


# Forge Magariños


PORTFOLIO

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Somebody wanted Freddy dead **real** bad.



It was hard to tell where he ended and the double sausage and onion pizza began.



I had to find his killer.


Freddy was my **friend**.

Freddy brought me **pizza**.

WHAT'S YOUR INTEREST HERE, POTATO?

guión  
**CHUCK DIXON**  
dibujo  
**MAGARIÑOS**

# FRY DEADLY



FREDDY WAS A PAL, WE WERE LIKE BLOOD.

FREDDY? DRIVER'S LICENSE HAS HIM AS LARRY CLOUTMAN.

FREDDY, LARRY, WHAT'S THE DIFF? HE DELIVERED IN UNDER TWENTY MINUTES.





AND HE DIED ALONE FOR THE CHUMP CHANGE IN HIS POCKET.

HE STILL HAS HIS ROLL ON HIM.

WASNT ROBBERY, POTATO.

THANKS FOR THE TIP, BOYS.



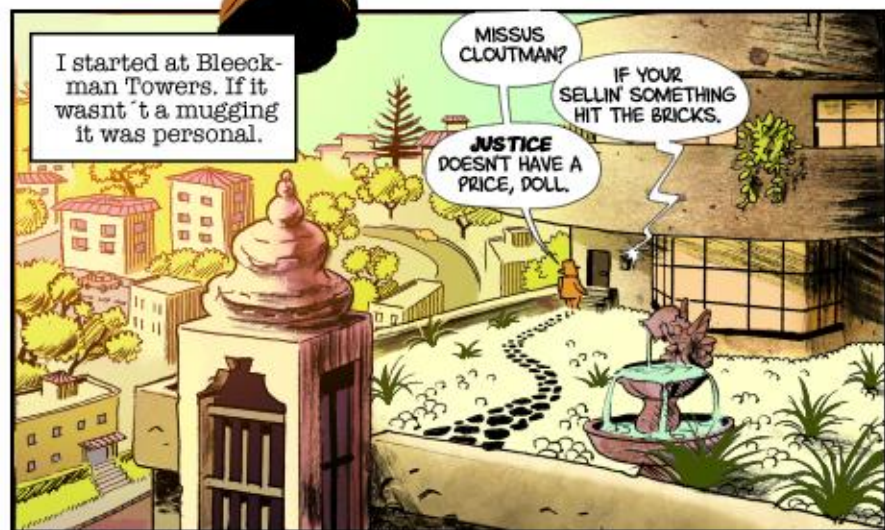
I'm a private eye. One of **Gotham's** best.

A tough man for a tough job in a tough town.

I don't work cheap.



But sometimes I work from the **heart**.



I started at Bleekman Towers. If it wasn't a mugging it was personal.

MISSUS CLOUTMAN?

IF YOUR SELLIN' SOMETHING HIT THE BRICKS.

**JUSTICE** DOESNT HAVE A PRICE, DOLL.



I'M HERE ABOUT YOUR **HUSBAND'S** MURDER.





She was the kind of woman made your mouth go dry and your eyes go hot.



She was Perfume and moonlight and half-remembered Sinatra music playing low.

She was the kind of widow that made funeral directors think of deep discounts.

Her eyes took me in and she caught her breath.

YOU SMELL LIKE TAKEOUT --



CAN WE MAKE THIS FAST? I GOTTA LOTTA THINGS TTAKE CARE OF.

She couldn't hide her feelings for me.

NICE PLACE FOR A GUY THAT DELIVERED PIZZAS.

THE TIPS WERE GREAT.



I didn't have time for the slap and tickle routine.

Not with my best friend in the whole world chilling out on a slab.





LISTEN UP, SISTER!

DON'T GET CUTE WITH ME. I'M TRYING TO FIND THE SCUM THAT KAKKED YOUR MAN.

WHAT WAS HE TO YOU?



HE WAS THERE FOR ME WHENEVER I CALLED.

HE WAS A FRIEND, A COMRADE, A BROTHER.



AND HE LET ME HAVE THE TWOFER SPECIAL **EVEN** WHEN I DIDN'T HAVE A COUPON.



-sigh-

I got to her.

YOU DIDN'T **KNOW** HIM LIKE I DID---



HE...

HE WAS A---



--A HEEL!

Then **she** got to me.









More like **naugahyde and polyester.**

Somebody wanted their potato baked.



So those widow's tears were pure crocodile.

Well...

So I'm not the first guy to fall for a **lucious dame.**



I may have been born yesterday but it was **early yesterday.**

Somebody had a lot to answer for.



And I had a shoulder holster **full of questions.**





I could smell **anchovies** even through the rain.

And under it a stink even more nauseating.



