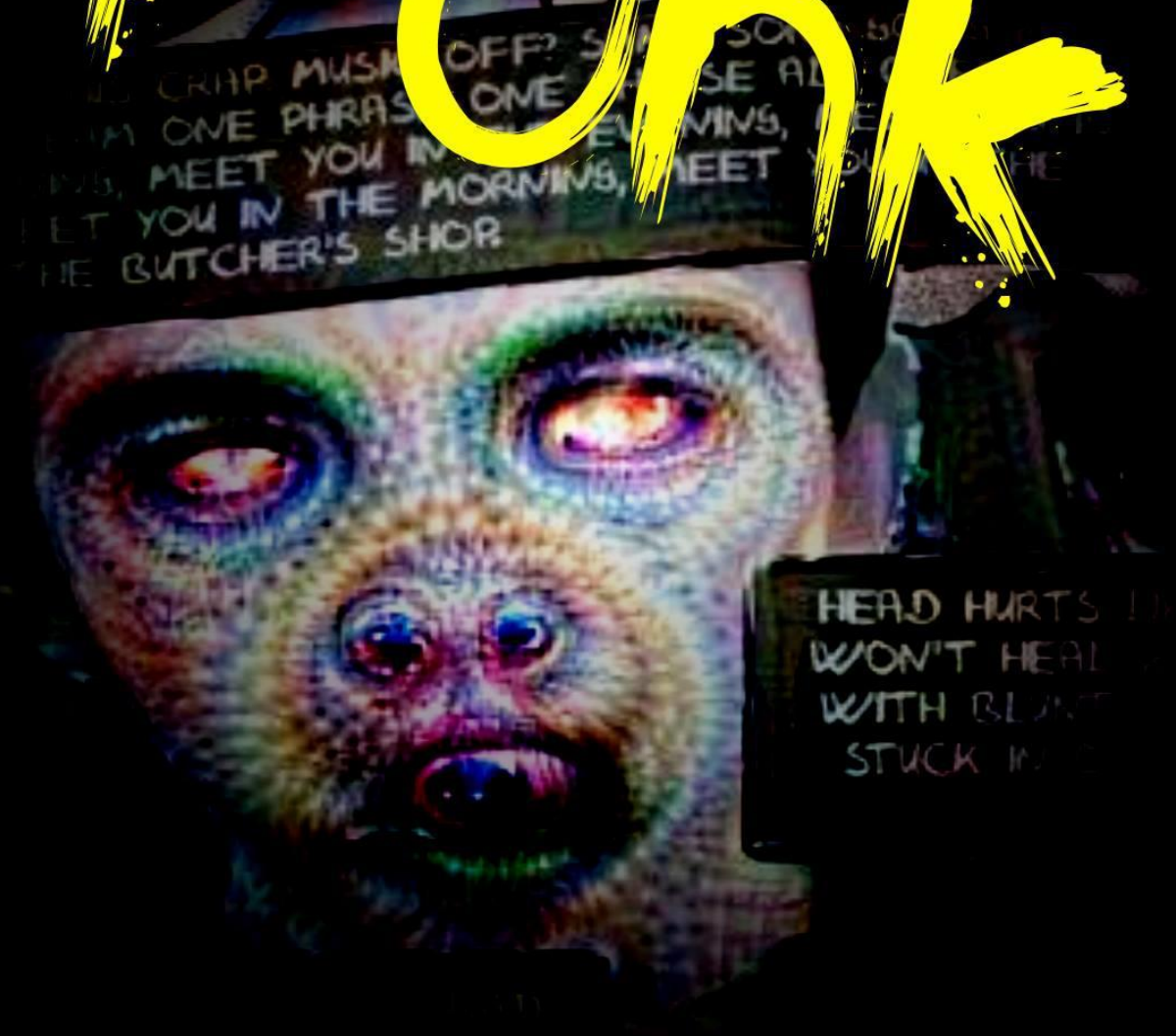


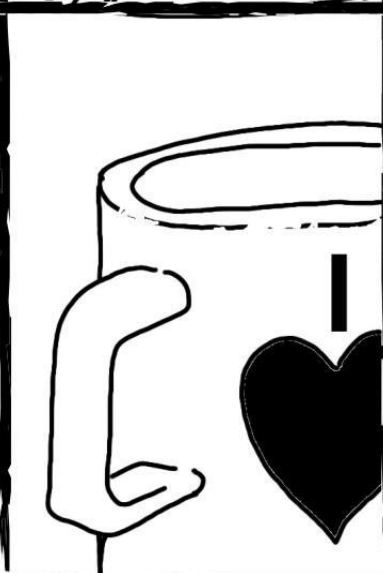
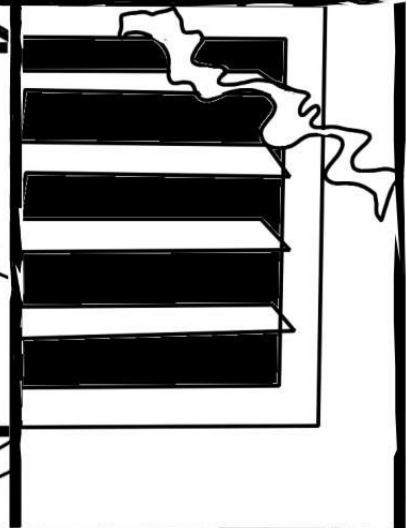
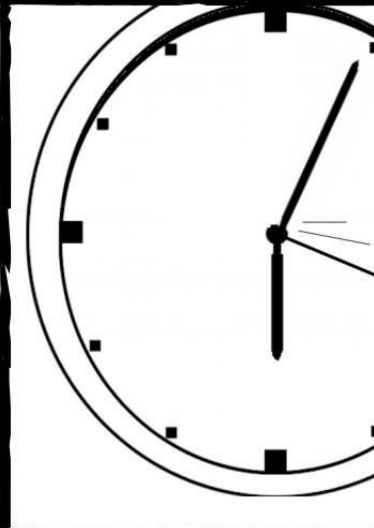
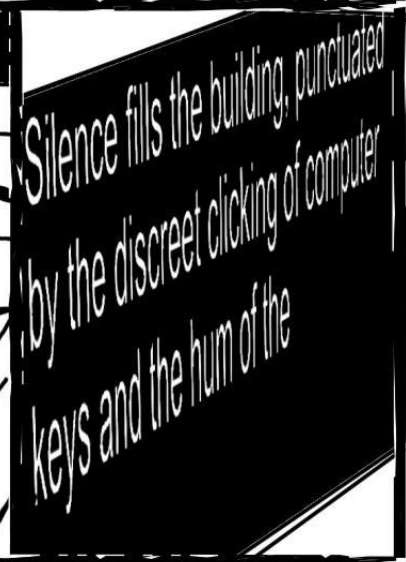
