

LAST MAN STANDING

WRITTEN by DAN ABNETT
DRAWN by MIKE PERKINS
LETTERED by KID ROBSON

"MY NAME IS
FERON."

"SPACE MARINE
SCOUT, IMPERIAL
FISTS CHAPTER."

"THE OLD CHARTS
CALL THIS PLANET
KOLKUN."



"HERE, IN THE PLIMICE
OCEANS OF THE SOUTHERN
HEMISPHERE, THE FISTS
HAVE SPENT SIX MONTHS
HOLDING THE LINE AGAINST
AN ENEMY INCURSION."

"IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS CARNAGE,
I AM A FLEETING SHADOW, WHO
OBSERVES AND LEARNS AND INFORMS."

"THAT IS MY ALLOTTED ROLE."

"MY MISSION TODAY, TO SURVEY THE ORK GUNNERY POSITIONS ALONG THE WESTERN EDGE OF THE TARKOOM FLATS.

"TOMORROW, A MAJOR OFFENSIVE WILL LIVE OR DIE ON THE ACCURACY OF MY DATA-GATHERING. I—

"SOMETHING FLICKERS, FLASHES, BURNS...



"THE SKY LIGHTS UP, TWO MILES TO THE EAST, SOME GREAT DRAMA IS PLAYED OUT.

"I HEAR BOLTERS COUGHING, CHAINWORDS SHRIEKING.

"COMM-LINK TRAFFIC ERUPTS. FAST-CLIT STACCATO EXCHANGES ON THE ENCRYPTED BEAM.

"IT'S A SQUAD OF FISTS. PINNED DOWN. DYING.



"GLORY WALK WITH YOU, BROTHERS.



"WHAT HELP I CAN OFFER IS YOURS.

"WEAPONS TO STANDBY. MOVE OUT.

"GET A FIX! GET A FIX!"



"THERE... A SOLID RETURN!

"BLOOD OF THE EMPEROR,
THEY'RE BEING SLAUGHTERED!
LIFE SIGNALS ARE DISAPPEARING FROM MY
TRACER AS I WATCH!



"IF I CAN ONLY—



"HELL'S TEETH!"

"I'M SUDDENLY FAR TOO
AWARE THAT I'M JUST A
SOLO SCOUT, STRAYING
BLINDLY FROM HIS ASSIGN-
ED AREA, RUNNING INTO
THE JAWS OF DEATH.



"STILL... I THUMB OFF THE
SAFETY ON MY INFERNUS 8...

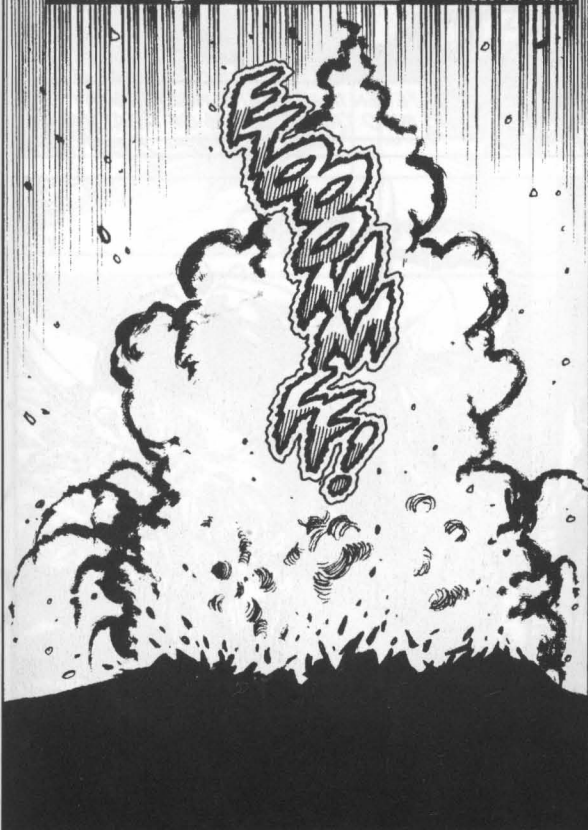
"...AND I LET DEATH
KNOW I'M HERE!"





