

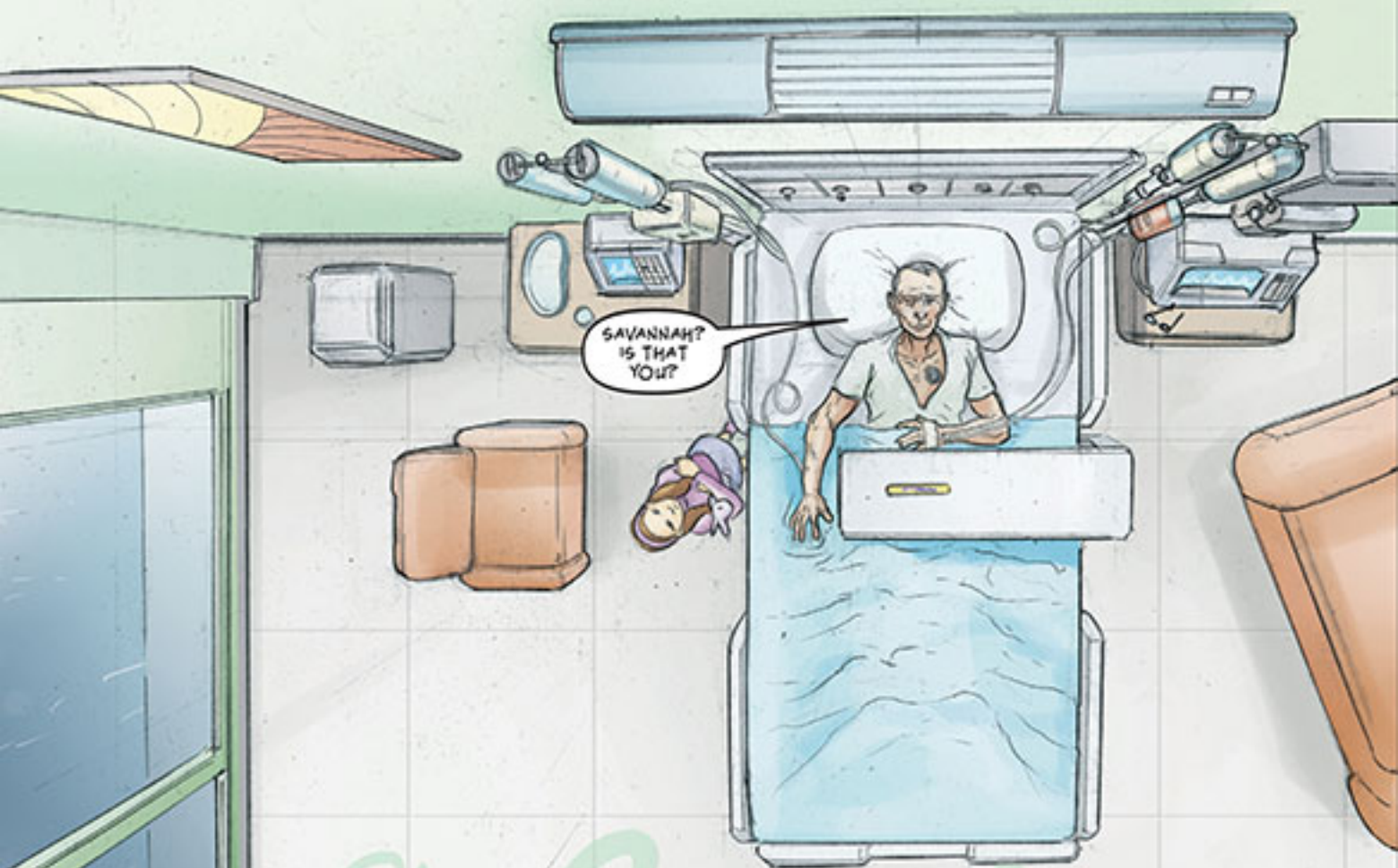


HERE
YOU GO,
GRAMPA.

