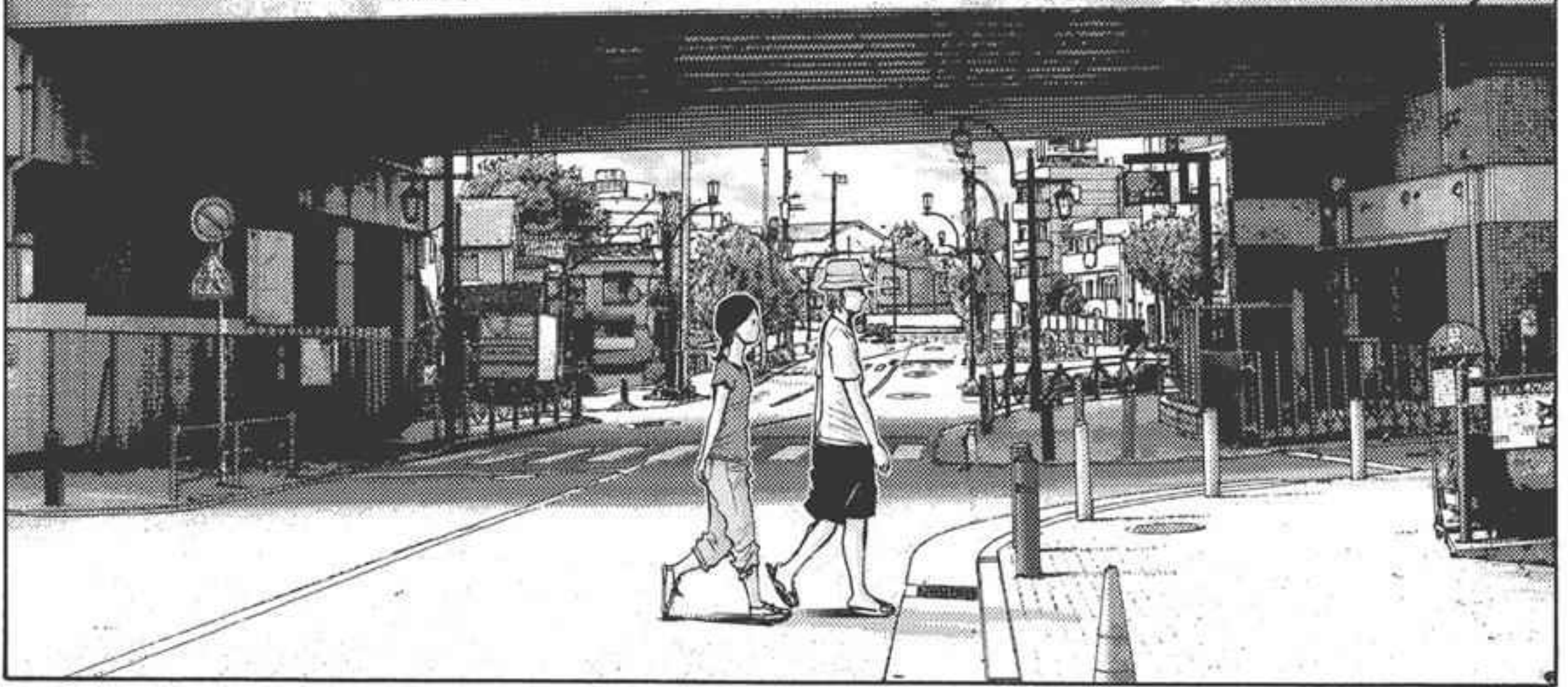


The only saving grace is that for some reason, Taneda remains unconcerned.

#12



Now past
its peak,
summer was
slowly taking
on hints
of autumn.

In no
time,
August
was
gone.

We
didn't get
any other
responses to
the demo CDs
that Taneda's
band sent out.

