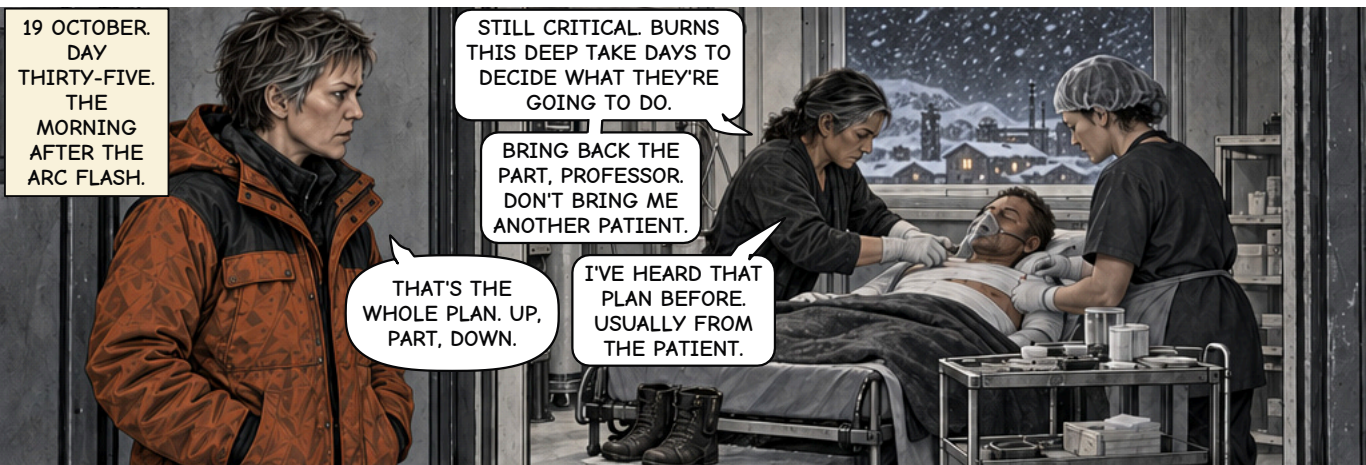


CHAPTER EIGHT · THE BORROWED CITY





19 OCTOBER.
DAY
THIRTY-FIVE.
THE
MORNING
AFTER THE
ARC FLASH.

STILL CRITICAL. BURNS
THIS DEEP TAKE DAYS TO
DECIDE WHAT THEY'RE
GOING TO DO.

BRING BACK THE
PART, PROFESSOR.
DON'T BRING ME
ANOTHER PATIENT.

THAT'S THE
WHOLE PLAN. UP,
PART, DOWN.

I'VE HEARD THAT
PLAN BEFORE.
USUALLY FROM
THE PATIENT.



THEN WE
MEASURE AS WE
CLIMB. EVERY
BEND.

THAT'S WHAT
MALIK'S FOR.

I MEASURED HERE,
HERE AND HERE.
FALLOUT SNOW LIES IN
BANDS, NOT EVENLY.

THE WHITE
BETWEEN MY DOTS
ISN'T CLEAN. IT'S
UNKNOWN.

AND WHEN THE
METER SAYS GO AND
YOUR GUT SAYS
STOP?

DOSE, WIND, VISIBILITY.
THE FIRST LIMIT YOU
HIT ENDS THE TRIP.

EDDA, PETTER -- INSIDE
THE COAT, NOT ON IT.

I'VE DRIVEN THAT ROAD
IN WORSE THAN THIS.



SHE HAS.
INTO A
DITCH, IN
2029.



I'VE GOT ONE. IT'S
THE OTHER ONE
THAT'S RETIRED.

YOU DO THE
BUCKLES. I TELL YOU
WHEN WE TURN.

WANT A
HAND?

FAIR
TRADE.



ESPECIALLY IF
YOU DISAGREE.

WHO BRINGS YOU DOWN
IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE
ANSWER UP THERE,
PROFESSOR?

CAPTAIN. IF
THE CABINET
ISN'T THERE --

MALIK.
EVEN IF I
DISAGREE.

THEN YOU COME
DOWN WITH NOTHING,
AND I'LL CALL IT A
GOOD DAY.

PLATÅBERGET. THE ROAD CLIMBS PAST THE SEED VAULT TO THE SATELLITE STATION, THEN KEEPS CLIMBING.

THE ROAD WAS STILL A ROAD. THAT DIDN'T MEAN IT WAS STILL PASSABLE.



SUPPORT HOLDING AT THE BEND. CALL ME BEFORE THE CREST.

I'M WATCHING THE SKY. IT'S THE ONE I DON'T TRUST.

FIVE OF US, ALL ACCOUNTED FOR. GOING UP ONE SECTION AT A TIME.

STRAPS ARE FINE. YOU CAN STOP WATCHING ME, PETTER.



THEN NOBODY WAITS THERE. MOVE THE STAGING POINT UPHILL.

HIGHER HERE. BY THE DRIFT WALL IT'S DOUBLE WHAT THE ROAD WAS.

NEITHER DID MY CABINET.

WIND PILES IT WHEREVER IT LIKES. THE SNOW HASN'T READ KENJI'S MAP.



YOUR METER'S HAPPY. IT DOESN'T MEASURE THE ROAD DISAPPEARING.

COUNT THE POLES. A MINUTE AGO I COULD SEE SIX.

HOW MUCH WORKING TIME?

LESS THAN YOU'RE ABOUT TO ASK FOR.

