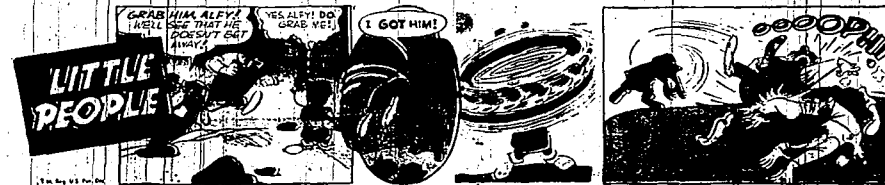




# FRANKIE and his FRIENDS

MERRILL BLOSSER  
7th Day 10th Day 11th Day



# Vic FLINT

WHILE I WAS WITH  
VANCE LANS, ASSASSINATOR  
GROWL HAD A VISITOR

WHO DONE IT? WHO KILLED FLARE? FLINT?  
YOU MUST KNOW OR YOU'D BE TRYING TO  
PIN IT ON ME!

MILLS, YOU'RE NOTHING  
BUT A LIMP, BIG-SHOT  
GAMBLER BUT I'LL TELL YOU  
THIS, THIS DEPARTMENT IS MAKING  
EVERY EFFORT TO FIND OUT WHO  
KILLED YOUR GAL...



FLINT, THAT'S WHO!  
WELL I'M GOING TO  
SQUARE THINGS!



VIC, WHAT MAKES YOU  
THINK RUTLEDGE MUR-  
DERED KIMBLE?  
A HIS ROOMMATE?



A LETTER ARRIVED FOR KIMBLE AFTER  
HIS DEATH. I SAW IT. RUTLEDGE TOLD  
POLICE THERE WASN'T A LETTER, THEN  
THERE'S THE INSURANCE.



KIMBLE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH,  
BUT MAYBE HE DIDN'T KNOW  
HE HAD ANY. A LANDLORD'S  
IN A PERFECT SPOT TO RUN  
AN INSURANCE BUSINESS.



EBBY SAW RUTLEDGE ALONE AND  
ACTED HER PART PERFECTLY...

I'M HATTIE BEECH, MR. KIMBLE'S  
AUNT. TELL ME, DID FRED LEAVE  
ANYTHING BEHIND I COULD HAVE  
AS A WELL, PERSONAL  
REMEMBRANCES?



HE DIDN'T  
BAT AN  
EYELASH.  
VIC GAVE  
ME NOTH-  
ING BUT  
SYMPATHY.



MAYBE I'M WRONG  
AND HE DOESN'T  
KNOW THE BENEF-  
ICIARY, BUT LET'S  
STICK AROUND FOR  
A WHILE.

WE DIDN'T  
HAVE TO  
WAIT LONG.  
RUTLEDGE  
APPEARED  
AND  
TAILED HIM  
TO A PHONE  
BOOTH. AFTER  
HE HAD  
DEPOSITED  
SEVERAL  
COINS...



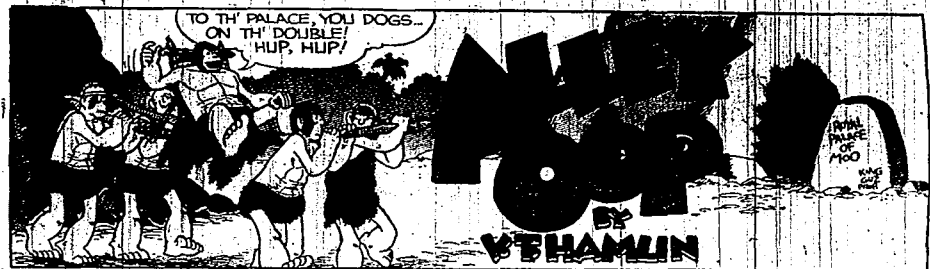
YOU WOULDN'T BE CALLING THE  
REAL HATTIE BEECH, WOULD YOU,  
RUTLEDGE? HAND OVER THE  
PHONE BEFORE I --



I HEARD THE CRACK OF  
THE GUN, LIST BEFORE  
RUTLEDGE SLUMPED.



I TURNED AND SAW VINCE MILLS, THE GAMBLER  
WHO CLEANED OUT KIMBLE, FIRING AT ME!



WHAT  
YOU  
SAY?



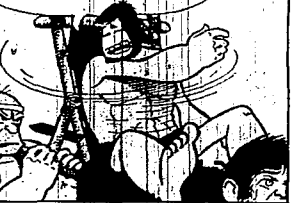
I SAID GET  
A MOVE ON,  
I AIN'T GOT  
ALL DAY!



LOOK, OOP, WE  
WORK FOR KING  
GUZ. WE DON'T  
HATE TAKE  
ORDERS FROM  
YOU!



TH' HECK YOU DON'T! GUZ  
SENT YOU T'TOTE ME TO  
TH' PALACE AN' I'M DANG  
WELL GONNA TELL YOU  
HOW I WANT  
IT DONE!



THAT'S TH' STUFF! NOW  
WE'RE GETTIN' SOME  
WHERE! YEZZIE!



WHAT A FINE  
MESS THIS IS!  
NOW OUR  
DINNER'S  
RUINED!



DINNER? YMEAN  
YOU HAD ME  
BROUGHT HERE  
JUST TO HAVE  
DINNER WITH  
YOU?



YEH, BUT NOW  
THERE AIN'T  
ENOUGH LEFT  
TO FEED A  
MEDIUM SIZED  
CRICKET!



WELL, THAT'S  
ABOUT PAR  
FOR TH' COURSE...



LAST TIME WE HAD  
DINNER TOGETHER, I  
HADDA SLUG YOU  
T'EVEN GET A  
SMELL!



