





*IN PIAZZA  
DELLE ERBE, A  
SIX-MONTH-OLD  
BABY CRIED,  
"TRIUMPH!  
TRIUMPH!"*





HI,  
STAVROS. HOW  
ARE YOU?

SURVIVING.



DARLING,  
WHY ARE YOU  
HOME SO  
EARLY?



I COULDN'T  
WORK ANYMORE...I  
HAVE TO TELL YOU  
SOMETHING...I'M  
LEAVING YOU.



BUT...  
YOU SAID YOU  
WOULD LOVE ME  
FOREVER.





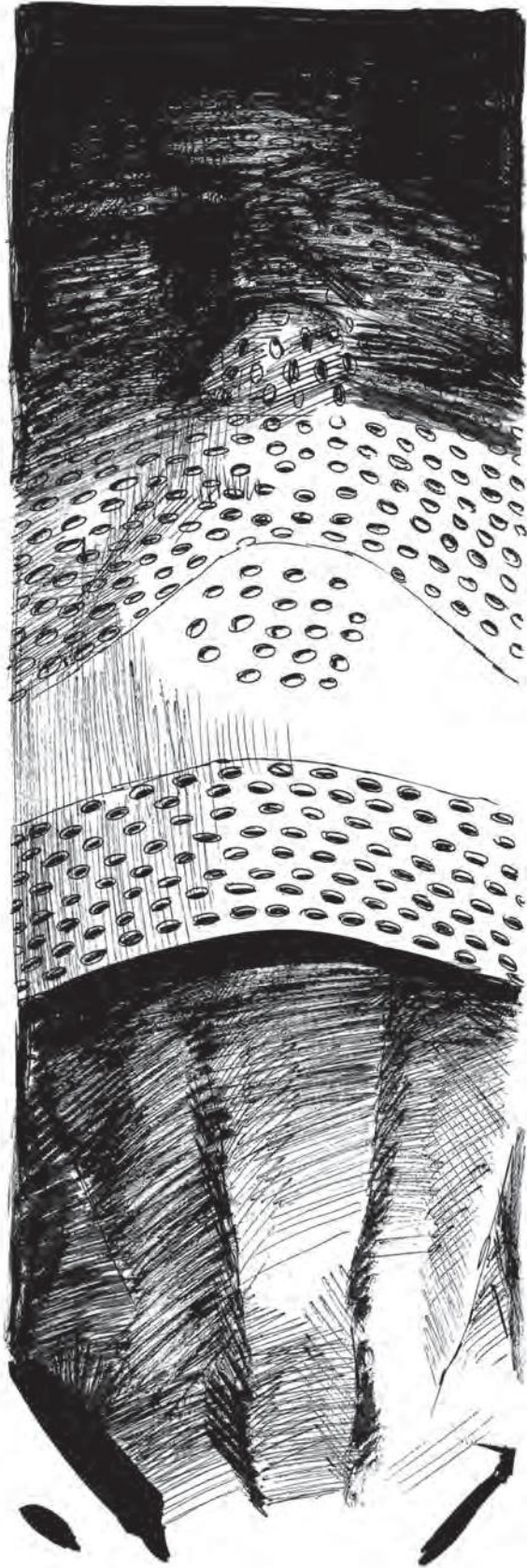
FOREVER HAS AN END, TOO.



IN PIAZZA BOARIA, AN OX CLIMBED TO THE THIRD STORY OF A BUILDING AND, SCARED BY THE UPROAR OF THE CROWD, JUMPED TO THE GROUND.

...AND THIS IS WHAT I CALL 'DARWIN'S MISTAKE.'

