

How much are we like our parents and ancestors?

Our great-great-great grandmother, Mary, came by herself from the Ukraine in 1899. She dressed as a boy, and picked the pockets of every wealthy person on that long trip.



Our great-great-grandfather, Ernest, started out as a cop but resigned for a mysterious reason.

The reason? He had a small bootlegging business on the side.



Our great-great grandmother Georgia was widowed at age twenty-five and had to raise and support her child herself by working as a bookkeeper.

She ended up discovering Bayport's top lobster export company was cooking its books and exposed the crime.



And our grandfather, OWEN HARDY? He was the youngest judge in Bayport's history.

Joe and I never met him. But Dad always spoke so highly of him.





Joe likes to focus on the positive. How GOOD our ancestors were.



But me? I often think of the edge they all had.



Sam Rover had an edge. Too much, probably.

But he didn't deserve this.

Killed the same way Dad was.



YOU REALIZE, OF COURSE, THAT WHOEVER KILLED SAM ALSO KILLED OUR FATHER.

SO LET'S GET PUT ALL THE CARDS ON THE TABLE. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT FENTON HARDY'S DEATH?



WE DIDN'T KILL HIM, FRANK, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE WONDERING.

THERE WAS NO REASON TO. HE WAS OUR GUY.



HE WAS WORKING FOR ONE OF OUR SUPPLIERS AS THEIR MAN ON THE INSIDE. PAID TO MAKE SURE THAT EVERYONE WOULD LOOK AWAY.

HE WAS THERE AT EVERY DROP OFF.

THAT CAN'T BE--



THE TRUTH SUCKS, RIGHT?

YOU'RE LYING!

WHY WOULD HE BE LYING, JOE? THINK ABOUT IT. WE'RE ALL ON THE SAME SIDE NOW.



I'M NOT WITH THESE... THUGS.

LIKE IT OR NOT, YOU ARE NOW.

DAD WAS PROBABLY UNDERCOVER, FRANK. THERE'S NO WAY--

MAYBE HE'S NOT WHO WE THOUGHT HE WAS.

DO YOU REALLY THINK SO?

IT'S TIME FOR US TO GROW UP, JOE.



UGH. YOU REALIZE YOU JUST PROVED MY POINT, RIGHT?

Until two weeks ago, the only way I'd attack was with my wit.



But I'm
getting tired
of words.



UGH.



Feels
GOOD,
actually.



Really
good.