



HUH? MY
HAIR?

YEAH,
ARE YOU
TRYING TO
TOTALLY
STEAL MY
LOOK?

EVERY
GUY OUR AGE
HAS CURLS
LIKE-



I'M
TALKING
ABOUT THE
COLOR,
BRO.

THE
COLOR?

YEAH, IT
ACTUALLY
MAKES YOU
LOOK MORE
LIKE YOUR
COUSIN.

NO,
NO,
NO!

HEY,
RELAX.



I THINK
IT'S PRETTY
FLATTERING,
BRO.

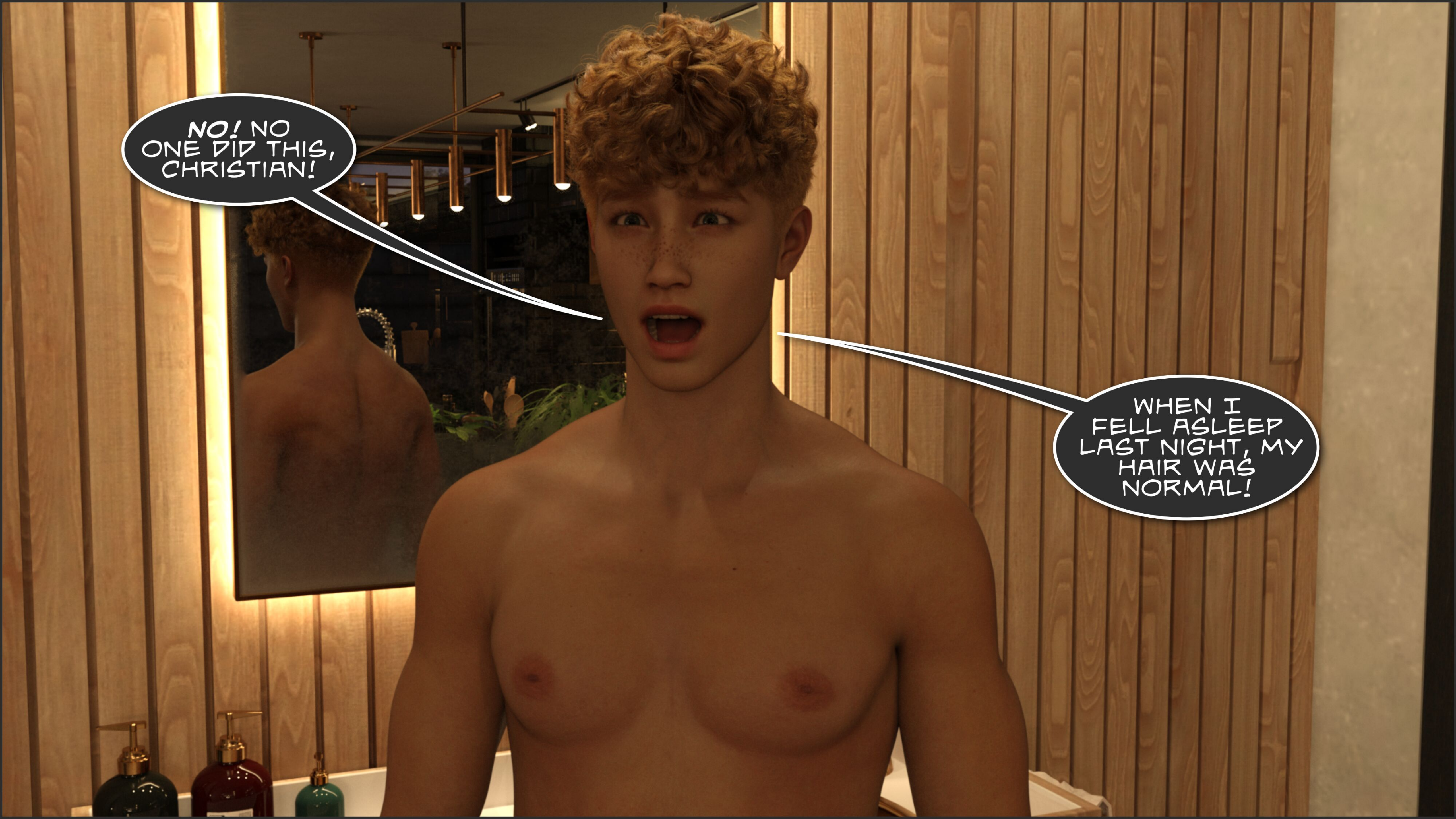


NO
WAY.



