









GO TO
HELL! I'M
NOBODY. I'M
NOTHING.

NOTHING
BUT A
SOLDIER.

NOTHING BUT A
SHIELD OF THE
REVOLUTION.

METROPOLITAN POLICE
DEPARTMENT OF THE
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

MARKET

EIGHTH DISTRICT.

NO
FINGERPRINTS.

NO
LICENSE.

NO
NOTHING.

DO YOU
KNOW WHO
YOU ARE?

TODAY.

Who in the
HELL IS
THIS???
CALL SGT.
COLE ASAP
QUINN



YOU DID
SOME REAL
DAMAGE OUT
THERE.

SORRY.

ALL BECAUSE
OF SOME
PURSE-SNATCHER.

...NO.



YOU DIDN'T
THINK THAT WAS
OVERKILL?

I...
I DON'T
KNOW.

GOOD NEWS:
THE THIEF'LL LIVE.
BAD NEWS: THREE
GOVERNMENT AGENCIES
OUTSIDE THAT DOOR
WANNA TALK TO
YOU.



OH.

LISTEN
TO ME. THEY'RE
GOING TO TAKE
YOU AWAY.

THEY'VE BEEN
LOOKING
FOR YOU.



I CAN
HELP
YOU.

I DON'T
TRUST
YOU.

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Robinson Terrace



NOT
AN OPTION,
SORRY. GO TO
THIS ADDRESS.
BE CAREFUL,
KEEP A LOW
PROFILE.

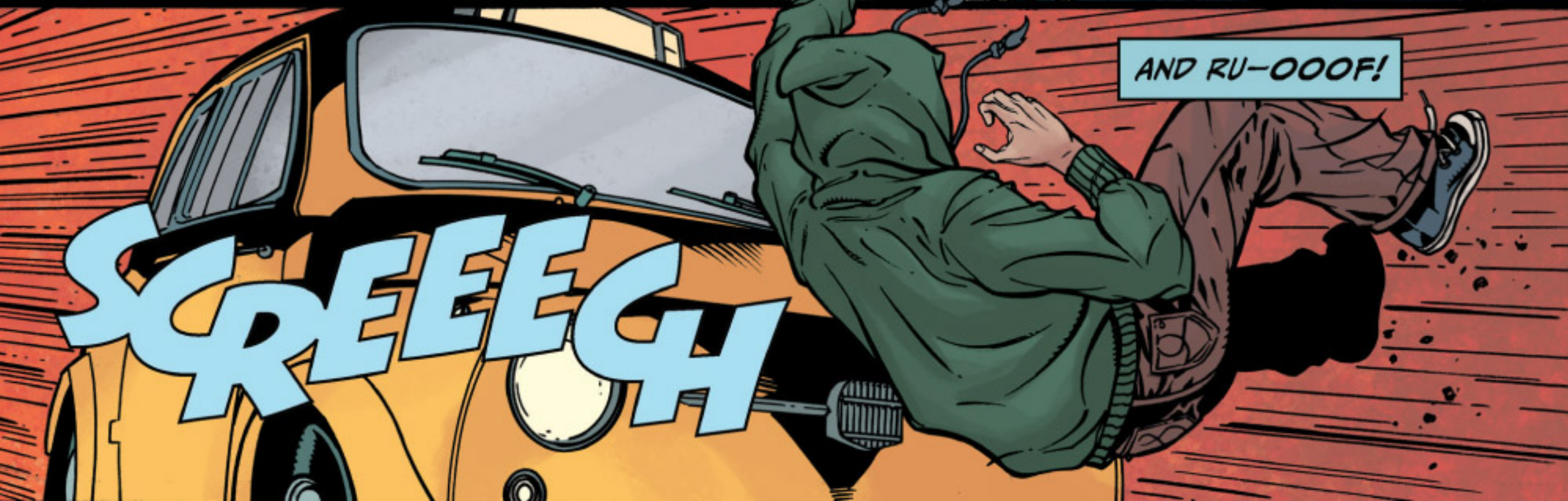
**BUT
FIRST...**

...I'M
GONNA NEED
YOU TO PUNCH
ME IN THE FACE.
GOT IT?

