



I DON'T  
**DO** FANCY  
WORDS.

*("WORDS."*

WHAT THE HELL AM I  
**TALKING** ABOUT?  
**WORDS** AREN'T THE  
PROBLEM.)



I'M NO  
**NARRATOR**, IS  
THE POINT. BUT WHAT  
D'YOU **EXPECT**?  
**YOU** TRY BEIN' ALL  
LA-DI-DA WHEN YOU  
GOT NO BLOODY  
**IDENTITY**.

(IN QUIET MOMENTS I CAN  
EASILY BELIEVE MY SPIRIT'S  
SO TOXIC, SO NOXIOUS, THAT  
IT **REPELS** PEOPLE LIKE  
THE STENCH OF **ROT**.)

BETTER TO KEEP TO MYSELF.  
EASIER TO PUSH FOLKS  
AWAY THAN WATCH THEM  
**LEARN** TO HATE YOU.)



I DON'T  
EVEN **LIKE**  
OTHER  
PEOPLE.

**WANKERS**.

(I MEAN--JUST--JUST  
**LOOK** WHAT HAPPENED  
WHEN I **TRIED**, MADE A  
**FRIEND**.)

ZIGGY WAS BLANK AND PURE  
AND PERFECT, AND HE  
**LIKED** ME, AND THEY SHOT  
HIM AND FED HIM TO A  
FUCKING **TIGERPHANT**.)



I **TRIED**,  
ALL RIGHT? DID  
MY BIT TO STOP  
THIS PLACE GOING  
DOWN THE  
SHITTER.

WENT OFF WITH  
THE **LIBRARIAN**,  
DIDN'T I? LEFT MY  
TREE, L-LEFT ALL  
MY **THINGS**.

(I LEARN'T A **SECRET**  
OUT THERE.

AND FOR JUST A  
MOMENT--OH **STUPID** GIRL!--  
I THOUGHT I'D BEEN  
**REWARDED**, LIKE A LITTLE  
**CONSOLATION PRIZE**,  
FOR DARING TO COME OUT  
OF MY **SHELL**.)



MY  
**MEMORIES**, IT  
TURNS OUT OLD MORPHEUS  
HID THEM. THEY'VE BEEN  
RIGHT **HERE** IN THE  
DREAMING, ALL  
ALONG.

SO,  
**OBVIOUSLY**, I  
COME RUSHIN' **BACK**  
TO COLLECT 'EM.  
AND WHAT DO I  
FIND?





TOO  
LATE.

THIS IS  
WHAT I *GET*  
FOR TRYING TO  
BE NICE.

MM. OUR  
JUMPED-UP **JUDGE**  
IS CERTAINLY MAKING  
SOME **CHANGES**. HE  
SAYS THE DREAMING'S  
EASIER TO **DEFEND**  
LIKE THIS.

I'M  
GOING TO  
**KILL HIM.**

I'M GOING  
TO SPLIT HIS **THROAT**  
AND POP HIS **JOINTS**  
AND TWIST HIS **THUMBS**  
AND BREAK HIS **TEETH**  
AND--AND--AND...

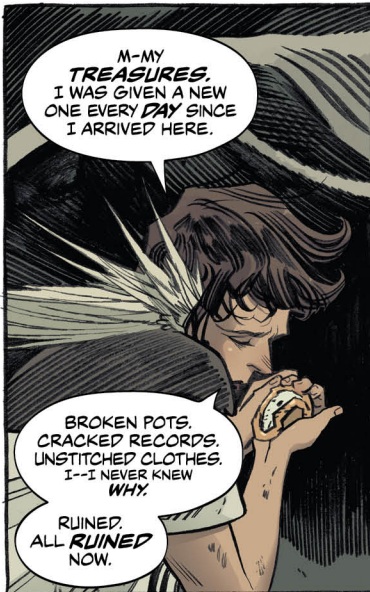
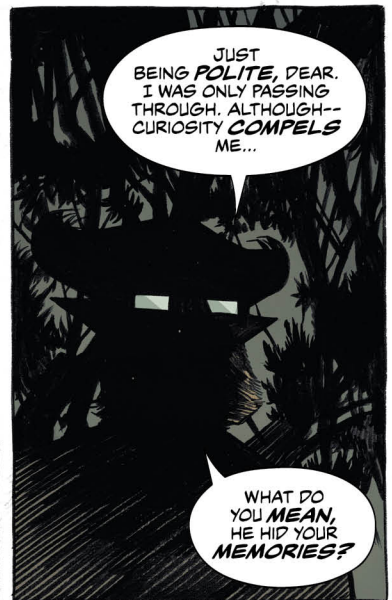




(...AND OH GOD I'M SO  
FRIGHTENED! SO EMPTY  
AND SO UGLY AND SO  
FRIGHTENED!

