


WHEN HUMANITY VENTURED INTO SPACE USING THE MASS RELAYS, IT NEVER OCCURRED TO ANYONE TO ASK PERMISSION.

NOW, ON SHANDI, EARTH'S COLONISTS HAVE PAID THE PRICE FOR THEIR PRESUMPTION.



WITH THE HUMAN MILITARY RETREATING, THE ALIEN TURIANS WORK TO EXPEL ANY TRACE OF THE TRESPASSERS--



FOUR INSIDE, THREE BEHIND.

BUILDING'S YOURS, HISLOP. WE'RE ON THE STRAGGLERS.

-- UNAWARE THAT NOT ALL OF HUMANITY'S DEFENDERS WEAR UNIFORMS...



KRA-KOOOM!







UNNNHHH!



STINKIN' VULTURES! NOT ENOUGH THAT YOU BOMB INNOCENT COLONISTS - YOU'VE GOT TO PICK THROUGH THE RUINS!



STAND DOWN, BEN. I CAN'T INTERROGATE HIM IF HE'S DEAD. INTEL FIRST!

SORRY, JACK. IT'S JUST SEEMIN' OUR SETTLEMENTS UP CLOSE - MY BROTHER WAS ONE OF THE PEOPLE THEY WIPED OUT!

AND THAT'S WHY YOU JOINED *THE CAUSE*. BUT WE'RE AFTER MORE THAN PAYBACK. YOU JUST WANT TO KILL TURRIANS, JOIN THE MILITARY!



AND SPEAKING OF OUR FRIENDS IN UNIFORM—PERFECT TIMING, AS USUAL.

RRMMMBLLL



SWEET RIDE.

WHICH ONE OF YOU *MERCS* IS JACK HARPER?

THE MAN WANTS TO SEE YOU AT HQ, NOW! YOU AND YOUR PRISONER RIDE IN THE BACK!



IS THIS SOME KIND OF COMMUNICATOR?

THAT WOULD BE NONE OF *YOUR* BUSINESS. I DOUBT YOU COULD FATHOM IT ANYWAY.

MERCENARIES, NOW? THINGS HAVE GONE BADLY FOR YOU, HUMAN.

SPECIALISTS—NOT THAT IT'S ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS.

YOU NEVER KNOW, TURIAN. WE MIGHT SURPRISE YOU...