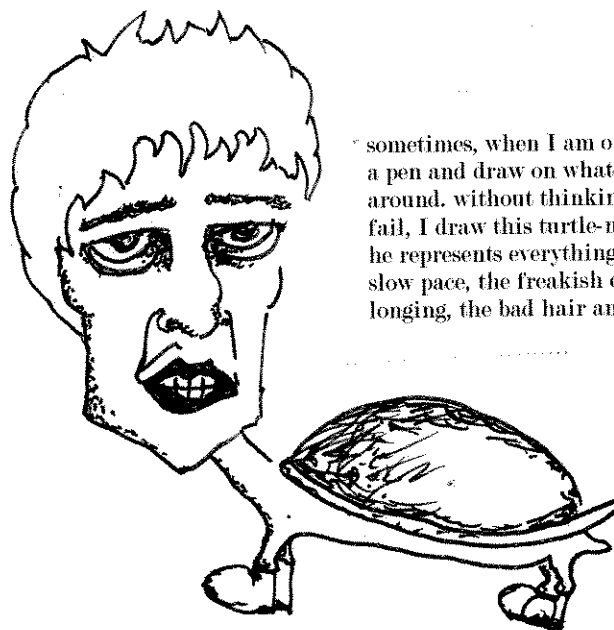


BABE,  
YOUR FOLKS CALLED  
THEY SUGGESTED WE  
GO OUT FOR LUNCH ON SUNDAY  
MIGHT BE A GOOD HANGOVER CURE?  
I SAID YOU'D CALL THEM.

CALL  
TELSIDA.



sometimes, when I am on the phone, I pick up a pen and draw on whatever paper is lying around. without thinking, every time without fail, I draw this turtle-man. i've come to think he represents everything about my life. the slow pace, the freakish existence, the strange longing, the bad hair and shit shoes.