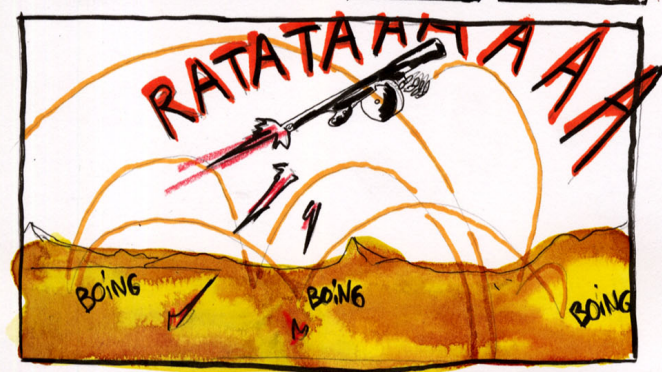
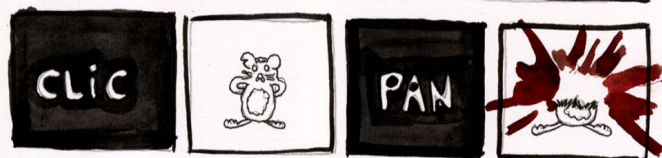
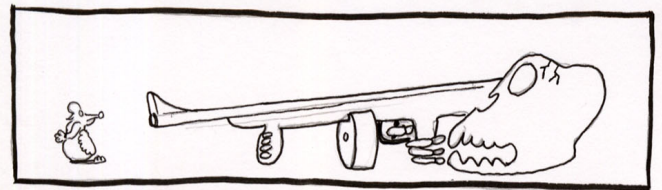


NOW
(like, right now...)



Blocked by a knuckle, the trigger fired all 50 rounds from the tank, propelling the weapon 40 kilometers from the crime scene.

... the two ladies pigeon that the major slept with last night, the last witnesses.

They say he left at 6 a.m., totally drunk...

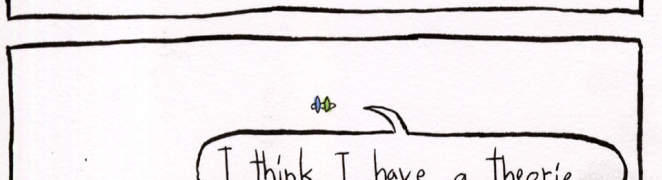
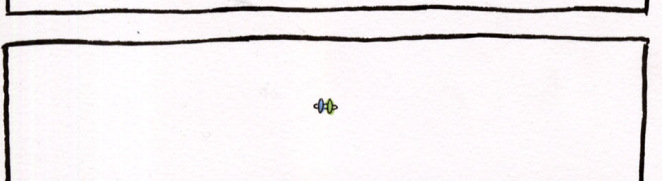
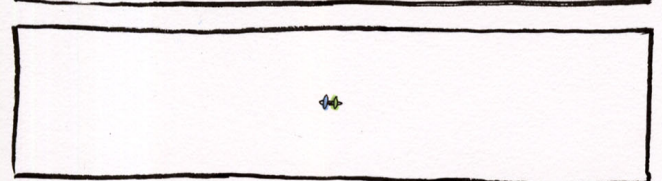


Sounds like bullshit! But a Thompson's bullet in the head... Looks like an execution...

A normal size Thompson!
The mini-sized major was like Heinz Ketchup @!

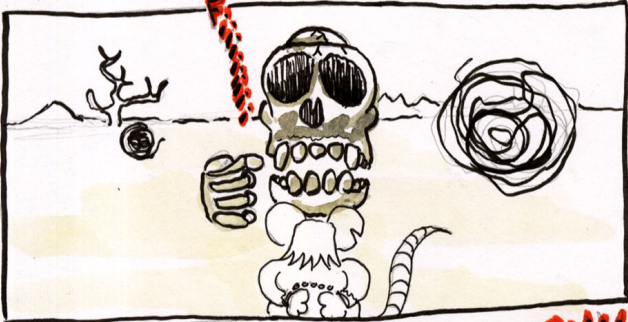


I saw the scene, Joe...



I think I have a theorie...

The can pushed the major at 63km of the city, in the middle of the desert.



