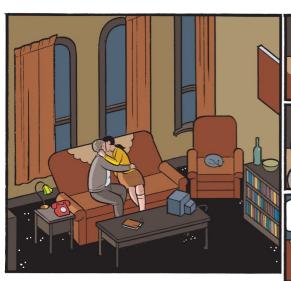
herunnyra

THE STRIP



Building Stories By Chris Ware

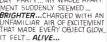
PART 28: 11 p.m.







YEARS HAS IT BEEN NOW, ANY-WAY? SIX? SEVEN? DAY AFTER DAY OF HOPELESS LONELINESS SUDDENLY BEROLIGHT TO AN END JUST BECAUSE I HAPPENED TO GET INVITED TO A DUNB BIRTHDAY PARTY... MY WHOLE APARTYMENT SUDDENLY SEEMED... BRIGHTER...CHARGED WITH AN UNFAMILIAR AIR OF EXCITEMENT THAT MADE EVERY OBJECT GLOW, IT FELT... ALIVE...





AT THE SAME TIME, I DIDN'T FEEL LIKE MY-SELF AT ALL ... I WAS GIDDY... CONFIDENT... INTOXICATED.































NO... WHERE WOULD YOU PUT IT, ANYWAY? THAT'S THE ROOF RIGHT THERE ...





DRIVE CAREFULLY













WE MET AT MY DOOR AND SAID OUR AWKWARD FAREWELLS...I MADE HIM PROMISE AGAIN TO CALL ME IN TWO WEEKS AND SAID THAT I'D BE "COUNTING THE SECONDS" UNTIL THEN...









