

BLUCHER CITY MORGUE.
12:45 A.M.

Sorry, Pinker.
Looks like I let
you down again.

Maybe if we'd
stuck together I
could have helped
you kick the habit.

SPARKY CLUB:
PART 3 OF 6

ELEPHANT

SI SPENCER: WRITER
MAX DUNBAR: PENCILLER
ANDE PARKS: INKER
NICK FILARDI: COLORIST
TRAVIS LANHAM: LETTERER
TULA LOTAY: COVER
TOM MULLER: LOGO DESIGN
MOLLY MAHAN: ASST. EDITOR
JAMIE S. RICH: EDITOR
SHELLY BOND: EXECUTIVE EDITOR

SLASH & BURN
IS CREATED BY
**SPENCER, DUNBAR,
& PARKS**

Who am I kidding? It
was all just chemical
equations to you.

You never felt
the ache the
way that I did.

Like I'm a poster
child for sobriety
right now, anyway.

Ed would flip if he saw
this, but it's not like
I'm going to use it.

I just need
to feel some
weight against
me, something
real.

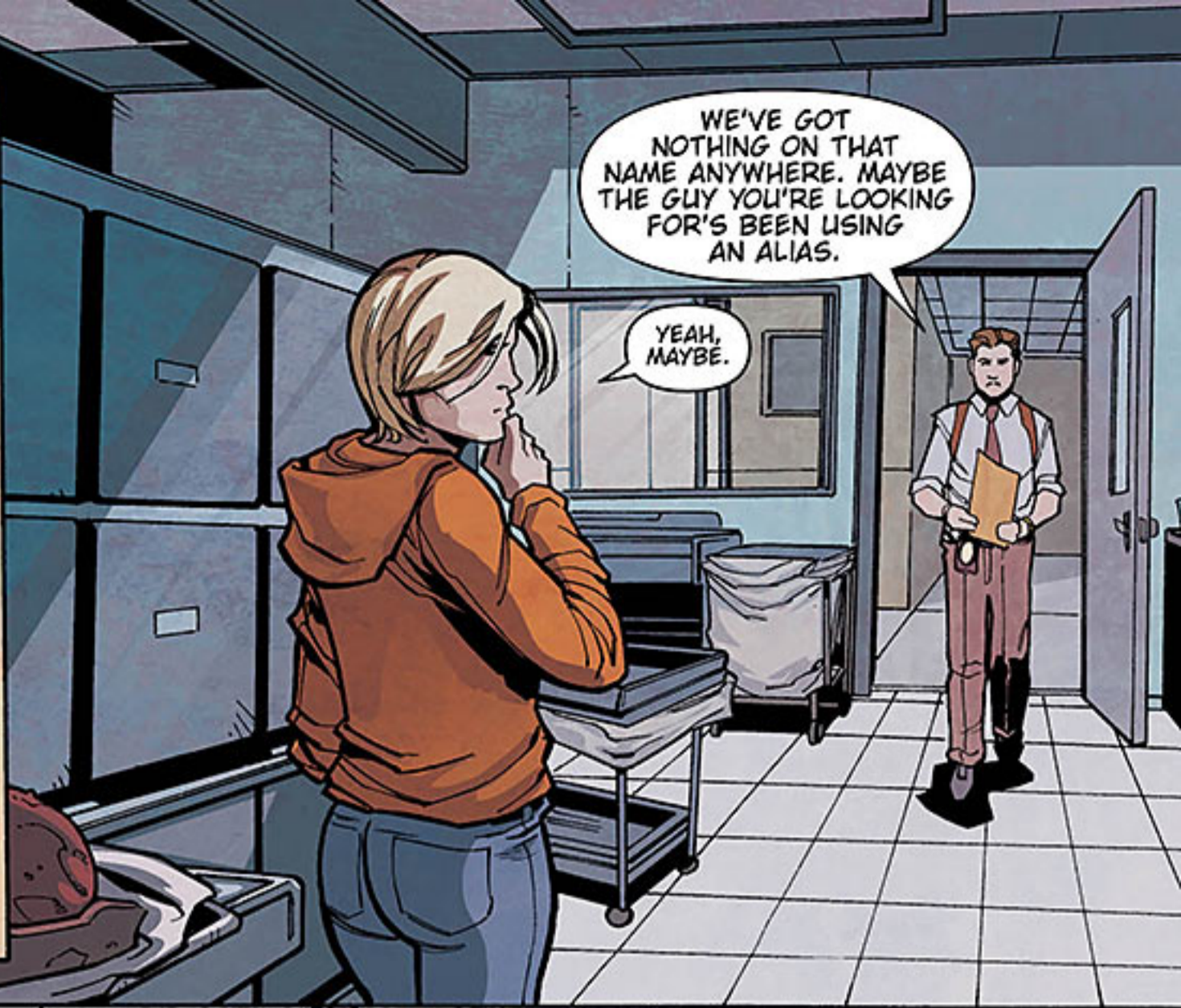
DENTAL
RECORDS SAY
YOUR SHISH KEBAB
IS ONE LAURENCE
BROWN.

