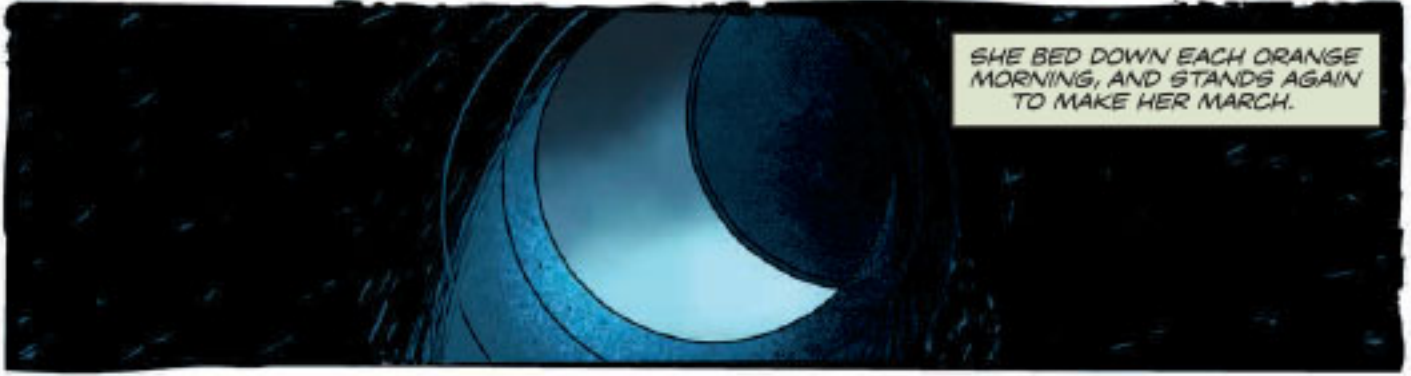


SOLITARY WATCHMEN. ALONE
IN A FOREST OF COLD SHADOW.



SHE BED DOWN EACH ORANGE
MORNING, AND STANDS AGAIN
TO MAKE HER MARCH.



EACH PASSING DAY, LESS
OF HERSELF. EACH DAY
MORE SHADOW.



MARCHING ALWAYS
TOWARDS OBLIVION.



SOLITARY WATCHMEN.
ALONE IN A FOREST
OF COLD SHADOW.

SILVER CREEK GRIST MILL

12:41 AM.

WHAT THE [REDACTED] WAS THAT?!

ALONE.
COLD
SHADOW.

IT'S—IT'S
ONE OF HIS POEMS.
IT'S ABOUT THE
MOON, OH GOD...
AARON.

YEAH, I GET
IT, CYPRESS.
REAL DAMN
CLEVER.

I WANT
TO KNOW WHY
HE'S DOING THE OPEN
MIC OF THE DAMNED
HERE AFTER SPENDING
A COUPLE OF
WEEKS IN THE
DRINK.

BLAINE.
HE'S A
REVIVER...

NO.
HE'S—IT'S
THE WATER. IT
BROUGHT HIM
BACK, LIKE IT
DID TO THE
FISH.

BUT
HE'S NOT
LIKE ME. HE'S
DYING.



I HAVE TO GET HIM BACK IN.

SO HE CAN DROWN EVERY THREE DAMN MINUTES FOR THE REST OF ETERNITY? HELL NO. YOUR EX IS AN ABOMINATION.



MOVE AWAY, GIRL. I'M GONNA PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY.



DON'T YOU TOUCH HIM!



STOP AND LOOK! HE'S IN HELL! YOU DON'T KEEP A TORTURED SPIRIT AROUND CUZ YOU MISS HIS LIMERICKS!



STOP IT! YOU WORKED TOGETHER LONG ENOUGH TO GET US THIS FAR!



WE CAME HERE LOOKING FOR AARON AND ANSWERS. WE FOUND HIM.



NOW WE FIND THE TRUTH.