

G.G.G.2

It was a cold night. The sky was a sickly, soupy orange color and i was out there, searching for answers in this uncaring city that has no interest in redemption or second chances.

floor 13.
room 17,
of the
sterick
building.

the end of line for a poor
lost soul i once helped
coming out of the darkness.

everyone called him Pudgy,
a former crook who
decided he had enough
of hanging out with the
wrong crowd.

he amazed everyone, rebuilt his
life from scratch.

and yet you look at
the stiff and you bet
he had the night
of his life.

i had to check things
out again..something
wasn't adding up

SLAM

a job, friends and
he was about
to get married.

then this october,
the fall. He disappears,
starts drinking again and
blows a hole in his brain.

if only i knew what the
truth was..



s-sorry

didn't want
to slam
the door
so hard.



B..Bentley. Detective
Bentley

a..are you ok mr..

oh.
are you here
for Pudgy?



yes..Just a routine check
of course.

and you
are?

father
George
Russelwood
i'm ..i was
a friend.



Russelwood?
ah, yes.. you were
at the function.
quite a passionate
eulogy..fell asleep
around the start
of it.



it was passionate
because i cared
deeply for Pudgy.



you don't see
often a person
so changed by
the word of
our lord.

and he was so
grateful to me..
i was his lifeline,
his guide, his
friend.



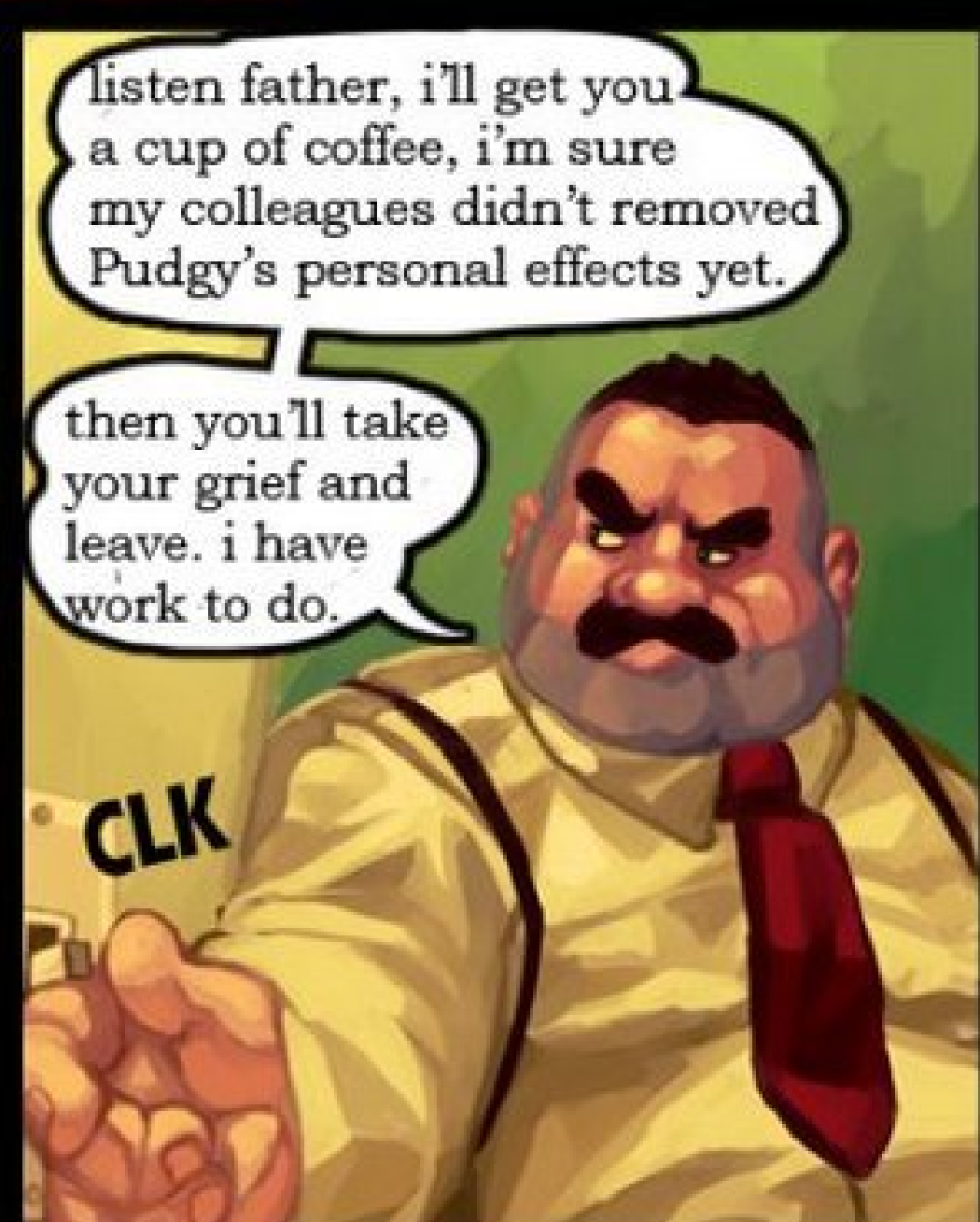
and i failed him..
i couldn't see his
problems..
his suffering.



