GARTH ENNIS

ROGUE TROOPER

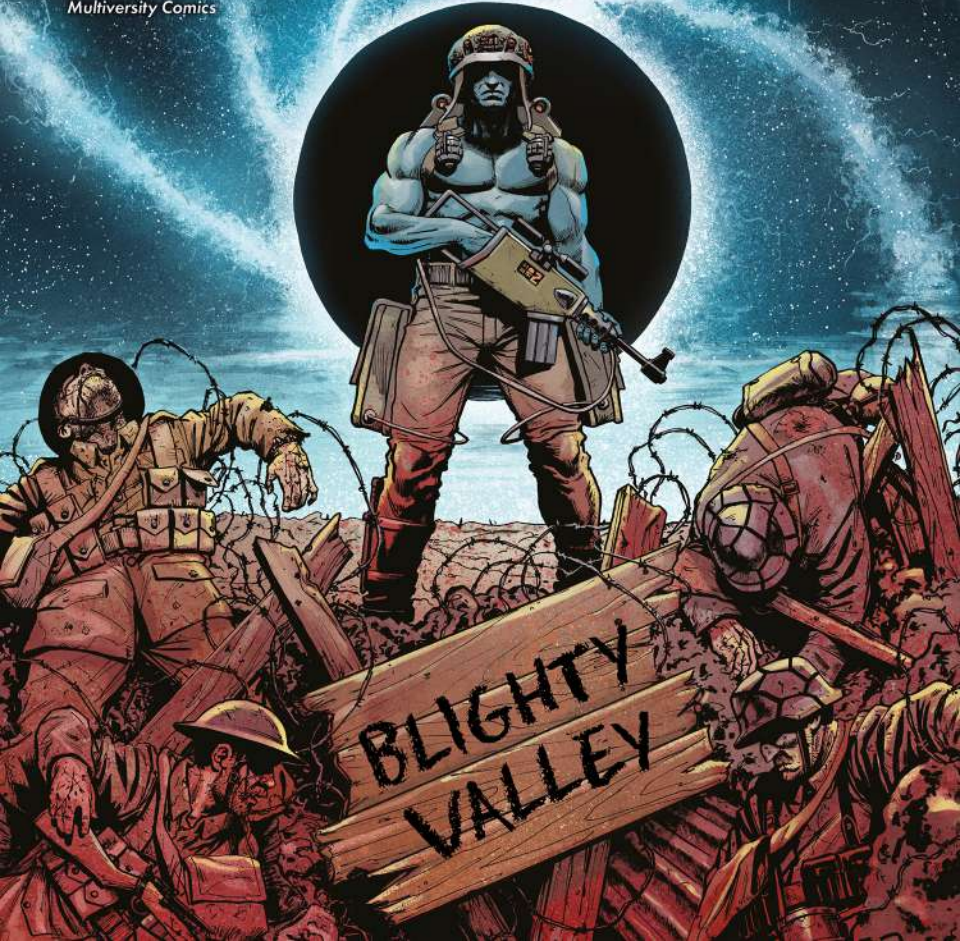
PATRICK GODDARD

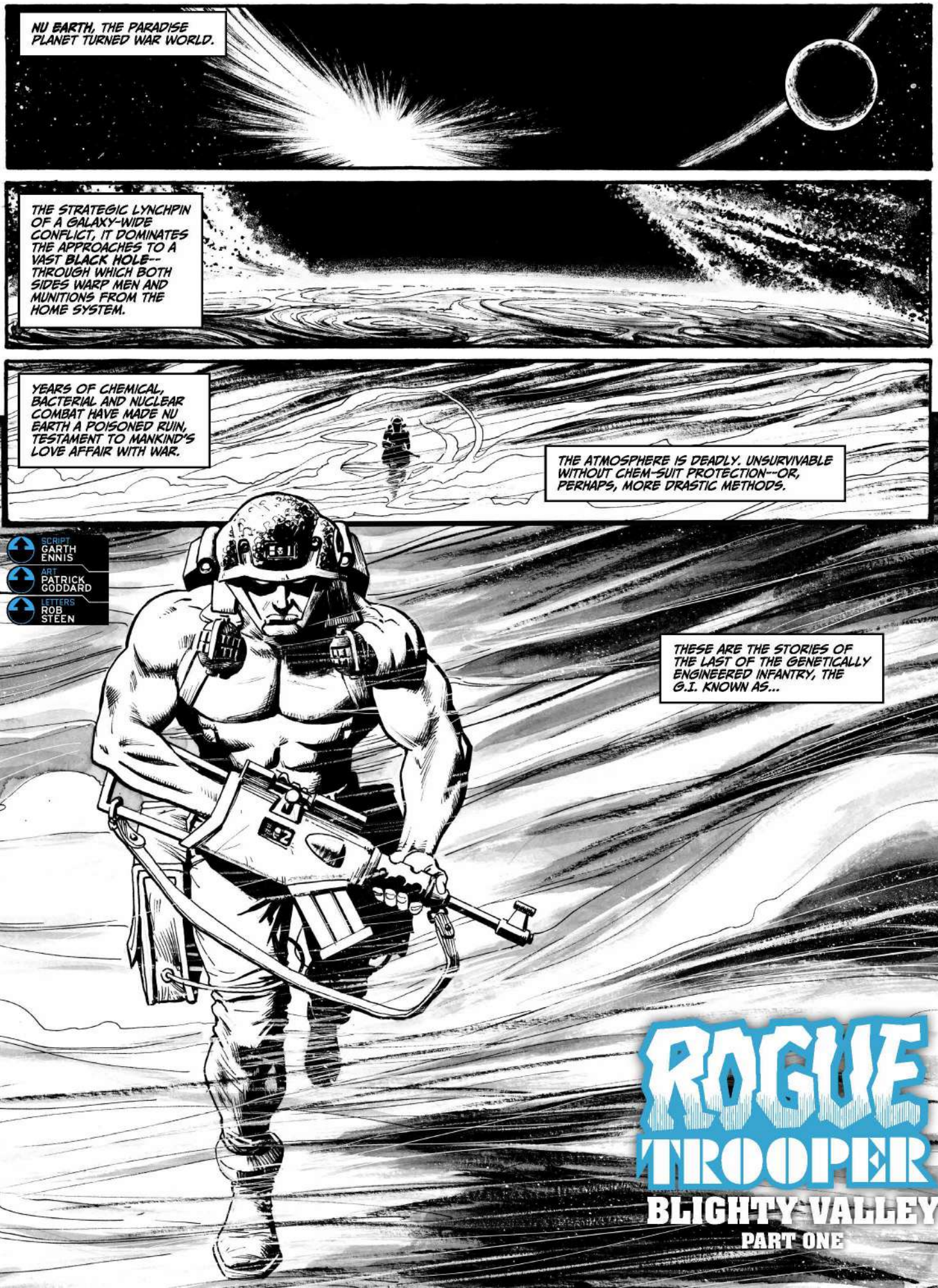
"Returns a classic character and yet does something really unexpected with it almost instantly"

