



EATEN? WHERE'S THIS "JULIE" LIL' SARA SEEKS?!!?

THREE GUESSES. IF YOU HURRY, YOU COULD CUT HER OUT OF ME BEFORE SHE'S COMPLETELY DIGESTED... HEH, HEH.

WHAT FOUL MANNER OF BEAST CREATED YOU, CATERPILLAR?

YOU DID, PRINCESS. IAGO WAS BORN OF YOUR MOTHER'S EMPTY WORDS AND LIL' SARA'S NEGATIVE FEELINGS. AND I'M A SLUG, NOT A CATERPILLAR, THANK YOU.

...TO FEEL ANGRY.

...OR TO FEEL EATEN.

LET'S ALL TAKE A MOMENT, GET CENTERED, REMEMBER WHY WE'RE HERE, AND WHATEVER YOU FEEL IS... "OKAY".

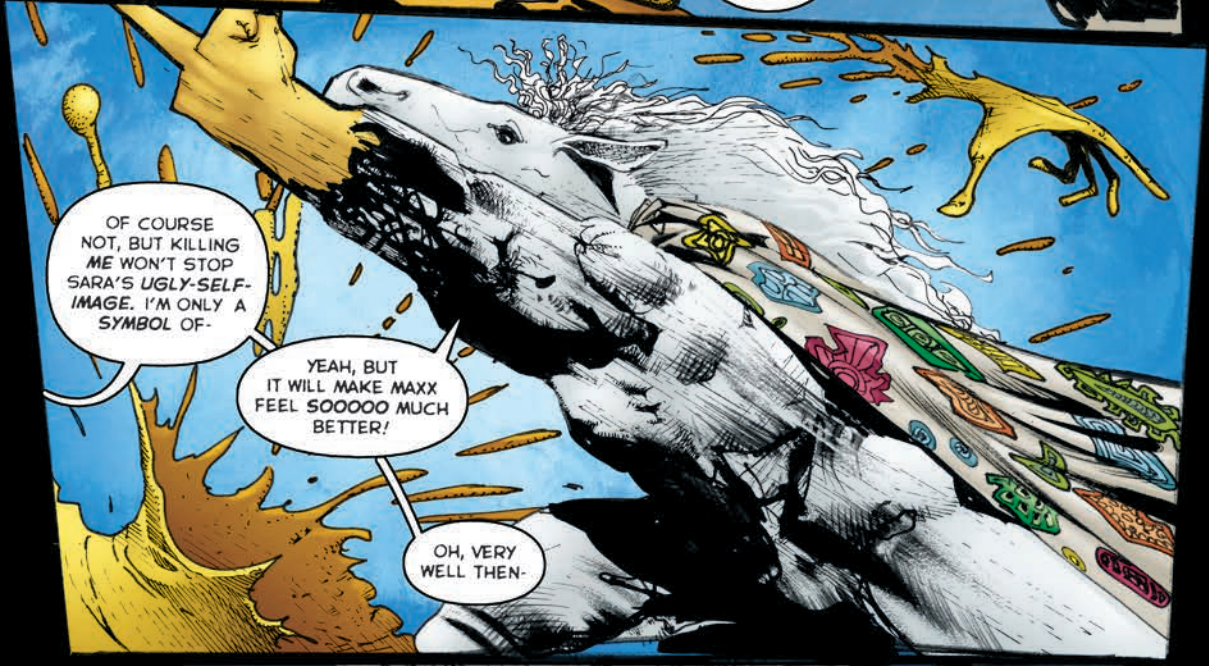
I THINK YOU'RE A VILE, SICK, MISHAPE WHO DESERVES TO DIE!!!

AND THAT'S... "OKAY".



THEN YOU WON'T MIND IF THE MAXX "FEELS" LIKE CUTTING YOU UP...

TO SAVE OUR JULIE!



