

# CYBER FORCE

image

11 **TOP GUN**  
30



SIL  
VES  
TRI

BAT

# CYBER FORCE

CREATED BY  
Marc Silvestri



# SUPER S.H.O.C.S



I SEE, BUT I  
DON'T BELIEVE.

HARD ENOUGH TO ACCEPT  
THE FACT OF A MAN LIKE  
IMPACT, LITERALLY AS BIG  
AS A MACK TRUCK AND  
A WHOLE LOT MORE  
POWERFUL.

BUT THEN HE GOES  
INTO ACTION.

WITH A SINGLE PUNCH,  
HE CAN DEMOLISH A  
WALL, MAYBE EVEN AN  
ENTIRE BUILDING.

PROBLEM IS, THIS  
TIME HE'S ON THE  
RECEIVING END.

IM NOWHERE NEAR THE  
BATTLE, BUT HE'S HIT  
SO HARD THE GROUND  
BENEATH MY FEET  
TREMBLES. I CAN'T  
IMAGINE HOW HE CAN  
POSSIBLY SURVIVE.



I CAN'T IMAGINE HOW ANY OF THEM CAN.

BUT THEY'RE

**CYBER  
FORCE**

SURVIVAL'S ONE OF THE THINGS THEY DO BEST.

WINNING, THEY LIKE TO SAY, THEY DO EVEN BETTER.

I SURE HOPE SO.

BECAUSE RIGHT NOW THE ODDS AGAINST THEM SURE LOOK LOUSY.

THEY'RE DEFENDING AN UNDERGROUND COMMUNITY CALLED **EMPIRE CITY**, HIDDEN BENEATH THE ABANDONED WAREHOUSES OF THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD. THE ARMORED SKELS COME FROM A CORPORATE OUTFIT CALLED **CYBERDATA**.

THEY WANT CONTROL OF **EMPIRE CITY**, AND AFTER THAT, **NEW YORK ITSELF**.

I'M ONE OF THE **GOOD GUYS**, MYSELF. **DETECTIVE SECOND GRADE ALYSANDE MORALES**, **NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT**.

THIS IS MY CITY, TOO. I SHOULD BE FIGHTING FOR IT, RIGHT ALONGSIDE **CYBERFORCE**.

EXCEPT THAT I WOULDN'T LAST A **SECOND**.

BOTH SIDES HERE, THEY'VE GOT POWERS AND ABILITIES FAR BEYOND THOSE OF MORTAL FOLKS. ME, I'M ONLY **HUMAN**.



ONE BOON'S AFTER CYBLADE. BIG MISTAKE.

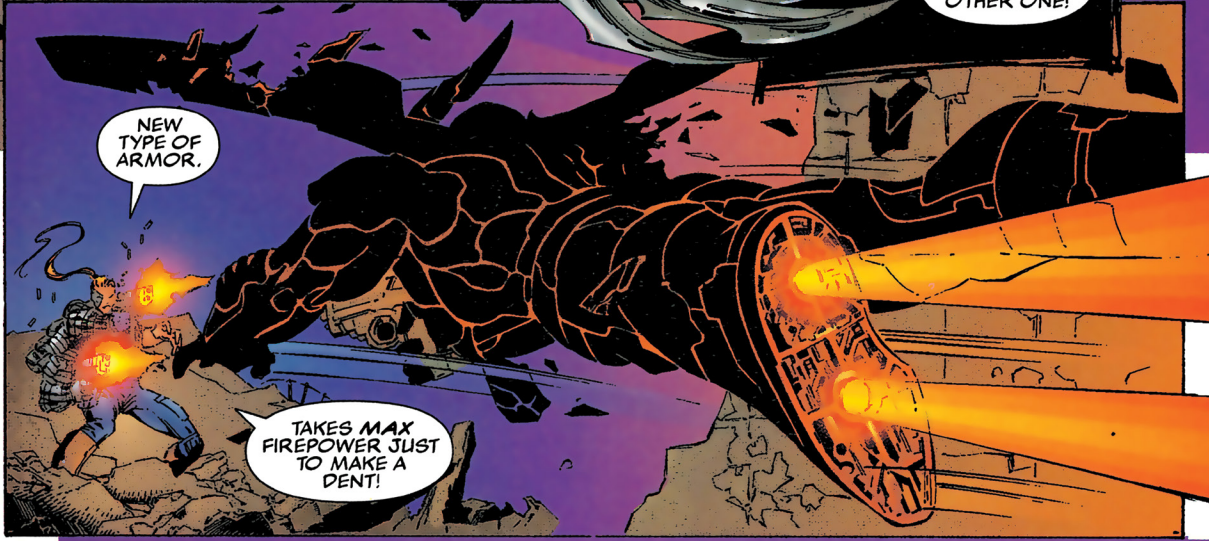
BUT FOR EACH OF CYBERFORCE'S NATURAL POWERS...

...THE CYBORGS HAVE A TECHNOLOGICAL RESPONSE.

CABLES-- ENTANGLING MY ARM!

RICLAW GETS IN HIS FACE.

CAN'T LET THEM BIND THE OTHER ONE!



NEW TYPE OF ARMOR.

TAKES MAX FIREPOWER JUST TO MAKE A DENT!



OW! LOOKS LIKE THEY GIVE AS GOOD AS THEY GET, TOO!

SOME KIND'A MICRO-PENETRATOR.

PUNCHES THROUGH MY STEEL SKIN AND DETONATES FROM WITHIN.

DAMAGE CONTROL SYSTEMS'LL KEEP THE ARM OPERATIONAL...

...BUT NO WAY DO I WANNA TAKE ANY MORE ROUNDS LIKE THAT.

I'M NOT TOTALLY ARTIFICIAL. AN' THE NEXT ONE MIGHT NOT HIT MY ARM!



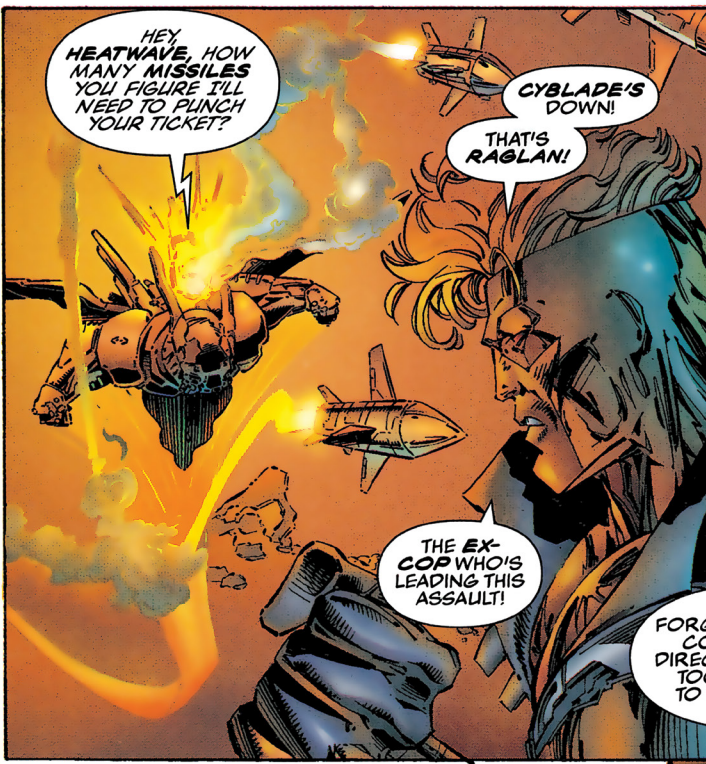
YOU SAVED ME, RIPCLAW!

