

House of Dreams Redux

Part 2



Preview



THAT NIGHT...



...ALL ARE
ASLEEP...




...AND DREAMING...

zzzz...

I'M NOT PUTTING YOU
DOWN, JON. I WOULD
NEVER DO THAT...





I AM A TEACHER,
JON. I AM VERY GOOD AT
ASSESSING THE AGE OF A
CHILD.

IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU ARE!
"MIDDLE SCHOOL ALL THE WAY?!"
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT, IF NOT A
PUT DOWN?!



I'M SURE YOU BELIEVE THAT, BUT YOU SEEM A BIT YOUNGER TO ME. PERHAPS YOU HAD A COMPLICATION FROM THE TREATMENT.

I WON'T KEEP YOU. TEXT ME WHEN YOU AND MOM ARE FREE.

SORRY, KIDDO. THEM'S THE BREAKS. SEE YA LATER!

CAN YOU PLEASE KNOCK OFF THE CHILD STUFF? I'M 16!


I'M GONNA SEE THE DOCTOR THIS MORNING. SHE'LL KNOW.

I DON'T WANNA BRING HER!

*SHE'S HAVING A GRAND
OLD TIME, BUSTING ON ME!
I'M DEFINITELY 16!*

*MIDDLE SCHOOL
MY ASS.*





DR. BAKER
SPECIFICALLY SAID ALL OF
THE SUBJECTS HIT THEIR
MARK.

THERE'S NO
REASON I WOULD BE
ANY DIFFERENT.



CINDY MIGHT BE A
TEACHER AND ALL, BUT SHE
TEACHES GRADE SCHOOL

HOW WOULD SHE KNOW?
MAYBE I JUST LOOK YOUNG FOR
MY AGE.

HEH.
THERE'S AN
UNDERSTATEMENT! EVEN IF I
WAS LITTLE BIT
YOUNGER...

...IT BEATS THE HELL
OUT OF BEING OLD AND
OUT OF WORK.



AH... FUCK IT. SHE'S JUST
BUSTING ON ME. THAT'S WHAT
FRIENDS DO.

SHE ISN'T GONNA
RUIN MY MOOD! I'M
YOUNG AGAIN!

HERE COMES
MR. COOL!

I...
WHOA...

I... I...
GULP...

OH, HELLO. YOU'RE
NOT DANA.

SHE DIDN'T TELL
ME SHE HAD A BOY
OVER.

I... THAT
IS... UM...

H... HELLO.



DANA'S HOME, RIGHT?
I'M HER RIDE TO
SCHOOL.

JACKIE IS TOTALLY
HOT! WHY DIDN'T I EVER
NOTICE THAT?!

JEEZ, I WONDER
IF SHE RECOGNIZES
ME.

WHO AM I KIDDING?
WHY WOULD SHE?

UM... SHE'LL
BE DOWN IN A
MINUTE.



I... **AHEM**... I HAVE A DOCTOR'S APPOINTMENT. THANKS ANYWAY.

I NEVER SAW YOU AT SCHOOL. I'M JACKIE. CAN I GIVE YOU A LIFT?

YUCK! I HATE THE DOCTOR. ARE YOU SICK? YOU LOOK FINE TO ME.

NAH... IT'S
JUST A CHECK UP...

YOU LOOK FINE
TO ME TOO.

JON

GIGGLE... THANK
YOU. WHAT'S YOUR
NAME?

NICE TO MEET
YOU, JON.



I... UM...
HAVEN'T GOTTEN AROUND
TO IT...

HEY, JACK. DID HE
TELL YOU? PRETTY COOL,
HUH?

TELL ME
WHAT?

OHMYGOD, YOU
WON'T BELIEVE IT... BUT
HE'S MY DAD!

SERIOUSLY! HE IS!
HE... UM... HAS THIS RARE
DISEASE OR
SOMETHING.

SUPER
OLD?!

AHAHAHA...
GOOD ONE, DEE! YOU'R
DAD'S LIKE SUPER OLD!
HE'S A KID!

