




"SO TELL ME WHAT YOU REMEMBER ABOUT DYING, SAM."

"I TOLD YOU, FANTE, I DON'T REMEMBER THAT PART."

"YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER SOMETHING."


"FIRST THERE'S NOTHING BUT DARKNESS."

"AND THEN THERE'S A BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT."



"THEN NOTHING, FANTE. THEN I WAKE UP IN A MOTEL ROOM AND SOMEONE IS ON THE PHONE, TELLING ME TO RUN."

"THE BOSS DOES LOVE THE CLASSICS. THEN?"



"WHAT'S THE HOLDUP, SAM? YOU'VE BEEN HERE LONG ENOUGH. YOU OUGHT TO REMEMBER EVERYTHING BY NOW."

"AND YET..."



"THERE'S A TUNNEL OF LIGHT, YES. THEN THERE'S ANOTHER TUNNEL. THE ARRIVALS CENTER."

"I THOUGHT ALL THE DOORS WERE GONE, FANTE."

"JUST DEPARTURES, SAM."

"ARRIVALS NEVER CLOSES."


"ALL DAY, EVERY DAY, NEW BATCHES COME IN."



"THEN WHAT?"

"ARE YOU ASKING WHAT NORMALLY HAPPENS?"

"OR WHAT HAPPENED TODAY?"




"USUALLY, THE NEW ARRIVALS, WITH HELP FROM THE CHORUS, ARE LOADED ONTO TRANSPORTS AND TAKEN TO TEMPORARY HOUSING."

"WHEN DO YOU TELL THEM WHERE THEY ARE?"



"WE DON'T. IT'S EASIER THAT WAY."


"AFTER THEY'VE SETTLED IN, WITH EVERYTHING WE'VE DONE HERE, MOST PEOPLE DON'T EVEN NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE."



"SO YOU LIE TO THEM."

"NO, OURS IS A SIN OF OMISSION."

"FOR EVERYONE'S SAFETY."



"AND WHAT HAPPENED TODAY? BUSES BREAK DOWN?"

"DON'T BE FATUOUS, SAM. I CALLED YOU HERE FOR A REASON."



"SOMETHING AWFUL HAPPENED."



"SOMEONE ATTACKED
THE CENTER THIS
MORNING. TARGETED
EVERY NEW ARRIVAL."

"FRESH SOULS, WHAT KIND OF
DAMAGE COULD THEY DO?"



"THEY
SCATTERED
THEM, SAM."

"EVERY SINGLE
ONE, BROKEN
APART AND SENT
DRIFTING WITH
ONE BLOW."

"SOUND
FAMILIAR?"



"IT WASN'T MA OR JONES. I'VE
BEEN WATCHING THEM, JUST
LIKE YOU HIRED ME TO DO."

"OH, WE KNOW,
SAM. WE HAVE OUR
OWN PEOPLE."

"THIS WAS
SOMEONE
ELSE."



"SOMEONE
WORSE THAN MA
AND JONES."



"HOW MUCH
WORSE?"

"NO SURVIVORS
KIND OF WORSE."



WHO ARE
THE SAINTS OF
NOWHERE?

THAT'S WHAT
YOU'RE GOING
TO FIND OUT FOR
ME, SAM.

I ALREADY
HAVE A JOB I'M
WORKING FOR YOU.
BREAKING UP YOUR
LITTLE WAR BETWEEN
MA AND JONES.
REMEMBER?



YES, I
REMEMBER YOU
STARTING THAT
"LITTLE" WAR
FOR KICKS.

WHAT DID YOU THINK
WOULD HAPPEN? YOU TAKE
CHARNEL'S SOUL-KILLING
BALL AND GO HOME AND
THAT'S THE END?



SO
THIS IS
MY FAULT,
FANTE?

HERE
EXISTED IN A
SUSPENDED
TENSION FOREVER,
SAM. YOU PUT A
STOP TO THAT,
YOU OPENED
A BOX.

AND NOW
THE UGLY
THINGS ARE
CREEPING OUT
FROM THE
CORNERS.



THIS MY
PAYMENT?

IT'S A LEAD.
EVIDENCE
FROM THE
SLAUGHTER.

SO IF I
MANAGE TO
FIND THEM,
WHAT? COME
TELL YOU?



NO.
DEAL WITH
THEM.

