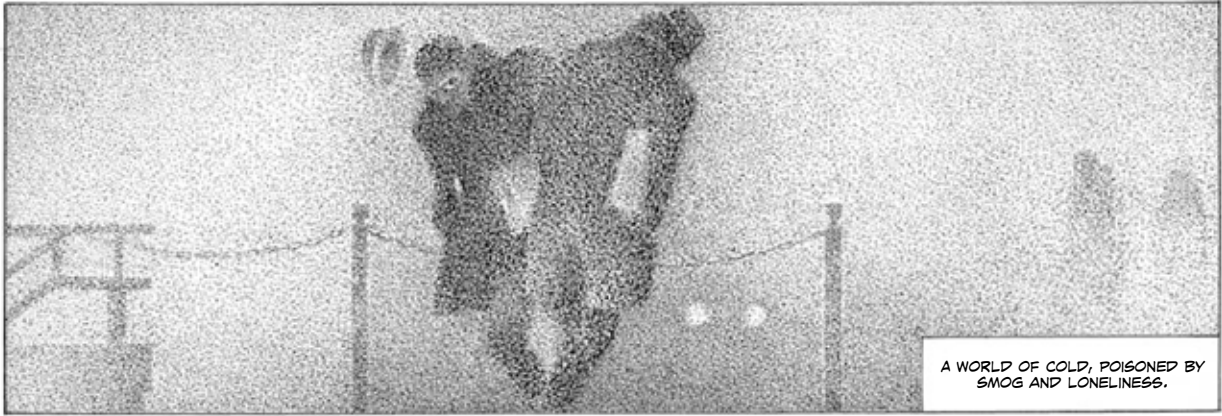


A SHATTERED CITY.



THE FOG ENVELOPS, ABSORBS, DIVIDES. IT TURNS A BUSTLING CITY INTO A DESERT OF SPOOKED, MENACING GHOSTS. A WORLD WHERE HUMANITY HAS LOST ITSELF.



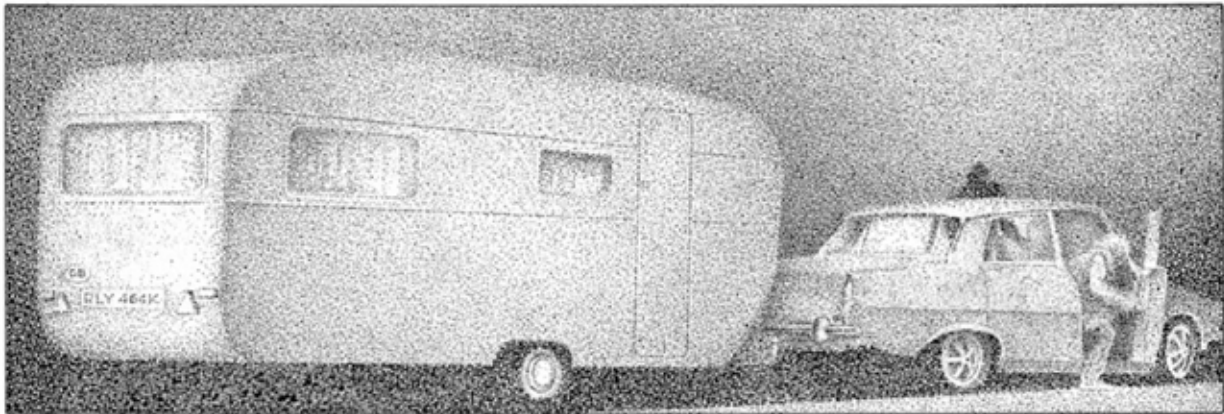
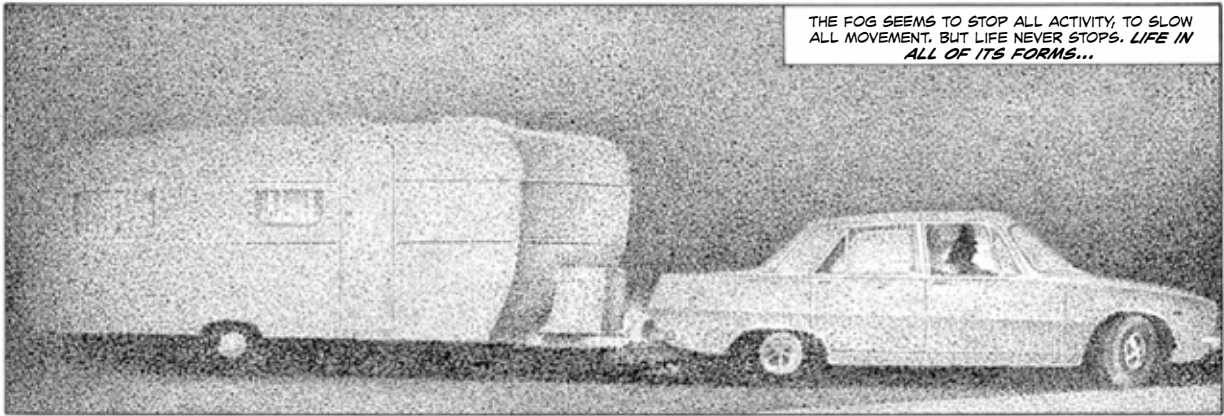
A WORLD OF COLD, POISONED BY SMOG AND LONELINESS.

