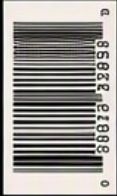


BLACKRIDGE
COMICS



07

VOLUME ONE
TRIAGE

PSYCHOLOGICAL SCI-FI • CYBERNETIC EXISTENCE • HUMAN COST

ISSUE 07

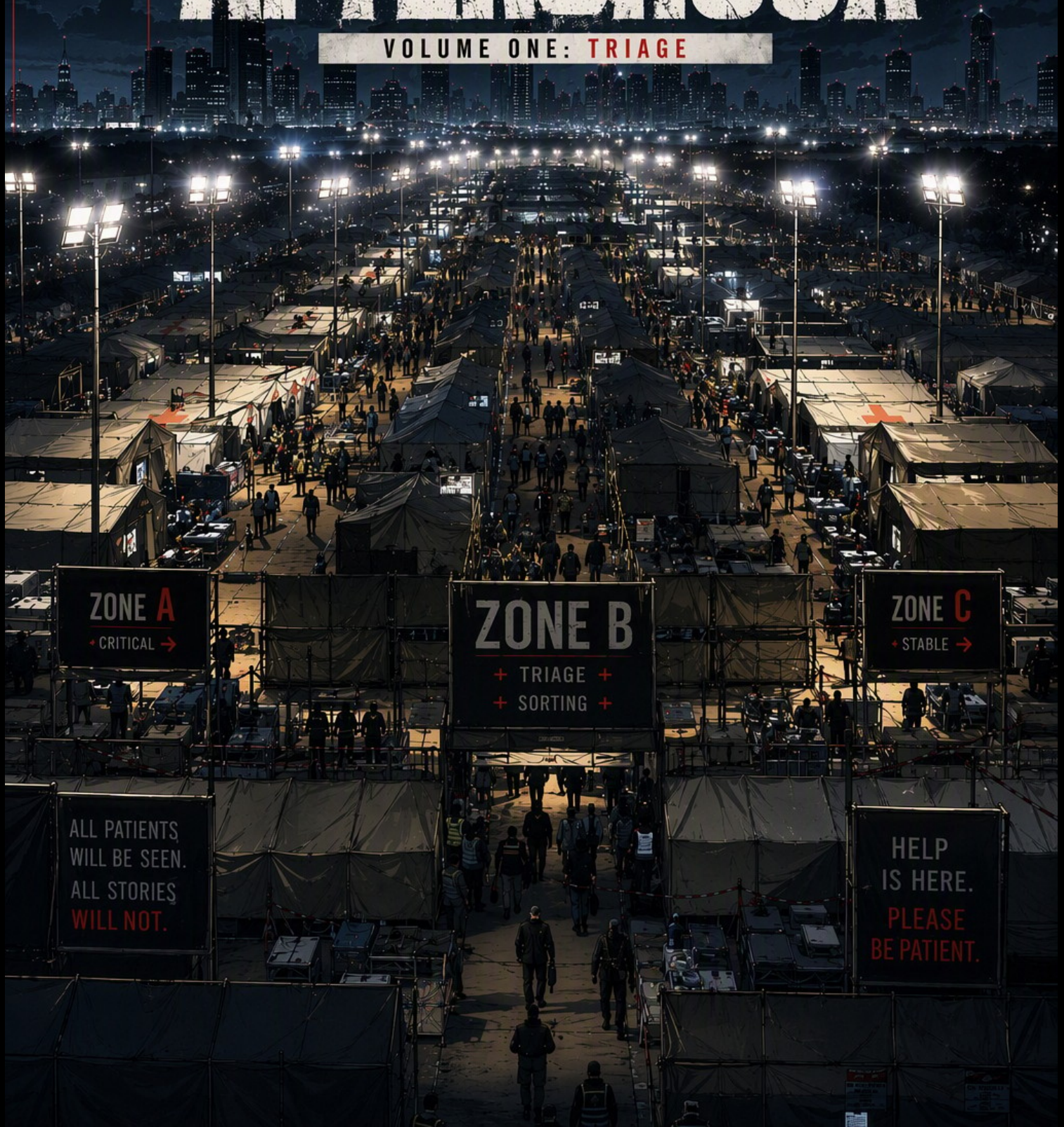


DPR-007

A
WORLD
CHANGED
IN A
SINGLE
NIGHT.

