


I had to watch
you die last
night, Barrett.

And as I lie alone in
this bed, I understand
now, more than ever,
why you changed me
when you did.

Because I don't think
there's anything in the
world I wouldn't do
to not have to see
the life fade from
your eyes again.



This is my last entry in
this journal. I'll leave
the rest of these blank
pages for you, and
for us...

Sleep well, my
love. Come
back to me.

I'll be
here.

Waiting.

Forever.



He will take some time to fully recover and rise.

A few days, I believe. Three, if we are dramatic and lucky enough, no?



Now, as to our deal.

Once your business with the assassin I have brought to you is complete, we will leave at once.



Demus's men will meet us in Juarez near El Paso, and then they will take us across the Border info--



No.



...
I... beg your pardon?

