

LONDON.

EXCUSE ME, OFFICER. I'M LOOKING FOR MY SON, DOUG. HE'S THE NIGHT MANAGER AT THIS HOTEL.

I PICK HIM UP AFTER HIS SHIFT, YOU SEE. HE DOESN'T DRIVE AND I DON'T LIKE HIM TAKING THE TUBE.

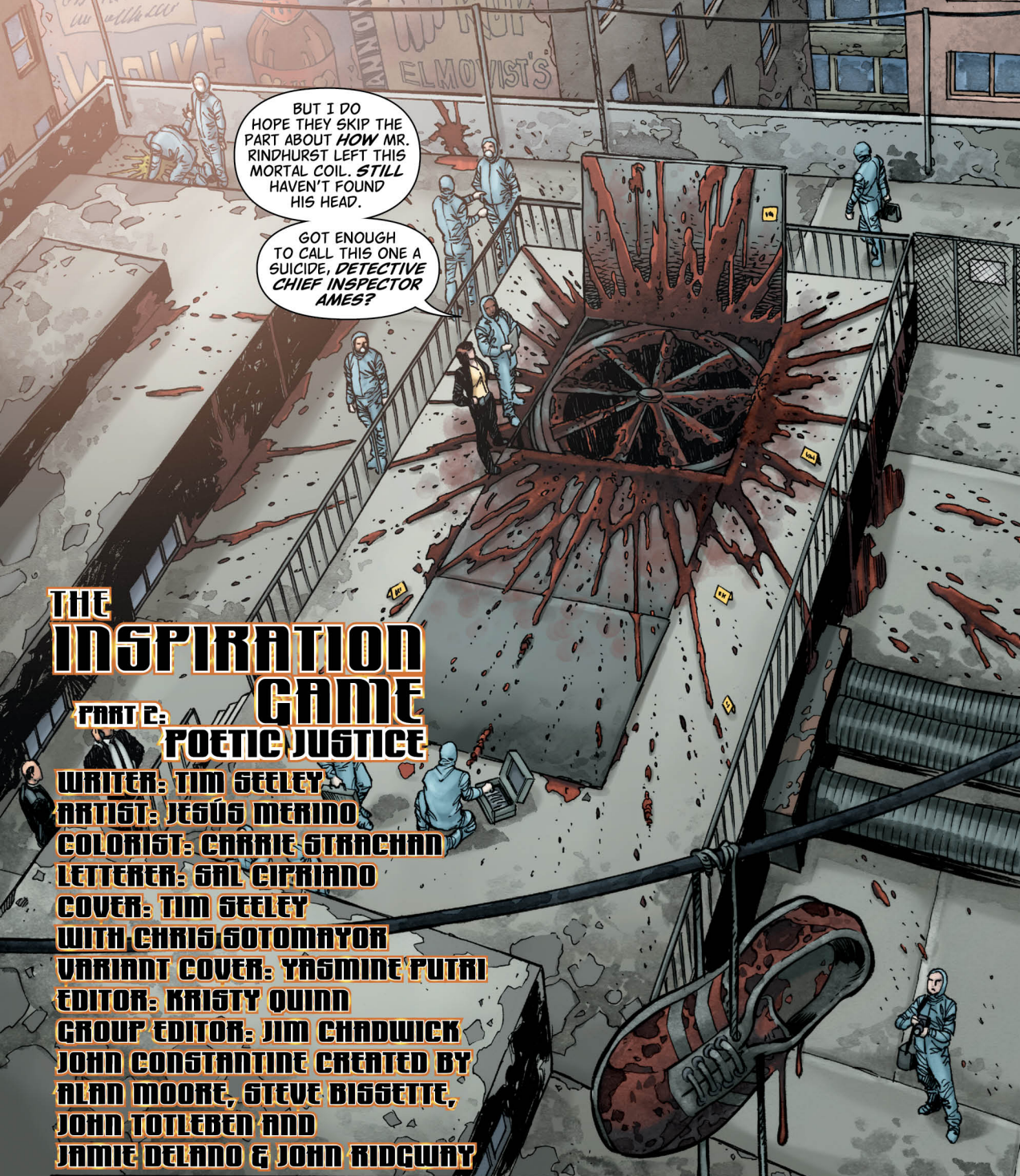
MUM. I THINK YOU SHOULD SIT DOWN. CAN I GET YOU SOME TEA?