D PRAINE AFTERSHOCK

VOLUME ONE: TRIAGE



ZONE A

• CRITICAL →

ZONE B

+ TRIAGE +
+ SORTING +

ZONE C

• STABLE →

ALL PATIENTS
WILL BE SEEN.
ALL STORIES
WILL NOT.

HELP
IS HERE.
PLEASE
BE PATIENT.

SECTION 7C -
EMERGENCY DISPLACEMENT
SORTING GROUND

POPULATION
UNVERIFIED



PROCESSING
CAPACITY:
20,000 / HOUR
(EST.)



ESTIMATED
DISPLACED:
1.2 MILLION+



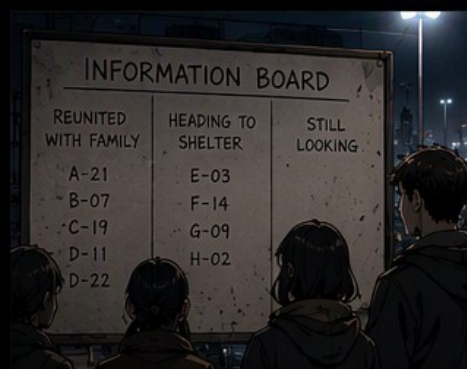
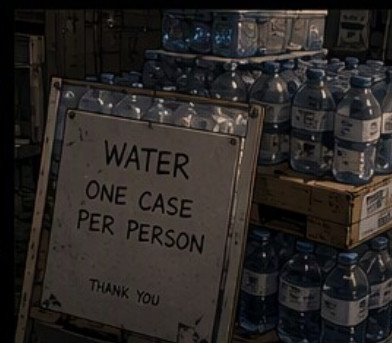
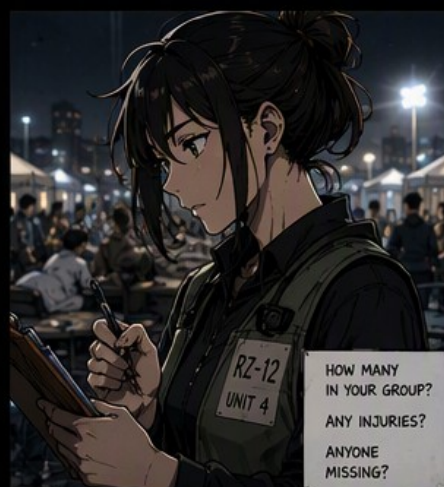
DURATION:
INDEFINITE



SORTING GROUND 12

RIVERFRONT DISTRIBUTION ZONE

DAY 3 - 02:17





THE CITY
STILL STANDS.

EVERY SPIRE.
EVERY TOWER.
EVERY WINDOW
DARK.

FROM HERE,
IT LOOKS
UNCHANGED.

WHOLE.

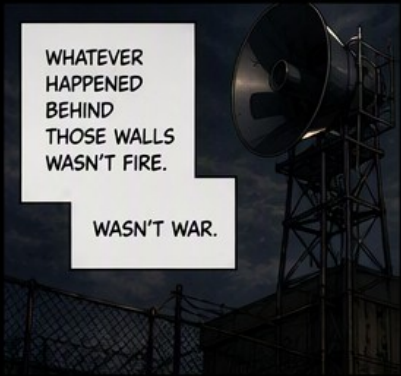
LIKE NOTHING
EVER HAPPENED.



BUT IT DOESN'T
BREATHE.

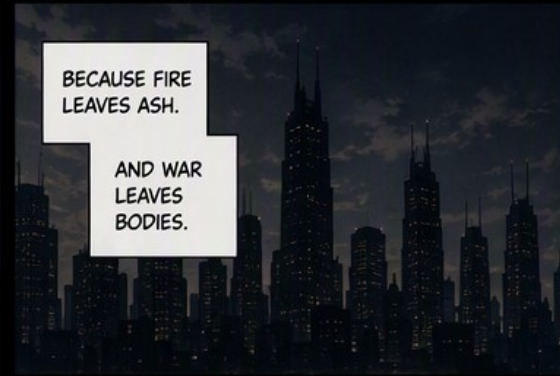
DOESN'T
THINK.