A REAL
ZERO. NO
FIXED ABODE, NO
RAP SHEET, NO
LIFE. THIS AIN'T
YOUR MISSING
PINKER.

GOOD
NEWS
OR BAD
NEWS?



YOU SURE? SETH PINKERSON?



WE'VE GOT NOTHING ON THAT NAME ANYWHERE. MAYBE THE GUY YOU'RE LOOKING FOR'S BEEN USING AN ALIAS.

YEAH, MAYBE.



SO YOU FIGURED OUT HOW THIS LOSER TURNED HIMSELF INTO POT ROAST?

YOU WANT TO SHOW A LITTLE RESPECT, CHICAGO?



THIS "POT ROAST" WAS FREEZING AND HOMELESS, SO HE SCORED A CHEAP CAN OF PROPANE.

TEN YEARS OUT OF DATE AND ABOUT AS STABLE AS A MATTRESS ON A BOTTLE OF WINE.



WHOA, EASY, ROSHEEN! AM I MISSING SOME KIND OF ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM HERE?

NO ELEPHANT, JUST A DUMB PIG.

Where the hell did that come from? And if that's not Pinker, where the hell is he?

JOHN F. HAYES ORPHANAGE GROUNDS.
MARCH 2002, NIGHT.



WHAT DO YOU THINK, PINKER?

I LIKE ROSHEEN. BESIDES IF JESS SAYS IT'S OKAY...



WELL YOU DON'T LIKE HER, DO YOU, DAK?

SHE'S OKAY. AND SHE HAS GOT THAT LIGHTER.



ARE YOU SURE WE'RE SAFE IN HERE?

HOLD MY HAND.



THE GAZEBO HAS A LIGHTNING ROD.

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT WE THINK. THE MATCHSTICK MAN WANTS HER IN.

"LIVES IN A BOX WITH FIFTY BROTHERS..."

BRM! LRRBL

"STAMP ON HIS HEAD, YOU'LL KILL THE OTHERS."

YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE.

THAT'S UP TO JESS, ISN'T IT?
THIS IS PRETTY--IS IT NEW?

I STOLE IT FROM TOYNE'S OFFICE.

COOL.
SO, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO BURN?

