

ASPERGER'S
IS LIVING IN
A WORLD OF
CONSTANT
NOISE.

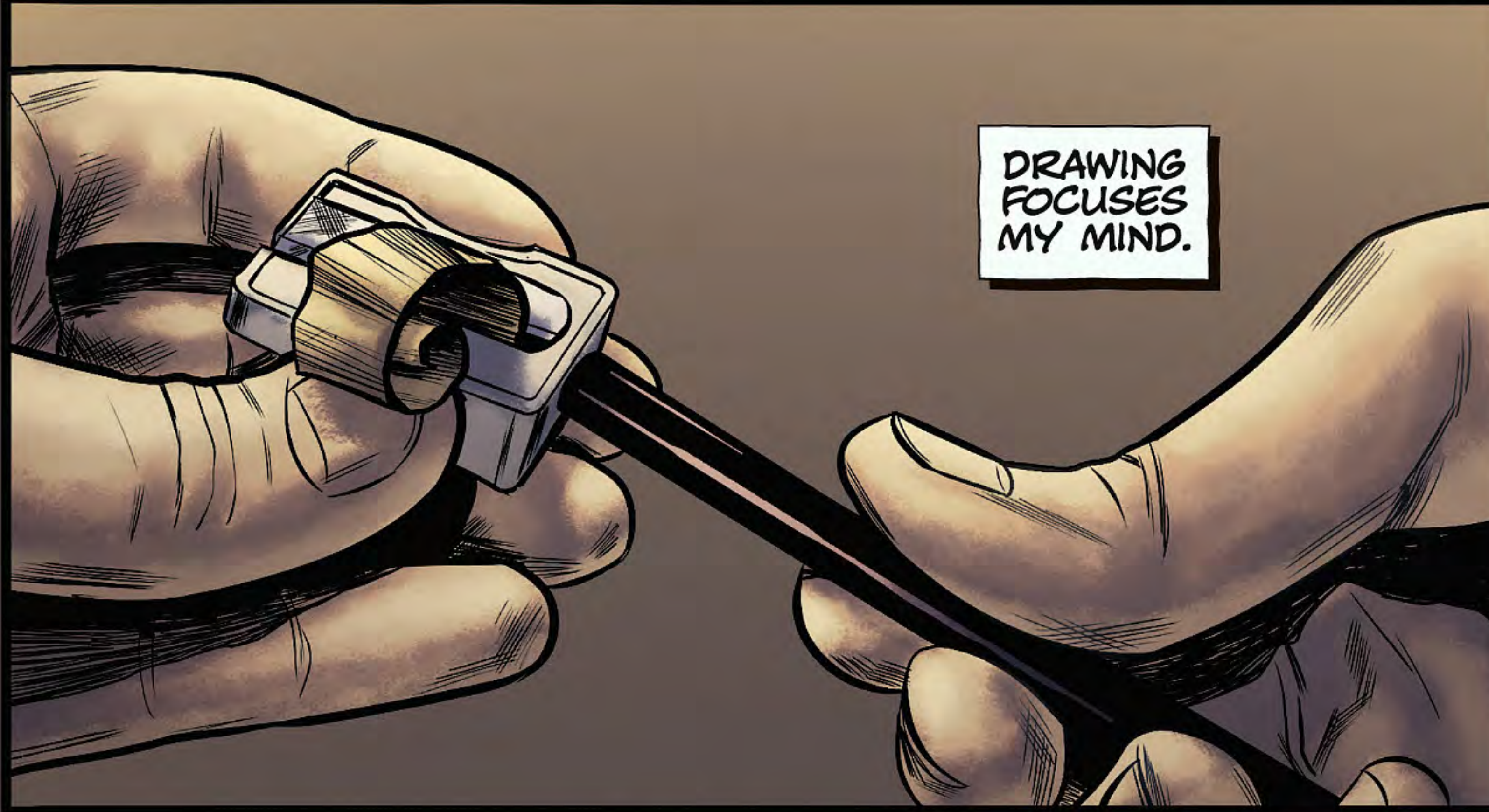


YOU HEAR
EVERYTHING
AT THE SAME
VOLUME.

THE VOICES AROUND
ME. MY THOUGHTS IN
MY VOICE.



DRAWING
HELPS
CALM IT.



DRAWING
FOCUSES
MY MIND.



IT TURNS
THE NOISE
INTO
MUSIC.



LIKE THE
MILLION
THOUGHTS
I HAVE
ABOUT A
DEAD GIRL.



DRAWING PULLS
ONE THOUGHT
ABOVE THE REST.



A STROKE OF COLOR
IN A SEA OF GRAY.



A SONG PLAYING
LOUDER THAN
ANY OTHER.

