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## The Funny Pages

## Building Stories

PART 16

By Chris Ware

## THE STRIP

With the head-on approach of the high noon of our story just seconds away, now seems as good a time as any to speak on a subject that's been bothering me for some time and, as one with nearly 105 years' experience, I believe I can reflect on with some authority, namely:

IT'S SO MUCH NICER WHEN THE **MEN** AREN'T AT HOME!

Now, I'd be the first to admit an outstanding debt to the strong-armed, firm-fingered fellows who first measured out my beams, bearing walls and baseboards, but beyond those first few nimble blokes, the husbands and bachelors who've taken up residence here have largely been little more than barbarians, if I may be so bold...

I'LL NEVER FORGET



and



or



ALWAYS BANGING INTO THINGS, BREAKING THEM...

WHO BUNGLED UP ALL OF MY CLOSETS.

I WONDER IF HE STILL MAKES HIS WIFE CRY AFTER SHE GIVES HIM HIS BACK RUB...

But the women...the women aren't like that at all...

Just look at this one here, for example, her warm ear pressed lightly to my floor...such refinement and poise in her repose...

With the ladies, life is a picture hung on a nail that was already there... a deftly dropped undergarment... These Saturday mornings of late with their all-girl casts have been the most delicious of recent memory...

They're my three little birds, bathings, breakfasting, and planting their broad behinds wherever they please...

Then, of course, he has to come back and spoil it all, upsetting the balance, throwing a knife into the works. (Am I getting my metaphors right?)

If only I could do something about this...but I'm afraid my facade is solely shaded by the sunny dispositions and the black clouds of those who seek my shelter...

Try as they might, that sort of thing just can't be built-in... One day I'm "the home where the heart is," the next I'm "the place where that bastard lives..."

Maybe someday they'll figure it out, though...how to make us buildings as blankly blameless as a blade of grass...

Ah, well...that's for another time, another architect... Still, every once in a while, I...forget myself...and my "place"...and I blurt out...

WAIT... PLEASE COME BACK... DON'T LEAVE... PLEASE DON'T LEAVE!

