







DID ABE SEND YOU?

NO.

YOU SHOULD KNOW BY NOW THAT IF ABRAHAM WANTED ME TO DO SOMETHING, I'D DO THE OPPOSITE.



BUT YOU ARE GOING TO TRY TO CONVINCE ME TO COME TONIGHT, RIGHT?

ONLY IF YOU WANT TO.

HELL, I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I'LL SHOW UP.



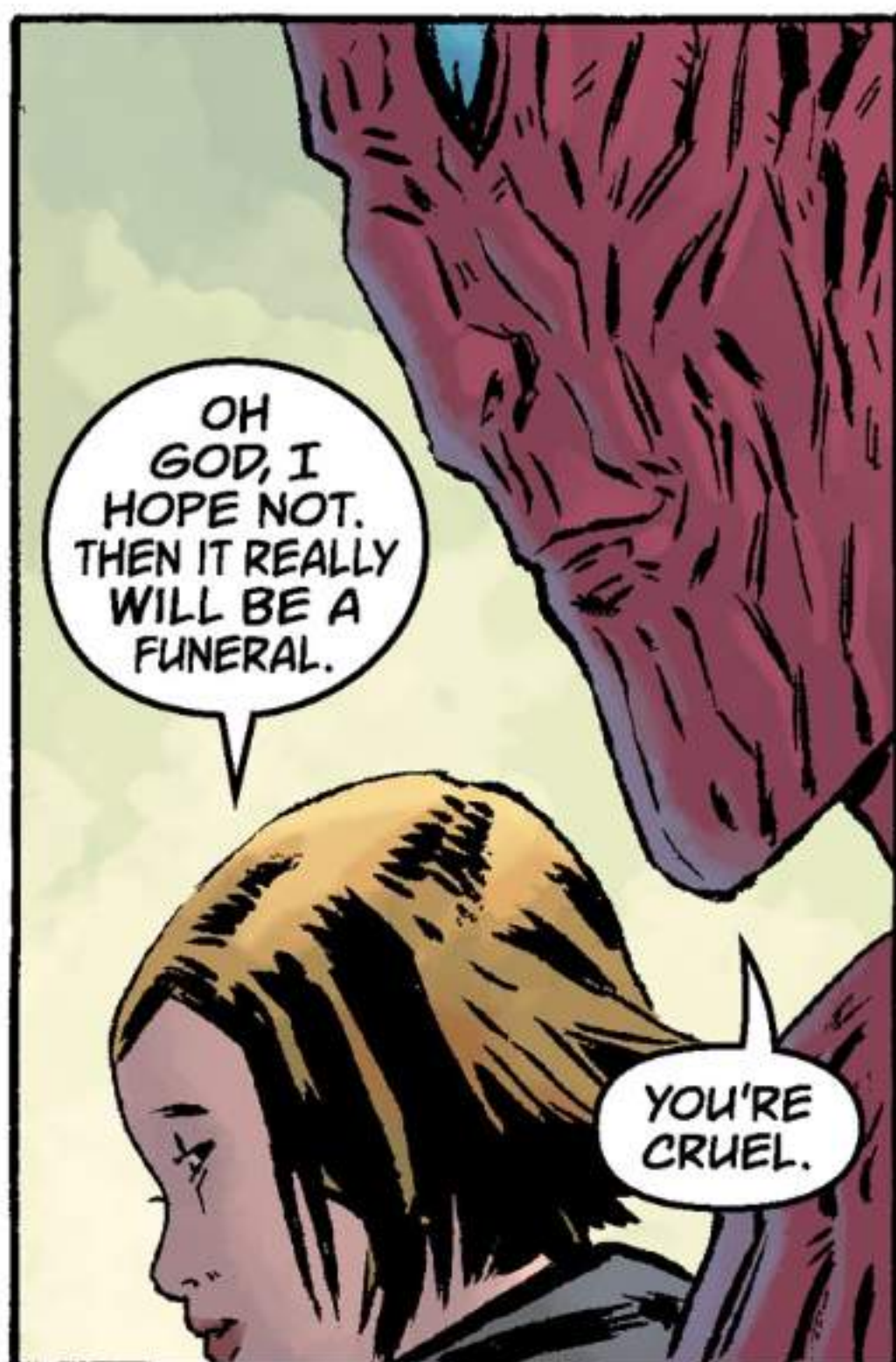
REALLY?

IT'S BEEN TEN YEARS SINCE WE WERE STRANDED HERE. SO WHAT SHOULD WE DO? CELEBRATE OR MOURN?

IF I'M GOING TO A PARTY, I'D AT LEAST LIKE TO KNOW THE THEME.



THE REAL QUESTION IS, WILL MOMMY DEAREST MAKE AN APPEARANCE?



OH GOD, I HOPE NOT. THEN IT REALLY WILL BE A FUNERAL.

YOU'RE CRUEL.



DO YOU STILL MISS IT, BARBIE?



"THE WAY IT WAS?"



OH, I DON'T KNOW. SOMETIMES. BUT THE WAY YOU MISS OLD FRIENDS YOU HAVEN'T SEEN IN YEARS. YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU WENT BACK, IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME AS IT WAS.





I DON'T ACTUALLY MISS HOW THINGS WERE. I WAS A **DIFFERENT PERSON** THEN.



"I MEAN, REALLY, THE WHOLE THING WAS KIND OF SILLY, WASN'T IT? SOMETIMES I WONDER IF IT WAS REAL AT ALL, OR JUST SOME **COLLECTIVE DREAM** WE ALL WOKE UP FROM."

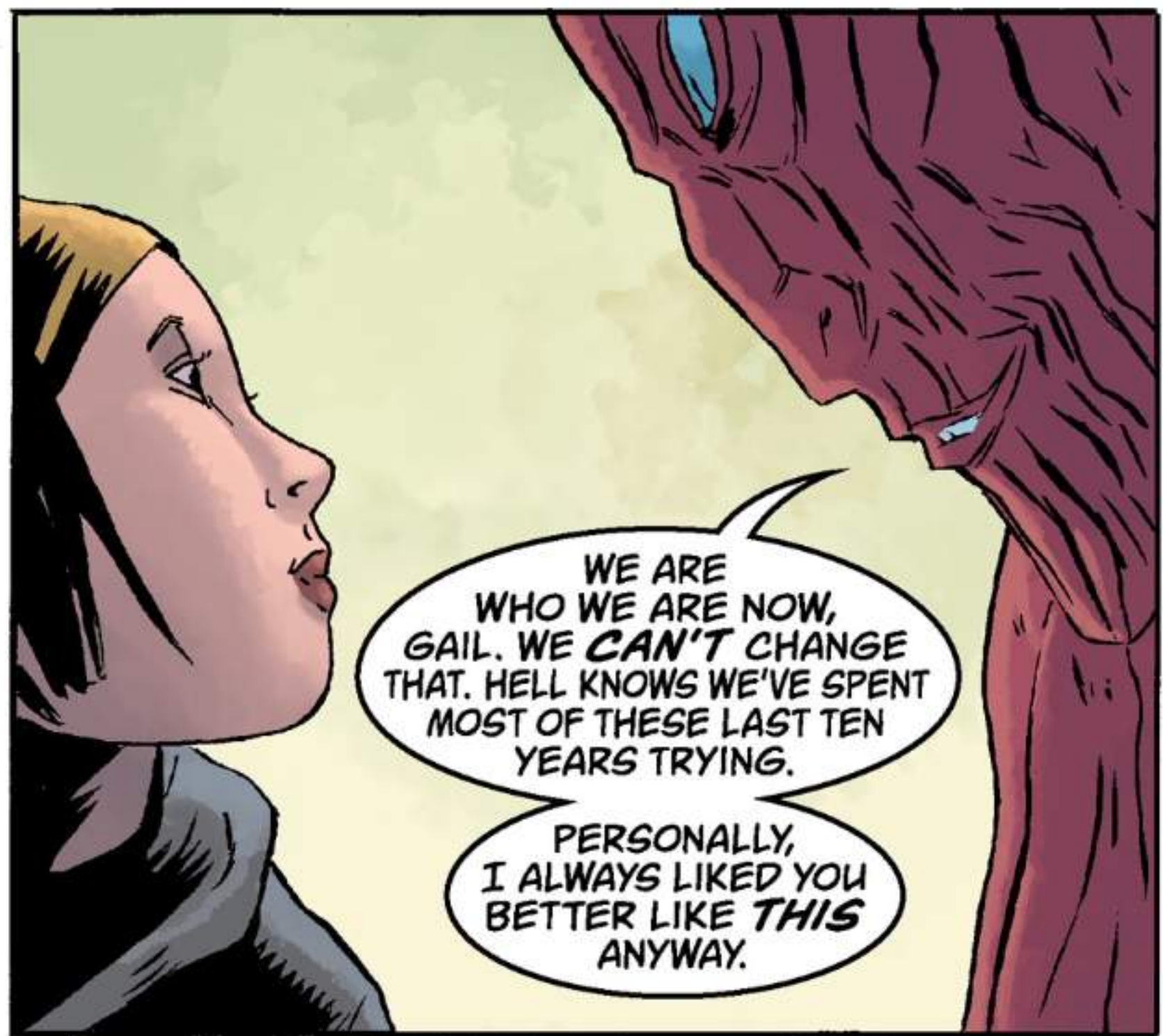


NO, I DON'T MISS OUR **OLD LIFE**, GAIL. WHAT I DO MISS IS THE **FREEDOM**.

I MISS BEING ABLE TO **LEAVE**. I MISS THE **REST OF THE WORLD**.

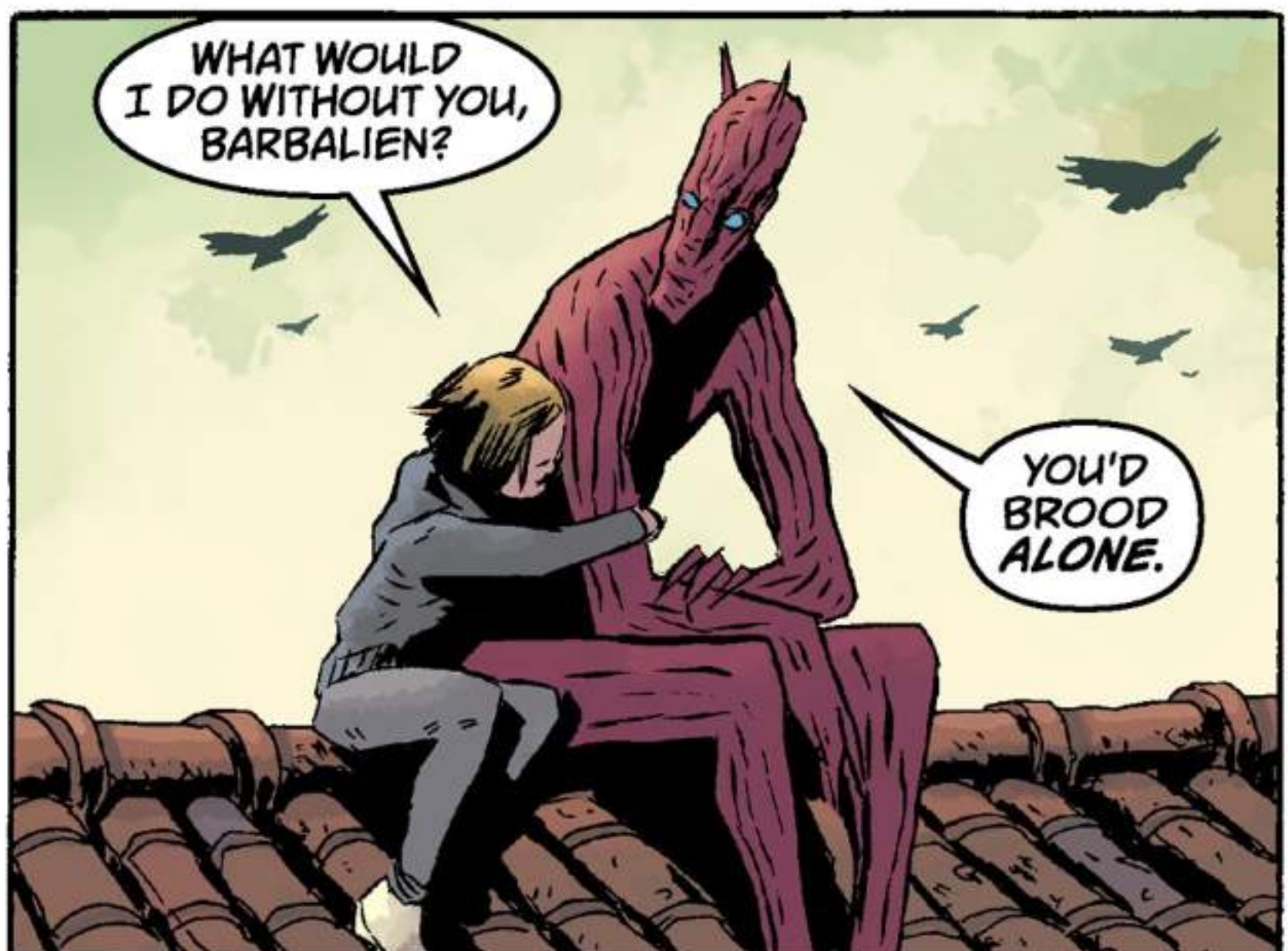


I MISS HAVING **TITS**.



