



Story by David Lucarelli
Art by Henry Ponciano
Lettering by HdE

I WAS BORN ON AUGUST 5TH, 1894 AT ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL TO THOMAS AND HELEN MOORE.

MY FATHER WAS AN OFFICER FOR THE LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT.

IN 1904 HE BECAME ONE OF TWO OFFICERS TO WORK FOR THE CITY OF HOLLYWOOD.

MY EARLIEST MEMORY IS FEELING THE STUBBLE ON HIS FACE...

...AND TOUCHING HIS SHINY BADGE.

THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM, I WAS FIFTEEN YEARS OLD.



HE LEFT FOR WORK LIKE ANY OTHER DAY.



BUT THAT NIGHT, INSTEAD OF HIM COMING HOME, THERE WAS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.



HE AND HIS PARTNER HAD BEEN INVESTIGATING A MISSING PERSONS CASE OVER THE HILL, IN "NO MAN'S LAND."



THEY WERE FIRED UPON BY UNKNOWN ASSAILANTS.



HIS PARTNER WAS SHOT IN THE ARM.



MY FATHER WAS SHOT IN THE HEAD.



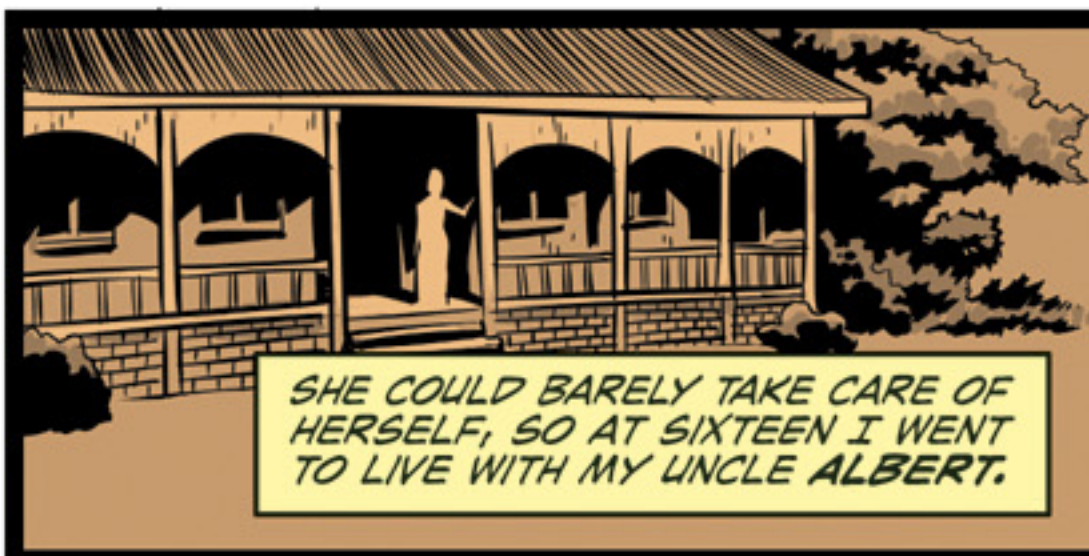
ON A COOL SUMMER EVENING, WE LAID HIM TO REST.



OUR LOCAL CHURCH BROUGHT US GROCERIES.



MY MOTHER MOSTLY STAYED IN BED AND CRIED ALL THE TIME.



SHE COULD BARELY TAKE CARE OF HERSELF, SO AT SIXTEEN I WENT TO LIVE WITH MY UNCLE ALBERT.



HE PAID FOR ME TO ATTEND THE CLAIRE BEAUMONT VOCATIONAL SCHOOL.

