

# The Roadkill Diaries

## Day One 5/1/97

**Jhonen:** It's 8:22 P.M. All is well with the trip so far. We've been on the road for about an hour now, so I am still very happy, except for the fact that I have to use a restroom with an urgency I haven't known since that one day I had some urgency. It is a pain so terrible within me that I wish to choke Rob to death for having just passed up that last gas station. There won't be another one for maybe an hour, so I am angry.

We wanted to get some food before leaving, but the Noah's Bagels was closed. After I stopped weeping, we were on our way.

We're now on the Pacheco pass, on the way to L.A. It will be about 2 A.M when we reach the hotel Nickelodeon has supplied for the night.

Primus is on the stereo, and Rob has taken first driving shift. I am glaring at him for missing that exit. I think I am beginning to hate him. Or maybe it is the peepee talking.

**Rob:** Day One: Jhonen is ALREADY unbearable. His constant complaining hounds me like a hound. The entire drive to Los Angeles was a virtual symphony of insufferable moaning: "Oh, my allergies!" "You're Driving too fast" "I forgot my laser guns!" I fear I

have started down a path that will eventually lead to doom, destruction and mayhem.

We arrived in the freakish and freakishly expensive Hotel Mondrian at 1:00 AM. The lobby was crawling with drunk, pretty people, posing and flexing their muscles, social and physical. It frightens me.

The room is unbearably nice. Two rooms! Nickelodeon is putting us up for one really nice night while Jhonen pitches his ideas for an animated TV show. It'll all be downhill from here though, since the remaining Hotel rooms will either be ones we pay for or that the bill is footed by a Comic Book store. I don't want to touch any of the foods they have lying around as I'm sure they'll be hideously expensive.

This Nickelodeon thing scares me. I think Jhonen having access to young minds in such large numbers is one of the seven signs of the apocalypse. If Jhonen gets this show, build bunkers in your back yard, stock up on the canned foods and prepare for the end. But make sure there's a TV down there. Otherwise, you might miss "The Simpsons."

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## Day Three - 3/97

**Jhonen:** Here we are, Rob and I, just approaching Phoenix AZ on our way to Mesa. We've been driving for about 7 hours now, and the fear of hemorrhoids runs rampant.

We are both very sleepy, and not a little sick from our road cuisine consisting of Starburst fruit chews, beef jerky, Coke, and popcorn. It is hottidly hot here, and the speed limit is angering us, being so used to doing above the 55 standard that seems to plague this place.

The Golden Apple signing in LA went okay, but I was disappointed by some T-shirts that did not arrive. They were supposed to have the new design I did for the roadtrip, but they were, apparently, not done yet.

We acquired two new companions in LA- David James, and Grey Hill, who are hours behind us in Grey's pickup. Grey has a wierd stomach.

We've hit, maybe, three people driving so far, but I think they were already dead.

Rob's voice is really beginning to grate on me. He keeps talking, and sometimes, even, he uses sound to communicate. I can barely tolerate it. Him and that fucking beef jerky.

**Rob:** Ready to kill. Directions bad. Very lost. Eight hours in a car with Jhonen "The Stench" Vasquez. Life could be worse, though, I could have another four weeks of this, I. . . hey, wait a minute. . .

Truthfully things are going decently. We are in a desolate wasteland known to the natives as Nevada. This is the first time Jhonen has been out of the state and it shows. Signing tomorrow in Phoenix.

Yesterday's signing went okay. No casualties. Many enthusiastic fans. It is encouraging to see. I am trying to put together my own fan base but it's hard to do when your only claim to fame is that you're "The guy who screwed the chicken in issue three." Oh, well.

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### Day Four 5/4/97

**Jhonen:** No entry for Jhonen

**Rob:** We had a BIG signing yesterday. Many people showed up to have Jhonen deface their comic books. He also autographed a Hunting Knife, two gun clips, a boot and a Prozac bottle. No really, a Prozac bottle. The same girl said that she was going to bring her pig to today's signing for Jhonen to sign. I swear, you leave California and it's like a whole different universe.

There was a huge line and we were a half hour late. The mob had to wait in near one hundred degree weather. They were quite upset. Jhonen is bigger here than Howard Stern.

