

"Noah.
It's okay,

it's just a
nightmare,
just a bad
dream."

How often
have I said
this to him
already?

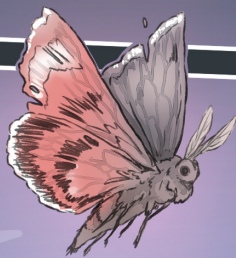
And isn't it
kind of ironic
that right now

I want to
tell this
to myself
the most?

Even after
waking up

some
fragments
seem to
linger

and
follow me
around
all day.

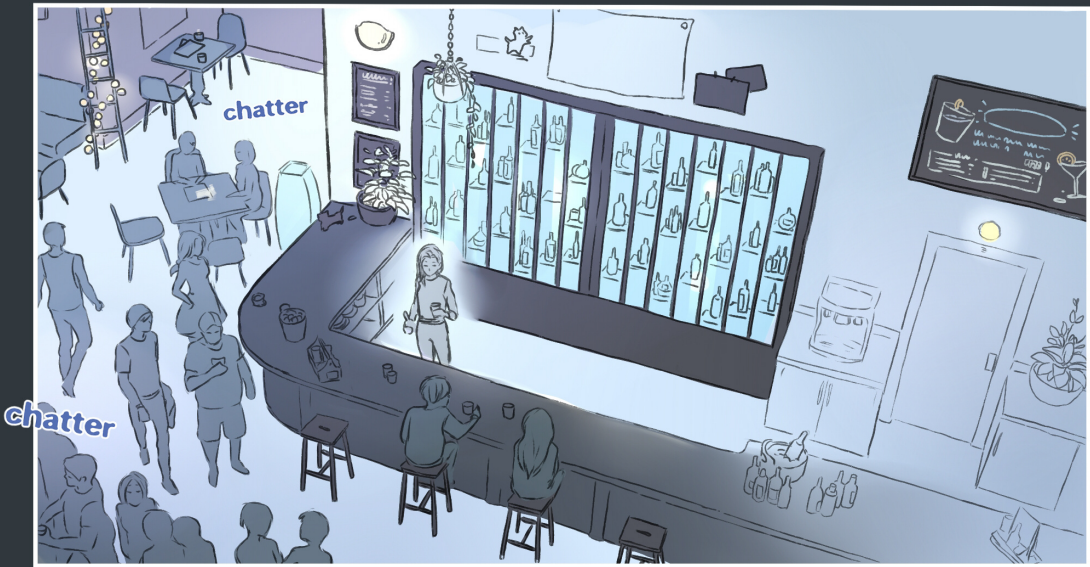


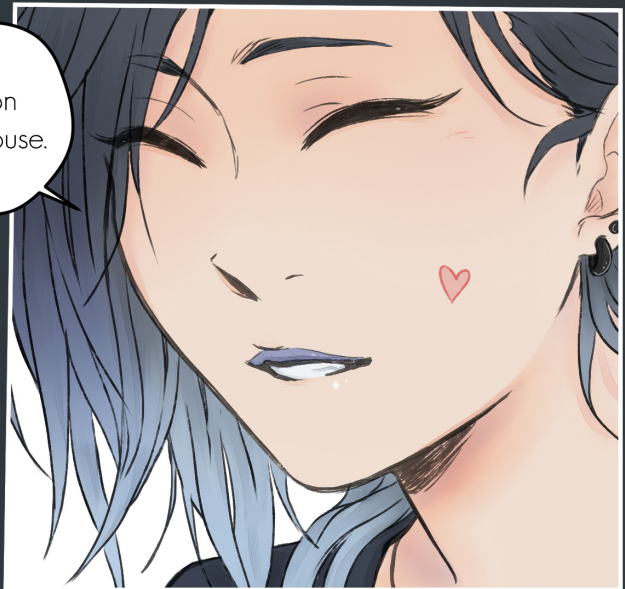
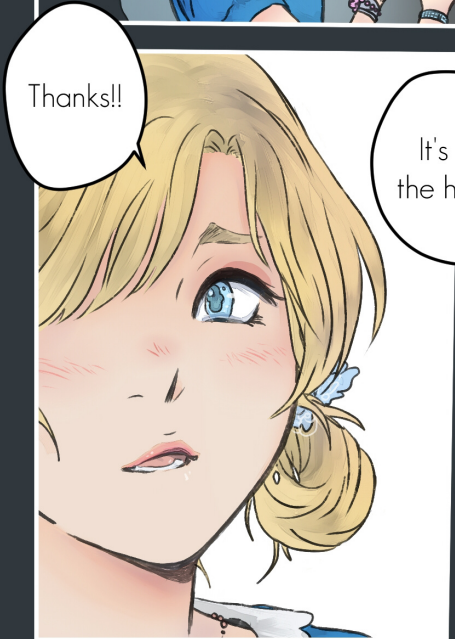
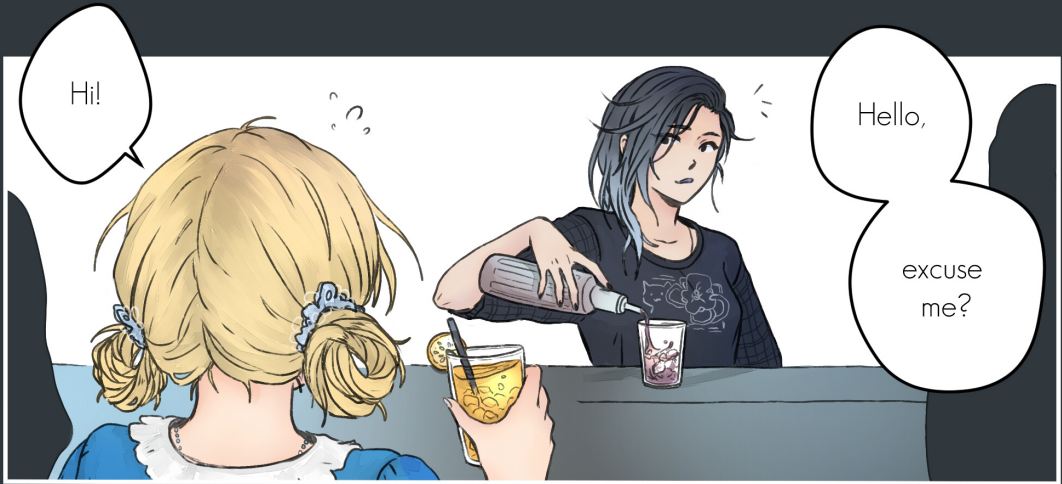
Distant
images
of summer,

