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# CHAPTER 1

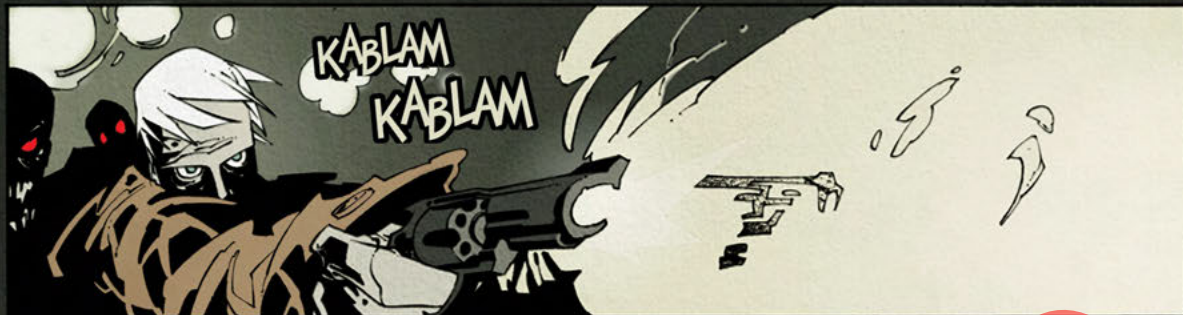


GAHHGGG

SHIT...  
NO... NOT  
NOW!

GAHHGGG









N-NO...  
GEROFF... GET...  
OH GODDAMMIT.

Morning,  
Sunshine. Bad  
dream?

-GROAN-

SHUT UP,  
WYATT...

Aww,  
poor guy.

GODDAMIT, WYATT!  
CAN'T I HAVE JUST ONE  
MORNING WHERE YOU DON'T  
SAY A FUCKING THING? JUST  
SHUT THE FUCK UP AND LET  
ME GET ON MY FEET?

You know, that  
kind of anger is  
not doing you any  
good. It's aged you  
quite severely.  
By the way...

...You're  
late for  
work.

What?  
No morning  
cuddle?

SHIT!

SO LET ME SEE IF I  
UNDERSTAND THIS. THIS KID  
HAD HIS EYES CUT OUT?

COMPLETELY  
REMOVED.

HOW?

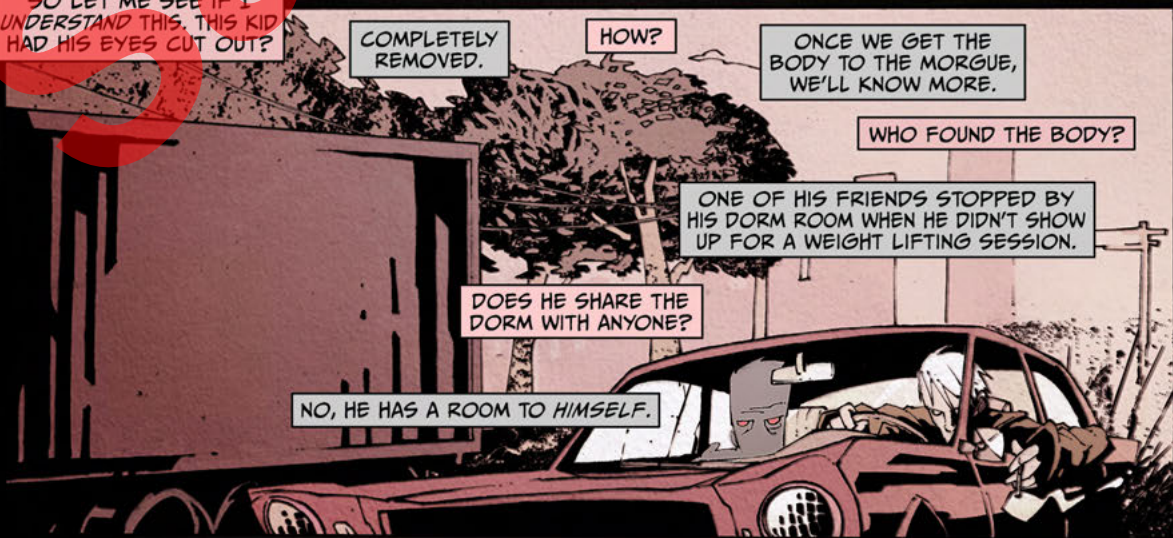
ONCE WE GET THE  
BODY TO THE MORGUE,  
WE'LL KNOW MORE.

WHO FOUND THE BODY?

ONE OF HIS FRIENDS STOPPED BY  
HIS DORM ROOM WHEN HE DIDN'T SHOW  
UP FOR A WEIGHT LIFTING SESSION.

DOES HE SHARE THE  
DORM WITH ANYONE?

NO, HE HAS A ROOM TO HIMSELF.





ANYTHING ELSE I SHOULD KNOW?

BY THE WAY, YOUR NEW PARTNER IS ALREADY THERE.

OH?

YEAH, DETECTIVE CLAIRE SANCHEZ. NEW TRANSFER FROM UPTOWN.

I'VE HEARD OF HER.

TRY NOT TO SCARE THIS ONE OFF STONE...

YEAH FUCK OFF...

Stonewall University...

THE SCENE WAS VERY CLEAN... ALMOST TOO MUCH SO. FORENSICS HAS SWEEPED IT BUT EXCEPT FOR A DEAD BODY, NOTHING SEEMS OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

MORNING, TODD. SO WHAT'S GOING ON?

POOR BASTARD DIDN'T SEE IT COMING.

DAMMIT, IT'S TOO EARLY FOR PUNS. SO WE HAVE A VICTIM WITH NO EYES, BUT OTHER THAN THAT, EVERYTHING ELSE IS FINE.

YEAH, NOT A WHOLE LOT TO TELL. NO FOOT IMPRESSIONS, BARELY ANY SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE. HIS CHAIR HAD BEEN KNOCKED OVER, BUT THAT WAS IT.

WE QUESTIONED ALL THE RESIDENTS BUT NO ONE SAW ANYONE WHO WASN'T A STUDENT. HE SEEMED PRETTY POPULAR.

THEY SAID HE WAS DECENT, REALLY GOOD LOOKING...

...UNTIL SOMEONE FUCKED UP HIS FACE.

WHAT ABOUT OUTSIDE? DID ANYONE SEE OR HEAR ANYTHING STRANGE?