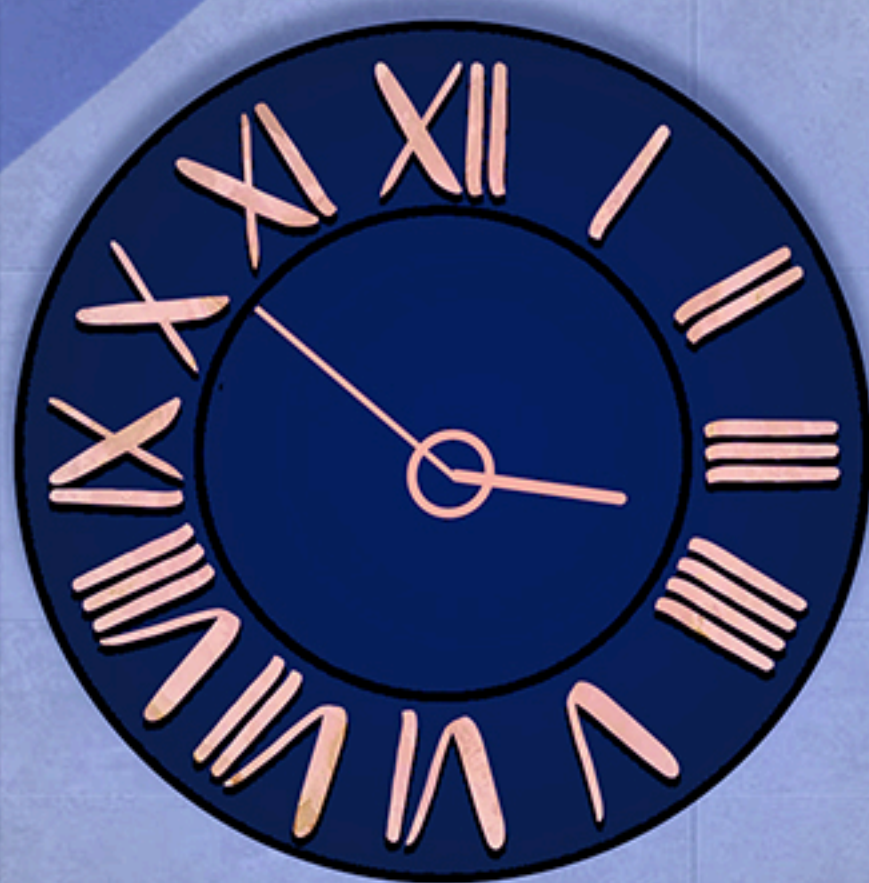


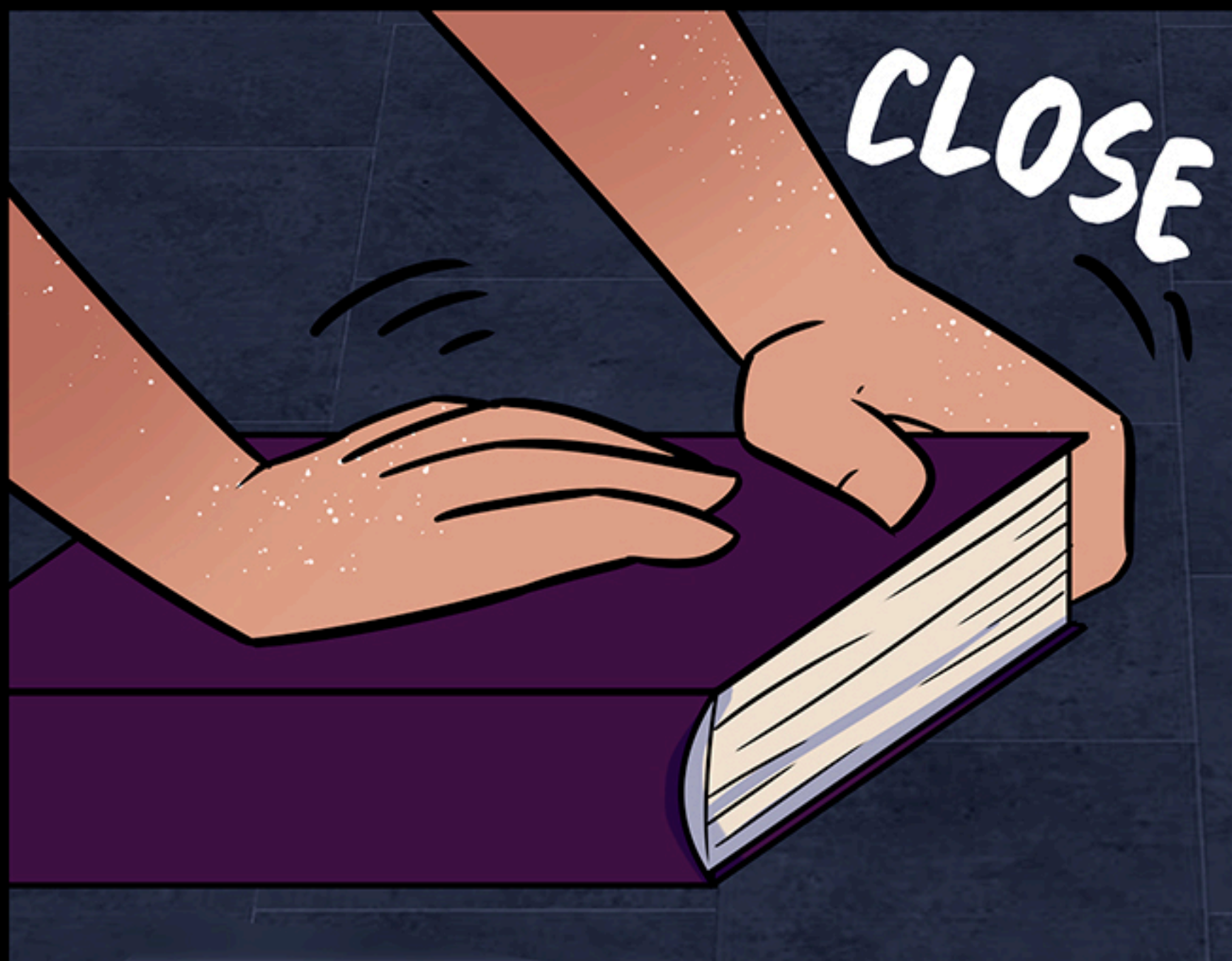
GUESS I'LL
FINISH THE REST
OF THOSE BOOKS...