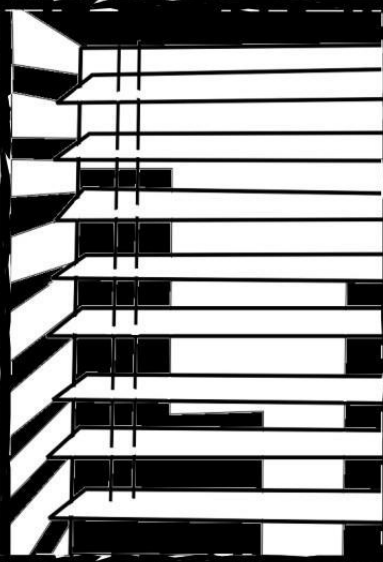
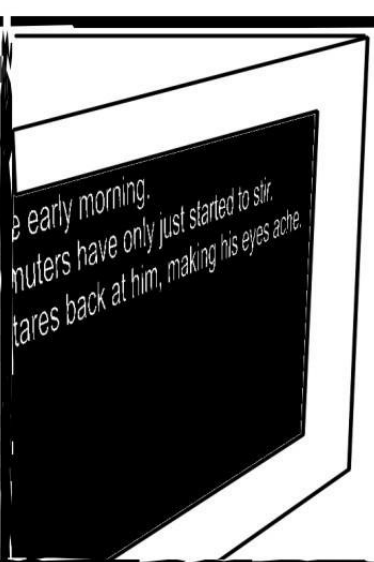
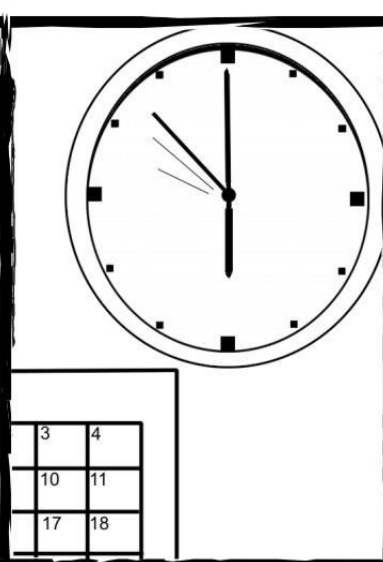
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# Dunk

