






YOU KNOW SOMETHIN', TOTO, THIS CRAZY COUNTRY SURE IS FEAST OR FAMINE. ONE MINUTE YOU'RE FOLLOWIN' A GOLDEN ROAD AND THE NEXT IT'S VANISHED.



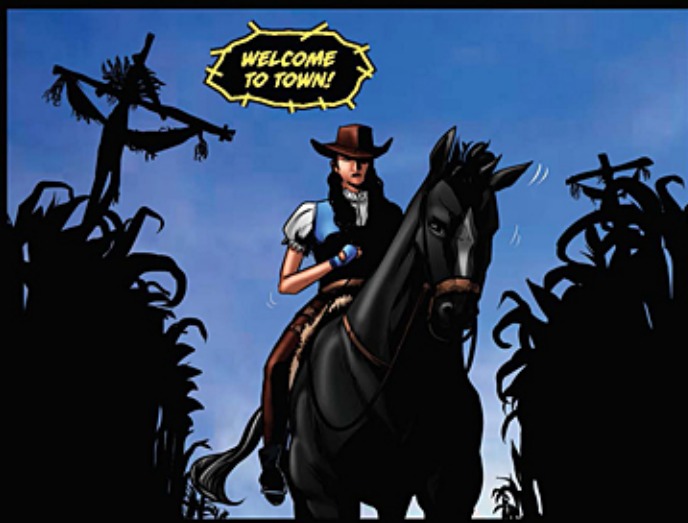
OR, YOU LEAVE SOMEWHERE THAT'S GOT PEOPLE AND PLACES THINKIN' YOU GOT PROPER DIRECTION AGAIN, BUT THEN YOU END UP DEAD CENTER OF NOWHERE WITH NOTHIN' TO GUIDE YOU ON YOUR WAY BUT A RANDOM GOLD BRICK BURIED IN THE DIRT.



AND JUST WHEN YOU'RE 'BOUT READY TO LAY DOWN AND LET THE VULTURES PICK AT YOUR BONES, GOOD OLE OZ SPITS OUT SOMETHIN' THAT'LL EITHER KEEP YOU SANE OR PUSH YOU ALL THE WAY OVER.



I'LL SAY IT AGAIN, TOTO. WE SURE AREN'T IN KANSAS ANY-MORE...





WELL NOW, THERE'S
A PLEASANT THOUGHT.
THE SCARECROWS ARE
TALKIN' TO YA, GALE.



ALRIGHT
TOTO, LET'S
MEET THE
LOCALS.



LOOKS
TO BE
A BIT OF
A GHOST
TOWN.



SOUNDS
LIKE THE GHOSTS
WOKE UP.



I'LL LET YOU
REST HERE IN THE
SHADE, TOTO. BESIDES,
YOU DON'T NEED TO BE
STICKIN' YOUR NOSE IN
WHERE IT AIN'T NEEDED,
BIG FELLA.



I'LL BE
BACK SOON
ENOUGH.



CHING



JUST STAY
CALM. DON'T
LET 'EM SEE
YOU SWEAT.



ONE...
TWO...