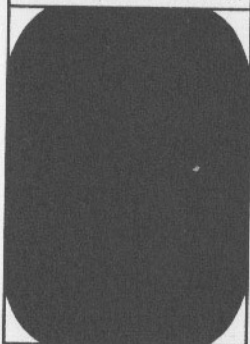
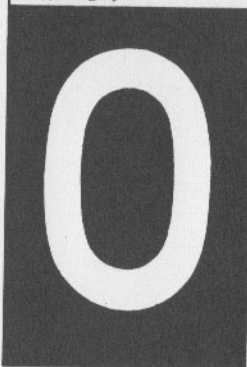


...THE TELEPHONE
RINGING THREE TIMES
IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT...



...AND THE VOICE ON THE
OTHER END...



...ASKING FOR SOMEONE
HE WAS NOT.



MUCH LATER, HE WOULD
CONCLUDE...



...THAT NOTHING WAS
REAL...



WHETHER IT MIGHT
HAVE TURNED OUT
DIFFERENTLY OR WAS
PREDETERMINED IS NOT
THE QUESTION.



THE QUESTION IS THE
STORY ITSELF...



...AND WHETHER OR NOT
IT MEANS SOMETHING
IS NOT FOR THE STORY
TO TELL.



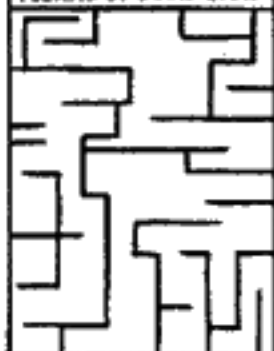
MORE THAN ANYTHING
ELSE, WHAT QUINN
LIKED TO DO WAS WALK.



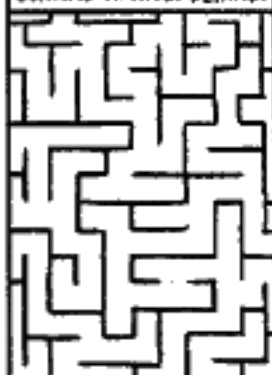
NEW YORK WAS A
LABYRINTH OF ENDLESS
STEPS...



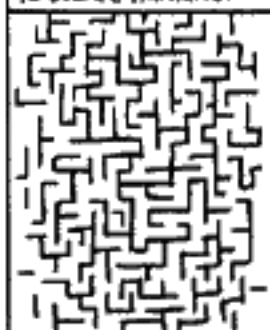
...AND NO MATTER HOW FAR
HE WALKED, IT ALWAYS
LEFT HIM WITH THE
FEELING OF BEING LOST.



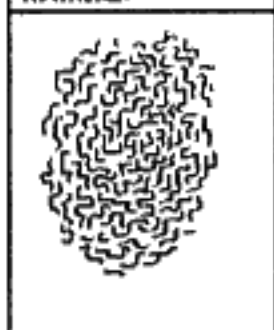
EACH TIME HE TOOK A
WALK, HE FELT HE WAS
LEAVING HIMSELF BEHIND.



BY GIVING HIMSELF UP
TO THE STREETS, BY
REDUCING HIMSELF TO A
SEEING EYE, HE WAS ABLE
TO ESCAPE THINKING.



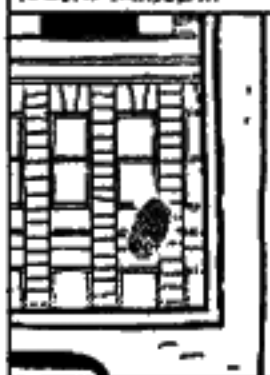
ALL PLACES BECAME
EQUAL, AND ON HIS BEST
WALKS, HE WAS ABLE TO
FEEL THAT HE WAS
NOWHERE.



THIS WAS ALL HE EVER
ASKED OF THINGS:
TO BE NOWHERE.



NEW YORK WAS THE
NOWHERE HE HAD BUILT
AROUND HIMSELF...



...AND HE HAD NO
INTENTION OF EVER
LEAVING IT AGAIN.