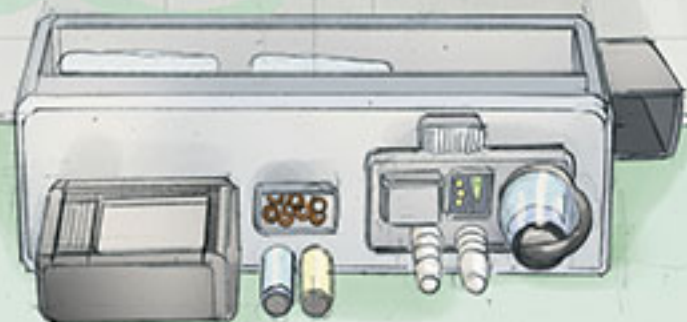


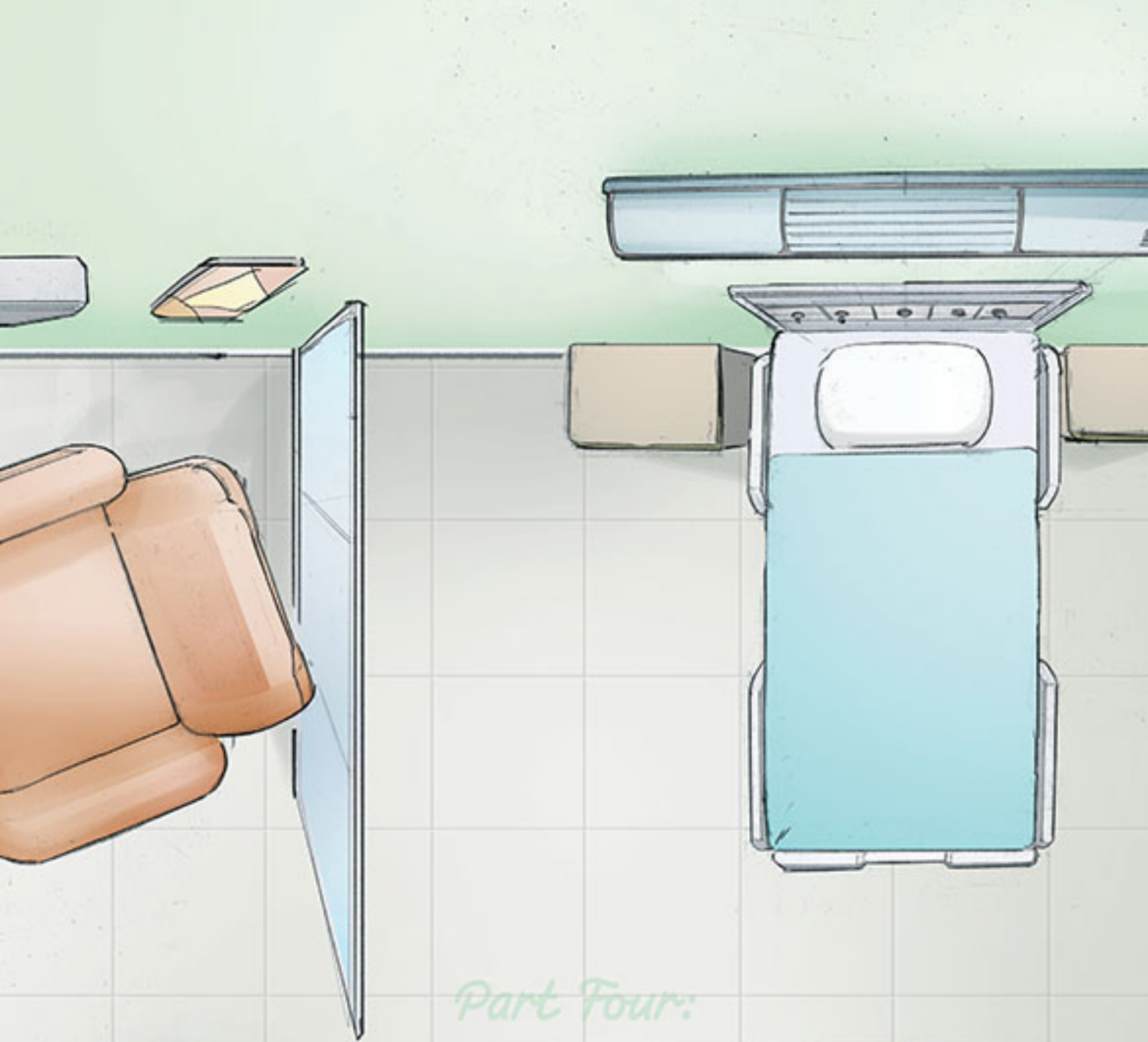
HMM?
WHAT?





