



So. Guess you got me.

Sure looks that way.



Now what?



Could just shoot you. No one would shed a tear over another dead artie.

But instead I'm bringing you in for questioning regarding the Sewell murders.

You best drop your weapons.



Slowly.



Weapons?

You mean like this here concussion grenade?



Don't--



Here.



Rrk

Nyfff!



Sheriff? You there? It's Deputy Budroxifinicus.



The Sewell kid's awake...



...and he's ready to talk.

Just make it quick. He needs his rest.



Cletus, this is Sheriff Bronson. Do you remember who attacked you and your family?

Yes'm. Was the Natives.

The Natives? Are you sure? Was anyone else with them?

No, ma'am. Just them. I'm positive.



All right. You get some rest. I'll be in to see you soon.

Natives, huh?



All right, care to explain how you got their *suavash*?

Happy to.

Floyd Sewell hired me to get it back from the Natives for him.



Who the hell's Floyd Sewell?

Oldest Sewell boy. Left home last year.

He--

Do you hear that?



No, what's--

Quiet. It's right over that mound. Could be more Natives.



Stay here, I'll check it out.

And if this is some artie trick--

What the--?