OF COURSE NOT, BUT KILLING ME WON'T STOP SARA'S UGLY-SELF-IMAGE. I'M ONLY A SYMBOL OF-

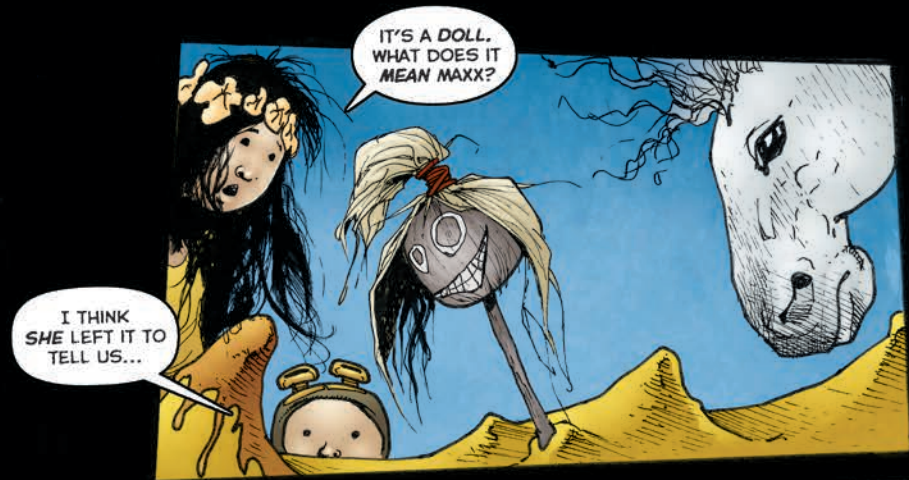
YEAH, BUT IT WILL MAKE MAXX FEEL SOOOOO MUCH BETTER!

OH, VERY WELL THEN-



MAXX-- IS IT HER, THIS "JULIE" PERSON?

HEY MY TONGUE'S FREE! COOOOL!



I THINK SHE LEFT IT TO TELL US...

IT'S A DOLL. WHAT DOES IT MEAN MAXX?

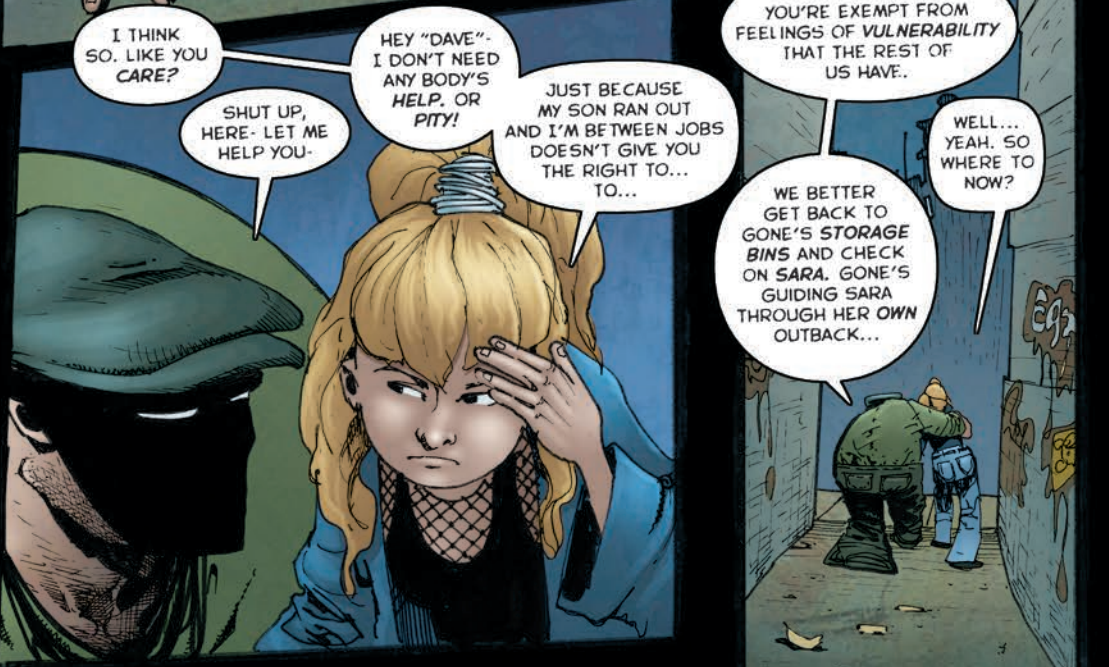


"...SHE GOT BACK HOME OKAY."

DAVE, W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I TOOK A SHOT YOU'D COME BACK TO THE SAME ALLEY HE TOOK YOU IN. ARE YOU OKAY?

WHUMP



I THINK SO. LIKE YOU CARE?

SHUT UP, HERE- LET ME HELP YOU-

HEY "DAVE"- I DON'T NEED ANY BODY'S HELP. OR PITY!

JUST BECAUSE MY SON RAN OUT AND I'M BETWEEN JOBS DOESN'T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TO... TO...

OKAY I GOT IT. YOU'RE EXEMPT FROM FEELINGS OF VULNERABILITY THAT THE REST OF US HAVE.

WELL... YEAH. SO WHERE TO NOW?

WE BETTER GET BACK TO GONE'S STORAGE BINS AND CHECK ON SARA. GONE'S GUIDING SARA THROUGH HER OWN OUTBACK...



"... LOOKING FOR YOU."

MAXX, PRINCESS, WHERE'S JULIE?!

