

TWO MONTHS AGO.



BUT--BUT, MR. DALES--

GIRLS--
WOMEN--WE
AREN'T ALLOWED TO
USE MAGIC...

THAT'S--MOSTLY
TRUE, MONIQUE, SO I'M
SURE GIVEN THAT AND
GIVEN WHAT I'M ASKING
YOU TO DO REGARDLESS,
YOU UNDERSTAND HOW
SERIOUS A SITUATION
THIS IS NOW.

I'M--I'M
SORRY, SIR,
BUT--IS THIS
SOME KIND OF
TEST...?

SIR, *EVERY-
ONE* KNOWS
THAT WOMEN
AREN'T--

YEAH, WELL, I
WASN'T ALLOWED TO
ALTER AARON'S MEMORY
LOGS, EITHER, TO HIDE HIS
GROWING--*ATTACHMENT*
TO THAT GIRL NICOLE.
BUT I DID IT
ANYWAY.

WASN'T REALLY
ALLOWED TO GET HIM
ONTO THE UPPER LEVELS
OF HIS CELL BLOCK EITHER,
BUT--MONIQUE, LOOK, IT'S
LIKE THIS--*FORGIVENESS*,
NEVER PERMISSION.

IF SPENCER
IS DOING WHAT I
THINK HE'S DOING,
THEN HE NEEDS TO BE
WATCHED, AND IN A
WAY SO THAT HE
KNOWS HE'S BEING
WATCHED.

I--I DON'T
UNDERSTAND--

HE'S MOVING
AGAINST THE PEOPLE
UPSTAIRS, MONIQUE.
WE'RE NOT UNDER THE
SAME ROOF ANYMORE,
BUT I SEEN ENOUGH
HALF-ASS REBELLIONS TO
SMELL 'EM GETTIN'
STARTED.

TODAY.

"BUT IF HE'S GONNA RISK
IT ALL, THEN HE NEEDS TO
DO *BETTER*...NEEDS TO BE
BETTER, AND EVERY DAY HE
SEES YOU IN HIS REAR VIEW--

"EVERY DAY YOU GON'
BE THERE TO *REMIND*
HIM THAT RIGHT THAT
MINUTE, HE'S NOT."



I wonder what you promised her--no, I know what you promised her. A taste of magic the people I'm against say she's not even "deserving" of.

I want to tell her that you'll only disappoint her in the end. Abandon her. Betray her.

I want to warn her...before you ruin her, and how she feels about everything.



But that doesn't have to be how it ends. This--thing you've sacrificed everything for? It doesn't have to stand for all time.

The Aegis is not eternal, and I'll prov--oh, hell--



The hairs on the back of my neck jumped up, and it was that same feeling from this morning watching Aaron--well, you know. I was going somewhere else--the same place, but--

HEY!!!

HEY, WHAT THE FUCK WE TELL YOU?!



Time travelin'.

WHAT I SAY WAS GON' HAPPEN, NIGGA?!



Couldn't chance that what I was seeing, feeling, that it wasn't anything other but real. And there was a part of me that just--

Just wanted to take advantage of being able to hit somebody real fuckin' hard.



But then I felt it--kicks to the head, arms, and back--driving me away and down.



Then a few of my ribs and the bones in my forearm began to ache, remembering what it was like to have them broken, and the fear that I'd never be able to use them right again.

That I'd lose my ability to cast on that high level--the one I needed to maintain your support and your respect.

WE WARNED YOU TO STAY THE FUCK OUT THIS PARK, MILLS, BUT NIGGAS DON'T WANNA LISTEN...

STOP!

HEY, MAN, GET THE FUCK OFF HIM BEFORE--



I had to end this. I already knew that, but this was--I had enough of my own pain and memories to carry around. I couldn't carry Aaron's, too--not like this--not powerless to change any of it.

They were lucky--lucky they caught him alone. Man, if I was there...



And just like that...it was all gone.

The pain just an echo, haunting this spot forever and ever, until the next time I have to walk through it.



And watch guys in pain take that out on the world around them. Ignoring the fact that we--

We all supposed to be brothers.



And if I was going to break this connection between us, I needed Aaron's wand. And to get that, I needed a few quicks from one of my stash boxes.



One of the lessons I always remembered and took to heart--

Different eggs.

Different baskets.