

AT THE GOLDEN SHEAF BAKERY IN BERKELEY

FILMS

DANCE CONCERT

FILMS



EterniFest

WORDS: ONZIK

ART: MONGEAU





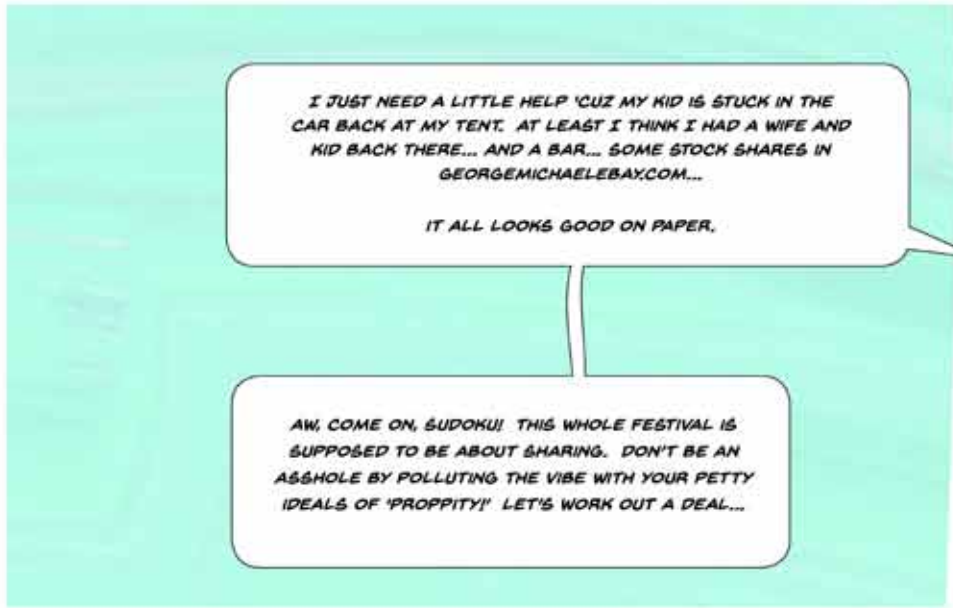
SUDOKU? DAMN IT, SUDOKU! NOW DON'T BE A HEARTLESS... BITCH... NOT BITCH. I GOTTA TALK TO YA. I WAS LOST FOR THREE DAYS IN THE MIDDLE OF A CORN FIELD!



SHIT, MY WIFE WOULDN'T TRY TO FIND ME AN' THEY HAD TO SEND OUT A COUPLE OF INFRARED CAMERAS TO TRY AN' FIND MY ASS.



AIN'T NOTHIN' TO ME BUT I THOUGHT MAYBE I COULD BORROW SOME UH... TOOLS OR WHATEVER YA GOT.



I JUST NEED A LITTLE HELP 'CUZ MY KID IS STUCK IN THE CAR BACK AT MY TENT. AT LEAST I THINK I HAD A WIFE AND KID BACK THERE... AND A BAR... SOME STOCK SHARES IN GEORGE MICHAEL BAX.COM...
IT ALL LOOKS GOOD ON PAPER.

AW, COME ON, SUDOKU! THIS WHOLE FESTIVAL IS SUPPOSED TO BE ABOUT SHARING. DON'T BE AN ASSHOLE BY POLLUTING THE VIBE WITH YOUR PETTY IDEALS OF 'PROPPITY!' LET'S WORK OUT A DEAL...







NOBODY WANTS TO CALL YOU LINDSAY, SUDOKU.

FUCKING WHITE BOYS THINK JUST CUZ I'M ASIAN I SHOULD HAVE AN ASIAN NAME.

YOU BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF PEOPLE, PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY, WITH CHESS AND PUZZLE GAMES. THAT'S WHY YOU'RE SUDOKU.



HI, SUDOKU.



DEAL, OZONE, BEN, BART, HELLO. AND WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT?



I JUST WANNA HANG OUT AND, Y'KNOW, SMOKE SOME CRACK LIKE I WAS TERMINALLY ILL.



YEAH, WE JUST WANNA HANG, NOT TOTALLY SOLD ON THE CRACK PART, THOUGH.

THIS IS ALL BULLSHIT. WE CAME FOR YOUR TICKETS.



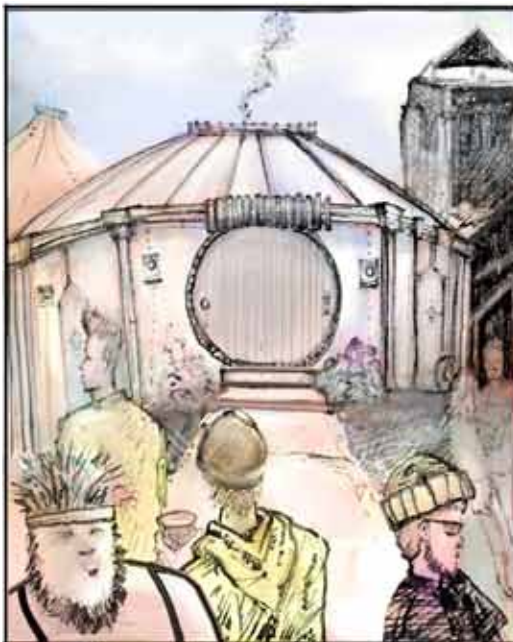
QUIET OZONE! UH... SUDOKU I BROUGHT YOU A PRESENT.



YOU... MAY ENTER. THE REST OF YOU MUST WAIT IN THE BONG YARD... OVER YONDER.



MMMMM...YES
DONT MIND IF I DOOOO...



RIGHT, THE MATTER OF OUR L-LABEL, THAT IS IF YOU FOUND WHAT I SENT YOU TO LOOK FOR.

SHEESH..

BUT OF COURSE. I GOTTA SAY THOUGH, I HAD TO TRAVEL PRETTY FAR TO GET THESE ONES. I WAS LOST IN THE WOODS FOR A SPELL.



BUT UH... DID YA GET THE GOODS?

YOU KNOW WHY THEY CALL ME DEAL, SUDOKU?

NO, WHY?

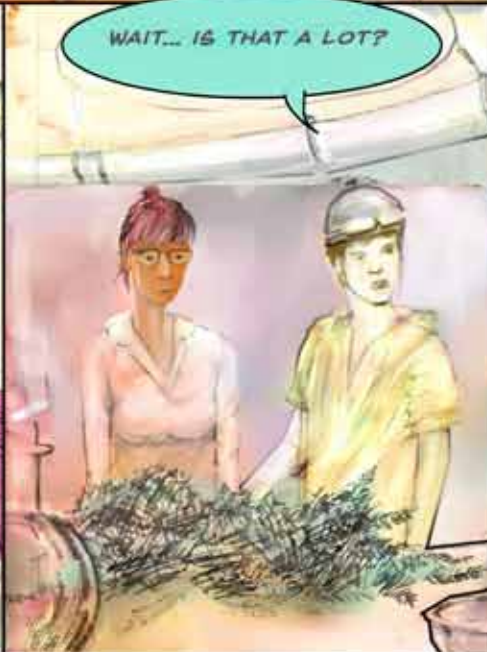
BECAUSE THAT'S MY NAME...

WAIT... IS THAT A LOT?

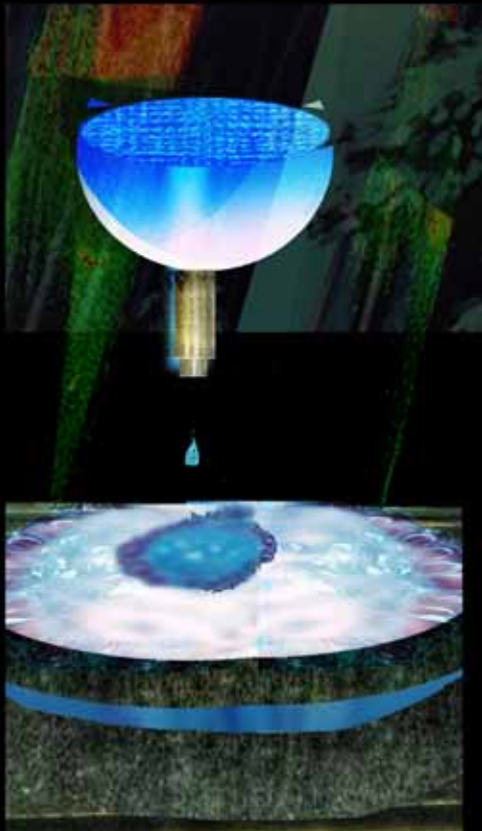
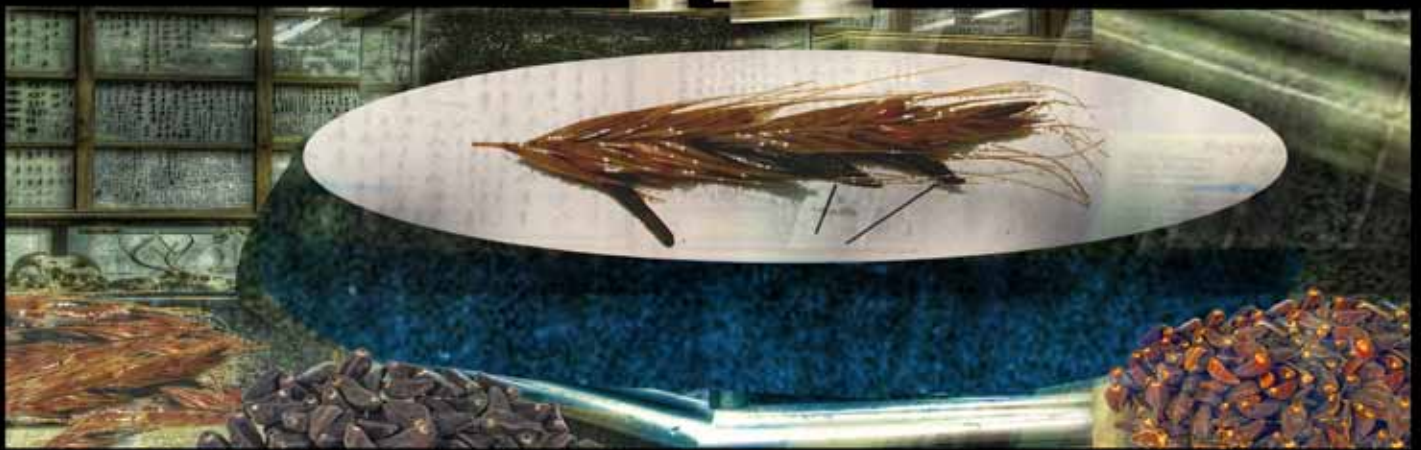
YEAH THAT'S A LOT! ENOUGH TO MAKE IT "OUR" LSD THERE PARDNER.



WHERE DID YOU FIND SO MUCH OF IT?







HOW SOON BEFORE YOU CAN ISOMERIZE IT, CAPTAIN?!

SOON, MATEY. THEN I'LL COOL IT, MIX IT WITH AN ACID AND A BASE, AND EVAPORATE IT. WHAT'S LEFT OVER IS ISO-LYBERGIC DIETHYLAMIDE. I'LL ISOMERIZE IT AGAIN TO PRODUCE MY OWN BRAND OF LSD.



ISN'T IT OUR BRAND?





YES INDEED, DEAL AND SUDOKU HAD A WEIRD BOND THAT NOBODY QUITE COMPREHENDED. FOR THEY DID NOT ENTIRELY ACT LIKE LOVERS, ONLY SNUGLERS.



WEREN'T SO MUCH OF A MOM AND POP SHOP AS THEY WERE A SIBLING RIVALRY THAT WOULD MAKE FOLKS PAUSE, STARE, AND THINK, "OH SO THAT'S HOW IT WORKS IN THEIR FAMILY."



NEVER DID THE TWO EVER TRULY GLEAN THEIR DIFFERENCES NOR THEIR SIMILARITIES. FOR WHY WOULD THEY BE THINKING, WHEN MOST OF THEIR NEURAL TISSUE CONCERNING EACH OTHER WAS IN ANOTHER PLACE?

