

# PROLOGUE.

ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.

Sure is weird  
to do a pickup  
this late.

Everything  
about this job  
is weird.

You know what  
I heard? I heard that  
the crew that boxed  
all this up went  
insane.

Who told  
you that?

I was  
talking to...I don't  
remember.

It was me.  
I'm the one  
who told you  
that!

That's right!  
Oh man, I'm...Oof.  
That's so  
embarrassing.

Hey. Do you  
feel whispers in your  
brain? Like utter fear is  
crawling like a hundred  
angry spiders across  
your thoughts?

Yes! I was just  
about to say something.  
I do believe I am going insane  
from terror like I knew as a  
child that is, as you say,  
**whispering** in my  
brain.

Well, what do  
you say we wait to go  
monstrously insane  
until after we load  
these packages onto  
the plane?

Right.

END PROLOGUE.

I'VE BEEN MARRIED TO THE OLD GRAY LADY  
FOR LONGER THAN I CAN REMEMBER.

NO. NO, THAT'S  
TOO FLOWERY.

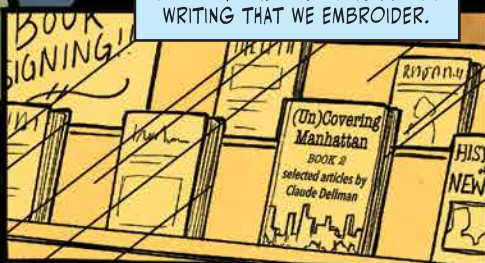
ANY EDITOR WOULD NIX IT  
AND BE RIGHT TO DO SO.

BESIDES, I'M NOT THE  
STORY. THE STORY'S THE  
BABY; I'M THE MIDWIFE.

TOO FLOWERY AGAIN.

BUT THAT'S  
NEWSPAPERMEN  
FOR YOU.

IT'S ONLY WHEN WE WRITE ABOUT  
WRITING THAT WE EMBROIDER.







THE OTHER THING ABOUT NEWSPAPERMEN IS ONCE WE GET THE SCENT OF A STORY ON THE WIND, WE CAN'T REST UNTIL WE GET IT IN OUR TEETH.



THERE'S A CITY UNDERNEATH THIS ONE. AROUND THE EDGES. IN THE CORNERS. IN THE DARK.

A WHISPERED ABOUT PLACE. THRIVING, IF YOU KNOW HOW TO SEE IT.



I DON'T.

NOT YET ANYWAY.



AND WHAT I DO KNOW IS...



...UNCONFIRMED.



IT'LL MAKE ONE HELL OF A STORY  
ONCE I GET IT IN MY TEETH.



A SOURCE PUT ME ON TO ADAM  
SILVER. MEDICAL STUDENT. 25.  
BROOKLYN RESIDENT.



SOURCE WOULDN'T SAY  
WHAT SHE KNEW, ONLY THAT  
HE'S CONNECTED TO WHAT  
I'M LOOKING FOR.



AND THEN SHE  
DISAPPEARED.



WHICH IS ONE WAY TO KNOW FOR  
SURE A SOURCE IS RELIABLE.

LEAD THE WAY, ADAM.



