

YET THE DESTINATION
REMAINS VIVID.



A HUGE, DUSTY...



CATHEDRAL...



OF AN OLD BARN.



IN MEMORY...



A VAST CAVERN-
OUS INTERIOR.



OUR WORK AREA, A
POOL OF LIGHT.



WAS IT REALLY
LIKE THIS?



OUR JOB--



TO PROCESS FISH
SCALES FOR STUDY.



THIS MEANT...



TAKING DRIED FISH
SCALES* OUT OF AN
ENVELOPE...



PUTTING THEM ON
A PLASTIC SLIDE...



AND ROLLING THE
SLIDES THROUGH A
MACHINE ...



WHICH EMBEDDED
THE IMPRESSION OF
THE SCALE ...



ONTO THE PLASTIC.



LATER...



BIOLOGISTS...



WOULD PROJECT
THE SLIDES...



AND STUDY THEM.



*COLLECTED IN THE WILD.



*I REMEMBER I WAS READING A MOVIE NOVELIZATION!!

WHY
A
DREAM?

I GUESS BECAUSE
THIS MEMORY...



IS MADE OF SNIPS
AND FRAGMENTS.



MORE BLANKS THAN
ANYTHING REALLY.



I HAVEN'T TAKEN
IT OUT...



LOOKED IT OVER...



EXAMINED IT...



IN DECADES.



IN FACT, TODAY
WHEN I DID SO...



I REALIZED ALL
THE FLESH HAD
ROTTED AWAY.



ALL THAT WAS
LEFT...



WAS THE SKELETON
OF A MEMORY.



I MENTIONED THE
DAILY DRIVE...



BUT I HAVE NO
REAL MEMORY OF
IT.



JUST A FLASH OF
DRIVING THE TRUCK.



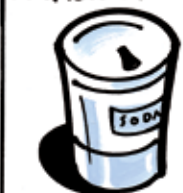
I LIKED DRIVING
THE TRUCK.



I SAY WE TALKED
ALL DAY...



BUT THAT'S ALMOST
A FABRICATION.



I DON'T RECALL
A SINGLE WORD.



ALL GONE.



I HAVE ONLY A
SLIVER OF AN IMAGE.



A "STILL" OF US
TOGETHER IN THE
BARN.



AND THE BARN
ITSELF?



A DARK VOID.



ALL OF IT...



JUST BITS AND
PIECES.



THESE PAGES HERE...



AN ATTEMPT TO
STITCH THEM UP.



I WONDER...



I'M GETTING OLD
NOW...



WOULD THIS SKEL-
ETON...



HAVE HAD MORE
FLESH ON IT...



WHEN I WAS
THIRTY FIVE?



OR TWENTY FIVE?



OR WAS IT MELT-
ING AWAY...



SHORTLY AFTER THE
EVENTS THEMSELVES?



WHATEVER THE
CASE...



IT ALL WENT
INTO LONG-TERM
STORAGE.



I WONDER...



CAN A
MEMORY
DIE OF
NEGLECT?