WE ARE WHO WE ARE NOW, GAIL. WE **CAN'T CHANGE** THAT. HELL KNOWS WE'VE SPENT MOST OF THESE LAST TEN YEARS TRYING.

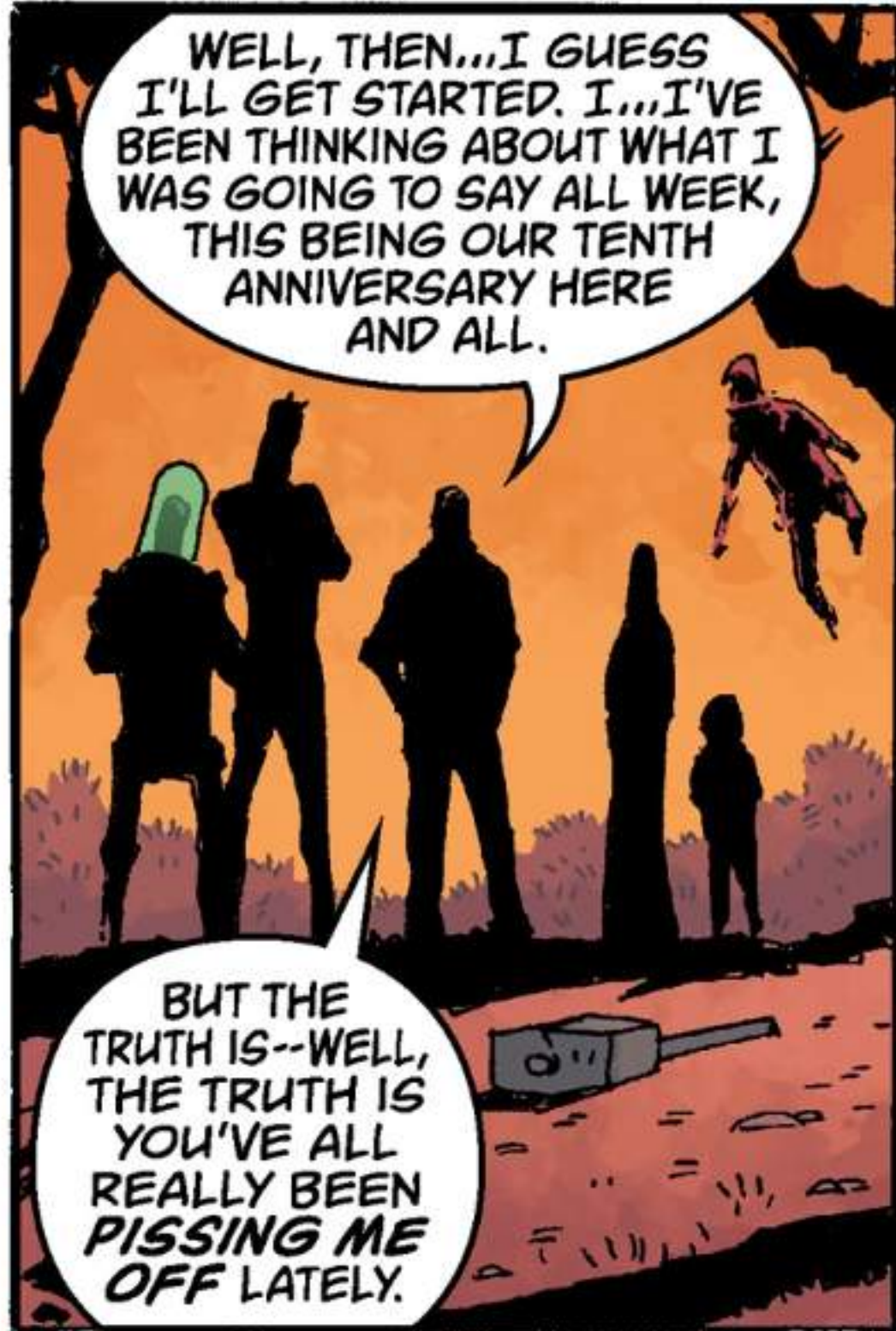
PERSONALLY, I ALWAYS LIKED YOU BETTER LIKE **THIS** ANYWAY.



WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT YOU, **BARBALIEN**?

YOU'D **BROOD ALONE**.





WELL, THEN...I GUESS I'LL GET STARTED. I...I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT WHAT I WAS GOING TO SAY ALL WEEK, THIS BEING OUR TENTH ANNIVERSARY HERE AND ALL.

BUT THE TRUTH IS--WELL, THE TRUTH IS YOU'VE ALL REALLY BEEN **PISSING ME OFF** LATELY.



HELL, I KNOW WE NEVER WANTED TO COME TO THE FARM. BUT WE MADE OUR CHOICES, OUR SACRIFICES, AND THIS IS WHERE WE ENDED UP.

THAT'S ALL HISTORY NOW. THAT'S **OUR** HISTORY AND OURS ALONE.



I TRIED MY BEST TO MAKE THIS A HOME...FOR ME...FOR YOU.



BUT ALL YOU DO IS WHINE ABOUT HOW WE CAN'T **LEAVE**, AND HOW WE'RE STUCK.

WELL, BOO-HOO.



AT LEAST WE'RE STILL ALIVE. WE CAN **NEVER FORGET THAT**.



MOST OF ALL, WE CAN NEVER FORGET **HIM**. WHAT HE GAVE UP FOR ALL OF US.



"JOE WEBER WAS THE BRAVEST MAN I EVER MET.

"HE **NEVER** BACKED DOWN FROM A FIGHT, NO MATTER WHAT."

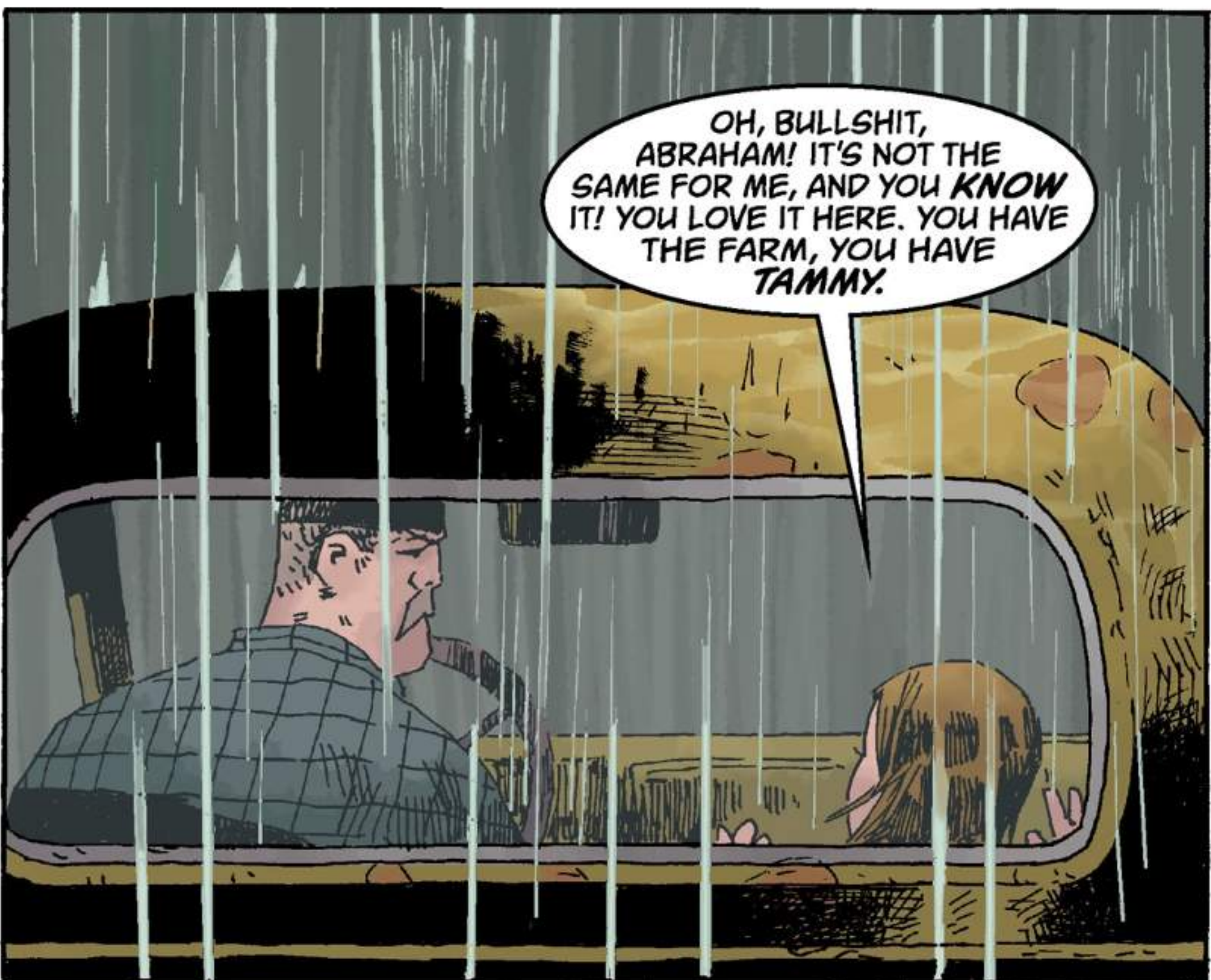
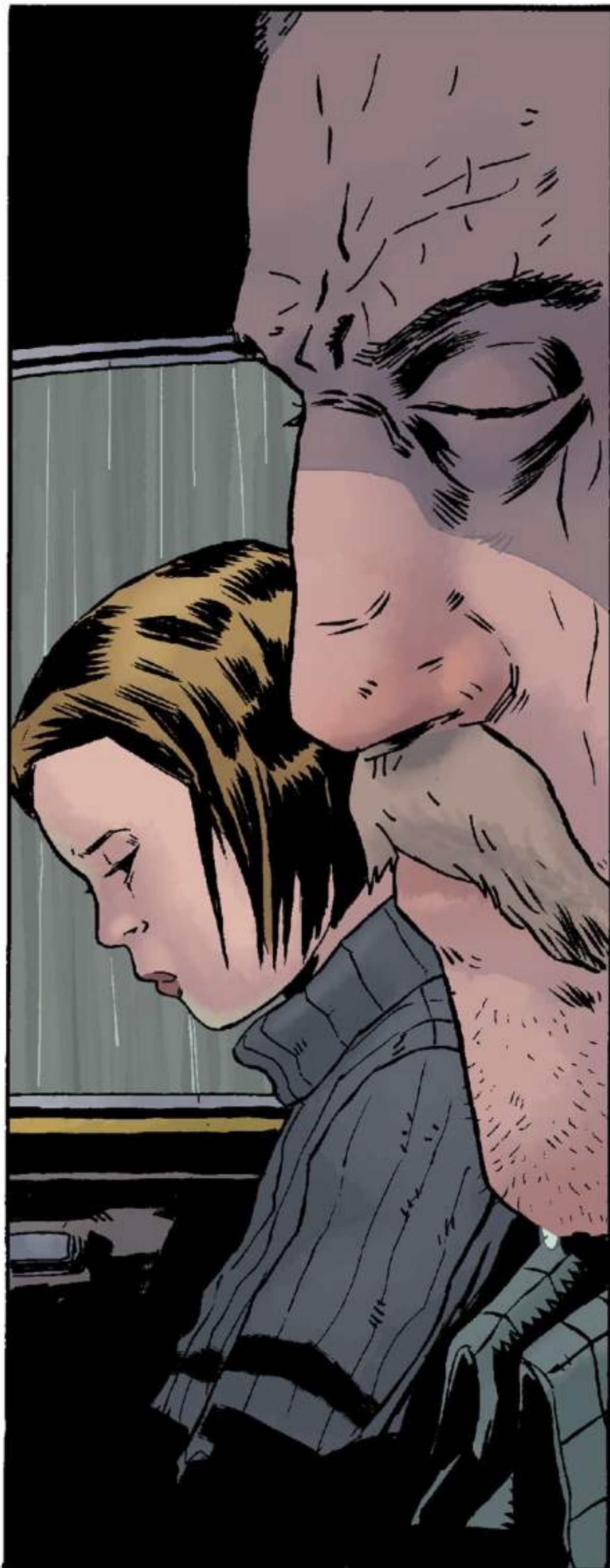


AND HE GAVE **HIS** LIFE SO WE COULD HAVE **THIS** LIFE. WE NEED TO **REMEMBER** THAT. WE NEED TO REMEMBER THAT WE ARE **STILL** HERE.