CRIME SCENE DO NOT CROSS

≡HMP≡ I DON'T USUALLY SEE THE PART WHERE THE NEXT OF KIN GET THEIR NOTICE.

AAIGH!

AND THERE IT IS. INTERESTING AND ALL...



BUT I DO HOPE THEY SKIP THE PART ABOUT HOW MR. RINDHURST LEFT THIS MORTAL COIL. STILL HAVEN'T FOUND HIS HEAD.

GOT ENOUGH TO CALL THIS ONE A SUICIDE, DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR AMES?

# THE INSPIRATION GAME

PART 2: POETIC JUSTICE

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I BLOODY HOPE SO.



OR HEAVEN HELP THE BASTARD WHO DID THIS.

BACON FAT.

THE BRO DOWN

THAT'S THE KEY.

RIGHT BEFORE YOU ADD THE POTATOES, YOU THROW IN SOME PURE, SMOKY PORK JUICE.

NORMALLY I WOULDN'T STOP FOR BREAKFAST WHEN I'VE BEEN FRAMED FOR A MURDER.

ESPECIALLY WHEN I'VE GOT A PARTICULARLY MOTIVATED DETECTIVE UP ME **OOO**, BUT I LEFT ME LAST MEAL IN THE STAIRWELL OF A SEEDY HOTEL A DAY AGO. I'M STARVING.

IN ADDITION TO MAKING BUBBLE AND SQUEAK TASTY, PIG FAT IS USED IN A NUMBER OF INCANTATIONS.

FAT, YOU SEE, HAS QUITE THE SYMBOLIC VALUE. IT'S THE BODY'S STORAGE. IT KEEPS IN THE GOOD TIMES SO THEY CAN BE USED DURING THE BAD.

IT'S MEMORY.



