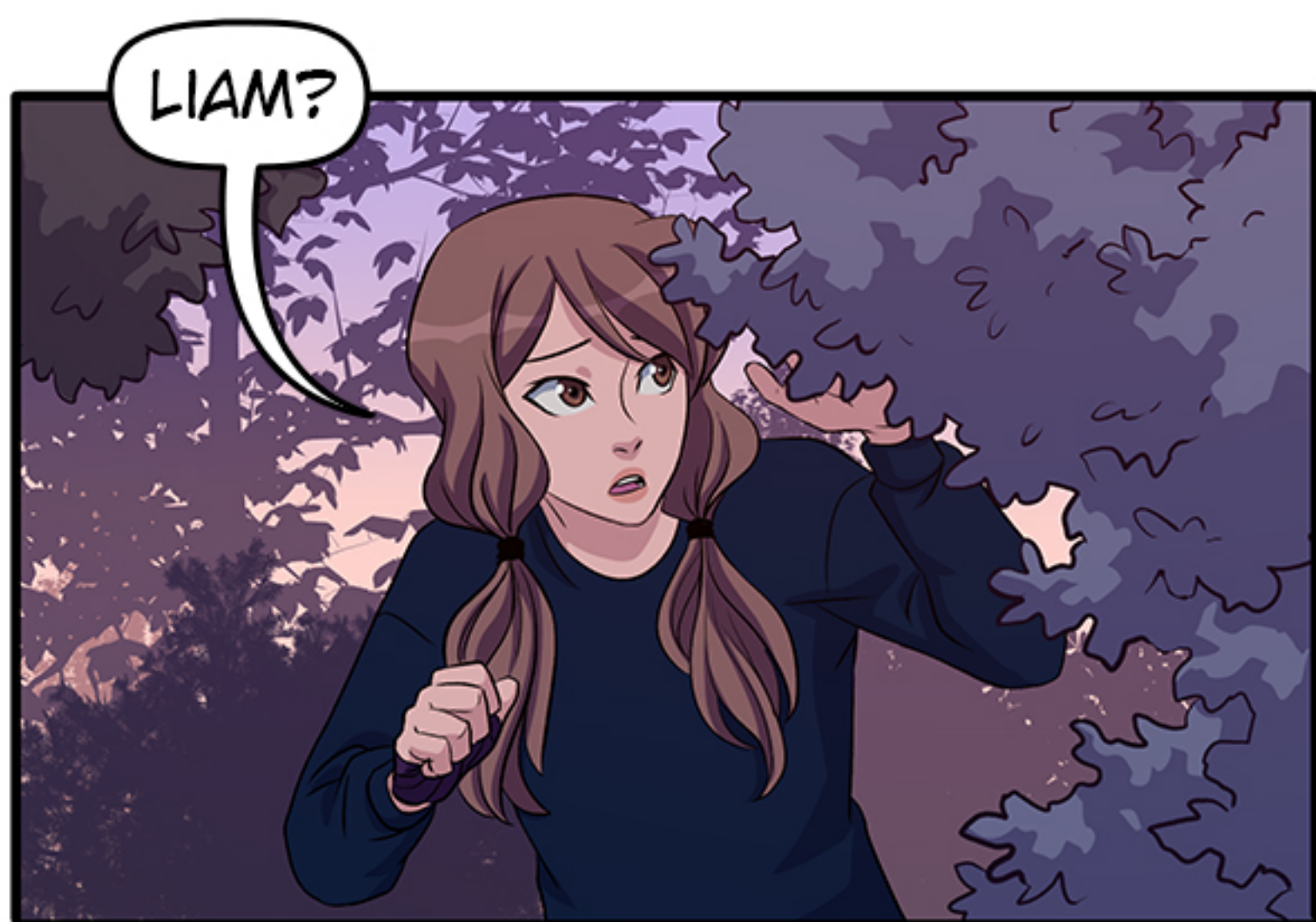
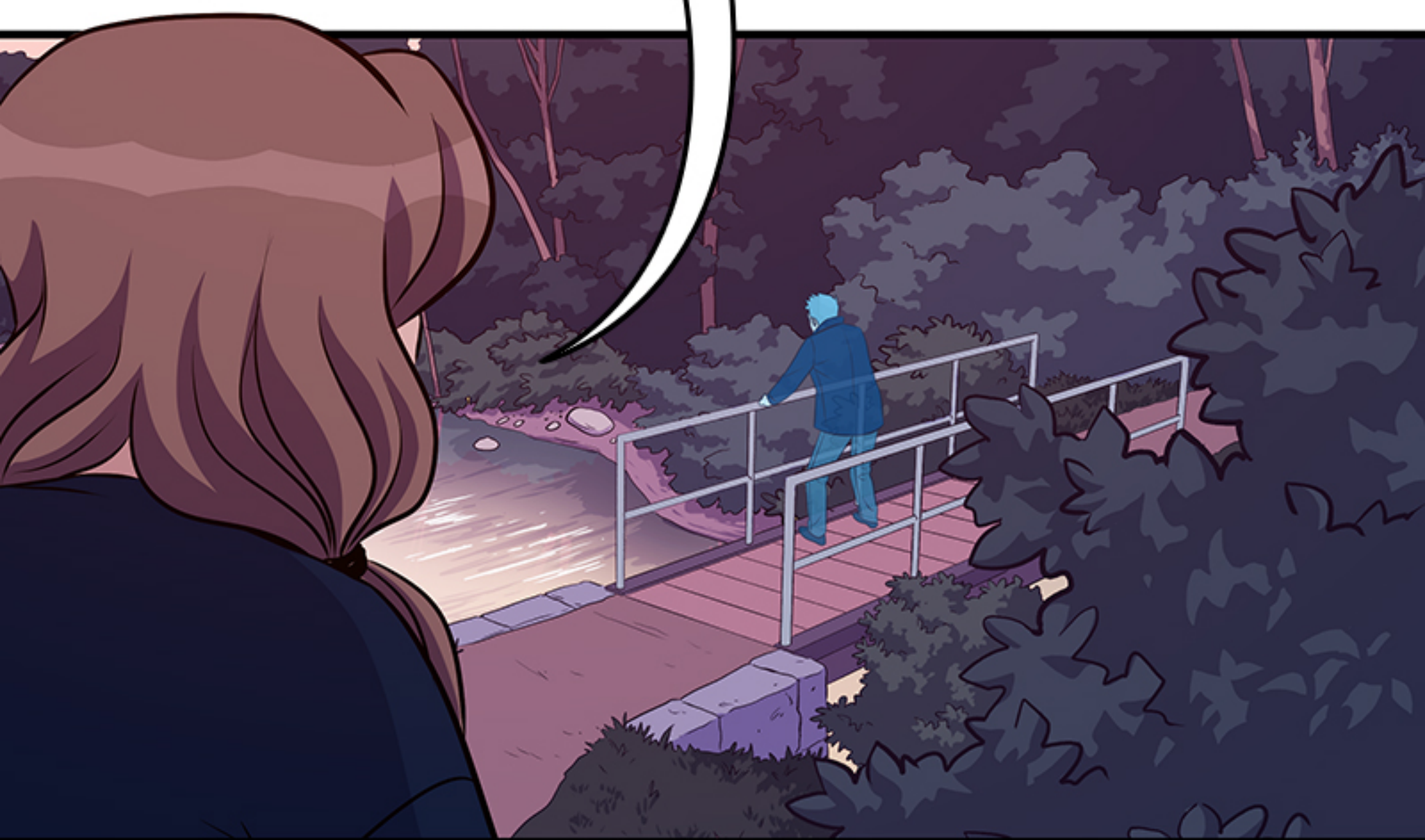




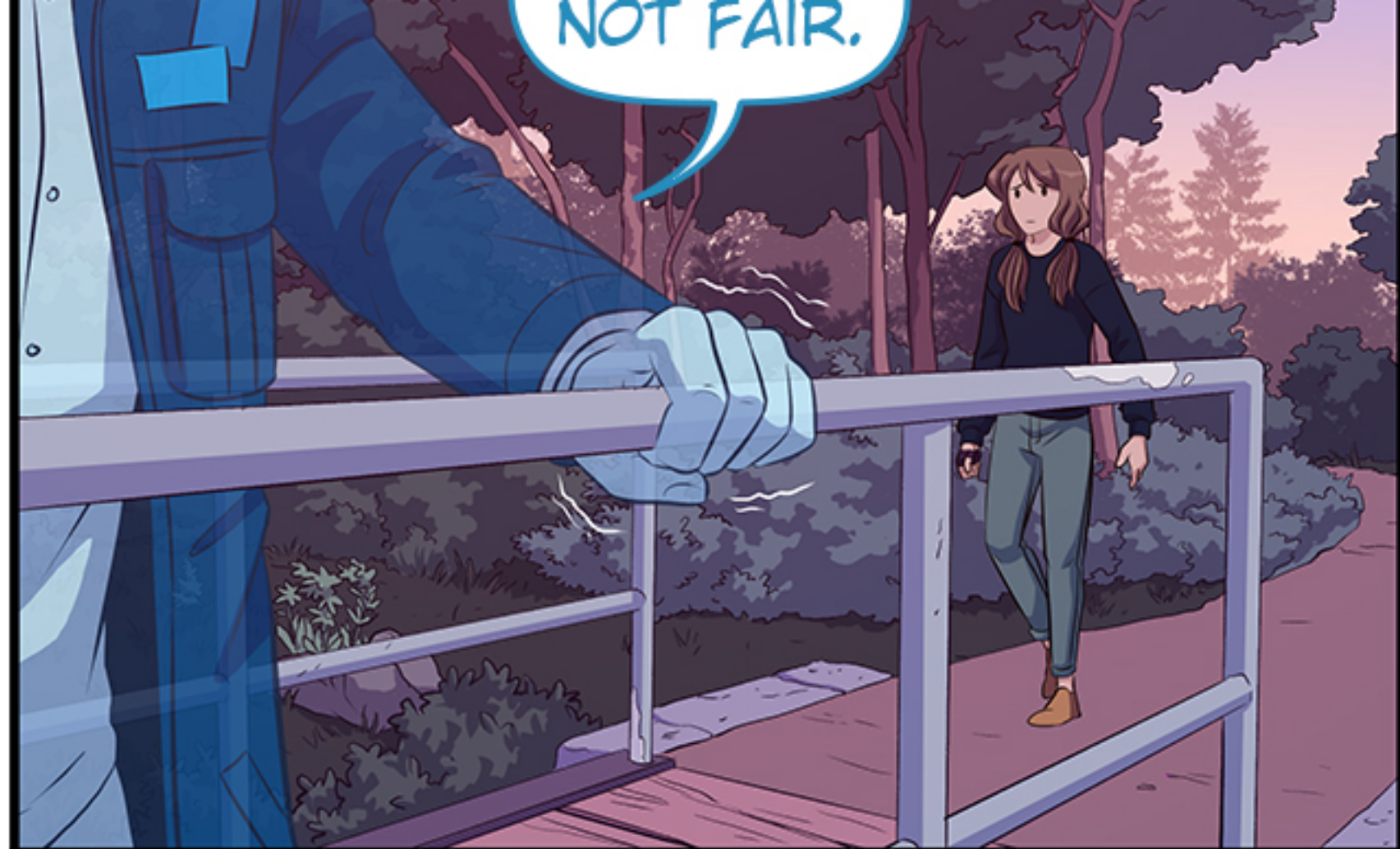


LIAM!



