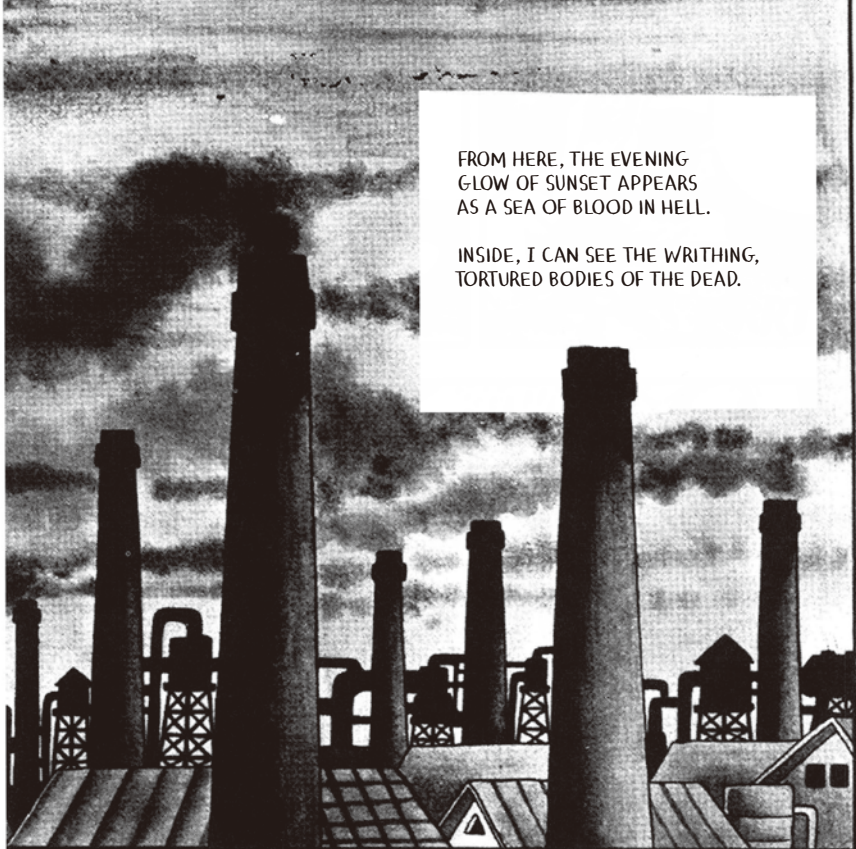




FROM HERE, THE EVENING
GLOW OF SUNSET APPEARS
AS A SEA OF BLOOD IN HELL.

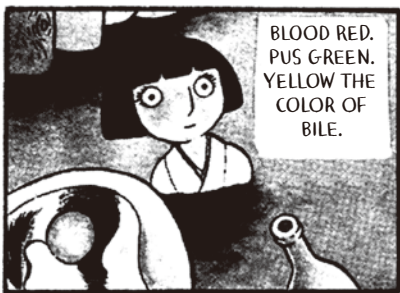
INSIDE, I CAN SEE THE WRITHING,
TORTURED BODIES OF THE DEAD.



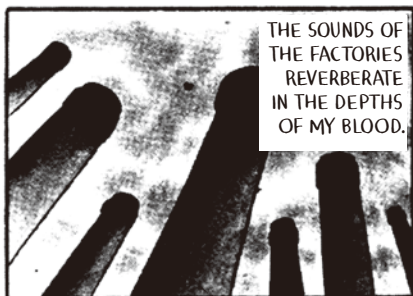
THE MUDDY
SEWER THAT
FLOWS
BEFORE
MY HOUSE
CHANGES
COLORS
EVERY
DAY.



ITS EVER-CHANGING
RAINBOW HUE IS A
RIVER OF HELL.



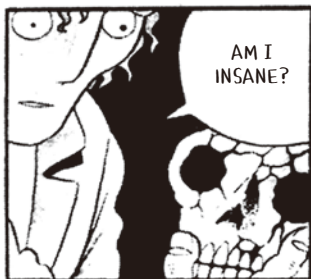
BLOOD RED.
PUS GREEN.
YELLOW LIKE
THE COLOR OF
BILE.



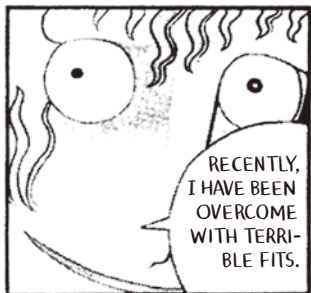
THE SOUNDS OF
THE FACTORIES
REVERBERATE
IN THE DEPTHS
OF MY BLOOD.



