

# Between the Earth and the Tide

## World Building

- Elemental powers in this world are divided into four types: Water, Fire, Wind, and Earth. Among them, Water and Fire are the most common, while Wind, though not rare, is seen less frequently. Earth users, however, are the rarest of all. Long ago, their numbers were nearly wiped out by a mysterious disease. Many believed they brought about their downfall through incompetence, and ever since, Earth-born individuals have carried the weight of that stigma.
- Earth-born are known to be grounded and wise, Fire-born strong and bold, Wind-born free-spirited and clever. But Water-born... they are fluid, shifting, and often misunderstood.
- Lirian is one of them. A Water-born with a soft voice and a softer heart, raised in a home where strength meant silence and masculinity meant control. His delicate features led others to treat him like a girl, and over time, he clung to that identity, not because it fit but because it felt safer. Water, after all, takes the shape of its container.
- But in a school where elementals learn to harness not only their powers but also their place in the world, Lirian meets Avery, an Earth-born girl with a strong will and an honest heart. She sees through the mask he wears, not to shame him, but to help him find something deeper: balance.
- As the seasons shift, their bond forces old wounds to surface: identity, acceptance, and pain. Through elemental trials, symbolic dreams, and a journey to a river that holds more than just water, Lirian begins to question everything he thought he knew about who he is. And Avery, who once battled the weight of her own stereotypes, becomes his unexpected guide.
- In a place where fate is foretold and roles are rigid, can one Water-born carve a path that flows in both directions, toward strength and softness, femininity and masculinity, all at once?

# Act 1

## 1

**Panel 1:** Behind the school, a group of girls has cornered a green-haired girl against the wall. The sun shines brightly, casting a warm glow over the grassy field speckled with flowers. But the group of girls stands in the school's shadow, their presence darkening the scene.

**Panel 2:** A blonde girl crosses her arms, her expression twisted in displeasure as she glares at the silent, green-haired girl.

1. Mean girl #3 *(Disgusted)* Seriously, what is wrong with you? Talking to a bunch of plants like some sort of... freak... *Ugh*

**Panel 3:** A dark purple-haired girl chuckles, half-covering her mouth as if trying to stifle a laugh.

1. Mean girl #2 *Pffttt...* right? It's like she has moss for brains. *Ha ha!*

**Panel 4:** The silver-haired girl stepped closer to the green-haired girl, leaning down until their eyes met. A condescending smirk played on her lips as she raised a finger, pointing at the girl's head. The green-haired girl has her face covered by her bangs.

1. Mean girl #1                      \*Sigh\* No wonder your kinds were almost wiped out. With that empty head of yours, the only thing they knew was to get high off of mushrooms and watch their whole habitat burned down.

## 2

**Panel 1:** One of the girls hands a coke to the silver head.

**Panel 2:** She opens it, her eyes fixed on the can. Behind her stand her friends.

|                 |                                                                                                   |
|-----------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Mean girl #1 | You know school's not for everyone, right? I heard there's a cannabis store hiring for part time. |
|-----------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

**Panel 3:** A close-up of Silver's face, expressionless, and unreadable.

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|-----------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Mean girl #1 | So? What are you doing here? |
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**Panel 4:** She looms over the green-haired girl and tilts the can, pouring the cold soda onto her. Green flinches, eyes widening as the liquid seeps into her clothes.

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| 1. Mean girl #1 | Get going. |
|-----------------|------------|

**Panel 5:** The group walks away, laughing. As they leave, one of them carelessly tosses the empty can behind her, letting it hit the green-haired girl.

### 3

**Panel 1:** The green-haired girl looks down, her clothes drenched in Coke.

1. Girl's voice (off)                      Why did you just stand there and not call them out?

**Panel 2:** A girl with blue hair leans on the windowsill of the second floor, looking down with discontent. Her hand rests on her chin as she observes the scene below.

**Panel 3:** The green-haired girl looks up at her silently, which only seems to frustrate the blue-haired girl more.

1. Blue head(off)                      *Seriously?* You're that pathetic?

**Panel 4:** Green-haired girl lowers her head with a sigh, her voice soft as she responds.

1. Green head                      It's fine. I'll just make it to gradua-

2. Blue head                      Bullshit. (cuts her off)

# 4

Panel 1: A close-up of the blue-haired girl's face, staring down at the green-haired girl with clear disappointment.

