

MATURE READERS

GRANT

DIAS

TRYONO

HdE



# Aberrant

SEASON 2





**DANGER!** MAN... I NEVER IN A MILLION YEARS THOUGHT I'D BE SHARING RYE WITH THE MANIAC THAT DROVE SOME OFF-BRAND SEDAN THROUGH MY GATE AND SET MY GUARDHOUSE ON FIRE.



YEAH... SORRY ABOUT ALL THAT.

NO HARD FEELINGS.

I MEAN, I JUST BLEW UP MY OWN BOARDROOM AND JUMPED OUT A WINDOW. SOMETIMES WE'RE SLAVES TO CIRCUMSTANCE, RIGHT?



DO YOU MIND?

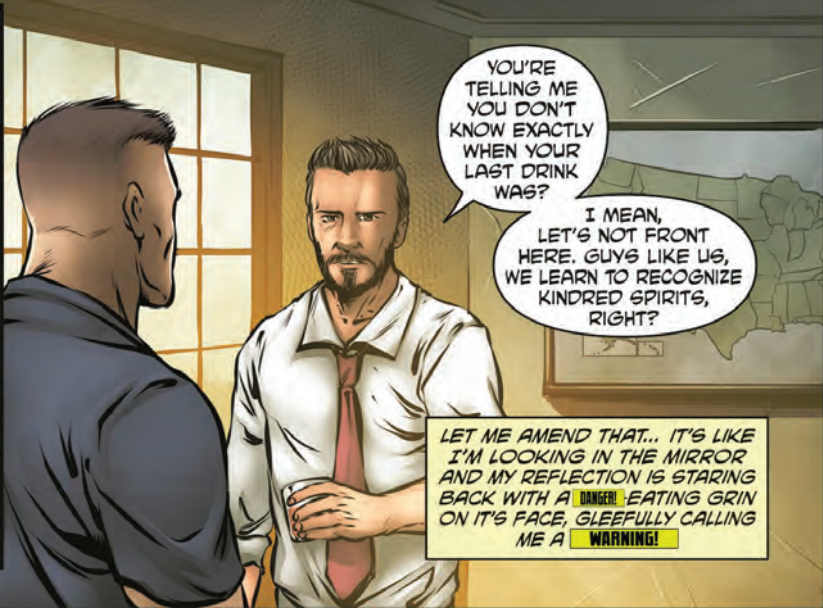
AIN'T MY OFFICE.



IT'S BEEN A WHILE, HUH?

FIFTY-THREE HOURS.

THAT'S PRETTY SPECIFIC.



YOU'RE TELLING ME YOU DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHEN YOUR LAST DRINK WAS?

I MEAN, LET'S NOT FRONT HERE. GUYS LIKE US, WE LEARN TO RECOGNIZE KINDRED SPIRITS, RIGHT?

LET ME AMEND THAT... IT'S LIKE I'M LOOKING IN THE MIRROR AND MY REFLECTION IS STARING BACK WITH A **DANGER!** EATING GRIN ON IT'S FACE, GLEEFULLY CALLING ME A **WARNING!**



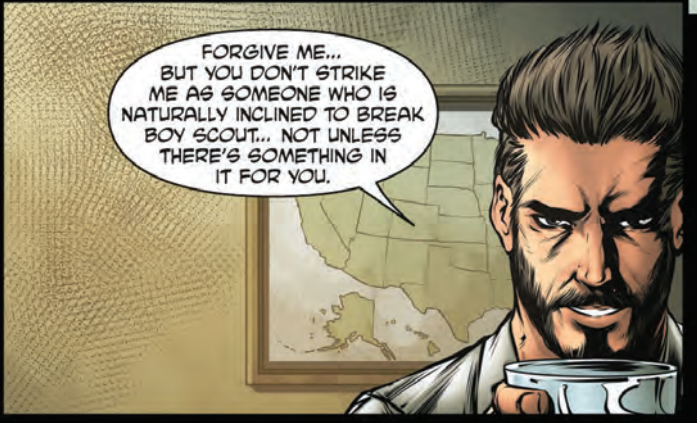
I'VE DONE MY HOMEWORK ON YOU. I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH. I KNOW HOW YOU TEND TO DEAL WITH ADVERGITY.

YOU AND I... WE'RE CUT FROM THE SAME UGLY CLOTH.



LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING... THIS WHOLE CRUSADER ROUTINE... HOW IS IT SUITING YOU?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



FORGIVE ME... BUT YOU DON'T STRIKE ME AS SOMEONE WHO IS NATURALLY INCLINED TO BREAK BOY SCOUT... NOT UNLESS THERE'S SOMETHING IN IT FOR YOU.



YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'RE TRYING TO DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT YOU WANT TO DO THE RIGHT THING HERE...



TRUTH IS, I'LL DO WHATEVER I HAVE TO DO TO SURVIVE. SAME AS YOU... SAME AS ANYBODY... BUT I'M WRESTLING WITH SOME BIGGER QUESTIONS HERE.

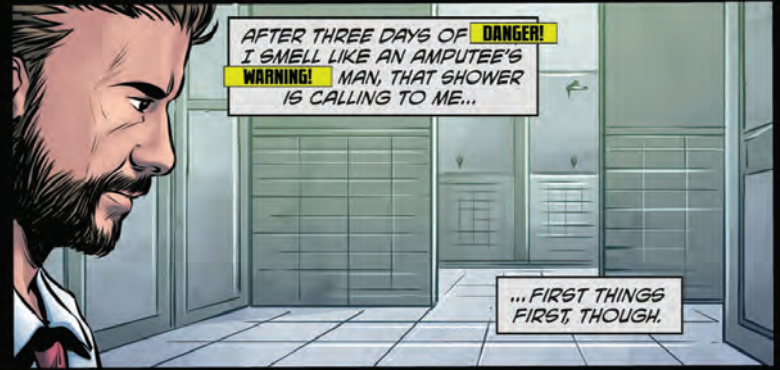


I USED TO WEAR A CAPE. I MEAN, I WAS A BONA FIDE HERO ONCE. I GUESS I'M JUST TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHETHER OR NOT THAT'S STILL IN ME.



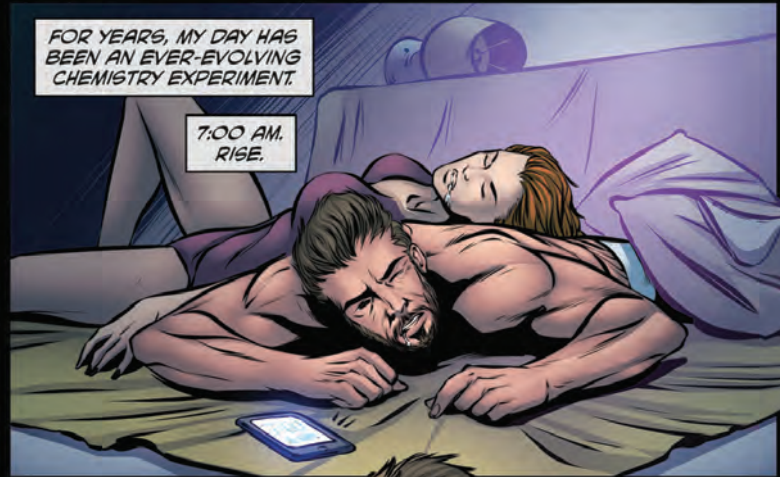
GET CLEANED UP, HUH? WORD IS THE OGRESS IS BUMPING UP AGAINST SOME MEAN ENCRYPTION ON THAT DRIVE YOU SWIPED.

SHE'S GOING TO NEED YOUR HELP SORTING THROUGH IT.



AFTER THREE DAYS OF **DANGER!** I SMELL LIKE AN AMPUTEE'S **WARNING!** MAN, THAT SHOWER IS CALLING TO ME...

...FIRST THINGS FIRST, THOUGH.



FOR YEARS, MY DAY HAS BEEN AN EVER-EVOLVING CHEMISTRY EXPERIMENT.

7:00 AM. RISE.



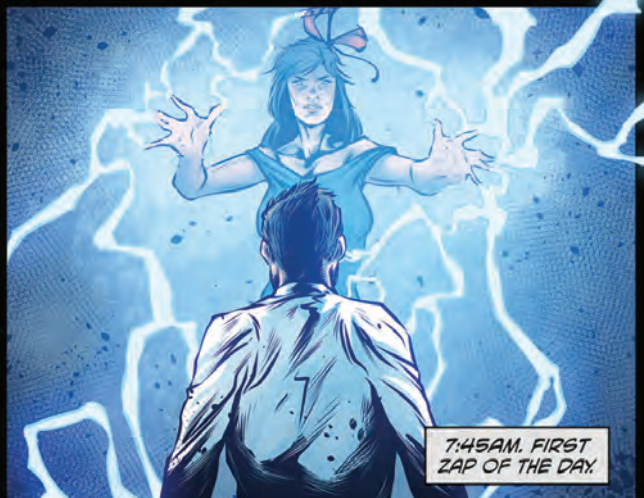
7:05 AM. SIXTEEN OUNCES OF KOPI LUWAK... A PARTICULARLY POTENT BREW MADE FROM PARTIALLY-DIGESTED COFFEE CHERRIES EATEN AND DEFECCATED BY THE ASIAN PALM CIVET...



