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For Mature
Readers

TOM ARVIS'
MERCENARY

PIG



MEATCUTTER!

TOM ARVIS'
MERCENARY
PIG
MEATCUTTER!

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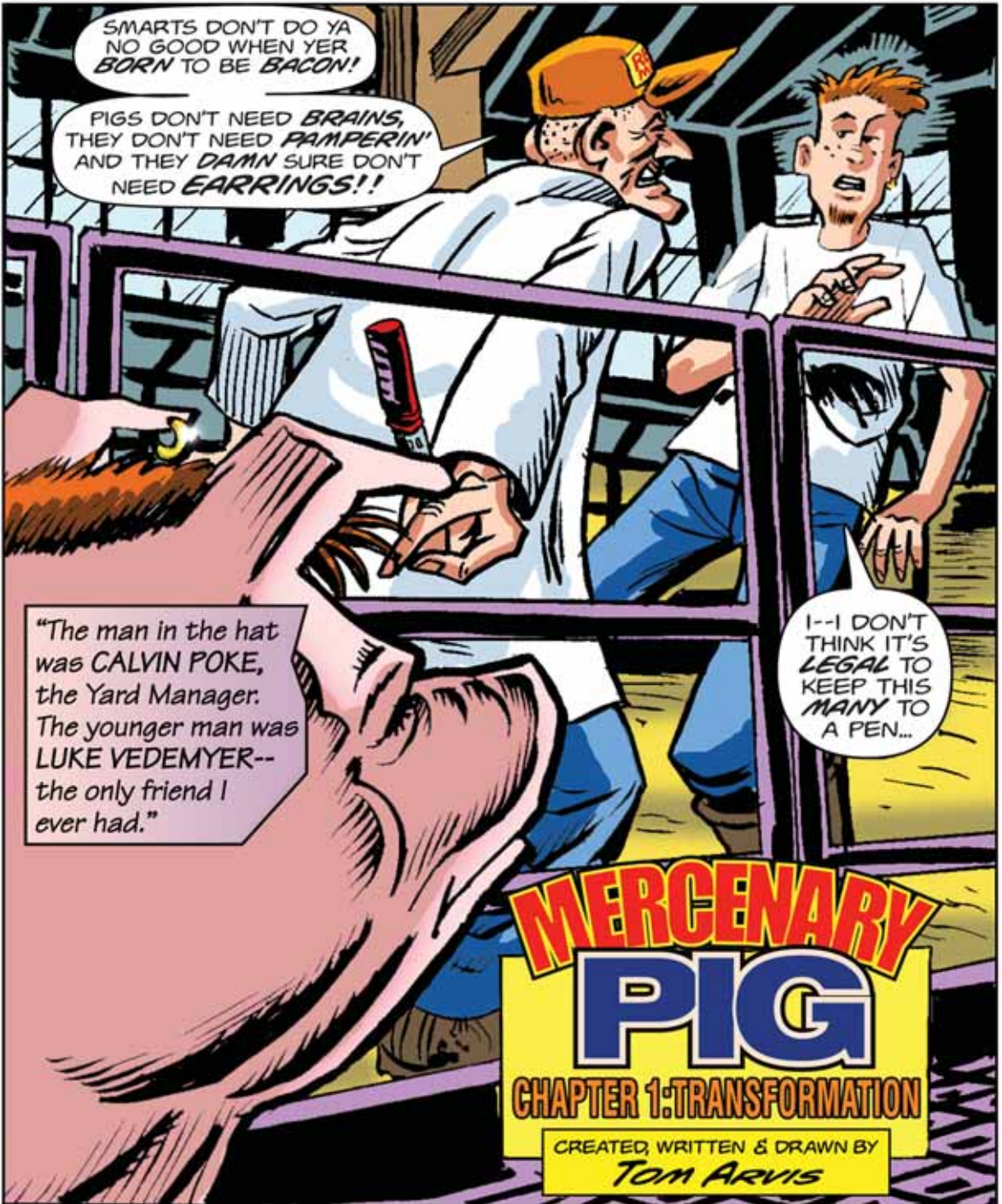
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VEDEMYER!
I TOLD YOU ABOUT
TREATIN' THESE PIGS
LIKE PETS!

BUT, MR. POKE--
PERCY'S NOT LIKE THE
OTHER PIGS. HE'S--
HE'S SMARTER!



SMARTS DON'T DO YA
NO GOOD WHEN YER
BORN TO BE BACON!

PIGS DON'T NEED BRAINS,
THEY DON'T NEED PAMPERIN'
AND THEY DAMN SURE DON'T
NEED EARRINGS!!

"The man in the hat
was CALVIN POKE,
the Yard Manager.
The younger man was
LUKE VEDEMYER--
the only friend I
ever had."

I--I DON'T
THINK IT'S
LEGAL TO
KEEP THIS
MANY TO
A PEN...

MERCENARY PIG

CHAPTER 1: TRANSFORMATION

CREATED, WRITTEN & DRAWN BY
Tom Arvis





"--but not before leaving the gate to my pen ajar."



