





OKAY, HI, BETTER NOW!

MY BELLY IS FULL OF THE PLEASANT SPICY BURN OF THE DAMNED.

AND I'M SEEING ABOUT SOME OLD PLACES. SINCE I'M STARTING TO FEEL A LITTLE GUILTY ABOUT LEAVING PLACES A BURNING HOLE IN THE GROUND.



SOME PLACES ARE TENACIOUS ENOUGH THAT THEY GROW BACK, EVEN AFTER I DO MY VERY BEST TO RUIN THEM.



AFTER YOU, MY DUDE.

HAVERHILL'S ONE OF THOSE PLACES. TIMELESS.

PRISTINE.

NAIVE TO A FAULT.



OR SO IT WAS?

WHAT THE HELL?!

SMELLS LIKE SOUR MILK AND BURNING FAT IN HERE.

REMINDS ME OF HOME.



WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS PLACE?
I WOULDN'T DRINK A MILKSHAKE HERE IF YOU PAID ME!



ICE CREAM MACHINE'S BROKEN, NO MILKSHAKES!
I SAID I DIDN'T WANT ONE, JEEZ.
WHERE ARE ALL THE IRRITATING LITTLE MALT-SHOP SWEETIES AND THEIR STUPID ANNOYING LOVE TRIANGLES?



DID YOU PEOPLE SOMEHOW GET AS AS THE REST OF THE WORLD?!

WHEN DID YOU START SMOKING INSIDE?

IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, CITY MOUSE, YOU CAN GIT!



FINE, YOU LOWLIFES AREN'T THE REASON I CAME TO HAVERHILL ANYWAY!



IF I WANTED TO BE DEPRESSED SOMEWHERE THAT SMELLED LIKE GARBAGE, I'D STAY IN MY DAWN TRUCK!



THIS SEEMS... WHOLESOME.



DI... AND REMEMBER THE FOLKS WHO MADE HAVERHILL GREAT ARE YOU...
SATURDAY, 10-3
ENCOURAGED. AVAILABLE!

YEAH! ANNOYINGLY SO.
LET'S CHECK IT OUT.