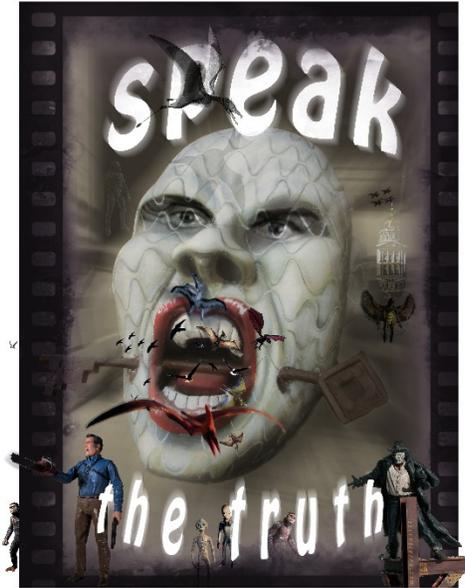


WORDS AND PICTURES



JERRY A. SIERRA

ROSA BLANCA PUBLISHERS

TERMS OF USE

By using this book, you agree to the following:

- You may not change or alter this book in any way.
- This book is sold “as is” without any warranties of any kind. While a great deal of time and effort has been spent in the production of this book, it is understood that the author/publisher shall not be held accountable for misspelled words, typos, incorrect dates or other information.

COPYRIGHT

© 2018 Jerry A. Sierra

This book as a whole, and its many individual elements, including short stories, restored images, digital paintings and photomontage, regardless of whether they appear as part of a complete printed book, a web site, or as separate, smaller Ebooks, are the property of Jerry A. Sierra (unless otherwise identified) and may not be reproduced, copied, sold or published in print, on the Internet, or on any other new or traditional media without prior written consent from the author/publisher.

The author/publisher reserves all rights to any future media types not yet developed.

To my dad on his 93rd birthday and
my mom on her 80th birthday, 2018



What is this?



I don't know...

I think it's a book.



What's a book?

...!?



**I asked you here, my friends,
because there's something
wrong with reality... I hope
you're not alarmed by what
I'm about to show you...**

INSIDE

ABOUT WHY BECAUSE	6
Embracing Unreality	10
MEA CULPA	22
Universal Brides and Monsters	24
Franky and Lily	37
Poster: <i>THE TRUTH IS OUT THERE</i>	43
Predators, Xenomorphs & Humans	44
TIME TRAVELER	58
Poster: <i>I WANT TO BELIEVE</i>	63
Leo Da Vinci	64
We Are Ape	66
Star Trek	69
PICTURES WITH WORDS	76
Heroes, Psychopaths & Original Thinkers	84
Vinnie Van Gogh	108
<i>Wire Woman</i>	116
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	118



ABOUT WHY BECAUSE



AFTER ALL THESE BIRTHDAYS... I still find it *limiting* to

describe “*what I do*” to strangers... as if I’ve not yet... *decided* which of my *disciplines* describes “me” with more accuracy. What I know for certain is that I make images and I make web sites and I tell stories. And I make books. That’s just the kind of guy I am.

In all these adventures, I enjoy each step of the process. I love devising new ways to communicate ideas and put information together... I love to chunk data into consumable bites... each wrapped in their descriptive META data and proper headings... I love figuring out how to make grouped “things” easily graspable to those with short attention spans. And I prefer to do it without gratuitous explosions or carnage.

If I could resolve the puzzle of my creative/professional identity, I would call myself a **front-end-web-designer**, which is the closest description to actual reality that I can make about myself and my work. Like an umbrella in the rain, it “covers” all the other skills from the slippery focus of “specialization,” which I do agree is for bugs.

Or, I would describe myself as a **photo-illustrator**, for which this book would serve as evidence.

But why use words alone to describe something that exists between words and pictures? And why make a book based on a web site? Isn’t print dead? Didn’t it die long before good manners and presidential decorum?

Some people don’t even know what a book is. Others just pretend not to know... maybe to make themselves appear younger... or to avoid having to explain what *books* are.

To properly clarify my motivations for the time-consuming distraction that became this book, I must go back to when I moved to San Francisco and gave up (cold turkey) my gasoline addiction.

