

# SMAASSHH



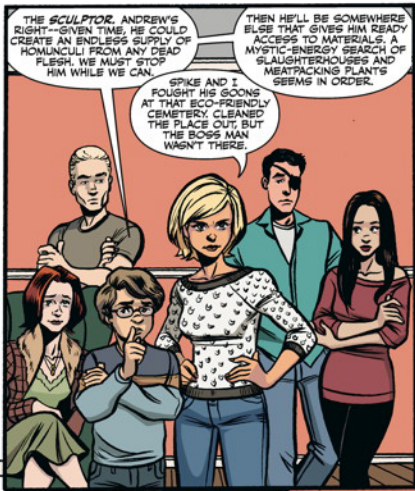


**BUFFY, WILLOW,  
AND DAWN'S  
APARTMENT.**

PLEASE TRY NOT TO BE DISTRACTED BY MY RIPPLING PHYSIQUE AND SUPERHUMAN ABILITIES. I DRANK A POTION THAT TURNED ME INTO MY IDEAL SELF AS ONE DOES.

THESE ARE MY FRIENDS, JULIE AND CLIVE. THEY'RE PART OF A COVEN IN OAKLAND, BECAUSE SAN FRANCISCO IS SO OVER.

WE WERE ATTACKED BY A NASTY DEMON LORD AND HIS FLESH GOLEMS. HE WAS AFTER THE POTION. WE FOUGHT HIM OFF, BUT HE'LL BE BACK.



THE *SCULPTOR*. ANDREW'S RIGHT--GIVEN TIME, HE COULD CREATE AN ENDLESS SUPPLY OF HOMUNCULI FROM ANY DEAD FLESH. WE MUST STOP HIM WHILE WE CAN.

THEN HE'LL BE SOMEWHERE ELSE THAT GIVES HIM READY ACCESS TO MATERIALS. A MYSTIC-ENERGY SEARCH OF SLAUGHTERHOUSES AND MEATPACKING PLANTS SEEMS IN ORDER.

SPIKE AND I FOUGHT HIS GOONS AT THAT ECO-FRIENDLY CEMETERY. CLEANED THE PLACE OUT, BUT THE BOSS MAN WASN'T THERE.



GILES AND I WILL BE BUSY WITH COMBAT SPELLS. WE COULD USE SOMEONE TO UNRAVEL THE REANIMATION MAGIC. IF I GIVE YOU A TEMPORARY POWER BOOST, ARE YOU UP FOR IT?

ARE YOU KIDDING? WORKING WITH WILLOW ROSENBERG? IT'S EVERY COVEN'S DREAM!

SLAYER! GOT A MINUTE?

BUFFY, CAN WE TALK?



NO, AND NO. WE'VE GOT BUSINESS TO HANDLE.

ANDREW! POINT ME TOWARD SOMETHING I CAN STAB.

BUTCHERTOWN, SOUTH OF MARKET.

NATURAL MEAT CO.

OKAY, IF THE DOUBLEMEAT PALACE DIDN'T MAKE ME VEGAN...

...THIS OUGHTA DO IT.

STUPID MEAT. FLESH IS MY MEDIUM. THIS ENTIRE CITY FEEDS MY WORK.

YOU WILL DIE FOR MY ART!