IT MAY NOT BE THE LIFE WE WANTED. BUT IT'S THE LIFE WE HAVE. AND AT LEAST WE HAVE IT **TOGETHER**.

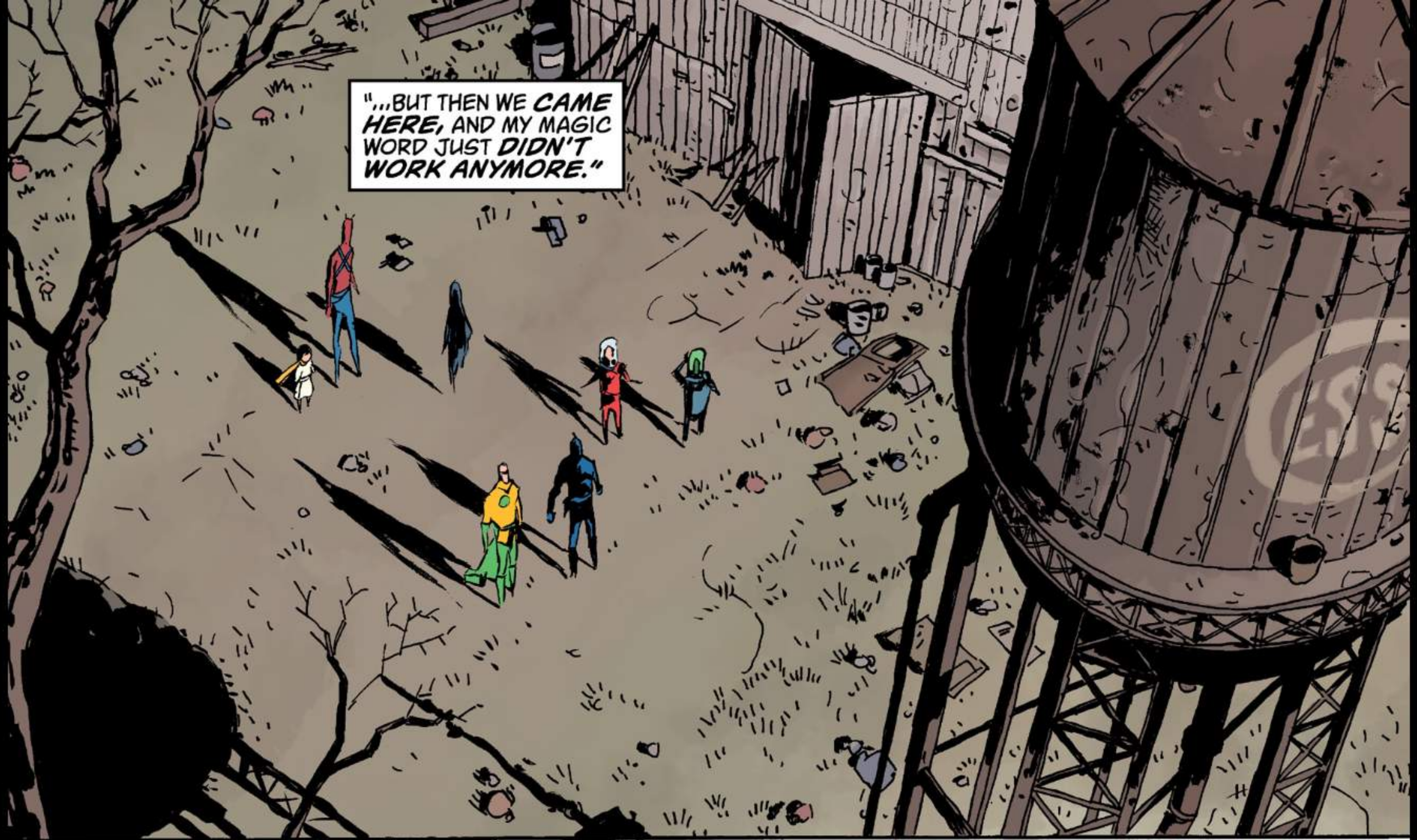




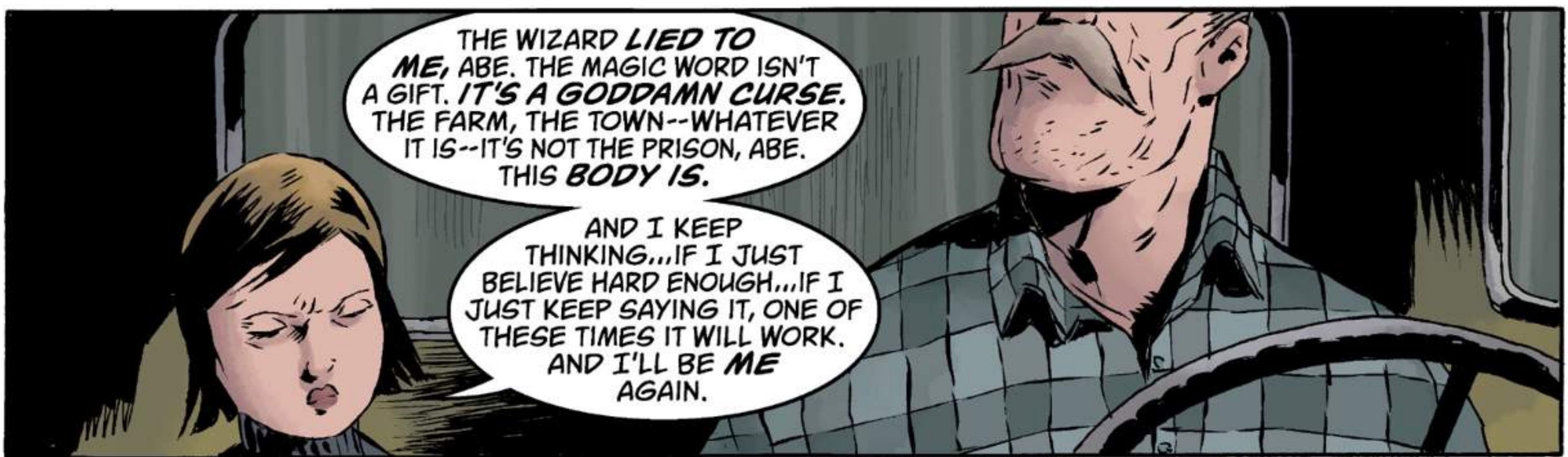








"...BUT THEN WE *CAME* HERE, AND MY MAGIC WORD JUST *DIDN'T* WORK ANYMORE."



THE WIZARD *LIED* TO ME, ABE. THE MAGIC WORD ISN'T A GIFT. *IT'S* A *GODDAMN* CURSE. THE FARM, THE TOWN--WHATEVER IT IS--IT'S NOT THE PRISON, ABE. *THIS BODY IS.*

AND I KEEP THINKING...IF I JUST BELIEVE HARD ENOUGH...IF I JUST KEEP SAYING IT, ONE OF THESE TIMES IT WILL WORK. AND I'LL BE *ME* AGAIN.



**ZAFRAM!**



**ZAFRAM!!**



SHHH... IT'S ALL RIGHT, GAIL.

**ZAFRAM!**





IT'S GONNA BE OKAY.



WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO, ABE?



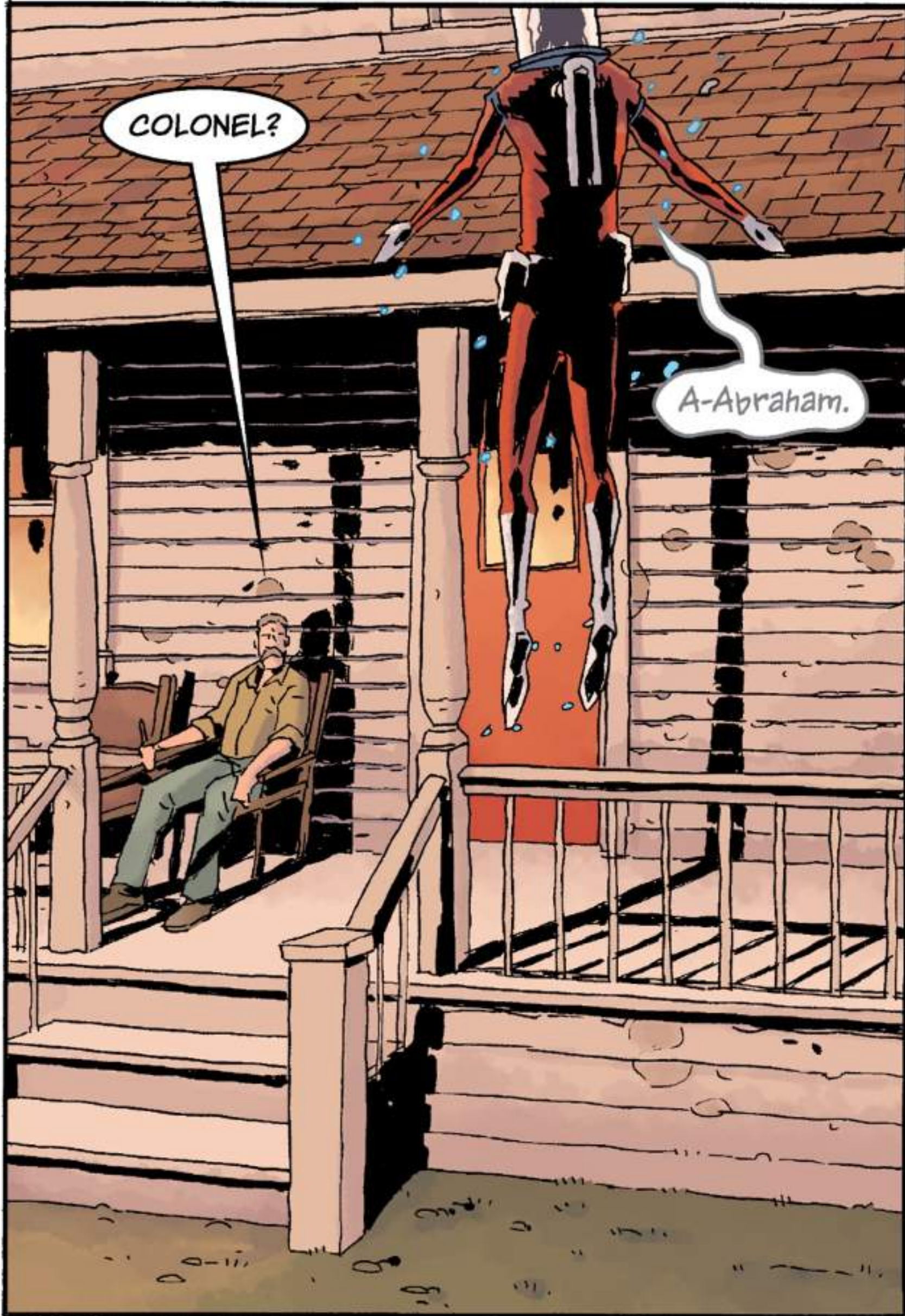
...GOT ANY OF THAT GIN LEFT?



YOU THINK WE'RE EVER GONNA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE, ABE?

I DON'T KNOW, GAIL...





COLONEL?

A-Abraham.



ARE YOU OKAY, COLONEL?

I...I am fine.



WELL, YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR THE SUNSET. GRAB A BEER AND CATCH THE SHOW WITH ME?