GASOLINE ALLEY

SKEEZIX, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HENRY THE EIGHTH WAS AN AVIATOR?

OH, I THOUGHT YOU SAID HENRY THE ACE!

King

LOOK TRIXXIE! IN THREE MINUTES I'M GOIN' TO BE WAY UP TO THE TOP!

IF YOU CAN, I CAN.

GEE, YOU CAN LOOK DOWN ON MOST EVERYTHING FROM UP HERE!

I'M COMIN' UP TO SEE.

THERE'S CLARENCE!

WATCH ME SOCK THIS BEHIND HIM AN' SCARE HIM.

JIGGERS! HERE HE COMES.

YOU WILL WILL YOU! I'LL PULL YOUR EARS FOR THAT.

YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH US FIRST.

THAT'S EASY.

COME IN QUICK BEFORE HE SEES US, TRIXXIE.

HE'S ON TO US! BEAT IT.

GO AHEAD AND JUMP!

YOU'RE HIDIN' ON ME! DON'T WORRY - I'LL FIND YOU!

AW CLARENCE, LET ME UP.

ALL RIGHT, PROMISE YOU WON'T DO IT AGAIN.

I WON'T - NOT UNTIL NEXT TIME!

I'M WARNIN' YOU, I'M KEEPIN' MY EYE ON YOU.

THAT'S OKAY WITH US, CLARENCE.





BECAUSE
YOU'RE GOOD.



CAP IS GOOD.
SPIDER-MAN IS
GOOD. WHY
ME?



YOU'RE
SMART.



SO'S IRON MAN.
SO'S--EVERYONE
AT YOUR DAY-JOB.
WHY ME?



YOU'RE
RICH?



SO ARE
YOU NOW.
WHY--



--BECAUSE I DON'T
WANT TO SLEEP WITH
YOU?



WELL GOOD. YOU'RE
OLD ENOUGH TO
KNOW...HOW CREEPY
THAT WOULD BE.



...DOES THIS MEAN
YOU WANT TO SLEEP
WITH SPIDER-MAN?



NO--I-- BECAUSE
THAT SCREWS IT UP.
IT ALWAYS SCREWS
IT UP. I ALWAYS
SCREW IT UP AND...
AND...



KATIE I LOOK AT
YOU AND I THINK
YOU'RE A LOT
LIKE ME.



THERE ARE--I HAVE
THESE THINGS I HAVE
TO DO. YEAH? NOT
WANT BUT HAVE.
Y'KNOW?



I CAN DO THEM
ALONE BUT I BET
THAT WHATEVER IT
IS THAT'S IN ME IS
MAYBE IN YOU
AND...



I DON'T WANT
YOU TO GET
HURT.



I'M A BIG
GIRL, CLINT.



NO, I
KNOW.



I'M IN.



OKAY. GOOD.



GOOD.



UM.
GOODNIGHT?



BYE.



"BECAUSE I
DON'T WANT
TO SLEEP
WITH YOU?"



DUMMY.





LIFE IS BUT A DREAM



WHAT BECAME OF GEORGE SPROTT
WHEN HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE?



EVEN AS AN OMNISCIENT NARRATOR,
I DON'T HAVE AN ANSWER TO THAT
QUESTION.



I CAN TELL YOU THIS, THOUGH...



AS MUCH AS HE FANCIED THE IDEA,
THERE WAS NO INUIT SPIRIT GUIDE
WAITING FOR HIM ON THE OTHER SIDE.



AS POETIC AS THAT MIGHT HAVE
BEEN--NO ONE WALKED HIM INTO
A DAZZLING ARCTIC LANDSCAPE.



PERHAPS HE IS STILL HOVERING
ON THE EDGE OF THIS LIFE.



IF YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, THERE
ARE A FEW SPOTS YOU MIGHT
LOOK FOR HIM.



YOU MIGHT TRY THE SMALL WOOD
ON THE EDGE OF THE CREEK WHERE
HE PLAYED AS A BOY.



OR YOU MIGHT LOOK INSIDE THE
BROKEN HULK OF THE MELODY
GRILL.



ESPECIALLY BY THE BAR, WHERE
HE ALWAYS HELD COURT.



