

TALES OF SOLJA

The Misadventures of Maj. Kit Parker



The BABINEAUX TRILOGY

Episodes 1 & 2

Story, images and lettering by

Ben Weir

February 2022

Hello.

Tales of Solja began as scribbles on conference calls during the second lockdown of 2021 - July to be precise. It evolved from there into something of an escape for me during the wee hours of the morning as my vaccination side effects were wearing off. Yeah.

This comic is dedicated to those of you in, or emerging from, the dreaded lockdown. This little tale is for you and your inner kid. I hope it helps you escape.

I want to thank my family. They are very patient with me. There's no doubt about that. Without them, this comic would be an unrealised brain fart forever lost in the fog of rem sleep.

I hope you enjoy parts 1 and 2 of **Tales of Solja**.

BW



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IT WAS KANDAHAR 2008, HIGH UP IN THE ROCKY TERRAIN, MY UNIT AND I ENCOUNTERED A STRANGE AND RELENTLESS ENEMY. WE WERE BEING HUNTED BY A PLATOON ARMED WITH SUPERSUITS, AIRSUPPORT AND LASER WEAPONRY. IT WAS HELL. PURE HELL.

WE GOT SPLIT UP. ALL OF US MADE IT BACK TO BASE BY NIGHTFALL...CEPT OUR SNIPER. WITH LIMITED ORDINANCE, HALF A BOTTLE OF HIS OWN URINE & A TWINKY, HE PULLED OFF ONE OF THE MOST INCREDIBLE FEATS OF SURVIVAL...



...I'VE EVER SEEN.



HE BOOBY-TRAPPED THEM DOWN TO ONE.

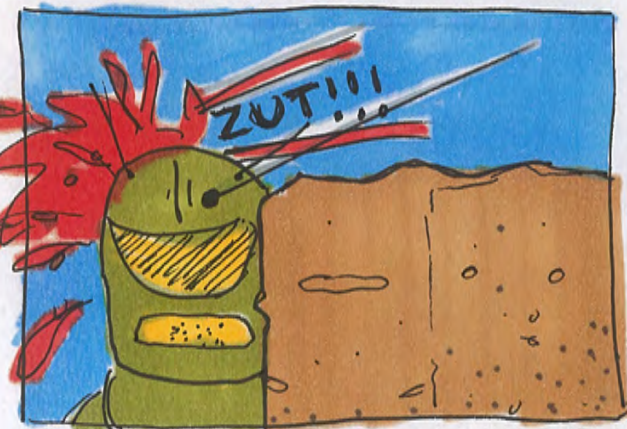
BOOM!

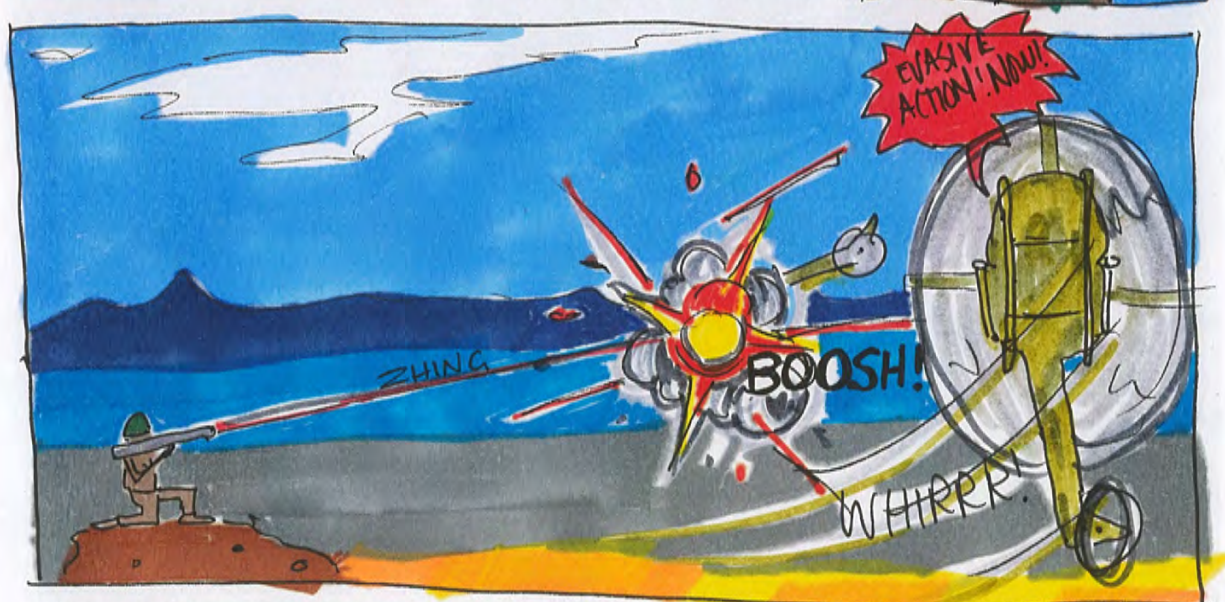
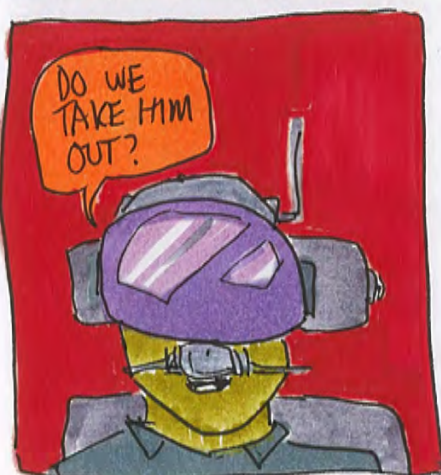


ONE SUPER-SOLDIER.

MY LORD WAS HE A DEAD-EYED DICK WITH A RIFLE! THAT 'THING' NEVER STOOD A CHANCE.







"AND THAT'S HOW COL. T.J. DRUMMOND SURVIVED AN ATTACK BY TWO HEAVILY ARMED HELICOPTERS - QUICK THINKING! AND A BAZOOKA. WE CAN'T IGNORE THE FACT HE HAD A BAZOOKA."





THE LIFE OF A SUBSTITUTE TEACHER WASN'T ALWAYS GLAMOUROUS TO SAY THE LEAST.....



MAJOR KIT PARKER NEVER IMAGINED HE'D SEE OUT HIS DAYS IN A CLASSROOM, TELLING WAR STORIES TO 5-YEAR-OLDS. HOW HAD IT COME TO THIS??

HE KNEW HOW, OF COURSE BUT IT WAS STILL DIFFICULT TO PROCESS. A DISHONOURABLE DISCHARGE, NARROWLY AVOIDED PRISON TERM... AND NOW COMMUNITY SERVICE IN A FRKGGING PRESCHOOL.

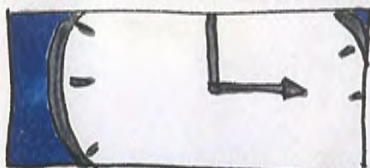
HE HAD TO SERVE HIS TIME. ONLY 2000 MORE HOURS AND HE'D BE FREE! THEN, AND ONLY THEN, WOULD HE GET HIS REVENGE.

IN THE MEANTIME
HOWEVER

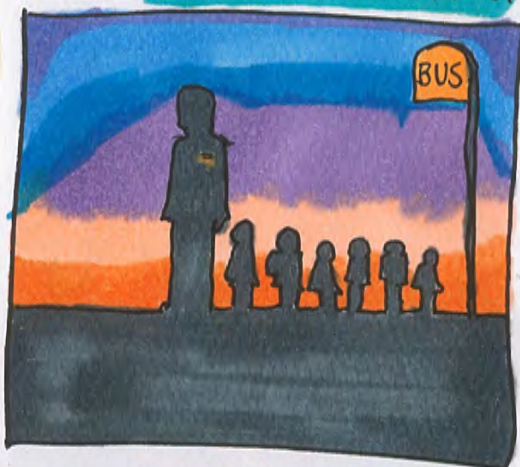
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE
TEACHING THEM FRIKKIN
KINDNESS CLASSES!!
WHATS WITH THE WAR
STORIES?? ONE MORE
PARENT COMPLAINT
AND YOU'RE FINISHED!



AND WHILE WE'RE
AT IT - WHATS
WITH THE UNI-
FORM?? GET
SOME GODDAM
SLACKS & A
POLO OR TWO.
CHRIST ALMIGHTY



DING DING DING DING!



THE LONG RIDE HOME ON
THE BUS - FROM THE PLEASANT
SUBURBS, THRU THE COLD
HEART OF THE CITY, TO
WHERE PARKER LIVED...

...ALWAYS SMELLED REAL BAD. TODAY ESP-
ECIALLY. FUNNY. BECAUSE HE WAS THE ONLY
PASSENGER. MUST BE THE DRIVER, KIT
THOUGHT. MEMORIES OF HER MEANDERED
INTO HIS MIND. HE SMILED AND ESCAPED
THE MOMENT, BRIEFLY.



LATER ON...



PARKER'S APARTMENT WAS WHAT YOU'D EXPECT - NEAT ENOUGH, JUST SO DAMN BASIC. ONE CHAIR, ONE LAMP, ONE KNIFE, FORK & SPOON... AT LEAST IT WAS HIS - PURCHASED WITH THE MONEY HE'D SAVED SINCE HE WAS 8 YEARS OLD. FOR HIM THIS WAS HOME: HIS SAFE SPACE.

LIKE MOST WORK DAYS, PARKER CLOSED IT OUT WITH A TIN OF BEANS, THE NEWS & A CAN OF PASITO - HIS FAVOURITE DRINK. AS THE WEATHER-GIRL ANNOUNCED A FORECAST HE SLIPPED AWAY INTO SWEET SLUMBER.



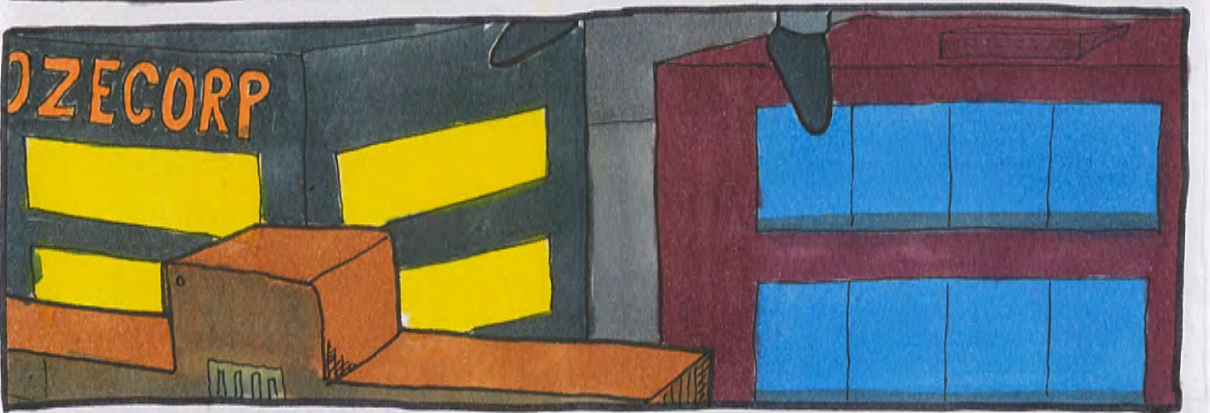
AND JUST LIKE THAT, PARKER WAS JOBLESS... AGAIN.

