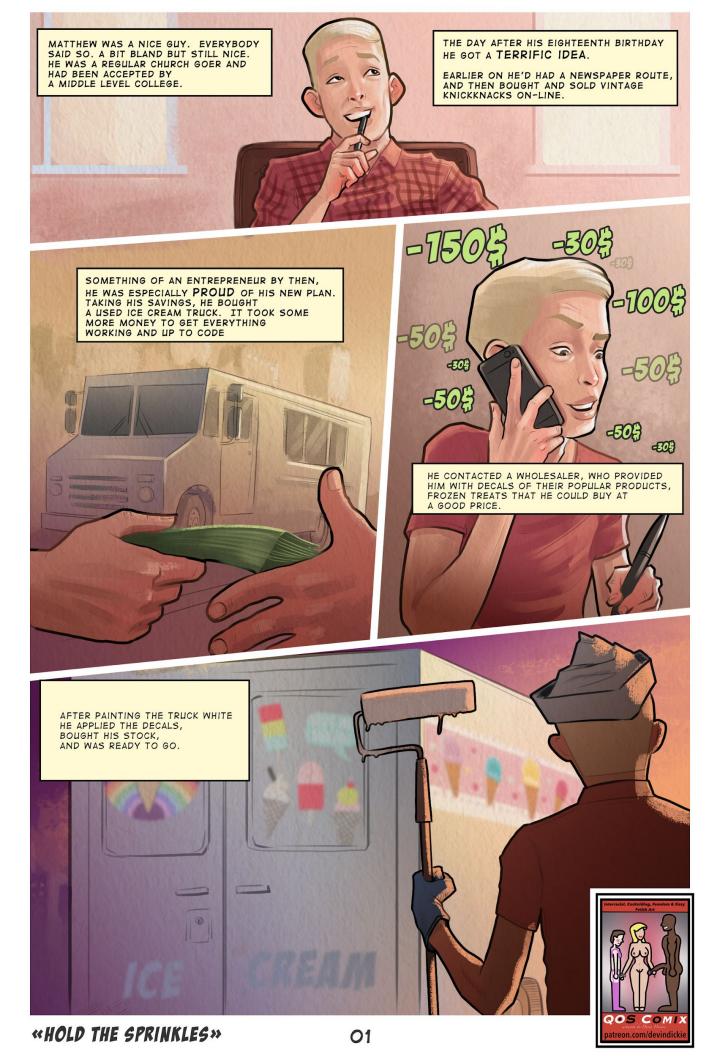
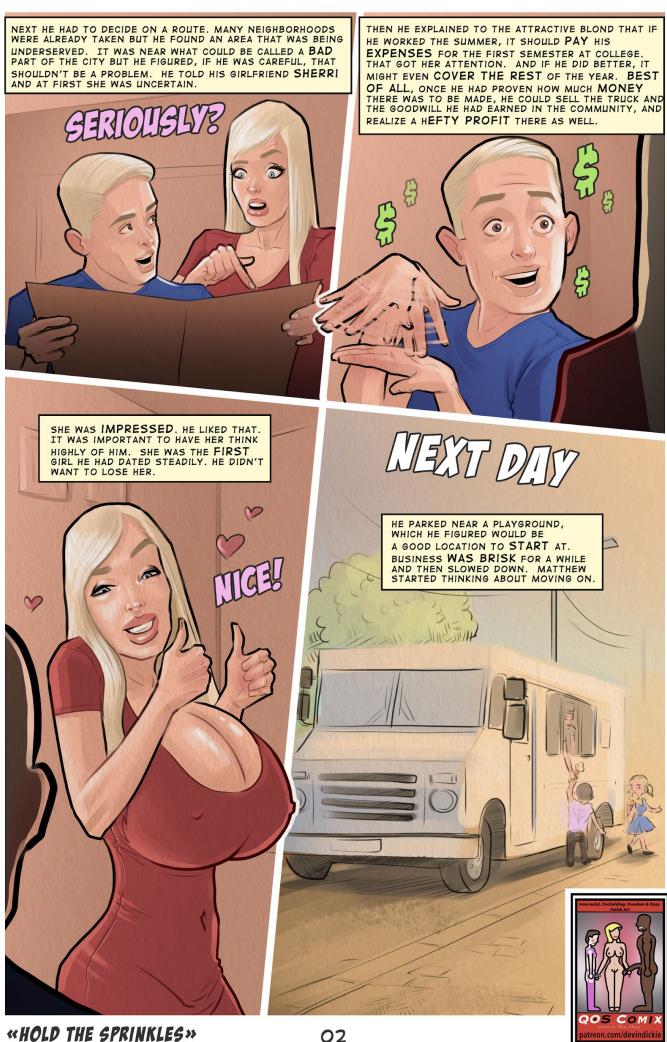
ICE CREAM



