

HOLD ON. LET ME CALL YOU BACK...LOOK, DUDE, I'M NO-BODY. I JUST SAW THAT THING BACK THERE. THAT BIG PILE OF STUFF YOU... HEY!

TELL ME WHO YOU ARE!

I DON'T WANT TO TELL YOU.

WHY?

BECAUSE YOU'RE ACTING INSANE AND I'M WORRIED YOU'RE GOING TO SHOOT ME!

OR MAYBE THE CYCLIST DIDN'T

MAYBE IT WAS LOCKED UP OUT FRONT.

HAVE THE BIKE BEHIND THE STORE.

MICHAEL HAD RELIVED THE INCIDENT SO MANY TIMES IN HIS SLEEP THAT THE REAL HAD BLENDED WITH THE R.E.M.

EITHER WAY HE DOES REMEMBER THAT AFTER LETTING THE CYCLIST GO, HE WENT BACK IN THE STORE AND TOLD HIS SON AND DAUGHTER WHAT HAPPENED

WHO WAS THAT?

YOU SEEMED REALLY ANGRY, DAD.

SOME MORON I CAUGHT SNOOPING AROUND BEHIND THE STORE.

AND YOU JUST LET HIM GO? WHAT IF HE COMES BACK? SHOULDN'T WE CALL THE COPS?