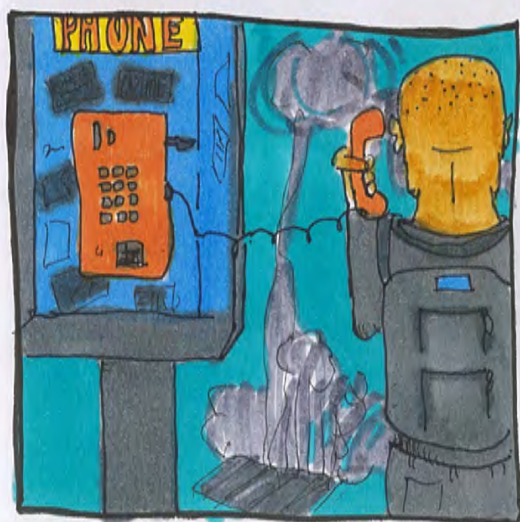
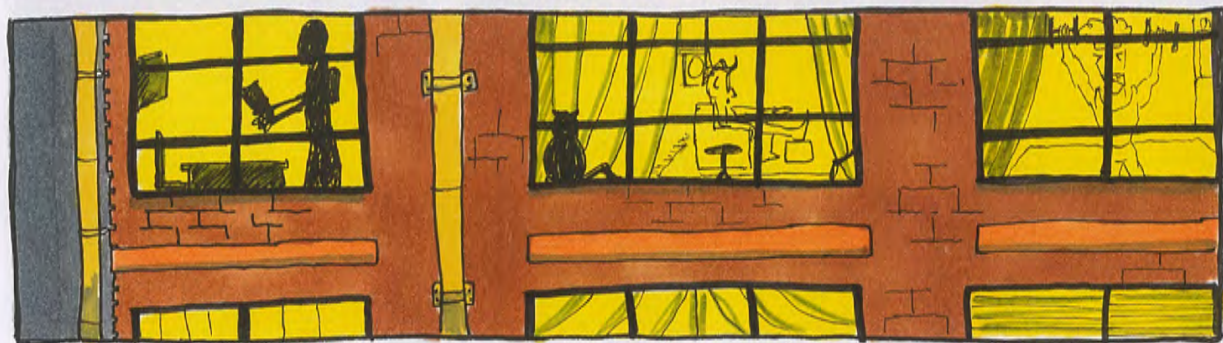
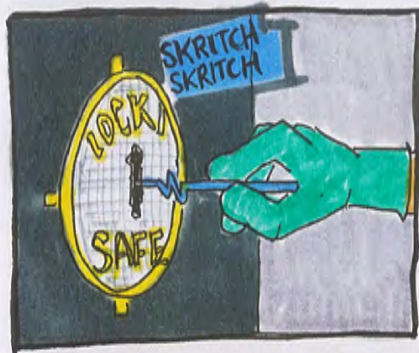


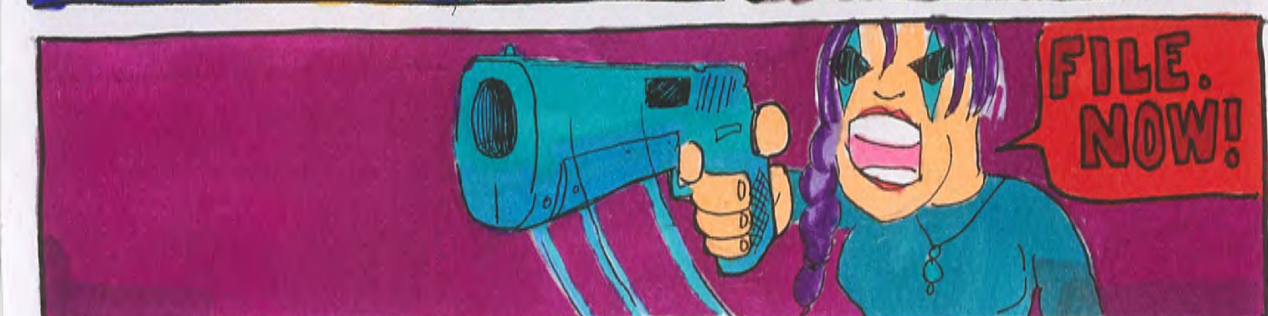
PERHAPS A COLD CAN OF FIZZ & A THINK... NO USE GETTING UPSET. HE WAS A BAD TEACHER ANYWAY.

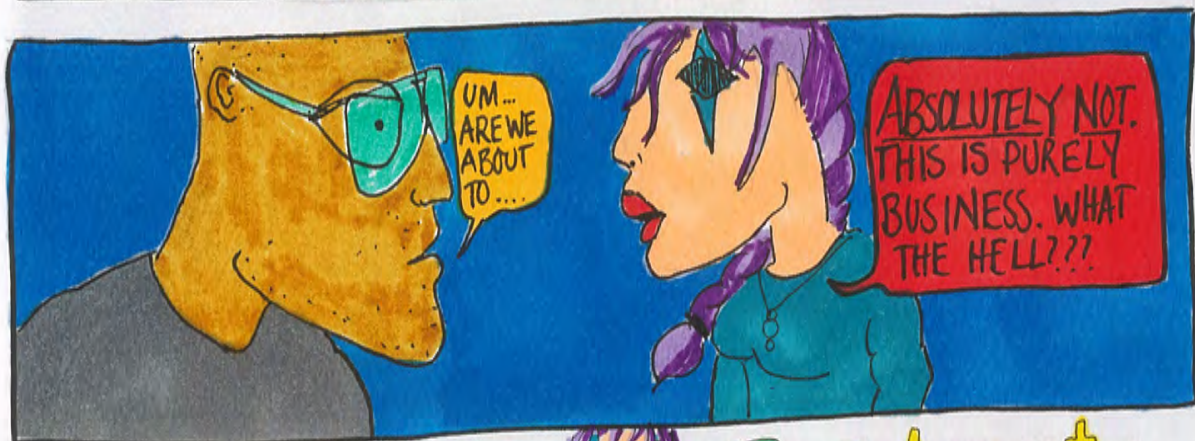
LATER THAT NIGHT...

... ACTION UPTOWN.





