

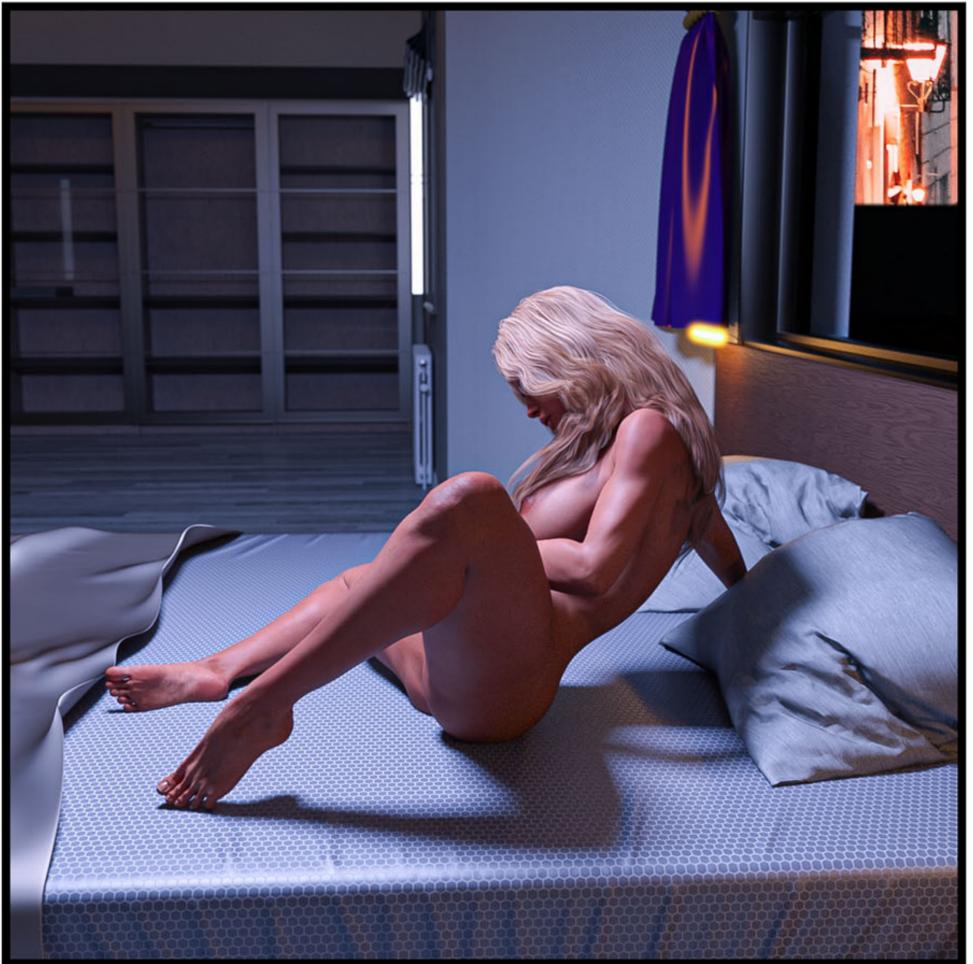
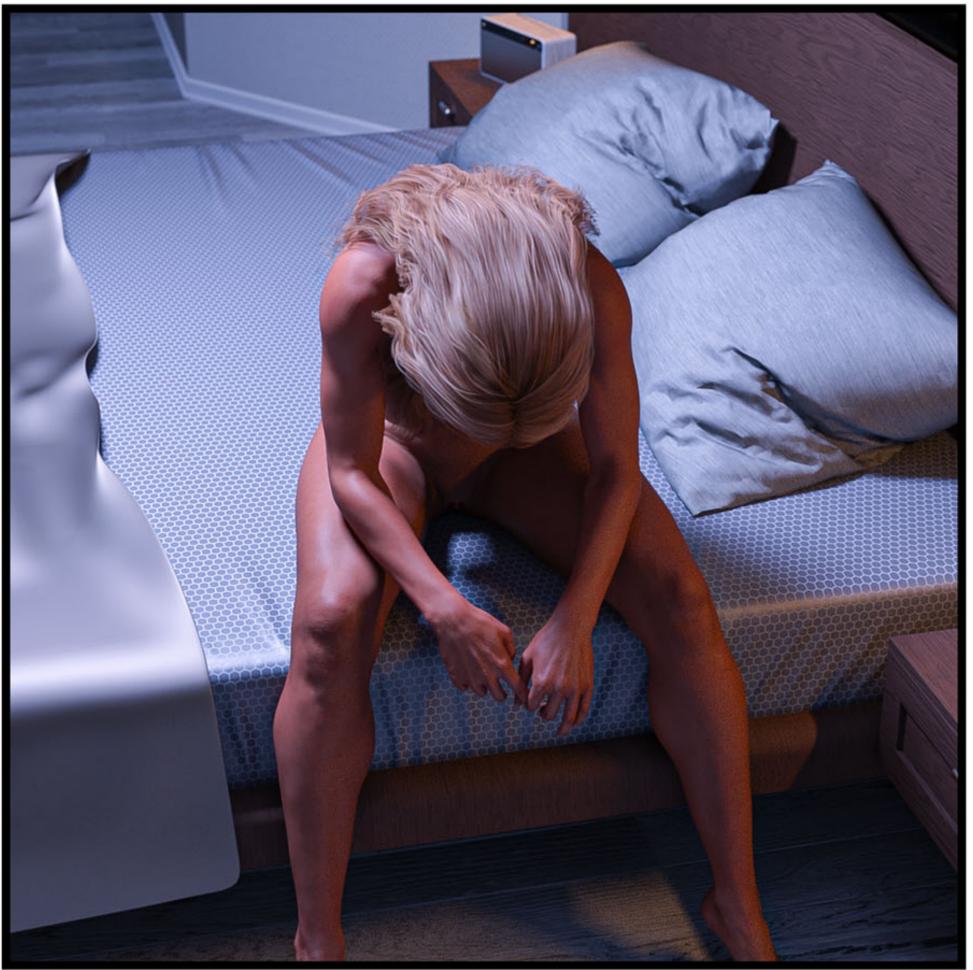