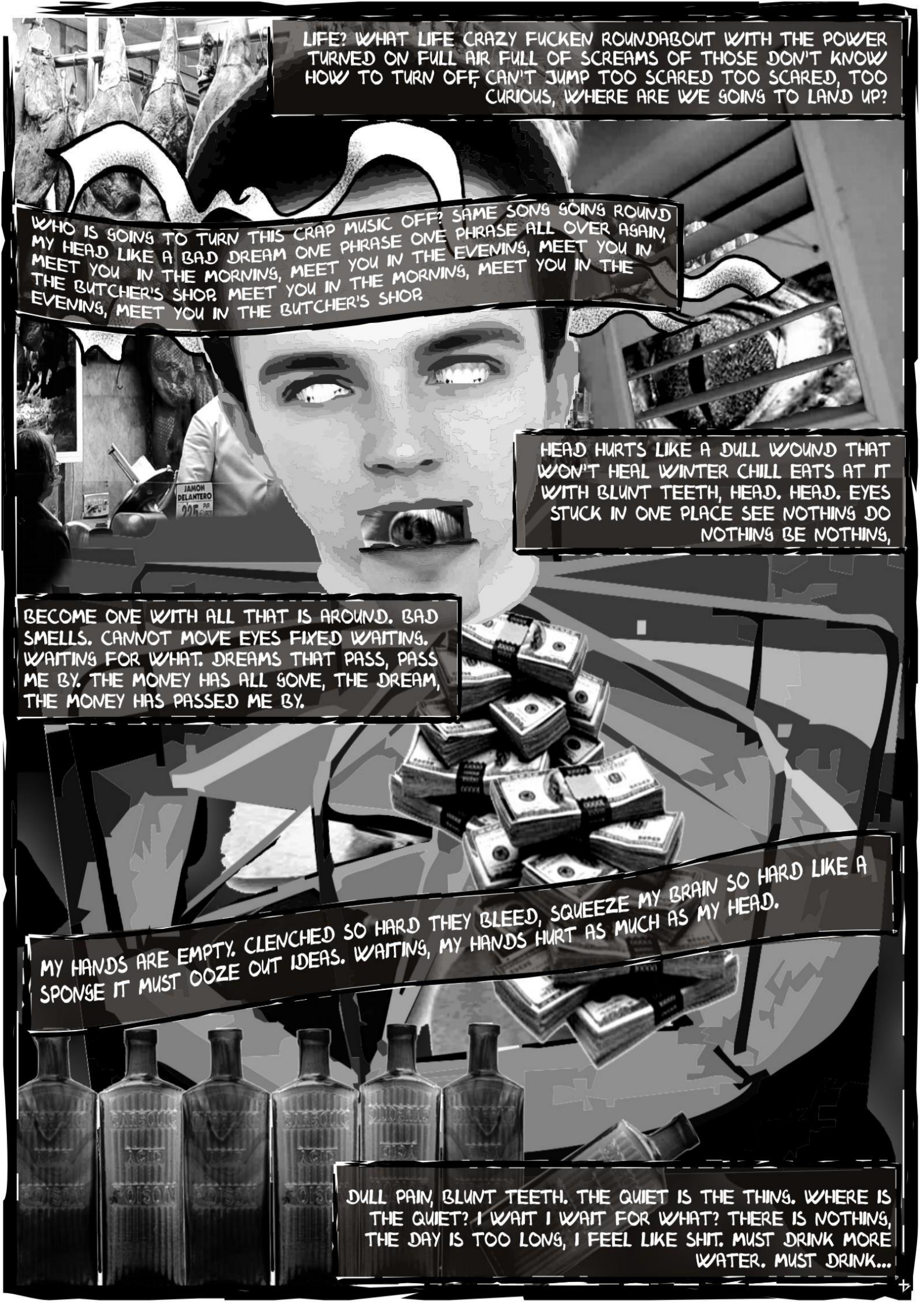


STORY: Dave Chase<sup>LETT</sup>

Art: Chris Moon







LIFE? WHAT LIFE CRAZY FUCKEN ROUNDABOUT WITH THE POWER  
TURNED ON FULL AIR FULL OF SCREAMS OF THOSE DON'T KNOW  
HOW TO TURN OFF, CAN'T JUMP TOO SCARED TOO SCARED, TOO  
CURIOUS, WHERE ARE WE GOING TO LAND UP?

WHO IS GOING TO TURN THIS CRAP MUSIC OFF? SAME SONGS GOING ROUND  
MY HEAD LIKE A BAD DREAM ONE PHRASE ALL OVER AGAIN,  
MEET YOU IN THE MORNING, MEET YOU IN THE EVENING, MEET YOU IN  
THE BUTCHER'S SHOP MEET YOU IN THE MORNING, MEET YOU IN THE  
EVENING, MEET YOU IN THE BUTCHER'S SHOP.

