



PEOPLE ALWAYS TOLD ME AGE DEMANDS RESPECT.



BUT THE PEOPLE WHO TOLD ME THAT?

THEY WERE ALL *OLD*.



EVERYTHING I SAW AROUND ME TOLD A DIFFERENT STORY.

OLD PEOPLE WERE WEAK. *OLD WOMEN* ESPECIALLY.

I *NEVER* WANTED TO GET OLD--

AND NOW SURROUNDED BY GRANDMAS TURNED MURDERERS, MAYBE I NEVER WOULD.

EVERYTHING
HERE IS
MINE!

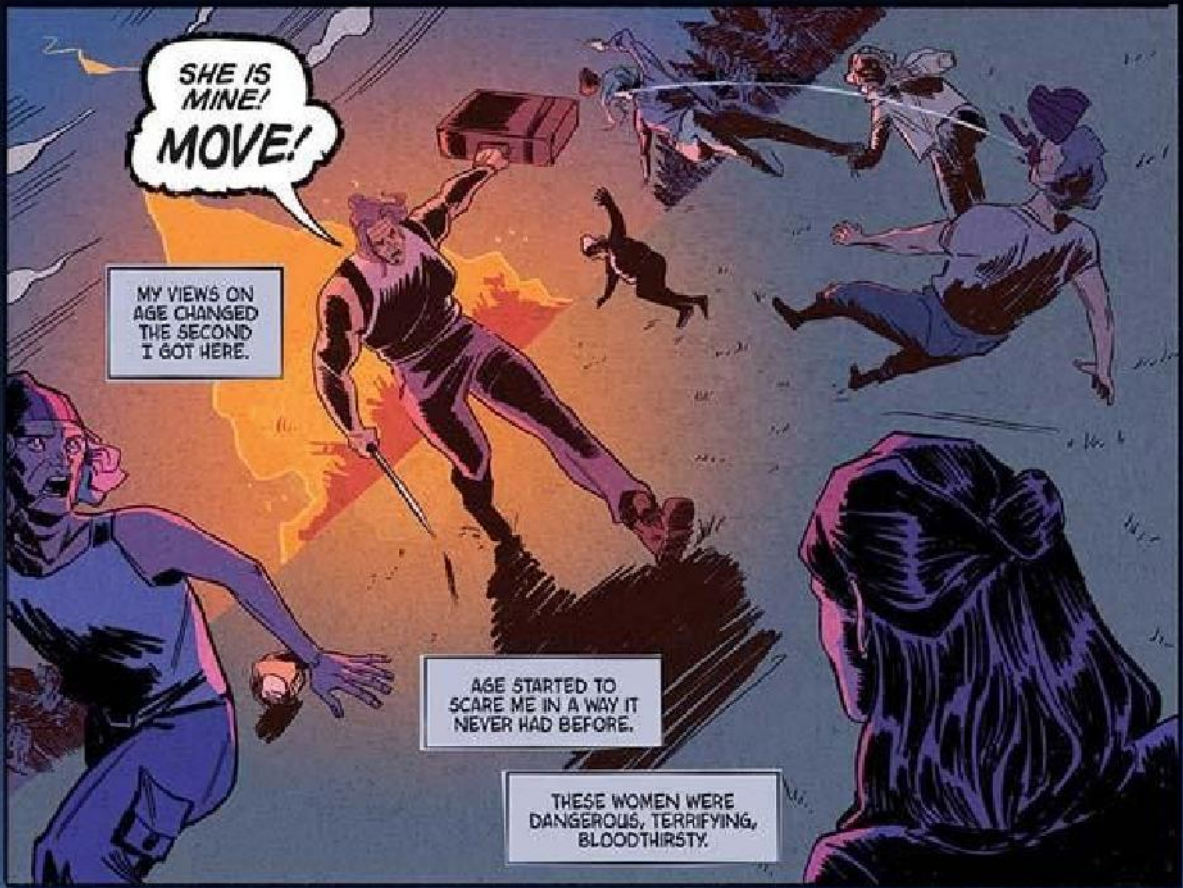
LEAVE
THOSE BAGS
ALONE!

VIA,
VECCHIACCIE!

WAIT,
WHO IS
THAT?

SHE'S...





SHE IS MINE!
MOVE!

MY VIEWS ON AGE CHANGED THE SECOND I GOT HERE.

AGE STARTED TO SCARE ME IN A WAY IT NEVER HAD BEFORE.

THESE WOMEN WERE DANGEROUS, TERRIFYING, BLOODTHIRSTY.



I IMAGINED WHAT NIGHTMARES LAY AHEAD.



COME WITH ME IF YOU WANT A BATH.