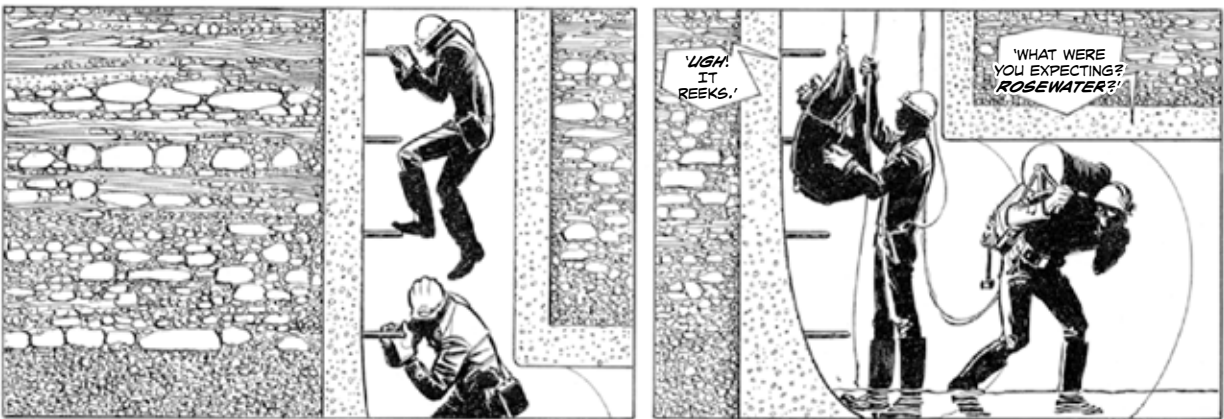


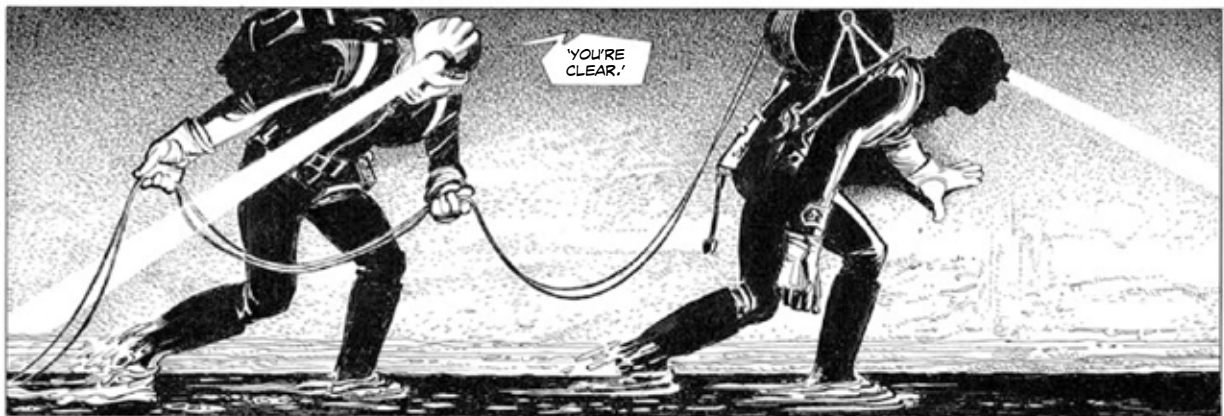
'CHI SONO?
SONO UN POETA...
IN POVERTÀ MIA
LIETA VIVO DA GRAN
SIGNORE...'*

A WORLD LIKE ANY OTHER FOR PEOPLE WHO'VE LOST EACH OTHER.

