

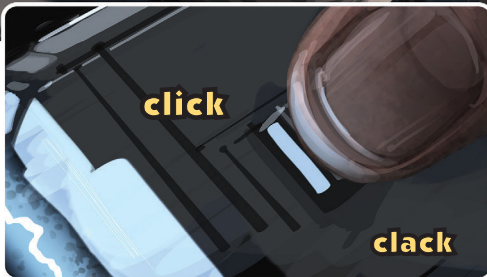
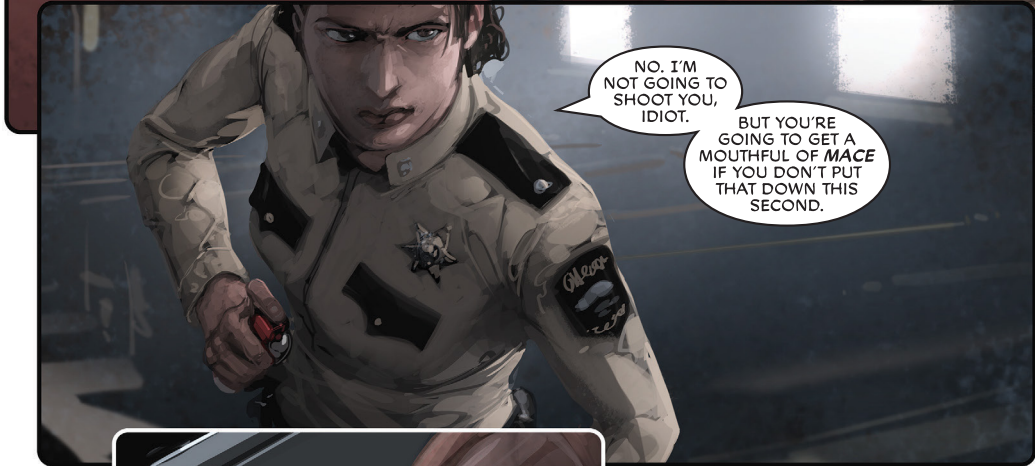
WHAT? YOU GONNA SHOOT ME? DO IT! SHOOT ME RIGHT HERE IN FRONT OF THE CROSS. LET'S SEE IF J.C. TURNS THE BULLETS INTO DAFFODILS.

MAYBE HE'LL TURN MY BLOOD INTO WINE. FATHER FLYNN CAN SERVE IT UP FOR SUNDAY MASS.

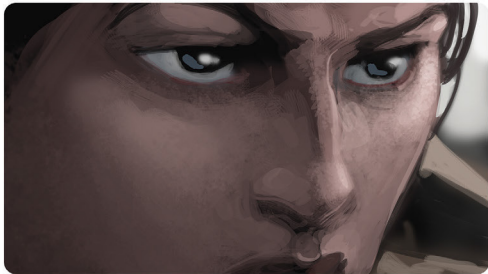


NO, I'M NOT GOING TO SHOOT YOU, IDIOT.

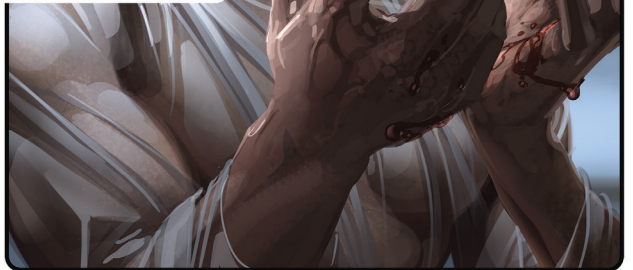
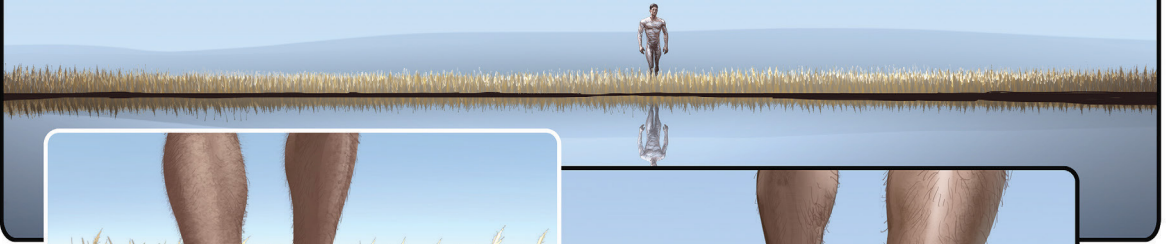
BUT YOU'RE GOING TO GET A MOUTHFUL OF *MACE* IF YOU DON'T PUT THAT DOWN THIS SECOND.



ONE... TWO...

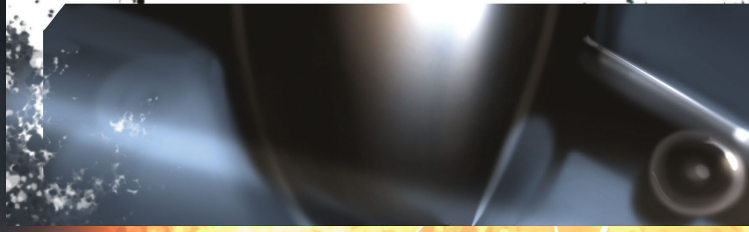
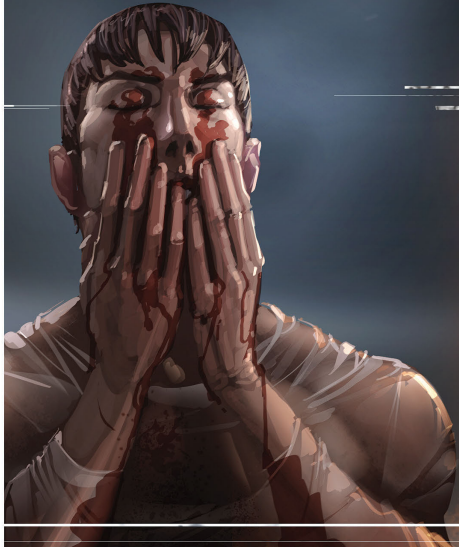


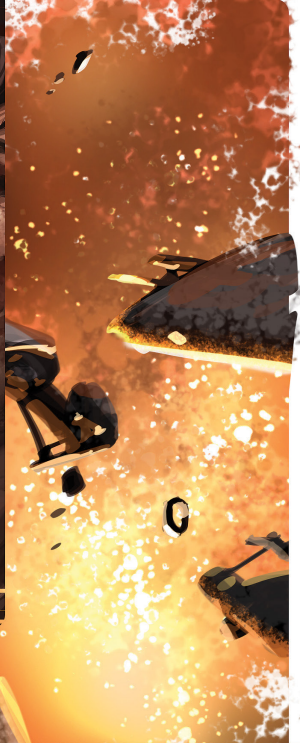
3 MILES FROM TOWN.



THE VOICES. THEY'RE SHOUTING AGAIN.

SCREAMING AT ME...





DON'T TELL ANYONE!

DON'T EVER TELL ANYONE!

THEY'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND!

THEY'LL NEVER TRUST YOU!

THEY'LL HATE YOU FOR BEING DIFFERENT!

