

SABLE
COMICS

01

\$5.99 US

孤独

HUMANITY DIDN'T DIE.
IT WAS REPURPOSED.

D PRAINE

VOLUME 1

BIOENGINEERED



A NEW SERIES BY
SETES DALIA

D PRAINE

He doesn't hunt for answers.
He maps the shape of what's broken.

Pattern.
Not panic.
Structure.
Not story.

I don't need a lead.
I need a lattice.

Signal behavior.
Infrastructure.
Human reports.
All of it.

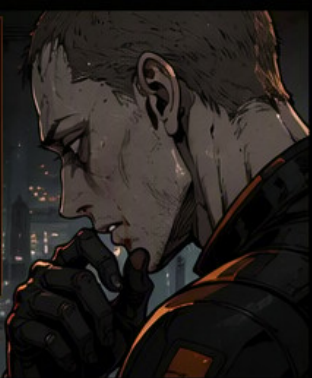
Cross-referenced.
Overlaid.
Interpreted.



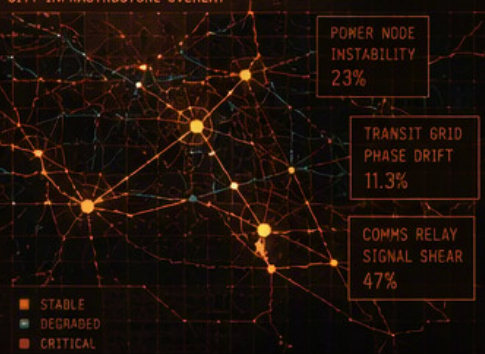
People want answers.

Clean.
Fast.
Comforting.

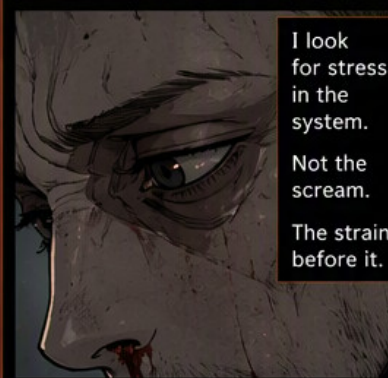
I don't deal in that currency.



CITY INFRASTRUCTURE OVERLAY



I look for stress in the system.
Not the scream.
The strain before it.



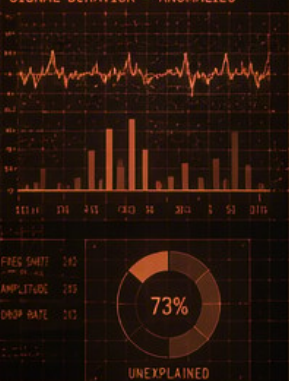
Distortions don't lie.

They hesitate.

Glitch.
Compensate.

That's where the truth leaks.

SIGNAL BEHAVIOR — ANOMALIES



HUMAN REPORTS — UNCORRELATED

Subway power flickered again. Third time this week.

Neighbors heard something at 3:17AM—metallic. Like dragging.

Drones hovering longer than usual over Sector 7.

Nerve discomfort. Not pain. Pressure. Behind eyes.

Water pressure drop. Then spike. No alert.

Smell of ozone. No source. Strong. Intermittent.

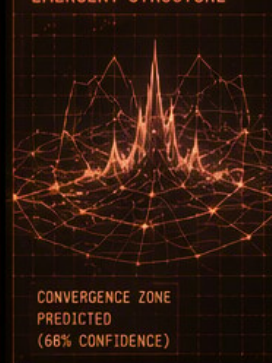
NO PATTERN FOUND (YET)

Reports are noise—until they aren't.

I don't believe them.

I graph them.

EMERGENT STRUCTURE



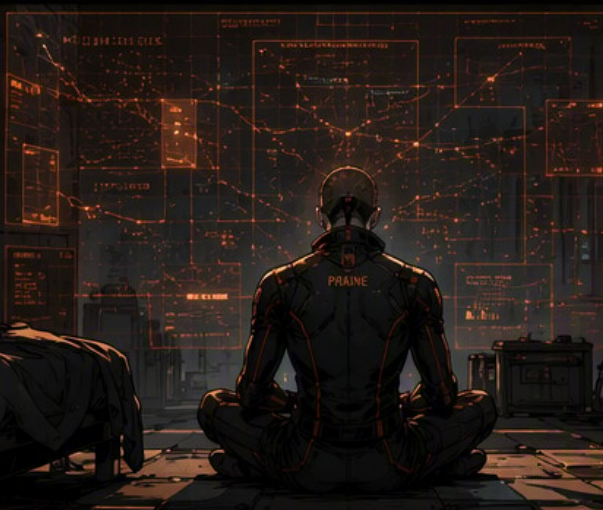
When the noise aligns...
...the shape emerges.
Then I watch where it's heading.

I don't solve problems.

I map inevitability.

So when I move—it's not a guess.

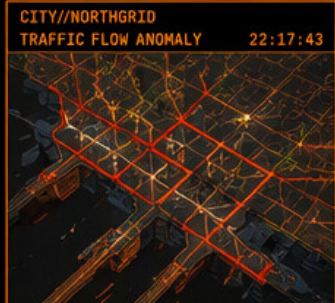
It's a line continued.



The city thinks I'm searching.
I'm not.

I'm reading what it refuses to say out loud.

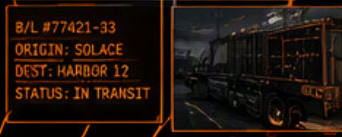
NEXT:
THE SHAPE BEFORE THE BREAK



ACCOUNT: ██████████45
AMOUNT: \$11,700.00
TO: SHELL CO. ████████
NOTE: CONSULT FEE



DELTA T:
+10.7°C
TIME: 22:17:42



TRANSMISSION
CORRUPTED
93% DATA LOSS

NODE//08.H
FACIAL RECOGNITION
NO MATCH FOUND
(THRESHOLD 0.97)



NODE//10.J
DIGITAL FOOTPRINT
OPERATIONAL SECURITY
EXCEPTIONAL



MULTI-LAYER MASKING
PROTOCOL ACTIVE

NODE//07.G
GARBAGE COLLECTION
IRREGULAR PICKUP
LOCATION SHIFT



ROUTE ID: G-77A
SCHEDULE: SUN 02:00
ACTUAL: SAT 23:42

PATTERN RECOGNIZED.
CORRELATION CONVERGING.



THEY THINK IN NOISE.
I THINK IN THREADS.

NODE//13.M
MARITIME TRAFFIC
AIS TRANSPONDER
SILENCE DETECTED



VESSEL ID: ████████
STATUS: OFFLINE
LAST PING: 22:11:07

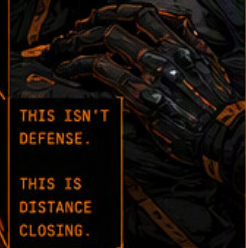
NODE//11.K
POWER GRID USAGE
SUBSTATION SURGE
OUTSIDE NORMAL



SUBSTATION: N-19
TIME: 22:16:59
SPIKE: 211%



EXPECTED ETA
02:13
ACTUAL ETA
--:--
DEVIATION
> 42 MIN



THIS ISN'T
DEFENSE.

THIS IS
DISTANCE
CLOSING.

NODE//12.L
INTERNAL COMMS
KEYWORD TRIGGER
HARBOR / OP / 77

OP WINDOW
CONFIRMED.

ASSET MOVING
INTO POSITION.

NO FAILURES.



TARGET IDENTIFIED
LOCATION // D7-HARBOR 12
TIME TO INTERCEPT
01:47:32



NODE//14.N
WEATHER PATTERN
UNUSUAL WIND SHIFT
STORM FRONT DIVERTED

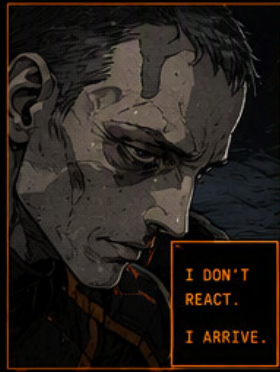


WIND VECTOR: NW->SE
SPEED: 34KM/H
IMPACT: VISIBILITY

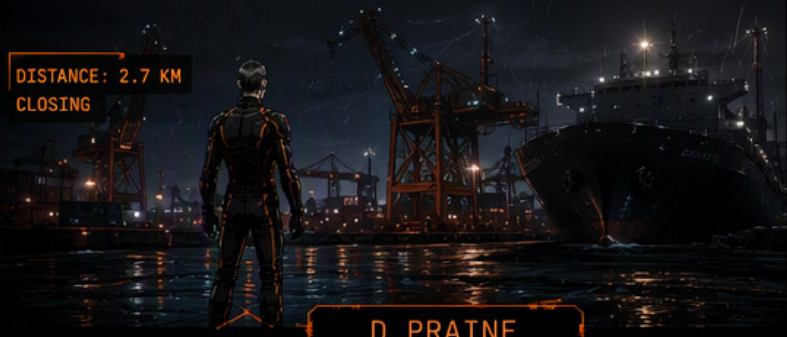


DARKNET//FORUM
THREDE 00:279ARB
USER: ██████

USER: SILENCER
POST: CONFIRMED
DELETION: PENDING

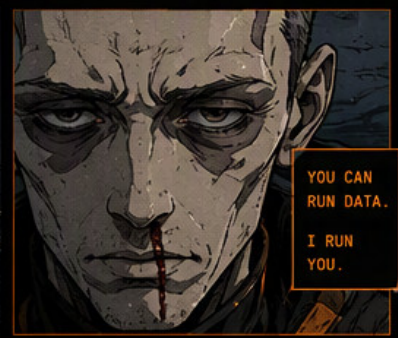


I DON'T
REACT.
I ARRIVE.