...IT'S





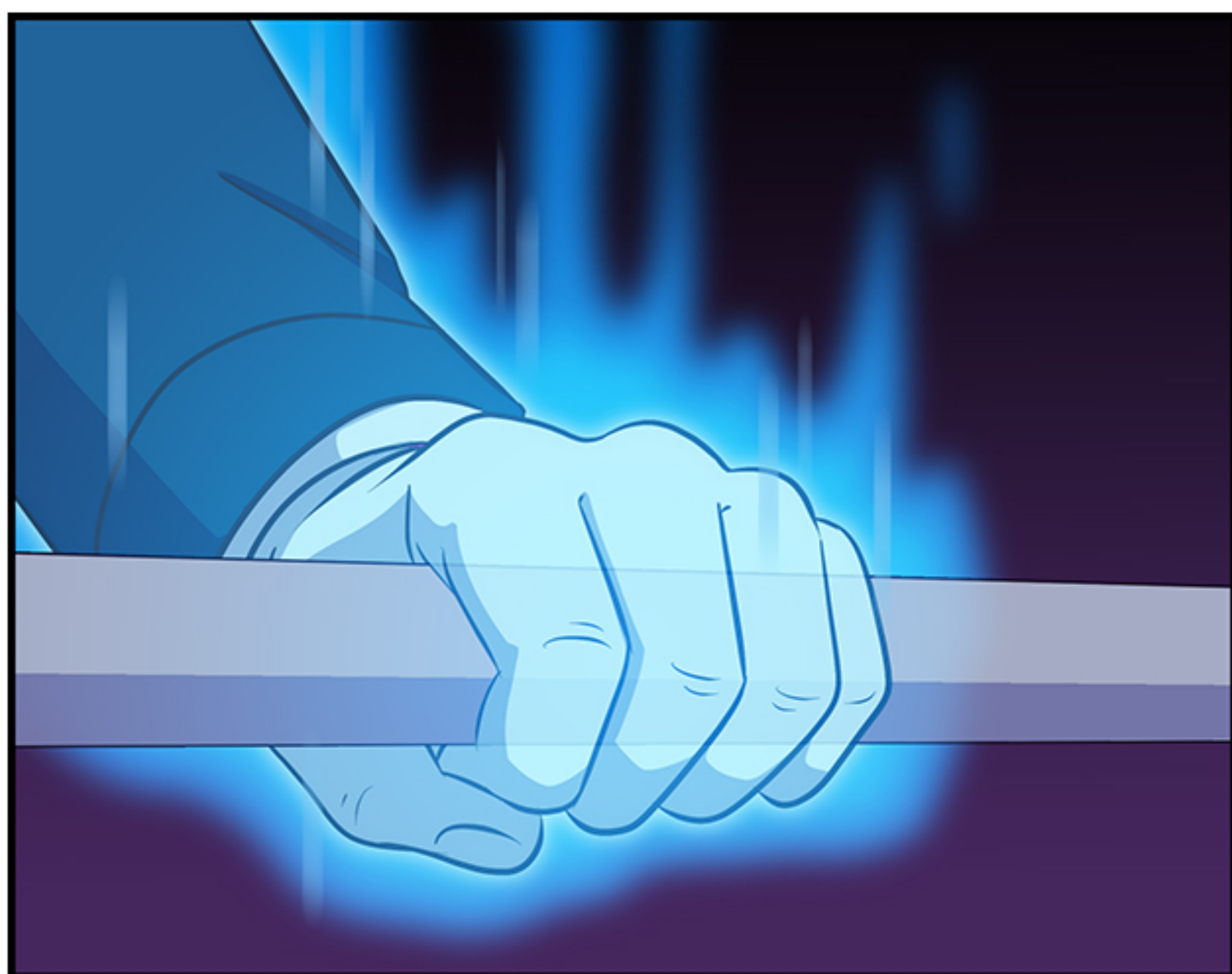
**IT'S NOT
FLUCKING
FAIR!**

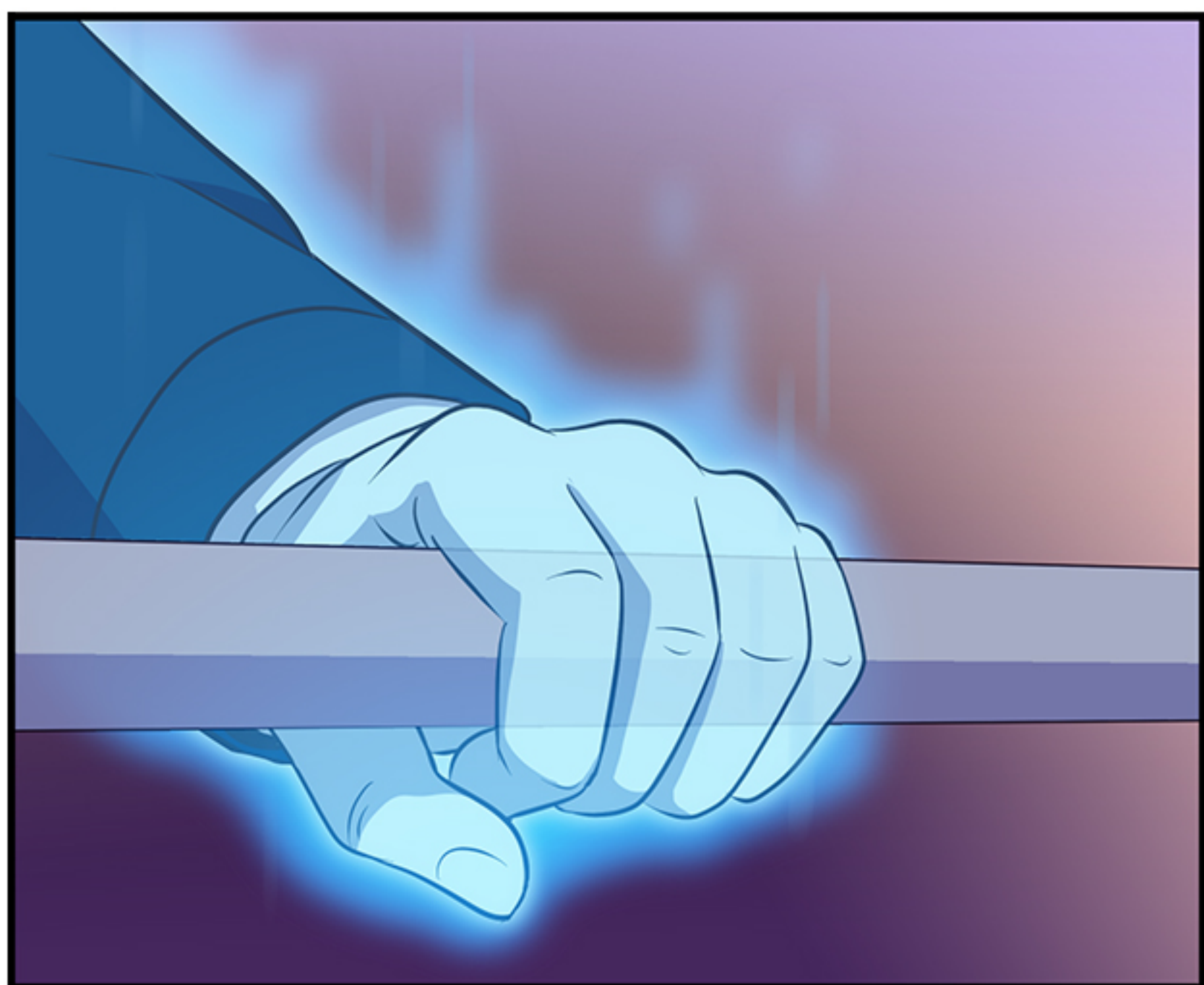




**WHAT GIVES HIM THE
RIGHT -- WHAT GIVES
ANY OF THEM THE RIGHT
