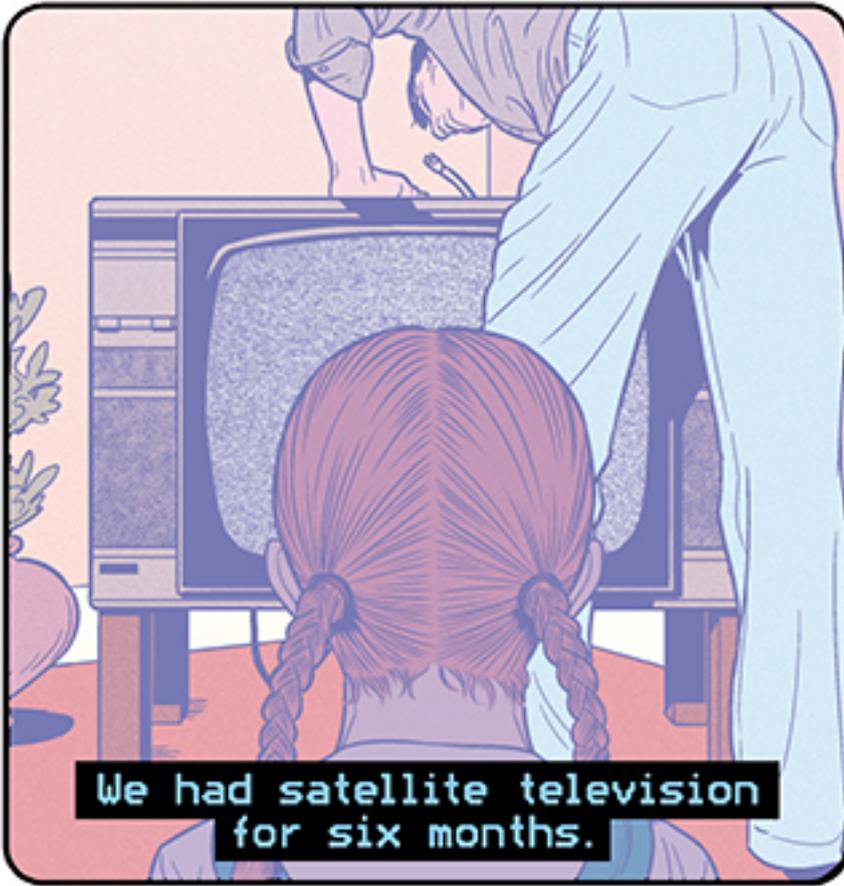




1980-SOMETHING.
SOUTH LONDON-ISH



We had satellite television
for six months.



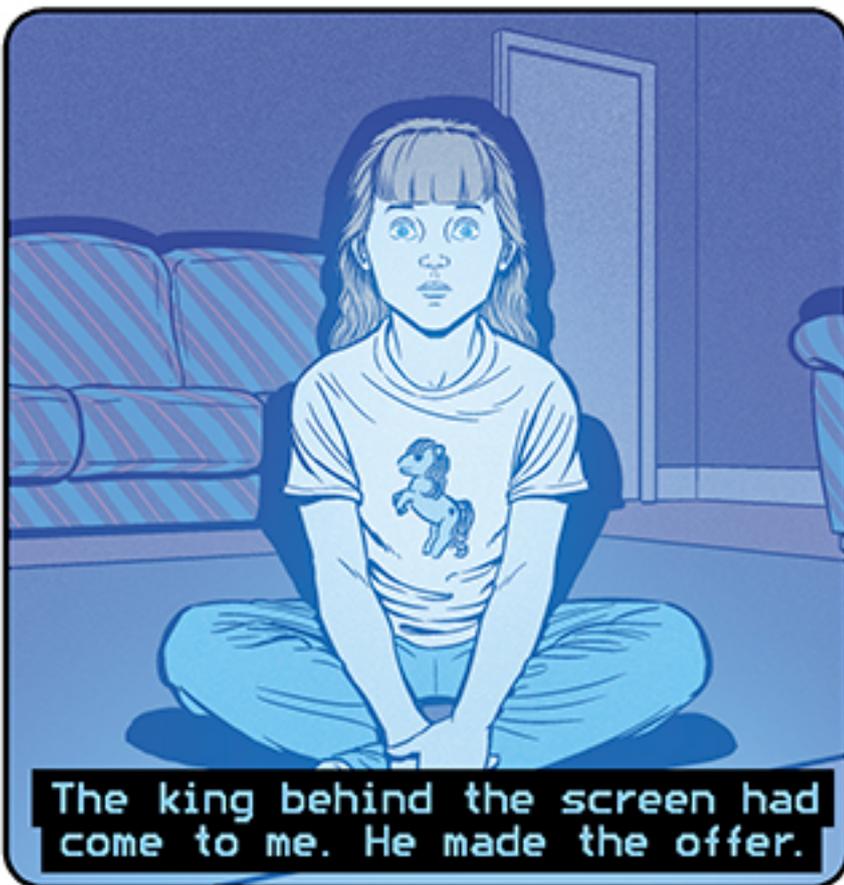
So while for my peers, music
videos could remain exotic
and elusive for another decade,
I gorged on the future.



