

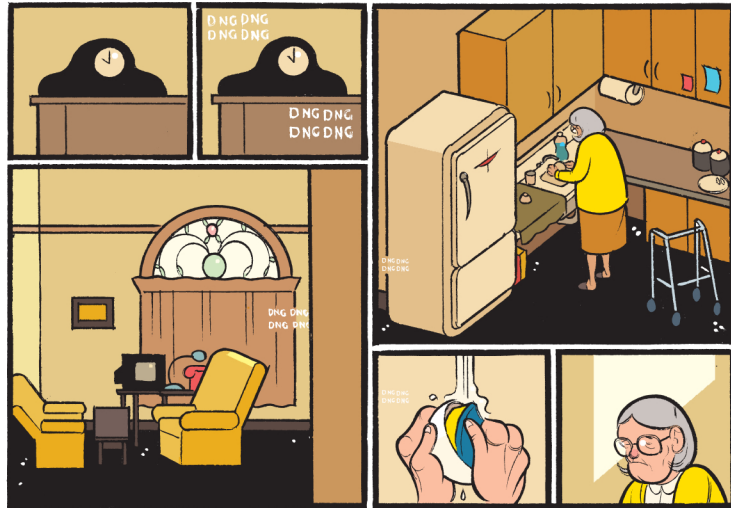
I 12.18.05 The Funny Pages

THE STRIP



Building Stories By Chris Ware

PART 13: 9 a.m.



WHEN I CAME OUT OF THE BATHROOM, I FOUND HER ALREADY STANDING BY HER DOOR, A POLITE SIGNAL THAT OUR "INTERVIEW" WAS OVER... I BRIEFLY WORRIED THAT I'D OFFENDED HER, BUT HER MANNER WAS STILL GENEROUS AND CORDIAL, SO I GUESS SHE JUST HAD STUFF TO DO. ANYWAY, SHE ASSURED ME A PLUMBER WOULD BE THERE

BETWEEN ONE AND FIVE O'CLOCK



FOR WHICH I EXPRESSED MY GRATITUDE AS EFFUSIVELY AS I COULD, APOLOGIZING TO HER AGAIN FOR ANY TROUBLE...

"NONSENSE, DEAR..."

SHE SAID...



WHAT A GREAT WORD! PEOPLE JUST DON'T USE IT ANYMORE... IT'S SO DIGNIFIED, GOOD-NATURED...

THE WHOLE EXPERIENCE REMINDED ME OF MY OWN "OLD LADY" PHASE THAT I WENT THROUGH IN HIGH SCHOOL WHILE I WAS READING SOMERSET MAUGHAM... THE EMBROIDERED SWEATERS, THE COSTUME JEWELRY... I REMEMBER GENUINELY WANTING TO BE OLD THEN, TO ACT AS IF THE BUSINESS OF MY LIFE WAS ALREADY ALL BUT OVER, AND THAT I WAS PRETERNATURALLY WISE BECAUSE OF IT...

GOD, THE STUPID THINGS YOU'LL DO TO TRY AND MEET BOYS...



AT THE SAME TIME, THIS SORT OF AMPLIFIED THE SENSE OF KINSHIP I FELT WITH HER... I PROMISED MYSELF I'D BRING HER SOME FLOWERS FROM THE SHOP AS A THANK-YOU... MAYBE, EVEN TODAY, IF THERE WAS TIME... I REALLY WANTED TO SEE HER PAINTINGS, ACTUALLY...



GOD, IT SOUNDS SO RETARDED WHEN I SAY IT...



BUT SHE SAID THEY WERE ALL UP IN THE ATTIC, STORED AWAY YEARS AND YEARS AGO



PANCAKES



THE NEIGHBORS ARE MAKING PANCAKES

WHEN I FINALLY GOT BACK UP TO MY APARTMENT, I CONSIDERED THIS ARCHITECTURAL METAPHOR... WHY IS IT ALWAYS THE ATTIC TO WHICH WE BANISH OUR PAST? IS IT BECAUSE, SINCE IT'S ALWAYS ABOVE US, IT FEELS ANALOGOUS TO OUR MINDS? YOU KNOW - "LOOKING UP" WHENEVER WE'RE TRYING TO REMEMBER SOMETHING...



NO, MISS KITTY...



SHUT

YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T GO OUT THERE...

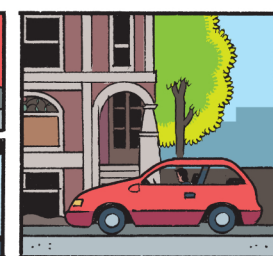
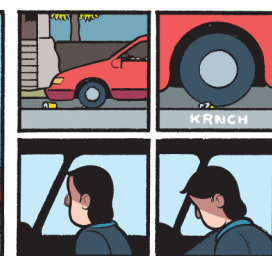
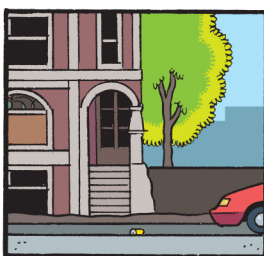


I WONDERED IF MAYBE SOMEWHERE THERE WAS A CULTURE THAT IMAGINED ITS MEMORIES RESIDING SOMEWHERE OTHER THAN IN THE BRAIN, LIKE IN THE HEART OR IN THE FEET, AND IF THEY BUILT THEIR HOUSES ACCORDINGLY, STORING THINGS IN THE MIDDLE OR IN THE BASEMENT...



THEN, AGAIN, I GUESS BASEMENTS FLOOD AND ATTICS DON'T, SO MAYBE I WAS JUST BEING AN IDIOT ABOUT IT ALL...

IT SMELLS GOOD



PLEASE, GOD... DON'T LET HER BE MAKING PANCAKES AGAIN...