

DÍAZ CANALES

GUARNIDO

# BLACKSAD

Somewhere within the shadows

J. GUARNIDO

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COMICS



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FOR SALE

J. GUARNIDO



# BLACKSAD

Somewhere within the shadows



Written by  
Juan DÍAZ CANALES

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Juanjo GUARNIDO

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Studio CUTIE



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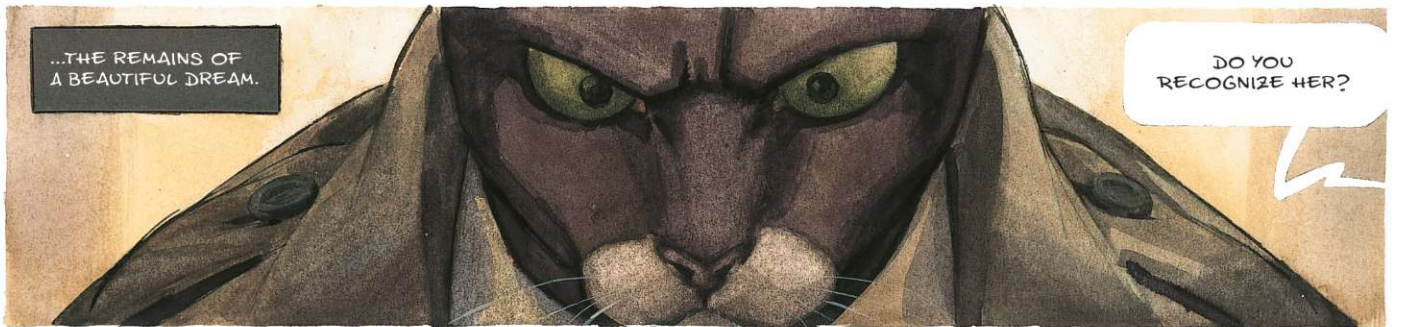
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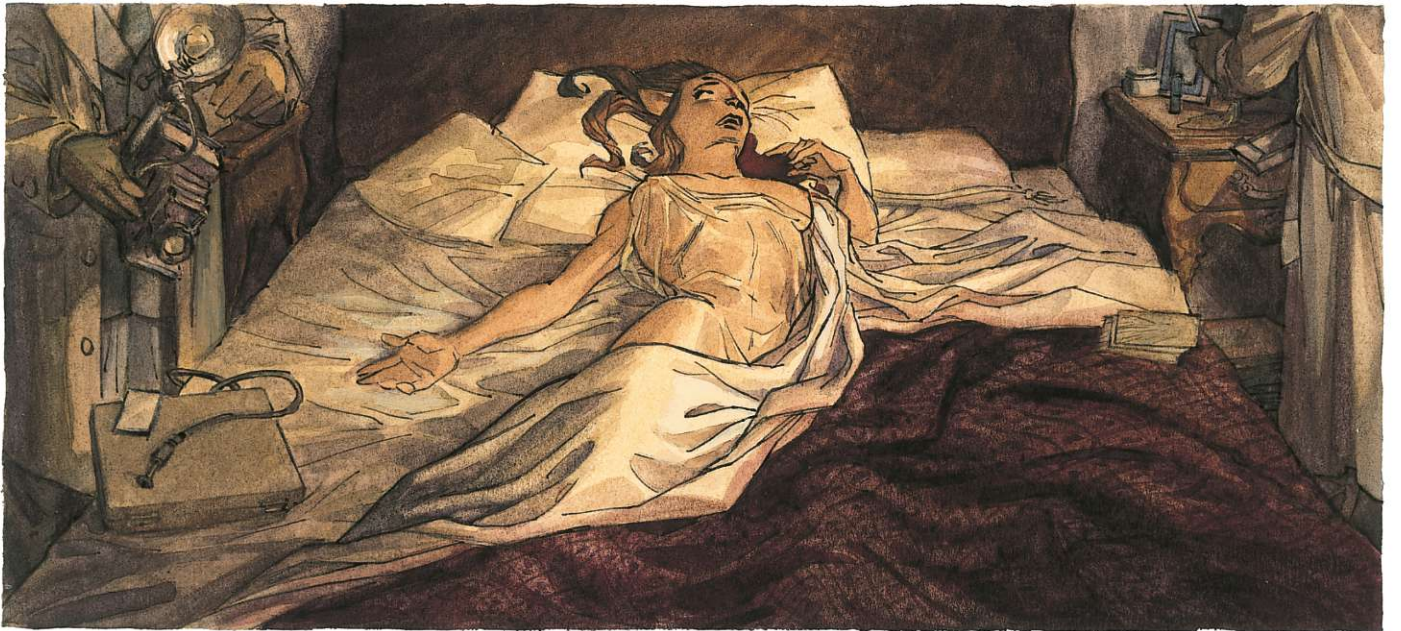


THERE ARE MORNINGS  
WHEN YOU HAVE  
TROUBLE DIGESTING  
YOUR BREAKFAST...  
ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU  
FIND YOURSELF IN FRONT  
OF THE DEAD BODY  
OF AN OLD FLAME...



...THE REMAINS OF  
A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

DO YOU  
RECOGNIZE HER?



YES. DID  
YOU FIND  
SOMETHING?

ABSOLUTELY  
NOTHING.  
NO WEAPON,  
NO MOTIVE,  
NO SUSPECT...



I THOUGHT YOU COULD HELP US...

I HADN'T SEEN HER FOR A LONG TIME...

...TOO LONG.



ALL RIGHT. THANKS FOR COMING. YOU MAY LEAVE NOW.

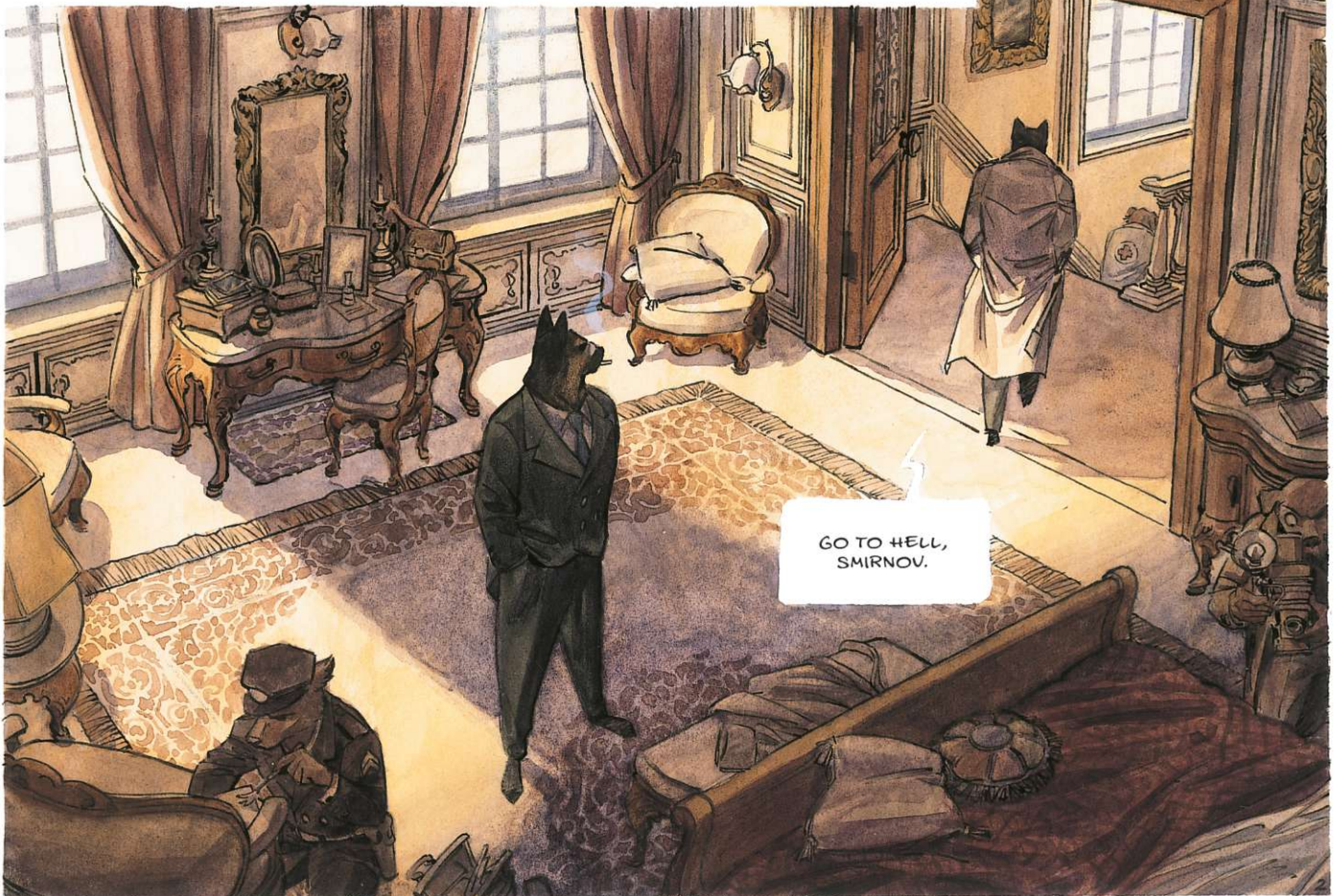
SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS WASN'T A ROBBERY.



