



**...YOU
PIG!**







ROBBY, IT'S
ME...BOB
BENTON.

YOUR
MOTHER
INVITED
ME?

I PROBABLY
SHOULD HAVE
TAKEN HER UP
ON THAT OFFER
YEARS AGO.

I WANT YOU TO
KNOW I'VE THOUGHT
OF DOING SO OFTEN,
BUT AS TIME WENT BY,
I THINK I BECAME
INTIMIDATED.

HONESTLY,
IT'S HAUNTED
ME.



I DON'T LOOK IT, BUT
I'LL BE 75 YEARS
OLD TOMORROW
MORNING.

AND I
HAVE ONLY ONE
REGRET IN THAT
LONG LIFE, AND
THAT'S...THAT'S
THIS.

WHAT IF I
NEVER--

FWWWWW



SO,
THIS IS
ABOUT YOU
THEN.



NO!
THAT'S
NOT WHAT
I--

MR. HERO
DOESN'T WANT
TO BLEMISH HIS
SPOTLESS RECORD.
SO, HE'S GOTTA
SNIP OFF THAT
LOOSE END.

HEV...
FIRSTLY, NO.
ALSO, MY RECORD
IS ANYTHING BUT
SPOTLESS.

OLD MAN,
YOU MUST BE
GOING SENILE IF
YOU THINK I'D BE
HAPPY TO SEE YOUR
CLARK KENT
LOOKING SQUARE
ASS.

CAN'T
YOU JUST SIT
DOWN WITH ME
AND TALK, EVEN
JUST FOR A FEW
MINUTES?



JESUS!

BE
CAREFUL!
YOU COULD
HURT
YOURSELF!



YOU THINK
THIS GLASS
CAN HURT
ME?



HEH.

I
THINK YOU'RE
FORGETTING
SOMETHING, BOB
BENTON.