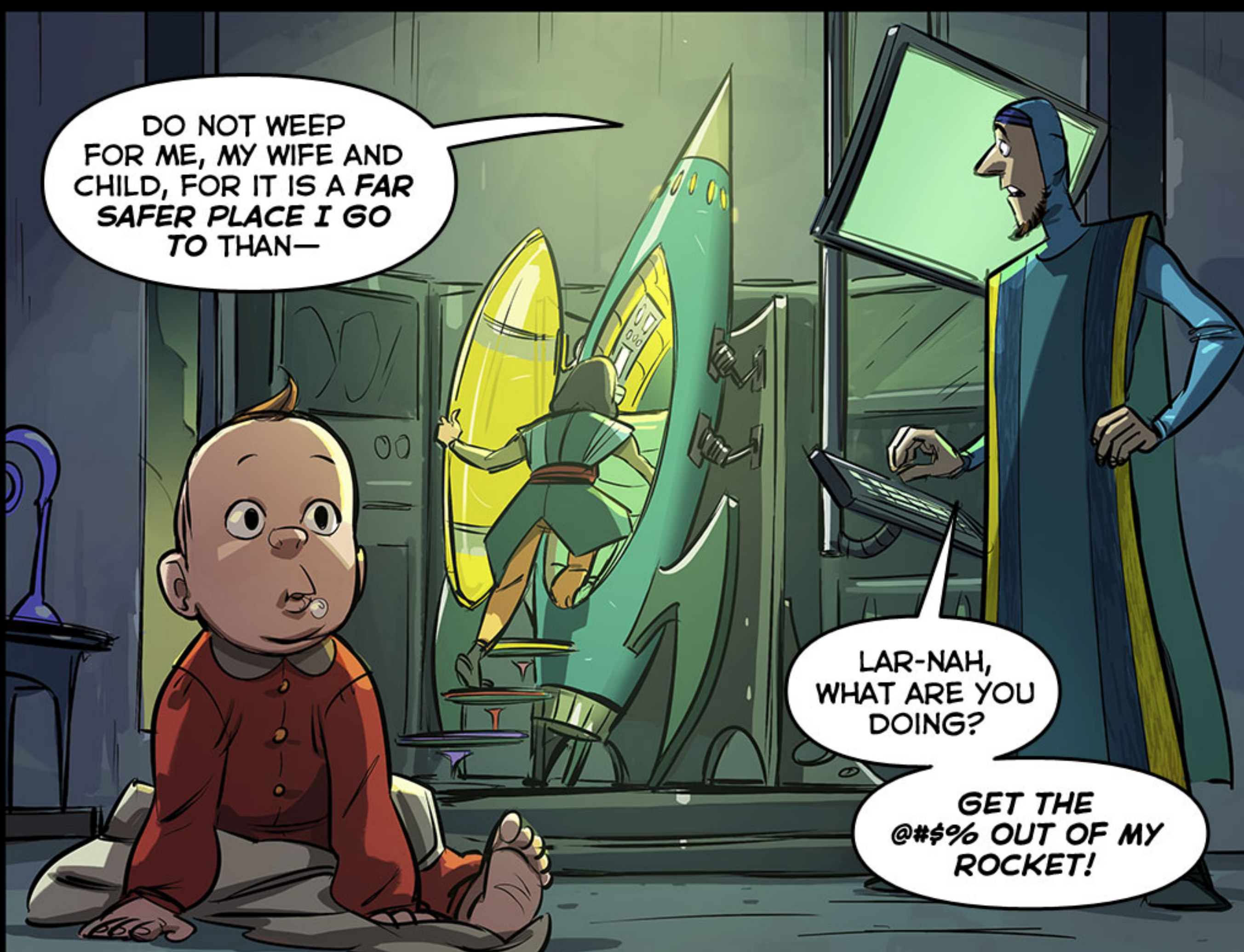
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LEAST SAVE OUR  
FUTURE.

GIVE ME  
LITTLE  
MUN-DEE.



I WANT TO EMBRACE HIM  
ONE LAST TIME BEFORE  
I FLY TO SAFETY IN  
THIS ROCKET.

I'M SURE YOU'LL  
AGREE IT'S ONLY FAIR  
THAT THE PERSON WHO  
DISCOVERED THE DANGER  
SHOULD BE THE ONE TO  
ESCAPE FROM IT.



DO NOT WEEP FOR ME, MY WIFE AND CHILD, FOR IT IS A FAR SAFER PLACE I GO TO THAN—

LAR-NAH, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

GET THE @#\$% OUT OF MY ROCKET!



I PAID FOR THIS TINY PIECE OF CRAP! I'M THE ONLY ONE OF US WITH A JOB!

THERE WAS NOTHING KEEPING YOU AND THE BABY FROM BUILDING YOUR OWN SPACESHIPS!



ENF

RFF



THE SHIP! IT'S STARTING!

WHAT?

MUN-DEE! THAT'S MOMMY'S SHIP! GET OUT OF THERE THIS INSTANT!

BUT BABY MUN-DEE DOES  
NOT SPEAK ENGLISH!

THE ROCKET *BLASTS OFF*,  
SMASHING THROUGH NEW  
ZEALAND'S PROTECTIVE  
DOME, UP INTO *THE STARS!*



BUT BABY MUN-DEE DOES NOT SPEAK ENGLISH!

THE ROCKET *BLASTS OFF*, SMASHING THROUGH NEW ZEALAND'S PROTECTIVE DOME, UP INTO *THE STARS*!

DUE TO FAULTY CONSTRUCTION, HOWEVER, IT MAKES IT *NOWHERE NEAR THE STARS*!