LISTEN TO ME, JOHN, AND PAY ATTENTION. FOR EVERYBODY'S SAKE, FOLLOW MY ADVICE AND KEEP YOUR MUZZLE OUT OF THIS CASE.



DO YOU UNDERSTAND, BLACKSAD?



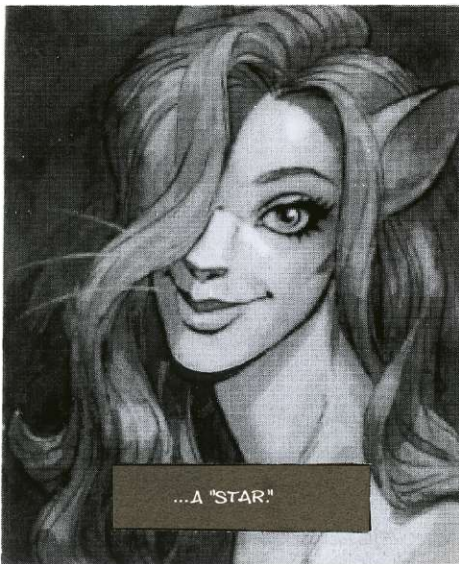
GO TO HELL, SMIRNOV.



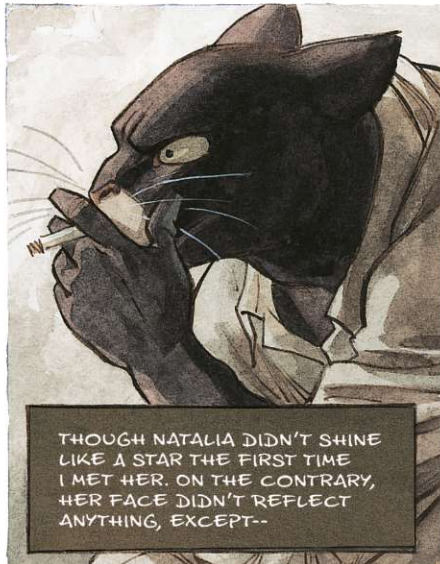
SOMETIMES, WHEN I WALK INTO MY OFFICE, I GET THE FEELING THAT I'M WALKING AMONG THE RUINS OF A LOST CIVILIZATION. NOT BECAUSE OF ALL THE REIGNING DISORDER, BUT BECAUSE IT ALL SEEMS TO BE THE REMAINS OF THAT CIVILIZED PERSON I USED TO BE.



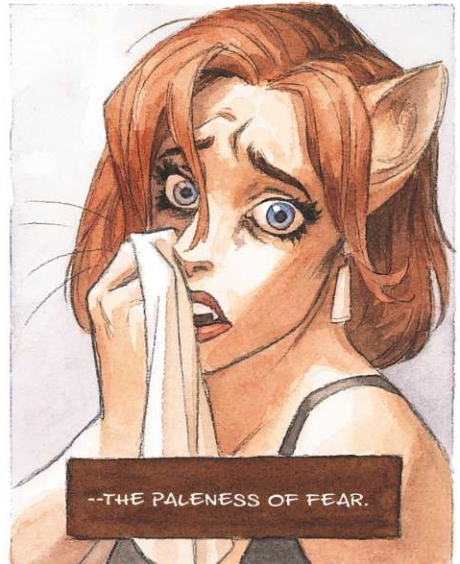
BUT ALL THAT WAS IN THE PAST. A PAST THAT WAS STARING BACK AT ME FROM THE FRONT PAGE OF THE NEWSPAPER...



...A "STAR."



THOUGH NATALIA DIDN'T SHINE LIKE A STAR THE FIRST TIME I MET HER. ON THE CONTRARY, HER FACE DIDN'T REFLECT ANYTHING, EXCEPT--



--THE PALENESS OF FEAR.







SHE WAS IMPRESSED WITH THE RESULTS.



SO MUCH SO THAT SHE DECIDED TO RETAIN MY SERVICES.



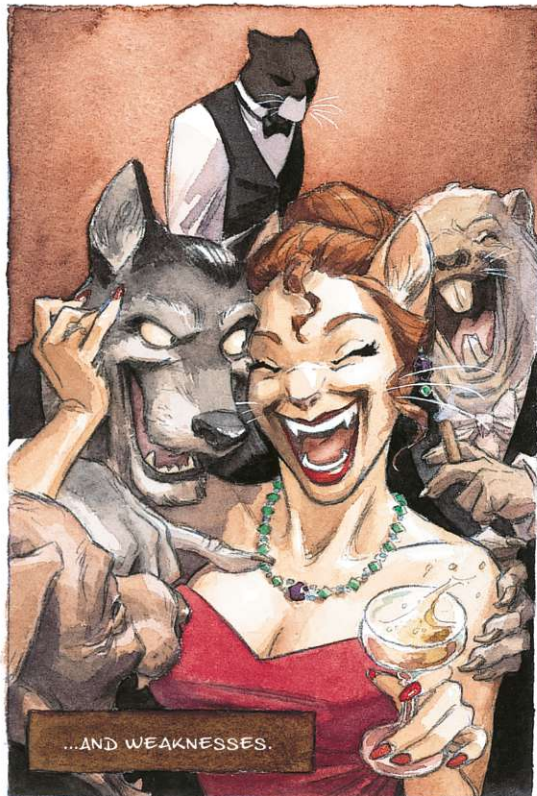
THOSE WERE THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF MY LIFE...



BUT THE GODDESS WAS ONLY HUMAN,  
NO DIFFERENT FROM EVERYBODY ELSE,  
WITH HER OWN PROBLEMS, EMOTIONS...



...ASPIRATIONS...



...AND WEAKNESSES.

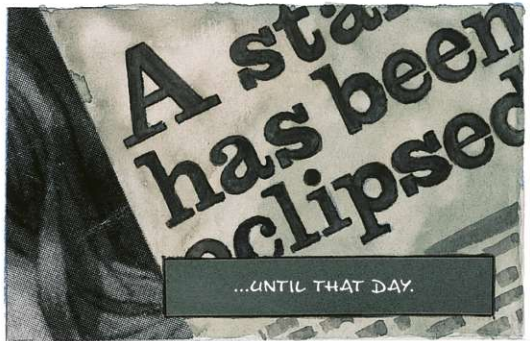


AND, SINCE NOBODY'S  
PERFECT AND PERFECT  
LOVE DOESN'T EXIST...

...CIRCUMSTANCES  
EVENTUALLY TOOK OVER  
AND TORE US APART.



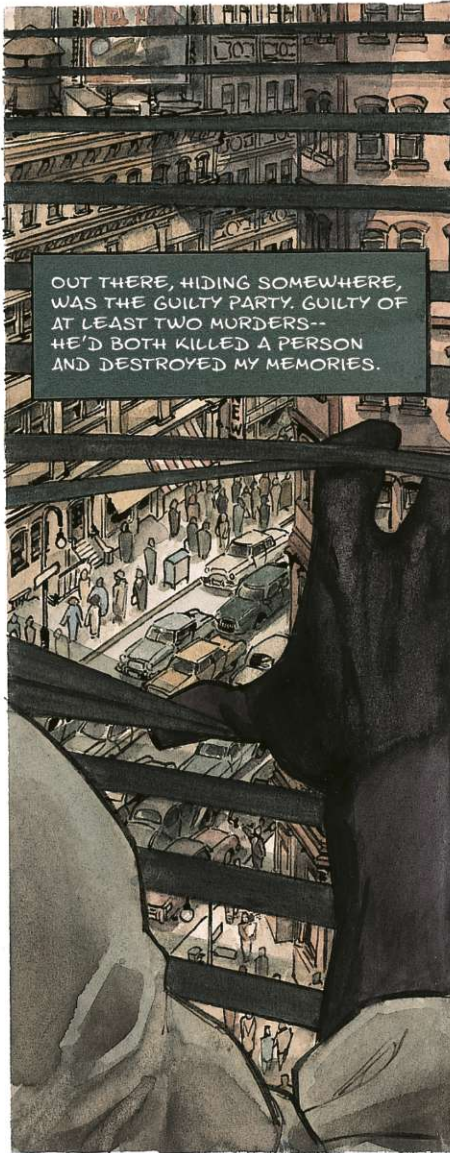
SINCE THEN, I HADN'T SEEN HER...



