



EVERY WEEK IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME.

I GO TO THE SORTING FACILITY OUTSIDE OF THE TOWN. I PICK UP THE MAIL.



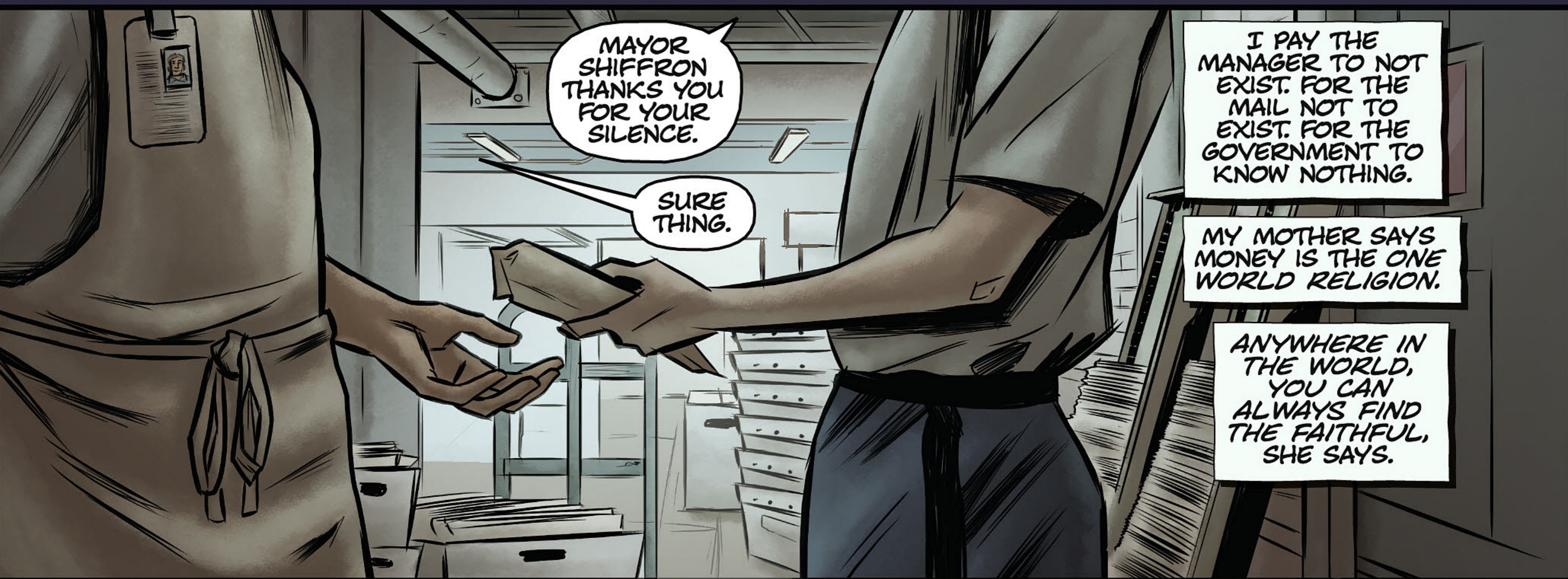
...THE BRUTAL, HOME INVASION HAPPENED THIS MORNING, THE THIRD IN AS MANY WEEKS...



...HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT ONE OR MORE OF THE ASSAILANTS MAY BE WOUNDED...



...MANHUNT IS UNDERWAY AND PEOPLE OUGHTA LOCK DOORS. STAY VIGILANT AND ALL THAT...