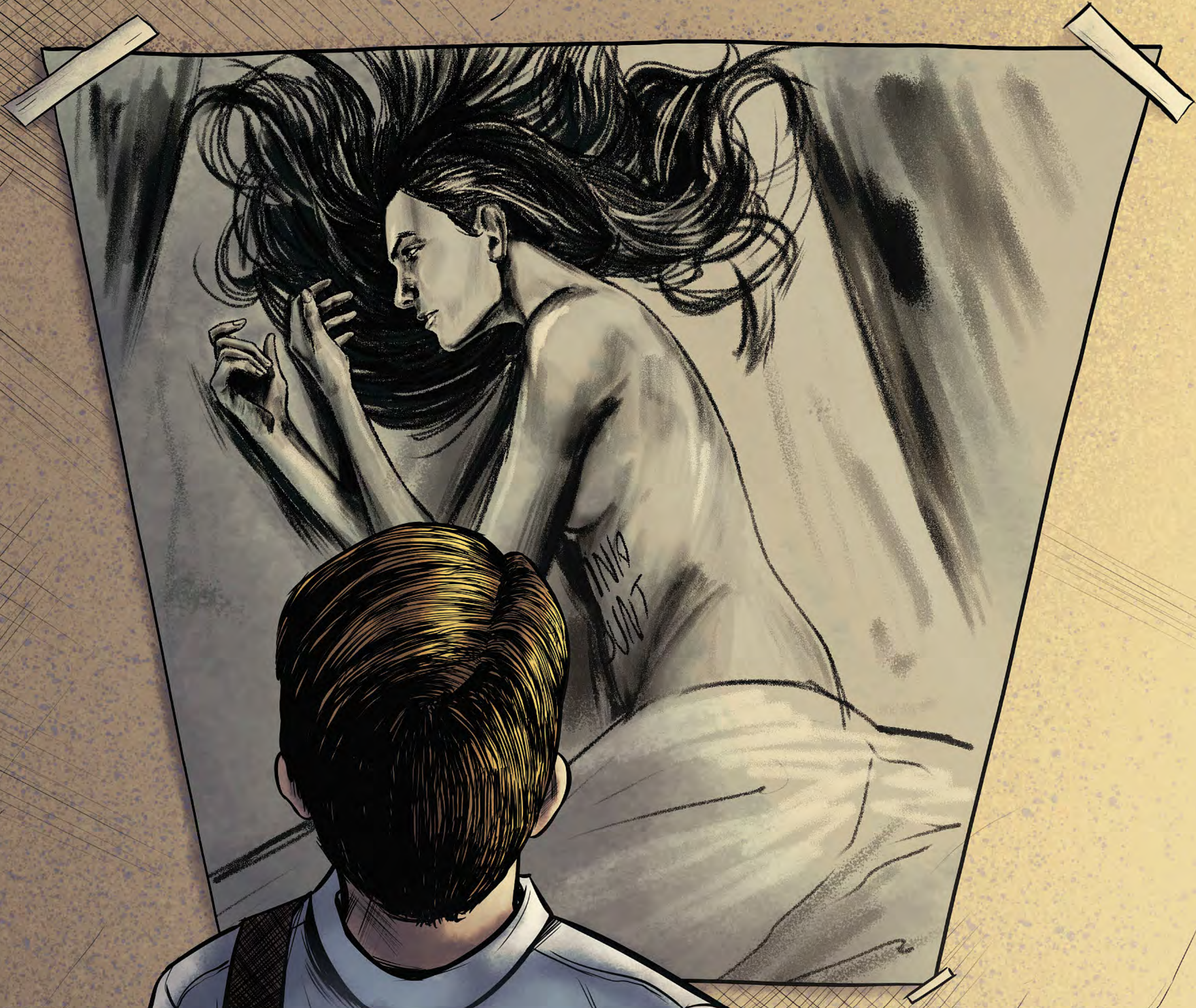


A SONG THAT IS
A QUESTION.

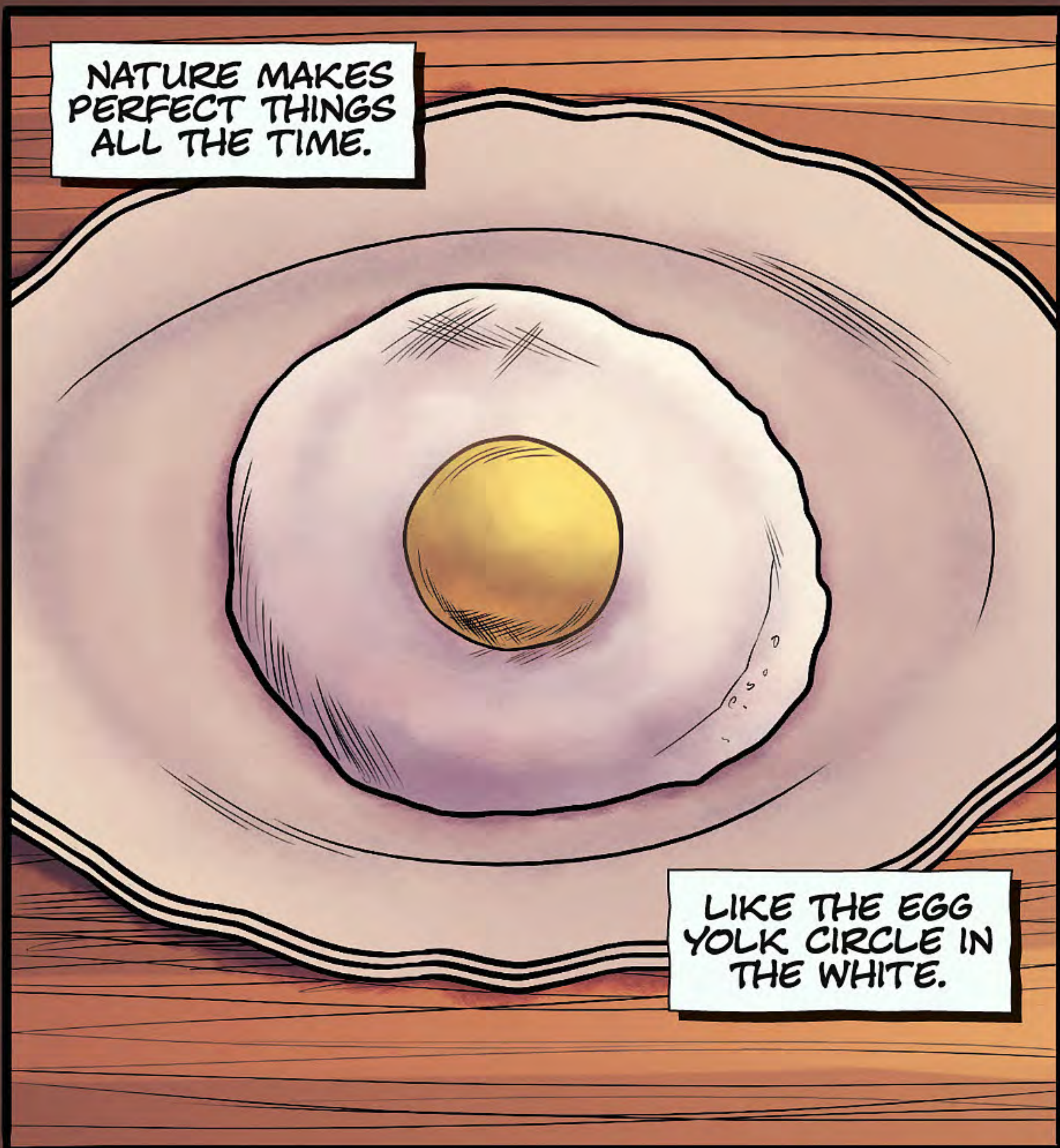


A glass jar filled with several pencils and pens, with one pencil being held by a hand.