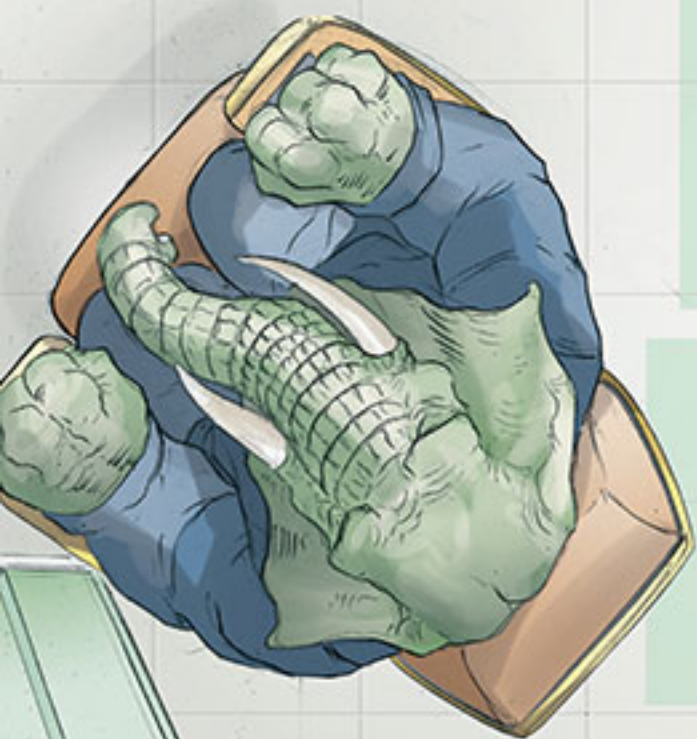
*The Least,
The Lost &
The Last*



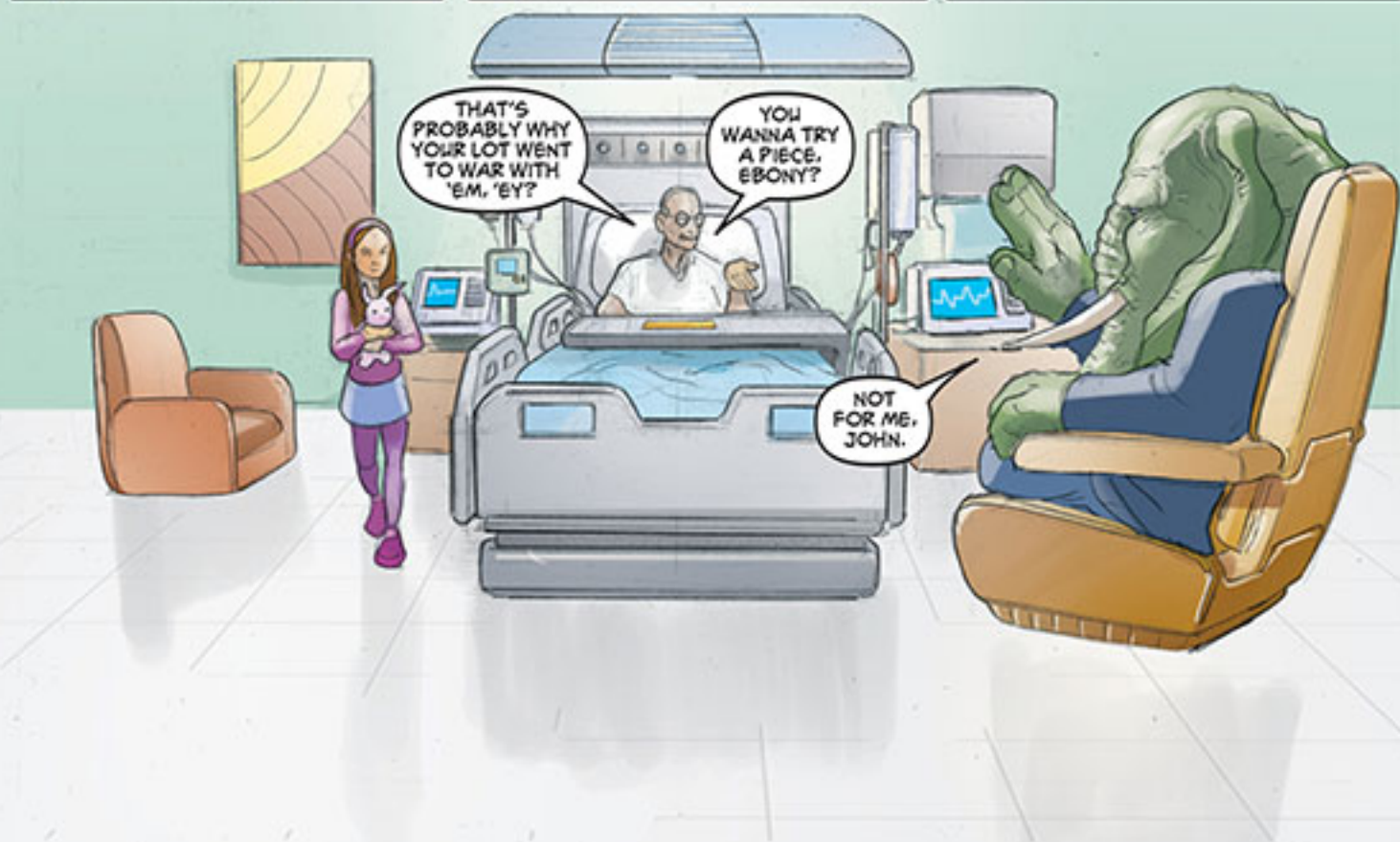