...UNTIL THAT DAY.



A STAR HAD BEEN ECLIPSED, LEAVING MY PAST IN THE DARKNESS, LOST SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE SHADOWS. AND NOBODY CAN LIVE WITHOUT A PAST.

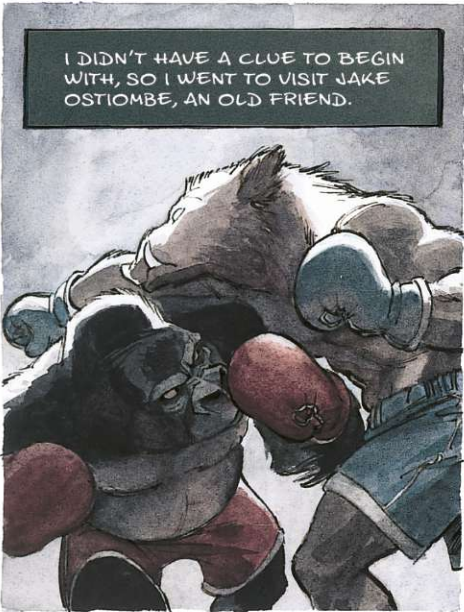


OUT THERE, HIDING SOMEWHERE, WAS THE GUILTY PARTY. GUILTY OF AT LEAST TWO MURDERS-- HE'D BOTH KILLED A PERSON AND DESTROYED MY MEMORIES.



AND THAT BASTARD WAS GOING TO PAY!

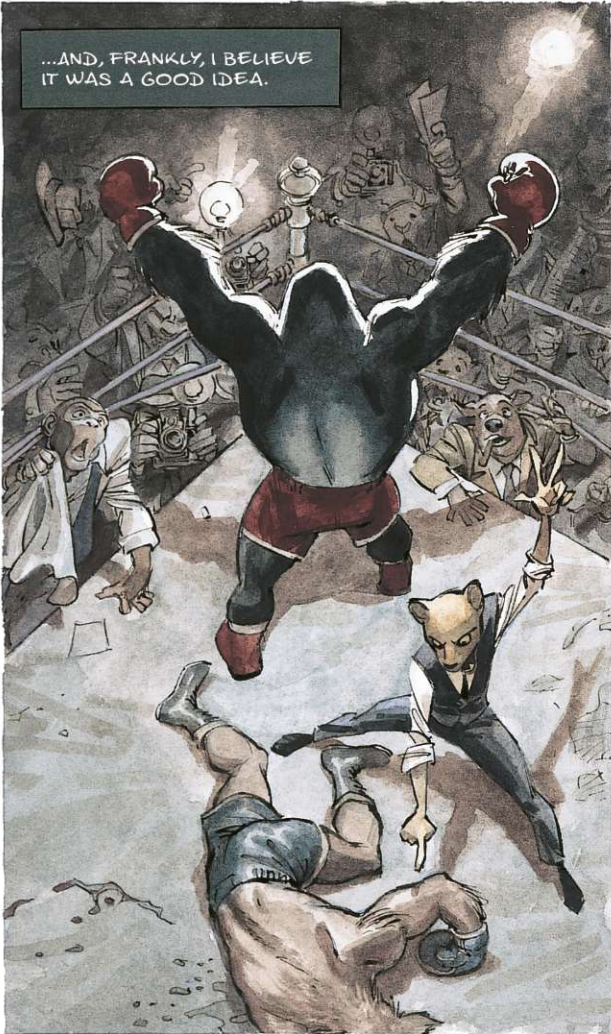




I DIDN'T HAVE A CLUE TO BEGIN WITH, SO I WENT TO VISIT JAKE OSTIOMBE, AN OLD FRIEND.



JAKE WAS A HEAVYWEIGHT WHOM I HAD RECOMMENDED AS A BODYGUARD TO NATALIA...



...AND, FRANKLY, I BELIEVE IT WAS A GOOD IDEA.



I SEE YOU STILL HIT HARD, JAKE.

LET'S JUST SAY I DEFEND MYSELF. WHAT BRINGS YOU AROUND, JOHN?



IT'S ABOUT NATALIA. I'M INVESTIGATING HER DEATH AND I NEED SOMETHING TO START WITH.



WELL, THERE AIN'T MUCH TO TELL. SHE FIRED ME A LONG TIME AGO. SHE SAID SHE DIDN'T NEED ME ANYMORE, THAT SHE HAD HER OWN SECURITY SERVICE.



IN FACT, THE TOUGH GUYS AROUND HER MUST HAVE BEEN PAID FOR BY ONE OF HER MANY 'ADMIRERS.'



I SEE. AND DO YOU REMEMBER THE NAMES OF ANY OF THOSE 'ADMIRERS'?



LAST ONE I HEARD ABOUT WAS SOME 'LEON,' BUT I DON'T REMEMBER NOTHING ELSE.

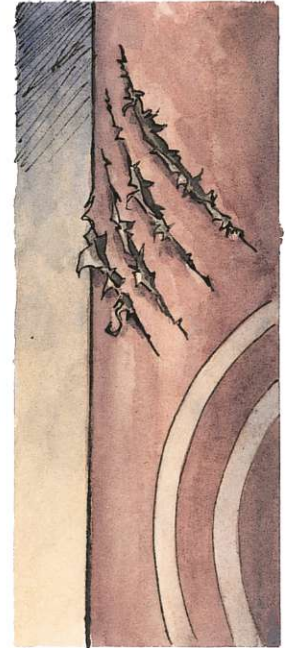


MEMORY AIN'T ONE OF MY STRONGER POINTS.

THAT'LL DO. THANK YOU, JAKE.

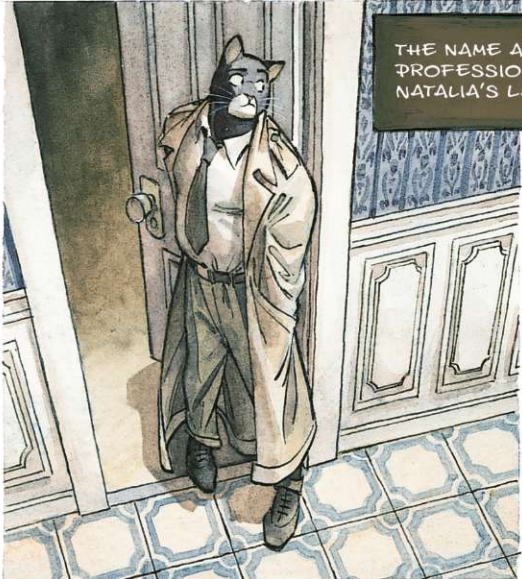


HEY, JOHN! AS YOU CAN SEE, SHE DIDN'T MISS YOU MUCH!





LEON KRONSKI,  
FILM SCRIPTWRITER.



THE NAME AND  
PROFESSION OF  
NATALIA'S LAST LOVER.



IT SEEMED THAT LEON HAD LEFT  
HOME IN A HURRY, LIKE HE WAS  
RUNNING FROM SOMETHING, WHICH  
MADE HIM THE MAIN SUSPECT.

BUT SOMETHING  
DIDN'T FIT. THAT PLACE  
DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THE  
APARTMENT OF SOMEONE  
WHO COULD AFFORD  
A PRIVATE SECURITY  
SERVICE.



CLIC  
CLAC





OH, MY GOODNESS!! YOU SCARED ME! BUT--WHO ARE YOU?



DO YOU KNOW IF HE'S LEFT TOWN?

YES, HE'S ON A TRIP...OR A LEAST THAT'S WHAT HIS OTHER FRIEND TOLD ME.



ANOTHER FRIEND?  
WELL, TRUTH TO TELL, I DON'T REMEMBER HIM SAYING HIS NAME...

