

GRASS KINGS™

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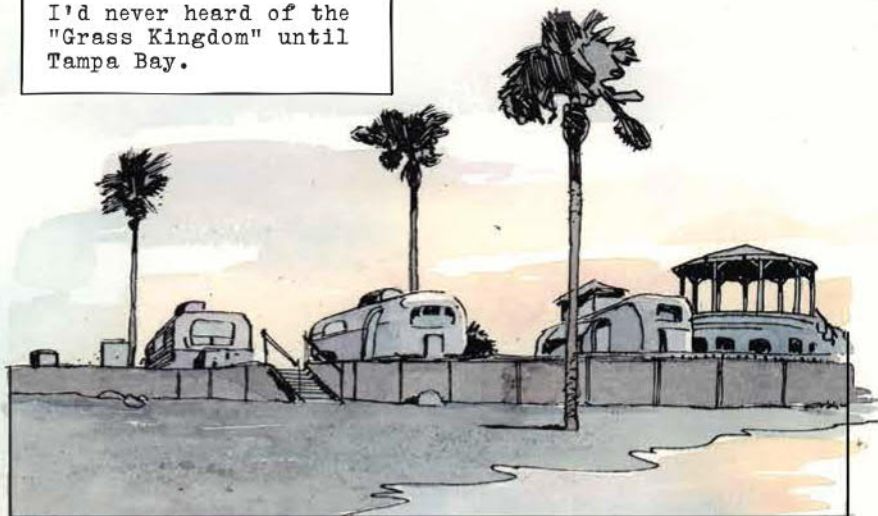
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I'd never heard of the "Grass Kingdom" until Tampa Bay.



I had been interviewing locals in Florida regarding a string of recent serial murders...



...when I ran into Bruce and Robert's mother by chance. She planted the seed.

She was the kernel of the idea.

I DIDN'T KNOW ANY OF THEM THAT GOT KILLED HERE IN THE PARK. BUT IT SURE AS HELL MAKES ME REGRET MOVING HERE, I TELL YA.





It was her words that led me on the trail north.

I USED TO LIVE IN PARADISE 'TIL ME AND MY OLD MAN SPLIT. BI-POLAR, THEY SAID I WAS.

ALL I KNOW'S WE SPLIT AND LEFT THE KIDS TO LIVE IN PARADISE. BETTER OFF WITHOUT US, WE THOUGHT.

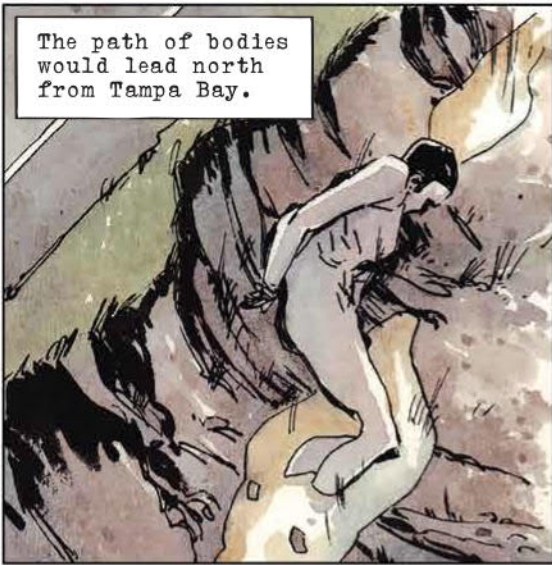


"PARADISE?"

YEAH. PLACE WAY UP NORTH. AT THE BORDER. WE CALLED IT...



"THE GRASS KINGDOM."



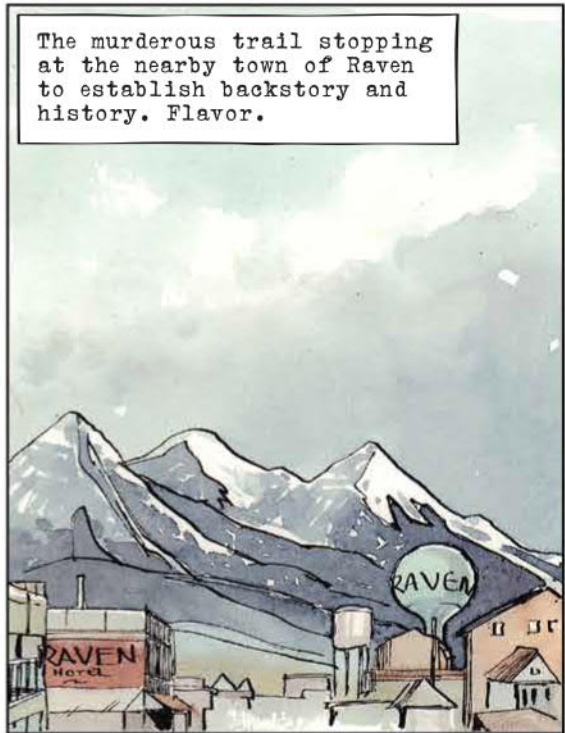
The path of bodies would lead north from Tampa Bay.