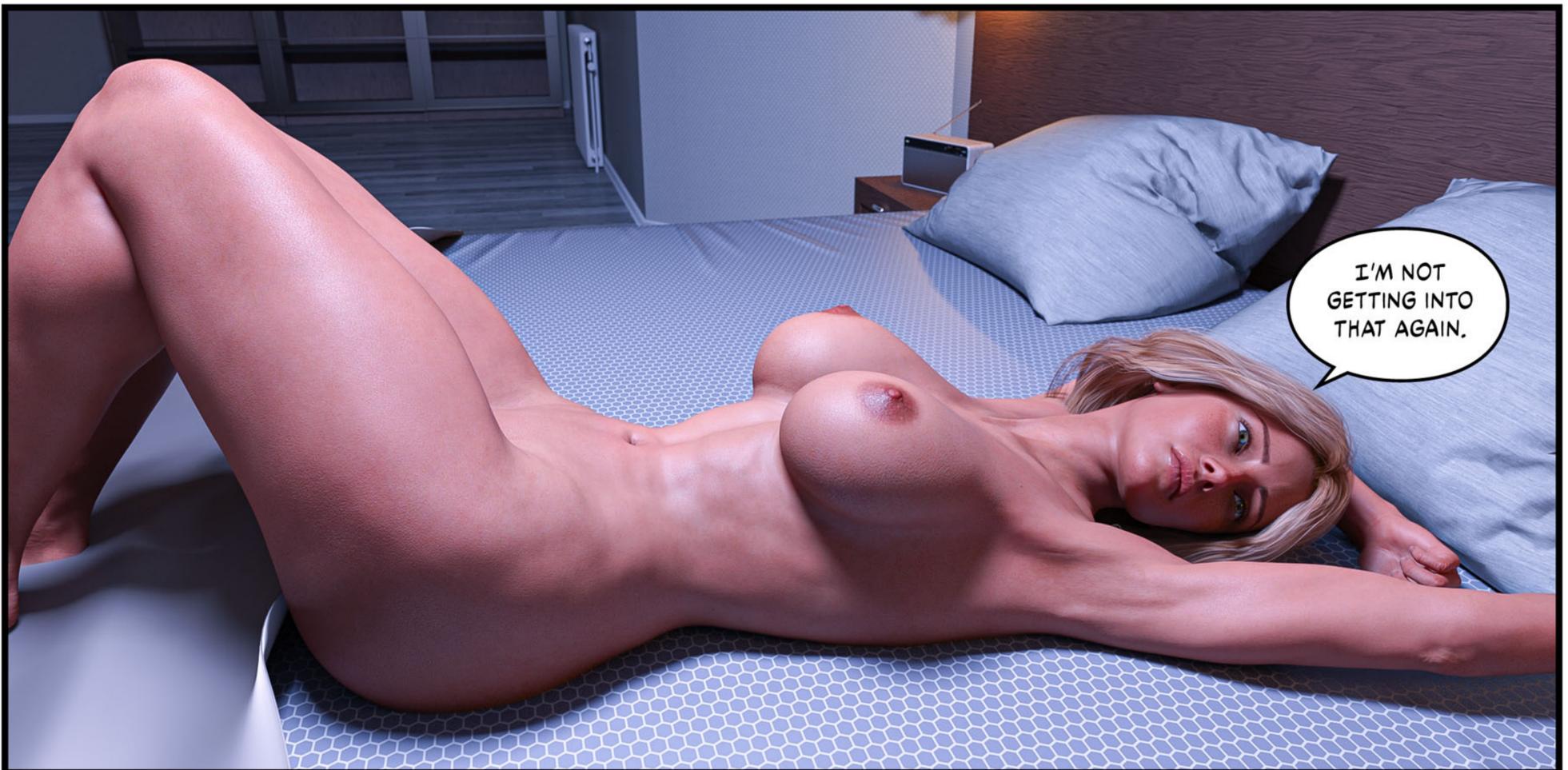
