

Begin at the beginning...



...and go on



Till you come to the end...



...then stop.

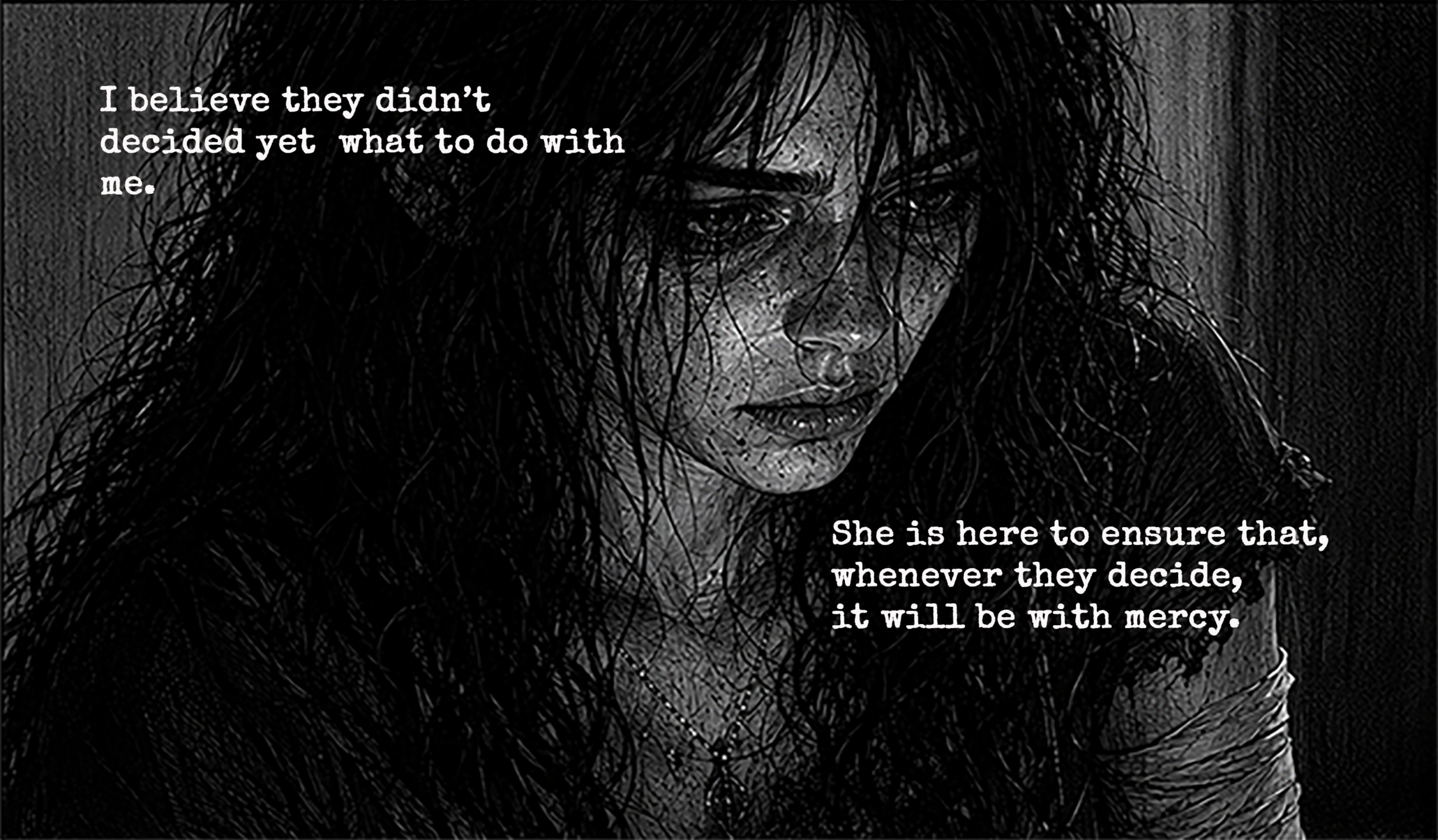


-- The King of Hearts



She was there. As
always.

Reading what is left of my mind,
with the care of who fears what can
find.



I believe they didn't
decided yet what to do with
me.

She is here to ensure that,
whenever they decide,
it will be with mercy.



