

UP UNTIL THEN...

ALTHOUGH THERE WAS A LATE SUMMER STORM COMING, THE SHEETS REALLY DID NEED TO GET OUT TO THE CLOTHESLINE TODAY. FORTUNATELY IT WAS A BORROWED PIPE WRENCH. AT LEAST THAT WAS ONE LESS THING TO WORRY ABOUT SHOULD ANYONE START TO ASK QUESTIONS. HE HAD NEVER BEEN MUCH FOR BORROWING.

# MYSTERIES ON MY STREET

ISSUE # 1.1

THINKING BACK...ZINNIAS, LATE SUMMER

THE GARDEN HAD GOTTEN OUT OF HAND THAT SUMMER. HE HAD NOT INTENDED IT TO BE THAT WAY, BUT AFTER THE POTATOES WERE DUG AND TWO SETS OF HEIRLOOM TOMATO SEEDLINGS WERE POUNDED INTO THE GROUND BY SPRING STORMS, IT JUST WAS NOT IN HIM TO KEEP WEEDING AND HOPING.

Continued...





HOW IT WAS...

SOME EARLY SUMMER EVENINGS, THEY WOULD PUSH THE FURNITURE ASIDE, STACK UP THEIR FAVORITE RECORDS, AND DANCE SLOWLY TOGETHER WHILE THE FIREFLIES CAME UP FROM THE IVY. ALL THE WHILE THEY IMAGINED BEING ON A ROOFTOP FAR ABOVE EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE WITH ONLY TWINKLING LIGHTS OF THE BIG CITY BELOW.



BUT NOW...JUST BEFORE HE SNAPPED

IT WAS THEN THAT HE REALIZED THEIR TRUE RELATIONSHIP. THIS GARDEN CORNER CONTAINED ALL THE CLUES. HOW HAD HE MISSED THEM BEFORE? THE FLOWERS SOAKED UP THE SUN WHILE OVERSHADOWING EVERYTHING NEARBY, PRACTICALLY SCREAMING "LOOK AT ME!" THE SPIDER WAITED FOR THE VULNERABLE WHILE SILENTLY PONDERING, "YOU ARE MY FEAST."


Continued...



WHY HAD THE PIPE WRENCH BEEN THERE ANYWAY?

IT HAD STARTED WITH JUST A SIMPLE COMMENT ABOUT THE PATTERN OF THE OLD RUG AND HOW IT LOOKED DATED, PAST IT...TIED AND TIRESOME. THIS HAD TORN THE SCAB OFF SOME LONG FORGOTTEN AND NEGLECTED MENTAL WOUND. HE WAS THAT RUG. THAT RUG WAS HIM. THE RUG REMAINED UNSTAINED.

