Mr. Toad, are there any universal truths?

We make everything up.


All constructs.

Do you really believe that?

Yes and no.

Are you toying with me, Mr. Toad?

Eskimo questions, Italian no lies!
ZIPPY “Cereal Killer” By Bill Griffith

Zippy, things are not what they seem.

But... but...

I thought there was a law.

No law.
No rules.
Nothing is as it appears to be.

Then you... me... this bowl of rice pudding.

Thought constructions!
Nothing but fever dreams!
Hallucinations!

Bill?
Hillary?
Th’ Serbs?
Showtime?
H.B.O.?
All illusions?

No, just kidding!
I just thought I’d mess with your mind before breakfast!

It’s th’ most important meal of th’ day!!
**Calvin and Hobbes**

**Ugh, I hate going to the subconscious.**

**Me too! Why doesn't anyone ever clean this dump?**

**Here's a movie reel. I suppose it's as good as any.**

**I grabbed these two. Let's get back to central cognition.**

**We can run this reel first.**

**I hope these are better than last night's movies.**

**Hurry up! The lights are dimming! Help me thread the projector!**

**Yikes, this is awful! Where did you guys find this?**

**Oops, the next reel isn't even from the same film.**

**This one is even worse! I guess it's some sort of suspense movie.**

**Why can't we ever watch anything good?**

**Aughh! Too scary! Monsters! Quick, try another reel!**

**Maybe you should get the movies next time!**

**This one makes no sense! What's going on? Has this been dubbed from some other language?**

**None of these make sense! We're splicing them all out of order.**

**The lights are coming back on! Show's over!**

**Finally! I thought this would never end.**

**Back to work! Man your stations! Full alert!**

**Whoa, I had so many strange dreams... I wonder what they mean.**
Griffy, where do you go when you go to sleep?

Wha'? Oh, Jeez. I was having this great dream.

And why can't I fly or look like Ben Affleck when I'm awake?

I was on Mars, but it looked oddly like Brooklyn.

I once had a weird dream about Brooklyn. Only it looked just like Queens!

Dreams are like movies, Zip. They seem directed by someone else.

Consciousness is much like a sequel. Zippy, derivative and overhyped.
I'm observing myself observing myself while I draw myself observing myself. What are you doing, Zippy?

I'm observing myself observing myself as I observe you observing yourself. Observe yourself as you draw yourself observing yourself.

Talk about your self-consciousness!!

I'm making an observation on self-observation as I draw myself & two other selves observing the observational process?

Who ordered the ham and pineapple??
ZIPPY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE? YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO DRIVE A STEAM LOCOMOTIVE!

IT'S OKAY! THIS ISN'T REAL LIFE! IT'S A DREAM I'M HAVING!

IN REALITY, I'M SLEEP IN MY BED, WITH TH' TV ON, TUNED TO HOME SHOPPING!

THEN AM I IN YOUR DREAM, TOO, OR AM I YELLING AT YOU FROM DOWNSTAIRS TO TURN OFF TH' TV?

AM I A FIGMENT OF YOUR IMAGINATION OR AN UNWANTED INTRUSION FROM TH' REAL WORLD?

SORRY! IF I TOOK TIME TO PONDER SUCH DEEP PHILOSOPHICAL RAMIFICATIONS, I'D BE LATE ON MY MILK RUN TO KANSAS CITY!!
FIRST, TH' WORLD WAS ALL ALONE.

THEN TRAINS CAME ALONG AND CONQUERED IT...

CONQUERING IS BAD... BUT TRAINS ARE COOL!