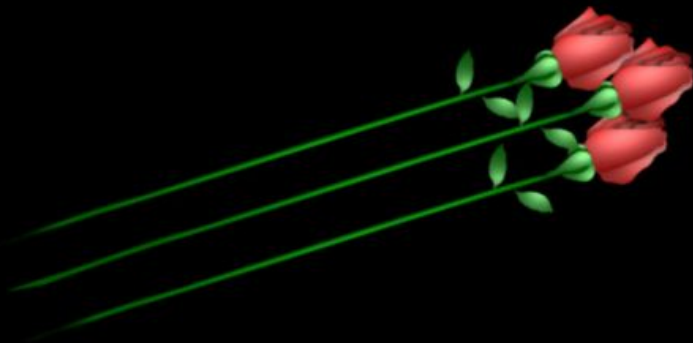
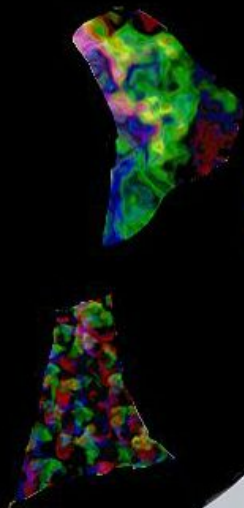




Somewhere in the naked city
sits an artist in a darkened studio...



Deeper and deeper into a world of
endless calculations and flashes of color...



GROWL...
WITHOUT THE PROPER AZMUTH
THE TEXTURE WILL NEVER WORK...

Attempts to pull him out of it proved futile...



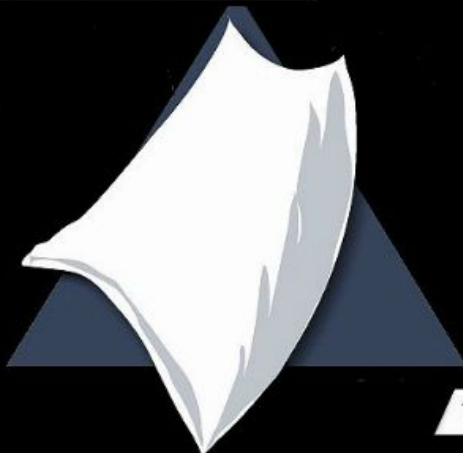
He's been setting down there for hours.
He won't let anyone see what he's doing.



BAH!
WHAT DO YOU
FOOLS KNOW?
WHY SHOULD YOU
CARE? YOU CAN
BARELY COMPREHEND
IT!



Just as I am sure that the one's we've never seen
far surpass the final one.



The End?