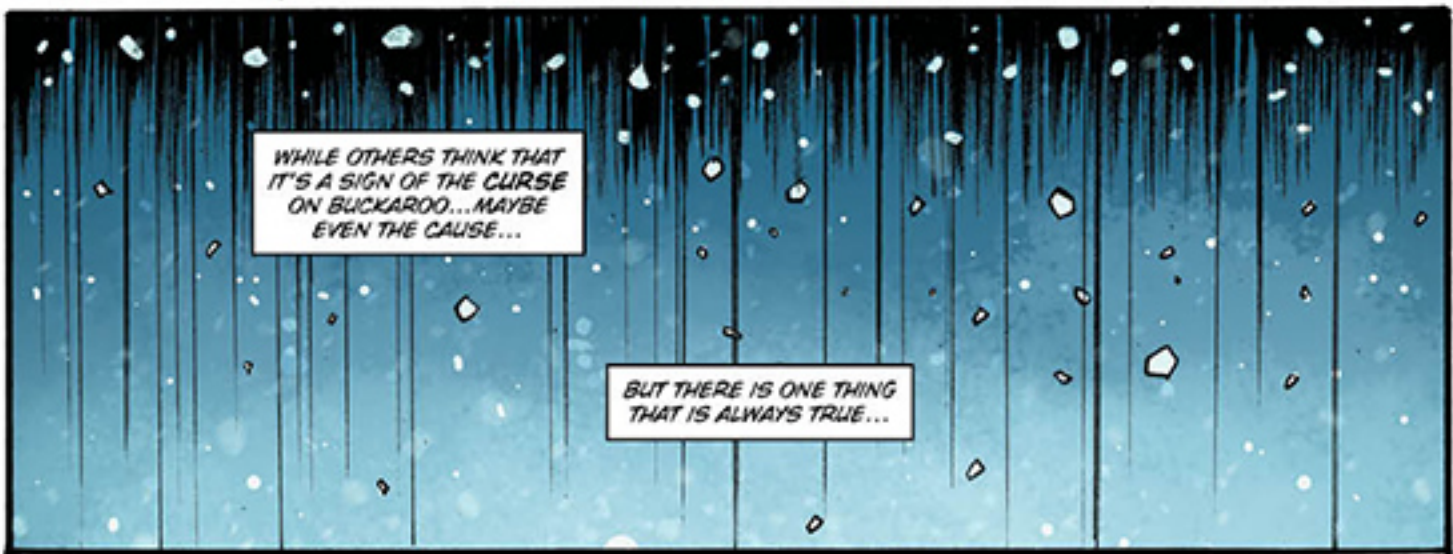


IT ALWAYS RAINS IN
BUCKAROO. EVEN IF IT ISN'T
IN NEARBY PORTLAND.

SOME PEOPLE THINK IT'S
NATURE'S WAY OF TRYING TO
WASH AWAY BUCKAROO'S SINS.




WHILE OTHERS THINK THAT
IT'S A SIGN OF THE CURSE
ON BUCKAROO...MAYBE
EVEN THE CAUSE...

