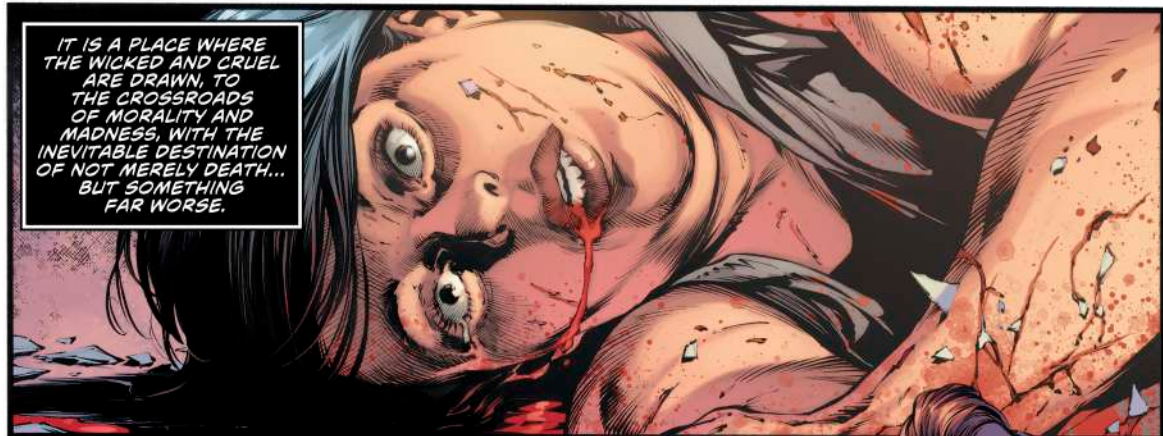


THERE IS A STREET. JUST AROUND THE CORNER, BOTH FAMILIAR AND UNKNOWN. A STREET BRANCHING OFF EVERY SMALL-TOWN SQUARE AND CUTTING THROUGH EVERY BIG-CITY AVENUE.

FAT FREE



IT IS A PLACE WHERE THE WICKED AND CRUEL ARE DRAWN, TO THE CROSSROADS OF MORALITY AND MADNESS, WITH THE INEVITABLE DESTINATION OF NOT MERELY DEATH... BUT SOMETHING FAR WORSE.



IT IS A PLACE WE CALL...

HYDE
STREET

WHO ARE YOU?



I ONCE MADE A PRACTICE OF WOMEN SUCH AS YOURSELF. PRETTY THINGS.

NOW...

...I CHOOSE ONLY RESIDENTS.

BUT TO FIND BOTH IN ONE PLACE AGAIN...