DISTANCE: 2.7 KM
CLOSING

D PRAINE



YOU CAN
RUN DATA.
I RUN
YOU.

D PRAINE

PROBABILISTIC SEARCH
ETA 00:02:17

OBJECTIVE:
UNKNOWN

"The city
doesn't hide
secrets."

It buries them
in noise."

TRUTH
IS PATTERN
NOT
LUCK

FRAGMENT 01

NOISE PATTERN RECOGNIZED
PROBABILITY: 18.7%

FRAGMENT 07

BEHAVIORAL OVERLAY MATCH
PROBABILITY: 9.3%

FRAGMENT 13

TEMPORAL ALIGNMENT
PROBABILITY: 3.1%

"Every lie
leaves
a pattern."

Every pattern
leads
somewhere."

FRAGMENT 21

SOCIAL VECTOR INTERSECT
PROBABILITY: 1.2%

FRAGMENT 29

ANOMAL CORRELATION
PROBABILITY: 0.48%

The field
is collapsing.

Truth isn't
hidden.
It's waiting.

FRAGMENT 38

CONVERGENCE LOCK
PROBABILITY: 0.07%

LOCKED

COORDINATES CONFIRMED

SEARCH CONVERGING
FINAL PROBABILITY LOCK

0.07%

TARGET LOCATION

OLD HARBOR DISTRICT
SECTOR 76
ABANDONED WAREHOUSE
GRID: H7-19-3

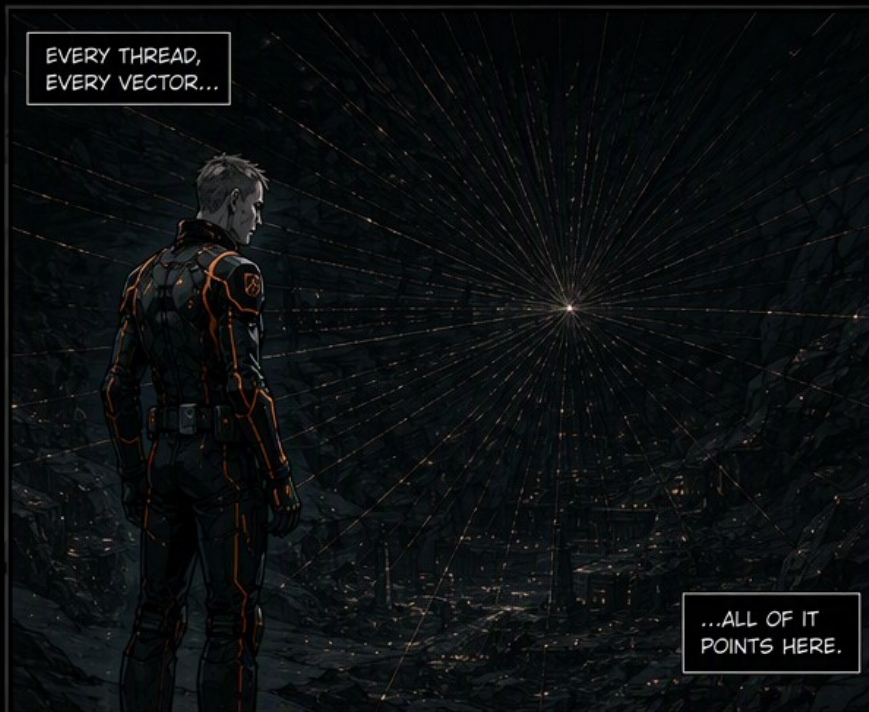
"Everything
ends where
it began."

THERE.



THE PATTERN
DOESN'T LIE.

NOT CHAOS.
NOT RANDOM.
CONVERGENCE.



EVERY THREAD,
EVERY VECTOR...

...ALL OF IT
POINTS HERE.



ONE FIXED POINT.

SOMETHING THIS LARGE.
THIS DELIBERATELY HIDDEN.



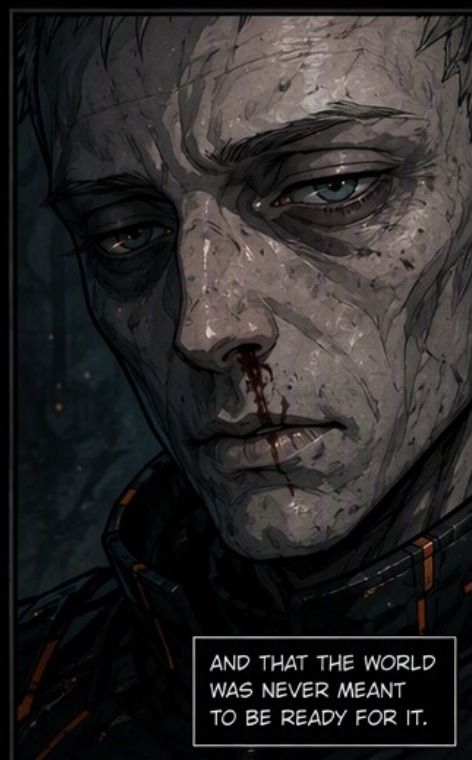
THERE'S NO
TRIUMPH IN
FINDING THIS.

ONLY THE
CHILL OF
KNOWING...



...THAT I'M CAPABLE
OF REACHING IT.

THAT I WAS
ALWAYS MEANT
TO FIND IT.



AND THAT THE WORLD
WAS NEVER MEANT
TO BE READY FOR IT.

D PRAINE

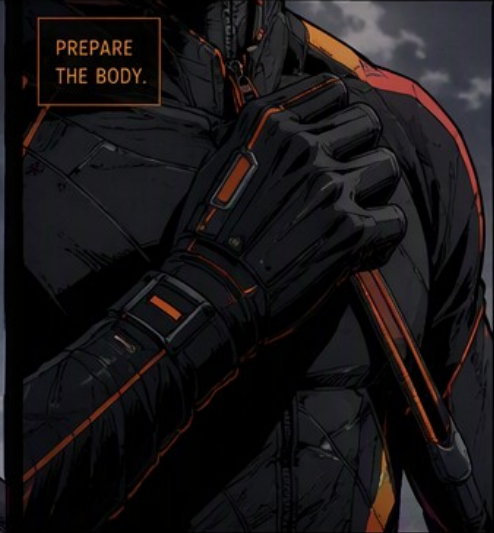
ONLY THE THREAT IS REAL.



DISTANT.
INDISTINCT.
BUT REAL.
OUTSIDE THE
REACH OF
PERCEPTION.
NOT OF
EXISTENCE.



THE EDGE
OF WHAT I
CAN SENSE...
NOTHING
MORE.



PREPARE
THE BODY.



FOCUS
THE MIND.



SOMETHING
WAITS.

AND IT IS
NOT AN IDEA.



IT HAS FORM.
LOCATION.
INTENT.
AND SOON—
CONTACT.

DP-01
ドレイン

THE HUNT IS NO LONGER HYPOTHETICAL.
IT HAS A DESTINATION.

END.

