

LONG OVERDUE

THE BOOK... MUST TAKE THE BOOK BACK...

TOO BRIGHT. THE CITY IS A CACOPHONY OF COLOUR AND NOISE.

MY HEAD HURTS.

FUTUREQUAKE

WRITER JOHN PAUL FITCH
ART OWEN WATTS
LETTERS BOLT-01

THESE PEOPLE SPEAK IN TONGUES, BARBED, POISONOUS.

UM... EXCUSE ME YOUNG...
ERR... MAN? CAN YOU POINT THE WAY TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARY?

W@?
PUBLIC LIB?

DON'T LET THEM INFECT YOU.

EXCUSE ME?

GT 404

SIR?
CAN I ASK...?

RU MNLT OR W@?

THEY MAKE NO SENSE.

THE INANE RANTINGS OF MADMEN.

HERE, A JEWEL OF CULTURE LIES BURIED IN THE EFFLUENCE OF A BROKEN SOCIETY.

WITH THE CORRUPTION OF WORDS COMES THE RUINATION OF THE MIND.

OH... THANK THE GODS!

HI... UM... I'VE COME TO RETURN THIS BOOK... I'M AFRAID IT'S A LITTLE LATE...

BUX? WE AVENT HAD BUX 4 OVR 50 YRS.

LIES.

DON'T LISTEN.



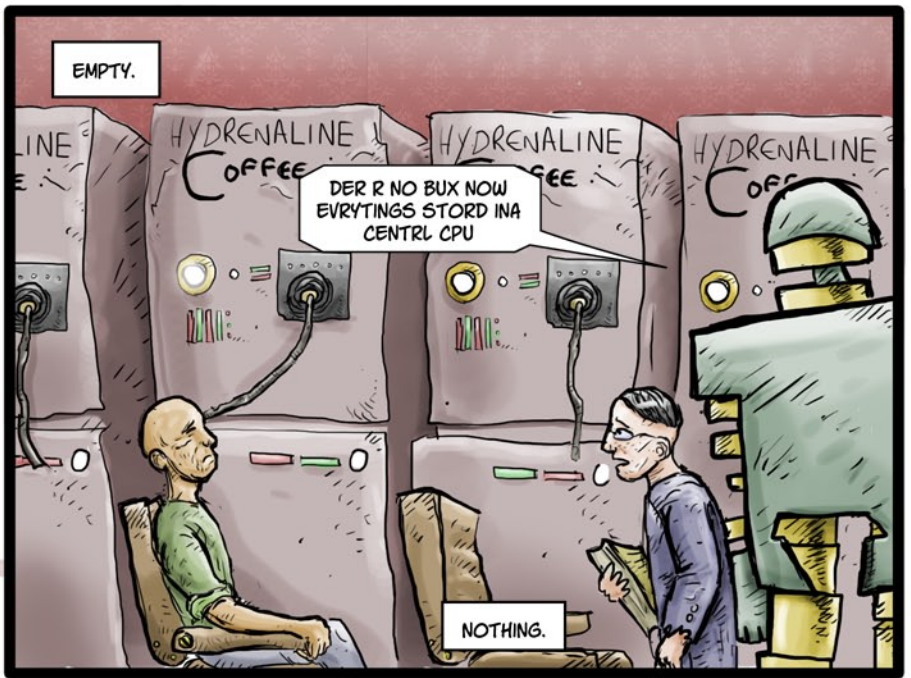
THINGS ARE GETTING SCRAMBLED AGAIN.

BUT... I HAVE TO RETURN THIS BOOK.

? DIS ISN'T A BUX.

...IT'S OVERDUE...

