

THIS ISN'T WHAT I HAD IN MIND.

FELL DOWN THE STAIRS, MY ASS.

**BEEP  
BEEP  
BEEP**



FELL DOWN THE STAIRS, MY ASS.

**BEEP  
BEEP  
BEEP**



FELL. DOWN. THE. STAIRS. MY. ASS.

**BEEP  
BEEP  
BEEP**



I STOPPED TAKING THE PILLS. THEY GOT ME IN ENOUGH TROUBLE ALREADY.

GENERAL MAYHEM'S PUBLIC PIZZA EMPORIUM.



LOOK, DAD! A BEAR! A BEAR, DAD! LOOK!

WHO'S FASTER? SUPERMAN OR THE FLASH?

UH--I DUNNO. I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD. CAN WE GO?

DAD? WHAT DO YOU THINK?

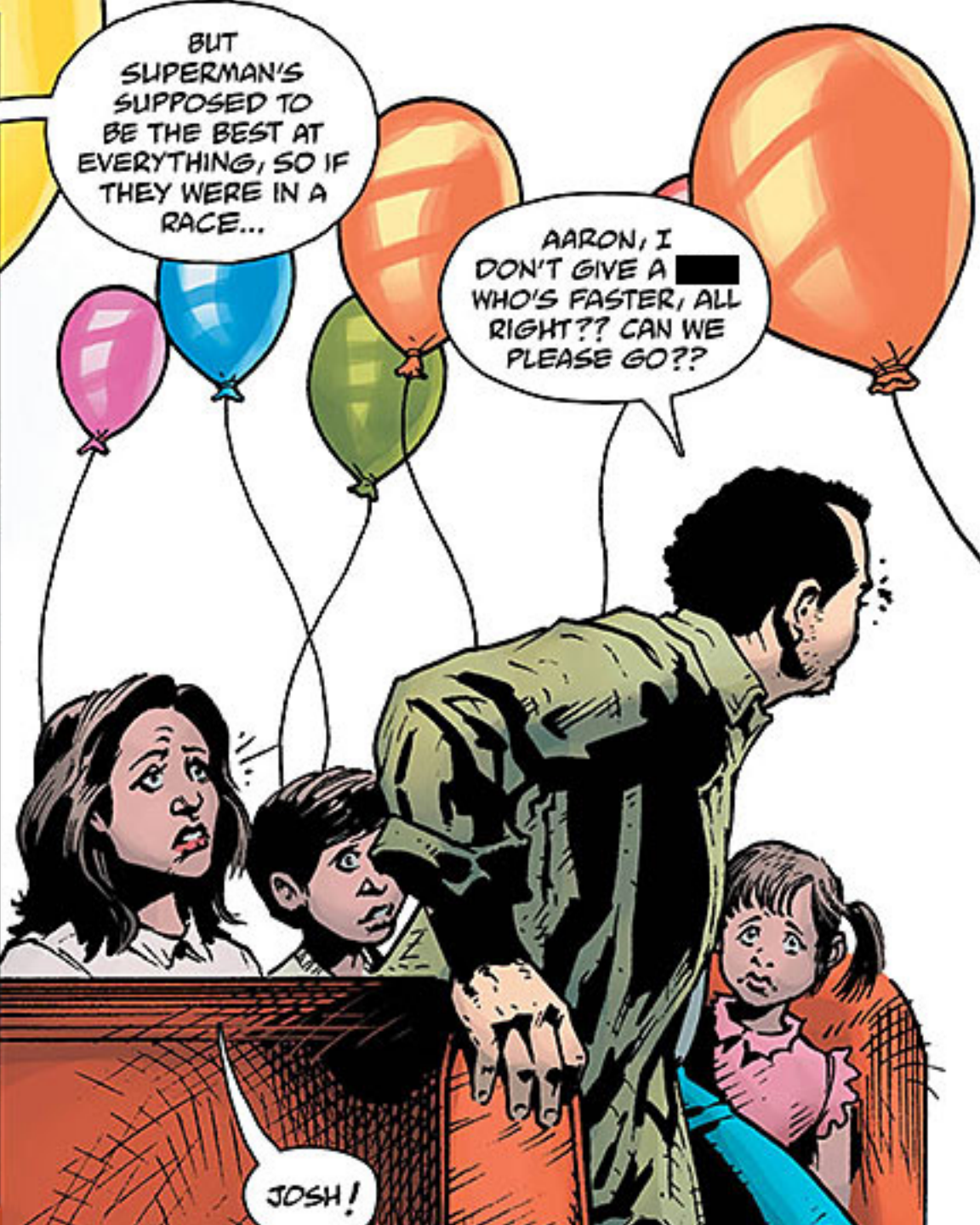
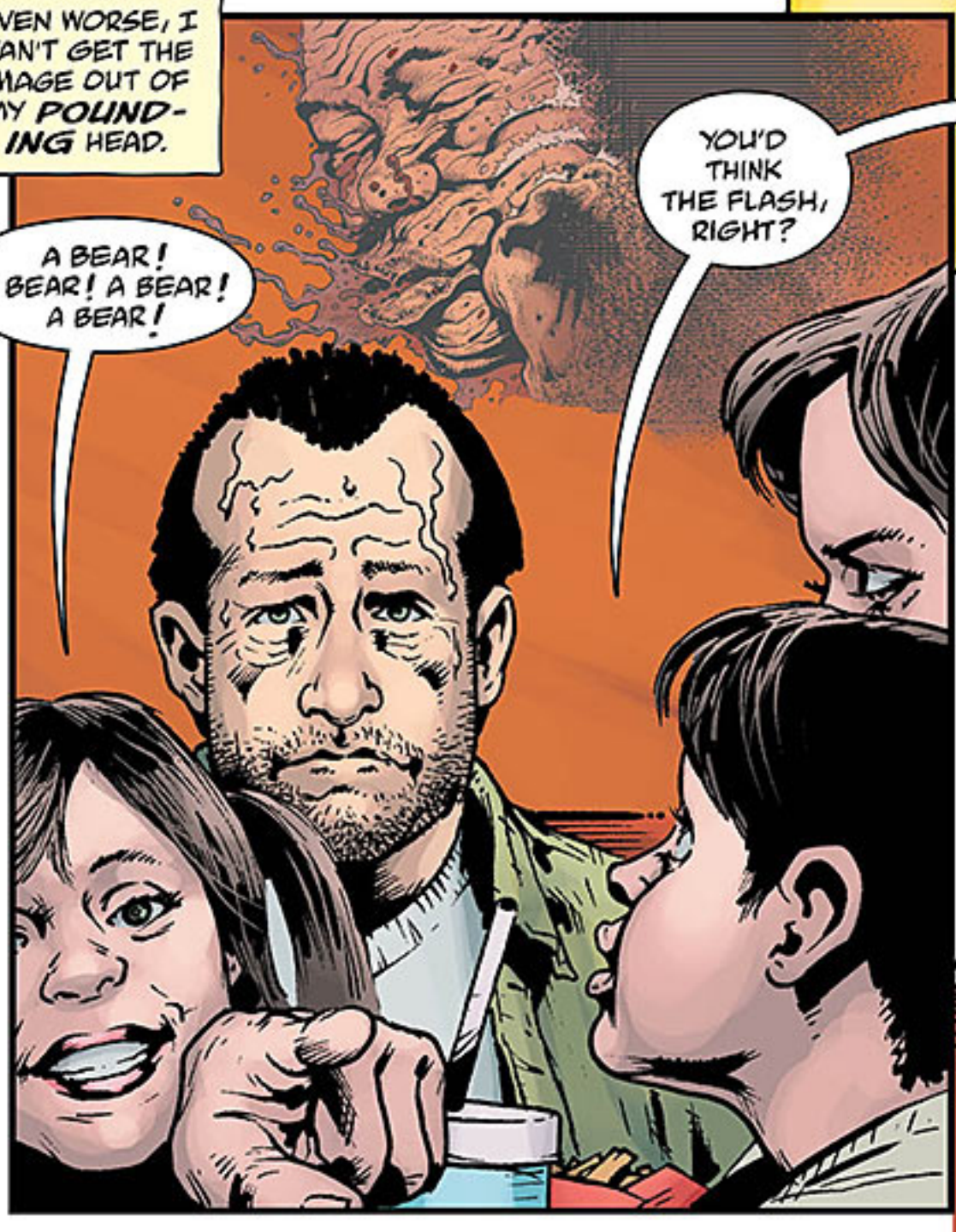
EVEN WORSE, I CAN'T GET THE IMAGE OUT OF MY POUNDING HEAD.

A BEAR! A BEAR! A BEAR! A BEAR!

