



That is not my bottle of shampoo.
I do not like artificial watermelon.

This is not
my house.

by Raphoo



I have never seen this cat before.
Surely I would remember my own pet
if I had one.

The pantry is full of
freeze-dried astronaut food
I can't imagine anyone
would voluntarily consume.



And the
thing
that makes
me most
certain of all —

If this
was my
own
house,

Why would
I have
barred
all the
exits?

I've lost count
of how many times
I have fallen
asleep and woken
up here again.



I no longer hope
of breaking out
of terrible reverie
to discover this was
all just a dream.

I don't even know
why I'm brushing
my teeth.
It's not like anyone
will notice freeze-dried rice
in my teeth.



But it's something to do,
and god knows I need those.

Every idle moment here
fills me with debilitating terror.



An old bookcase is the only source of outside information in this vacuous place.

(aside from this old radio which only seems to generate 'static...')

TST4SS...

I must learn who I am.
Why I am here.

My only hope is for
one of these books
to spark my memory...



I must have fallen asleep
to the static.

...tstss... suspect...
escaped... tss... hospital...
extremely dangerous... tstss...
large scar on scalp...

And suddenly I remember...
a high pitched scream,
a terrible scar,
frigid cold hands...

... whose hands?

were they mine?
I can't remember...
but surely I...

God, the blood...
There was just so much...

I have to know.

I have to know—
But what will
I do
if I don't
like what
I learn?
###



BRRRR
###



Fuck.
I think I might have
done something really fucked up.

FU

JK

What do I do?



tss...
AKA "nomadic hermit
killer"... tstss...
periodically in hiding... tss...
self-imposed suppression
until manic episode...
When will they
strike again?
...tssstss...

Am I in a prison
of my own design?



Are people
looking for me?

... more importantly,
will I start
looking for people?



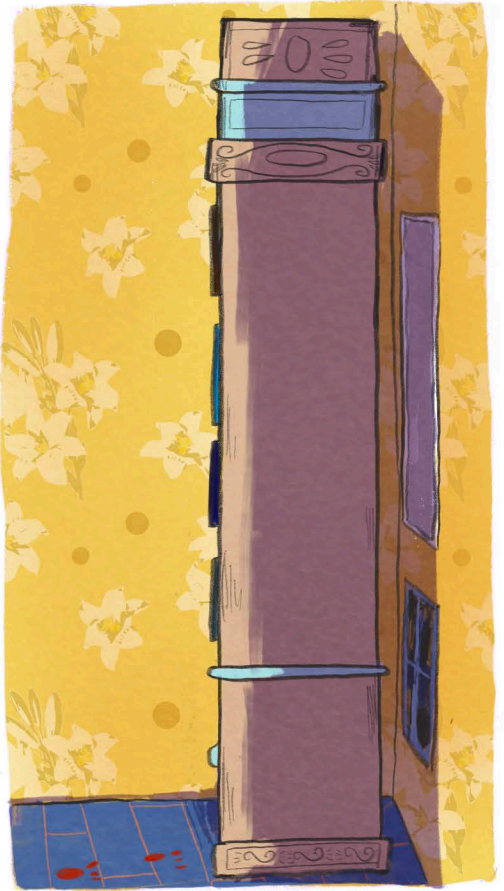
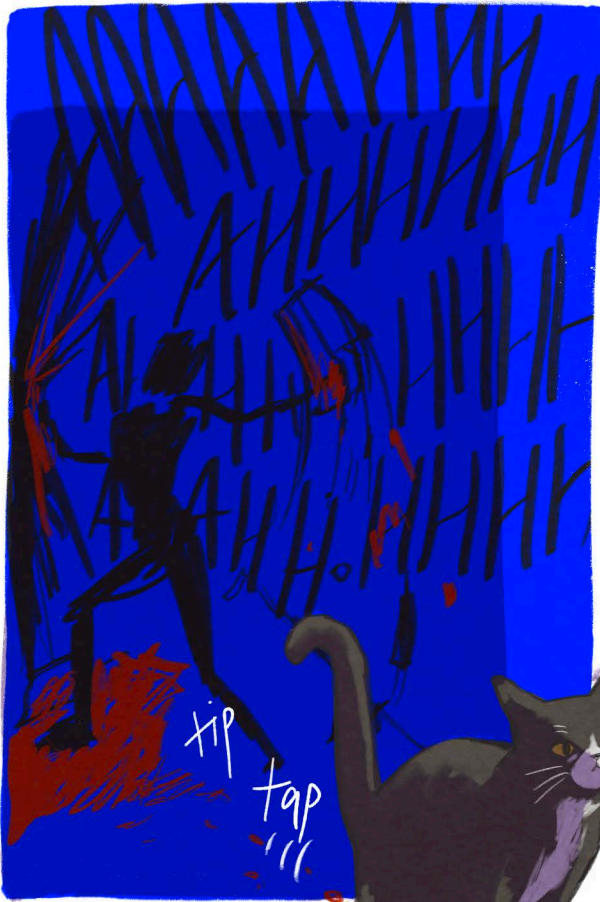


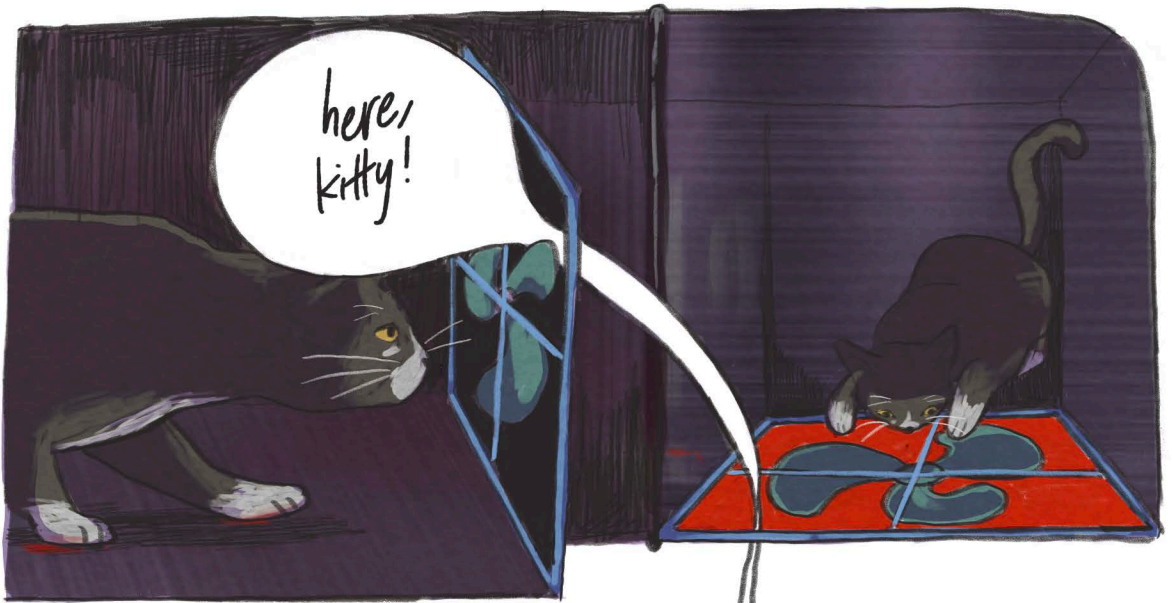
I must leave.

If it is not safe here.

Soon I will forget again
and attempt escape
in oblivion —

I need to turn myself in, before I
become a monster again.





Good girl,
I missed you too.
Now let's hurry—
looks like someone
will be coming
to clean up
after us.

