gayity

Curbside

by Robert Kirby



THINGS WERE STARTING TO LOOK UP FOR ME. I GOT SOME ODD JOBS PAINT-ING APARTMENTS AND THAT KEPT ME BUSY AND OUT OF TROUBLE FOR A BIT.



THIS ONE RICH DUDE ON PARK AVE-NUE LIKED THE LOOK OF MY ASS AND HE KNEW SOME GUYS AT SOME MAGAZINES AND I LANDED A COU-PLE OF "PHOTO SHOOTS!" THEY GAVE ME SOME GOOD MONEY FOR 'EM.

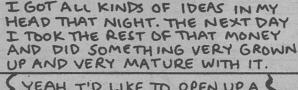


TOOK CAL OUT TO DINNER TO CELE-BRATE. I THOUGHT HE'D BE BUGGED BY HOW I GOT THE MONEY, BUT HE DIDN'T CARE AT ALL.



WE HAD SO MUCH FUN THATNIGHT ... I OPENED DOORS FOR HIM AND ALL THAT GENTLEMAN-Y SHIT. I GUESS

IT MADE ME FEEL SORTA LIKE A BIG SHOT, CAL CALLED IT SOMETHING ELSE, You're CHIVALROUS, NATHAN THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE.



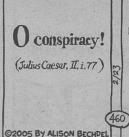


I WAS DREAMING A WHOLE NEW MESS OF DREAMS ALL OF A SUDDEN-THE KIND I'D ALWAYS ROLLED MY EYES AT BEFORE, THE KIND MY MOTHER WOULD TOTALLY APPROVE OF,



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Dykes To Watch Out For by Alison Bechdel

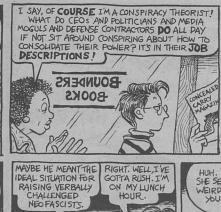


HER APPETITE IS COMPLETELY GONE, AND SHE WORKS HERSELF INTO A LATHER DAILY.



YEAH













www.DykesToWatchOutFor.com