



No one remembers where the Rattleheads came from. *When* they came...

Or even *what* they are.

All we know for sure is that it didn't take them very long to kill almost *all* of humanity.

We probably won't last much longer.



DO WE **ATTACK**, OR DELAY FOR **ONE MORE MONTH** HOPING THAT **HE** ANSWERS OUR CALL?

THE RATTLE-HEAD BULLET TRAIN RIDES **TOMORROW MORNING**. WE MUST NOW **VOTE**.

WAIT. **WHAT?!**



YOU WANT TO WAIT? FOR A FAIRYTALE! A BEDTIME STORY? BECAUSE THAT'S ALL HE IS...

THERE IS NO **TITAN FEARWELL**, OLD MAN. THERE'S JUST **US!**

There aren't many of us left. And we all live like *this*. Hiding, ashamed and *shaking* with fear. The Rattleheads call us *Husks*.

And they're *right*.

!



YOUR FRIEND HAS NO TIME FOR PLANS AND STRATEGY. FOR HOPE. HE BELIEVES THAT ALL HE NEEDS TO KNOW IS *WHERE* THE RATTLEHEADS ARE.

WHERE TO POINT HIS GUNS.

I'M GLAD YOU ARE *DIFFERENT*...BUT PERHAPS IT IS TIME YOU TOLD HIM THAT YOU WILL NOT BE JOINING HIM FOR THE ATTACK.

YEAH... YOU'RE RIGHT.



My name is Xam. And I intend to *earn* myself a glorious *death*.

Screaming and firing bullets...Taking as many skeleton corpse *bastards* with me as I can.

They won't sing any *songs* about me when I'm *gone*. But at least I'll have done something with my life...My *death*.



XAM. MY FRIEND! I HAVE... SOMETHING TO TELL YOU.



I MEAN, CAN YOU BELIEVE ALL THIS TITAN FEARWELL HORSESHIT? HE'S A STORY MY FATHER USED TO TELL ME AND MY BROTHER. THEY'VE BOTH BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS.

MAYBE HOPE ISN'T A BAD THING, XAM. I MEAN...

WAIT! IS THAT--



IT IS. IT'S HIM. HE'S HERE!


TITAN FEARWELL IS HERE!



I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY. YOU'RE *NOT* COMING WITH US TOMORROW.

AND I DON'T BLAME YOU.

SUICIDE MISSIONS ARE BAD ENOUGH WITHOUT OUR LEADERS WAITING ON A GOD-DAMNED FABLE TO SHOW UP AND LEAD US INTO BATTLE.



Attack Day. Sunrise.


The Rattleheads' *bullet train* runs twice a month...

RATTLE RATTLE RAT!

From the *ammunition mines* in Franklin, down through *Jersey*, across the *George Washington Bridge* and into *Manhattan*.



Our scouts *decoded* the schedule a year ago and we've been planning this attack ever since.