Panel 2: The green-haired girl looks up at her, shocked.

Panel 3: A shot of a cut-down tree trunk, a silent metaphor

|              |                                                       |
|--------------|-------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Blue hair | We both know you're strong, so why are you hiding it? |
|--------------|-------------------------------------------------------|

Panel 4: The wind picks up, blowing through the blue-haired girl's hair. Petals drift through the air

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| 1. Blue hair | I get it, you're hiding yourself, but that doesn't make it<br>okay for them to keep doing that |
|--------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Panel 5: The green-haired girl's eyes widen slightly, something sparking within them.

# 5

Panel 1: The green-haired girl laughs, wiping the Coke off her face. Her hair flows slightly in the breeze, petals drifting around her.

1. Green girl                      Haha! I didn't know the gloomy girl in our class was sweet and considerate!

Panel 3: The blue-haired girl freezes, her face turning red.

1. Blue                              W-what!? I-I was just saying t-that cuz you frustrate me!

## 6

Panel 1: The green-haired girl smiles warmly, looking at the blue-haired girl as her hair and petals continue to sway in the wind. She put her two hands near her mouth and introduced herself with a bigger voice.

1. Avery                      Haha! I'm Avery, it's nice to finally meet you!

Panel 2: The blue-haired girl looks flustered, eyes shaking.

Panel 3: She glances away, still embarrassed.

Panel 4: Her expression softens, growing calm.

1. Lirian I'm Lirian...

Panel 5: A leaf with a water droplet is shown, symbolizing a quiet moment.

# 7

Panel 1: Lirian walks to school

Panel 2: She sits at her desk, reading a book

Panel 3: Two girls walk past Lirian's desk, whispering to each other

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|------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Girl #1 | Hey, have you heard? There's this guy who dresses like a girl. |
| 2. Girl #2 | what?                                                          |

Panel 4: The two girls continue whispering as they pass by Lirian's desk.

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|-----------|--------------------|
| 1. Girl 1 | Kind of weird, no? |
| 2. Girl 2 | It is..            |

Panel 5: The girls walk away, but Lirian remains focused on her book, showing no reaction.



## 8

Panel 1. Avery jumps in out of nowhere, startling Lirian.

1. Avery HI LIRIAN!

Panel 2: Avery stands in front of Lirian, beaming with her eyes closed. Lirian, wide-eyed, looks at her in shock.

1. Lirian Avery! Hi.. how are... you?

Panel 3: Avery continues smiling at Lirian.

Panel 4: Avery's smile fades slightly as she looks down. A confused look appeared on her face

Panel 5: A close-up shot of Lirian's chest.

# 9

Panel 1: Avery points at Lirian's chest

1. Avery                                      How come you're wearing a bow and not a tie?

Panel 2: Lirian looks down at her chest, placing her hands on her tie.

1. Lirian                                      Ahh... I must've put this on without realizing

Panel 3: Avery tilts her head slightly, confused

1. Avery                                      oh?

Panel 4: Suddenly, Avery remembers why she approached Lirian. Her face lights up

1. Avery                                      oh! Do you want to have lunch together?

Panel 5: Lirian looks surprised but doesn't turn down the offer

1. Lirian                                      Is it lunchtime already? Sure. I'll go with you.

# 10

Panel 1: Lirian and Avery are sitting at a table outside, chatting casually. The sun is shining and they seem to be getting along and enjoying the moment

Panel 2: The mood shifts as the bullies appear in the background, talking to each other while walking towards them.

1. Mean Girl #3 (off): (smug) Oh look, it's the unnatural and the weed licker.

2. Mean Girl #2 (off): What, did you two make a little buddy system?

Panel 3: Avery glances at them, uneasy, while Lirian on the other hand, ignores them.

Panel 4: The bullies surround Avery, their laughter ringing in the air as they sneer at her hairstyle. Their judging eyes scan her, picking apart every detail. Avery shifts uncomfortably.

1. Mean girl #2 (mockingly) Gross! What's this texture? Are you using slime as shampoo?

2. Mean girl #3 (snickering) I doubt she has money to afford one.

# 11

Panel 1: As the bullies harass Avery, Lirian sits stiffly behind her in the shadows. She doesn't want to be noticed, but she also can't stand watching this unfold. Her hands tremble slightly under the table.

