SO THERE I WAS... LOLITA HAD JUST DEALT ME MY FIRST BROKEN HEART AND LEO WAS OBVIOUSLY CRACKED. I HAD NO REASON TO STAY. THUS AFTER TWO YRS. IN SPAIN I RETURNED TO NEBRASKA TO PURSUE AN EDUCATION. THIS NEXT JOURNAL COVERS THAT PERIOD IN MY LIFE. LET US BEGIN
Journal
WHERE YA GOIN' BOY?
TO AMERICA!
TAX
The trek home was long and uncomfortable. I rode the train for 8 hrs to Madrid stopping at every town along the way.
ADIOS ANDALUCIA
I had to disguise Tim as a baby so he wouldn't have to ride in a cage on the plane. He is my only friend and my only solace in this almost unbearable state of grief.
I LOVE YOU TIM!
HOW 'BOUT WE SWITCH PLACES SO YOU CAN STOP SPITTING ON ME
BABY
Fueled by bad memories and bourbon, a fire raged within me that at times I could not even contain
IF YOU DON'T SHUT UP, I'LL PUNCH YOU DEAD IN THE FACE
LITTLE UPTIGHT?
DOOSH
ZZZZZ
BABY
LUCKILY, A FEW HRS. INTO THE FLIGHT I WAS ABLE TO GET TO SLEEP.

CRYPTIC CRICKET SPY
Schreee Whine
Must you make that ungodly racket?
Schray Weeee
Well look, there's someone from the police here to talk with you, about some old relic.
It's time for my practice.
Old holy relics to be precise.
Hello, Sergeant Chaplain.
Uh, Lieutenant Bishop.
Yes, there are strange goings on in this city, very strange.
Ah, a mystery.
Later
Alright Bugsy, what can you tell me about the mysterious St. Dennis of M?
You know the going rate cricket.
Bartender! Four Beers for my friend Bugsy here! Put it on my tab!
Right you are, Mr. Cricket!
Now Bugs, tell me what you know.
Very little, Cricket. Word on the street is that St. Dennis was no saint at all! There are several schools of thought ...
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM!