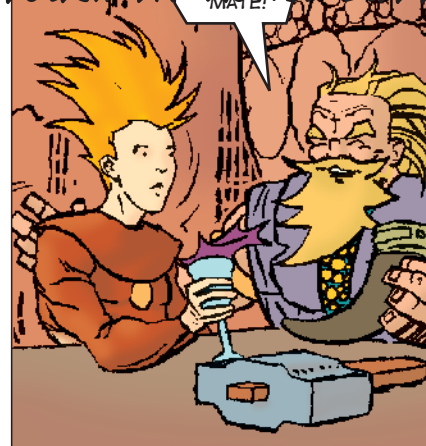
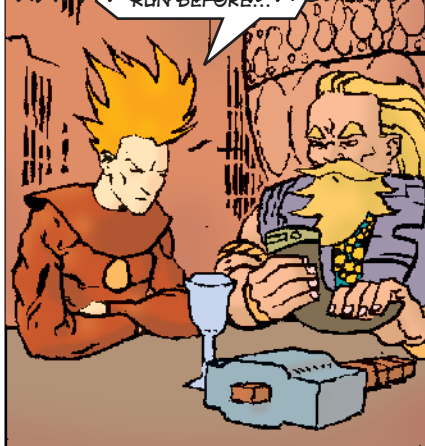
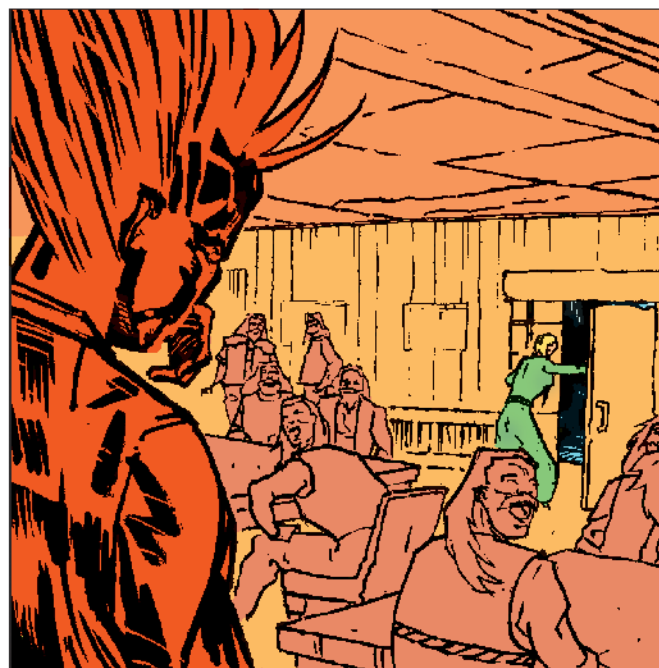
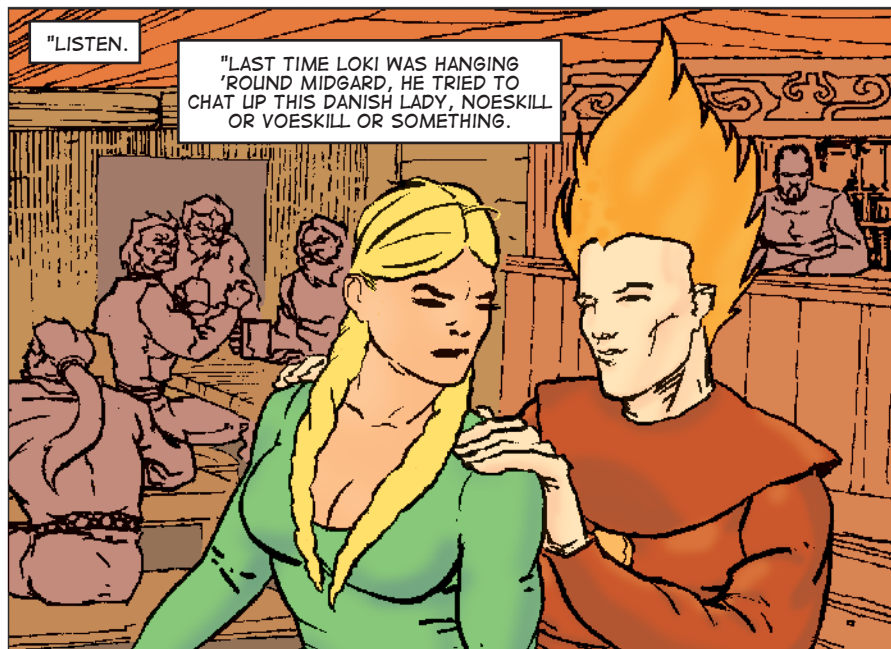
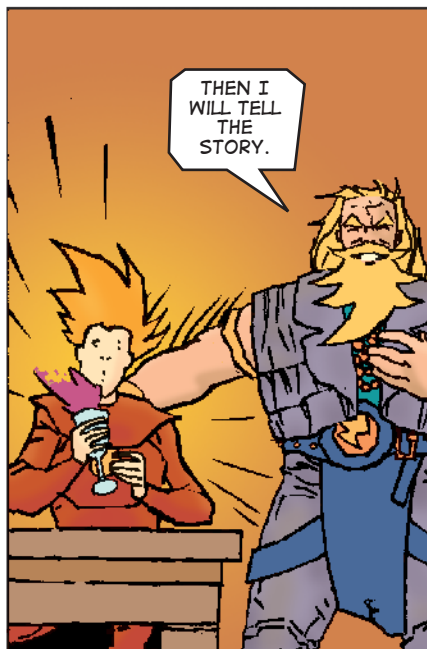
