


The natives say that,  
once you go to  
**Nawala Pulo**--  
the lost island...


You never return.

Literally **millions**  
never returned home  
from the worldwide  
conflict. Some, as  
casualties of war.

Others, by choice.



After the fighting stopped,  
I couldn't go back to the States...  
and the life I'd once known.



The "Dear John"  
letter had closed  
that door... forever.

Drafted at age twenty-two,  
fighting was the only skill I knew.

So I went mercenary,  
hiring my services out  
to whoever'd have me.



Alongside faces that,  
only five years ago,  
would've been hellbent  
on killing me.

Suppose they  
call that "irony".

Ended up in a unit run by  
some sort of international  
black-marketeer. Ruthless  
bugger, from what I'd heard.

Heh... same as any  
captain or colonel I'd  
ever served under.

Problem  
is... this gig  
didn't see  
much action.



This whole island set-up... the compound and everything... was basically a make-shift prison.

Strangest part? The guard squadron, the supply runs, the maid and meal service...

All of it... to house only **one** prisoner.



**HEY!**  
C'MON... I **KNOW** YOU CAN UNDERSTAND ME.

WHAT IS THIS PLACE? WHY AM I BEING HELD CAPTIVE?!



How'd I draw the short straw to be head jailer?

AW, NUTS...



I spoke English.

OH, MAN...  
**GOAT STEW AND RICE?**  
I AM **SO** SICK OF GOAT STEW AND RICE!





Suppose I shouldn't complain.

But there were times... just hearing my fellow guards and all their Nippy chatter... I'd start to get flashbacks.

The sound of falling shells, the smell of cordite and blood.



And I'd wish for a way to go home.



But I knew that could never happen.




AHH...  
YOU LIKE  
**MOONLIGHT  
SERENADE**  
TOO? ONE  
OF MY  
FAVORITES.

THANKS  
FOR GETTING  
ME THIS  
PHONOGRAPH,  
BY THE WAY.




SAY...  
WHAT'S  
YOUR NAME,  
FRIEND?

HELLO...?




Our instructions were to provide pretty much anything the prisoner requested.




She came about once a month.


Rarely spoke.




Especially leading up to one of her visits.



Watched him like some kinda hungry hawk.



Only stood in one of the tower galleries and watched the prisoner during his courtyard time.



Poor bastard.