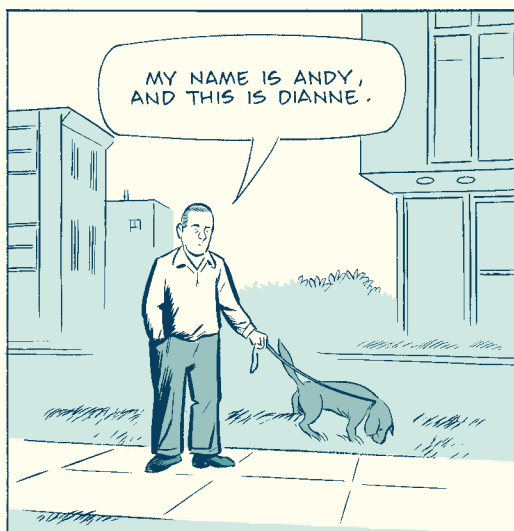
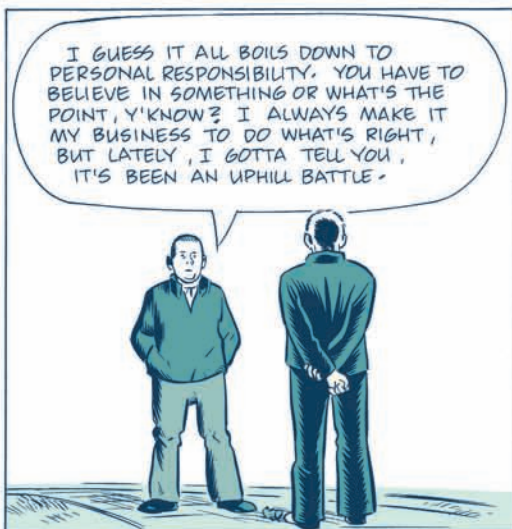
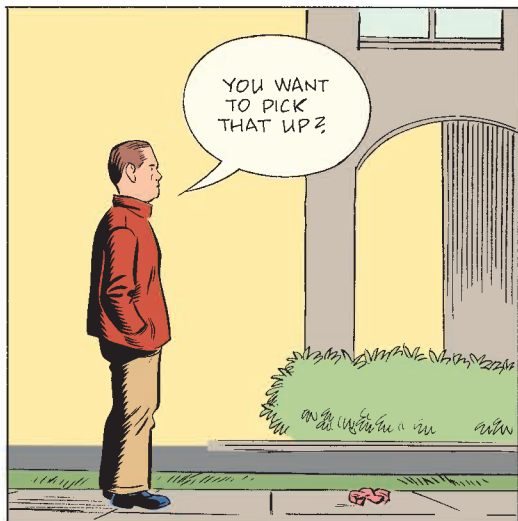
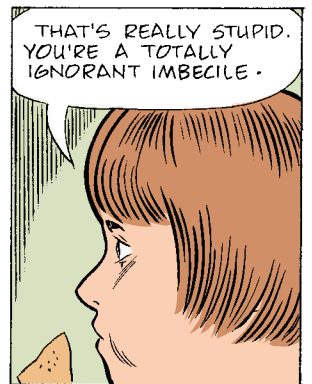
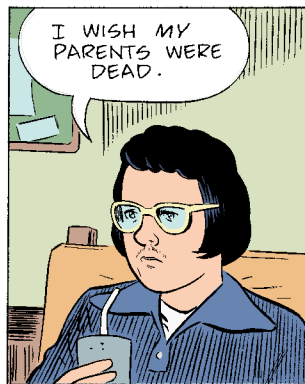
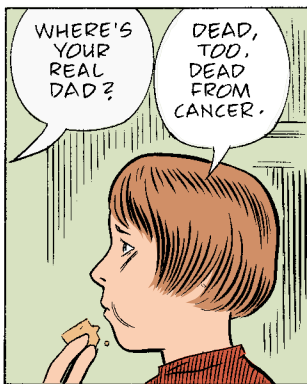
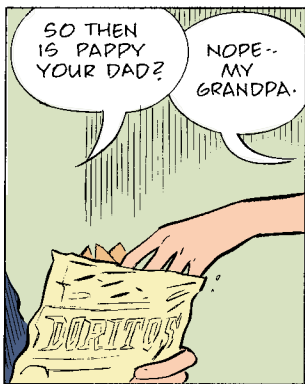
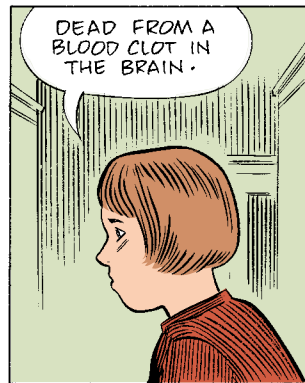
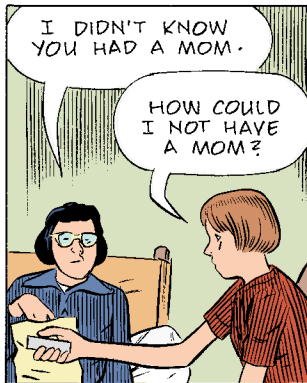
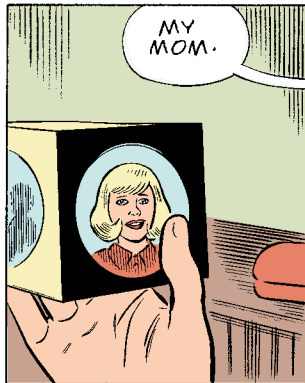
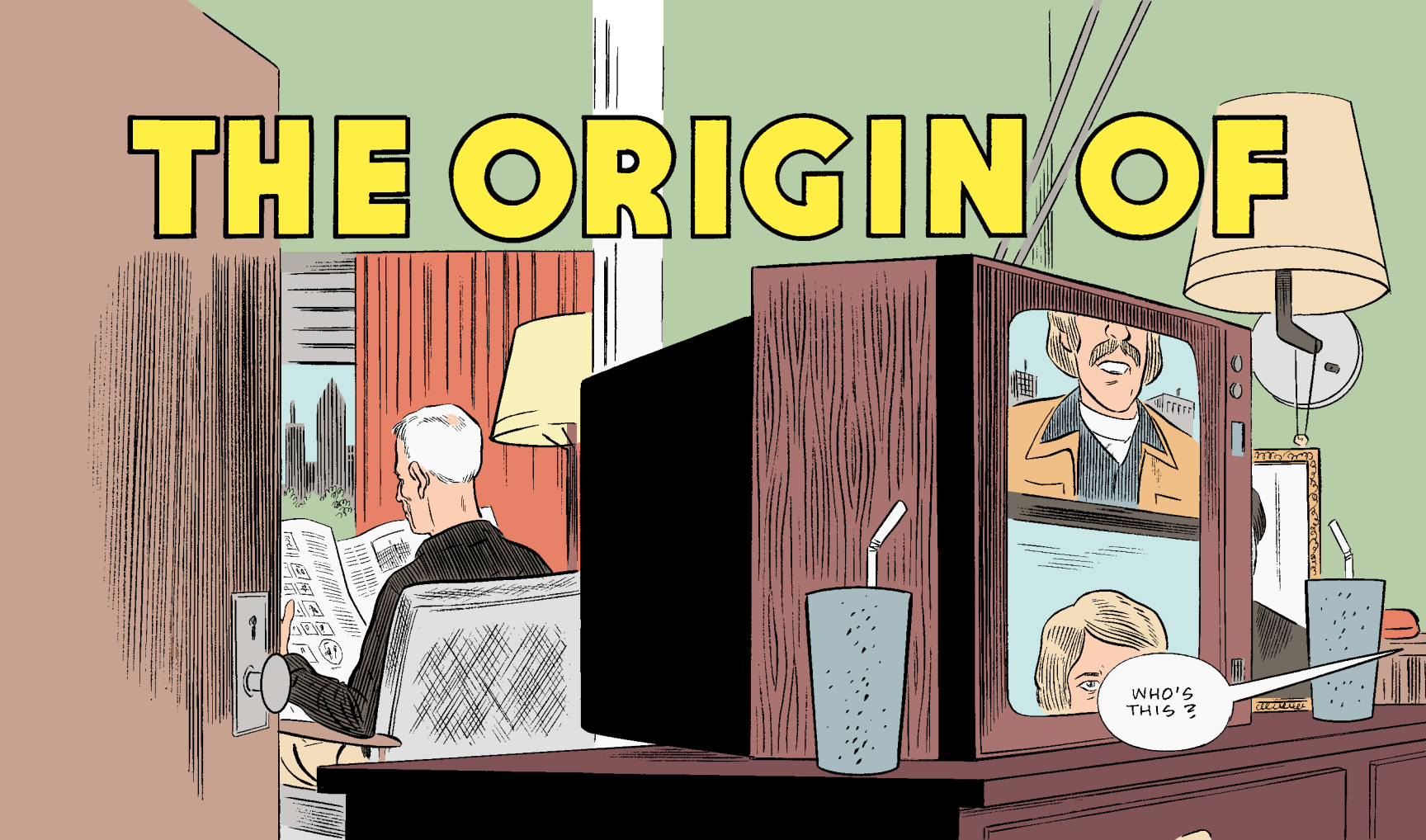


ANDY 2004



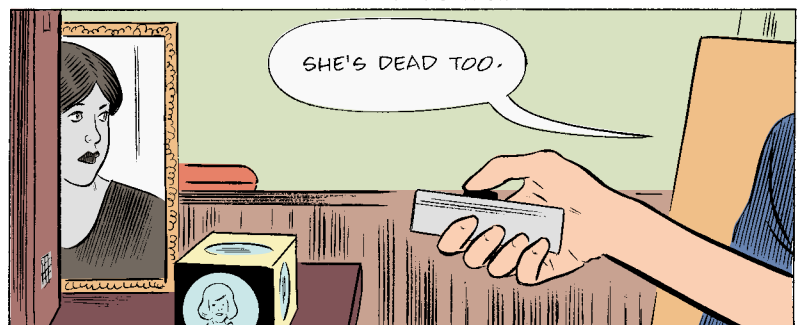
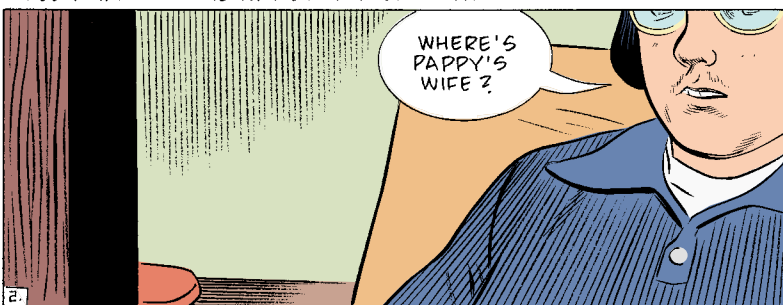


THE ORIGIN OF

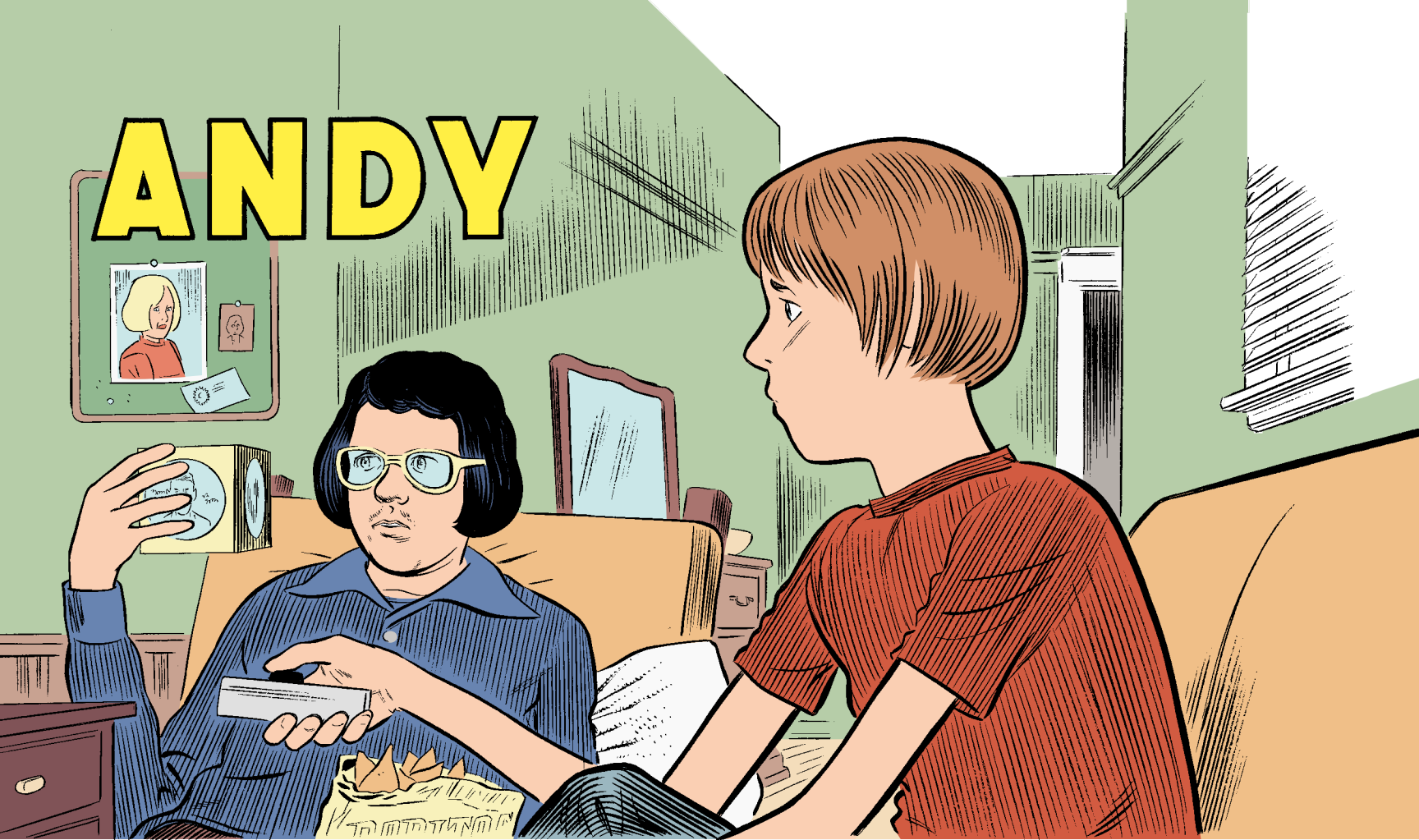


MY DAD WAS A FAMOUS SCIENTIST. HE USED TO WORK AT A LAB IN TENNESSEE. HE MET MY MOM WHILE SHE WAS WORKING AT A RESTAURANT. SHE WAS ONLY TWENTY-TWO WHEN SHE DIED.

