

ISSUE #1

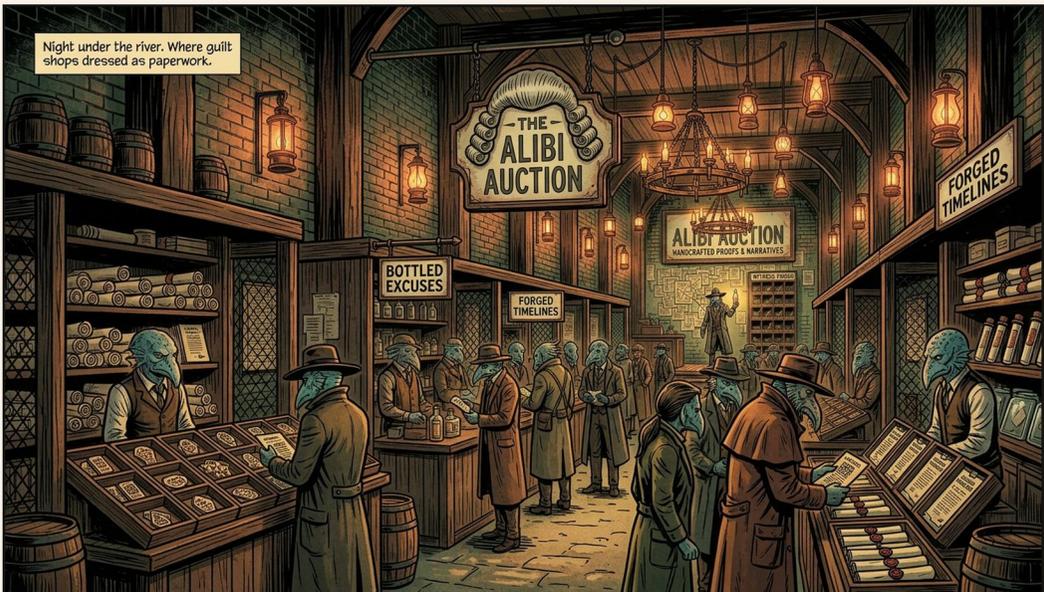


.99

# THE CLAW IS THE LAW



THE ALIBI AUCTION



Night under the river. Where guilt shops dressed as paperwork.



Claw never liked markets. Too many people selling certainty.



CLEAN GETAWAY, TWO SOBBING BYSTANDERS, ONE PRIEST, NO CONTRADICTIONS.