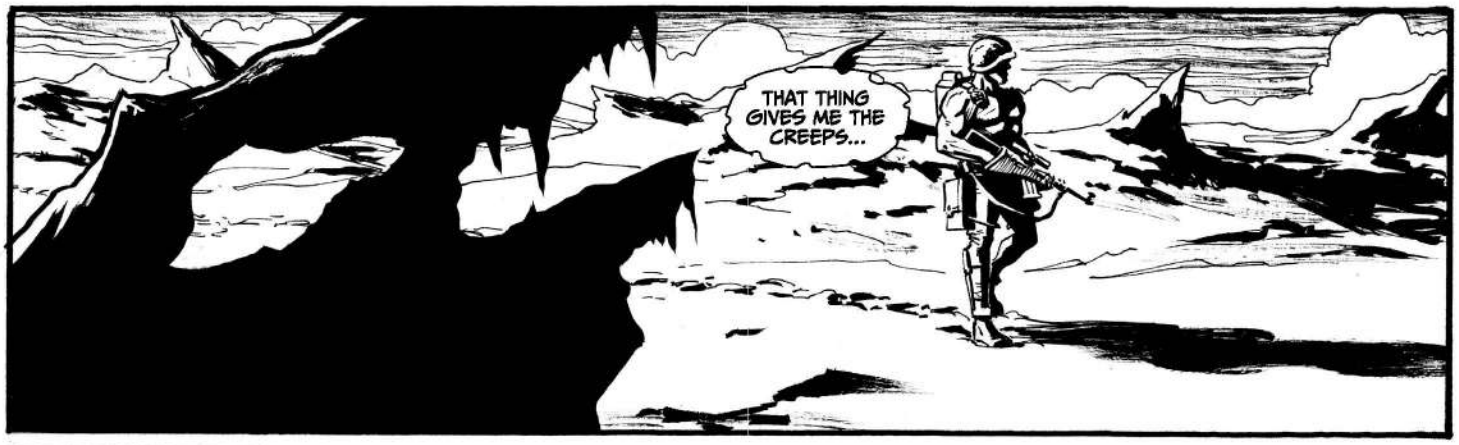
Multiversity Comics

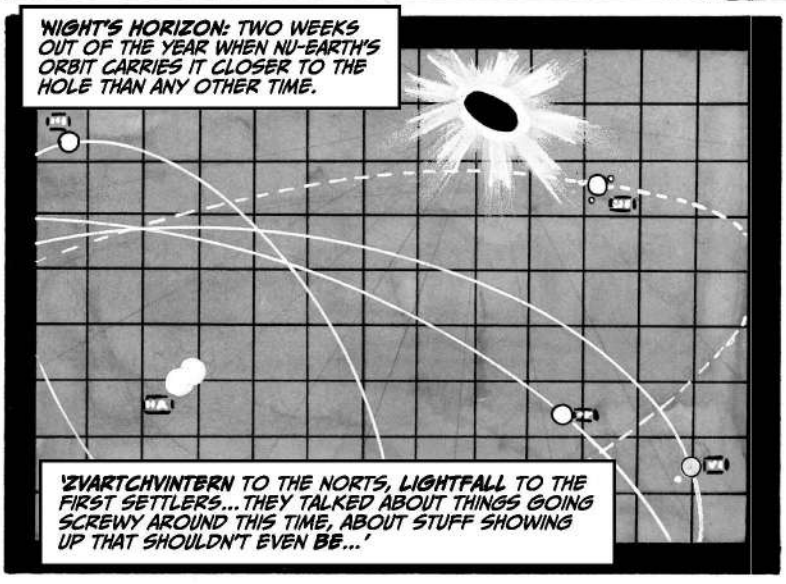
"Definitely the best Rogue Trooper we've seen for so, so many years"

Comicon.com




NU EARTH, THE PARADISE PLANET TURNED WAR WORLD.
THE STRATEGIC LYNCHPIN OF A GALAXY-WIDE CONFLICT, IT DOMINATES THE APPROACHES TO A VAST BLACK HOLE--THROUGH WHICH BOTH SIDES WARP MEN AND MUNITIONS FROM THE HOME SYSTEM.
YEARS OF CHEMICAL, BACTERIAL AND NUCLEAR COMBAT HAVE MADE NU EARTH A POISONED RUIN, TESTAMENT TO MANKIND'S LOVE AFFAIR WITH WAR.
THE ATMOSPHERE IS DEADLY. UNSURVIVABLE WITHOUT CHEM-SUIT PROTECTION--OR, PERHAPS, MORE DRASTIC METHODS.
SCRIPT GARTH ENNIS
ART PATRICK GODDARD
LETTERS ROB STEEN
THESE ARE THE STORIES OF THE LAST OF THE GENETICALLY ENGINEERED INFANTRY, THE G.I. KNOWN AS...
ROGUE TROOPER
BLIGHTY VALLEY
PART ONE





OH, WHAT, LIKE WEREWOLVES OR VAMPIRES OR WHATEVER?

