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THE OFFICIAL SEQUEL TO THE BLOCKBUSTER FILM

# PREDATORS

DAVID LAPHAM  
ALLAN JEFFERSON



**STRANGERS IN A  
STRANGE LAND!**

DIRECT



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# PREDATORS

A SEQUEL TO THE BLOCKBUSTER FILM.

## “PRESERVE THE GAME”

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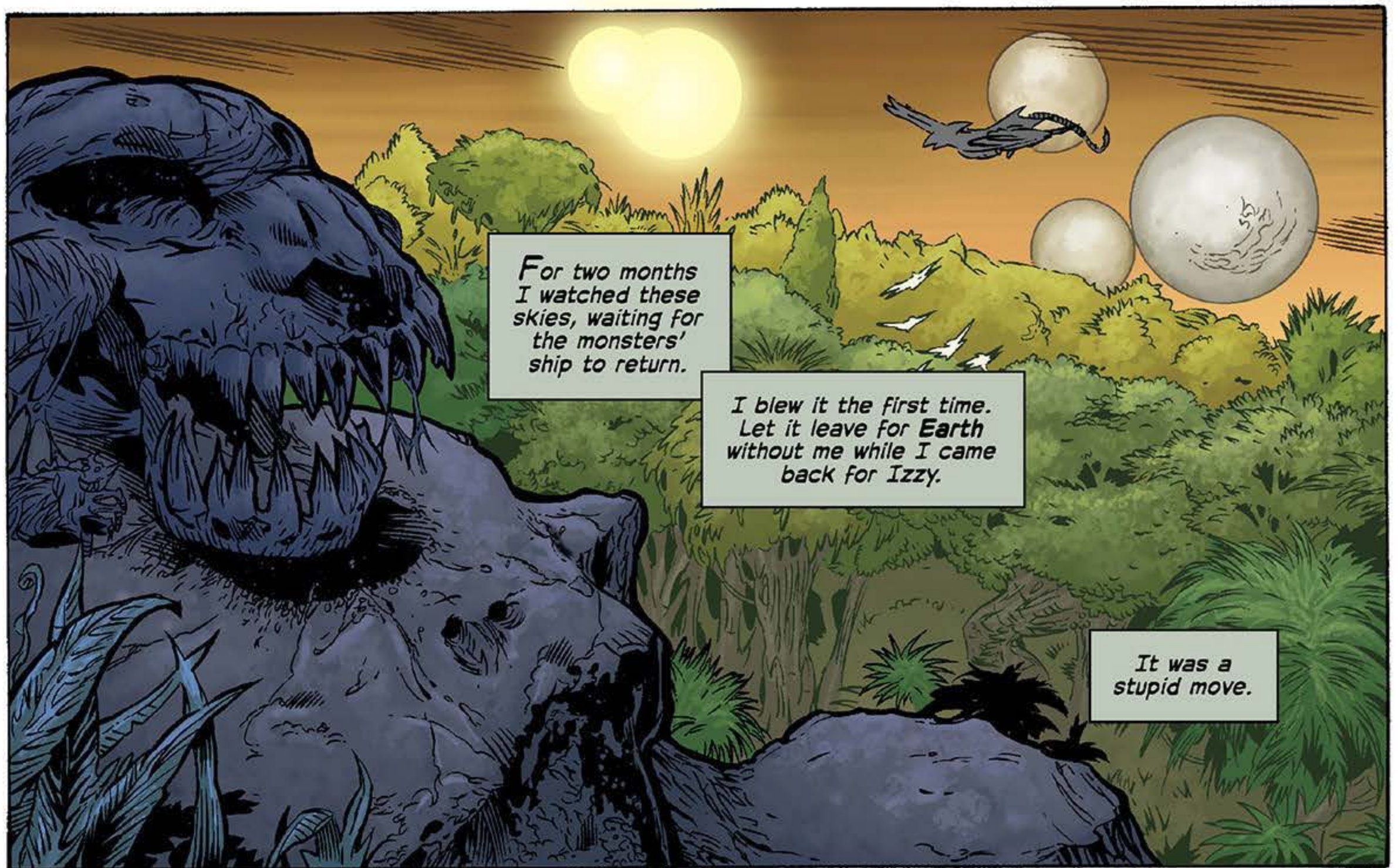
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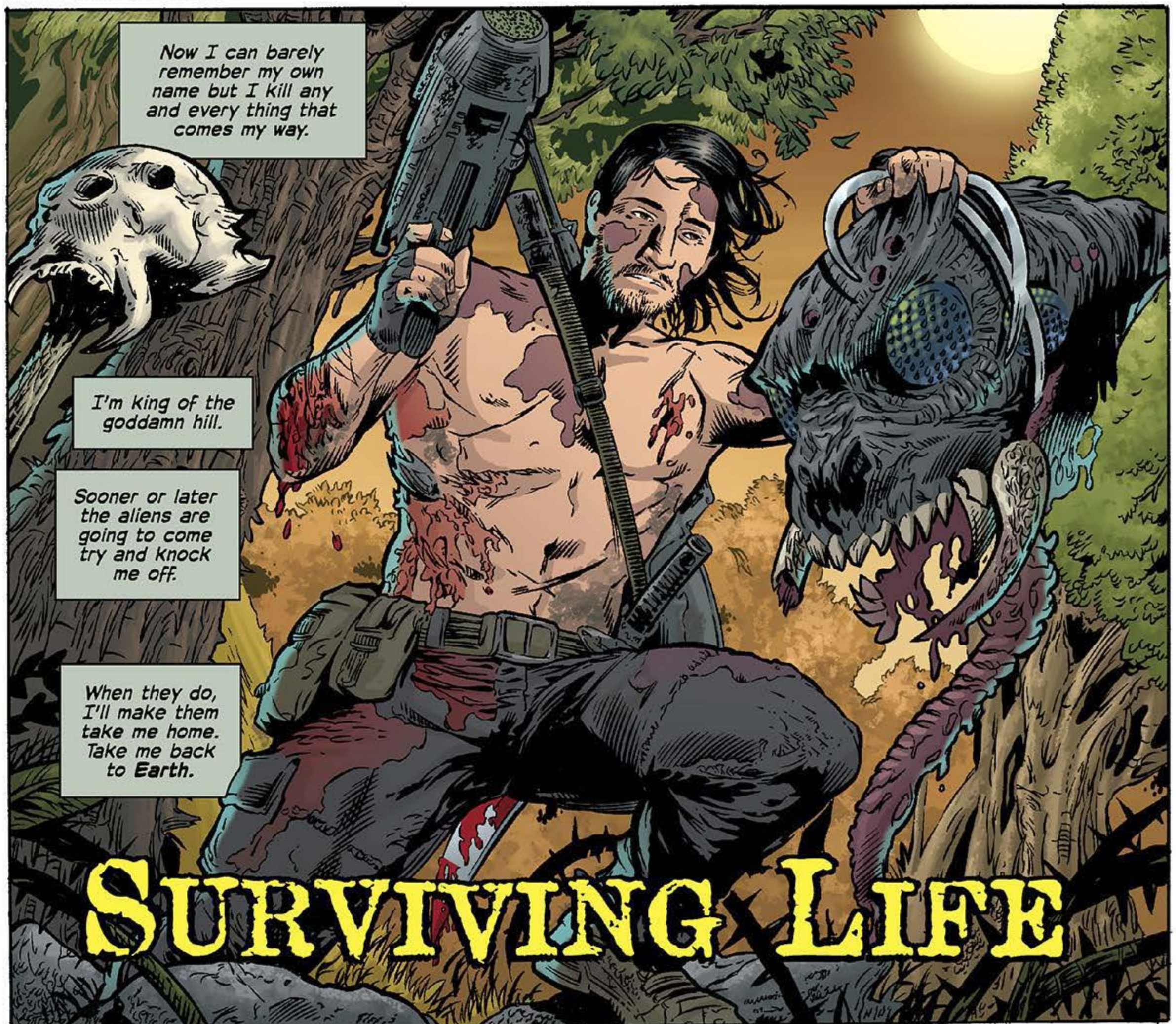