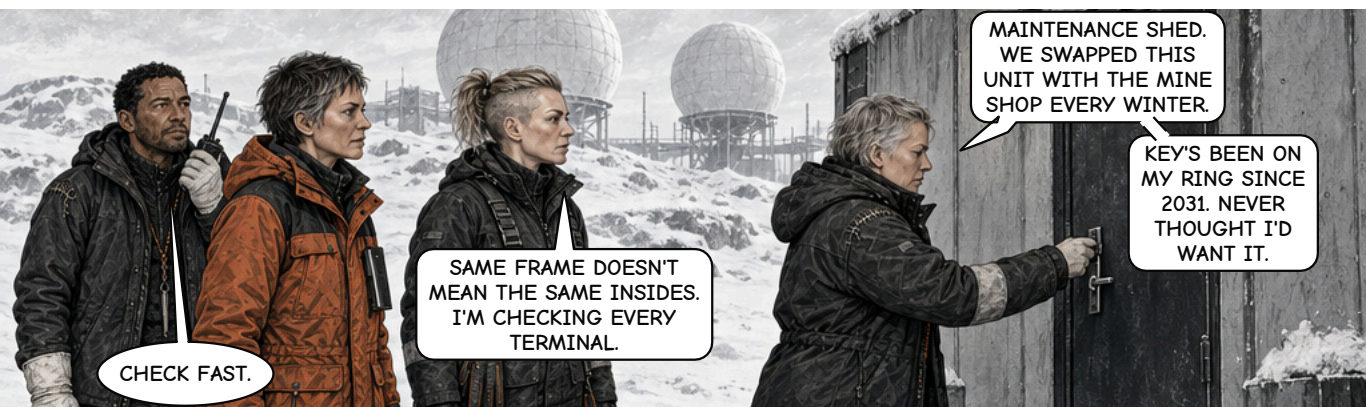


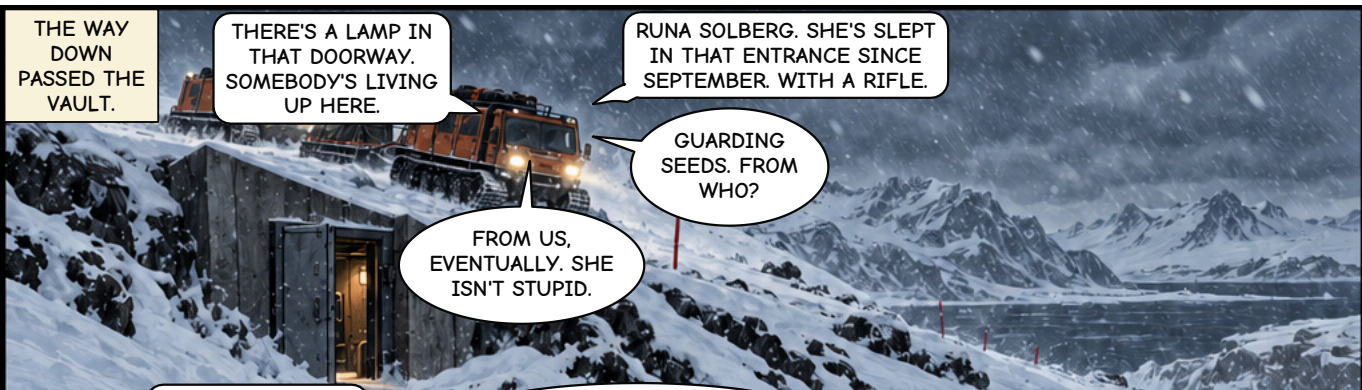
THERE ARE COMPRESSORS UP HERE, MARA. WE'LL NEVER BE THIS CLOSE AGAIN.

YOU HEARD HIM.

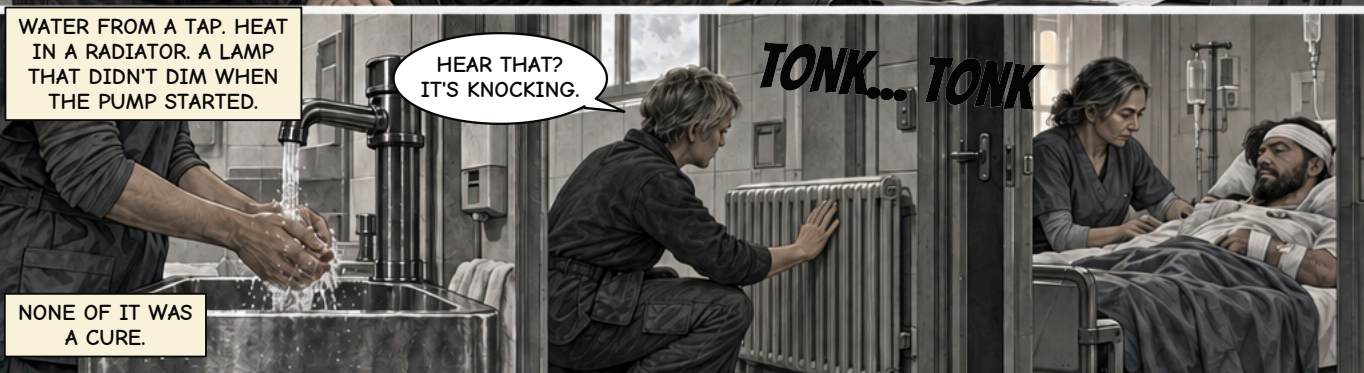
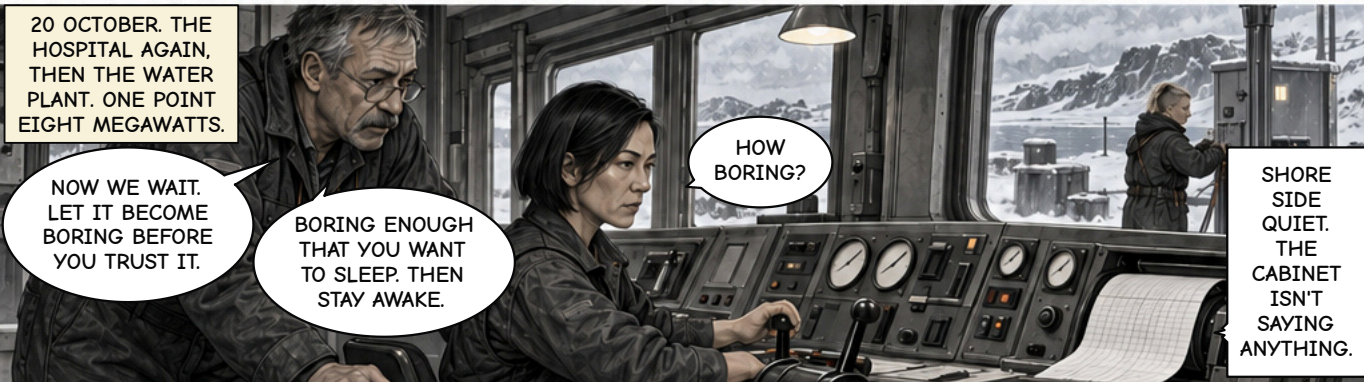
CABINET. THEN DOWN. NO SECOND BUILDING.

