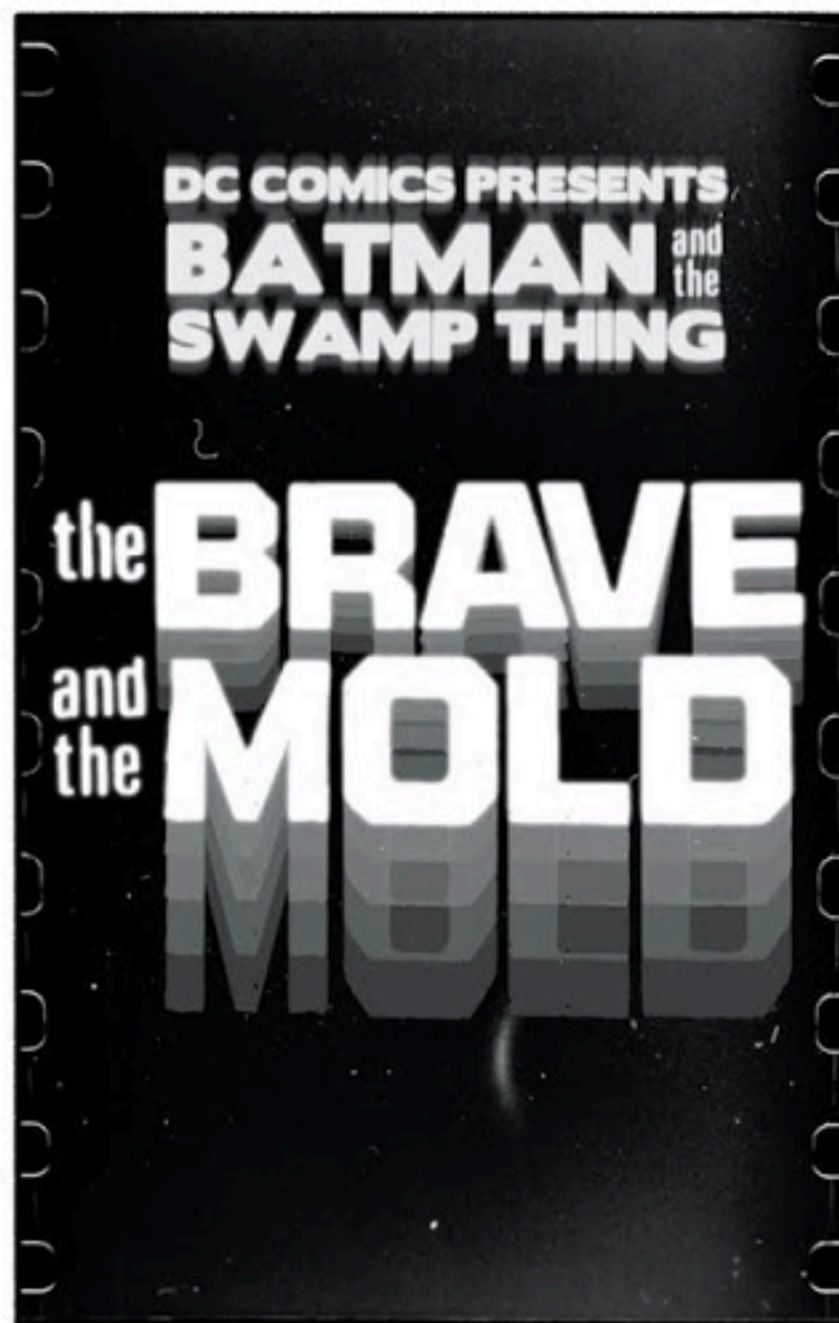




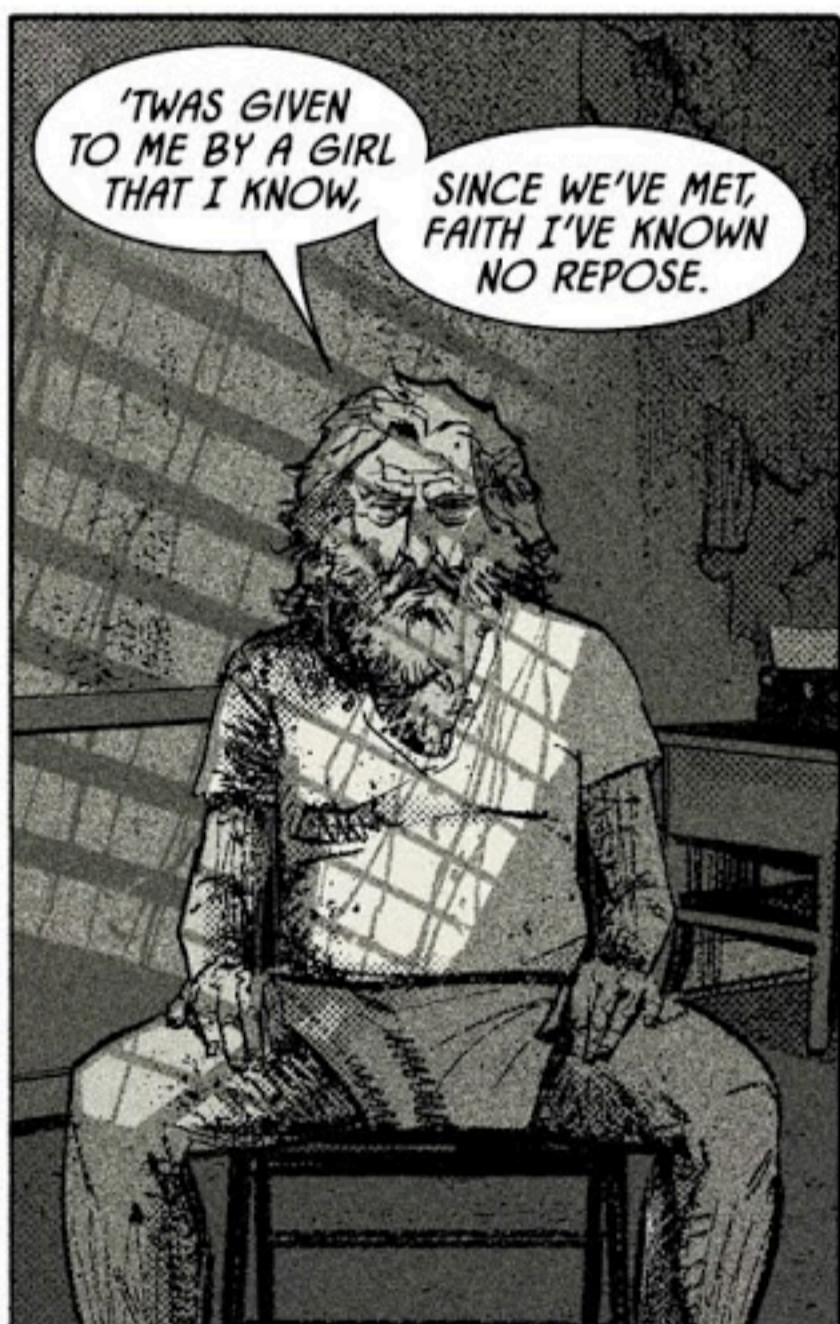
IF YOU LISTEN TO ME, I'LL SING YOU A SONG,

OF A FLOWER THAT'S NOW DROOPED AND DEAD.



YET DEARER TO ME, YES, THAN ALL OF ITS MATES,

THOUGH EACH HOLDS ALOFT ITS PROUD HEAD.



'T WAS GIVEN TO ME BY A GIRL THAT I KNOW,

SINCE WE'VE MET, FAITH I'VE KNOWN NO REPOSE.



SHE IS DEARER BY FAR THAN THE WORLD'S BRIGHTEST STAR.



"AND I CALL HER... MY WILD..."

"...IRISH ROSE..."



WE GOT A DRIVER'S LICENSE. FROM LOUISIANA.

LLOYD BERNARD MCGINN.

AGE 68.