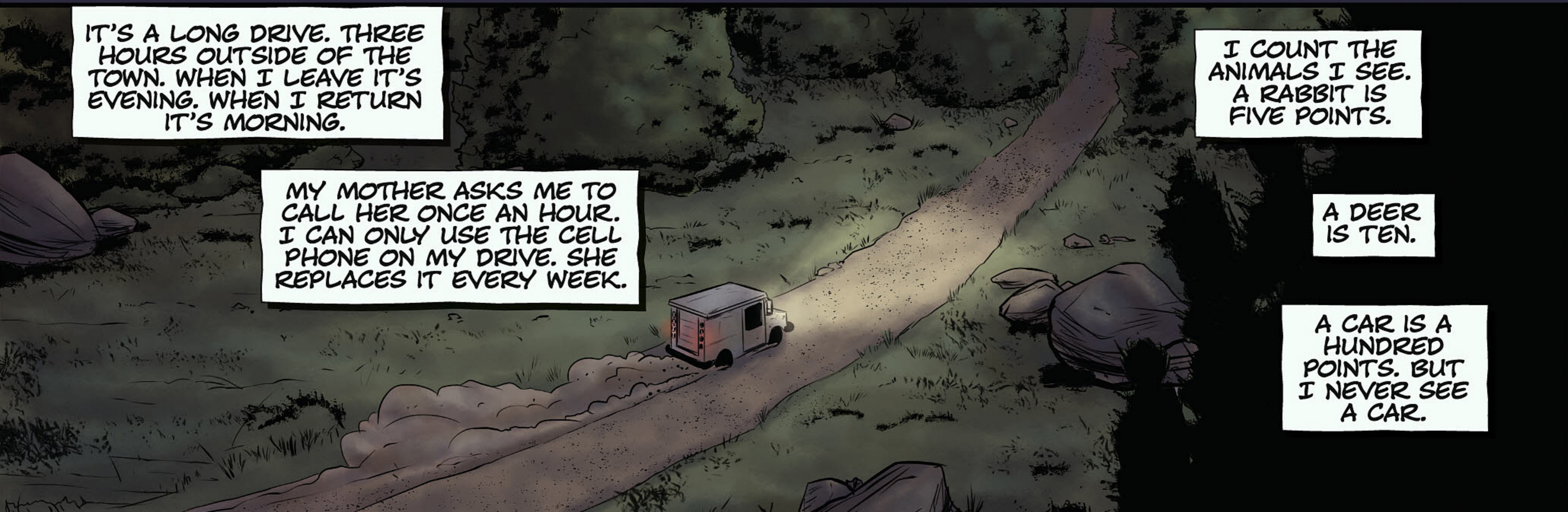
MAYOR SHIFFRON THANKS YOU FOR YOUR SILENCE.

SURE THING.

I PAY THE MANAGER TO NOT EXIST. FOR THE MAIL NOT TO EXIST. FOR THE GOVERNMENT TO KNOW NOTHING.

MY MOTHER SAYS MONEY IS THE ONE WORLD RELIGION.

ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD, YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND THE FAITHFUL, SHE SAYS.



IT'S A LONG DRIVE. THREE HOURS OUTSIDE OF THE TOWN. WHEN I LEAVE IT'S EVENING. WHEN I RETURN IT'S MORNING.

MY MOTHER ASKS ME TO CALL HER ONCE AN HOUR. I CAN ONLY USE THE CELL PHONE ON MY DRIVE. SHE REPLACES IT EVERY WEEK.

I COUNT THE ANIMALS I SEE. A RABBIT IS FIVE POINTS.

A DEER IS TEN.

A CAR IS A HUNDRED POINTS. BUT I NEVER SEE A CAR.



I NEVER SEE  
PEOPLE  
ON THIS  
ROAD.







IF YOU HAVE A GUN DON'T GO FOR IT! I'LL WIPE YOU OUT, MAN.

I DON'T HAVE A GUN.

KEEP IT COOL, JACK. I JUST NEED SOME TIME.

AND TIME AIN'T YOURS SO IT'S FREE TO GIVE, RIGHT?



DRIVE UP A WAYS. THERE'S A PATH ON THE LEFT-HAND SIDE. TAKE IT.

UNLESS YOU WANT THIS TRIGGER TO GO, JACK.

MY NAME IS MARK.

AND NO. I DON'T WANT THE TRIGGER TO GO.

**RINGING**

THAT YOUR HANDPHONE?

YOU LOOK LIKE A JACK.

AND JACK DON'T NEED NO HANDPHONE.

JACK NEEDS TO DRIVE UP THE LEFT-HAND PATH.

DRIVE.

"THERE'S A MAN YOU NEED TO MEET."

MY MOTHER IS THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS THAT PHONE NUMBER THAT WAS HER.