"MY SERGEANT ALWAYS SAID THE SIMPLE IDEAS ARE THE BEST."

"EIGHT FRAG GRENADES TIED TO A TRIP-LINE, BURIED IN THE DUST. CURIOSITY DOES THE REST."



"COMM-TRAFFIC BLURTS AGAIN--"

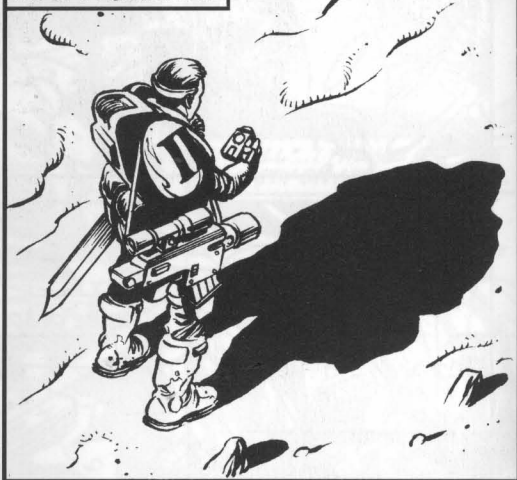
ALL FIELD UNITS WITHDRAW FROM GRID NINE NINETY EIGHT. OPPOSITION TOO INTENSE. LOSSES GREAT, REPEAT...

"NO!"



"THERE'S STILL ONE LIFE SIGNAL LEFT. WEAK, BUT THERE. THEY'VE GOT A PRISONER."

"SIGNAL IDENT SHOWS IT TO BE THE APOTHECARY. I'D NOT WISH TO LEAVE ANY MAN BEHIND, BUT OF THEM ALL, HE IS THE MOST PRECIOUS..."



"EVEN IF IT MEANS WALKING ON INTO THOSE JAWS OF DEATH."





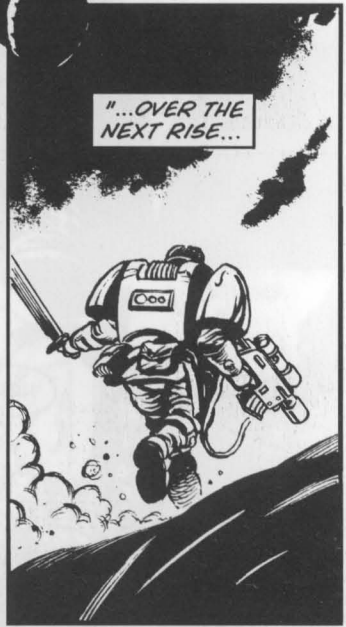
"ALMOST THERE...SIGNAL
STILL CLEAN..."



"...KEEP MOVING LOW...
WEAPON READY..."



"...SIGNAL NOW SHOWING
JUST AHEAD..."

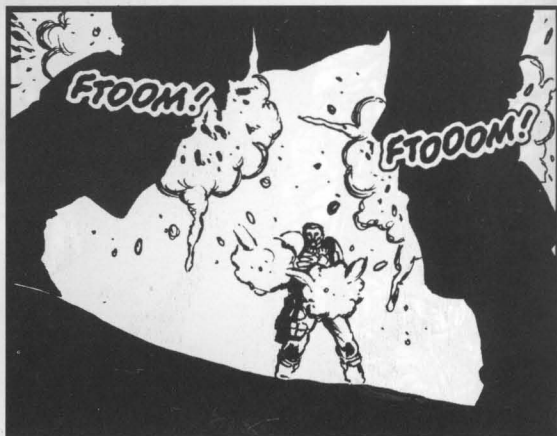


"...OVER THE
NEXT RISE..."



"...THERE!"

"IN THE NAME OF
THE EMPEROR!"





