

THE GREAT GRAVE ROBBERY PART ONE




Rosetta Stone

GIRL REPORTER

From the assignment log of R. Stone:

"So here I was, on my way to Electra City to do a story on the living dead—wondering just what the hell I had been thinking.





"It all began one dark and stormy night (did I actually just write that?). My editor wanted to meet—outside the office. It was late. Or early, depending on your timepiece.

"I'd been writing for the *Sunday Idler* for months now—his idea of an in-house rehab—and I suspected that he was ready to offer me my old job back."

YOU KNOW, I'VE NEVER BEEN IN ONE OF THESE JOINTS BEFORE. WHY DID--

I FIGURED IT'D BE BETTER THAN THE ZIRCON. BESIDES, I LIKE THE COFFEE HERE.

GOOD FOR A HANGOVER, EH?



LOOK, CHIEF, I DON'T DRINK ANYMORE.

BUT YOU DON'T DRINK ANY LESS, EH?

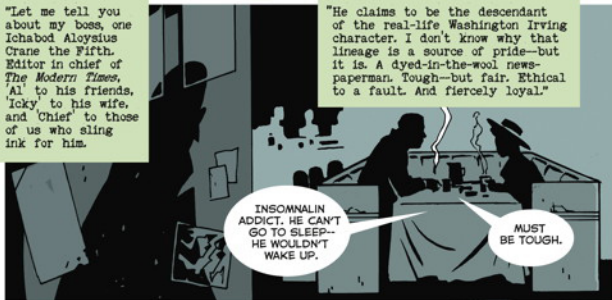
I MEANT ANY LONGER.

I KNOW, I KNOW. BAD JOKE. I'M SORRY--

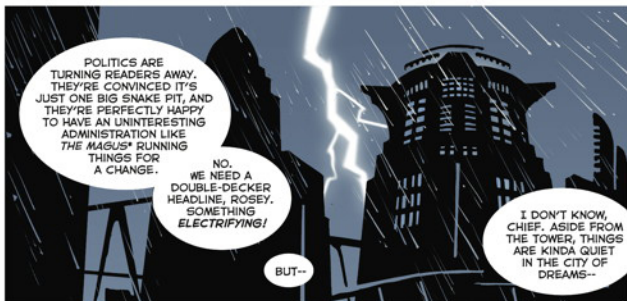


"Let me tell you about my boss, one Ichabod Aloysius Crane the Fifth. Editor in chief of *The Modern Times*, 'Al' to his friends, 'Icky' to his wife, and 'Chief' to those of us who sling ink for him.

"He claims to be the descendant of the real-life Washington Irving character. I don't know why that lineage is a source of pride—but it is. A dyed-in-the-wool newspaperman. Tough—but fair. Ethical to a fault. And fiercely loyal."



"However, he does have a slight case of chronomentrophobia—a thing about clocks. Won't look at them. Only uses an hour-glass at the office. Always asking folks the time. Wears a toy Chronex for show."



* MUNICIPAL ALTERNATIVE GENERAL UTILITIES SERVICE.--EDITOR.



YOU'RE GOING TO ELECTRA CITY. LOOK INTO THAT ZOMBIE STORY.

ARE YOU SERIOUS? THAT'S WORSE THAN THE DRECK I'M ALREADY CHURNING OUT FOR THE IDLER!

NOT THIS TIME. OUR E.C.P.D. MOLE SAYS IT'S LEGIT. DEAD BODIES DIGGING THEIR WAY OUT OF THE POTTER'S FIELD, AND--GET THIS--



ZOMBIES?!



--ROBBING JEWELRY STORES.

LOOK, CHIEF. THE TIMES HAS A BUREAU THERE, DON'T WE?

COULDN'T SOMEONE ELSE--



THIS IS YOUR STORY, ROSEY. DON'T LET ME DOWN.

ONE MORE THING--



"He didn't have to say it."

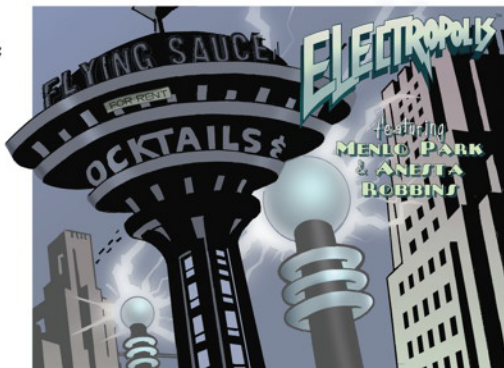
I KNOW. STAY DRY.

"By morning the clouds had parted and I was off on a wild-goose chase."



From the casebook of Menlo Park, P.I.:

"The weekend was upon us but it was no different from any other day in Electra City. Things had been slow. We had just closed 'The Case of the Questionable Character' and were taking advantage of the lull in business to catch up on some office work."



"Of course by 'lull' I mean the usual state of affairs around here. The shamus racket has never been a bustling one, even when the boss was alive and kicking."



YOU W-W-WORRY TOO MUCH. BESIDES, MY DOG-G-G'S ARE *ZIP,BEEP* KILLING ME.

