

RIGHT AS I'M ABOUT TO DIE, I REALIZE ALL THE MYTHS ARE FAKE. THERE'S NO WHITE LIGHT AT THE END OF A TUNNEL. MY LIFE ISN'T FLASHING BEFORE MY EYES. ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS HOW MUCH I WANT TO LIVE.

I moved to New York City a month ago to become the best journalist the world had ever seen. To find the greatest stories never told. And here I am now—Henry Parker, weary beyond rational thought, a bullet mere inches from taking my twenty-four-year-old life.

Five minutes ago I thought I had this story all figured out. I knew both of these men—one an FBI agent, the other an assassin—wanted me dead, but for very different reasons. Now I know if the truth dies with me tonight, many more people will die.

I can't run. Running is all I've done for the past seventy-two hours. And I'm tired. Tired of knowing the truth and not being able to tell it.

Just give me a chance to tell the story, and I promise it will be worth it.

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