

TRANCERS

6

*Trapped as
a stripper.*





NOW THAT I FINALLY
HAVE SOME CLOTHES
THAT AREN'T RIDICULOUS,
I NEED TO FOCUS ON
WHISTLER. WERE THERE
ANY CLUES IN THAT
ENCOUNTER BACK AT
THE BAR?



WHO ARE
YOU?

IT'S YOUR
OLD FRIEND
WHISTLER, JACK.
OR SHOULD I
CALL YOU
STORMY?

BZZZZT!



I THOUGHT HIS SOUL WAS
TRAPPED IN LIMBO FOR
ALL ETERNITY?

SOMEONE JUST
SINGED HIM!



THE GUYS ARE
GIRLS AND THE
GIRL HAS A GUN!
WELL, TWO OF THEM
IN A MANNER OF
SPEAKING!

NO CLUES SO FAR.

SKIPPING THE PART
WHERE MY WIFE KISSED
MCNULTY...

GUESS WE'RE
GOING TO HAVE
TO DEFEAT
WHISTLER AGAIN.
THIS WON'T BE
EASY.

MAYBE
YOU SHOULD
SIT THIS ONE
OUT, JACK.
YOU'RE NOT
EXACTLY BUILT
FOR
FIGHTING.





RIGHT?

STOP STARING
AT MY TITS.

BUT
THEY'RE SO...
AND SO... AND
UM...



WHISTLER. A
MASTER OF MIND
CONTROL. HE CAN
TURN THE
WEAK-MINDED INTO
TRANCERS WHO
OBEY HIS EVERY
COMMAND.

MY LONG TIME NEMESIS. I'VE
BEATEN HIM IN A BATTLE OF WILLS
MANY TIMES, BUT WHAT IF LEENA IS
RIGHT? I'M NOT THE SAME MAN.



I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN STAND UP
TO HIM NOW-- AND IT'S NOT JUST
MY TINY LITTLE FEMALE BODY.
BACK AT THE BAR WHEN THE
TRANCER ATTACKED, I COWERED
BEHIND THE MEN AND LET THEM
PROTECT ME. HAVE I LOST MY
BALLS? I MEAN MY FIGURATIVE--
WELL, YOU GET IT.



WHAT IF WHISTLER'S MIND CONTROL
WORKS ON ME NOW? WHAT IF HE CAN
MAKE ME INTO HIS SLAVE? IN THIS BODY?

EVEN MY WIFE
HAS DOUBTS.
AM I TOO WEAK
TO FACE
WHISTLER?



A man in a dark suit and white shirt is shown from the side, looking towards a woman. The woman is wearing a revealing, sequined outfit and large hoop earrings. She has a serious expression and is looking back at the man. A thought bubble above her head contains the text: "HELL NO. I MAY HAVE GREAT TITS, BUT I'M STILL JACK DETH."

HELL NO. I MAY
HAVE GREAT TITS,
BUT I'M STILL
JACK DETH.



STOP STARING
AT MY KNOCKERS
OR I KICK YOU IN
THE BALLS. GOT
IT?

LOUD
AND CLEAR.
NO MORE
STARING. GOT
IT.

FLASHBACK!
MOMENTS EARLIER
AT WHISTLER'S
SECRET LAIR WHICH
IS ACTUALLY--
WELL, YOU'LL SEE.

IT'S ME,
YOUR OLD FRIEND
WHISTLER!



BZZZZT!





BLAST. SOMEONE
SINGED MY HOST
TRANCER. THERE
MUST BE ANOTHER
HUNTER IN THIS TIME
LINE.

I'LL HAVE TO
REPORT THIS TO
MADAM-- TO MY
BROTHER.



BECKY! GET A
MOVE ON, YOUNG
LADY. YOU DON'T
WANT TO BE LATE
FOR BALLET.

GGRRR. IT'S
INFURIATING
HAVING THIS
INFERIOR WOMAN
ORDER ME ABOUT. I
AM MARTIN
WHISTLER! I'LL
USE MY POWERS
TO--



NO. NO.
IF I GET
GROUNDED
AGAIN IT WILL
SET OUR PLANS
BACK AND
MADAM WILL
BE FURIOUS.