THIS ISN'T
POSSIBLE!

WHAT?
DID THE
CHICK WHO
DID IT MESS
UP?

A young man with curly red hair and freckles is shown from the chest up, looking extremely shocked with his mouth wide open. He is in a bathroom with wood-paneled walls. A mirror behind him shows his back, which appears to have some dark, irregular marks. In the foreground, there are three bottles of soap on a white sink. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, indicating a conversation about his hair and the marks on his back.

NO! NO
ONE DID THIS,
CHRISTIAN!

WHEN I
FELL ASLEEP
LAST NIGHT, MY
HAIR WAS
NORMAL!

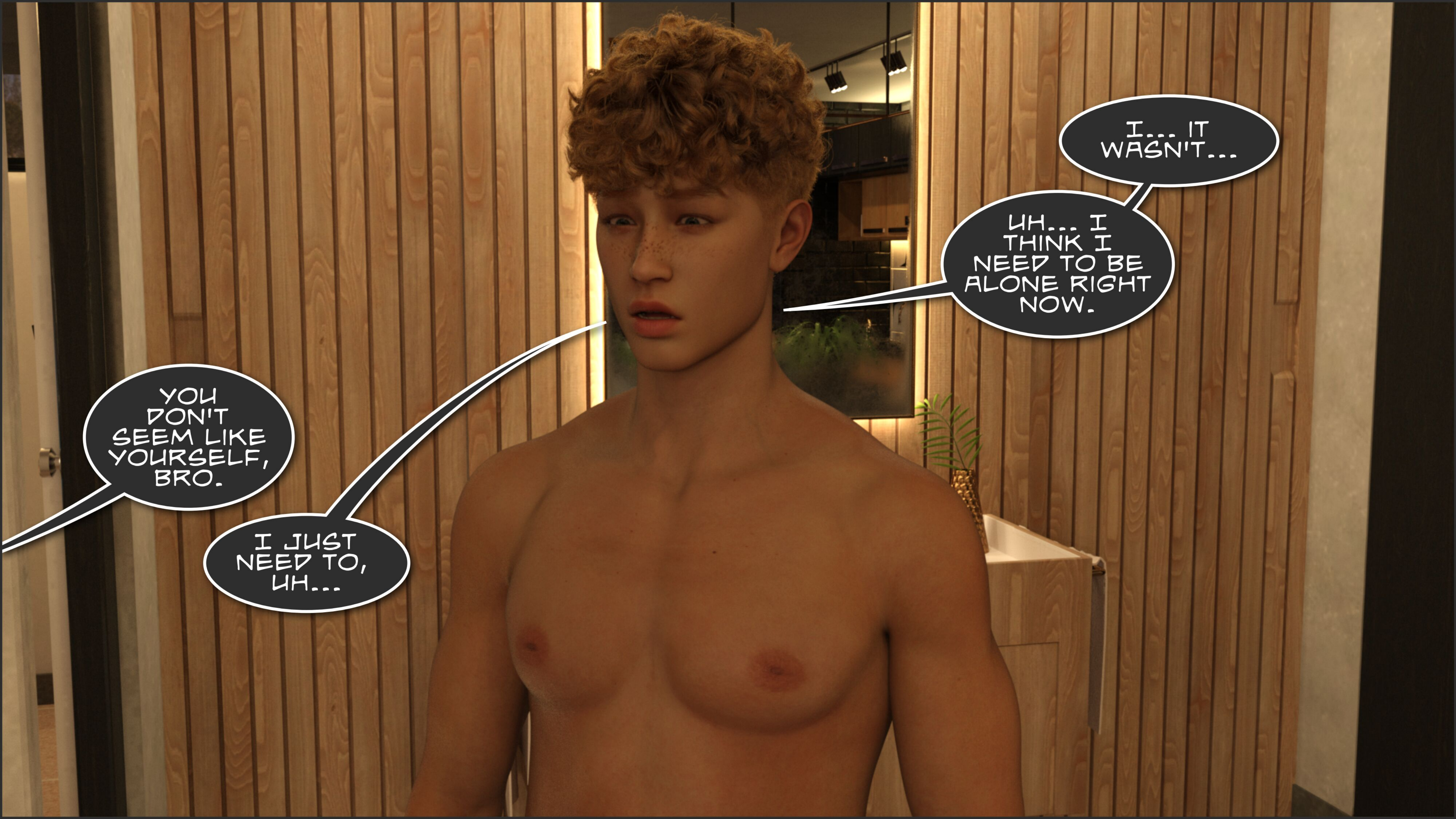


YOU'RE
BEING WEIRD,
BRO.