D PRAINE

UNLIKELY HERO

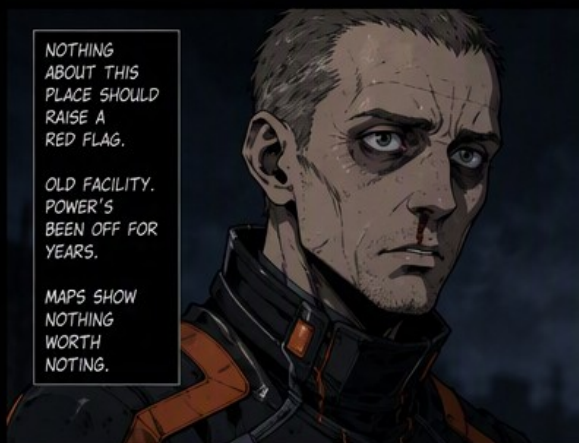
SECTOR 9-B
HATHERN INDUSTRIAL
EXCLUSION ZONE
23:47



NOTHING
ABOUT THIS
PLACE SHOULD
RAISE A
RED FLAG.

OLD FACILITY.
POWER'S
BEEN OFF FOR
YEARS.

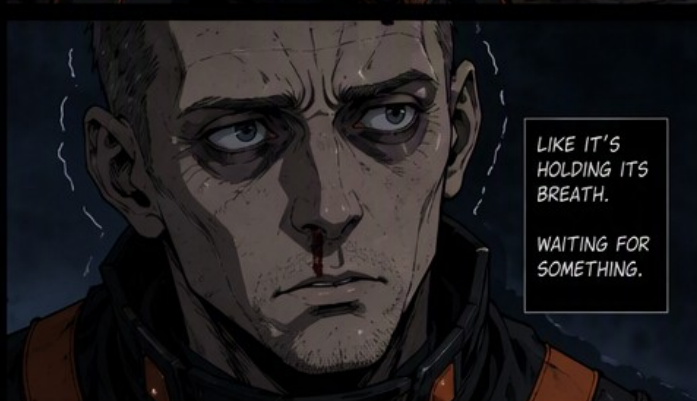
MAPS SHOW
NOTHING
WORTH
NOTING.



AND YET...

SOMETHING ABOUT
THE WAY IT SITS.

TOO QUIET.
TOO STILL.



LIKE IT'S
HOLDING ITS
BREATH.

WAITING FOR
SOMETHING.



NOT EVERY MONSTER
IS BORN.

SOME ARE MADE.

SOME PLACES
DO THE MAKING.



RAVENCROFT
CIVIC HOSPITAL.

BUILT TO HEAL.
BUILT TO HELP.

SOMEONE
ONCE WALKED
THROUGH THESE
DOORS HOPING
TO GET BETTER.



A MOTHER.
A CHILD.
A MAN WHO
BELIEVED IN
TOMORROW.

THAT WAS THE
PROMISE.



NOW LOOK
AT WHAT
IT'S FOR.

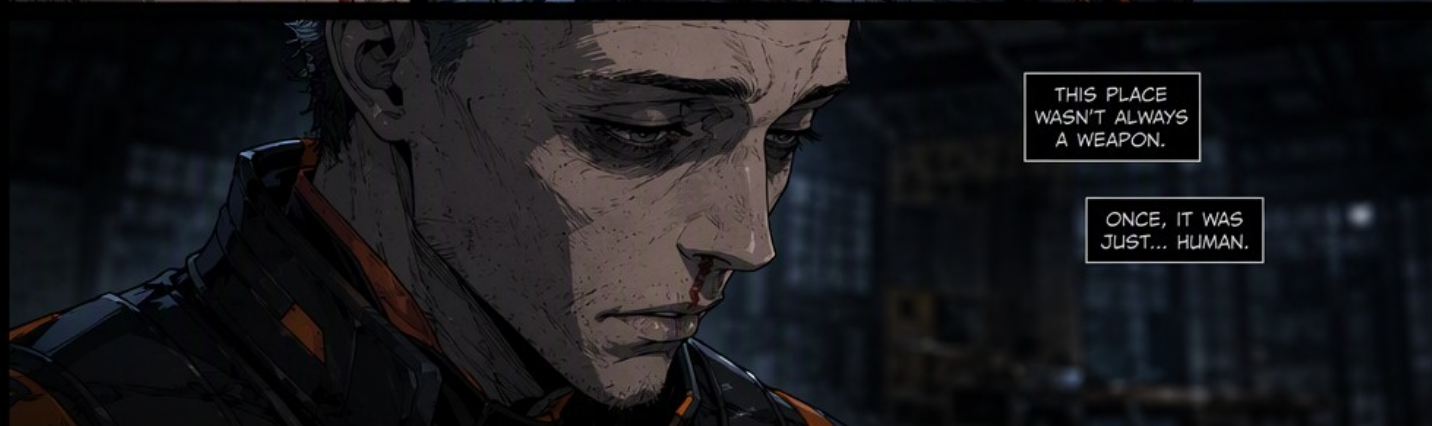


THEIR HOPE.
THEIR TRUST.
REPURPOSED.



I DON'T
SHAKE FROM
FEAR.

I SHAKE
BECAUSE I
REMEMBER.



THIS PLACE
WASN'T ALWAYS
A WEAPON.

ONCE, IT WAS
JUST... HUMAN.

SECTOR 12-7E // OUTER BELT
2:17 A.M.

NOT BUILT.
REARRANGED.

EVERY ANGLE
SERVES A PURPOSE.

JUST NOT ONE
I UNDERSTAND.



TOO PRECISE
TO BE HUMAN.

TOO HUMANE
TO BE ALIEN.

SOMETHING
IN BETWEEN.

OR
BEYOND.

THE PATTERN
DOESN'T REPEAT.

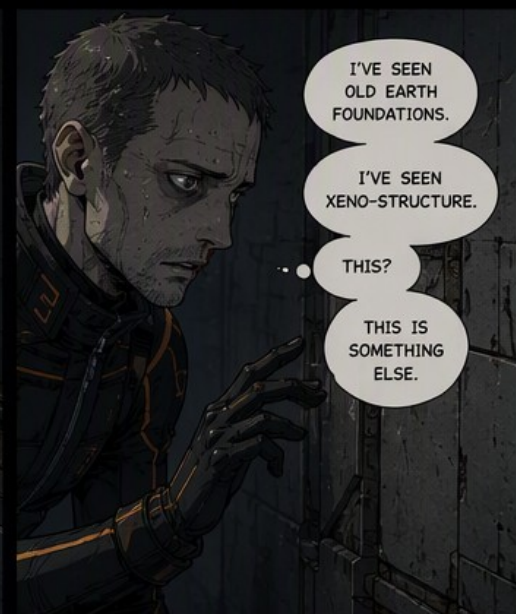
IT CORRECTS.

I'VE SEEN
OLD EARTH
FOUNDATIONS.

I'VE SEEN
XENO-STRUCTURE.

THIS?

THIS IS
SOMETHING
ELSE.



IT USES OUR
MATERIALS.

OUR CONCRETE.
OUR ALLOY.
OUR METHODS.

BUT THE LOGIC...

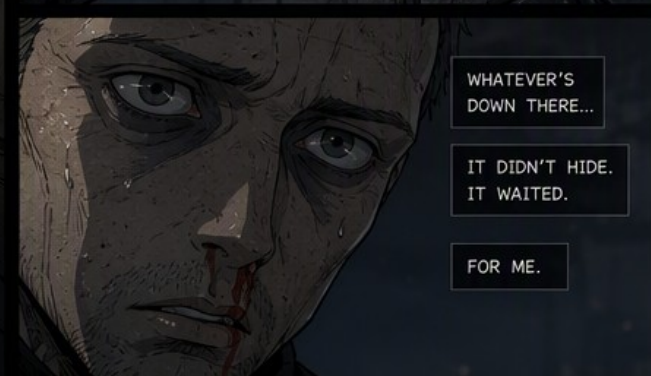
...THE LOGIC
ISN'T OURS.