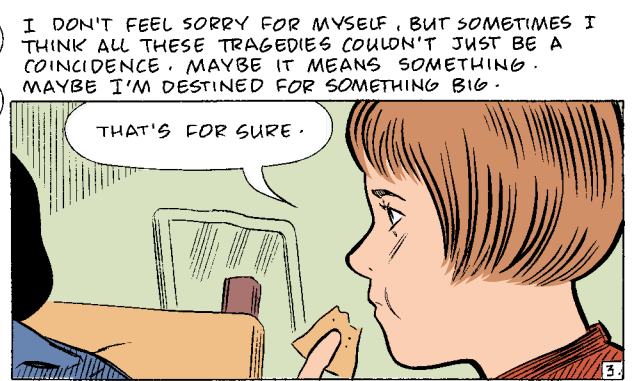
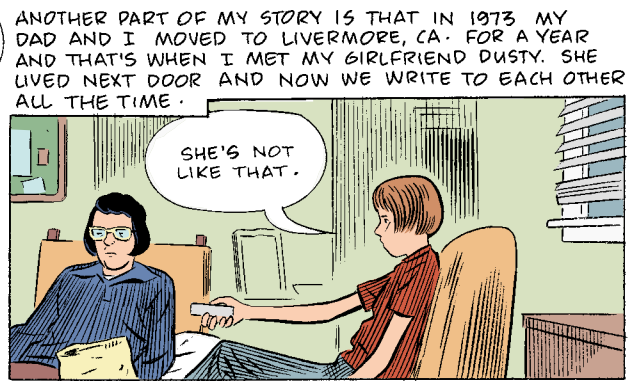
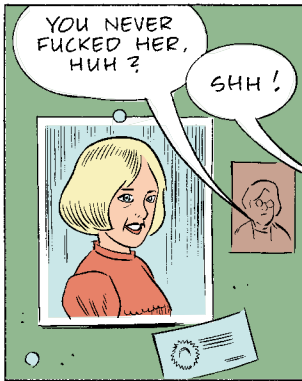
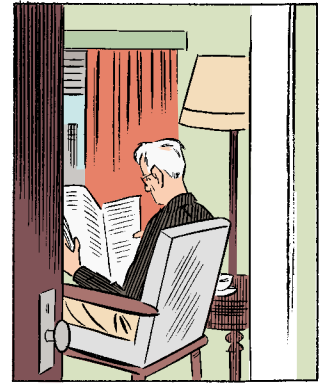
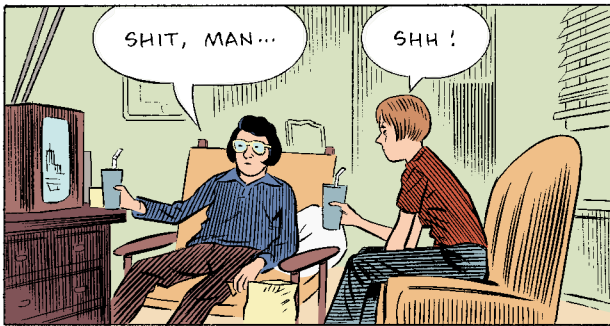
SO THEN MY DAD AND I CAME HERE TO LIVE WITH MY GRANDPARENTS, AND AFTER HE DIED THEY RAISED ME AS THEIR OWN.



ANDY



AND THEN MY GRANDMOTHER DIED, SO NOW IT'S JUST ME AND PAPPY.



WHAT
DO YOU
THINK OF
ANDY?

WHICH
ANDY?

I DON'T KNOW
HIM AT ALL.

I'VE HEARD A LOT
OF WEIRD STUFF ABOUT
THAT GUY. YOU
MEAN SKINNY ANDY,
RIGHT?

I WANT HIM TO
FUCK ME. JUST
KIDDING.

I THINK I HAD HIM IN
ONE CLASS BUT HE NEVER
SAYS ANYTHING.

FAGGOT.

HE THINKS HE'S BETTER
THAN EVERYBODY, BUT
HE'S DEFINITELY NOT.

HE'S NOTHING.

DOES HE EVEN
GO TO THIS SCHOOL
ANYMORE?

WHO CARES?
NO OPINION.

THANK
YOU.

LOUIE
AT
HOME

WHAT IS
THIS
SHIT?

LOUIE!

WHAT? ALL
I'M SAYING
IS IT TASTES
LIKE SHIT.

YOU NEED TO
SHOW SOME RESPECT
FOR YOUR MOTHER.

WHO ASKED
YOU? JUST
BECAUSE YOU'RE
FUCKING MY
SISTER
DOESN'T--

MOM!

LOUIE!

LOUIE, C.J. IS THERESA'S
GUEST AND I WANT
YOU TO--

JESUS CHRIST, MOM!
OPEN YOUR EYES!

HE'S ALL
STRUNG
OUT! DON'T
YOU KNOW
WHAT HE'S
DOING UP
THERE?

LOOK, WHY DON'T
YOU STAY
OUT OF
MY
BUSINESS?

WHAT
BUSINESS?
DRUG
DEALING?

DON'T
PUSH IT,
LOUIE.

MOM.

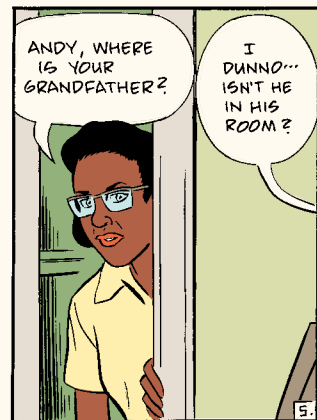
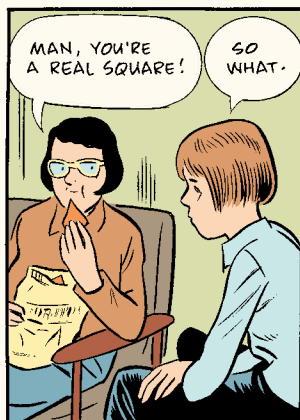
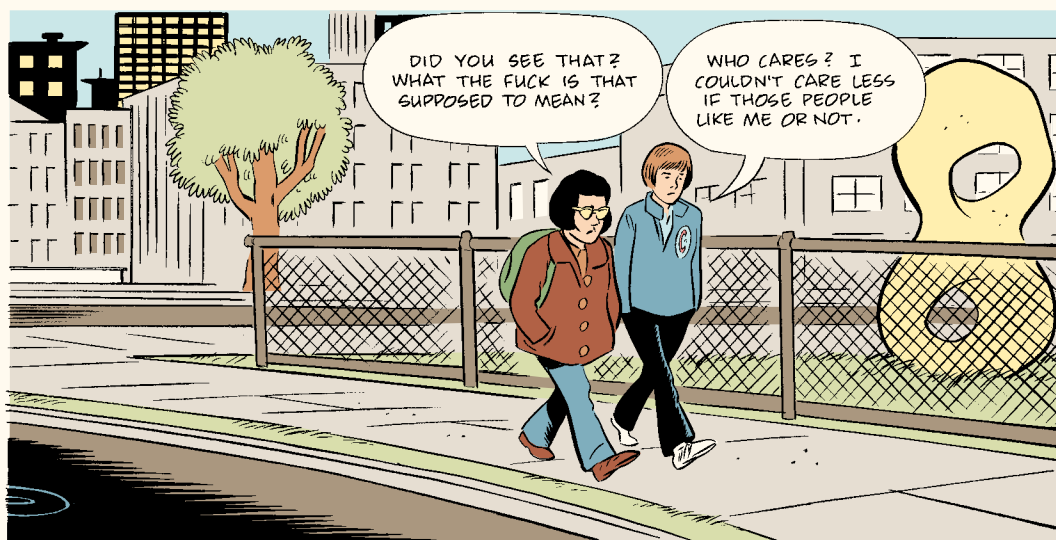
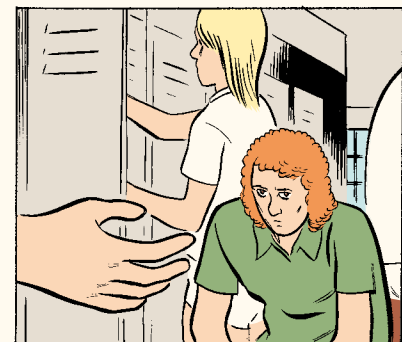
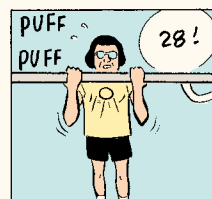
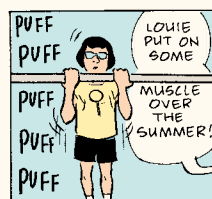
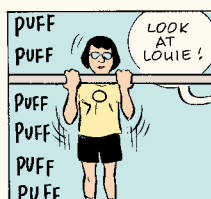
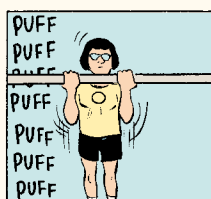
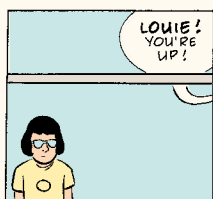
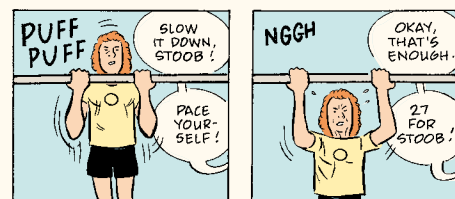
OH,
I'M SO
SCARED!