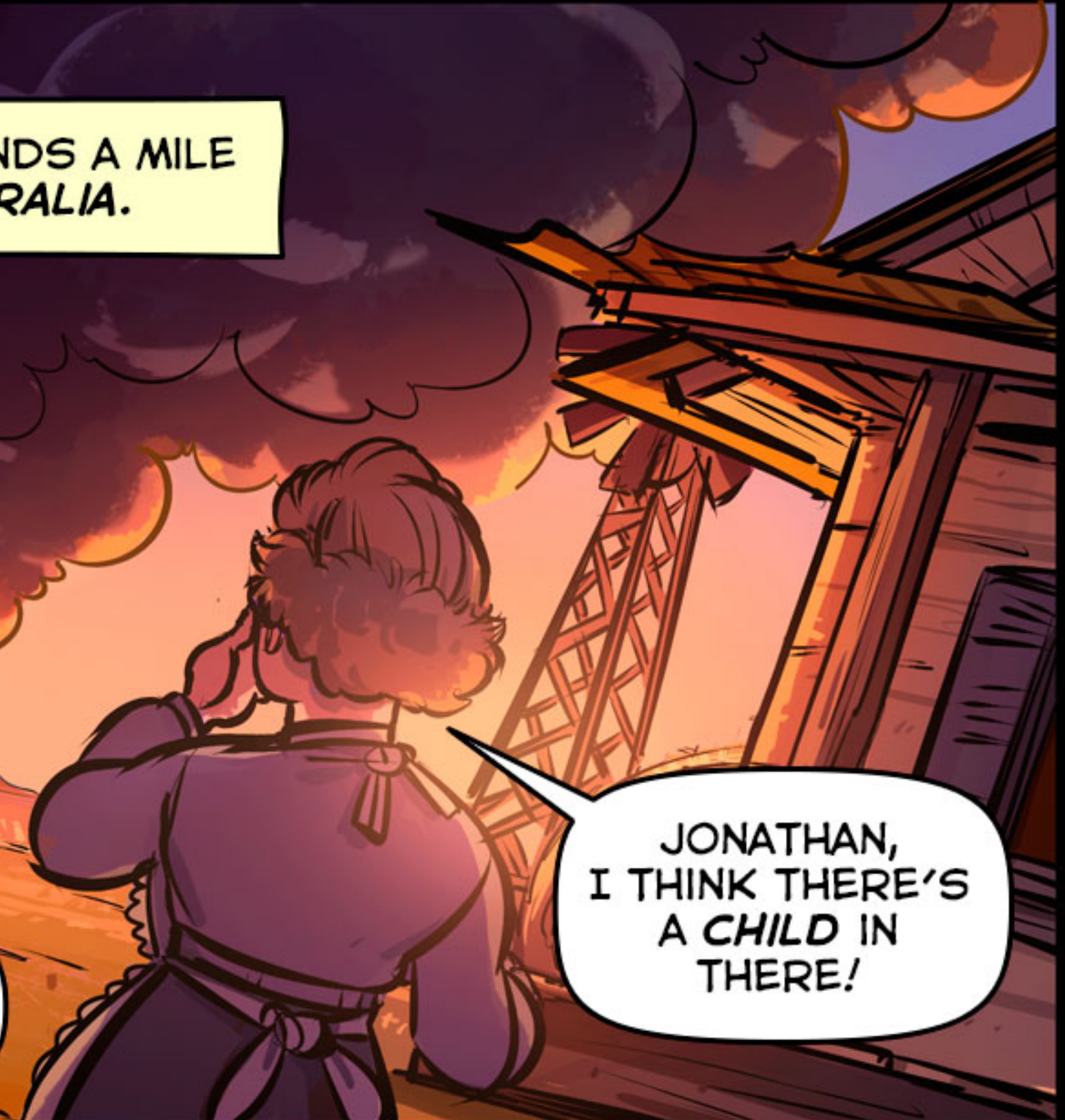


IT INSTEAD LANDS A MILE AWAY, IN *AUSTRALIA*.

OUR PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED!

A ROCKET OF OUR VERY OWN!

JONATHAN, I THINK THERE'S A *CHILD* IN THERE!



BUT BABY MUN-DEE DOES NOT SPEAK ENGLISH!

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GREAT. YOUR STUPID ROCKET BROKE THE DOME.

NOW WE WON'T EVEN LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SEE YOUR PROPHECY COME TRUE.

WELL, AT LEAST WE CAN TAKE *SOME* COMFORT.

THERE MAY BE NO FUTURE FOR *US*...

OR FOR *NEW ZEALAND*...

BUT LITTLE MUN-DEE WILL HAVE A FUTURE FOR *HIMSELF*.



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BUT LITTLE MUN-DEE WILL HAVE A FUTURE FOR *HIMSELF*.

HMM.

NO, I KNOW.

I'M NOT COMFORTED EITHER.



...AND THANKS TO YOUR FATHER, EVERYONE IN NEW ZEALAND **DROWNED**, AND WE'VE BEEN STUCK IN THIS SEALED LAB EVER SINCE.

WHERE YOUR MOTHER HAS BEEN TRYING TO DROWN **HERSELF**, ONE BOTTLE OF WINE AT A TIME.

BILL-BEL, WHEN THIS WINE RUNS OUT I AM GOING TO SHOOT YOU AND THEN KILL MYSELF.

YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD BE NICE, LAR-NAH? TO GET THROUGH **ONE DAY** WITHOUT YOU PROPOSING A MURDER-SUICIDE.

...AND THANKS TO YOUR FATHER, EVERYONE IN NEW ZEALAND DROWNED, AND WE'VE BEEN STUCK IN THIS SEALED LAB EVER SINCE.

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YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD BE NICE, LAR-NAH? TO GET THROUGH ONE DAY WITHOUT YOU PROPOSING A MURDER-SUICIDE.

AUSTR-  
UM. HI. IF I COULD BUTT IN FOR JUST A SECOND HERE...

DID EITHER OF YOU NOTICE A BIG PILE OF YELLOW ROCKS AROUND HERE?

THEY'RE, UM, WORTHLESS, PRETTY MUCH. BUT MY EMPLOYER HAS A CRAZY FONDNESS —



HA HA!

MY GOOD WOMAN,  
I'M A *SCIENTIST!* YOU  
CAN'T FOOL ME. I KNOW  
THE TRUE VALUE OF  
THAT METAL.



DANG.

I FORGOT  
YOU WERE A  
SCIENTIST.

SO YOU PROBABLY  
ALREADY FIGURED OUT IT  
WORKS AS A NUCLEAR  
SUPERFUEL.

WHICH MEANS YOU *ALSO* PUT  
TOGETHER THAT IT CAN HYPER-EXTEND  
THE HUMAN LIFESPAN.



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TOGETHER THAT IT CAN HYPER-EXTEND  
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EXACTLY. THAT'S  
EXACTLY PRECISELY  
WHAT I WAS—

HE HAD NO IDEA.

YOU WANNA SEE  
WHAT THE GENIUS  
DID WITH IT?

YOU USED IT  
TO PAINT YOUR  
SPACESHIP?

HARDLY. THIS  
REPRESENTS A  
FRACTION OF THE  
AUSTRALIUM.

OH THANK  
GOD.

I USED MOST  
OF IT TO PAINT THE *PROTOTYPE*  
SPACESHIPS.

WHERE—?

THEY  
EXPLODED.





YOU USED IT TO PAINT YOUR SPACESHIP?

HARDLY. THIS REPRESENTS A FRACTION OF THE AUSTRALIUM.

OH THANK GOD.

I USED MOST OF IT TO PAINT THE *PROTOTYPE* SPACESHIPS.

WHERE—?

THEY EXPLODED.



YOU...

YOU...

YOU...



HERE. THIS HELPS.



HOLD ON, I JUST REALIZED...

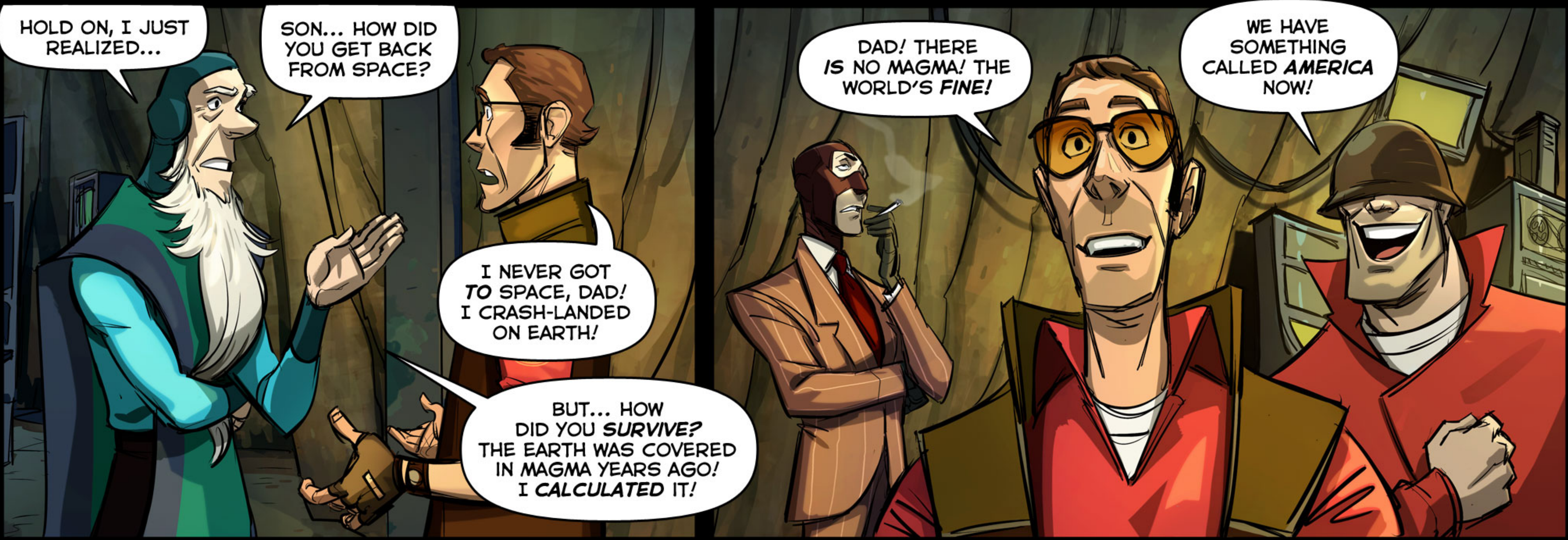
SON... HOW DID YOU GET BACK FROM SPACE?

I NEVER GOT TO SPACE, DAD! I CRASH-LANDED ON EARTH!

BUT... HOW DID YOU SURVIVE? THE EARTH WAS COVERED IN MAGMA YEARS AGO! I CALCULATED IT!

DAD! THERE IS NO MAGMA! THE WORLD'S FINE!

WE HAVE SOMETHING CALLED AMERICA NOW!



HOLD ON, I JUST REALIZED...

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DAD! THERE IS NO MAGMA! THE WORLD'S FINE!

WE HAVE SOMETHING CALLED AMERICA NOW!

SO...

THE EARTH HASN'T BEEN DESTROYED. AND OUR SPACESHIP IS COVERED IN A PRICELESS METAL.

WHAT'S IMPORTANT IS THAT OUR STAR-CHILD HAS RETURNED! FROM THE FARTHEST REACHES OF SPACE!

SON, I WANT YOU TO LISTEN TO ME.

LAR-NAH! THAT'S ALL JUST CONJECTURE!

THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN WAITING TO ASK YOU FOR A LONG TIME.

HOLD ON, I JUST REALIZED...