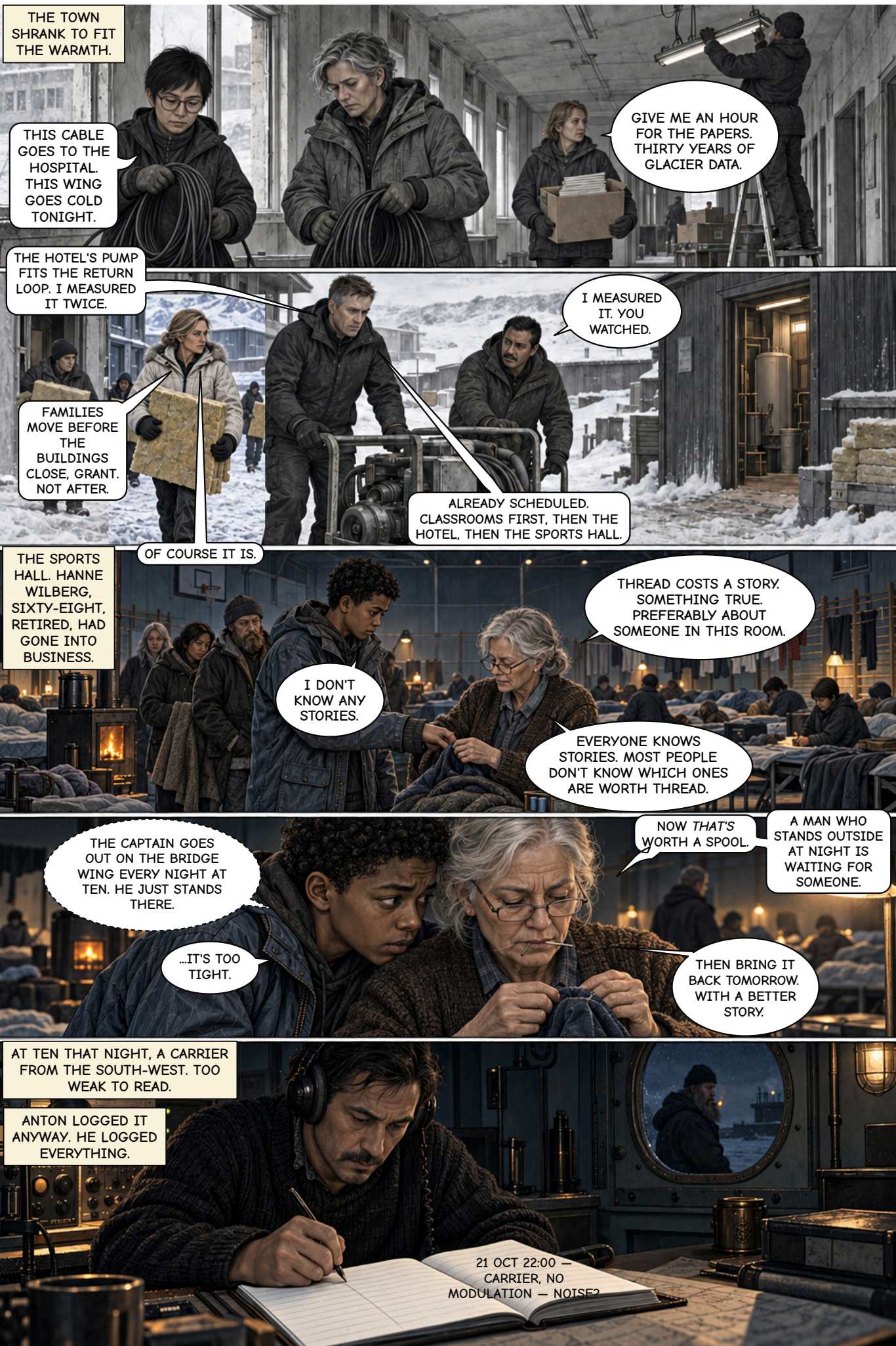
I HEARD HIM. I'M ASKING YOU.

