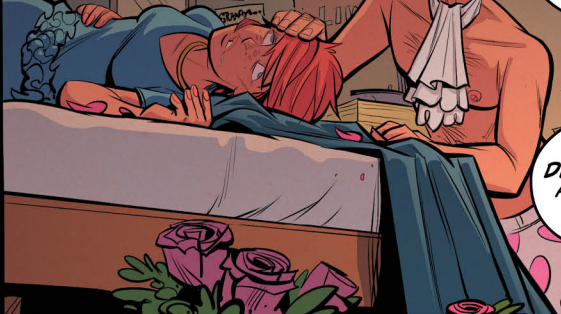


A FAR CRY FROM SILICON VALLEY...

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO LEXY?!

M-ME? NOTHING. SOME MASKED MISCREANT DARTED HER FROM BEHIND.

AND THOU ART DEAD, OF YOUNG AND FAIR! AS AUGHT OF MORTAL--



**SLAM!**

SHUT UP WITH YOUR LOUSY POETRY!

I... I AM A VERSIFIER, STARSKY. HOW ELSE MIGHT I SPEAK?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HALF NAKED IN HER ROOM, ANYHOW?

NO, DON'T TELL ME, I CAN GUESS. LEXY HARDLY EVER NOTICED ME. I WAS JUST THE TECH DUDE WITH A CRUSH.

THEN YOU COME ALONG WITH YOUR QUIFF AND YOUR BRITISH ACCENT AND SHE'S--

WAIT, THERE'S... STIRS...

...THE FEELING INFINITE...

MEANING?



=>urgle=<

MEANING SHE LIVES! HER MATCHLESS SPIRIT SOARS!

IS SHE SMILING? WHY IS SHE SMILING?



CASANOVA.

GAETANO GIUSEPPE CASANOVA.

I'M FEELING HIS PRESENCE  
SPREADING THROUGH ME. A  
WARM GLOW OF NICENESS.

AND I REALIZE,  
I'VE BEEN SO  
WRONG ABOUT  
HIM...

...IN FACT, I'M  
BEGINNING TO  
SEE HIM QUITE  
DIFFERENTLY.

SUCH INNOCENCE!  
SUCH BEAUTIFUL  
GOODNESS!

YES, I SEE  
WHAT A  
GENTLE  
SOUL  
CASANOVA  
REALLY IS.

I SUSPECT  
HE ALWAYS  
TRIED TO  
HELP HIS  
FELLOW  
MAN...

REGARDLESS OF HIS  
LOUCHE REPUTATION,  
HE ACTUALLY HAD THE  
GREATEST RESPECT  
FOR WOMEN.

NOW I SENSE HIM  
SENDING NOTHING  
BUT LOVE--

--AND THE FONDEST GOOD WISHES TOWARDS ME...

HOW DEEP IS MY LOVE DART?

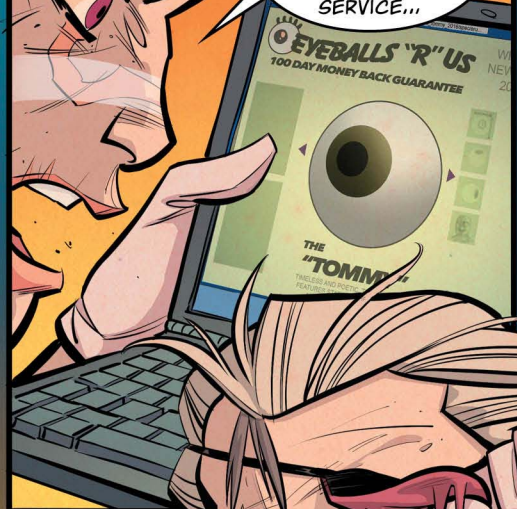
AS DEEP AS THE GRAND CANAL, MASTER. BURIED IN HER BACK.

PERFEZIONARE! THEN I'LL ALREADY BE UNDER HER SKIN.

THE LOVE POISON WILL SPREAD THROUGH HER FEVERED BRAIN LIKE THE SWEET NOthings OF A FUMBLING FIRST LOVER...

