



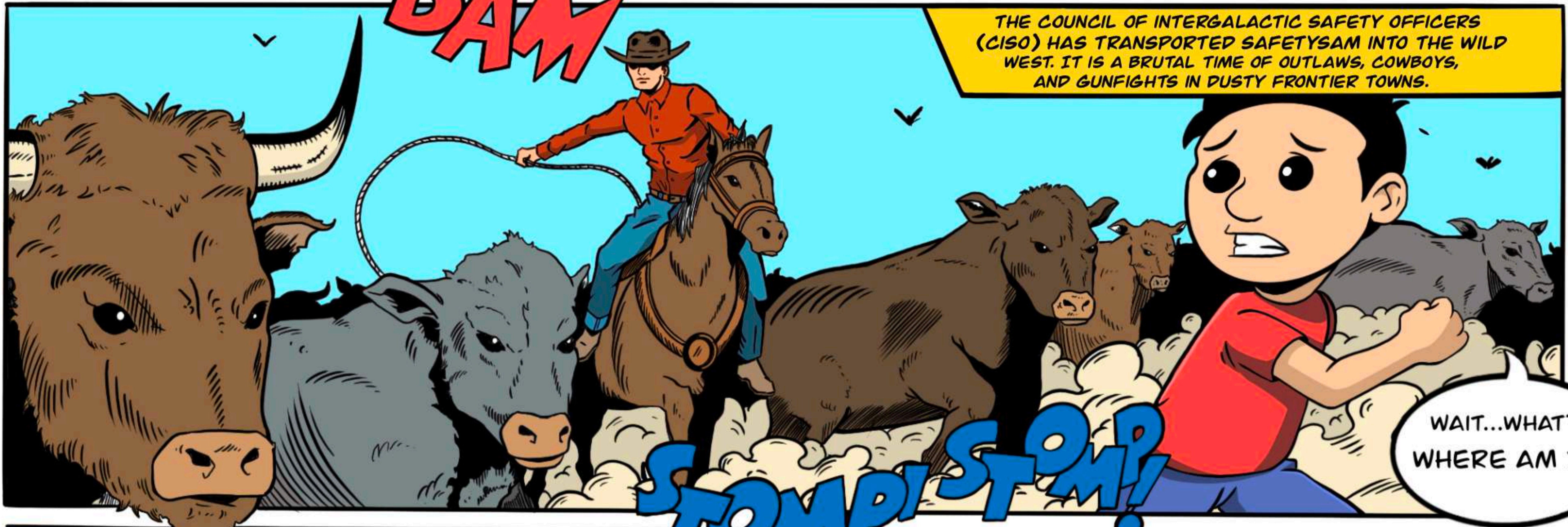
SAFETYSAM RUNS FROM THE ZOMBIE HORDE...HEART POUNDING AS OUR HERO ZIPS IN AND OUT OF OBSTACLES, THE RELENTLESS UNDEAD ARE FAST CLOSING IN...

HELP!
HELP!



SUDDENLY! SAFETYSAM STUMBLES INTO A MYSTERIOUS PORTAL!

BAM



THE COUNCIL OF INTERGALACTIC SAFETY OFFICERS (CISO) HAS TRANSPORTED SAFETYSAM INTO THE WILD WEST. IT IS A BRUTAL TIME OF OUTLAWS, COWBOYS, AND GUNFIGHTS IN DUSTY FRONTIER TOWNS.