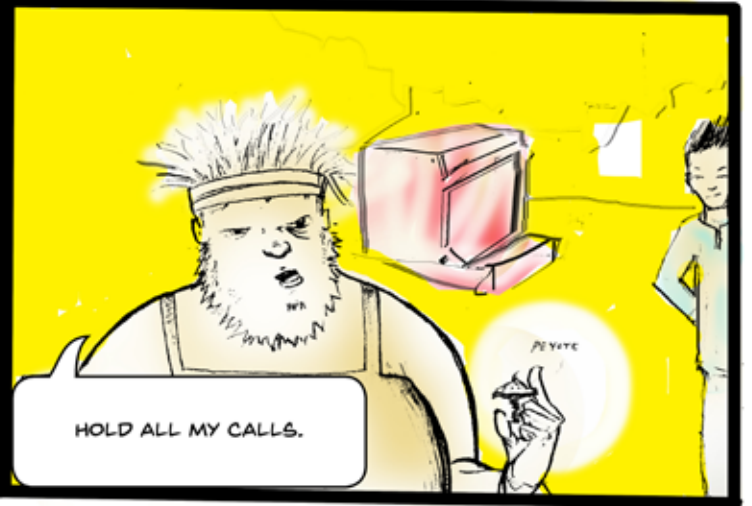
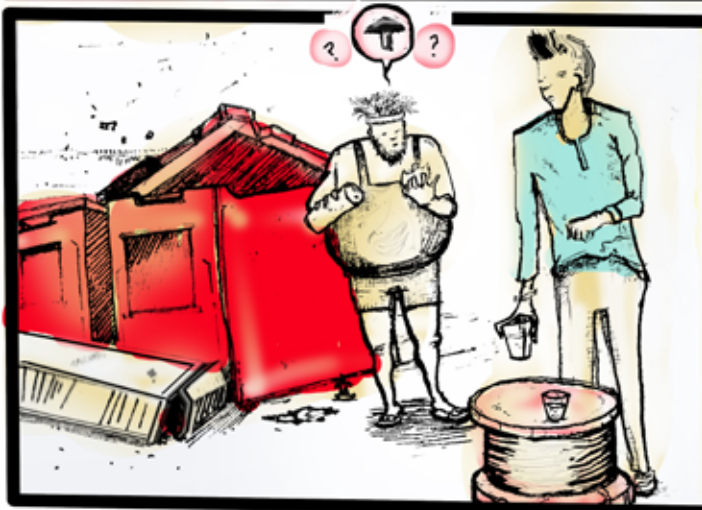
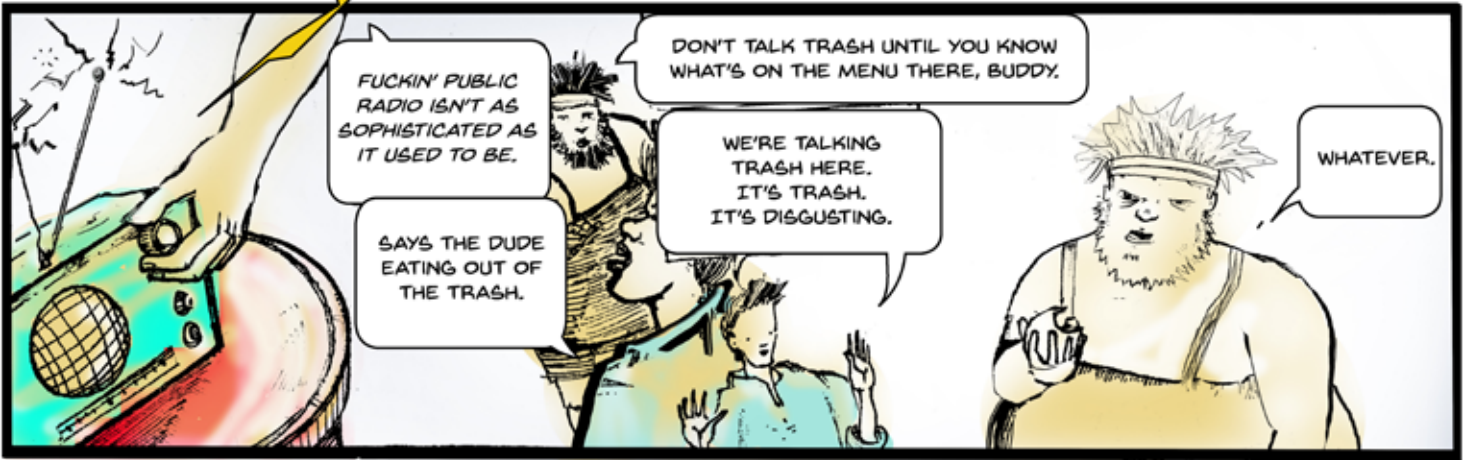


WHILE THEY'LL NEVER ADMIT TO FUCKING, THERE WERE ALWAYS MOMENTS THAT MADE EVERYONE ELSE UNCOMFORTABLE. MOMENTS OF BICKERING AND ACCIDENTAL NUDITY THAT WENT DISREGARDED DURING CONVERSATIONS THAT LASTED BETWEEN THEM LONG UNTIL THE WEE HOURS BECAME BIG AGAIN.





AND IF YOU'LL EXCUSE MY AGE AND WISDOM, THEY WERE VERY MUCH LIKE TWO SHIPS
IN THE NIGHT THAT WOULD NOT PASS, ONLY EVER HARBORING... EVER HARBORING...





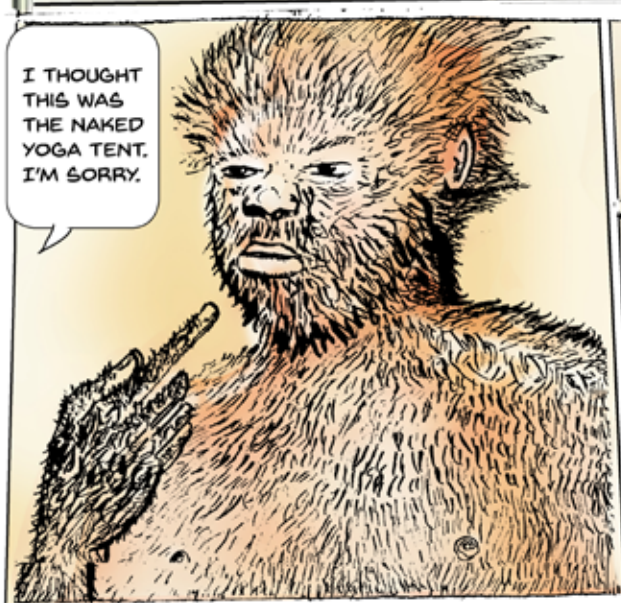
OK, VOLUNTEERS.



WHOA... JASON...



THAT'S GOTTA BE SOME, KINDA, DRESS CODE VIOLATION.



I THOUGHT THIS WAS THE NAKED YOGA TENT. I'M SORRY.



THIS ISN'T YOGA AND PUT A VOLUNTEER SHIRT ON OR SOMETHING.



FIRST RULE TODAY IS DON'T RUIN MY VIBE, AND YOU ALREADY DID THAT.



WHICH BRINGS US TO RULE #2

BUY YOUR DRUGS FROM US, TOO MANY OF YOU DIED LAST YEAR.



WE ARE A RELIABLE SOURCE AND YOU SHOULD FEEL FREE TO BUY DRUGS FROM US.

ANY OTHER OUTSIDE DRUGS ARE TO BE TESTED BY DEAL HERE.



THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT YOU SNOT-NOSED KIDS GET INTO THESE DAYS. HELL, IT'S CHEAPER FOR YOUR AVERAGE, GREASY-DICKED DEALER TO SELL BATH SALTS AND LAXATIVES THAN IT IS FOR THEM TO PUT IN THE TIME AND MONEY TO MANUFACTURE THE GOOD SHIT AND OFFER A QUALITY PRODUCT.



RULE #3. NOW. EVERY YEAR THE QUESTION OF STARTING FIRES KEEPS COMING UP FOR SOME REASON. WE DO NOT ALLOW FIRES INSIDE THE VIP TENT.



UNLESS IT'S IN YOUR CAR.

NOOOOO... HOHO... NO, DISREGARD THAT.



WHAT? WHAT IS IT?



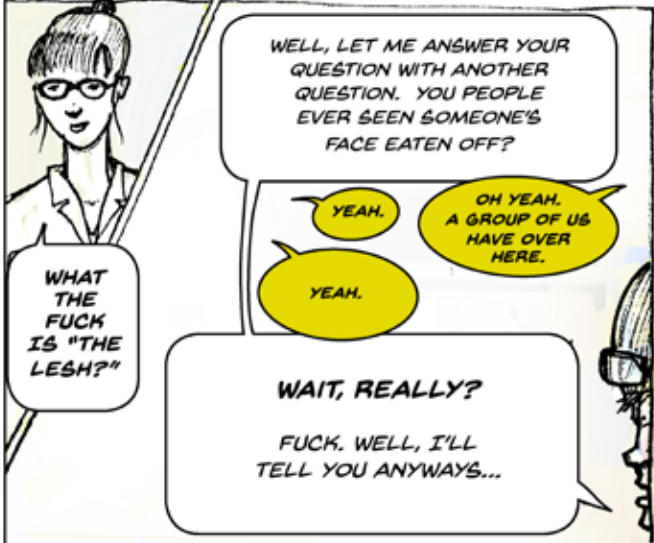
WE'VE BEEN VOLUNTEERING FOR 6 MONTHS, MISS SUDOKU.

MY NAME IS LINDSAY BUT... OK, WHAT'S YOUR POINT?

ARE WE GUARANTEED JOBS AFTER THIS?

JOB? HAHA! FUCK A JOB! THE ONLY JOB YOU NEED THESE DAYS IS TO BE WEIRD. AND IF YOU'RE WEIRD ENOUGH, THEN YOU'LL GET A JOB.

HA! JOB... YOU BELIEVE THAT?



FOR THIS IS NOT IDLE CHAT. THE LESH APPEARS AT SHOWS, WHETHER IN THE CROWD OR ON STAGE. I SAW IT ONCE ON STAGE. THE FOG MACHINE HAD BLOTTED OUT THE FIRST FEW ROWS WITH A CLOUD THAT MADE PEOPLE WAIL AND LOW LIKE CATTLE OR WENDIGOS.

THE LESH'S LANKY AND BONE-THIN, LIKE A STARVING VULTURE. EVEN WITHOUT MUSCLE, IT EMANATED POWER. THE SIGHT OF IT SENT SOME PREGNANT LADY NEXT TO ME INTO LABOR.

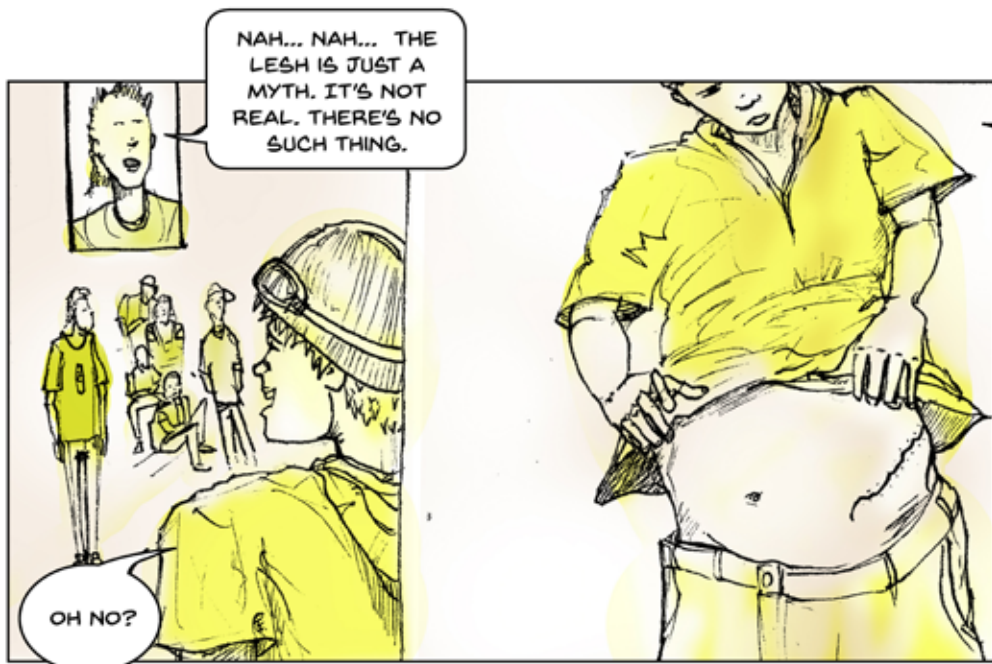


THE LESH SAW THIS AND MOANED, "ORGANS... LEND ME YOUR OR-GAAAAAAAANS..." AND THEN...