WHO
KILLED
YOU?

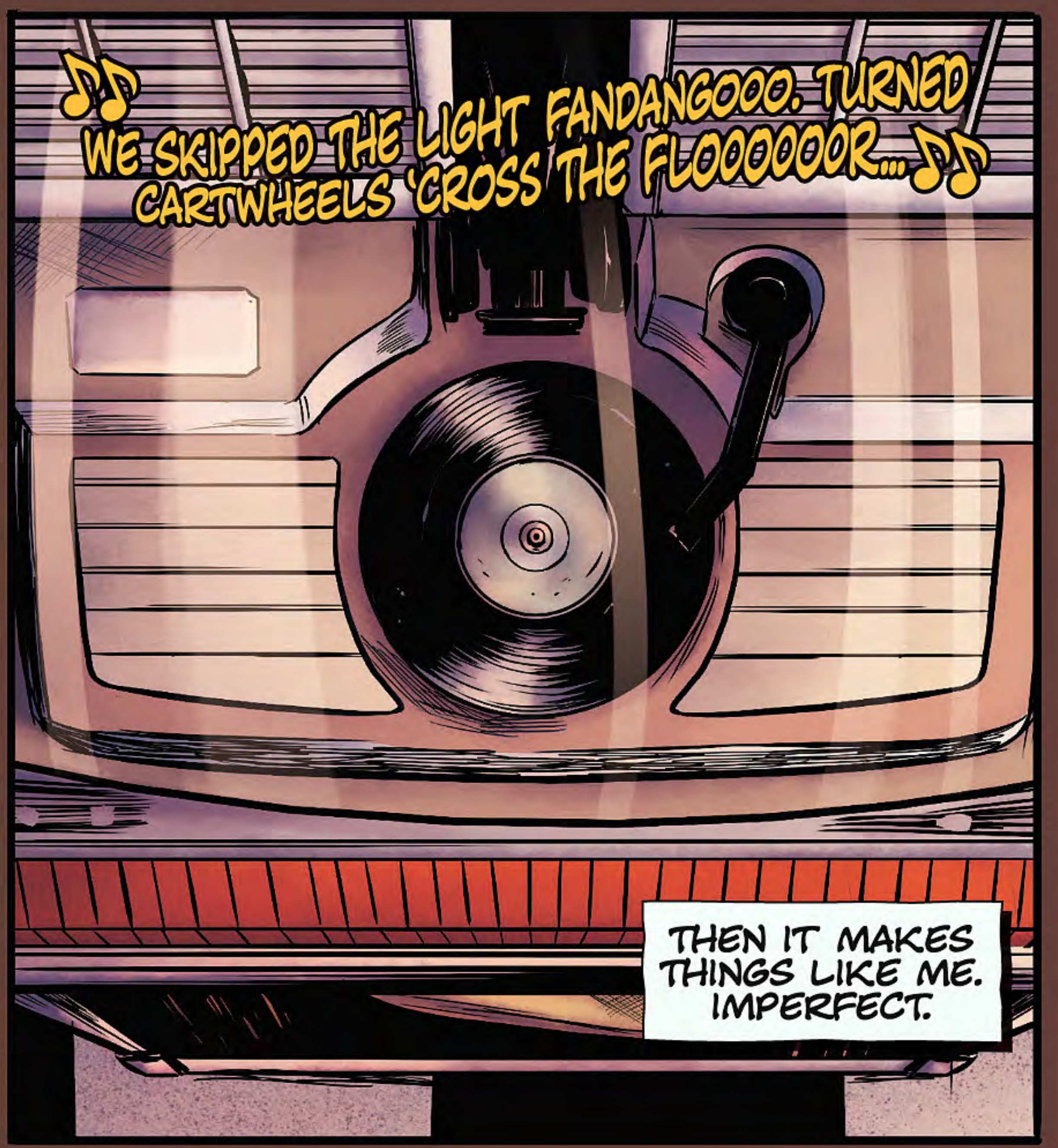


BRYAN HILL
MATT HAWKINS WRITERS
ISAAC GOODHART ARTIST
BETSY GONIA COLORIST & EDITOR
TROY PETERI LETTERER
CREATED BY MATT HAWKINS