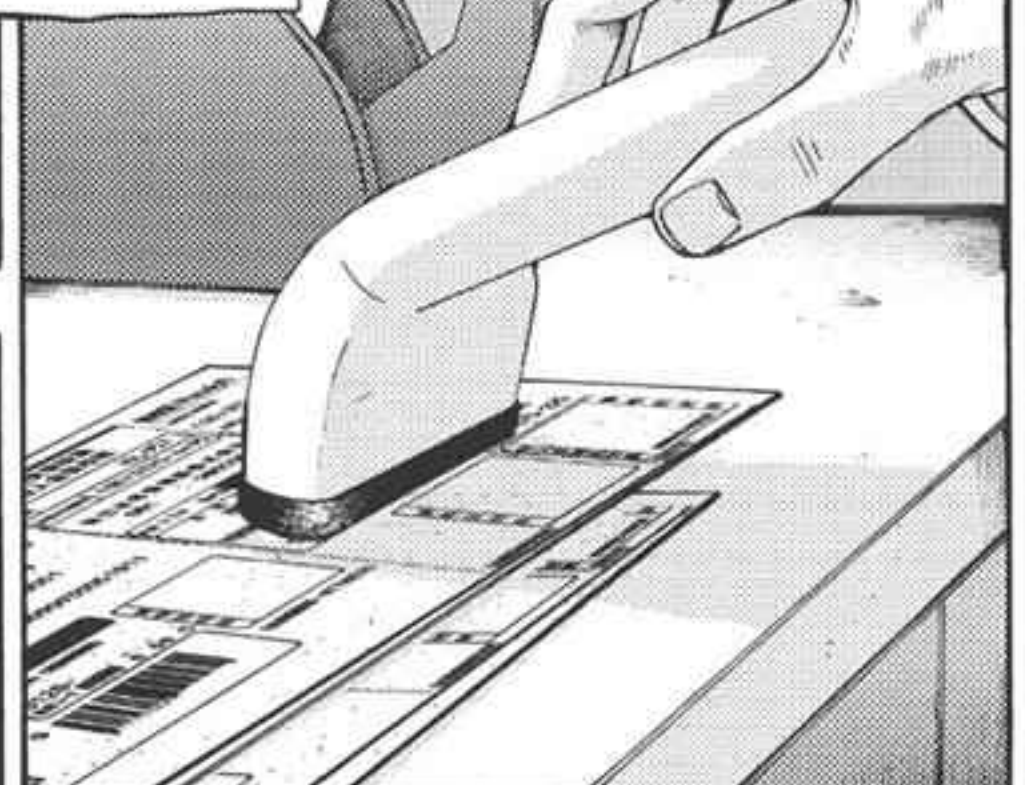


This lazy
happiness
feels good,
but...

I
don't even
feel like
bothering
to pay for
utilities.

Without
a job,
there's no
definition
to my life.

It's been
two-and-a-half
months since
I quit my
job—the most
unproductive
period of
my life.



It's
funny.

...and I feel
like I'm not
part of the
world—like
a corpse.

...sometimes
I remember
that I'm not
contributing
anything to
society...

Didn't I
quit my job
because I
was sick of
being one of
the living
dead?

It really
scares me,
especially
at night.

Yikes!

...was
Freedom
itself.

I wonder
if the demon
that whispered
"Why not be
free?" ...

Life
is so
difficult.

Damn...



MAKES
YOU WONDER
WHERE
THIS RIVER
REALLY IS.

...BUT
THAT'S
KANAGAWA
ON THE
OTHER BANK,
ISN'T IT?

EVERY-
ONE'S
ALWAYS
TALKING
ABOUT
TOKYO...



IT
FEELS
WEIRD
TRAVELING
BACKWARDS.

