



THE DAMAGE IS EXTENSIVE BUT NOT CATASTROPHIC. THIS IS AHC'S BEST TRIAGE EQUIPMENT. SYNTHS GET BROKEN, TOO. IT SHOULD BE ABLE TO MAKE MOST OF THE REPAIRS, BUT EVERYTHING MAY NOT MATCH THE ORIGINAL FACTORY SETTINGS-- I MAY LOOK DIFFERENT.

WHEN I SAW THE EXPLOSION IN THE DISTANCE, I FIGURED YOU WERE **A GONER**. YOU HAVE A WAY OF DEFYING THE ODDS, PAL.

THERE COULD BE MORE ELITE CORPS OUT THERE. WITH DICKHEAD OUT OF ACTION, WHO KNOWS?

BUT TO BE SAFE, WE NEED TO CLEAR OUT OF THIS AREA.

WHERE TO?

I STILL CANNOT TRANSMIT. THESE DEVICES MIGHT FIX THAT, BUT IT'S IMPORTANT THAT I SPEAK TO CHIEF BROULLIARD AND THE GOVERNOR.

LET'S HEAD FOR THE PREFECTURAL MEDICAL CENTER.



I'LL MANEUVER OUT OF THIS VICINITY AND LET THEM KNOW WE'RE COMING.

PLUGGING IN THE COORDINATES FOR THE MEDICAL CENTER.

I'M AFRAID THAT THIS WHOLE AFFAIR HAS UNCOVERED A RATHER MASSIVE CONSPIRACY. THE LIGHTSTREAM, THE V, CHANCELLOR ZHANG, THE LIGHTS ARE ALL INVOLVED. NOT TO MENTION THE PRIVATE THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES OF EVERY HUMAN BEING ON THE PLANET.

DUDE! THAT'S THE KIND OF SHIT I DON'T WANT TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT. ALL I KNOW IS THAT THAT **SCUMBAG CHEN** IS FINALLY TOAST--WHAT A WASTE OF CARBON.

HE HAD YOU IN HIS SIGHTS. YOU WEREN'T GOING TO LET HIM KILL YOU, **WERE YOU?**

I GUESS YOU'LL NEVER KNOW NOW.

WHAT? YOU SUDDENLY HAVE A DEATH-WISH?