



"OKAY.
SURE..."

"SO PARKS CALLS
ME. IT'D BEEN A
LITTLE WHILE SINCE
I'D HEARD FROM
HIM. MAYBE A
MONTH OR TWO.



"HE SAYS
HE'S GOT
A JOB.

"SAYS IT'S
IMPORTANT.
HE NEEDS
SOMEONE HE
CAN REALLY
TRUST.

"OF COURSE
I'M IN. I'M
ALWAYS IN.



"WE GET TO
THE SPOT--
ROLL UP ON THIS
TRUCK. THING'S
PRACTICALLY A
TANK. I FIGURE
THEY GOTTA
BE RUNNING
DIAMONDS.

"I YANK THE
DRIVER OUT AND
PARKS GOES
AROUND BACK.
I THINK HE'S
GONNA HAVE TO
BLOW THE LOCK
OR SOMETHING.

"NOPE.



"A COUPLE
MINUTES LATER, HE
COMES AROUND
CARRYING THIS
BOX--ABOUT THE
SIZE OF A CAKE.



"WE TEAR
OUTTA THERE
AND I CAN'T
HELP BUT ASK
WHAT'S IN
THE BOX.

"SO HE
SHOWS
ME.

"IT'S A
[REDACTED]
BRAIN-SIZED
MUSHROOM."



NO!

FOR
REAL.

IT WAS A
THREE-HUNDRED-
THOUSAND-DOLLAR
WHITE TRUFFLE. YES--
NOT TECHNICALLY A
MUSHROOM, BUT I
DIDN'T KNOW FANCY
[REDACTED] THEN.

