

I ASSUME YOU TRIED KICKING YOUR HEELS TOGETHER AND SAYING "THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME"?

WHY WOULD WE—

IT'S A MOVIE, DOC, I'LL EXPLAIN LATER.

I'M FAMILIAR WITH THE WIZARD OF OZ—I READ THE BOOKS AS A CHILD.

I WAS MERELY POINTING OUT WE'RE NOT TRAVELING HOME.



THE YEAR 2035 ISN'T HOME, IS IT?



I SAID, I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU MADE A TIME MACHINE...



I DON'T GET WHAT'S GOING ON IN THAT HEAD OF YOURS, DOC, BUT—NO...

...THE FUTURE ISN'T HOME.

I DO SORT OF WANT TO GO HOME. I THINK.

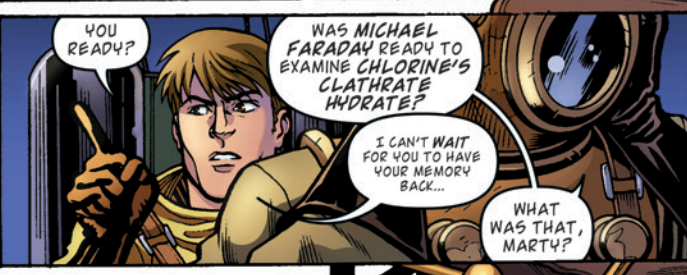
YOU'LL BE RIGHT BACK, RIGHT, MARTY?



YOU'LL SET THE TIME CIRCUITS FOR TWO MINUTES FROM NOW AND YOU'LL COME BACK FROM THE FUTURE IMMEDIATELY, RIGHT?

I DON'T WANT TO HANG OUT HERE WAITING FOR YOU ALL NIGHT.

OF COURSE. THIS ISN'T MY FIRST TRIP TO THE FUTURE.



YOU READY?

WAS MICHAEL FARADAY READY TO EXAMINE CHLORINE'S CLATHRATE HYDRATE?

I CAN'T WAIT FOR YOU TO HAVE YOUR MEMORY BACK...

WHAT WAS THAT, MARTY?



...OUT OF A HOT AIR BALLOON!

WELL— NICE JOB, DOC!

I SUPPOSE I'LL TRY ANYTHING, ONCE.

AWAY WE GO!

MAR 4 1986

MARTY— SURELY PLUNGING HEADLONG INTO THE TIMESTREAM IS NO CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION.

RIGHT, RIGHT... I MEAN, UH—YOU'RE SURE THIS'LL WORK?

IT'S A SIMPLE CALCULATION. OF COURSE THIS WILL WORK—

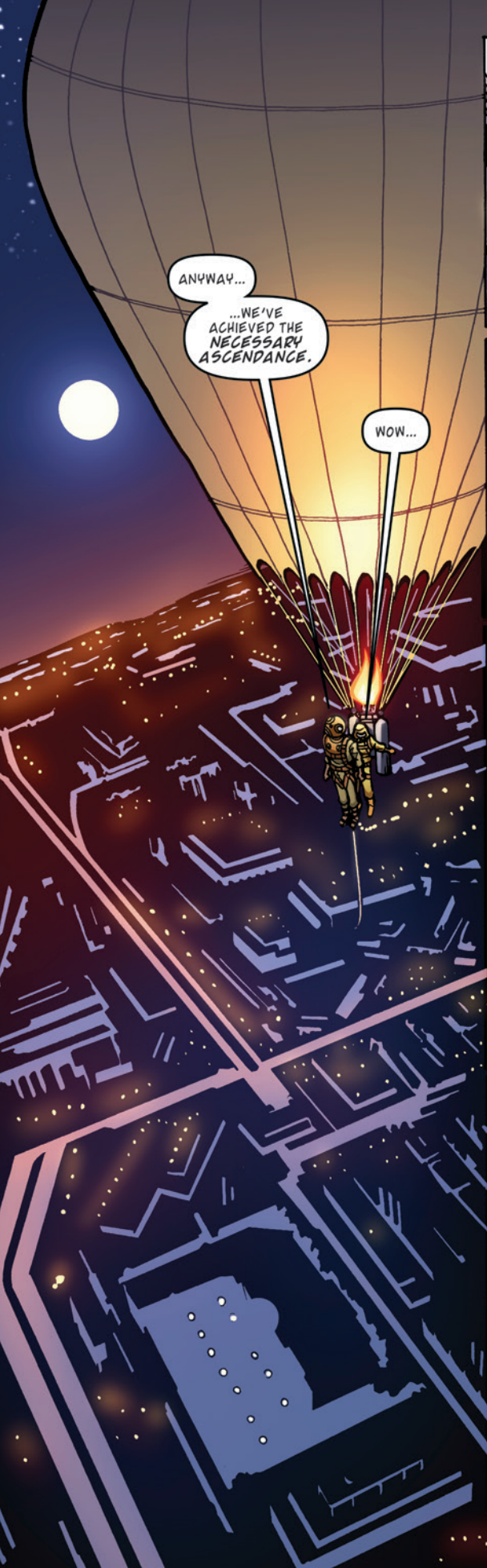


—WHEN HAVE I EVER BEEN WRONG?

DOC... YOU DON'T EVEN REMEMBER YOUR OWN NAME...

