



BATTLE BOVINE



Oh jeez... what's that
smell?

Greetings. I need a
physical so that I may
receive my hero license.



Okay, Combat Cow. I just need you to take a seat and the doctor will be with you shortly... *Sniff sniff* Have you been living in a dumpster?



Indeed I have, Mr. Doctor.
But I prefer to call it "The
Bovine Fortress."



Whatever, just don't
touch anything.



5 hours later...

I'm getting
kind of hungry



Ah, Ascendant Brand
Chocolate Bars. I think I
will have one of those.



This vile machine does not
seem to be working



Now you listen to me. I want my
candy bar! Believe me, candy
machine, you do NOT want me as
your enemy.



Sir, you need to sit down
and leave the candy
machine alone.



Well played, candy machine.
You are a worthy foe. We'll
meet again.



The doctor will see you now
Mr. Bovine. Since you smell so
bad, I'll have to ask that you
see him outside.



Listen, Bovine. How should I put this...
You're a cow. I'm a people doctor. I'm
sorry, but you can't get a super hero
license.



WHOOSH!


This is discrimination! What about all these cat people I see running around with their super hero licenses?

Oh... them... well, you see... There's just so many of them and they started up a union. We don't want to get sued.




Would \$100 convince
you to give me that
physical?





Normally, it would. But
you just gave me Monopoly
money.

I'll tell you what. I know a guy
who's a veterinarian. Well, not
really a veterinarian, but he did stay
at a Holiday Inn Express last night.
You should go meet with him and he
will help you get your hero's license.



Okay, Battle Bovine. We've got all the necessary paper work filled out. Here is your hero license.

Wait a minute... this is a fishing license. You just crossed out "fishing" and wrote "hero." But whatever, it works for me.

Meanwhile...

I'LL GET YOU, BATTLE
BOVINE! MUA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA!



SHUT THE
HELL UP!