*For two months  
I watched these  
skies, waiting for  
the monsters'  
ship to return.*

*I blew it the first time.  
Let it leave for **Earth**  
without me while I came  
back for Izzy.*

*It was a  
stupid move.*



*Now I can barely  
remember my own  
name but I kill any  
and every thing that  
comes my way.*

*I'm king of the  
goddamn hill.*

*Sooner or later  
the aliens are  
going to come  
try and knock  
me off.*

*When they do,  
I'll make them  
take me home.  
Take me back  
to **Earth**.*

# SURVIVING LIFE





Their ships  
come by  
overhead.

I kill what  
they drop,  
and they drop  
something new.

They're  
training me.  
Keeping me  
sharp.



Almost wasn't  
sharp enough  
with *this* thing.

The armor I  
scavenged was  
too cumbersome...



...ditched it in  
favor of a more  
streamlined  
approach.

Feel light-  
headed.



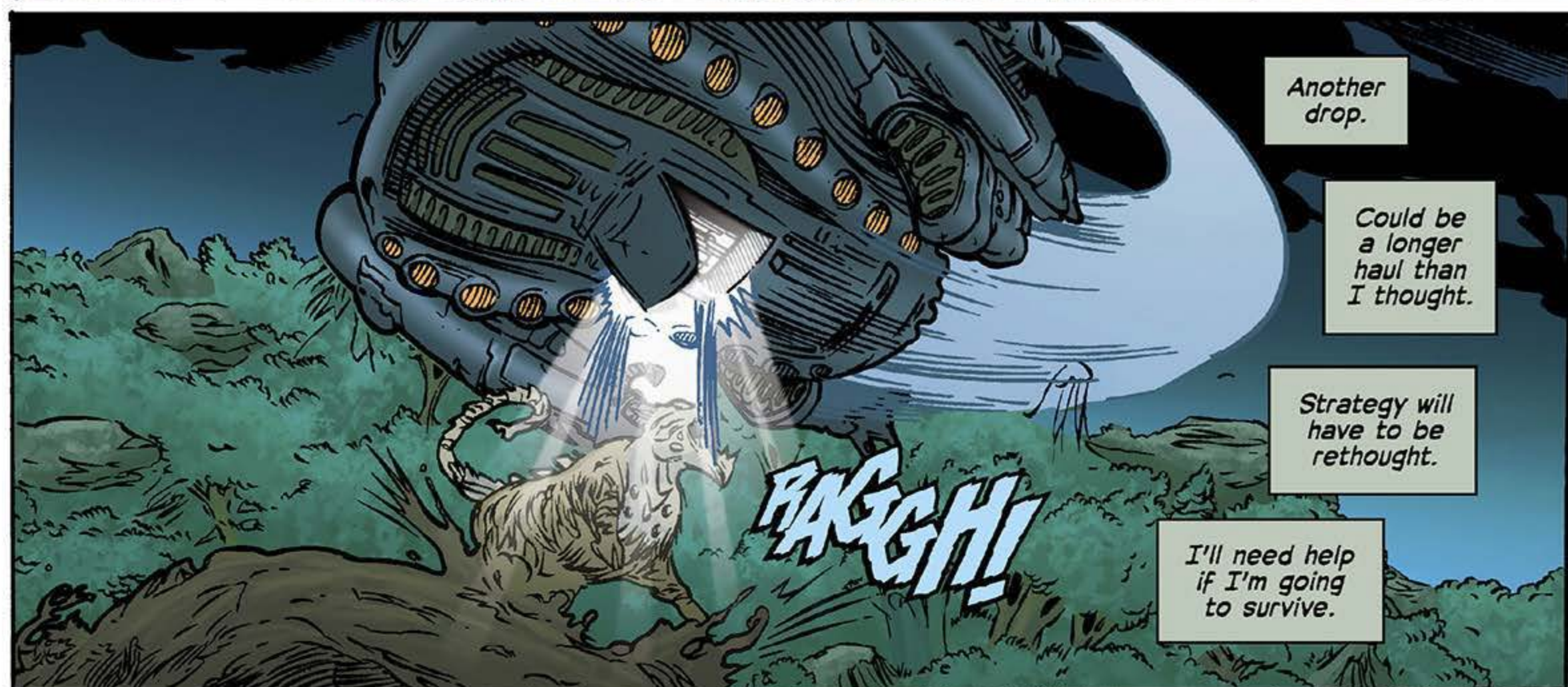




I know I'm going down the same road that the Navy Seal went. That Noland went.

Loners.

Dead loners.



Another drop.

Could be a longer haul than I thought.

Strategy will have to be rethought.

I'll need help if I'm going to survive.



Dawn...





SHOULDER'S  
DOING ALL  
RIGHT I SEE,  
ISABELLE.

'BOUT  
EIGHTY  
PERCENT.

HAD TO  
WAIT FOR THE  
WIND TO TURN  
TO GET IN  
CLOSE---



Oh,  
JESUS.

SAVE ME  
SOME OF  
THAT, WILL  
YA...



**ROYCE!**



Three days later...

I HAVEN'T  
SEEN YOU IN  
WEEKS AND YOU  
COME BACK TO  
JUST DIE AT MY  
DOOR?



SO, NOW  
WHAT?













I worked alone.

TUNK



とさく  
ささるる  
さす

Tried to  
change the  
game.



≧HEFF≦  
≧HEFF≦

Cared.

Now I'm  
going to die...



