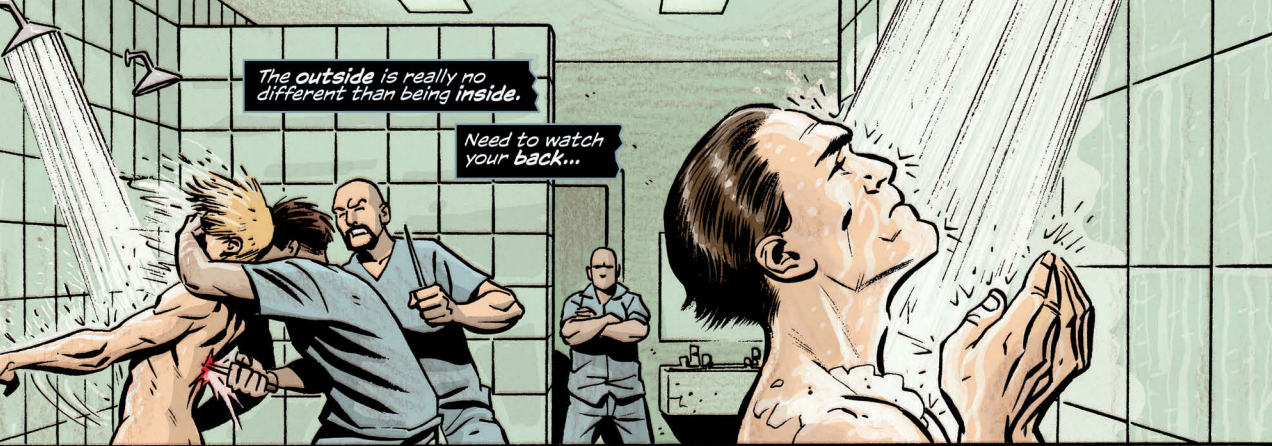




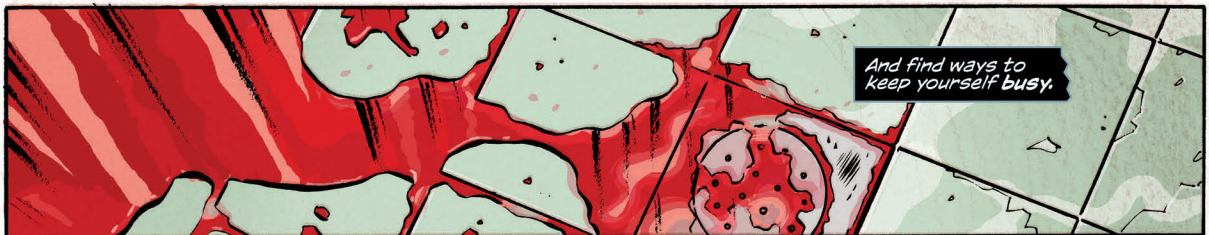
YOU'RE NEXT,
SUPERSTAR!

You get used to it.



The outside is really no different than being inside.

Need to watch your back...



And find ways to keep yourself busy.



Books take up most of my time.

Only problem is that a lot of the books' pages have been ripped out to pass notes or roll joints.

Not knowing how Harry Potter ends isn't what bugs me...



It's never stealing a kiss. Going to the movies. Road trips. So many things I took for granted.



But really, the worst part is...

The food. Three squares of ass.

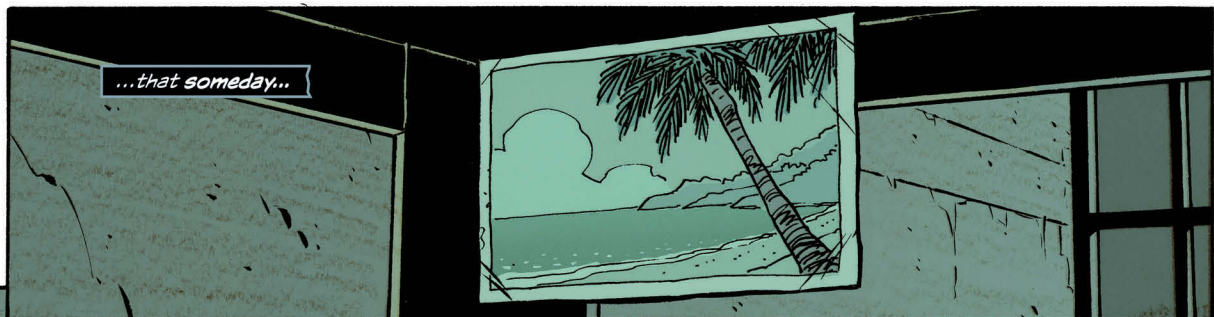


Not quite the same as eating caviar off a supermodel's tits.

The only thing that gets me through this is the reminder...



...that someday...



I'm going to die.





**BOOM! BANG! BANG!
BANG-BANG!**



**AHHH!
STOP!**

**OH DAMN, SON.
YOU HEAR THAT?**

**MUST BE
A RIOT.**

**BANG! BANG!
BANG!**



**NAH NAH, WINTERS,
THAT'S MY HOMIES
COME TO BUST
ME OUT.**



**NO, NO,
PLEASE GOD,
NO...**



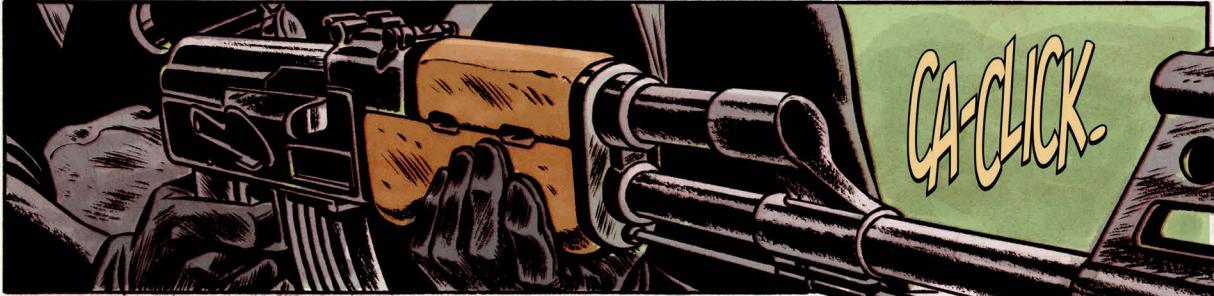
**BANG! BANG!
BANG!**



KLANG!



THUMP,
THUMP.



CA-CLICK.



WHOA,
WHOA!



JACKSON T.
WINTERS...