

THE 90s



IT WAS THE BEST OF TIMES.

IT WAS THE MOST EXTREME OF TIMES.



A DARK
AGE...

OF WRATH
AND FURY.

GRIM AND
GRITTY.

PEOPLE WERE
SCARED. THEY DID
NOT NEED HEROES.
THEY NEED
SOMETHING MORE.

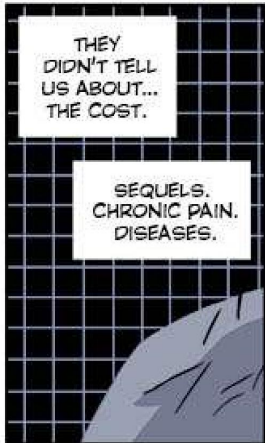


THEY WANTED
WARRIORS.
SUPERHEROES.

BUT WE WERE
GLORIFIED SOLDIERS.
AND WE LIVED
THAT WAY.

WE FOUGHT
THEIR WAR. WE
DIED AND WERE
FORGOTTEN.

THAT'S THE
SOLDIER'S FATE.
NO COMPLAINTS.

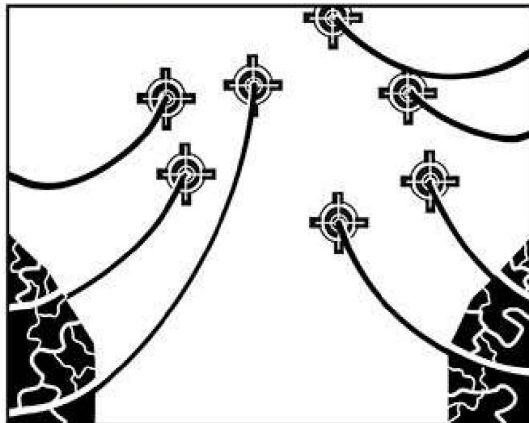


THEY
DIDN'T TELL
US ABOUT...
THE COST.

SEQUELS.
CHRONIC PAIN.
DISEASES.



OPEN
WOUNDS. NOT
METAPHORICALLY.



THE OLD INSERTIONS OF
MY TECH ARMOR ARMS
BURN LIKE HELL.



NOW MY
FAVORITE SUPERHERO
IS "PAINKILLER".



JUST A CHUNKY BODY WHERE
TO PUT JUNK AND CANNONS
AND HOLSTERS AND BRAND
STICKERS AND SHIT.

OWNERS
OF NOTHING.



OUR
POWERS. OUR
RESOURCES.

WHEN HEROES
COMMIT!
CALL OF WILL

NEW SERIES | *Hug+*
FEB 14

EVEN OUR
NAMES.



SMILIN' YOUNG
HEROES.

NOT SO
DIFFERENT
TO US.



SOMETIMES I HAVE A DRINK WITH THE BOYS.



WORLD'S FINEST. FORMERLY BRAVE SOLDIERS AND BOLD FIGHTERS. AGES AGO.



BLOODSPUR. DEGENERATIVE OSTEOPOROSIS. VASCULAR SURGERY PENDING.



DEATHWISHER. DIABETES. THREE HIP OPERATIONS.



EY, DAMAGER.

THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE WHERE WE USE OUR OLD CODENAMES.