STRANGE SKIES
OVER EAST BERLIN™
Jeff Loveness
Lisandro Estherren
Patricio Delpeche
"This is a great book and the artwork is STUNNING."
—JEFF LEMIRE
The New York Times bestselling writer of Gideon Falls

STRANGE SKIES OVER EAST BERLIN™

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STRANGE SKIES OVER EAST BERLIN
Created by **Jeff Loveness** and **Lisandro Estherren**

1

1973.

A Wall cuts the world in half.

The United States has left Vietnam in chaos and ruin.

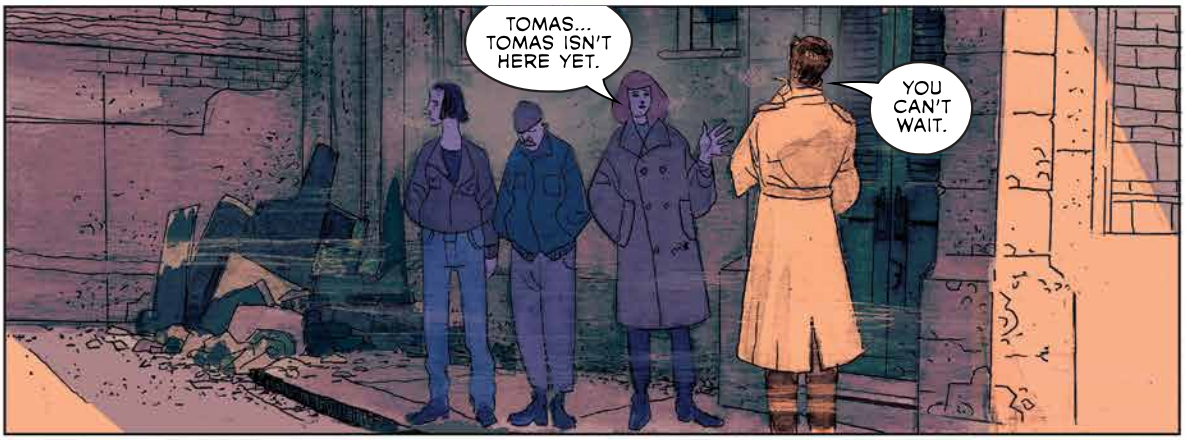
The Soviet Union maintains a stranglehold over the Eastern Bloc.

East Germany is the deepest surveillance state in the world.

Thousands of Stasi agents use thousands of informants to spy upon their neighbors.

The Wall is Built Higher.

Why do we lie?
To keep others safe?
Or to save ourselves?
TIME TO GO.



THIS IS THE ONLY CHANCE YOU GET.

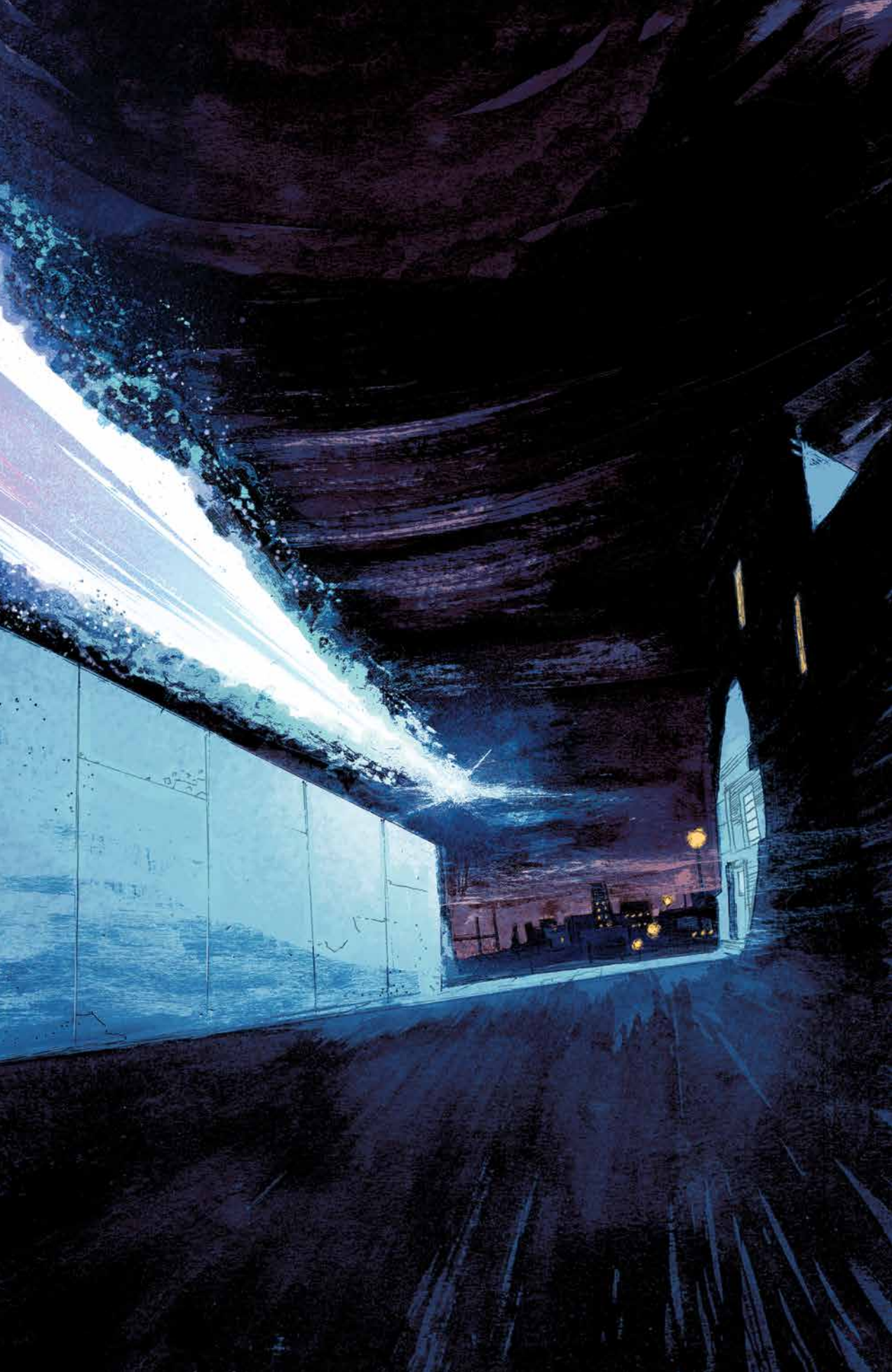
...
YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS.
WE'RE GOING.
THE WEST... IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK IT IS.
I DON'T CARE. IT'S NOT HERE.
They're brave.
I've seen it before.
They look at the Wall.
And they think they can win.
I try to share their hope…
…but I've learned better.
WAIT!

TOMAS!
The Wall kills hope.
HELP HIM!
IT'S TOO LATE! RUN!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? GET DOWN!
It's true. Sometimes you lie to save others.

But more than anything…
We lie to ourselves.
About who we really are. What we've allowed our lives to become.
Anything to spare ourselves from the truth.
Anything to say that it isn't hopeless.
That you have time left.
That you can be saved.
It's so easy to lie to yourself.

But none of that matters.
Because eventually, you run out of lies.
You always run out.
And at the end of whatever lie you've told the most…

The truth
finds you.



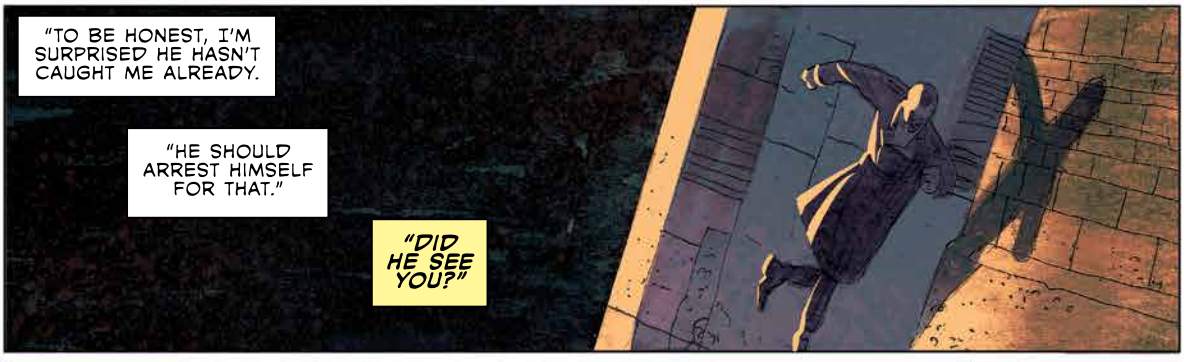
"AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS THE BOMB.

"ALMOST THANKED GOD--MAYBE ALL THIS WAS FINALLY OVER.
"BUT NO. THIS WAS SOMETHING ELSE.

"EVERYONE COULD FEEL IT.

"I BARELY GOT AWAY."
"DID HE SEE YOU?"

"KEINER?
"HE SEES EVERYTHING.


"TO BE HONEST, I'M SURPRISED HE HASN'T CAUGHT ME ALREADY.
"HE SHOULD ARREST HIMSELF FOR THAT."
"DID HE SEE YOU?"

"IT WAS DARK... I DON'T KNOW IF HE MADE ME...
"...BUT I DON'T WANT TO WAIT AROUND AND FIND OUT."

...AND DID YOU SEE *IT?*
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT *IT* EVEN WAS.
NEITHER DO WE.
WHICH IS WHY I NEED YOU.
WHAT? NO! DID YOU HEAR WHAT I JUST SAID?
I BARELY GOT AWAY. THEY MADE ME.
YOU DON'T KNOW THAT.
AND IF THEY DIDN'T, THEY'LL GET THE OTHERS TO TALK. THEY ALWAYS DO.
YOU GET ME OUT, TONIGHT! I DON'T CARE WHAT IT--
HERRING.
PERHAPS YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME.
WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS.
DO YOU UNDER-STAND?
WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS.
AND IT LANDED ON *THEIR* SIDE.

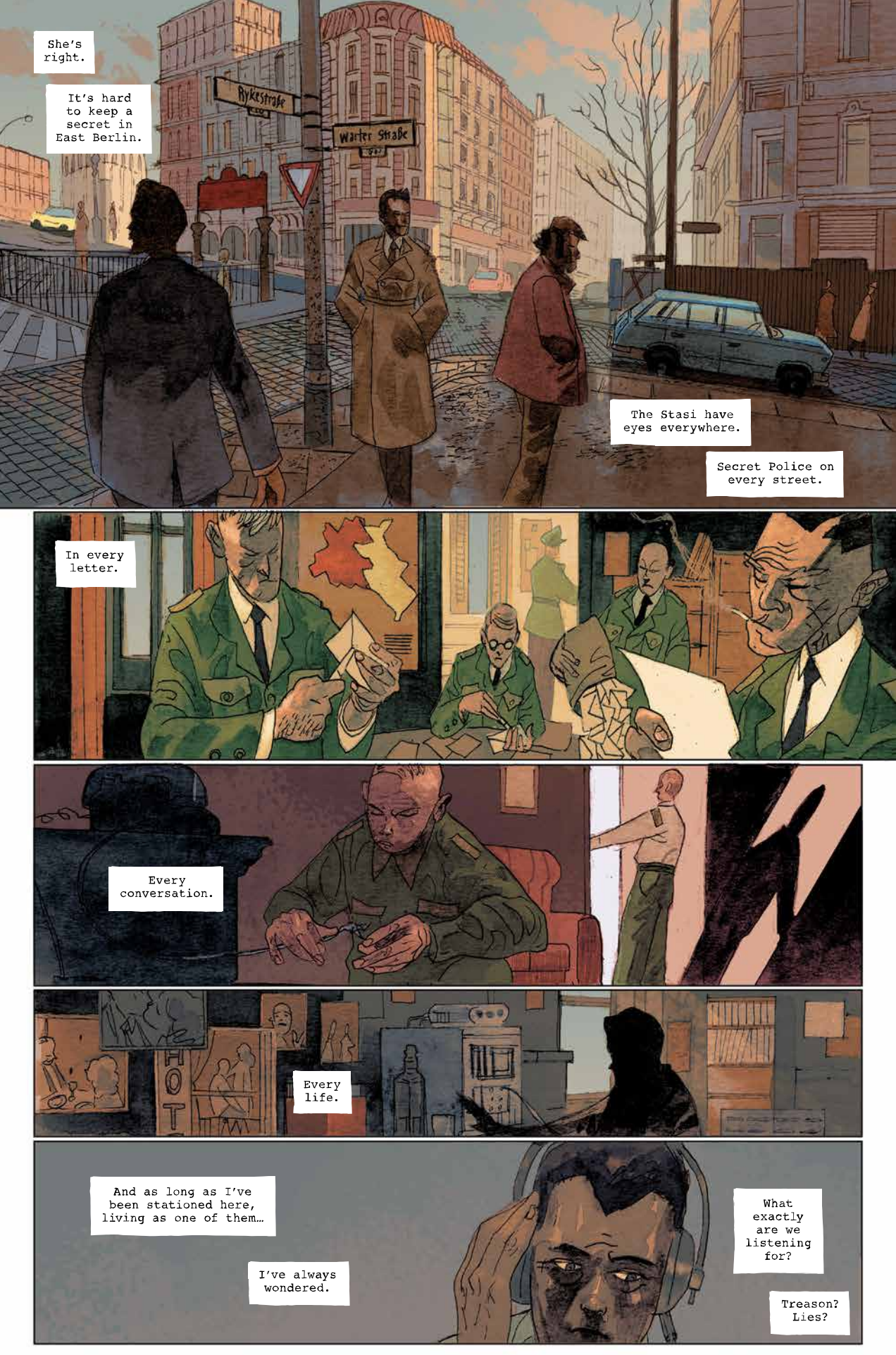
YOU ARE THE CLOSEST MAN WE HAVE IN EAST GERMAN INTELLIGENCE. AND ONE OF THE LAST IN BERLIN.
YOU KNOW HOW GOOD THEY ARE AT CATCHING US.

