

SAN HANNIBAL

DAN SCHKADE

JESSE SNAVLIN



3
AUG

\$2.99

POP!
GOES THE ICON



THE MOUNTAIN SUN IS
HARD AND BRIGHT, THE
AIR OVERSWEET.

I ROLL DOWN THE
WINDOWS AND START
RE-ACCLIMATING TO LIFE
OUTSIDE THE URBAN
ORGANISM.

SPEED
LIMIT
55
MPH

THE SMALL TOWN IS A DIFFERENT BEAST: A STACK OF STORIES AND GRUDGES, UNSPOKEN RULES YOU'LL NEVER KNOW, BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT MEANT TO.

YOU ENTER INTO A PETRI DISH OF HUMAN INTERACTION, AND WHEREVER YOU STEP, IT'S BOUND TO BE IN SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS.



IN THE CITY, YOU GIVE YOUR SECRETS AWAY FOR FREE. NEW ONES ARE SO EASY TO COME BY, YOU THROW THEM OUT LIKE PENNIES.

HERE, SECRETS GET PASSED DOWN LIKE OLD JACKETS.



I'M ABOUT TO COME CALLING ON THE STOCKBRIDGE CLUB'S PRIVATE ESTATE BECAUSE A SADISTIC MUSICIAN DROPPED THE NAME AND AN INVISIBLE MAN IN A VAN SAID IT WAS WORTH CHECKING OUT. ANY THICKER AND IT'D BE THE SKIN OF MY TEETH.

BUT IF THERE'S A REASON FOR THEM TO LIE TO ME, I'M TOO BRICK STUPID TO SEE IT...

SO.



YOUR NOTES, SAVANNAH. LIFTED THEM FROM YOUR APARTMENT. HOPE YOU DON'T MIND. I MEAN, THERE AREN'T ANY SECRETS IN THIS RELATIONSHIP.

JUST MY BUSINESS.



LOOKS A LITTLE DIFFERENT IN LIGHT OF WHAT I LEARNED LAST NIGHT.

A HUMAN TRAFFICKING RING CENTERED IN THE CITY -- THAT'D BE *NO CHRISTMAS'S* HUSTLE, WITH *SWIMMER* HANDLING THE PARTICULARS, BOTH DEAD AT THE HANDS OF *MISTER AUGUST*, *THE GOLDEN GUMAN* -- WITH TIES TO *B. TRAVEN'S* "RABBIT IN THE MOON," IF I DECIDE I BELIEVE HIM.

"MISTRESS OF CEREMONIES" -- THAT'S WHAT DIANE SAID BEFORE *CHRISTMAS'S* EGO CUT HER OFF AND *AUGUST* BLEW EVERYTHING TO HELL.





CEREMONIES.

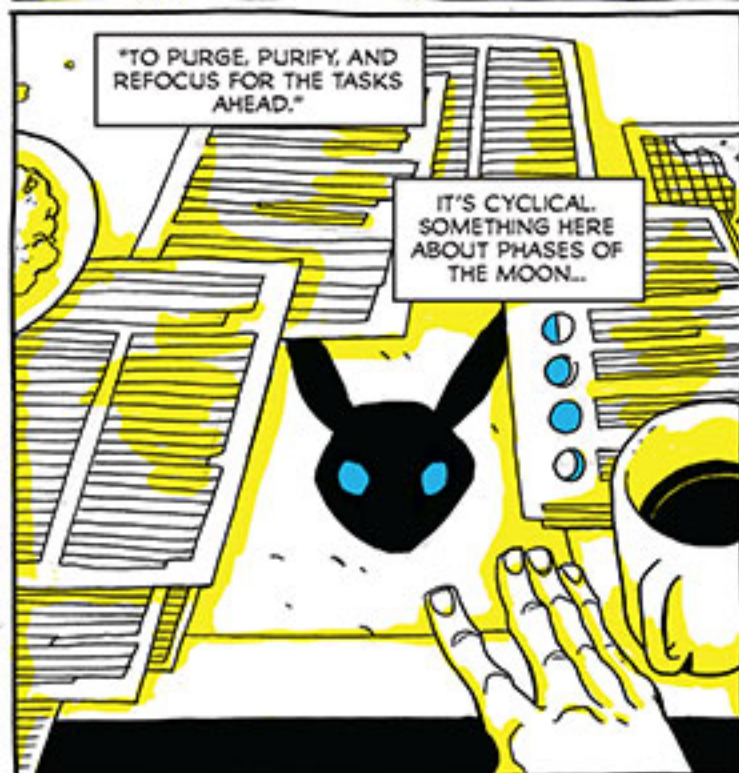
THIS PIECE AT THE TOP OF YOUR NOTES, ON THE FRESHEST PAPER.

"THE FEAST OF THE BLACK HARE."



"...RITES CONVEYING SUCCESS AND POWER UPON MEN OF FORTUNE..."

"...HELPED ALONG BY "ALTERING SUBSTANCES" AND "ENHANCEMENT DEVICES," WHATEVER THE BLUE HELL THAT MEANS..."



"TO PURGE, PURIFY, AND REFOCUS FOR THE TASKS AHEAD."

IT'S CYCLICAL. SOMETHING HERE ABOUT PHASES OF THE MOON...



FACES IN THE MOON. THAT'S WHAT TRAVEN SAID.

JUST CRATERS AND STOLEN MOONLIGHT.

JUST...



JUST NOTHING. THIS IS CONSPIRACY THEORIST TUG JOB FUEL.

MASS TORTURE OF TRAFFICKED WOMEN, REGULARLY AND SECRET. HERE ON THE WEST COAST OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA...

THAT'S JUST NOT THE WAY THE WORLD IS.



GRAVEL TICK TACKING UNDER THE FLOOR OF MY CAR.

I COULD SWEAR THE TOWN FEELS ME LEAVE.