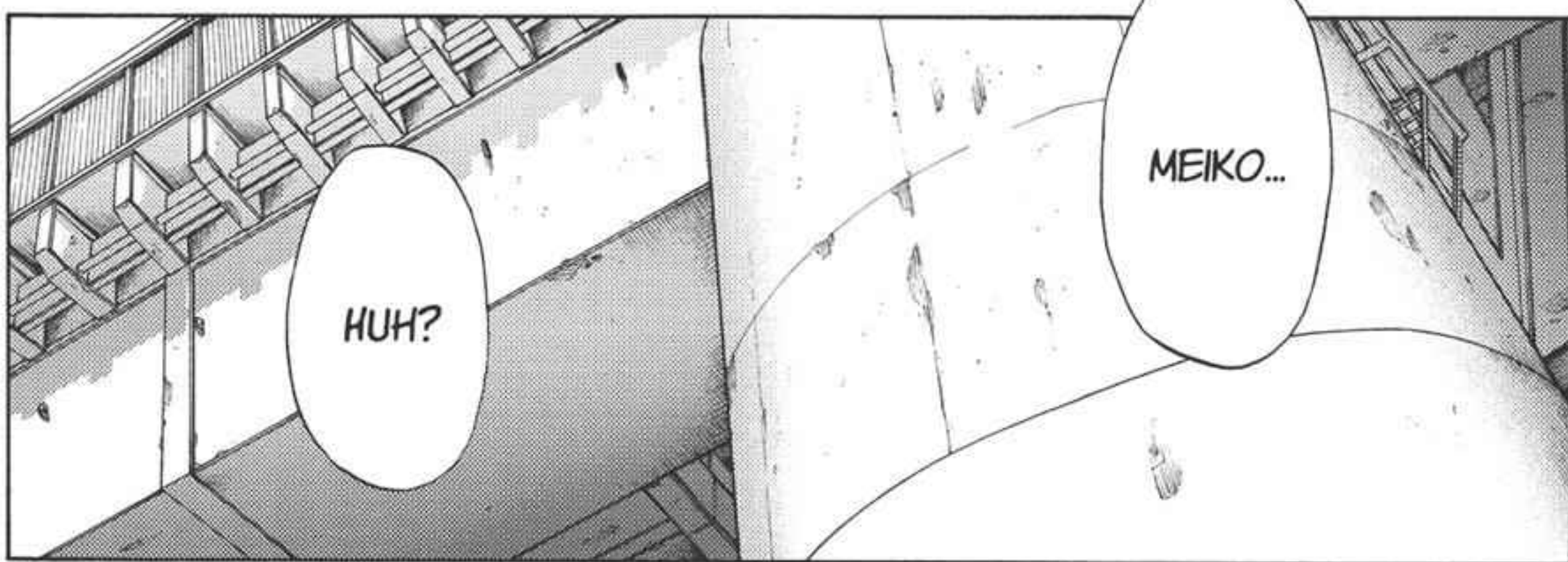
YOU KNOW,
THIS IS
THE FIRST
TIME I'VE
BEEN ON A
BOAT LIKE
THIS.



...WE
COULD
GO ON
FOREVER.

I
FEEL
LIKE...

DOESN'T
THE WIND
FEEL
GOOD?





NO...

I
DON'T
WANT
TO!

WHERE
...
...DID
THAT
COME
FROM?



I
ALREADY
TOLD
YOU.

I'M
BREAKING
UP THE
BAND.



I KNOW
YOU DON'T
WANT TO
LEAVE TOKYO,
MEIKO.

YOU WANT
TO GO BACK
HOME WITH
ME AND WORK
FOR MY DAD,
THEN?



BUT...
WHAT
ABOUT THE
BAND?



YOU'RE
GOING
BACK TO
FUKUOKA?

I'M
THINKING
ABOUT
IT.



WHAT
IS
"LIKE
ME" ...?

BUT...

THAT'S
NOT LIKE
YOU,
TANEDA.



YOU
DON'T
KNOW
WHAT
TO DO...

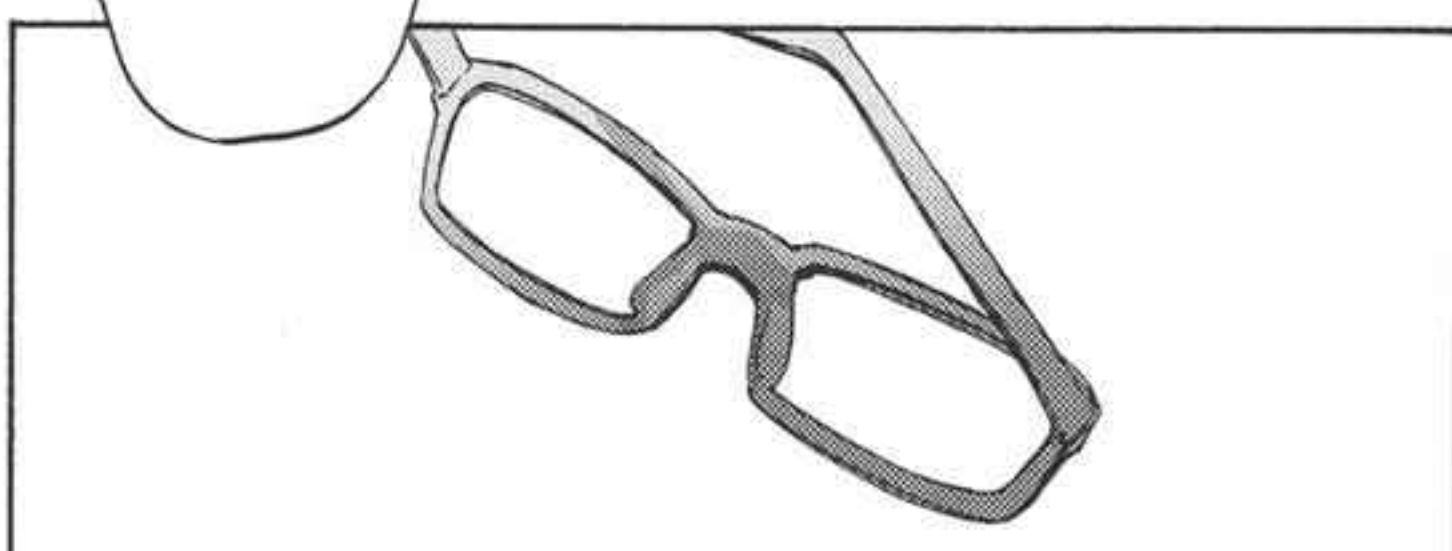
EVERY-
THING
YOU SAY
AND DO
JUST PUTS
MORE
PRESSURE
ON ME.

