

FIRST, I WANNA
DRAG 'IM THROUGH
THE STREETS USIN'
FISHHOOKS IN HIS
NOSTRILS...

...THEN I WANNA
MAKE **FRIED CHICKEN**
FINGERS OUTTA HIS
SUBHUMAN
FINGERS...

...THEN I WANNA
DE-PANTS 'IM IN FRONT
A' CITY HALL AN' MAKE
HIM **DIE THE DEATH OF**
A **THOUSAN'**
SPANKINGS...

...THEN I WANNA
SHOVE HIS **BIG, FAT**
HEAD ON A **SPIKE**
A' LA **GAME A'**
THRONES...

...AN' THEN
I WANNA HUMILIATE
AN' **TORTURE THE CRAP**
OUTTA HIM!

HE RUINED
MY
BIRTHDAY!

SURPRISE, SURPRISE

PART TWO

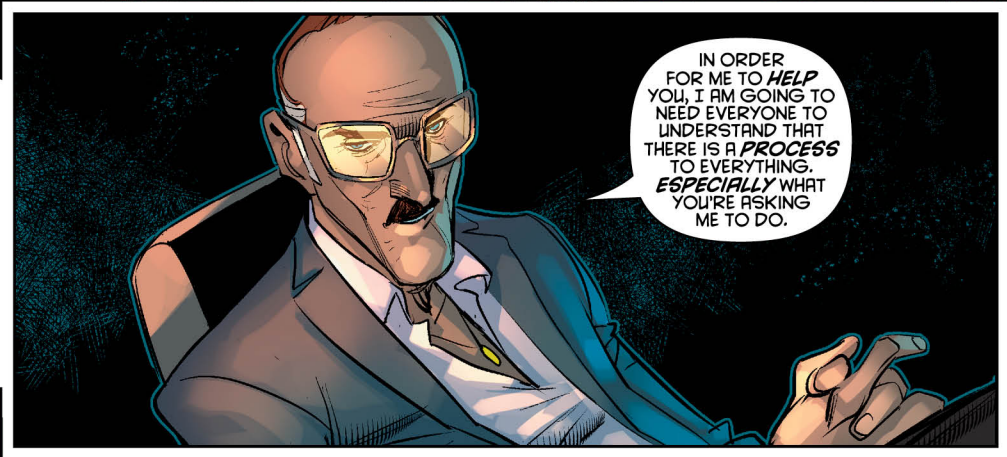
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HEY, PEACHES...
IX-NAY ON THE
ORTURE-TAY. TRY
TA REMEMBER WHY
WE'RE HERE.

TONY'S RIGHT,
SWEETHEART. WE'RE
HERE TO *LISTEN*
FIRST.

MR. RIVERA,
PLEASE EXCUSE THE
OUTBURST. OBVIOUSLY,
HARLEY IS AN *EXTREMELY*
PASSIONATE WOMAN, AND
AT TIMES, SAYS *EXACTLY*
WHAT'S ON HER
MIND.



IN ORDER
FOR ME TO *HELP*
YOU, I AM GOING TO
NEED EVERYONE TO
UNDERSTAND THAT
THERE IS A *PROCESS*
TO EVERYTHING.
ESPECIALLY WHAT
YOU'RE ASKING
ME TO DO.



I BROUGHT
YOU HERE FOR A
REASON, RIVERA.
YOU THINK IT'S
POSSIBLE OR
NOT?

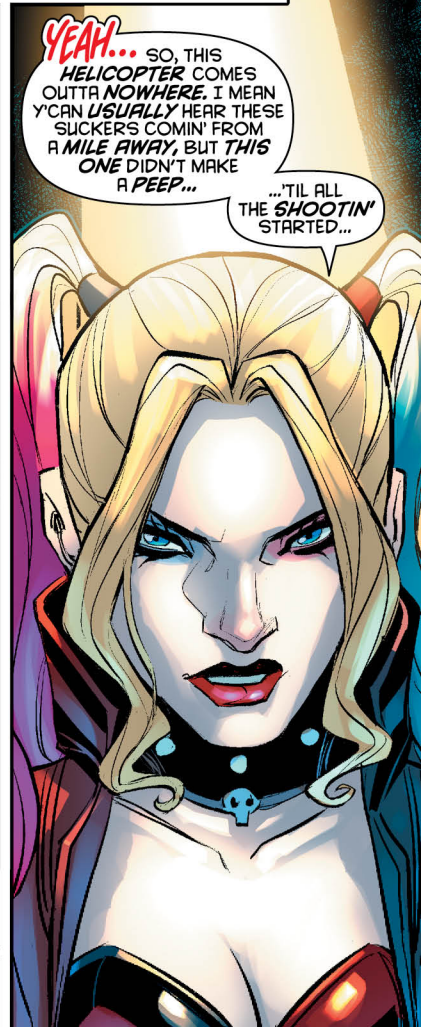
I DON'T
WANT TO BE
WASTING
ANYONE'S
TIME.



AGREED, CHIEF
SPOONSDALE...

