

1,240 BUCKS AND EIGHT DAYS LATER I HAVE IT BACK. BACK WHERE IT BELONGS: UNDER MY ASS AND ON THE ROAD.

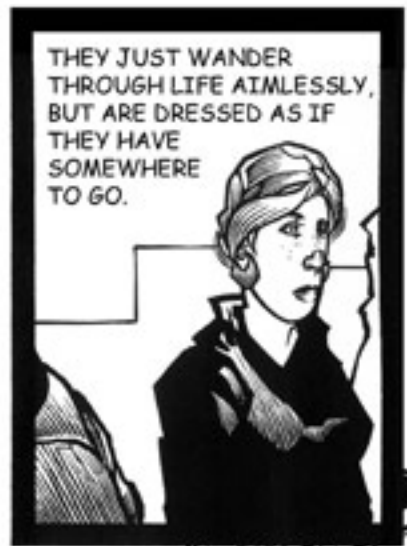




I DONT UNDERSTAND PEOPLE.



THEY ARE OBLIVIOUS TO REALITY.



THEY JUST WANDER THROUGH LIFE AIMLESSLY, BUT ARE DRESSED AS IF THEY HAVE SOMEWHERE TO GO.



FUCK IT. I ALREADY KNOW THAT NOBODY CARES . THE ONLY THING THAT PEOPLE ARE REALLY INTERESTED IN IS THEMSELVES. FROM DAY ONE TO DAY NONE PEOPLE ARE SELFISH SACKS OF...



WHAT THE HELL IS THAT NOISE?



DAMNITI!



THIS IS ONE OF  
THOSE MOMENTS  
YOU ARE TOLD ABOUT.

ONE OF THOSE MOMENTS YOU ARE SUPPOSED  
TO GO LIMP . . . RAGDOLL. BECOME ONE WITH  
YOUR POTENTIAL CONCUSSION, PARALYSIS,  
AND BED-PAN EXISTENCE.



