

*This place can  
be lonely.*

*The giant walls and infinite  
halls can breed a dangerous  
solitude if a person isn't  
careful.*

HOW'S THE  
SOUP?

EXCUSE  
ME?





THE SOUP.  
HOW IS  
IT?

OH. IT'S  
GREAT. IT'S  
GREAT.

->SIGH->  
OKAY...



I THOUGHT A MORE FORMAL  
POST-HOLIDAY DINNER WOULD BE NICE,  
BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS. TO BE HONEST,  
THE WHOLE *ROOM* IS RIDICULOUS. TOO  
LARGE AND *MUCH* TOO CREEPY.



I DIDN'T WANNA SAY  
ANYTHING.

YOU DON'T *HAVE* TO. THE  
WHOLE SCHOOL FEELS  
LIKE A BLOODY CRYPT,  
DOESN'T IT? I THINK THE  
HEADMASTER HAD IT  
DECORATED SPECIALLY.  
IN THE FIFTEENTH  
CENTURY.

IT'S A DREADFUL  
PLACE TO SPEND  
THE HOLIDAYS.



I'M SORRY,  
LOVE. I DIDN'T  
MEAN...



IT'S  
JUST...

THIS HAS  
MY BEEN MY  
FIRST HOLIDAY  
WITHOUT...

I MEAN, I  
DON'T KNOW  
WHAT I WOULD'VE  
DONE WITHOUT  
YOU, PROFESSOR  
MACPHERSON.



AH, I SHOULD  
BE SAYING THAT  
TO *YOU*, OLIVE!  
YOU SAVED ME  
FROM ALL THE  
CREEPY-CRAWLIES  
THESE PAST  
WEEKS.

OKAY.



SAME TIME  
TOMORROW  
FOR DINNER, THEN?  
I'LL BRING  
CRANBERRIES  
FROM HOME.

YES,  
PLEASE.