1. Lirian (muttering) leave her alone...

Panel 2: The bullies pause and turn toward Lirian. Silver-haired girl narrows her eyes, her expression unreadable, but there's a flicker of annoyance.

Panel 3: The silver-haired girl steps toward Lirian, her gaze locked onto her like a predator sizing up its prey.

1. Mean girl #1 What was that?

Panel 4: Lirian keeps her head down, gripping her skirt tightly. Her heartbeat pounds in her ears.

1. Lirian I said leave her alone..

Panel 5: A close-up of the silver-haired girl's eye, a vein subtly popping, a clear sign of irritation.

## 12

Panel 1: A hand reaches out

Panel 2: The silver-haired girl grabs Lirian's face, yanking her forward until they're eye to eye. Fear washes over Lirian's face, her breath shaking. The silver-haired girl's gaze is cold, her fingers digging slightly into Lirian's cheek.

Flashback panel 2: A small child cries, eyes red and teary

1. A child                                      It hurts!

Panel 4: A large, rough hand clamps over the child's mouth, silencing them. The child flinches, the fear in their eyes growing. Tears keep falling, but no sound escapes

1. A voice? (desperate) Quit yelling and crying. As a boy, you shouldn't be doing that. They'll mistake you as a girl....*Please* (he sounded desperate)

Panel 5: Close-up of the child's trembling eye, the dark figure reflected in it.

1. A voice? The longer you wait, the harder it'll be for the both of us...

Present Panel 6: Lirian's shaking hand slowly reaches up, trying to pry Silver's fingers off her face

# 13

Panel 1: The silver-haired girl's face remains unreadable, but her grip tightens slightly.

1. Lirian (off) (slurring and struggling) i.. S-said... to leave.. Her alone ..!

Panel 2: Avery looks up at Lirian, her eyes wide in shock. There's a hint of admiration, this is the first time she's seen Lirian push back. But she's also worried. Lirian is shaking, her other hand clenched into a trembling fist.

Panel 3: Despite the fear running through her, Lirian doesn't back down. She stands her ground, her eyes burning with something unfamiliar: protectiveness, determination

Panel 4: The silver-haired girl stares at Lirian for a moment. Then, her expression shifts, and her lips curl into a smirk.

1. Mean girl #1 (amused) Wow, I didn't know you played both sides.

Panel 5: With a scoff, the silver-haired girl releases Lirian and takes a step back

1. Mean girl #1 (off) whatever, not like you'll be one anyways. Let's go.

Panel 6: The bullies exchange glances before walking off, looking mildly confused at Lirian's sudden outburst. Avery is still watching Lirian, an unreadable expression on her face

# 14

Panel 1: Lirian stands there, processing what she just did. She places her palm against her forehead, visibly flustered and still reeling from the confrontation.

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| 1. Lirian (thinking) | <i>I can't believe I actually said that... I really just did that..</i> |
| 2. Lirian            | (embarrassed) im.. Sorry. That was probably... weird...                 |

Panel 2: Avery's eyes widen in awe, her gaze sparkling with admiration. She can't believe what she just witnessed.

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| 1. Avery | what? That was so cool. i never had anyone standing up to me like that. Are you okay? |
|----------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Panel 3: Lirian looks away, her face still hidden behind her hand, embarrassed by Avery's reaction. Avery hesitates but gently places a hand on Lirian's shoulder, offering support

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| 1. Lirian | (quietly) I'm fine... But next time, you need to fight back too... |
|-----------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|

Panel 4: Lirian meets Avery's eyes with determination. She points at Avery, her voice firm and confident, urging her to find her own strength.

