



MEANWHILE...

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US?

SOMEWHERE NICE AND SAFE RENTED HUNTING SHACK THAT NOBODY EVER COMES NEAR. I HOPE YOU TWO CAN COOK...



DAVID KEEPS TENSE IN CASE THERE'S THE SLIGHTEST HOPE OF ESCAPE, BUT HE'S UNLUCKY.

INSIDE YOU TWO GUN OKAY, DAVDO?

LOADED AN' READY, SLIM. SHOW OUR GUESTS THE KITCHEN. I'M HUNGRY.



LET'S DOPE THE GRUB, DAVID!

SURE! WHAT WITH YOU CARRY CYANIDE ROUND WITH YOU OF SOMETHING?

HERE'S YOUR COFFEE ENJOY IT!



WHAT'S THE PLAN, SLIM? AFTER WE EAT...

I'LL TAKE THE CAR INTO TOWN, PICK A PHONE CALL, YOU STAY HERE AND WATCH THESE AND GO TO SLEEP!



WHAT DO WE DO? STARVE?

SO WE'RE SHORT ON PLATES AND MUGS? YOU AFTER US! WHAT YOU GOT TO GRIN ABOUT, GASSIDY?

NO SENSE IN BEING SOME FIGURE WE CAN MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS.



IT'S A FIRST CLASS TRY IN CLASSIC TRADITION—BUT DAVDO IS BEMUDDERINGLY FAST!



I HATE SMART KIDS!

NO, MISTER! NO!

WITH A SICKENING CRACK, THE GUNBUTT MAKES CONTACT, AND DAVID SWINGS TO THE FLOOR...



YOU—YOU'VE KILLED HIM!