





"...COULDN'T BE BETTER."

IT SHOULD BE TRUE. HOW MANY SCUMBAGS DID I TAKE DOWN LAST NIGHT? HOW MUCH SAFER ARE WHOLE CHUNKS OF THE CITY NOW, THANKS TO ME?

EVERYTHING I'VE GONE THROUGH FINALLY SEEMS LIKE IT WAS FOR A REASON.

SAVING MARGO...ALL THOSE WOMEN AT THE DIPLOMAT...SMASHING A WHOLE GANG TO PIECES.

I'M ACTUALLY DOING SOMETHING IMPORTANT. THIS CURSE I'M STUCK WITH TURNS OUT TO BE A GIFT.

AFTER FIGHTING MY WAY BACK TO MY LIFE, I SHOULD BE ENJOYING IT. I AM ENJOYING IT.

BUT WHY DO I FEEL GUILTY? WHY DOES IT FEEL UGLY??



VAUGHN! WANT SOME EGGS??

ELISA, WE HAVE TO TALK ABOUT THIS.







I'VE ONLY KNOWN VAUGHN FOR A YEAR OR SO. CAN YOU BE FRIENDS WITH SOMEONE WHEN YOU DON'T REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE?

MAYBE MY MEMORY LOSS WAS THE ONLY THING THAT ALLOWED US TO BE FRIENDS.

MY THOUGHTS WANDER INTO UGLY PLACES LIKE THAT WHEN THE SUN SETS, WHEN I'M NOT OUT WORKING.

OR TORTURING MYSELF.

I SEE MY OLD LIFE THE WAY IT IS NOW. EVERYONE--LIKE MY MOM HERE-- IS AT PEACE.

OR LIKE MY FRIENDS. THEY'RE HAPPY. I CAN'T SHATTER IT. I CAN'T UNDO EVERYTHING THEY'VE DONE TO GET OVER MY 'DEATH.'

I'M A GHOST. HAUNTING MY OWN LIFE.