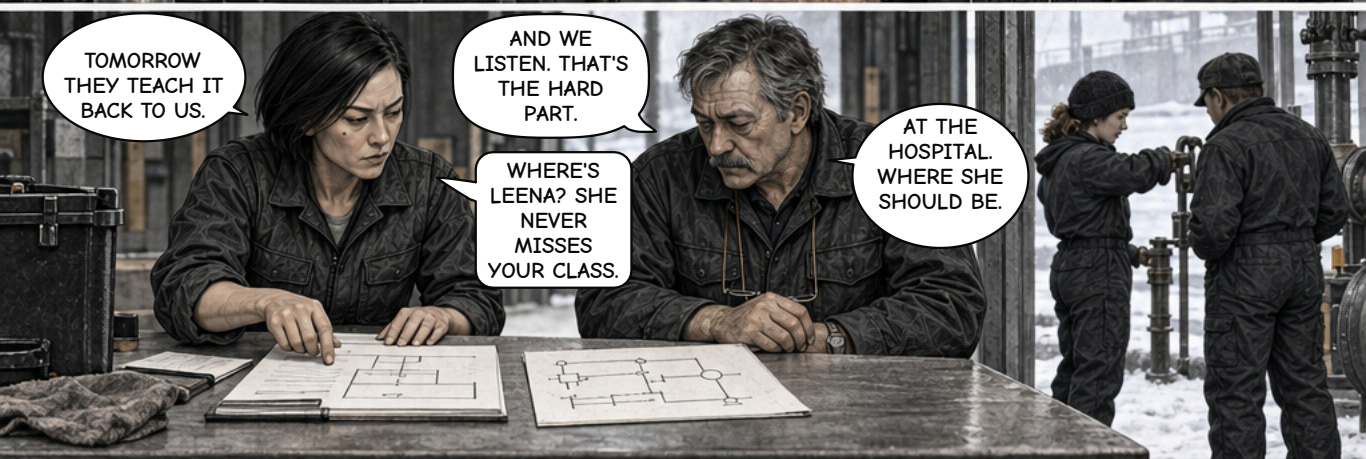
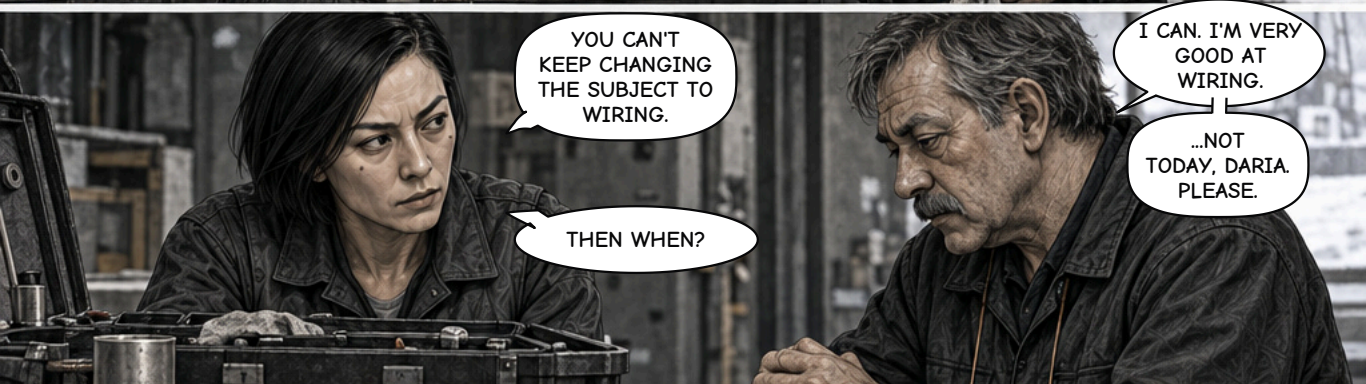
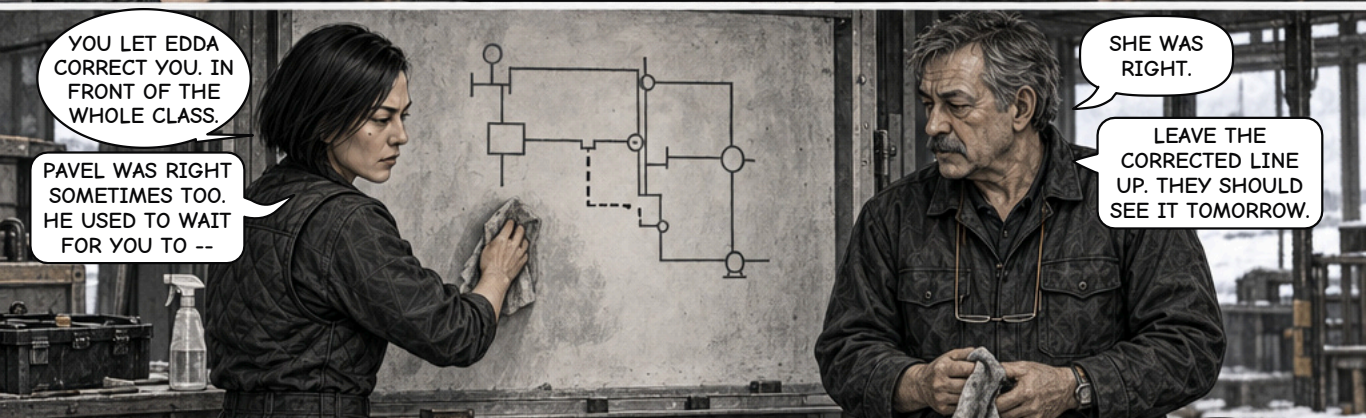
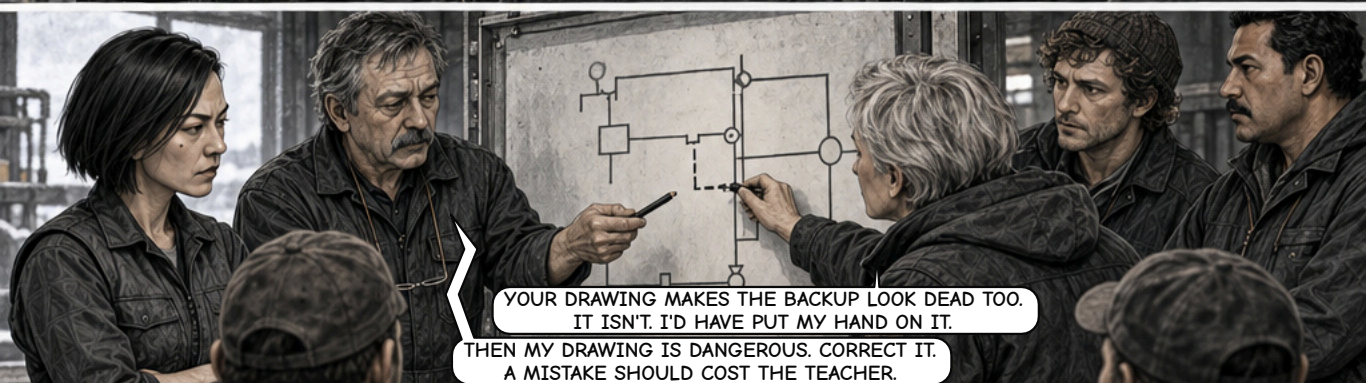