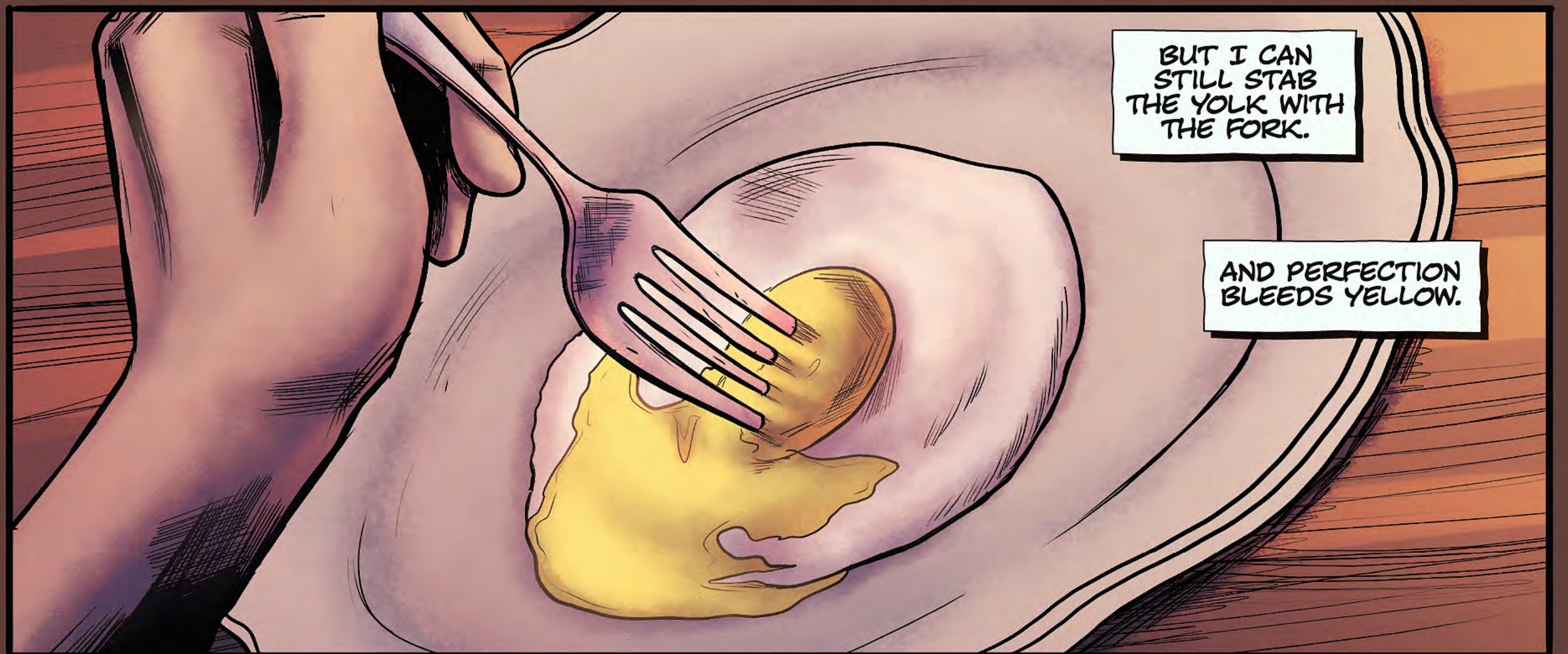
NATURE MAKES PERFECT THINGS ALL THE TIME.

LIKE THE EGG YOLK CIRCLE IN THE WHITE.



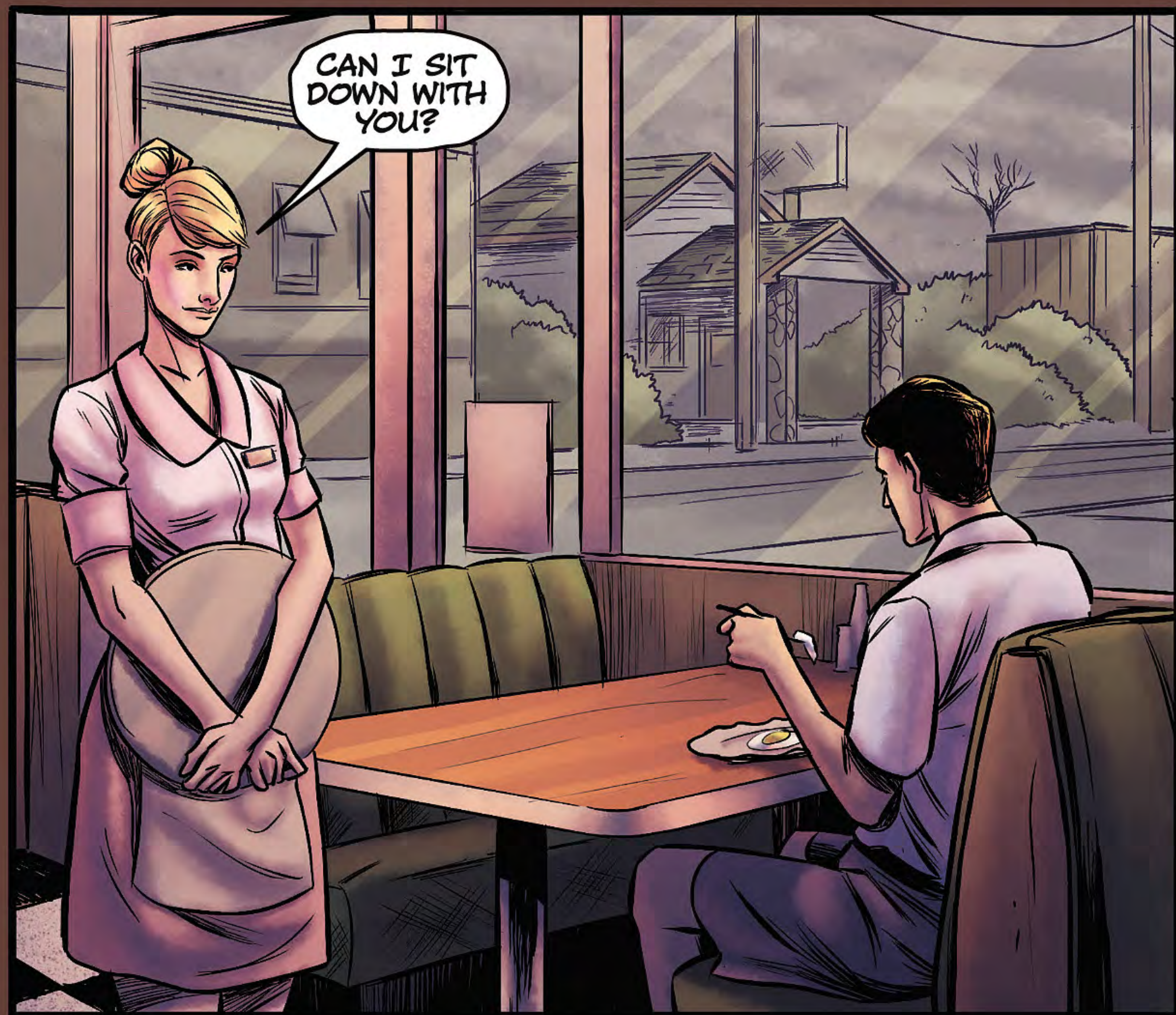
♪♪ WE SKIPPED THE LIGHT FANDANGO. TURNED CARTWHEELS 'ROSS' THE FLOOOOOOR...♪♪

THEN IT MAKES THINGS LIKE ME. IMPERFECT.