HAW! BEWARE THE MOON, WEREBAG!

HEY, SYNTH OUT, BUTCHER BOY--!

I'M NOT THE ONE WHO'S DAMAGED GOODS, KOOK!
GUNNAR, I SWEAR, ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL--
NOT THIS AGAIN.
I MAKE IT TWENTY KLIKS TO GO.
HUH. I DIDN'T REALISE WE WERE THIS FAR SOUTH.
TOO BUSY SCANNING FOR THE LIVING DEAD?
YOU WANT TO TELL THEM WHY, ROGUE?
THE TRAITOR.
'YOU SAW HOW HE HANDLED HIMSELF LAST SUMMER*. HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A GENERAL--BUT NO WAY WAS HE EVER SOME DESK JOCKEY.
'WHICH MEANS...'
*THARGNOTE: SEE EYE OF THE TRAITOR, PROGS 327-332.
SPECIAL FORCES?
YEAH, LIKE A LOT OF OUR INSTRUCTORS...
THERE'S A SOUTHER EXTREME ENVIRONMENT TRAINING FACILITY NOT FAR FROM HERE. S.F.'s LIKE A CLUB: EVERYONE KNOWS EVERYONE.
IF HE PASSED SELECTION, SOME OLD TIMER MIGHT REMEMBER HIM--MIGHT EVEN KNOW THE PLACES HE LIKES TO HIDE.
HE LOOKS DIFFERENT NOW, DON'T FORGET...
HE CAN ONLY BE ONE OF FOUR FACES.
TRUE.
NICE GOING, ROGUE.
HELM'S IDEA.
NOT JUST A PRETTY FACE, KIDS.
UH...

I THOUGHT THE SOUTHPOL ZONE WAS FREE OF CHEM?
SUPPOSED TO BE. ANTARCTIC WINDS DISPERSE IT, WHAT'S LEFT JUST LIES IN POCKETS.
THEN WHAT'S THIS?
WHATEVER IT IS, SCANALYSIS IS NOT IMPRESSED... IT'S ONE STEP UP FROM A BAD FART...
ROGUE--!
WHERE THE HELL DID HE--?
MORE!
WAKE THE HELL UP, GUNNAR!
I WAS! THE SON OF A BITCH WAS JUST THERE!
ACHTUNG, ACHTUNG! NACH VORNE!
NAAAH--!
TEUFEL! DAS SCHWEIN IST BLAU!
HNNH!
IS THAT NORT?
SOUNDS LIKE NORT...
JUST THERE? DID HE 'PORT IN, OR--?
YOU TELL ME! FRESH MAG, ROGUE!

WHERE'S THE SNOW? THE ICE?
TAKE A LOOK UP, BOYS—
TOTE DIESES STUCK SCHEISSE!
THERE'S ONLY ONE GODDAMNED MOON—
NNGH!
AAAH! WAS ZUR HOLLE—?
SAME AGAIN! HE WASN'T THERE AND THEN HE WAS!
NOW HE'S NOT! GUNNAR, SOUND OFF!
NO TARGET! NO TARGET!
DAMN IT—!
THIS MAKES NO SENSE! THIS IS—
ANY SECOND NOW IT WON'T MATTER! WHAT A LOUSY WAY TO GO!
LOOK TO YOUR FRONT! LOOK TO YOUR FRONT!
WH—?
FIVE ROUNDS RAPID! FIRE!

NOW, AH... HAVE I BEEN OVER-IMBIBING AGAIN...
...OR IS THIS CHAP ACTUALLY BLUE?
NEXT PROG: IF YOU KNOWS OF A BETTER 'OLE...