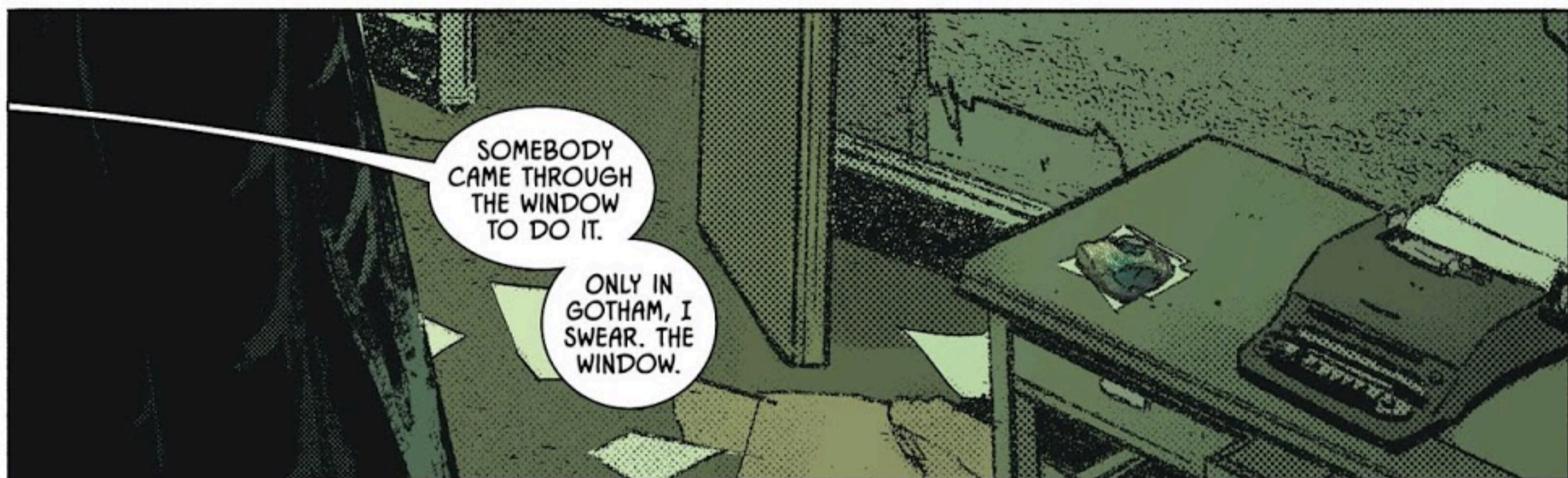
# CHAPTER 2

## TWO SHOTS!



TWO SHOTS IN THE HEAD. FIRST WOULD'VE DONE THE JOB.

DON'T KNOW WHAT THE SECOND WAS ABOUT.

