

MAY 6TH



I HAVEN'T SAID AN HONEST THING IN WEEKS, NOTHING, WHAT AM I TRYING TO DO? WHAT AM I TRYING TO SAY? QUOTING SOME DEPECHE MODE, SUE ME.

THINGS ARE BADLY [REDACTED] AND I CAN'T KEEP IT TOGETHER.

IT'S BEEN TWO MONTHS SINCE MARIA RAN OFF.

DISAPPEARED IN THE NIGHT.

THERE ISN'T A MORAL AT THE END OF EVERY STORY.

MOSTLY JUST HEARTBREAK AND CONFUSION.

LEX TOOK THE FALL FOR THE TROUBLE WE CAUSED.

WE ALL LIED, BLAMED HIM.



THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS LOVE. I'M DONE HUNTING FOR IT.

EVERYONE'S A LIAR, EVERYONE'S SELFISH.

I ALWAYS KNEW MARIA WAS DAMAGED.

ALWAYS KNEW THIS IS WHERE WE WERE HEADING, KNEW EVERYTHING SHE SAID WAS A LIE.



MAYBE THAT'S HOW SHE KEPT ME AROUND, LYING AWAY ALL OF MY CONCERNS.

I MUST'VE NEEDED LIES SOMETHING FIERCE BECAUSE I BOUGHT IT ALL.

EVERYONE GETS TIRED OF EVERYONE ELSE. EVERYONE WILL CHEAT.



NEED NEW DISTRACTIONS TO KEEP ME FROM BEING AWARE OF IT.

DURING CHANGE LIFE IS UNCOMFORTABLE, BUT ONLY TO THE DEGREE THAT YOU HOLD ONTO THE PAST.

LIKE THE PHANTOM LIMB THAT STILL ITCHES AFTER IT'S BEEN SEVERED.



MARIA STILL ITCHES.

"I WANT TO CONQUER THE WORLD!"



"GIVE ALL THE IDIOTS A BRAND NEW RELIGION!"

I LOVE THE SMELL OF GASOLINE AND ETHER!

RED LIGHT AHEAD.

WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL.

NOT SURE IF WE'RE TRYING TO FEEL ALIVE...



...OR TRYING TO KILL OURSELVES.

PARTY PEOPLE COMIN' THOROUGH!

WE STOLE A CAMARO AND WENT TO BERKELEY TONIGHT. WENT TO SEE PETRA'S BAND DISASTROUS THOUGHT PLAY GILMAN.

BILLY MET SOME GUTTER PUNK GIRLS.

I MELTED DOWN PRETTY BAD IN FRONT OF THEM.

THAT ITCH DRIVING ME CRAZY.



MIXING BOOZE AND SPEED IS NASTY ON THE TEMPER.

--THE DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ME?

--HE'S NOT WITH ME. I JUST MET HIM.

BILLY AND THE GIRLS WERE GONE BY THE TIME I WAS DONE FREAKING OUT.

I'M SITTING AT THE BART STATION IN OAKLAND WAITING FOR THE TRAIN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

I'M SUCH A DUMMY, CAN'T EVER DO OR SAY THE RIGHT THING.

A HOMELESS LADY IS AN ANACONDA NEXT TO ME.

I'M ALL BY MYSELF ALL OVER AGAIN.

NEVER FELT SO LONELY. I'M NOT LIKE THE OTHERS. I PUSH THEM ALL AWAY.

AND THE ONLY HOMES I EVER HAVE ARE POISON.

ALL OVER THE STREETS!

NEED A NEW GIRL TO LIE TO ME. TO TELL ME SHE'LL BE THERE NO MATTER WHAT.

SHOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN DISTRACTED BY MARIA'S LIES. SHOULD'VE FOCUSED ON SAYA.

IT WAS ALWAYS HER.

CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THAT NIGHT WITH HER.

SAYA IS SO BEAUTIFUL IN SO MANY WAYS, YET HORROR-STRICKEN-TERRIBLE IN SO MANY OTHERS.

I THINK SHE'S LOST HER HEART.

IT'S SHATTERED AND DRY.

IT LEAVES SPLINTERS IN THOSE WHO CARE FOR HER.

MAYBE WE COULD SAVE EACH OTHER.



