



**FOUR PANES**

How long has  
he been at it?

About twelve hours or so.  
Only stops to look  
through the glass once  
in a while.

So what do you  
know so far?

So far. Not much.  
But he really  
doesn't like you.

I think he has it in for you - I think that's you he's been drawing all this time. Three units are out right now tracking down some of the leads. One address in particular is on your old beat.



Right. Has he spoken a word since we picked him up?



Just some really bizarre speaking in tongues kind of stuff - you should go down to the lab and check out the tapes.



So what address was it that red-flagged you into calling me?

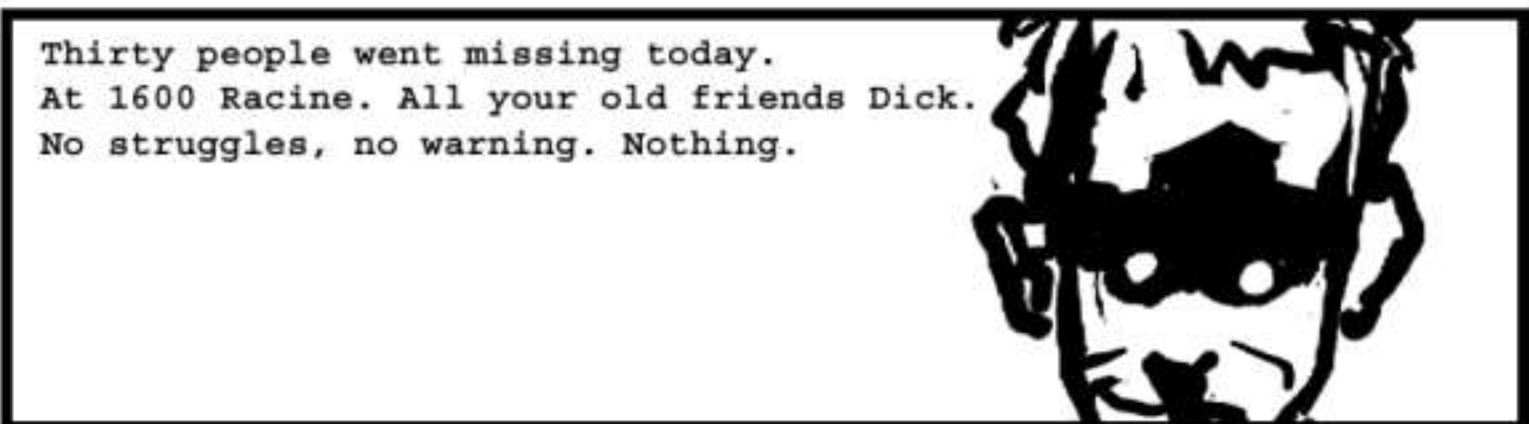




1600 Racine Ave.  
Sound familiar?



We were hoping that as soon  
as you showed up he'd talk.



Thirty people went missing today.  
At 1600 Racine. All your old friends Dick.  
No struggles, no warning. Nothing.

I'll head out there now. Send me what  
images you can, but don't go in there  
unless he's sedated.

You'll regret it  
if you do.



1600 Racine Ave.

30 missing without a trace.  
Burton didn't say so but  
someone thinks this is my fault.



This is where I  
found him for the  
first time.



He had the same  
pencil and paper  
routine then.



"30 missing without a trace.  
Burton didn't say so but  
someone thinks this is my fault."



Can you  
hear me?



What the...?



Dick?



Dick - he picked one  
out for special  
viewing - ring  
any bells?



Wait - I think I  
see something.

There are four panes  
in your window to  
real life.







adfuiaweruierntmadnasdv,basdvknba  
lhasdfiuaeljhasdgljhasdvjklbhasdvbj  
advhjasdvhjasdvjhdiavuiarglnhafbvj  
dvasdvasdvadvasdghghjkhjgjhkhjkhj








This window is clever.  
But I can see past it.



Take out your gun.



You are going to use it.  
That's how I drew you.  
Scared.  
Not very committed.  
Not my best work.



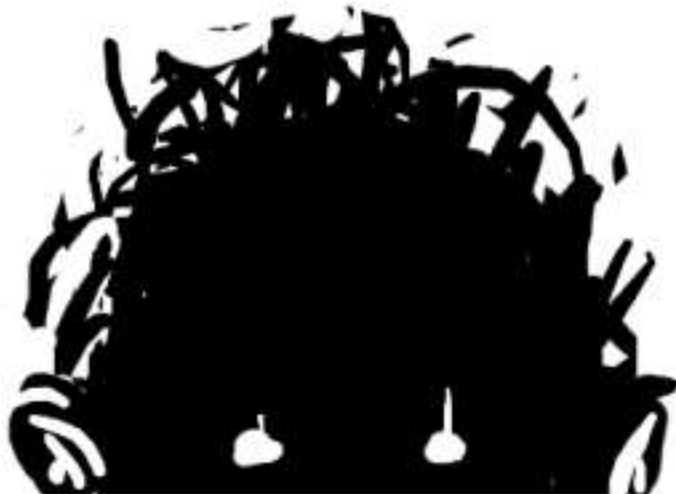


Now about your partner



Keep climbing,  
you're alone now.

