



WELL,
THIS WENT
TO HELL IN
A JIFFY!

RUNIE SCARRED

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SINCE YOUR BOSS IS A COWARD...

...I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SETTLE FOR YOU.



SO THE THING YOU NEED TO LEARN ABOUT HELMETS...



...IS THAT IF YOU'RE GOING TO PUT HORNS ON THEM...



...YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T STRAP THEM ON SO TIGHT.



YOU CANNOT RUN FROM SARENRAE'S LIGHT.



YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE LISTENED THE FIRST TIME.

YOU TEAR THIS COAT, I'M GOING TO QUIT PLAYING NICE.





EVERYONE OKAY?
INJURIES?

ONLY MY PRIDE.

-OOF-

AND MAYBE SOME RIBS.



WOW, YOU CAN REALLY FIGHT.
EVEN IN ALL THAT ARMOR.

IT'S WHAT I DO.

SO, UM... DO YOU COME DOWN TO THESE SEWERS OFTEN?



LOOK, BRAIDS, YOU'RE KIND OF CUTE, IN AN UNWASHED SORT OF WAY, BUT I DON'T TOLERATE DISTRACTIONS ON THE JOB.

WHEN THIS IS OVER, AND YOU NO LONGER SMELL LIKE A DOG ROLLING IN A BARN STALL, MAYBE I'LL BUY YOU A DRINK.

BUT UNTIL THEN, STEP OFF BEFORE YOU GET PUSHED, ALRIGHT?



I NEED TO GO REPORT TO THE QUEEN.



SO, YOU IN LOVE YET?

OH YEAH.