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"You know what I've learned, my dear dirty dawgs--all these weeks on the road?"

C'mon now, Bud--don'tcha remember me...? Let's us have a talk, huh?



The world's a **strange** freakin' place--that's what. Only it's **determined** to pretend like everything's **normal**.

And what it hates more'n **anything**, I swear it is them folks who won't play **along**.

oh heck
oh heck
oh heck

...and say again, with our gods as **witness**, we got a darned dirty **Shaper** in our midst.

So we got to stick **together**, you dig? Us **warriors** of **weird**. Us **freeform** freaks.



SMASH

And verily I do beseech you to render unto him whatever **violence** your conscience doth decree...

'Cause I gotta **tell** you, kittens. The **last** thing we need--out here on the **edge**?

Is the **meek** turnin' on the **meek**.

He's **here!** I **found** him! Cumpá Crew--to **me!** Everyone 'round the **back!**







"Now--Cantik?
Cantik's makin' *chic*
outta *meek*. Cantik's
escapin' the *herd*."

"Cantik's saying
yessssssssssss
when every rockabuddy's
sayin' *no*."



And *oh*
it is *beautiful*
and *brave* and
fearsome but
my lizardloves
listen:

It sure
can be
lonely.



"So I got
lullabies for
my *allies*."

"I got love for
the *freakfriends*
who been *carryin'*
this *carcass*."



I been
on the road
with these
hounds two
weeks now.
Chewin' up
America."

They drive
me *loco*,
talkin' and
squawkin'
and squabblin',
but I tell
you this:



"I tell you what
I tell *every* cantik
crowd, out here on
the *lips* of nowhere."



When you
cut through
the *crap*?

When
you take away
the *beads* and the
bastards and all
the *bozo-beats*
that don't
matter?



People
is all people
got.



Is he...
good?

What?



Listen, kid,
we only did it a
couple *times*, and
we thought you
were *asleep*,
so---

I
meant the
MUSIC.

Oh.



I mean...
maybe?
I'm kinda
new to this
buzz, but...

I'm not sure
it's *about* good
or bad, exactly.



He's *sexy* and *angry* and he kinda *blows* with that *banjo*, but...the *buzz* does something to my *brain* and my *bits* and I guess there's...there's just...

Something about him.

Mm.



Hope.

Bitterness.



Thank you, thank you. *Hooo-eee!* You tigers are too *hot* to handle!



...
Say, You know *what?* Heck with it. *HECK* with it.

I'm halfway to *San Fran*. I been playing *packed* palaces. I got the *dearest squeers* and no *fears*, so...



...yeah, *heck* with it...

Cantik's a *godless groove*. I know this won't *matter*--not to *you*--but it's time I said it. Time you *knew*.

My name's *Ennay*--



I am a *Shaper*.