HAHA... HE'S
MR. SMITH? YEAH,
RIGHT!





WELL, YOU CAN CALL ME JON,
JACKIE. AND YEAH, I HAVE THIS
WEIRD... UM... *CONDITION.*

I SAW YOU A
COUPLE OF DAYS
AGO, REMEMBER? YOU ASKED IF
I WANTED TO HANG OUT BY
THE POOL.

WOW... EITHER
YOU'RE REALLY DEE'S
FATHER, OR SHE COACHED
YOU REALLY WELL!

ANYWAY, IF YOU REALLY ARE
HER DAD, YOU TOTALLY LOOK
BETTER TO ME.

I APPROVE! YOU SHOULD
HAVE COME IN THE POOL WITH US.
I WAS WEARING A TOTALLY HOT
BIKINI!



I'M NOT GONNA MISS AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THAT AGAIN.

TRUST ME, I WON'T.

THAT MAKES TWO OF US.

GIGGLE... SEE THAT YOU DON'T!

SORRY I SAID YOU WERE SUPER OLD... BUT YOU'RE SURE NOT NOW! YOU'RE SO YOUNG...

...AND CUTE!

GAG... QUIT IT, GUYS! I;M GONNA HURL!



JEEZ, SHE'S SUCH A DRAMA QUEEN!

TELL ME ABOUT IT.

SO, LIKE, HOW OLD ARE YOU?

SIXTEEN, I THINK. BUT I'M SURE THE DOCTOR HAS WAYS OF DETERMINING THAT.

ARE YOU GONNA GO TO MIDDLETON?

HEH... LOOK AT HIM GO! I DON'T THINK HE'LL BE BUGGING ME ANYMORE ABOUT THINGS HE SHOULDN'T BE.



THAT'S THE PLAN. I
HAVE A MEETING THERE
TODAY AFTER I SEE THE
DOCTOR.

COOL!
MAYBE WE'LL HAVE
SOME CLASSES
TOGETHER.

THAT WOULD BE
GREAT! I DON'T KNOW
ANYONE THERE, EXCEPT
YOU AND DANA.

HE'S FITTING
RIGHT IN. ONE OF THE
KIDS.



WE SHOULD HANG OUT AFTER SCHOOL, HUH? MAYBE AT YOUR POOL?

ONLY IF YOU WEAR THE BIKINI YOU TOLD ME ABOUT!

SURE! IF DANA LETS ME.

SHE'D BETTER!

GRRR...



I LOOK
TOTALLY HOT IN
IT!

I BET
YOU DO!

I SWEAR TO GOD, IF
YOU DON'T STOP FLIRTING
WITH MY DAD, I'M KICKING
YOUR ASS!

YEAH... MY
ASS REALLY
ROCKS!

EXCUSE ME,
KIDS. I HATE TO
INTERRUPT...





BUT JON REALLY DOES NEED TO
GET TO THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE FOR
HIS APPOINTMENT... DON'T YOU,
JON?

SIGH... YEAH...
I GUESS...



SORRY I GOT YOU IN TROUBLE, JON.

SEE YOU AFTER SCHOOL?

DON'T SWEAT IT. I'M ALWAYS IN TROUBLE WITH HER. WOULDN'T BE A DOG HOUSE WITHOUT ME IN IT.

IT'S A DATE!



BYE, DANA.
BYE JACKIE.

SEE YA LATER
DAD-O!

BYE,
JON!



I THOUGHT I WAS DRIVING.

BUT...

OTHER SIDE, JON.

YOU THOUGHT WRONG. HOP IN. I DON'T WANT TO BE LATE.

NO BUTS. IN YOU GO.

I KNOW HOW TO
DRIVE, YOU KNOW! AND I'M
SIXTEEN!

I'M SORRY. DID I
EMBARRASS YOU IN FRONT OF
JACKIE?

THAT'S NOT
THE POINT... BUT
YES!

I KNOW YOU CAN
DRIVE, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE
A LICENSE, OR EVEN A
LEARNER'S PERMIT, DO
YOU?