Drowning Pool at
maximum volume.

LET THE BODIES

This always ripped
me away from myself.

Don't work
anymore

HIT THE FLOOR

"Temporary Stay."

That's what they call it when they bring you back in pieces and nobody knows yet if you've returned on the right side.

Marble, expensive tapestries, and surveillance that doesn't bother to disguise itself.

My father, too worried to hide it.

Valerie, searching my head for contamination.

The Prince is waiting for an answer that I myself do not have.

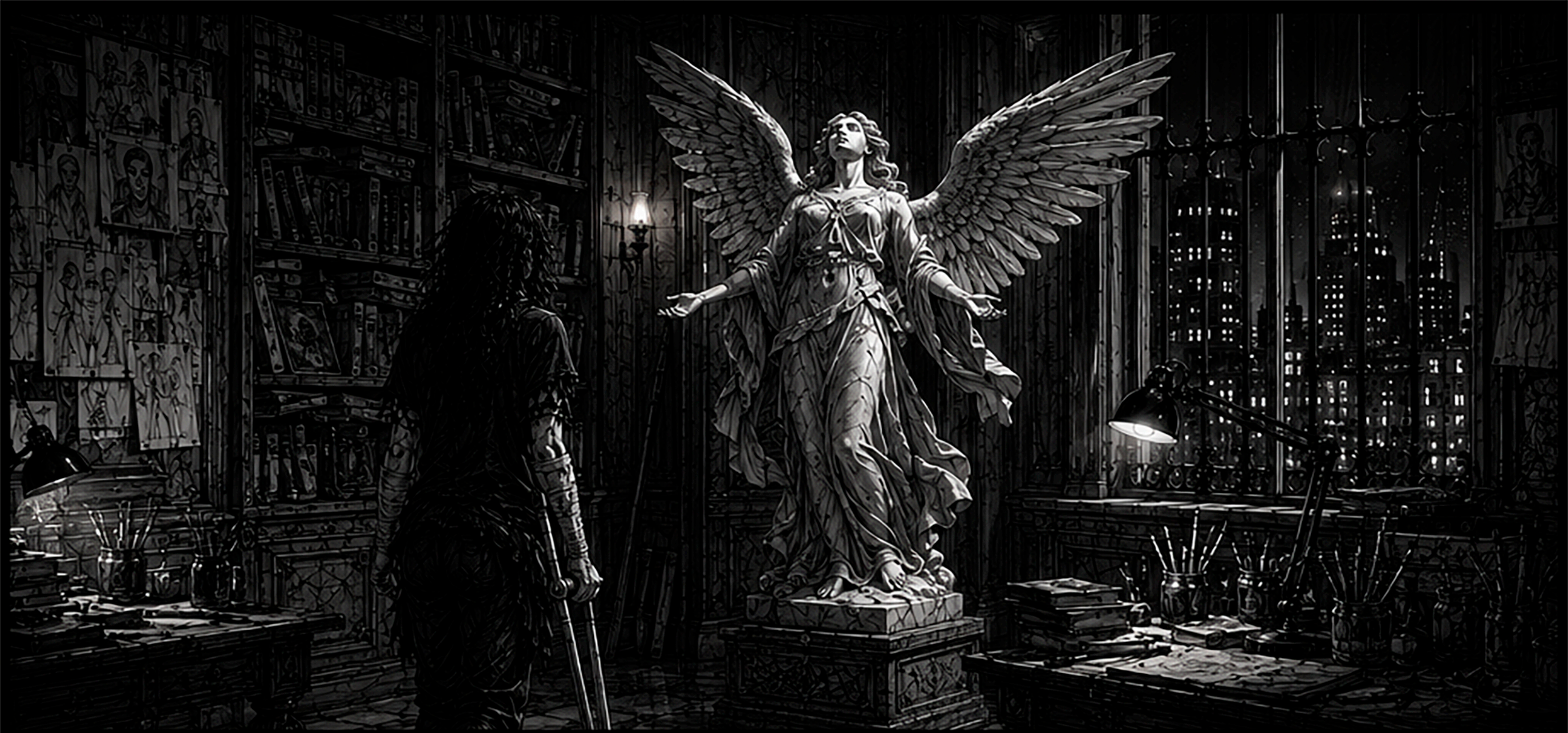
But actually, I'm grounded.