THE FOG SEEMS TO STOP ALL ACTIVITY, TO SLOW ALL MOVEMENT, BUT LIFE NEVER STOPS. LIFE IN ALL OF ITS FORMS...







'YOU'RE CLEAR.'



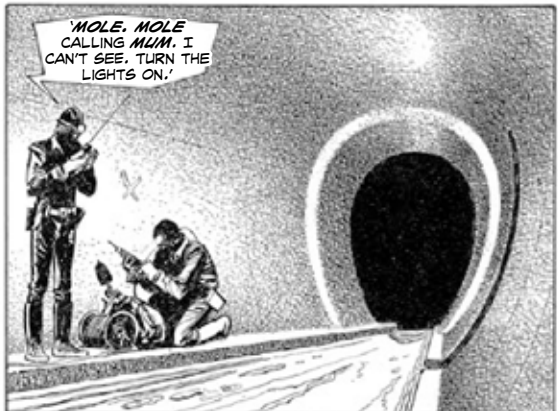
'MUM. MUM
SPEAKING. MOLE
IS OFF TO WORK.'



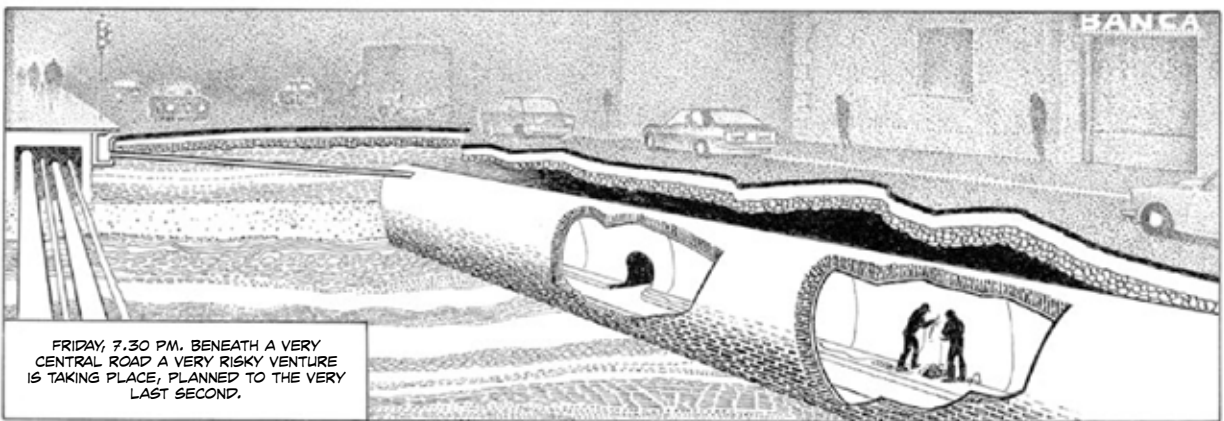
'RECEIVED, MUM.
LYNX HERE. WEATHER'S
NICE, NO WORRIES.'



'WE'RE
HERE.'



'MOLE. MOLE
CALLING MUM. I
CAN'T SEE. TURN THE
LIGHTS ON.'



FRIDAY, 7.30 PM. BENEATH A VERY
CENTRAL ROAD A VERY RISKY VENTURE
IS TAKING PLACE, PLANNED TO THE VERY
LAST SECOND.



THE WORK OF THE TWO 'MOLES' LASTS ALL OF FRIDAY NIGHT AND ALL OF SATURDAY...



...WHILE SOMEONE ELSE UP TOP MAKES SURE THE VENTURE PROCEEDS SMOOTHLY...

'LYNX TO MOLE. LYNX TO MOLE. ALL'S WELL. NICE WEATHER AND GOOD VISIBILITY.'



...TAPPING INTO RADIO AMATEURS' CONVERSATIONS ACROSS THE CITY.

'...SEE YOU AT EIGHT IN VERTICALE, OK?'