I'M A CLOSE FRIEND OF MR. KRONSKI'S. I HAVE THE KEYS TO THE APARTMENT, SO I CAME TO PICK UP A BOOK THAT I'D LENT HIM. YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO LOCATE HIM FOR DAYS WITHOUT ANY SUCCESS.



BUT I DO REMEMBER THOSE BULGING EYES!







AND WHAT I HAVE HERE IS A **XYLOPHONIST!!**



OF COURSE IT'S NOT THE SAME THING, A SAXOPHONE AND A XYLOPHONE!



AND DON'T PUT THROUGH ANY MORE CALLS THIS MORNING.

I'M SURROUNDED BY INCOMPETENTS!



MISS, DO ME A FAVOR AND GET THIS PERSON OUT OF MY SIGHT!



GIVE ME GOOD NEWS OR GET OUT!



GOOD MORNING, MR. ZENUCK. I'M J.H. BLACKMORE FROM SMOKE AGENCY DEBT COLLECTORS.



I'M LOOKING FOR A MR. LEON KRONSKI... OBVIOUSLY CONCERNING A MONEY PROBLEM.



SO YOU'RE LOOKING FOR LEON! WELL YOU JUST LET ME KNOW IF YOU FIND HIM!



CRACK!

AND...IF YOU NEED A CONTRIBUTION IN ORDER TO BREAK HIS LEGS, LET ME BE THE FIRST ONE TO DONATE.



OH...THEN... YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS?

FIRST THE MAIN ACTRESS GETS MURDERED AND NOW THE SCRIPTWRITER RUNS AWAY!



OF COURSE NOT! HIS FRIEND, THE GUY WHO CAME TO TELL MY SECRETARY THAT LEON WAS LEAVING, DIDN'T SAY WHERE THE HELL HE WAS GOING!



A FELLOW WITH BULGING EYES?

CRACK!  
IN FRANK GOAT'S My PRIDE



ONE THING WAS CLEAR:  
IN ORDER TO FIND LEON,  
I WOULD FIRST HAVE TO  
FIND HIS MYSTERIOUS  
FRIEND...



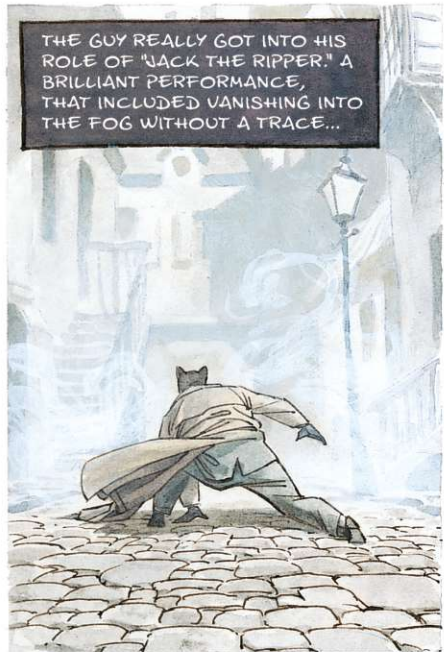
...WHO AT THAT MOMENT, WHILE  
I WAS DEEP IN THOUGHT, WAS  
STABBING MY BACK WITH  
HIS STARE...



CLICK!



...AND MY GUTS WITH  
HIS KNIFE...



THE GUY REALLY GOT INTO HIS  
ROLE OF "JACK THE RIPPER." A  
BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE,  
THAT INCLUDED VANISHING INTO  
THE FOG WITHOUT A TRACE...



THAT IS, EXCEPT FOR ONE  
TINY DETAIL. I DON'T  
BELIEVE A DETECTIVE  
EXISTS WHO LIKES TO SEE  
HIS TRENCH COAT RUINED...



I WOULDN'T GET A  
SECOND CHANCE...



JUST HIS BAD LUCK THAT I WASN'T SOME DEFENSELESS PUSSY...



AND I KNEW A FEW DIRTY TRICKS...LEARNED IN THE GUTTERS.



NOW, PRETTY FACE, ANSWER ME:



WHERE IS OUR GOOD FRIEND LEON HIDING?



I SHOULDN'T HAVE UNDERESTIMATED HIM. IN THE END HE PROVED A RESOURCEFUL ACTOR.



OH! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL COLEOPTERA SPECIMEN.



DID YOU KNOW, SON, I LOVE TO COLLECT INSECTS?



CLASSIFY, ORGANIZE...



...IT IS SO SATISFYING TO PUT EACH THING IN ITS PLACE. AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT MAKES THIS HOBBY SO PLEASING?



NO, SIR.



OF COURSE YOU DON'T. I'M GOING TO TELL YOU: ITS USELESSNESS. IT HAS NO PURPOSE, THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF IT. IF IT HAD A PURPOSE IT WOULD LOSE ITS CHARM.



THAT'S LIFE--  
WHEN SOMETHING STOPS  
BEING USEFUL...  
**ZAP!!**



YOU STAB  
IT WITH A PIN AND IT  
BECOMES A  
COLLECTIBLE.



WELL, I HOPE YOU SEE THE  
IDEA. YOU MAY LEAVE NOW.  
AND LET ME TAKE CARE OF  
THAT CAT. YOU WORRY SO  
MUCH ABOUT IT THAT IT'S  
STARTING TO LOOK AS  
THOUGH YOU HAVE  
SOMETHING PERSONAL  
AGAINST HIM.



THANK YOU,  
SIR.



LOYALTY...  
THAT'S ALL  
I'M ASKING,  
SON.



YOU'LL BE DOING  
ME A BIG FAVOR IF  
YOU CATCH THE  
INSECT THAT JUST  
FLEW THROUGH THAT  
DOOR. AM I WRONG,  
OR DOES HE HAVE  
SOMETHING THAT  
BELONGS TO ME?



AH! AND CAREFUL  
WITH THE PINS.





HI, PAULIE.  
HEY KID.



LISTEN, DO YOU STILL HAVE THAT PACKAGE I GAVE YOU?

OF COURSE.



PERFECT!



LISTEN, PAULIE. THERE'S SOMEONE TAILING ME. MIND IF I LEAVE THROUGH THE BACK?

NO PROBLEM.



DON'T WORRY, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING.





SCREEEECH!



TSK, TSK, TSK...  
I WOULD SAY YOU'RE  
IN THE WRONG HOLE...



...PAL.



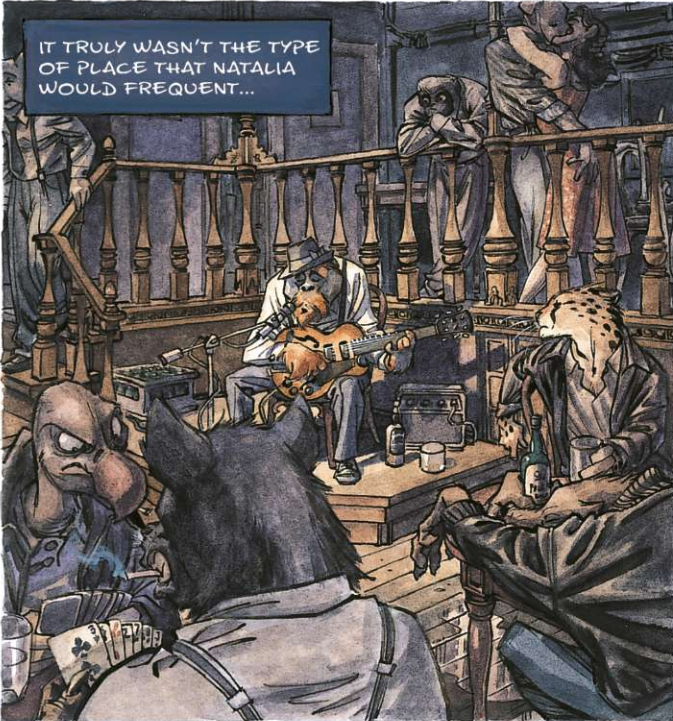
HAIRY GUYS LIKE  
YOU ARE NOT TOO  
WELCOME HERE.



GULP!



THE CYPHER CLUB WAS NOT KNOWN FOR ITS ELEGANCE.



IT TRULY WASN'T THE TYPE OF PLACE THAT NATALIA WOULD FREQUENT...



...UNLESS SHE'D DONE IT TO PLEASE LEON OR TO HIDE FROM SOMEBODY.



LET'S SEE... LEON, LEON...



GOT IT! HE WAS THE ONE WITH THAT GORGEOUS GIRL!



SHE MUST HAVE BEEN AN ACTRESS OR SOMETHING. TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, I GOT THE EYE.



I SEE, AND WHAT ABOUT THAT GUY, LEON?



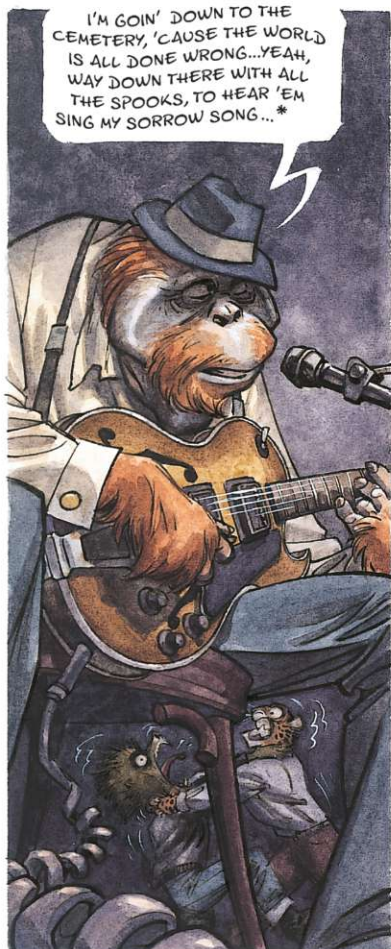
I'VE NO IDEA. TRUTH IS, IT'S BEEN SOME TIME SINCE THEY LAST CAME IN HERE.



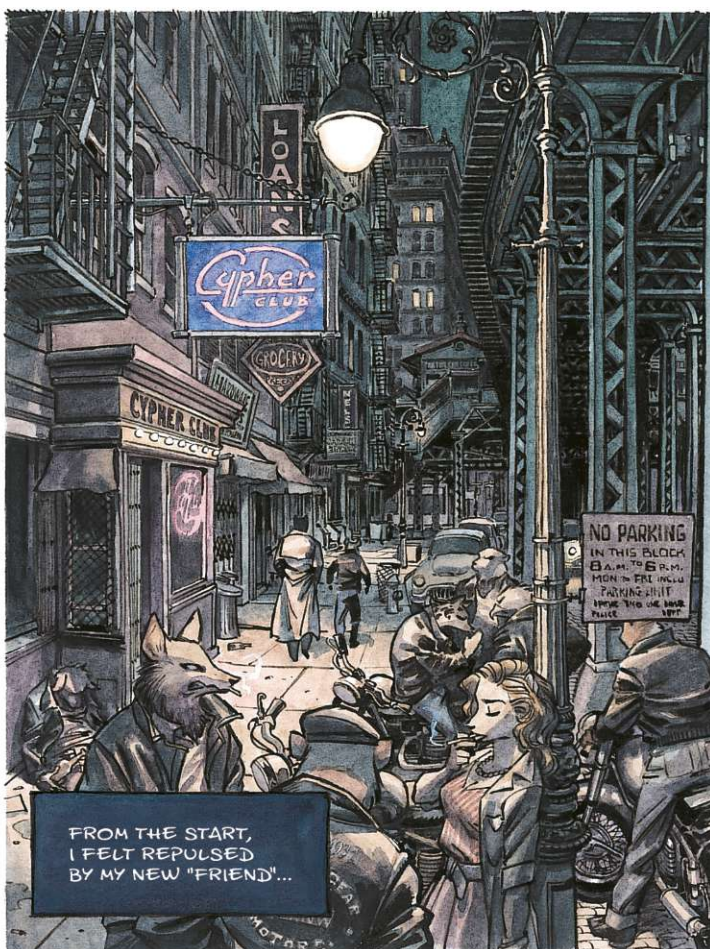
HEY, FRIEND--!



COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING. YOU KNOW, I COULD TAKE YOU TO LEON...FOR A PRICE, OF COURSE!



I'M GOIN' DOWN TO THE CEMETERY, 'CAUSE THE WORLD IS ALL DONE WRONG...YEAH, WAY DOWN THERE WITH ALL THE SPOOKS, TO HEAR 'EM SING MY SORROW SONG...\*



FROM THE START, I FELT REPULSED BY MY NEW "FRIEND"...



...A MATTER OF INSTINCT.

\*"CEMETERY BLUES," WRITTEN BY SID LANEY IN 1923.





...I WAS DAMNED, TOO.



THE RAT HAD SLIPPED AWAY...

...INSTINCT IS ALMOST NEVER WRONG.



HEY, YOU-- PRIVATE EYE. WE GOT A MESSAGE FOR YOU.

?





HOW TO DESCRIBE THOSE GUYS?



IT WAS AS IF THE TOMBS' MARBLE GARGOYLES HAD SUDDENLY COME TO LIFE.



AND THIS WAS LESS FROM THEIR SCARY LOOKS THAN THEIR HARDNESS.



PUNCHING BACK WAS LIKE HITTING A STONE WALL.



ALL THE SAME, THERE'S A WORD THAT WOULD DESCRIBE THEM PERFECTLY.

PROFESSIONAL.



HOPE YOU GOT THE MESSAGE. IF NOT, WE WOULDN'T MIND REPEATING IT.

FUCK YOU...



**IDIOT!**



I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I LAY UNCONSCIOUS AMONG THE BURIED DEAD...



WHAT I DO KNOW IS THAT WHEN I WOKE UP, I FELT KINDA AT HOME.



MUCH LATER, I FOUND MYSELF STUMBLING TO MY APARTMENT WITH THE FEELING THAT I HAD AGED TWENTY YEARS IN A SINGLE DAY.



BUT IN THIS CITY, NO ONE RESPECTS THE ELDERLY ANYMORE.



LYING BEATEN UP ON THAT COT, THE ONLY PART OF MY BODY STILL WORKING WAS MY BRAIN.

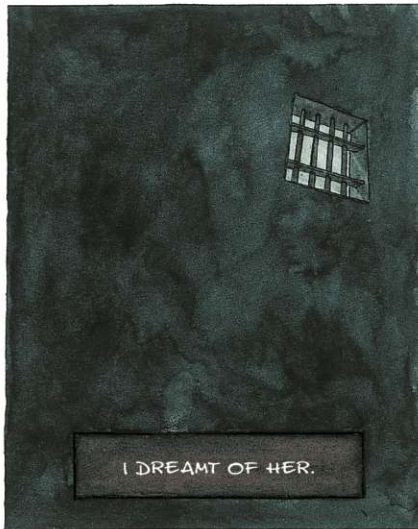
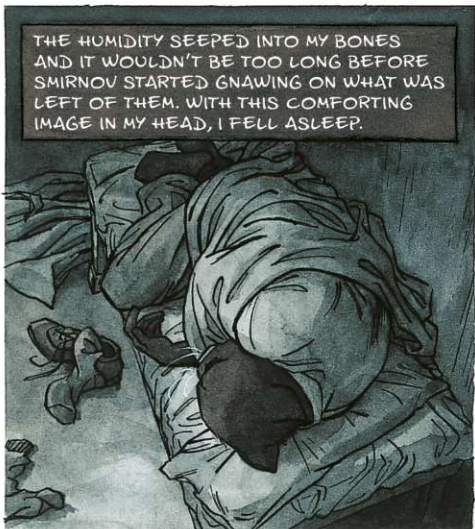


LEON, NATALIA'S LAST LOVER, HAD GONE UNDER A FAKE NAME ON A TRIP TO "SEE THE OTHER SIDE."

ELIMINATING AND ERASING A PERSON'S TRACKS ISN'T SOMETHING THAT JUST ANYONE CAN DO. ONLY SOMEONE VERY POWERFUL CAN PERMIT THEMSELVES THE LUXURY OF HAVING A MAN DISCREETLY MURDERED.



SOMEONE, BUT...WHO?







LISTEN, BLACKSAD-- THAT WILFORD CASE IS GETTING MUCH TOO HOT. I'VE ARRESTED YOU IN ORDER TO SPARE YOU SOME PROBLEMS.



AS YOU CAN SEE, YOU WERE A LITTLE LATE. THEY MADE A MEAL OUT OF MY FACE.



BAH! THAT'S NOTHING. I WOULDN'T THINK THAT BEING A BIT UGLIER FOR A LITTLE WHILE WOULD MATTER MUCH. CIGARETTE?



DON'T PUT ON THAT POKER FACE, JOHN. I HAVE SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU.



MY INVESTIGATIONS ARE POINTING VERY HIGH. SO I'VE BEEN GIVEN THE ORDER TO BURY THIS CASE.

