

THESE... BOOKS.

THIS FAUX-HISTORY...



I ONCE THOUGHT TO REWRITE IT -- TO TELL THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER --

TO MAKE RIGHT WHAT IS WRONG IN THESE PULP FICTIONS.



BUT TO WHAT END?

WHAT DO EVEN I, WHO WAS SO CLOSE TO THE MAN, REALLY KNOW OF THE TRUTH AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?

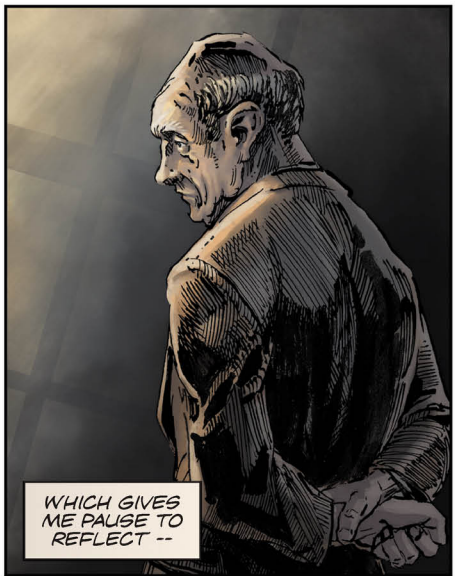


NOW, BACK
IN THIS CAGE IN
LONDON --

THIS CONTRIVED
ESTABLISHMENT FOLLY, A
MONUMENT TO PRIDE --

I FEEL UTTERLY
ALIENATED.

AND OLD.



WHICH GIVES
ME PAUSE TO
REFLECT --



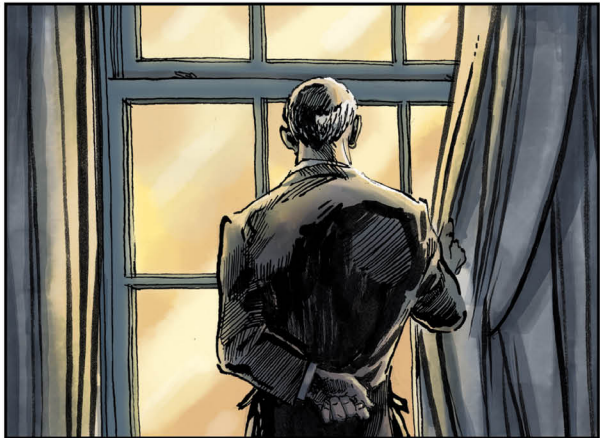
IN RIDER TIMES
MONO MUST HAVE
BEEN CONSIDERED
A FREAK OF
SORTS --

-- A THROWBACK --

-- AND A
SAVAGE.



CAGED AND
APART...



LET THEM
HAVE THEIR
WORLD.

I ONCE CHASED
MY DESTINY --

-- CLUTTERED MY SHELVES
WITH THE AWARDS AND
ACCOLADES OF A LIFE
WELL LIVED.

BUT TIME, AS EVER, MOVES
APACE AND LEAVES BEHIND
UNTOLD NUMBERS OF THE
GREAT AND THE GOOD FOR
WHOM HISTORY SHALL
AFFORD NO FOOTNOTE.

ALL MY HOLLOW
VICTORIES LIE DIM IN THE
LONG SHADOW OF THAT
OTHER MAN...

THE GOOD I HAVE DONE IN
THE NAME OF QUEEN AND
COUNTRY DARKENED BY THE
SICKENING PALL OF A GREAT
BETRAYAL...

THERE ARE
DEBTS TO
BE PAID.

FROM THE BOER WAR, THROUGH
THE FIRST AND SECOND WORLD
WAR, THE COLD WAR, AND BEYOND,
MONO WAS THERE --

WHERE NO ONE
ELSE COULD
GO...



AND HERE AM I, LEFT WITH SO MUCH OF HIS LEGACY.

THE BOOKS WRITTEN ABOUT HIM -- A MAN WHO COULD NOT, SHOULD NOT, EXIST.

'MONO, THE QUEEN'S ASSASSIN!'

'MONO, THE SPY!'

'MONO, THE ADVENTURER!'



AND THESE...

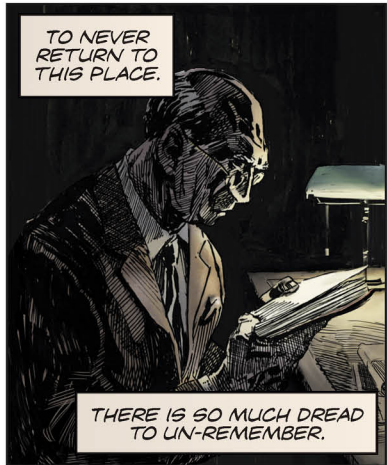
HIS JOURNALS.

ENTRUSTED TO ME, HIS 'TRUEST' FRIEND...



I HAVE NOT READ THEM FOR SO MANY YEARS.

I HAD THOUGHT TO FORGET.



TO NEVER RETURN TO THIS PLACE.

THERE IS SO MUCH DREAD TO UN-REMEMBER.



THE INVISIBLE FACE OF EVIL -- MYRIAD, AND SO OFTEN BEGUILING...

ARCHETYPAL MADMEN...

THE CRAZED, THE UGLY, THE PSYCHOTIC.

-- AND SO MUCH DEATH.