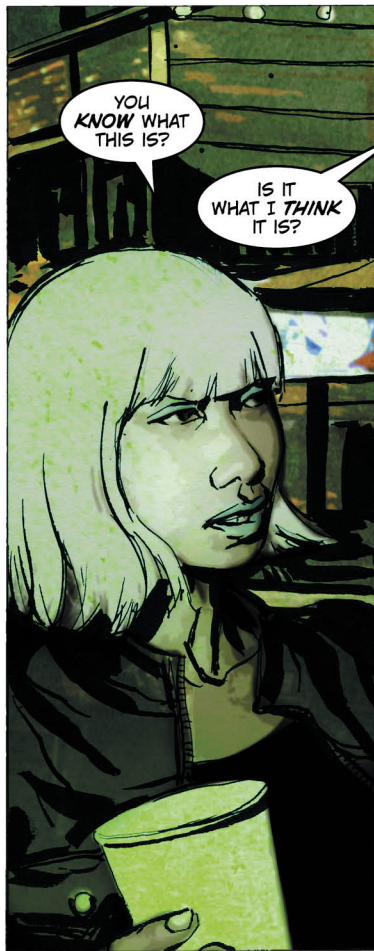




# S H I R T







MAY I?  
I-I PROMISE  
I'M NOT BEING  
A CREEP.

BUT THIS--  
THIS--

I GET  
IT.

I--SOMETIMES  
I JUST STARE  
AT IT.

IT'S LIKE--  
WOW!!

YOU'RE  
LIKE THE MONA  
LISA HANGING  
OUT AT A FOOD  
CART.

YOU SHOULD  
BE ENCASED IN  
GLASS.

YOUR HAND  
SHOULD BE IN A  
FRAME.



HOW  
LONG DID IT  
TAKE?

DID HE  
TALK TO  
YOU?

HE  
DIDN'T TALK  
MUCH.

I HEARD  
THAT.

BUT HE--

HOW-HOW  
DID THIS EVENT  
HAPPEN? DID YOU--YOU  
DIDN'T MAKE AN  
APPOINTMENT?

I WAS MEETING  
HIM, THROUGH A  
FRIEND, ANOTHER ARTIST,  
BUT HE SAW MY SKIN,  
GRABBED ME, SAT ME  
DOWN AND--



DIDN'T  
EVEN ASK  
YOU?



AND  
HE CHOSE  
THIS.

FOR YOU.

THIS.

HE  
NEVER TOLD  
YOU WHY?

