



#17 "REMITTANCE"

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# #17 "REMITTANCE"

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**THE CRUNCHY FROG**

**BEN**

**UIQ**

**AND MANY ANONYMOUS SUPPORTERS!**



A group of Roman soldiers in a field, with a central figure speaking. The soldiers are wearing dark green tunics and sandals. The central figure has a long beard and is gesturing with his hands. The background shows a blue sky with clouds and a small bird flying.

THE ALLIANCE  
THE MERCENARIES  
HAVE FORMED WITH GAUL  
MUST BE SUNDERED  
AT ALL COSTS.

GAUL MAY  
YET MARCH  
ON ROME, WITH  
OR WITHOUT  
THEM.

WE SHOULD  
STRIKE QUICKLY  
AND DECISIVELY,  
BEFORE THE ROTTEN  
HARVEST HAS A  
CHANCE TO  
RIPEN.



NO!  
TOGETHER, THEY  
ARE ALREADY TOO  
STRONG. SEPARATED,  
THEY CAN BE  
BEATEN.

I'VE ALREADY  
DISPATCHED 40,000  
TO BOIL, AND ANOTHER  
50,000 AND SOME SCORE  
TO ROUT THE ETRUSCANS  
AND THE SABINES.



SO BE IT,  
PAPUS. THE DIE  
IS CAST. FOR MY  
PART, I WILL ORDER  
MY TROOPS TO  
TELAMON.

THAT IS  
WHERE THE  
TRUE FATE OF  
ROME WILL BE  
DECIDED.

PERHAPS.



TAKE CARE, PAPUS. A ROMAN GENERAL WHO MISJUDGES THE TELAMON IMPERATIVE IS ONE WHO IS DOOMED TO BE FORGOTTEN IN THE HISTORY BOOKS.



THAT IS FOR THE HISTORIANS TO DECIDE, REGULUS. BUT VERY WELL, YOU TO YOUR BATTLES, AND I TO MINE, AND MAY THE GLORY OF ROME REIGN TRIUMPHANT.



THAT POMPUS, PURBLIND FOOL!

HE'S GOT HIS HEAD SO FAR UP HIS OWN ARSE, EVERY WORD HE UTTERS STINKS OF SHIT.



AH,  
LOOK, THAT  
STEAMING DUNG  
PILE HAS DRAWN  
A BIG, NASTY  
BITING FLY.



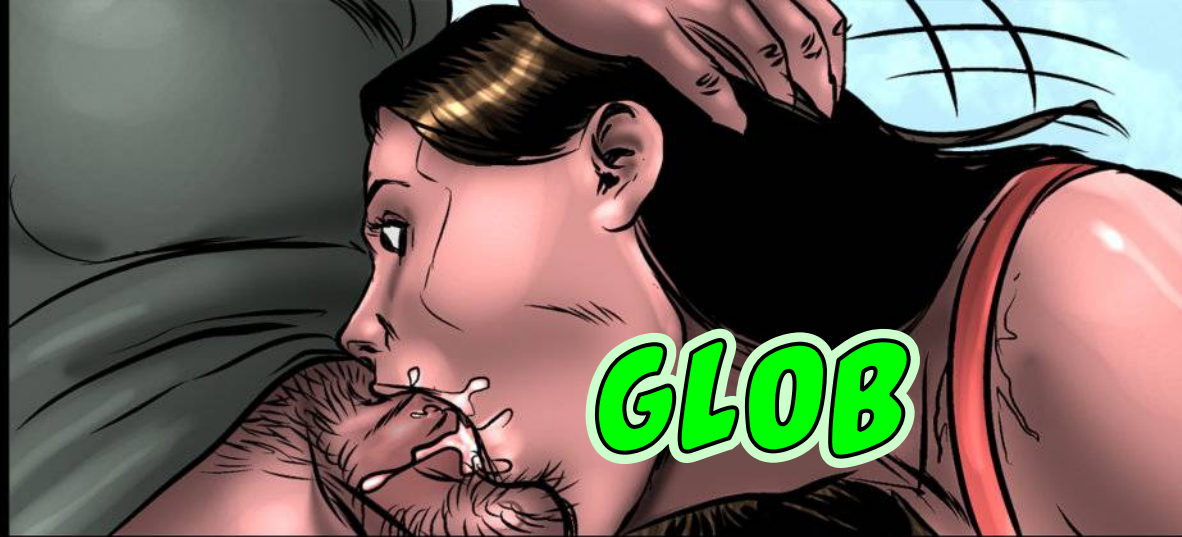
YOU SENT  
FOR ME,  
REGULUS?