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| 1. Lirian | You need to stand your ground. You don't let them push you around. The next time they try, hit them where it hurts.! |
| 2. Avery  | hit them? (quietly and processing)                                                                                   |

# Act 2

## 15

Panel 1: A wilted flower, grass surrounds it

Panel 2: A shadow looms over the flower while two hands reach out to gently grasp the flowers head

Panel 3: The flower gained its life back; the petals became bright and yellow and stood tall with confidence

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|-----------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Lirian (narration) | Earth users are connected. Grounded. Stable. They know who they are, and they don't doubt themselves. |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Panel 4: Close up at Avery's smiling face

Panel 5: a curly grey hair, with black highlights explaining about what his new painting is about with his teacher

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|-----------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Lirian (narration) | Wind users, they're smart, creative... they know how to speak their minds. They've got control of their destiny. |
|-----------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|



## 16

Panel 1: A guy with pink hair is head locking one of his friends.

|                       |                                                                              |
|-----------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Lirian (narration) | Fire users are strong. Passionate and have already established who they are. |
|-----------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Panel 2: Lirian creates a water from her palm. The water has a clear blue colour with a hint of purple. It twist, churns and flows.

1. Lirian (narration)      And lastly, water. It has no fixed identity, it's fluid and doesn't have a mold. You'll get lost in its current.

Panel 3: Lirian walking past a window, looking outside

Panel 4: a foot stomps on top of the flower

Panel 5: avery is shocked from the sudden entrance

1. Mean girl #1 (off) Seriously? Over an already dead weed? You have no priorities at all!?

Panel 6: avery stands up and locks eye with the silver head girl. Averys is irritated by her action

1. Avery Vera! You have no empathy for lower life forms at all!

2. Vera (off) A dandelion is a weed? So yeahh i dont

# 17

Panel 1: Avery's flashback from Lirian's advice

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|---------------------|------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Lirian flashback | We both know youre strong, so why are you hiding it? |
| 2. Lirian           | Hit them where it hurts.!                            |

Panel 2: Vera, with her hands slightly covering her mouth, talking to her friends

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|----------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Vera        | Did you hear that? I didnt know she can talk like that! HA! |
| 2. Avery (off) | Yeah i, too, have no empathy for lower life forms ...       |

Panel 3: Vera glanced over at Avery

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| 1. Vera | huh? |
|---------|------|

Panel 4: Avery punches Vera in the face

Panel 5: Lirian's reaction to the punch

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|-----------|-------------|
| 1. Lirian | What the-!? |
|-----------|-------------|

Panel 6: Vera loses her balance and falls to the ground.

Panel 7: Vines and roots from the ground wrap around Vera

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|----------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Vera  | Ouch, that hurts!           |
| 2. Vera. | Uhm what? h-HEY! STOP THAT! |

# 18

Panel 1: Close-up shot of Vera's eyes, showing her horrified expression.

Panel 2: Avery looks down at Vera with a satisfied smile.

1. Avery                      (Slight smirk with confidence) Now you're the weed growing!

Panel 3: Avery walks past the two other girls, leaving them in fear. Her face is partially hidden

Panel 4: Avery goes to find Lirian near the window, and they make eye contact

1. Lirian                      Hey are you okay—?

2. Avery                      Why is a boy wearing a girls uniform?

Panel 5: Lirian, interrupted by Avery's question, realizing it's not a secret anymore. Lirian sighs.

1. Lirian                      *Sigh* so you knew?

2. Lirian                      When did you noticed it?

Panel 6: Avery thoughtfully tapping her chin, looking up as if recalling

1. Avery                      mmm since we met?

## 19

Panel 1: Avery is questioning Lirian's identity, specifically asking about her masculinity.

1. Avery So what type of guy are you?

Panel 2: Avery points at a pink-haired guy

1. Avery                      A rough and cool one?

Panel 3: Avery points at a darker redhead

1. Avery Or the sensible and reasoning type?

Panel 4: Lirian waves off Avery's clouded ideas, looking annoyed.

[illegible]

1. Avery (off)                      what? Why?

1. Avery                      And since you abandon that part of you, you ultimately abandon yourself. You're lost and afraid.

## 21

Panel 1: Avery holds her hands together.

1. Avery. It'll be okay if we bring him out. We can fix whatever is broken

Panel 2: Avery's heartfelt word had accidentally triggered Lirian. She didn't mean to hurt Lirian, but she did. She slams her desk, her face covering her face. She's done with Avery's words even if she meant no harm. She had no right to comment on her past self!

1. Lirian                      Fix him? Fix the part that was weak and pathetic?! Who the hell are you to tell me that?

Panel 3: Avery stares at Lirian hoping they meet eye to eye, but she refused to look up. Avery's expression softens, showing concern.