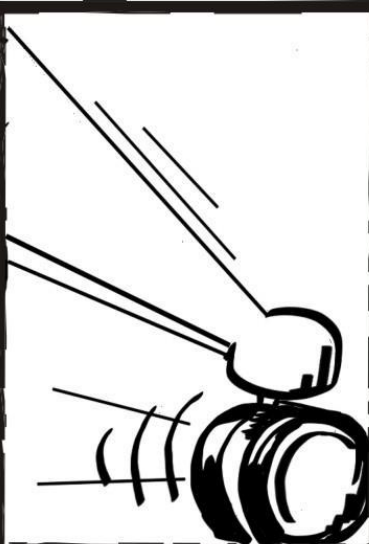
HEAD HURTS LIKE A DULL WOUND THAT  
WON'T HEAL WINTER CHILL EATS AT IT  
WITH BLUNT TEETH, HEAD. HEAD. EYES  
STUCK IN ONE PLACE SEE NOTHING DO  
NOTHING BE NOTHING,

BECOME ONE WITH ALL THAT IS AROUND. BAD  
SMELLS. CANNOT MOVE EYES FIXED WAITING.  
WAITING FOR WHAT. DREAMS THAT PASS, PASS  
ME BY. THE MONEY HAS ALL GONE, THE DREAM,  
THE MONEY HAS PASSED ME BY.

MY HANDS ARE EMPTY. CLENCHED SO HARD THEY BLEED, SQUEEZE MY BRAIN SO HARD LIKE A  
SPONGE IT MUST Ooze OUT IDEAS. WAITING, MY HANDS HURT AS MUCH AS MY HEAD.