HOLD THE SPRINKLES



















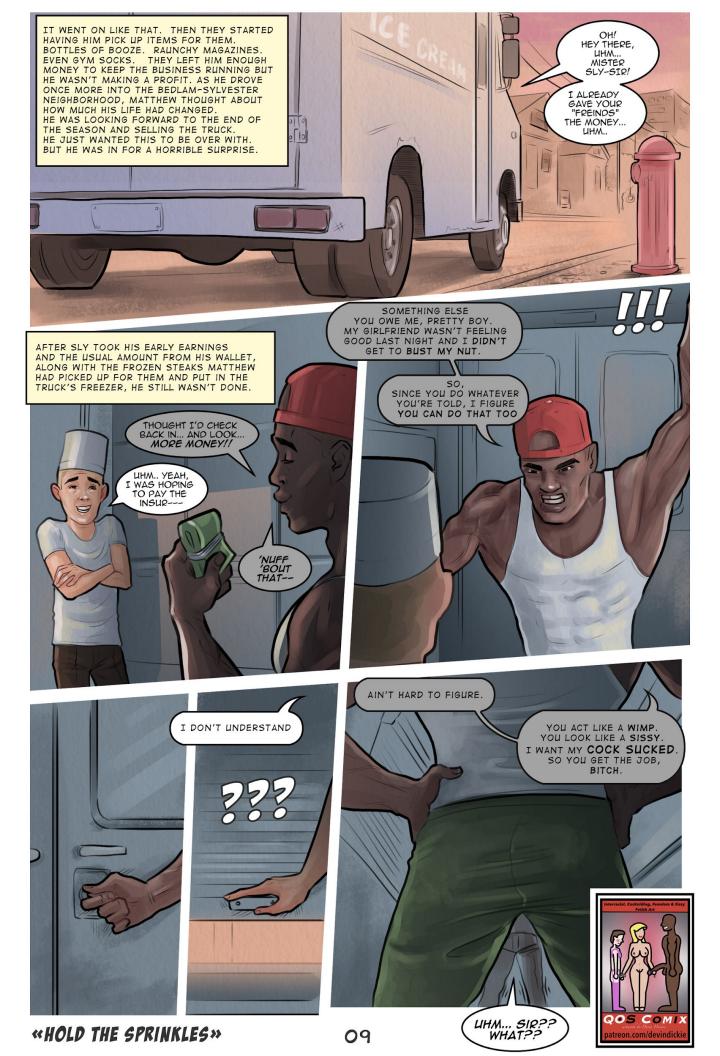
MATTHEW GOT UP AND DUSTED HIMSELF OFF.

HE LIMPED BACK TO THE TRUCK, GOT INSIDE, AND THIS TIME LOCKED THE DOOR. HE WAS IN AWFUL TROUBLE. THERE WAS NO TELLING WHAT ELSE THOSE HOODLUMS MIGHT DO. OR MAYBE THEY HAD JUST WANTED TO SCARE HIM. AND THEY WOULDN'T RETURN THE NEXT DAY. IF THEY DID, AND HE GAVE THEM FREE ICE CREAM, THAT WOULD BE BAD, BUT IT WOULD ONLY COST HIM A FEW BUCKS. WITH THE TRUCK DOOR LOCKED THEY COULDN'T DO MUCH ELSE RIGHT THERE. AND HE TOLD HIMSELF IT WAS UNLIKELY THEY WOULD DARE TO COME TO HIS APARTMENT. HE RATIONALIZED SOME MORE AND SPENT THE ENTIRE AFTERNOON CONVINCING HIMSELF IT WOULD WORK OUT ALL RIGHT.