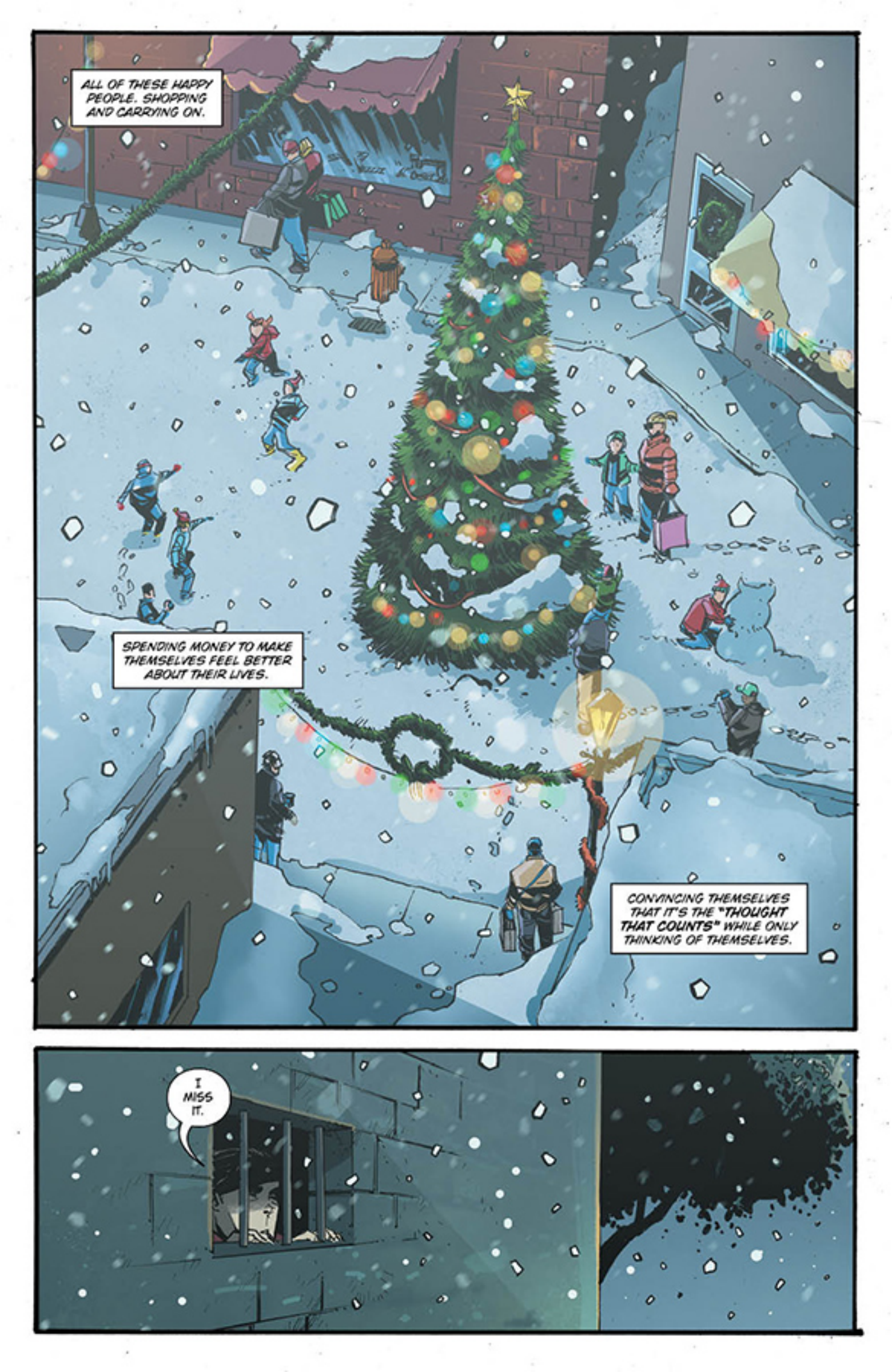
BUT THERE IS ONE THING
THAT IS ALWAYS TRUE...



EVERY YEAR AFTER THE
PUMPKINS HAVE BEEN SMASHED
OR TURNED INTO PIES...THAT RAIN
BECOMES SNOW...



AND IT IS IN THAT BRIGHT
SOFT SNOW THAT THE REAL
HORROR OF BUCKAROO
BEGINS TO SHOW.

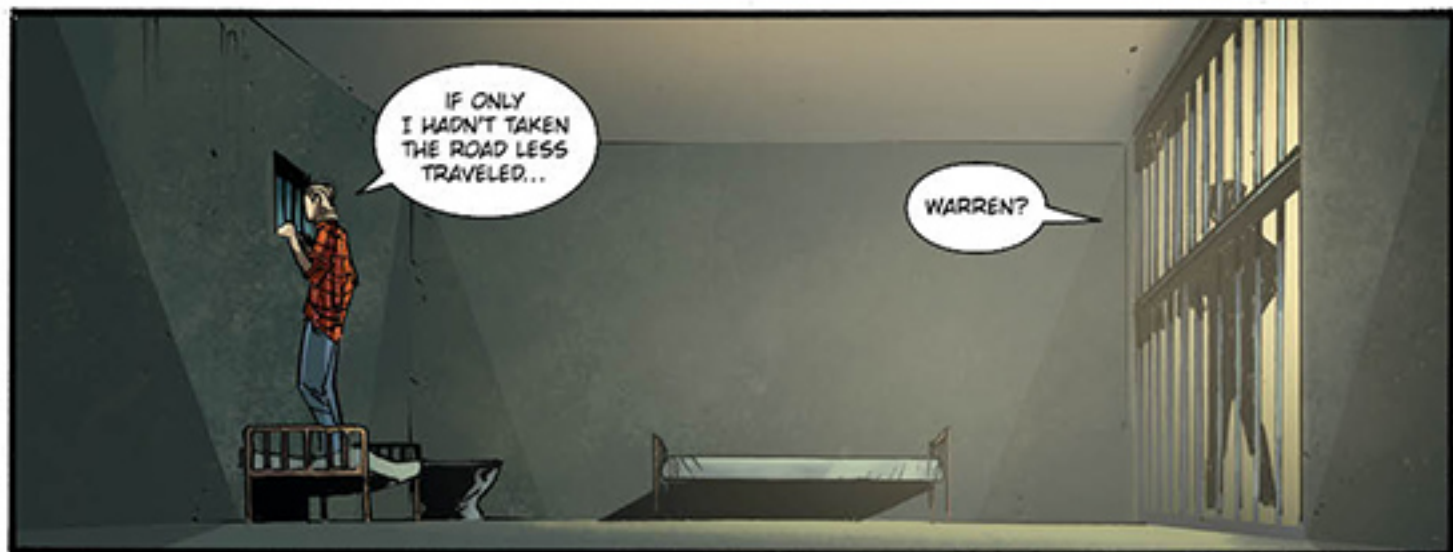


ALL OF THESE HAPPY
PEOPLE, SHOPPING
AND CARRYING ON.

