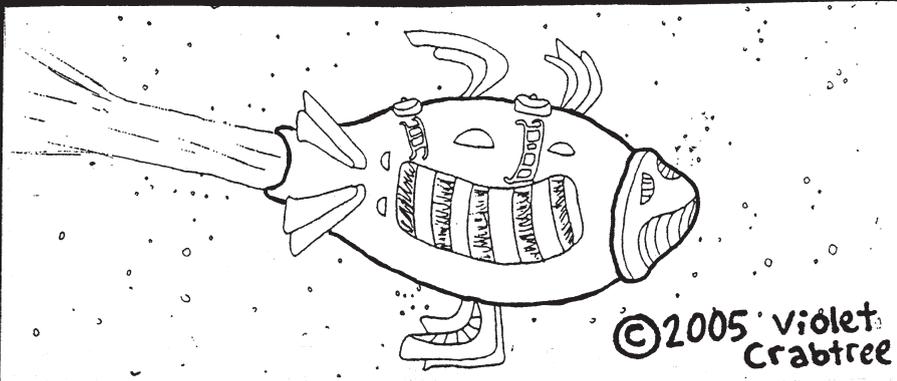
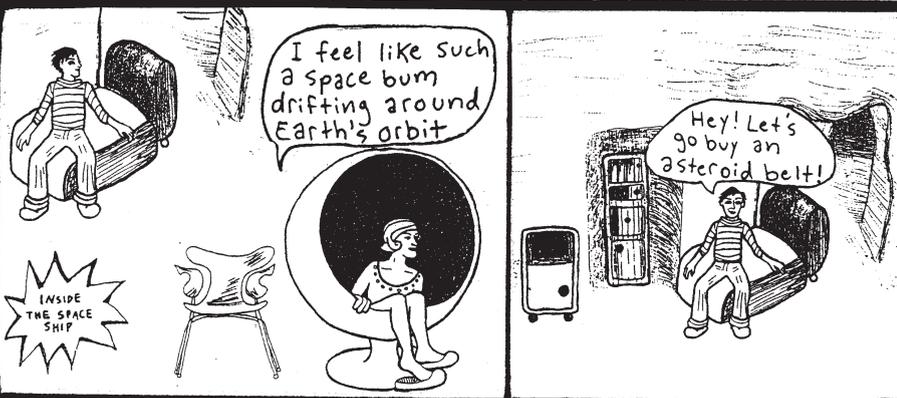




ORBITING BOREDOM



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I feel like such a space bum drifting around Earth's orbit

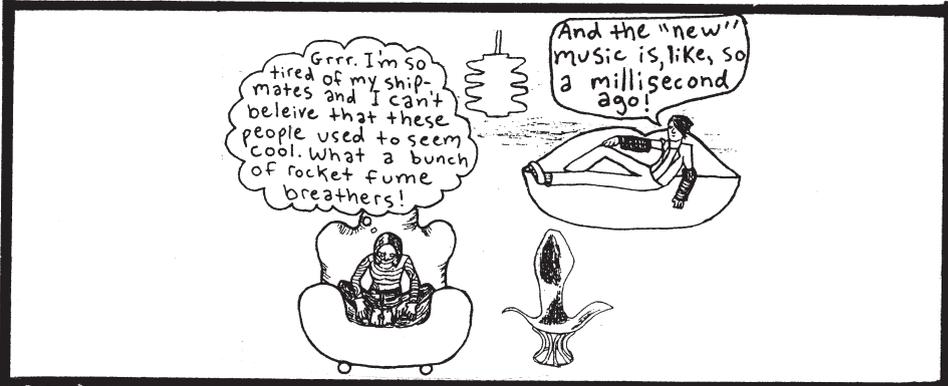
Hey! Let's go buy an asteroid belt!

INSIDE THE SPACE SHIP



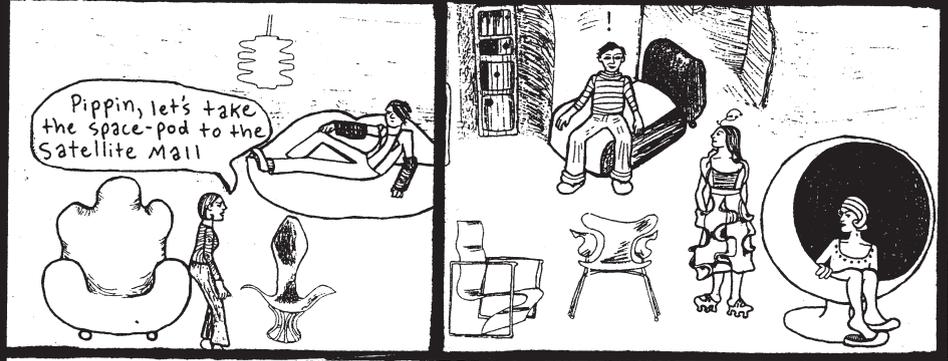
Like where? The closest non-mutant stores are orbiting Mars

Yeah! This place is such a black hole-- the fashion scene is so pre-Big Bang!

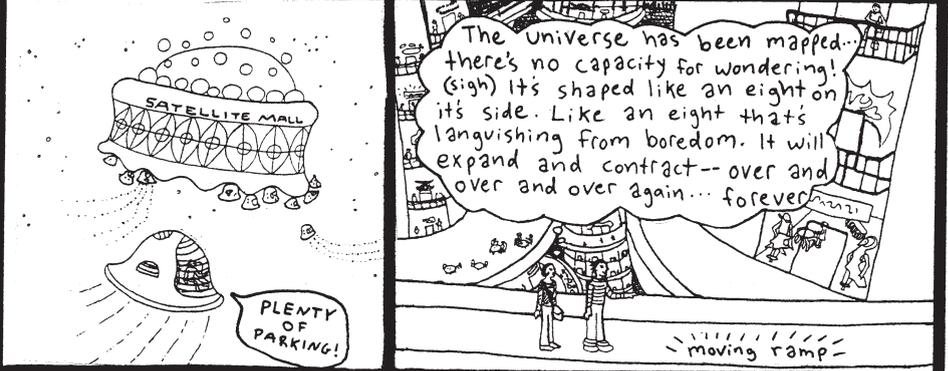


Grrr. I'm so tired of my ship-mates and I can't believe that these people used to seem cool. What a bunch of rocket fume breathers!

And the "new" music is, like, so a millisecond ago!



Pippin, let's take the space-pod to the Satellite Mall



The universe has been mapped-- there's no capacity for wondering! (Sigh) It's shaped like an eight on its side. Like an eight that's languishing from boredom. It will expand and contract-- over and over and over again... forever



Nothing is new. All has been conquered and explored. There are two choices: To live a life of endless mundanities, or to hurl oneself into a black hole and crush down into nothing...

check out my new asteroid belt!



WOW

THE END

HAUTE CARTOON

It's merely our fashion not to take ourselves too seriously...