

How many times?

How many times are you gonna *do* this?

NGGHH.

Wake up on the side of some road...

...or in the booth of a bad diner...



...or on a park bench too *small* for a sleeping adult.

GREAT.



How come never your *bed*?

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Or, for that matter, *someone else's* bed?

Why never wrapped in high thread-count sheets, head nestled in the hug of a pillow?

...your feet warm under a quilt as you dream *dreams* of wheat fields or angels or any other of a *million* such pleasant visions.



YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY.

Why not better dreams?

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ARE YOU
A...

DEER?

HO,
BOY. A
NEWBIE.

THAT
PLACE IS
GONNA EAT
YOU ALIVE.

GOOD
LUCK, PAL!

"Good luck, pal,"
says the deer
in the jeep.

Which means,
of course:



The *poison* in your
brain is doing its
directorial *thing*.

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welcome to
NO W HERE

Assembling images—uncanny and *absurd*—into a wild movie-picture of some kind.

Once again, a *BAD* dream.

Welcome to
NORTH WAHEREK

SPEED
 LIMIT
37

- POP.

WELCOME
 TO
 WAHEREK

999

Or you're tripping.

Or maybe it's *both*.
 WOOF!

2 for 1
 LIMITED
 TIME



Either way, you know the drill:

Ride it out.
Lean in.

THANK GOD.



Be the best dreamself you can be.

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You'll wake up soon enough.

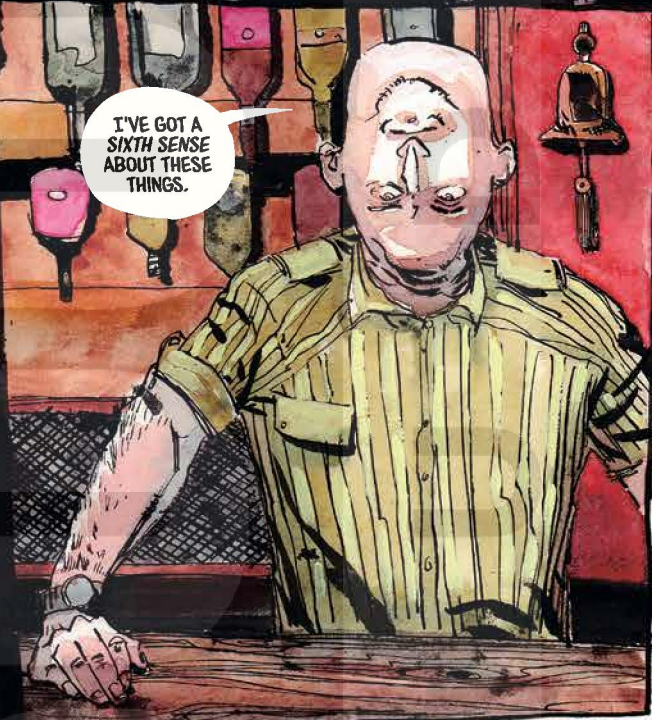


CANADIAN CLUB, POR FAVOR.

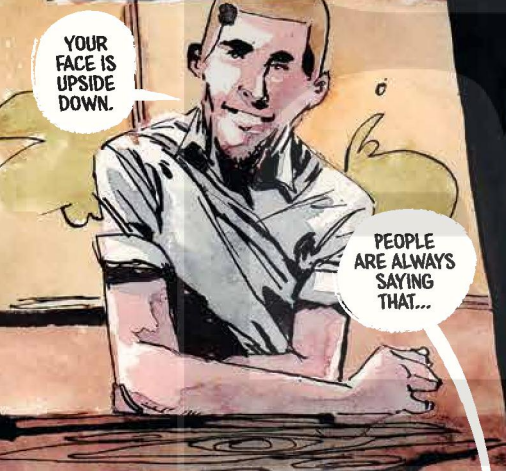
YOU MUST HAVE MADE A WRONG TURN...



I'VE GOT A SIXTH SENSE ABOUT THESE THINGS.



YOUR FACE IS UPSIDE DOWN.



PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS SAYING THAT...

BUT MY FEELING IS: WHAT IF I'M THE ONLY GUY WHOSE FACE IS RIGHT-SIDE UP?

YOU EVER THINK OF THAT?



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OBLIGED. I'VE GOT KIND OF AN UPSTREAM NIGHT AHEAD OF ME.

I BET.



I'M SERIOUS!

A GUY WITH A BUNCH OF ARMS IS ON HIS WAY TO BEAT THE LIVING CRAP OUT OF ME.

"A BUNCH OF ARMS."

LISTEN, JED...



DON'T WORRY SO MUCH.

YOU'RE JUST A FIGMENT OF MY IMAGINATION.



—PROBABLY IN SOMEPLACE UNPLEASANT...



ANY MINUTE NOW I'M GONNA WAKE UP—



...AND YOU AND THE REST OF THIS LSD MENAGERIE ARE GONNA GO POOF, RIGHT BACK INTO THE RECESSES OF MY DUMB LITTLE BRAIN.

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YOU SEEM SO CERTAIN.

I KNOW WHEN I'M HALLUCINATING, MAN.

WELL, I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT.

'CAUSE OTHERWISE THIS IS GONNA HURT.

JED.

YOU SON OF A BITCH.

OUTSIDE, JED. NOW.

CULLEN! WHAT A SURPRISE!

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