p..pudgy

huu haw haaww

oh for fuck's
sake..Not the
waterworks.



listen father, i'll get you
a cup of coffee, i'm sure
my colleagues didn't removed
Pudgy's personal effects yet.

then you'll take
your grief and
leave. i have
work to do.

CLK

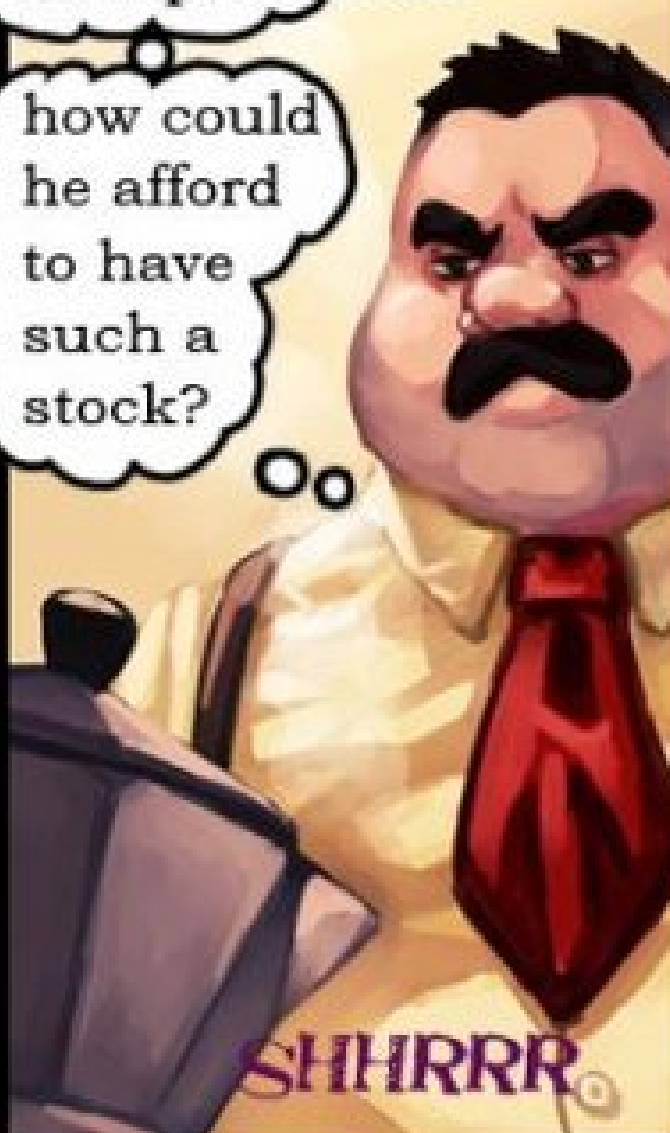
so suspicious. Why turn up here after the funerals and all? what kind of impact could pudgy have made on a priest?



and pudgy's lifestyle doesn't add up either.

this italian shit he always offered me is super expensive for example.

how could he afford to have such a stock?