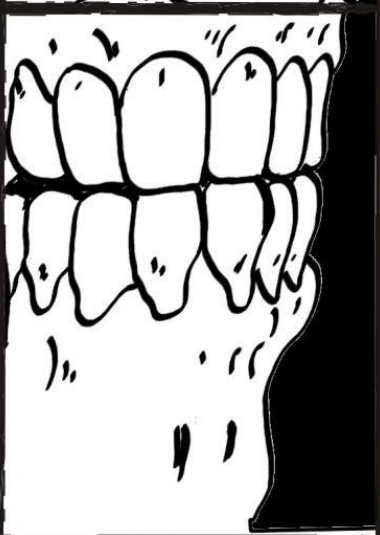
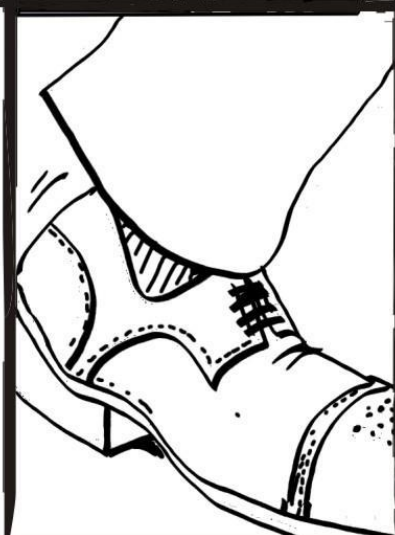
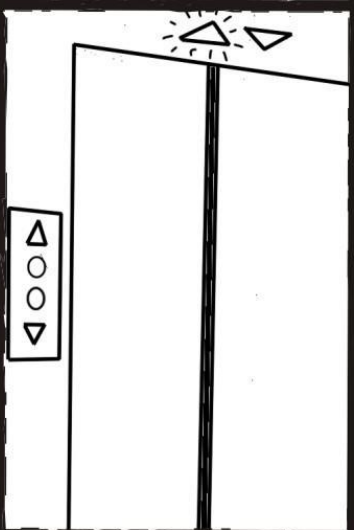
DULL PAIN, BLUNT TEETH. THE QUIET IS THE THING. WHERE IS  
THE QUIET? I WAIT I WAIT FOR WHAT? THERE IS NOTHING,  
THE DAY IS TOO LONG, I FEEL LIKE SHIT. MUST DRINK MORE  
WATER. MUST DRINK...





TO DO LIS

- \* Things to do
- \* and the way
- \* to do them, prom
- \* lines to keep him
- \* from making
- \* terminal mistakes.







PHONE RINGS SHIT TALK MUTTER, NOTHING NOTHING, YES TODAY,  
OF COURSE THE PRINTER THE PRINTER. ALL LIES OF COURSE.  
ALL LIES. BUT THEY LIE THEY KNOW, IT'S ALL FOR SHOW  
THE MONEY CHANGES HANDS.

TEAMWORK  
PLAYS

TEAM  
BUILDING  
RESULTS

SPIT IN THE WHEELS OF PROGRESS SWEAT INTO THE GEARS,  
EASE THE BLOOD OF MY MIND INTO THE PROCESS. WILL LIVE  
WILL LIVE, WHAT OPTIONS TELL ME. TELL ME, NO WAY.  
I KNOW BEEN THERE, NO OPTIONS BITE THE TONGUE BOW  
HEAD SPIT IN THE WHEELS, SWEAT IN THE MACHINE, KEEP  
YOUR SOULS AWAY FROM HERE.

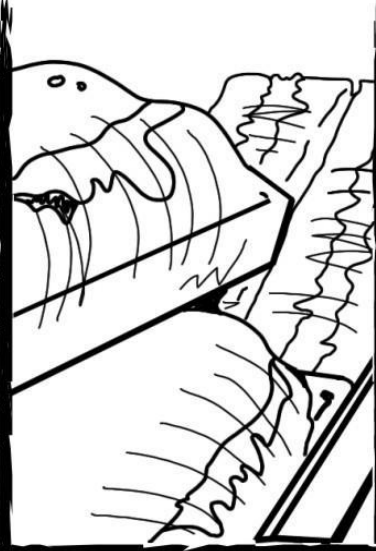
PHONE RINGS I LIE I LIE, TALK WITH EASE LIE WITH EASE THE PHONE RINGS. THE PAPER IS  
BREEZE, TONGUE THICK AND STICKS ROOF OF MOUTH NEED WATER, SWEAT BEADS  
BETWEEN MY EYES, INSIDE SKULL THE NOISE DOESN'T STOP I AM INGRATIATING.

I SORT THE PROBLEMS OUT. CRAZY SAID THAT BEFORE, LOST  
FAX LOST MIND NEVER MIND IN THE ONE OUTSIDE IN THE  
OTHER. ALL TALK, JUST WIND. FLATULENCE FOR THE ETHER.  
DISAPPEARING BANNERS, MIND GONE IN YESTERDAY, CONTEMPLATE  
THE RIVER OF WET AIR FROM OUT TO ELECTRICITY. EYES DART  
ABOUT ALL CAN HEAR THE LIES INSIDE OUTSIDE, TURNING THE  
WHEELS, WETTING THE GEARS.