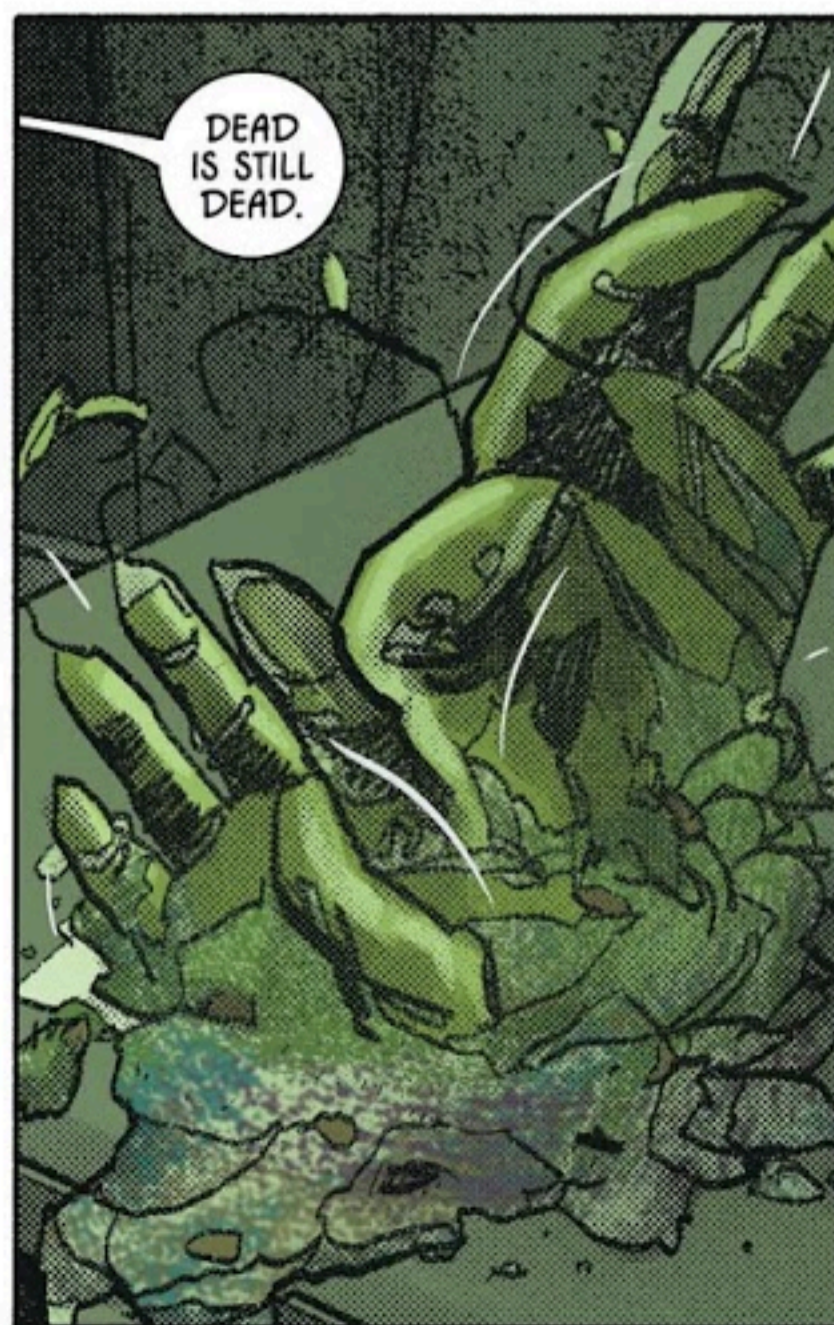


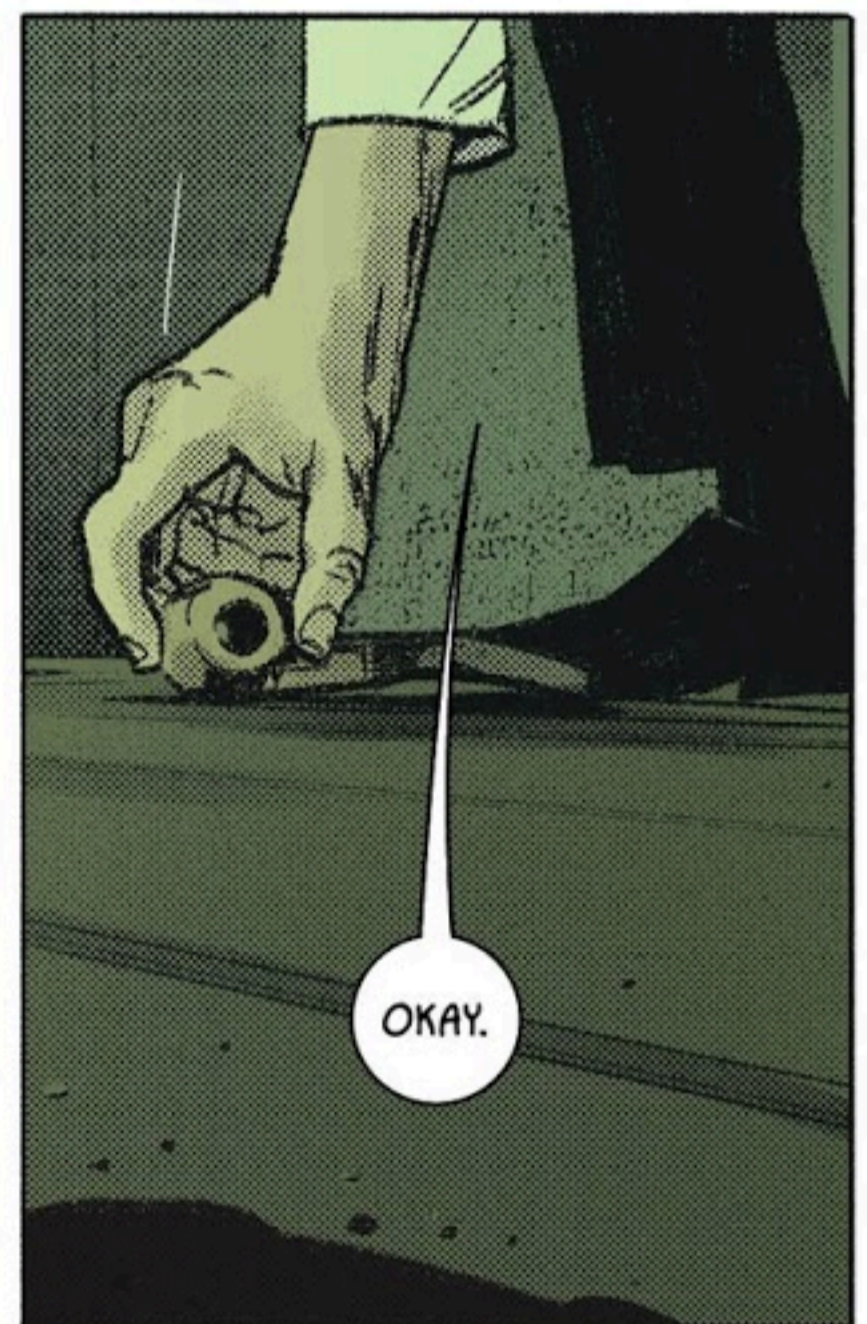
SOMEBODY CAME THROUGH THE WINDOW TO DO IT.

