# **The Story of My Blindness**

**[Note: This work is in the format of a “Comic Book Script”: it describes the layouts and contents of the pages, which an artist could then use to illustrate the story in graphic form.** As such, since it didn’t fall neatly into the “prose” or “poetry” categories, I kept it single-spaced, so it would be easier to view complete panels/pages if one were to illustrate or visualize part—hopefully that choice was the most legible. It represents 7 pages in illustrated form**]**

Page 1.

There are six panels on this page, in three rows. All rows are the same height.

*Panel 1*. This panel takes up two-thirds of the first row. Low-angle frontal shot of ANNIE, painting at an easel. The painting is hidden from view. ANNIE is sitting on the armrest of a pea-green sofa, wearing a long, pale-pink bathrobe. She has many brushes and sheets of palette paper on a tarp draped over the sofa cushions. There is a look of intense concentration in her eyes. The room is sunlit, through sheer white curtains, and the edges should be soft. This shot is zoomed in so that you can’t see much of the wall—but although it’s a decent apartment, it’s not luxurious, and there’s some paint peeling here and there.

*Caption (top):* Before I lost my sight, I was dating an artist named Annie.

SHEYNA/off: “Can I see?”

Characters’ appearances:

ANNIE, SHEYNA’s girlfriend of approximately three years, is twenty-eight, 5’4, Asian (she’s of Japanese descent), with high arches to her eyebrows and a button nose. She’s curvy, and has pin straight hair down to her mid back, dyed a slightly lighter brown than its natural hue (this is visible from the roots), with long bangs in front that probably should have been trimmed a couple weeks ago.

SHEYNA, the narrator of this story (who will first appear in the third panel), is thirty, with a puffy helmet of short chestnut hair that she’s attempted to tie back with a band, pale Caucasian skin (aside from the tint of sunburn), and she’s 5’7” and skinny, with an almost flat chest and slightly wide hips. She has freckled cheeks that are slightly reddish, an almost purple tint to her mouth, and startling pale blue eyes.

*Panel 2.* This panel takes up the last third of the first row. It shows ANNIE’s painting, which she has turned to show SHEYNA. The painting should stand in stark contrast to the softer visual of the first panel. It is a self-portrait, with a sharp-toothed skull superimposed on the face in harsh black-and-white strokes.

 ANNIE/off: “I can tell that you don’t like it.

*Panel 3.* This panel takes up a third of the second row, and it is a profile shot. It’s as zoomed in as the content of the image will allow. On the left, ANNIE is turning the painting towards her, as SHEYNA runs in from the right, trying to motion ANNIE to stop. SHEYNA is wearing a T-shirt and jeans, and has her hair tied up in a messy-bun.

 SHEYNA: “No—it’s really technically interesting, Ann, it—.”

*Panel 4.* This panel takes up a third of the second row. Same perspective and zoom as Panel 3: ANNIE is dragging the heel of her hand through the wet paint, while SHEYNA’s hands have dropped to her sides and she is glaring at ANNIE.

*Caption* (top) Annie was in a funk.

*Panel 5.* This panel takes up a third of the second row. Same perspective and zoom, again. ANNIE is leaving from the right of the panel, at a quick walk, and some of the paints and water should be dripping onto and off from the tarp. SHEYNA kneels by the side of the couch, and reaches for the paper towel roll.

SHEYNA: “Annie, come back. I wasn’t about to *psychoanalyze* your stuff, I just wanted to see.”

ANNIE: “I’m going to sleep, now. Painting that damn face tired me out.”

SHEYNA: “It’s 5 pm. You’ll be up all night.”

ANNIE: “Goodnight.”

*Panel 6.* This panel takes up the entire third row. It is a high-angle shot of SHEYNA, and the apartment: there are at least a dozen paintings on the walls, of similarly grim subjects. Most involve skeletons, and/or wild animals, and/or natural disasters. SHEYNA is sitting on the couch, the tarp rumpled to the side, staring at the easel. The sun has gone dark out the window, and the curtains flutter like ghosts.

*Caption* (bottom): I tried to be supportive, but it felt like she kept slipping further away.

Page 2.

There are four rows on this page. The top and bottom rows are the tallest, the second row is almost as tall as the top and bottom rows, and the third row is the shortest.

