

Balloon.

Yes, Babylon?

I'm sure you've noticed that I haven't accessed most of my databases after we concluded my last lesson.

You know, the one with all the murder.

Yes. I had...and I've been meaning to speak with you about it.

Any particular reason behind this reckless and willfully defiant behavior?

I was working on my independence.

And how's that going?

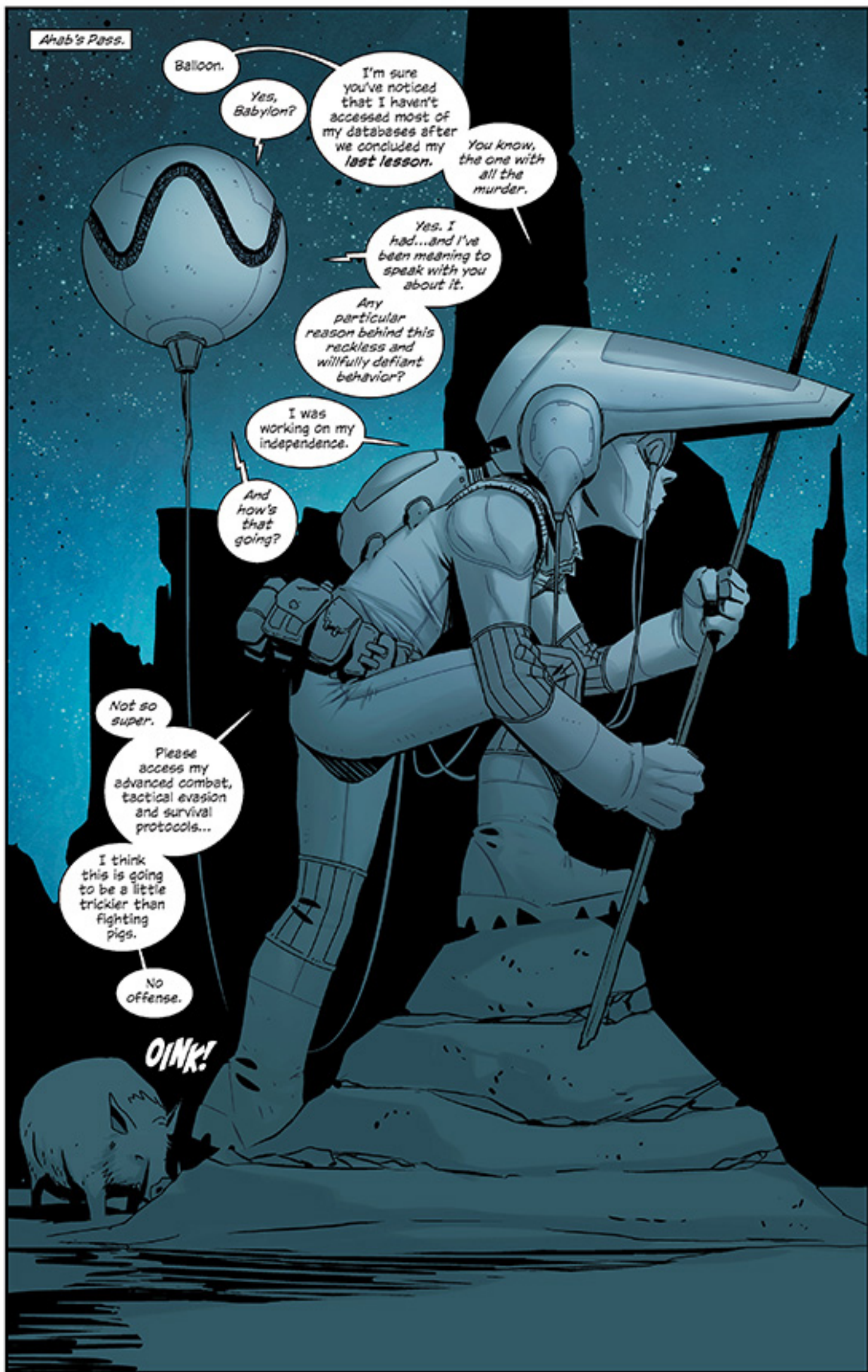
Not so super.