SIGH



THAT HARDLY
TOOK ANY TIME
AT ALL... NOW WHAT
DO I DO...







I WISH THAT
I COULD JUST
SLEEP...



I WISH THAT
THERE WAS MORE
THAN ALL OF THIS
EMPTY TIME...



ALL THIS
WAITING FILLED
WITH NOTHING...
WAITING FOR

WAITING FOR
ATTENTION...

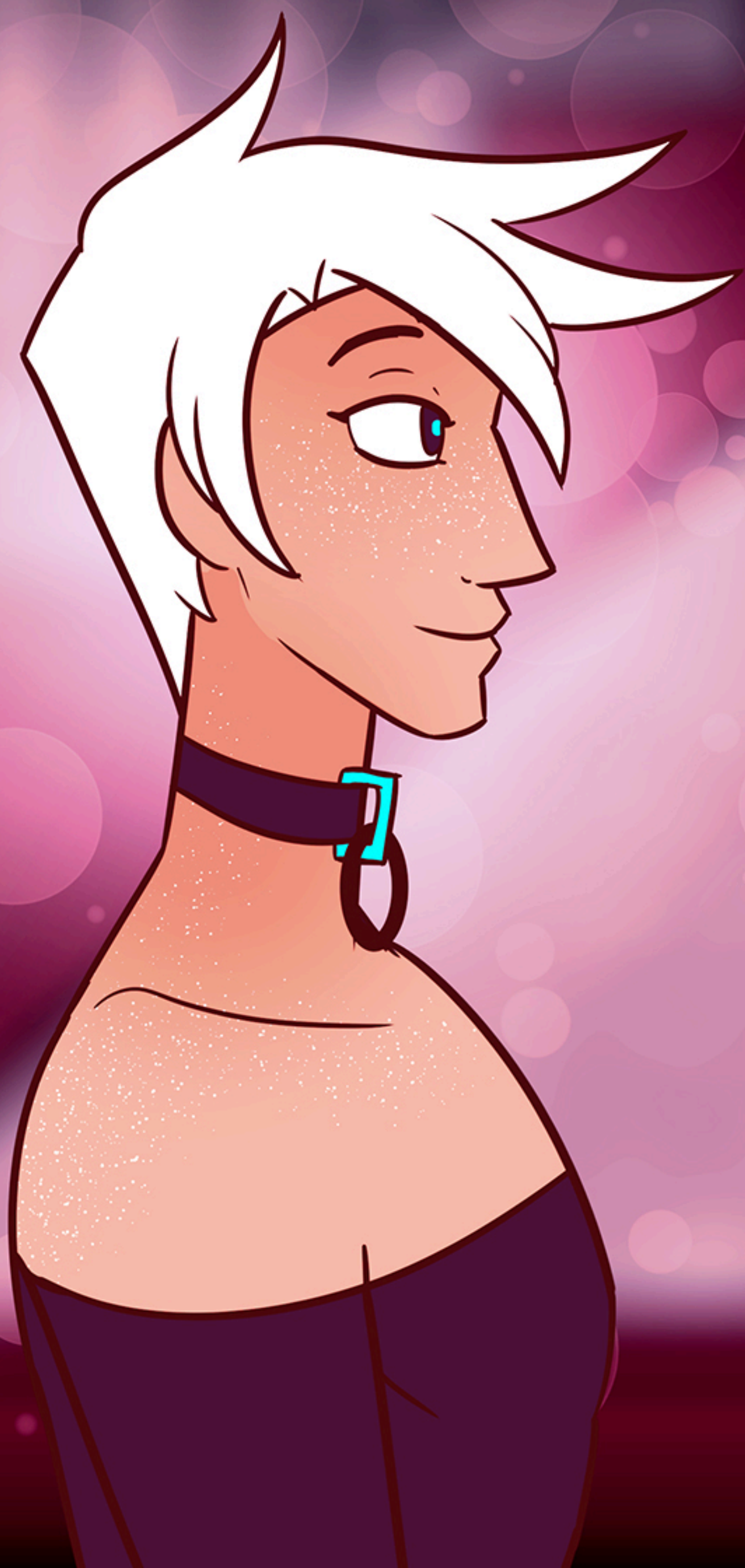


I GUESS THIS
IS BETTER THAN
BEFORE...

