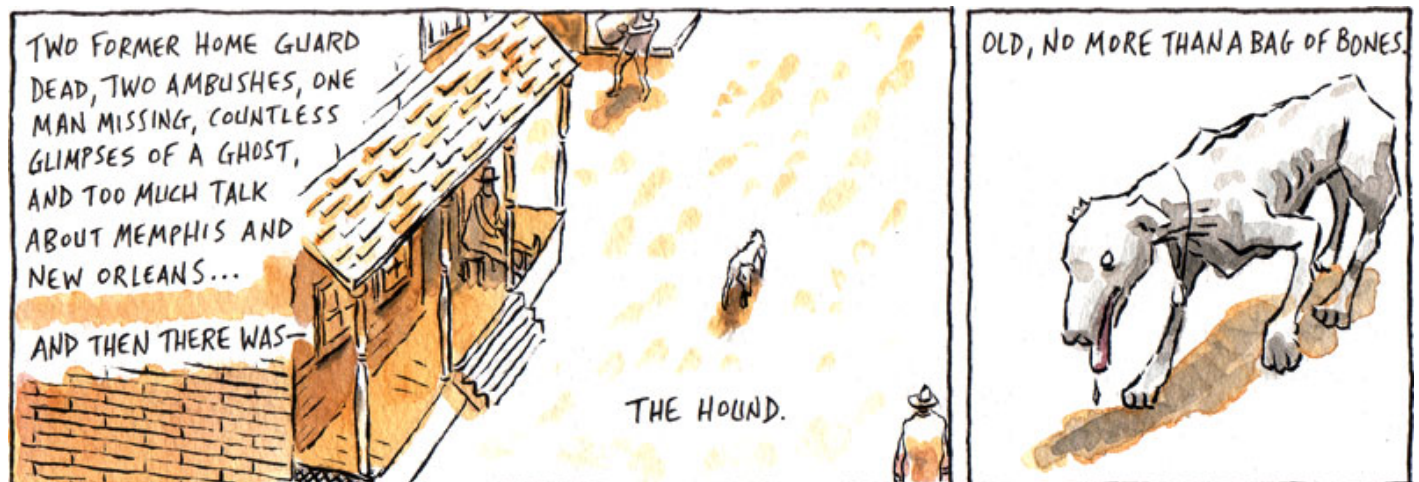


Ithaca: Part Thirteen



NO ORDINARY HOUND, THOUGH.



NO - IT WAS THE RECTOR DOG.



THE DREADED TRACKER.



HE HADN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE THE RECTOR FARM FAILED.



THAT MISSING EAR AND CHOPPED TAIL (COURTESY OF A SLAVE WITH A HATCHET)... IT WAS HIM ALL RIGHT.



RETURNED.

SOME LATER SAID HE STOPPED, STARED AT SOMETHING, SOMEONE WAY AT THE END OF TOWN,



WAGGED THAT STUMP OF A TAIL-



AND DIED.

"THE DOG, WHOM FATE HAD GRANTED TO BEHOLD HIS LORD, WHEN TWENTY TEDIIOUS YEARS HAD ROLL'D,



TAKES A LAST LOOK, AND HAVING SEEN HIM, DIES; SO CLOSED FOR EVER FAITHFUL ARGUS'S EYES!"



THAT'S ELIZABETH ANDREWS, TELFORD'S BETROTHED. ONCE.



HE... HE ALWAYS WORE IT.

DEAD DOG. DEAD MASTER. I KNOW THE BLACK DEVIL RESPONSIBLE FOR BOTH!



JOSH BROWN 2012

TO BE CONTINUED...



JBROWN 2011

[Go To Ithaca: Part Twelve](#)

[Go To Ithaca: Part Fourteen](#)

This article originally appeared in issue 12.4 (July, 2012).