IF THIS IS
ABOUT ME
HOOKING UP
WITH YOUR
COUSIN—

THEN
WHO DID I
HOOK UP
WITH LAST
NIGHT?

I DON'T
HAVE A
COUSIN!



I... IT
WASN'T...

UH... I
THINK I
NEED TO BE
ALONE RIGHT
NOW.

YOU
DON'T
SEEM LIKE
YOURSELF,
BRO.

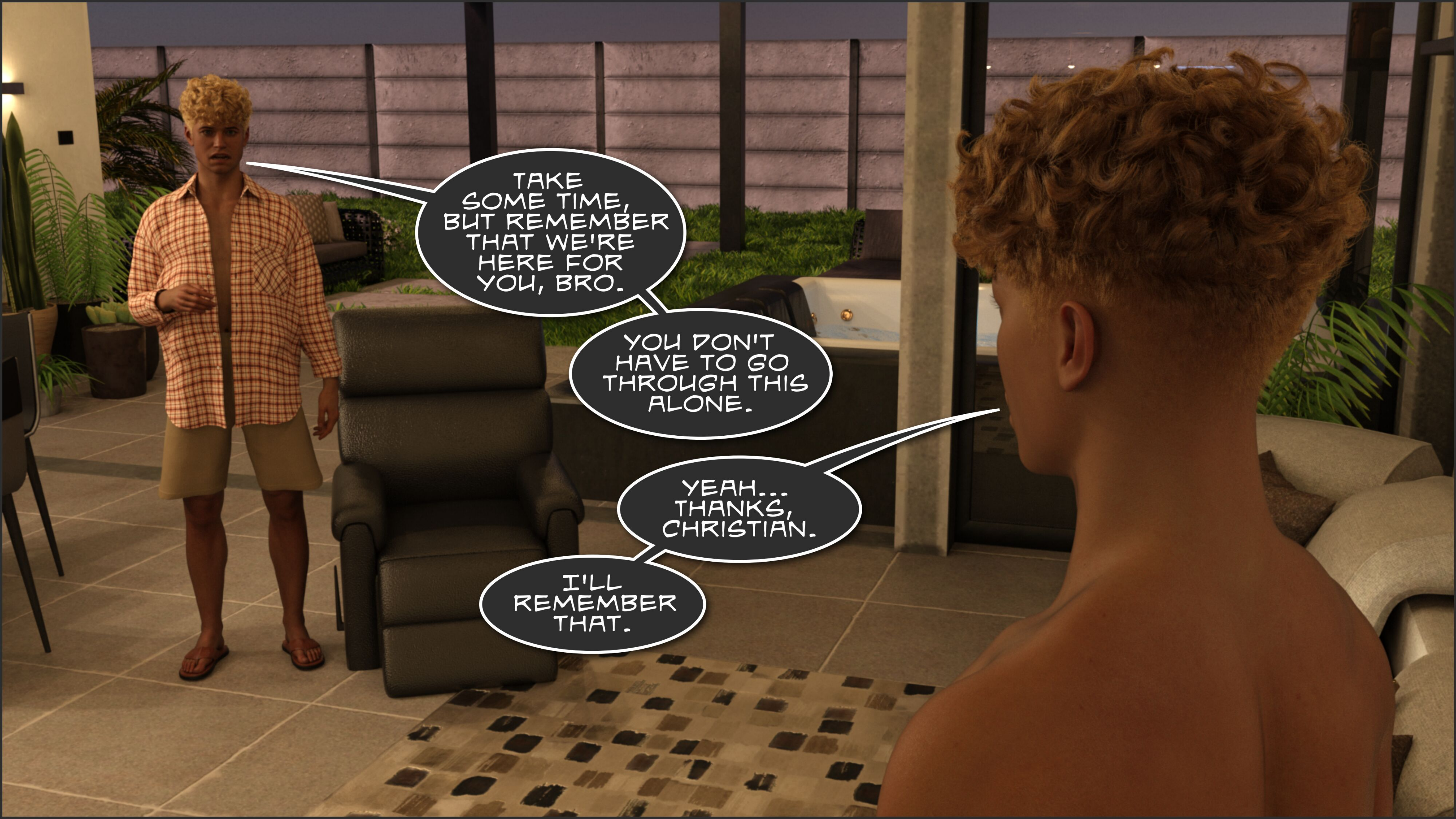
I JUST
NEED TO,
UH...