ONLY FAIR TO RETURN THE FAVOR!  
NO ARMOR MADE IS PROTECTION AGAINST THE FULL FORCE OF MY ELECTRO-BLASTS.

KNOW WHAT, SWEET-CAKES?

I BET NO FACE MADE IS TOUGH ENOUGH TO SURVIVE A POWER-ENHANCED KICK INNA TEETH!

WE LOOK OUT FOR OUR OWN, SAME AS YOU DO!



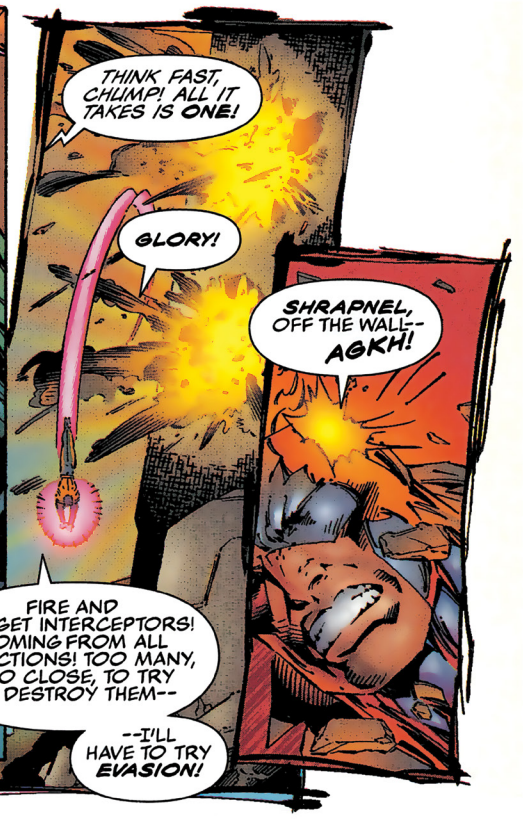
HEY, HEATWAVE, HOW MANY MISSILES YOU FIGURE I'LL NEED TO PUNCH YOUR TICKET?

CYBLADE'S DOWN!

THAT'S RAGLAN!

THE EX-COP WHO'S LEADING THIS ASSAULT!

FIRE AND FORGET INTERCEPTORS! COMING FROM ALL DIRECTIONS! TOO MANY, TOO CLOSE, TO TRY TO DESTROY THEM--

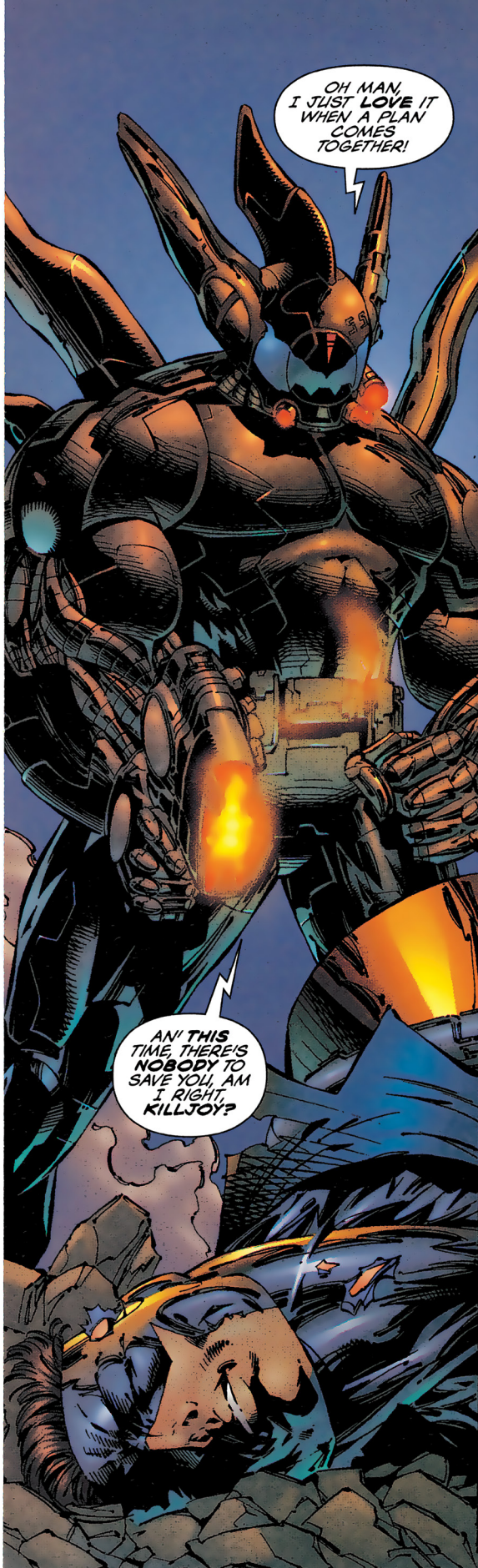


THINK FAST, CHUMPI! ALL IT TAKES IS ONE!


GLORY!

SHRAPNEL, OFF THE WALL--  
AGKH!

--I'LL HAVE TO TRY EVASION!



OH MAN,  
I JUST LOVE IT  
WHEN A PLAN  
COMES  
TOGETHER!



AS A  
CLOCK MUST  
BE, RAGLAN, AT  
LEAST TWICE  
A DAY.

BALLISTIC AND  
VELOCITY ATTEMPTED  
TO INFILTRATE OUR  
RESEARCH FACILITY,  
TO FREE THEIR  
CAPTURED FRIENDS.  
AS YOU CAN SEE  
IN THIS PROJECTION,  
THEY FAILED.

GOTTA TELLYA,  
HONEY-BLUNCH, LIP  
CLOSE AND PERSONAL,  
CYBERFORCE AIN'T NO-  
WHERE NEAR AS  
FORMIDABLE AS  
THEIR REP.

EVER CONSIDER  
IT WAS YOU, COULDN'T  
HANDLE THE JOB.

AN! THIS  
TIME, THERE'S  
NOBODY TO  
SAVE YOU, AM  
I RIGHT,  
KILLJOY?



TALK  
IS CHEAP  
RAGLAN.

BRING ME  
THEIR BODIES,  
THEN YOU CAN  
CELEBRATE.