FACES FACE ME, PEERING DEEPLY YES SIR NO SIR, YOUR ARSE FULL SIR, HEARD THAT  
BEFORE LIKE THE LOCOMOTION HATE KYLIE HATE KYLIE, NICE LESS THOUGH.

NO I DON'T KNOW, DIDN'T I SAY THAT LAST TIME, NO TIME, IS OF THE ESSENCE, TIME, THE  
CLIENT'S TIME OK OK, CHASTISED, DO BETTER BE FASTER, INSIDE THE LIES, YES YES, RIGHT  
RIGHT, HA WRONG WRONG, NO FASTER, LIGHTER LIGHTER, LIGHTER THAN THE AIR OF BREATHING  
THE LIES. MACHINE READS MY MIND, READ ME, PRINT OUT ME, PAPER ME, AUTHENTISISE ME,  
WHOLE REAL, BLACK AND WHITE. HERE IN THE HAND ON HAND DONE







The computer suffers  
on the desk, determined  
to out wait his incompet  
They all sit there  
watching, waiting  
for the slips.  
There they all sit,  
waiting for five o'  
clock.....



COMPUTER SCREEN STARES, ONE BIG EYE, SEES INTO MINE. EYES CAN READ MY MIND, NO DESIRE, TELL IT WHAT YOU WANT. OPEN WINDOWS CLOSE THE DOOR, TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE, DO ALL THAT IS WRONGS, IT CAN SEE YOU, SOON WILL READ YOU.

THINKING INTO THE SCREEN LIKE A BLEEDING DRAIN FLOODING THE STREET. EFFLUVIA FLOWING OUT WHERE IT CAN BE READ AND TAKEN APART. WRONGS THE PRINTER IS CLACKING ON THE SHELF BY THE DOOR, NO WIND TO HIDE ITS IRRITATION. ELECTRONIC PULSES WHIRRING SOUNDS BEYOND CONSOLE GLASS SCREEN, INTENTION READ, MIND TAKEN OUT, THINKING ABOUT NO THINKING, JUST BEING, IT KNOWS WHAT I WANT REALLY.



HAND TO MOTION, IT PROVIDES THE ANSWER CAN'T LIE TO THE MACHINE, IT WON'T DO WHAT YOU WANT. WILL DO WHAT YOU ARE THINKING, DO NOT HIDE THE VOICE OF YOUR MIND, IT CAN UNDERSTAND YOU. THE KEYBOARD WANTS TO BE BEATEN, THAT TELLS IT WHAT YOU WANT, THE MIND OF THE MACHINE NEEDS IMPRINTING AND THAT IS THE TOOL OF ITS DESIRE.