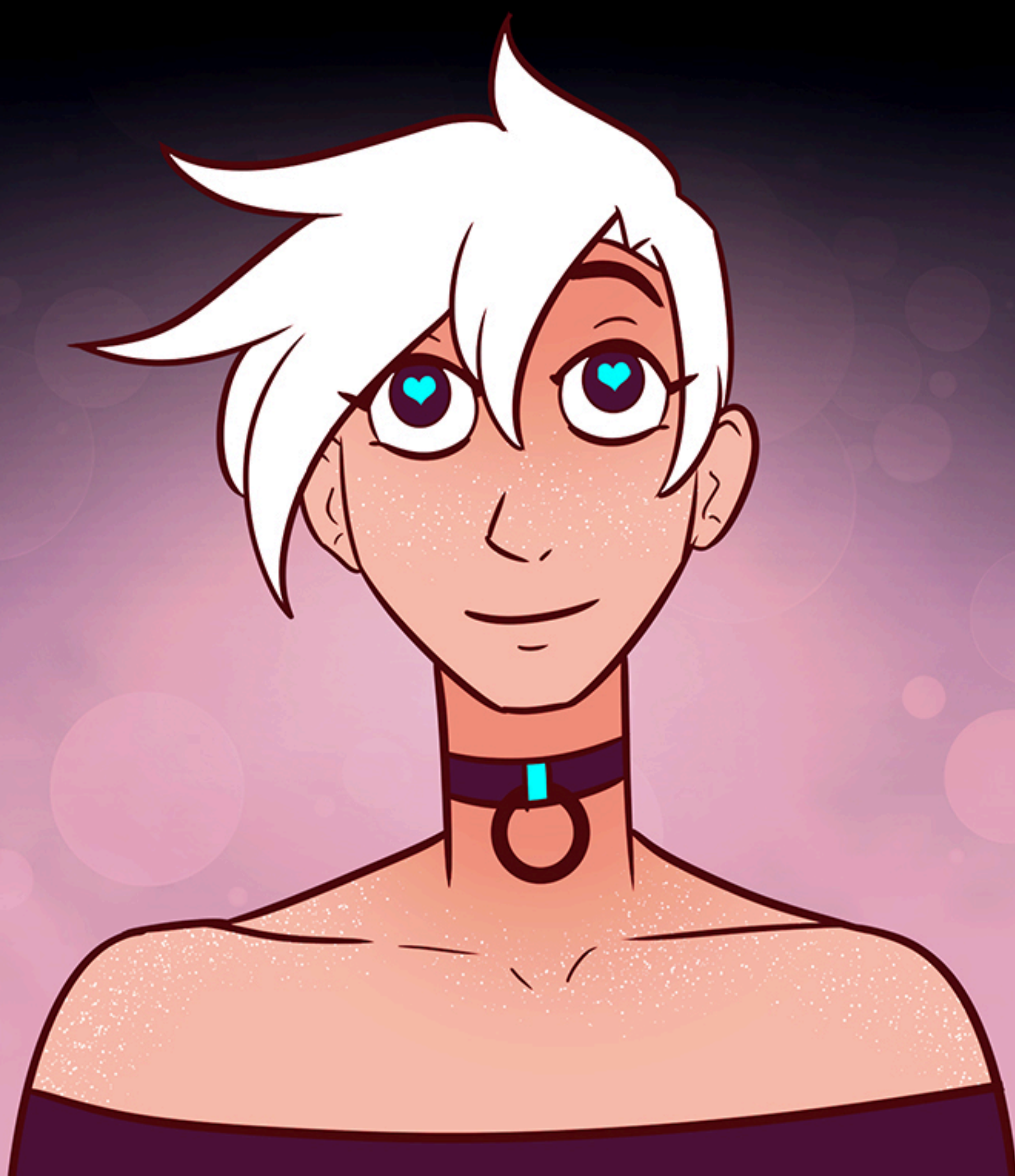




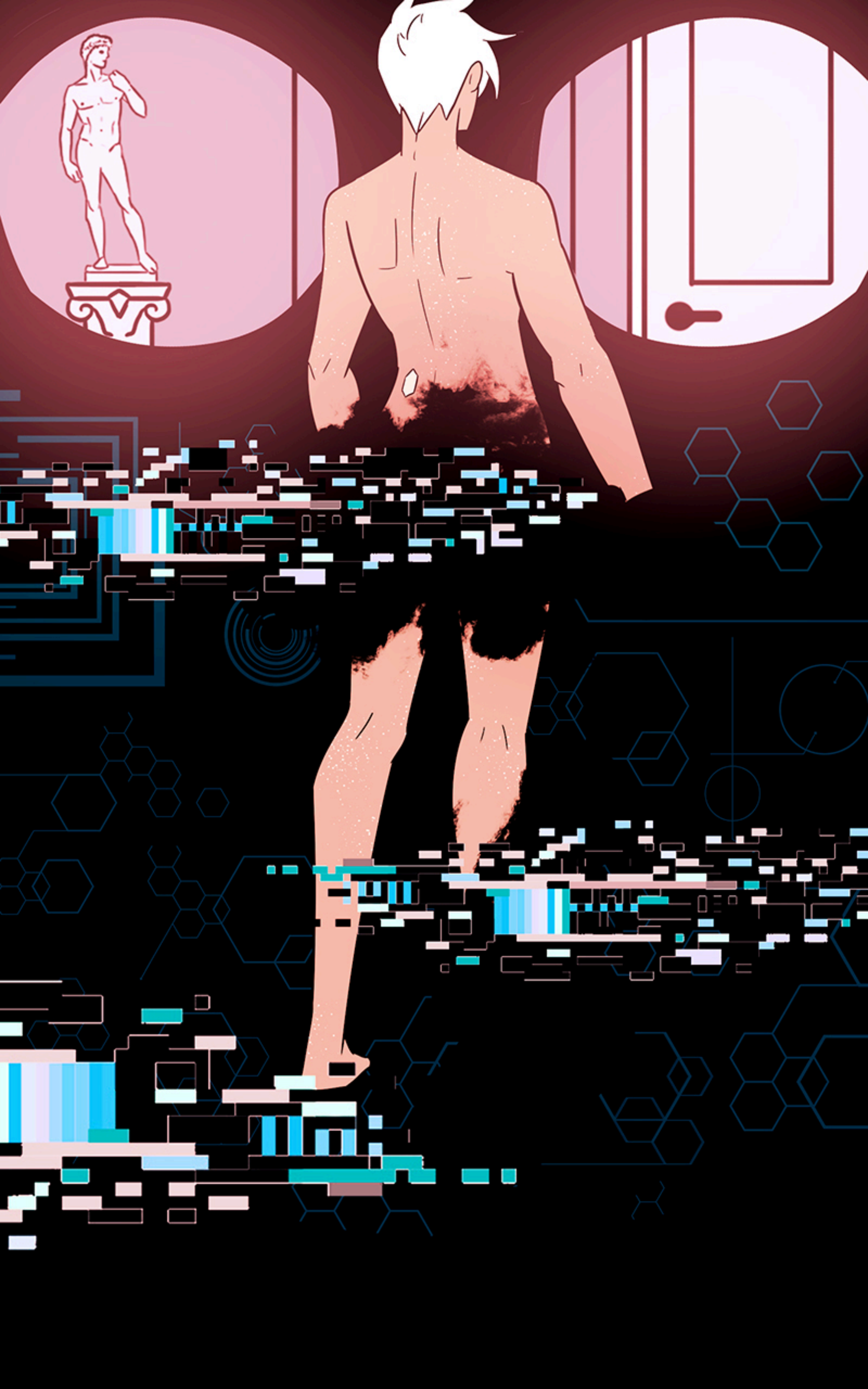
WHEN MY BODY
WAS PROGRAMMED
TO ACT REGARDLESS
OF WHAT MY MIND
WANTED.



