





AT ONE TIME, I THOUGHT MYSELF IMPRESSIVE.

NOW I BEG FOR SCRAPS FROM THOSE WHOSE VERY EXISTENCE I HOLD IN CONTEMPT.



HERE I SIT. THE OLD, ONE-EYED FOOL.



ARE YOU MR. CORPUS? I-I HEARD YOU... YOU CAN...





INHERITING A SOAP FORTUNE.
THERE IS SOMETHING IRONIC
ABOUT THAT, BUT I CAN'T
QUITE PUT MY FINGER ON IT.



THIS HOMELY AND POOR GIRL ASKED
ME TO HELP HER WIN
THE HEART OF HER TRUE LOVE.
FOR A FEW DOLLARS I WAS
HAPPY TO OBLIGE.

SO I MADE HIM A FREAK. NO ONE
AS HANDSOME AS HE WOULD HAVE
TAKEN THAT GIRL SERIOUSLY. IT
WAS THE BEST THING TO DO.



AND NO ONE WAS VERY INTERESTED IN
DOING BUSINESS WITH A MAN WHOSE FACE
HOLES POURED MUCUS CONSTANTLY, SO
HIS WEALTH QUICKLY EVAPORATED. TWO
BIRDS, ONE STONE.