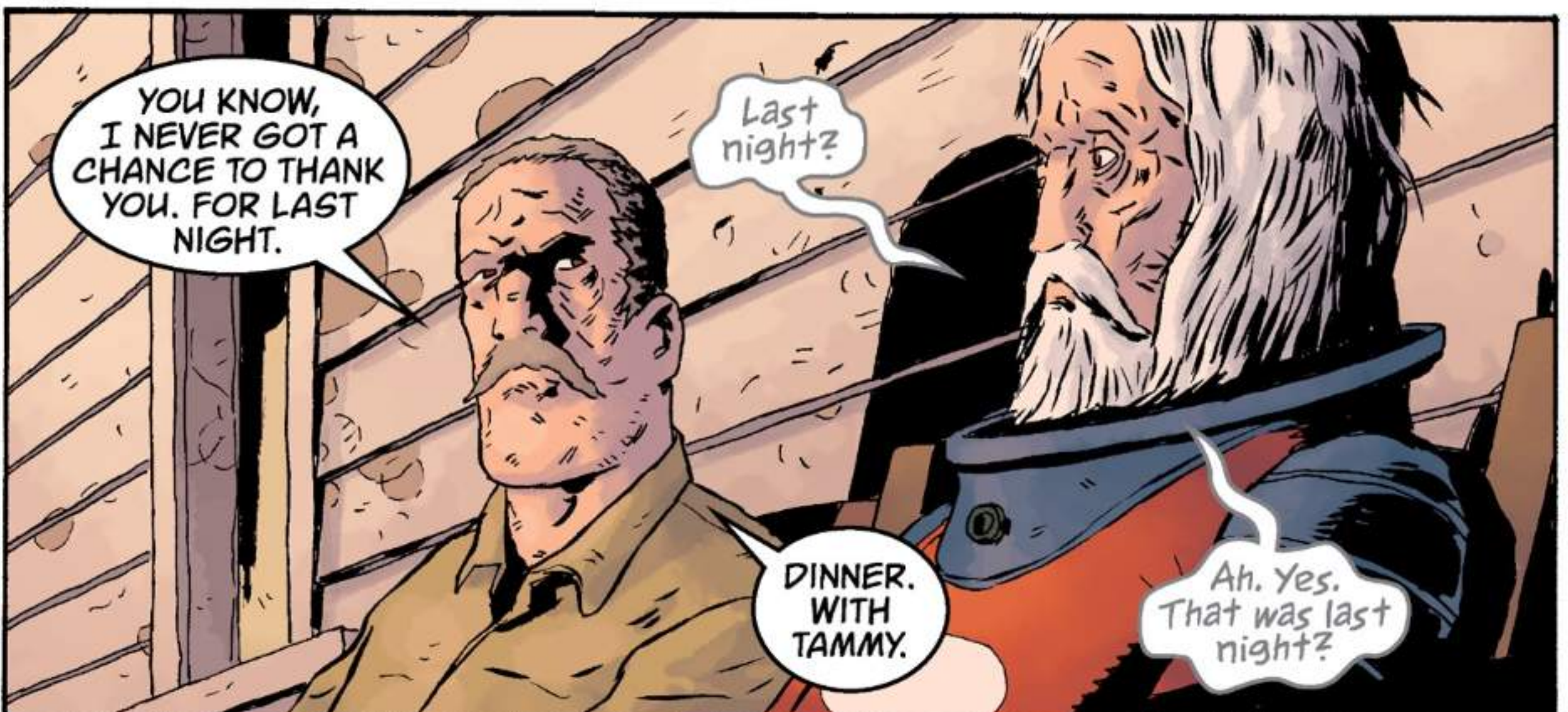


The sunset. Yes...this is the most beautiful sunset I will ever see.

I will join you.



PULL UP A SEAT.



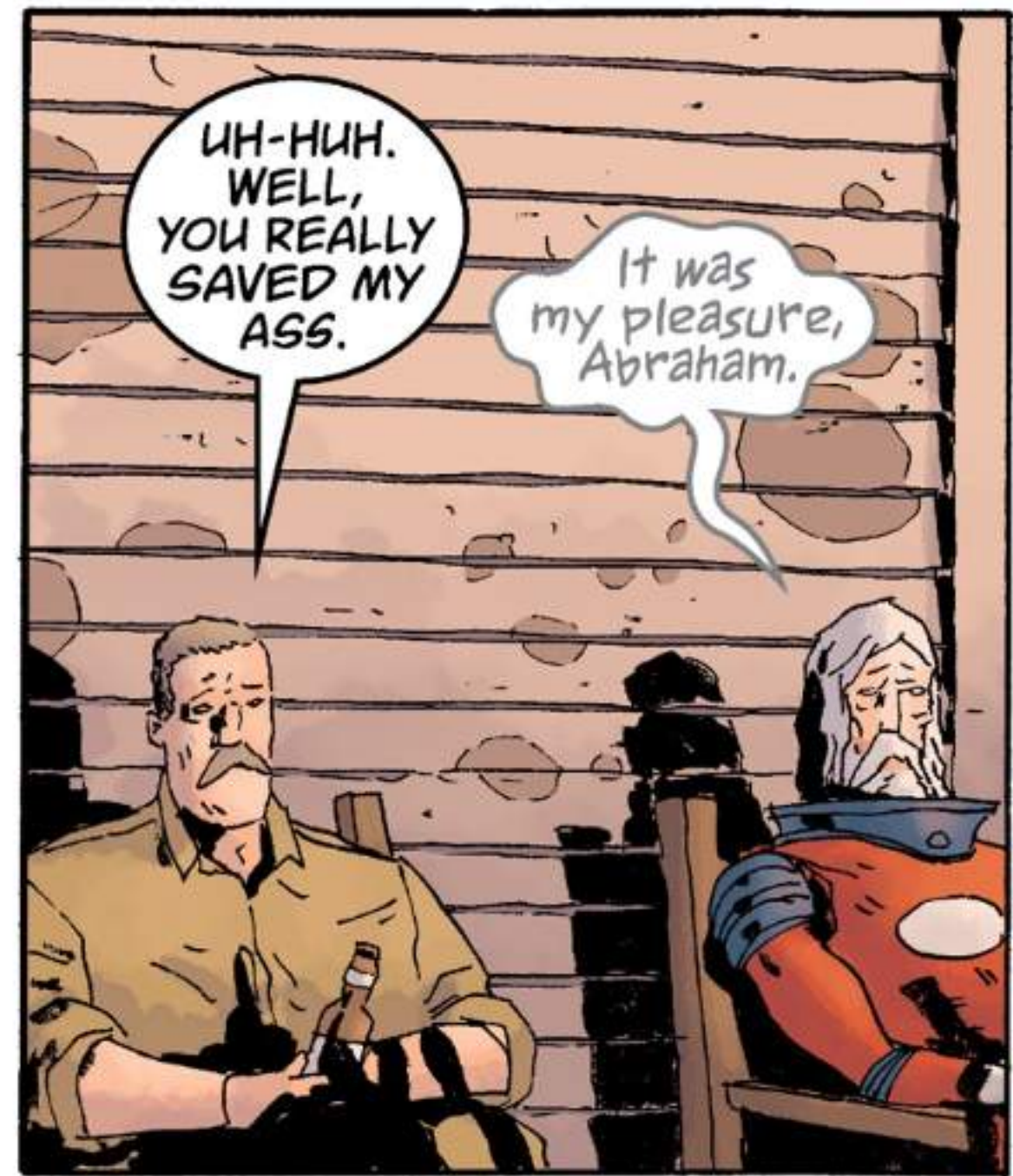
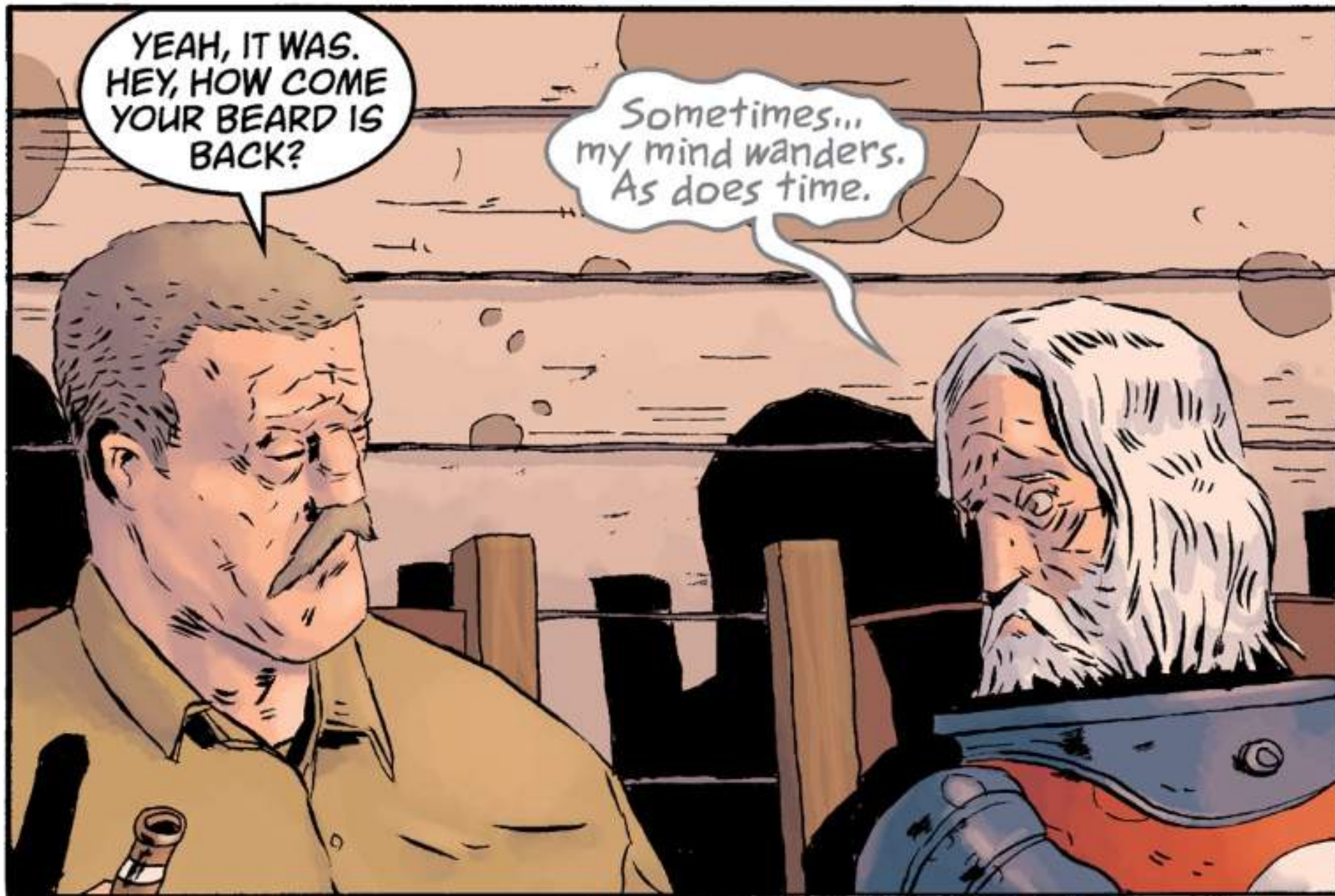
YOU KNOW, I NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO THANK YOU. FOR LAST NIGHT.

Last night?

DINNER. WITH TAMMY.

Ah. Yes. That was last night?

