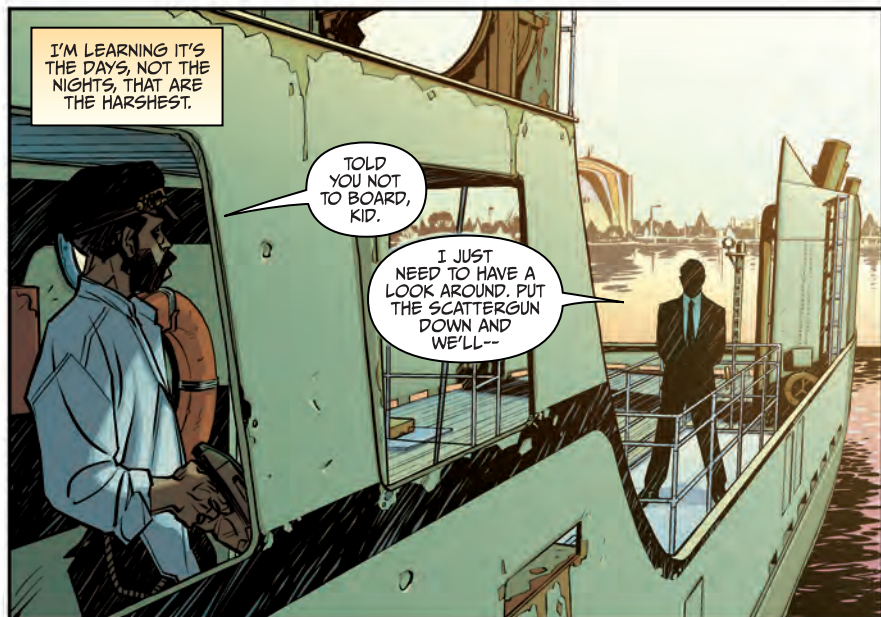


“EACH MORNING SEES  
SOME TASK BEGUN,  
EACH EVENING SEES  
IT CLOSE;  
SOMETHING ATTEMPTED,  
SOMETHING DONE,  
HAS EARNED A NIGHT'S  
REPOSE.”

— HENRY WADSWORTH  
LONGFELLOW



I'M LEARNING IT'S  
THE DAYS, NOT THE  
NIGHTS, THAT ARE  
THE HARSHTEST.

TOLD  
YOU NOT  
TO BOARD,  
KID.

I JUST  
NEED TO HAVE A  
LOOK AROUND. PUT  
THE SCATTERGUN  
DOWN AND  
WE'LL--



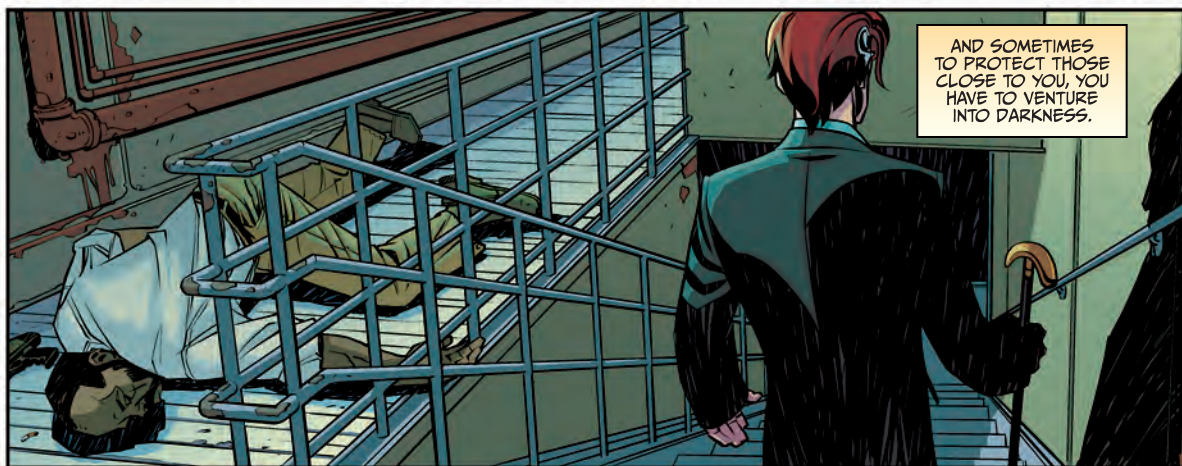
YOU  
WERE  
TOLD.