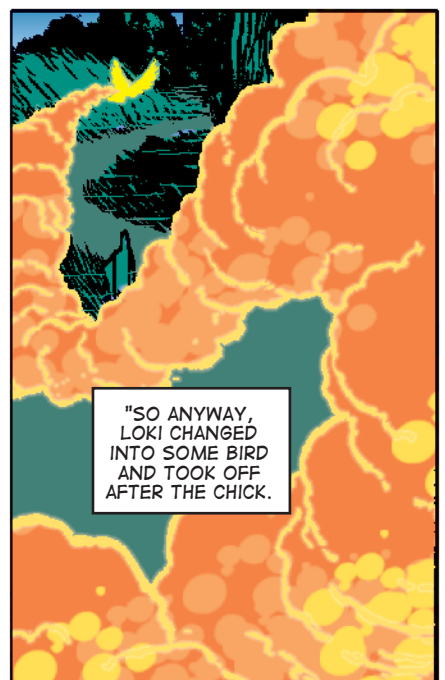
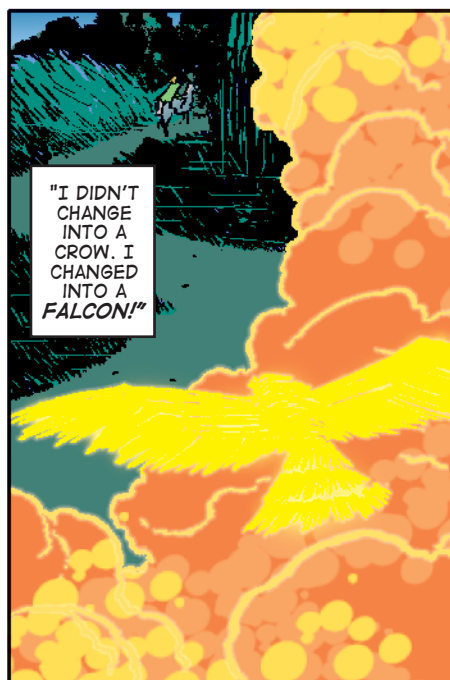
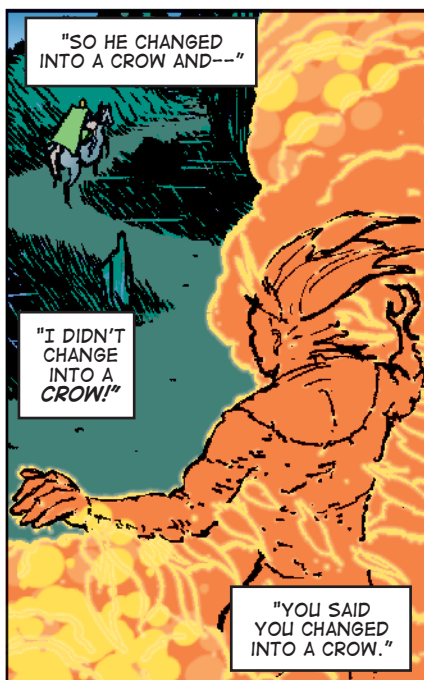
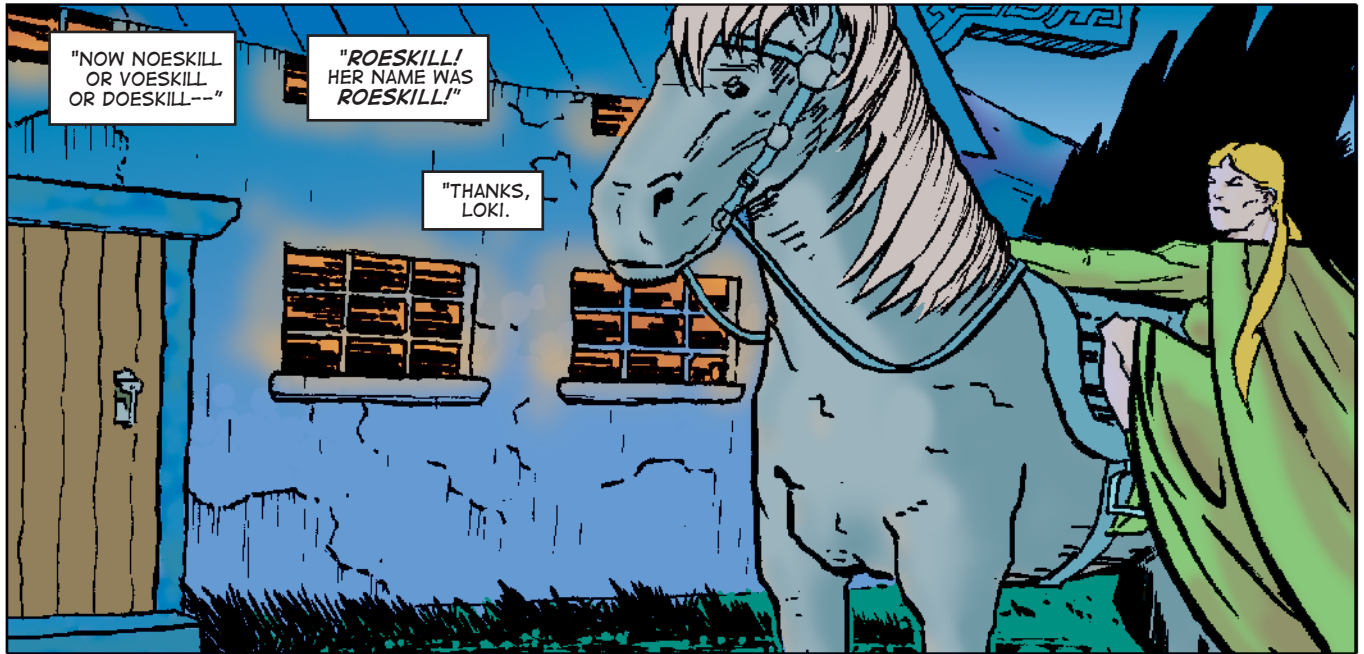


