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THE MAXX

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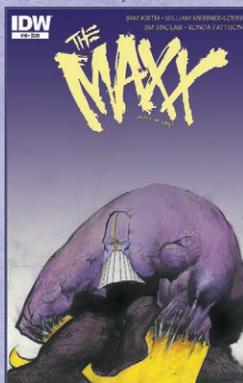
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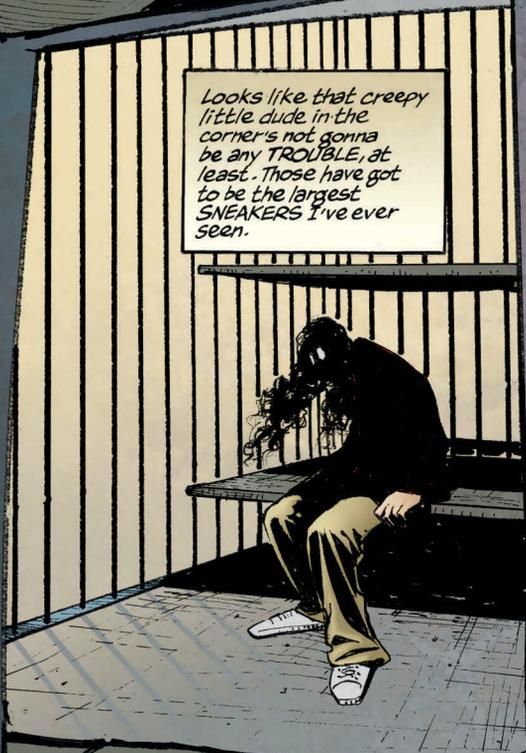
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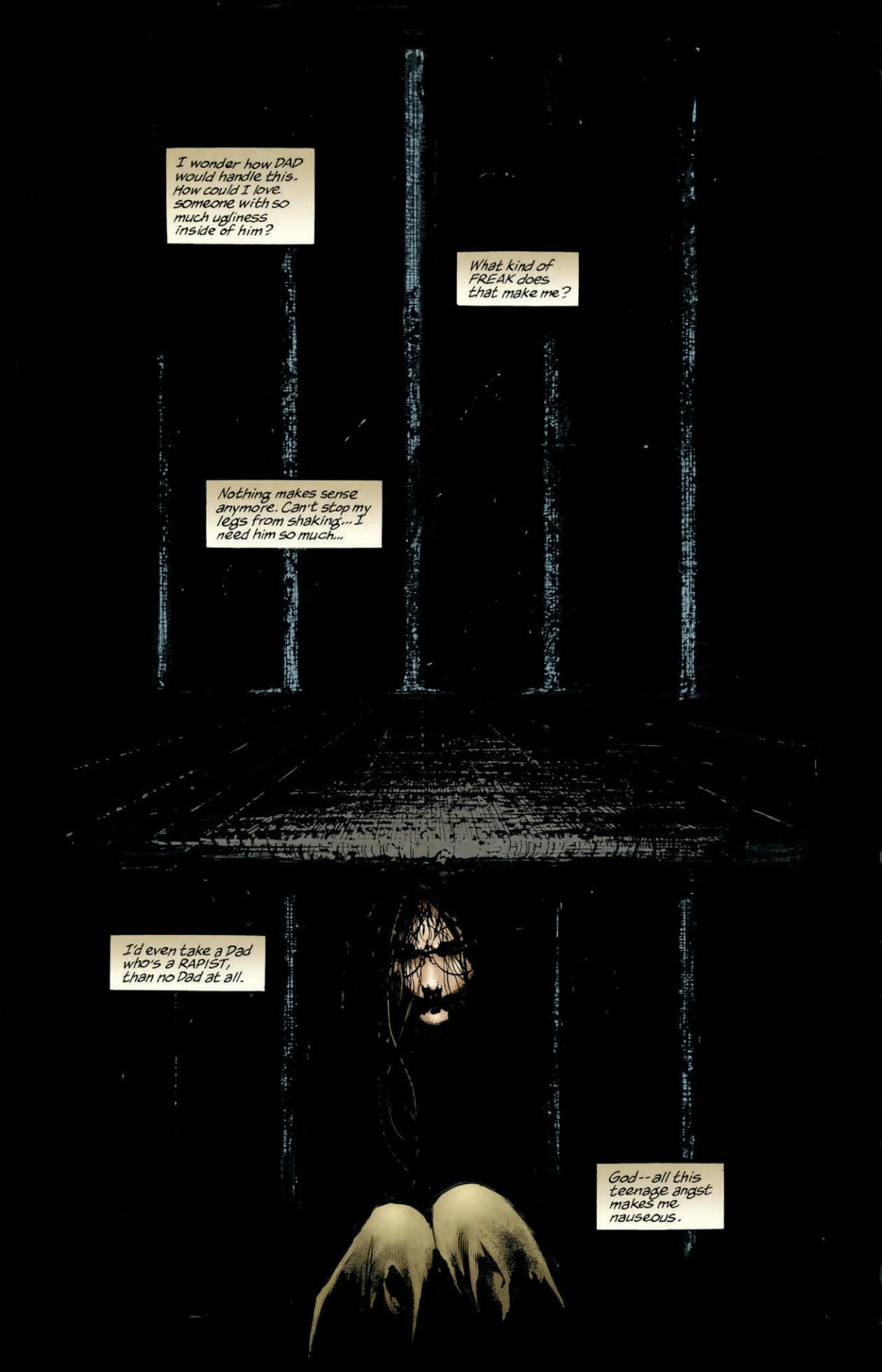
How the hell did I wind up here?



