

ART &
STORY BY:

Susreet
Vichnu &
Team..

血道-血の道

[CHIMICHI - THE BLOOD PATH]



VOL. 1
この道は、
生きている。
THE STREET
IS ALIVE.

Supreet Vishnu's

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STORY BY:

Supreet Vishnu & Team.

"One step in... and the world forgets you."

VOLUME 1
DICTATOR AND TEAM
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[CHIMICHI - THE BLOOD PATH]

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CHAPTER 2: THE ABANDONED MEMORY

「見捨てられた記憶」

PGS: 17-31



血道

「この道は、生きている。」

"THE STREET IS ALIVE."

VOLUME 1

シュプリート・ヴィシュヌ
[SUPREET VISHNU]

CHAPTER 2: THE ABANDONED MEMORY





YOU TRYNA SCARE
ME, WHY'RE YOU
STARING AT ME ??



THESE ALL WERE JUST
TOO MUCH FOR ME,
SEEING MY OWN
REFLECTIONS AND
SHADOWS RESPONDING
TO ME. SO, JUST GETTING
SCARED FROM THEM, I
JUST I OVERCAME FROM
MY FEAR...



NOW WHO'S HIDING
THERE IN THE DARK

LIVING ALONE WITH MY SHADOWS AND REFLECTIONS IS TOO MUCH NOW...

HUH, KITTY YOU'RE MY ONLY FRIEND HERE..

MEOW!!

“PHONE BUZZES WITH A GLITCHED SCREEN.”

You're
almost
home.



IN THE OFFICE





OUTSKIRTS OF TOKYO



MOM, ARE YOU
THERE??



MOM, I'M
TIRED FROM
THIS WORK!



THEN STOP LOOKING.
YOU'RE GETTING
CLOSER, AREN'T YOU?
YOUR EYES ARE
CHANGING.



**YOSHIE
ARAKAWA**



...AND THEN THE VENDING MACHINE ACTUALLY
BLINKED AT ME!



SHINJUKU



HEY!! I'M
HOME!!



BUT, THERE'S
NO ONE HERE
WAITING FOR
ME..



AKI'S CHOICE IS
BETTER AS ALWAYS..

NOW, I SHOULD
CHANGE, UFF!!



UFF! KITTY,
WHERE ARE
YOU??



**COME LETS
HAVE DINNER!!**

**UHH!! HERE
YOU ARE..**



**I'M UNWELL I
GUESS!**





**MY NOSE
IS
BLEEDING!
ITS
HURTING
TOO
MUCH**



**I THINK SLEEP
CAN MAKE ME
BETTER**



**IT'S ENOUGH
FOR TODAY**

SUBJECT :

"WELCOME

BACK"

BODY TEXT:

**"THIS VERSION
OF TOKYO
REMEMBERS
EVERYTHING.
SO DO YOU."**

AN EMAIL FROM A
BLANK SENDER,
WHO'S THIS??

**OUTSIDE HER
APARTMENT**

"ONE STEP
CLOSER."

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

FIRST OF ALL — THANK YOU. YES, YOU. THE ONE HOLDING THIS BOOK, SQUINTING AT THESE WORDS, MAYBE WONDERING IF YOU MADE A MISTAKE PICKING UP A STORY ABOUT HAUNTED STREETS AND FACELESS MEN. YOU DIDN'T. (OR... MAYBE YOU DID. TOO LATE NOW.)

TO MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS — THANKS FOR PUTTING UP WITH ME WHEN I STARTED MUTTERING ABOUT "THE SPIRAL" AT DINNER AND DISAPPEARING INTO MY ROOM AT ODD HOURS. I PROMISE I'M OKAY. (PROBABLY.)

TO MY FRIEND'S CAT — THANKS FOR STARING INTO CORNERS AT INVISIBLE HORRORS AND REMINDING ME HOW CREEPY NORMAL LIFE CAN ALREADY BE.