I NEED
TO TAKE IT
EASY
TODAY.

HEY, I
GET IT. THE
LOSS IS STILL
FRESH FOR
YOU.

YEAH...
THAT'S
EXACTLY
IT.

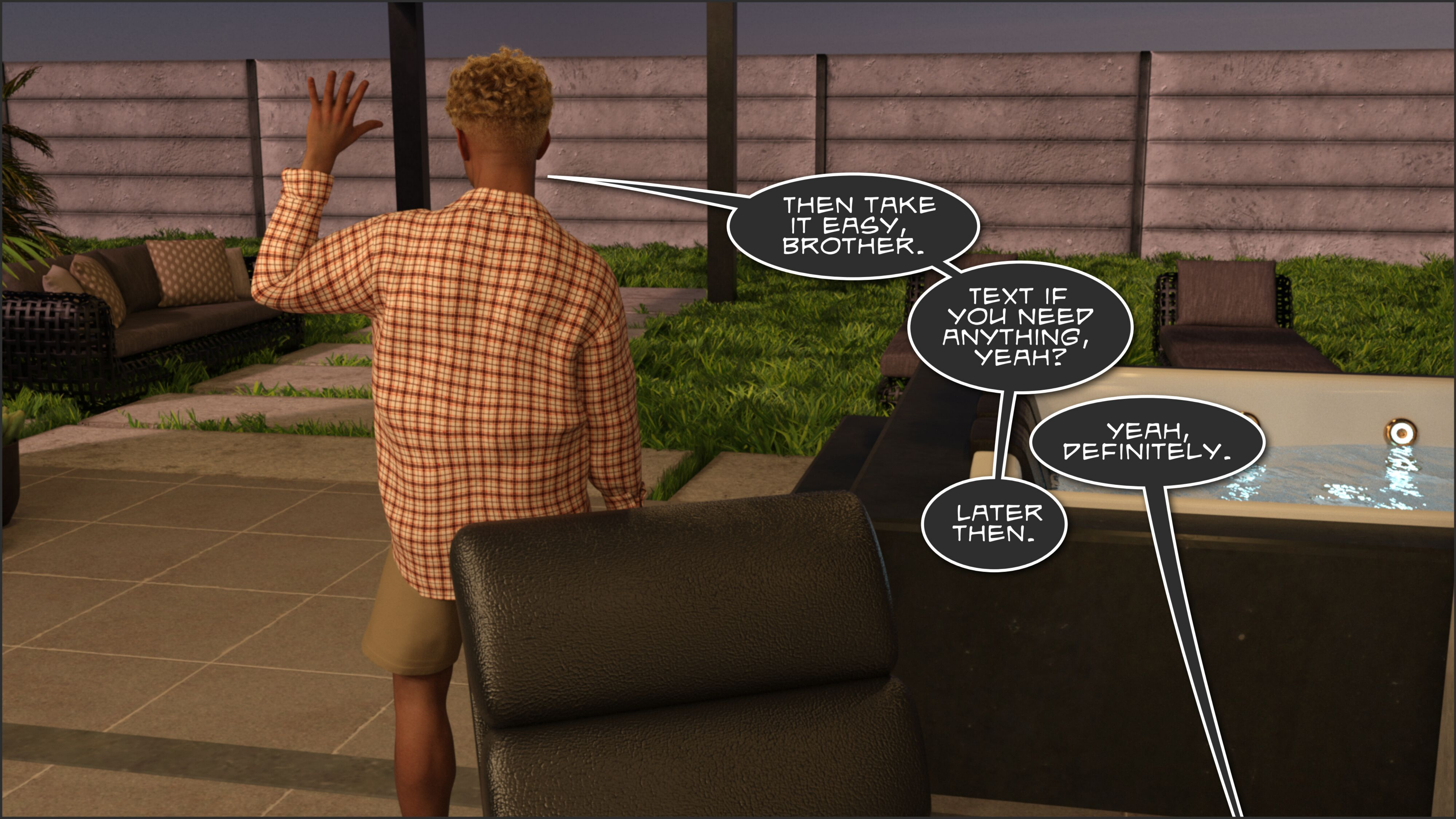
A man with curly blonde hair, wearing a plaid shirt and shorts, stands in a modern outdoor patio at night. He is talking to another man whose back is to the camera. The patio has a tiled floor, a patterned rug, a hot tub, and some potted plants. A large black armchair is in the foreground.