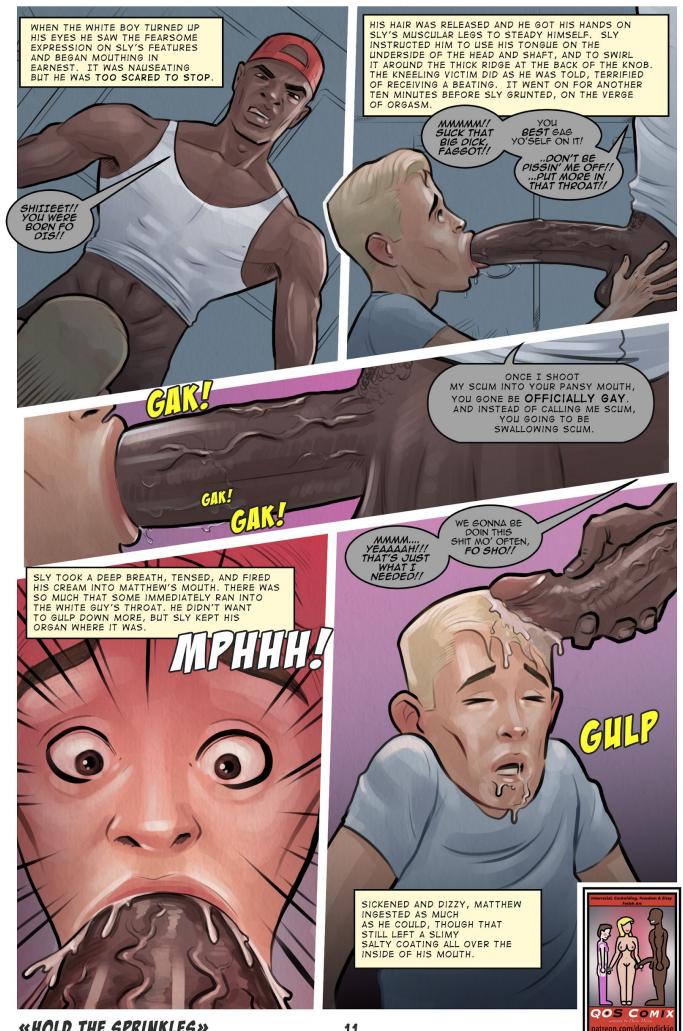


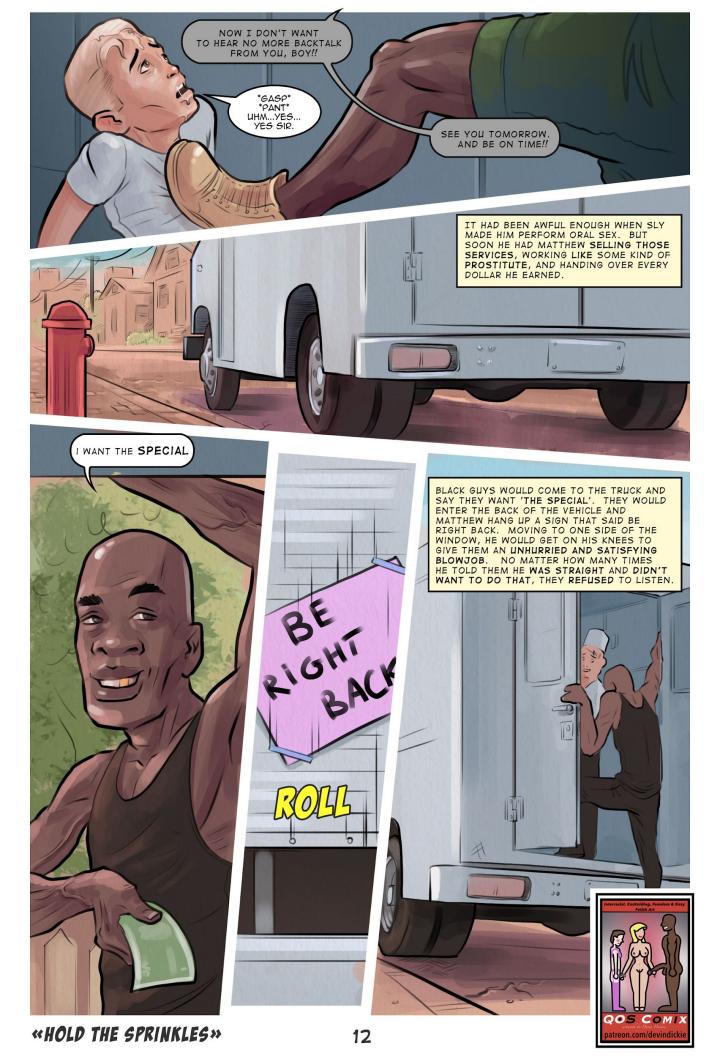




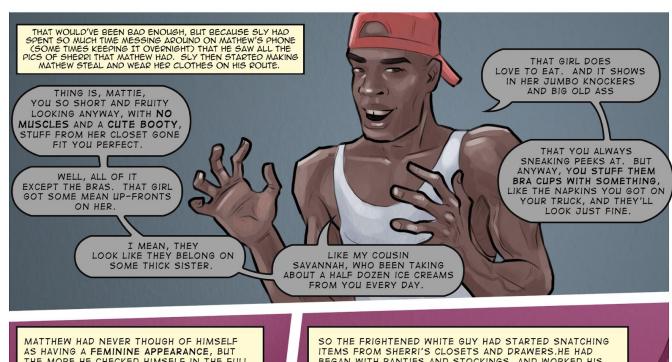