Nice people got us into a free movie and bought us Taco Bell drinks. Free stuff is good, seeing as noone has any money.

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### Day Ten 5/10/97

**Jhonen:** It's 3 A.M, and I'm writing this from the hotel in St. Louis. Various hideous things contributed to my inability to write any sooner than this, so I've much to tell. I'm not at all certain as to how much of it is actually interesting.

Arizona was hot like some sort of hot thing that makes you feel like dying just to escape the heat, but the people were lovely, especially the people from Atomic Comics.

The hotel room was more casual and much more bearable to me after the spooky and sometimes aggravating valets and doormen of L.A. I was able to get my own filthy, insect smeared car whenever I wanted to, without having to ask some creepy jerk to get it for me. The only thing that made the Arizona room at all unpleasant was the proximity of others. With four people satying in the room, Rob, Dave, the new companion, Gray, and myself, things were less private. The OPTION to have one's solitude is a beautiful thing. But it turned out fine for the the three days we had it, so nobody was hurt, except for the pig.

From what I could understand in Arizona, there seemed to be little more to do than get high and tattooed. I did niether. I saw the movie BREAKDOWN, and loved it.

Then I left Arizona and embarked upon a nightmarish 5 day drive to St. Louis Missouri. There were some incredible things along the way, like White Sands, and Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico.

SAD< STUPID< AMUSING STORY- While we rested against our cars after the three hour walk through the caverns, we were approached by a white haired elderly gentleman who wanted to make small elderly conversation. He told us he was 80 years old, and about places he's driven to. We spoke to him for a few minutes, he wished us well, we bid him the same, and he walked away. THEN, he turns back and comes over to us again. This time, he bigins with more of the same benign chatter, but OUT OF NOWHERE.....it got ugly. He began to talk about how the "NEGROES and the MEXICANS" were taking over, about how there were just too many of them. He also called them the

"BROWNS and the BLACKS". And here I am, all Mexican and such, just looking up at this seemingly nice old man, thinking of how pathetic it all was.

Ah well, he will die soon enough. He was, after all, rather old.

We lost Gray early on in Missouri. I dunno what happened to him, but I think it was aliens.

SO LAST NIGHT we got into St. Louis, and my heart warmed at the sight of seeing buildings, and lights again. The countryside was pretty, but the concrete is home.

We arrived too early, and had 8 hours to spend before check-in to the hotel here. I shall simply say, we were losing our minds and loving it. Even Rob joined in, but only after being horridly grumpy for sometime. I found the whole idea of wandering someplace new rather amusing.

So here I am. Rob and Dave are staying at Rob's cousin's house for the duration of the visit here, so I am here alone. And it feels good. not that I hate them. Rather, I hate Rob. I've slowly been poisoning him. it's interesting to see how his health degenerates. Hee hee.

I saw the 5<sup>th</sup> element today. God, was I disappointed. Gary Oldman was the redeeming factor, but not nearly enough to save anything.

I angry.

**Rob:** No. . . sleep.

I went to sleep relatively early because we had to check out at noon today. See, that's not the problem. Things got bad about an hour later when Grey, Dave and Jhonen decided to list every euphomism for sex they could come up with.



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We use the walkie talkies less now that we are all driving in one car. We went to White Sands, New Mexico. This is where the microscopic worms gained entry to my stomach via my feet. The worms eat much of the food I swallow before I have a chance to digest it. They allow me to take in huge amounts of food and other materials, while sustaining a normal human weight. The worms are currently working out a sort of contract with my mind and body that allows them full use of it by June 1<sup>st</sup>, 1997. I am a little worried, but I know the worms will take good care of my body.

In Texas we saw some frogs. They were so small, so cute. They were migrating across the road. We had to drive over them in order to keep driving. I felt bad for the dying froggies. Then we saw a whole

lot of lightning. I know that the lightning was bringing the little froggies back to life which made me happy, but this is hard to explain to the other people. We drove from Amarillo, TX to St. Louis, MO in one day.

Now we are here.

-David "Skid Mark" James.

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### Day Twelve 5/12/97

*Jhonen:* No Entry for Jhonen

Rob: We're in St. Louis, on the verge of a twelve hour drive to Virginia. The catch? We're leaving at close to one in the morning. Then we're staying at a place called the "Wolf Trap Motel." The fucking WOLF TRAP! I can't imagine the hick terrors that await us there. I'm picturing skins on the floors and stuffed heads on the walls. A taxidermist's dream.

