

# Curbside

by Robert Kirby

## HAPPY ANNIVERSARY PART 2

(Hissing): NATHAN! VINCENT! GET YOUR ASSES OUT HERE! MA'S CUT-TIN' THE CAKE!!

AND FOR GOD SAKE, GUYS, GO WASH YOUR HANDS!

NATHAN, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR SHIRT?

UM... SPILLED WINE ON IT.

TSK- THIS BOY IS SO CLUMSY!

WHAT?

yeah that's me

haven't changed, have you, Nathan?

TO THE HAPPY COUPLE! J.T. AND BRENDAN!

CHEERS!

LET'S KEEP IT G-RATED NOW

GLONK! GLONK!

hee hee I'm so EMBARRASSED

A MEMORABLE EVENING.

VINCENT, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, SNEAKING OFF WITH NATHAN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PARTY LIKE THAT? DIDN'T THAT GUN UNDER HIS BED CREEP YOU OUT, EVEN A LITTLE?

I'LL SAY!

BRENDAN, BEFORE YOU GO ON, I FOUND SOMETHING ELSE IN NATHAN'S ROOM. CHECK IT OUT.

YOU'RE STILL IN MY BLOOD

DON'T BE SCARED

TALK TO ME

COME HOME

ct

I KNEW THAT "C.T." TATTOO ON NATHAN'S ANKLE MEANT SOMETHING!!!

YEAH, LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT MYSELF A RIVAL... AND ONE THAT MIGHT BE A LITTLE SCARY..

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# Dykes To Watch Out For by Alison Bechdel

small comforts

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I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU WON'T LET ME COME IN WITH YOU.

YOU'D HATE IT. THE TV'S BLARING, THE PLACE IS LITTERED WITH CUTESY LITTLE ANGELS AND BEARS AND NOW THEY'LL HAVE THE CHRISTMAS CRAP UP TOO. I THINK THE ENTIRE COLLECTIBLE KITSCH INDUSTRY IS KEPT AFLOAT BY CHEMO NURSES. SEE YOU AT SIX.

SHORTLY...

SORRY THAT TOOK SO MANY TRIES, HON. YOUR VEINS ARE GETTING SCARRED.

LET'S ASK THE MAN ON THE STREET!

THANKS, JANINE. UH... CAN WE MUTE THE TV?

SURE, DOLL. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK WITH A BLANKET.

NOEL

NOEL

NOEL

MEANWHILE...

HI, GINGER! YOU MUST BE EXHAUSTED AFTER YOUR COMMUTE. CAN I GET YOU SOME HOT MULLED CIDER?

SORRY, I THINK I HAVE THE WRONG ADDRESS.

I KNOW, ISN'T IT FREAKY? THE WALK IS SHOVELED, THE HOUSE IS WARM AND CLEAN, DINNER'S COOKING...

JR.'S FRESH FROM HER BATH...

LOIS, HER NAME IS JIAO RAIZEL.

NOW THAT EVERYONE'S HERE, LET'S LIGHT THE MENORAH. AFTER SUPPER WE CAN PUT UP THE TREE I GOT FOR YOU GOYIM.

THIS IS SO "STEPFORD HUSBANDS."

LEMME TELL YA, QUITTING MY JOB WAS THE BEST THING I EVER DID. I LOVE STAYING HOME!

MAYBE TOMORROW YOU CAN GET TO THE SPOTS ON THESE GLASSES.

LET'S NOT PUSH IT.

WELL, LET ME BEGIN BY SAYING THAT IN THIS POST-HUMAN ERA, THE VERY CONCEPTS OF "MAN" AND "WOMAN" HAVE BECOME QUAINT FICTIONS.

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