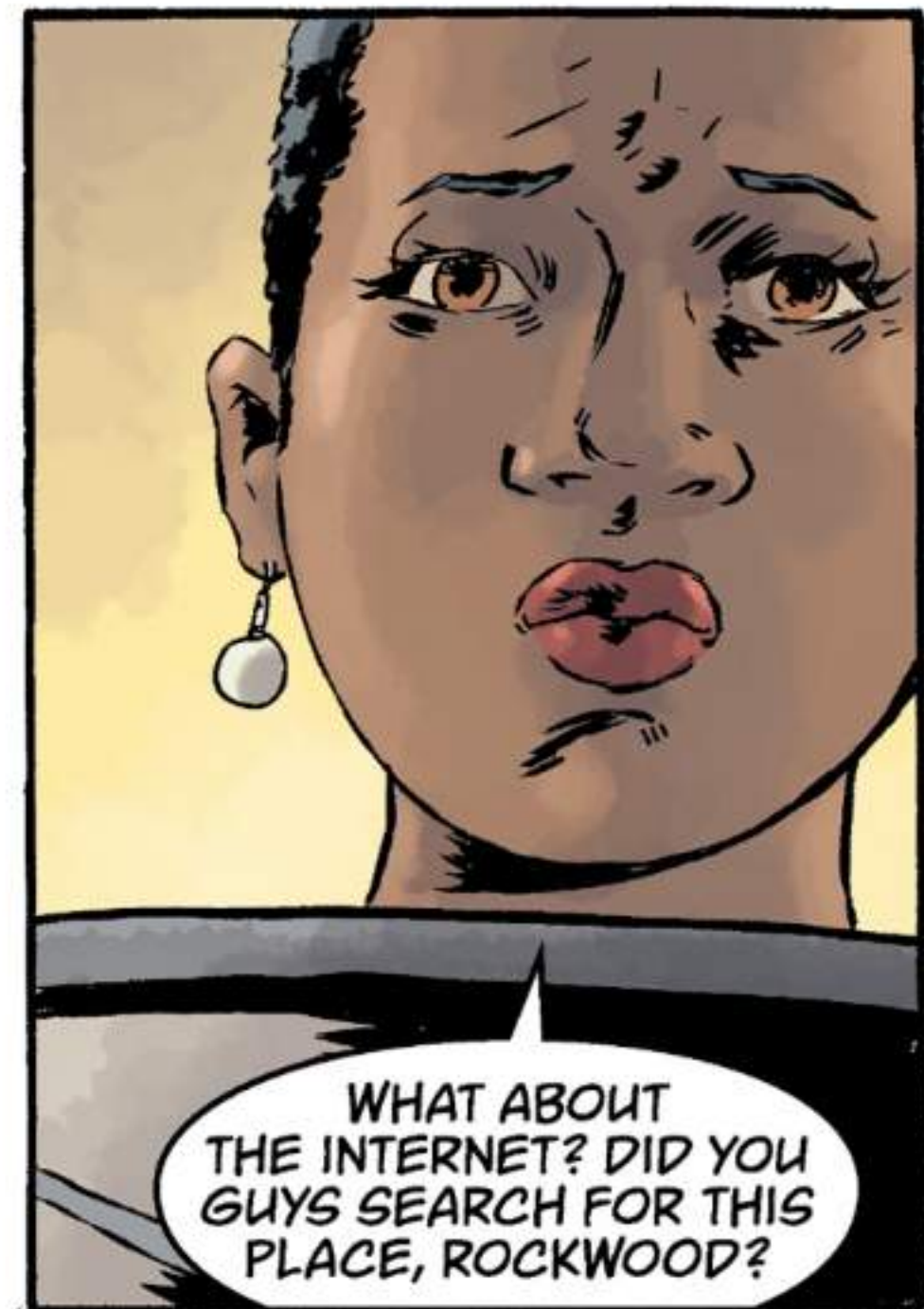
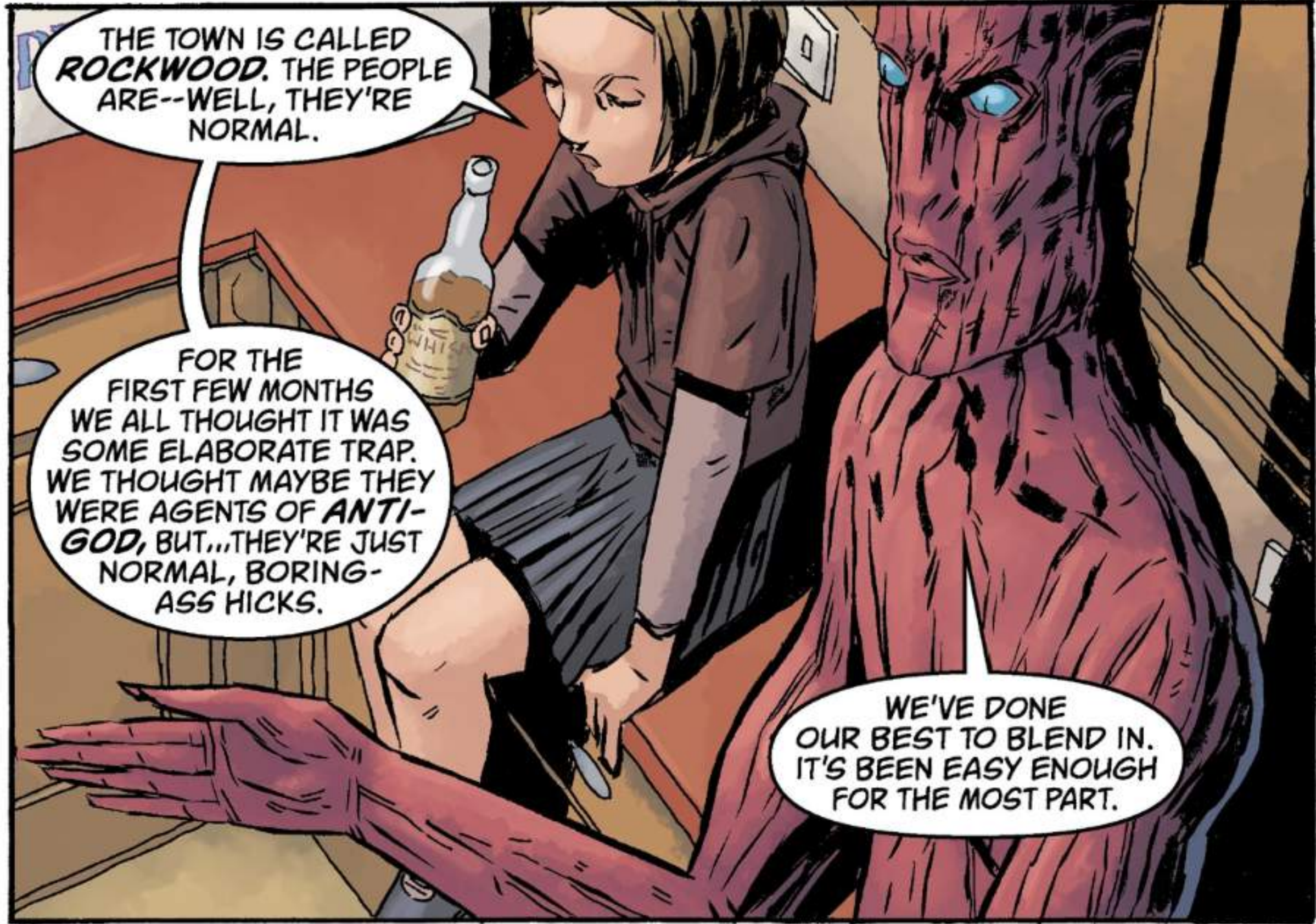
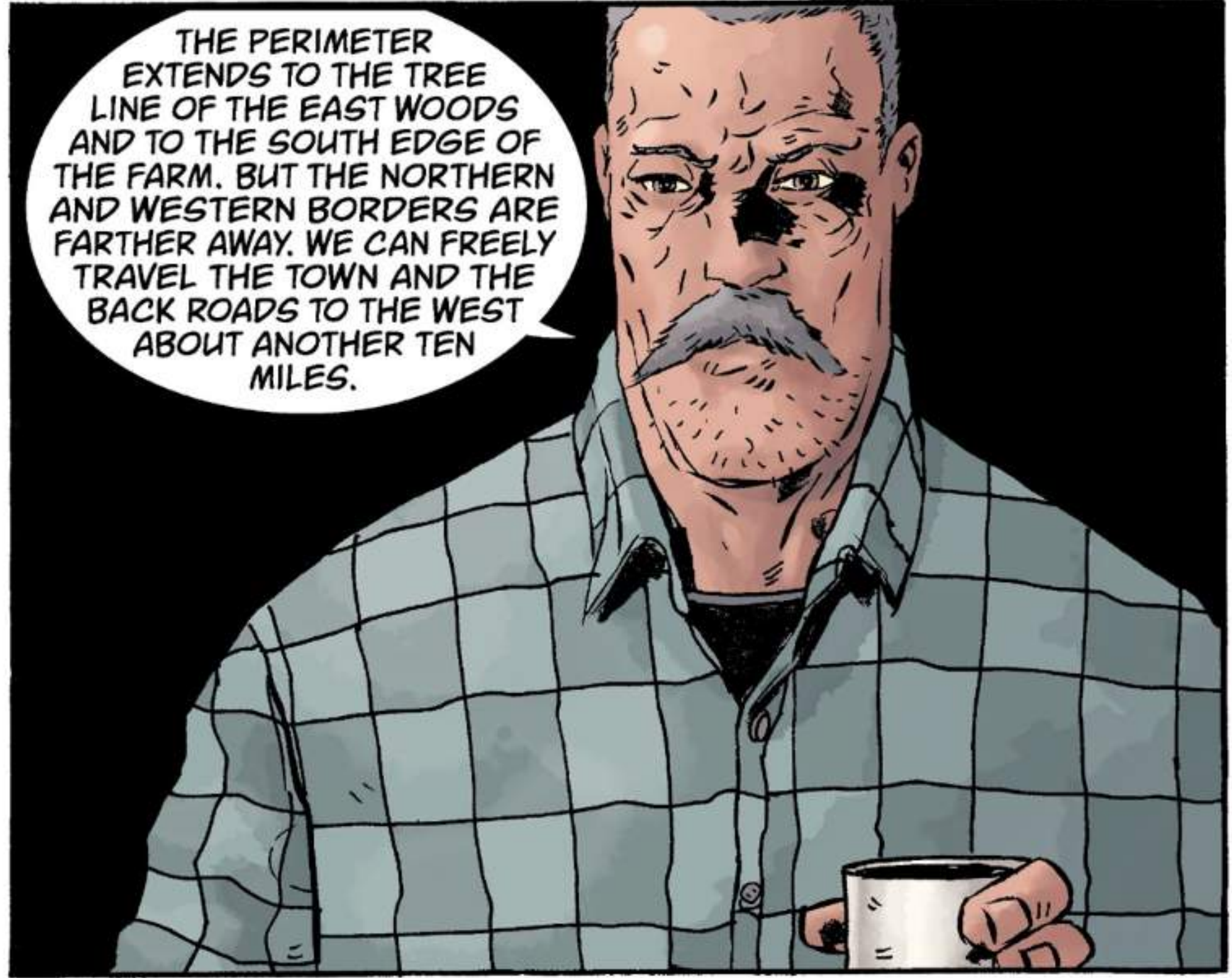