The past few days, we've been staying at my cousin Julie's house along with her husband Scott and their impressionable youngster Zoe. They've been great and the kid's been reasonably well behaved. Reasonably. Except this morning Dave and I were awakened by the terrified sounds of the sweet toddler screaming

"MMMMMOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!  
!!!!!!!!!!!!,  
MMMMMMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!  
!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Which, not surprisingly, awakened us. When the kiddie started screaming for the alternate parent, I couldn't help but think how difficult it must be to live constantly at the whims of a helpless little being that can think only of it's immediate needs.

Then I thought, "Kind of like travelling with Jhonen."

If this is what it's like to be a parent, I'm sign'n' up fer the vasectomy tomorrow.

Dave: Today I went to the zoo to see real experimental monkeys. There were too many people. Too many. Too many Mother's Day people walkin' around the zoo in the nice weather. They were pointing at animals and saying things like, "I wish they were fighting." Too many people. So I condemned them all to Hell will my lightning finger. Then I ate some Ice Cream From The Future.

Rob tells me the real reason they call me Skid Mark is because I haven't changed my underwear since I got off diapers. I think this is a mean lie. They call me Skid Mark because I like to rub my forehead in feces. Thank you computer people for being my friends. Please send me mail. I need mail... must.... compete.... with.... Vasquez.... must... find... crystals... need... fuel... to sustain.... BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!!!!!

-David "skid mark" James... I am sad and all exploded now. goodbye...

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### Day Fourteen 5/14/97

*Jhonen:* 5:28 A.M Wednesday morning.

I should be sleeping right now, as I am to be out of this room in just a few hours, but that never seems to matter.

The accomidations, here in the Wolf Trap Motel, are not as scary as the name implies, so that was a pleasant discovery. The only the wrong with this place is the gaping asshole of a desk clerk.

The Big Planet signing went much better than I thought it would, and I got shitloads of nice toys. Once again, the nicest

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people were the store workers- We were treated to some incredible Chinese food. I've developed quite the nasty habit of appreciating good food too much on this trip. It always ends up with me being horribly pained for some time after the meal. Then I think of why I am in such pain and I remember the food fondly. I say, "AAAAAAAAAAAAARGHHHHHHH". Then I go, "Ahhhhhh....MMmmmmmmmm....".

I must admit, I miss, terribly, my drawing desk, in my little room. I do look forward to returning to my work.

I've another signing today. This one in Maryland. -Jhonen

**Rob:** I stink like cigarettes. We had a really successful signing here in Vienna, VA and the comic book store owning man took us to Chinese Food dinner. It was good and I stuffed myself until it hurt. Then we went to a place where Jhonen groupies were and had hot chocolate. Not all groupies, by the way, are sex toys. Some are toys for talking and that is what we had tonight. Talking toys. They smoked, though, and all of us are now stinky little men who's bellies are fit to burst. I think somebody is toying with my food. Like maybe putting big pieces of broken glass in it or something. The paaaiiiiiin! I think it might be Jhonen. I left him alone with my food for a minute and when it came back it had the distinctive reek of cyanide on it. It is a stink that's followed me around the country. I fear for my life.

Other than that, everything's fine.

**Dave:** Jhonen just showed me a picture of a dog inserting his tongue into a man's naked bottom. This made me turn my head. Turn my head and think, "I need a dog." I guess I have my stomach worms to keep me company, though. Still, a doggie would be nice. One of those brand new, living doggies, not like those old, dead ones we've seen so many of lying on the side of the road. Nope, I need a living doggie - with a long tongue. This evening I discovered that the beams holding up the ceiling of this motel are made of styrofoam. And I have this theory that these styrofoam beams release a gas that is causing the upstairs guests to jump up and down as they Kareoke to Gwar. Now this jumping, in turn, loosens the roach eggs, which then fall from the ceiling's crevices and straight into Rob's wide open, snoring mouth. This, I believe, is the reason Rob is never hungry in the morning... and this is also the reason baby cockroaches keep spilling out of his mouth. Hopefully the next motel will have styrofoam beams...

