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She gave him a look,
hard as diamonds the
revolver held tight
in her hand.

"You can't know me,
not really I lived a
whole life before you
and half a life since."



It's not exactly
Chandler...



And it definitely
wasn't worth getting
picked up by the cops
again.

But it was in my
hands when they
caught me and I
didn't let go.



After last time my Dad
asked me why I broke
into a library of all
places.

I didn't
answer.

I didn't tell him
that sometimes I
feel like a stranger
in my own home.



That I felt more
comfortable around
the pages of dead
authors than I do
my own parents.



"No one knows anyone,
and why would you want
to? We've all got bad
beneath it all. Why put
that out in the world?"









YOU JUST
HAVE TO FACE IT,
BILLY. TEDDY ISN'T
LIKE YOU.

AND
MAYBE THAT'S A
GOOD THING.



No, Mom, I'm nothing
like him.



It doesn't matter, though.

As soon as I can, I'm leaving
and won't be around to
disappoint him anymore.



Nothing's going to stop me.



It's not like I had a choice about moving to Alaska.

We moved here, up from Louisiana, when I was a baby.



The "Dixie Winter BBQ."
My Dad bringing some Southern charm to South Henley.



Doing it in the middle of winter was his idea of a joke.



It's funny (not the joke, it was as lame as any "Dad joke")...

...but Dad, he always spoke about the South, but I don't know anything about our lives there.



They never told me why we came to Alaska.

Or why, if they miss the South so much, we don't just move back there.



My punishment for the library was that I couldn't stay in my room and ditch the BBQ.

I also had to SOCIALIZE. Because that's what all the normal kids do.



None of them actually liked me, but I stole a case of my Dad's beer and they all played nice so I'd share it.

I didn't care that it was fake. It passed the time.

But as the alcohol took hold, I felt like I had something to prove. To them...and to my Dad.

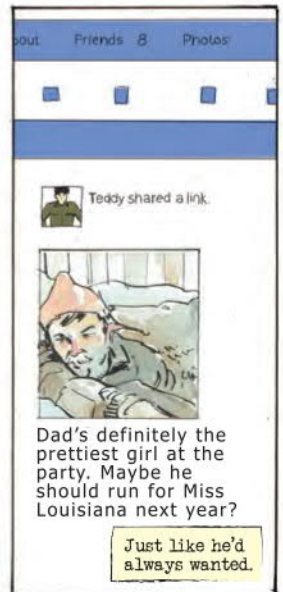


So when he got passed-out drunk, like he always did, I figured...



If I have to be here, I might as well have some fun at his expense.

I was finally being "one of the guys."



Teddy shared a link.



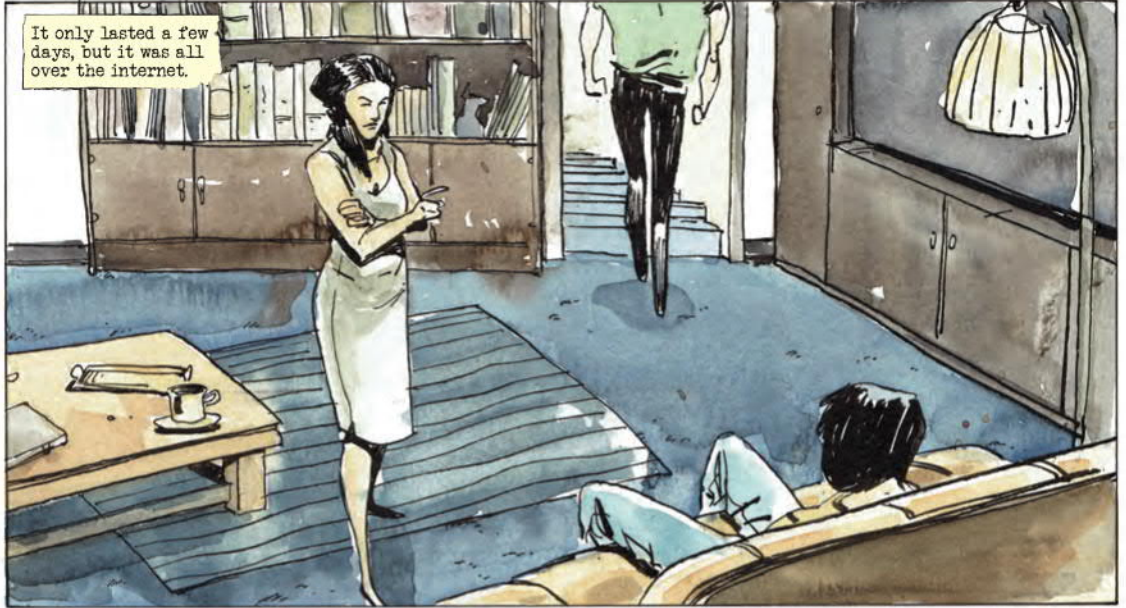
Dad's definitely the prettiest girl at the party. Maybe he should run for Miss Louisiana next year?

Just like he'd always wanted.



He didn't find it funny.

Someone (probably one of the kids from school) had taken the photo and put it on a blog, where someone else saw it and shared it.



It only lasted a few days, but it was all over the internet.



I get that it must've hurt his pride. A guy like my Dad doesn't like a shot at his masculinity.



But it was just a stupid photo.

Why get so angry about a photo?



Except when Dad was screaming at me, he said something.



"You got no idea who could've seen it!"

After a few weeks everything'd calmed down, but I still couldn't get what he said out of my head.



The way he said it...I just couldn't shake the feeling that he was talking about someone in particular.



But who? And why did he care if they saw the photo?



I needed to know...



KLIP