BETTER TO GET **ANGRY**,  
DORA. THAAAAAT'S IT.

**BETTER TO  
QUAKE THAN  
QUAVER.)**



(**"STEPS."** THAT'S WHAT  
DREAM CALLED THEM.  
STEPS, TO RECLAIM MY  
**SELF.**

I SHOULD'VE  
**PROTECTED THEM! I**  
SHOULD'VE BEEN **HERE!**  
I SHOULD'VE **RAGED**  
AND **BURNED AND**  
**BOILED AND--)**



(BUT...BUT...  
I HAVE **NOTHING** TO GIVE.

OHhh, **THIS! THIS IS**  
WHY I SHOULDN'T BE  
**AROUND PEOPLE! THEY'LL**  
**KNOW, THEY'LL REALIZE!**  
I'M **WORTHLESS! I'M**  
**EMPTY!**

**I'M WEAK!)**





NOW COME,  
**COME**, MY DEAR  
MELANCHOLY  
MONSTRESS,  
DON'T LOOK SO  
FORLORN.

EVEN  
MY **BLOVIATING  
BUTTERBALL**  
OF A BROTHER  
UNDERSTANDS--AND  
**HE'S BEEN DEAD OF  
A TERMINAL FORKING  
FOR AT LEAST AN  
HOUR--**

--IT--IT  
**ALWAYS**  
COMES DOWN  
TO SACRIFICE.

QUITE.

EVEN IF  
ALL YOU'VE GOT  
LEFT TO GIVE  
ARE THE **LIES**  
YOU WEAR LIKE  
**ARMOR.**

(HE KNOWS, HE  
**SEES**, QUICKLY--GET  
**ANGRY!** HIDE IT! HIDE  
THE WEAKNESS! **HIDE  
IT, HIDE IT--**)

NOBODY  
**ASKED** FOR  
YOUR **SHITTY**  
ADVICE,  
CAIN.

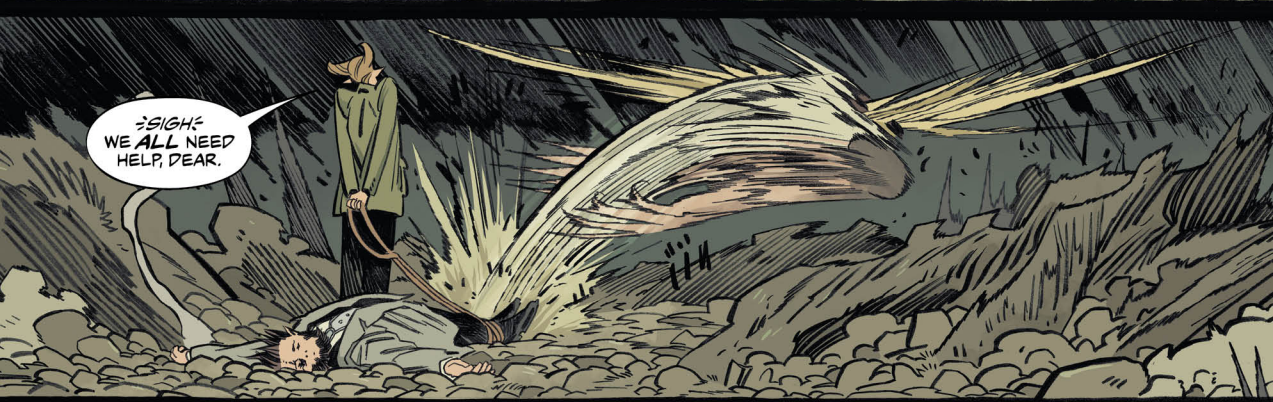
**BLOOD'S**  
ALL I WANT NOW.  
I'LL SEE JUDGE  
GALLONS CUT AND  
CRIPPLED AND  
**CRACKED--**





--AND  
I DON'T NEED  
HELP TO  
DO IT.

HURRY,  
BRUTE! JUST  
SNAP THE  
DAMN ROPES!



SIGH  
WE ALL NEED  
HELP, DEAR.



RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR



IT'S A  
SIMPLE MATTER  
OF *WHOM* ONE  
CHOSES TO  
ASK.







WH--

WHAT THE  
CLATTERING  
FUCK?

HOWDY.

