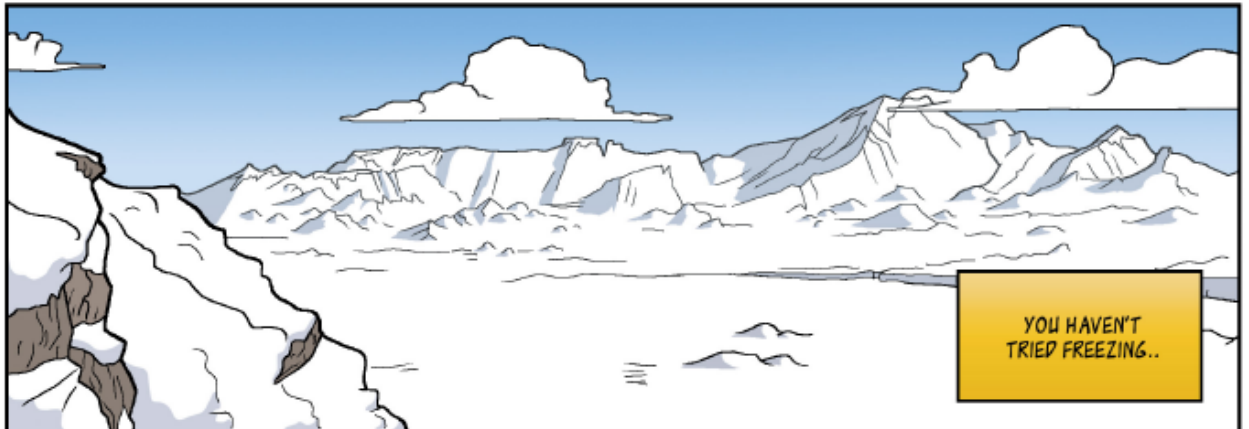


CHAPTER

1

• FLASHBACK •



YOU HAVEN'T
TRIED FREEZING..



..NOT UNTIL YOU'VE
STOOD ON ANTARCTICA
ALL ALONE.



ABANDONED BY YOUR SO-CALLED "FRIENDS".

LEFT TO DIE FROM STARVATION - IF THE COLD DOESN'T WIPE YOU OUT FIRST.



MY NAME IS DAVE BLAME. I USED TO BE A SOLDIER IN THE GLOBAL WASTE ELITE..

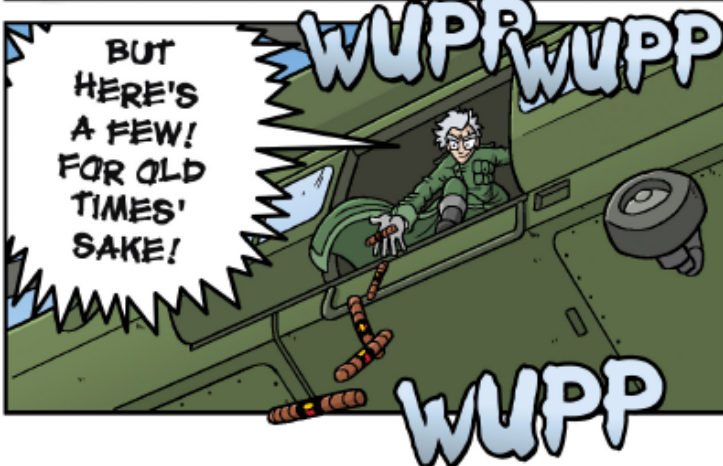
..UNTIL MY COMRADES LEFT ME IN THE COLD AFTER OUR LAST MISSION.



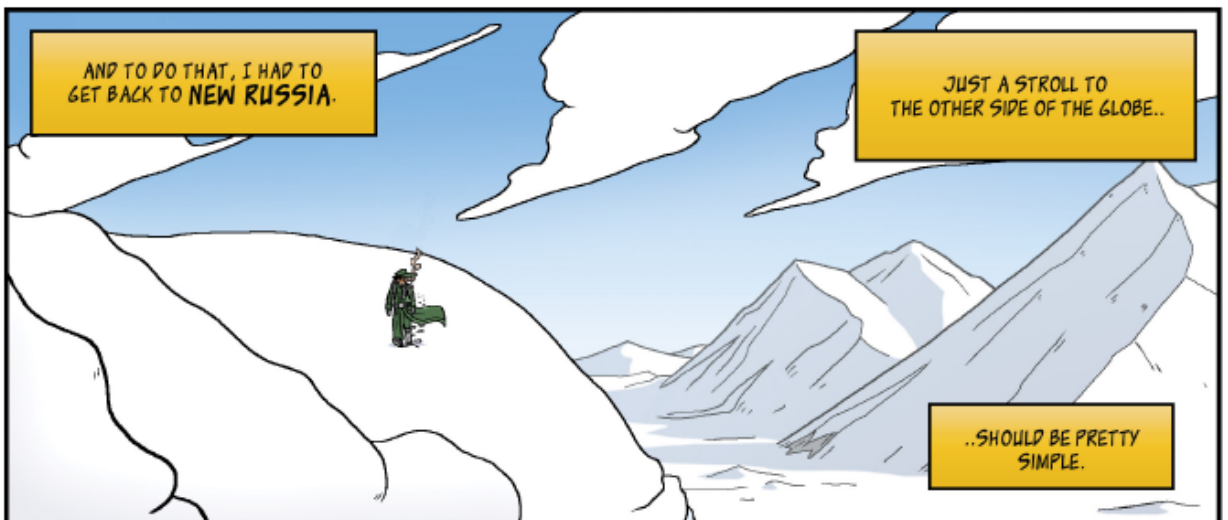
AT LEAST GIVE ME MY CIGARS!
I WON'T SURVIVE WITHOUT THEM!