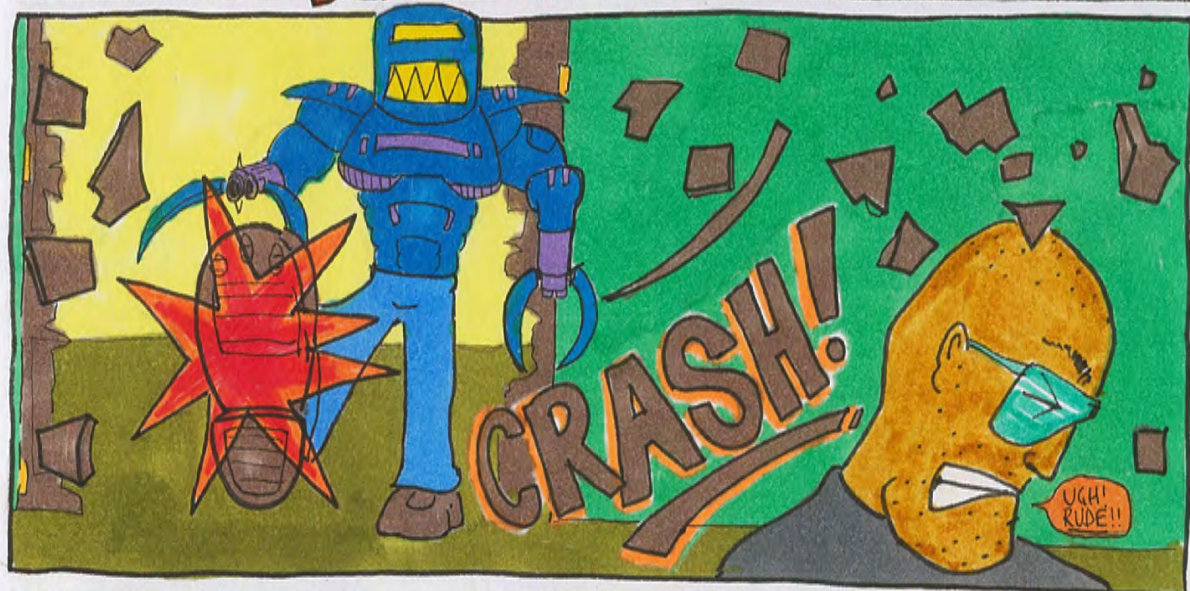


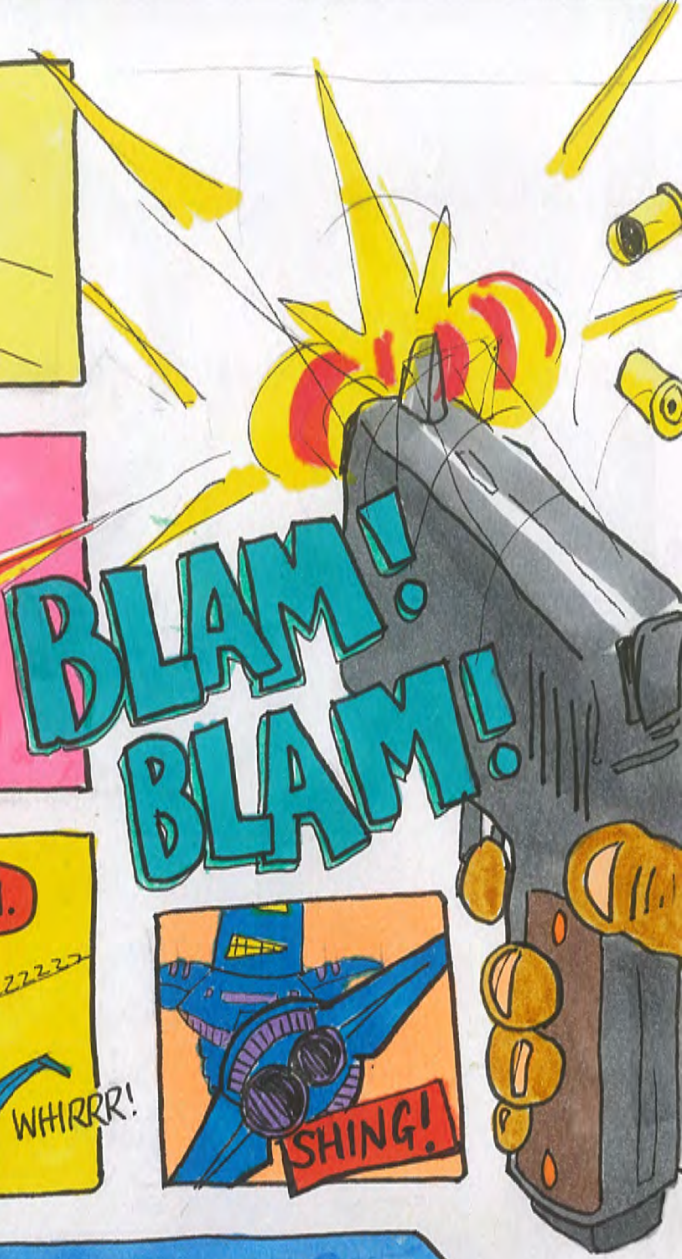
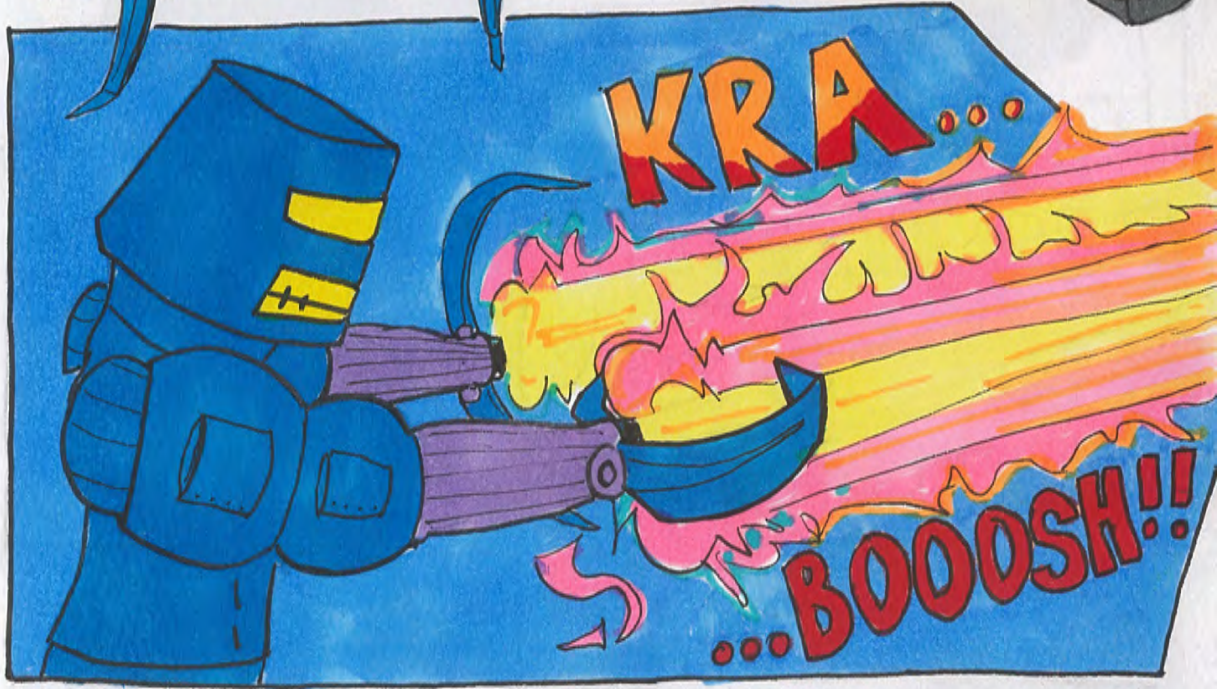
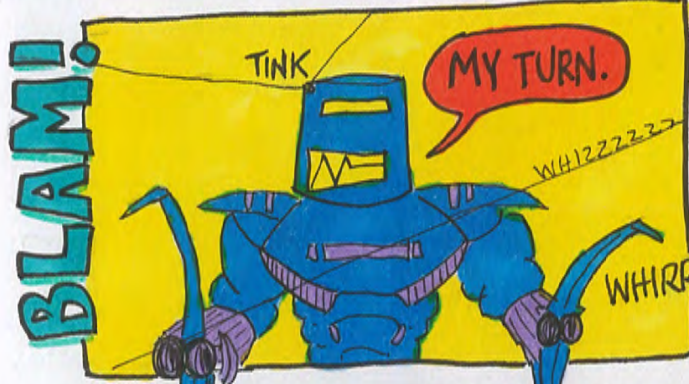
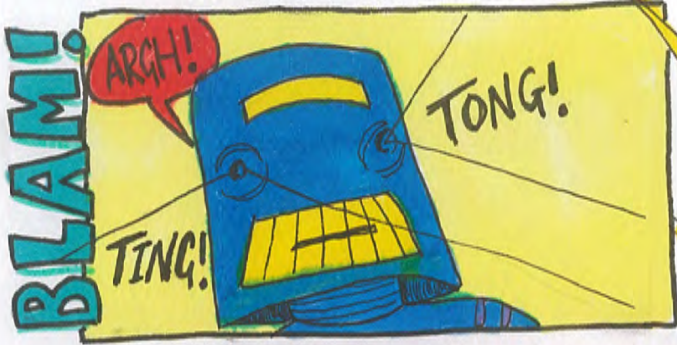


SHUT IT!

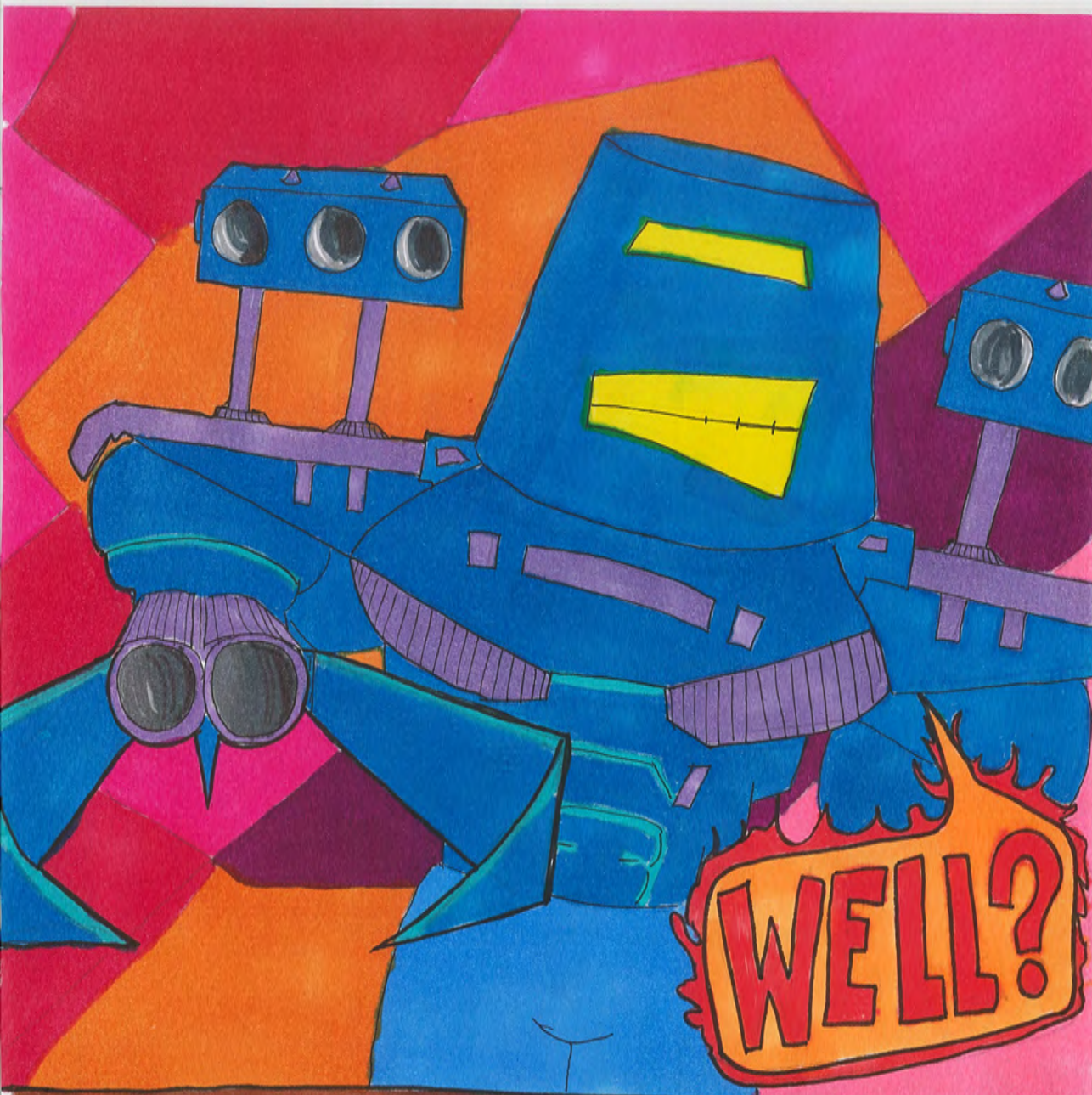
**KNOCK.
KNOCK.
KNOCK!**

HERE'S THE 500K. DO
YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW
BIG OF A PAIN IN MY ASS
IT WAS TO GET THE EXTRA 250?
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN - HAND
OVER THE FILE, FINISH YOUR
DRINK AND CLEAR OFF. MY
FAVOURITE SHOW IS ABOUT
TO START. QUICK STICKS!!









DO YOU
REMEMBER
THE OLE
32?

FROM
VIRTUAL?
YEAH

ALRIGHT
THEN.
HERE
GOES.



VISIT

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WINE.
&
SILENCE.

A LA
MAISON
DU CHIEN



OK.
LET'S
DO THE
MATH.

A NUMBER 32 IS,
WAS A THEORETICAL
ESCAPE MANOUVRE.

IN THE FACE OF CERTAIN
DEATH, TAKE THE
HIGHEST VALUE ASSETS
& JUMP OUT THE
WINDOW.

2 PEOPLE, 1 CHUTE,
64 STORIES & A CASE
FULL OF CASH. HM.
I'M 90KG, CASH IS, SAY,
10KG.. PARACHUTE
CAN TAKE 120. SO
THAT LEAVES...



DO NOT GO THERE
GIRLFRIEND



WE'LL
BE
FINE.

HOLD
ON.

TAXI!

SO! WHADDAYA KIDS UP TO TONIGHT? WHERE WE GOIN? Y'ALL ARE DRESSED UP FER SOME KIND A FANCY DRESS PARTY? IS THAT IT? Y'ALL INTO DAT COSPLAY?? DIS ONE TIME, AT LATIN CAMP, ME AND THE OTHER GUYS WE GRABBED SOME EXTRA CHEESE AND...

ENOUGH!
JUST DRIVE!

YOUR
LOSS, LADY.

DO YOU
REALISE
WE JUST
SURVIVED?
A #32!!

MOMENTS EARLIER.

DID YOU
PLANT THE
TRACKING
DEVICE??

