

# I 12.06 The Funny Pages

THE STRIP

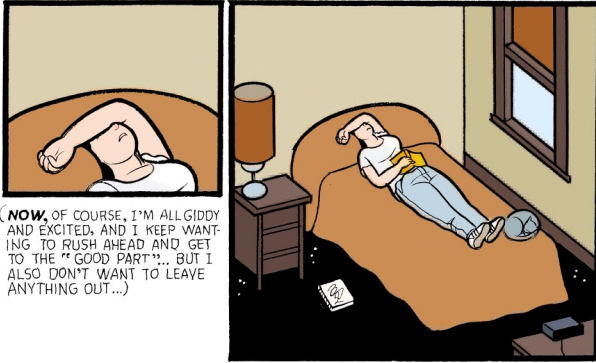


Building Stories By Chris Ware

PART 21: 4 p.m.

## ONE BIG LIE

ABOUT MY RECOUNTING OF ALL OF THIS IS THAT I DON'T THINK I'M EFFECTIVELY COMMUNICATING HOW BUMMED OUT I WAS FOR MOST OF THE DAY (BIG SURPRISE, RIGHT?)... I GUESS I'M MAKING IT SEEM AS IF I WERE SIMPLY GAILY GOING ABOUT MY TASKS, WHEN IN REALITY, IT WAS ALL I COULD DO TO JUST SIMPLY GET UP OFF THE COUCH MOST OF THE TIME... (I GUESS MAYBE I SHOULD SIGN UP FOR THAT WRITING CLASS...)



(NOW, OF COURSE, I'M ALL GIDDY AND EXCITED, AND I KEEP WANTING TO RUSH AHEAD AND GET TO THE "GOOD PART"... BUT I ALSO DON'T WANT TO LEAVE ANYTHING OUT...)



I MEAN, SATURDAYS ARE USUALLY PRETTY DEPRESSING FOR ME, ANYWAY... BUT AT LEAST I'M EITHER DISTRACTED BY BEING AT WORK OR PASSING TIME AT A BOOKSTORE OR HANGING OUT WITH A FRIEND OR SOMETHING... TODAY OFFERED NO SUCH DISTRACTIONS, HOWEVER, BECAUSE I HAD TO WAIT AROUND FOR THE PLUMBER, AND NOTHING I COULD THINK OF TO OCCUPY MYSELF AT ALL APPEALED TO ME... IT WAS AS IF ALL OF MY FAILED AMBITIONS WERE CLOSING IN ON ME AS THE HOURS TICKED BY, AND ANY POSSIBILITY OF MY DRAGGING MYSELF OUT OF IT DWINDLED WITH EACH PASSING MINUTE... I HAD TO FACE IT: I'D NEVER BE AN ARTIST, I'D NEVER BE A WRITER... I'D NEVER BE



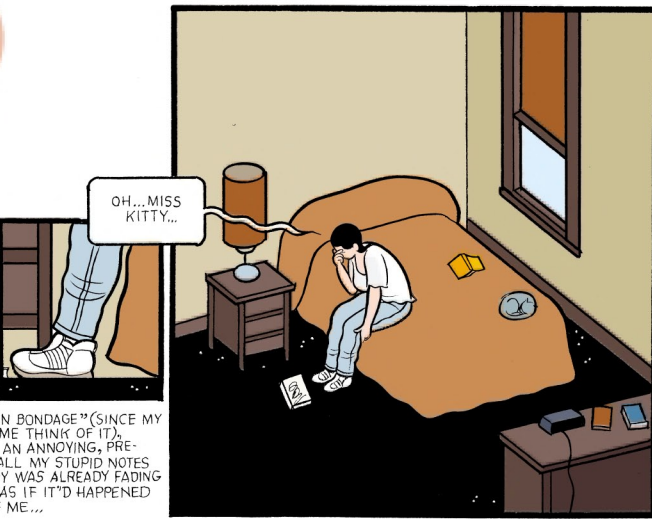
ANYTHING... MY NEGLECTED DIARY STARED BACK AT ME FROM THE LIVING ROOM, UNTOUCHED FOR DAYS...



"UNTOUCHED"...  
YEAH, WELL, THAT'S CERTAINLY APPROPRIATE...

I LAY THERE TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW LONG IT'D BEEN SINCE I'D ACTUALLY KISSED SOMEONE... SIX YEARS? SEVEN? WHAT DID IT EVEN FEEL LIKE ANYMORE?... I COULDN'T REMEMBER... ABSENT-MINDEDLY, I TRACED MY THUMB BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN MY LIPS, TRYING TO PROMPT SOME RECOLLECTION, BUT NONE CAME...

