



...IT WASN'T JUST

IT GOT WORSE AND WORSE.

MY MOM STOPPED TALKING TO ME.

DAD SAID IT WAS BECAUSE "SHE HAD TO SEPARATE HERSELF FROM ME EMOTIONALLY TO DO WHAT WAS NECESSARY."

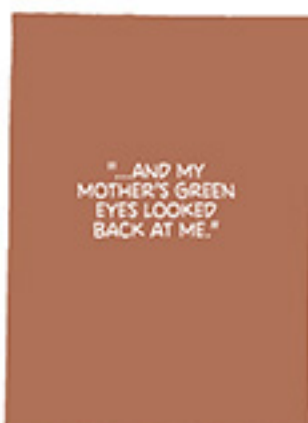
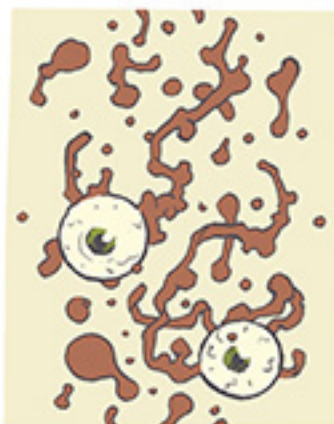


"I'D CELEBRATED MY ELEVENTH BIRTHDAY ALONE. I WENT TO MAKE MYSELF A BOWL OF CEREAL WITH SOME MILK I'D STOLEN.

"WHEN I OPENED THE FRIDGE I FOUND A MASON JAR IN THE BACK OF IT."



"I PULLED IT OUT..."



"...AND MY MOTHER'S GREEN EYES LOOKED BACK AT ME."



"WHEN MY DAD CAME IN I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME.

"LITERALLY KILL ME.

"INSTEAD, HE TOLD ME TO LOOK INTO HER EYES."



"HE HELD ME BY THE BACK OF THE NECK AND FORCED ME."

I WATCHED AS SHE DIED, WATCHED AS HER SOUL FELL.

ONCE YOU SEE IT LEAVE, PETRA, IT GIVES YOU STRENGTH...



"...AND YOU NO LONGER FEAR DEATH."

AND THEN HE JUST LEFT FOR WORK.

...



YEAH, SO YOU TELL ME SOMETHING, BILLY.

WITH EVERYTHING WE'VE BEEN THROUGH...



"...HOW WERE WE SUPPOSED TO END UP ANY OTHER WAY?"

I WAIT FOR HIM TO PULL THE TRIGGER.

EVERY SECOND THAT PASSES,
A POTENTIAL LAST BREATH,
HOW LONG HAVE WE BEEN
STANDING HERE LIKE THIS?
HOW DID WE END UP HERE?



HE DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING.

NOTHING LEFT.

JUST FINDING THE NERVE,
LOOKING FOR THE SPARK--
THEN--

DON'T LET HIM--DON'T WAIT--
THE LAST MOMENT OF YOUR
STUPID LIFE--SAY SOMETHING--



--SAY THE RIGHT SOMETHING.

DON'T KILL ME.

PERFECT.

LAST WORDS ARE A CLICHÉ.

AFTER EVERYTHING WE'VE BEEN THROUGH...

CLICHÉ DOUBLE DOWN.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SHOOT ME, WILLIE.



WHY'S THAT?

CAUSE I'M A PUNK?



NO! NO!

DON'T PUT THAT HEAD-TRIP ON ME--THAT'S YOUR OWN THING!

I JUST, I MEAN--