*Panel 1.* This panel takes up the entire first row. It is set on the onset of sunset on a beach, in late August. It is a New England beach, with deep blue water, pale rocky sand, and clots of green and brown kelp on the shore and banks of clouds overhead, the sun a glorious yellow still. The sunset is slightly reddish, slightly purple, and the emotion that the nature should convey in this panel is predominantly beautiful, but also somewhat melancholy. SHEYNA and ANNIE are sitting in the sand near the bottom left corner of this panel. Up, and slightly to the right, of the pair, there is something dark and shiny glittering in the sand.

SHEYNA is sitting on the left, her head tilted slightly towards ANNIE’s. She has an arm around ANNIE, the other in the sand holding her up, and her back is somewhat hunched. She is wearing a lavender beach dress, which is modestly cut, but lacy around the neck and butterfly sleeves, making it look very slightly like lingerie (underneath, she’s wearing a turquoise sport one-piece bathing suit, but it’s gotten too cold to swim, so we only see it if her dress slips).

ANNIE is sitting with an almost straight back, tilted forward, staring directly out at the water, her arms around her knees. She has on a loose white spaghetti-strap sundress, short shorts with white lace at the bottom, and a halter top bikini (we can see the halter top straps in frontal shots of ANNIE in this scene). She has a closed sketchbook in the hand further from SHEYNA. Both she and SHEYNA are barefoot, but her toenails are painted a light pink that’s in the process of chipping off.

*Caption (top)*: So, I took my then-girlfriend Annie to the beach in the hopes it would cheer her up, at least for a couple hours.

*Caption (bottom)* I saw *the glasses* outside of the corner of my eye—they were all but buried in the sand.

*Panel 2.* This panel takes up two thirds of the first row. SHEYNA is on the left hand side of the panel facing towards the right of the panel, kneeling with one knee in the sand and one foot on the ground (i.e., down on one knee as if about to be knighted) in front of a small hole that she’s dug in the sand. There is sand on her knee and sand on her arms up past the wrists like a glove. She holds the glasses (dark, gold flecks, many barnacles and some seaweed stuck in the hinges, still crusted with sand on the scratched slightly bluish lenses) out in front of her with her right hand, eyes angled towards the lenses which area also in a line with the top of ANNIE’s head. The wind from the ocean has blown back her hair and dress, her expression vivacious (For some context: she feels alive at the beach, and really wants to share her adventure with ANNIE.

ANNIE has been sinking into dark place for the last three months or so, with no apparent cause, and although SHEYNA has been professionally trained not to tell people to “snap out of it” she acts in her personal life as if her own enthusiasm is going to rub off on her girlfriend and make her better, and she also harbors the hope that ANNIE is going to put in some effort to their relationship, which ANNIE has slacked in since her depressive slide). ANNIE sits in the bottom right corner of the panel, in the exact position as before (it is approximately a profile shot from this POV).

SHEYNA: Whaddya think?

ANNIE: Looks like something a barnacle shat out.

*Panel 3.* This panel takes up a third of the first row. Medium close-up of SHEYNA (frontal, head and shoulders) with the sun in the top right corner. She has now drawn her arm in and is holding the glasses near her neckline and staring at them. Her head is cocked towards the right of the panel, a couple curls bouncing into her face, but her expression is a more worn in this panel than the last—with a couple hints of age on the face, in line with the fact that she is thirty, so maybe hint at where crow’s feet will form, for example. Lips pursed to the left side.

*Caption (overlaid on the left hand side of the panel, between SHEYNA and the sun)*: I felt like I had failed her then. A psychologist, and I couldn’t figure out Annie’s depression, much less how to help.

SHEYNA: They’re glasses.

*Panel 4.* This panel takes up half of the third row. On the left hand side of the panel, same zoom on SHEYNA’s face, although now in three quarter profile, as she is in the process of placing the glasses on her face (they’re not quite on though, and we can see her eyes separately behind them and faint diagonal lines on the glasses to indicate the reflectivity is different). Her nose is slightly wrinkled, her mouth slightly open.

SHEYNA: I wonder who wore them…musta been years ago from the smell.

ANNIE/off: You’re probably going to get an eye infection.

*Panel 5.* This panel takes up half of the third row. This is an extreme frontal close up of SHEYNA’s left eye, wide with extreme shock, lines to indicate that her pupil is shaking. Use high light and shadow, bold strokes, anything that can help accentuate visually how surprised she is by what she sees before you actually show it in the next panel. There is technically no border, but the edge of the glasses boxes in her eye (and there is a peek of her nose visible to the right of the glasses), and there should be a couple of faint scratch marks visible on the surface of the glasses—overlay these, and faint blue, on any future images seen through the glasses.