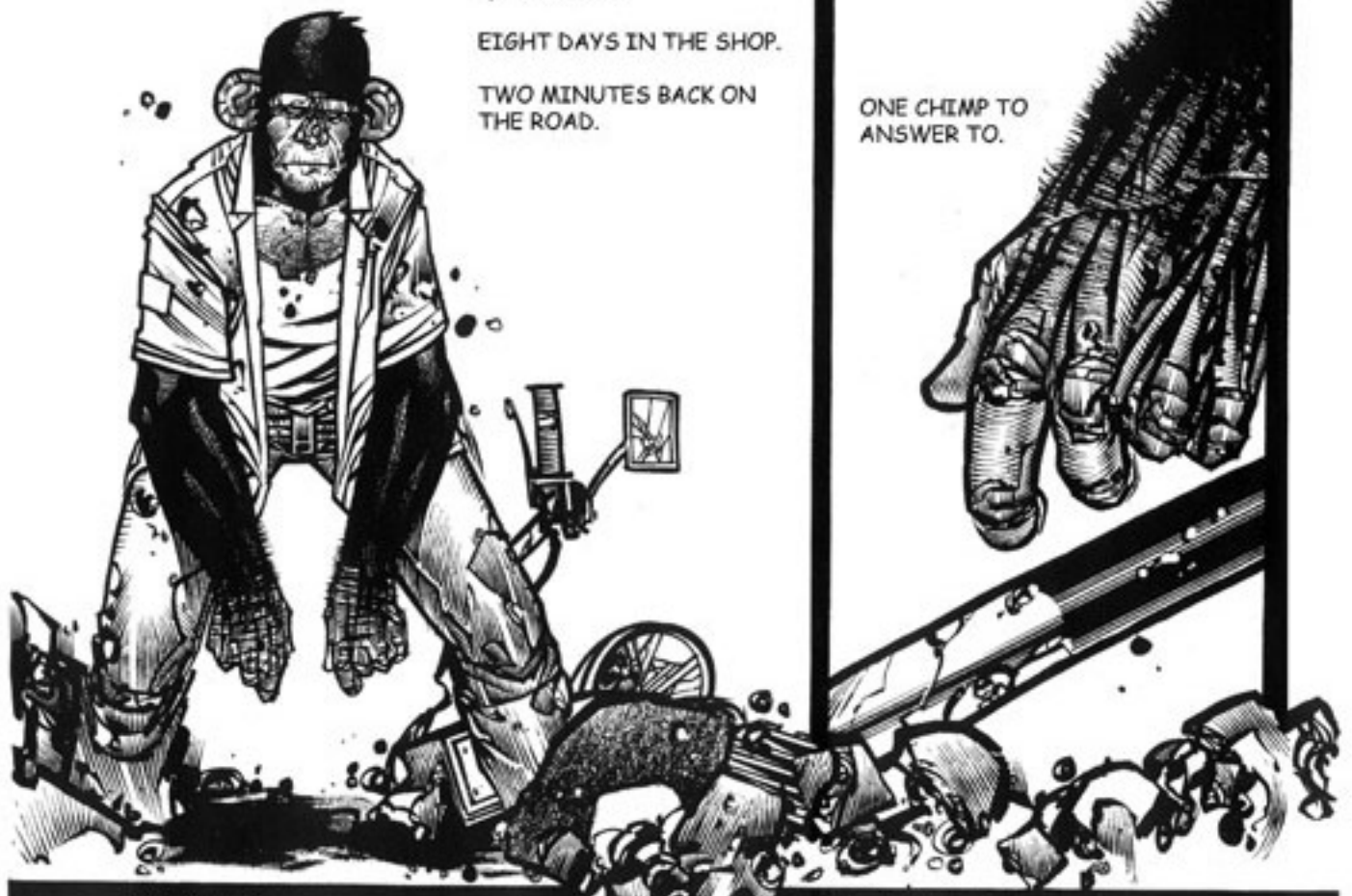


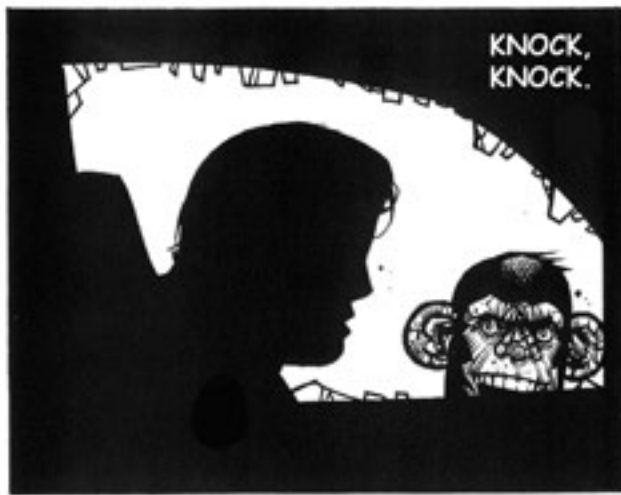
1,240 BUCKS.

EIGHT DAYS IN THE SHOP.

TWO MINUTES BACK ON  
THE ROAD.

ONE CHIMP TO  
ANSWER TO.





KNOCK,  
KNOCK.



ME SO  
SOWWY.



COME ON OUT, YOU YELLOW  
SONUVVABITCH. WE HAVE  
TO EXCHANGE INFORMATION  
AND COMPARE BUMPER  
SCRATCHES.

LET'S GO TAKE A LOOK AT MY BIKE FIRST.  
IT MAY NOT RESEMBLE MUCH NOW, BUT I  
ASSURE YOU IT'S ALL THERE.



RIGHT HERE WE  
HAVE THE GAS  
TANK.



**THUNK!!**



OVER HERE IS THE  
ENGINE.



**TINK!!**



THAT RIGHT THERE  
IS ONE OF THE TIRES.