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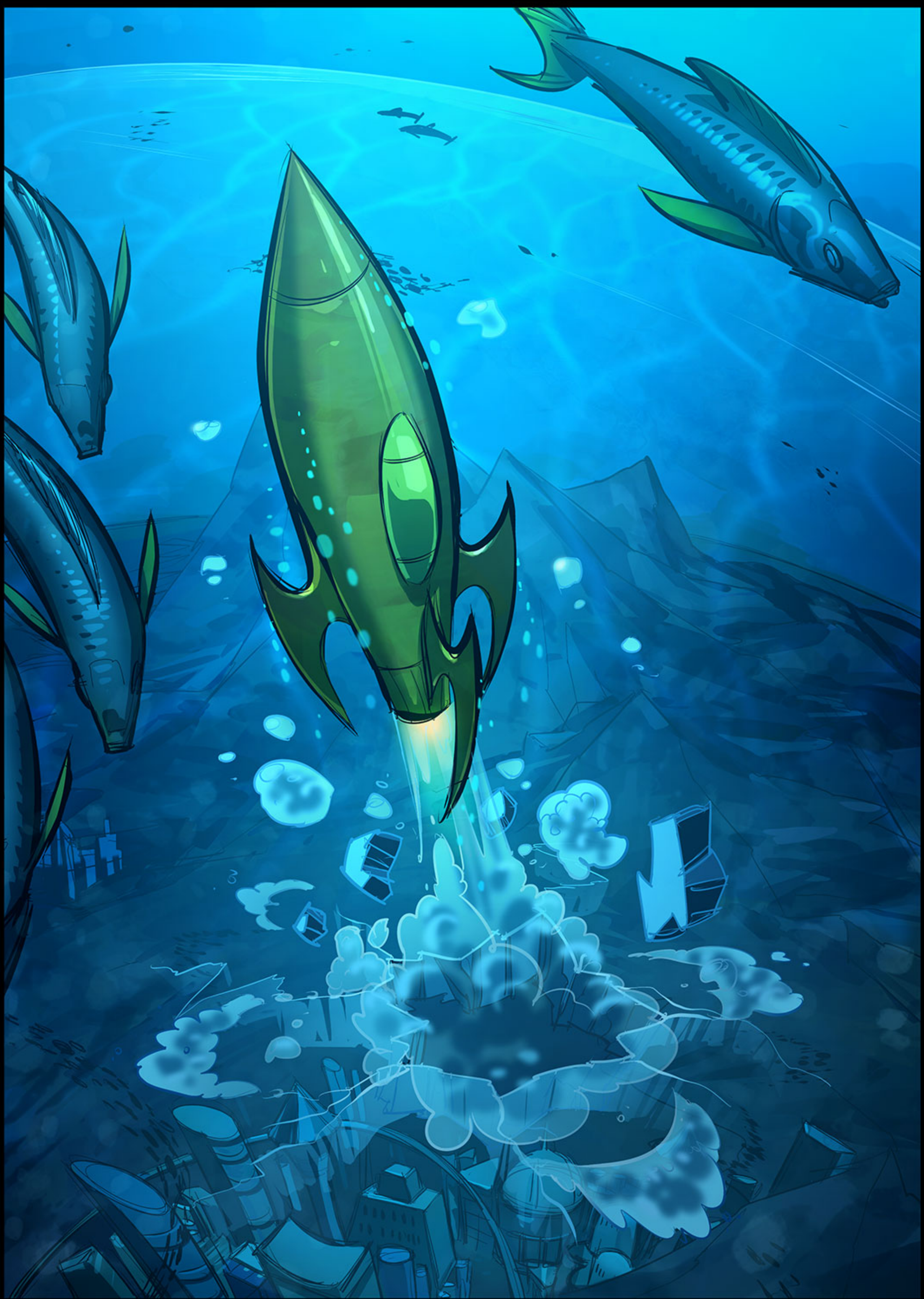
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THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN WAITING TO ASK YOU FOR A LONG TIME.

DO YOU... HAVE ANY MONEY.

LAR-NAH! THAT'S ALL JUST CONJECTURE!





**MOM!**

NO NO NO  
**NO NO NO!**

YOUR MOTHER  
JUST STOLE THE  
LAST AUSTRALIUM  
ON EARTH!

UNLESS...





**MOM!**

**NO NO NO  
NO NO NO!**

YOUR MOTHER  
JUST STOLE THE  
LAST AUSTRALIUM  
ON EARTH!

UNLESS...



\*HFF\*

\*HFF\*

\*HFF\*



WE NEED TO LEAVE  
RIGHT NOW.

