



OKAY...

THIS LOOKS BAD.

IT COULD BE WORSE.

IT HAS BEEN WORSE.

SOMETIMES I WONDER IF
"WORSE" IS MY STOCK-IN-TRADE.

SO MANY THINGS DON'T
WORK OUT AS PLANNED.

THAT DOESN'T NECESSARILY
MEAN THEY WIND UP "WORSE."
JUST DIFFERENT.

I'M JUMPING AHEAD.
LET'S GO BACK.

THAT'S BETTER. SORT OF.

I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT FOR A WHILE
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON.

KIDNAPPINGS WEREN'T
UNHEARD OF IN THE FELD.

RANSOM? SACRIFICE?
PLAIN OLD SADISM?



"I WANT TO HIRE YOU."

YOU SEE? THAT'S DIFFERENT.

YOU KNOW,
MOST FOLKS CALL
ON ME AT THE TOWER,
SOMETIMES OVER
AT *DRAM'S*.

THIS IS A
SENSITIVE
MATTER.

I COULDN'T
RISK BEING SEEN
WITH YOU OR YOUR
ASSOCIATES.

NOR
COULD YOU BE
ALLOWED TO SEE
WHERE WE'RE
LOCATED.

UH-HUH.

YOU DO
KNOW I RESERVE
THE RIGHT NOT TO
WORK FOR CLIENTS
WHO ABDUCT ME,
RIGHT?

EVEN
IF I TOLD YOU
THAT I'D PAY YOU
TEN TIMES YOUR
STANDARD
FEE?



MONEY
IS ONLY HALF
THE REASON I
GET OUT OF
BED IN THE
MORNING.

AND
THE OTHER
HALF?

I DUNNO.
LISTENING TO RICH
GUYS FLAUNT THEIR
WEALTH AND POWER
FROM UNDERNEATH A
SHROUD?

THIS IS THE POINT
WHERE I PROBABLY GET
PUNCHED IN THE MOUTH.