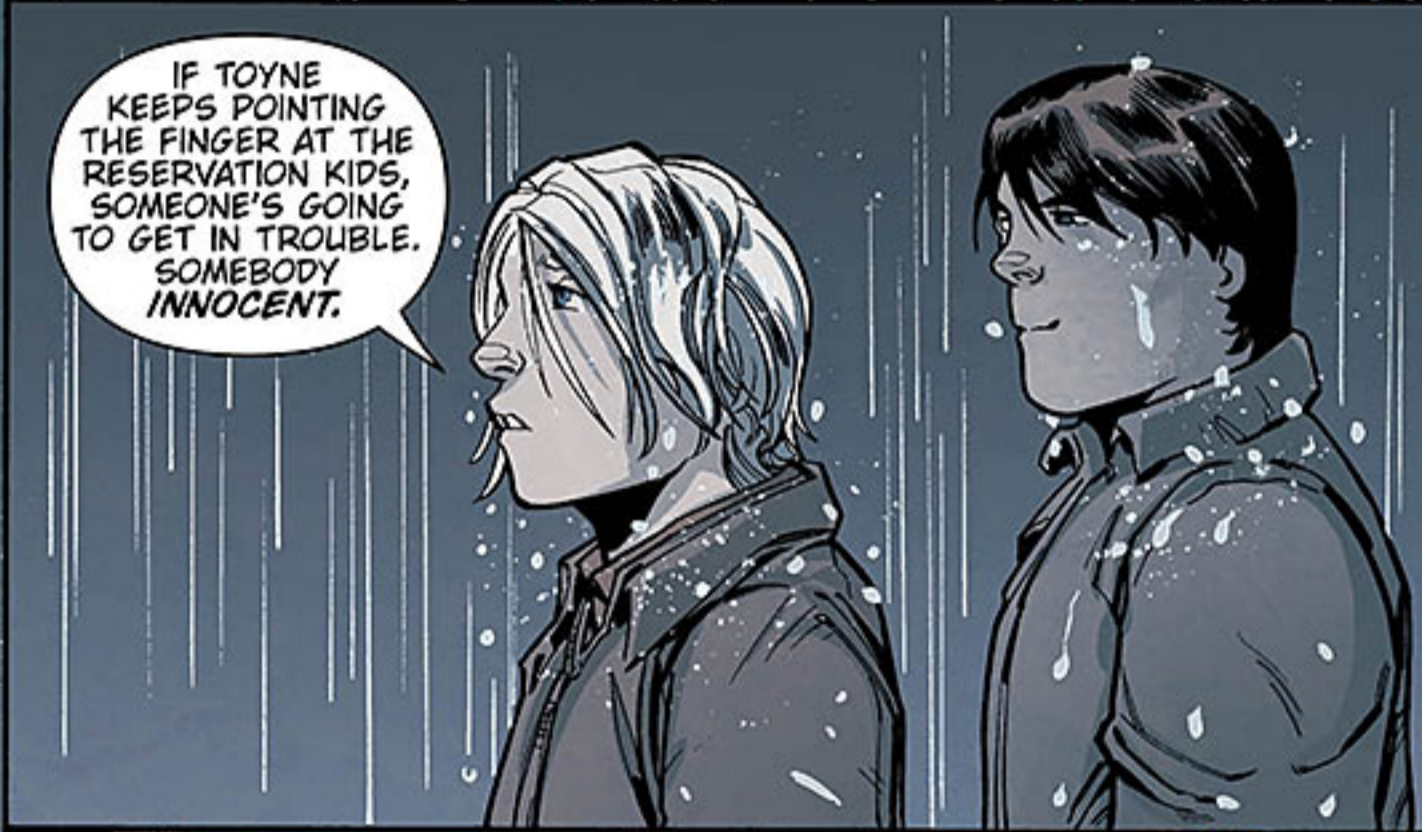


TOYNE MADE THAT HIMSELF. HE'LL SHIT!

