

I should've known better than to take that damn missing girl case. But I haven't been thinking clearly... not with the headaches and the nausea. To add insult to injury, this morning I woke up in a bed that wasn't my own, with a woman I'd never met, and in clothes I've never worn. Happens to the best of us, right? Well, the difference is the bed was covered in blood, the woman was dead, and the clothes belonged to a man I'd shot dead twenty years ago.

The doctors tell me there's a ticking time bomb of a tumor in my head. Could go at any time. I've got to solve that missing girl case, find out who the dead blonde next to me is, and clear my name all before the tumor ruptures and I take the big sleep.

It's going to be one of those days.

TUMOR

An original graphic novel

By Joshua Hale Fialkov & Noel Tuazon

Tumor is a 176 page original graphic novel from the award-nominated creative team behind the critically acclaimed **Elk's Run** (Villard Books, Random House Publishing Group.) The book draws heavily from the Film Noir aesthetic but with a modern storytelling style combining Hitchcockian mystery and intrigue with a compelling first person narrative in a style reminiscent of films like **Memento** and **Fight Club**.

Told using a shifting time line, in which reality and Frank's shattered perception constantly blur, Tumor captures the inner-workings of a man being punished for a life he doesn't remember leading and for atrocities he doesn't remember committing.

Tumor follows Frank Armstrong, a past his prime Private Eye and former mob enforcer, who takes on a missing girl case tied to the mob, only to find connections to the murder of his own wife twenty years earlier. Now, he must find the girl before her fate is sealed. Oh, did I mention the much too late diagnosis of a massive brain tumor that is quickly killing Frank?

With literally days to live, Frank loses his senses one by one, his memories disappear, and his body fails. He's left to find the girl, solve his wife's murder, and, hopefully, avenge her death all before the tumor finally ends it all.

In the end, when all is revealed to him, the sad truth of his wife's death and his very active role in it is but a fleeting thought as he loses what little coherence he has left. He dies, he thinks, the way he's deserved to, in the arms of the woman he loves... even if he doesn't know who she is.



I've been to too many of these things.

And they're always the same.



Sure, the specifics change.

Who's in the box.

Who's not in the box.

But it's always the same.

The old bag's gonna break down now.



Every. Fucking. Time.



See that one there? Name's Jamison Sinclair.

He's the reason I'm here.

You gotta see all the key players at the funeral to see if they did it or not.

Oh, and by the way...

If you asked me...

He did it.

The father there... Alecks Denisev, he hired me to investigate the disappearance of his daughter. Nice easy case of a run away Reeskie Mafiosa Princess probably off spending Daddy's blood money on methamphetamine and sketchy skater boys from Venice.

'Course, little Miss Lana turns up dead in one of these trendy theme hotels that all the coked up teenaged movie stars are seen waving their genitalia around on the front of the tableids.

Then it becomes a murder case. And it starts to look less and less like a mob thing.