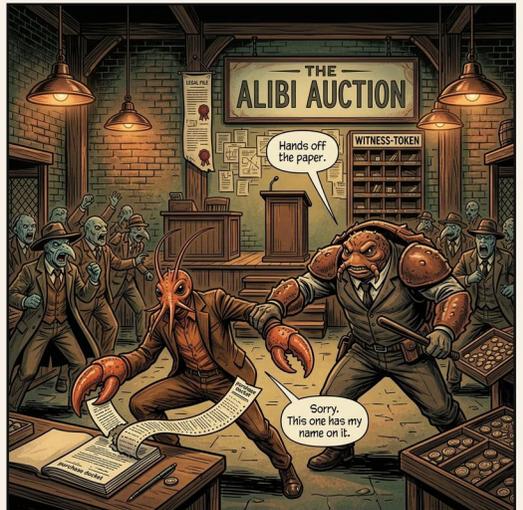
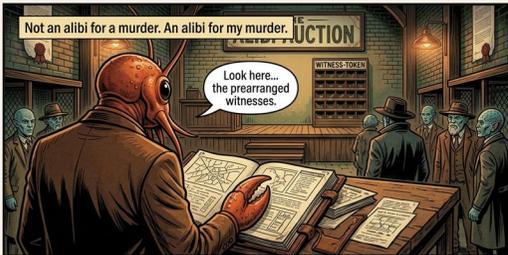
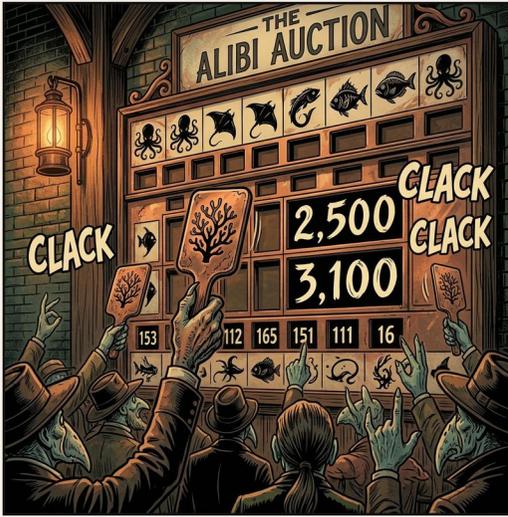
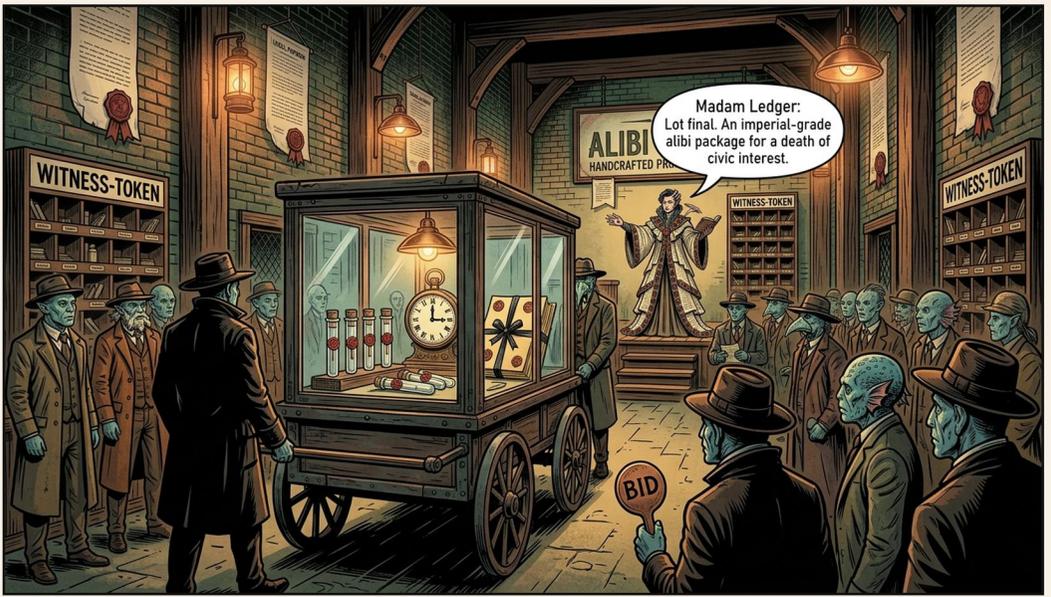


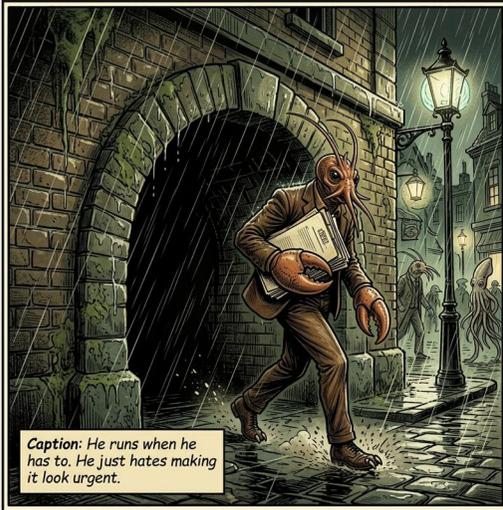
Welcome, liars, mourners, and future innocents.

Tonight we offer freedom before the blood dries.

