

HOWTOONS

IT WAS RAINING
CATS AND DOGS...

I REFUSED TO BE STUCK
INSIDE LIKE A RAT IN A CAGE.

TO BE FREE
I'D HAVE TO
MAKE SOMETHING...

I HAD TO
ESCAPE!

SOMETHING THAT
COULD KILL ME.

I'D NEED TRASH BAGS,

DUCT TAPE,

SCISSORS,

ALL OF THEM
DEADLY... YOU'VE
HEARD THE YARNS.

BUT THE RISK WOULD
BE WORTH THE REWARD.

SUFFOCATION!

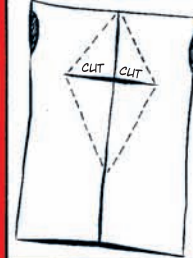
CEN-
SOR-
SHIP

RUNNING
WITH
SCISSORS.

I WAS TOO
SMART FOR
THAT.

I HAD A PLAN.

LAI D OUT LIKE SO,
ALL I HAD TO DO
WAS EXECUTE.



BEING WELL PREPARED, I WAS CONFIDENT. SUCCESS WAS A
MATTER OF PATIENCE AND FOCUS.

I MADE
THE CUTS
CAREFULLY,
THE FOLDS
PRECISELY.

WITH CONFIDENCE I COULD NOW IMPROVISE. I MADE
SLEEVES AND TAPED THE SEAMS SHUT WITH DUCT TAPE.

THE COAT WAS
A PERFECT FIT.

NOW, WALKING THE STREETS I CONTEMPLATED THE
POSSIBILITIES.

ALL THE DIFFERENT COATS THAT
WERE WITHIN MY REACH.

WHERE OTHERS HAD
SEEN ONLY TRASH BAGS,

RECEPTACLES
FIT ONLY TO
RECEIVE OUR
WASTE,

I HAD SEEN
SOMETHING
DIFFERENT...

AND IT WAS
BEAUTIFUL IN
ITS SIMPLE
FUNCTION.

TRASH
BAG
RAIN
COAT

DUCT-
TAPE
SEAMS

CUT SLITS
AND STRIPS
FOR BELT.

IT WOULD BE
IMPERVIOUS
TO THE ELEMENTS
THAT WOULD
IMPRISON ME.

THE RAIN LIGHTLY
MASSAGED MY BRAIN.

I WAS FREE.