AND I'VE GOT NO CHOICE BUT TO GIVE IN. THESE BASTARDS KNOW WHERE TO SQUEEZE.



I'M OUT OF THE GAME, BUT YOU'RE NOT. THIS IS MY PROPOSITION: ELIMINATE THE MURDERING SON OF A BITCH AND I'LL PERSONALLY COVER YOUR BACK.

!



WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS, SMIRNOV?



I LIKE TO IMAGINE A BETTER WORLD, WHERE EVEN THE POWERFUL PAY THEIR DEBTS.



DEEP DOWN, I AM NAÏVE.





EVEN AFTER WHAT HAD HAPPENED, I FELT A LITTLE HAPPIER. I WAS COMING BACK HOME, AND HAD MADE A POWERFUL ALLY.



THE NEXT STEP WAS TO FIND MY BULGING-EYED BUDDY, BUT FIRST...



...A MUCH-NEEDED HOT SHOWER.



SUDDENLY, I FELT A CHILL, AND THE SENSATION OF...



SURPRISE!

THAT HOT SHOWER WOULD HAVE TO WAIT.



LET'S GET SOMETHING STRAIGHT. SIT DOWN AND BE QUIET.

Aw!



YOU AND I HAVE A COMPATIBILITY PROBLEM.



AND FRANKLY, I DON'T INTEND TO GIVE UP A SINGLE DOLLAR.



I'VE BEEN THAT BASTARD'S RIGHT HAND FOR TOO MANY YEARS. FAR TOO MANY TO ALLOW A JACKASS LIKE YOU TO COME IN AND TRY TO STEAL MY GAME NOW.



LOOK: I'VE GOT THE WEAPON THAT KILLED THAT BITCH, COMPLETE WITH THE PRINTS FROM HIS DIRTY FINGERS SIGNING THE CRIME.



THE LIZARD WAS A BLACKMAILER. AND, KNOWING I WAS WORKING ALONE, HE FIGURED THAT I ALSO WANTED TO MAKE MONEY OFF THE AFFAIR.

AND YOU. WHAT DO YOU HAVE? THE GUN HE USED TO KILL LEON, MAYBE?



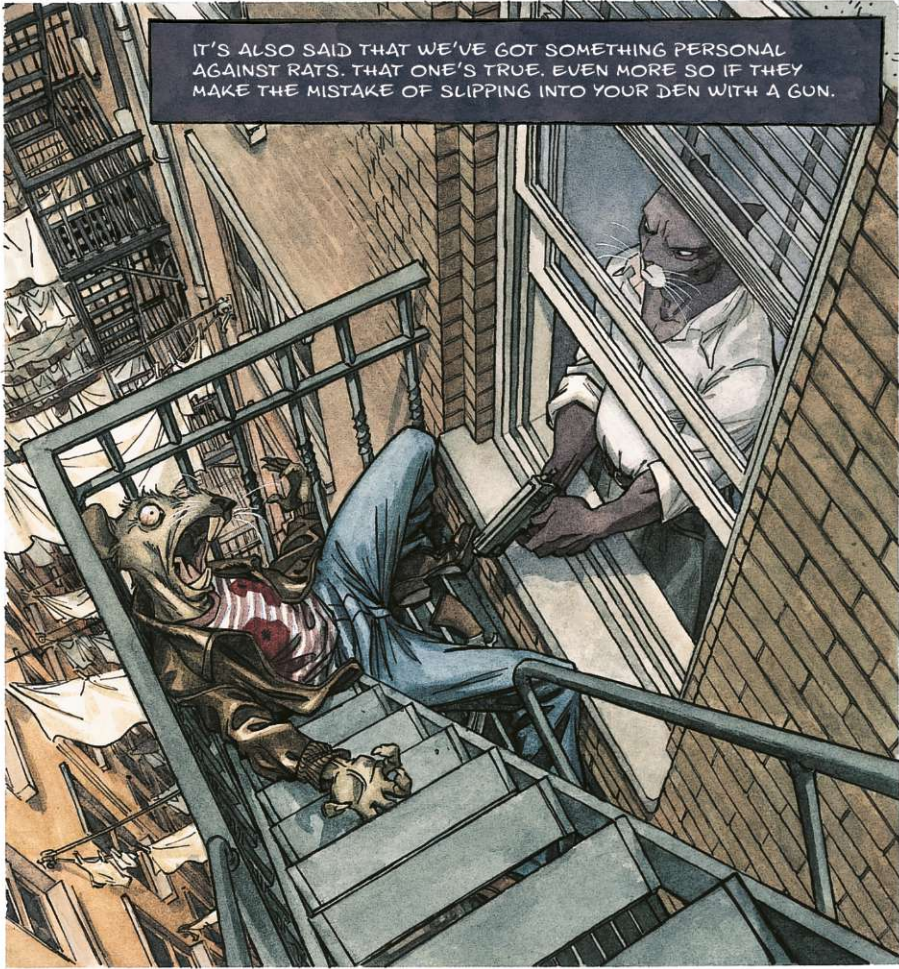
ANSWER ME!!





THERE ARE A LOT OF CLICHÉS ABOUT US CATS. ONE SAYS THAT WE HAVE NINE LIVES.

I'VE HONESTLY NEVER REALLY WANTED TO FIND OUT IF THAT'S TRUE OR NOT.



IT'S ALSO SAID THAT WE'VE GOT SOMETHING PERSONAL AGAINST RATS. THAT ONE'S TRUE, EVEN MORE SO IF THEY MAKE THE MISTAKE OF SLIPPING INTO YOUR DEN WITH A GUN.



WE ARE NOTHING... RIGHT, CAT?



SPENT SO MUCH TIME WAITING FOR MY CHANCE AND WHEN IT FINALLY HAPPENS, IT ALL FALLS TO PIECES...

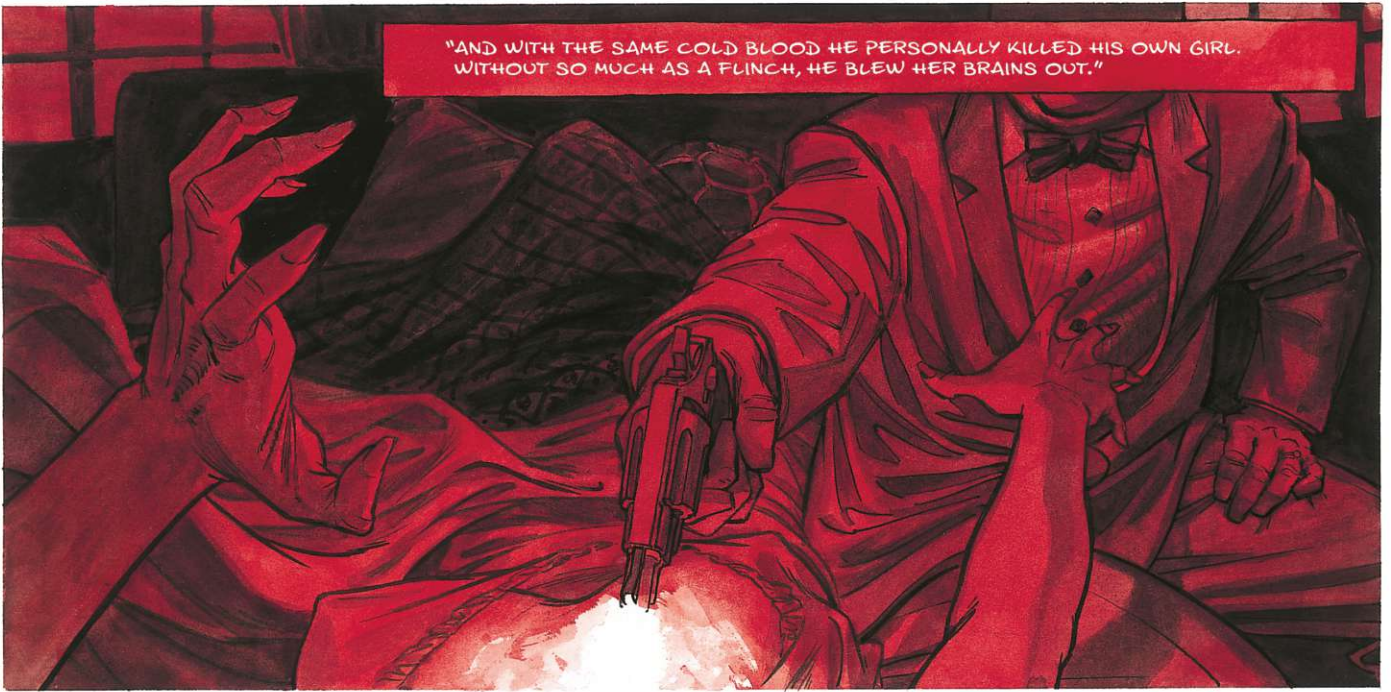


I'VE ENDURED ALL KINDS OF HUMILIATION, BUT I ALWAYS THOUGHT ABOUT THE DAY WHEN I WOULD GET EVEN...