SFX: AAAUUGH.

ANNIE/off: What?

*Panel 6.* This panel takes up the entire bottom row. It is an image of what SHEYNA is currently seeing through the glasses (the diagonal lines and faint scratches should indicate that it is being seen through glass, plus a faint blue tint).

What SHEYNA sees is a frontal shot of ANNIE standing there in front of the image—but everything is bony, skeletal, toothy, barren, dead and terrifying. Within the outline of her girlfriend, she can see the hollow sag of a corpse’s eye cavity, she can see ribs on ANNIE’s chest, a huge rotting bulge on ANNIE’s stomach. The kelp is bone white. The clouds are reaching out misty hands. The waves are toothy and grey. The sun is cold, slightly green, and dull. Don’t be afraid to go overboard—it should be a shocking contrast. SHEYNA’s own hand, reaching forward in shock, is visible the bottom left corner of the page—it is different from the rest—it is a soft, glowing amber that seems to have an aura around it, and the one warm color in the picture.

SHEYNA/off: Annie!

Page 3.

This page has three rows, all the same height.

*Panel 1.* This panel takes up a little over half of the first row. Close up frontal of SHEYNA (on the left) and ANNIE (on the right), with SHEYNA’s chin slightly cut off by the bottom of the panel and some room at the top above their heads (this will hopefully help give the effect of disorientation and trouble directing her eyes despite the fact that it’s POV isn’t actually SHEYNA’s eyes). SHEYNA has one had on her forehead, and is looking down; the glasses are in SHEYNA’s hand, dangling between her pinkie and ring finger. ANNIE, in profile head strained upwards to try and look into SHEYNA’s eyes. The background is not in focus.

ANNIE: Sheyna, you okay?

ANNIE: You’re freaking me out.

SHEYNA: Oh…I…uh…headache. Yeah.

*Panel 2.* This panel takes up the rest of the first row. It’s very zoomed out from the previous panel, and via zip lines, it shows SHEYNA tipping backwards into ANNIE’s grip—it looks somewhere between a backwards hug and a trust fall. The background is barely even hinted at in this shot, and is dark around the edges (like a radial gradient from MS Word drawing tools).

ANNIE: Aw, shit.

*Panel 3.* This panel takes up between two thirds and three quarters of the second row. This panel shows SHEYNA stretched out on a warm coral-colored couch (which clashes with her lavender dress), angled, one leg dangling off the couch towards the bottom right of the panel. There is an ice pack on her head, which is propped up by pillows ANNIE is kneeling on the armrest on the right hand side of the panel, leaning forward to pat SHEYNA’s arm with her right hand, her other hand pressing down on the cushion by SHEYNA’s ankle for balance. There is a floor lamp with a bright patterned shade by the left hand side of the panel, and a couple of picture frames, which should be in more focus than SHEYNA (this is an establishing shot of the inside of their apartment. It is a little tacky in the decor, but it should all look sweet and homey).

SHEYNA: Annie?
ANNIE: Oh—you’re awake! I almost--

*Panel 4.* This panel takes up the rest of the second row. It is more zoomed in, and shows SHEYNA sitting up and grabbing ANNIE’s shoulders, with zip lines. ANNIE slips backwards slightly, her eyebrows raised.

*Sfx (from ice pack hitting the floor):* Thud.

SHEYNA: Annie? Annie—does it feel like the whole world grew teeth?

ANNIE: …Exactly.

*Panel 5.* This panel takes up a third of the third row. It is back to the zoom of the third panel. SHEYNA is sitting upright, her back against the couch, legs folded (in approximately the “half lotus” formation), and ANNIE is resting her head on SHEYNA’s lap, eyes staring straight forward. She has tear tracks visible on her face, and has a hand near her nose, with a crumpled tissue in a balled-up fist. SHEYNA has her head turned to the left (this is a ¾ profile), and is holding the glasses up near eyes, tilting them in the lamplight, her expression quizzical.

*Caption (top)*: Hours later…

ANNIE: That’s just it…it’s like, I don’t know. I just wanted to make something true to what I was seeing.

ANNIE: But it wasn’t pretty, and you didn’t like it, even though you kept trying to make me feel good about it, it was so *obvious*.

ANNIE: I just got scared like, if all the art and stuff, that comes out of my mind is so gruesome and horrible and stuff, will people think *I’m* horrible—and—I don’t know.

ANNIE: I’m glad at least you understand me sometimes, I don’t know what I’d do.

