





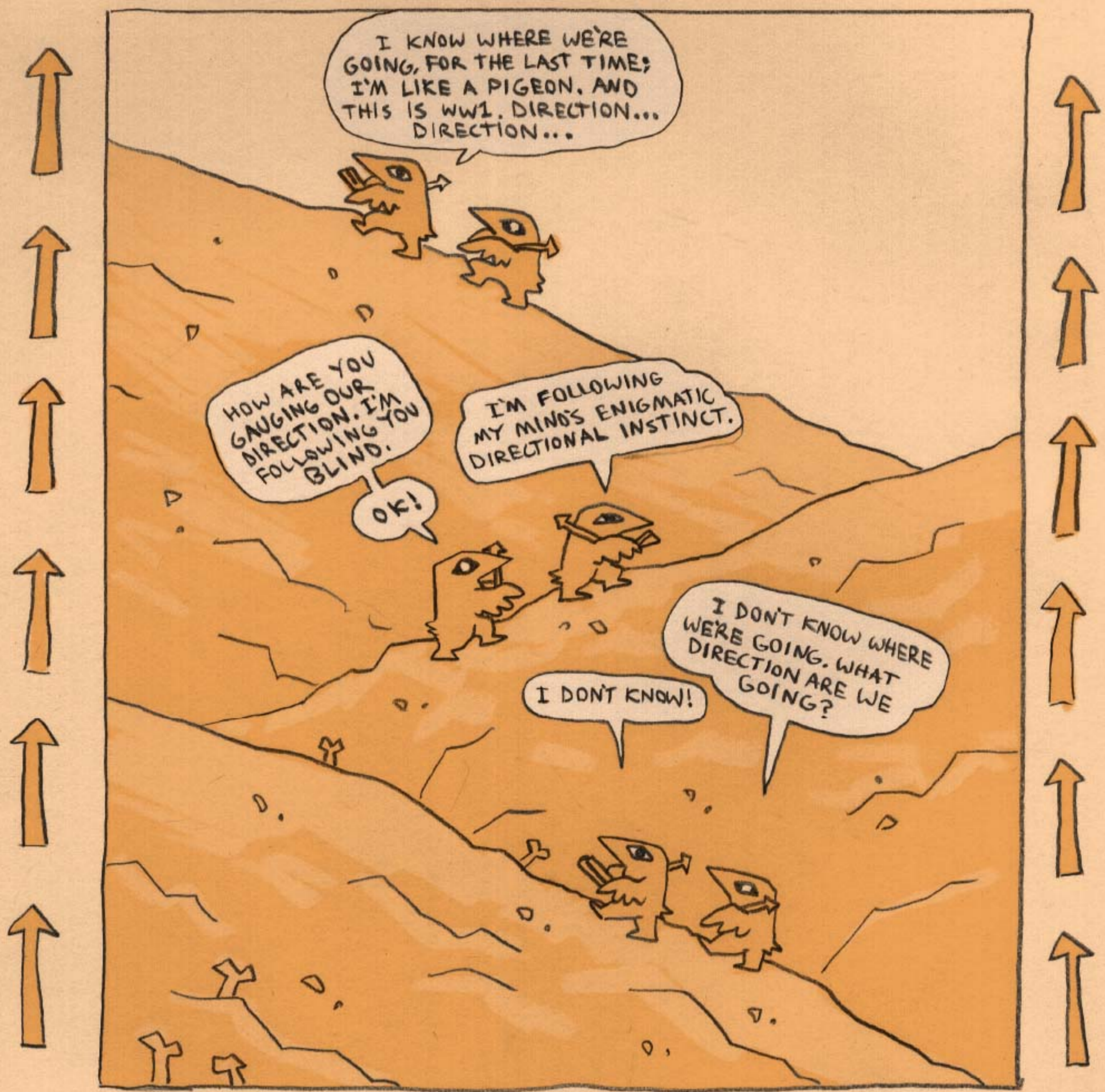


Stomachus Valley



THE ENDLESS HILLS OF MEAT AND BONE. IT IS DRY,
YET DAMP. THE FLIES ENJOY THE LAND HERE.
SOULS LOVE TO LIVE HERE - MOST NEVER LEAVE.
"LOVE" WAS A LIE - THEY JUST DONT KNOW WHERE
ELSE TO GO. ITS COMFORTABLE TO MARCH.





I KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING, FOR THE LAST TIME; I'M LIKE A PIGEON, AND THIS IS WW1. DIRECTION... DIRECTION...

HOW ARE YOU GAUGING OUR DIRECTION. I'M FOLLOWING YOU BLIND.

OK!

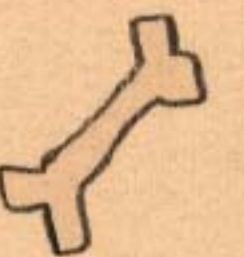
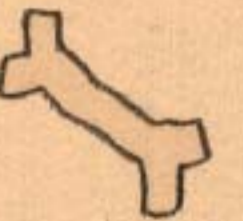
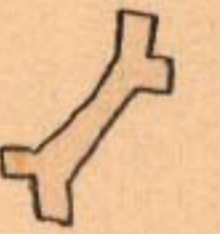
I'M FOLLOWING MY MIND'S ENIGMATIC DIRECTIONAL INSTINCT.

I DON'T KNOW!

I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING. WHAT DIRECTION ARE WE GOING?



OK, YOUR TURN TO LEAD.



HOW MANY HOURS
DO YOU THINK IT'S BEEN?

I DUNNO! WE
DONT HAVE CLOCKS!

DO YOU THINK
TIME EXISTS
HERE?

DO YOU THINK IT'S
7:30 PM. I KEEP
THINKING...

7:30?

I FEEL TIME PASSING, AND IT
FEELS LIKE FOREVER. BUT I DON'T
MIND! WE MOVE QUICK, BUT
I FEEL LIKE A SNAIL...

I THINK I'M
STUCK AT 7:30 PM.
I DON'T EVEN KNOW
WHAT 7:30 MEANS. I KEEP
TRYING TO RATIONALIZE IT, BUT
7:30 MEANS NOTHING. IS IT DAY?
NIGHT? WHAT DOES "PM" FUCKING
MEAN? TIME IS NOTHING.

I USED TO KNOW
WHAT 7:30 PM
MEANT...

IT NEVER FEELS
LIKE 8:00 THO. IT NEVER
GOES PAST 7:50. IT KINDA
BOTHERS ME.

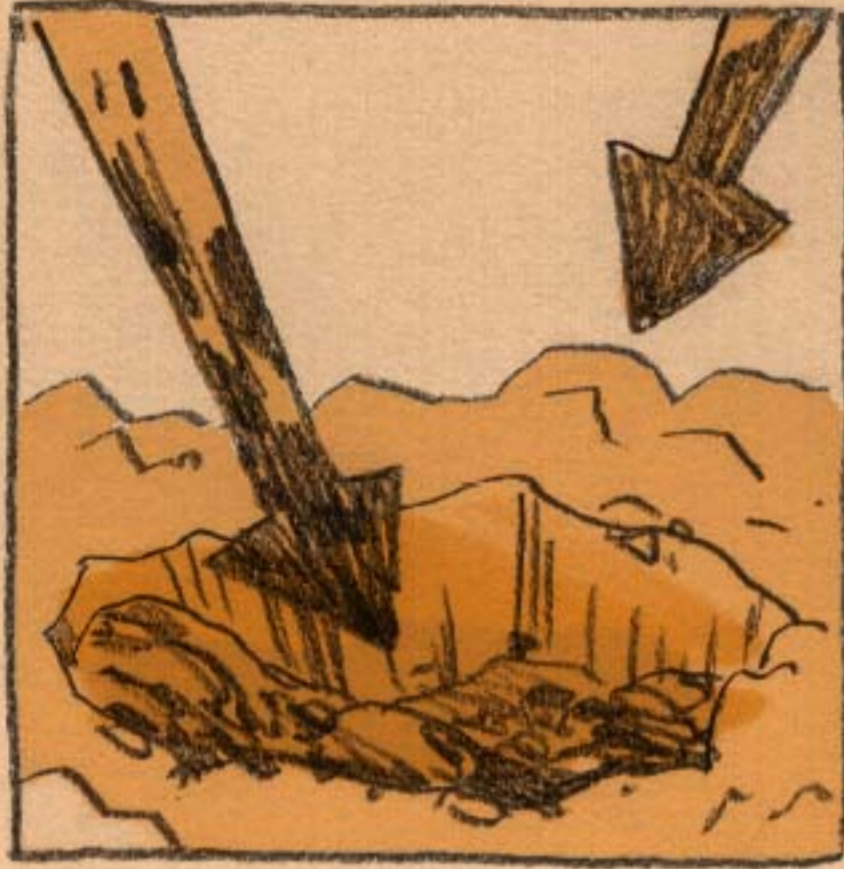
LOOK!
ROCKS!

