

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*?

\*\*NOT FINAL ART\*\*

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?

\*\*NOT FINAL ART\*\*

NOT FINAL ART



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*.

NOT FINAL ART



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-



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.

\*\* NOT FINAL ART \*\*

You'll wake up soon enough.

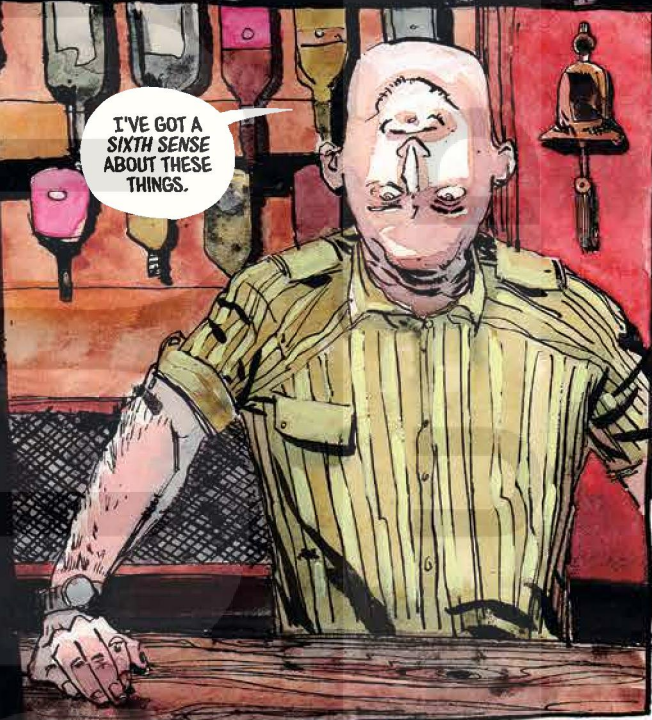


CANADIAN CLUB, POR FAVOR.

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?



\*\* NOT FINAL ART \*\*





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.



ANY MINUTE NOW I'M GONNA WAKE UP--



--PROBABLY IN SOMEPLACE UNPLEASANT...



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



\*\* NOT FINAL ART \*\*



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!

\*\* NOT FINAL ART \*\*