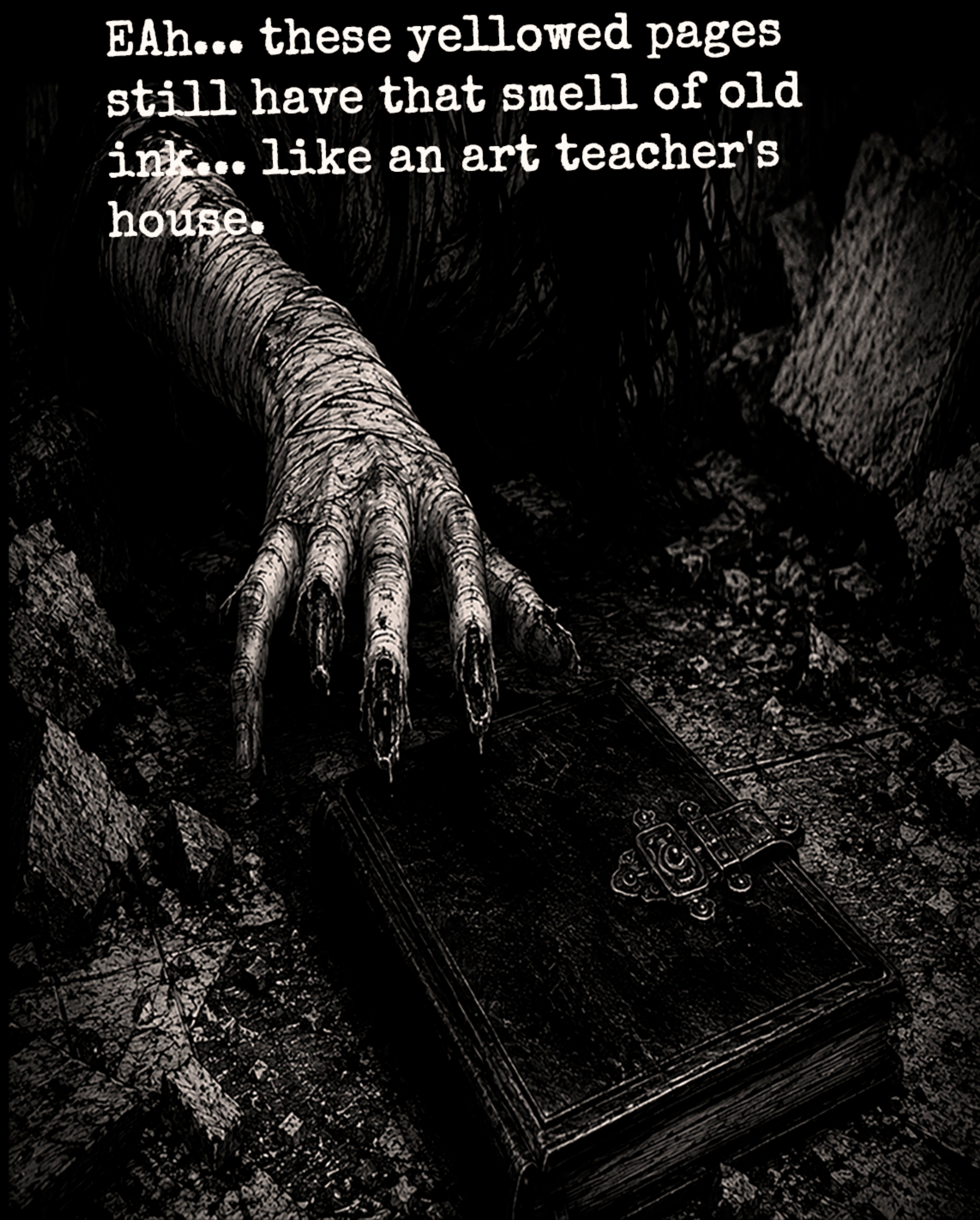
What regenerated,
regenerated crookedly.

In practice:
nobody knows if
what's left of me
is still me.