FIND WHAT THEY HAVE, REPORT BACK.
AND I'LL GET YOU OUT.
I PROMISE.

THE WORLD IS FALLING APART.
IF WE LOSE ONCE, WE LOSE EVERYTHING.
SO WE CAN'T LOSE.
NOT TO THEM.

YOU DON'T CARE IF I LIVE OR DIE, DO YOU?
I DON'T ***WORRY.*** YOU'RE VERY GOOD AT LIVING.

WHERE DO I EVEN START?
OH, THIS COUNTRY'S FULL OF SECRETS.
SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO FIND ONE.
Kulture park Berlin


She's right.
It's hard to keep a secret in East Berlin.
Rykestraße
Warter Straße
The Stasi have eyes everywhere.
Secret Police on every street.
In every letter.
Every conversation.
HOT
Every life.
And as long as I've been stationed here, living as one of them…
I've always wondered.
What exactly are we listening for?
Treason? Lies?

Or are we all just listening in the dark…
…for anyone telling the truth?
To remember what it sounds like?
So I blend in. Lose myself to them.
Zimmer and I find what they're hiding.
A crash site further east.
I spy upon the spies.
I find their secrets.
BESTEHEN
Find a way in.
Add my lie to theirs.
Because if everything is a lie…

…the truth can be anything you want.
IDENTITÄTS ZEUGNIS
Soviets?
This should be interesting.
Hope my Russian holds up.
But as I enter the secret…

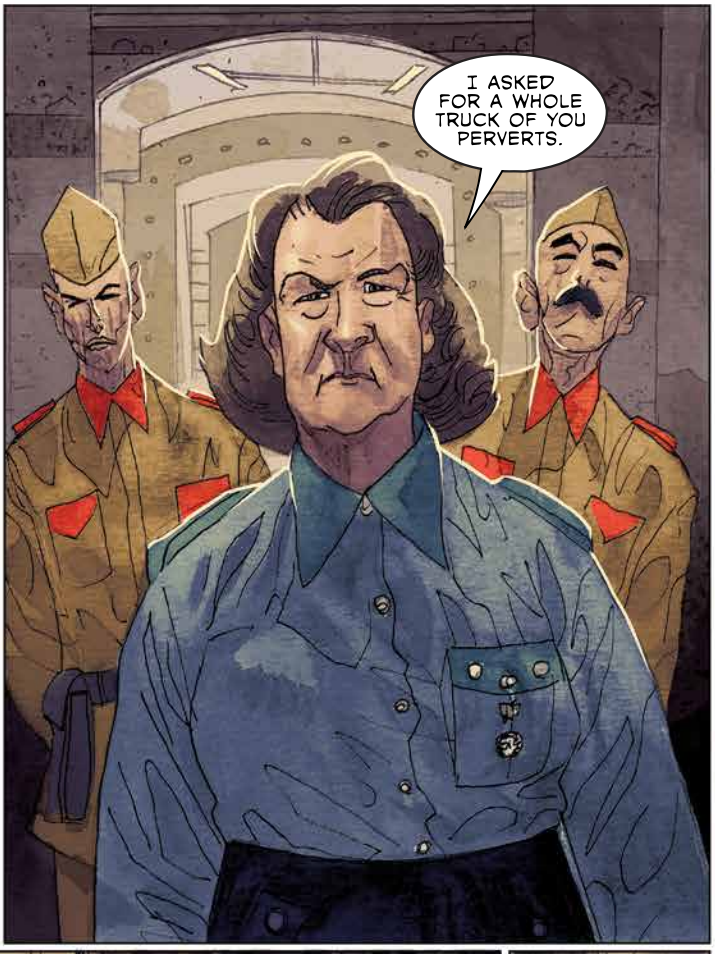
Sink into it…
My mind drifts…
To the best lie I told.

And the person who believed it.

Who believed I was good.
Who made me better than the truth.

So much that I almost forgot it.

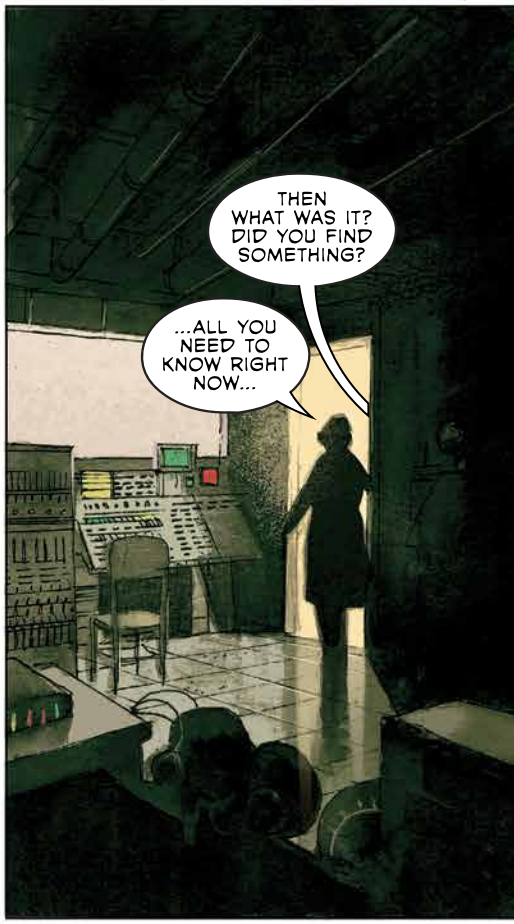
IS IT JUST YOU?


I ASKED FOR A WHOLE TRUCK OF YOU PERVERTS.

Ausgang
YOU ONLY NEED ME.
WHY AM I HERE?

I WILL ONLY TELL YOU WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW.
TOO MANY QUESTIONS AND I GET TO SHOOT YOU.
SOUNDS FAIR. WHY AM I HERE?
THE LIGHT... THOSE WEEKS AGO. DID YOU SEE IT?
EVERYONE DID.

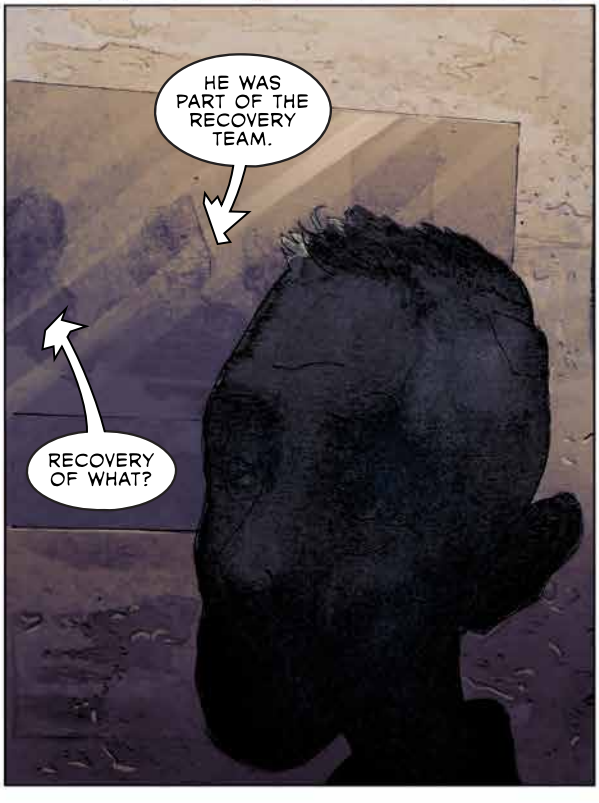
BRITISH? AMERICANS?
THAT WOULD MAKE IT SIMPLER.


THEN WHAT WAS IT? DID YOU FIND SOMETHING?
...ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW RIGHT NOW...

...IS IF HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?
DR. SATTLER...
NOTHING.
NO RADIATION, INJURIES, OR PATHOGENS WE CAN DETECT.
BUT CLEARLY... SOME FORM OF TRAUMA. PSYCHOSIS.

SOME NEW WEAPON? MI6? CIA?
...IT.
IT DID NOT COME FROM THEM.


HE WAS PART OF THE RECOVERY TEAM.
RECOVERY OF WHAT?

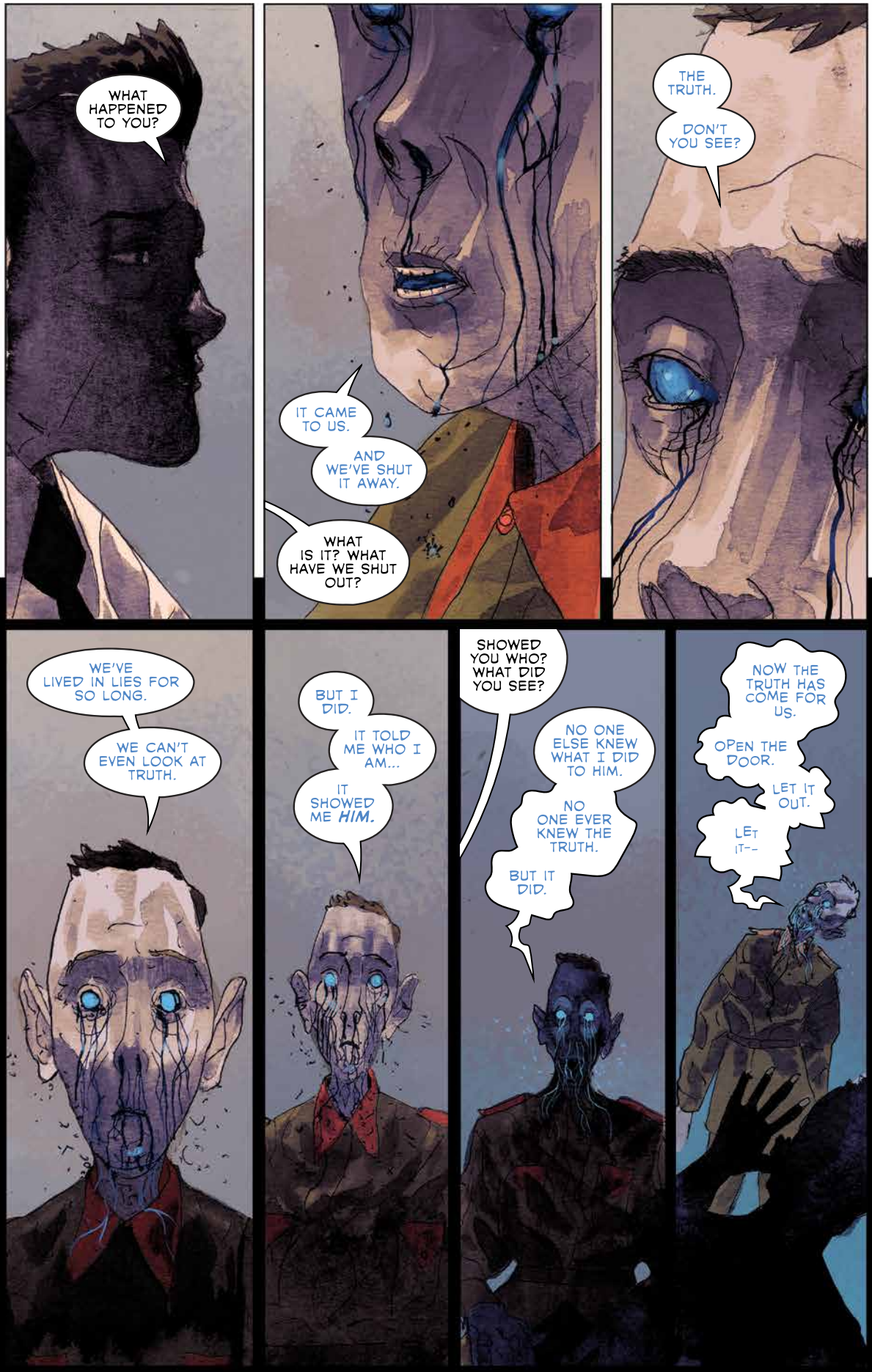
...
JUST FIND OUT WHAT HE KNOWS. TELL US IF HE'S LYING.
THAT'S WHAT YOU STASI MEN ARE GOOD FOR, RIGHT?