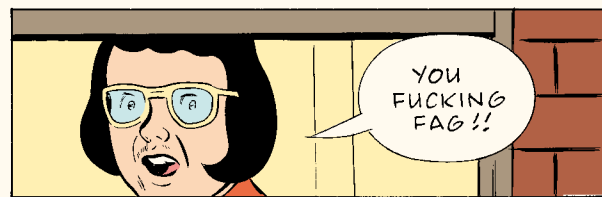
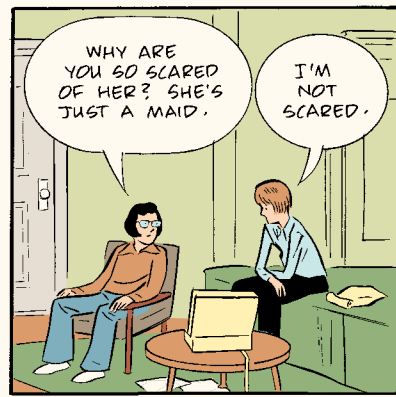
MAYBE
YOU
SHOULD BE.

JESUS, LOUIE--
WHY DO YOU
ALWAYS HAVE TO
BE SUCH AN
ASSHOLE?

A 3x3 comic strip grid showing a man performing pull-ups while a woman encourages him. The man's progress is tracked by the number of pull-ups he completes, with the woman providing encouragement and commentary.

- Panel 1 (Top Left):** The man is performing a pull-up. The woman says, "C'MON ANDY!".
- Panel 2 (Top Middle):** The man is hanging from the bar. The woman says, "HUFF!". A speech bubble from the man says, "OKAY, I'LL GIVE YOU 4.". There are stars around the man's head.
- Panel 3 (Top Right):** The man is performing a pull-up. The woman says, "PUFF PUFF". The man has a question mark on his face.
- Panel 4 (Middle Left):** The man is hanging from the bar. The woman says, "PUFF PUFF". A speech bubble from the man says, "STOOB!". There are stars around the man's head.
- Panel 5 (Middle Middle):** The man is performing a pull-up. The woman says, "PUFF PUFF". A speech bubble from the man says, "LOOK AT LOUIE!".
- Panel 6 (Middle Right):** The man is hanging from the bar. The woman says, "PUFF PUFF". A speech bubble from the man says, "LOUIE PUT ON SOME MUSCLE OVER THE SUMMER!".
- Panel 7 (Bottom Left):** The man is performing a pull-up. The woman says, "PUFF PUFF".
- Panel 8 (Bottom Middle):** The man is hanging from the bar. The woman says, "PUFF PUFF".
- Panel 9 (Bottom Right):** The man is performing a pull-up. The woman says, "PUFF PUFF". A speech bubble from the man says, "28!".





Dear Dusty

I'm sorry I haven't written in so long. I've been hanging out with my friend Lowie a lot. He's a pretty cool kid. His dad used to be a reporter for the Channel Nine news but he became a drunk and now he's in Arizona.

I guess I don't have a lot in common with most other kids. I don't really like rock music or a lot of TV shows. Lowie listens to Punk rock which I hated at first until he explained it to me. I'm more into old music, I guess.

It's my opinion that most people don't really care about music anyway, that they just want to be part of "the cool crowd," which is okay, I guess. My trouble is I can never really find a group I want to join. Lowie's Italian and a Catholic, which he says sucks but at least it's something. I'm not even sure what my family is. Plain American, I guess. Maybe I should listen to the national anthem or something.

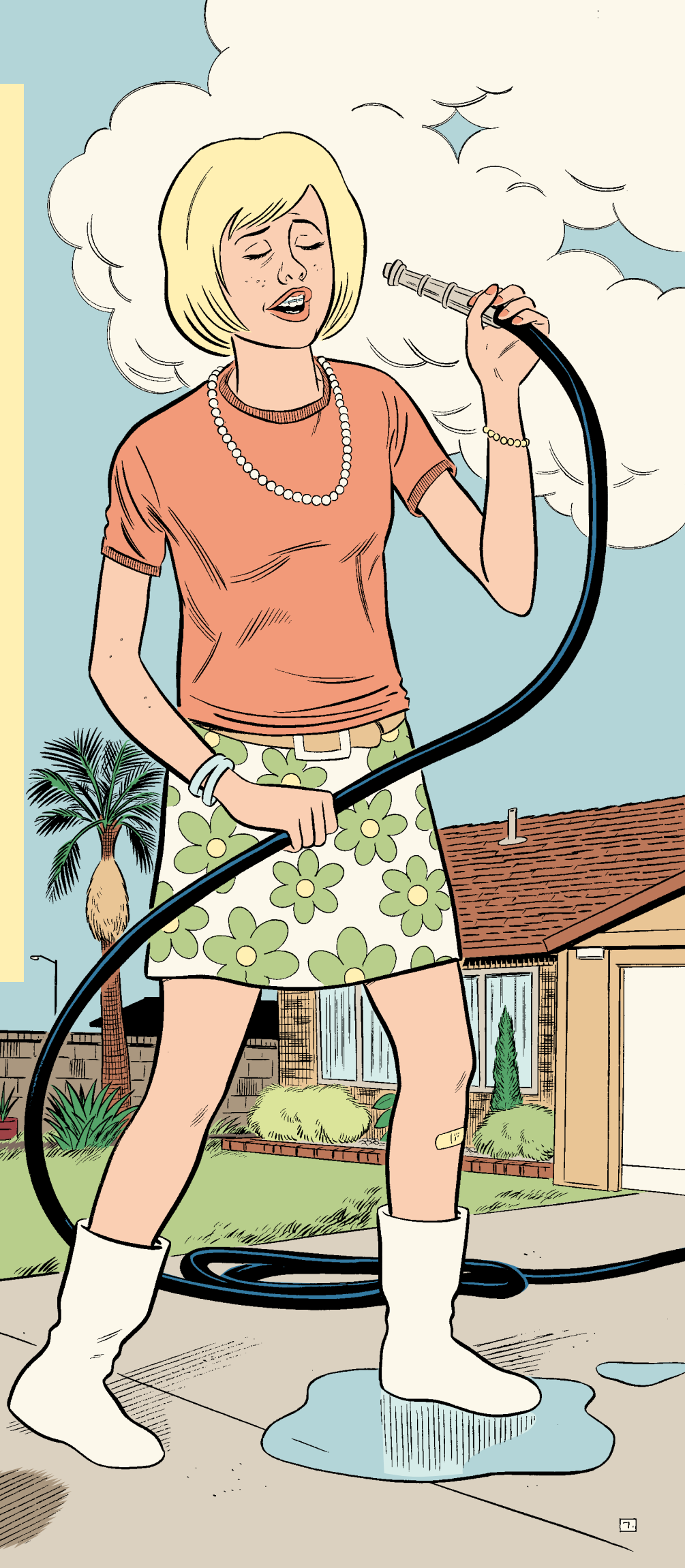
I love you so much. Why are we so far apart? I saw "Rocky" finally, which was good like you said. I went with Lowie and his mom. Don't worry, I haven't been going on any dates!

