

1972.
BINH LONG PROVINCE,
SOUTH VIETNAM.



WE SHOULD'VE HIT THE FORK IN THE RIVER THREE HOURS AGO.

IT'S NOT MY FAULT, *KAMP-ADY* SON! THROUGH THE RICE PADDY WAS A BAD IDEA, YOU GET TURNED AROUND TOO EASY.

WE SHOULD'VE STAYED ON THE PATH TO THE VILLAGE.

OHON, *SRECK*, THAT WOULD'VE BEEN LIKE WALKING OUT ON A SHOOTING RANGE.

BIG JACK'S GOT A POINT THERE, *GARSE*.

SO LET'S FIND A DIAM ROUTE THAT GETS US TO THE OTHER SIDE, THEN WE LOOP BACK.

HEY, *MUPPY*...



NEK *GLY*'S QUIET, AIN'T HE?

SO GO TALK TO HIM, *BRUMBLE*.

WHERE'D HE SAY HE WAS GOING?

HE DON'T DON'T THINK.



HEY, *BRAMP-AD*, YOU GOT ANY EXTRA *DRY SOCKS*?

DOWN TO MY LAST PAIR...