"FINDING SECRETS?"

HELLO.
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE?

OPEN THE DOOR.
WE CAN MOVE YOU SOMEWHERE MORE COMFORTABLE ONCE--

OPEN THE DOOR.
LET IT OUT.


WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
IT CAME TO US.
AND WE'VE SHUT IT AWAY.
WHAT IS IT? WHAT HAVE WE SHUT OUT?
THE TRUTH.
DON'T YOU SEE?
WE'VE LIVED IN LIES FOR SO LONG.
WE CAN'T EVEN LOOK AT TRUTH.
BUT I DID.
IT TOLD ME WHO I AM...
IT SHOWED ME HIM.
SHOWED YOU WHO? WHAT DID YOU SEE?
NO ONE ELSE KNEW WHAT I DID TO HIM.
NO ONE EVER KNEW THE TRUTH.
BUT IT DID.
NOW THE TRUTH HAS COME FOR US.
OPEN THE DOOR.
LET IT OUT.
LET IT--

AAHHH!

I don't believe it.
Then I see…
…someone who can't be there.
And I won't believe it.

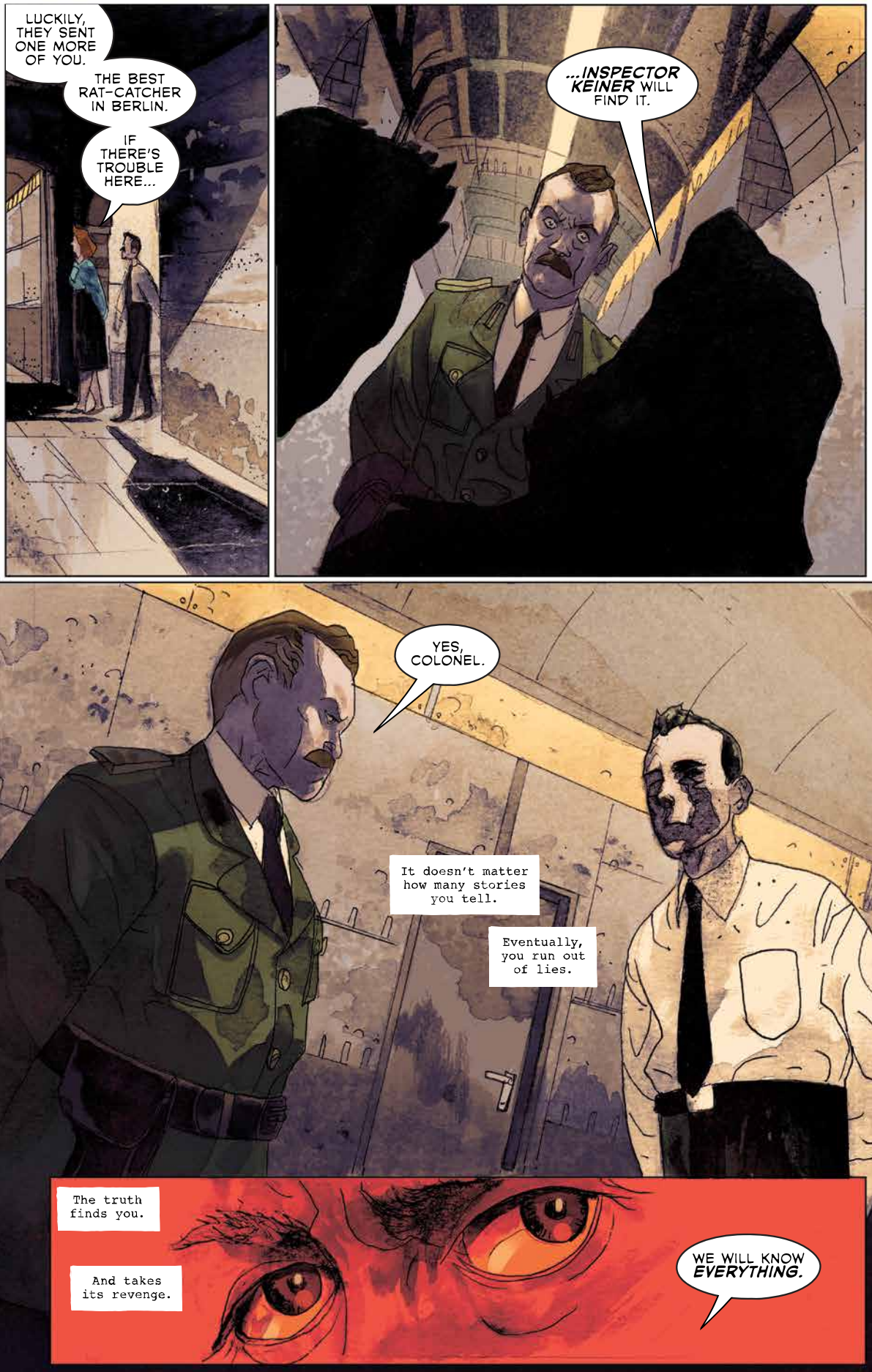
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!
ANZHELA, WE SHOULD QUARANTINE HIM.
WE'RE WELL PAST THAT, DOCTOR.

WE'RE ALL QUARANTINED!
LOCK DOWN THE ENTIRE BUNKER.
AND KEEP THAT DOOR SECURE!

IF ANYONE TRIES TO OPEN IT, SHOOT THEM.
HOLD ONTO YOUR MIND. YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DON'T.

NO ENTRY OR EXIT. NOTHING OF THIS GETS OUT UNTIL WE KNOW IT AND CONTAIN IT. NO COMMUNICATIONS WITH MOSCOW, BERLIN, OR ANYWHERE ELSE.
DAMN SPIES EVERYWHERE.

YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT SPIES NOW?!
I WORRY ABOUT RATS TRYING TO SAVE THEIR OWN SKIN.

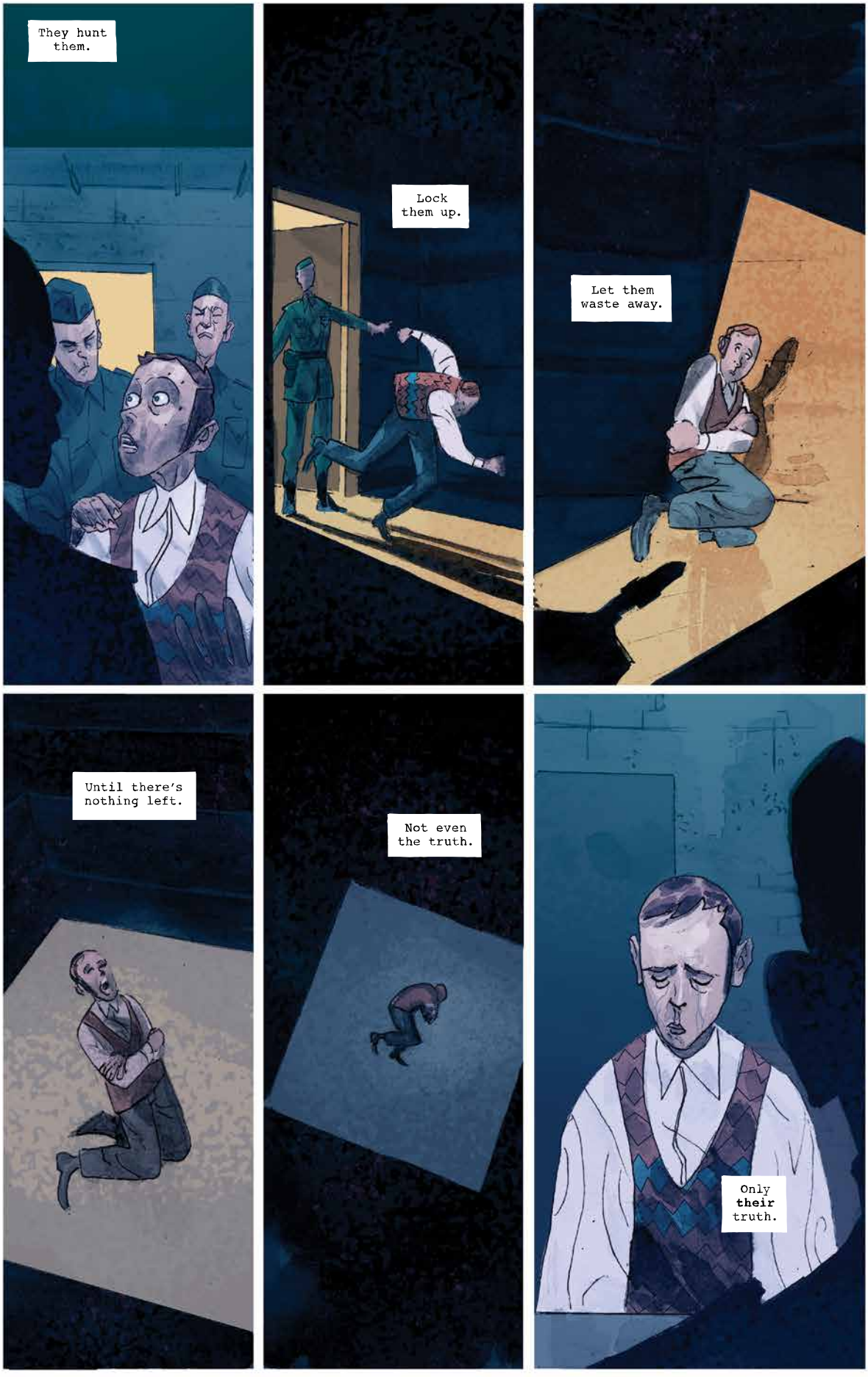

LUCKILY, THEY SENT ONE MORE OF YOU.
THE BEST RAT-CATCHER IN BERLIN.
IF THERE'S TROUBLE HERE...
...INSPECTOR KEINER WILL FIND IT.
YES, COLONEL.
It doesn't matter how many stories you tell.
Eventually, you run out of lies.
The truth finds you.
And takes its revenge.
WE WILL KNOW EVERYTHING.

2

They always find the lie.

They may not know the truth…

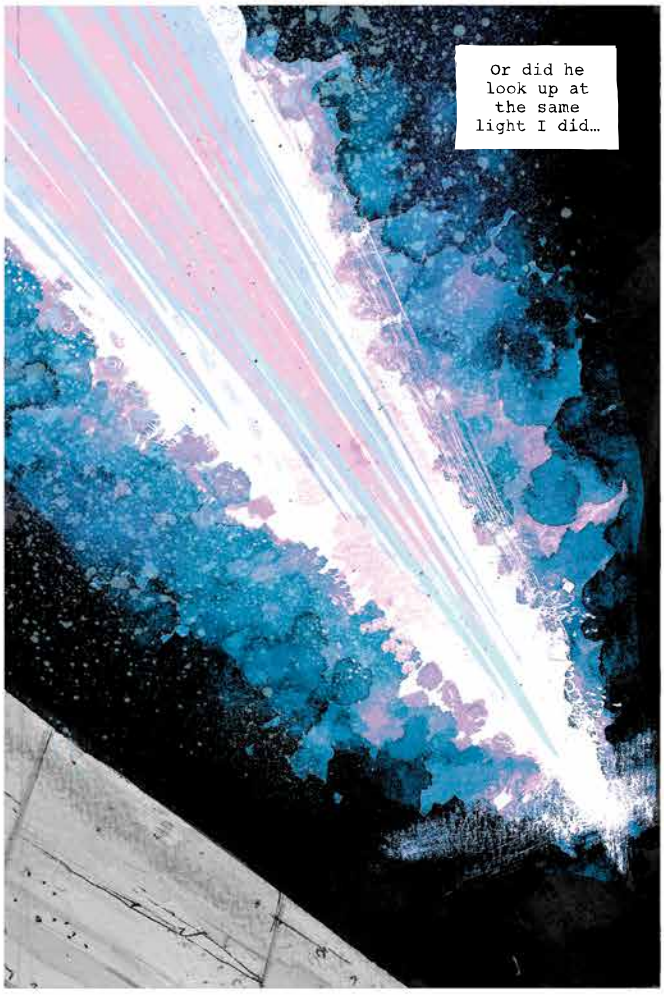
But they know lies.