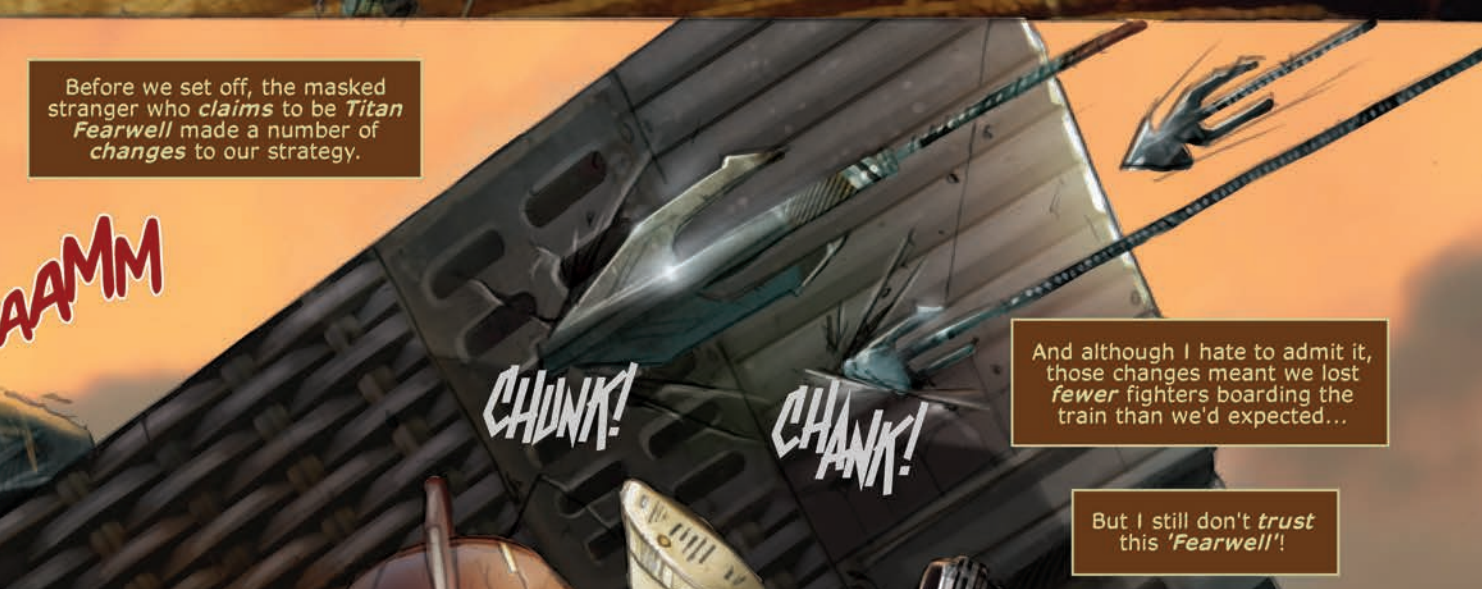


Before we set off, the masked stranger who *claims* to be *Titan Fearwell* made a number of *changes* to our strategy.

BAAAMM


CHUNK!

CHUNK!



And although I hate to admit it, those changes meant we lost *fewer* fighters boarding the train than we'd expected...

But I still don't *trust* this 'Fearwell'!



The Elders broadcasted their messages in morse code, on *ancient* radios sets... Begging him to join us for our valiant *last stand*.

A *child* could intercept and decrypt those messages...

This masked *lunatic* that we're following into battle could be absolutely *anyone* at all!



Fools all over the world sing songs about Titan Fearwell.

Songs that claim he's roamed the Earth, fighting the Rattleheads for years, maybe even *decades*.

BOOF!

Which is of course *impossible!*

**RATTARATTARTA
TAT RATTATAT**



KACHHONGGK!

That he's *unkillable*... That his strategic mind is second to none, and his bravery is *unparalleled*.

Yeah. We'll see about that.



JACKPOT!
LOOK AT ALL THIS AMMO...

WE MIGHT BE ABOUT TO *DIE*, BUT AT LEAST WE'RE NOT GOING TO RUN OUT OF *BULLETS!*



Our victory feels so *sweet*. Of course, we all know it'll be *short lived*. But we're *husks*.

We're used to *short lives*.



PANIC AND DEATH, MY BROTHERS!

I HAVE ACQUIRED HUUSSSK PARASIIITES!



PANIC AND DEEEATTHH!

The *sound* of screaming and weaponfire is *deafening*. I try to focus on a single target at a time. Pretend that *nothing* else exists.

DEATH!



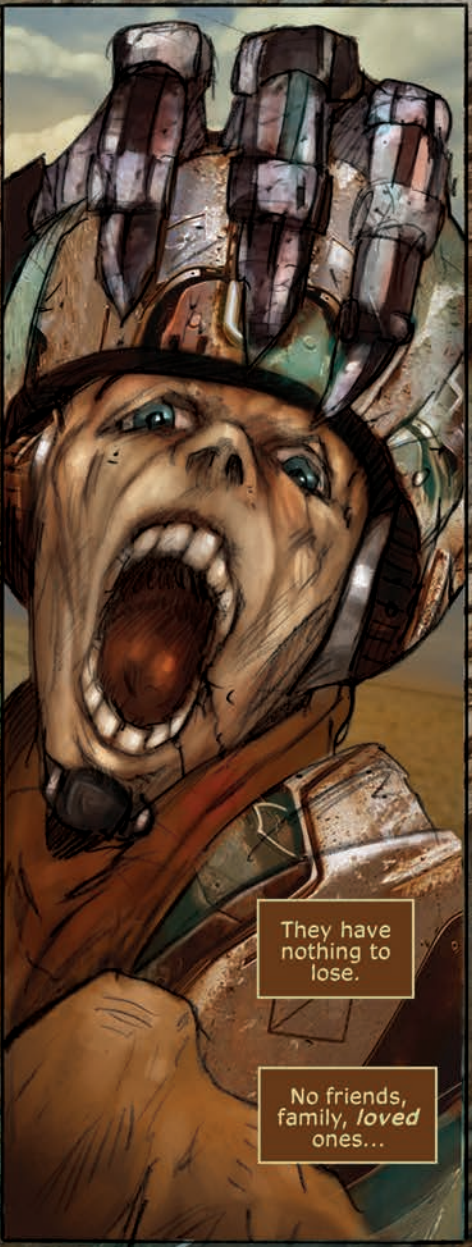
YAAAARGH!