**YOU KNOW I DON'T!
THAT'S JUST A
TECHNICALITY!**

**NOT IF YOU GET
PULLED OVER BY THE
COPS, IT ISN'T.**

**WHEN WE HAVE TIME, I'LL
TAKE YOU TO THE DMV FOR THE
PERMIT. THEN YOU CAN DRIVE,
WITH ME OR DANA.**



DANA?! I DON'T NEED DANA
TO TEACH ME HOW TO DRIVE! I
TAUGHT HER!

YOU TAUGHT HER VERY
WELL. SHE'S A LICENSED
DRIVER.

OR MAYBE JACKIE CAN
SUPERVISE YOU. I'M SURE
YOU'D LIKE THAT...

...WOULDN'T YOU,
CASANOVA?



SORRY... I WASN'T TRYING TO MAKE YOU JEALOUS.

HAHA... I'M NOT JEALOUS OF WHAT CHILDREN DO, JON.

SOON...

**EXCUSE ME,
WE'RE HERE FOR DR.
BAKER.**

TICK TICK TICK

*OF COURSE, MRS. SMITH!
YOU'RE RIGHT ON TIME, AND
SHE'S WAITING FOR YOU!*

*I CAN TAKE YOU
RIGHT BACK!*

TICK TICK TICK



THANK YOU.

I'M SO GLAD TO HEAR IT!
IF YOU'RE READY, I CAN TAKE
YOU ON BACK.


YOU CERTAINLY
SEEM TO BE RIGHT ON
TRACK. LET'S SEE HOW
WE'RE DOING.

OKAY.





GOOD. YOU'VE
LOST A LOT OF
WEIGHT.