PEOPLE DID. THEY GAVE UP THEIR ORGANS LIKE THEY WERE ALL DAISY-CHAINED IN A BLOOD ORGY OF HUMAN VISCERA. ALL CUZ THE LESH TOLD THEM TO.

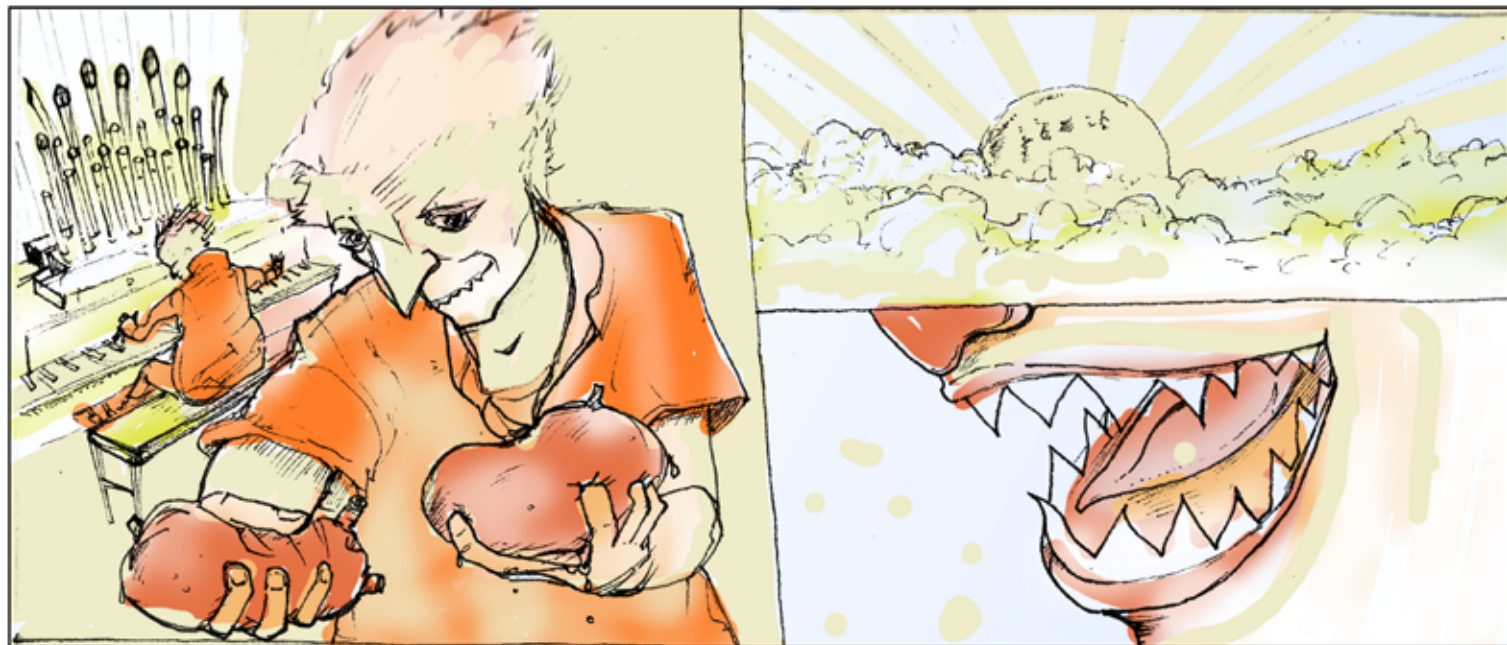




NAH... NAH... THE LESH IS JUST A MYTH. IT'S NOT REAL. THERE'S NO SUCH THING.

OH NO?

I LOST MY KIDNEY TO THE LESH. DON'T REMEMBER MUCH OF IT BUT THE ODD THING IS, THE CREATURE JUST SWAPPED MINE OUT FOR A DIFFERENT ONE.



SOME SAY HE'S STILL OUT THERE... PLAYING SHOWS... FOR ORGANS... MAYBE EVEN PLAYING SHOWS WITH ORGANS.

BUT HE ALWAYS COMES BACK... AND MAYBE NEXT TIME, HE'LL COME BACK... FOR YOU!





EH?

BEING PRODUCTIVE WITHOUT PURPOSE IS KIND OF LIKE RUNNING OVER A KID WITH YOUR CAR WHILE TEXTING. YOU GOTTA KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE ROAD.



AHEM...



THANK YOU.

JUST PLAY THE SONG.



WELL...
IF YOU WOULD BANG MY WIFE
THEN I GUESS I'LL TAKE YOUR LIFE...
AND YOU'D NEVER BANG MY WIFE A-GAIN
NOW IF YOU'D PLEASE BANG MY WIFE
THEN I'LL BANG YOU WITH MY KNIFE...
AND YOU'LL NEVER BANG MY WIFE A-GAIN.

WE DON'T NEED TO HEAR THE REST.
MAY WE WORK WITHOUT PAY NOW?





SADIE!
VIRGIN MARY'S BLOODY TAMPON. THIS WANKER'S BEEN PASSED OUT IN THE SUN ALL DAY.



OH FUCK...

YOU CUNT OF A CUNT, OF A CUNT! WE'RE MINUTES AWAY FROM GETTING CUT FROM THE SHOW AND YOU'VE BEEN DIDLING YOURSELF IN A DREAM! FUCKERRRRRR!



GET HER OFFA ME!

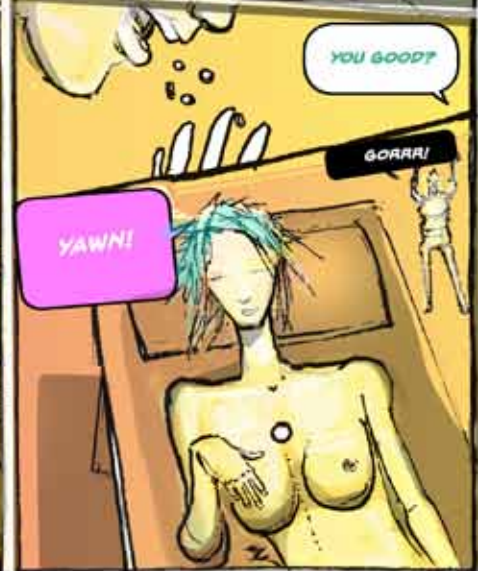


BLEEECHHHH!

WHAT'S THE... OH FUCK, I'M TIRED.



AWW BLOODY HELL. GIVE 'ER SOME DRUGS.