Within a 5-block radius of my apartment, I had the choice of 4 different book stores, each in a different direction. Three of them sold mostly used books. There were many more if I was willing to take a longer walk.

You could be happily surprised at a San Francisco book store. You could find stuff that wasn’t geared to your *known profile*. Things that you

would have naturally discovered, if only you lived in a perfect world. Things that nobody had any way of knowing you would be thrilled by. Least of all you.

This book is meant for that person that could have turned down any isle in a book store scanning the shelves for a Kokoschka. She comes across *Words and Pictures* and realizes that “I never thought I would like this stuff, but I love it!” Instant mind expansion.

And I like the idea of helping to preserve the book industry a little while longer.



Ahem.

Ladies and gentlemen. Please allow me to interrupt and provide some clarity... As Mr. Sierra’s psychiatrist, friend and alibi, I feel it’s my duty to clarify what is rapidly becoming an exercise of “*this-is-why-I-did-it.*”

You can call me *Hann*, and you’ll see that my insights will make all this... easier on the palate.

Your host is neither a writer nor a photographer, but, perhaps, either a *photographer that writes* or a *writer that photographs*... it’s difficult to tell where one identity stops and the other begins. He confesses deep love for being one that can also be the other. But most of the time he purposefully doesn’t clarify which is which.

This is not unusual for schizophrenics and Laker fans transplanted to the Bay Area, and it has been the main topic of our professional consultations, so take it as gospel when I tell you that this book is the result of a battle between disciplines.

Which side makes the choices that must inevitably be made at the design stage? The writer or the photographer? And are these two disciplines *always* agreeable with each other? This may be the key in understanding why a person of some intelligence would waste almost a whole life in the arts...



My question to Jerry was... *why can't I speak with him...* His response came in a different voice with different eyes, which was a surprise.

It wasn't *what* he said, but *how...*

BECAUSE I SAY SO!

I'm Walter. I speak as Jerry's *Information Designer*. Jerry won't let me speak to Dr. Lecter, because he's afraid of what I will say to him... or do to him. But I can talk to you.

Don't believe a word *THE SHRINK* says. He's a psychopath that eats people, for God's sake! I don't know why Jerry keeps him around, but I'm glad he's locked up tight. I don't think Jerry trusts the cannibal at all. He does keep armed guards around him 24/7... but sometimes I think the guards are there to keep the rest of us from feeding Hann to the dinosaurs. They have a strange relationship, those two.

What I meant to say is that we're all professionals and we do our jobs. We don't judge or pick fights with each other.

I can tell you that not every figure out there can join the *Unreality Players Union...* Many end up being given away as gifts... or disposed of quietly, in the desert, at night. Like in *Casino*.

But let's face it, most creative types... photographers... writers... they're flakes! If you ask me. No discipline. Just passion. Blind animalistic intuition. Gamblers!

Sometimes it's up to me to sort out the mess.



Heeyy!

That's insulting...

Sorry, Jerry. I'll proceed.

Is it the journey that's important or the destination? Which is dominant at that moment of choice, the chronicler or the inventor? The visionary or the communicator?

After accepting such divisions in the *Mind of Jerry* I mapped the very distinct differences between the two and concluded that while my client and friend "thinks" in pictures, he is doomed, as are most humans, to speak in "words."

Words are an abstraction, the key to which we do not all share. So, we embrace the questions.

Such questions are only part of what makes my job a pleasure and a challenge, and why I command such high fees, despite the drab garb forced on me by so-called mental health "professionals" and unforgiving bureaucrats hoping to beef up their scorecards.

Here's the shocking discovery and the reason I asked to speak to you... Throughout my inquiries, I encountered a disturbing and unpredictable *third personality* actively functioning within, between and throughout the writer/photographer personalities.

This third personality, generally well-hidden, emerged not in therapy but after hours of Brandy and confessional bourgeois rhetoric about incorrect movie plots and telegraphed endings. I call him the *Information Designer*. He's rather unpleasant, often casting a deciding vote when writer and photographer disagree.

I also found this "information designer" to be deviously manipulative; he stays out of the way like a good villain... he lets the others fight it out and when one is done, and the other worn out from the fight, he steps in and steals the loot and gets the girl and the audience is told to be happy that he did.