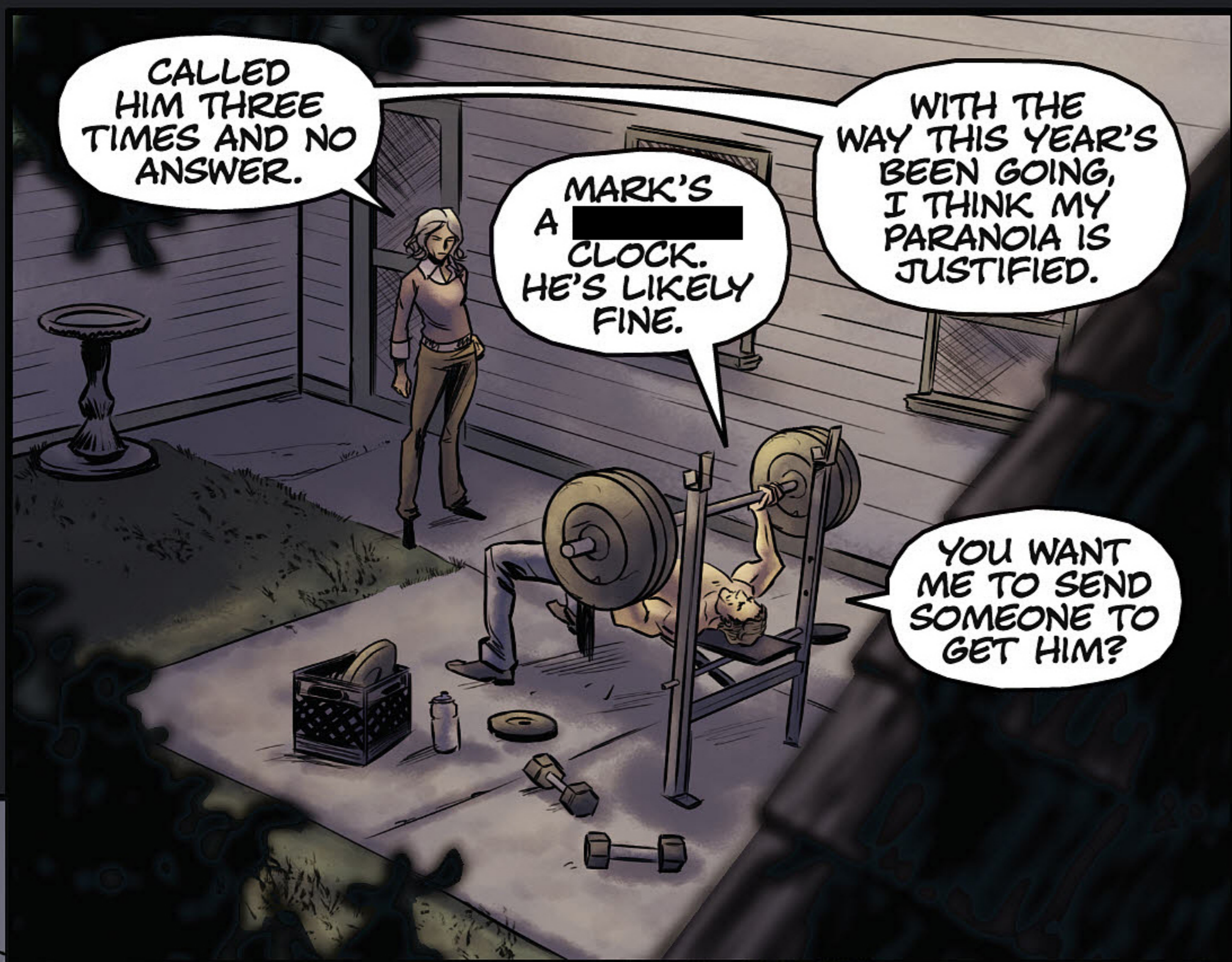
AND I ALWAYS ANSWER. I'M NOT SCARED OF WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT.

BUT I AM CURIOUS.

AND THE PRETTY GIRL WITH THE GUN SMELLS LIKE FLOWERS.

SO JACK WILL DRIVE UP THE LEFT-HAND PATH.





CALLED HIM THREE TIMES AND NO ANSWER.

MARK'S A [REDACTED] CLOCK. HE'S LIKELY FINE.

WITH THE WAY THIS YEAR'S BEEN GOING, I THINK MY PARANOIA IS JUSTIFIED.

YOU WANT ME TO SEND SOMEONE TO GET HIM?



I WANT YOU TO GO. DON'T WEAR THE BADGE.

TAKE MABEL. YOU'VE KEPT HER LOADED, RIGHT? YOU CAN FOLLOW THE TRANSPONDER TO FIND THE TRUCK. DRIVE HIS ROUTE AND IT'LL PING.

