

MY FATHER WAS A SOLDIER, AND HE HAD AN EXPRESSION FOR ANYTHING HE THOUGHT WAS NOTHING SPECIAL. HE CALLED IT "STANDARD ISSUE."

WHAT YOU'RE SEEING IS MOTTS HOLLOW, OHIO, 2012.

STANDARD ISSUE.

YOU'RE GOING TO BE LATE, SEBASTIAN!

MY NAME IS SEBASTIAN CLAY AND I'M ELEVEN YEARS OLD HERE, ALSO STANDARD ISSUE.

ON THE MORNING IN QUESTION, I WANT TO BE EITHER A SOLDIER OR A WRESTLER, LIKELY A WRESTLER IF THEY'D GO BACK TO ACTUALLY WRESTLING LIKE THEY DID WHEN MY FATHER AND I WATCHED TOGETHER, BACK WHEN HE LIVED WITH US.

REMEMBER YOUR PROJECT.

REALLY, MOM?

I HAVE A SCIENCE PROJECT DUE. MY MOM AND I USED LEMONS TO CONDUCT ELECTRICITY. "FRUITRICITY." WE HADN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET THE LEMONS TO WORK, SO WE'D CHEATED. SEE THE WIRE RUNNING OFF THE PAGE? IT GOES TO A TRIPLE A BATTERY. SO SCIENCE PROJECT.

VERY STANDARD ISSUE.

NO BACKLOTS, OKAY? I DON'T LIKE YOU CUTTING THROUGH THOSE.

SEB.

NO BACKLOTS!

BUT THE THING IS, AFTER ALL THE STRIFE WITH DAD, THE MOVING AROUND... STANDARD ISSUE IS ACTUALLY JUST WHAT I'M HOPING FOR AT THIS POINT.

MY MOM, CLARA, I WOULD NEVER SAY SHE WAS STANDARD ISSUE, BUT SHE'S JUST MY MOM. SHE WORKS HARD SINCE DAD LEFT. SHE GETS SAD SOMETIMES. I DON'T KNOW. SHE'S LIKE THE OTHER MOMS. SO YEAH, STANDARD ISSUE.

STANDARD ISSUE LIFE. BRING IT ON, PLEASE.



WE'VE ONLY BEEN LIVING
IN MOTTS HOLLOW
ABOUT A YEAR, BUT I
LIKE THIS TOWN.



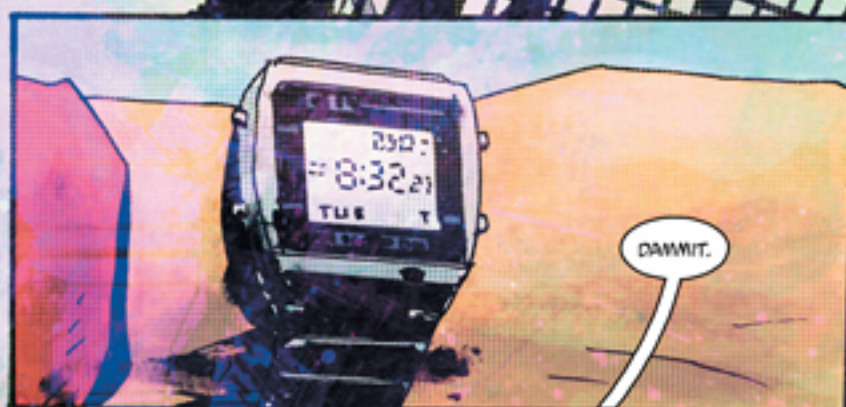
THE SCHOOL IS GOOD, THE KIDS ARE ALL
RIGHT, NOT LIKE IN DAYTON. YOU CAN READ A
BOOK WITHOUT GETTING YOUR ASS KICKED.

