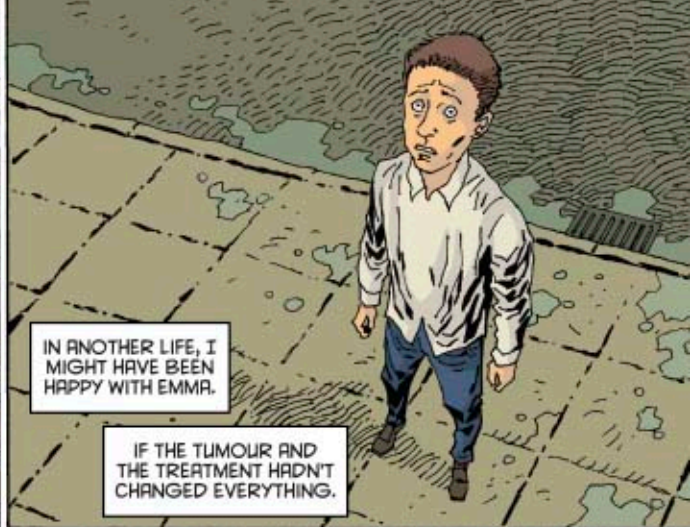




AFTER A WHILE THE  
NAUSEA PASSES  
AND I FIND MYSELF  
AT EMMA'S FLAT.

I FEEL A SLIGHT  
TWINGE OF REGRET.



IN ANOTHER LIFE, I  
MIGHT HAVE BEEN  
HAPPY WITH EMMA.

IF THE TUMOUR AND  
THE TREATMENT HADN'T  
CHANGED EVERYTHING.



BUT THEN, WOULD THE  
LOVELY EMMA HAVE COME  
AFTER ME IF I HADN'T BEEN  
GRAVELY ILL?

IF I HADN'T BEEN HER  
BRAVE, TERMINAL HERO?



EMMA...







I SHOULD  
STAY. TRY AND  
HELP HIM.

I USED TO  
BE A DOCTOR, FOR  
CHRIST'S SAKE. DO  
NO HARM, THAT'S  
THE OATH I TOOK.



BUT I *DAREN'T*  
GO BACK. I DON'T  
TRUST MYSELF.

WHAT KIND OF  
[REDACTED]  
MONSTER AM I?



AAAGHH!



UUUGH...  
UGGHH...  
AAUUKK...



"RORY. COME ON, RORY--"

