



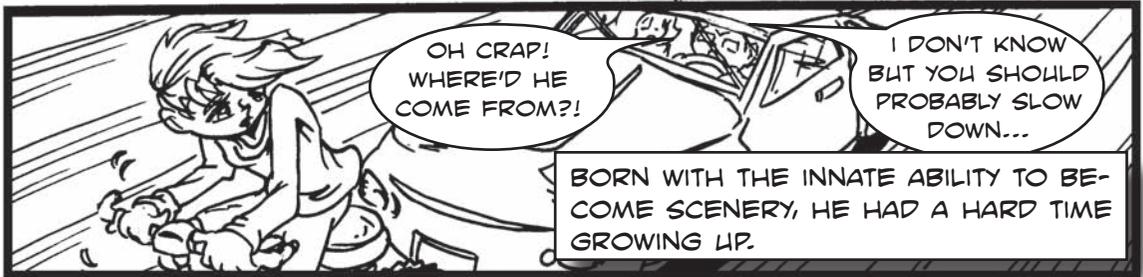
MEET EMERY BOWEN.

HEY!
YOU!



THINK
FAST!

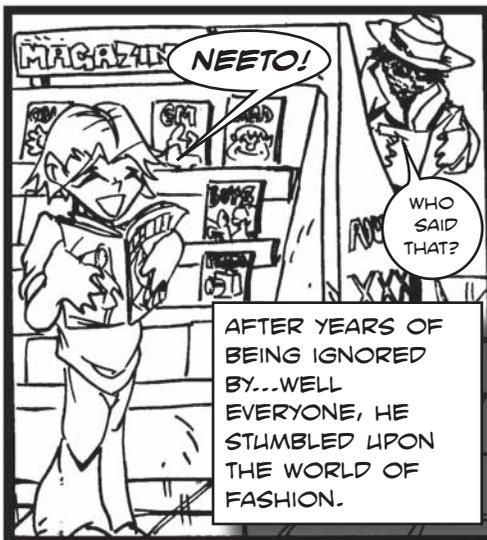
HIS LIFE KIND OF SUCKS. IT
PRETTY MUCH ALWAYS HAS.



OH CRAP!
WHERE'D HE
COME FROM?!

I DON'T KNOW
BUT YOU SHOULD
PROBABLY SLOW
DOWN...

BORN WITH THE INNATE ABILITY TO BE-
COME SCENERY, HE HAD A HARD TIME
GROWING UP.



NEETO!

WHO
SAID
THAT?

AFTER YEARS OF
BEING IGNORED
BY...WELL
EVERYONE, HE
STUMBLED UPON
THE WORLD OF
FASHION.



IMMERSING HIMSELF IN IT, HE FINALLY
STARTED TO GET NOTICED...TO AN EXTENT.

NICE
CLOTHES.

THANKS IT
TOOK ME
AWHILE TO-

ARE THOSE FROM
HOLISTER?

...

IT DAWNED UPON HIM ONE DAY THAT IT WASN'T ENOUGH JUST TO WEAR CLOTHES, HE HAD TO MAKE A NAME FOR HIMSELF. AND SO HE PROCLAIMED:



UNFORTUNATELY HE REALIZED A LITTLE TOO LATE JUST WHAT THAT ACTUALLY MEANT.



NOW HE WORKS AT A THRIFT STORE, AS A TARGET FOR WAYWARD STRESS BALLS.

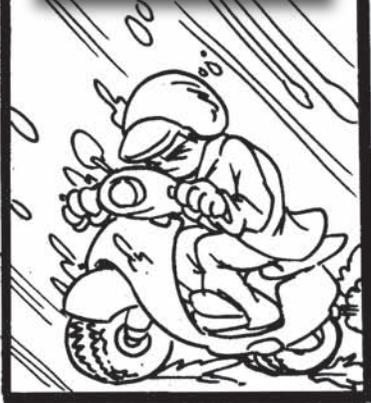


AND YES HE STILL LOOKS LIKE SCENERY.





AH YES, DASHED
HOPES AND
SHATTERED DREAMS.



BUT HEY EVERYTHING
CHANGES ONE DAY
RIGHT?



LOOK
OUT!



WHA...
WHAT
HAPPENED?

