

IT'S TIME TO SEND THE  
LITTLE ONES TO DREAM LAND AND  
SET YOUR RADIO'S DIAL TO "SPOOKY."  
STEEL YOURSELF FOR MYSTERIOUS SUSPENSE IN...

**BEYOND  
BELIEF!**

THE *Acker & Blacker Present...*  
**THRILLING  
ADVENTURE  
HOUR**<sup>TM</sup>



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**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.

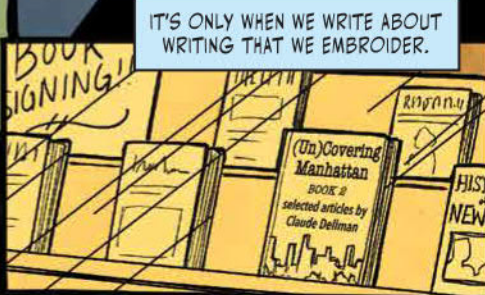
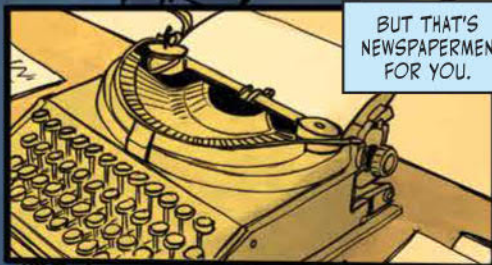
ANY EDITOR WOULD NIX IT AND BE RIGHT TO DO SO.

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.



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?

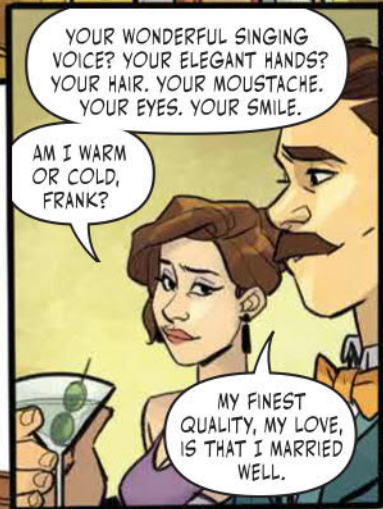
NO.

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.

CLINK