

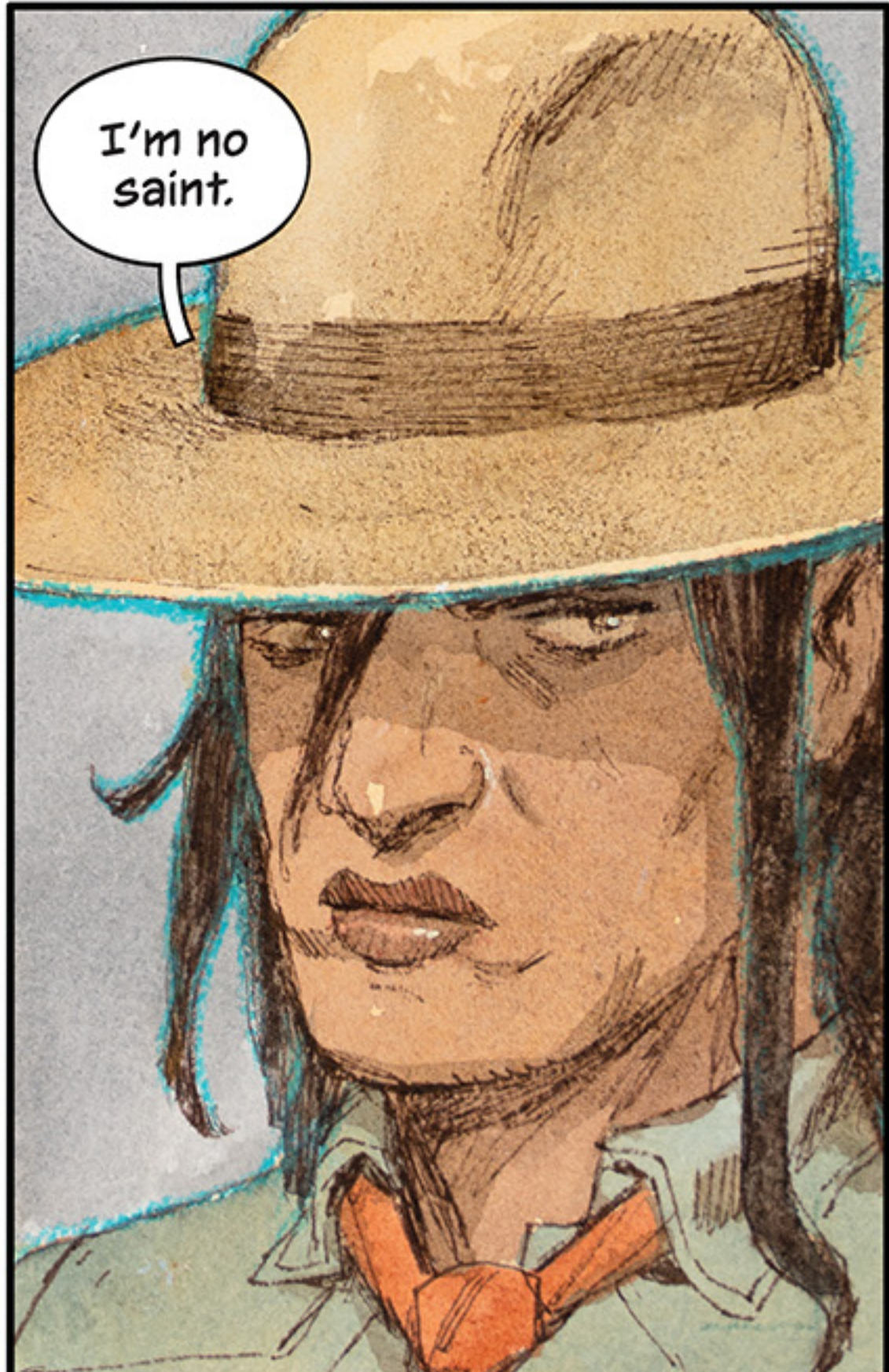
Why?

In all your centuries, you never watched other people get it on?

