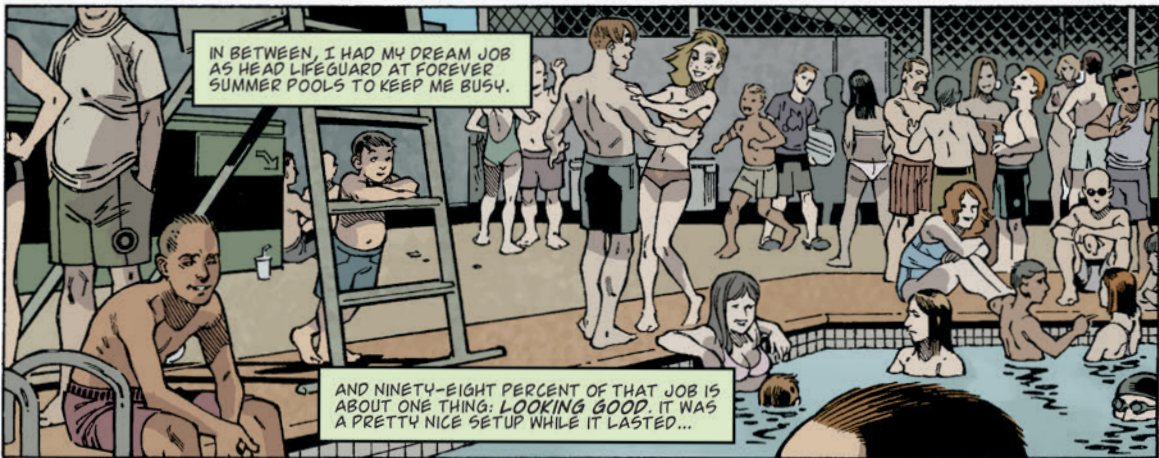


EVER HAVE THAT FEELING THAT YOU'RE SLEEPWALKING THROUGH YOUR LIFE? FLOATING FROM ONE MOMENT TO THE NEXT WITHOUT ANY REAL CONSEQUENCES OR PURPOSE?

SORRY, I SHOULD INTRODUCE MYSELF. I'M ZIGGY, THE HANDSOME YOUNG GUY IN THE LIFEGUARD CHAIR. START OF THE SUMMER, THAT'S HOW I FELT.

DON'T GET ME WRONG—I WAS LIVING THE DREAM. I HAD THE SUMMER PLACE ALL TO MYSELF WHILE MY MOM WAS AWAY ON BUSINESS. I COULD SLEEP ALL MORNING AND STAY OUT ALL NIGHT. NO RULES, NO EXPECTATIONS.

POOL AREA
→ NO GLASSWARE ALLOWED!



IN BETWEEN, I HAD MY DREAM JOB AS HEAD LIFEGUARD AT FOREVER SUMMER POOLS TO KEEP ME BUSY.

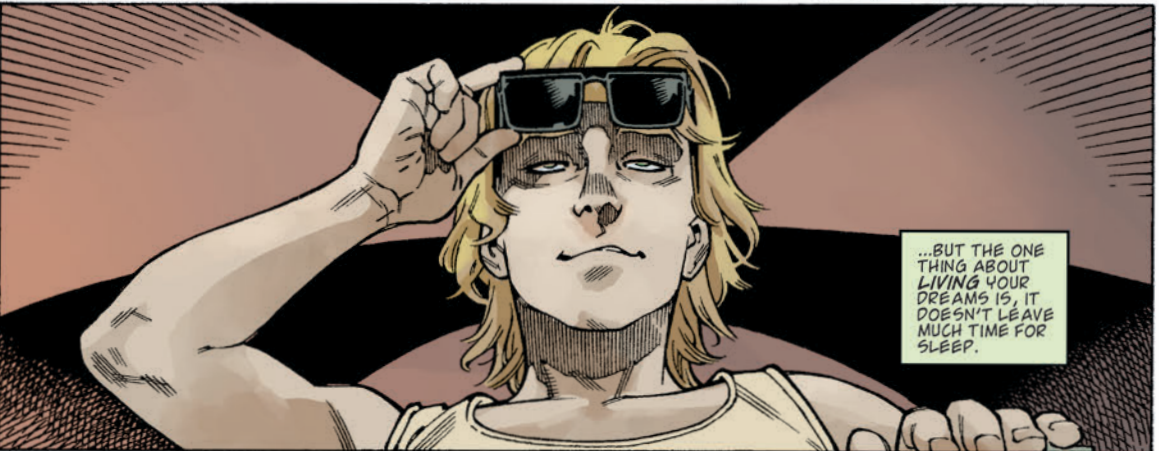
AND NINETY-EIGHT PERCENT OF THAT JOB IS ABOUT ONE THING: **LOOKING GOOD**. IT WAS A PRETTY NICE SETUP WHILE IT LASTED...



