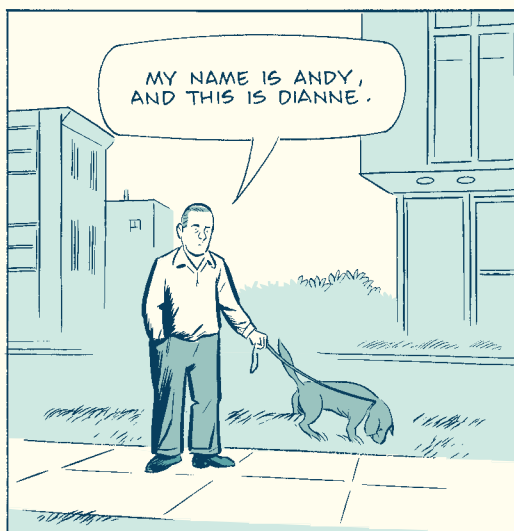
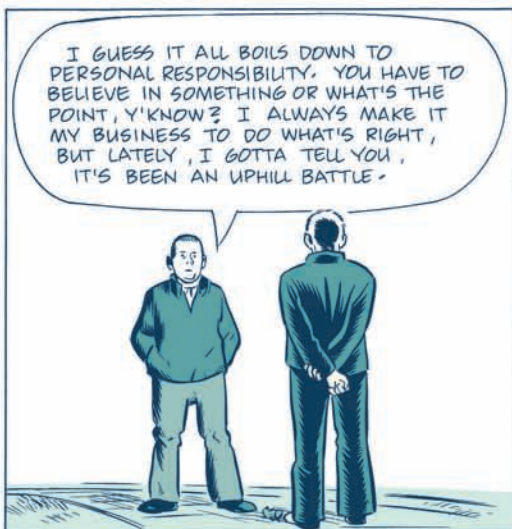
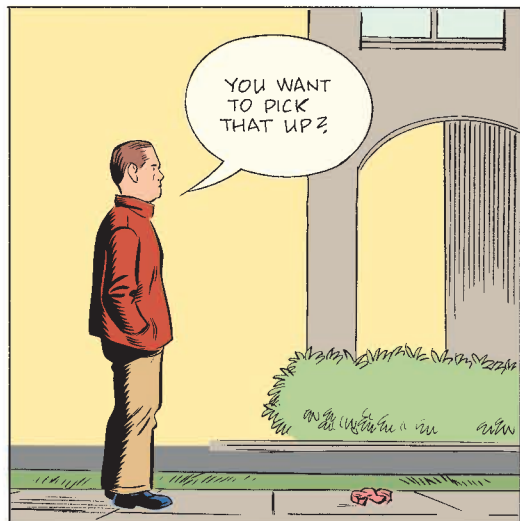
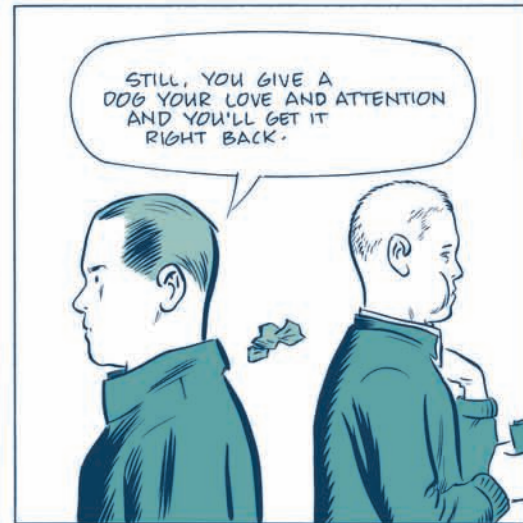
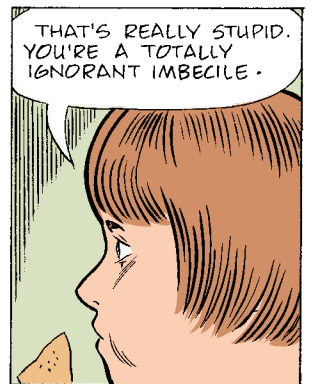
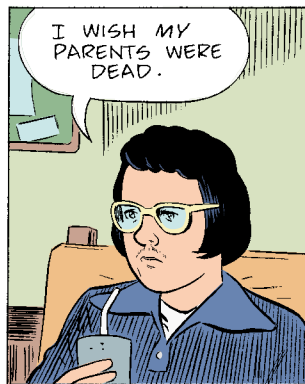
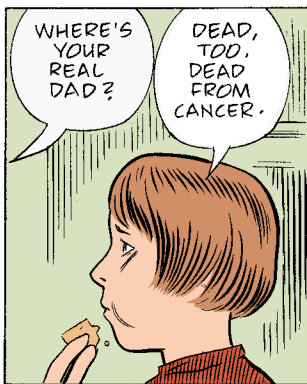
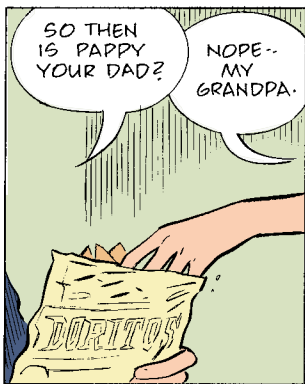
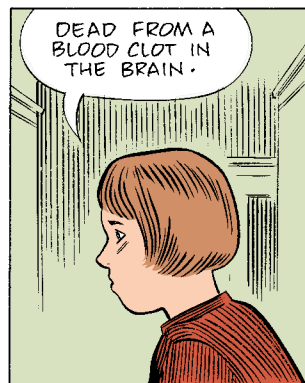
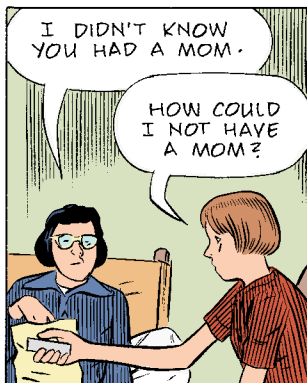
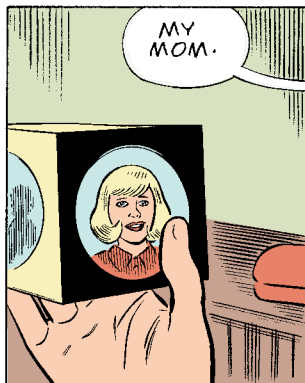
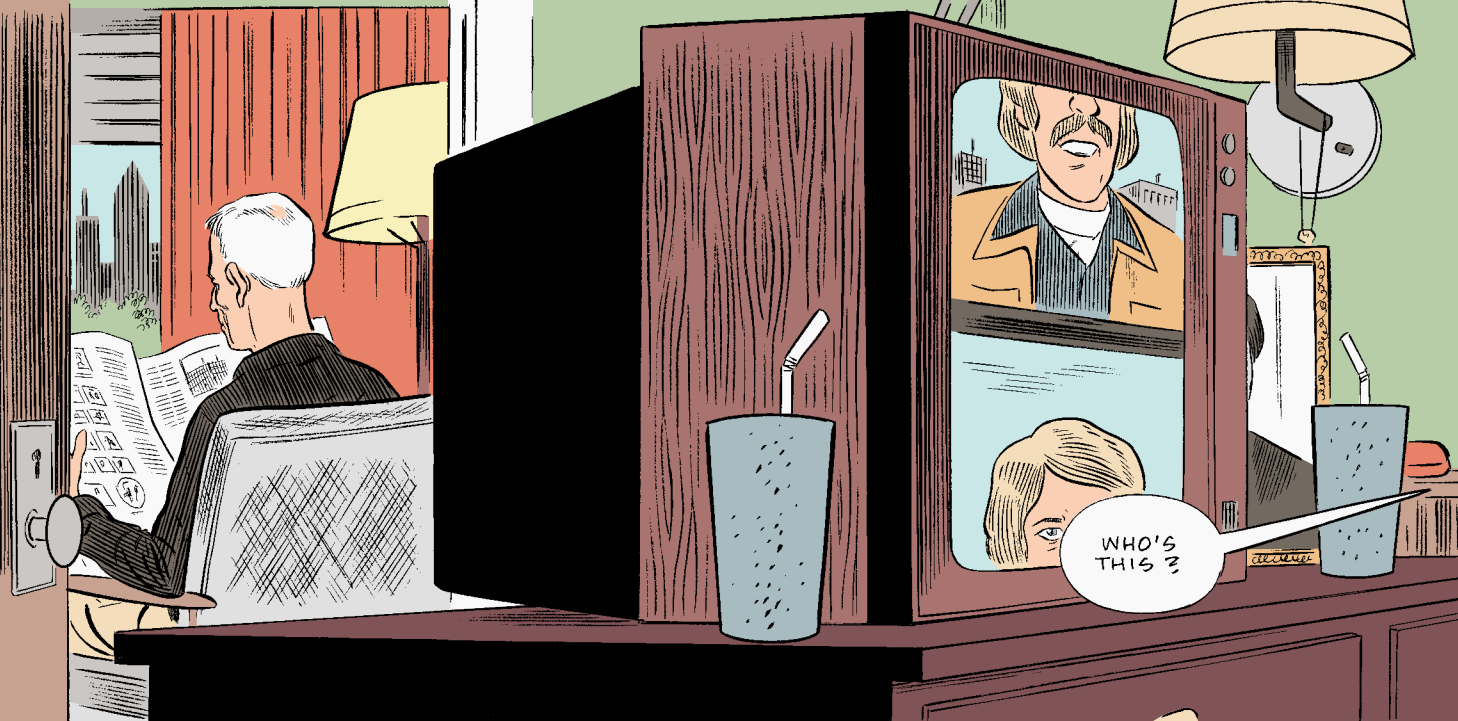


ANDY 2004



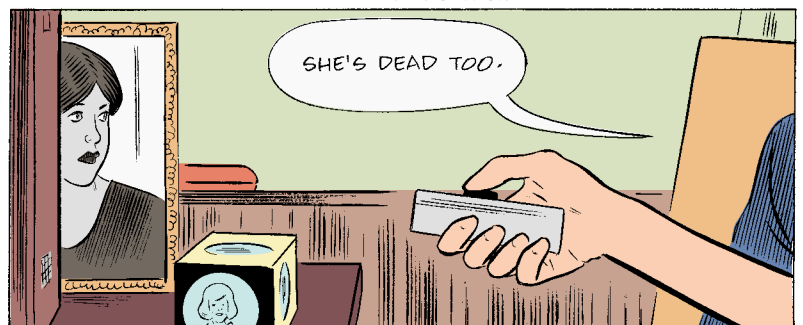
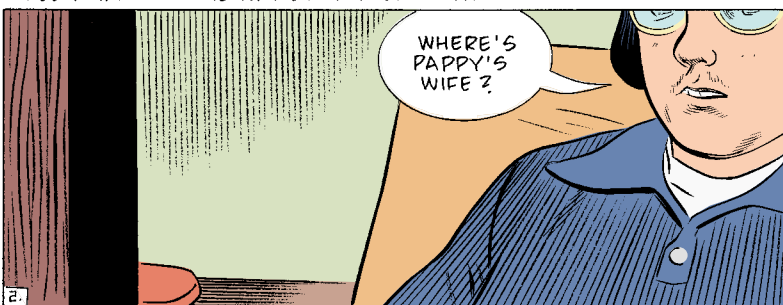


THE ORIGIN OF

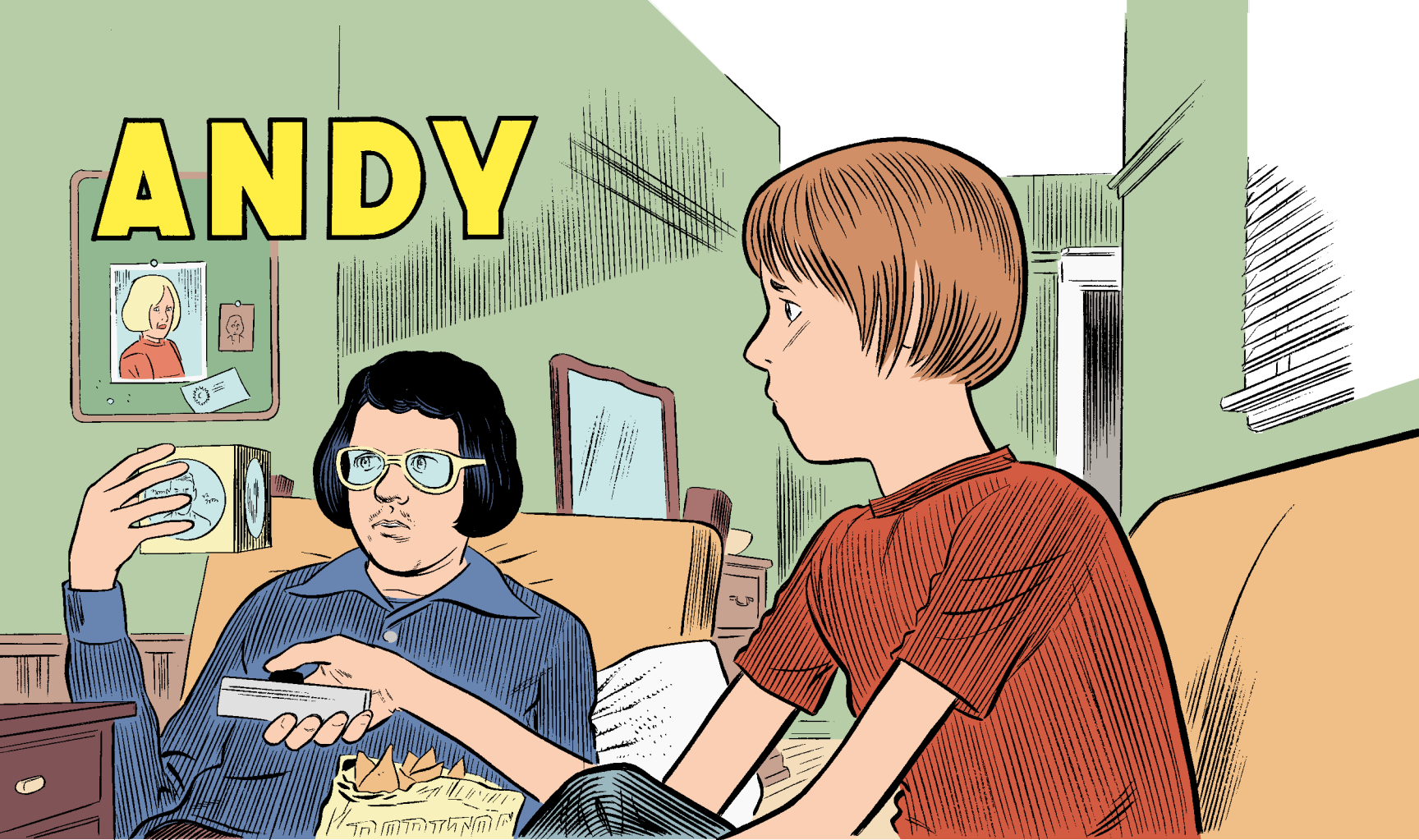


MY DAD WAS A FAMOUS SCIENTIST. HE USED TO WORK AT A LAB IN TENNESSEE. HE MET MY MOM WHILE SHE WAS WORKING AT A RESTAURANT. SHE WAS ONLY TWENTY-TWO WHEN SHE DIED.

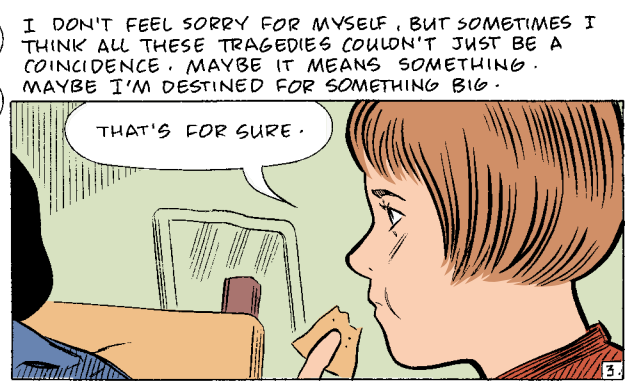
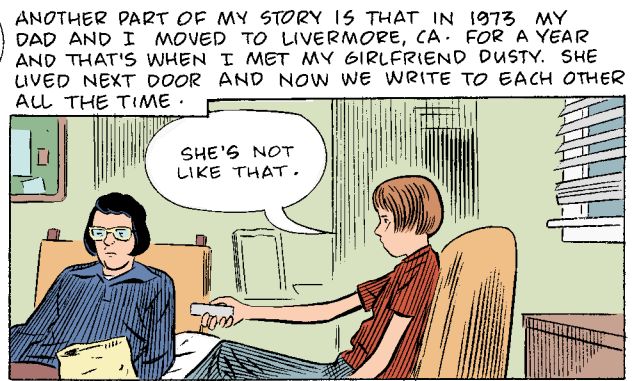
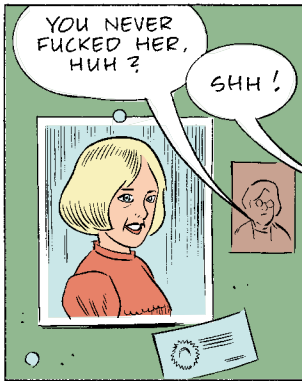
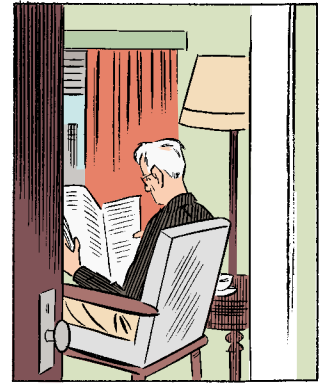
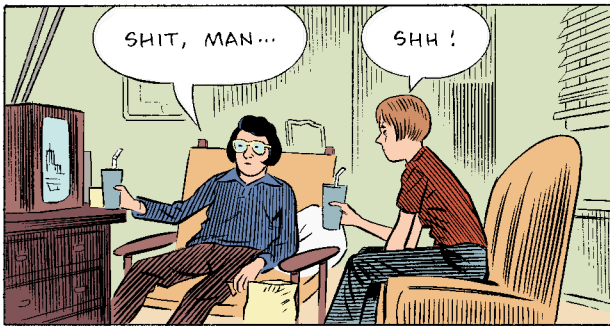
SO THEN MY DAD AND I CAME HERE TO LIVE WITH MY GRANDPARENTS, AND AFTER HE DIED THEY RAISED ME AS THEIR OWN.



ANDY



AND THEN MY GRANDMOTHER DIED, SO NOW IT'S JUST ME AND PAPPY.



WHAT
DO YOU
THINK OF
ANDY?

WHICH
ANDY?

I DON'T KNOW
HIM AT ALL.

I'VE HEARD A LOT
OF WEIRD STUFF ABOUT
THAT GUY. YOU
MEAN SKINNY ANDY,
RIGHT?

I WANT HIM TO
FUCK ME. JUST
KIDDING.

I THINK I HAD HIM IN
ONE CLASS BUT HE NEVER
SAYS ANYTHING.

FAGGOT.

HE THINKS HE'S BETTER
THAN EVERYBODY, BUT
HE'S DEFINITELY NOT.

HE'S NOTHING.

DOES HE EVEN
GO TO THIS SCHOOL
ANYMORE?

WHO CARES?
NO OPINION.

THANK
YOU.

LOUIE
AT
HOME

WHAT IS
THIS
SHIT?

LOUIE!

WHAT? ALL
I'M SAYING
IS IT TASTES
LIKE SHIT.

YOU NEED TO
SHOW SOME RESPECT
FOR YOUR MOTHER.

WHO ASKED
YOU? JUST
BECAUSE YOU'RE
FUCKING MY
SISTER
DOESN'T--

MOM!

LOUIE!

LOUIE, C.J. IS THERESA'S
GUEST AND I WANT
YOU TO--

JESUS CHRIST, MOM!
OPEN YOUR EYES!

HE'S ALL
STRUNG
OUT! DON'T
YOU KNOW
WHAT HE'S
DOING UP
THERE?

LOOK, WHY DON'T
YOU STAY
OUT OF
MY
BUSINESS?

WHAT
BUSINESS?
DRUG
DEALING?

DON'T
PUSH IT,
LOUIE.

