

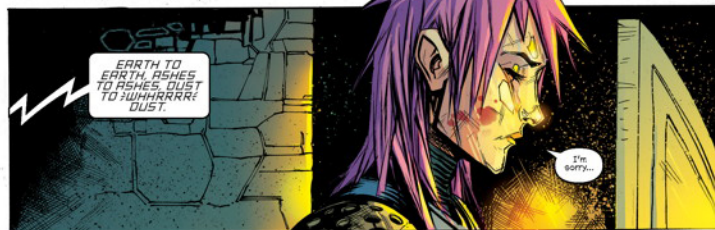


AND NOW WE  
LAY TO REST  
OUR 'CLICK'  
BELOVED  
'WHHHRRR'  
MAN-O-SAUR.



MAY THE 'WHRRR'  
DINO LORD BLESS AND  
KEEP HIM. MAY HE  
MAKE HIS F-F-FACE TO  
SHINE UPON HIM AND  
BE GRACIOUS UNTO  
HIM AND GIVE HIM  
'YRRRRKILL ME' PEACE.

Goodbye,  
Man-O-Saur. It  
wasn't supposed  
to happen  
like--



EARTH TO  
EARTH, ASHES  
TO ASHES, DUST  
TO 'WHRRR'  
DUST.

I'm  
sorry...



What  
are you  
doing  
here?



I'm sorry? I thought it would be nice if one of us attended the funeral of our friends!

You're kind of new here, right, Zoe?

Miss Adventure.

You certainly do. Listen...



...These people were not your friends. They had a debt to pay, just like the rest of us, and they played the game wrong. You can't get attached.

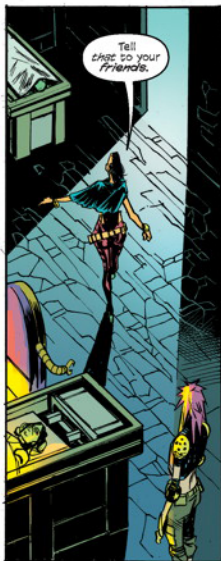
Played the game wrong? What ga--



Keep your head down, pay what you owe, do what you're told, and stop trying to play hero. It's the only way off of this bus. Believe me.



None of us is ever getting out of this. You know that...



Tell that to your friends.



Acquisitions room...when you're ready...

Sooo, what did Pierce tell you guys to get?

Mine says, "Soul-er Gun!"

What is that?!

Uuum, here we go. "Ultrasonic plasma rifle that recharges rounds by absorbing the souls of nearby living entities."

Well, that's awesome!

Sn'right?!



What the bloody hell is a "Superlex"...

Yo, Nick at Night!

You coming or what?!

