

JIM THOMPSON'S

THE KILLER INSIDE ME

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ISSUE
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STORY SO FAR...

Lou Ford is a small-town deputy with a troubled childhood that created a sickness deep within him. That sickness has bubbled to the surface once again, putting Joyce Lakeland and Elmer Conway in Lou's crosshairs.

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Special thanks to Danny Baror for his invaluable assistance.

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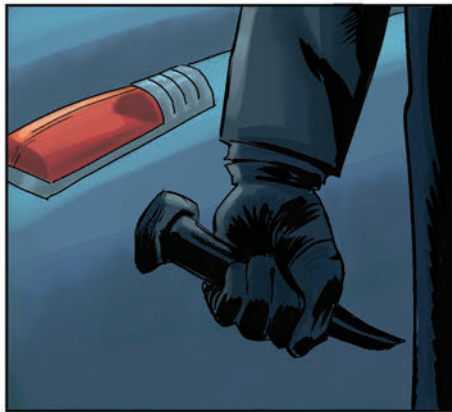
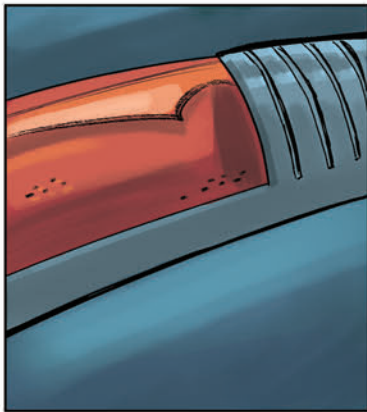
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At first I couldn't see a thing; it was that dark.



But gradually my eyes became used to it. I could see all I needed to see.



I drove that rusty spike right into the right rear tire.

I got a jack under the axle and raised it a foot or so.



The old Branch house had been abandoned since the oil had dried up over here.



I pulled a plank from the porch and laid it where I could get it in a hurry.



Then I walked next door to Joyce's place.



IT'S ONLY ABOUT 9, AND STUPID WON'T BE HERE FOR AN HOUR.



I WON'T SEE YOU FOR TWO WEEKS AND... YOU KNOW...

I knew.

I knew how that would look in an autopsy.

I'M KIND OF POOPED OUT, TO BE HONEST, AND IT'S JUST TWO WEEKS.



YOU WON'T KEEP ME WAITING, WILL YOU? I WANT TO BE SWEET TO YOU...

BUT I WILL COME BACK HERE AND RAISE HELL.



THAT WOULD MAKE THINGS COMPLICATED.

YOU'VE PROBABLY HEARD THE GOSSIP ABOUT MIKE DEAN, MY FOSTER BROTHER?



WELL, MIKE DIDN'T DO IT. HE TOOK THE BLAME FOR ME.



SO IF YOU DID YOUR TALKING AROUND TOWN, IT WOULD BE A LOT WORSE THAN YOU REALIZE.

PEOPLE WOULD START THINKING--

OH, LOU, I WOULDN'T SAY ANYTHING.



BETTER LET ME FINISH.

I TOLD YOU HOW MIKE FELL FROM THAT BUILDING? ONLY HE DIDN'T FALL.



HE WAS MURDERED. OLD MAN CONWAY ARRANGED IT--

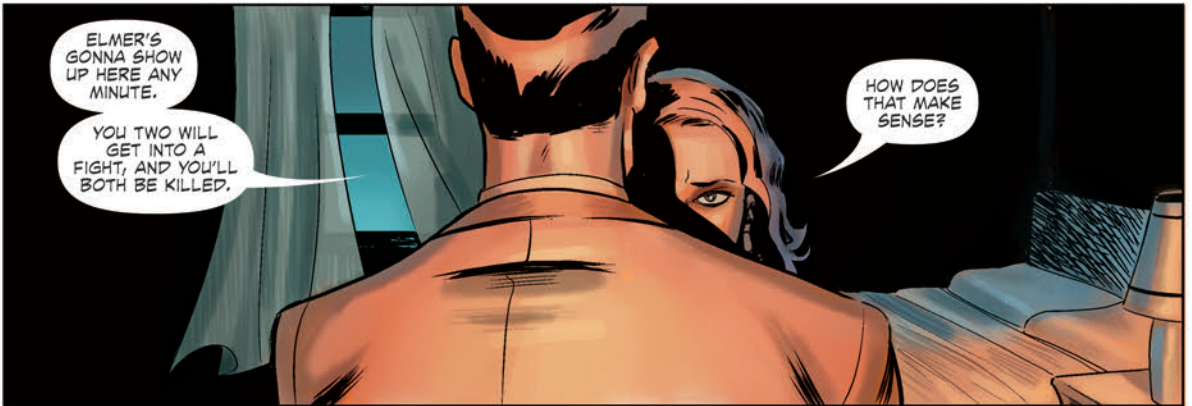
LOU! YOU MUSTN'T DO ANYTHING TO ELMER! THEY'LL PUT YOU IN JAIL!



I was going to miss her. She had to go, but I was going to miss her.

THEY WON'T CATCH ME. THEY WON'T EVEN SUSPECT ME.

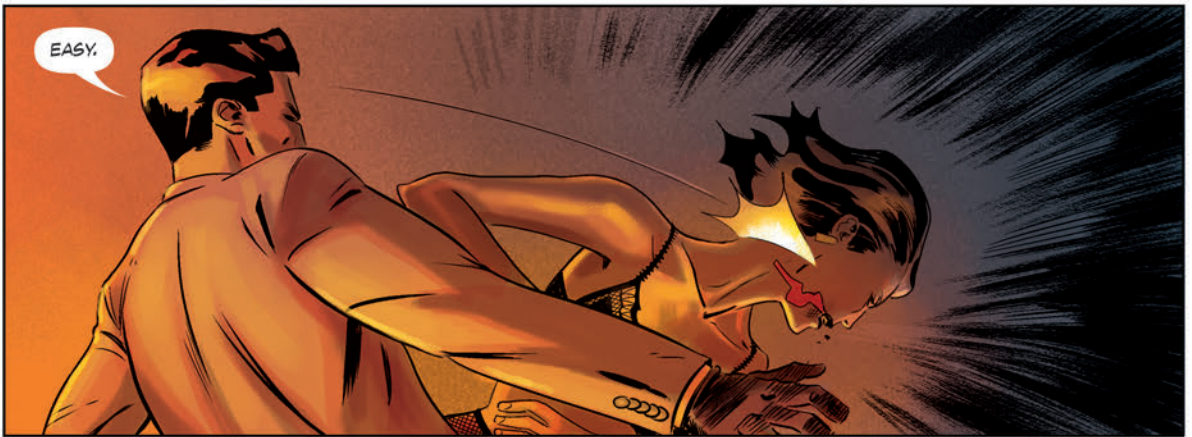
WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU MEAN?



ELMER'S GONNA SHOW UP HERE ANY MINUTE.

YOU TWO WILL GET INTO A FIGHT, AND YOU'LL BOTH BE KILLED.

HOW DOES THAT MAKE SENSE?



EASY.



Y-YOU BETTER NOT! I HAVE TO TRAVEL...



BABY, YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE.

She didn't get it with the first hit. But she got it with the second.

And the third. I kept giving it to her. I told her about Mike and Conway while I did.



It was like pounding a pumpkin. Hard at first and then suddenly it all went soft. It all gave way.

When it was done I wiped my gloves on her body. It was her blood and it belonged with her.