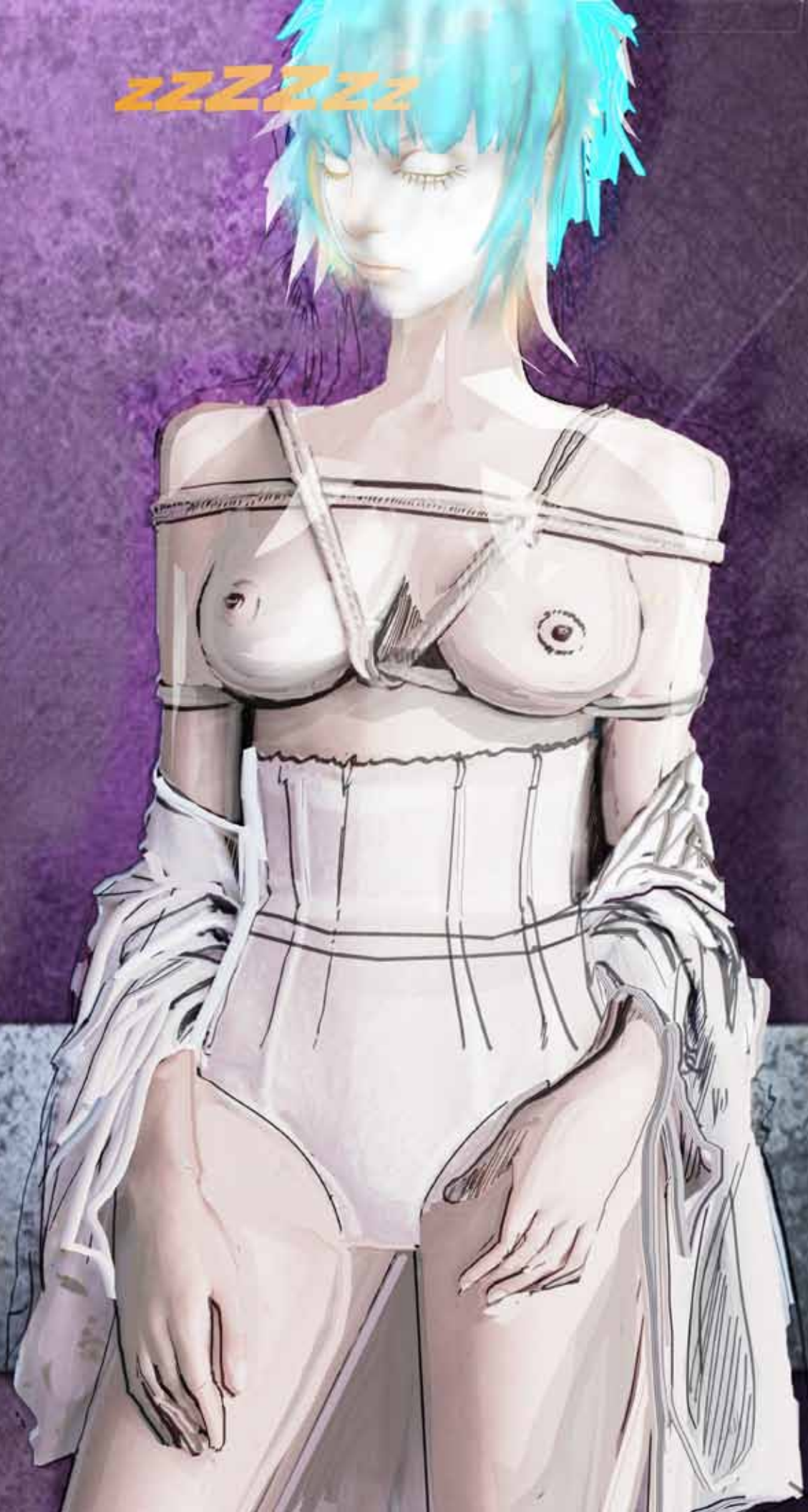


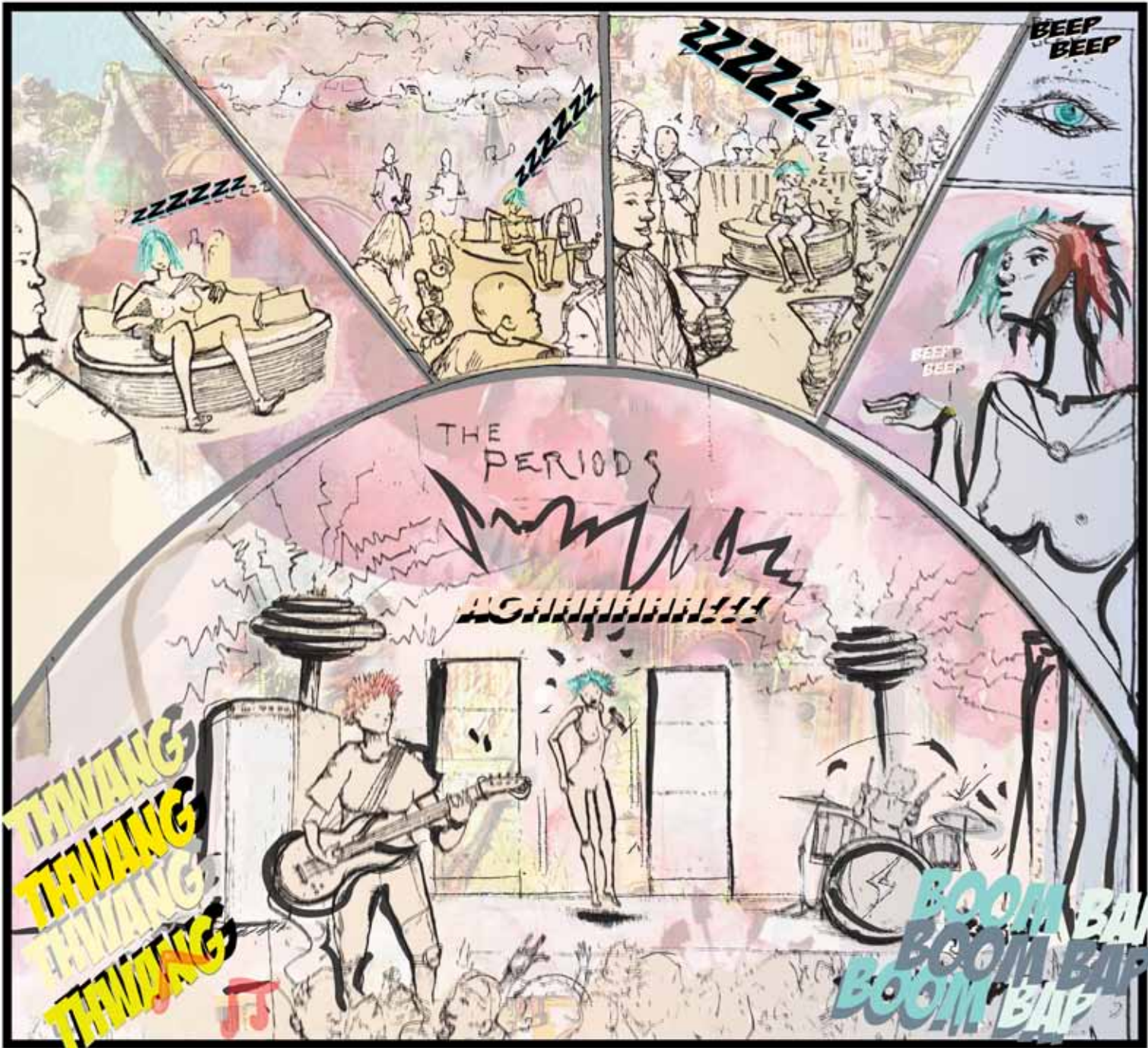
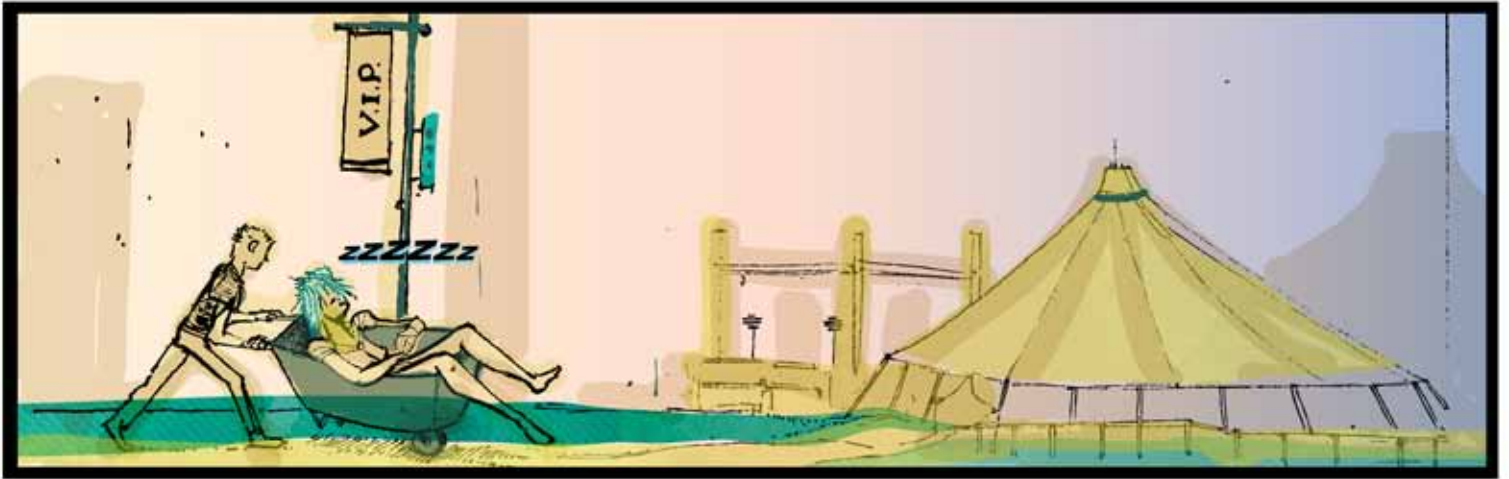
YAWN!

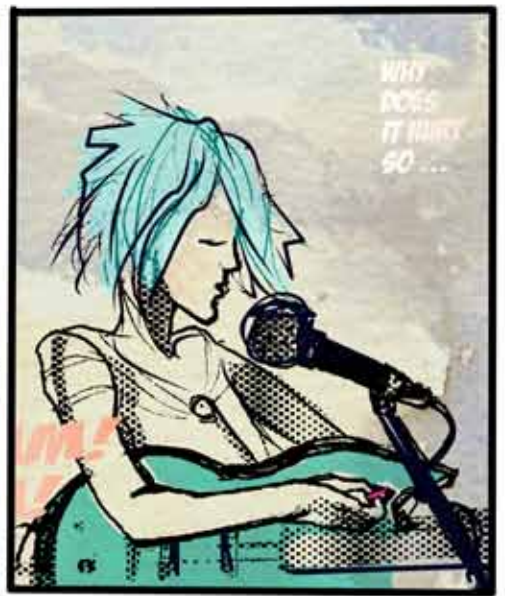
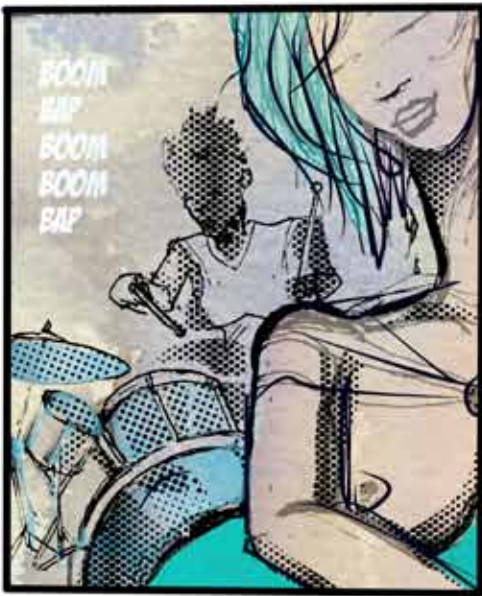
YOU GOOD?

GOARR!

zzzzzz









THANKS! YOU'RE ALL VERY IMPORTANT PEOPLE, YOU ARE.



OH, HIII. WHO LET YOU POOR PLEBEIANS INTO THE VIP TENT?



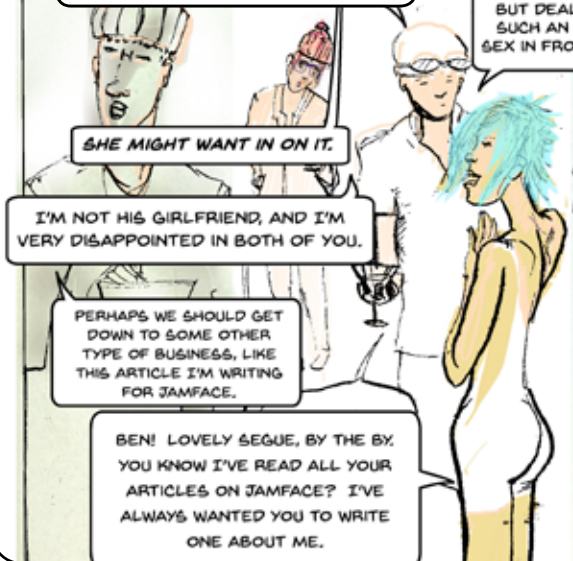
WHO? ME?

ESPECIALLY YOU, MATE.

SADIE, YOU LOOKED HOT UP THERE. I WAS WONDERING IF MAYBE LATER YOU WANTED TO DO SOME BLOW WITH ME?

BUT DEAL, HOW COULD I ACCEPT SUCH AN IMPLICIT INVITATION FOR SEX IN FRONT OF YOUR GIRLFRIEND?

I... JUST... CAME.

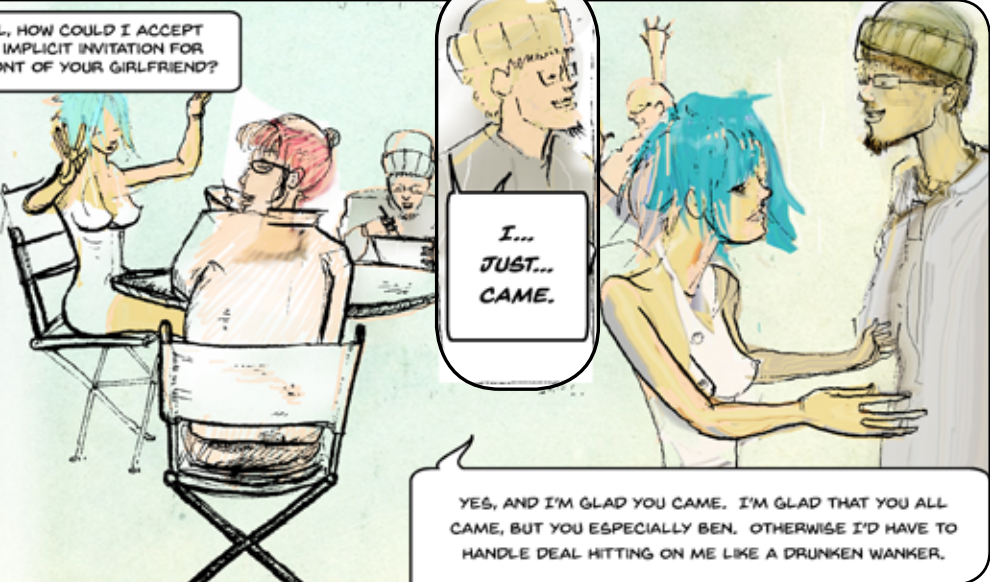


SHE MIGHT WANT IN ON IT.

I'M NOT HIS GIRLFRIEND, AND I'M VERY DISAPPOINTED IN BOTH OF YOU.

PERHAPS WE SHOULD GET DOWN TO SOME OTHER TYPE OF BUSINESS, LIKE THIS ARTICLE I'M WRITING FOR JAMFACE.

BEN! LOVELY SEGUE, BY THE BY. YOU KNOW I'VE READ ALL YOUR ARTICLES ON JAMFACE? I'VE ALWAYS WANTED YOU TO WRITE ONE ABOUT ME.



YES, AND I'M GLAD YOU CAME. I'M GLAD THAT YOU ALL CAME, BUT YOU ESPECIALLY BEN. OTHERWISE I'D HAVE TO HANDLE DEAL HITTING ON ME LIKE A DRUNKEN WANKER.

BART AND OZONE ARE PISSING OFF THE NITROUS MAFIA.



I THOUGHT YOU SAID SECURITY GOT THEM.

RIGHT, HOW ABOUT YOU SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, MATE. THOSE BLOODY MAFIOSOS JUST KEEP ON SUCKING ETERNI-PROFITS FROM OUR CONCERTS, THE BASTARDS.

MISS YOU GUYS. GOOD LUCK NOW. I HAVE TO GET BACK ON STAGE.



WELL, ONE SUSPECTS THAT STAFF SECURITY AND THE NITROUS MAFIA ARE USING THE SAME HUMAN RESOURCES DEPARTMENT THESE DAYS.



THAT STATEMENT THERE, I DON'T UNDERSTAND. I DON'T THINK ANYBODY HERE UNDERSTANDS WHAT A HUMAN RESOURCE IS.



SOMEBODY'S GOT TO TALK TO THEM.

WELL. MAYBE I CAN REASON WITH THEM. WORK SOMETHING OUT.



AFTER ALL, I LOVE TALKING WITH PEOPLE.

INSIDE THE SECURITY HOLDING AREA



SO, IN A NUTSHELL WHERE DO YOU THINK THE BAND'S DIRECTION IS HEADING?

WELL... NO... IT'S IN A NUTSHELL. IT'S A NUTTY PLACE TO START.

THAT'S NOT A FLUFFY PLACE TO START.

YOU KNOW WE'VE BEEN PLAYING THE FESTIVAL FOR A LONG TIME NOW. EVERY THURSDAY FOR... 6 YEARS, I THINK?

