





IT WAS BACK IN THE SUMMER OF 1969, LONG BEFORE ANYONE WROTE A SONG ABOUT IT.

THEY'D ALL TURNED EIGHTEEN THAT YEAR, OR WERE ABOUT TO, AND WERE THINKING WHAT THEY'D DO WITH THEIR ADULT LIVES. WHO THEY'D BE.

THEY BOUGHT AN OLD CRIME-MOBILE, BUILT BY DOCTOR GRIMM IN THE '40S, AT A POLICE AUCTION IN ATLANTA. THE WEAPONS HAD LONG BEEN STRIPPED OUT OF IT.

THEY GOT IT RUNNING AGAIN. LOADED IT UP WITH FOOD AND SUPPLIES AND HEADED WEST.

THE PLAN WAS TO GET TO CALIFORNIA, IN TIME, BUT THAT WASN'T THE POINT.

THE POINT WAS CAMPING, FISHING, HAVING FUN, ONE LAST SUMMER BEFORE THEY WERE GROWN-UPS, AND HAD TO MAKE GROWN-UP CHOICES.

A LITTLE TIME TO FIGURE THINGS OUT.

...I DIDN'T EXACTLY THINK IT'D BE LIKE THIS.

FIREWOOD!

SEE? SEE?

HA-HEY!

BT&K&M

*That Was Then...*



THIS IS NICE, THOUGH.

MUSICMAN SAYS YOU'VE GOT TO BE OPEN TO IMPROVISATION. PRACTICE, PRACTICE, PRACTICE, THEN BE OPEN TO THE POSSIBILITIES. RIGHT, CAROL?

UH-HUH...

BUGLEBOY AND MAJORETTE.



HA! NIGHTFLYER'S ALLL ABOUT PREPARATION. GOTTA HAVE A PLAN, GOING INTO ANYTHING. AND PLANS B AND C. MAYBE A PLAN Z, IF YOU CAN.

AND YEAH, I GET IT. BUT IT'S NICE TO FREAKIN' RELAX EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE.

SUNSHRIKE.



I DON'T NEED TO "RELAX," THE WAY HUMANS DO. BUT THERE'S MORE TO LIFE, EVEN MINE, THAN STATUS-CHECK SUBROUTINES AND RUST ABATEMENT.

RIVETS, THE ROBOT KID.

I'VE BEEN RECORDING IMAGES, TOO, FOR FUTURE PLAYBACK.



RALLY.

YEAH. THIS IS NICE. I GUESS.

BUT THE TRIP -- IT HASN'T REALLY BEEN WHAT I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE...