

MQ-1C PREDATOR DRONE.

**THREE MILES ABOVE
SEA LEVEL.**

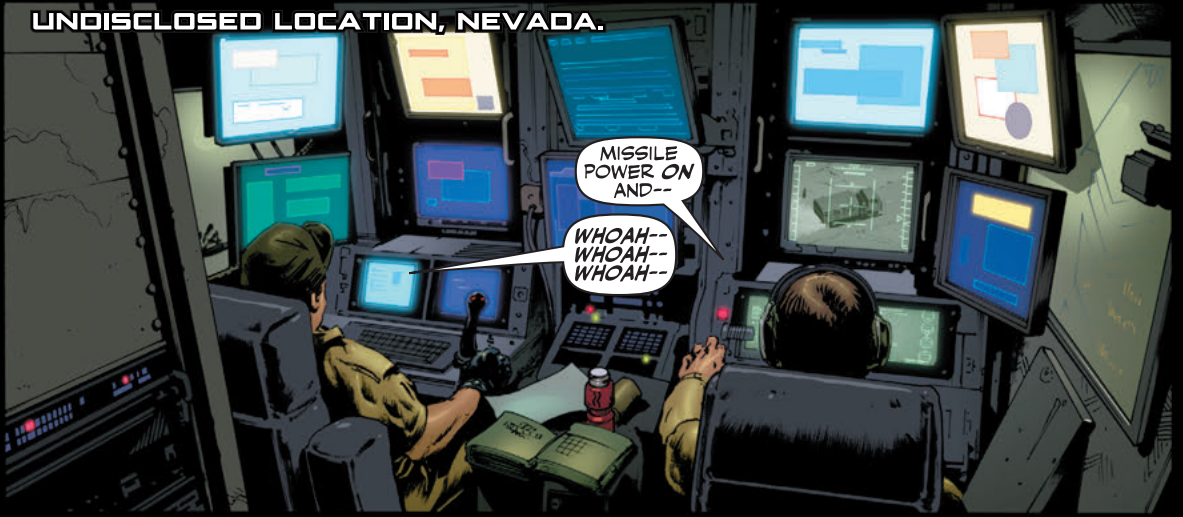
AFGHANISTAN.



"WE HAVE CONFIRMATION THAT ABU-ZABED
IS IN THE LIGHT TRUCK. YOU HAVE THE
GREEN LIGHT, CAPTAIN LOWE."

"COPY THAT, OPERATOR.
EYES ON TARGET--"

UNDISCLOSED LOCATION, NEVADA.

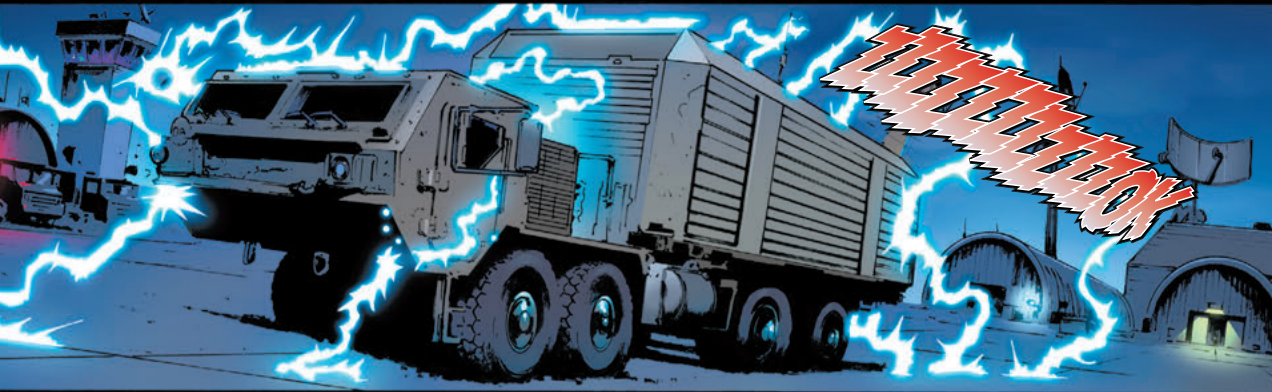
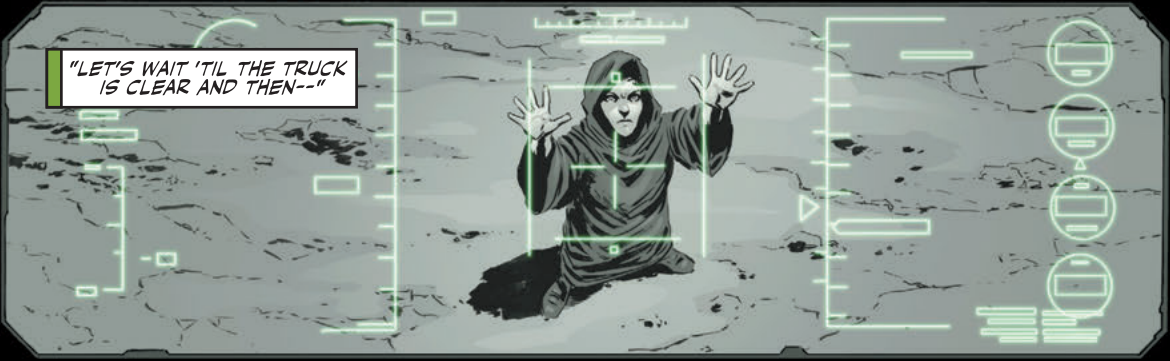