HUH... NO THANKS, DON'T SMOKE.



"AND WITH THE SAME COLD BLOOD HE PERSONALLY KILLED HIS OWN GIRL. WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A FLINCH, HE BLEW HER BRAINS OUT."



BECAUSE  
IVO STATOC  
IS A SORE  
LOSER...

BUT I...  
LOOK AT ME...  
I'VE ALWAYS  
BEEN JUST  
A LOSER.



IVO STATOC.





MY NIGHTMARES HAD  
A NAME THEN.



SMIRNOV WASN'T WRONG. THE INVESTIGATIONS POINTED VERY HIGH INDEED.



SUCH AS THE TOP FLOOR OF THE STATOC TOWER, HOME TO THE OFFICES OF THE RICHEST GUY IN TOWN.



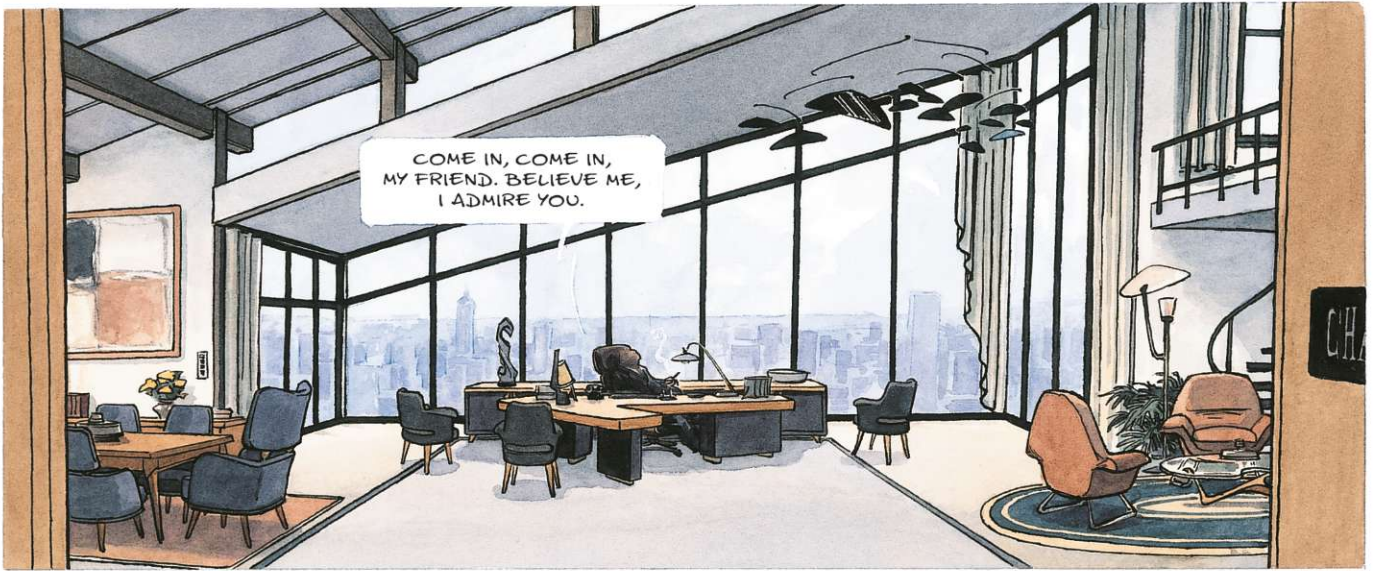
IVO STATOC WAS ONE OF THOSE SELF-MADE MILLIONAIRES WHO DIDN'T CARE WHO THEY HAD TO RUN OVER IN ORDER TO MAKE IT.



A PERSON RICH IN PRIVILEGE AND DIRTY-POOR IN MORAL FIBER.







COME IN, COME IN,  
MY FRIEND. BELIEVE ME,  
I ADMIRE YOU.



A GOOD HANDYMAN  
IS WHAT I NEED. NOT  
ALL THOSE INCOMPETENTS  
WHO SHOULD HAVE  
STOPPED YOU FROM  
GETTING HERE.

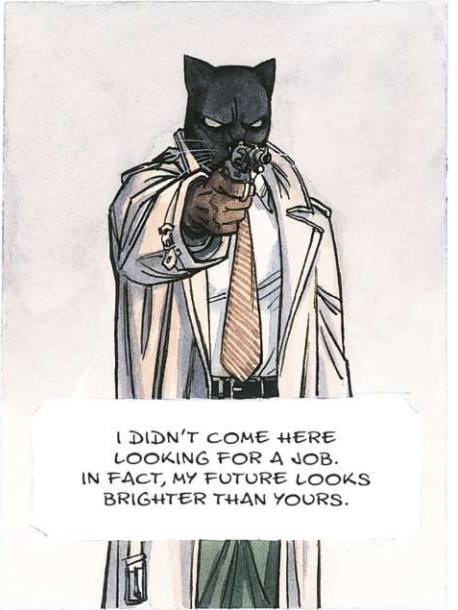
SO AS YOU HAVE SEEN,  
I NEED NEW BLOOD...



PEOPLE LIKE YOU.



HEY NOW, SON, WHY THE  
SILENT TREATMENT? THAT'S  
NO WAY TO TREAT SOMEBODY  
WHO'S OFFERING YOU A JOB.



I DIDN'T COME HERE  
LOOKING FOR A JOB.  
IN FACT, MY FUTURE LOOKS  
BRIGHTER THAN YOURS.



WELL, EVERYTHING IS NEGOTIABLE... WILL A HUNDRED THOUSAND DO JUSTICE TO YOUR SKILLS?



STATOC, YOU'VE GOT A TWISTED IDEA OF JUSTICE. IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH MONEY. MONEY HAS ITS LIMITS...

...IT CAN'T BRING THE DEAD BACK TO LIFE, AND IT CAN'T QUIET THE CONSCIENCE OF THOSE NEEDING VENGEANCE.



CAN'T EVEN STOP ME FROM KILLING YOU.



HA, HA, HA... THE CONSCIENCE! THAT'S THE REASON WHY YOU CAN'T PULL THE TRIGGER.



YOU ARE MERELY A POOR DEVIL, FULL OF THOSE MORALS AND SCRUPLES.