TO TAKE MY LIFE FROM
ME?!**



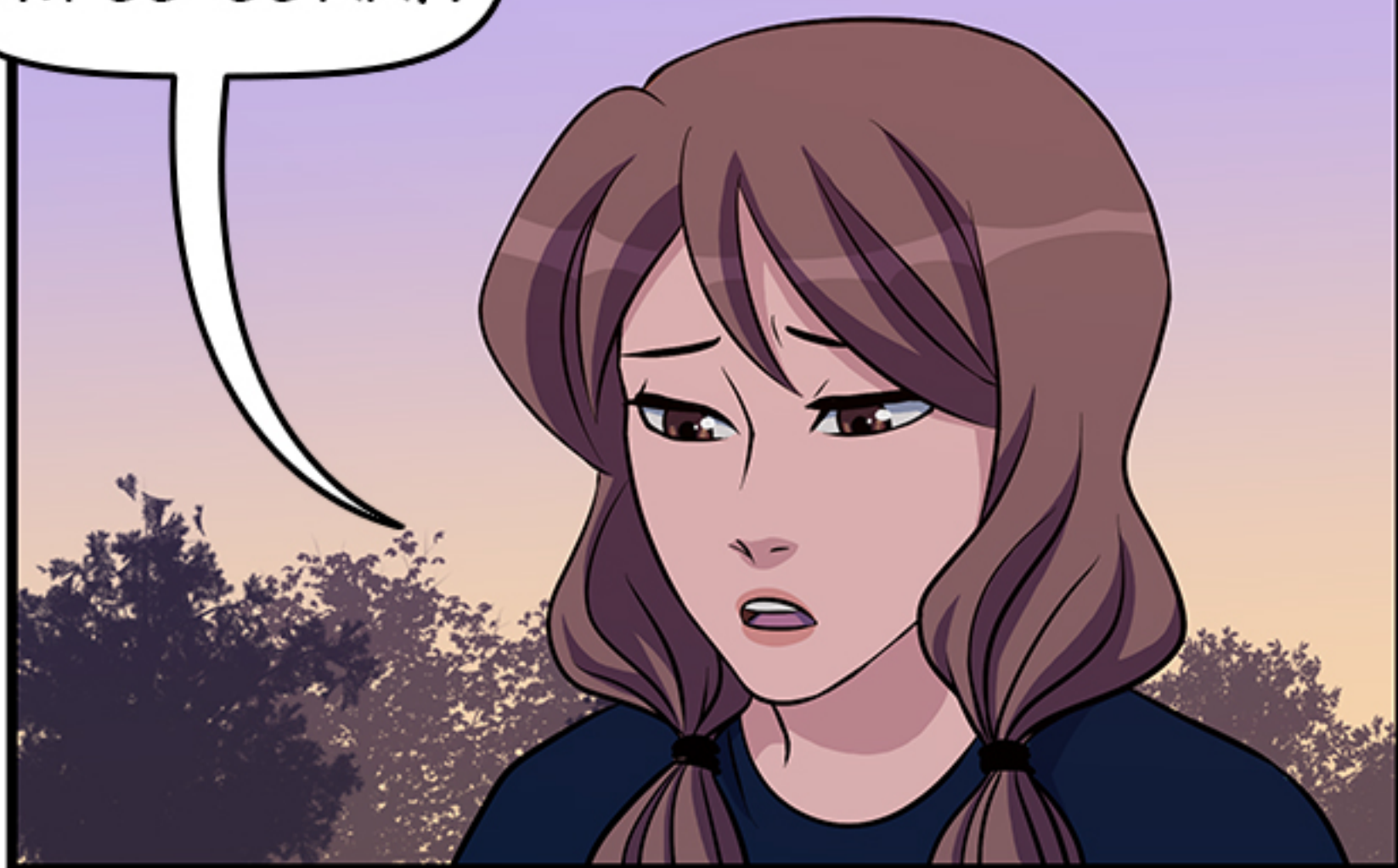




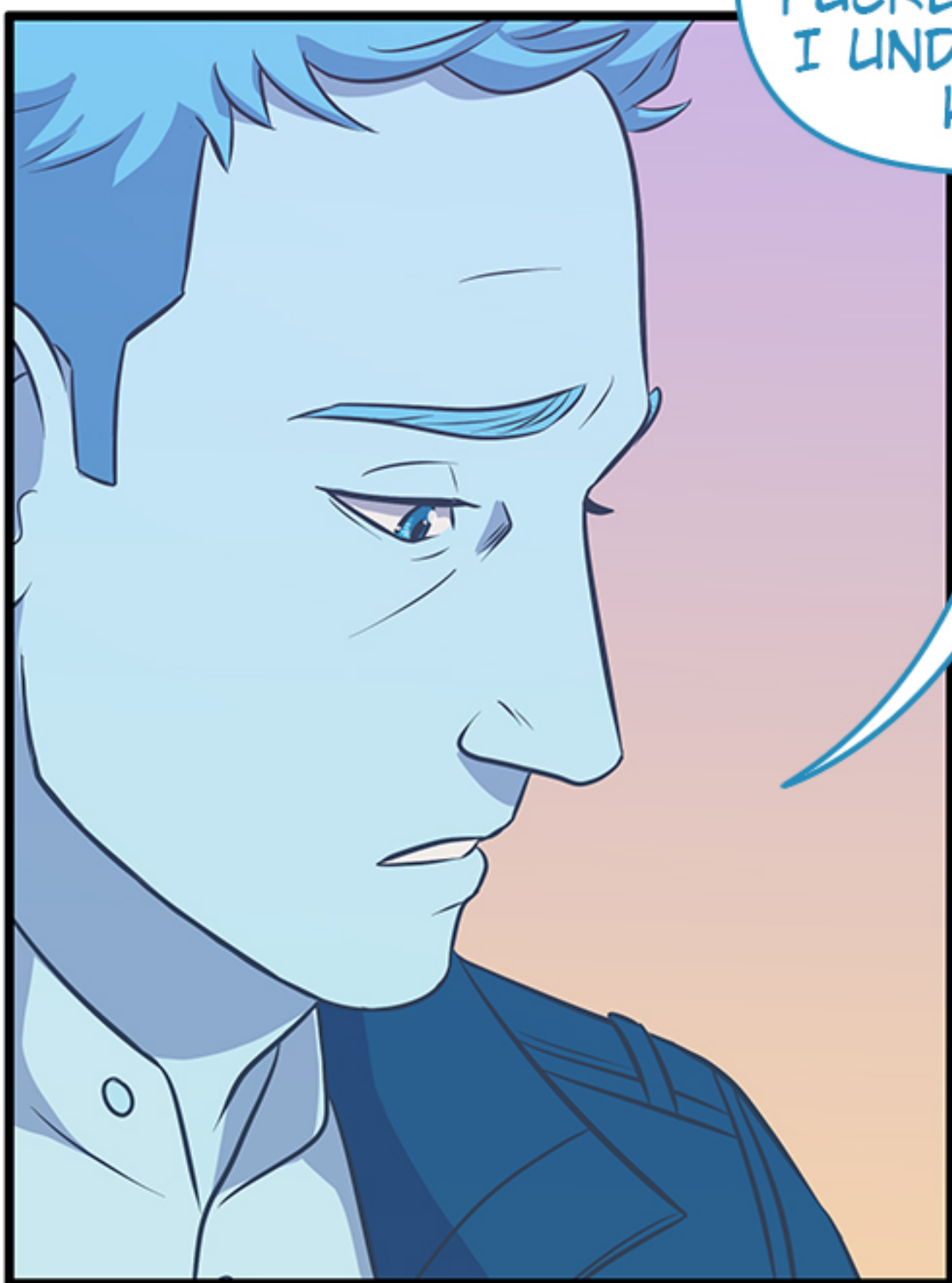
IT'S
JUST NOT
FAIR...



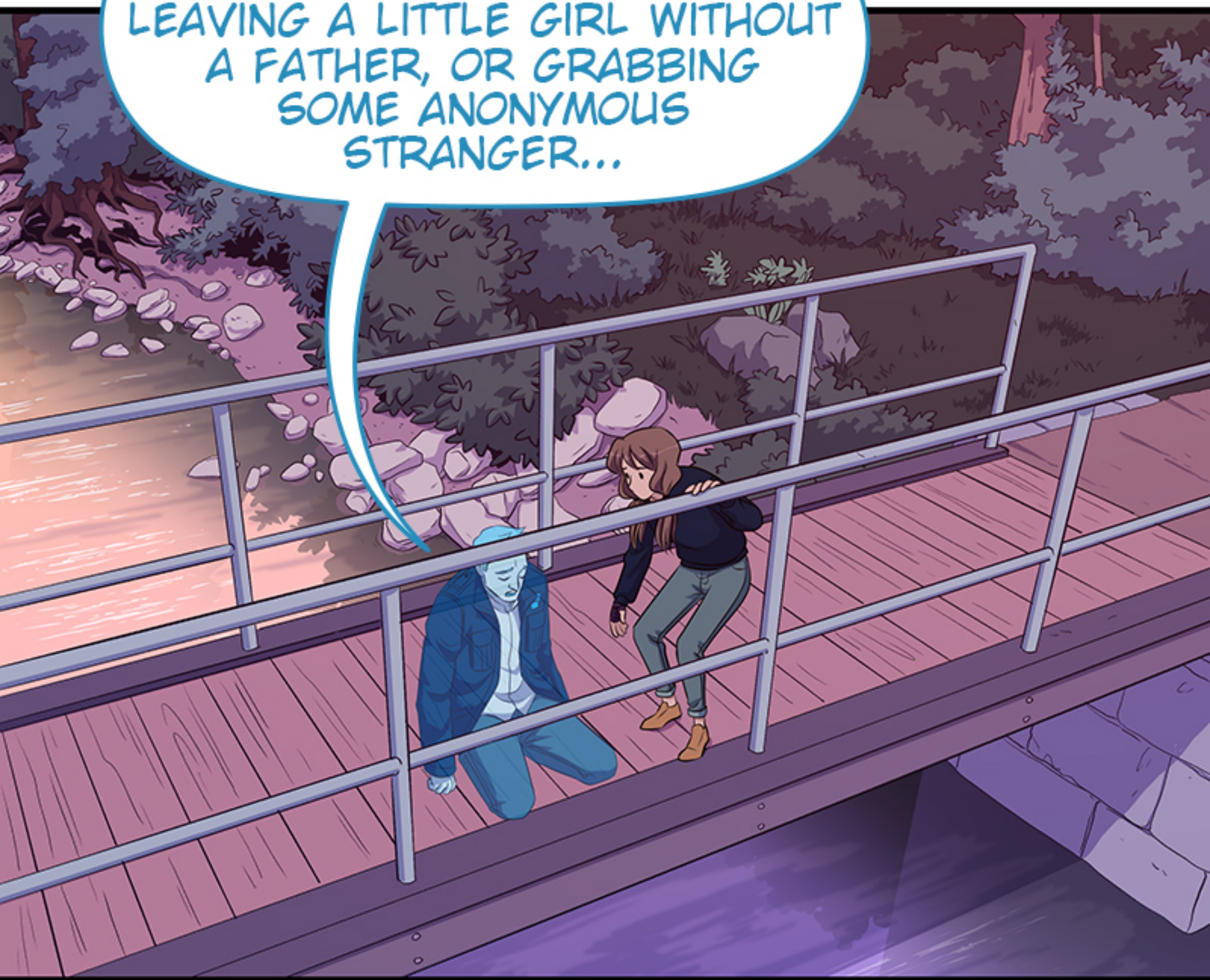
LIAM...
I'M SO SORRY.

