

KISS

PSYCHO CIRCUS

SPAWN.COM



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CONRAD
A.O.



30

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BLUES FOR A
RAINY NIGHT.

ON NIGHTS LIKE THIS,
I FEEL SO SMALL,
INSIGNIFICANT. YOU
KNOW THE FEELING?


GOOD OL' DOC SPENGLER WOULD
PROBABLY CALL IT A "PROFOUND
EXISTENTIAL CRISIS" OR SOME CRAP LIKE
THAT, BUT HE'S NOT FOOLING ANYONE.

I MEAN, AT THE END OF THE DAY,
WHAT DO YOU REALLY COUNT FOR?



MOST OF US, TEN MINUTES AFTER WE'RE
DEAD, NO ONE'S GONNA REMEMBER US,
LET ALONE MISS US.

THAT'S LIFE ISN'T IT? 'A
TALE, TOLD BY AN IDIOT,
FULL OF SOUND AND FURY,
SIGNIFYING NOTHING.' I READ
THAT SOMEWHERE ONCE.



OUR WHOLE LIVES --
ALL OUR HOPES AND
DREAMS AND PAIN AND
JOY AND EVERYTHING --
JUST SCRIBBLINGS --
IN THE SAND.



WASHED AWAY
BY THE FIRST
GOOD RAIN.



MAYBE I'M JUST
FEELING SORRY
FOR MYSELF, BUT
THE WAY I FIGURE
IT, MOST OF US
COULD DISAPPEAR
RIGHT OFF THE
FACE OF THE EARTH
AND NOT A SOUL
WOULD NOTICE.





HANG ON... I KNOW I GOT ANOTHER QUARTER HERE SOMEWHERE.

ANOTHER THING... MOST PEOPLE GO THROUGH LIFE WITHOUT EVER REALLY NOTICING ANYTHING.



THEY'RE TOO BUSY CAUGHT UP IN THEIR OWN B.S. TO SEE THE BIG PICTURE. ME, I LIKE TO KEEP MY EYES OPEN.



SOMETIMES I LOOK AT THE FACES OF THE PEOPLE ON THE BUS AND MAKE UP STORIES, TRY AND GUESS WHO THEY ARE.

LIKE MAYBE THIS GIRL IS AN HEIRESS ON THE RUN FROM HER BILLIONAIRE DAD, WAITING TABLES UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME.



OR THAT DUDE ACROSS
FROM ME HAS BEEN IN
THE WITNESS PROTECTION
PROGRAM FOR LIKE 30
YEARS AND KNOWS WHO
REALLY KILLED KENNEDY.



DUMB STUFF LIKE THAT,
HELPS ME PASS THE TIME.

BUT THE TRUTH
IS, I KNOW THEY'RE ALL
PROBABLY THE SAME AS ME.



PASSENGERS, ON THE SLOW
ROAD TO NOWHERE FAST.



IF YOU LISTEN TO
IT CLOSELY, THE
RAIN ALMOST
SOUNDS LIKE MUSIC.
CLOSE YOUR EYES
AND YOU CAN
PICK A RHYTHM
AND MELODY OUT
OF THE DROPS
ON THE WINDOW.



OLD MUSIC,
OLDER THAN THE
OLDEST SONG.

YOU JUST WANT TO
CLOSE YOUR EYES
AND SLIP AWAY.

VANISH.

FADE AWAY INTO THE SPACES
BETWEEN THE RAIN DROPS, INTO
THE SILENCE BETWEEN SPLASHES.

WOULDN'T BE SUCH
A BAD THING, THE
WAY I FIGURE IT.







WELL, HERE IT IS. HOME SWEET HELL-HOLE.

IF YOU EVER HEAR ANYONE GOING ON ABOUT THE NOBILITY OF POVERTY, THE ROMANCE OF THE STARVING ARTIST... WELL, DO ME A FAVOR AND KICK HIM SQUARE IN THE NADS, WILL YA?



BEING POOR SUCKS, PURE AND SIMPLE.



ANYONE WHO SAYS DIFFERENT IS PLAYING AN ANGLE.

I WOULDN'T WISH A DUMP
LIKE THIS ON ANYONE.

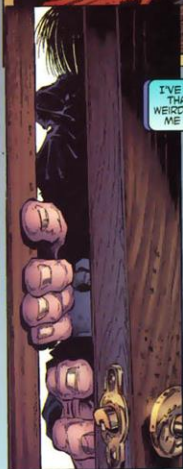
HEY,
KID... YOU
LOST?



HEY,
WHO ARE YOU...
YOU LOOK KINDA
FAMILIAR...

AAAAAH!







SON... HOW
COULD YOU SON...
TO YOUR OWN
FATHER...



