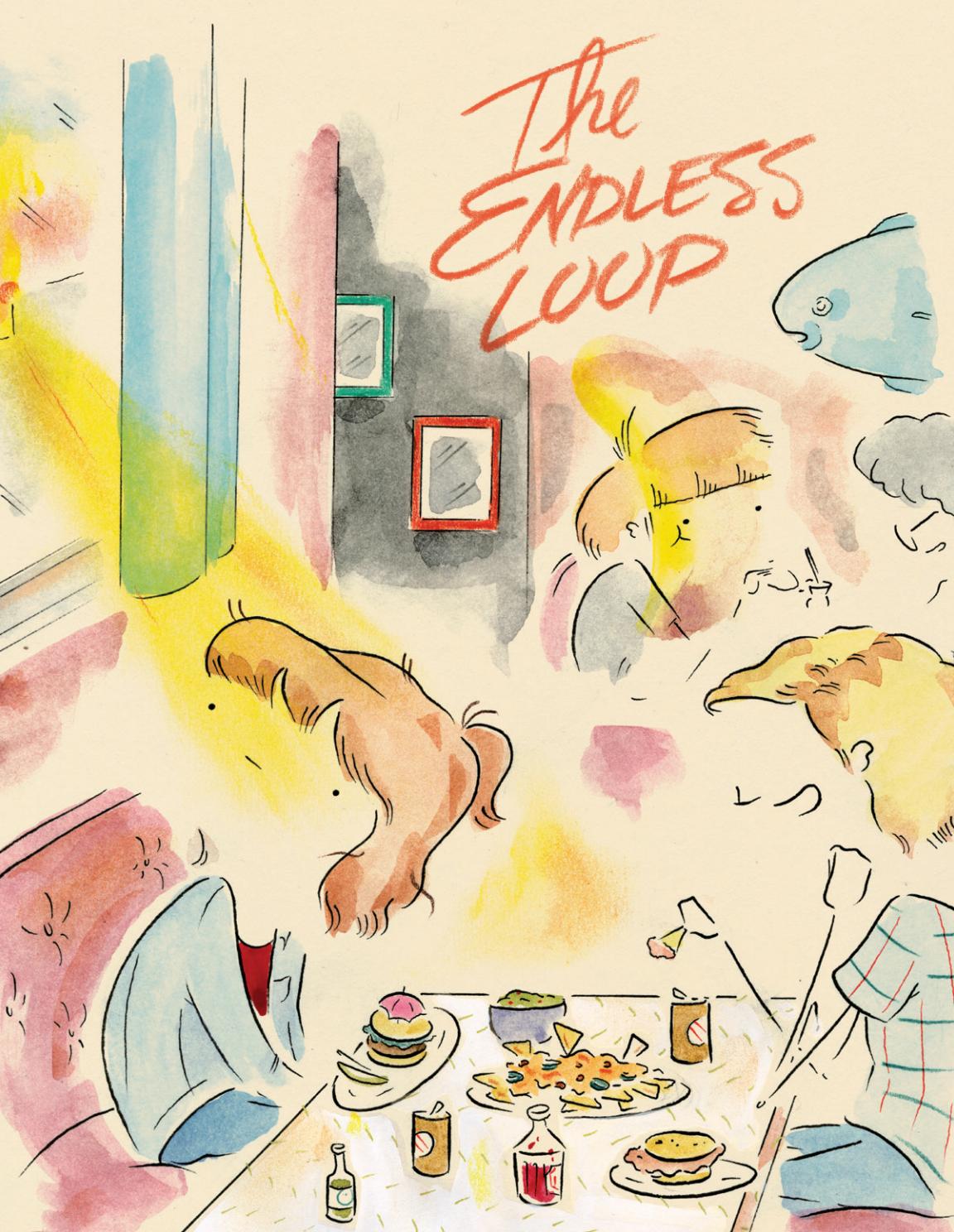


# The ENDLESS LOOP



WHEN I WAS LITTLE I WAS LOCKED  
IN MY ROOM AT NIGHT. I CRIED AND  
SCREAMED AND POUNDED THE DOOR  
UNTIL I PASSED OUT BESIDE IT.



I LOVE THE SUNSET, BUT AFTERWARDS,  
IN THE DARKNESS... AN INTENSE FEELING  
OF SADNESS - SOMETIMES FEAR - SETS IN.

NO ONE'S TO BLAME.

Ungh! I  
CAN'T GET THE  
DOOR OPEN!



I'VE NEVER TOLD ANYONE  
THAT. I ASSUME PEOPLE WILL  
THINK I'M BEING OVERDRAMATIC.



I HATE  
BEING ALONE  
AT NIGHT.



IT'S THE MAJORITY OF MY LIFE.





OH, HEY!  
I HAVEN'T  
SEEN YOU IN  
A WHILE!

CAN I  
SIT HERE?



THERE'S THIS  
REALLY GREAT  
INTERVIEW  
WITH THIS  
ARCHITECT  
I think  
you'd like...

