

I HAVE LITTLE
MEMORY OF THE GIRL
THAT I ONCE WAS.

WHERE
ARE YOU?

ALONE. PENNILESS. YET
SOMEHOW, STRANGELY...

...HAPPIER.

HERE!

I'M SORRY...
THERE'S BEEN A
BIT OF TURMOIL
OVER THE PAST
SEVERAL DAYS.

FATHER'S
ATTEMPTING TO DEAL
WITH THE SITUATION
NOW. I HOPE HE
CHOKES ON IT!



DEAREST
ALRIC...
DON'T.

YOU KNOW
HOW HE CAN
BECOME!

MY LIFE IS NOW
DUTY-BOUND. TO MY
NEW CLASS, MY RANK
AND, MOST OF ALL...

...TO MY HUSBAND.

HOW?! HE...
HE DOESN'T
HURT YOU,
DOES HE? THAT

N-NO! ASIDE
FROM WHEN HE
LIES WITH ME... ON
ME... HE ALL BUT
IGNORES ME.

OH...MY DEAR
CONCHITA! I-I
CANNOT BEAR
THE THOUGHT OF
HIM...OF HIM--

HUSH, QUERIDO.
DO NOT
CONSIDER IT.

THINK
ONLY OF YOUR
SWEET, SWEET
BREATH...

A MAN WHOM I BARELY
KNOW AND IS OLD ENOUGH
TO BE MY OWN FATHER.



A MAN WHO HAS STOLEN MY YOUTH...AND USED IT TO CLAIM A HERITAGE THAT WAS NEVER MINE IN THE FIRST PLACE.





ONCE AGAIN, DON DIEGO, I REGRETFULLY APOLOGIZE FOR THE INJURY YOU SUSTAINED AT THE HANDS OF MY MILITIA.

OF COURSE, YOU MUST KNOW... SUCH AN INCIDENT WAS NEVER AT MY ORDERS NOR OF MY INTENT.



INDEED, YOUR AIM WAS TO ARREST DJANGO FREEMAN, THUS DEPRIVING ME OF A BODYGUARD WHILE I AM ABROAD!

I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT MIGHT'VE PROMPTED SUCH A BRASH ACTION! I TRUST YOUR EXCELLENCY WILL ENLIGHTEN ME?



IT WAS ON SUSPICION OF SEDITION.

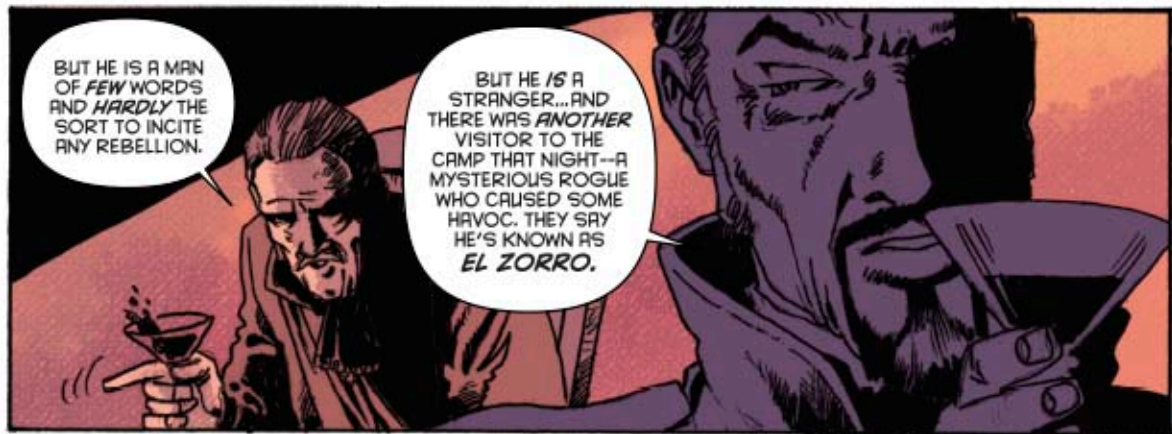
TELL ME, HONORED SIR, WHAT WAS YOUR BODYGUARD DOING AT THE CONSTRUCTION SITE OF MY RAILROAD PROJECT LAST EVENING...LONG AFTER NIGHTFALL?!



SEDITION?! HOW ABSURD!

