



Please...

Please just shut up.

How dare you speak to me like that!

I don't know what it was like where *ever* you came from...

...but here in Copperhead, we expect our public servants to treat the public they serve with a certain amount of decency and respect!

And barring *that*, we expect them to *arrest* those who commit crimes!

Like that foul creature who trespassed on my property and assaulted one of my most valued employees!

If you can't--

Listen.

That woman in there? Her entire family was just murdered.

And she *thought* one of your employees did it. But I checked his alibi, and it's airtight.

So while I continue my investigation, why not do everyone a favor?

Try pretending you're a human being for a minute and cut Missus Sewell some slack.

I--

You can't just--



This is Lieutenant Ford. What can I do for you?

I figured as much.

I'm calling about our new sheriff, Clara Bronson.

Thank you for taking my call, sir. My name is Benjamin Hickory. I own the copper mine in Copperhead, on Jasper.

Ah. Good.

Listen, we're both important men with things to do, so I'll get right to it.

What is up with that [redacted]?



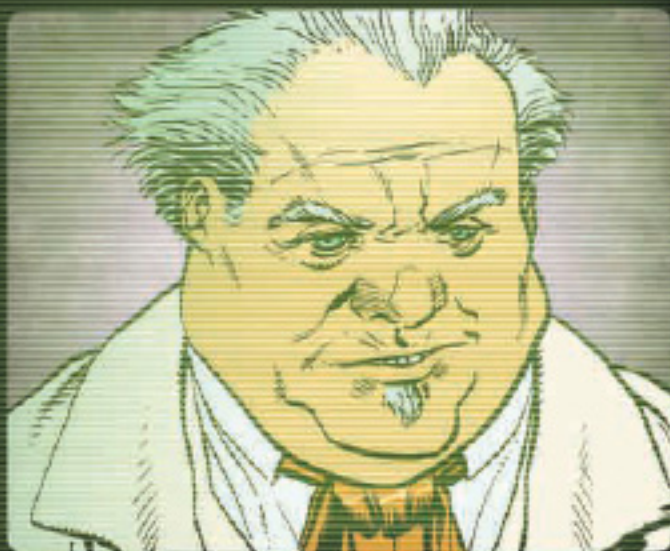
That [redacted] is the meanest, most unforgiving I've ever laid eyes on.

We used to ride together, and one day I said I liked the way her hair looked.

She broke my nose.

Don't surprise me one bit.

So lemme ask ya this-- how'd you get rid of her? And how can I?



Well, we had this fat tycoon on our beat. You know the type, real full of himself. Thought the cops worked for him, and that he could pit us against each other.

Then one day, he turned up dead.

Clara was never charged, but she ended up quietly resigning and leaving town.

Does your town have a fat [redacted] like that? Maybe you could frame her for his murder.