They hunt them.
Lock them up.
Let them waste away.
Until there's nothing left.
Not even the truth.
Only **their** truth.

And once you fall into their truth…
FREIE KUNST
They have you forever.
BAR TANZ
And **you** become a lie.
He's caught so many…

Keiner.
The master spycatcher.
In a country of spies.

Did he see me that night by the Wall?
Does he remember every face?

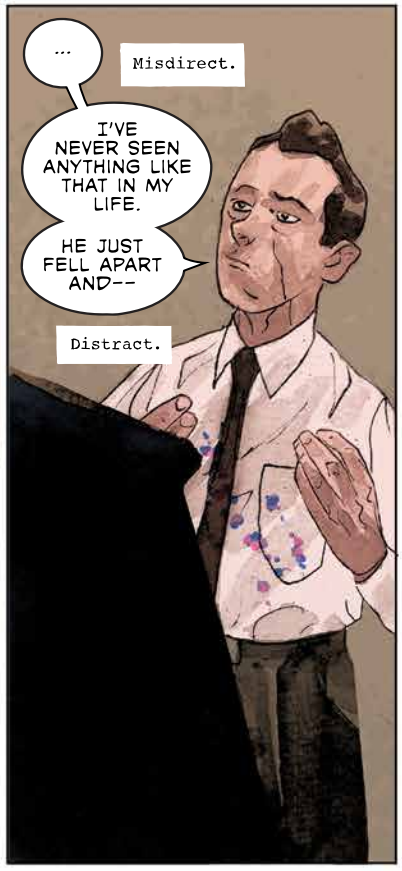

Or did he look up at the same light I did…

And lose himself…
…even for a moment?

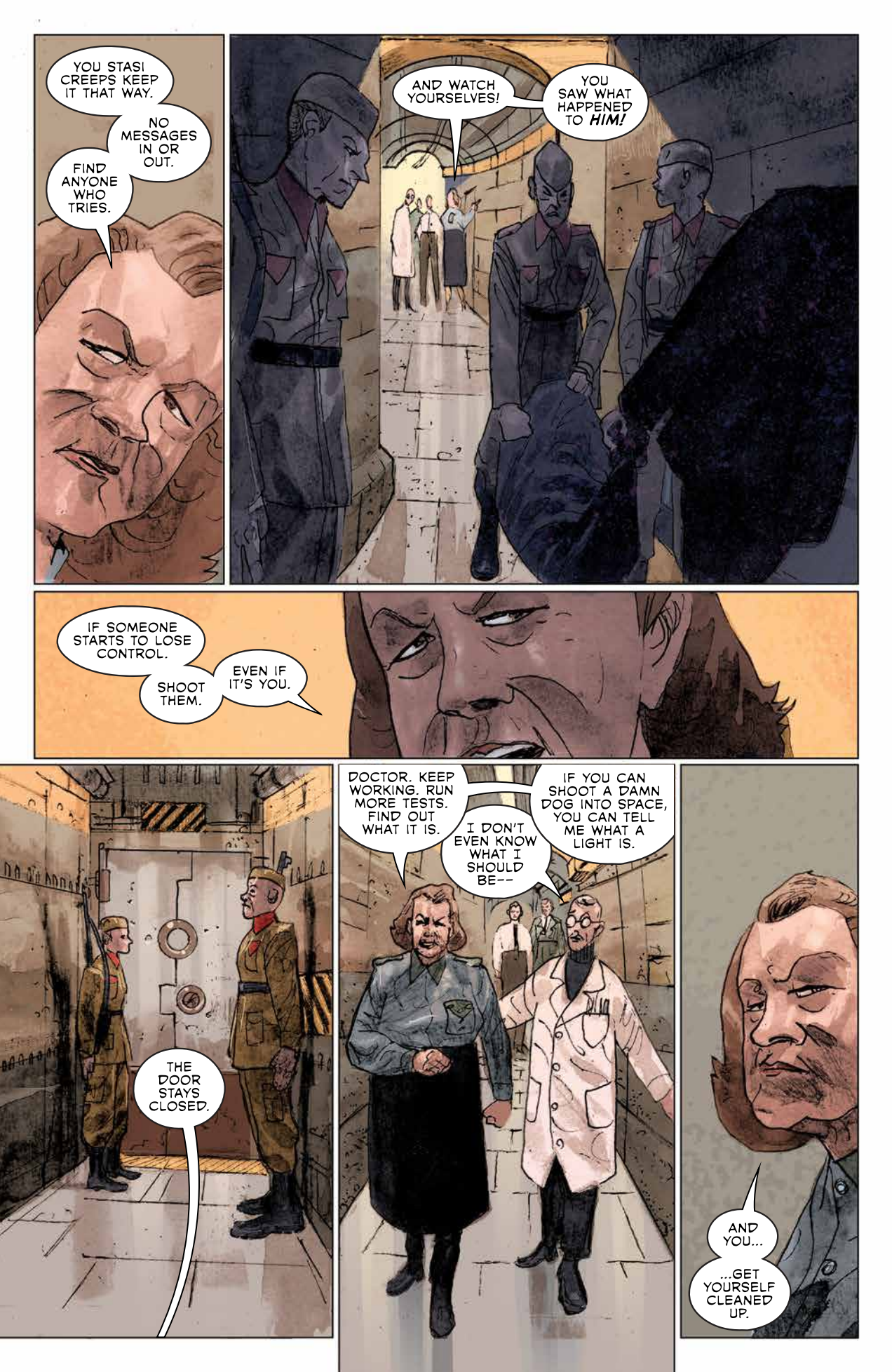
But none of that matters now.

He's **here.**

And I pray my lies are enough.



WE ONLY NEED YOU STASI BOYS TO WATCH FOR RATS.
LEAVE THE REAL WORK TO US.
WE DESERVE TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.
I JUST SAW A MAN'S HEAD SPLIT OPEN!
AND DID HE SAY ANYTHING BEFORE THAT?
WHAT?!
WHAT DID HE SAY?
IT WAS HARD TO UNDERSTAND...
HE...WAS SICK. HALLUCINATING.
HE COULD SEE SOMETHING. HE WAS TALKING TO...
SOMEONE WHO COULDN'T BE THERE?
...YES.
HOW MANY PEOPLE HAS THIS HAPPENED TO, DOCTOR?
WHAT DO YOU HAVE DOWN HERE?
WE...WE DON'T KNOW.
THE HALLUCINATIONS STARTED WITH THE RECOVERY TEAM.
BUT NOW IT SEEMS TO BE SPREADING.
WE DON'T KNOW--
WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE HAVE, DR. SATTLER.
AND UNTIL WE DO, NEITHER DOES THE WORLD.


YOU STASI CREEPS KEEP IT THAT WAY.
NO MESSAGES IN OR OUT.
FIND ANYONE WHO TRIES.
AND WATCH YOURSELVES!
YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!
IF SOMEONE STARTS TO LOSE CONTROL.
SHOOT THEM.
EVEN IF IT'S YOU.
THE DOOR STAYS CLOSED.
DOCTOR. KEEP WORKING. RUN MORE TESTS. FIND OUT WHAT IT IS.
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I SHOULD BE--
IF YOU CAN SHOOT A DAMN DOG INTO SPACE, YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT A LIGHT IS.
AND YOU...
...GET YOURSELF CLEANED UP.

They don't believe you.

Why should anyone believe you?

All you do is lie.

Have you ever asked yourself…
What are you without them?

Is there anyone left beneath the lies?

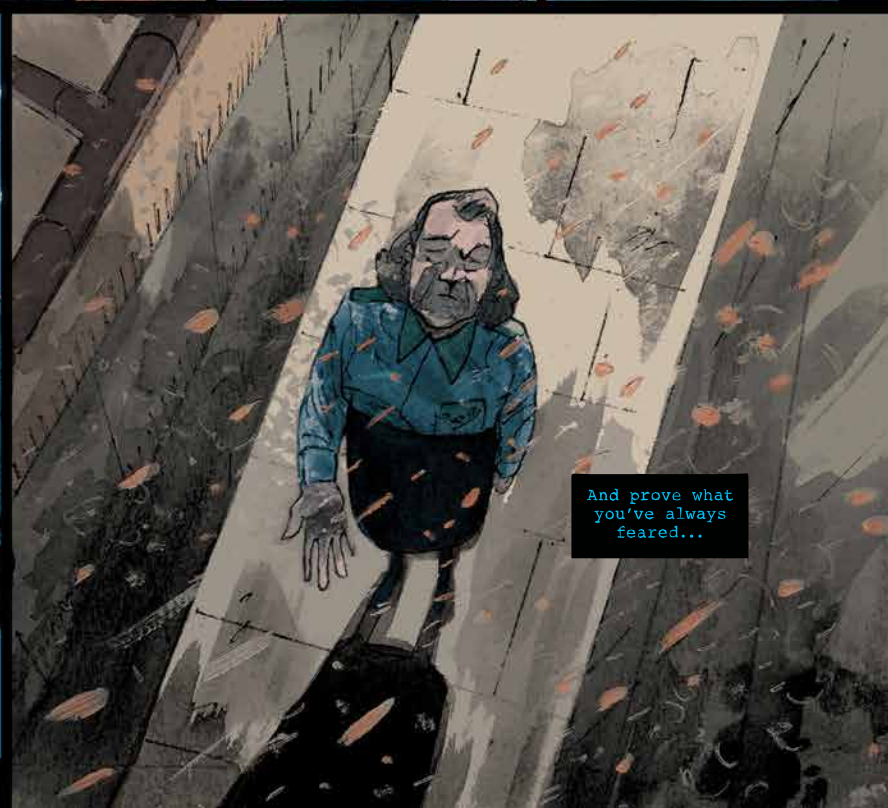
You've created a world built on them.

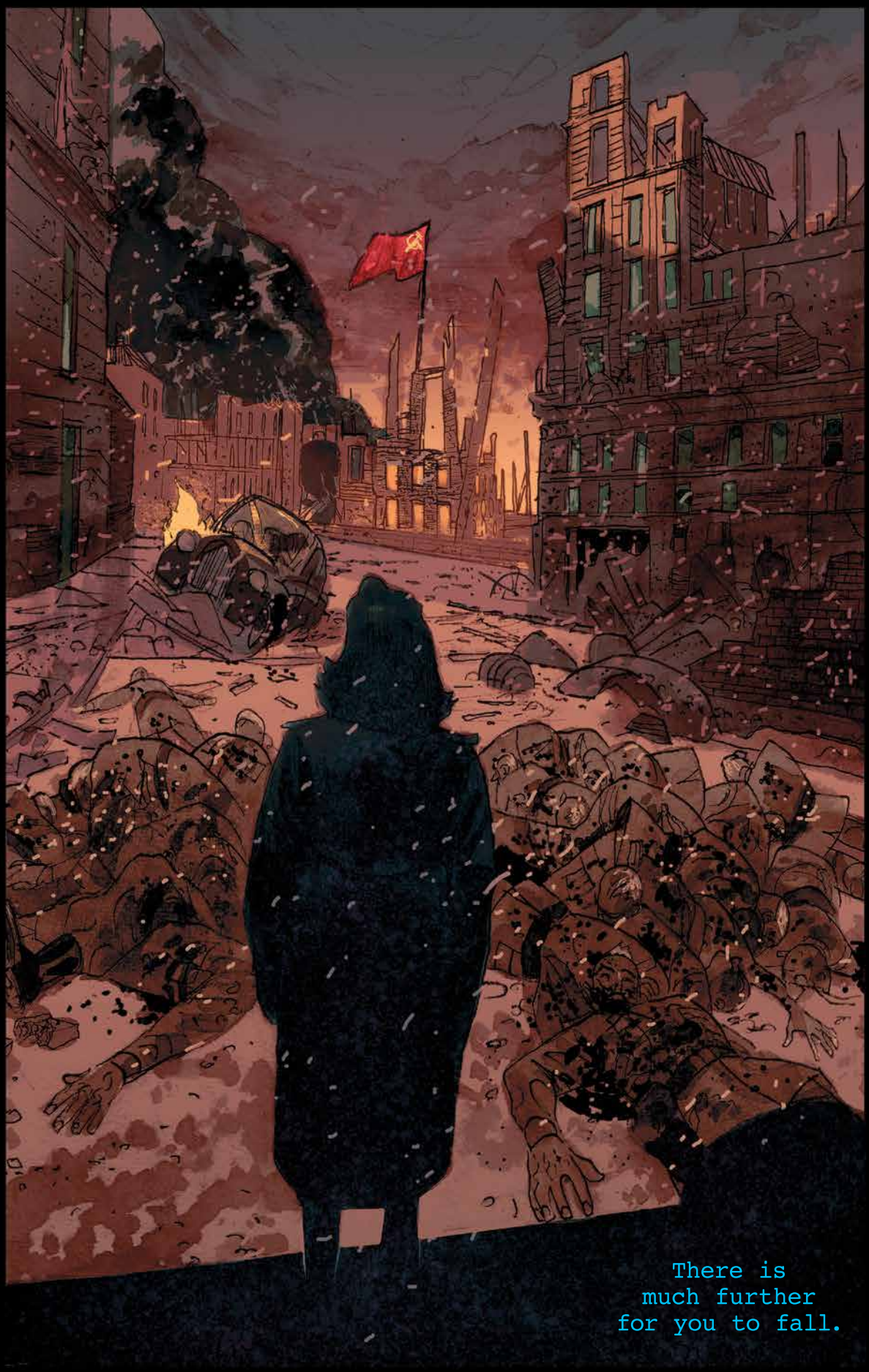
And now, you're afraid to look beneath.