BUT I CAN STILL STAB THE YOLK WITH THE FORK.

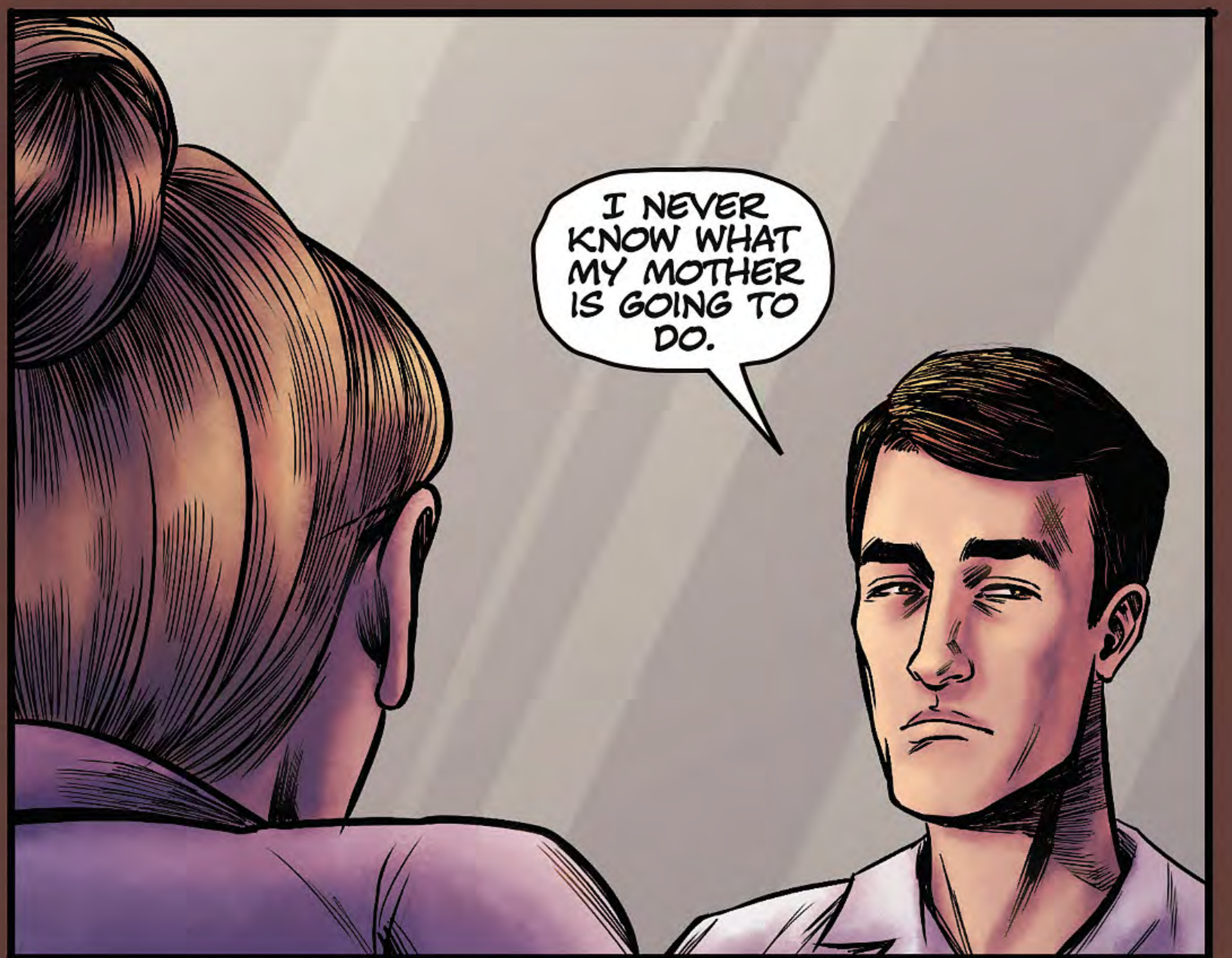
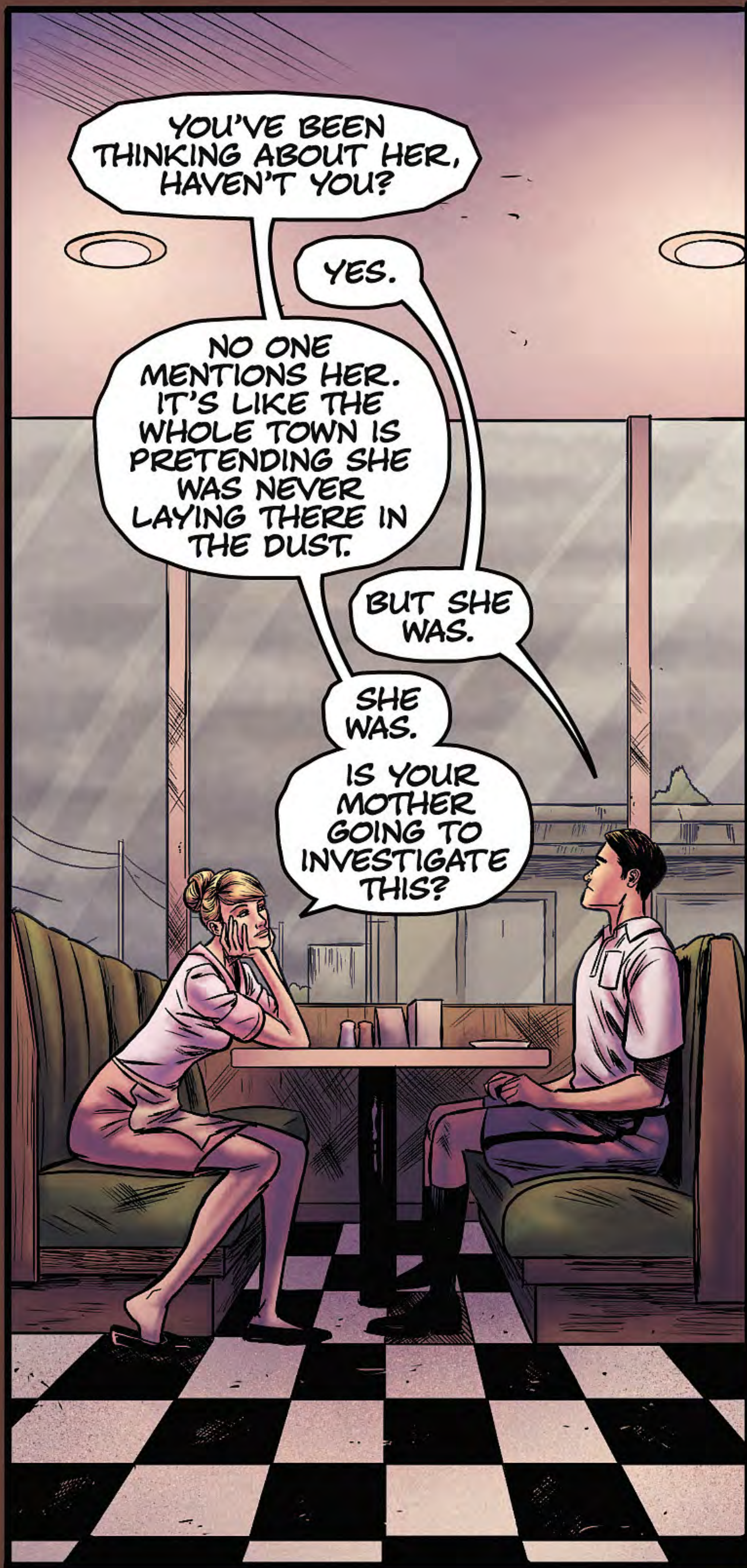
AND PERFECTION BLEEDS YELLOW.

