



This is how
I remember
my father.



Walking through the
rain, returning home
from a tour somewhere
tough and secret.

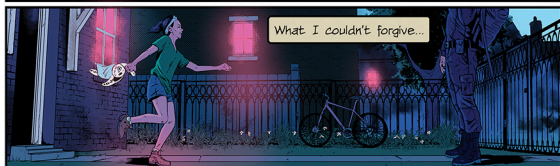


A father whose
love stretched
out all around him.



Enveloping
everyone he
was near.


But more
importantly,
enveloping me.



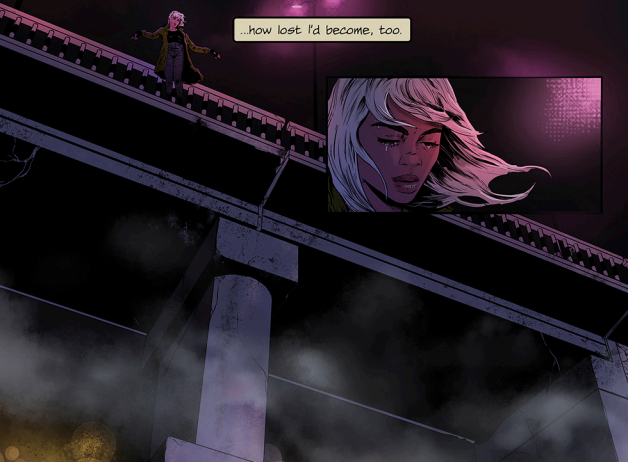


He was lost.

I was angry
at him. Furious.



So angry, in fact,
I didn't notice...



...how lost I'd become, too.





I hadn't known what a homeless person was when he disappeared.

Now I was one.



I'd wanted to be a scientist when I was younger...



...but with new situations come new skills.



And increased fitness.