

MEMORANDUM

Privileged and Confidential

TO : ANTI-VIGILANTE TASK FORCE (GROUP)
FROM : BLAKE
DATE : SEPTEMBER 22, 2019
SUBJECT : ACTUAL WORK

Writing this from the field office in Tulsa (yes, they wear cowboy boots here) and need your help. First...

Yeah, Petey, I read your fucking memos. A little weird, considering you could just turn to me and say any/all of this shit as we are currently occupying the same physical space, but why do that when you could write an 80-page essay and zap it off to all of our co-workers instead? To this end, after you track down Gardner's paperwork, get over to Mirror Guy's house and bring him in. He flipped on Abar too fast and given what I just heard, I can't rule out the little shit is Kavalry.

As to what I just heard...

Six hours ago, Abar downed an entire bottle of her grandfather's Nostalgia pills. I told her she'd go into a coma, but she refused medical consent to pump her stomach and then it was lights out, with one notable exception —

She kept talking.

The EMTs said this is common in Nostalgia ODs (or "Waxing" as the kids call it), particularly when the pills are not the subject's own memories, but someone else's. There's a lot of brain sciency shit I could bore you with, but it doesn't matter. What does is that for a couple hours, Abar "became" her grandpa. Words he spoke eighty years ago came out of her mouth...

And I recorded the whole thing.

This doodad can't transmit audio, but they're making a copy of my cassette right now and will transcribe/transmit a transcript to all of you (or "y'all" as they are so fucking fond of saying down here) ASAP. In the meantime, I'll just cut to the chase —

Abar's grandfather, William Reeves, was NYPD. We already knew this from the print we pulled off her missing car.

What we did not know was that Reeves was Hooded Justice.

Funny story: I actually thought HJ might have been my dad at one point. Oh. Wait. It's not funny at fucking all.

As Agent Petey has seen fit to parade the legacy of my dysfunctionally costumed parents here, I'm gonna say this before he does: it's pretty fucking strange that of all the people who could be responsible for offing Crawford, it would be the same guy who beat the shit out of my dad when he tried to rape my mom. The thermodynamic miracle strikes again, huh, Petey? Alas, this is not about me...

It's about Reeves. Currently at large somewhere in Tulsa and in possession of mind control tech (you heard me right) that he used to get Crawford to hang himself (that should be an interesting trial) and most definitely not done with whatever the fuck he came here to do. That brings us to —

“Cyclops.”

Abar spoke this word (via grandpa’s memories) no less than 50 times. Best I can tell, it’s yet another KKK spin-off of which Crawford was most certainly a member. They’re the ones who developed the MCTech back in the forties/fifties, so I need y’all to go through the archive and find me everything you can on them. Call it a hunch, but if Cyclops and The Seventh Cavalry aren’t directly related, they’re at least kissin’ cousins.

Abar is in recovery, so I’m gonna roll over to Crawford’s widow and see if I can’t shake something loose from her. I guess it’s possible she didn’t know who and what her hubby was, but as someone who spent a decade fucking a guy dressed up like a giant owl, I am not one to throw stones.

Speaking of Who, I hope you dipshits remembered to bring him his mouse today. He gets cranky when he doesn’t get to crush something small and helpless.

See you in the funny pages,

Blake