



ON SIGHT

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CHEST. SHOULDERS. HEAD.

DON'T BOTHER WITH LEGS, YOU'LL NEVER HIT THEM.

AIM FOR THE CENTER OF BODY MASS.



GOT ALL THAT?

NOW YOU DO IT, PALOMA.

IT'S NOT FOR ME.



YOU'RE RIGHT, IT'S NOT. IT'S FOR *DITTO*. TO MAKE SURE SHE'S KEPT *SAFE*.



WHAT IF ONE OF THOSE *THINGS* FINDS HER, AND ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN YOUR BANDMATE AND A VICIOUS TAR MONSTER FROM ANOTHER WORLD IS THAT *SMITH & WESSON SIGMA*?



JUST GIVE IT A SHOT.

IT'S *GOTTA* BE LESS PAINFUL THAN THE *HAND-TO-HAND* TRAINING SHE'S BEEN PUTTING US THROUGH...



Fig 1



Fig 2



Fig 3



Fig 4



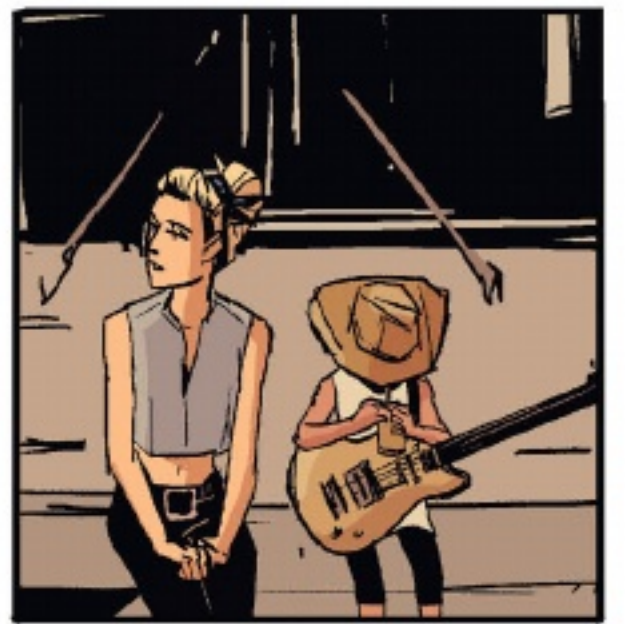
DEAR LORD, *PLEEEEEEEASE* MAKE IT LESS PAINFUL.



REMEMBER TO CONTROL THE MUZZLE DIRECTION AT ALL TIMES.

REMEMBER TO BE A *SINGER* IN A *BAND* AND *NOT* A *GUN-YODA*.





I WAS MARRIED, ONCE UPON A TIME. HE TAUGHT ME HOW TO SHOOT.

WE TALKED ABOUT HAVING KIDS.

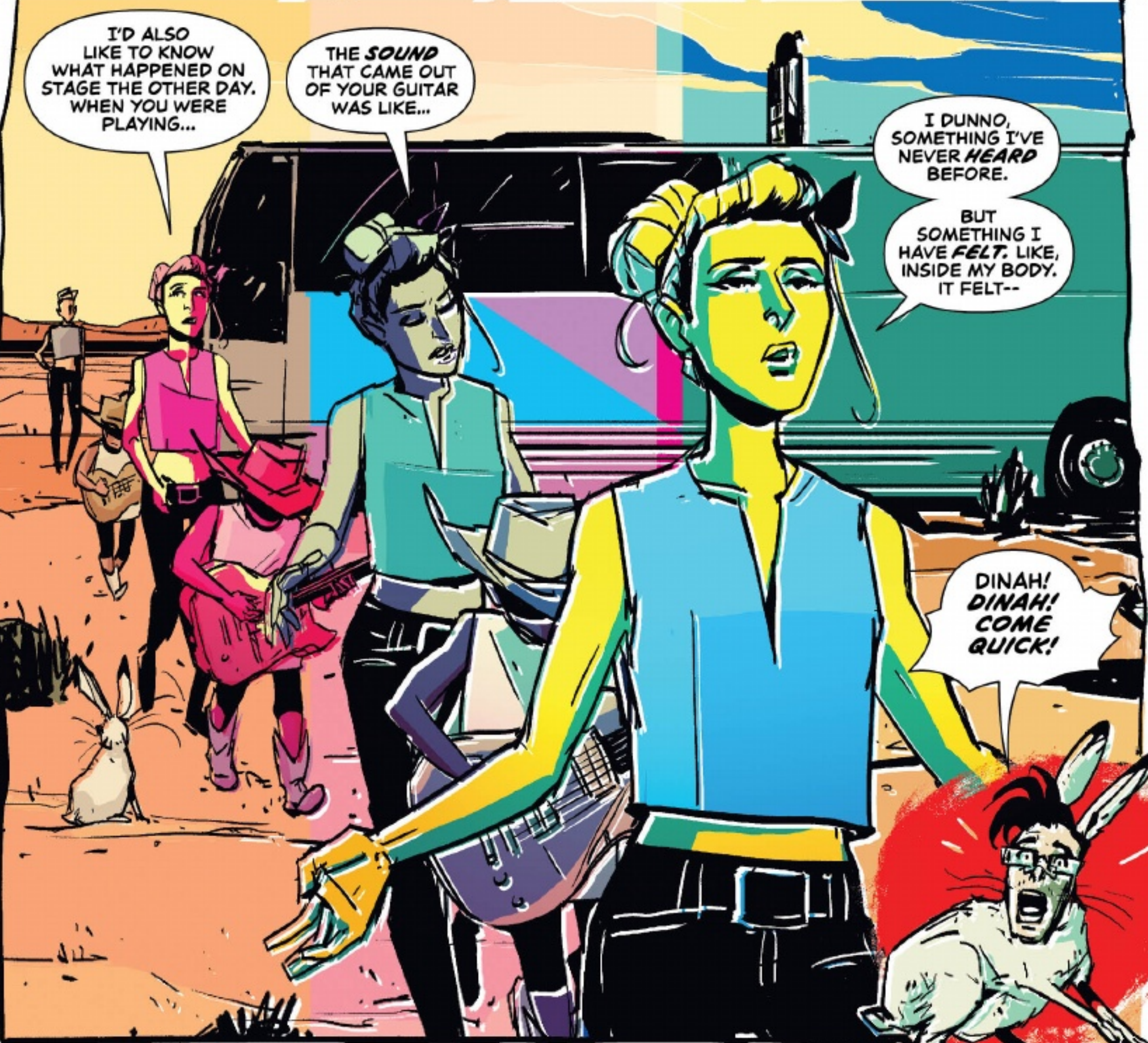
BYAW

AINB



YOU MIGHT HAVE MORE SECRETS THAN I DO, DITTO.

LIKE YOUR *REAL* NAME. OR WHERE YOU COME FROM. OR WHY THOSE CREATURES ARE AFTER YOU.



I'D ALSO LIKE TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED ON STAGE THE OTHER DAY. WHEN YOU WERE PLAYING...

THE *SOUND* THAT CAME OUT OF YOUR GUITAR WAS LIKE...

I DUNNO, SOMETHING I'VE NEVER *HEARD* BEFORE.

BUT SOMETHING I HAVE *FELT*. LIKE, INSIDE MY BODY. IT FELT--

DINAH! DINAH! COME QUICK!

