

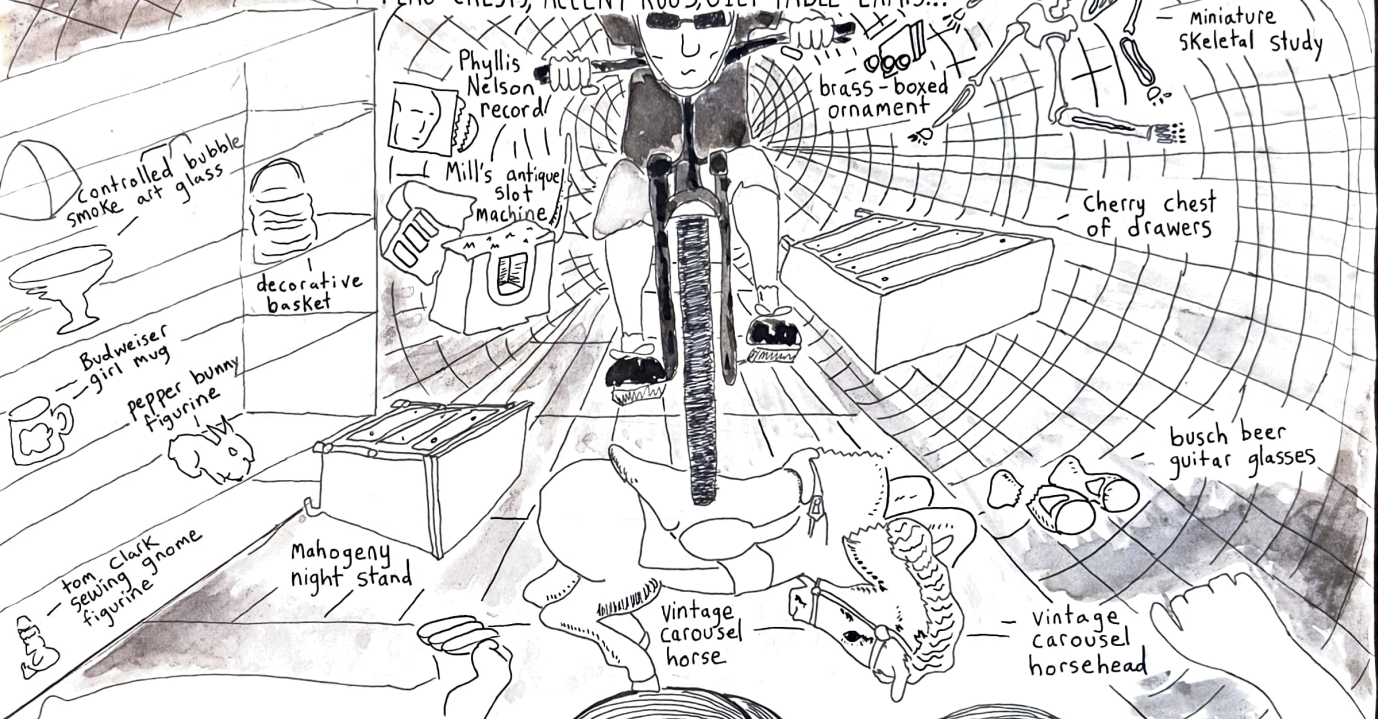
LANDFILL

MICHAEL'S TV NOVELTY ANTIQUES

IN MICHAEL'S DREAM, THE CYCLIST WITH THE YELLOW HELMET STREAKS THROUGH THE AISLES.