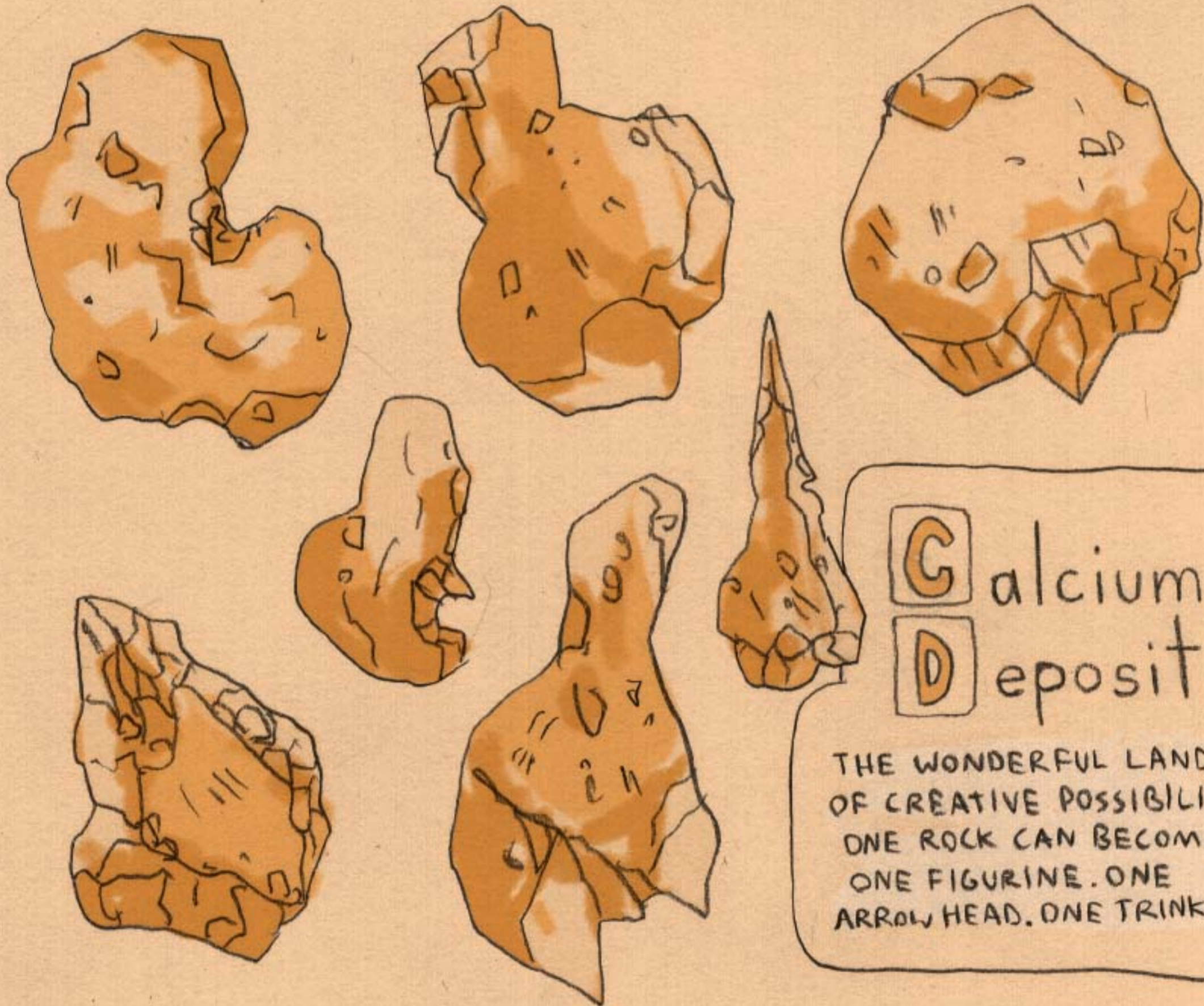
MAKE A
SUNDIAL.

IN FRONT OF THEM, ARE
BOULDERS, BIG AND SMALL.
THIN AND BROAD. SHAPES
OF DIFFERENT KIND.







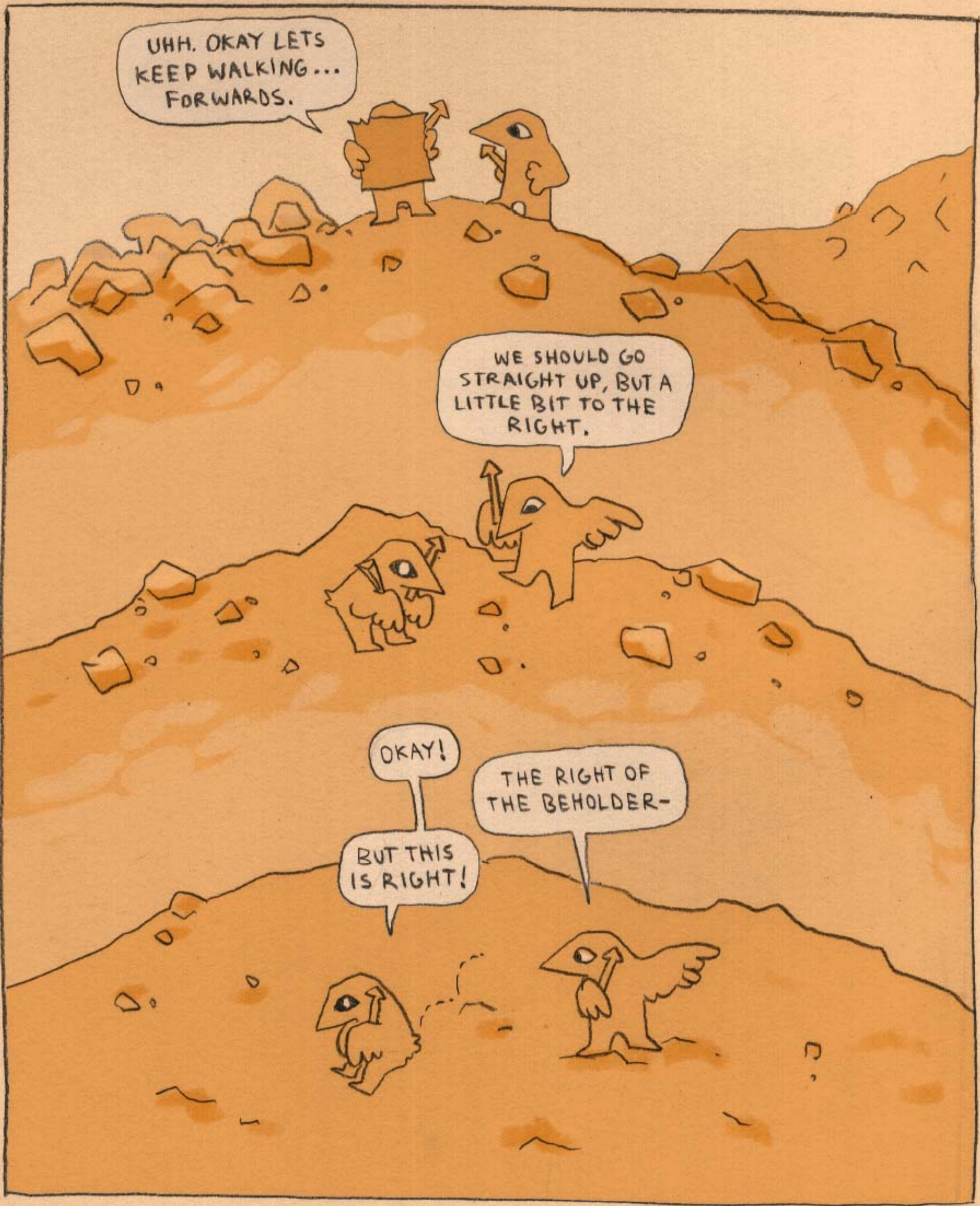
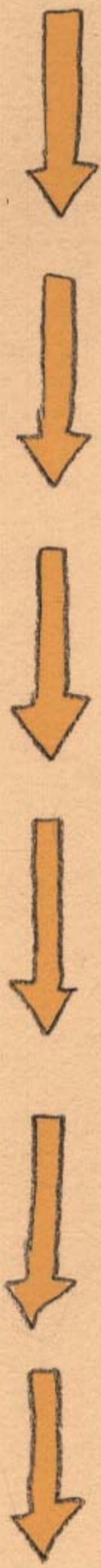


UHH. OKAY LETS
KEEP WALKING...
FORWARDS.