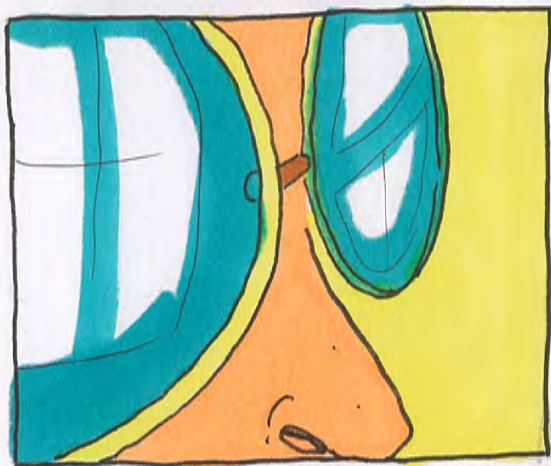
YES SIR.
THEY WON'T
GET FAR





AFTER HEARING THIS LATEST 'INSTALLMENT' IN THE ADVENTURES OF COLONEL KIT, I FEAR MY COUNSEL IS GOING TO FALL ON VERY DEAF EARS. ^{SIGH} THIS IS IT:

FOR THE LOVE OF BABY JESUS CAN YOU GET A GRIP ON REALITY? THIS IS THE CORNERSTONE OF YOUR NEXT POSITIVE STEP. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



OH MY GOD. ARE YOU SITTING DOWN?
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE
THIS ONE. YA.YA. HEY!! TELL
YOUR BRATS TO PIPE DOWN.
I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF THINK!!!
SO... JUST FINISHED A SESH
WITH A SAD, OLD, EX-SOLDIER.
WHO SAID HE HAS A-QUOTE-
"SUPERPOWER". HE CAN-QUOTE-
"SMELL GUILT"... NO WAIT...
"SHADES OF GUILT": SERIOUSLY
HAHAHAHAHA HA HA HA!



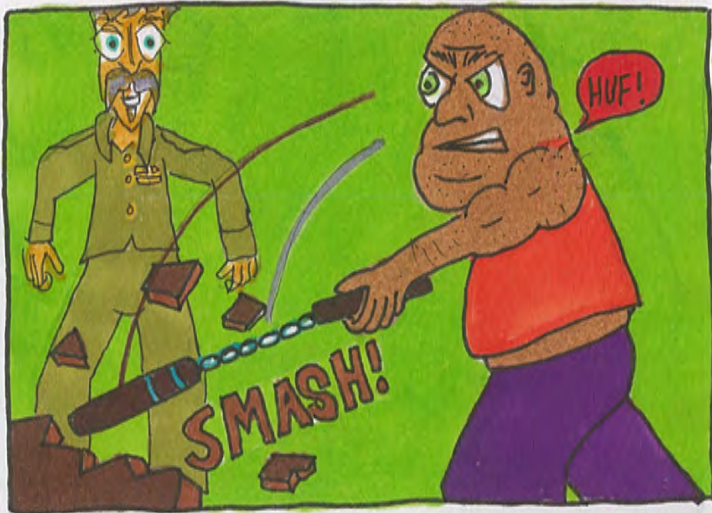
IT WAS MY HIPPOCRATIC
DUTY... YA.YA. DO NO HARM.
RIGHT? AND THAT MEANS
MEDS. TOTALLY. YA.
PA-SA. I CAN'T EVEN.



HE'S DOWN
THERE
SOMEWHERE.
POOR SAP.









KIT TOOK THE LONG WAY HOME, DOWN GRIMEY LANEWAYS & PAST THE GRUBBY BOULEVARDS AWASH WITH LURID NEON. THE NOISES OF THE CITY WERE DROWNED OUT BY THE VOICES IN HIS OWN HEAD. "BECOME WHO YOU WERE MEANT TO BE." "GET A REAL JOB YOU NINNY!" "DON'T FORGET THE LOO PAPER!" WITH THE STENCH OF BIN JUICE OVERWHELMING HIS OLEFACTORIES, KIT PROMISED HIMSELF SOMETHING: HE WOULD MAKE USE OF HIS UNIQUE TALENTS AND CLEAN UP THIS HELL-HOLE OF A HOMETOWN.



NO! COME ON
JANICE!! YOU & I
BOTH KNOW THAT
THOSE JOBS AREN'T
FOR ME. WHAT
ELSE?



WELL... THERE
IS ONE ROLE AS
A SANITATION
ARCHITECT...
BASICALLY A
CARBO...

TAPPITY TAPTAP
CLICK TAP. PATTITY
TAP

I'LL
TAKE
IT.

KIT WAS ON HIS PATH -
TO CLEAN UP THE CITY,
LITERALLY AND FIGURATIVELY.
TWO WORLDS WERE ABOUT
TO COLLIDE.

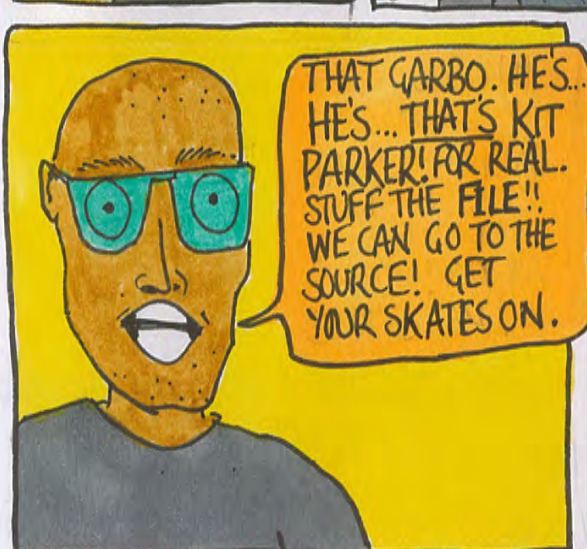
LA MAISON
du CHIEN
ALEHOUSE & BOUTIQUE

LA MAIS
du CHI
ALEHOUSE

COUNCIL

TRASH

GOOD MORNING
YOU BEAUTIFUL
PEOPLE!!

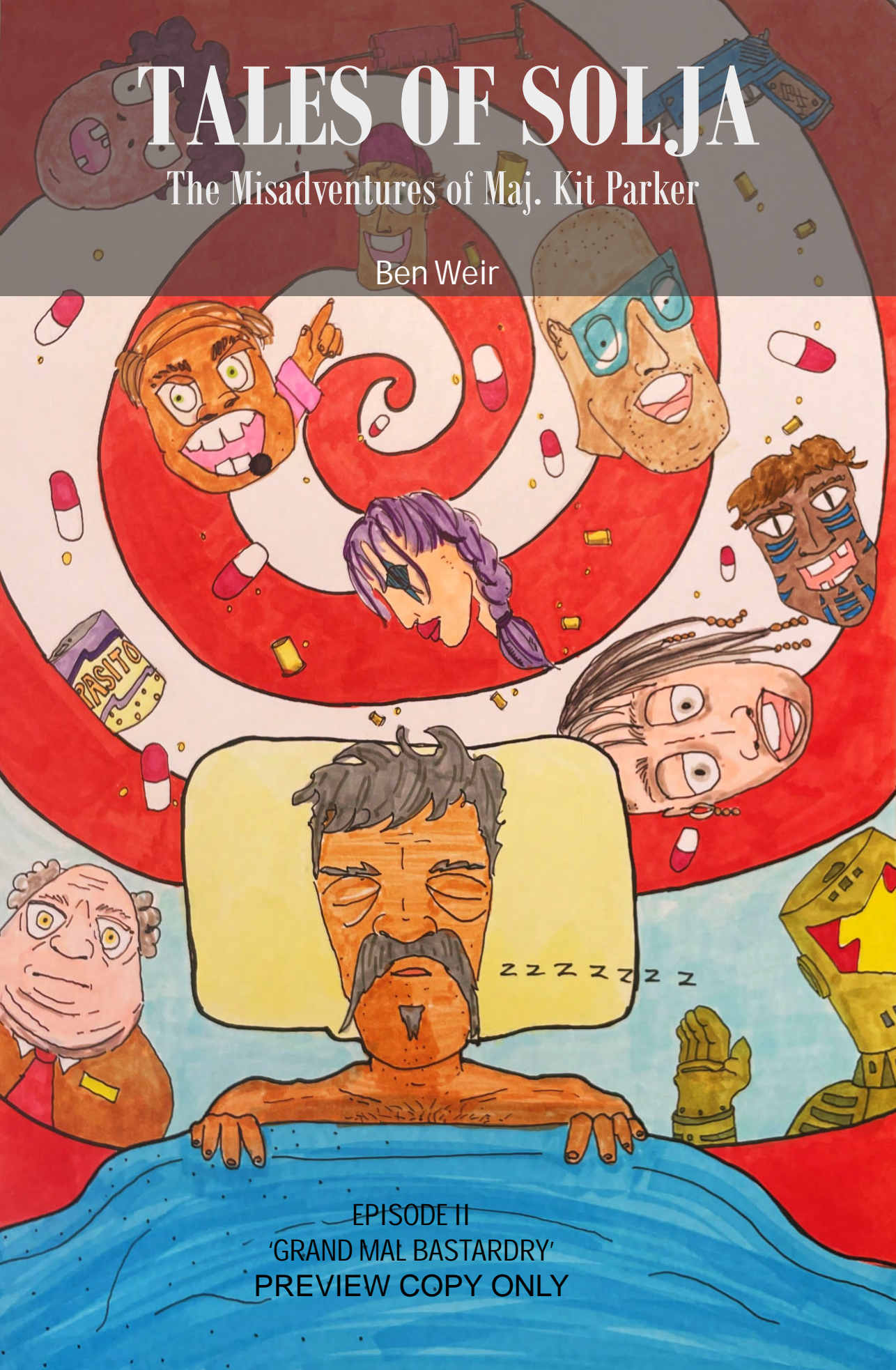


AND WITH THAT, OUR TWO BELCHING FUGITIVES RACED AFTER A GARBAGE TRUCK ON FOOT. THE MYSTERY OF THE SIDEWINDER, THE FUTURE OF EX-MAJOR KIT PARKER & THEIR VERY LIVES HANG IN THE BALANCE! WHO IS UNDER THE GIANT BLUE HELMET?? WHY DOES THIS FACELESS VILLAIN STILL PURSUE OUR -AS YET UN-NAMED-HEROES? WILL THE CRANKY HEADMASTER GET HIS OWN SPIN-OFF COMIC? IF YOU DON'T MIND WAITING, YOU'LL FIND OUT IN SOLJA 2.0!!!

TALES OF SOLJA

The Misadventures of Maj. Kit Parker

Ben Weir



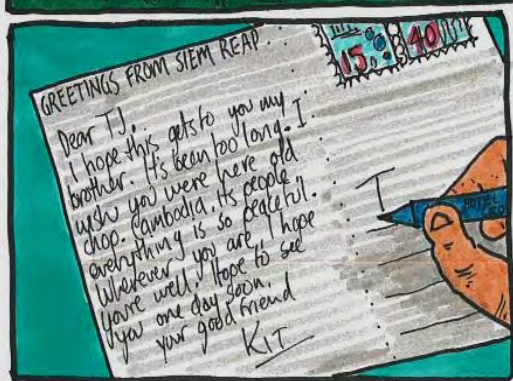
EPISODE II

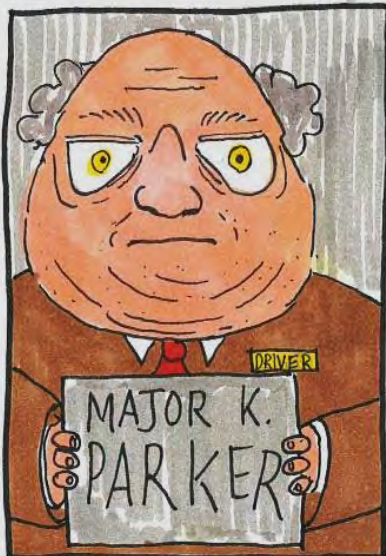
'GRAND MAL BASTARDRY'

PREVIEW COPY ONLY



ANGKOR WAT, CAMBODIA



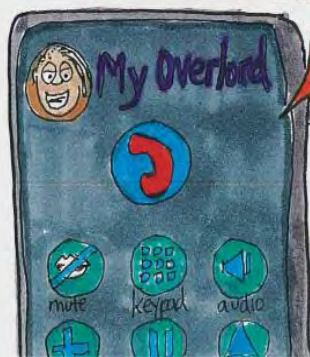




YOU KNOW, I'VE THE FONDEST MEMORIES OF A CHAI-WALLA, FROM MY DAYS IN MADRAS. HE WOULD SAY TO ME "SAHIB. THE ONLY THING BETTER THAN A GIN, IS TWO GINS!" BOTTOMS-UP GOOD SIR! IT'S ALL PART OF THE SERVICE. *ALORS! THIS WAS ALL ORGANISED AND BOOKED BY THE GUYS AT THE DEPOT. THEY WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT THEY'RE REAL GLAD YOU IS BACK. YESSIR.