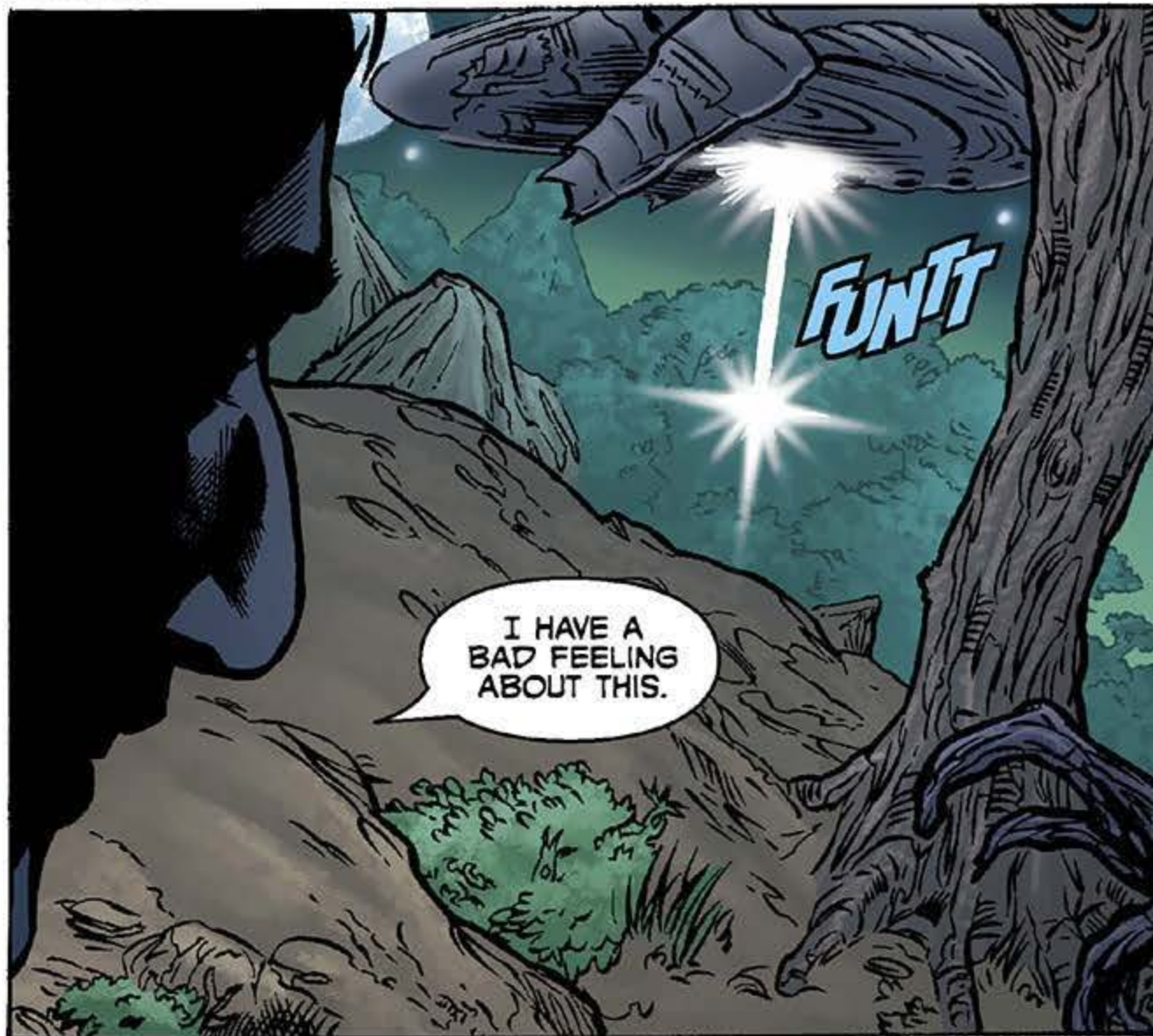
KEEP  
ALERT.

MAYBE  
THE BASTARD'LL  
GIVE US A HEAD  
START.

DON'T  
THINK HE  
WAS HERE  
TO FIGHT.

HE  
LEFT US A  
PRESENT.





















We could have set it up. I could have beat this thing.



The right move is to run.

Leave Izzy and run.

