





THEA?



ARE YOU COMING THROUGH?

I CAN'T, DAD. I CAN'T.



SOMETIMES I'M FINE. LIKE SHE'S NOT EVEN GONE. SOMETIMES I FORGET HER FACE. WHAT SHE LOOKED LIKE.



THE SOUND OF HER VOICE,
THE SCENT OF HER HAIR...
EVERYTHING'S FADED, LIKE
I'M WADING IN THE GREAT
BASIN, LOSING SIGHT
OF THE SHORE.



UNTIL I SEE
SOMETHING THAT
REMINDS ME OF HER.
THE NECKLACE SHE
GAVE YOU. ROLLO'S
FACE. THE SMELL OF
THE SEASON
TURNING.

AND THE
WAVES OF THAT
TERRIBLE OCEAN
HIT ME FROM
BEHIND.

THEY
DROWN
ME.



EVERY YEAR,
WE'VE COME TO HER
GRAVE AND WALKED
THROUGH HER SPIRIT,
AND EVERY YEAR IT
GETS HARDER.

DAD... WHEN
WILL IT STOP
HURTING?



NEVER.

