

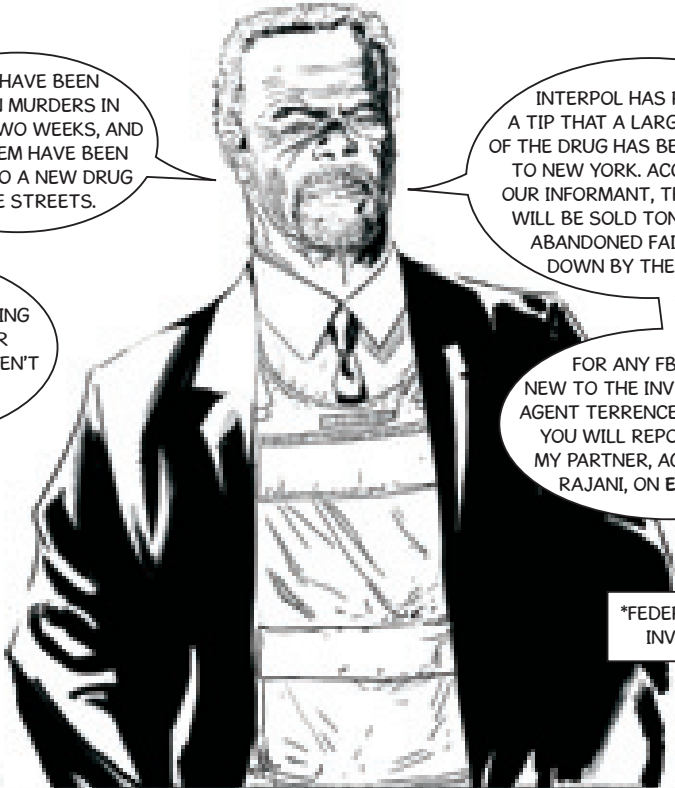
LEWIS HELFAND



PHOTOBOOTH



Illustrated by
SACHIN NAGAR



THERE HAVE BEEN THIRTEEN MURDERS IN THE LAST TWO WEEKS, AND ALL OF THEM HAVE BEEN RELATED TO A NEW DRUG ON THE STREETS.

WE DON'T KNOW HOW THIS DRUG IS GETTING INTO THE COUNTRY, OR WHO'S INVOLVED. WE HAVEN'T HAD A SINGLE LEAD... UNTIL TONIGHT.

INTERPOL HAS RECEIVED A TIP THAT A LARGE SHIPMENT OF THE DRUG HAS BEEN DELIVERED TO NEW YORK. ACCORDING TO OUR INFORMANT, THE SHIPMENT WILL BE SOLD TONIGHT AT AN ABANDONED FAIRGROUND DOWN BY THE WATER.

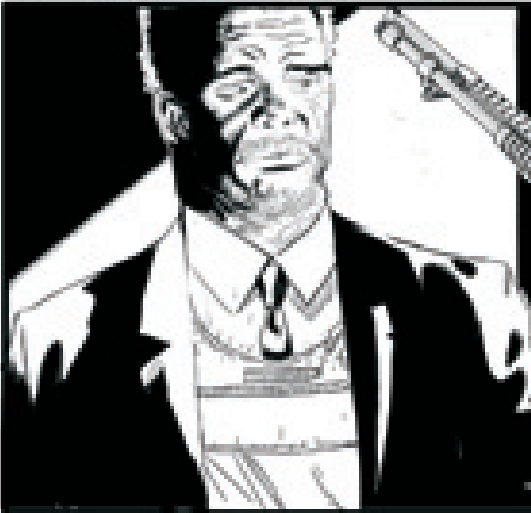
FOR ANY FBI* AGENTS NEW TO THE INVESTIGATION, I'M AGENT TERENCE REDMOND, AND YOU WILL REPORT TO ME, OR MY PARTNER, AGENT PRAVEER RAJANI, ON EVERYTHING.

*FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.

NEW YORK CITY, USA.
13TH AUGUST 2010.



THE DEAL IS SUPPOSED TO TAKE PLACE IN ONE HOUR, SO I WANT EVERYONE ARMED AND READY TO MOVE OUT IN TWENTY MINUTES. DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO ADD, AGENT RAJANI?



WHY ARE WE WAITING TWENTY MINUTES, TERENCE? I'M LEAVING IN FIVE... WITH OR WITHOUT THE REST OF YOU.

ONE HOUR LATER.

IT SEEMS OUR SOURCE WAS LEGITIMATE. THERE'S DEFINITELY SOMETHING TAKING PLACE HERE TONIGHT. HAVE YOUR OTHER OFFICERS CIRCLE THE BACK OF THE FAIRGROUND.

YES, SIR.

I'M GUESSING THE DRUGS ARE IN THE CRATES, AND THE MONEY IS IN THE BRIEFCASE. TELL EVERYONE TO WATCH THE BRIEFCASE.

ONCE THAT MONEY CHANGES HANDS, I WANT EVERYONE TO MOVE IN AND SURROUND THEM.



