

THERE ARE MANY  
NAMES FOR *SHARN*.

THE CITY OF *TOWERS*.

THE CITY OF *KNIVES*.

THE CITY OF A *THOUSAND EYES*.

BUT SPEND ANY TIME  
THERE AND YOU COME TO  
KNOW HER *TRUE NAME*;  
THE NAME THAT BEATS  
BENEATH HER *ANCIENT*,  
*HARDENED* HEART...

...THE CITY OF *LOST SOULS*.



"YOUR FIRST MISTAKE WAS IN ASSUMING YOU WERE *SMARTER* THAN EVERYONE ELSE. IT'S QUITE A *COMMON* MISTAKE AMONG THE *RICH*."



"IT'S SOMETHING I MYSELF THINK ON *FREQUENT* OCCASIONS, EXCEPT IN *MY* CASE IT'S *TRUE*."

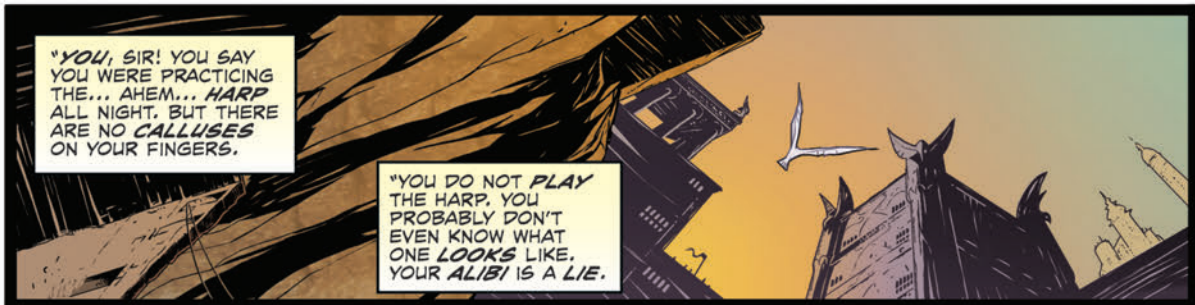


"*YOU*, FOR INSTANCE, YOU CLAIM YOU WERE AT—AND FORGIVE ME FOR LAUGHING—AN *ART* CLASS, PAINTING THAT RATHER *TERRIBLE* STILL LIFE OUT IN THE CORRIDOR."

"EXCEPT THE *PATTERN* OF *BRUSHSTROKES* SUGGESTS A LEFT-HANDED ARTIST, WHEREAS *YOU* ARE *RIGHT*-HANDED."

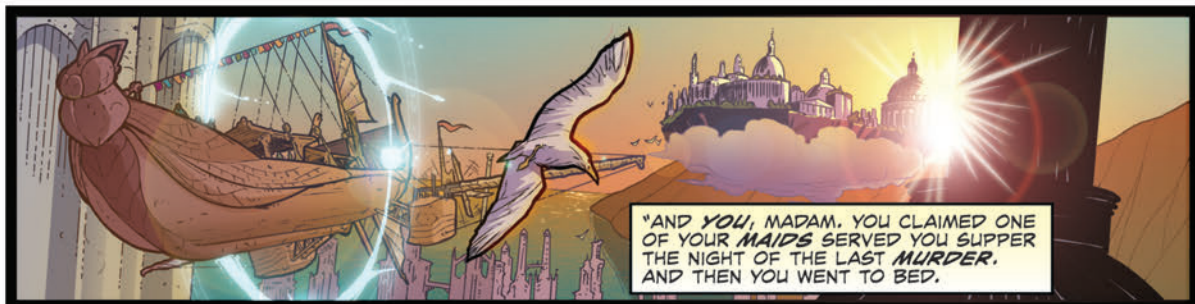


"AND BEFORE YOU ASK HOW I KNOW, THE VARNISH YOU USE TO DECORATE YOUR NAILS IS *IMMACULATE* ON YOUR LEFT HAND, BUT *SLOPPY* ON THE RIGHT. THEREFORE, YOU ARE *RIGHT*-HANDED."



"YOU, SIR! YOU SAY YOU WERE PRACTICING THE... AHEM... **HARP** ALL NIGHT, BUT THERE ARE NO **CALLUSES** ON YOUR FINGERS.

