

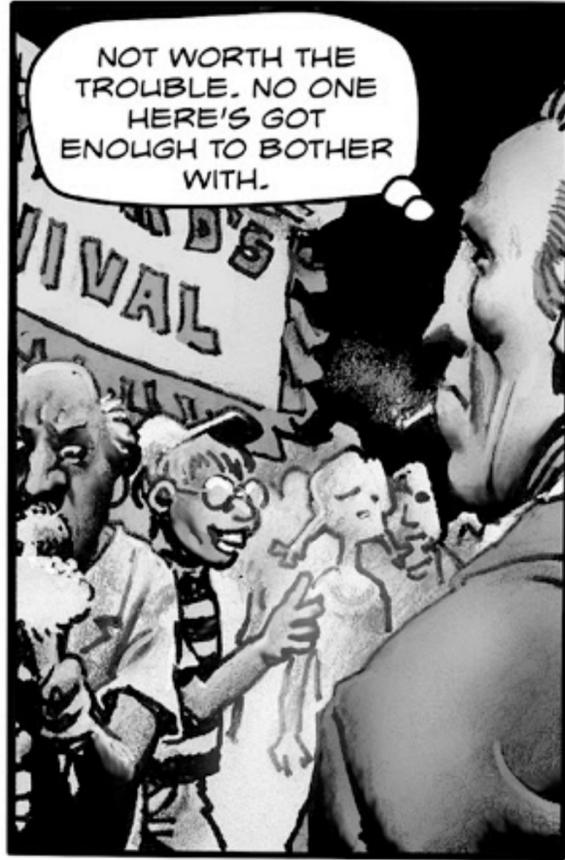
ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A RURAL TOWN,
THE DIM LIGHTS OF A TRANSIENT CARNIVAL PUSHED BACK THE
DARK. LOCAL FOLKS GATHERED TO MAKE THE MOST OF THE
TEMPORARY EVENT, IMMERSSED IN *GREASY, SUGARY SMELLS*
AND *CLINKERING MUSIC*. FRANK DORMEL, A PRACTICED
SMALL-TIME THIEF, WEAVED IN AMONG THEM, GREEDY FOR AN
EASY MARK, UNCONSCIOUS OF BEING OBSERVED BY . .

THE CLOWN



THESE PLACES ARE A
CINCH. PEOPLE CARRYING
WADS OF CASH AND LOTS
OF DISTRACTIONS
AROUND.







ANY OPPORTUNITIES HERE?

HEY, CREEP! YOU'VE GOT NO REASON TO BE BACK HERE!



OH... ISN'T THE TILT-A-WHIRL RIDE THIS WAY?

I'LL TILT-A-WHIRL YOU IF YOU DON'T CLEAR OUT!



ON YOUR WAY!

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME!



UNH!



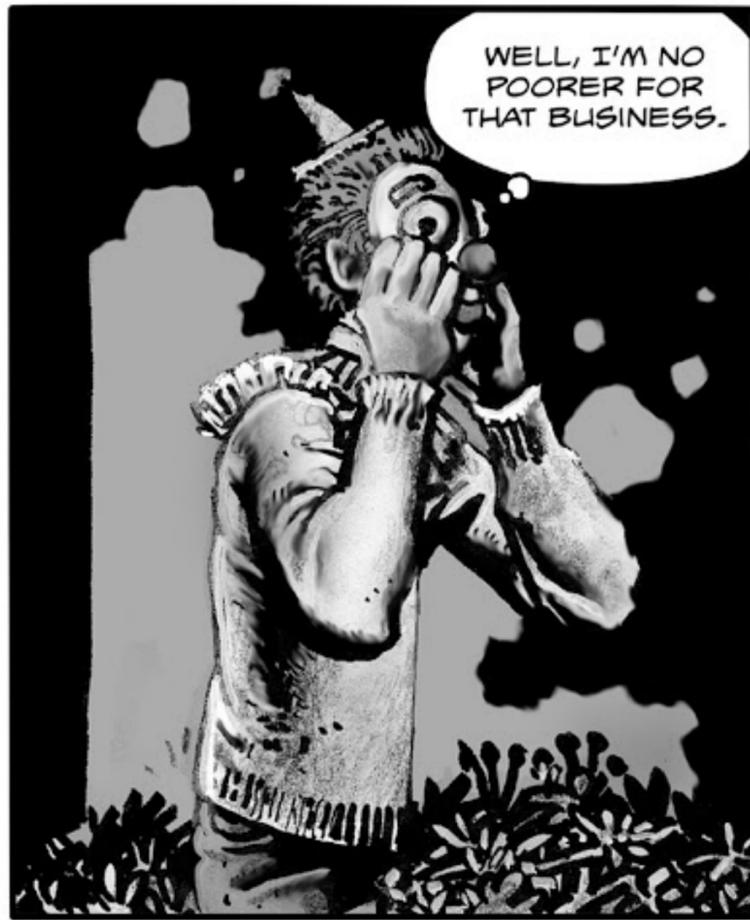
NOBODY MESSSES WITH FRANK DORMEL.



NOW WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH THIS CARCASS? DAMN! BLOOD ON EVERYTHING.



NOBODY WILL FIND YOU THERE ... FOR A WHILE.



WELL, I'M NO POORER FOR THAT BUSINESS.



BUT NO RICHER, EITHER.



THE CROWD SEEMS TO BE THINNING OUT.



DON'T MISS IT!



I SHOULD AT LEAST CHECK HER OUT.



WOW! NOT BAD. I GUESS I'D DO HER.