Some guys are gonna send me video footage of those crazy barn-raisin', butter-churnin', goat-milkin' Amish folk. I think this is a good thing. If other people (this means you) have original videotaped stuff they want to send me, uh... I would like that too. 8mm, VHS, or Super VHS... I like weird footage... (uh... but no doggie tongues in bottom-holes, please.) E-mail me if you want to send stuff...

It is now 5:13 am. I must close my eye. Goodbye. -david (skid mark) james

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### Day Seventeen 5/17/97

**Jhonen:** On WEDNESDAY!!! I did the signing at Closet of Comics in College Park Maryland. this was, for some even more secretly meaty reason, one of my favorite stops. For once, the people did not spit on me and peepee on me, and I took this as a gesture of kindness. I wanted to stay there longer. I really did. My eyes grow misty with woe now.

Rob's extremities have begun to fall off. I can hear them plopping off while he showers. It's rather disgusting. I bathe in the sink now. -Jhonen

**Rob:** Only two more weeks left!

I don't know that my intestines can withstand another fourteen days of the pain that eating seems to bring with it. Parts of me are shrivelling up, others are swelling to up to three times their normal size. Jhonen seems concerned but I can't help but see it as insincere. He snickers behind my back and makes jokes about my oversized nutsack.

The other day, a very nice person asked me to go to lunch with her and I went. See now, here's the mysterious part, okay, Jhonen wasn't

around, right? For the first meal in, like, three weeks, I didn't feel sick afterward. It was the only meal I had since the trip began that didn't end up making me feel like I was passing razor blades once the torturous digestion process had completed itself. It actually felt like sustenance.

This cannot be a coincidence.

I can't figure out why, but I'm beginning to think I'm some kind of biological experiment to him. He appears to be testing chemicals on me, seeing what the effects might be. I'm starting to fear for my life.

Other than that, everything's fine.

We got lost in NYC on the subways and a group of homeless ruffians anally raped Dave while Jhonen stood by videotaping, all the while screaming, "How do YOUUUU like it, huh? Huh? Video tape man? It's your turn to suffer!!!!" I think Jhonen was referring to the fact that David is video taping just about every embarrassing thing that Jhonen's been doing the last couple of weeks.

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Damn, Jhonen's one sexy little piggy.

**Dave:** Somehow I'm in New Jersey today. ...Can't think straight... The worms have been injecting coffee directly into my neck. My mind and my bladder are becoming one organ. I want to sleep, but I cannot. I am in a constant state of Rapid Eye Movement - even when my eyes are open. People ask me if I could please stop wiggling my eyes at them. I try to explain to them that they need to shut up, but my mouth goes into a wiggling frenzy as well, and the unintelligible words I speak are accompanied by launchings of foam and stomach-meat. I feel numb. No more coffee in da neck, please!!! STOP IT YOU BAD WORMS!!! Stop it! Stop it. Stop....mmm. Mmm... coffee neck... nice wormies.

It is 4:43 am. Uh... after the signing we had Chinese Food with the people from the comic book store (Comic Attitudes, New Brunswick, NJ). We were given fortune cookies. As I broke my cookie open, I tore my fortune in two. One half read, "YOU ARE A GREAT BURD", and the

other half read, "EN ON SOCIETY." So I got TWO fortunes instead of one!!! I'm not sure what they meant by me being a great bird (and I think they spelled "BIRD" wrong), but I'm pretty sure "EN ON SOCIETY" is what Brutus said to Caesar in a Shakespeare play or somethin'. Yeah, I'm pretty sure they spelled "BIRD" wrong.

Tomorrow we go to Staten Island. I hear they're pretty good at stealing things there, so I'll make sure to lock the keys safely inside the car. And I'll smear my feces all over the steering wheel. This way if someone does steal the car we'll know exactly who it was because they'll have dookie on their hands. Ha ha. Dookie on their hands!

-David (Skid Marky Mark and the Funky Dookie) James.

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### Day Nineteen 5/19 - 5/20

**Jhonen:** 2:27 A.M. Monday morning.

We are staying, for the night, at the home of Dave's Aunt. Rob and I went out for something to eat about an hour ago, and got locked out. So there we were, two guys in trenchcoats, with flashlights, trying to pry open doors. We had to call from a phone booth down the street. I felt so bad. So....very bad.

