

Curbside

by Robert Kirby

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EVEN WITH ATOM DEAD, I DIDN'T FEEL SAFE GOING BACK HOME, SO I CHECKED CAL AND ME INTO A MOTEL ON 57TH STREET.



I WAS TOTALLY, UTTERLY AND COMPLETELY WIPED OUT. I DUNNO HOW LONG WE BOTH SLEPT.



THE NEXT DAY I TRIED TO KEEP IT ALL TOGETHER. ALL AROUND US OTHER PEOPLE WERE DOING NORMAL LIFE STUFF, WHILE I WAS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO KEEP CAL AND I ALIVE AND OUT OF JAIL.



I COULDN'T HELP BUT WONDER: IF IT HADN'T BEEN ATOM WHO'D ATTACKED ME, THEN WHO DID? SOMEONE IN THE GANG? AND WERE THEY PLANNING ON A SECOND TRY, OR JUST WHAT?



I WAS UP HALF THE NEXT NIGHT KEEPING GUARD, WATCHING CAL WITH THE GUN CLOSE AT HAND, AND THINKING...



ON THE THIRD DAY CAL SNAPPED OUT OF HIS SEMI-COMA, AND I STARTED IN ON HIM RIGHT AWAY.



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Dykes To Watch Out For by Alison Bechdel



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