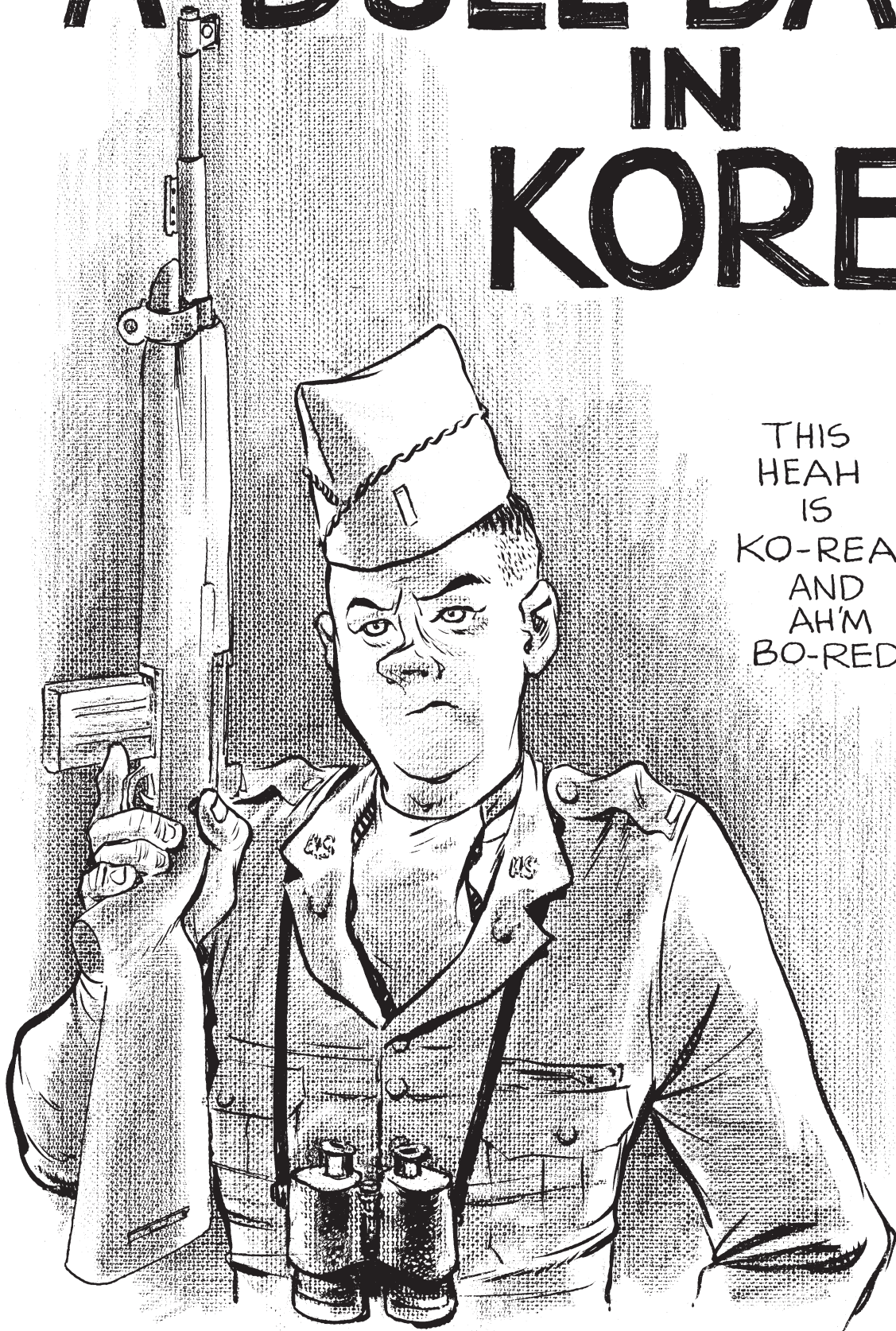


A DULL DAY IN KOREA



THIS
HEAH
IS
KO-REA
AND
AH'M
BO-RED!



WHAT WE'VE GOT HERE IS A TAILED-DOWN WAR !! DULLER 'N SUNDAY IN CHITLIN SWITCH. WE'RE OCCUPYIN' THE HIGH GROUND HERE ... JES' PICKIN' OUR NOSE AND DOIN' POINTLESS PATROLS 'CAUSE THE ENEMY IS ALL UP NORTH NOW!

