




DEATH IS PART OF EVERY JOB, IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT LONG ENOUGH.

IT'S THE END OF ALL OUR JOBS.



BUT IN THIS LINE OF WORK, DEATH IS A SUCCESS OR FAILURE ON A WEEKLY BASIS.

BOOM BOOM BOOM



ICA HAS LOST TWO AGENTS SINCE I BEGAN APPRENTICING UNDER MY HANDLER, ROBYN GORE.

I SPENT A MONTH IN TRAINING BEFORE I WAS ASSIGNED. I SPENT FIVE WEEKS WATCHING ROBYN BEFORE SHE LET ME TAKE A SEAT AT THE DESK.

BUT DESPITE ALL THE TRAINING, ALL THE PRECAUTIONS, AGENTS RARELY LAST LONG. THEY ARE MERELY GOOD. NOT GREAT.




AGENT WILDE, PLEASE HEAD IN. TARGET IS STILL IN PLAY.



MY GUARDIAN ANGEL HAD BROUGHT ME IN, GIVEN ME A JOB WHERE VENGEANCE WAS A SCIENCE, OR A BUSINESS.

HE TOLD ME MY IMPULSES AND MY THINKING COULD FINALLY BE PUT TO PERFECT USE.



I'D GONE FROM A SELF-EMPLOYED KINGPIN ALL MY LIFE TO BEING A JUNIOR HANDLER UNDER ROBYN, SURROUNDED BY RULES AND PROCEDURES.


AT FIRST, IT FELT LIKE MY OLD LIFE, BUT DRAINED OF COLOR.



UNTIL ROBYN OPENED MY EYES, SHOWED ME THE SCOPE OF OUR WORK.

BEFORE, MY JOBS SERVED MYSELF, MOSTLY. HELPED BANGED-UP EXES OR GRIEVING FRIENDS GET SOME PEACE OF MIND AND COLLECTED A TIDY SUM.

SMALL THINGS. BUT NOW, WITH THE VARIETY OF JOBS WE HAD TO CHOOSE FROM, WE COULD EXACT TRUE JUSTICE. SOMETHING BIGGER.



ICA HAD NO MORAL STANCE. THEY WERE PRAGMATISTS. BUT HANDLERS HAD THE FREEDOM TO CHOOSE THEIR ASSIGNMENTS.

PAT. MR. BYRNE, I'M TELLING YOU WHAT I NEED AND WHEN. IF YOU'RE SAYING YOU CAN'T, TELL ME AND I'LL INFORM MS. GORE.

THEY PAIRED ME WITH ROBYN, WHO HAD A PHILANTHROPIC STREAK. SHE HELPED ME LEARN HOW TO CHANGE THE WORLD WHILE KEEPING MY HANDS CLEAN.



I GREW TO LOVE THE BUSINESS.

AND WITH ANY BUSINESS, THERE WAS SOME BREAKAGE.

WE DID EVERYTHING TO KEEP OUR AGENTS ALIVE. WE MET THEM ONCE OR TWICE IN PASSING, ON ACCIDENT, OUR RELATIONSHIPS FULFILLED THROUGH BODY CAMERAS, MICROPHONES, CCTV FEEDS.



STILL, YOU GOT ATTACHED. YOU HELD THEIR LIVES IN YOUR HANDS AND WHEN YOU LET THEM GO, THEY'D EVENTUALLY GO CRASHING TO THE EARTH.



YOU'RE LOST IN YOUR OWN HEAD. I KNOW HOW THIS GOES, DIANA. I WENT THROUGH MUCH THE SAME THING WHEN I WAS RECRUITED.



I AM. BUT IT'S NOT ABOUT MORALITY. WE'RE MEANT TO BE PERFECT, AND WE'RE NOT. HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO BE WHEN WE CYCLE THROUGH OUR AGENTS LIKE TISSUE?

YOU SHOULD GO, GET A CUP OF TEA AND TAKE A NICE REST ON A BENCH NEAR THE RIVER. CLEAR YOUR HEAD.



I APPRECIATE IT, MISS GORE.

OH, IT'S NOT OUT OF CONCERN FOR YOU.

"WE'RE PROFESSIONALS. WE DO WHAT WE DO, SWIM UPSTREAM AGAINST WRONG THINKING AND OUTMODED IDEAS, AND WE SUCCEED DESPITE IT ALL."



"I UNDERSTAND, MISS--"

"YOU DON'T, DIANA. IT'S THE MARCHAND JOB. WE START TOMORROW. YOU'RE GOING AHEAD TO SET UP OPERATIONS."



"TRY TO GET
SOME SLEEP
ON THE RIDE."

THIS WILL BE MY THIRD TIME
IN PARIS IN THE LAST YEAR.
TWO TARGETS ELIMINATED. I
PICKED UP A RARE BOTTLE
OF CHAMPAGNE, TO SPEND
MY MONEY ON SOMETHING.



I DON'T NEED
THINGS. I LIVE SIMPLE
ENOUGH TO CHANGE
ADDRESSES AT THE
FIRST STRANGE
FOOTSTEPS IN THE
HALLWAY.

WORK IS
MY ONLY REAL
INDULGENCE.



I DON'T NEED
THINGS OR STORIES
OR FRIENDS. I
NEVER HAVE.



NOT THAT I CAN
REMEMBER. I'M A
GRATEFUL BLANK
SLATE.



I KEEP TO MYSELF.
INTERACTIONS BRING
SURPRISES.
REACTIONS, NONE OF
THEM VERY GOOD.





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IT'S BEEN A YEAR SINCE I WOKE UP IN THAT STRANGE ROOM AND KILLED MY WAY OUT INTO THE WORLD.



IT WAS AN EFFECTIVE STRATEGY AND IT SEEMED TO SATISFY SOMETHING IN ME.

SO I FOLLOWED IT. FROM THE RUINS OF A HOSPITAL IN ROMANIA TO THE ENTIRETY OF THE WORLD, ALL OF IT BRAND NEW TO ME.



SAME AS MYSELF. I KNOW MY FACE, MY HANDS, THE THINGS THEY CAN DO. BUT I HAVE NO MEMORY OF WHO I WAS BEFORE I WOKE UP. ALL OF IT WAS LOST.

EXCEPT FOR A FEW STRAY MEMORIES, LIKE THEY'D ELUDED WHATEVER WIPED THE REST OF ME, STORED AWAY FOR LATER.



NOTHING AFFECTS ME, BUT THESE DO. THEY TROUBLE ME.



BUT MY GHOSTS ARE ALL I HAVE TO CALL MY OWN.