



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.

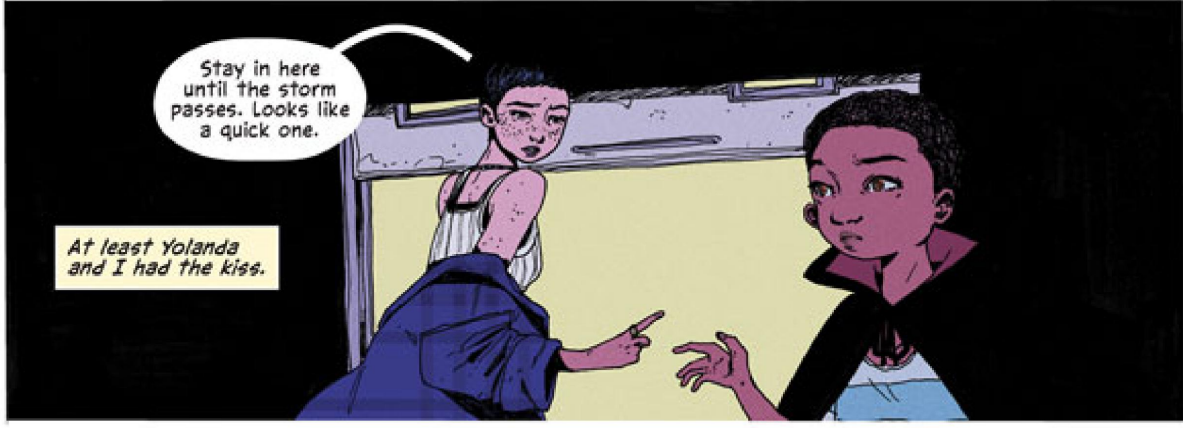
*Those were the last words she said to me. Fucking Velvet Elvis.*

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.*

