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BORDERLANDS

PLANETS & VAULT

PT. 3



BORDERLANDS



The four Vault Hunters—Roland, Lilith, Mordecai, Brick—have left their troubled pasts behind and find themselves on the deadly planet known as Pandora by invitation of the enigmatic bus driver named Marcus. After receiving a strange map from the enigmatic scientist Patricia Tannis, the Hunters are sent on a mission to collect key fragments that, when combined, could open the Vault. But will success in their hunt simply lead to their ultimate doom? Or will Patricia's putrid sandwiches finish them off first...?

TANNIS and the VAULT PT. 3

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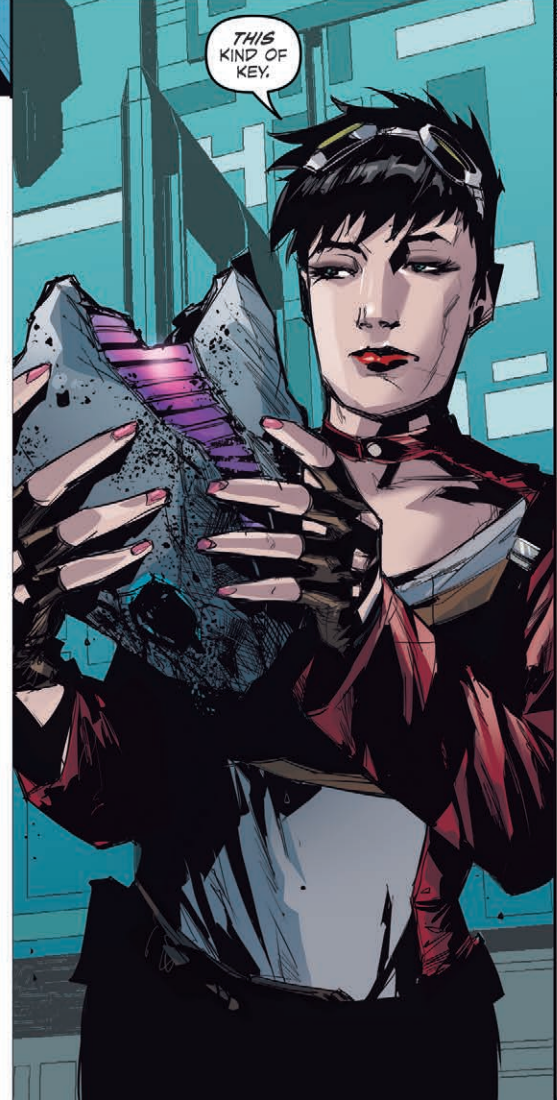
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DID YOU DECIPHER THE DEAD VAULT SCROLLS?

I'VE DONE MORE THAN THAT. AS I INTUITED, THE VAULT CAN ONLY BE OPENED EVERY TWO HUNDRED YEARS, BUT IT REQUIRES A KEY.

WHAT KIND OF KEY?



THIS KIND OF KEY.



SLEDGE JUST HAPPENED TO HAVE THE KEY TO THE VAULT AND THE MEANS TO OPEN IT?

PUT THAT ONE IN THE "OOPS, BUT, HEY, IT'S A WIN!" COLUMN.

NOT QUITE.



THIS IS ONLY ONE OF THREE PIECES.

MAYBE THE "OOPS, BUT, HEY, IT'S A THIRD OF A WIN!" COLUMN.



IN THE *OTHER TWO* PLACES I DREW ON YOUR MAP.

AND THE TWO HUNDRED YEARS THING? WE COULD BE DEAD—

WHERE ARE THE *OTHER TWO*?

IT'S YEAR ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE.

HUH. THAT'S... NOPE, GONNA STICK WITH "HUH."

PUT THAT IN YOUR WIN COLUMN AND SMOKE IT!



TO THE WIN COLUMN!

COUGH OH MY. THAT'S ENTIRELY UNPALATABLE. *COUGH* THE WIN COLUMN IS A TRAP.

REPEAT! THE WIN COLUMN IS A TRAP!

ROOKIE.





I'VE COLLECTED THE VORACIOUS LOON, THE UNCLAIMED PORK HARP, AND THE CYCLOPS' CROSSBOW OF SOMEWHAT EGBRIGIOUS OVERSTAB. FACE IT, TATE, I SOLDED YOUR MASTERPIECE.

AND IN TWO TURNS, THE COVEN OF FRESHLY SHOWERED DITCH WIZARDS WILL BEGIN THE INCANTATION OF PORK RUINATION, RENDERING YOUR HARP INERT.



WHY WON'T ANYONE TELL ME HOW LONG I WAS OUT?

TANNIS SAID IT MIGHT AFFECT YOUR RECOVERY.



I JUST WANT TO KNOW HOW I WAS PRETTY MUCH BRAIN-DEAD AND THEN SUDDENLY I'M OKAY? HOW DOES THAT HAPPEN?



SORRY TO INTERRUPT, CLAPTRAP, WE NEED YOUR HELP WITH SOMETHING.



I WILL BE BACK TO FINISH OUR GAME OF BUNKERS AND BADASSES LATER, OKAY, TATE?

YOU BETTER! IF I HAVE TO EAT ANOTHER ONE OF TANNIS'S SANDWICHES, I'M BREAKING OUT OF HERE.



FOR THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE ALL WIN-COLUMN JUBILATIONS WILL BE SANDWICH-BASED MERRIMENT.



IS THIS PEANUT BUTTER AND SHARK TEETH?!



I THINK THE LABEL SAID "SHARK BUTTER," ACTUALLY.

WHAT IN THE DEATHHELL IS "SHARK BUTTER?"

IS THIS A QUESTION YOU REALLY WANT ANSWERED?

THE SHARK TEETH ARE RENDERED DOWN IN GRAK SHANK FAT. PERFECTLY EDIBLE SOMETIMES.

SHARK BUTTER IS A SPREADABLE RUNOFF OF THAT IN PASTE FORM, FLAVORED WITH PANK WINE AND DEEF PWORFS.

A CULINARY MASTERSTROKE OF MY OWN CONSIDERABLE TALENTS.



DID YOU JUST MAKE ALL OF THAT UP?



BLAP
BLAP
BLAP
BLAP

I COULD HEAR ITS THOUGHTS. IT WAS SAYING, "LILLLLLIIIIITH. LILLLLLIIIIITH. **RELEASE** ME FROM MY GLUTENOUS CHAINS."

I'M SORRY, WHAT WERE WE TALKING ABOUT?

I SAID THAT YOU NEED TO TRACK DOWN **BARON FLYNT THE BANDIT LORD** AND HIS **SECOND-IN-COMMAND, KROM THE BANDIT SUBLORD**.

THEY ARE IN POSSESSION OF THE **SECOND PIECE** OF THE KEY.

WHAT? SORRY, TOTALLY PAYING ATTENTION. FIND **CHROME THE SUBLASE** AND SOMETHING-SOMETHING.

ONE SECOND... I HAVE TO SEND THIS NIGHTMARE TO **SANDWICH HELL**.

CLICK

