


FROM THE WRITER OF THE GAME

# [PROTOTYPE<sup>2</sup>]




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I'VE BEEN THINKING A LOT ABOUT WHAT IT MEANS TO BE HUMAN.




TWELVE MONTHS AGO, I RELEASED A GENETICALLY ENGINEERED VIRUS CALLED **BLACKLIGHT** IN NEW YORK CITY.



THE VIRUS...*CHANGED* ME...AND EVEN THOUGH I *SAVED* NEW YORK FROM A TACTICAL NUCLEAR BLAST...



...I CAN'T IGNORE THE FACT THAT IN THE PROCESS, I KILLED HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE. MAYBE **THOUSANDS**.



THE ONLY NAME I HAVE TO CALL MYSELF IS **ALEX MERCER**. AND THE QUESTION THAT'S COME CLOSE TO DRIVING ME MAD...

...IS *IF* I'M STILL **HUMAN**...WHERE DO I FIT IN NOW? ...HOW DO I REJOIN THE HUMAN RACE?





I LEFT NORTH AMERICA. DECIDED TO TRAVEL THE WORLD. SEE IF I COULD FIND... A BRIGHT SPOT, I SUPPOSE.

SOMETHING PURE. SOMETHING I COULD HOLD ON TO. SOME KIND OF ANCHOR.

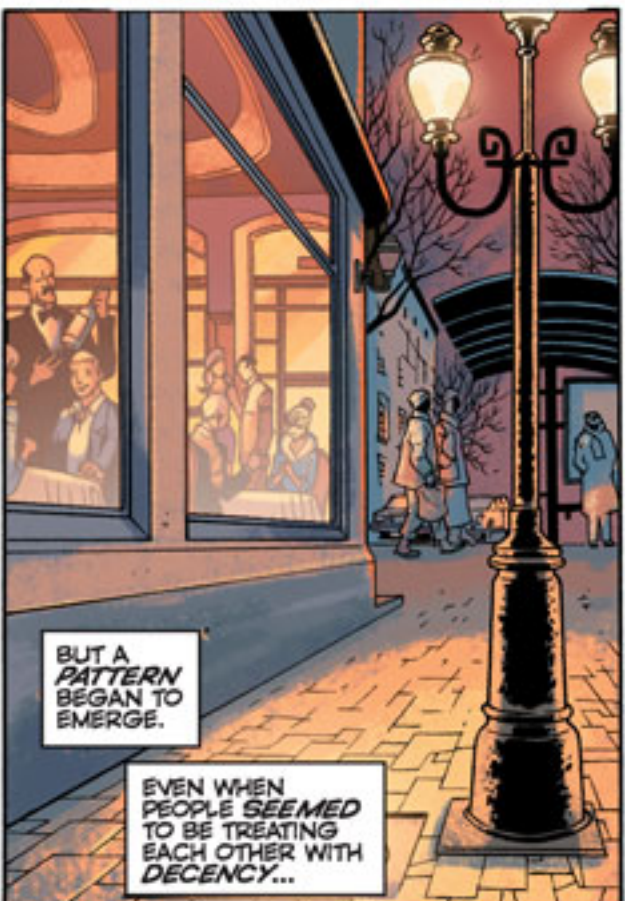


IN WESTERN AFRICA, I FOUND ATROCITIES.



I TORE THE WARLORD RESPONSIBLE FOR THEM LIMB FROM LIMB, AND MOVED ON, MOVED AWAY...

...EVENTUALLY FINDING MYSELF IN MOSCOW.



BUT A PATTERN BEGAN TO EMERGE.

EVEN WHEN PEOPLE SEEMED TO BE TREATING EACH OTHER WITH DECENCY...



...IT WAS A FAÇADE.



AFTER RUSSIA, I DECIDED TO COME HOME, AFTER A FASHION. BUT IN THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST, ALL I FOUND WAS FEAR.

A DRUG CARTEL HAD SEIZED CONTROL OF A SMALL BORDER TOWN. DRIVEN OUT THE LAW ENFORCEMENT. ENSLAVED THE CITIZENS.

170  
Welcome to STEWART  
TEXAS  
POPULATION 4153  
DRIVE FRIENDLY - THE TEXAS



I ENCOURAGED THE CARTEL TO LEAVE THE TOWN.

THE TOWNSPEOPLE CELEBRATED THE BREAKING OF THE CARTEL'S CHOKEHOLD...

