

THE MYSTERIES OF ROUTE 66

MURDER IN ILLINOIS

A Jérôme Leclerc Investigation



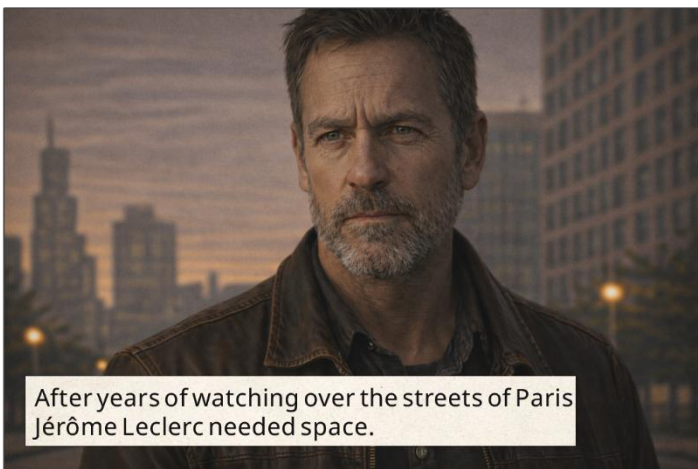
JIM KESSLER

*To Céline, my wife, who saw before I did that my novel
could also be adapted into a graphic novel.
Thank you also for her technical advice.*

Chicago
Day breaks.



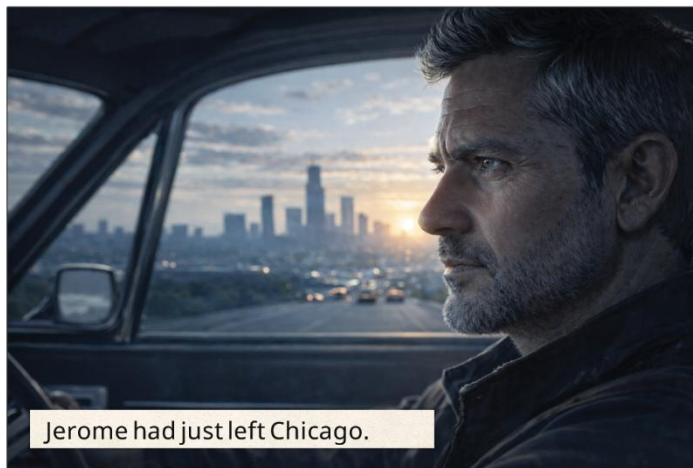
After years of watching over the streets of Paris
Jérôme Leclerc needed space.



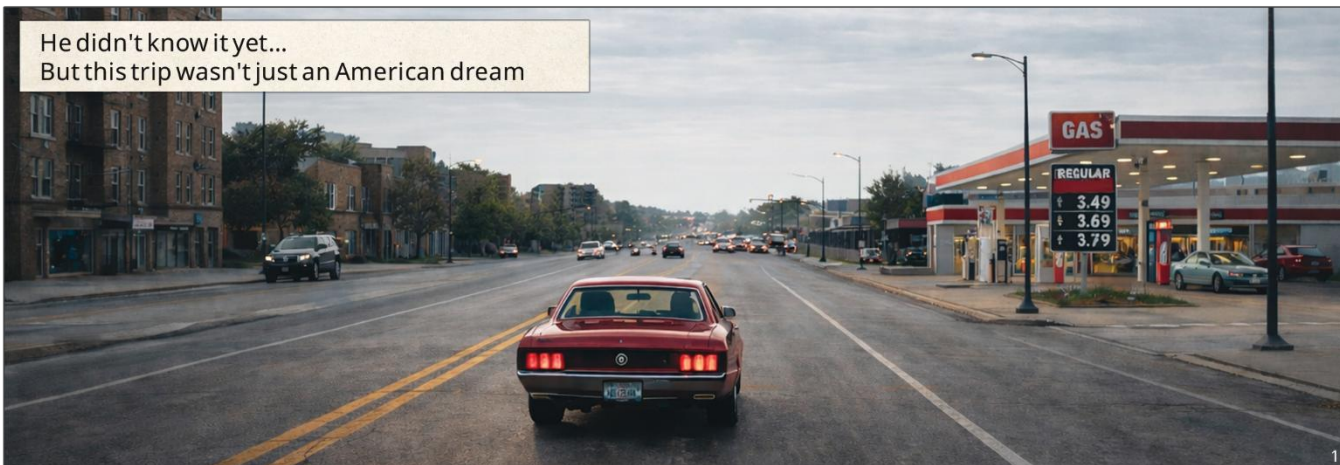
The city had fascinated him.



Jerome had just left Chicago.