SO, MS. QUINN,
PLEASE FINISH WHAT YOU
WERE TELLING ME ABOUT
YESTERDAY.

I BELIEVE
YOU WERE SAYING
THAT YOUR RESIDENCE WAS
BEING ASSAULTED BY THE
UNCONQUERABLE 25,
SOMETHING ABOUT THEM
RAIDING YOUR APARTMENT
AND A HELICOPTER WITH
GUNS MOUNTED
ON IT...



YEAH... SO, THIS
HELICOPTER COMES
OUTTA *NOWHERE*. I MEAN
Y'CAN *USUALLY* HEAR THESE
SUCKERS COMIN' FROM
A *MILE AWAY*, BUT *THIS*
ONE DIDN'T MAKE
A *PEEP...*

...TIL ALL
THE *SHOOTIN'*
STARTED...

TWELVE HOURS EARLIER...



RUN!

P-CHOOO P-TINK P-CHOWW

BRRRRRRRTT

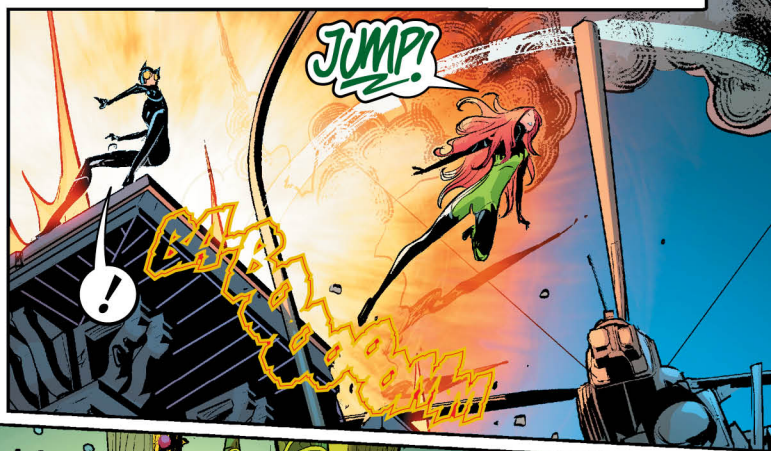


HOW HIGH?
FOUR STORIES.
I DON'T HAVE MY WHIP!

PAFF PAFF PAFF



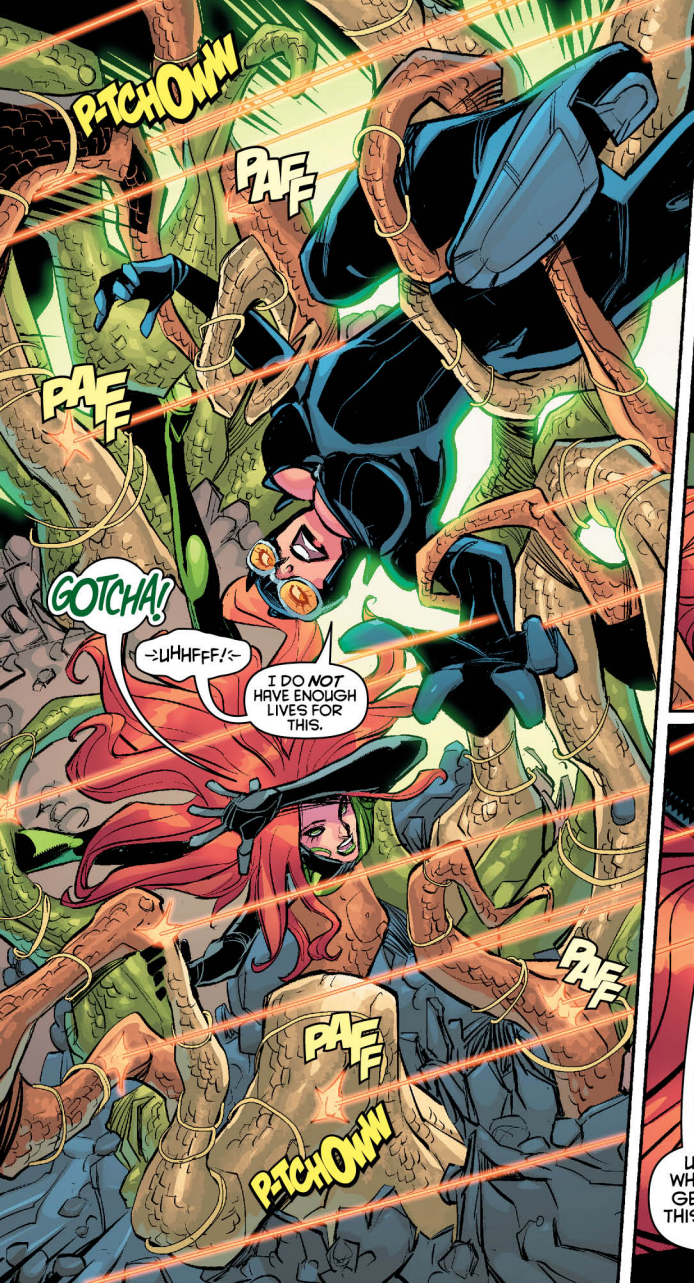
DO YOU TRUST ME?
SURE, WHY NOT?