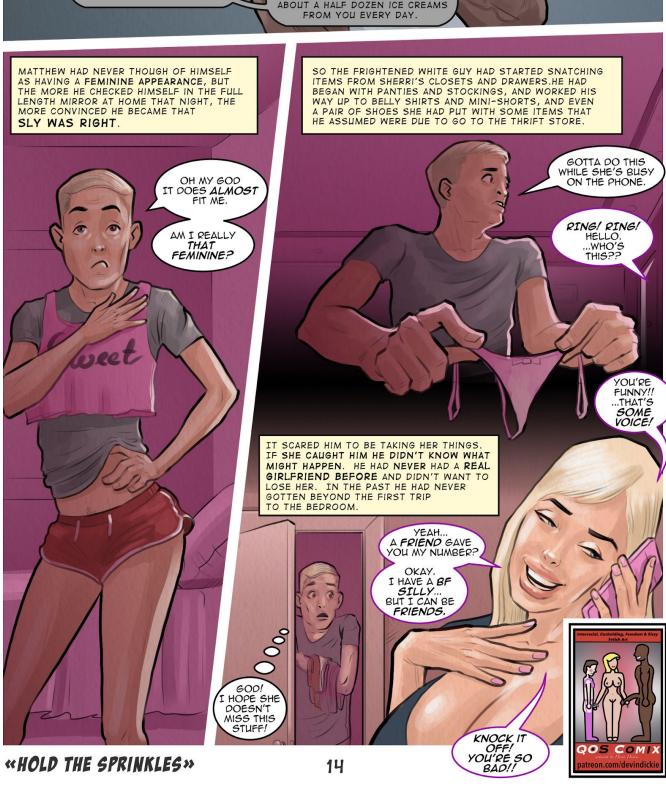


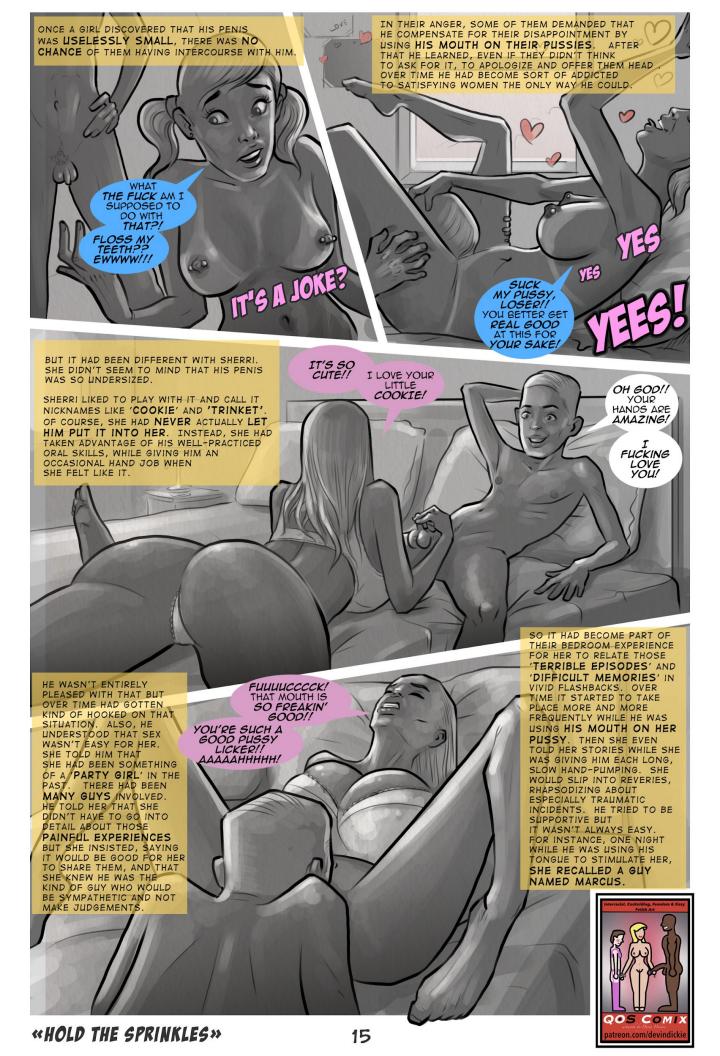


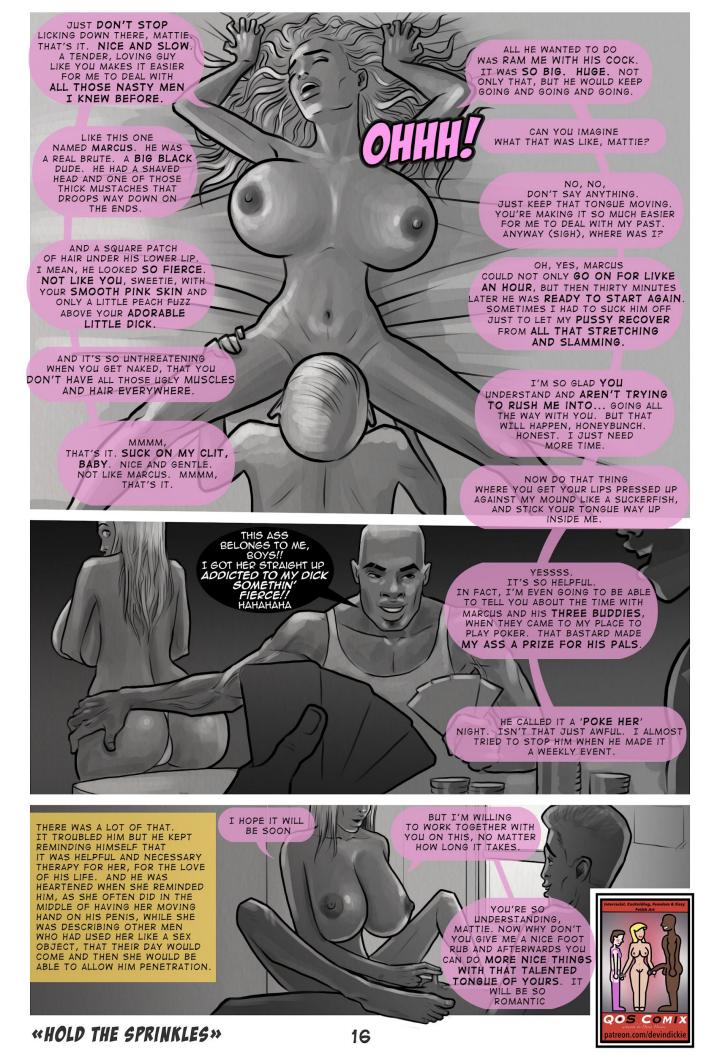






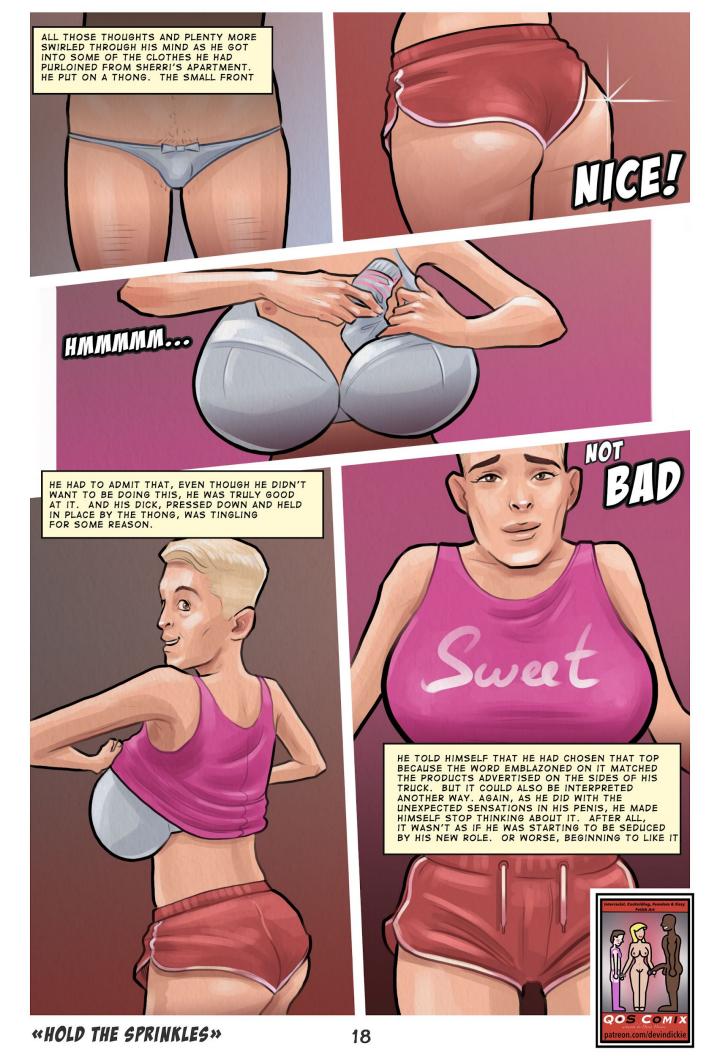