YOU'D THINK THE FLASH, RIGHT?

BUT SUPERMAN'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE BEST AT EVERYTHING, SO IF THEY WERE IN A RACE...

AARON, I DON'T GIVE A WHO'S FASTER, ALL RIGHT?? CAN WE PLEASE GO??



JOSH!



# Jacked

## Part III: Chasing the Dragon

Written by  
**Eric Kripke**  
Art by  
**John Higgins**  
Color by  
**SotoColor**

Special  
Thanks to  
**Sally  
Jane  
Hurst**  
for Art  
Assistance

Cover by  
**Glenn Fabry  
and Ryan Brown**

Lettered by  
**Clem  
Robins**

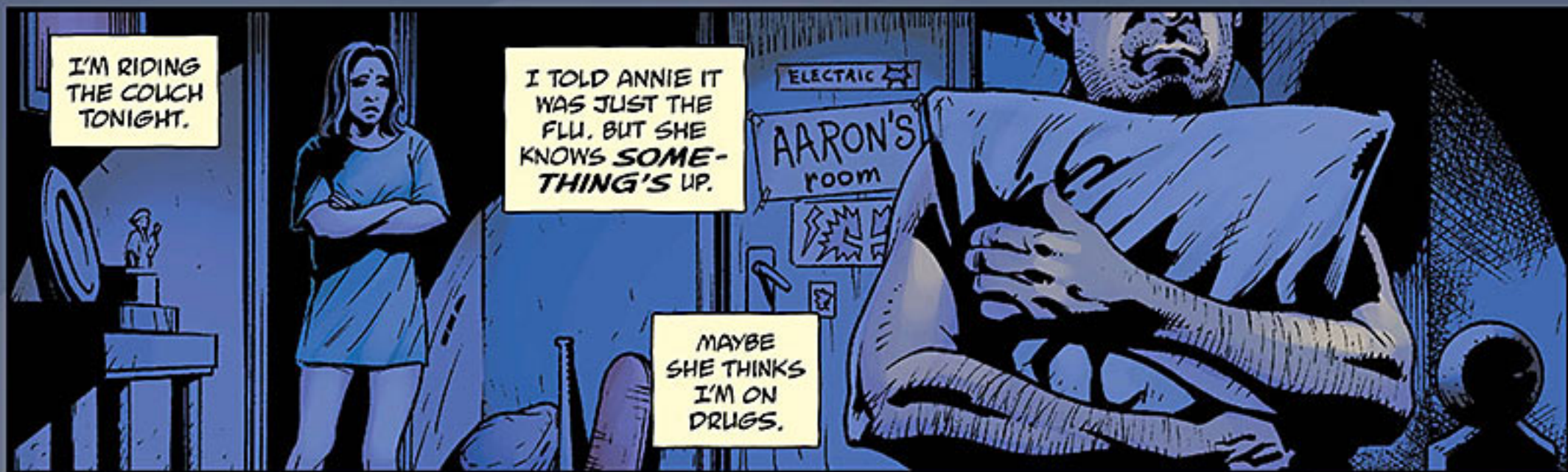
Edited  
by **Ellie  
Pyle**

Executive Editor  
**Shelly Bond**



THAT'S RIGHT.  
I JUST VUKED  
ON A GUY IN  
A BEAR SUIT.





I'M RIDING THE COUCH TONIGHT.

I TOLD ANNIE IT WAS JUST THE FLU, BUT SHE KNOWS **SOME-THING'S UP.**

MAYBE SHE THINKS I'M ON DRUGS.



SHE'D BE RIGHT.

YES, I STARTED TAKING THEM AGAIN, OKAY? THAT WITHDRAWAL HURT. AND YOU FOR JUDGING ME.

LEAST I'M NOT HALLUCINATING ANYMORE.

HEY, JOSH?

THEN AGAIN...



YOU REALIZE THIS IS GETTING OUT OF HAND, RIGHT? YOU NEED TO TALK TO SOMEONE ABOUT ALL THIS. SOMEONE YOU CAN TRUST.

ANNIE WILL FREAK OUT, AND FLUSH THE PILLS DOWN THE TOILET.

I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT ANNIE.

THEN WHO?

GO SEE YOUR BROTHER...



"...HE'LL UNDERSTAND."

SO, BRIAN, I'M KINDA HAVING A WEIRD REACTION TO THESE PILLS...

HOLY

