



STEP AWAY FROM THE DOORWAY, MISTER DRESDEN.

AS BARON OF CHICAGO, THIS AFFAIR IS UNDER MY JURISDICTION.

THE LAST THING YOU WANT IS TO VIOLATE THE UNSEELIE ACCORDS...OR EMBARRASS YOUR SUPERIORS ON THE WHITE COUNCIL.



JOHN. WHAT A SURPRISE.

"GENTLEMAN" JOHNNY MARCONE AND I HAVE BEEN DOING THE CAT AND MOUSE ROUTINE FOR A LONG TIME.

YEARS AGO, WE'D EXCHANGED A SOUL GAZE, SEEING INTO THE DEEPEST PART OF EACH OTHER'S PSYCHE.

I'D KNOWN THIS MOMENT WAS COMING SINCE HE AND HIS CRONIES SHOWED UP AT MY APARTMENT.*

*ISSUE #1 - RICH



YOUR FRUSTRATION IS UNDERSTANDABLE. YOU'VE FAILED TO STOP THE GOLEM ONCE ALREADY.

WE WILL RECTIFY THAT... AND ITS CREATOR WILL ANSWER TO ME.

SO THEY'D FIGURED OUT THE CREATURE WAS A GOLEM--I HAVE TO ADMIT, THAT I HAD NOT EXPECTED.

STILL, WE DIDN'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS--WHILE WE AROUND WITH MARCONE, OUR LITTLE SLIME BLOB WAS OOZING ITS WAY BACK TOWARDS ITS LARGER BULK.



SO I EXCHANGE A GLANCE WITH MOLLY, GIVING HER THE SIGNAL TO DO WHAT SHE'S BEST AT.



WHILE MOLLY REMINDS ME OF MYSELF AT HER AGE, OUR ABILITIES ARE VERY DIFFERENT.

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO BRING THE BOOM, BUT MOLLY'S MORE SENSITIVE, ADEPT AT WEAVING SPELLS CALLING FOR DELICATE CONTROL.

WHAT THE...? THEY'RE DISAPPEARING!

NO, THEY'RE NOT. IT'S MERELY A VEIL, THE HANDIWORK OF MS. CARPENTER.

OPEN FIRE!



BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

MOLLY, MOUSE-- MOVE!

THE VEIL WOULD ONLY BUY US A FEW SECONDS...



...I NEEDED TO SEAL THE ENTRANCE BEHIND US.

FORZARE!

BOSS...?!

STAY BACK, HENDRICKS, I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.

SNFF

WELL, MISTER DRESDEN...

...IT WOULD SEEM WE ARE TRAPPED DOWN HERE TOGETHER.

LIKE I SAID, MARCONE AND I KNOW EACH OTHER WELL. TOO WELL. I KNOW HOW HE THINKS... BUT HE KNOWS HOW I THINK, TOO.

NICE DOG.

SO WHAT IS OUR STRATEGY?

GRRRRR

STRATEGY?
YOU'RE ASKING
ME ABOUT STRATEGY?
YOUR GOONS
FREAKING SHOT
AT US!

ONLY TO
BUY ME THE
OPPORTUNITY TO
JOIN YOU HERE,
AND PLACE THIS
QUEST UNDER
MY AEGIS.

WE BOTH
KNOW YOU WERE
IN NO DANGER. IF
I WANTED--

"IF I WANTED
YOU DEAD, YOU'D
BE DEAD." KEEP
TELLING YOUR-
SELF THAT,
JOHN.

I TAKE
IT *THIS* IS
PART OF THE
GOLEM?

I, UH,
IMBUED IT
WITH KINETIC
ENERGY...

...AND ONCE
SHE DID, ITS ONE
AND ONLY INSTINCT
WAS TO REJOIN ITS
PRIMARY MASS.

CARE TO
GIVE ME ONE
REASON WE
SHOULDN'T JUST
LEAVE YOU
HERE?

THE GOLEM'S MASTER
HAS ABDUCTED A
CITIZEN UNDER MY
PROTECTION.

AS BARON
OF CHICAGO,
I HAVE AS MUCH
RIGHT AS YOU TO
DEFEND ITS
PEOPLE.

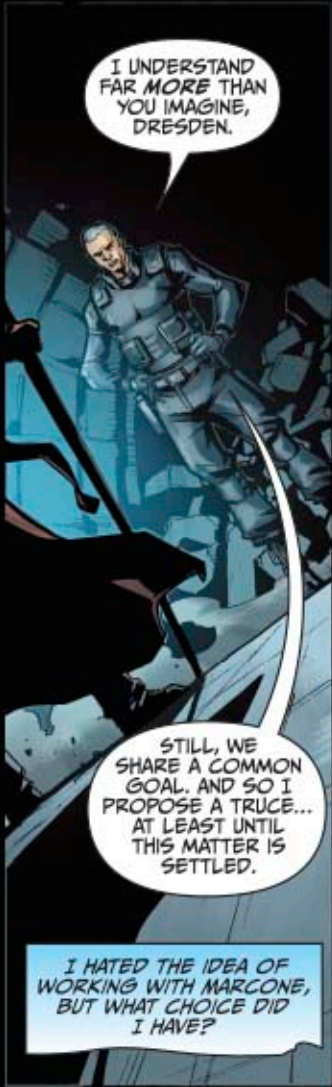
MARCONE.
DO YOU HAVE
ANY IDEA OF
WHAT'S DOWN
HERE?

UNDERTOWN:
A VAST SUBTERRANEAN
NETWORK OF TUNNELS
AND STRUCTURES,
A CITY UNTO
ITSELF..



...NOW POPULATED ONLY BY BEINGS THAT FIND SUCCOR IN ITS DARKNESS.

KNOWING FACTS AND UNDERSTANDING THE REALITY THEY DESCRIBE ARE TWO VERY DIFFERENT THINGS.



I UNDERSTAND FAR MORE THAN YOU IMAGINE, DRESDEN.

STILL, WE SHARE A COMMON GOAL. AND SO I PROPOSE A TRUCE... AT LEAST UNTIL THIS MATTER IS SETTLED.

I HATED THE IDEA OF WORKING WITH MARCONE, BUT WHAT CHOICE DID I HAVE?



HE WAS HERE, AND HE WAS CRAZY ENOUGH TO GO IT ALONE WITHOUT US.

NOT THAT I MUCH CARED IF MARCONE GOT HIMSELF LOST OR GRABBED BY SOME REFUGEE FROM THE NEVEREVER...

...BUT IT'D BE JUST AS LIKELY HE'D FIND SOME OTHER ALLY AND CAUSE US EVEN MORE TROUBLE. HE'S RESOURCEFUL LIKE THAT.



YOUR FUNERAL, AND ALL THAT. WORD TO THE WISE, THOUGH, JOHN...

...DON'T LET YOUR EYES OR EARS WANDER. IT COULD MEAN YOUR LIFE, OR WORSE.

LET'S MOVE.