



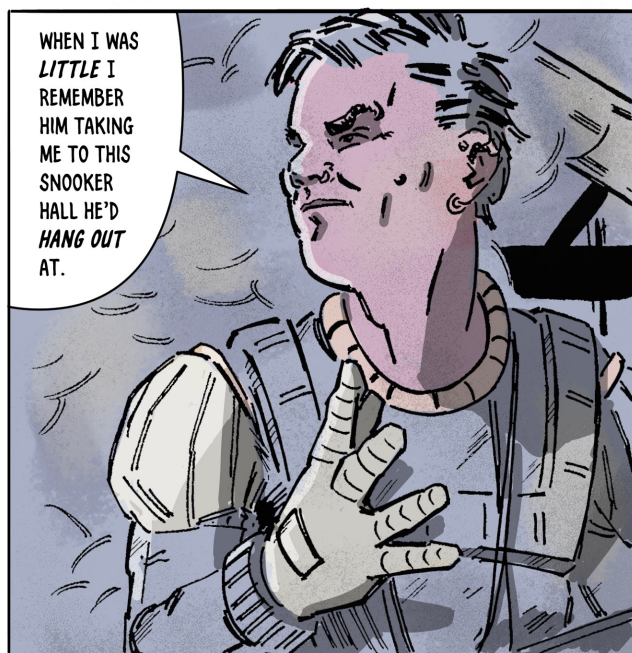
AT SOME FUTURE POINT. THE SO-CALLED ANGLO HELICULTURE. A WEDNESDAY, IT'S WORK AS USUAL.

...NOW HE WAS WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A MORALLY AMBIGUOUS CHARACTER.

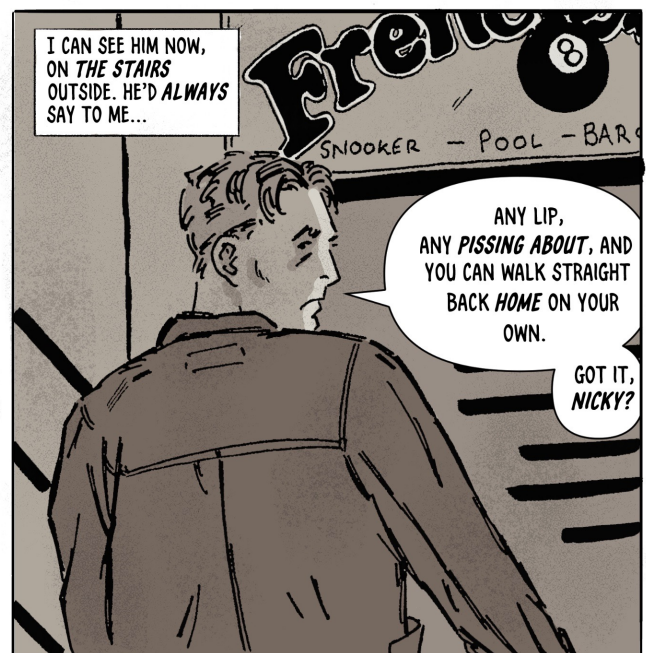
14 TRILLION PARTS PER...
...SLUDGE COMP LOW.

WHO?
YOUR UNCLE?

YEAH,
UNCLE EDDY.
I'VE GOT SOME STORIES.



WHEN I WAS LITTLE I REMEMBER HIM TAKING ME TO THIS SNOOKER HALL HE'D HANG OUT AT.



