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RUCKLEY | MUTTI | POPOV

HIGHLANDER™

THE AMERICAN DREAM



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THE AMERICAN DREAM

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The Story So Far

Since the dawn of time, immortals have lived secretly among us—fated to await the time of the Gathering, when those who remain will battle for the Prize. A Prize that will bestow immense power upon the sole survivor.

New York, 1955. Connor MacLeod—the Highlander—and his fellow immortal Osta Vazilek are on the trail of another of their kind: John Hooke, a heartless killer who has roamed North America for centuries. But there are others following that same trail, and no secret can be kept forever. . .

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THE NEW YORK
SUBURBS, 1955.



SPECIAL
AGENT
EDWARD
HIGHSMITH.



YOU'RE FAST,
NOBODY TOLD
US THE BUREAU
WANTED IN ON
THIS.

THEY WILL,
SOON ENOUGH.
I WANTED TO
GET IN EARLY. I
TAKE A CLOSE
INTEREST IN
THIS KIND OF
THING.



RATHER YOU THAN
ME. IT'S FRESH, THIS
ONE. JUST AN HOUR
OR TWO OLD, AND
UGLY AS ALL
GET-OUT.

UGLY'S THE
EXACT THING
I'M INTERESTED
IN. SHOW ME
WHAT YOU'VE
GOT.





MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

HE TAKES THEIR EYES, MACLEOD.

IN THE LAST CENTURY OR SO, WHENEVER HE KILLS, HE TAKES ONE OF HIS VICTIM'S EYES.

THE YEARS HAVEN'T IMPROVED HIM, THEN.

NOR CLOUDED HIS MEMORY, PERHAPS. YOU SHOT HIM—TOOK ONE OF HIS EYES—CLOSE TO A CENTURY AGO.



YOU REALLY THINK THAT'S WHY HE DOES IT? BECAUSE I SHOT HIM?

HE DOES IT BECAUSE HE IS MAD, AND THINKS HIMSELF THE ONLY THING OF CONSEQUENCE IN ALL THE WORLD.

BUT I SUSPECT THAT WOUND NEVER MENDED RIGHT.

IT CAN HAPPEN, EVEN FOR US. SEVERE WOUNDS, TO THE NECK AND ABOVE.



I NEED A DRINK. THERE'S A PLACE I LIKE TWO BLOCKS DOWN.

I DO NOT DRINK.

I NEVER WOULD HAVE GUESSED THAT. COME ANYWAY. IT'LL MAKE THEIR DAY TO HAVE A MONK SIT AT THEIR BAR.



GLENMORANGIE, MR. WALLINGFORD?

AVE.



AND WHAT'LL IT BE FOR YOU, FATHER?

IT IS BROTHER, NOT FATHER. AND IT WILL BE SOME WATER.

OF COURSE IT WILL!



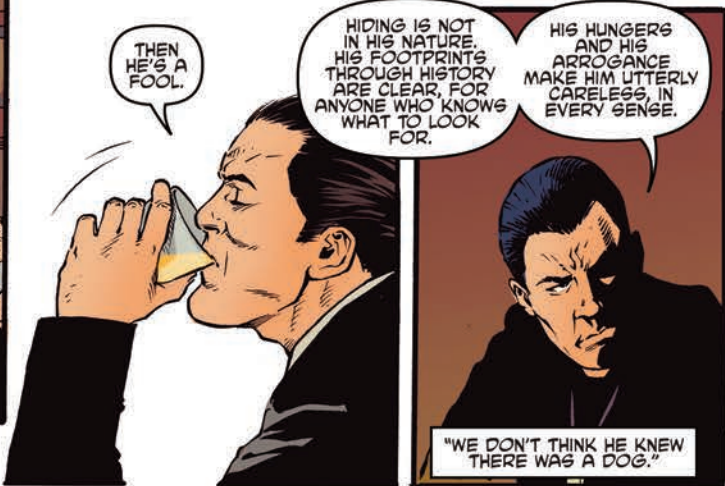
YOU GO BY WALLINGFORD?

RUPERT WALLINGFORD. IT'S A FRILLY ENGLISH FOP OF A NAME, BUT IT WAS AVAILABLE.



HOOKER HAS NEVER CHANGED HIS NAME, AS BEST I CAN TELL. NOT ONCE IN FOUR-AND-A-HALF CENTURIES.

I SUSPECT HE WOULD THINK IT A CONCESSION, OR SUBMISSION EVEN, TO A WORLD HE HOLDS IN CONTEMPT.



THEN HE'S A FOOL.

HIDING IS NOT IN HIS NATURE. HIS FOOTPRINTS THROUGH HISTORY ARE CLEAR, FOR ANYONE WHO KNOWS WHAT TO LOOK FOR.

HIS HUNGERS AND HIS ARROGANCE MAKE HIM UTTERLY CARELESS, IN EVERY SENSE.

"WE DON'T THINK HE KNEW THERE WAS A DOG."

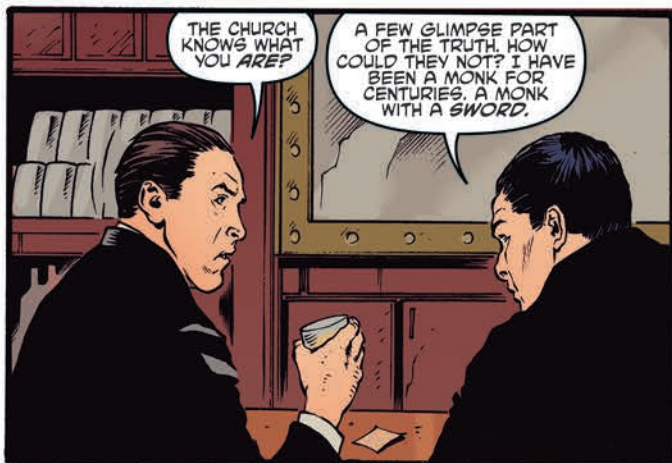




HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT HOOKE, ABOUT ALL OF US?

I LIVE AS A MONK, NOT A HERMIT. NEWSPAPERS, RADIO. I HAVE EVEN BEEN KNOWN TO VISIT A LIBRARY.

AND I HAVE SOME—SYMPATHIZERS YOU MIGHT CALL THEM—in THE CHURCH HIERARCHY. THEY ASSIST IN THE PURSUIT OF MY INTERESTS.



THE CHURCH KNOWS WHAT YOU ARE?

A FEW GLIMPSE PART OF THE TRUTH. HOW COULD THEY NOT? I HAVE BEEN A MONK FOR CENTURIES. A MONK WITH A SWORD.



OUR KIND OF SECRETS CANNOT GO UNNOTICED FOREVER.

MORTALS ARE NOT BLIND, OR FOOLISH. NOT ALL OF THEM.

THIS RACHEL. HOW MUCH DOES SHE KNOW?



SOME. THERE'S A KIND OF MAGIC IN ME. SHE KNOWS THAT MUCH.



I'LL GIVE YOU THE ADDRESS OF A PLACE ON HUDSON STREET I'VE OWNED FOR A LONG TIME, UNDER ONE NAME OR ANOTHER. COME BY TOMORROW.

YOU WILL HELP ME AGAINST HOOKE?



I DON'T NEED MORE FRIENDS I MAY HAVE TO KILL WHEN THE GATHERING COMES, VAZILEK. I DON'T NEED MORE WARS OR HUNTS OR BLOOD.

I'M TIRED OF ALL THAT. DEEP IN MY BONES. BUT COME FIND ME TOMORROW. WE'LL SEE.