KA-SHILIIISHH

SHHUNK!

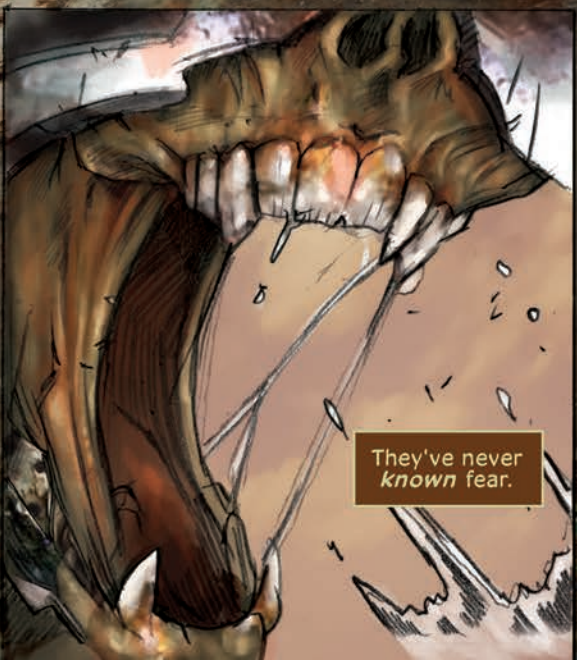
You only realise how *inhuman* the Rattleheads are when you see them do something like this...*Piling* their own bodies in front of the train to *slow* it down.

To them, it's no *sacrifice*. They're no more alive than any other *machine* or *corpse*.



They have nothing to lose.

No friends, family, loved ones...



They've never known fear.

SKREEE HRAAAACHH



I can feel the train beneath my feet shuddering to a *halt*.

This is as far as we go...As far as we ever planned to *make it*.

PAIN AND--*FUCK!*

SHUNK!



I look around. Everyone else is *dead*.

It's just *me*. And *him*.

JUMP, KID!



And screaming, murdering Rattleheads as far as the eye can see.

I start to *panic*...



IT'S OKAY, KID.

STAY CLOSE BY ME...

I *ALWAYS* SURVIVE.

CLICK!!!



BOOOOOM

Three hundred tons of train and munitions *detonating* is all the distraction we need to *escape* the bridge...



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. **NEW YORK!** I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THIS PLACE.

FIRST TIME FOR ME TOO, KID. IT'S REALLY **SOMETHING**, RIGHT?

Of course, the Rattleheads are *there*, waiting for us. As soon as we enter *their* city.

GREETINGS, **HUSKS!** I WILL TELL YOU WHAT I TELL **THEM ALL.**

THE **QUICKESST** WAY TO **END** THIS WAR...IS TO **LOSE!**



This is insane! How are we still alive? I wonder for the first time if the man I'm following might really be Titan Fearwell.

And if so, does he have a plan?



For me this has been a *suicide mission* since day one...

FOLLOW MY **LEAD**, KID. AND LISTEN **CAREFULLY** TO WHAT I SAY.

But Fearwell *always survives*...Right?

BULLETS DO THE MOST DAMAGE IF YOU CAN HIT 'EM RIGHT ON THE TOP OF THEIR SKULLS.

HARDLY EVER ANY HARDWARE IN THERE.

As he tears up the battlefield, like some sort of one man army, he lists the weapons he's using. Tells me where he got them.

Virus grenades, developed by resistance camps on the West Coast. Disabling the cyborg implants in the Rattleheads' skeletons.

VZZZZZ VZZZZZZZZ

BANG
BAMBANG
BAM

SHATTERBOMBS. THESE'LL THROW THE FRONT GUNNERS OFF BALANCE, AND GIVE US TIME TO REGROUP.

AND LISTEN.

YOU NEED TO STOP USING THE WORK 'HUSKS'... THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL US...

KRAAKOOOM

GAH!

SHLUCKK

But in the end, he didn't even see the blade that got him.



FEARWELL.
FEARWELL!

COME ON,
STAY WITH ME.
WE CAN HIDE IN
HERE.