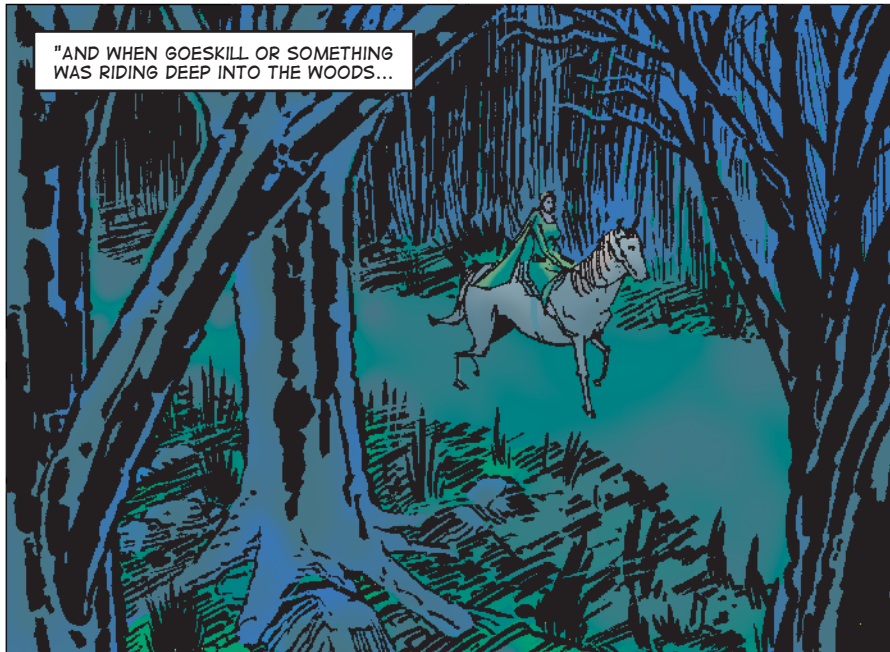
WANNA SEE MY TATTOOZ
 I WILL NOT HAVE A FOOLSTICK TEN BULLUUUUURP!
 HAD A LIMEY DRUID STITCH ME THIS PIECE.
 FRRRRRRRRRT PRETTY PAINFUL I CAN TELL YOU!
 DAMN FOREIGNERS! NO BLOODY DRUID IS GONNA TOUCH MY NORSE BUTT!
 I'VE MENTIONED YOURSELF LATELY?
 ME STORY...
 WATER!