'ROGER AT EIGHT. I'LL BRING *SOFT MACHINE* AND *ACQUA FRAGILE*. WILL NICKY BE THERE?'

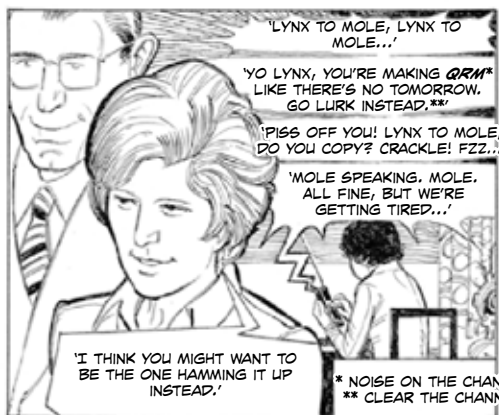
'BZZZ... CRRACK... LYNX TO MOLE, LYNX TO CRRACK!... OLE...'

'WHO'S MAKING ALL THAT *QRN*? POP!'

'LOOK AT HIM THERE, ALWAYS WITH THE HAM*... WE'VE LOST HIM AGAIN.'

'ARE YOU ALSO GOING TO START TALKING CB** JARGON? YOU'RE THE ONE WHO GAVE IT TO HIM...'

*AMATEUR RADIO
**CITIZEN BAND



'LYNX TO MOLE, LYNX TO MOLE...'

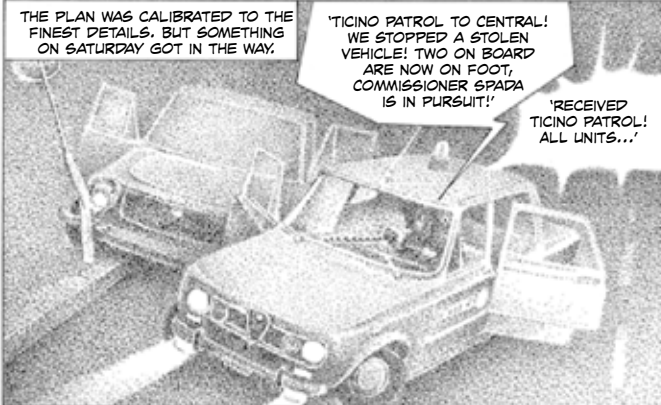
'YO LYNX, YOU'RE MAKING *QRN** LIKE THERE'S NO TOMORROW. GO LURK INSTEAD.**'

'PISS OFF YOU! LYNX TO MOLE, DO YOU COPY? CRACKLE! FZZ...'

'MOLE SPEAKING. MOLE. ALL FINE, BUT WE'RE GETTING TIRED...'

'I THINK YOU MIGHT WANT TO BE THE ONE HAMMING IT UP INSTEAD.'

* NOISE ON THE CHANNEL
** CLEAR THE CHANNEL



THE PLAN WAS CALIBRATED TO THE FINEST DETAILS. BUT SOMETHING ON SATURDAY GOT IN THE WAY.

'TICINO PATROL TO CENTRAL! WE STOPPED A STOLEN VEHICLE! TWO ON BOARD ARE NOW ON FOOT, COMMISSIONER SPADA IS IN PURSUIT!'

'RECEIVED TICINO PATROL! ALL UNITS...'



'CAREFUL FOLKS! THIS FOG IS DANGEROUS. DO NOT OPEN FIRE UNLESS STRICTLY *NECESSARY*. NOW SPLIT UP! PENSOTTI, STOCK MARKET! ANDREOLA, CORPUSIO!'

YESSIR!



'WE GOTTA SPLIT! WE'LL GET LOST IN THE CROWD WITH THIS FOG, THEY'LL NEVER CATCH US! BUT WHATEVER HAPPENS, YOU DON'T TALK...'

