

# 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.









I'LL GET ANOTHER PULITZER TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS AFTER WE DIE.

OR I'LL DIE TRYING...

SADIE, WHAT DO YOU THINK IS MY MOST WINNING TRAIT?

IS IT YOUR CHARM?

NO.

YOUR INTELLIGENCE?

NOT EVEN CLOSE.

YOUR RUGGED HANDSOMENESS? YOUR UNMATCHED ABILITY TO HOLD YOUR LIQUOR? YOUR ABILITIES AS AN EXORCIST EXTRAORDINAIRE AND DISPATCHER OF BOOGIEMEN?

YOUR WONDERFUL SINGING VOICE? YOUR ELEGANT HANDS? YOUR HAIR. YOUR MOUSTACHE. YOUR EYES. YOUR SMILE.

AM I WARM OR COLD, FRANK?

MY FINEST QUALITY, MY LOVE, IS THAT I MARRIED WELL.

NOT AS WELL AS I DID.

THAT'S THE DRINK TALKING. I MARRIED TWICE AS WELL AS YOU DID.

WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE WE DO THIS EVENING?

I'M FAIRLY CERTAIN WE'RE DOING IT.