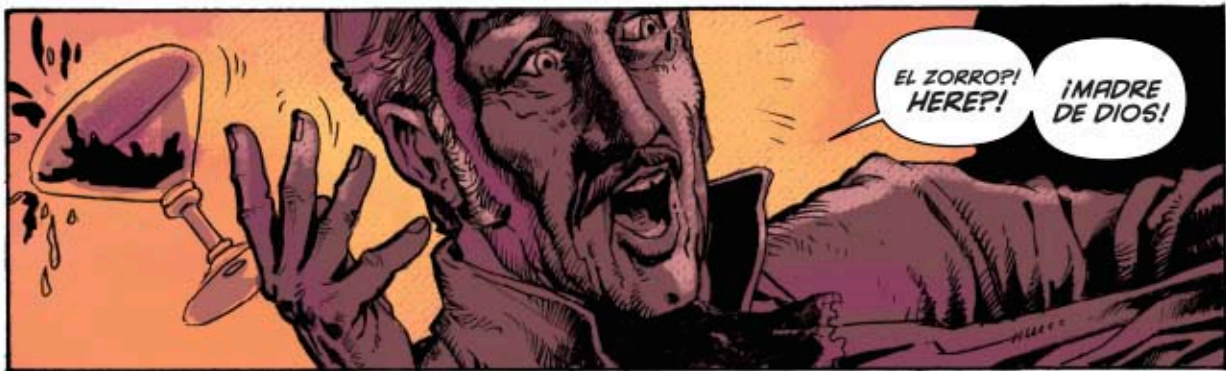
IF YOU MUST KNOW, I SENT DJANGO BACK TO THE CAMP TO RETRIEVE MY PARASOL, WHICH I HAD FOOLISHLY LEFT THERE FOLLOWING OUR MOST SCRUMPTIOUS LUNCHEON.

HE IS QUITE STRAPPING, YOU SEE, AND FULLY ABLE TO DEAL WITH ANY THREAT HE MAY STUMBLE UPON IN THE DARK.



BUT HE IS A MAN OF FEW WORDS AND HARDLY THE SORT TO INCITE ANY REBELLION.

BUT HE IS A STRANGER...AND THERE WAS ANOTHER VISITOR TO THE CAMP THAT NIGHT--A MYSTERIOUS ROGUE WHO CAUSED SOME HAVOC. THEY SAY HE'S KNOWN AS EL ZORRO.



EL ZORRO?!
HERE?!

¡MADRE
DE DIOS!



YOU...
KNOW OF THIS
SCOUNDREL?

I SHOULD SAY SO!
AND, TRUST ME, HE
IS NO REBEL! THAT
MASKED MARAUDER
IS A HIGHWAYMAN
OF LEGENDARY
INFAMY!

HE HAS FILLED
HIS COFFERS WITH
THE WEALTH OF HONEST
NOBLEMEN FROM SAN
DIEGO TO CAPISTRANO!
DIOS! I WILL HARDLY
SLEEP WHILST HE
IS NEAR!



CALM YOURSELF,
DON DIEGO. YOU
ARE SAFE HERE
IN THE DUCAL
PALACE AND--

EASY FOR YOU TO
SAY... WHO HAS NOT
TRAVELED HUNDREDS
OF MILES FROM HOME
WITH A FORTUNE OF
GOLD IN HAND!



WH-WHAT
DID YOU SAY?

WELL, YOU CAN HARDLY HAVE
EXPECTED ME TO MAKE THIS ARDUOUS
JOURNEY AGAIN?! I CAME HERE READY
TO INVEST... MY COACH BEARING A
CHEST FILLED WITH GOLD BULLION--
SOMEWHERE CLOSE TO FOUR MILLION
IN U.S. CURRENCY, I'M GUESSING.



O-OF
COURSE.

MOST
PRUDENT OF
YOU, GOOD
SIR.

REST EASY, DON
DIEGO. I ASSURE
YOU... THERE WILL BE
NO MORE TROUBLE
AND YOUR RICHES
ARE SAFE IN MY
REALM.

GOOD
EVENING.

¡AY!
SUCH A
RELIEF!

GRACIAS...
Y BUENAS
NOCHES, SEÑOR.



WHAT?!
BUT... SURELY,
HE CAN'T BE
SERIOUS?!

IF THAT OLD
BUZZARD IS
BLUFFING, HE'S
THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
ACTOR!

YOU SHOULD
HAVE SEEN HIS PITIFUL
COWARDICE AT THE
MERE MENTION OF THAT
BANDIT'S NAME!



COME TO THINK OF IT...
SOME OF THE SERVANTS
DID COMPLAIN ABOUT THE
WEIGHT OF HIS TRUNK!
IT TOOK *FOUR* MEN TO
LUG IT UPSTAIRS!

WE MUST FIND A
WAY TO SEARCH HIS
ROOM... *WITHOUT*
ALARMING THE OTHER
INVESTORS.

WHICH WON'T BE EASY
WITH OUR POPINJAY
CONVALESCING FROM
THAT SCRATCH HE
CALLS A "WOUND"!



AND WE MUST
ALSO ELIMINATE
THAT *BABOON*
BODYGUARD OF
HIS, *ONCE AND*
FOR ALL!

BY ALL REPORTS,
HE IS *HIGHLY*
FORMIDABLE AND
MIGHT CAUSE US *NO*
END OF TROUB--



RIGHT NOW,
YOUR *EXCELLENCY*...
THAT "*BABOON*"
BODYGUARD" IS THE
LEAST OF YOUR
WORRIES.

K-K-K