

SHE LOOKED BEHIND HER, ALONG THE BLOODY PATH THROUGH THE SNOW, EYES SEARCHING FOR PURSUIT. SHE SAW NOTHING.

HER COLD HANDS SHOOK VIOLENTLY, TALON LIKE FINGERS NEARLY NUMB, WET FROM THE BIG CLUMPS OF SNOW FALLING THICK AND FAST AROUND HER, MELTING ALMOST AS SOON AS THEY HIT HER SKIN.

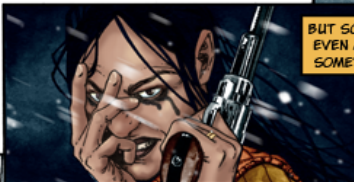
SOMETHING WAS WRONG. WELL, FUCK, IT WAS ALL WRONG, AND HAD BEEN FROM THE FIRST MOMENT SHE STARTED SCRATCHING.



IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE LIKE THIS...



SOMEHOW, SHE KNEW THAT.



BUT SOMETHING WAS EVEN MORE WRONG, SOMETHING INSIDE

SHE'D SPENT YEARS IN FEAR OF THE I.N.S., BUT IT WAS DIFFERENT NOW.



THEY DIDN'T WANT TO DEPORT HER- NOW THEY WANTED HER DEAD.

WHEN THE TIME CAME, COULD SHE EVEN PULL THE TRIGGER ON LUIS' OLD REVOLVER?

EMMA SAYS: GET YOUR LITTLE BUDDY SOME NICE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FROM PETCO!



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