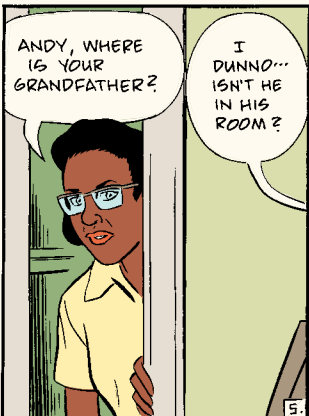
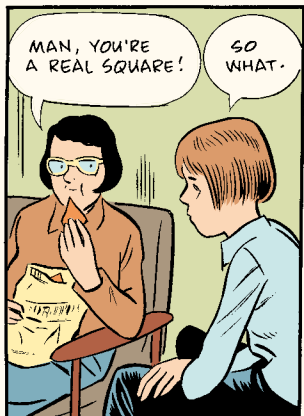
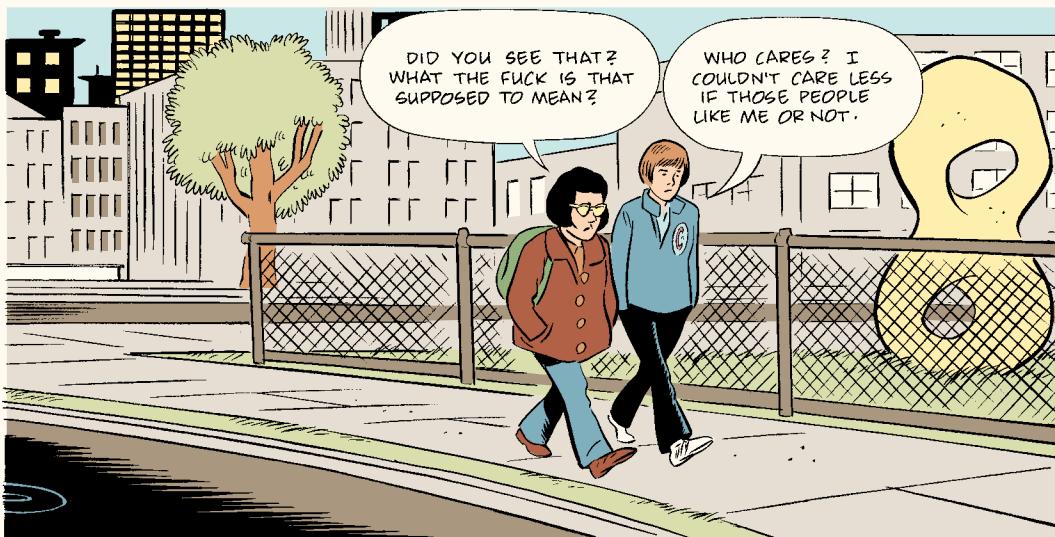
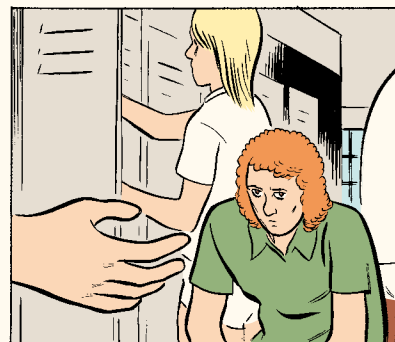
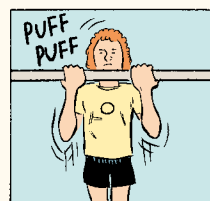
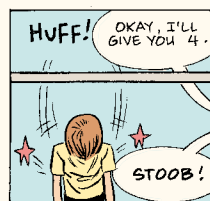
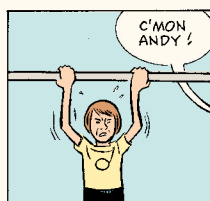
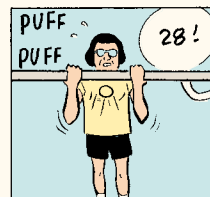
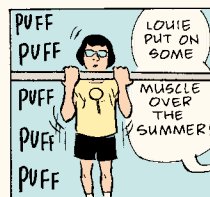
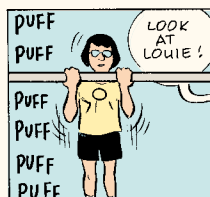
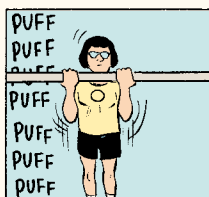
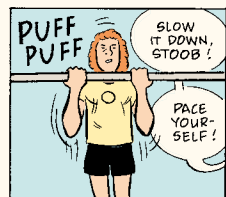
MOM.

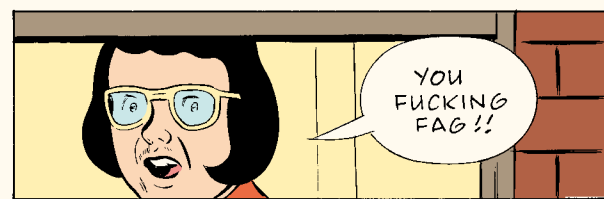
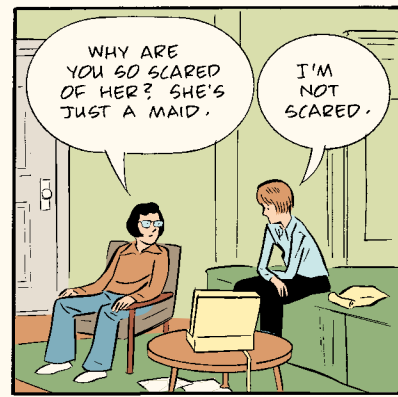
OH,
I'M SO
SCARED!

MAYBE
YOU
SHOULD BE.

JESUS, LOUIE--
WHY DO YOU
ALWAYS HAVE TO
BE SUCH AN
ASSHOLE?

ANDY'S WORLD





Dear Dusty

I'm sorry I haven't written in so long. I've been hanging out with my friend Lowie a lot. He's a pretty cool kid. His dad used to be a reporter for the Channel Nine news but he became a drunk and now he's in Arizona.

I guess I don't have a lot in common with most other kids. I don't really like rock music or a lot of TV shows. Lowie listens to Punk rock which I hated at first until he explained it to me. I'm more into old music, I guess.

It's my opinion that most people don't really care about music anyway, that they just want to be part of "the cool crowd," which is okay, I guess. My trouble is I can never really find a group I want to join. Lowie's Italian and a Catholic, which he says sucks but at least it's something. I'm not even sure what my family is. Plain American, I guess. Maybe I should listen to the national anthem or something.

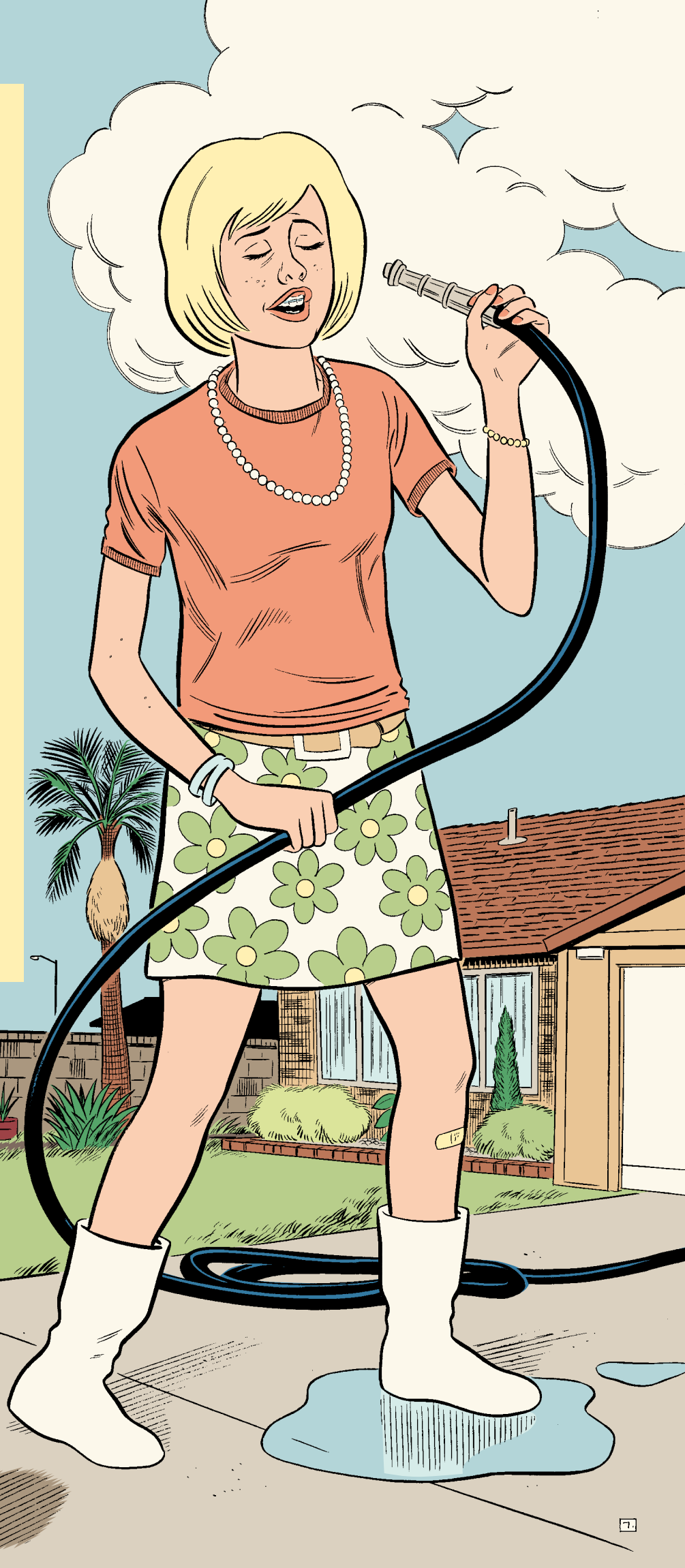
I love you so much. Why are we so far apart? I saw "Rocky" finally, which was good like you said. I went with Lowie and his mom. Don't worry, I haven't been going on any dates!

I still think about that year in Livermore and all the stuff we used to do. Don't you think it's weird how you never hear that song on the radio any more? I guess that's just the way it is.

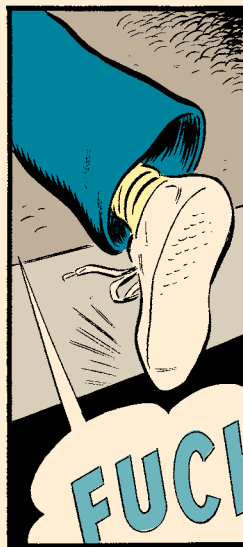
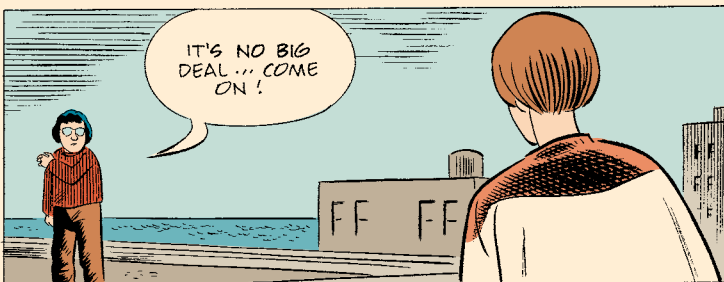
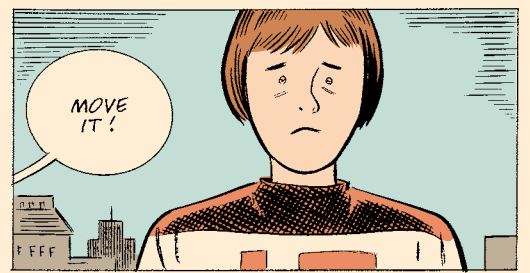
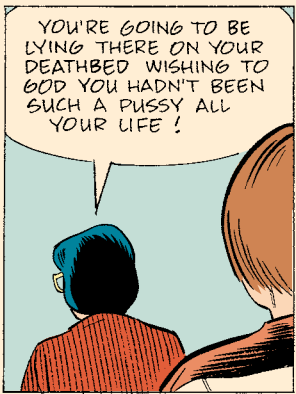
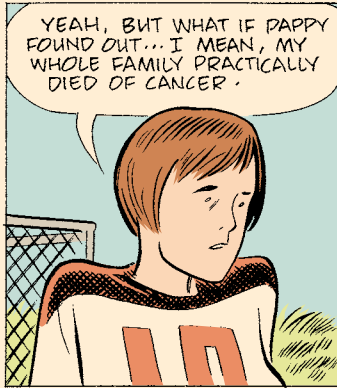
Anyway, I hope you write me soon and tell me what you are up to.

Your boyfriend,

andy



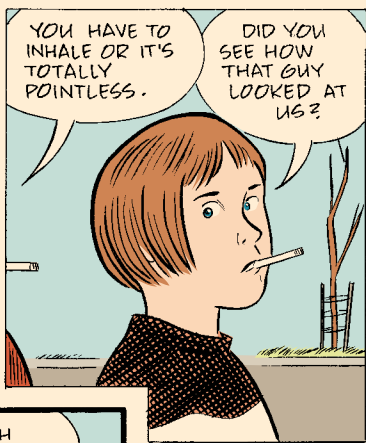
CIGARETTE?





THIS IS REALLY YOUR FIRST TIME, HUH?

PRETTY MUCH, I GUESS.



YOU HAVE TO INHALE OR IT'S TOTALLY POINTLESS.

DID YOU SEE HOW THAT GUY LOOKED AT US?

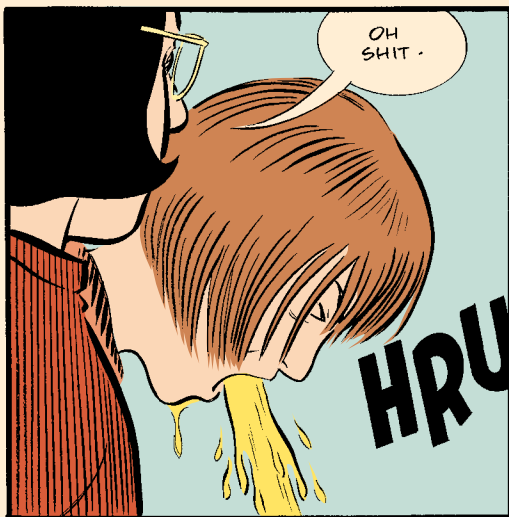


YEAH, THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF IT, IT TURNS YOU INTO A WHOLE DIFFERENT PERSON.

OH JESUS

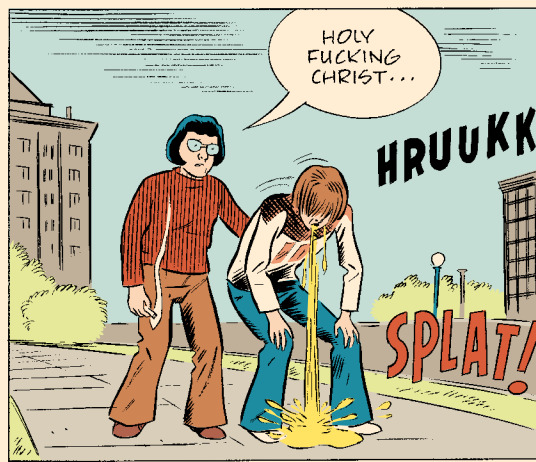


HEY ...



OH SHIT.

HRU



HOLY FUCKING CHRIST...

HRUUKK

SPLAT!

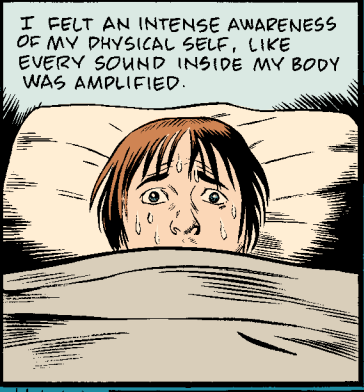


JESUS, ANDY...

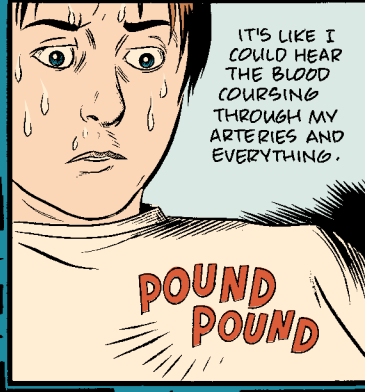
HRUUHH HKK

INCREDIBLE

I WOKE UP AT 5 AM, GROGGY, BUT FILLED WITH SUPERHUMAN ENERGY.

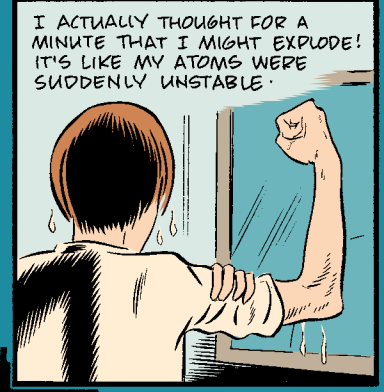


I FELT AN INTENSE AWARENESS OF MY PHYSICAL SELF, LIKE EVERY SOUND INSIDE MY BODY WAS AMPLIFIED.

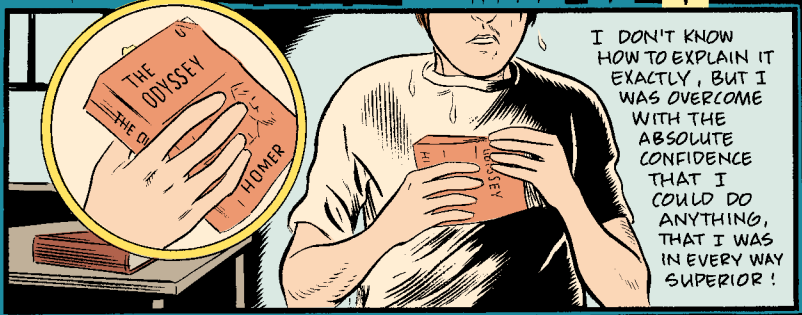


IT'S LIKE I COULD HEAR THE BLOOD COURSE THROUGH MY ARTERIES AND EVERYTHING.

POUND POUND



I ACTUALLY THOUGHT FOR A MINUTE THAT I MIGHT EXPLODE! IT'S LIKE MY ATOMS WERE SUDDENLY UNSTABLE.

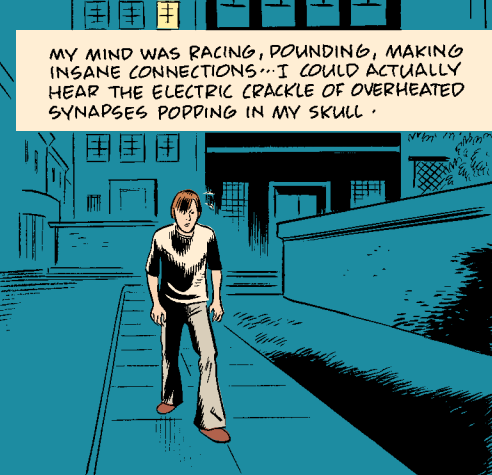


I DON'T KNOW HOW TO EXPLAIN IT EXACTLY, BUT I WAS OVERCOME WITH THE ABSOLUTE CONFIDENCE THAT I COULD DO ANYTHING, THAT I WAS IN EVERY WAY SUPERIOR!

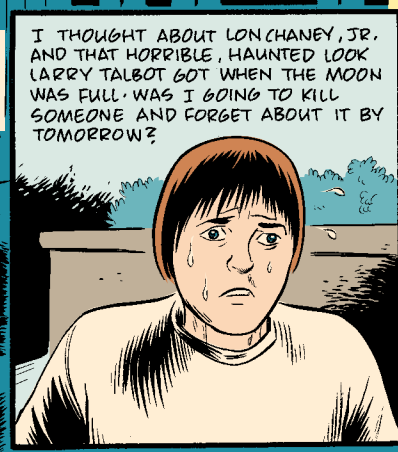


IT'S LIKE IN A DREAM WHERE YOU START FLYING, OR BREATHING UNDER WATER--YOU KNOW IT'S NOT POSSIBLE, BUT IT FEELS SO NATURAL...

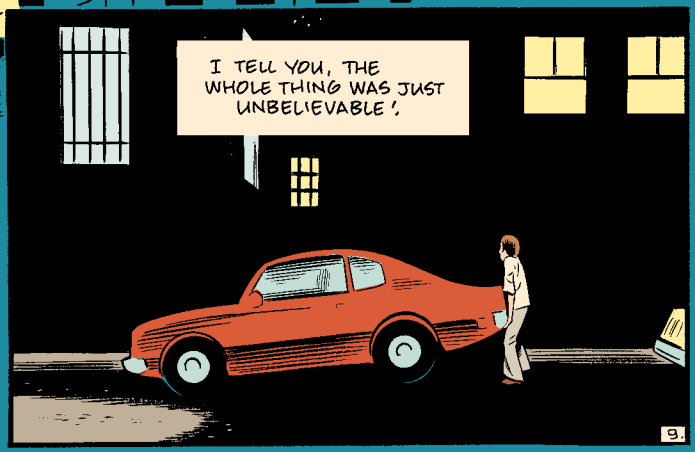
RIIIPPP



MY MIND WAS RACING, POUNDING, MAKING INSANE CONNECTIONS--I COULD ACTUALLY HEAR THE ELECTRIC CRACKLE OF OVERHEATED SYNAPSES POPPING IN MY SKULL.