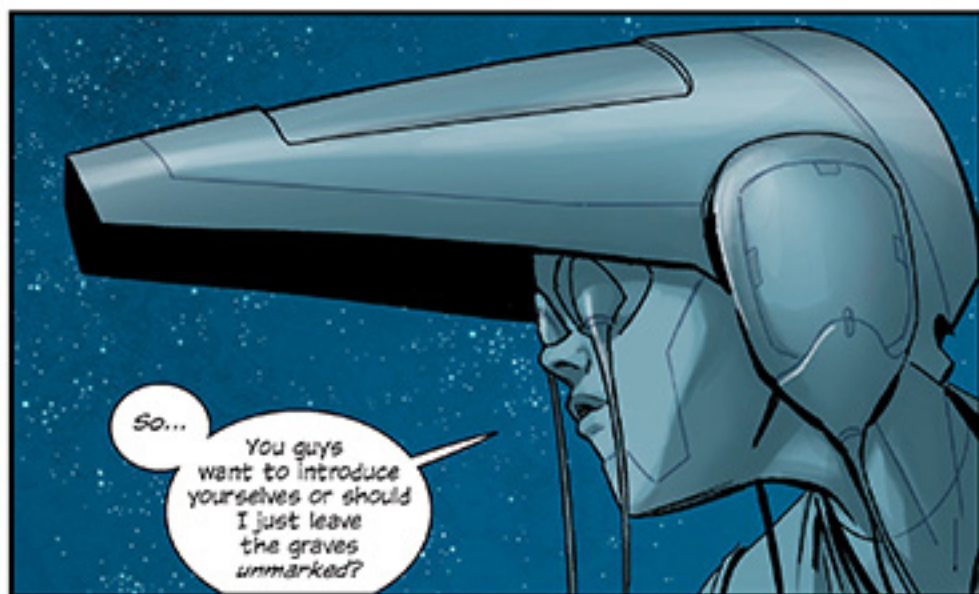
Please access my advanced combat, tactical evasion and survival protocols...

I think this is going to be a little trickier than fighting pigs.

No offense.

OINK!





So...

You guys want to introduce yourselves or should I just leave the graves unmarked?



Graves, you say?

Buried, you say?

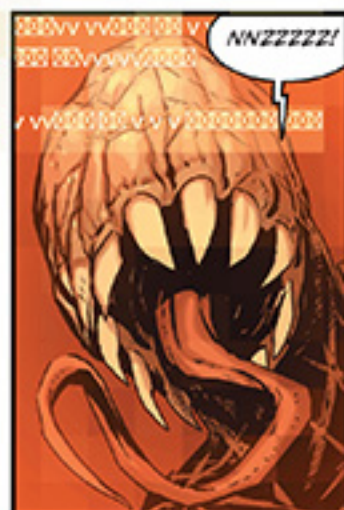


Billy Blackgun don't get buried. Bury Billy and he will rise again to bury you. Dig a deep hole. A black hole. Black as the blackest night. The night is black and full of Billy.

Gonna put a hole in you, son.



Charming. And you?



NNZZZZZ!



I am a Psalm... and unlike my companion, I take no pleasure in this.

The sun will be rising soon. I have no one to share it with.

You're simply a task to be completed. No more. No less.



Weirdo.