JUMP!

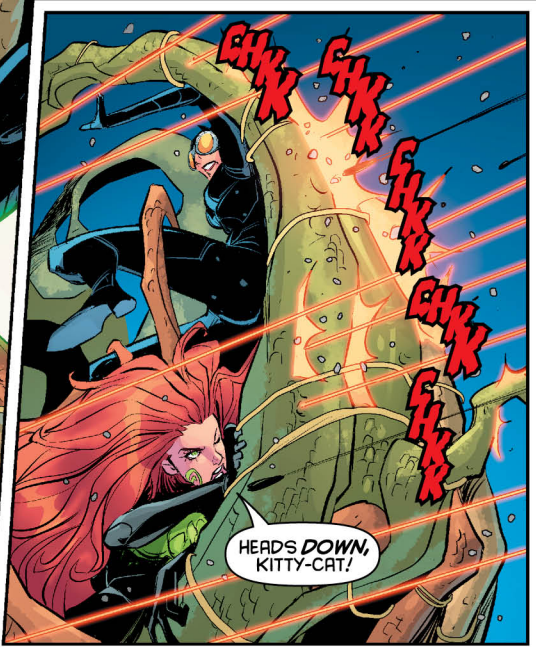


CRASH CRASH CRASH



GOTCHA!

=>UHFFF!<=
I DO NOT HAVE ENOUGH LIVES FOR THIS.



HEADS DOWN, KITTY-CAT!



UHH...OW... WHEN CAN WE GET OUT OF THIS TANGLED MESS?

NOT SOON ENOUGH.

=>OOF!<= SORRY.



000000, I HATE BODY ARMOR! IT'S CHEATIN'!

UNLESS IT'S ON ME... THEN IT'S A STYLISH AN' PERFECT FASHION CHOICE.

BLAM BLAMM

BLAMM BLAMM

OKAY,
YA HONEY-HUNTIN'
TURD-FACES... YA MESS
WITH MY SWEETIES, YA
MESS WITH ME!

YA
DIRTBAGS
CAN ALL START
PRAYIN'
NOW.



HEY!

P-TCHOWWN



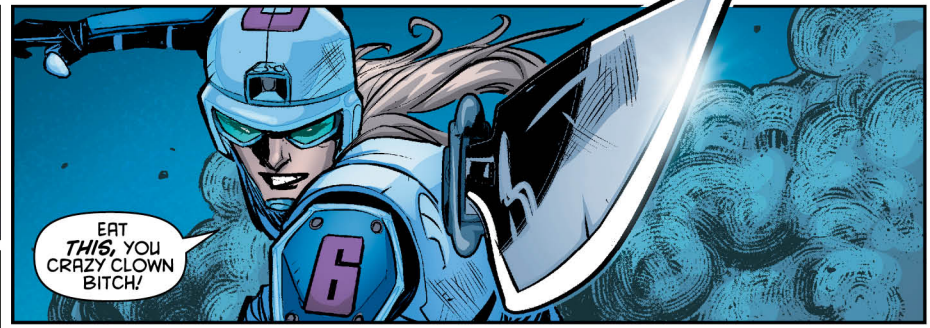
OW!

P-TCHANK

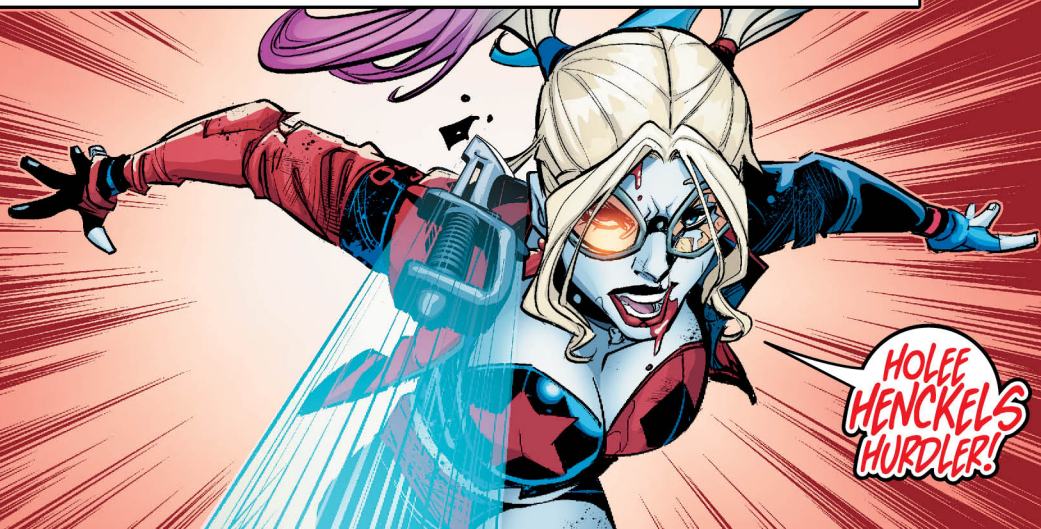
KUNK



YOU DUMB
BUTTHOLES!
THESE AREN'T EVEN
MY GOGGLES!
THEY'RE KITTY-CAT'S
SPARES! SHE'S
GONNA KILL--



EAT
THIS, YOU
CRAZY CLOWN
BITCH!