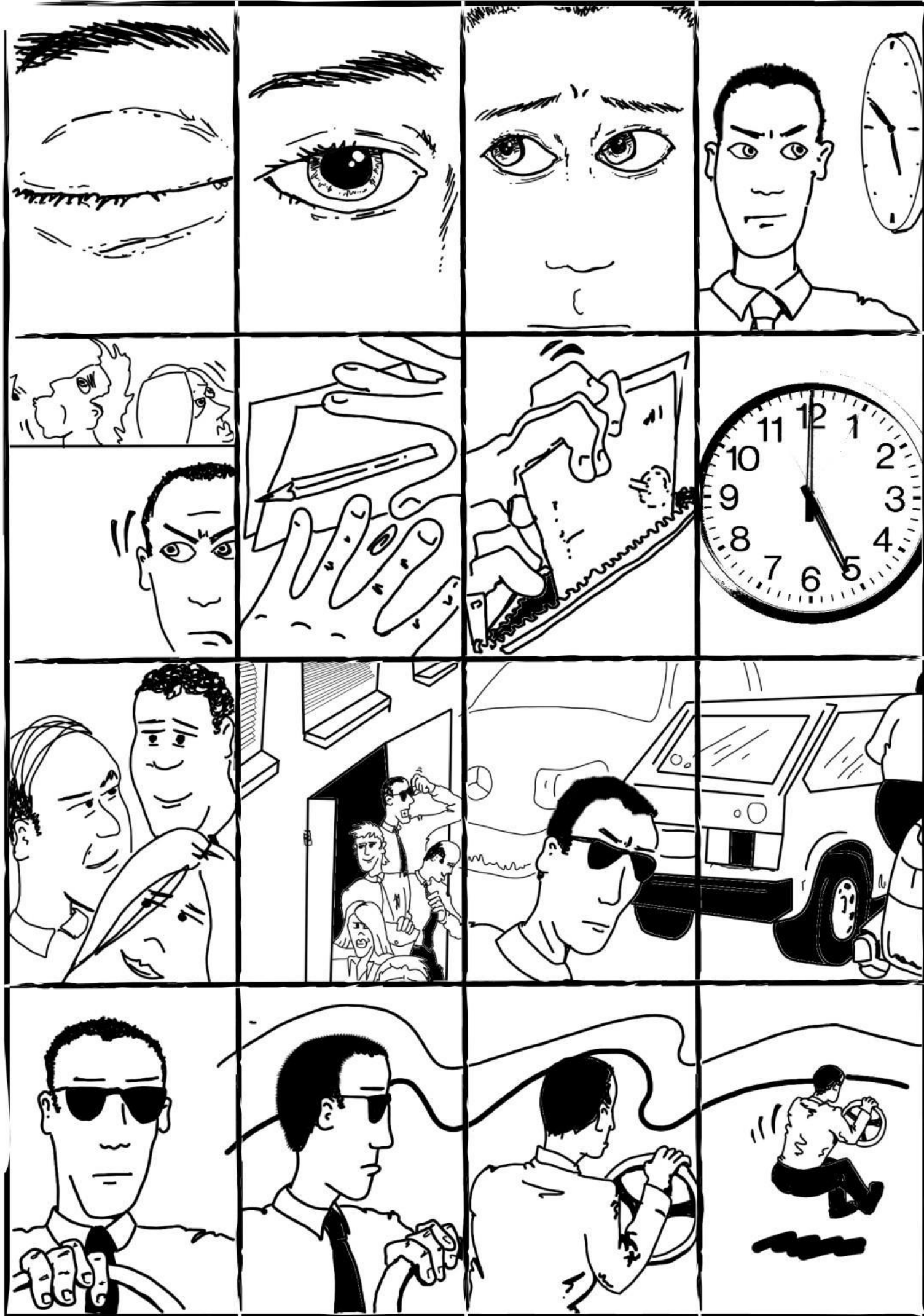
I CANNOT HIDE THE THINKING THAT DRIVES THE FINGERS ACROSS THESE CIRCUITS LIKE AFTERNOON CARS HEADING ON HOME, A DISTANT SPECK ON THE EVENT HORIZON THAT GIVES MY DESTINATION AWAY WHEN YOU CONSIDER WHAT I KNOW, KNOWING NO MORE THAN I DO THERE IS ONLY ONE PLACE THAT I AM GOING TO GO.