IN THE MEANWHILE,  
VELOCITY AND OUR OTHER  
TEST SUBJECTS--THE BOY  
CHIP AND THE GIRL  
MIRANDA TAI--WILL COMPRISE  
THE PROTOTYPE ELEMENTS OF  
THE NEXT STAGE IN SHOC  
EVOLUTION, THE ULTIMATE  
IN MAN/MACHINE  
SYNTHESIS.

A HUNTER/  
KILLER FORCE  
WHOLLY AND  
ETERNALLY  
LOYAL TO  
CYBERDATA.





THEIR FIRST MISSION WILL BE THE ELIMINATION OF VELOCITY'S SISTER, BALLISTIC.

TOO CRUEL, DOC.

BUT THEM'S THE BREAKS.

YO, CYBERFORCE. I'M EMPOWERED TO MAKE ONE--AND ONLY ONE--OFFER OF CLEMENCY HERE. YOU WANNA LIVE, NOW'S THE TIME TO CHORUS,

"I GIVE UP!"

NEVER!

WRONG, SHOC! IT IS YOURS!

YOUR CHOICE, INDIAN.

YOUR FUNERAL.

I COULDN'T BEAR TO WATCH ANYMORE, AS RIPCLAW DISAPPEARED INTO A CROWD OF ARMORED SHAPES.

AND I COULDN'T HELP THINKING THAT RAGLAN WAS RIGHT. HE'D EXPECTED BETTER OF CYBERFORCE.

SO HAD I.

ALABASTER WU!

HUNTSMAN!

WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?!

EVIDENTLY, DETECTIVE, VELOCITY TRIPPED AN ALARM. BALLISTIC WENT TO HER AID.

THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO.

NOT EVEN TO RESCUE YOUR PRECIOUS MIRANDA TAI?!



I TRIED, THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO FOR MIRANDA, EITHER.

EVIDENTLY, CYBERDATA'S CAPTIVES HAVE BEEN SLAVED INTO A VIRTUAL REALITY NETWORK.

LIBERATING THE CORPOREAL FLESH IS USELESS, SO LONG AS THEIR CONSCIOUSNESS...

I'M SORRY.

SO AM I.

WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

...REMAINS IMPRISONED WITHIN THE SYSTEM.



WE HAVE TO BUST 'EM LOOSE OF THIS VR NET FIRST, THEN FREE THEM PHYSICALLY?

THAT'S YOU, HUNTSMAN, AM I RIGHT?

NO.

PRECISELY.

HOW?

SOMEONE MUST INTERFACE WITH THE NET AND DISENGAGE THE CYBERNETIC LINKAGES.

I'M... ANCHORED TO THE PHYSICAL WORLD. I CAN'T FUNCTION IN CYBERSPACE.

I HAVE OPERATIVES...

SAVE 'EM, MR. WU.

IT WAS MY PLAN. I PUT VELOCITY AND BALLISTIC IN JEOPARDY.

IT'S MY RESPONSIBILITY TO PULL 'EM OUT.

WHAT DO YOU FIGURE THE ODDS ON THIS CAPER, BIG GUY?

FORMIDABLE.

BUT SO ARE YOU. I HAVE FAITH, DETECTIVE.

MAKES ONE OF US.

ALYSANDE, I WISH IT COULD BE OTHERWISE. INSTEAD, I MUST ENTRUST YOU WITH THE MOST PRECIOUS ASPECT OF MY EXISTENCE. THE LIFE OF MIRANDA TAI.

THEN, DETECTIVE, LET US BE SPEEDILY ABOUT OUR BUSINESS. AS YOU, HUNTSMAN, MUST BE ABOUT YOURS.

SHE MEANS THAT MUCH?

MORE THAN YOU CAN KNOW. OR POSSIBLY IMAGINE.

I'LL BRING HER BACK TO YOU, HUNTSMAN. SAFE AND SOUND.

I'LL BRING 'EM ALL BACK. FOR THAT, YOU GOT MY WORD



HIT 'IM AGAIN, HARDER THIS TIME!

I WANNA HEAR HIS BONES BREAK!

I WANNA SEE BLOOD!



WANG!

HARDLY A VERY SOCIABLE ATTITUDE.



THAT'S ALL RIGHT, NEITHER IS THIS!

SKRAM!



DUCK YOUR HEAD, RIPCLAW!

SKASH!

ARE YOU A SPIRIT, HUNTSMAN, OR SOME MAGICIAN?



POPPING UP FROM NOWHERE...

...WHEN YOU'RE NEEDED MOST?

DOES IT MATTER?

I SUPPOSE NOT--



--SHADES OF MY ANCESTORS!?!



HE'S UNCONSCIOUS, BUT THE SUIT'S STILL FUNCTIONING.

CYBLADE, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!

MY DEAR HUNTSMAN, I LEARNED TO ROLL WITH HARDER BLOWS THAN THAT WHILE STILL A CHILD!

LEAVE THIS TO ME, THEN, GENTLEMEN.

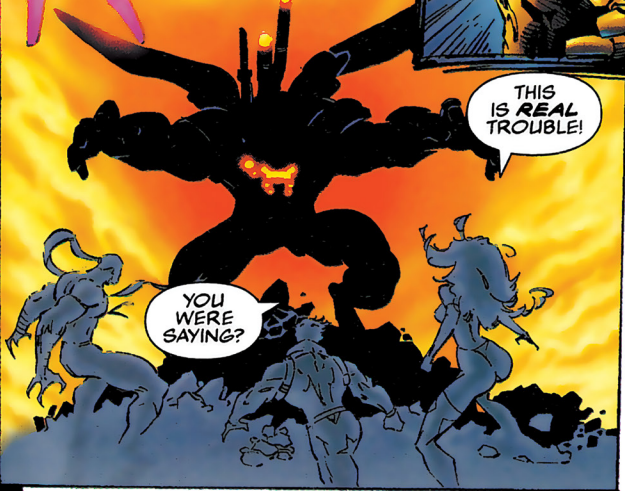
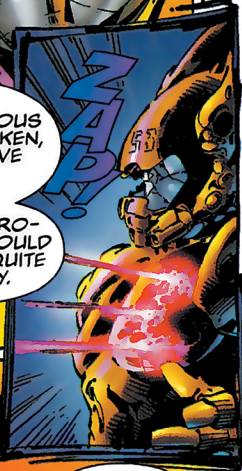


THAT BLOW SHOULD HAVE SLICED OPEN THE SHELL, BUT THE ARMOR'S BARELY SCRATCHED.

LOOK AT THE TROOPER INSIDE!

WITH ITS OPERATOR UNCONSCIOUS AND THE HELMET BROKEN, THE SUIT'S DEFENSIVE INTEGRITY IS COMPROMISED.

MY ELECTRO-BLASTS SHOULD FINISH IT QUITE HANDILY.



THIS IS REAL TROUBLE!

YOU WERE SAYING?

OHHH...

I'M NOT SURE I KNOW MYSELF ANYMORE.

MY RIGHT ARM IS FLESH AND BLOOD.

HAPPENS TO THE BEST OF US, MISS.

LIEUTENANT, WHAT COLOR IS MY RIGHT EYE?