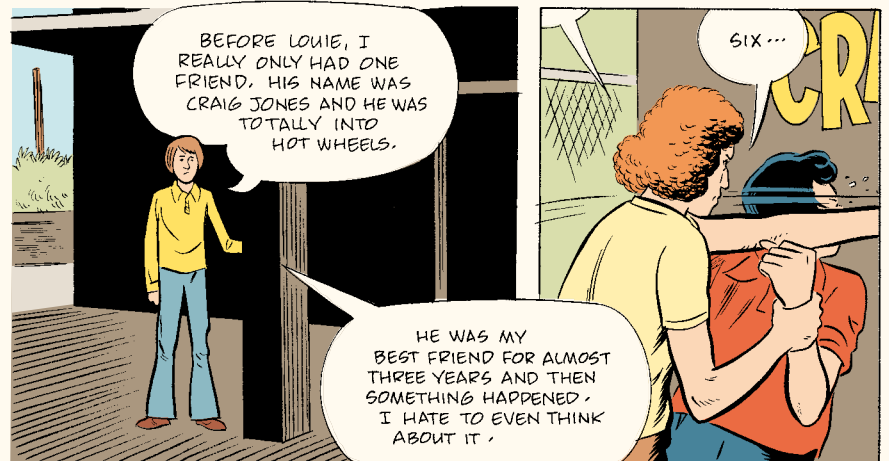
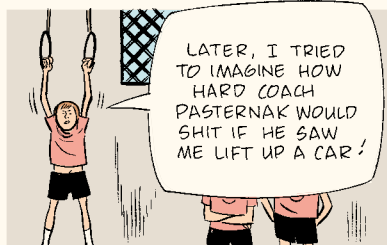
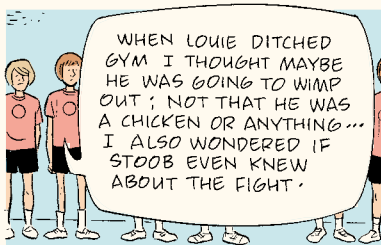
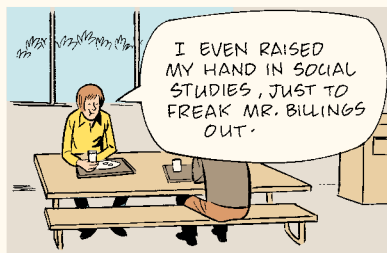
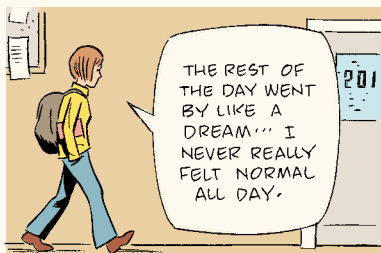
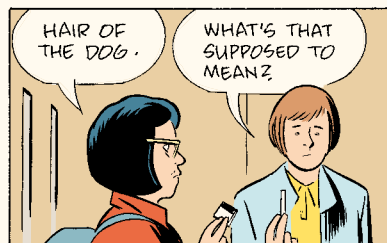
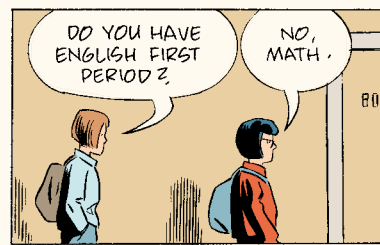
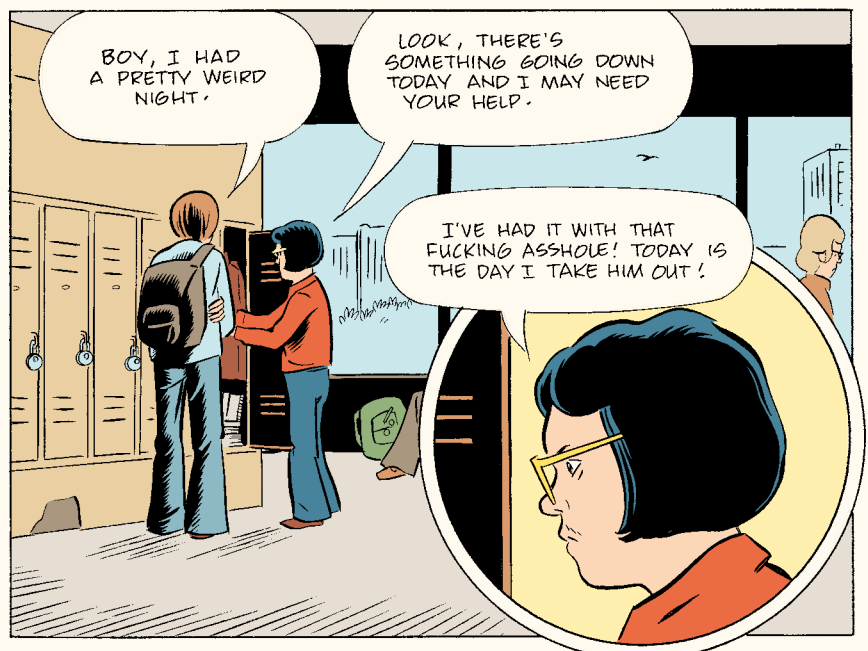
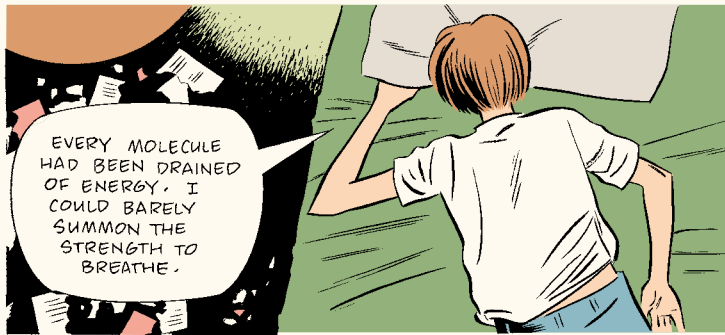


I THOUGHT ABOUT LON CHANEY, JR. AND THAT HORRIBLE, HAUNTED LOOK LARRY TALBOT GOT WHEN THE MOON WAS FULL. WAS I GOING TO KILL SOMEONE AND FORGET ABOUT IT BY TOMORROW?



I TELL YOU, THE WHOLE THING WAS JUST UNBELIEVABLE.

THE NEXT DAY

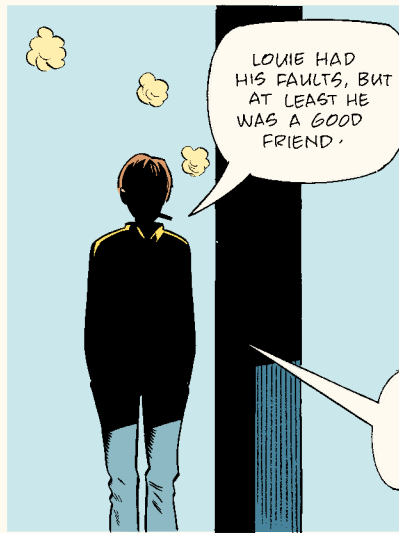




AFTER THAT, I WAS VERY CAREFUL ABOUT MAKING FRIENDS. MOST PEOPLE DON'T TAKE FRIENDSHIP VERY SERIOUSLY AND IT'S ALL TOO EASY TO GET HURT.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW SOME PEOPLE CAN HAVE LIKE TEN OR TWENTY "CLOSE FRIENDS." ARE THEY REALLY FRIENDS? IT JUST SEEMS SO SHALLOW.

APOLOGIZE!

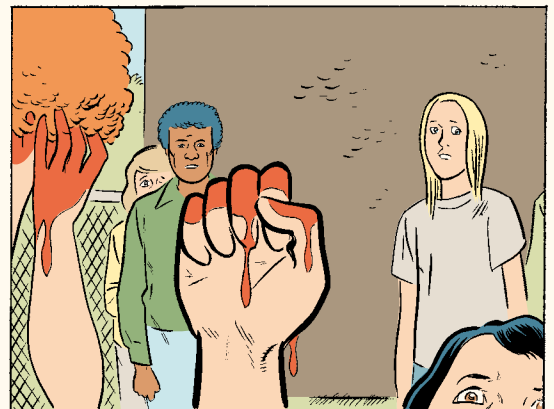
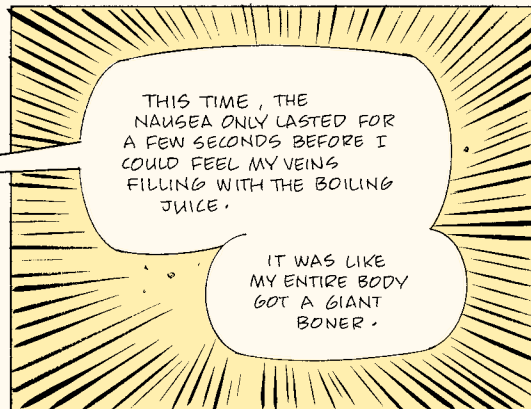


CRACK

APOLOGIZE TO ME!

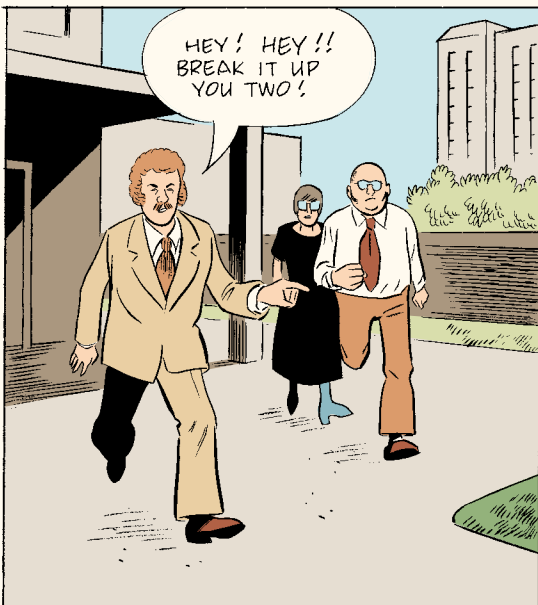
LOUIE HAD HIS FAULTS, BUT AT LEAST HE WAS A GOOD FRIEND.

THAT'S A VERY RARE THING IN THIS WORLD.



THIS TIME, THE NAUSEA ONLY LASTED FOR A FEW SECONDS BEFORE I COULD FEEL MY VEINS FILLING WITH THE BOILING JUICE.

IT WAS LIKE MY ENTIRE BODY GOT A GIANT BONER.



HEY! HEY!!
BREAK IT UP
YOU TWO!

JESUS, ANDY...
IS THAT YOU?

AND I FELT AMAZINGLY GREAT UNTIL MY BRAIN KIND OF OVER-LOADED AND EVERYTHING JUST SORT OF SHORT-CIRCUITED AND IT ALL JUST SHUT DOWN.

FUCK ME,
ANDY!

THE

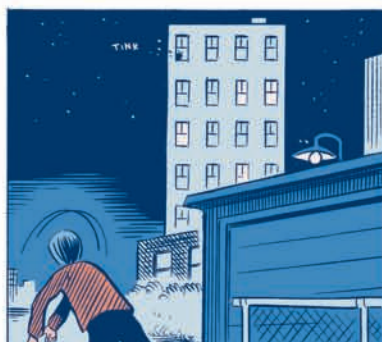
YEAH, BABY--
THAT'S IT!



SO HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED :
I GOT A TERRIBLE HEADACHE
AND MISSED THE NEXT TWO
WEEKS OF SCHOOL, AND
THEN IT WAS SPRING VACATION.
LOUIE WENT TO NEW YORK
TO VISIT HIS LEZZIE
SISTER AND SO I SPENT
THE WHOLE TIME PRETTY
MUCH ALONE.



DURING THE WEEK
OFF I STARTED TO
EXPERIMENT WITH THE
CIGARETTES, TAKING A
FEW LITTLE PUFFS AT
A TIME. I GOT
SO I COULD MAINTAIN
A LOW LEVEL OF THE
ENERGY WITHOUT
GETTING MUCH OF A
HEADACHE AT ALL.



ORIGIN



AFTER A FEW DAYS
I GOT SO COCKY I
EVEN WALKED OVER TO
63RD STREET ON A
FRIDAY NIGHT. IT'S
LIKE I WAS TOTALLY
CONFIDENT I COULDN'T
BE HURT. I FELT
LIKE I COULD DEFLECT
A BULLET, EVEN.



SAY,
BOY...

YOU GOT
ANOTHER
CIGARETTE,
BOY?



ANDY?

LORD A'MIGHTY, ANDY,
ARE YOU CRAZY?! YOU
CAN'T BE WALKING OVER
HERE AT NIGHT!



I SAW WHAT YOU
DID! WHY ARE YOU
ACTING UP ON ME,
ANDY?



YOU ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD BOY,
ANDY-- WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?



I SWEAR YOU'RE GONNA PUT
YOUR GRANDPAPPY IN AN
EARLY GRAVE!

OH ANDY,
YOU FUCK
ME SO
GOOD!



OF



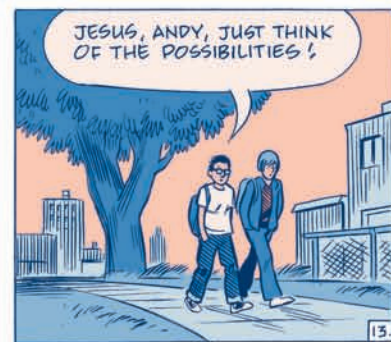
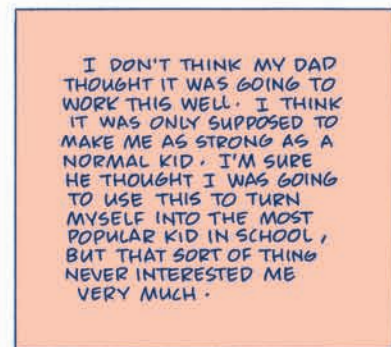
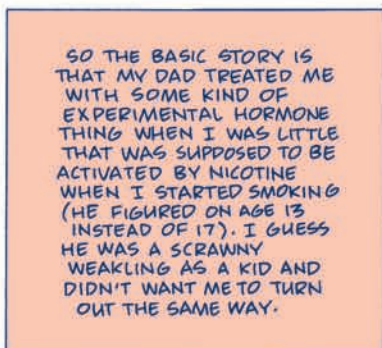
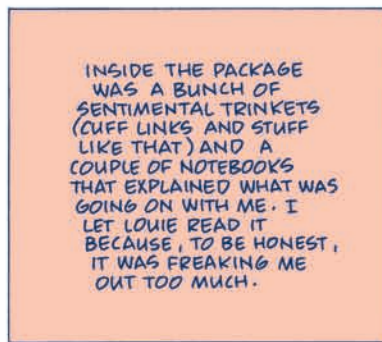
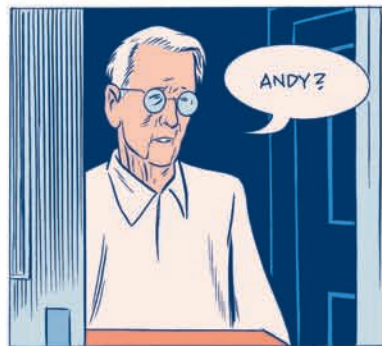
I'M IN BIG
TROUBLE...

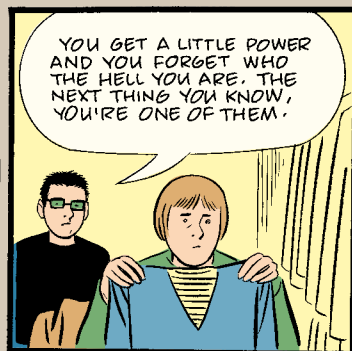
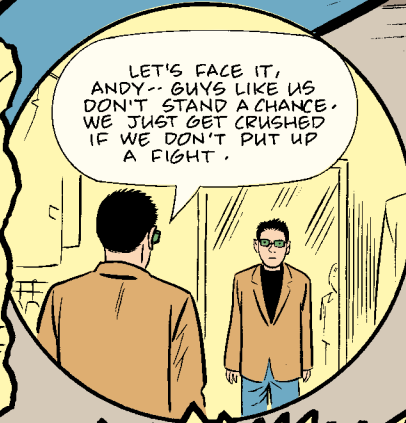
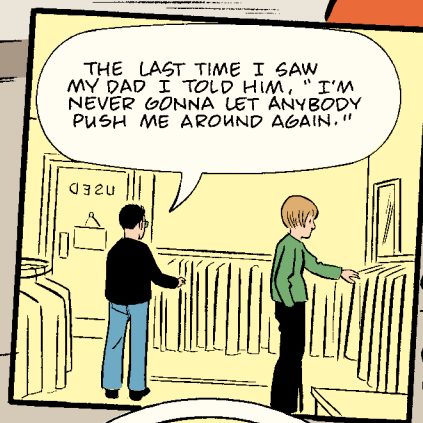
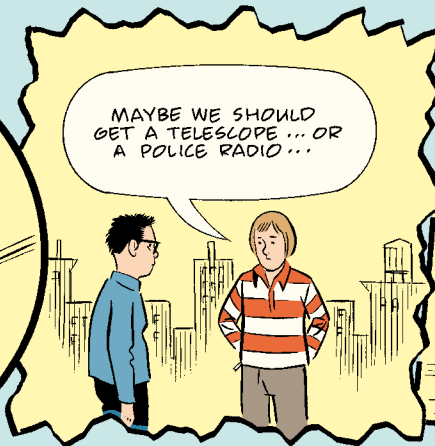


I'LL TELL YOU LATER--
I CAN'T TALK...

WHEN DID YOU
GET BACK,
ANYWAY?

REALLY?
WHAT?







BAF!

YOU THINK YOU UNDER-
STAND ME, BUT YOU DON'T.
JUST WHEN YOU THINK YOU
GOT ME ALL FIGURED OUT
I'LL SURPRISE YOU. I'M A
VERY COMPLICATED PERSON,
ANDY.

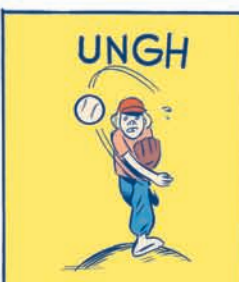
IT MUST BE
NICE TO HAVE A
MAID TO CLEAN
UP YOUR SHIT.

SHE'S NOT A MAID.
SHE DOESN'T HARDLY
EVEN COME IN HERE.

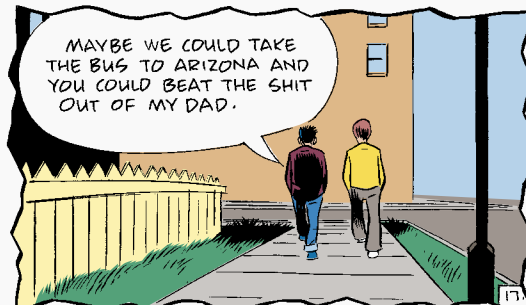
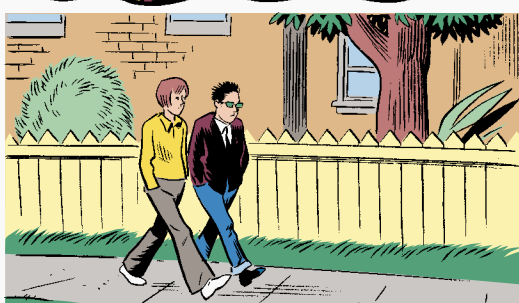
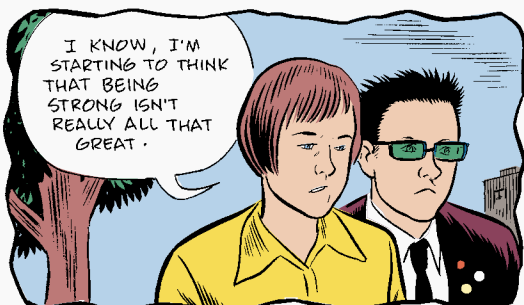
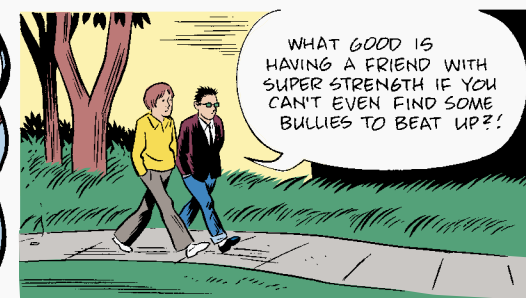
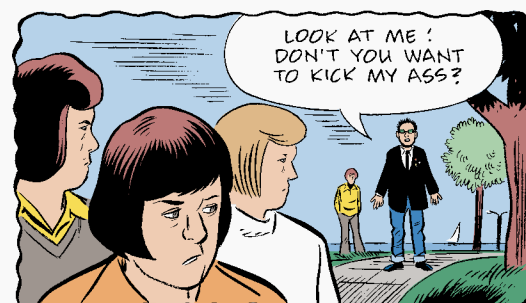
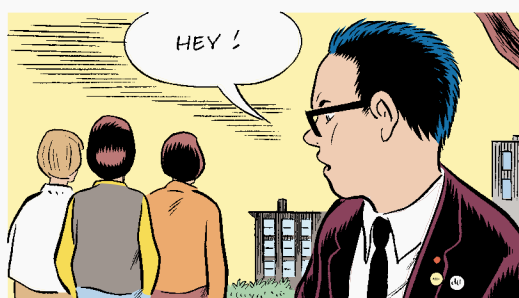
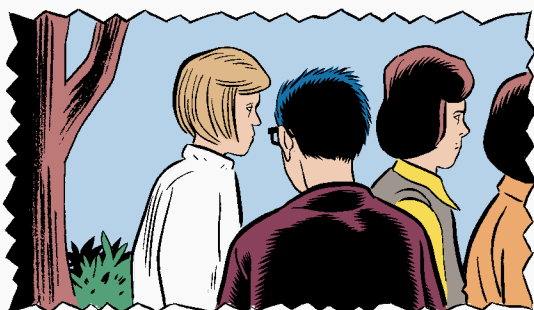
SO WHO FOLDS UP
ALL YOUR UNDERWEAR
AND KEEPS EVERYTHING
ALL TIDY AND SHIT?
YOU?

