

ARIZONA. BLACK BADGE
DIVISION "BLACK SPOT"
MOBILE BASE. REMOTE.

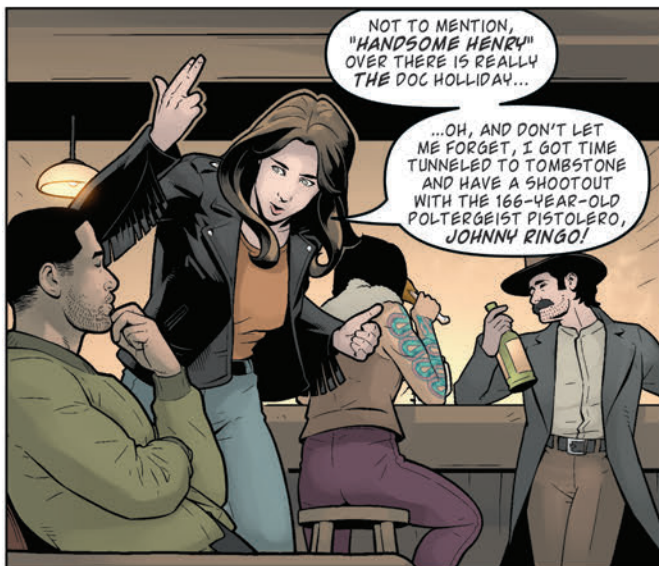


SIX MONTHS
OF PLAYING
PARANORMAL
PATTY-CAKE...

...I'VE BEEN
SLIMED WITH MALL
ZOMBIE GOO, AS
THEY PLACED ME
ON THE MENU. HAD
CHUPA CANNIBALS
TRY TO CHEW ME.



A BARROOM BRAWL
WITH "MAGILLA GORILLA"
OVER THERE, PLUS AN
UNWANTED ROLE IN FIGHT CLUB
WITH THE "EINSTEINS OF
DELIVERANCE."



NOT TO MENTION,
"HANDSOME HENRY"
OVER THERE IS REALLY
THE DOC HOLLIDAY...

...OH, AND DON'T LET
ME FORGET, I GOT TIME
TUNNELED TO TOMBSTONE
AND HAVE A SHOOTOUT
WITH THE 166-YEAR-OLD
POLTERGEIST PISTOLERO,
JOHNNY RINGO!



AND LET'S TOP
IT OFF WITH MY
LINDA-BLAIR-GENDER
-BLENDER MASHUP
MOMENT WITH
WYATT EARP...

"AND YOUR
MOMMA SMELLS
SOCKS IN HELL!"



I WANT...
I NEED A
VACATION!





**KNOCK
KNOCK**

MAY I ENTER?

HUH?
OH, YEAH,
SURE.

YOU PACK FOR
YOUR... HOLIDAY.
I MEAN VACATION...
NOT THE COWBOY.

RIGHT, NOT
"THE COWBOY."

WHAT'S UP,
VAL? OH AND, UH,
SORRY ABOUT THE
"MAGILLA" REMARK.
I WAS A LITTLE...
FRUSTRATED.



THAT IS NOT
A PROBLEM, I
UNDERSTAND YOUR
FRUSTRATION.

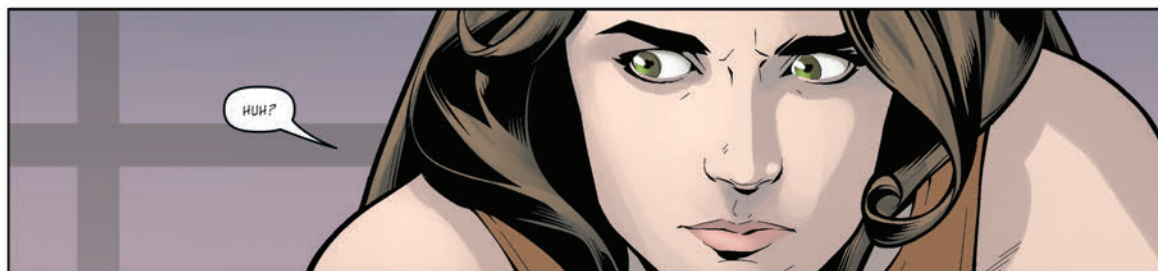
I ONLY
SEE YOU
FRUSTRATED IF
THAT GIANT GUN
OF YOURS WERE
TO JAM.

MY GUN DOES
NOT JAM. I
KEEP IT VERY
CLEAN.



I HAVE
SOMETHING TO
ASK YOU...

THIS
VACATION...
I WOULD LIKE
TO GO.



HUH?