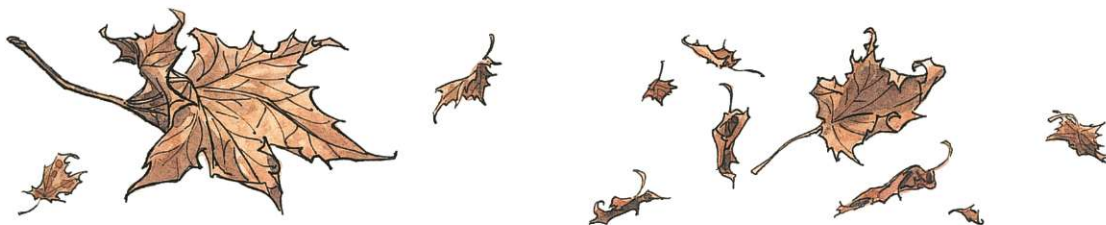


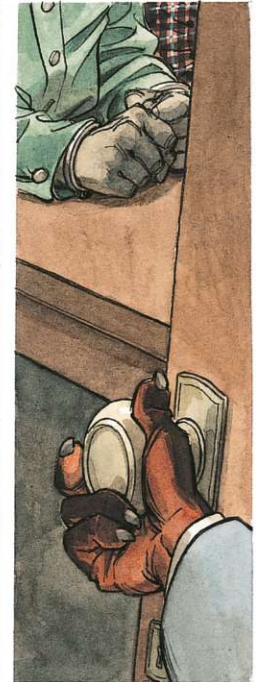
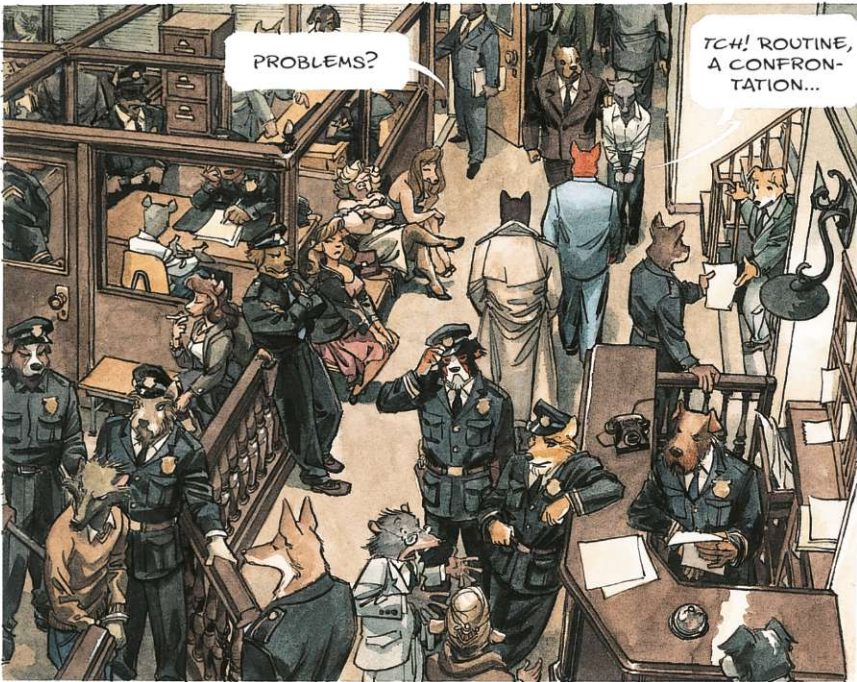


IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT SMIRK, I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO KILL HIM. BUT THE HARM WAS ALREADY DONE. AND HIS PRECIOUS COLD BLOOD WAS LEAKING ALL OVER HIS DESK.



SMIRNOV WOULD DO THE REST AND MANAGE TO CLOSE THE CASE AS A SUICIDE.









WELL, GENTLEMEN. IS THIS THE GUY WHO HIT YOU, AND WHO YOU CLAIM ALSO...

...KILLED IVO STATOC? CONCENTRATE, TAKE YOUR TIME.



IT'S HIM-- THE FUCKING DETECTIVE!



HE'S THE KILLER!



TOUGH LUCK, GUYS. THIS MAN'S GOT AN ALIBI: HE WAS IN HIS APARTMENT WHEN ALL THIS HAPPENED. THE LIEUTENANT HERE WAS KEEPING AN EYE ON HIM AS A PRIME SUSPECT IN THE WILFORD MURDER. ISN'T THAT RIGHT, LIEUTENANT?

KRIK!



NOW, NOW... THOSE REMARKS WON'T GET YOU ANYWHERE.



YEP.



SON OF A BITCH!

THAT'S NOT TRUE, YOU LYING BASTARDS! THIS IS ALL A SETUP!



LIEUTENANT, CARRY ON WITH THE INTERROGATION. EITHER I'M MISTAKEN OR OUR FRIENDS HERE KNOW A LOT MORE ABOUT THE DEATHS OF NATALIA WILFORD AND LEON KRONSKI.

OKAY.



THIS IS A JOKE!

FUCKERS!

I WANT TO TALK TO MY LAWYER!



THE TRUTH IS, JOHN... I USED TO SEE CLEARLY, BUT NOW...



...ANYWAY, WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS THAT I'M NOT TOO PROUD OF MYSELF. I DON'T HAVE A CLEAN CONSCIENCE, AND IT'S A VERY UNPLEASANT FEELING.

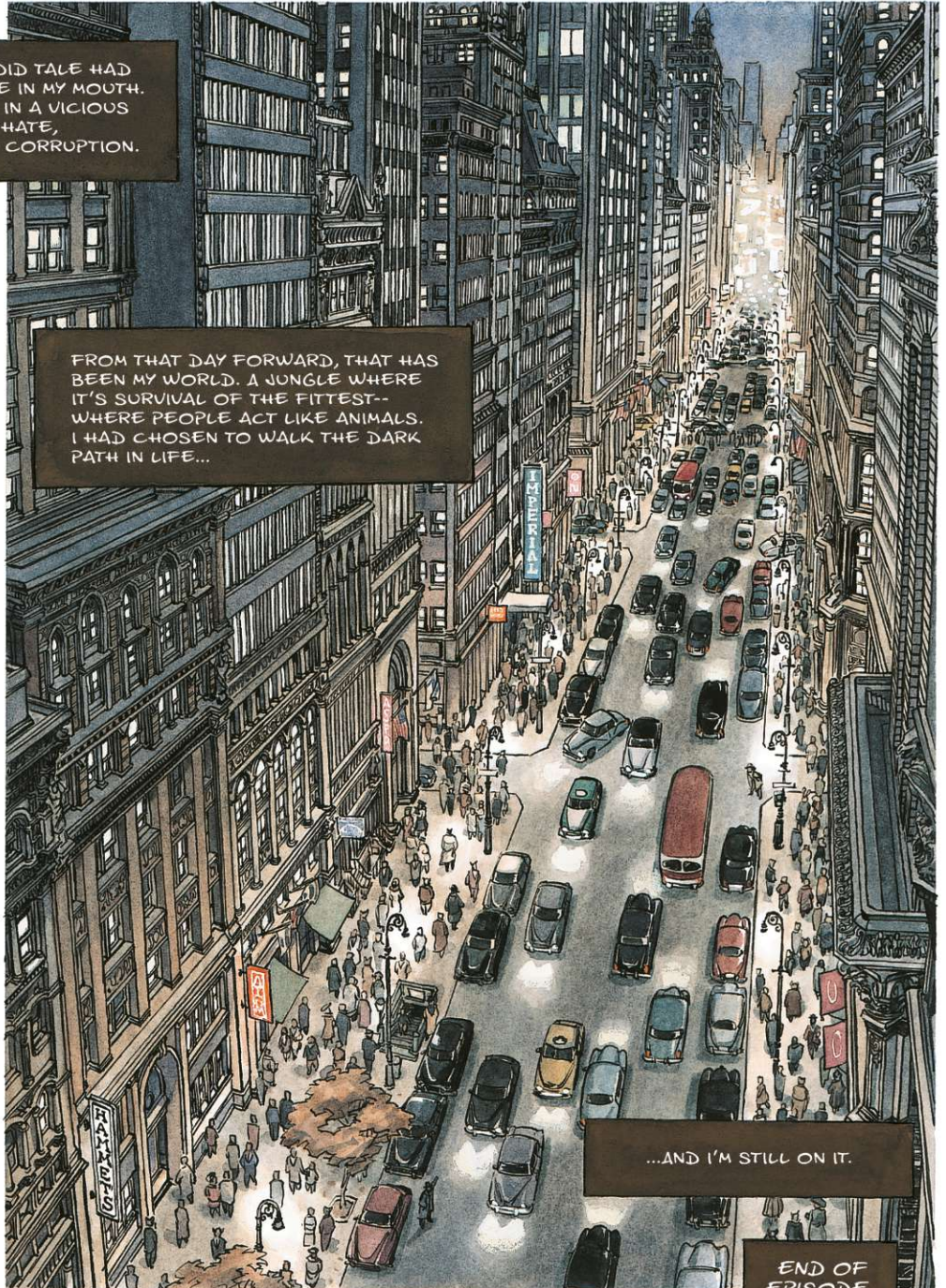


CHIEF, THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH HAVING A CONSCIENCE. I'LL BE SEEING YOU.

GOODBYE, MY FRIEND. TAKE CARE.



THE WHOLE SORDID TALE HAD LEFT A BAD TASTE IN MY MOUTH. I WAS BREATHING IN A VICIOUS ATMOSPHERE OF HATE, VENGEANCE, AND CORRUPTION.



FROM THAT DAY FORWARD, THAT HAS BEEN MY WORLD. A JUNGLE WHERE IT'S SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST-- WHERE PEOPLE ACT LIKE ANIMALS. I HAD CHOSEN TO WALK THE DARK PATH IN LIFE...

...AND I'M STILL ON IT.

END OF EPISODE





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J. GUARNIDO

"Sometimes, when I go into my office, I feel like I'm strolling among the ruins of an ancient civilisation. Not so much because of the prevailing disorder, but because it seems to me that it represents the remains of the civilised person I used to be."



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