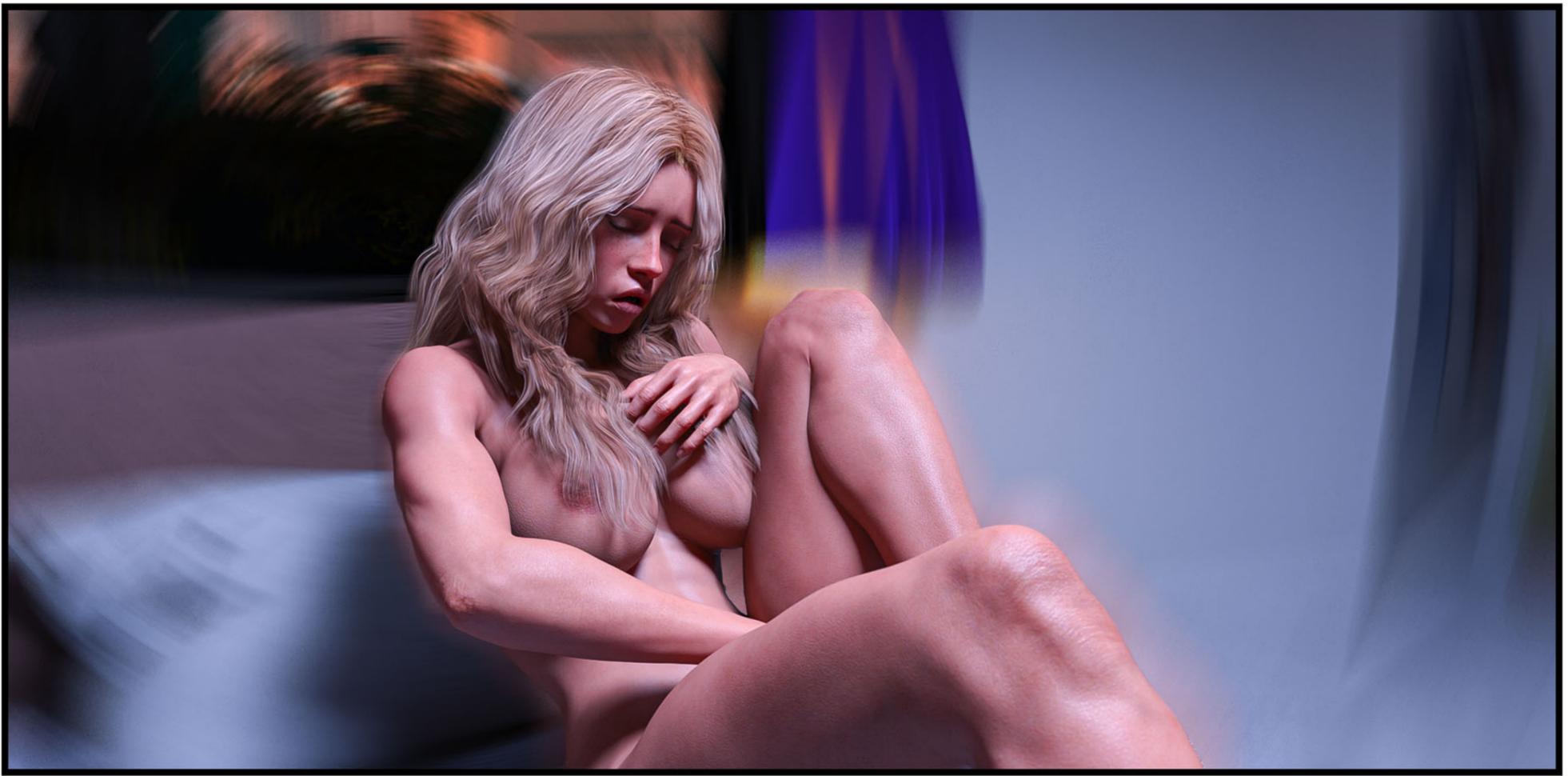
TOM REYNOLDS
PATREON.COM/CAPS