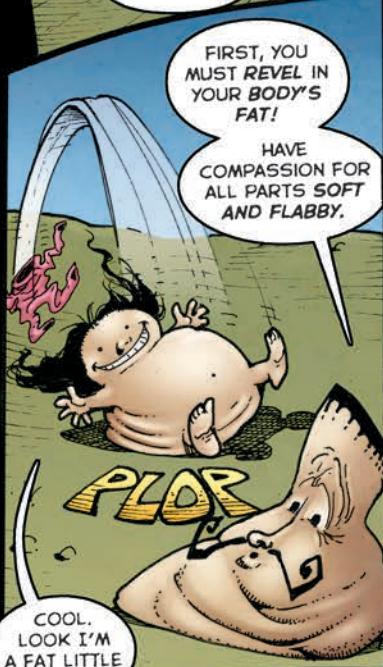
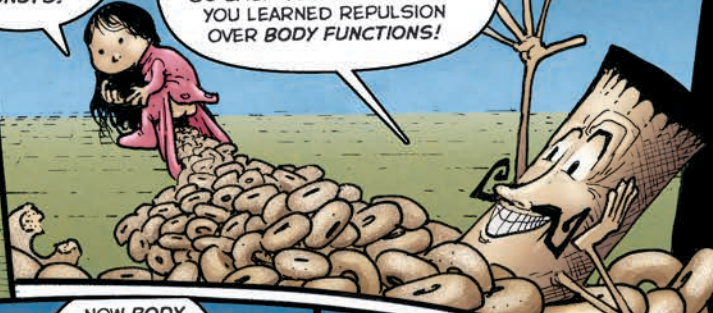
DADDY!! IT'S REALLY YOU THIS TIME! UH... WHY'D I POO POWDERED DONUTS?

'CAUSE LIKE FREUD SAID, A SUCCESSFUL "MOVEMENT" IS A CHILDS FIRST "GIFT" TO HIS PARENT! YOU NEED TO GO BACK TO A TIME BEFORE YOU LEARNED REPULSION OVER BODY FUNCTIONS!



SHOOT! THEY'RE ALL GONE! BUT I STILL HAVEN'T CRIED YET!

UH OH, I THINK I HAD AN "ACCIDENT."



FIRST, YOU MUST REVEL IN YOUR BODY'S FAT!

HAVE COMPASSION FOR ALL PARTS SOFT AND FLABBY.

PLOR

COOL. LOOK I'M A FAT LITTLE BABY.



NOW BODY HAIR! LET IT GROW OUT. EMBRACE IT!

GEE, ISN'T IT KINDA GROSS GROWN OUT?

GROSS IS DISCONNECTING FROM YOUR BODY BY SHAVING OFF PART OF IT!



SO WHAT NOW?

BODY ODORS. YOUR PERSONAL SMELL, EVEN PASSING GAS.

MMMMMM NOT BAD. THAT PART OF ME TOO.

SSSSNIFFFFFFFF



WAIT DON'T TELL ME- FLUIDS RIGHT?? THIS IS MY FAVORITE PART.

UH... YEAH...

SWEAT, NASAL MUCUS, URINE, WHY EVEN... TEARS.

GREAT- I LOVE WATER, EVEN PEE-PEE!



SO WHAT'S LEFT?

WELL, YOUR REMAINS, BUT I THINK WE'VE COVERED THAT WITH "THE DONUTS". THANKFULLY.

WHEW, THANKFULLY! IT KINDA GOES AGAINST ALL MY INSTINCTS TO REVEL IN MY REMAINS.

NO KIDDING.



FAT-ASS DUMB MORON UGLY JERK STUPID GEEK FOOLISH DUMSY

WHAT'S HAPPENING? I FEEL LIGHTER.

I'LL SHOW YOU. FOLLOW ME.

MORON UGLY JERK
STUPID GEEK
FOOLISH CLUMSY

YOU'VE RECONNECTED WITH YOUR TRUE SELF, AND ARE FLOATING TOWARD ANOTHER STATE OF AWARENESS.

BUT I CAN'T GET AIR-BORNE. WHAT'S HOLDING ME DOWN?



YOU'RE STILL TOO HEAVY.



THERE'S SOMETHING INSIDE YOU HAVEN'T LET GO OF.



TEARS OF COMPASSION MUST BE SPILLED FOR SOMEONE.

BUT NO ONE'S LEFT! OH... IT'S YOU! I NEED TO CRY FOR YOU, DADDY.



NO. ENOUGH TEARS HAVE BEEN SHED BECAUSE OF ME, SARA.



IT'S YOU, STUPID. YOU MUST CRY, OR YOUR INSIDES WILL DRY UP!

ME?

