

You seriously don't remember anybody from our yearbook?

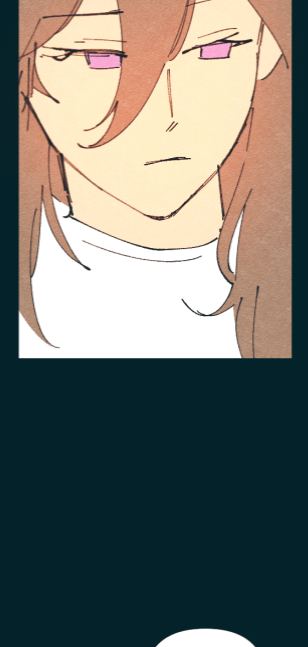
Well.. I remember you!



I don't count, we were best friends, idiot.

Haha..

Wah.. Your hair used to be so long.



God, I know. It was a nightmare to brush every morning.

I chopped it all off when you left.



S-Sorry..

Arggh..



You know..



If someone had told me back then

That my best friend murdered a cop and had to become a hitman for an underground crime group..



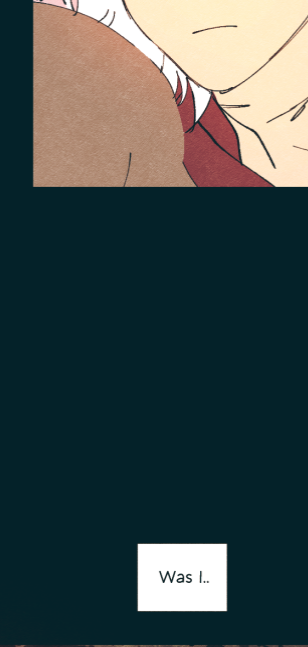
I would've beat them up, and tell them to stop making up fake stories..

But.. it happened.



The story, no matter how crazy that sounded, happened to this 18 year-old boy.

Cherie..



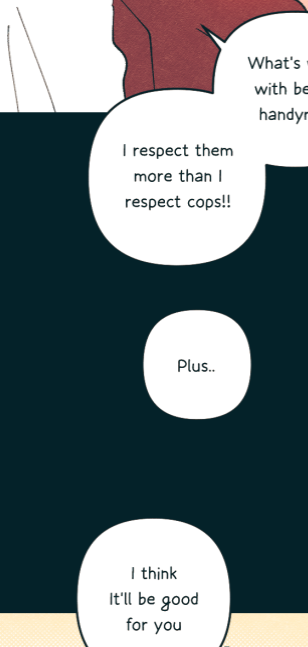
It's okay, I wouldn't know what to do if I were you either..

You were only 18..



You were still too young to commit those crimes.

I know you've had 9 years to get over it, but I haven't.



Knowing what you went through helped me get over my issues, but..

What about your issues?

What about what you wanted? What about college?



How could your parents force you to do such terrible things..?

Force?

You were just a kid..



I can't even imagine how scared you were..

Scared?



Was I..



..scared?

At least, you're not doing those kinds of work anymore.

You're good at SO many other things!

Other than.. killing people?

Like that..?

Cooking, cleaning, fixing the toilet, fixing the fridge, fixing the microwave, fixing the heater, fixing the-

Haha  
What am I? A handyman?

What's wrong with being a handyman?

I respect them more than I respect cops!!

Plus..

I think it'll be good for you



to fix things instead of break them.