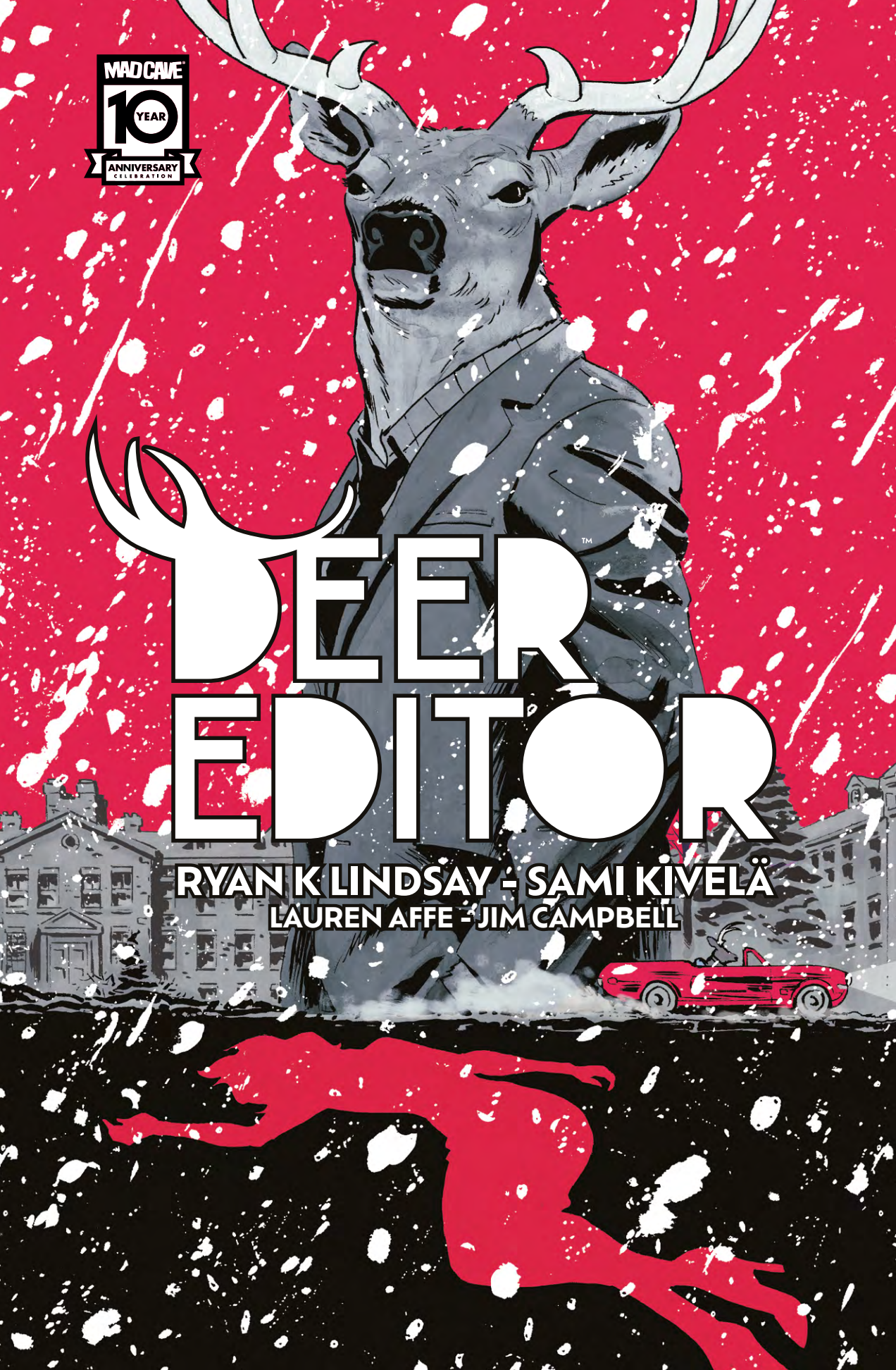
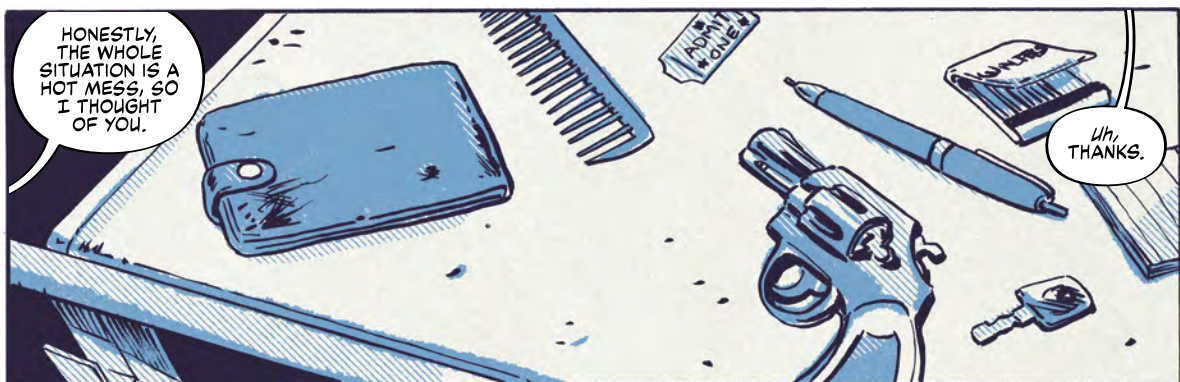
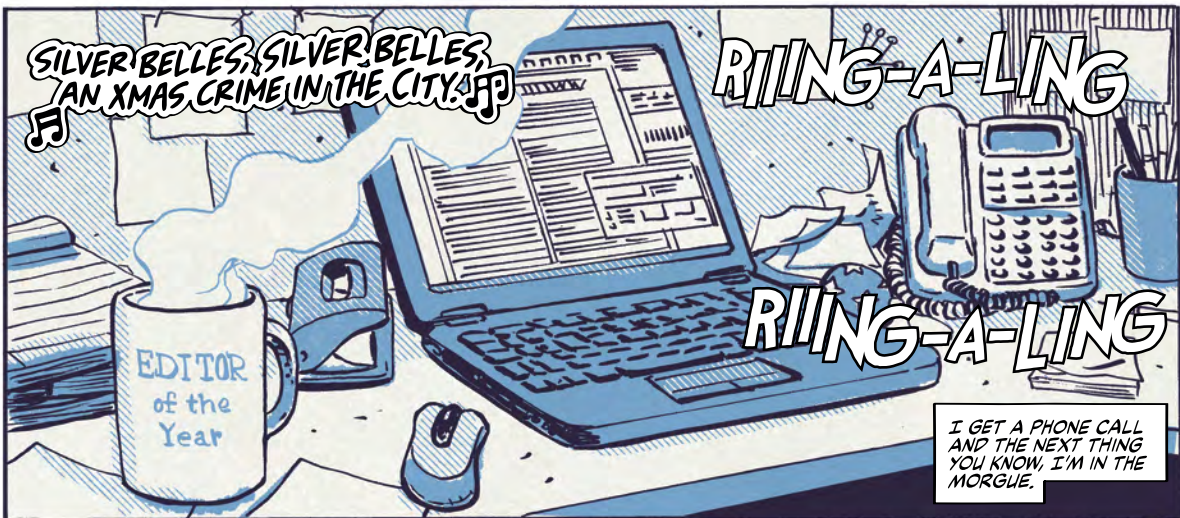