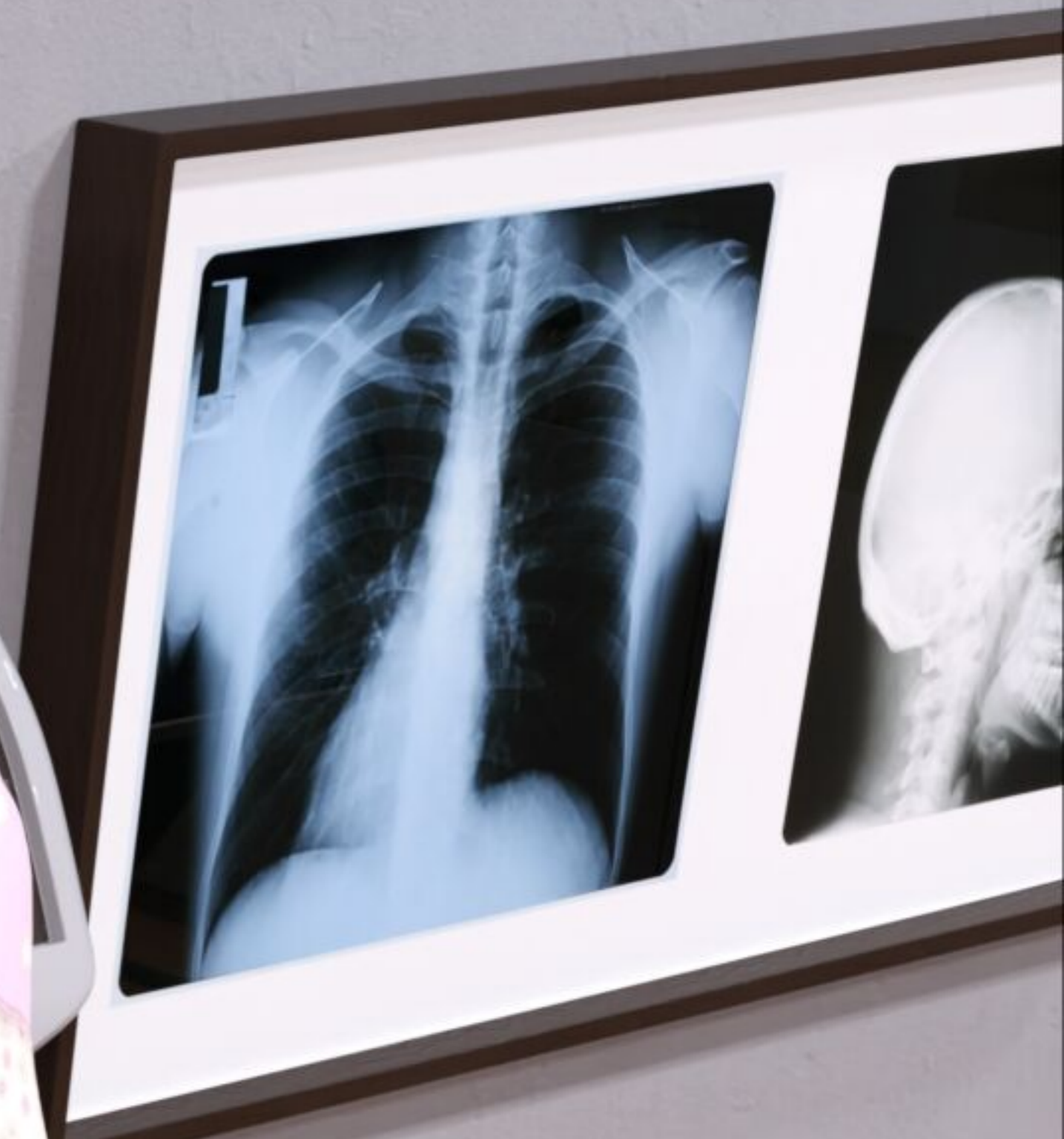


I SURE HAVE! I GUESS
NOW I CAN EAT MORE ICE
CREAM, HUH?

I DON'T RECOMMEND IT.
CHILDHOOD OBESITY IS NO
LAUGHING MATTER.

AM I STILL
5'10"?

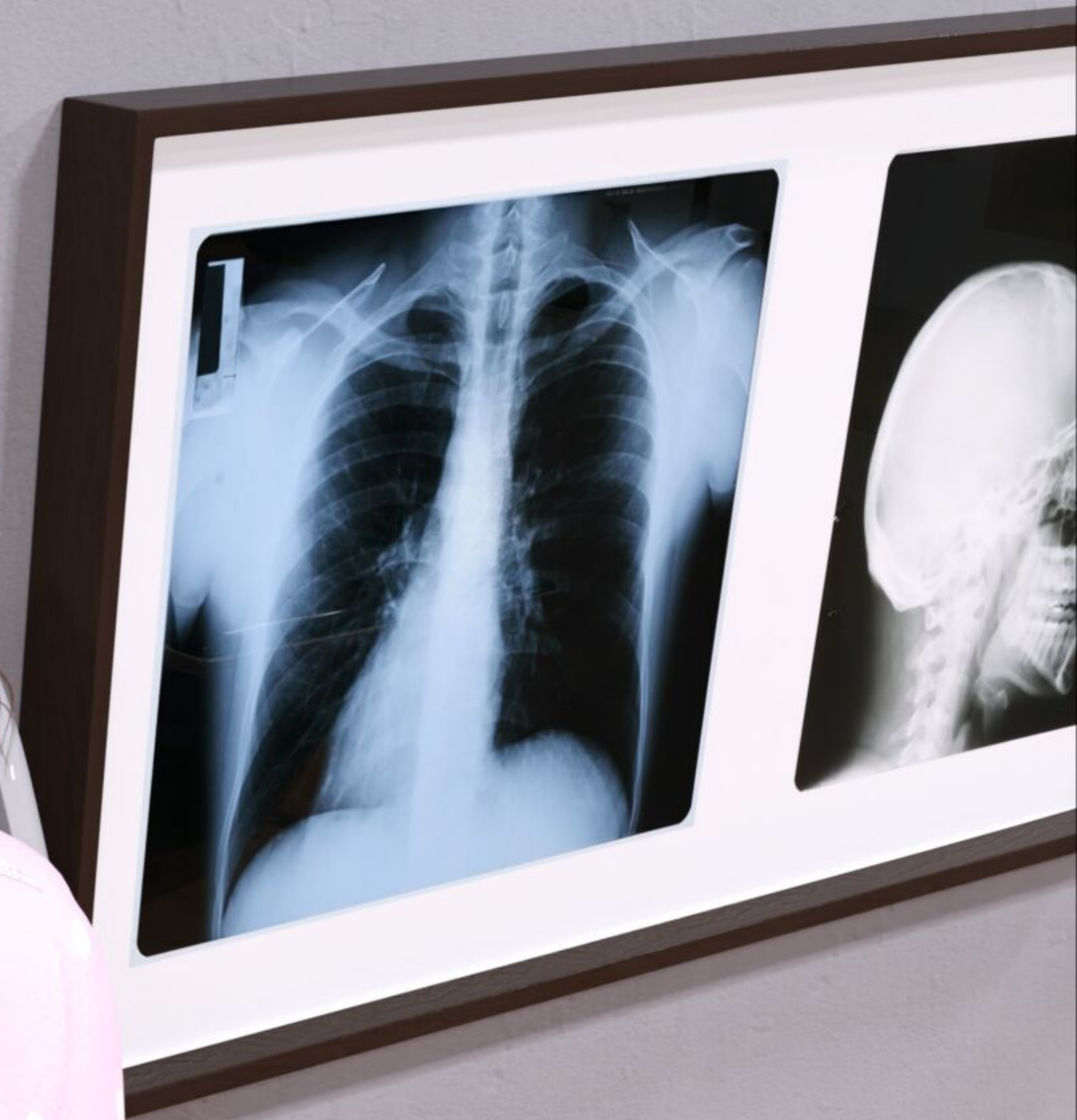
HMM...
NOT QUITE.