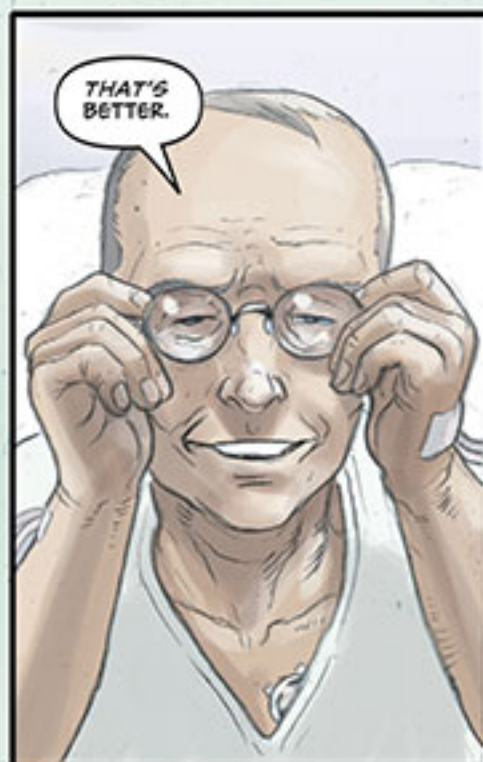
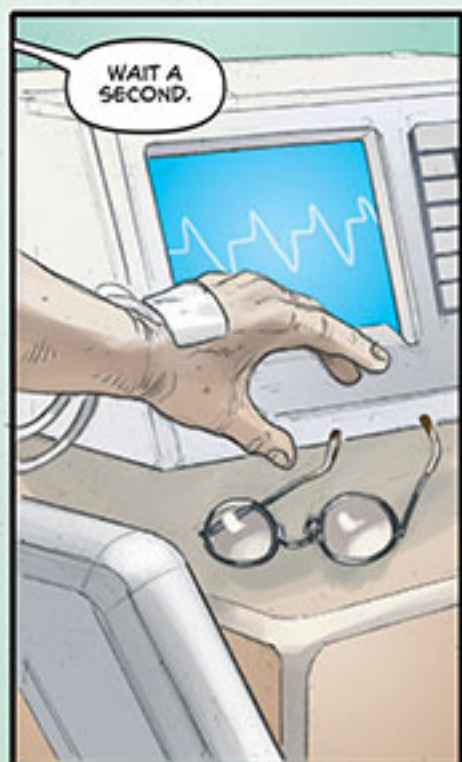
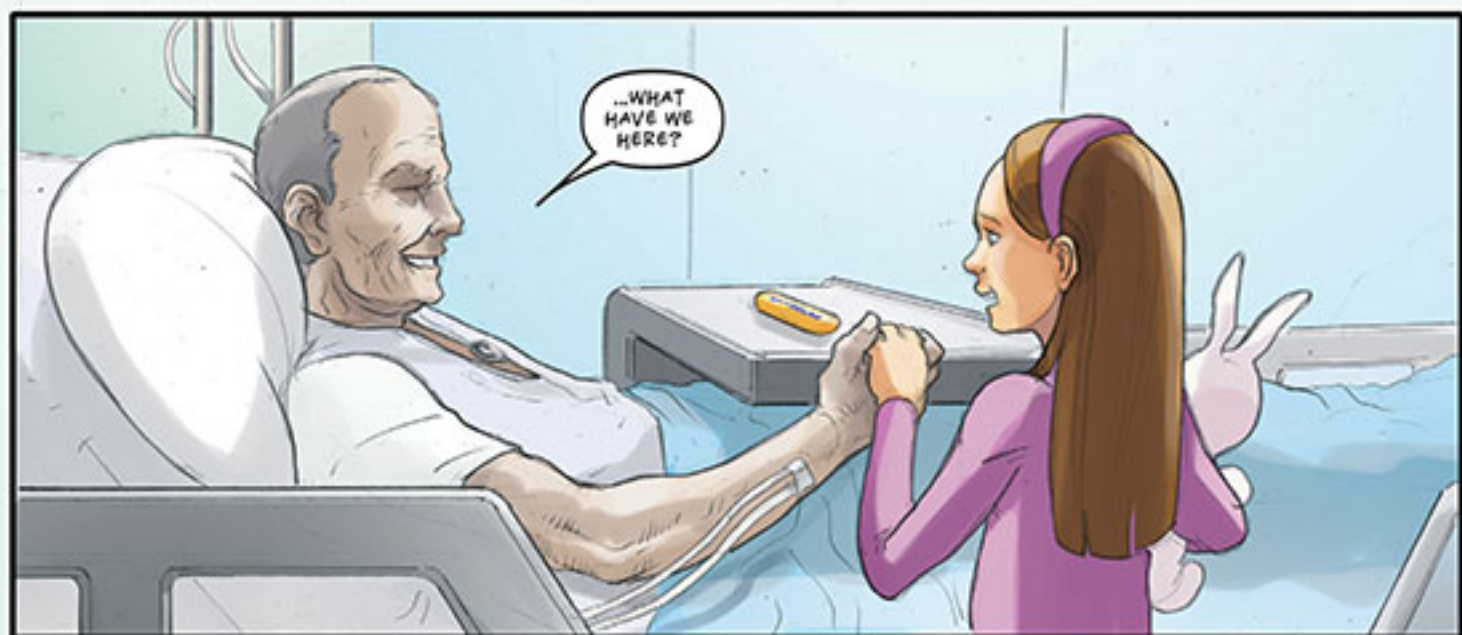