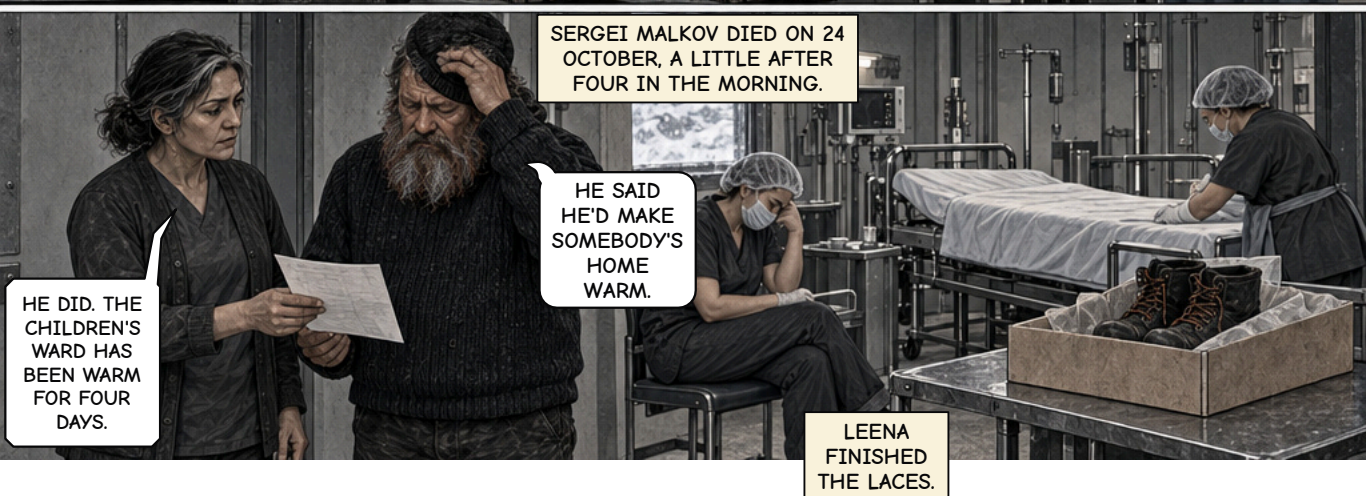




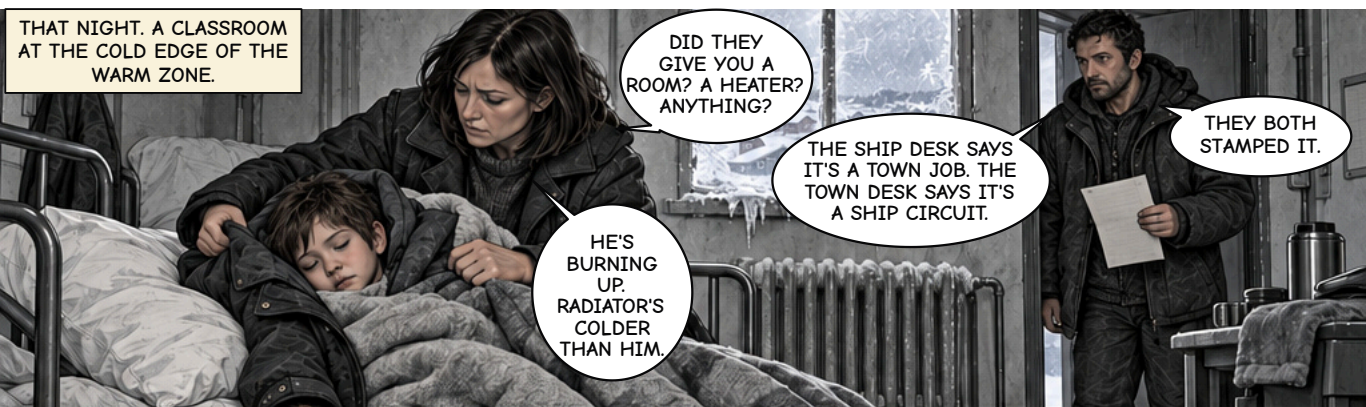
22 OCTOBER.