WE SHOULD GO
STRAIGHT UP, BUT A
LITTLE BIT TO THE
RIGHT.

OKAY!
BUT THIS
IS RIGHT!

THE RIGHT OF
THE BEHOLDER-





IF THE CHAPEL WAS OUR EXIT,
THAN CAN WE CHOOSE WHERE
TO GO? LIKE SATURN OR...

HEAVEN?
HELL?

DO THEY CHOOSE IT FOR US?
I WANNA GO TO PLUTO
MAGIC MAILROOM! I
HOPE POSTAL ISNT PRICEY!

WE'RE "LOST PACKAGES"
DURING TRANSIT, THE UNIVERSE
LOST US ON THE ROAD AND
THEY HAD NO TRACKING.

I WONDER WHERE
DELIVERED PACKAGES
GO? WHERE WOULD
WE GO?

THE CHAPEL
WANTS TO TELL US.
IS IT AN EXIT OF
FREEDOM... OR
DOOM!!!

I THINK SOMETHING
PURPOSFULLY GAVE US
THE MAP. WE ARE
BEING LED ON FOR
SOME CAUSE.

LIKE GOD? HE WANTS
US TO GO TO CHURCH
I GUESS.

SO WHAT DO
YOU FEEL ABOUT
THE MAP? REAL
FEELINGS.

HMM!

I'M STARTING
TO GET A WEIRD
FEELING!...
OH GOD, IT'S
CREEPING!



UH, UH, THINK ABOUT IT THIS WAY.
WHO SAID HELL EXISTS ???

"CHAPEL" IS SO
CHRISTIAN.

USED IN A SECULAR WAY!

CHAPEL IS NEVER
"SECULAR". IT'S LIKE SAYING
CHRISTMAS ISN'T CHRISTIAN.
IT'S SOOOO CHRISTIAN.
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU
THINK "IT'S ALL PAGAN",
WHICH IS ALREADY A LOADED
IDEA. WHY DO YOU
THINK WE SAY,
"HAPPY HOLIDAY!" CUZ
IT'S A CHRIST
HOLIDAY!

USED IN A
BIASED WAY?

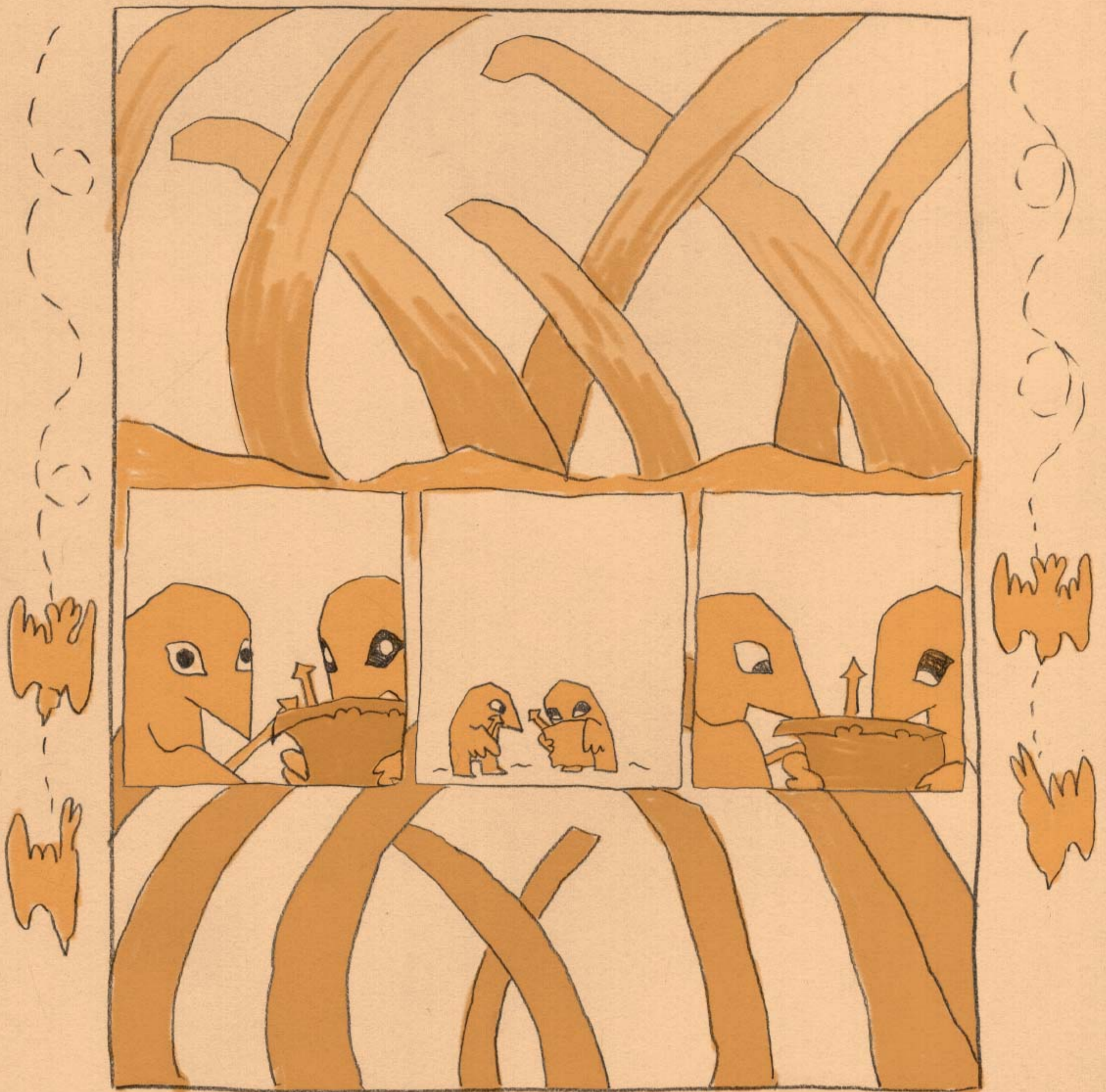
A SOUL
PROBABLY
MADE THE
MAP AND
NAMED IT
THAT WAY!