IS IT THURSDAY?

QUIET, DEAL! YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE!



THAT'S SORT OF WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT THOUGH. DEAL'S LOST HIS CONCEPT OF THE SHOW. HE DOESN'T SAVE THE DATES AS WELL ANYMORE.



EVERY LIFE-CHANGING PHENOMENON PASSES BY UNNOTICED.



IS THIS AFFECTING YOUR BAND?

THAT MAGIC, IT ALL BLENDS IN AFTER A WHILE. AND I'M NOT JUST TALKING ABOUT MUSIC BUT I'M TALKING ABOUT A MASSIVE CULTURAL SIMULACRUM OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

OF COURSE, IT AFFECTS THE BAND. IT AFFECTS EVERYTHING. WE'RE ALL BECOMING SO OVERSATURATED THAT MUSIC BECOMES PLACEBO.



PEOPLE ALL WANT TO SCREAM SOMETHING. THE ISSUE IS EXACERBATED BY AN ENVIRONMENT WHERE EVERYONE'S WAILING AT EACH OTHER LIKE A BLOODY PACK OF RAGING ATTENTION WHORES.



I'M CAREFUL TO ASK THIS, BUT, HAS THE INCESSANT ROUTINE OF THE FESTIVAL TURNED EXCESS INTO THE MUNDANE, EXCITEMENT INTO MONOTONY?

WE'RE SO NARCISSISTIC THAT WE CAN'T APPRECIATE OTHERS, BUT RATHER WE IMITATE THEM UNTIL WE'RE A REINVENTED VERSION. A DUPLICATE OF THE HUMAN EXPERIENCE. I JUST CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE BECOME SO AWARE, TO THE POINT WHERE THERE'S NO MORE DISCOVERY? WHEN OUR PATTERNS BECOME UBIQUITOUS, HOW DOES IT AFFECT THE MUSIC? HOW DOES IT AFFECT OUR INSTINCTS?



HOW CAN WE LOVE SOMETHING LIKE A GOOD TUNE WHEN WE'VE JUST BEEN FOLLOWING ROUTINE? WHEN WE'RE TOO CULTURALLY EXHAUSTED TO DO ANYTHING ELSE...?



I SUPPOSE ALL WE CAN DO IS JUST HOPE FOR SPONTANEOUS GENERATION. OR NOT. HELL, COVER BANDS AREN'T SO BAD.

LITTLE THINGS DO CHANGE. AND THEY CAN ONLY GET BETTER, RIGHT? OR MAYBE YOU MEAN THAT "BETTER" IS WORSE?



WISE MAN SAY, "WHEN THINGS ARE BAD, ART GETS GOOD." LET'S HOPE THINGS GET A LITTLE WORSE.



SO... OZONE AND BART ARE IN TROUBLE WITH SECURITY.

BART? THE CRAZY HOMELESS GUY?

HE'S CRAZY, NOT HOMELESS... I THINK.



HE'S A BUM, BUT HE'S MY BUM!



AND SUDOKU GENERALLY JUST STANDING ABOUT AND STARING AWKWARDLY.



HAHA. WELL IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT I SEE, YOU'D BE STARING TOO.



YOU RECKON I COULD GET A DOSE OF WHATEVER IT IS SHE'S HAVING?

THAT COULD BE ARRANGED.



MAYBE OVER A FEW BEERS?

YOU READ MY TITS, BEN.

WHERE'S THAT OZONE FELLOW YOU USUALLY HANG WITH?



MEANWHILE OUTSIDE

THROUGH HERE.



ARRRIGHT, LET'S TRY SNEAKING THROUGH THE BACK. I FIGURED YOU'D BE GOOD AT THAT.

WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?



I MEAN YOU SNEAK INTO THE BACK OF THINGS SOMETIMES.

OH... WELL, RIGHT.



WE GO IN RAMBO STYLE.



MUSCULAR, GREASY.

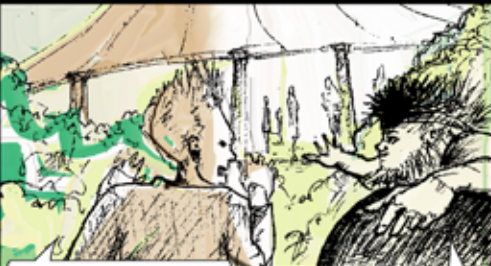


YEAH, GREASY. FOLLOW ME.



HUF HUF HUF

OK, WE'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH.



WHAT THE FUCK IS THE PLAN, DUDE?

DON'T BE A FAG, COMPADRE.

STOP USING THAT WORD.

SEEMS AS THOUGH YOU MEANT THAT IN A PROPRIETARY SENSE.

YOU DON'T SAY IT IN POLITE COMPANY, AND YOU'RE NEVER GONNA BE AT THAT POINT. SO WHAT THE FUCK IS THE PLAN?

ALL WE GOTTA DO IS RUN IN ONE AT A TIME. MAKE FER THAT OPENING AND JUST PRETEND LIKE YOU KNOW WHAT YER DOING. PRETEND YER TALKING TO SOMEONE IMPORTANT ON YOUR PHONE.



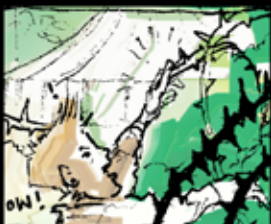
NO, NO I DO NOT.

I'LL GO FIRST.

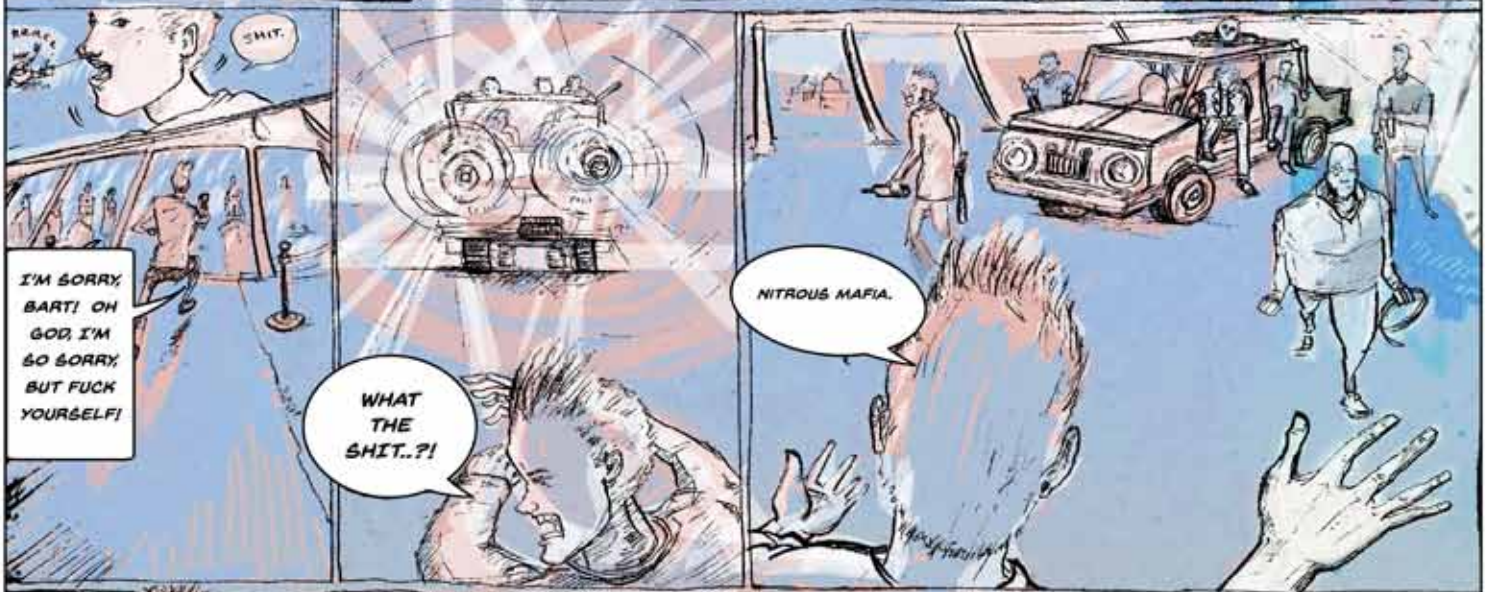


YAHHAHAHAH

HUF HUF HUF



OW!





HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA HA

©*!



HAHA! YOUR HILARIOUS MAN.

HAHA! THANKS.



WAIT A SEC. HOW MANY BALLOONS HAVE YOU HAD?



SO THAT'LL BE 20 ETERNI-TOKENS.



WHAAA?



HEY!



Huh?

YOU SAID FREE FOR TWENTY...

I THOUGHT THE GUY SAID, "FREE FOR 20."



THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS FREE FOR 20. I SAID 3 FOR 20, AS IN 3 BALLOONS FOR 20 ETERNI-TOKENS. YOU AND YOUR FRIEND HERE DECIDED TO TAKE 20 FOR NOTHING.



NOW, IS THERE SOME KINDA PROBLEM HERE?



?

HEY.

BACK UP, BITCH, BEFORE YOU BECOME THE PROBLEM.

YOU WON'T HIT HIM IN THE FACE. YOU CAN'T IF YOU WANT TO SAVE FACE AROUND HERE.

I DON'T WANT TO SAVE FACE. I WANT TO BREAK IT. WHY WOULDN'T I HIT HIM?

BECAUSE... HE'S INBRED AND HIS MOM DRANK WHILE HE WAS IN THE WOMB. NOT HIS FAULT.



UH...HI DEAL



HERE YAH W!

MY BROTHER'S AN INBRED.



THE FACT THAT YOU COMPARE THAT ASSHOLE TO INBREDS IS AN INSULT TO INBREDS EVERYWHERE. AND SO IS YOUR WORD CHOICE. THEY PREFER "CONGENITALLY ABLED."

I THINK I MIGHT HAVE TO HIT YOU, TOO.



HOW ABOUT THIS. WE ALL TAKE A DEEP BREATH. TRY SOME OF MY WINE.

FIRST ONE'S A FREEBIE. THEN YOU CAN HIT BART WITHOUT ANY MORE TROUBLE FROM MY FRIENDS AND ME.

AH...



I ACCEPT THIS, WITH OR WITHOUT YOUR BARGAIN.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, ASSHOLE?

MY NAME? WELL, IT'S NOT DEAL. I MEAN... WHY IT'S UH... NO-DEAL.

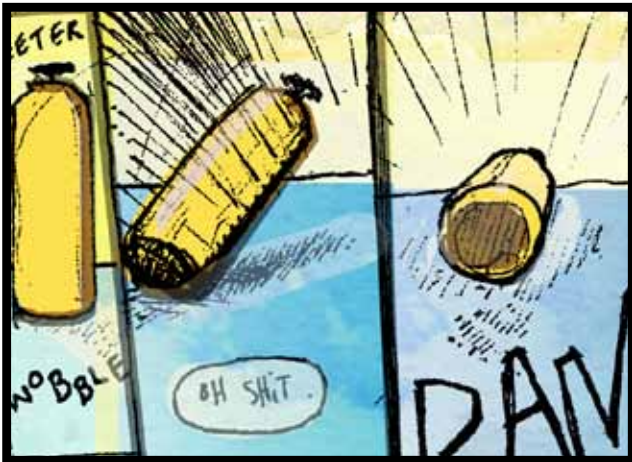


MMM. FAMILIAR TASTE. SEEM TO RECALL THE REGION WHERE- WAIT, THIS ISN'T AH...

HAI INDEED, IT IS. YOU'LL BE THE LAST ONE I PUNCH IN THE FACE.