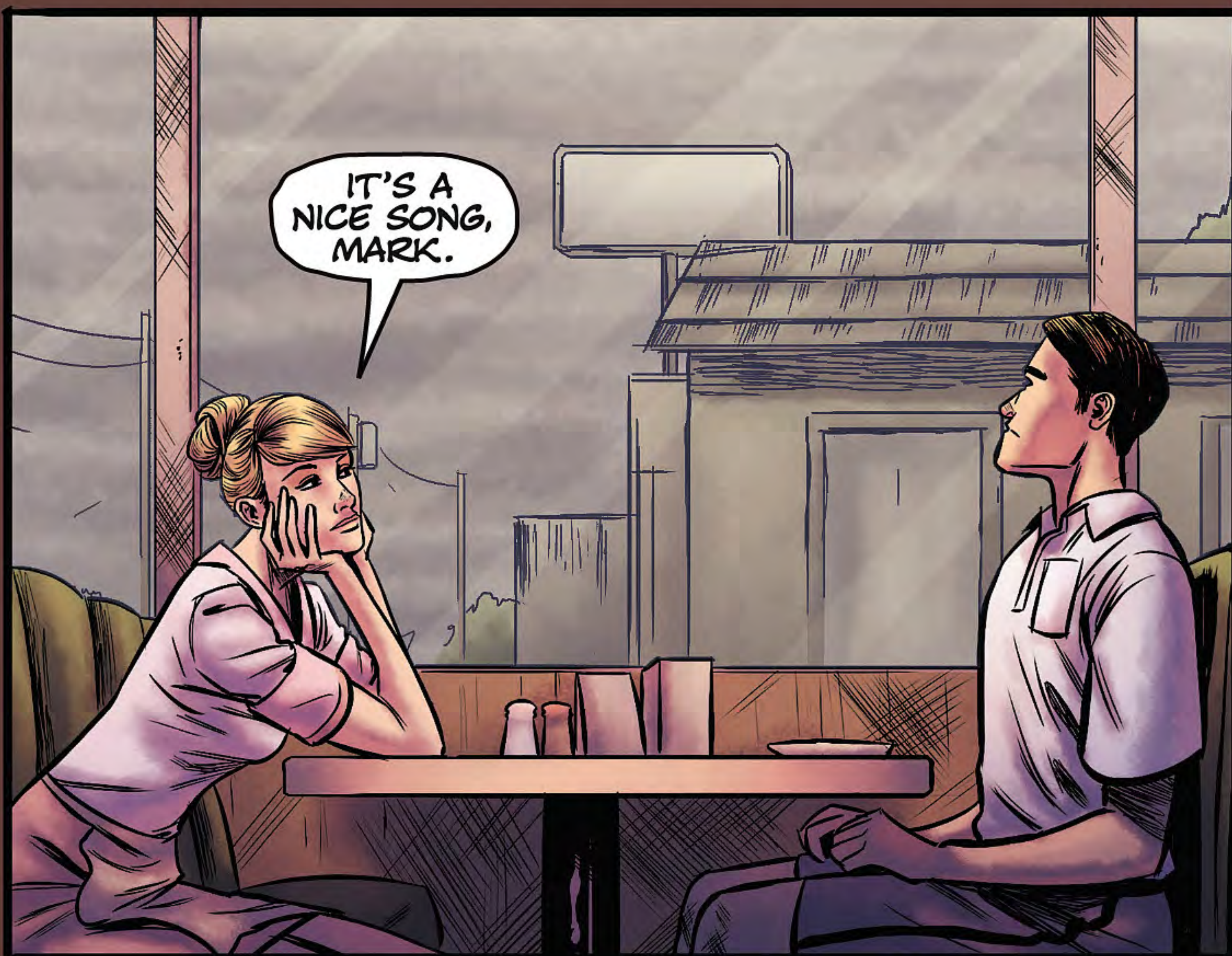


CAN I SIT DOWN WITH YOU?

