

I USED TO  
DIG HOLES.



I WOULD DIG THEM  
AND THEN FILL  
THEM BACK IN.

BREAK THE GROUND.  
CREATE THE SPACE  
AND THEN MAKE IT  
BACK LIKE IT WAS.



ONE DAY, WHEN  
I WAS DIGGING, A  
ROCK HIT ME.

I KNOW SOME  
OTHER KIDS  
THREW IT BECAUSE  
I HEARD THEM  
LAUGH AT ME.

FEAR PULLED  
ME INTO THE  
HOLE.

I DIDN'T WANT  
THEM TO HIT  
ME AGAIN --

-- SO I PRESSED  
MYSELF IN THE DIRT  
UNTIL I KNEW THEY  
WERE GONE.

I HOPED MY  
MOTHER  
WOULD  
FIND ME.

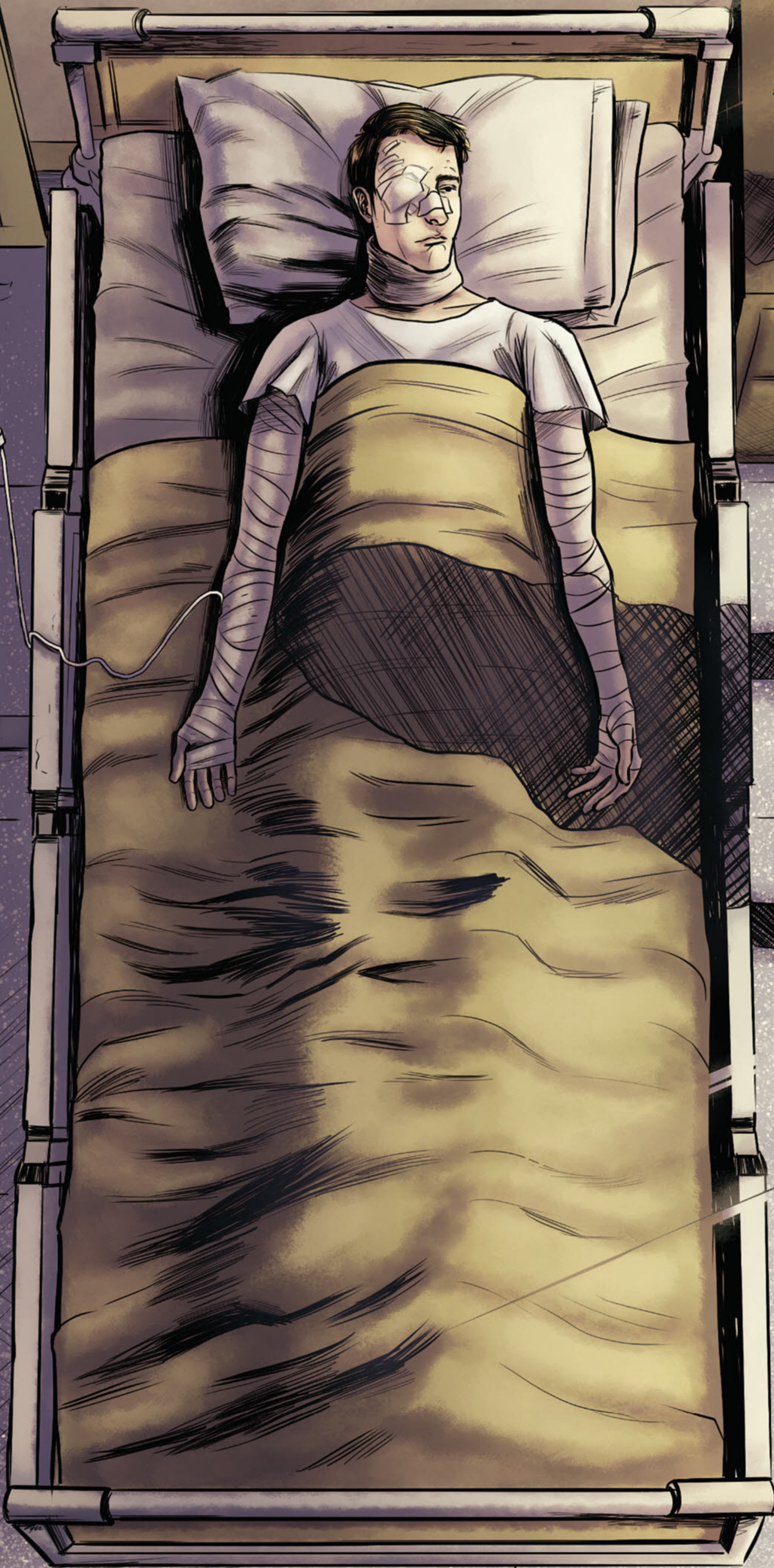
I WAITED.  
AND WAITED.

