

I DON'T SEE WHY WE HAVE TO WAIT *OUTSIDE* THESE OLD STORAGE BINS, WHILE SARA AND GONE DO GOD-KNOWS-WHAT INSIDE!

AND WHAT DOES ALL THIS HAVE TO DO WITH SAVING MY MOM FROM THAT SLUG?

MARK, ONLY SARA CAN SAVE JULIE, AND ONLY GONE CAN GUIDE HER INTO HER OWN PANGAEA! THAT'S WHY HE SENT DAVE HOME. WHEN GONE'S READY FOR US TO JOIN THEM, AND FOR ME TO RETURN HOME... ..HE'LL GET US!

# Pool of Tears

GOD ARTIE, I FEEL LIKE SUCH AN IDIOT SITTING HERE LIKE THIS..

I KNOW. BUT TRUST ME - DRESSING AS A BABY AND REGRESSING, SURROUNDED BY YOUR OLD TOYS IS THE ONLY WAY FOR YOU TO WITNESS YOUR OWN OUTBACK.

SO WHY DO I HAVE TO SIT NAKED ON THIS PAGE FROM ALICE IN WONDERLAND?

SO I'M SAVING JULIE BY CURLING UP AND SUCKING MY THUMB LIKE SOME WIMP, IN SOME ABANDONED PUBLIC STORAGE BIN, NAKED, WITH YOU?

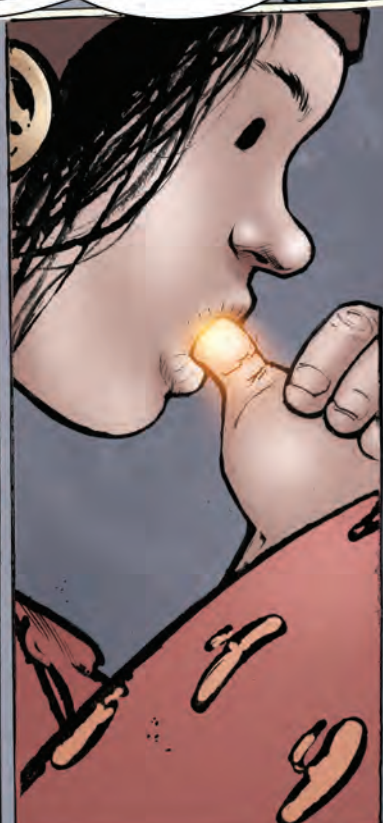
WE USED TO READ IT TO YOU AS A BABY-IT MADE YOU FEEL SAFE. POPULATING YOUR OUTBACK WITH ITS CHARACTERS SHOULD HELP PROTECT YOU FROM IAGO.

"JUMP STARTING" YOUR LEFT HAND WILL HELP YOU DEFEAT EVERYTHING PHONEY ABOUT YOURSELF, SYMBOLIZED BY IAGO. AND YOU'RE NOT NAKED..

...YOU'VE GOT THE CAP! JUST RELAX. NOBODY WILL HURT YOU, AND NOBODY'S JUDGING YOU. REMEMBER...

.. YOU'RE HERE TO SAVE YOURSELF.

NOT JUST JULIE.



NOW, WHAT DO YOU SEE?

I'M OUTSIDE A CIRCULAR SET OF CAVES, THEY KIND OF LOOK LIKE-

THE STORAGE BIN WE'RE IN RIGHT NOW?

YEAH, EXCEPT I'M A LITTLE KID, IN PINK UNDERWEAR.

LIL' SARA. PERFECT - NOW WHAT DO YOU SEE?

WELL, DUH IT'S A **WHITE RABBIT!** A FAST WHITE RABBIT. IT'S HEADED TOWARD A HOLE IN THE GROUND.

REMEMBER SARA, IF YOU'RE IN DANGER, AND THE PRINCESS CAN STRIKE THE GROUND WITH YOUR TOY **STICK-HORSE**, NORBERT AND THE STICK HORSE CAN TRADE PLACES AND NORBERT CAN HELP YOU. WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW?

I'M FOLLOWING "WHITIE". HOW COME I CAN HEAR YOUR VOICE?

OUR ONLY HOPE OF CUTTING THROUGH THE ILLUSIONS IN YOUR MIND IS OUR PSYCHIC LINK. HOPEFULLY YOUR TRIP DOWN--

- WON'T BREAK IT -

GONE? ARTIE?

...DADDY?

WELL, SO MUCH FOR MY "GUIDE". I GUESS I'M ....ALONE.