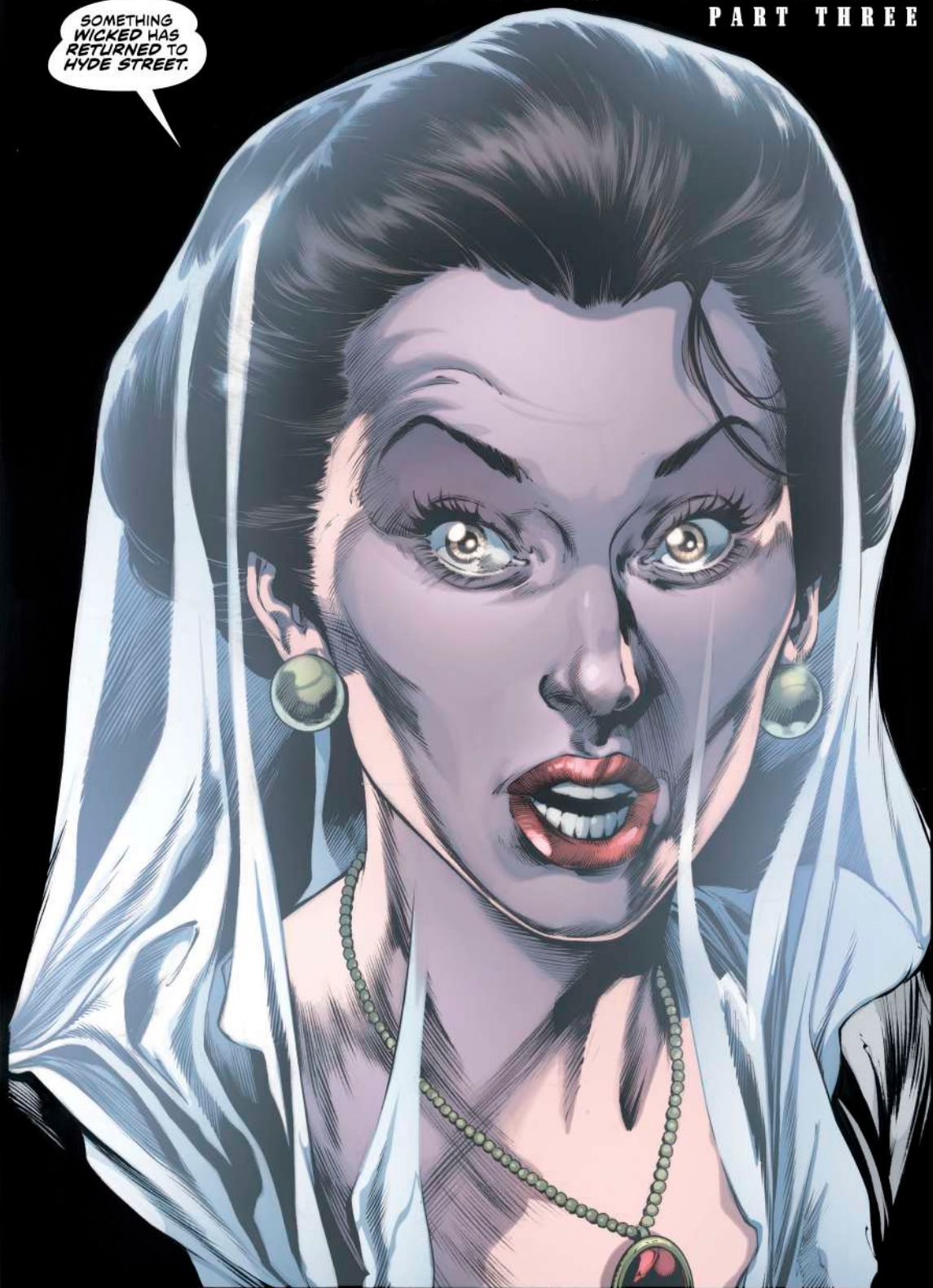


"...IS A RARE
INDULGENCE."

SOMETHING
WICKED HAS
RETURNED TO
HYDE STREET.

THE BUTCHER OF HYDE STREET

PART THREE





SOMETHING WICKED HAS COME HERE?

THAT'S A NEW WRINKLE.

THIS IS TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY, MR. X-RAY.

WHEN HAVE I EVER SET FOOT IN THIS CLUTTERED LITTLE KINGDOM OF YOURS?



ALL RIGHT, CLARISSA... WHO'D THE SCOREKEEPER USHER IN THIS DECADE?

PLEASE DON'T TELL ME IT'S ANOTHER CHILD, LIKE THAT JEN Z NIGHTMARE.

DRAGGING THE MODERN AGE IN HERE BY THE HEELS. AS IF WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH PROBLEMS--



FWAP



THE DAUGHTER



WHAT'S THE ANGLE HERE?





PLEASE...

PLEASE,
DON'T--



SUCH
A SMALL
WORD.

"PLEASE."

PEOPLE
SPEND IT AS
IF IT WERE
CURRENCY.



I CAN GIVE YOU WHATEVER
YOU WANT. I CAN DELIVER YOU
VICTIMS IF THAT'S WHAT
YOU'RE AFTER.

YOU WILL
GIVE ME
NOTHING.

I WILL TAKE
WHAT I WANT,
MISS GOODBODY.

HOW
DO YOU
KNOW MY
NAME?



THIS STREET SPEAKS.
WOOD. GLASS.
FLOORBOARDS.

IF YOU
UNDERSTAND
WHAT THIS PLACE
TRULY IS...YOU
KNOW HOW
TO LISTEN.



I'M ONE SOUL AWAY. DO
YOU HEAR ME? ONE SOUL
AND I'M FREE.

I CAN TAKE
ANYTHING
FROM YOU.
BUT YOUR
TERROR IS WHAT
I DESIRE.

GET
OUT OF MY
STORE.

YOUR STORE.
YES. YOU CLING TO
IT LIKE A CHILD TO
HER MOTHER.



STAY BACK.
I MEAN IT.



I HAVE WATCHED MEN BEG AT THE END OF A ROPE. I HAVE WATCHED WOMEN PRAYING INTO THEIR HANDS.

BUT YOU...



...YOU ARE AFRAID OF A SIMPLE DOORWAY.

YOU ARE TERRIFIED TO LEAVE YOUR STORE... BECAUSE THOSE BOTTLED-UP THINGS DON'T WANT YOU TO LEAVE.

THEY KEEP YOU AS FIT AS A FIDDLE.

AND IN RETURN, YOU KEEP THEM FED.

WHAT WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT THEM?



SHUT UP!



THERE IT IS.

YOUR ONLY PATH OF ESCAPE.