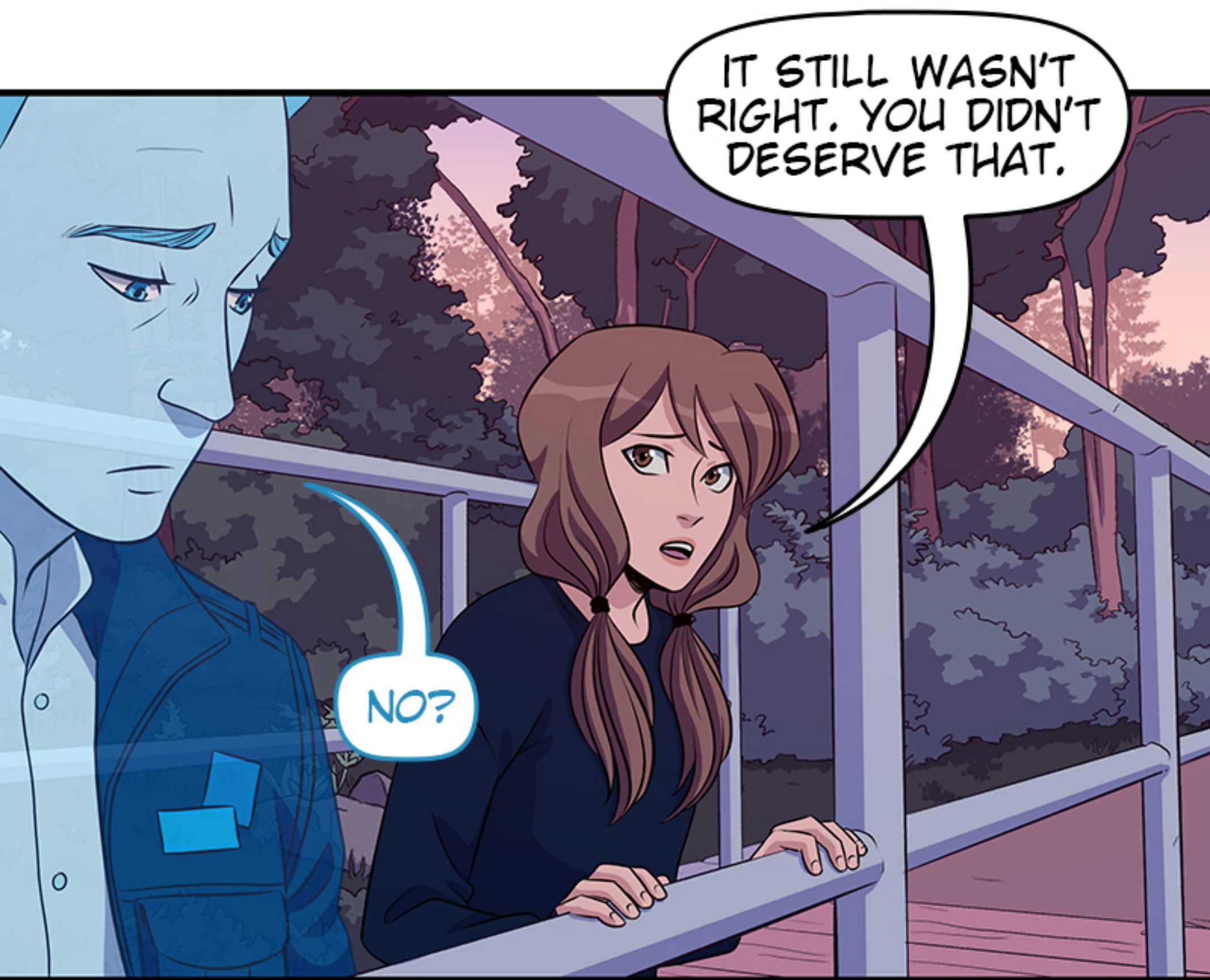


YOU KNOW
WHAT THE MOST
FUCKED UP PART IS?
I UNDERSTAND WHY
HE DID IT.



IF IT'S BETWEEN
SACRIFICING HIS DAUGHTER,
LEAVING A LITTLE GIRL WITHOUT
A FATHER, OR GRABBING
SOME ANONYMOUS
STRANGER...





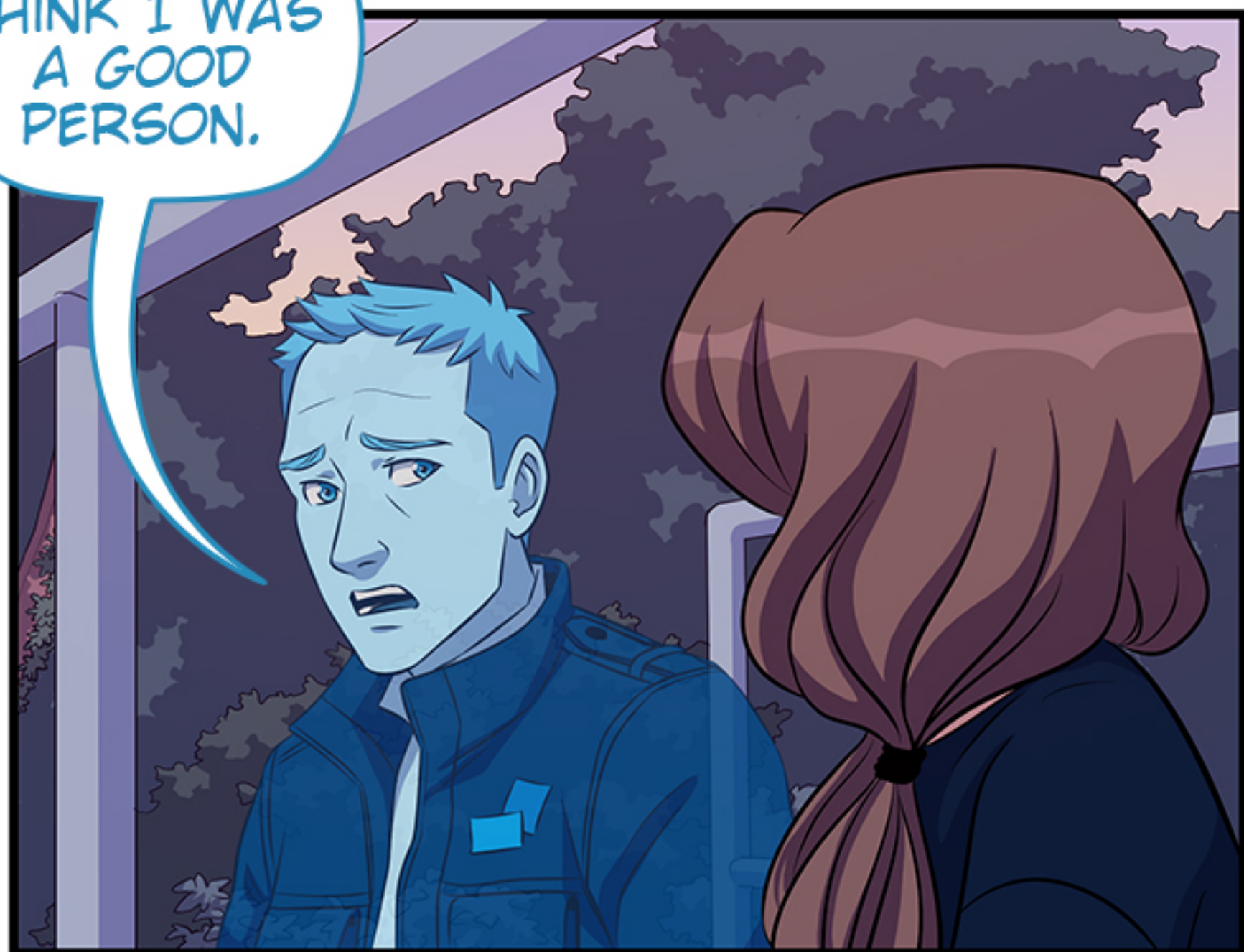
IT STILL WASN'T
RIGHT. YOU DIDN'T
DESERVE THAT.

NO?

ELLIE

EEEEEE...

I DON'T
THINK I WAS
A GOOD
PERSON.



I WAS GONE FOR
WEEKS AND NOBODY
TRIED TO FIND ME.

THOSE GIRLS
AT THE SHOP,
JAMES...