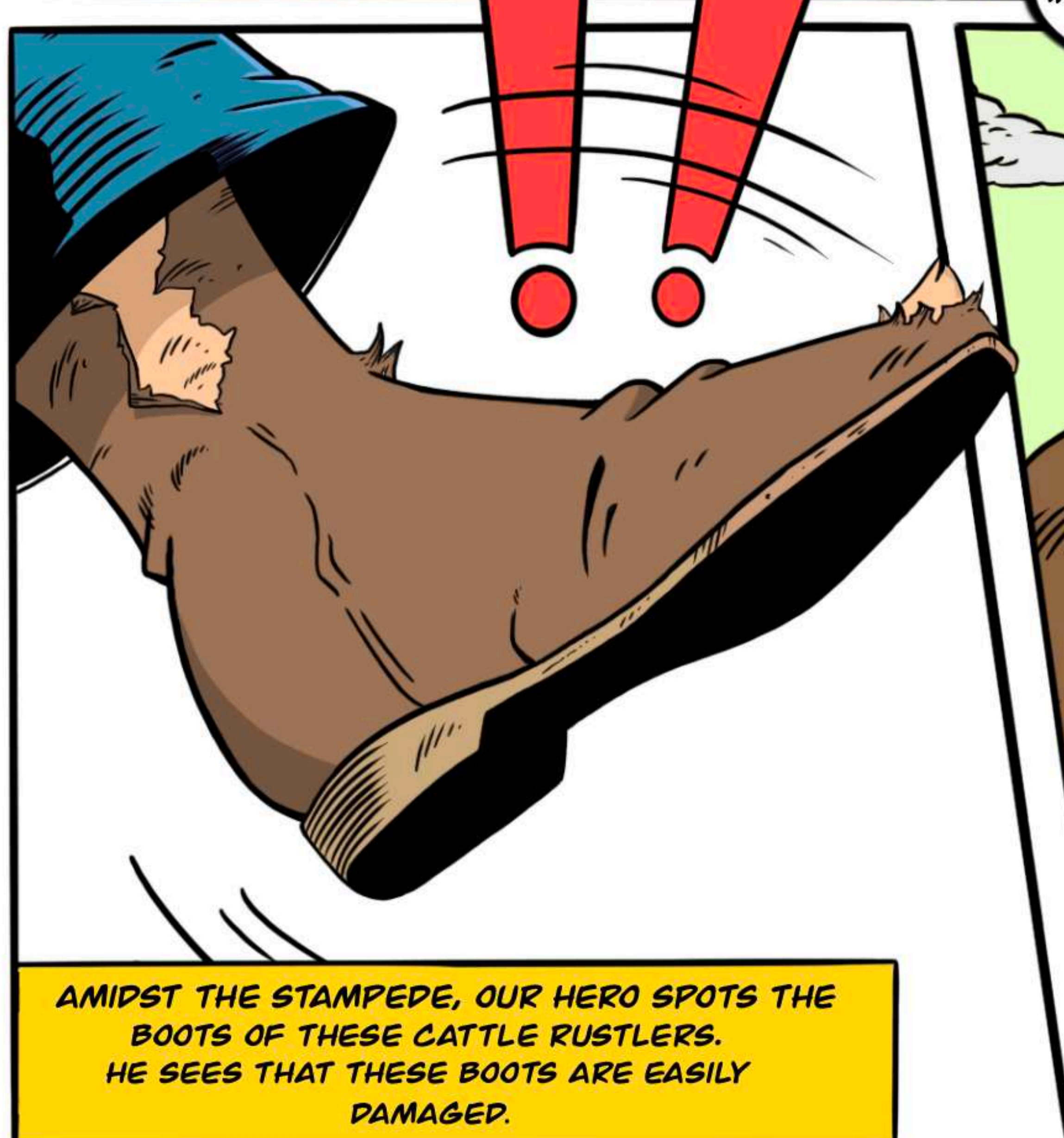
WAIT...WHAT?!
WHERE AM I?!

STOMP! STOMP!