BUT SHE NEVER  
FOUND ME THERE.





SO I KNOW  
SHE WON'T  
FIND ME  
HERE.



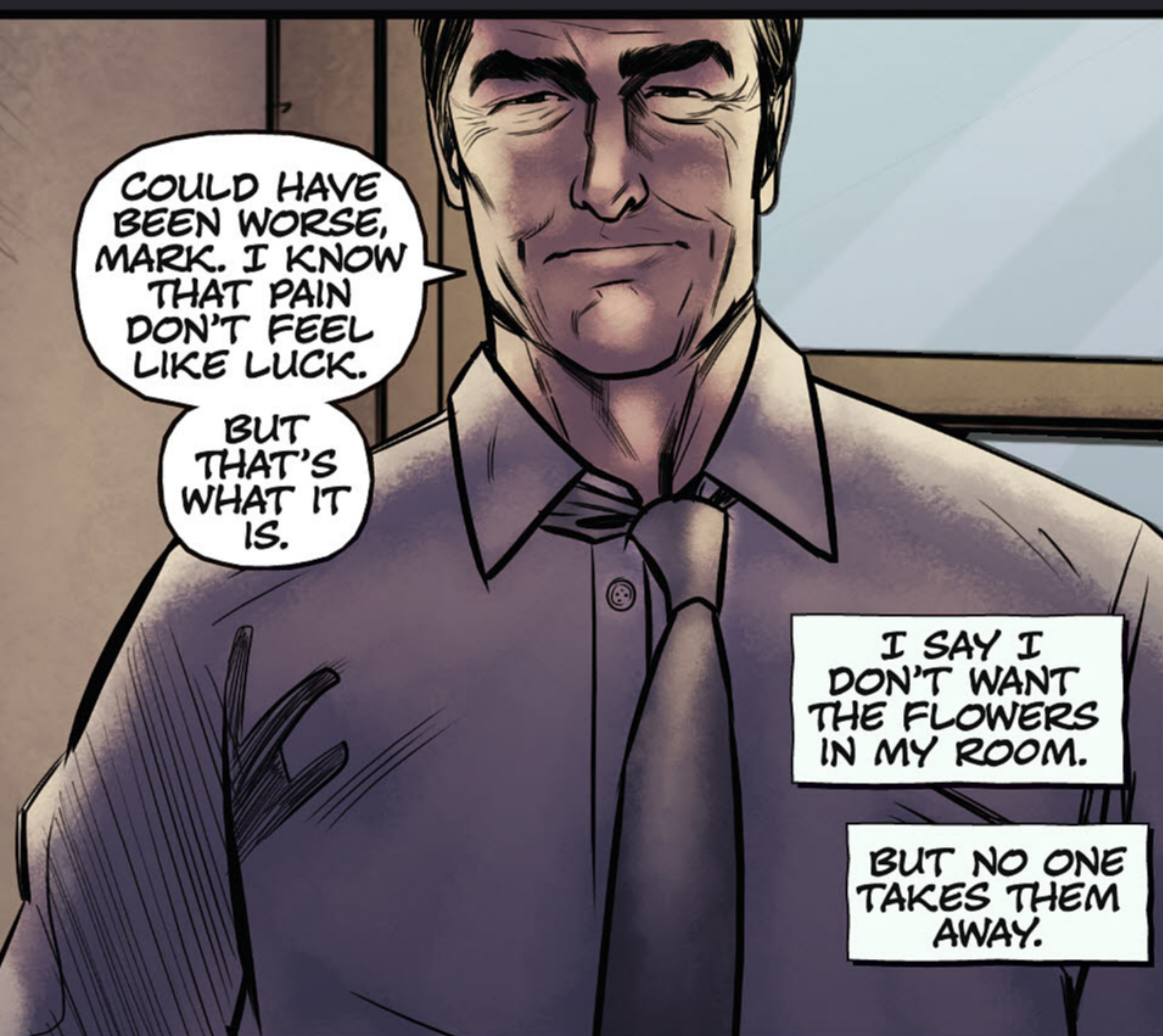




DOC'S REAL GOOD. USED TO DO FACEWORK ON CARTEL FOLKS IN MEXICO. SAYS YOU WON'T EVEN HAVE REAL SCARS.

THERE ARE RED CARNATIONS NEXT TO ME.

YOUR MOTHER WANTS TO COME. SHE'S REAL BUSY WITH TOWN BUSINESS. YOU KNOW.



COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE, MARK. I KNOW THAT PAIN DON'T FEEL LIKE LUCK.

BUT THAT'S WHAT IT IS.

I SAY I DON'T WANT THE FLOWERS IN MY ROOM.

BUT NO ONE TAKES THEM AWAY.