OR YOU MIGHT HEAD FAR NORTH.



OUT ON THE TUNDRA, AT THE SITE
OF A GROUPING OF ANCIENT STONE
HOUSES.



HE ONCE SPENT A GLORIOUS NIGHT
THERE ALONE, UNDER THE NORTH-
ERN LIGHTS.



THESE WERE THE PLACES WHERE
HE WAS THE HAPPIEST.



PERHAPS A GHOST CAN BE IN MORE
THAN ONE SPOT--HE MIGHT BE
FOUND AT ALL THREE.



I DON'T HAVE A SATISFYING ANSWER
FOR YOU ON THAT MATTER.



I DO KNOW THAT FOR A FEW
MONTHS AFTER GEORGE DIED, THOSE
WHO KNEW HIM WELL COULD STILL
STRONGLY FEEL HIM NEARBY.

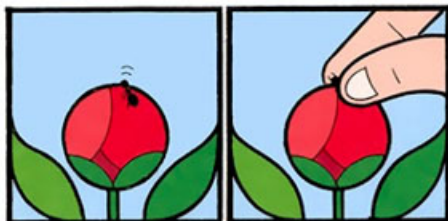


BUT NOW, ALL THESE YEARS LATER...

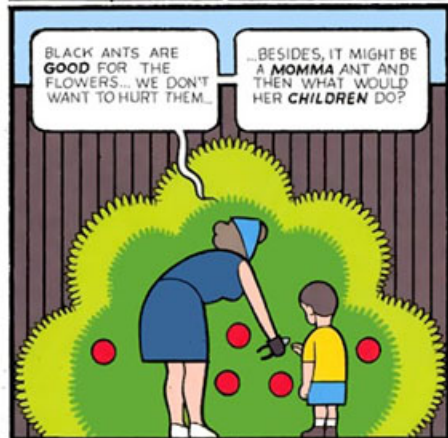
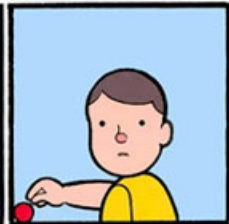


THEY DO NOT FEEL HIS PRESENCE
IN THE WORLD ANYMORE.



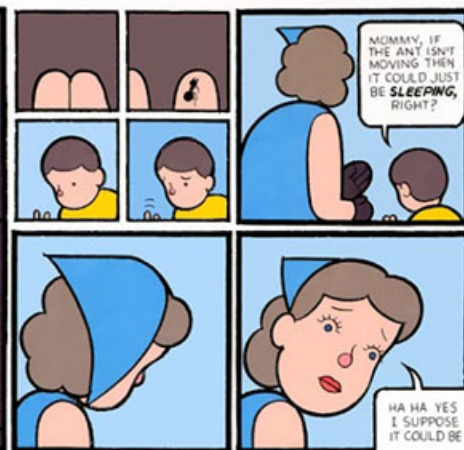
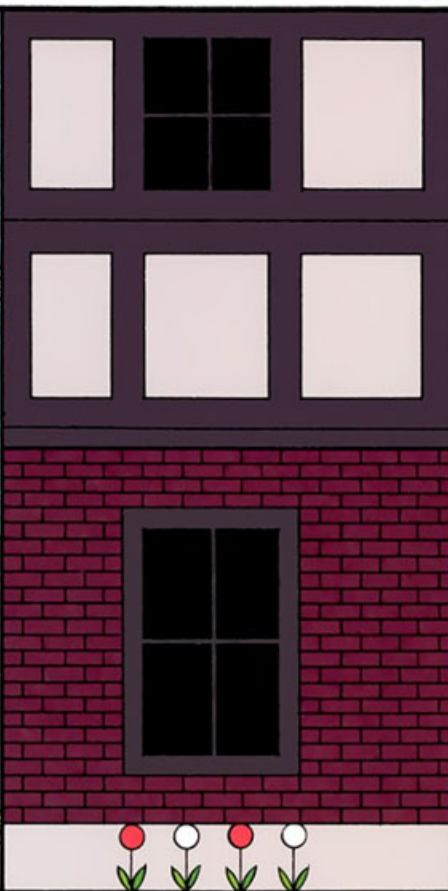
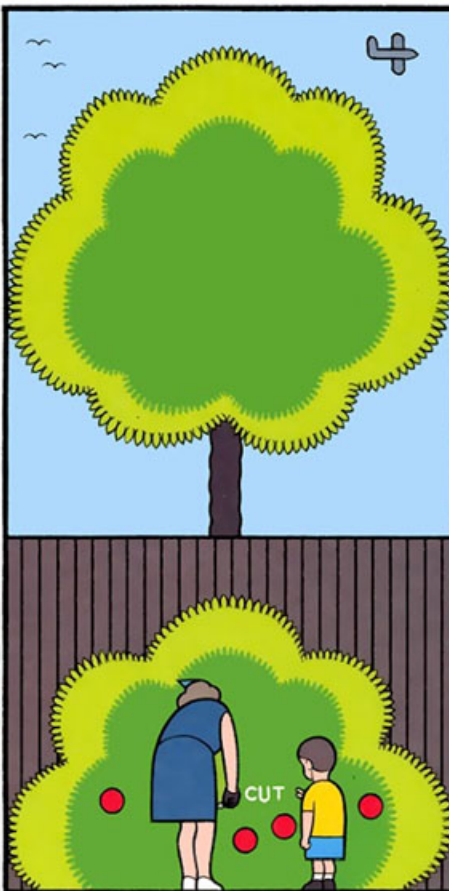


