

**EPISODE FIVE:
CHICKEN OF THE SEA**





YOU PROMISED YOU WOULDN'T SMOKE!

I DID NO SUCH THING!



DAD, DON'T MAKE ME COME DOWN THERE.



GOOD GOD, WHAT AM I THINKING?

NOT QUITE WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED.



YOU DOING OKAY, ROMAN?



TIP ME OVER THE SIDE, GAVIN. I MEAN IT, I'M DONE FOR. [REDACTED] IT. [REDACTED] IT ALL.



TO TOSS YOU OVER WOULD MEAN LIFTING YOU FIRST, AND WELL, YOU KNOW.



THIS IS INHUMANE. I'M NOT DESIGNED TO BE THIS FAR EAST. MY LIMIT IS SECOND AVENUE.



HAVE A HEART, GAVIN! THAT WAS BEFORE.

I'LL REMIND YOU THAT YOU PROGRAMMED THIS EPISODE. YOU CREATED THIS CHALLENGE TO [REDACTED] ME UP.



HERE, DRINK.




IN ADDITION TO THE SMOKE, ANGIE'S GOT ME TRYING TO QUIT BEING A VINDICTIVE [REDACTED].

HUH.

A CRUIKSHANK THAT'S *NOT* A COMPLETE AND TOTAL [REDACTED].


MY APOLOGIES IN ADVANCE.

I MEAN THAT, I'M REALLY MAKING THE EFFORT.



I GOT A HOLE IN MY CHEST THAT'S STILL HEALING. I'VE SUCCESSFULLY RESISTED THE URGE TO TACK ON SOME POIGNANT TIDBIT ABOUT AFFAIRS OF THE HEART. DO I GET A CIGARETTE NOW? NO?


THIS CHALLENGE IS A GOOD ONE. I SUSPECT IT WAS DESIGNED TO GIVE THESE OLD BONES A SHOCK I COULDN'T HANDLE, BUT I LOVE BEING OUT ON THE WATER, AND **RED CRAB**, FOR SOME REASON, SEEM TO BE SUFFERING OUR ENVIRONMENTAL SINS JUST FINE.



GORGEOUS THINGS, THE RED CRAB. WE'LL CATCH 'EM, STASH 'EM, AND COOK THEM FOR OUR ADORING AUDIENCE HERE AND AT HOME.



I'M HAVING A PRETTY DECENT DAY.



ALMOST MAKES ME FORGET ABOUT GREER.



AH, CHRIST,
THE WIFE.

STABBED ME, NEARLY
SNUFFED ME OUT, BUT
WHO CAN BLAME HER?

MOTHER OF
MY CHILD, AND
ALL THAT.

BUT NO MORE
CLICHÉS.



SHE DESERVES
SOME MERCY.

SHE'S LOST THE
WAR. THE FIGHT'S
COMPLETELY GONE
OUT OF HER.

"MRS. CRUIKSHANK?
THAT'S TIME."



OH?

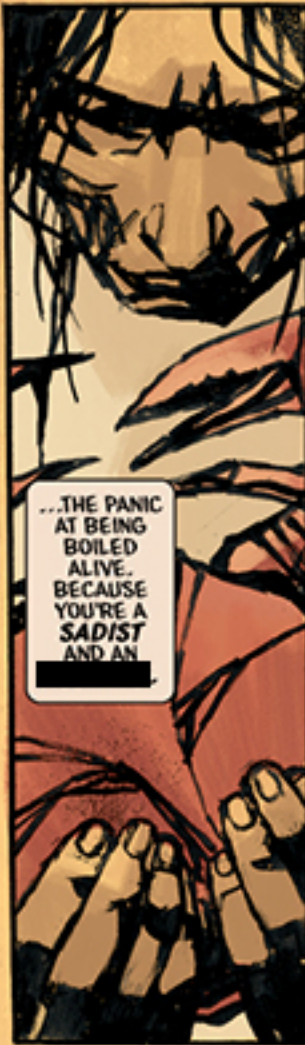
STRICT
30-MINUTE
RULE WITH THE
INTERNET.



JUST ONE
MINUTE
MORE?

THIS
IS A VERY
IMPORTANT
CALL.

POPULAR MISTAKE: DON'T DROP LIVE CRABS INTO BOILING WATER. FIRST OF ALL, IT MEANS YOU'RE A SADIST AND AN ASSHOLE. SECONDLY, RED CRABS WILL SHED THEIR LEGS AND CLAWS IN PANIC...



...THE PANIC AT BEING BOILED ALIVE. BECAUSE YOU'RE A SADIST AND AN



THERE'S A SPOT, ON THE BOTTOM NEAR THE BACK, UNDER A FLAP OF FLESH.



DEAD, IMMEDIATE AND PAINLESS. I WON'T SAY THE POOR DIDN'T HAVE A RATHER UNPLEASANT LAST COUPLE HOURS, BUT THEN AGAIN, NEITHER DID I.