I wanted to tell  
you something  
last time we met.



Something about a pen being mighty...the rest I forget.

I think I told you once before I  
needed you to understand me.



I brought you to the  
window where you'll  
finally understand me.





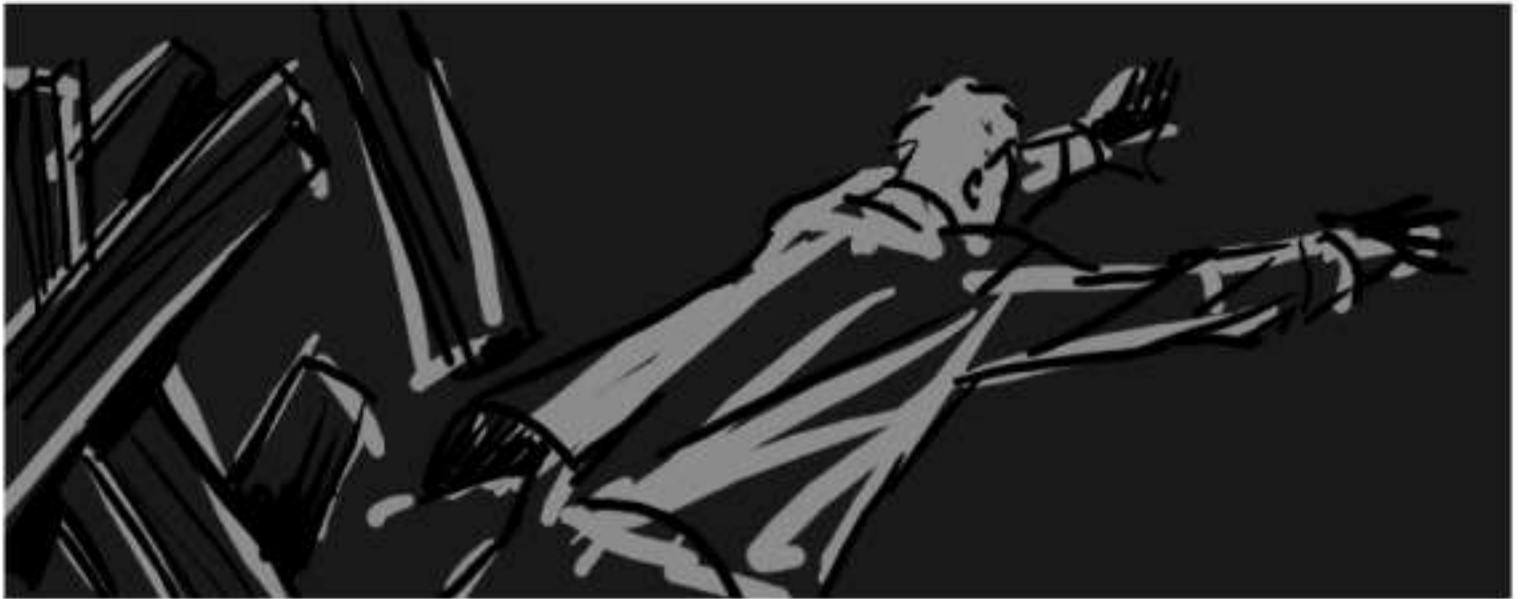
The first pane...  
Is how I see you  
in my world.



The second pane...  
Is the way you see yourself.

Can you see yourself?  
We're both broken.