You cannot bear to see the truth.

Because the truth would show how deeply you've failed.

How far you've fallen.


And prove what you've always feared...


There is
much further
for you to fall.

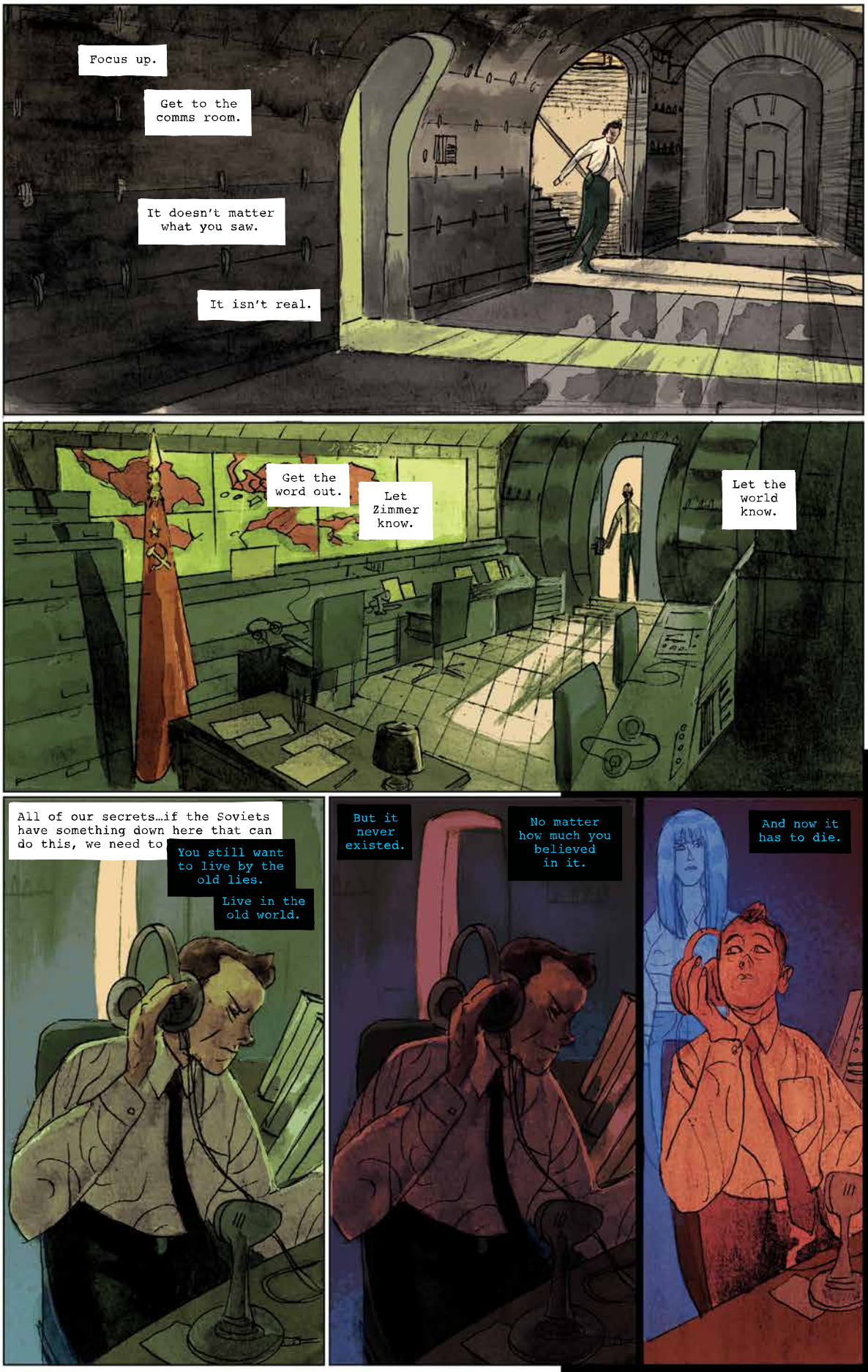
Because long ago, you lost the truth…
You tried to find it.
In yourselves.
In your dreams and songs.
You touched the stars…and asked the great question.
Secretly praying that someone would hear you. **See** you.
That you'd find the truth again.
The answer.

But there was only silence.
And even then you wondered…
Did the silence have a purpose?
With the things we have made…
The world we have built…
Did we not deserve an answer?
…Or was this it?
Did it come for us?
And have we wasted it?
Locked it away-- even before understanding it.

Have we buried the truth to save our lies?
...IVAN?
IVAN, I--
DID... DID ANY OF YOU SEE--
...OPEN THE DOOR.

VASILY? WHAT ARE YOU--
OPEN THE DOOR.
OPEN THE DOOR.
OPEN THE--
FREEZE LIKE THAT AGAIN AND I'LL SHOOT YOU NEXT.

OPEN THE DOOR.
OPEN THE DOOR.
OPEN THE DOOR.
BACK! EVERYONE BACK!
WE NEED TO GET OUT OF RANGE! FOLLOW ME TO HIGHER GROUND WHILE WE STILL--
OPEN THE--
FALL BACK!

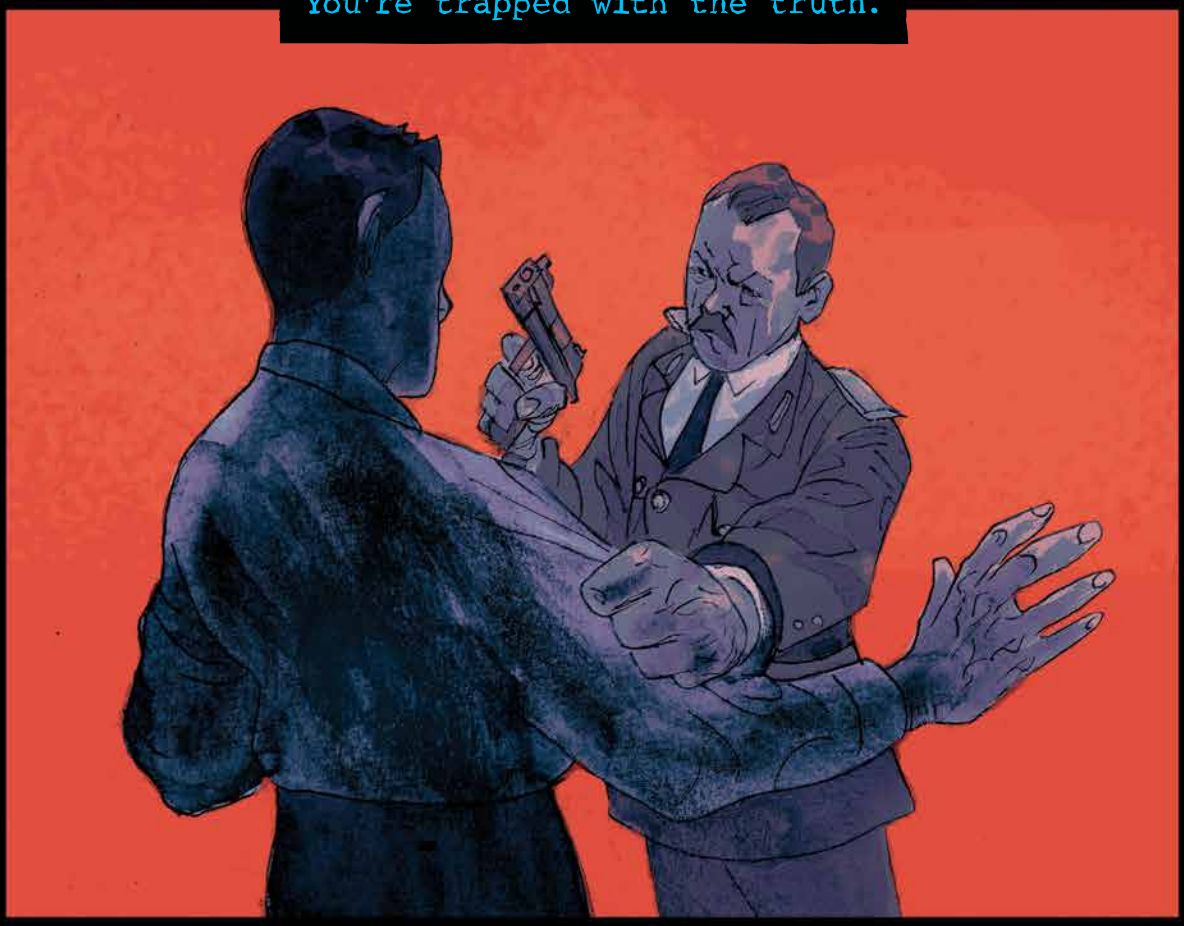

Focus up.
Get to the comms room.
It doesn't matter what you saw.
It isn't real.
Get the word out.
Let Zimmer know.
Let the world know.
All of our secrets…if the Soviets have something down here that can do this, we need to
You still want to live by the old lies.
Live in the old world.
But it never existed.
No matter how much you believed in it.
And now it has to die.

"...WHY?"
OPEN THE DOOR.
WHY DO I ONLY SEE *YOU?*
YOU WANTED THE ANSWER.

AND NOW YOU HAVE IT.
I...
...AM THE SILENCE.

Do you really not understand yet?
Down here…
You're trapped with who you truly are.
It's been waiting for you.
EVERYONE, FORM UP ON ME. HOLD ONTO YOURSELVES.
Down here…

You're trapped with the truth.



3

Why am I afraid of it?
Why have I spent my whole life…afraid of it?
Because I know that when the truth **does** find me--
I will not be forgiven.
WHO ARE YOU?

Misdirect.
I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE?
WHY IS THE POWER OFF?
ANSWER THE QUESTION.
WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
Distract.
A MAN DIED IN FRONT OF ME! YOU THINK I HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT?
I WAS SENT HERE, JUST LIKE YOU!
WHO SENT YOU?
Antagonize.
YOU KNOW I CAN'T TELL YOU THAT.
WHO SENT YOU?
Push the advantage.
AND WHY ARE YOU ASKING SO MANY QUESTIONS?
I'M SURE BERLIN WOULD LOVE TO KNOW WHY YOU ASSAULTED A FELLOW OFFICE
Lie.
You think you can still get out of this.
But you know how lies work.
You know how empty they sound near the end.

You know where this leads.
Where these lies were always heading.
Now it's time to strip them all away...
...and answer the question you fear the most.
Who are you?

GET THE POWER BACK ON!
AND STAND UP!

COLONEL... WHAT--WHAT IS IT? WHY CAN I FEEL IT INSIDE MY--
I DON'T KNOW. AND I DON'T CARE. LET'S KILL IT.

YOU CAN'T.

YOU CAN'T KILL THE ANSWER.

YOU CAN'T KILL THE TRUTH.

FALL BACK!
AUUUGHH!
HRRUUGK
FALL BACK!

You can't kill the emptiness.
Of what you deserve.
Of who you left.
...DON'T GO.
PLEASE, SISTER... DON'T GO.
I'M SORRY, IVAN...
I'M SORRY I LIVED.