23 OCTOBER.



THAT NIGHT, A CLASSROOM AT THE COLD EDGE OF THE WARM ZONE.



DID THEY GIVE YOU A ROOM? A HEATER? ANYTHING?

THE SHIP DESK SAYS IT'S A TOWN JOB. THE TOWN DESK SAYS IT'S A SHIP CIRCUIT.

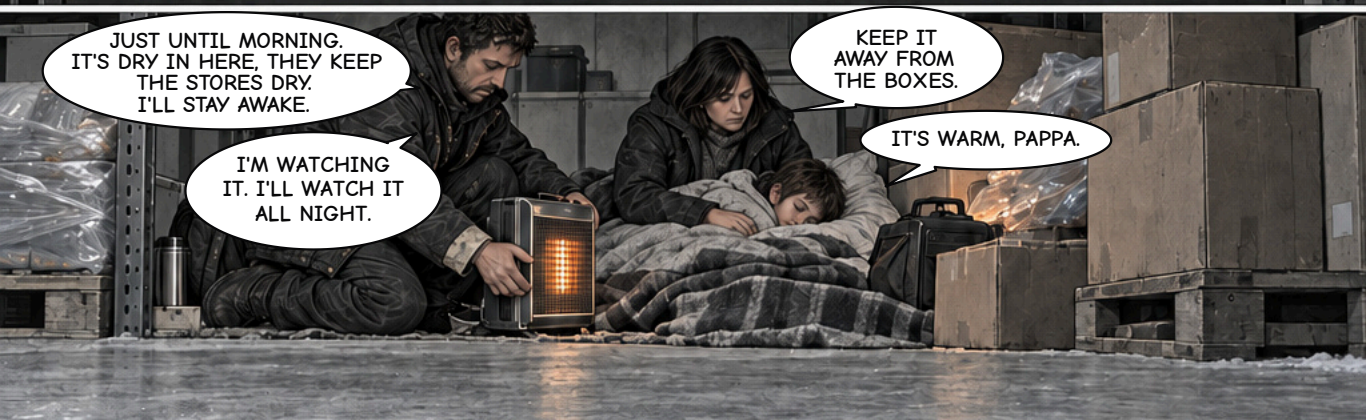
THEY BOTH STAMPED IT.

HE'S BURNING UP. RADIATOR'S COLDER THAN HIM.

THE REQUEST HAD BEEN RECEIVED. TWICE.



NOBODY HAD BEEN MADE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANSWERING IT.



JUST UNTIL MORNING. IT'S DRY IN HERE, THEY KEEP THE STORES DRY. I'LL STAY AWAKE.

I'M WATCHING IT. I'LL WATCH IT ALL NIGHT.

KEEP IT AWAY FROM THE BOXES.

IT'S WARM, PAPPA.



FIRE! GET OUT -- LEAVE EVERYTHING! SIDE DOOR!

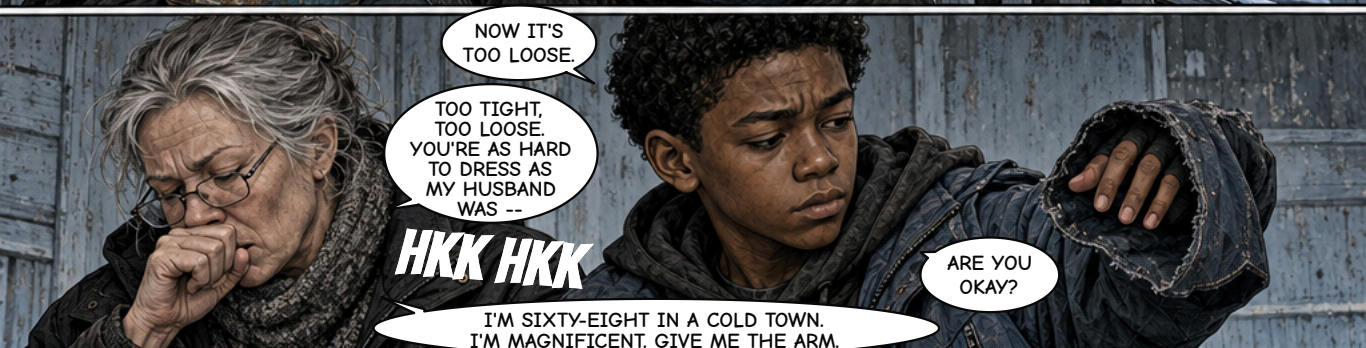
THERE'S PEOPLE IN THE BACK! THERE'S A CHILD --