HOLEE
HENCKELS
HURDLER!

MEANWHILE, BELOW, IN THE BASEMENT OF MADAME MACABRE'S WAX MUSEUM.



FIRST IT SOUNDS LIKE A PARTY, AND NOW... UHHH...IT SOUNDS LIKE WORLD WAR III UP THERE.

MNNGUHH!

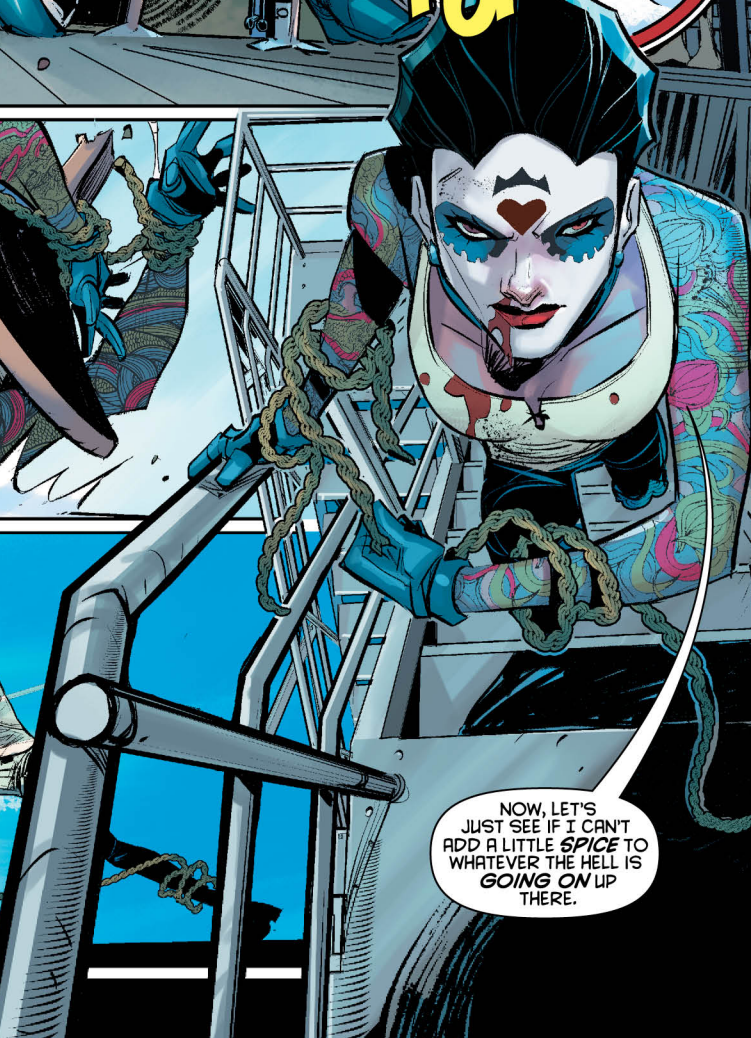
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS.



KRRRANK



STUPID CHAIR... THIS IS WHAT YOU GET FOR MAKING MY ASS NUMB.

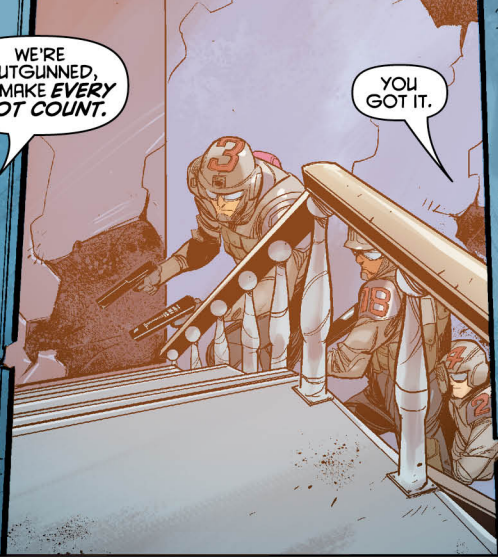


NOW, LET'S JUST SEE IF I CAN'T ADD A LITTLE SPICE TO WHATEVER THE HELL IS GOING ON UP THERE.