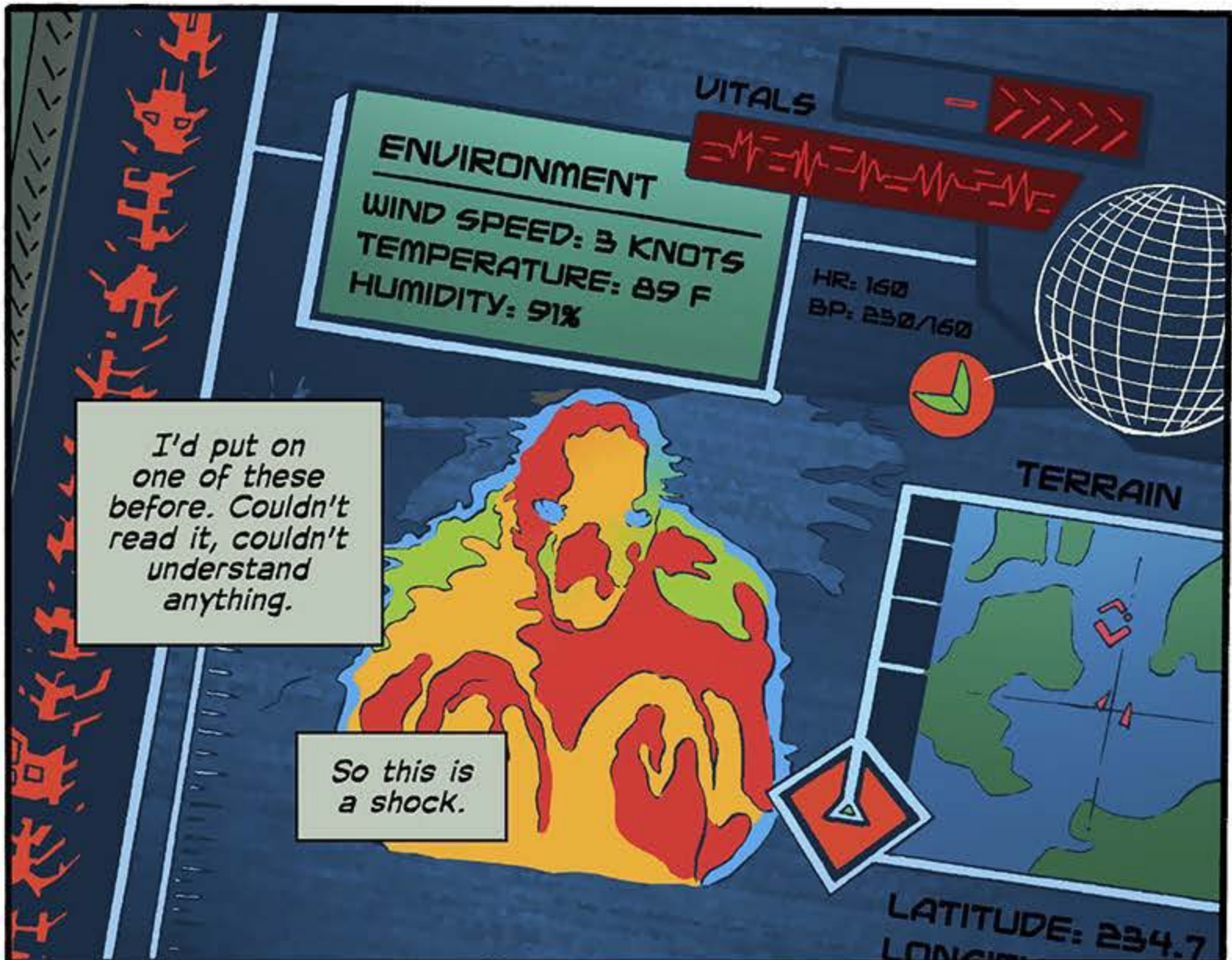


Goddamn you, Isabelle.













Just need to relax.  
Picks up brain waves.