DOESN'T
WANT.



WHATEVER
HAPPENED
BEHIND
THOSE WALLS
WASN'T FIRE.

WASN'T WAR.



BECAUSE FIRE
LEAVES ASH.

AND WAR
LEAVES
BODIES.



THIS LEFT
SILENCE.

THIS LEFT
AN ANSWER
THAT WON'T
SPEAK.



AND SO WE SORT.
NOT TO SAVE.
BUT TO
UNDERSTAND...

...WHAT KIND OF
WORLD CAN
KEEP ITS SHAPE
AFTER LOSING
ITS SOUL.



HOUR SEVENTEEN.

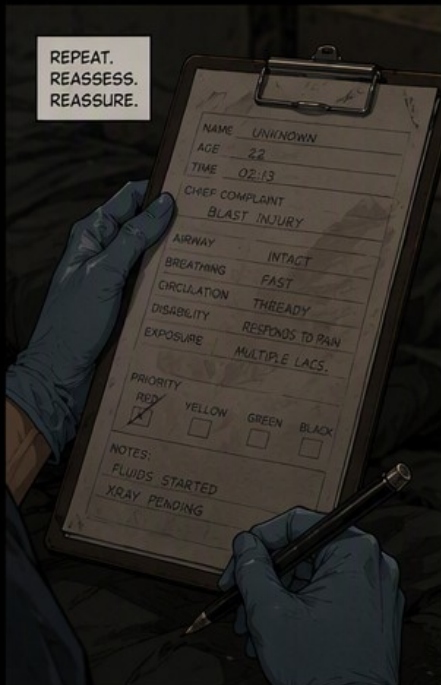
LOST COUNT
SOMEWHERE
IN THE MIDDLE.



PULSES.
BREATHS.
BLOOD LOSS.
STORY NEVER
CHANGES.



REPEAT.
REASSESS.
REASSURE.



DISCIPLINE
IS A KIND OF
MERCY.



REST IS
A LUXURY.
NOT A
REQUIREMENT.

THE WORLD
KEPT MOVING.



SORTING.
TRADING.
DECIDING
WHAT'S LEFT,

AND WHAT
SOMEONE
ELSE MIGHT
NEED MORE.



HE DIDN'T
SPEAK.

DIDN'T
CALL OUT.
DIDN'T WAKE
THEM.

SOME THINGS
DON'T NEED
TO BE SAID.

OUT THERE,
EVERYTHING WAS
NOISE AND URGENCY.



HERE, FOR A
LITTLE WHILE...



THERE WAS
STILL SLEEP.



FORTY-EIGHT
YEARS OLD.

TWENTY-THREE
OF THEM
BALANCING
NUMBERS
THAT NEVER
BALANCED
ANYTHING
THAT
MATTERED.



ONE BAD QUARTER.
ONE GOODBYE EMAIL.
THAT'S ALL IT TOOK.



TOLD MYSELF
I'D REINVENT.
RESET.
START FRESH.

TURNS OUT
YOU CAN'T
REINVENT
EXPERIENCE.



NOT WHEN
NOBODY'S
WAITING FOR
THE NEW
VERSION.



SO I JUST
STOPPED
UPDATING
ALTOGETHER.



NOW I WORK
WHERE THE
THINGS PEOPLE
DON'T WANT
END UP.
FITS.



ONE CASE.
TWENTY VIALS.
THAT'S ALL
THAT'S LEFT.