But this third guy won't speak to me... it's only the *writer* or the *photographer* that speaks... Not that I haven't tried, but the last time I asked... I decided to stop asking. For now.





One last thing... I'm not... unpleasant.
I'm necessary. If not for me, Hann
would still be talking.

I prefer my
unreality
straight up,
with a dash of
incongruity.
For taste.



For the record, I don't usually let those guys out. Their honesty can be... unsettling. But this book is special. And since you're reading it, so are you. Hence the honesty.

As a general principle, I do love the visual fantasizing of the images and there's usually little or no conflict with additional *personalities* I may be gifted with... and the idea of mixing reality with unreality... on purpose, is very appealing. Most do it accidentally, but that can be dangerous. I prefer my unreality straight up, with a dash of incongruity. For taste.

The practice of visual unreality allows me to reexperience the unending possibilities of childhood... to express beautiful and pure absurdity... and to temporarily escape the confines of adult thinking.

I also enjoy playing *Cecil B. DeMille* in my own way. [These issues are explored to some alarming conclusions in the **Unreality Studios Manifesto**, at jerrysierra.com.]

Selecting which images and which characters would be featured in the book was the most difficult task, involving intense information-design focus groups. As a result, the images feel like "final" versions... the real thing.

Sometimes I have difficulty making up my mind as to what constitutes *the final version* of an image. Hann says it makes no difference, but Walter says it does. I tend to lean towards Walter's views on this.

Sometimes, of course, it's easy to achieve the "final" version. Or its natural, with little thinking involved and a great deal of intuitive foresight instantly available. That's why some decisions are easy.

Other times, I must confess that unless it is an image made for a client according to their desires and specifications, why should I consider that version *final*? It's such an opinionated word... FINAL!

Haven't we ventured beyond the *final version mentality*? Why not call the earlier image a "*theatrical version*" instead?

If Leo had the chance to go back and tinker with his *Last Supper*... unquestionably one of the great works or art in human history... wouldn't he? Wouldn't he change the croissants on the table to bagels? Of course, he would.

I hope you enjoy this book.



Just one more thing... while I still can... The worst crimes of humanity are never those of psychopaths and sociopaths, but of simpletons with sane minds and ambitious tendencies enforcing laws they don't respect for reasons they can't explain beyond simple group-think rhetoric.



Would *you* feed a live mental-health patient to a hungry T-rex with awfully bad breath? Should someone so unstable that he can't serve as his own counsel in a criminal trial be served as lunch? Is this revenge-torture or justice?

Humanity's crimes make my infractions seem like misdemeanors. What should be the punishment for those who cause pain when kindness and understanding are required? For those who ignore human suffering for the sake of a spreadsheet balance?

Miho and Ripley escort Dorothy down the Yellow Brick Road, now covered by water due to global warming and other remnants of a mindless industry, in a brainless society ruled by evil political wizardry.



“The evil wizard’s gonna pay,” says Dorothy, her apron filled with fruits for the guards (drugged so they will fall asleep). Ripley locks and loads while Miho, quiet as a gentle breeze, unsheathes her Hattori Hanzo and slashes the air before her.

The evil wizard’s days are numbered. The world, what’s left of it, is safe.