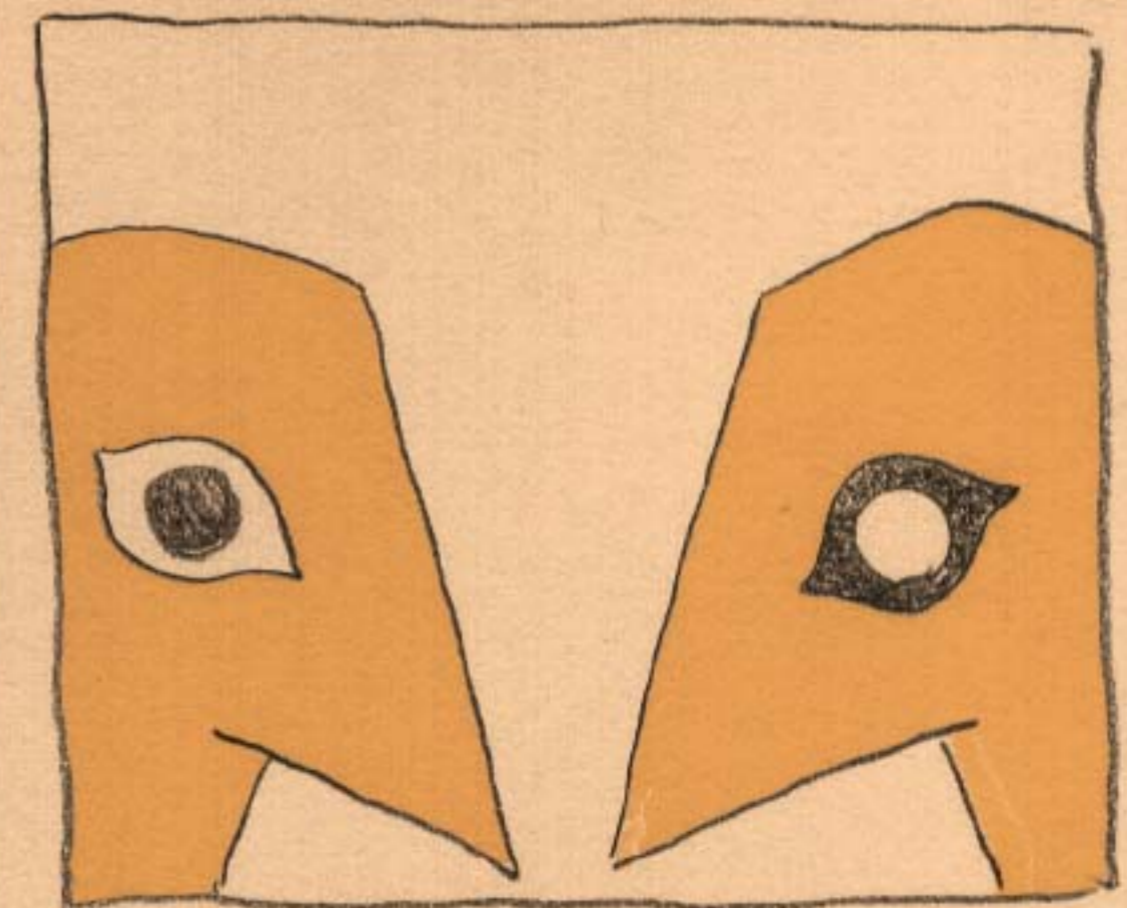
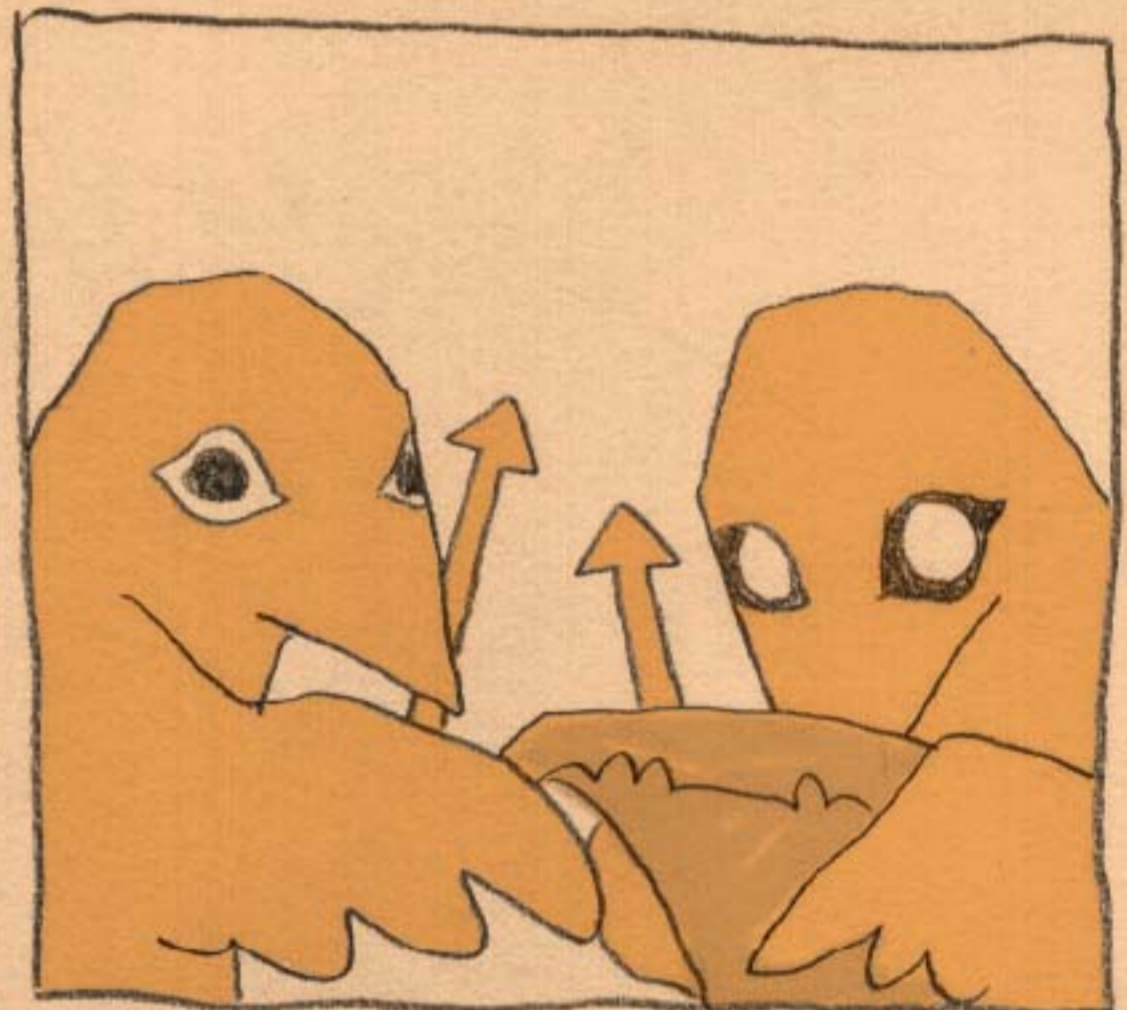
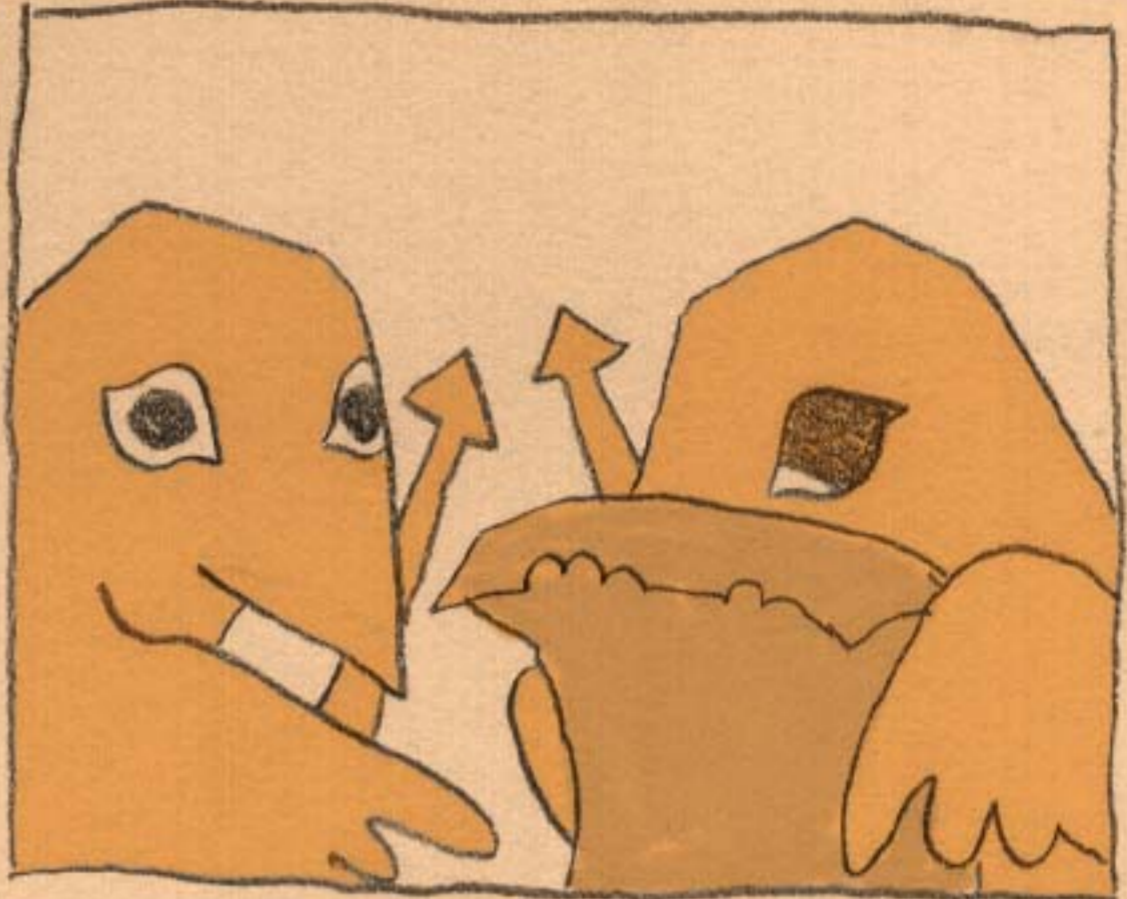
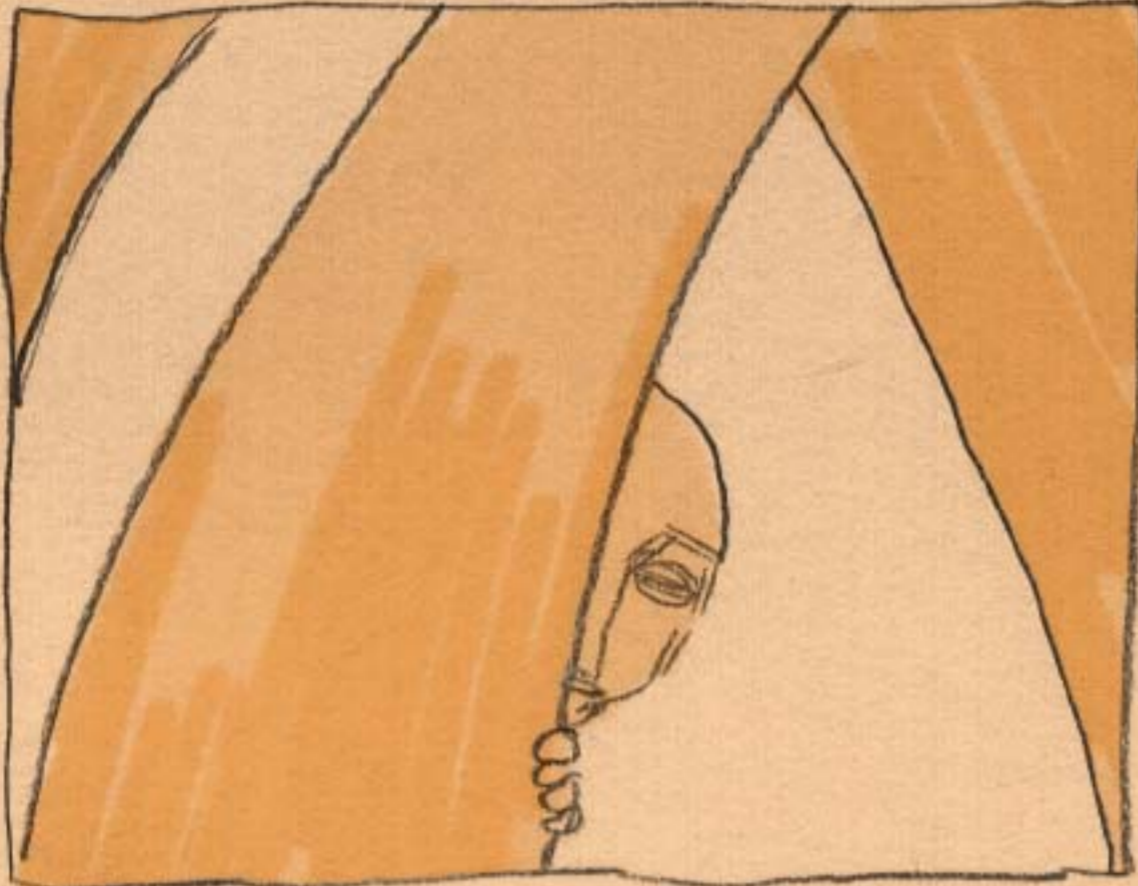
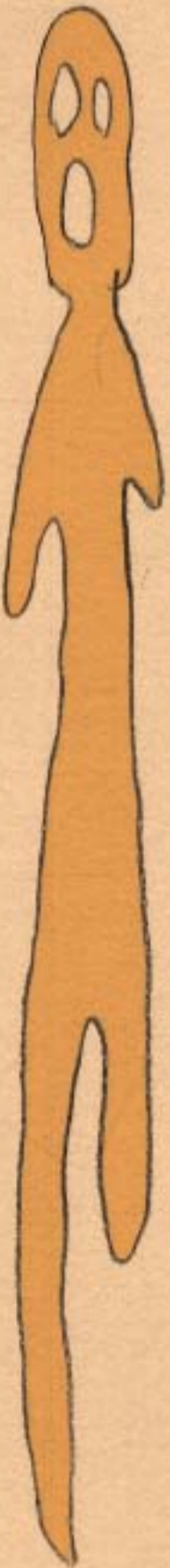
I DON'T THINK WE'RE
GONNA CHOOSE OR GO
TO PLUTO. THEY'RE
GONNA SEND US TO
WHERE WE BELONG!