TAKE
SOME TIME,
BUT REMEMBER
THAT WE'RE
HERE FOR
YOU, BRO.

YOU DON'T
HAVE TO GO
THROUGH THIS
ALONE.

YEAH...
THANKS,
CHRISTIAN.

I'LL
REMEMBER
THAT.



THEN TAKE
IT EASY,
BROTHER.

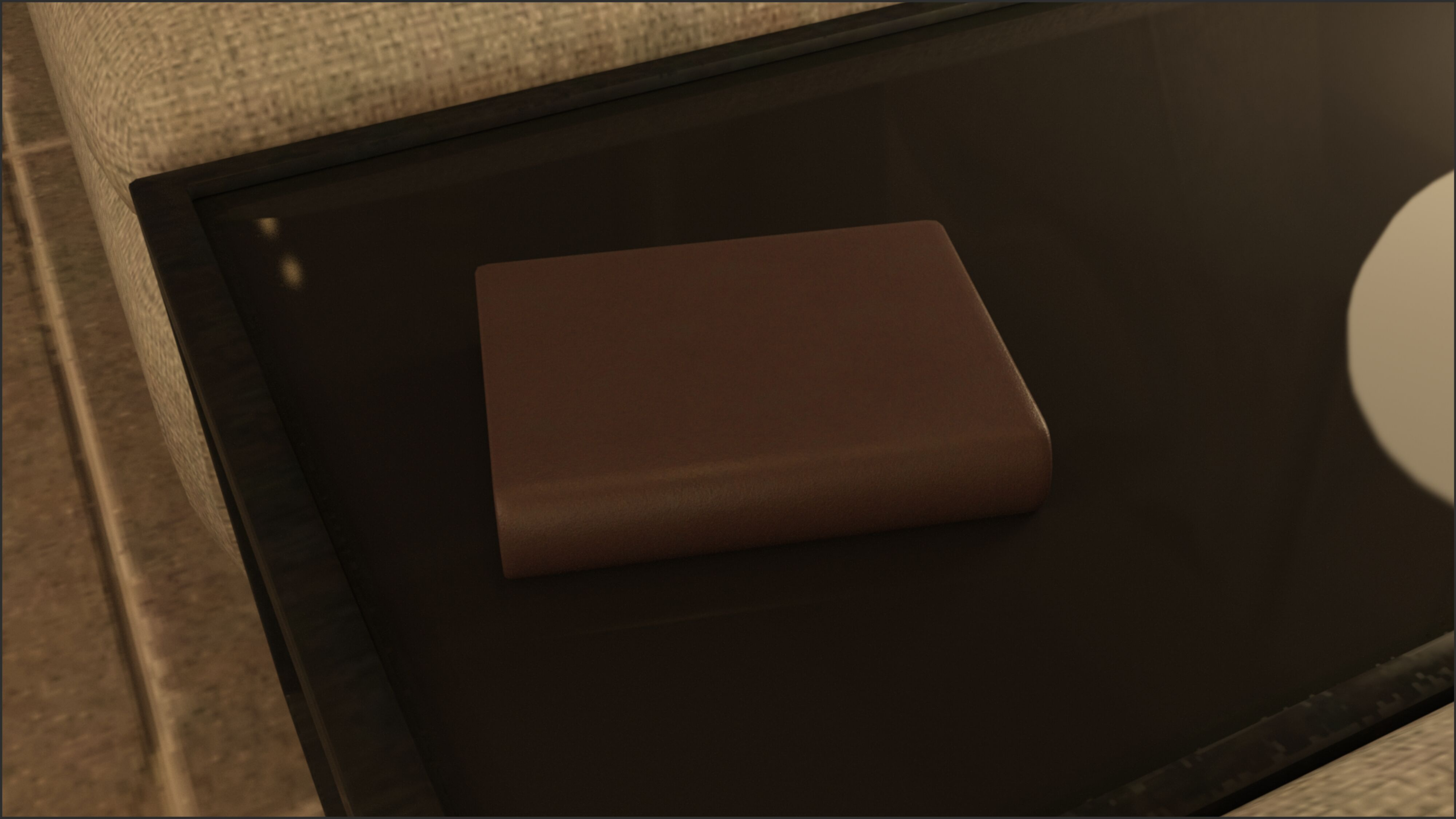
TEXT IF
YOU NEED
ANYTHING,
YEAH?

