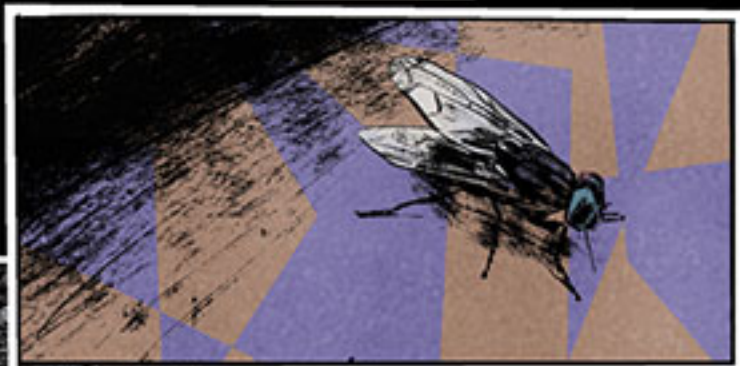


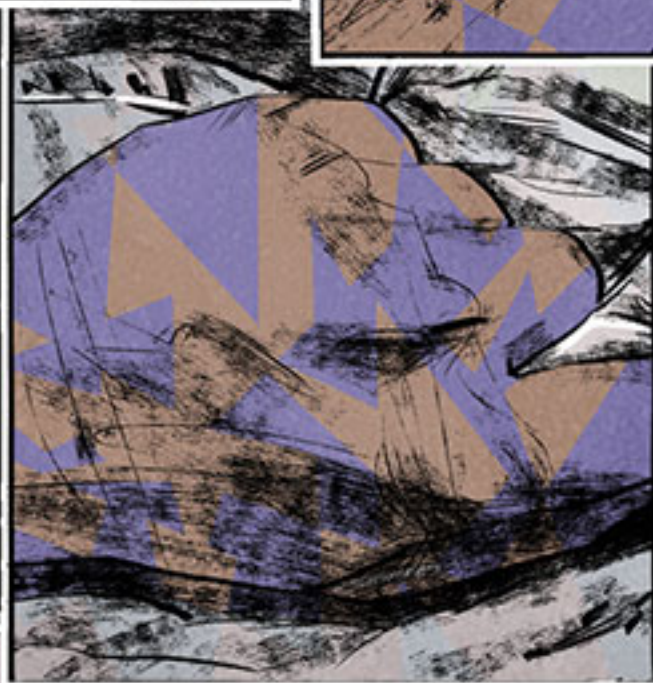
ONCE IN COLLEGE, I WENT AWAY FOR SPRING BREAK, ACCIDENTALLY LEAVING OUT FIVE POUNDS OF GROUND BEEF.

YOU CAN TELL WHERE THIS IS GOING, RIGHT?



YEP. CAME HOME TO A MOUNTAIN OF GREY MEAT, SWARMS OF ANTS AND COCKROACHES.

AND THAT STENCH...



THAT STENCH IS WHAT I SMELL NOW. HANGING OVER THE ROOM.



JUST AS I REALIZE WHAT'S HAPPENING, BEFORE MY BRAIN CAN REGISTER ANYTHING ELSE...



ALL I
SMELL IS
ROTTING
MEAT.








OF
COURSE
IT WAS A
DREAM.



BUT IT WAS MORE
INTENSE THAN THE LAST
ONE, WHICH WAS WAY
MORE INTENSE THAN
THE ONE BEFORE THAT.



I KNOW IT DOESN'T
TAKE A GENIUS
TO FIGURE WHY
THE DREAMS ARE
HAPPENING. I
KNOW THAT.



BUT STILL, WHY
THE HELL DO
THEY FEEL SO--



REAL...



...HOW'D ALL
THAT GET
ON THE
FLOOR?