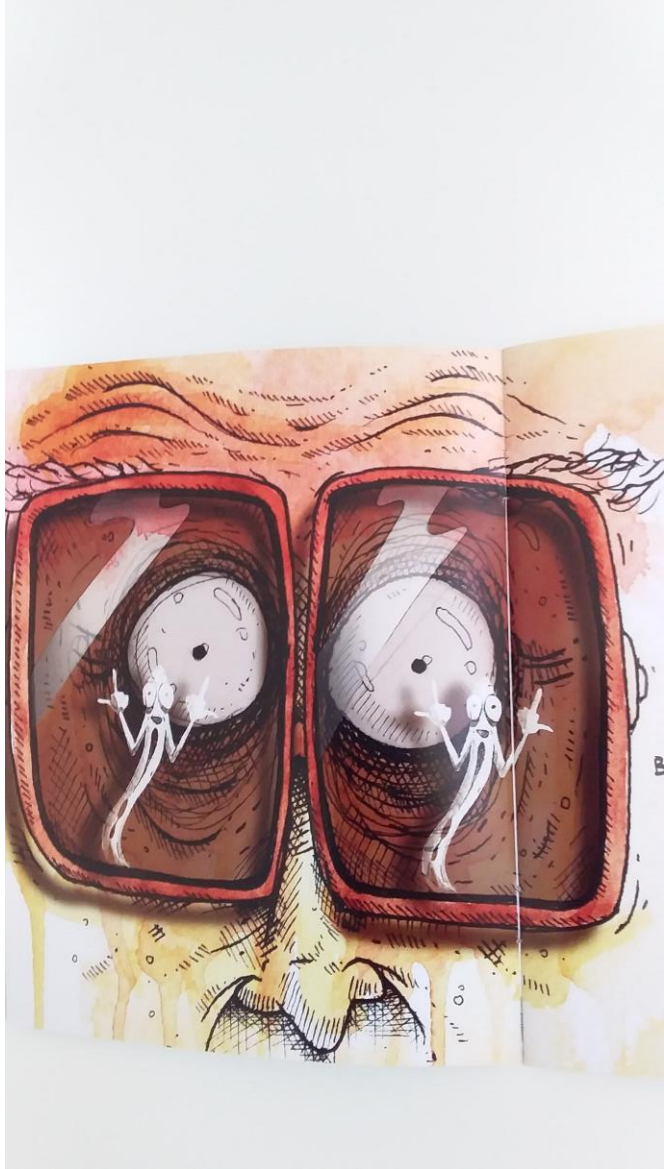


HIS EYES ARE CRAZED,
HIS EYEBROWS RAISED.
HIS CLOTHES ARE GREEN,
NEOPRENE.
HE DOESN'T SLEEP,
OR EAT EITHER.
THE MAN HAS WHITEBAIT FEVER.