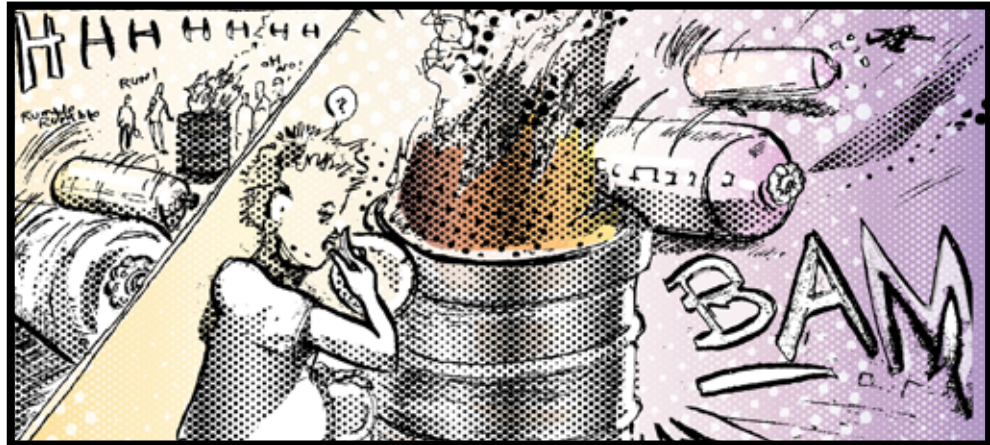
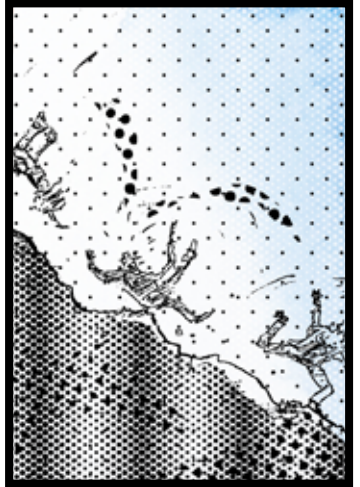


OOOFF...



HAHAHA!
 I LACED IT WITH
 A SHITLOAD
 OF KETAMINE
 INSTEAD.
 GOOD LUCK IN
 THE K-HOLE.

AND MY NAME'S NOT
 "NO-DEAL" IT'S
 ACTUALLY "DEAL,"
 AND UH... YOU'VE
 JUST BEEN DEALT WITH.

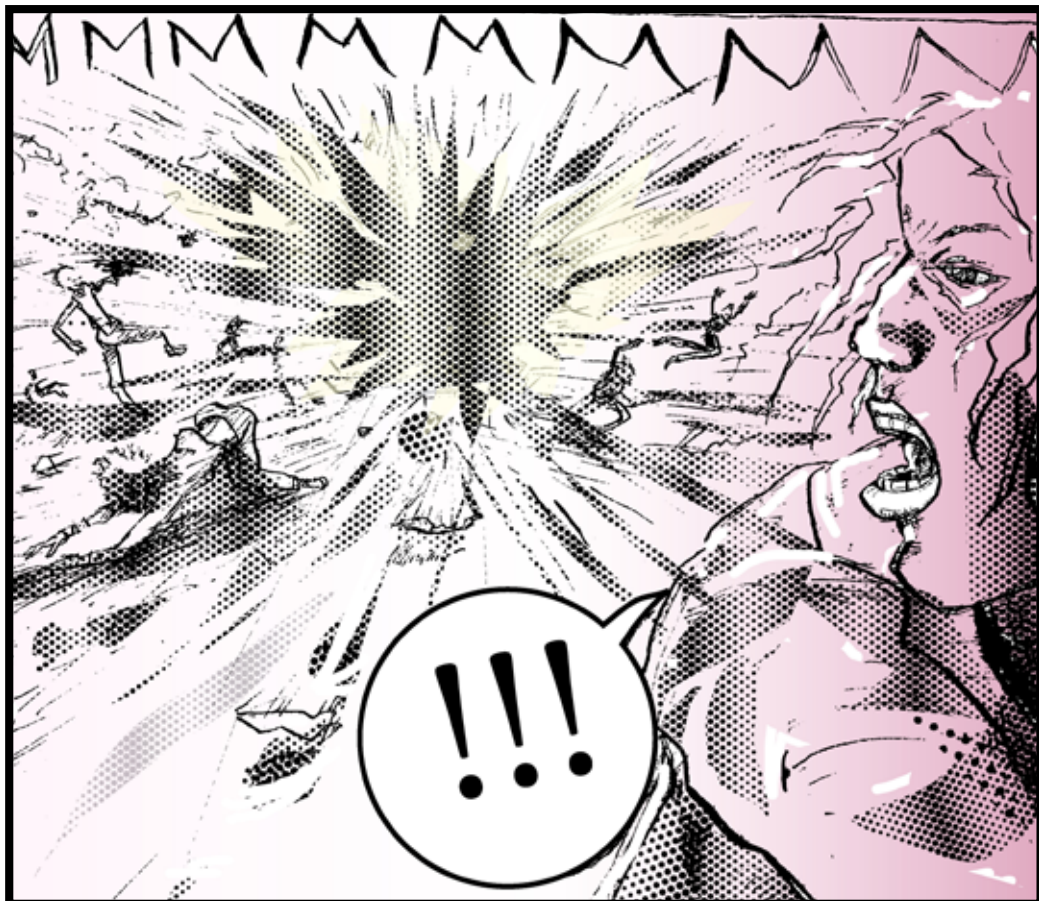


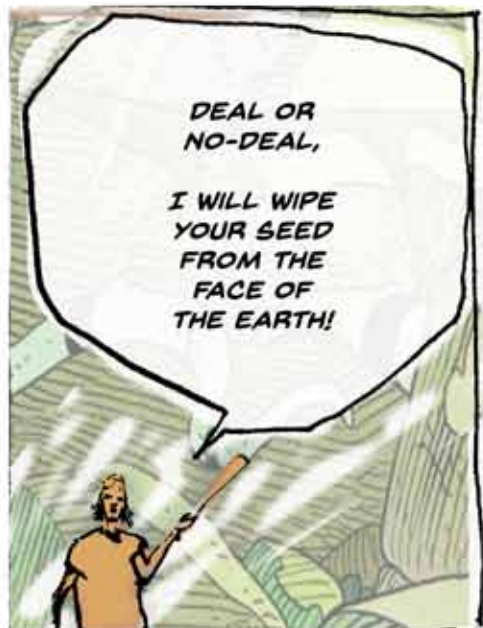
BOOOOOOMMM

RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE

HOLY HELL!

LET'S GO!







YEAH, YOU GUYS SERIOUSLY FUCKED UP. DJ POLYP IS NO MILQUETOAST. VERY WELL-CONNECTED IN THE NITROUS MAFIA. VERY VIOLENT.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD HIM YOUR NAME.



I'M NOT KEEN ON BEING MURDERED BUT I HAVE A REPUTATION TO UPHOLD.



BESIDES, THEY WERE FUCKING WITH THESE TWO.

WHY'D YA DO IT BART? WHY'D YOU HAVE TO SUCK ON THE WRONG TEAT?



I THOUGHT THEY SAID, "FREE FOR 20!"



WHAT THE FUCK DOES THAT EVEN MEAN?

WELL ANYWAYS, NOW WE'RE ALL FUCKED. THEY'RE LIABLE TO THINK YOU GUYS OUGHT TO PERISH AND BY EXTENSION, WE OUGHT TO BE HARASSED.

DEAL, YOU CAN'T FUCKING DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST THIS SHIT. I'D MAKE YOURSELVES SCARCE BECAUSE YOU... YOU... YOU MUST!



THERE'S NOWHERE THAT'S SAFE. UNLESS YOU CAN THINK OF A WAY TO GET OUT OF ETERNIFEST.



OUT OF? HOW'S THAT?



I NEVER THOUGHT IT WAS POSSIBLE.

I'VE BEEN FAR OUT BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN THAT FAR OUT.

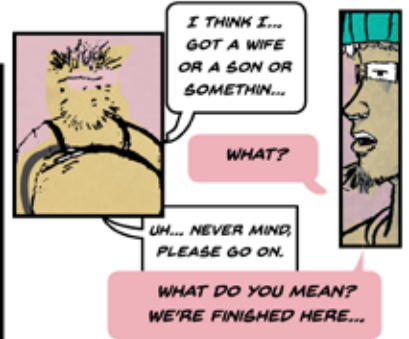
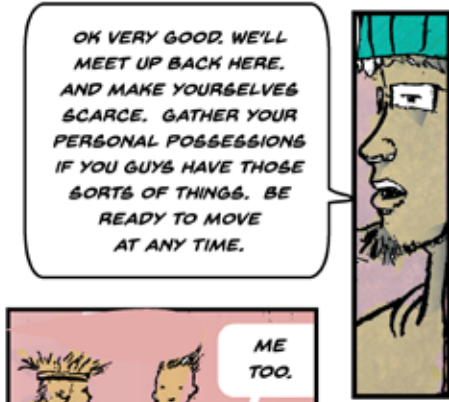
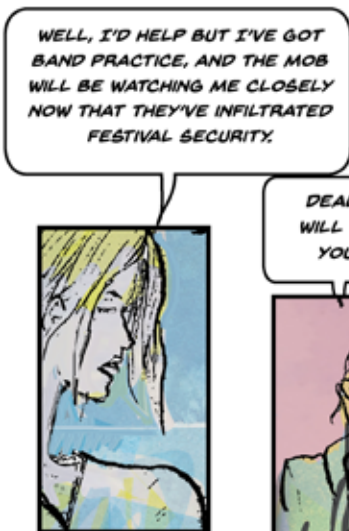
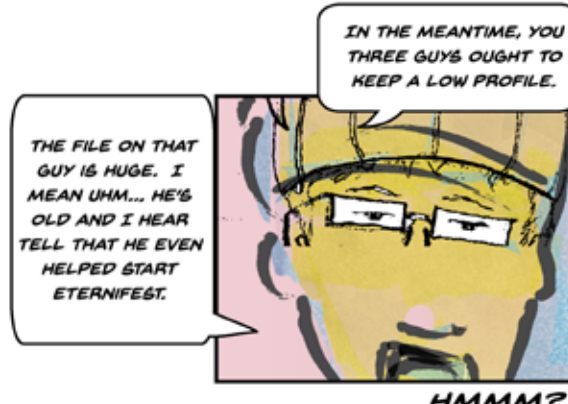
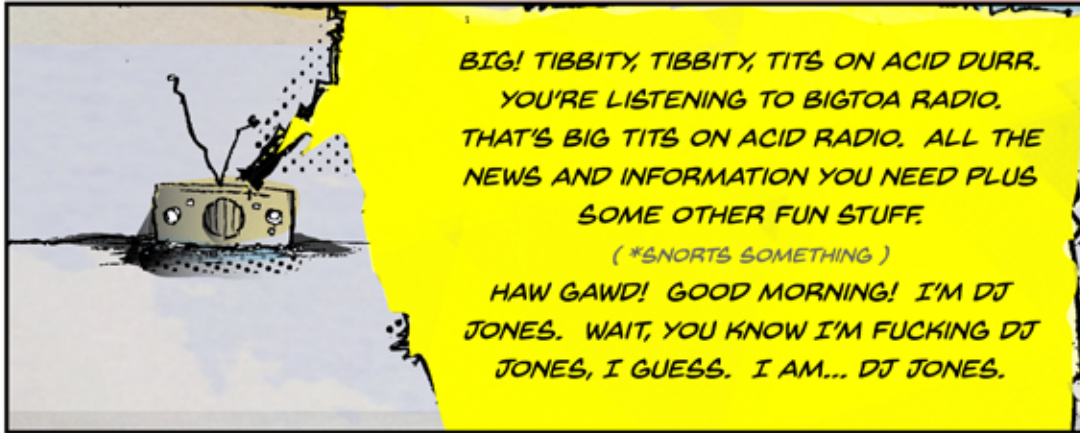
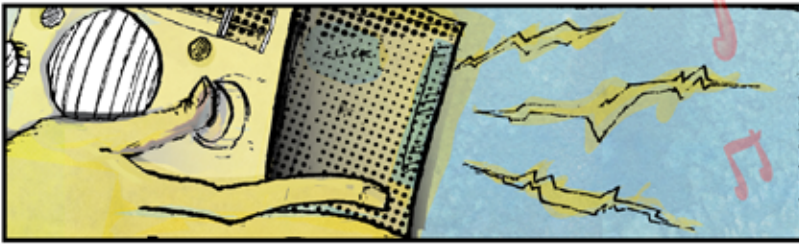


HAS IT BEEN THAT LONG FOR YOU?



UH... YEAH.







WHAT'S THAT THERE YER HOLDIN'?



HOW DO?



A GIANT DOODY.

?

NO, I MEAN IN YOUR HAND.