GUESS I
SHRUNK IN THE
WASH!

I HAVE
5'8".

GIGGLE..
. THAT'S AN
AVERAGE HEIGHT FOR A
SIXTEEN YEAR OLD
BOY, SIR.



OH? OUR DAUGHTER...
ACTUALLY, MY DAUGHTER... IS A
SOPHOMORE. MAYBE SHE KNOWS
HER?

I THINK I'M THE SAME
SIZE I WAS WHEN I WAS
SIXTEEN. SO IT'S ALL COOL,
RIGHT?

SO FAR, SO GOOD! YOU LOOK
LIKE YOU'RE READY FOR HIGH
SCHOOL, AND I SHOULD KNOW. MY
DAUGHTER'S A SENIOR.

MAYBE. SHE KNOWS
SOME OF THE
UNDERCLASSMEN, I THINK, BUT
IT'S HARD TO KEEP TRACK.

WHAT'S YOUR
SISTER'S NAME,
JON?

DANA.





I CAN ASK HER.
MY GIRL'S NAME IS
JACKIE.

HEY, I THINK I KNOW
HER! DANA HAS A FRIEND
NAMED JACKIE!

ABOUT YOUR
HEIGHT, BROWN
HAIR?

NO, SHE'S
BLOND. IT MUST BE
SOMEONE ELSE.

YEAH, IT'S A
COMMON NAME.

JON! LAUREN!
WELCOME BACK!

AND HOW ARE WE FEELING TODAY?

HELLO, NANCY.

BY THE HEIGHT/WEIGHT NOMOGRAPH, HE'S RIGHT ON TARGET, DOCTOR.

OK, I GUESS.