We're in now, so all is well again. Rob is sitting on the floor, watching video footage of the tour so far. He is also secreting a foul smelling jelly from his somewhere beyond the dank parts of his pants. He is unaware of this. I don't know why it happens.

I am drinking something blue.

SATURDAY!!!! The signing at Comics Attitude in Staten Island was .....memorable. I can't say I've ever met and been confronted with SO many questionably valid lifeforms in my life. There were people coming up just to ask me who the hell I was, and then wondering if the books were free. Of course, there were some great personalities about, as well as the strange odor wafting in off the landfill.

A girl wanted to take a picture with me, so as her friend was taking the photo, the girl threw herself on me, and then kissed me. Now, don't get me wrong, this girl was very pretty, but that is no reason for one to compromise their demands in keeping invaders from barging into MY PRIVATE ZONE OF COMFORT, so automatically, Rob twists her arms off me and locks her into a HALF-NELSON!! I THROW A FIST INTO HER GUT, AND SHE GOES DOWN TO THE GROUND WITH AN ASS CRACKING SOUND!!! Dave, who normally works the camera, immediately, jumps into audience reeducation mode, and leaps up high, only to come down with his knobby elbow sunken into this girls neck.

By then she had had enough.

SO WE START KICKING HER!! YEAAAAAAH!! SHE'S COUGHING UP BLOOD AND WHITE CASTLE HAMBURGERS ( the burgers were mine, but, I kicked her so hard, they flew through my foot and into her mouth. They tasted like shit anyhow. SHMEAT = shit+meat.) THEN WE LIFT HER UP BY THE ONE TOOTH SHE HAS LEFT, AND THROW HER OUT.

I was hungry after that, so we had some nice Thai food in New York City.

I shall be off now, people. -Jhonen

P.S...I am pleased with how many people regret ever having bought the Bad Art collection.

**Rob:** Jhonen insisted on privacy tonight so he got Dave and I our own room to sleep in for two nights. It's costing him something like a hundred bucks but he says it's worth it. What's funny is that within ten minutes everyone was hanging out in his room. We stayed for about an hour and then went back to our own room. He just now dropped in for a little visit. Awfully lonely for a guy who needs his privacy, don't you think?

With a gleefulness that only Jhonen could muster for something so silly, he cackled when he got us our single room, the comic book store covering his double. I couldn't help but point out how silly it was that the two of us were staying in a room with one bed and he alone was staying in the room with two. He smiled as if this absurd little fact gave him infinite pleasure, as if the empty bed he'd be sleeping

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next to would be a beautiful reminder of the tiny, cramped space he had relegated us to and the breathtakingly immense room he alone was inhabiting. The imbalance would somehow compensate for the invasion of space Dave and I have been perpetrating for the past three weeks and for how his precious privacy had been raped by these two lesser life forms that he had ALLOWED to tag along.

It was with great pleasure that I called him up and told him we got a single room that miraculously contained two beds. I could sense over the phone the ever so slight deflation of his happiness, the downright disappointment he felt at our comfort. Us having space somehow took away from the enjoyment he found in his beautiful room! He even ordered me to call the front desk to tell them that there had been a mistake. I could almost hear him calling down himself to insist that we be given the skankiest, thinnest of cushion, thickest of sharp, barbed wire framed cots that they could find in the darkest, dankest corner in the Hotel, so he could sleep peacefully in the knowledge that we were as uncomfortable as we've supposedly made him the last couple weeks.

I would feel bad for him, if I somehow felt he were human.

We're in Bwo-sten. Dave is snoring. There was lightning outside, but it looks as though it has subsided. Nothing but low grade T&A movies and Children of the Corn III on cable. Bored. Not really tired. So I write this. . .

**Dave:** We went to New York. We took a car. We took a bridge. We took a ferry. We took a picture. We took a subway train. Then we had way too much stuff to carry, so we had to Fed Ex the subway train and the ferry back to California.