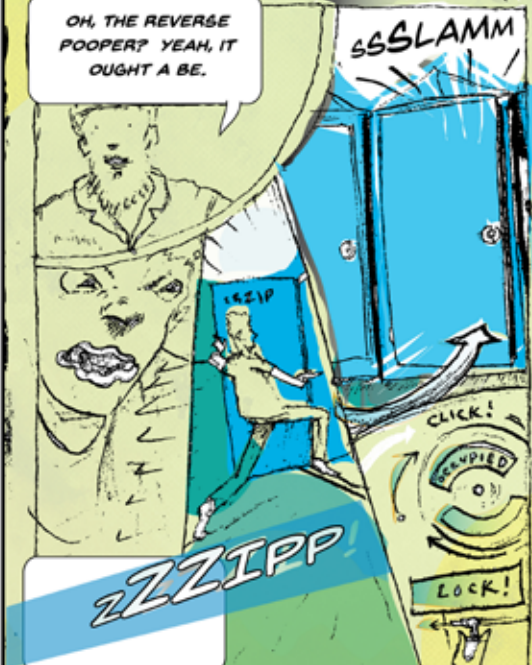
OH, UH... IT'S A BEER BONG.

I SEE NOW... HOW'D YOU MAKE IT?



I DIDN'T MAKE IT, I BOUGHT IT.

SO, UH... IS THAT THING ALMOST DONE IN THERE OR WHAT?



OH, THE REVERSE POOPER? YEAH, IT OUGHT A BE.

SSSLAMM



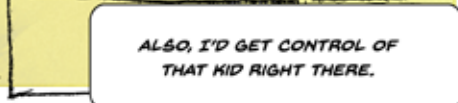
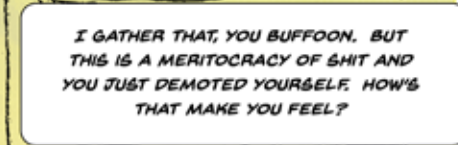
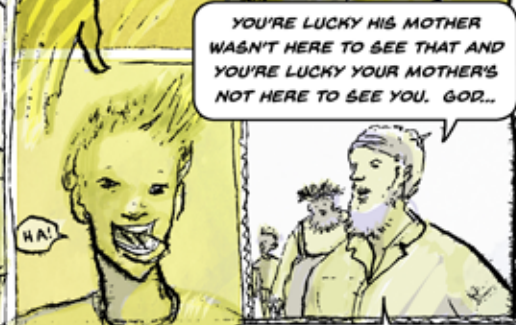
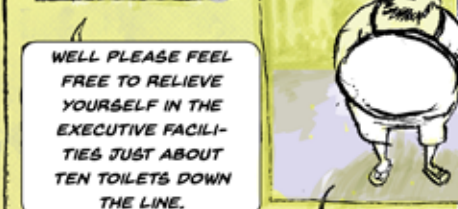
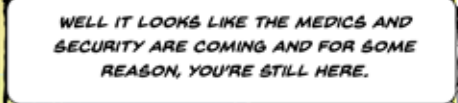
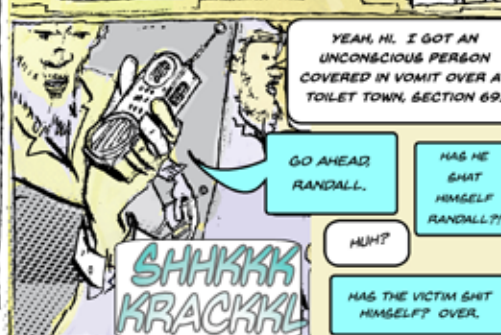
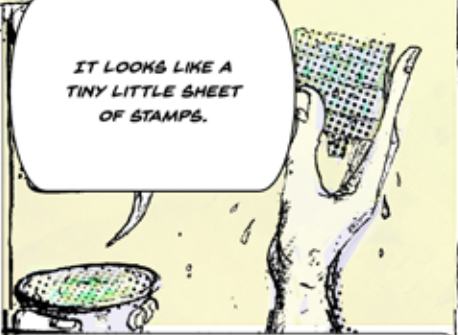
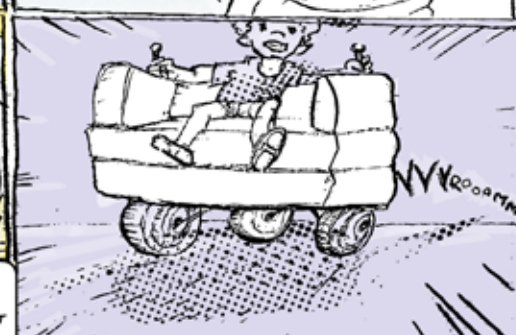
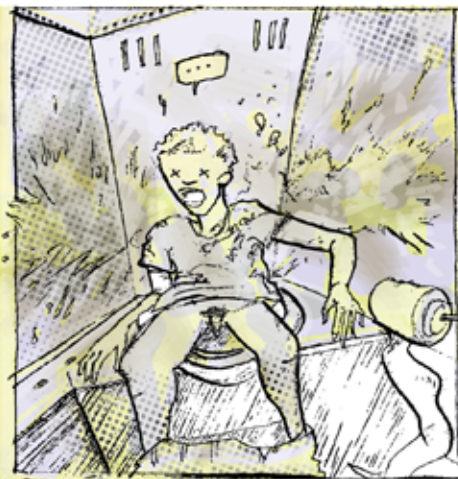
AHHHH. THIS IS THE GOOD LIFE.

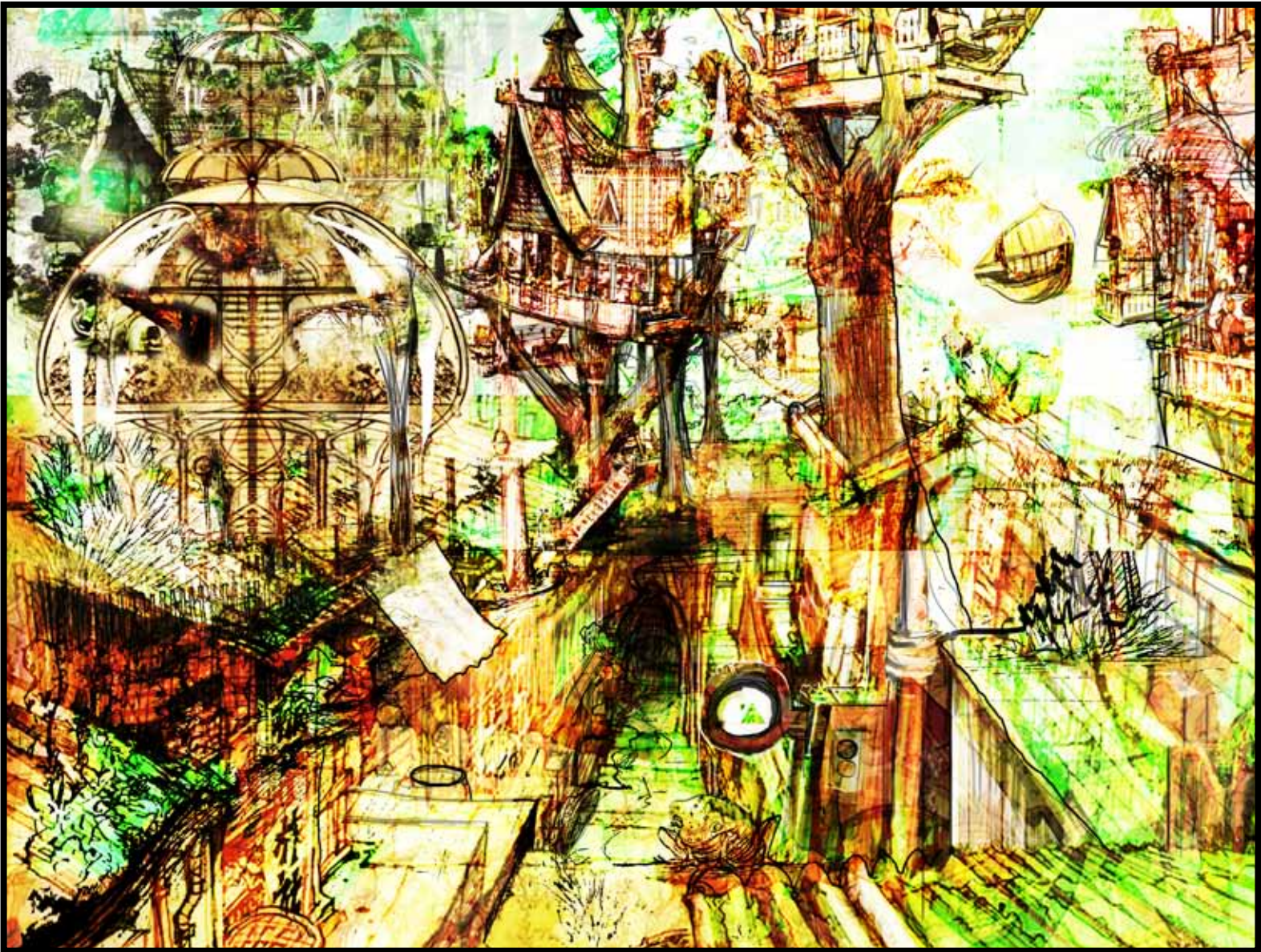


BOOM
THUD
HEY!
WHAT THE FUCK?

BARF!
SMACK!

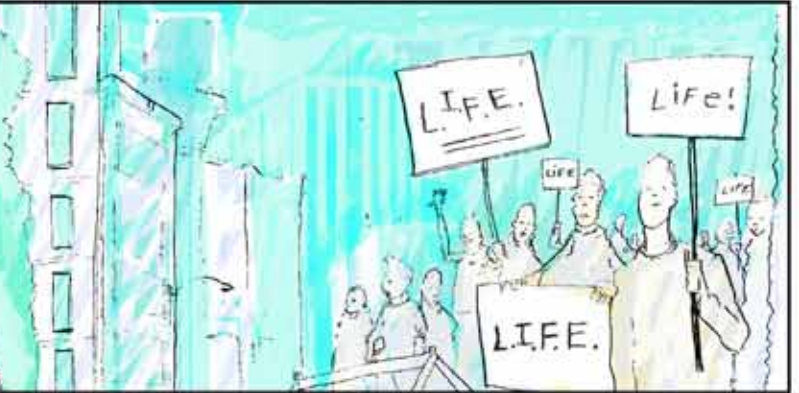












ANYWAY, THERE WAS A TALKATIVE GROUP OF PEACEFUL PROTESTERS CALLED THE "LESS INTERESTED FERAL EMPLOYEES" OR "L.I.F.E." AS THE ACRONYM GOES.