WAITWAITWAIT!  
SNIPER'S FATHER  
COULDN'T GET HIS  
ROCKET INTO ORBIT  
THE FIRST TIME,  
REMEMBER?

I NEED TO  
FIND OUT WHERE  
SHE LANDS!

WE CAN  
STILL SALVAGE  
THE MISSION!  
WE CAN—



OH NO.

"IT'S GONE."

"THE ONE THING SHE  
SENT US TO GET..."

"THE ADMINISTRATOR IS  
GOING TO *KILL* ME."





SHE WON'T GET THE CHANCE UNLESS WE HURRY.

GUYS! GET TO THE SUB!



WAIT! WHERE'S MY DAD?

HE MUST BE BACK AT THE LAB!

SNIPER, DON'T! IF YOU GO BACK, YOU'LL DIE!



SHE WON'T GET THE CHANCE UNLESS WE HURRY.

GUYS! GET TO THE SUB!



IT DON'T MATTER.

HE'S MY DAD.



WAIT! WHERE'S MY DAD?

HE MUST BE BACK AT THE LAB!

SNIPER, DON'T! IF YOU GO BACK, YOU'LL DIE!

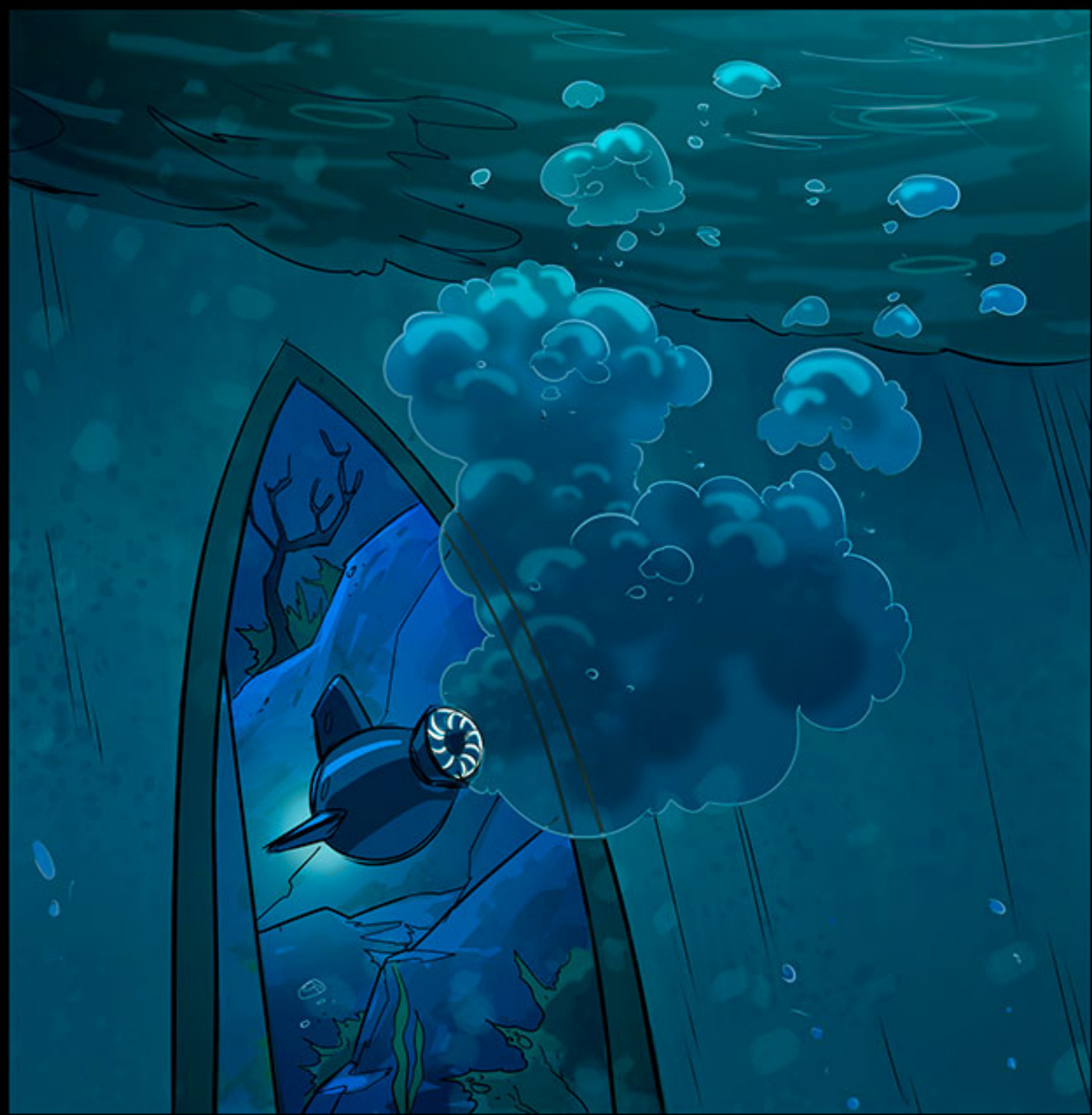


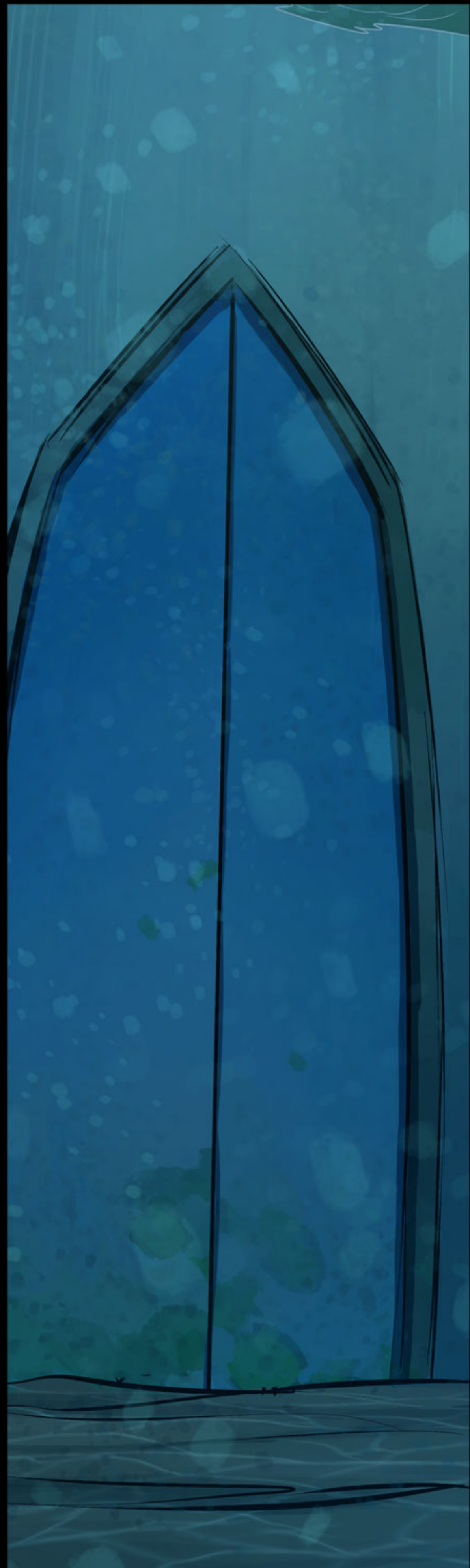
IF I'M NOT BACK IN—

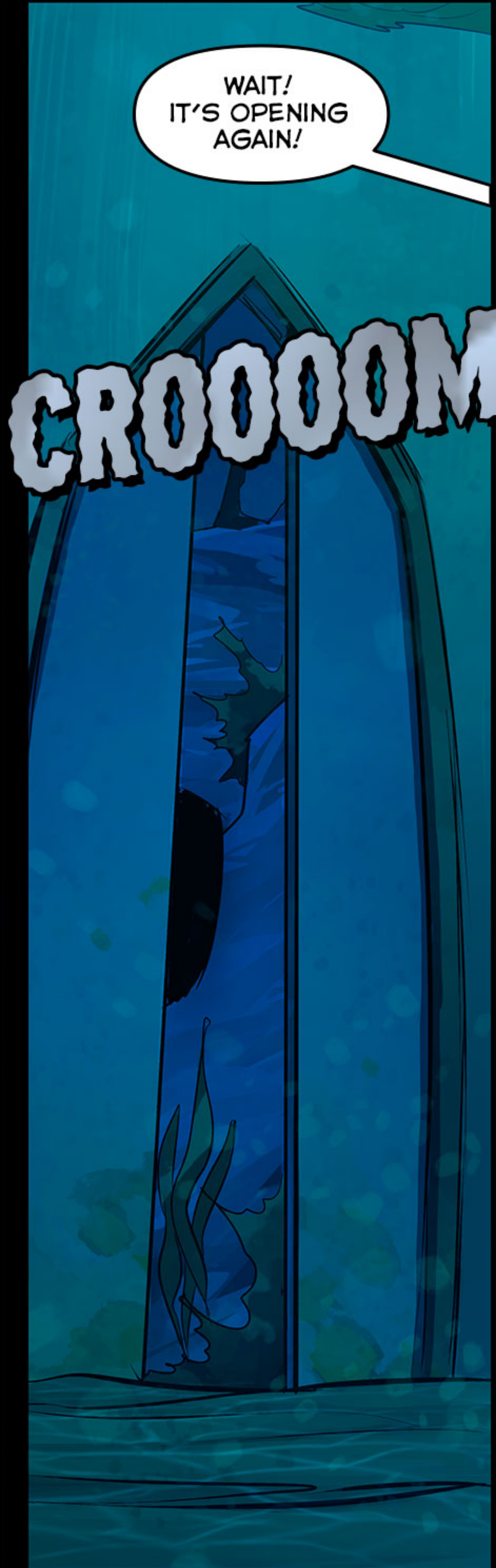