## MODERN DAY FAIRY TALES

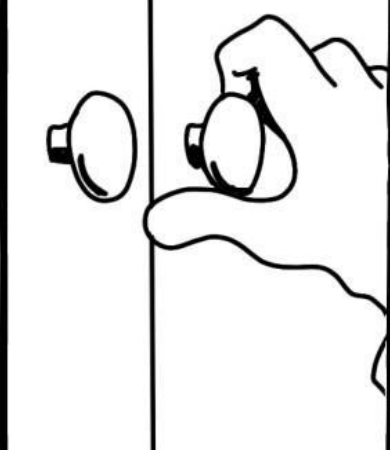
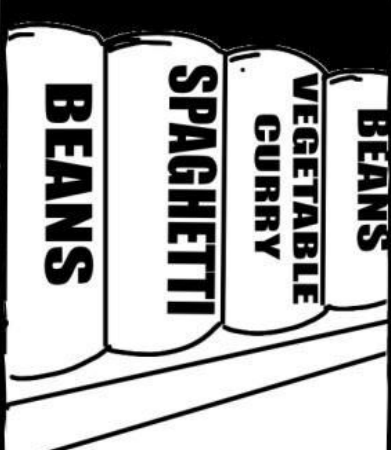
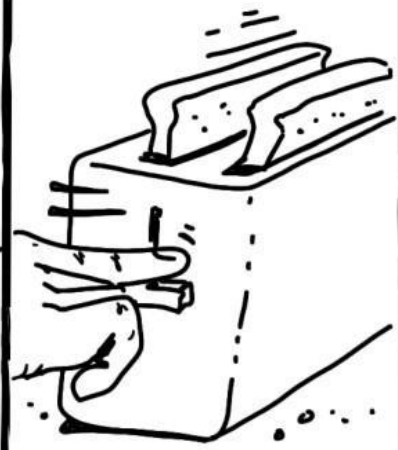
TELL ME BED-TIME STORIES TO EASE THE PAIN OF LIVING WITH THE GLORY OF BREATHING IN THE EVENING SKY, THESE PULSING LIGHTS ARE BROADCASTING ALL THIS THINKING INTO THE AETHER AS SURELY AS EVERYTHING I WANT IS ETCHED IN THE MOVEMENTS OF MY HANDS.











People like it

FIVE DUDES AT THE BAR. SAD BASTARDS, ALL DRINKING THEIR PINTS IN THE SAME PLACE AT THE SAME TIME EVERY NIGHT, DON'T LOOK. DON'T LOOK HERE. DRINK BEER, MORE, BRING IT NOW!

MORE BEER. FEEL CALM, WATCH THE TV, CRAP ON THE TV MORE CRICKET HIGHLIGHTS, MORE RUGBY HIGHLIGHTS, ALWAYS RERUNS OF GLORY. NOTHING ELSE. I FEEL SLEUED WATCH THE SCREEN, AVOID THOSE GUYS, DON'T WANNA TALK, WATCH THE TV DRINK THE BEER, WHAT IS THE TIME, JUST KILLING TIME, YES PLEASE ANOTHER!

WINDHOEK LAGER. NO CHEMICALS NICE. NO MORE LABELS FOR ME, ENOUGH SHITTY SAB BEER, LIKE THIS WINDHOEK, EVEN IF IT IS MORE EXPENSIVE. JUST KILLING TIME, YES PLEASE ANOTHER, THANKS KEEP THE CHANGE, GOTTA GO, GOTTA RUN, CAN'T STAY HERE TOO LONG, MIGHT TURN INTO ONE OF THEM SAD BASTARDS!



REQUESTS  
@b&#1

COOL SONGS, MORE BEER, SHIT, IT'S HOT IN HERE, HAVE TO TAKE A BREAK AFTER THIS SONG. LOOK AT ALL THE PRETTY GIRLS, NEVER LIKE THIS IN MY TIME,. WHY DON'T I RECOGNISE ANYBODY GOOD MUSIC THOUGH. LIKE THIS DJ MAYBE COME AGAIN NEXT FRIDAY.

LESS ARE SORE FROM SO MUCH STANDING. GOD IT'S FULL, HARDLY REACH THE BAR. WISH SHORTY WOULD REMEMBER ME, HATE STANDING IN LINE! GOD NEED A PISS. SHIT THIS PLACE STINKS, WHY ARE THERE SO MANY PEOPLE IN THE LOO, FUCKING FOOTBALL FANS, WHO CARES ABOUT THE FA BLOODY CUP MO BEER, BACK TO BAR....

FUCK I HATE WAITING AHH THERE IS A GAP BLACK LABEL, BRING ME A BLACK LABEL. WHAT DOES THIS LITTLE TWAT WANT? WHAT DANCE CLUB, FUCK YOU ARSHOLE, FUCK OFF AND LEAVE ME ALONE. HEY DON'T FUCKEN PUSH. I DON'T WANT TO GO OUTSIDE. FUCKING CUNTS, ITS COLD OUT HERE. OHH, COME ON, HEY WHAT'S GOING ON? WAIT...UHH, WAIT, HANG ON... I WAIT, I ... REALLY, C'MON, THERE ISN'T...WAIT...



FUCKING  
POSER!!!

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T  
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