I KNOW IT WAS YOU AT THE WALL.
YOUR FRIENDS TOLD ME EVERYTHING. EVENTUALLY.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE? WHAT DO THE AMER
He's found you.
He knows what you are.
Just a scared man in the dark.
Terrified of a changing world.
And how little you matter in it.
Look at the world you've made.
Are you proud?
You have nothing but power.
And this is what you've done with it.
And you. The man in the dark.
Are you saving the world?
Or just keeping it safe for people like you?
Using your dying gasps of power to starve the future.
UNIVERSIDADE LIVRE
MEDICINA LEGAL
FORA REPRESSÃO
LIBERDADE PARA OS PRESOS PO
And lie to the ones who **actually** want to change it.
PRESSÃO
PULAR

You'd done it so many times. So many places.
Infiltrate. Assume an identity.

Tell a beautiful story.
Gain their trust.

Listen.
Let them open themselves to you.
Hear their dreams. Feel their passion for a better world.

You were in awe, weren't you?
Someone who truly wanted to change the world.
So you lie to me. Say you want to change it too.

Let me love you.
Because in your heart, you know…

This lie is the closest you'll ever get.

You join.
Offer help.
Become part of my dream.

Then break it.
With more men just like you.

I-I was just--
Yes, you were doing your job.
You were keeping the world safe.

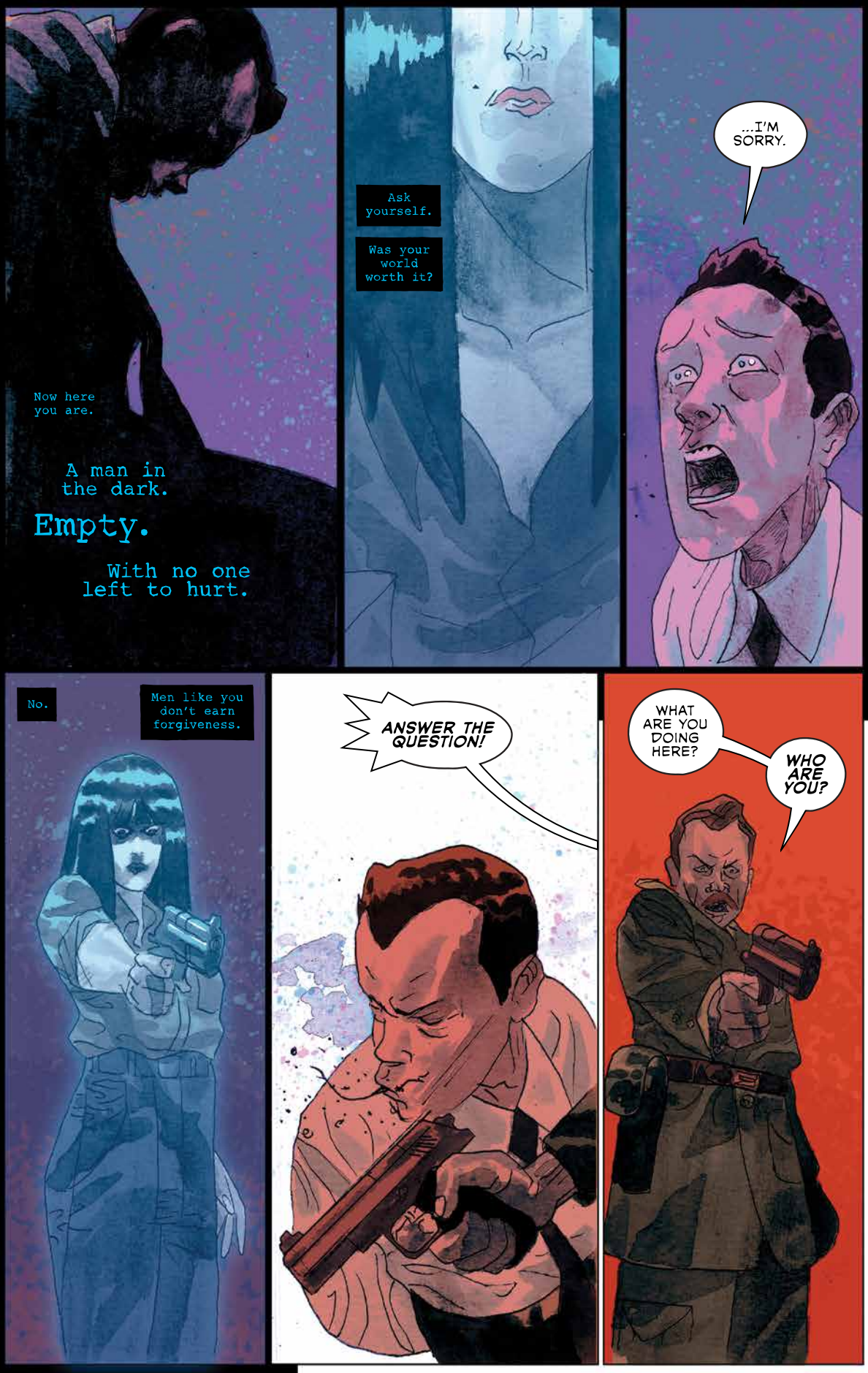
But tell me. The men you put in power…
Did they **feel** safe?

I…I tried to--
No. You left as soon as possible.
Moved across the world. And did it all over again.

Like it never even happened.
But it did happen.

You **made** it happen.

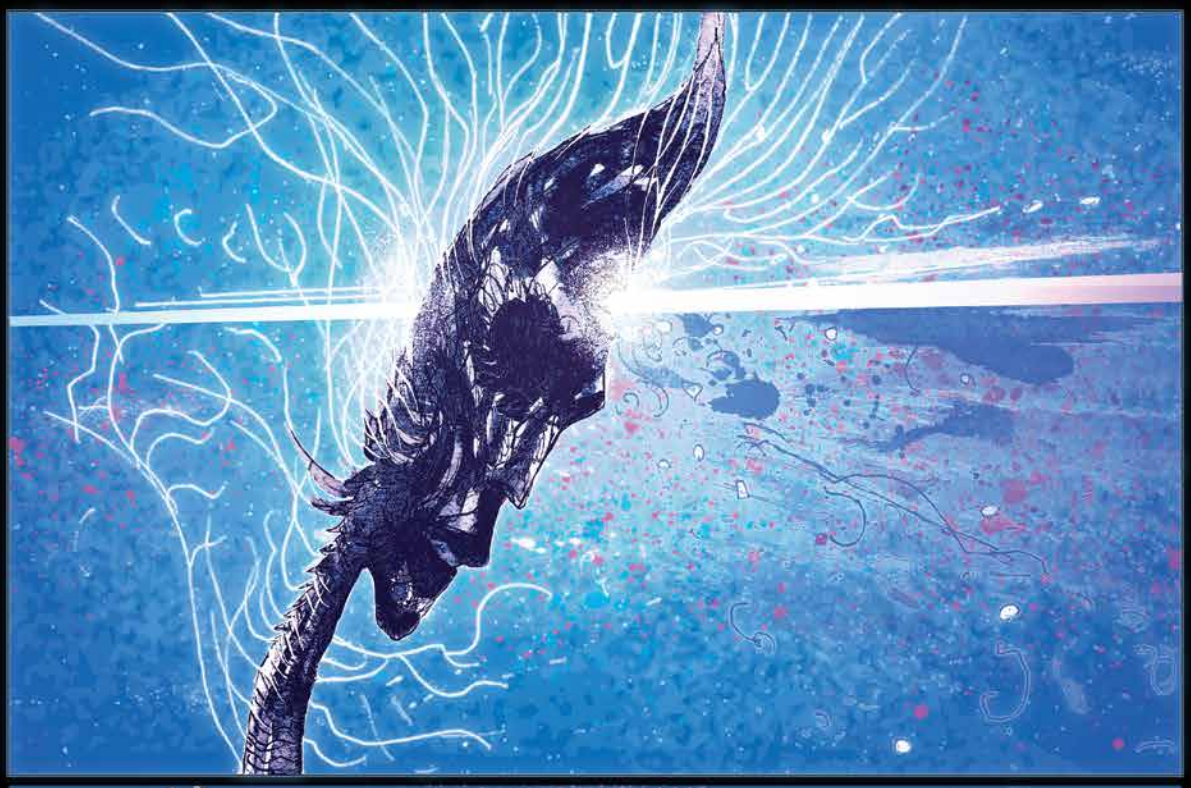
And later.
When the disappearances started.
When they came for me.
When I was dragged from my home.
By the men you put in power.
And never seen again.
Did you think about me?
Did you even lose sleep?
Did I **deserve** that?
Just for seeing the world you made…
…and knowing it could be better?


Now here you are.
A man in the dark.
Empty.
With no one left to hurt.
Ask yourself.
Was your world worth it?
...I'M SORRY.
No.
Men like you don't earn forgiveness.
ANSWER THE QUESTION!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WHO ARE YOU?

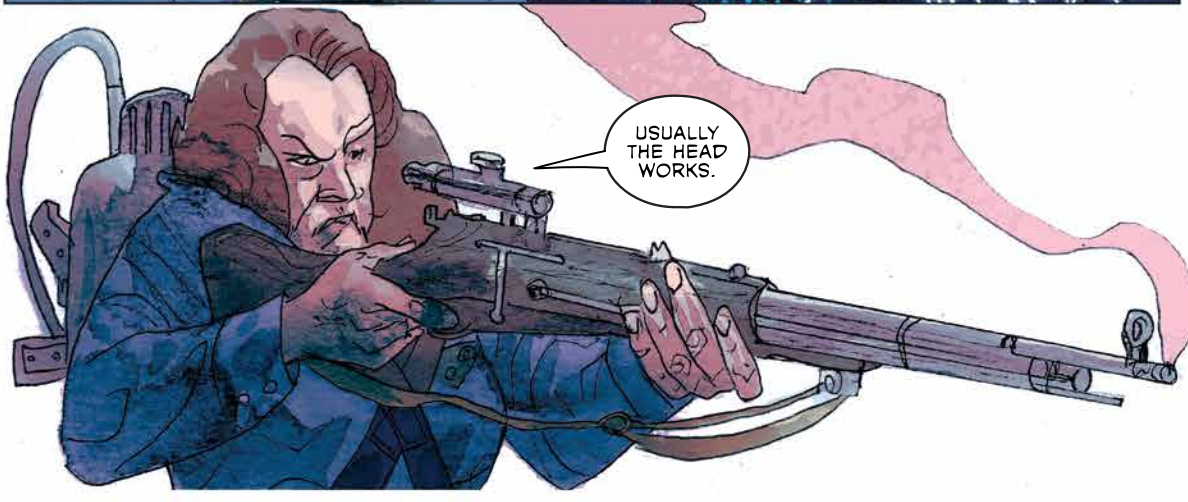
...I DON'T KNOW.
ISN'T THAT WHY WE DO THIS?
WE DON'T KNOW WHO WE ARE?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS THING IS...WHERE IT CAME FROM.
BUT IT'S IN MY HEAD.
AND...WE DON'T MATTER ANYMORE. MAYBE WE NEVER DID.
...AND I'M TIRED. I'M SO TIRED. OF BEING THIS.
AREN'T YOU?
DON'T YOU FEEL AS TRAPPED AS I DO?

HAS...
HAS IT BEEN SPEAKING TO YOU?
...YOU'VE BEEN HEARING IT TOO?
WHAT DID IT SHOW YOU?

