

Bavarian Alps
December 12, 1935



Let me see...

...the jumping off point.
That's where I'll begin.



The point at which
everything changed.



The point where
I died once more...



...and was again
REBORN.



I had been an outcast for so long...

...the idea of connecting to anything in this terrible world seemed...

...impossible.



Oddly, prior to being wounded, I felt a connection.

There, for a moment while the snow washed over me, I experienced a reprieve from all of the horrors of life.

BANG

That beautiful moment of divine favor was rudely interrupted.

GAH!

Nice shot Müller.

That'll slow him down.

FOP

Thank you, Sir.

I was *somewhat surprised*. They'd never fired on me before.

Dammit...





I layed there
a moment and
wallowed in
the pain...

...I savored it.

I knew the soldiers would
catch up to me, but I wanted
to *experience all of it.*

For so long
I had felt NOTHING.

Nothing but *emptiness.*



But the fire
that grew in my
belly was real and
that helped me to
remember that
I was real...

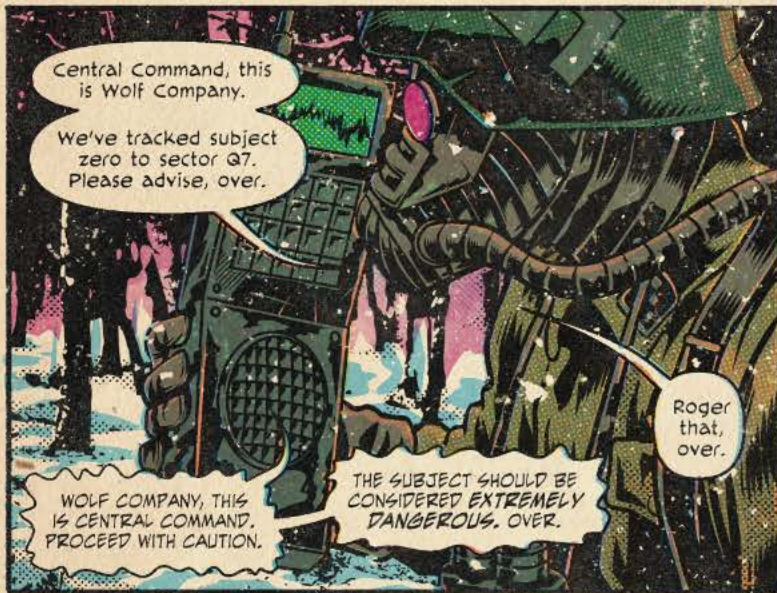
...and I felt such rage
for this tormented life
I'D BEEN GIVEN.

While watching
the snow waltz...

...as if in
slow motion...

...I decided in an instant
*I WOULD KILL THEM
ALL FOR MAKING ME
FEEL THIS WAY.*





Central Command, this is Wolf Company.
We've tracked subject zero to sector Q7. Please advise, over.

Roger that, over.

WOLF COMPANY, THIS IS CENTRAL COMMAND. PROCEED WITH CAUTION.

THE SUBJECT SHOULD BE CONSIDERED EXTREMELY DANGEROUS. OVER.



FROM THE DIRECTOR: YOUR ORDERS ARE TO TAKE THE SUBJECT ALIVE, INTACT.

DO NOT DAMAGE THE ASSET, OVER.

Roger that, Central Command. Over.

Should we tell them we shot it already, sir?

No, Schneider.



"They can find out when we get back to base."



LISTEN UP!
We just received orders from HQ. They want it taken alive!

NO KILL SHOTS.



We need to keep following those size 22s.

Hold your fire *unless* attacked.

What are we supposed to do, *Sir*? CURSE AT IT?

We'll corner it and use one of the stunners to immobilize it.

Then we'll call for a transport to move the thing.

From what I understand, it's *too big* to carry ourselves.

TOO BIG!? What the hell are we after here?

Quiet, Schmidt! Stay focused.

This is NOT going to end well.



Where'd everyone go?

Dammit.
I can't see anything in this blizzard.