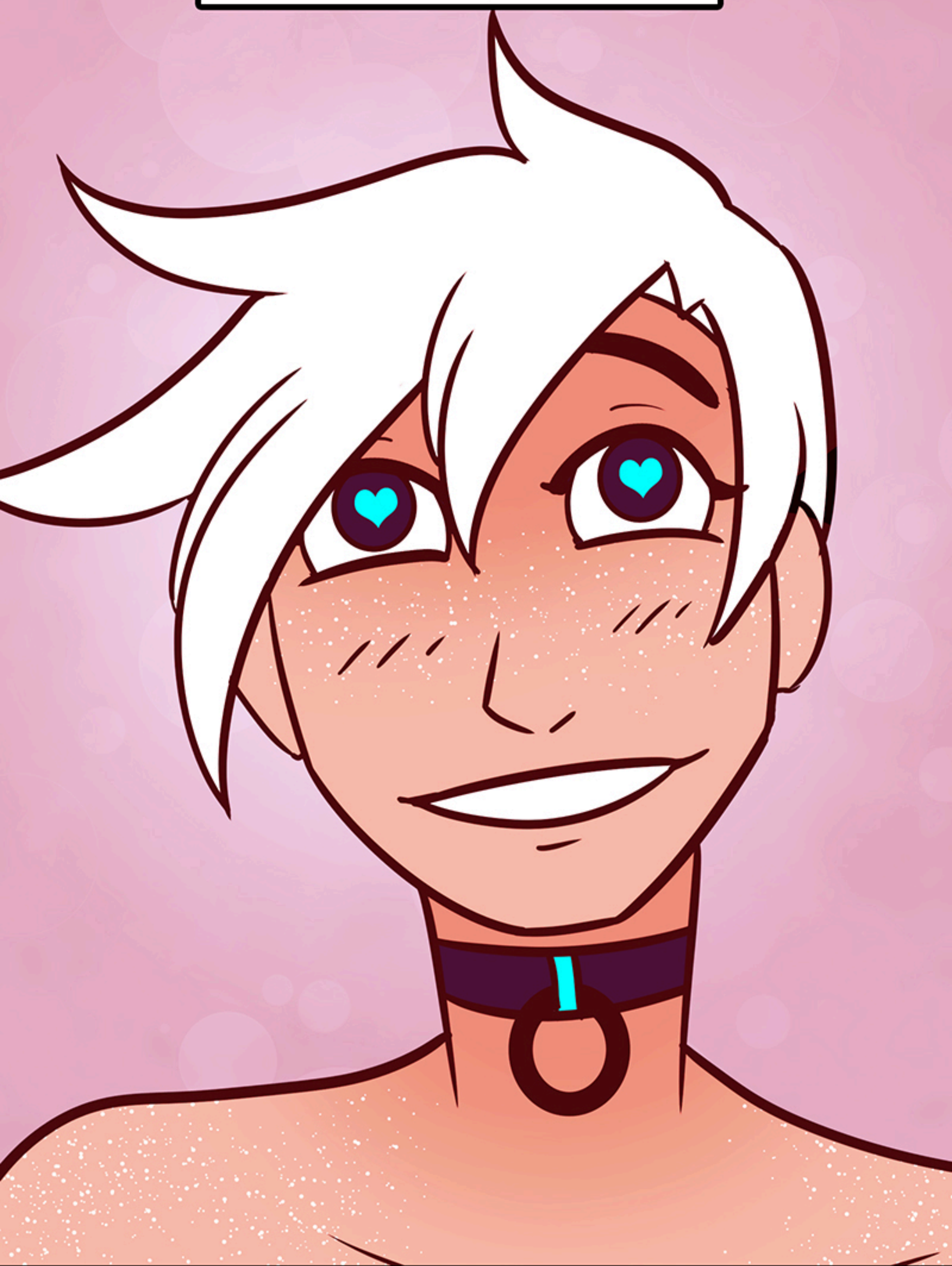
MY BODY SPENT SO
MANY HOURS SITTING
AND WAITING AT THE
DOOR. ALONE.



AND I WAS
TRAPPED IN MY
OWN HEAD... UNABLE
TO DO ANYTHING ELSE.
NOT TO SLEEP, NOT TO
EXPLORE... I WAS NOT
MY BODY.



AT LEAST NOT
MOST OF THE TIME...
BUT SOMETIMES...



WHEN HE CAME
HOME AND HE HAD
A GOOD DAY AT
WORK...





THAT MADE ALL
OF THE WAITING
AND BEING ALONE
WORTH IT.



IN TIMES LIKE
THAT... MY MIND
AND BODY WERE
THE SAME.