I REQUIRE YOUR SERVICES, BITCH!



IT'S BEEN A TYRING DAY. SUCK ME OFF, CUNT!





POUND HER, REGULUS!

YEAH, GIVE THE FILTHY SHE DOG A REAL TASTE OF ROME!

THAT'S RIGHT, YOU WHORE OF GALL. SUCK MY COCK LIKE YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT - BECAUSE IT DOES!



BOGNG!



**G-G-GACK**



TAKE  
HER,  
MEN!

JUST DON'T  
WRECK HER  
COMPLETELY...  
I WANT A LITTLE  
FIGHT LEFT IN HER  
FOR MY **SECOND**  
CLUMMING.



SOMETHING  
WRONG, SEJANUS?  
DON'T CARE TO JOIN  
THE PARTY?

SHE'S  
NOT MY...  
TYPE.



SO, MY WHORE'S NOT TO YOUR LIKING?

LET'S JUST SAY I PREFER MY MEAT A LITTLE MORE TENDER... AND A LITTLE LESS JUICY.



AHHH, TOO MANY DANGLY BITS ON TOP AND NOT ENOUGH BELOW?

ONE MORE THING WE HAVE IN COMMON, SEJANUS.

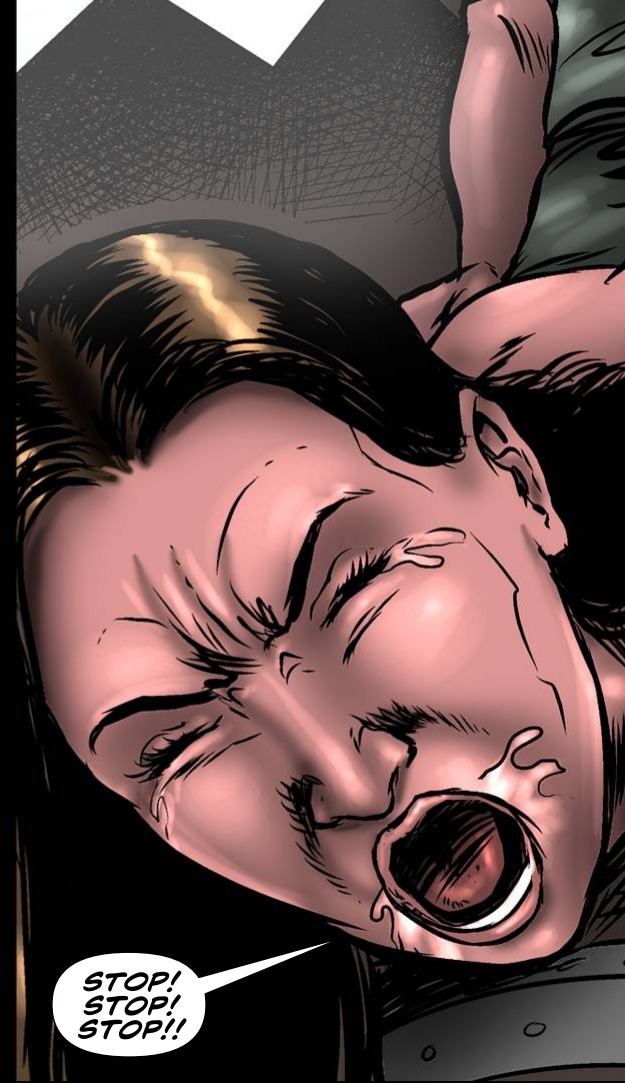


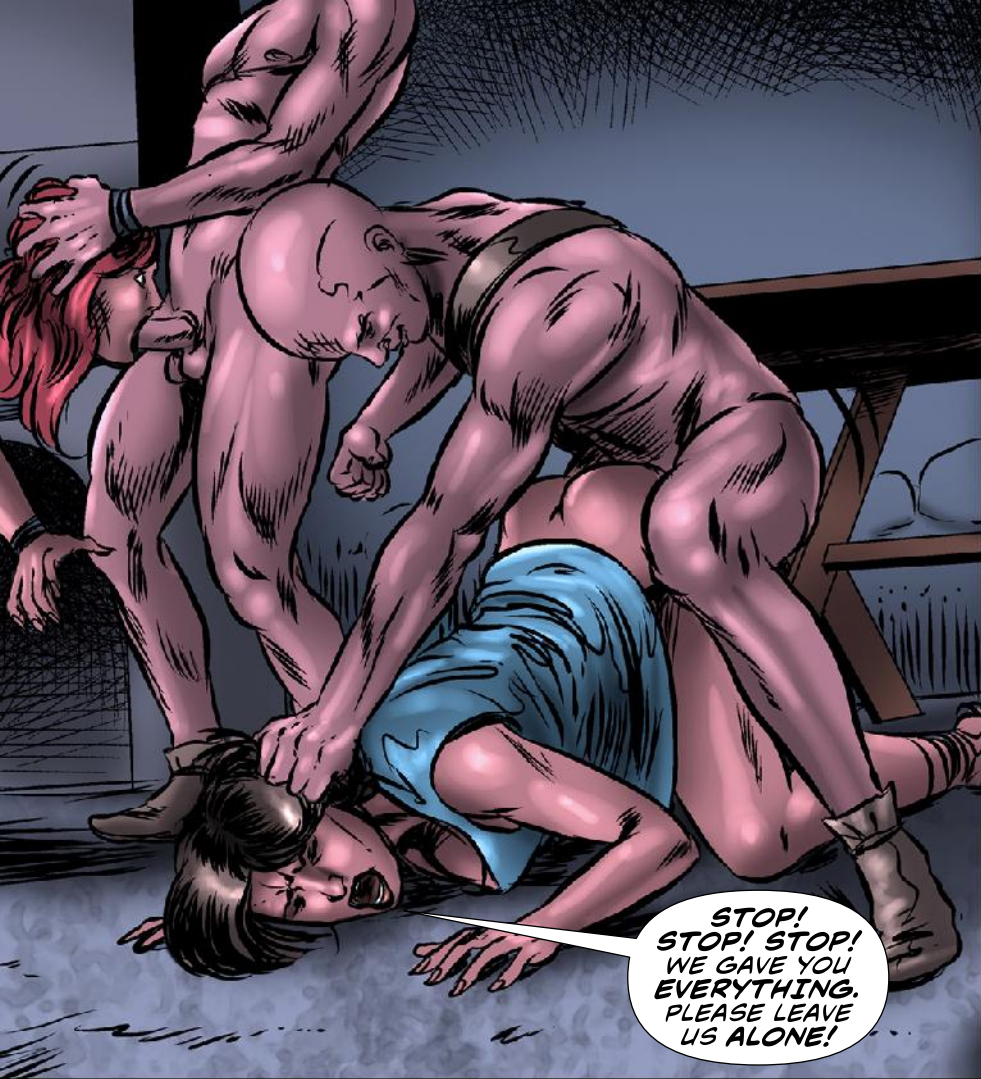
BUT IN  
TIMES OF WAR,  
BEGGARS CAN'T  
BE CHOOSERS,  
SEJANUS.



HOLD IT,  
MEN!









STOP!

STOP!



STOP!



LISTEN, FOOL; TURN AROUND AND LEAVE BEFORE YOU GET HURT.



DIE!!!







