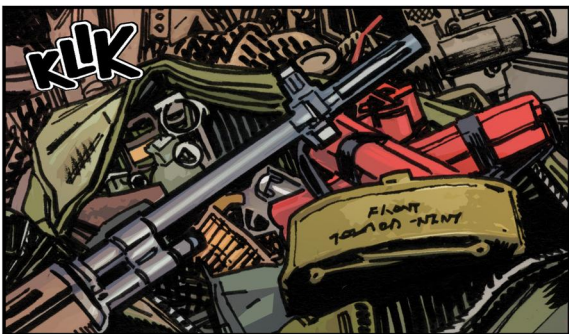
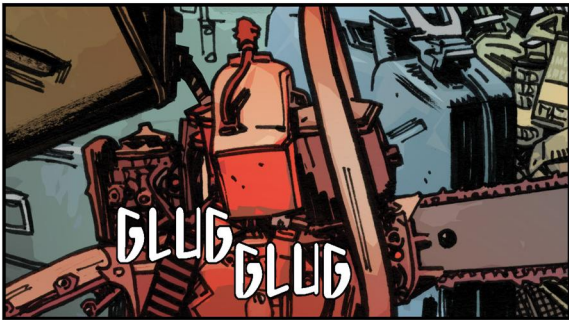
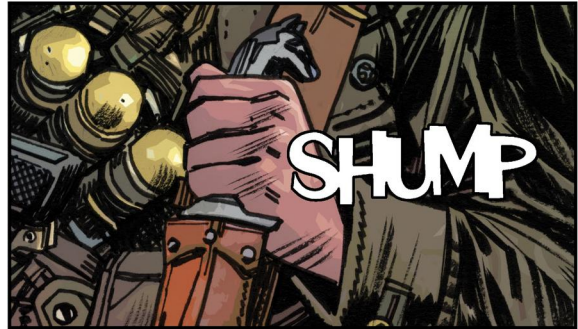
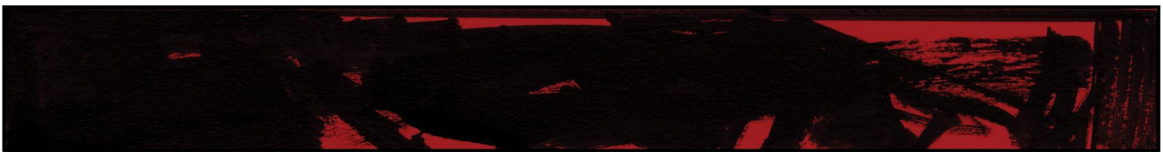
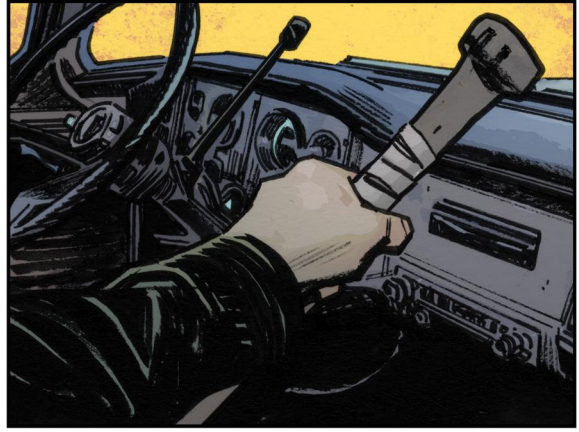