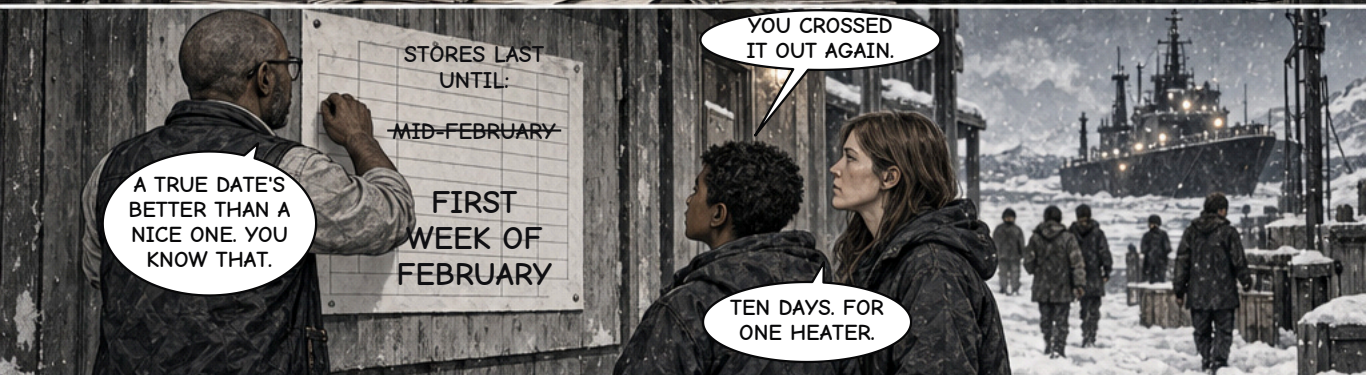
CLANG CLANG CLANG

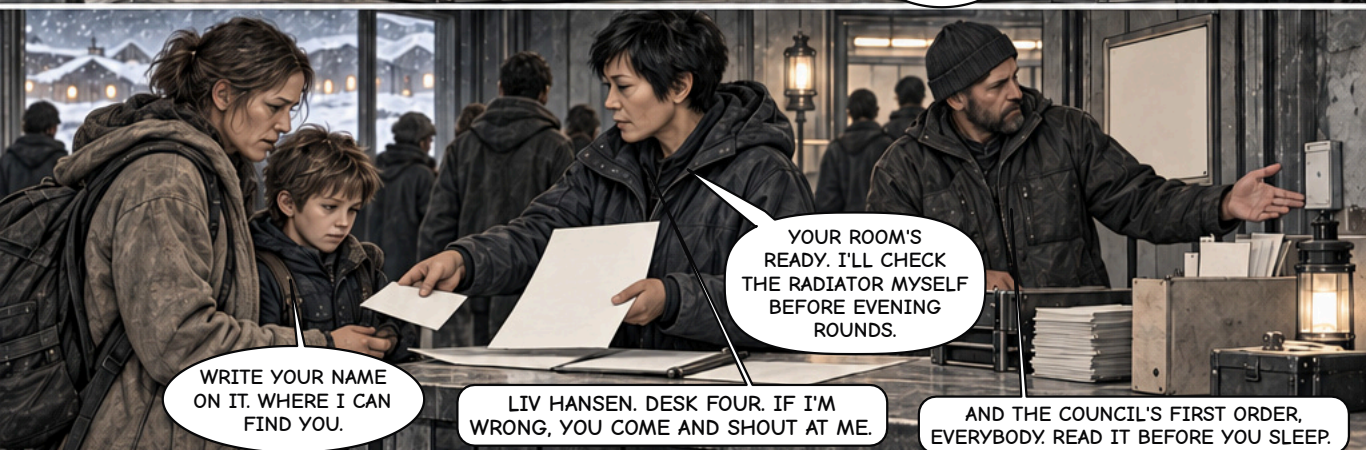
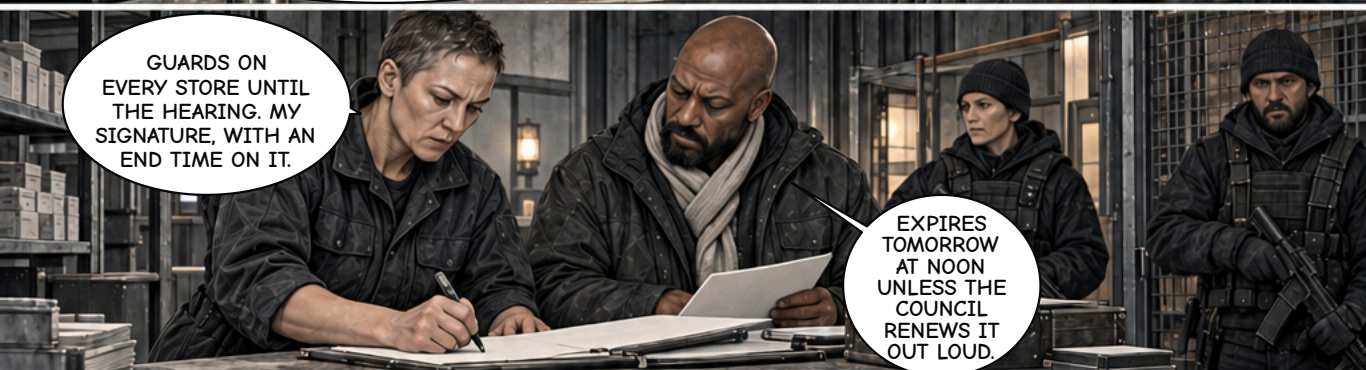


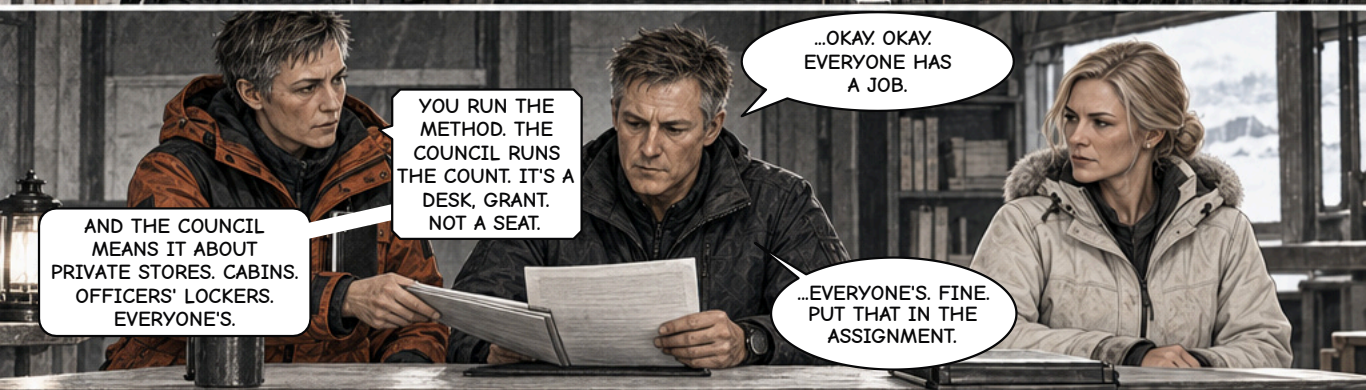
25 OCTOBER. AT NOON THE SUN TOUCHED THE MOUNTAINS ABOVE THE TOWN FOR THE LAST TIME THAT YEAR.

