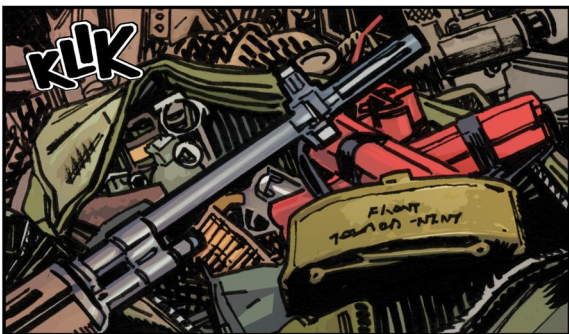
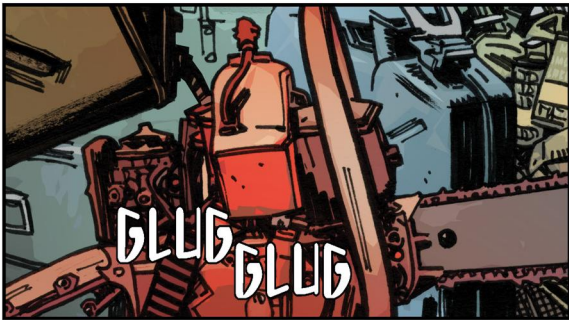
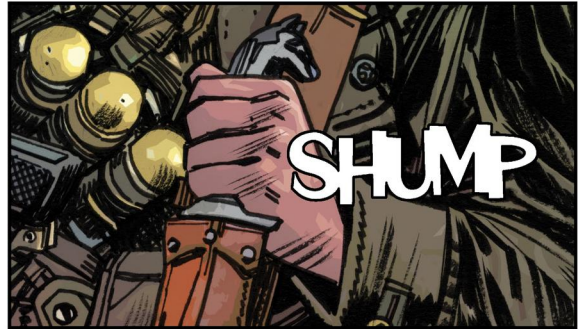
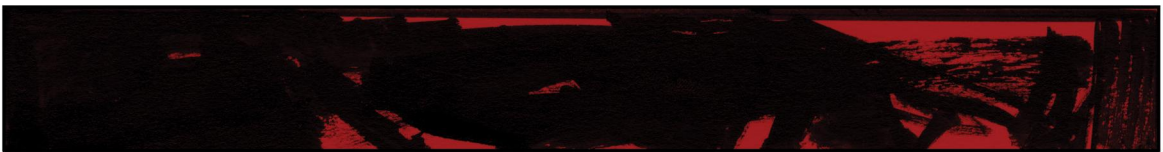
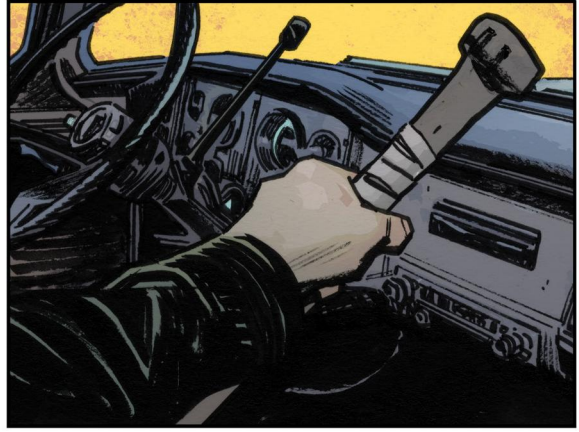
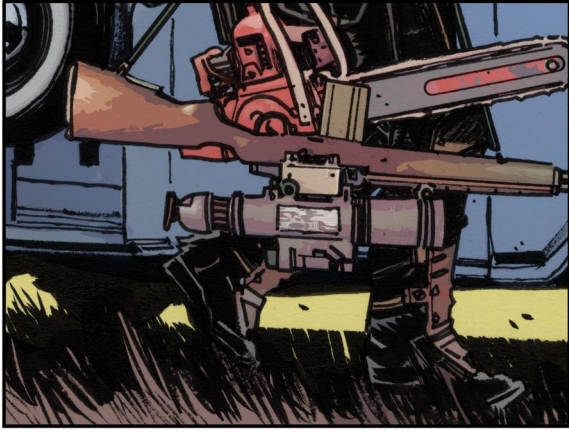
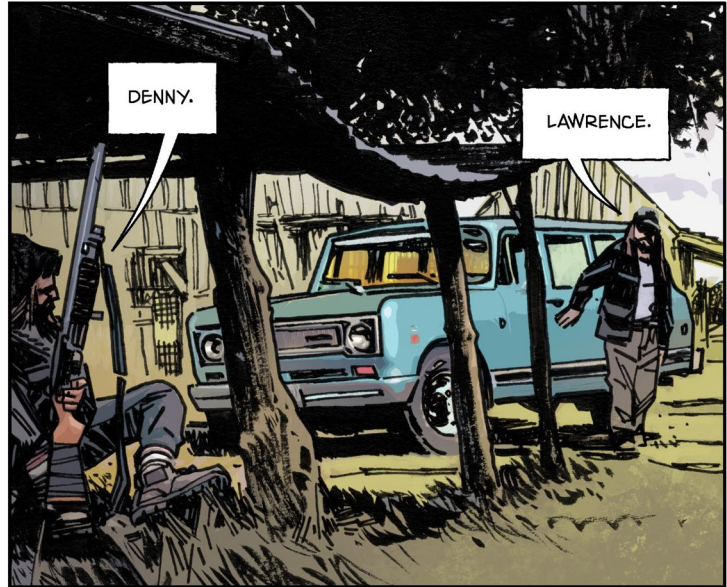
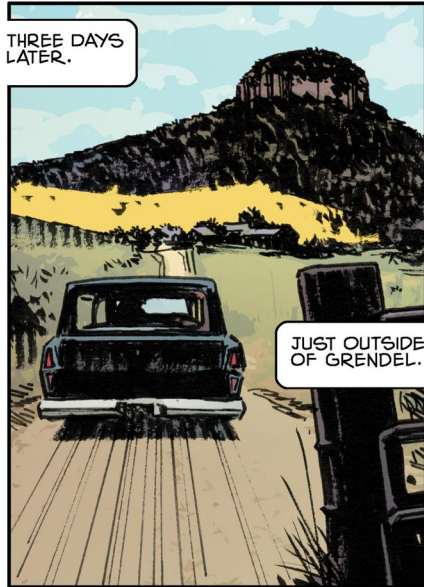
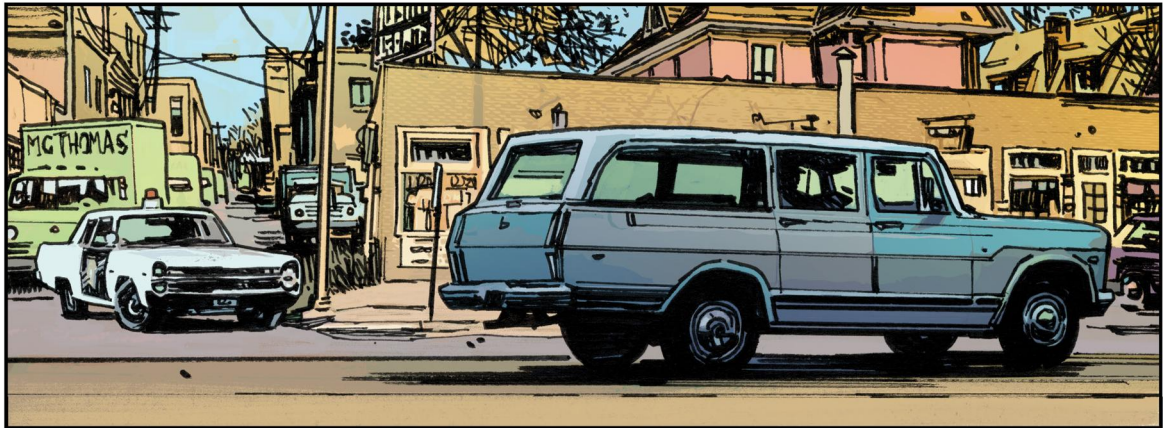