SAME AS THE LEFT.

I'M TOM COSTELLO.

I'M A NEW YORK COP.

DO I KNOW YOU, LADY?

WE'RE IN PROSPECT PARK.

ANOTHER DAMN VIRTUAL SCENARIO, THEN.

HOW'D YOU KNOW MY RANK?

ALYSANDE TOLD ME.

IT'S REAL.

YOUR FONDEST WISH, NICHT WHAR, LIEBLING? TO ONCE MORE BE AS YOU WERE BORN?

WHOLLY FLESH, WHOLLY HUMAN?

ALL OF ME IS REAL!

FOR MYSELF, I FIND HUMANITY A HIGHLY OVER-RATED CONCEPT.

HERTZOG!

OF COURSE, EVERY DESIRE HAS ITS CONSEQUENCES. AS FLESH, ITS SELF-EVIDENT LIMITATIONS.

SILENCE OUR TEST SUBJECTS IF YOU WILL, SYNDEE, AND IMMOBILIZE THEM.

RESISTANCE IS FUTILE, BALLISTIC.

YOU ARE NO LONGER A CYBORG.

ALL MY SUPERSHOC NEED TO DO IS TWICH ITS FINGERS, AND YOUR ARM WILL BE **TORN FROM YOUR SHOULDER.**

NOW LET US BRING FORTH OUR FINAL PLAYER--**AA!** I SEE FROM THE EXPRESSION IN YOUR EYES, BALLISTIC, HOW **THRILLED** YOU ARE...

...TO SEE YOUR **SISTER** ONCE MORE PROUDLY WEARING THE COLORS OF **CYBERDATA.**

NOTHING, CHILD, COMPARED TO WHAT IS IN STORE FOR **YOU.**

MY "**BRAIN BOXES**" ACHIEVED SOME MEASURE OF SUCCESS IN ESTABLISHING ACTIVE CONTROL OVER THEIR SUBJECTS, REGRETTABLY, THAT INFLUENCE COULD BE **NEUTRALIZED** SIMPLY BY THEIR SURGICAL REMOVAL.

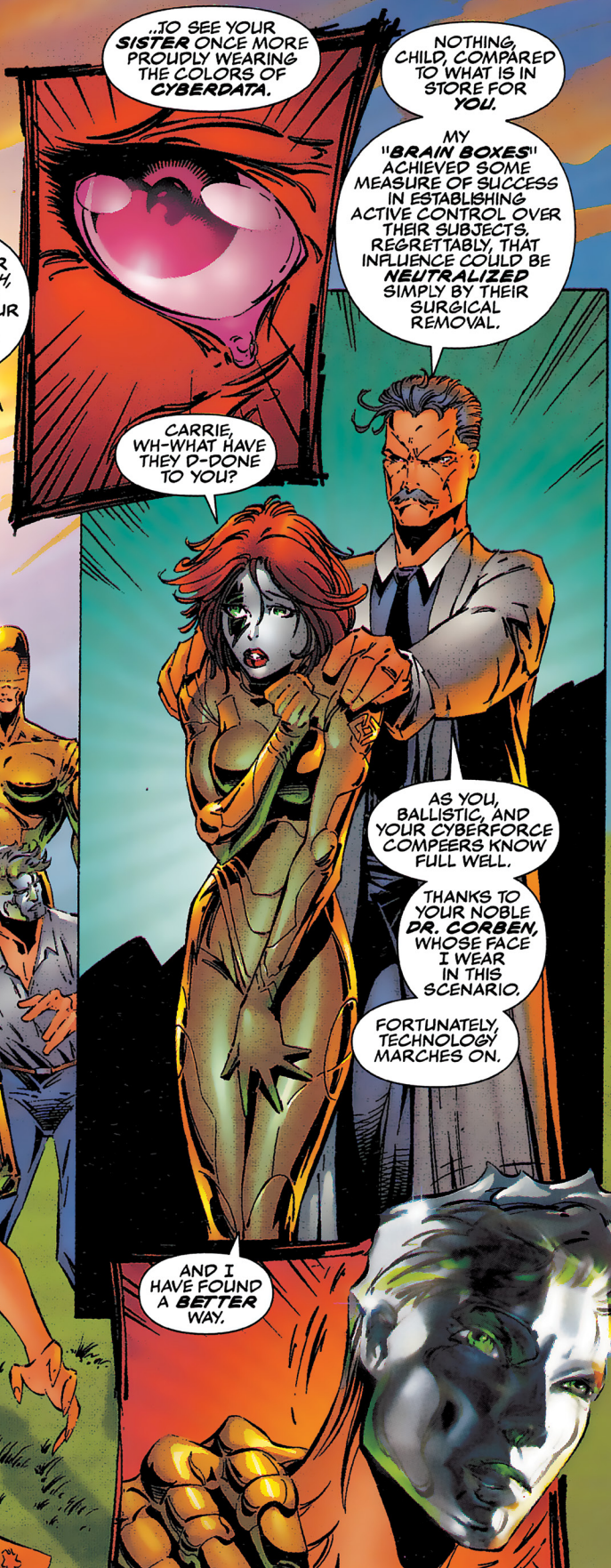
CARRIE, WH-WHAT HAVE THEY D-DONE TO YOU?

AS YOU, BALLISTIC, AND YOUR CYBERFORCE COMPEERS KNOW FULL WELL.

THANKS TO YOUR NOBLE **DR. CORBEN**, WHOSE FACE I WEAR IN THIS SCENARIO.

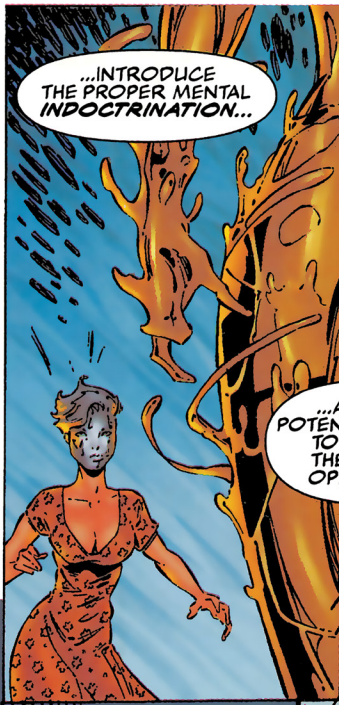
FORTUNATELY, TECHNOLOGY MARCHES ON.

AND I HAVE FOUND A **BETTER** WAY.