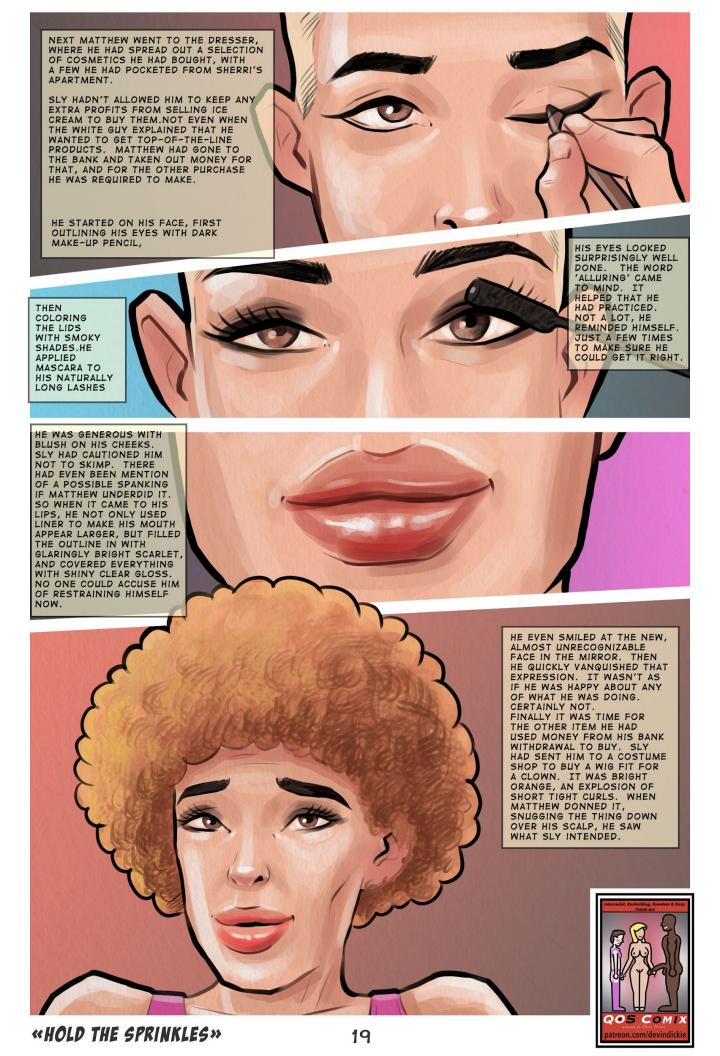


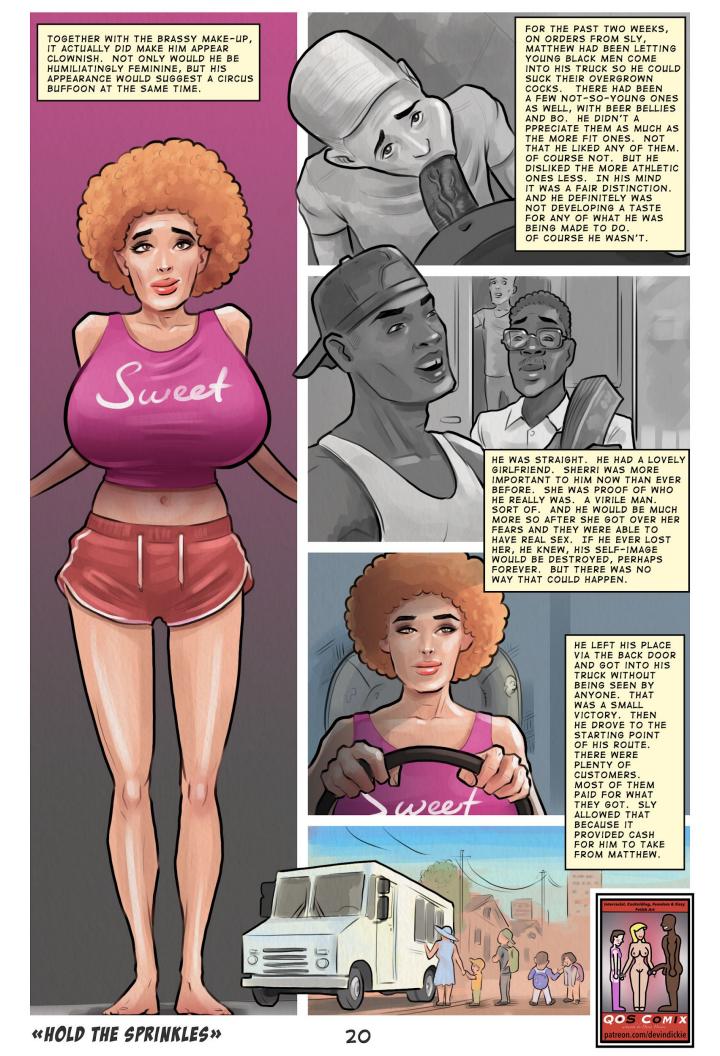












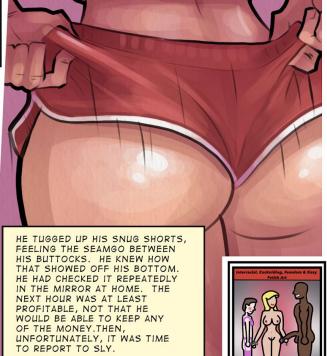






SAVANNAH SNATCHED AWAY THE BAG AND LEFT HIM WITH A FINAL INSULTING LAUGH THAT SUMMED UP HER COMPLETE LACK OF RESPECT FOR HIM. HE CHECKED THE TIME AND SAW THAT HE HAD TO MAKE MORE MONEY BEFORE HE ARRIVED ON SLY'S STREET AT NOON, TO BEGIN HIS OTHER JOB AS A SEX WORKER FOR BLACK CUSTOMERS.