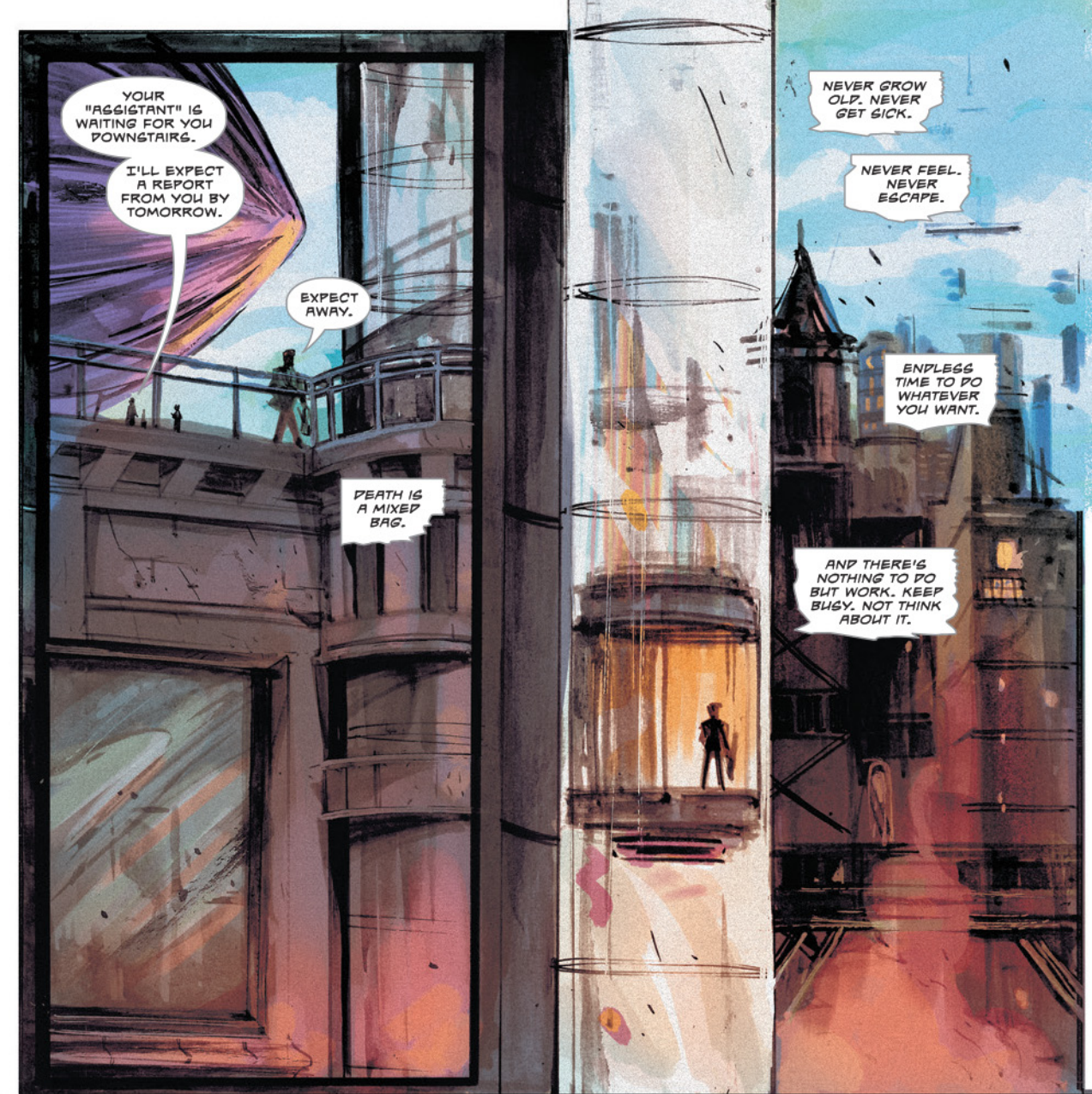
WHATEVER
MEANS REQUIRED,
I WANT THE SAINTS
OUT OF THE
PICTURE.

AND I WANT
TO KNOW WHO
IS SUPPLYING
THEM.



SOUNDS
SIMPLE
ENOUGH.
WHEN DO I
START?

YOU
ALREADY
HAVE.



YOUR
"ASSISTANT" IS
WAITING FOR YOU
DOWNSTAIRS.

I'LL EXPECT
A REPORT
FROM YOU BY
TOMORROW.

EXPECT
AWAY.

DEATH IS
A MIXED
BAG.

NEVER GROW
OLD. NEVER
GET SICK.

