

WHAT A NEW YEAR'S EVE!  
PURE HURRAH AND DEBAUCHERY.

FIREWORKS... UNICORNS...  
GENITALIA...



WHAT DID YOU DO?



NOTHING.  
I CAN'T ABIDE  
ALL THE FUSS.  
  
TOO MUCH  
ANTICIPPOINTMENT.



OH THAT'S CLEVER.

DON'T LOOK BACK.  
DON'T LOOK FORWARD.  
EH?

ANTICIPATION IS A  
CHEMICAL MIND TEASE.



THE EVENTUAL LETDOWN  
CRUSHES EXPECTATIONS  
LIKE AN AVALANCHE.



HMM. LIKE FINALLY  
GETTING TO BED A  
HOT CO-WORKER  
THAT TURNS OUT TO BE  
A DRAG IN THE SACK.

THAT'S RIGHT.



ANTICIPATION  
MAKES A MOCKERY  
OUT OF ALL  
YOUR FANTASIES.



LIKE WHEN THE NEWLY-ELECTED  
SUPERHERO PRESIDENT  
TURNS OUT TO BE A--

HOLD ON THERE, ANDREW.  
LET'S NOT SUBSTITUTE  
HIGH HOPES WITH LOW BLOWS.

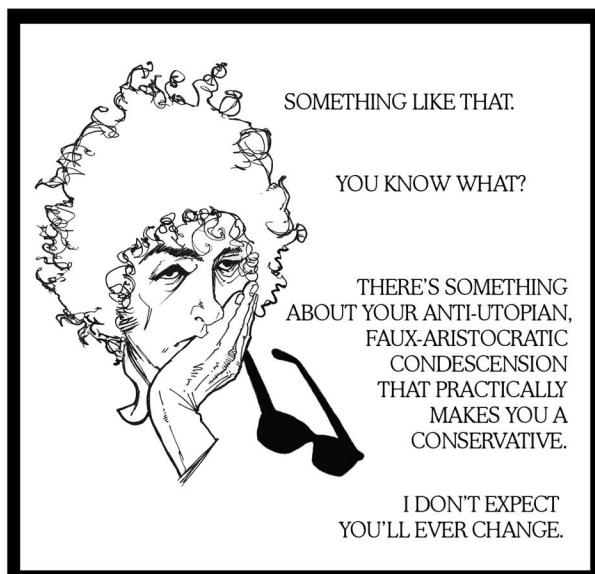
I WAS GOING TO SAY POLITICIAN.

STILL TOO LOW.

WELL THEN. HOW ABOUT THE  
ANTICIPPOINTMENT OF PLANNING A LUXURY  
VACATION IN AN EXOTIC LOCALE...



ONLY TO FIND  
THE PLACE  
CRAWLING  
WITH INDIGENT  
FOREIGNERS?



SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

YOU KNOW WHAT?

THERE'S SOMETHING  
ABOUT YOUR ANTI-UTOPIAN,  
FAUX-ARISTOCRATIC  
CONDESCENSION  
THAT PRACTICALLY  
MAKES YOU A  
CONSERVATIVE.

I DON'T EXPECT  
YOU'LL EVER CHANGE.

WELL.

NO.

AFTER ALL,  
I WOULDN'T WANT  
TO ANTICIPPOINT  
YOU.



HAPPY NEW YEAR, ROBERT!

*Robert*