

FLORIDA.

EVEN MY HORIZONTAL
LINES FEEL LIKE A
DOWNWARD SPIRAL...



I CATCH MY BREATH.

I'M NOT DOING THIS FOR YOU, PHILIP. I'M DOING THIS FOR *ME*.

BUT I'M MORE AFRAID TO GO ON.

CAN'T HELP IT.

I'M AFRAID.



НИИ.

I WISH I'D
WRITTEN
MORE
POETRY.



I WISH I'D BEEN LESS
FULL OF

I WOKE UP IN A
HOSPITAL ROOM
WITH MY WRISTS
CHAINED TO THE
BED.

AND I MADE
A FEW MORE
WISHES.



I SPOKE WITH A DOCTOR WHO SAID I MAY HAVE BEEN DEAD FOR A FEW MOMENTS.



I DIDN'T SAY TO HIM WHAT I WAS THINKING.

"TRY THE LAST THREE MONTHS, DOC."

THE HAVERLIN BROTHERS FROM NEXT DOOR CAME TO VISIT, WHEN MY MOTHER DID NOT.

THEY PULLED ME OUT. I TOLD THEM I WAS GRATEFUL BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE THEM SAD.

WE... WE'RE SORRY WE SAW YOUR BOSOMS, MISS CHLOE.



SOMETIMES THE TRUTH HURTS THE PEOPLE WITH THE BEST HEARTS THE MOST.

I TOLD THEM ALL WHAT THEY WANTED TO HEAR, AND THE RESTRAINTS CAME OFF.

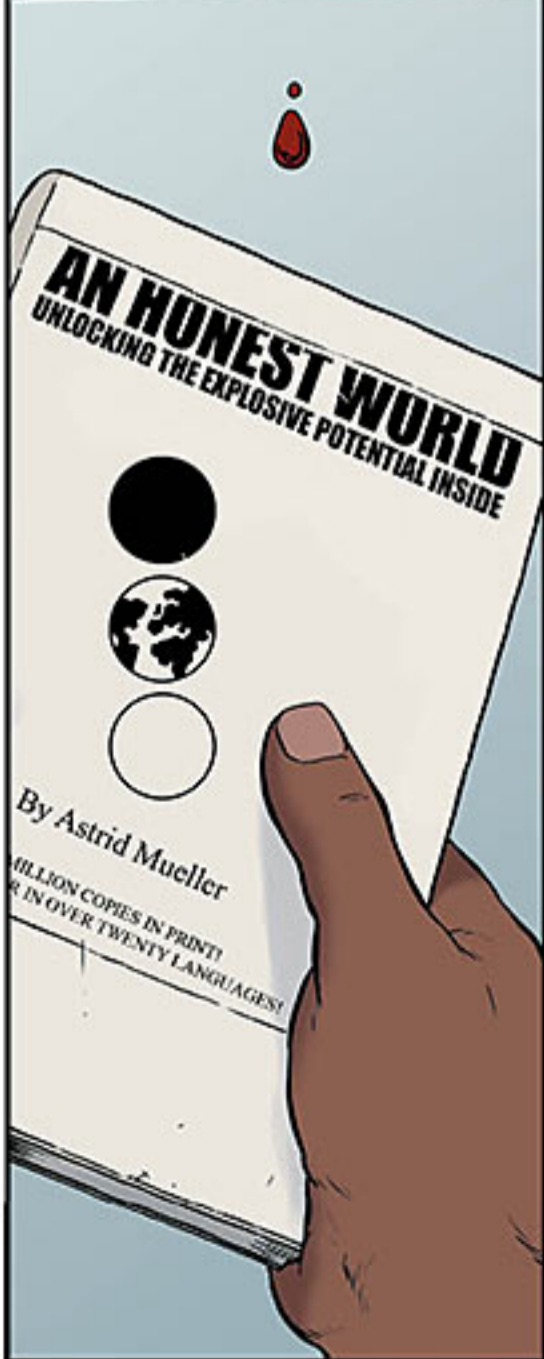
LISTEN, I'M PROBABLY NOT SUPPOSED TO BE DOING THIS...

...BUT THIS HELPED ME WHEN I LOST MY--



WELL.

