gayity

Curbside

by Robert Kirby



ATURALLY I FIGURED IT WAS ATOM--THE HOMICIDAL MANIAC WHO HATED ME-- AT THE DOOR E BRACED MYSELF FOR ATTACK. WHO HATED ME --THE DOOR





BUT IT WASN'T ATOM, IT WAS JUST LITTLE NICK RAY.



TO WAS GLAD TO SEE HIM -- I COULD FINALLY GET SOME AN-SWERS TO SOME BURNING QUES-TIONS, AND I ALSO FINALLY HAD SOMEONE I COULD TAKE ALL OF MY FEAR AND RAGE OUT ON.



WHO'D YA THINK CUT YA? I ON-LY CAME HERE CUZ THE HOSPI-TAL TOL' ME YOU WERE GONE ...

YOU CAN'T SEE You I'M TELLING YOU-YOU
CAN'T SEE HIM!
HIJ LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!! IT WAS LIKE, WHOA

www.curb-side.com

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Dykes To Watch Out For by Alison Bechdel



















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