



New Orleans.

*SATURDAY
MORNING.*

*IT'S
HAPPENED
AGAIN.*

IT'S HAPPENED
ALL OVER AGAIN.



THE BLOOD.

THE VOMIT.

THE BODIES.

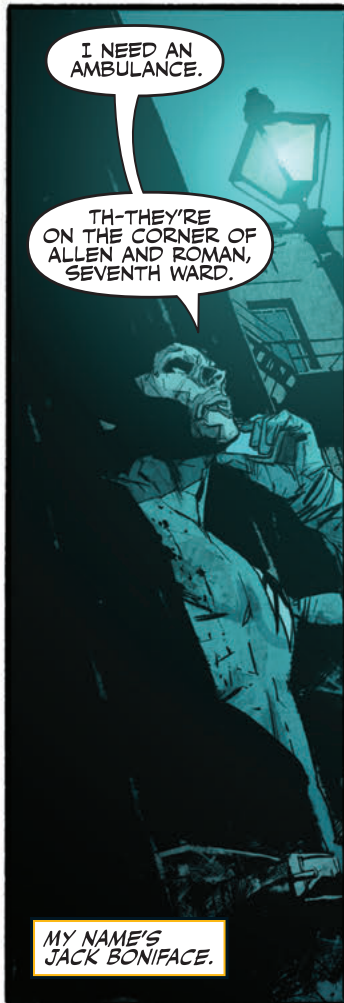


THE GREAT
BLACK HOLE
WHERE MY
MEMORY
SHOULD BE.



I NEED AN
AMBULANCE.

TH-THEY'RE
ON THE CORNER OF
ALLEN AND ROMAN,
SEVENTH WARD.



MY NAME'S
JACK BONIFACE.

MY LIFE IS
FULL OF
SHADOWS.



"NO. THAT'S
INSANE..."

Dox's house.
French Quarter.

THAT
ISN'T THE
JACK I
KNOW.

THEN MAYBE
YOU DIDN'T KNOW
HIM SO WELL.

AS SOON AS WE
KNEW THE FALSE NAME
HIS MOTHER HAD GIVEN HIM
WE DID SOME DIGGING.
EARLENE?

AT SEVENTEEN
JACK ASSAULTED TWO
MEN IN THE STREET,
ALYSSA.

FIVE MONTHS
LATER HE ASSAULTED
A MAN IN A PUBLIC
LIBRARY.

THERE WERE
MORE VIOLENT
INCIDENTS. AND THESE
ARE ONLY THE ONES WE
KNOW ABOUT. ONLY LUCK
AND GUILF KEPT JACK
OUT OF JAIL.

BUT IT
D-DOESN'T
MAKE
SENSE.

JACK'S THE
NICEST, MOST
GENTLE GUY I
KNOW.

OH,
YES...

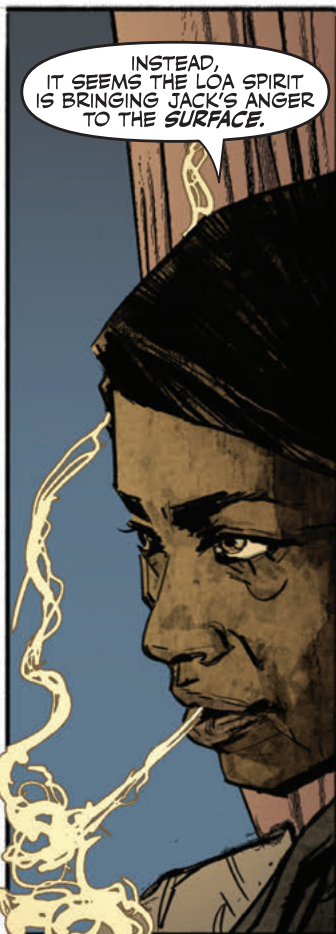
...HE COMES
ACROSS AS
SUCH A PLEASANT,
WELL-ADJUSTED
YOUNG MAN.

WHICH IS
PRECISELY WHAT
MAKES HIM SO
DANGEROUS.



DOX SPOKE ABOUT YOU *SENIOR ABETTORS*. HE SAID YOU WERE PRYING, AND YOU NEVER PAID FOR YOUR OWN *DRINKS*.

WE HOPED BEING MESHEd WITH THE SHADOWMAN LOA WOULD HELP JACK DEAL WITH HIS *ISSUES*.



INSTEAD, IT SEEMS THE LOA SPIRIT IS BRINGING JACK'S ANGER TO THE *SURFACE*.



JACK LOST IT WHEN HE TURNED HIS BACK ON US. JUST LIKE HE'S BEEN LOSING IT EVER SINCE HIS MOTHER *DESERTED* HIM.

HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OUR MESSIAH. WE EXISTED TO PROTECT HIM.



NOW...NOW WE MUST DESTROY HIM. AND YOU, ALYSSA, MUST HELP US.

N-NO. I CAN'T DO THAT.

COME, HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR DOX'S DEATH. THERE MUST BE A *PART* OF YOU THAT WANTS HIM TO PAY FOR THAT.



Somewhere in
the Ninth Ward.

DAMN IT,
ALYSSA. IF
YOU WANT TO
MEET UP IN SUCH
A GOD-FORSAKEN
PLACE YOU COULD
AT LEAST BE
ON TIME.

ALYSSA?
YOU THERE?

WHOA,
ALYSSA?

BE
QUIET AND
LISTEN.

EVERYTHING'S
CHANGED. MY
BOSSSES WANT
TO KILL YOU.

YOU MEAN
THE ABETTORRS?
BUT THEY--

I SAID *LISTEN!* IF THEY
KNEW I WAS WITH YOU
THEY'D PROBABLY TRY TO
KILL *ME*, TOO.

THEY'RE
SUPPOSED TO
PROTECT ME. WHAT'S
MADE THEM CHANGE
THEIR MINDS?

HOW ABOUT
THEY THINK YOU'RE A
PSYCHOPATH?

THAT'S
RIDICULOUS.
YOU KNOW ME,
I...

I MEAN,
I...

OH.

I SEE.