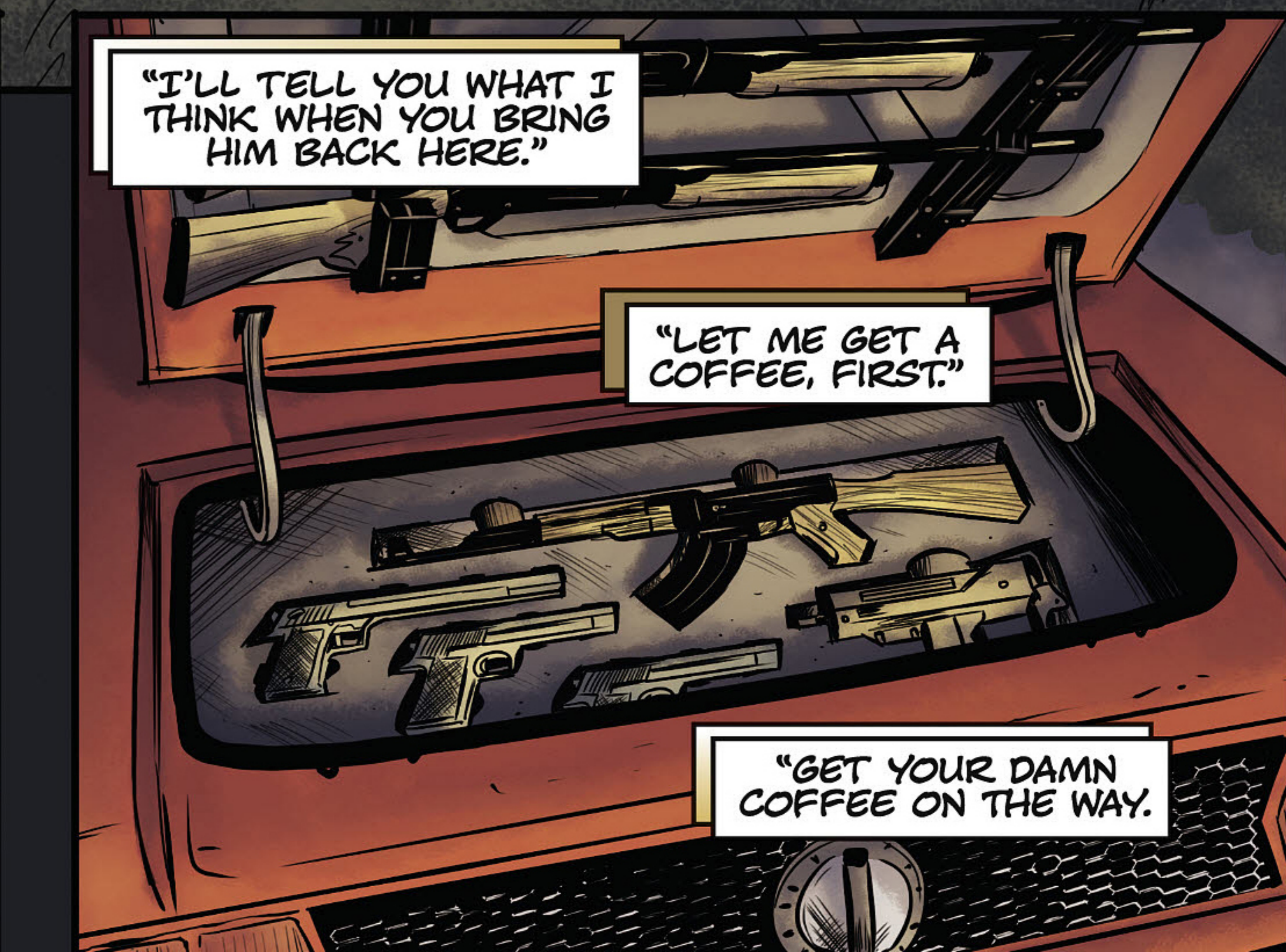


"I KNOW HOW A TRANSPONDER WORKS.

"AND MABEL'S ALWAYS LOADED.



"YOU THINK YOUR BOY'S IN TROUBLE?"



"I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I THINK WHEN YOU BRING HIM BACK HERE."

"LET ME GET A COFFEE, FIRST."

"GET YOUR DAMN COFFEE ON THE WAY."



THE LEFT-HAND PATH LED ME UP TO A CABIN.