GRENDEN, KENTUCKY.  
FALL, 1971.











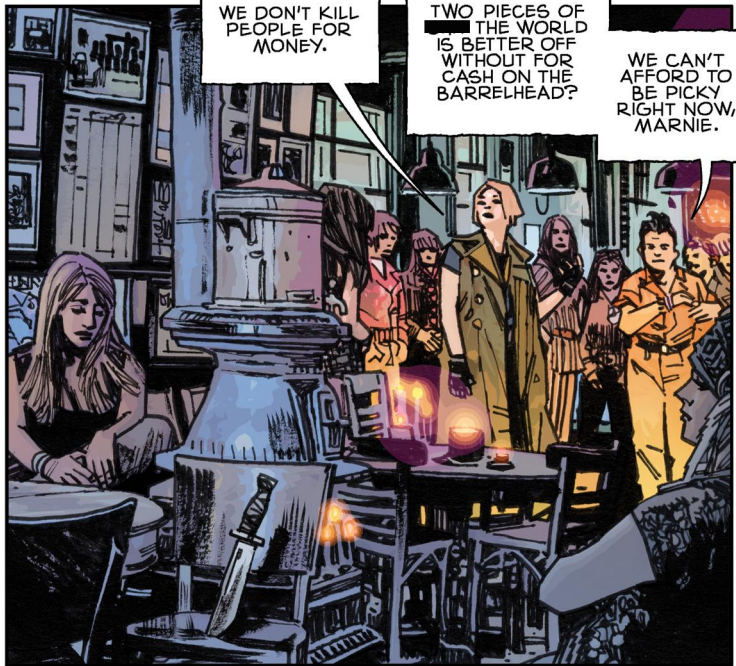


THAT NIGHT, HICKORY HILL, PENNSYLVANIA.

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?

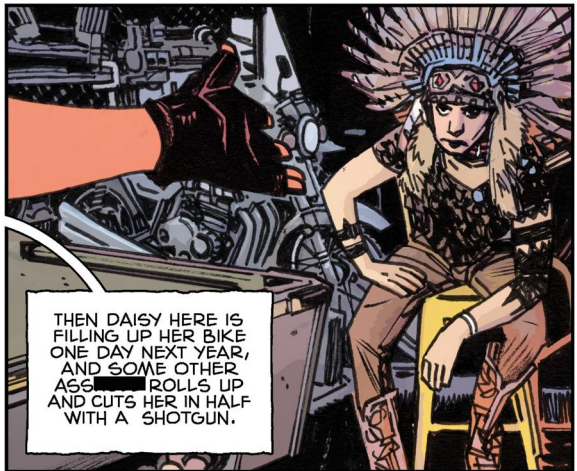
WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE PICKY RIGHT NOW, MARNIE.



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.