1. Avery                      You think rejecting your masculinity makes you free? It doesn't. It just means you're still letting your past control you.

Flashback panel 4: young Lirian, around 11 years old, is drawing

Panel 5: A male teacher, silhouetted in shadow, kneels beside Lirian, admiring his work. The male teacher pats young Lirian on the head. Lirian beams with joy, blushing slightly.

1. Male teacher                      Amazing work as always lirian. (he said softy)

## 22

Present Panel 1: Lirian finally looks at Avery, her face partially obscured in black, devoid of life. She forces a smile, but it looked a bit off.

1. Lirian                                      Who cares... being feminine is what will protect me.

Flashback Panel 2: A small, pale hand gently grazes the shadowed surface of a much larger hand.

1. Lirian (off)                              From what it felt...

Panel 3:                                      A wilted white lily lies on the ground, its once-pure petals stained red as droplets of blood rain down from the sky.

1. Lirian (off)                              The humiliation... the confusion... the loneliness I had to endure...  
it keeps staining me

Panel 4: A wider shot of Avery and Lirian. There's space in between the two. Lirian looks smaller, as half of her face remains hidden by shadows

1. Avery                                      Are you really *choosing* this? Or are you just scared of what being a man might mean?

Panel 5: Avery's hand reaches out toward Lirian, offering comfort

1. Avery                                      Let me help you

## 23

Panel 1: Avery's hand reaches out toward Lirian

Panel 2: Lirian looks at Avery's hand, her face partially covered in black.

panel 3: Lirian slaps Avery's hand away with sharp force.

Panel 4: Lirian's face is nearly covered in black. Her expression is cold and furious.

1. Lirian screw you.

Panel 5: Avery's hand lingers in the air, empty. Lirian's back is turned as she walks away, swallowed by the shadows.



## 24

**Panel 1:** Lirian storms out of school. The shadows fully overtook her face. The environment around her is dull and grey.

**Panel 2:** Close-up of her clenched fists. She's shaking.

1. Lirian (internal thought)                      *Why does she care so much? She doesn't know what I've been through*

**Panel 3:** Lirian walks alone under the rain, the droplets blending with her tense form.

5n

**Panel 4:** Lirian trips on a rock and below her was a puddle. She stares at her reflection. The image before her is fractured, distorted—split in two. One version is her current self while the other is the younger boy of her past.

1. Lirian (internal thought)                      *Who... am I...?*

**Panel 5:** Avery watches from a distance through a window, her expression full of concern.

## 25

Panel 1: Young Lirian is smiling and waving, full of innocence, standing in a bright, vibrant space.

Panel 2: Young Lirian, now covered in blood, is strangling someone. The moment is chaotic, blurry, and hard to make out, symbolizing confusion and trauma. Lirian's eyes show a mix of fear and confusion, trying to make sense of what's happening.

(The blur effect should imply that Lirian doesn't fully understand what is happening in this moment.)

Panel 3: Close-up of young Lirian's face, tears streaming down, still covered in blood. His face is broken and full of pain. The expression here is raw, vulnerable—a stark contrast to his earlier smile.

Panel 4: A shot of the person being strangled mouth

1. Person                      Boys.. Dont cry....

Panel 5: Young Lirian's smile begins to fade, transforming into a neutral expression—his face betrays no emotion now. The light around him begins to fade, symbolizing his emotional shift and the masking of his true self.

## 26

Panel 1: Days pass in silence. Lirian and Avery walk the same halls, sit in the same classes, but neither has the courage to bridge the gap between them. (Narration)

Panel 2: Lirian, still with her face masked in shadow, walks home. In the background, a swallow's chirp breaks.

Panel 3: Lirian notices the bird but dismisses it, continuing on her path.

1, lirian                      A swallow?

Panel 4: Behind her, a group of swallows begins to gather, chirping in unison.

Panel 5: Lirian notices the swallows trailing her, their calls growing louder. She picks up her pace, a little unsettled..

Panel 6: The swallows block her path, no longer allowing her to ignore them. With nowhere else to go, she turns and begins walking in another direction.

## 27

Panel 1: The swallows continue to guide her, gently directing her toward a park, an oasis of life, nature thriving in the midst of the storm.