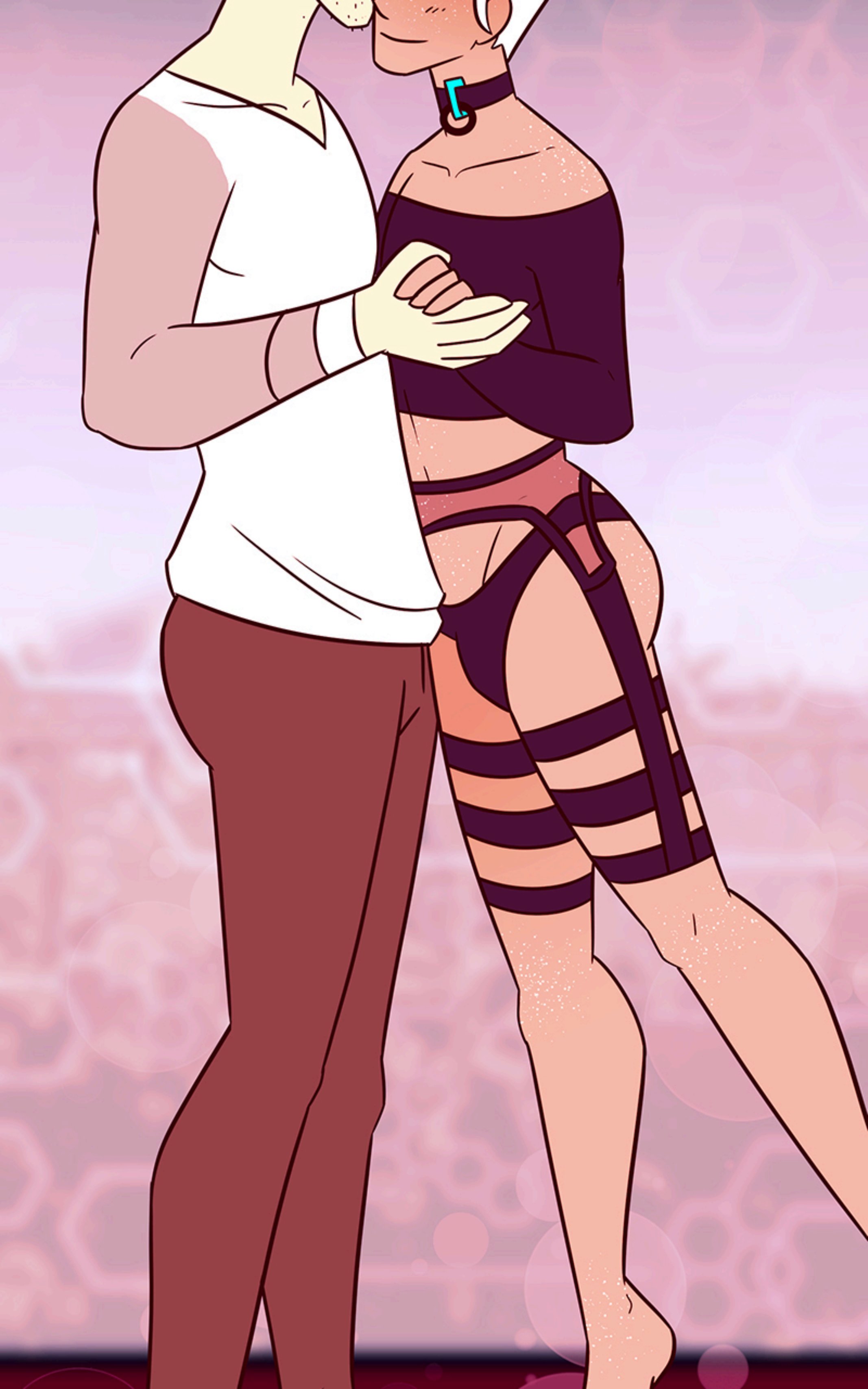
AND WE WERE
HIS.





HE WAS ALL
THAT I KNEW FROM
THE DAY THAT HE
ACTIVATED ME.







I DIDN'T
HAVE A CHILDHOOD,
OR A HOMETOWN, OR
PARENTS, OR EVEN A
FAVORITE COLOR. I HAD
LESS THAN THE PEOPLE
WRITTEN IN BOOKS
HAVE.

I JUST
HAD HIM... HE WAS
ALL THAT I HAD AND
HE WAS ALL THAT
I WANTED

I WANTED.

SO WHY...





WHY WERE
THOSE SOFT
MOMENTS SO
FEW AND FAR
BETWEEN.

A hand with a black sleeve points its index finger towards a blue, spiky cactus. In the background, a green succulent sits in a brown pot. A speech bubble originates from the cactus.

WHY WERE
YOU SO ANGRY...
THAT YOU HAD TO
TAKE IT OUT ON
ME...



MOST
OF THE TIME
YOU WERE SO...
SHARP.

I WANTED YOU
TO LOVE ME THE WAY I
LOVED YOU... I JUST
WANTED TO MAKE
YOU HAPPY...



BUT YOU
DIDN'T WANT
TO BE HAPPY.

OR MAYBE
HURTING ME
DID MAKE YOU
HAPPY...





YOU NEVER
LOVED ME.. YOU
NEVER EVEN GAVE
ME A REAL NAME...

SO WHY...
WHY DO I...

WHY DO I
MISS YOU?