HE SEEMS...

...DIFFERENT.



HE'S GOT A  
NICE SHIRT  
ON...

...and a  
NICE  
HAIRCUT.



HE SEEMS...

...MORE  
CONFIDENT.



I'm Going outside for a SMOKE.

CAN I  
COME  
WITH  
YOU?



SURE!



WHAT'S  
GOING  
ON?



THIS IS  
WEIRD.  
..

HA HA ... WELL, I ought  
to GET GOING  
if I'm  
GONNA  
WALK Home



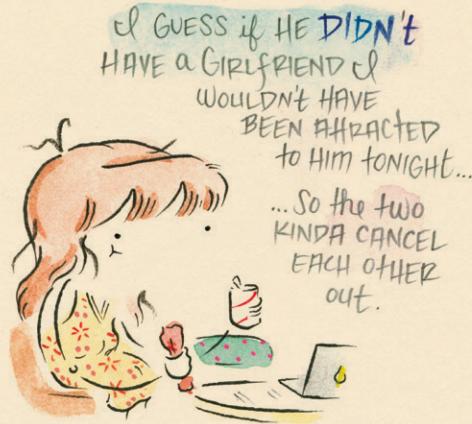
YEAH, ME too.  
I've ALWAYS  
ENJOYED  
TALKING to  
you...

you too!



HEY LES, you  
NEED an  
UMBRELLA?





THE SUN'S  
COMING UP.  
I PAINT ANOTHER  
CIRCLE.

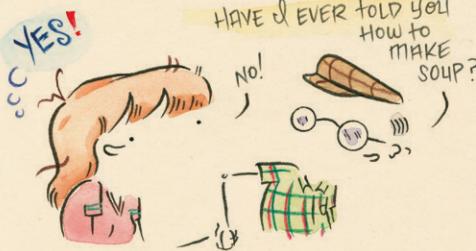


THE ENDLESS  
LOOP.





My GRANDFATHER, JERRY STEIN,  
HAD STARTED to REPEAT HIMSELF a lot...



I DIDN'T MIND at ALL, and, OWNING one of the WORST MEMORIES EVER, figured THIS WAY I MIGHT be ABLE to REMEMBER some of HIS STORIES.



THEY WERE mostly ABOUT FOOD... but sometimes...



AS A KID, HE HAD TRAVELED ALONE from PENNSYLVANIA to NEW YORK and WHEN NO ONE PICKED HIM UP at the STATION, HE FOUND the ADDRESS and took the SUBWAY to HIS AUNT and UNCLE's HOME in BROOKLYN ALL BY HIMSELF...

HE WAS PROUD of THAT.  
OH YEAH, and THEN someone MADE him a SANDWICH...



IT WAS HARD TO SEE HIM  
LIKE THAT.



IT WAS HARD TO  
BE THERE AT ALL.



I WANDERED.  
I FOUND A MAP  
of the FLOOR  
that HAD  
the WORDS

**ESCAPE  
ROUTE**  
PRINTED  
ON IT...



NOT EXIT.  
NOT STAIRWELL.

**ESCAPE ROUTE.**

I SMILED AT A  
RESIDENT IN  
THE T.V.  
ROOM.



WHEN HE SMILED BACK  
HIS DENTURES FELL  
OUT OF HIS MOUTH...



...JUST LIKE IN  
A CARTOON.



JERRY WAS an OPTOMETRIST.  
HE HAD an OLD PROJECTOR  
IN HIS OFFICE to SHOW  
CARTOONS to the  
KIDS THAT  
CAME IN.



I WAS SEVEN  
WHEN HE FITTED  
ME FOR MY  
FIRST PAIR  
of GLASSES.

HE SHOWED ME  
A FEW MIGHTY  
MOUSE EPISODES.



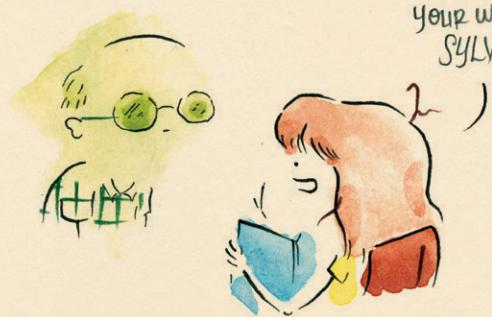
I GOT TO PICK OUT the  
FRAMES by myself!  
I PICKED a GREEN PAIR  
to MATCH my  
EYES.



I WEAR CONTACTS NOW.  
FEW PEOPLE  
KNOW THAT  
I'M BLIND  
as a  
BAT!



ALL  
STEINS  
ARE.



JERRY LIVES IN PORTLAND  
NOW. HE DOESN'T KNOW WHO  
I AM. HE DOESN'T KNOW  
WHO **HE** IS...



I THINK ABOUT  
HIM WHEN I'M  
ON THE TRAIN...

...but I  
CAN'T REMEMBER  
HOW TO MAKE  
the SOUP.