SHRRR

and this cigar smell.. he would feel sick at the faintest odor of smoke.. did someone else come here?



what if the goody two shoes thing was only an act..? maybe..



jesus!



what's wrong with this coffee?

and it smells kinda like.. uh..

baby batter?



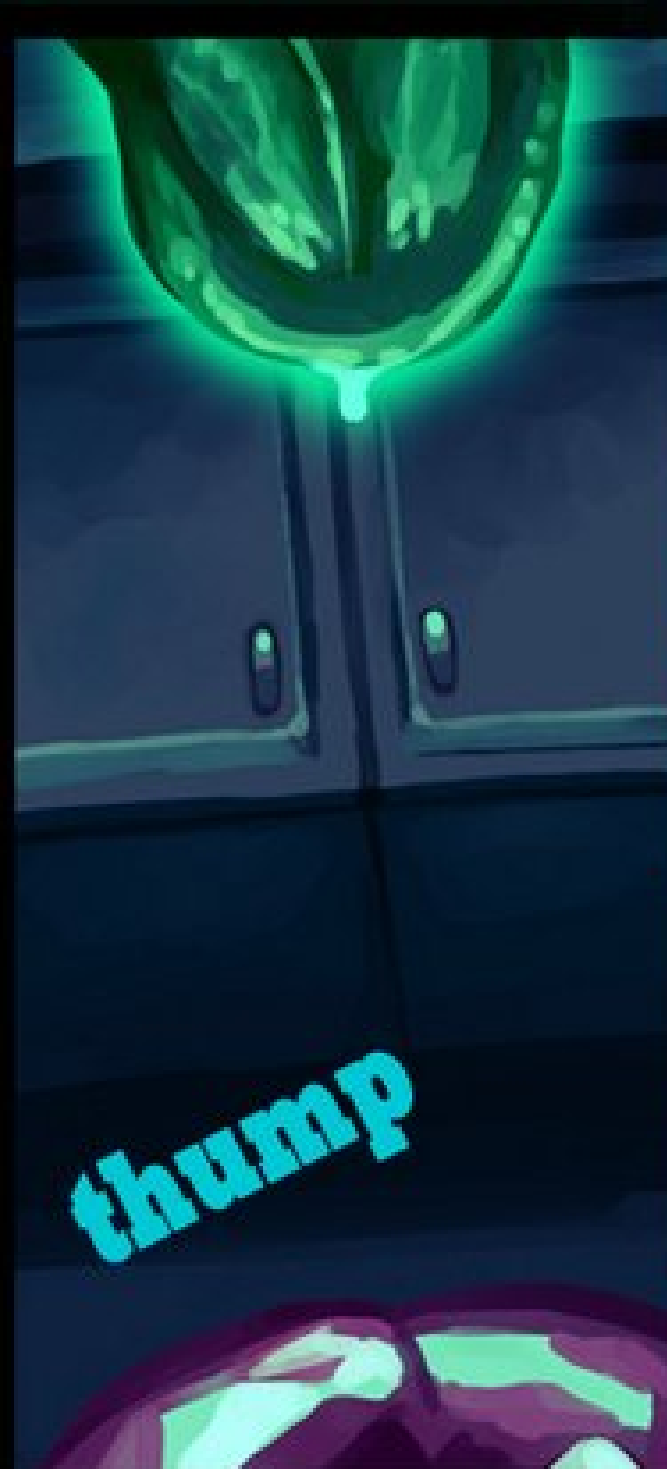
CLK

the lights?



BOO onasera, detective Bentley!