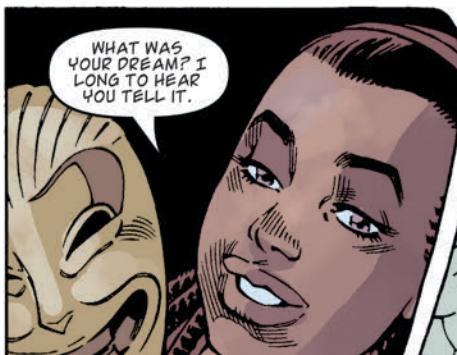
...I CAN'T DO THE SAUNA, BABE. I GOT ANOTHER TWENTY-FIVE LAPS TO GO.

DON'T YOU THINK YOU OUGHTA TAKE IT EASY?

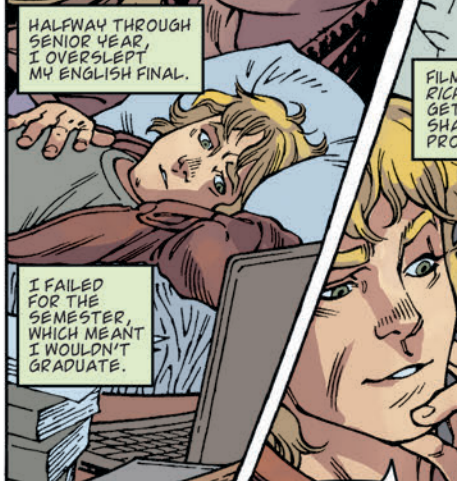
I AM TAKING IT EASY. AND DON'T YOU LECTURE ME, BO MILLER. FALLING ASLEEP IN FRONT OF GENERAL HOSPITAL DOESN'T MAKE YOU A DOCTOR.



...BUT THE ONE THING ABOUT LIVING YOUR DREAMS IS, IT DOESN'T LEAVE MUCH TIME FOR SLEEP.



WHAT WAS YOUR DREAM? I LONG TO HEAR YOU TELL IT.



HALFWAY THROUGH SENIOR YEAR, I OVERSLEPT MY ENGLISH FINAL.



I FAILED FOR THE SEMESTER, WHICH MEANT I WOULDN'T GRADUATE.

WHICH MEANT SUMMER SCHOOL AND NO LIFE-GUARDING JOB, NO PARTIES, NO FUN, ALL AROUND BAD NEWS.



SO MY TEACHER, MR. MITCHELL, MADE ME A DEAL.

THIS GIRL MADELINE WAS DOING A SPECIAL PROJECT OVER WINTER BREAK.

FILMING A SCENE FROM RICHARD III TO TRY AND GET INTO SOME BIG-DEAL SHAKESPEARE STUDY PROGRAM IN ENGLAND.

MR. MITCHELL SAID IF I HELPED HER AND SHE GOT ACCEPTED, HE'D GIVE ME AN A.

THIS WAS TOTALLY RIDICULOUS. TOTALLY BLACKMAIL. I TOTALLY SAID YES.



THE WHOLE SHAKESPEARE THING DIDN'T END UP BEING ALL THAT BAD. TURNS OUT I'M A NATURALLY GIFTED ACTOR.



METHOUGHTS THAT I HAD BROKEN FROM THE TOWER AND WAS EMBARKED TO CROSS TO BURGUNDY...



MOST DAYS, I'D BE HARD AT WORK AT THE POOL...



FEW DAYS LATER, I MOVED INTO MY MOM'S PLACE ON BRODY ISLAND. I INVITED A COUPLE FRIENDS WHO NEEDED A PLACE TO CRASH FOR THE SUMMER.