AND ME?...AH'M A LONG, LONG WAY FROM WIGGLY CREEK, WEST VIRGINIA...

WE'RE OCCUPYIN' A INDIGENOUS POPULATION OF SLICKIE BOYS AND "MOOSE"-GIRLS.




NOW, AIN'T THIS ONE FRIGGIN' DUTY, MAN?

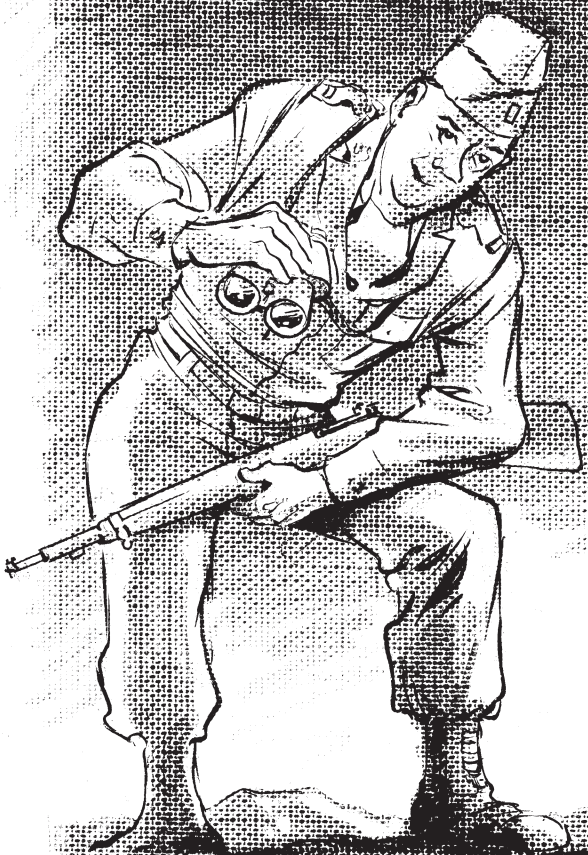




WE'RE JUST
A COUPLA MILES
FROM THE DMZ.
BEYOND THEM HILLS
IS COMMIE COUNTRY
... ALL NEKKID HILLS
HEREABOUT... STRIPPED
BY THE LOCALS FOR
FIREWOOD!

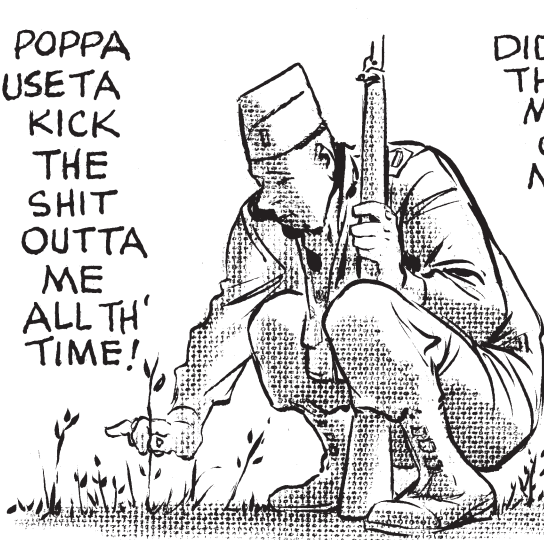


PUTS ME IN
MIND OF HOME.



USETA HUNT A LOT
WITH MY OLD MAN
... WHEN HE WAS SOBER,
WHICH WASN'T OFTEN!!
HAH, HAH, HAH...
MAN, I LOVED HUNTING!

POPPA
USETA
KICK
THE
SHIT
OUTTA
ME
ALLTH'
TIME!



DIDN'T
THINK
MUCH
OF
ME.



NEVER HEARD
A KIND WORD
... TILL COME
HUNTING TIME.



THEN I
SHOWED
THE OL'
BASTARD!