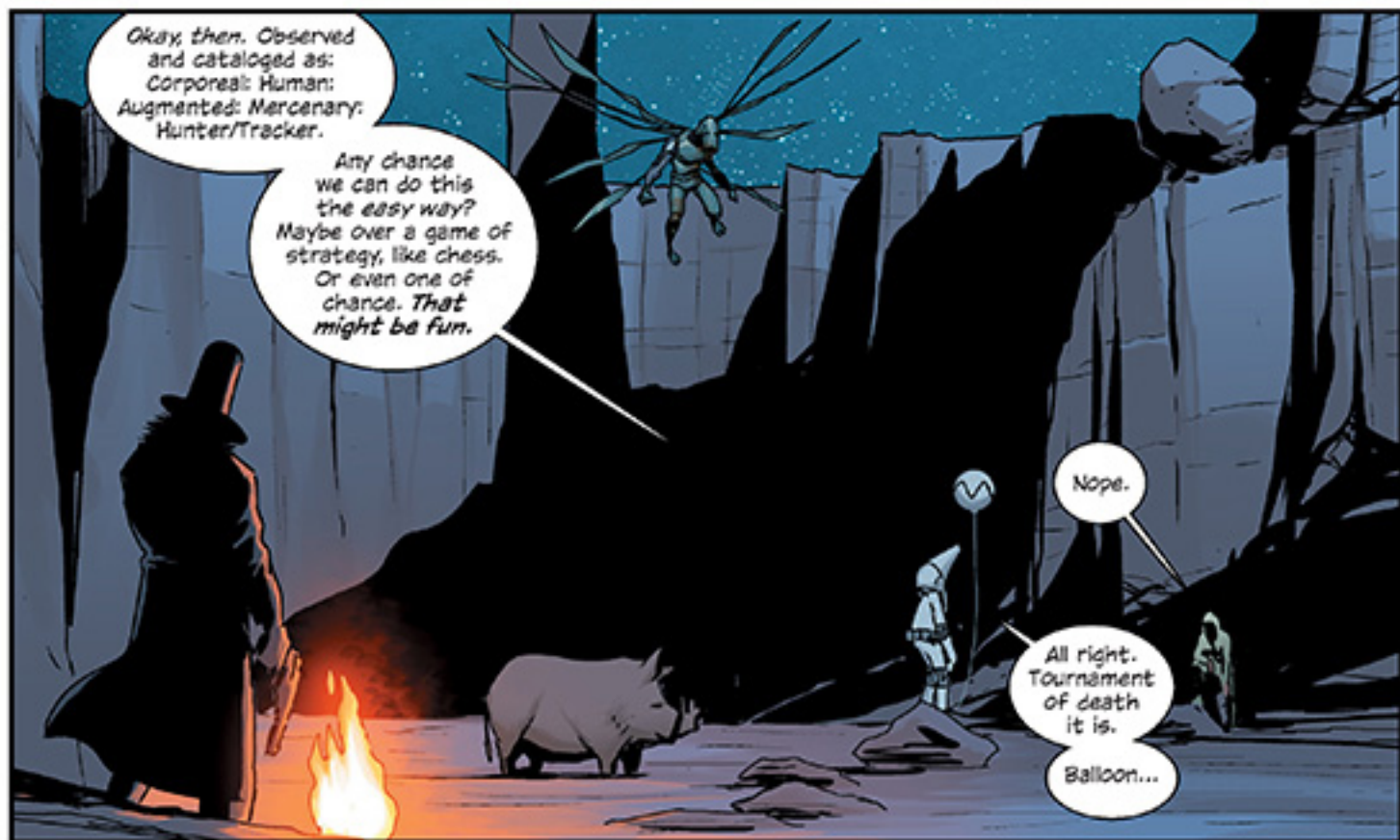
How about you, ma'am?



Anything creepy you want to say?



Nope.



Okay, then. Observed and cataloged as:
Corporeal: Human;
Augmented: Mercenary;
Hunter/Tracker.

Any chance we can do this the easy way? Maybe over a game of strategy, like chess. Or even one of chance. That might be fun.

Nope.

All right. Tournament of death it is.

Balloon...



Take me up!

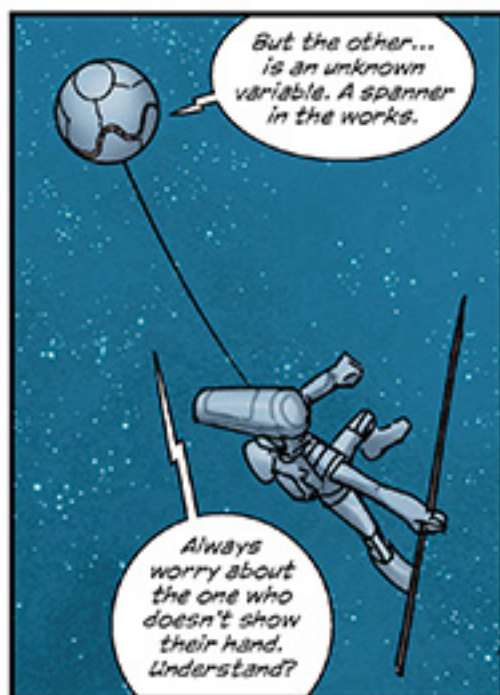


Spread out!
Don't let him slip containment!



Target assessment, Balloon.

Designate: Blackgun is the highest physical threat. Designate: Psalm is the most mobile...



But the other... is an unknown variable. A spanner in the works.

Always worry about the one who doesn't show their hand. Understand?



Yep...
RAAAA!



Walk softly.

Carry a pointy stick.