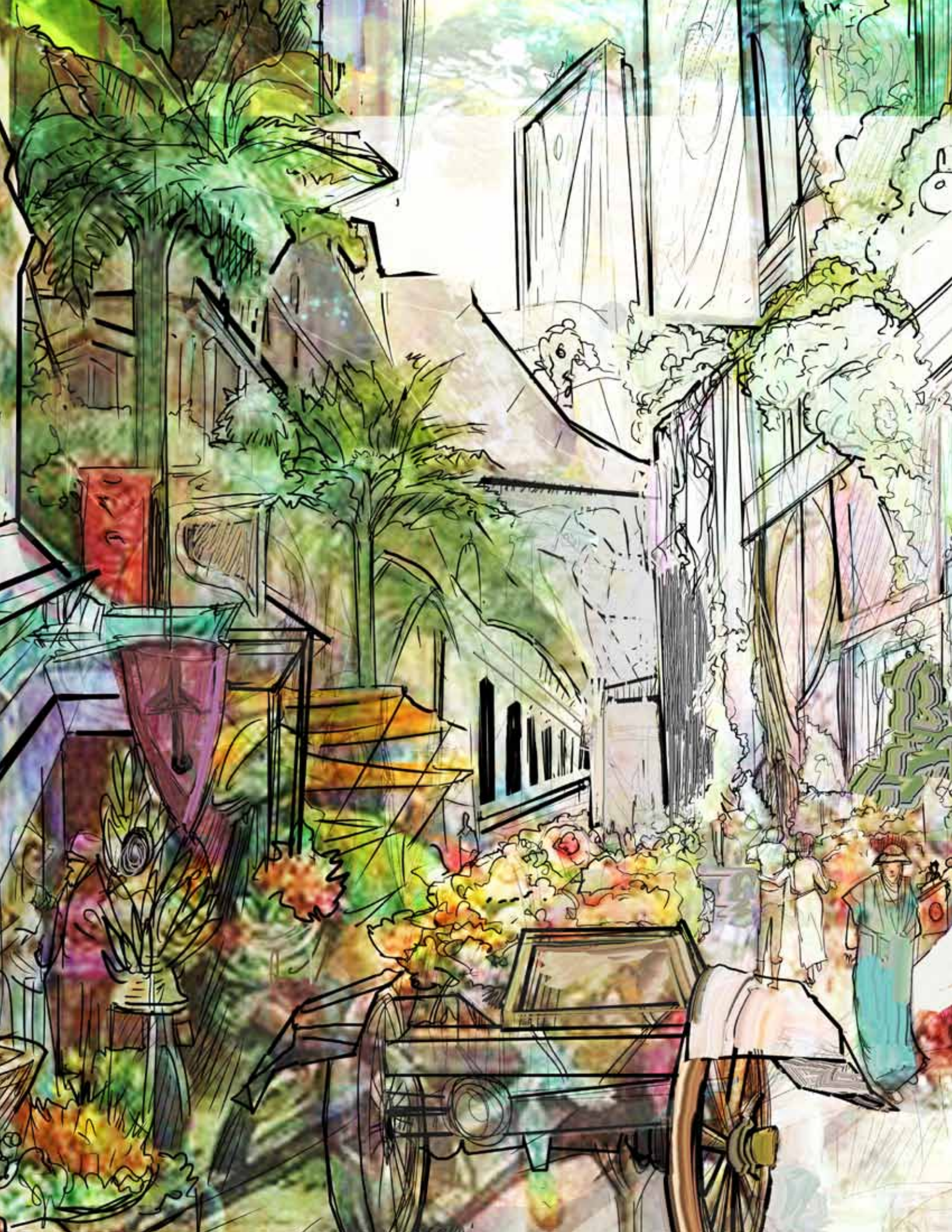
AS FAR AS PEACE MOVEMENTS GO, MUSIC FESTIVALS SEEMED LIKE AN AWESOME PLACE TO START. THEY STARTED BANDING TOGETHER TO CREATE "MEGA-FESTIVALS" THE SIZE OF NATION-STATES. WHERE IT WAS THE GROSS NATIONAL HAPPINESS THAT BEAT OUT THE GROSS DOMESTIC PRODUCT. KINDA LIKE BHUTAN.

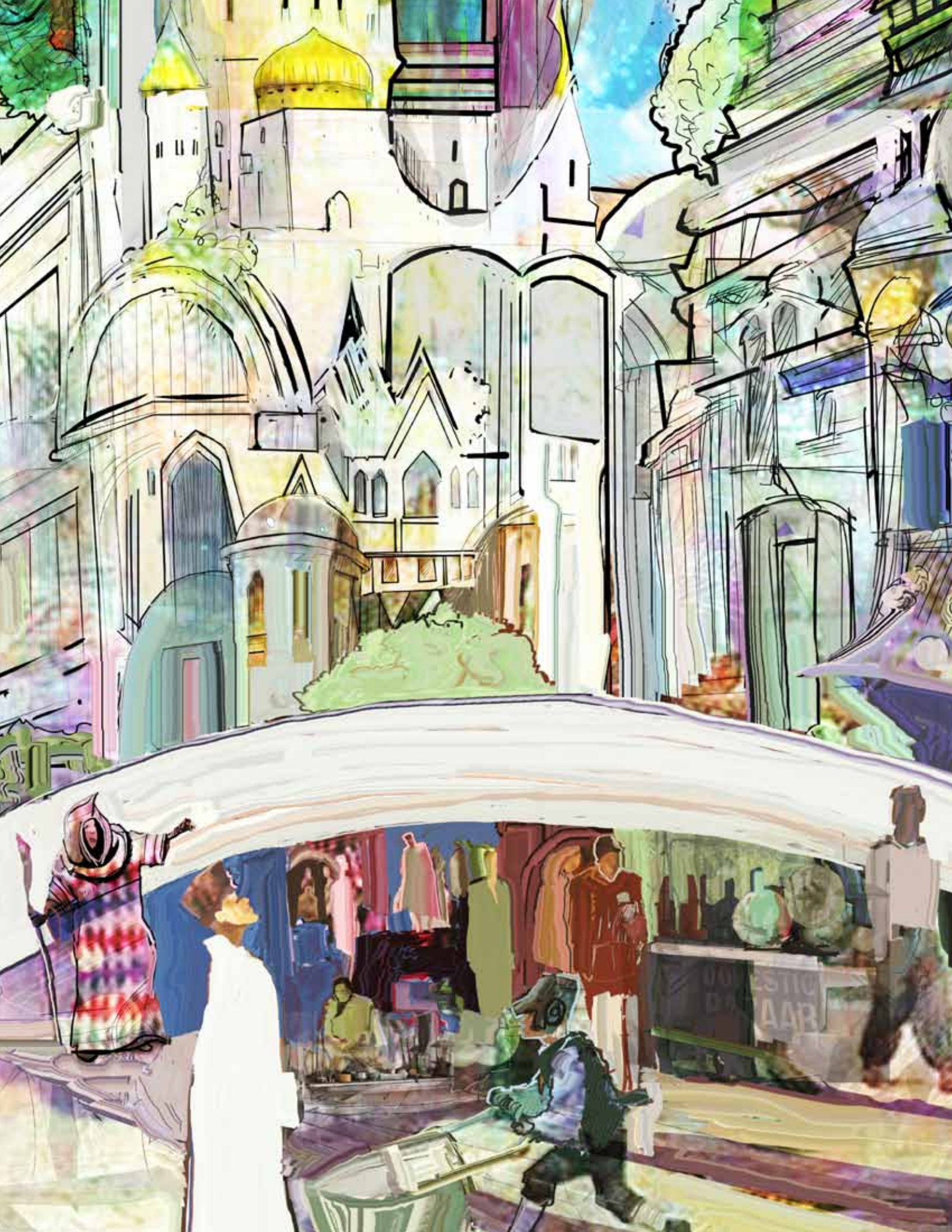




EVENTUALLY, A MAGNIFICENT PORTION OF THE WORKFORCE JUST ABANDONED THEIR JOBS IN ONE OF THE DARKER ECONOMIC MELTDOWNS AND DECIDED TO LIVE WITH THOSE OF US GETTING BY ON A GOOD TIME IN THE MEGA-FESTIVITIES.

THE SPIRIT OF "WORK WHEN YOU WANT" THRIVED AND THE SPIRIT OF "WORK 'TIL YOU DIE" WELL... UH... DIED.







SO THEN, HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE THE WORLD OUTSIDE THE ETERNIFEST GROUNDS NOW?

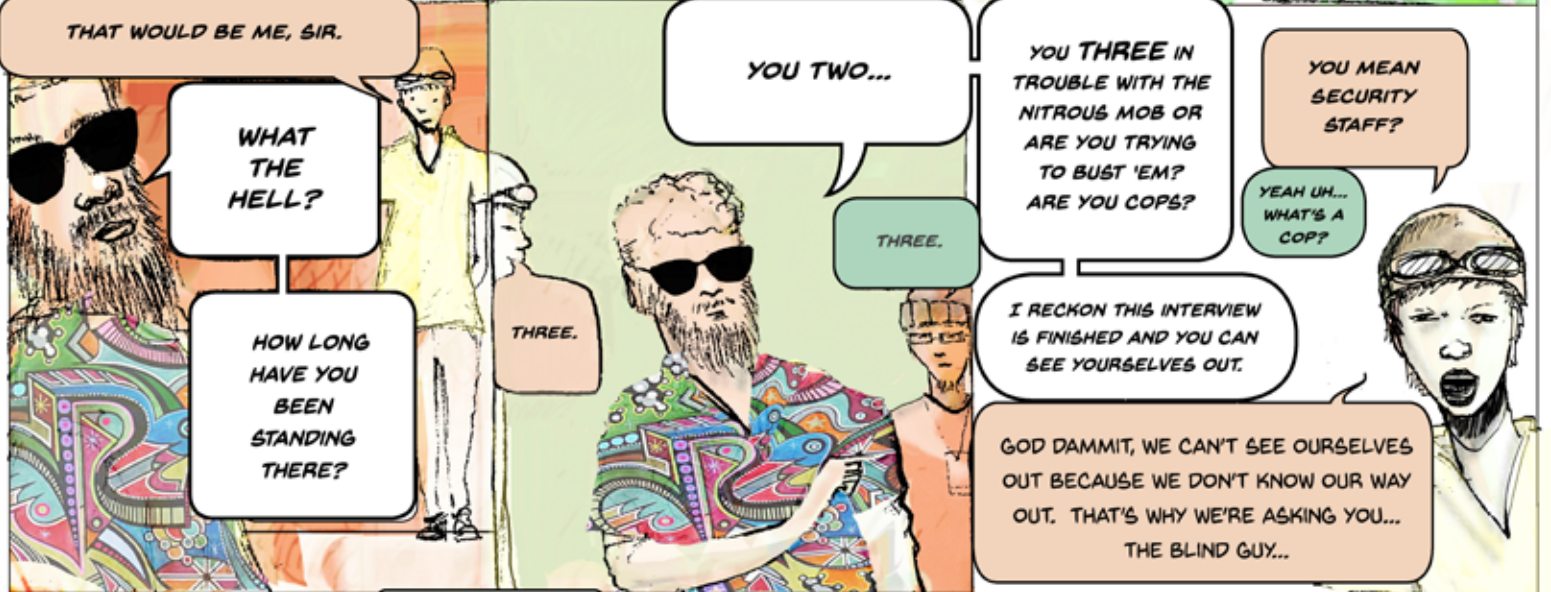
I UH... WELL I UH... I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY.

THERE WERE A FEW VIOLENT SKIRMISHES THAT KEPT US AND THEM SEPARATED.

I HAVEN'T BEEN OUT THERE IN YEARS.

SAY IF YOU REALLY NEEDED TO LEAVE? LIKE, FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY? FROM THE NITROUS MAFIA, MAYBE.

OH, UNFORTUNATELY THEN, YOU'RE AS SCREWED AS PORN. SOME OF THE OLD TIMERS AND I TRIED TO KICK THEM OUT A LONG TIME AGO. UNFORTUNATELY, THEY ARE... AN INEVITABLE BUNCH OF MEANIES. WHO EXACTLY NEEDS TO FLEE?



THAT WOULD BE ME, SIR.

WHAT THE HELL?

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN STANDING THERE?

THREE.

YOU TWO...

THREE.

YOU THREE IN TROUBLE WITH THE NITROUS MOB OR ARE YOU TRYING TO BUST 'EM? ARE YOU COPS?

YOU MEAN SECURITY STAFF?

YEAH UH... WHAT'S A COP?

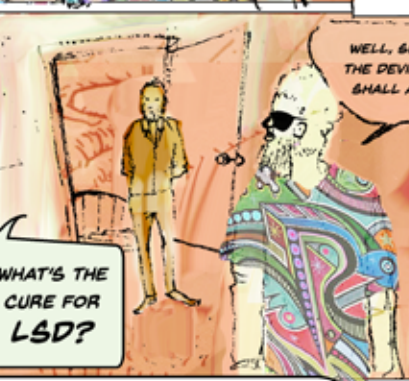
I RECKON THIS INTERVIEW IS FINISHED AND YOU CAN SEE YOURSELVES OUT.

GOD DAMMIT, WE CAN'T SEE OURSELVES OUT BECAUSE WE DON'T KNOW OUR WAY OUT. THAT'S WHY WE'RE ASKING YOU... THE BLIND GUY...



JONES! I-I THINK SOMEBODY DRUGGED ME.

WHAT'S THE CURE FOR LSD?



WELL, SPEAK OF THE DEVIL AND HE SHALL APPEAR.

SATAN? REGARDING ME?! NO... I GOTTA... I GOTTA MAKE IT STOP!

I KEEP THINKING I'M SEEING SHIT THAT ISN'T THERE.

WELL, RANDALL, I CAN TELL YOU THERE'S NO CURE FOR WHAT YOU'VE GOT. ANYWAY, THAT'S THE GUY YOU WANT. MY MOST TRUSTED AIDE-DE-CAMP.

I'M TO DO WHAT NOW? WAIT... IS THIS ANOTHER HALLUCINATION?



HE'LL HELP YOU FIND THE WAY OUT.

ALL RIGHT, IF YOU BOYS ARE SERIOUS ABOUT THIS THEN I KNOW ONE GUY YOU COULD TALK TO.

