Bad boy, ex-junkie, ex-criminal enfant terrible--call me what you fucking want. I'm Adam Mee.
I won the Pulitzer with my first novel, written on the run from the Feds after I'd farted at the White House.
Yeah, you've probably read THE MEE GENERATION. No, of course you didn't fucking understand it.
That Po Mo literary thriller about a character who offs his own narrator. Critics called me the American Alain Robbe-Grillet.
WASHED UP WRITER
Those same critics soon started calling me one-hit wonder. I had that most awful cliché: writer's block.
Seems the author really did die in the Mee Generation.
I want to kill myself--but I don't know how. No original ideas.
I've even got suicide's block!
KLINK
Maybe this is what I need. An idea dropped from heaven.
42
(i.e., a pretty girl's ass.)
A few days in a nice, straight hotel...
the Suites

the Suites
...among the normal people...
the Suites
I'M HERE, MOM. MY FIRST REAL JOB!
THE SUITES? WELL, IT ISN'T EXACTLY THE MANDARIN ORIENTAL.
REMEMBER THE HAPPY HOURS WE SPENT THERE BEFORE YOU BLEW ALL OUR MONEY ON EURO-TRASH GIGOLOS?
SHIT. GOTTA GO! LOVE YOU!
CLICK

KID LOBOTOMY

VILE BODIES: PART TWO OF A LAD INSANE

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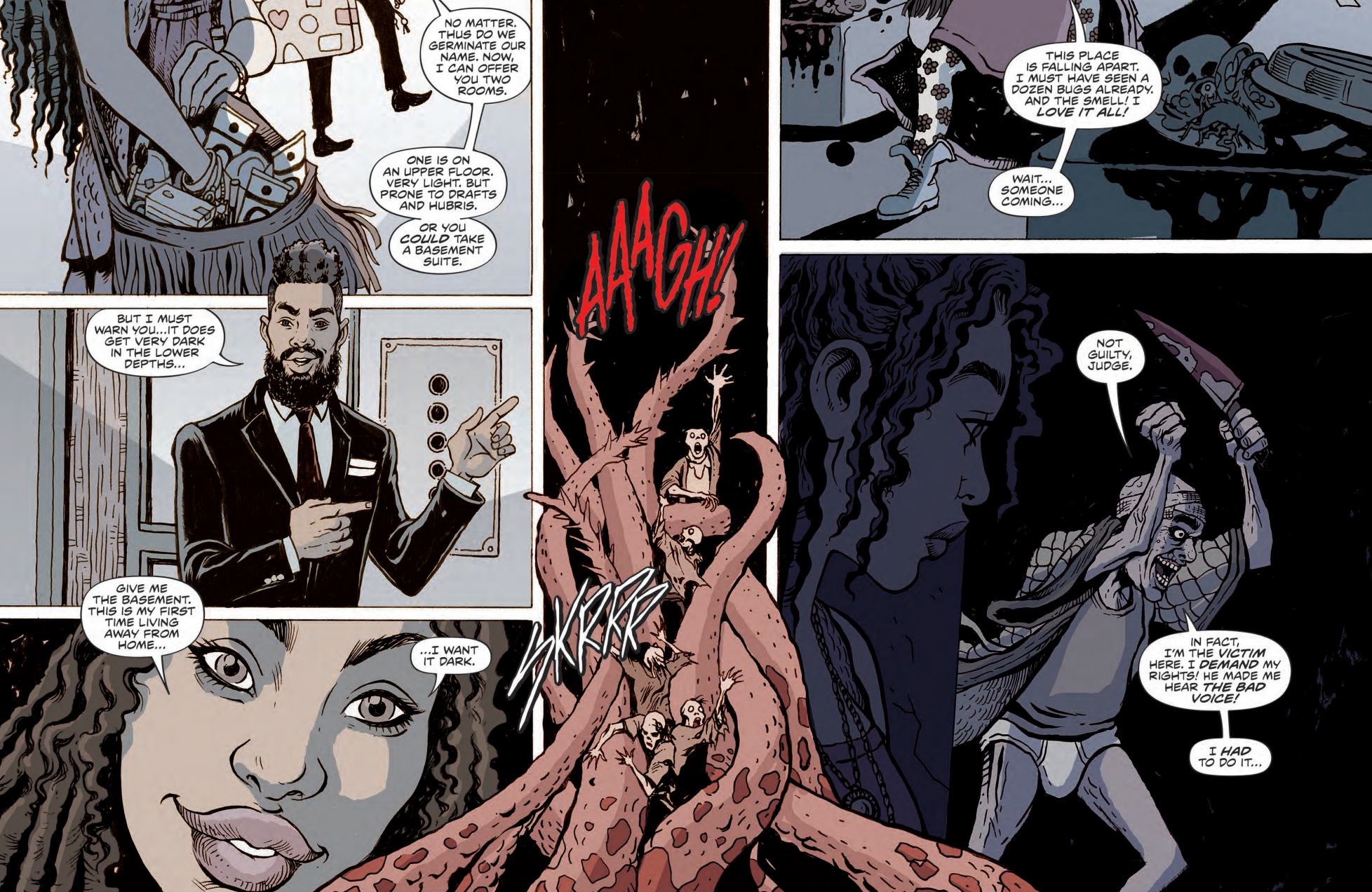
POOR, INNOCENT GIRL...

"...I GIVE HER TWO DAYS MAX..."

YOU HAVE THE KEY WE SENT YOU?
THE FORMER. I *HOPE*! HAH HAH!

OH, I S-SEEM TO HAVE LOST IT.


NO MATTER. THUS DO WE GERMINATE OUR NAME. NOW, I CAN OFFER YOU TWO ROOMS.
ONE IS ON AN UPPER FLOOR. VERY LIGHT. BUT PRONE TO DRAFTS AND HUBRIS.
OR YOU COULD TAKE A BASEMENT SUITE.
BUT I MUST WARN YOU...IT DOES GET VERY DARK IN THE LOWER DEPTHS...
GIVE ME THE BASEMENT. THIS IS MY FIRST TIME LIVING AWAY FROM HOME...
...I WANT IT DARK.
AAAGH!
SKRRR
THIS PLACE IS FALLING APART. I MUST HAVE SEEN A DOZEN BUGS ALREADY. AND THE SMELL! I LOVE IT ALL!
WAIT... SOMEONE COMING...
NOT GUILTY, JUDGE.
IN FACT, I'M THE VICTIM HERE. I DEMAND MY RIGHTS! HE MADE ME HEAR THE BAD VOICE!
I HAD TO DO IT...