THE STRIP



Building Stories By Chris Ware

PART 7: 3 a.m.











(IN A WAY, IT SORT OF HAS TO DO WITH WHAT HAPPENED LATER, THOUGH I DIDN'T REALIZE IT THEN, OF COURSE...

I GUESS WITH THAT WEIRD SEX DREAM I WOKE UP FROM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT...

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but he was my was being sup on by it all...



I'M JUST GLAD I REMEMBERED TO WRITE IT DOWN,



OTHERWISE I WOULD HAVE PROBABLY FORGOTTEN ABOUT IT... THAT'S ONE GOOD THING I LEARNED FROM THAT CREATIVE-WRITING so... BOOK, AT LEAST ...) I WAS IN MY OLD ROOM
WITH MY OLD BOYFRIEND... EXCEPT
THAT IT WASN'T MY BOYFRIEND... IT WAS
SOMEONE ELSE ENTIRELY, SOMEONE I'D NEVER
MET BEFORE...BUT HE WAS MY BOYFRIEND IN
THE DREAM, AND HE WAS BEING REALLY NICE
AND I WAS REALLY TURNED-ON BY IT ALL...



AND THE MORE I TRIED TO SEE THROUGH IT, THE MORE INTENSE IT GOT WITH THIS GUY... OF COURSE, ALL OF THIS SEEMED PERFECTLY NATURAL, LIKE STUFF IN DREAMS ALWAYS DOES ...



ALL, THOUGH, WAS THAT THE WHOLE TIME I WAS HOLDING THIS **POPSICLE**UP TO THE LAMP NEXT
TO THE BED, TRYING TO
SEE LIGHT THROUGH IT. FOR SOME REASON, THIS WAS REALLY IMPORTANT TO ME ...

THE WEIRD PART OF IT





1'M NOT EVEN SURE EXACTLY WHERE IT IS I SHOULD START, ACTUALLY...



ANYWAY, WHAT'S EVEN WEIRDER IS THAT NOW, IT STILL SEEMS SORT OF SEXY TO ME... MAYBE THIS IS ONE OF THE FIRST SIGNS OF GOING NUTS FROM LONELINESS, ASSOCIATING DEEP FEELINGS WITH RANDOM INANIMATE OBJECTS...THEN AGAIN, MAYBE IT WAS JUST A DUMB DREAM... I'D ALREADY TRIED TO FALL BACK ASLEEP, TO "RECREATE" IT ALC., BUT THAT NEVER WORKS, SO I JUST LAY THERE FOR A WHILE, STARING AT THE CEILING, TURNING IT OVER IN MY MIND, ITS PALPABILITY FADING...





FINALLY, I GOT UP TO GO TO THE BATHROOM (WHICH I'D GEEN HOPING TO AVOID BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO RISK BOTHERING MY DOWNSTAIRS NEIGHBORS...)









I'M PRETTY SURE THE GUY'S A DRINKER TOO ... I HEAR HIM COMING AND GOING AT ALL HOURS ... (OF COURSE, WHY BE SEXIST ABOUT IT? IT COULD JUST AS EASILY BE THE WOMAN, I GUESS ...)