"I waited 'til night, when everyone had gone-- and made my way to the door."



"None of my fellow pigs chose to follow me--"

"but I knew with LUKE gone, I had to get out of there."



"Once outside, I burrowed under the fence-- and escaped into the hills beyond the COMPLEX."



"I'd wandered several miles when I came upon another fence--"

"- a fallen tree allowed me easy access to what lied within its perimeters."



"Inside I found row upon row of rusty metal drums..."

"many of which were leaking-- into a pool of some bubbling-yellowish-green mixture."

"Suddenly overcome by hunger, I began to partake of the NUCLEAR SWILL



"and so I ate...



"and ate...



"and ate... until--



"Days later I awoke to find--



"that not only had I NOT been KILLED by the RADIOACTIVE SLOP--



"but instead had MUTATED into a walking, talking, thinking HUMANOID PIG!

"I staggered out of the WASTE-SITE--



--and made my way back to the FARM."

"Night had fallen by then--



allowing my return to go unnoticed."

"I witnessed the CONDITIONS under which I'd been raised with NEW PERSPECTIVE--



pens stuffed with TWICE the animals they were built for--

"MANURE troughs left too long unattended-- breeding DISEASES."



"My own ANKLES still ached from the GRATES I'd spent my life walking on."



THIS SHOULD NOT BE.

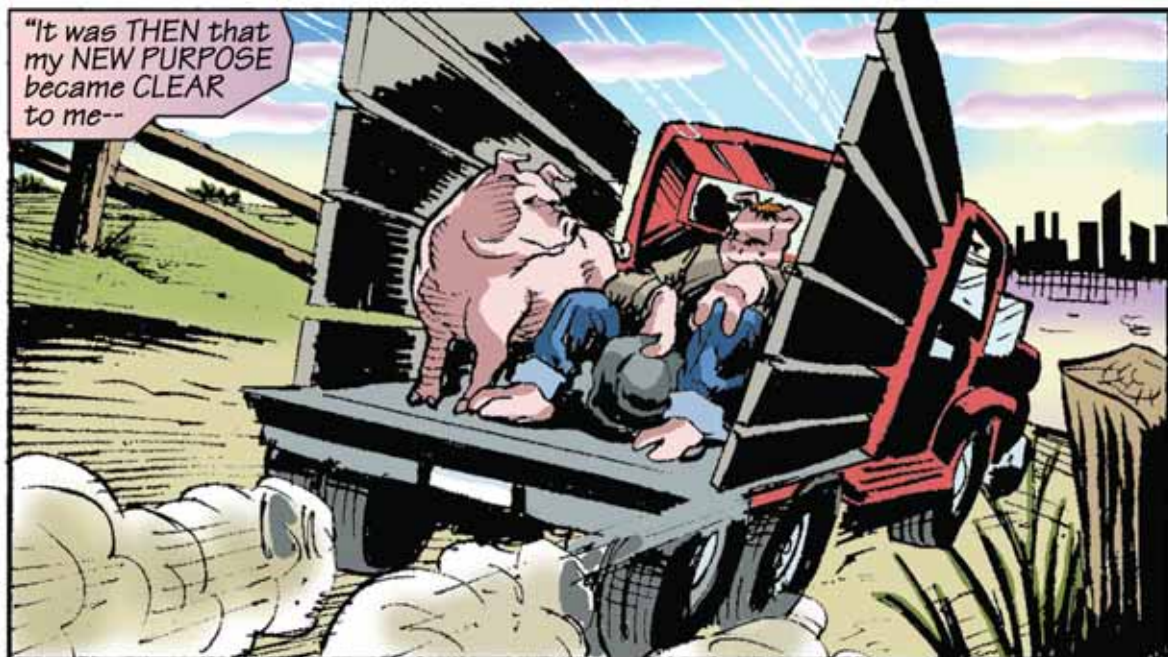
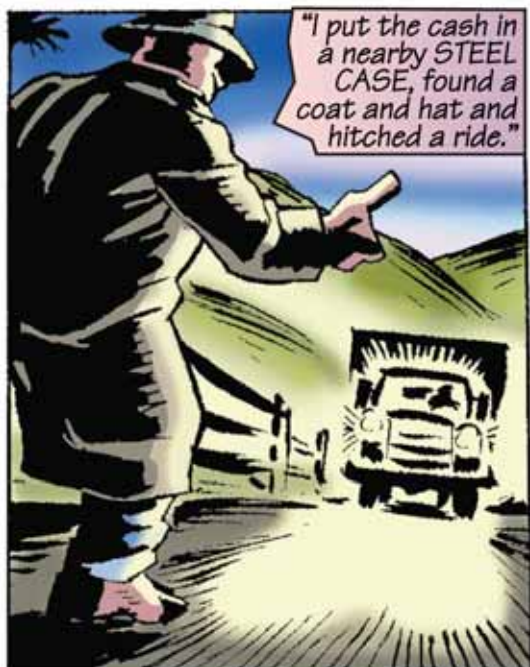
ON TOP OF YOUR SUFFERING, YOU'RE NOW TO BE DENIED YOUR ONE REDEEMING PURPOSE--



FEEDING THE HUNGRY.

