



WHEN YOU'RE A COP, YOU CAN'T HELP BUT LOOK AT STREET CORNERS LIKE A CHESS BOARD.

BUT SOMETIMES YOU'RE SO BUSY GOING AFTER THE KING, YOU MISS GETTING P'WNED.



THE PAIN IN MY CHEST IS INSANE.

AM I HAVING A HEART ATTACK?



IF THAT'S THE CASE--
WHATEVER. I CAN'T JUST LIE HERE AND MOAN. I NEED TO GET UP.

TAKE THESE
DOWN.





OF COURSE, TO GET TO THE KING, I'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH THIS ONE.



HE'S A BRUISER WITH A BAT-- NOT A SKILLED FIGHTER.



BUT EVERY STRIKE SENDS WHITE-HOT BOLTS OF PAIN DOWN MY ARMS.



YEAH, I KNOW THERE'S A GUN STRAPPED TO MY WAIST.



BUT I'M NOT ABOUT TO GUN DOWN THIS IN COLD BLOOD.

I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE GOOD GUY.