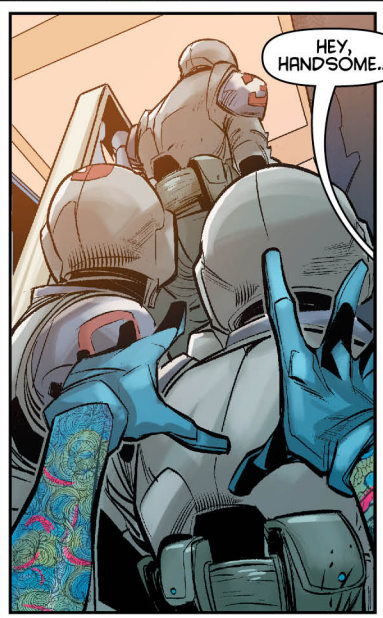
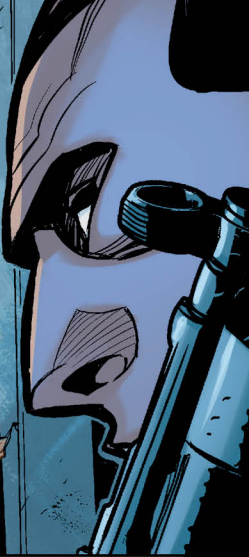


HOLD TIGHT, MASON. THESE GUYS ARE FULLY ARMORED-UP. BEST WE CAN DO IS TRY FOR THE FACE.



WE'RE OUTGUNNED, SO MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT.

YOU GOT IT.



HEY, HANDSOME...

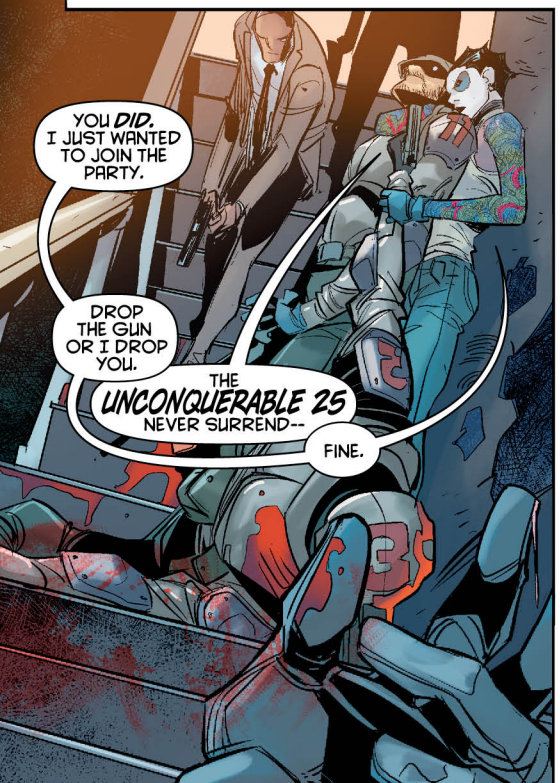


...HOLD STILL.



HARLEY SINN!

I THOUGHT I LOCKED YOU IN THE DAMN BASEMENT!



YOU DID. I JUST WANTED TO JOIN THE PARTY.

DROP THE GUN OR I DROP YOU.

THE UNCONQUERABLE 25 NEVER SURREND--

FINE.



SUIT YOURSELF.

GREAT. MORE PSYCHO KILLERS OUT RUNNING AROUND.

WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY TO SAVE OUR AMMO.

AW, WHATTA FREAKIN' MESS.

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU REALLY DID THOSE THINGS TO THAT LARGE MAN WITH HIS OWN KNIFE.

YEAH, WELL, HIM AN' HIS BUNCH A' FARTSTICK FRIENDS KILLED MY PARTY... AND IF THEY HURT ANY A' MY FUZZY ANIMAL BABIES DOWNSTAIRS, I'M GONNA HAVE TA THINK A' WHOLE NEW WAYS TA SLAUGHTER THOSE TURDBALLS SLOWLY.

SAY, EGGY-PIE...

YES, MISS HARLEY?

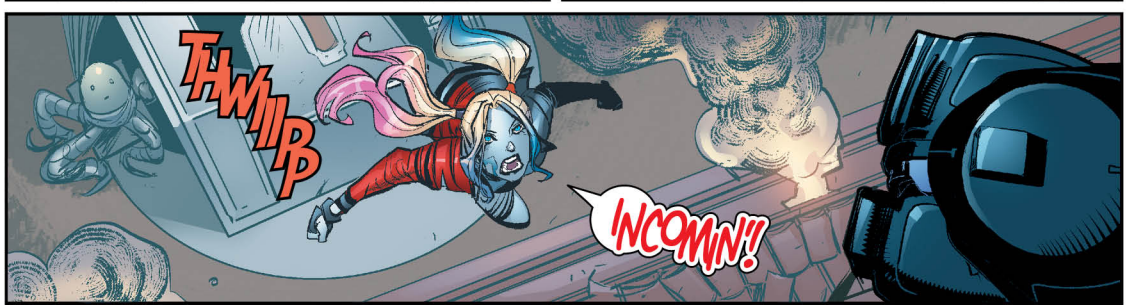


EGGY, I NEED YA TO LAUNCH ME AT THAT HELICOPTER.

->SIGH->
OF COURSE YOU DO.



EVERYONE EVACUATE THE SCENE. THIS OPERATION IS ABORTED. REPORT BACK TO HEADQUARTERS.