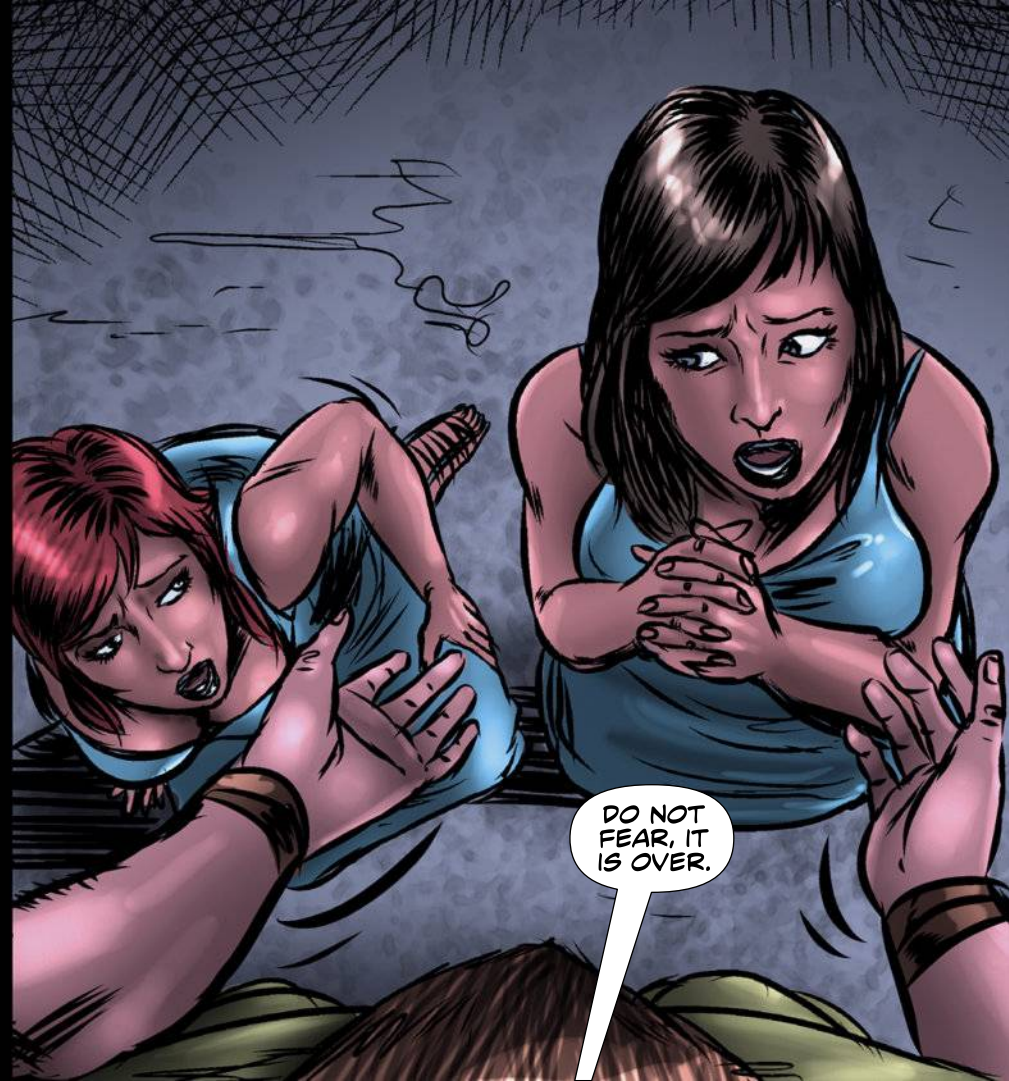


NO! I WILL LEAVE; YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL! I HAVE NO PROBLEM WITH YOU.





NOOO...  
PLEASE...  
NOOO...



DO NOT  
FEAR, IT  
IS OVER.





THANK YOU!!!

OH THANK YOU!!



DID YOU  
SEE DADDY?  
IS HE...  
IS HE...

HE IS ON  
THE TREE  
OUTSIDE.

HE'S  
ALIVE, BUT  
COULD USE  
SOME  
HELP.



I'LL GET  
DADDY! ENYA,  
YOU HELP THIS MAN  
WITH ANYTHING  
HE NEEDS!

YES...  
YES, OF  
COURSE.



I'VE NEVER  
SEEN SUCH...  
POWER.



SUCH  
STRENGTH.



PLEASE,  
STRANGER.  
PLEASE LET ME  
GIVE TO YOU...  
ANYTHING YOU  
WANT.  
**ANYTHING!**



THERE IS  
NO NEED.  
THAT WAS  
MORE FOR ME  
THAN YOU.



A HORSE.