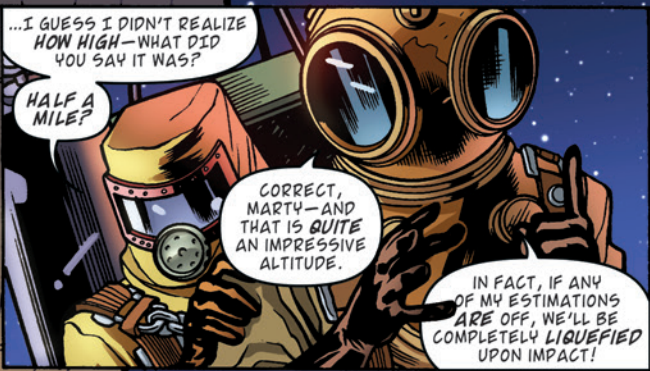
THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE LAWS OF MATHEMATICS!





ANYWAY...
...WE'VE ACHIEVED THE NECESSARY ASCENDANCE.

WOW...

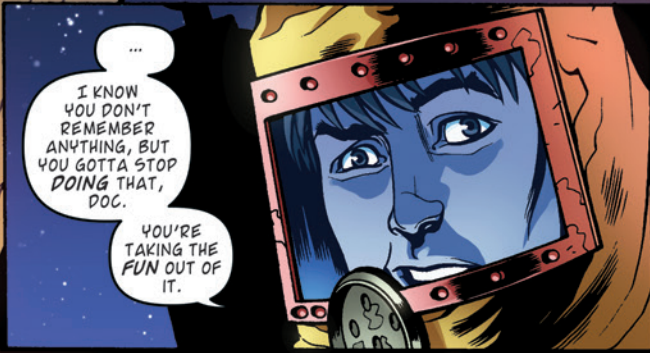


...I GUESS I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW HIGH—WHAT DID YOU SAY IT WAS?

HALF A MILE?

CORRECT, MARTY—AND THAT IS QUITE AN IMPRESSIVE ALTITUDE.

IN FACT, IF ANY OF MY ESTIMATIONS ARE OFF, WE'LL BE COMPLETELY LIQUEFIED UPON IMPACT!



...
I KNOW YOU DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING, BUT YOU GOTTA STOP DOING THAT, DOC.

YOU'RE TAKING THE FUN OUT OF IT.



OH, I'M SURE WE'LL HIT 88 MILES PER HOUR BEFORE WE HIT THE GROUND—

—TRIGGERING THE TIME CIRCUITS AND SENDING US TO 2035.

YOU KNOW ME BETTER THAN I DO AT THE MOMENT, MARTY—

—YOU TRUST ME, DON'T YOU?

ABSOLUTELY. WITHOUT QUESTION.



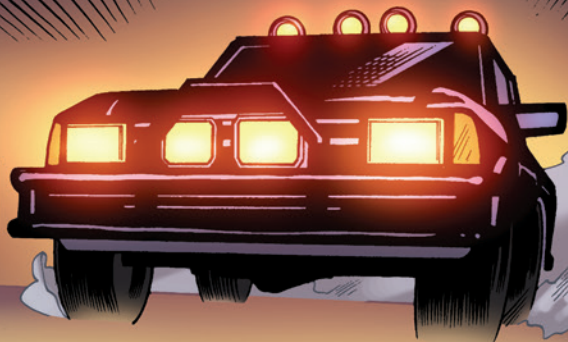
MOSTLY.

GOOD ENOUGH!

YANK



VRRROOM

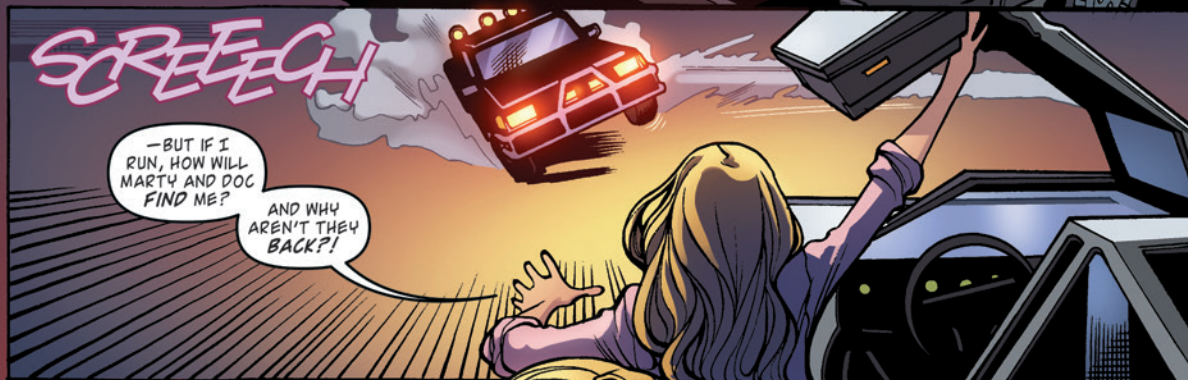


OH, MAN.

NEEDLES FOLLOWED US!



GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE—



SCREECH

—BUT IF I RUN, HOW WILL MARTY AND DOC FIND ME?

AND WHY AREN'T THEY BACK?!



JENNIFER!

DON'T MOVE!

COME ON, MARTY—