NEVER FEEL.
NEVER
ESCAPE.

ENDLESS
TIME TO DO
WHATEVER
YOU WANT.

AND THERE'S
NOTHING TO DO
BUT WORK. KEEP
BUSY. NOT THINK
ABOUT IT.



THE THING ABOUT WORK
IS THERE'S ALWAYS
A BOSS.

YOU WORK FOR
ONE, OR YOU
ARE ONE.

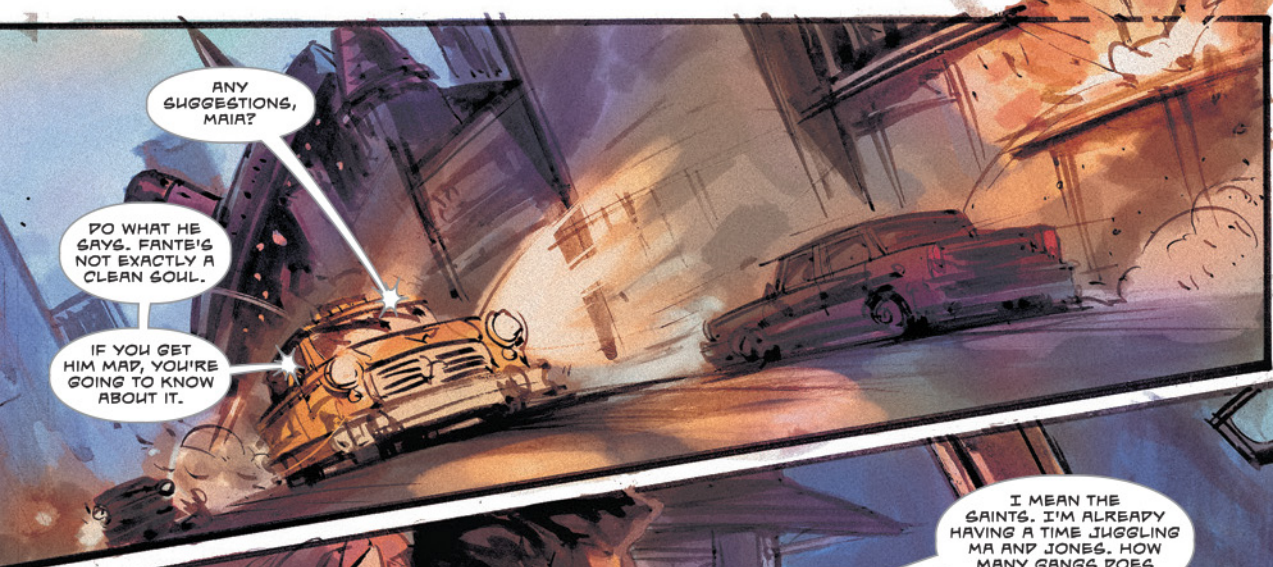
HEYA,
SAMMY.



HOW'D THAT
GO? GOOP? I'M
GUESSING
GOOP.

YOU
PRIVE.

OR YOU'RE IN
THE SPECIAL
HELL OF BEING
BOTH.

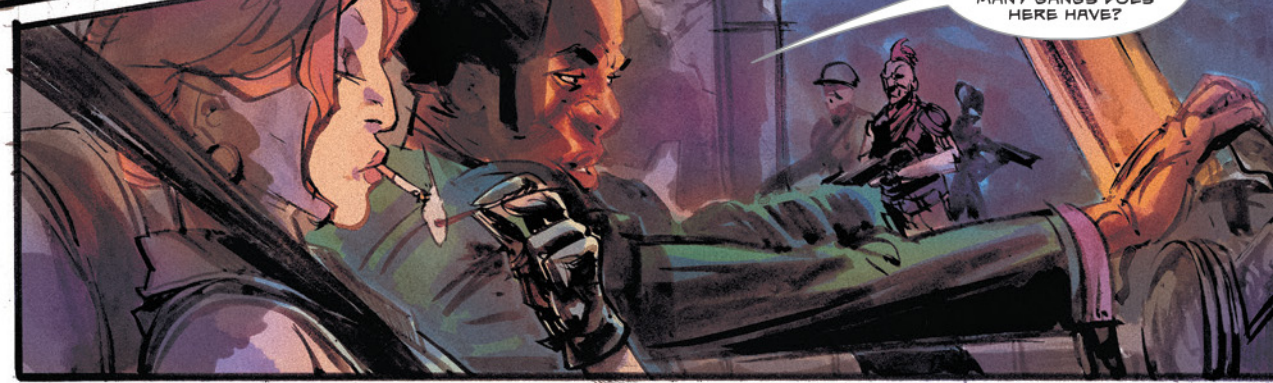


ANY SUGGESTIONS, MAIRA?