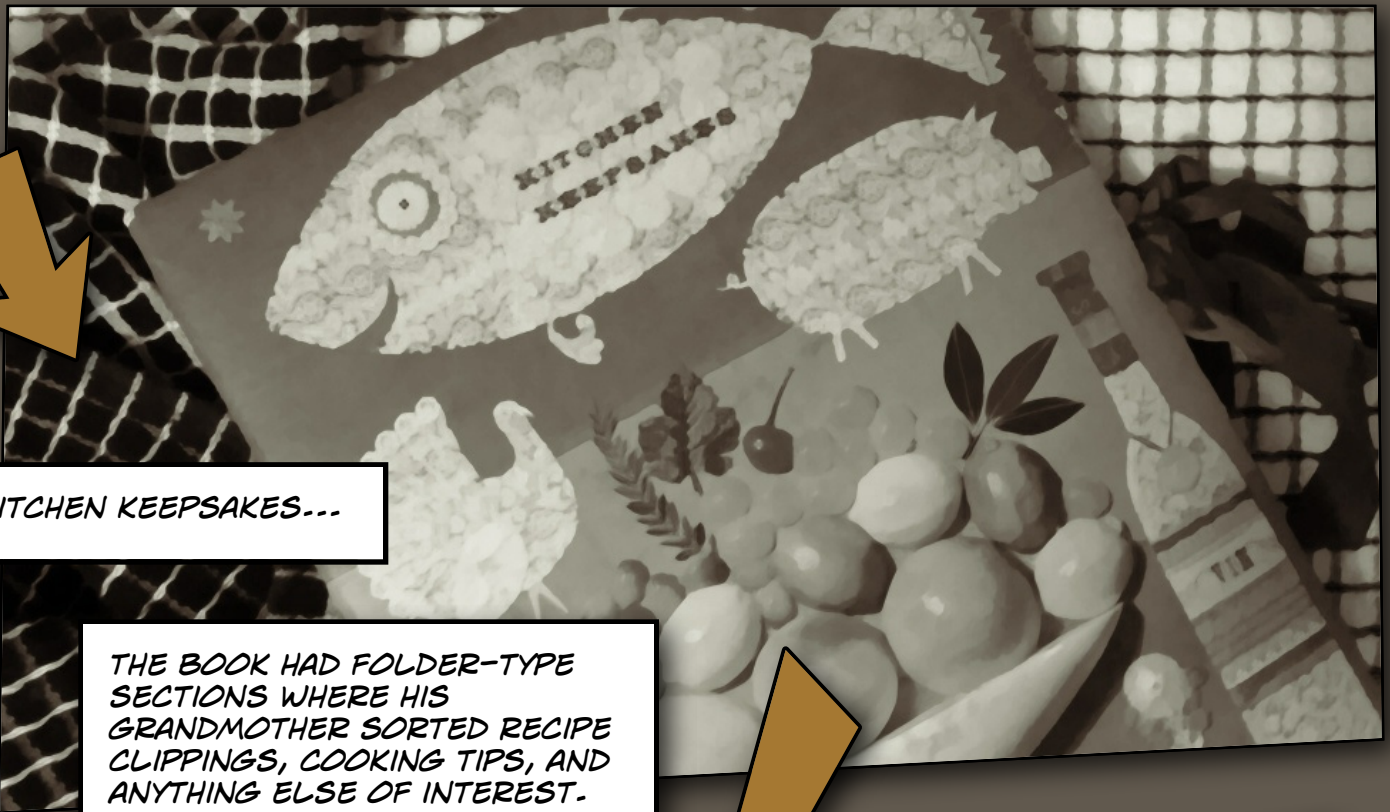
IF ONLY THE MORNING HAD BEEN OVERCAST...



THE RAKE'S SHADOW LINED UP SO PERFECTLY PARALLEL WITH THE TOO STRAIGHT BRANCH ON THE GARDEN CLIPPINGS. IF IT HADN'T BEEN ALL JUST TOO COINCIDENTAL, THE DETECTIVE WOULD NOT HAVE PAUSED. IT WAS A CLUE OF SORTS IN THAT IT CAUSED A SENSE OF ANXIETY THAT COULD NOT BE DISGUISED.

