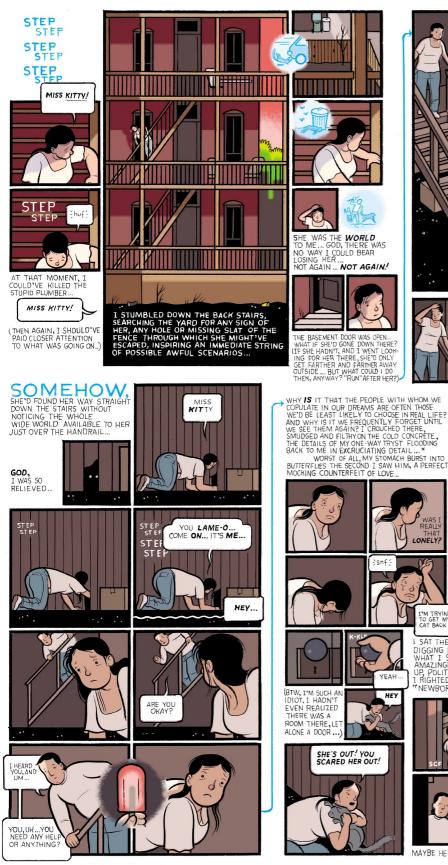
THE STRIP



Building Stories By Chris Ware

E WAS THE **WORLD** ME... GOD, THERE WAS WAY I COULD BEAR SING HER...

PART 24: 7 p.m.







I STOOD HERE, MY
HEART POUNDING,
THE BLACK SILENCE
OF THE BASEMENT
SPONGING UP MY
PANICKED WORDS,
WHEN SUDDENLY,
MIRACULOUSLY...









COULD HE TELL? WAS I SOMEHOW BETRAYING MYSELF BY LOSING IT LIKE I DID? MY DREAM HAD FELT SO REAL THAT FOR HIM NOT TO ACKNOWLEDGE IT SEEMED AS IF HE WERE BEING CRUEL ..

WHICH OF COURSE WAS COMPLETE NONSENSE...





MAYBE HE WASN'T SUCH A BAD GUY AFTER ALL ...

YEAH.

SHE'S OUT! YOU SCARED HER OUT!