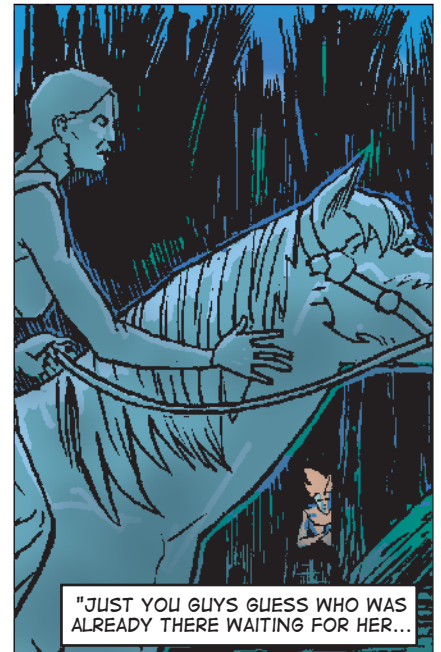
HORSING AROUND
 A YARN OF ASGARD
 by Josef Rother (Script)
 and Dominic Regan (Art)







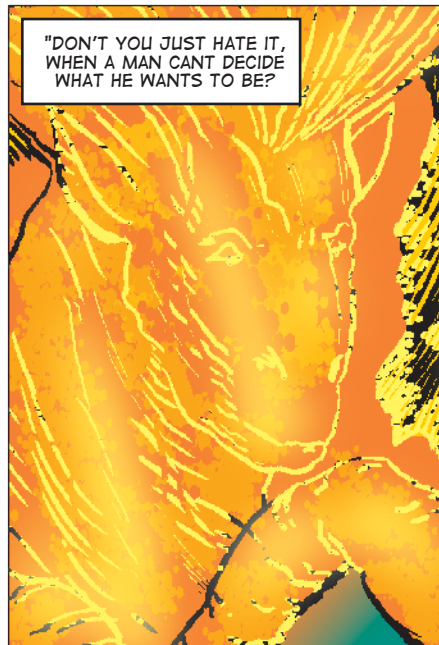
"AND WHEN GOESKILL OR SOMETHING WAS RIDING DEEP INTO THE WOODS...



"JUST YOU GUYS GUESS WHO WAS ALREADY THERE WAITING FOR HER...



