

TOKYO. NOW.

Buddhists believe there are six realms of being.

SAGA WATANABE.

Heaven, Asura, humankind, animals, hungry ghosts, and hell.

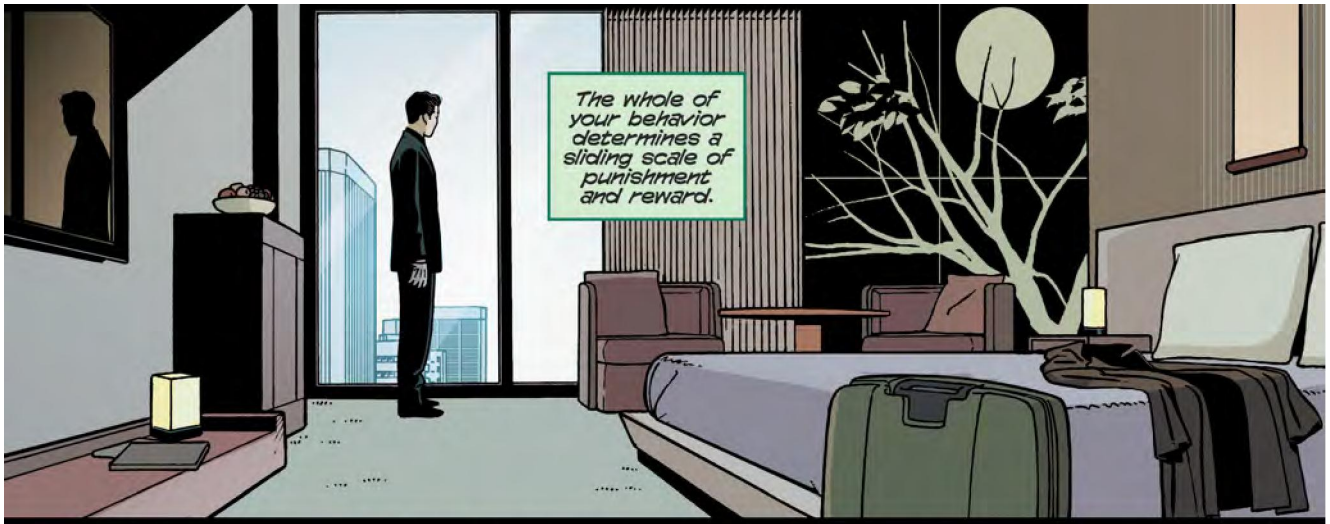
822

Within the realms, we are reborn, over and over and over.

<HELLO? HOUSEKEEPING?>

PLEASE
DO NOT
DISTURB

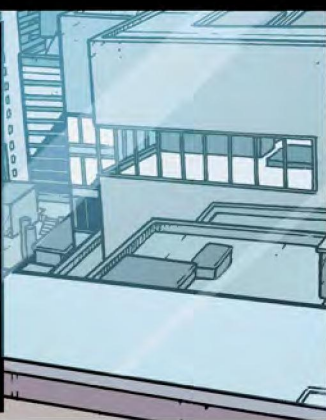
Nothing is permanent.



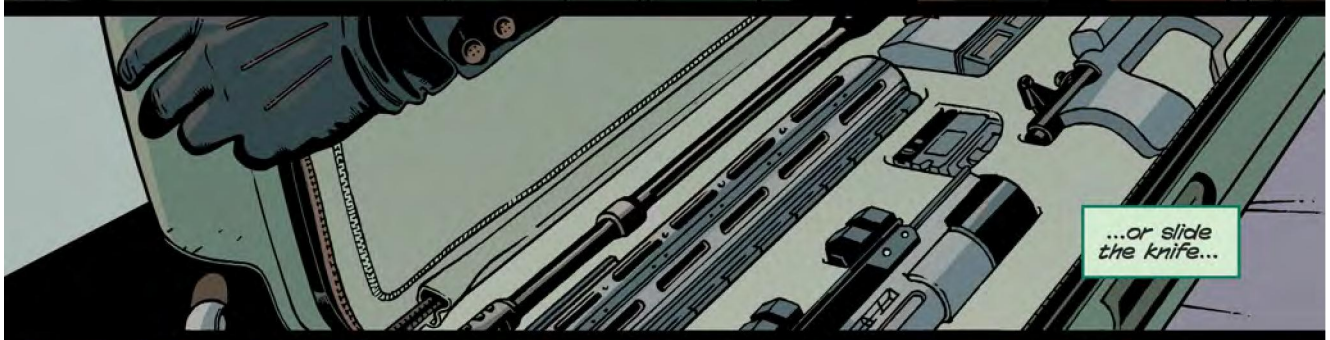
The whole of your behavior determines a sliding scale of punishment and reward.



