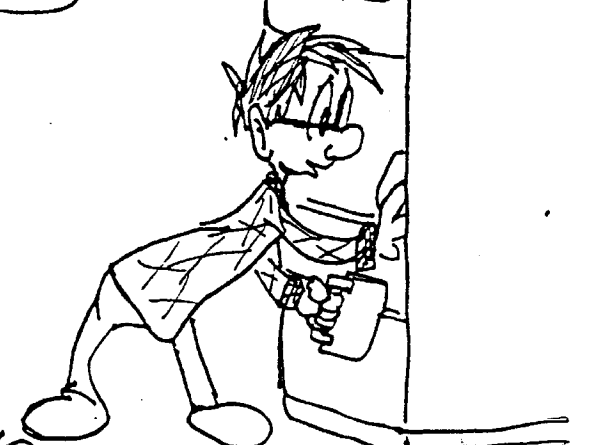


(HEY, MR. KAATZ)

(THIS THING HERE IS MY PROJECT ON POVERTY)

TRUTH IS ---



I DUNND MUCH ABOUT POVERTY-

-NOT FIRSTHAND.

I MEAN -I GREW UP ON THE BAD SIDE OF TOWN, BUT IT WASNT THAT BAD.

AMPLE SHELTER, AMPLE CLOTHING-



AND PLENTY TO EAT.

NONETHELESS...



FAN BOY # 24 1/2

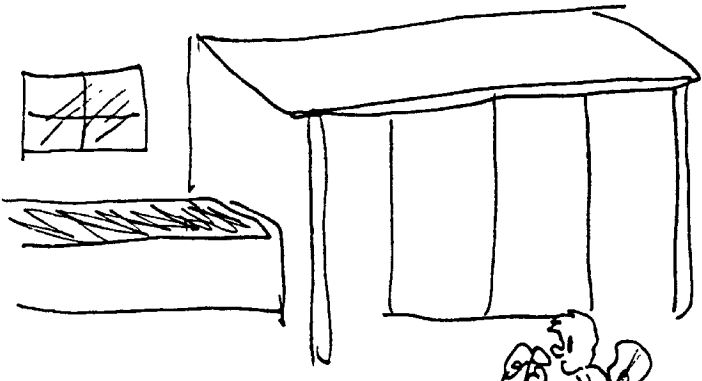
...I HAVE A STORY I BELIEVE IS AT LEAST SEMI-PERTINENT

AS YOU KNOW...

MEGA

OUR FAIR CITY HAS A HOMELESS PROBLEM.

...OF COURSE, WE RARELY SEE THEM.



MOST OF THEM ARE WITH IT ENOUGH TO STAY AT THE LOCAL SHELTER.



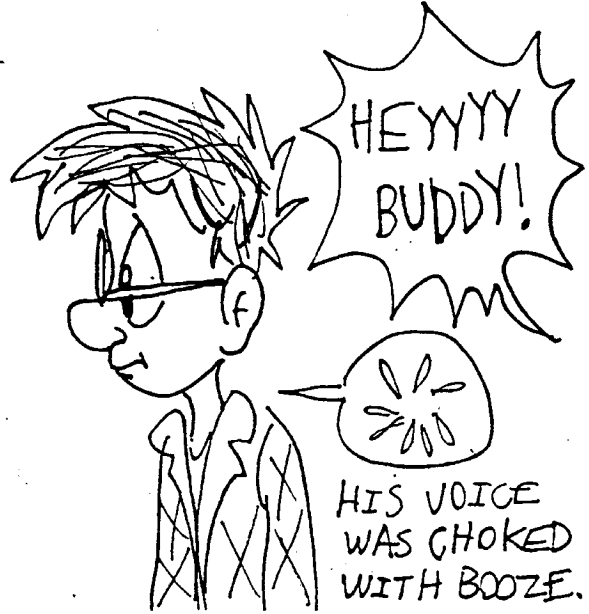
SOME, HOWEVER, CAN'T REALLY TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES. THEY MAY BE MENTALLY ILL OR ALCOHOLIC-- OR BOTH



I WAS WORKING THE CARTS & PARCEL SHIFT WITH JASON KREMER THAT DAY--



THE DAY MICK PLAYED FOR US.



AHH, BEEN SPENDING THE DAY
MAKING TAPE WITH
MY FRIENDS.



I PLAY
A MEAN
GUITAR!

GOT ONE OF THE TAPES
RIGHT HERE!



HEY, UH--
THAT'S COOL.

THE NAME'S
DAVID, BY THE
WAY. AND, UH YOU
ARE....?

MY FRIENDS
CALL ME
MICK.



SAY, UH....

WANT ME
TO PLAY YOU
A SONG?



AND THAT'S WHAT
HE DID. HE PLAYED
"FREEFALLING" FOR
US IN THE PARCEL
ROOM.



YOU KNOW KREMER.
HE JUST GRINNED
AND WENT
WITH THE
FLOW.



HE WAS REALLY QUITE TALENTED - FOR A HOMELESS DRUNK. HE TOLD ME ABOUT HOW HE GREW UP ON WATER STREET.



HE WENT OUTSIDE AND PLAYED ANOTHER SONG. PEOPLE CROWDED AROUND HIM. MY FRIEND CHARLIE AND I EACH PAYED HIM A BUCK. THERE'S LITTLE DOUBT IN MY MIND THAT HE SPENT IT ON ALCOHOL.



THEN MY BOSS CALLED THE COPS ON HIM AND YELLED AT ME!



MY POINT IS...

PEOPLE ALWAYS WRITE OFF THE HOMELESS AS SHIFTLESS BOOZE FIENDS.

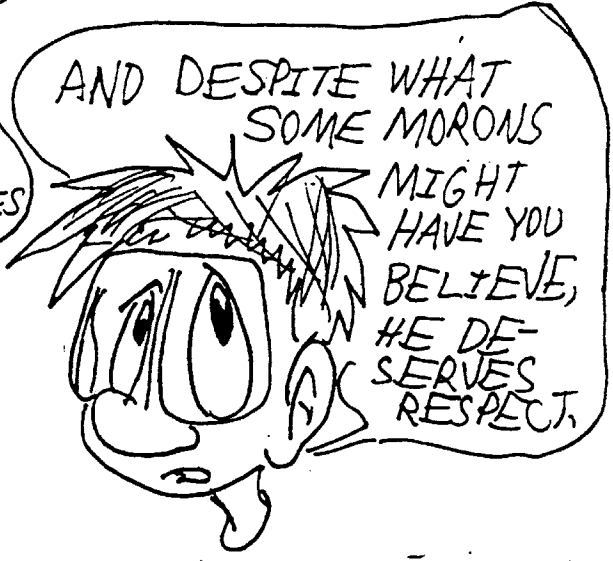
AND SOMETIMES THAT'S TRUE.



HECK, I WAS PRETTY UN-EASY ABOUT MICK.

BUT HE'S A PERSON. A PERSON WITH HOPES AND EXPERIENCES AND FEELINGS.

AND HE'S A REAL NICE GUY, Y'KNOW?



AND DESPITE WHAT SOME MORONS MIGHT HAVE YOU BELIEVE, HE DESERVES RESPECT.

THIS HAS BEEN A FANBOY POVERTY EXCLUSIVE.