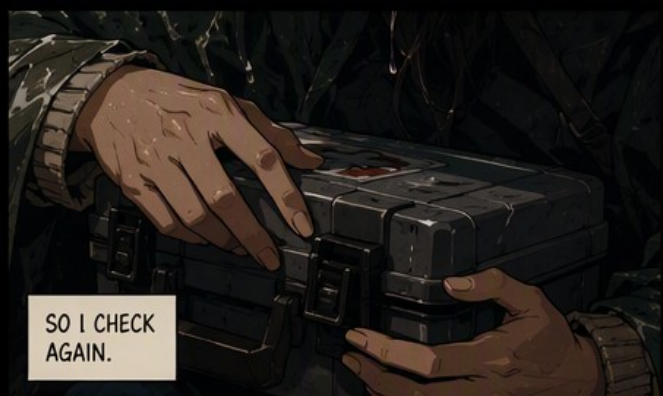
IT'S NOT
MUCH.

BUT IT'S
EVERYTHING.



PAIN RELIEF.
ANTIBIOTICS.
BLOOD STOPPERS.
FEVER REDUCERS.

NOT ENOUGH
TO SAVE EVERYONE.



SO I CHECK
AGAIN.



AND AGAIN.



BECAUSE THIS IS
THE ONE THING
I CAN STILL
PROTECT.



I COULDN'T
SAVE THEM.

BUT I WON'T LOSE
THIS.



BEHIND ME, YOU
CAN SEE HUNDREDS
OF PEOPLE STILL
WAITING TO BE
REUNITED...

...AUTHORITIES
SAY THE NUMBER
OF MISSING IS
EXPECTED TO RISE.

KESHIA PARLUN

SORTING GROUND, RIVERGATE

VOLUNTEERS & DONATIONS NEEDED: VISIT GBRNEWS.COM/RELIEF

I LOST MY
DAUGHTER.
PLEASE HELP
ME FIND HER.

HAVE YOU
SEEN HER?

NO.

I'M
SORRY.

HAVE YOU
SEEN HER?

NO.
I HAVEN'T.

I WISH I
HAD.

RELIEF WORKERS
ARE DOING EVERYTHING
THEY CAN, BUT CONDITIONS
ARE DETERIORATING
BY THE HOUR.

WE URGE ANYONE
WITH INFORMATION
TO CONTACT
AUTHORITIES
IMMEDIATELY.

SOME SEARCHES
DON'T MAKE
THE NEWS.

D PRAINE

APARTMENT: 17-K
ORCHID SPIRE
SIGNAL-NULL ZONE

COPPER MESH FARADAY LATTICE
SEALED TO ALL OUTSIDE SIGNAL
NO COMMS. NO TRACKING.
NO EYES. NO EARS.

JUST QUIET.
JUST HIM.
AND WHATEVER COMES NEXT.

17-K
SIGNAL-NULL
FARADAY SEALED



NO TRANSMISSION
NO RECEPTION
NO EXCEPTIONS

COPPER MESH ON
EVERY SURFACE.
FLOOR. WALLS. CEILING.

THE WORLD CAN'T
TOUCH THIS PLACE.

NO VOICES.
NO FEEDS.
NO UPDATES.

JUST THE HUM
OF THE FILTERS
KEEPING IT OUT.

HANDS WON'T
STOP SHAKING.

NOT FROM FEAR.
NEVER FROM FEAR.

THIS ISN'T
A SAFE PLACE.

IT'S A PREPARED
PLACE.

NO DISTRACTIONS.
NO ESCAPE.

ONLY CLARITY.

TAKE A
DEEP BREATH,
D PRAINE.

ONE MORE
MOMENT OF
NOTHING.

THEN—
WHATEVER
COMES NEXT.

D PRAINE

RESONANCE VECTOR:
BOUNDARY INTERFACE

SHIELD STATUS
STABLE

INTEGRITY: 100%
BREACH: NONE



I THOUGHT IT
WOULD FIGHT ME.
RESIST.
MAKE ME EARN IT.

BUT NOW...

IT'S LIKE
REMEMBERING
SOMETHING
I WAS ALWAYS
MEANT TO
KNOW.

THE CONNECTION
JUST FORMS.
SO CLEAN.
SO EASY.

TOO EASY.

I WANTED
THIS.
I'VE PAID
FOR IT.
IN WAYS THEY'LL
NEVER SEE.

SO WHY DOES
IT FEEL LIKE
I SHOULD BE
PAYING MORE?

