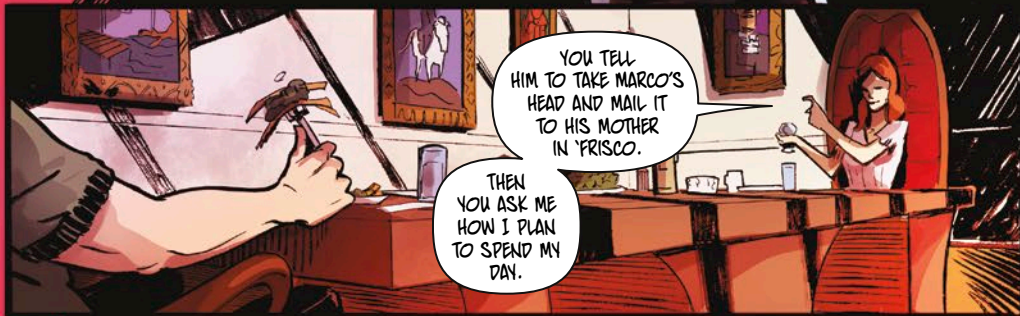






ONE MORNING WE'RE SITTING HERE, EATING TOGETHER. IN WALKS ONE OF YOUR CRONIES, TO TELL YOU SOMEONE NAMED MARCO HAS BEEN SKIMMING.

YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?



YOU TELL HIM TO TAKE MARCO'S HEAD AND MAIL IT TO HIS MOTHER IN 'FRISCO.

THEN YOU ASK ME HOW I PLAN TO SPEND MY DAY.

YOU KNOW HOW MANY MEN DON'T EVEN ASK ABOUT THEIR WIVES' PLANS?

BECAUSE THEY DON'T GIVE A FUCK. I GIVE A FUCK.

AND YOU'RE PISSED BECAUSE SOME DISLOYAL, THIEVING PIECE OF SHIT IS DEAD?



THAT WAS THE LAST TIME WE ATE TOGETHER.

AFTER THAT, BEING AROUND YOU MADE ME FEEL SICK.







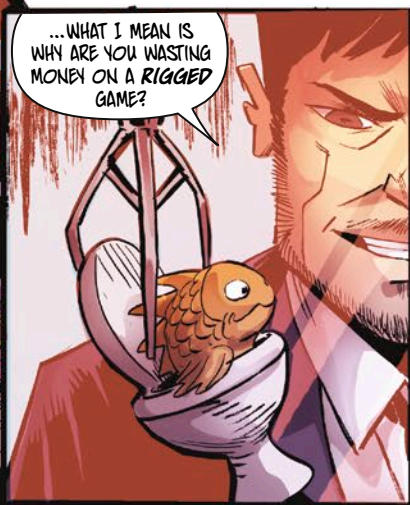






YOU HAVE TO MOVE THE GRABBING THING AND THEN IT COMES DOWN--

NO, I'M FAMILIAR WITH THE CONCEPT...



...WHAT I MEAN IS WHY ARE YOU WASTING MONEY ON A RIGGED GAME?



I DON'T LIKE THE OTHER GAMES.

BUT YOU'LL NEVER WIN ON THIS.



OOH, SO CLOSE.



OKAY, STEP ASIDE.

I DO HAVE A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF LUCK WITH THESE THINGS.