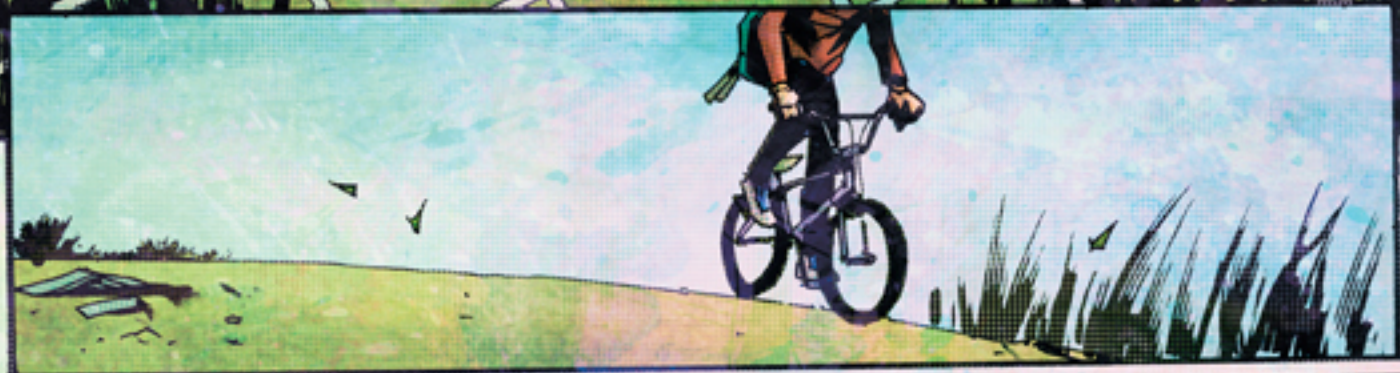
I'M DOING WELL.



OR, I'M DOING WELL IN
EVERYTHING *EXCEPT* NATURAL
SCIENCES. MY TEACHER IS AN EX
NUN NAMED MS. LOUGHLIN, WHO
GREW UP IN A WORLD OF RULERS
AND PADDLES AND SEES US KIDS
LIKE DOUGH TO POUND INTO SHAPE.

WHICH IS WHY I WAS UP
LATE THE NIGHT BEFORE
MAKING SURE MY
PROJECT WAS PERFECT,
WHICH IS WHY I
OVERSLEPT, WHICH IS WHY
I AM LATE AND NOW
SITTING HERE...STOPPED
AT THE FENCE...





**HONK
HONK**



HEY
THERE!

YOU
WANT A LIFT TO
SCHOOL?



I'M...GOOD,
THANKS, I HAVE
TO GO.



WAIT, I'M SORRY. HERE,
LET ME ROLL THIS DOWN.
LOOK, IT'S ME, SEB.
LAUREL'S DAD, MR.
GELLER? I SHOULD
HAVE SAID.

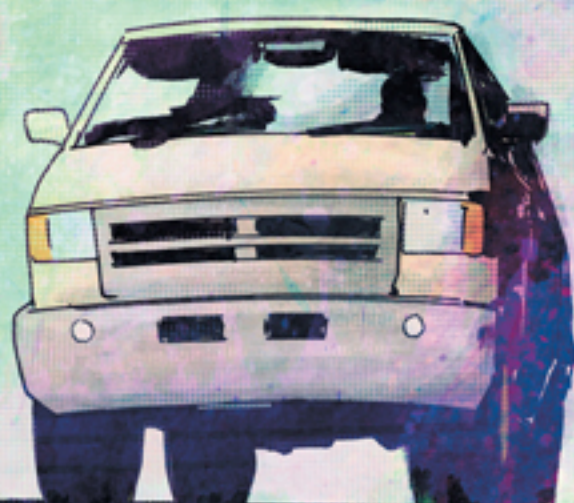


OH,
HI, MR.
GELLER.
YOU HAD
ME
SPOOKED
FOR A
SECOND
THERE.

I THINK I'M
GOOD THOUGH,
THANKS. MY BIKE
IS ALL MUDDY,
ANYWAY.



NO WORRIES. SUIT YOUR-
SELF, I JUST FIGURED
BECAUSE MR. LOUGHLIN IS
SUCH A STICKLER FOR
LATENESS, AND YOU HAVE
THE SCIENCE PROJECT
DUE, RIGHT? LAUREL DID
HERS ON MOLD. THRILLING
STUFF, RIGHT?



HEH.
YEAH. ALL RIGHT,
IF YOU DON'T MIND
MY BIKE IN THE
BACK...



NOT AT
ALL, HOP IN AND
WE'LL--



WHUMP



DON'T MIND THAT, IT'S--

WHUMP
WHUMP

HUSH! I KNOW YOU'RE HUNGRY. WE'LL GET HIM. JUST GET BACK. I SAID BACK!

CHIT CHIT-EEEEEE



VROOOM



I HUFF HUFF! HELP! HELP ME!



WHUMP

UNH!