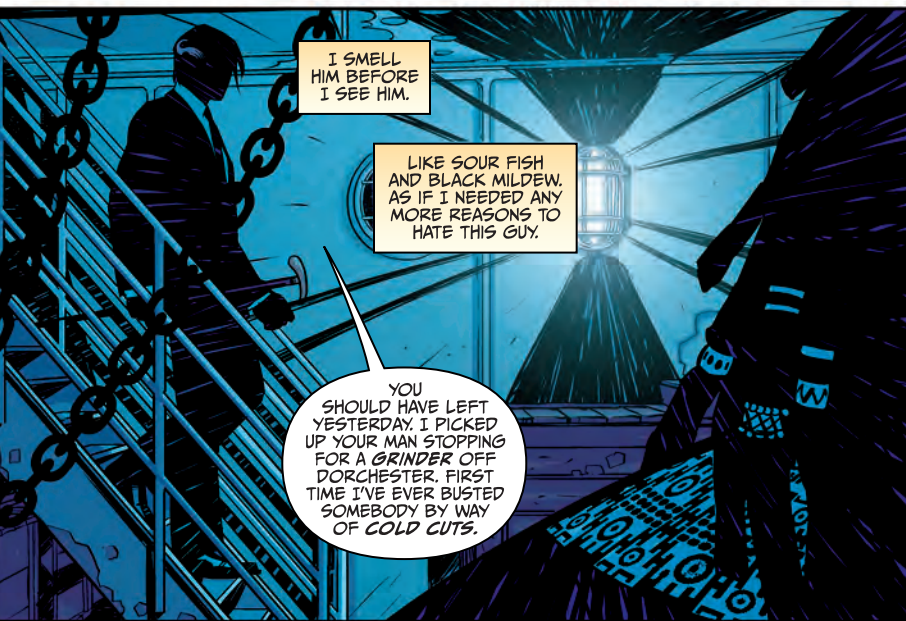
I WORK WHILE  
EVERYONE I  
KNOW SLEEPS.



IT COMES WITH THE  
JOB. ME AND MY KIND  
HAVE TRAINED OUR  
ENTIRE LIVES TO KEEP  
OUR EMPLOYERS SAFE.  
TO HONOR OUR OATH.



AND SOMETIMES  
TO PROTECT THOSE  
CLOSE TO YOU, YOU  
HAVE TO VENTURE  
INTO DARKNESS.



I SMELL HIM BEFORE I SEE HIM.

LIKE SOUR FISH AND BLACK MILDEW. AS IF I NEEDED ANY MORE REASONS TO HATE THIS GUY.

YOU SHOULD HAVE LEFT YESTERDAY. I PICKED UP YOUR MAN STOPPING FOR A GRINDER OFF DORCHESTER. FIRST TIME I'VE EVER BUSTED SOMEBODY BY WAY OF COLD CUTS.



YOU TOOK SOMETHING FROM MY FAMILY. I WANT IT BACK.



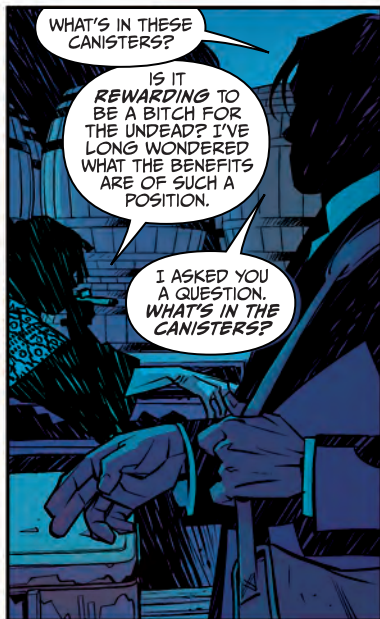
THERE'S LITTLE WORSE THAN A POACHER. NO ALLEGIANCES. NO HONOR.

I DIDN'T KNOW THE VIRGOS HAD A NEW SUNDOG, AND HARDLY A BABE AT THE TEAT.

TAKE WHAT YOU WILL, WHELPING. THE HAVERSACK TO YOUR LEFT. THE SEA IS MY BOUNTY...THERE IS ALWAYS ANOTHER PORT, ALWAYS MORE GAME...



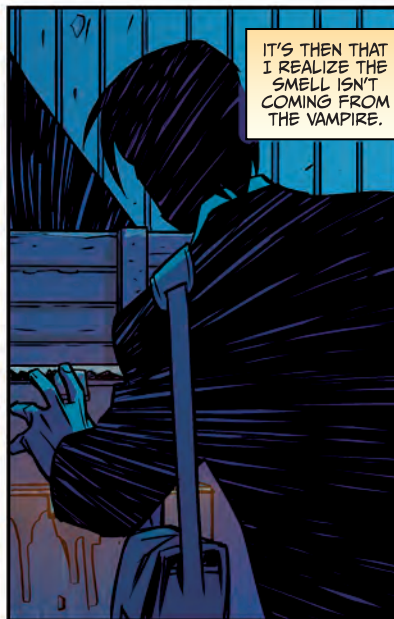
A POACHER OF HIS OWN KIND, NO LESS...THIS FANG TRADE IS BECOMING A PROBLEM.