Looks like that creepy little dude in the corner's not gonna be any TROUBLE, at least. Those have got to be the largest SNEAKERS I've ever seen.



That's right, little creep-- you just sit there and pick your nose and stay the hell away from me.



*I wonder how DAD
would handle this.
How could I love
someone with so
much ugliness
inside of him?*

*What kind of
FREAK does
that make me?*

*Nothing makes sense
anymore. Can't stop my
legs from shaking... I
need him so much...*

*I'd even take a Dad
who's a RAPIST,
than no Dad at all.*

*God-- all this
teenage angst
makes me
nauseous.*

How much worse can it get? I'm in jail for the night. I'd better not turn my back on the little guy with big feet. I've truly hit bottom, I'm in...



HEY LADY.

THE NAME'S FRIDGE.



YOU KNOW THAT LITTLE GUY ACROSS FROM YOU? HE'S NOT LIKE US. HE'S NOT EVEN HUMAN. THAT THING ATE THE LAST TWO GUYS IN HERE. IT LOOKS HUMAN, BUT IT'S NOT.

YEAH, RIGHT. GIMME A BREAK.

BEFORE THE NIGHT'S OVER, YOU'LL KNOW...



*It took most of
the night to push
that old freak's
threats out of
my mind...*

*...and about
a second for
it all to come...*

...back.

WHY YOU
LITTLE...

SNICKER:

SHUT
UP!

I LOVE THIS FRIGGIN' SONG. IT'S GREAT. IT'S ABOUT THIS WOMAN WHO TELLS THIS HOUSEWIFE ABOUT...



I'VE HEARD IT. IT MAKES ME ILL.



THEN I'LL TURN IT UP NICE AND LOUD, JUST FOR YOU.

YOU KNOW WHAT PARADISE IS? IT'S AN ILLUSION. YOU KNOW WHAT REALITY IS? IT'S YOUR HUSBAND, THE SAME ONE YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE LOVE TO TONIGHT. THAT'S BEAUTY. THAT'S TRUTH.



O.K. I'm still in jail, the little creep is still in the corner, but now he's movin' in, and this jerk is forcing me to listen to the worst song in the world. How did I get here?

A mere 24 hours ago, everything was...