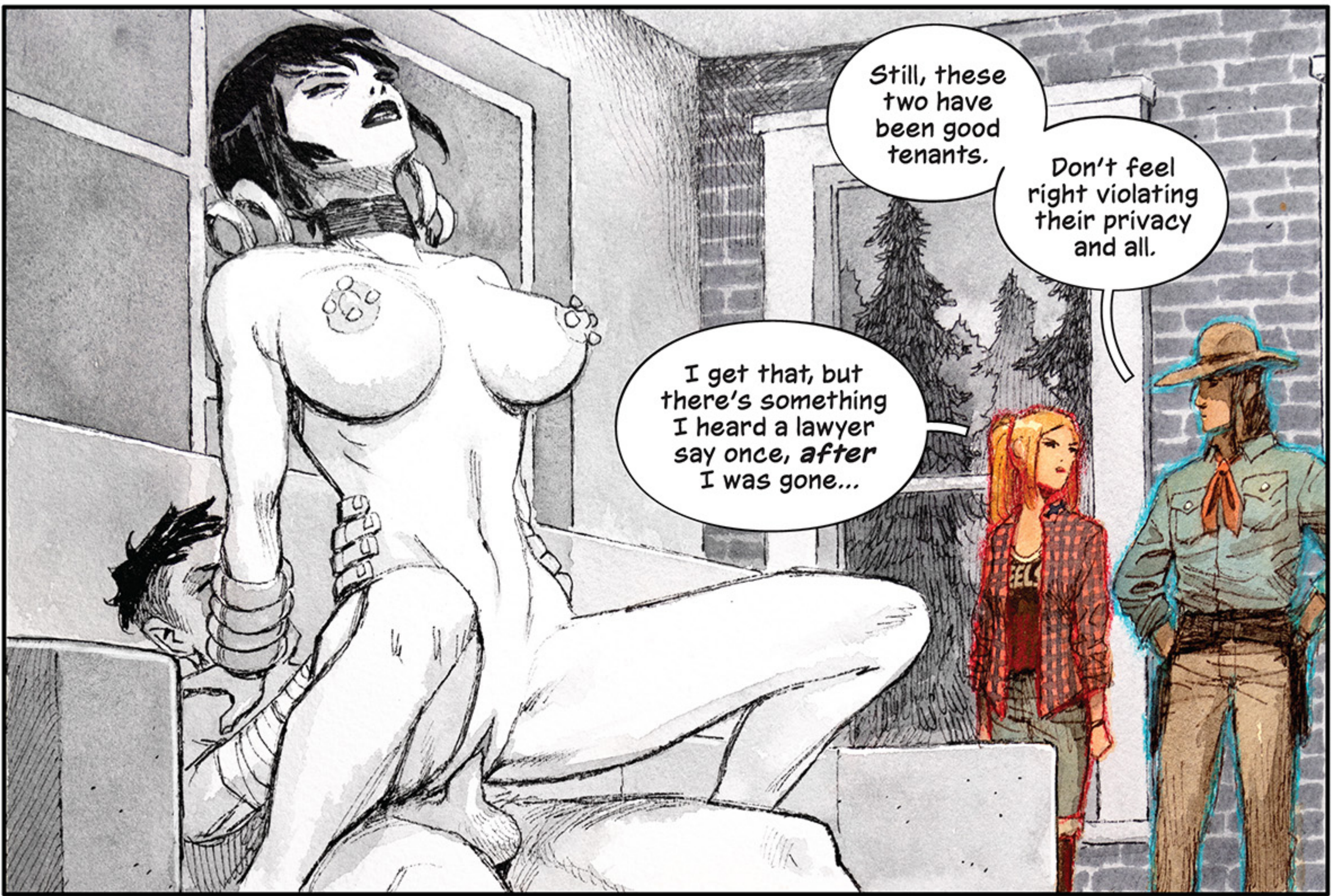


Hey, old-timer.

You ready to be astounded...?



I'm no saint.



