

I once started to ask JV if he believed in God.

I was asking because I wondered if he believed in some kinda...plan.

'Cause by all available evidence, us, our kind, vampires...we don't seem to fit.

I mean, really, buncha animals that don't stay dead and burn under the sun? kinda plan is that?



So...I don't know. You live your life under the idea that you don't belong to any kind of divine plot, you get used to the idea that good things ain't comin' unless you make 'em come.



You give up hope on shit like...well...



...hope.

Bartlett?
Are you
okay?

Perry?
A-are you...
free?

I am now.
Something has
happened outside.
Landry hasn't come
down to give me
his horse drugs.
I woke up.

Wh-what?
How did you
get out of
your ropes?

I'm
good at a
lot of things,
Bartlett.

CHUNK