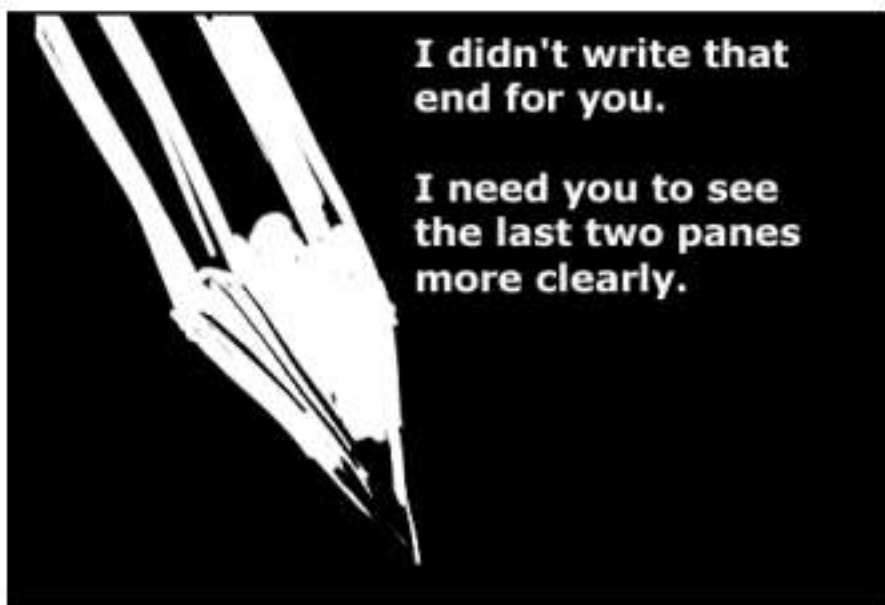






**That wasn't a window  
you just jumped  
through.**

**It was a piece of paper.**



**I didn't write that  
end for you.**

**I need you to see  
the last two panes  
more clearly.**



**The third pane tells  
you what others  
think of you.**

**I should be dead.**



**The last pane tells you who you really are.**

**You should only care about the last pane in the window.**

**That is why I let you live.**





**No one disappeared - no one - 30 pieces of paper.**

**Your friend - the one with the gun? He didn't see through the last pane. He couldn't.**

**Let me explain what that means - he wasn't a cop and neither were you.**

**You were better than that.**

**So I let you live.**



**All artists hang onto the work that makes them feel like real artists.**

**You were my best work. You were self-aware.**

**Drawings aren't supposed to be self aware.**





**So remember my name okay, buddy.**



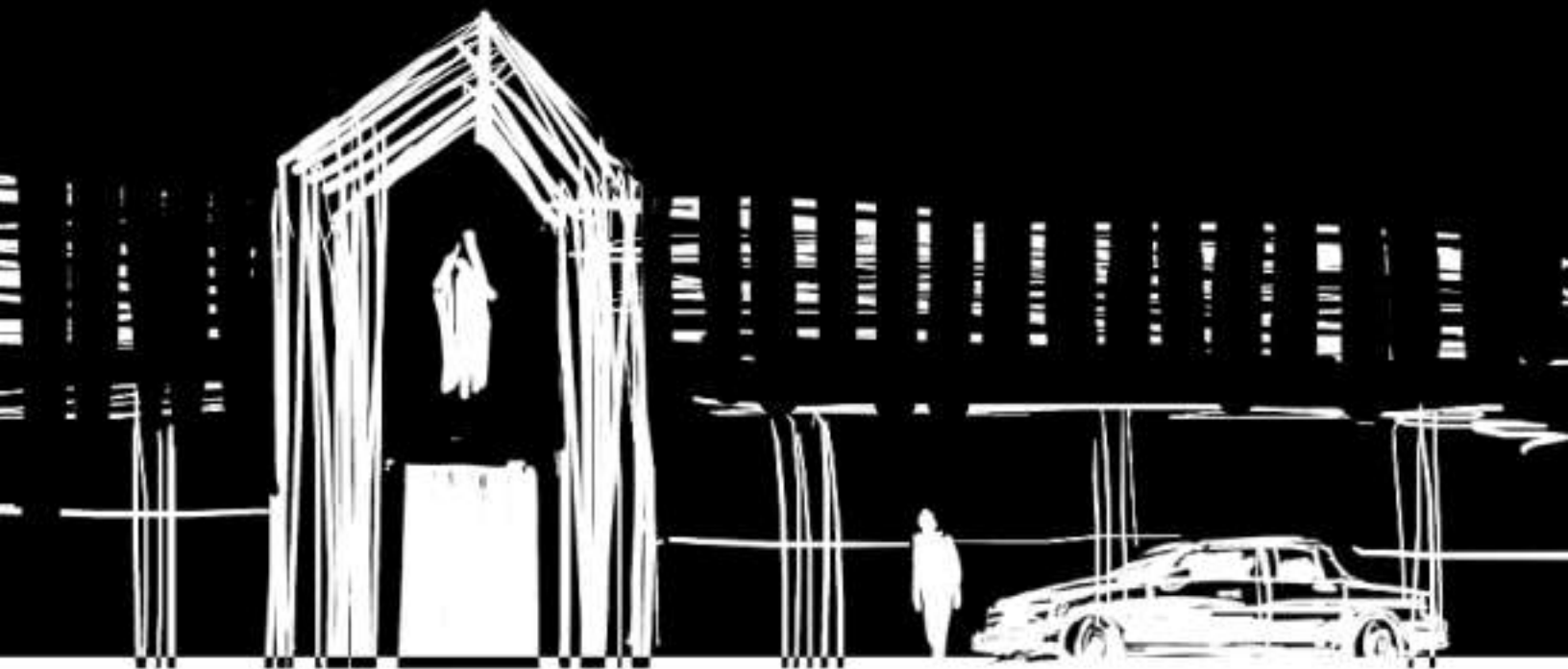


Don't really know what happened - have to get back to the station.



I don't know what to make of this ....





I wonder if our little egg finally cracked.



Holy God!



**I remember that night Simon. I remember you.**

**end**