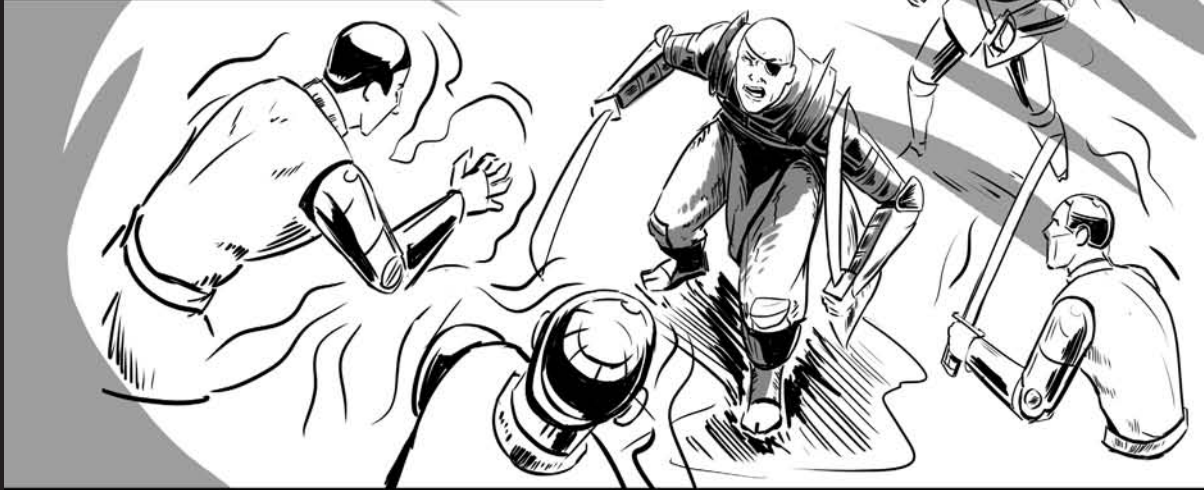


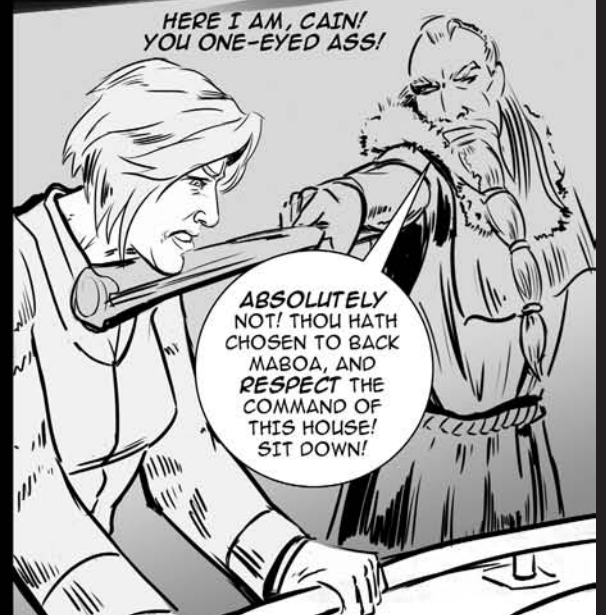


LET'S SEE...





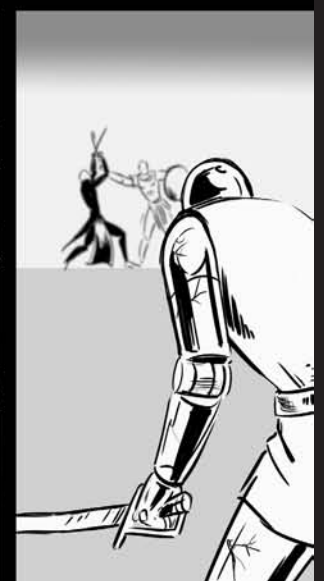
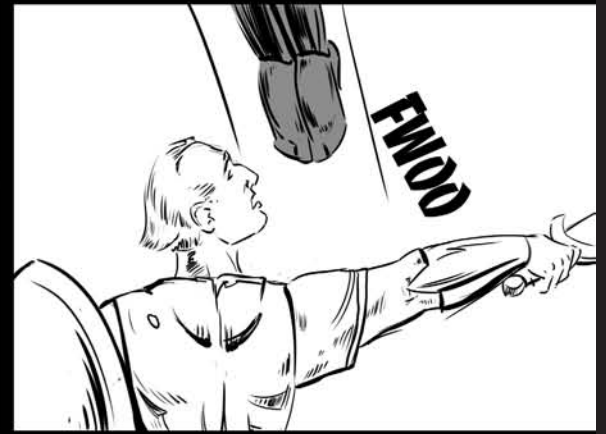
THOU HATH
CHOSEN POORLY, DEAN!
WHERE IS THY REAL
CHAMPION? I KNOW
HILDEGARD IS HERE, I
CAN SEE BLOOD
DRIPPING FROM
THE WALLS.



HERE I AM, CAIN!
YOU ONE-EYED ASS!

ABSOLUTELY
NOT! THOU HATH
CHOSEN TO BACK
MABOA, AND
RESPECT THE
COMMAND OF
THIS HOUSE!
SIT DOWN!







HA HA! JUST LIKE OLD TIMES IN THE SPARRING ARENA!



AYE! BUT BARLEN...



WE'RE NOT SPARRING ANYMORE!



YOUR MAN IS UP. GET BACK TO THY CORNER, BARLEN UNLESS THOU WANTS TO TANGLE WITH MY SECOND.



BRING HIM FORTH.



SNAP!



EEEEY AAAAHH



AARGH!
AARGH!



SWEET JESUS!
WHAT THE HELL...



YOUR SECOND IS A...



MOOO-OOSSE?!



LULUNNGH.

GODS!
DEAN, WHAT MANNER
OF BEAST IS THAT? A
LYCANTHROPE?



OH NO...

WHAT IS IT,
HILDEGARD?



A
PALADIN!

A... A CRUSADER? I
THOUGHT THEY
WERE ALL DEAD?

DURING WILLIAM'S
REIGN, WE PUSHED
THEM BACK TO THE FAR
NORTH. THEY WERE SO
FEW IN NUMBER, WE
THOUGHT THE COLD
WOULD CLAIM THEM.

WHILE YOU
LIBERALS WERE
ROAMING THE
COUNTRYSIDE,
CIRCLE-JERKING
EACH OTHER, I THOUGHT
TO DO SOME
EXPLORING
OF MY OWN.

I TURNED UP
THIS LITTLE
JEWEL IN THE
TUNDRA. AS THOU
CAN TELL, SHE'S
QUITE THE
HANDFUL.

READY TO
CRUSH SOME
MORE
SOCIALIST
ASS, MY DEAR?

OH, YOU
BETCHA.