Part Four:

LAST RITES



Richard Starkings Words • Axel Medellin Art





I'VE GOT TO ADMIT, JACK, YOU HAVE A *NICE* VIEW FROM UP HERE.

SO HOW DOES A PRIVATE DETECTIVE EARN ENOUGH TO LIVE IN A *TOP FLOOR* APARTMENT IN THE CENTER OF DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES?



MIKI, YOU'RE ONLY ASKING ME THAT BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T GOT ONE OF MY BILLS FOR SERVICES RENDERED -- YET -- COFFEE?

IT'S *JAMAICAN BLUE!*

I DUNNO, ARE YOU GOING TO *ADD* THAT TO MY BILL?

HEY, I'LL MAKE AN *EXCEPTION* IN YOUR CASE.

SO YOU WANNA TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON WITH YOU, THAT YOU'D EVEN *CONSIDER* PAYING MY *EXTRAVAGANT* EXPENSE ACCOUNT TO HELP YOU OUT?

I'M NOT SURE I EVEN KNOW WHERE TO START.

I WAS PREGNANT, JUST A FEW WEEKS... I HAD THE PREGNANCY TERMINATED.

AT LEAST, THAT WAS WHAT I *THOUGHT*. HARVEST HAD A SURROGATE CARRY THE BABY TO TERM.

