

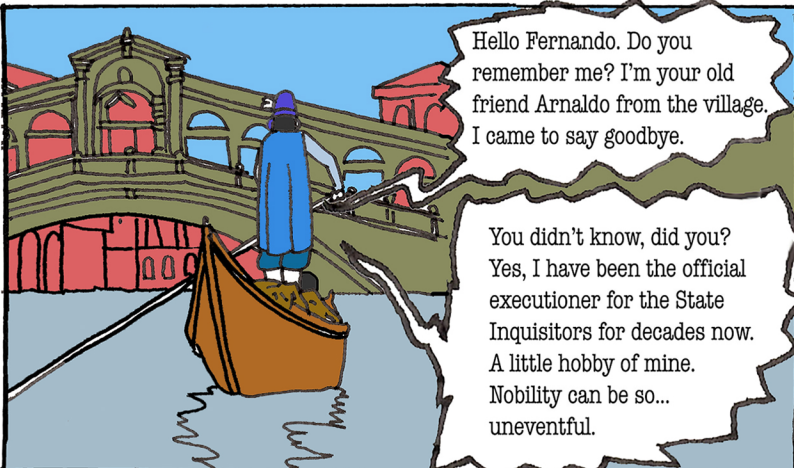
TERROR TALES

Hello my little rodents. I hope your romp through The Magic Bullet is going well. Oh, I'm so glad you stopped here for Pumpkin Jim's creep-filled story time.

Hee hee, ol' Jimmy has a twisted yarn to spin about a gruesome execution gone, um, right. Oh those are always the best ones.

Welcome to Venice, Italy in 1623. It's a fine summer night to clean out the dungeons for a secret execution, har har! Well...don't be scared ya lil' chicken, read on.

No need for you today guards, the Council has granted me a favor to handle this one myself. I go alone.

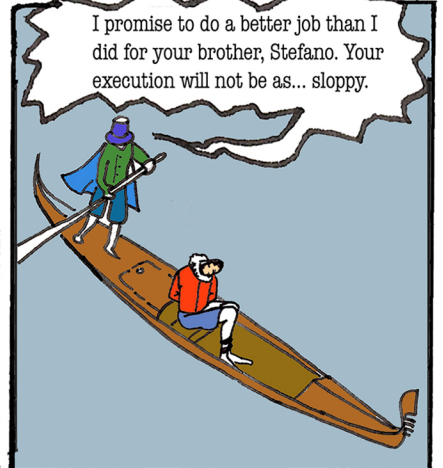


Hello Fernando. Do you remember me? I'm your old friend Arnaldo from the village. I came to say goodbye.

You didn't know, did you? Yes, I have been the official executioner for the State Inquisitors for decades now. A little hobby of mine. Nobility can be so... uneventful.



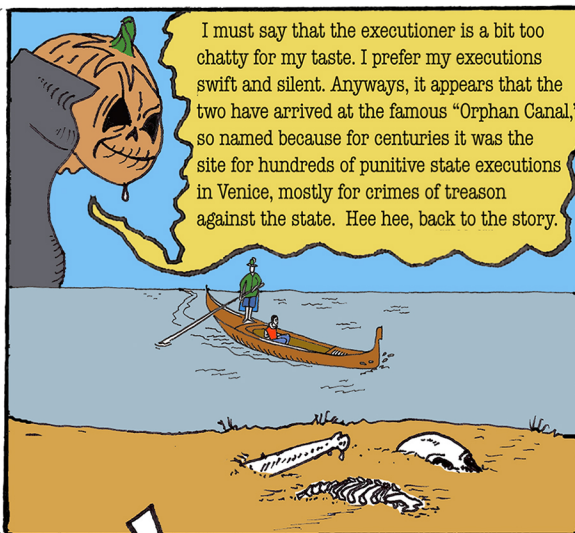
Today is a celebration. I am retiring and you are my 100th client. I hope my services will meet your expectations.



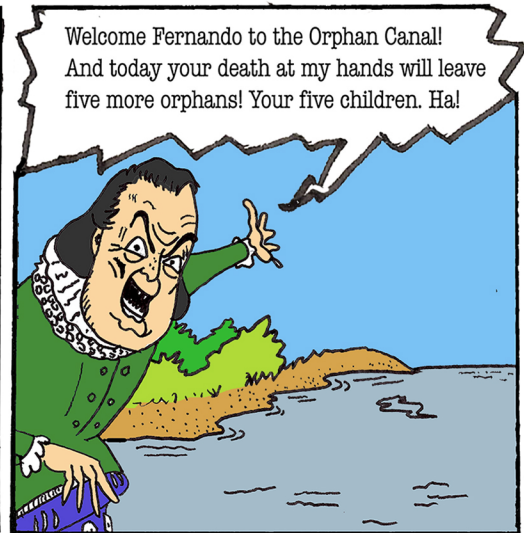
I promise to do a better job than I did for your brother, Stefano. Your execution will not be as... sloppy.



Yes, I gave the Council the false information about your brother's treason. Your family's legendary piety made it easy to convince the Council that Stefano spied for Rome. And to repay me, they allowed me to carry out the execution. I found I had a taste for the work.



I must say that the executioner is a bit too chatty for my taste. I prefer my executions swift and silent. Anyways, it appears that the two have arrived at the famous "Orphan Canal," so named because for centuries it was the site for hundreds of punitive state executions in Venice, mostly for crimes of treason against the state. Hee hee, back to the story.



Welcome Fernando to the Orphan Canal! And today your death at my hands will leave five more orphans! Your five children. Ha!



Any last words? Ha, I didn't think so.

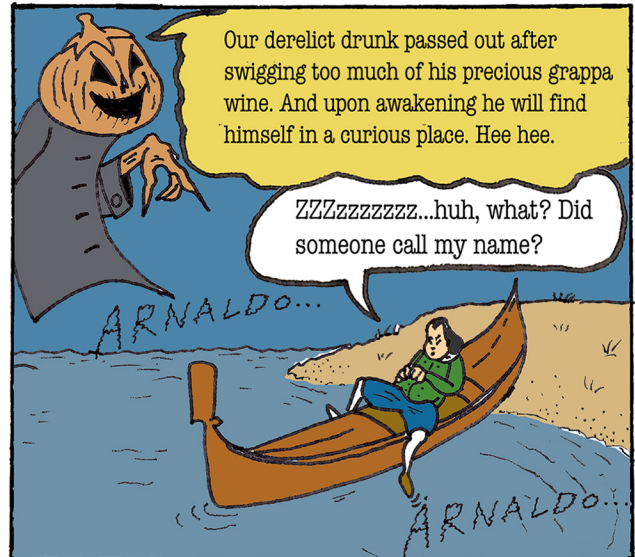
And now, my 100th toast of grappa to my 100th and last client!



To my good friend, Fernaaaaaando!



Keep the glass! You might see about a hundred more down there! HA HA!



Our derelict drunk passed out after swigging too much of his precious grappa wine. And upon awakening he will find himself in a curious place. Hee hee.

ZZZZzzzzzz...huh, what? Did someone call my name?

ARNALDO...

ARNALDO...