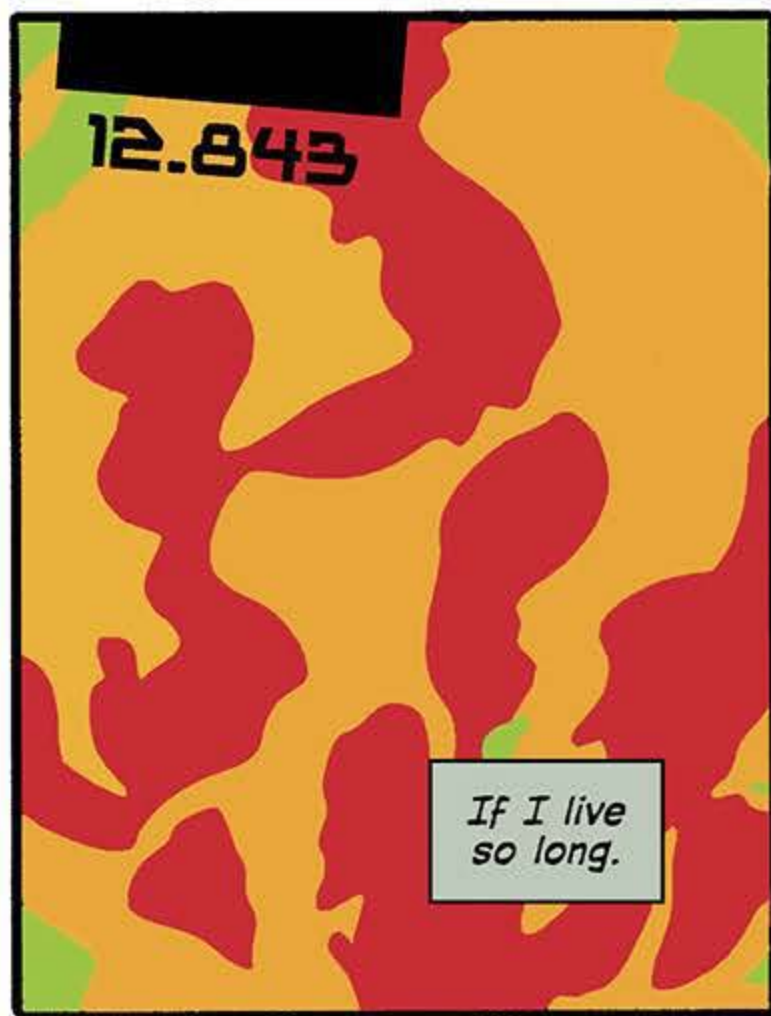
This can  
help us.



If I can  
control it.

42.346

**ALERT**



12.843

If I live  
so long.

