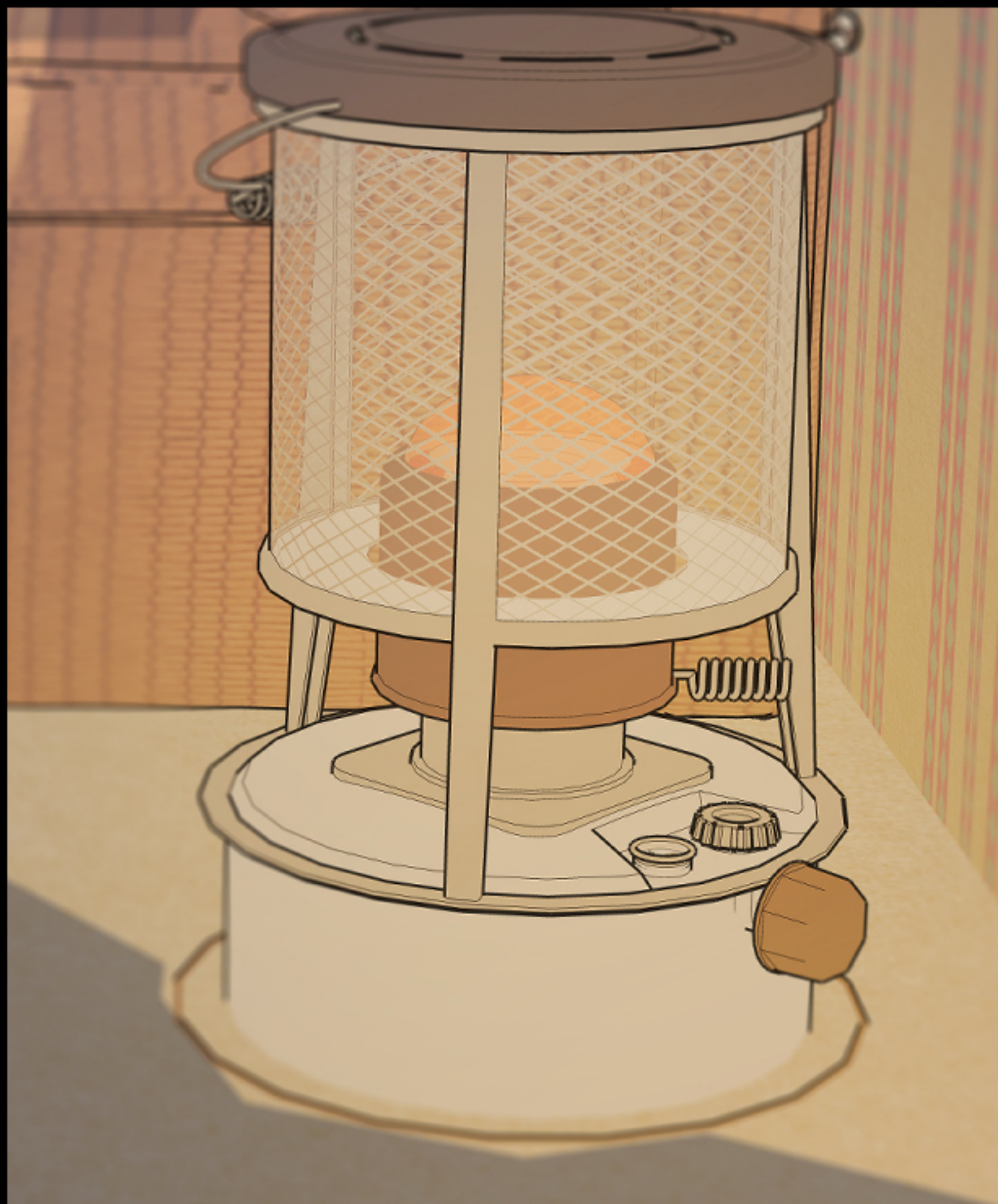


THREE WEEKS LATER











MORNING.