"MISSILE
POWER ON
AND--"

"WHOA--
WHOA--
WHOA--"

"IS THAT A KID STANDING
IN THE ROAD?!"





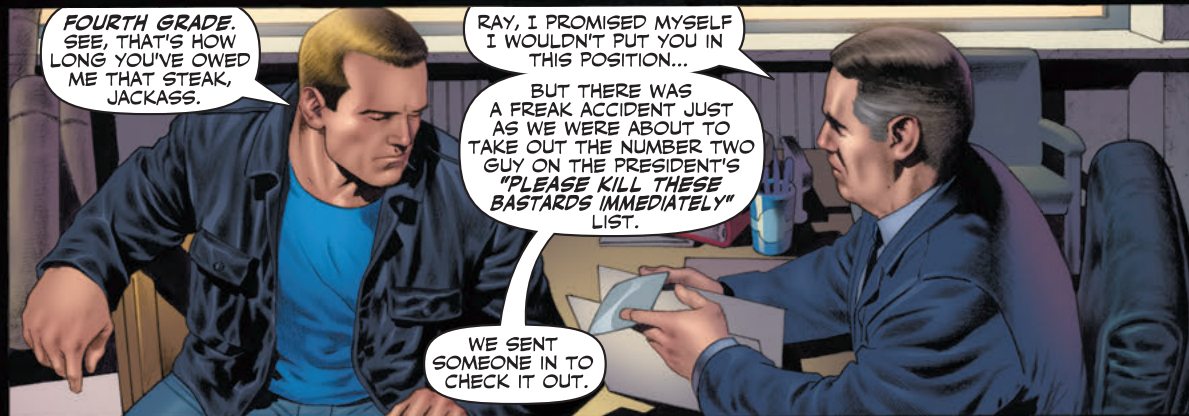


AND YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHY.

NOW ARE WE GONNA GO HAVE THAT PORTERHOUSE YOU PROMISED, OR DO I HAVE TO BEAT YOU TO DEATH WITH THE STUMP OF YOUR OWN ARM?



HOW ARE ASHLEY AND JOHN, ANYWAY? WHAT'S JOHN IN? THIRD...?



FOURTH GRADE. SEE, THAT'S HOW LONG YOU'VE OWED ME THAT STEAK, JACKASS.

RAY, I PROMISED MYSELF I WOULDN'T PUT YOU IN THIS POSITION...

BUT THERE WAS A FREAK ACCIDENT JUST AS WE WERE ABOUT TO TAKE OUT THE NUMBER TWO GUY ON THE PRESIDENT'S "PLEASE KILL THESE BASTARDS IMMEDIATELY" LIST.

WE SENT SOMEONE IN TO CHECK IT OUT.



IT WAS APANEWICZ, RAY.

AND OUR EMBASSY JUST GOT A MESSAGE. THEY'RE THREATENING TO CHOP OFF HIS HEAD, LIVE ON THE GODDAMNED INTERNET, IN 12 HOURS.



WE NEED SOMEONE WITH YOUR UNIQUE ABILITIES, RAY.

APANEWICZ NEEDS YOU.

ONE HOUR LATER

IT'S APANEWICZ, ASHLEY. I'D STILL BE A P.O.W. IF IT WEREN'T FOR HIM.

BUT, RAY... YOU PROMISED.

AND I'M KEEPING THAT PROMISE TO YOU NOW. I WON'T BE ANYWHERE NEAR THE FIELD. IT'S JUST RECON WORK.

I CAN'T LET HIM DIE LIKE THAT.

DAD, YOU'LL BE BACK IN TIME FOR THE FALL FESTIVAL, RIGHT? YOU SAID YOU'D VOLUNTEER FOR THE DUNK TANK!

NOWHERE NEAR THE FIELD, RAY?

CROSS MY HEART.

AFGHANISTAN.



YOU STILL OWE
ME THAT *STEAK*,
HUTCH.



GET APANEWICZ
OUT ALIVE AND I'LL
THROW IN A SHRIMP
COCKTAIL.