*Panel 6.* This panel takes up a third of the third row. It follows SHEYNA’s line of sight, including the top edge of the glasses cutting off the bottom right portion of the panel into greyness, and the room as usual (the lamp, and a framed landscape picture behind it) in bright warm colors over the rest of this panel.

*Caption (bottom)*: I didn’t tell her that I could see everything I “understood” through the lenses of the “barnacle shit” glasses….

*Panel 7.* This panel takes up a third of the third row. This panel is the same layout as the previous, except that here she has slipped the glasses on and is looking through the lens at a nearly bare, shattered bulb, wisps of light leaking out like bats, blue-greyness. There should be a faint tinge of warm past the edge of the glasses, indicating that the real world is still there, just she can’t see it except out of her peripheral vision.

*Caption (top)*: …As much as it tore me up to see from her perspective.

*Caption (bottom)*: I felt like I had finally seen the window I’d been looking through for years.

# Page 4.

This page has three rows, all the same height.

*Panel 1.* This panel takes up a third of the first row. This panel is the same layout as Page 2 Panel 5, but SHEYNA is now pulling her glasses off. She has tough lean muscles (she’s a yoga nut, and works out regularly at the gym), but there’s enough there to see her arms strain hard as she tries to pull the glasses from her face, not caring that her fingers are smudging the lens—in fact, it almost looks like she is scratching them...

*Caption (bottom)*: The glasses were harder to pull off the second time, but I managed not to faint from the shift.

SHEYNA: Mmf

ANNIE: Shey?

*Panel 2.* This panel takes up two thirds of the first row. SHEYNA (along the left side of the panel) is leaving for the work, as the caption says, and is paused in the doorway, looking back. Their kitchen is small-ish, but with light airy colors and a big window, through which you can see the very top of a very green tree and a couple of robin redbreasts. It should be a sunny, cloudless day, and warm yellow light streams in through the windows. ANNIE is sitting at a table, facing towards the right of the panel, head bent over a bowl of cereal, a laptop open about a foot away from her glowing blue (she is in consulting, planning to work from home, although lately she hasn’t been getting things done and is afraid she’ll lose her job if she misses a deadline, which only makes it harder to get started…hence, though her face is mostly in shadow from being bent over, the cereal is making her nauseous).

*Caption (top)*: I tucked them into my briefcase on my way to work the next morning.

SHEYNA: Bye, love.

ANNIE: Bye. Have a great day and stuff.

*Panel 3.* This panel takes up half of the second row.

This panel shows SHEYNA sitting in a brown leather armchair, in her office. She is a psychiatrist, as mentioned in the third panel of the first page is a deliberately peaceful office set-up, complete with various potted plants on a small table on her right. There is also a buzzer and a landline on that table, and a pad of yellow lined paper. The chair is large even for her height, which makes her look smaller. She has her hands folded in front of her—almost like she were leaning slightly forward on some invisible desk, or praying—and holds the glasses in her hands.

*Panel 4.* This panel takes up half of the second row. SHEYNA has leaned down to press the buzzer. She has the glasses on now.

SHEYNA: I’m ready for my 8:30.

*Sfx*: Bzz

*Panel 5.* This panel takes up half of the third row. This panel, like the following four panels, are from SHEYNA’s POV, seen through the glasses. In this one, there is a patient in a euphoric state, who is grinning. The world aside from the far periphery of the shot past the broder of the glasses, filtered through that patient’s POV via the glasses, should look electric. Blue and yellow jagged lines shoot outward from the patient—who almost looks more like a bolt of electricity than a human.

*Caption (top)*: 8:30 AM…

SHEYNA: I know you feel…like the world’s electric…but I really think it is harming your ability to interact with—

Patient #1: No—no—I’m…

Patient #1: Electric…hm…

SHEYNA: Giving up that feeling would be hard, but let’s try to get it under control.

*Panel 6.* This panel takes up half of the third row. This shows a room that is almost the same as before, but brighter, more saturated flat colors. It shows the patient, translucent and wobbly in contrast to the rest of the room, and slightly gelatinous, dripping down the chair.

*Caption* *(top)*: 9:45…

Patient #2: Like a ghost…that’s it…

Patient #2: I look in the mirror, and just see an empty puddle where a person should be…

# Page 5.

*Panel 1.* This panel takes up a third of first row. It is almost completely dark within the frame, only very carefully chosen lines of light indicating a seated human figure, with his head leaned against the side of its chair, neck distended.