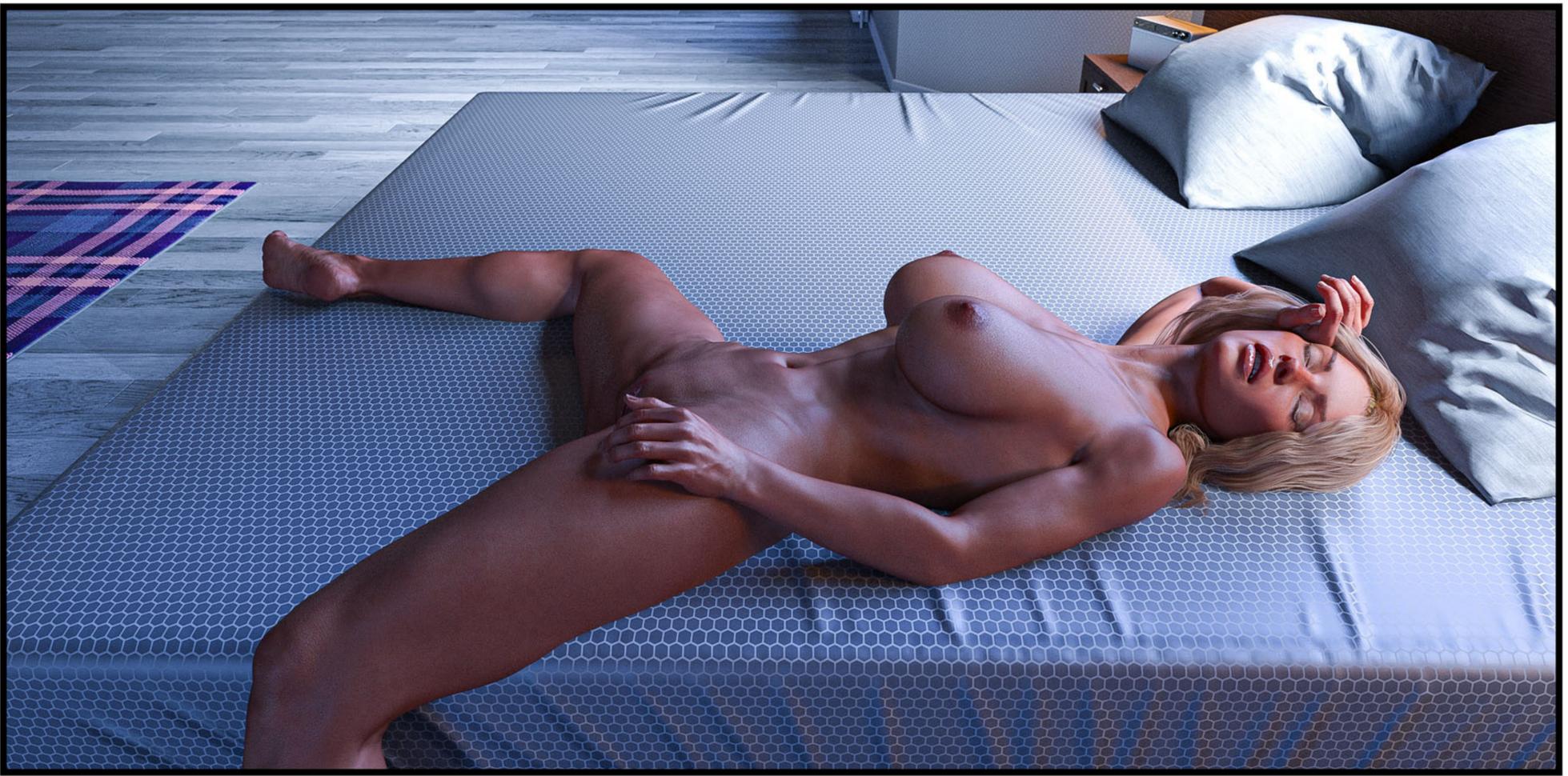














CLICK!

CLICK!

CLICK!











HE SHOWED UP AT MY PLACE MAYBE FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON, MAYBE EARLIER.

HE TRIED THE INTERCOM FIRST, BUT YOU KNOW I DON'T TALK TO HIM.



FROM WHAT I COULD PUT TOGETHER FROM THE SECURITY CAM FOOTAGE, HE MUST HAVE BROKEN IN HALF AN HOUR LATER WHEN I WAS DOWN IN THE GARDEN.



YOU'RE ALWAYS IN THE GARDEN.



I KNOW!



ANYWAY, THERE WAS A BOTTLE OF WINE ON THE COUNTER IN THE KITCHEN. I'M SURE HE MUST HAVE PUT CLOSE TO TWENTY PILLS IN IT.