TAWNIP

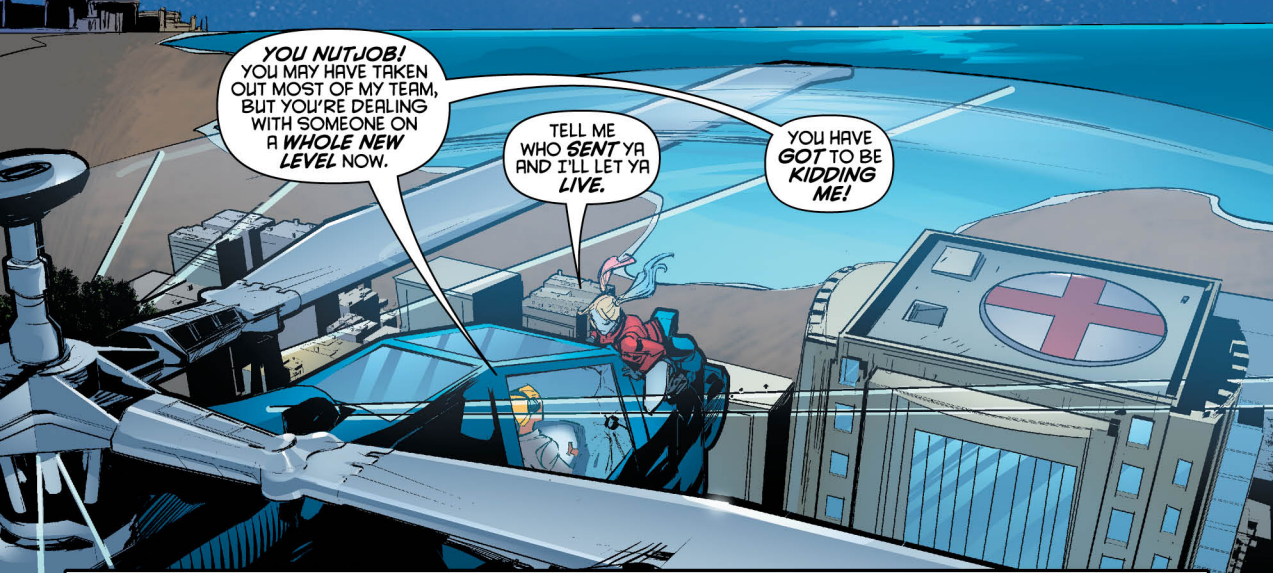
INCOMIN!



OOOFF!

SSBPLA

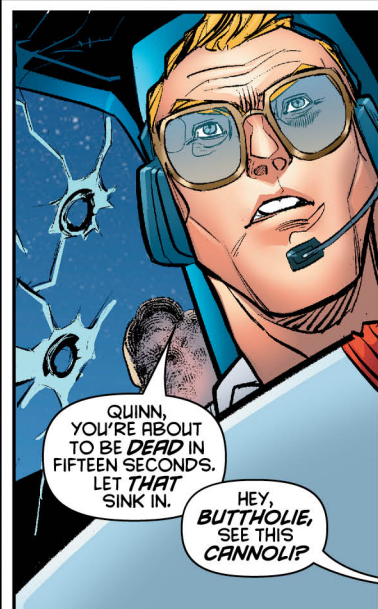
WHOA! WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?



YOU NUTJOB!
YOU MAY HAVE TAKEN
OUT MOST OF MY TEAM,
BUT YOU'RE DEALING
WITH SOMEONE ON
A **WHOLE NEW**
LEVEL NOW.

TELL ME
WHO **SENT** YA
AND I'LL LET YA
LIVE.

YOU HAVE
GOT TO BE
KIDDING
ME!



QUINN,
YOU'RE ABOUT
TO BE **DEAD**
IN FIFTEEN SECONDS.
LET **THAT**
SINK IN.

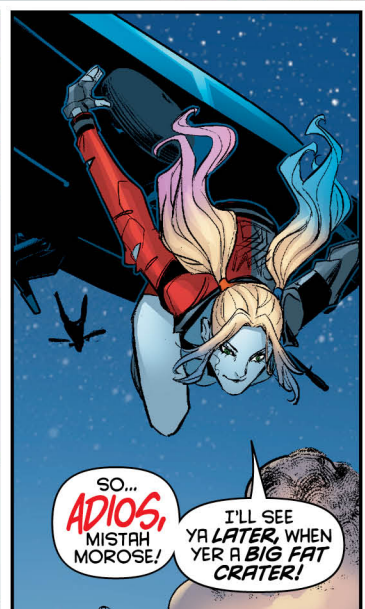
HEY,
BUTTHOLIE,
SEE THIS
CANNOLI?



I GOT
IT FROM MY
EX-SPY BUDDY,
SPY BORG.

IN EIGHT
SECONDS, THE
DELICIOUS FLAKY
PASTRY WILL **FUSE**
WITH THE CHEMICAL
MAKEUP A' THE
HELICOPTER
GLASS.

THEN
THE FLUFFY
WHITE FILLIN' WILL
CAUSE AN **INWARD**
EXPLOSION THAT'LL
SHRED YA INTO
A **GAZILLION**
PIECES.



