









MAY I?
 I-I PROMISE
 I'M NOT BEING
 A CREEP.
 BUT THIS--
 THIS--
 I GET
 IT.
 I--SOMETIMES
 I JUST STARE
 AT IT.
 IT'S LIKE--
 WOW!!
 YOU'RE
 LIKE THE MONA
 LISA HANGING
 OUT AT A FOOD
 CART.
 YOU SHOULD
 BE ENCASED IN
 GLASS.
 YOUR HAND
 SHOULD BE IN A
 FRAME.



HOW
 LONG DID IT
 TAKE?
 DID HE
 TALK TO
 YOU?
 HE
 DIDN'T TALK
 MUCH.
 I HEARD
 THAT.
 BUT HE--
 HOW-HOW
 DID THIS **EVENT**
 HAPPEN? DID YOU--YOU
 DIDN'T MAKE AN
 APPOINTMENT?
 I WAS MEETING
 HIM, THROUGH A
 FRIEND, ANOTHER
 ARTIST, BUT HE
 SAW MY SKIN,
 GRABBED ME, SAT
 ME
 DOWN AND--



DIDN'T
 EVEN ASK
 YOU?



AND
 HE CHOSE
THIS.
 FOR YOU.
THIS.
 HE
 NEVER TOLD
 YOU WHY?