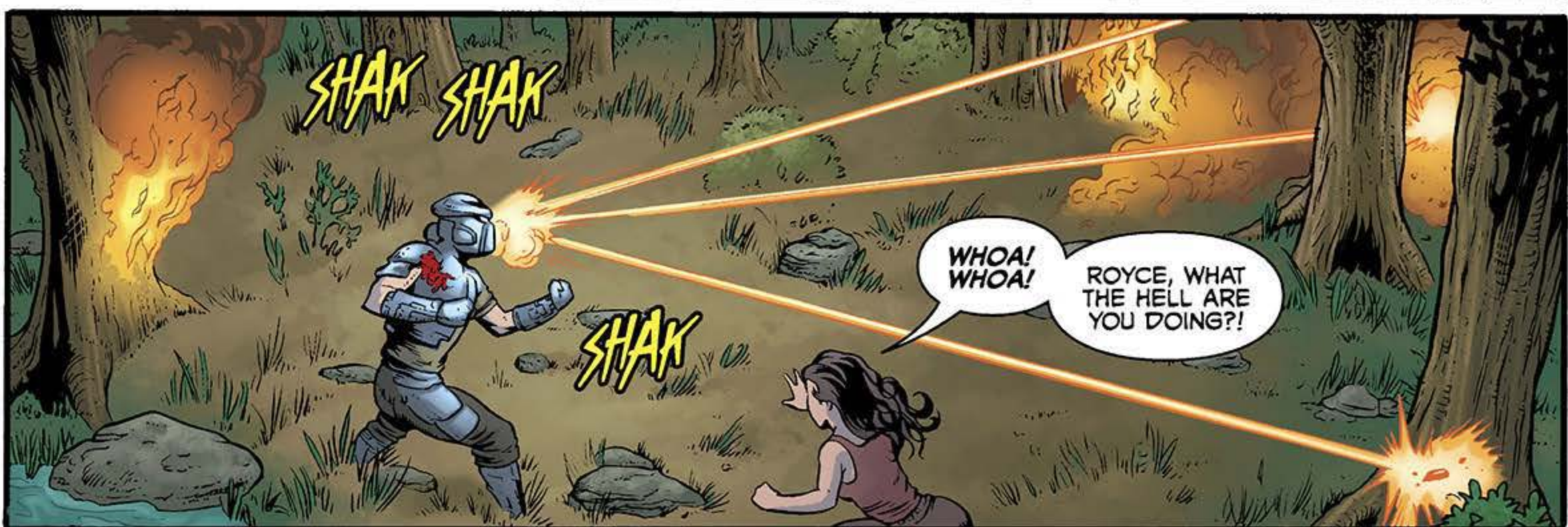
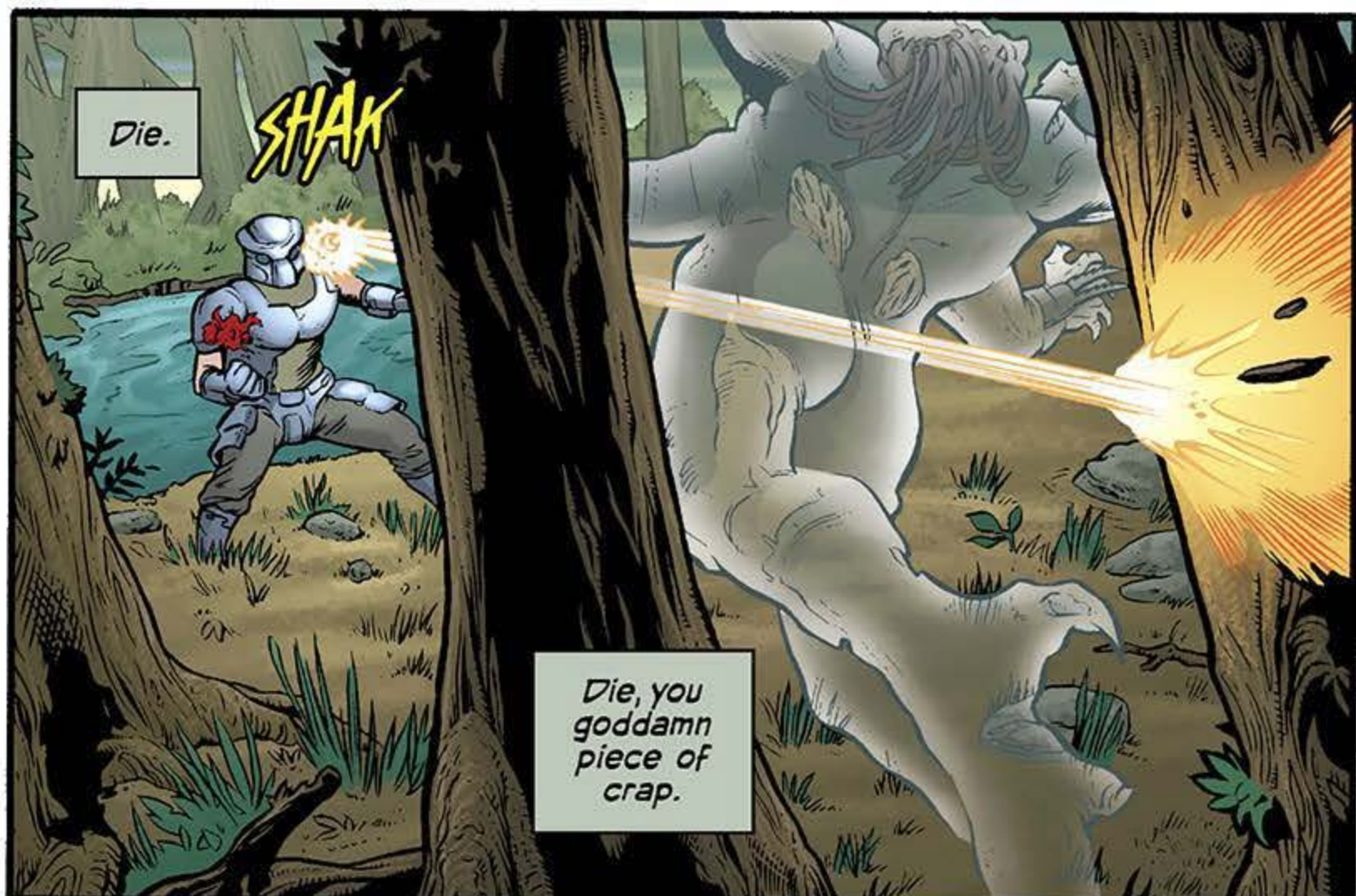


**ROYCE!**

Izzy pulling  
me down.

Has my  
back.









NICE SET  
OF FIRST-  
AID GEAR.



FOR A BUNCH  
OF UGLY MOTHERS,  
THEY DO THINK OF  
EVERYTHING.

HOLD  
STILL.

AHHH.



I'M  
GOOD AT  
THIS.

WHAT'S  
THAT?

IT'S WHY I  
DO THIS JOB.  
I'M BETTER  
AT IT THAN  
EVERYONE  
ELSE.



THAT'S IT.  
OTHER THAN  
THAT I DON'T  
CARE ABOUT  
ANYTHING.

Hnnn...



THE  
REST IS  
ALL BULL.

YOU THINK  
YOU'RE FIGHTING  
FOR SOME NOBLE  
CAUSE? YOU THINK  
THE PEOPLE YOU  
WORK FOR  
AREN'T GETTING  
THEIRS?



YOU KNOW  
WHO'S NOBLE,  
ROYCE? PEOPLE  
ARE NOBLE.