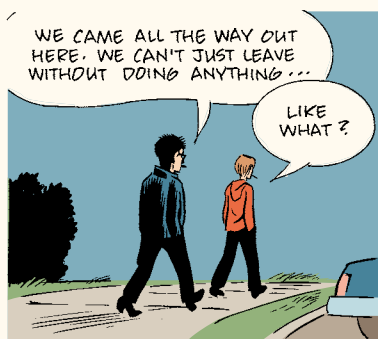
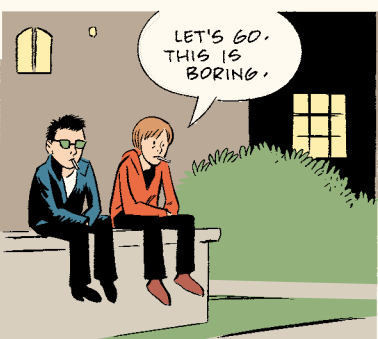
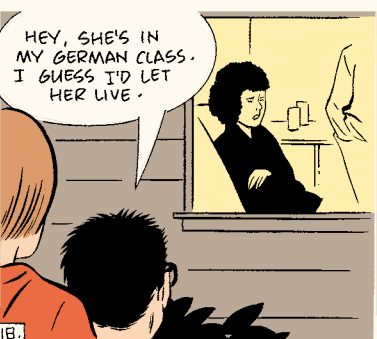
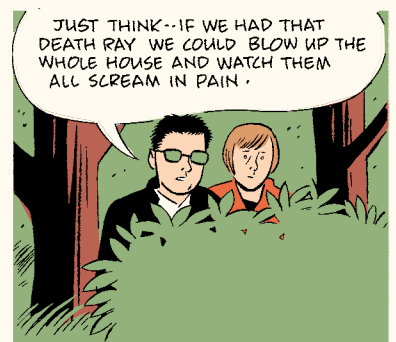
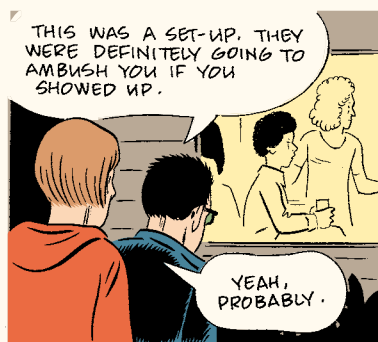
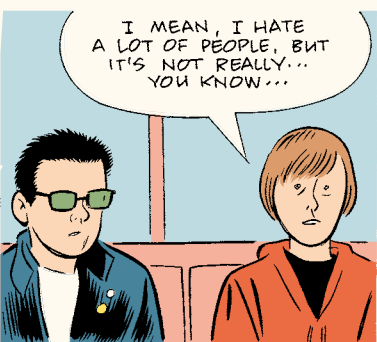
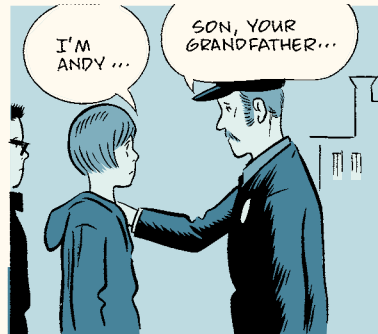
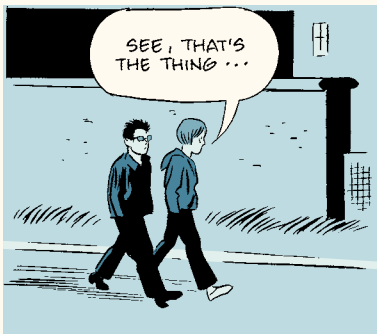
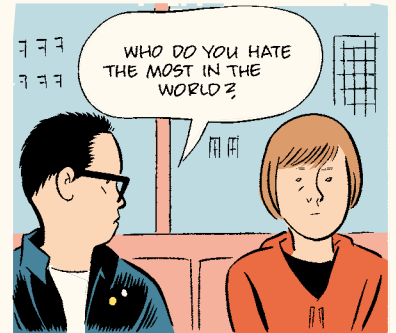
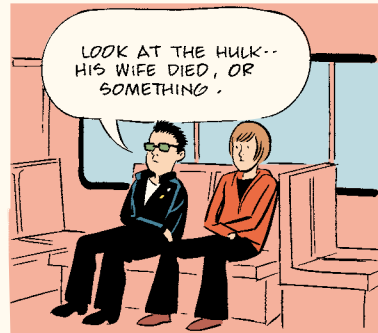
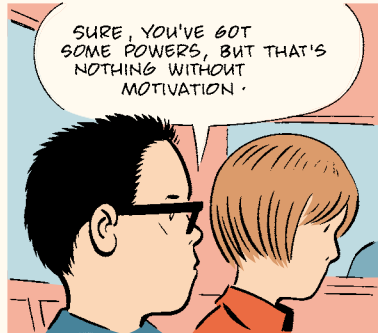
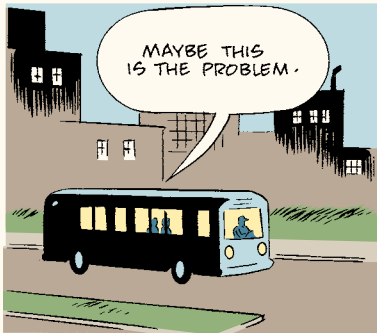
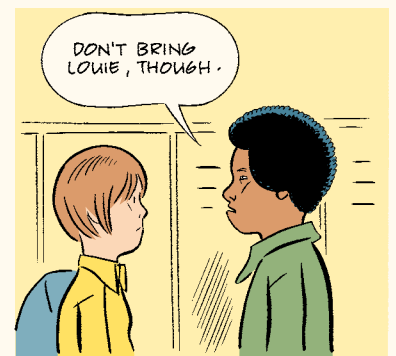
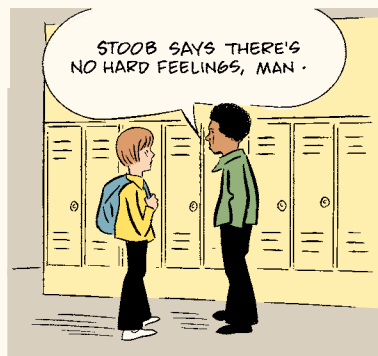
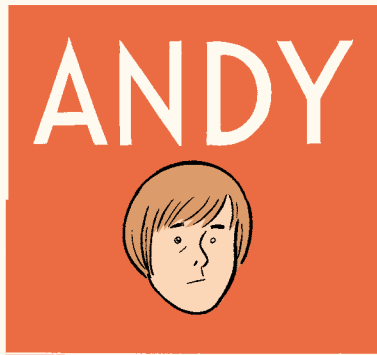
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH THAT?

MAN, YOU'RE
SOMETHING ELSE.

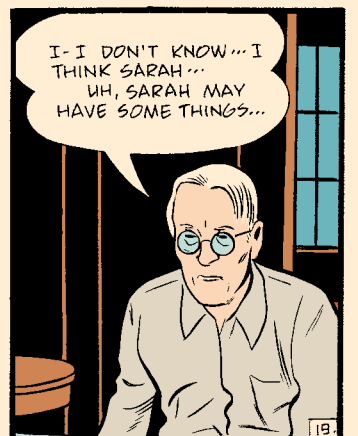
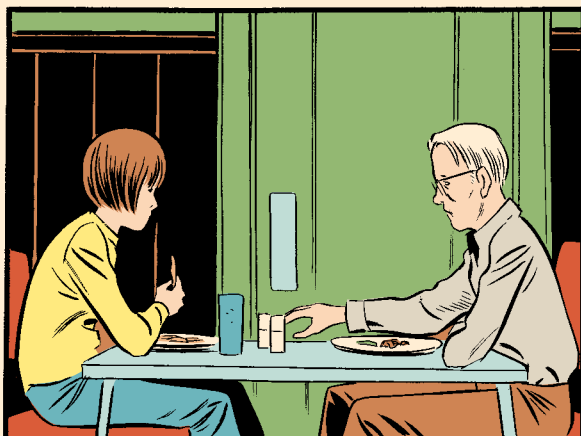
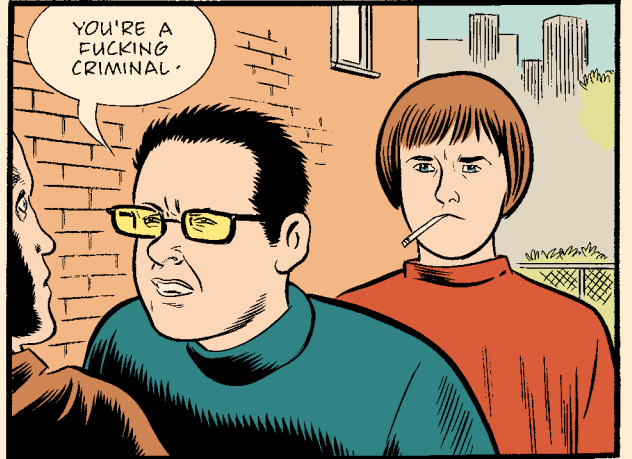
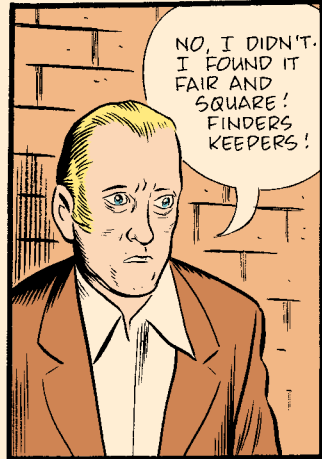
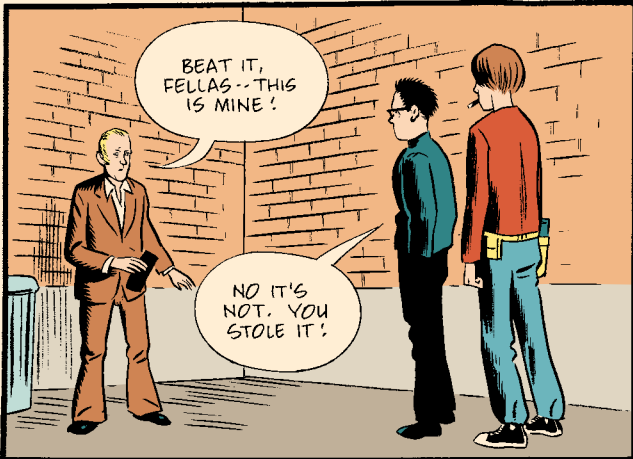
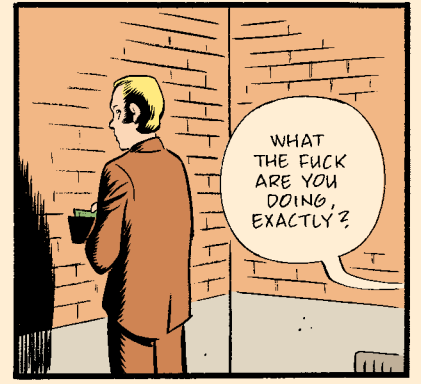
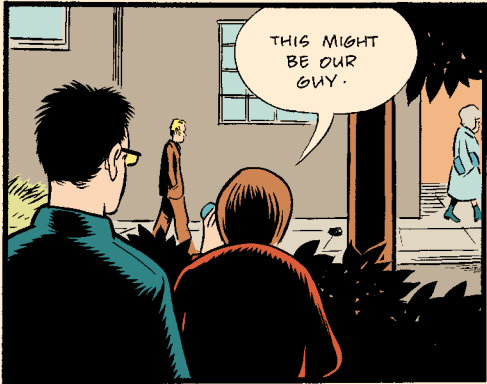


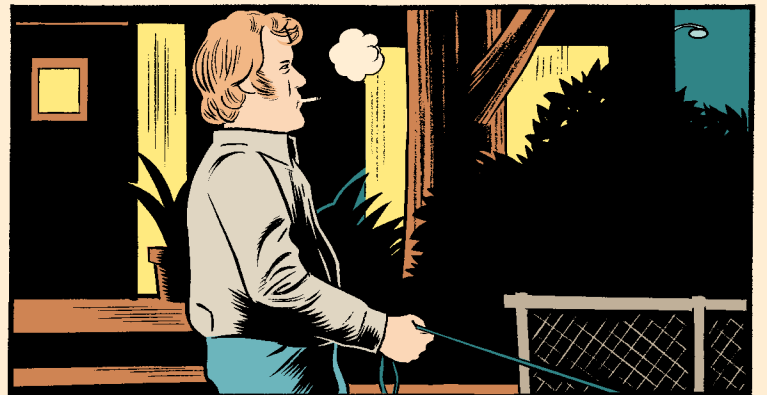
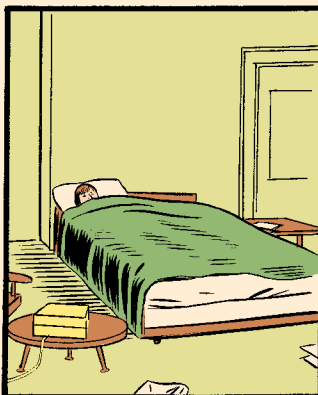
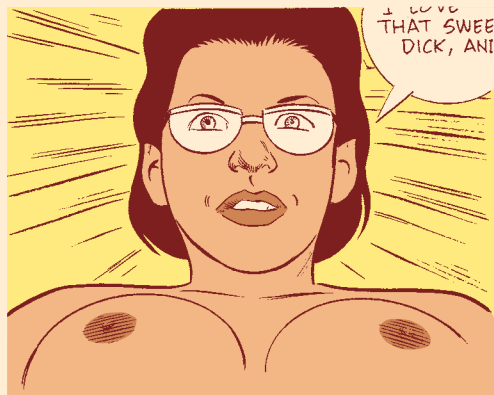
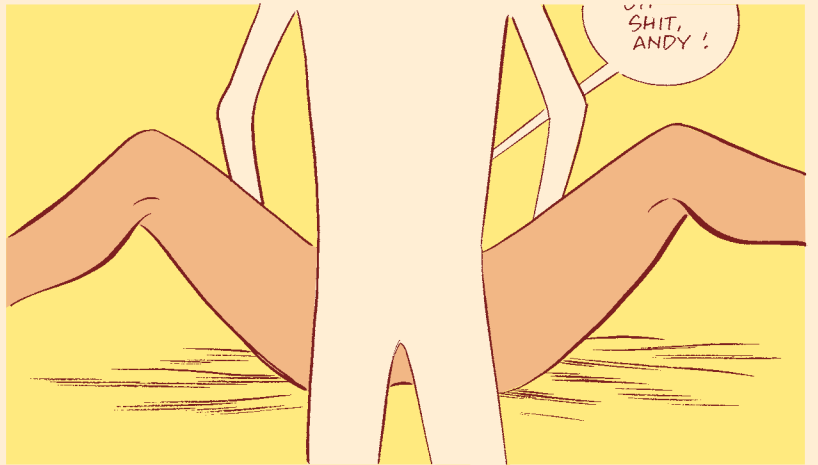
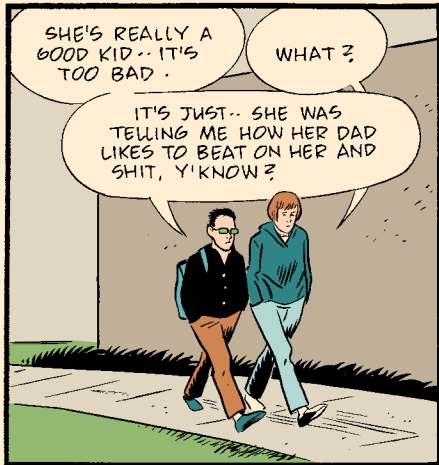
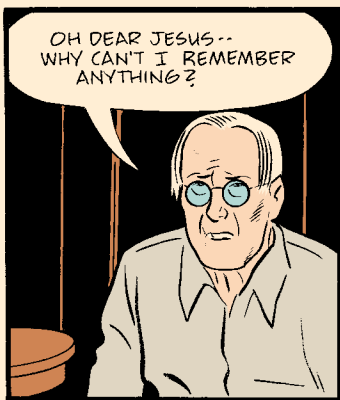
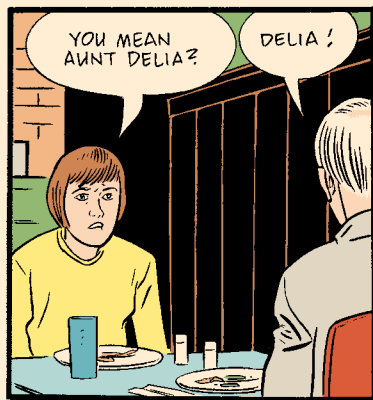
THE ADVENTURES OF THE DEATH-RAY

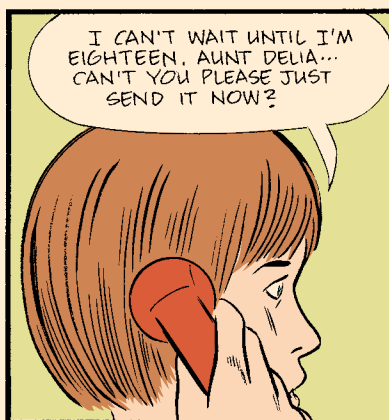




THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE DEATH-RAY







ON PATROL

AUNT DELIA IS MY MOM'S SISTER WHO LIVES IN CONNECTICUT.

AFTER DAD DIED I WAS SUPPOSED TO GO LIVE WITH HER, BUT LUCKILY I WAS ABLE TO SCAM THE CHILD PSYCHOLOGIST INTO LETTING ME STAY AT HOME WITH PAPPY.

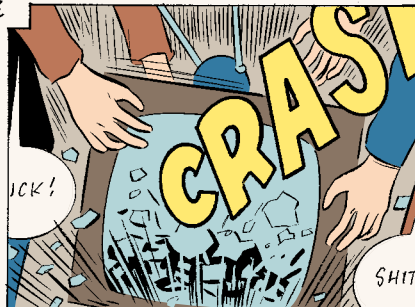
ANYWAY, SHE SAID THE PACKAGE WAS IN THE MAIL...YEAH, AND I WON'T COME IN YOUR MOUTH (THAT'S AN OLD GEORGE CARLIN JOKE, I THINK).

I LIKED AUNT DELIA OKAY, EXCEPT SHE ALWAYS KIND OF MADE ME FEEL LIKE A PATHETIC TURD. SHE REALLY DID NOT GET ME AT ALL.



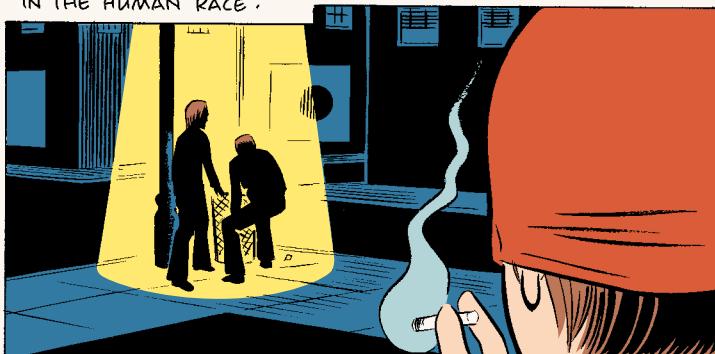
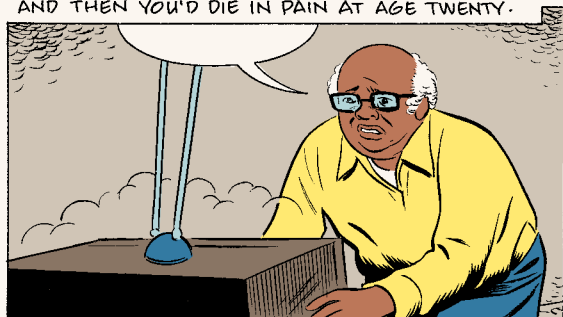
STILL, I HAVE TO SAY I THINK I COME FROM A PRETTY GREAT FAMILY. I MEAN, JUST THINK ABOUT WHAT MY DAD DID FOR ME. WHAT DAD HAS EVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE THAT BEFORE?

AND PAPPY, TOO... HE WAS ALWAYS GREAT TO ME... I JUST WISH...



I'VE BEEN THINKING A LOT LATELY ABOUT HOW MUCH STUFF WE TAKE FOR GRANTED. WE'RE SO LUCKY TO LIVE IN THE MODERN WORLD. I MEAN, IF YOU WERE BORN IN UNCIVILIZED TIMES, YOU'D SPEND ALL DAY LOOKING FOR GRUBS AND THEN YOU'D DIE IN PAIN AT AGE TWENTY.

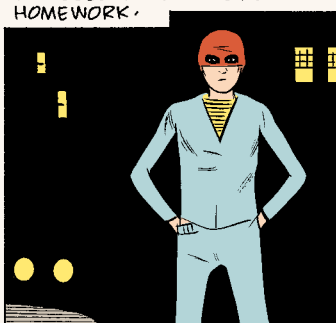
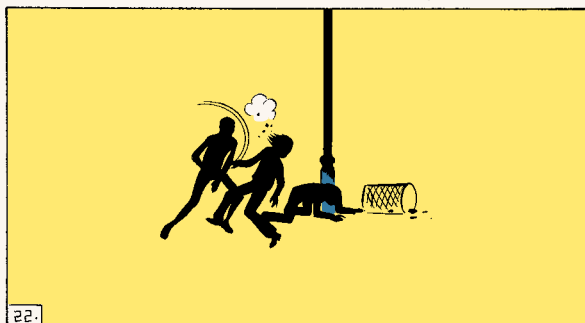
REALLY, WE SHOULD ALL BE SO THANKFUL FOR OUR ANCESTORS IN THE HUMAN RACE.

