T. Bird, there seems to be an issue with the CC-295 in Hangar B. Your expertise is required. - Nomad

I was looking everywhere for that. What's it doing here?

Line's been cut. Looks like something's jammed up in here.

Could have sworn I checked that yesterday.

Landing gear's hydraulic fluid is leaking.

Something's not right.

Whiz!

I spy...

Whiz!

... with my little eye...

Whiz!

... something that is...

Whiz!

... trapped.
"Just a flesh wound. I was totally exposed.

"Someone's either got really bad aim..."

"Or really good."

"That voice."

"One Blind Mouse..."

"Sounds familiar."

"Ping!"

"Ping!"

"Blam!"

"Ping!"

See how it runs...

"It ran after the farmer's wife..."

"...who cut off its tail with a carving knife..."

"Seems to be coming from everywhere, but her footsteps are nowhere."

"One Blind Mouse."

"This mouse isn't as blind as you think."
“First thing’s first, have to stop the bleeding. Fast.”

“Blood trail will lead our trigger-happy friend right to me. Pretty sure that was the point. Will have to create a new trail.”

“Come out, come out, little mouse.”

“I was taught many lessons about the deadly games animals play.”

“... is to break its nose.”
Knock knock, NAKO.

Not bad, Rookie.

I should have known the note wasn’t from Nomad.

Ever since the prostitute, her handwriting’s terrible.

Nomad recruits on intuition. It’s not enough, had to test you.

So you steal my stuff, lure me to this creepy hangar and use me as target practice with live rounds?

Real life, real bullets.

Well? What’s your intuition telling you now?

Head hurts too much to tell.

There.

You’ll be nursery rhyming again in no time.

Those three blind mice terrified me as a kid.

Me too.

Look, I like Nomad. I trust her. But Rainbow is bigger than war games.

Had to be sure you’re up for it.

I get it. Just do me a favor? Next time you decide to test me, leave the planes alone.