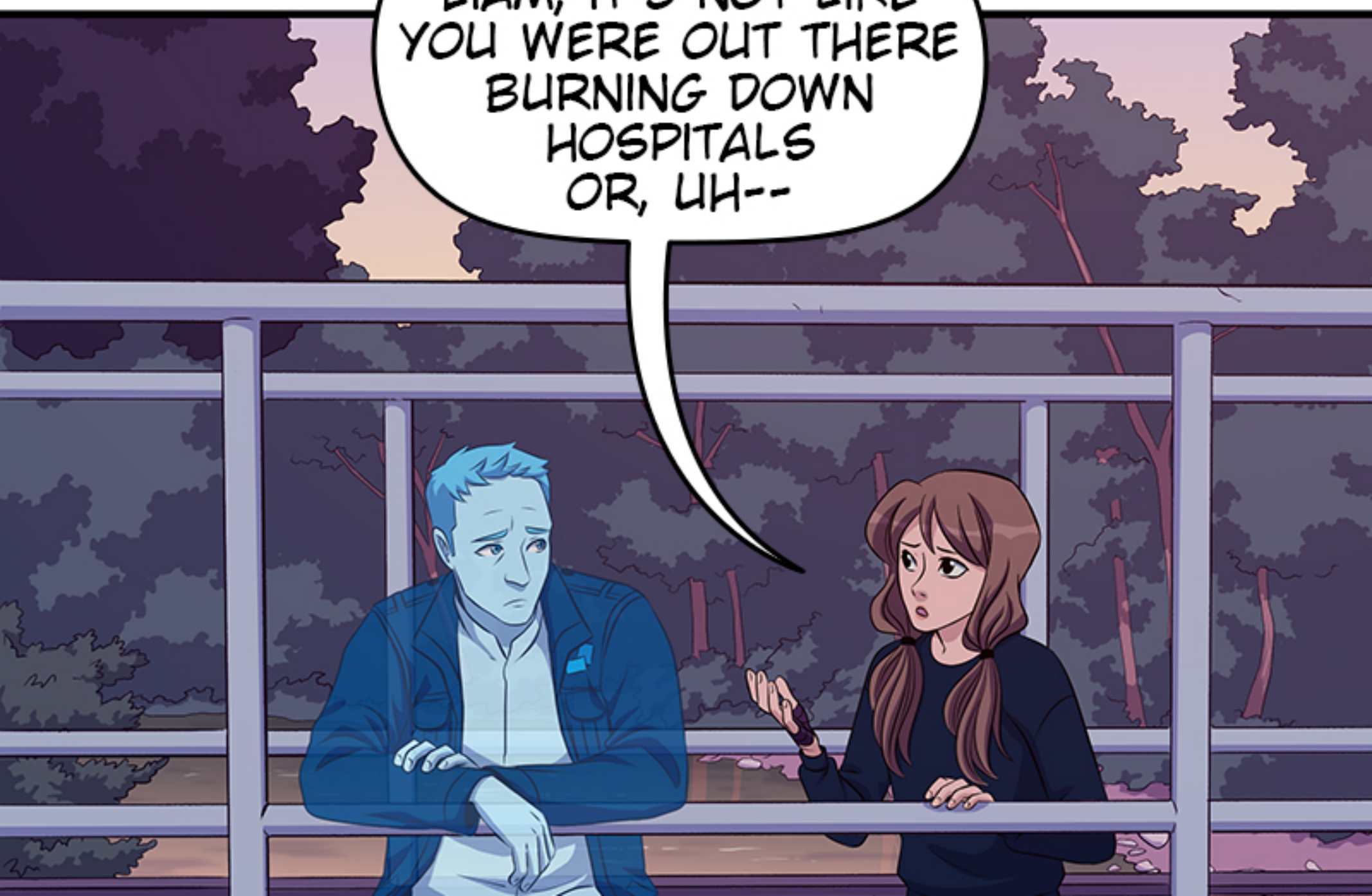
THEY ALL
BELIEVED I WAS
THE KIND OF GUY
WHO WOULD JUST
ABANDON
THEM.

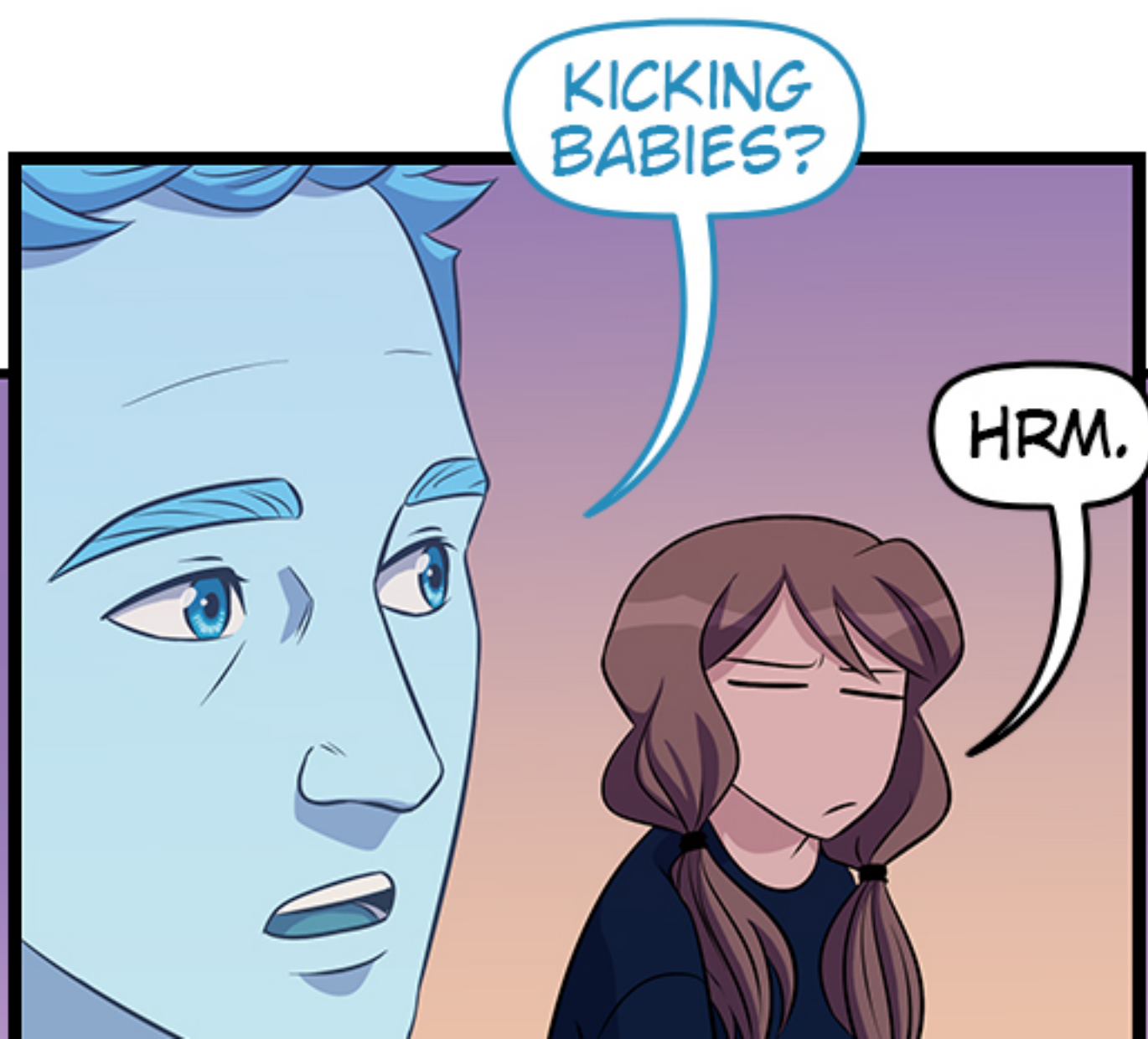
THE KIND OF
GUY WHO WOULD
HURT SOMEONE HE
SUPPOSEDLY CARED
ABOUT.

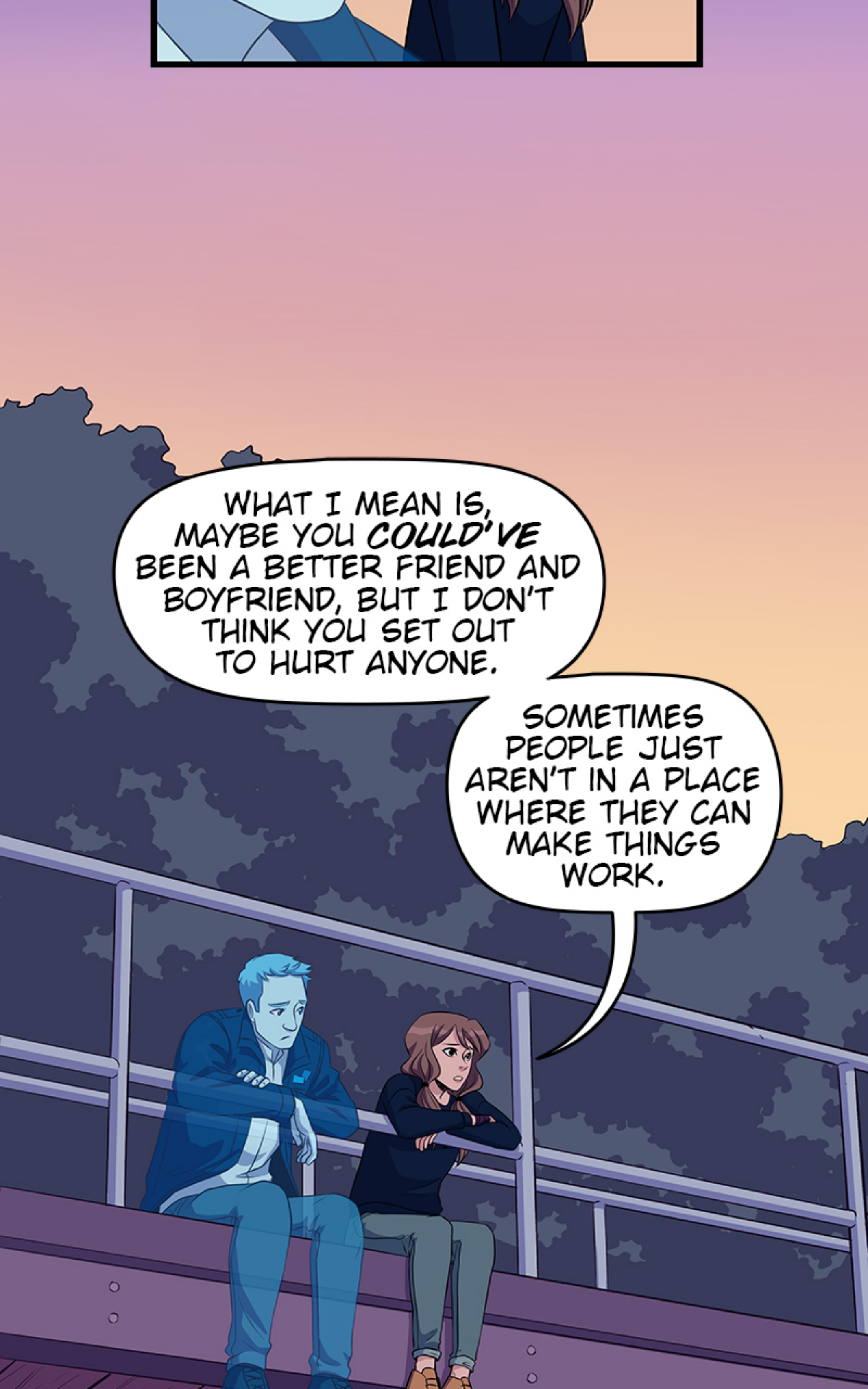




COME ON,
LIAM, IT'S NOT LIKE
YOU WERE OUT THERE
BURNING DOWN
HOSPITALS
OR, UH--





A man and a woman are sitting on a wooden bench outdoors at dusk. The man, on the left, has short blonde hair and is wearing a blue jacket over a white shirt and blue jeans. He has his arms crossed and a somber expression. The woman, on the right, has long brown hair and is wearing a dark blue sweater and grey pants. She is also leaning her arms on the railing and looking towards the man. They are sitting on a wooden bench with a metal railing. In the background, there are dark silhouettes of trees against a sky with a gradient of orange, pink, and purple. A small inset panel at the top shows a close-up of the man's face.