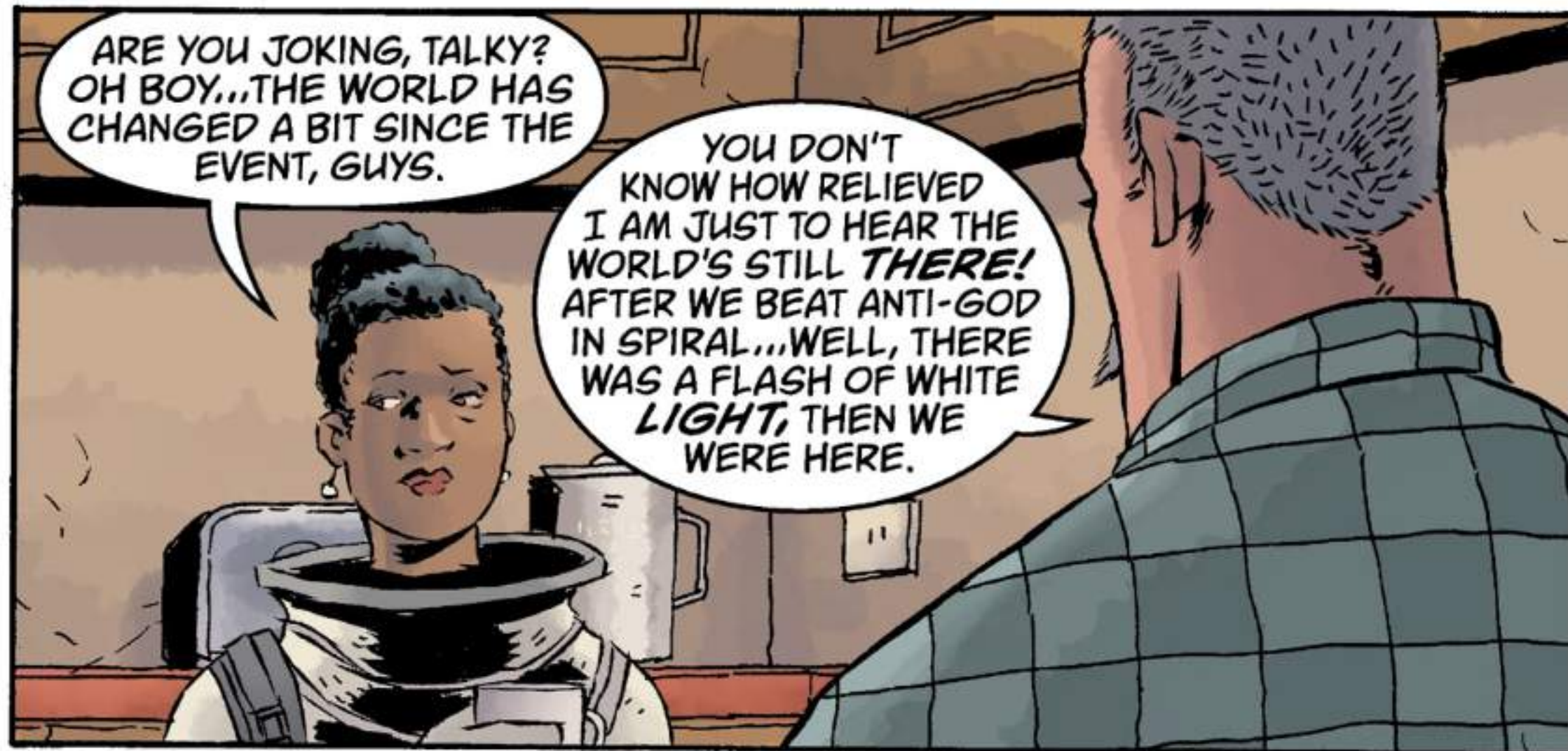






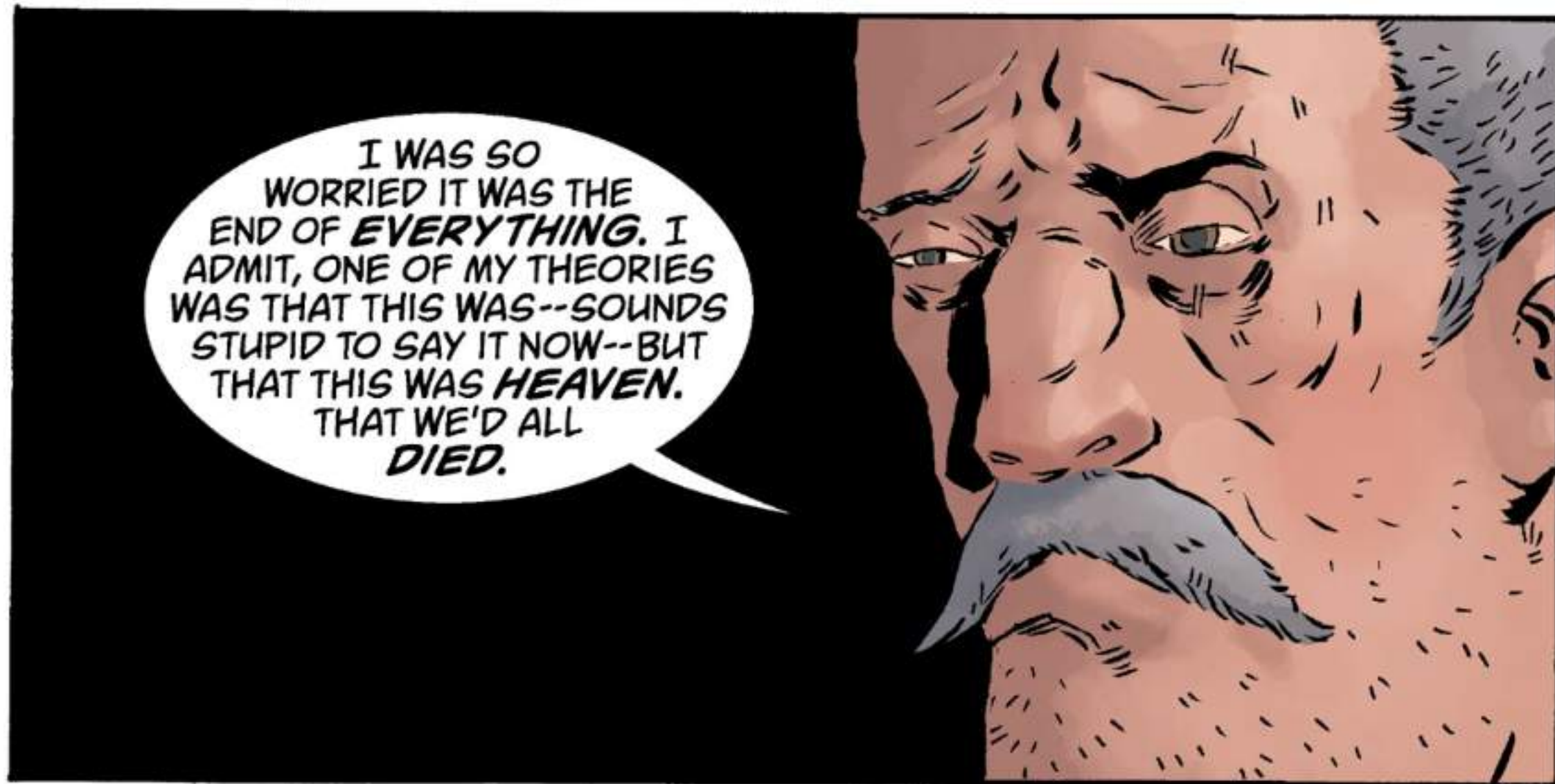


WHAT'S THE INTERNET?

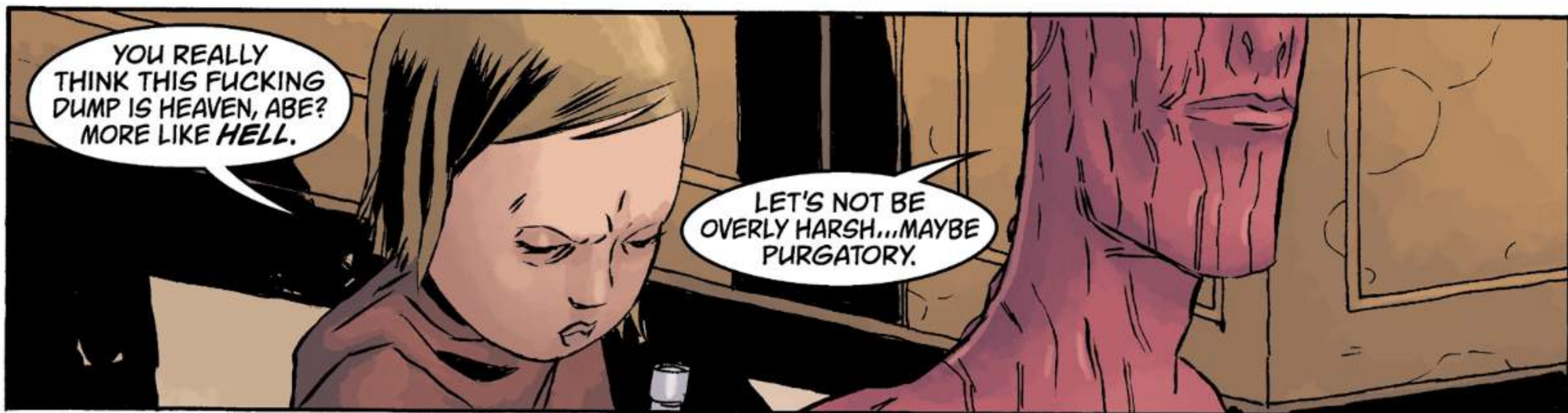


ARE YOU JOKING, TALKY? OH BOY...THE WORLD HAS CHANGED A BIT SINCE THE EVENT, GUYS.

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW RELIEVED I AM JUST TO HEAR THE WORLD'S STILL *THERE!* AFTER WE BEAT ANTI-GOD IN SPIRAL...WELL, THERE WAS A FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT, THEN WE WERE HERE.

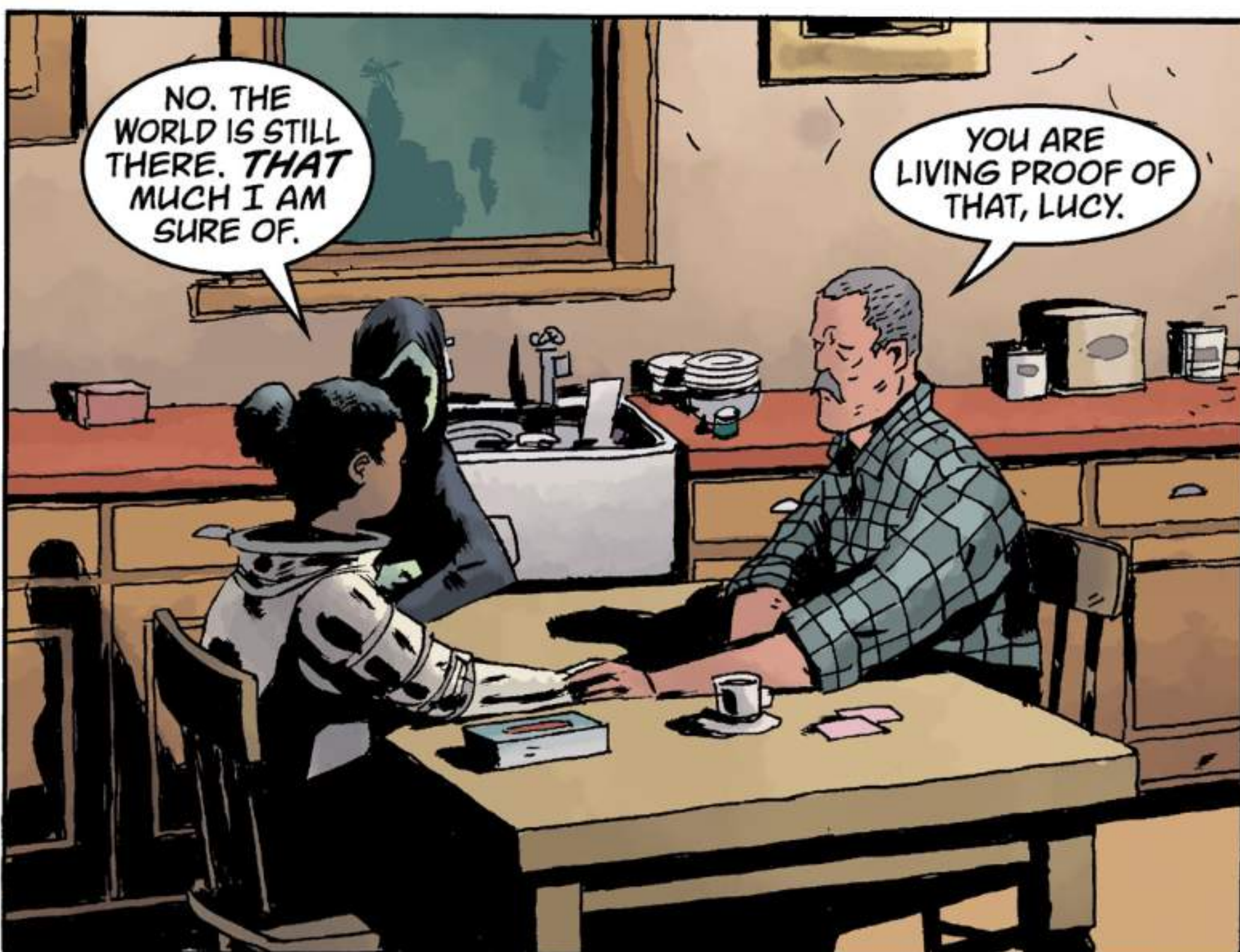


I WAS SO WORRIED IT WAS THE END OF *EVERYTHING*. I ADMIT, ONE OF MY THEORIES WAS THAT THIS WAS--SOUNDS STUPID TO SAY IT NOW--BUT THAT THIS WAS *HEAVEN*. THAT WE'D ALL *DIED*.



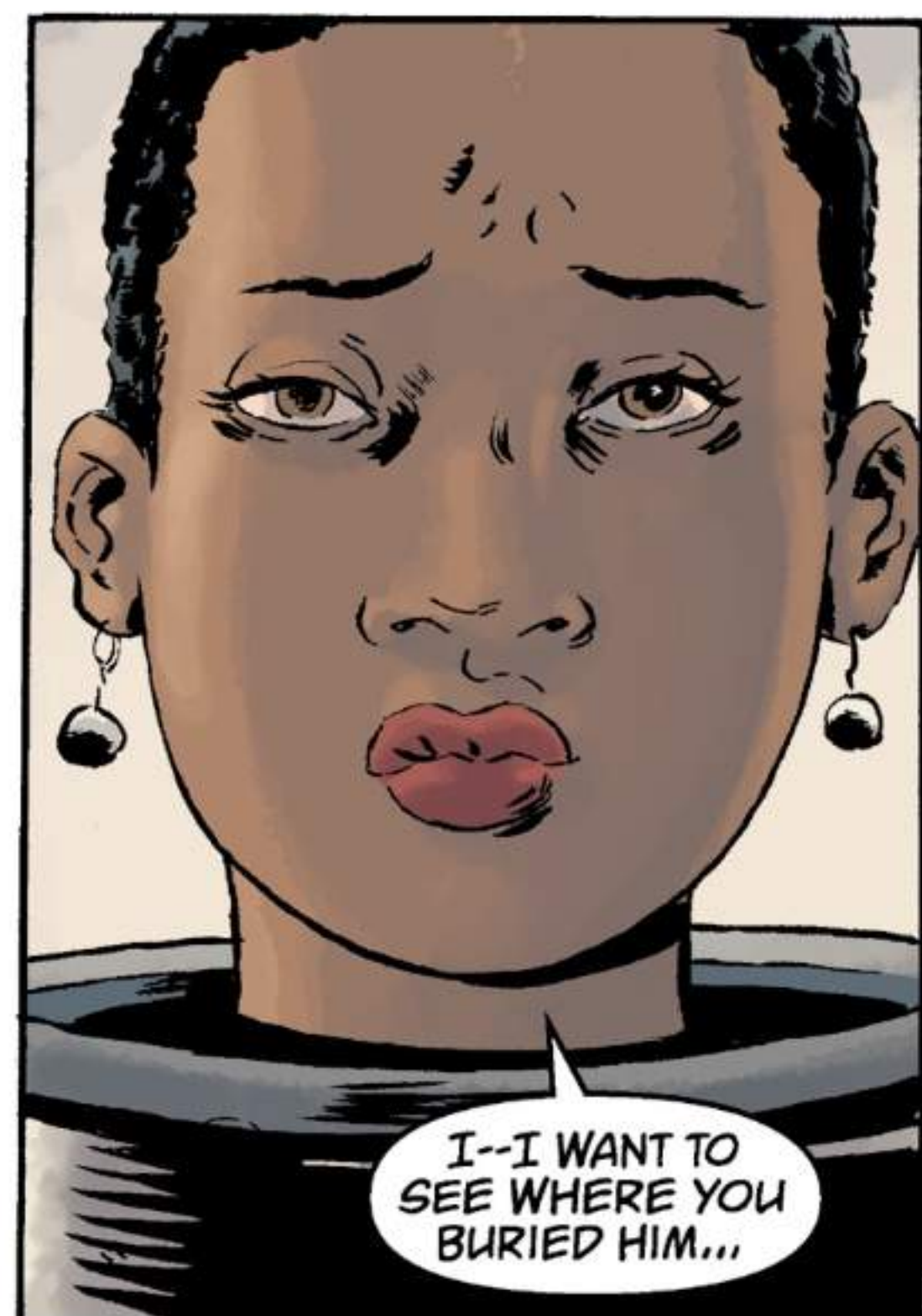
YOU REALLY THINK THIS FUCKING DUMP IS HEAVEN, ABE? MORE LIKE *HELL*.

