







SO THE BARTENDER POURS THE GUY A SHOT. HE GULPS IT DOWN AND SAYS "HURRY, GIVE ME ANOTHER BEFORE THE TROUBLE STARTS."



YOU GONNA TELL JOKES ALL DAY, OR ARE WE GONNA MAKE A DEAL HERE?

HOLD ON, I'M ALMOST TO THE GOOD BIT.

ANYWAY THE BARTENDER GIVES HIM ANOTHER SHOT AND ASKS, "WHEN DOES THE TROUBLE START?"



THE GUY FINISHES THE SECOND SHOT AND RESPONDS, "WELL, YOU SEE, THE TROUBLE STARTS WHEN I TELL YOU--"



-- I'M COMPLETELY BROKE.

WHAT?

HEY!



NOBODY HAS A
SENSE OF HUMOR
ANYMORE.

WAKING UP TO A WORLD WHERE
THE SLIGHTEST PHYSICAL
CONTACT LEAVES ONE OF
YOU A **BLOODY CORPSE**
KIND OF SUCKS THE FUN OUT
OF THINGS, I GUESS.

THOSE OF US WHO
SURVIVED THE "DIVIDE"
SCATTERED QUICKLY.

A post-apocalyptic landscape with a winding road. A person in a yellow hazmat suit is walking on the road. Several cars are parked or stopped along the road. The background shows rolling hills and a river. The scene is rendered in a dark, muted color palette with some highlights on the road and the hazmat suit.

AND JUST WHEN WE THOUGHT
THE WORST WAS OVER, THINGS
GOT **REALLY WEIRD**.



RANDOM BOUTS OF UNCONSCIOUS MIGRATION. PEOPLE GOING CRAZY FROM HEARING THEIR VICTIMS' VOICES. A WHOLE BUFFET OF "WHAT THE FUCK?" AND NOBODY HAD ANY ANSWERS.



NOTHING WORSE THAN A JOKE WITHOUT A PUNCHLINE.



A COUPLE YEARS LATER, WE'RE ALL JUST GRINDING OUT THE FINAL, DINDLING DAYS OF OUR SPECIES.



PRETTY HILARIOUS, RIGHT?









THERE'S ONLY A FEW PLACES LIKE THIS LEFT. POCKETS OF SURVIVORS BANDING TOGETHER, FEWER AFTER EACH WALKABOUT.


"STRENGTH IN NUMBERS" ISN'T EXACTLY A TRUISM THESE DAYS.

AS FOR THE YARD ART, WELL I TRY NOT TO JUDGE. PERMANENT SEXUAL FRUSTRATION MAKES EVERYONE A MAPPLETHORPE.



BUT THIS HERD MENTALITY IS LIKE SURROUNDING YOURSELF WITH ANCHORS ON A SINKING SHIP.

BETTER TO FIND A CROW'S NEST AND STAY ABOVE THE WAVES AS LONG AS POSSIBLE



THE CROW'S NEST IS THE THING ON THE MAST, RIGHT? LIKE FOR A PIRATE SHIP?

WHAT?

I THINK I HAD A PRETTY GOOD METAPHOR GOING, BUT I DON'T REALLY KNOW MUCH ABOUT BOATS AND...

FORGET IT, WHERE'S THE TRADING POST?



GRAND BALLROOM.

AND KEEP YOUR HANDS IN YOUR POCKETS. WE GOT ZERO TOLERANCE FOR BAREDEVILS HERE.