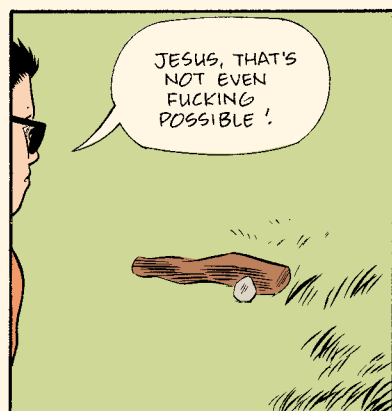
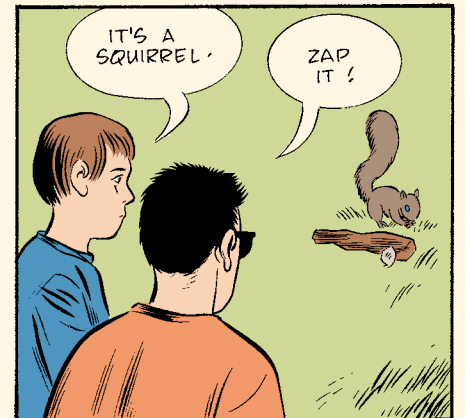
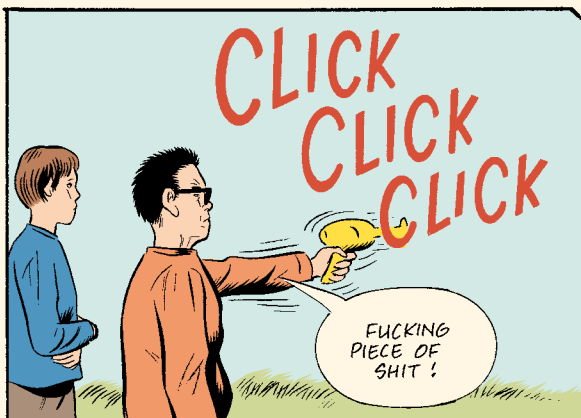
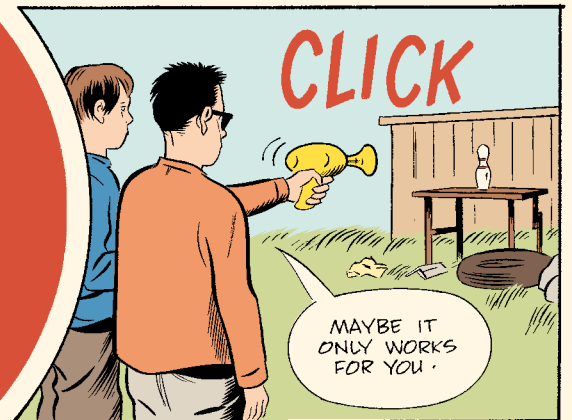
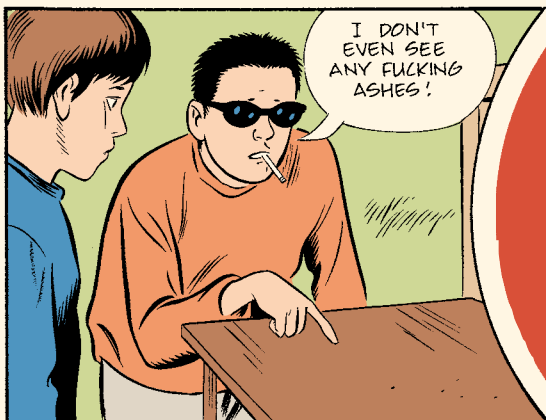
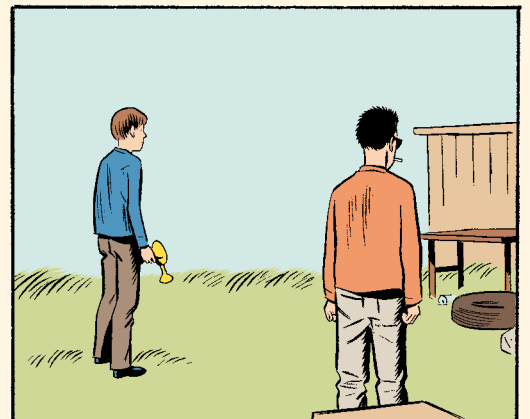
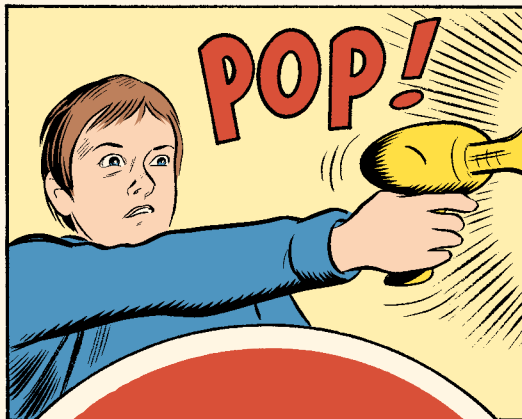
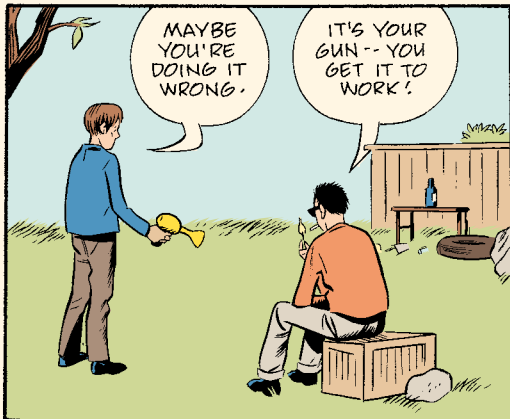
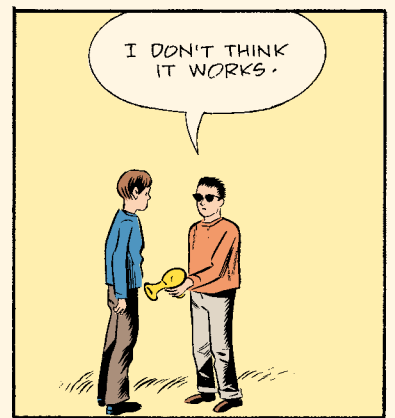
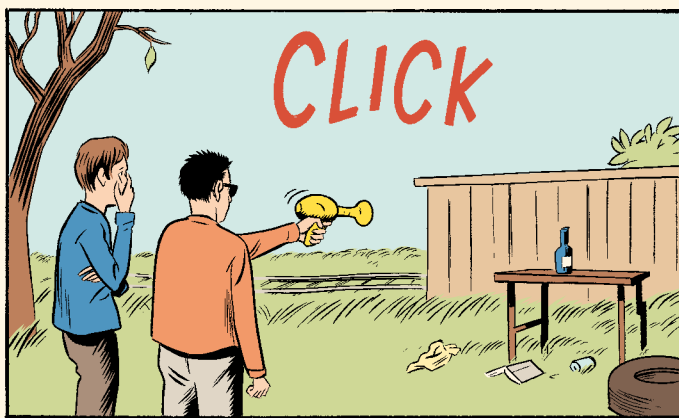
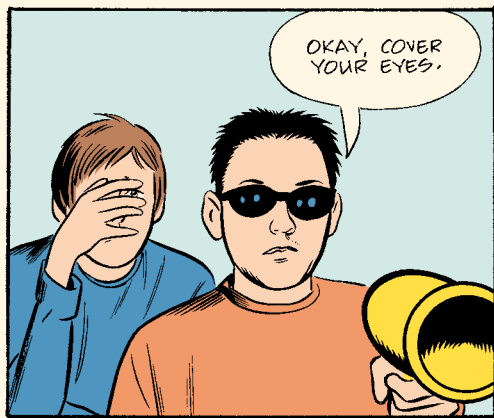


THAT'S WHY I FEEL I HAVE TO DO MY PART, HOWEVER SMALL, TO HELP OUT HUMANITY, OR AT LEAST THE GOOD, DECENT MEMBERS OF SOCIETY.

IT'S NOT EASY, THOUGH...AND TO BE HONEST, A LOT OF THE TIME IT FEELS KIND OF LIKE HOMEWORK.

BUT SOMEBODY HAS TO IMPOSE SOME KIND OF STRUCTURE ON THE WORLD, I GUESS. OTHERWISE EVERYTHING WOULD JUST FALL APART, WOULDN'T IT?





SONNY

I can feel myself changing.. or maybe not changing, exactly, but coming to realize who I am as a person.

Really I'm kind of an All-American type.. A modest guy with common sense who knows the difference between right and wrong.

I'm a straight-shooter and a stand-up guy. I value honesty, integrity, and above all else, loyalty.

SO OBVIOUSLY YOU SHOULDN'T TELL ANYONE ABOUT THE GUN, OKAY?

HOLY SHIT... CHECK IT OUT!

YEAH, SO WHEN I WAS IN NEW YORK I MET THESE GUYS AT MAX'S... YEAH, JOHNNY WAS A REAL COOL GUY, Y'KNOW?

HE'S NOT JUST SOME ASSHOLE ROCK STAR, HE'S LIKE A TOTALLY REGULAR GUY.

YEAH, HE TOLD ME I COULD COME BACKSTAGE ANY TIME THEY'RE IN TOWN, AND WHEN I GET MY BAND TOGETHER.

OF COURSE I WON'T TELL ANYBODY ABOUT THE GUN.

LOOK, THERE'S ANOTHER SQUIRREL FOR YOU TO INCINERATE.

DON'T YOU EVER SAY ANYTHING LIKE THAT AGAIN - YOU HEAR ME? IT'S NOT A JOKE.

HERE BOY...

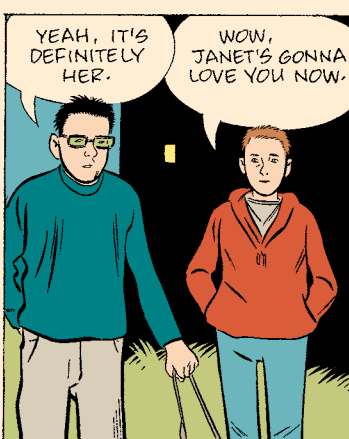
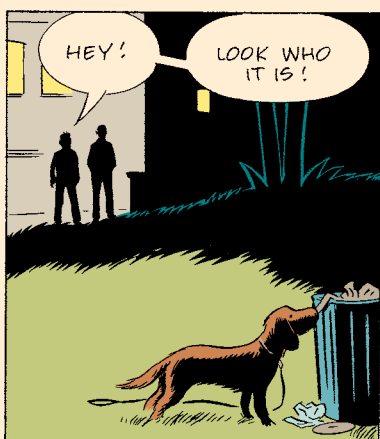
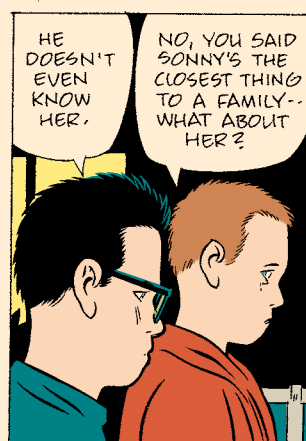
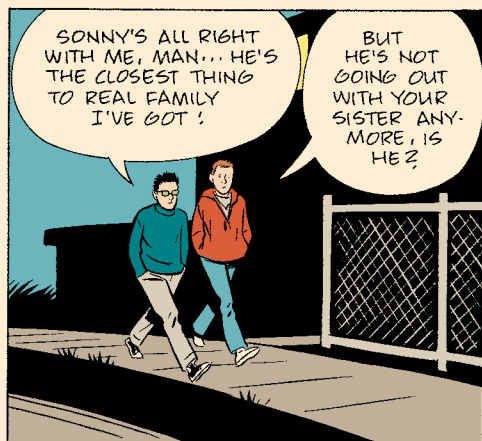
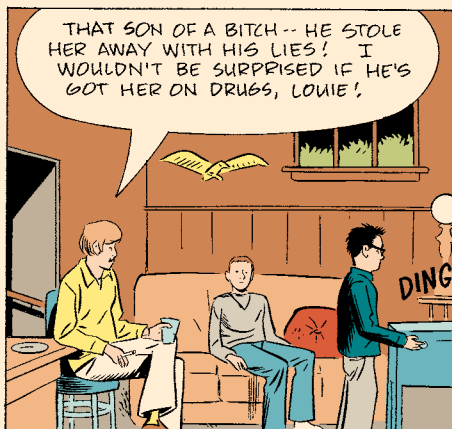
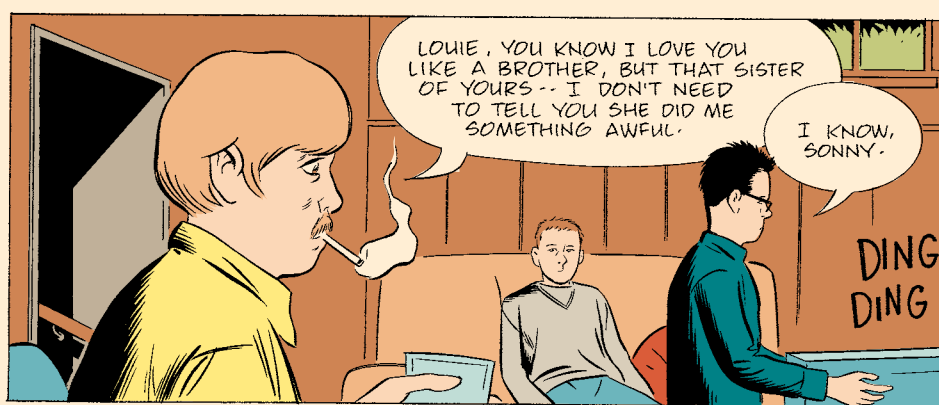
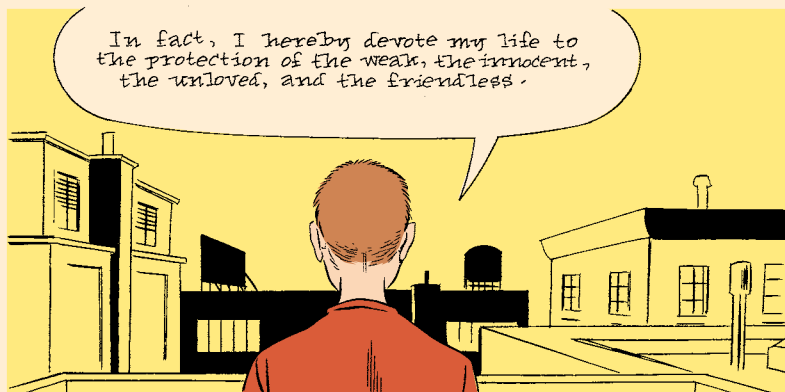
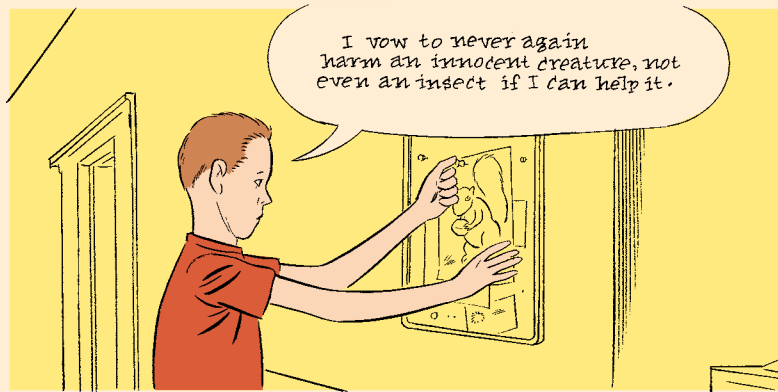
C'MERE!

C'MERE, I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU...

OR WHAT?

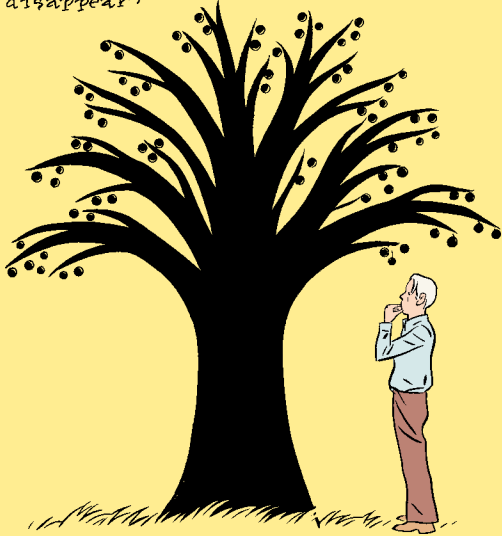
OR WHAT?

DON'T EVER SAY ANYTHING LIKE THAT AGAIN OR I'LL WHAT?



Amorv Dream

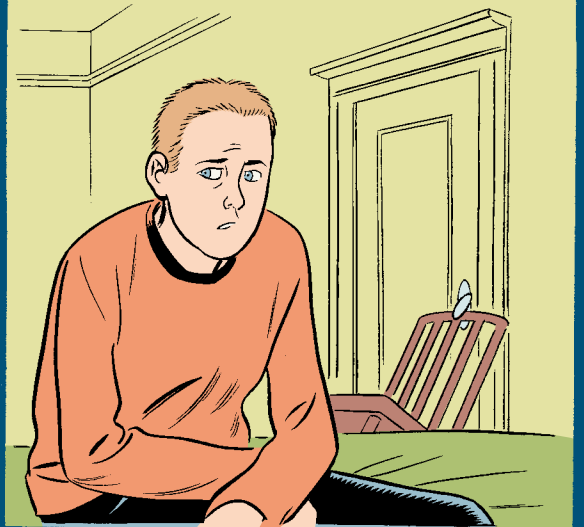
There was this tree with these big white berries growing on it, and as soon as a person ate one they would start to disappear.



This process seemed to be both physically painful and super-terrifying.



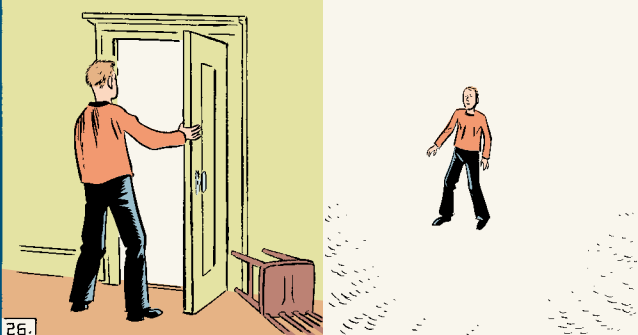
I was so scared of the tree, which I guess was supposed to be in my back yard, that I didn't even want to go outside.



I stayed in my room for a long time and it seemed pretty safe until I started to notice these weird little clouds floating up around the ceiling. I was able to get rid of them by waving a broom around, but after a few hours

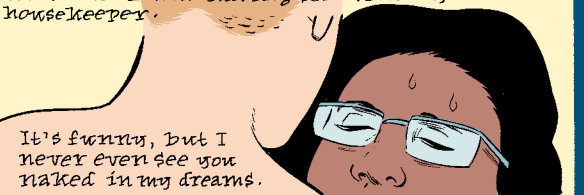


I went to make a break for it, but outside the door was pure whiteness. It filled up the room and blanked it out. I've never been so scared.



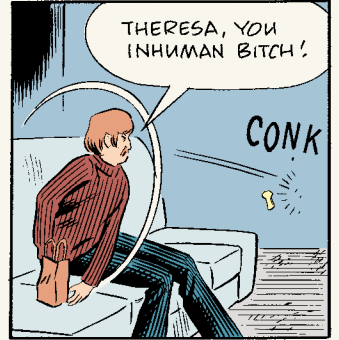
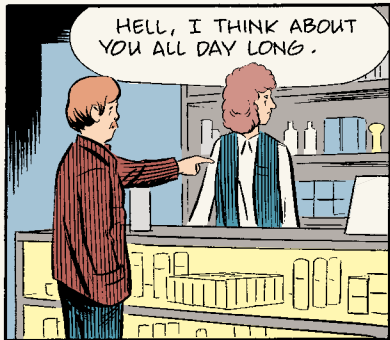
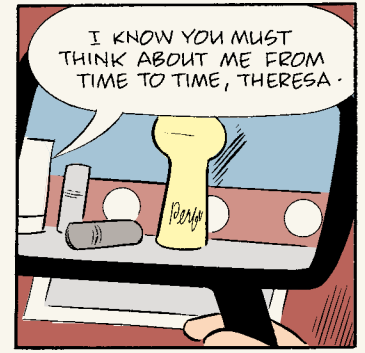
I woke up totally drenched. No matter what I did, I couldn't get away from the nothingness.

Later that night I had another dream. In this one I was having sex with my housekeeper.

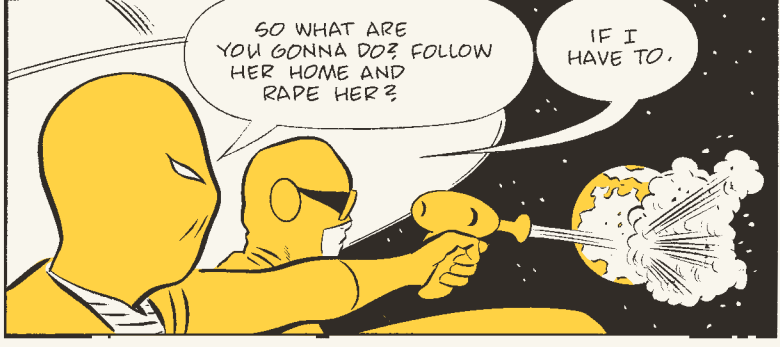


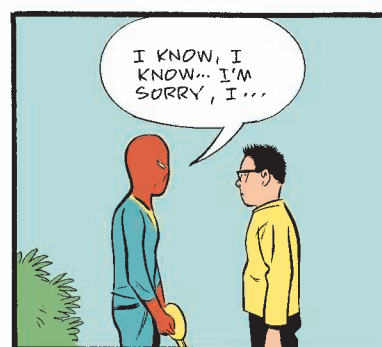
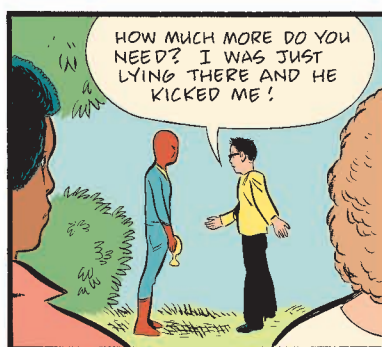
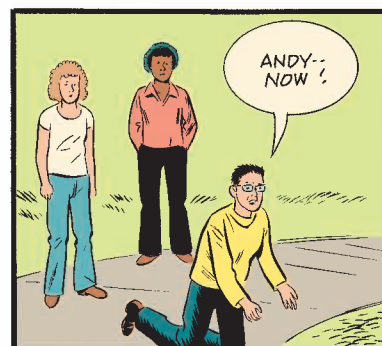
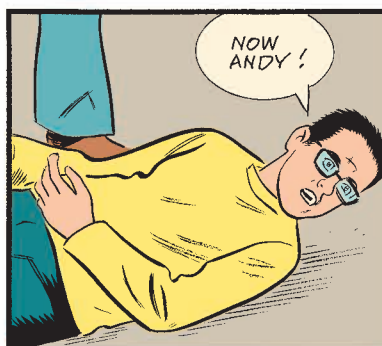
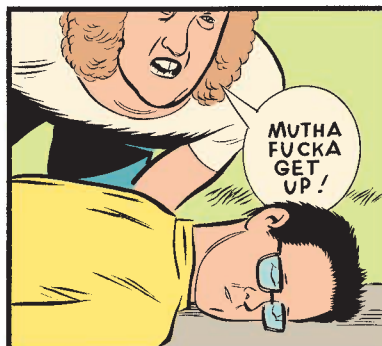
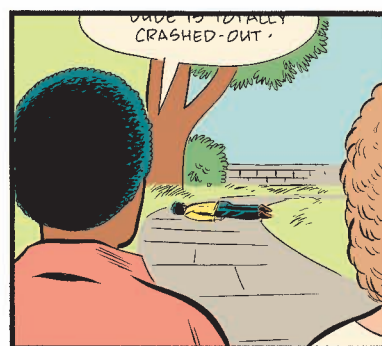
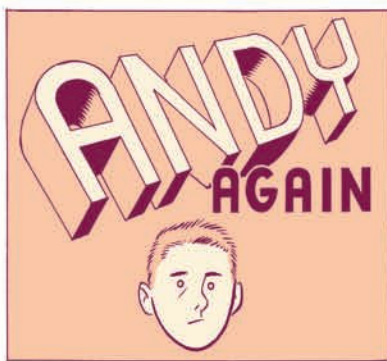
I guess my brain has too much respect for you.

