

GEORGE CHESTER'S OFFICE A/C WOULD NO LONGER GO... AND HE PAID FOR THE PRIVILEGE.



HE SAW HIMSELF WITH HIS WIFE & KIDS IN HIS COTTAGE BY THE SEA.



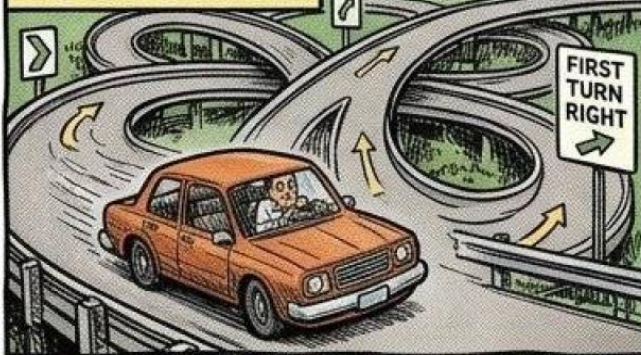
HE PAID FOR HIS CAR AT THE PARKING LOT, WHICH GAVE THE POOR MAN CHILLS. THE ATTENDANT LAUGHED...



AT THE END OF A LONG, HARD DAY... PLACING HIMSELF IN THE HANDS OF GOD... HE DROVE TO THE LONG FREEWAY.



HE CAME AT LAST TO THE TURNPIKE GATE AND HE LAID HIS MONEY DOWN. HE TOOK THE FIRST TURN TO THE RIGHT AND HE FOLLOWED THE CURVE AROUND.



TRAFFIC STRETCHED FAR... THEY SPED AT SUPERNATURAL SPEEDS... SOMETIMES THEY



GEORGE CHESTER'S EYES ROLLED BACK IN HIS HEAD AND HIS POOR BRAIN STARTED TO GO... HE TOOK EACH BEND OF THE CLOVER LEAF... HE FOLLOWED EVERY SIGN...



...A THOUSAND HORNS WOULD BLOW.



AND TOOK EACH BEND OF THE FOLLOWED EVERY SIGN... AND WHEN HE CAME BACK TO THE SAME TOLL GATE...



AND NOW THEY SAY WHEN THE MOON IS...



AND ETERNALLY THAT POOR CAR TAKES THE FIRST TURN TO THE RIGHT.