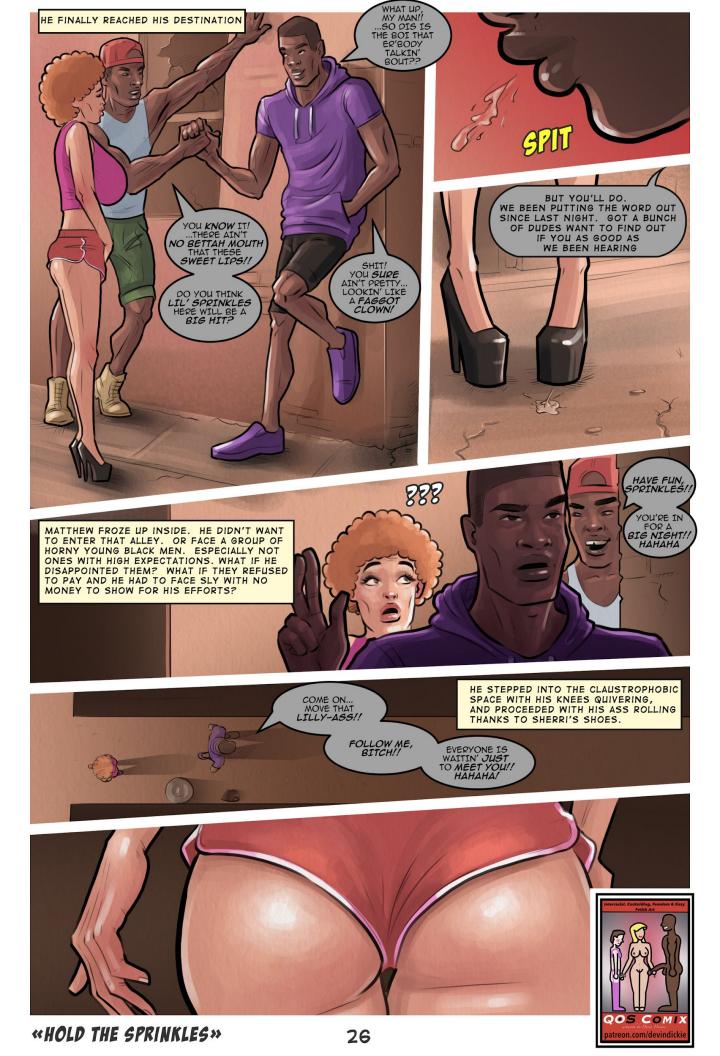


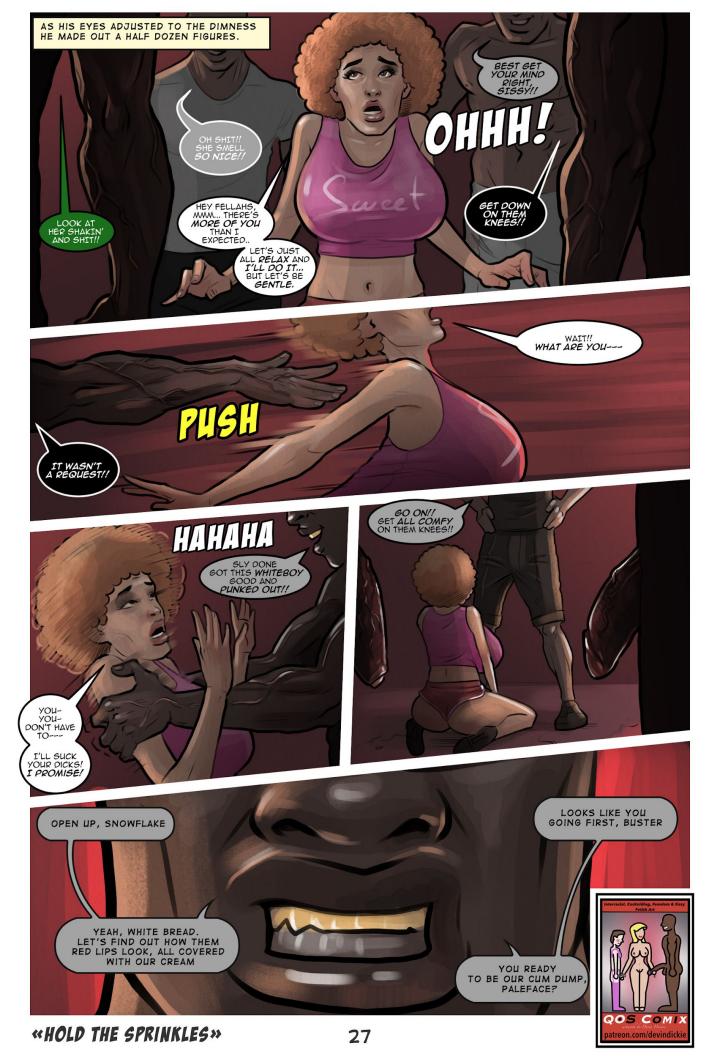


QOS COMIX











QOS COMIX