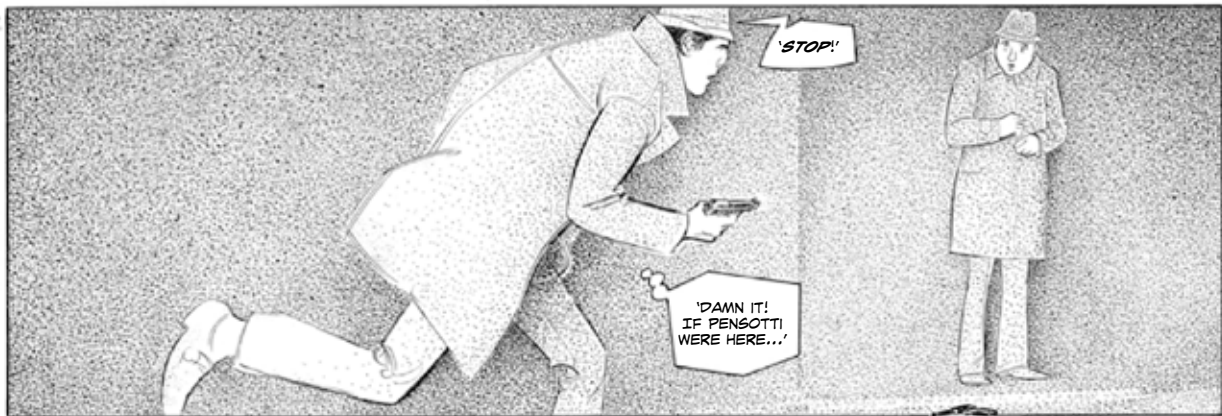
'...AND TAKE *THIS*, JUST IN CASE!'



'DROP YOUR WEAPON!'

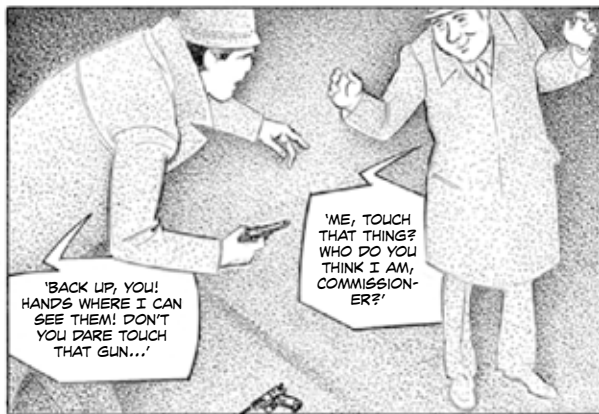
'VA' A CIAPA I RATT, GANDULA!*

*MILANESE SLANG: 'GO HUNT SOME RATS, IDIOT!'



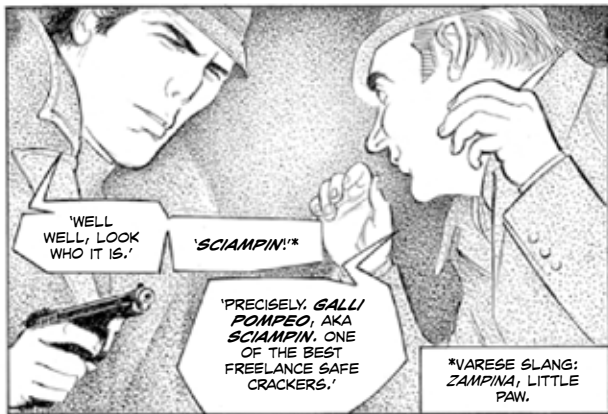
'STOP!'

'DAMN IT! IF PENSOTTI WERE HERE...'



'BACK UP, YOU! HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM! DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH THAT GUN...'

'ME, TOUCH THAT THING? WHO DO YOU THINK I AM, COMMISSIONER?'



'WELL, WELL, LOOK WHO IT IS.'

'SCIAMPIN!*'

'PRECISELY, GALLI POMPEO, AKA SCIAMPIN. ONE OF THE BEST FREELANCE SAFE CRACKERS.'

*VARESE SLANG: ZAMPINA, LITTLE PAW.



'NOT GOING TO BE FREE FOR MUCH LONGER...'

'MOVE IT, YOU'RE COMING WITH ME.'



'MY DEAR MISTER GALLI POMPEO, AKA SCIAMPIN... THIS IS NOT LOOKING GOOD.'

'SUCH A SHORT MEMORY. A REAL SHAME.'



'YOU DON'T REMEMBER WHO YOUR FRIEND WAS, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY WANTED FROM YOU. YOU PROBABLY DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE CAR YOU WERE DRIVING WAS STOLEN!'

'OF COURSE NOT! COMMISSIONER, I'VE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING I KNOW.'