WHAT'S IN THESE CANISTERS?

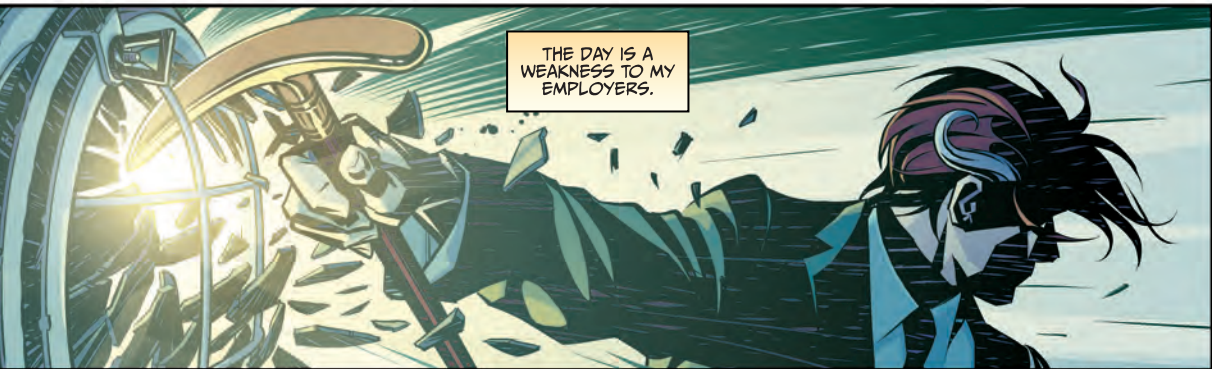
IS IT REWARDING TO BE A BITCH FOR THE UNDEAD? I'VE LONG WONDERED WHAT THE BENEFITS ARE OF SUCH A POSITION.

I ASKED YOU A QUESTION. WHAT'S IN THE CANISTERS?



IT'S THEN THAT I REALIZE THE SMELL ISN'T COMING FROM THE VAMPIRE.





THE DAY IS A WEAKNESS TO MY EMPLOYERS.



NO.  
NOOOOOOO!

**AKHHHHH!!!**



BUT THEY FOUND A WAY TO USE THE SUN TO THEIR ADVANTAGE.

MY NAME IS DAVID REID.

I'M ONE OF THE DAY MEN.

THIRTEEN HOURS LATER.

THE LAST GUY NEVER MADE ME COFFEE.

I GUESS THE LAST GUY DIDN'T HAVE HIS PRIORITIES STRAIGHT.

APPARENTLY NOT.

**CASEY KENNEDY.**  
HEAD OF BUSINESS AND OPERATIONS FOR THE VIRGO FAMILY. MY HUMAN COUNTERPART INSIDE THE VIRGO'S COUNTRY ESTATE.

CASEY HAS AN MBA FROM DARTMOUTH...OR WAS IT PURDUE? KEEPS THE WHOLE FAMILY OPERATION RUNNING LIKE BILL GATES DRESSED IN MICHAEL KORS.

OH, YOUR W2 FINALLY CAME IN. I CAN HAVE THE FAMILY ACCOUNTANT FILE IT FOR YOU, OR YOU CAN FILE TAXES YOURSELF.

I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THE ACCOUNTANT, IF YOU DON'T MIND.

AND THE END OF THE MONTH IS COMING UP, SO I'LL NEED ALL YOUR CREDIT CARD RECEIPTS.

MM, I'LL COMPILE THEM TONIGHT AND HAVE THEM FOR YOU TOMORROW. I CAN GUARANTEE AT LEAST HALF OF THEM HAVEN'T ENDED UP IN THE LAUNDRY.

YOUR FUNERAL. THE HORRORS OF THE NIGHT HAVE NOTHING ON A PISSED-OFF ACCOUNTANT WHEN COLUMN A AND COLUMN B DON'T ADD UP.

HA! I'M SURE THEIR FANGS CUT THE DEEPEST.

MY DAYS ALWAYS START THE SAME NOW. CASEY DRIVES INTO THE CITY ON HER WAY HOME FROM THE NIGHT SHIFT AT THE VIRGO ESTATE.

SHE FILLS ME IN ON WHAT TRANSPIRED THE NIGHT BEFORE AND GIVES ME MY MARCHING ORDERS FOR THE DAY.

WE'VE BEEN MAKING IT A ROUTINE TO HAVE COFFEE AND WATCH THE SUN COME UP AS HER DAY ENDS AND MINE BEGINS.

SO... LET'S TALK ABOUT BOATS...