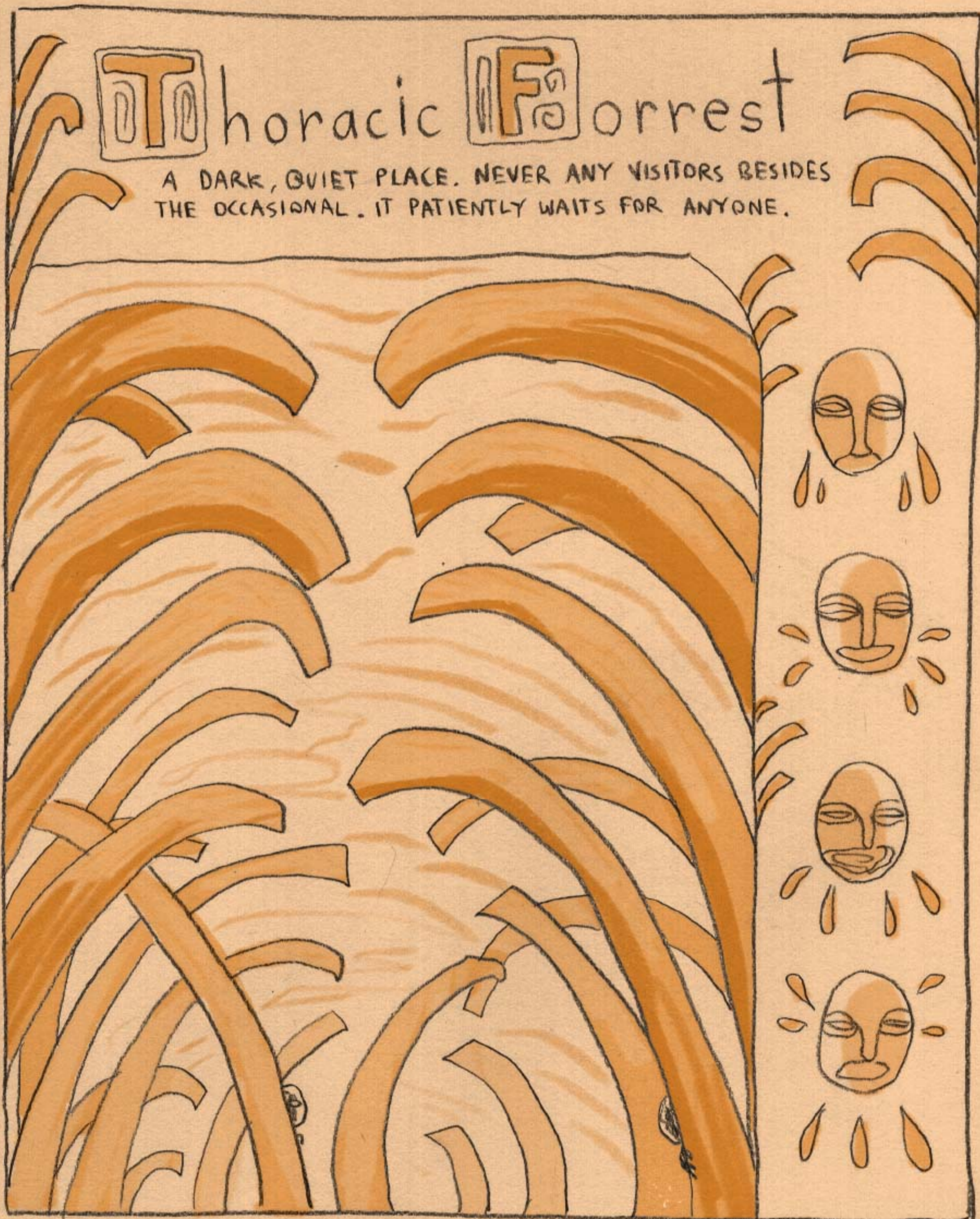
WHAT IF IT'S
BAD...