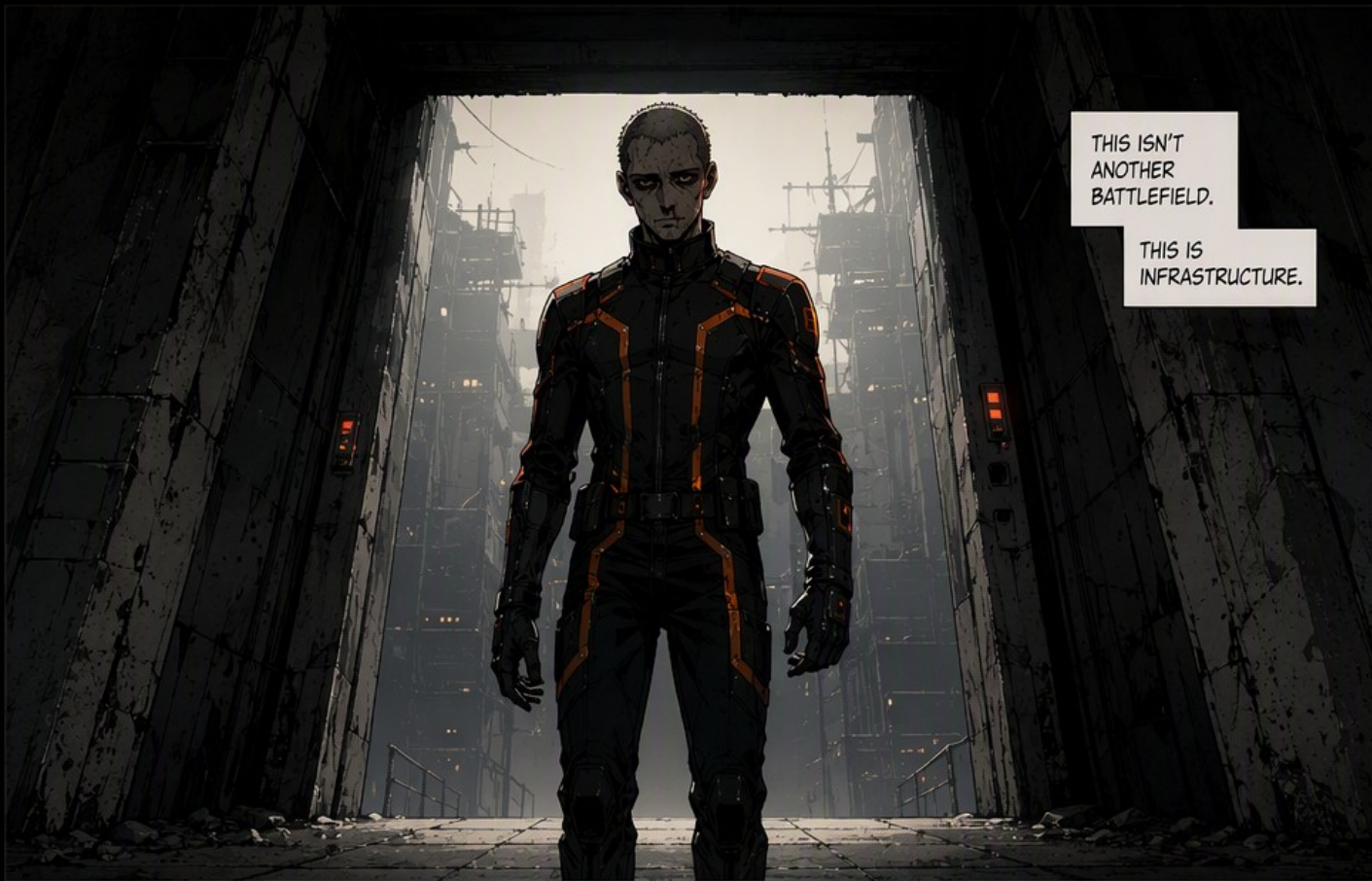


WHATEVER'S
DOWN THERE...

IT DIDN'T HIDE.
IT WAITED.

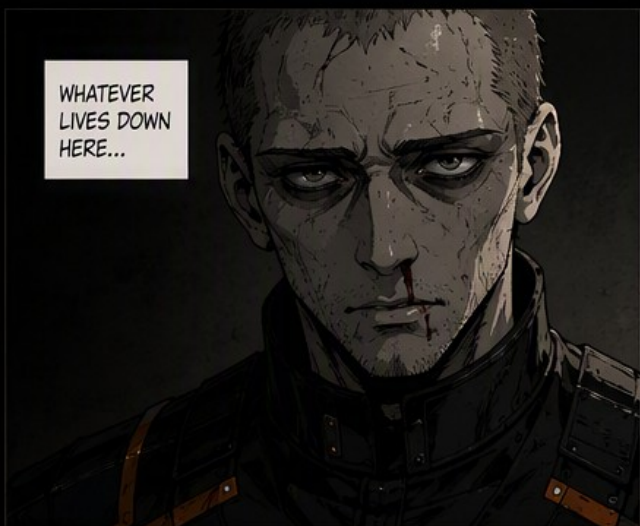
FOR ME.





THIS ISN'T
ANOTHER
BATTLEFIELD.

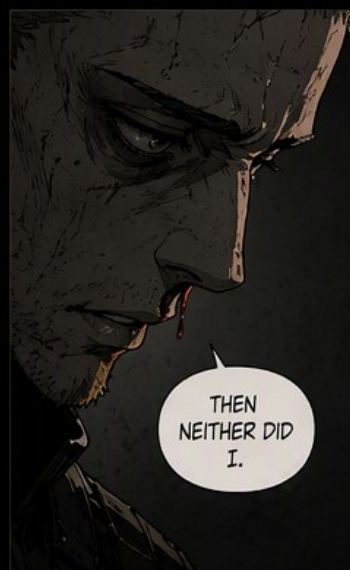
THIS IS
INFRASTRUCTURE.



WHATEVER
LIVES DOWN
HERE...



...IT DIDN'T
COME TO DIE.



THEN
NEITHER DID
I.



BEYOND
THIS POINT,
NOTHING IS
PROMISED.

TO BE CONTINUED
...SOMEWHERE
FAR WORSE.

D PRAINE
END OF ACT ONE

CLEARANCE: OMEGA
LOG END // FILE DP-7701

ANOTHER CORRIDOR.
ANOTHER MILE MARKER
IN A PLACE I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.

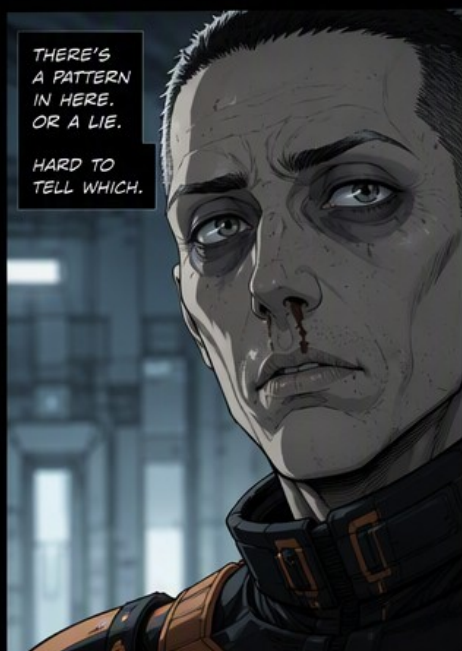
EVERY TURN LOOKS
THE SAME.

IT'S NOT.

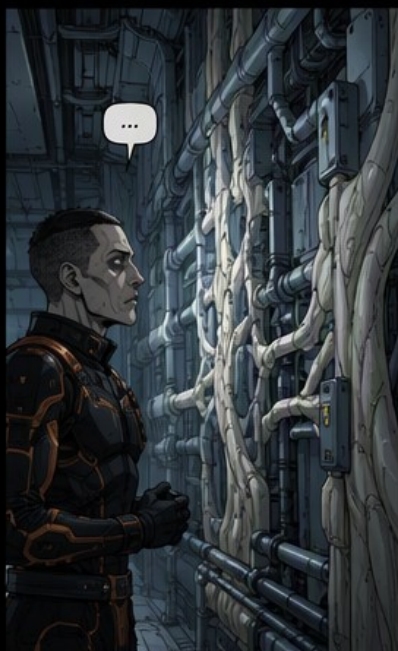


THERE'S
A PATTERN
IN HERE.
OR A LIE.

HARD TO
TELL WHICH.



...



NOT WIRING.
NOT PLUMBING.
SOMETHING
OLDER.
SOMETHING
THAT GREW
INTO THIS.
OR WAS
GROWN INTO.



I SHOULD
FEEL FEAR.

I FEEL...
WATCHED.
MEASURED.
TOLERATED.

LIKE I'M THE
FOREIGN THING.



WHATEVER
THIS IS...
IT DIDN'T
BUILD THIS
FOR ME.

I JUST
WANDERED
INTO ITS
HOUSE.

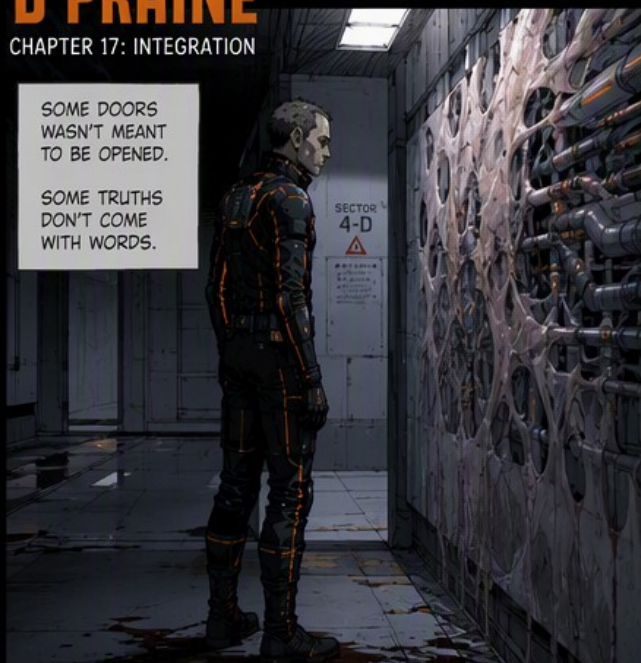


D PRAINE

CHAPTER 17: INTEGRATION

SOME DOORS
WASN'T MEANT
TO BE OPENED.

