



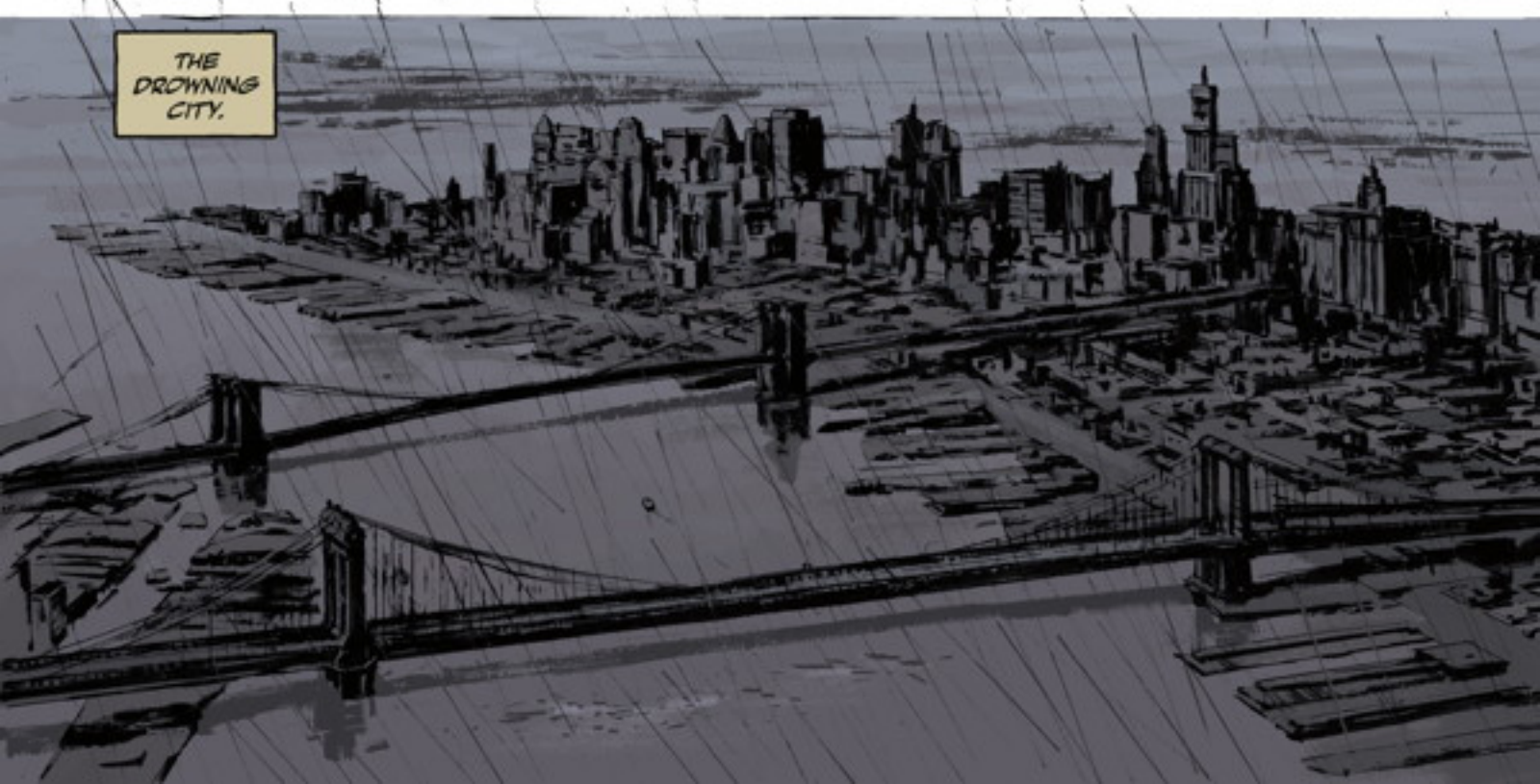
APRIL 17, 1955. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, NEW YORK.



JUST ACROSS THE RIVER FROM WHAT USED TO BE CALLED LOWER MANHATTAN.



FOR THE PAST THIRTY YEARS-- SINCE THE EARTH SHOOK, SINCE THE BEDROCK SANK, SINCE THE SEA ROSE--IT'S HAD ANOTHER NAME.



THE DROWNING CITY.

FROM THE
JOURNAL
OF THE
DETECTIVE
SIMON
CHURCH.