22



3



16



9

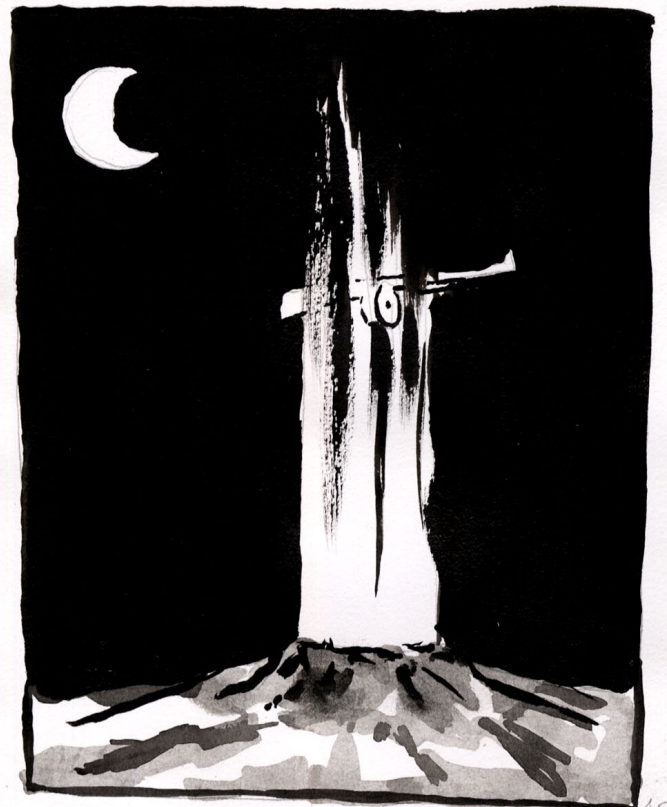
17 JUNE 1958 , 16h42 and 3 sec
6122 meters up

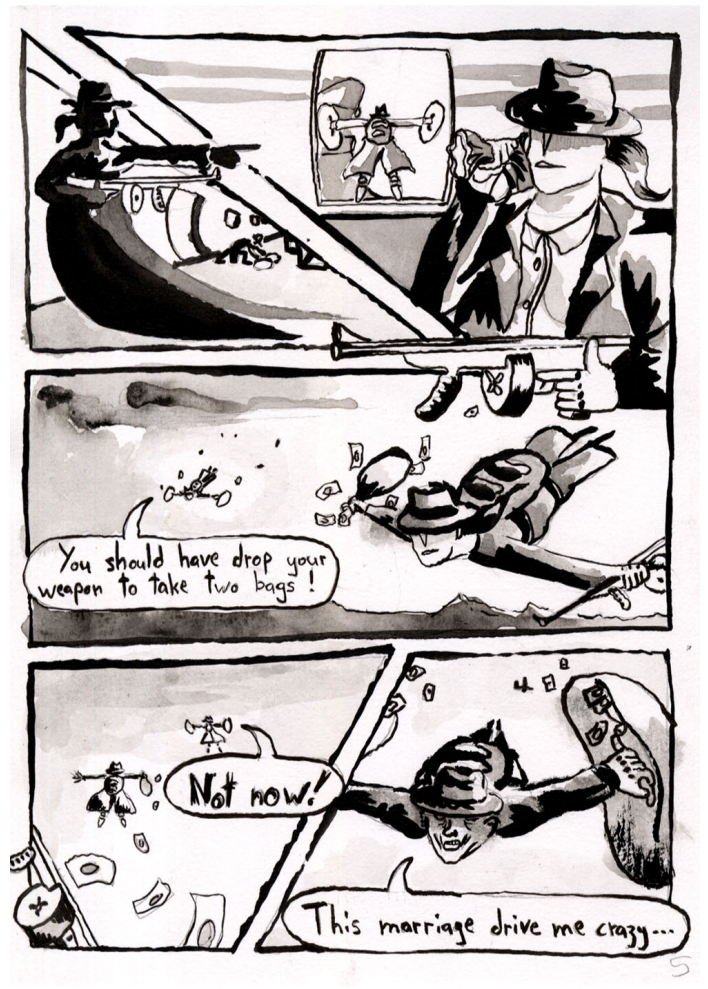
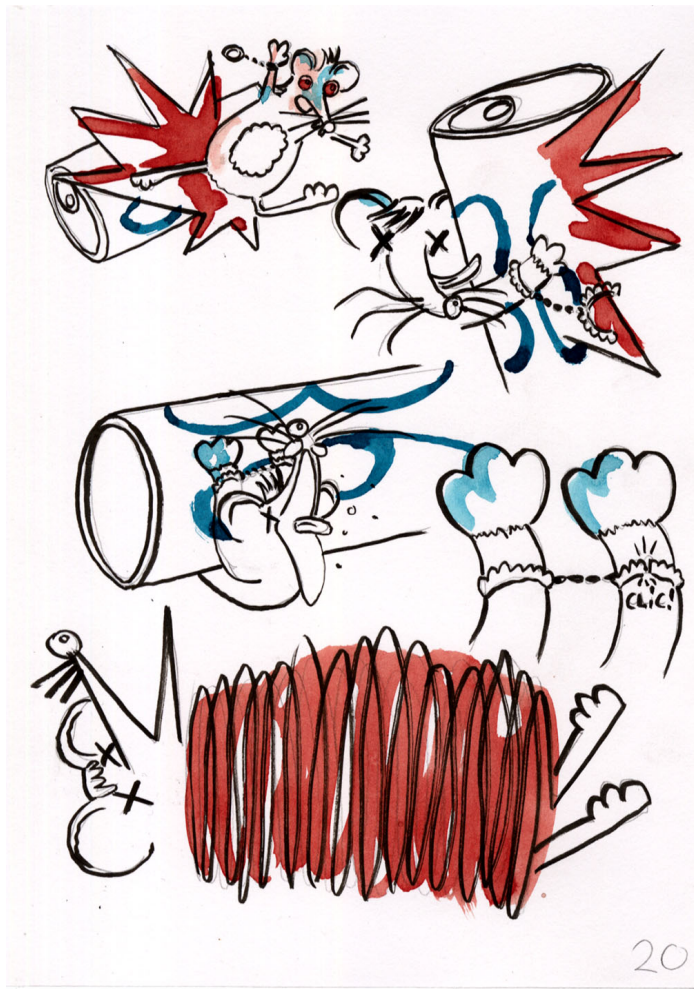


