

I'M GLAD YOU COULD STOP BY FOR RECESS, MRS. LOCKE. I'M WORRIED ABOUT BODE'S ABILITY TO RELATE TO OTHER KIDS.

I'M SURPRISED HE'D BE HAVING TROUBLE MAKING FRIENDS. HE HAS SUCH A HUGE IMAGINATION.

WHAT'CHU DOING? MAKING A SNOW ANGEL?

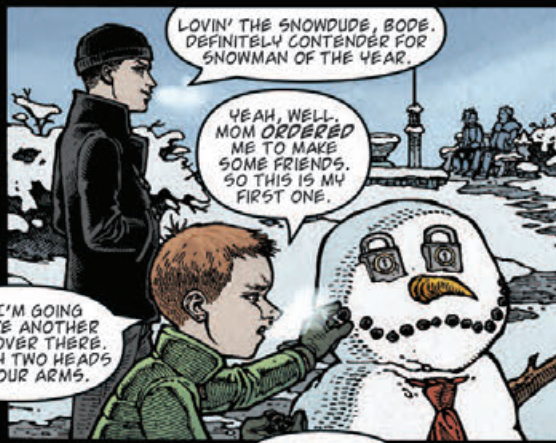
I'M PRETENDING SOMEONE UNLOCKED MY HEAD, OPENED IT UP, AND TOOK OUT ALL MY THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES. NOW I'M SO COMPLETELY EMPTY-HEADED, I'VE LOST THE ABILITY TO THINK FOR MYSELF, TO STAND UP, OR EVEN TO CONTROL MY BODILY FUNCTIONS.

C'MON. HIS FRICKIN' CASE OF WEIRD MIGHT BE CONTAGIOUS. LET'S GET THE WOLFPACK TOGETHER AND PLAY SOME FOOTBALL.

IT'S PROBABLY BEST FOR YOU ALL TO GO BEFORE I BEFOUL MYSELF.

HE DOES HAVE A WONDERFUL VOCABULARY. SO FEW SEVEN-YEAR-OLDS CAN DROP THE WORD "BEFOUL" INTO CASUAL CONVERSATION.

I CAN SEE WHY YOU'RE WORRIED. I'LL TALK TO HIM.



LOVIN' THE SNOWDUDE, BODE. DEFINITELY CONTENDER FOR SNOWMAN OF THE YEAR.

YEAH, WELL. MOM ORDERED ME TO MAKE SOME FRIENDS. SO THIS IS MY FIRST ONE.

AND I'M GOING TO MAKE ANOTHER FRIEND OVER THERE. ONE WITH TWO HEADS AND FOUR ARMS.



YOUR MOM ORDERED YOU TO MAKE FRIENDS? WHY?

'CAUSE SHE'S OBSESSED WITH EVERYONE BEING A HAPPY, SMILEY PART OF THE GANG! BUT WHAT IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE A PART OF THE DANGLBERRY GANG? WHAT IF YOU LIKE BEING ALONE WITH YOUR OWN WEIRD THOUGHTS?!

I DON'T HAVE TO FIT IN! I DON'T HAVE TO BE A PART OF THE FLOCK!

I WOULDN'T KNOCK HAVING BUDDIES, BODE. FRIENDS ARE... USEFUL. MOST OF THE TIME THEY HAVE NO IDEA HOW USEFUL. CATCH YOU LATER, HUH?



BUT TY, SOMEONE BESIDES YOU OUGHT TO KNOW WHERE IT IS. YOU THINK I CAN'T KEEP A SECRET?

ACTUALLY, NO.

WHAT'S UP IN KEYLAND, GUYS?

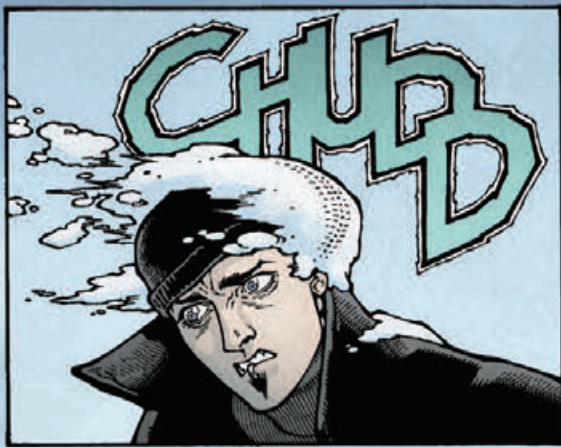


TY THINKS I CAN'T KEEP A SECRET. WHICH I THINK IS VERY UNFAIR, DON'T YOU?