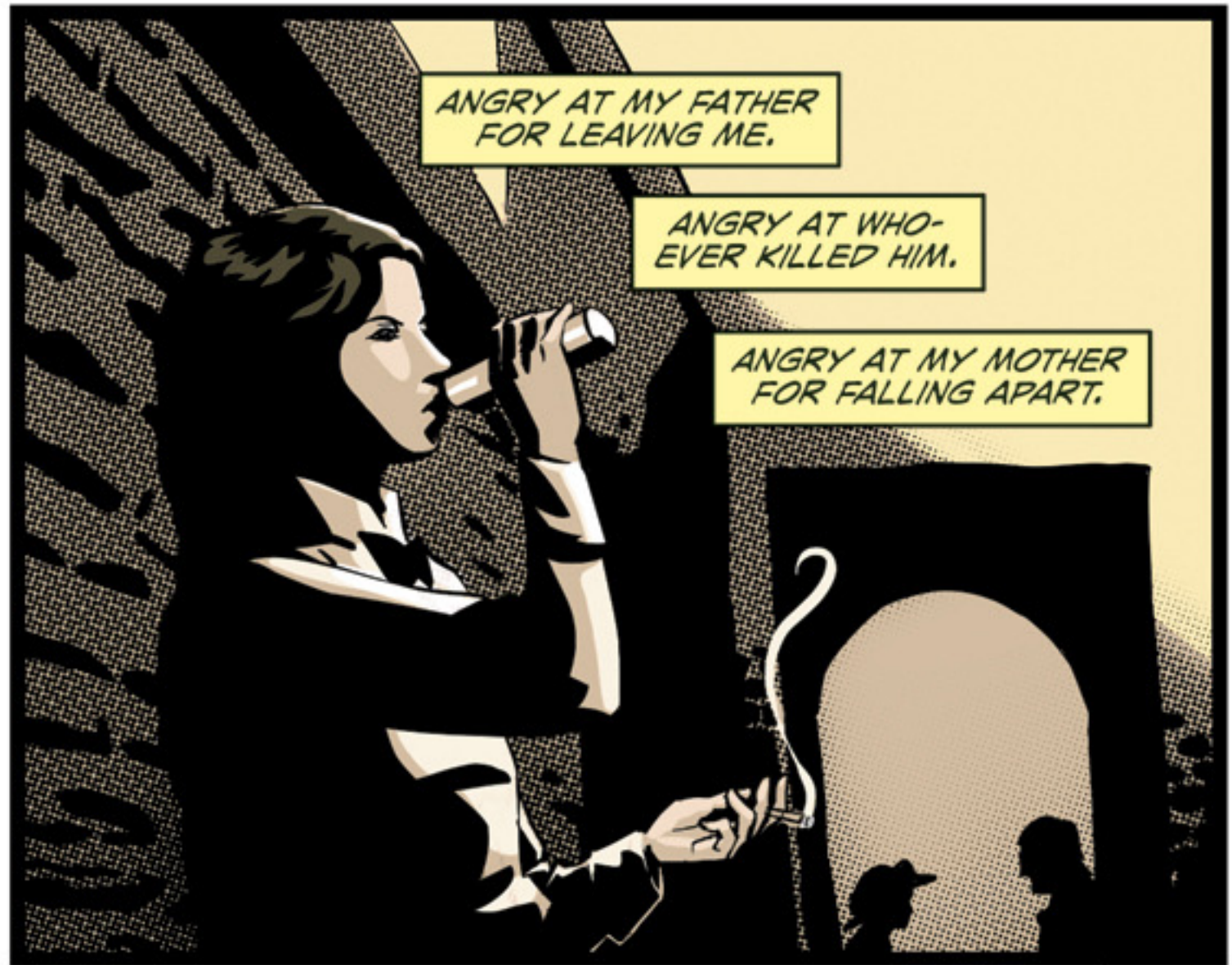


I MOVED INTO A LOCAL BOARDING HOUSE AND LIVED DAY TO DAY PICKING UP TEMP JOBS AS A SECRETARY.



IT WASN'T MUCH OF A LIFE.

I WAS AN ANGRY YOUNG WOMAN.



ANGRY AT MY FATHER FOR LEAVING ME.

ANGRY AT WHO-EVER KILLED HIM.

ANGRY AT MY MOTHER FOR FALLING APART.



THE MOST FUN I HAD WAS SETTING UP A LATE NIGHT GAME OF CARDS WITH MY FRIEND BETTY...



...AND HEARING ABOUT ALL HER ADVENTURES WITH BOYS.



I SURE DIDN'T WANT TO BE A SECRETARY.



I WANTED TO BE A POLICE OFFICER.

THE LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT HAD TWO HUNDRED OFFICERS.