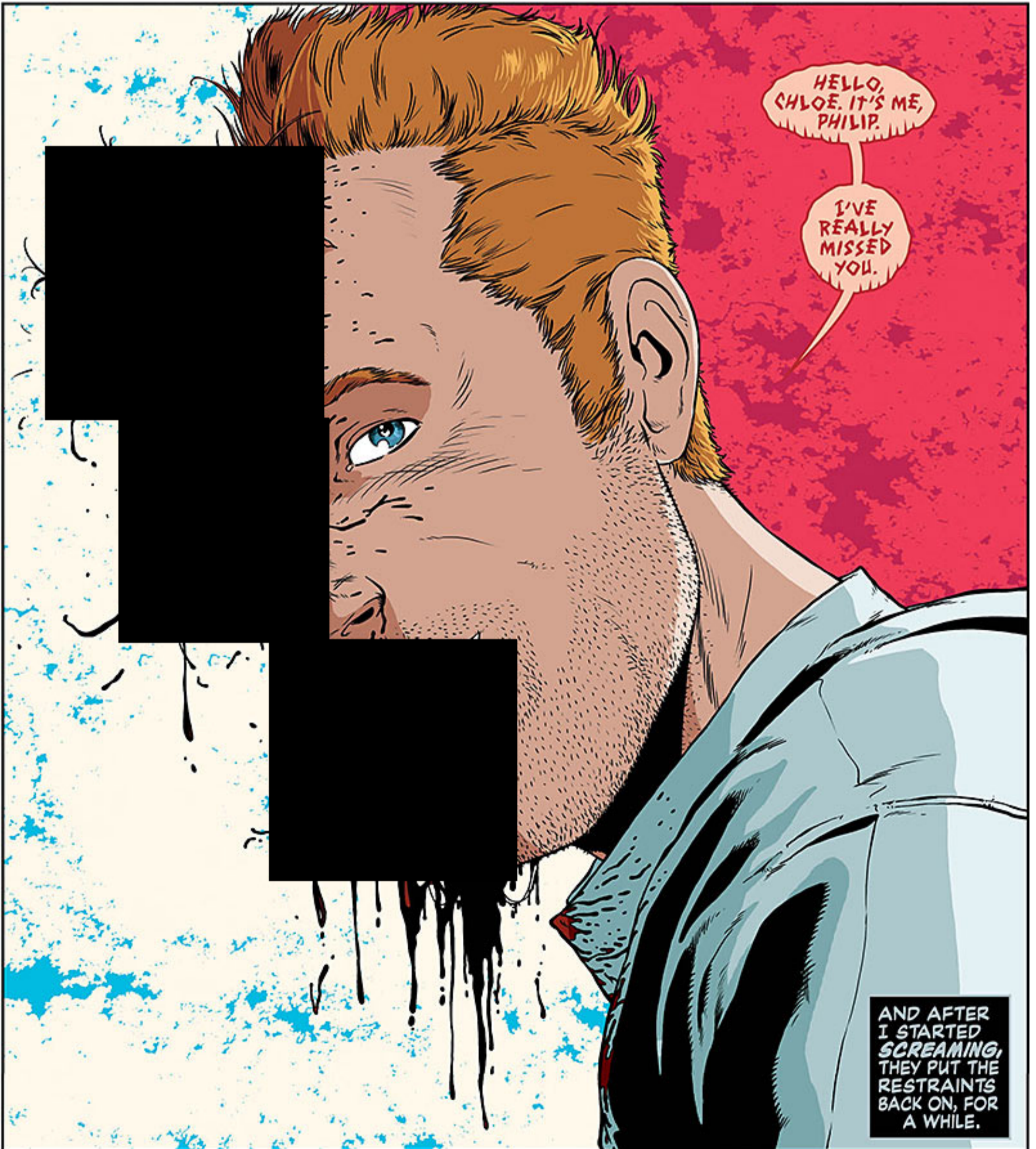
IT CHANGED MY LIFE.



YES.



IT CHANGED
MINE, TOO.



HELLO,
CHLOE. IT'S ME,
PHILIP.

I'VE
REALLY
MISSED
YOU.

AND AFTER
I STARTED
SCREAMING,
THEY PUT THE
RESTRAINTS
BACK ON, FOR
A WHILE.