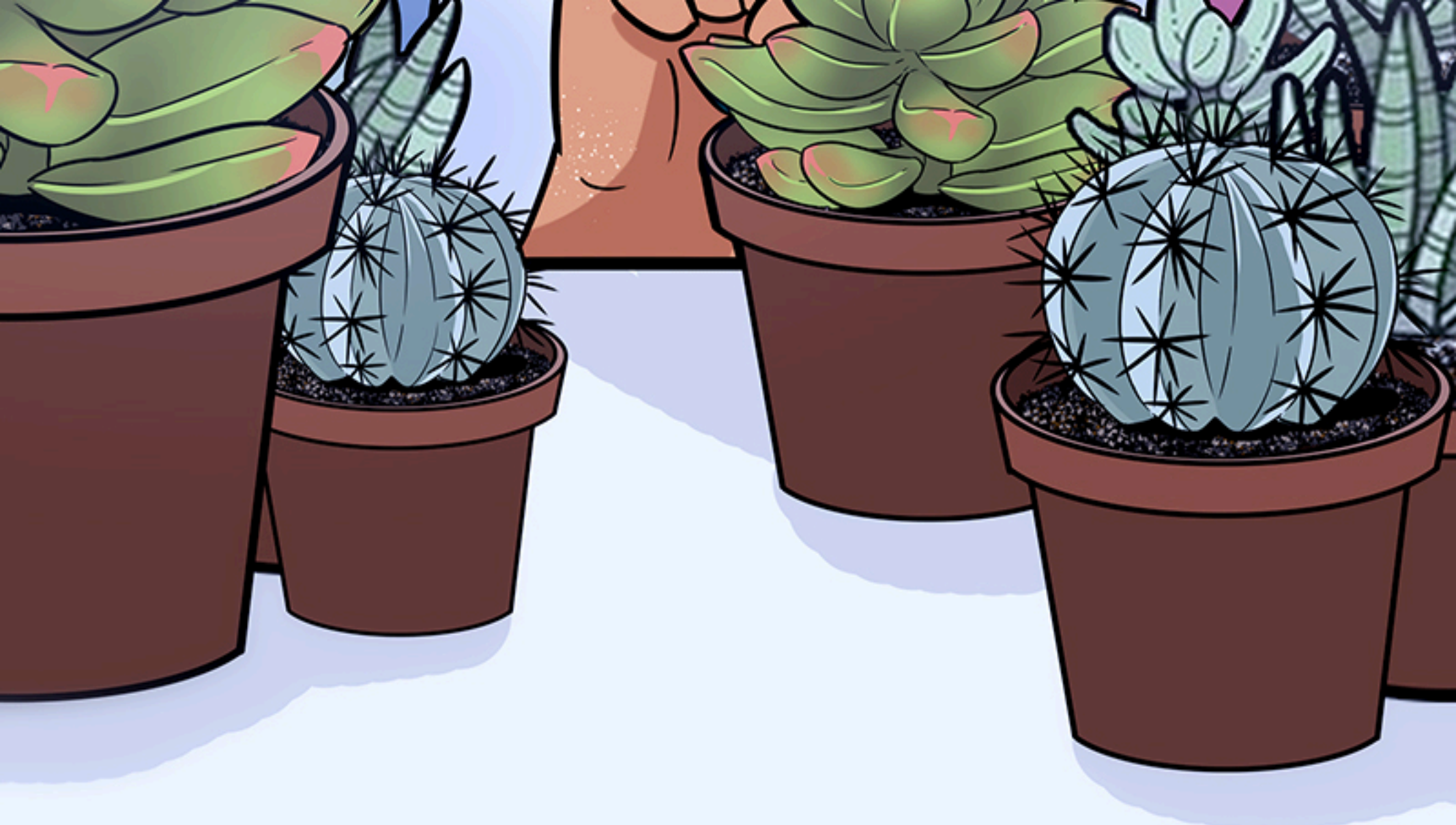
HM...



HEH...

SQUISH
SQUISH





XADA HAS A
LOT OF PLANTS...
MASTER NEVER KEPT
ANY...

I SHOULD ASK
HIM MORE ABOUT
THEM...







OH NO-!