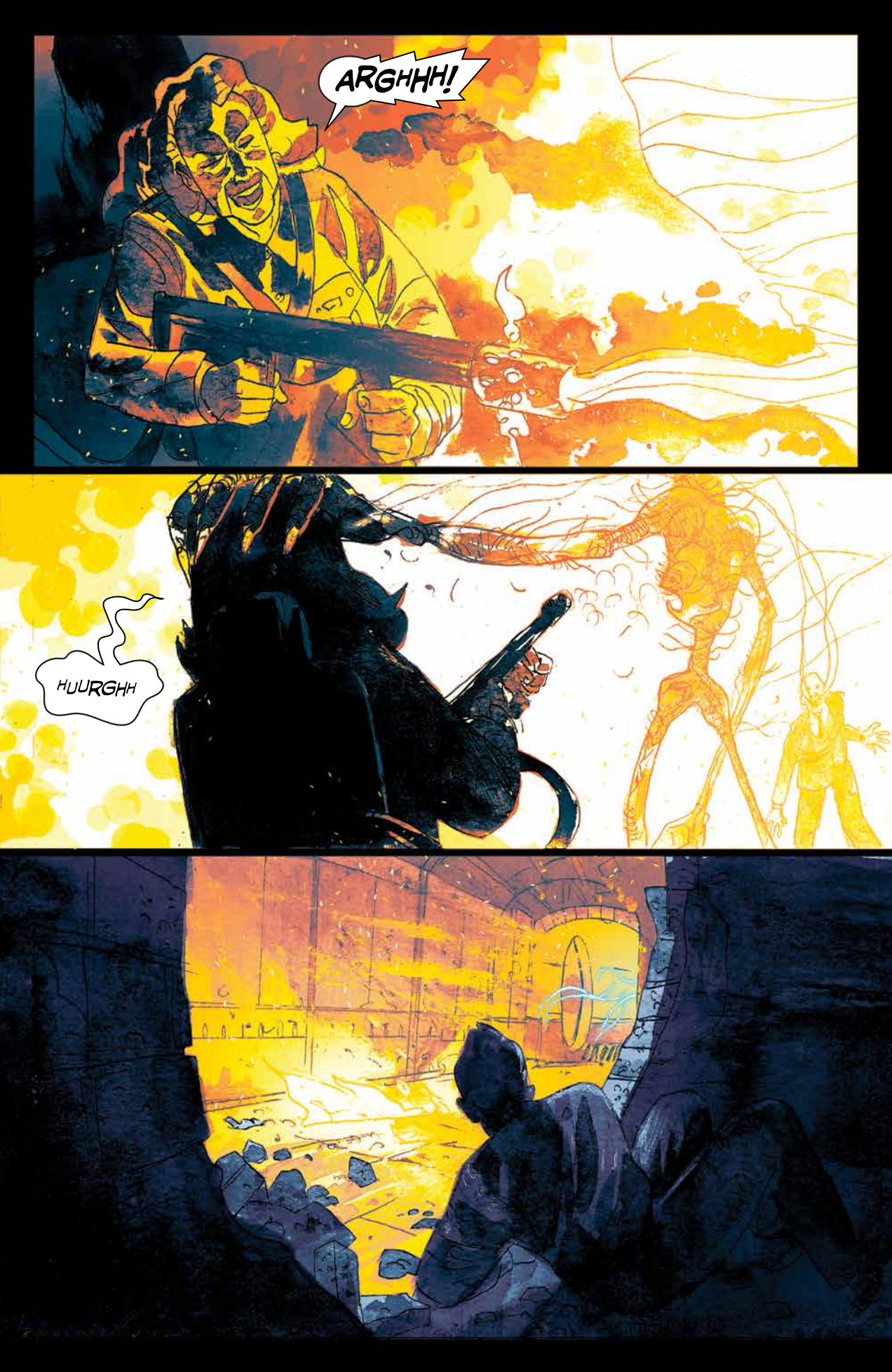
HHRRUUKH



AUUGH!


USUALLY THE HEAD WORKS.

"YOU CAN'T KILL EMPTINESS.
"ONLY RUN.
"DIE.
"OR FIGHT UNTIL IT TAKES YOU."


ARGHHH!
HUURGHH

I'm afraid of it.
I've always been afraid of it.
Because the truth breaks you.
Exposes you.
But then…in the cold.
It shows you something new.
Something only you can see.
Something deeper than truth.
And in the cold and silence…
It comes again.
And asks once more.

Who
are
you?

4

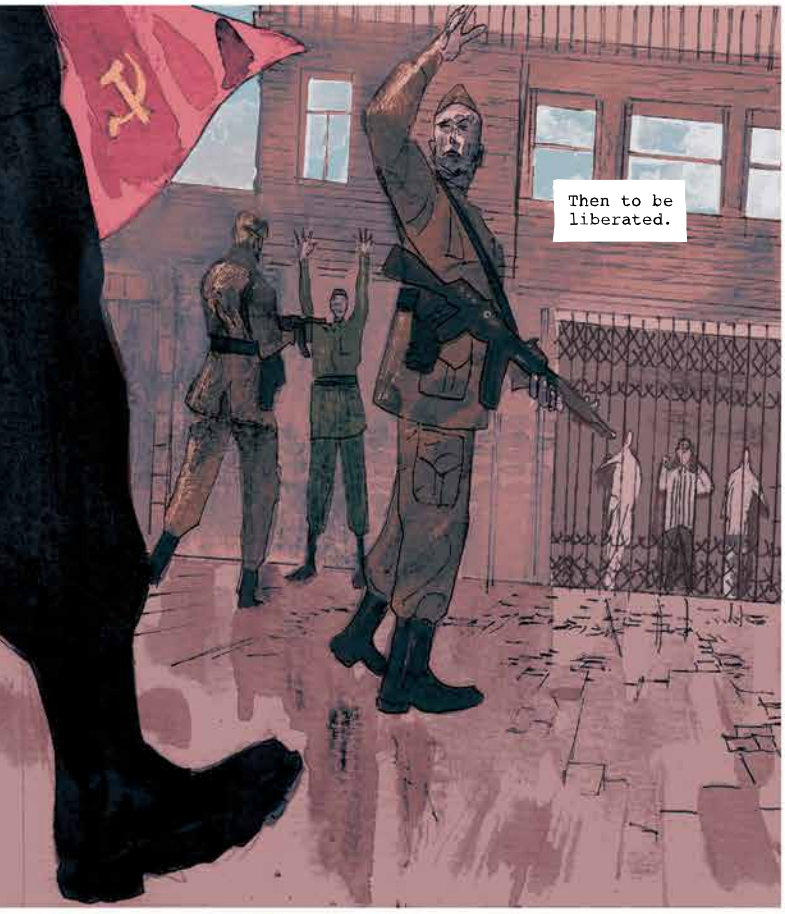
I don't know what that thing is…
Or what it's done to me…
But my mind feels like an open window to it.
And everything down here…
Feels like a tomb.
ANZHELA…
…YOUR ACCENT IS TERRIBLE.

YOU... YOU KNEW?
I SUSPECTED.
GUESS YOU HAVE TO KILL ME NOW.
...HERE, LET ME HEL--
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU FILTHY IMPERIALIST.
I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO...
WELL, I SAY KILL IT, BUT THAT'S JUST ME.
...WHAT? DO I HAVE TO GET UP AND DO IT MYSELF?
I'M AN OLD WOMAN. AT LEAST I USED A FLAME-THROWER.
GET TO THE ARMORY. BLOW THE TUNNEL. BURY IT.
...IT CAN'T GET OUT.
WHATEVER IT IS.
IT CAN'T GET OUT.
YOU CAN DO NOTHING.
OR YOU CAN DIE ANYWAYS.
GO.

I want to be brave.
For her. For anyone.
But I'm not.
Just get out.
There's nothing left down here.
Only fear.

It all rushes into me…
The fears of others.
Their lies and traumas.
The storm of their lives…
And mine.
Is this all I've left behind?
All that I am?
…and then, through the storm, I see it.
Feel it.
Another life…
As if it were my own.

Born into a world that hated you.
Before you could understand why.
Hated by your neighbors.
Taken from your home.
Taken from your family.
Taken from yourself.
Taken from **everything.**


Then to be liberated.

To be told it is over.

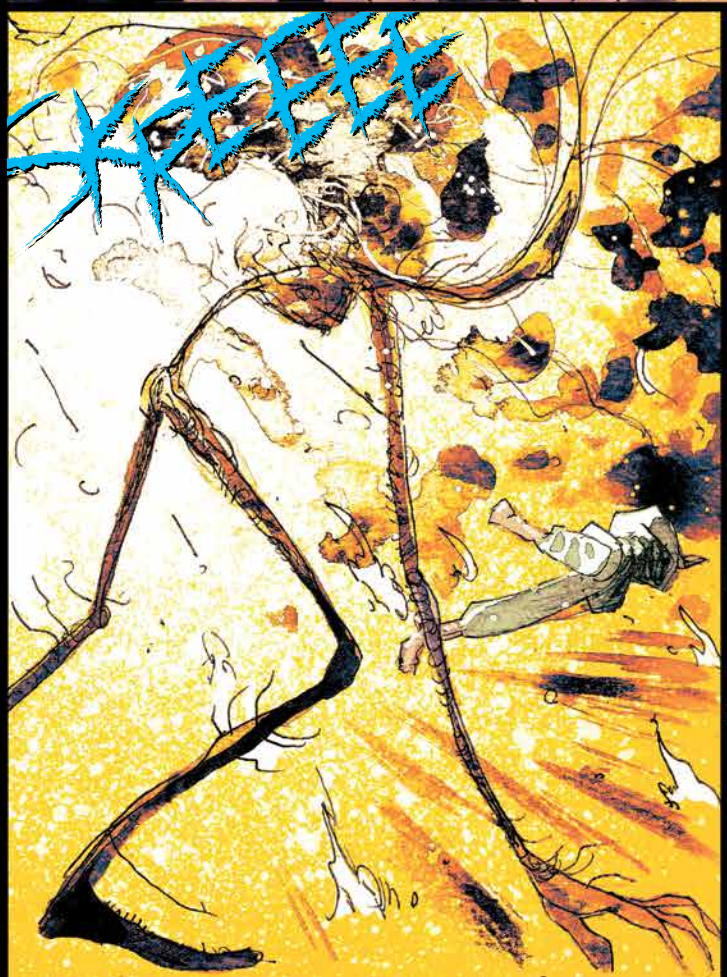
And sent back.
Alone.
Like it never happened.

Surrounded again by the neighbors who hated you.
Like they never hated you.
But you could see them.

You lived your **entire** life in fear.
Because you could see them.
And you knew…
They would always hate you.

So you join the only flag that ever saved you.
Hide yourself within it.
Lose yourself to it.
Make yourself strong.
So you'd never be weak again.
Until there's nothing left.
Hunt the secrets that once hunted you.
Punish them.
Punish **anyone.**
Ruin lives. Shatter families.
Call it justice.
Make the truth whatever you need it to be.
…Yet always know who you are.
A man alone to himself.
Hiding an empty, broken life.
That no one ever saw.

…But I see you.
Am I the only one to ever see you?
Are we the last two left down here?
Trapped with our sins and fear?
With it.


SKREEEE

HUURKK!

I don't know why I did this.
I shouldn't do this.
But...

I have seen your life.

And perhaps... you have seen mine.

And there is nothing more to say.

THERE'S AN ESCAPE HATCH DOWN THIS CORRIDOR. THAT CAN TAKE US OUT.
WE--WE CAN'T LET THAT THING FOLLOW...
WE WON'T.

WE BURY IT.

"WE GO TO THE ARMORY. WE PLANT THE C4.
SPRENGSTOFF

"WE CLIMB UP. BLOW IT ONCE WE'RE CLEAR.
"NO OTHER WAY OUT. IT STAYS BURIED."
SPRENGSTOFF

...WHY DID YOU COME BACK FOR ME?

...I DON'T KNOW.
...I'VE NEVER SAVED ANYONE...

MAYBE I JUST WANTED TO SAVE SOMEONE.

But as we climb…I feel it.
The truth I've spent my life running from.
And perhaps his truth as well.
We have broken our lives.
And broken the lives of others.
Men like us don't deserve forgiveness.
There isn't redemption.
We are not the heroes.
We deserve what found us here.

ARGHHH!

...YOU KNOW HOW TO GET OUT.

I'm sorry, Aya.
I'm sorry for everything.

But I know this isn't you.
You were never here.
And you were more than just my guilt.

