

YOU KNOW THAT MOMENT IN  
THE MOVIE WHEN THE DEMONS  
SHOW UP AND ALL OF A SUDDEN  
YOU REALIZE YOU'RE INSIDE OF  
A VERY DIFFERENT MOVIE THAN  
THE ONE YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE IN?  
~~WELL~~ WELL THAT JUST HAPPENED  
TO MY LIFE.

I DON'T KNOW THAT ANY SANE  
PERSON WHO READS THIS (MAYBE  
EVEN MYSELF INCLUDED) WILL  
BELIEVE IT, OR EVEN THAT THEY  
SHOULD, ALL I KNOW IS THAT  
SOME REALLY REAL SHIT JUST  
HAPPENED AND I AM TRYING VERY  
HARD NOT TO HAVE AN EXISTENTIAL

CRISIS. NOT SURE IT'S WORKING,  
BUT WRITING HELPS...

THE STONE ROOM UNDER THE  
TREE WAS FULL OF BODIES.

THE BODIES OF FORMER USC  
EMPLOYEES. YES LITERALLY  
SKELETONS IN CHAINS. I'M  
GOING TO START CRYING AGAIN  
IF I THINK TOO CLEARLY ABOUT  
WHAT I SAW.

FOR EVERY YEAR SINCE 1945  
THEY HAVE SENT TO THE DEMISE  
OF ONE POOR SOUL AS PART OF  
A SUPREMATIC RITUAL AND  
SCARE TACTIC. TO THE

EYES OF THE PUBLIC. THE KILLINGS  
WERE MERELY DISAPPEARANCES  
AND WHATEVER TRAILS LEFT BEHIND  
WERE CLEANED BY BRIBES AND  
THREATS. IN TRUTH, THE  
ADMINISTRATION ON THE WHOLE HAS  
HAD NO IDEA THIS WAS HAPPENING  
ON CAMPUS. SECRET SOCIETY  
MEMBERS OPERATING WITHIN  
THE SCHOOL CARRY OUT THE  
ATTACKS AND KEEP PERFECT SILENCE.  
THE COUNT NOW TOTALS ALMOST  
60 LIVES STOLEN.. I WEPT

HISTERICALLY WHEN I SAW THEIR  
REMANNS. FUCK.

MY NAN WAS ALMOST ONE

OF THOSE BODIES. WHEN HER  
NUMBER CAME UP, SHE FOUGHT  
AND ESCAPED.

SHE USED THE STONE TIED TO MY  
FEATHER TO PUT THEM TO SLEEP  
AND MAKE THEM FORGET HER,  
BUT SHE COULD NOT FORGET  
WHAT THEY HAD ~~REVEALED~~  
REVEALED TO HER...

SHE NEEDED TO TELL ME HER  
SECRET SO THAT ~~HER~~ HER SOUL  
COULD HAVE PEACE. I GAVE  
THAT PEACE TO HER BY CARRYING  
THE BURDEN OF THAT SECRET.  
NOW IT WILL WEIGH ON MY  
HEART.



THAT'S WHAT SHE TOLD ME BEFORE  
SHE LEFT, THAT THIS WAS TO BE MY  
ROLE, IF I WOULD ACCEPT IT,  
TO UNCOVER AND CARRY THE SECRETS  
OF THE DEAD, TO BE "ALIVE  
WITH THE TRUTHS OF DEATH"...

I DONT KNOW. IT ALL STILL FEELS  
LIKE A DREAM AND YET...

... SOMETHING HAS CHANGED.

I CLIMBED OUT OF THAT TREE A  
NEW PERSON ~~AND~~ AND I SWEAR  
THAT SINCE THE MOMENT I GOT  
BACK TO THE SURFACE SOMEONE  
HAS BEEN FOLLOWING ME. HOW  
MANY PEOPLE IN LOS ANGELES  
WEAR LONG FLOOR-LENGTH

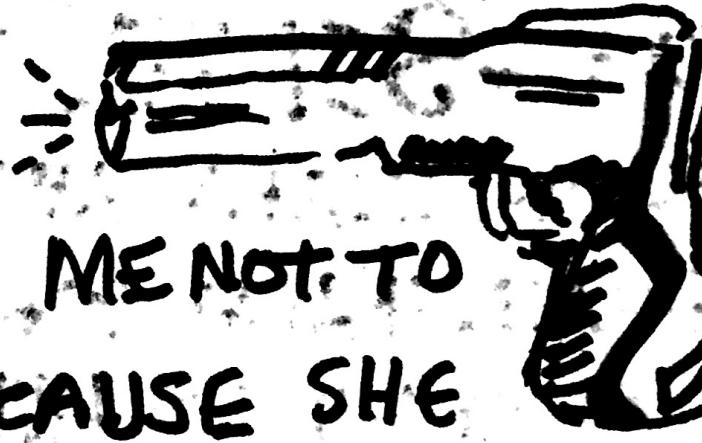
CLOAKS NOT ON HALLOWEEN?  
AND HOW MANY TIMES DO I  
HAVE TO SPOT THE SAME  
PERSON BEHIND ME BEFORE  
IT COUNTS AS STALKING?