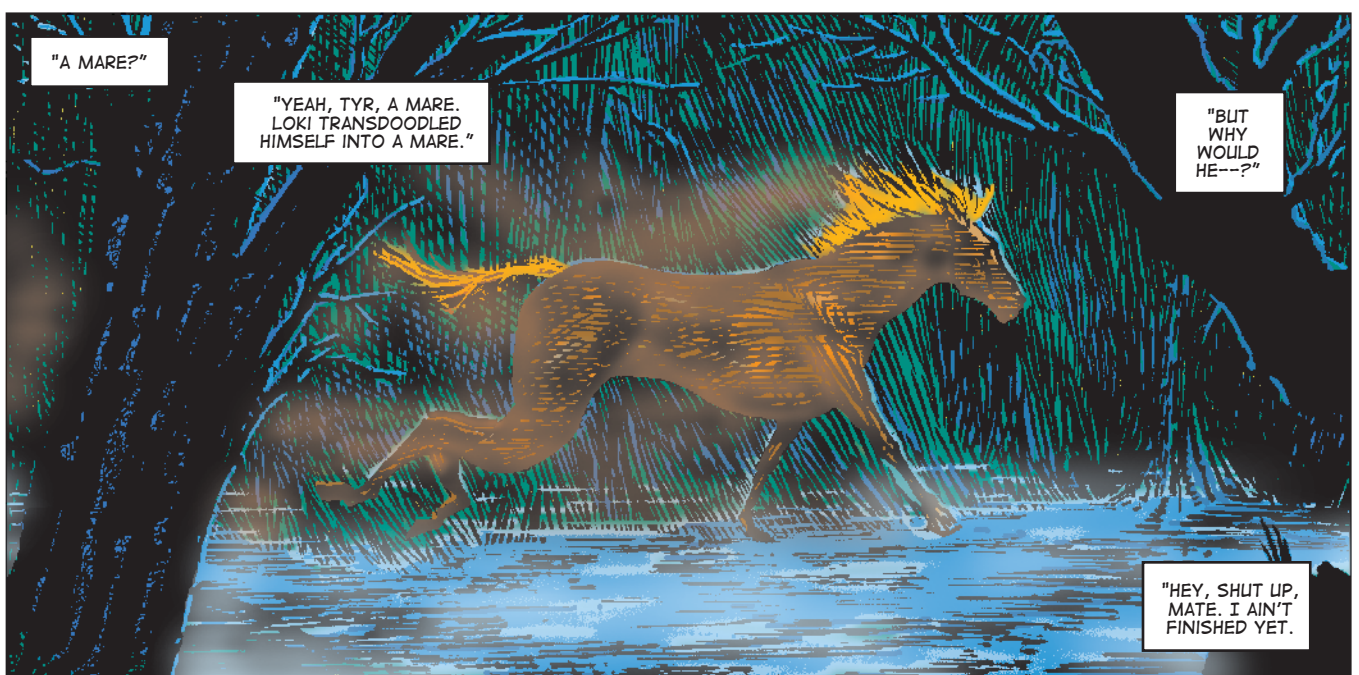
"AND UP TO HIS USUAL TRICKS HE WAS.



"DON'T YOU JUST HATE IT, WHEN A MAN CAN'T DECIDE WHAT HE WANTS TO BE?



"WHATEVER. OUR LOKI CHANGED INTO A MARE.

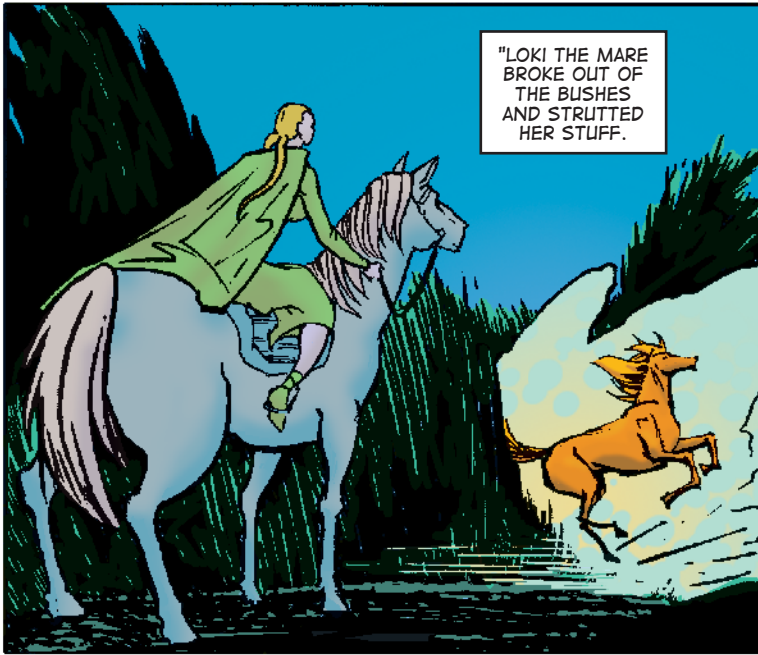


"A MARE?"

