

THE ONLY TIME I FEEL ANYTHING IS WHEN I THINK ABOUT FINDING THOSE MEN. FINDING THEM AND *HURTING* THEM. MAKING *THEM* AFRAID LIKE THEY MADE ME...



I KNOW THAT'S...NOT HEALTHY.

I HAVE *DREAMS*. REALLY MESSED-UP DREAMS. WHERE I FIND THE MAN WHO DID IT, AND I *SHOOT* HIM, JUST LIKE HE SHOT MY PARENTS.

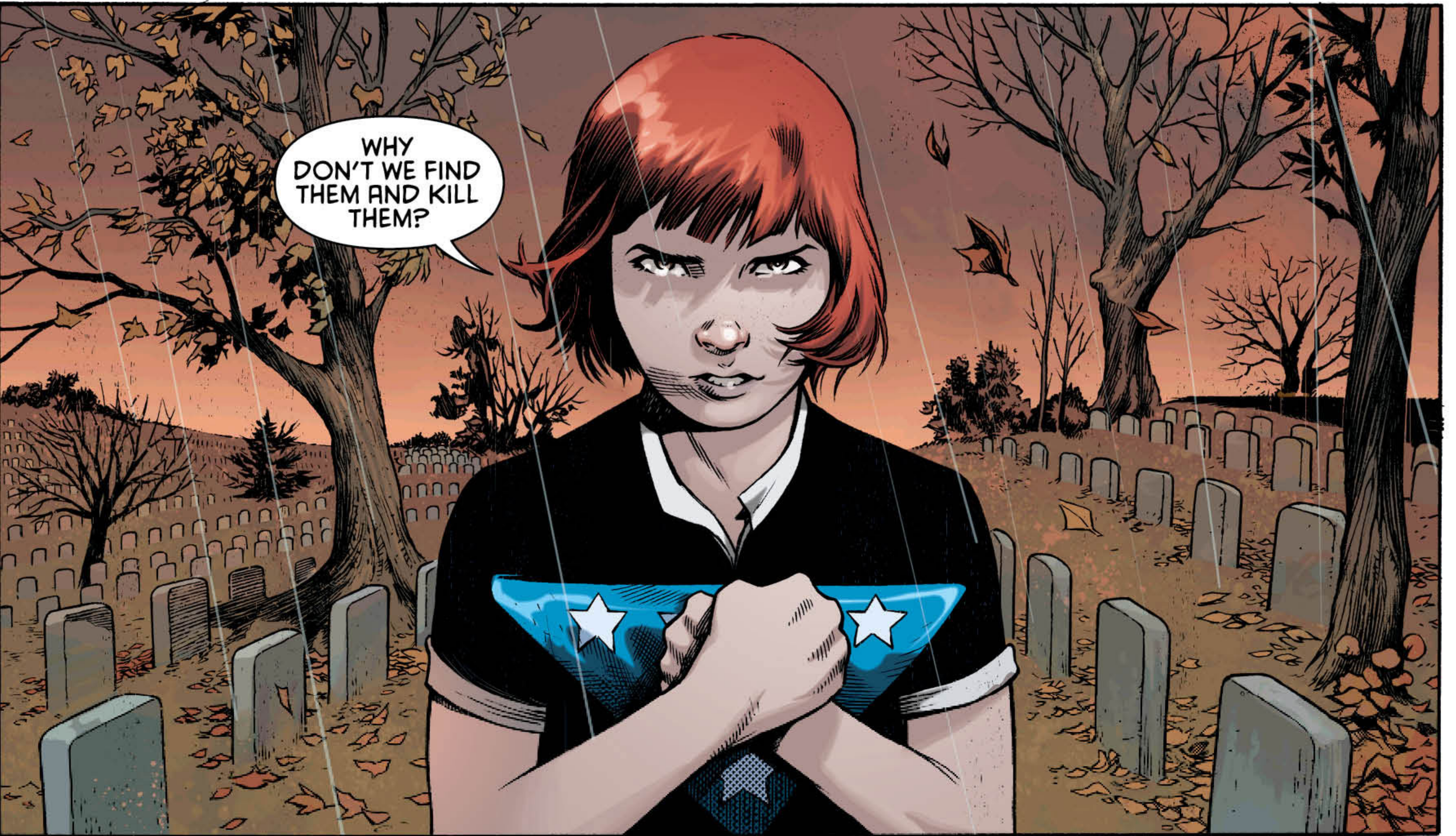


THOSE ARE THE *GOOD* DREAMS.



SO WHY DON'T WE?

WHAT?



WHY DON'T WE FIND THEM AND KILL THEM?