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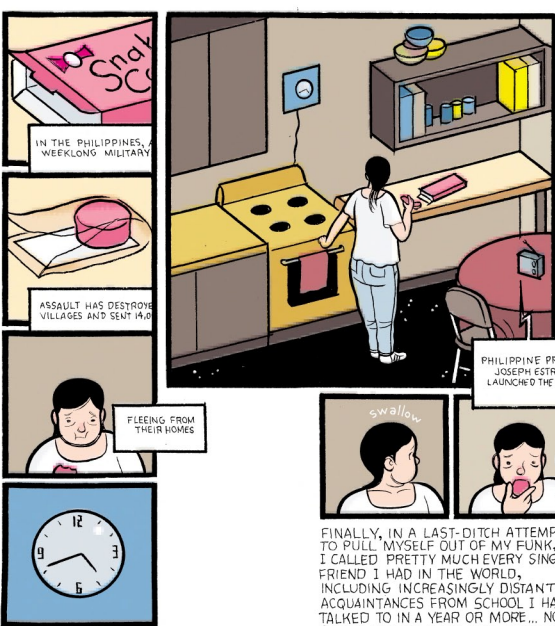


OH... MISS KITTY...



THIS IS RIDICULOUS  
WE'RE GETTING UP

GOD, I DID NOT WANT TO END UP LIKE HER... ALONE, MY LIFE OVER... I ALREADY FELT LIKE A STATUE THAT'D STOOD IN ONE PLACE FOR TOO LONG, BLACKENED BY TIME, PASSERS-BY NOT EVEN LOOKING UP AT ME OR REMEMBERING WHY IT WAS I WAS THERE...

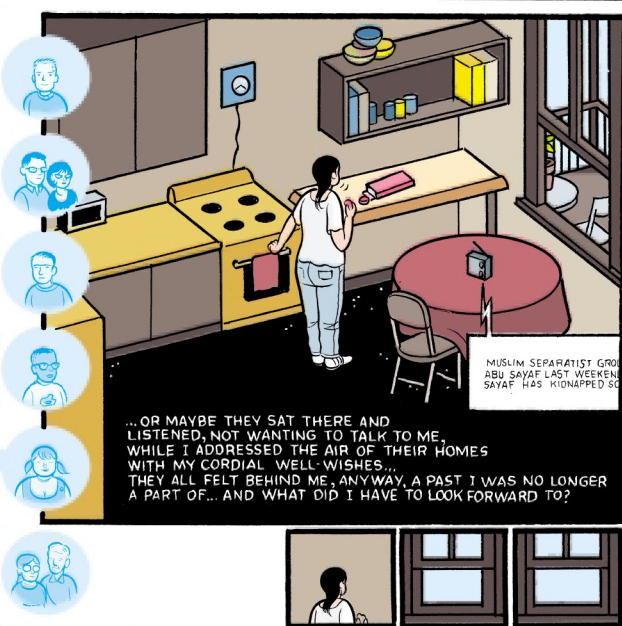


IN THE PHILIPPINES, WEEKLONG MILITARY ASSAULT HAS DESTROYED VILLAGES AND SENT 100,000 FLEEING FROM THEIR HOMES

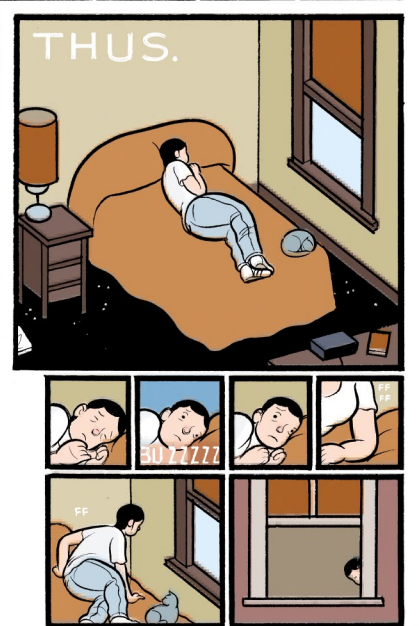
PHILIPPINE PRESIDENT JOSEPH ESTRADA LAUNCHED THE ATTACK



FINALLY, IN A LAST-DITCH ATTEMPT TO PULL MYSELF OUT OF MY FUNK, I CALLED PRETTY MUCH EVERY SINGLE FRIEND I HAD IN THE WORLD, INCLUDING INCREASINGLY DISTANT ACQUAINTANCES FROM SCHOOL I HADN'T TALKED TO IN A YEAR OR MORE... NOT A SINGLE ONE OF THEM WAS HOME, THOUGH... THEY ALL HAD "LIVES"... WERE OUT "HAVING FUN"...



... OR MAYBE THEY SAT THERE AND LISTENED, NOT WANTING TO TALK TO ME, WHILE I ADDRESSED THE AIR OF THEIR HOMES WITH MY CORDIAL WELL-WISHES... THEY ALL FELT BEHIND ME, ANYWAY, A PAST I WAS NO LONGER A PART OF... AND WHAT DID I HAVE TO LOOK FORWARD TO?



THUS.

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