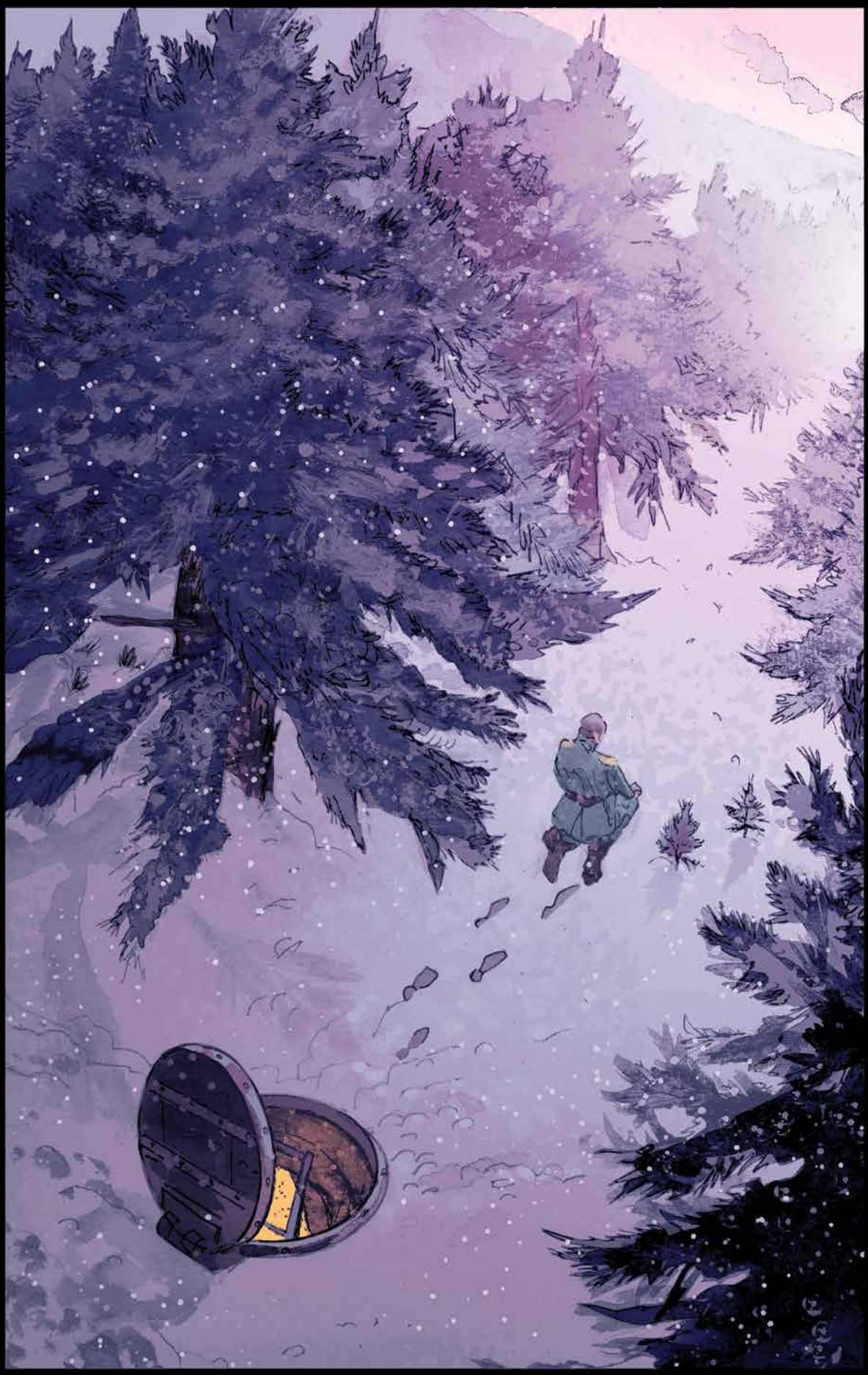
There is no redemption.
Not for men like me.

…But there is mercy.
Mercy we can give.

And pray they give to others.

Maybe that's a lie.
But it's all that can save us.
One last prayer in the dark…
That **mercy** is stronger than **truth.**

=HACK=
HRGH
AARGH!



My life is secrets.

...I walk Berlin.
With only questions.
What was it?
Did it journey all this way just to be another predator?
A monster in search of prey?
Or was there something we missed?
Was it trying to *open* us?
Experience us?
Could it have been a gift?
And did we poison it?
With the world we've made? Our fear?
Ourselves?

...Why did he do it?
He saw who I am. What I've done.
...Then why?

To prove something to himself?
Or did he look at my life...and find something worth saving?
Another chance?

Perhaps it was the truth.
It saw exactly what we are.
In cold, merciless light.

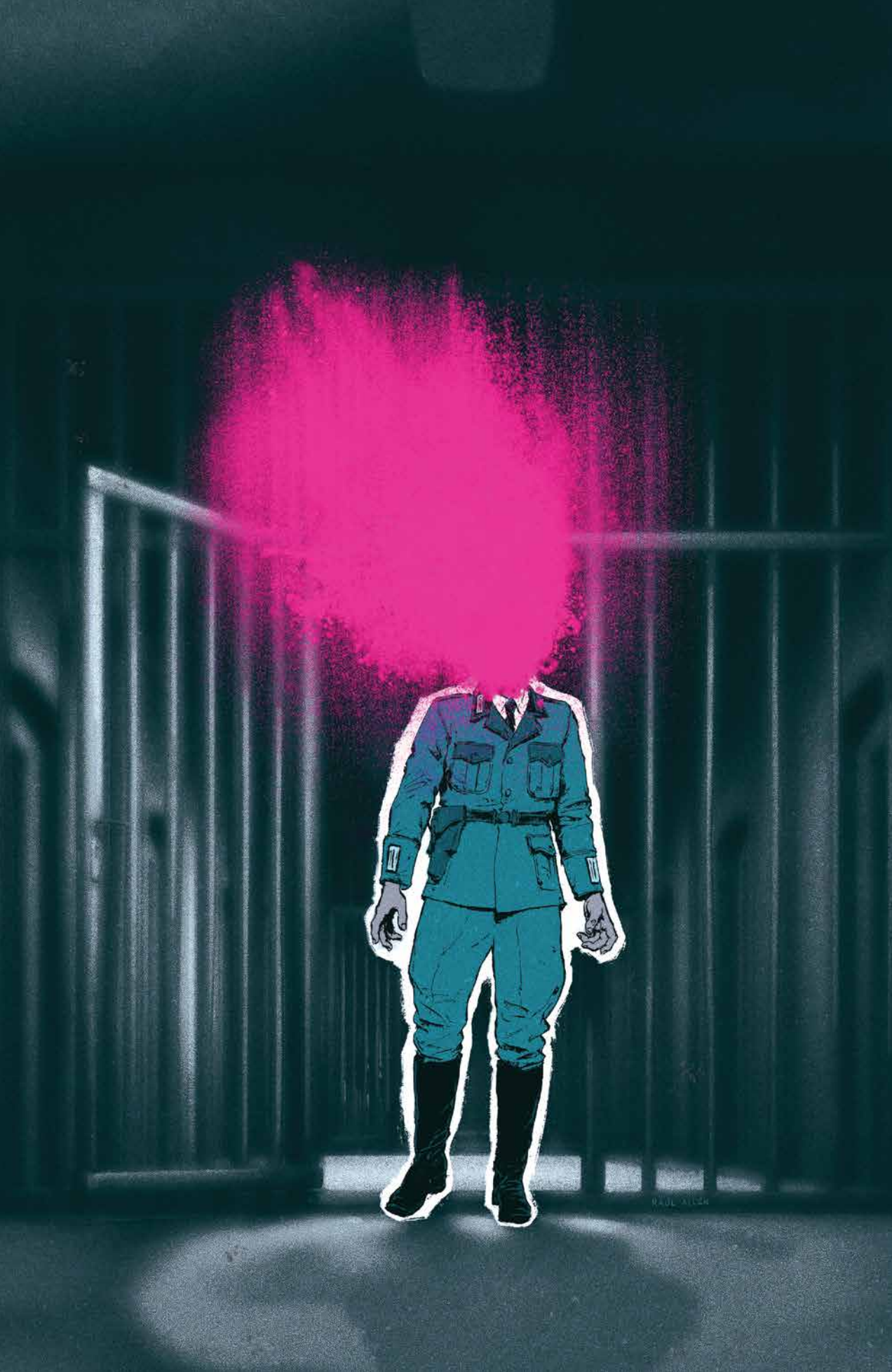
But we don't see the truth.
We never have.
YOU KNOW HOW TO GET OUT.
We look at others...
And see ourselves.

Lost in the dark.
Falling.
But reaching.

Praying...
...to be new.

COVER GALLERY

SERIES COVER ARTWORK BY
Evan Cagle • Tonči Zonjić
Gabriel Hernández Walta
Raúl Allén • Matías Bergara

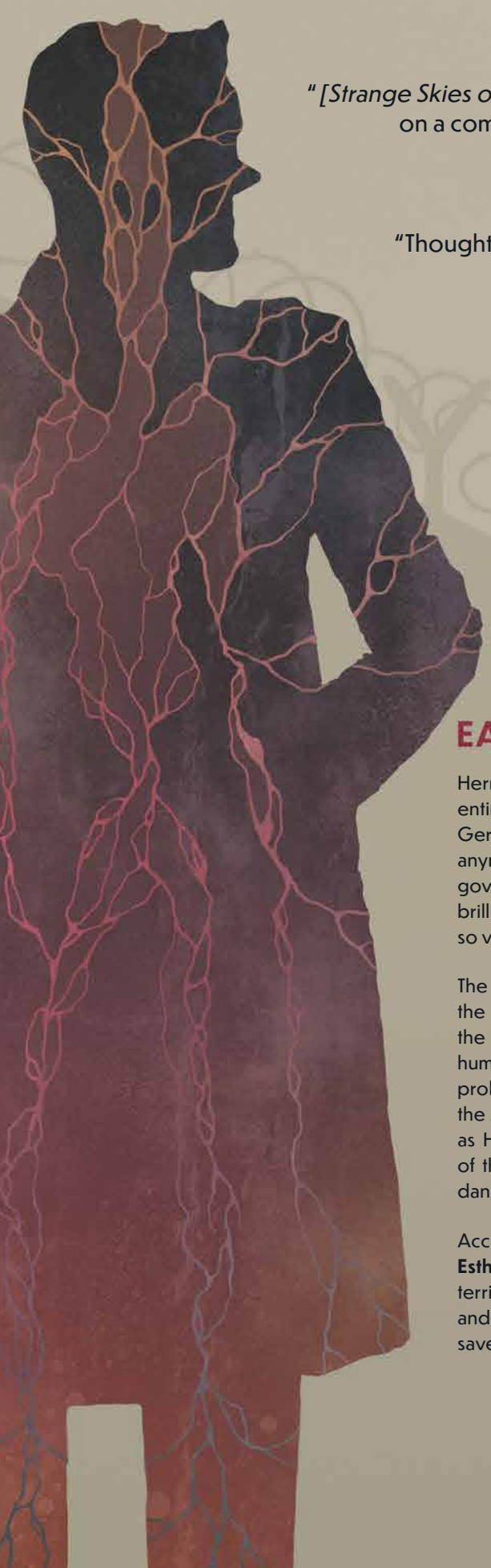

RAUL ALEM

JEFF LOVENESS is an Emmy-nominated writer for television shows Rick and Morty and Jimmy Kimmel Live, as well as the comic book series *Nova* and *Groot* from Marvel Entertainment, *World Reader* from Aftershock Comics, and the critically acclaimed *Judas* from BOOM! Studios.

LISANDRO ESTHERREN is a comic artist based in Argentina. His work includes graphic novels, comic book series, and illustrations for international publishers and magazines such as Editorial Pictus (Argentina), Aurea Editoriale (Italy), Diábolo (Spain), and Mojito (Uruguay). In the U.S., he was the artist for *Spook* from Red5 Comics and *The Last Contract* from BOOM! Studios. He is currently the artist on *Redneck* from Image Comics.

PATRICIO DELPECHE is a South American comic book artist and graphic designer born and raised in Buenos Aires, Argentina. He works for Vault, Heavy Metal, IDW, Glénat and currently BOOM! Studios. His next projects as a colorist include *Origins* with Jakub Rebelka and *Jim Henson's Storyteller* with Mark Laszlo.

STEVE WANDS is a comic book letterer, artist, and indie author. He works on top titles at DC Comics, Image, BOOM! Studios, and Random House. He's the author of the *Stay Dead* series, co-author of *Trail of Blood,* and is a writer of short stories. When not working, he spends time with his wife and sons in New Jersey.



"*[Strange Skies over East Berlin]* offers a new perspective on a common sci-fi trope, and ties it to the human experience in a compelling way."
—AIPT!

"Thought-provoking, creepy, psychological read that plays out slow and steady."
—MULTIVERSITY COMICS

"...an excellent genre-bending thriller."
—NEWSARAMA

EAST BERLIN, 1973

Herring, a disillusioned American spy, has spent the entire Cold War infiltrating the inner circles of East German intelligence for a cause he barely believes in anymore. He's seen everything and done anything his government has asked, but his latest mission pits the brilliant, embittered operative against an enemy force so vast it could obliterate all of humanity.

The Space Race had greater consequences than even the Soviets could have guessed, and when they sent the first ever human to the stars, something not quite human followed them back. When a mysterious alien probe lands outside East Berlin and into Soviet control, the Americans send their top spy in to investigate. But as Herring gets ever closer to the truth at the heart of the conspiracy, he may find that the power is too dangerous for anyone to control or contain.

Acclaimed creators **Jeff Loveness** *(Judas)* and **Lisandro Estherren** *(Redneck)* present a chilling thriller about a terrifying inhuman threat at the heart of the Cold War, and the one spy who can save the world...if he can save himself first.

BOOM! STUDIOS