...AND AT NIGHT, A STEADY STREAM OF FRIENDS AND LOCALS WOULD SHOW UP EXPECTING THE ENDLESS PARTY TO CONTINUE. IT WASN'T EASY, BUT WE ROSE TO THE CHALLENGE.



OH, LORD! METHOUGHT WHAT PAIN IT WAS TO DROWN! WHAT DREAFFUL NOISE OF WATER IN MY EARS! WHAT UGLY SIGHTS OF DEATH WITHIN MY EYES!



AS WE PACED ALONG UPON THE GIDDY FOOTING OF THE HATCHES, METHOUGHT MY BROTHER STUMBLED, AND IN FALLING, STRUCK ME OVER-BOARD INTO THE TUMBLING BILLOWS OF THE MAIN.

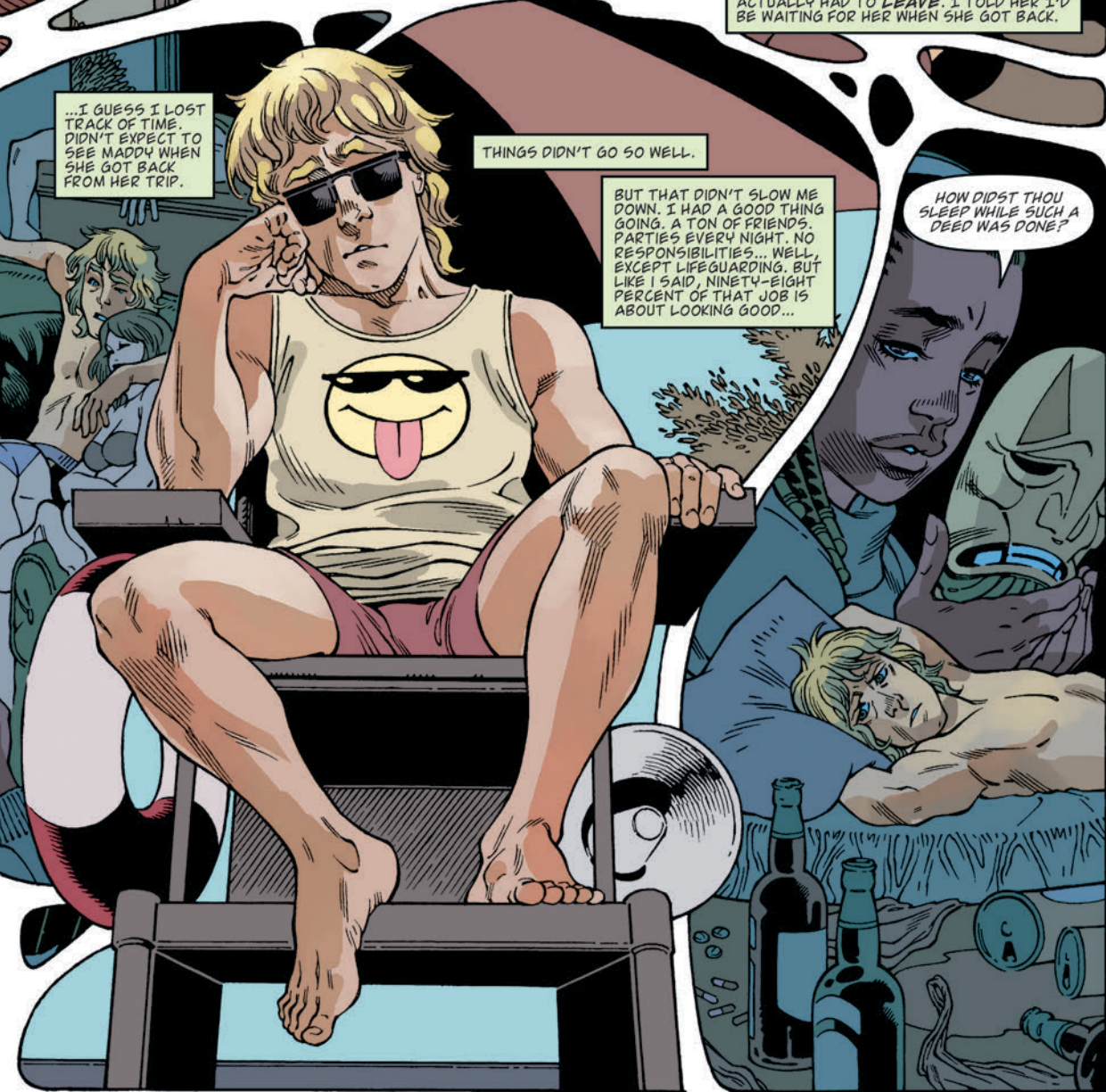


GETTING TO KNOW MADDY WASN'T ALL THAT BAD EITHER.



