



ALL RIGHT.

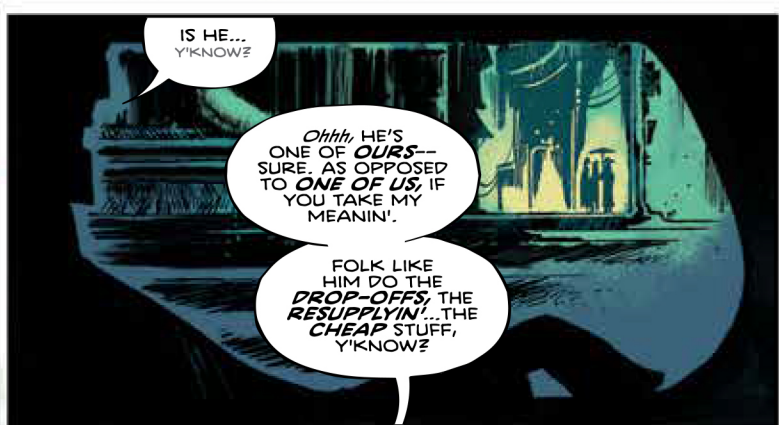
RETAIL.



NOW...  
THE **DEALERS?**  
THEY AIN'T EVEN OUR  
**GUYS**, NOT REALLY.  
THEY'VE GOT THEIR  
OWN **COLORS**--  
JUVIE GANGS  
'N ALL.

BUT THEY  
ALL SOURCE FROM  
US. WAY TO **SEE** IT IS:  
THEY JUST **RENTIN'**  
TURF.

WHAT  
ABOUT THE  
**COURIER...**?  
THE RED-TIE-  
GUY.



IS HE...  
Y'KNOW?

Ohhh, HE'S  
ONE OF **OURS**--  
SURE, AS OPPOSED  
TO **ONE OF US**, IF  
YOU TAKE MY  
MEANIN'.

FOLK LIKE  
HIM DO THE  
**DROP-OFFS**, THE  
**RESUPPLYIN'**...THE  
**CHEAP** STUFF,  
Y'KNOW?



...SO'S  
FOLK LIKE  
US DON'T  
GOT TO.

This is  
**boring**. The  
**new boy** sweats  
too much and  
won't stop  
**fiddling**.

What's  
he got  
there?

**THIS?**



J-JUST A BIT OF  
JUNK FROM THE  
**BLARNEY BAR**,  
MS. KETTER. LIKE...  
A **MEMENTO**,  
Y'KNOW?

Regret  
**asking**. Newboy  
is boring,  
**too**.

HEY...  
LOOK..





Ah. The *disposable* wants attention. He *directs* us. An *unboring* emergency, perhaps. One can *hope*.

Drive, Newboy. Next block.



--AND YOU *TELL* YOU *FREAK* BOSS THIS *STREETS* NOT *HIMS* NO MORE, WE *KILL* ALL *SPIDERS* AND--



Boo.

БЛЯДЬ.



*Bratva* thug. That's *rival outfit* number *one*, Newboy.

A territorial *incursion*-- oh *my*.

Fetch.







HEY.

HEY,  
NEWBOY---  
**HOLD IT!**



BUT  
WE'LL  
**LOSE**  
H--

*Nuh-uh.*  
I **SEE HIM**  
THROUGH THE **WALL**.  
KIDDIE'S **PLAYPARK**.  
HE'S **CORNERED**.  
UNDERSTAND?

IF HE'S  
GOT A **PIECE**  
HE'S GONNA **USE**  
IT, YOU GOTTA TAKE  
HIM FROM **HERE**.



BUT...I  
MEAN...

I'M NOT EXACTLY  
**SLICK** WITH THIS  
THING YET,  
TOMMY...

JUST  
**DO IT**. HE'S  
GOIN' UP THE  
**FENCE**.



NF

G...

G-GIMME A  
SECOND...



WAAAAA











I DON'T  
GET IT.



SHE STAYED IN  
THE **CAR**. ONLY ONE  
ENTRANCE TO THAT  
**PLAYGROUND**. NO  
WAY DID SHE HAVE  
TIME TO CLIMB THE  
FENCE.

HOW'D SHE  
GET THERE  
FIRST?

Ha.  
YOU GOT THEM  
**GIMP HANDS** AND  
YOU'RE ASKIN' ME  
**THAT?** DON'T  
BE **DUMB**.



AND  
QUIT WITH  
THE **QUESTIONS**,  
BOY. 'ROUND HERE,  
CURIOSITY GOT  
THE STINK OF  
**RAT**.

WHATEVER YOU  
**WERE**. WHATEVER  
**AGENDA** YOU THINK  
YOU GOT. YOU TAKE  
MY ADVICE AND YOU  
**FORGET** IT RIGHT  
NOW.

HUP.  
THERE'S  
THE  
**INVITE**.



HE'S **READY**  
FOR YOU. GO  
IN **MEEK**,  
huh?



WHO,  
uh...WHO'S  
**THAT?**

THAT'S  
**PNEEMA**. RUNS  
THE **BROTHELS** UP  
INNA **FOGS**--REAL  
HIGH CLASS. SHE'S  
THE **CHIEF'S**  
GIRL.

HANDS MOST  
PROFOUNDLY  
**OFF**.

SHE  
**LOOKED**  
AT ME  
FUNNY...

SAFER'N  
THE **OTHER**  
WAY, KID.

IN YA  
**GO**.

**KACHUNK!**