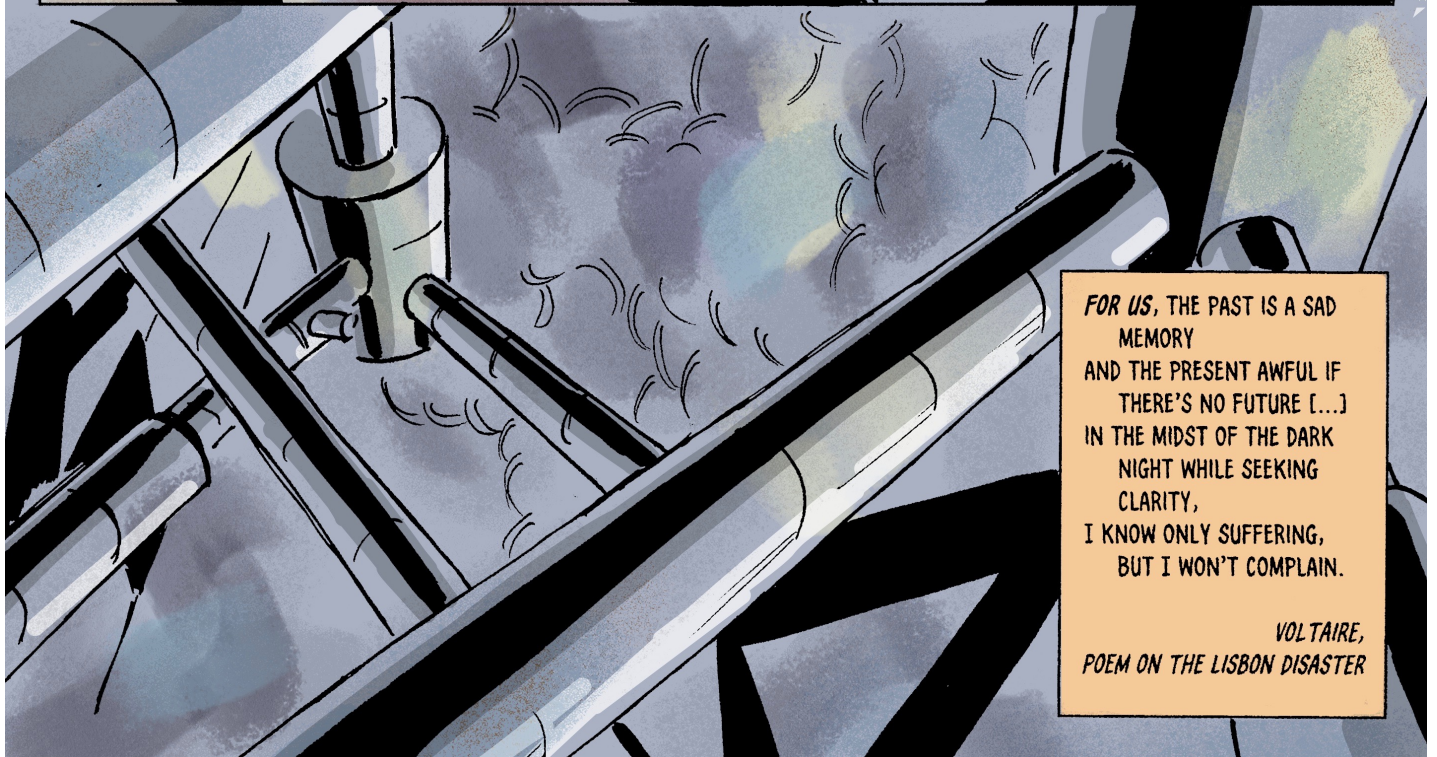
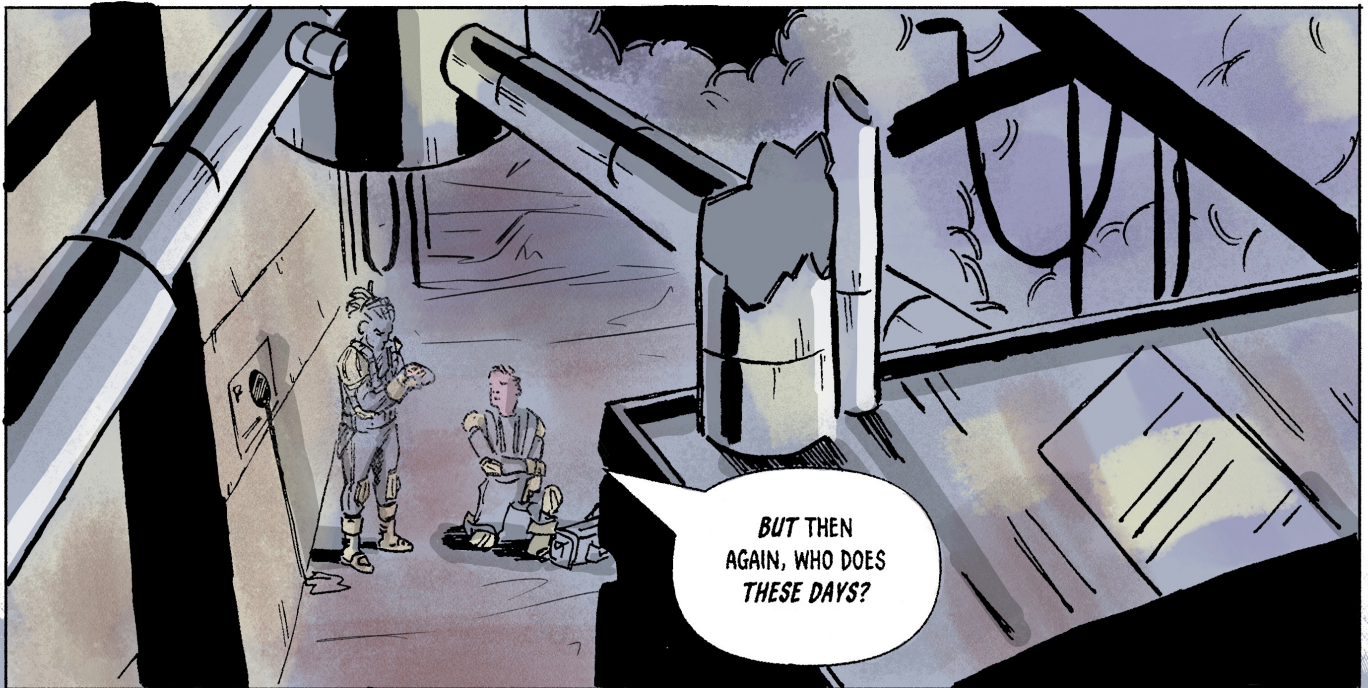
I CAN SEE HIM NOW, ON THE STAIRS OUTSIDE. HE'D ALWAYS SAY TO ME...

ANY LIP, ANY PISSING ABOUT, AND YOU CAN WALK STRAIGHT BACK HOME ON YOUR OWN.

GOT IT, NICKY?







FOR US, THE PAST IS A SAD
MEMORY
AND THE PRESENT AWFUL IF
THERE'S NO FUTURE [...] IN
THE MIDST OF THE DARK
NIGHT WHILE SEEKING
CLARITY,
I KNOW ONLY SUFFERING,
BUT I WON'T COMPLAIN.

VOLTAIRE,
POEM ON THE LISBON DISASTER