

Chicago. One year ago.

(When time and space still mattered.)







DADDY!  
DON'T YOU  
SNEAK UP  
ON ME LIKE  
THAT.

SORRY,  
BABY GIRL.

MAMA  
CALLED, SHE'S  
ON HER WAY HOME  
FROM THAT PLANNING  
MEETING AT THE  
SCHOOL.

I HATE  
THAT MAMA'S A  
TEACHER. SHE SHOULD  
JUST TEACH ME, NOT  
ALL THOSE OTHER  
STUPID KIDS.

YOUR  
MAMA'S TEACHING  
THEM NOT TO BE  
STUPID. JUST LIKE  
SHE TEACHES YOU,  
TOO.



SHE'S PICKING UP  
DINNER. WHAT DO YOU WANT?  
ETHIOPIAN? YOU LIKE THAT  
INJERA BREAD STUFF WITH  
THAT STEW--

BURGERS.

YOU  
ALWAYS SAY  
BURGERS.

BECAUSE  
I LOVE  
BURGERS.  
DUH.



YEAH,  
I LOVE  
BURGERS  
TOO.

I THINK  
THEY'RE MY FAVORITE  
FOOD. WITH FRIES AND  
A MILKSHAKE TO DIP 'EM  
IN? MMM, DAMN. ALL  
RIGHT, I'LL TELL  
HER--

BUT SHE'S  
NOT GONNA  
LIKE IT.

DO YOU  
WANT CHEESE  
WITH--



RR  
RR  
MM  
MM  
BB  
BB  
LE

WHOA.





**FZT**

*Handwritten scribble in orange ink.*

**DADDY!**

**WHOA!  
HOLD ON--!**

**COOF!**

**AEEEE!**







HOLDON  
HOLDON  
HOLDON--



NNNF!

DADDY!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

