



AGE IS NOT  
DEFINED BY  
YEARS, BUT BY  
REGRETS...



I'M AN OLD  
MAN NOW.




PERHAPS THIS IS  
WHY FORGETFULNESS IS  
A SORT OF BLESSING  
FOR THE AGED, AND  
WHY WE LIVE SO MUCH  
LONGER THAN WE  
SHOULD...



I WAS A  
SOLDIER  
ONCE.

I DID  
THE THINGS A  
SOLDIER DOES.

THOSE  
THINGS HAUNT  
ME STILL.



BRUCE  
CARTER.  
YOUR  
DEATH IS  
UPON  
YOU.



YOU HAVE THE BRIEFEST OF MOMENTS LEFT.

ONLY A CANDLE'S BREATH REMAINS.

THIS I KNOW.

# LAST GLEAMING



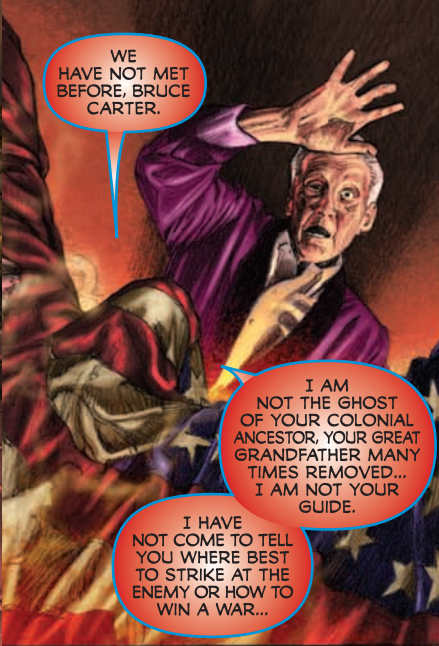
NO! NOT AGAIN... LEAVE ME ALONE.



I HAVE MY OWN LIFE.



YOU HAD YOURS.



WE HAVE NOT MET BEFORE, BRUCE CARTER.

I AM NOT THE GHOST OF YOUR COLONIAL ANCESTOR, YOUR GREAT GRANDFATHER MANY TIMES REMOVED... I AM NOT YOUR GUIDE.

I HAVE NOT COME TO TELL YOU WHERE BEST TO STRIKE AT THE ENEMY OR HOW TO WIN A WAR...



BUT TO TELL YOU OF THE ONE YOU LOST.

ITS VOICE IS ALL AROUND ME.



IT REEKS, OF WHAT, I CAN'T REMEMBER.



MY LEGS DO THEIR BEST; IT'S NOT EVEN CLOSE TO ENOUGH.

AT THIS RATE, I'D BE BETTER WITHOUT THEM.



YOU DID A TERRIBLE THING, BRUCE CARTER.



YOU ARE NUMBERED AMONGST THE BETRAYERS.

AND YET YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY...



I HAVEN'T BEEN IN THIS ROOM FOR YEARS...



...AND THEN I REMEMBER WHY.

GHOSTS.