I still think about that year in Livermore and all the stuff we used to do. Don't you think it's weird how you never hear that song on the radio any more? I guess that's just the way it is.

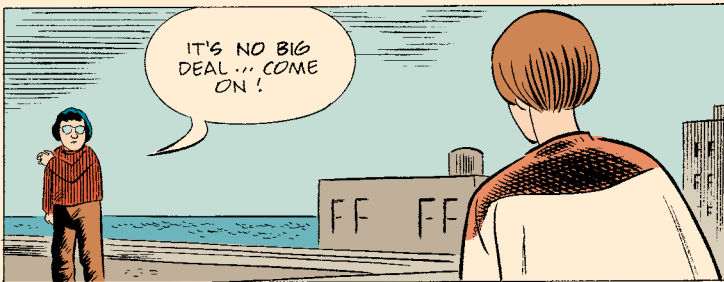
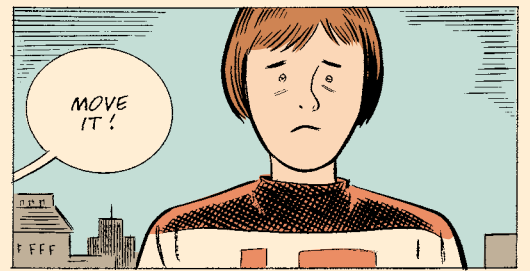
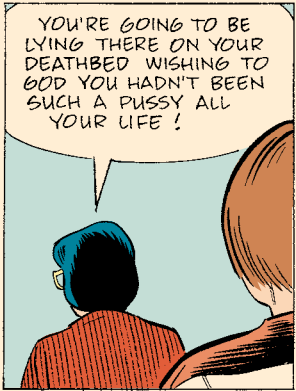
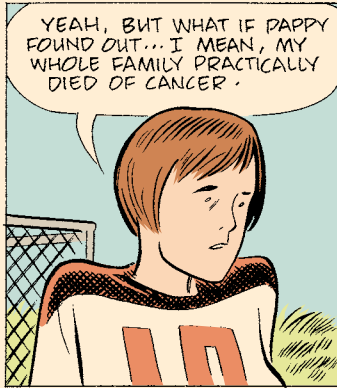
Anyway, I hope you write me soon and tell me what you are up to.

Your boyfriend,

andy



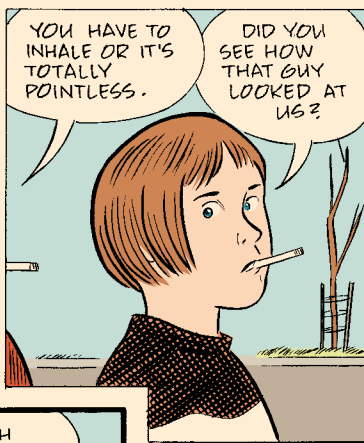
CIGARETTE?





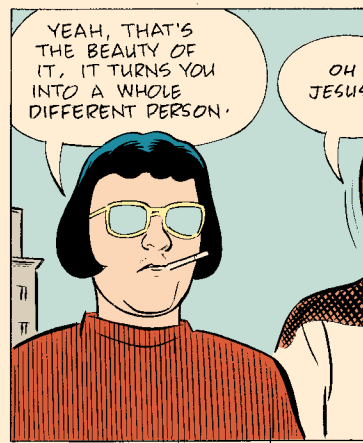
THIS IS REALLY YOUR FIRST TIME, HUH?

PRETTY MUCH, I GUESS.



YOU HAVE TO INHALE OR IT'S TOTALLY POINTLESS.

DID YOU SEE HOW THAT GUY LOOKED AT US?

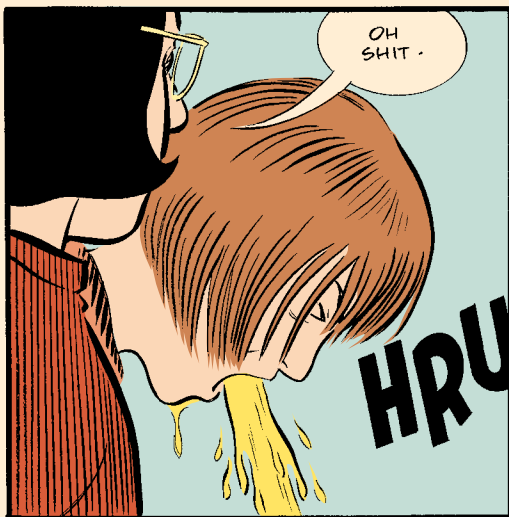


YEAH, THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF IT, IT TURNS YOU INTO A WHOLE DIFFERENT PERSON.

OH JESUS

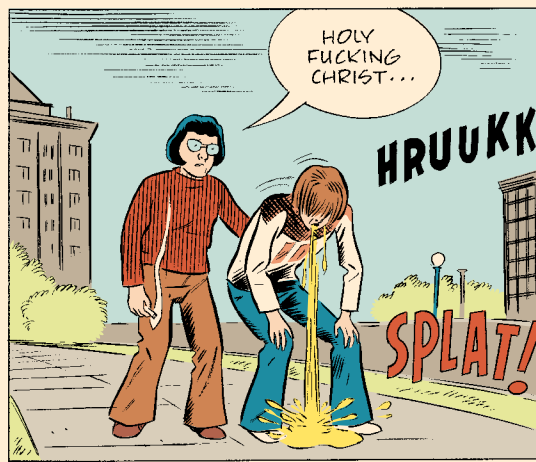


HEY ...



OH SHIT.

HRU



HOLY FUCKING CHRIST...

HRUUKK

SPLAT!