THERE HE IS.

OVER THERE. BY OUR SUBMARINE.

NOW HE IS *IN* OUR SUBMARINE.







WAIT!  
IT'S OPENING  
AGAIN!

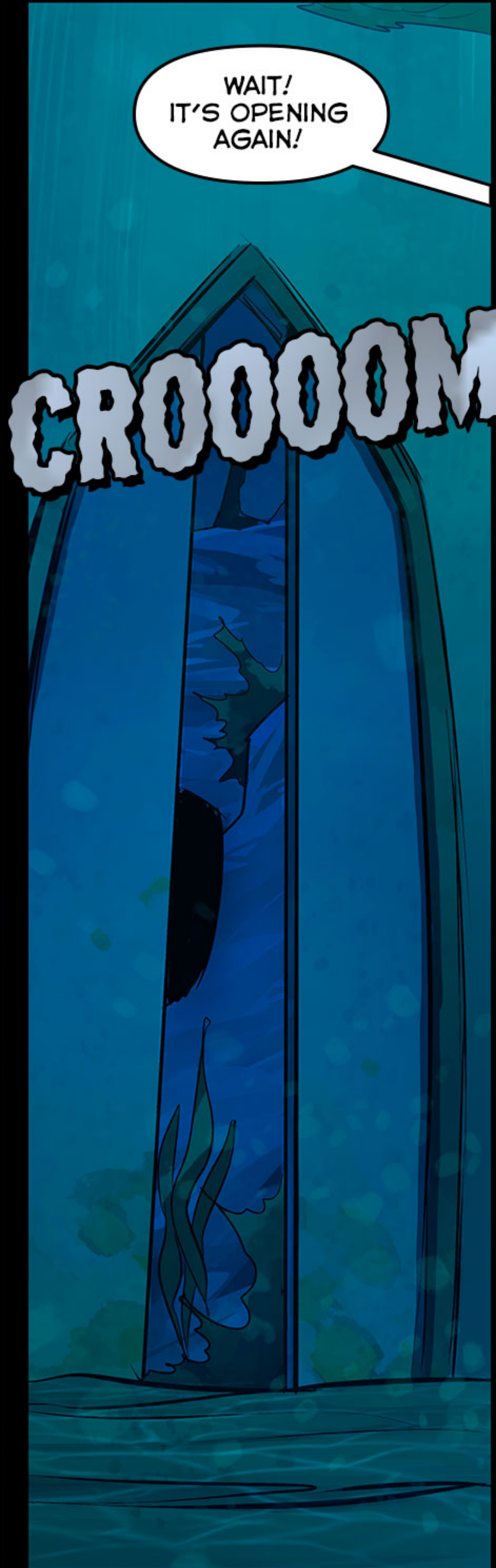


HE CAME  
BACK.

HE CAME  
BACK!



AW,  
HELL.



WAIT!  
IT'S OPENING  
AGAIN!







I HOPE THE REST OF YOU REJECTS DON'T DIE THAT EASY.

'CAUSE WE GOT SOME QUESTIONS THAT NEED ANSWERS.

SO...



WHO WANTS TO GO FIRST?

**TO BE CONTINUED**