



DEATH OF

# COPRA

MICHEL FIFFE





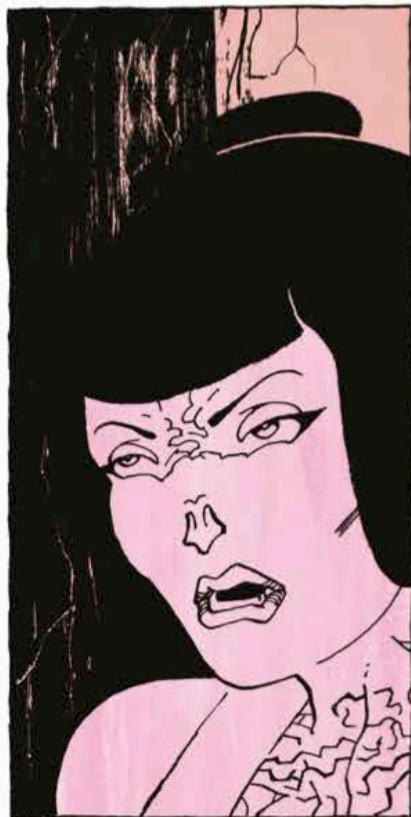
FLORIDA



MY ARM IS  
KILLING ME.  
WE NEED MEDS,  
BIANCA.



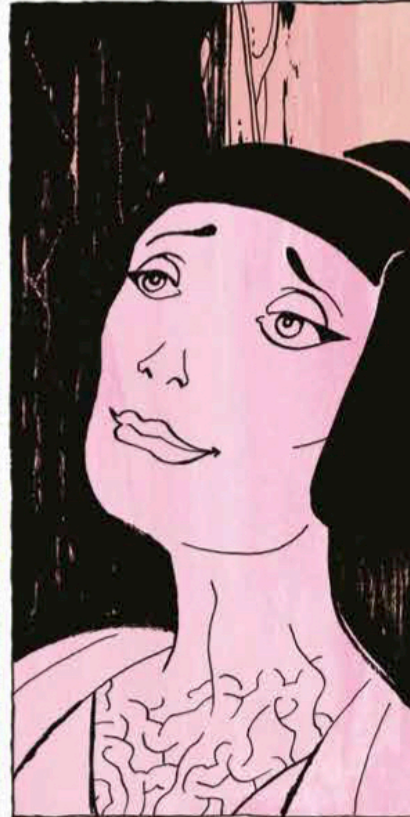
WE'LL WAIT UNTIL THE GUARD  
LOOPS TO THE OTHER END.  
THEN WE'LL SPLIT.



GET THAT THING AWAY FROM ME  
ALREADY. IT'S NOT AS IF I'M  
GOING TO GET UP AND GO.



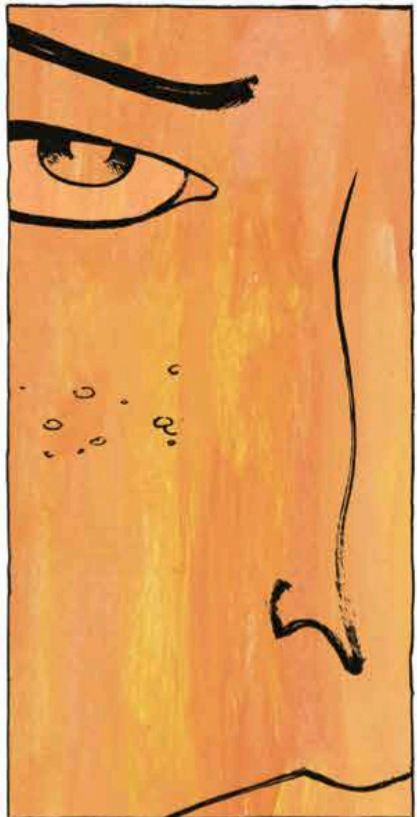
YOU DON'T  
SET THE  
RULES, DY DY.



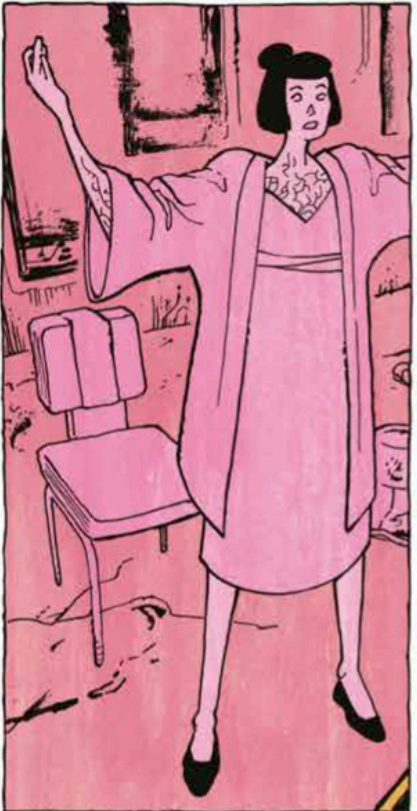
WHAT RULES? TIRED, STARVING,  
DODGING AUTHORITY... WHATEVER  
GAME THIS IS, IT'S AWFUL.



BIANCA, CALL THOSE COPRA PEOPLE.  
I KNOW YOU HAVE THEIR INFO.



YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.



YOU WERE A COP IN OUR WORLD!  
CAN'T YOU JUST ENLIST IN THIS ONE?  
CALL THAT COPRA WOMAN... SONIA.



CALL RAX!  
NO. WE WON'T  
LIVE LIKE THIS  
FOREVER.



Dy Dy is right, though.

NOW.



