



BURN DOWN THESE HUTS. BRING ANYTHING THAT WILL MAKE WHITE SMOKE AND ADD IT TO THE FIRE.

WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE, GERMAN.

WE NEED THEM TO SEE US.

DO NOT FORGET THAT THIS IS A LETTER. AND WE NEED THEM TO READ IT.



SIR...JUST THE OLD MAN LEFT ALIVE. WHAT DO WE DO WITH HIM?

"NOTHING. LET HIM LIVE TO BURY HIS OWN. IT SUITS HIM."

Thousands of kilometers away, one could see the snake of white smoke.



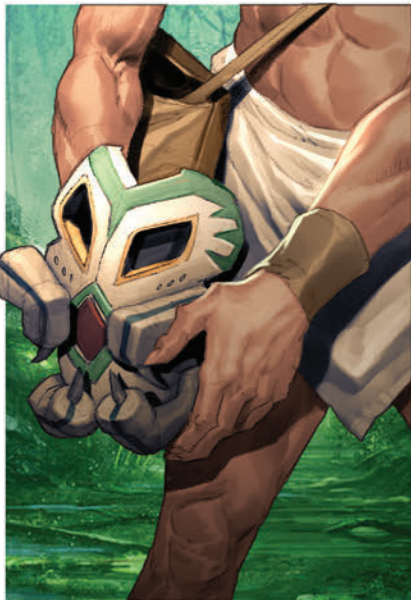
From above, tragedies are all equal. You need to approach to discover their nuance.



It is no longer pain that dwells in the soul of the warrior.



It is hatred.



And it is hate that dictates what Ich does next.



WITH THIS, I CAN FINALLY PAY FOR MY INDULGENCES. BUY MY WAY PAST ST. PETER.

AND WITH PLENTY LEFT OVER FOR A NIGHT ON THE TOWN!



WHAT THE HELL...?



HE HAS ARRIVED.

AND FROM WHAT I CAN SEE, THIS WILL BE MORE FUN THAN I IMAGINED.



"LOOK, GERMAN. IT'S NOT A MURDERER. IT'S... AN ARTIST! WATCH HIS MOVEMENTS. HIS SILENCE. HIS COLORS."