THATS WHAT
I'M FUCKING SAYING!

WHAT IF
IT'S GOOD?

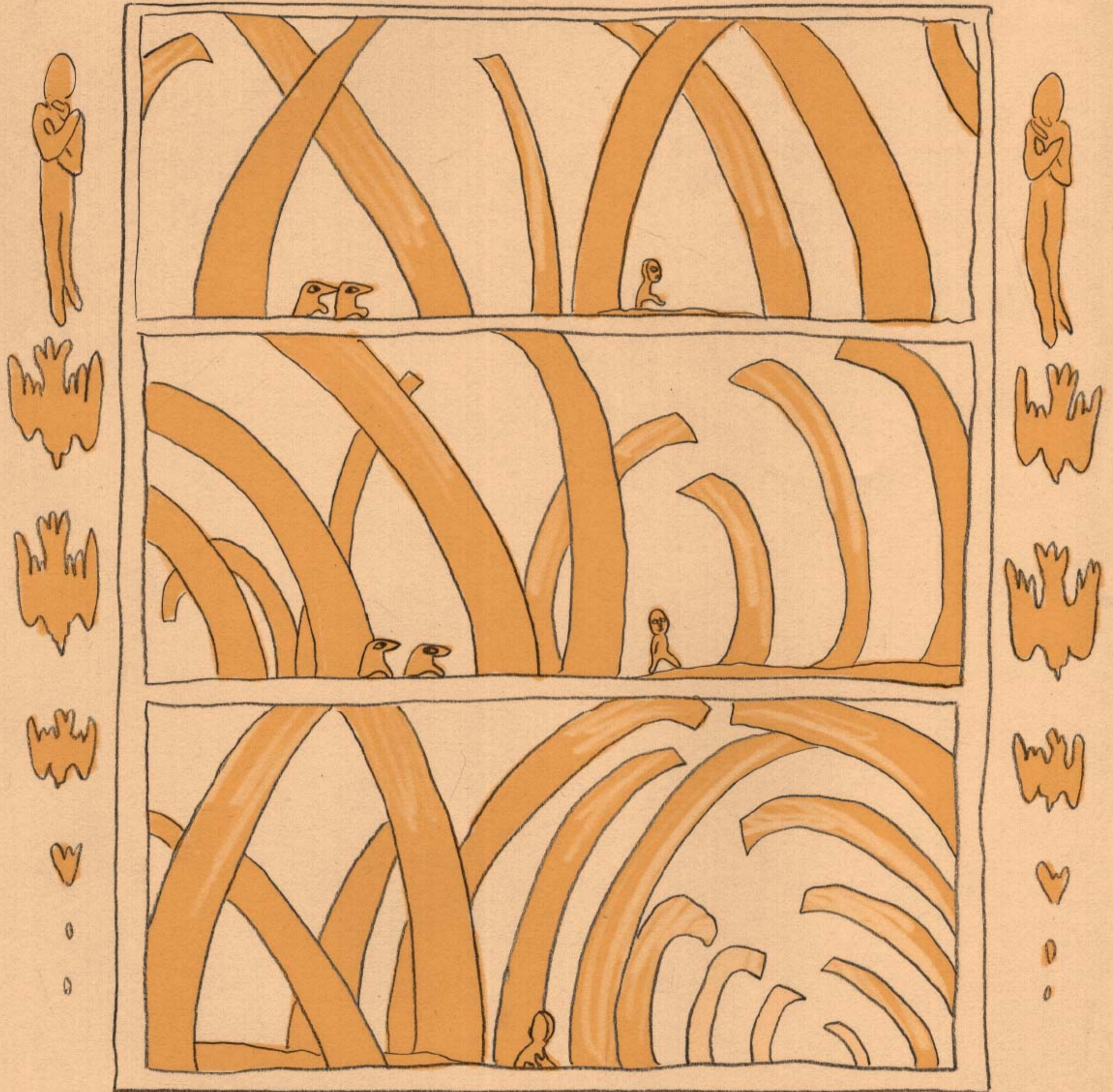


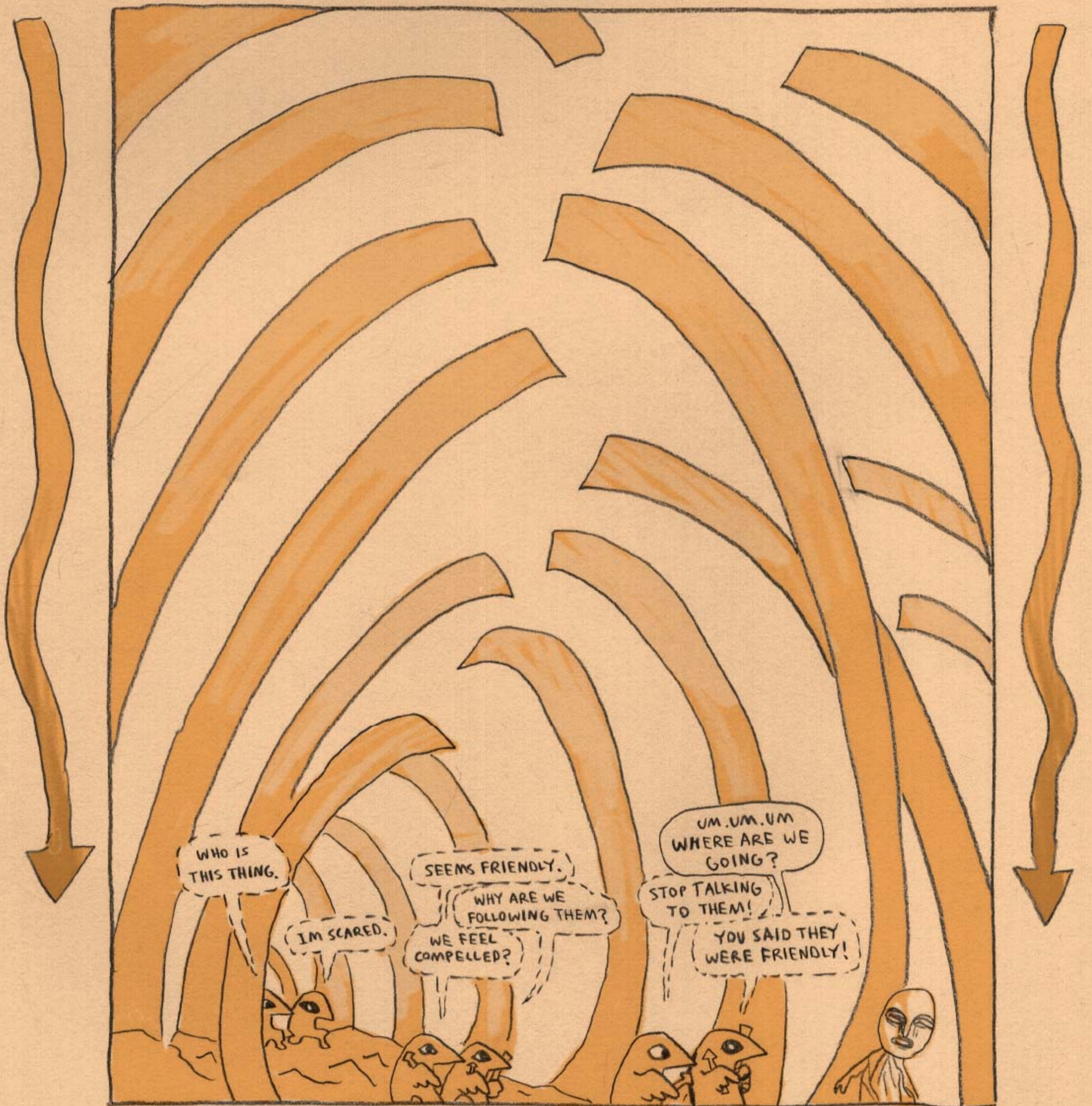




Thoracic Forrest

A DARK, QUIET PLACE. NEVER ANY VISITORS BESIDES THE OCCASIONAL. IT PATIENTLY WAITS FOR ANYONE.



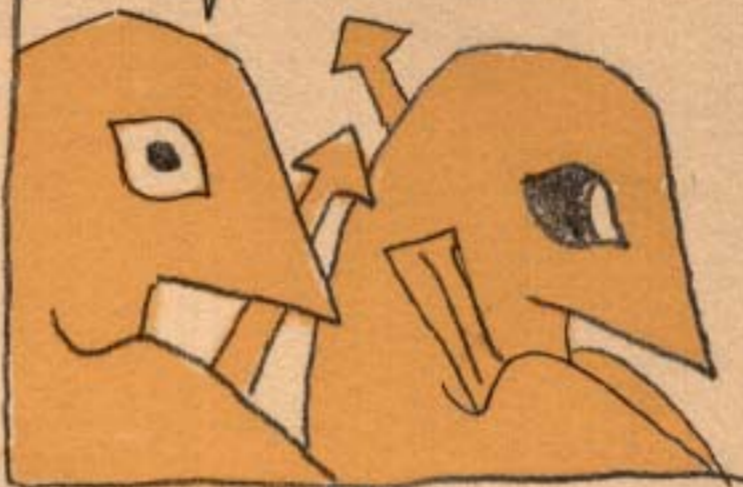


ACHIEVE STOMA! YOU
ARE HERE TO SEEK
STOMATA



WE'RE GETTING
STOMA BAGS?

WAIT. WAIT
WAIT. WAIT-



YOU WILL MEET YOUR
MAKER! YOU WILL BE SENT
TO INFERNO? YOU WILL BE
INGULFED BY THE SILENCE
OF THE UNIVERSE! YOU
ARE CHOSEN FOR RE-
TRANSIT! STOMA?? =
THE GREAT MAILROOM?



I USED TO THINK I
HAD CRONE'S DISEASE!
BUT I THINK I JUST
HAD REALLY BAD IBS.

ANYWAYS, I THOUGHT
ABOUT STOMA BAGS
BEFORE -



LOOK FOR AN OFFERING,
OR DO YOU ALREADY
HAVE ONE?



[KNAPPED ROCKS]

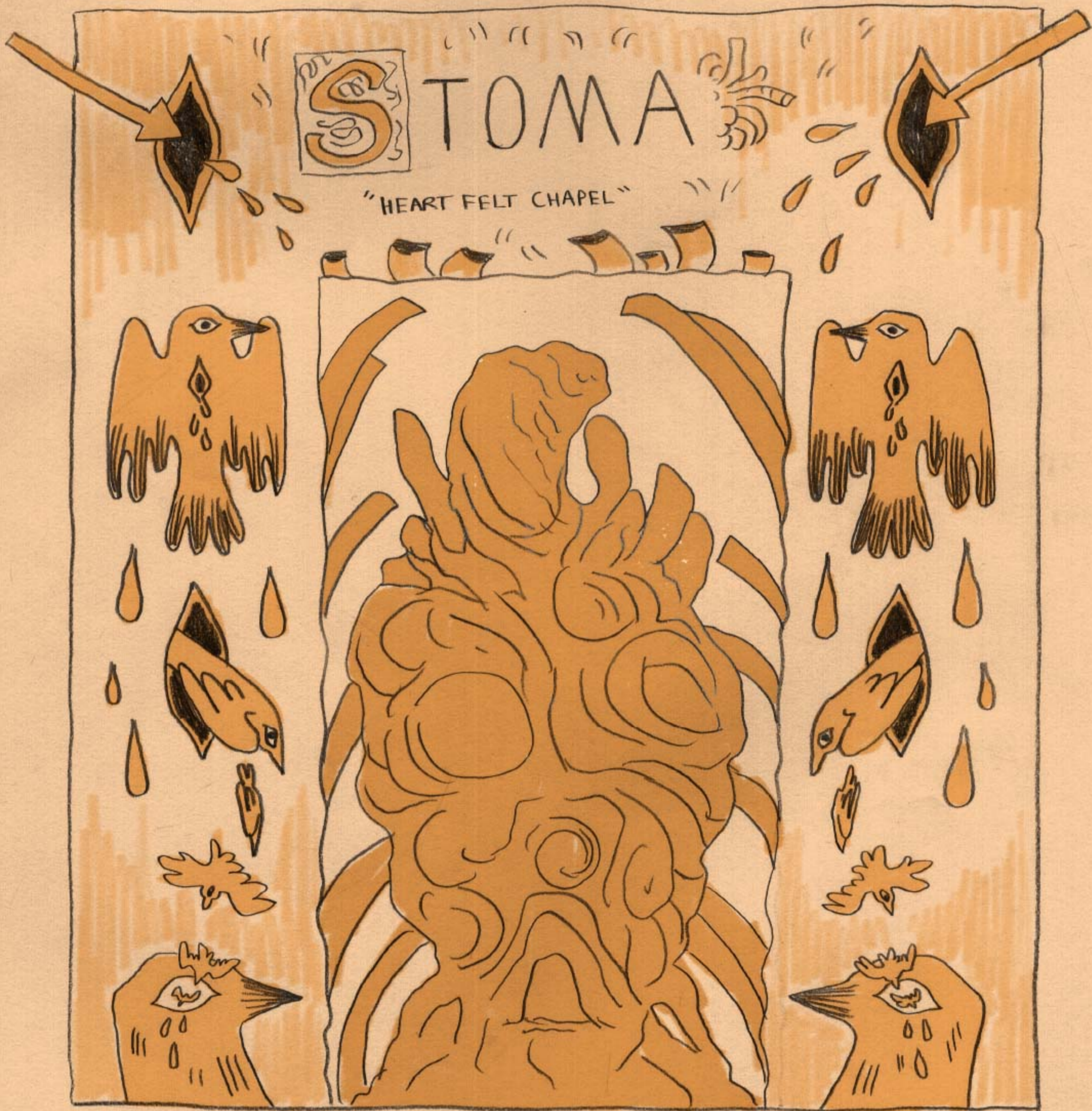


I'M HAVING
A WEIRD FEEL.

MAYBE THIS
IS A GOOD THING?
TAKING US TO A
BETTER PLACE?

GO TO STOMA
WE MUST!