TO THE VENDING MACHINE OUTSIDE THE CONVENIENCE STORE — YOU'RE THE REAL MVP FOR FUELING ME WITH SNACKS AND INSPIRATION WHILE I THOUGHT ABOUT CURSED VENDING MACHINES.

AND FINALLY — TO EVERYONE WHO READS THIS AND SMILES NERVOUSLY THINKING, "WHAT IF THIS HAPPENS TO ME?" — REMEMBER: THE CITY IS FULL OF STORIES. AND NOW YOU'RE PART OF ONE.

IF YOU EVER FIND YOURSELF IN AN ALLEY THAT WASN'T THERE YESTERDAY, JUST... DON'T.

THANKS FOR WALKING THIS PATH WITH ME. SEE YOU AT THE NEXT SPIRAL!

— SUPREET VISHNU

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

HEY THERE!

FIRST OF ALL — IF YOU MADE IT TO THE END OF THIS VOLUME, CONGRATULATIONS. YOU ARE OFFICIALLY BRAVER THAN ME, BECAUSE WHILE DRAWING AND WRITING THIS STORY, I SPOOKED MYSELF MORE TIMES THAN I CARE TO ADMIT. SERIOUSLY — I ALMOST STOPPED WORKING ON CHAPTER 3 AFTER MY OWN DOOR CREAKED AT 2AM.

THIS STORY STARTED AS ME JUST STARING AT A VENDING MACHINE ONE RAINY NIGHT OUTSIDE OF A CONVENIENCE STORE AND THINKING, "WHAT IF IT... SMILED BACK?" AND THINGS ESCALATED FROM THERE. (AS THEY TEND TO DO WHEN YOU MAKE DEALS WITH HAUNTED STREETS, APPARENTLY.)

I POURED A LOT OF LATE NIGHTS, COFFEE, AND NERVOUS LAUGHTER INTO THIS BOOK SO THANK YOU FOR READING, FOR CARING ABOUT MINA AND AKI, AND FOR LETTING ME DRAG YOU INTO THE SPIRAL.

PLEASE REMEMBER: IF YOU EVER SEE AN ALLEY THAT WASN'T THERE YESTERDAY, DON'T GO IN. OR AT LEAST, TAKE SNACKS. SEE YOU IN THE NEXT VOLUME — UNLESS CHIMICHI FINDS ME FIRST.

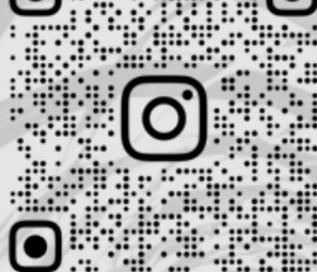
WITH SLIGHTLY TREMBLING HANDS,

-SUPREET VISHNU

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血道

[CHIMICHI - THE BLOOD PATH]

IN THE HEART OF TOKYO, AN ANCIENT STREET AWAKENS. MINA ARAKAWA GLIMPSES THE IMPOSSIBLE: ALLEYS THAT SHOULDN'T EXIST, VENDING MACHINES THAT WHISPER HER NAME, AND A TORII GATE THAT BREATHES. ONCE SHE STEPS ONTO CHIMICHI, THERE IS NO WAY BACK — THOUGH SHE DOESN'T REMEMBER WHEN SHE FIRST WALKED IT. AS HER QUIET LIFE BEGINS TO UNRAVEL, FORGOTTEN MEMORIES BLEED INTO HER DAYS: HER MISSING FATHER, HER MOTHER'S STRANGE WARNINGS, AND THE NAME ETCHED INTO HER DREAMS. THE STREETS BEND AND WARP AS SHE AND AKI DESCEND INTO CHIMICHI'S SPIRAL, UNCOVERING CHILDHOOD SECRETS, FACELESS FOLLOWERS, AND A ROAD DRAWN IN BLOOD. EVERY STEP FORWARD TIGHTENS THE SPIRAL — AND THE CITY REMEMBERS WHAT SHE TRIED TO FORGET.

VOL. 1

