

MY PARENTS WERE MURDERED BY A RAGING MAD MAN FOR ABSOLUTELY NO REASON OTHER THAN THE FACT THAT THEY WERE HOLDING FLOWERS THAT THAT KILLER COULDN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF.

WELCOME TO BUCKAROO

IT WAS THEN THAT I SAID TO MYSELF... NEVER AGAIN.

AND THAT IS WHY WE ARE HERE IN THE SMALL TOWN OF BUCKAROO TODAY.

SOME OF THE TOWN'S PEOPLE ARE GETTING NERVOUS, DOCTOR GLORY.

ASKING QUESTIONS... THEY WANT TO KNOW WHAT WE'RE DOING OUT HERE IN THEIR WOODS.

TELL THEM...





WE'RE  
SAVING THEIR  
LIVES.



THAT  
IS *NOT* AN  
ANSWER.

I'M NOT  
EVEN QUITE SURE  
WHAT WE'RE DOING  
OUT HERE, DOCTOR  
GLORY. IS THIS  
TEMPLE REALLY  
NECESSARY?



ARE YOU  
QUESTIONING MY  
*METHODS*? WHAT I  
HAVE PLANNED HERE  
IS CRUCIAL FOR  
PROJECT WHITE  
CHAPEL.

IT IS  
HOW WE  
WILL--





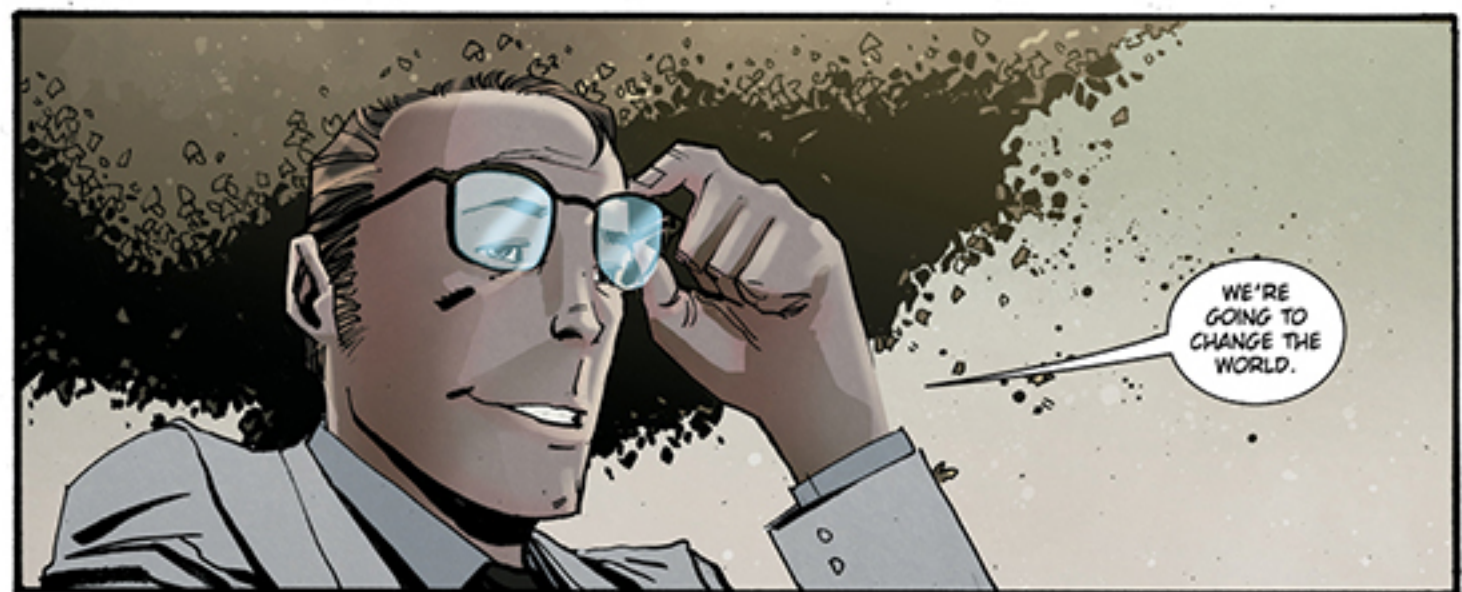




IT MUST  
HAVE BEEN  
A CHALLENGE  
SNEAKING THEM  
OUT... BUT...

THEY'RE  
BEAUTIFUL.

AND  
WITH THEIR  
HELP...



WE'RE  
GOING TO  
CHANGE THE  
WORLD.