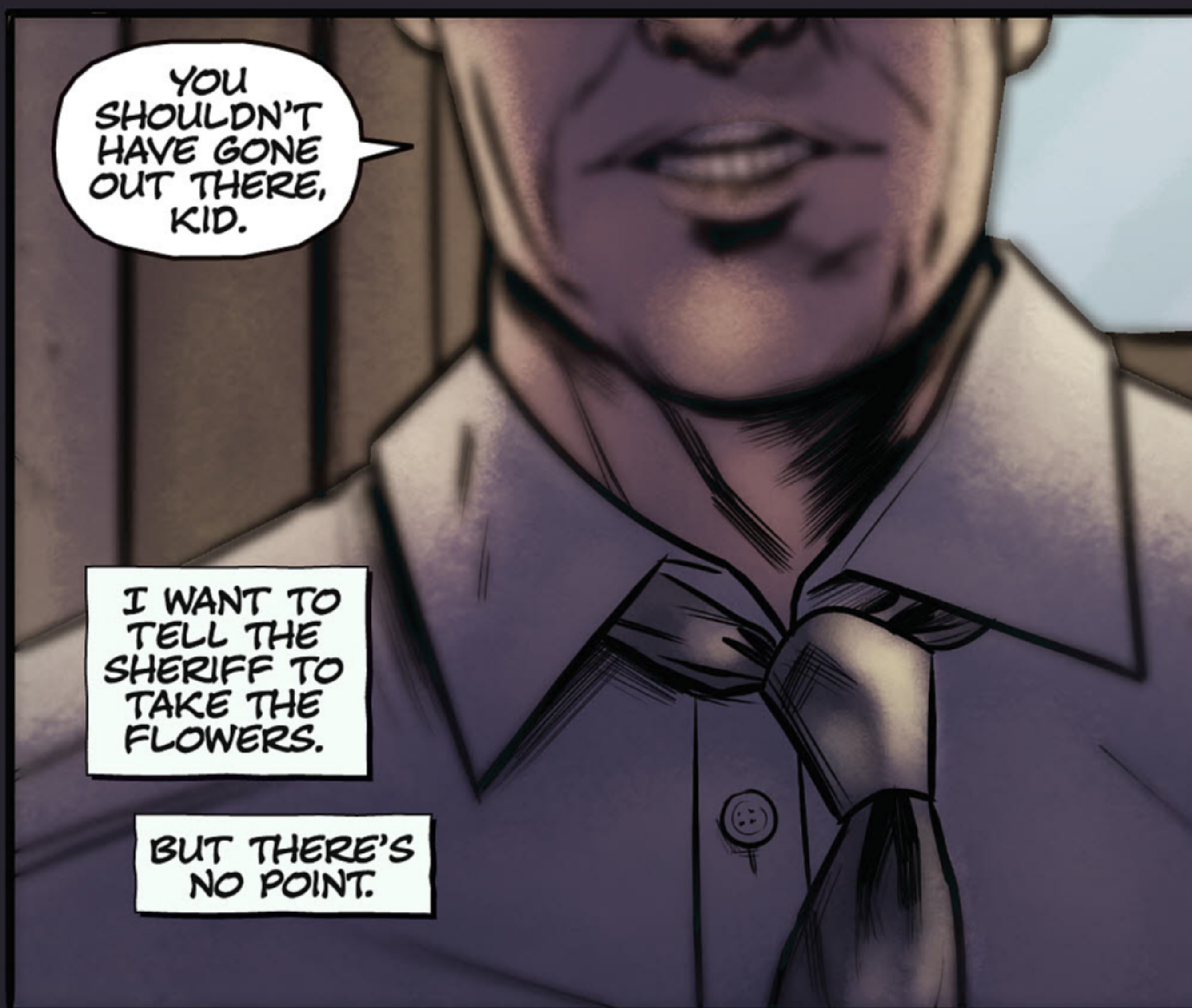


ANYWAY, DOCTOR SAYS YOU'RE STRONG, KID. IN A LITTLE BIT YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO WALK ON THAT LEG.

THE FLOWERS LOOK LIKE BULLET-WOUNDS ON GREEN STEMS.

RED PETALS OF FLESH.

WHEN I LOOK AT THEM IT MAKES MY SKIN ITCH.



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE OUT THERE, KID.