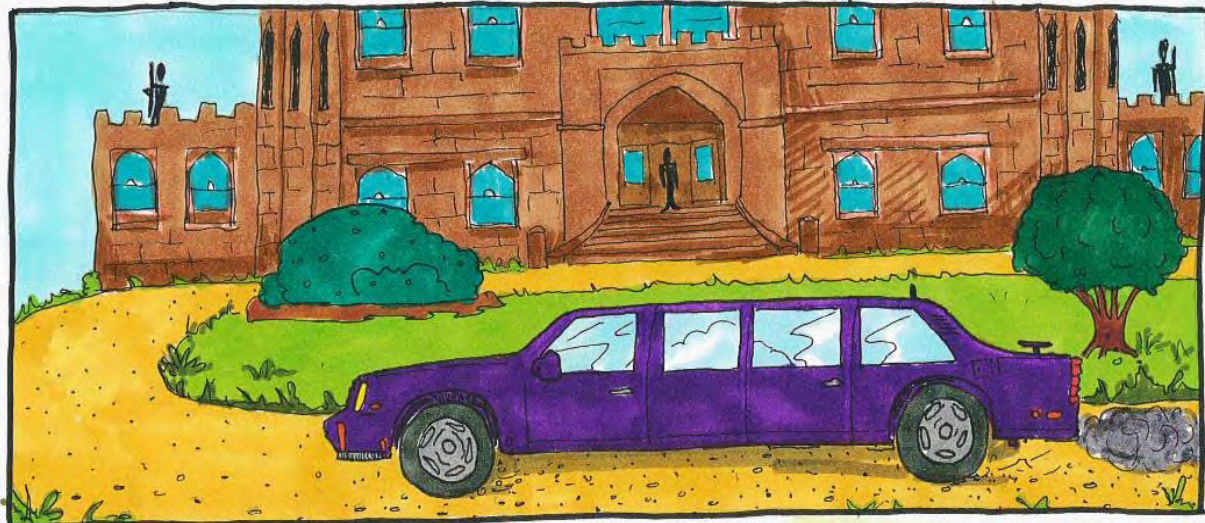
*ITS FRENCH FOR 'UM'.

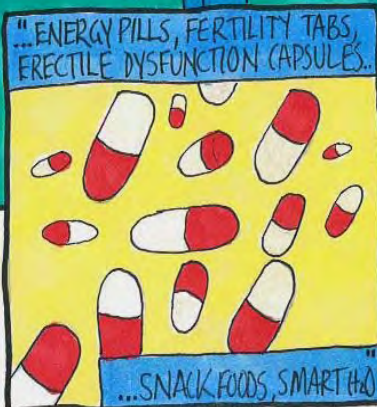


TALK TO ME JAMES

I WANT ICE-CREAM.

HELLO BOSS. SOOO...EVERYTHING IS GOING WELL AND ACCORDING TO YOUR ANALLY RETENTIVE PLAN. THE DRUGS WORKED A BIT TOO WELL. HAVE THE DEFIB READY JUST IN CASE. THE TRAFFIC LOOKS HEAVY ON BAYOU-48 SO I'LL TAKE BACKROADS. SHOULD BE AT THE HOUSE EXACTLY AT 4PM.... YES. YES SIR! NO PROBLEM. MANGO FLAVOUR.

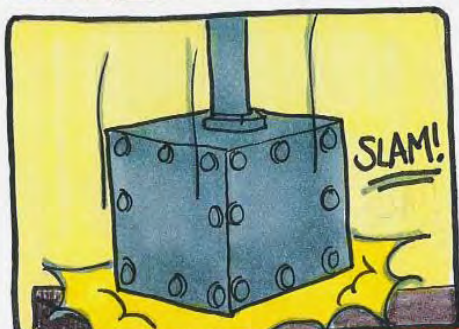






"AVAILING MYSELF OF YOUR FILE, SIDEWINDER, HAS BEEN ILLUMINATING. TURNS OUT YOUR D.N.A IS EXTREMELY VALUABLE TO ME... TO THE WORLD. THAT 'INSTINCT' OF YOURS - IDENTIFYING GUILT - IS JUST THE BEGINNING. THERE'S SO MUCH MORE."





I GET TO KEEP MY SOLDIER JUICE... THE MAJOR IS ALL YOURS...





THAT'S CYBORG
SPEAK FOR "WE
GOT THE JUMP
ON YOU SLEEPY
JOES!!!"

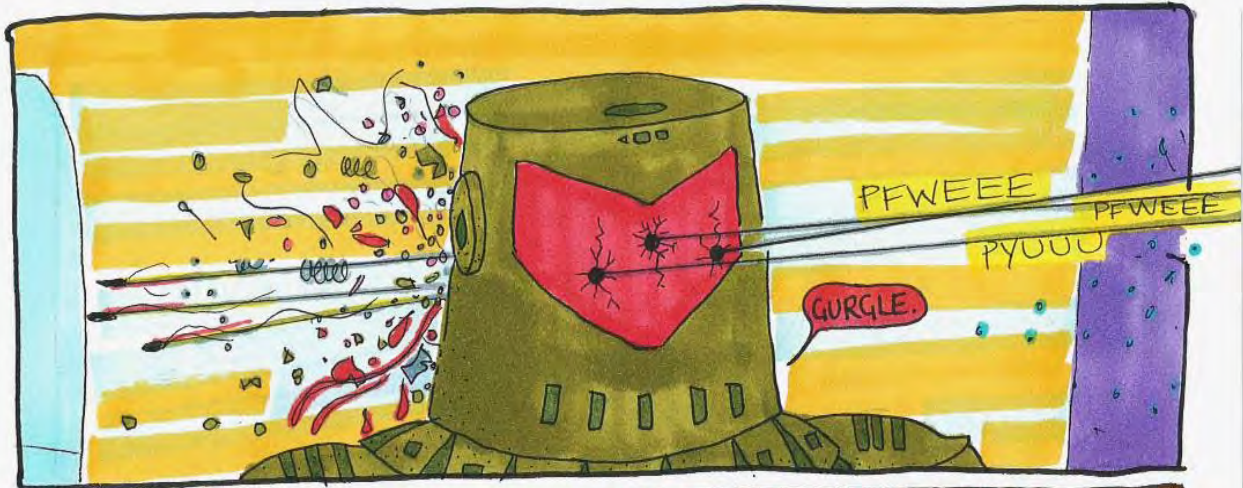


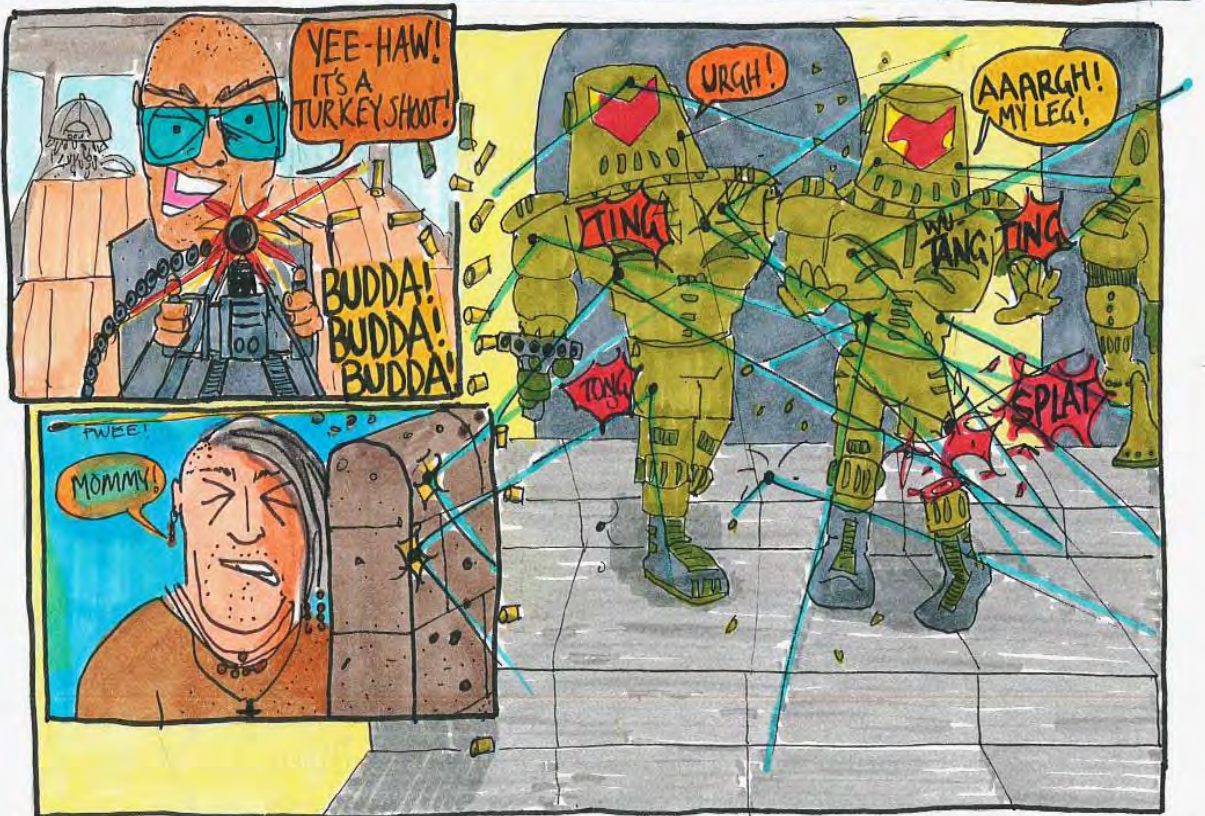
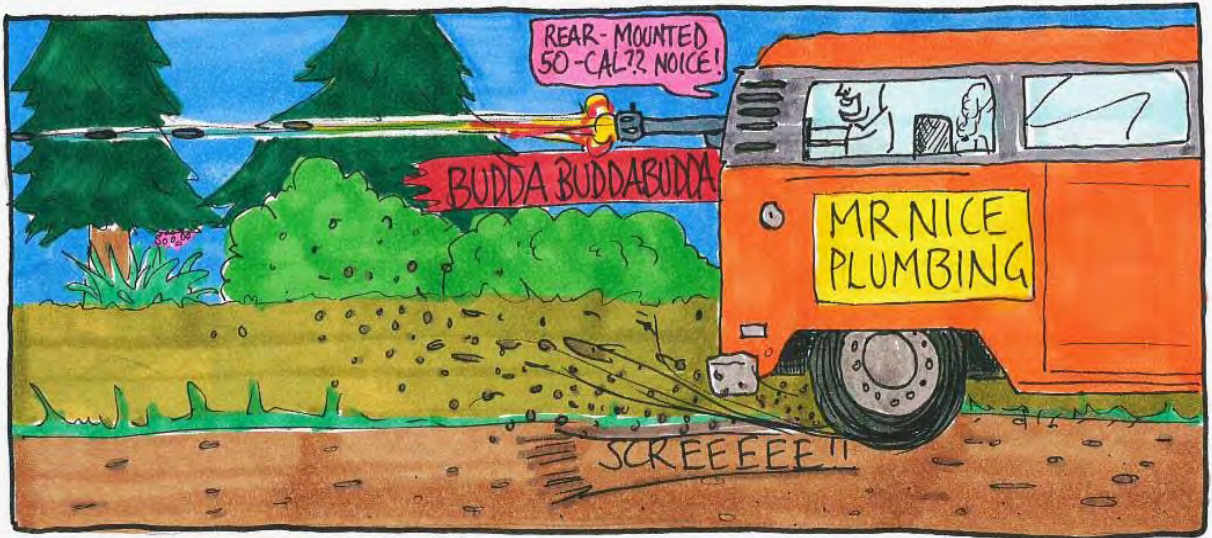
NEW IDEA!!
KILL THEM
ALL!!
YAY.
CARNAGE!



