

TO: Brigadier General NAME REDACTED

After more than a year of gang warfare at an all time low, violence has erupted on the streets of Los Angeles. But this time it is different.

Destiny Ajaye, a 17-year-old resident of a six-block radius of South Central known as "Crossroads" has emerged from the shadows as the Commander-in-Chief of the recently unified gang populous. This petite, powerful, and brilliant young woman has somehow managed to unite all of the city's disparate factions into one army focused on one common enemy: the Los Angeles Police Department.

The "message" Destiny sends to the Police falls on deaf ears with the exception of Det. Reginald Grey. A cop by definition, an analyst by nature, Grey has spent the better part of a decade nurturing a theory to which only he subscribes. He hypothesizes that one enigmatic individual has been pulling the strings of the LA gangs to serve "his" bidding and build towards one possible outcome. War.

Saratoga County
Juvenile Correctional Facility

He calls this person "Suspect Zero" and when the faceless, sexless description of Destiny crosses his desk, Grey knows his "man" has finally made his move.

With an unexplainable, God-given talent for military strategy, Destiny uses her tactical genius to lead her newly trained army of gangbangers to a small victory over the 40 unsuspecting police officers sent in to investigate a cop killing.

While chaos takes hold at Police Headquarters, Destiny and her men lick their wounds and prepare for the coming onslaught...

FROM: Agent NAME REDACTED



BT JACKED THIS BOOK FROM THE LIBRARY ONCE BY THIS DUDE, SUN TZU.

OL' MAN SAID IF YOU KNOW YOURSELF AND YOU KNOW YOUR ENEMY YOU NEED NOT FEAR BATTLE.

IN OTHER WORDS, THROUGH PREPARATION LOSSES CAN BE REDUCED TO ACCEPTABLE LEVELS.

BUT THE TRICK AIN'T DECIDING WHAT'S ACCEPTABLE...IT'S NOT GIVING A FUCK WHAT YOU LOSE.

NO...NO...
NO!



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Letters by: Troy Peteri*

RESPECT YOUR WEAPON, JAMAL. LAST THING YOU NEED IS SOME DIRTY SHIT BLOWIN' UP IN YOUR FACE.

DESTINY, WHAT'S THE PLAN? WHAT WE DOIN' JUST SITTIN' 'ROUND?



WHILE WE HERE ON OUR ASSES THE COPS ARE GETTIN' THEIR SHIT TOGETHER.

NO ONE IS JUST SITTIN' 'ROUND. THIS IS A MARATHON, NOT A SPRINT. I NEED EVERYONE FRESH AND FROSTY. THIS MIGHT BE THE ONLY BREATH THEY HAVE FOR A WHILE.

THEY GONNA COME BACK HARD. WHO KNOWS WHAT THE PO-PO GOT PLANNED.

I DO.

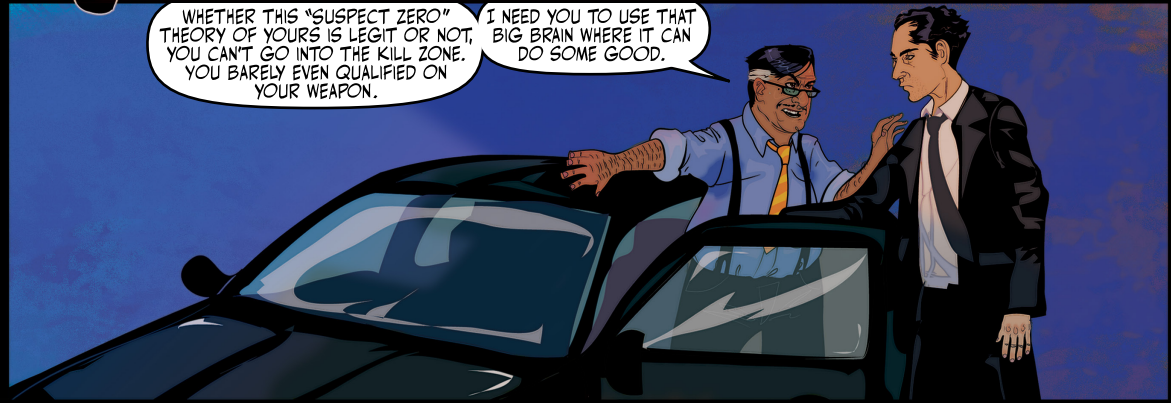




GREY!
GODDAMN IT--
GREY!

