



1986. The Present.

...ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING, DAYOUNG? WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH YOU?

I LOVE ANNIE BUT JESUS CHRIST SOMETIMES SHE MAKES ME WANT TO BARF.

QUINTUM MECHANICS WANTS TO PRETEND I DON'T EXIST, BUT THEY-- NOT TO MENTION THE COPS-- SURE AS SHIT STILL HAVE ROCKET GIRL ON THEIR RADAR.

AND WHAT ABOUT SCHOOL? DO YOU GO TO SCHOOL? SCHOOL'S STARTING AND YOU CAN'T BE HANGING OUT ON THE STREETS.

HER BEAUTIFUL, BIG BRAIN IS LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR TRANSPORTING ME FROM MY OWN TIME BACK TO 1986.

SHE'S, LIKE, TWENTY-SOMETHING. AND DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HERSELF.

WE HAVE TO START THINKING ABOUT YOUR FUTURE.

SO RIGHT NOW SHE COMPENSATES BY TRYING TO RUN MY LIFE.

I JUST WANT TO LIE LOW, ANNIE. THINGS WILL WORK THEMSELVES OUT.