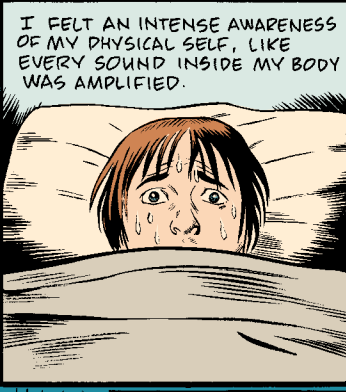


JESUS, ANDY...

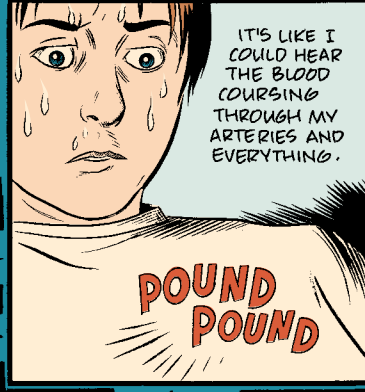
HRUUHH HKK

INCREDIBLE

I WOKE UP AT 5 AM, GROGGY, BUT FILLED WITH SUPERHUMAN ENERGY.



I FELT AN INTENSE AWARENESS OF MY PHYSICAL SELF, LIKE EVERY SOUND INSIDE MY BODY WAS AMPLIFIED.

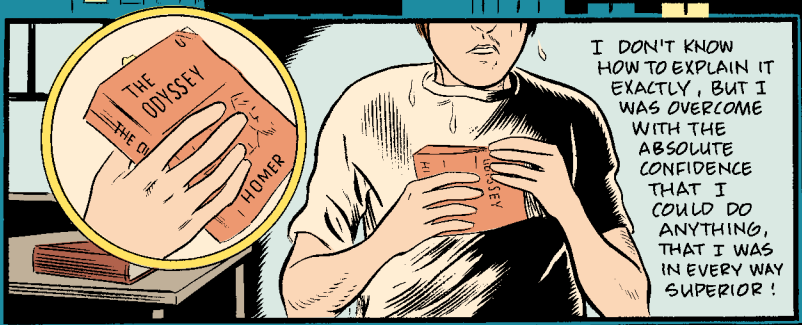


IT'S LIKE I COULD HEAR THE BLOOD COURSE THROUGH MY ARTERIES AND EVERYTHING.

POUND POUND



I ACTUALLY THOUGHT FOR A MINUTE THAT I MIGHT EXPLODE! IT'S LIKE MY ATOMS WERE SUDDENLY UNSTABLE.



I DON'T KNOW HOW TO EXPLAIN IT EXACTLY, BUT I WAS OVERCOME WITH THE ABSOLUTE CONFIDENCE THAT I COULD DO ANYTHING, THAT I WAS IN EVERY WAY SUPERIOR!

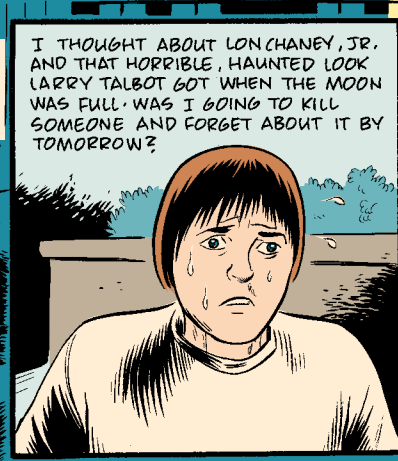


IT'S LIKE IN A DREAM WHERE YOU START FLYING, OR BREATHING UNDER WATER--YOU KNOW IT'S NOT POSSIBLE, BUT IT FEELS SO NATURAL...

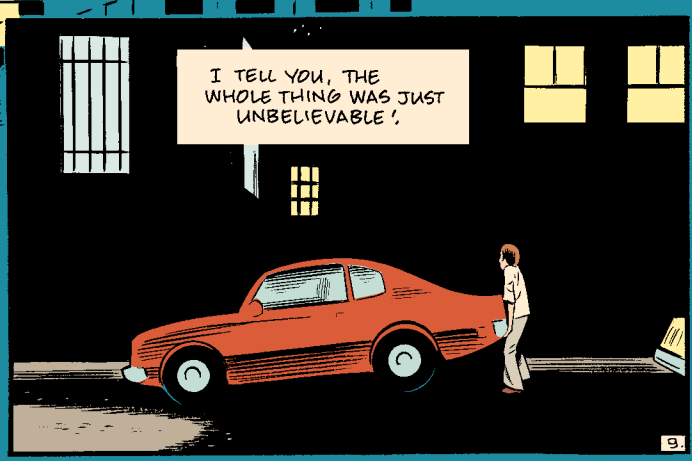
RIIIPPP



MY MIND WAS RACING, POUNDING, MAKING INSANE CONNECTIONS--I COULD ACTUALLY HEAR THE ELECTRIC CRACKLE OF OVERHEATED SYNAPSES POPPING IN MY SKULL.

