





GO TO HELL! I'M NOBODY. I'M NOTHING.

NOTHING BUT A SOLDIER.

NOTHING BUT A SHIELD OF THE REVOLUTION.



THE CHOPPER IS ON ITS WAY, SIR.

ALL THINGS TREND TOWARD CHAOS, AGENT ALMONTE.

AH... SIR?



LISTEN.

FIRE SIRENS. POLICE. AN AMBULANCE. A CHILD CRYING. A WOMAN SCREAMING.



IT SOUNDS LIKE MUSIC.

WHUP
WHUP
WHUP



CHAOS IS A CRY FOR HELP. CHAOS IS THIS WORLD CALLING ME LIKE A BABY CALLS FOR ITS MOTHER.

I ADORE CHAOS BECAUSE IT MEANS I STILL HAVE A PLACE. WE STILL HAVE A PLACE.

UM...



HAVE YOU FOUND MY GIRL, YET?

...NO.



WHUP
WHUP
WHUP



YOU ARE ONE OF THE FEW WHO KNOW ME, DAVID. BECAUSE I TRUST YOU.

GRRK!

WE HAVE TO FIND HER. SHE IS IMPORTANT. IMPORTANT TO US. IMPORTANT TO ME.

SHE WAS... INVOLVED IN AN ACCIDENT BUT THEN... WE LOST HER AND--

DO YOU UNDERSTAND?




YES... YES... PLEASE, NO MORE...



WHUP
WHUP
WHUP


PUT EYES ON THE DETECTIVE, SIMMONS. I SMELLED THE LIES ON HER LIKE THE STINK OF PIG



THE WHOLE CITY IS
LOOKING FOR ME.
I CAN'T STOP FOR
LONG. HAVE TO
KEEP MOVING.



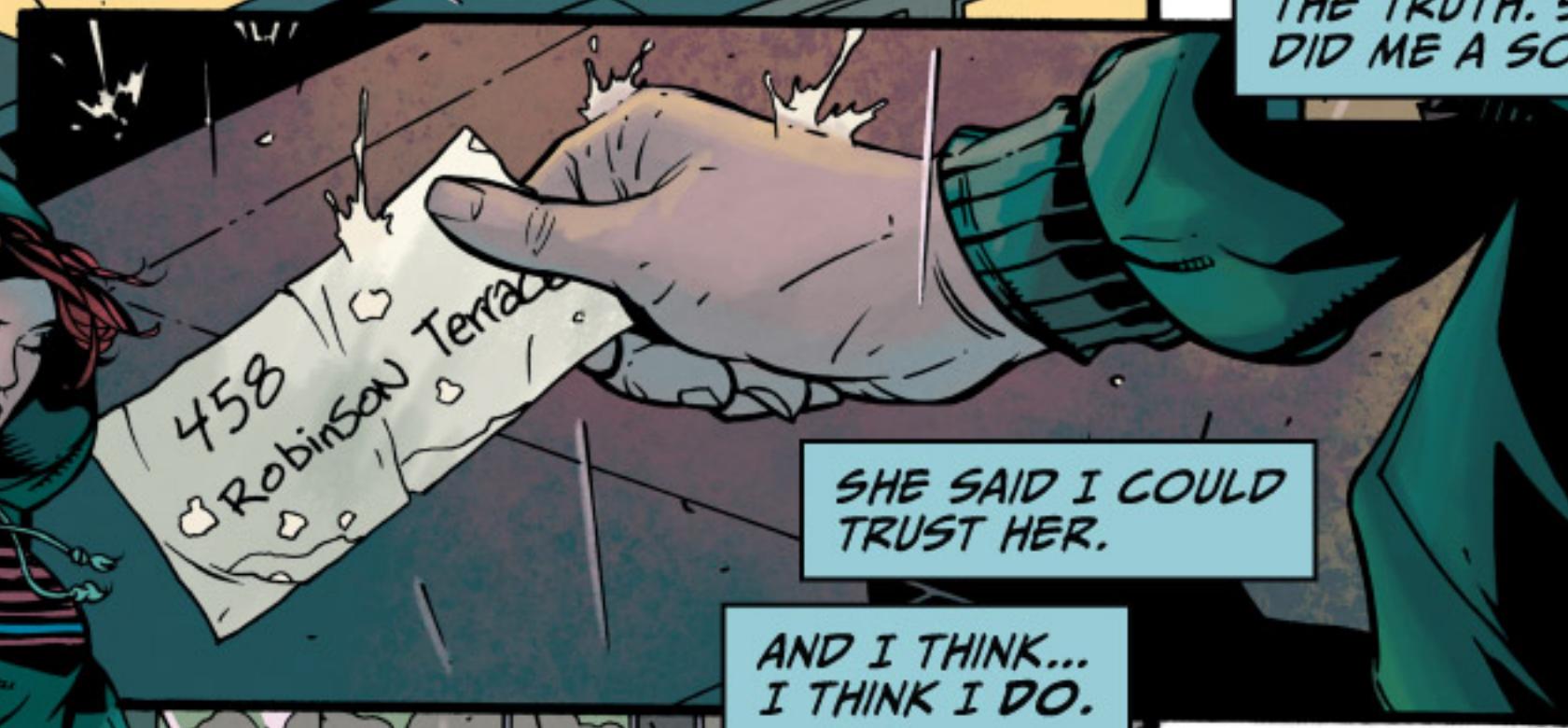
MOVEMENT IS GOOD.
BRINGS FOCUS.