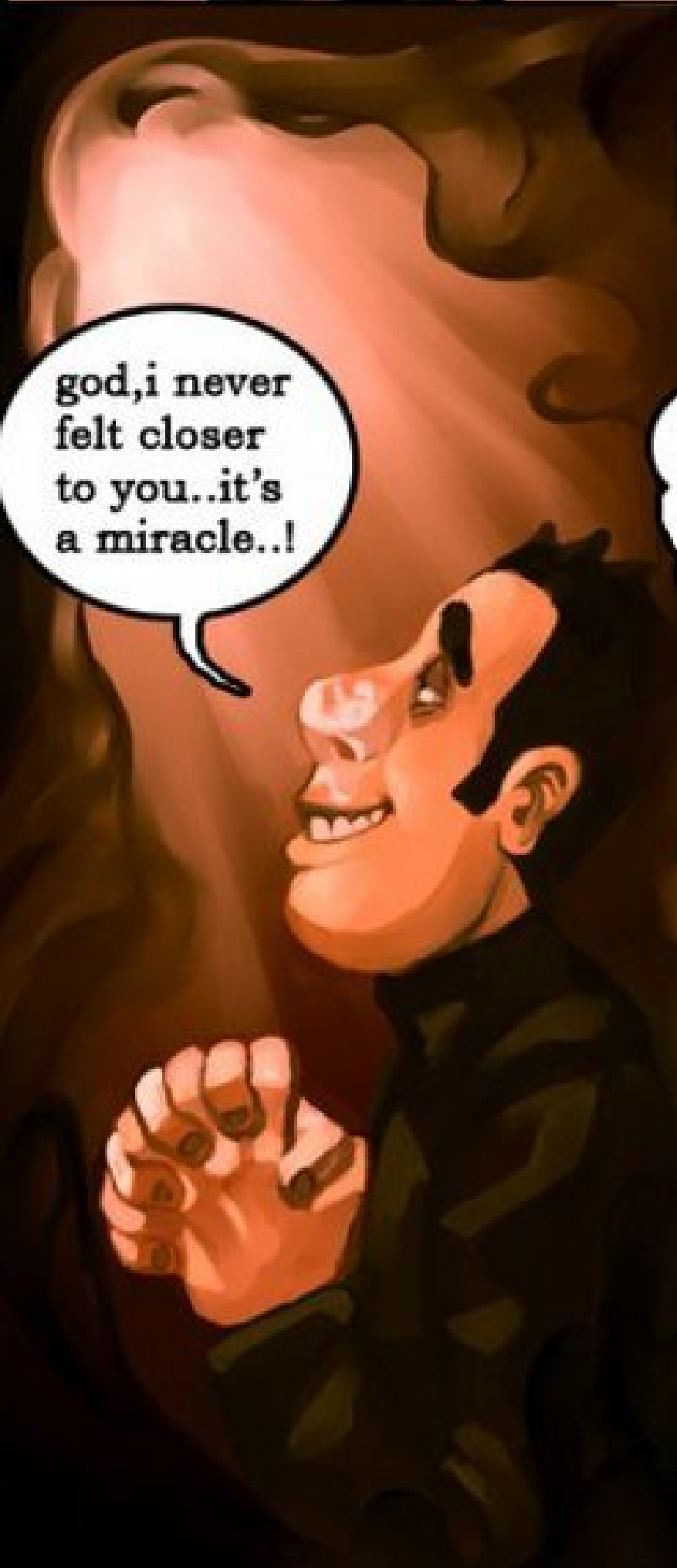






father you must help me..
hide this for me. It's from
the ol gang, i can't let
the cops find it on me..

i..um..ok
pudgy.



god,i never
felt closer
to you..it's
a miracle..!

ok listen pudgy,here's
the plan: you bring me more
of this stuff and i sell it
here..trust me no one will
suspect a thing..we'll be
filthy rich!!

wow..we never
manage to sell
a gram..yer
good father!