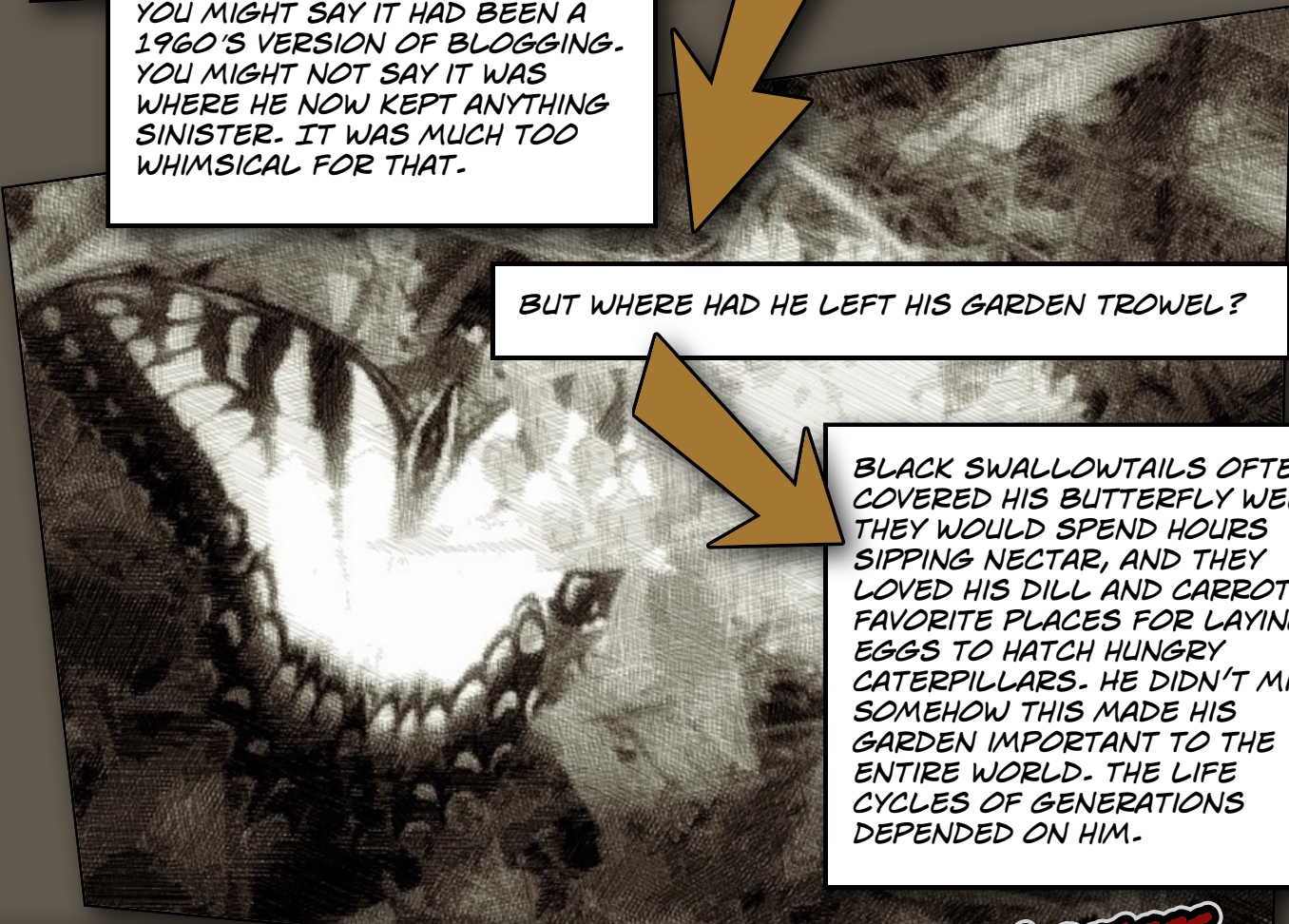
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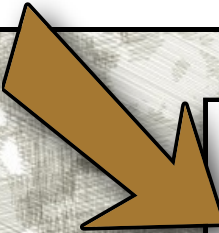


KITCHEN KEEPSAKES...

THE BOOK HAD FOLDER-TYPE SECTIONS WHERE HIS GRANDMOTHER SORTED RECIPE CLIPPINGS, COOKING TIPS, AND ANYTHING ELSE OF INTEREST. YOU MIGHT SAY IT HAD BEEN A 1960'S VERSION OF BLOGGING. YOU MIGHT NOT SAY IT WAS WHERE HE NOW KEPT ANYTHING SINISTER. IT WAS MUCH TOO WHIMSICAL FOR THAT.



BUT WHERE HAD HE LEFT HIS GARDEN TROWEL?



BLACK SWALLOWTAILS OFTEN COVERED HIS BUTTERFLY WEED. THEY WOULD SPEND HOURS SIPPING NECTAR, AND THEY LOVED HIS DILL AND CARROTS, FAVORITE PLACES FOR LAYING EGGS TO HATCH HUNGRY CATERPILLARS. HE DIDN'T MIND. SOMEHOW THIS MADE HIS GARDEN IMPORTANT TO THE ENTIRE WORLD. THE LIFE CYCLES OF GENERATIONS DEPENDED ON HIM.

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