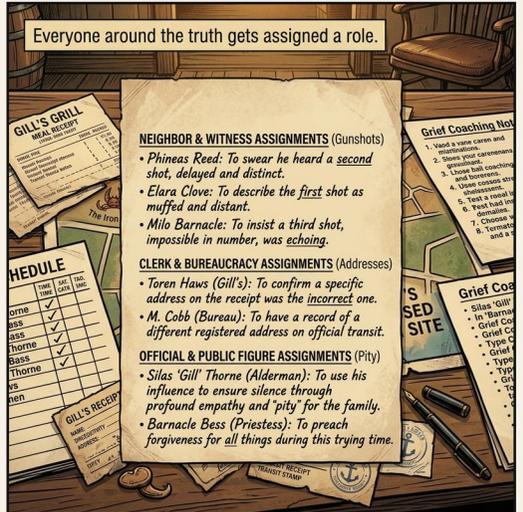
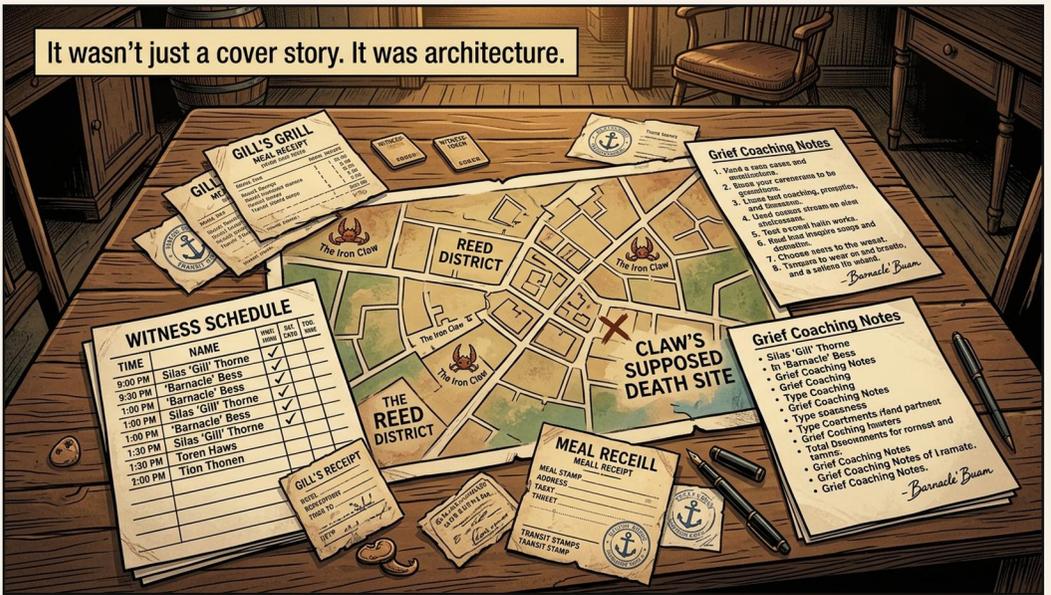


That's classy. Sell the excuse first, then go earn it.





It wasn't just a cover story. It was architecture.



Every city has a church for liars.  
This one just charges by the verse.



Choir: We saw him  
fall at quarter past  
eleven.

Choir: We saw him  
fall at quarter past  
eleven.



They're teaching  
grief like a trade  
skill.