The Bride of Frankenstein steps out











Excuse
me, sir or
madam,
we would
like to
sample
something
you call
ice cream

We're here
for beer
we're straight
and we're
queer

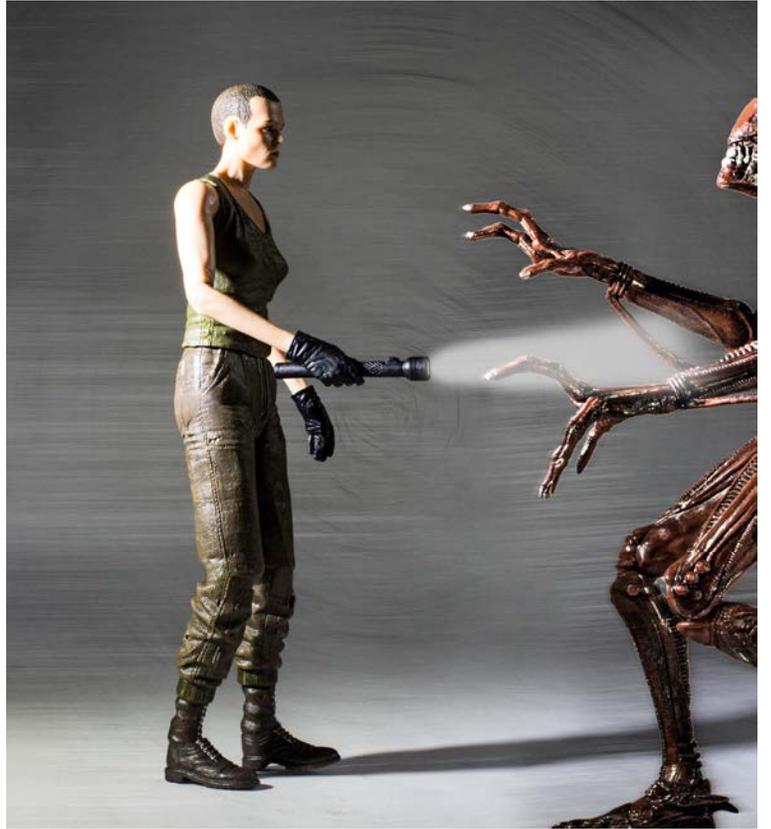
The Truth is Out There

Predators





Ellen Ripley battles Xenomorphs





Left: Vasquez

Below: Hicks



Above: Bishop

Left: Hudson







Hudson runs out of ammo

[opposite page](#)

(top) Weyland-Yutani Commandos and Colonial Marines battle Xenomorphs at Duboce Skate Park in San Francisco

(bottom) Bishop warns Vasquez about an approaching swarm of Red Xenomorphs



I WANT TO BELIEVE

From Universal Pictures
and jerrysierra.com

I Love The Bride

Desi Arnaz as
The Monster
Ricky



Lucille Ball
as The Bride
Lucy

Babaluuu!

Together Again!

America's original multi-racial/multi-cultural couple has a new look



DOUBLE ISSUE

APRIL 29 / MAY 6, 2018

Outed by The Joker
Elon Musk's Double Life
Exclusive Photos by Jerry Sierra

Martha Stewart Arrested Again
Why George Lucas Hates Disney

New San Francisco Mayor Proposes
Privatizing Golden Gate Park,
Twitter Gate Park Anyone?

TIME



Elon Musk is Batman

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

For Their Inspiration:

My sister and her boys: Josh and Chris, and Samantha and Carson and Carter and Cayson. Jen. Tracy and Armin. Sharon and Walt, Phyllis and Richard and Allan. Allina in LA and Lilly of all times.

My thanks to **NECA** and **Diamond Select** for their excellent action figures.

Disclaimer: The stories and images presented in this book are *works of fiction*, created for your entertainment, amusement and to piss off someone that shall not be named. While some characters are based on real and fictional people, all situations are fictitious (made up) and unreal. I assume no responsibility for ways in which reality imitates un-reality in some near future or recent past... but if *Dracula* runs for President in my lifetime I will not be surprised.

The Bride of Frankenstein was sculpted by *Oluf W. Hartvigson* for *Diamond Select Toys*. She arrived with only a hospital gown, so we channeled *Edith Head* to create additional costumes for her various roles. (26-29)



The **Dracula** figure was sculpted by legendary monster sculptor *Gabriel Marquez*, who also sculpted the handsome **Frankenstein Monster** in the green blazer. (32, 33)

The Wolfman (in green shirt) was sculpted by *Jean St. Jean* for *Diamond Select*, and is based on *Lon Chaney, Jr.* in *The Wolf Man* (1941). The other Wolfman, in chains, was loaned to me to photograph and I'm not sure of its origins. It may have been part of a DVD box set for *Wolfman* with *Benicio Del Toro*. The ceramic figure no longer exists (or I could just look at the bottom plate) because the woman who loaned it to me threw it at her boyfriend, who ducked, and the figure smashed on Dolores Street after going through a window. A horrible thing for a 50-year-old woman (or man) to do, if you ask me. (34)

The **Creature from The Black Lagoon** was sculpted by *Rudy Garcia* for *Diamond Select Toys*. (35)

Son of Frankenstein as John Bolton first appeared in *Cuba On My Mind* on 3/27/2018. (93)

My Thanks to *Universal Studios* for their classic monster movies through the decades and to *Boris Karloff*, *Claude Rains*, *Bela Lugosi*, *Julia Adams*, *Lon Chaney, Jr.*, *James Whale*, *Franz Waxman*, *Elsa Lanchester*, *Tod Browning*, *Bram Stoker*, *Mary Shelley* and screenwriter *Curt Siodmak*.

