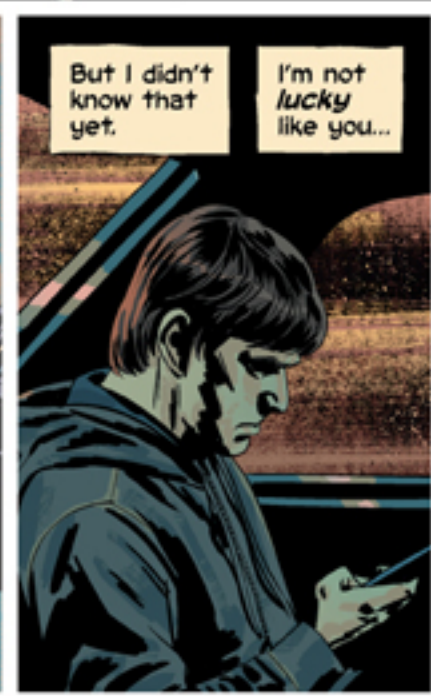




So, okay, *obviously* I was walking into a trap...



Or you know, taking a subway and then a Lyft into a trap.



But I didn't know that yet.

I'm not *lucky* like you...



I didn't get a peek at the other side of that phone call with Rex.

I didn't see that scary-looking *Russian* dude.



So yeah, I just think I'm going to meet my drug dealer a bit later than I *usually* do.

And I'm whining to myself about having to go all the way to ██████ *Dumbo* to find him.

But since I lost my *meds*, it's not like I really have a choice.



████████  
*America*, right?

I don't want to sound like Michael Moore from ten years ago, but how ██████ is our healthcare system that I have to get my medication on the black market?




It's a total ██████ scam... The insurance industry and the drug companies, all bleeding us dry.



Profiting like that, gouging people on things they *need* to survive...


*That's* what I'm talking about when I talk about things we all *know* are wrong, but we just keep putting up with...




Maybe I'd have to put one of those drug company assholes on my list...

That's what I'm thinking about when Rex flashes his headlights.

THAT'S WEIRD. WHY'D HE DO THAT?




And then I'm noticing how deserted this street is.




But I'll be honest with you, it still didn't hit me that this was a trap...

REX, MAN... WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING WAY OUT HERE?



Not until I saw Rex's eyes...

UH --



Darting to the back of the van...



Behind me...

OH --



**BLAM**