I AM HUDDLED UP IN MY ROOM  
LIKE A CHILD UNDER THE BLANKETS  
JUST TRYING NOT TO LOSE MY  
SHIT. NO ONE EVEN KNOWS  
THAT I AM HOME. I SNUCK  
IN THE BACK WINDOW...



I DONT KNOW WHAT TO DO  
WITH A SECRET OF THIS SCOPE.  
ITS TOO BIG. ITS GENOCIDAL.

WHO COULD I TELL THAT WOULD  
BELIEVE ME? HOW WOULD I PROVE  
IT? WOULD THE TREE OPEN FOR  
ME A SECOND TIME? WOULD  
THERE BE CONSEQUENCES? I  
KNOW IN MY GUT THAT THERE

WOULD BE  TELL  
NANI TOLD ME NOT TO TELL  
I THINK BECAUSE SHE  
KNOWS I WOULD GET HURT IF  
I LET ON WHAT I KNOW 

PEOPLE HAVE ALREADY BEEN KILLED AND  
CLEARLY ~~THEY~~ THE COVER UP MACHINE  
IS IN WELL-OILED CONDITION SO  
I CANNOT IMAGINE MYSELF  
EXCLUDED FROM THAT POTENTIAL

THE TARGET GROUP. I HAVE  
TO BITE MY FUCKING TONGUE.  
I HAVE TO FOR NOW AT LEAST.

EVEN WITH THE ANXIETY OF BEING  
FOLLOWED, THE SENSATION OF TRUE  
INNER-SILENCE-IS...  
EXTRAORDINARY AFTER SHARING  
MY BRAINSPACE FOR SO LONG.  
I'M TEMPTED TO HIDE OUT  
HERE FOREVER. I KNOW I  
CAN'T THOUGH.

I'M SCARED OF EVEN BEING  
IN THIS HOUSE FOR FEAR OF  
INVOLVING MY FAMILY IN  
WHATEVER CREEPY SUPREMACIST  
ASSASSIN STALKER SITUATION

I MIGHT BE CAUGHT UP IN...  
JESUS CHRIST THAT LAST  
SENTANCE SOUNDS INSANE.

BEFORE SHE LEFT, NAN I THANKED  
ME FOR HELPING HER FIND REST  
AND TOLD ME THAT FROM NOW  
ON HER PRESENCE IN MY MIND  
IS OPTIONAL. I CAN CALL ON  
HER BUT SHE WONT BE AROUND  
OTHERWISE. SHE ALSO TOLD  
ME THAT OPENING THE TREE  
PROVED SOMETHING, SOMETHING  
ABOUT WHO I CAN BECOME?

IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN AND  
SHE WAS GOING ON ABOUT

PAST LIVES AND OTHER  
CONFUSING THINGS I'M NOT SURE  
ABOUT AND I KNOW IT ALL  
SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING FROM  
A MANGA I READ IN HIGH  
SCHOOL, BUT IT FEELS TOO  
REAL TO ME NOW.

I CAN'T HIDE. I HAVE TO FACE  
THIS. SOON MY FAMILY WILL  
BE WAKING UP AND DISCOVERING  
THAT I AM HERE AND THAT ASS  
FROM THE PSYCH WARD AT  
ST. HOPKINZ WILL BE CALLING  
ON THE PHONE AND THE POLICE  
[REDACTED] WILL BE AT THE  
DOOR WITH THEIR PAPERS

AND THEIR GUNS AND THE  
TALKING TREES AND TALL MEN  
IN LONG CLOAKS WILL COME  
TO DESTROY THE FRAGILE AND  
ACHING PEACE THAT STILL  
SOMEHOW DWELLS IN THESE  
HURTING WALLS AND NO I  
WON'T LET THEM. I CANT.

I AM GETTING OUT  
OF THIS BED. I AM  
GETTING OUT OF THIS  
BED RIGHT NOW.