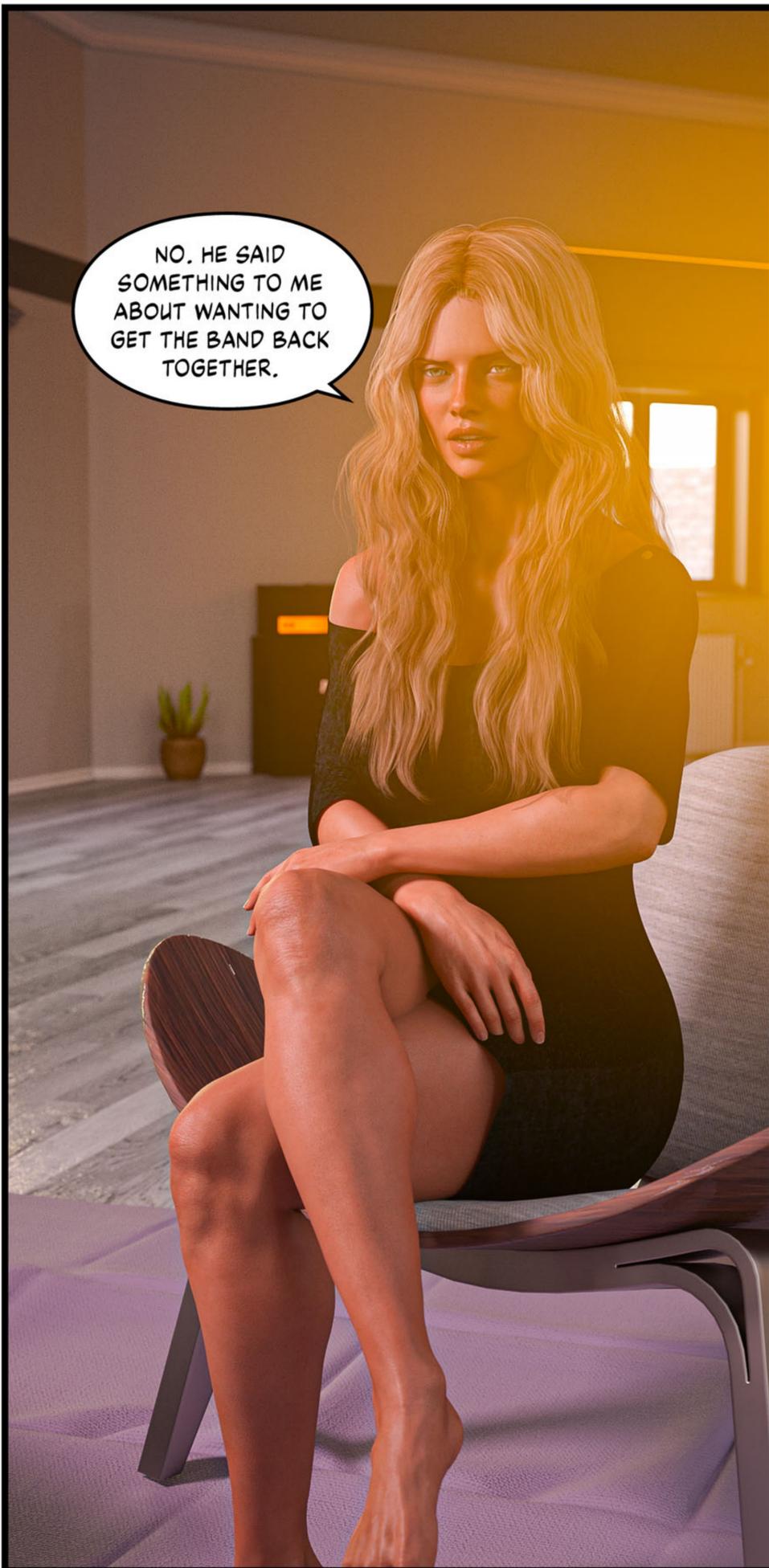




HE'S A NUTTER, SIMPLE AS.



I MEAN, HE KNEW YOU'D STRUGGLED BACK IN THE DAY WITH IT ALL.



NO. HE SAID SOMETHING TO ME ABOUT WANTING TO GET THE BAND BACK TOGETHER.



OF COURSE HE WOULD, SINCE EVERYTHING HE DID AFTER POPPY WASN'T SUCCESSFUL.



NOT A HUGE SURPRISE, SINCE HE WASN'T A SONGWRITER. AND HE COULDN'T PLAY GUITAR TO SAVE HIS LIFE.

YEAH. IT WAS YOU PLAYING ON MOST OF THE STUDIO TRACKS.



HE NEEDS US TO PROP HIM UP.



WE CAN'T AGREE TO THAT, NOT AFTER WHAT HE'S DONE.

I STOPPED GIVING HIM MONEY BACK IN THE '90S, MATE. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO EVER TOLERATED HIM.



OH, WE'RE NOT DOING THAT.

THERE'S NO WAY I'M LETTING THAT SOD NEAR ME AGAIN. I'LL KILL HIM.



WE'LL **BOTH** KILL HIM.



OKAY, THEN. WHAT'S THE PLAN?



HE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE, AND HE'S DANGEROUS ENOUGH TO RISK POISONING US.



WELL, IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY, ONE OF THOSE PILLS WOULD CHANGE US FOR ABOUT FOUR HOURS.

ENOUGH TO PLAY A SHOW AND GET INTO THE LIMO.



IF THERE WEREN'T ANY DELAYS, WE DID HAVE A FEW CLOSE CALLS.



