

Bright lights. Big city.
From a distance, it all
seems so magical. Like
a beacon, calling out to
the rest of the world.

A sign of progress. And
vitality. And opportunity.
A status to reach. A goal
to achieve. That's what
I used to believe.

But as you
get closer,
you learn what
it's all made
of...

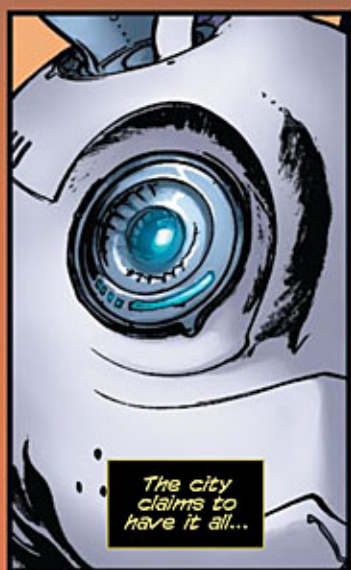
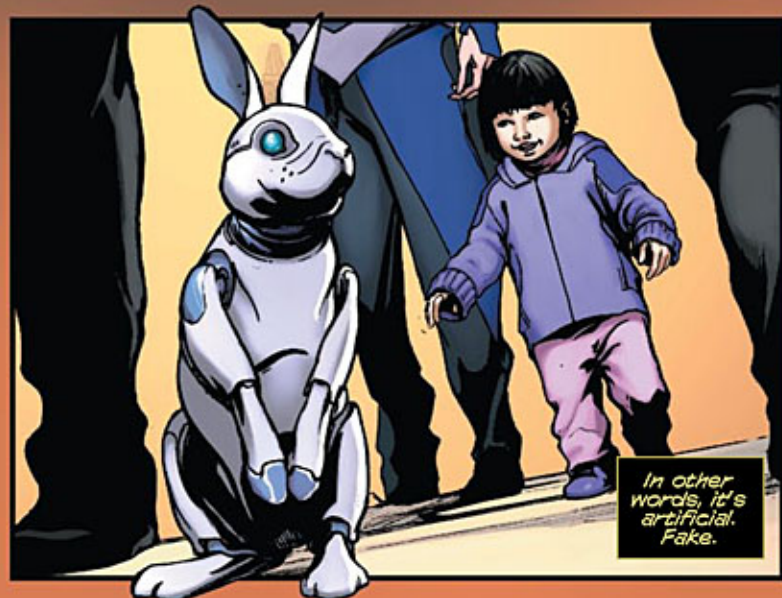


Steel. Plastic.
Circuitry.



In other
words, it's
artificial.
Fake.

The city
claims to
have it all...





...But, it has
no heart.



YOU OKAY,
ZIHAO?

CAN'T
FEEL MY
LEGS. BUT,
OTHER THAN
THAT...



GUESS THIS IS
AS GOOD A TIME AS
ANY TO SAY THANK YOU,
HARPER. IF IT WASN'T FOR
YOU, I PROBABLY WOULDN'T
HAVE MADE IT OUT OF THE
EAST WING, LET ALONE
THE COMPLEX ITSELF.



YOU
ALWAYS DO
SELL YOURSELF
SHORT. ALL I
DID WAS HELP
KICK OPEN A
FEW DOORS.



NOW, WHO
IS SELLING
THEMSELVES
SHORT?

TOUCHÉ.

HOW DID
YOU KNOW?
THAT I'D RUN.
WAS IT
OBVIOUS?



I'VE BEEN TRAINING YOU
A LONG TIME, ZIHAO. OF
ALL MY FIGHTERS, YOU
WERE THE ONLY ONE
THAT DIDN'T TALK
ABOUT THE
FUTURE.

DIDN'T BOAST
ABOUT YOUR
PREMIERE IN THE
BIG ARENA, OR
DREAM ABOUT ALL
THE UPGRADES YOU
WERE GOING TO
GET. YOU JUST
KEPT YOUR HEAD
DOWN--KEPT
PREPARING FOR
THE NEXT
FIGHT.



THIS
FIGHT.
THE REAL
ONE.

CENTRAL DISTRICT MONITORING AUTHORITY.

NOT MANY CIVILIANS GET A PEEK AT THIS MAINFRAME, JASPER. YOU'RE LUCKY YOU GOT CONNECTIONS. AND BY THAT, I MEAN YOU'RE LUCKY I GOT CONNECTIONS.

IT'S QUITE A SIGHT, LEI.

THOUSANDS OF CAMERAS THROUGHOUT THE CITY, CHRONICLING EVERYBODY, DAY AND NIGHT.

KIND OF MIND-NUMBING TOO. OVERWHELMING. NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK COMES TO MIND.

THAT'S WHERE THE FACIAL RECOGNITION COMES INTO PLAY IN ORDER TO FIND YOUR DESERTERS. THE PERFECT MAGNET. IN YOUR NEEDLE/HAYSTACK ANALOGY.

SIFTING THROUGH THE CLUTTER... UNTIL...

ID #3857210

MATCH

BINGO.