


A sepia-toned illustration of a woman with dark hair tied back, wearing a dark jacket over a light-colored shirt. She is sitting at a wooden desk, writing in a notebook with a quill. On the desk is a glowing oil lamp. In the background, there is a bookshelf filled with books and a window with a grid pattern. The scene is dimly lit, with the lamp providing the main source of light.

Hey, Colbey.

I guess I should count
myself a little bit lucky.

Most people don't get to think
out their last words like this.

The Longest Goodbye



I'll start by
saying this:

don't be sad
for me.

I *chose* this road
with eyes wide open.


I have no regrets.
Whatever goes down,
it's not your---

What do you *mean*
we're not hunting
her down?!

That *bitch* should
have hung!

Hanged.

--fault.



Look, *yes*,
she lied.

Her badge
was fake, but
dammit,
she was Yehti's
number one priority!

I *knew* who you were the
moment I saw you. I *knew* what
was coming. I admit, I've waited
for this day with *dread* all my life.

Yeah, and she *bombed*
his interview, so she can't
be *that* important.

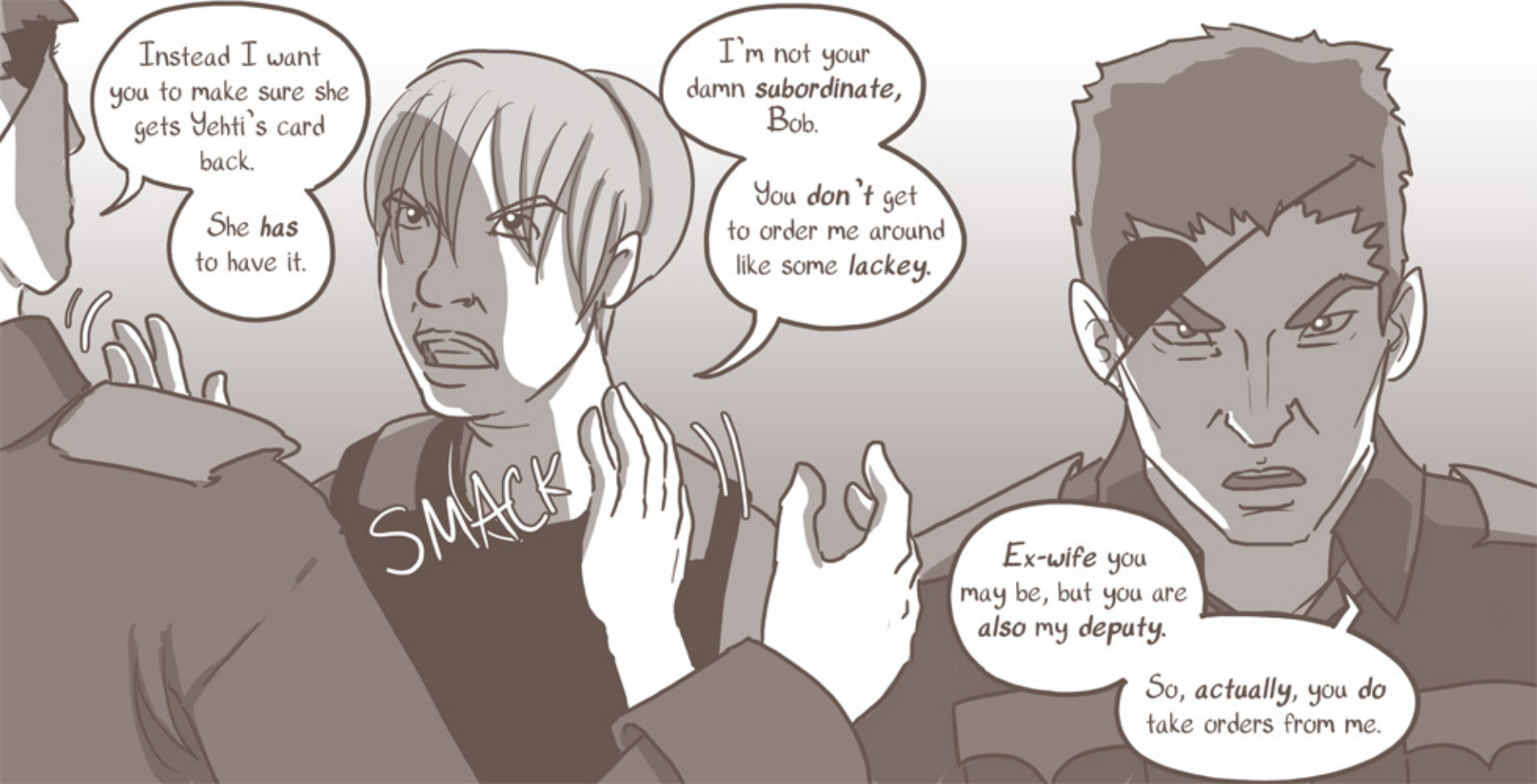
Not if she can't
even pass the *first*
test!