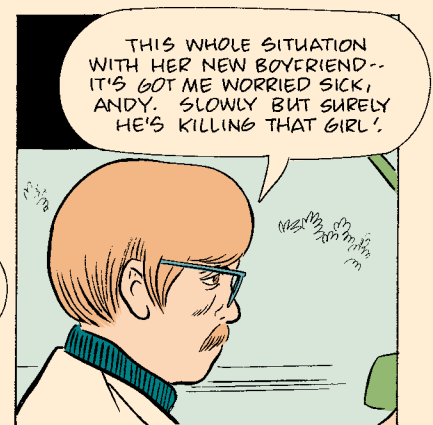
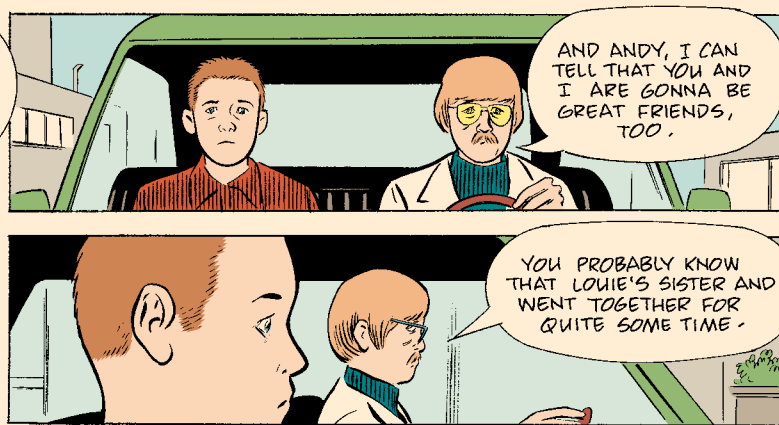
SONNY AND THERESA



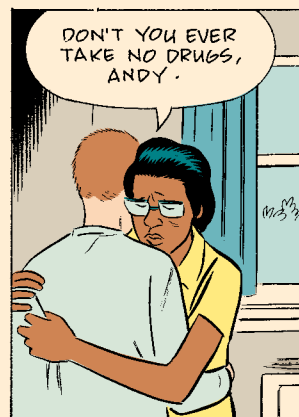
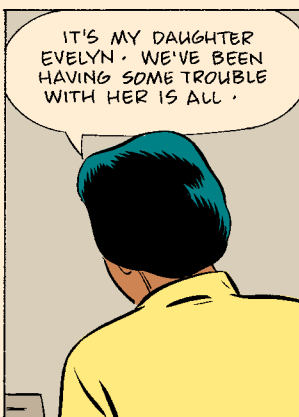
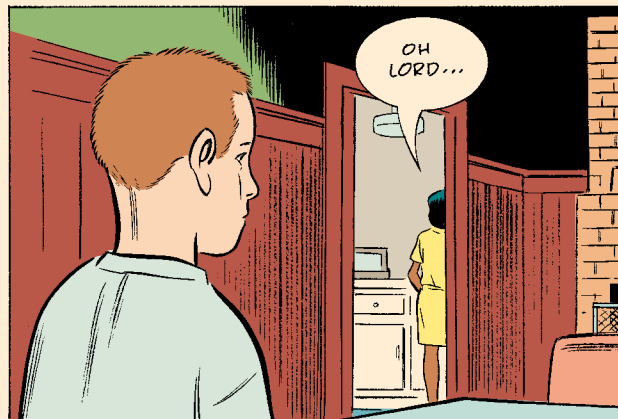
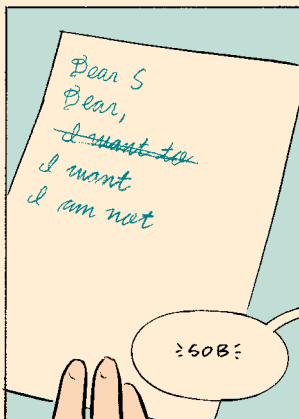
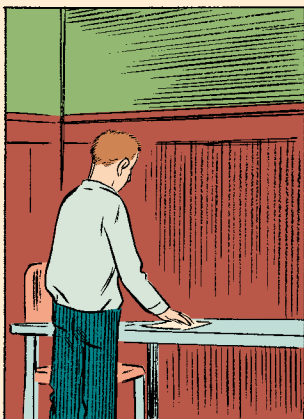
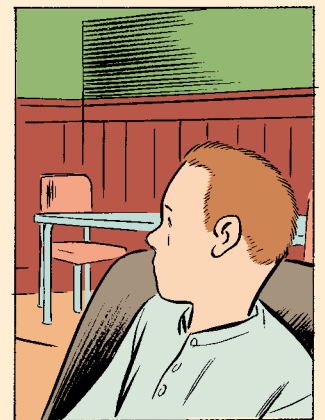
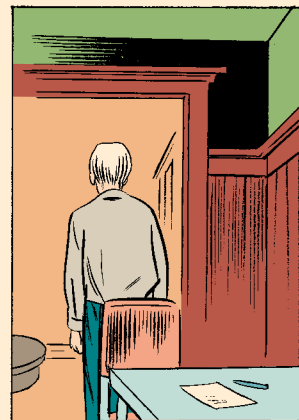
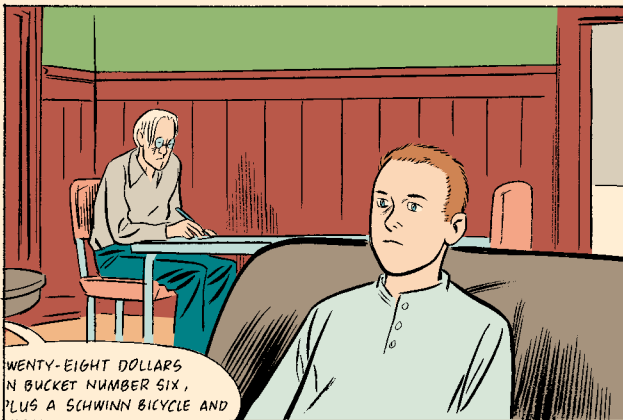
THE DEATH-RAY AND LOUIE

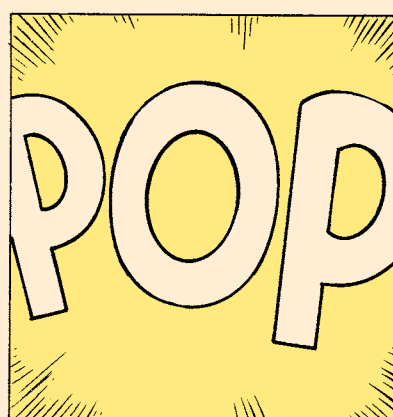
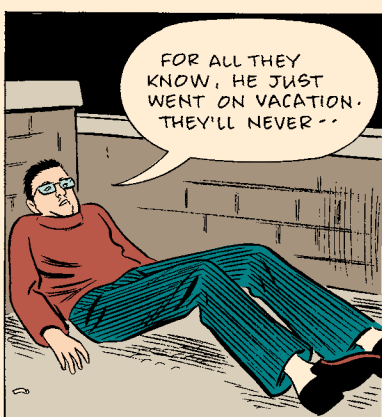
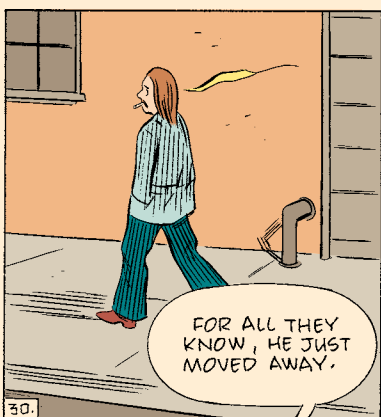
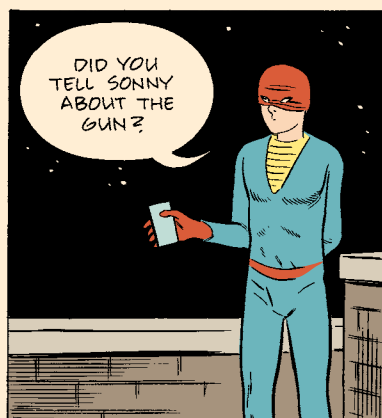
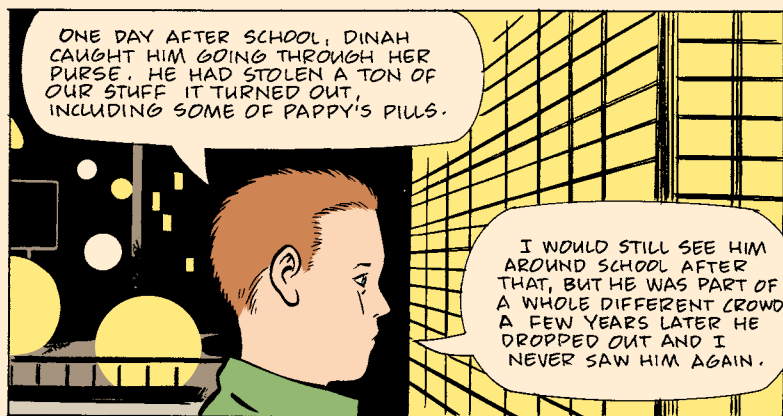
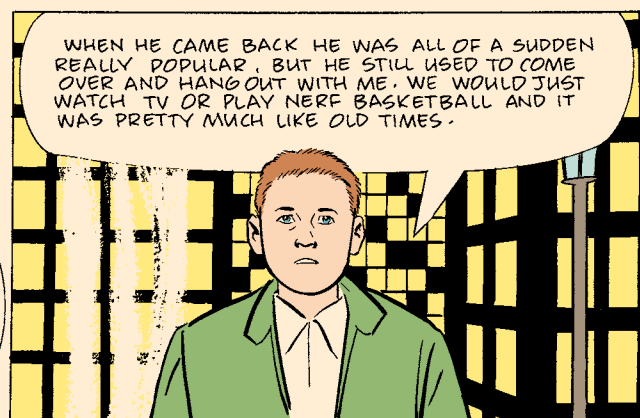
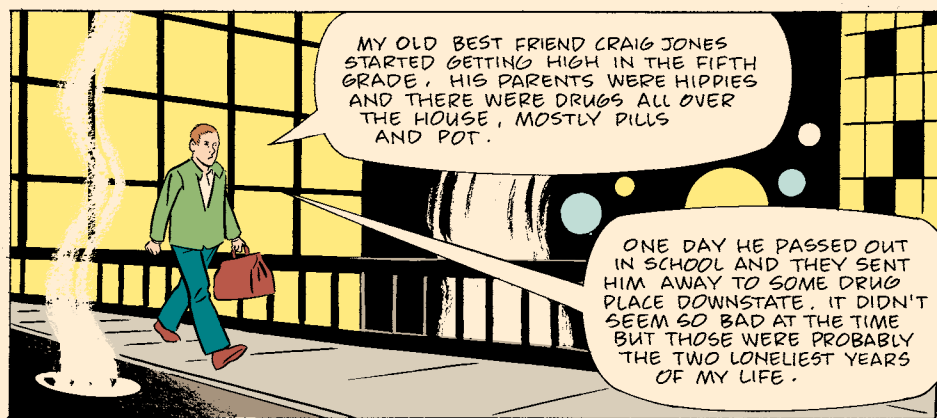






SONNY'S LAMENT





THE UNTHINKABLE



FEET
DON'T FAIL
ME NOW!

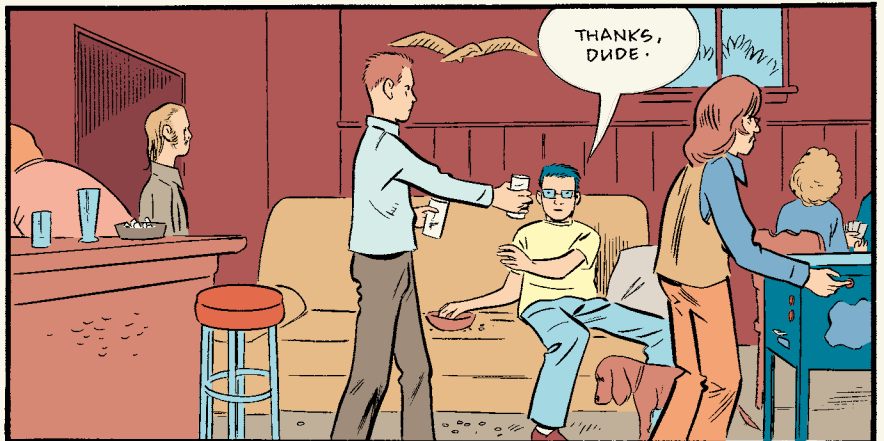
YOU'D THINK SOMETHING LIKE THAT WOULD FREAK ME OUT, BUT I HARDLY GAVE IT ANOTHER THOUGHT. I GUESS I'M GROWING UP. I MEAN, ADULTS HAVE TO DEAL WITH TOUGH DECISIONS EVERY DAY. NOT THAT IT'S SOMETHING I TAKE LIGHTLY, AND I HOPE TO GOD I NEVER HAVE TO DO IT AGAIN EVER, BUT...



I DIDN'T THINK HE HAD IT IN HIM. I WAS JUST-- I DON'T KNOW, I JUST DIDN'T EXPECT IT. I MEAN, HE WAS MORE UPSET ABOUT THE CHIPMUNK! I GUESS I SHOULD BE GLAD HE'S MY FRIEND, BUT JESUS CHRIST, ANDY!



THANKS,
DUDE.



ANDY, I DON'T KNOW THE WHOLE STORY-- I'M PRETTY SURE I DON'T WANT TO KNOW...

I CAN'T HOPE TO EVER REPAY YOU, ANDY, BUT IF THERE'S EVER ANYTHING I CAN DO, YOU JUST SAY THE WORD. FROM HERE ON OUT, YOU CAN COUNT ON OL' SONNY.

SO I'VE BEEN DOING SOME THINKING, ANDY...

'SCUSE ME, BOYS...

ANDY, BUDDY-- CAN I BORROW YOU FOR A SEC?

I MEAN IT, BUDDY.

SO I THINK WE SHOULD STASH THE GUN SOMEWHERE... Y'KNOW, JUST FOR A WHILE UNTIL WE FIGURE OUT WHAT WE'RE DOING.

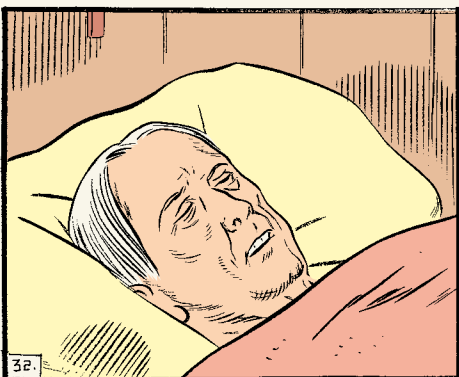
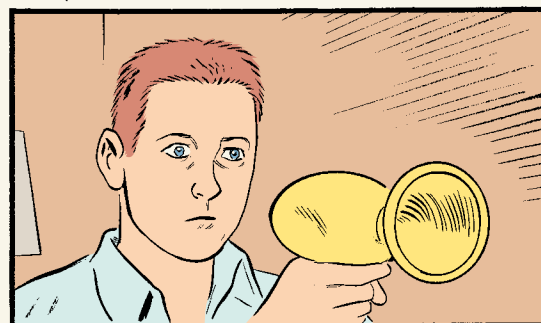
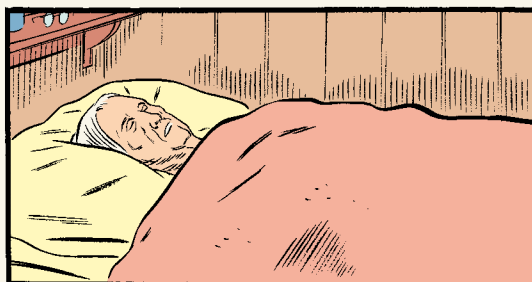
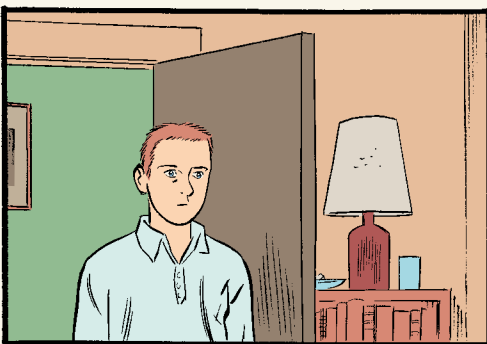
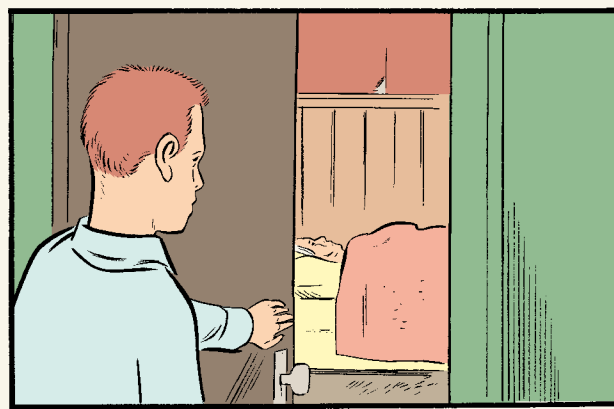
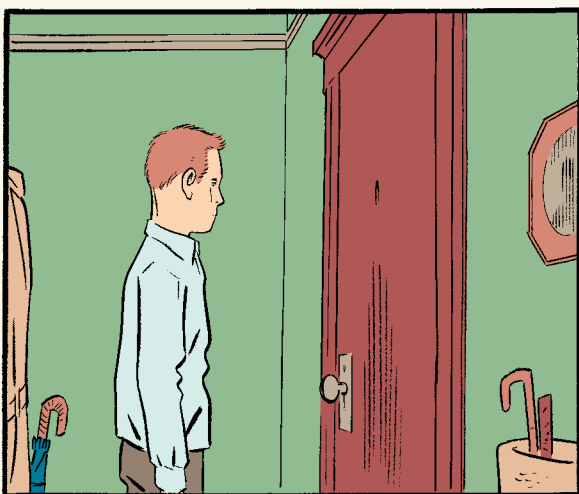
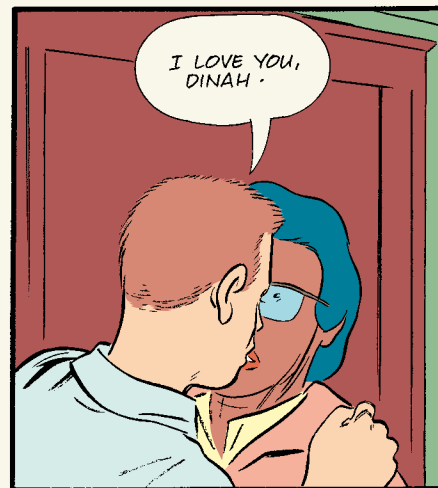
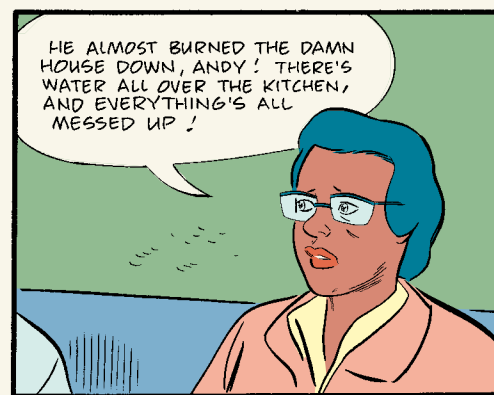
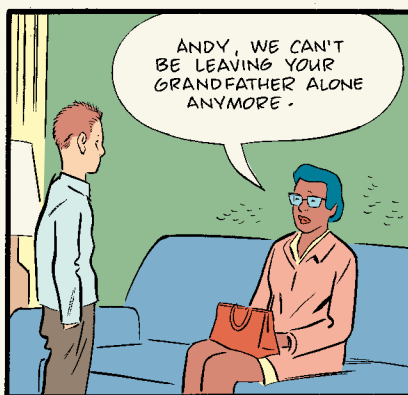
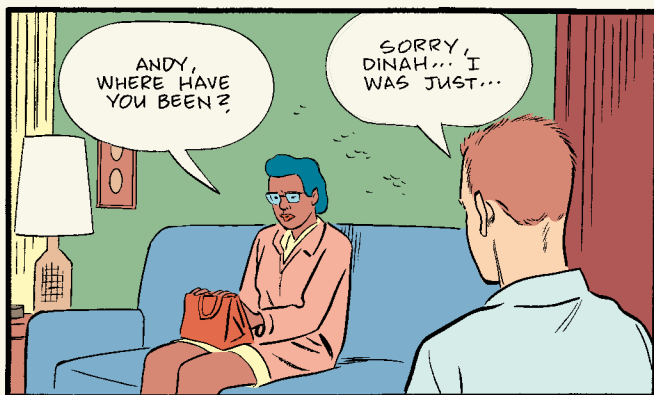
LOOK, LOUIE-- I'M THE BOSS NOW.

OH, OKAY ANDY. WHAT EVER YOU SAY.

SO WHO ARE YOU GONNA KILL NEXT?

WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

NOTHING... I JUST THOUGHT...



Dear Dusty (again)

I'm sorry I haven't written in so long, though I guess I shouldn't be. Did you know you haven't written me since that Christmas card?

Do you really love me at all? I hope so, though it would be better for you if you didn't.

I've been involved in something big. I can't

talk about it right now, but you'll know everything some day.