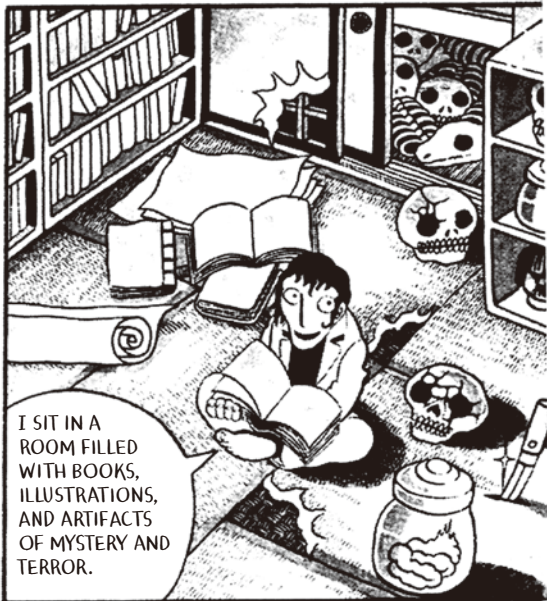
THE STENCH
REEKS LIKE
SOME FOUL
MONSTER'S
VOMIT.



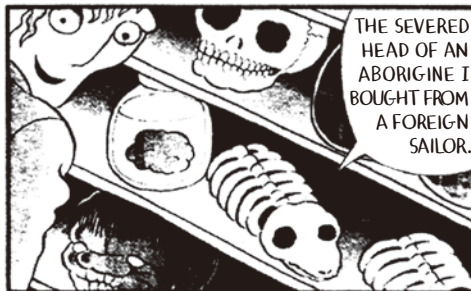
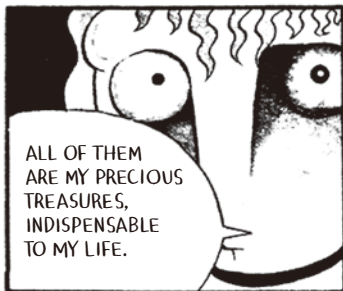
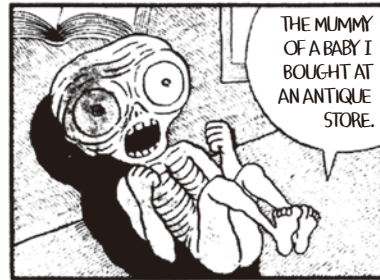
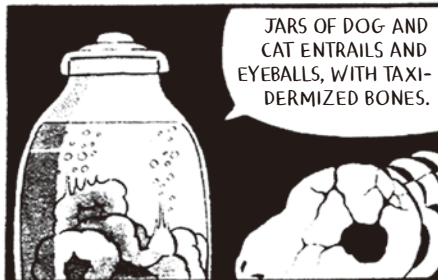
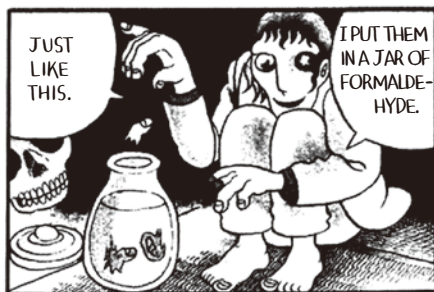
AM I
INSANE?



RECENTLY,
I HAVE BEEN
OVERCOME
WITH TERRI-
BLE FITS.



I SIT IN A
ROOM FILLED
WITH BOOKS,
ILLUSTRATIONS,
AND ARTIFACTS
OF MYSTERY AND
TERROR.

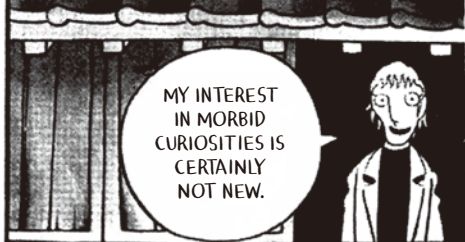




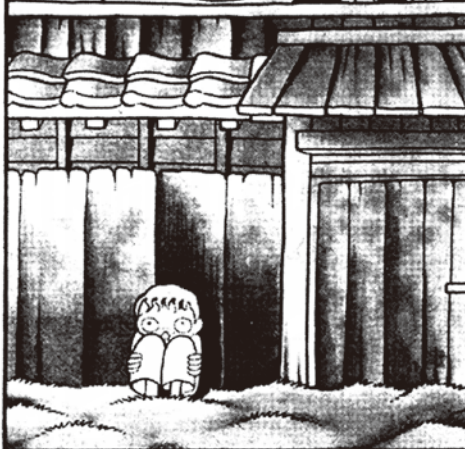
WHEN
I WAS
SMALL,



I WAS A
FRAIL,
SICKLY
CHILD.