**TONG!!**



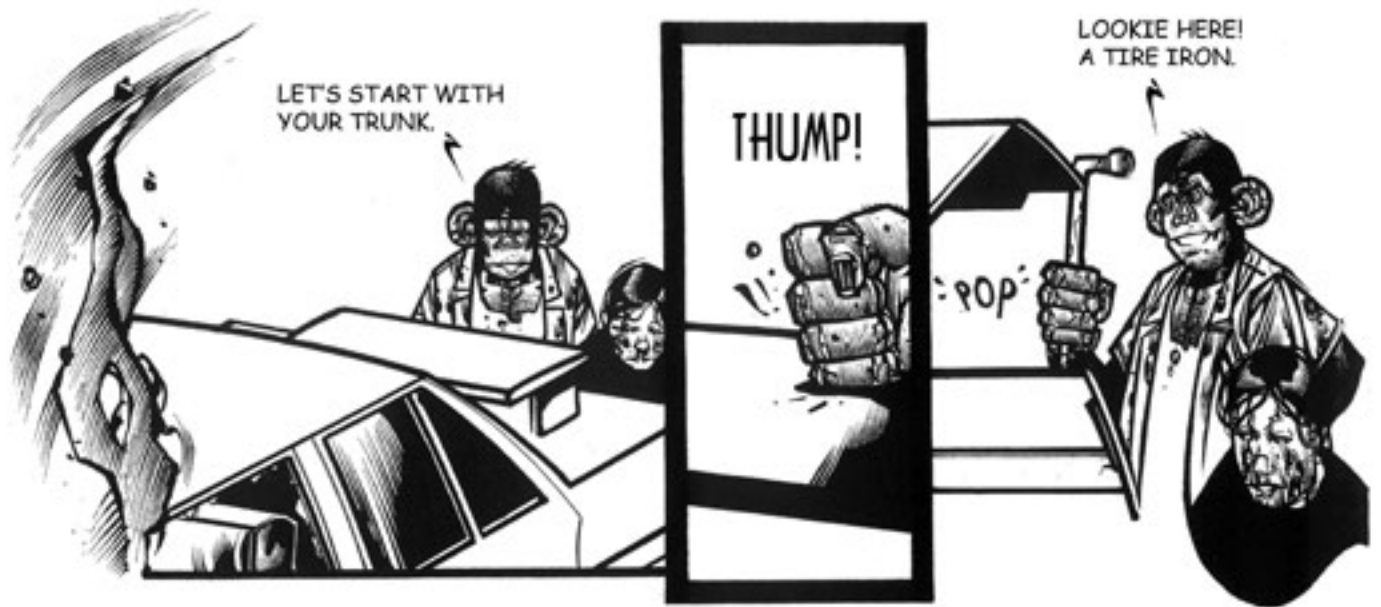
THIS OVER HERE  
IS THE HEADLIGHT.



**KRASH!!**



HOW 'BOUT WE  
GO TAKE A LOOK  
AT YOUR CAR NOW?



YOU AREN'T ALREADY QUITTING ON ME,  
ARE YOU? I'M THE ONE WHO GOT RUN OVER.  
YOU WANT TO TRY APOLOGIZING TO ME IN  
ENGLISH AGAIN? TELL ME HOW SOWWY  
YOU ARE.

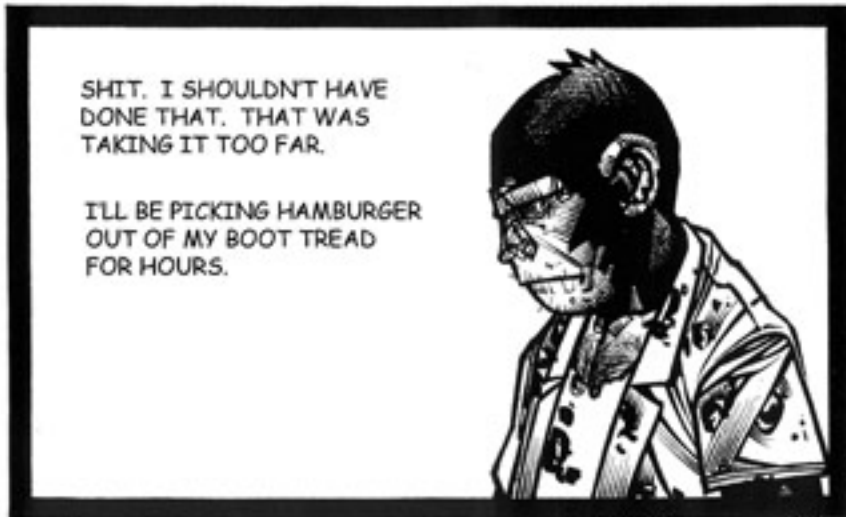


COME ON.  
TRY IT.

NOT  
GOOD  
ENOUGH.

NIGHT, NIGHT





SHIT. I SHOULDN'T HAVE  
DONE THAT. THAT WAS  
TAKING IT TOO FAR.

I'LL BE PICKING HAMBURGER  
OUT OF MY BOOT TREAD  
FOR HOURS.



312

I NEED A BEER.