DEAL

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CALL



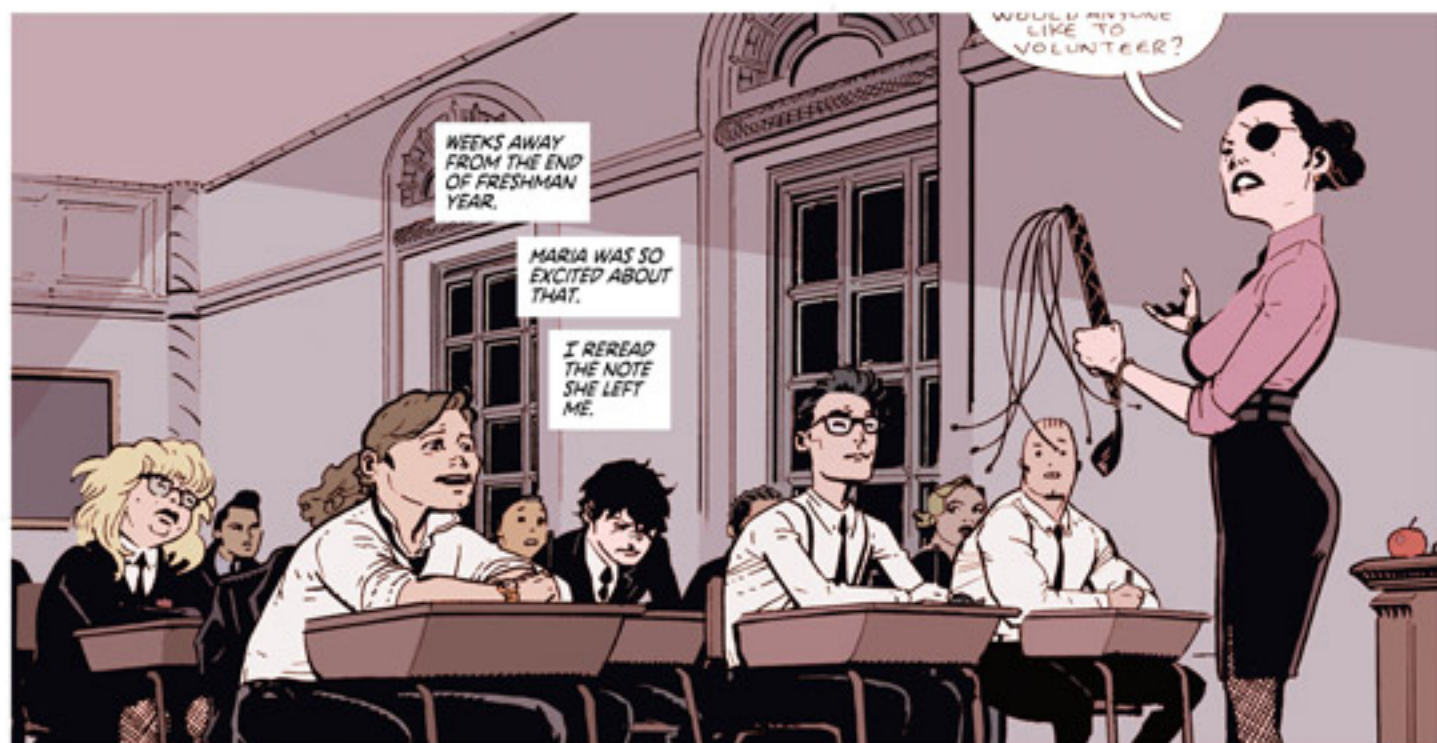


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WEEKS AWAY FROM THE END OF FRESHMAN YEAR.

MARIA WAS SO EXCITED ABOUT THAT.

I REREAD THE NOTE SHE LEFT ME.

WOULD ANYONE LIKE TO VOLUNTEER?



IT'S MOSTLY NONSENSE.



SHE'S A STRANGER.

AND SHE EVEN BREAKS UP LIKE A CRAZY PERSON.



--SO, I FIGURE MARIA, MAN.

ROPED ME INTO HER SAID AS MUCH. JUST TRYING TO GET STIRRED WITH CHICO.

YEAH, I DUNNO, DUDE.

I'M DONE CARING. SHE'S NOT THE ONE I WANTED ANYWAY, YOU KNOW?

LIKE SHE SAW HOW CLOSE SAYA AND I WERE GETTING, AND SHE JUST GOT IN THE MIDDLE.

MAYBE...

NO, FOR SURE.



I'M GOING TO GROW SOME TONIGHT AND DO THE HARD THING.

I'M GOING TO TELL SAYA TONIGHT.

TELL HER I LOVE HER.

TELL HER EVERYTHING.



YOU DONE ON THE PHONE?

KLK



NOT SURE.