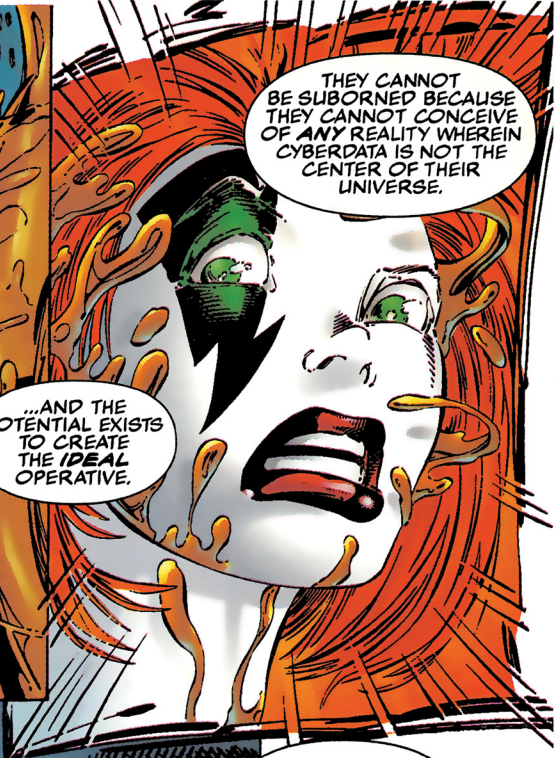




TAKE A SUBJECT WHILE THEY ARE YOUNG AND THEIR CHARACTER QUIET MALLEABLE...

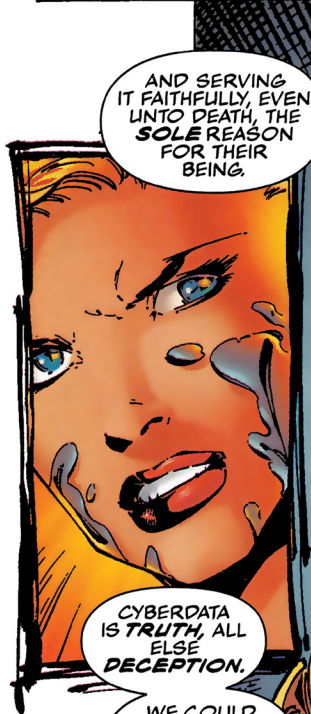


...INTRODUCE THE PROPER MENTAL INDOCTRINATION...



THEY CANNOT BE SUBORNED BECAUSE THEY CANNOT CONCEIVE OF ANY REALITY WHEREIN CYBERDATA IS NOT THE CENTER OF THEIR UNIVERSE.

...AND THE POTENTIAL EXISTS TO CREATE THE IDEAL OPERATIVE.



AND SERVING IT FAITHFULLY, EVEN UNTO DEATH, THE SOLE REASON FOR THEIR BEING.



ABSOLUTE LOYALTY, DERIVED FROM A FAITH THAT CANNOT BE BROKEN.

EVEN MINIMAL IMMERSION IN THIS CONDITIONING PROCESS PRODUCES THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY AND DELIGHTFUL RESULTS.

AS YOU ARE BOTH ABOUT TO LEARN.

YOU HAVE ONE MINUTE TO MAKE YOUR PEACE WITH GOD. THEN, THE HUNT BEGINS.



CLOCK'S RUNNING, BALLISTIC.

WE WANT TO LIVE, WE'D BETTER RUN, TOO.

CYBERDATA IS TRUTH, ALL ELSE DECEPTION.

WE COULD BETRAY THEM OUTRIGHT, THEY COULD WATCH IT HAPPEN...

...AND THEY WILL STILL FIND A MEANS TO RATIONALIZE IT TO THE COMPANY'S BENEFIT.



TO COIN A PHRASE, **HEATWAVE**—HERE'S **ANOTHER** FINE MESS YOU'VE GOTTEN US INTO.

THAT'S RIGHT, BLAME IT ON THE GUY WITH THE SQUARE JAW AND THE MILLION DOLLAR PROFILE.

I ASK YOU, **STRYKER**. IS THAT **FAIR**?

SURE WORKS FOR ME.

HOW MUCH LONGER?

YOU KNOW THE **MISSION**, MISTER. WE STAY UNTIL WE GET WORD ABOUT **DETECTIVE** MORALES.

WELL, **MISSION** OR **NO MISSION**, I'VE **HAD** IT WITH THIS **CLOWN** **RAGLAN**.

THIS WHOLE TIME, HE'S PRETTY MUCH SAT IN THE **BACKGROUND** AND WATCHED THE **SHOW**.

**LIMPET** **MINES**, **PAL**.

WITH **SHAPED** **CHARGE** **WARHEADS**...

**BOOM!**

...**DESIGNED** TO **CRACK** ANY **ARMOR** MADE.

CAN YOU SAY, "**SAYONARA** **SUCKER**"!?!

WE'VE TAKEN A **FULL** **MEASURE** OF HIS **FLUNKIES**.

I **FIGURE** IT'S **PAST** TIME WE **LEARNED** WHAT **HE** WAS **MADE** OF.

WHAT **THE--?!!**



SAY YOU  
-KOFF-  
-ARA-  
-KOFF-  
-KOFF-  
SUCKER!

SURRR--  
PRISE!

DOC HERTZOG,  
HE WASN'T SURE THIS  
SUPERSHOC ARMOR  
WAS READY FOR A  
FIELD TEST.

ME, I FIGURE  
WHAT'S THE POINT  
IN HAVIN' THE  
STUPID THING, YOU  
DON'T EVER USE  
IT, AM I  
RIGHT?

NASTY  
LITTLE PUPPIES,  
THOSE MINES  
OF YOURS,  
STRYKER.



PRETTY MUCH  
NUKED MY OLD  
HARDSUIT.

BUT THIS  
NEW OUTFIT  
UNDERNEATH,  
AIN'T A  
SMUDGE ON  
IT!

WHEN  
I'M FINISHED  
WITH YOU...

THINK  
YOU'LL BE  
ABLE TO  
SAY THE  
SAME?



MY  
ARM!

WE'RE  
DONE HERE,  
PEOPLE! TIME  
TO GO!

MORGAN,  
WE DON'T  
HAVE OUR  
CLUE!



THIS  
IS  
GREAT!

HIT ME  
AGAIN,  
CYBLADE  
BABY.



WE'RE  
GOING  
NOW!



**FWOOOSH!!**

WHERE'D THEY GO?

CAN'T SEE, SIR!

USE YOUR SENSORS, YOU MORON!

THEY'RE DOWN AS WELL!

SOMEHOW THE BLAST INHIBITED SCANNING FIELDS ACROSS THE WHOLE OF THE PERCEPTUAL SPECTRUM!

I'LL BE--!

