



London.  
9:15 a.m.

HEY, TRINE!  
'NOTHER DAY  
AT THE  
OFFICE, IS IT,  
LUV?

YEAH,  
GOTTA  
MAKE A  
LIVING.



MORNING,  
TRINE.

MORNING,  
GELDA.

AND  
GOOD  
MORNING  
TO YOU,  
OODLES.



NEED ANY  
HELP GETTING  
SET UP?

THANKS,  
PETER. COULD YOU  
GET THE WIRE OVER  
THE HOOK? I FEEL LIKE  
I'M SHORTER EVERY  
TIME I TRY THIS.

AND THE  
PAINT ON THIS ONE  
IS FRESH, SO BE  
EXTRA CAREFUL,  
PLEASE!



DON'T  
YOU DARE  
LET THAT  
DOG POOP  
THERE.



TRINE, LISTEN...  
WE SHOULD GO OUT  
SOMETIME. I'LL TREAT  
YOU TO SUPPER  
DRINKS. OKAY?

TELL  
ME YES AND  
MAKE ME SMILE.  
I'LL GIVE YOU  
MY NUMBER.

I ALREADY  
HAVE IT. AND  
I'LL THINK  
ABOUT IT.



HEY, SASHA  
HEADING HOME?  
HOW WAS THE  
NIGHT?

STEADY  
CROWD. EVEN  
A FEW BIG TIPPERS.  
AND FIFTEEN  
PRIVATE DANCES! IT...  
WAS...EXHAUSTING.  
I SLEPT IN THE  
DRESSING ROOM  
AGAIN.



YEAH,  
I KNOW.





I SUPPOSE YOU WOULD.

TRINE HAMPSTEAD  
ALL MYSTERIES  
Revealed!!  
EVERYTHING  
SOLVED  
(ALREADY)  
NO  
QUESTIONS  
ASKED



11:59 a.m.

OODLES, YOU CAN'T HAVE THAT!

SORRY. HE'S BEEN AN ABSOLUTE BEAR SINCE HE LOST HIS FAVORITE SQUEEZE TOY.

UFFF  
UFFF



OH, POOR OODLES. YOUR SQUEEZE TOY WAS STOLEN BY TIM WASHINGTON. THAT KID WITH THE HANDKERCHIEFS ON HIS ARM?

HE WAS TOSSING IT AGAINST THE WALL AND IT BOUNCED INTO THE GUTTER ROLLED INTO THE SEWER.

UFFF



SERIOUSLY? TRINE, HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THESE THINGS?

IT'S JUST WHAT I DO. SORRY IF IT'S CREEPY.

IT'S NOT. IT'S... UH, WELL, MAYBE IT'S A LITTLE--



TRINE!





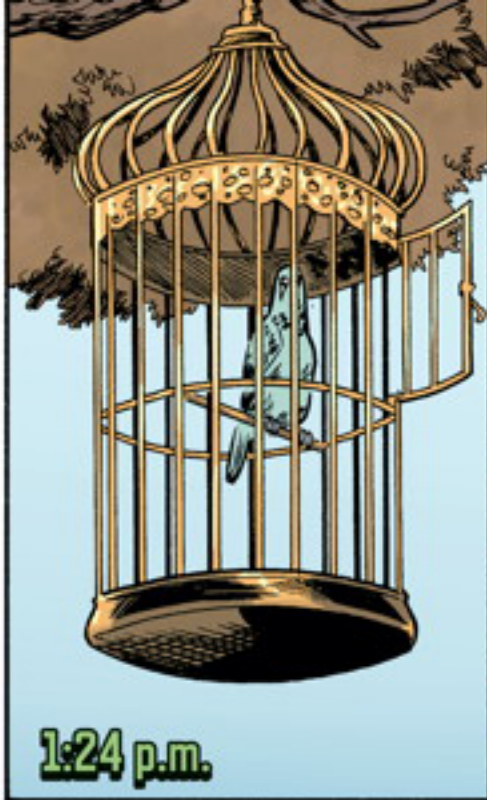
THE TAGS  
WERE NESTLED  
AGAINST HIS...  
AGAINST CHEST  
BONES. HIS  
RIBS.











1:24 p.m.



1:48 p.m.

HE NEVER WROTE A SECOND WILL. I'M SORRY.

MAYBE YOU COULD CONTEST HIS SANITY? THERE'S A VALID DISPUTE, IF YOU WANT MY OPINION.



2:14 p.m.

OH, THAT'S THE WOMAN I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT. TRINE HAMPSTEAD.

