

BENT RIVER, UTAH
1879

WHAT'S THIS?

WHEN I SAW HOW ATTACHED YOU WERE TO THAT KNIFE--

--I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF BORROWIN' IT. I FOUND A BLACKSMITH IN TOWN--

--HE SAID IT WAS THE MOST PERFECTLY BALANCED THROWIN' KNIFE HE EVER SAW--

--I GOT HIM TO MAKE A MOLD AND TWO MONTHS LATER HE COMPLETED THE ORDER--

--FOR FIFTY OF 'EM.

HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY HAVE--

PAID HIM? I DIDN'T--



REMEMBER THE ROBBER FAMILY-- ON THE MOUNTAIN?

LIKE I TOLD YOU--



--THEY WEREN'T NEAR POOR AS THEY LOOKED."

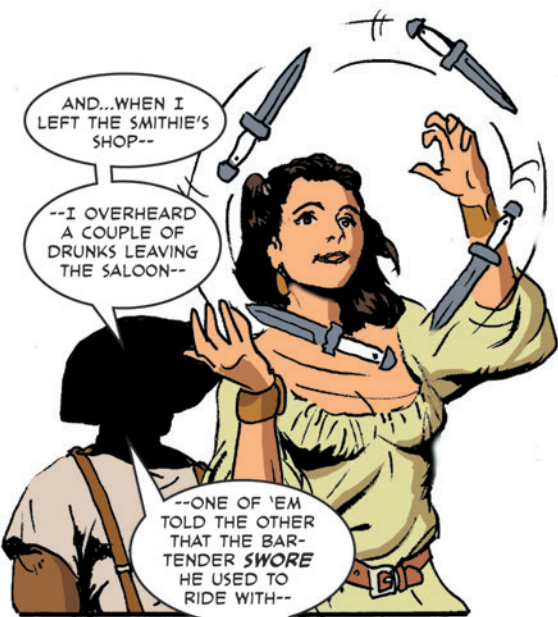
[*3 DEVILS # 1.]



THEY'RE WONDERFUL, MARCUS!



THANK YOU.



AND...WHEN I LEFT THE SMITHIE'S SHOP--

--I OVERHEARD A COUPLE OF DRUNKS LEAVING THE SALOON--

--ONE OF 'EM TOLD THE OTHER THAT THE BARTENDER SWORE HE USED TO RIDE WITH--



--THE WHITE MAN.



CHUK!



YOU SURE?

NOT A NAME I'D MISS IF IT WAS SPOKE.

SO I FIGURED THAT--



YOU FIGURED WE'D STOP BY THAT SALOON--

--ON OUR WAY OUTTA TOWN--

--TONIGHT!



WELL,...SOON AS I THOUGHT YOU WERE READY.

BUT, JUDGIN' BY THAT LOOK IN YOUR EYE--



--I RECKON I'LL START PACKIN' THE WAGON.

DAMN RIGHT!



CHOK!

THE MOMENT
HAD COME.

TARA ANTONESCU'S TEETH
WERE GRINDING IN ANTIC-
IPATION, HER STOMACH
KNOTTED WITH DREAD.

A LOOSE PLAN WAS
IN PLACE. THEY HAD
THE ADVANTAGE OF
SURPRISE ...

...AND THE LATENESS
OF THE HOUR...

...WHICH INSURED A
DWINDLING NUMBER
OF PATRONS...

...HOPEFULLY, DRUNK
AND SLOW.

BUT EVEN KNOW-
ING MARCUS' SURE
RIFLE WOULD BE
COCKED
OUTSIDE THE
TAVERN DOOR...

IN THIS PLACE...
WITH THESE
MEN...



...DID LITTLE TO
CALM HER RACING
HEART.



...SHE'D NEVER
FELT SO ALONE.



THEN HER FINGERS
FOUND THE RUBY
NECKLACE...



...AND THE
ANGER CAME...

