

THE RAIDERS WERE COASTAL BANDITS WHO SWEEPED DOWN IN HORDES UPON UNSUSPECTING PLANTATIONS...



BUT EVEN THEIR SCOUT PARTY OUTNUMBERS THE MEN WE HAVE HERE!

I'VE BEEN WITH TROOPS IN BATTLE WHO WERE OUTNUMBERED, BUT SOMEHOW CAME THROUGH! GATHER YOUR MEN! I'LL ROUND UP ALL THE WEAPONS WE HAVE ON HAND!



AS I RACED BACK THROUGH THE LAB A SHOT EXPLODED SOME VIALS ON THE SHELF ABOVE ME...



SOMETHING IN THE CHEMICALS SEEMED TO WEAKEN ME, AND I LEANED ON THE LAB BENCH! I FOUND MYSELF STARING FIXEDLY AT THE SCURRYING ANTS...



I STRAINED TO CALL OUT FOR DOC CROSS BUT COULDN'T UTTER A SINGLE MURMUR... AND I SEEMED TO BE GETTING SMALLER...



AND STILL SMALLER...



SMALLER... SMALLER... SMALLER!

