



LOOK...



YOU GOT ME.  
PUNCTURED THE HULL. FRAGMENT GOT ME.

IT'S BAD, ISN'T IT?



SO WHAT WOULD YOU DO?



SIT BACK AND WAIT FOR DEATH TO COME...

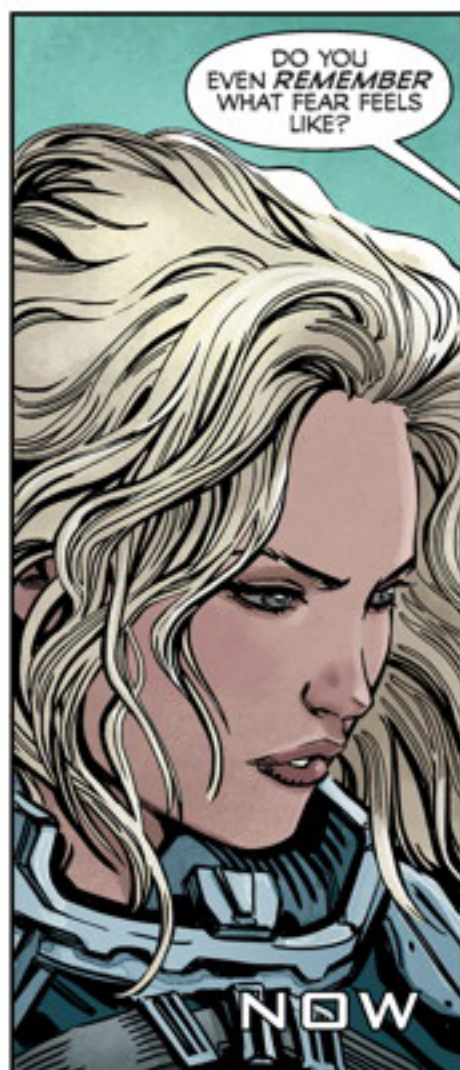
...OR CUT TO THE CHASE AND PUT A ROUND THROUGH YOUR HEAD?

DOES IT MATTER? YOU COME BACK THE SAME EITHER WAY. PERFECT.



NOT PERFECT. THERE ARE...CHANGES. IT'S HARD TO DESCRIBE.

BUT YOU COME BACK.



DO YOU EVEN REMEMBER WHAT FEAR FEELS LIKE?

**NOW**



CAILLE  
GALLENTE PRIME

THEN

"DO YOU?"

"OR WAS  
YOUR LIFE  
ALWAYS SO  
BLESSED?"

IT WAS. THEN I ARRIVED HERE, THE  
ONLY PLACE MY DISGRACED FATHER  
COULD BRING ME AND LIVE IN PEACE.



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY  
LIFE I FELT THE PANG OF FEAR  
AND THE THREAT OF DEATH.  
THESE WERE MEAN STREETS.

SO I FOUND REFUGE  
IN WORK, AND FOR  
SOMEONE LIKE ME, THAT  
MEANT ONE THING.



THE BLACK  
MARKET.

THE CYBERNETICS CLASSES  
I TOOK IN NAVY SCHOOL  
BACK ON ALGOGILE IV FEDCAF  
WERE GOOD FOR SOMETHING  
AFTER ALL.



WET-REELS, ILLICIT MEMS,  
CRIME GRABS, SEX POVS...

...WE BUILT MEMORY GRABBERS  
AND PLAYBACK RIGS FOR RICH  
GUYS LOOKING FOR THAT LITTLE  
EXTRA EDGE THAT NORMAL LIFE  
JUST DOESN'T SUPPLY.



RAIDS WERE UNCOMMON,  
BUT NOT UNHEARD OF.







I'D READ ABOUT IT THAT EVENING ON THE NEWSFEEDS. I ALMOST KILLED THAT MAN. THAT'S HOW I ESCAPED -- THEY BROKE OFF PURSUIT TO RUSH HIM TO THE HOSPITAL.

I FELT SICK TO MY STOMACH.

EXIT STAIRS



THE SECURITY CAM FEEDS WERE INCONCLUSIVE. I MOVED TOO FAST.

I DUMPED MY FAKE IDENTITY CARDS AND GOT NEW ONES.

BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH. I HAD TO GO UNDERGROUND.