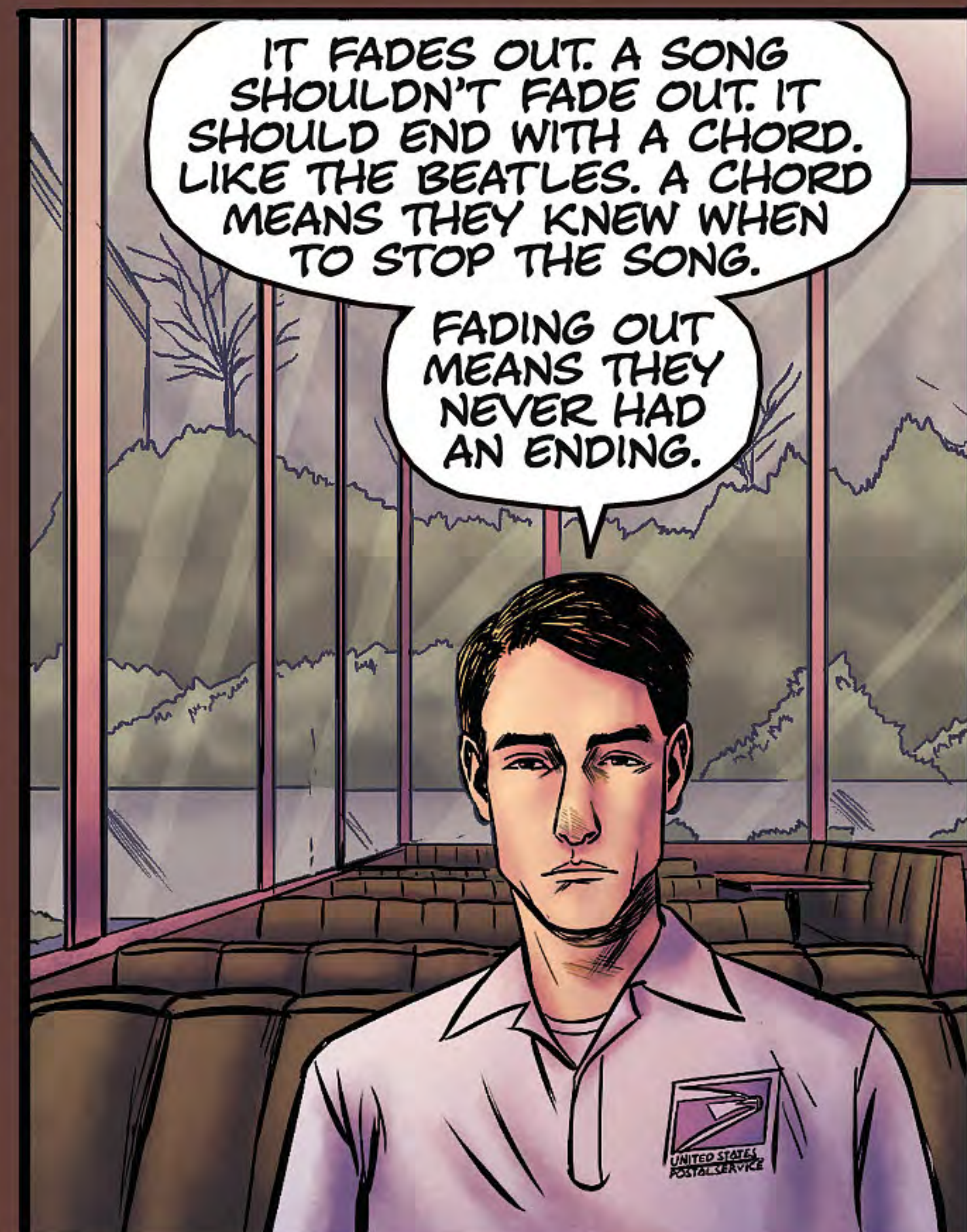


OKAY.





IT'S A NICE SONG, MARK.



IT FADES OUT. A SONG SHOULD END WITH A CHORD. LIKE THE BEATLES. A CHORD MEANS THEY KNEW WHEN TO STOP THE SONG.

FADING OUT MEANS THEY NEVER HAD AN ENDING.



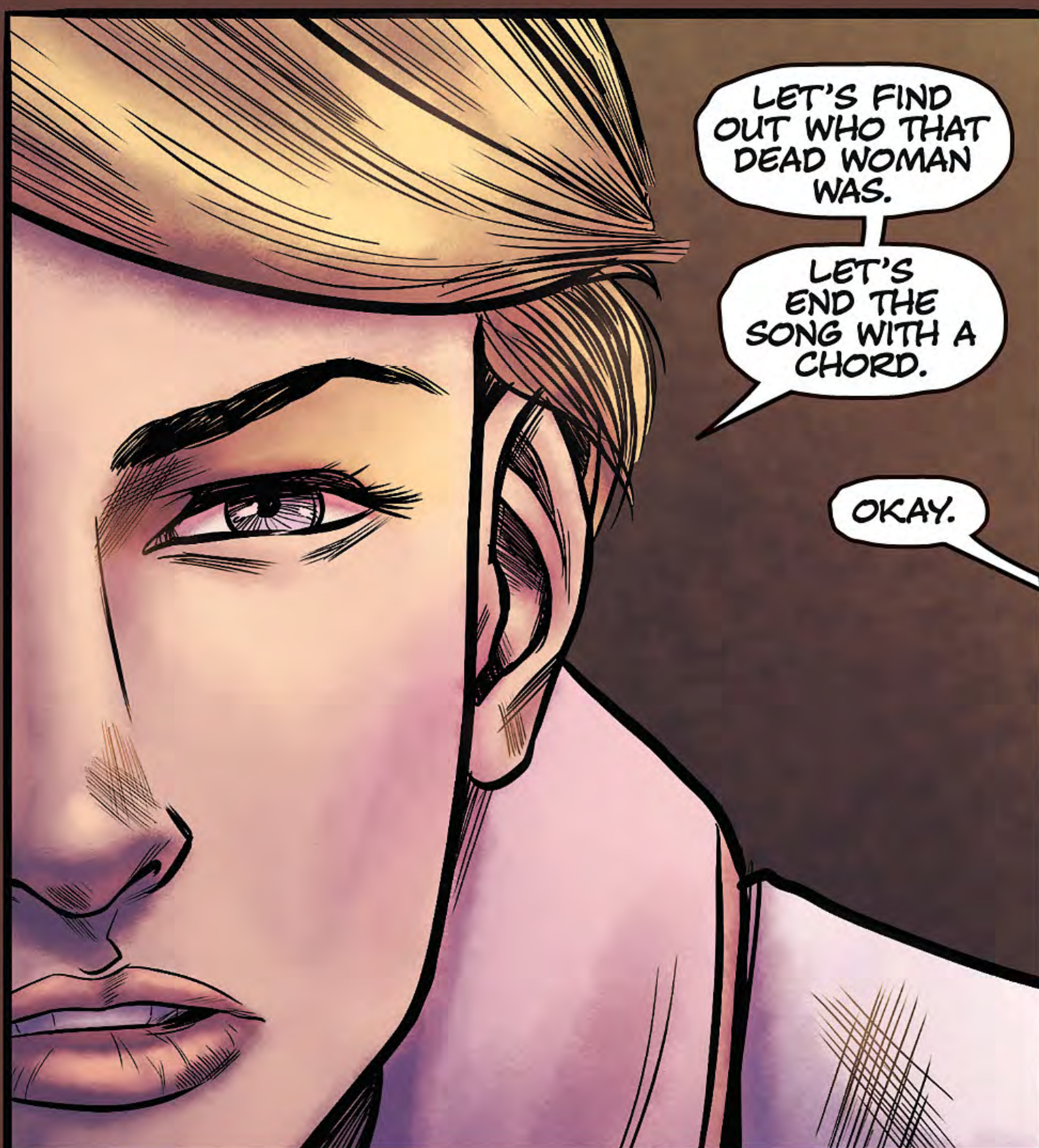
AND YOU NEED AN ENDING.