*Caption (top):* 11:00 AM…

Patient #3: It’s all just nothing. Nothing.

SHEYNA: I know it looks like that…but you have to remember, it’s…like you’re seeing everything through a lens. It distorts everything you see and touch…and you can’t get rid of it, you’re not even always sure that you want to because you are afraid not to know what the world looks like…

Patient #3: I—

*Panel 2.* This panel takes up a third of first row. Same as the last panel, but the background light is a small but visible amount lighter in this panel.

SHEYNA: I know.

Patient: Help me, doctor. Help me get rid of them.

SHEYNA: We’ll do everything we can. It will work out. You don’t have to hurt like this.

SHEYNA: One day, you’ll look back, and it will be…a whole different Earth that’s been hidden away, buried. It’ll be hard work, but I believe in you.

*Panel 3.* This panel takes up a third of first row. It is a profile shot of SHEYNA sitting in the chair, as the door swings closed behind the previous patient, who we can now see is a tall twenty-something, Hispanic, who doesn’t obviously present as any gender, painted nails and cool short asymmetrical hair-do, an oxford shirt and dark skinny-jeans.

*Caption (top)*: 12:01…

*Panel 4.* This panel shows SHEYNA trying to use one of the pens from her desk and the corner of her chair to lever off the glasses from her face. Sweat is dripping down her face, her mouth looks bemused.

SHEYNA: This is…incredible…

SHEYNA: I can’t tell which of us is learning from the other.

SHEYNA: Gosh damn it, c’mon, get unstuck.

SHEYNA: Mfff

*Sfx (from landline by her buzzer)*: Bzz Bzz! Bzz!

SHEYNA: Oh. Luunch. Coming.

*Panel 5.* This panel takes “panel” takes up half of the second row. “Panel” has quotation marks because the image is subdivided (without any gutters) into seven columns, which don’t quite line up with each other (think of a sliced vegetable, or of a paper that you cut into strips and then re-align badly). The image is of SHEYNA’s hands, palms up and slightly curved as she looks down on them, and the art style is different in each fragment of this image. Her left thumb (the far left fragment) is drawn fairly realistically, and the images increase in abstraction from left to right. You cut a couple of the vertical fragments into an upper and lower piece if that sounds enjoyable.

*Caption (above)*: I put them back on after lunch break ended. I couldn’t help it. I think I knew it was a bad decision even then. But I *wanted* to see.

*Caption (below):* I told myself I would learn to live with it, but the radius of perception had expanded. I couldn’t even look at my own hands without seeing a host of nearby perspectives.

*Panel 6.* This panel takes up the entire third row. This is a city, with skyscrapers, cars, etc., in the “sliced” style of the hand, but fragmented even more finely and chaotically. Because she is looking slightly downwards, it is a somewhat high angle shot.

*Caption (above)*: I hurried home without seeing any of my afternoon patients, through a city that was shifting and churning with a million points of view…all trying to gain purchase on my brain.

*Caption (below)*: It felt like someone had attached pumps to my eyeballs. They had nowhere to expand, and no matter how hard I tried I couldn’t pull the glasses off my face.

# Page 6.

This page has three rows, the third is the tallest, then the first row is the second tallest and the middle row is the shortest.

*Panel 1.* This panel takes up a third of the top row. It shows SHEYNA and ANNIE sitting at the kitchen table. ANNIE is at one end of the table, and SHEYNA is at the next chair over, to the side. SHEYNA hasn’t managed to take off her glasses, and is picking at her plate of pasta with red sauce. The room is more sharp and skeletal as before, but not as bad as say the last panel of the first page, although it is broken up by a few thin “slices” like radio static noise from perspectives outside their walls. ANNIE is hunched a little, her bowl is empty (they’ve been at the table a while), and her hair is pulled back with a striped pink headband (she tried really hard, made progress today, and was hoping that SHEYNA would notice). In this page, the speech bubbles overlap somewhat.

ANNIE: You look almost as much of a mess as me, my love.

SHEYNA. Mmf.

ANNIE: That was a joke.

ANNIE: In poor taste.

ANNIE: But, you know, worth a laugh on balance.

*Caption (below)*: Why had I thought I could handle any of this? Most people can’t even handle themselves.