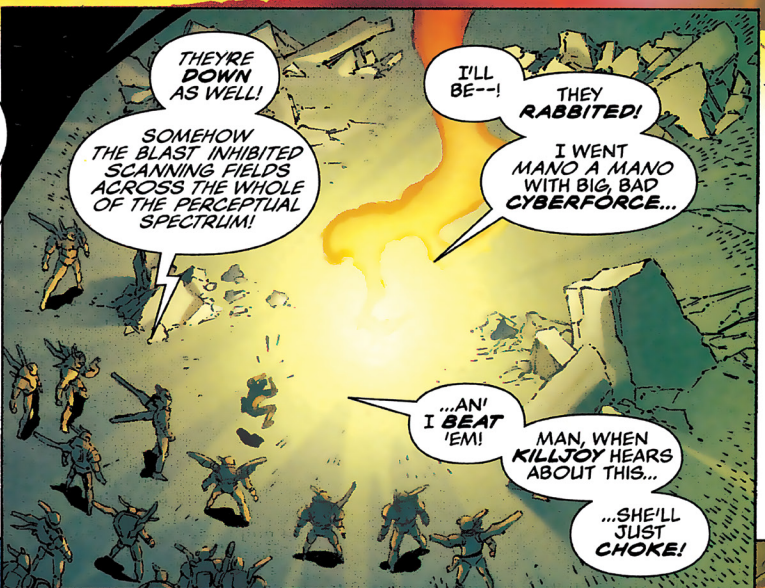
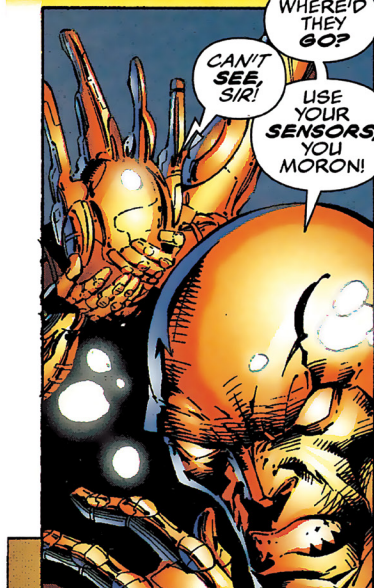
THEY RABBITED!

I WENT MANO A MANO WITH BIG, BAD CYBERFORCE...

...AN! I BEAT 'EM!

MAN, WHEN KILLJOY HEARS ABOUT THIS...

...SHE'LL JUST CHOKE!



"I CAN'T WAIT TO TELL HER!!"

UTTERLY, RREDEEMABLY BORING!

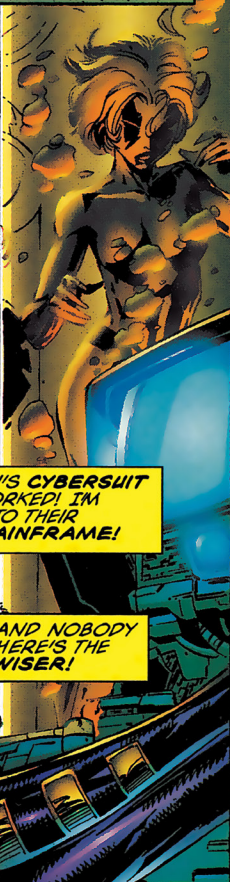
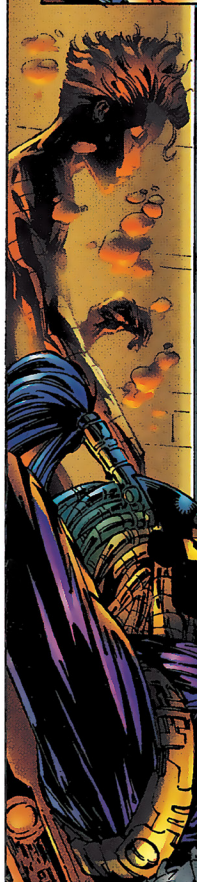
SEE BALLISTIC RUN.

SEE VELOCITY CHASE HER.

SEE VELOCITY CATCH HER.

SEE VELOCITY KILL HER.

ALL THE SUSPENSE, ALL THE EXCITEMENT, ALL THE DRAMA OF THIS SEASON'S "SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE!"



WU'S CYBERSUIT WORKED! I'M INTO THEIR MAINFRAME!

AND NOBODY HERE'S THE WISER!



WAITAMININNIT--  
IS THAT ME ON  
THE MAIN DISPLAY?!

DO YOU  
REALLY INTEND  
TO KILL THEM,  
PROFESSOR?

NOT IF I CAN  
HELP IT, YOU  
BIMBO SLUT  
FROM HELL!



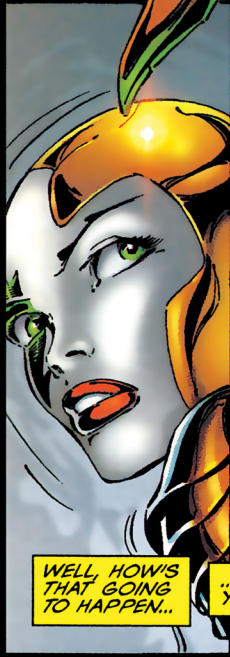
HAVE YOU  
LEARNED NOTHING  
AS MY  
ASSISTANT?

THIS IS  
VIRTUAL  
REALITY,  
SYNDEE.

AND EACH DEATH  
WILL BIND THEIR KILLER--  
OUR PROTOTYPE  
**SUPERSHOCS**--  
THAT MUCH MORE  
TIGHTLY TO  
CYBERDATA.

THEY WILL  
DIE AS OFTEN  
AND INVENTIVELY,  
AS I REQUIRE.

OH, YEAH?



WELL, HOW'S  
THAT GOING  
TO HAPPEN...



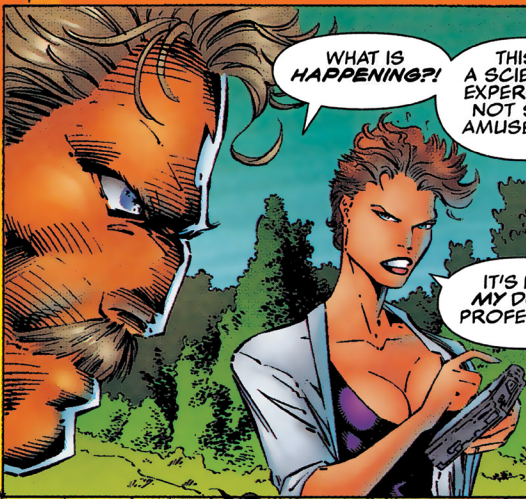
...IF I MODIFY  
YOUR PROGRAM...



...SO THAT WITH  
EVERY STEP  
SHE TAKES...



...VELOCITY'S  
MASS DOUBLES!



WHAT IS HAPPENING?!

THIS IS A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT, NOT SOME AMUSEMENT!

IT'S NOT MY DOING, PROFESSOR!



END THE SCENARIO! RETURN US TO OUR BODIES!

I'M TRYING! I CAN'T!

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU DON'T CONTROL THE SCENARIO ANYMORE.



I DO.

I'M RISQUE!

AND CYBER-SPACE IS MY DOMAIN!

YEAH, RIGHT, PULL THE OTHER ONE, MORALES.

COURSE, THEY DON'T KNOW YOU'RE BLIFFING!



AND I DON'T INTEND TO GIVE THEM THE CHANCE TO FIND OUT.

THIS GETS BETTER AND BETTER! I PLUNCH 'EM IN VIRTUAL, THEY COLLAPSE FOR REAL.