LET'S NOT BE OVERLY HARSH...MAYBE PURGATORY.



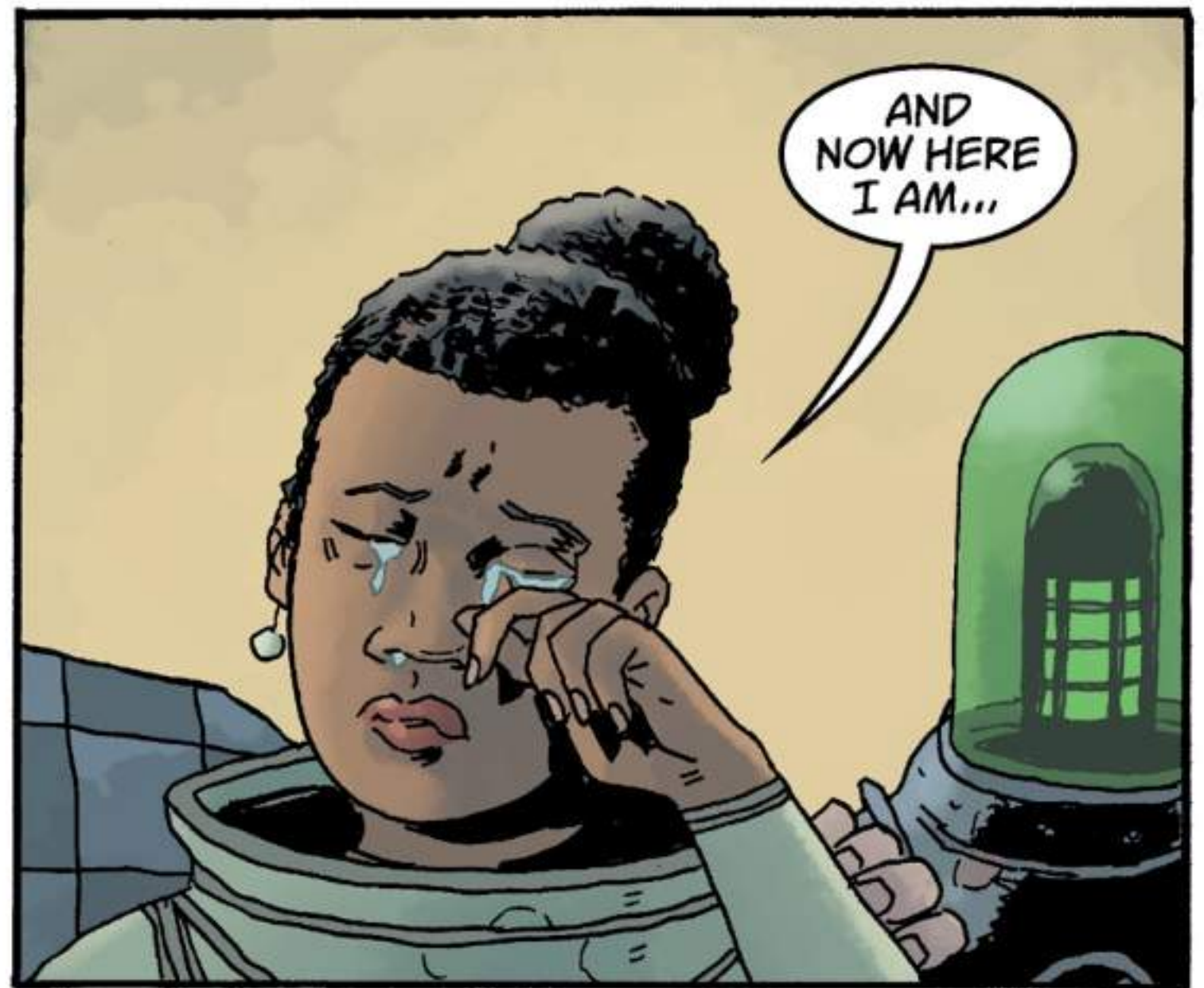
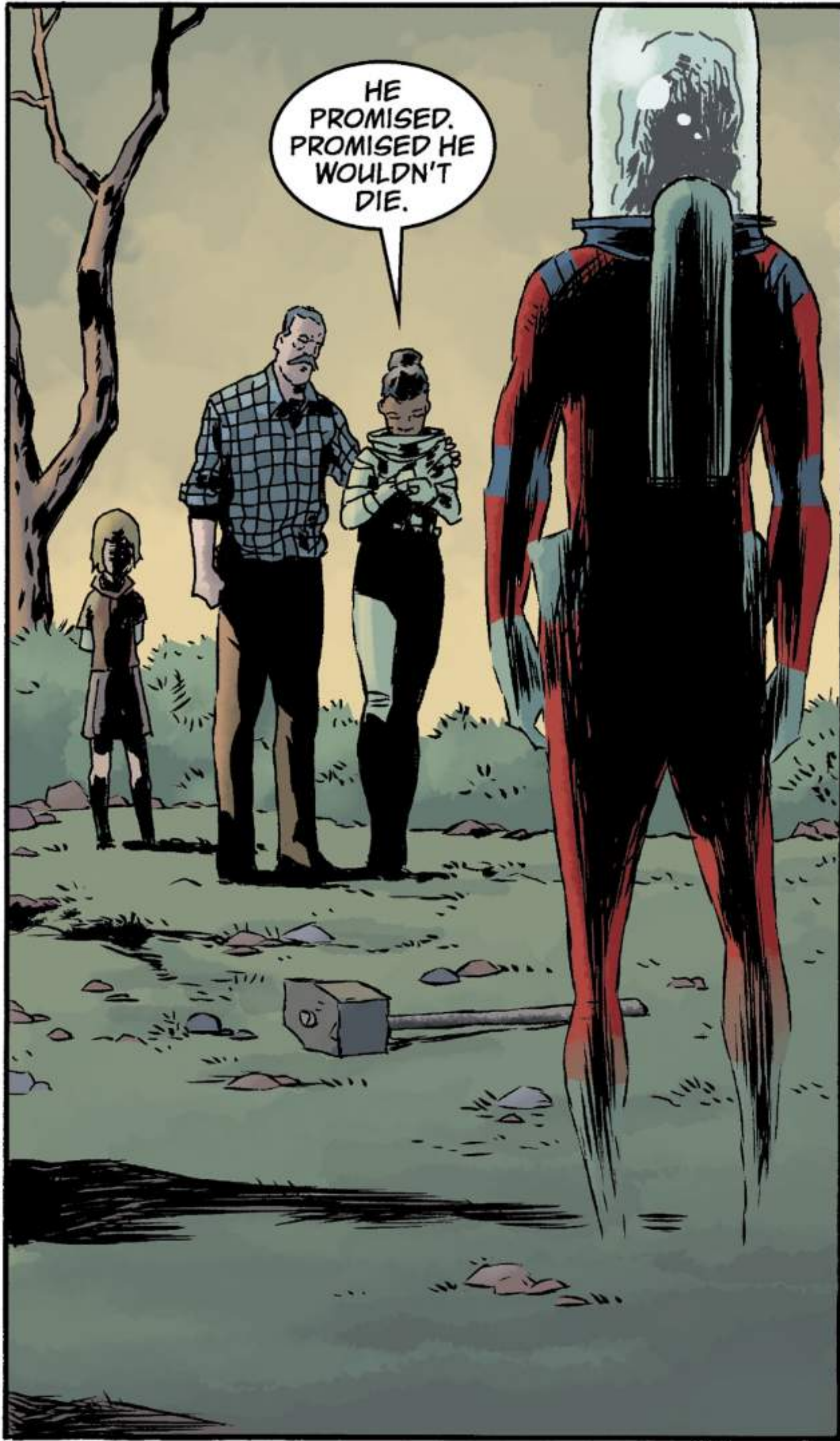
NO. THE WORLD IS STILL THERE. *THAT* MUCH I AM SURE OF.

YOU ARE LIVING PROOF OF THAT, LUCY.