POWER WITHOUT
RESISTANCE...

IS THAT STILL
A TRIUMPH?

OR JUST
A REMINDER
THAT I'M
NOT BURIED
DEEP ENOUGH
YET?

D. PRAINE

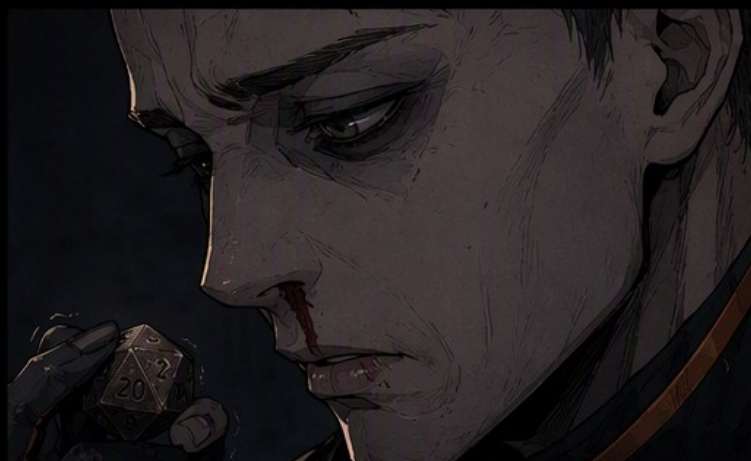
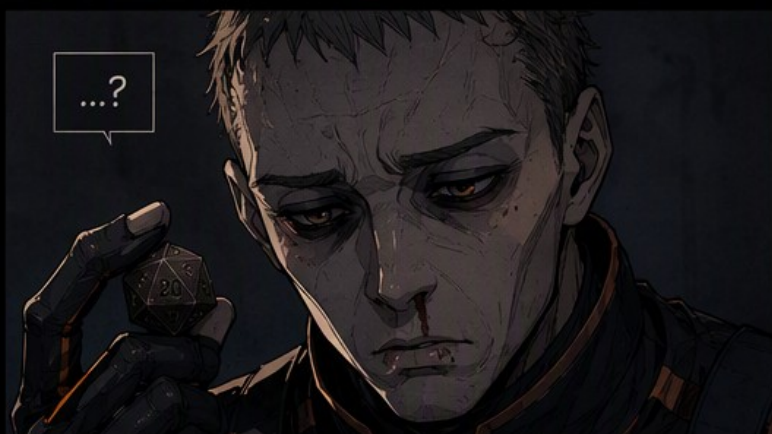
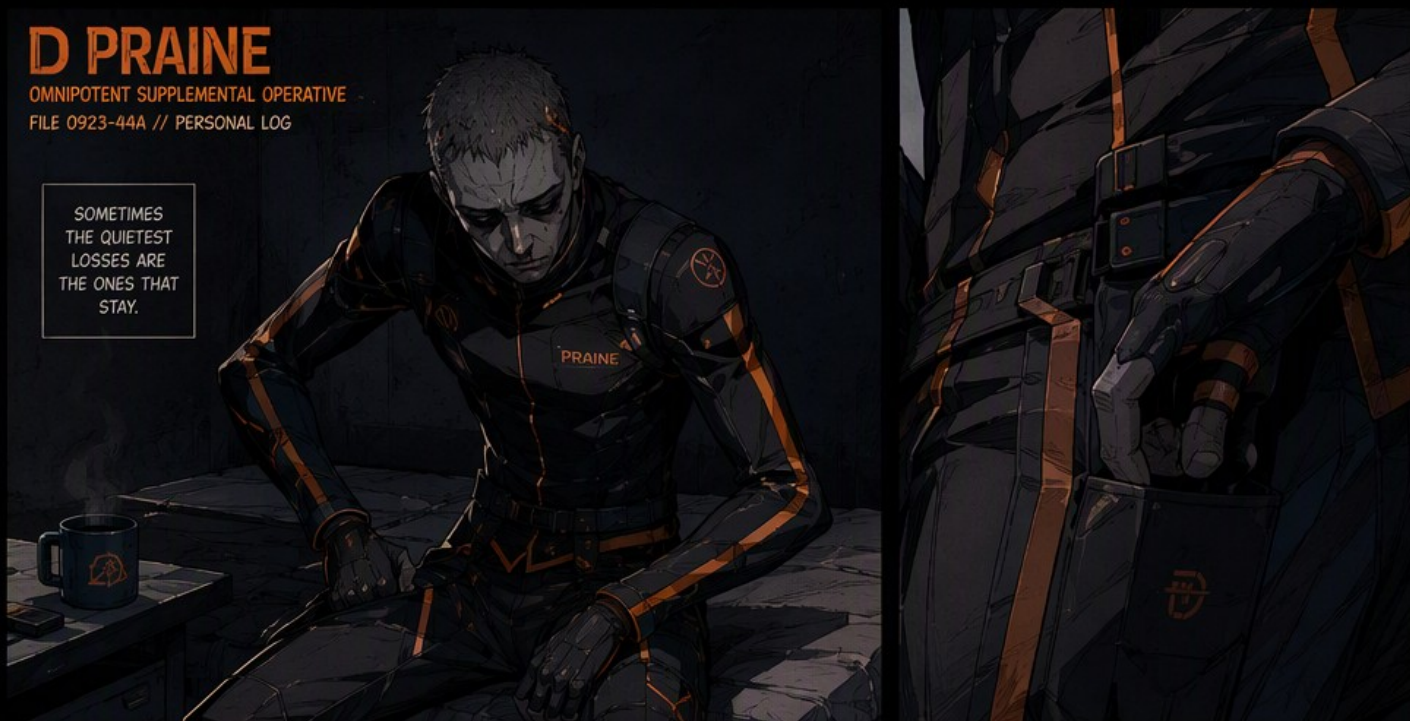
D PRAINE

