







I'VE... I'VE BEEN SNEAKING OUT TO THE CABIN, TO PRACTICE WITH DAD'S RIFLE.

But once I got started, I didn't even have to think about it.

I WANTED TO GET GOOD IN TIME FOR THE SEASON TO START.



I THOUGHT THAT WE COULD GO HUNTING TOGETHER. LIKE YOU ALWAYS WANTED.

WHEN I SAW YOUR CAR AT THE CABIN, I WENT TO DRIVE BACK HOME BUT SKIDDED ON THE ROAD. NEXT THING I KNOW, I'M HERE.



Did he know I was lying? My mind was too far behind my mouth to tell if the words held water.



JEEZ, TEDDY, YOU COULDA JUST ASKED. I WOULD'A TAUGHT YOU HOW TO SHOOT.

I guess if he did, he hid it well.



The weird thing is, as much as this moment was built on a foundation as loose as mud—

—it's probably the closest I've ever felt to my parents.



And for one brief moment, I didn't care that they'd been lying to me.



I needed to know how he connected to all this. Was he the reason we were in Witness Protection?





If I was going to find him, I was going to have to do some real detective work...



It's amazing what you can learn from years of shop classes and P.I. novels.



COMING UP, AS WILD CREATURES ROAM THE STREETS, WE ASK, WHAT CAN BE DONE TO PROTECT OUR HOMES?



YOU NEED ANYTHING FROM THE STORE?

NAH, I'M GOOD.

OKAY, YOUR DADDY'S OUT IN THE BACKYARD IF YOU NEED ANYTHING.