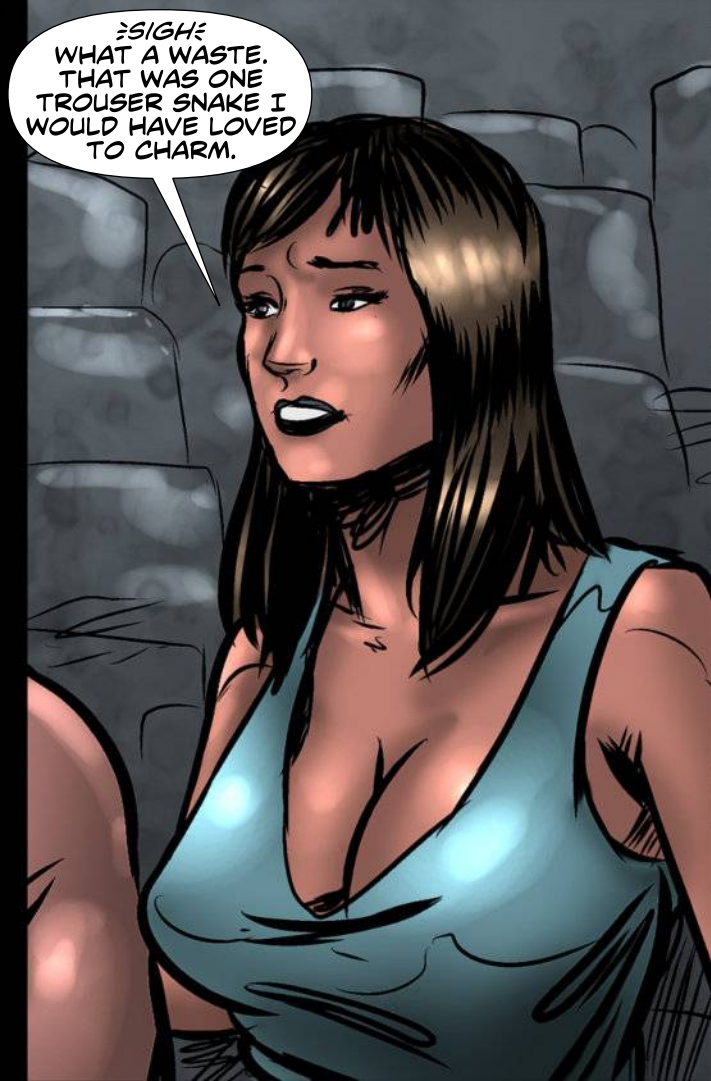




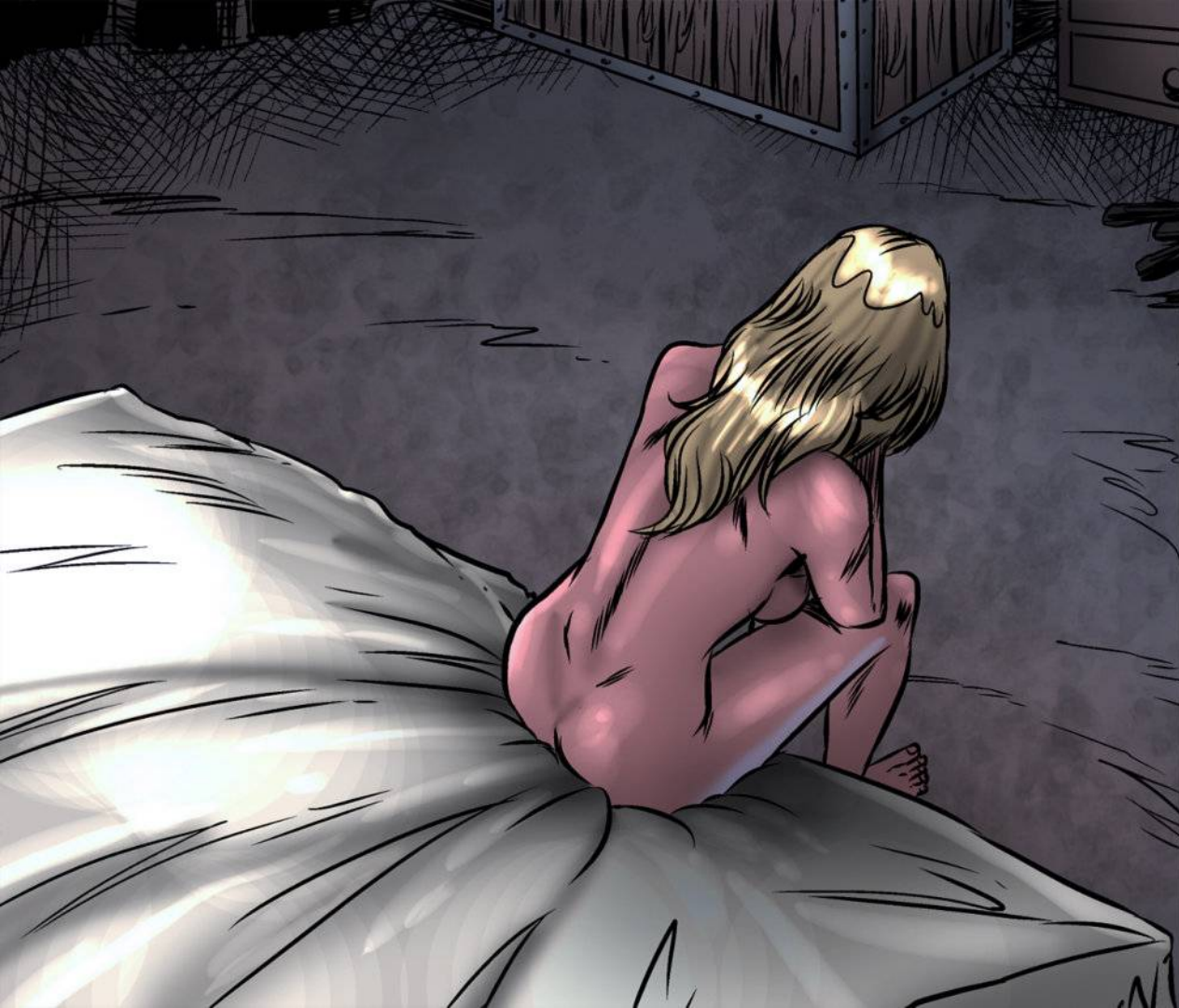
ENYA? WHAT DID YOU SAY TO HIM? WHY DIDN'T HE... YOU KNOW... GET HELPED?