COOL! MY HORSEIE.

DON'T I KNOW YOU?

YOU'RE NEVER ALONE WITH ME, LITTLE ONE.



I'M THE PRINCESS OF THIS CASTLE OF QUILTS, BUT I AM LOST- LOOKING FOR A WAY TO THE SURFACE. WHO MIGHT YOU BE?

EVERYONE IN PANGAEA IS THIRSTY, DRIVEN UNDERGROUND, LOOKING FOR WATER. IT IS SAID, ONE DAY A STRANGER WILL COME,

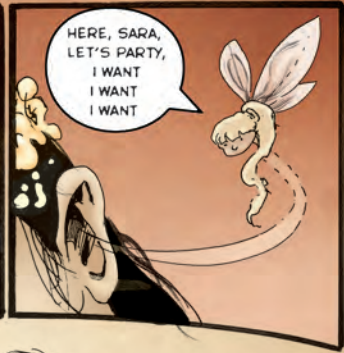
AND CRY A POOL OF TEARS, FILLING PANGAEA WITH FRESH WATER TO BREATHE. BUT IF THEY DO NOT COME SOON - I FEAR WE'LL ALL DIE A SLOW, DRY DEATH.



WOW, BUMMER.



LISTEN TO YOUR MOTHER, SARA, YOU SHOULD YOU SHOULD YOU SHOULD YOU



HERE, SARA, LET'S PARTY, I WANT I WANT I WANT

I'M LIL' SARA. I'M SUPPOSED TO... UH...ACTUALLY I FORGOT WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO... BUT IT'S SOMPIN IMPORTANT, I'M SURE.

GEE, I'M GETTING THIRSTY, ARE YOU?



WHO ARE THEY?



SHOULD..

WANT.. WANT..

THEY'RE THE "YOU SHOULD, I WANT FAIRIES". THEY'RE HARMLESS AS LONG AS I KEEP THEM TIED TO MY HAIR, AND OUT OF MY HEAD. COME ALONG LIL' SARA, WE MUST GET HOME.

DO THEY EVER SHUT UP?



PERHAPS IT OPENS ONE OF THE DOORS BEHIND THE QUILT.

IT MIGHT FIT THIS DOOR, BUT WE'RE TOO BIG TO GO THROUGH! THIS ALL SEEMS SO FAMILIAR...

UNFORTUNATELY, ...NO.

THAT BOTTLE WASN'T HERE BEFORE! IT MIGHT BE UNSAFE, BUT MY THIRST IS TOO GREAT!

LOOKIE! A TABLE WITH A KEY! THIS MEANS SOMETHING, BUT I FORGET WHAT...

I WANT DRINK. I WANT. WANT.

ME, TOO. LET'S DRINK IT.

SHOULDN'T! UNSAFE! SHOULDN'T!



WELL... THAT STUFF MADE US SHORT ENOUGH TO FIT THROUGH THE DOOR..

..BUT TOO SHORT TO GRAB THE KEY. WE COULD CLIMB THE LEGS...

NOW I REMEMBER. THAT'S WHY IT'S GLASS, SO IT'S TOO SLIPPERY TO CLIMB. NOW WE EAT THE CAKE.



GOODNESS, NOW WE'RE TOO LARGE! MAYBE YOU COULD SAVE US SOME TIME AND REMEMBER SOME OF THIS BEFOREHAND.

OH, YEAH ...SORRY.



WE'RE SUPPOSE TO BE SAVING SOMEBODY. HEY, IT'S THAT - RABBIT!

DON'T WORRY, I'LL PROTECT YOU!



WE SHOULD, WE SHOULD!

U.P.

MORE EARTH AND MUD FLOODS OUR QUILT TUNNEL. WE MUST RUN!

LET'S FOLLOW THE RABBIT!

DON'T FOLLOW THE RABBIT SARA, IT WILL LEAD YOU IN CIRCLES!

THERE'S NO TIME, IT'S TOO LATE! WE'RE DROWNING IN EARTH!

ALL FOR THE LACK OF A STRANGER'S TEARS!

IS THIS MUD?

EEP!

I SURE DON'T SMELL LIKE MUD! HEY, WHERE'D SHE GO? WHO CARES, I'M FALLING TO MY...

OOOFF!

**SPLAT!**

HEY! ISN'T THIS WHERE I CAME IN? I'M GETTING SICK OF GOING SPLAT! SAY, WHAT'S THAT...

...RUMBLING...

...SOUND?