

PAGE NINE

1—Splash – This is like those pages from Kill or be Killed, with text down the side, and a long splash panel. Now we're outside, and it's twilight, and Max has his hat on now, and an overcoat over his jacket and shirt and tie. He's walking among a crowd of men and women in 1939 New York City, in winter. Buildings around him in the background, looking like something out of Will Eisner and Jack Kirby's childhoods.

Text runs down the right side of the page:

NARR: My editor Mort was the kind of asshole who liked to give his freelancers "hard truths."

NARR: I'd never been good at listening to people like that...

NARR: The ones who try to tell you how the world works, like they're so smart and you're some rube, born yesterday.

NARR: And the longer I lived, the more of them there seemed to be.

NARR: That was one of the problems with getting older.

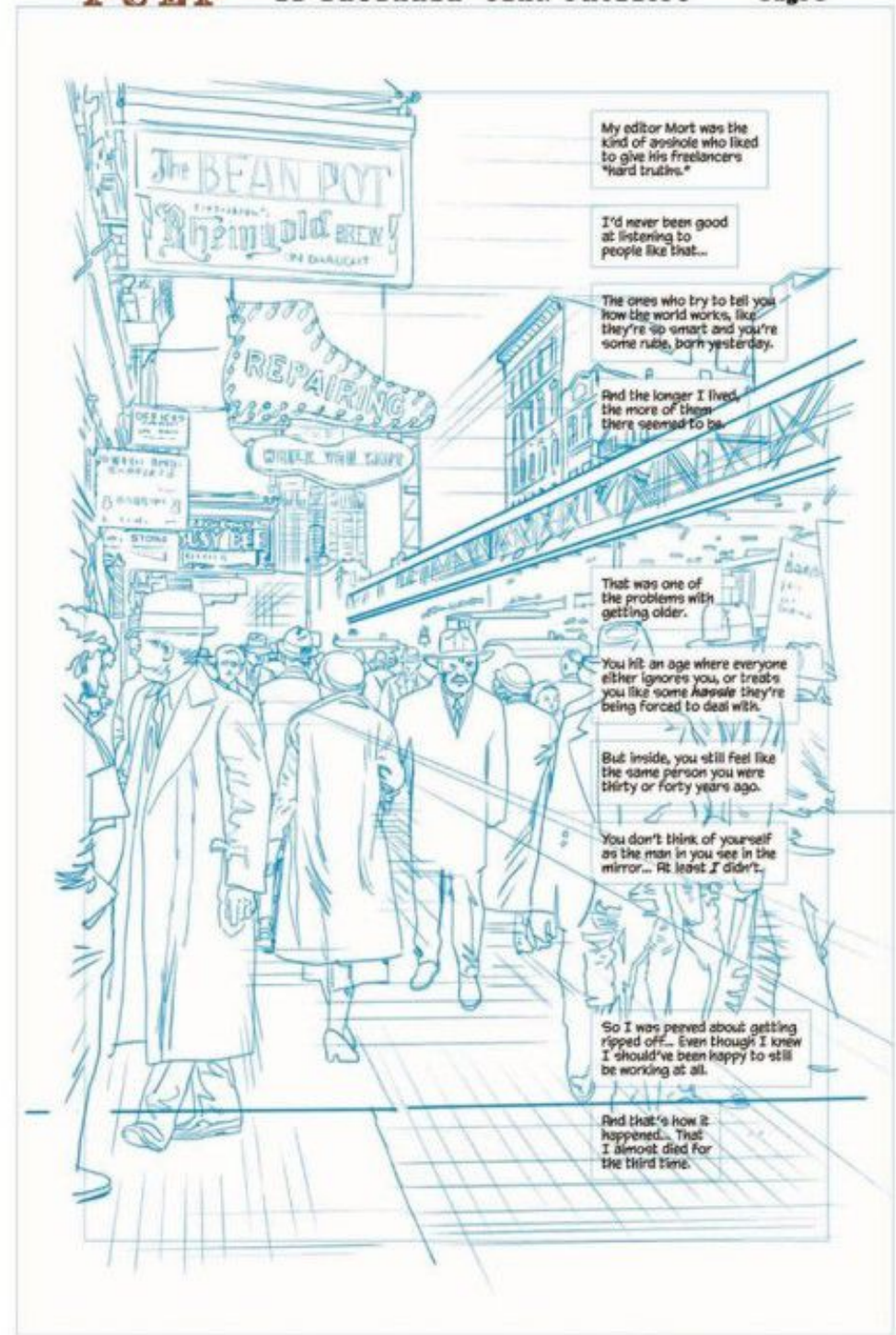
NARR: You hit an age where everyone either ignores you, or treats you like some hassle they're being forced to deal with.

NARR: But inside, you still feel like the same person you were thirty or forty years ago.

NARR: You don't think of yourself as the man in you see in the mirror... At least I didn't.

NARR: So I was peeved about getting swindled... Even though I knew I should've been happy to still be working at all.

NARR: And that's how it happened... That I almost died for the third time.



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