



BOSTON, 18 MONTHS AGO.

I KNEW
IT WASN'T
LYDIA'S
BLOOD.

BEFORE
THE TEST,
I MEAN.

OH?

WE
TALKED BEFORE
ABOUT YOU *EDITING*
WHAT YOU TELL
ME.

I LEFT *THAT*
OUT.

ALL RIGHT,
AMELIA.

LET'S
GO THROUGH
THE DREAM
AGAIN.

I WALK
DOWN THE
HALL TO HER
ROOM.

IT'S A MESS. THE
WINDOW IS BROKEN,
AND BLOOD...

...IS ON THE
SHEETS... ON
THE FLOOR.

JUST LIKE
THE NIGHT LYDIA...
VANISHED.

BUT IN THE DREAM, THERE SHE
IS, SITTING ON THE BED.

CURLED UP LIKE
SOME CREATURE,
COVERED IN
BLOOD.

AND SHE
LOOKS AT ME.
SHE *TALKS*
TO ME.

WHAT
DOES SHE
SAY?

SHE
SAYS THE
BLOOD ISN'T
HERS.

AND
TODAY THEY
TELL ME THE
BLOOD SAMPLES
DON'T MATCH
LYDIA'S.

"SOMEONE ELSE'S BLOOD
WAS ALL OVER MY BABY'S
BEDROOM."

