

Sunstone™

Volume 5



Stjepan Sejic



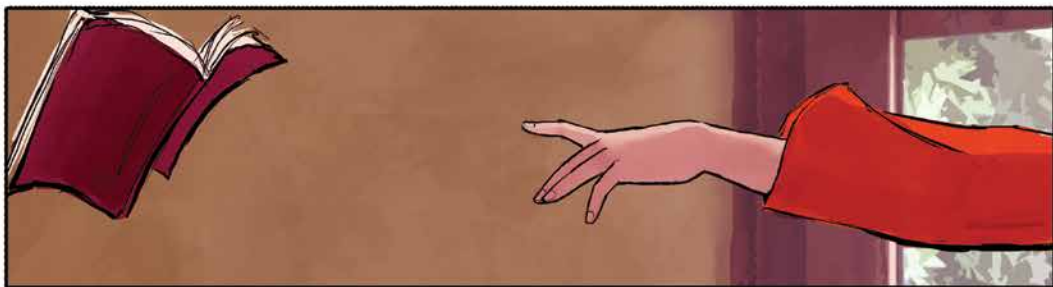
MY APPRECIATION

MY FRIEND

MY JEALOUSY











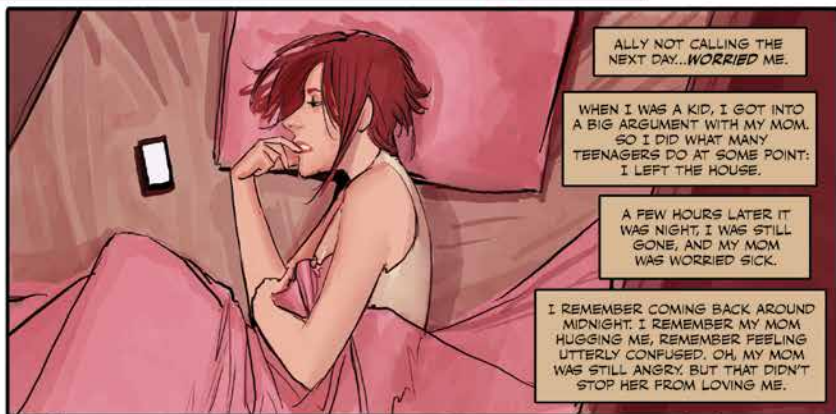
TWO DAYS AGO, MY BROTHER MIKE BROUGHT ME TO MY PARENTS' PLACE.

SO, HOW COME...

PLEASE, MIKE... LET'S NOT, OKAY?

I WAS PISSED OFF, AND I NEEDED TO COOL DOWN.

I WON'T LIE...ALLY NOT CALLING THAT NIGHT *HURT* ME...



ALLY NOT CALLING THE NEXT DAY...*WORRIED* ME.

WHEN I WAS A KID, I GOT INTO A BIG ARGUMENT WITH MY MOM. SO I DID WHAT MANY TEENAGERS DO AT SOME POINT: I LEFT THE HOUSE.

A FEW HOURS LATER IT WAS NIGHT, I WAS STILL GONE, AND MY MOM WAS WORRIED SICK.

I REMEMBER COMING BACK AROUND MIDNIGHT. I REMEMBER MY MOM HUGGING ME, REMEMBER FEELING UTTERLY CONFUSED. OH, MY MOM WAS STILL ANGRY, BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP HER FROM LOVING ME.



THIS FELT SIMILAR...

I WAS WORRIED. IN THOSE MOMENTS, DARK THOUGHTS START STORMING YOUR MIND...PARANOID FEARS. I NEEDED TO KNOW SHE WAS OKAY...

ANGER COULD WAIT...



BUT HEY, NOBODY SAID I WAS JUST GONNA *STOP* BEING AN IDIOT.



I MEAN, THE PHONE WAS *RIGHT* THERE...



OF COURSE I COULDN'T JUST CALL HER...I COULDN'T CALL *ANNE* EITHER.

