



SENECA, CAN YOU
HEAR ME...?

SENECA!



SENECA, ANSWER ME!
IT'S IMPORTANT!

CAN YOU STILL
HEAR ME--?



THE VOICE SOUNDS LIKE A
DROWNING MAN IN THE DISTANCE.
YOU CAN'T HEAR IT PROPERLY
ANYMORE.

CAN'T HEAR. CAN'T SEE AS
YOU ONCE DID. CAN'T FEEL
ANYTHING.

BUT PAIN.



THEY DON'T CARE. IT'S
NOT THEIR PAIN.

THEY DIDN'T LOSE EVERYTHING
YOU'VE LOST. NOT AN ARM,
NOT A LEG.

NOT THEIR GIRL.
NOT THEIR LIFE.



THIS IS ALL YOU'VE BECOME,
SENECA. NEITHER MAN NOR
MACHINE.

STUCK BETWEEN TWO WORLDS
BUT BELONGING TO NEITHER.



TAKE A
GOOD LOOK.
IT MIGHT TURN
INTO A MAGIC
RABBIT.

OH, I'M
SORRY--



THIS IS YOU, GIFTED BY
THE GODS. GIVEN A
SECOND CHANCE.

THE AUGMENTATIONS MAKE YOU
STRONGER, FASTER, MORE
INTELLIGENT, EVEN.



BUT THEY WON'T TAKE YOU BACK IN
TIME, AND THEY WON'T TAKE AWAY
THE AGONY YOU FEEL.

THE PAIN OF LOSING JESS,
AND OF LOSING YOURSELF
IN THE PROCESS.



THE ENHANCEMENTS WON'T
COVER THE COST OF WHAT
YOU'VE HAD TAKEN AWAY.

THE ONLY WAY THEY
CAN HELP YOU NOW--



--IS TO HELP YOU KILL
THE PEOPLE RESPONSIBLE.