

AFTER A LAPSE IN FAITH BY WAY OF SPENDING THE PAST SATURDAY PASSED OUT IN AN ALLSTON GUTTER, I DECIDED TO CLEAN UP MY ACT. FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS- GET A HAIRCUT.



JUST MAKE IT SHORTER-I MEAN, I WANT IT TO STILL LOOK COOL - JUST MAKE ME LOOK COOL WITH SHORT HAIR.

UH... OKAY.

NEXT, I DECIDED TO GO TO BED EARLY SO I COULD WAKE UP EARLY. WHAT A CONCEPT! A REGULAR WORK SCHEDULE, IN THEORY, WOULD GO A LONG WAY IN KEEPING MY PARTY HABITS IN CHECK.



BUT SOON...

AAAAARRGGH-THIS SUCKS! I SHOULDN'T HAVE DRANK THOSE TWO POTS OF COFFEE THIS AFTERNOON! WHAT THE FUCK'S WRONG WITH ME?!



WAIT. OH, NO. WHAT'S THAT GLOWING LIGHT? NO, NO, NO, NO!



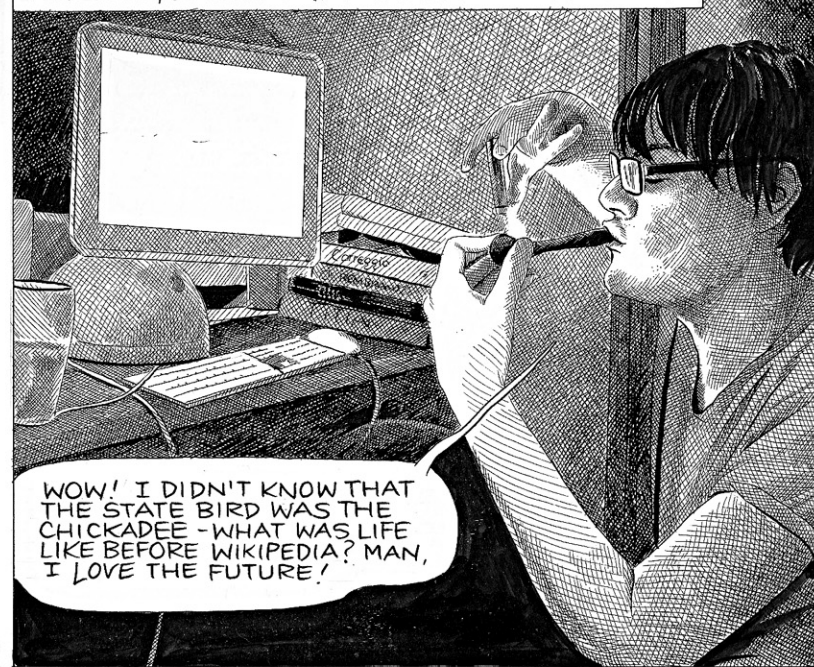
JUST ONE LITTLE PUFF.

NO, POT FAIRY, I-I NEED TO BE FRESH TOMORROW.

C'MON, KARL. JUST ENOUGH TO RELAX YOU.

NO!

AND THEN, OF COURSE, AT THREE IN THE MORNING.



WOW! I DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE STATE BIRD WAS THE CHICKADEE - WHAT WAS LIFE LIKE BEFORE WIKIPEDIA? MAN, I LOVE THE FUTURE!