SO...
ADIOS,
MISTAH
MOROSE!

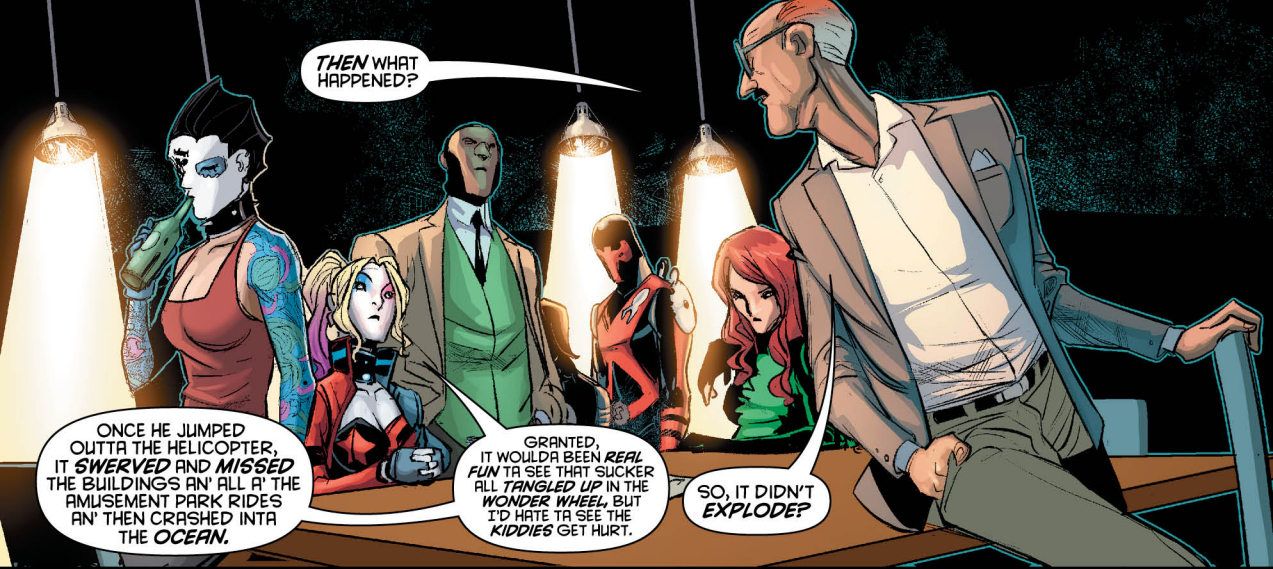
I'LL SEE
YA **LATER,**
WHEN
YER A **BIG FAT**
CRATER!



DAMMIT!



AAAAAAAAAAH!!

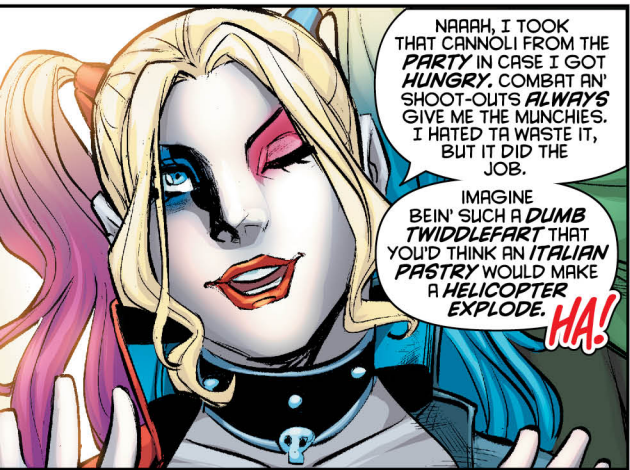


THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

ONCE HE JUMPED OUTTA THE HELICOPTER, IT **SWERVED** AND **MISSED** THE BUILDINGS AN' ALL AT THE AMUSEMENT PARK RIDES AN' THEN CRASHED INTO THE **OCEAN**.

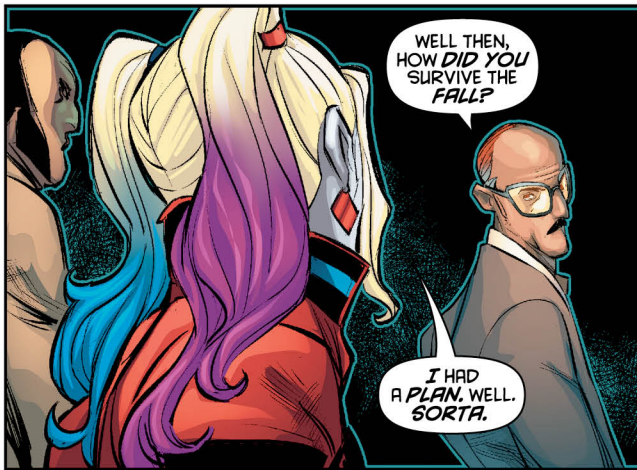
GRANTED, IT WOULD'VE BEEN **REAL FUN** TA SEE THAT SUCKER ALL **TANGLED UP** IN THE **WONDER WHEEL**, BUT I'D HATE TA SEE THE **KIDDIES** GET HURT.

