

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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血道(ちみち)ー血の道

[CHIMICHI - THE BLOOD PATH]

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CHAPTER 1: THE FIRST STEP

「最初の一歩」

PGS: 3-14



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]

TOKYO!!

CHAPTER 1: THE FIRST STEP





"TOKYO
MOVES LIKE
IT'S ALIVE.
BUT
SOMETIMES,
SOMETHING
ELSE MOVES
BENEATH IT."



SHIBUYA
STATION!!



MINA
ARKAWA



UHH!!,
THE
NEAREST STATION
IS CHIMICHI. ITS
KINDA FAMILIAR
TO ME



"CHIMICHI STATION,
SOUNDS SUS"



"LETS CHECK THAT
EMPTY STREET, IT
LOOKS KIND'A
FAMILIAR TO ME."



CHIMICHI STREET



(MINA'S THOUGHTS): "A
NEW ALLEY, THAT...
WASN'T HERE FIVE
SECONDS AGO."



**NEW MESSAGE: "IF YOU
WANT TO FIND HER, KEEP
WALKING."**



"THE WALLS BEGIN TO
STRETCH UPWARD
UNNATURALLY, LIKE A
TUNNEL MADE OF
BUILDINGS"



**SU
DDE
NLY**

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INSERT 1
MEMORY,
WHAT'S
THIS??



STUNNED!!



STARING AT THE
VENDING MACHINE.



SOMEONE
WHISPERED
BEHIND ME:

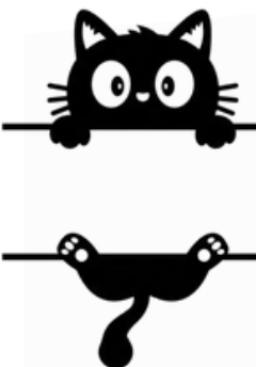


"WHAT DID YOU
FORGET TO
FORGET?"



IT'S ICE-COLD, THEN SCALDING HOT.

INSTEAD OF DRINKS, THE VENDING SLOTS CONTAIN:.
A BURNT PHOTO,
A BABY TOOTH,
A TRAIN TICKET
DATED TWO YEARS
FROM NOW,
A BLOODY SCHOOL ID.



SHE TRIES TO STEP AWAY,
BUT NOW THE WALLS ARE
CLOSER.
THE ALLEY IS SHRINKING,
BUT THE VENDING MACHINE
REMAINS EXACTLY THE
SAME DISTANCE.

A GARBLED VOICE FROM
INSIDE THE MACHINE
SAYS:
“SHE TRADED HER NAME.
WILL YOU?”





**THE ALLEY FORMS
A SPIRAL,
CURVING
INWARD LIKE A
NAUTILUS SHELL.
THE PATH LED
STRAIGHT TO A
SINGLE POINT.**

**MESSAGE: "YOU
ARE NOW INSIDE.
IT WILL WATCH
YOU SLEEP."**



**IN FIVE SECONDS, A
TORII GATE FORMED—
ITS SHIFTING DESIGN
ETCHED WITH NAIL
MARKS AND NAMES
THAT SLITHERED LIKE
MAGGOTS ALONG THE
BEAM.**



**“WELCOME TO CHIMICHI.
THE STREET REMEMBERS.”**



**MY EYES FLASHED
FOR A SECOND!!**

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[CHIMICHI - THE BLOOD PATH]

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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[CHIMICHI - THE BLOOD PATH]

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 CONVINIENCE 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.

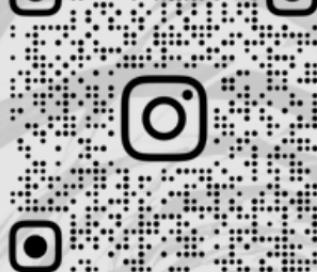
WITH SLIGHTLY TREMBLING HANDS,

-SUPREET VISHNU

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[CHIMICHI - THE BLOOD PATH]

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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