SOME TRUTHS
DON'T COME
WITH WORDS.



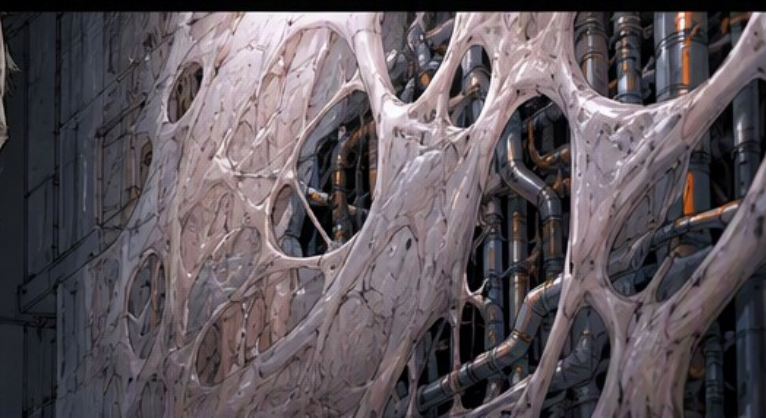
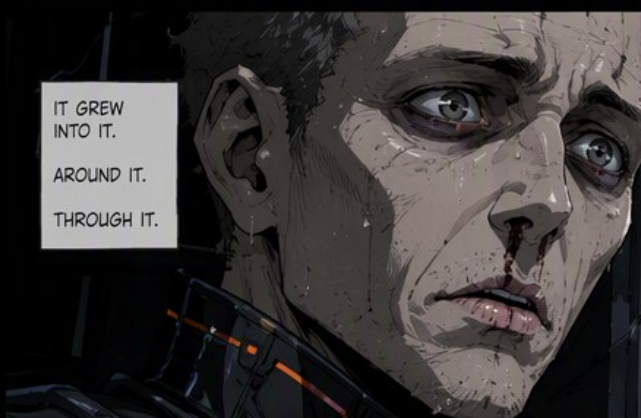
IT'S NOT
DAMAGE.

IT'S DESIGN.

IT GREW
INTO IT.

AROUND IT.

THROUGH IT.



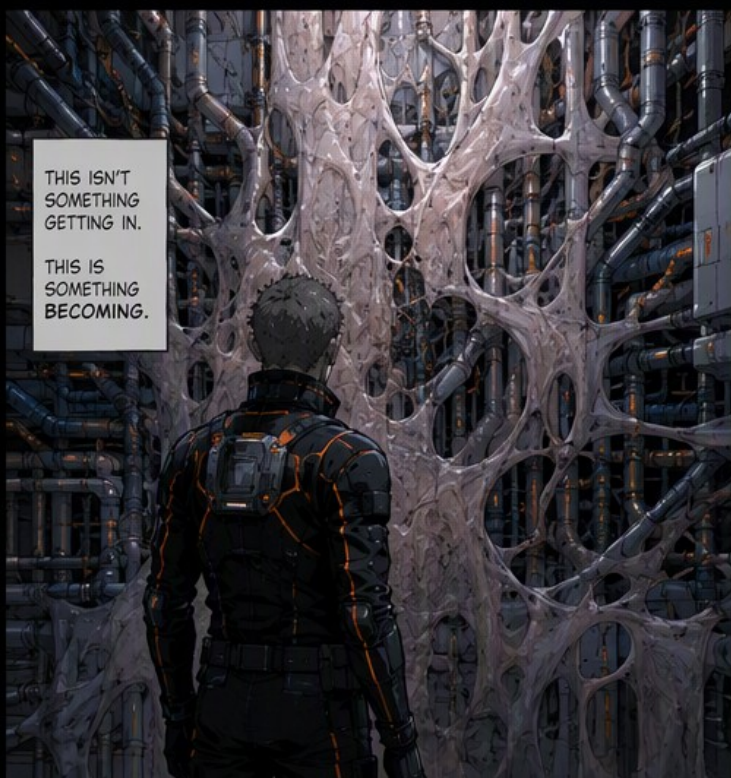
I'VE SEEN
A LOT OF
MONSTERS.

BUT THIS
AIN'T ONE
OF THEM.



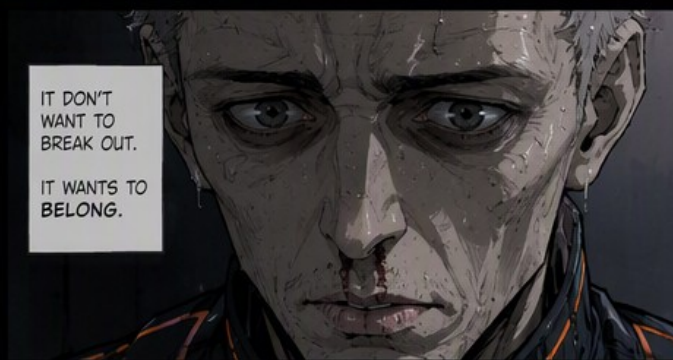
THIS ISN'T
SOMETHING
GETTING IN.

THIS IS
SOMETHING
BECOMING.



IT DON'T
WANT TO
BREAK OUT.

IT WANTS TO
BELONG.



AND
MAYBE...

IT ALREADY
DOES.

17:23:11:42

D PRAINE



EVERYTHING
IS WORKING.

EVERY SYSTEM.
EVERY FEED.
EVERY CONDUIT.

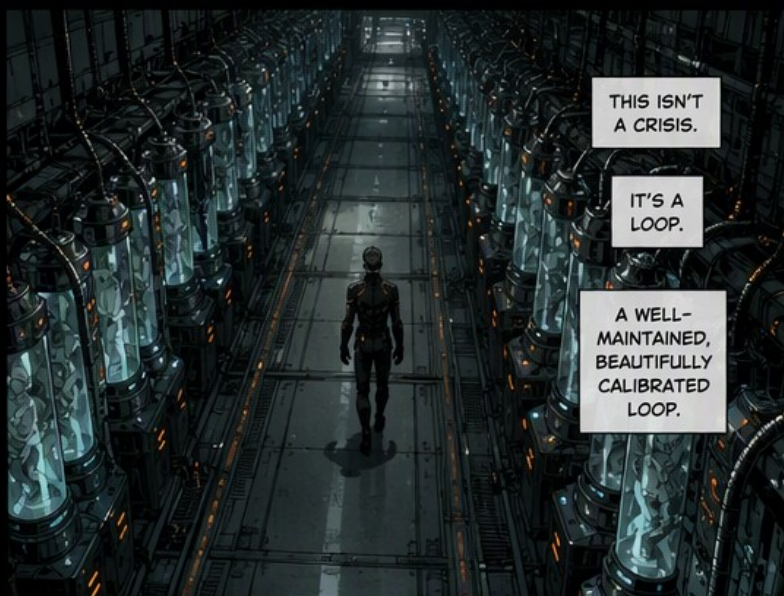
NO ERRORS.
NO ALERTS.
NO INTERRUPTIONS.

NOTHING
HAS GONE WRONG
IN A VERY LONG TIME.



I DON'T
FIX THINGS
ANYMORE.

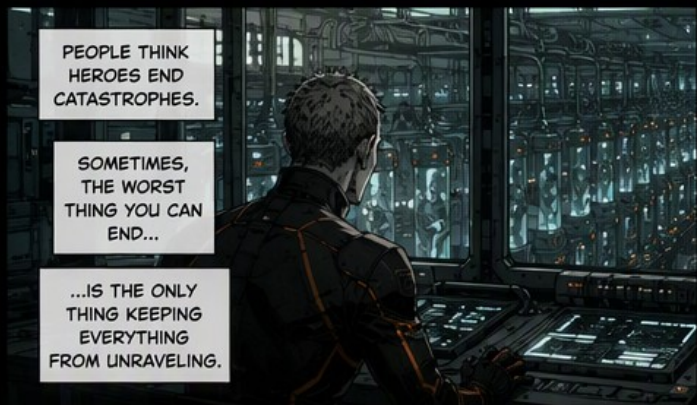
I JUST
CONFIRM THAT
THEY CONTINUE.



