

KATIE! MY
LITTLE KEWPIE
DOLL, WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU?

"TO ME, IT HAD ONLY BEEN
A FEW MONTHS SINCE I'D
LEFT MY DAUGHTER WITH
HER AUNT AND UNCLE.

"I THOUGHT I'D BE ABLE
TO GO BACK TO 1930 AND
PICK UP WHERE WE'D LEFT
OFF, BUT NOW THAT'S OUT.
I'D MISSED TEN YEARS OF
HER LIFE. SHE'D BECOME
A WOMAN.

"BUT THE WORST
OF IT IS, THAT BASTARD
SHAPIRO HAD TURNED
HER INTO A ██████████"

OH, ISADORE
SHAPIRO, YOU ARE
GOING TO DIE A
VERY PAINFUL
DEATH.



C'MON, SISTER. YOU'VE BEEN A PAIN IN MY TUCHAS LONG ENOUGH!

OW! THAT'S AN ARM, NOT A GEARSHIFT!



HE'S SLIPPED THROUGH THAT DOOR. CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY NOW!



OH!

UH...BEG PARDON!



GOT TO BE MORE CAREFUL! IF THE CUSTOMERS NOTICE ME IT COULD CAUSE A PANIC!



THE LADY WILL HAVE A SIDECAR. MAKE MINE A ZOMBIE.



PARDON ME, SIR. YOU MAY CHECK YOUR COAT AND HAT IN THE LOBBY NEAR THE ENTRANCE.

OH...UH... THANK YOU, I'M JUST PASSING THROUGH.



GET IN THERE AND KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT. I'LL BE BACK.

AAH!



MR. BOWDEN'S GONNA HEAR ABOUT THIS!

YOU BET HE IS.

KLAK



OKAY, MADE IT! EVERYONE WHO NOTICED ME SEEMED TO TAKE ME FOR A BUM WHO'D WANDERED IN BY MISTAKE.

NOW, WHERE'D THEY GO...?



LOOKS LIKE THE ONLY WAY IS UP.



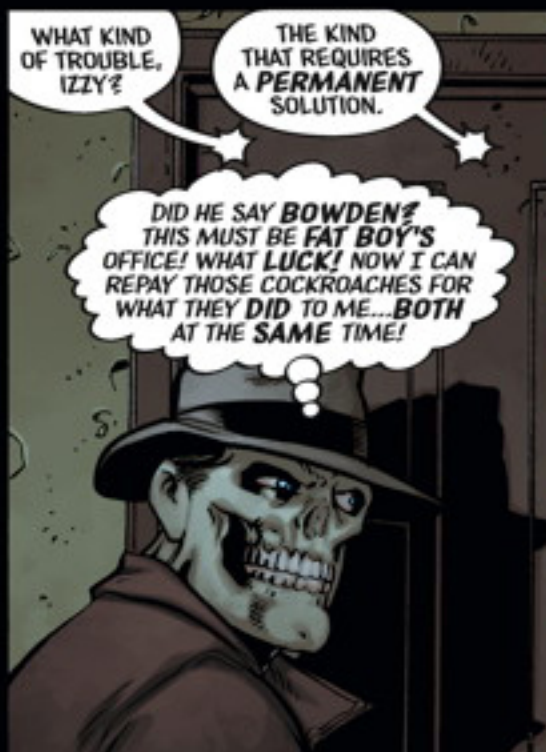
GOT A MINUTE?

SOUNDS LIKE HE'S GOING INTO AN OFFICE.



THIS IS IT. NOW YOU'RE GOING TO MEET MY FRIEND ROSCOE!

WE'VE GOT TROUBLE WITH THE GIRL, BOWDEN.



WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE, IZZY?

THE KIND THAT REQUIRES A **PERMANENT** SOLUTION.

DID HE SAY **BOWDEN**? THIS MUST BE **FAT BOY'S** OFFICE! WHAT **LUCK!** NOW I CAN REPAY THOSE **COCKROACHES** FOR WHAT THEY **DID** TO ME... **BOTH** AT THE **SAME** TIME!



ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT OVERREACTING? WITH THAT FACE AND THOSE BUBS OF HERS, SHE'S A GOOD EARNER.

SHE'S SHOWING AN INDEPENDENT STREAK LATELY. I THINK SHE'S OFF O' THE HOP.



WE'VE HAD HER ON DOPE SINCE YOU STARTED SENDING HER ON DATES AT AGE THIRTEEN! HOW COULD SHE KICK IT JUST LIKE THAT?

I THINK MAYBE SHE'S BEEN WEANING HERSELF OFF OF IT BIT BY BIT FOR A LONG TIME NOW. I DUNNO, SHE'S SMART.



TOO SMART, IF YOU ASK ME. SHE KNOWS A LOT ABOUT OUR BUSINESS, **BOWDEN**.

DRUGS TOO? THOSE DIRTY BASTARDS!



CLOP
CLOP
CLOP

WHAT IF SHE'S HAD ENOUGH OF OUR CRAP AND DECIDES TO PLAY **BILLIE HOLIDAY**?

UH-OH. SOMEBODY'S COMING!



BETTER HIDE IN HERE.

SHE KNOWS PLENTY. IF SHE STARTS SINGIN' WE'RE BOUND TO GET A STRETCH IN THE **BIG HOUSE**.