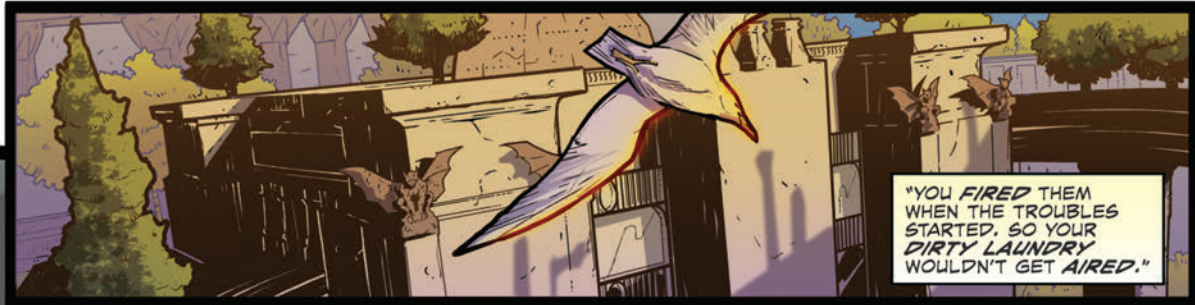
"YOU DO NOT **PLAY** THE HARP, YOU PROBABLY DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT ONE **LOOKS** LIKE, YOUR **ALIBI** IS A **LIE**."



"AND YOU, MADAM, YOU CLAIMED ONE OF YOUR **MAIDS** SERVED YOU SUPPER THE NIGHT OF THE LAST **MURDER**, AND THEN YOU WENT TO BED."



"BUT I CAN SEE FROM YOUR **DIRTY** CLIFFS AND THE SLIGHT RING OF GREASE AROUND YOUR COLLAR THAT YOU **HAVE** NO MAIDS."



"YOU **FIRED** THEM WHEN THE TROUBLES STARTED, SO YOUR **DIRTY LAUNDRY** WOULDN'T GET **AIRIED**."



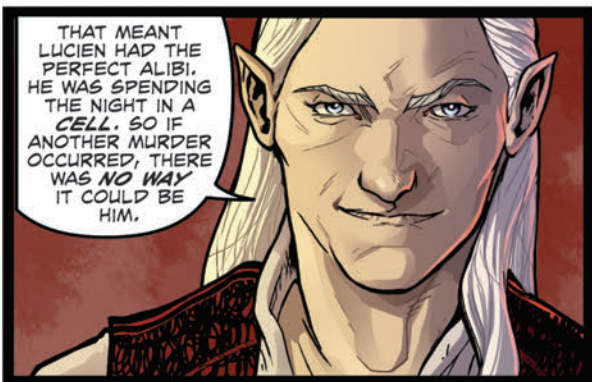
IF YOU'LL **PARDON** THE **PUN**.





YOUR **PREPOSTEROUS** ALIBIS GOT ME WONDERING. WHAT WAS THE **POINT?** WHAT WERE YOU TRYING TO **ACHIEVE?**

AND THEN I REALIZED. ON THE NIGHT OF THE **FINAL MURDER**—THE NIGHT YOU ALL CONCOCTED YOUR ALIBIS FOR—YOUNG LUCIEN HAD BEEN **ARRESTED** FOR BEING **DRUNK** AND **DISORDERLY**.



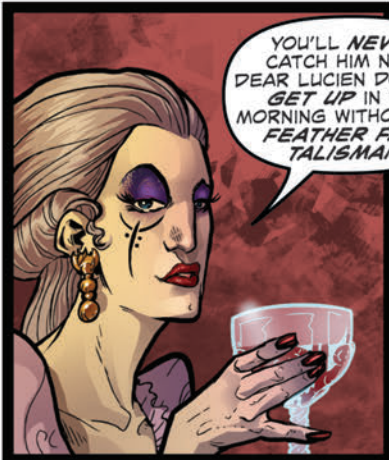
THAT MEANT LUCIEN HAD THE PERFECT ALIBI. HE WAS SPENDING THE NIGHT IN A **CELL**. SO IF ANOTHER MURDER OCCURRED, THERE WAS **NO WAY** IT COULD BE HIM.



I PUT IT TO YOU THAT YOU ARE **ALL GUILTY!** LUCIEN FOR THE **FIRST SEVEN MURDERS**, AND YOU THREE FOR THE **LATEST**. A CLUMSY ATTEMPT TO DEFLECT ALL SUSPICIONS AWAY FROM YOUR BROTHER!



WELL, I WASN'T EXPECTING THAT.



YOU'LL NEVER CATCH HIM NOW. DEAR LUCIEN DOESN'T GET UP IN THE MORNING WITHOUT HIS FEATHER FALL TALISMAN.



POOR LUCIEN. ALWAYS TERRIFIED OF FALLING. MADE DEAR PAPA BUY HIM A NEW TALISMAN EVERY MONTH. JUST IN CASE HE FELL. SKYWAY IS SO VERY HIGH UP, YOU KNOW.



A FEATHER FALL TALISMAN? I WONDER... DID IT LOOK ANYTHING LIKE THIS?



I FOUND IT ON THE FLOOR.



THE CITY WATCH IS WAITING DOWNSTAIRS. JUST... HAND YOURSELVES IN, WILL YOU?



TORIN. COME. WE'RE FINISHED HERE.