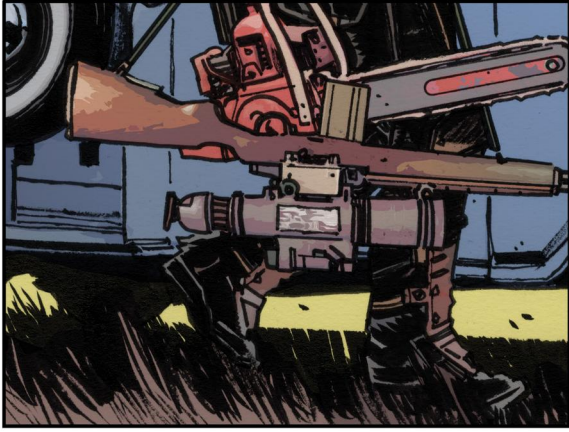
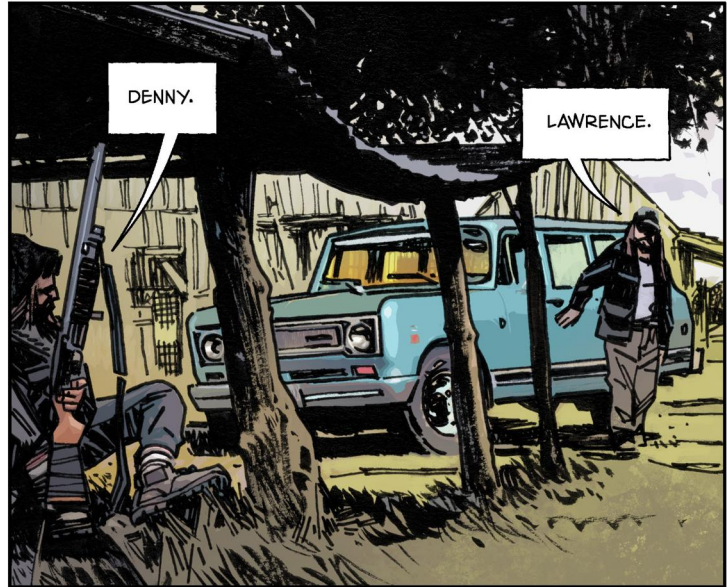
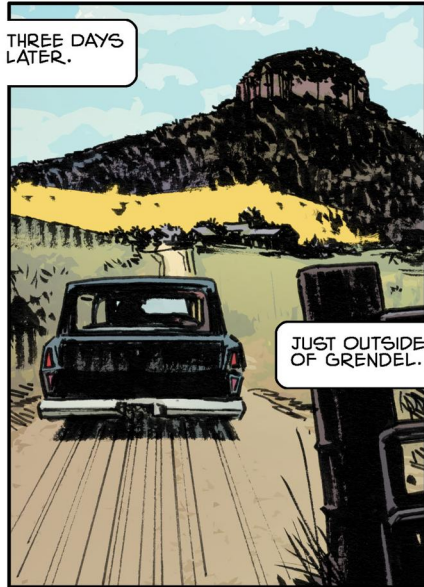
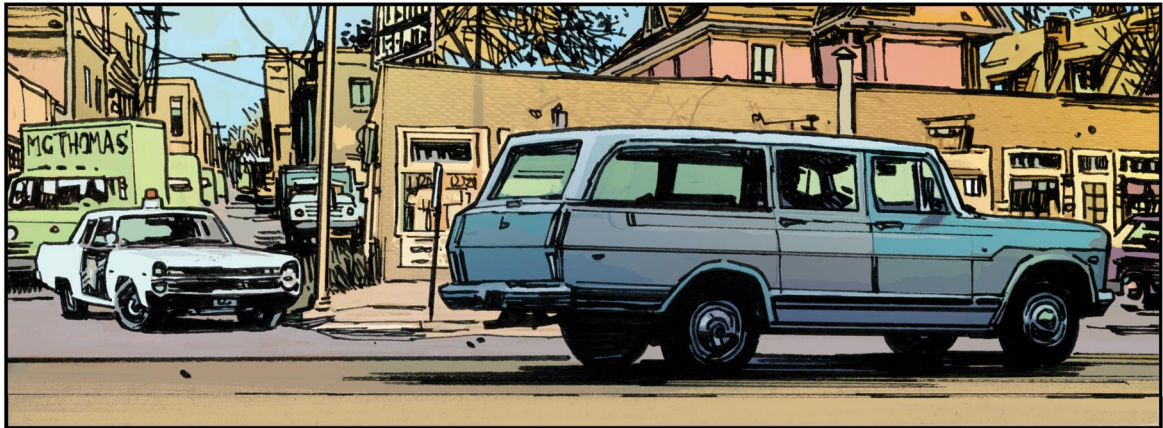


