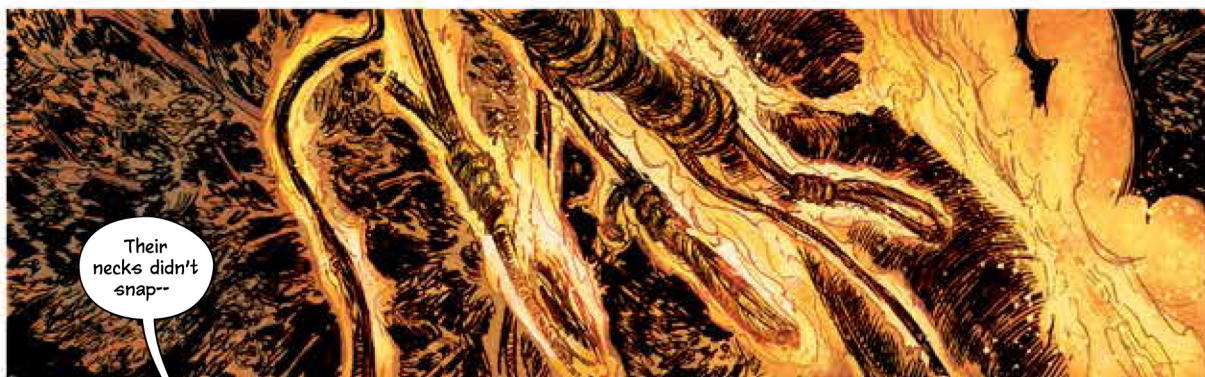




Where did  
them *bitches*  
go?





Their  
necks didn't  
snap--



We're  
trapped in  
here--



At least  
the townsfolk  
got away.

We  
hope.









Shut your mouth, boy, and do what I say.



Fine!  
Shit, man.



Make sure  
none of 'em see us  
frayin'. We can't have 'em  
thinkin' this station is  
under siege.



A siege?  
Christ.



Save callin'  
Christ for your  
prayers. We'll need  
all the help we  
can get.