



Boston, Massachusetts.
Today.

YOU WROTE A
STRIP BAR
OFF ON YOUR
TAXES?

THINK SHE
MIGHT HAVE
THE FLU.

HE'S
COMING OVER
TONIGHT. I THINK
WE'RE GONNA,
YOU KNOW...

OH.
⇒SNIFF-SNIFF⇐
EVERYTHING IS
SO HUNGRY.

I
SUPPOSE
THAT IS AN
ENTERTAINMENT
EXPENSE.

HE
SNUCK INTO
THAT HOTEL
POOL LAST
NIGHT. SKINNY-
DIPPING.
NO WONDER
SHE'S SICK.

HIM?
NO! WE
BROKE
UP.







NOW THEN, I BROUGHT YOU A *BELT*, YOU LUCKY MAN.

WHY WOULD I NEED A BELT?



TAKE A LOOK. ONE AND ONE QUARTER INCH IN WIDTH. FORTY-FOUR INCHES LONG. IT'S *REAL* LEATHER.

IT'S *ITALIAN* LEATHER.



YOUR NECK GOES RIGHT THROUGH THERE.

MY HEAD DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT.

GIVE IT A MOMENT, LOVE, AND IT WILL.



I'LL GIVE YOU A BOOST.



OH, LOOK AT YOUR LITTLE LEGS *KICKING!* IT'S LIKE YOU'RE *SWIMMING!*

DO YOU LIKE SWIMMING?



HMM. *PASSED AWAY*, HAVE YOU? THAT'S OKAY. YOU SEE, I'M *HUNGRY*.

EVERYTHING IS SO *HUNGRY*.