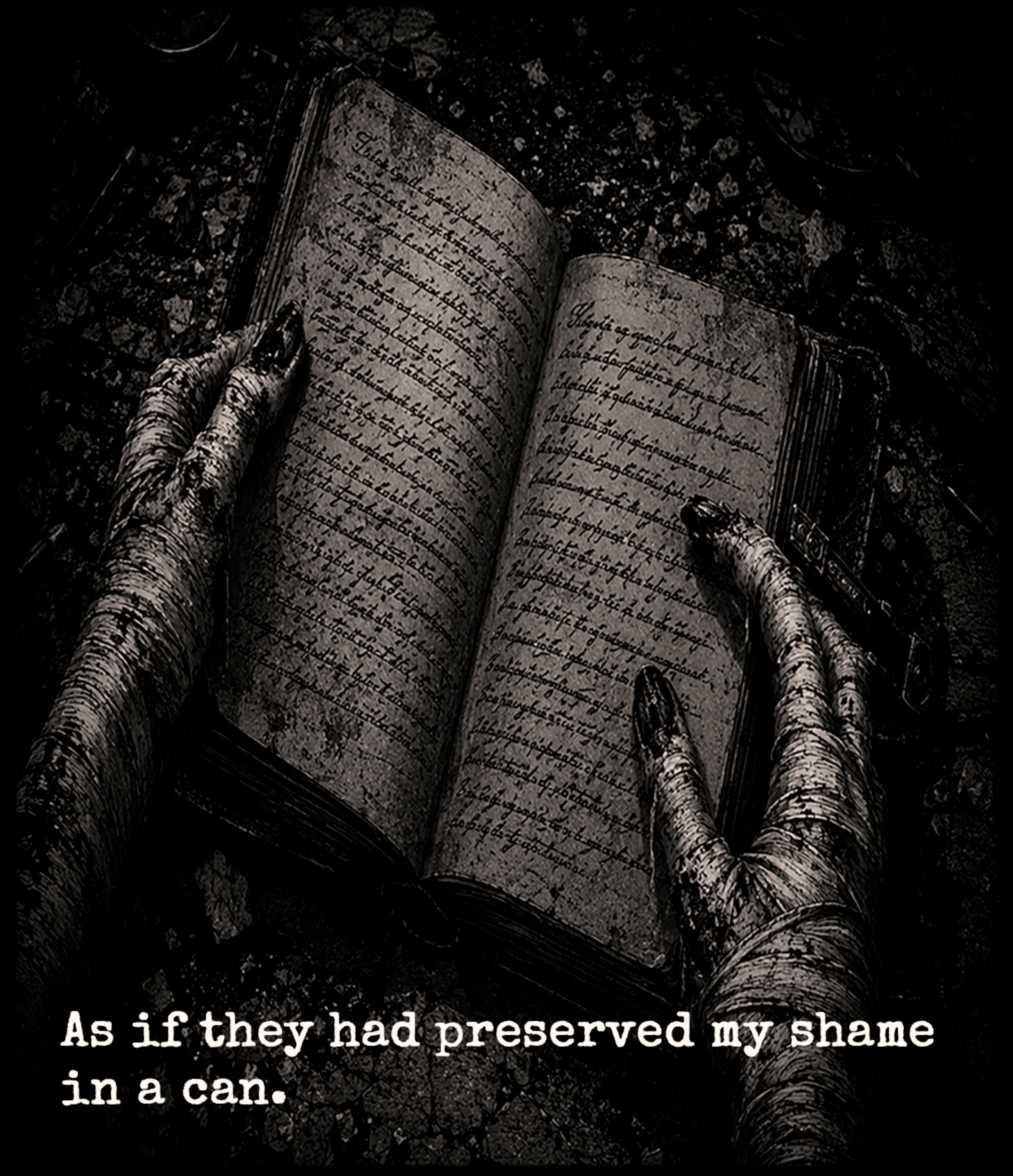
... in a very
foul mood



EAh... these yellowed pages
still have that smell of old
ink... like an art teacher's
house.



As if they had preserved my shame
in a can.