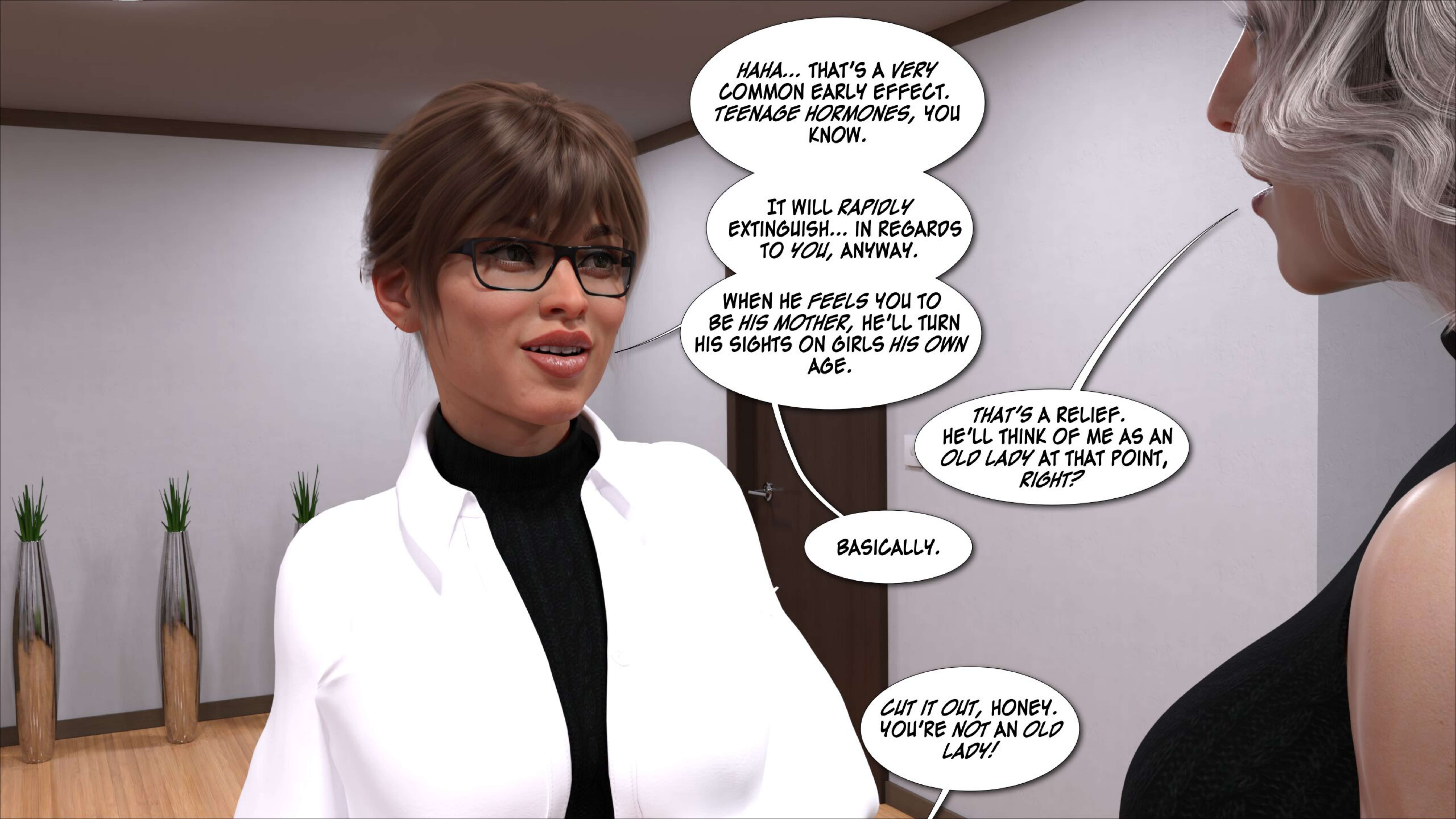
EXCELLENT, THAT'S WHAT WE WANT TO HEAR. NO ADVERSE EFFECTS, I HOPE?

NUH UH.

LAUREN!

DOES HORNINESS COUNT? HE WAS A BIT PERSISTENT THIS MORNING.





HAHA... THAT'S A VERY COMMON EARLY EFFECT. TEENAGE HORMONES, YOU KNOW.

IT WILL RAPIDLY EXTINGUISH... IN REGARDS TO YOU, ANYWAY.

WHEN HE FEELS YOU TO BE HIS MOTHER, HE'LL TURN HIS SIGHTS ON GIRLS HIS OWN AGE.

THAT'S A RELIEF. HE'LL THINK OF ME AS AN OLD LADY AT THAT POINT, RIGHT?

BASICALLY.