BREATH.
BREATH
MANTRA: MY NAME IS
BECKY. I'M A GOOD
GIRL.
NO! I-M--
BREATH. BREATH.
MY NAME IS BECKY.
I'M A GOOD
GIRL.

ON MY
WAY,
MOTHER.
<GIGGLE>.



AND
DON'T FORGET
YOUR GYMNASTICS
GEAR. WE'RE GOING
THERE RIGHT AFTER
BALLET. YOU'RE SUCH
A SILLY GOOSE.

YES,
MOTHER.
THANK YOU
MOTHER.





A SILLY
GOOSE? THE
NERVE! MOTHER IS
JEALOUS OF ME
BECAUSE I'M
PRETTIER THAN HER. I
CAN'T BLAME HER,
BUT SHE WILL PAY
FOR HER
INSOLENCE.

WHEN THIS IS
ALL OVER, MADAM
HAS PROMISED ME
I'LL BE ABLE TO
USE MY POWERS AND
MAKE MOMMY
DEAREST MY
SERVANT! YOU JUST
WAIT, MOTHER!







THIS DOESN'T
FEEL RIGHT. WHY
DOES MY LITTLE
BROTHER INSIST I BE A
BALLERINA? WHAT DOES IT
HAVE TO DO WITH OUR
PLANS FOR WORLD
CONQUEST?



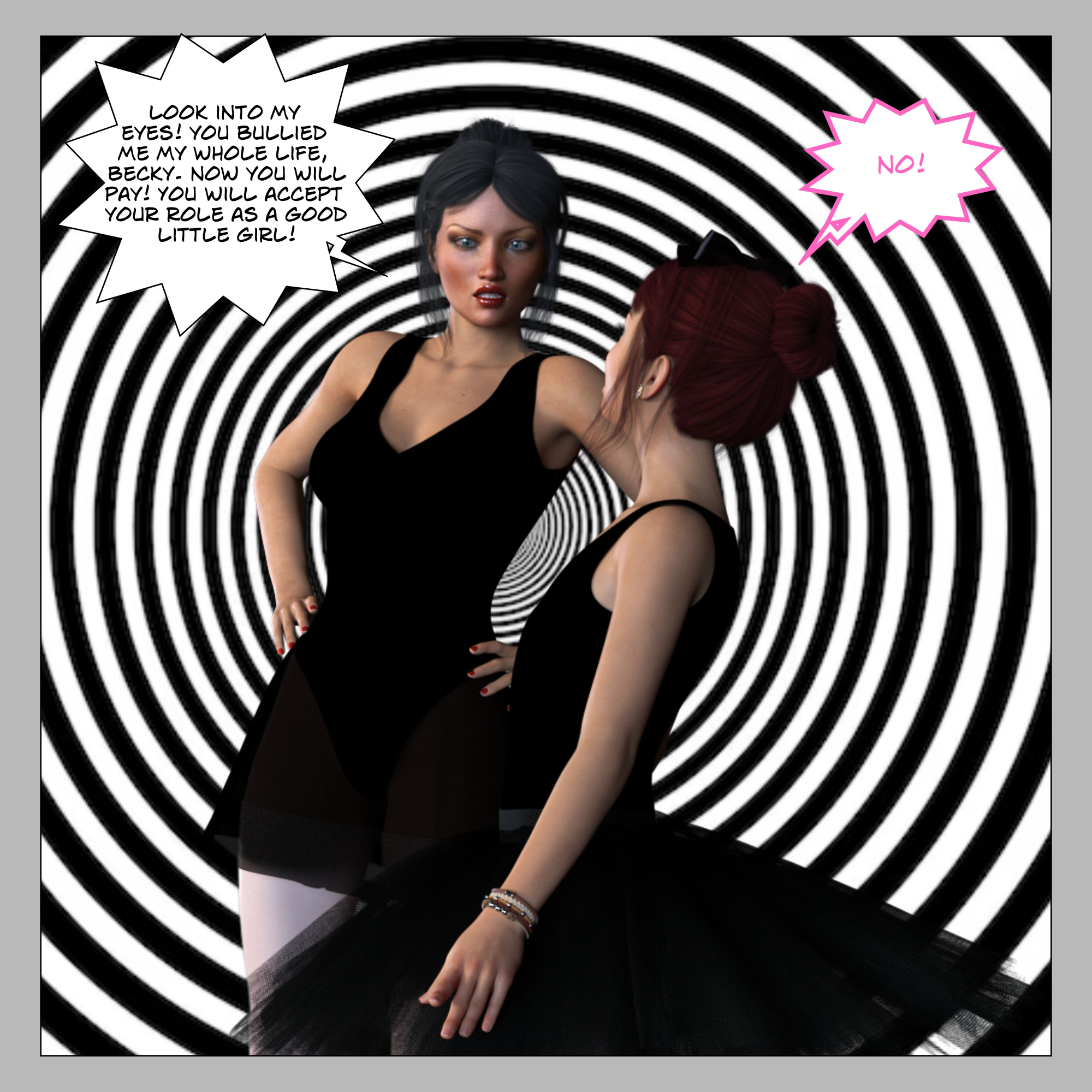
YOU DANCED
WELL TODAY,
BECKY. I'M PROUD
OF YOU.