THIS ISN'T
A CRISIS.

IT'S A
LOOP.

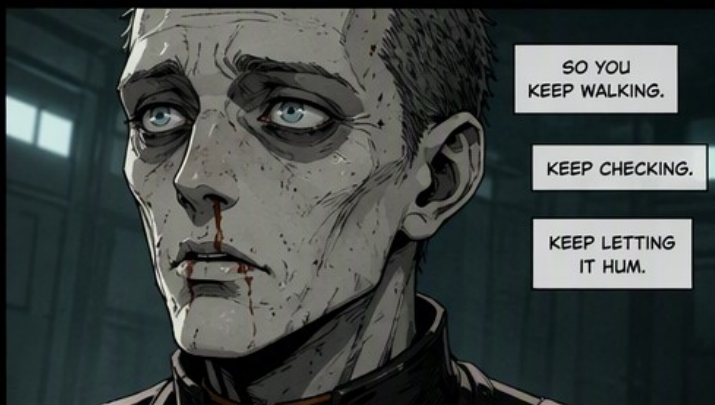
A WELL-
MAINTAINED,
BEAUTIFULLY
CALIBRATED
LOOP.



PEOPLE THINK
HEROES END
CATASTROPHES.

SOMETIMES,
THE WORST
THING YOU CAN
END...

...IS THE ONLY
THING KEEPING
EVERYTHING
FROM UNRAVELING.



SO YOU
KEEP WALKING.

KEEP CHECKING.

KEEP LETTING
IT HUM.



DAY AFTER DAY.
WEEK AFTER WEEK.
MONTH AFTER MONTH.
YEAR AFTER YEAR.

NOTHING BREAKS.
NOTHING CHANGES.

AND THAT'S THE HORROR OF IT.

THIS ISN'T THE END OF THE STORY.

THIS IS THE STORY.

D PRAINE
CONTINUITY IS THE CRUELST VILLAIN.



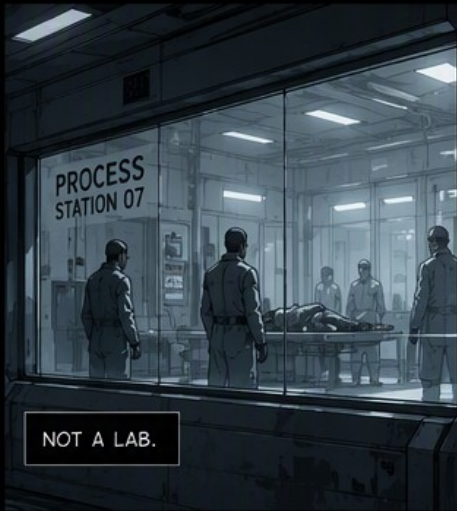
PIECES.

EVERY CORRIDOR.
EVERY LOG.
EVERY LOCKED
DOOR.

DISPOSAL CHUTES.
CHEM FLOW.
DRAINAGE.
POWER LOAD.

NOT RANDOM.
NOT DEFENSIVE.

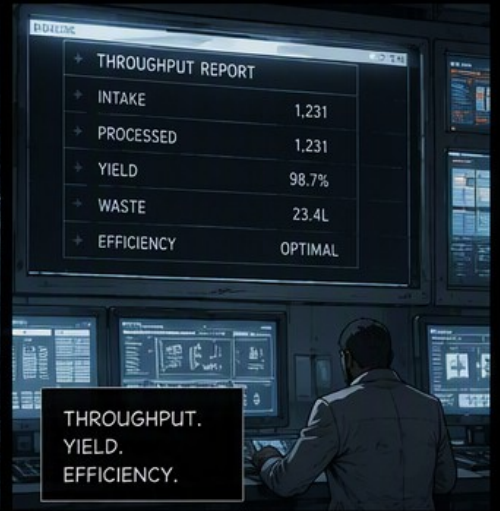
PATTERN.



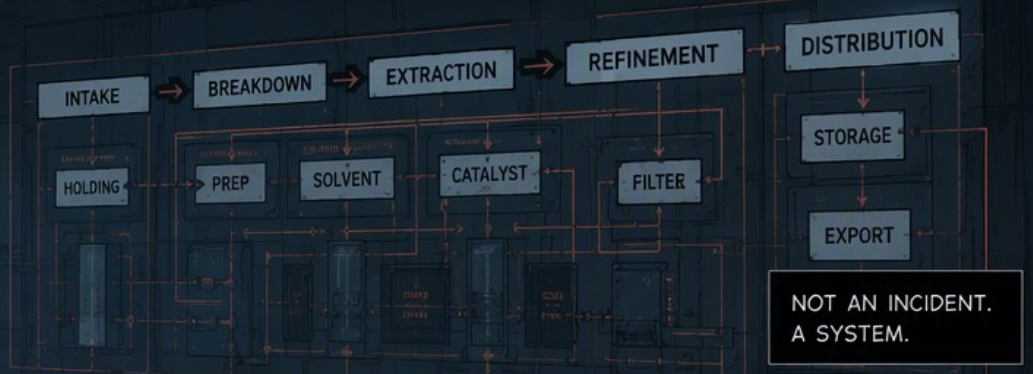
NOT A LAB.



NOT
CONTAINMENT.



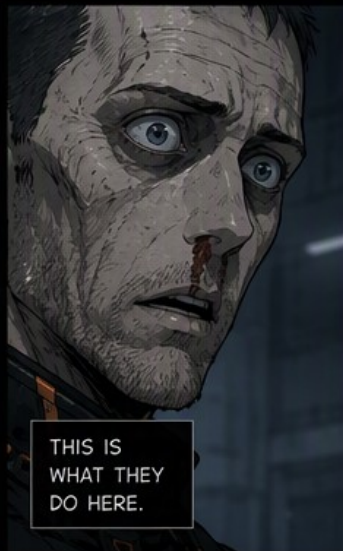
THROUGHPUT.
YIELD.
EFFICIENCY.



NOT AN INCIDENT.
A SYSTEM.



THIS ISN'T
FOR ONE.



THIS IS
WHAT THEY
DO HERE.



NOT TO
KEEP IT SAFE.



TO PROCESS IT.
OVER AND OVER.
FOR AS LONG
AS IT TAKES.

D PRAINE

CHAPTER 07 :
THE ARCHITECTURE OF SILENCE

THE ACCESS TUNNEL
WAS BUILT TO
DISCOURAGE
CURIOSITY.

NARROW.
FUNCTIONAL.
FORGETTABLE.

I EXPECTED A CHAMBER.
SOMETHING SMALL.
SOMETHING HUMAN.

I WAS WRONG.

...WHAT
THE HELL?

IT DOESN'T
OPEN UP ALL
AT ONCE.

IT BREATHES.

FIRST, SPACE.

THEN HEIGHT.

THEN... PURPOSE.

THIS ISN'T A ROOM.

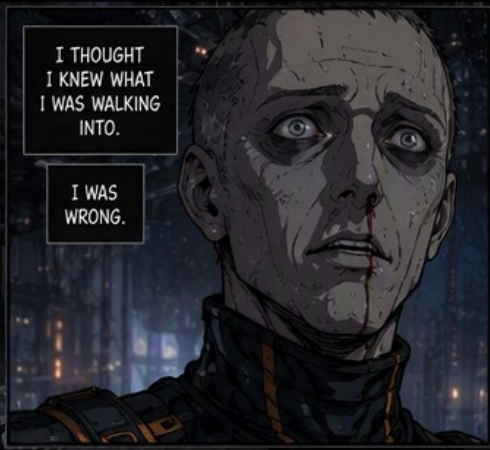
WHATEVER THEY'RE
BUILDING DOWN HERE...

AND SUDDENLY,

IT'S A PROMISE.

...IT WASN'T MEANT
FOR SOMEONE LIKE ME
TO UNDERSTAND.

I'M NOT SO SURE I
WANT TO.



I THOUGHT
I KNEW WHAT
I WAS WALKING
INTO.

I WAS
WRONG.



THIS ISN'T
A HIDEOUT.

IT'S NOT A
LAB.

IT'S AN
OPERATION.



ROWS.
UPON ROWS.

CONDUITS.
NERVES.

SOMETHING
ALIVE.

IT DOESN'T END
WHERE THE LIGHT
DIES.