WHAT I MEAN IS,
MAYBE YOU *COULD'VE*
BEEN A BETTER FRIEND AND
BOYFRIEND, BUT I DON'T
THINK YOU SET OUT
TO HURT ANYONE.

SOMETIMES
PEOPLE JUST
AREN'T IN A PLACE
WHERE THEY CAN
MAKE THINGS
WORK.

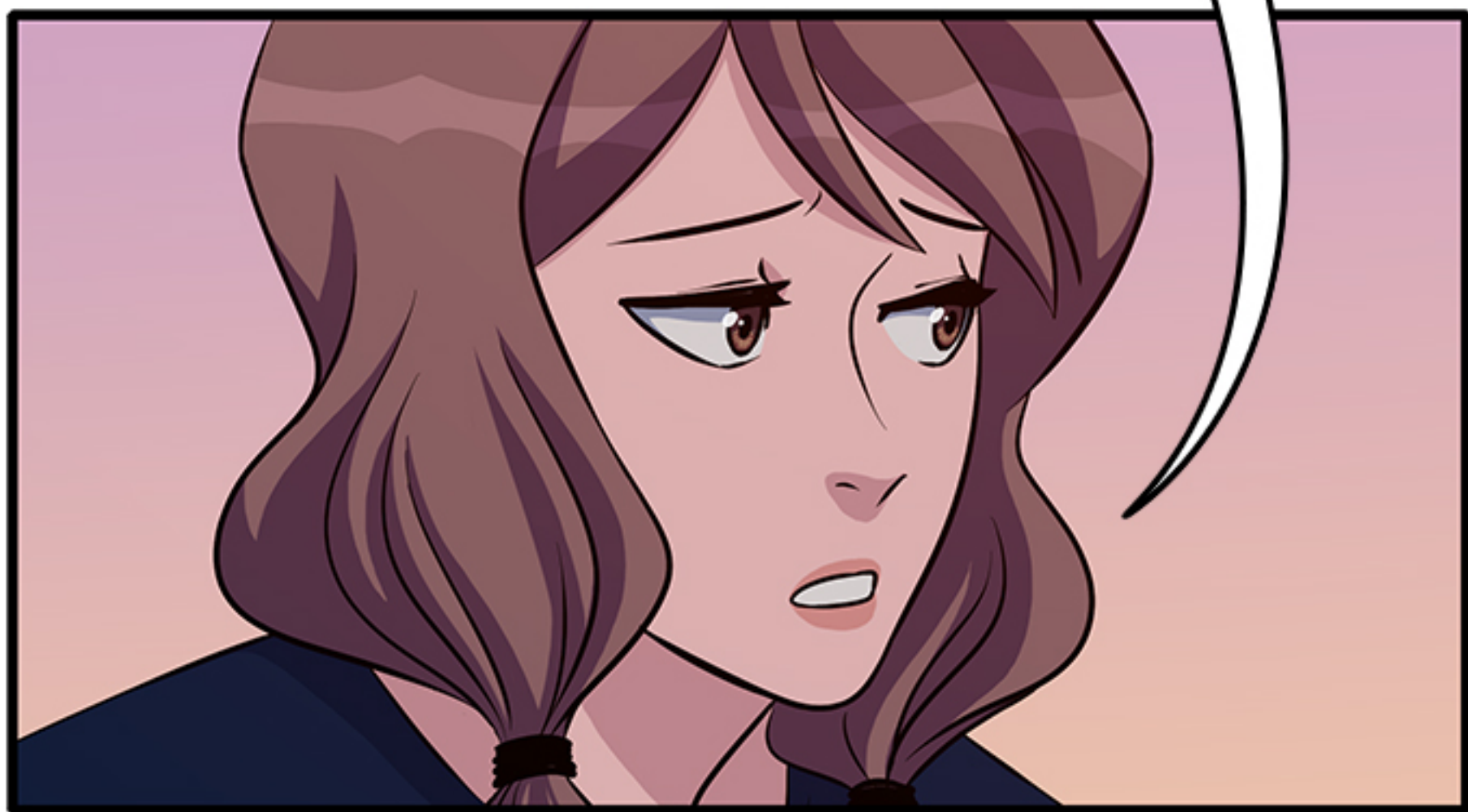


NO MATTER
HOW MUCH THEY
WANT TO.





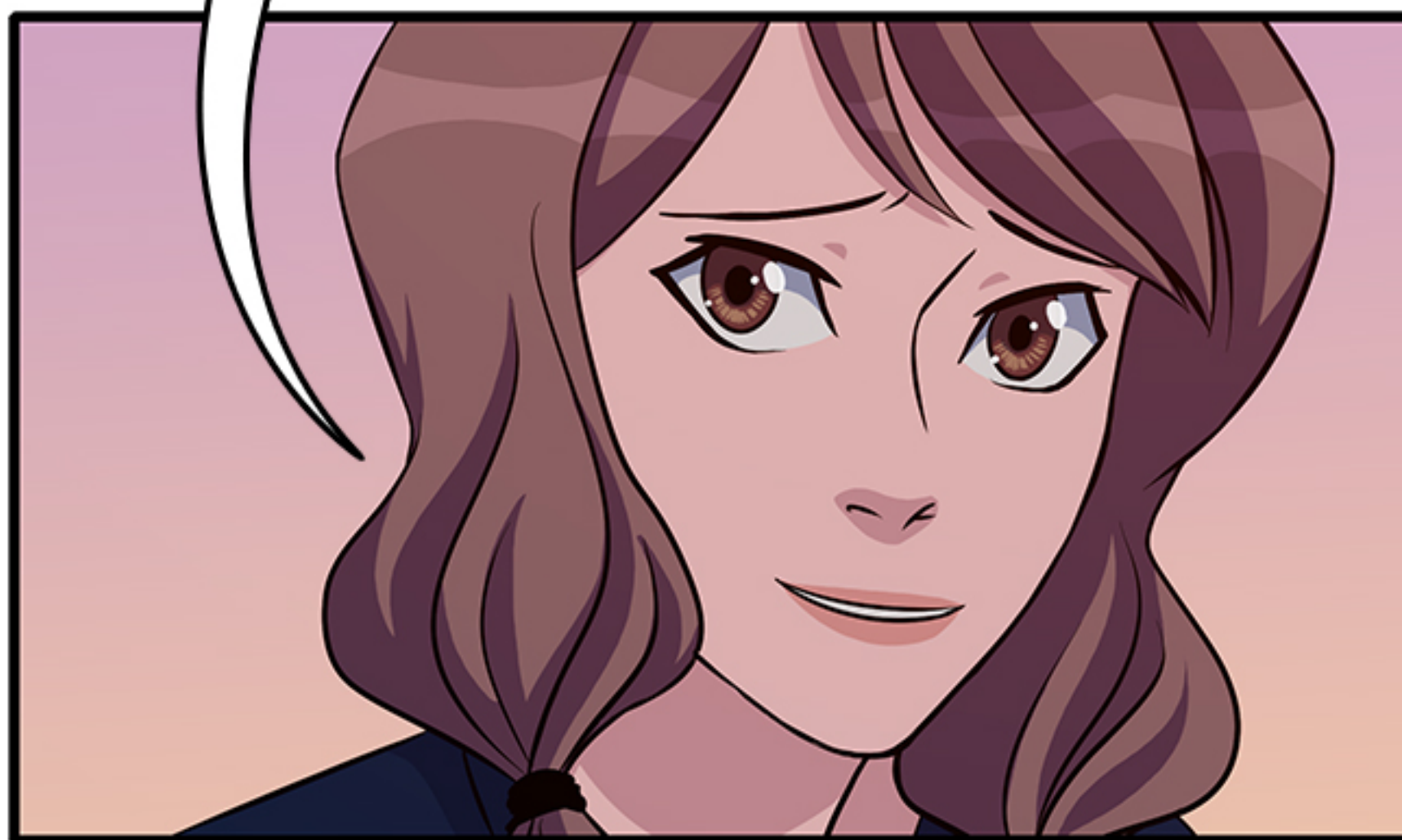
I DON'T THINK
YOU WERE A BAD
PERSON.