D PRAINE

OMNIPOTENT SUPPLEMENTAL OPERATIVE

FILE 0923-44A // PERSONAL LOG

SOMETIMES
THE QUIETEST
LOSSES ARE
THE ONES THAT
STAY.



NOTHING LOOKS
DIFFERENT.



AND YET
SOMETHING
HAS.



THE GUTTER
ISN'T EMPTY.

IT NEVER
REALLY IS.

JUST
LOUD.

TOO LOUD
TO LISTEN.

SO I DON'T.

NOT
ANYMORE.

I LET IT
WASH OVER
ME.

STATIC
HAS A
RHYTHM.

FLAT.
MATTE.
ORANGE.
NOTHING
BUT NOISE.

THEN IT
RESOLVES.

SOMETHING
PRISMS.

SOMETHING
CUTS.

!

A SINGLE
FREQUENCY.
PRECISE.
IMMEDIATE.
LOCAL.

NOT
ECHO.

ORIGIN.

SOURCE IDENTIFIED:

NEXUS SPIRE

COORDINATES:

UTM 43N 512084, 4417752

DISTANCE:

2.7 KM

SIGNATURE:

HARMONIC DISRUPTION
(NON-NATURAL)

CONFIDENCE:

99.6%

IT'S TOO
CLEAN.

TOO CLOSE.

TOO...

INTENTIONAL.

THE GUTTER
JUST GOT
UP CLOSE.

11:47 PM
Midori Ward
Shinonome Intersection





--CHK



--VRRP



--CHK



STABLE





THE CITY HUMS.
A MILLION VOICES
IN PERFECT
IGNORANCE.

I LISTEN ANYWAY.

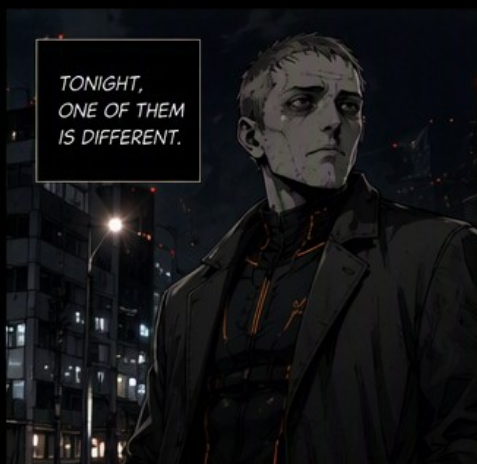


RESONANCE
VECTORS.
THIN ORANGE
THREADS AT THE
EDGE OF
AWARENESS.