IF MY MATHS ARE CORRECT, IF WE ASSUME A DOSAGE OF BETWEEN TEN TO TWENTY PILLS, THAT LEAVES US ABOUT SIXTY HOURS BEFORE WE SWITCH BACK.



CAN YOU HANDLE THAT?



NO.



BUT I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO.



RIGHT, SO STAYING IN LONDON ISN'T AN OPTION. HE'S ALREADY BROKEN INTO MY HOUSE AND I WOULDN'T PUT IT PAST HIM TO COME BACK HERE.



DO YOU STILL HAVE THE COTTAGE UP IN SCOTLAND?

THE ONE BY THE FARM.



YEAH. THERE'S NO PHONE SIGNAL, THOUGH. OR INTERNET. OR ANYTHING REALLY. IT'S A TWENTY MINUTE DRIVE TO THE NEAREST PHONE BOX.



PERFECT. I'LL DRIVE.





LUCKY FOR YOU,
MY HOUSE IS A LOT BIGGER
THAN YOURS. AND I HAPPEN TO
HAVE KEPT JUST ABOUT
EVERYTHING FROM THE
BAND DAYS.

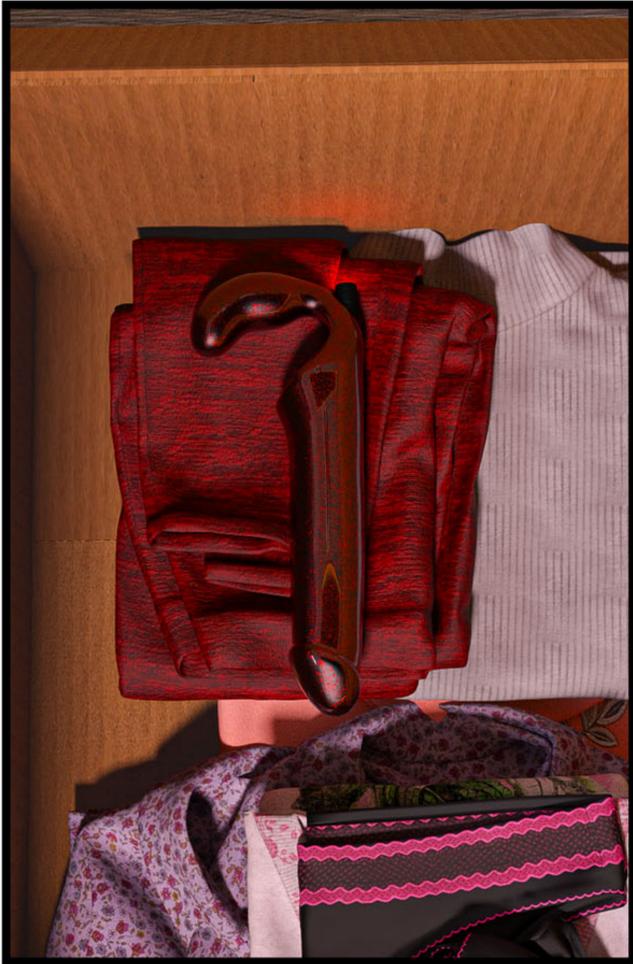
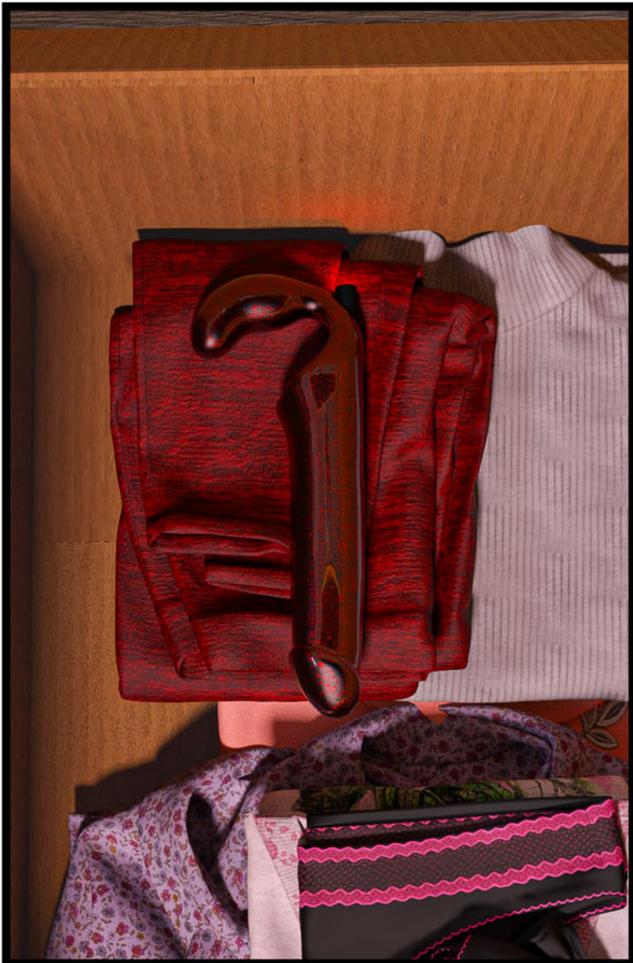
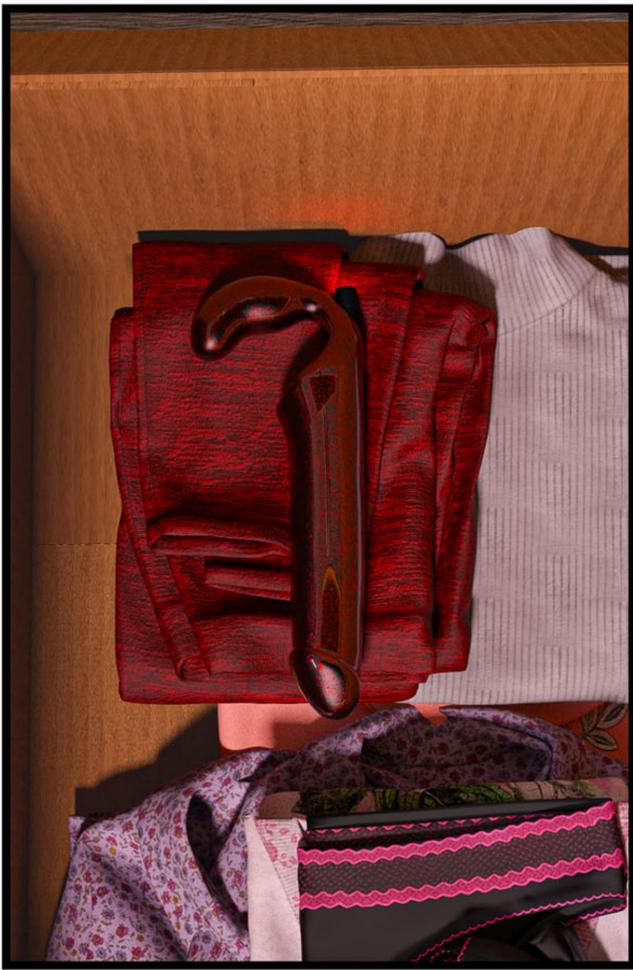