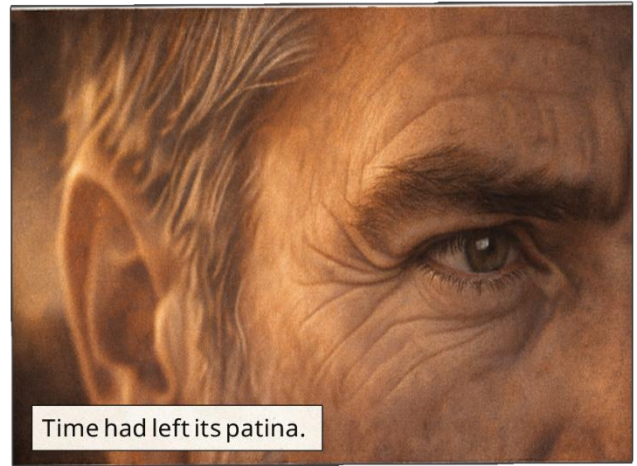


He didn't know it yet...
But this trip wasn't just an American dream

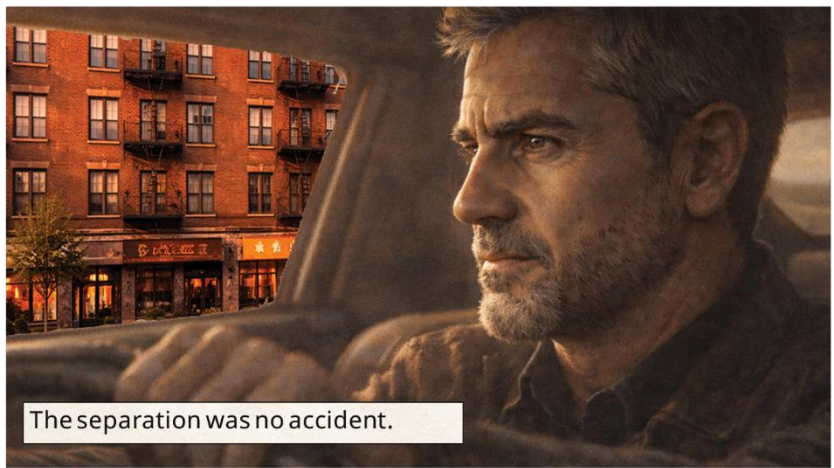




Jérôme Leclerc was slowly approaching fifty.



Time had left its patina.



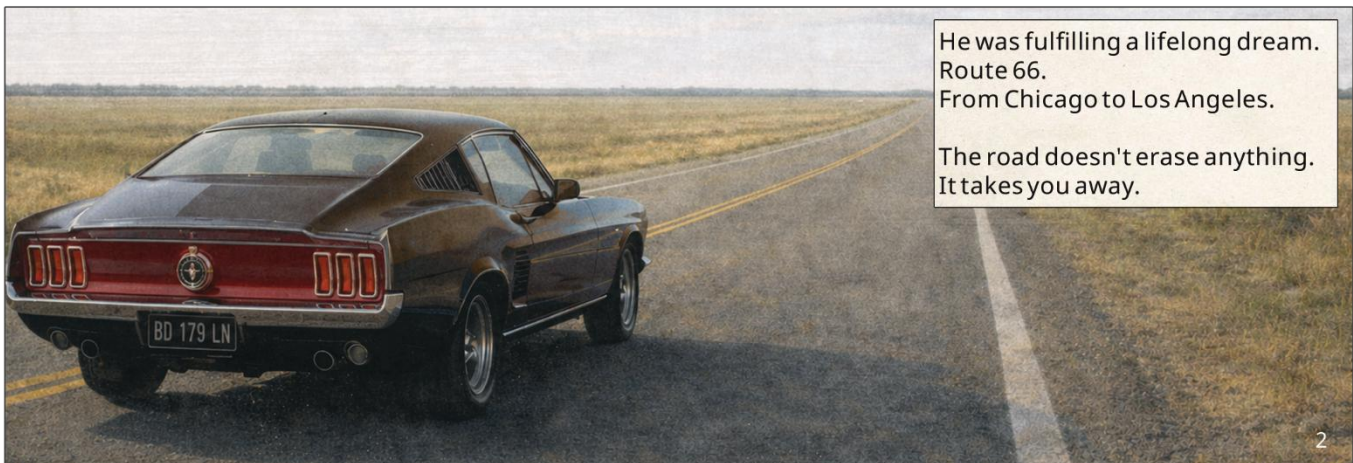
The separation was no accident.



A former Parisian police officer, he had spent his life hunting shadows.



Today, he was following a straight line westward.



He was fulfilling a lifelong dream. Route 66. From Chicago to Los Angeles.

The road doesn't erase anything. It takes you away.



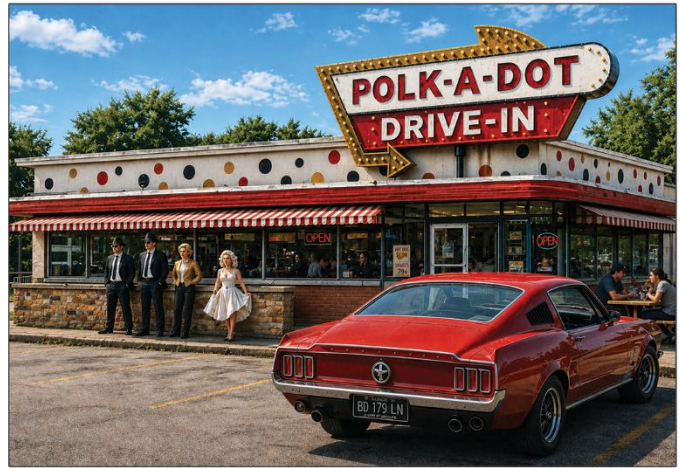
He first stopped in Joliet



He got back on the road.



His first stop for lunch was in Braidwood.



The diner looked as if it had come straight out of a 1950s movie.



Simple, warm-hearted people.



Route 66 stretched westward.
He followed it without rushing.