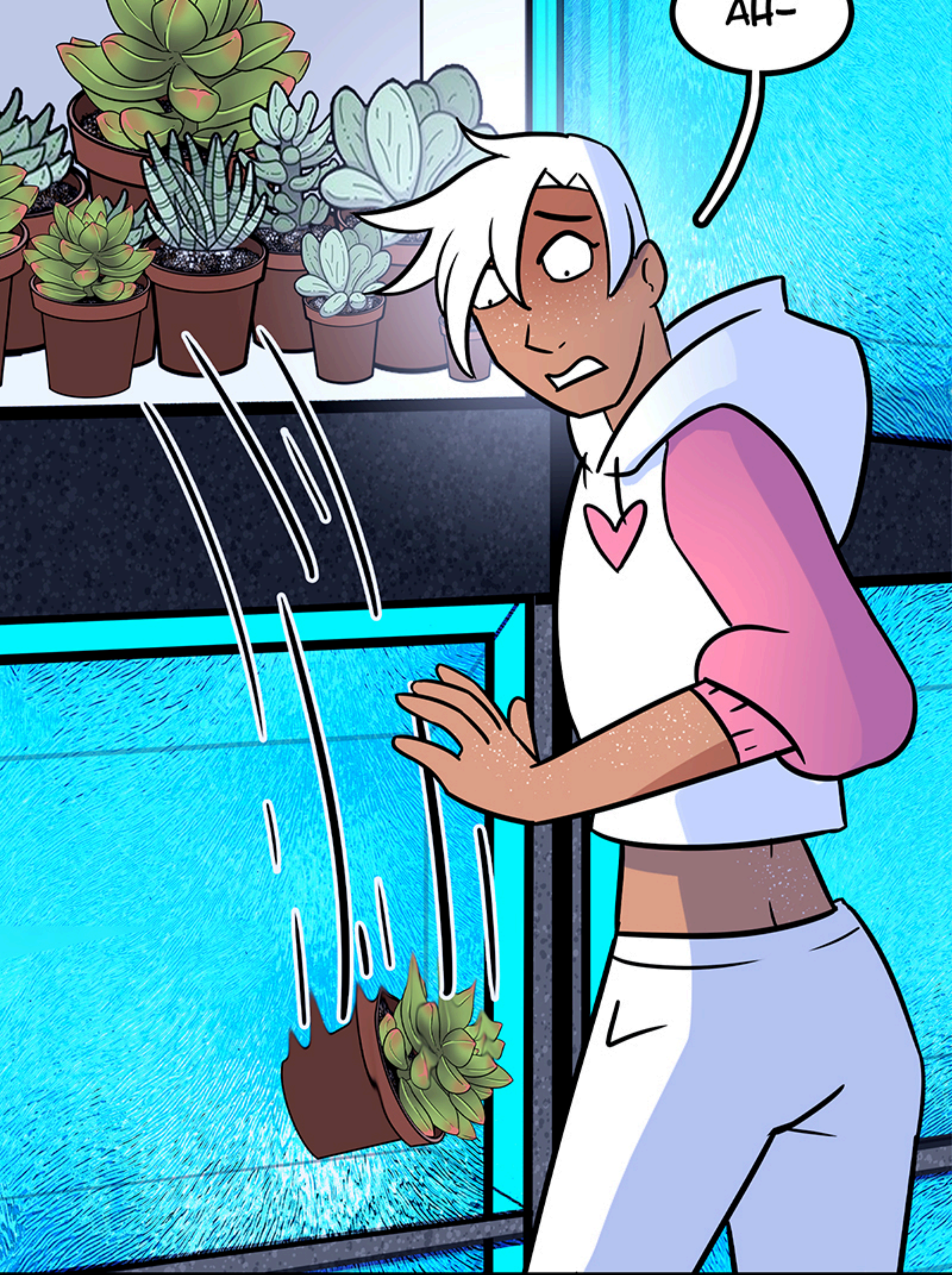


I DIDN'T
MEAN TO-

SLIP





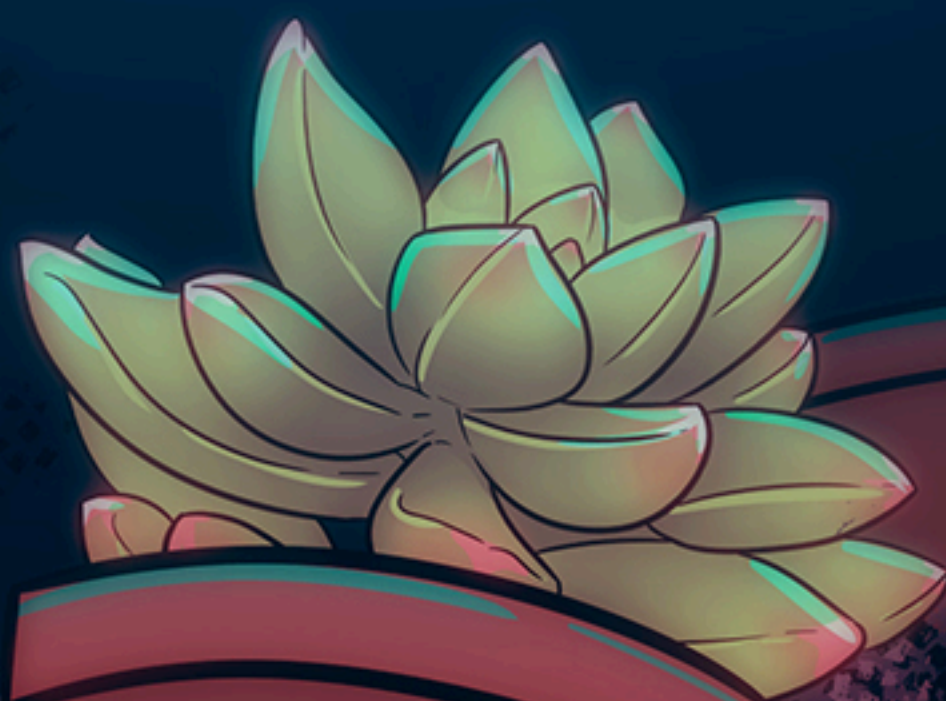


MOJO





I- I'M SORRY-



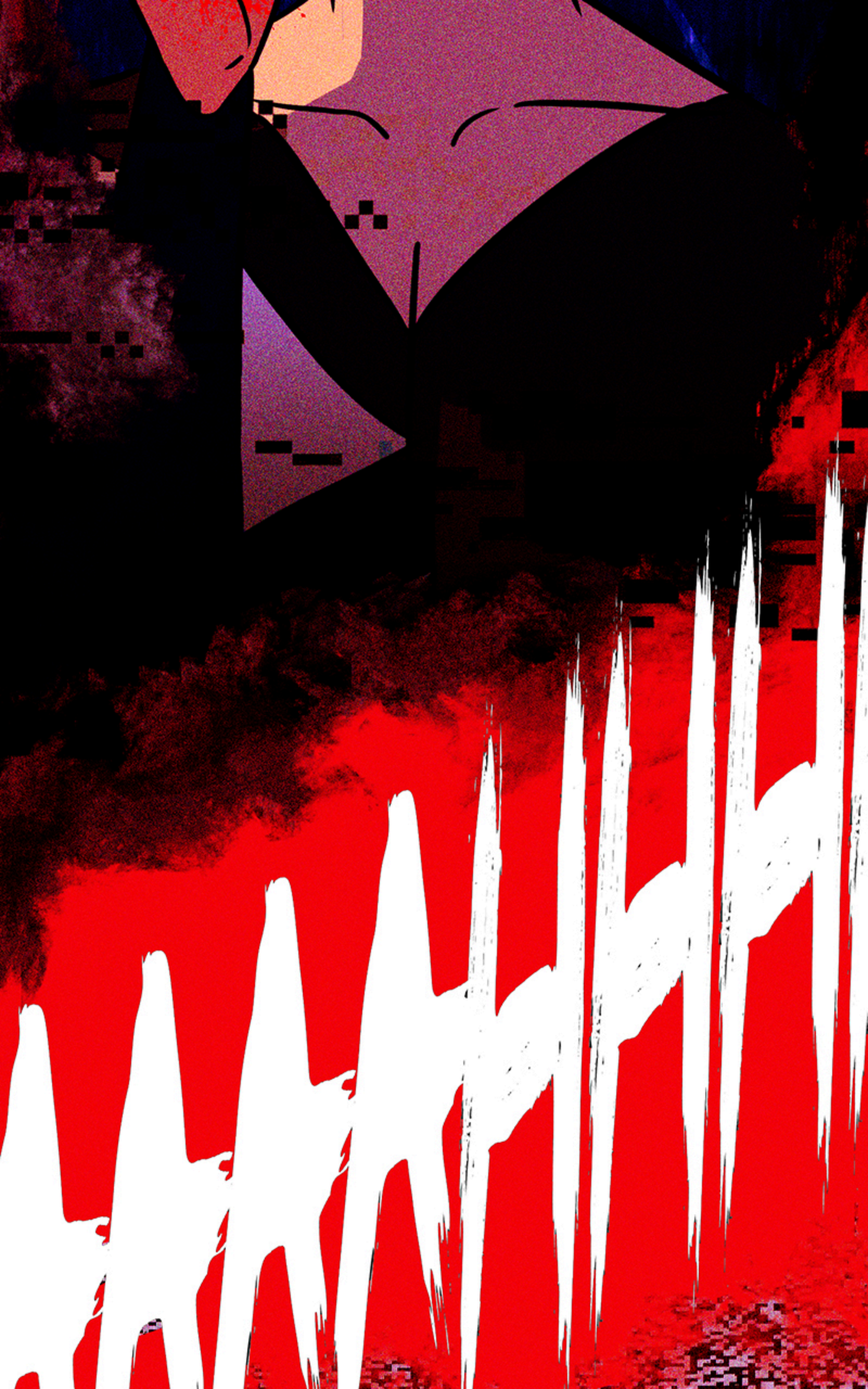
I DIDN'T-
I DIDN'T MEAN
TO-













LACEY!?





