

"...I USED A BE  
SO PROUD A  
BEIN' BORN HERE."

HELL'RE  
YOU LOOKIN'  
AT, Y'BIG  
SISSY?

Arise,  
Sir Mervyn of  
the Root.

NOW, YOU?  
YOU'RE KINDA A--  
A MIXTURE. AM I  
RIGHT? SO--ALL  
DUE RESPECT--  
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW  
WHAT IT'S LIKE  
TO BE, AH...  
BESPOKE.

MADE BY A  
FLAWLESS  
CREATOR,  
SORTA THING.  
LIKE, EXACTLY  
THE WAY HE  
WANTS.

"WAIT  
OUT-FREAKIN'-  
SIDE." I  
SWEAR.

Every  
judicature must be  
*balanced*, Mervyn--  
even that of the  
*fantastical*.

Y'WHATNOW?

The *whimsical*  
must harmonize  
the *prosaic*, the  
*ethereal* repercusses  
from the *terrestrial*.  
And *you*, my new  
friend...

"YOU SHALL  
BE MY FEET  
OF CLAY."

==SOB==

I'M SORRY  
TO KEEP  
YOU, MERVYN.  
IT'S BEEN A  
VERY TRYING  
DA--

WHERE IS  
HE, LUCIEN?

L-LORD  
DREAM IS--  
H-HE'S TAKEN  
ANOTHER OF HIS  
LITTLE TRIPS,  
AND--

--AND  
YOU FIGURE YOU  
CAN PLAY WITH HIS  
TOYS WHILE HE'S  
AWAY, HUH? WALTZIN'  
ABOUT WITH HIS HELM  
ON A STICK LIKE  
IT'S YOURS.

THINGS  
AREN'T ALWAYS AS  
THEY **APPEAR**,  
MERV.

OH YEAH? WELL  
IT SURE FREAKIN'  
**APPEARS** MY BOYS  
IS BEIN' HUSTLED FOR  
**WORK** BY THESE  
GOBBLEDYGOOKIN'  
**SOGGIES!**

DON'T CALL THEM  
THAT. THE **BLANKS** ARE  
**ANIMATE EXPRESSIONS**  
**OF TRANSRELATIVISTIC**  
**POTENTIAL**. AND--MIGHT  
I ADD--**VERY HARD**  
**WORKERS.**

**OH! SO NOW YA**  
THINK THEY'RE **BETTER**  
THAN OUR **HOMEGROWN**  
**FOLK?! YOU GONNA**  
**STICK US** IN THE CHEST,  
TOO?

DON'T BE  
RIDICULOUS. THE CHEST  
IS FOR THOSE WE DARE  
NOT **REINCORPORATE**  
INTO THE DREAMING.

TOO--  
**RADICALIZED--**  
BY THEIR TIME AS  
**INDEPENDENT**  
**ENTITIES.**

FOR THE  
**REST OF US--**  
ON THE DAY WE  
CEASE TO BE  
USEFUL...?

--WE CAN **RETURN**  
TO THE PEACE OF THE  
**FOUNDATIONS.**

IN THE MEANTIME  
WE MUST DO THE JOBS  
FOR WHICH WE WERE  
**MADE**. IN MY CASE: THE  
**SMOOTH RUNNING**  
OF THIS WORLD. IN  
**YOURS--?**

THE--THE  
**CASCADE'S**  
GETTIN'  
**WORSE!**

QUITE.  
AND SINCE YOU'RE  
STANDING HERE  
**COMPLAINING--**  
RATHER THAN OUT  
**THERE--PERHAPS**  
YOU NEED A LITTLE  
**CAREER ADVICE**  
OF YOUR OWN?

YOU WERE  
NOT CREATED  
TO **JUDGE**  
THINGS, MERVYN  
PUMPKINHEAD...

"...AND IT'S NOT  
THE **BLANKS** WHO  
PROFIT FROM YOUR  
BITTERNESS."

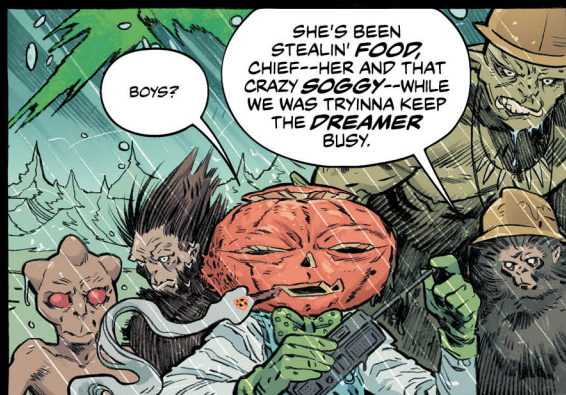
HEY!  
HEY!

