



THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME. I CAN'T SLEEP, I CAN'T EAT... I FEEL AFRAID ALL THE TIME, ANXIOUS. I WANT TO DROWN IT OUT, TO DRINK...

I'VE GOT THE SHAKES. I'M FALLING APART.

I THINK I'M SICK.



THAT'S BECAUSE YOU ARE.

I KNOW THIS SICKNESS, MR. NOVAK. I KNOW IT VERY WELL.



YOU SAID YOU'D HELP ME, MARANATHA. THAT'S WHY I'M STILL HERE.



TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME. TO ALL OF US. TELL ME WHAT I SAW THAT NIGHT WHEN WE PLAYED HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME AND WHY IT MESSED ME UP SO BAD.

TELL ME WHAT I CAN DO TO FIX IT.



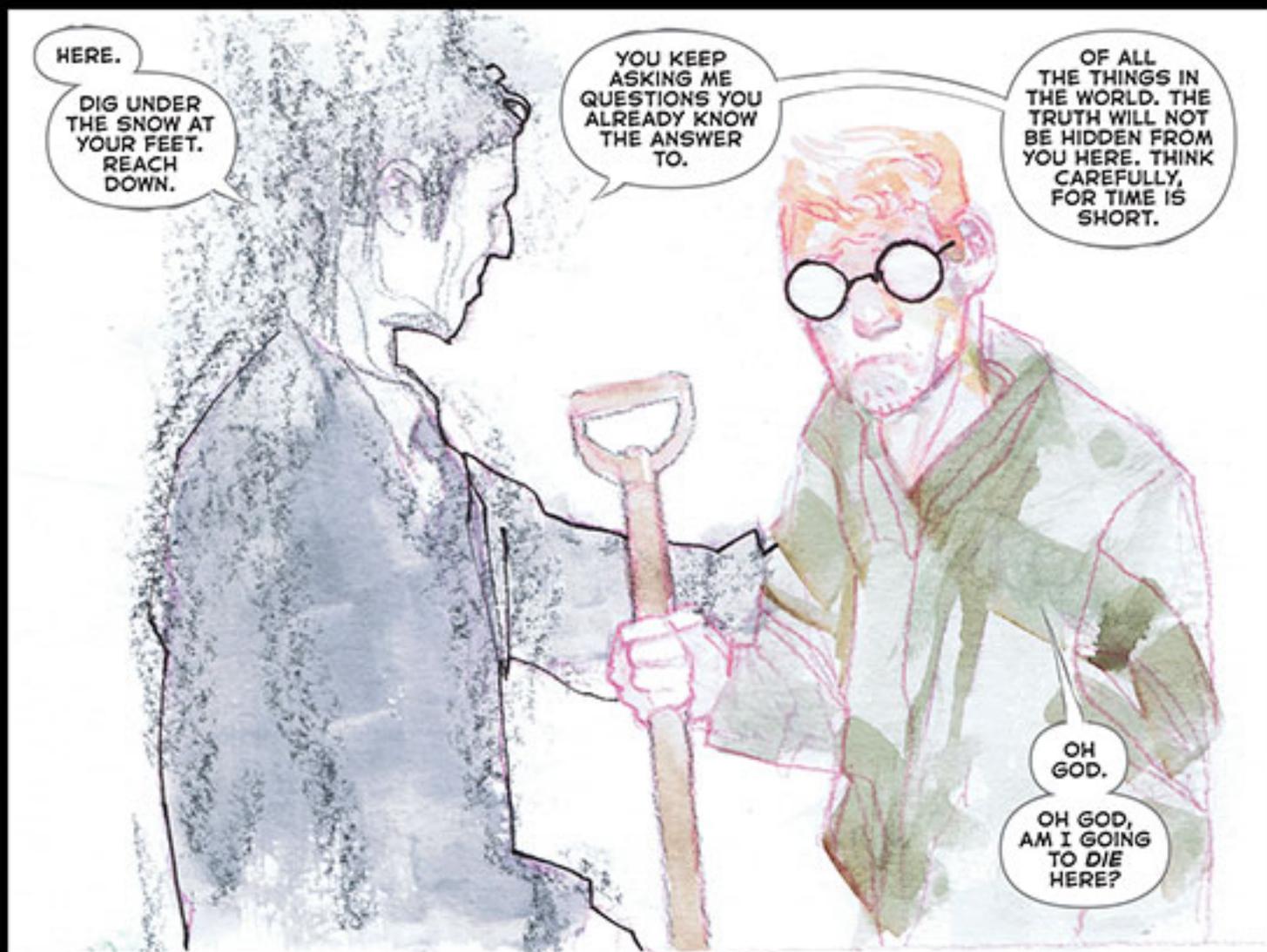
AH.

WHY DO YOU LOVE MUSIC, MR. NOVAK?



IS THAT A TRICK QUESTION? I'M **LOST** LOSING MY MIND. I PUKED GLASS AND THEN YOU SAID IT WASN'T GLASS AT ALL.

ARE YOU GOING TO HELP ME OR AREN'T YOU?



SYMPHONY



PART FOUR:
FEBRUARY