MASTER, I HAVE FOUND SOMETHING ON THE WEB...

A COMPANY IN LOS ANGELES THAT MAKES PROSTHETIC EYES. STATE OF THE ART, VERY LIFELIKE, AND A SYMPATHETIC SERVICE...



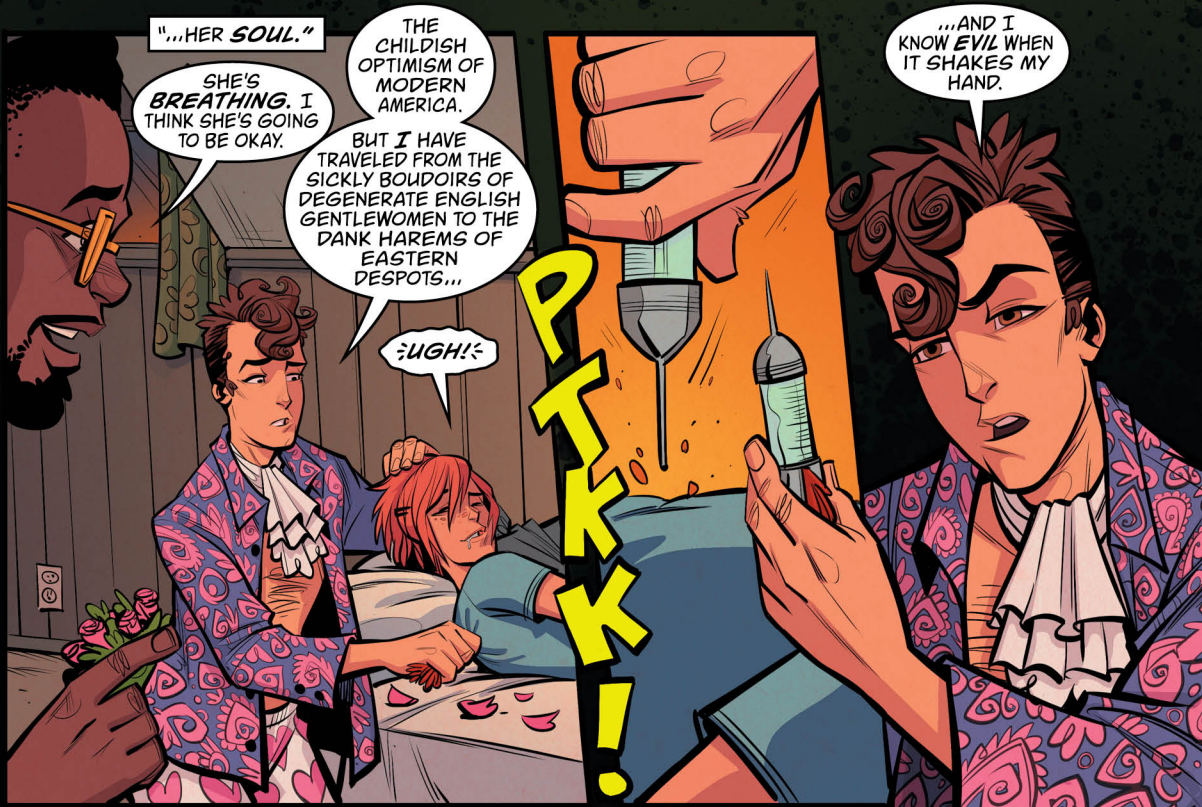
I DON'T WANT A FAKE EYE!

--!

KRXK!

I WANT HER TO SQUIRM.

SHE PRICKED MY SIGHT. NOW... I SHALL PRICK...



"...HER SOUL."

SHE'S BREATHING. I THINK SHE'S GOING TO BE OKAY.