HE JUST WANTED THE HORSE.

ENYA! COVER YOURSELF!



*SIGH*  
WHAT A WASTE. THAT WAS ONE TROUSER SNAKE I WOULD HAVE LOVED TO CHARM.

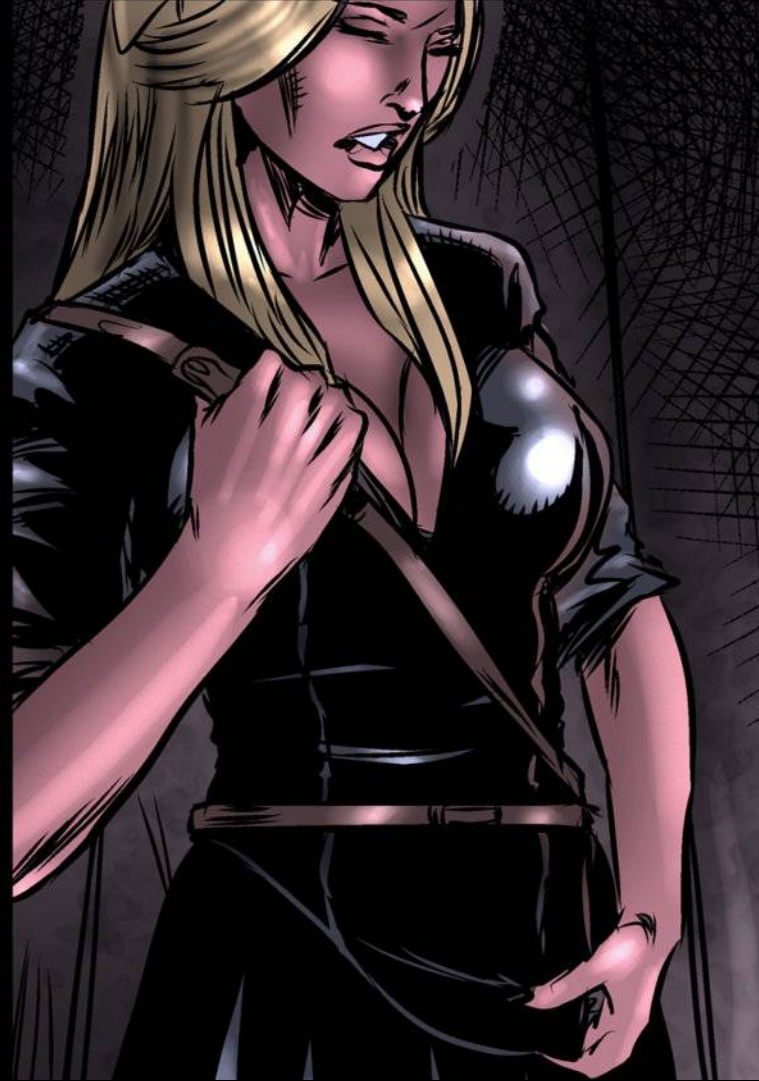








GOOD-BYE,  
MOUSE.





CAILIN...  
I OVERHEARD  
CONCOLTANUS  
BRAGGING, AND  
I... WELL...

I WANTED  
TO MAKE SURE  
HE WAS JUST  
LYING.



ENTER  
AND KEEP  
YOUR VOICE  
LOW.

IT'S  
TIME TO TALK  
TACTICS.



SO,  
IT'S TRUE?  
ARE YOU...  
OK?

OF COURSE.  
DON'T BE A FOOL.  
YOU DON'T THINK I  
LET THAT HEATHEN  
GET THE BETTER  
OF ME, DO YOU?

THE  
WHOLE  
THING WAS  
A SET  
UP.

WHAT?!