Yesterday I got this E-mail:

"Skid Mark: I think you are cooler than both Vasquez and Rob. I enjoy reading your entries every day. Please mention me in your next one, thank you.  
Chris Crosby (nine years old)"

Now Chris, do you actually expect me to mention you in this entry just because you said I was "cooler than both Vasquez and Rob"? Ha! I shall never mention the name Chris Crosby on the internet! NEVER! I am no whore, do you hear me Chris Crosby!? I AM NO WHORE!!! (now gimme da fifty bucks, kid.)

On the bridge to Staten Island today I explained to the lady in the toll kiosk that we were from California and that we didn't really want to pay for these toll roads or bridges and that we shouldn't be forced to do things we don't want to as this is, after all, the United States Of America. Then she explained to me that if she let ONE car go by without paying a toll, she would have to let ALL of the cars go by without paying a toll... So I stepped on the gas and crossed the bridge and now everyone has ME to thank for no more tolls!

- David (Skid Marko Polo) James.

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### Day Twenty 5/20

**Jhonen:2:44**

So..... Massachusetts was a lovely city to drive into. It really was.

It rained a lot on the way in, so most of the approach was seen through rain smeared windows. Very nice.

I've successfully employed a magical power taught to me by ancient magical powered guys to allow me to exist as if I were alone. I no longer see Rob or Dave, though, if my power lapses, I can still hear the toilets flushing when they use them. Still, it's a remarkable simulation for private time. Argh...I just heard the toilet.

The signing at Million year picnic was great, and the store itself was lovely- more like a library than a SHOP. It gave the comics a much needed feel of being ART, as opposed to FUNNY BOOKS. It was quite the warm little environment.

I'm beginning to think that some of the people that show up to these things really ARE zombies. I mean, i think they actually rose from the

grave to show up to the signings, and I take that as a very fine compliment. This one zombie had me sign his exposed, shrivelled up spleen. Other people only LOOK dead, but are quite alive, as I find out after sticking pens into their eyes.

I actually sat outside in the pretty day, before the signing, and just looked around at the city and it's people. I was overcome by the revolting cloud of smoke from all of the people lighting up around me. The world needs a new vice.

**Rob:** No Entry.

**Dave:** I just recently found out that I was anally raped while we in New York. I wish people would tell me these things so I don't go around thinking I'm still anally pure or something. - S.M.

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### Day Twenty Two – 5/22

**Jhonen:** I made a surprise stop at LAUGHING OGRE COMICS in Columbus, Ohio.

Yesss.....I did.

And for some strange reason, people actually showed up, which freaked me out. I didn't expect much from a signing that was mostly unpublicized, but it ended up being pretty decent, except for that one guy that exploded. I think maybe he was that other guy's brother. The only thing really bad about the decision to stop here was that the dosage of cigarette smoke I took in secondhand is probably going to give me an overnight tumor the size of a soccer ball. Nasty shit.

I saw the Lost World at a sneak preview, and really enjoyed it. It's just so much meaner than the first movie, so I give it points for that. Goofy, but fun.

I cut my hand clean open on the insides of a talking Winne the Pooh doll once. -Jhonen

**Rob:** No Entry.

**Dave:** While driving from Cambridge, MA to Columbus, OH, I made the following deduction: When I look through the front window of the car things appear to be coming towards me, when I look through the rear window things seem to be going away from me, but when I look through the SIDE windows things are neither coming towards me nor going away from me but simply passing by me... Wow. So now when I drive I only look through the side windows. This way I don't have to worry/make decisions about all those things coming towards me, like which oncoming vehicle I'm gonna hit or whether or

not I should swerve to miss the deer; I can just hold the wheel with my head turned to the side and watch the scenery go by...

I wrote a song about Ohio and it goes something like this:

...Bum bum bum bum  
Ohio, Ohio  
Leaving you makes me cryo  
Ohio, Ohio  
I hope that I don't die-o  
Ohio, Ohio Because that would suck-o  
Ohio, Ohio  
Leaving you doesn't make me cryo... anymore

I guess it's a country song, even though it's not about Texas or booze or horses or women or cattle or boots or horseshoes or dead women or linedancing or fences or choppin' up grass or cheaten' women or more booze or more horses or oil wells or ropin' things up (such as cattle or horses or women or booze). I figure you can sorta make up the tune yourself.