RYAN K LINDSAY - SAMI KIVELÄ
LAUREN AFFE - JIM CAMPBELL

DEER EDITOR









THERE ARE NIGHTS SO DARK YOU CAN'T SEE YOUR NOSE AT THE END OF YOUR FACE.

THERE ARE HEARTS SO DARK YOU CAN'T SEE THE EVIL UNTIL IT'S UP TO ITS HILT IN YOUR HIDE.



AND THEN THERE'S WALTER'S, WHERE THE DARKEST THINGS COME TO PASS NIGHTLY.



I COME HERE REGULARLY TO FIND THE TRUTH YOU WON'T EVER FIND ON THE FRONT PAGE.



IF YOU'RE HERE ABOUT THE CHICKENS, I SWEAR I WASN'T--

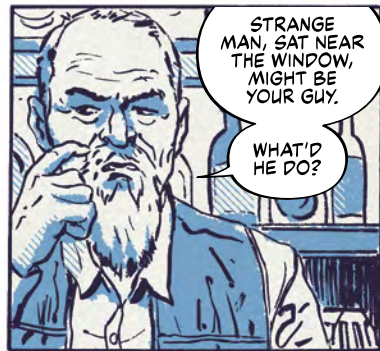
RELAX, I'M CHASING A JOHN DOE. WAS APPARENTLY HERE LAST NIGHT.

SAYS WHO?