I HAVEN'T SEEN
ANY OF THIS STUFF
FOR DECADES! I CAN'T
BELIEVE YOU HELD
ONTO IT!

TAKE A FEW
MINUTES, THROW A WEEK
OR TWO'S WORTH IN A BAG
AND PUT SOMETHING
ON.









I'M SO
FUCKING
STUPID.



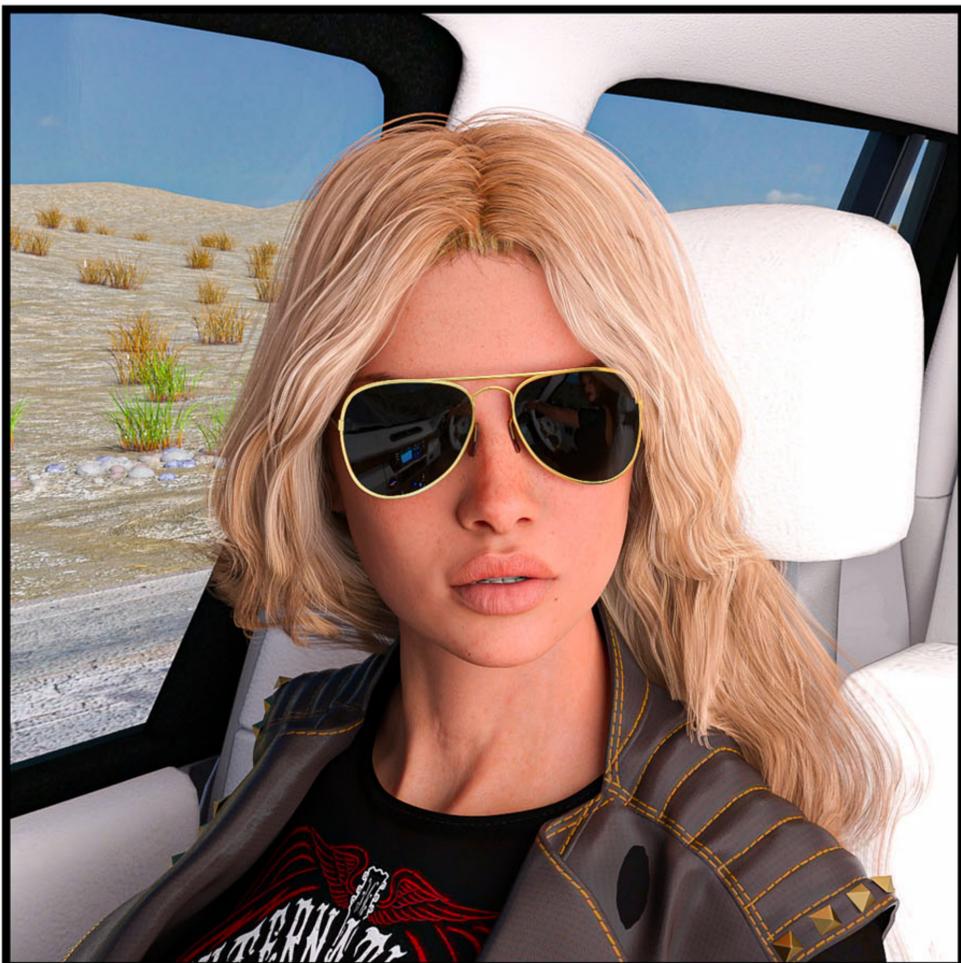


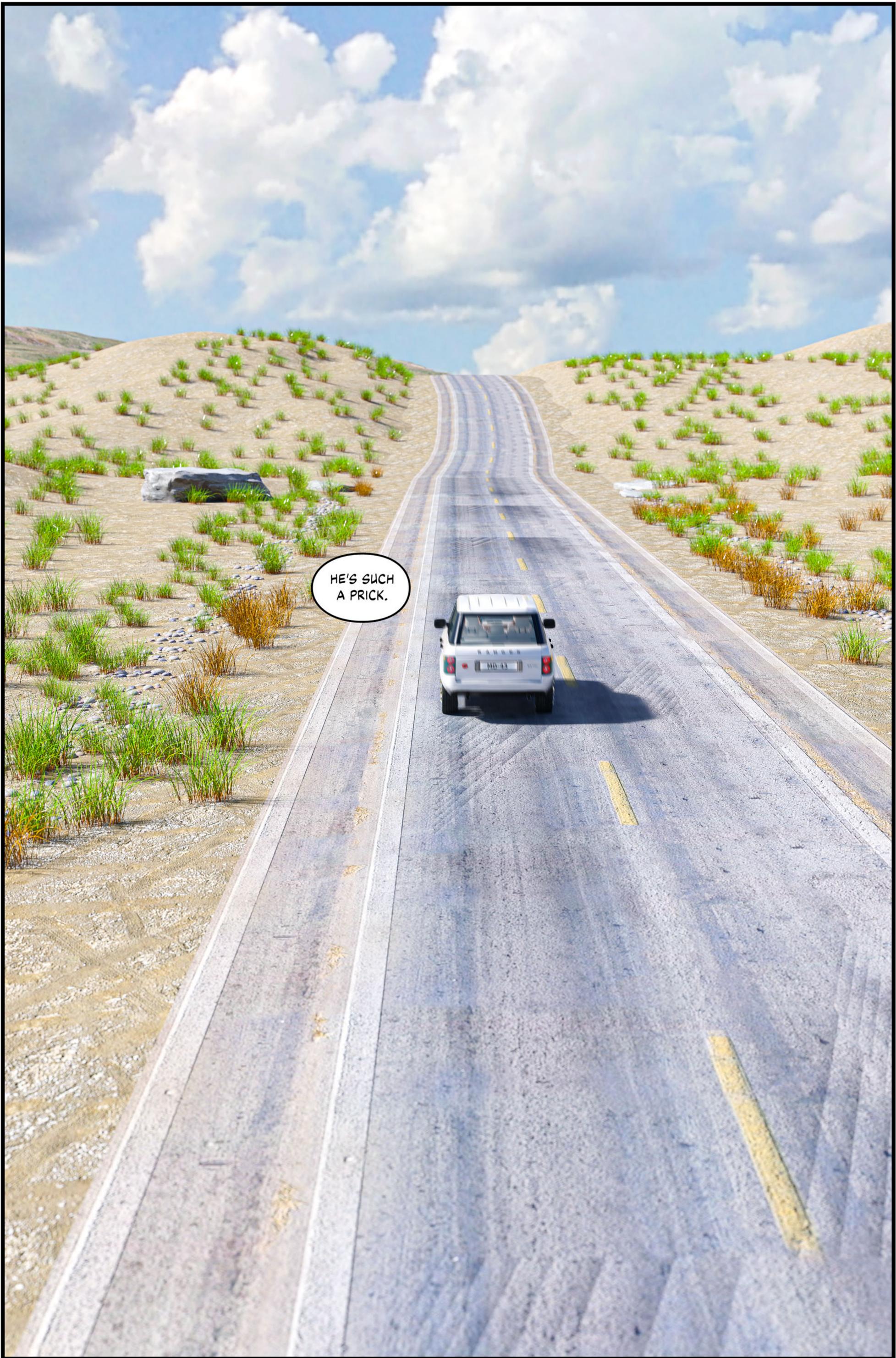


VRRRRMMMM!!!









HE'S SUCH
A PRICK.