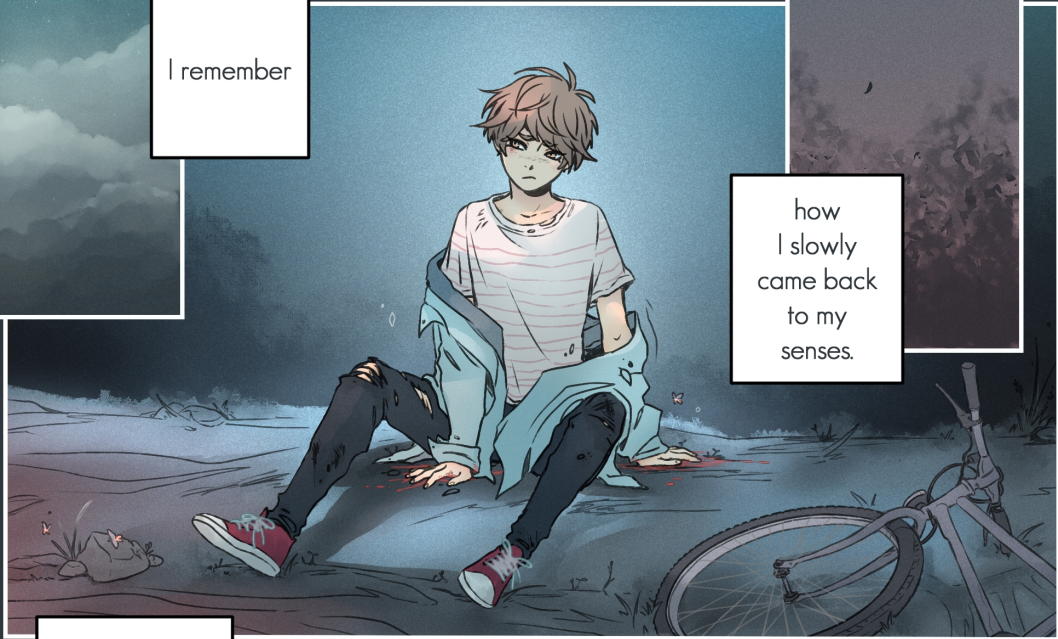


I remember

how I slowly came back to my senses.

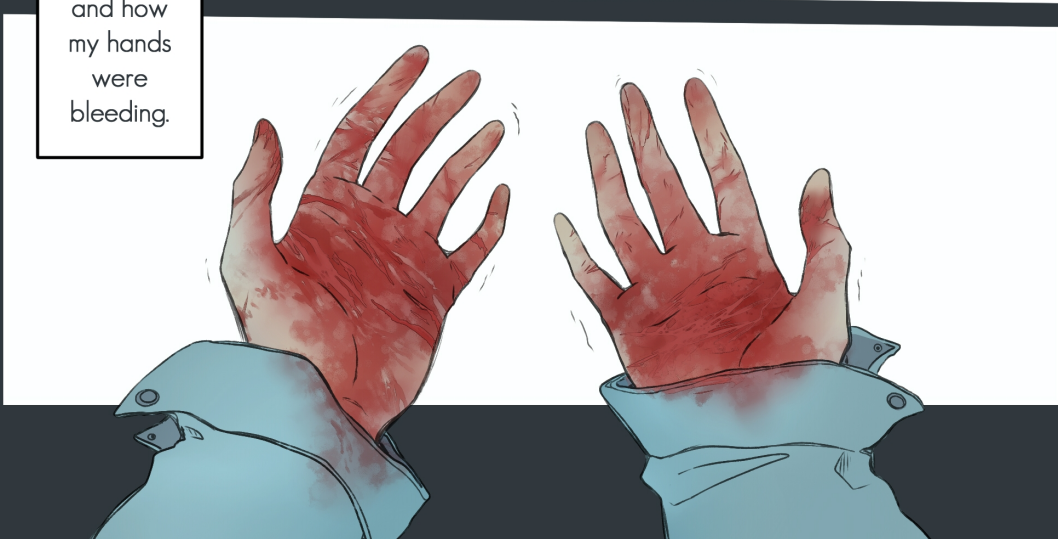


How my eyes felt like they had been forced open

for way too long,



and how my hands were bleeding.

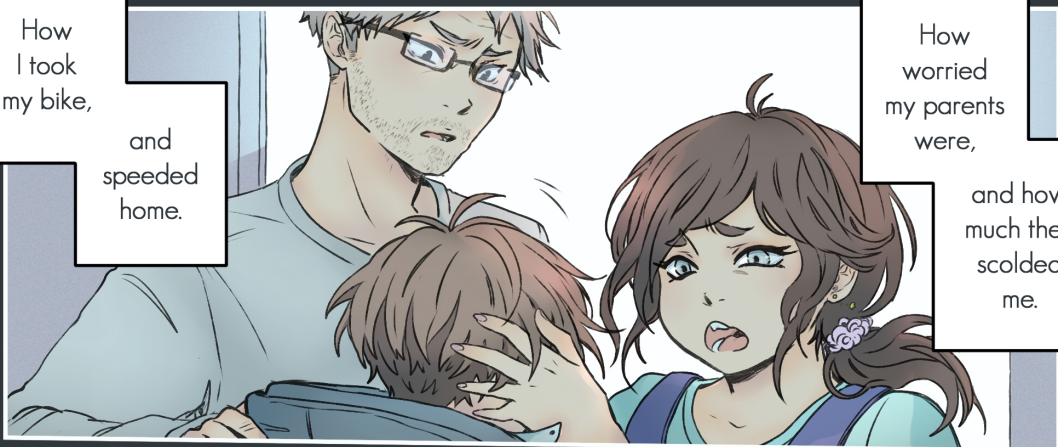


How I took my bike,

and speeded home.

How worried my parents were,

and how much they scolded me.



And how I went to my room,

and Robin was waiting for me.



Noah!!



Oh my god,

are you okay?!



I ...

uhm,

...why are you here?



.....
What?

Told you I'd come over,
or not?



Look, we all know that you like to roam around.

But can't you at least pick up your phone?
Or reply to our messages?



