

Okay, so look, I promise we're getting very close to this moment.

ROOF ACCESS



By the end of this chapter... for sure.



I mean, this is all part of that *plan* I was formulating...



As you're going to see soon.

Really soon.



But before we get to this --

And I know, I know, I'm the worst narrator in history for actually getting to the point...

Well, maybe after *Tristram Shandy*...

But there's just some stuff you have to *know* before the action gets going again.

WAIT -
WAIT -- !

I mean, it can't *all* be action... right?



Anyway, so *here's* the thing...

A few days after I killed that Russian *go-between*, I started thinking about the *demon* again.



But not like before.



I wasn't *seeing* him, or hearing his *voice* or anything like that.



I wasn't losing it.

No... It was more like the demon had become this *mystery* I had to solve.

I was mapping out my assault on the Russians one morning, when I had this stray thought...

TWO MEN DEAD
IN THREE WEEKS...

...THE
DEMON
WOULD BE
PROUD...



And the next thing I knew, I was digging through my dad's clippings again...



Looking at these old drawings of his like they had some answers for me.



But I wasn't even sure what the question was anymore...