WHETHER THIS "SUSPECT ZERO"
THEORY OF YOURS IS LEGIT OR NOT,
YOU CAN'T GO INTO THE KILL ZONE.
YOU BARELY EVEN QUALIFIED ON
YOUR WEAPON.

I NEED YOU TO USE THAT
BIG BRAIN WHERE IT CAN
DO SOME GOOD.



WHAT DO
YOU THINK I'M DOING?
YOU'RE NOT GONNA WIN
THIS-- NO ONE'S GONNA
WIN THIS-- UNLESS WE KNOW
EXACTLY WHAT AND WHO
WE'RE DEALING
WITH.



I HAVE SPENT THE
SHITTIER PART OF THE
LAST FIVE YEARS
BUILDING A CASE ON
THIS GUY.

WE NEED
INFORMATION.
WHO'S GONNA
GET IT FOR US?
THESE GUYS?



LET ME DO
WHAT I DO,
LOU.
PLEASE.



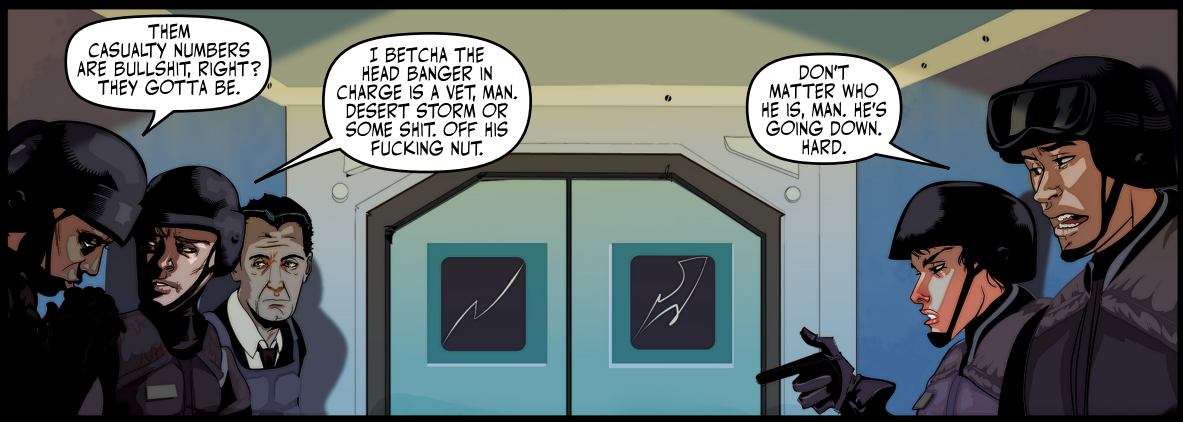
IF YOU'VE GOTTA GO, GO HEAVY. RIDE IN WITH SWAT, AND BRING ME BACK SOMETHING I CAN USE.

THANKS, CAP.



DON'T LET THIS ONE DO ANYTHING STUPID, SERGEANT.

STUPID HAPPENS, SIR. BUT HE WON'T GET HOLEY.




THEM CASUALTY NUMBERS ARE BULLSHIT, RIGHT? THEY GOTTA BE.

I BETCHA THE HEAD BANGER IN CHARGE IS A VET, MAN. DESERT STORM OR SOME SHIT. OFF HIS FUCKING NUT.

DON'T MATTER WHO HE IS, MAN. HE'S GOING DOWN. HARD.



 BRAVADO ACCOMPLISHES ONE OF TWO GOALS: PUMPS UP THE WEAK OR SHOWS THE FEAR OF THE STRONG.

FOR THEIR SAKE I HOPE MY "SUSPECT ZERO" THEORY IS WRONG. IF NOT, THEY'RE ALL DEAD.