IT'S  
THE FILTH,  
ZIGGY--  
LEG IT!



BOYS?

SHE'S BEEN  
STEALIN' **FOOD**,  
CHIEF--HER AND THAT  
CRAZY **SOGGY**--WHILE  
WE WAS TRYINNA KEEP  
THE **DREAMER**  
BUSY.



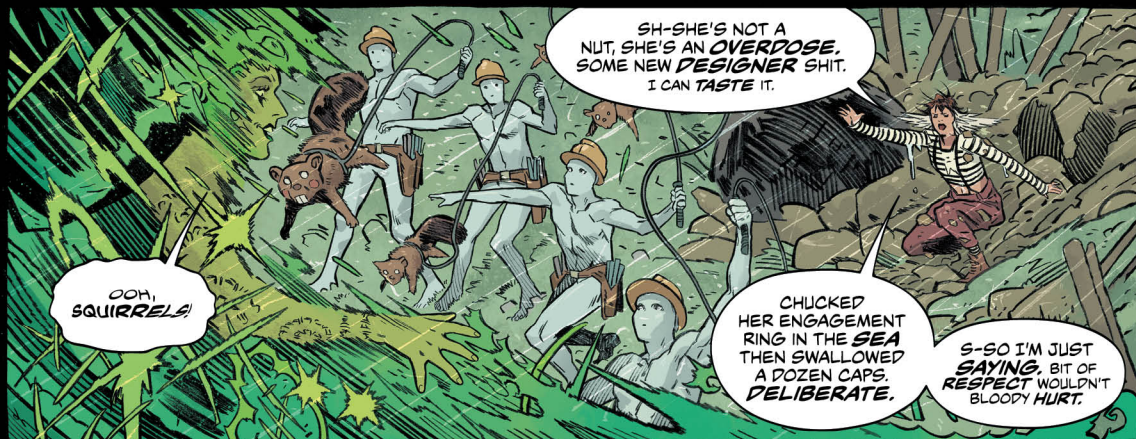
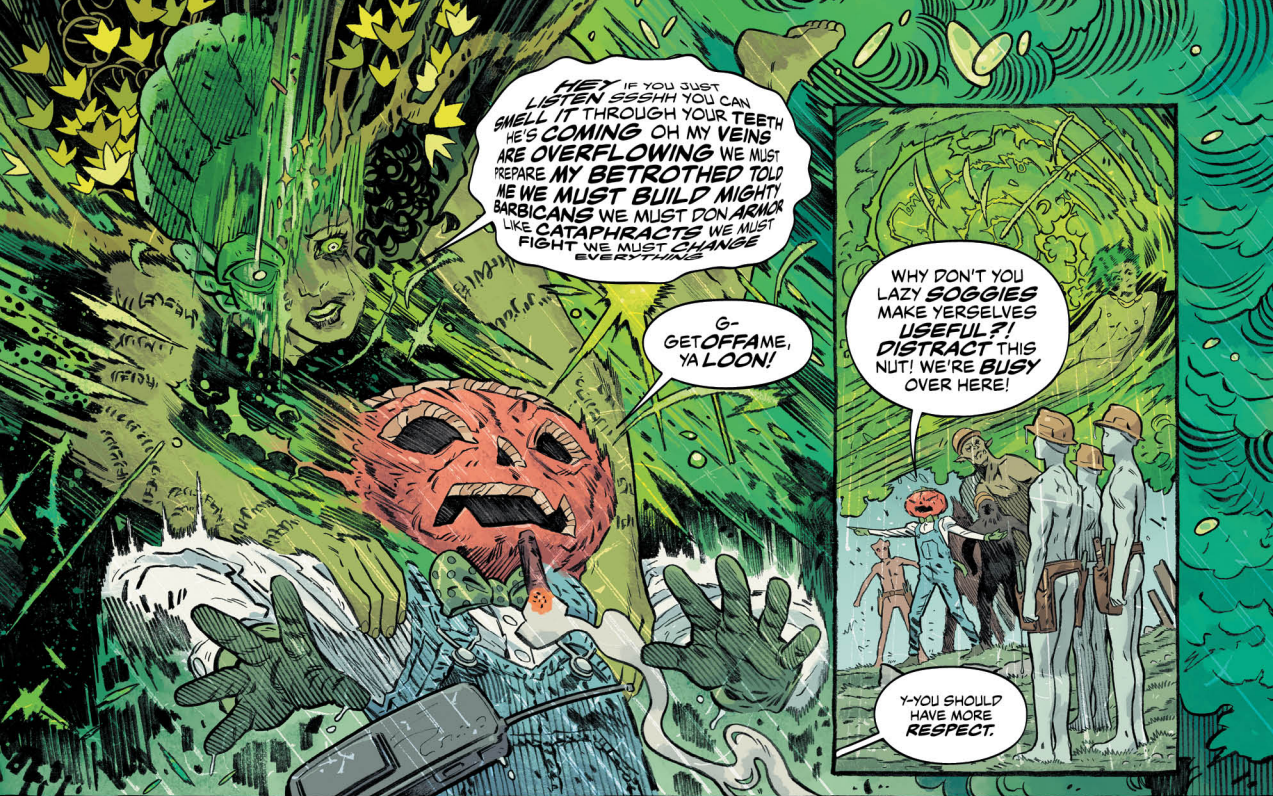
JUST--BUY ME A  
COUPLE OF SECONDS TO  
**WORK** ON THIS, ZIGGY,  
AND--