LATER
THEN.

YEAH,
DEFINITELY.



















NO ONE WILL
EVER READ YOUR
PAGES AGAIN...

...YOU
EVIL
FUCKING
BOOK.



A man with curly hair, seen from behind, is talking on a mobile phone. He is standing on a stone path in a modern house's backyard at night. The house has large glass doors and windows, revealing a well-lit interior with a kitchen and living area. The backyard features a swimming pool, potted plants, and a lounge area with a sofa and cushions. The scene is illuminated by warm indoor lights and outdoor wall sconces.

HEY,
JAKE, IT'S
LOGAN.

YOU HAVEN'T
BEEN RESPONDING
TO MY TEXTS...

...SO I'M
JUST CALLING
TO MAKE SURE
EVERYTHING IS
ALRIGHT.

THERE'S
SOMETHING
I...

I HAVE SOME
QUESTIONS ABOUT
THAT BOOK?

THE ONE
GRAN LEFT
ME?

JUST,
UH... CALL
ME WHEN YOU
GET THIS,
OKAY?

TALK
TO YOU
SOON.



HEY. I KNOW I
HAVEN'T REACHED
OUT IN A SECOND, BUT
I'M CURIOUS IF YOU'D
LIKE TO MEET UP?

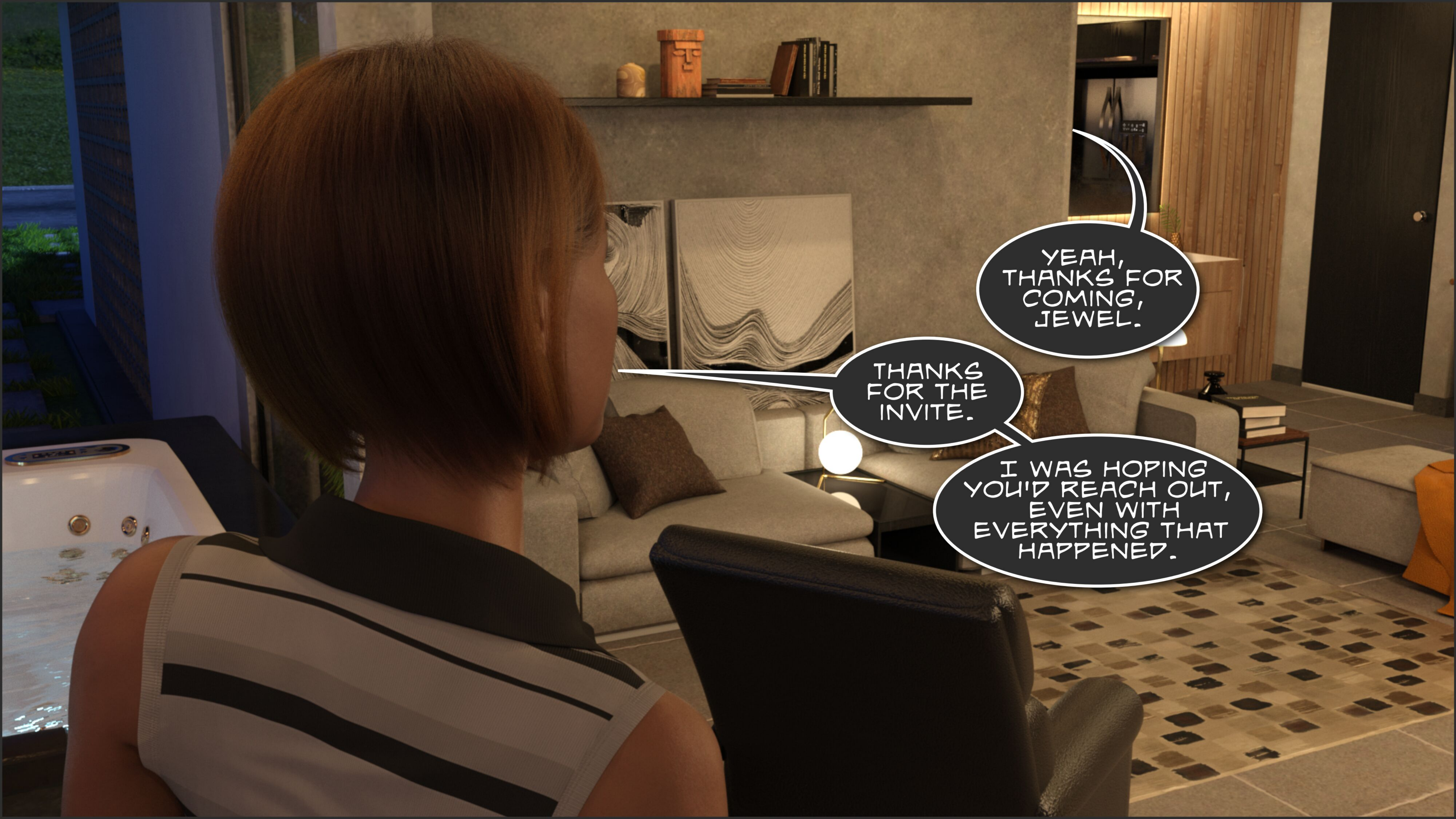




A woman with short brown hair, wearing a white and black horizontally striped sleeveless crop top and black pleated shorts, stands on a stone patio at night. She is looking back over her right shoulder with a questioning expression. The background features a blue stone wall, green grass, and a set of stone steps leading up to the left. A black trash can is on the steps, and a lounge chair is on the grass to the right.