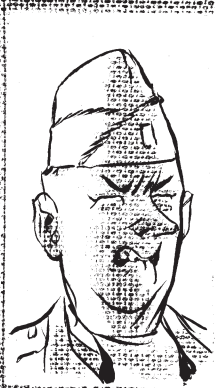
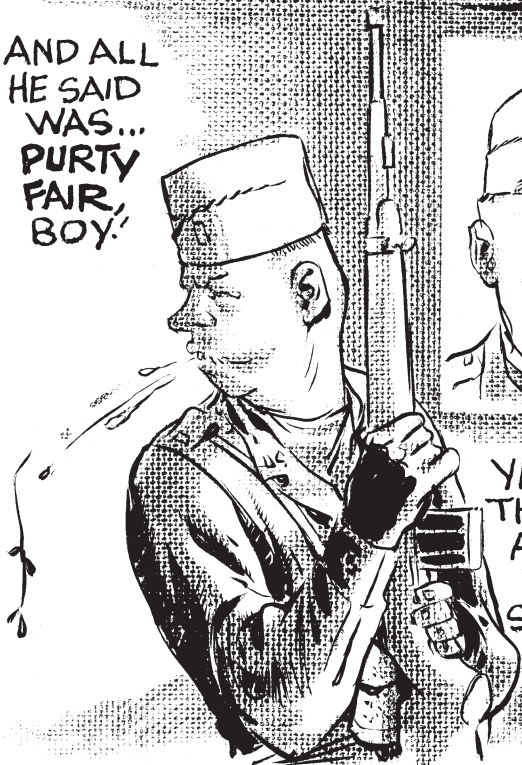
YEAH!!

WHEN OUR
DANGS FLUSHED
THE BIRDS, I
FIRED FIRST.

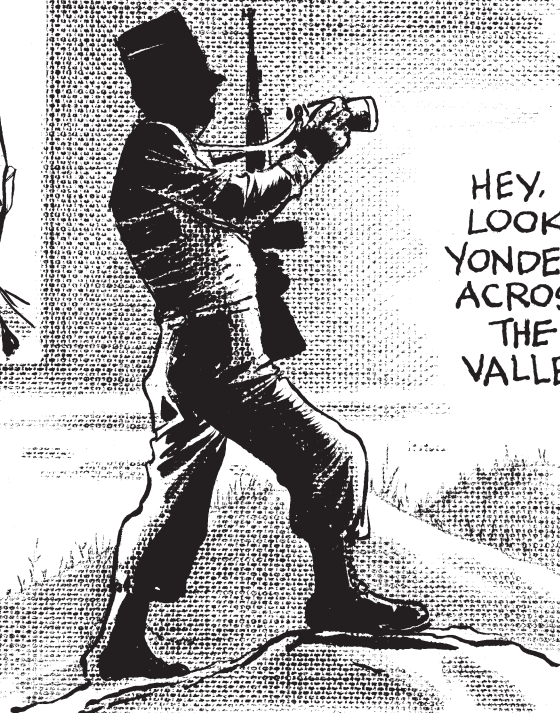


BANG!
BANG,
BANG,
BANG,
GOT
'EM
ALL!

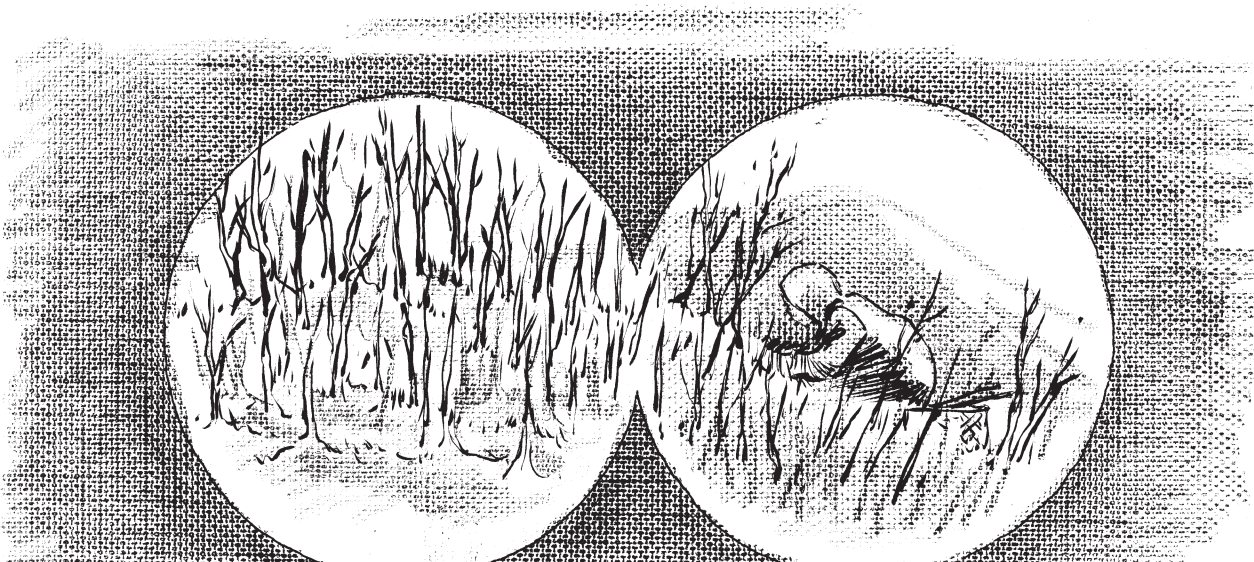
AND ALL
HE SAID
WAS...
PURTY
FAIR,
BOY!