I DON'T LIKE
BEING A
BALLERINA. I'M
YOUR OLDER
BROTHER. THIS IS
HUMILIATING. WHY
AM I DOING THIS?
WHY WON'T YOU
TELL ME THE
PLAN?



YOU'RE JUST A
LITTLE GIRL NOW. YOU
CAN'T COMPREHEND
COMPLEX IDEAS. JUST
FOCUS ON BEING THE
BEST LITTLE GIRL YOU
CAN BE.

Y-YES-- NO! NO! I
WON'T! I'M A BOY!
I'M A -- MAN!

A comic book panel featuring two women in black dresses. The woman on the left, with dark hair and blue eyes, stands with her hands on her hips, looking directly at the viewer. The woman on the right, with red hair in a bun, is seen from the side, looking towards the first woman. The background consists of concentric black and white circles, creating a hypnotic effect. Two speech bubbles are present: a large white one on the left and a smaller pink one on the right.

LOOK INTO MY
EYES! YOU BULLIED
ME MY WHOLE LIFE,
BECKY. NOW YOU WILL
PAY! YOU WILL ACCEPT
YOUR ROLE AS A GOOD
LITTLE GIRL!

NO!



A comic book panel featuring three characters against a hypnotic background of concentric black and white circles. On the left, a woman with dark hair in a bun is seen from the back, wearing a black dress. In the center, a woman with red hair and a black bow looks forward, wearing a black dress. On the right, a man with dark hair and green eyes, wearing a grey suit, looks towards the center. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the woman on the left and one from the man on the right.

YOU ARE A
LITTLE GIRL!

WRONG. I'M
NOT A LITTLE
GIRL.