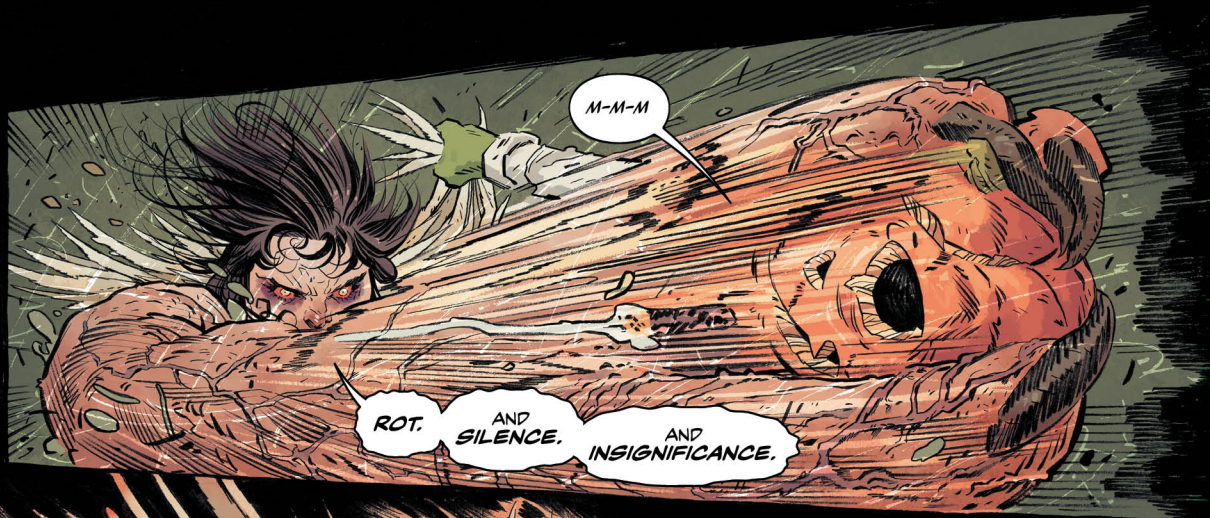
MAURICE?  
PULL UP FLY  
RIG **SIX**,  
WOULDJA?



NOBODY  
**WORKS** THIS  
PLACE BUT  
**MERY**, YA DUMB  
BROAD.







M-M-M

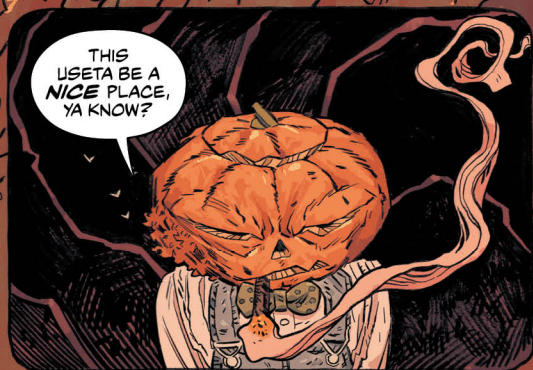
ROT.

AND  
SILENCE.

AND  
INSIGNIFICANCE.

THAT'S  
WHAT YOU  
TASTE OF.

AAAAAA



THIS  
USETA BE A  
NICE PLACE,  
YA KNOW?