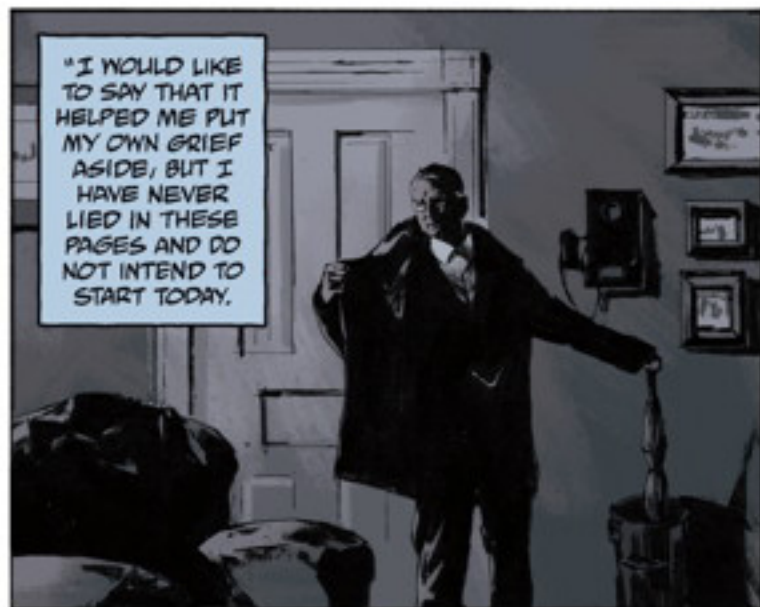
"I HAVE NEVER BEEN PRONE TO
FITS OF SENTIMENTALITY, BUT I
MUST ADMIT THAT I WAS GLAD
FOR THE RAIN TODAY.



"THE GLOOM AND THE
LOW-SLING CLOUDS,
THE BLEACHING GRAY
LIGHT...IT FELT AS IF
THE SKY ITSELF
WERE GRIEVING.



"I WOULD LIKE
TO SAY THAT IT
HELPED ME PUT
MY OWN GRIEF
ASIDE, BUT I
HAVE NEVER
LIED IN THESE
PAGES AND DO
NOT INTEND TO
START TODAY.



"I WILL MISS MORRIS
SOWERBERRY, JUST AS I
HAVE MISSED THE MEN
WHO CAME BEFORE HIM.
PERHAPS MORE SO,
BECAUSE I HAVE DECIDED
HE MUST BE THE LAST.



"OVER THE DECADES, MY
INVESTIGATIONS HAVE
SAVED MANY LIVES, BUT
IT IS PERILOUS WORK.
TOO MANY OF MY
ASSOCIATES HAVE MET
MISERABLE ENDS.





"AND YET I LIVE.
I ENDURE."

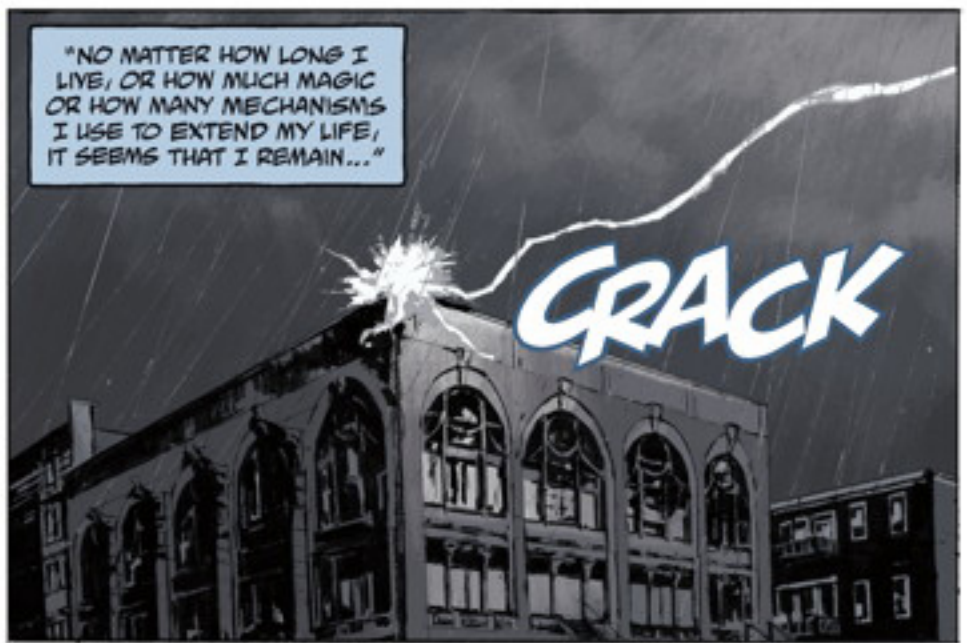


"I AM NOT INCLINED TOWARD
SELF-RECRIMINATION OR FLIGHTS OF
FANCY, BUT I CANNOT ESCAPE THE
CONCLUSION THAT I AM THE COMMON
DENOMINATOR IN THESE TRAGEDIES."

"THEREFORE I HAVE NO CHOICE
BUT TO FOREGO COMPANIONSHIP
AND CONTINUE MY WORK ALONE,
FROM THIS DAY FORTH."



"I NO LONGER
DARE RISK THE
LIVES OF OTHERS.
I NO LONGER
DARE INVITE THE
GRIEF THAT
ACCOMPANIES
THE DEATH OF
A FRIEND."



"NO MATTER HOW LONG I
LIVE, OR HOW MUCH MAGIC
OR HOW MANY MECHANISMS
I USE TO EXTEND MY LIFE,
IT SEEMS THAT I REMAIN..."

CRACK



"...PAINFULLY
HUMAN."

DAMN
IT.