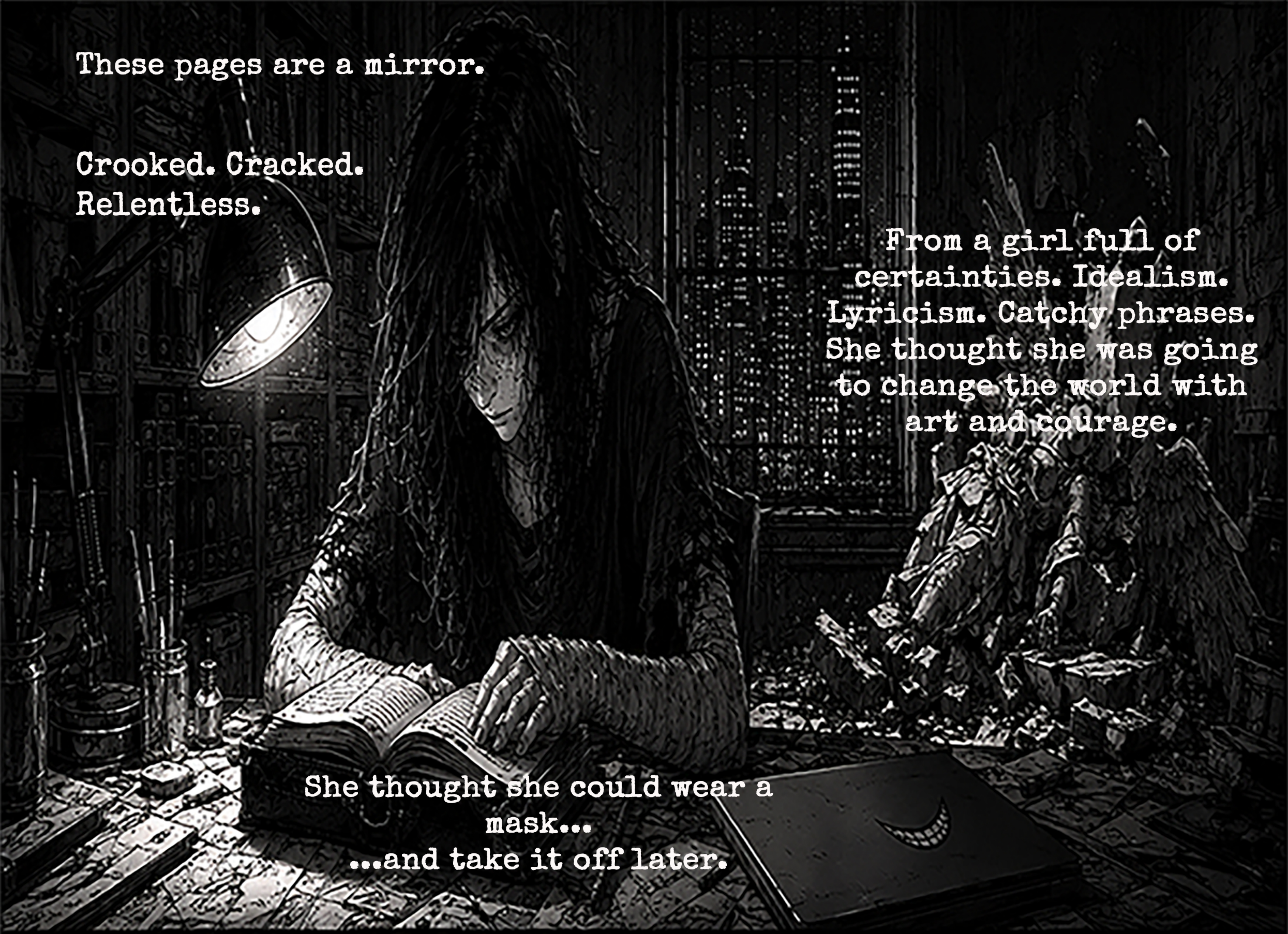


"What could young, innocent
Alice have written here? And
when, exactly, did she have the
good sense to stop?"



As if I didn't remember...

...but I remember very well.

