











THEY'RE WALKING BY THE LAKE, MUM, DAD,
THE LITTLE SISTER AND HE. THERE'S ICE ON THE
SURFACE OF THE WATER. BY THE SOCCER FIELDS,
THEY FIND AN ABNDONED SNOW FORT.

THE SNOW
HAS THE PERFECT
CONSISTENCY FOR
SNOW BALLS.





IT CROSSES HIS MIND EVERY TIME HE CARRIES
ONE OF HIS OWN SLEEPING BOYS.

DAD'S GONE FIFTEEN YEARS NOW.