IN THE END, MADDY GOT ACCEPTED TO THE PROGRAM AND GOT TO GO TO ENGLAND. MR. MITCHELL GAVE ME AN A, AND I GOT TO GRADUATE. WIN-WIN ALL AROUND, RIGHT?

ONLY DOWNSIDE WAS, THAT MEANT MADDY ACTUALLY HAD TO LEAVE. I TOLD HER I'D BE WAITING FOR HER WHEN SHE GOT BACK.

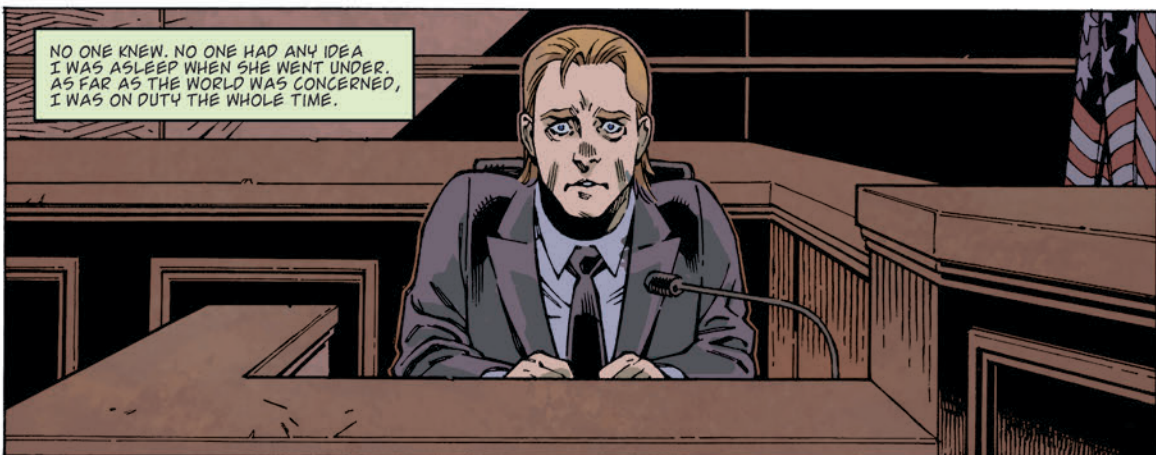
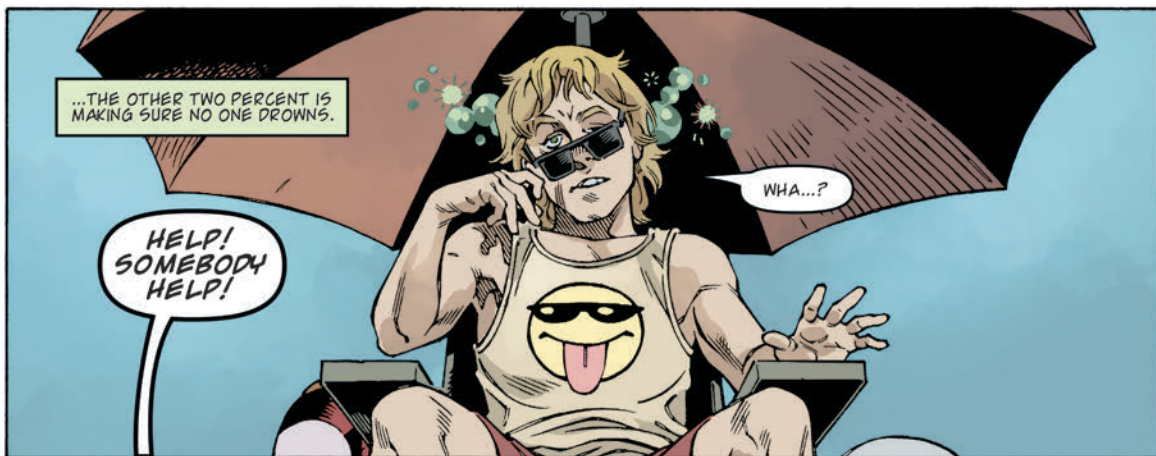


