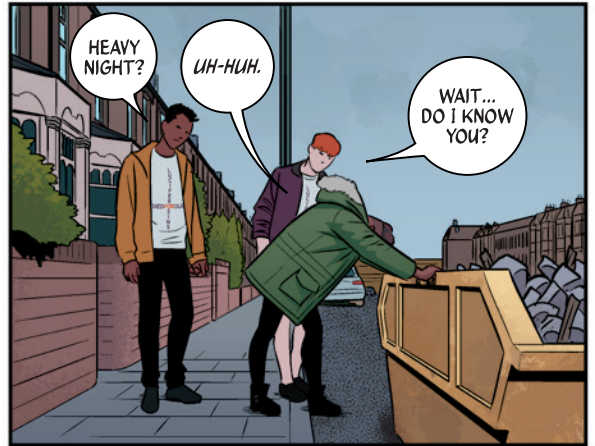
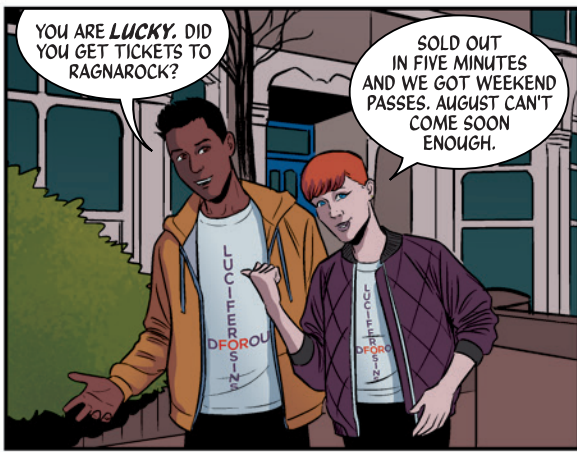


BROCKLEY,
SOUTH LONDON.











HUMAN TRASH

28 FEBRUARY 2014



What's the last month been like?

Glad you asked.



"THE FUNERAL WILL BE HELD AT AN UNDISCLOSED LOCATION. WE REQUEST PRIVACY AT THIS DIFFICULT TIME.

"FOR ALL THE CLAIMS THAT SHE WAS A GOD, SHE WAS ALSO OUR LITTLE GIRL."



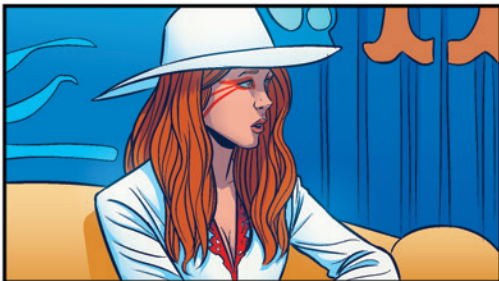
"NO, I DIDN'T GO TO THE [BLEEP] FUNERAL. THE LAST THING HER FAMILY NEEDS IS SEEING ANYONE WHO WAS BEATING ON THEIR NOW-DEAD-DAUGHTER STANDING THERE IN HIS BEST ALEXANDER McQUEEN.

"WHAT THE [BLEEP] IS **WRONG** WITH YOU?"



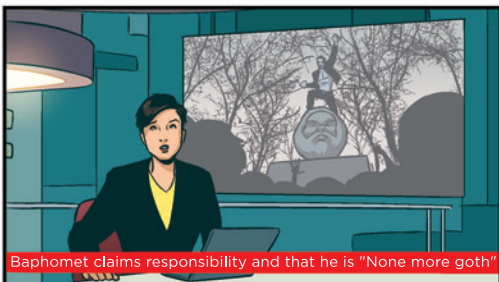
"WHILE THIS GOVERNMENT CANNOT OFFER THANKS TO THE PANTHEON FOR ITS ACTIONS, THE INFORMATION 'ANANKE' SHARED HAS CONVINCED US THAT THE SAD DEATH OF THIS YOUNG GIRL WAS THE ONLY SOLUTION TO THE SITUATION.

"IN ACTING SO SWIFTLY, MANY LIVES WERE SAVED. IT WAS THE RIGHT DECISION."



"I CRY FOR HER EVERY NIGHT. I CRY EVERY MORNING.

"THE ONLY COMFORT IS THAT I KNOW I'LL BE SEEING HER AGAIN SOON. IT MAY BE NINETY YEARS FOR YOU, BUT FOR US, IT'S LESS THAN TWO."



"LAST NIGHT, HIGHGATE CEMETERY WAS THE SCENE OF A 'VALENTINE'S DAY MASCARA.' EYEWITNESSES REPORT SCENES OF THE ANIMATED DEAD DANCING WITH THE LIVING.

"THE 'GOD' BAPHOMET, STILL WANTED BY THE POLICE, HAS CLAIMED RESPONSIBILITY."

Baphomet claims responsibility and that he is "None more goth"



Me?

Been filling my time with a busy schedule of screaming into pillows and this...

PLEASE.



KLLK



...and all I've got are calluses.



Plus truly miraculous despair.

LAURA...



I KNOW NOTHING IS EASY. AND I KNOW YOU HAVE YOUR THERAPIST. BUT...

YOU CAN STILL TALK TO ME ABOUT ANYTHING YOU WANT.



Part of me wants to say...



MUM,
I KNOW I HAVE
THIS THING INSIDE OF
ME, BUT HOWEVER
HARD I WORK IT
JUST WON'T
COME OUT.

I'M DOUBTING
MY OWN SANITY,
BUT I KNOW IT WAS
REAL. I CLICKED MY
FINGERS AND THE CIGARETTE
FUCK!--**SORRY, MUM...**
THE CIGARETTE
LIT.



I DID IT.
I DID WHATEVER
THEY DO AND I'VE BEEN
TRYING TO DO IT EVER
SINCE AND IT **DOESN'T**
WORK. WHAT AM I? AM
I GOING TO DIE NOW?
FOR A **FINGER**
CLICK AND...

I FEEL
LIKE MY HEAD IS
FULL OF...WHATEVER
STARS ARE MADE OF. IT
FEELS LIKE MY HEAD
IS ABOUT TO SPLIT
IN TWO AND...



PLASMA!
I THINK MY
HEAD IS FULL
OF PLASMA!



BUT I
FELT LIKE THAT
BEFORE EVERYTHING
WITH LUCI ANYWAY.
SO I DON'T
KNOW.

I
DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING
ANY MORE,
MUM.



I'M SORRY.
I'M SO SORRY
FOR BEING
ME.

I'M SUCH A
DISAPPOINTMENT.

But I actually say...



UH-HUH.

So what's
my life like
now?