

I have this recurring dream...

Or really, it's more like a primitive memory...



Seeing through the eyes of some distant ancestor, a Stone Age savage...

I'm sitting by a fire in the night... And all around me are the remains of the people I had to kill to get to these flames.



And all this carnage and blood, it makes me feel... alive...



Sometimes I wonder what this dream says about me...





Assuming our dreams mean anything at all.

IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT...?

TO BE JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE?



TO LET TIME PASS...



...BUT NOT REALLY LIVE AT ALL?

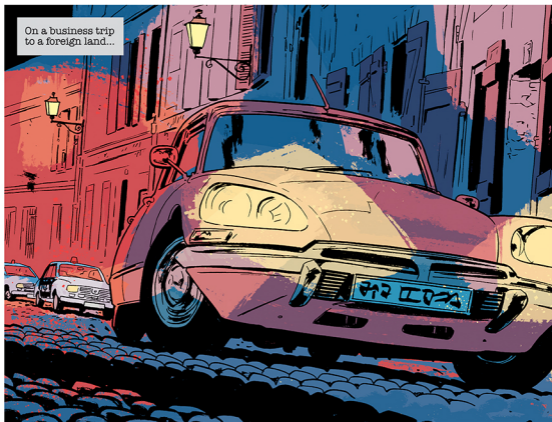
...SORRY... WHO THE HELL ARE YOU...?



I'M THE MAN WHO SAVED YOUR LIFE, AMERICAN...

NOW, LET'S GO MAKE SOME TROUBLE.

On a business trip
to a foreign land...



Jonathan Webb is
about to find out...



That in the darkest
part of the night...





You can be anyone
you want to...



If you're willing to
pay the price.



YOU THINK
I DON'T
HAVE IT IN
ME?

WELL...
LET'S FIND
OUT...

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