NONO JORDAN...
DON'T KILL IT...



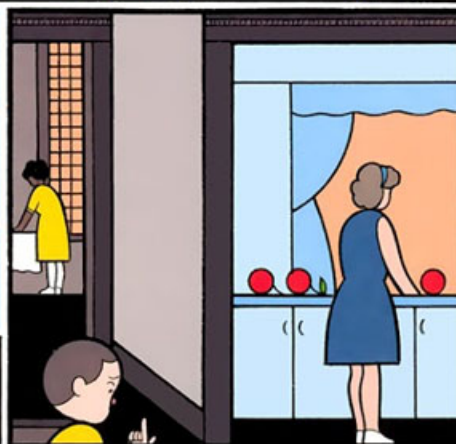
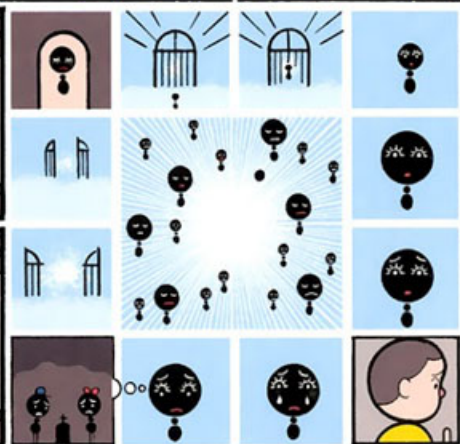
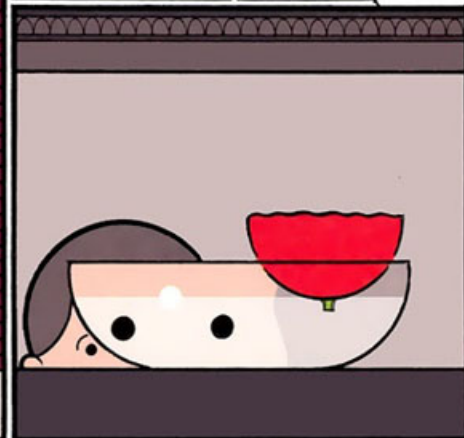
BLACK ANTS ARE
GOOD FOR THE
FLOWERS... WE DON'T
WANT TO HURT THEM...

...BESIDES, IT MIGHT BE
A **MOMMA** ANT AND
THEN WHAT WOULD
HER **CHILDREN** DO?



MOMMY, IF
THE ANT ISN'T
MOVING THEN
IT COULD JUST
BE **SLEEPING**,
RIGHT?