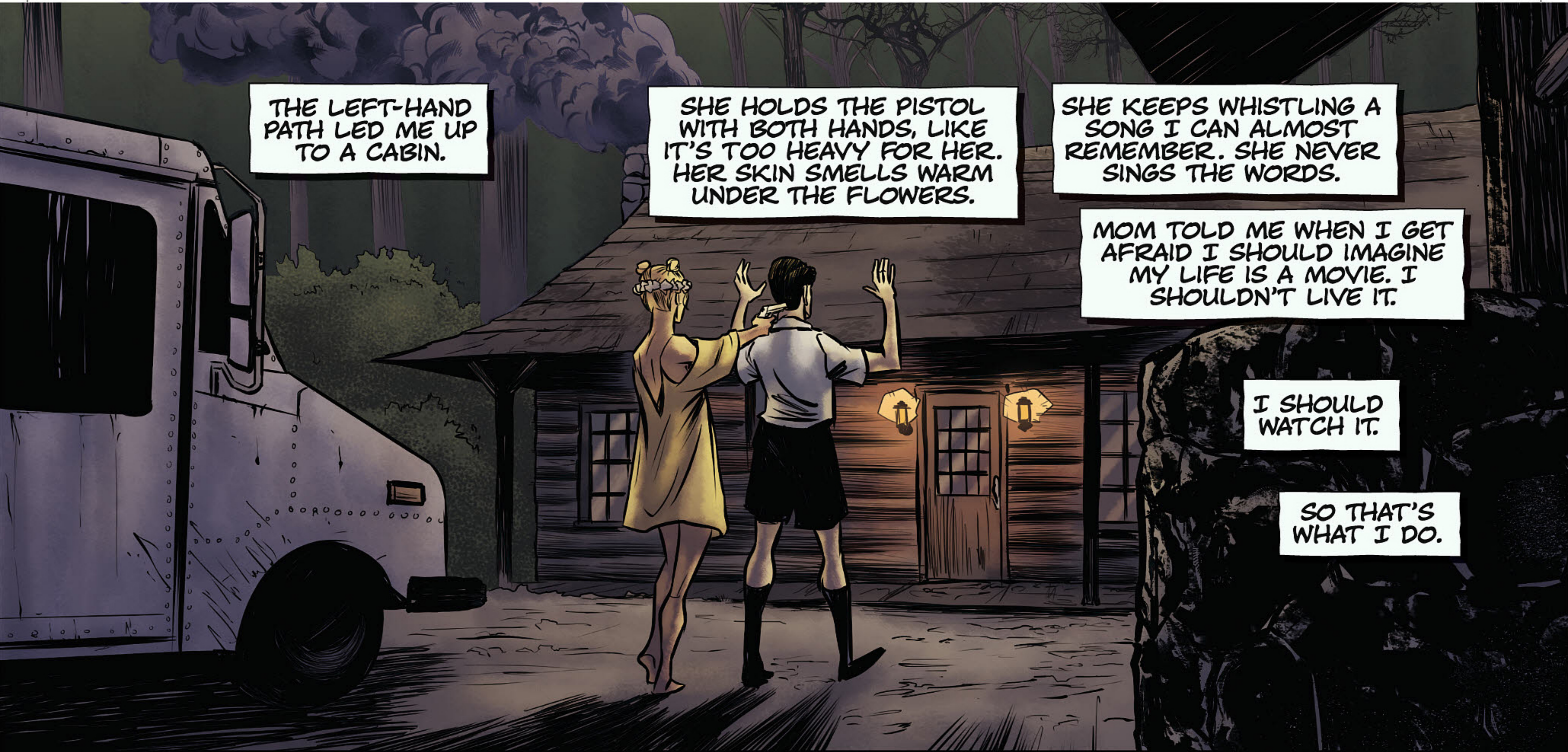
SHE HOLDS THE PISTOL WITH BOTH HANDS, LIKE IT'S TOO HEAVY FOR HER. HER SKIN SMELLS WARM UNDER THE FLOWERS.

SHE KEEPS WHISTLING A SONG I CAN ALMOST REMEMBER. SHE NEVER SINGS THE WORDS.

MOM TOLD ME WHEN I GET AFRAID I SHOULD IMAGINE MY LIFE IS A MOVIE. I SHOULDN'T LIVE IT.

I SHOULD WATCH IT.

SO THAT'S WHAT I DO.



KEEP WALKING, JACK. YOU'RE DOING SO GOOD.

THE DOORWAY SMELLS LIKE WET ROT.

THE FIRST BREATH I TAKE HAS THE SCENT OF BLOOD IN IT.

THE WOOD GROANS UNDER ME.

OLD BLOOD. LIKE WET PENNIES.

THERE'S A GREAT MAN WAITING FOR YOU. A MAN FULL OF LIGHT.

THE SMELL CLIMBS DOWN MY THROAT AND SOAKS INTO MY STOMACH.



THE WOMAN'S SKIN TOUCHES MINE. HER HAND ON THE BACK OF MY NECK.

WHAT I SEE DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.

I'M NOT WATCHING THIS ANYMORE. I'M HERE IN THIS CABIN.

SHE LIED.

THERE IS NO LIGHT IN HERE.