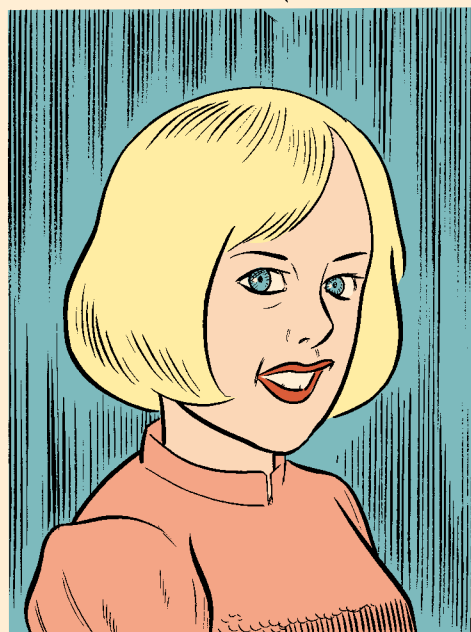
If you ever get a package from me, DON'T OPEN IT. Put it in your closet and hide it away until you receive further instructions.

So how are you? I am fine. Actually, I feel kind of weird lately. I

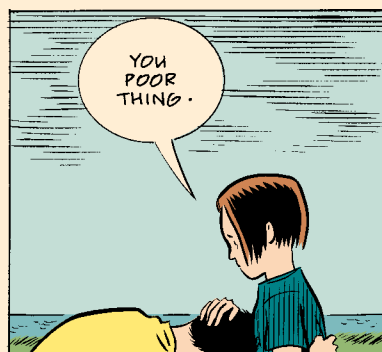
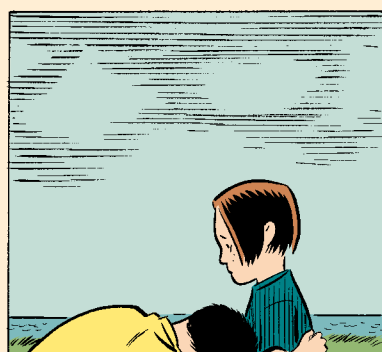
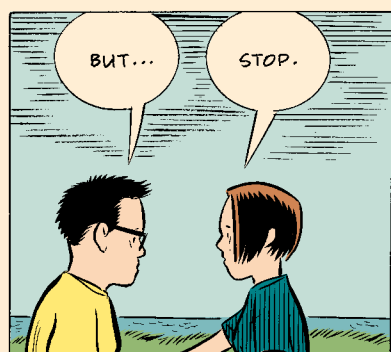
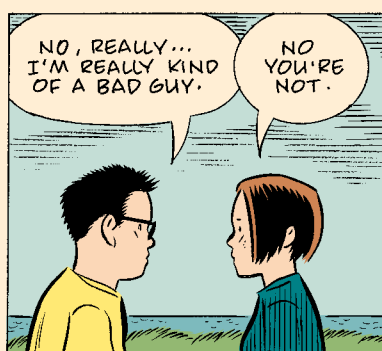
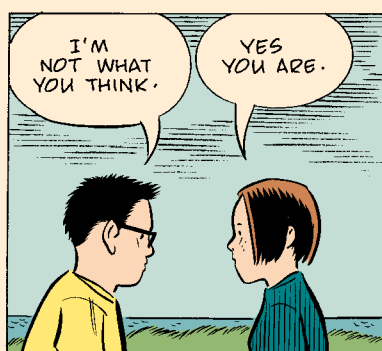
haven't been hanging out with Louie as much. He has a girlfriend now, so he's busy.

That's all for now. Why don't you write back to me soon, okay?

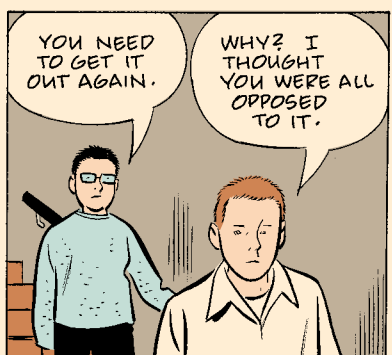
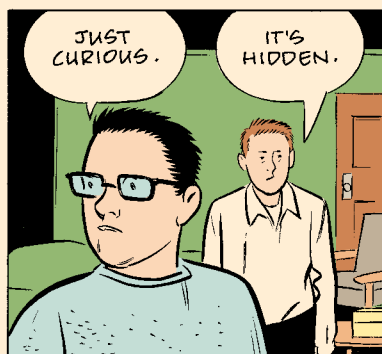
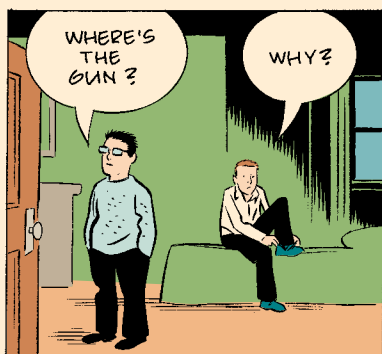
andy



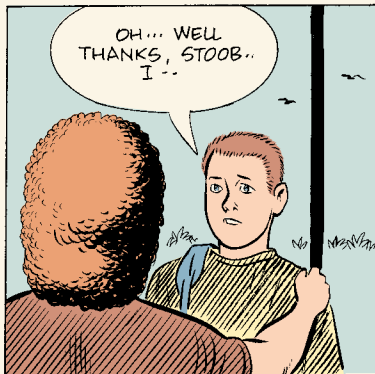
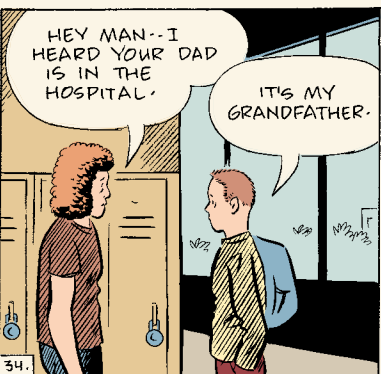
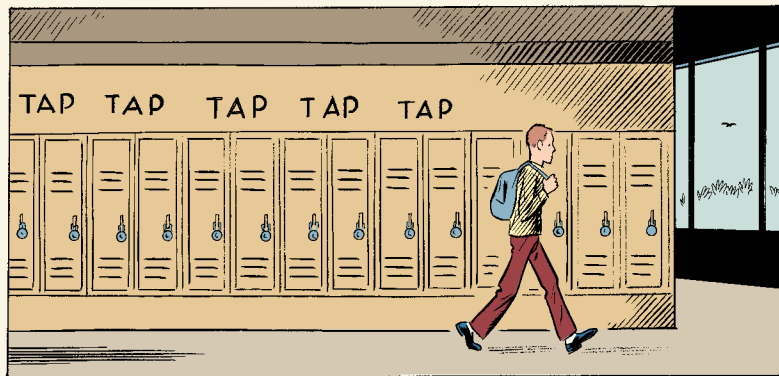
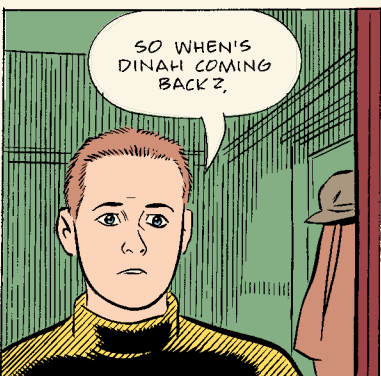
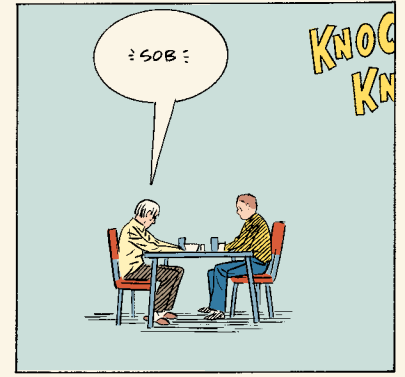
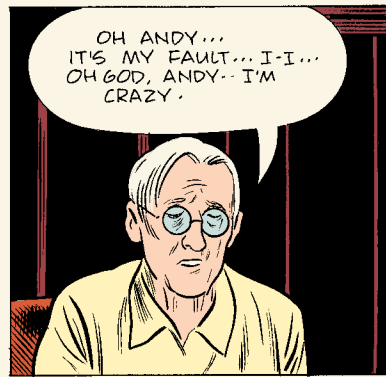
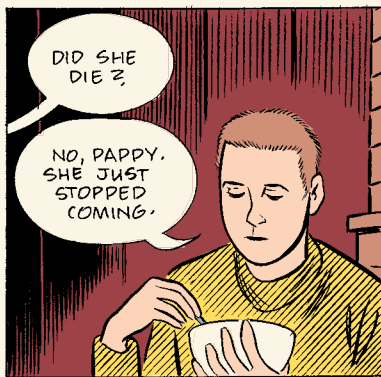
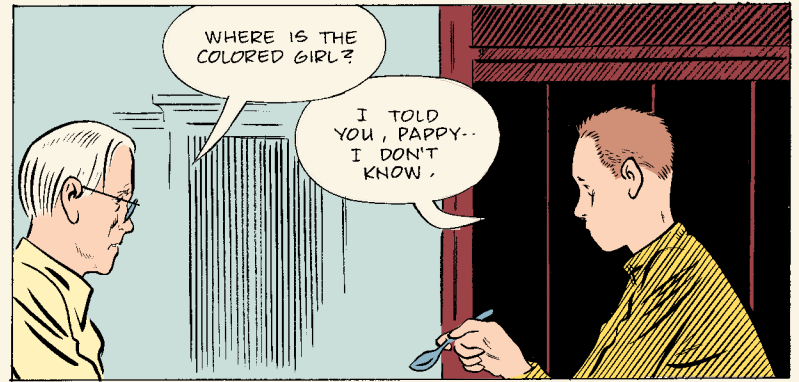
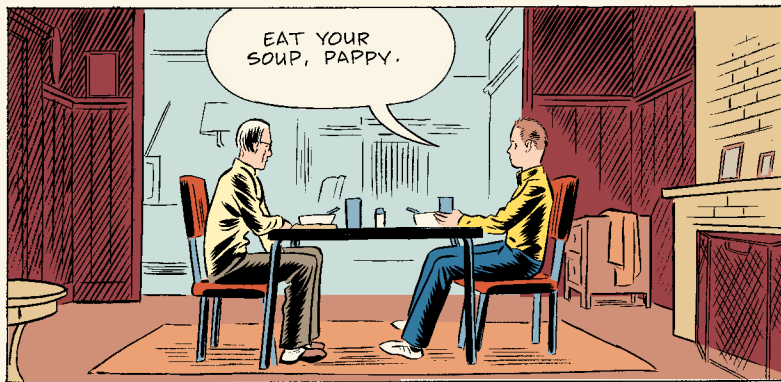
LOUIE IN LOVE

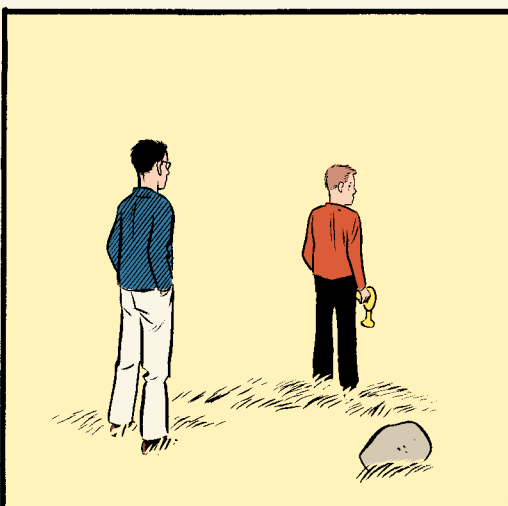
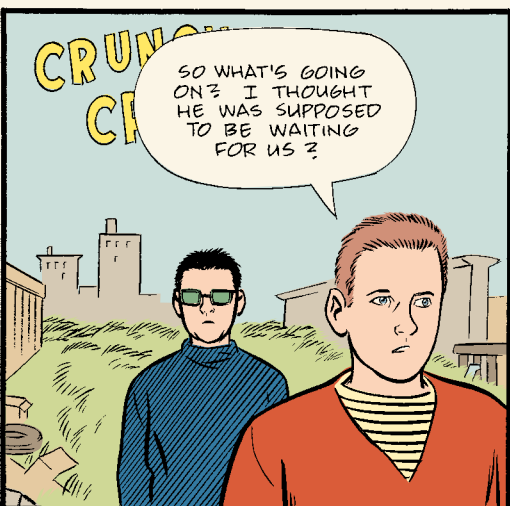
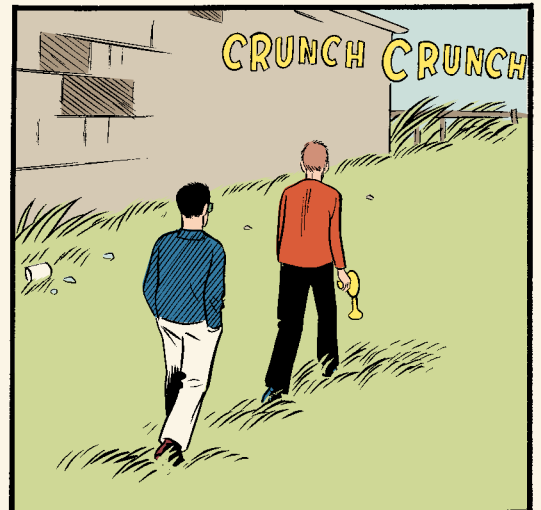
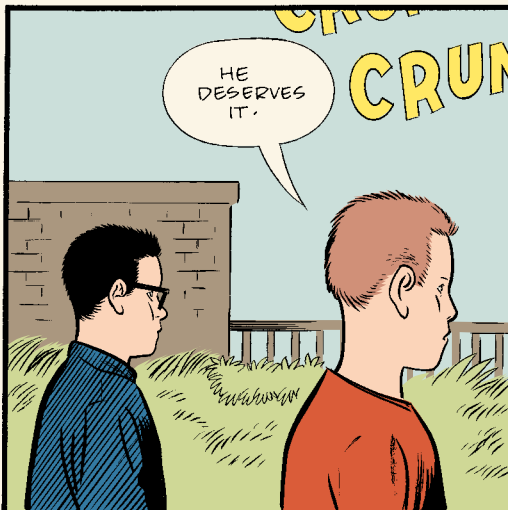
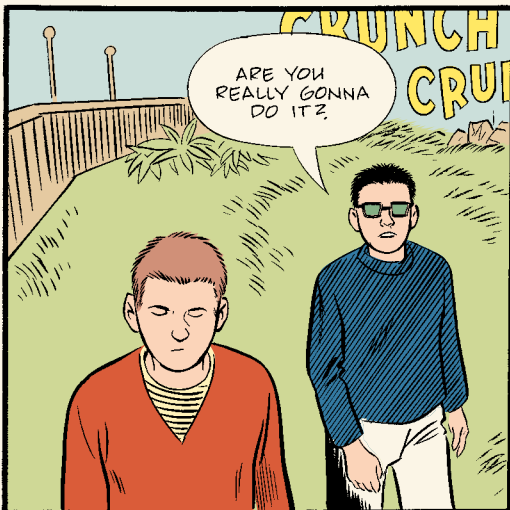
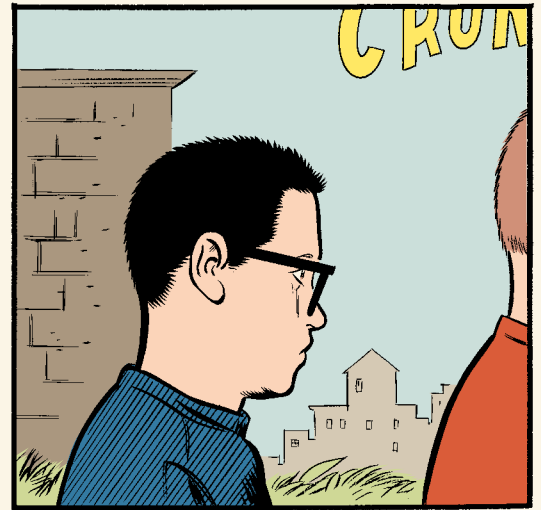
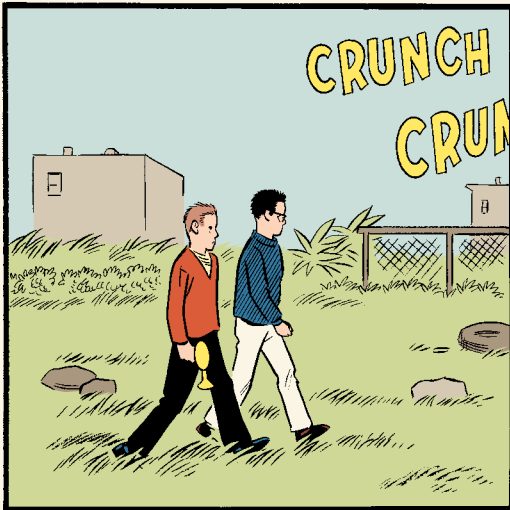
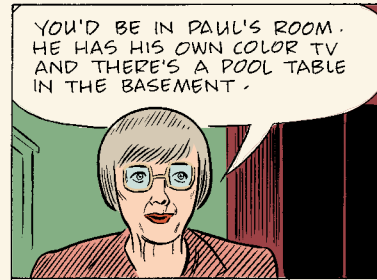
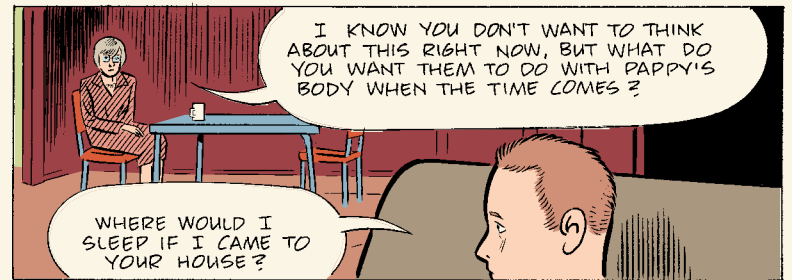


ANDY, LOUIE

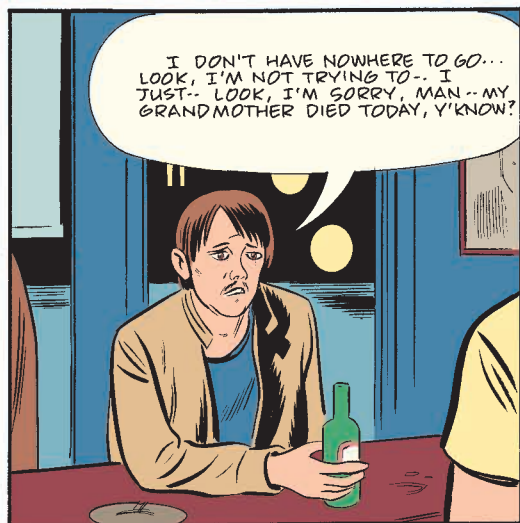
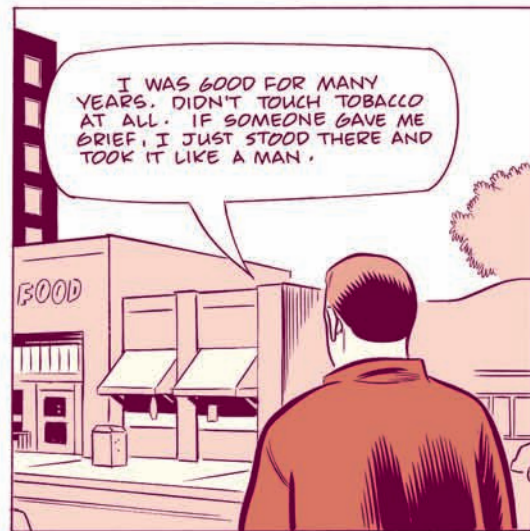


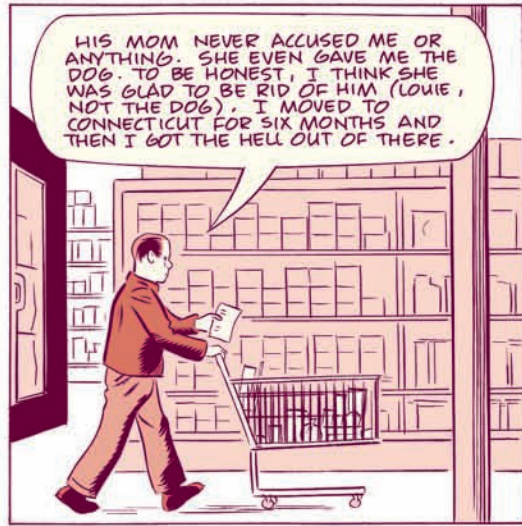
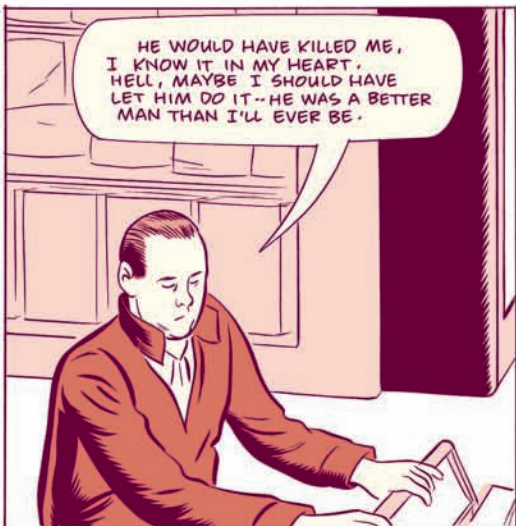
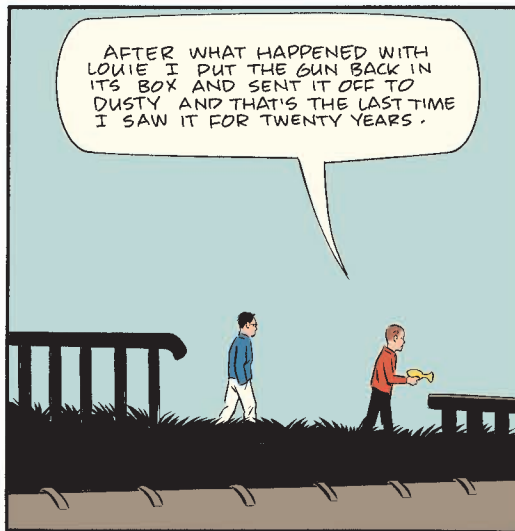
THE LAST STRAW