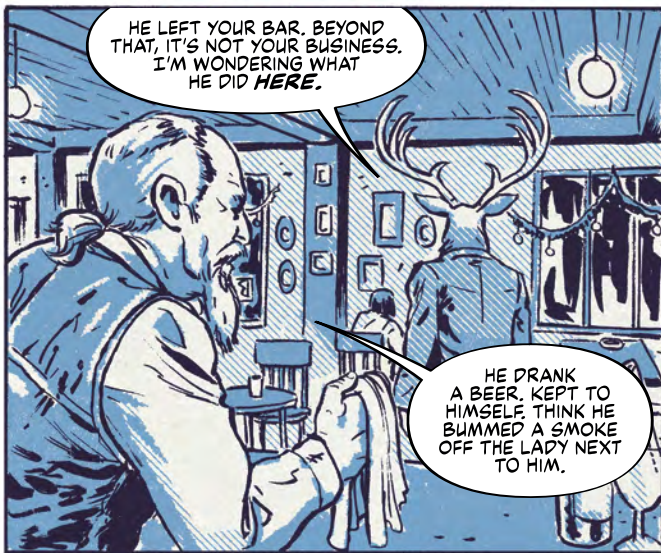
SAYS OUR MUTUAL FRIENDS HERE.

FIVE TEN, BROWN HAIR, AVERAGE BUILD. WHAT'VE YOU GOT FOR ME?



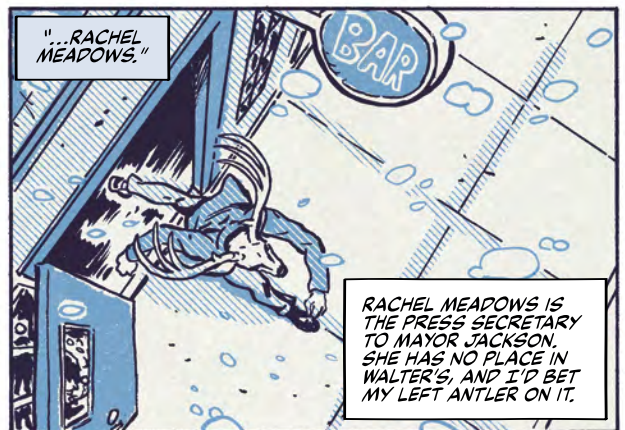
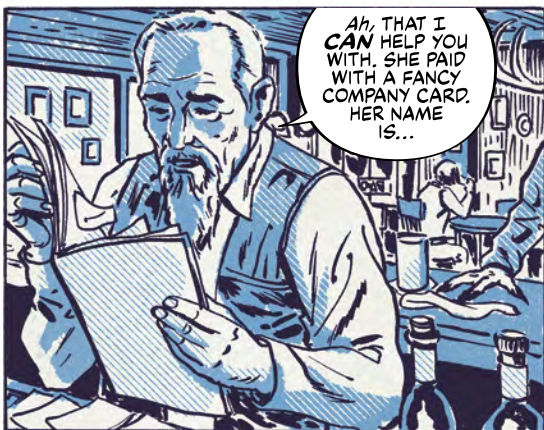
STRANGE MAN, SAT NEAR THE WINDOW, MIGHT BE YOUR GUY.

WHAT'D HE DO?



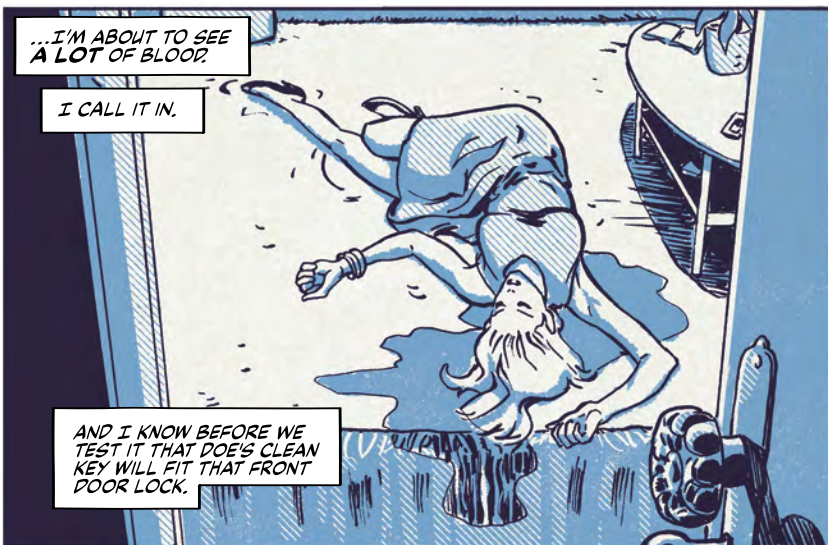
HE LEFT YOUR BAR. BEYOND THAT, IT'S NOT YOUR BUSINESS. I'M WONDERING WHAT HE DID **HERE**.

HE DRANK A BEER. KEPT TO HIMSELF. THINK HE BUMMED A SMOKE OFF THE LADY NEXT TO HIM.





I PRAY I'M NOT TOO LATE, BUT FROM THE THICKNESS OF THE STENCH...



