

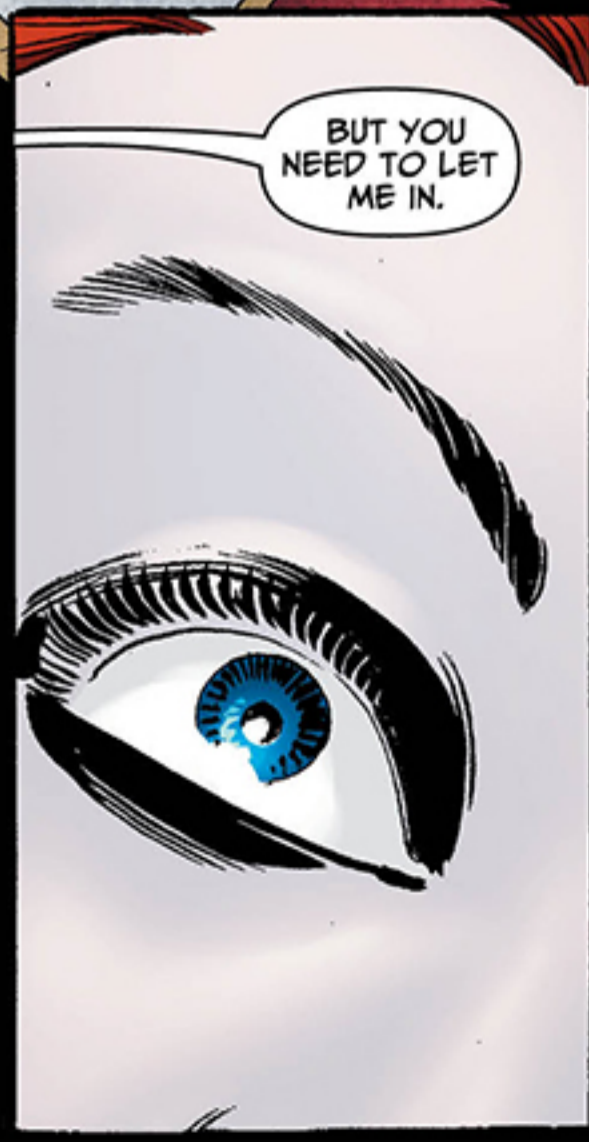


HARLEY,
YOU'RE BEING
AWFULLY
QUIET.

THIS WON'T
WORK UNLESS
YOU SPEAK
TO ME.



I CAN TELL
SOMETHING'S
BOTHERING
YOU. I ALWAYS
CAN.



BUT YOU
NEED TO LET
ME IN.



TELL ME
WHAT'S GOING
ON INSIDE THAT
BRAIN OF
YOURS.

BLANK SPACE

SEAN RYAN
WRITER

RONAN CLIQUET
ARTIST



NOTHING.

BLOND
COLORS

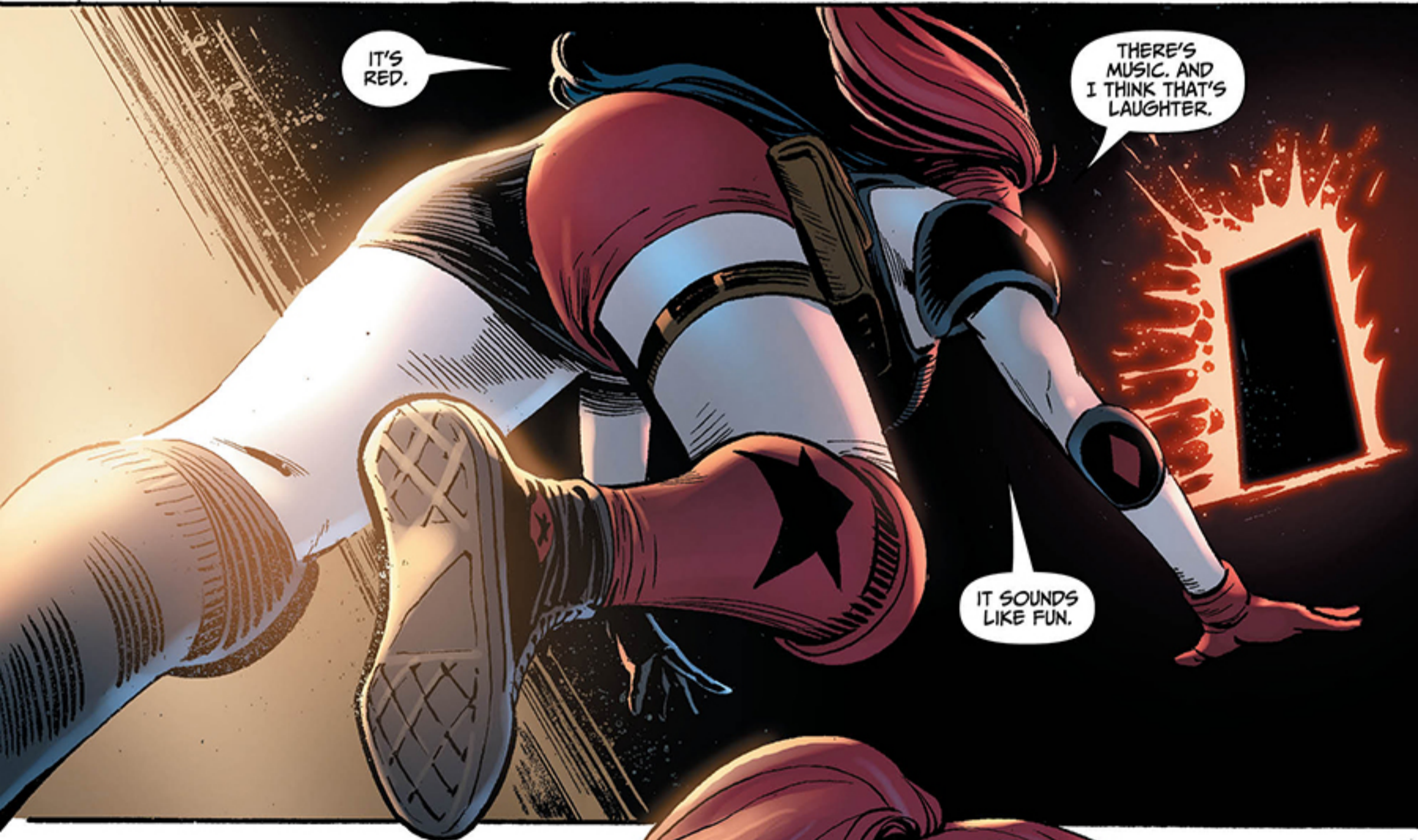
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DON'T GO THERE, HARLEY.

YOU KNOW HOW IT ALWAYS ENDS.



BUT I CAN'T STAY HERE. I'LL GO CRAZIER.



COME BACK... BE HERE.

WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?



I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING.

IT'S JUST TOO QUIET IN HERE, I CAN HEAR MYSELF THINK.

I DON'T WANT TO DO THAT.



I WANT TO HAVE FUN.



Carnal-Vale

Shooting Range

Blood Pudding

O M G.