Prim, I'm overruling you.
No, you *can't* take a team
to "take her out and drag
her corpse back here!"

(I didn't see the whole hanging thing
though. Uh, sorry. Nobody's perfect?)

No one should ever *want* to die, but I
think that if given the chance, sometimes,
some people would rather die for a cause,
a reason--a *good one*--rather than live to
an old age knowing they *could* have
made a difference.

I *know* the entirety of the impact I
will make. I know the sacrifice is *worth* it.



Instead I want
you to make sure she
gets Yehti's card
back.

She *has*
to have it.

I'm not your
damn *subordinate*,
Bob.

You *don't* get
to order me around
like some *lackey*.

SMACK

Ex-wife you
may be, but you are
also my *deputy*.

So, *actually*, you *do*
take orders from me.



SNAP

I'll take it
to her.


You stay out
of this, Mega!

Y'know, *Primrose Shirley*,
if you want him to marry you
again, why don't *you* ask him
this time?

No matter how it goes,
it *can't* be worse than his
tequila-inspired proposal
the *first* time around.

I had no
idea...



A close-up of a hand wearing a black wristband, holding a knife with a wooden handle. The hand is positioned on the left side of the frame.

The first few times
you read this, you're
probably going to hate
yourself a *lot*.

That's natural, in a totally
irrational kind of way, but when
a person sees death as often
as you, it's what happens.

'Specially when you're
usually on the *dealing*
end of it.

Be glad you still feel
something. Some people
don't.

But, when you get over *that*
hate, you're going to hate *me*
for not telling you more. For
not trying to *change* things.

For not giving
you a hint about
what comes *next*.





I can't.

I don't even
know either.

I only know what
happens if things
don't work out.

I only know that
somehow I have to
convince you of
three things:

Peter's alive.


You *have* to
find him.

You

can't

give

up.



I remember how stubborn you were in martial arts.

Didn't matter how *big* they were, how *strong*, or how *skilled*.


That's your strength, Colbs:

you *know* the enemy has the upper hand, and you *don't* give a fuck.

You don't care because you know the *edge* that sheer strength of will gives you.

That refusal to give in to the odds makes your enemies *second* guess themselves.

Meanwhile, you hit them where it hurts. Preferably in the *nuts* if I remember right.



I hesitate to say it Colbey, but the reason that works for you is that you don't *understand*.

Why do you keep writing in that?

I'm not trying to say you're *dumb*. I'm saying that where others give up or fail because they accept that *odds* are *insurmountable*,

you say, "fuck it."


Your enemies *do*. They know statistics and science and why the world is the way it is.

Eh, I'll tell you later. Nothing important.

They see 10 is greater than 1. You see that 1 can kick 10's ass if it tries hard enough.

You can say that because you understand something a lot of us forgot:

To lose, you have to *allow* someone else to win first.



Are you *still* writing in that?

The *epic* corniness of this goodbye is off the chart, I know, but I get the feeling you are going to need one *hell* of a pep talk to get you out of the pit you're going to dig for yourself.

And I wish I had the right words for you. Problem is, I don't think those words *exist*.

Heh, almost done.





Scot, *don't*!
She's running
into a *trap*!

Just the right number
of pages too, which is kind
of *cool* and *scary* if you
think about it.

Mostly the *latter*
I guess.

I know!

I won't be there
to help you. Just remember
none of this was your fault.
It was *mine*. I was the one
with the "intel."

I can only hope
this journal is of
some help to you.



Colbs, I have one
last thing to tell you:

You have
to wait.

BAM

BAM

BAM

This is the *hardest*
thing I can ask you
to do right now, but
please trust me.

WAIT.

JUST WAIT.



BE PATIENT AND
DO NOTHING.

You'll know
when to stop.

*PS--*Hey, Whiz Kid,
this ain't for your eyes.

You shouldn't
have pushed so
hard to see it.

Catch you on
the flipside.

(Hopefully not
too soon.)

I will, Scot.
I promise.

I'll find
him.



See what I did there?

A comic panel with a dark, textured background. On the left, a hand holds a white rectangular piece of paper. On the paper is a popular internet meme face (the 'Pepe' meme) with its eyes closed and a wide, toothy grin. Above the face, the text 'See what I did there?' is written in a casual, handwritten font. To the right of the paper, another hand is visible, reaching towards it. A speech bubble originates from this hand, containing the text 'You little bastard.' The background is dark with some white specks and faint, curved lines, suggesting a night sky or a dark environment.

You little
bastard.