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DAMNIT
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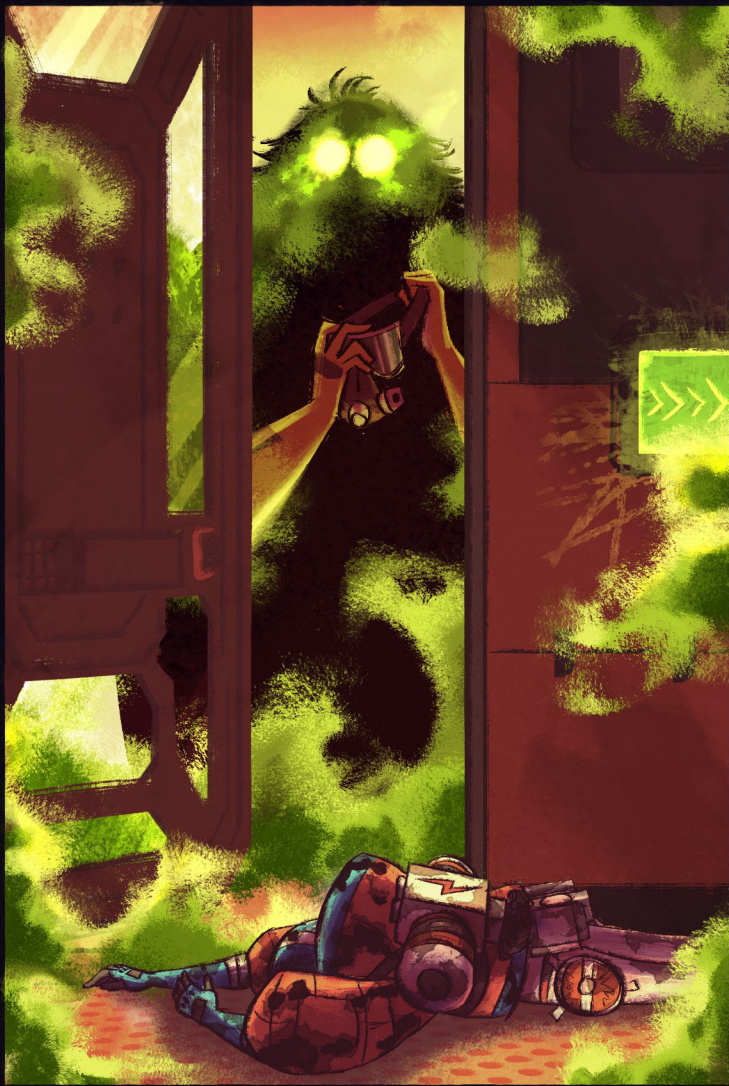
TELL ME
COUGH! HOW
TO TURN OFF
THE GAS!

I WOULD
EXPEDITE
YOUR RETREAT,
MS. PAQUETTE.

NOT WHEN SO
MANY... DEPEND ON
ME... STOPPING
YOU...

THEY SUFFER
INCONSEQUENTIAL
LIVES OF MEANINGLESS
NOISE; IN DEATH, I
GIFT THEM PURPOSE.







IF THE SYNDICATE FINDS OUT WHAT NEARLY HAPPENED TO SOLACE CITY, WELL...

YOU'VE HEARD WHAT THEY'VE PLANNED FOR MAD MAGGIE. SOME VERY... CREATIVE PUNISHMENTS. YOU THINK THEY WOULDN'T DO THE SAME TO YOU?

I WON'T SAY ANYTHING, OF COURSE. BECAUSE FROM NOW ON, DOCTOR... YOU PLAY BY MY RULES.



YOU WILL BE A BETTER MAN, WHETHER YOU WANT IT OR NOT.

CALLOUS. MANIPULATIVE. LOGICAL.

MS. PAQUETTE, IT ALMOST MAKES ME PROUD.



NOW WE HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING: IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WANT TO TELL ME?

APOLOGIES ARE FOR CHILDREN. I MAY HAVE MIS-CALCULATED—

I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT SOLACE CITY! YOUR COUGHING... YOUR DESPERATE AMBITION... YOU OWE ME THE TRUTH.

...



NO. YOU SHOULDN'T WASTE YOUR TIME WORRYING ABOUT THIS OLD FOOL.



BUT I DO, PAPA... I DO.