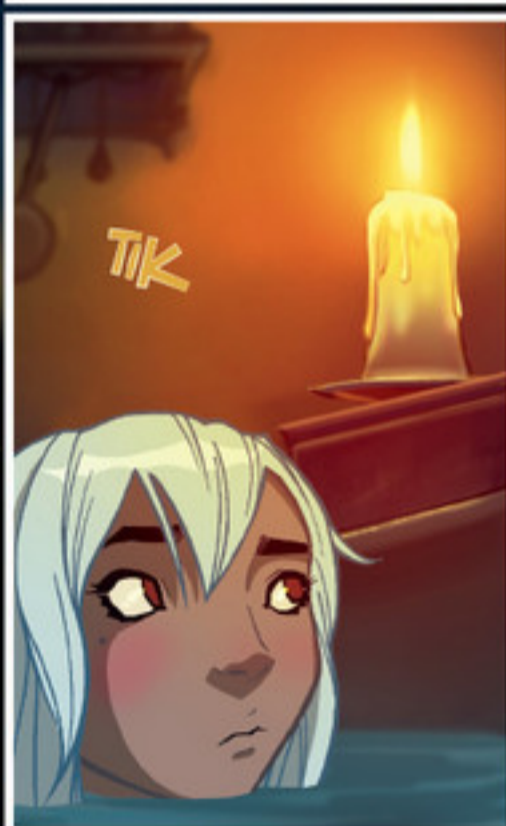


olive,

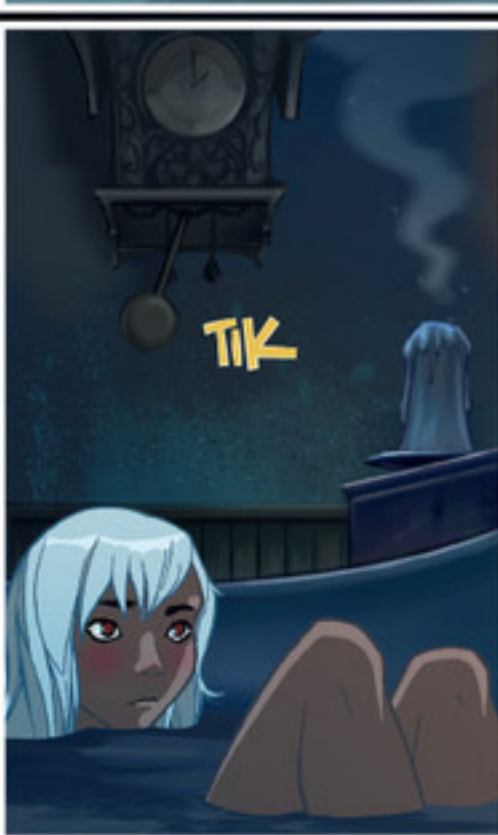
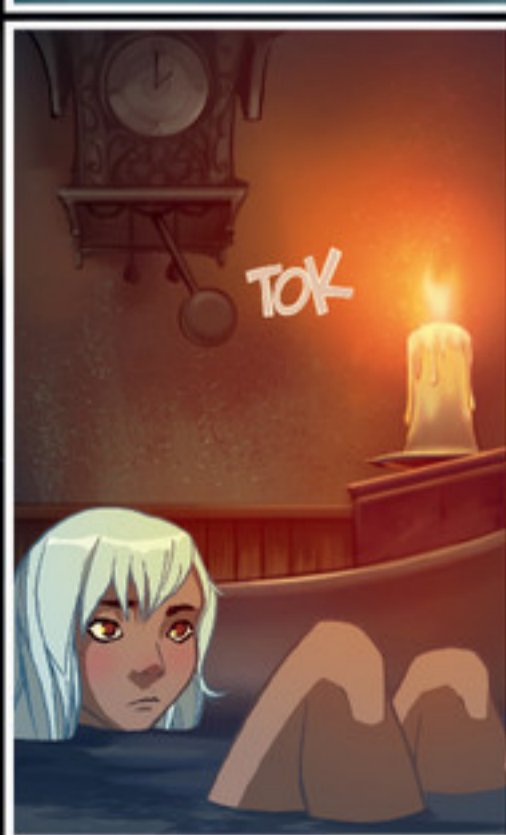
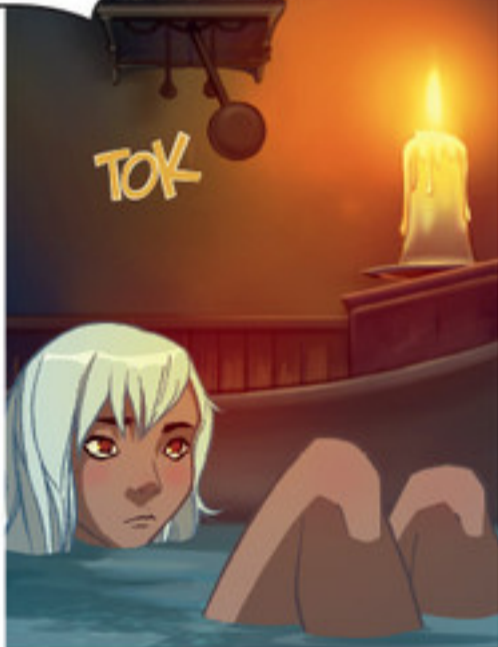
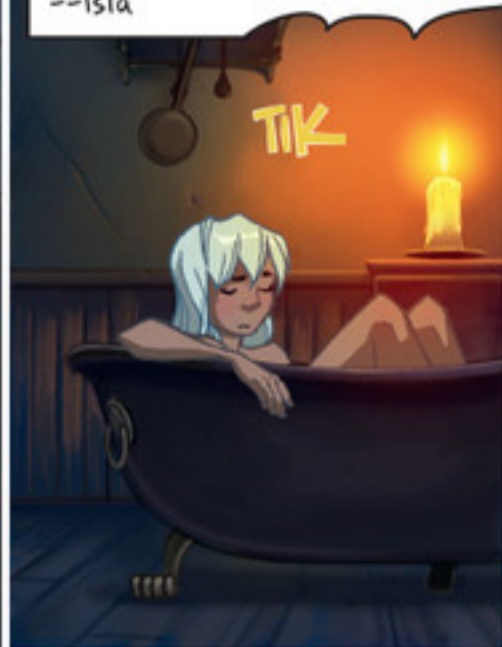
Please accept my sincerest apologies. When we spoke last night it had completely slipped my mind that I'd made a prior commitment. I hope you'll let me make it up to you tomorrow.



I ordered you your favorite soup and sandwiches for dinner. You'll find them waiting for you in your dorm.



Please have a restful evening and come and see me in my office in the afternoon. Cranberries forthcoming, I promise.  
--Isla







SILVERLOCK, RIGHT?

WHA... WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE?

THEY TOLD ME THIS IS WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO STAY.

AND THE OTHER BED HAS... WHAT IS THAT, A *JANE AUSTEN* POSTER OVER IT? NO THANKS.



UM, JUST SO YOU KNOW, MY *BEST FRIEND* IS PLANNING TO MOVE INTO THIS ROOM THIS SEMESTER, SO MAYBE, ONCE EVERYBODY IS BACK, YOU TWO CAN, LIKE--



FIRST THING YOU GOTTA DO WHEN YOU MOVE INTO A NEW PLACE IS FLIP THE MATTRESS. DON'T KNOW WHO WAS SLEEPING ON THIS THING BEFORE OR *WHAT* THEY WERE UP TO, RIGHT? PROBABLY BETTER TO JUST TORCH THE THING.



I'M AMY. I ATE YOUR SANDWICH.



WHOA, OKAY, WHO IS THIS *FOX* IN THE BRUTALIST NECKLACE?

THESE ARE YOUR FRIENDS?



THAT'S, UM, YEAH, POMELINE AND COLTON--AND I'VE KNOWN KYLE AND MAPS FOR--

ADORABLE.











SO, WHERE ARE YOU FROM?

DULUTH.

GOT KICKED OUT OF TWO SCHOOLS THERE, SO MY UNCLE FAT-HEAD SHIPPED ME TO GOTHAM FOR A "PROPER EDUCATION."

BECAUSE GOTHAM IS SUCH A SAFE PLACE.

HEY, AT LEAST IT'S INTERESTING. YOU GUYS HAVE BATS EVERYWHERE.

OVER HERE'S THE CHAPEL. IN CASE THERE'S ANYTHING YOU WANT TO CONFESS.

NOT IN THIS LIFE.

WHAT'S THIS ONE? BOYFRIEND'S WINDOW?

JUST A FRIEND. PROFESSOR. BOTH, I GUESS. IT'S HER OFFICE.

SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET ME FOR DINNER LAST NIGHT.

AND WHAT. SHE STOOD YOU UP?

SHE STOOD YOU UP FOR A DUDE.

SHE PROBABLY JUST--

SHE STOOD YOU UP FOR A DUDE, OLIVE. IT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME. DON'T FEEL LIKE YOU HAVE TO DEFEND HER INCONSIDERATE HORMONES. AT LEAST YOU KNOW WHERE YOU STAND, RIGHT?

HERE. EVEN THE SCORE.



PEOPLE SUCK, OLIVE.