

NOISE.

RINGING IN MY EARS.

WAVES CRASH LIKE A TEN-CAR PILEUP.

A GUNSHOT STILL ECHOES.

A WEIGHT IN MY HAND.

EVERYTHING I SWORE
I'D NEVER BECOME.

THE BAD VOICE:

YOUR ENEMIES DESERVE IT.

IT'S FINE.

WHATEVER YOU HAVE TO DO, DO IT.





SO MANY CLEVER WAYS WE
MAKE SHOOTING ANOTHER
HUMAN FEEL JUSTIFIABLE.

SO, IF THAT'S TRUE...



...WHY DID I MISS?

WHAT
DO WE
DO WITH
HIM?

DEPENDS.



WHAT DO
YOU WANT,
VIKTOR?



TO PROTECT
MY HOMETLAND
AS TOP KGB
SNIPER.

TO MAKE
MY FATHER
PROUD.



IS THAT
WHAT WE'RE
DOING?



MAKING
YOUR
DAD
PROUD?



YOU THINK
IF YOU BUY INTO
YOUR OLD MAN'S
BULLSHIT YOU CAN
BRING SOME
MEANING TO WHAT
YOU'RE TRYING TO
DO HERE?

WHAT
KIND OF MAN
TURNS HIS
SON INTO A
KILLER?