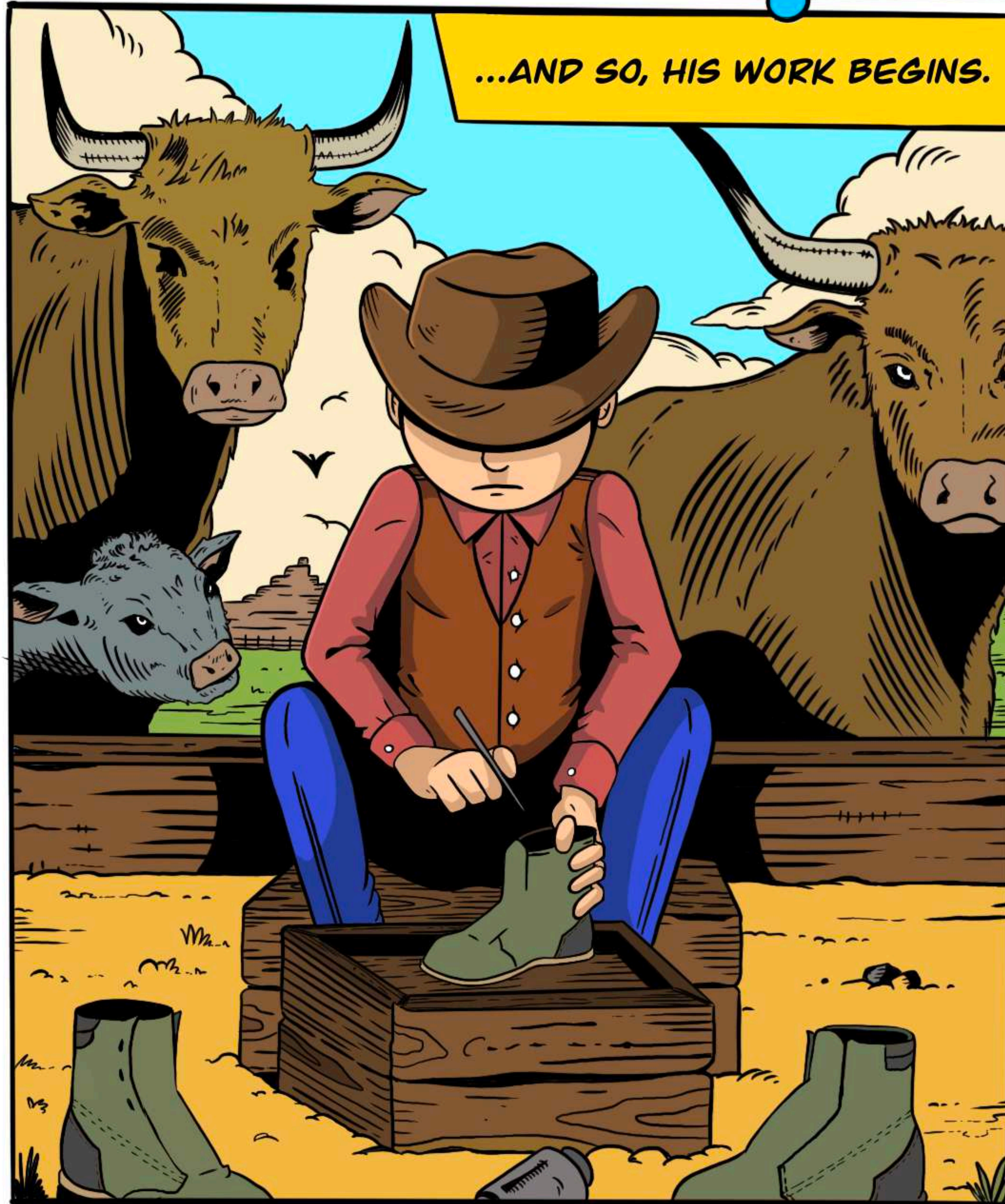
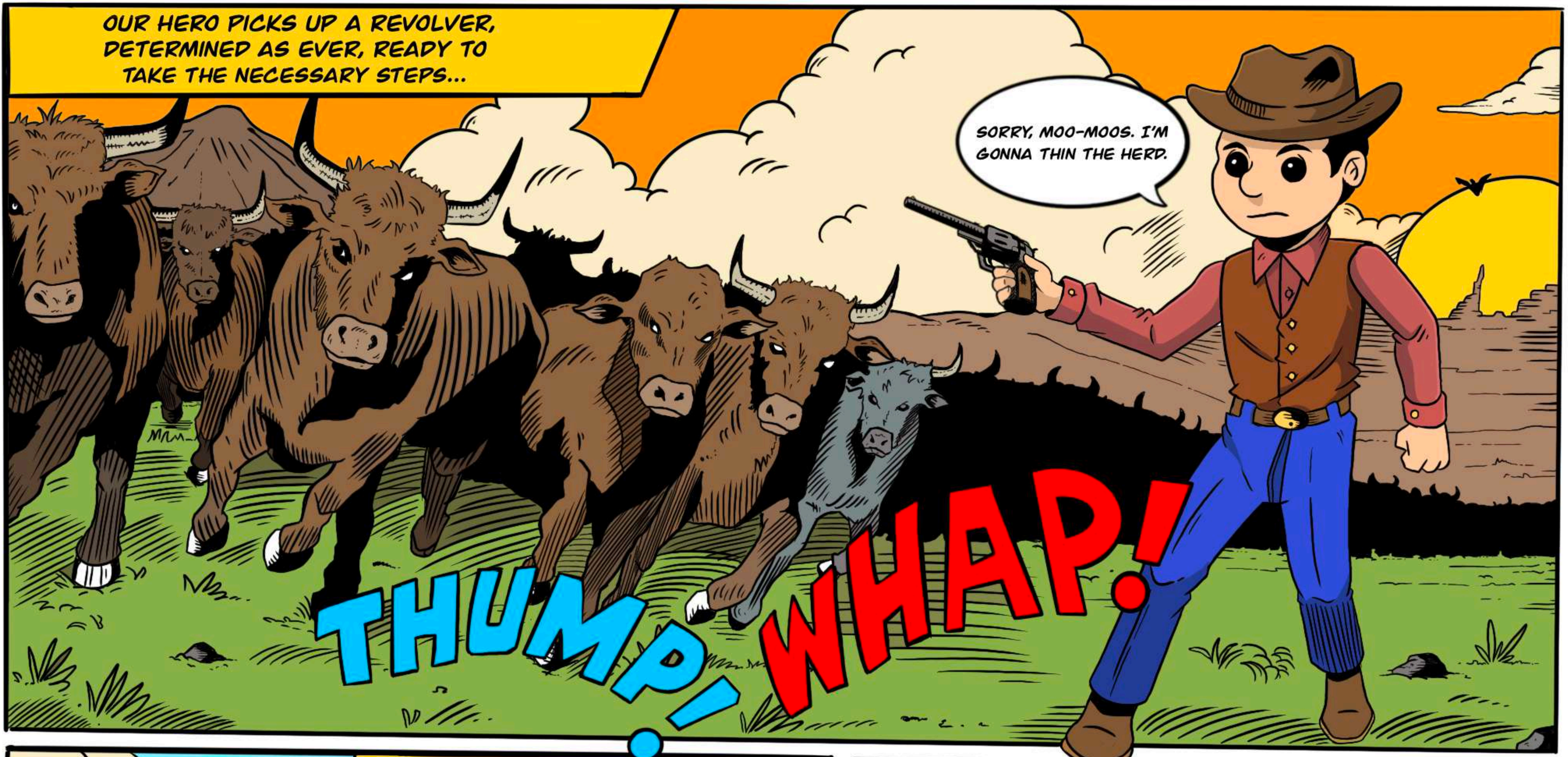
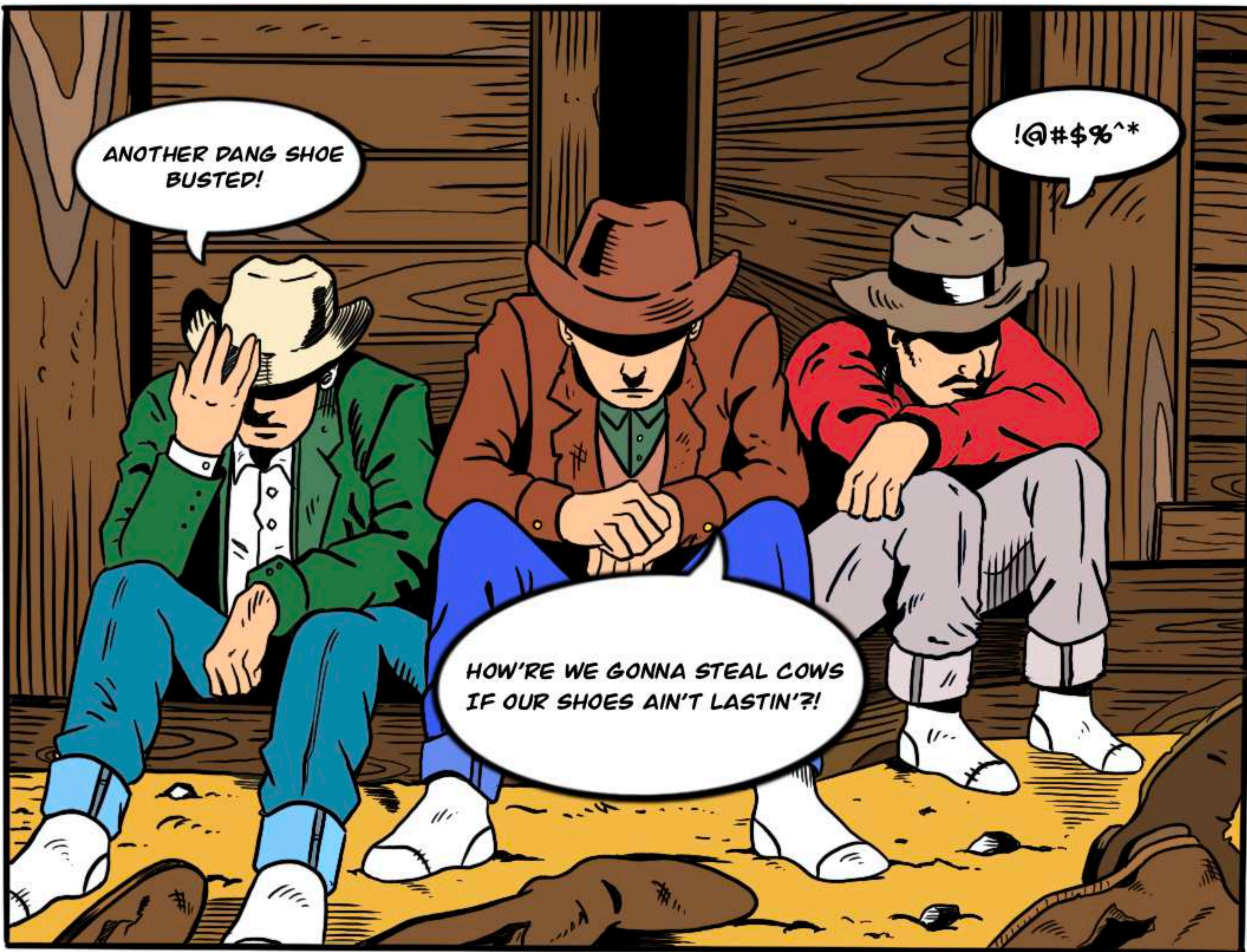
WHOMP

GOSH PARN, MY SHOES AREN'T LASTIN' A WEEK! I'M GONNA NEED BETTER SHOES FOR COW STEALING!



AMIDST THE STAMPEDE, OUR HERO SPOTS THE BOOTS OF THESE CATTLE RUSTLERS. HE SEES THAT THESE BOOTS ARE EASILY DAMAGED.





SOFT IMPACT REACTIVE METATARSAL GUARD!

