

MONTREAL, 1947

TINKIE!



TINKIE!



STOP, LEONARD!
TINKIE HAS BEEN GONE
FOR MONTHS. SHE'S
NOT COMING BACK.



LET HIM BE, MOTHER.
YOU KNOW HOW MUCH
HE LOVED THAT DOG.



TINKIE HAS BEEN HIS
CLOSEST COMPANION
SINCE PAPA DIED.



SHE ASKED TO GO OUT
ONE DAY IN JANUARY,
AND NOW IT'S APRIL.



SHE MUST BE HERE
SOMEWHERE...



POOR CREATURE...AND IT
WAS SUCH A COLD WINTER,
TOO. I HOPE A NEIGHBOUR
TOOK HER IN.







TINKIE, NO!



WHY DID YOU COME
HERE TO DIE, ALL
ALONE UNDER
THIS PORCH?



THAT'S NO WAY
TO SAY GOODBYE.



POOR LEONARD. HE'LL NEVER
GET OVER IT...



HE'LL PROBABLY PERFORM SOME
STRANGE RITUAL AGAIN, LIKE
WHEN PAPA DIED...



OR SHUT HIMSELF INTO HIS
ROOM WITH THAT DREADFUL
TYPEWRITER!







