

THE STRIP



Building Stories By Chris Ware

PART 10: 6 a.m.



**I THOUGHT**  
 I REMEMBERED SEEING A PLUNGER HIDDEN AWAY SOMEWHERE WHEN I MOVED IN, AND, AFTER SOME RUMMAGING AROUND, I FOUND THE NASTY-LOOKING THING UNDER THE SINK... I DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO TOUCH IT... GOD KNOWS WHERE IT'D BEEN... BUT THEN I FIGURED "WHO CARES?" AND I WAS CRAMMING "CHICAGO RUBBER" OVER AND OVER, FUTILELY, INTO THE BOWL...

**NOTE TO FUTURE SELF:** IF I EVER HAVE CHILDREN, SHOW THEM HOW THINGS AROUND THE HOUSE WORK SO THAT WHEN THEY GROW UP AND LIVE ALONE, THEY WON'T STUPIDLY STAND AROUND WONDERING WHAT TO DO WHILE THE PLACE FLOODS OR BURNS OR BLOWS UP AROUND THEM...



STEP STEP

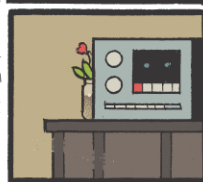


RIGHT... "IF I EVER HAVE CHILDREN..." SHEESH...



I GOTTA FIND SOMEONE WHO'LL SLEEP WITH ME FIRST, RIGHT, MISS KITTYY?

I'D ALREADY TRIED TO GO BACK TO SLEEP, BUT I WAS TOO KEED UP, AND SINCE IT WAS ALREADY PAST 6 AM, I DECIDED TO CATCH UP ON MY DIARY WHILE I WAITED FOR A REASONABLE TIME TO CALL THE OLD LADY AND ASK HER TO GET A PLUMBER...



SECRETARY BILL RICHARDSON SAID NATION'S SUPPLY OF HOME HEATING OIL IS AT DANGER

