

HE'S GOT A  
BAD WOUND  
IN HIS SIDE.

HAS  
HE BEEN  
SHOT?

MORE LIKE  
STABBED. AND BY  
THE LOOKS OF IT,  
HE TRIED TO  
CAUTERIZE IT.

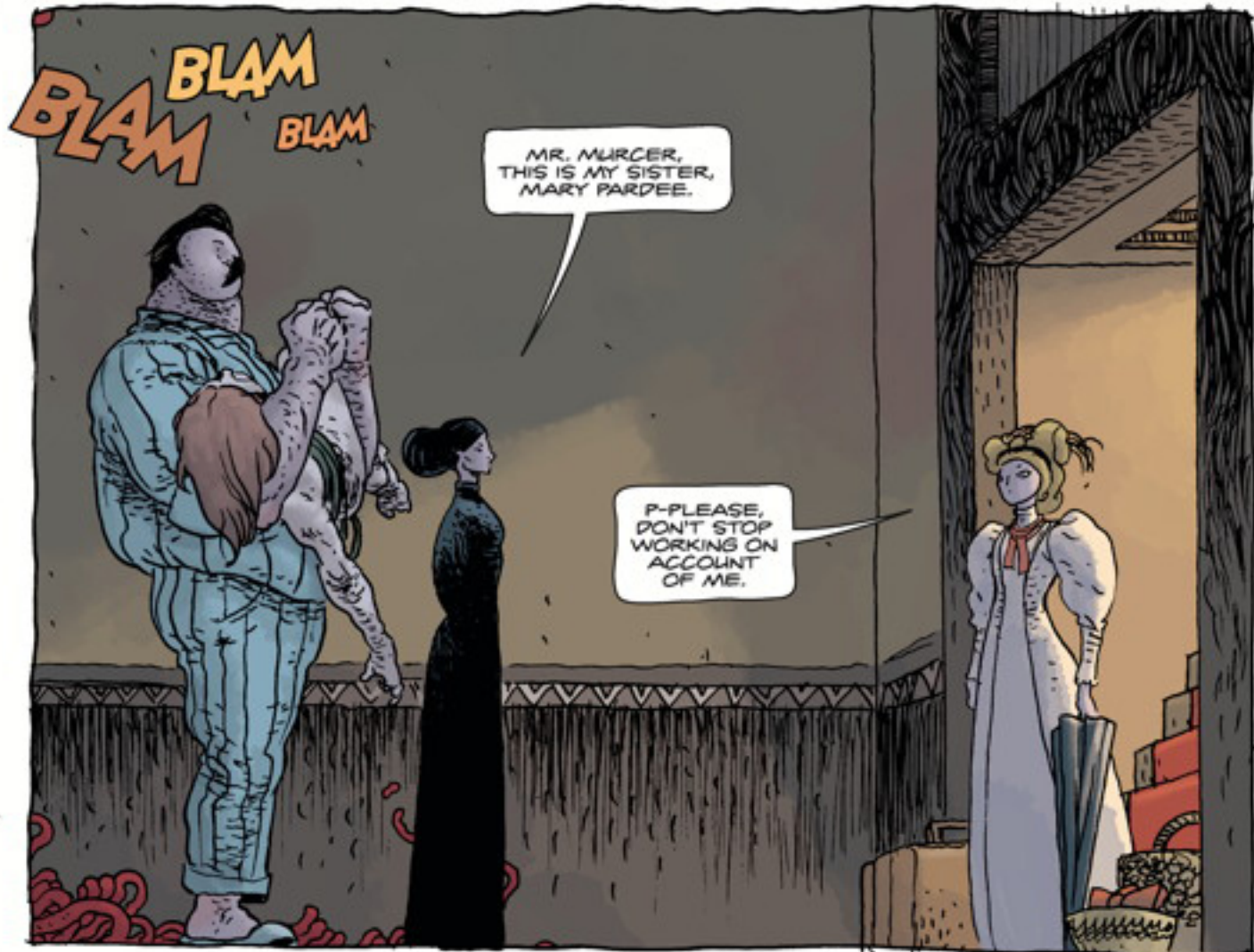
WHAT?

WITH SOMETHING  
HOT--A POKER--COAL  
TONGS--SOMETHING TO  
STOP THE BLEEDING.

BRING MR.  
PECK UPSTAIRS  
TO A FINISHED  
BEDROOM.

WE SHALL  
SUMMON A  
PHYSICIAN  
IMME--

HELLO, SARAH.  
I KNOCKED  
BUT NO ONE  
ANSWERED.

