

March,
1993

Ricky Lawless had been
awake for five days and it
was becoming a problem.



He hadn't planned on
staying up this long...

But the guy he stole cars
for had paid him partly in
crystal last week.



Ricky usually avoided
speed or coke, because
he always had trouble
with them.

He could never
pace himself.



He just did *lines*
every twenty
minutes or so until
it was all gone.

But he'd never
had *this much*
before.





His eyes felt raw... The roof of his mouth was in nearly constant pain...



And he was starting to hallucinate.

Snnnffftt



First it was just shapes, out of the corner of his eye...

AHH...



Then it was people walking past him on the sidewalk, but when he looked back they weren't there.

Or the car that tried to run him off the road on the way here... Only when he turned to yell at it, there *was* no car.



Even standing here waiting, he keeps thinking he's seeing a guy walking out of the back office...



But he tries to ignore it.



He should probably flush the rest of this crystal, he knows...

But he figures it'll run out tomorrow anyway.



And then he can *sleep* for a few days...



When he doesn't have more important things to do.

ARE YOU GARY'S FRIEND?

YEAH... YOU'RE FINN?



SORRY I'M LATE...

MY PAROLE OFFICER WAS BEING A SERIOUS PAIN IN MY ASS.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT... YOU'RE HERE NOW...