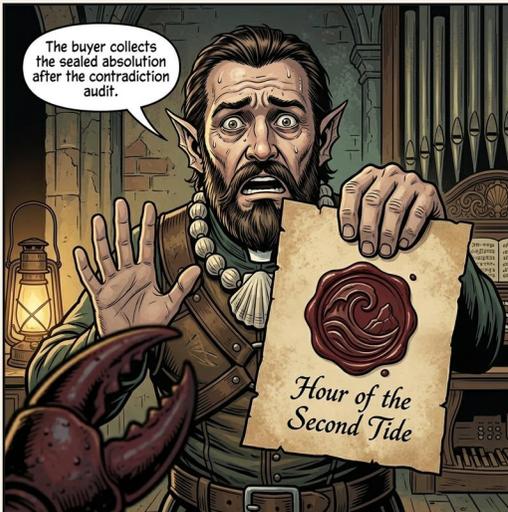
**THUD-CLANG**

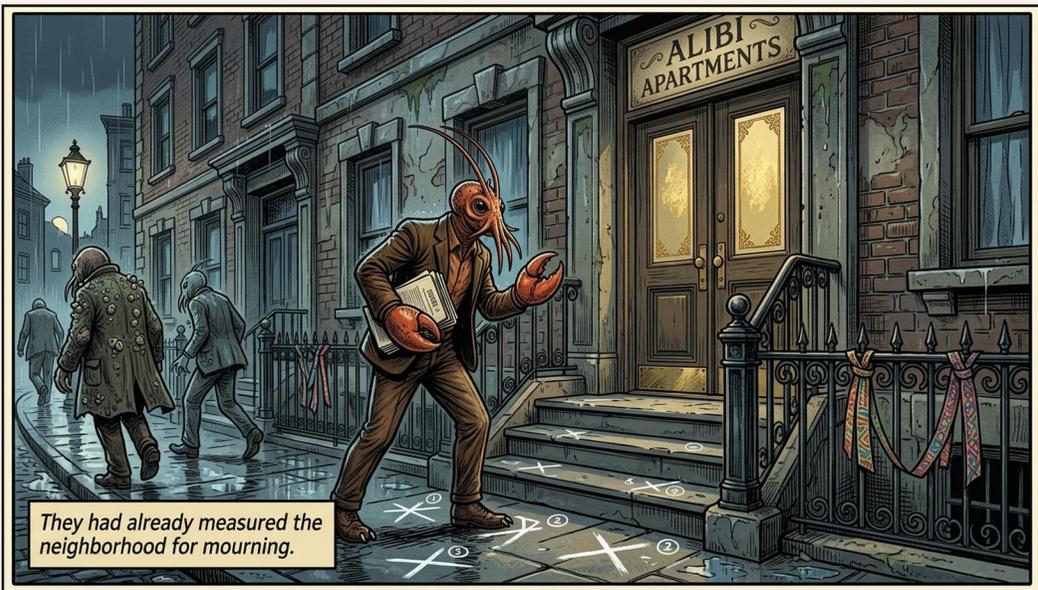


Sir, rehearsal  
is private.

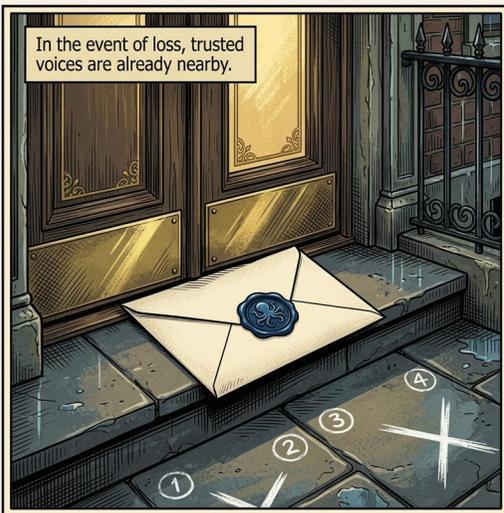
So is murder.  
Yet here we are.







They had already measured the neighborhood for mourning.



In the event of loss, trusted voices are already nearby.



Someone came to count our windows.

