

**PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE(one panel)**

BEGINNING OF CHAPTER NINE “BON’S FORTRESS OF PANTITUDE”

**Panel 1:** Full-page of Bon’s castle. It’s nighttime so it looks relatively menacing.  
BON(not shown): I finally **captured him**, Hen-Tie.

## **PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX(five panels)**

**Panel 1:** We now show Bon and Hen-Tie strolling down a long, panty-covered hallway. Stuffed animals lay on the floor. Some are clutching beer bottles, having passed out from the intense party. Others are *dead*, knives stabbed through their back, limbs ripped off. Tubby is stapled to the wall and covered in darts. Bon's wearing a party hat, big grin on his face as he clutches a beer bottle. Hen-Tie's got a clown face painted on and pasties on her nipples. She looks remorseful, head down as she walks.

HEN-TIE: Sure, boss.

BON: Now I just gotta prove **I'm** the best!

**Panel 2:** Bon wraps his arm around Hen-Tie, pulling her close. With his free hand, he chucks the bottle over his shoulder. Hen-Tie blushes, panties tented by a boner.

BON: Know what? After this is over, imma stuff a **cock** with my **cock**.

**Panel 3:** Bon throws a set of doors open, wearing a huge smile on his face. There's a sign above the door reading: "*LAB WHERE CERTAIN PANTIES ARE GIVEN SUPER POWERS.*"

BON: It's time!

**Panel 4:** We then pan around, showing the lab. It's still destroyed, looking no different than it did after Griswold ruined it. Speaking of Griswold, he's in the middle of the room, all his bits and pieces floating inside a pod filled with some kind of liquid. The two snakes, still stitched the wrong way, are looking at it. The one stitched normally is peering down at Griswold, scribbling in a clipboard, while the one with his head on the ground is staring at Bon—who's *pissed*.

SNAKE #2: Hey, it's Kern!

BON: What the **fuck** are you doing?

SNAKE #2: Putting him **back together**, dude!

**Panel 5:** Bon hammers the control panel. There's a toilet flushing sound as a chute opens under the pod. The pieces of Griswold and the liquid around him both go swirling. The snakes, maybe because they created him, look strangely somber. Snake #1 waves his hands, while Snake #2 looks at Kern.

BON: **No, no, no!**

BON: He's **devil-spawn** and needs **destroyed!**

SNAKE #1: Bye bye, metal dude.

SNAKE #2: Kern, you're kinda a dick.

165



166





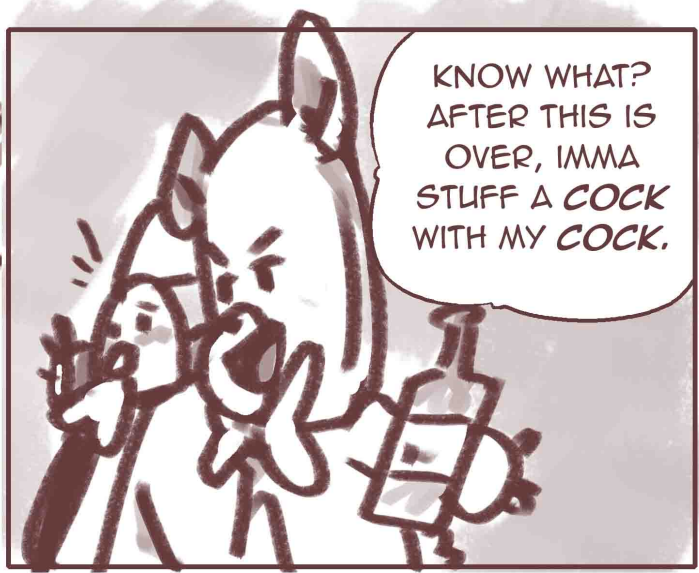
BON'S FORTRESS  
OF PANTITUDE

I FINALLY  
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HIM, HEN-  
TIE.



SURE,  
BOSS.

