

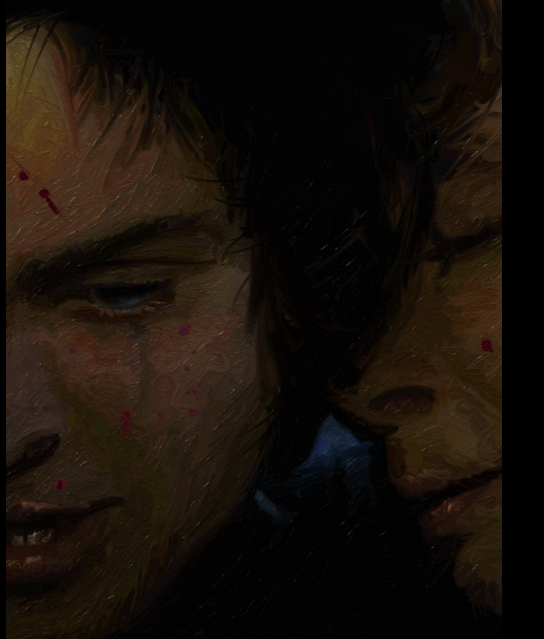
WHEN THE NEW AGENT DIES, THERE ISN'T MUCH TO IT.



WE KEEP DRIVING.

O'HARA WEEPS,
THOUGH SHE DIDN'T
KNOW HIM. NO ONE
DID, REALLY.

20 HOURS AGO, HE WAS AN
ADVISOR AT SOME FORGETTABLE
THINK-TANK IN MARYLAND. THEN HE
WAS ON OUR OP.



NOW, HE'S THE
MISSION...

DELTA GREEN

THE STARS LOOKED BACK

BY DENNIS DETWILLER

WE STOP AT THE CULVERT OFF LONG LAKE, BENEATH THE GOLDEN LIGHT OF SODIUM ARC LAMPS.

I SAT WITH MY WIFE HERE IN 1989 AND ROASTED HOT DOGS. WE LOOKED AT THE STARS BEFORE I KNEW THE WORLD WAS BULLSHIT.

BEFORE I KNEW THE STARS LOOKED BACK.

TONIGHT, I SAW SOMETHING LIKE A DOG MADE OF MIRRORS LEAP THROUGH THE AGENT FROM A POINT IN SPACE SOMEHOW FARTHER THAN THE EDGES OF THE ROOM.

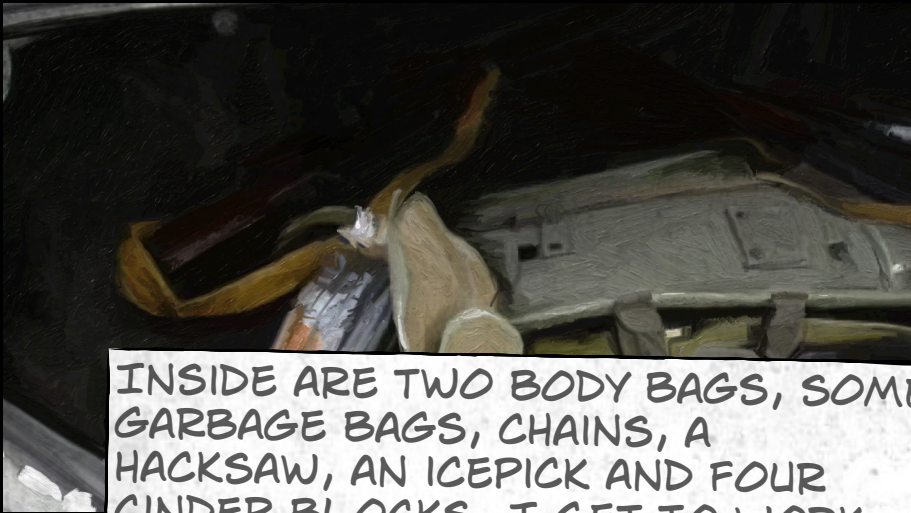


I CAN'T REMEMBER HIS NAME. IT SEEMS IMPORTANT NOW, AT LONG LAKE, THAT I KNOW HIS NAME.

THIS DISTURBS ME MORE THAN THE BODY.

IT'S NOT MY FIRST BODY.



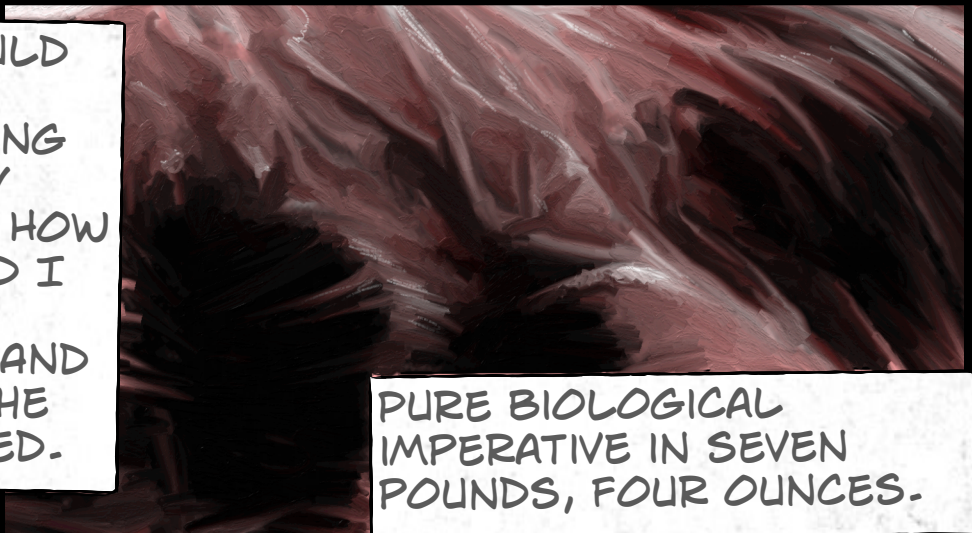


INSIDE ARE TWO BODY BAGS, SOME GARBAGE BAGS, CHAINS, A HACKSAW, AN ICEPICK AND FOUR CINDER BLOCKS. I GET TO WORK.

MY SON IS THREE YEARS OLD. I DREADED EVERY DAY UP TO HIS ARRIVAL.



I COULD SAY NOTHING TO MY WIFE. HOW COULD I TELL HER? AND THEN HE ARRIVED.



PURE BIOLOGICAL IMPERATIVE IN SEVEN POUNDS, FOUR OUNCES.

I OPEN THE BACK OF THE RENTAL CAR AND PULL THE AGENT OUT BY AN ARM. THE BODY SLIDES OUT LIKE A STILLBORN FETUS AND FLOPS TO THE GROUND WITH A THUD. IN THE COLD AIR A WAVE OF BLOOD AND SHIT FILLS MY NOSTRILS.



I THINK OF ADAM AND I GET ON WITH IT.

UNTIL IT'S SOMEONE ELSE'S TURN.