

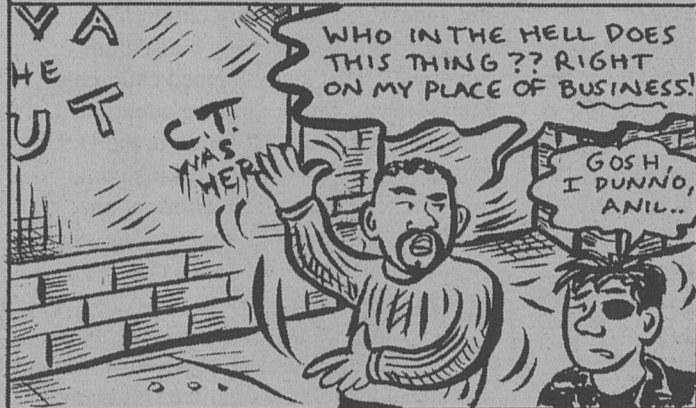
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Curbside

by Robert Kirby

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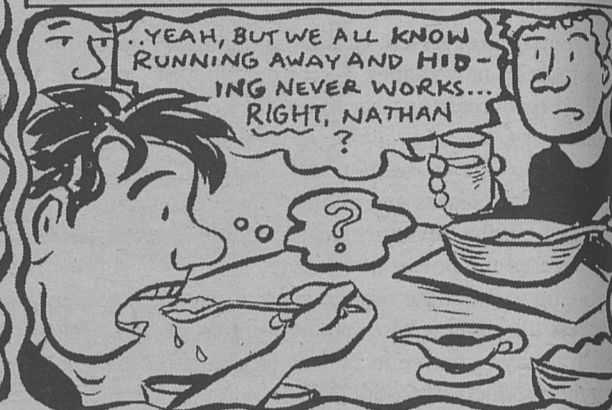
CAL'S HERE IN TOWN. HE'S BEEN SPRAY PAINTING HIS INITIALS ALL OVER THE DAMN PLACE, FOR MY BENEFIT, NATURALLY.



I SWEAR, I DID EVERYTHING I COULD TO LAY LOW AND WAIT THIS OUT, BUT HE STILL FOUND ME. ONCE THAT KID LATCHES ONTO SOMETHING HE NEVER LETS IT GO.



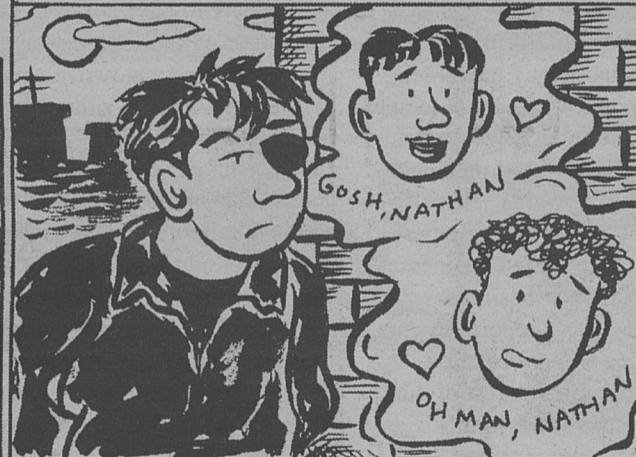
BRENDAN SOMEHOW KNOWS SOMETHING'S UP. HE WAS ACTING ALL WEIRD WHEN HE AND J.T. MADE ME DINNER THE OTHER NIGHT... HOW MUCH DOES HE KNOW ABOUT CAL, AND FROM WHO?



BUT MAYBE HE'S JUST PISSED AT ME CUZ I DIDN'T FALL ALL MADLY IN LOVE WITH HIS PAL, VINCENT. WELL, PARDON ME, JUST BECAUSE I LIKE FUCKING AROUND WITH SOMEBODY DOESN'T MEAN I HAVE TO MARRY THEM.



I DUNNO, I DON'T MEAN TO BE SUCH A PRICK ALL THE TIME... BUT WHY DO THESE GUYS ALWAYS HAVE TO LIKE ME SO MUCH?



AM I CRAZY, OR ARE CAL'S GRAFFITIS APPEARING IN A TRAIL, LIKE BREADCRUMBS? I THINK HE WANTS ME TO FOLLOW THEM, TO WHEREVER IT IS THAT HE'S WAITING FOR ME.

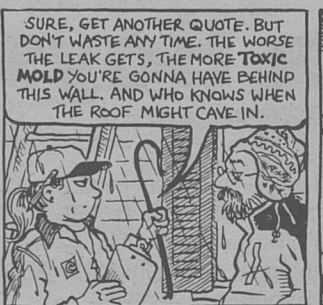


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Dykes To Watch Out For by Alison Bechdel

SNUG AS A BUG
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