I'M GOING TO
ENJOY THIS.

TIME TO MAKE
THE MOST OF MY
NEW ARMOUR.
IT LOOKS AND MAKES
FIRE!!







BACK IN THE SAFE-HOUSE...



SO, SIDEWINDER WAS THE CODE-NAME FOR OUR MISSION IN AFGHANISTAN - WE WERE MEANT TO BE ERASING SOME BLACK OPS CCP MILITARY. CHINA WAS SUPPOSED TO BE KITTING OUT THESE DARK UNITS.



BUT THEY WEREN'T. AFTER TJ'S NUTSO, INCREDIBLE SURVIVAL STORY* WE WERE ALL SENT HOME. AFTER SOME DIGGING, I FOUND OUT THAT THOSE SUPER-SOLDIERS WERE OURS. IT MADE NO SENSE.



THAT'S WHEN THE DOO-DOO REALLY HIT THE ROTOR BLADES!

*EPISODE 1

"I WENT STRAIGHT TO THE TOP BRASS AND TOLD THEM WHAT I HAD DISCOVERED. I MAY HAVE GOTTEN A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY."

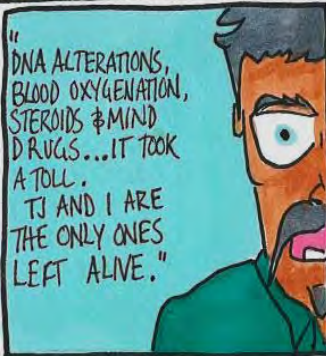
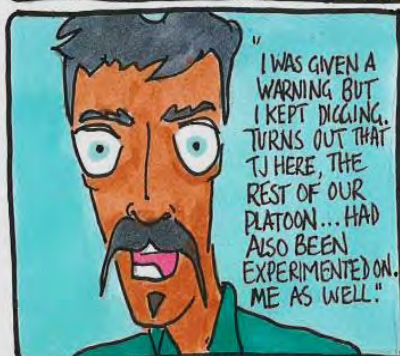
cough.

YOU KNOWINGLY SENT IN MY TEAM TO FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES AGAINST OUR OWN! AS A TEST!! YOU SIR, CAN EAT A BAG OF DICKS!!!



"I WAS GIVEN A WARNING BUT I KEPT DIGGING. TURNS OUT THAT TJ HERE, THE REST OF OUR PLATOON... HAD ALSO BEEN EXPERIMENTED ON. ME AS WELL."

"DNA ALTERATIONS, BLOOD OXYGENATION, STEROIDS & MIND DRUGS... IT TOOK A TOLL. TJ AND I ARE THE ONLY ONES LEFT ALIVE."



WAIT. SO YOU TOLD THE HEAD OF THE ARMED FORCES TO EAT A BAG OF DICKS?? AWE SOME!



"I'M NOT PROUD OF SOME OF THE THINGS I'VE DONE IN THE SERVICE OF MY COUNTRY."

"CUSSING AT THE GENERAL WAS A LOW POINT."

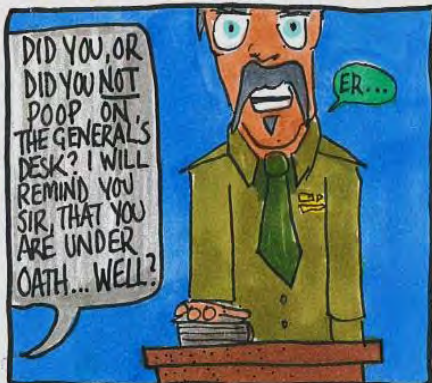
"BUT, IT'S WHAT I DID NEXT THAT GOT ME COURT-MARTIALLED."

PACE PACE.

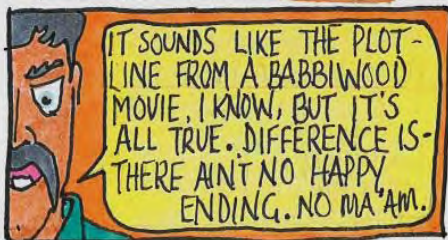
PACE PACE

DID YOU, OR DID YOU NOT POOP ON THE GENERAL'S DESK? I WILL REMIND YOU SIR, THAT YOU ARE UNDER OATH... WELL?

ER...



IT SOUNDS LIKE THE PLOT-LINE FROM A BABBIWOOD MOVIE, I KNOW, BUT IT'S ALL TRUE. DIFFERENCE IS- THERE AIN'T NO HAPPY ENDING. NO MA'AM.



DON'T COUNT YOUR TURD SANDWICHES JUST YET. THERE ARE STILL SOME LOOSE THREADS... I NEED TO KNOW: THE EXPERIMENTS THEY DID ON YOU... HOW ARE YOU... DIFFERENT?





"I CAN SENSE EVIL, SMELL GUILT. HONESTLY, I KNOW IF SOMEONE HAS COMMITTED A CRIME JUST BY LOOKIN' AT 'EM."

"THEN I GET A FEELING IN MY GUT. I SEE THEIR EVIL THOUGHTS. I GET ALL WORKED UP. THE RAGE BUILDS ..."

"THE FIGHTER IN ME TAKES OVER. MAY THE LORD HELP YOUR SORRY ASS IF I'M IN A MOOD."



I DON'T FEEL PAIN. I DON'T THINK TWICE. THERE IS NO DOUBT. I KNOW I'M RIGHT. CONSEQUENCES BE DAMNED. IT'S ALL ONE GREAT BIG BLUR. IT'S LIKE THE USUAL ME IS REPLACED BY SOMEBODY ELSE - SOMEONE ALL-KNOWING AND BRUTAL!



AND IT FEELS LIKE I'M WAKING UP, LIKE A FOG IS LIFTING... THERE ARE THINGS I NEED TO DO, PEOPLE I NEED TO SEE, CRIMES TO AVENGE AND ASS I NEED TO KICK!



AMEN TO THAT MY BROTHER. WHO'S FIRST? THE GENERAL? THAT TURD HEADMASTER YOU TOLD ME ABOUT? THAT SHRINK?



NAW. THAT SWOOPY-HAIRED FREAK ZION. HE'S GOT IT COMING. SQUEAKING HIS ORDERS TO GIANT CYBORGS - I'M A SLAP HIM IN THE MOUTH.



YOU WON'T HAVE TO FIGHT THIS FIGHT ALONE! YOU HAVE A TEAM, US. WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER PARKER.

*EPISODE 1



THIS ISN'T YOUR FIGHT... AT LEAST NOT YOU TWO YOUNG ONES. I'M GRATEFUL YOU GOT ME AWAY FROM THAT DNA-SUCKING WEIRDO, BUT IT'S UP TO JJ & ME NOW. WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.



WITH ALL DUE RESPECT MAJOR, CUT THE MARTYRDOM ROUTINE. BESIDES, ME AND BALDY HERE, WE GOT OUR OWN BEEF WITH ZION. PLUS, WE CAN BE...

...QUITE RESOURCEFUL.



AND I'M GETTIN' MY REVENGE WITH OR WITHOUT YOUR QUASI-SUPERHUMAN BUTT!



THEN
WE'RE GOING
TO NEED A
FEW THINGS.

ONE: GROUND RULES.
TWO: A PLAN. AND
THREE: FIREPOWER,
SERIOUSLY GOOD
FIRE POWER.



SICK. YOU & TJ
DO ONE AND TWO.
OLD PEOPLE LOVE
RULES & ORGAN-
-ISING STUFF.



LEAVE NUMBER THREE
TO US. AN EX-PARTNER
OF MINE... LET'S JUST
SAY SHE MAKES THE MOST
AVID DOOMSDAY PREPPER
LOOK LIKE A PUSSY WILLOW.
SHE'LL HAVE EXACTLY
WHAT WE NEED.

LET'S GO!



WAIT!
I DON'T EVEN
KNOW YOUR
NAMES!

YOU CAN
CALL ME
BB.

B.B LACROIX. EX ISRAELI
SPECIAL FORCES TURNED
OPPORTUNIST AND PART-
TIME UNDERWORLD BAD
MOMMA JAMMER.