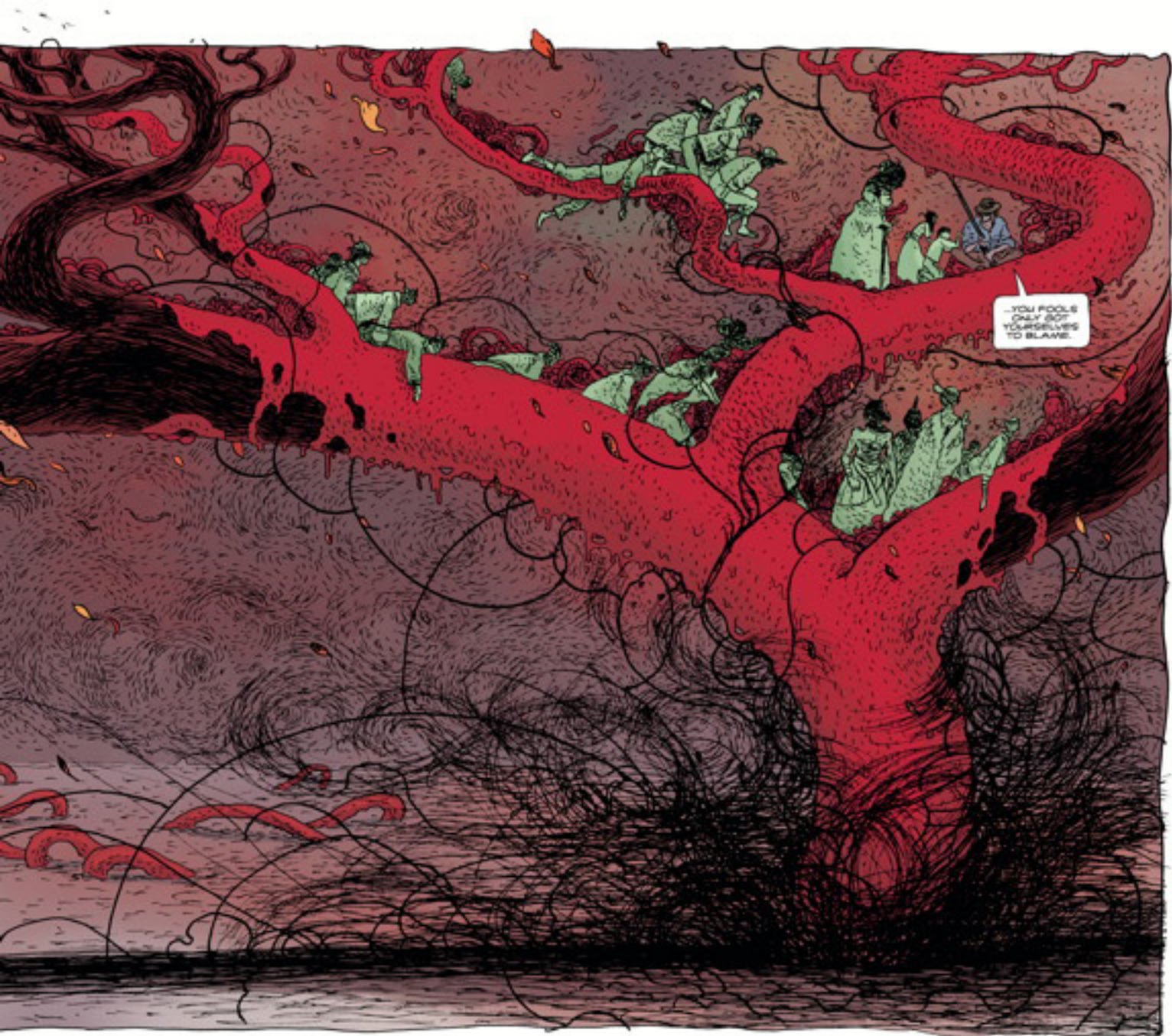


MR. MURDER,  
THIS IS MY SISTER,  
MARY PARDEE.

P-PLEASE,  
DON'T STOP  
WORKING ON  
ACCOUNT  
OF ME.







YOU FOOLS  
ONLY GOT  
YOURSELVES  
TO BLAME.




WHY DID WE DIE, MOMMA?

GO ON AHEAD AND ASK MR. PECK, DEBBIE.

YOU WERE ASKED TIME AND TIME AGAIN TO GO. OFFERED MONEY. LOTS OF IT.

JUST LEAVE THE LAND AND GET MOVING. YOU WERE IN THE WAY OF BIG PLANS.



AND BIG PLANS HAVE A WAY OF ROLLING OVER LITTLE PEOPLE.




WHY DID YOU PUT A HOLE IN MY HEAD, MR. PECK? DID I DO SOMETHING WRONG?

NO, DEBBIE-- YOU DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG-- IT WAS JUST--

MY HEAD HURTS ALL THE TIME.




WHY DON'TCHA SHOW US SOME RESPECT, FER CRISSAKES? LEAST YOU CAN DO IS LOOK US IN THE EYES, GODDAMN IT!



AM I GOING TO HEAVEN, MR. PECK?


I-I'M NOT SURE THERE IS A--



SPRAY HIS BRAINS OVER OUR FRONT DOOR AND YOU GOT THE NERVE TO TELL MY LITTLE BOY HE AIN'T GOING TO HEAVEN?!



LOT EASIER TO SPY US THROUGH THAT GLASS...



...AND TAKE OUR BREATH AWAY, AIN'T IT?