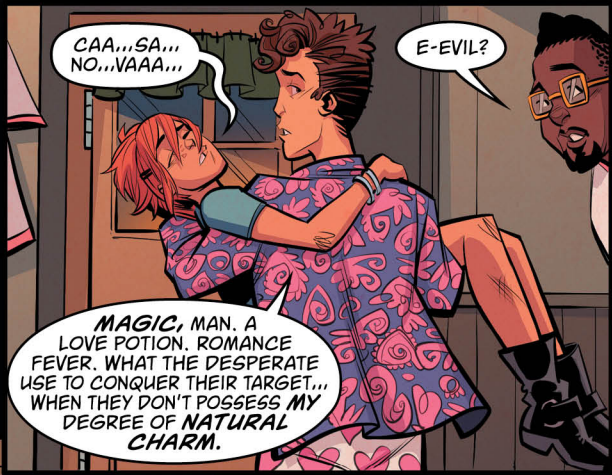
THE CHILDISH OPTIMISM OF MODERN AMERICA.

BUT I HAVE TRAVELED FROM THE SICKLY BOUDOIRS OF DEGENERATE ENGLISH GENTLEWOMEN TO THE DARK HAREMS OF EASTERN DESPOTS...

UGH!<

...AND I KNOW EVIL WHEN IT SHAKES MY HAND.

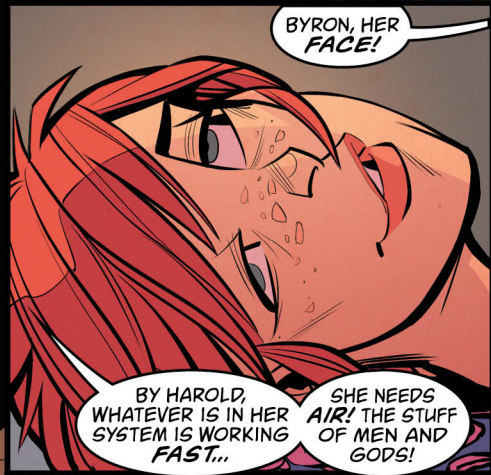
P T K K!



CAA...SA... NO...VAAA...

E-EVIL?

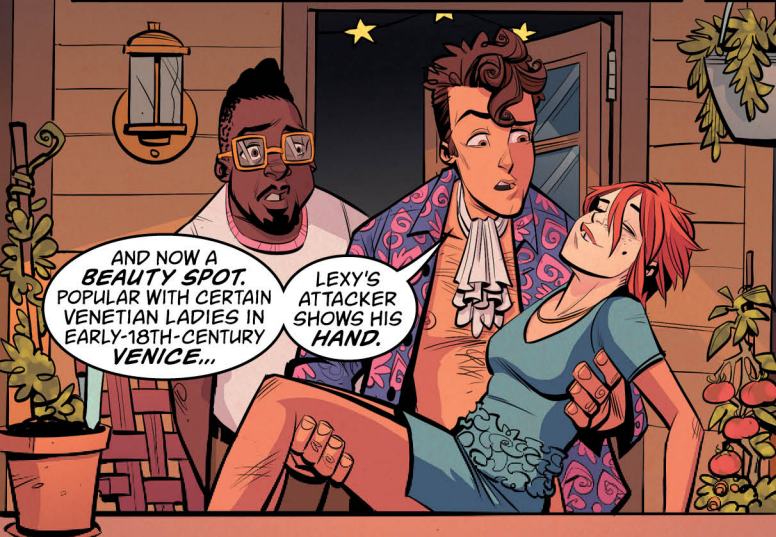
MAGIC, MAN. A LOVE POTION. ROMANCE FEVER. WHAT THE DESPERATE USE TO CONQUER THEIR TARGET... WHEN THEY DON'T POSSESS MY DEGREE OF NATURAL CHARM.



BYRON, HER FACE!

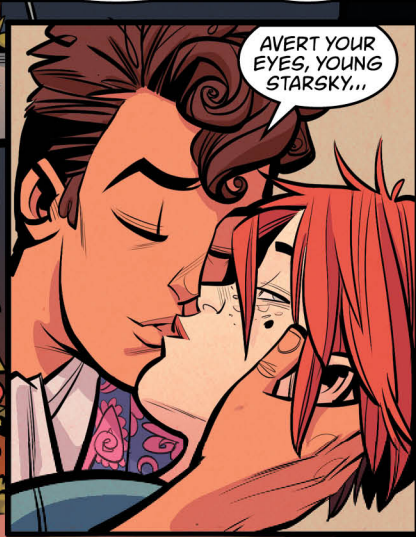
BY HAROLD, WHATEVER IS IN HER SYSTEM IS WORKING FAST...