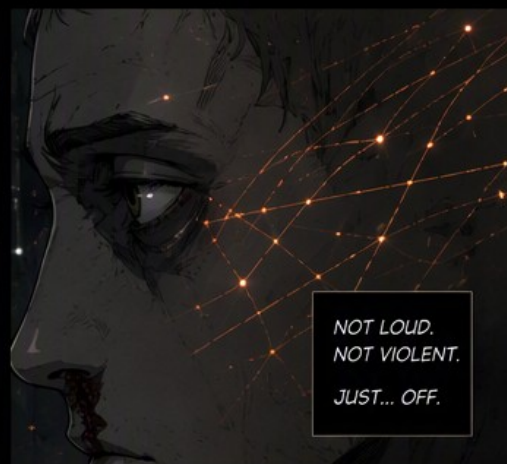
THEY MAP
INTENTION.
MOVEMENT.
DECAY.



I KNOW
THIS CITY.
ITS PATTERNS
ARE OLD
FRIENDS.



TONIGHT,
ONE OF THEM
IS DIFFERENT.



NOT LOUD.
NOT VIOLENT.
JUST... OFF.



A SHIFT.
SUBTLE.
DELIBERATE.



I DON'T KNOW
WHAT IT MEANS.



NOT YET.

D P R A I N E

EPISODE 07: VECTOR DRIFT



KESHIA PARLUN

FIELD CORRESPONDENT

11:47 PM
WESTVIEW DISTRICT
GATEWAY CITY

OFF CAMERA.

BETWEEN SEGMENTS.
NO ONE SEES
THIS PART.

ROUTE TO
CITY HALL.
SIMPLE.
I'VE DONE
THIS A
HUNDRED
TIMES.

To: City Hall
6 min • 1.8 mi

Route Updated
Faster Route Found

To: City Hall
6 min • 1.8 mi

THAT
ISN'T
RIGHT.

THOSE
STREETS
DON'T
EXIST.

TAP

JUST FOR
A SECOND.
JUST LONG
ENOUGH.

I DON'T
HAVE TIME
TO DWELL.

BACK TO
WORK.
THAT'S THE
JOB.

THE STORY
DOESN'T
PAUSE.
NEITHER
DO I.







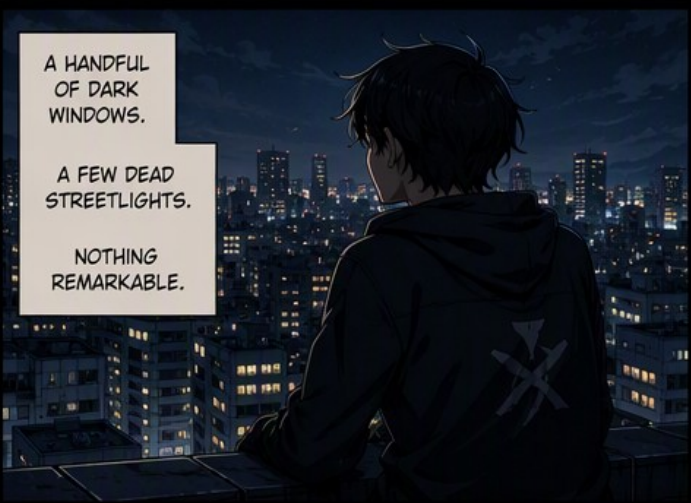
TO THE
UNTRAINED EYE,
IT'S JUST ANOTHER
NIGHT IN THE CITY.



A HANDFUL
OF DARK
WINDOWS.

A FEW DEAD
STREETLIGHTS.

NOTHING
REMARKABLE.



ONLY FROM
UP HERE DOES
THE PATTERN
BEGIN TO EMERGE.



BUT BY THEN,
IT'S ALREADY
TOO LATE.