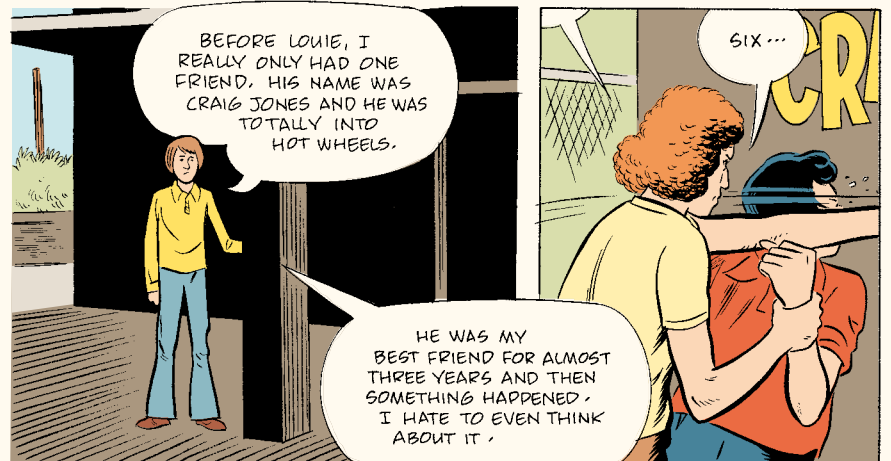
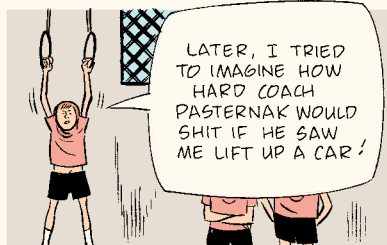
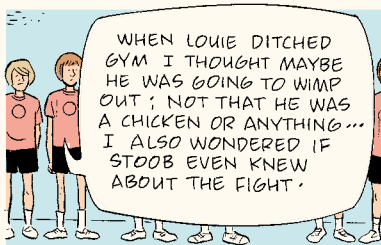
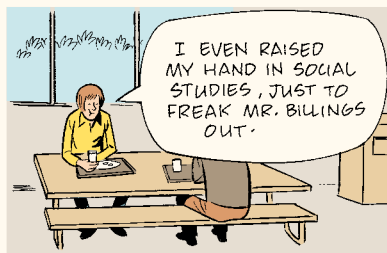
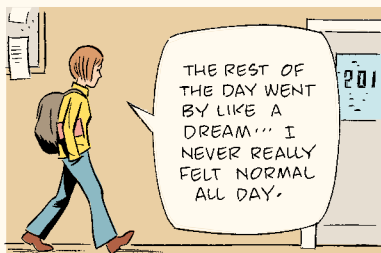
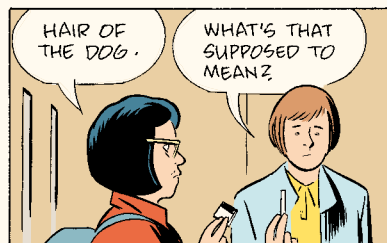
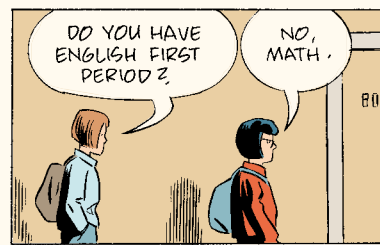
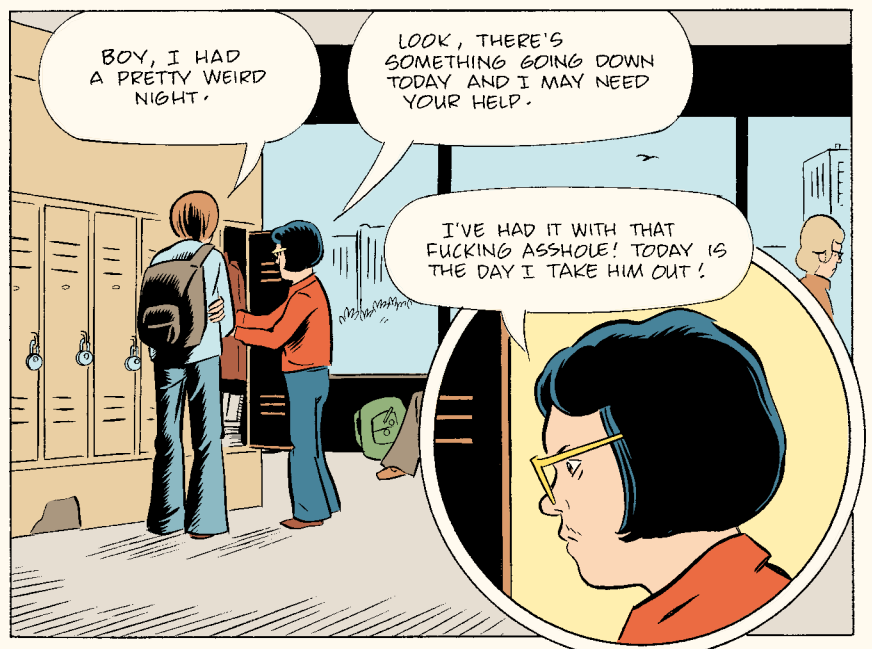
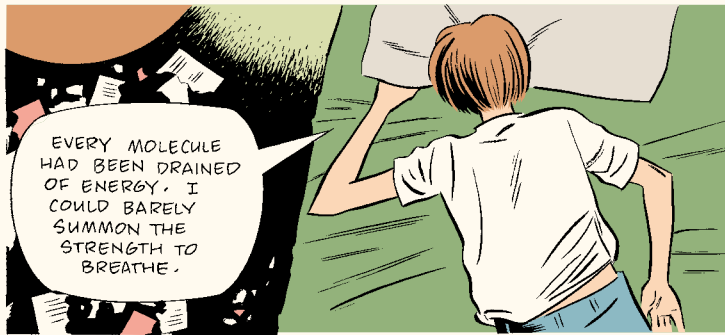


I THOUGHT ABOUT LON CHANEY, JR. AND THAT HORRIBLE, HAUNTED LOOK LARRY TALBOT GOT WHEN THE MOON WAS FULL. WAS I GOING TO KILL SOMEONE AND FORGET ABOUT IT BY TOMORROW?



I TELL YOU, THE WHOLE THING WAS JUST UNBELIEVABLE.

THE NEXT DAY

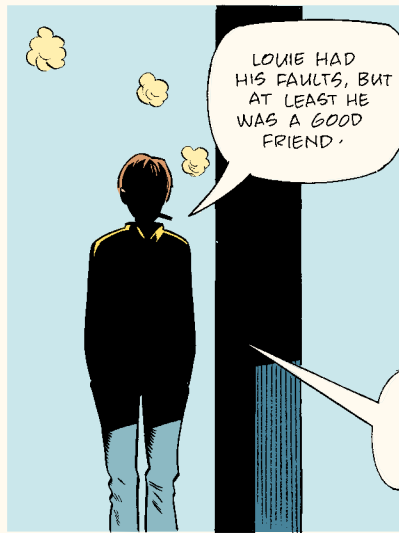




AFTER THAT, I WAS VERY CAREFUL ABOUT MAKING FRIENDS. MOST PEOPLE DON'T TAKE FRIENDSHIP VERY SERIOUSLY AND IT'S ALL TOO EASY TO GET HURT.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW SOME PEOPLE CAN HAVE LIKE TEN OR TWENTY "CLOSE FRIENDS." ARE THEY REALLY FRIENDS? IT JUST SEEMS SO SHALLOW.

APOLOGIZE!

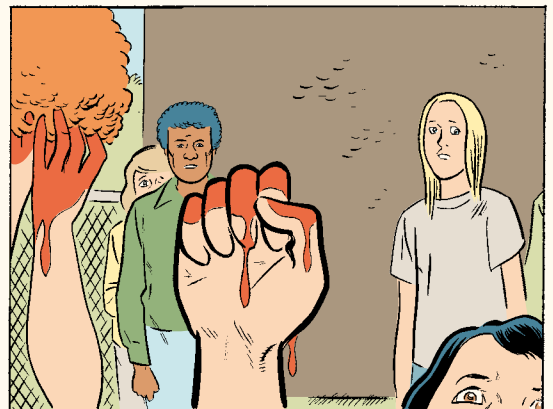
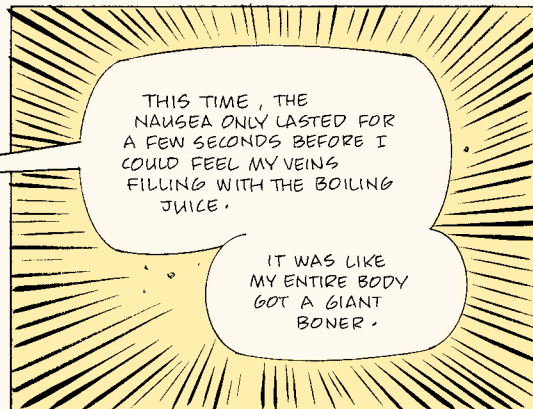


CRACK

APOLOGIZE TO ME!

LOUIE HAD HIS FAULTS, BUT AT LEAST HE WAS A GOOD FRIEND.

THAT'S A VERY RARE THING IN THIS WORLD.



THIS TIME, THE NAUSEA ONLY LASTED FOR A FEW SECONDS BEFORE I COULD FEEL MY VEINS FILLING WITH THE BOILING JUICE.

IT WAS LIKE MY ENTIRE BODY GOT A GIANT BONER.



HEY! HEY!!
BREAK IT UP
YOU TWO!

JESUS, ANDY...
IS THAT YOU?

AND I FELT AMAZINGLY GREAT UNTIL MY BRAIN KIND OF OVER-LOADED AND EVERYTHING JUST SORT OF SHORT-CIRCUITED AND IT ALL JUST SHUT DOWN.

FUCK ME,
ANDY!