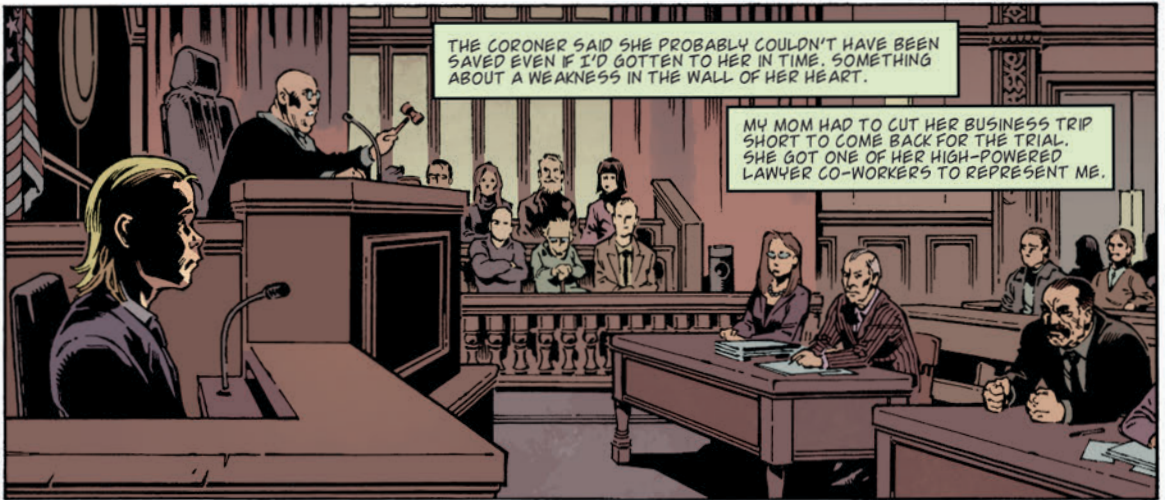
...I GUESS I LOST TRACK OF TIME. DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE MADDY WHEN SHE GOT BACK FROM HER TRIP.

THINGS DIDN'T GO SO WELL.

BUT THAT DIDN'T SLOW ME DOWN. I HAD A GOOD THING GOING. A TON OF FRIENDS. PARTIES EVERY NIGHT. NO RESPONSIBILITIES... WELL, EXCEPT LIFEGUARDING. BUT LIKE I SAID, NINETY-EIGHT PERCENT OF THAT JOB IS ABOUT LOOKING GOOD...

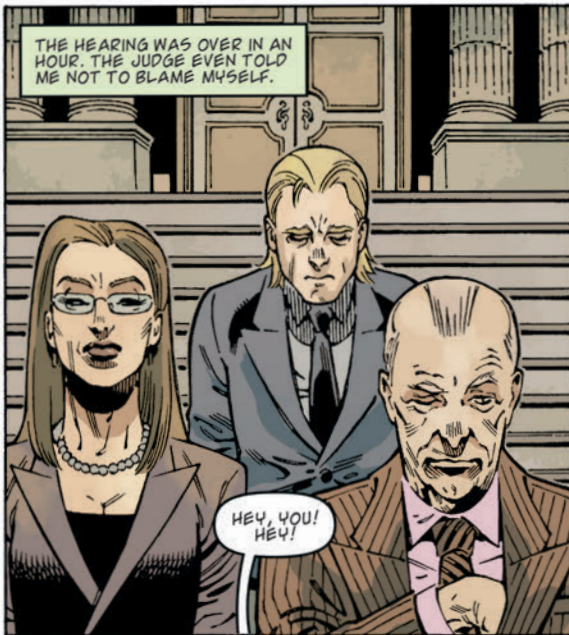
HOW DIDST THOU SLEEP WHILE SUCH A DEED WAS DONE?





