

ONE MONTH LATER...



WELL,
PEACHES.

HERE
WE ARE.



LISTEN, SOUTHERN BELLE... THIS IS CRAZY.

HE'S DEAD. HE'S GOTTA BE DEAD.

DOESN'T HE?

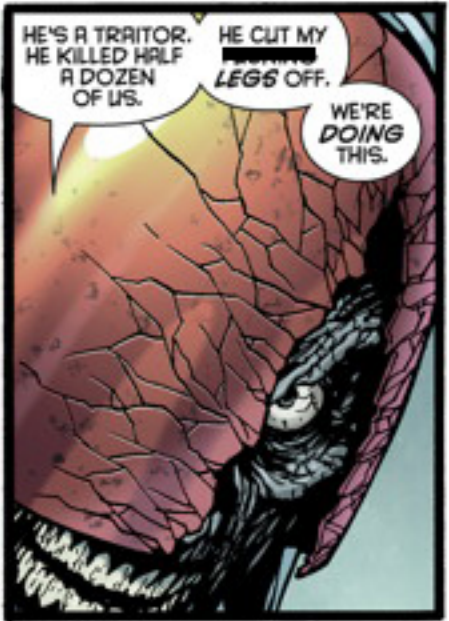


HE WAS ALIVE INSIDE A ROCK FOR UNTOLD THOUSANDS OF YEARS, WIDGET.

I THINK HE IS, AT BEST, INCONVENIENCED.

OKAY. OKAY. BUT--

--ARE WE SURE WE WANT TO DO THIS?



HE'S A TRAITOR. HE KILLED HALF A DOZEN OF US.

HE CUT MY ~~ARM~~ LEGS OFF.

WE'RE DOING THIS.



YES. WE ARE DOING THIS.

BLACKSMITH.

Y'ALL MADE THE...ACCESSORIES I REQUESTED?



KLANING
KLANING
KLANINGGG

OOOH. SWEEEEEET.

KLANNING KLANNING KLANNING KLANNING

PRETTY AS A PICTURE.

AMPHIBONAUT. RIBBON.

YOU'RE UP, DEARR'S.

YER A COLD FISH, MAMA.

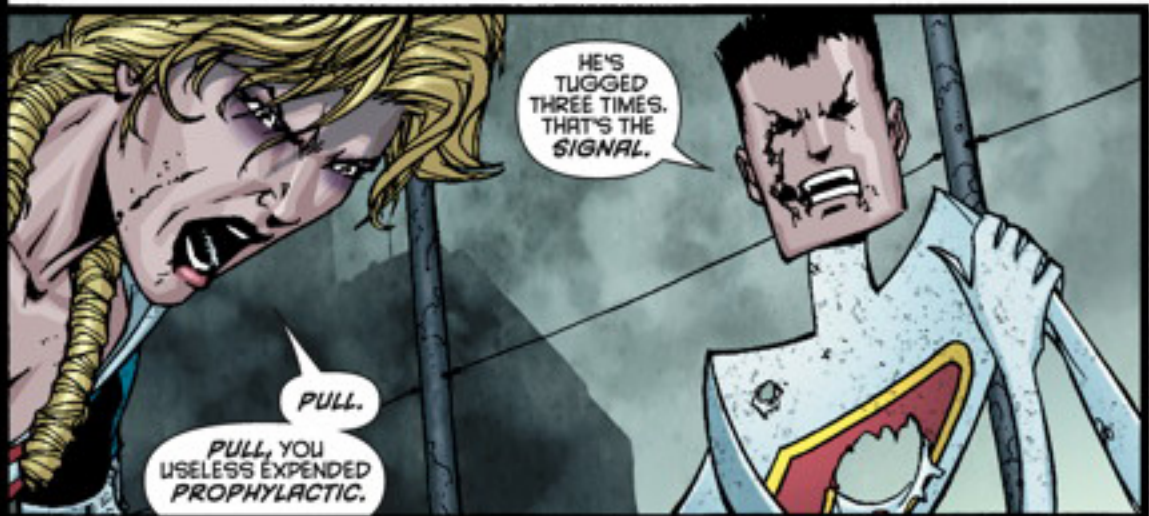
WHICH I LOVE ABOUT YOU.

DONT WORRY.

ME AND RUBBER GOT THIS, GIRL.

IT'S RIBBON!

WHAT-THE-
-EVER,
STRING CHEESE.



STOP IT!!

IT'S TOO HEAVY.

I'LL RIP! I'LL TEAR!

I'LL NEVER SNAP BACK!

NEARLY... NEARLY.

IT'S HIM, FELLAS.

OH, DEAR GOD.

OVERLORD

MY ARM!

MY
ARM!

