

## **PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-THREE(continued)**

**Panel 3:** Closeup of Bon as he laughs. Kern's in the corner of the panel, shouting.

BON: Goddamn I'm badass!

BON: I don't even remember slashing your chest!

KERN: If you inflate your ego any more you're gonna pop!

**Panel 4:** Things take a more serious turn as Kern crouches down, pressing his hands together (not like a kamehameha but like a kamehameha) and begins charging up a blast. Bon's in the background, hands on the sides of his head, yelling like the screaming painting by Van Gogh.

KERN: I may not be as strong as I used to be, but I ain't no slouch!

BON: **Oh no, I'm so scared. Kern's gonna try to blast me and blow himself up!**

## **PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-FOUR(five panels)**

**Panel 1:** *Awesome* shot of Kern firing a bombastic blast of energy at Bon. The ground around Kern is cracking and his fur is being torn to shreds by the blast, stuff flying everywhere.

KERN: **BUTTHOLE BLASTER!**

BON: **OH SHIT!**

**Panel 2:** Closeup of Bon's ass as the beam shoots between his legs and slams into his bum. In the corner there's a small cutout showing his face—it's pure agony!

**Panel 3:** Another closeup of Bon's ass. The beam is gone and there's no damage done to his bum. In the corner there's another small cutout of his face—it's pure bliss!

BON: Isn't this *beary* unfortunate for you?

**Panel 4:** *Awesome* shot of Bon returning fire. Like Piccolo, he's got his mouth open and's firing the Butthole Blaster beam back at Kern.

BON: *Beary*, *BEARY* unfortunate!

**Panel 5:** Closeup of Kern's face. His eyes are wide and it's clear he thinks he's dead. Action lines everywhere.

KERN: **I make the bear puns!**

## **PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIVE(six panels)**

**Panel 1:** The blast *rips* through a section of the crowd, and this is where we have a **CALLBACK!** As, while everyone else is fleeing or being vaporized, a being known as *Jareld* is standing still, cracking its...“knuckles.” Who’s Jareld, who ask? Well, it’s a muk-esque monstrosity combination of Gerald and Jay, with both their faces and their limbs compiled together in a disgusting pile of goop. They are, of course, wearing their leather jackets. Half their “head” is bald like Jay’s and the other half has Gerald’s snazzy hair.

GERALD: Christ, these two are some **bad dudes**.

JAY: But we’re badder, right Gerald?

GERALD: Assbutt, with our new eldritch monster body we’re **UNSTOPPABLE!**

**Panel 2:** Jareld is crushed by a falling rock. Above them there’s a little note saying: **Spoiler Alert: they weren’t.** In the foreground of the panel is Hen-Tie, who’s running through the stands.

HEN-TIE: I’m almost there, daddy.

**Panel 3:** Camera on the ground next to Lucia’s lifeless body. A group of rocks have fallen onto her groin, blocking out anything crude. In the background, Hen-Tie’s racing toward her, shoving various stuffed animals out the way, knocking one over the railing.

HEN-TIE: Out the way!

HEN-TIE: Hen comin’ through!

**Panel 4:** Same shot except Hen-Tie’s stabbed Lucia in the chest with the adrenaline shot and her eyes have shot wide open.

HEN-TIE: Awaken!

**Panel 5:** Lucia juts up, holding her hands out in front of herself. There’s a little Bon face in his speech bubble.

LUCIA: Holy shit, I ain’t dead!

BON(not shown): I think I just **came!**

LUCIA: Holy shit, I wish I was dead!

**Panel 6:** She’s not even given a moment to think—Hen-Tie’s got her face pressed against Lucia’s butt and is pushing her over the edge of the railing as Lucia flails her arms.

HEN-TIE: **Move, move, move or else Kern WILL be!**

LUCIA: **Get your face outta my ass!**

LUCIA: **I’m goin’, I’m goin’!**

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HURRY,  
HEN-  
TIE!

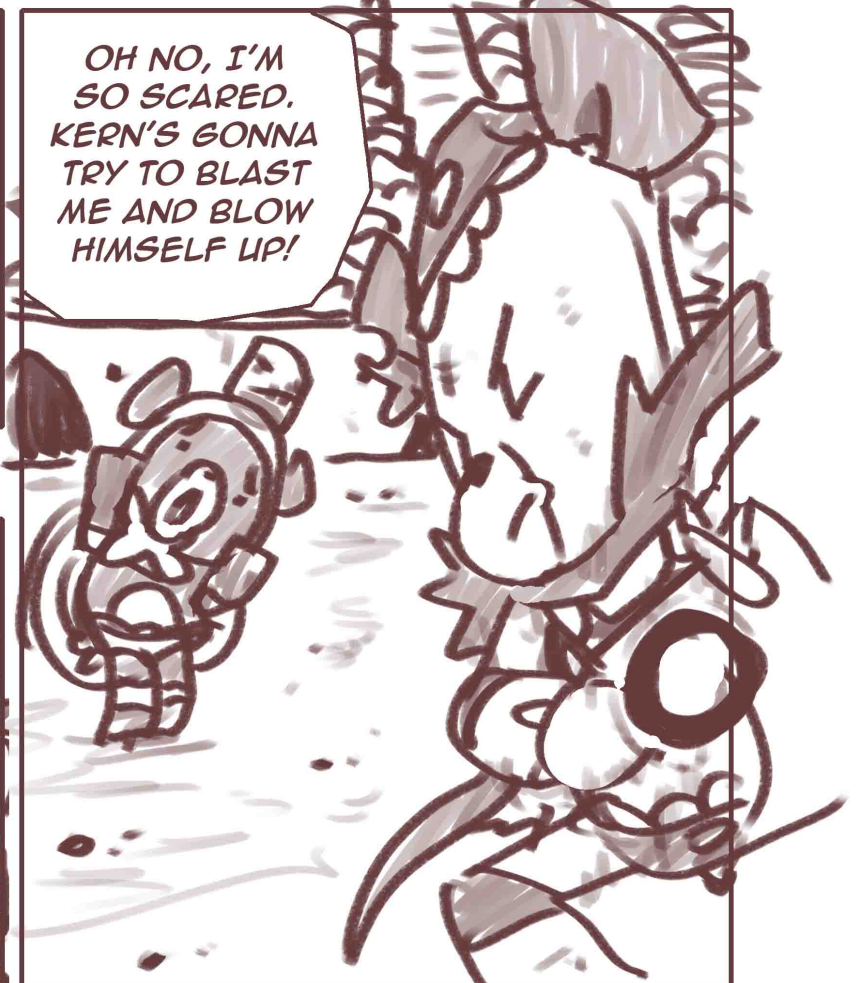
I'M RUNNING  
OUT OF  
BEAR PUNS.