Soon enough, the Eighties
took away my father's job,
and all it had bought. It was
probably for the best.



But it was also too late.



The king behind the screen had
come to me. He made the offer.



He showed me a better place with a better me.



He told me that if I sacrificed certain things, I could live there.



I simply had to become two-dimensional.



Many years later, I looked down at my arms and then up at the girl in the mirror and decided there was much of me I could afford to lose.

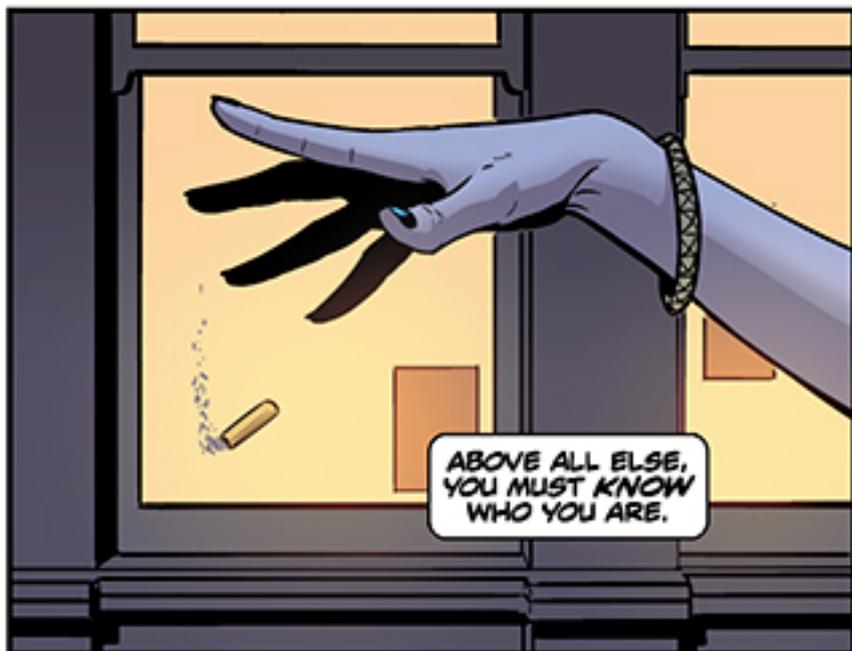


I remembered the deal.



And, damn me, I took it.

NOVEMBER 2001.
BRIGHTON.



ABOVE ALL ELSE,
YOU MUST KNOW
WHO YOU ARE.



YOU ARE AN
OBSIDIAN SWAN
WITH WINGS OF
FLAME.



NO ONE KNOWS HOW
PERFECT YOU ARE...

...SO IT WOULD BE
UNCONSCIONABLY
RUDE OF YOU NOT
TO INFORM THEM.



AND WHATEVER YOU
DO, REMEMBER:



MIRRORS ARE
NO LONGER
YOUR FRIEND.

...CLAIRE?