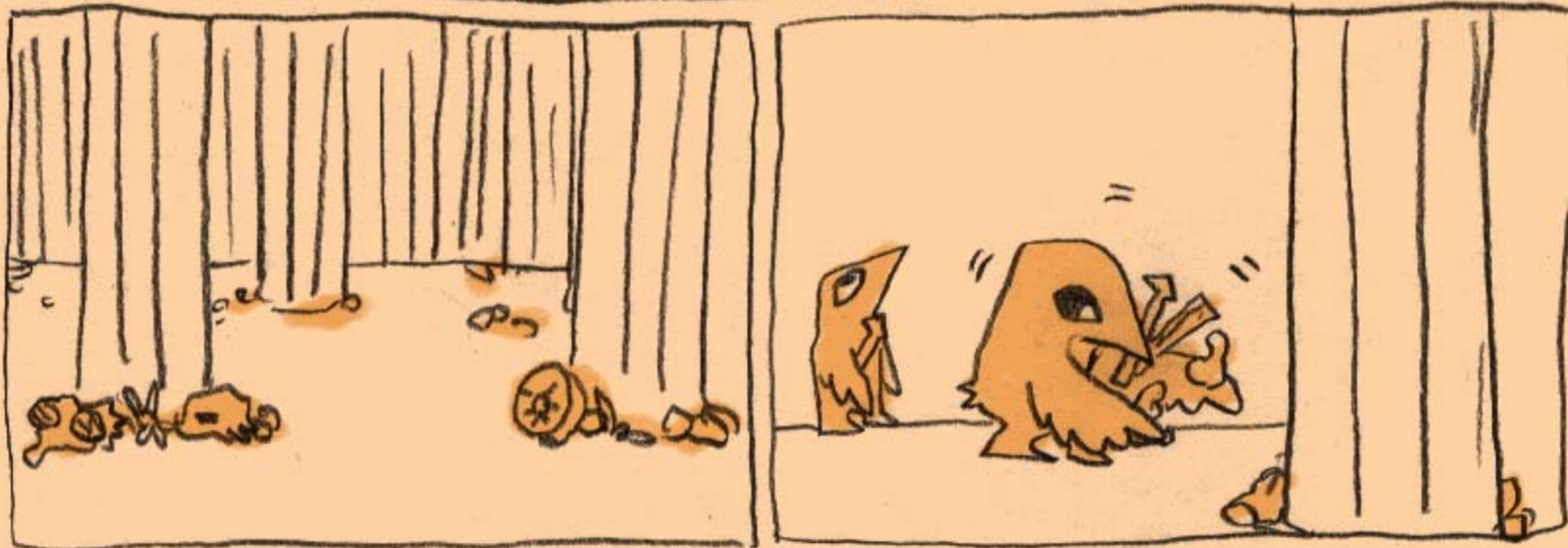


S

TOMA

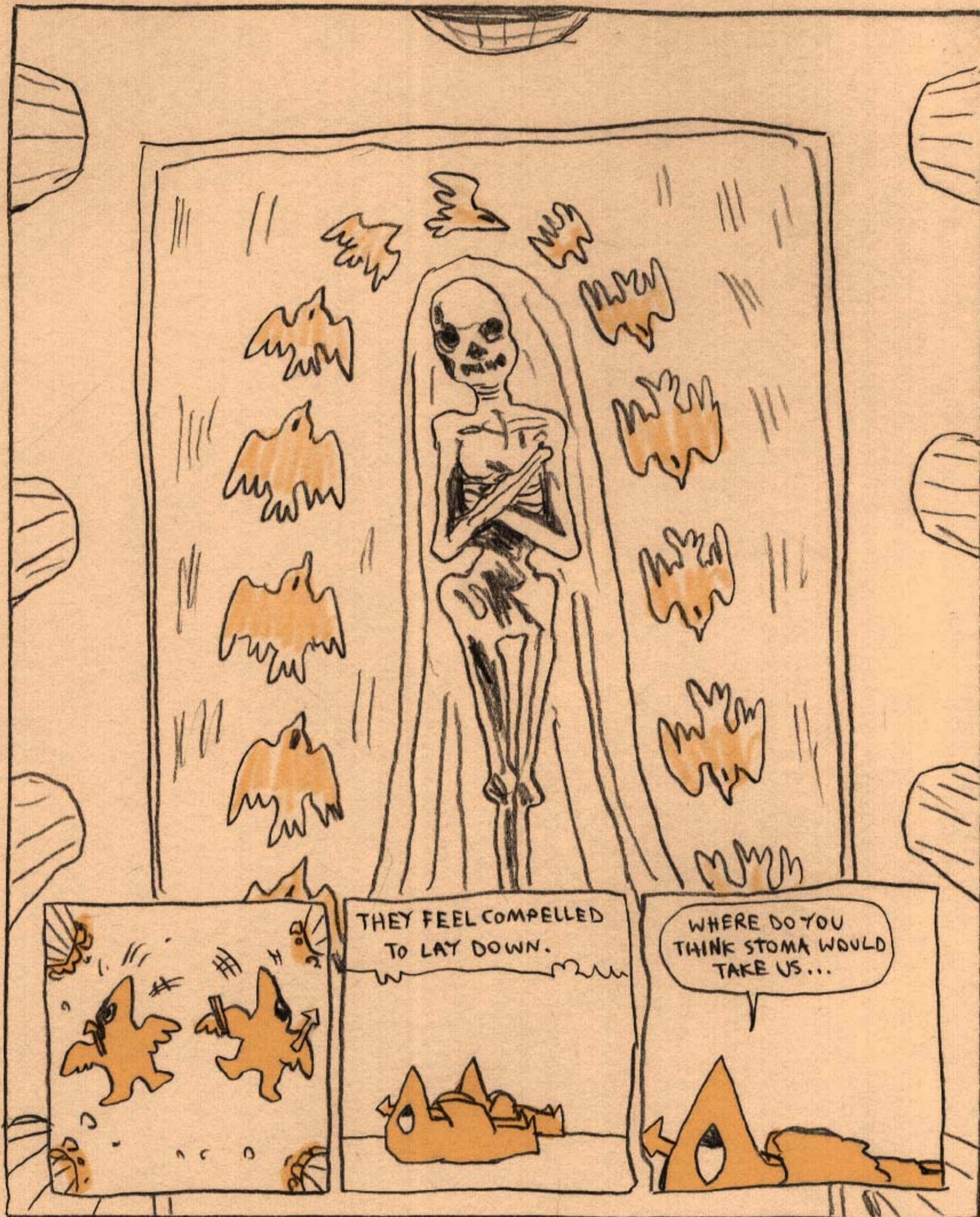
"HEART FELT CHAPEL"





THIS PLACE IS AMAZING!
I CAN'T BELIEVE NONE
OF US KNEW ABOUT IT
THIS WHOLE TIME!





THEY FEEL COMPELLED
TO LAY DOWN.

WHERE DO YOU
THINK STOMA WOULD
TAKE US...

I REALLY DON'T WANT IT TO BE BAD!

ME NEITHER

I DON'T REALLY FEEL SCARED! I DON'T THINK WE'RE GOING TO HELL OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT.

WE WERE BORN! WE LIVED MORTAL LIVES! WE DIED! AND OUR SOULS ARE TRAPPED!

I KNOW YOU THINK WE'RE GOING TO SOME HORRIBLE PLACE FOREVER. WHAT IF IT'S COMPLETE FREEDOM?

IN THE CAVITIES OF A COSMIC BAT!

WE GOTTA FLY AWAY! ESCAPE TO A SECRET 3RD THING.

WE DID ALL THESE PHASES OF ... I DUNNO ... EXISTING!

GOODBYE GRAVITY! PHYSICS! HEAVY EMOTIONS THAT WEIGHT YOU DOWN!

WEEE!

WE SHOULD THINK THIS THROUGH - WHAT DOES THIS ALL ENTAIL???

WAIT!

GOODBYE TO EVERYTHING! NOTHING WILL HOLD US!

I'M GOING TO PLUTO!

OK! TOTAL FREEDOM - WHAT THE HELL IS THAT. I'M THINKING IN TERMS OF FREEDOM FROM LIFE AND DEATH. LIFE BEING WHAT WE ARE NOW.

SDDO, "SECRET THIRD THING." WHAT THE HELL IS IT! AND DO WE WANT IT? AND LEAVE "LIFE" BEHIND. IS STOMA JUST GONNA POOF US OUT OF EXISTENCE OR SOMETHING?

BUT WE'RE DEAD!

I MEAN, YEA BUT WE WERE BROUGHT INTO A NEW LIFE. WE THINK, TALK, HAVE FEELINGS, MAKE FRIENDS, TOIL AROUND.

TOO UNCERTAIN! TOO MUCH CHANGE! I'M OUT!!!