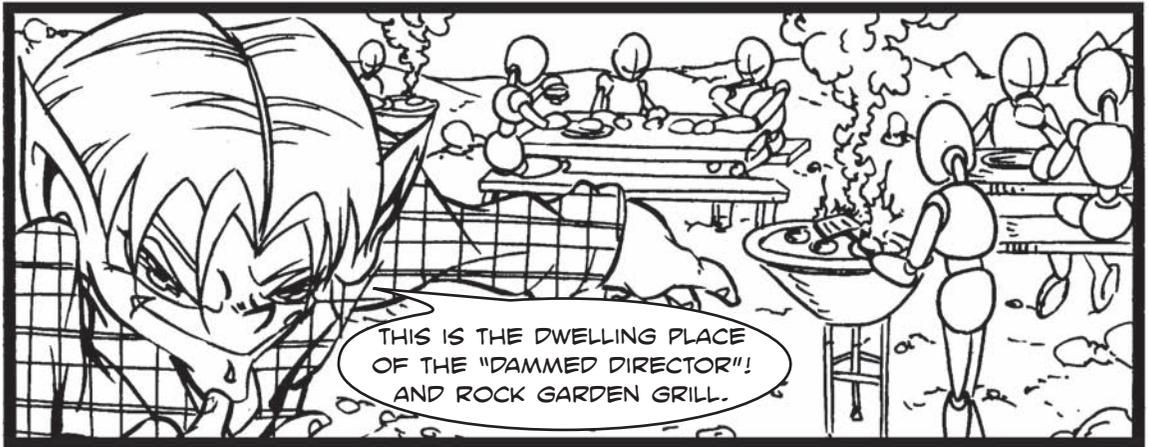


WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU GET INTO A CAR ACCIDENT,
AND WAKE UP IN THE DARK,
AND YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT
HAPPENED?

LET ME GUESS, YOU
STILL WONDER WHY
YOU FLUNKED OUT OF
SCHOOL TOO HUH?







THIS IS THE DWELLING PLACE OF THE "DAMMED DIRECTOR"! AND ROCK GARDEN GRILL.



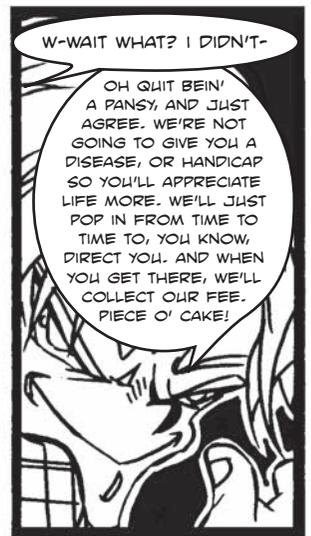
SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT ABOUT THAT.

YEAH, WELL THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID. ANYWAY, HOW ABOUT IT KID? WANT A LITTLE INSPIRATION?



WELL YEAH BUT I-

WELL GREAT! BECAUSE WE'VE DECIDED TO HELP YOU OUT. NOT THAT YOU COULD REFUSE OUR HELP ANYWAY.



W-WAIT WHAT? I DIDN'T-

OH QUIT BEIN' A PANSY, AND JUST AGREE. WE'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE YOU A DISEASE, OR HANDICAP SO YOU'LL APPRECIATE LIFE MORE. WE'LL JUST POP IN FROM TIME TO TIME TO, YOU KNOW, DIRECT YOU. AND WHEN YOU GET THERE, WE'LL COLLECT OUR FEE. PIECE O' CAKE!



OK...BUT WHY DO YOU WANT TO HELP ME? I MEAN HOW DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHO I AM? WHAT FEE? WHY ARE YOU TALKING IN THE 3RD PERSON AND WALKING ME TO A CLIFF?