SHE NEEDS AIR! THE STUFF OF MEN AND GODS!



AND NOW A BEAUTY SPOT. POPULAR WITH CERTAIN VENETIAN LADIES IN EARLY-18TH-CENTURY VENICE...

LEXY'S ATTACKER SHOWS HIS HAND.

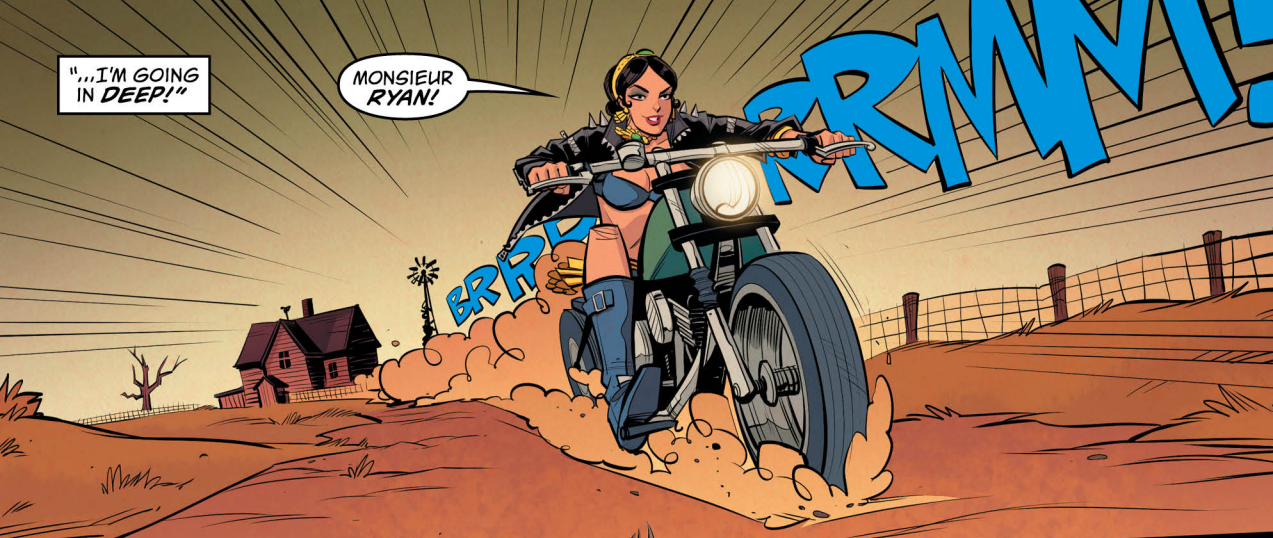


AVERT YOUR EYES, YOUNG STARSKY...

"...I'M GOING IN DEEP!"

MONSIEUR RYAN!

**BRRMM!**



H-HELP LEXY, MUST HELP LEXY...

HUFF! PANT!

BRRMM

M-MUST...BREAK INTO INCUBATOR'S SYSTEM...LOCATE A.I. PROGRAM...TURN MATA HARI ON...I MEAN OFF! DEFINITELY TURN HER OFF...