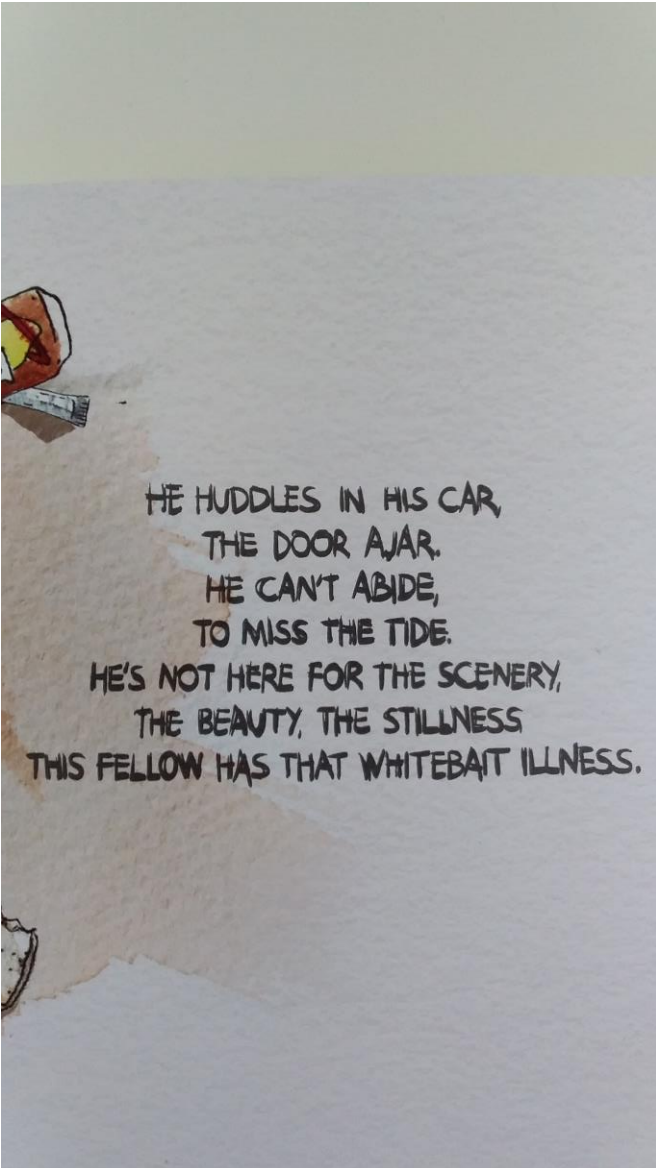


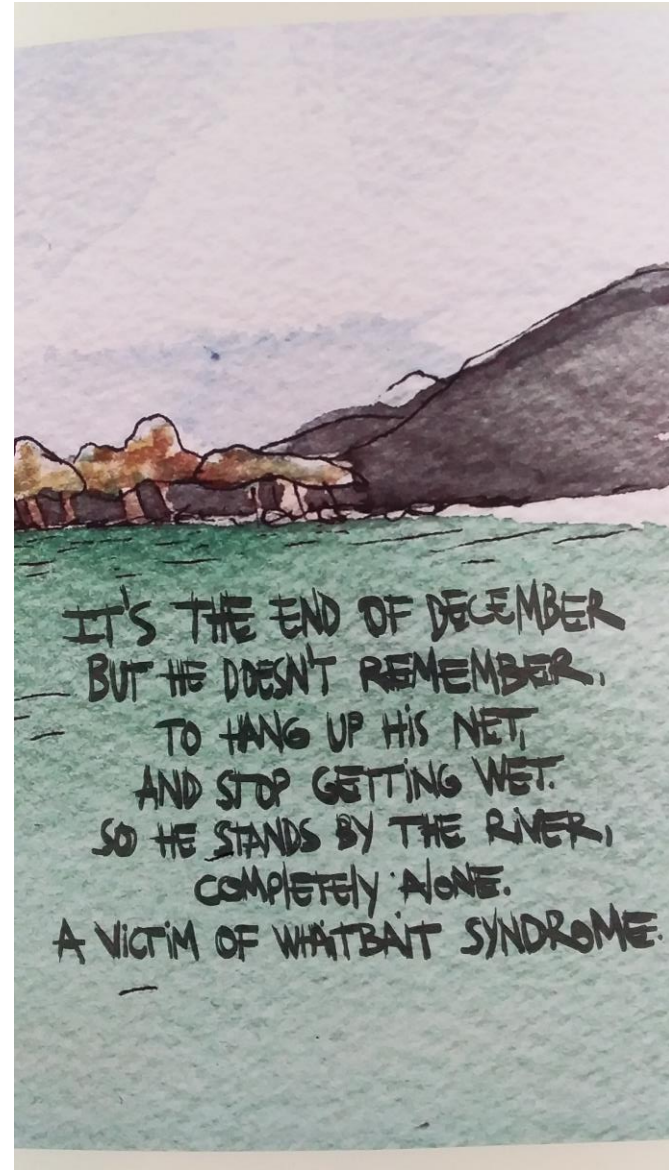
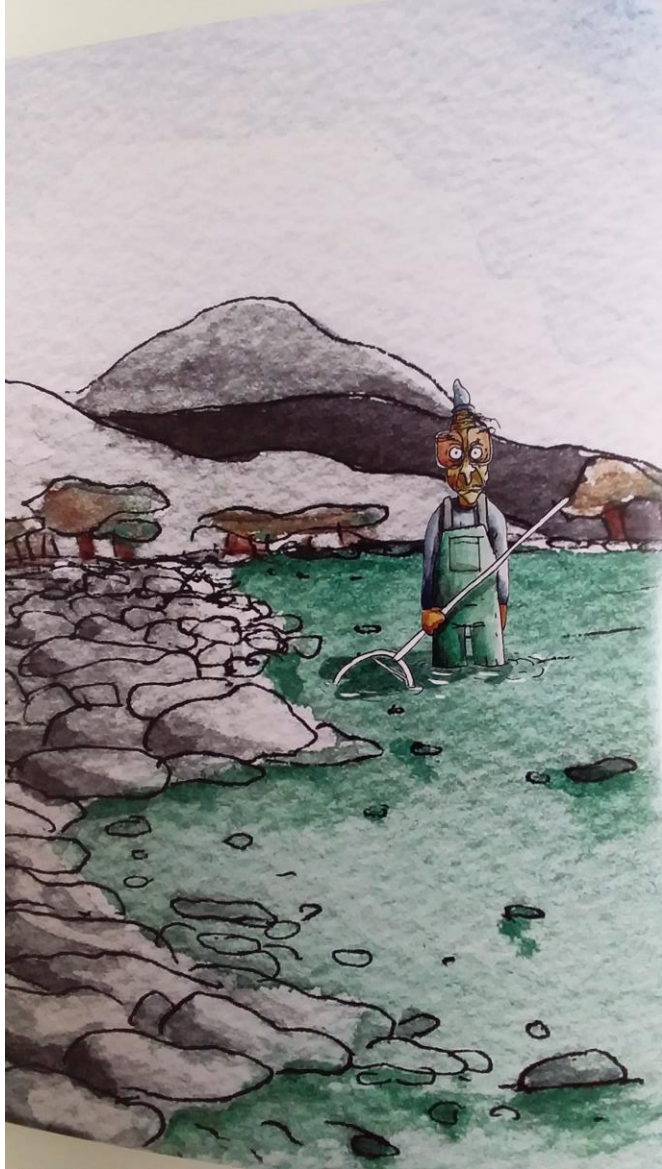


