RUIN
Cairo.

This is no way to fight.
URK!

DONNIE "RUIN" WALSH

GIVE ME A STRAIGHT-UP RIGHT, ANY DAY.

ANYTHING'D BE BETTER THAN THIS SKULKING AROUND.

Fruit
A frontal assault puts the mission objective at risk—can't have a successful prisoner rescue if the prisoner is killed in a crossfire.

So I keep to the shadows, and pick them off, one at a time.

Reminds me of the last time I was in Cairo. That was a shitshow, too.
Cairo, four years before.

I was just regular army back then, assigned to assist special forces with a hostage rescue.

That was before I had a D.N.I. in my head and cybernetic enhancements everywhere else. Just muscle, bone, and boots on the ground.

This the place, Sergeant?

The intel checks out. He’s in there—assuming he’s still alive.

Keep low, and wait for my signal.

Roger that.
I ALWAYS HATED COVERT-OPS CRAP, BUT THIS WASN'T EVEN AN OFFICIAL WINGSLOW ACCORD OF.

WE WERE OFF THE BOOKS, AND HAD CUT OFF OUR TANS BACK AT THE SAFE HOUSE.

IF WE GOT CAPTURED OR TOPPED, THE BRASS WOULD DENY ALL.

THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT HAD BROUGHT IN HARU NAKAGAWA...

...BIG-SHOT CORPORATE ENGINEER, TO GET THEIR AQUIFERS BACK UP AND RUNNING.

J. MAID. WALSH

GOT HIMSELF NABBED BY A PATROL OF NILE RIVER COALITION SOLDIERS, AND NOW THE N.R.C. WAS HOLDING HIM FOR RANSOM.

ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER, AND THERE WE WERE, BALLS DEEP IN COVERT-OPS CRAP.

INSTEAD OF RONING UP THE RANSOM MONEY, NAKAGAWA'S CORPORATE BOSSES CALLED IN SOME FAVORS WITH THE STATE DEPARTMENT.
We encountered some resistance, but nothing we couldn't handle.

Not until we reached the cells where Nakagawa was being held.

That's where the real trouble started.
UHHHHH...

JUST HOLD ON, EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.

WHO THE HELL ARE THESE GUYS?

PLEASE, HELP US!

WHOSE COMMAND ARE YOU UNDER, SOLDIER? IS THIS A JOINT OP?

YOU GUYS, EGYPTIAN MILITARY?

SOME OF US, BUT MOST ARE CIVILIANS. THE N.R.C. IS HOLDING US HOSTAGE, TO FORCE OUR FAMILIES TO STOP RESISTING THEIR TAKEOVER OF THE CITY.

OKAY, HOLD ON, WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE.
NO, WE WON'T.

WE'VE GOT ONLY A FEW MINUTES UNTIL THIS WHOLE PLACE IS SWARMING WITH N.R.C., AND NAGASAWA HERE CAN BARELY STAND ON HIS OWN TWO FEET.

IF WE HAVE ANY HOPE OF GETTING HIM TO SAFETY, WE HAVE TO MOVE, NOW, AND ALONE.

IF WE SLOW DOWN FOR ANY REASON, THEN WE'D BE OUTSIDE MISSION PARAMETERS, AND THAT WOULD PUT OUR PRIMARY OBJECTIVE IN JEOPARDY.

AND TAKING THE REST OF THESE PEOPLE WITH US WOULD SLOW US WAY DOWN.

BUT SARGE...COME ON, WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE THEM HERE.

I'M NOT CRAZY ABOUT THIS EITHER, WALSH; BUT ORDERS ARE ORDERS.

YOU'VE SEEN WHAT THE N.R.C. DOES TO THEIR PRISONERS.
This way, Ms. Nakagawa.

TH-thank you...THUH... thank you...

Please. Please!

Don't leave us here!

Look, I'm sorry. We'll come back for you...

WALSH! MOVE OUT!

Damn it.

Nobody ever went back for them. The next morning, we got word that the N.R.C. had executed the lot of them in retaliation for us springing Nakagawa.

Like I said... a total shitshow.
THIS ONE ISN'T LOOKING MUCH BETTER.

CAN'T LET ANY OF THESE JOKERS RAISE AN ALARM UNTIL I HAVE THE PRISONER OUT AND IN THE CLEAR.

SLASH

THUD
THE C.O.'S INTEL SAYS THAT THE OBJECTIVE IS JUST PAST THAT DOORWAY. GETTING IN WILL BE TRICKY, BUT GETTING BACK OUT MIGHT BE EVEN HARDER.

I CAN TAKE OUT THE NEXT SHIFT OF SENTRY WHEN THEY GO ON THEIR ROUNDS.

THAT WOULD PRESENT THE LEAST RISK OF ATTRACTING MORE HOSTILES BEFORE I PREP THE PRISONER.

MAYBE LURE A COUPLE OF THEM AWAY FROM THE GROUP PICK THEM OFF ONE BY ONE. OR MAYBE JUST...

NO, SCREW THAT.

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS.

HOW ABOUT I SHOW THESE JOKERS HOW IT'S DONE?
FLOAT LIKE A BUTTERFLY...

CRACK

KICK LIKE A FREAKIN' JACKHAMMER.

WHO'S NEXT?

ugh!

AIEEE!
BLAM
BLAM

TIME TO END THIS.

BLAM

BLAM

GET SOME!

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
HA!
WRECKED 'EM!

YOU HAVE A NICE FUCKING DAY NOW.

REINFORCEMENTS ARE PROBABLY ALREADY INBOUND. MY ORDERS ARE TO GRAB THE TARGET AND GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY ARRIVE.
ANYBODY HOME?

OKAY, WELL, STEP BACK.

SMASH
The lowlifes I just showed down were part of a criminal syndicate running a human trafficking ring. Snatching kids up off the streets to sell to even worse lowlifes.

Daughter of the deputy prime minister grabbed on her way home from school three days ago.

They had the bad luck to snatch the wrong kid, though.

Lucky for her, the old man has deep pockets and the right connections.

Kamilah Seidin? You in here?
I...I'm Kamilah.

Your dad sent me to bring you home.

Oh... I was starting to worry. I didn't think he'd...

It's all over now.

Come on, kid. Let's get going.
S-sir?

Wh-what about us?

My family doesn't have much money, but we could...

My orders were crystal clear: get in, get the deputy prime minister's kid, and get out, before reinforcements arrive.

The commanding officer didn't say anything about bringing anyone else with.

But the c.o. ain't here. Is he?
I didn't take this mission to leave a bunch of kids behind. I took it because I knew the deputy prime minister's kid wasn't the only one here.

Come on, everybody, you're all coming with me.

Last time I was in Cairo I followed orders and walked away, and a whole lot of innocent people died because of it.

Maybe this will quiet the ghosts that have haunted me ever since.

Sure, maybe I'm outside of mission parameters, but screw it, nobody's getting left behind.

Not this time.

The End
THE OFFICIAL COMIC OF

CALL OF DUTY

BLACK OPS

®