

WHEN I WOKE UP, SHE WASN'T THERE. USUALLY, THAT WAS HOW I PREFERRED IT.



LAST NIGHT WAS ANYTHING BUT "USUALLY," THOUGH.

TEMPEST?



TEMPEST?!

I'M HERE, LOU.



RIGHT HERE.

LOU.



MISTER HOLT.








AFTER MY SISTER DROWNED, MY MOTHER WOULD BURST INTO TEARS EVERY DAMN TIME SHE LOOKED AT ME.



SHE COULDN'T HANDLE THAT, SO SHE TOOK OFF.


MY FATHER, THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE IN HIS EYES WHEN HE LOOKED AT ME, SO HE TOOK TO DRINKING.

AND WE BOTH HANDLED THAT.



THOSE WERE GOOD TIMES.

WE SHARED A LOT OF LAUGHS, AND MORE THAN A DRINK OR TWO. HE WAS NEVER SHY ABOUT IT--IF HE HAD A BOTTLE, I'D GET A NIP AS WELL.



I'D LIKE TO THINK THAT WAS BECAUSE HE RECOGNIZED A PAIN IN ME THAT NEEDED TO BE DULLED.