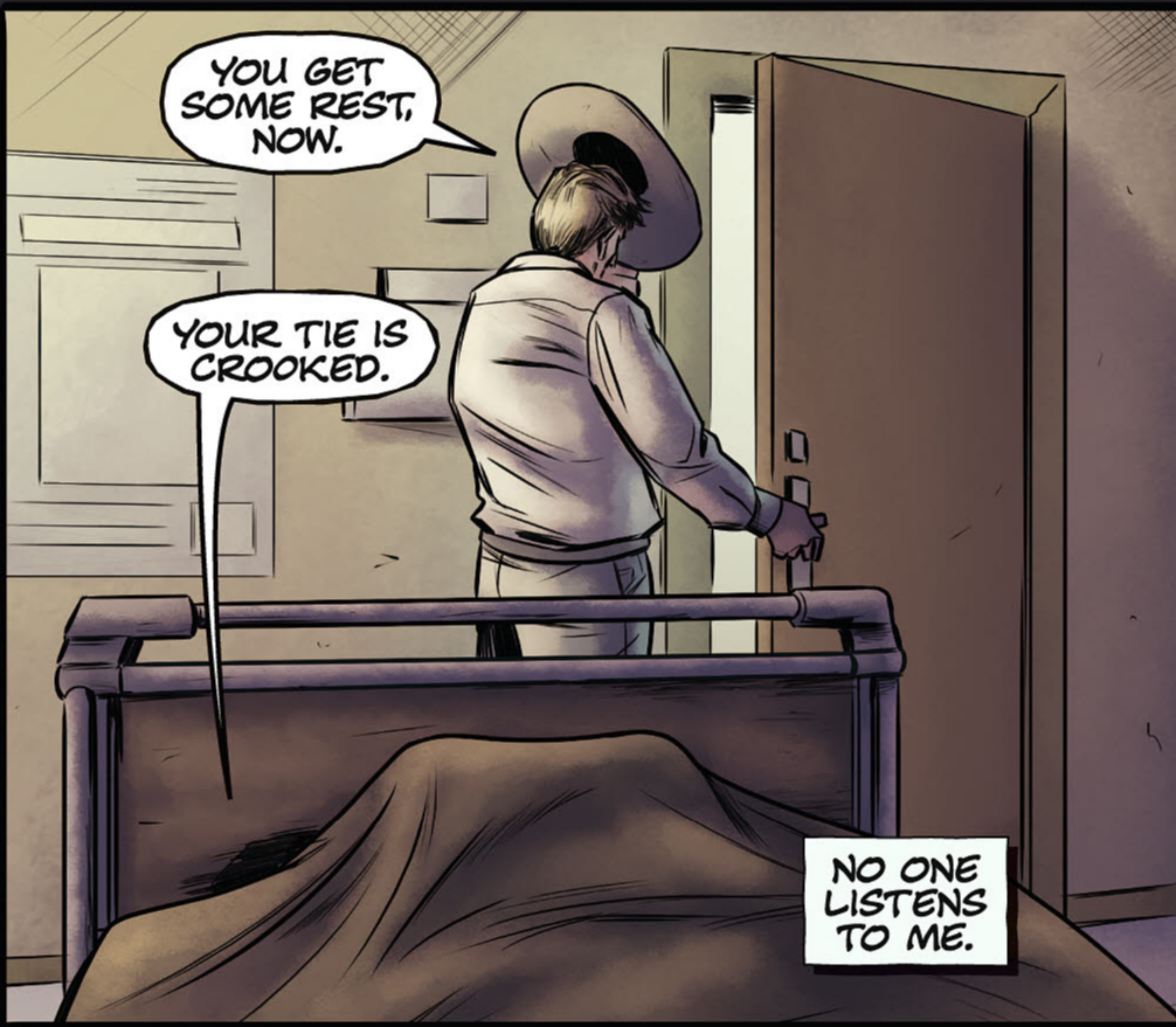
I WANT TO TELL THE SHERIFF TO TAKE THE FLOWERS.

BUT THERE'S NO POINT.



I KNOW WHO DID THIS TO ME. THERE WERE FIVE OF THEM. THEY WERE WEARING MASKS, BUT I KNOW.

NO POINT IN TELLING PEOPLE WHAT I WANT.