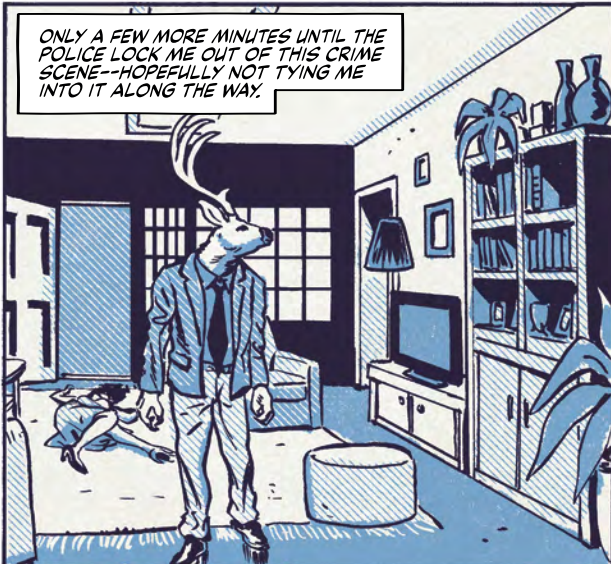
...I'M ABOUT TO SEE A LOT OF BLOOD.

I CALL IT IN.

AND I KNOW BEFORE WE TEST IT THAT DOE'S CLEAN KEY WILL FIT THAT FRONT DOOR LOCK.



SOMETIMES I WISH THERE JUST WASN'T A STORY.



ONLY A FEW MORE MINUTES UNTIL THE POLICE LOCK ME OUT OF THIS CRIME SCENE--HOPEFULLY NOT TYING ME INTO IT ALONG THE WAY.

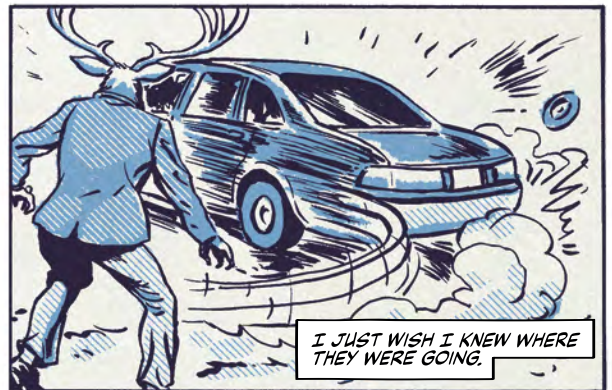


I SCAN FOR ANYTHING USEFUL...



...BUT I'M DISTRACTED BY ONE PART OF THE STORY I PROBABLY SHOULDN'T LOSE.

CREEAK

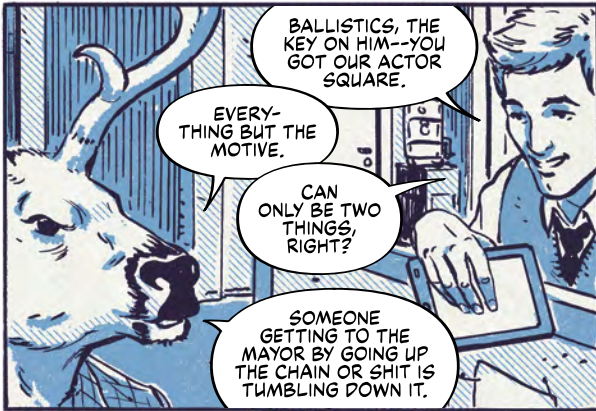




BIG DAY?

LITTLE HEADLINE.

DAN, MY SUB-EDITOR. A GOOD MAN.



BALLISTICS, THE KEY ON HIM--YOU GOT OUR ACTOR SQUARE.

EVERYTHING BUT THE MOTIVE.

CAN ONLY BE TWO THINGS, RIGHT?

SOMEONE GETTING TO THE MAYOR BY GOING UP THE CHAIN OR SHIT IS TUMBLING DOWN IT.



AN ATTACK OR A COVER-UP, BUT WHERE WOULD RACHEL MEADOWS FIT INTO EITHER? AND WHY IS THE KILLER UNKNOWN AND NOW DEAD?

WE NEED CONNECTIVE TISSUE.



I NEED TWO THINGS RIGHT NOW.

WHO THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY WANT.



I CAN LOOK INTO A FEW THINGS, I'LL WORK MY MAGIC.

LORD KNOWS OUR MAYOR IS A SEVENTH LEVEL ASSHOLE, SO THIS ONE SHOULDN'T NEED THE FINE-TOOTH.

REMEMBER TO PICK UP LAUNDRY



WE COULD BE GOING TO WAR HERE OR CAUGHT IN THE BATTLEFIELD. BUT WHO KNOWS...



...MAYBE IT'S NOT AS CONNECTED AS WE FEAR?

BZZA BZZA