DO YOU WANT ME TO TAKE THE LEAD, TERRENCE?

ALL I WANT YOU TO DO IS MAKE SURE YOU KEEP YOUR TEMPER IN CHECK, PRAVEER. I PUT MY REPUTATION AND CAREER ON THE LINE TO GET YOU REINSTATED.

YOU'VE HAD THREE SUSPENSIONS IN THE LAST TWO YEARS FOR USING EXCESSIVE FORCE. IT CAN'T HAPPEN AGAIN. KEEP YOURSELF UNDER CONTROL. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

I GET IT, TERRENCE. HOWEVER, YOU MIGHT WANT TO SAVE YOUR LECTURE FOR LATER. THIS DEAL IS TAKING PLACE NOW. THE BRIEFCASE JUST CHANGED HANDS.



I'VE BEEN PARTNERS WITH TERENCE REDMOND FOR THREE YEARS, BUT HE STILL DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ME.

FBI! DROP YOUR WEAPONS AND PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!

HE TELLS ME TO KEEP MYSELF UNDER CONTROL, AS IF IT'S EASY TO DO. I GUESS FOR HIM IT IS. HE ALWAYS SEEMS SO SURE OF HIS DECISIONS; HE ALWAYS SEEMS POSITIVE THAT HE'S ON THE RIGHT PATH IN LIFE. BUT THAT'S NOT ME.

WHACK!

I'VE NEVER BEEN ON THE RIGHT PATH IN LIFE. PERHAPS I'M GOING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION ON PURPOSE.

WHEN IT COMES TO LIFE, I'VE NEVER BEEN CONCERNED ABOUT WHAT'S IN FRONT OF ME; I'VE ALWAYS BEEN MORE FOCUSED ON WHAT'S BEHIND ME.

TERRENCE!

I'M ALWAYS THINKING ABOUT THE THINGS I'VE LOST, THE MISSED OPPORTUNITIES, THE DIRECTIONS MY LIFE DIDN'T TAKE...

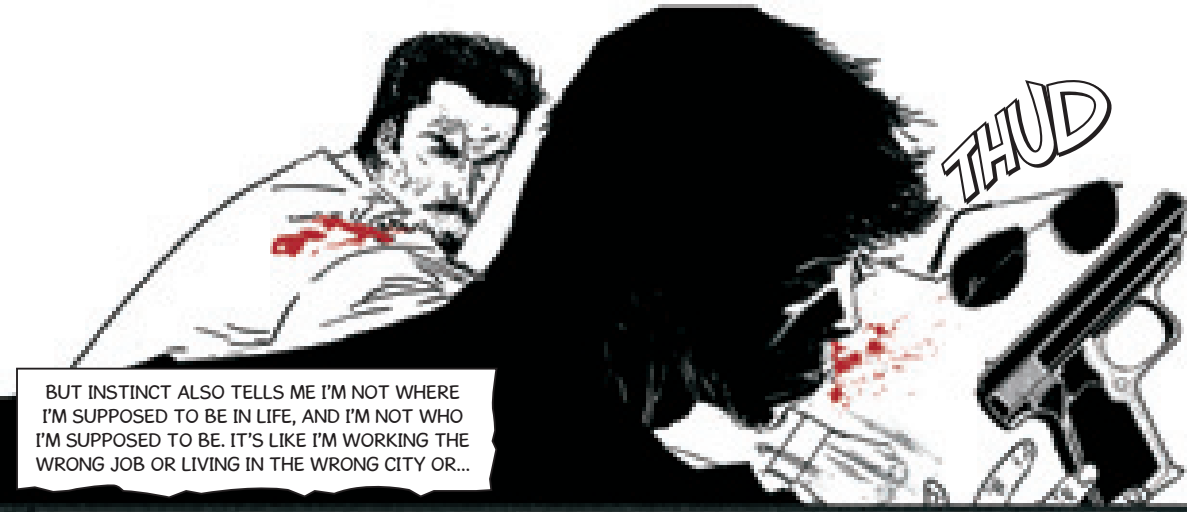
...AND THE THINGS YOU USUALLY DON'T NOTICE UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT THEM.

CRACK!



BANG!

I BARELY FEEL THE BULLET GRAZE MY SKIN. THERE ISN'T TIME TO FEEL. THERE ISN'T TIME TO HESITATE. I'M REACTING ON INSTINCT.



THUD

BUT INSTINCT ALSO TELLS ME I'M NOT WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO BE IN LIFE, AND I'M NOT WHO I'M SUPPOSED TO BE. IT'S LIKE I'M WORKING THE WRONG JOB OR LIVING IN THE WRONG CITY OR...