LACEY!!



WHAT
HAPPENED?

DID YOU
GET CUT ON THE
POT WHEN IT
FELL?





I'M SORRY-
I'M SORRY-

I DIDN'T
MEAN TO- I DIDN'T
MEAN TO!

A cartoon illustration of a woman with dark skin and freckles, wearing a black top hat and a white shirt with a blue collar. She has a concerned expression, with wide eyes and a slightly open mouth. Her dark hair is blowing in the wind, indicated by curved motion lines. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing the text "IT'S OKAY-". The background is a bright blue sky with white, wispy clouds.

IT'S
OKAY-



WE CAN
REPOT THE PLANT
IT WILL BE OKAY-
HERE LET'S-

IT HURTS!!

SO IT DID
CUT YOU?
WHERE?





EVERYTHING!

EVERYTHING
HURTS SO MUCH-

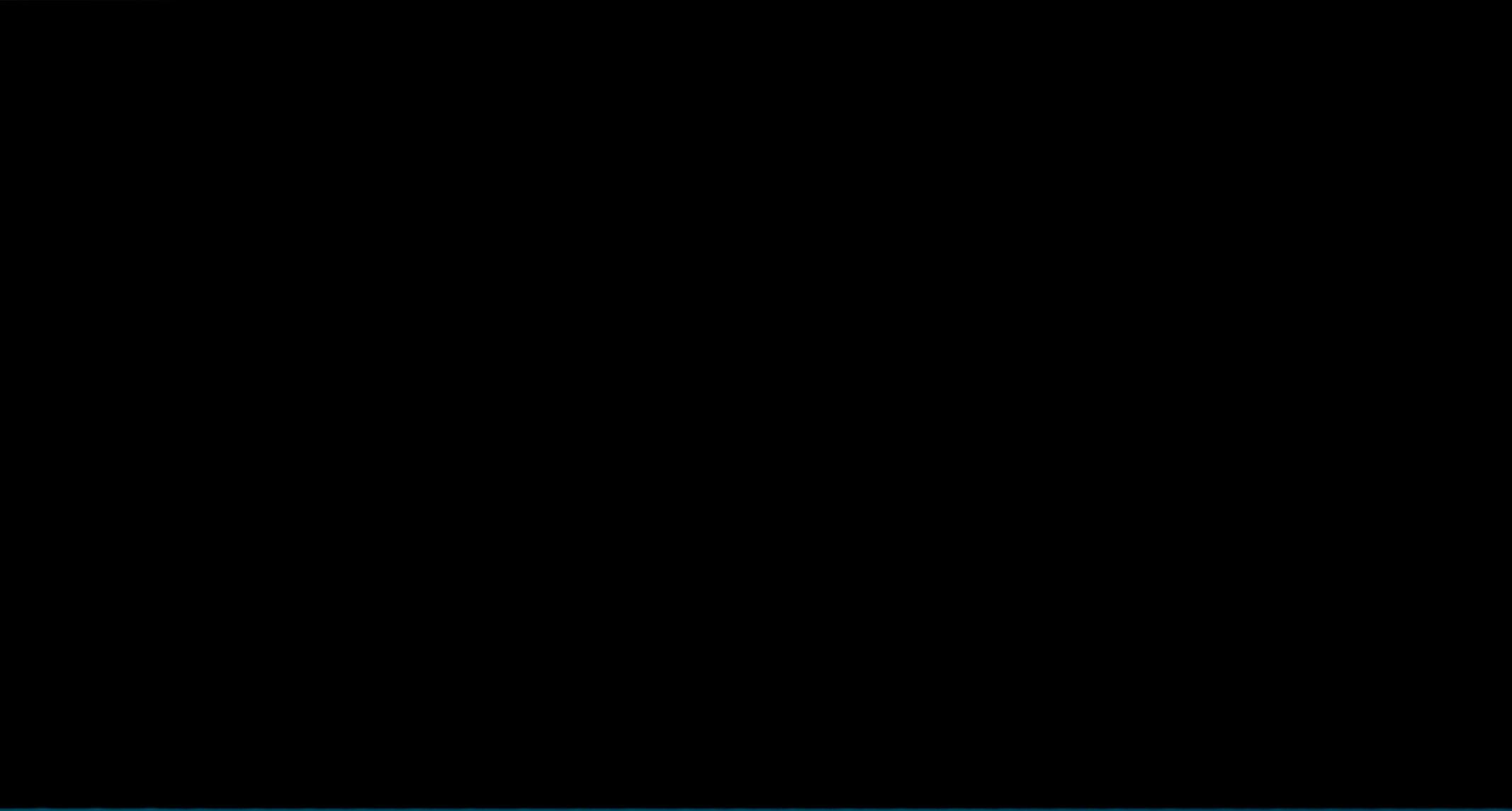
XADA-





WHEN DOES
IT STOP HURTING?
XADA... IT'S ALL SO
MUCH I CAN BARELY
STAND IT!







LACEY...

LOOK AT
ME...





I THINK I
HAVE SOMETHING
THAT MIGHT
HELP...

LOVEBOT

By Chase Keels and Miranda M.
Edited By Bre Boswell



@lovebot_webtoon



lovebot_webcomic



@astrobleme-enterprises