Gail with an Uzi was sculpted by *Dave Cortes* for NECA. She was created by *Frank Miller* for the classic *Sin City* series that ran in *Dark Horse Presents*. She was brought to life by *Rosario Dawson* for the motion pictures that need no introduction here. (86-87)

I can verify that **Miho** (based on actress *Devon Aoki*) carries 2 genuine *Hattori Hanzo* swords. One was made specially for her. Nobody knows where she got the other one... or dares to ask. (85)

The **Marv Twins** never fought over a woman before. But when that woman is **Tulip O'Hare**, a few bullets are understandable. Sculpted by *Jean St. Jean* for *Diamond Select*. The other **Marv**, with the *saw* and the *head*, is one of the oldest figures in the book, sculptor unknown. (85)

The other *Sin City* figure included is **Manute**. He's tall, imposing and not very talkative. (84-85)

There are 3 **Apes** in the *Unreality Studios Union*; *Caesar* and *Koba* (from *Planet of The Apes*) and *Stunt Caesar*. There's also a *sitting King Kong* figure and a serious but friendly *ape in all fours*. Their origin remains as much a mystery as does mankind's. (66-68, 21)



Silent Bob was sculpted by *Patrick Piggott* for *Diamond Select Toys*. I can't confirm or deny rumors of an upcoming talk show at *jerrysierra.com* called *Silent Time with Silent Bob*. (14-15, 17)

The **Clown Thug with Knife** from *DC Collectibles* is so disturbing that I can't display it. Instead he is safely locked away, wrapped in plastic, in a Viet Nam War era foot locker with other troublemakers and alpha-types. I've always considered *all* clowns to be dysfunctional thugs—deep down—and tend to keep my distance, even if they seem friendly. (98-99)

Different incarnations of the **Joker** and the **Batman** are present. *The Joker* (in stylish purple pin-stripes) was sculpted by *Paul Harding*, and *Harley Quinn* (with a short skirt) was sculpted by *Johnathan Matthews*, both for *DC*

Collectibles. Others were sculpted by mysterious geniuses whose names are hidden in the *Secret DC Archives*, miles underground, with tapes from *Roswell in 1948* and detailed interviews with *Alan Moore* on the true nature of the universe. (100-107)

Leonardo Da Vinci (from *Accoutrements*) and **Vincent Van Gogh** (from *Fine Arts Action Figures*) are now going by their informal names; *Leo* and *Vinnie*. For the morbidly curious, *Vinnie's* happy in his leather pants and boots. And yes, he's got both his ears, thanks to modern science. (64-65, 108-109)

The 2 **Ash** figures, which look frighteningly like *Bruce Campbell*, are from NECA, based on *Ash vs. Evil Dead*. And they both kick ash! The one with the blue shirt and electric saw with shotgun was sculpted by *Kyle Windrix* and *Jason Frailey*, with excellent paint by *Jon Wardell* and *Geoffrey Trapp*. The one with the evil baby probably was also, but I'm not sure. Each comes with 3 heads, which are interchangeable. If 2 Ash heads are better than 1, how much better is a six-pack? Dead-ites and bureaucrats beware! (88-89)

Khan Noonien Singh, sculpted by *Patrick Piggott* from what may be the best *Star Trek* movie ever made (*Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*) seems gifted with a tremendously inflated self-image. I'm tempted to let *Lt. Commander Worf* kick his ass... but... this is a friendly... book. (70)

Seven of Nine, sculptor unknown, is assumed to still have direct contact with the Borg, so I make sure to keep an eye on her. For the sake of our national security. Believe me. (72-75)

Lt. Commander Worf, from *Diamond Select Toys*, was sculpted by *Patrick Piggott*. (70)



The various incarnations of **Spock** come from the *Star Trek Select* line from *Diamond Select Toys*. **Evil Spock** (aka "*Mirror Universe Spock*") comes from *Mezco Toys*. And, folks, he's not evil, but he's armed with a Phaser (set to "kill") and a sharpened Vulcan-ritual knife. (5, 70)

Locutus of Borg, from *Playmates*, includes cybernetic enhancements and a metallic armor. But he's much more than just a post-human; he reads *Neil Gaiman* and listens to *Berlioz*. (71)



And here's to the memory of *Gene Roddenberry*.

