

WHY DOES EVERY SAD STORY  
HAVE TO START WITH A PAME?



IN MY CASE, A PAME NAMED JASMINE.

I OBSESSED OVER HER EVERY GESTURE...



THE WAY SHE HELD HER  
CHOPSTICKS. SOME PEOPLE  
EAT SUSHI. NOT HER. IT WAS  
LIKE SHE BECAME *ONE* WITH IT.

THE WAY SHE PICKED A FLOWER.  
I'D NEVER GET BORED OF WATCHING THAT.



THE WAY HER LIPS  
TOUCHED A CUP. I'VE  
FALLEN FOR CHICKS  
BEFORE, BUT *COME ON*.  
OH, TO BE A CUP OF TEA.



I WAS *HOOKED*. OUR EYES HAD NEVER  
MET, AND I'D ONLY HEARD HER VOICE  
FROM AFAR. I COULD HAVE DIED THEN  
WITH THAT VISION OF SWEETNESS IN  
MY MIND. I COULD HAVE WATCHED HER  
ALL DAY, EVEN IF I WASN'T BEING PAID.



BUT I *WAS* GETTING PAID.

PAY TO DO A JOB.

AND SAM NOIR  
GETS PAID *WELL*.



HER NAME WAS A BEAUTIFUL WORD. SURE,  
I HATED THE FLOWERS SHE WAS NAMED  
AFTER, BUT I WOULD'VE EATEN A *BUSHE*:  
OF JASMINE FLOWERS JUST FOR HER.  
THEN I'D HAVE ASKED FOR *SECONDS*.

I DON'T TAKE JUST ANY JOB.  
I ONLY TAKE JOBS THAT *PAY*.  
OR ONES THAT ARE FUN TO DO...  
THE ONES WHERE I  
GET TO *KILL* SOMETHING.

THE JOB CAME MY WAY THROUGH THE NORMAL  
CHANNELS. SOMEONE ASKED ME, KEEP MY  
DISTANCE, THEY SAID. NO CONTACT.  
OBSERVATION ONLY. I CAN DO THAT.

PAY'S WENT BY AND SOON  
THOSE PAY'S BECAME MONTHS.  
THOSE WERE THE BEST  
MONTHS OF MY SORRY LIFE.

I HAD BEEN HIRED BY PEOPLE  
TO WATCH PEOPLE BEFORE.  
THE *FIRST* PEOPLE ALWAYS  
WANT YOU TO GET CLOSE TO  
THE *SECOND* PEOPLE, BUT  
NOT *TOO* CLOSE... BUT CLOSE  
ENOUGH TO *SEE, SEE?*

WHO WERE THESE PEOPLE WHO WANTED THIS  
PARTICULAR PERSON WATCHED? WHY DID THEY CARE  
SO MUCH ABOUT HOW JASMINE SPENT HER PAY'S?  
AT THE TIME, I DIDN'T KNOW, AND I DIDN'T CARE.

I JUST DID WHAT I DO.  
I'M A DETECTIVE.  
I *DETECT* THINGS.



I WAS A GHOST.

I WAS HER SHADOW. BUT EVEN A SHADOW CAN FALL IN LOVE.

SOME DAYS, I WANTED HER TO TURN AROUND AND SEE ME.



SOME DAYS I WANTED TO SHOUT OUT TO HER. TELL HER TO RUN...

RUN TO ME.



BUT I KEPT MY NOSE TO THE PAVEMENT. SAM NOIR IS THE BEST PICK ON THE BEAT, AND HE STICKS TO THE PLAN.

PROBLEM IS... SOMETIMES THE PLAN DON'T STICK TO SAM.



PLANS ARE LIKE RICE PAPER. GOOD FOR BLOCKING SUNLIGHT. BUT APPLY A BIT OF PRESSURE AND YOU RIP RIGHT THROUGH IT.



SHE APPLIED THE PRESSURE.

HOW? SHE LOOKED RIGHT AT ME. NO, RIGHT THROUGH ME.

RIGHT THEN I KNEW I'D GOTTEN TOO CLOSE. I'D LET MY GUARD DOWN.