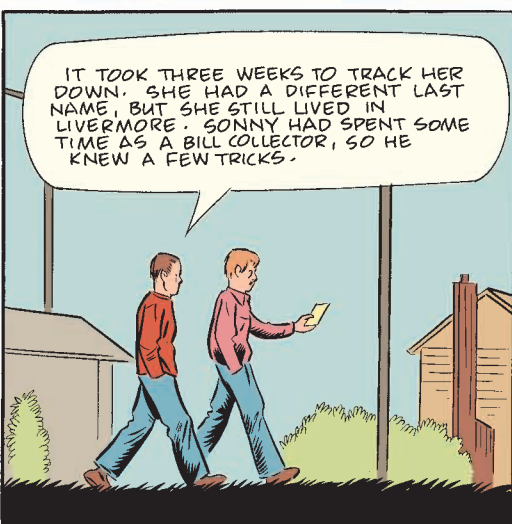
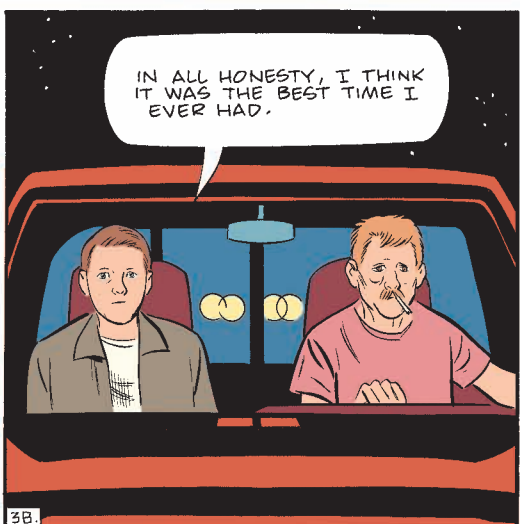
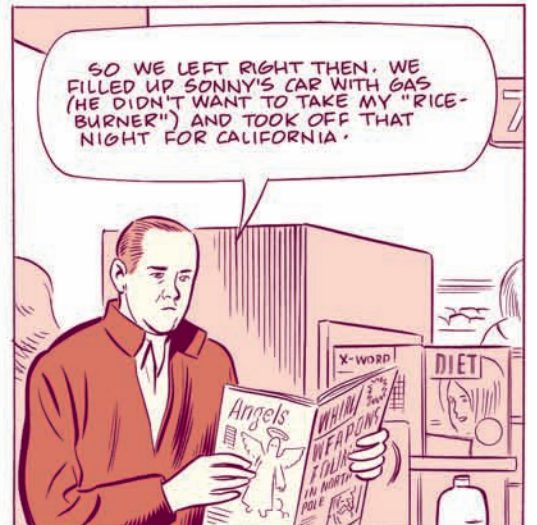
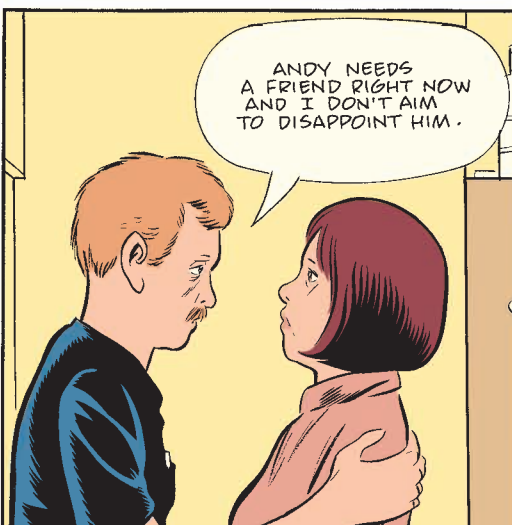
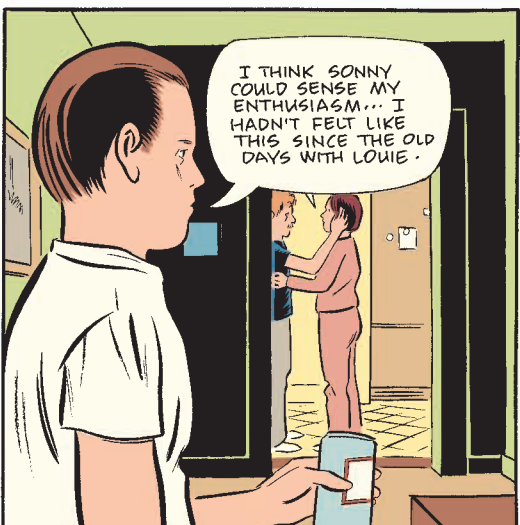
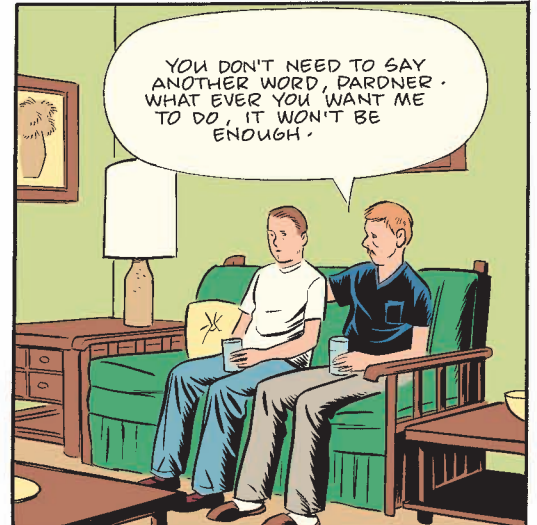
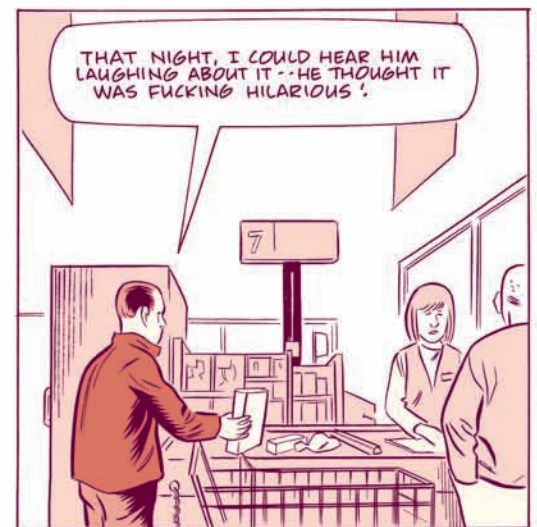
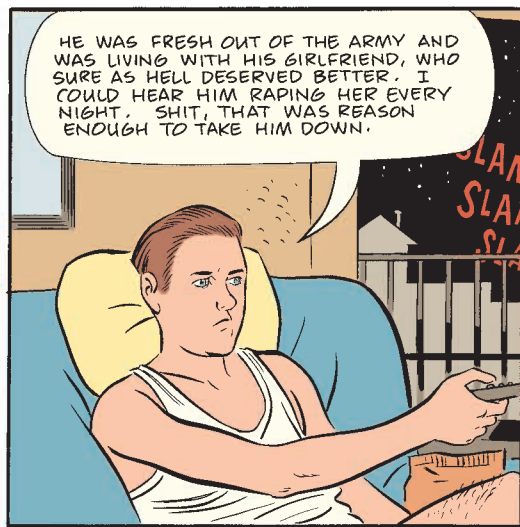


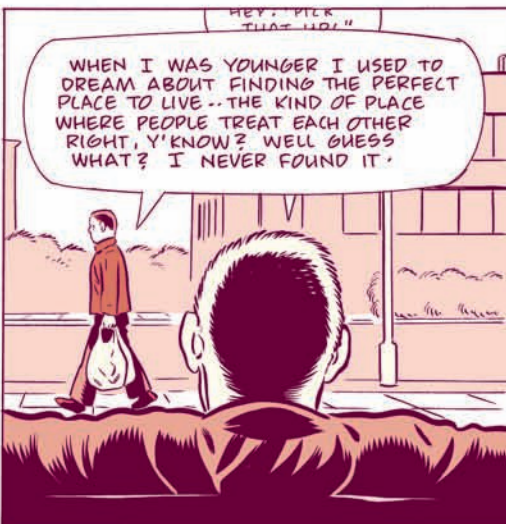
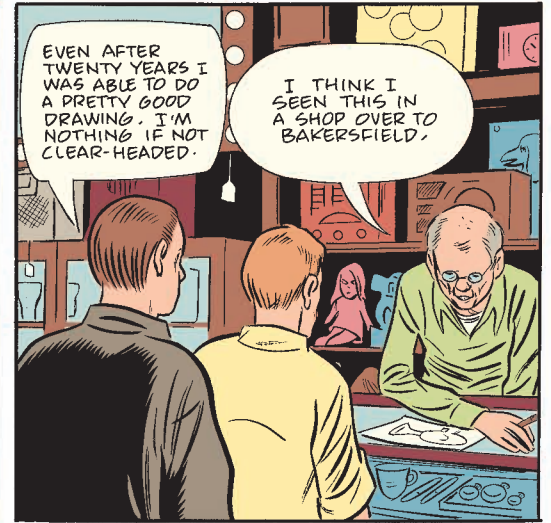
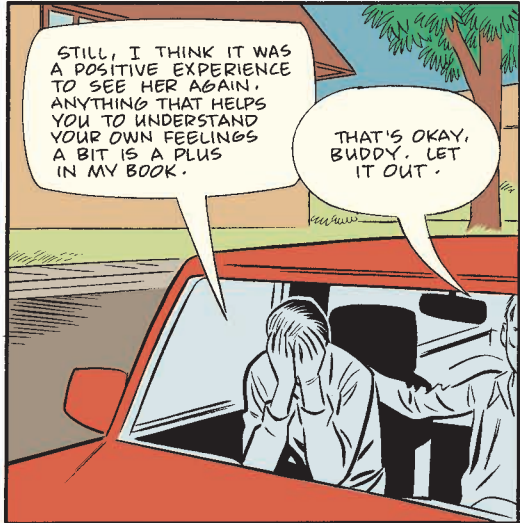
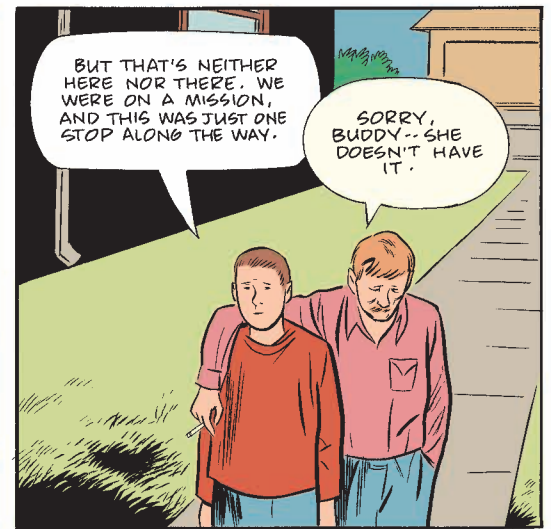
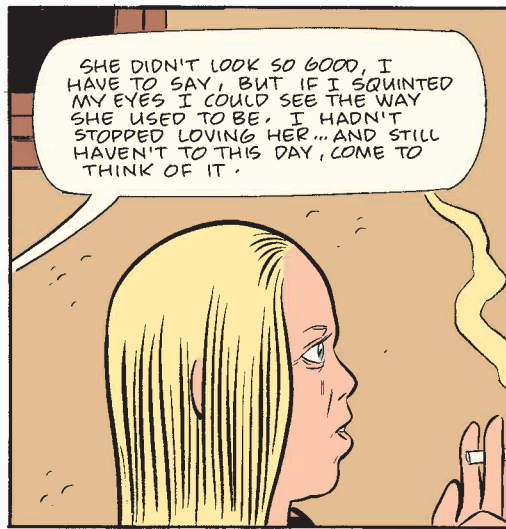


26 YEARS LATER

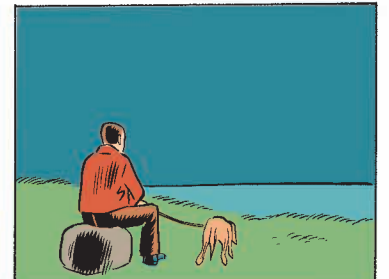
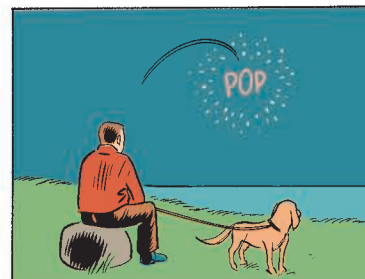
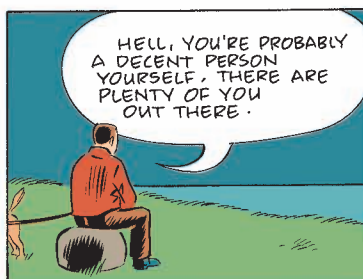
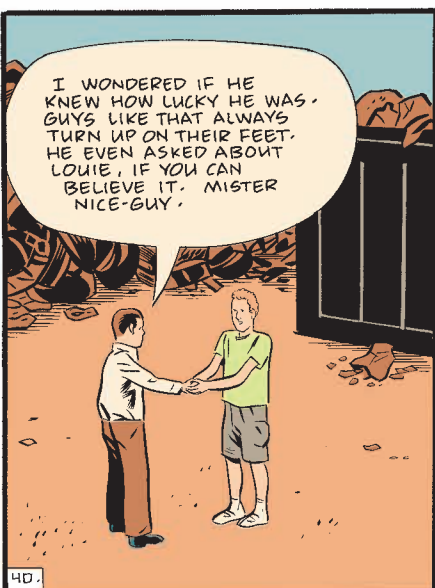
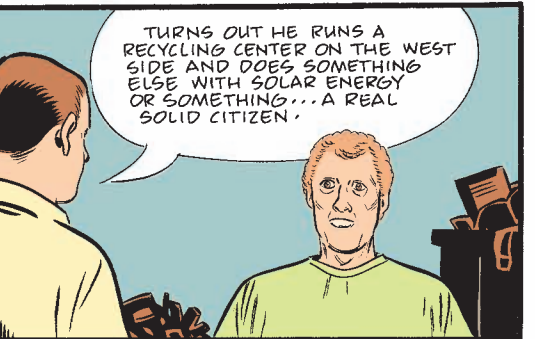
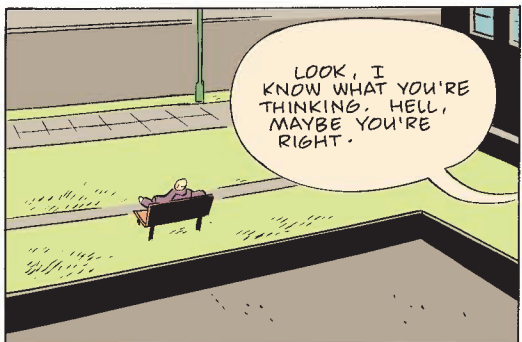
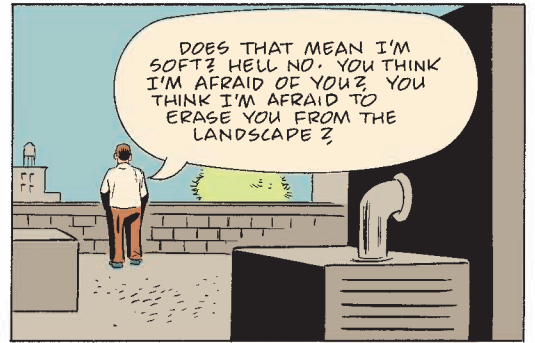
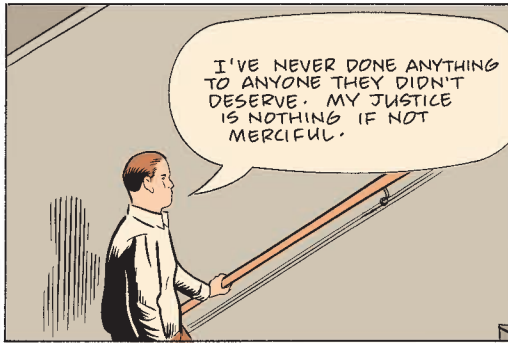
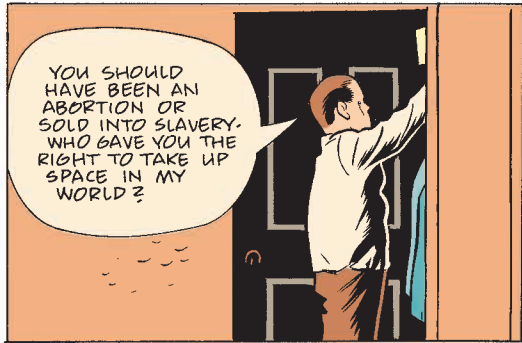
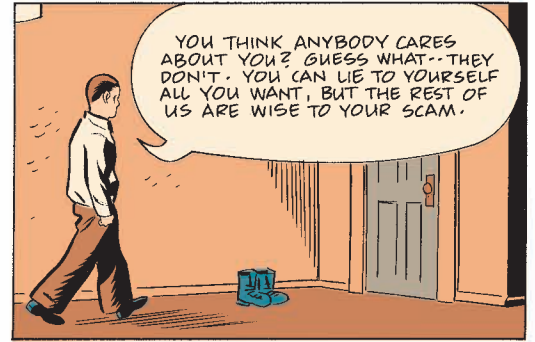
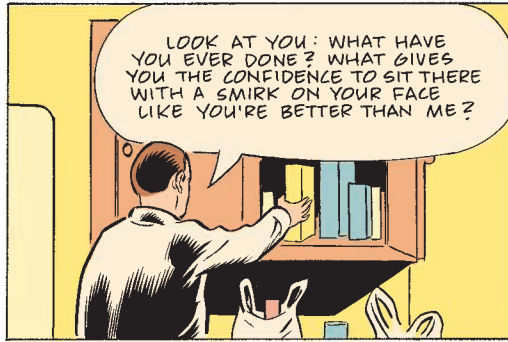
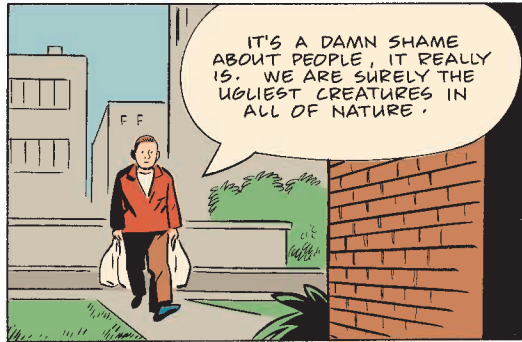








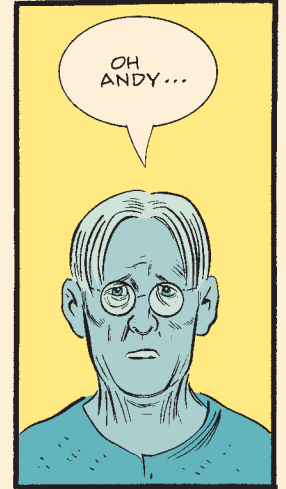
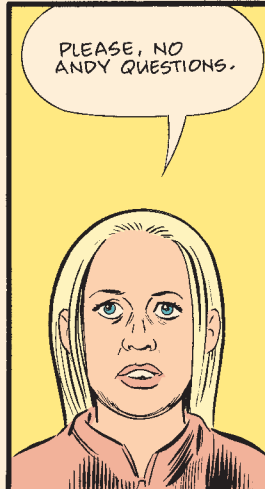
THE UNITED STATES OF ANDY



WHY
DID
ANDY
DESTROY
YOU?

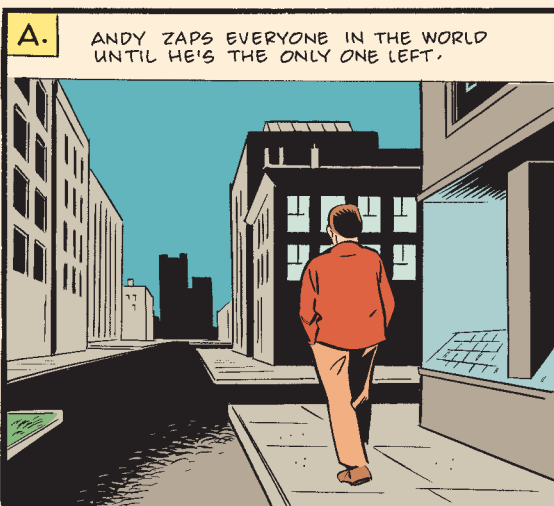


WHAT
DO YOU
THINK
OF ANDY
(AGAIN)?



CHOOSE
YOUR OWN
ADVENTURE

HOW WILL OUR
STORY END??
YOU DECIDE!



C. HE CONTINUES TO LIVE MUCH AS HE HAS FOR THE PAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. AFTER DIANNE DIES HE GETS A FOX TERRIER NAMED MICKEY, AND AFTER THAT, A COLLIE. HE WRONG-HEADEDLY PURSUES A DIVORCEE ON THE THIRD FLOOR AND SHORTLY THEREAFTER DATES A WOMAN IN HER SIXTIES FOR SEVERAL YEARS. HE RETIRES FROM HIS JOB AT THE LIBRARY WITH THE INTENTION OF MOVING TO NORTHERN CALIFORNIA BUT FINDS IT TOO EXPENSIVE. HE REMOVES FROM EXISTENCE A PRIEST, A MAN WHO SPITS ON PIGEONS, AND THE EX-HUSBAND OF THE DIVORCEE ON THE THIRD FLOOR. HE BURIES THE DEATH RAY IN A SHALLOW HOLE IN THE INDIANA DUNES. HE BURNS HIS DAD'S PAPERS AND SCATTERS THE ASHES IN THE LAKE. AT SOME POINT HE DIES, PROBABLY OF LUNG CANCER.