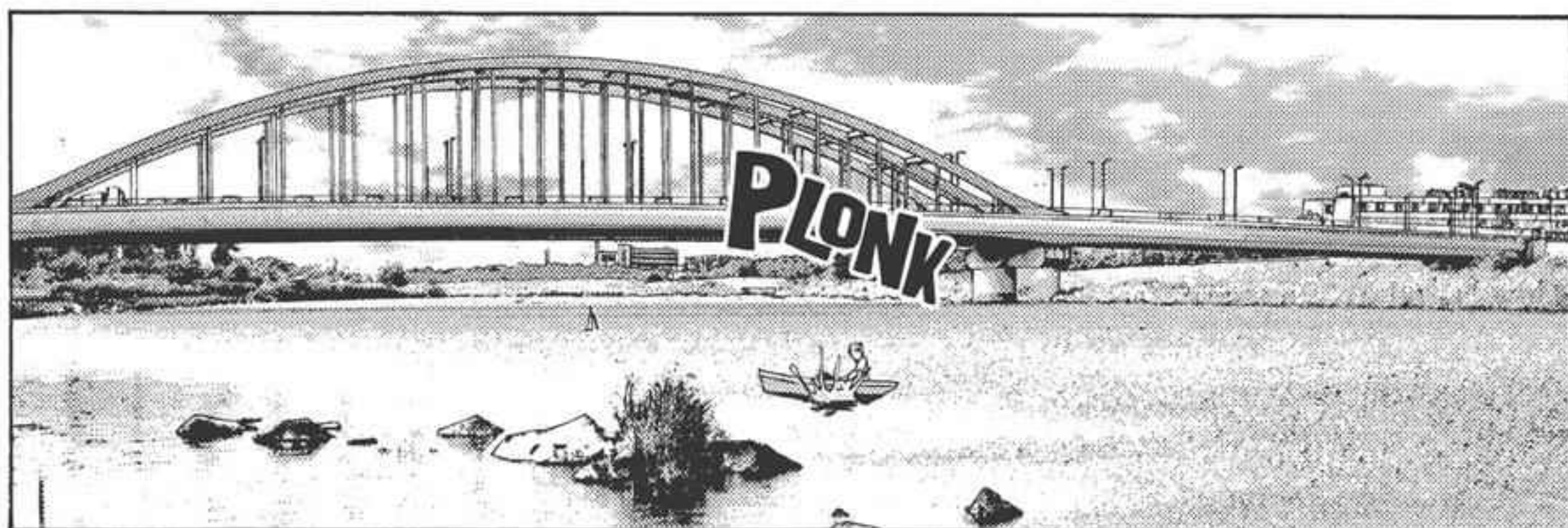
WHAT
SHOULD
I DO?!