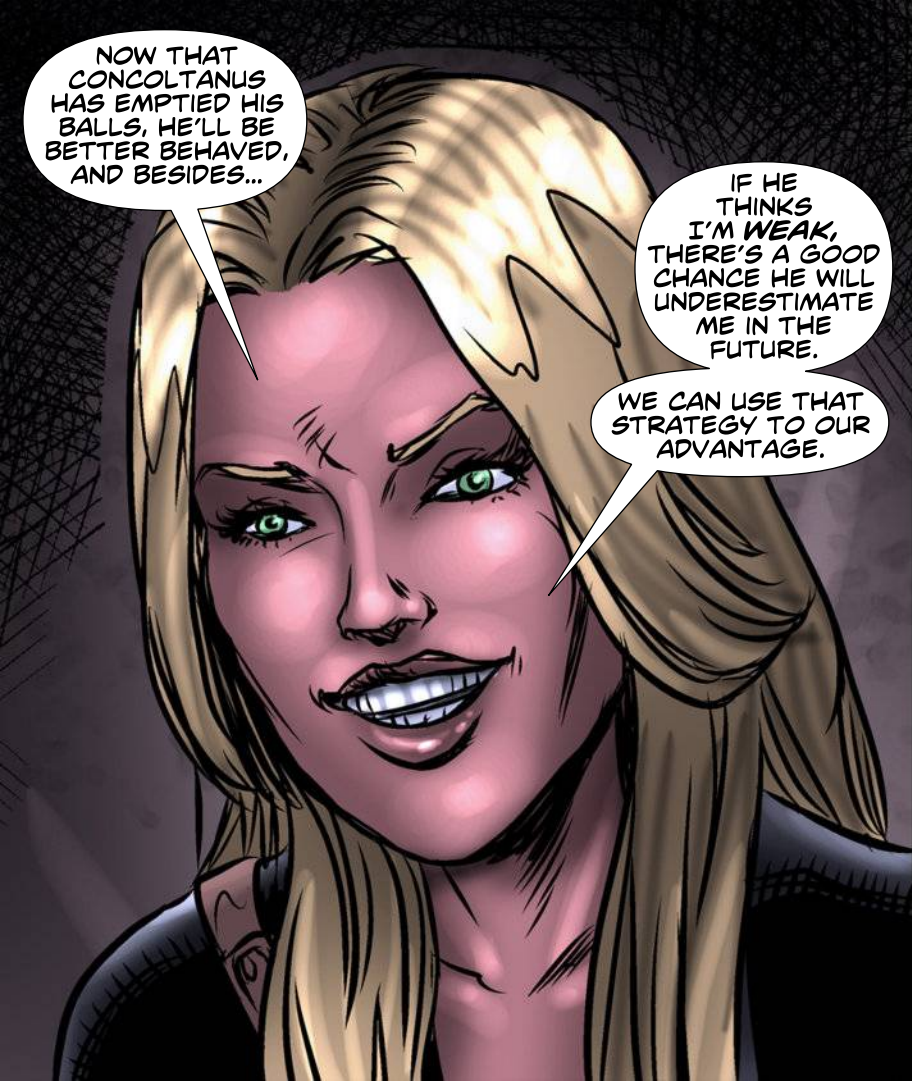
I WANTED CONCOLTANUS TO THINK HE HAD THE UPPER HAND, SO I LET HIM THINK HE FORCED HIMSELF ON ME.

BUT... YOU WERE...



I WAS WHAT? TIED UP? BEATEN? FUCKED LIKE A DOG?

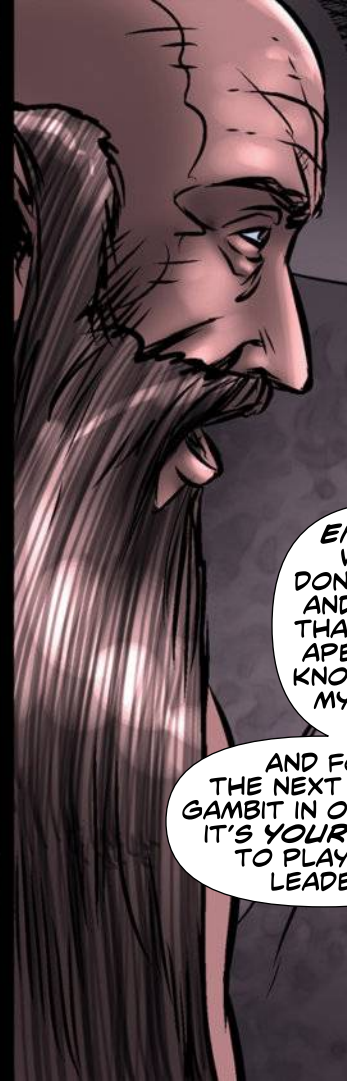
TRUE. BUT IT WAS A NECESSARY EVIL.




NOW THAT CONCOLTANUS HAS EMPTIED HIS BALLS, HE'LL BE BETTER BEHAVED, AND BESIDES...

IF HE THINKS I'M WEAK, THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE HE WILL UNDERESTIMATE ME IN THE FUTURE.

WE CAN USE THAT STRATEGY TO OUR ADVANTAGE.



BUT CAILIN, SURELY THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME OTHER WAY TO...