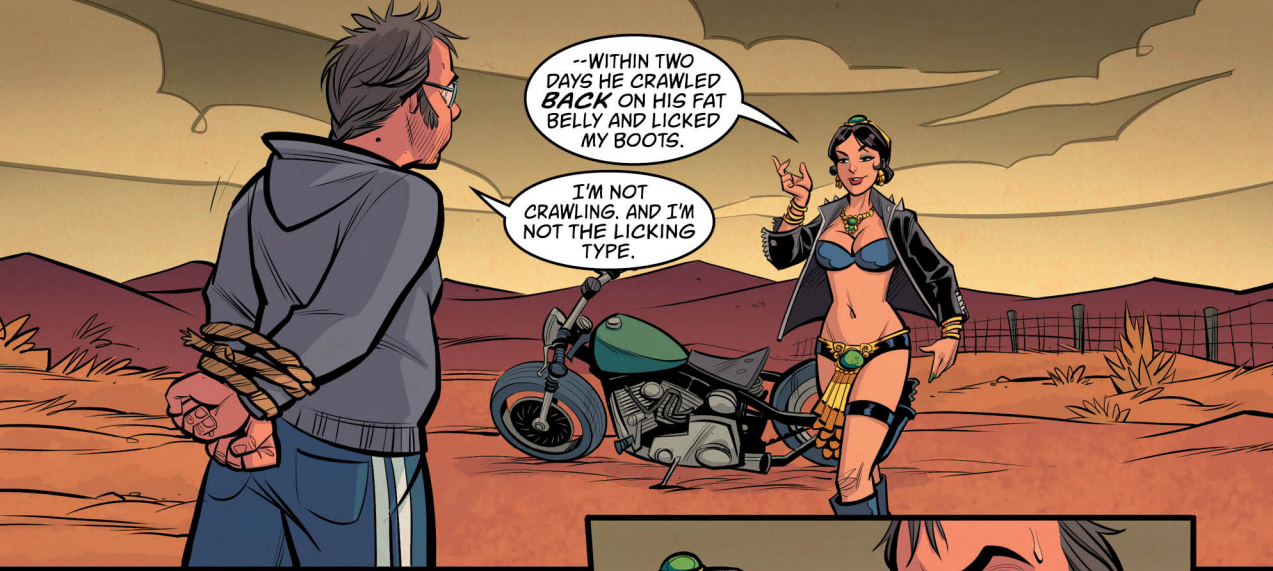


**SKREEEEEE**



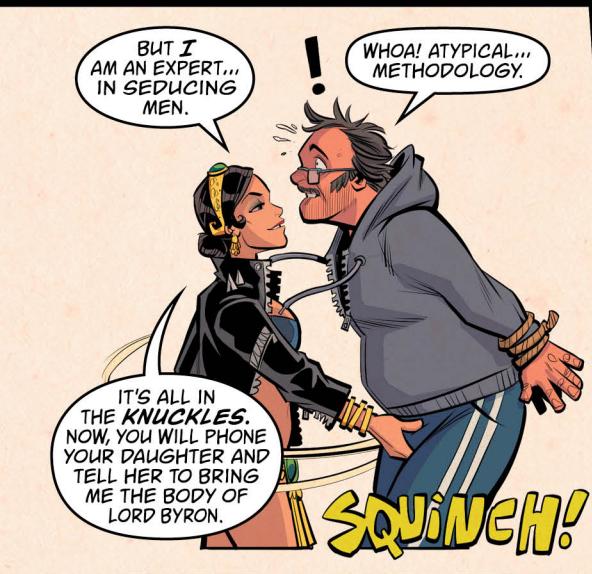
A BELGIAN DIPLOMAT ONCE TRIED TO RUN FROM ME IN 1911--





--WITHIN TWO DAYS HE CRAWLED BACK ON HIS FAT BELLY AND LICKED MY BOOTS.

I'M NOT CRAWLING. AND I'M NOT THE LICKING TYPE.



BUT I AM AN EXPERT... IN SEDUCING MEN.

! WHOA! ATYPICAL... METHODOLOGY.

IT'S ALL IN THE KNUCKLES. NOW, YOU WILL PHONE YOUR DAUGHTER AND TELL HER TO BRING ME THE BODY OF LORD BYRON.

**SQUINCH!**



I'VE B-BEEN SEDUCED BY ONLY TWO WOMEN IN MY LIFE. THE FIRST WAS MY WIFE WHEN SHE CORRECTED MY THESIS ON SYNTHETIC BIO-SYSTEMS.

THE SECOND WAS MY DAUGHTER, WHEN SHE WAS BORN.

WHEN MY WIFE DIED, I SWORE NO ONE WOULD SEDUCE ME AGAIN.



SO THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO...TO MAKE ME HELP YOU MANIPULATE LEXY.

YOU ARE UNLIKE OTHER MEN, MONSIEUR RYAN.

BUT, WELL...

...I AIN'T YOUR USUAL EXOTIC DANCER!



UGHN!

**BAM!**