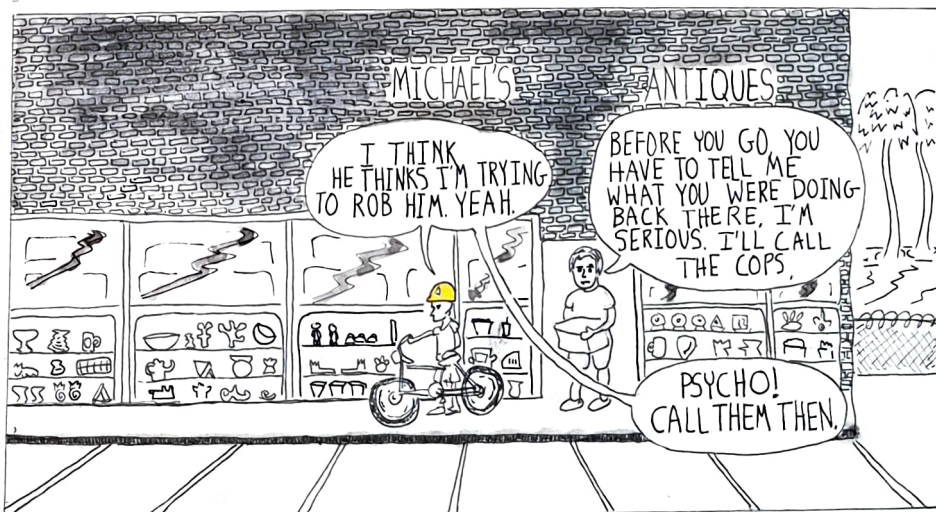
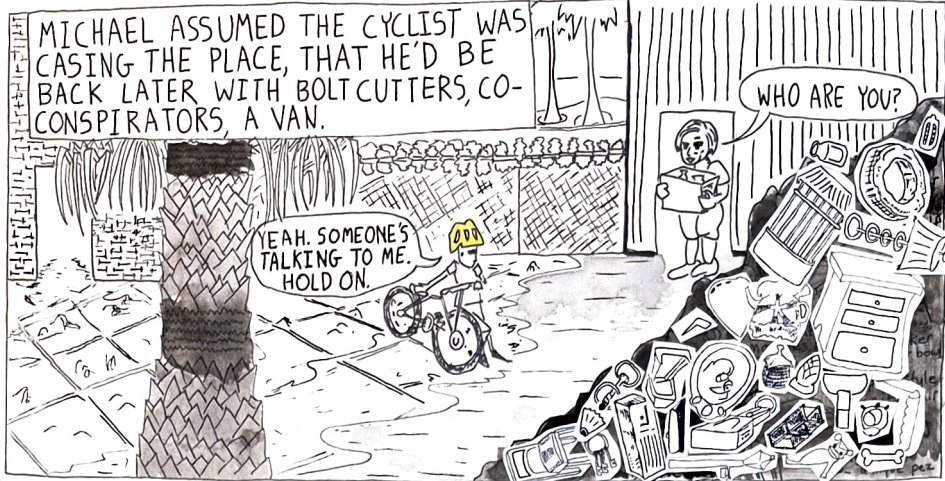
HIS GOAL IS DESTRUCTION. HE SMASHES UP FLAG CRESTS, ACCENT RUGS, GILT TABLE LAMPS...



IN MICHAEL'S REAL LIFE, HE'D FOUND THE CYCLIST CREEPING AROUND BEHIND THE STORE.



HEY! THE FUCK YOU DOIN' BACK HERE?



HOLD ON. LET ME CALL YOU BACK...LOOK, DUDE, I'M NO-BODY. I JUST SAW THAT THING BACK THERE. THAT BIG PILE OF STUFF YOU... HEY!

TELL ME WHO YOU ARE!

I DON'T WANT TO TELL YOU.

WHY?

BECAUSE YOU'RE ACTING INSANE AND I'M WORRIED YOU'RE GOING TO SHOOT ME!

OR MAYBE THE CYCLIST DIDN'T

MAYBE IT WAS LOCKED UP OUT FRONT.

HAVE THE BIKE BEHIND THE STORE.

MICHAEL HAD RELIVED THE INCIDENT SO MANY TIMES IN HIS SLEEP THAT THE REAL HAD BLENDED WITH THE R.E.M.

EITHER WAY HE DOES REMEMBER THAT AFTER LETTING THE CYCLIST GO, HE WENT BACK IN THE STORE AND TOLD HIS SON AND DAUGHTER WHAT HAPPENED

