

...AND NOW HE WANTS ME TO TAKE IRON PILLS. ME.

IT'S LIKE, AS I AGE, MY SKIN IS FEEDING OFF ITSELF, SO I HAVETA TAKE IN LOTS OF IRON OR SHRIVEL UP. I'LL BE SNACKIN' ON GEARS AND NAILS NEXT.

SOUNDS... TASTY. AND WOMEN?

WOMEN. BEEN A WHILE FOR THAT. LAST TIME... WRESTLA.

WRESTLA?!

CARL, SHE'S BUILT LIKE AN OX -- WITH A FACE TO MATCH!

YEAH, WELL. GIFT HORSES.

I GO 850 POUNDS, IZ. USED TO BE MORE. YOUR AVERAGE GAL CAN'T TAKE IT. GOTTA BE SOMEONE TOUGH, YOU KNOW THAT.

I WAS ALWAYS TOUGH ENOUGH...

...

I GUESS THAT'S THE WORD FOR IT. YOU CUT OPEN MY CHEST AND LEFT ME FOR THE COPS.

...

YEAH, SORRY ABOUT THAT. I WAS MAD.



YOU WERE.



ANYWAY, NOT MUCH OF A NIGHTLIFE. I READ A LOT.

CAN'T WORK ONE A' THEM KINDLES, NOT WITH THESE FINGERS, BUT OLD PAPERBACKS DO ME FINE.

AND I LIKE THE NEW THINGS THEY DO ON TV. THERE'S A SHOW I'M BINGE-WATCHING, ABOUT THE BLASPHEMY BOYS, BACK IN THE 1920S?



SOUNDS LONELY.

I KNEW WHAT SHE WAS DOING.

STILL TRYING TO GET ME HOT AND BOTHERED, SO I'M MORE LIKELY TO BE LOYAL.



BUT I'VE PLAYED THAT GAME BEFORE.

I CAN WORK A KEYBOARD OKAY, THOUGH. IT'S TOUCH-SCREENS I CAN'T DO. SO I DID A LITTLE ONLINE RESEARCH, LOOKED FOR CASES LIKE YOURS --

-- RETIRED SUPER-CROOKS WHO SUDDENLY GOT ACCUSED OF GOING BACK TO THEIR OLD WAYS.



I DIDN'T THINK OF THAT. SELF-OBSSESSED, I SUPPOSE. FIND ANYTHING?

LOTTA BACKSLIDERS, BUT THERE WERE A FEW WORTH LOOKING AT CLOSER...

THINGS PAST

PERMANENT RECORDS

"LIKE THE BEEKEEPER."

"YOU REMEMBER HIM, HE WAS ACTIVE AROUND '64 TO '67 OR SO. BEFORE OUR DAY, MUST BE ALMOST 80 YEARS OLD NOW."

NO! NO!
YOU WON'T LISTEN! YOU WON'T --

I'M NOT GOING BACK!

"HE DID HIS TIME, IN THE END, GOT OUT, GOT MARRIED, HAS GROWN KIDS AND ALL. TAUGHT ENTOMOLOGY AT SOME NOWHERE COLLEGE IN NOWHERE, KENTUCKY."

"AND ALL OF A SUDDEN, THERE ARE BEEKEEPER ROBBERIES ALL OVER LOUISVILLE."



AAAAAAH!

AHHHH!

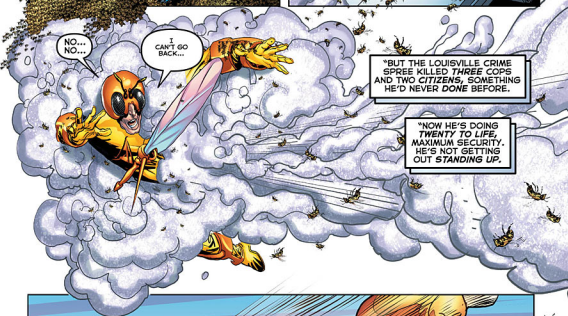
THE FOAM!
RICKIE! RICKIE,
THE FOAM!



"HE PUT TWO
COPS INTO
INTENSIVE
CARE."

"EAT IT, YOU
PSYCHO!"

FWOFFFFF



NO...
NO...

I CAN'T GO
BACK...

"BUT THE LOUISVILLE CRIME
SPREE KILLED THREE COPS
AND TWO CITIZENS, SOMETHING
HE'D NEVER DONE BEFORE."

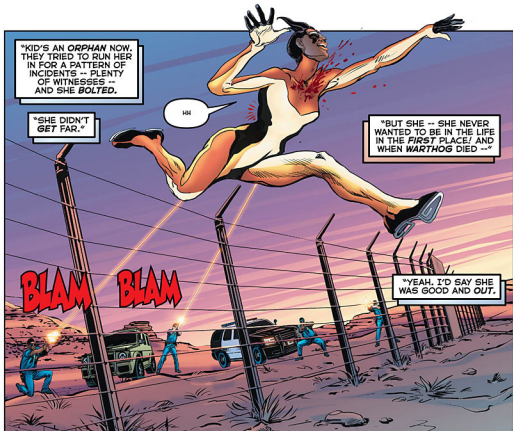
"NOW HE'S DOING
TWENTY TO LIFE,
MAXIMUM SECURITY.
HE'S NOT GETTING
OUT **STANDING UP**."



"THEN THERE'S
SPRINGBOK..."

"WHAT, **DENISE?** I SENT
HER A BABY PRESENT...
FIVE YEARS AGO?"

"EIGHT. SHE
ONLY EVER HAD
THE ONE KID."



"KID'S AN ORPHAN NOW. THEY TRIED TO RUN HER IN FOR A PATTERN OF INCIDENTS -- PLENTY OF WITNESSES -- AND SHE BOLTED.

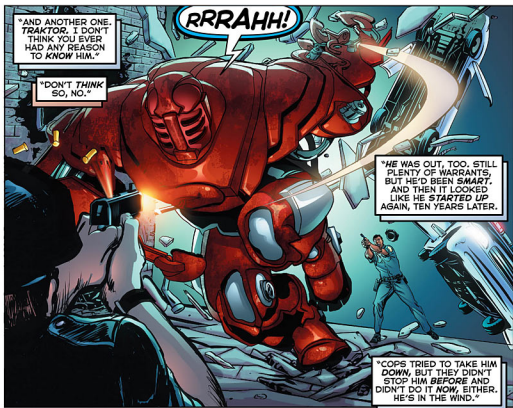
"SHE DIDN'T GET FAR."

!!!

"BUT SHE -- SHE NEVER WANTED TO BE IN THE LIFE IN THE FIRST PLACE! AND WHEN WARTHOG DIED --"

BLAM BLAM

"YEAH. I'D SAY SHE WAS GOOD AND OUT."



"AND ANOTHER ONE. TRAKTOR. I DON'T THINK YOU EVER HAD ANY REASON TO KNOW HIM."

"DON'T THINK SO, NO."

RRRAHH!

"HE WAS OUT, TOO. STILL PLENTY OF WARRANTS, BUT HE'D BEEN SMART. AND THEN IT LOOKED LIKE HE STARTED UP AGAIN, TEN YEARS LATER."

"COPS TRIED TO TAKE HIM DOWN, BUT THEY DIDN'T STOP HIM BEFORE AND DIDN'T DO IT NOW, EITHER. HE'S IN THE WIND."