

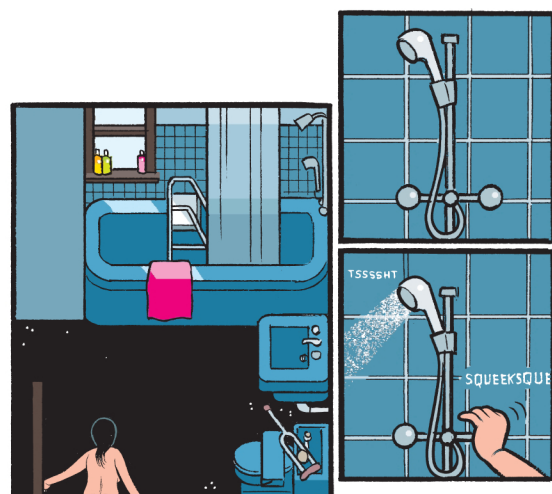
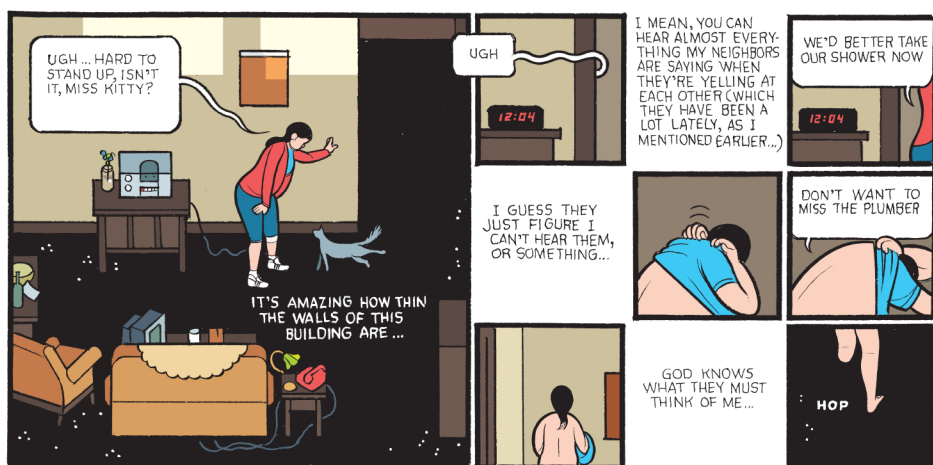
# I 1.15.06 The Funny Pages

THE STRIP

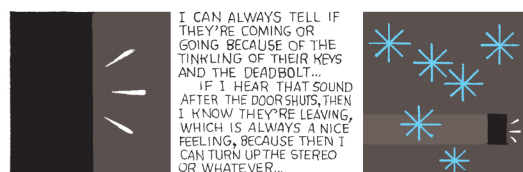


Building Stories By Chris Ware

PART 17: 12 p.m.



MAYBE HE'S NOT A DRINKER, ACTUALLY... I SHOULDN'T ALWAYS ASSUME THE WORST OF PEOPLE... MAYBE HE JUST WORKS LATE OR SOMETHING... I KNOW SHE'S GONE EVERY DAY FROM WAY EARLY TO AT LEAST FIVE, SO SHE MUST HAVE SOME KIND OF REGULAR JOB... I CAN'T EVER TELL WHETHER HE'S HOME DURING THE DAY OR NOT, THOUGH... SOMETIMES I'LL THINK HE'S GONE BUT THEN I'LL HEAR THE DOOR SHUT, AND I'LL REALIZE HE'S BEEN THERE ALL ALONG...



I'VE GOTTEN SO USED TO THE SOUND I ALMOST DON'T HEAR IT, ACTUALLY... SOMETIMES IT'S SO MUCH ON THE PERIPHERY OF MY CONSCIOUSNESS I HAVE TO REALLY STRAIN TO REMEMBER WHETHER OR NOT I HEARD IT...



AT LEAST I'VE NEVER HAD TO HEAR THEM HAVING SEX... THERE'S NOTHING WORSE THAN THAT... I STILL REMEMBER THOSE JERKS IN THE APARTMENT NEXT TO MINE IN COLLEGE WITH THEIR SQUEAKY BED THAT'D ROUNG AGAINST MY WALL WHILE I WAS TRYING TO STUDY...



...I THOUGHT GUYS GAVE UP ON THAT CUNNINGLINGUAL EDDIE VAN HALEN STUFF IN HIGH SCHOOL...

COME TO THINK OF IT, MAYBE HE'S IN SOME KIND OF BAR BAND AND STAYS OUT PARTYING ALL NIGHT LONG AND SHE'S JUST GOTTEN SICK OF HIS WHOLE "MUSIC THING"...



GOD KNOWS I GOT SICK OF IT PRETTY QUICKLY...

ALL I KNOW IS THAT SHE SURE SOUNDED MAD AT HIM, FOR AT LEAST AS MUCH AS I COULD HEAR...