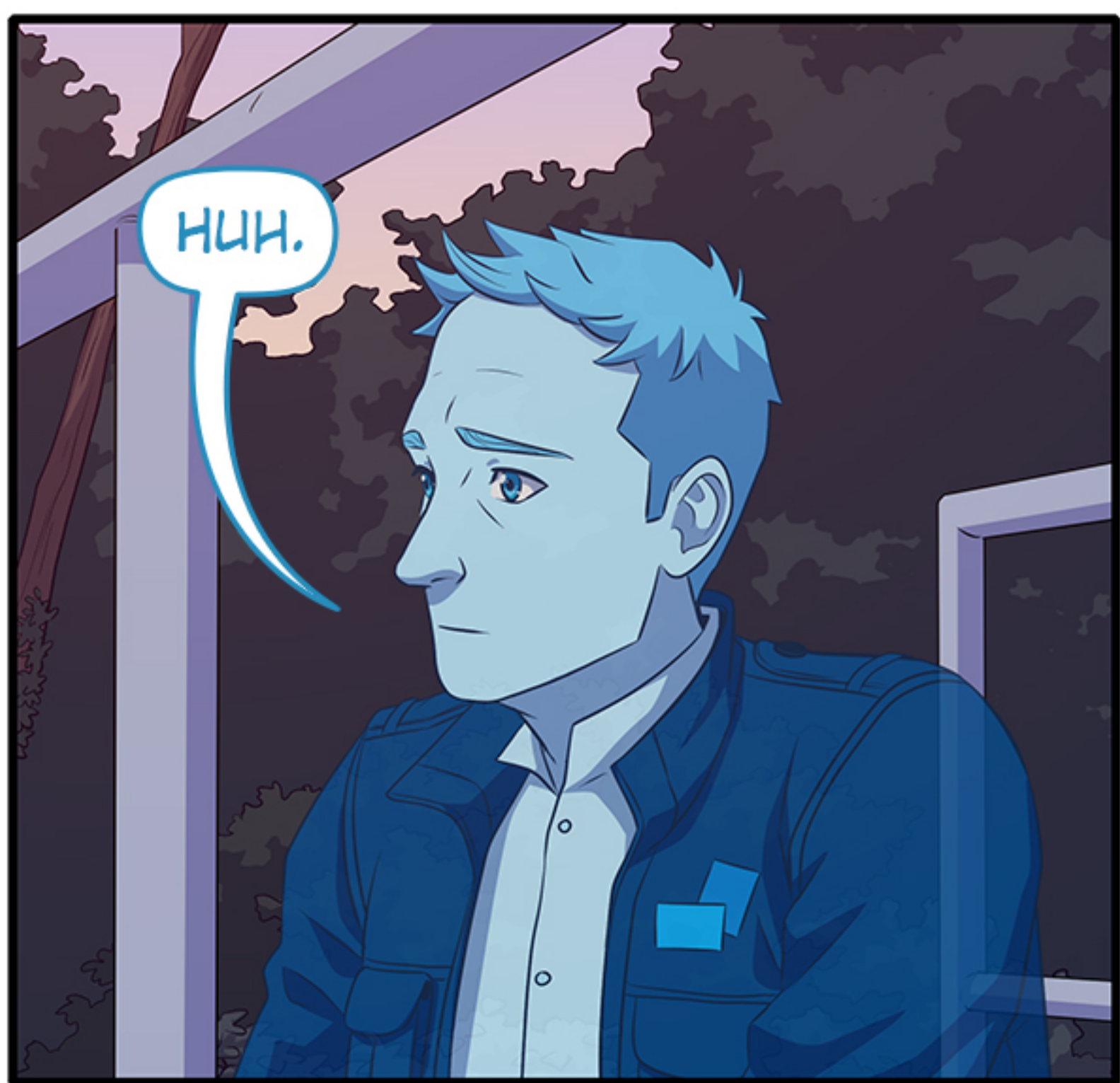


BUT
EVEN IF YOU
WERE...

THAT DOESN'T
MEAN YOU HAVE

TO BE ONE
NOW.

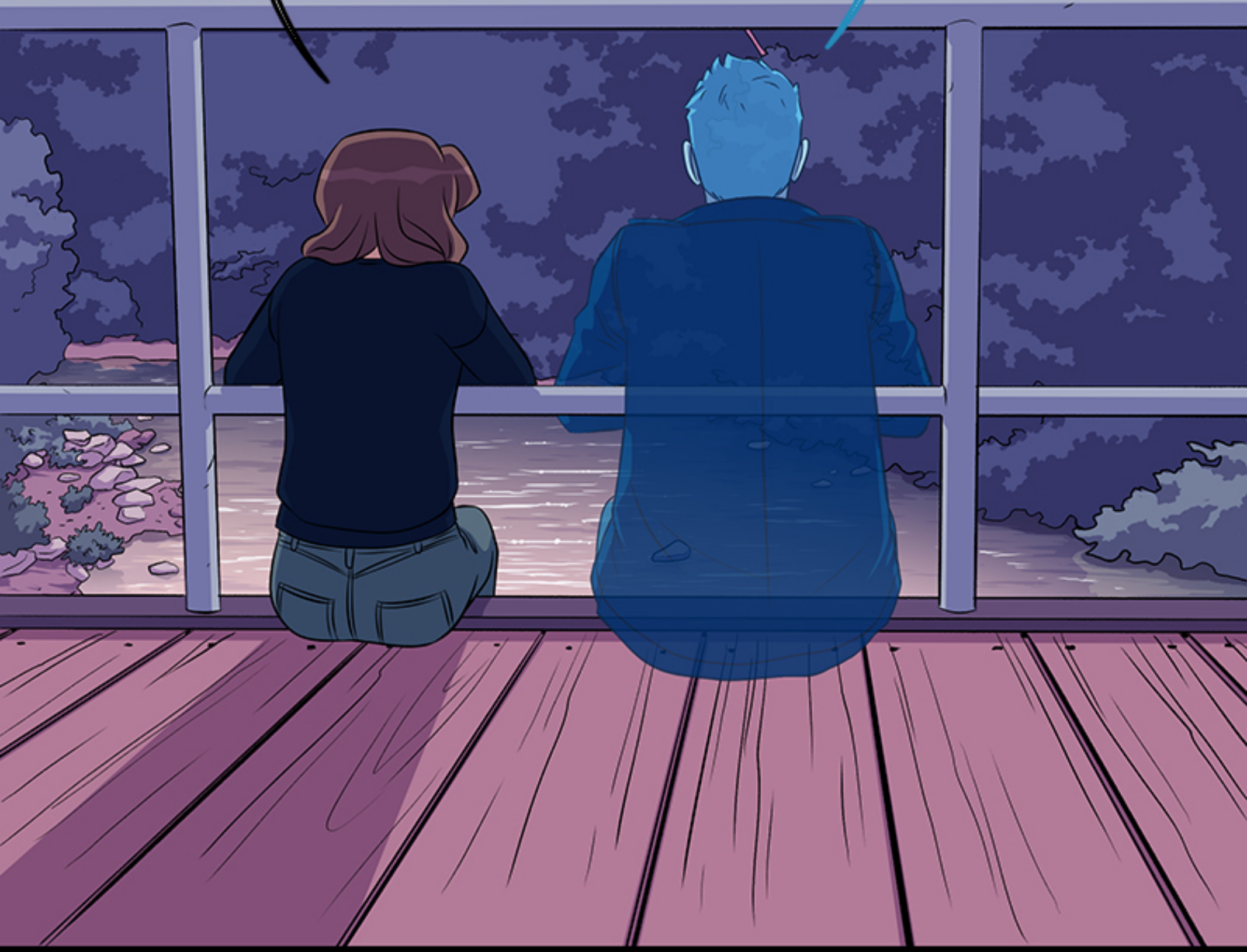




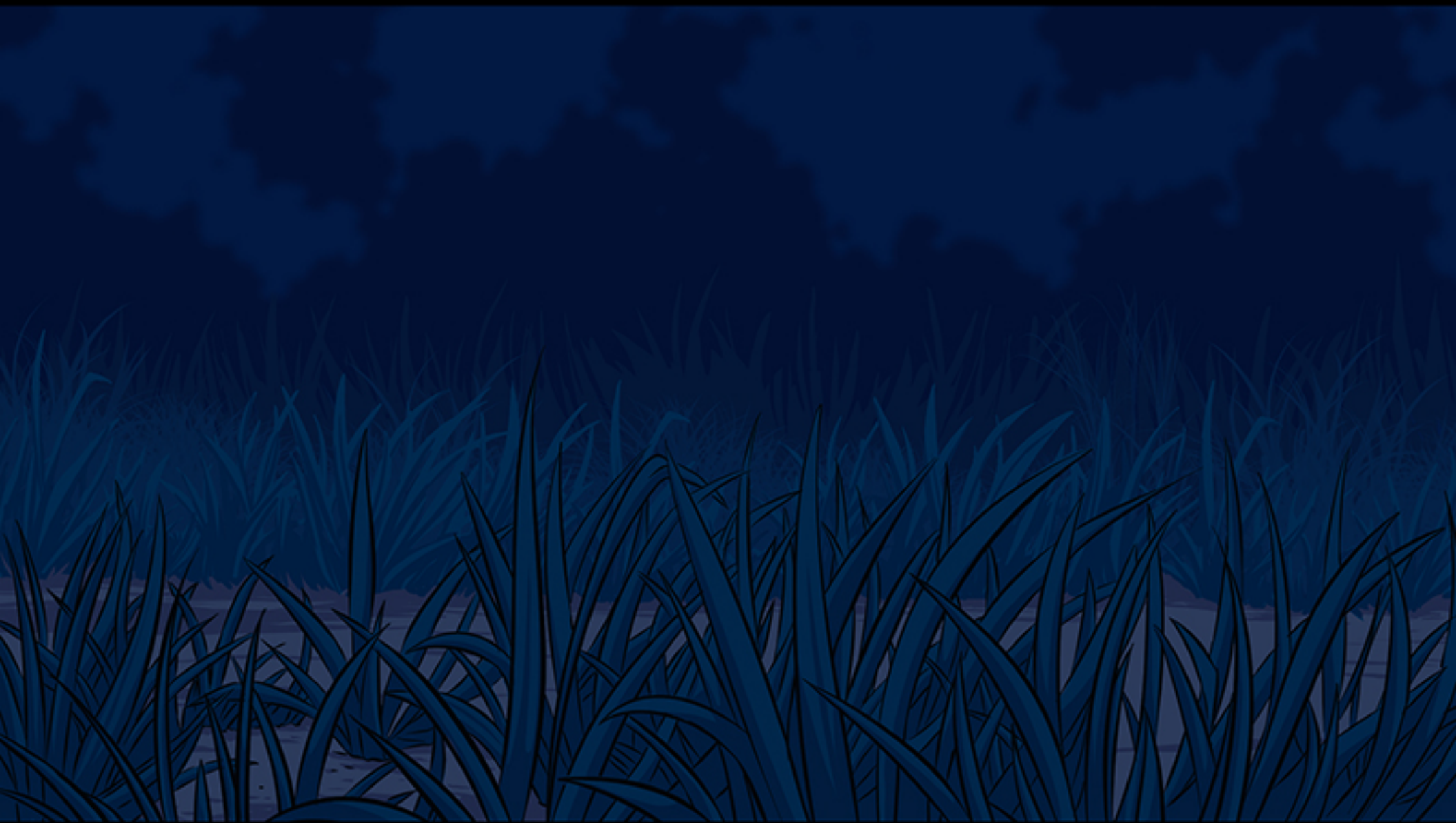


IT'S KIND OF
BEAUTIFUL OUT
HERE.