YOU NEED TO KNOW WHO KILLED HER.



I NEED AN ENDING.

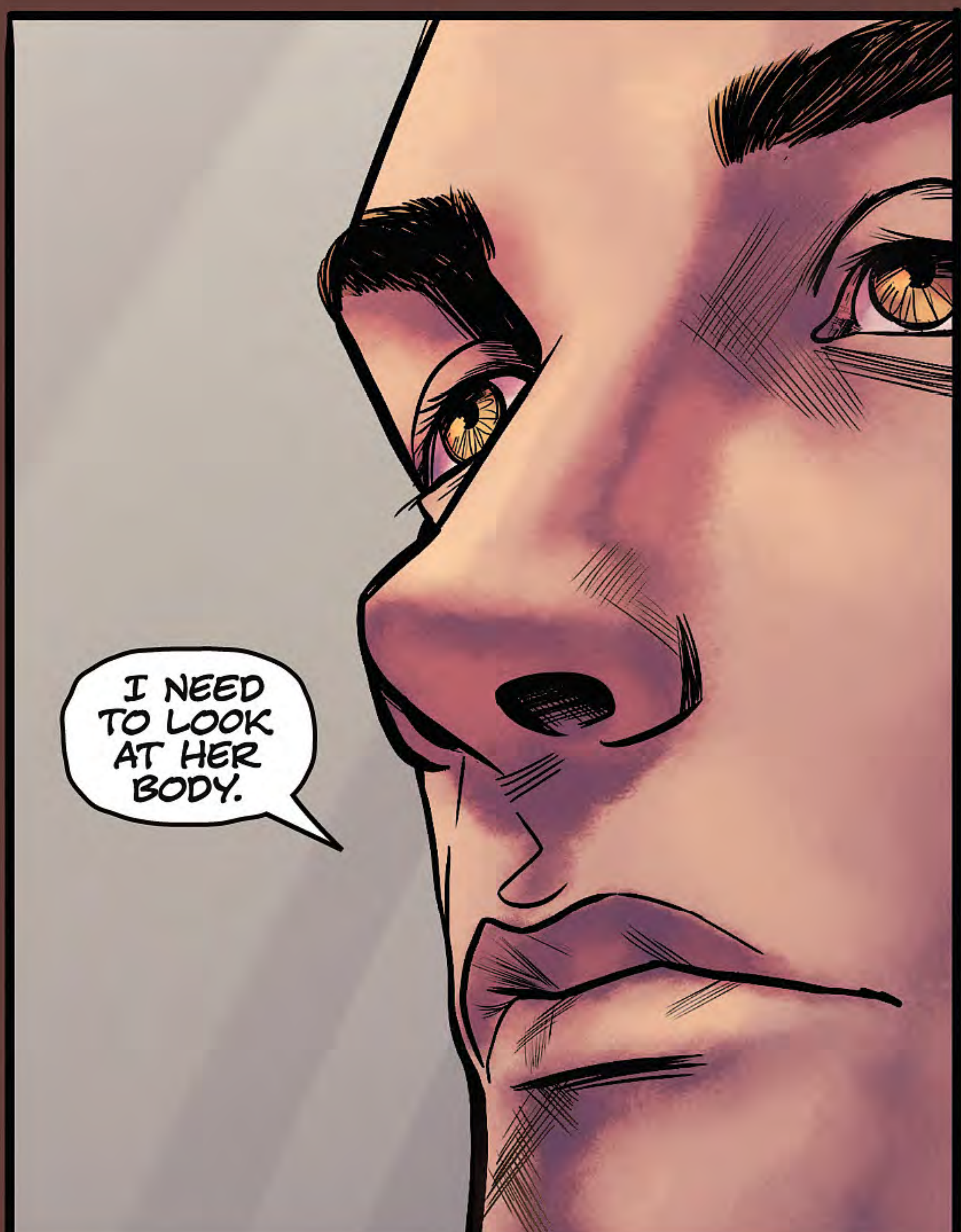
MARK...



LET'S FIND OUT WHO THAT DEAD WOMAN WAS.

LET'S END THE SONG WITH A CHORD.

OKAY.



I NEED TO LOOK AT HER BODY.

