

"JUST LIKE
OLD TIMES."

THAT'S
HOW EMER-I
DESCRIBED IT.

A FEW MINUTES
EARLIER, WE HAD
BEEN TRYING TO KILL
ONE ANOTHER.

THIS
WAY!

OVER
HERE!

WAS THAT "LIKE
OLD TIMES"?

OR IS
THIS...

...BEING STALKED
BY ASSASSINS...

...A THROW-
BACK TO
THE GOOD
OLD DAYS?

I DON'T
REMEMBER.

THOSE TIMES HAVE
BEEN ERASED FROM
MY MIND.

THOUGH
I ADMIT--



-THIS SEEMS
SOMEWHAT
FAMILIAR.

YEAARRGH!



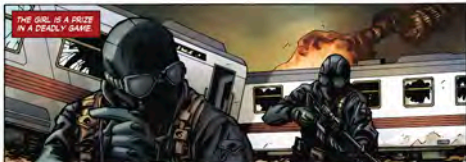
I'M SORRY
YOU HAD TO
SEE THAT,
MARYSETH.



IT'S
ALL RIGHT,
ROKU.
I KNEW
YOU WERE
GOING TO
KILL HIM.



OF
COURSE.
YOU KNOW
EVERYTHING.



THE GIRL IS A PRIZE
IN A DEADLY GAME.



GOVERNMENTS...
MEGA CORPORATIONS...
CRIMINAL EMPIRES...

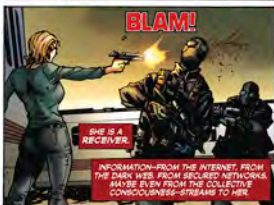
...THEY ALL
WANT HER.



SHE
HAS BEEN
ALTERED.

CHANGED.

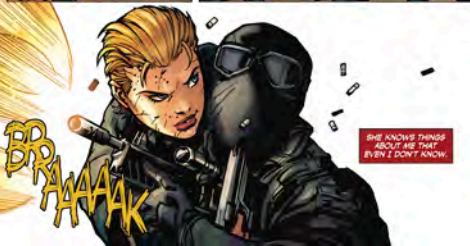
ENHANCED.



BLAM!

SHE IS A
RECEIVER.

INFORMATION—FROM THE INTERNET, FROM
THE DARK WEB, FROM SECURED NETWORKS,
MAYBE EVEN FROM THE COLLECTIVE
CONSCIOUSNESS—STREAMS TO HER.



**BOOM
AAAAAK**

SHE KNOWS THINGS
ABOUT ME THAT
EVEN I DON'T KNOW.

A DOZEN KILLERS
AT WORK IN MINSK.

BLAM!

BARBER-1 HAS
KILLED TWO MORE
MERCENARIES.

NEWS
FEEDS.

SATELLITE
SURVEILLANCE.

RADIO
COMMUNICATIONS.

HOW
DO YOU-

THERE
ARE TWO
MORE.

THEY'RE
COMING UP ON
THE LEFT.

THEY'LL
BE UPON
US IN-

SNNAAP!

THROW!

AND A CHILD WHO IS
MORE DANGEROUS
THAN ALL OF US.