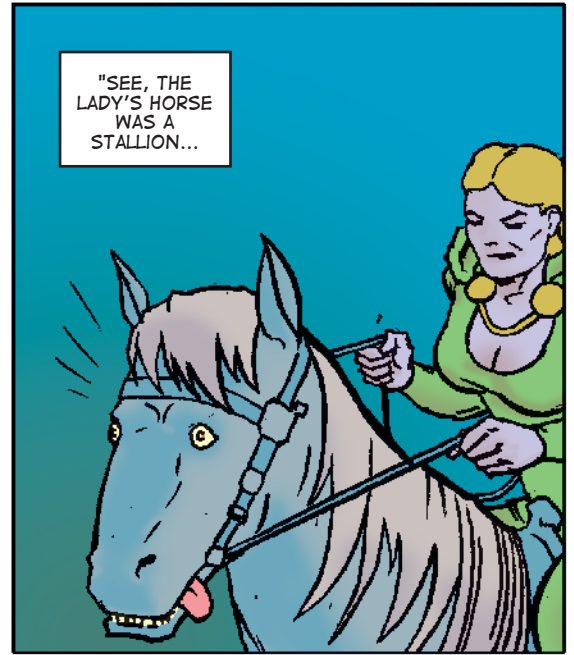
"YEAH, TYR, A MARE. LOKI TRANSDOODLED HIMSELF INTO A MARE."

"BUT WHY WOULD HE--?"

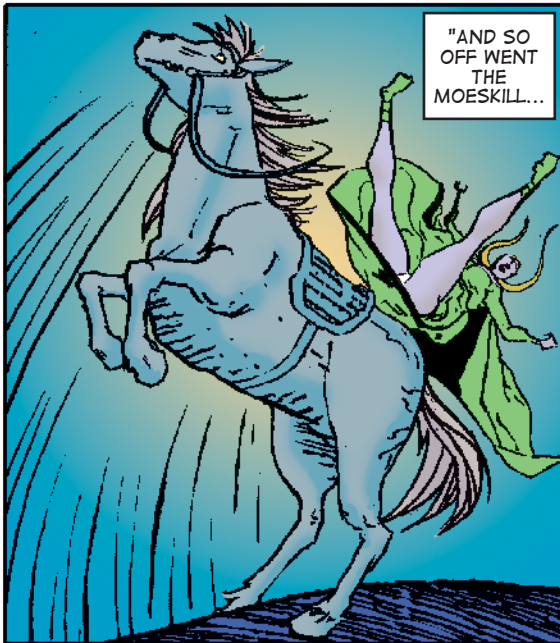
"HEY, SHUT UP, MATE. I AIN'T FINISHED YET."



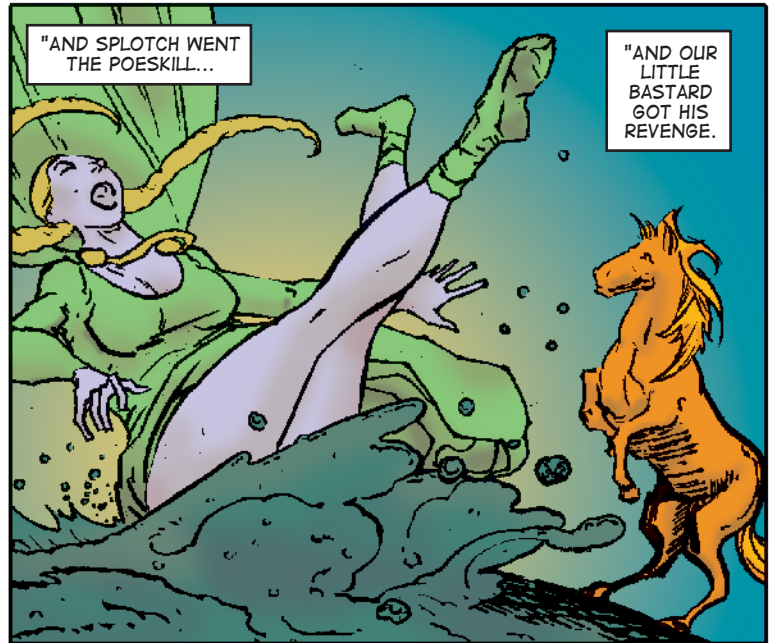
"LOKI THE MARE
BROKE OUT OF
THE BUSHES
AND STRUTTED
HER STUFF."