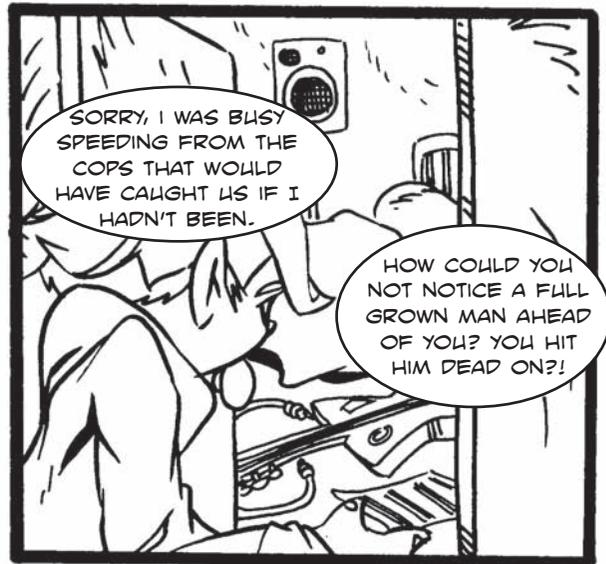
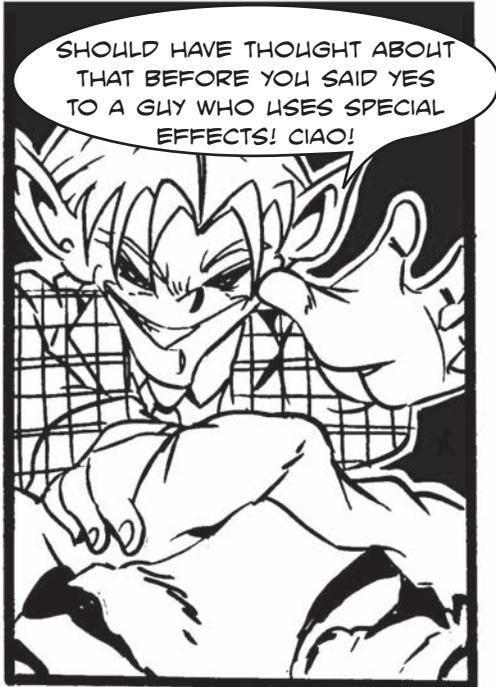
OH LOOK AT THE TIME! IT'S SO LATE, I'M ABOUT TO PASS OUT RIGHT HERE.



ANYWAY, NICE MEETING YOU! SEE YOU AGAIN REAL SOON!



WAIT, NO! I DON'T WANNA!!!!

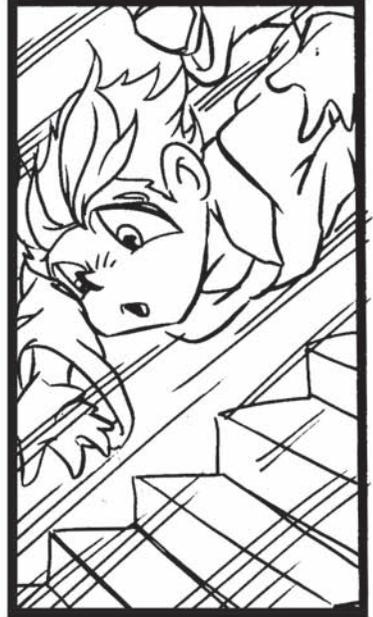


WELL, PICKING HIM UP
WAS A SMART IDEA TOO.
WHAT DO WE DO WITH
HIM IF HE WAKES UP?

...I HAVEN'T THOUGHT
ABOUT THAT YET...

WE MIGHT HAVE
TO KILL HIM...

HEY,
YOU'RE UP!



LOOKS LIKE WE
WON'T HAVE TO
KILL HIM.

OUCH.

SPOKE TOO
SOON.

OH MY
GOD
ARE YOU
ALRIGHT?

YOUR CLUMSY,
TEE HEE...







JUST MAKING SURE HE WON'T REMEMBER THIS. HE'S YOUR PROBLEM MONA, YOU DO SOMETHING WITH HIM.



A STRANGE MEETING OF SORTS, BUT WHAT GREAT JOURNEY STARTS WITH HUMBLE BEGINNINGS?...NEVER MIND.



THE NEXT DAY, EMERY WOKE UP WITH AN ENORMOUS HEADACHE.

OWWWW!



AS HE WENT INSIDE TO LOOK FOR RELIEF FROM HIS ENORMOUS CONCUSSION, HE NOTICED SOMETHING:

I'M LATE?!



COME TO FIND THAT HIS VESPA WAS BEYOND REPAIR FROM THE INCIDENT LAST NIGHT, BUT FOR SOME REASON IT HELD TOGETHER LONG ENOUGH TO SHOW IT HAD EXPIRED.



HE HAD TO SEEK OTHER MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION TO GET THERE AS QUICK AS HE COULD.