MY INTEREST
IN MORBID
CURIOSITIES IS
CERTAINLY
NOT NEW.

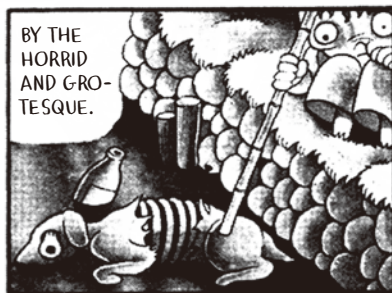


I SPENT
MY TIME IN
DIMLY LIT
ROOMS,

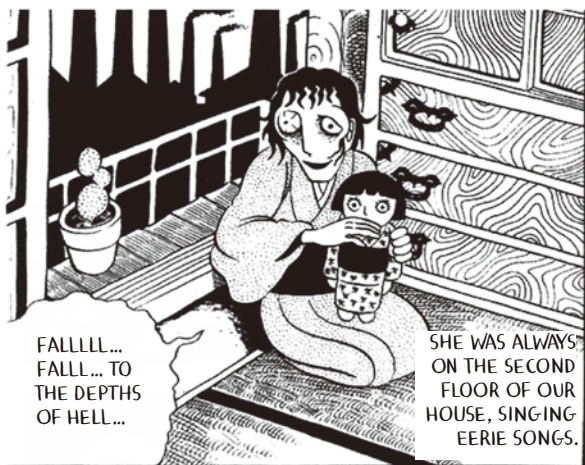
ENSCONCED IN
WEIRD FICTION,
BIZARRE PIC-
TURES, AND MY
OWN FANTASTIC
THOUGHTS.



EVEN THEN,
I WAS FAS-
CINATED...



BY THE
HORRID
AND GRO-
TESQUE.

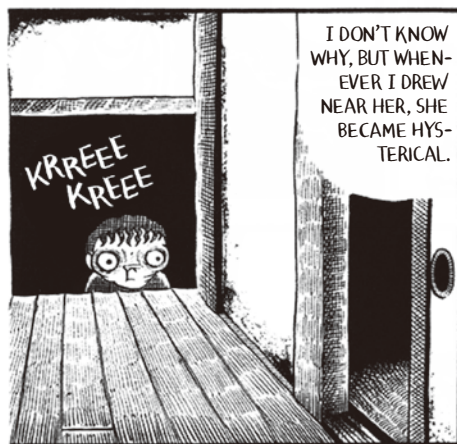


FALLLLL...
FALLL... TO
THE DEPTHS
OF HELL...

SHE WAS ALWAYS
ON THE SECOND
FLOOR OF OUR
HOUSE, SINGING
EERIE SONGS.



MY MOTHER WAS
A MADWOMAN...



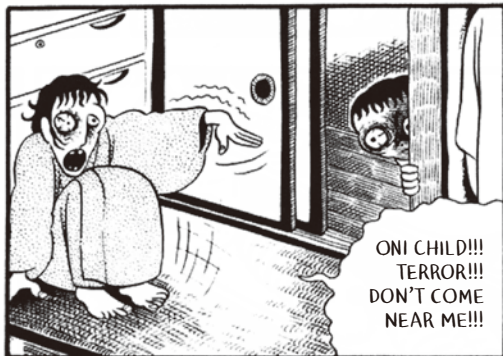
I DON'T KNOW
WHY, BUT WHEN-
EVER I DREW
NEAR HER, SHE
BECAME HYS-
TERICAL.



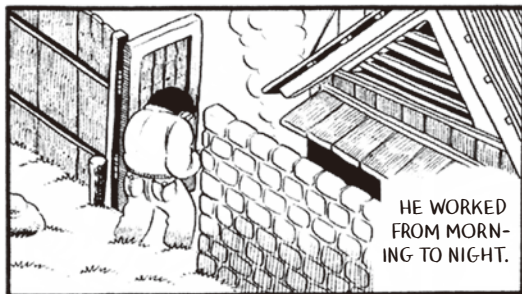
SEA OF BLOOD.
OCEAN OF FIRE.
MOUNTAIN OF NEE-
DLES. CAN'T YOU
HEAR THE CRIES OF
THE DEAD?



