



MY FIRST 20 SECONDS AS THE NEW BLACK HOOD WERE A ROUSING SUCCESS.



THE HELL...?

OHGOD PLEASE DON'T KILL ME.

THEN AGAIN, I HAD THE ELEMENT OF WTF ON MY SIDE.



WHICH ENABLED ME TO DISARM THE WOULD-BE MUGGERS IN SHORT ORDER.



PLUS, I WAS HIGH AS [REDACTED]

IT WAS LIKE PUNCHING IN A DREAM.

EVERY BLOW HIT HOME.



⇒HNUH⇐



BUT WHEN I REACHED FOR MY CUFFS, I REALIZED --

I DIDN'T HAVE THEM.



BECAUSE I WASN'T A COP THEN. I WAS JUST SOME DRUGGED-OUT GUY IN A MASK.



CREEPY-FREAK...



KRNCCH





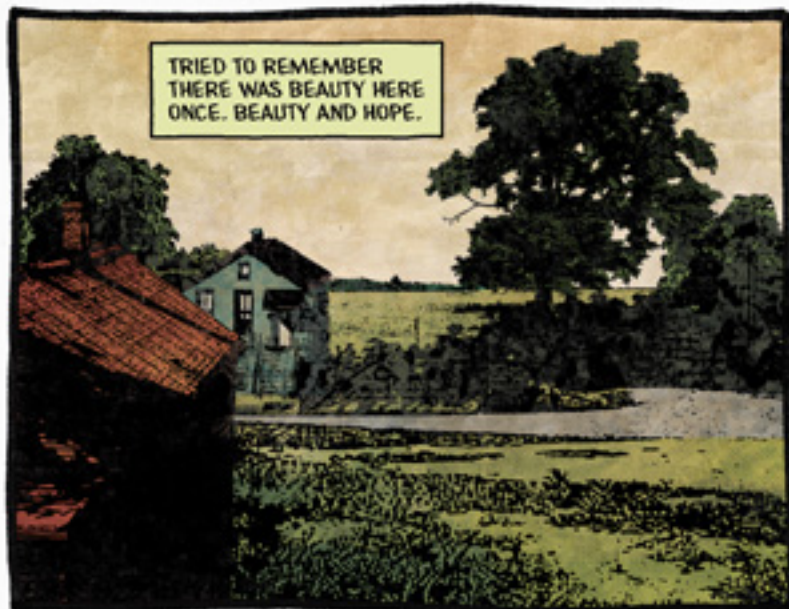
SUDDENLY I FELT LIKE I COULDN'T BREATHE.



EVEN WITH THE MASK OFF.



TO CALM MYSELF, I TRIED TO SEE THE FIELDS OF FRANKFORD FROM MY GRANDFATHER'S DAYS.



TRIED TO REMEMBER THERE WAS BEAUTY HERE ONCE. BEAUTY AND HOPE.



BUT ALL I COULD SEE WERE ENDLESS BLOCKS OF HOPELESSNESS.



THAT WAS STUPID.



I COULDN'T AFFORD
TO BE MAKING
MISTAKES LIKE THAT.



THE NEXT DAY I CALLED
IN SICK. NOBODY EVEN
QUESTIONED IT.



THE MORNING, THE
AFTERNOON, THE
EVENING... ALL OF
IT WAS A BLUR.



THE PAINKILLERS WERE
A RIVER, AND I FLOATED
ALONG ITS SURFACE.



BUT THE RIVER
WAS IN DANGER
OF DRYING UP.

