

Hidden Signals

Chapter 2.5: Hairline Fracture



CathryneDelemort





MEANWHILE...







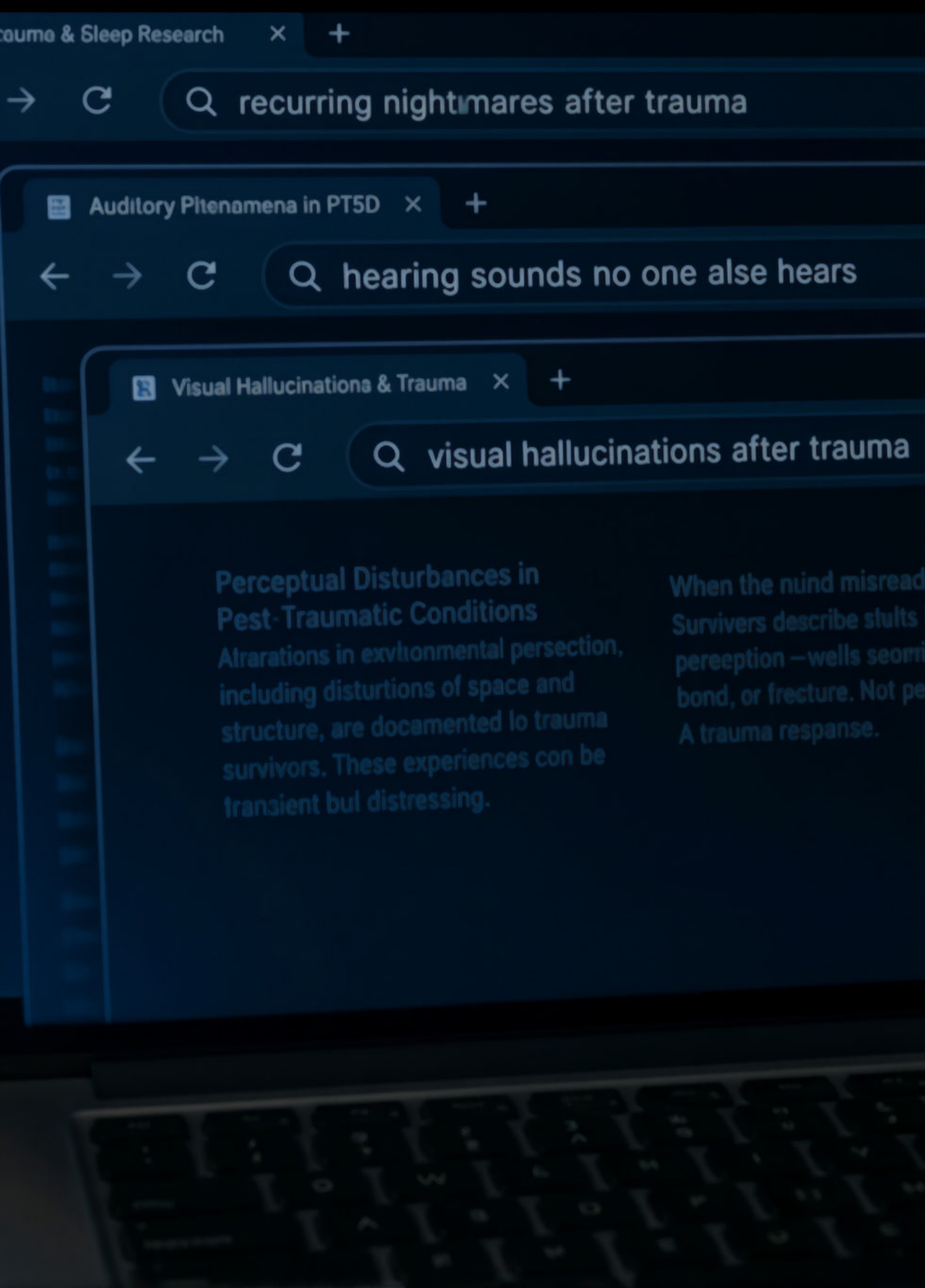












BACK AT THE OFFICE...

ALL THESE
CASES...

EVERY FILE:
CLOSED,
REDACTED, PAGES
MISSING.

IT'S NOT A
COVER-UP.

PEOPLE JUST
STOP PAYING
ATTENTION.

DEAD LINKS
GET PRUNED.









NICKNAMES
HELP.





ONE
MORNING HE
WAS JUST
GONE.



NOT
MISSING.
GONE.

NO RECORD.
NO GRAVE.



MY PARENTS
DON'T EVEN
REMEMBER HAVING
A SON.



THERE WERE
HUNDREDS OF
PICTURES OF HIM, BUT
THIS IS ALL THAT'S
LEFT.



THAT'S THE
CRUEL PART,
DOC.

THE WORLD
WON'T EVEN LET
YOU MISS HIM.



ELLA... MY
BEST FRIEND—



SHE DIED
RIGHT IN FRONT
OF ME. I WAS
EIGHT.

I COULDN'T
DO A DAMN
THING.



YOU WERE
A CHILD,
CIPHER.

THERE
WAS NOTHING
YOU COULD
DO.



BUT YOU
DO SEE ALL
THIS.

HELP ME
UNDERSTAND IT —
PLEASE.



DAY 19---





CRACK!



NO!







