

There's this  
voice.

Maybe you've  
heard it?





Like the *worst* radio station of all time—it only plays *bad music*.



Just song after song of gloom and *doom* and all kinds of dark *nonsense*.

It says things like:



The mosquitoes are collecting your blood so that eventually they can *replace* you.

Lovely, right?







But I'm here to tell you something:

HELP!

Ignore that goddamn voice.

'Cause it don't got its facts straight.



The mosquitoes are our friends, see?

Our blood is *their* blood.

RRRR

We are all one...







Vampires.



What's "cycle fast-a-ride"?



Cyclo-phosphamide. Oral chemotherapy.

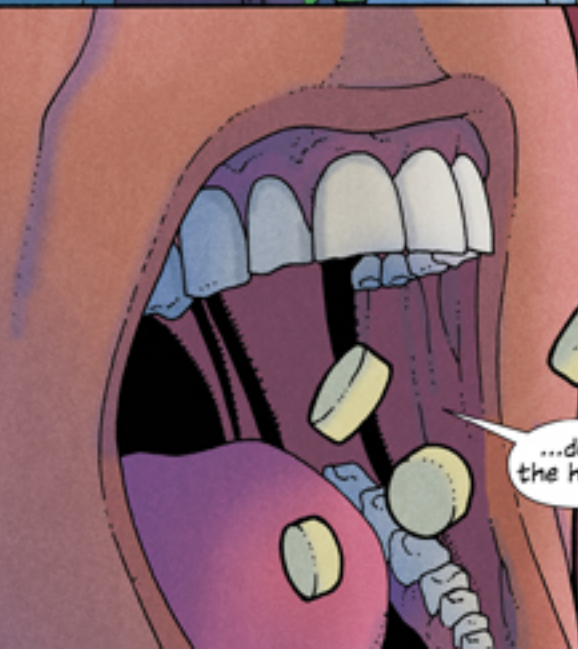


Sounds potent.



It's for leukemia, Mike.

Huh. Well then...



...down the hatch.



Side effects may include but are not limited to:





Nausea,  
loss of appetite,  
trouble sleeping...



Regret,  
intense *guilt*.

Flashes of  
your childhood  
and the *terrible*  
things you did in  
adolescence.

We should really  
stop stealing drugs  
from the hospital  
cabinets.



I'm starting  
to feel like it's  
*immoral* or  
something.

"Immoral."

That's  
real funny, Mike.  
I love how funny  
you are.



Hey,  
did I ever tell  
you about *Mister  
Circles*?