7:15 AM. TWO OUNCES OF GRAND PATRON PLATINUM IN A GLASS OF FRESH SQUEEZED VALENCIA ORANGE JUICE.



7:25 AM. A COUPLE OF TOKES OF A SATIVA-DOMINANT CANNABIS STRAIN AND A REALLY SOLID **DANGER!**



7:45AM. FIRST ZAP OF THE DAY.

8:30AM. TWO DIET COKES  
AND A COUPLE OF FINGERS  
OF WOODFORD RESERVE  
FOR THE RIDE INTO WORK.



9:30AM.  
COCAINE.



10AM. MORE  
COCAINE...  
USUALLY  
AFTER SEX.

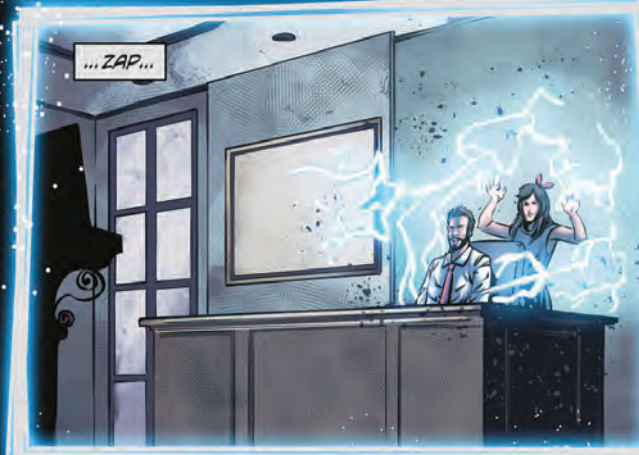


I'LL SPARE YOU THE RATHER EXHAUSTIVE  
SPECIFICS. BUT SUFFICE IT TO SAY, IT  
CONTINUED ON LIKE THIS...

BOOZE...



...ZAP...



...BOOGER  
SUGAR.



RINSE AND  
REPEAT.



WHEN I GOT TOO HIGH,  
I TOOK SOMETHING TO  
TURN THE VOLUME DOWN.



WHEN I GOT TOO  
LOW, I CRANKED  
HER THE DANGER UP.



I SPENT NEARLY FIFTY-TWO HOURS RUNNING FROM THAT HOODED FRANKENSTEIN.

THE ONLY ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT I'VE HAD SINCE JUMPING OUT THAT WINDOW IS THE 4.5 OUNCES OF WHISKEY I MANAGED TO CON OUT OF THAT ABBED-UP MONGOLOID.



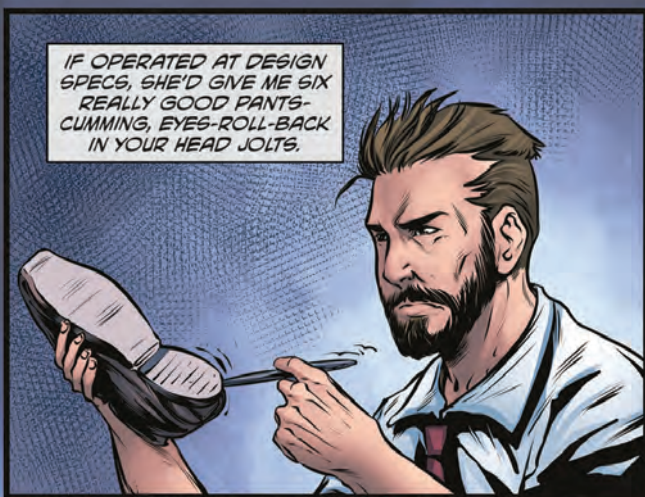
I'VE PROPPED MYSELF UP PRETTY GOOD, DANCED MY JIG, PUT ON THE APPROPRIATE SHOW, BUT THE TRUTH IS, EVERY CELL IN MY BODY IS SCREAMING RIGHT NOW. MY EARS ARE RINGING. I CAN BARELY SEE STRAIGHT.

TIME TO GET MYSELF CORRECT.

1,440mAh... IT'S THE EQUIVALENT OF A FULLY CHARGED IPHONE BATTERY.



IF OPERATED AT DESIGN SPECS, SHE'D GIVE ME SIX REALLY GOOD PANTS-CUMMING, EYES-ROLL-BACK IN YOUR HEAD JOLTS.



BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'M GOING TO BE HERE, HOW LONG THIS HAS TO LAST.

I'VE GOT TO BE SMART... GOT TO RATION.



