



image

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NOV

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US

CHACHU

IMAN VELLANI MARIANNA IGNAZZI JORDIE BELLAIRE LUCAS GATTONI



My thoughts came in
like a bad **dub**--everything
a beat out of sync.

I was still marinating in
last night's poison when
the ghost driving my body
finally clocked out...

Seems this little
Casper left quite the
curious parting gift...

Chachu.

Gun.

Chachu's
gun.

I figured private eyes
played it straight. Leaned
on words, patience--
maybe not **morality**,
but something close
enough to fake it.

Guess some cases
didn't wait for the
right words...

Guess **some** cases only
spoke one language...



I didn't want to be intrigued, mind you, but the weight of it caught me off guard...

Even more when I couldn't feel it anymore.

I wondered if that was the power slipping in--

--or the fear slipping out.

HUURGK!

CYRIL'S ATTEMPT AT A WEDDING GIFT.

HAVE YOU EVER...?

IT'S JUST FOR SAFETY.

C'MON, GET DRESSED--

"--I'M DONE
HOLDIN' MY
BREATH IN THIS
SMITHOLE."

SHUGAK--!!



"LEAVING SO
SOON, MRS.
CHANDLER?"



