

panel 1: A guy sits in a bar. He's in his mid-thirties

Narr: If there's such a thing as a career small-time criminal, I'm it.

panel 2: He looks around the bar.

Narr: You probably know a lot of people like me. You just don't realize it. Stealing office supplies. or walking out on the occasional check -- nothing noticeable.

panel 3: He takes a drink.

Narr: I don't know if over people can pinpoint the genesis of their bad habits, but I can...

panel 4: The guy as a kid, Beezer, watches his mother and brother, Scott, fighting. Mom waves necklace.

Narr: ...It started when I was ten years old, watching my mother yelling at my older brother about an expensive gold necklace she'd found.

Scott: --I don't know! I've never seen it before!

panel 5: Same.

Mom: I suppose it just got into your sock drawer all by itself?!

Scott: Maybe someone put it here, I don't know!! I swear!

panel 6: Mom walks off down be hall.

Mom: Well, we'll just see about this, something fishy's going on here...

Narr (at bottom of panel): I didn't say anything, but I knew exaxtly what was going on.

panel 7: Scott hits Beezer.

Scott: You just shuttup!

Beezer: OW! What?! I didn't say a word!

panel 8: The condos.

Narr: It was 1975 and we were living in the Park Point Condominium Complex in suburban Orange County, California.