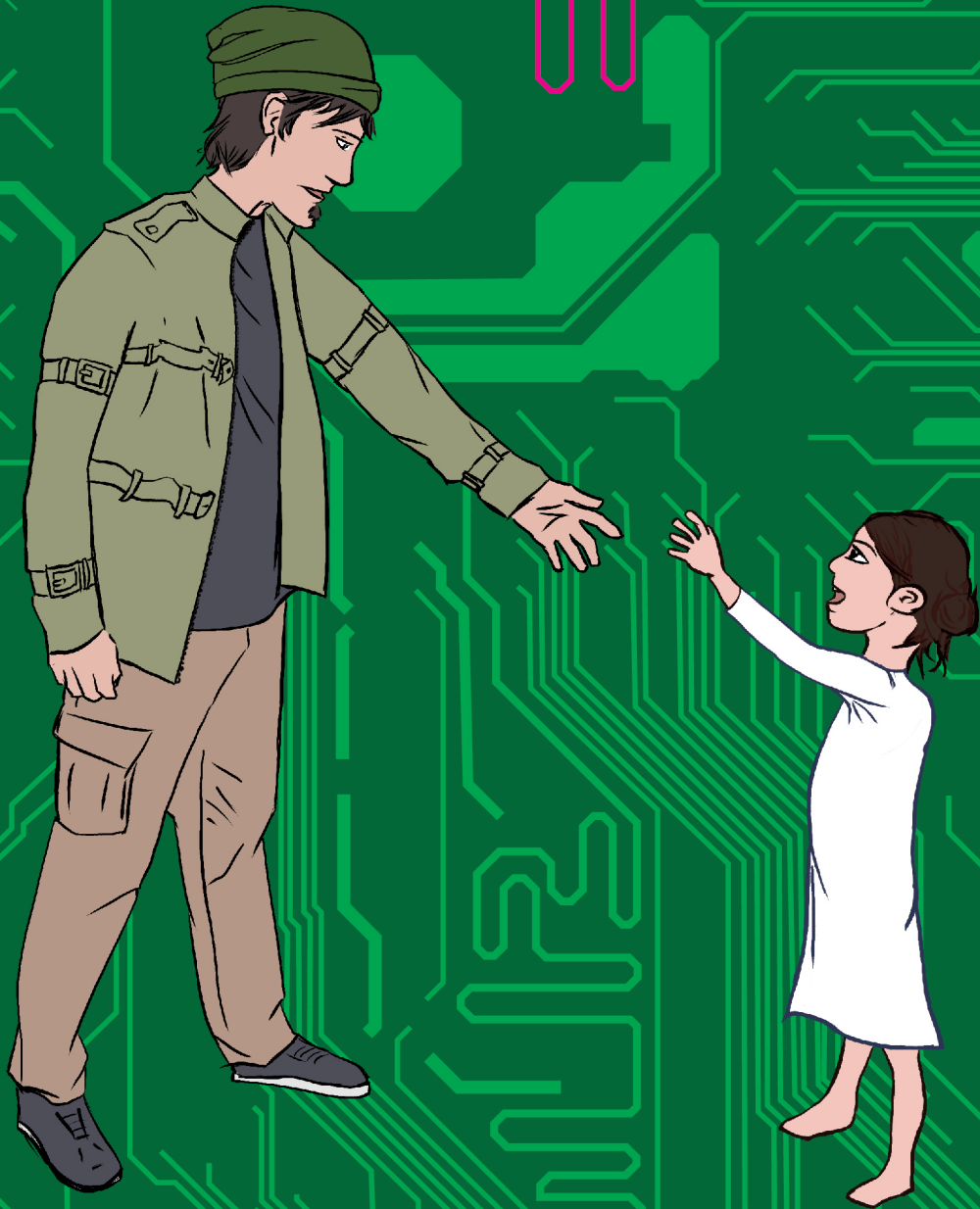
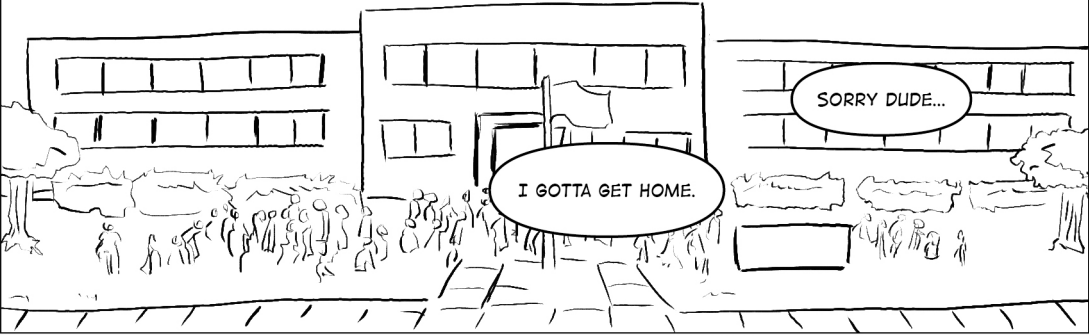


# TCOM

1 // phil knall



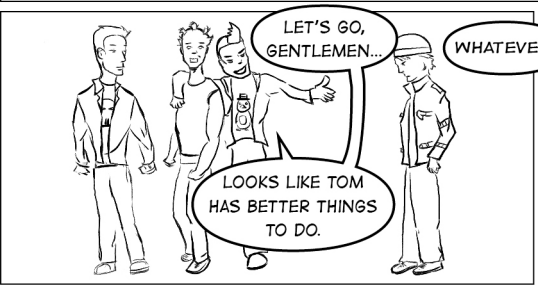


I GOTTA GET HOME.

