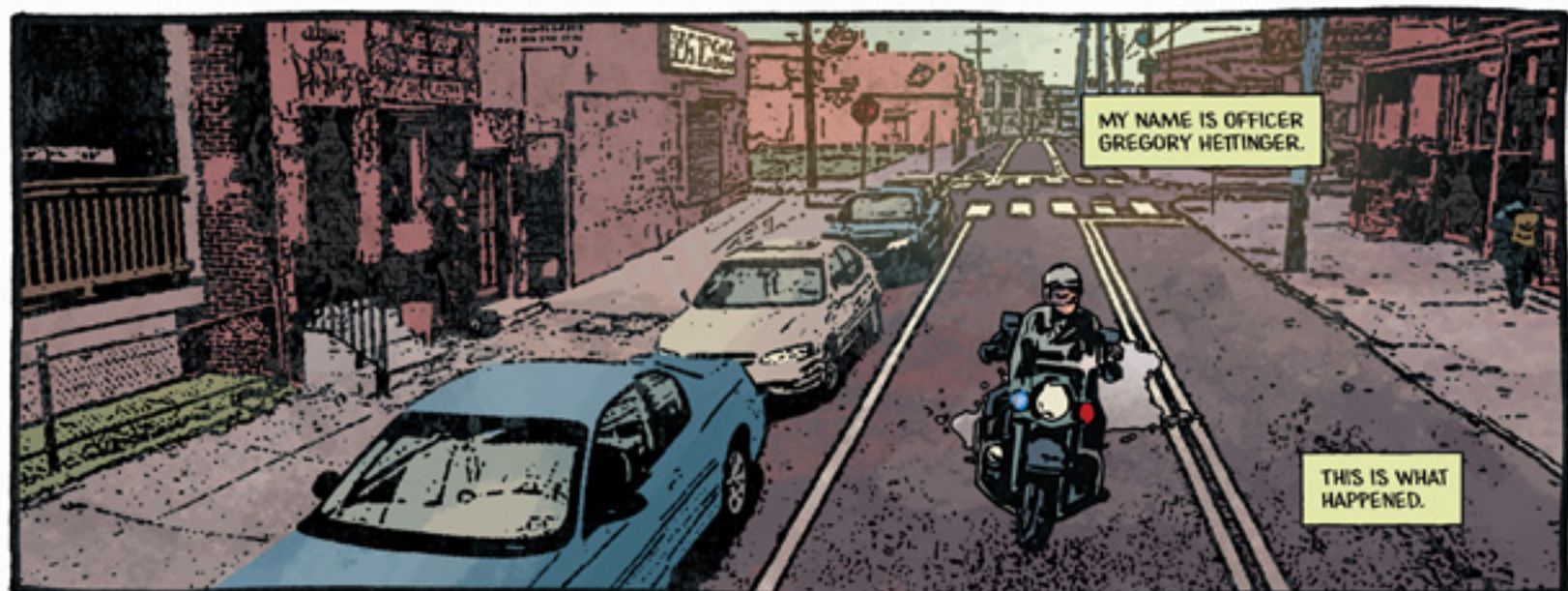


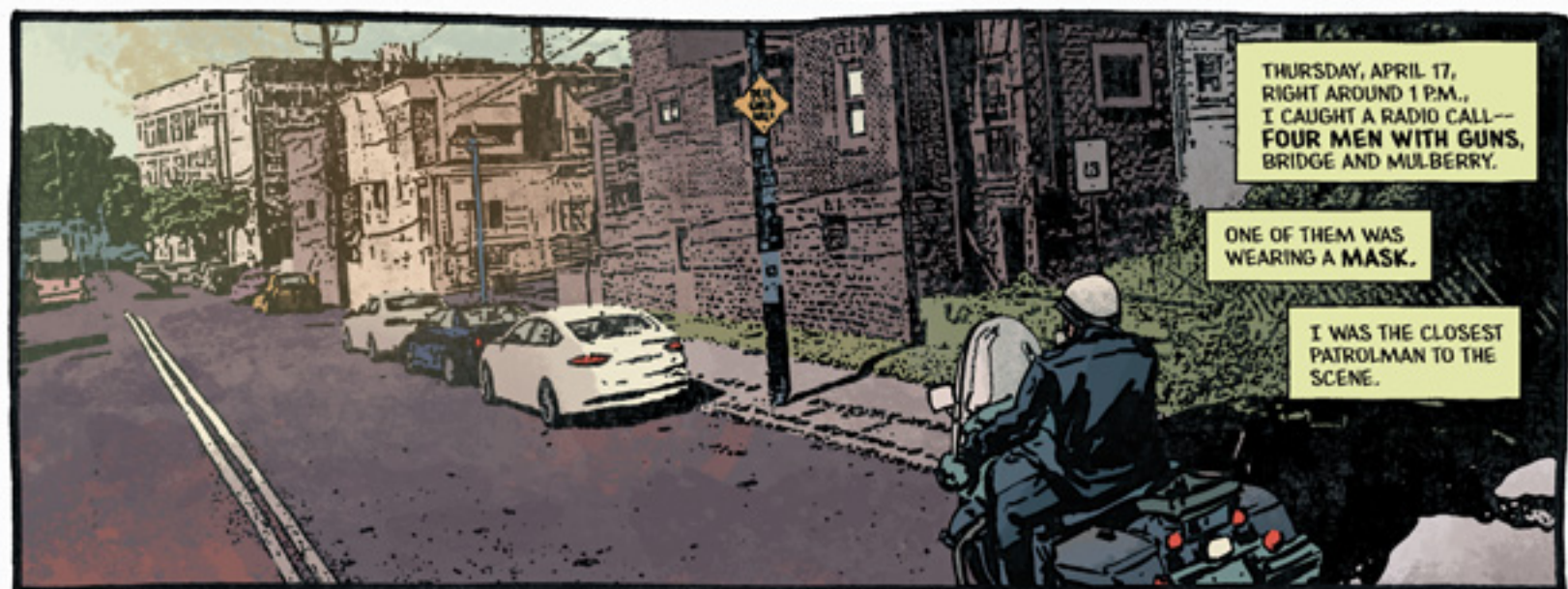


PHILADELPHIA.



MY NAME IS OFFICER
GREGORY HETTINGER.

THIS IS WHAT
HAPPENED.



THURSDAY, APRIL 17,
RIGHT AROUND 1 P.M.,
I CAUGHT A RADIO CALL—
FOUR MEN WITH GUNS,
BRIDGE AND MULBERRY.

ONE OF THEM WAS
WEARING A MASK.

I WAS THE CLOSEST
PATROLMAN TO THE
SCENE.



RIGHT AWAY I REMEMBERED:
THERE WAS A **SCHOOL** AT THE
CORNER OF BRIDGE AND MULBERRY.

AND CLASSES WERE IN SESSION.



PEOPLE CALL THIS CITY
KILLADELPHIA.

WAY TOO OFTEN, DECENT
CITIZENS TRAPPED IN BAD
NEIGHBORHOODS FIND
THEMSELVES IN THE MIDDLE
OF DRUG GANG BEEFS.



ALL I COULD THINK ABOUT
WERE THE LITTLE KIDS IN
THAT SCHOOL BUILDING.
READING. PLAYING. LISTENING
TO THEIR TEACHER. NO IDEA
WHAT WAS GOING ON OUTSIDE.



IF ONE STRAY ROUND
POPPED THE WRONG
WINDOW...

KA-CHAK



**POLICE!
FREEZE!**



EVERYTHING
HAPPENED WAY
TOO FAST.



ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO TELL THE PEOPLE OF PHILADELPHIA, OFFICER WETTINGER?



MORE NONSENSE TUMBLES OUT OF MY MOUTH.

I WAS PROBABLY SLURRING THANKS TO THE PAINKILLERS.



EVEN THEN I TOLD MYSELF: DO YOURSELF A FAVOR AND GET OFF THIS **SHIT** AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.



I KNEW TOO MANY PEOPLE WHO PLAYED AROUND WITH A FEW PERCOSETS AND ENDED UP CHASING A \$500-A-DAY HABIT.



I ASKED THE DOC HOW BAD IT WOULD BE, ONCE THE BANDAGES CAME OFF.

I COULDN'T FEEL ANYTHING. I ASSUMED MY HELMET TOOK THE WORST OF IT.

THEN THE DOCTOR SHOWED ME.



I SHOULDN'T HAVE ASKED.



