



Where's your dad?



Stayed in Denver to write Sunday's sermon.

Said he'd be too distracted staying up late with you and talking about girls.



He did not.

No, but I could tell he was *thinking* it.



He told me to give this to you. Said you should open it when I'm not around.

I think it's a list of my bad habits.



Doubt it. He said those would be in a binder. A big one.



And that's just volume one.



YOLANDA!



Hey, Temp!

Honeysuckle says you're a vampire now.

I can turn into a bat and everything! I go flying every night!

Wouldn't be much of a vampire if you couldn't, right?



TEMPLETON BLAKE! INSIDE! NOW! HONEYSUCKLE!

*Ursula Blake. Templeton's mother. A widow ever since Temp's father got drunk and drove himself into Sunshine Canyon. And one of the few survivors the day it rained on Jackdaw Street.*



I got him. I'll be right back to help with that horrible chair before it gets soaked.

Wait 'til you see the matching painting.

Velvet Elvis.

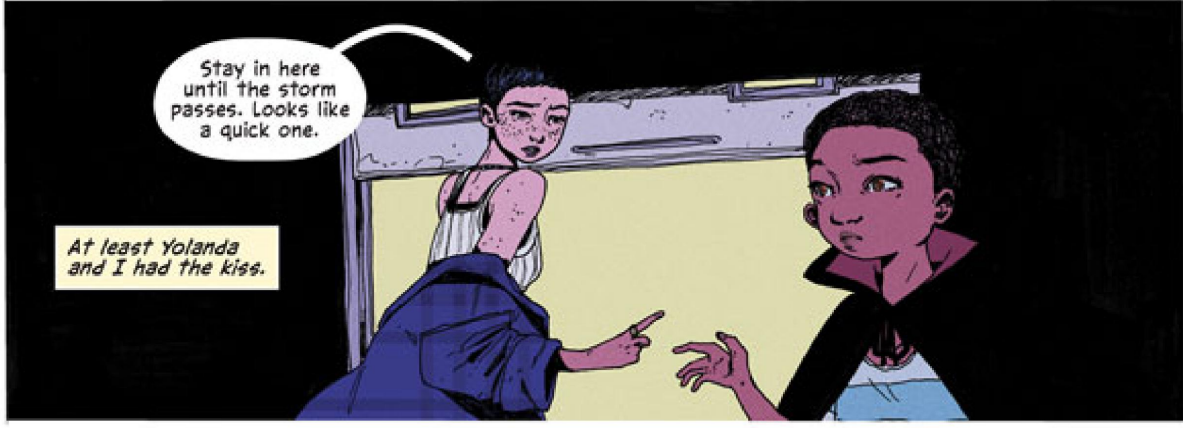
Those were the last words she said to me. Fucking Velvet Elvis.

Hurry up, Temp.



Stay in here until the storm passes. Looks like a quick one.

At least Yolanda and I had the kiss.



Ouch!

Can one kiss last a lifetime?



Count yourself lucky if you never have to find out.