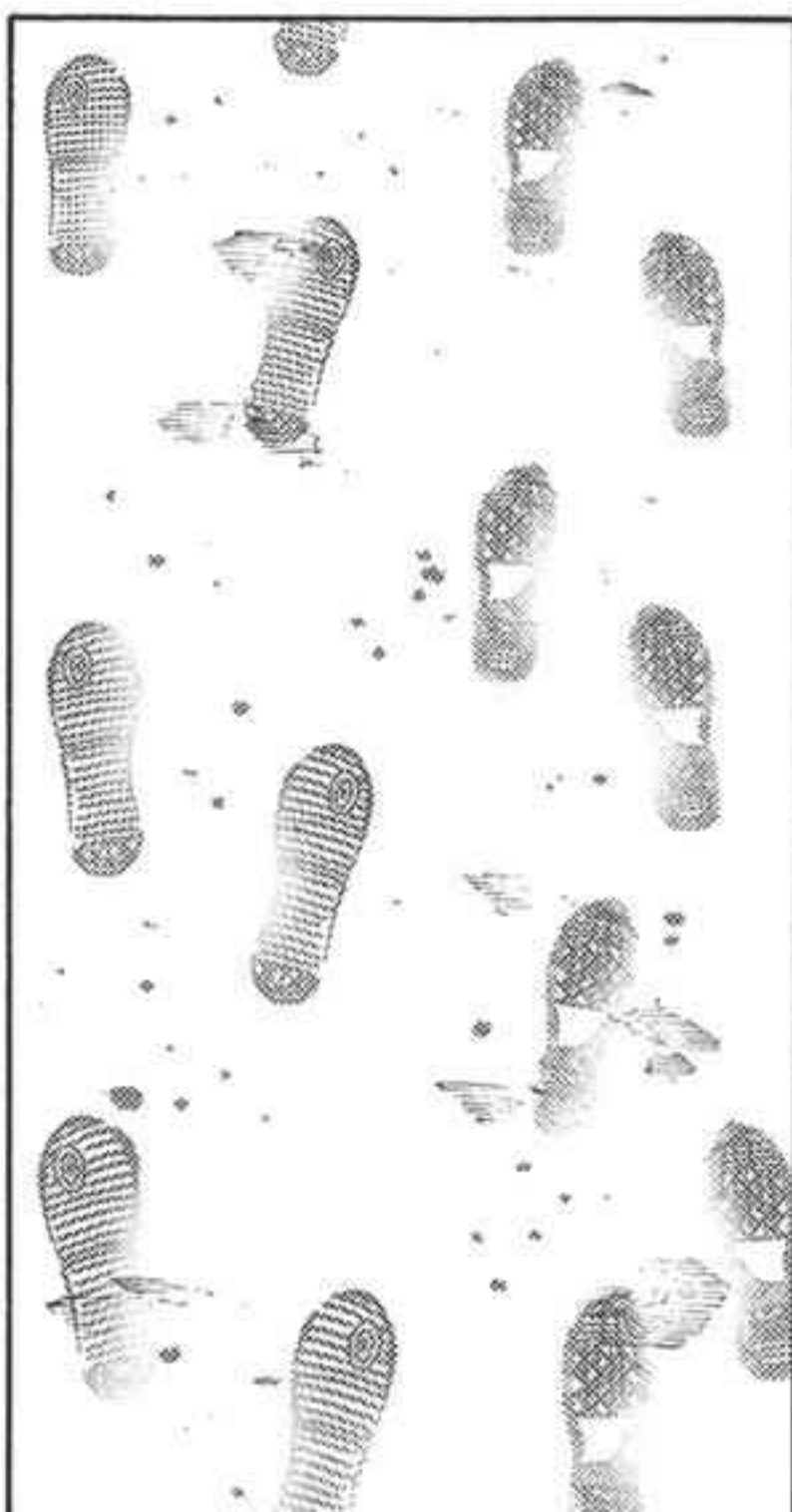
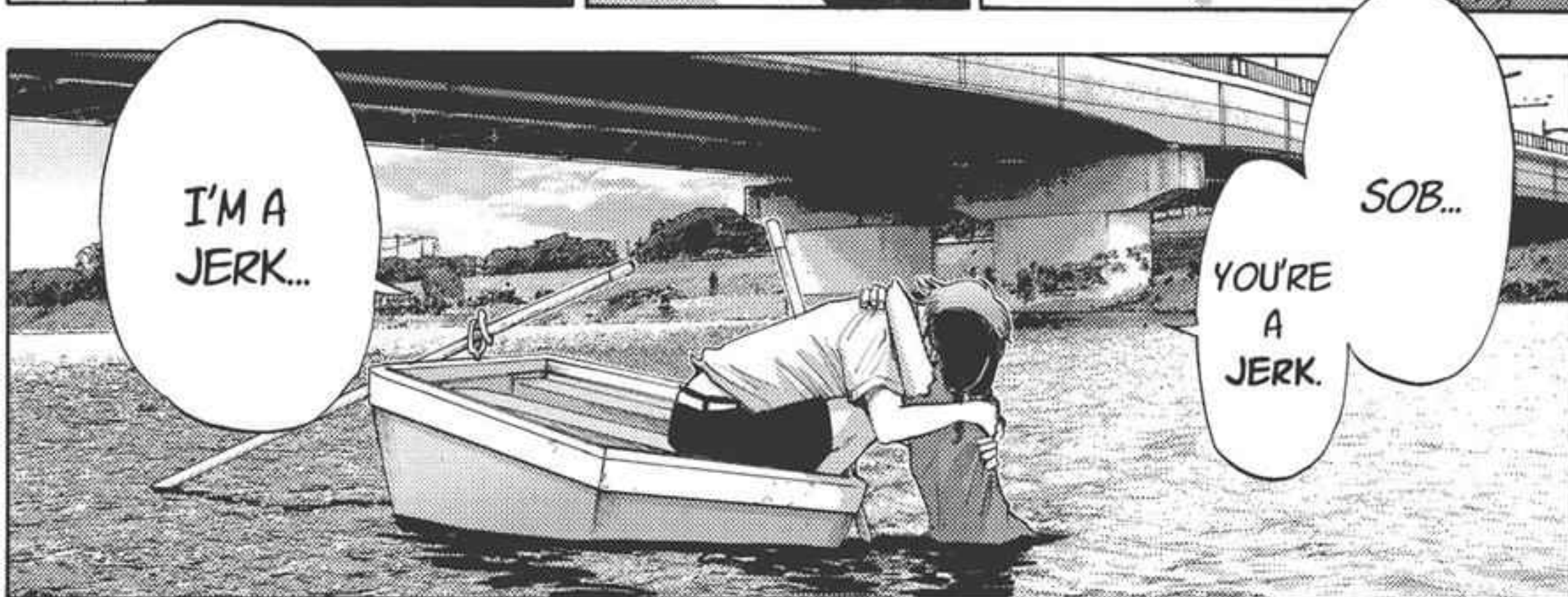
...SO YOU
JUST DO
NOTHING
AND
FORCE
EVERYTHING
ON ME!