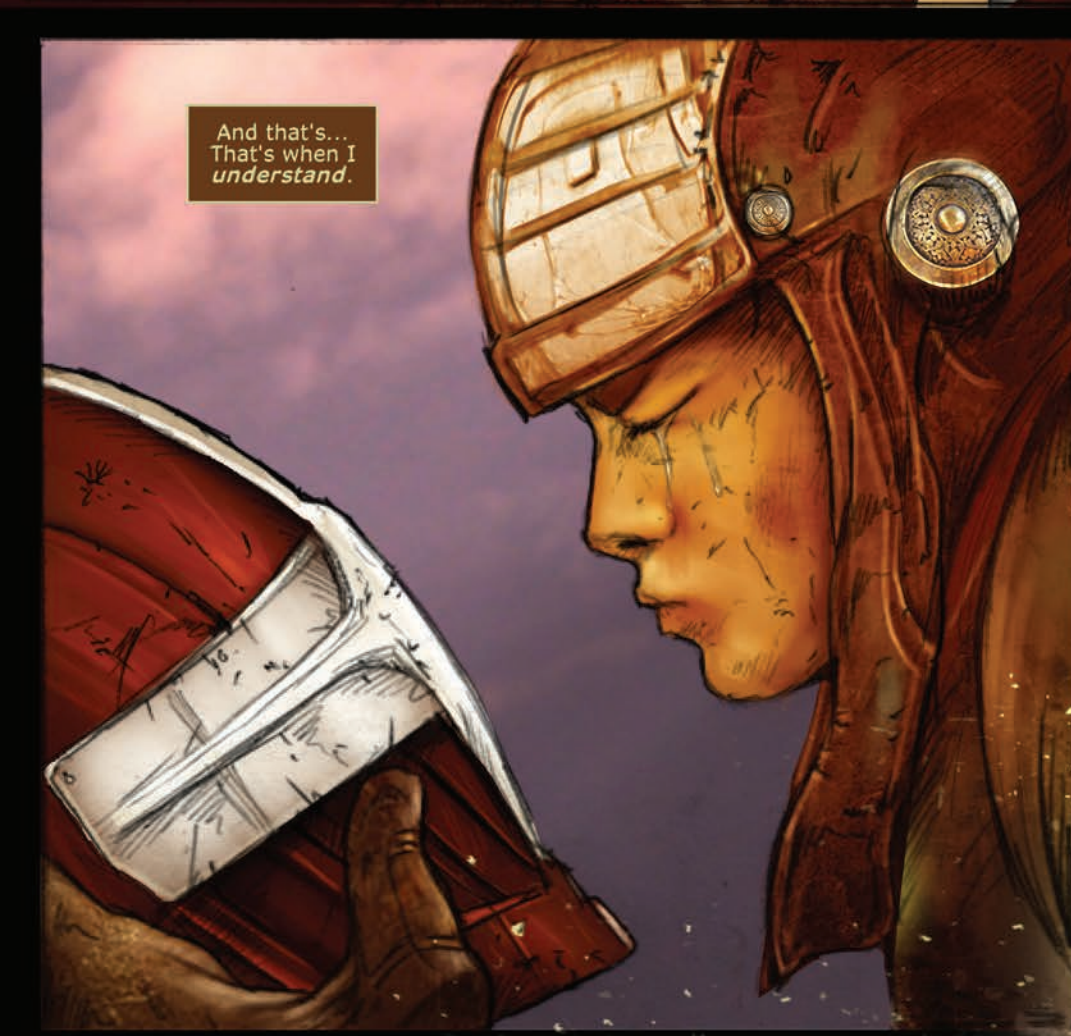


But I can
tell by
looking at
him... He's
not going
to make it.

I...I
THOUGHT
YOU ALWAYS
SURVIVE?



I DO.
...HERE...
TAKE THIS.



And that's...
That's when I
understand.



My name is
Titan Fearwell.

*And I intend
to survive.*

*Because I
have to.*

The camp was already *on the move* when they saw the flames and smoke from the *city*.

I STILL... CAN'T BELIEVE HE'S *GONE*. THAT THEY'RE *ALL GONE*.

THEIR *SACRIFICE* WILL BE REMEMBERED FOR AS LONG AS OUR PEOPLE SURVIVE...

The Elders couldn't risk the Rattleheads taking and torturing one of our *fighters*...And discovering our location.

DO YOU THINK...THAT THERE'S *ANY CHANCE* HE MADE IT? THAT HE'S *STILL--*

NO. I HEAR THAT *ONLY TITAN FEARWELL* SURVIVED.

AS HE *ALWAYS* DOES.

And although they never saw Titan Fearwell again, they never *forgot* him--or what he *did*.

He gave them hope. Evidence that they *could* fight back. Could make a *difference*.

That their lives would not be given in vain.

That *someone* always survives.

THE END.