**RIP!**



GOD-  
DAMN  
I'M BAD-  
ASS!  
  
I DON'T EVEN  
REMEMBER  
SLASHING  
YOUR CHEST!

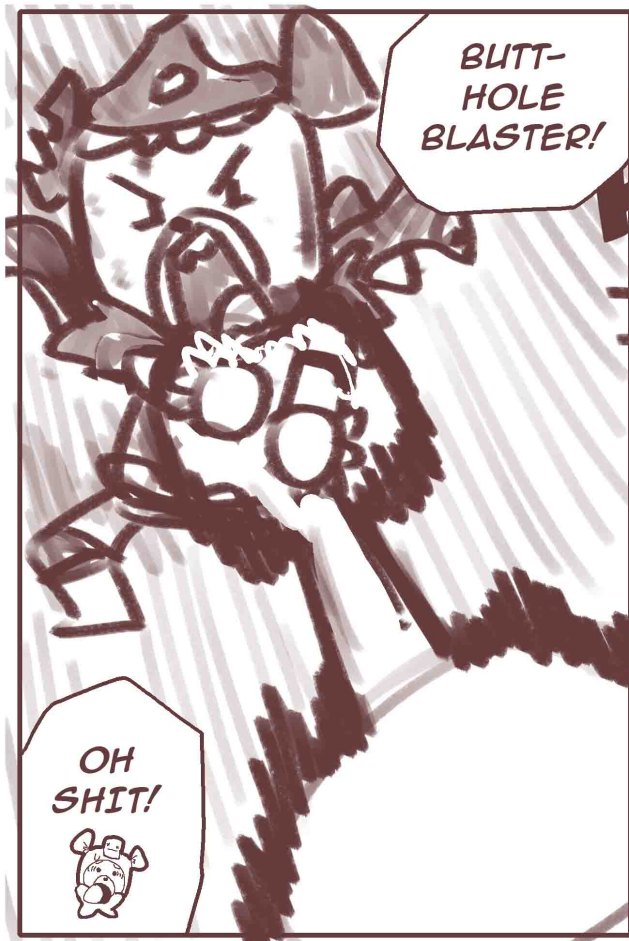


OH NO, I'M  
SO SCARED.  
KERN'S GONNA  
TRY TO BLAST  
ME AND BLOW  
HIMSELF UP!



IF YOU  
INFLATE YOUR  
EGO ANY  
MORE YOU'RE  
GONNA POP!  
  
I MAY NOT BE  
AS STRONG AS  
I USED TO BE,  
BUT I AIN'T  
NO SLOUCH!

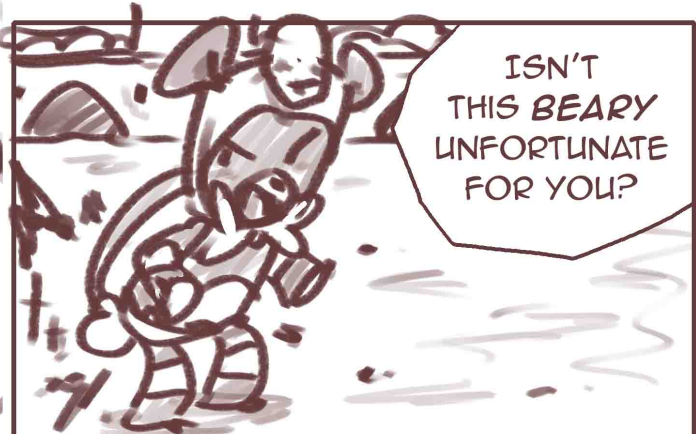




BUTT-HOLE BLASTER!



AAAHHH



ISN'T THIS BEARY UNFORTUNATE FOR YOU?



BEARY, BEARY UNFORTUNATE!



I MAKE THE BEAR PUNS!



CHRIST, THESE TWO ARE SOME BAD DUDES.

BUT WE'RE BADDER, RIGHT GERALD?

I'M ALMOST THERE, DADDY.

SPOILER ALERT: THEY DIDN'T.

ASSBUTT, WITH OUR NEW ELDRITCH MONSTER BODY WE'RE UNSTOPPABLE!

CRASH

OUT THE WAY!  
HEN COMIN' THROUGH!

AWAKEN!  
STAB

GASP  
HOLY SHIT, I AIN'T DEAD!

MOVE, MOVE, MOVE OR ELSE KERN WILL BE!  
GET YOUR FACE OUTTA MY ASS!  
I'M GOIN', I'M GOIN'!