

THE NIGHT
WOULD'A BEEN
SILENT. NO
SOUND AT ALL,
POINT O'FACT.

IF'N IT WEREN'T
FOR THAT
DAMN CAT.

OR CATS,
I GUESS.

TAKES TWO TO
TANGO, AS THEY SAY,
N'THAT LITTLE FELINE
HAD A WHOLE MESS
OF PARTNERS ON HER
DANCE CARD.

SHE SCREAMED OUT, HER
CRIES TWISTING AND
BENDING THROUGH THE
DARKNESS AS THIS OR
THAT HOUSE TOM OR ALLEY
STRAY TOOK TURNS.

N'THAT WAS
THE SOUNDTRACK
OF DEPUTY JAMES
"MAC" McNAMARRA'S
REAWAKENIN'...

...THE CRIES
OF CATS

'COURSE WITH
HIS HEAD STILL
IN THE FOG OF
IT ALL, SPINNING
N'BUCKING LIKE
A TILT-A-WHIRL,
MAC COULDN'T
HAVE BEGUN TO
GUESS...

...THOSE
CATS WERE
AN *OMEN*
OF THINGS
TO COME.

WHAT
HAPP--
WHAT--
WHOP

Oh...

A black and white comic book illustration of a bedroom scene. A man is lying on a bed, propped up on his left arm, looking towards a woman standing at the foot of the bed. The woman is holding a handgun in her right hand. The room is dimly lit, with a lamp on a nightstand and a framed picture on the wall. A bottle is on another nightstand to the left. A pair of shoes and a small object are on the floor near the bed. The man's speech bubble is at the top left, and the woman's is at the bottom right.

...IT'S
YOU.

HELLO,
HANDSOME.



YOU *KNOW*
WHAT THIS
IS, RIGHT?

WELL WITH ME
TIED UP, I *DON'T*
FIGURE IT'S
YOU TURNING
YOURSELF IN.



I'M
GOING TO
KILL YOU.
GOT TO.

LOOKS
THAT WAY TO
ME TOO.



N^YOU'RE
NOT
AFRAID?



I'M
DONE.

DONE
BEING
SCARED?

NO. I'M
DONE, DONE.
JUST KILL ME
AND GO
OFF WHEREVER
THE LIKES OF
YOU AND YOUR
KIND *████* OFF
AWAY TO.

NOW
YOU'RE JUST
BEING
IMPOLITE.

I HOPED
YOU WERE A
GENTLEMAN.

EXCUSE ME, MISS
"PRETTY-LITTLE-COP-
KILLING-BANK-ROBBER-
WHO'S-TIED-ME-UP-AND-
IS-POINTING-A-GUN-AT-
ME", BUT I'D SAY YOU'VE
ALREADY TAKEN THE
BOOK OF ETIQUETTE,
WIPED YOUR CUTE ASS
WITH IT AND THROWN IT
IN THE DIRT.

YOU GOT
A POINT. N'I LIKE
THAT YOU THINK I'M
PRETTY AND MY
ASS IS CUTE.

I NEVER
SAID THAT.

WHATEVER.

YES YOU
DID, JUST
NOW.

YEAH,
WHATEVER.





NOT WHAT I WAS EXPECTING. YOU, LOOKING DEATH IN THE FACE AND NOT GIVING A

MORE'N MOST MEN. MORE'N STEVE FOR SURE.

WHO?

GUY YOU KILLED. MY GUY. S'WHY YOU GOTTA DIE, EVEN THOUGH.

IT'S THE CODE.



CODE?

MORSEP DA VINCI?

NOT GETTING YOU.



CODE I LIVE BY. PROMISE I MADE *LONG AGO*--WE MADE A PACT, MORE ACCURATELY--STEVE N'ME--PROMISED EACH OTHER IF'N ONE OF US GOT KILLED, THE OTHER'D DO *EVERYTHING* THEY COULD TO PUT THEIR KILLER IN THE DIRT.



Huh. GUESS THAT MAKES SENSE.

YA KNOW? I EVEN ADMIRE THAT, SORT OF.



'COURSE, THAT PROBABLY JUST MEANS I'M AS *UP* AS YOU ARE.