HA HA YES
I SUPPOSE
IT COULD BE



SO.

SNIF! MOMMY
IT WON'T WAKE
UP! IT WON'T
WAKE UP!

GOODNESS-
JORDAN,
WHAT IS
IT?

HONEY?

SNIF!

WHAT? WHAT
WON'T WAKE UP?

TO THE
ANT.

OH... JORDAN...

THERE

WE'LL LEAVE IT THERE SO
WHEN IT WAKES UP, IT CAN
FIND ITS WAY HOME, OKAY?

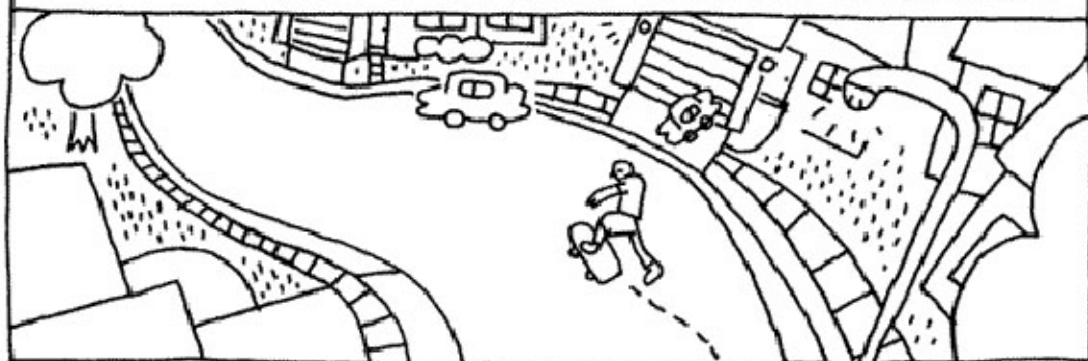
REALLY?

REALLY

HOW AM I GONNA SUR-
VIVE IN THIS WORLD?



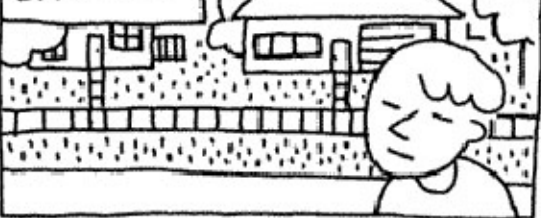
I DON'T EVEN FIT IN WITH MY OWN FRIENDS...



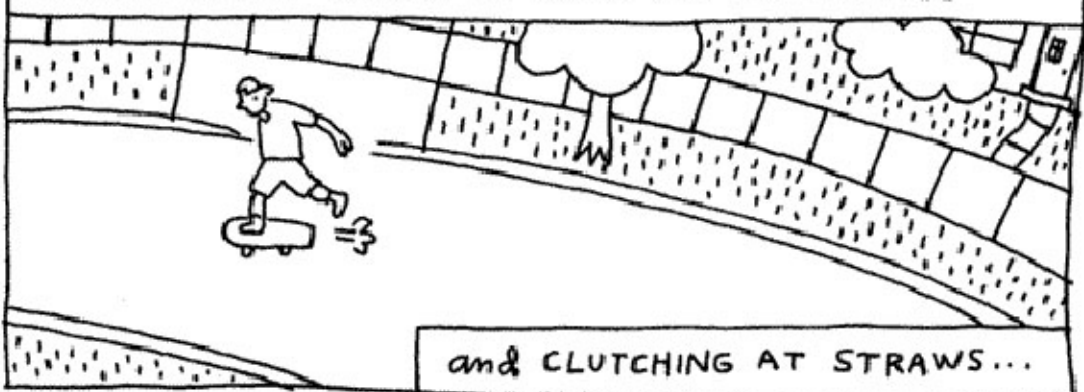
and EVERYTHING AROUND
ME SEEMS TRANSPARENT
and SAD...



WE WASTE OUR LIVES AWAY
WISHING and HOPING - FOR
THINGS THAT DON'T EVEN
EXIST...



TWISTING THE WORLD UP INTO LITTLE PIECES -



and CLUTCHING AT STRAWS...

