

GARTH ENNIS ADRIANO BATISTA

DYNAMITE

3

SUGGESTED FOR
MATURE READERS

JENNIFER BLOOD

*Milk
Eggs
Applesauce
Cereal
Mac n Cheese
Coffee*

*6 boxes Gold Saber hol
Slam pads for mag
Side Armor Kyrlex
Gem-Tech Silencer
Frictiono Tape
Kevlar K-159 (sta
Royal Purple Grease
(big bottle)*

TIME
MAY 1997

WEDNESDAY

God, I hate being right.

3: BORN TO RUN



JACK, WHAT ARE YOU DOING...?

CAN'T YOU TELL?

THIS IS YOUR HOUSEWARMING PARTY, YOUR WIFE'S GOING TO WONDER WHERE YOU ARE.

COME ON, DON'T ACT ALL INNOCENT WITH ME--!



I SAW HOW YOU SMILED AT ME YESTERDAY. I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT, WHAT POOR LITTLE HUBBIE OUT THERE CAN'T GIVE YOU.

OR ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY YOU ONLY CAME UP HERE TO USE THE BATHROOM? MM?



ALL YOU SAW WAS ME SEEING YOU THINKING THAT.

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN SOME KIND OF EXTRA-MARITAL STUPIDITY WITH THE GUY ACROSS THE STREET, JACK. I DON'T WANT TO BETRAY MY HUSBAND AT ALL.

PLEASE MOVE.



OH, YOU'RE A COLD ONE, AREN'T YOU? YOU THINK YOU'RE TOO GOOD FOR ME OR SOMETHING?

OR ARE YOU MAYBE JUST PLAYING HARD TO GET...?

Trouble. As predicted by moi.

The problem was I had no idea how to deal with him.

By which I mean I don't know any of those funny little moves they teach in women's self-defense classes, where you twist wrists or yank fingers backwards or whatever—the idea being that you safely incapacitate your attacker before running for it.



I never learned any of that.

All I know how to do is...



Well...



Um...



Well, it's not exactly what you'd call non-lethal.



Not all that easy to explain, either.







IT WAS AWFUL!
IT WAS RUNNING AROUND
ALL OVER THE PLACE, IT
WANTED TO RUN UP
MY DRESS!

OH GOD,
JEN--!

IT WAS SO
LITTLE! I'VE NEVER
SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT,
IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN
MORE THAN THREE
INCHES! JACK, YOU
SAW IT, RIGHT?

I-I-I-I--!



YES! YES,
I SAW IT! I HEARD
JEN SCREAMING, AND,
AND I CAME TO HELP,
AND I SAW IT GO
DOWN HERE BEHIND
THE--

OH GOD,
MICE!
VERMIN!

IT WAS SO
SMALL AND SKINNY
AND PINK AND
DISGUSTING, IT WAS
LIKE A TINY LITTLE
WORM!



COME ON,
JEN-JEN... YOU'RE
SAFE NOW, DOWN
YOU COME...

A-ARE
YOU SURE?
IS IT DEFINITELY
GONE?

IT'S
DEFINITELY GONE,
YOU BET IT IS. OKAY,
FOLKS, SORRY ABOUT
ALL THE SCREAMING--
WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK
OUTSIDE AND GRAB
YOURSELVES ANOTHER
DRINK, HUH?

I AM GOING
TO KILL THAT
REALTOR...

*I'll have to remember
that one in future.*

*Next time termination
isn't an option.*

