



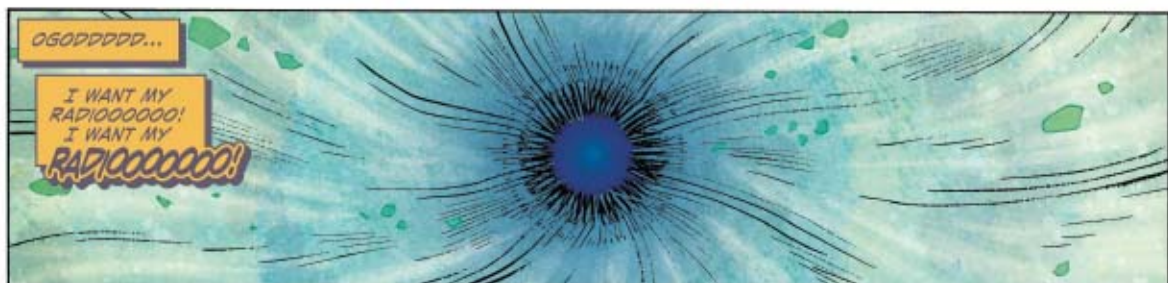
OH GOD... I AM
OFF MY HEAD...

...FROM FREAKING
SECRETED CENTIPEDE
SHROOMS.



MUSHROOM TRIP
WATERSLIDE FROM
HELLLLLLL?!

WHY?!



OGODDDDD...

I WANT MY
RADIOOOOOO!
I WANT MY
RADIOOOOOOO!



WHEN DO I GET
TO COME DOWN?

WAIT...WHAT
THE HELL IS...



AW. AW.
AW.



WAIT.

THAT'S NOT
POO.

I THOUGHT
NOTHING COULD BE
WORSE BUT IT IS...

IT'S...IT'S...
I'M...



N...N...

Nooooooooo!

**DALE, ON DRUGS,
WAKES UP AS A
NEWBORN
CENTIPEDE.
DAY ONE.**

UGHHHH...

I HATE IT I HATE IT
I HATE IT BUT ...SO
FAMISHEDDDD...

**DALE, ON
DRUGS,
REBORN AS A
CREATURE.
WEEK THREE.**

**DALE, STILL ON
DRUGS, STILL A
CENTIPEDE.
WEEK 11.**

**THE DAY OF
BECOMING.**

MMMMMPH.

NOTES OF
DEARTH DIRT
AND
KICKLEFRUIT.

MOMMY?

WHAT'S
THE
DEAL?

IT'S
LUNCHTIME AND
YOU HAVEN'T
EVEN PUKED IN
MY MOUTH
YET...

OH.



DALE, AS A CENTIPEDE,
TRIPPING BALLS,
ENDURING ABUSE FROM
HIS CENTIPEDE
FATHER.
DAY TWO.



OEDIPAL DALE,
TRIPPING, TAKING
IT FROM HIS DAD.
WEEK THREE.



STONEY D-TANK
AND HIS DADDY.
(CENTIPEDE STYLE)
THREE MONTHS
OF BRUTALITY.



D THE C GETTING
F'D UP BY HIS P.
SIX MONTHS.



SPECIFICS NO
LONGER MATTER WHEN
@#\$ IS THIS @### UP.
BUT...IT'S BEEN A WHILE.