OH - EXCUSE ME, BLAME, WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT SURVIVING!?! HAHAH!



BUT HERE'S A FEW! FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE!



GLOBAL WASTE WAS THE CAUSE OF MY MISERY. IT WAS ABOUT TIME SOMEONE SPARKED THE FIRE THAT WOULD BURN THEIR EMPIRE TO THE GROUND.

I STARTED LOOKING FOR HELP IN THE ONLY BUILDINGS ON THE CONTINENT..

..THE GLOBAL WASTE OZONE FACTORIES.

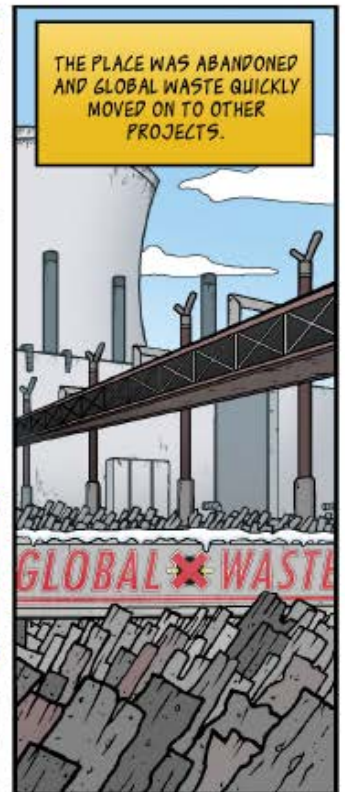
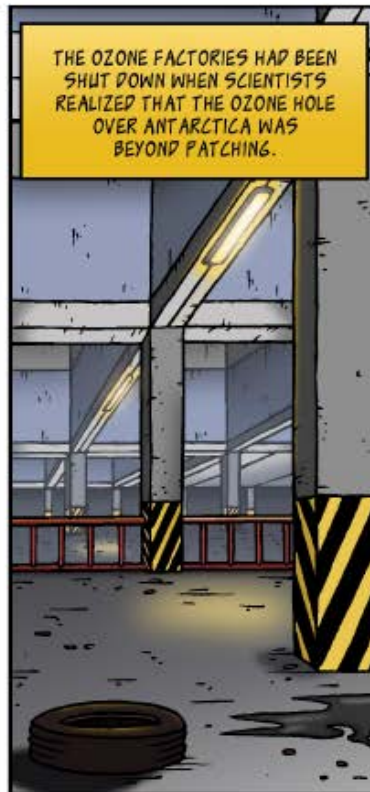