458

Robinson Terrace







AHH! IT HURTS. A LOT.
SOMETHING...SOMETHING
IS BROKEN. HIP. RIB. NECK.

BUT THE HIT...
IT...IT LOOSENS
MORE THAN JUST
MY INSIDES.

I SEE...IMAGES.
MEMORIES.
IMPOSSIBLE
MEMORIES.



THE
CHOPPER IS
ON ITS WAY,
SIR.

ALL THINGS
TREND TOWARD
CHAOS, AGENT
ALMONTE.

AH...
SIR?



LISTEN.

FIRE SIRENS.
POLICE. AN
AMBULANCE.
A CHILD CRYING.
A WOMAN
SCREAMING.



IT SOUNDS
LIKE MUSIC.



CHAOS IS A CRY FOR
HELP. CHAOS IS THIS
WORLD CALLING
ME LIKE A BABY
CALLS FOR ITS
MOTHER.

I ADORE
CHAOS BECAUSE
IT MEANS I STILL
HAVE A PLACE. WE
STILL HAVE A
PLACE.

UM...



WHUP
WHUP
WHUP

HAVE YOU
FOUND MY
GIRL, YET?

...NO.

WHUP
WHUP
WHUP

YOU ARE ONE OF THE
FEW WHO KNOW ME,
DAVID. BECAUSE I
TRUST YOU.

GRRK!

WE HAVE
TO FIND HER.
SHE IS *IMPORTANT*.
IMPORTANT TO US.
IMPORTANT TO
ME.


SHE WAS...
INVOLVED IN AN
ACCIDENT BUT
THEN... WE LOST
HER AND--

DO. YOU.
UNDERSTAND?

YES... YES...
PLEASE, NO
MORE...

WHUP
WHUP
WHUP

PUT EYES
ON THE DETECTIVE.
SIMMONS. I SMELLED
THE *LIES* ON HER
LIKE THE STINK OF
PIG SHIT.



THE WHOLE CITY IS
LOOKING FOR ME.
I CAN'T STOP FOR
LONG. HAVE TO
KEEP MOVING.

MOVEMENT IS GOOD.
BRINGS FOCUS.

THAT FOCUS PULLS ME
AWAY FROM THE IMAGES
IN MY MIND. MEMORIES
THAT DON'T SEEM
POSSIBLE. LIVES I
COULDN'T HAVE LED.

AT LEAST I'M
KEEPING A
LOW PROFILE,
FINALLY.

THAT DETECTIVE.
SHE WAS TELLING
THE TRUTH. SHE
DID ME A SOLID.



SHE SAID I COULD
TRUST HER.