THAT FOCUS PULLS ME
AWAY FROM THE IMAGES
IN MY MIND. MEMORIES
THAT DON'T SEEM
POSSIBLE. LIVES I
COULDN'T HAVE LED.




AT LEAST I'M
KEEPING A
LOW PROFILE,
FINALLY.



THAT DETECTIVE.
SHE WAS TELLING
THE TRUTH. SHE
DID ME A SOLID.

SHE SAID I COULD
TRUST HER.

AND I THINK...
I THINK I DO.



I ALSO KNOW THAT
GETTING HIT BY THAT
CAB SHOULD'VE KILLED
ME. BUT I FEEL FINE,
NOW. BETTER THAN FINE.

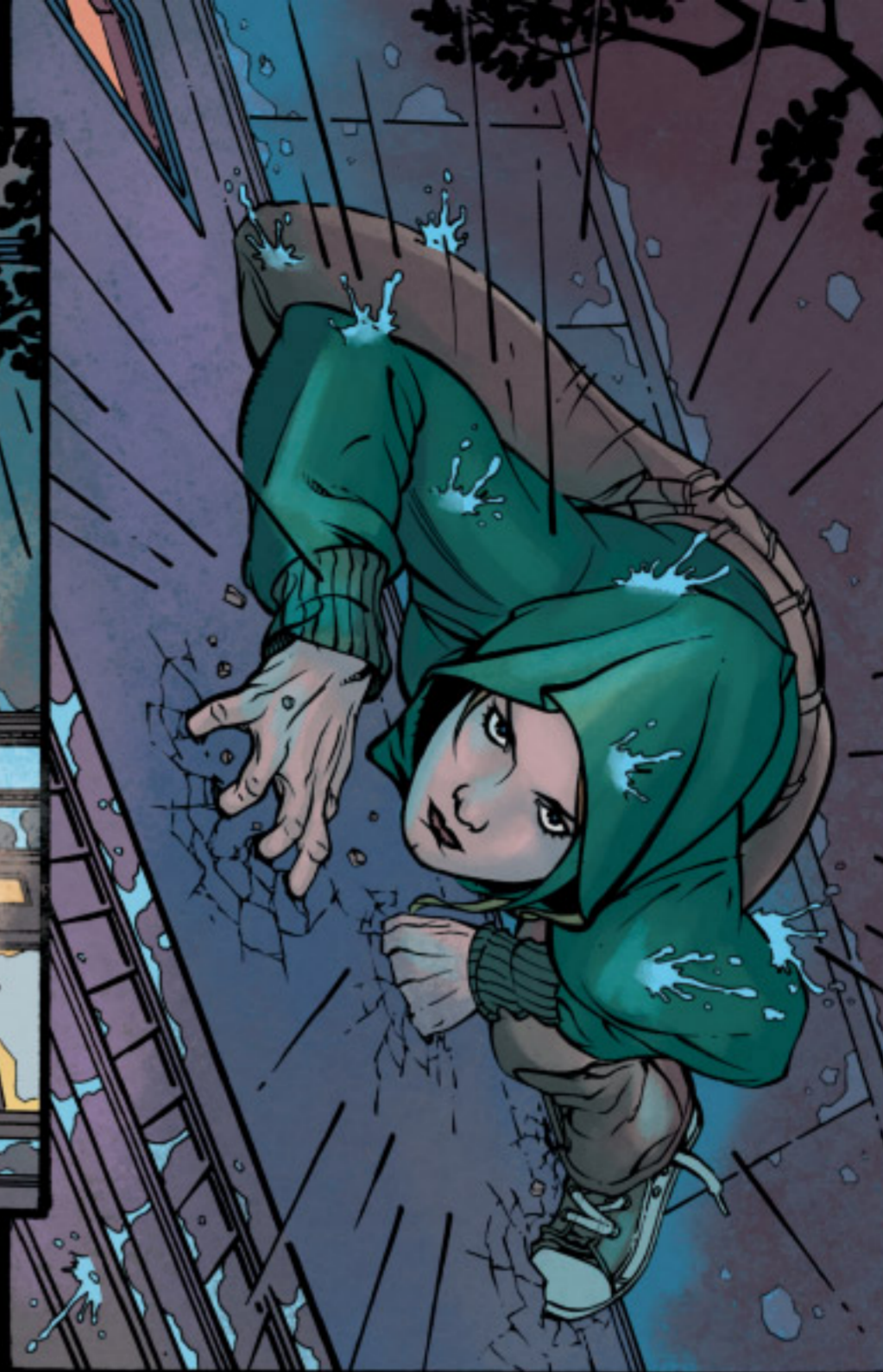
I FEEL GREAT.



THAAAAAT'S PROBABLY
MESSED UP, ISN'T IT?

WHAT'S ALSO MESSED UP IS THAT I CAN HEAR THINGS.

LIKE, FOR INSTANCE, THE HOME INVASION GOING ON EIGHT FLOORS UP.



KSSSH



AND THESE TWO MALEFACTORS ARE DEAD. THE OTHER ONE, TOO, I THINK. IT WAS EASY. TOO EASY. AND IT FELT RIGHT, SOMEHOW.

YOU'RE OKAY...DON'T, UM, TELL ANYONE I WAS HERE?



SO I KNOW WHAT I CAN DO. I KNOW I'M NOT LIKE EVERYONE ELSE. BUT THAT STILL DOESN'T TELL ME WHO I AM.

(EXCEPT APPARENTLY SOMEONE WHO USES THE WORD 'MALEFACTOR' IN HER INTERNAL MONOLOGUE.)

The Human Shield
12,500 officers, nurses and men
CAMP GORDON, ATLANTA, GA.
MAY 1918

I REMEMBER HOW TO
KEEP MY POWDER DRY.

I REMEMBER SHOOTING
ADMIRAL BUCHANAN ON
THE DECK OF THE
C.S.S. VIRGINIA.

I REMEMBER THE STINK
OF MUSTARD GAS AND
DEATH ON THE WIND.

I REMEMBER HOW TO LOAD
A BELT-FED M1919 BROWNING.
AND HOW HOT IT GOT.

AND I REMEMBER...

I REMEMBER DYING...

OH BOY...

DO I REMEMBER DYING...