Maybe I play a role in all of this.



I might pull the trigger...

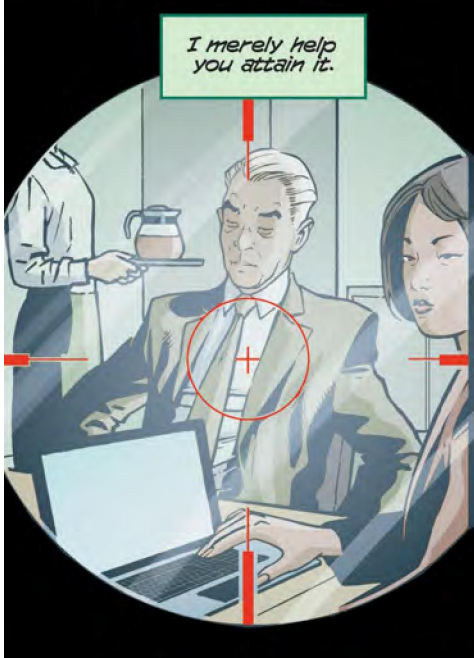


...or slide the knife...



...or prime the detonator.





KABUL. NOW.

YOU'RE SURE ABOUT THIS TIP?

I'M SURE ONLY THAT I TRUST THE PERSON WHO SHARED IT WITH ME, LIEUTENANT.

I'M STARTING TO GET THAT ITCHY, PARANOID FEELING. HOW MUCH FARTHER?

WE'RE ALREADY THERE.

FATEMAH SHAH.

The Americans lost two men on patrol to a sniper.

I've told them I know where he is.

Sometimes America feels like a god.



*Their music,
their movies,
their clothes,
their English.*



*Their bombs,
their bullets,
their soldiers.*

*Their power.
It's everywhere.*



GET OUT OF THE--
I'M SORRY,
BUT THE PLAN HAS
CHANGED.



I MISLED YOU. BUT FOR A GOOD REASON. THIS IS NOT THE HIDEOUT YOU WERE HOPING FOR.

I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THIS. I'M GETTING REAL ITCHY REAL FAST.



THIS IS A SAFEHOUSE. SEVERAL WOMEN--AND SEVERAL GIRLS--ARE UNDERNEATH THE FLOOR.

SOME HAVE BEEN RAPED. SOME HAVE LEFT THEIR ABUSIVE HUSBANDS OR FATHERS. AND FOR THIS THEY WILL BE KILLED.



GRANT THEM ASYLUM WITHIN THE BASE, PROVIDE THEM SAFE PASSAGE OUT OF THE COUNTRY, AND I WILL FIND THE MEN YOU'RE AFTER. I PROMISE.

AND "WHOEVER BELIEVES IN ALLAH AND THE LAST DAY SHOULD KEEP THEIR PROMISE WHEN THEY MAKE IT."



BURNSVILLE, MINNESOTA. NOW.



Here's what I spent most of my life believing.



We're all specks of dust on a rock spinning through an infinite void.

You won't see that printed on a greeting card or cross-stitched into a pillow, but it's the truth.

When you consider the timeline of this planet alone, we're a drop of piss in the ocean.



Religion is business that sells meaning to those who are terrified of their irrelevance.



There's a reason, when you go to church, the pews are full of gray-haired mothballers wheezing into their hymnals.

Because they're at the end. They've got coffin breath. They're facing the void.



And that's when people panic.



CDC ISSUES STATEMENT ON MYSTERY VIRUS



MYSTERY VIRUS

SCIENTISTS STUMPED BY MYSTERY VIRUS

[Small, illegible text from a newspaper article]

EBOLA OUTBREAK

[Small, illegible text from a newspaper article]

B.J. HOOL.



Because if there's nothing but worms and darkness waiting for you...



...then why did you spend all that time cranking a lever on the factory floor...



...or sitting in traffic...or listening to your boss drone on and on about profit margins?