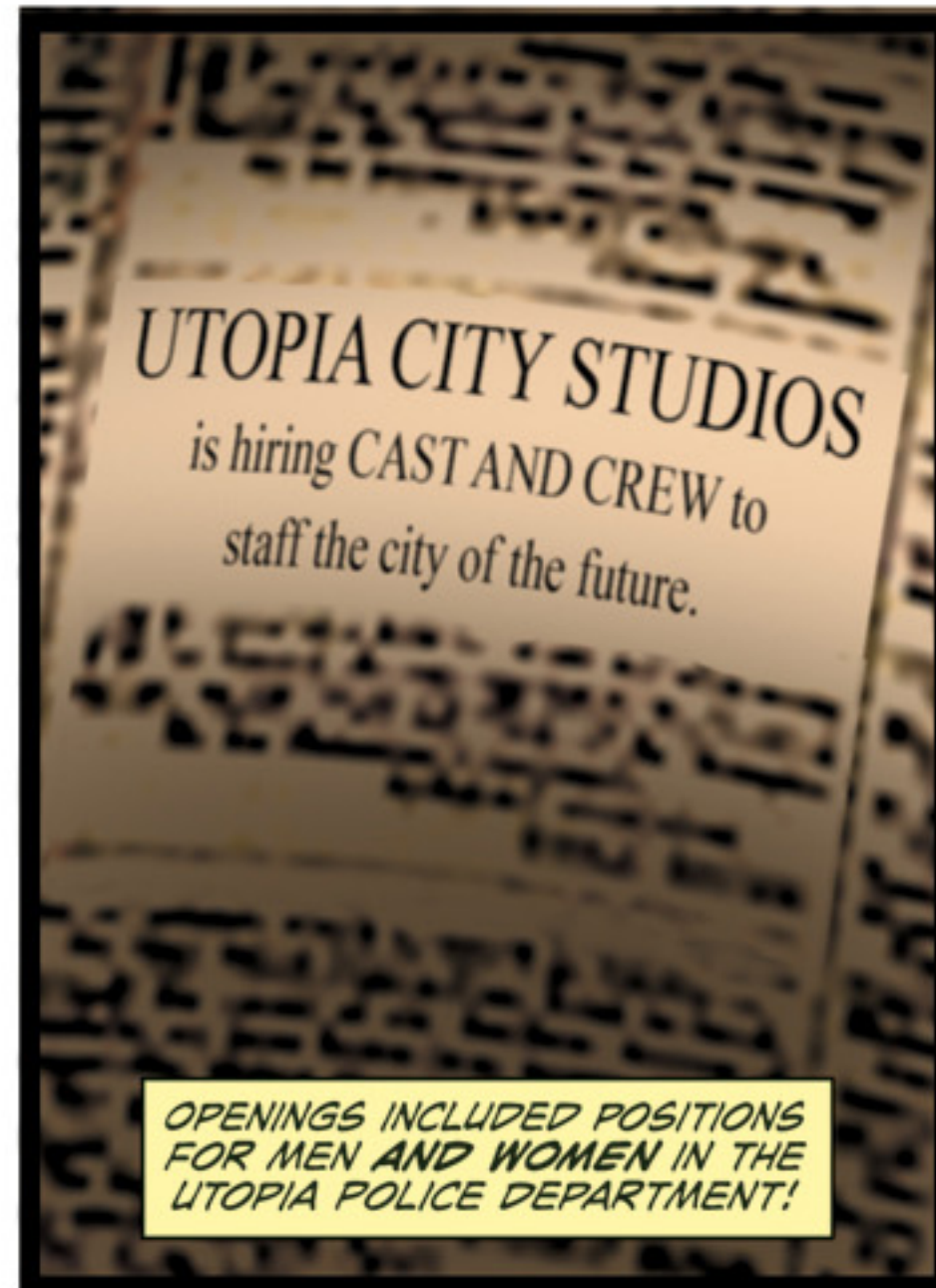
THREE OF THEM WERE WOMEN.



APPARENTLY, THAT WAS ENOUGH.



THEN ONE DAY I SAW AN AD IN THE PAPER.



OPENINGS INCLUDED POSITIONS FOR MEN AND WOMEN IN THE UTOPIA POLICE DEPARTMENT!



THE NOTICE SAID "AUDITIONS" WOULD COMMENCE THE NEXT DAY.

I THOUGHT THAT WAS A FUNNY WAY TO PUT IT...



...BUT NOTHING WAS GONNA STOP ME FROM GOING!