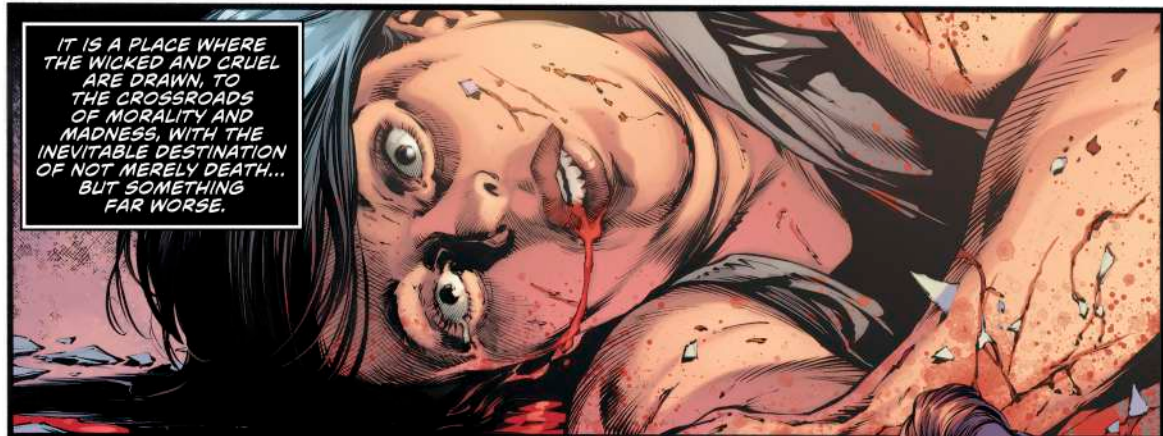
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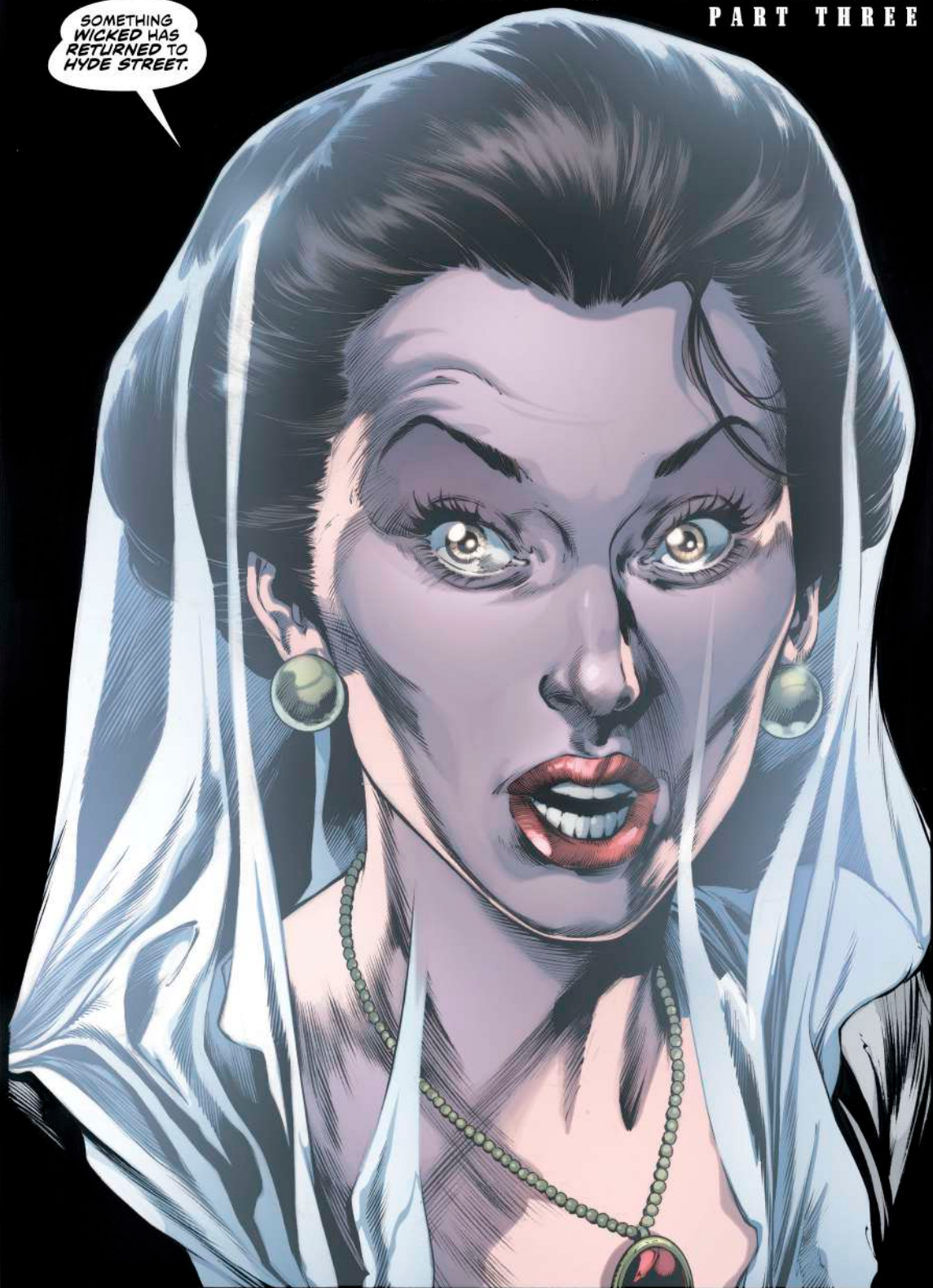


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