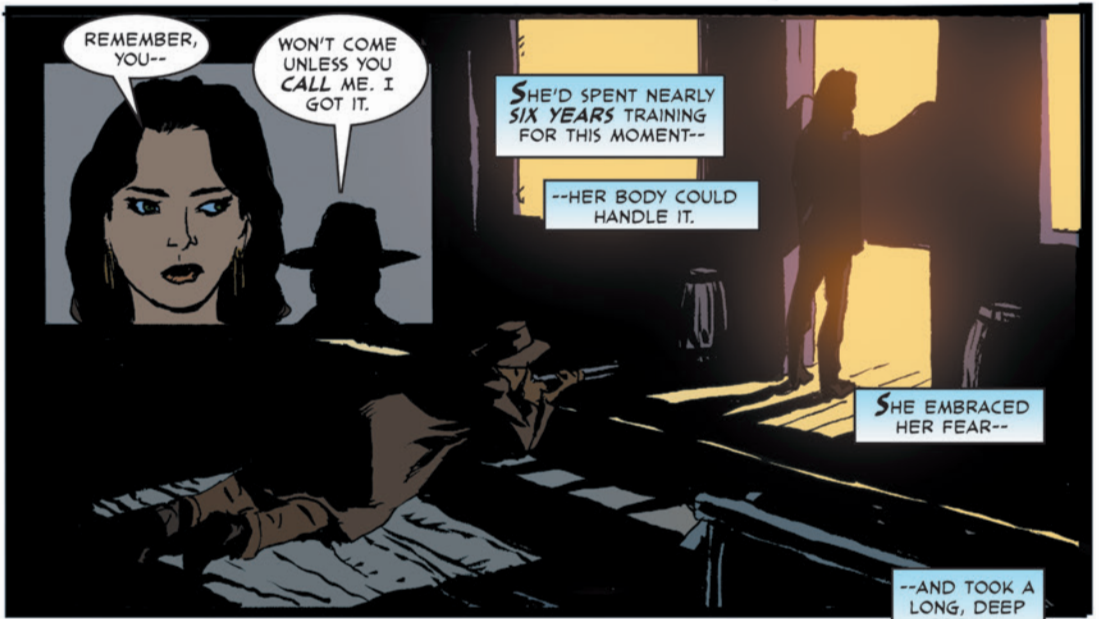


...WHICH SHE KNEW
MUST YIELD TO A
QUIET RESOLVE...



...AND LAST CAME
THE COURAGE TO
WALK TOWARD
THE DOORS...

...AND DO WHAT
MUST BE DONE.



REMEMBER,
YOU--

WON'T COME
UNLESS YOU
CALL ME. I
GOT IT.

SHE'D SPENT NEARLY
SIX YEARS TRAINING
FOR THIS MOMENT--

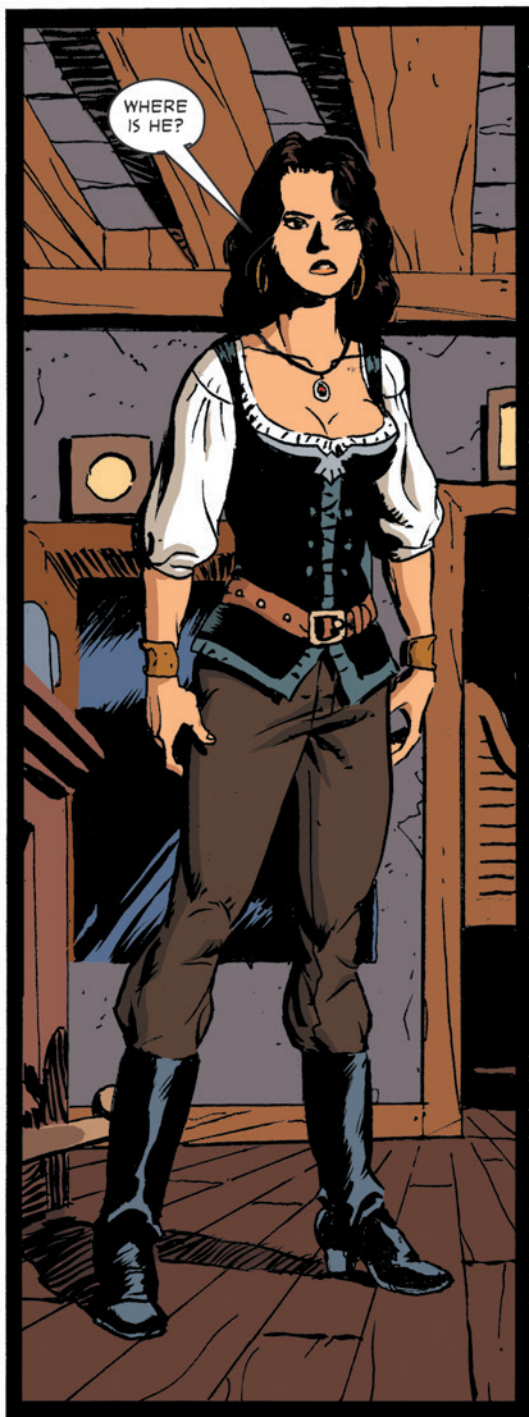
--HER BODY COULD
HANDLE IT.

SHE EMBRACED
HER FEAR--

--AND TOOK A
LONG, DEEP
BREATH.



I'M LOOKING
FOR THE BAR-
TENDER.



WHERE IS HE?



SON OF A-- IT'S THE *GYPSY* GIRL THAT LIVES WITH THE *DINGE* UP ON THE MOUNTAIN!

YOU GROWED UP *FINE*, GIRL!

I'LL SAY-- DAMN!



WHY YOU WANT HIM?

I ASKED YOU A QUESTION.

YOU GONNA *DRINK* WITH US?

YEAH! *HELL* YEAH--SHE WANTS A *DRINK*--

--WHAT *ELSE* DOES SHE WANT, I WONDER.



I KNOW WHAT I WANT.

HAWW! YOU AIN'T THE *ONLY* ONE, BILL--NO SIREE!!