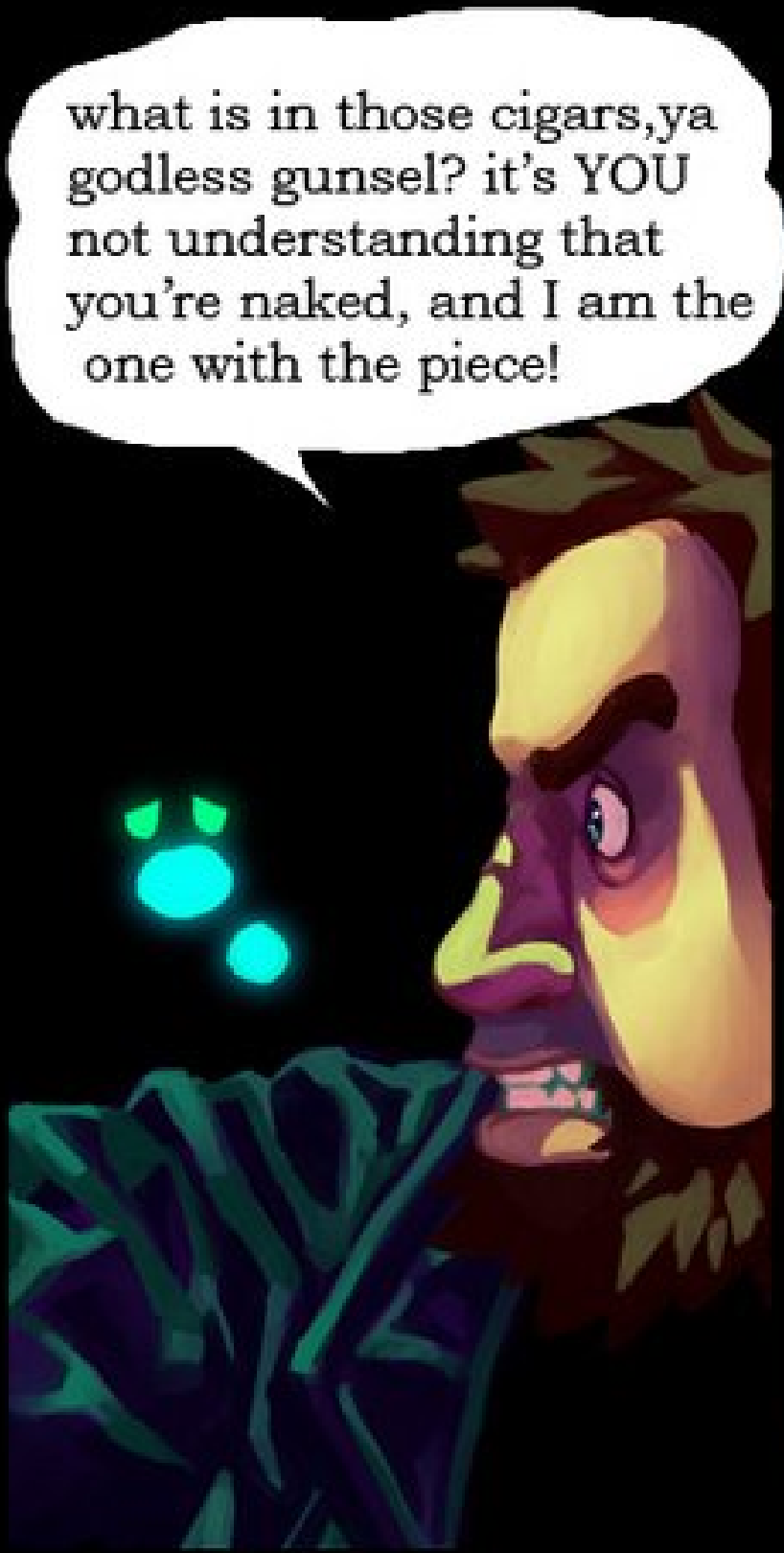
so THAT's where
half of the monthly
deliveries went!!!!