LOGAN?

YOU SAID
TO COME
AROUND THE
SIDE?



YEAH,
THANKS FOR
COMING,
JEWEL.

THANKS
FOR THE
INVITE.

I WAS HOPING
YOU'D REACH OUT,
EVEN WITH
EVERYTHING THAT
HAPPENED.



YOUR
GRANDMOTHER'S
HOME IS...

I MEAN,
YOUR HOME
IS VERY
BEAUTIFUL.



THANKS.

SHE
LOVED THIS
PLACE.

I'M SURE
SHE DID,
LOGAN.



AND I
KNOW I'VE
SAID THIS A
LOT...

...BUT I'M SO
SORRY FOR YOUR
LOSS, AND THE PART
I PLAYED IN IT.

YOU
DIDN'T DO
ANYTHING
WRONG,
JEWEL.

BUT I
KEPT YOU
FROM-



I DON'T
REGRET THAT
PART OF IT,
JEWEL.

A LOT I
DO, BUT NOT
THAT.

OH,
THAT'S...
NICE TO
HEAR.

BUT...
LOGAN?



WHY
AREN'T YOU
COMING
OUT?

SOMETHING...
HAPPENED.

SOMETHING
THAT SHOULD BE
IMPOSSIBLE...

...AND I
DIDN'T KNOW
WHO ELSE TO
TURN TO.



IT MEANS A
LOT THAT YOU'D
TURN TO ME,
LOGAN.

YOU MAY
NOT THINK THAT
WHEN YOU SEE
ME.

WHAT COULD
POSSIBLY-



OH, MY
WORD!

SO, IT'S
NOTICEABLE?

NOTICEABLE?



YOUR
HAIR... YOUR
SKIN...

I KNOW.

YOU
HAVE
FRECKLES,
LOGAN!

TRUST ME,
I KNOW.



HOW?

DID YOU
BLEACH YOUR
HAIR, AND YOUR
SKIN...?

I DIDN'T DO
ANYTHING.

YOU MUST
HAVE DONE
SOMETHING.

THAT JUST...
DOESN'T HAPPEN
OVERNIGHT.



I'M GOING TO
TELL YOU WHAT
HAPPENED... OR AT
LEAST...

...WHAT I *THINK*
HAPPENED.

YES.
TELL
ME.

BUT WHEN
I DO, YOU'LL
THINK I'M
CRAZY.



I PROMISE I
WON'T THINK YOU'RE
CRAZY.

OKAY.

SO... MY
GRANDMOTHER
LEFT ME THIS
BOOK...