

Spring, 1940.

SO...
YOU'RE
RICHARD
BENSON,
HUH?



THE MAN
THEY CALL
THE
AVENGER?

I AM.





I HEARD YOU WERE SMARTER. SURE, YOU SOLVED MY "MUSICAL MURDERS" AND DEDUCED HOW -- WHAT, AGAIN?

AMPLIFIED ULTRASONICS.

--HOW AMPLIFIED ULTRASONICS CAN TURN BONES TO POLENTA. THAT'S SCIENCE FROM THE OLD COUNTRY, BY THE WAY. THERE'S NO AMERICAN MONOPOLY ON BRAINS.



(ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO DO THIS HERE?)

(NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.)



ANYBODY SPEAK ITALIAN?

"ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO DO THIS HERE?"

"NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT."

I'M SORRY I ASKED.

WHICH YOU AND YOUR UNDERLINGS JUST PROVED BY TRESPASSING INTO MY STRONG-HOLD.

ANY QUESTIONS BEFORE THE END?





WHAT IF BENSON'S NOT THE STUPID ONE?



TRAITOR! YOU LED THE AVENGER HERE!

Splutch



COSA DIAVOLO--?



THIS MEAN WE CAN ALL BE OURSELVES AGAIN? I COULD FEEL THE PLAY-ACTIN' STARTIN' TO TURN ME PRECIOUS!

THAT'LL BE THE DAY, MAC.
NELLIE, COVER THE BOSS. THE REST OF US SHOULD TARGET THE CLARINETIST BEFORE HE CAN--