ENOUGH! WHAT'S DONE IS DONE, AND THOUGH THAT HULKING APE DOESN'T KNOW IT, HE IS MY PUPPET NOW.

AND FOR THE NEXT LITTLE GAMBIT IN OUR PLAY, IT'S YOUR TURN TO PLAY THE LEADER.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

BY ESUS, BUT YOU ARE SLOW! YOU'RE IN CHARGE HERE AND THAT IS WHAT WE MUST CONVEY.

A LEADER DOESN'T CODDLE; HE COMMANDS. YOU NEED TO MAKE A SHOW OF PUTTING ME IN MY PLACE. YOU NEED TO RIP ME A NEW ONE.

TELL ME TO GET OVER IT. AND YOU CAN'T BE HALF-ASSED. THEY'VE GOT TO BELIEVE YOU.



BUT  
CAILIN, I  
COULD NEVER  
HUMILIATE  
YOU LIKE  
THAT.



THE  
FUCK YOU  
CAN'T.

**SMACK!**



DON'T YOU DARE PUSSY OUT ON ME!

SLAP!



SMACK!



CAILIN,  
YOU WHORE!  
QUIT YOUR WHINING  
AND GET BACK  
TO WORK!



YOU  
BASTARD!  
HOW CAN YOU  
TAKE HIS  
SIDE?

YOU MEN  
ALL THINK ALIKE,  
AND THAT'S WITH  
YOUR DICKS!

SHUT  
YOUR PIE  
HOLE, BITCH.  
THIS IS WAR, NOT  
A PICNIC. YOU  
SAY YOU'RE A  
SOLDIER?

WELL  
THEN FUCKING  
ACT LIKE ONE. I'M  
IN COMMAND  
HERE.



EITHER YOU FOLLOW MY ORDERS, OR YOU CAN GO HOME CRYING TO YOUR MOMMY.

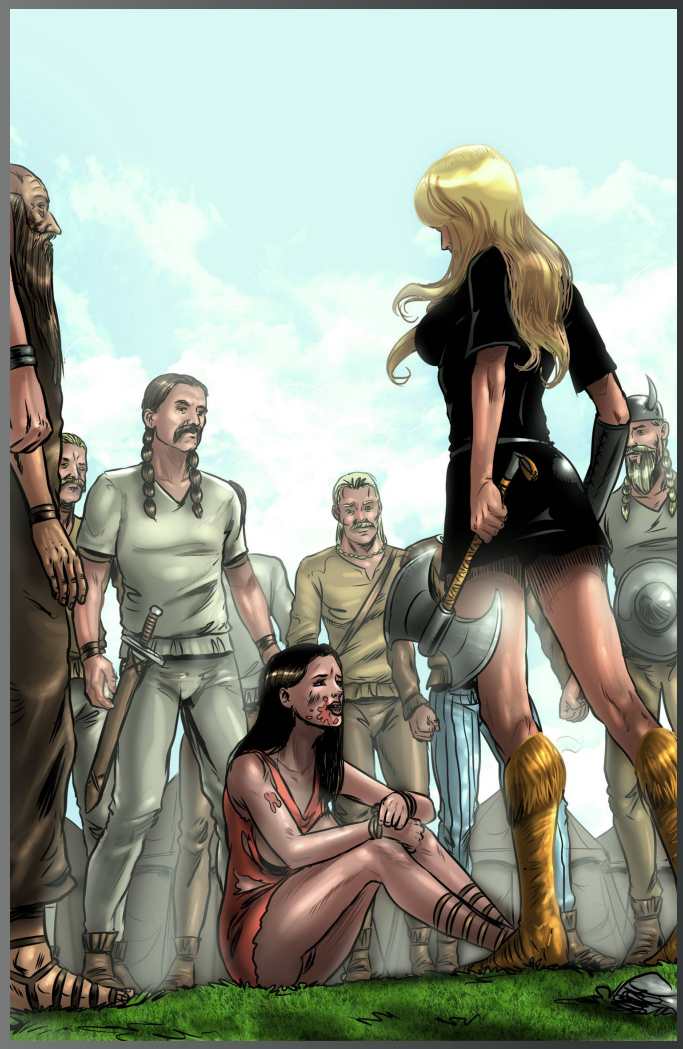
OH, WAIT. YOUR MOMMY'S DEAD!



HA, I KNEW IT! THE QUEEN BITCH HAS BEEN TAKEN DOWN A PEG OR TWO.

SHE'LL BE DANCING TO MY TUNE FROM NOW ON.





**TO BE CONTINUED  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE**

**DON'T  
MISS  
IT!**





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