

I WENT DANCING. I GOT HOME LATE. I FOUND OUT SHE HAD PASSED. I GOT SCREAMED AT BY ANA. I WENT OUTSIDE. I CAME BACK TO MY ROOM. I COLLAPSED ONTO MY BED.

I HEARD A  CRUNCH AND FOUND THAT I'D FALLEN ONTO THE LONG BLACK FEATHER.

 I REACHED OUT A HAND TO GRASP THE GIFT BUT THE MOMENT MY FINGERS BRUSHED THE FEATHER THEY SUDDENLY

STUNG LIKE WILDFIRE

I LEAPT
BACKWARDS
AND FOUND



BLOOD LEAKING FROM
MY FINGERTIPS

THE FEATHER
WAS AS SHARP
AS TINY RAZOR
BLADES AND
I FELT QUEASY.



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TO

NOT A MOMENT LATER THE VOICE
STARTED IN ON ME. AT FIRST I
THOUGHT I WAS GOING INSANE,
IT SOUNDED LIKE IT WAS COMING
FROM INSIDE MY VERY SKULL~

FEATHER! FEATHER!
CAN YOU HEAR ME?

IT WAS UNMISTAKABLY NANI'S
VOICE. A LONG MOMENT PASSED
BEFORE I CONSIDERED EVEN
RESPONDING. AS IT TURNED OUT
SHE COULD HERR MY THOUGHTS AS
WELL. I COULDN'T HELP BUT TALK
TO HER. NOW THE BANTER IS

CONSTANT, EVERY LITTLE TINY
THING THAT I DO IS COMMENTED
ON, SHE TRIES TO MAKE ME
LOOK BOTH WAYS BEFORE CROSSING
THE STREET, IT'S 100% NOT
POSSIBLE TO WATCH PORN,
TALKING TO ARI IS OUT OF THE
QUESTION, AND SHE'S ASKED
ME AT LEAST THREE TIMES TODAY
TO SUCCUMB TO HER CREEPY
DIRECTIVES TO "FOLLOW MY
DESTINY" AND CLIMB DOWN
A SEWER DRAIN OR SOME
SHIT... ???

SHE IS QUITE LITERALLY DRIVING
ME OUT OF MY FUCKING MIND

AND

= YES I AM ALLOWED
TO SWEAR I AM

21 YEARS OLD !!!
JESUS CHRISTO.

...
THE REAL MISTAKE WAS TELLING
ANYONE ELSE ABOUT IT. I'M NOT
SURE WHAT GOT INTO ME THAT I
WAS SOMEHOW NOT EXPECTING THEM
TO SEND ME STRAIGHT TO THE
FUCKING LOONEY BIN. I AM
NOW SITTING IN A SEMI-PADDED

cell/room @ the . . .

J.S. St. Hopkinz Institute FOR MENTAL HEALTH!



JUST

I GUESS I'M

AWAITING MY INEVITABLE
DEMISE...?

IF I HAVEN'T BROKEN
OUT BY TONIGHT I MAY
MAKE PLANS TO COMBUST

... FINGERS CROSSED
THAT THIS TOOTHBRUSH CAN
BE TURNED INTO A LOCK PICK