Sweat poured off of El Sombrero’s face, as the man above him in filthy colonial garb tried to press a rusty blade into Sombrero’s throat. His muscles burned as he pushed back. The man grinned an insane grin as spittle dripped down on Sombrero’s face.

Suddenly, Lars’ head shot back as if in pain, as Sombrero’s ally’s caught up to him. He quickly threw a punch into Lars’ jaw, knocking him off.

Lars quickly stood, pushing his jaw back into it’s socket. A pair of bow wielding figures emerged, fittingly, from an alley, as Shift ran up.

Everyone watched Lars, knowing that every move would be deadly. Shift moved first, but not at Lars. He jumped between Kyle Jones, and Alley Cat, and arrow thudding into his shoulder from the latter’s bow. Lars took this chance to act, seeming to be the only one not surprised by these events. El Sombrero moved as a blur, pulling off his hat and widening it. Lars face showed surprise as his leap carried him into the blackness of the hat, which Sombrero closed quickly behind him.

Kyle’s bow now pointed at his lover, as Shift raised himself up. Alley Cat slowly produced a second arrow, and aimed it at Kyle.

“It’s a damn mind fuck isn’t it!” He shouted.

“No, its not the real her.” Croaked Shift.

“Like I’d believe your lies! Come on baby. Snap out of it.”

Without emotion or warning, she released her arrow. In mid air it split, as Kyle’s own arrow, now becoming purple energy, blew threw it and thudded into Alley Cat. She collapsed to the ground, leaking blood…but also hissing and giving off the smell of ozone. The hole in her chest revealing some kind of bio organic machinery.

Kyle stood still for a moment, as El sombrero helped Shift to his feet and helped remove the arrow from his shoulder. Kyle stared at the form of the fake Alley Cat, then suddenly snapped his bow over his knee, throwing it at the feet of Shift and Sombrero. He turned wordlessly and walked away.

“Wait, Kyle” Shift called out “We can help you find her!”

“Never again…”

Jeremiah hung his head, and silently said a prayer.

“Jew know, I am not sure where I send that Lars. I did not have time to tink.” Sombrero though out loud.