Our **Predators** come from NECA, and the first two movies (*Predator* and *Predator II*) and one of the later "crossover" ones (*Alien vs Predator*). Don't judge the figure by the movie. (44-45)

Ellen Ripley (from *Aliens* and *Alien 3*), and the **Colonial Marines**; *Private Rico Frost*, *Private Jeanette Vasquez* (sculpted by *Adrienne Smith*), *Private William Hudson* and *Corporal Dwayne Hicks*. All from NECA. (54, 56)

Lambert (from *Alien*, based on actress *Veronica Cartwright*) in compression suit, had no choice but to borrow a helmet from Elizabeth **Shaw** (from *Prometheus*, based on actress *Noomi Rapace*), last seen trying to whack a **T1000** with an axe. She must not have seen the James Cameron movie. (81, 113)

Also, from NECA and *Alien 3*, the **Weyland-Yutani Commando** stands as one of the hardest working figures in show business. (46, 47, 48, 49)

Rounding out the *Ridley Scott* invasion of my brain; **The Engineer** in pressure suit, and assorted **Xenomorphs**, sculpted for NECA by *Kyle Winorix* and *Thomas Gwyn*, and painted by *Jon Wardell* and *Geoffrey Trapp*. (50-53, 55-57, 63)

Queen Gorgo of Sparta, from NECA, is based on the film *300*. (62)

Homies and **Palermos** want you to know they're still *Democrats*. (4, 122)

Despite his renowned notoriety, **Dr. Hannibal Lecter**, from NECA's *Cult Classic Series*, is friendly and engaging with other figures. He is well-behaved, a good conversationalist, and has not murdered or eaten anyone that I know of. (9)

Ymir, from the *Ray Harryhausen* classic *20 Million Miles to Earth*, was part of a pricey special edition DVD box set that also included the films *Earth vs the Flying Saucers* and *IT Came from Under the Sea*, plus a tin box and some lobby cards. I bought it to give away as a gift, long before I started making these pictures, but kept the figure and the lobby cards for myself. *Ayn Rand* would have been proud. (9)



Resident Evil's **Hunter** (Series 2) is a beautifully horrific figure that you won't soon forget. The figure's origins remain as mysterious as the true story of *JFK and the magic bullet*. Of all the things that can eat you in this book, this is the one to stay furthest away from. (25)

The *Airplane* by *Roger Dean*, or, as I know it, the **Yes Airplane**, is a relic from my past aptly renamed *The Roger Dean*. You can see the name on the wing. *Why isn't there a NECA or Diamond Select version as a diecast with paint by Dean himself for sale for under twenty bucks?* (11, 22)

Godzilla wants to remind us of *Toho Films*. My thanks to *Katsumi Tezuka* and *Harou Nokajima* for reminding us of how things worked in the days of imagination. (22)

Sarah Connor, from NECA, is just as adept at fighting *Predators* and *Xenomorphs* as she is *Terminators*. It's a good thing she's on our side. (82)

Walter White as **Heisenberg**, as well as **Gus** and **Saul Goodman** from *Mezco Toys*, are just about everything you'd want from *Breaking Bad* figures. There's no articulation, but you can change hats and glasses. This is what you call *charisma*. (94-95)

Dr. Manhattan, from *DC Direct*, is based on the 2009 film *The Watchmen*, which never mentions *Alan Moore*. (97)

The **Doggie Bookends** which contain the *Moore* books were made by *Thelma Heavilin-Sanchez*. **Rorschach** and **The Comedian** come via *DC Direct*. (114)

Gandalf The Gray, with sword and light-up staff, from *Toy Biz*, is the wisest, most powerful wizard I know. (93)

The **Stormtroopers** are all pre-Disney and proud. (19, 90)

Pope Francis appears through the blessing of Joseph Studio. (80)

Hillary Clinton (from *FCTRY*, based on artwork by *Mike Leavitt*) and **Bernie Sanders** appear as symbols of optimism and responsibility quickly disappearing from the real world.