YEAH.











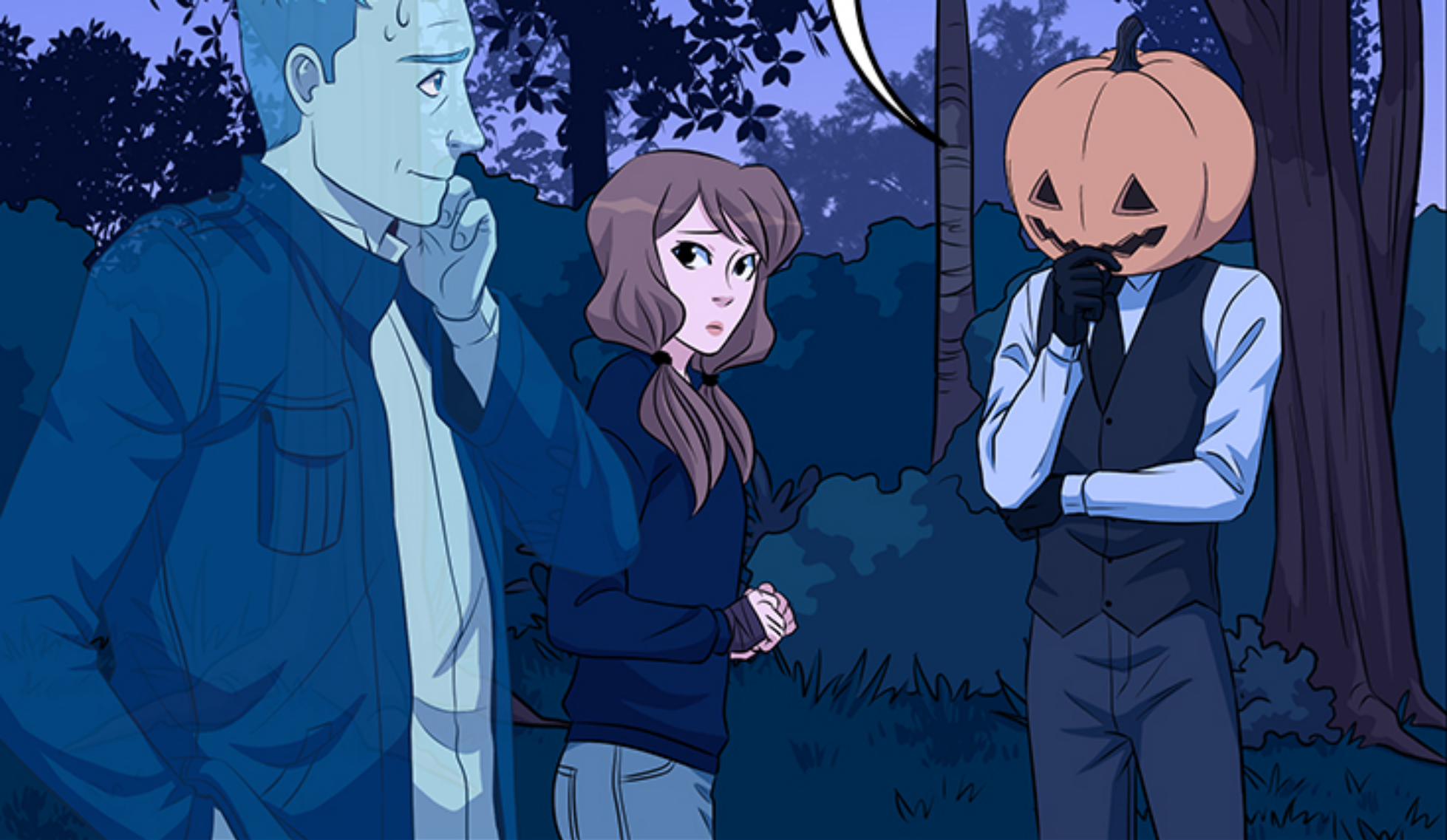
THERE YOU
ARE. IS EVERYTHING
ALL RIGHT?



HAHA,
UH NO, NOT
REALLY.

NO, I
SUPPOSE IT
WOULDN'T
BE.

I'M SORRY,
THAT WAS RATHER
THOUGHTLESS.



IT'S FINE. SO
WHAT DO WE DO
NOW?

I WAS
WAITING TO ASK
YOU. SEEMS ONLY
RIGHT THAT YOU
HAVE A SAY.





I GUESS
WE SHOULD CALL
THE COPS...Y'KNOW,
ABOUT THE--ABOUT
MY BODY.



AND
MR. BERKHEIMER?

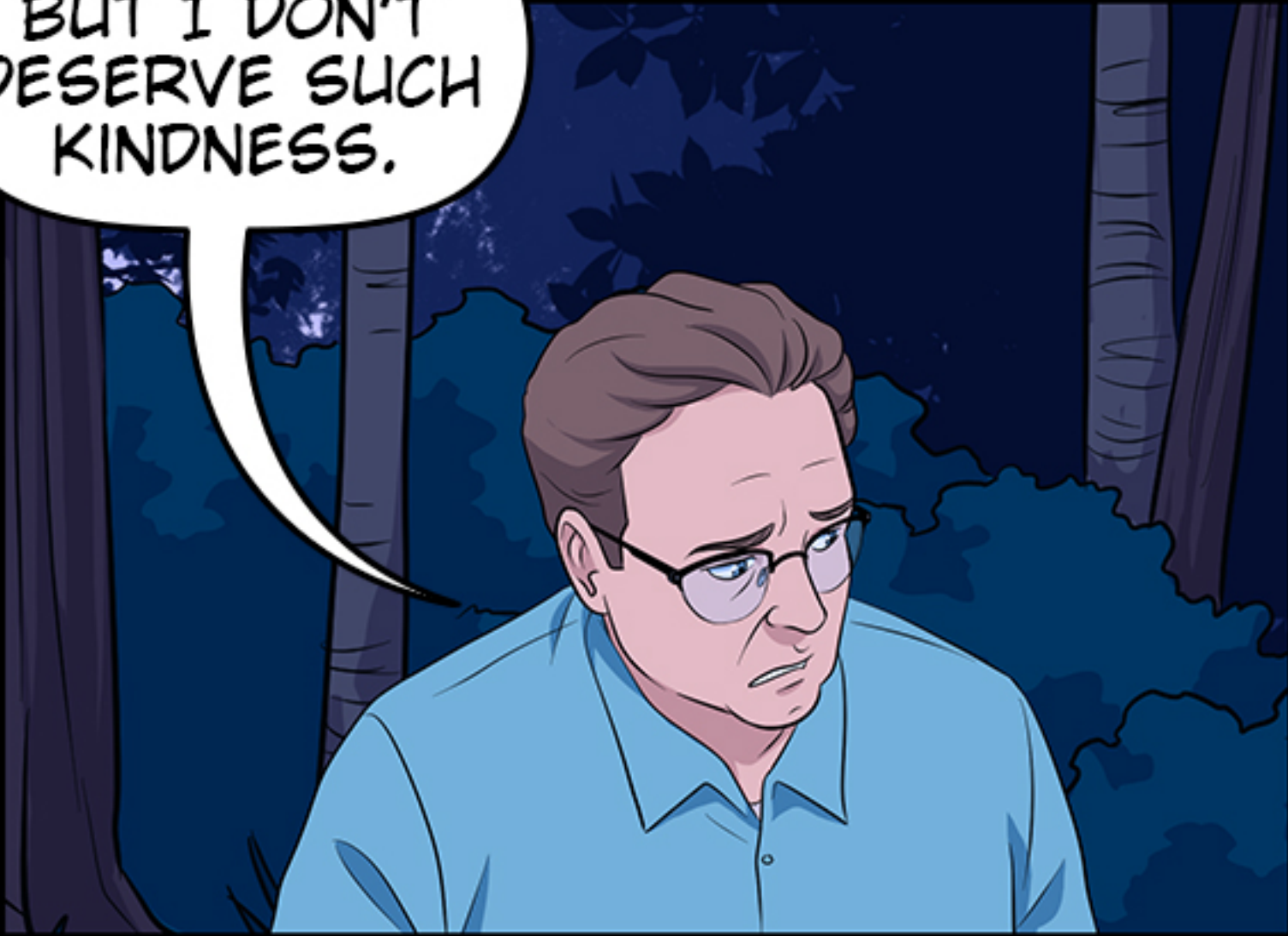
OBERON AND
TITANIA MAY BE OUT OF
REACH, BUT I'M SURE THE
POLICE WILL HAVE SOME
QUESTIONS FOR THEIR
CO-CONSPIRATOR.







LIAM, I...



THANK YOU,
BUT I DON'T
DESERVE SUCH
KINDNESS.

MAYBE NOT,
BUT I'M NOT REALLY
DOING THIS FOR
YOUR SAKE.

I JUST
DON'T WANT ANY
MORE PAIN TO
COME FROM
THIS.



TAKE GOOD CARE
OF YOUR DAUGHTER,
MR. BERKHEIMER.





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