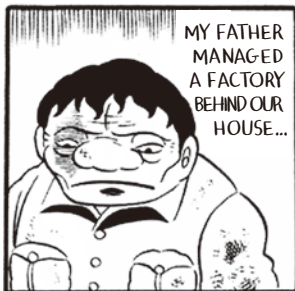
WITH A MOTHER
LIKE THAT, I NEVER
FELT ANY MATERNAL
AFFECTION.



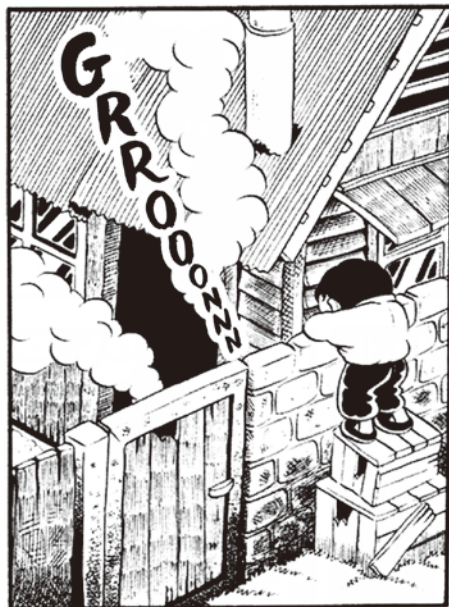
ONI CHILD!!!
TERROR!!!
DON'T COME
NEAR ME!!!



HE WORKED
FROM MORN-
ING TO NIGHT.



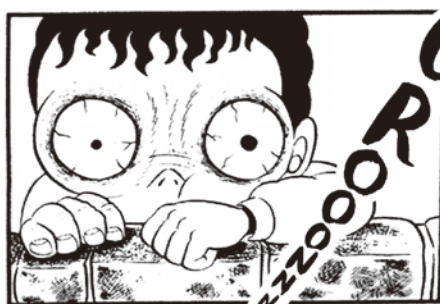
MY FATHER
MANAGED
A FACTORY
BEHIND OUR
HOUSE...



GRROOZZZZ



WHEN I WOKE
UP, HE'D AL-
READY BE
GONE.

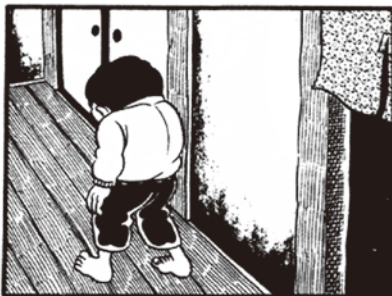
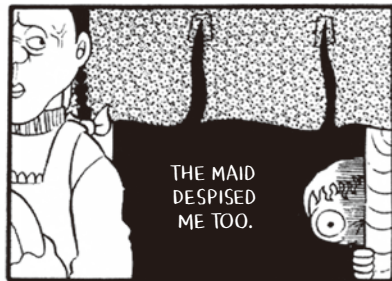
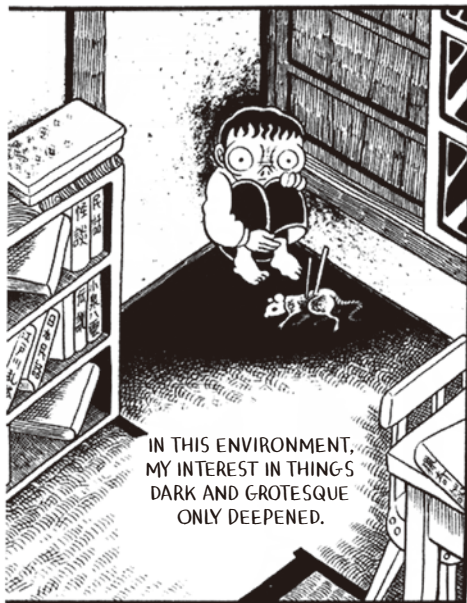
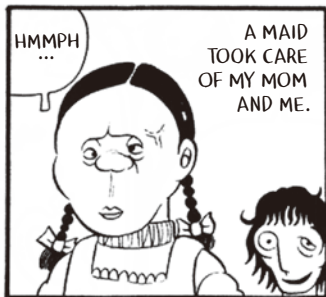
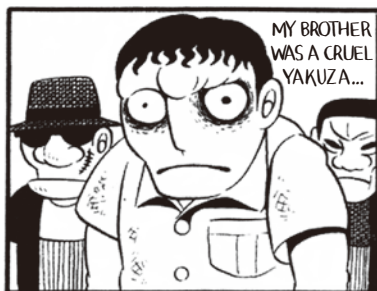
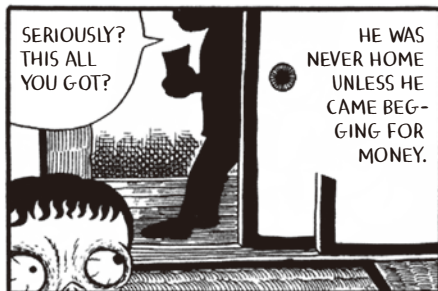