Panel 2: Lirian follows the birds deeper into the park. The air is filled with the sounds of life, leaves rustling, birds calling, the faint hum of nature thriving

Panel 3: The swallows keep pace with her, urging her forward.

Panel 4: As she reaches the river, Lirian stands still, watching the water flow, her face now half visible through the cracks in her mask

1. Lirian (quietly or internal dialogue?) The water... it flows without fear,

Panel 5: Lirian's eyes widen as she gazes at the river, seeing something in it she hasn't recognized in herself, strength and fluidity, control within chaos

## 28

Panel 1: The river winds through the landscape, carving its own path, strong yet gentle. The current reflects both calmness and force. Lirian stands at the riverbank, watching the water ripple in front of her. Her reflection merges with the sky above, a symbol of balance she's yet to find within herself.

1. Lirian (thinking)                      can i ... be both?

## 29

Panel 1: Avery approaches, a swallow sat on her shoulder

1. avery                                There was a person once, deeply passionate about studying ocean currents. He explained how, with immense patience, rivers carve through landscapes. Shaping not only the land but the rivers themselves, becoming something extraordinary

Panel 2: Lirian's black mask cracks further, fully revealing her face for the first time.

1. Avery                                Rivers shape the land over time, just as we can reshape who we are. It's okay to embrace every part of yourself, all of it

Panel 3: Lirian stands with her back to Avery, still distant, but her expression softening.

1. avery (off)                        I'm sorry for pushing you so hard. I... I didn't mean to come off as heartless.

Panel 4: Close-up on the swallow, perched calmly on Avery's shoulder, as if reflecting a sense of peace.

1. Lirian (off)                        No... it wasn't you. It was my own fear that kept me away.

Panel 5: The river flows peacefully, symbolizing change and growth

1. Lirian (off)                        You were right. I was scared... of facing who I really am..

Panel 6: Lirian turns to face Avery. As she smiles, the shadows that once hid her face dissipate, revealing a more vibrant, confident expression. A single tear falls down Lirian's cheek.

1. Lirian                                thank you.

# 30

Panel 1: Avery's face registers shock, followed by whispers from classmates around them

- |         |                                 |
|---------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Girl | hey whos that cool looking guy? |
| 2. Boy  | oh shit! Thats a guy!?          |
| 3. Girl | woah                            |

Panel 2: Lirian sits at his desk, now wearing his male uniform, but instead of the bow, he wears a tie. A confident, but subtle change

Panel 3: Lirian makes eye contact with Avery, smiling with a newfound ease

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|-----------|---------------|
| 1. Lirian | oh avery! Hey |
|-----------|---------------|

Panel 4: Avery walks up to Lirian, her expression a mixture of surprise and pride

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| 1. Avery | Lirian? You.. Did it.... |
|----------|--------------------------|

Panel 5: Avery hugs Lirian excitedly, but he's clearly overwhelmed by the affection, unable to breathe properly.

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|-----------|-------------------------------------------|
| 1. Lirian | okay... you can let go... I can't breathe |
| 2. Avery  | im so happy for you!                      |

# 31

Panel 1: Lirian, walking through the school hallway, is bumped into by another student holding a stack of books. He clutches his right arm, Avery's hug had hurt it.

1. Lirian                                      Damn it avery, why so hard?

Panel 2: They bump into each other and the books fall to the floor in a mess

Panel 3: Both Lirian and the other person bend down to pick up the books

1. Lirian                                      Sorry, i didnt mean to..  
2. Person?                                      No its okay. It was my fault

Panel 4: Lirian reads the title of the book in her hands

1. Lirian (thinking!)                      Portraits of the Self?

Panel 5: Lirian looks up at the person, intrigued.

Panel 6: his eyes widen in shock



## 32

Panel 1: it's a dude? No. A girl. But her face is sharp, with angular features. Her brows are thick and well-groomed, and her eyes are intense and steady, often carrying a look of determination. Her lips are red which compliments her maroon eyes! Her expression is often serious or focused, making her appear more mature than her peers. And her hair is dark in red, in a messy, sleek bun!

Panel 2: Lirian blushes, clearly flustered by the encounter

Panel 3: Lirian freezes, unable to move or speak as the girl asks for her book back, her tone direct but not unkind.

Lirian's heart races as he feels a connection with this new presence, someone who feels, in some strange way, like a mirror of his own journey.

END