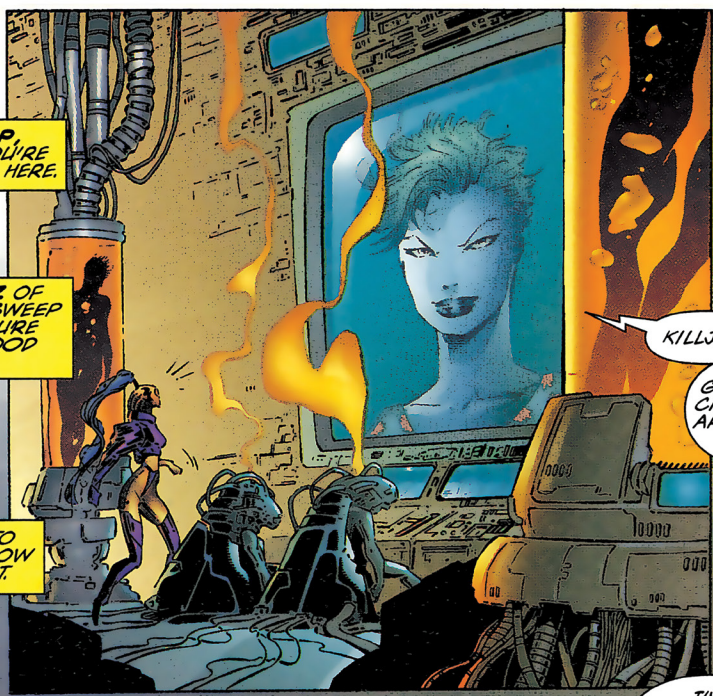
I NOT ONLY HAVE A SKINTIGHT ALL MY VERY OWN, BUT THE SUPER POWERS TO GO WITH IT, WHAT A RUSH!

ENOUGH!

YOU'RE A COP, MORALES, YOU'RE ON THE JOB HERE.

LET THE JAZZ OF THE ACTION SWEEP YOU AWAY, YOU'RE NO DAMN GOOD TO ANYONE.

I BROKE INTO THE BANK, NOW TO BREAK IT.

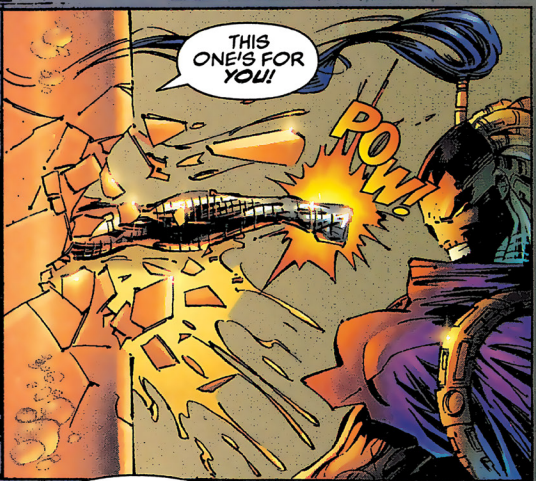


KILLJOY!

I'M SO GLAD YOU DECIDED TO STICK AROUND TO THE BITTER END.

THIS ONE'S FOR YOU!

POW!



I'VE REINTEGRATED THE OTHERS! PSYCHES WITH THEIR BODIES, BALLISTIC.

AND DONE WHAT I CAN TO PURGE THE CYBERDATA PROGRAMMING.

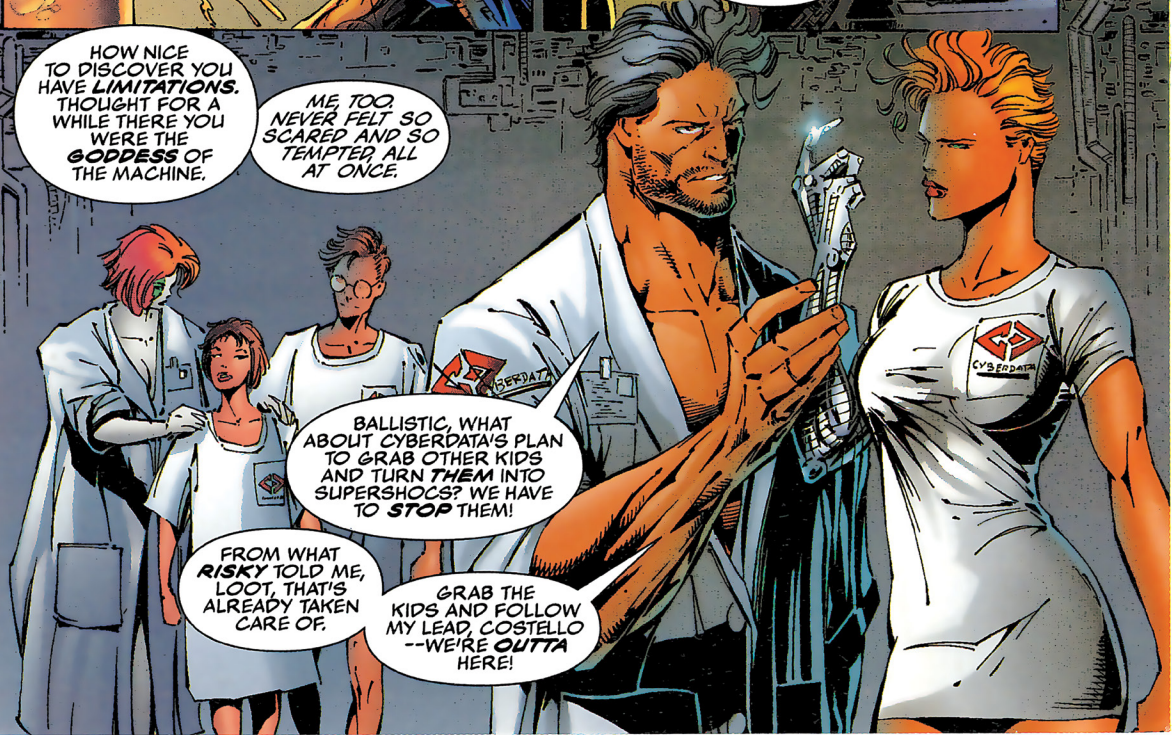
THE PROBLEM IS, GETTING YOU GUYS OUT OF THIS PLACE IN ONE PIECE.

LEAVE THE GUARDS TO ME.



HOW NICE TO DISCOVER YOU HAVE LIMITATIONS. THOUGHT FOR A WHILE THERE YOU WERE THE GODDESS OF THE MACHINE.

ME, TOO, NEVER FELT SO SCARED AND SO TEMPTED ALL AT ONCE.



BALLISTIC, WHAT ABOUT CYBERDATA'S PLAN TO GRAB OTHER KIDS AND TURN THEM INTO SUPERSHOCS? WE HAVE TO STOP THEM!

FROM WHAT RISKY TOLD ME, LOOT, THAT'S ALREADY TAKEN CARE OF.

GRAB THE KIDS AND FOLLOW MY LEAD, COSTELLO --WE'RE OUTTA HERE!

SUNDAY MORNING, LA BAGEL DELITE, BACK WHERE THIS ALL BEGAN.

AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, SEEMED ONLY FAIR TO INDULGE IN A LITTLE CELEBRATION.

I DON'T SEE WHY YOU'RE ALL SO HAPPY. THE TEAM GOT BEAT!

IN COMBAT, AS IN LIFE, CARIN, THINGS AREN'T ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

POINT OF THE ENGAGEMENT WAS TO EVALUATE THE OPPOSITION, KIDDO.

RAGLAN'S THE NEW HOT DOG AT CYBERDATA. WE NEEDED TO LEARN HOW HE THINKS AND REACTS IN A CRUNCH, HOW HE MANAGES THOSE ASSETS.

AND DETERMINE AS WELL, LITTLE FAWN, THE CAPABILITIES OF THOSE ASSETS, ESPECIALLY THE SUPERSHOCS.



ALL WITHOUT LETTIN' HIM REALIZE WE WERE DOIN' IT.

RAGLAN WON, CHERIE, BECAUSE WE ALLOWED IT. WE TESTED HIM TO HIS LIMITS...

...BUT KEPT WELL CLEAR OF OURS.

WHAT ABOUT HERTZOG'S PLANS FOR THE KIDS AND EMPIRE CITY?

RISQUE POSTED 'EM ON THE GLOBAL-NET.

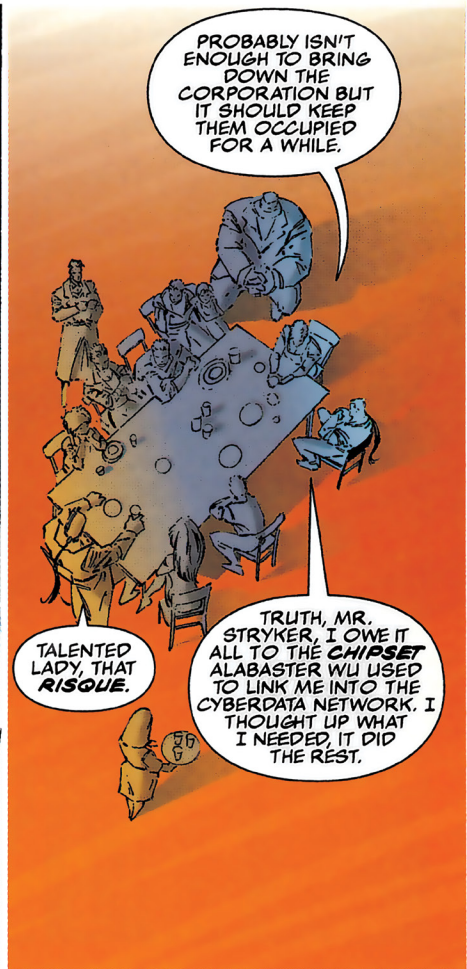
WITH MASS-FAXED COPIES TO EVERY NEWS ORGANIZATION AND PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE IN THE COUNTRY.

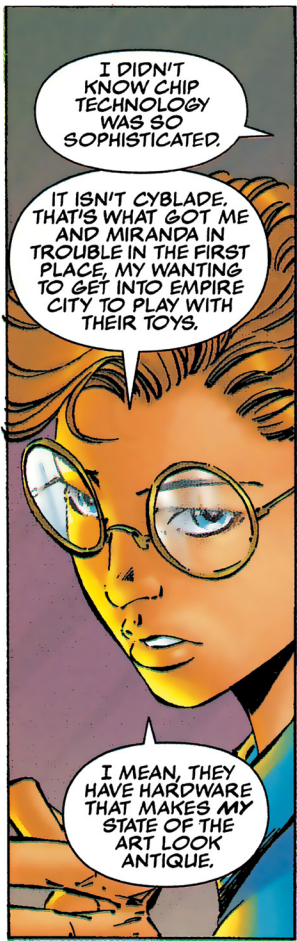
PROBABLY ISN'T ENOUGH TO BRING DOWN THE CORPORATION BUT IT SHOULD KEEP THEM OCCUPIED FOR A WHILE.



TALENTED LADY, THAT RISQUE.

TRUTH, MR. STRYKER, I OWE IT ALL TO THE CHIPSET ALABASTER WU USED TO LINK ME INTO THE CYBERDATA NETWORK. I THOUGHT UP WHAT I NEEDED, IT DID THE REST.





I DIDN'T KNOW CHIP TECHNOLOGY WAS SO SOPHISTICATED.

IT ISN'T CYBLADE. THAT'S WHAT GOT ME AND MIRANDA IN TROUBLE IN THE FIRST PLACE, MY WANTING TO GET INTO EMPIRE CITY TO PLAY WITH THEIR TOYS.

I MEAN, THEY HAVE HARDWARE THAT MAKES MY STATE OF THE ART LOOK ANTIQUE.



MY GOODNESS, IS SUCH A THING POSSIBLE!

INTERESTING BLINCHA' FOLKS.

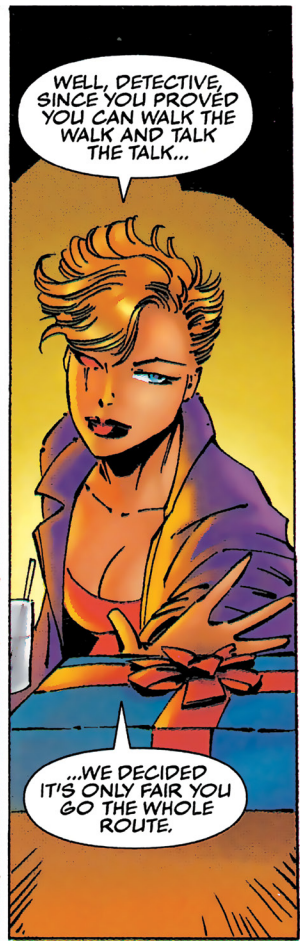


AND TOTALLY ILLEGAL, I'D BET.

WE OWE 'EM, TOMMY, REAL BIG TIME.

BESIDES, AREN'T YOU THE ONE WHO TOLD ME, WE PATROL BEACHES NOW?

HOW 'BOUT WE LEAVE THIS CAPER TO THE "REAL" COPS?



WELL, DETECTIVE, SINCE YOU PROVED YOU CAN WALK AND TALK THE TALK...

...WE DECIDED IT'S ONLY FAIR YOU GO THE WHOLE ROUTE.



YOU GOT YOURSELF A SKINTIGHT NAME.

NOW YOU GOT A REAL SKINTIGHT SUIT TO GO WITH IT.



WEAR IT WITH PRIDE, MORALES.

IN YOUR DREAMS, LIEUTENANT COSTELLO, SIR!

TO RISQUE! (WHO OUGHT TO HAVE HER HEAD EXAMINED!)

I'LL DRINK TO THAT!



DON'T LAUGH TOO LOUDLY, TOMMY.

WAIT'LL YOU SEE THE SIDEKICK SUIT THEY HAD MADE UP...

...JUST FOR YOU!

FIN