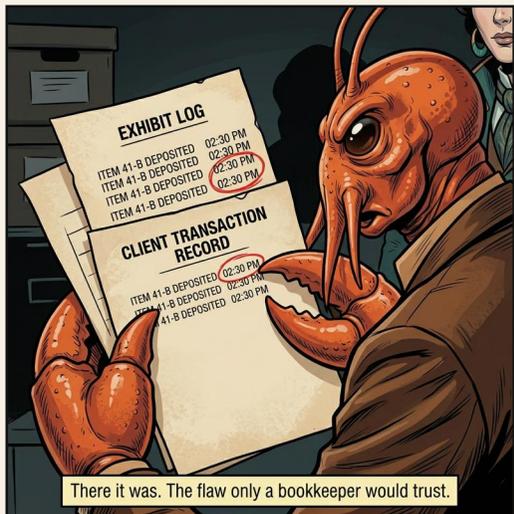


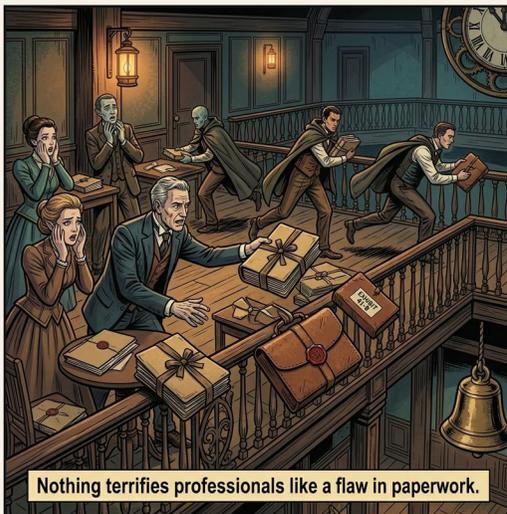
The nice man said it was for remembering.

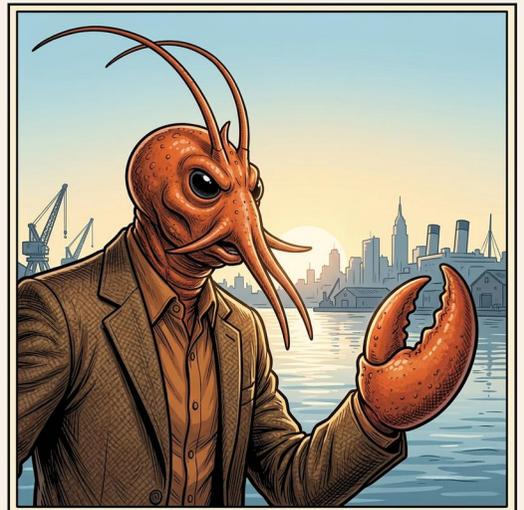
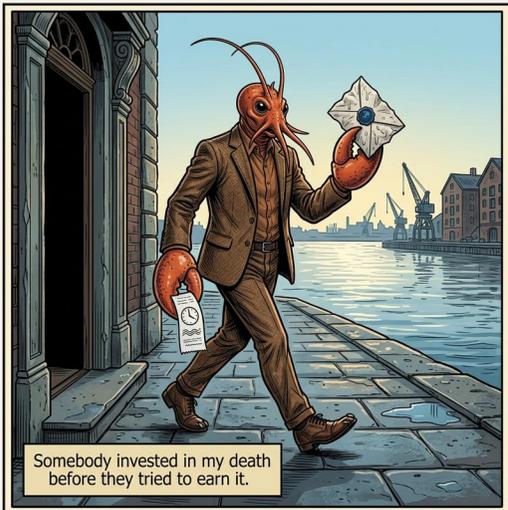


Now I stop asking politely.

The real altar was always the bookkeeping.









Dawn at the third pier. Mercy collected wholesale.



Same strip.  
Same lie.

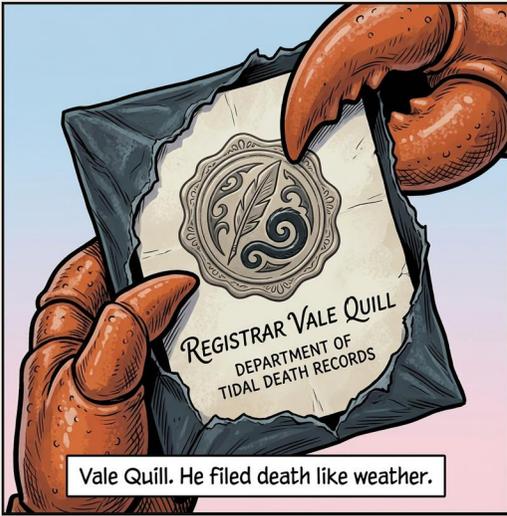


Not a murder weapon. A permission slip.





Name.



Vale Quill. He filed death like weather.



