





I WAS HOPING WE'D  
MAKE IT TO SPARLAND  
BEFORE DARK, BUT IT  
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE  
THAT'S HAPPENING.  
LET'S JUST HOLE UP  
HERE FOR THE NIGHT.

SOUNDS  
GOOD  
TO ME.



SO...

SO,  
WHAT?



NEVER  
MIND, IT'S  
NOTHING.

ABEL, YOU  
CAN TALK  
ABOUT...  
HIM.



I DON'T EVEN  
KNOW WHAT TO  
THINK. THAT  
THING IS...WAS...



...YOUR  
DAD.



YEAH.  
DAD. MY  
DAD.

I DON'T  
KNOW WHY  
IT'S SO  
HARD TO  
SAY NOW.



I JUST CAN'T  
STOP SEEING  
HIS EYES. HE  
WAS SO...



...ANGRY.

WHY DO I MAKE  
HIM SO ANGRY?  
I DON'T MEAN  
TO. I--

IT'S NOT YOUR  
FAULT, ABEL.  
NONE OF THIS IS  
YOUR FAULT. YOU  
HAVE TO BELIEVE  
THAT.



THEN WHY  
DO I FEEL  
SO BAD?

BECAUSE YOU'RE A  
GOOD KID, AND EVEN IF  
IT FEELS LIKE YOU HATE  
THAT ASSHOLE MOST OF  
THE TIME, HE'S STILL  
YOUR FATHER. IT CAN BE  
TOUGH TO RECONCILE  
THOSE TWO THINGS.

WHAT DO YOU THINK  
HAPPENED TO HIM?  
IS HE STILL THAT  
**THING**? IS HE  
BACK TO NORMAL?