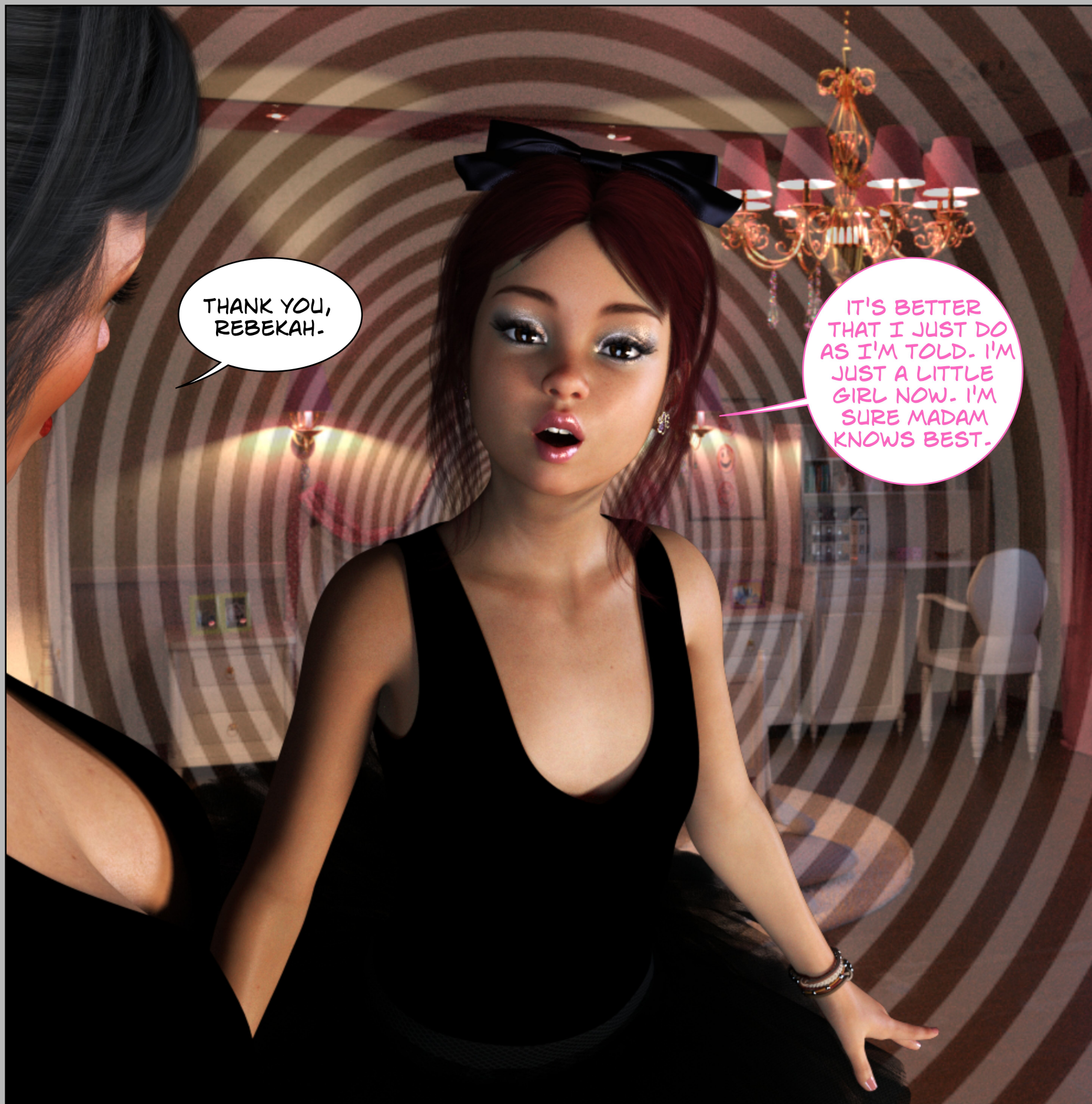


I'M A YOUNG
LADY.

NO. I'M NOT.
I'M BECKY. I--

NO.
THIS ISN'T
POSSIBLE.

I'M SORRY
MADAM.



THANK YOU,
REBEKAH.

IT'S BETTER
THAT I JUST DO
AS I'M TOLD. I'M
JUST A LITTLE
GIRL NOW. I'M
SURE MADAM
KNOWS BEST.

A comic panel featuring two women. The woman on the left has dark hair and is looking towards the woman on the right. The woman on the right has reddish-brown hair with a large black bow and is looking forward with a slight smile. Both are wearing black sleeveless tops. The background is a solid brown color. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the woman on the left and one from the woman on the right.

IT'S BETTER
WHEN I THINK
FOR YOU, ISN'T IT,
MY LITTLE
PRINCESS?

OF COURSE!



YOU'RE A
GOOD LITTLE
GIRL, BUT WHAT
DO YOU NEED
TO BE,
BECKY?

THE PERFECT
LITTLE GIRL.

TO BE CONTINUED