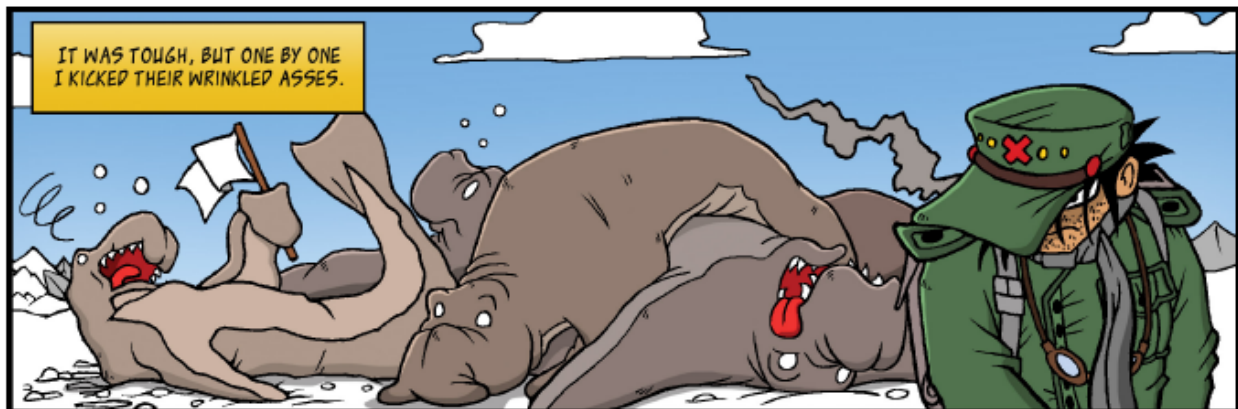
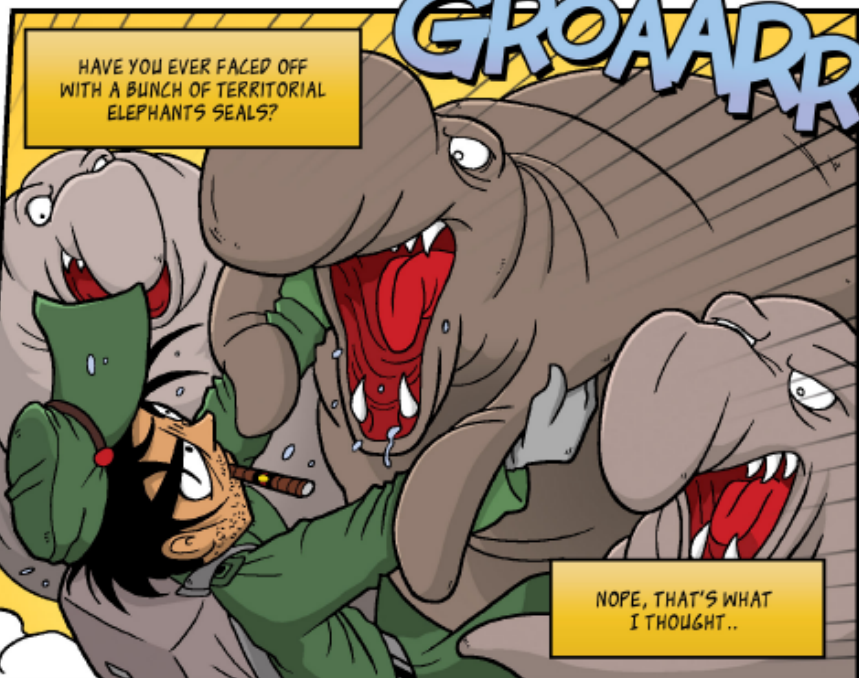
BUT THE AREA WAS DESERTED.

NOT A LIVING SOUL..

THE OZONE FACTORIES HAD BEEN SHUT DOWN WHEN SCIENTISTS REALIZED THAT THE OZONE HOLE OVER ANTARCTICA WAS BEYOND PATCHING.

THE PLACE WAS ABANDONED AND GLOBAL WASTE QUICKLY MOVED ON TO OTHER PROJECTS.

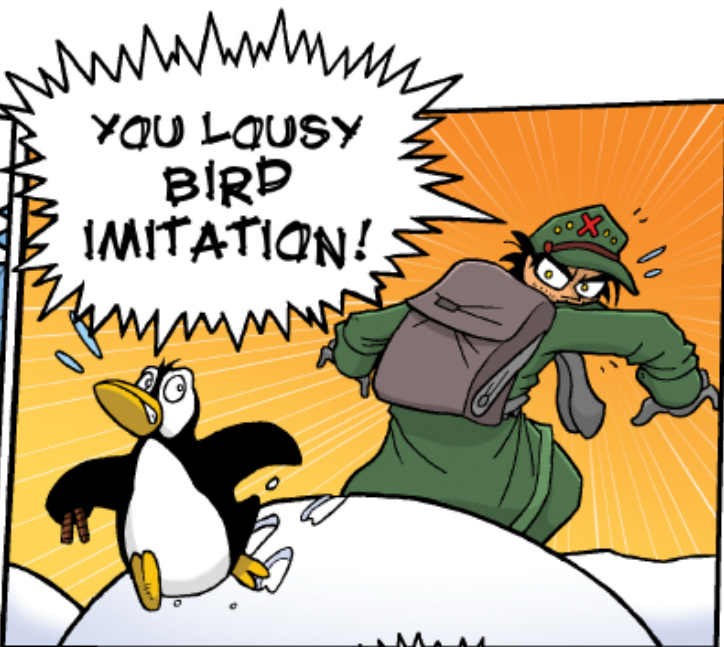




HEY! WHAT
THE HELL ARE
YOU DOING!?



YOU LOUSY
BIRD
IMITATION!



STOP!



HUFF! WHERE!
YOU GOING?!