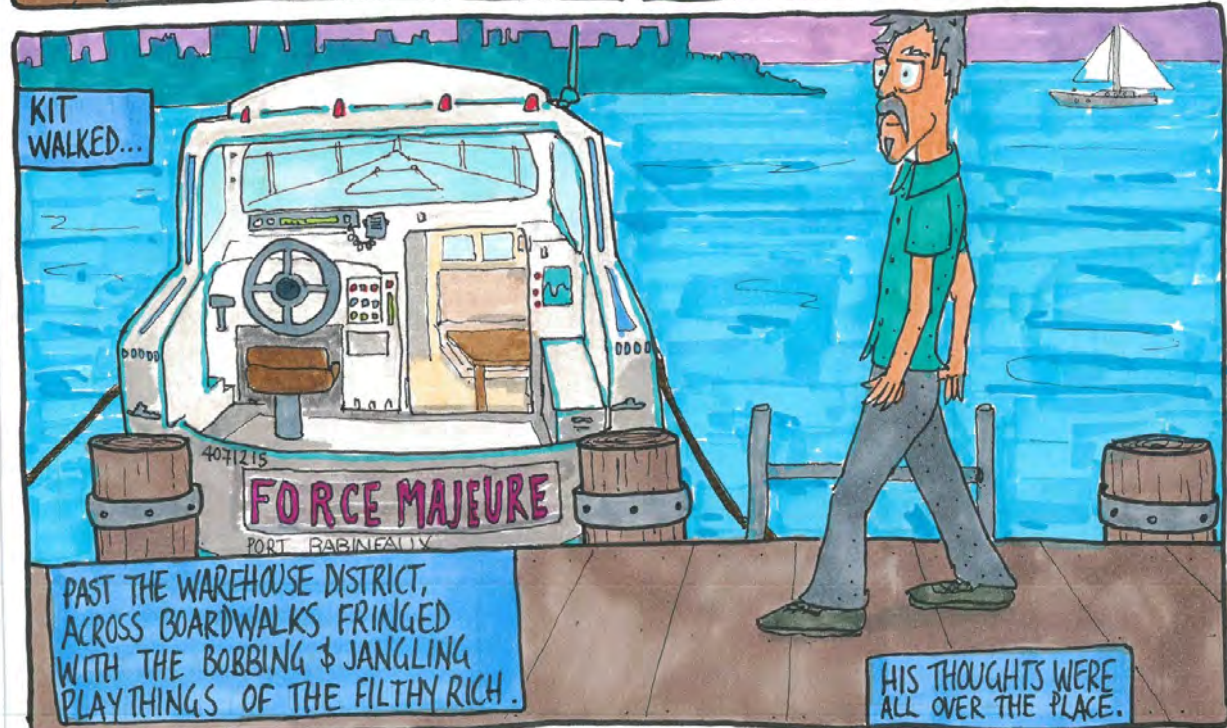


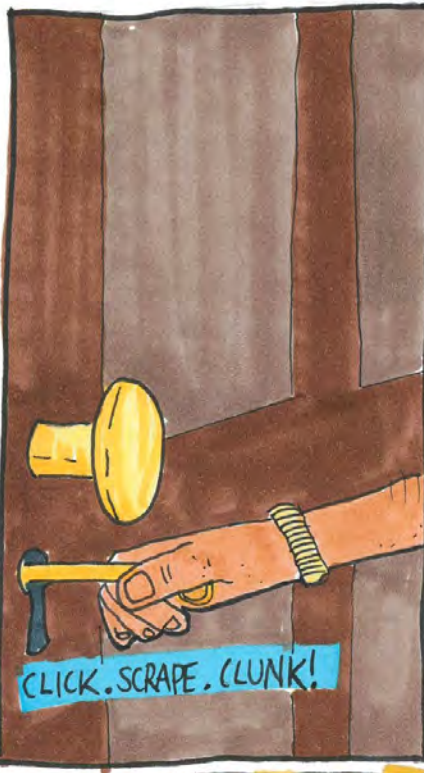
AND I'M
KAIN.



ALL YOU NEED TO
KNOW IS THAT YOU
CAN TRUST US AND
WE ARE NOT-IN
ANY WAY, SHAPE
OR FORM - A
COUPLE.

KAIN JAMIESON. BASE JUMPER,
SPY, CATBURGLER AND SELF-
PROCLAIMED OLYMPIC
STANDARD PISTOL MARKSMAN.



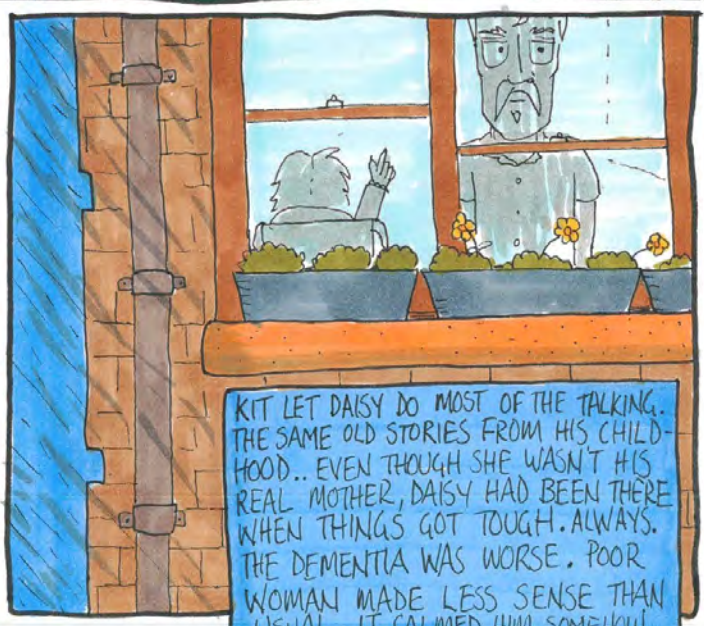


THE CREAKY OLD ELEVATOR. THE SMELL OF DAMP IN THE LONG CARPETED CORRIDOR TO APARTMENT 401. THE KEY WEIGHED HEAVY IN HIS SLIGHTLY SHAKING HAND...

...IT WAS FAMILIAR, BUT NOT IN A NICE, COMFORTING, NOSTALGIC WAY. KIT PAUSED AT THE DOOR AND TOOK A DEEP BREATH IN.

CLICK. SCRAPE. CLUNK!

THE SOUND OF BRASS ON RUST. THE GROAN OF THE FLOORBOARDS AS HE SHIFTED HIS WEIGHT ONTO HIS FRONT FOOT. WAS HE REALLY DOING THIS?



KIT LET DAISS DO MOST OF THE TALKING. THE SAME OLD STORIES FROM HIS CHILDHOOD.. EVEN THOUGH SHE WASN'T HIS REAL MOTHER, DAISS HAD BEEN THERE WHEN THINGS GOT TOUGH. ALWAYS. THE DEMENTIA WAS WORSE. POOR WOMAN MADE LESS SENSE THAN USUAL. IT CALMED HIM SOMEHOW.



DAISY'S WORDS - DEMENTED AS THEY WERE - PLAYED IN HIS MIND ON A LOOP.
 "IF THOSE BOYS ARE BEING MEAN TO YOU, YOU BE STRONG. YOU STAND TALLER. THEY IS GOING LOW, DEN YOU GO HIGH. AFTER DAT... YOU BUST SOME HEADS."

SHE WAS RIGHT. HE KNEW IT. THE VOLCANO IN HIM RUMBLED. KIT TOOK A LONG, DEEP BREATH OF THE COOL, FRESH FOREST AIR. HE MUCH PREFERRED THE SERENITY TO THE FISTICUFFS.



"GOOD EVENING BABINEAUX AND WELCOME TO PM - WHERE THE NEW NEWS JUST KEEPS COMING. NO TWO HEADLINES ARE EXACTLY THE SAME. EVER. WE PROMISE. THIS JUST TO HAND: TERRORISTS HAVE ATTACKED THE SECLUDED SUMMER RETREAT OF BABINEAUX'S GOLDEN BOY BILLIONAIRE - ZION MAXIS GUEVARA! WE CROSS THERE LIVE WHERE BUM-CHINNED REPORTER TRENT CAIMAN IS ON THE GROUND. TRENT. WHAT'S THE SIT-RAP?"

"MEGGAN. IT IS LIKE THE TALBAN DECIDED TO USE UP ALL THEIR BULLETS IN ONE GO! THERE IS NO SIGN OF ZION - ONLY THE SMOULDERING REMNANTS OF TOTAL DESTRUCTION... AUTHORITIES WON'T ALLOW US TO GET CLOSER THAN THE MID-SHOT OF BLOOD STAINS YOU'RE SEEING NOW. WE HAVE BEEN TOLD THE BODY OF A CHAUFFEUR HAS BEEN FOUND. A REAL TRAGEDY."

"THANK YOU TRENT. YOU HEARD IT HERE FIRST - CHAUFFEUR DEAD. AND WHERE IN THE WORLD IS THE TRUSTAFARIAN BOY WE KNOW AND LOVE?? THE COPS ARE SILENT, AS IS GUEVARA'S SOCIAL MEDIA CHANNELS. THE QUESTIONS MOUNT. WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK AFTER SOME ANNOYINGLY PRESENTED MESSAGES FROM OUR TOXIC SPONSORS."

WHY DO YOU HAVE THIS FILE?
WHO DO YOU WORK FOR?!!
MY ARM IS GETTING
TIRED. TALK!

OK OK OK.
I'M JUST A RUNNER!
I NEVER SAW HER FACE.
NEVER GOT A NAME.
PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!

TO FIND THE RIGHT ANSWERS ONE MUST ASK
THE RIGHT QUESTIONS - ALL KIT HAD TO
DO WAS TURN HIS FOCUS TO THE
CRETINS & THE SLIME. SOON ENOUGH
SOMEONE WOULD SING.
AND PARKER KNEW JUST HOW TO TURN
THE SCREW. HELL KNOWS NO FURY LIKE
A SUPER-VETERAN SCREWED OVER.

THE CONTENTS OF THE FILE
MADE FOR INTERESTING
READING. THE SUMMARY:
SIDEWINDER WAS BANKROLLED
BY PRIVATE MONEY - AN
ENTERPRISE BASED IN
BABINEAUX.

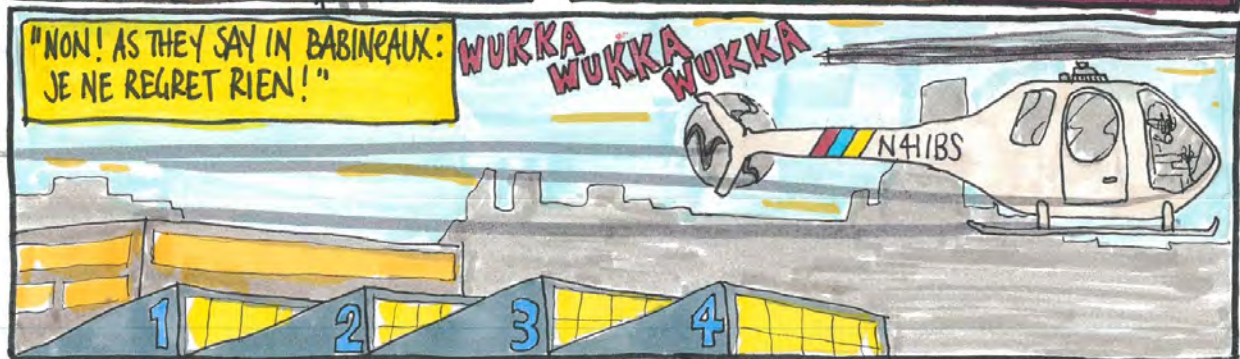
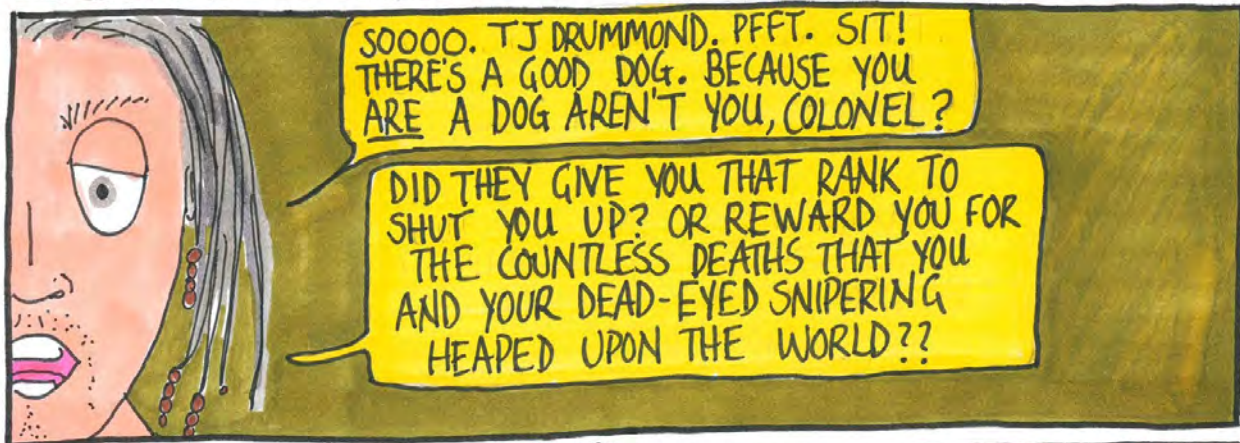
RARE INC.