SPENDING MONEY TO MAKE
THEMSELVES FEEL BETTER
ABOUT THEIR LIVES.

CONVINCING THEMSELVES
THAT IT'S THE "THOUGHT
THAT COUNTS" WHILE ONLY
THINKING OF THEMSELVES.

I
MISS
IT.



IF ONLY I HADN'T TAKEN THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED...

WARREN?



WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?



WHO, ME? NO ONE.

JUST TALKING TO MYSELF...

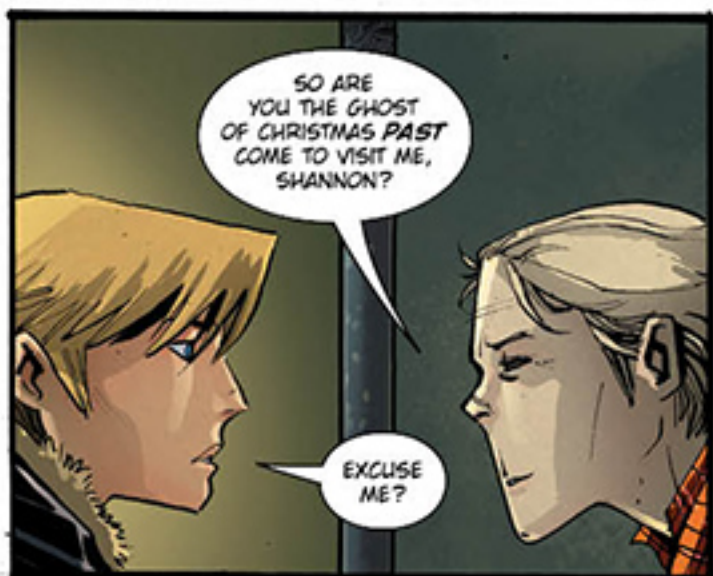


I GUESS THAT SAYING ABOUT PEOPLE WHO TALK TO THEMSELVES IS TRUE.

WHERE'S OUR DEAR FRIEND NICHOLAS FINCH?

I THOUGHT HE'D BE YOUR DEPUTY BY NOW.

HE HAD TO GO BACK TO PORTLAND... SOME EMERGENCY AT FBI HEADQUARTERS...



SO ARE YOU THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST COME TO VISIT ME, SHANNON?

EXCUSE ME?



MY FAVORITE STORY GROWING UP WAS DICKENS' A CHRISTMAS CAROL...

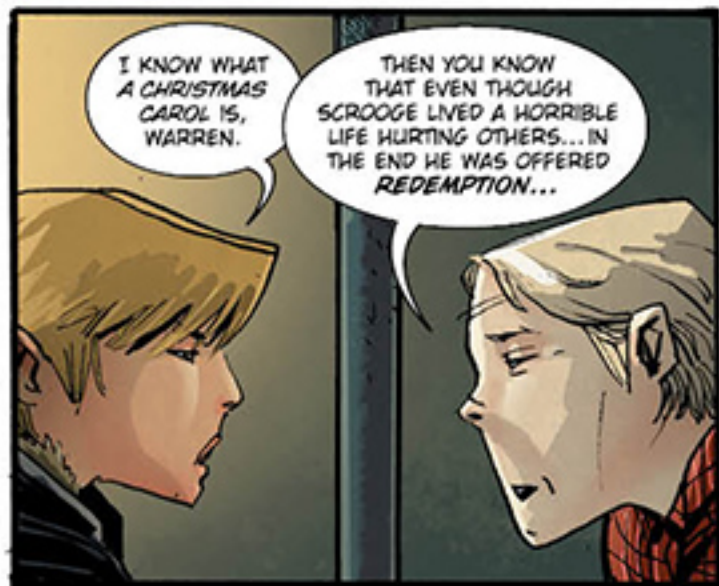
IN IT A MAN NAMED SCROOGE IS FORCED TO CONFRONT THE SINS OF HIS PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE IN THE FORM OF SPIRITS WHO TAKE HIM ON A JOURNEY OF HIS OWN LIFE.

IT MAKES HIM CONFRONT THE GOOD LIFE THAT HE WAS MISSING OUT ON...



I KNOW WHAT A CHRISTMAS CAROL IS, WARREN.

THEN YOU KNOW THAT EVEN THOUGH SCROOGE LIVED A HORRIBLE LIFE HURTING OTHERS... IN THE END HE WAS OFFERED REDEMPTION...



A SECOND CHANCE.



I WAS ALWAYS MORE OF A FAN OF HOW THE GRINCH STOLE CHRISTMAS.

BOTH STORIES STILL END WITH THE TOWN FORGIVING AND LOVINGLY EMBRACING THE MEN WHO HARMED THEM.

