





JESUS...



JESUS!

GET A  
GRIP,  
CLAY.



THAT CALL WAS  
YOUR FIRST LEAD  
IN MONTHS.



THAT COULD HAVE BEEN  
THE ANSWER TO SO  
MANY QUESTIONS...




BUT INSTEAD YOU  
KEEP PUNCHING AT  
SHADOWS.



GREAT WORK,  
[REDACTED]

CUE SLOW  
CLAP.



IT'S NEAR MIDNIGHT, BUT  
THE AIR STILL SMELLS  
LIKE HOT TIN AND  
TASTES OF RUST.

MY SHIRT STICKS TO MY  
BACK AND CENTRAL STREET  
BUZZES, A NEST OF ANGRY  
HORNETS.

NINE MONTHS ON  
AND I STILL CAN'T  
CONNECT TO THIS  
PLACE.



NINE MONTHS SINCE  
I WOKE HERE WITH NO  
CLUE HOW I GOT HERE  
OR WHERE FROM.

NINE MONTHS  
SINCE I WOKE  
AS AN EMPTY  
ENTITY...



A GHOST. A  
NON-PERSON.



NINE MONTHS AND I STILL  
BARELY EXIST.