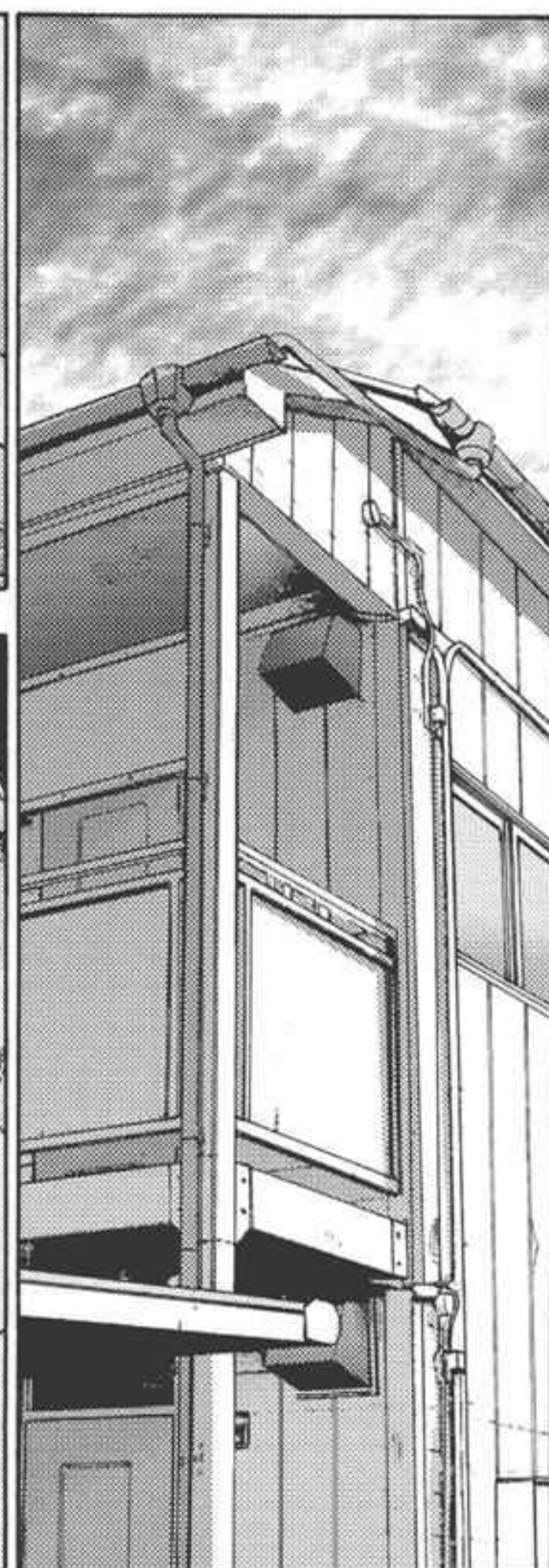


OH!











HUH?
TANEDA,
WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