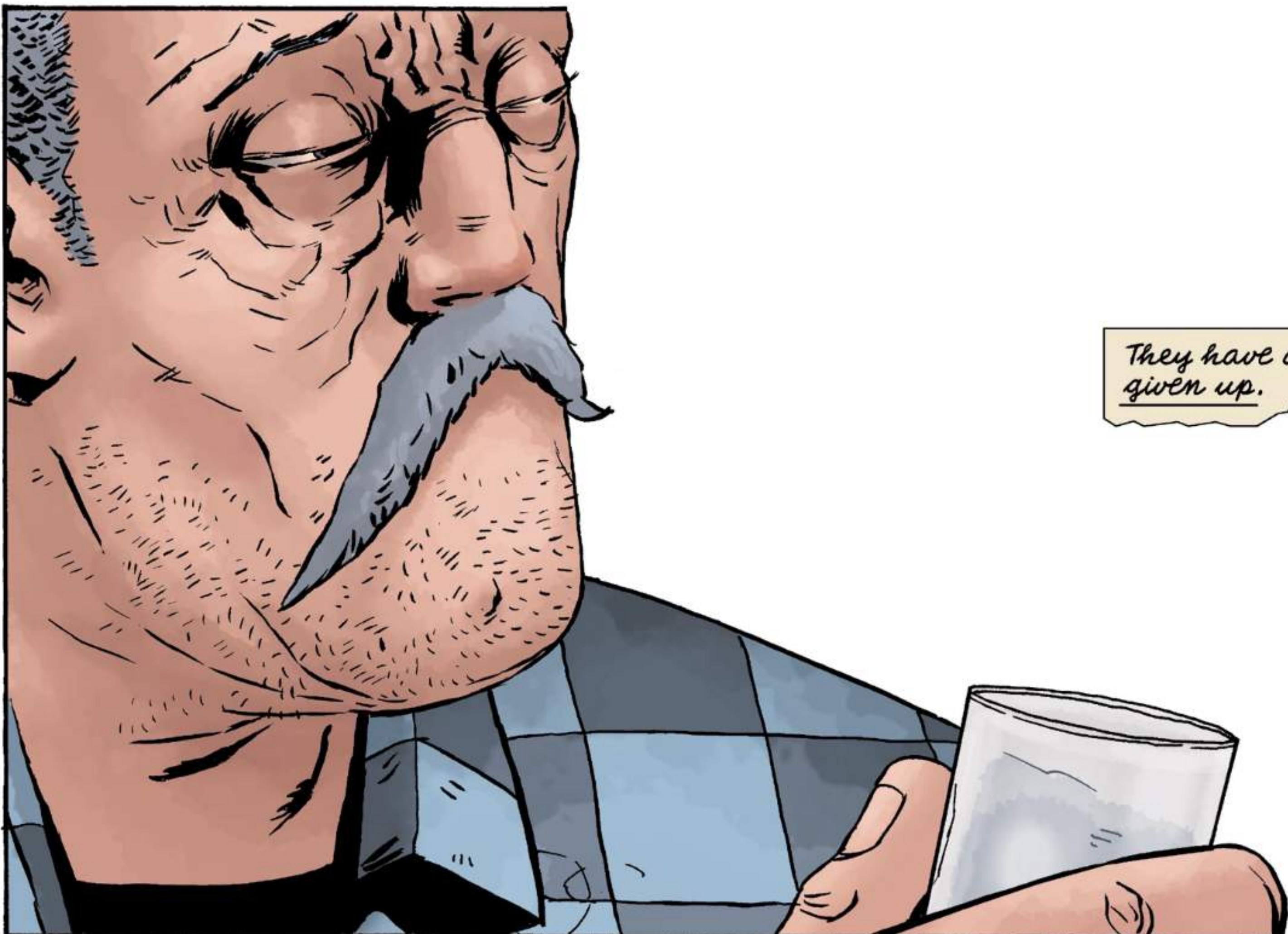
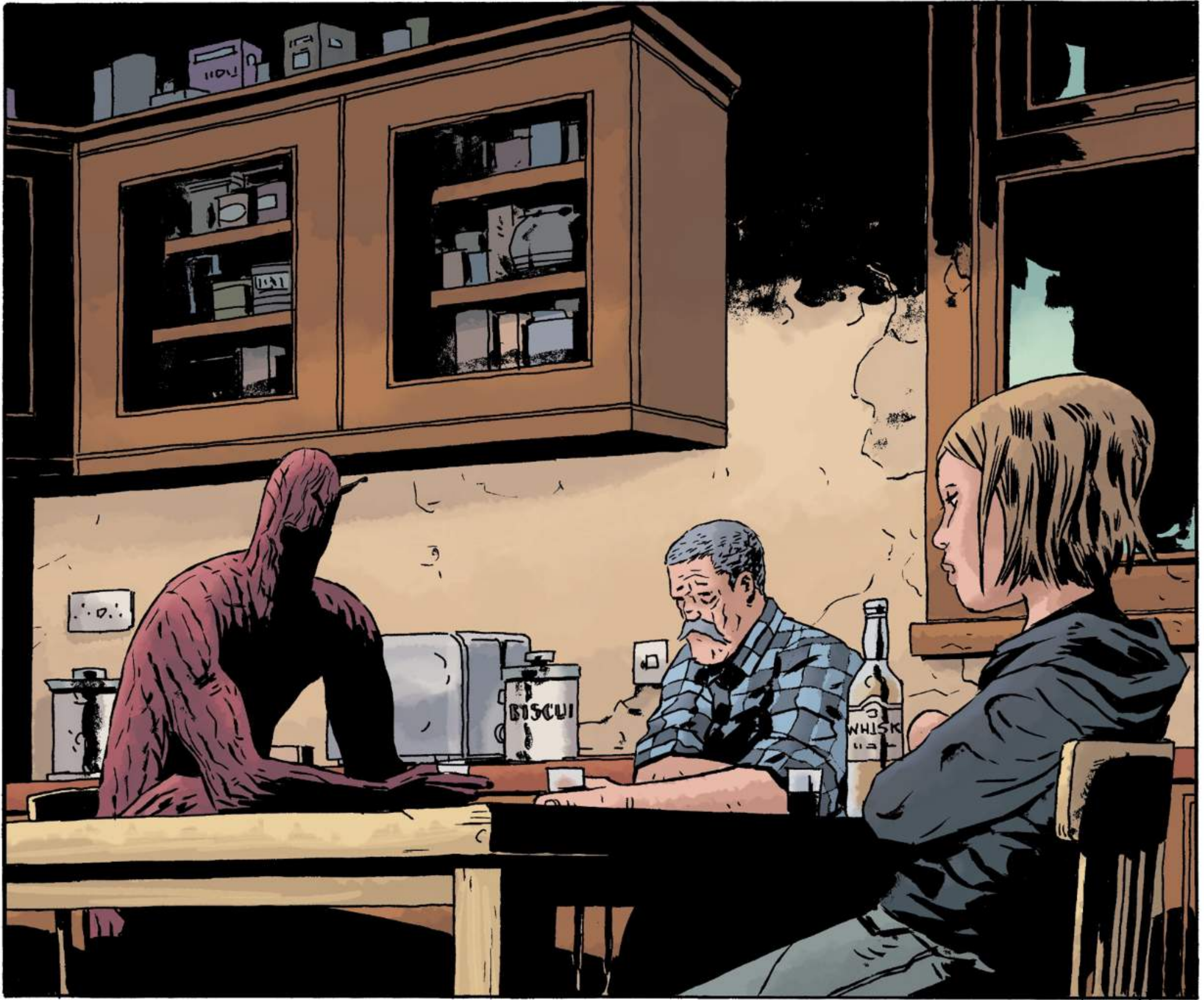


I--I WANT TO SEE WHERE YOU BURIED HIM...



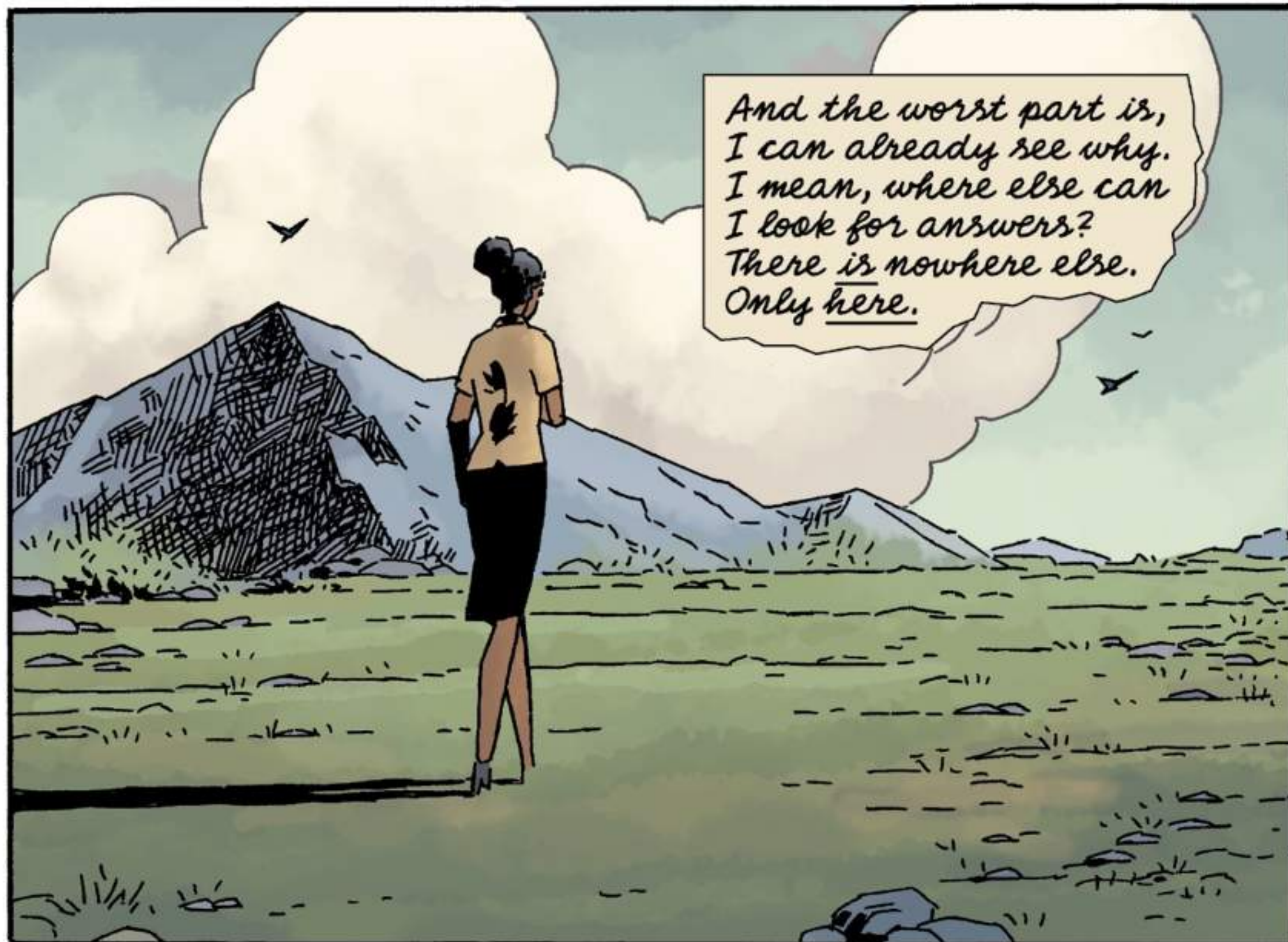






*They have all  
given up.*





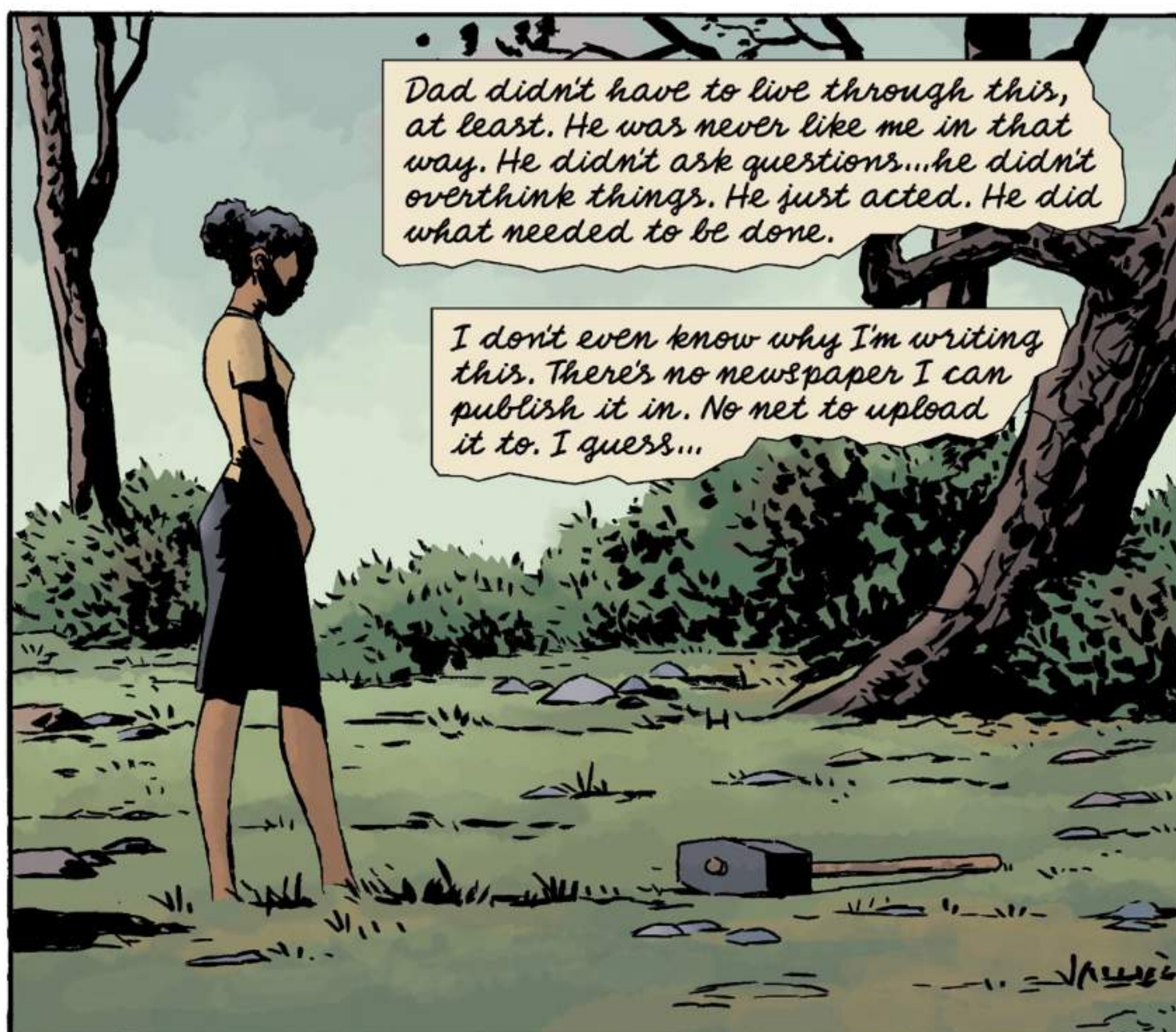
And the worst part is, I can already see why. I mean, where else can I look for answers? There is nowhere else. Only here.



You know, it could almost be peaceful here if it wasn't so damn claustrophobic.



Maybe I'm the foolish one. Maybe I'm going through the same motions they all did when they first arrived. Maybe they already know better. Know that it's useless.



Dad didn't have to live through this, at least. He was never like me in that way. He didn't ask questions...he didn't overthink things. He just acted. He did what needed to be done.

I don't even know why I'm writing this. There's no newspaper I can publish it in. No net to upload it to. I guess...



I guess I'm writing to you, Dad.