SORRY DUDE...



OH COME ON...  
HOW MANY TIMES DOES THAT MAKE NOW?



LET'S GO, GENTLEMEN...

WHATEVER.

LOOKS LIKE TOM HAS BETTER THINGS TO DO.




...WAIT.



IT'S JUST THAT I HAVE CHORES, AND...


GAWD, I'VE HEARD THAT ONE A BILLION TIMES!

A black and white line drawing of three men in a hallway. The man on the left is speaking, with a speech bubble above him. The man in the middle is looking forward, and the man on the right is looking slightly to the side. They are all wearing hooded sweatshirts.

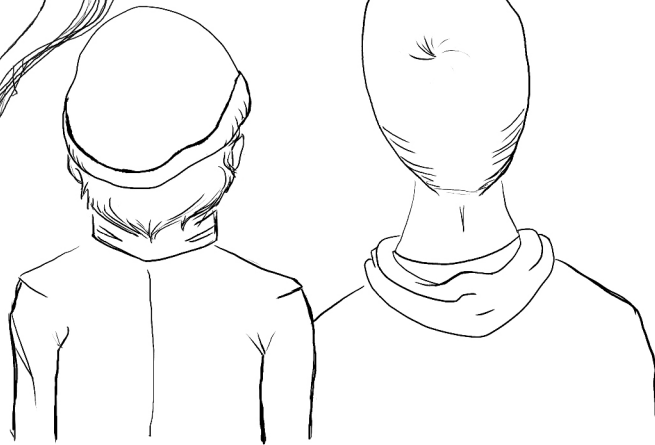
THERE WE GO!  
JUST LIKE HOME,  
RIGHT?

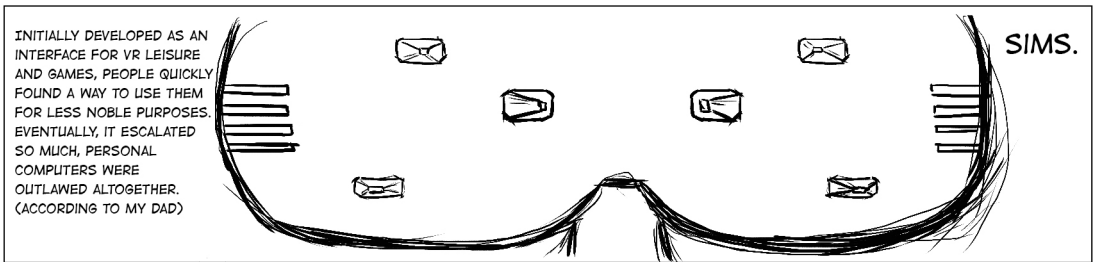
A black and white line drawing of a man sitting on a toilet in a prison cell. The toilet is a standard white porcelain toilet. The man is wearing a jumpsuit and a blindfold. A large rectangular box is on the floor next to him.

LIKE HOME, MY ASS.

A black and white line drawing of a man lying on the floor in a prison cell. He is wearing a jumpsuit and a blindfold. He appears to be in pain or discomfort. A large rectangular box is on the floor next to him.

IT'S EVEN WORSE THAN I EXPECTED.  
FILTHY..  
BUT WHAT CAN YOU  
EXPECT FROM AN ESTABLISHMENT  
BY/FOR CRIMINALS.





AND, BEING A WIMP SUSCEPTIBLE TO PEER PRESSURE, I AM ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE ALL THIS FIRST HAND.

AND THAT'S THE MOST AWESOME DRUG EVER, THE REASON JUNKIES GRAVITATE TO THIS DUMP.

BY PLAYING WITH THE FREQUENCY (OR SOMETHING, I REALLY HAVE NO IDEA), THE FEEDBACK FROM THE SIM WILL STIMULATE YOUR BRAIN FOR A BETTER HIGH THAN ANY DRUG KNOWN TO MAN.

PEOPLE FOUND A WAY TO REVERSE THIS PROCESS, CREATING A WAY TO ALLOW THE SIM TO CREATE IMAGES OR SOUNDS DIRECTLY IN YOUR MIND.

THE HEADGEAR TAPS INTO YOUR BRAINWAVES, ALLOWING YOU TO CONTROL THE SIM WITHOUT MOVING A MUSCLE.

OK.

LIM..

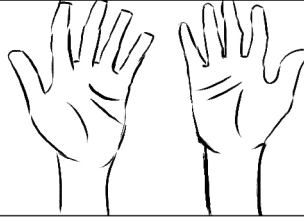
WHAT?



CAN'T HEAR RANDY PESTERING ME,  
OR THOSE JUNKIES MOANING ABOUT.  
RIGHT... I GUESS I'M THE JUNKIE NOW.



MY BODY FEELS THE SAME.  
BUT EVERYTHING AROUND ME  
HAS VANISHED.



CAN'T SAY I FEEL  
PARTICULARLY HIGH...



WHU--

HOW--  
WHERE--



HELLO?



MORE IMPORTANTLY,  
WHO THE--

COME ON,  
LET'S PLAY!



...WAIT.  
WHY IS THERE A LAWN  
ALL OF A SUDDEN?



WHAT IS WITH THIS GIRL?  
WHERE'D SHE COME FROM?

WHAT NOW?



OKAY...



... DID THAT FLIPPING BALL  
JUST PASS RIGHT THROUGH ME??



SIGH... USELESS,  
JUST LIKE THE OTHERS...