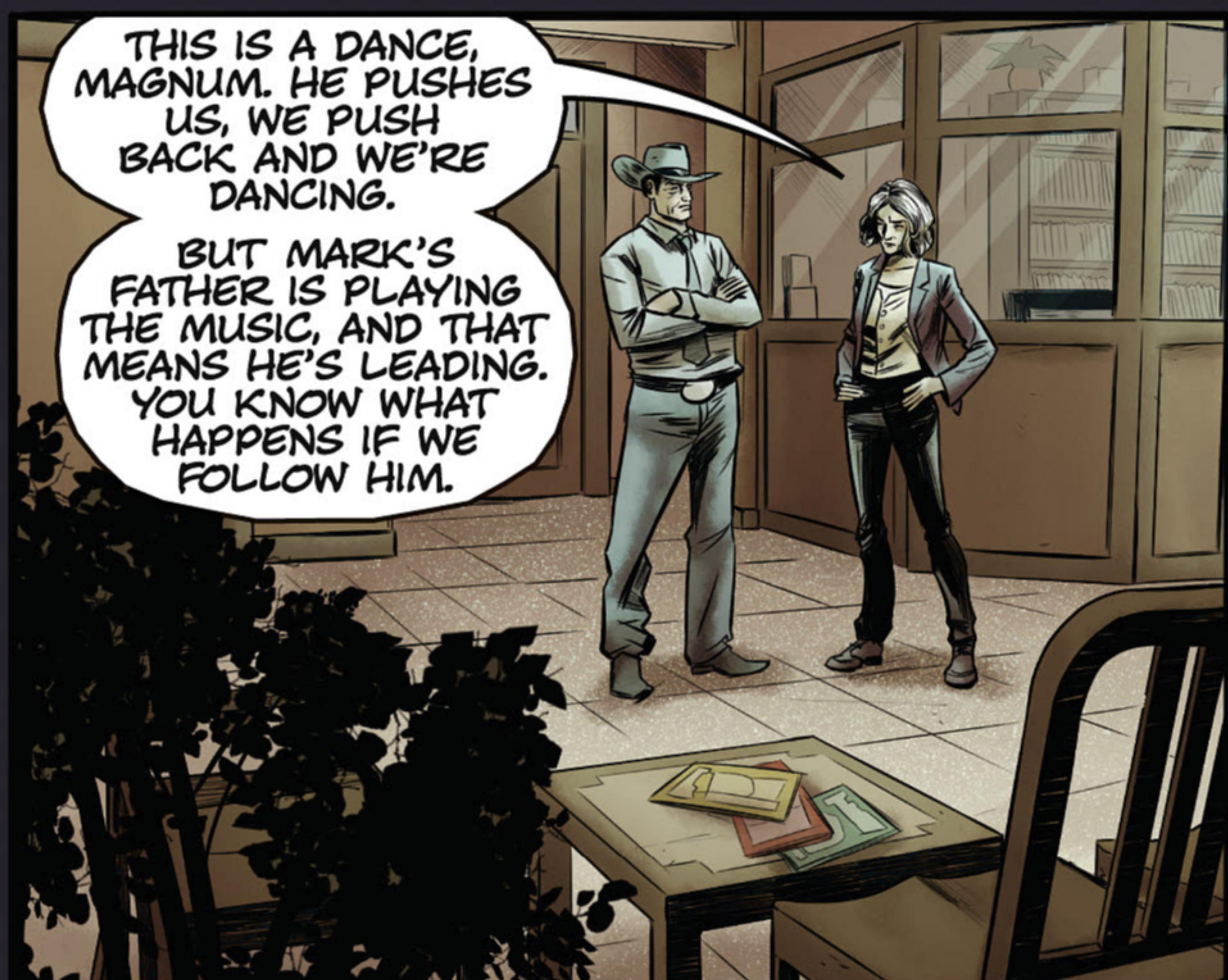