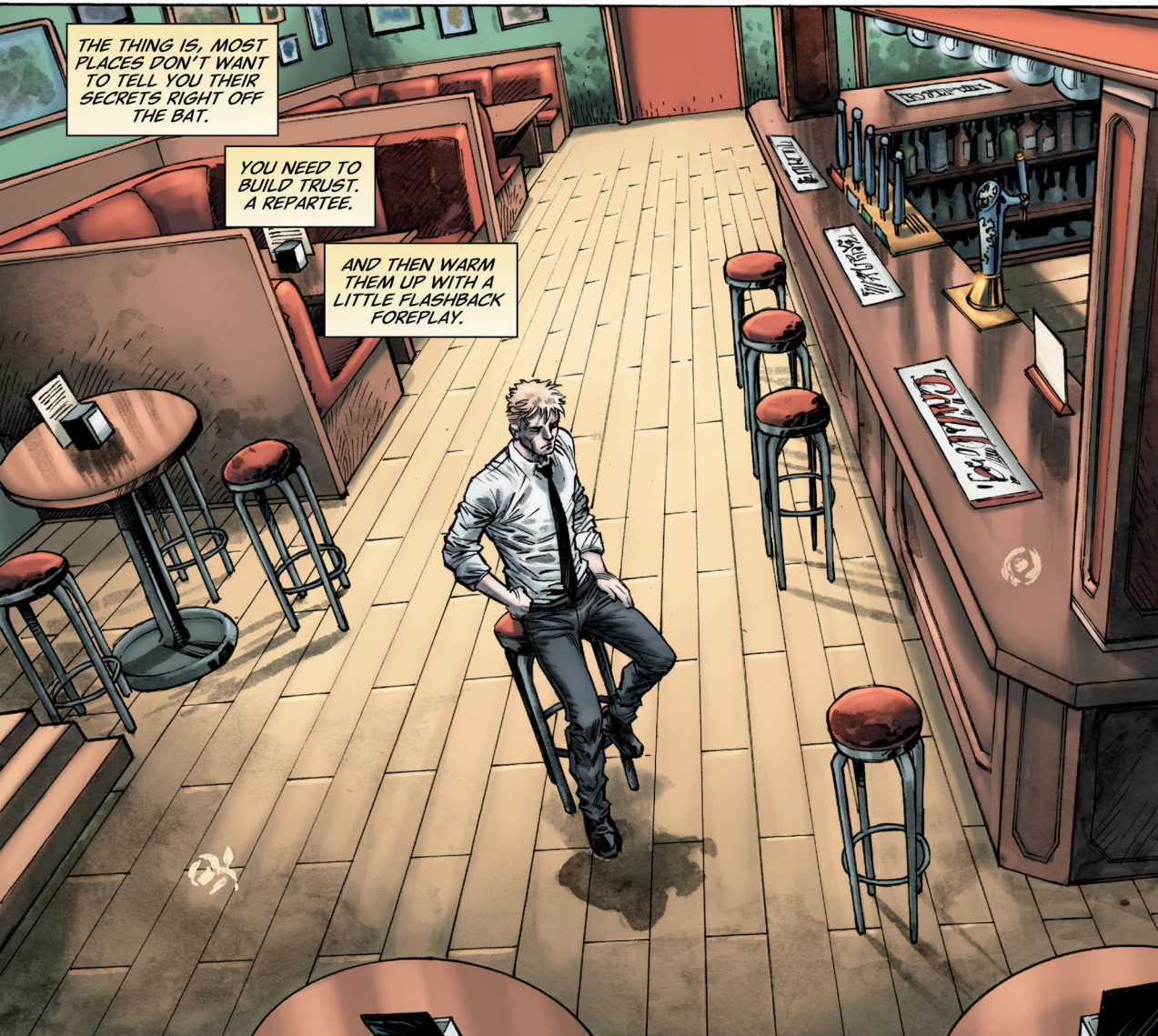
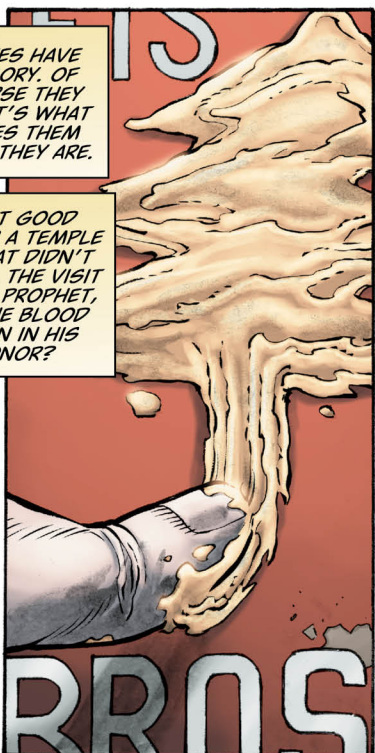
AND SINCE MY OWN IS A BIT SHABBY, I'M GOING TO NEED SOME HELP RECREATING THE EVENTS THAT LED TO THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF DOUG RINDHURST...

FROM THE BRO DOWN BAR.



PLACES HAVE MEMORY. OF COURSE THEY DO--IT'S WHAT MAKES THEM WHAT THEY ARE.

WHAT GOOD WOULD A TEMPLE BE THAT DIDN'T RECALL THE VISIT OF ITS PROPHET, OR THE BLOOD GIVEN IN HIS HONOR?



THE THING IS, MOST PLACES DON'T WANT TO TELL YOU THEIR SECRETS RIGHT OFF THE BAT.

YOU NEED TO BUILD TRUST. A REPORTEE.

AND THEN WARM THEM UP WITH A LITTLE FLASHBACK FOREPLAY.