

I'M FALLING THROUGH LOS ANGELES AND JOLT AWAKE BEFORE HITTING THE GROUND.

THE STENCH OF HOME FADES INTO VANILLA AND RASPBERRY MIGNONNETTES.

THE SCREAMS OF THE STARVING GIVE WAY TO TEDDY'S HEART BEATING AND THE TRICKLE OF CLEAN WATER.

THE SWEETEST REALIZATION-- IT WAS JUST A DREAM-- WE'RE NOT THERE.

AND I HAVE EVERYTHING I EVER WANTED.

BAD DREAMZ

OVER NOW.

YEAH, HAD ONE OF MY OWN, ABOUT THE LAST TIME I SAW MY DAD.

HE'D BEEN JACKED IN FOR YEARS BY THE END, ONLY CAME OUT TO REBOOT.

NORMALLY WOULDN'T ACKNOWLEDGE ME WHEN HE DID.

BUT THIS TIME...













BUT
WHAT HE
DID TO
US...