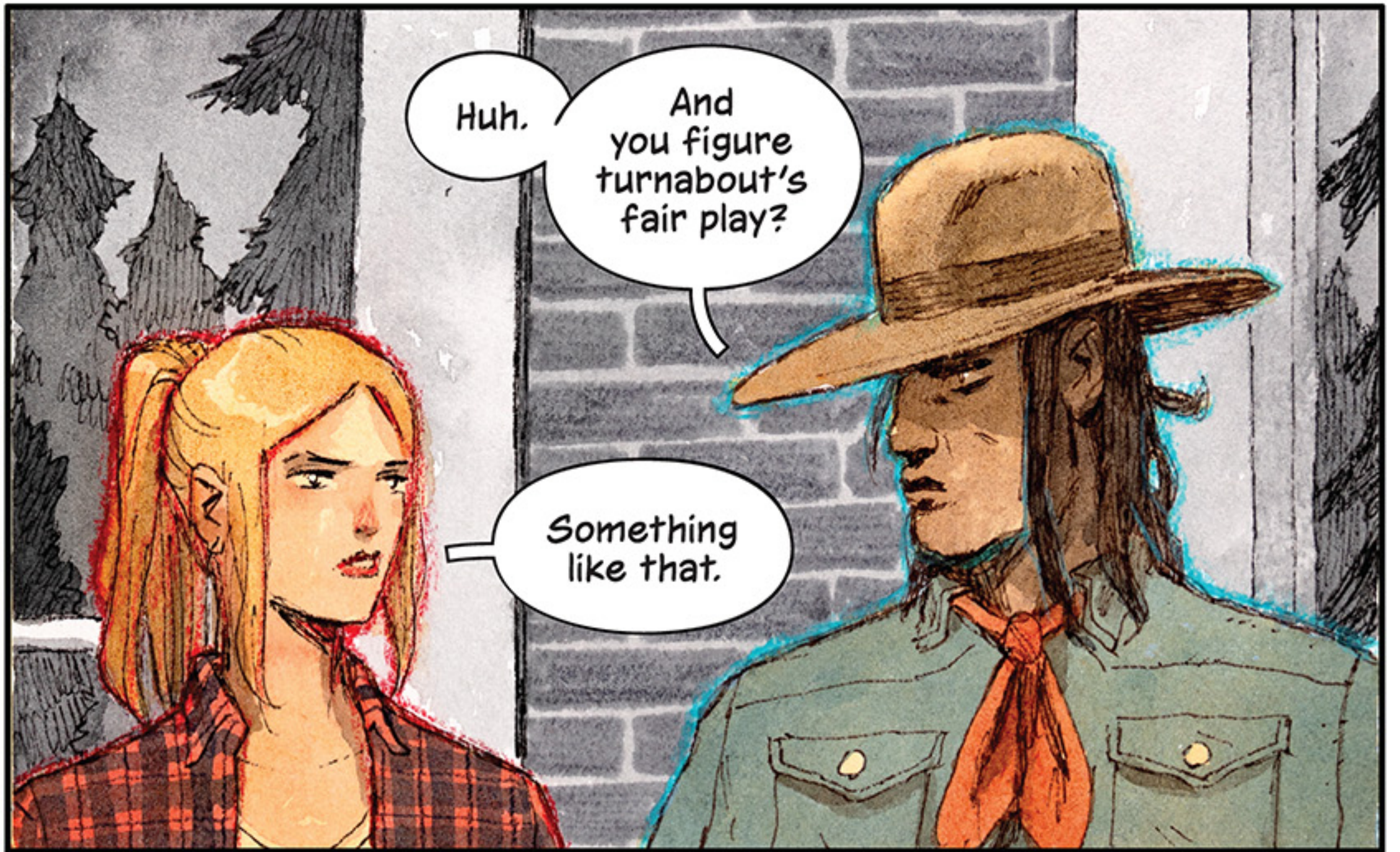
Still, these two have been good tenants.

Don't feel right violating their privacy and all.

I get that, but there's something I heard a lawyer say once, *after* I was gone...

The FBI wanted to go through my embarrassing online dating history, just in case I'd ever maybe rejected the deranged loser who ended up... you know.