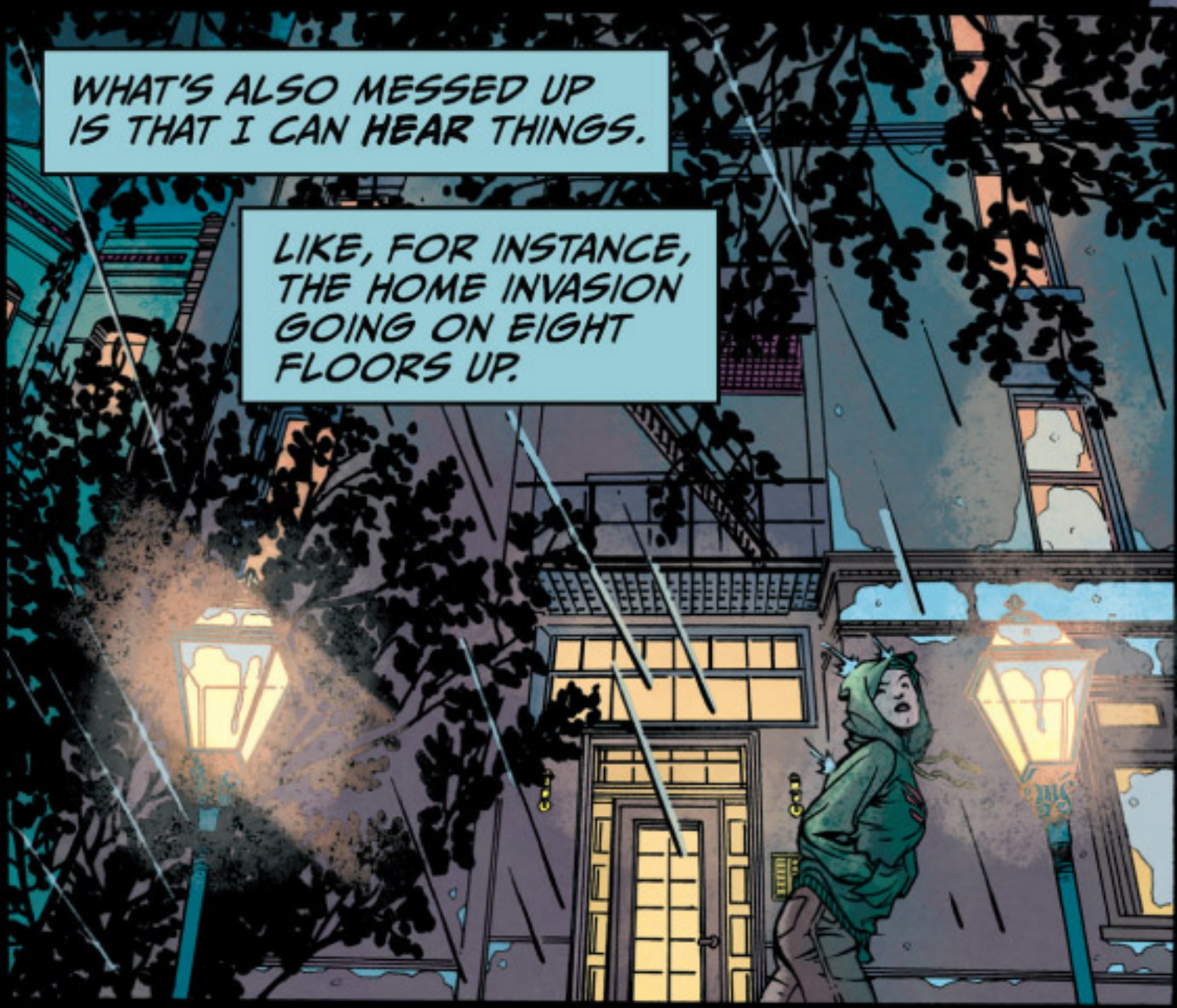
AND I THINK...
I THINK I DO.

I ALSO KNOW THAT
GETTING HIT BY THAT
CAB SHOULD'VE KILLED
ME. BUT I FEEL FINE,
NOW. BETTER THAN FINE.

I FEEL GREAT.



THAAAAAT'S PROBABLY
MESSED UP, ISN'T IT?



WHAT'S ALSO MESSED UP
IS THAT I CAN HEAR THINGS.

LIKE, FOR INSTANCE,
THE HOME INVASION
GOING ON EIGHT
FLOORS UP.



KSSSH



AND THESE TWO MALEFACTORS
ARE DEAD. THE OTHER ONE, TOO.
I THINK. IT WAS EASY. TOO EASY.
AND IT FELT RIGHT, SOMEHOW.