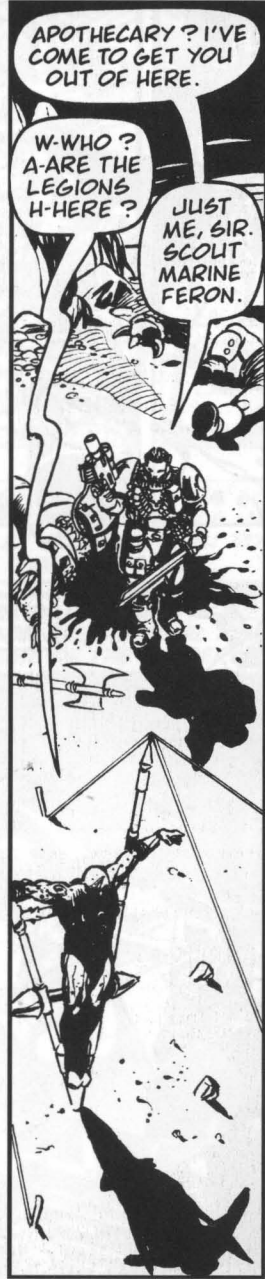
AGHHHH!

BE SILENT...



...BE DEAD.

FTAMMM!



APOTHECARY? I'VE COME TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE.

W-WHO? A-ARE THE LEGIONS H-HERE?

JUST ME, SIR. SCOUT MARINE FERON.



J-JUST ONE SCOUT?

SIR.

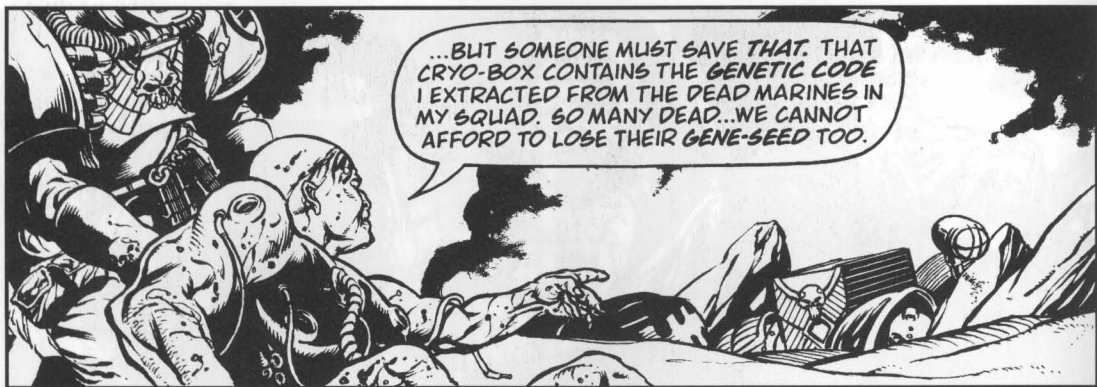
YOU'RE A B-BRAVE MAN, FERON. B-BUT WE WON'T GET OUT, NOT THE TWO OF US. I'D SLOW YOU DOWN.



SIR, YOU-

LISTEN TO ME! I RESPECT YOUR COURAGE, SCOUT FERON... BUT I ONLY WILLED MYSELF TO STAY ALIVE TO BRING SOMEONE HERE.

I'M DEAD. THERE'S NO SAVING ME...



...BUT SOMEONE MUST SAVE THAT. THAT CRYO-BOX CONTAINS THE GENETIC CODE I EXTRACTED FROM THE DEAD MARINES IN MY SQUAD. SO MANY DEAD...WE CANNOT AFFORD TO LOSE THEIR GENE-SEED TOO.



TAKE MY BIKE. YOU WILL NEED ITS SPEED.

DO NOT FAIL.

I WILL NOT.



ONE LAST FAVOUR...



YOU DON'T HAVE TO ASK.

FLAMM!



"THEY'LL BE ON TO ME IN A MOMENT."

"THE PERIMETER DEFENDERS I SNEAKED THROUGH WILL TURN, HOUNDING ME."



"UNLESS I HAPPENED TO HAVE BOOBY TRAPPED THE ORK CAMP WITH ALL THE EXPLOSIVE I COULD SALVAGE.



"I MAY NOT YET HAVE THE GLORIOUS POWER OF A FULL SPACE MARINE, BUT LET NO MAN DOUBT MY RESOLVE OR MY METTLE.

"WHAT I DO NOW...AND IN THE FUTURE... I DO FOR THE IMPERIAL FISTS, IN THE NAME OF THE EMPEROR.

"GLORY WALK WITH US ALL, BROTHERS."



END