



--TWO I.P.A.S.
A GUINNESS,
AND A NEAT
BOURBON...

--HANDS
OFF, GET YOUR
OWN DAMN
WINGS--

--SWEAR TO
GOD IF THEY
DONT START
CONNECTING--

...A LIGHT?
ANYONE GOT
A LIGHT?



THANKS,
GUYS.

WHAT DO
WE OWE?

DONT
WORRY ABOUT
IT, NICK.

--oh, THEY'RE
KILLING ME!
THEY'RE KILLING
ME, HERE!



THEIR
POSSESSION
IS [REDACTED], MIKE!

AND THAT
MAKES THIS
SEASON DIFFERENT
EXACTLY HOW?

MORGAN,
DID I HEAR
RIGHT...



...THAT
FLOATER YOU
GUYS PULLED
OUT OF THE
HERALD?

THAT
WAS BRUCE
PUNRIDGE?

BLOATED,
BATTERED, AND
MUTILATED.