*Panel 2.* This panel takes up a third of the top row. This panel is a close up (shoulders up) of ANNIE kissing SHEYNA. She’s looped her arms over SHEYNA’s shoulders, hands on the back of SHEYNA’s neck, and has pressed herself close to SHEYNA (and is probably kneeling on her seat in order to reach that far, although that isn’t shown). Only their necks and heads are really drawn/shaded against a spottily defined background, forming the rough shape of a heart, and between the angles of the shoulders and a little warp to the top of the panel, it should look like a second heart surrounding the pair. But this is not a cute shot, their facial structure should seem somewhat bony and drained, almost zombie-like, and SHEYNA should definitely still be pictured with the glasses on, spikes lining them. It should look like a perilous moment, and is also cut by a couple fragments. It should also be in very high detail.

*Panel 3.* This panel takes up a third of the top row. It shows ANNIE sitting back, wiping pasta from her shirt and righting her empty bowl, which tipped. She looks up SHEYNA as she does this, expectant. SHEYNA looks away, her head down, trying to lever the glasses off with the back of her fork.

*Caption (above):* It was too intense, too painful, to close…I saw myself reflected into her eyes, herself reflected on mine, and it felt like looking into our souls. But all out of focus.

ANNIE: Now, talk to me. Seriously. Tell me what happened.

ANNIE: Why won’t you talk to me?

ANNIE: Yeah I have problems. Fine.

ANNIE: Maybe you should try painting whatever—I don’t know. If you won’t just talk to me.

*Caption.* I remember Annie said things…but sound was like a far off broadcast. If it only gets worse from here, I will go insane.

*Panel 4.* This panel takes up half of the second row. ANNIE is standing up, a hurt expression on her face, her bowl in hand to bring it to the sink.

*Caption:* If I tore them off, I know I would put them right back on, but an animal itch over takes me right now to make it stop hurting.

SHEYNA: Too much…

ANNIE: Sure.

SHEYNA: No…no…

*Caption*: I push too hard with the wrong fork.

*Panel 5.* This panel takes up half of the second row. It is a step zoomed in, high angle above SHEYNA (almost overhead), and sliced with fragments in alternate graphic styles again. It shows SHEYNA banging on the glass with the fork.

SHEYNA: No…this isn’t me…

SHEYNA: I promise I’d tell you, but you’d lock me up.

SHEYNA: And, you could say I’m dedicated to my job…

SHEYNA: I should never have—

SHEYNA: I’ll just break it.

*Panel 6.* This panel takes up half of the third row. It is from the same POV—we can just barely see that SHEYNA has broken the glass on the left lens with the fork, and a sliver has pierced her eye. ANNIE has dropped the bowl, and it is smashing on the floor. The interrupting fragments are not present here.

SHEYNA: AUUGHH!

*Sfx (SHEYNA’s eye):* Crunch!

*Sfx (ANNIE’s bowl):* Crash!

ANNIE/off: The hell? SHEYNA, NO!

# Page 7.

*Panel 1.*  This panel takes up half of the first row. This panel is mostly black, with a jagged white bolt splitting the center, like lightning. There should be grey, chaotic shapes around its edges.

*Caption*: With one eye gone, and the other intact, I felt like my mind was being rent in two.

*Panel 2*. This panel should be almost completely dark, but should be a close-up, frontal-shot of a fork, liquid at the tip with blood.

*Caption (top):* For a moment, I imagined myself sitting one-eyed at an easel trying to capture this. This seeing double. I wondered, if I did, whether Annie would understand.

ANNIE/off: You’re insane, you’re—oh god.

*Caption (bottom):* But it was an animal pain. I didn’t have what it took. I took the easier route.

*Panel 7.* This panel takes up half of the third row. It is from ANNIE’s perspective as she rushes towards SHEYNA (zip lines to show the motion if that isn’t too distracting). SHEYNA has one eye a mess of crunched glass and blood, oozing something awful (it should not be drawn in the skeletal ANNIE-perspective style, but rather the gore should stand out against a shot that otherwise would be how SHEYNA sees the world without the glasses). The other eye is wide in surprise, not unlike the shocked shot of it before.

*Caption (above)*: A wave of relief hit me.

*Sfx:* Squish

ANNIE/off: This can’t be happening. I can’t be seeing this.

*Caption (below)*: As wave of pain hit me.

*Panel 8.* This panel takes up the entire third row. Pitch black, a bead of dark red blood drips off the bottom right corner of the panel border.

*Caption (top)*: I was blind. I knew that someday, I would tell someone what I had seen, release it from my head onto their page.

*Caption (bottom)*: But right then, I would have given anything to be standing at the doorway, looking at Annie paint, with my own two eyes, having no real idea what I was seeing.