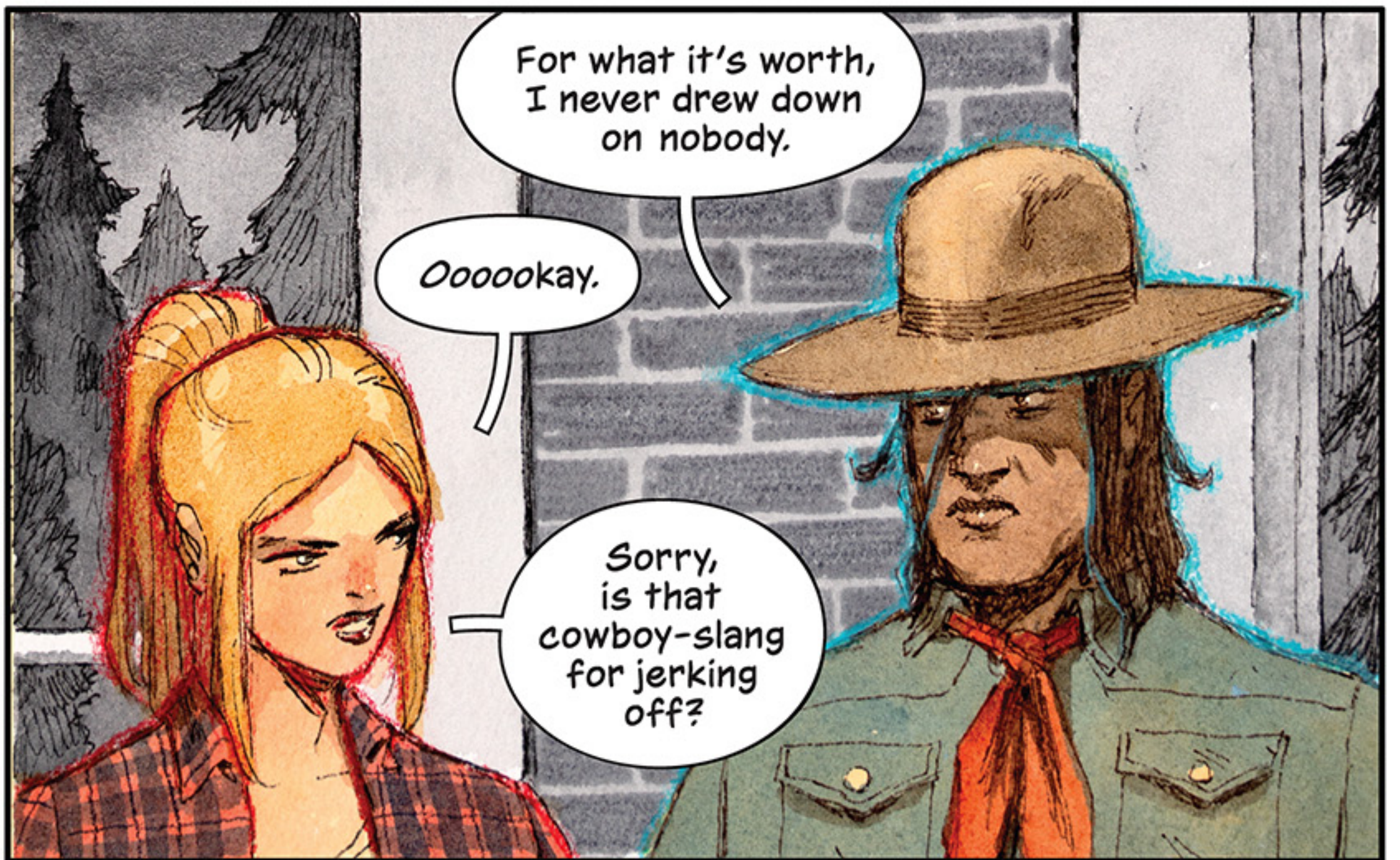
Anyway, my parents hired an attorney, and she told them something I never forgot: *"At the end of the day, the dead have no right to privacy."*



Huh.

And you figure turnabout's fair play?

Something like that.



For what it's worth, I never drew down on nobody.

Ooooookay.

Sorry, is that cowboy-slang for jerking off?



These old things.

I fired them more than once in my younger days, but never at another living soul, not one I hit, anyway.



Taking a guess at how you may have met your demise, I just... wanted you to know.

Oh.

Well, thank you, Sam.



Obviously, our kind doesn't get to pick which accessories we're saddled with.

Don't have to remind you.



Wait, are you making fun of my outfit?

Pardon me.

You have *eighty-nine* breaking news alerts.