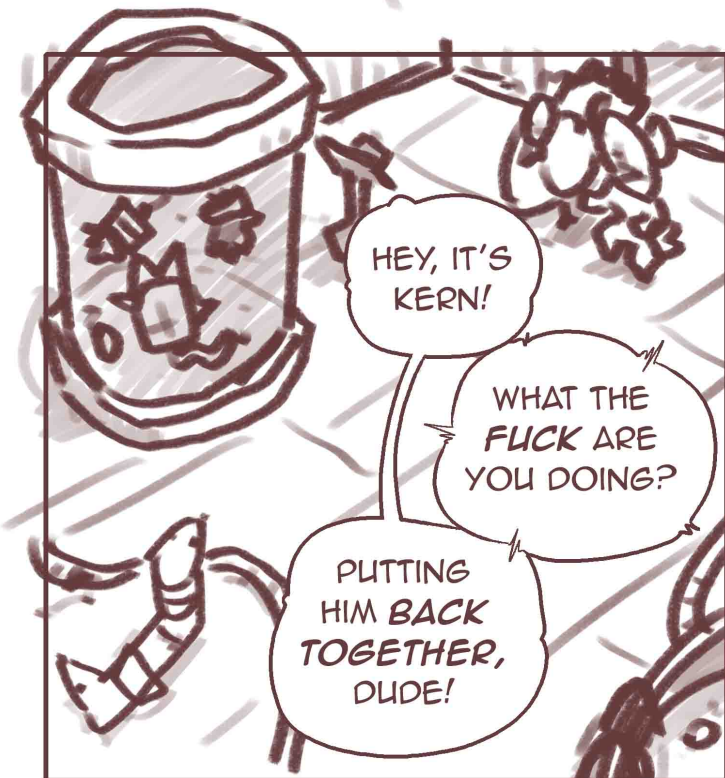
NOW I  
JUST GOTTA  
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THE BEST!



KNOW WHAT?  
AFTER THIS IS  
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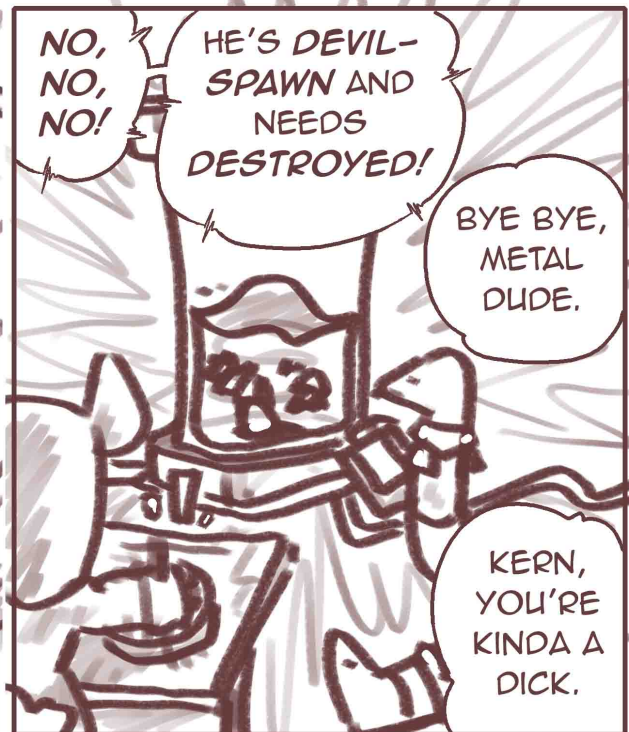
IT'S  
TIME!



HEY, IT'S  
KERN!

WHAT THE  
*FUCK*  
ARE  
YOU DOING?

PUTTING  
HIM *BACK*  
*TOGETHER*,  
DUDE!



NO,  
NO,  
NO!

HE'S *DEVIL-  
SPAWN* AND  
NEEDS  
*DESTROYED!*

BYE BYE,  
METAL  
DUDE.

KERN,  
YOU'RE  
KINDA A  
DICK.