HIS POLAROID'S FLASH,
HIS PREY MAKES A DASH.
HE NEEDS TO POUNCE,
FOR EVERY OUNCE.
HE'S BEEN HERE FOR HOURS
BUT HE CAN'T TAKE HIS EASE.
BECAUSE HE HAS WHITEBAIT DISEASE.



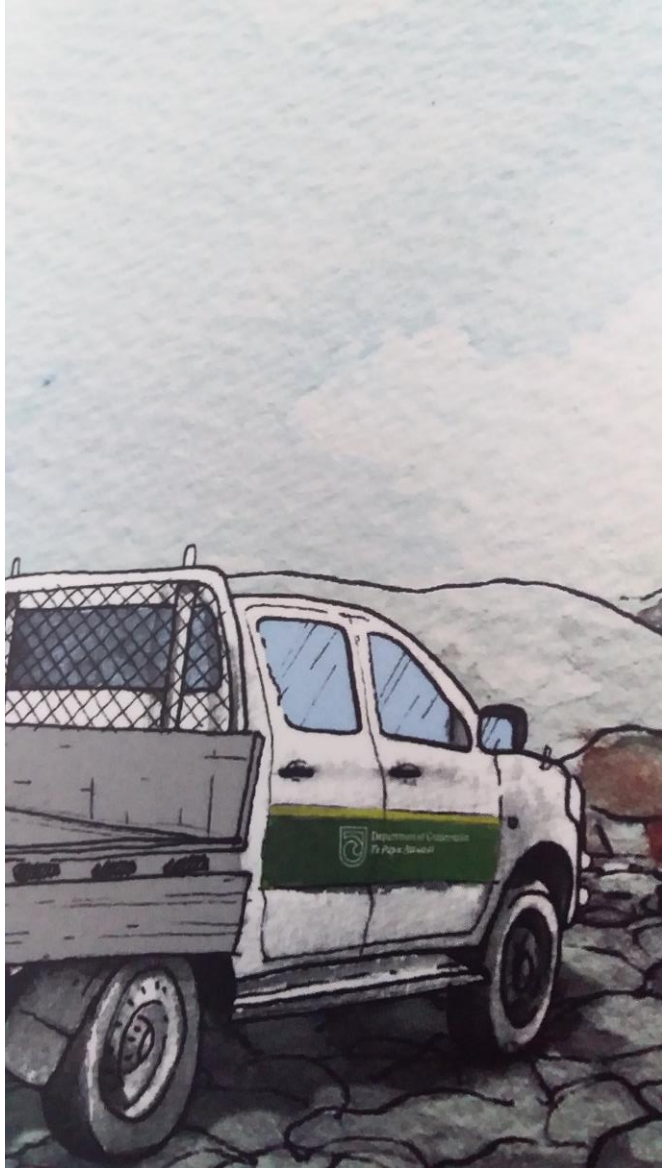
HE'S IN TROUBLE WITH DOC,
FOR MOVING A ROCK.
BUT HE DOESN'T CARE,
IT DOESN'T SEEM FAIR.
THEY CAN STUFF THEIR RULES,
HE'S GOT AN AFFLICTION.
T'S WHAT THEY CALL WHITEBAIT ADDICTION.







A SUDDEN LUNGE,
CAUSES HIM TO PLUNGE,
UP TO HIS NECK,
IN ICY DEPTHS.
HE CATCHES A COLD WHICH
WITH HIS PSYCHOSIS.
TURNS INTO THE FIRST CASE...
OF WHITEBAIT NECROSIS.



This is a work of fiction.

Names, characters, businesses, places, events, locales, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.