

MONDAY, OCTOBER 30TH, 1989.
HADDONFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.



NOW, I KNOW A LOT OF YOU ARE SCARED ABOUT TOMORROW, BUT I'M GOING TO TEACH ALL OF YOU SOMETHING THAT WILL KEEP THE GHOSTS AND GOBLINS AWAY FOR YOU. IT'S A SPECIAL SECRET, SO MAKE SURE YOU REMEMBER.



AND IT'S A SECRET THAT ONLY TAKES UP ONE LITTLE WORD. IF YOU'RE SAD, OR IF YOU'RE SCARED, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO CHASE YOUR FEARS AWAY...



...IS SMILE!




IF YOU BEAM BRIGHTLY, THEN NOTHING CAN HURT YOU!



I'LL SEE YOU ALL TOMORROW! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE STORIES OF BAD DREAMS!





I fill this room with reminders.
It helps me think. There's no
respite from the horror here.

It's almost tragic that
my masochism doesn't
help me predict. I have to
sit here, none the wiser,
knowing that within the
next day or so, innocent
blood will be spilt.

Damn you, Michael.
Damn you to hell.



HAVE YOU
MOVED SINCE
I LEFT YOU?

NOT
REALLY.


IF I SAID I
WAS SURPRISED,
I'D BE LYING.
ALSO, I HAVE
TO ASK...



DOES THAT
THING HAVE TO
STARE BACK AT ME
WHEN I COME IN
HERE?



I DIDN'T EVEN
NOTICE. THAT'S NOT
GOOD, BECAUSE IT
WAS FACING THE
DESK.



I HOPE
YOU'RE
MISTAKEN SAM,
BECAUSE THAT
WOULD MEAN--

--THAT HE'S
BEEN IN HERE.
IT'S NOT
LOOKING AT
YOU EITHER. IT'S
LOOKING AT--





IT ALREADY IS TOO LATE. I HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY THAT I CANNOT AVOID.

YOU'VE LIVED UP TO THAT RESPONSIBILITY MORE TIMES THAN I CARE TO COUNT. YOU'RE ENTITLED TO SOME HAPPINESS IN YOUR LIFE TOO.

COULD YOU AT LEAST BE DISCRETE WITH THAT THING?

I HAD A HAPPY CHILDHOOD. A WONDERFUL ONE.

BUT THEN I SAW THE WORLD FOR WHAT IT WAS. A WORLD OF MONSTERS, DEATH AND HORRIBLE THINGS THAT PREY ON THE WEAK, ON THE HUMANE.

ONCE YOU SEE THAT, WELL... YOU CAN NEVER GO HOME AGAIN.