YEAH,
THAT'S
ALL
HE
SAID.



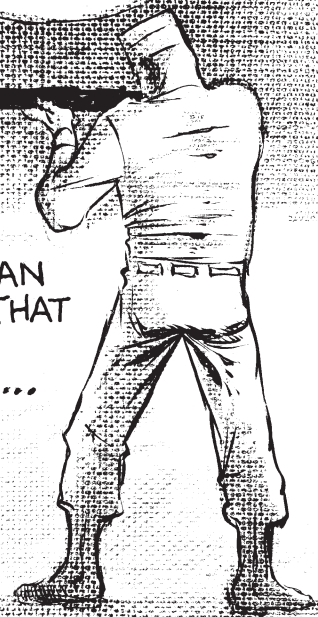
HEY,
LOOK
YONDER
ACROSS
THE
VALLEY..



CHECK THIS...



A LI'L OL' MOMMASAN CUTTIN' WOOD ON THAT HILLSIDE RIGHT IN OUR FIRING RANGE...



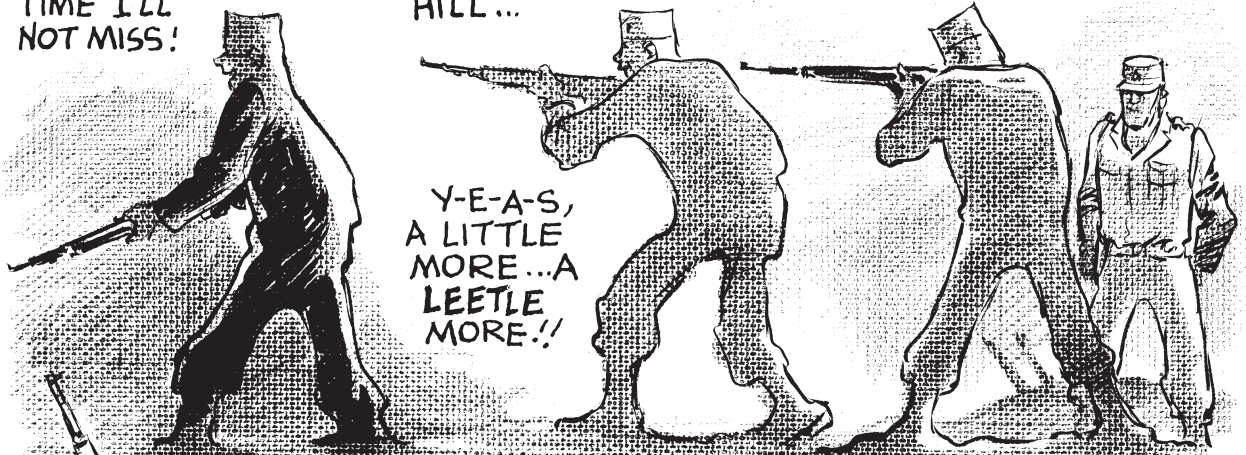
SHEEEET!
MISSED!! NEVER HAPPENS TO ME... MUSTA BEEN THE FOG... OR... MAYBE SHE JES' MOVED...



OKAY...
NOW, THIS
TIME I'LL
NOT MISS!

THERE SHE
GOES UP THE
HILL...

NOW
I GOTCHA !!



Y-E-A-S,
A LITTLE
MORE...A
LEETLE
MORE!!



YOU
DON'T WANT
TO DO
THAT,
LIEUTENANT!

