My parents died young. A degenerative illness stripped away everything that made them who they were.

Their bodies became their prisons.

All I could do was watch.

Our scientific breakthroughs border on the miraculous, and we still can't meet our most pressing need.

How do we transcend these weak, imperfect cases?

How do we keep from losing what we love?
Five years later. Just outside the city of Gondar, Ethiopia.

You know, they make space heaters now that could warm this whole house. Fit in the palm of your hand.

That's the first thing you say to me?

Sam Muirty. Former S.A.F. Another English ex-pat like yours truly. Used to be, when I needed something particularly obscure from the black market, Sam was my go-to.
WHAT HAPPENED TO PRETENDING I DIDN'T EXIST?

WE BOTH AGREED THAT WAS BEST, SAM.

I HEARD YOU SAW A WAR ROBOT THE OTHER DAY. TELL ME ABOUT IT.

CHRIST, DAVEY! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOURSELF?

MAY I?

I DON'T COME HERE TO PICK AN OLD FIGHT-- I NEED YOUR HELP.
Blackjack told you, didn’t he?

You could’ve sent someone else.

“what you saw isn’t your run-of-the-mill combat robot..."

“...it’s a walking slaughterhouse designated reaper.

“I’m not the only one chasing it— but it’s crucial that I get to it first.”

Tell me where it is and I’ll walk right back into those trees and out of your hair.

No problem.

Heh, you haven’t changed at all.

Where I saw it is a big problem...
"...it's in Iron Town, a scrapyard just outside of Gondar."

"Run by this shark-faced thing called 'Mako' who specializes in reclaiming military hardware, and killing anyone who even thinks about stealing from him."

"That's it?"

"We used to do smash-and-grabs like this all the time."

"Exactly, used to."

"It's been a long time since I've taken fire, though, and I don't miss it."

"I'm retired. I have a nice little life here. If I do this for you... it'll ruin everything."

"Don't do it for me, then."

"Do it because I'll pay you enough to go retire anywhere else you want."

"Right, okay. Let's go ruin my life, then."
IRON TOWN.
LATER.

KASH
KASH
KASH
KASH

...PRIMARY DIRECTIVES CORRUPTED
...REINITIALIZE FAILED PRIMARY DIRECTIVES CORRUPTED

...REINITIALIZE FAILED PRIMARY DIRECTIVES CORRUPTED

HEY! RABBIT!
YOU BEEN AT THIS ALL DAY, BUDDY! COME TAKE A BREAK WITH ME!

YOU SEE THAT! VERY GOOD!

MY GUYS ARE ALL WORRIED ABOUT YOU TAKING THEIR JOBS.

I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU CAME FROM—but if I had a dozen more like you, I wouldn't NEED anyone else!

BOSS! HEY, BOSS!

WE--HUFF--THEY NEED YOU BACK AT THE SHACK!

AH, SHIT. I'M SORRY ABOUT THIS, RABBIT.

AND YOU! DID I TELL YOU TO STOP WORKING?

BACK TO IT—YOU GODDAMN BUCKET!
They were scavenging thermocouples out of the arc furnaces.

Really.

What else am I supposed to do?

I put up a fence; you climb over it. I put up NO TRESPASSING signs everywhere; you rip 'em down.

So I hafta hire these guys to catch rat shit like you and--

That's stupid--why would you want to catch rat shit?

Just turn us in to the magistrate and get it over with.

“Magistrate”?

Mmm.

You're in Iron Town, mate... .

...the only law here is mine.
HELLO... ARE YOU IN THERE?

COULD YOU PLEASE NOT DO THAT? IT'S REALLY CREEPING ME OUT.

OOF, I CAN'T FULL ANY TACTICAL INFORMATION ON IRON TOWN.

NOT EVEN A SINGLE SATELLITE SHOT.

IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS AND I KNOW IT BOTHERS YOU WHEN I BRING IT UP, BUT...

WHY DO YOU DO THIS TO YOURSELF, DAVEY?

IT SEEMS TO BOTHER YOU MORE THAN IT DOES ME.

I BARELY EVEN NOTICE IT ANYMORE--

NNGH!

HEY, HEY! YOU OKAY??