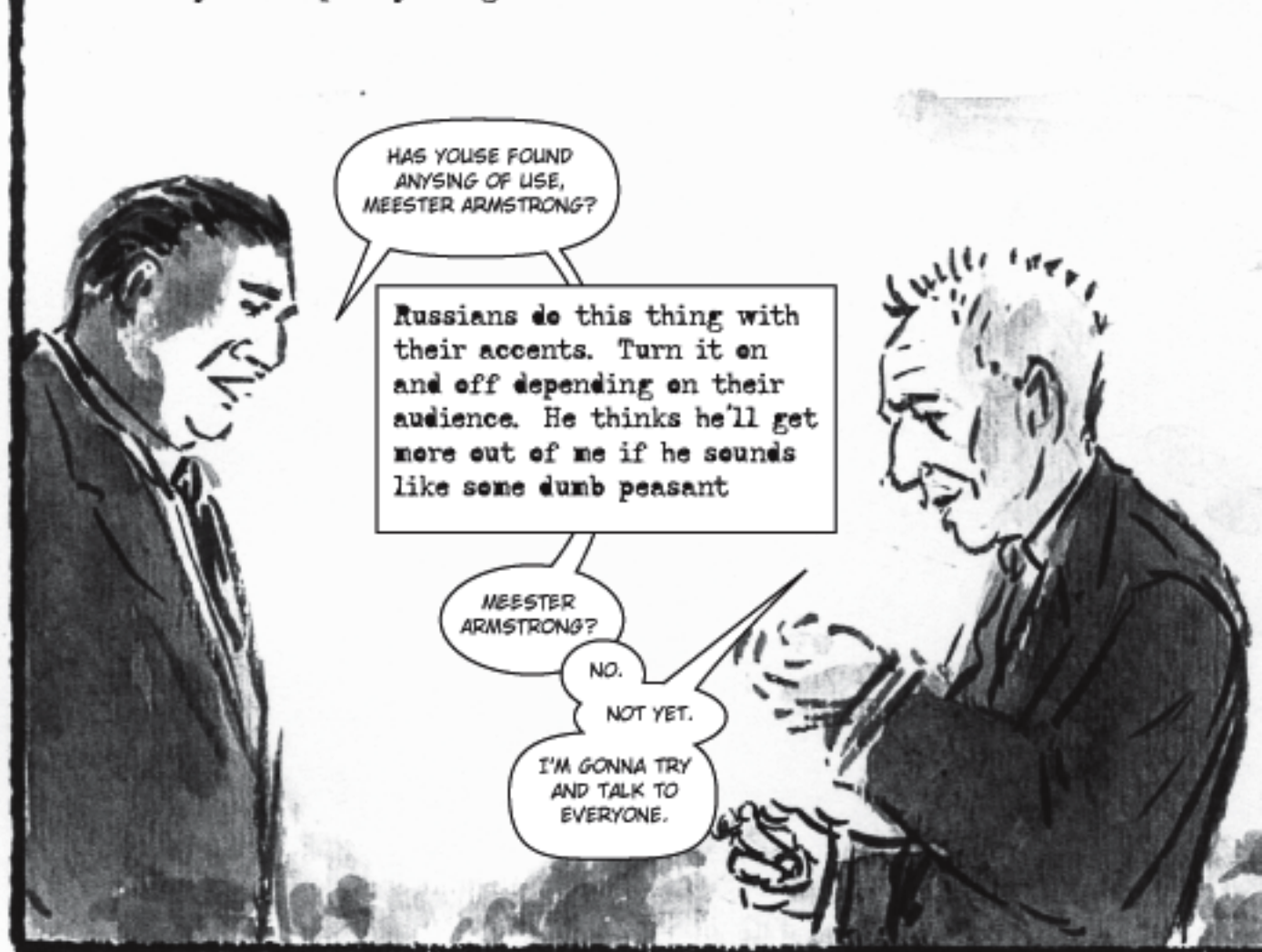


Inahler's supposed to make the headaches stop.

It don't.



Shit. My head's pretty far gone.



HAS YOUSE FOUND ANYSING OF USE, MEESTER ARMSTRONG?

Russians do this thing with their accents. Turn it on and off depending on their audience. He thinks he'll get more out of me if he sounds like some dumb peasant

MEESTER ARMSTRONG?

NO.

NOT YET.

I'M GONNA TRY AND TALK TO EVERYONE.

TALK TO EVERYONE.

EVERYONE HERE.

EVERYONE...

ONE HERE.



YOU DO NOT LOOK VELL, ARMSTRONG.

I'M FINE. JUST GOT A HEADACHE.

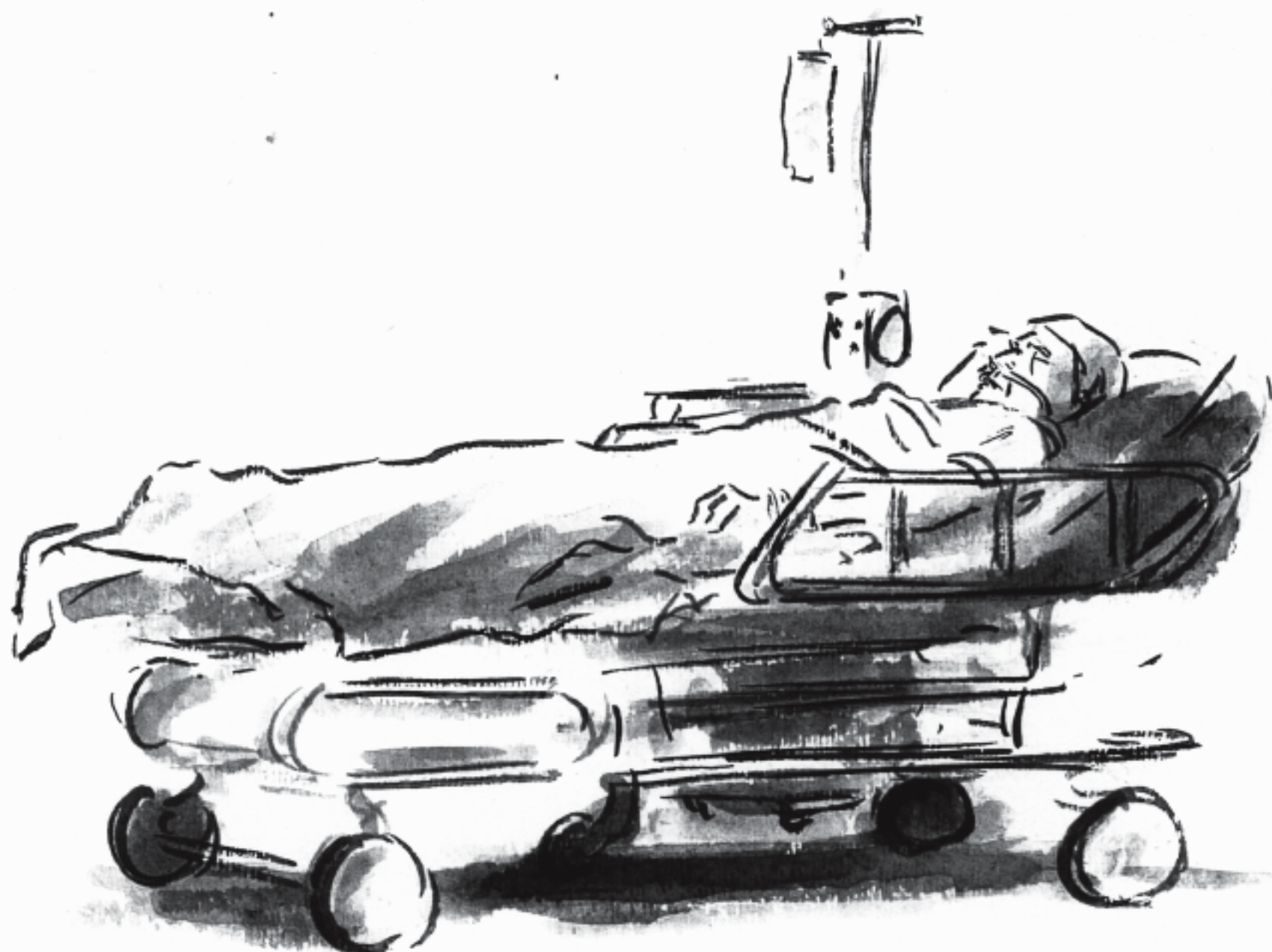
HEAD. FUCK.



Hours pass.

Maybe even days.

Time's become a little less regular than it used to be.



Where the
fuck am I?