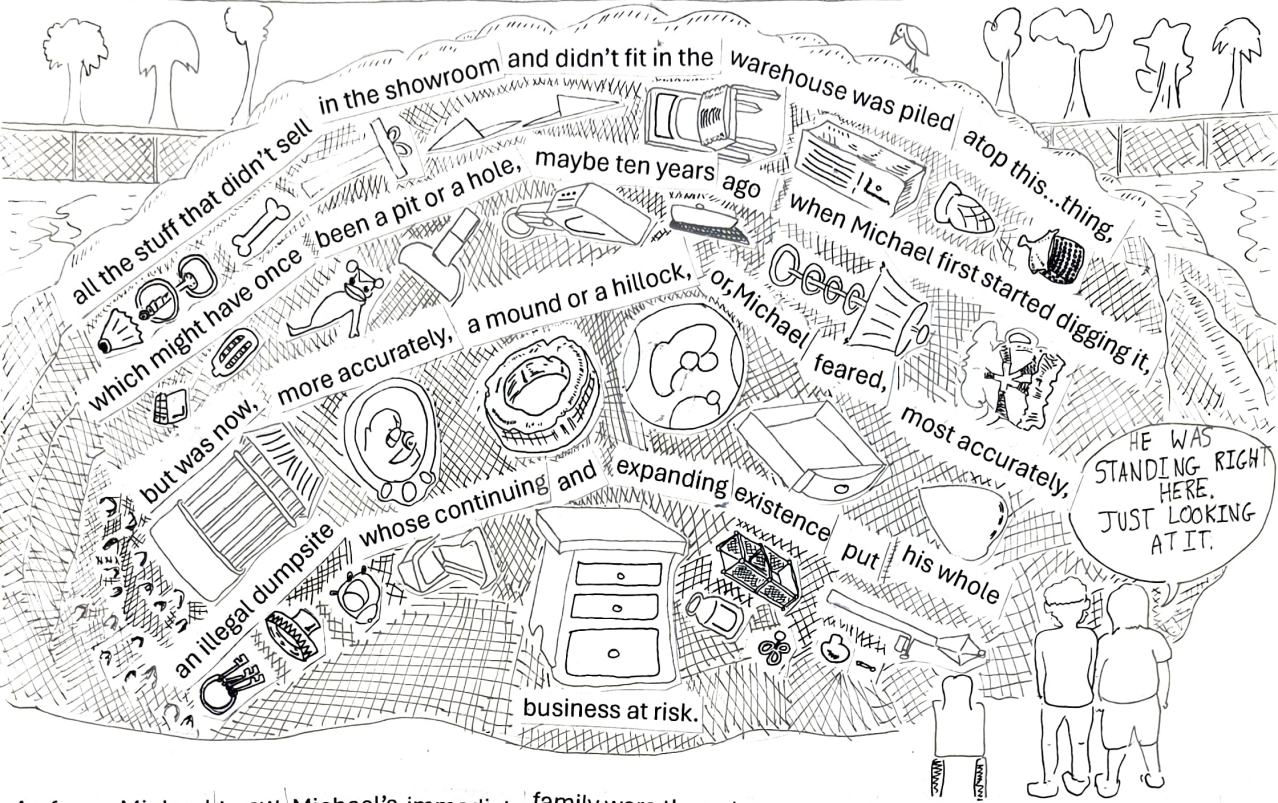
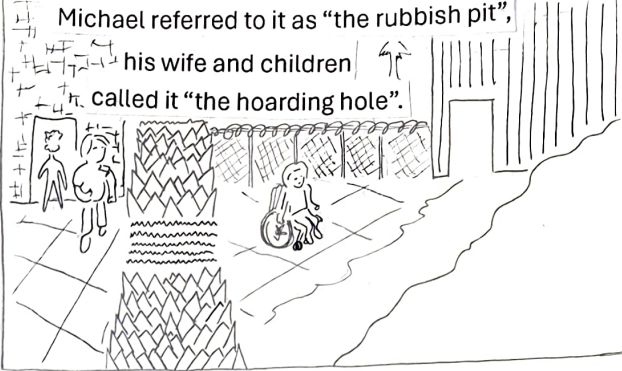
WHO WAS THAT?

YOU SEEMED REALLY ANGRY, DAD.

SOME MORON I CAUGHT SNOOPING AROUND BEHIND THE STORE.

AND YOU JUST LET HIM GO? WHAT IF HE COMES BACK? SHOULDN'T WE CALL THE COPS?

Was it fear of robbery that set Michael off,
or the fact that the cyclist
had seen "that thing", "the big pile of stuff"?



As far as Michael knew, Michael's immediate family were the only people to have seen it, this monument to Michael's denial of object mortality, his unwillingness to accept that, eventually, Persian Bidjar tribal runners and 2-piece bird houses w/ tiny green painted flowers had to pass over from their second lives as antiques to their permanent deaths as trash.

