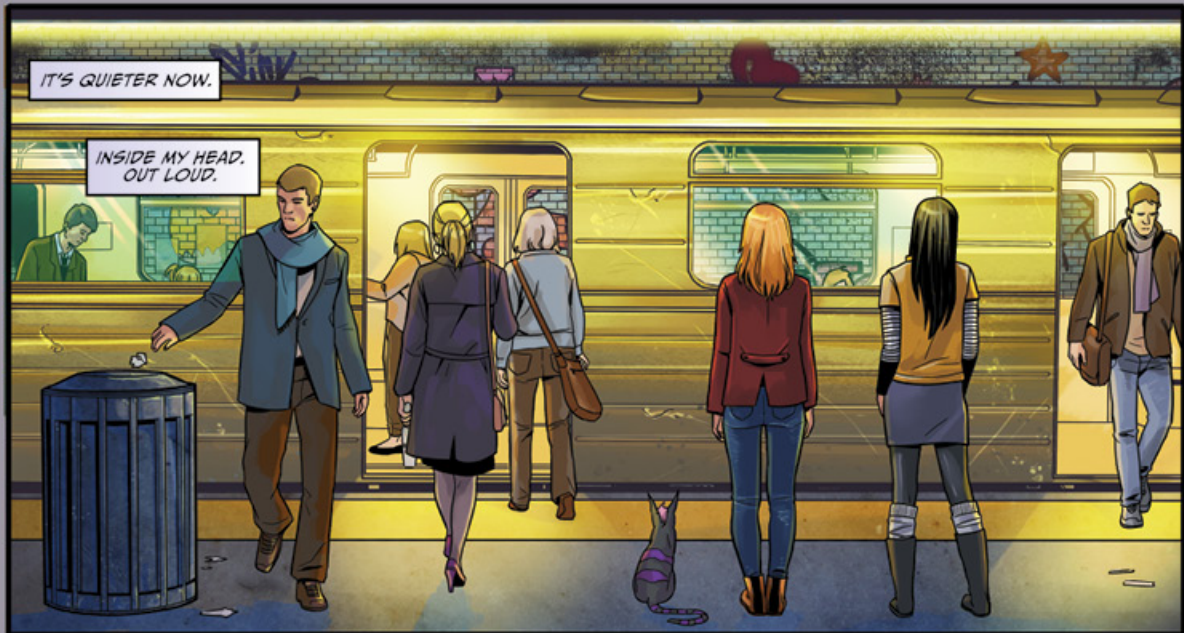


IT'S QUIETER NOW.

INSIDE MY HEAD.  
OUT LOUD.



I CAN'T GIVE VOICE TO  
THE INSANITY THAT CREEPT  
THROUGH MY MIND.

MY MOM... I'M SURE SHE FORGIVES  
ME, BUT I DON'T THINK SHE TRUSTS  
ME. I CAN'T REALLY BLAME HER. I  
DON'T TRUST ME EITHER.

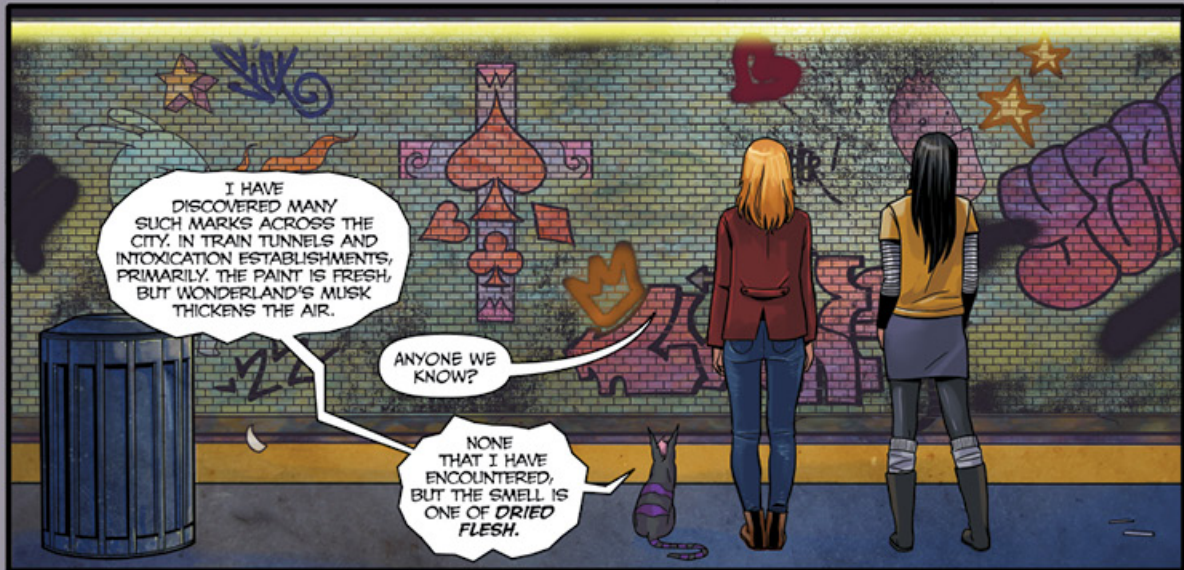
IT'S QUIETER NOW.



