

FROM THE DESK OF CARLYLE ANDERSON
PRIVATE DICK FOR HIRE

Bookspace has been damaged, just like my former partner, Jason Shambles, who managed to get in the way of a lead angel meant for a dishonest yook they were tracking. That destruction is wreaking havoc with Noirleans, with all of Bookspace, and with my partner gone, I'm at a loss. But maybe you can figure out a way to stop Bookspace blowing apart like a geyser of blood shooting out of the femoral artery of some poor schlub who was in the wrong place at the same time that a bullet was there. There's a mess of brain-benders that maybe you can unbend and pull an answer out like a French magician might pull Lapin a la Cocotte outta his beret. I sure hope you can; the future of Bookspace depends on it!