DO WHAT HE SAYS. FANTE'S NOT EXACTLY A CLEAN SOUL.

IF YOU GET HIM MAP, YOU'RE GOING TO KNOW ABOUT IT.

I MEAN THE SAINTS. I'M ALREADY HAVING A TIME JUGGLING MA AND JONES. HOW MANY GANGS DOES HERE HAVE?



AS MANY AS YOU HAVE DOWN THERE, I'D GUESS.

THOSE TWO ARE THE BIG RATS, BUT THERE'S PLENTY OF BLIND MICE SCROUNGING AROUND FOR LEFTOVERS.



WHERE DO THE MICE HIDE?

THE BOROUGHS, IF THEY'RE SMART. ACROSS THE BRIDGE.

THE LAND OF STRICTLY SMALL-TIME. THEY NEVER MATTERED.



UNTIL THEY GOT THEIR HANDS ON THESE.

AND YOU WANT TO FIGHT THEM? THE GANG WITH SOUL-KILLING HARPOONS?


NOTHING TO DO WITH WANT. IT'S MY JOB.

YOU'RE IS PARKING THE CAR AND MEETING ME UPSTAIRS.









SOUL-KILLER METAL. CHARNEL USED TO BE THE ONLY ONE HERE WHO HAD ANY. UNTIL I CUT HIS HEAD OFF.

THEN A METHUSELAH GAVE ME A GUN IT'D MADE, WHICH I GUESS OPENED THE BOTTLE ALL THE WAY.

WHAT DID YOU SEE?

THE SAINTS HAVE ENOUGH TO SCATTER 3 DOZEN SOULS, AND WHO KNOWS HOW MUCH MORE.

TAKE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF.

CAN'T. THEY TOOK THAT GIFT WHEN THEY TOOK MY JOB AND EVERYTHING ELSE.

COULD BE WORSE.

YOU COULD KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO GET IMPALED AND SCATTERED.

BESIDES, IF YOU WERE STILL ON THAT SIDE OF THE FENCE, YOU'D BE MISSING OUT ON ALL THIS FUN.

LUCKY ME.



PUT A PIECE OF JUNK IN
MY HANDS AND I CAN SEE
WHAT IT SAW. EVERY
AWFUL THING.

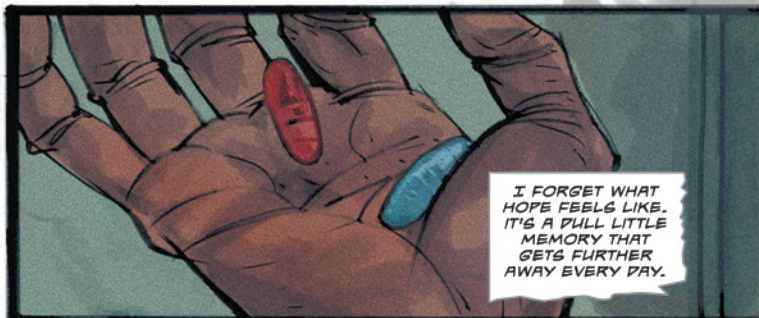
BUT I STILL CAN'T
REMEMBER HOW I DIED
OR ARRIVING HERE.
HOW'S THAT FAIR?



MAIA ACTS LIKE IT'S
NORMAL. NO ONE
ELSE DOES, THOUGH.
I SEE THE LOOKS ON
THEIR FACES WHEN
THEY ASK.

SO I KEEP TRYING,
THINKING ABOUT THE
PULL WHITE BLUR
WHERE I SHOULD
REMEMBER THE
MOST IMPORTANT
THING TO EVER
HAPPEN IN MY
LIFE.

LIKE A DOG.
NOT THE
TENACIOUS
KIND. THE KIND
THAT GNAWS
ITS LEG UNTIL
IT BLEEDS.



I FORGET WHAT
HOPE FEELS LIKE.
IT'S A PULL LITTLE
MEMORY THAT
GETS FURTHER
AWAY EVERY DAY.



BUT I KEEP
CHASING IT
ANYWAY.



SAMMM!