



"A man who makes trouble for others..."

"...is also making it for himself."

Chinua Achebe.
Things Fall Apart.

Two little problems with that quote, applied to *this* situation.



First? In this case, the trouble isn't just mano y mano. Whole *city's* going to feel *this*.

Second?

I'm the one causing the trouble. Just by existing.

But what else is new?

Space Sector *Some Number, Nobody Ever Bothered to Tell Me*.

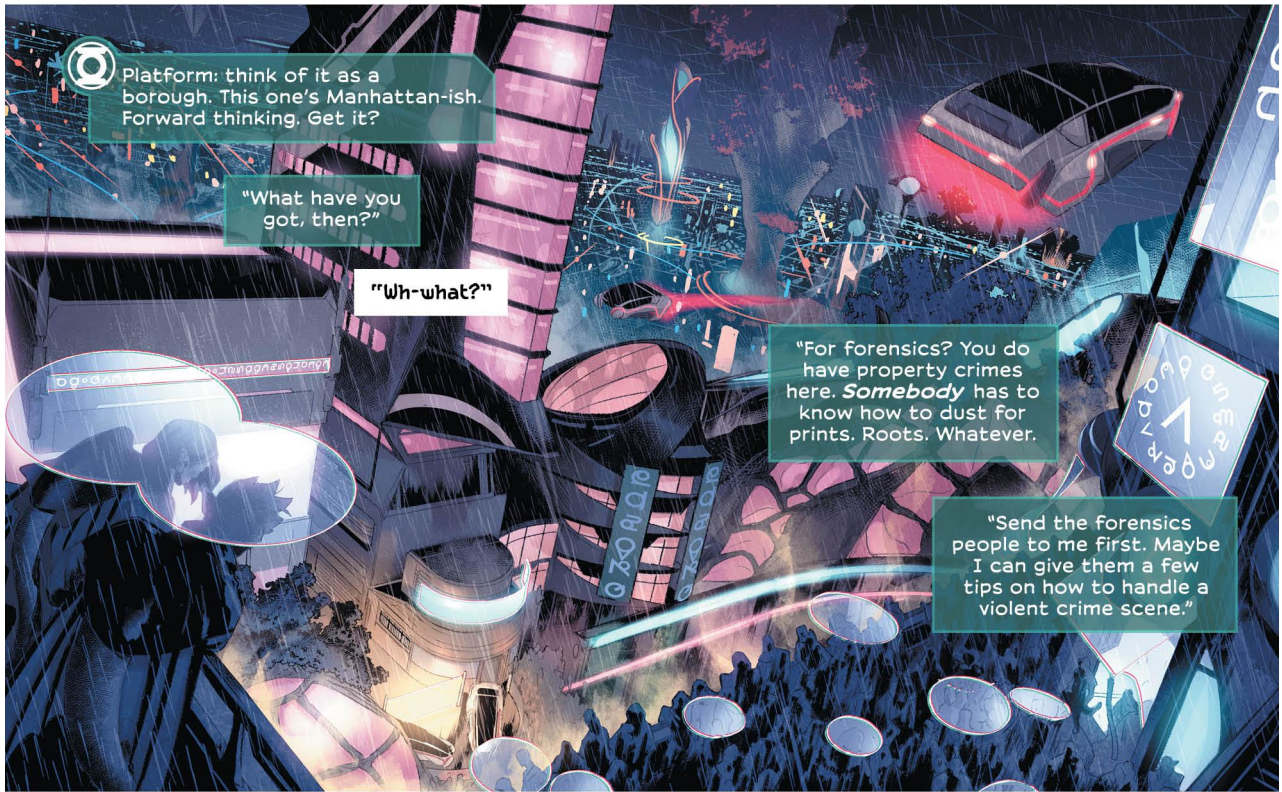
Far. The farthest of the Guardians' 3,600 sectors. Maybe farther. Maybe it doesn't *have* a number.

I--I'd heard, but...didn't **BELIEVE**.

Platform Ever Forward. Yes, that's a name.

Is it too much to hope you folks have assault-specialized forensics?

Wait. Of course you don't. You don't have **assaults**.



Platform: think of it as a borough. This one's Manhattan-ish. Forward thinking. Get it?

"What have you got, then?"

"Wh-what?"

"For forensics? You do have property crimes here. *Somebody* has to know how to dust for prints. Roots. Whatever.

"Send the forensics people to me first. Maybe I can give them a few tips on how to handle a violent crime scene."



The first murder in *five hundred-ish* years...

...means we're all going to have to *improvise*. I'm guessing.

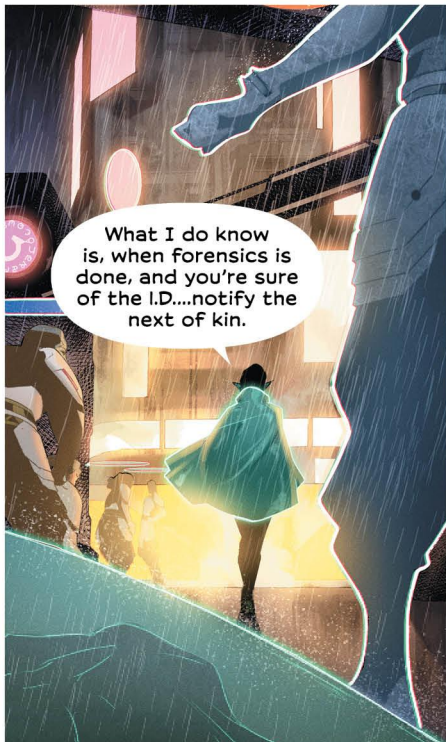


Wait! What should--the body? None of us has any idea how to handle this! If such crimes are common on your world...




Pretty common, yeah. But I can't tell you much.

See, this is *my* first murder investigation, too.



What I do know is, when forensics is done, and you're sure of the I.D....notify the next of kin.



There was more I could've told him. Her. Them. I'm here to help, after all.

But sometimes help means letting people learn from experience.

And this city, twenty billion citizens deep, is just going to have to get used to this...

...because I'm pretty sure it won't be the last time somebody dies ugly in *the City Enduring*.