While **Monty Python** does not appear in any of our dramatizations, their courage and influence is celebrated around here with waving flags, banging drums and loud horns.

Understand This (A Clarification):

There is no formal psychiatrist/patient relationship between the figure of *Dr. Hann Lecter* and myself, though we've had long conversations over coffee (Hann drinks tea) and have watched *Alfred Hitchcock* movies from the 1940s and '50s (up until *Psycho*). The figure of *Walter White*, however, does speak officially for my *Information Designer* in cases where it is appropriate. He's not a movie fan, and not much fun to hang out with. "Sometimes," he says, "you have to cut the fat." I'm still not sure if he's talking about baked ribs or wordy paragraphs.

My apologies to those that should have been named here but were, somehow, excluded. Deep guilt. Tears and regrets.

Quiz:

IF a *reality distortion field* occurs in the middle of a surreal ocean, with nobody to witness it, did it really occur? Does the back cover of this book imply a "yes" or "no" response? You have one minute to answer. Start now.

Please don't indulge your unreality at the voting booth.



ADDITIONAL BOOKS BY JERRY A. SIERRA

MARTI LIVES: A VISUAL IMAGINARIUM - The book combines the themes of art and history to present Cuban icon *José Martí* as *Superman*, as an alien from a distant planet, as one of the 3 wise men (along with *Mandela* and *Gandhi*) and as a black-suited flying angel with Cuban-flag-wings.

The book includes a detailed bio and timeline, yet it differs from the herd of *Martí* books in that it visually explores the myth with a playful approach.

CLARION ALLEY: 2011 - 2013 – A personal tour of the legendary alley. Starting at Valencia Street and taking a slow, deliberate journey all the way down to the Mission street opening, exploring what there is to see along the way.

500 YEARS: THE TIMETABLE HISTORY OF CUBA - A linear journey through 500 years of Cuban history, including numerous images, maps and sidebars on important topics, personalities and events, including: *the first Cubans*, *the legend of Hatuey* and *the struggle for independence*.

Get more info at jerrysierra.com/BooksBySierra.html

"Exterminate all rational thought. That is the conclusion I have come to." – Bill Lee





Reality is... broken, my friends. Lunatics have made themselves rulers of the world through crooked elections and mass social hypnosis...

The fabric of reality grows flimsy... as truth is no longer based on facts and peace is no longer a virtue we seek...



We must be cautious of the recent tendency for cruelty and self-destruction... if only for the sake of our children.

I've asked our beloved friend and fixer Luca Brasi to help us reconstruct reality... Luca.



What did he say? I can't hear a thing.

I don't know. I was listening to NPR. Is that Luca Brasi?

I thought he was dead. He looks good. From up here.

Hey Luca, I'm glad you don't sleep with the fishes!



Homies, Palermos, countrymen! Lend me your ears! I'm here to bury our woes and save our future. Our Godfather is right! We must avoid the human infection if we're to maintain our peaceful way of life...

These things... gotta happen. Every ten years or so. Helps clear out the bad blood.



Excuse me!

Is there going to be food?

Or drinks?

Thank you for exploring this preview of
Words and Pictures by Jerry A. Sierra

I hope this preview helped you decide to purchase a copy of the book and leave a good recommendation.

The battle against evil begins here! And it needs your support. YOU NEED a copy of this book on your shelves. It will help protect you against reality. You... owe it to yourself to survive.



Let's not resort to cheap theatrics in order to push sales... Fact is, some people completely reject their imaginative potential, even in a playful context. They consider it unpredictable and possibly dangerous... and they wouldn't be caught dead with such material...

Don't take advice from a guy that even hungry carnivores won't eat. It doesn't matter what the polite cannibal says. You'll buy it... because I say so!



This preview was retrieved from:
Jerrysierra.com/AndPictures.html

You may Buy It Here.

Resistance is... out of the question.