Those victims merely the prologue...



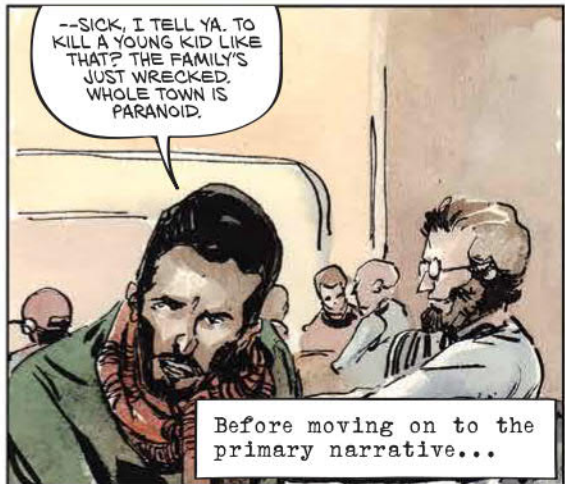
The appetizer before the main course.



The murderous trail stopping at the nearby town of Raven to establish backstory and history. Flavor.



The keys to the writer's trade.



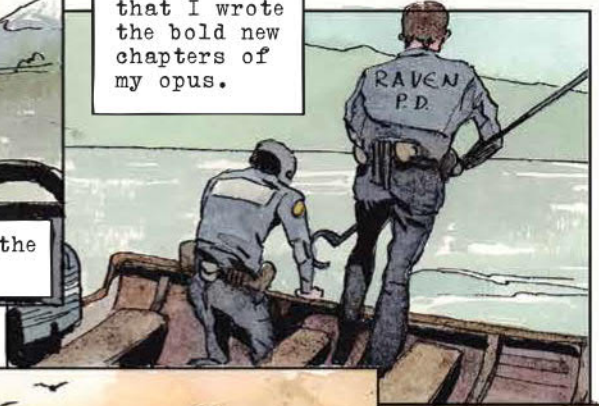
--SICK, I TELL YA. TO KILL A YOUNG KID LIKE THAT? THE FAMILY'S JUST WRECKED. WHOLE TOWN IS PARANOID.

Before moving on to the primary narrative...



...Cargill and the Grass Kingdom.

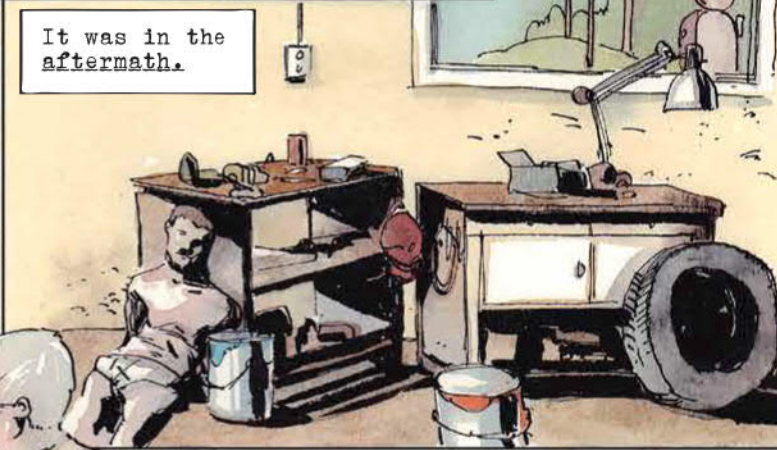
It is here that I wrote the bold new chapters of my opus.



The pleasure, you see, wasn't in the pain and death of the victims.



It was in the aftermath.



SHUT YER MOUTH, BOY!

The chaos and living pain that the death left behind.



I'M THE SHERIFF. WE'RE GONNA SOLVE THESE MURDERS. AND WE'RE GONNA DO IT MY WAY, Y'HEAR? I KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN'.



