


once. But she's not me anymore. Every memory we shared's now a mystery



Where do I go when I've no idea where I've been?



All my hopes, fears, dreams, desires, loves, the secret worries and obvious faults--everything making me into me--remain beyond reach.



Who does that make me now?



What's next after nothing?

HA GIÁ DECISO?

MI SCUSI?



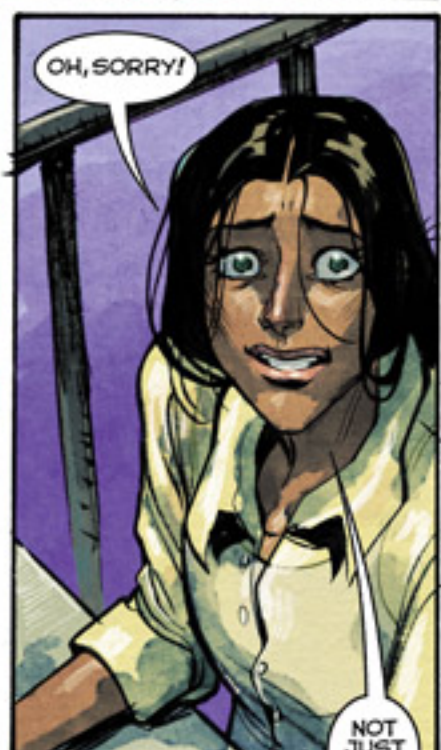
"GI-UH DEK-ZO" ...?

SÌ TO ORDER?

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU WANT?



OH, SORRY!



NOT JUST YET!



I'M STILL  
FIGURING  
IT OUT.



**VENICE, ITALY**