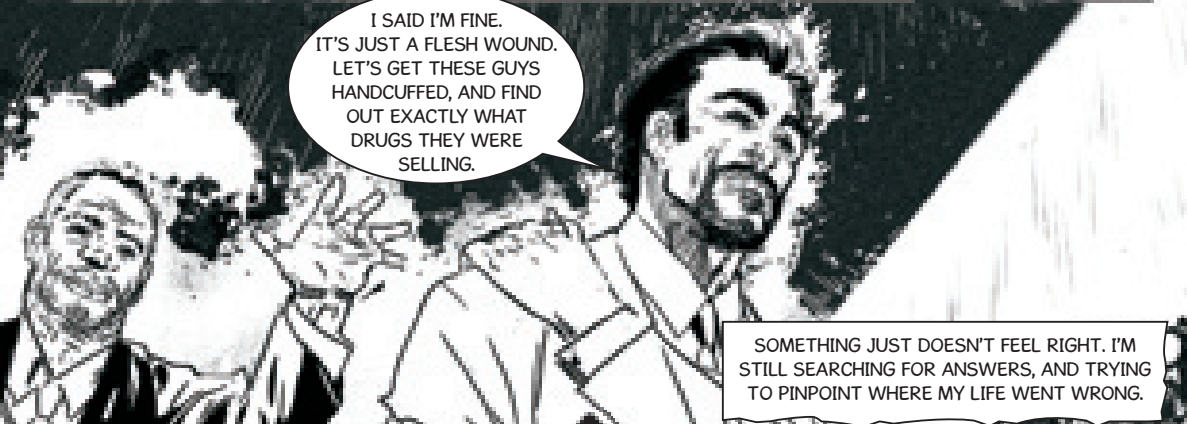


YOU'RE HURT.

I'M FINE.

YOU'RE BLEEDING. THE BULLET MUST HAVE TORN THROUGH YOUR VEST. THERE'S AN AMBULANCE. LET ME--

I SAID I'M FINE. IT'S JUST A FLESH WOUND. LET'S GET THESE GUYS HANDCUFFED, AND FIND OUT EXACTLY WHAT DRUGS THEY WERE SELLING.



SOMETHING JUST DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT. I'M STILL SEARCHING FOR ANSWERS, AND TRYING TO PINPOINT WHERE MY LIFE WENT WRONG.





WHAT IS IT, TERRENCE?

IT'S THE NEW DRUG I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT. IT'S CALLED DRAGON'S BREATH. HIGHLY ADDICTIVE.

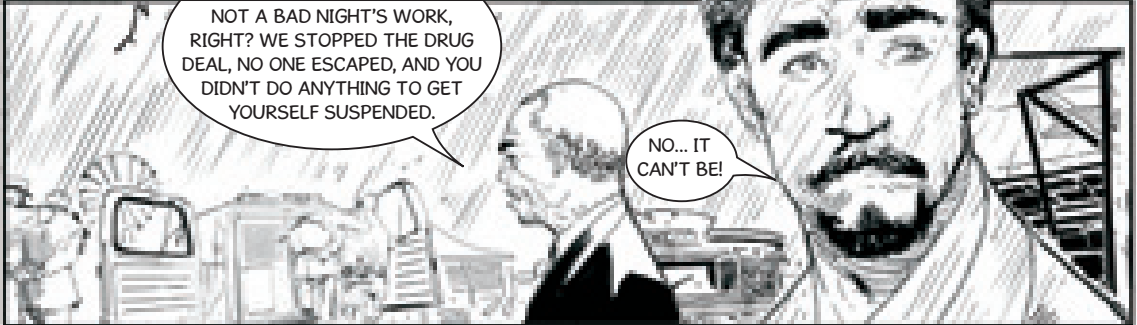
HMM... LOOKS LIKE THEY WERE PLANNING TO FLOOD THE CITY WITH THIS DRUG.

LET'S GET IT ALL BOXED UP AND BACK TO OUR HEADQUARTERS. MAYBE WE CAN FIND OUT WHO'S SUPPLYING THIS STUFF.



NOT A BAD NIGHT'S WORK, RIGHT? WE STOPPED THE DRUG DEAL, NO ONE ESCAPED, AND YOU DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO GET YOURSELF SUSPENDED.

NO... IT CAN'T BE!



THERE WERE TIMES I THOUGHT I IMAGINED THE WHOLE THING. I HAVEN'T SEEN THIS SINCE I WAS A KID. NOT SINCE--



PHOTOBOOTH

He wanted to change the past, but first he would have to alter the future...

A new deadly drug is about to flood the streets of New York City. The police has no leads on who is producing the drug, or where it is coming from. As far as Praveer Rajani, a ruthless Interpol agent, is concerned, the only way to prevent countless deaths lies in a handful of mysterious photographs.

In the photographs, Praveer can see images of places he has never known, and people he has long forgotten. But what are the photographs leading him to? Is Praveer being told that his life is spiralling out of control, and he now has one chance to put things right?

Or are the photographs related to a murder that Praveer is desperate to solve? Perhaps they are showing the love that his brother, Jayendra, let slip away or even the family that his sister, Nisha, wants back.

The mystery will finally be solved in this exciting romantic thriller from Campfire.

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