









YES! WE ARE A HUMBLE TROUPE OF CIRCUS PERFORMERS!

I AM

BORIS,

THE STRONG MAN!

I HAVE THE STRENGTH OF A DOZEN PLOW HORSES!



SVETLANA,

OUR MOST GIFTED ACROBAT AND CONTORTIONIST!

LEOPOLD,

THE LION TRAINER AND MASTER OF MANY WILD BEASTS!



WE ARE MEMBERS OF THE **NAUKA TRAVELLING CIRCUS!**

EXILED FROM OUR HOMELAND!

PERFORMING TRICKS FOR FAT AND LAZY CAPITALIST AMERICAN SWINE!

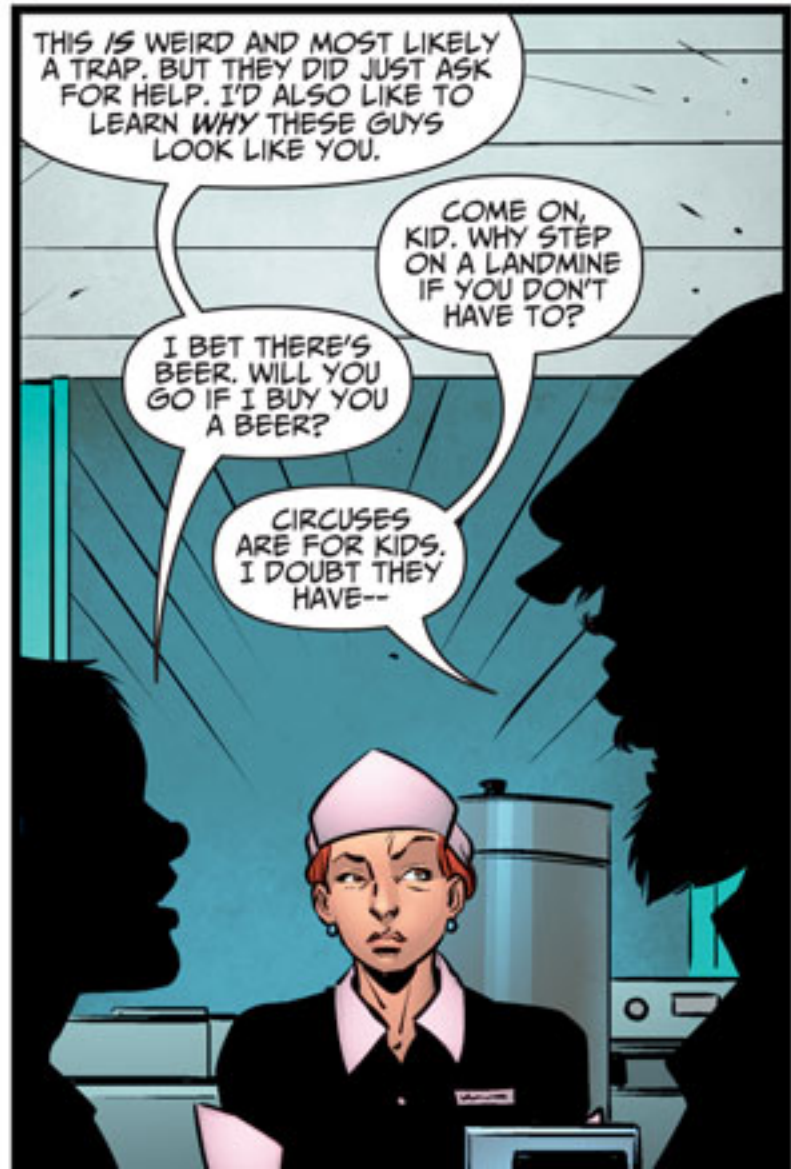
THAT STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY DO YOU HAVE MY FACE ON YOUR FACE?!



AH, TO ANSWER THAT, YOU MUST COME TO THE CIRCUS. WE NEED YOUR HELP.

IN THAT CASE, NEVERMIND. THIS LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER HORRIBLE ADVENTURE WHERE MY BUDDY AND I ARE NEARLY MURDERED BY SOMETHING WEIRD AND/OR STUPID.

SIR, A WORD?



THIS IS WEIRD AND MOST LIKELY A TRAP. BUT THEY DID JUST ASK FOR HELP. I'D ALSO LIKE TO LEARN WHY THESE GUYS LOOK LIKE YOU.

COME ON, KID. WHY STEP ON A LANDMINE IF YOU DON'T HAVE TO?

I BET THERE'S BEER. WILL YOU GO IF I BUY YOU A BEER?

CIRCUSES ARE FOR KIDS. I DOUBT THEY HAVE--

