

gayity

curbside

by Robert Kirby

MAYBE SOME FUTURE © 2004 R. KIRBY

I DIDN'T WANT TO BE AN OVERAGED GANG MEMBER ANYMORE, BRENDAN. I WANTED TO BE... ORDINARY. JUST ORDINARY.

ORDINARY...?

YEAH... WITH A NORMAL JOB AND A REGULAR BOYFRIEND AND NO MORE STEALING, NO MORE FISTS, NO MORE BLOOD... MAYBE SOME MONEY IN THE BANK, MAYBE SOME FUTURE.

Sigh = ordinary like me!

SOMEHOW, I DON'T THINK YOU'RE SUITED FOR THE CONVENTIONAL LIFE, NATHAN.

WELL, MAYBE SO... THINGS HAPPENED TO PREVENT IT ANYWAY.

WHAT THINGS?

I'M GETTING TO THAT...

ONE NIGHT I FINALLY SPILLED TO CAL ALL THE STUFF I'D BEEN PLANNING FOR THE TWO OF US.

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU SAVED UP ALL THAT MONEY!

YEAH.

YOU LIKE ME THAT MUCH?

YEAH, YOU'RE ALRIGHT, KID.

"KID"? => phft! ..WELL, ANYWAY, WHERE WOULD WE GO?

I HAVEN'T FIGURED IT ALL OUT YET. SO, YOU WANNA COME WITH ME?

I FIGURED IT'D JUST BE EASIER TO START FRESH SOMEWHERE ELSE... SOMEWHERE WITH NO ATOM, NO GANGS, AND NO HISTORY FOR EITHER OF US. WITH CAL SO INTO THE IDEA, EVERYTHING WAS IN PLACE, NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

THIS IS GONNA WORK OUT, RIGHT?

ZZZZZZ

#305

Dykes To Watch Out For by Alison Bechdel

what's all this then?

To: madeline.zougma@dartridge.edu
Cc: [redacted]
Subject: Pompous Circumstances
Attachments: none

I'm home googling student papers and watching Mo's graduation via webcast. Having fond memories of the day I got my Ph.D. Remember going at it in your office in our academic robes? And how you got that big blue blot on your doctoral hood from lying on that fountain pen?

466 Sydney

HOW DID WE LIVE BEFORE THE INTERNET?

...AND THE FRANCINE J. LOTHROP AWARD FOR OUTSTANDING REFERENCE SERVICES IS SHARED BY TWO STUDENTS THIS YEAR. NO TESTA...

...AND FIONA FINGALL...
...AND HER LITTLE FRIEND.

LET'S TAKE A SCREENSHOT OF HER GETTING HER PRIZE!

GIRLS! LOOK! IT'S YOUR MOTHER!

click!

OVER AT TONI AND CLARICE'S...
WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOING? FOLD THE COUCH BACK UP. NO WAR IN THE HOUSE.

WE'RE NOT PLAYING WAR! WE'RE PLAYING RECONSTRUCTION. WE'RE PRIVATIZING THIS OIL FIELD.

COME ON. PUT EVERYTHING BACK THE WAY IT WAS. INCLUDING THESE UNDER-PANTS?

HUH. WHERE'D THESE COME FROM? NEITHER OF US HAS STRIPED UNDERWEAR.

Boys? OUTSIDE! NOW!

AND AT THE RECEPTION, A GLASS OF WINE IN HER HAND...
JING, THANKS FOR LETTING ME STAY AT YOUR PLACE TONIGHT. IF I HAVE TO SLEEP IN THAT HOTEL ROOM WITH MY PARENTS AGAIN, SOMEONE'S GONNA DIE.

NO PROBLEM, FIONA. AS LONG AS MO DOESN'T MIND SHARING HER FUTON.

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