BECAUSE  
WE GIVE A  
CRAP.

BECAUSE  
WE TRY.









This is a new one for me.

Standing out here with my you-know-what in the wind.



Relying on Isabelle-- hell, anyone--to have my back.

The armor's hard-wired into my nervous system. That's why the gun wouldn't work for her before.

We rigged it up.



Now we just have to pray there's something we can do to take this thing down.

It laughs at me.

At least that's how I take it.





For the first time in my life my instincts tell me I'm a dead man.

I try my best to ignore them.



The helmet helps anticipate. Strike.



If I can hang on, I can hit it.

Make it bleed.

Kill it.



GUHH!

And it can kill me.



Cracked ribs grind.

Fire shoots up my side.

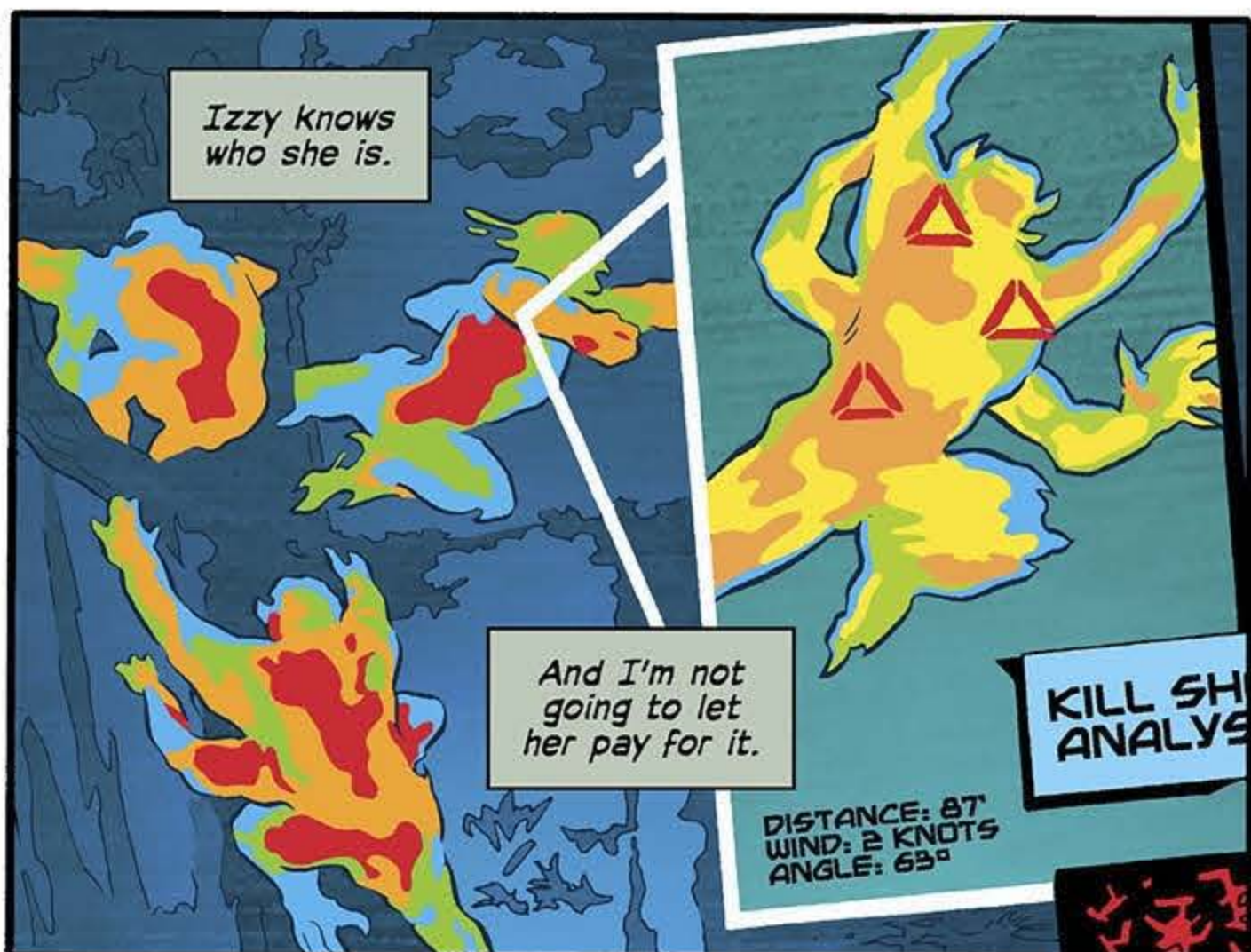


I'm not doing this right.

















The End