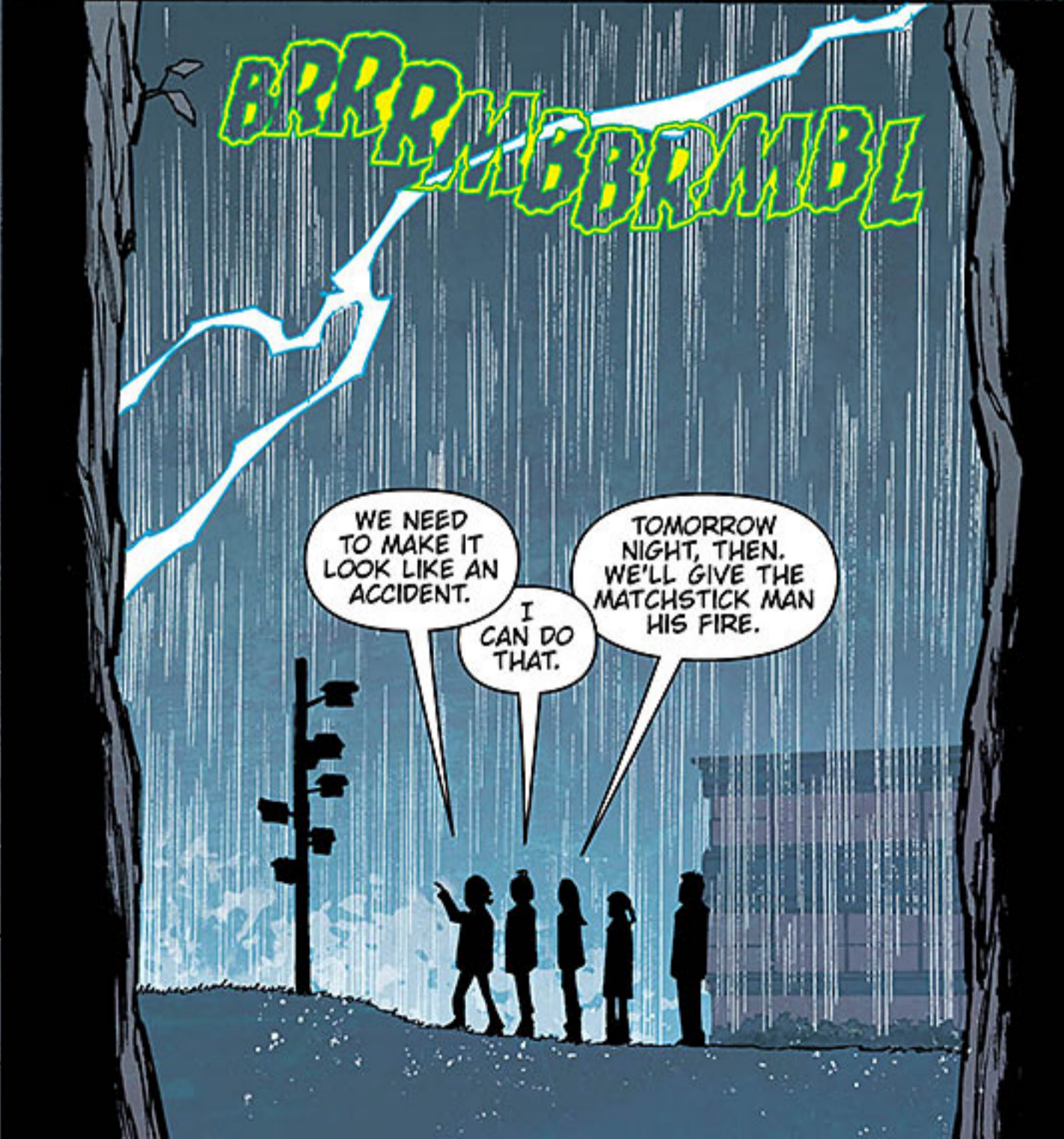


WHAT ABOUT THE BIRDS? I DON'T WANT TO...

THEY'RE EMPTY. I CHECKED. EVEN *BIRDS* DON'T WANT TO LIVE IN HIS STUPID HOUSE.



IF TOYNE KEEPS POINTING THE FINGER AT THE RESERVATION KIDS, SOMEONE'S GOING TO GET IN TROUBLE. SOMEBODY INNOCENT.



BRRR BRRR BRRR

WE NEED TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT.

I CAN DO THAT.

TOMORROW NIGHT, THEN. WE'LL GIVE THE MATCHSTICK MAN HIS FIRE.