

WHAT DO YOU SAY WHEN A HANDSOME WEIRDO YOU JUST MET ASKS YOU TO BE A G-MAN?



THEY ALWAYS SAID I WAS
A HEARTBREAKER.



BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM
BLAM
BLAM



TURNS OUT IT'S A LOT
EASIER TO BREAK
HEARTS WITH A .45.

The
**SECRET
DIARY** of *Bettie
Page*
CHAPTER SIX:
THE **CANNES-DO KID**



IT WASN'T ALL
FUN AND GAMES.

MY FELLOW TRAINEES
WERE MOSTLY BUZZ-
CUT GORILLAS.



BUT THAT MADE
JUDO CLASS EVEN
MORE FUN THAN
PISTOL TRAINING.

THEY WERE STRONG
AS ALL GET OUT, BUT
NOT SO FLEXIBLE.



I WANTED TO ASK MCKNIGHT IF
THEY NEEDED ME TO TEACH THE
CADETS A COURSE ON "HOW TO
TALK TO A LADY", BUT I HADN'T
SEEN HIM SINCE I LANDED HERE.

WHEREVER
"HERE" WAS.



SO IT WAS HIGH
SCHOOL ALL OVER
AGAIN, BUT LONELIER
AND DEADLIER.



THEN SUDDENLY...
IT WAS OVER.

BUS
LEAVES
IN TWO
HOURS.



BUT...
WHAT...?

RETURN HOME
AND WAIT FOR
INSTRUCTIONS.

IF THEY
NEED YOU,
THEY'LL CALL
YOU.
DISMISSED.





OF COURSE...AS SOON AS I GOT A PHOTO GIG, MCKNIGHT SHOWED UP WITH A LITTLE JAUNT FOR ME.

SIMPLE STUFF. GO TO A FANCY PARTY AND MAKE SURE AN EGGHEAD DIDN'T GO ALL RED ON US.



IT DIDN'T TURN OUT SO SIMPLE.

THE MISSION WAS TO KEEP CARRADINE FROM LEAVING THE COUNTRY WITH KROPOTKIN...BUT THIS ISN'T WHAT I HAD IN MIND.

IT'S NOT MY FAULT! KROPOTKIN TRIPPED INTO CARRADINE AND THEY WENT OVER THE LEDGE!

TURNS OUT NEITHER OF THEM COULD FLY, EVEN WITH THAT CRAZY DINGUS.



WHICH I DID KEEP OUT OF THE HANDS OF THE COMMIES AND THE PRESS, BY THE WAY.

YOU'RE WELCOME.



IN SPITE OF MY BRAVE TALK... I HAD SPLATTERED A TOP U.S. ATOM SCIENTIST. I FIGURED A GIRL COULD GET FIRED FOR LESS.



AFTER THAT NIGHT, I DIDN'T HEAR FROM MCKNIGHT AGAIN FOR A STRETCH. I FIGURED THE "FLIN" WAS OVER.