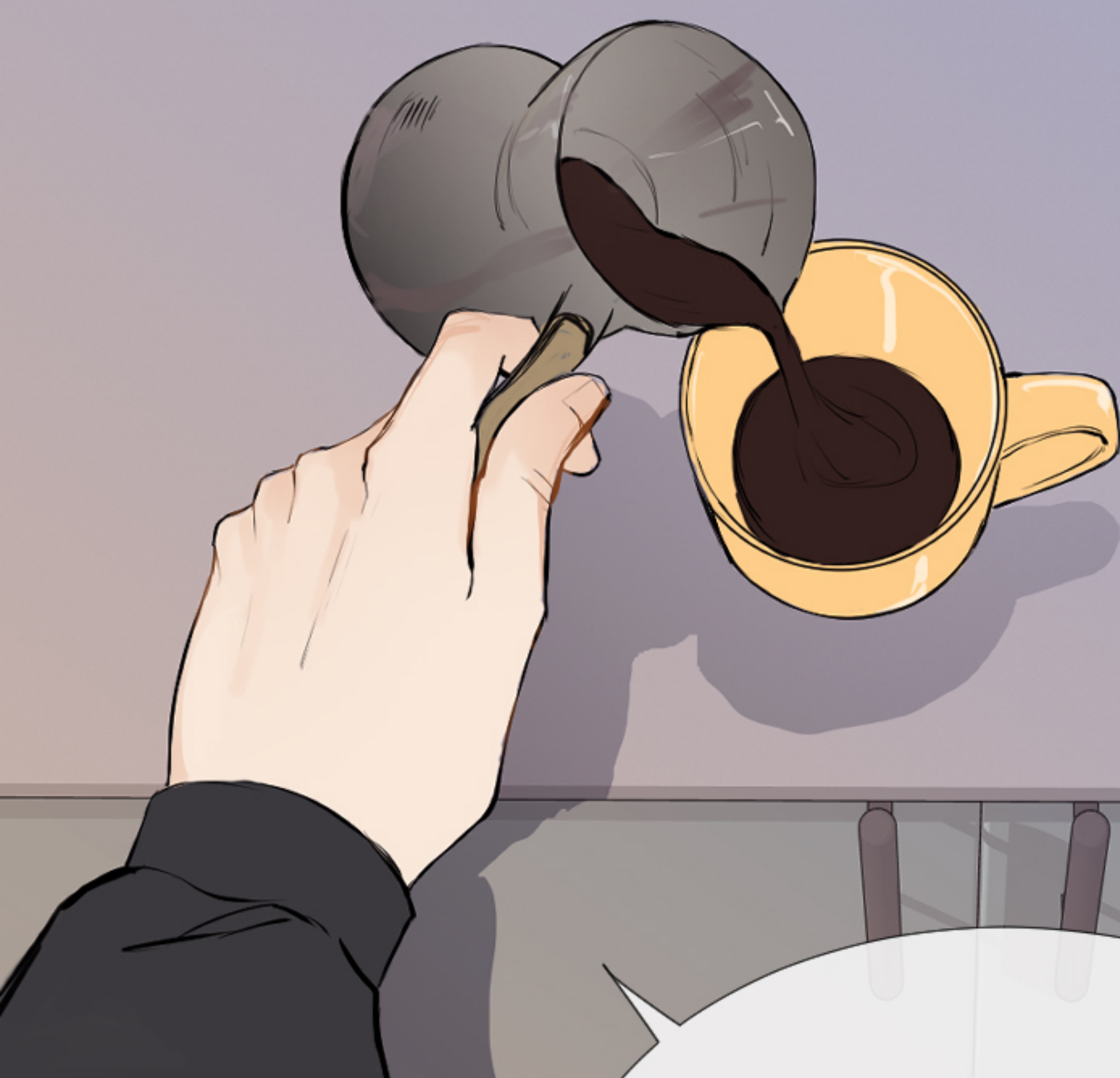
TAP

IT'S EVENING,
ACTUALLY.
YOU SLEEP ALL DAY,
AS USUAL.

I ALWAYS SLEEP
WHEN THERE'S NOTHING
TO DO.



THEN FIND SOMETHING
TO DO.



YOU'VE BEEN STUCK HERE
FOR A DAMN WEEK.



HEY!



TOO STRONG...





ARE YOU
IN SOME KIND
OF TROUBLE?

TAP

WHAT MAKES
YOU THINK THAT?

EVERYTHING'S
FABULOUS...



WHEN EVERYTHING'S
FABULOUS,
YOU DON'T SHOW UP
HERE.



OH, SHIT...
EMPTY.



AND KOUTA
WON'T BE BACK
UNTIL MORNING...

RYO,
DO YOU HAVE
CIGARETTES?



YOU
DON'T SMOKE MINE,
REMEMBER?

OH,
COME ON.







I DON'T HAVE
ANY TROUBLE.



A person with short black hair and closed eyes is shown from the chest up. They are holding a gold lighter in their hands, with a flame visible as they light a cigarette held in their mouth. The background is a blurred indoor setting with shelves containing jars. A speech bubble is positioned above the person's head.

I JUST...

NEEDED
A LITTLE REST.



