

THE BEEHIVE INN.
NORTH HOXNE,
SUFFOLK, ENGLAND.
1966.

"HARK, HARK,
THE DOGS
DO BARK. THE
BEGGARS
ARE COMING
TO TOWN..."

"SOME
IN RAGS..."

"SOME
IN JAGS..."

"AND
ONE..."

"...IN A
VELVET
GOWN."

BOO.

!

STAY
PUT,
TED.

BANG

HA!

TED!
GET
OUT OF
THE--!

SMOK



BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG



CRASH



YOU ALL RIGHT?

...

THAT WAS EXCITING!



IF I'M NOT BACK IN AN HOUR JUST REMEMBER TO MAKE THAT PHONE CALL.

RIGHT!



MISTER,
STAY AWAY
FROM THAT
THING. IT MIGHT
NOT BE DEAD
YET.

WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE?



PLEASE...



OKAY,
SHE'S
PRETTY
MUCH
DONE.

THE CANNON I USUALLY
USE SHOOTS RIGHT
THROUGH THESE GUYS,
BUT A SMALLER
GUN--THE SILVER
STAYS--



HEY,
WHAT--?

BLAM
BLAM



WELL...
DIDN'T SEE
THAT
COMIN'.



OH.
GREAT.

