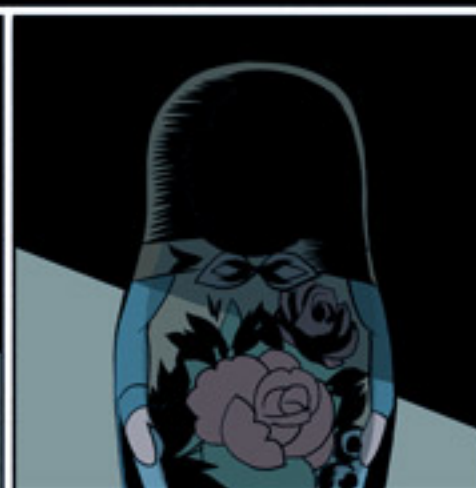




SO,
BOYS.

ONE FOR
OLD TIMES'
SAKE?





HOW STRANGE. I COULDN'T SMELL YOU UNTIL FIVE MINUTES AGO.

THEN AGAIN, I WAS BUSY WITH AN IDIOT COP. TASTED LIKE RASPBERRIES. I THINK.

I APPROACHED AGAINST THE WIND. DIDN'T WANT YOU TO SMELL ME COMING.

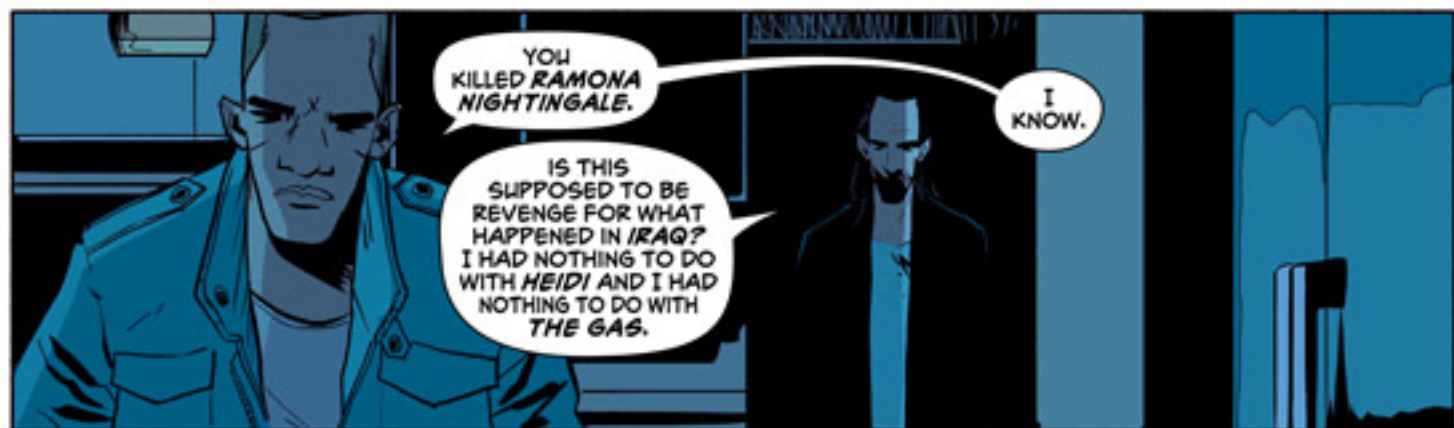


DID YOU KILL ALBERT?

I MEAN, HIS REAL NAME'S KOLYA, BUT HE VERY MUCH FETISHIZES THE U.K. CULTURE. THE CONTROLLED EXTERIOR OF PETER O'TOOLE, THE ETHICAL ROT OF DAVID CAMERON, ALL THAT.

ISN'T IT FASCINATING HOW THE NORMALS FOOL THEMSELVES INTO THINKING THEY COULD ONE DAY TRANSFORM INTO SOMETHING MORE THAN WHAT THEY ALREADY ARE?





YOU KILLED RAMONA NIGHTINGALE.

I KNOW.

IS THIS SUPPOSED TO BE REVENGE FOR WHAT HAPPENED IN IRAQ? I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH HEIDI AND I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE GAS.



MAYBE YOU CAN'T DIE, BUT YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE. I CAN--AND I WILL--MAKE YOU SUFFER FOR ETERNITY, DO YOU REALIZE THIS?

THE MOMENT YOU PARADED INSIDE MY HOUSE AND THREW A DEAD ██████ AGAINST WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN A MUTUALLY BENEFICIAL CONTINUATION OF A LONG-GESTATING FRIENDLY RELATIONSHIP IS THE MOMENT YOUR LIFE ENDED.



MY LIFE ENDED IN IRAQ. I'M JUST WRAPPING UP LOOSE ENDS.



HUMANS. BEINGS TOWARDS DEATH. THE TRANNY PROBABLY WANTED TO DIE TOO, YOU KNOW. I GAVE HER A GOOD WAY OUT. A MYTHICAL ONE.



RAMONA WAS A WOMAN.

WHO GIVES A ██████?



COME AT ME.