



I COME OUT OF THE COMA LONG ENOUGH FOR THEM TO TELL ME I'VE BEEN OUT FOR A WEEK.



BRIDGID'S IN ONE OF THOSE INCREDIBLY UNCOMFORTABLE CHAIRS YOU USUALLY FIND IN A HOSPITAL ROOM.

HER FACE IS COVERED WITH EXHAUSTION AND SUDDENLY I FEEL THE SAME.



THE SECOND TIME I WAKE UP
IT'S ONLY THREE DAYS LATER.

MY HEAD IS PULSING,
MY BRAIN FEELS SWOLLEN.



THERE'S AN URGE TO ADJUST MY
BODY, HAVING BEEN LAYING IN
THE SAME POSITION FOR DAYS.

THEN THE REALIZATION THAT EVERY
FIBER IS IN PAIN, ANY MOVEMENT
WILL MAKE IT WORSE.

FRAGMENTS OF WHAT HAPPENED
WHILE I WAS UNDER START TO
COME BACK.

MOSTLY SHADOWS MOVING ABOUT
THE ROOM; DOCTORS AND VISITORS.

THEN...

...ONE FACE
COMES THROUGH


MY BRIDGID.

SHE'S SAD.

SHE'S TELLING ME
THAT SHE HAS TO GO...

...BUT SHE'LL
BE BACK IN
THE MORNING.

I WANT TO GO
BACK TO SLEEP.



SOMETIMES A WAVE OF NOSTALGIA
COMES OVER ME, REMINDING ME
OF SOMETHING FROM THE PAST.

THE FEELING ITSELF
IS SO PUNGENT I
PRACTICALLY TRAVEL
THROUGH TIME.

THE SUN IS SHINING, WITH
LILY-WHITE CLOUDS IN THE
SKY AND I'M RIGHT BACK
ON MY GRANDPARENT'S FARM.

I CAN REMEMBER A SPECIFIC
DAY, A SPECIFIC MOMENT IN
MY LIFE AS A CHILD. IT WAS
SO INSIGNIFICANT AND YET THE
MEMORY IS CRISP AND VIVID.


THE FRESH
AIR FILLS
MY NOSTRILS.

I'M ONLY A KID,


I HAVEN'T LEARNED HOW TO PROFILE A
SERIAL KILLER... OR WHAT MOTIVATES
THE CRIMINALLY INSANE.

I WONDER IF NOSTALGIA WILL COME TO
ME LIKE THIS WHEN I'M AN OLD MAN.

I HOPE SO.

An abstract graphic design on a black background. A white cross is centered in the upper half. A vertical white line extends from the cross down to the bottom of the frame. Numerous thin, yellow, jagged lines resembling lightning bolts or abstract scribbles are scattered across the entire image, some overlapping the white lines. The overall composition is dynamic and layered.

WHY DO YOU
DESERVE TO LIVE?



THE BRUISES AND SCABS
BEGIN TO HEAL.

MY HEAD ISN'T SO FOGGY ANYMORE,
ALTHOUGH I CAN'T HELP FEELING
WEIGHED DOWN BY A SENSE OF
DEFEAT AS I PISS THROUGH A TUBE.

UH,
MR. NESS?

WHAT?

YOU'RE
THAT COP?
NESS?

DETECTIVE.

WHAT,
NOW?

I'M A
DETECTIVE.
IS THERE
SOMETHING I
CAN DO FOR
YOU?

YOU'RE
THE GUY
THAT TOOK
ON THE
LIGHTNING
FREAK?

YOU CAN SEE
HOW WELL THAT
WENT FOR
ME.



I HAVE
SOMETHING TO TELL
YA... ABOUT THE
FREAK. I SAW
HIM LITTLE WAYS
BEFORE ALL THIS
GOT STARTED.

I WAS PICKING
UP A SHIFT FOR THIS
BROAD THAT UP AND QUILTS
ON ME AT THE DINER AND
IN WALKS THIS CREEP.
NOW, I'M A NICE GUY SO
I GOT NO PROBLEM
CHATTING WITH HIM.

BUT THEN HE STARTS
TALKING ABOUT
BABY KILLINGS
OR SOMETHING. HAD A LOT
OF BIG WORDS TO SAY
ABOUT IT... REAL SMART-
ASS, THIS GUY.