GRENDEN, KENTUCKY.  
FALL, 1971.











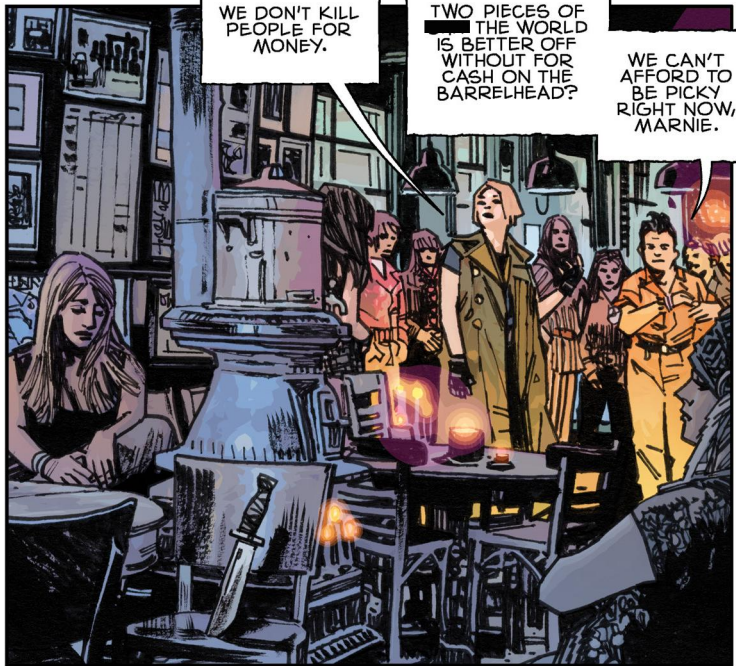


THAT NIGHT.  
HICKORY HILL,  
PENNSYLVANIA.

THREE MILES NORTH  
OF THE MASON-  
DIXON.

NO.

NO  
WAY.



WE DON'T KILL  
PEOPLE FOR  
MONEY.

TWO PIECES OF  
THE WORLD  
IS BETTER OFF  
WITHOUT FOR  
CASH ON THE  
BARRELHEAD?

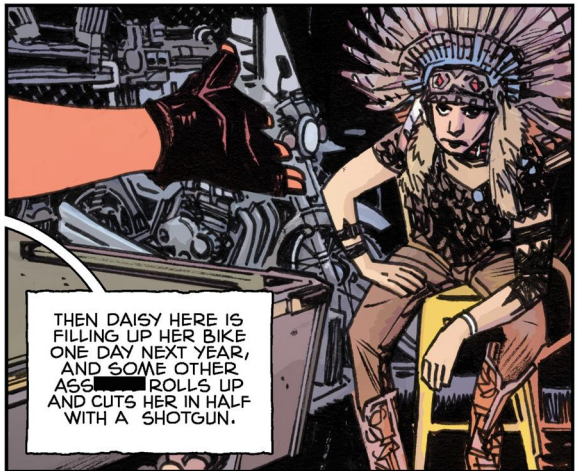
WE CAN'T  
AFFORD TO  
BE PICKY  
RIGHT NOW,  
MARNIE.



UP, AND THAT'S  
ON ME.

WE KILL THESE  
ASS- AND  
SOMEBODY WILL  
FIND OUT IT WAS  
US.

SOMEBODY  
ALWAYS DOES.



THEN DAISY HERE IS  
FILLING UP HER BIKE  
ONE DAY NEXT YEAR,  
AND SOME OTHER  
ASS- ROLLS UP  
AND CUTS HER IN HALF  
WITH A SHOTGUN.



I SAY NO. TAKE  
THIS CAPER TO  
YOUR JUNKIE  
PAGAN BOY-  
FRIEND IF YOU  
WANT.

JUST  
DON'T  
COME  
CRAWLING  
BACK HERE  
WHEN HE  
BEATS THE  
OUT  
OF YOU  
AGAIN.



CAPTAIN OR  
NOT, NOBODY  
TALKS TO ME  
LIKE THAT,

I DEMAND  
SATISFACTION.