HELL IT IS. PEOPLE KEEP SECRETS WHEN THEY'RE AFRAID OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF CERTAIN INFORMATION GETS OUT. SINCE YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING, THAT'S KIND OF A PROBLEM.

YOU EVER THINK PEOPLE WOULD BE HAPPIER WITHOUT THEIR SECRETS?

NO.





BODE! YOU WANNA NOT ABSOLUTELY SOAK MY BOYFRIEND?!

SORRRR-BEEE. I THOUGHT...

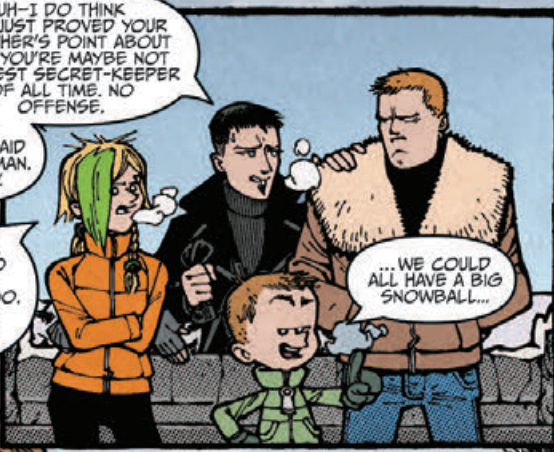
WHOA. DID I JUST SAY WHAT I THINK I SAID?

UH-I DO THINK YOU JUST PROVED YOUR BROTHER'S POINT ABOUT HOW YOU'RE MAYBE NOT THE BEST SECRET-KEEPER OF ALL TIME. NO OFFENSE.

TY. HEY. I SHOULD'VE SAID SOMETHING, MAN. I'M SORRY.

DON'T APOLOGIZE TO HIM. THERE'S NOTHING TO APOLOGIZE FOR. C'MON, ZACK, LET'S GO. I CAN SEE TYLER'S GETTING READY TO BE A DICK.

...WE COULD ALL HAVE A BIG SNOWBALL...

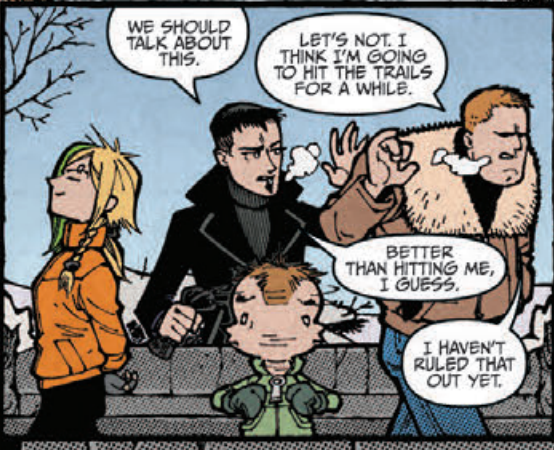


WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT THIS.

LET'S NOT. I THINK I'M GOING TO HIT THE TRAILS FOR A WHILE.

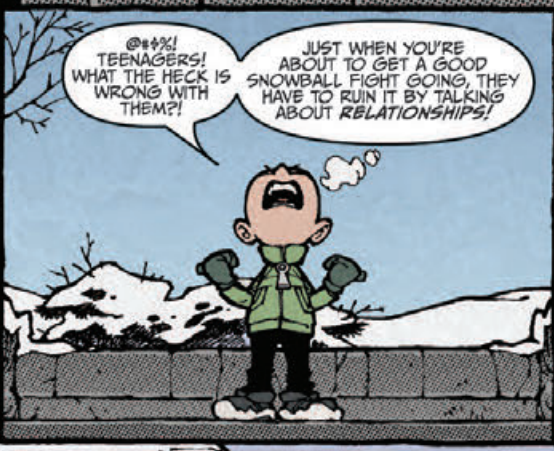
BETTER THAN HITTING ME, I GUESS.

I HAVEN'T RULED THAT OUT YET.



@!#! TEENAGERS! WHAT THE HECK IS WRONG WITH THEM?!

JUST WHEN YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET A GOOD SNOWBALL FIGHT GOING, THEY HAVE TO RUIN IT BY TALKING ABOUT RELATIONSHIPS!



LIKE ALL BUDDING MALES, TESTOSTERONE SURGES THROUGH MY BLOOD, COMPELLING ME TO COMMIT WANTON ACTS OF BRUTALITY TO THE MOST INNOCENT CREATURES.

IT'S SOMETHING YOU CAN NEVER KNOW, PITIFUL SPARROW—THE SAVAGE THRILL OF CORNERING A WEAK, VULNERABLE, AND BASICALLY STUPID, ANIMAL WHEN IT'S ALL ALONE.