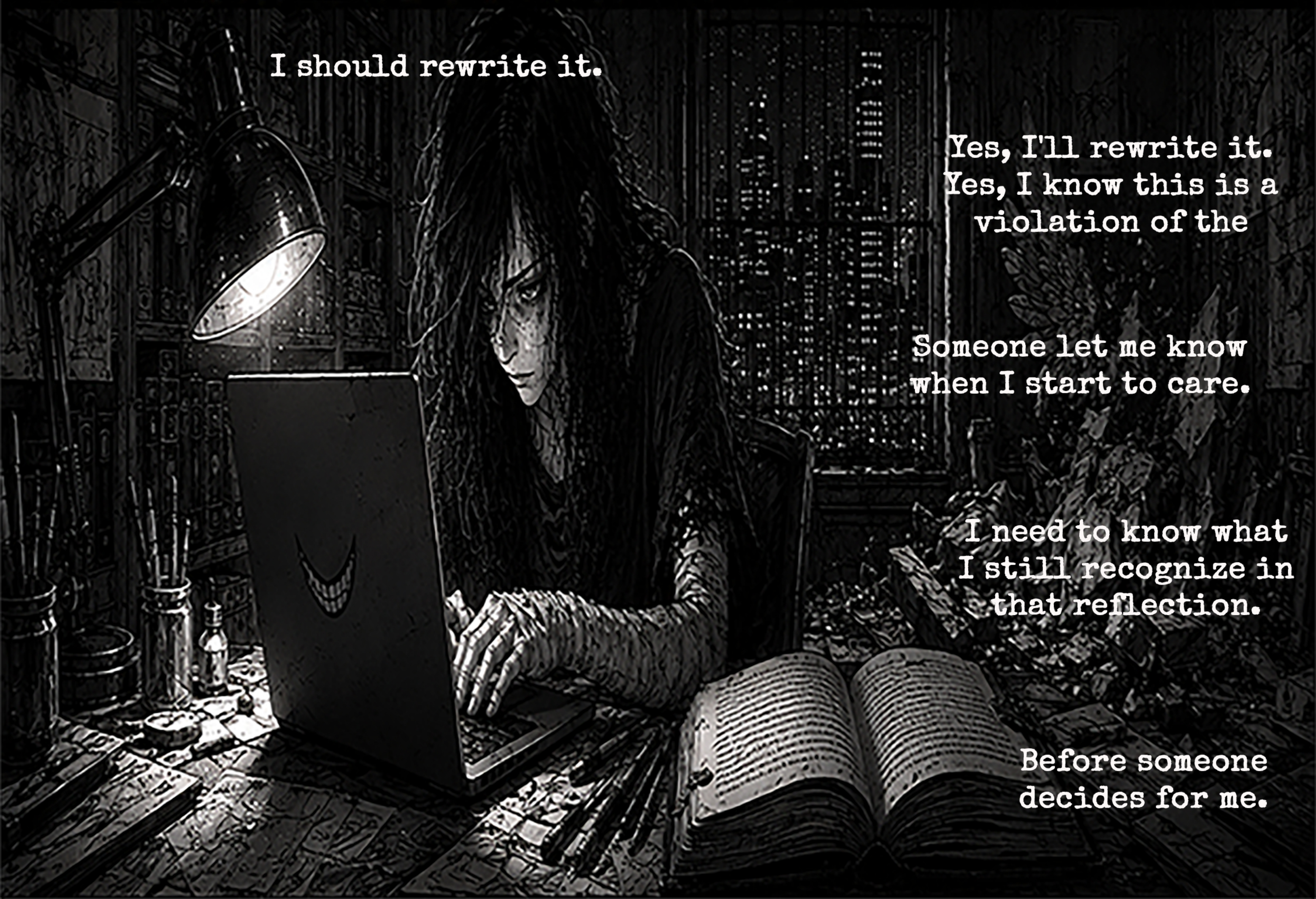


These pages are a mirror.

Crooked. Cracked.
Relentless.

From a girl full of
certainties. Idealism.
Lyricism. Catchy phrases.
She thought she was going
to change the world with
art and courage.

She thought she could wear a
mask...
...and take it off later.



I should rewrite it.

Yes, I'll rewrite it.
Yes, I know this is a
violation of the

Someone let me know
when I start to care.

I need to know what
I still recognize in
that reflection.

Before someone
decides for me.

My story isn't a fairy tale.

**My rabbit hole didn't lead to
Wonderland. It led to a World of
Darkness.**

And I went down.

Deeper

and

deeper.

So that's it.

Let's start from the beginning.

Before the mask.

**Before I believed I could play at being
a monster...**

**...and get out without losing
some pieces.**