I HAVE  
DISCOVERED MANY  
SUCH MARKS ACROSS THE  
CITY. IN TRAIN TUNNELS AND  
INTOXICATION ESTABLISHMENTS,  
PRIMARILY. THE PAINT IS FRESH,  
BUT WONDERLAND'S MUSK  
THICKENS THE AIR.

ANYONE WE  
KNOW?

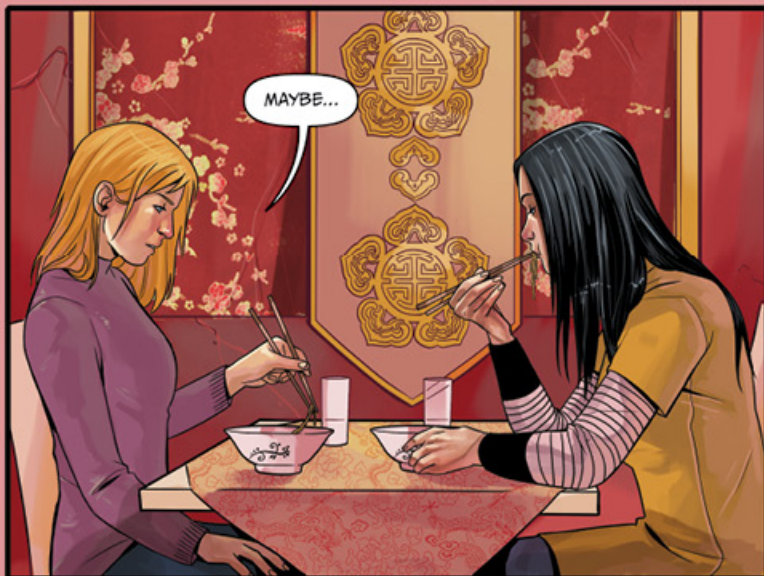
NONE  
THAT I HAVE  
ENCOUNTERED,  
BUT THE SMELL IS  
ONE OF DRIED  
FLESH.







-- WHICH WOULD MEAN THAT THE ACE OF SPADES INTENDS TO EXPAND HIS FOCUS BEYOND WONDERLAND.

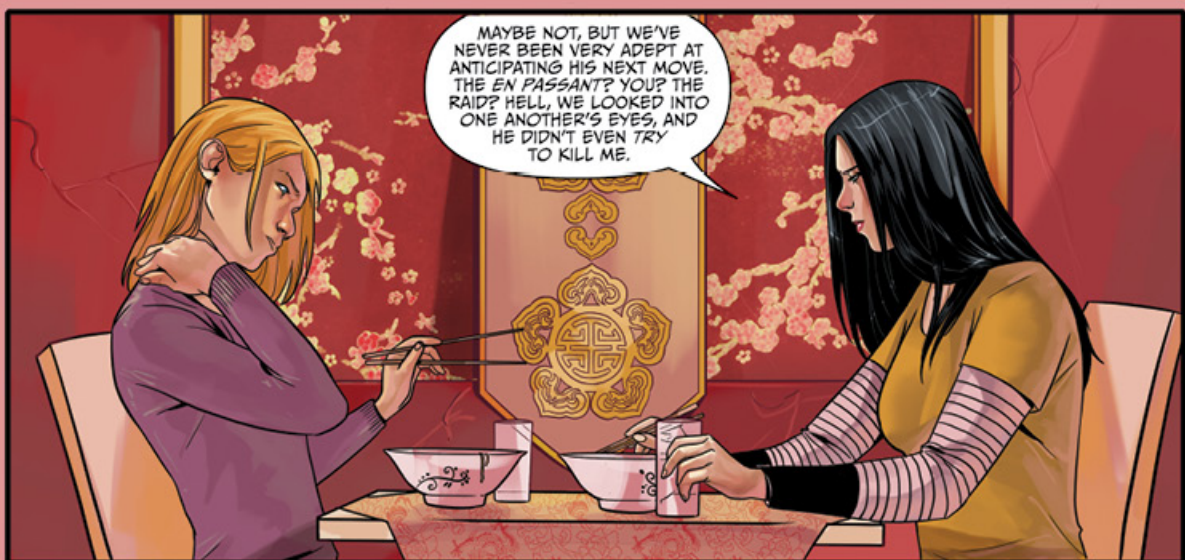


MAYBE...



I MEAN... I GUESS SOME OF HIS PEOPLE MIGHT BE ON EARTH...

I JUST DON'T THINK IT'S HIM.



MAYBE NOT, BUT WE'VE NEVER BEEN VERY ADEPT AT ANTICIPATING HIS NEXT MOVE. THE EN PASSANT? YOU? THE RAID? HELL, WE LOOKED INTO ONE ANOTHER'S EYES, AND HE DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO KILL ME.