SOME KIND OF INTERFERENCE... FEED BACK THROUGH MY DNJ... SHIT, I SHOULD'VE WARNED YOU ABOUT THAT.
“This place is under an electromagnetic blanket. It scrambles the satellites—and apparently you, too.”

Hey, no—We’re closed for the night! Come back tomorrow!

C’mon, man, we drove all this way...

...five minutes is all we need.

Zerk

Brap
How's your head feeling?

Like it's full of gravel, my D.N.I.'s satellite uplink is useless in here.

I'm flying blind.

KLACK KLACK KLACK KLACK

Welcome back to the human race, mate.

KLACK KLACK KLACK KLACK

The human race hit the evolutionary wall ten thousand years ago.

I'm getting used to it.

By cutting off your arms and legs and punching holes in your head?

I get replacing a limb you lost to an I.E.D. but this, what you're doing; it doesn't look like the future...

It looks like self-loathing.
READY WHEN YOU ARE!

KA-CHUNK KA-CHUNK KA-CHUNK

OH-HO-HO! THAT IS SO DISGUSTING!
ALL RIGHT, DO THE NEXT ONE!

WAIT! DID YOU HEAR THAT?

Was that gunfire?
PAF

WHOA, WHOA! HOLD ON!

SAM MURTRY? ARE YOU ROBBING ME?

NO! HE'S HERE TO RETRIEVE SOMETHING THAT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE.

WHERE'S THE ROBOT?

DROP YOUR WEAPONS! ON YOUR KNEES!

YOU'RE RIGHT—I HAVE MISSED THIS!
...PRIMARY DIRECTIVES CORRUPTED
...REINITIALIZE
...FAILED
...PRIMARY DIRECTIVES CORRUPTED

KA-CHAK BRAKA-BRAKA CHOOM

REAPER! GOOD TO SEE YOU!

NOW WHAT?

YOU FEEL LIKE GOING OUT THERE AND KILLING SOME BAD GUYS?
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HIM?

NOTHING! I FOUND IT WASHED UP ON THE SHORE OF LAKE TANA, LIKE IT JUST WALKED OUT OF THE WATER AND DIED!

ITS PROGRAMMING WAS MESSSED UP BEFORE IT EVEN GOT HERE!

YOU'VE REALLY BEEN THROUGH IT, HAVEN'T YOU?

DON'T WORRY, WE'LL GET YOU BACK ON TRACK.

BRAKA BRAKA

PING

WE'RE OUT OF TRACK, DAVEY.

WHATEVER YOU'RE GOING TO DO--DO IT.

ALL RIGHT, BIG BOY--WE'VE DONE THIS BEFORE, YEAH? JUST GONNA TAKE A PEAK INSIDE AND SEE WHAT'S GOT YOU SO TANGLED UP.

INITIATING LINK...
EMERGENCY OFFENSIVE PROTOCOLS ACTIVATED.

GGAHH!!

VWZZMMM

FHWAM

IT'S OKAY, RABBIT! YOU GOT THEM!

LET'S JUST CALM DOWN NOW, ALL RIGHT?
BRAA-AAP

KA-CHAK  BRAA-AAP  TUNK

CRASH

FIRE!!  BRAKA  BRAKA  BRAKA  BRAKA
Ker-Rang!

SAM!

'SCOUGH COUGH! SAM?

Sht...
Well... I can see your side of it now.

That bad, huh?

Mechanical heart sounds pretty good right now.

My heart isn't mechanical...

Not yet, mine... but I know you.

Stop moving so I can stabilise you.

My insides are soup... and you're a mess. I think we have to let this one go.

I should've apologised to you a long time ago.

Stop.

The way things went down between us... it's not what I wanted.

I'm glad you came back... and we got to... set it right...
I can replace every muscle fiber and organic cell in my body...

...and it's still not enough.

My new eyes are synthetically lubricated.

I can't even shed any tears.

...I can keep running toward the medical singularity with everything I've got...

The End
THE OFFICIAL COMIC OF
CALL OF DUTY
BLACK OPS®

[Image: Several comic book covers featuring various characters and action scenes related to Call of Duty Black Ops.]