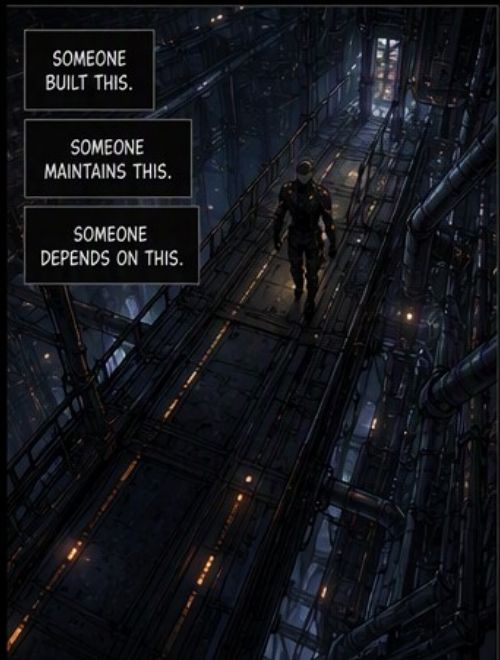
THERE IS NO EDGE.

THERE IS ONLY
EXTENT.

BLACKRIDGE FACILITY

SECTION UNKNOWN

STATUS: **COMPROMISED**



SOMEONE
BUILT THIS.

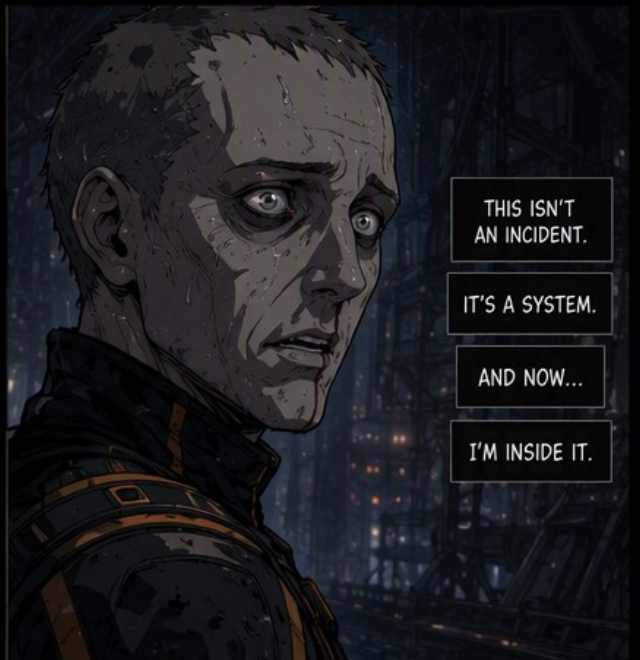
SOMEONE
MAINTAINS THIS.

SOMEONE
DEPENDS ON THIS.



AND SOMEONE
IS USING PEOPLE
LIKE ME TO KEEP
IT RUNNING.

TREMBLE
TREMBLE



THIS ISN'T
AN INCIDENT.

IT'S A SYSTEM.

AND NOW...

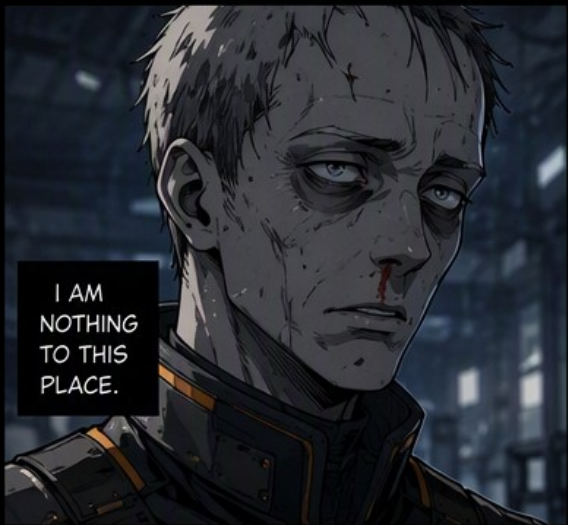
I'M INSIDE IT.



NO ALARMS.
NO VOICES.

NO ONE
EVEN LOOKS.

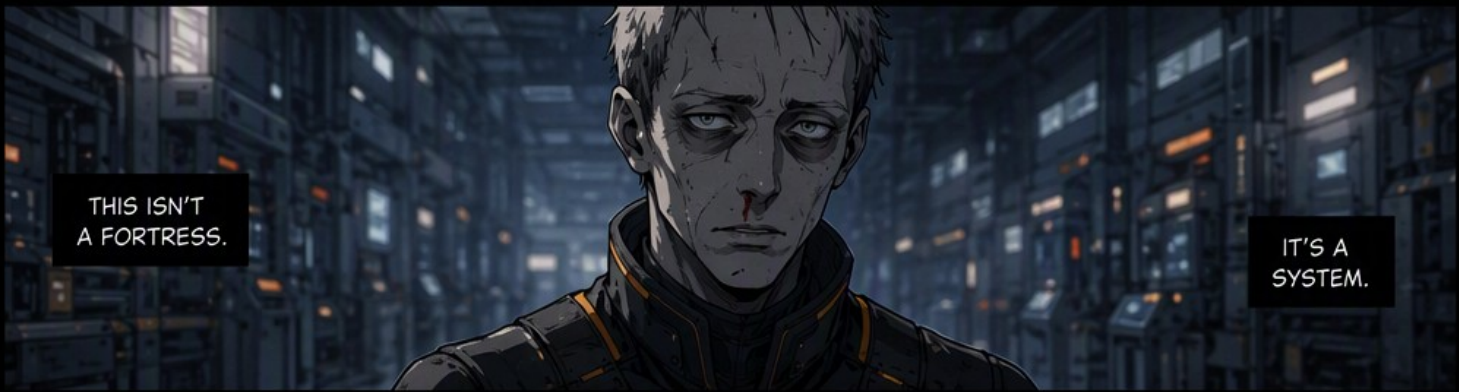
THE MACHINES
DO NOT CARE.



I AM
NOTHING
TO THIS
PLACE.

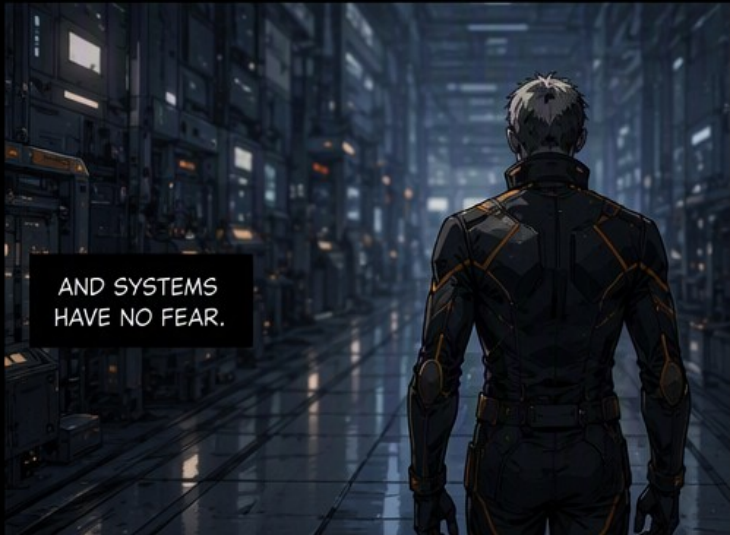


AND THAT
IS WHAT
UNNERVES
ME MORE
THAN ANY
WEAPON.



THIS ISN'T
A FORTRESS.

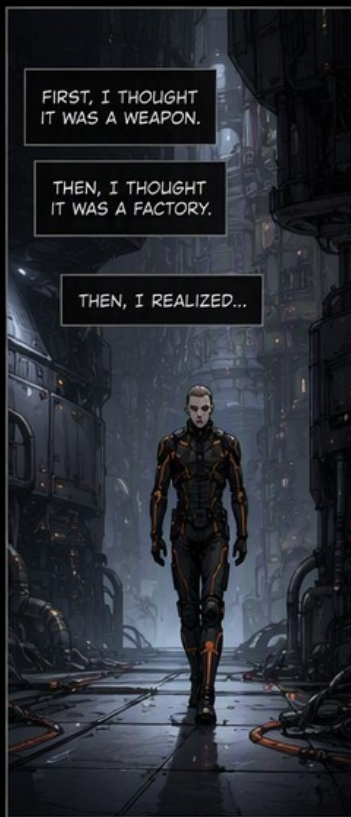
IT'S A
SYSTEM.



AND SYSTEMS
HAVE NO FEAR.



THEY ONLY
EXECUTE.