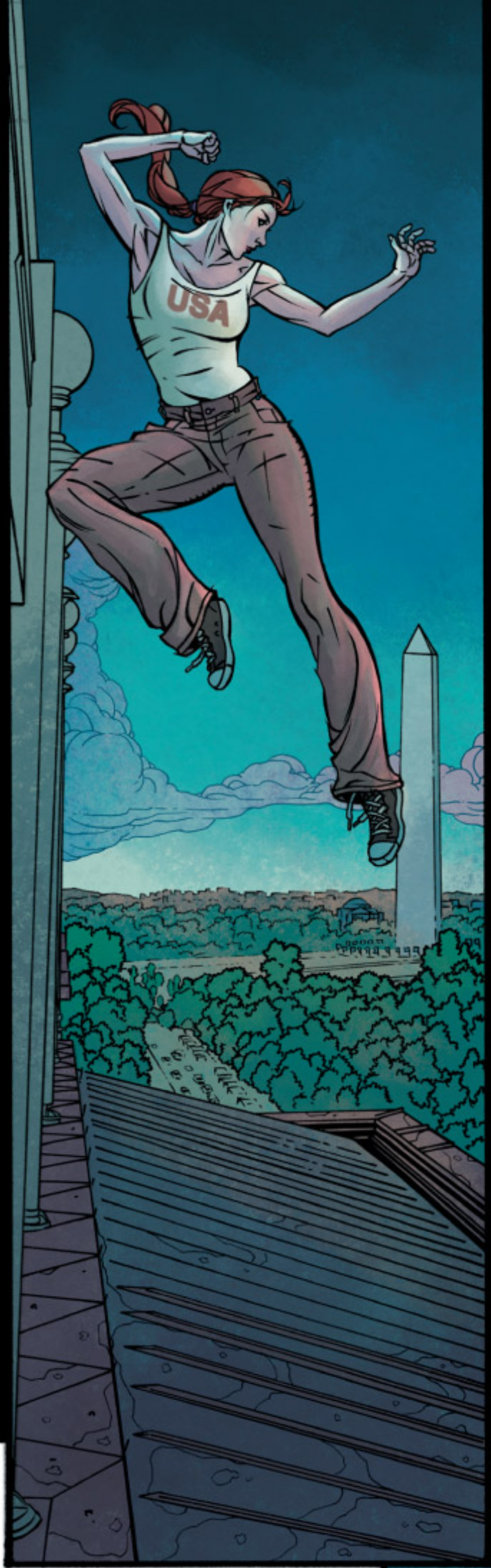


YOU'RE
OKAY... DON'T,
UM, TELL ANYONE
I WAS HERE?



SO I KNOW WHAT I CAN DO. I
KNOW I'M NOT LIKE EVERYONE
ELSE. BUT THAT STILL DOESN'T
TELL ME WHO I AM.

(EXCEPT APPARENTLY SOMEONE
WHO USES THE WORD 'MALEFACTOR'
IN HER INTERNAL MONOLOGUE.)



AND THEN
I SEE IT.

THE STARS
AND STRIPES.



MY HEART STOPS.
MY MOUTH GOES
DRY. LIKE I'M
SEEING A BOY I
LIKE ACROSS THE
ROOM BUT I'M
TOO AFRAID TO
GO TALK TO HIM.

LIKE I'M
PROGRAMMED
FOR THIS.

AND THE CRAZY
THOUGHT HITS ME
LIKE A BRICK:



YOU'RE HERE
FOR A REASON.



HERE WE MARK THE PRICE OF FREEDOM



The Human Shield
12,500 officers, nurses and men
CAMP GORDON, ATLANTA, GA.
MAY 1918

I REMEMBER HOW TO
KEEP MY POWDER DRY.

I REMEMBER SHOOTING
ADMIRAL BUCHANAN ON
THE DECK OF THE
C.S.S. VIRGINIA.

I REMEMBER THE STINK
OF MUSTARD GAS AND
DEATH ON THE WIND.

I REMEMBER HOW TO LOAD
A BELT-FED M1919 BROWNING.
AND HOW HOT IT GOT.

AND I REMEMBER...

I REMEMBER DYING...

OH BOY...

DO I REMEMBER DYING...