OKAY, WE'VE OFFICIALLY
CROSSED OVER INTO
MAJOR FREAKSHOW
TERRITORY.



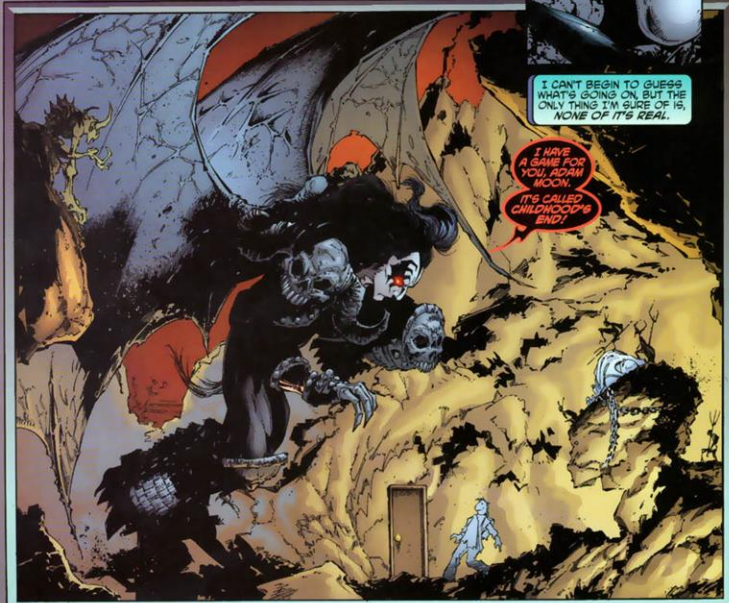
KEEP IT
TOGETHER,
MAN.

KEEP IT
TOGETHER.



I CAN'T BEGIN TO GUESS
WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT THE
ONLY THING I'M SURE OF IS,
NONE OF IT'S REAL.

I HAVE
A GAME FOR
YOU, ADAM
MOON.
IT'S CALLED
CHILDHOOD'S
END!





IT'S A RELAPSE MAYBE.
OR ANOTHER BREAKDOWN.



OR MAYBE SOMEBODY
SLIPPED ME SOMETHING AND
IT'S JUST A BAD TRIP.



HA
HAHA
HA!

MAYBE. LIKE AT A CLUB
OR SOMETHING.

EXCEPT I DIDNT
GO TO ANY CLUBS.
WAIT A MINUTE.



THAT COFFEE PLACE.
MAYBE THERE WAS
SOMETHING IN THE
COFFEE...

BUT WHO?
AND WHY?



DOESNT
MATTER. JUST
STAY CALM
AND IT WILL
ALL BLOW
OVER...



HAAAAUGH!



WHAT DOES IT MEAN? THE CIRCUS... ADVENTURE... MYSTERY... UM, WHAT ELSE?

A MAGIC PLACE. A PLACE THAT OPERATES UNDER DIFFERENT RULES. WILD. EXOTIC. A PLACE FOR KIDS...



WHATEVER, IT BEATS BEING CHASED BY 40-FOOT DEMONS.







ME? LISTEN, IF I COULD GO AROUND CREATING PEOPLE, YOU WOULD LOOK A LOT MORE LIKE *MISS APRIL*, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

I'M AFRAID YOU GUYS ARE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO HAVE THIS LITTLE PSYCHOTIC EPISODE WITHOUT ME.

AH... BUT THAT IS JUST IT, ADAM. WE *CAN'T*. WE'RE PART OF YOU. ALL OF US.

CULLED FROM YOUR NIGHTMARES, CAST OFF SHADOWS FROM THE DARK CORNERS OF YOUR MIND. ORPHANS ABANDONED TO THE STORMS.

WELL, IF YOU ARE A PART OF ME, IT'S A PART I'D JUST AS SOON FORGET.

I THINK WE'RE ALL QUITE AWARE OF THAT, ADAM.

BUT I'M AFRAID THINGS AREN'T QUITE THAT SIMPLE. WE BELONG TO YOU. AND YOU TO US.



SORRY.
I'M NOT TAKING
RESPONSIBILITY FOR
THE CONTENTS OF MY
MESSGED UP LITTLE
PSYCHE.

AND I
CERTAINLY DON'T FEEL
LIKE HANGING AROUND
HERE AND PLAYING THE
GREAT AND POWERFUL
OZ, OKAY?

YOU'RE ON
YOUR OWN. SEE
YOU IN YOUR
DREAMS.



WICKED
BOY, UNGRATEFUL
SCOUNDREL. YOU WOULD
TURN YOUR BACK
ON US?



JUST
LIKE YOU DID
TO YOUR OWN
FATHER?







DON'T
LOOK SO
SURPRISED,
ADAM.

DID YOU
THINK YOU
COULD HIDE
FOREVER?



To Be CONTINUED...