

ONE REDHOT WELCOME TO
ALL YOU PARTY ANIMALS
AND CREATURES OF THE NIGHT!

I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR BLEARY
EYES: YOU'RE STILL ALL TAXED
UP AND NOT YET READY TO
CALL THE NIGHT A DAY.

WELL, THEN WHY DON'T YOU
ORDER YOURSELF ANOTHER
DRINK AND THROW YOURSELF
ANOTHER PILL...

...WHILE I TELL YOU A STORY
OF MY OLD PAL MIKE, ONE BIG
HUNK OF A PARTY ANIMAL.

MIKE WAS LATE
THAT FRIDAY NIGHT.

THE SUN WAS ALREADY
SETTING, AND HE DIDN'T
WANT THE BOYS TO
START WITHOUT HIM...

HEY, PAL!
CHECKED
OUT ANY
GIRLS YET?

WHATTA YOU THINK
OF THAT BROAD
OVER THERE?

YOU REALLY GO
FOR THE TALL SLIM
ONES, DON'T YOU?

TOO SKINNY FOR
MY DIET. ME, I
PREFER 'EM BIG
AND JUICY --

-- LIKE
THE
ONE
OVER
HERE.

WHEN THE BOYS' MUSIC CAME ON...

RAW! RAW! RAW! MEAT! MEAT! MEAT!

RAW MEAT! RAW MEAT! RAW MEAT!

A NIGHTMARE ON THE TOWN

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MOST FRIDAYS THE BOYS WOULD
WATCH THE SPANDEX FREAKS BEAT THE
SUPERHERO CRAP OUT OF EACH OTHER,
BUT THIS WAS THE REAL THING...



IN THE END DAWN WAS DRAWING NEAR, AND THINGS STARTED TO DIE DOWN A BIT. THE BOYS CRASHED AT JEFF'S PLACE.

IT WAS FRANK, WHO ASKED WHAT THEY WERE GONNA DO NOW --

-- AND IT WAS DAVE, WHO HIT UPON THE IDEA:

RUSSIAN ROULETTE WITH FIVE LEAD BULLETS AND ONE SILVER BULLET!

FRANK TOOK THE GUN FIRST...

POW!

THEN JEFF...

POW!

THEN MIKE...

POW!

SO MIKE HAD TO CALL IT A DAY.

BUT YOU GOTTA ADMIT: HE HAD A LITTLE FUN BEFORE HE DIED.

HE WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED THAT NIGHT FOR HIS LIFE.

THE END