

WOULD SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME WHAT I'M LOOKIN' AT?

SHOW ME WHERE 'N' I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, CAP'M.



DEAD AHEAD, HAMNER.



WHATEVER IT IS...





...I THINK IT SPELLS TROUBLE.



IF I WERE THE DARK RIDER, THAT WOULD BE MY DEN.

WELL IF IT AIN'T, I'LL LIKE TO LAY CLAIM TO IT!

HAMNER, WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH A PLACE LIKE THAT?

WHAT EVERY MAN'D DO GIVEN HALF THE CHANCE!

NOTHIN'!



SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, HAMNER. I'M A WORKING MAN. I'LL PROBABLY DIE DOING WHAT I LOVE.

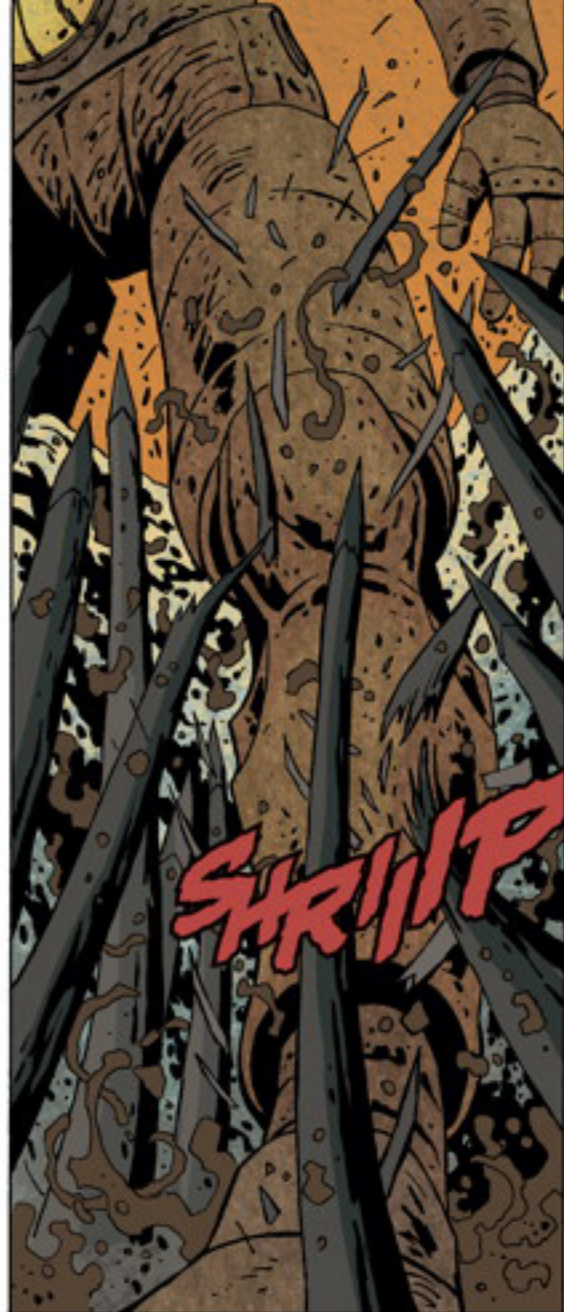


AND I WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER--



WHAT--















# chapter 3: ALL messed UP

██████ A  
DUCK...

THAT  
ABOUT SUMS  
IT UP WE NEED  
THE TRIPOD  
AND WINCH.  
NOW.



WHAT'S  
THE  
WORD?

NOT  
BROKEN.

SO HE  
SAYS, BUT  
I'M NOT  
CONVINCED.



IS YOUR LEG  
FOLDING IN ON  
ITSELF LIKE A  
COOKED  
NOODLE?

NO.

THEN IT  
AIN'T BROKEN.  
GET UP AN'  
FETCH THE  
WINCH.