


**OUTER  
EDGE  
COMICS**

*Classics*



**NEGATIVE**

**BURN**



High above a dark, brooding city,  
a battered transport helicopter  
bearing the markings of E-SWAT  
speeds towards a yet unknown  
destination.

As it weaves an intricate path between  
mammoth buildings and tight over passes,  
the passengers inside can only try to  
figure out what awaits them.

This is bad man!  
This is real bad!



Shut up Raines, I can't hear the radio!



Say again control.

SQWAKKK! - situation deteriorating fast!  
Unit 4 hasn't responded,  
and 9 is pinned down on the 34th!

Raines, shut the hell up! You don't see gunner complaining!



34th?!  
How big is  
this place?!






Gunner doesn't talk man!



Control, how many stories is the target zone?




Say again, did not under-- aw crap! Julie Bron and her media fun pals just showed up.




Julie Bron? Don't you have  
a media blackout down  
there? Who's in charge?

Capt. Stewart-

That explains it.



Hey, we could  
wire Bron with  
dynamite and  
send her up  
for an ex-  
clusive. Talk  
about two birds  
with one-



-ulp! I'll shut  
up now.

Control, control  
come in...damn it!  
Second rate piece  
of garbage!





Hey,  
you  
at  
the  
back.  
Name  
and  
rank.



Who,  
me?



No, Elvis!  
Name and  
rank!



Lieutenant  
Sarah Penlin,  
sir!




Penlin...  
you're  
new here.

-Says  
here your  
good with  
electron-  
ics. Take  
a look at  
this thing.



Yes  
sir  
I-






What am I, your damn girlfriend?! Shut up and get up here!-

Yeah, work it honey.

Secure that, Face!  
Alright honey, we got  
8 minutes, see what  
you can do.





So what's the deal honey, how come I never seen you before?

Aw crap, I'm going on a suicide run, and I've got Betsy Ross covering my ass

I was riding a desk until yesterday-

You're a rookie?

I was on A.D.\* for a few months, but I was demoted recently.

Demoted? Why-

\*-ACTIVE DUTY



SQUAKK- TARGET ZONE  
COMING UP, AND ITS  
HOT. ETA, 2 MINUTES.



You heard the pilot ladies. This is the real thing. You got two minutes. I want full riot gear! Helmets, body armour, yadda yadda yadda. Lock and load, check your gear twice and then check it again. We're the only armour unit left, so it's down to us. Each of us counts on each other to cover our asses, so don't hesitate for a second to kill, cause those animals out there won't-

If any of you want to do some last minute praying-



163

-now's the time