

OASIS. NOW.



LOATH AS I AM TO QUESTION YOUR PRIMITIVE FORAGING SKILLS, GRAVEL--



--ARE YOU CERTAIN THOSE ARE SAFE TO EAT?

OF COURSE THEY'RE SAFE, PENDING. DO I LOOK LIKE AN IDIOT?



IS THAT A TRICK QUESTION?

HA!



WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE A HOME-COOKED MEAL OR A SCAVENGED CAN OF EXPIRED BEANS WASHED DOWN WITH WHISKEY?

WE GET THE WHISKEY EITHER WAY, RIGHT?



I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, GRAVEL. THESE ARE DELICIOUS!

**THE BUTCHER SHOP.
SOMETIME IN THE PAST.
THE CLONING VATS.**



**MAKE IT
STOP!**

**MAKE IT
STOP!**

**MAKE IT
STOP!**

**MAKE IT
STOP!**

**MAKE IT
STOP!**

**MAKE IT
STOP!**

**MAKE IT
STOP!**



STOP? OH, SUBJECT V, WE'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN.

AAAAA!

CRRR-ACK-ACKLE!



AAAAA!

AAAAA!

HMM. TELEPATHIC RESPONSE TRIGGERED BY TRAUMA.

AAAAA!



AAAAA!

TOO MUCH TRAUMA AND THE SUBJECT WILL TERMINATE.

SCHLIKK! SCHLIKK!

NOT A PROBLEM.



WE'LL MAKE MORE.

"HEY, MUTTLEY. WHAT'S THE DEAL, BOY?"