THE NUCLEAR WASTE HAS CONTAMINATED YOUR WATER-- AND IN TURN YOUR FLESH.

YOU MUST BE PUT TO SLEEP AND YOUR CARCASSES DESTROYED.



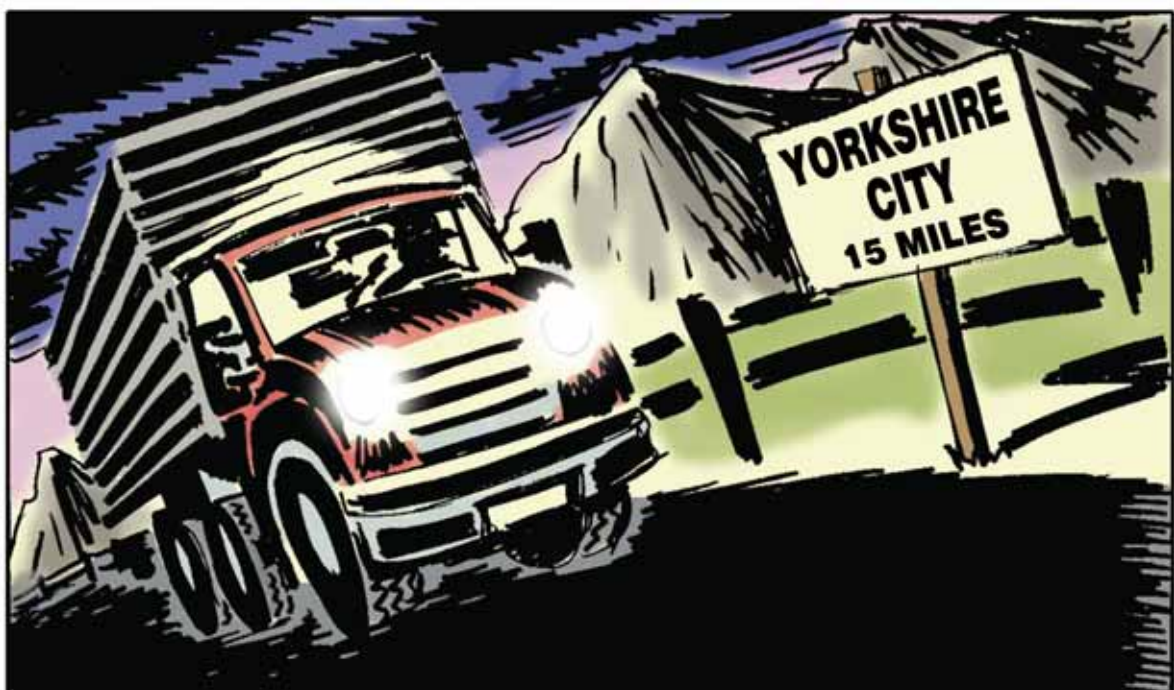


"I would make it my JOB to put an END to what was happening on that FARM--



--and ALL others LIKE it."

"And I would see to it that those RESPONSIBLE were made to PAY for what they've DONE."





"I would use the MONEY I'd taken to FUND my CRUSADE..."



**END
CHAPTER ONE.**

"I'd been in the city only ten minutes and already I didn't like it."

NO PARKING ANYTIME
NOT NOW
NOT TOMORROW
NOT EVER!!

EX TOYS

ROOMS
5.00 1hr.
7.00 NOTE

HERE'S YOUR KEY.
ROOM 'D' AT THE
TOP OF THE STAIRS.

THAT'LL BE
FORTY-NINE
BUCKS FOR
THE WEEK.

ANYONE EVER
TELL YOU Y'GOT
A FACE LIKE
A PIG?

WHY, NO.
THANK YOU.

MERCENARY PIG

CREATED, WRITTEN & DRAWN BY
TOM ARVIS

CHAPTER TWO: RETRIBUTION





--and awoke hours later. **Dusk** had fallen as I hit the streets.

GOOD! I'LL BE LESS CONSPICUOUS ON MY LITTLE SHOPPING SPREE.



"I decided to procure a **FALSIFIED IDENTIFICATION.**"

WILL THIS BE ENOUGH?

MISTER, FOR THAT AMOUNT I COULD GET YOU TOP SECRET CLEARANCE TO THE PENTAGON.



AND YOU'RE CERTAIN THESE LOOK LEGIT?

YOU COULD FOOL YER OWN MOTHER.

I NEVER KNEW MY MOTHER.



"Next I would need-- a **WEAPON--**



"A mode of **TRANSPORTATION** was also required...

I RECOMMEND YOU TAKE IT OUT OF TOWN FOR A FEW WEEKS.

--AND WATCH THE WET PAINT.



"I chose what would best fit my **BULKY HANDS.**"

ANYONE ASKS-- YOU DIDN'T GET IT HERE.

"Finally, a hardware store provided the **GASOLINE** and **PESTICIDES** I would need.

THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES IN

TOM ARVIS'
**MERCENARY
PIG
MEATCUTTER!**

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