



IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE THIS WAY.

PORTLAND ART MUSEUM.

S.W. PARK AVE.



THIS DAY, THIS MONTH.

MY LIFE.

BUT IF I'VE LEARNED ANYTHING IN THE LAST THREE YEARS--



--IT'S THAT YOU CAN'T CHANGE THE PAST.



YOU CAN ONLY ADAPT.



WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!

YOU
ADAPT, OR
YOU DIE.

I TOLD
YOU--NOBODY
CALLS THE COPS,
NOBODY GETS
HURT!

WHEN YOU
FRACTURED
THAT GUARD'S
SKULL, I'M
THINKING
WE STOPPED
BELIEVING
YOU.

DO YOU
WANT TO
DIE TODAY,
LADY?









"THEY RAN OUT THROUGH THE NORTH DOORS OVER THERE."



LIKE I SAID, ONE SLIPPED AND HER MASK CAME OFF.

BUT THAT'S ALL I CAN TELL YOU. IS THAT POOR GUARD GOING TO BE OKAY?

HE'S IN CRITICAL CONDITION, BUT WE'LL KNOW MORE SOON.

MORE TO THE POINT, ARE YOU OKAY, JULIETTE? LADY OVER THERE SAID ONE OF THEM STUCK A GUN IN YOUR FACE.



I KNOW I SHOULD BE MORE UPSET, WU, BUT I'M JUST... ANGRY.

IS THAT WEIRD?

NOT AT ALL. IT'S ACTUALLY PRETTY NORMAL.

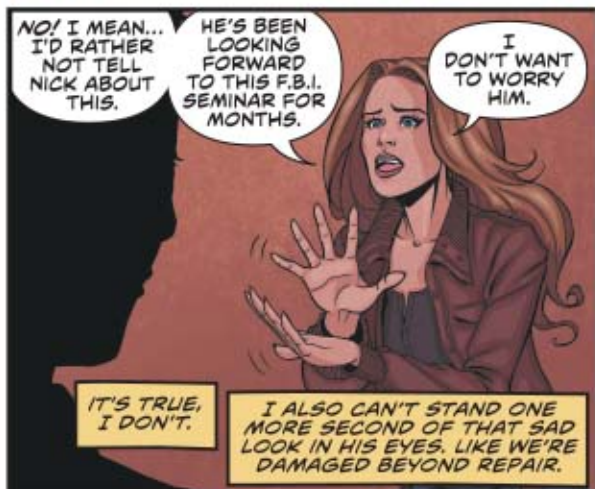
YOU FEEL UP TO COMING IN AND LOOKING AT SOME MUG SHOTS?



YEAH, OKAY. I GUESS I'M NOT GETTING MY PHONE BACK, AM I?

IT'S EVIDENCE-- AND IT LOOKS LIKE AN ANGRY ART THIEF THREW IT ACROSS THE ROOM ONTO A MARBLE FLOOR.

I CAN CALL NICK FOR YOU.



NO! I MEAN... I'D RATHER NOT TELL NICK ABOUT THIS.

HE'S BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS F.B.I. SEMINAR FOR MONTHS.

I DON'T WANT TO WORRY HIM.

IT'S TRUE, I DON'T.

I ALSO CAN'T STAND ONE MORE SECOND OF THAT SAD LOOK IN HIS EYES. LIKE WE'RE DAMAGED BEYOND REPAIR.



LIKE I'M DAMAGED BEYOND REPAIR.

ISABELLE IS GOING TO BE SO UPSET. THAT WAS ONE OF HER FAVORITE PAINTINGS.

WAIT-- ISABELLE CARPENTER? THE CURATOR? YOU KNOW HER?

WE WERE IN UNDERGRAD TOGETHER AT O.S.U. WE KEPT IN TOUCH... WHY?

I KNOW THAT LOOK, WU.