CUT IT OUT, HONEY. YOU'RE NOT AN OLD LADY!

A woman with short brown hair and bangs, wearing black-rimmed glasses, a white lab coat, and a black turtleneck, is smiling and speaking. She is in a room with a light-colored wall, a dark door, and three tall, thin vases with green plants on a wooden floor. The scene is overlaid with a comic book-style speech bubble.

**SHE'S PRESENTLY
MUCH OLDER THAN YOU
ARE, YOUNG MAN.**

**I'M GLAD THE
PROCEDURE WORKED AS
PLANNED. AND YOU'RE NOT
HAVING ANY PROBLEMS?**

**NO. I FEEL LIKE I ALWAYS
DID. MY CLOTHES ARE ALL
BAGGY ON ME, BUT I GUESS
THAT'S EXPECTED.**

**IT IS, UNLESS
YOU WERE JUST A BIG AT
SIXTEEN AS YOU WERE AS
AN ADULT.**


WHEN WILL I RECEIVE HIS BIRTH CERTIFICATE? I WAS PLANNING ON REGISTERING HIM AT MIDDLETON TODAY.

OH? WHY IS THAT?

AND WE HAVE TO GO TO THE DMV SO I CAN GET MY DRIVING PERMIT.

WE LIKE TO WAIT ABOUT 48 HOURS BEFORE ISSUING THE BIRTH CERTIFICATE.




A woman with short brown hair and bangs, wearing black-rimmed glasses, a white lab coat, and a black turtleneck, is smiling slightly. She is in a modern office with a light grey wall, a dark wood door, and three tall glass vases with green plants on a wooden floor. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the right side of the image.

WELL, THERE'S A
POSSIBILITY OF A BIT OF
SETTLING THAT CAN LAST UP
TO 48 HOURS.


HE COULD LOSE A
YEAR, OR TWO.

WHAT?! I THOUGHT I WAS
DONE, AND RIGHT ON TARGET! ARE
YOU SAYING I COULD GET
YOUNGER?

A woman with short brown hair and bangs, wearing black-rimmed glasses, a white lab coat over a black turtleneck, is smiling slightly. She is in a clinical or office setting with a white wall, a dark door, and three glass vases with green plants on a wooden surface in the background. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left and one on the bottom right.

*IT'S UNCOMMON, AS WE
DISCUSSED BEFORE THE
PROCEDURE, BUT IT'S POSSIBLE.
AND YES, YOU ARE RIGHT ON
TARGET.*

*I DO NOT WANT
TO GET ANY
YOUNGER!!*



YOU PROBABLY
WON'T. IT'S JUST
A RISK, DAD-O.

LIKE MY BIKINI? I
TOLD YOU I LOOK HOT
IN IT!

Y... YOU'RE
REALLY PRETTY IN
IT!



**GIGGLE*... I THINK HE DOES!*

**GIGGLE*... THANK YOU! I THINK YOUR LITTLE BROTHER HAS A CRUSH ON ME, DEE!*

W...WHADDAYA MEAN, LITTLE BROTHER?





HE'LL BE CUTE WHEN HE'S A BIT OLDER.

NO ROBBING THE CRADLE OR I'M KICKING YOUR ASS!

CRADLE?!
HUH?!





HAHA... I HOPE YOU
DON'T. YUCK!

MIDDLE
SCHOOL?! WHO'S IN
MIDDLE SCHOOL?

RELAX, DEE. I HAVE NO
INTEREST IN MIDDLE
SCHOOL KIDS.



I WAS SO SURE HE WAS...

OH! YOU'RE NOT EVEN IN MIDDLE SCHOOL YET, ARE YOU LITTLE BOY?

I AM TOO IN MIDDLE SCHOOL!! I MEAN... MRS. GIBSON SAID I WAS...





MY MISTAKE. GUESS I
OVERESTIMATED YOU.
YOU'RE TALL FOR A FIFTH
GRADE BOY.

TAKE YOUR SEAT,
PLEASE.

N... NOT IN ...
NOT IN FIFTH GRADE...

zzz...

Purchase