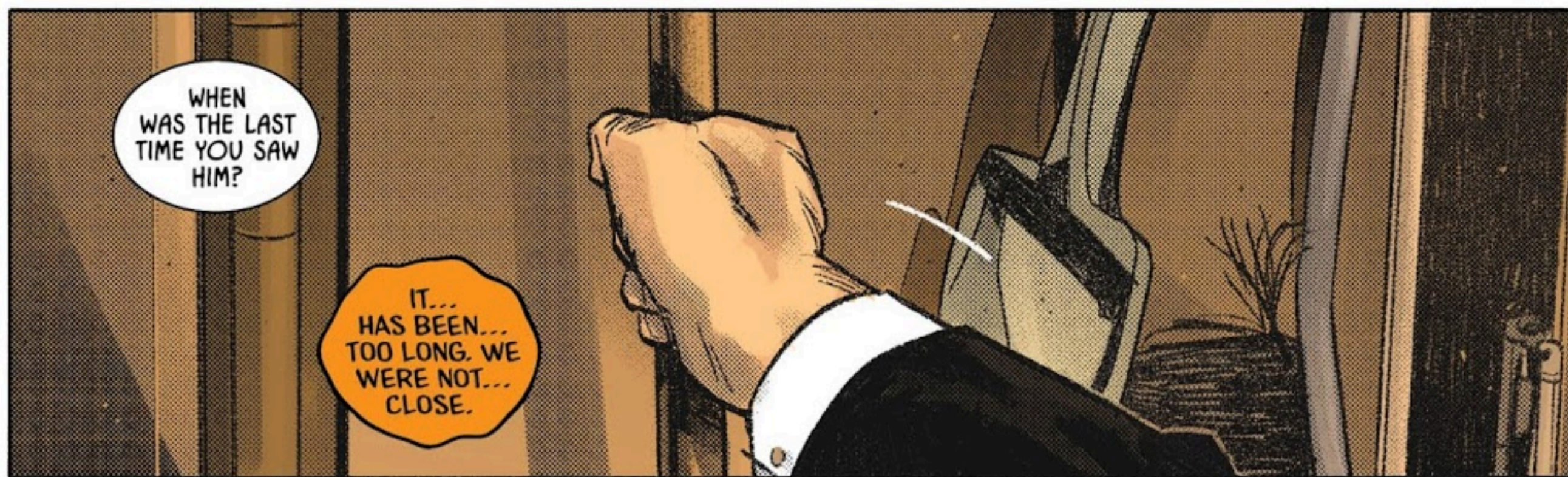
ONLY IN GOTHAM, I SWEAR. THE WINDOW.



WE'RE ON THE DAMN 84TH FLOOR.







WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SAW HIM?

IT... HAS BEEN... TOO LONG. WE WERE NOT... CLOSE.

# CHAPTER 3

## HE LEFT!



I SEE.

HE LEFT... WHEN I WAS... FIVE. MY... MOTHER REMARRIED.

MY STEPFATHER... RAISED ME. I HAD... HIS NAME.



DID HE KNOW? ABOUT YOU?

I... VISITED HIM... ONCE.

AFTER... THE SWAMP.



WE... SPOKE FOR... SOME TIME. ABOUT... MANY THINGS.

AFTER... WE SPOKE... HE WOULD SEND... LETTERS...