So after the Columbus signing (at The Laughing Ogre) we went and saw that new dinosaur movie. I thought it would have been better if the dinosaurs had also known gymnastics... which brings me to my dinosaur extinction theories:

1. Dinosaurs did not know gymnastics; cavemen did
2. Not enough flossing... gingivitis
3. Maybe they DIDN'T go extinct?!!!

And um... hey movie fans, don't neglect the Carnisaur trilogy!  
-David James (S.M.)

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### Day Twenty Three – 5/23

**Jhonen:** 2:55 A.M...  
CHICAGO!!!!

I had actually been looking forward to this stop for some time, which is saying alot, because by this point in this trip, nothing excites me much besides the thought of getting back to work at home and maybe doing something about ending world hunger.

I got into Chicago on only one hour of sleep from the night before, so i was very sleepy and hallucinating. Rob and Dave looked like giant jelly beans, and I hate jelly beans, so I was screaming all the way into the city.

Chicago Comics was one of the COOLEST stores I had seen in awhile, full of neat little alien figures. The signing, again, went very well, except for when that one guy exploded. I don't know why he exploded. It was scary.

After that, I went to a danceclub, after not visiting one since January. this one did me littel ggod, as the people were very nice, and did not inspire any new ideas for Anne Gwish comics. Damn..

Hmmmm.... If one must TRY to be amusing, then no attempt should be made at all, so I should stop writing soon. I am nightmarishly sleepy, but the desire to sleep is not there, so I'm in some hellish, weakened state. This would be the worst

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time for me to have to fight a hippo. those things are HUGE, and they've got these teeth. -Jhonen

**Rob:** No Entry.

**Dave:** We looked at the Chicago buildings and used words like "neat-o" and "tall" to describe them.

We ate pizza and leftover Chinese food.

We listened to tall, neat-o Tom Jones.

We held hands as we watched the sunset. Wait... no we didn't.

-David James.

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### Day Twenty Five – 5/25

**Jhonen:** 3:21A.M

Here I be, in one of the nicest hotel rooms I've seen in quite some time. This is Minneapolis

Rob is asleep, and Dave is trapped in one of the soda machines outside. Rob sleeps ALOT and Dave really likes soda.

I walked to Big Brain Comics earlier, and along the way, i was confronted by a man handing out flyers in front of the Scientology office he worked for. He asked if I wanted to take a special test to measure my I.Q or something along those lines. I politely declined, and then asked what Scientology was all about, and that I had heard rumors of it being associated with aliens and whatnot. "LIES!!" he screamed, and pulled out a laser beam gun. I ducked behind the flying saucer that was parked out in front of the office, and the metal hull reflected the shot back towards his face, which burned off revealing... well... revealing his burnt face.

I walked on.

The signing turned out nicely. I got more toys than I'll ever use in my life- my favorite being the MAGNETIC GAK!!!! It's incredible!! It doesn't taste very good, but that's alright.

After the signing, things happened. Any more detail would involve my having to think about it.

Until next time children. -Jhonen

**Rob:** I didn't think things could get much worse. My right eye has swollen shut, my hair is coming out by the fistful, and I've actually felt my heart stop on several occasions. Things are starting to fall right off my body. I'm convinced Jhonen wants me dead by the time we get back. Despite all this, I find myself ravenously hungry and I eat just about anything Jhonen gives me to eat. Dave mentioned something about having worms and I'm wondering if maybe that's Jhonen's doing as well and if maybe he's not the only one.

I've decided to fight back.

I'm slipping the peices of me that fall off into Jhonen's food.

**Dave:** So we're drivin' and there's this dead deer on the side of the road, and so we keep on drivin' and we see these huge signs on the side of the road that say "CHEESE", I guess because we're in Wisconsin, and we keep on drivin' and on the side of the road we see some rocks that look like a castle, and so we keep on drivin' and we express X as the linear combination CASTLE=(ROCKS\*DEER)+CHEESE (note that the coefficients are simply the entries of X, and that our homotopy matrix is congruent to CHEESE), so now we know why they are all out of miniature apples in Minneapolis and why the cans of soda pop are smaller in Minnesota. ? ...? ...So we're drivin' and... ?

-David James (foam ejecting from ears).

Our host, David James, his head is turning to poop. We apologize.

-The Worms.