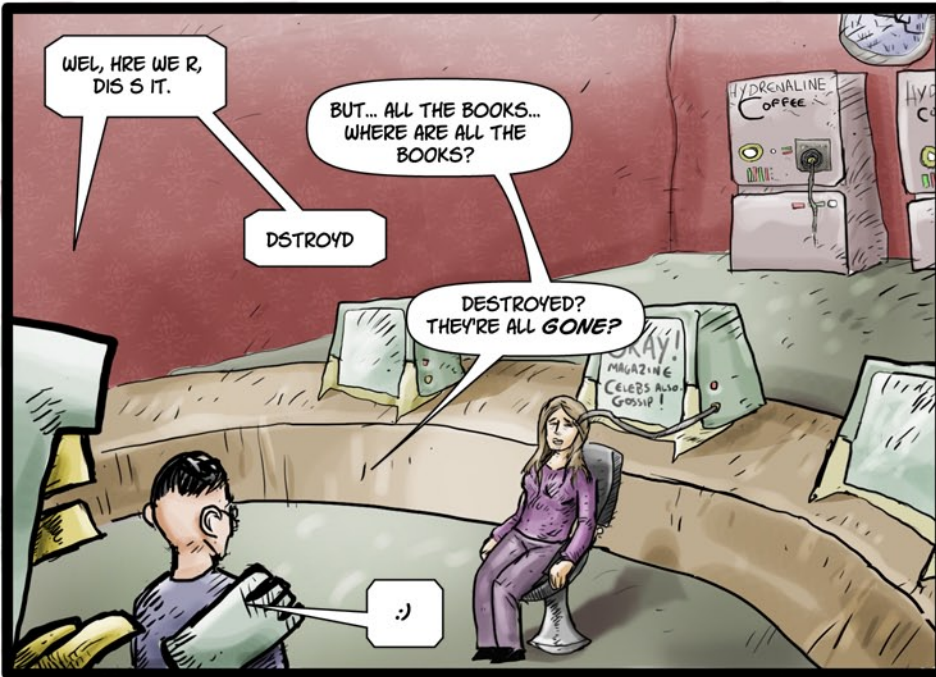
REALITY IS JUMBLED. I CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT ANY MORE.



EMPTY.

DER R NO BUX NOW EVRYTINGS STORD INA CENTRL CPU

NOTHING.



WEL, HRE WE R, DIS S IT.

BUT... ALL THE BOOKS... WHERE ARE ALL THE BOOKS?

DSTROYD

DESTROYED? THEY'RE ALL GONE?

:)



YAAAGH

THE THOUSANDS OF HOURS OF CREATIVE TOIL.

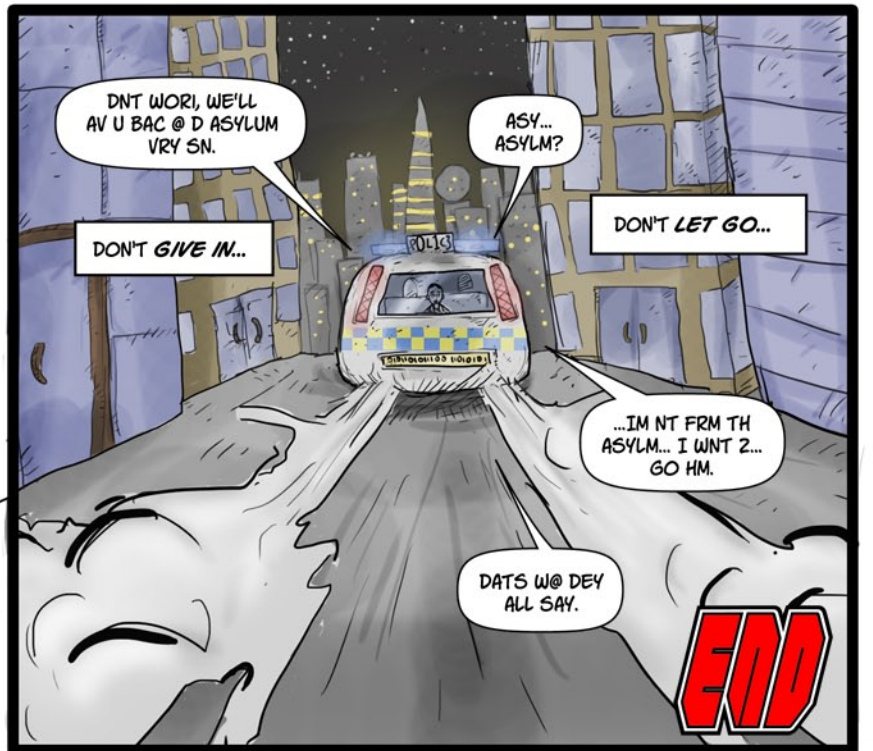
THE GREATEST WORKS OF LITERARY GENIUS... GONE.



SIR, UR UNDR REST 4 DSTROYN PUBLIC PROPERTY.

FIGHT IT...

ALL GONE... AL... GN...



DNT WORI, WE'LL AV U BAC @ D ASYLM VRY SN.

DON'T GIVE IN...

ASY... ASYLM?

DON'T LET GO...

...IM NT FRM TH ASYLM... I WNT 2... GO HM.

DATS W@ DEY ALL SAY.

END