







DON'T HAVE A SON.



CHEYENNE!
C'MERE,
GIRL!

DAMMIT,
DOG!



DAD, WE DROVE
ALL THIS WAY.
I GOT THINGS
TA TELL YOU--

THERE'S A
MOTEL BACK
OUT ON THE
MAIN ROAD.

WHO'S THE
MEXICAN?



JESUS
CHRIST,
I'M FROM
TEXAS.

GOT FAMILY
RECORDS GOIN'
BACK THERE FOR
400 YEARS.

HOW
'BOUT
YOU?



WHERE
YOU FROM
IN TEXAS,
GARCIA?
YOU NEVER
SAID.

BEEVILLE.
IN BEE
COUNTY.

WELL,
SHOOT.



ANYWAY,
WE GOT
WHISKEY,
AND WE GOT
RIBS.

BE A SHAME
TO HAFTA EAT
IT ALL
USSELVES.



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