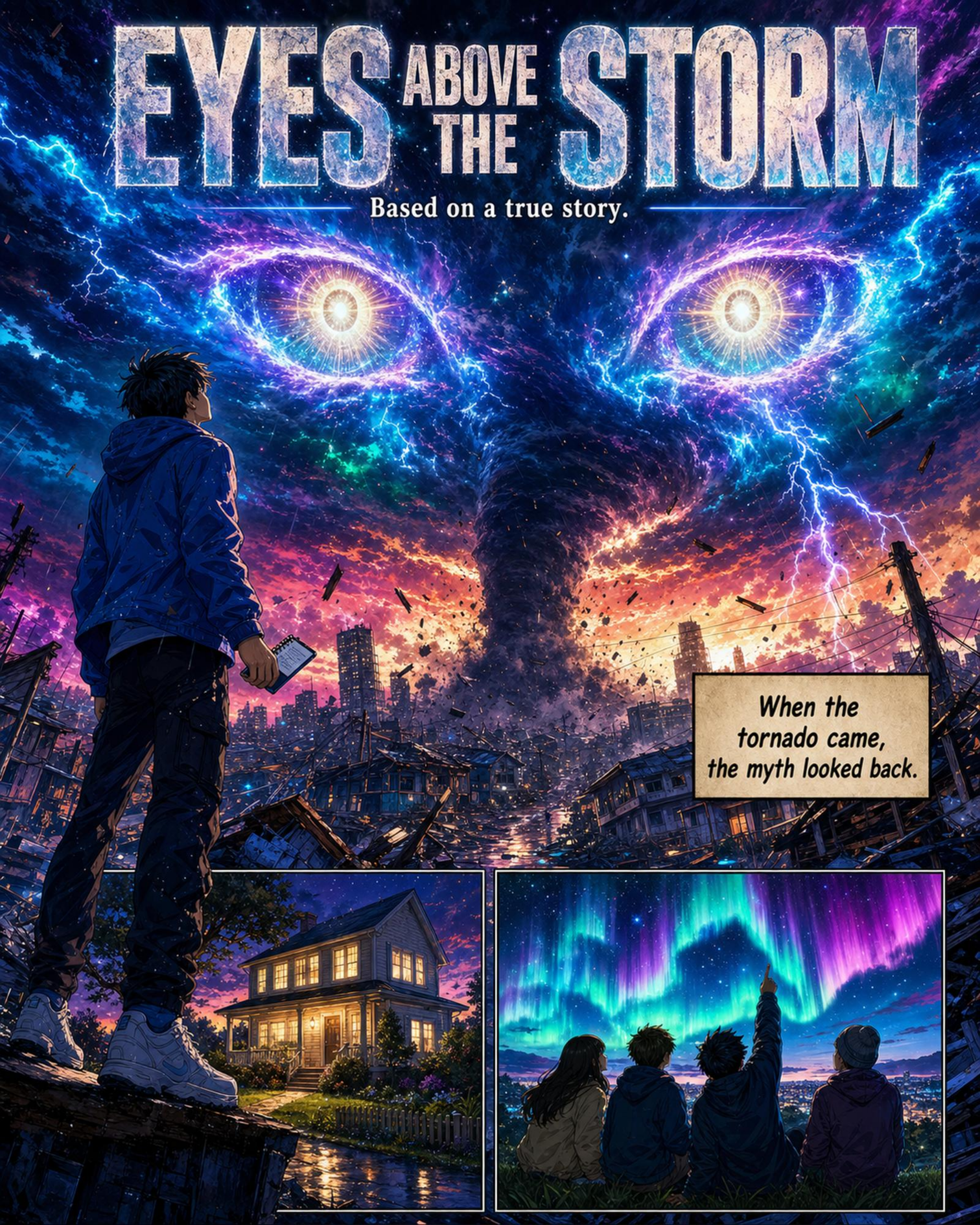


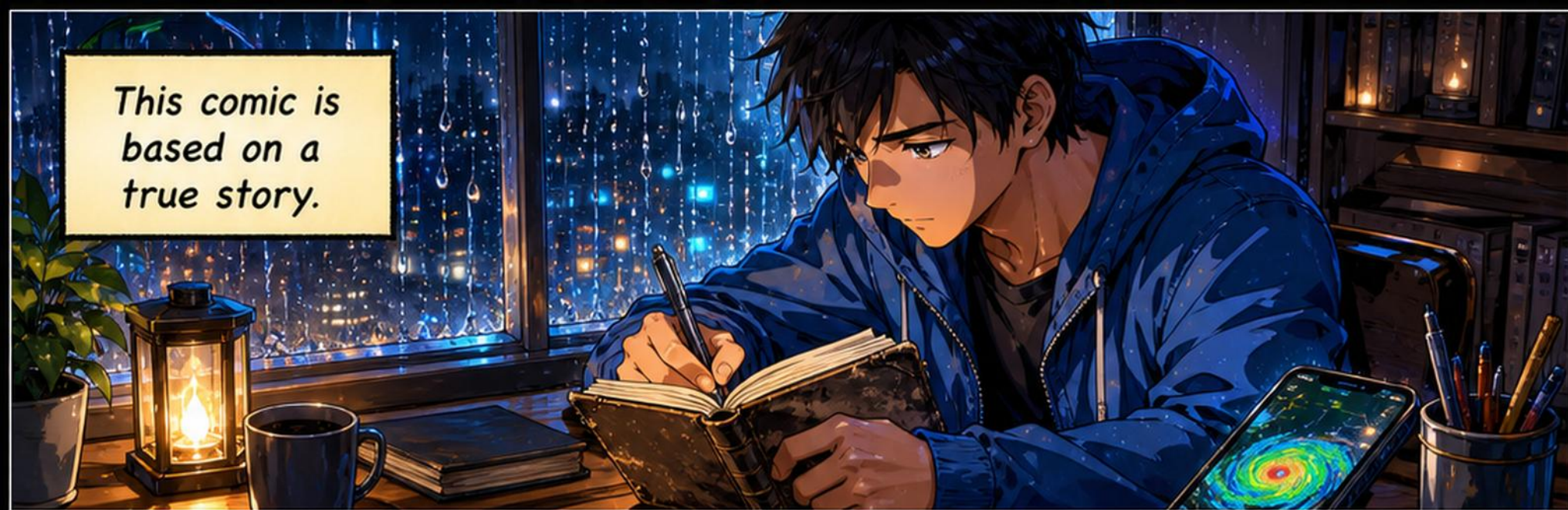
EYES ABOVE THE STORM

Based on a true story.

*When the
tornado came,
the myth looked back.*



This comic is
based on a
true story.



Before the storm,
I wanted weather
to feel less empty.



So I imagined
heroes living
above the clouds.



A myth, I thought,
could teach fear to
make room for wonder.



Then the real
storm entered
my city.



Sirens cut through
the rain.



A tornado tore
through the
neighborhoods
below.



Wonder suddenly
had to survive
fear.



As hope thinned,
the horizon changed
colors I had never
seen.



Then two
brilliant eyes
opened in the
heavens.



The story I
invented was
suddenly watching
the storm.



Somehow, I
went to sleep
untroubled.



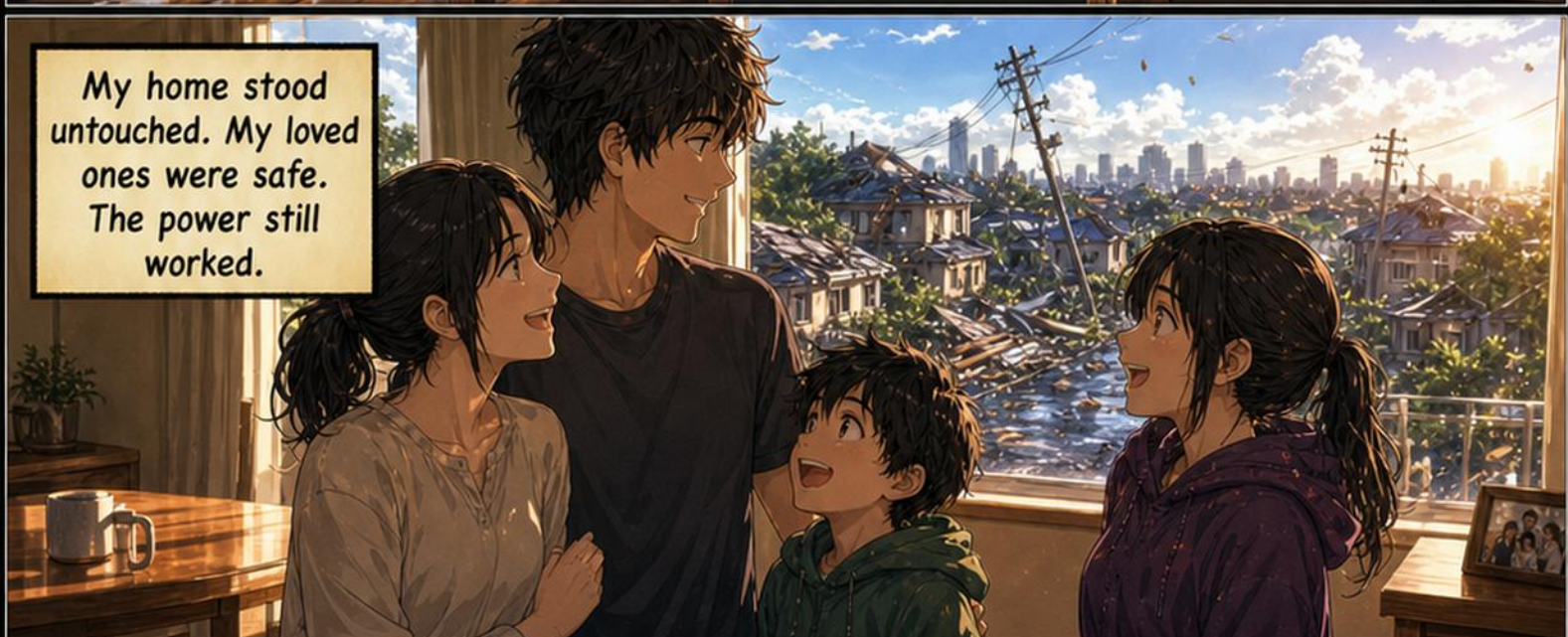
The eyes remained
with the storm in
my mind.



Morning came
with an impossible
quiet.



My home stood
untouched. My loved
ones were safe.
The power still
worked.



Outside, the
storm had left
proof of its teeth.



Around us,
whole streets
carried the weight
of the tornado.



Inside, nothing
vital had failed.



I could not prove
protection. I could
only feel watched
over.



A few days later,
the sky changed
again.



Friends gathered
to watch the Aurora
Borealis ripple over
the night.



Green and violet
waves crossed
the stars.



Then the
eyes returned.



This time,
I was not
alone.



Maybe they were
only light, weather,
and timing.



Maybe they were
guardians answering
a story.



Maybe the sky
wanted us to
look up differently.



I still do not know
what they want from us.
I only know
they came back.