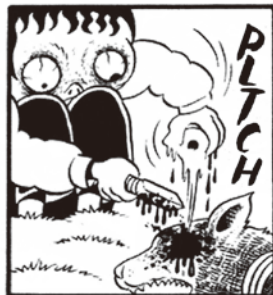
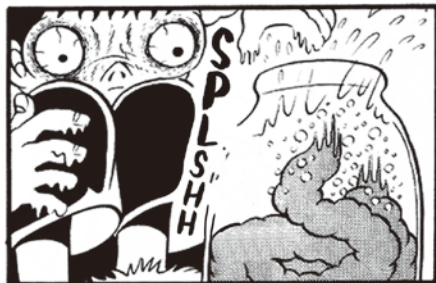
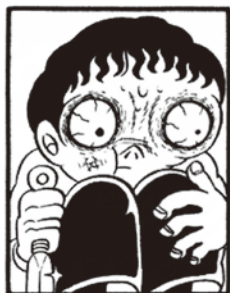
zzzzzoorg

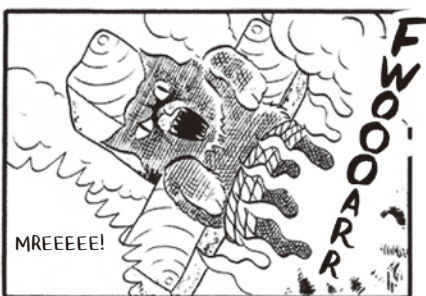
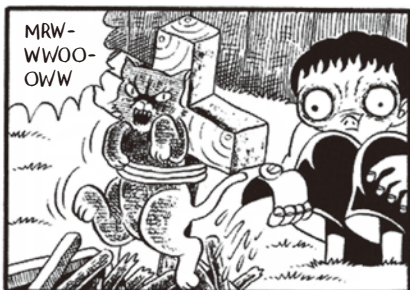


zzzoorg

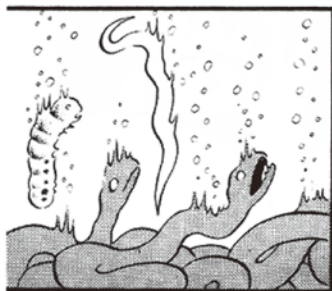
MY FATHER ALWAYS
FELT FAR AWAY.



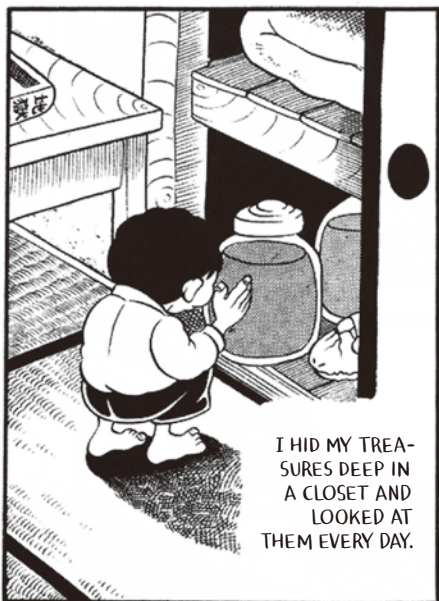




ONE OF
THEM
WERE
ROUND-
WORMS
AND TAPE-
WORMS
I'D BRED IN
MY OWN
BODY...



ALSO A
COLLEC-
TION OF
SNAKES,
FROGS,
LIZARDS,
HORN-
WORMS,
CATER-
PILLARS,
AND RATS.



I HID MY TREA-
SURES DEEP IN
A CLOSET AND
LOOKED AT
THEM EVERY DAY.