The stench of **corruption**.

Of **greed**.

Of the **hoagie** I left in the glove compartment.



And just before closing time the grieving widow makes her entrance.



YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE **WELLDONE** BY NOW, SNOOPER.



GOT A LATE DELIVERY, WIDOW CLOUTMAN?





YOU CRISPED ME ALLRIGHT, BABE. BUT I'M JUST BROWN AT THE EDGES.

I DID SOME ASKIN AROUND ABOUT YOUR LATE HUBBY. SEEMS HE WAS DOING MORE THAN DELIVERING DEEPPISH.

HE WAS USING HIS ROUTE AS A COVER TO MULE DRUGS, GUNS, NUMBERS.

ANYTHING THAT WOULD BRING IN CASH. ENOUGH CASH TO KEEP A DOLL LIKE YOU IN THE CHIPS.  
IT WAS YOU WHO GUNNED HIM, BABE. SO WHERE'S THE PAYOFF?



I shouldn't have been surprised she could move so fast.



She had a dancer's legs.



I MISSED, HUH?

WELL, THE NEXT ONE'S IN THE TATER TOTS.



THINKIN' OF RUNNING OUT ON ME, HONEY?

MCLUUG! HOW'D YOU--

I FOLLOWED THE DETECTIVE. HE AINT BAD, HON.

I WASNT RUNNING, MCLUUG. I JUST THOUGHT WE SHOULD SHARE THE RISK

HUH?



YOU WHACKED MY OLD MAN. I THOUGHT ID MOVE THE SWAG.

SORRY, HON.

CAN YUH EVER FORGIVE ME?



SURE, BABY.



I GOT ONE LEFT FOR YOU, SNOOPER.



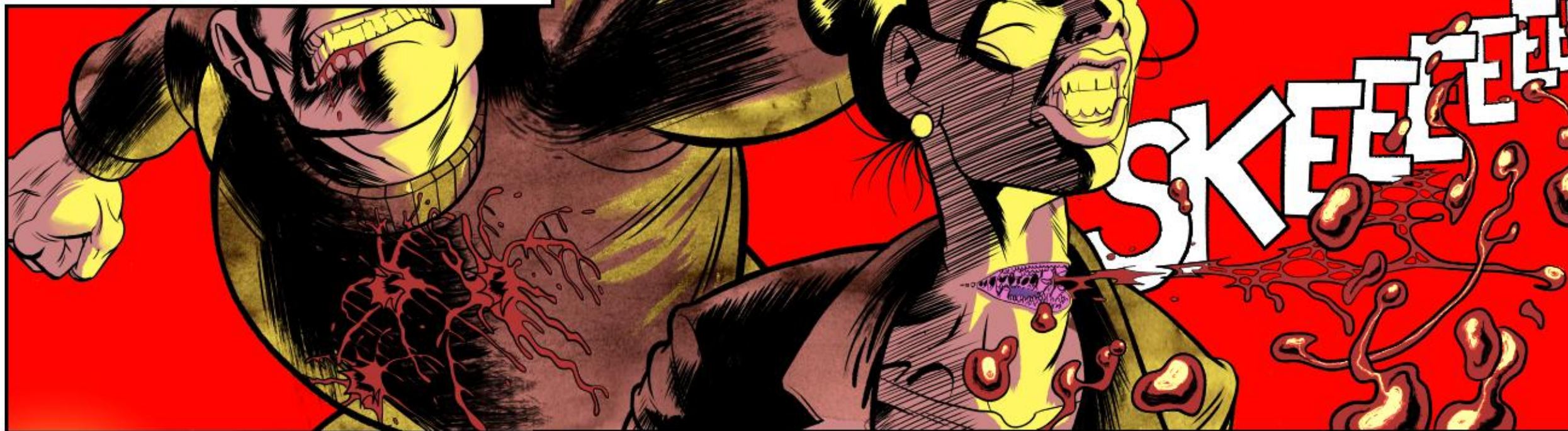
AND ONE SHOULD BE ENOUGH FOR A DRIED UP OLD SPUD LIKE YOU.



WHAT A ROTTEN WAY TO GO, DYING FOR THAT LOUSE OF A HUSBAND OF MINE.

I don't like thinking about what happened next.





Let's just say I'll be ordering the veggie special for a while and leave it at that.



WHAT WAS IT ALL ABOUT, MISTER?

LA VIEJA HISTORIA, AMIGO. UN HOMBRE AMABA A UNA MUJER Y ESA MUJER...

SOLD HIM BY THE SLICE.



WHO'S FREDDY?

FREDDY DESERVED BETTER THAN HER.



SKIP IT, OKAY?

THASTA PRONTO! 23 M.J.