
TAMALES
AND
RAYGUNS
GINA RUIZ

# TAMALES AND RAYGUNS

Story by **Gina Ruiz**
A condensed graphic adaptation





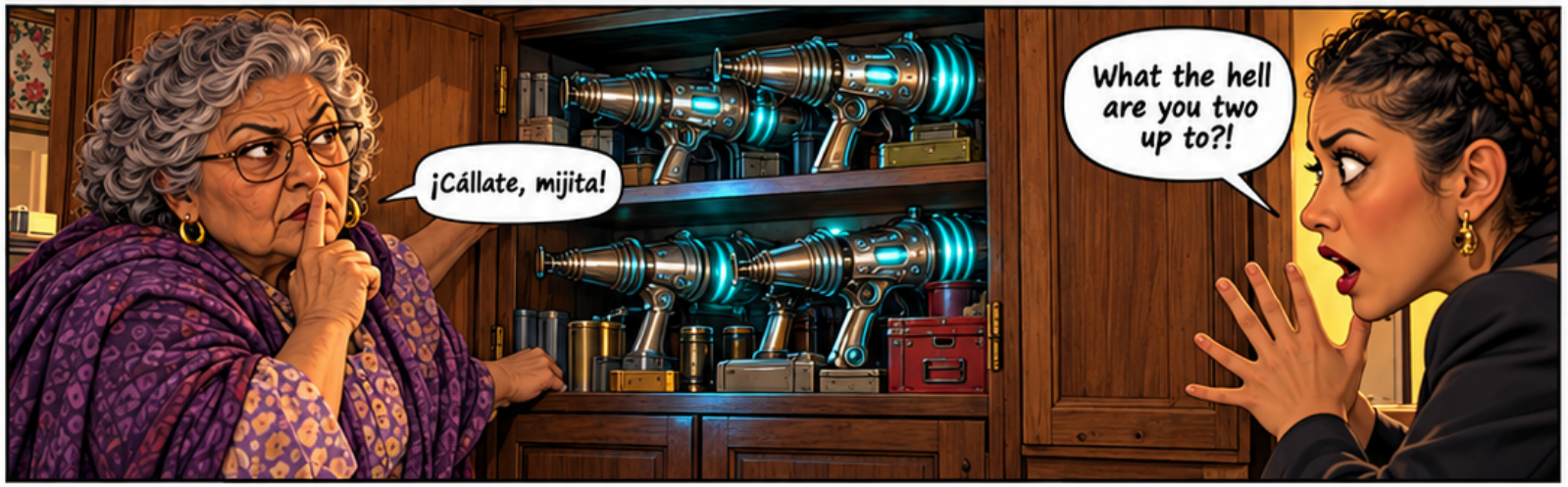


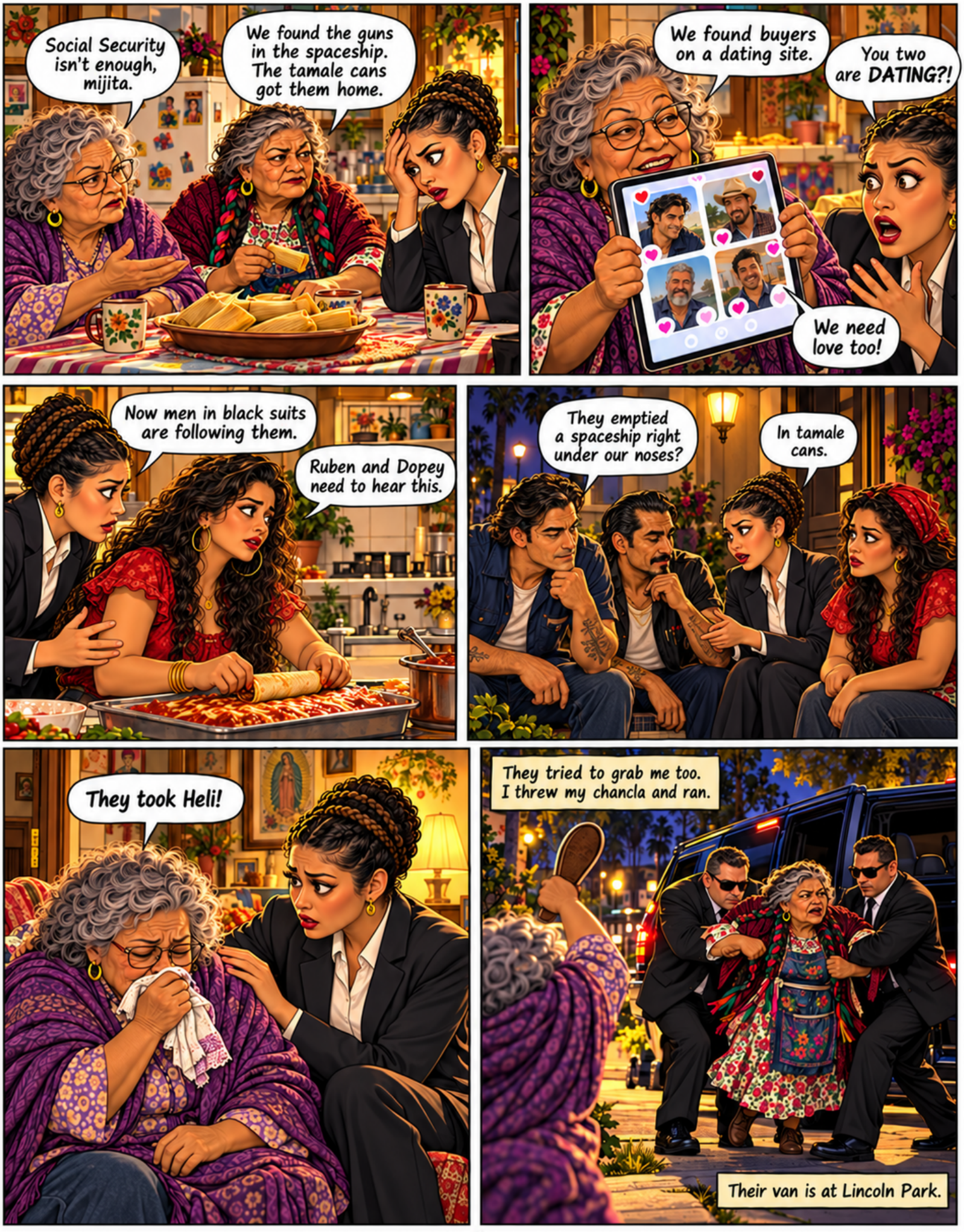


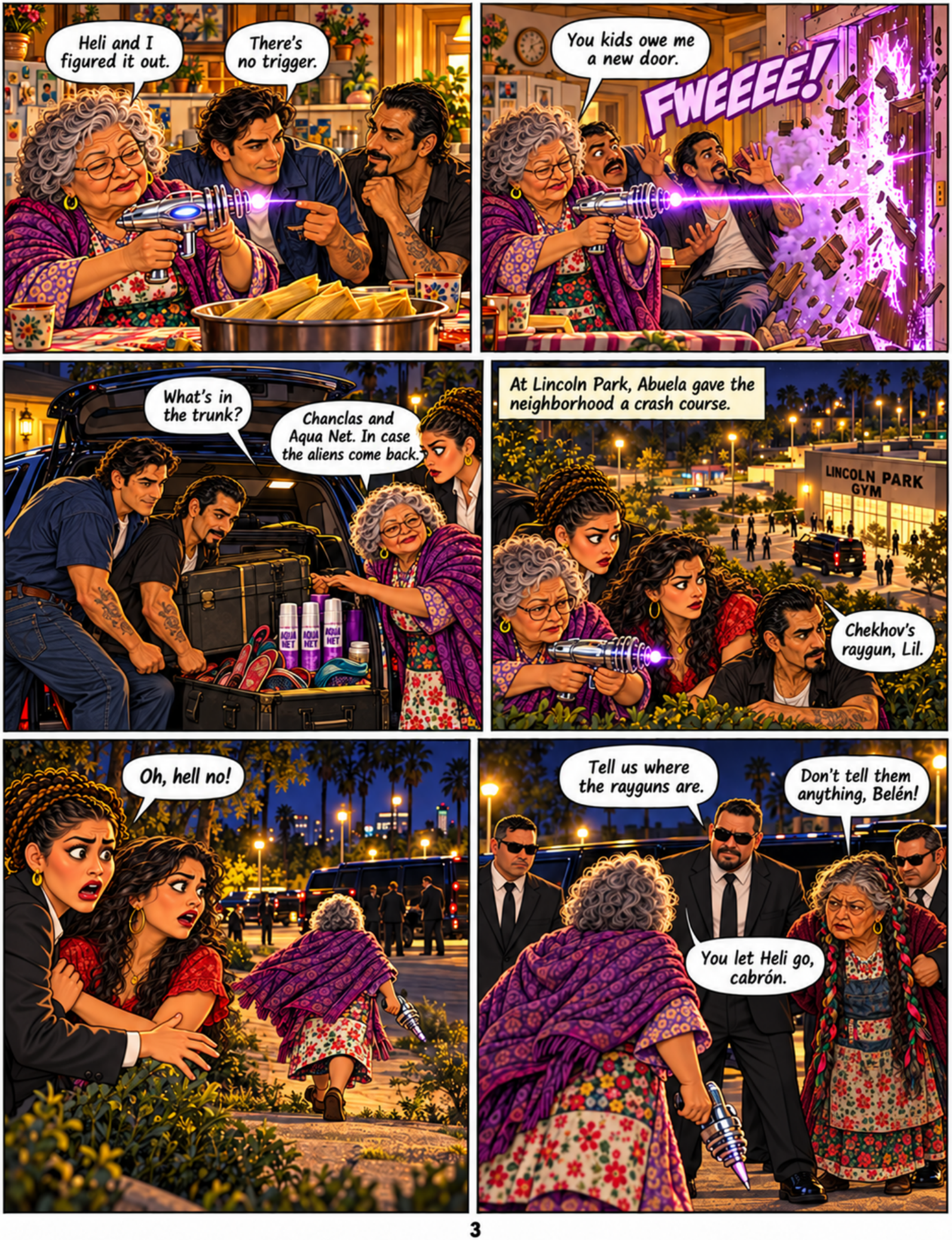







Social Security isn't enough, mijita.
We found the guns in the spaceship. The tamale cans got them home.
We found buyers on a dating site.
You two are DATING?!
We need love too!
Now men in black suits are following them.
Ruben and Dopey need to hear this.
They emptied a spaceship right under our noses?
In tamale cans.
They took Heli!
They tried to grab me too. I threw my chancla and ran.
Their van is at Lincoln Park.


Heli and I figured it out.
There's no trigger.
You kids owe me a new door.
FWEEEE!
What's in the trunk?
Chanclas and Aqua Net. In case the aliens come back.
AQUA NET
AQUA NET
AQUA NET
At Lincoln Park, Abuela gave the neighborhood a crash course.
LINCOLN PARK GYM
Chekhov's raygun, Lil.
Oh, hell no!
Tell us where the rayguns are.
Don't tell them anything, Belén!
You let Heli go, cabrón.


We're government agents. You have to cooperate.
You should be ashamed of yourselves.


FWEEEE!


Are you okay, amiga?
That was fun!


No more selling rayguns, Abuela.
Okay, mijita. We have enough money saved now.


We've got enough trouble here.
Aqua Net. Works on these too.
AQUA NET
AQUA NET


I pretended not to notice.


Want some tamales, Liliana?
As long as they don't come with a raygun on the side.


¡TAMAAAALES!
TAMALES



THE END