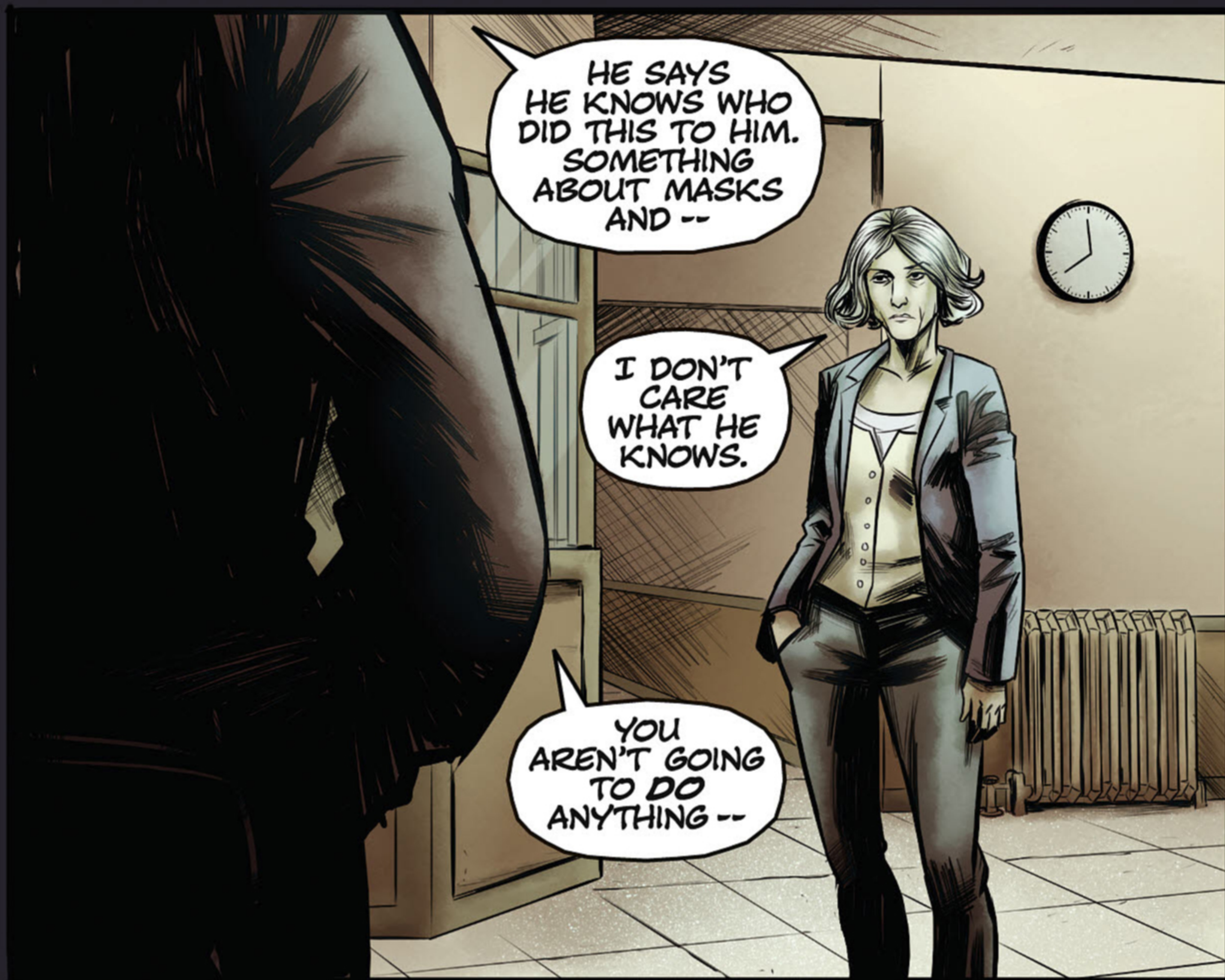


