CHAPTER 1

FLASHBACK

YOU HAVEN'T TRIED FREEZING...

NOT UNTIL YOU'VE STOOD ON ANTARCTICA ALL ALONE.
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!
IT DIDN'T REALLY SURPRISE ME.

AFTER ALL THE SHIT THEY'D PUT ME THROUGH.

THIS WAS THE FINAL STRAW. THEY'D JUST HANDED ME A SERIOUS REASON TO KILL 'EM ALL!

AND TO DO THAT, I HAD TO GET BACK TO NEW RUSSIA.

JUST A STROLL TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLOBE...

...SHOULD BE PRETTY SIMPLE.
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.

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.

Not a living soul...
Outside again, the Antarctic nature started testing me.

Have you ever faced off with a bunch of territorial elephants/seals?

Nope, that’s what I thought..

It was tough, but one by one I kicked their wrinkled asses.

I finally approached the edge of the ice...

HM?

...when a devious penguin snatched two of my cigars!

What!?
Hey! What the hell are you doing!? You lousy bird imitation!

Stop!

Huff! Where you going!
WHAAAAA... EHHH?

!?

WHICH ONE OF YOU FAT ANIMALS STOLE MY CIGARS?!!

OKAY! FINE! KEEP 'EM!

SKREEN! SKREEN! SKREEN! SKREEN! SKREEN! SKREEN! SKREEN!