THE STRIP



**Building Stories** By Chris Ware

PART 17: 12 p.m.







I GUESS THEY JUST FIGURE I CAN'T HEAR THEM, OR SOMETHING...



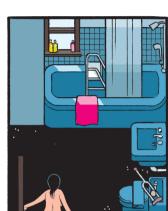
















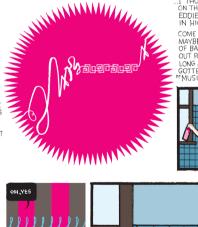
MAYBE HE'S NOT A DRINKER, ACTUALLY...I SHOULDN'T ALWAYS ASSUME THE WORST OF PEOPLE... MAYBE HE JUST WORKS LATE OR SOMETHING... I KNOW SHE'S GONE EVERY DAY FROM WAY EARLY TO AT LEAST FIVE, SO SHE MUST HAVE SOME KIND OF REGULAR JOB... I CANT EVER TELL WHETHER HE'S HOME DURING THE DAY OR NOT, THOUGH... SOMETIMES I'LL THINK HE'S GONE BUT THEN J'LL HEAR THE DOOR SHUT, AND I'LL REALIZE HE'S BEEN THERE ALL ALONG...



I CAN ALWAYS TELL IF
THEY'RE COMING OR
GOING BECAUSE OF THE
TINKLING OF THEIR KPYS
AND THE DEADBOLT..
IF I HEAR THAT SOUND
AFTER THE DOOR SHUS, THEN
I KNOW THEY'RE LEAVING,
WHICH IS ALWAYS A NICE
FEELING, BECAUSE THEN I
CAN TURN UP THE STEREO
OR WHATEVER...



THIS DOESN'T APPLY THIS DOESN'I APPLY
WHENEVER HE'S PRACTICING HIS STUPID ELECTRIC
GUITAR, THOUGH ... THERE'S
NO MISTAKING THAT...
OVER AND OVER AND
OVER, THE SAME INCESSANT
"LICK"...



I THOUGHT GUYS GAVE UP ON THAT CUNNILINGUAL EDDIE VAN HALEN STUFF IN HIGH 5CHOOL...

нор

COME TO THINK OF IT,
MAYBE HE'S IN SOME KIND
OF BAR BAND AND STAYS
OUT PARTYING ALL NIGHT
LONG AND SHE'S JUST
GOTTEN SICK OF HIS WHOLE
"MUSIC THING"...



GOD KNOWS I GOT SICK OF IT PRETTY QUICKLY ...

ALL I KNOW IS THAT SHE SURE SOUNDED MAD AT HIM, FOR AT LEAST AS MUCH AS I COULD HEAR..







I GUESS THAT'S WHAT MAKES US "HUMAN," THOUGH, RIGHT? "LANGUAGE AND COM-MUNICATION"...



















I SAT THERE FOR A FEW SECONDS, TREMBLING...I KNEW I'D LOCKED THE FRONT DOOR...OR HAD I?! TRIED TO REMEMBER WHAT TIME THE OLD LADY HAD TOLD ME TO EXPECT THE PLUMBER, BUT THE MORE I THOUGHT ABOUT IT, THE MORE UNCERTAIN IT SEEMED TO BECOME... SHE WOULDN'T HAYE GIVEN THE PLUMBER A KEY, WOULD SHE?