"SEE, THE
LADY'S HORSE
WAS A
STALLION..."

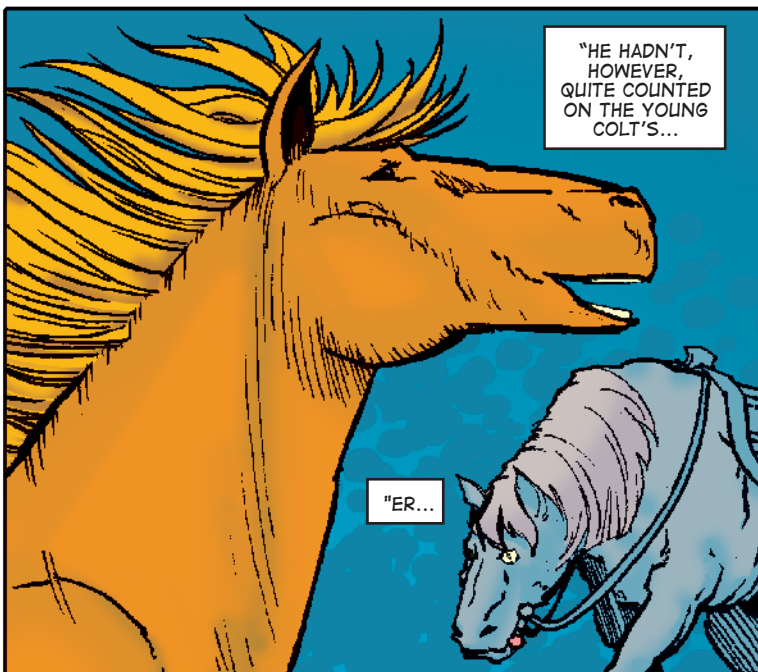


"AND SO
OFF WENT
THE
MOESKILL..."



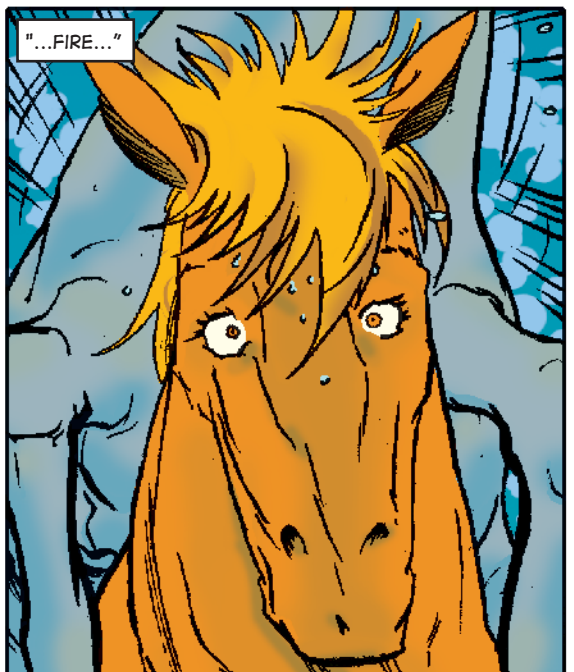
"AND SPLITCH WENT
THE POESKILL..."

"AND OUR
LITTLE
BASTARD
GOT HIS
REVENGE."



"HE HADN'T,
HOWEVER,
QUITE COUNTED
ON THE YOUNG
COLT'S..."

"ER..."



"...FIRE..."

