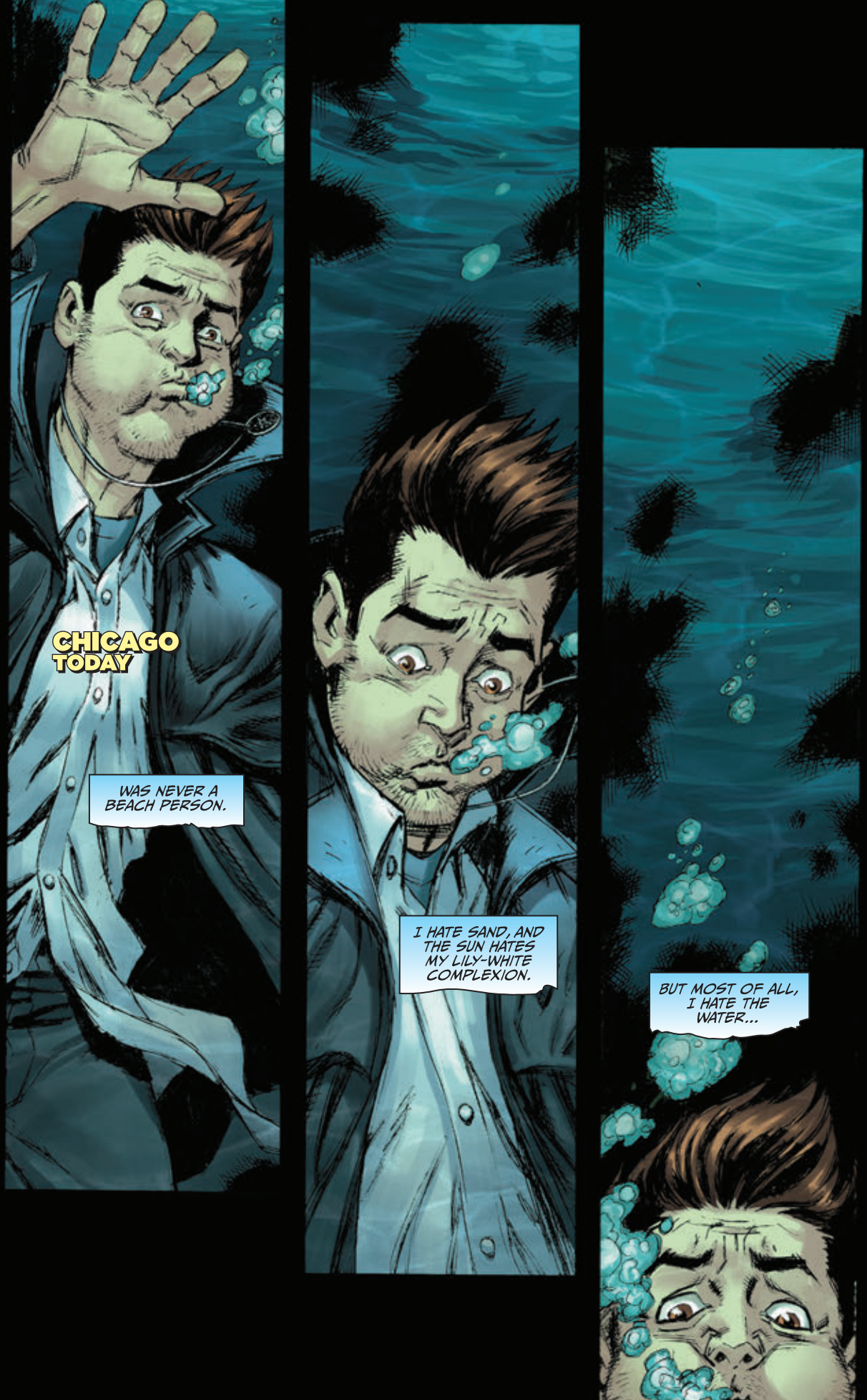
PROLOGUE
CAIRO, 1917
CAFE
OUT OF MY BLOODY WAY, URCHIN!
THERE IS A *LINE* HERE YOU KNOW, *TALBOT*.
YES, AND IT'S ORDERED BY RANK, *CAPTAIN*.
I'VE JUST FINISHED THE LONGEST, MOST TEDIOUS AND ALTOGETHER POINTLESS STRATEGY MEETING IN BRITISH MILITARY HISTORY.
I DEMAND A TABLE. *NOW*.
YOU MUST ACCEPT MY APOLOGIES, MAJOR, BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, WE ARE QUITE *FULL* AT THE MOMENT.
REALLY? BECAUSE I SEE AN EMPTY TABLE...
...RIGHT *THERE*.

M-MAJOR, *PLEASE*. THAT TABLE IS OCCUPIED--
BY BLOODY WOGS. ARE YOU TELLING ME *THEY* TAKE PRECEDENCE OVER A BRITISH SERVING OFFICER?
OH, FOR PITY'S SAKE...!
SIR, I BEG YOU, HAVE A CARE.
THERE ARE MEN IN THIS WORLD WHO ARE *MORE* THAN THEY APPEAR--
UNHAND ME, LAWRENCE. GO BACK TO PRANCING ABOUT WITH YOUR ARAB FRIENDS!
GET OUT.
I SAID MOVE!
WHAM

I DON'T SPEAK YOUR BARBARIAN TONGUE--
I SAID, ARE YOU A FOOL?
HOW DARE--
LET GO, YOU BROWN-SKINNED DEVIL!
THERE IS SKIN, AND THERE ARE SKINS... SOME WEAR MORE THAN OTHERS.
IT'S THE BLOOD THAT RUNS BENEATH THE SKIN THAT MATTERS. IT'S THE BLOOD THAT REMEMBERS.
AS YOURS WILL...


CHICAGO TODAY
WAS NEVER A BEACH PERSON.
I HATE SAND, AND THE SUN HATES MY LILY-WHITE COMPLEXION.
BUT MOST OF ALL, I HATE THE WATER...

...THIS ISN'T APT TO CHANGE MY MIND.