THE CORONER SAID SHE PROBABLY COULDN'T HAVE BEEN SAVED EVEN IF I'D GOTTEN TO HER IN TIME. SOMETHING ABOUT A WEAKNESS IN THE WALL OF HER HEART.

MY MOM HAD TO CUT HER BUSINESS TRIP SHORT TO COME BACK FOR THE TRIAL. SHE GOT ONE OF HER HIGH-POWERED LAWYER CO-WORKERS TO REPRESENT ME.



THE HEARING WAS OVER IN AN HOUR. THE JUDGE EVEN TOLD ME NOT TO BLAME MYSELF.

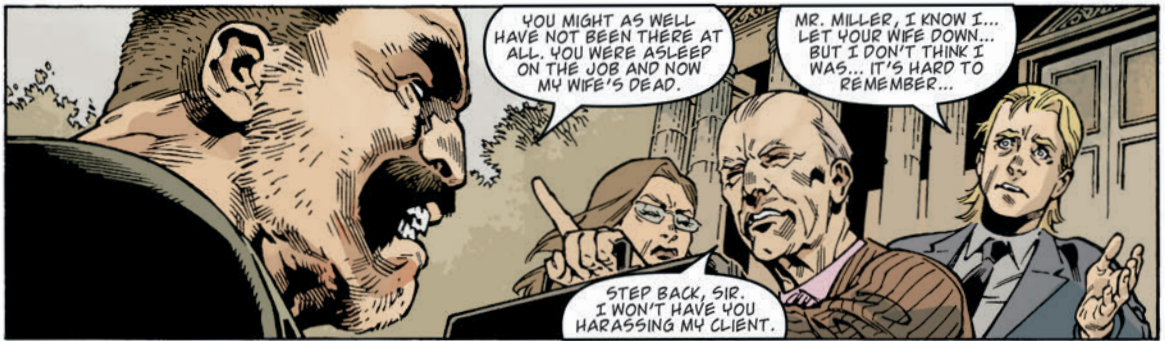
HEY, YOU! HEY!



I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY SAID IN THERE. YOU HAD A JOB TO DO, AND YOU DIDN'T DO IT.

MR. MILLER. I'M SO SORRY. I—

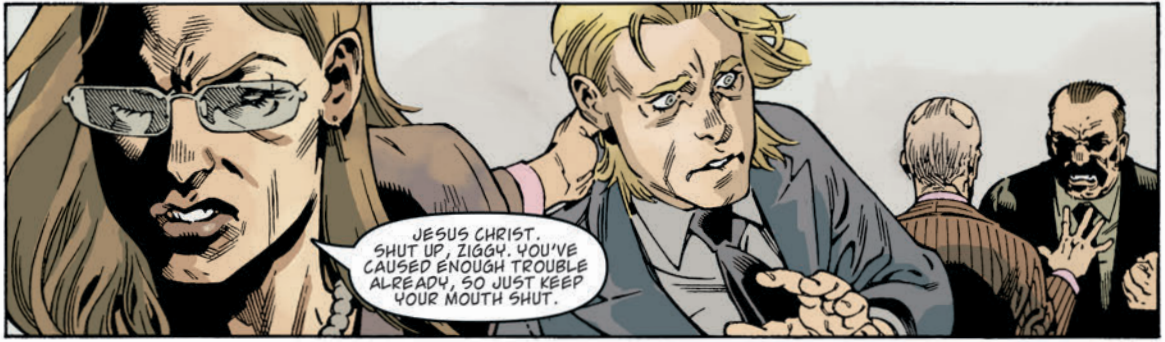
THAT'S NOT AN ADMISSION OF ANY RESPONSIBILITY. THAT'S JUST A GENERAL EXPRESSION OF CONDOLENCE.



YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE NOT BEEN THERE AT ALL. YOU WERE ASLEEP ON THE JOB AND NOW MY WIFE'S DEAD.

MR. MILLER, I KNOW I... LET YOUR WIFE DOWN... BUT I DON'T THINK I WAS... IT'S HARD TO REMEMBER...

STEP BACK, SIR. I WON'T HAVE YOU HARASSING MY CLIENT.



JESUS CHRIST. SHUT UP, ZIGGY. YOU'VE CAUSED ENOUGH TROUBLE ALREADY, SO JUST KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.