ONE DAY BEFORE NOW



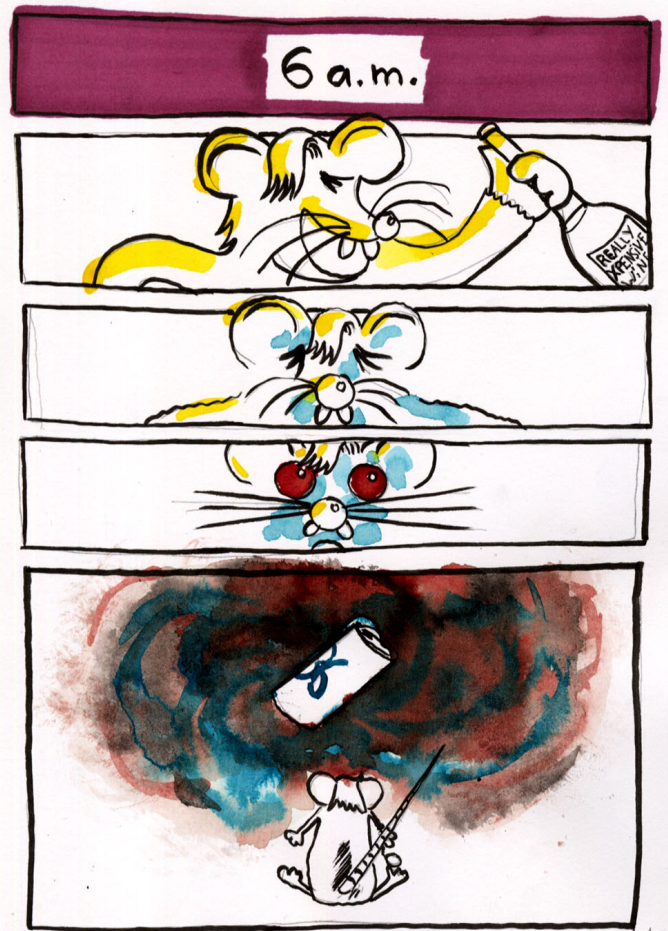
27 APRIL 2533. 00h31







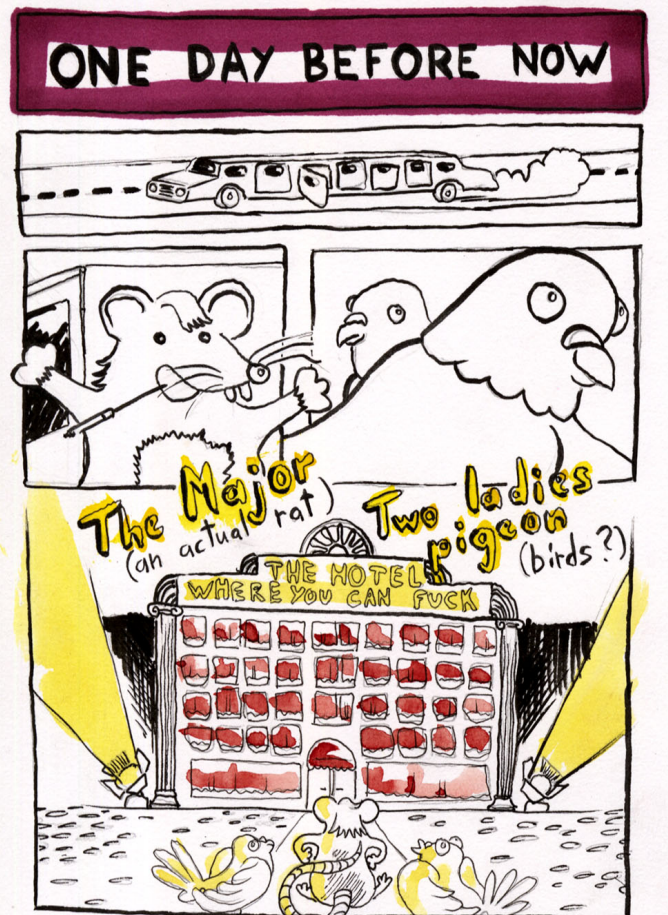
6



19



12



13