YOU GET SOME REST, NOW.

YOUR TIE IS CROOKED.

NO ONE LISTENS TO ME.







THREE MONTHS LATER.  
45 MILES FROM EDEN.



WHAT THE HELL IS THIS, MAGGIE?

THAT'S YOU IN A SIXTY-FIVE DOLLAR MOTEL ROOM, [REDACTED] THE ONE THAT GAVE YOU TWO CHILDREN WHO DESERVE MORE THAN A [REDACTED] GORILLA FOR A FATHER.

THAT'S YOU WATCHING ME SMOKE MARIJUANA, GRABBING MY [REDACTED] FROM BEHIND WITH THAT DERPY LOOK ON YOUR FACE.

THAT IS EVIDENCE OF WHAT WE BOTH ARE.

BUT IN YOUR WORLD, YOU CAN'T BE WHAT YOU ARE. CAN YOU, SPECIAL AGENT SIMPSON?

OF THE EFF-BEE-EYE.

YOU...

ALL I HAD WAS A FIVE YEAR OLD LIPSTICK CAMERA, SO THEY'RE GRAINY. BUT YOU STILL LOOK LIKE YOU.

THERE'S AUDIO TOO, GRUNTS AND GROANS. YOU COMPLAINING ABOUT YOUR WIFE'S STRETCHMARKS. I DIDN'T BRING THE MP3S. BUT BEST BELIEVE I'VE GOT THEM.

WHAT... ARE YOU DOING?