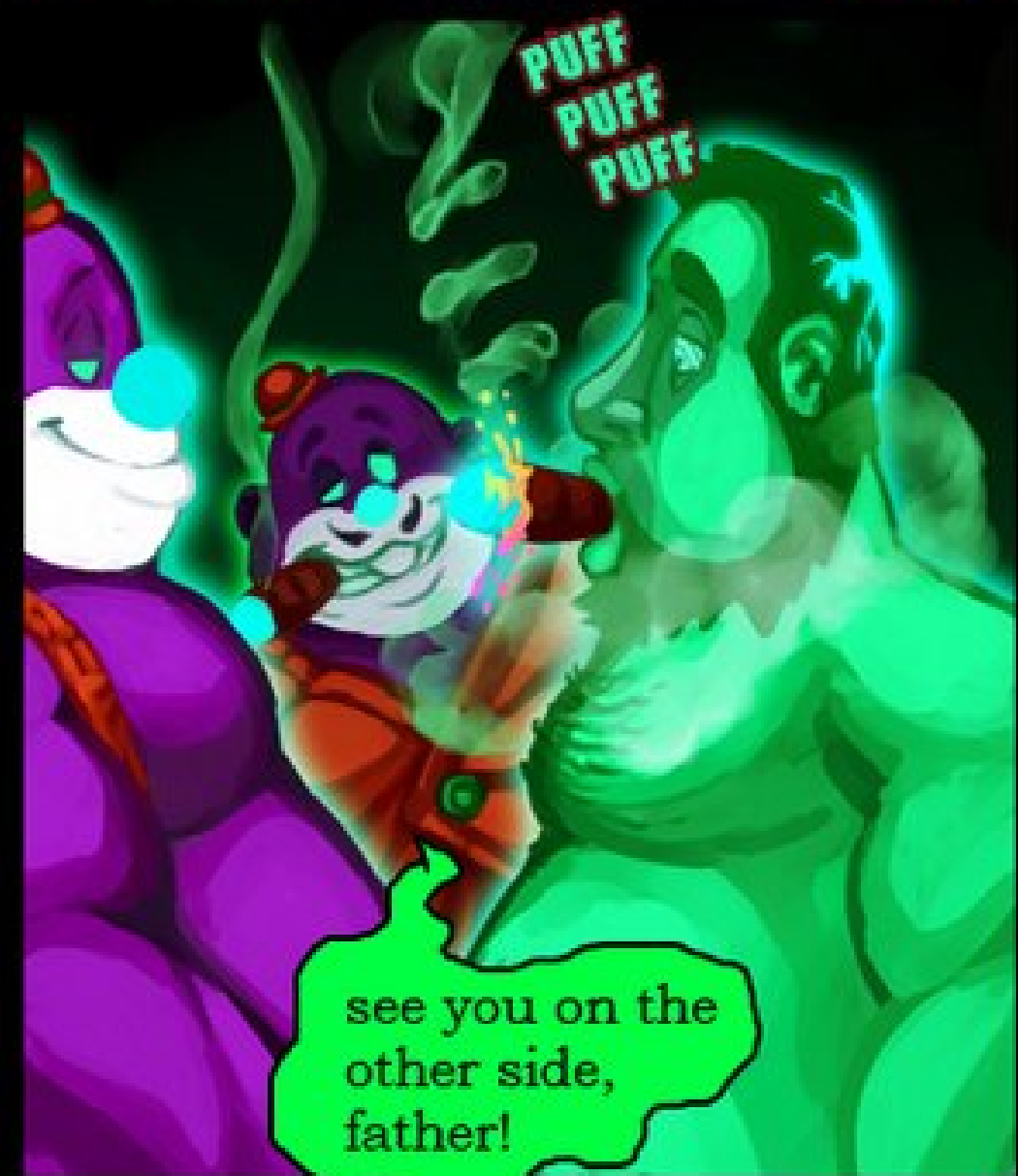
you have a problem
father..i'll sell it
myself!











come here ya bastard
i always wanted
to fuck a man
of church..

ah i bet you
do you stupid
pig..

SLURP
SMOOCH
SUCK

FAPP
FAPP
FAPP
FAPP

HFF HFF
OHFUCK! OHFUCK!
YES!,YES !
I'M TAKING UP
THE ASS !! I'M
TAKING IT UP
THE ASS!!