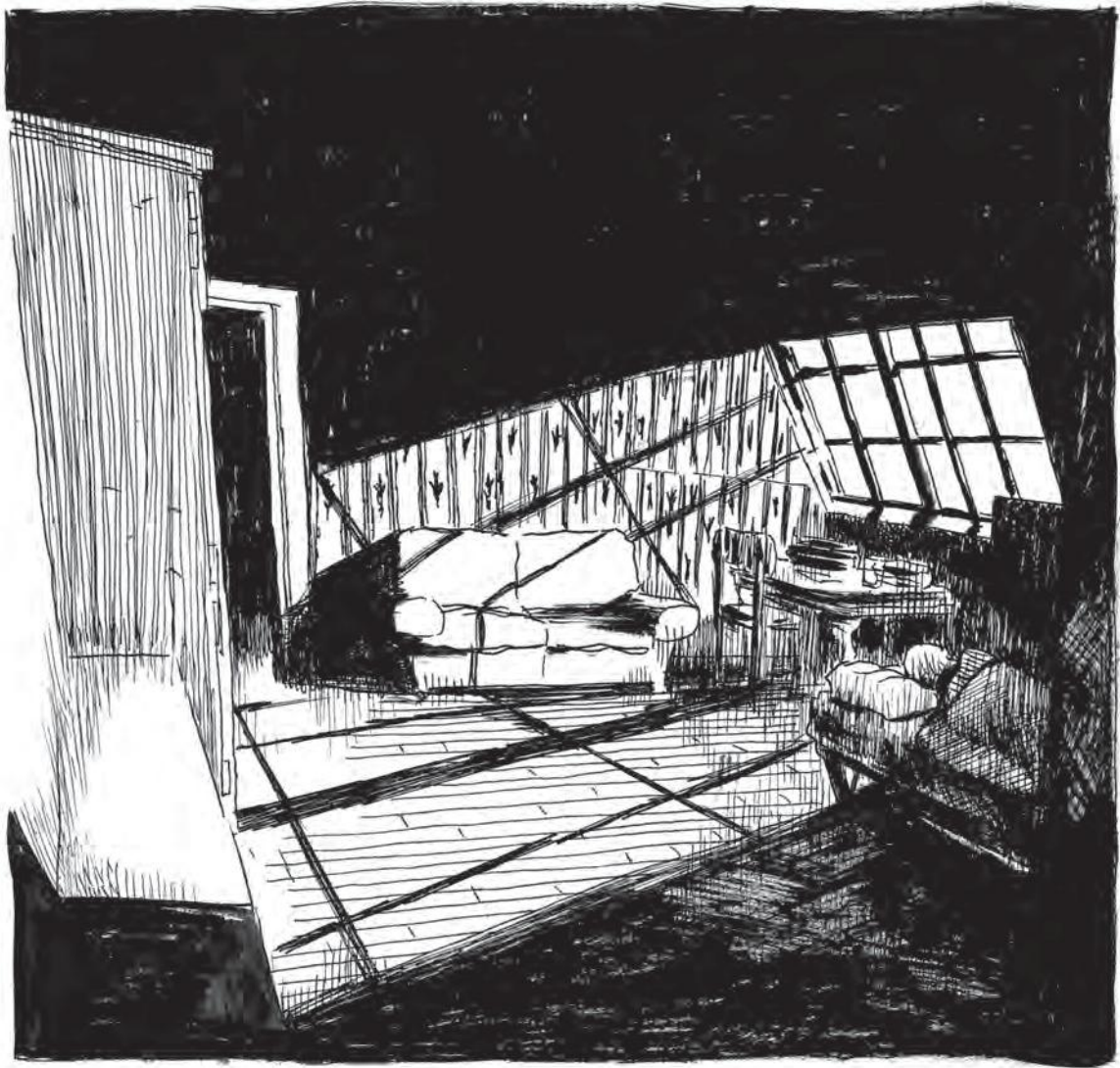




## THE VOICES





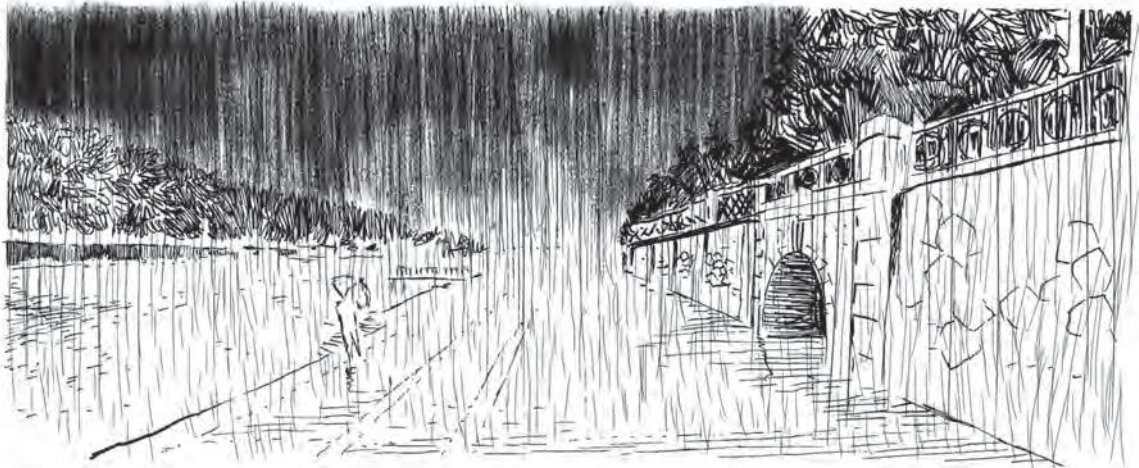
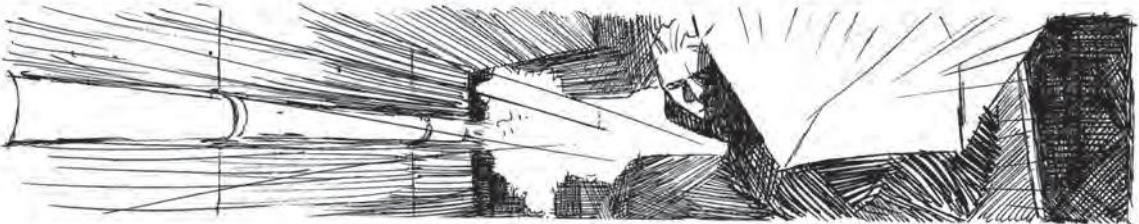
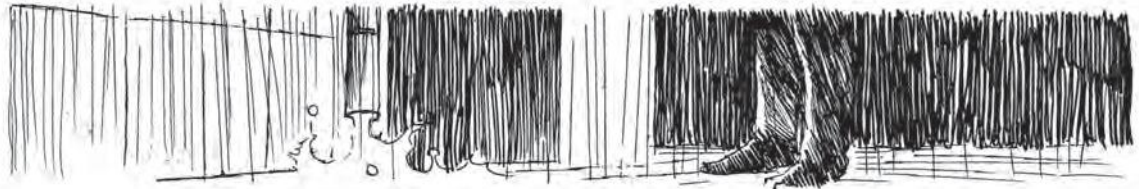








OTHER DAYS.  
OTHER SITUATIONS.











**\*WHAT DO THESE VOICES SAY ANYWAY?\***  
**\*I DON'T KNOW. I CAN'T MAKE OUT THE WORDS. THEY SOUND LIKE LAMENTS...\***  
**\*I'M WRITING YOU A PRESCRIPTION FOR TRILAFON. IT'S AN ANTIPSYCHOTIC. THERE ARE NO DRUGS FOR SCHIZOPHRENIA; ANTIPSYCHOTICS YIELD POOR RESULTS, BUT BETTER THAN NOTHING.\***  
**STAVROS, THIS IS THE NAME OF OUR CHARACTER, TAKES THE PRESCRIPTION, SAYS GOODBYE TO HIS NEUROLOGIST FRIEND, GOES OUT INTO THE STREET, AND TOSSES THE PRESCRIPTION IN THE FIRST TRASHCAN HE FINDS. HE DOESN'T KNOW WHY HE DOES IT. THE VOICES ARE SAD, OFTEN HARROWING, BUT IN THE END, THEY KEEP HIM COMPANY. THEY MAKE HIM FEEL LESS LONELY.**

**IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS (HOW MANY LEFT? WHO KNOWS? NOBODY CAN KNOW.), HE KEEPS GOING TO HIS OFFICE AT THE INSURANCE COMPANY HE WORKS FOR. HE DOESN'T KNOW WHY HE DOES IT.**



## THE CITY