SO, IT DIDN'T **EXPLODE**?



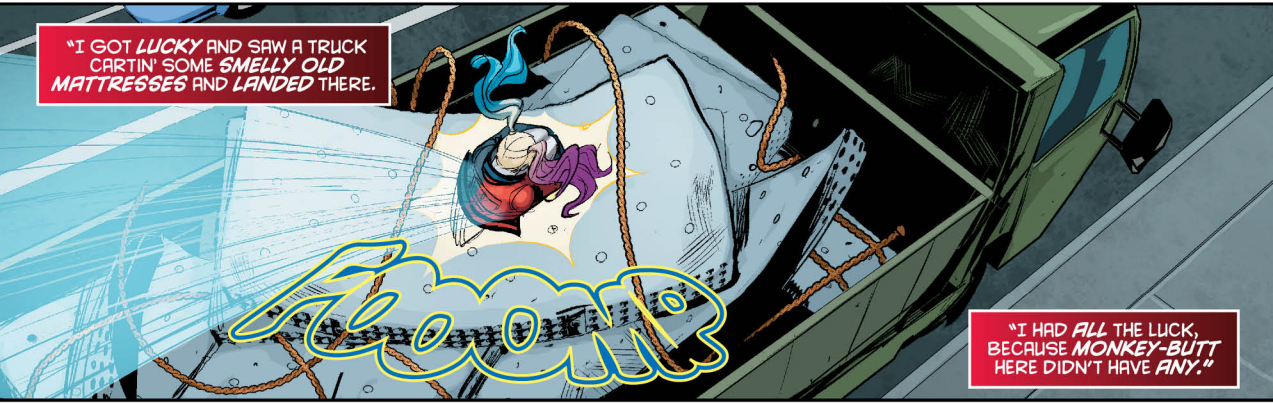
NAAAH, I TOOK THAT CANNOLI FROM THE **PARTY** IN CASE I GOT **HUNGRY**. **COMBAT** AN' **SHOOT-OUTS** **ALWAYS** GIVE ME THE **MUNCHIES**. I HATED TA WASTE IT, BUT IT DID THE **JOB**.

IMAGINE BEIN' SUCH A **DUMB TWIDDLEFART** THAT YOU'D THINK AN **ITALIAN PASTRY** WOULD MAKE A **HELICOPTER EXPLODE**. **HA!**



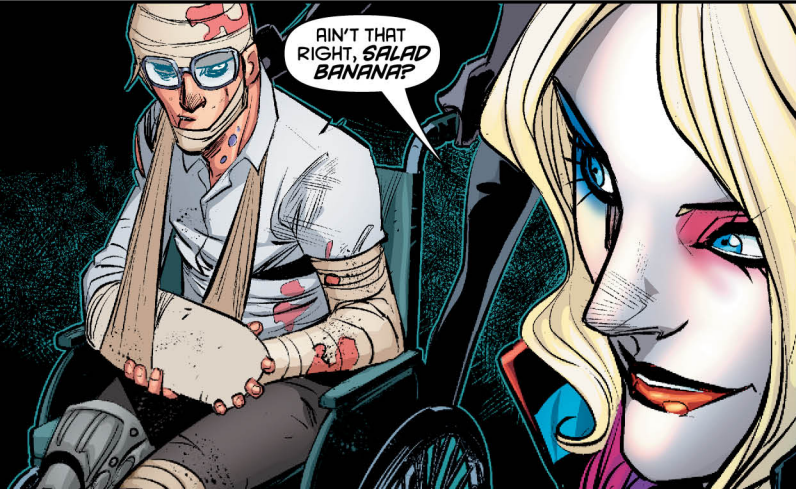
WELL THEN, HOW **DID YOU** SURVIVE THE **FALL**?

I HAD A **PLAN**. WELL. **SORTA**.

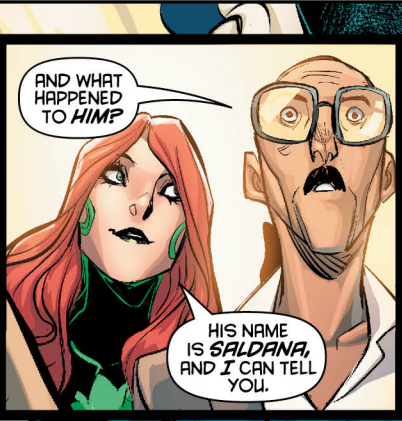


"I GOT **LUCKY** AND SAW A **TRUCK** CARTIN' SOME **SMELLY OLD MATTRESSES** AND LANDED THERE.

"I HAD **ALL** THE **LUCK**, BECAUSE **MONKEY-BUTT** HERE DIDN'T HAVE **ANY**."



AIN'T THAT RIGHT, **SALAD BANANA**?



AND WHAT HAPPENED TO **HIM**?

HIS NAME IS **SALDANA**, AND I CAN TELL YOU.