the
faint smell
of flowers.

An
unsettling
feeling.



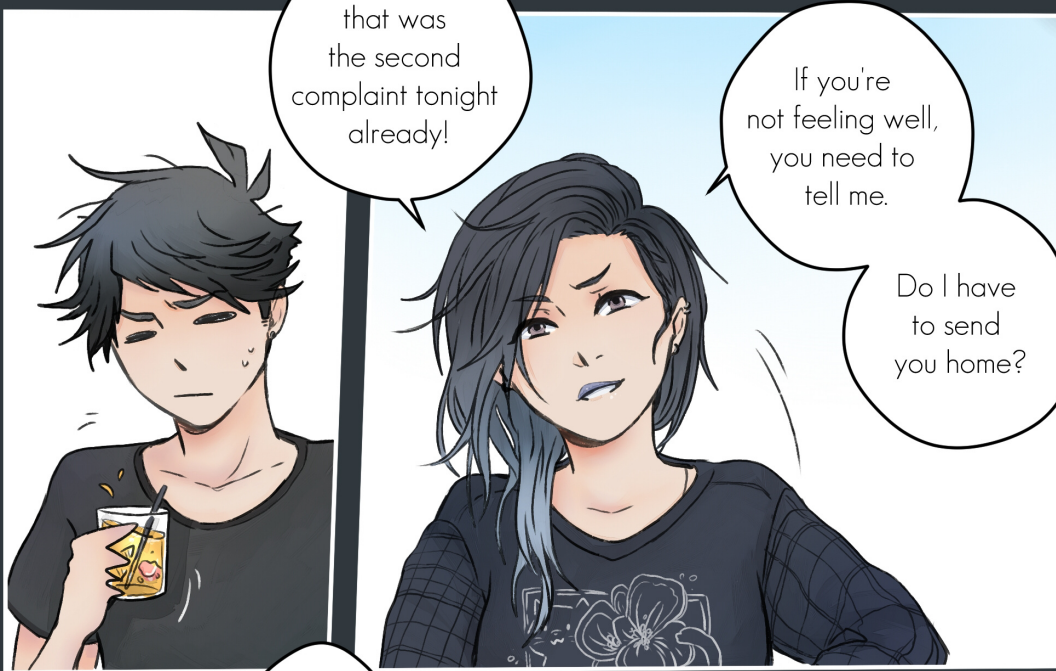






Alright. What's up?

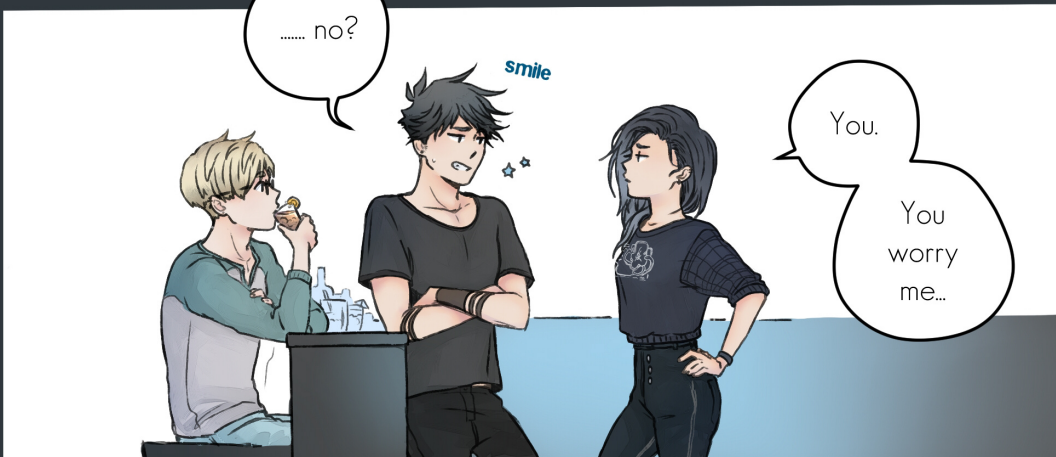
That's so unlike you.



And that was the second complaint tonight already!

If you're not feeling well, you need to tell me.

Do I have to send you home?



..... no?

You.
You worry me...

I'm fine. **sigh**

Sorry, Marija!

I'll focus now.

Ah!

All you've been focusing on tonight...

is looking over there while sighing.

?!?

Daniel, shut it!

I'm not-

not doing that,

at all...?

bwahah

No worries, it's cute to watch!

Man, fuck off
////