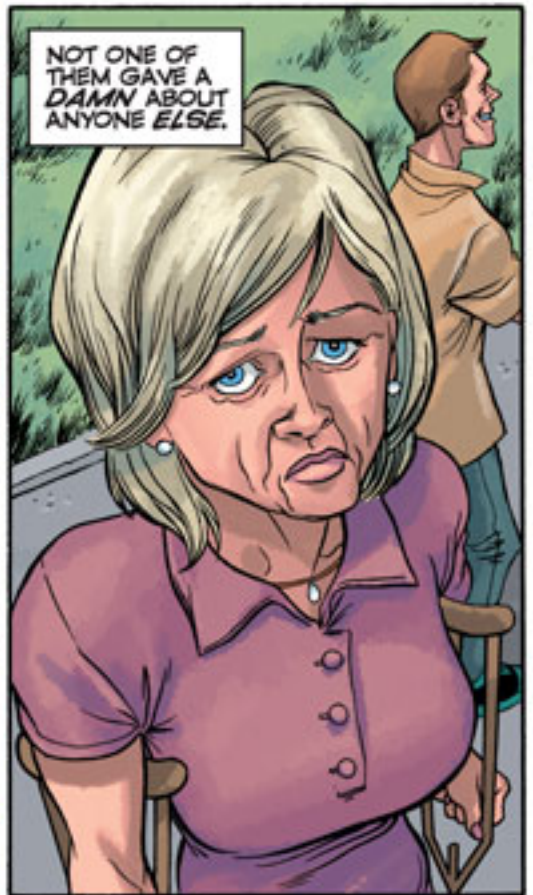


...BUT SOON ENOUGH I UNDERSTOOD.

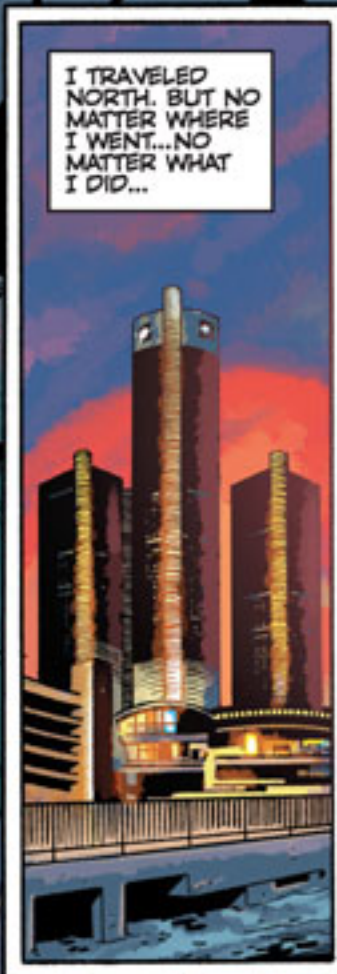
EACH OF THEM CELEBRATED HIS OR HER OWN FREEDOM. HIS OR HER OWN LIFE BEING SAVED.



NOT ONE OF THEM GAVE A DAMN ABOUT ANYONE ELSE.







I TRAVELED NORTH. BUT NO MATTER WHERE I WENT...NO MATTER WHAT I DID...



MURDER-SUICIDE. SHOT HIS WIFE AND SON, THEN BLEW HIS BRAINS OUT. THIRD ONE LIKE THAT THIS YEAR.

HEY -- ONE OF THE E.M.T.'S SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A SMELL COMING FROM NEXT DOOR. WANT TO CHECK IT OUT?

HELL NO. SHIFT'S ALMOST OVER. I AIN'T ABOUT TO GET STUCK DOIN' PAPERWORK FOR THREE HOURS.



...THE TRUTH SEEMED INESCAPABLE. HUMANS WERE GREEDY. SELFISH. CORRUPT.



IF AN OLD MAN WHO HAD THIS MANY CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN...



...COULD SIT ROTTING IN HIS CHAIR FOR SIX WEEKS, WHAT DID THAT SAY ABOUT HUMANITY?

IF HUMANS COULD IGNORE THEIR OWN BLOOD TO THIS EXTENT...DID I TRULY WANT TO REJOIN THEM?



I HAD TO ASK MYSELF...IF I DECIDED THERE WAS NO WAY BACK INTO SOCIETY...

...IF I WERE DOOMED TO BE AN OUTSIDER FOR THE REST OF MY EXISTENCE...

MAMA, CAN I GET A CANDY BAR?

...WHAT THEN?

SMACK

WHERE WOULD I GO? HOW WOULD I LIVE?

THE STRENGTH...THE POWER COURSEING THROUGH MY SKIN, MY MUSCLES, MY CELLS...WAS IT SOMETHING TO BE IGNORED?

OR USED?

I JUST DIDN'T KNOW.

I TOLD YOU NOT TO ASK ME NO MORE QUESTIONS TILL WE GOT HOME!





I NEEDED TIME.



TIME TO *THINK*.



TIME ALONE.



SO I KILLED SOME DRUG DEALERS. TOOK THE \$1.4 MILLION IN CASH THEY HAD. STOLE A NEW FACE.

CAME EVEN FARTHER NORTH.

AND HID FROM THE WORLD.