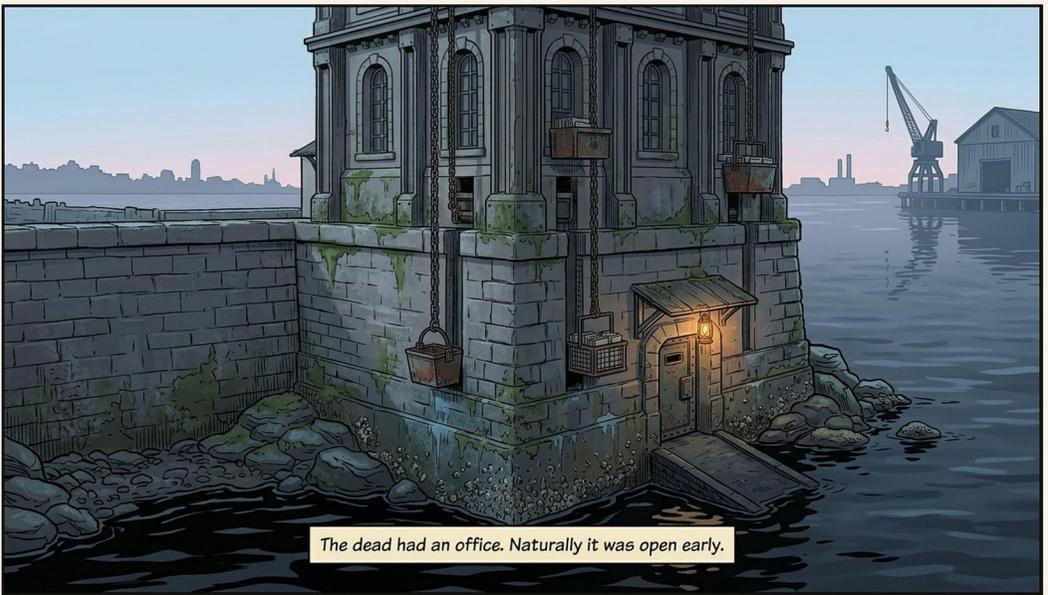
He buys endings that read clean.



Basement ledger vault. Tide level door.

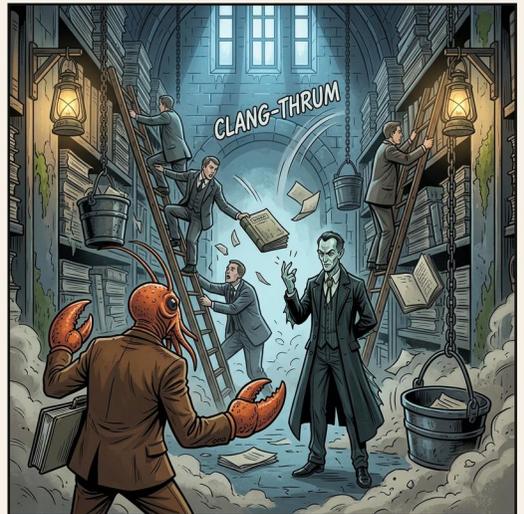


Good. I like officials who label their sins.



The dead had an office. Naturally it was open early.







**KRA-THOOM!**



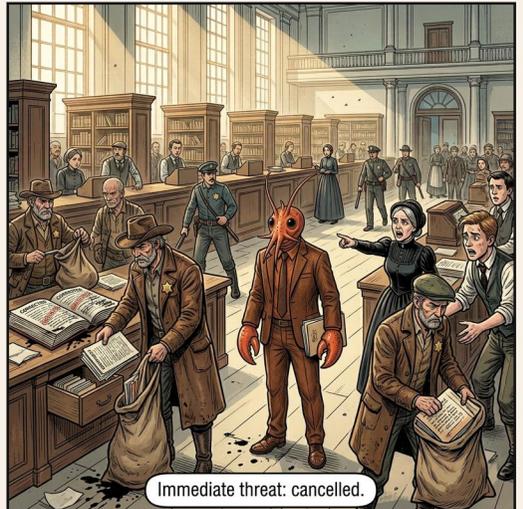
Say it where the living can hear you.



Public shame. The only audit anyone fears.



I only bought time.



Immediate threat: cancelled.