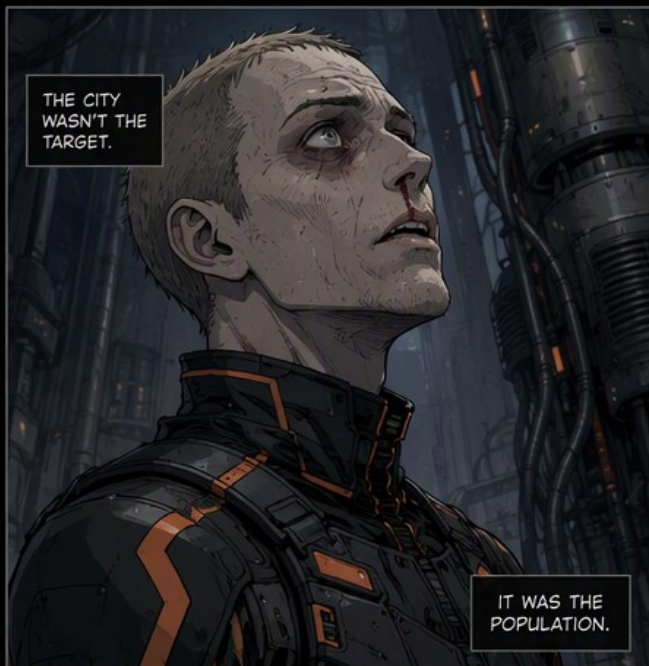
FIRST, I THOUGHT
IT WAS A WEAPON.

THEN, I THOUGHT
IT WAS A FACTORY.

THEN, I REALIZED...



...IT WASN'T TAKEN
APART.



THE CITY
WASN'T THE
TARGET.

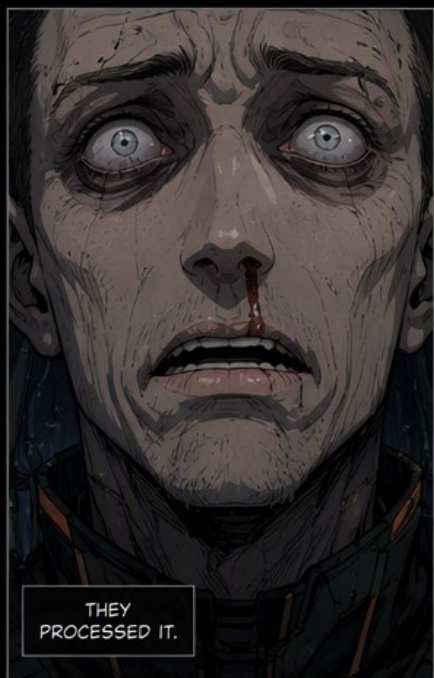
IT WAS THE
POPULATION.



IT WAS
INTEGRATED.



THEY DIDN'T
DESTROY IT...



THEY
PROCESSED IT.



THE PEOPLE...
WERE ALWAYS
THE OBJECTIVE.

THE WALL HOLDS
WHAT IT HAS TAKEN.

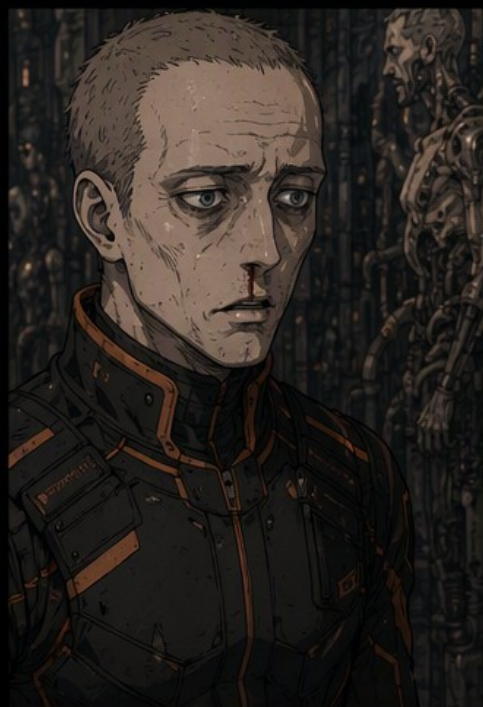
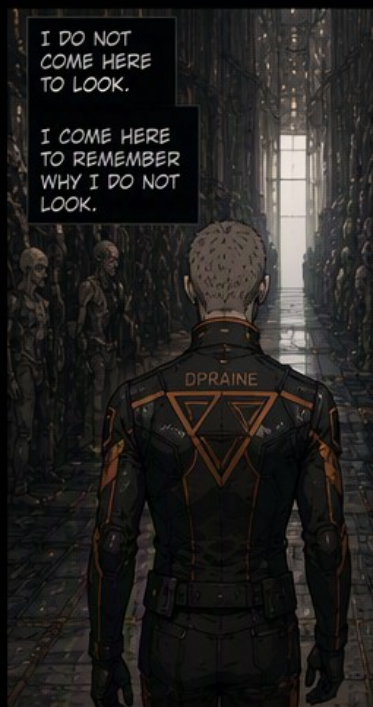
SOME STILL
HOLD THEMSELVES.

SOME DO NOT
ANY LONGER
RECOGNIZE THE
SHAPE OF
THEIR NAMES.



I DO NOT
COME HERE
TO LOOK.

I COME HERE
TO REMEMBER
WHY I DO NOT
LOOK.



SOMEWHERE
IN THE STATIC—

A FACE.

BEFORE
THE STORY.



NOT YET
A THING.

JUST
SOMEONE.



RECOGNITION
IS A KNIFE.

UNDERSTANDING
IS THE TWIST.









THEIR SORTING LOGIC
WAS NEVER ABOUT SAVING.

IT WAS ABOUT
ALLOCATING VALUE.

INSIDE THEIR SYSTEM,
THERE WAS NO ROOM
FOR MERCY.

THIS WAS
TRIAGE AT SCALE.

AND THE COST OF
ONE LIFE WAS ALWAYS
PAID BY ANOTHER.



YOU'RE
STILL IN THE
GREEN.

I CAN GET
YOU OUT.

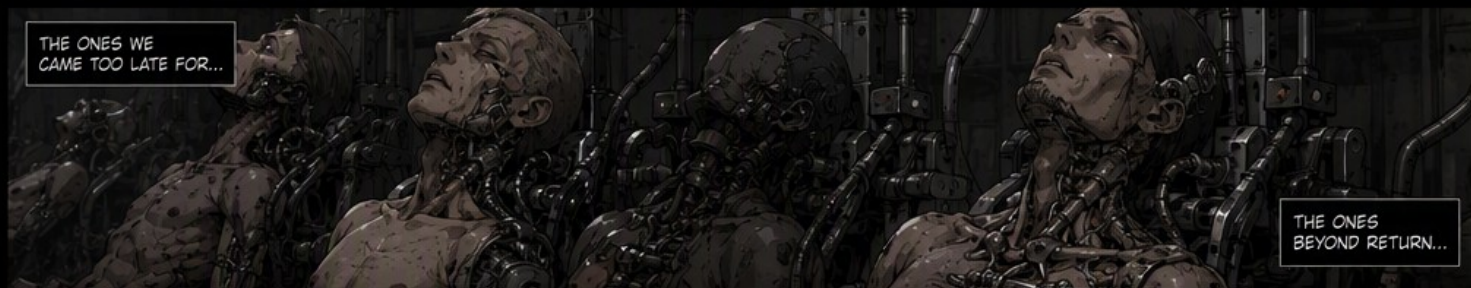
THEY
AREN'T.



LOOK
AROUND
YOU.

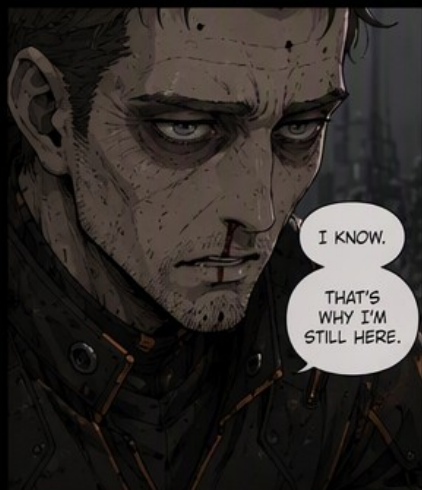
THEY'RE
NOT GREEN.

THEY'RE
GONE.



THE ONES WE
CAME TOO LATE FOR...

THE ONES
BEYOND RETURN...



I KNOW.

THAT'S
WHY I'M
STILL HERE.



YOU CAN'T
SAVE THEM
ALL.

WHY ME?



BECAUSE
RIGHT NOW...

YOU'RE
THE ONE
I CAN.

NOT A CLEAN RESCUE.
JUST A CHOICE.