PARKER'S BLOOD
BOILED.
TEMPLES THROBBED.

ALAS POOR RUNNER,
I KNEW HIM HORATIO.

SPLAT!!!

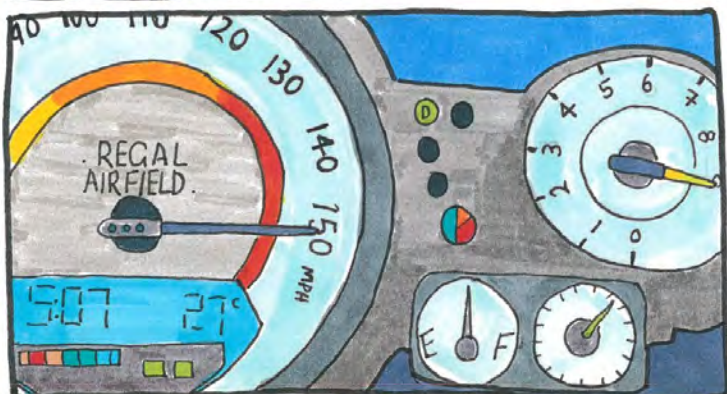
TJ. IT'S ME. I KNOW I'M LATE.
I'M SORRY. YES. I KNOW WHAT
I SAID. NO. YES. LISTEN, PLANS
CHANGE... CHILL DAMMIT!!
NEW INFORMATION HAS COME
TO LIGHT. TJ? TJ?





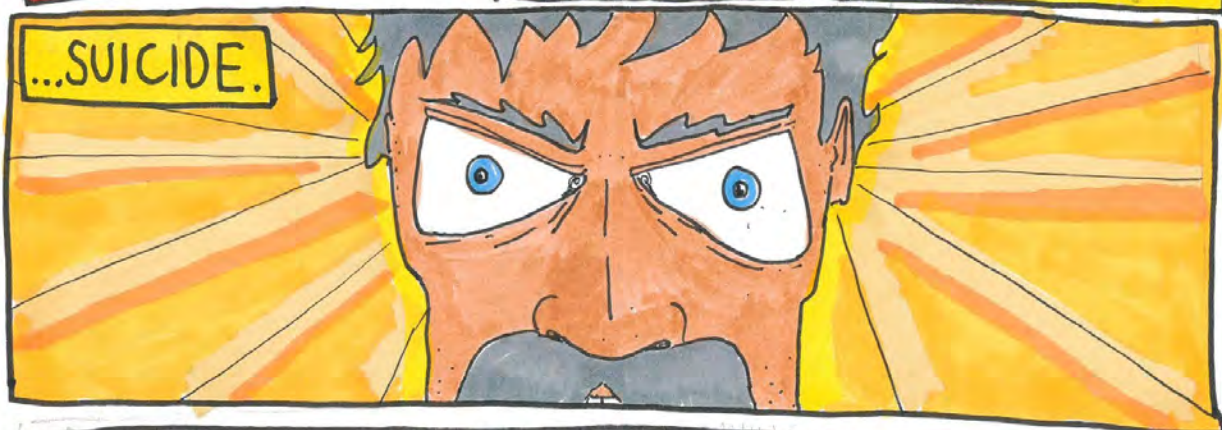
BRROWM!!

"KETTLE'S BOILING" HAD BEEN A CODE THE TWO OLD FRIENDS HAD USED FOR YEARS. KIT KNEW WHAT IT MEANT-TJ WAS IN REAL DANGER. HE DIDN'T FEEL TOO GOOD ABOUT TAKING THE MOTOR BIKE, BUT THE RUNNER WOULDN'T BE NEEDING IT. EVER. THE ENGINE ROARED TO LIFE.



PARKER RODE LIKE A PROPER MANIAC. REDLINING DOWN BAYOU-45 WASN'T JUST DANGEROUS. IT WAS...

...SUICIDE.



HE WAS A BLUR, WEAVING IN AND OUT OF RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC - ONE THING ON HIS MIND:

ZROOOM!

SAVE TJ, WHATEVER THE COST.

MEANWHILE,
ACROSS TOWN...

GUNS!
GLORIOUS
GUNS!



SO. HOW
MANY CAN
I TAKE?



EASY DOES
IT THERE
TRIGGER.



IS HE ALWAYS
LIKE THIS?

TOTAL MAN-CHILD
YOU'VE NO IDEA.
BUT WE WILL TAKE
THE LOT. AND AS
MUCH C4 AS WE
CAN CARRY.



WHAT THE HELL
ARE YOU UP TO??

KAIN DEAR, LOAD UP THE
VAN WOULD YOU PLEASE?

NO PROBLEM MO.

BB. I'VE KNOWN YOU A
LONG TIME. HELL, WE
DATED FOR 2 YEARS. SPILL!

"JANICE HONEY IT'S REAL
COMPLEX AND DANGEROUS.
SIGH THE FIREFIGHT AT
THE MAXIS-GUEVARA
COMPOUND WAS US. WE
NEED THIS HARDWARE TO
FINISH WHAT WE STARTED."

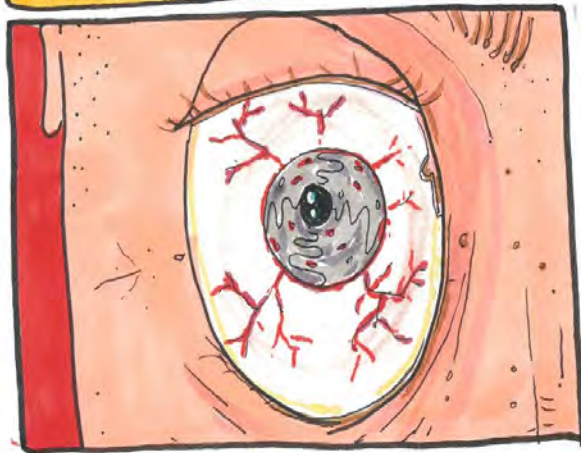
"BB, YOU'RE RUNNING
UP AN IMPRESSIVE TAB.
MY SOURCES TELL ME
ZION'S ONTO SOMETHING
BIG. REALISE. I CAN'T
GET MY MONEY FROM
YOU IF YOU'RE DEAD!"

ZION MAXIS-GUEVARA WAS THE SON OF SAMUEL 'CRANKY' MAXIS JNR & HIS FIFTH WIFE - CARMEN GUEVARA. BORN AND RAISED IN THE SPANISH QUARTER OF BABINEAUX, LIFE WAS SHAPING UP TO BE A FAIRLY BORING AFFAIR FOR LITTLE ZION. THAT IS UNTIL HIS FATHER TOOK A JOB WITH A SHADY GOVERNMENT LOGISTICS FIRM. SHORT STORY LONG, DADDY-O WAS SHOT AND KILLED BY A SNIPER DELIVERING VACCINES AND BIBLES TO SOMALI PIRATES. CARMEN PROMPTLY ATE HERSELF TO DEATH AND LITTLE ZION WAS LEFT IN THE 'CARE' OF THE MISERLY SISTERS OF BETHLEHEM CONVENT. IT WAS THERE THAT THE LITTLE BOY BECAME A MAN - LOSING HIS EMPATHY, GAINING A TRUCKLOAD OF EMOTIONAL BAGGAGE AND BLOOMING INTO THE CLOSET PSYCHOPATH WE KNOW.

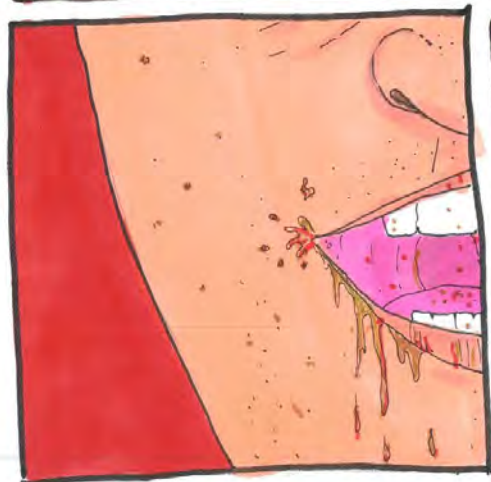
AS THE CORE QUORUM FOR RARE INDUSTRIES, IT IS TIME TO REVEAL OUR TRUE INTENT: TO CONTROL THE WORLD. PURE GAIA™ IS OUR CONDUIT THRU WHICH THE MOST TOXIC VIRUS KNOWN TO MAN WILL BE SPREAD TO OVER 70% OF THE POPULATION. AND THE ONLY VACCINE WILL BE OURS. WE ALSO OWN THE TREATMENTS. IT'S A FRIKKIN' VIRAL CENTIPEDE. IT'S PURE, RARE, GENIUS!



NOW, OUR OTHER BUSINESS UNIT HAS BEEN SUPER-BUSY PRODUCING THE JEWEL IN MY CROWN - THE SIDEWINDER SYRUM! THANKS TO A KIND, IF 'RELUCTANT' DONATION, WE HAVE COMPLETED THE DNA CODE. GOVERNMENTS EVERYWHERE WILL SCRAMBLE TO SPEND THEIR LAST DIME TO HAVE IT. A NEW ARMS RACE HAS BEGUN AND WE HAVE A TOTAL MONOPOLY! YEE!



"I HAVE PUT MY OWN BODY - WHICH IS A TEMPLE - ON THE LINE, FOR THE BENEFIT OF YOU ASSCLOWNS, THE SHAREHOLDERS AND MILITARY DICTATORSHIPS EVERYWHERE. TOGETHER WITH OUR HI-TECH SUITS, WE WILL USHER IN A NEW WORLD ORDER - ONE WHERE MY OBSCENE WEALTH WILL FINALLY MASK MY MULTIPLE INADEQUACIES!!!"



SIDE EFFECTS? NO. NONE. NO NONE. NUNNY WHASSO-EVVERGH!

TALES OF SOLJA CONTINUES IN EPISODE 3!

Please note that the characters herein
are entirely fictional. Any resemblance
to those living or dead is purely
coincidental.

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gives himself credit for?
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