MOST OF THE TOWN WAS LOOKING AT THE WAREHOUSE.









THAT EVENING.
THE SPORTS HALL.

EVERY STORE IN THE VALLEY GETS
TWO COUNTERS. NOBODY COUNTS
WHAT THEY OWN OR GUARD.

AND THEY'RE
DRAWN FROM MY CAP. APPARENTLY.

IT'S THE ONE THING ON
THIS ISLAND NOBODY
WOULD STEAL.

REGISTRY KEEPS THE
BOOK. REGISTRY
DRAWS. MAE.

ME? I'M
SIXTEEN.

WHICH IS WHY
NOBODY THINKS
YOU'RE CHEATING.

HANNE DID IT
AGAIN. THIRD
TRY. IT FITS.

FORWARD
HOLD
(SHIP)

FORWARD HOLD.
ON THE SHIP.
ME AND... PER.

THREE LADDERS
DOWN. WONDERFUL.

DAD.

FORWARD HOLD'S THREE
LADDERS AND NO HEAT.
MAE. SWAP WITH ROWAN.
HE LIKES LADDERS.

IT'S A
LOTTERY, DAD.

YOU TOLD
EVERYONE THAT'S
WHAT MAKES IT
FAIR. LIKE, AN
HOUR AGO.

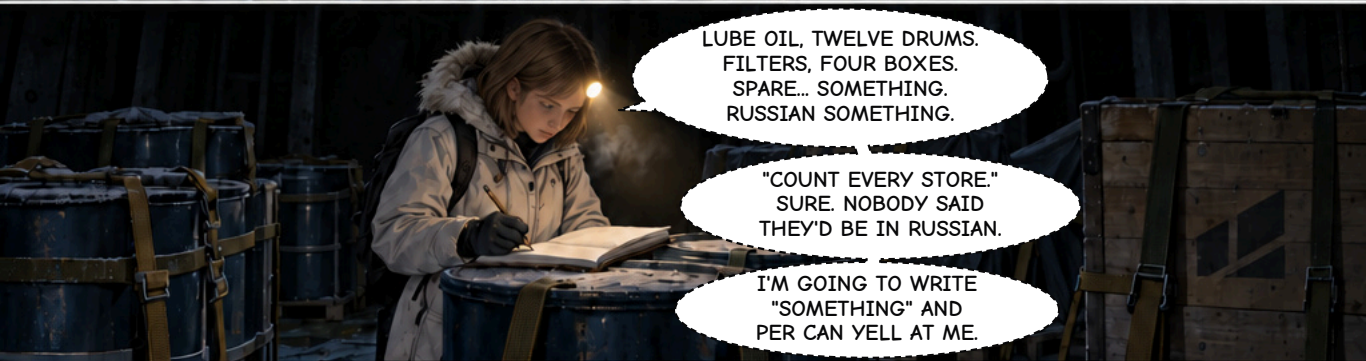
...RIGHT.
IT IS.

DON'T WORRY, MR.
CALDER. I'LL LOOK AFTER
HER. FROM UP TOP.

PER CHECKED HER SUMS
IN THE WARM. MAE WENT
DOWN ALONE.



TANG... TANG... TANG



LUBE OIL, TWELVE DRUMS.
FILTERS, FOUR BOXES.
SPARE... SOMETHING.
RUSSIAN SOMETHING.

"COUNT EVERY STORE."
SURE. NOBODY SAID
THEY'D BE IN RUSSIAN.

I'M GOING TO WRITE
"SOMETHING" AND
PER CAN YELL AT ME.

PERSONAL
EFFECTS

CALDER PARTY · FWD
HOLD · F. WARD



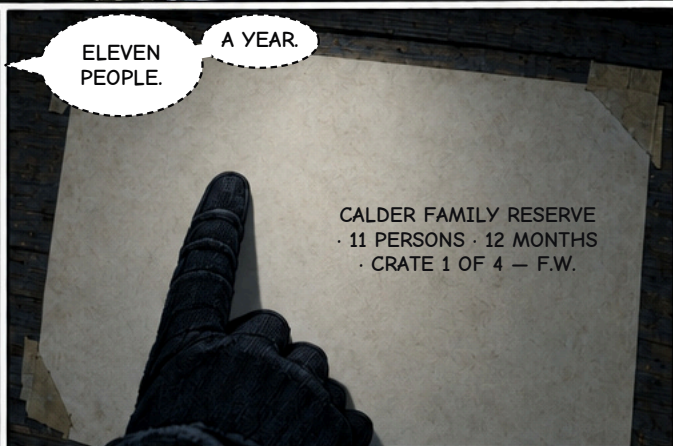
...OURS?



EVERYONE'S.
PRIVATE ONES
INCLUDED.

THAT'S
THE RULE.

KRREEEK



"WHO'D HIDE FOOD ON A SHIP LIKE THIS? EVERYBODY CAN SEE EVERYTHING."