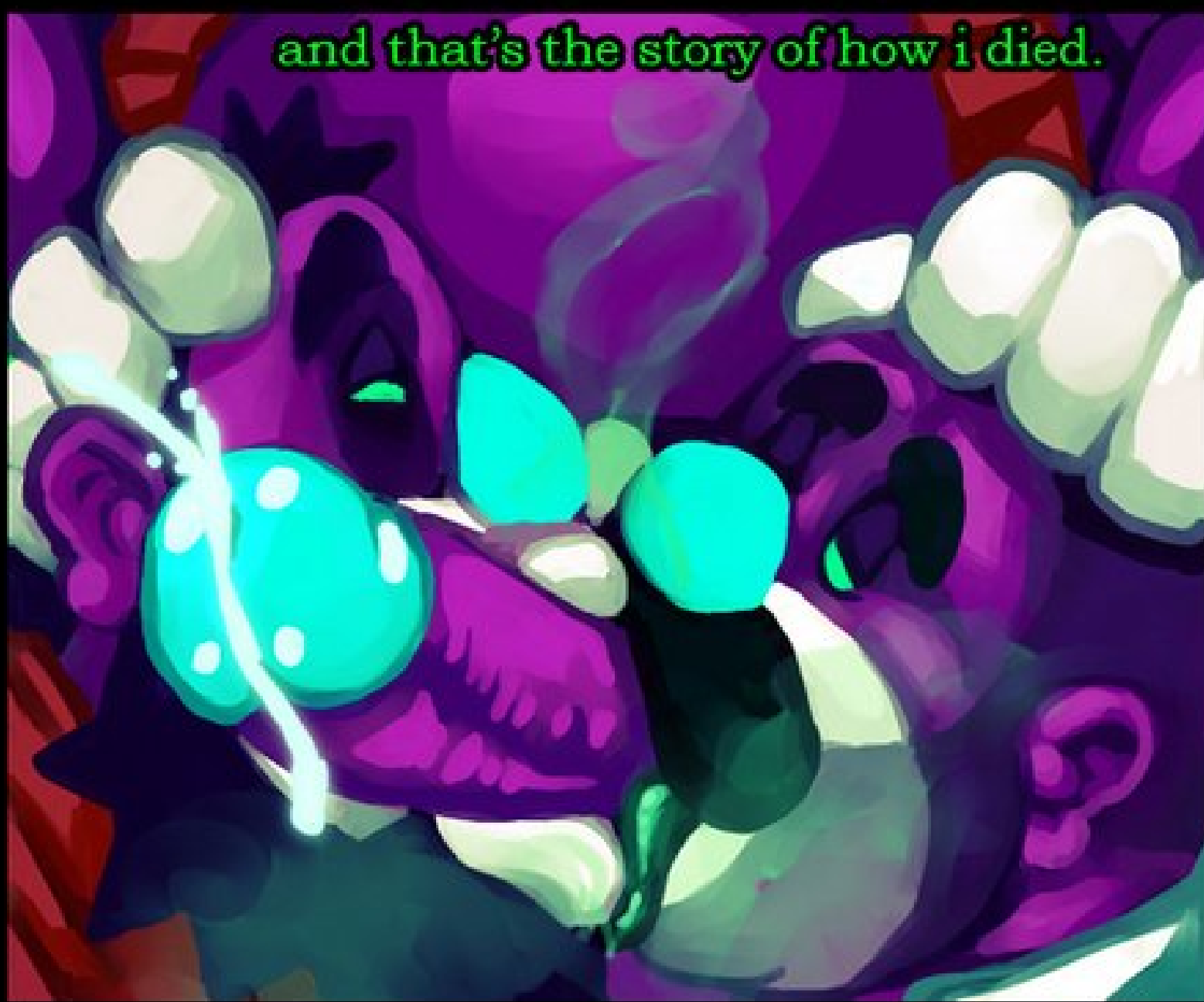
christ father shut
up and take it like
a man hhnngg..

PLTCH
SLTCH
PLAP
PLAP
PLAPP

hahslurp
this is
the life
buddy!

mmhslup!

and that's the story of how i died.



i accomplished
nothing



i am just a dumb
copper who loves
cock too much. I
thought i could
uncover the mistery
of pudgy's death



but all i got was a belly full
of cum. And hey i can't
complain, no siree! he he
heh.. i love these guys, they
fuck me without a question
and we're out all night boozin
it up and fucking in ghost
bars.

oh, and Pops eventually made up
with Pudgy. Pudgy really wanted him
to join our gang, even after he was
such a scoundrel to him ,that silly
goose.



i wonder what was
going on between those
two in the end? ah ,well
i'm to dumb to be a
detective anyways,
and i can't care less

i guess that all that counts
in the end is that we're
all togheter now



all our silly meat
squabbles and
problems seems
so childish now..

we're happy now.



happy forever!

**haw
haw
haw!**

the end