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Panel One

Long shot on a rooftop, overlooking a city skyline, a mysterious figure in a trench coat on the left side of the panel, backed turned on the viewer.

“Human carcass in alley, this morning, tire tread on burst stomach. This city is afraid of me. I have seen its truth face.” (Text)

“Hurm.” (Speech)

Panel Two

A portrait of our hero, a Dalmatian with black dots all over his face. It will change variously as the story goes along, just like Rorschach.

“The house is the extended toilet and the toilet is full of shit and when the owner finally comes home he shall scoop.” (Text)

“Hurm.” (Speech)

Panel Three

Long shot of a city street, emphasizing how gritty and grimy it all is.

“The accumulated shit from all the pooping will foam up about the waist and my owner will look down and shout “bad boy!” (Text)

“...And I will look up and shit some more.” (Text)

Panel Four

From the POV of our victim in an alleyway, she looks at two German Shepherds, one of them holding a bat, walking up to her menacing.

“He had a choice, always did. He could have let me shit outdoors.”

“Oh god, don’t get any closer! H-Help!!” (Speech)

Panel Five

Chains meant to represent a grappler does downwards, a ‘fwoosh’ sound effect is made.

“Instead, he wanted me to be an indoor dog. Didn’t realize dogs needed to be free until it was too late.” (Text)

Panel Six

Two of the attackers look up from the alleyway confused as to what that sound was.

“Don’t tell me he didn’t have a choice.” (Text)

Panel Seven

A boot is about to land on the ground, ready for battle.

“Now his whole house is full of shit, needing a deep clean. There is only one way to clean it all up.” (Text)

Panel Eight

Our Dalmatian hero prepares to fight two German Shepherds.

Panel Nine

The attacker on the left is knocked out first.

Panel Ten

Then the attacker on the right is also knocked out.

Panel Eleven

Both of the attackers are on the ground unconscious.

Panel Twelve

The victim, a female poodle, is seen standing up, with our hero offering an outstretched hand. She thanks him, our hero responding in his usual monotone way.

“T-Thank you for saving me!” (Speech)

“Hurm.” (Speech)

Panel Thirteen

Our hero walks away from the scene, his job well done.

“Wait... you’re leaving now?” (Speech)

“Hurm.” (Speech)

Panel Fourteen

The Dalmatian is about to enter his NYC apartment, done for the day.

Panel Fifteen

Our hero, who can now afford to be a real dog, is relaxing in his bed.

“Hurm.” (Speech)

Panel Sixteen

FIN