THE DETECTIVE? THE ONE WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING?

YEP. IT'S REALLY KIND OF BOSS. SHE, LIKE, NEVER LEAVES HER SIDEWALK TO INVESTIGATE ANYTHING. DOESN'T NEED TO! AND WE'RE TOTALLY FRIENDS! FOR SERIOUS!



2:15 p.m.

HE TOSSED THE GUN IN THE SEWER JUST OFF VALENTIA AND COLDHARBOUR.

THAT [REDACTED] I KNEW HE HAD A GUN.

THANKS, TRINE.



2:29 p.m.

HE BURNED ALL YOUR LOVE LETTERS. BUT HE WAS CRYING. THIS WAS IN 1975. NINTH OF JUNE. HE WAS GOING INTO THE SERVICE.

I'M SORRY. WOULD YOU LIKE HIS REAL NAME?

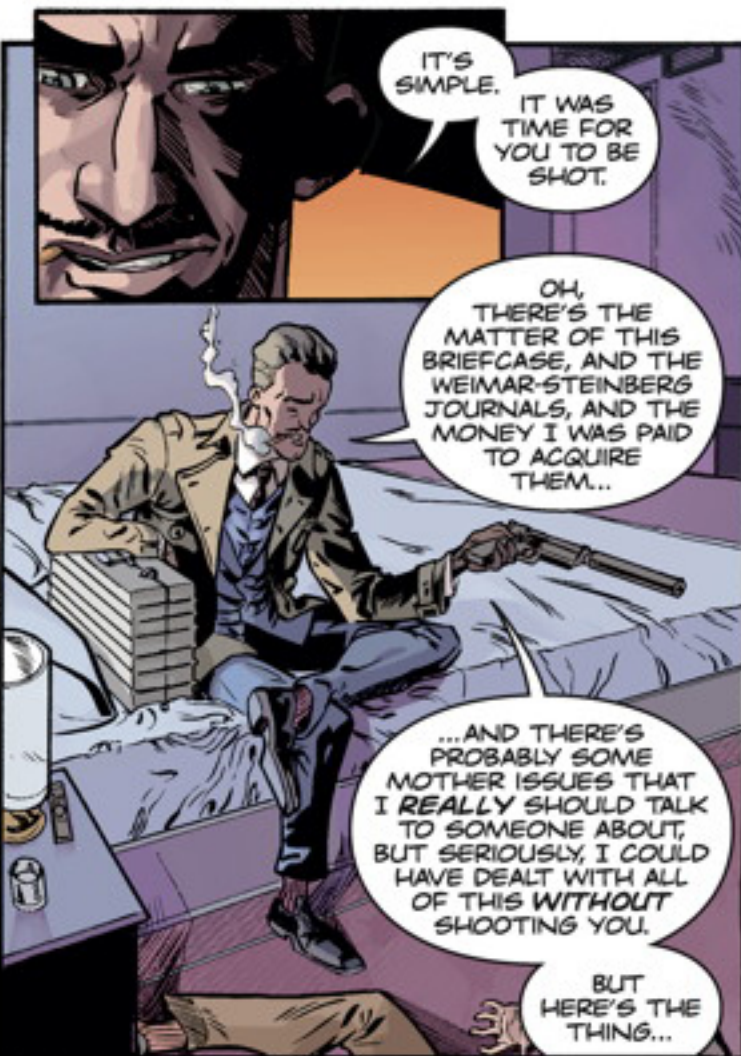
I...NO. MAYBE I SHOULD JUST LET IT END HERE. FINALLY.



Seventy-three  
blocks away...



IF THERE'S AN AFTERLIFE, THEN YOU'RE PROBABLY WATCHING ME FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE, FROM SOMEPLACE NO LIVING EYE CAN REACH, AND YOU'RE ALMOST CERTAINLY WONDERING WHY I SHOT YOU.



IT'S SIMPLE.

IT WAS TIME FOR YOU TO BE SHOT.

OH, THERE'S THE MATTER OF THIS BRIEFCASE, AND THE WEIMAR-STEINBERG JOURNALS, AND THE MONEY I WAS PAID TO ACQUIRE THEM...

...AND THERE'S PROBABLY SOME MOTHER ISSUES THAT I REALLY SHOULD TALK TO SOMEONE ABOUT, BUT SERIOUSLY, I COULD HAVE DEALT WITH ALL OF THIS WITHOUT SHOOTING YOU.

BUT HERE'S THE THING...



I WANTED TO SHOOT YOU.

I HOPE THAT ANSWERS YOUR QUESTION.