THE

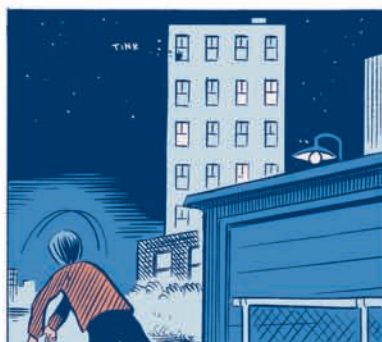
YEAH, BABY--
THAT'S IT!



SO HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED:
I GOT A TERRIBLE HEADACHE
AND MISSED THE NEXT TWO
WEEKS OF SCHOOL, AND
THEN IT WAS SPRING VACATION.
LOUIE WENT TO NEW YORK
TO VISIT HIS LEZZIE
SISTER AND SO I SPENT
THE WHOLE TIME PRETTY
MUCH ALONE.



DURING THE WEEK
OFF I STARTED TO
EXPERIMENT WITH THE
CIGARETTES, TAKING A
FEW LITTLE PUFFS AT
A TIME. I GOT
SO I COULD MAINTAIN
A LOW LEVEL OF THE
ENERGY WITHOUT
GETTING MUCH OF A
HEADACHE AT ALL.



ORIGIN



AFTER A FEW DAYS
I GOT SO COCKY I
EVEN WALKED OVER TO
63RD STREET ON A
FRIDAY NIGHT. IT'S
LIKE I WAS TOTALLY
CONFIDENT I COULDN'T
BE HURT. I FELT
LIKE I COULD DEFLECT
A BULLET, EVEN.



SAY,
BOY...

YOU GOT
ANOTHER
CIGARETTE,
BOY?



ANDY?

LORD A'MIGHTY, ANDY,
ARE YOU CRAZY?! YOU
CAN'T BE WALKING OVER
HERE AT NIGHT!



I SAW WHAT YOU
DID! WHY ARE YOU
ACTING UP ON ME,
ANDY?



YOU ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD BOY,
ANDY-- WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?



I SWEAR YOU'RE GONNA PUT
YOUR GRANDPAPPY IN AN
EARLY GRAVE!

OH ANDY,
YOU FUCK
ME SO
GOOD!



OF



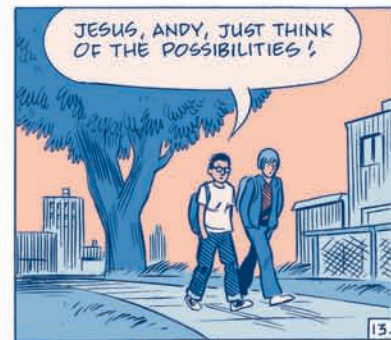
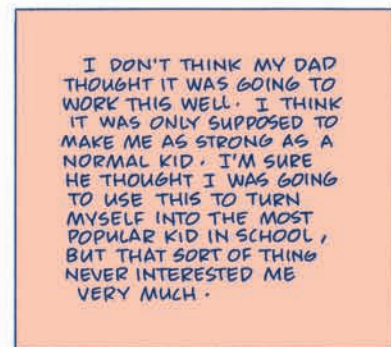
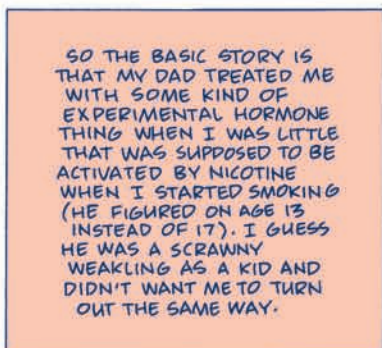
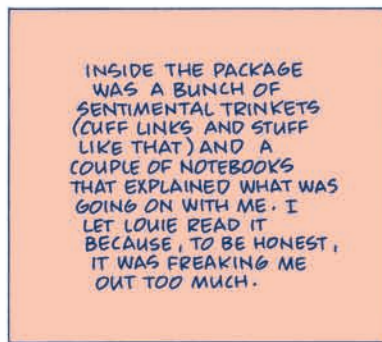
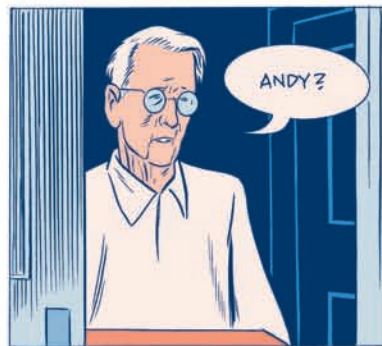
I'M IN BIG
TROUBLE...

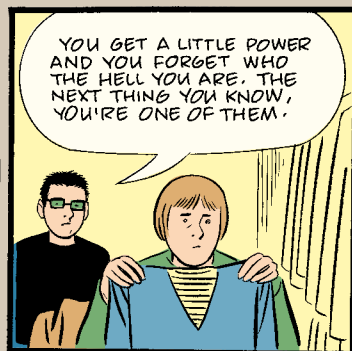
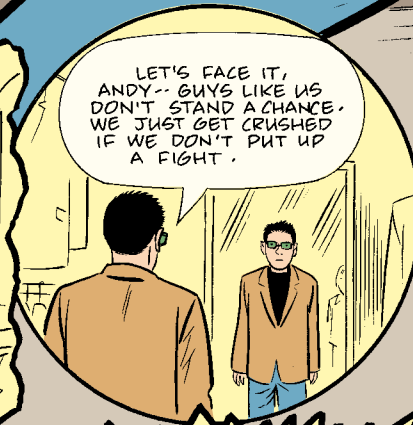
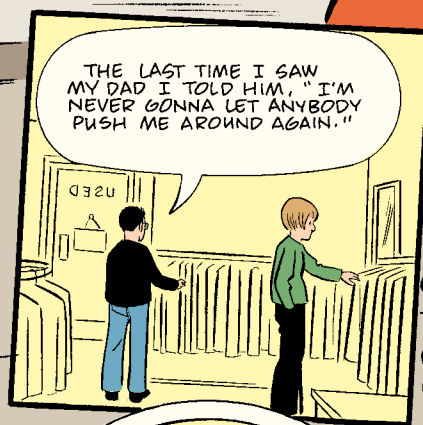
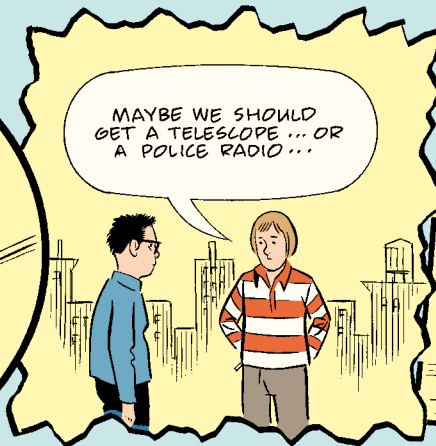
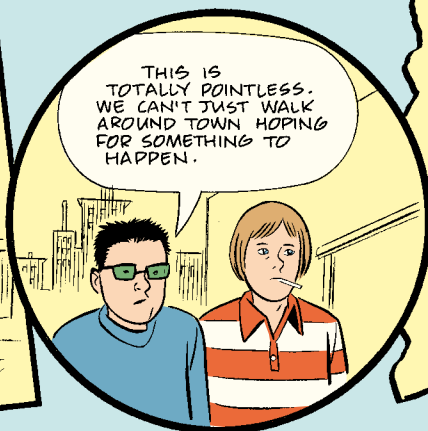


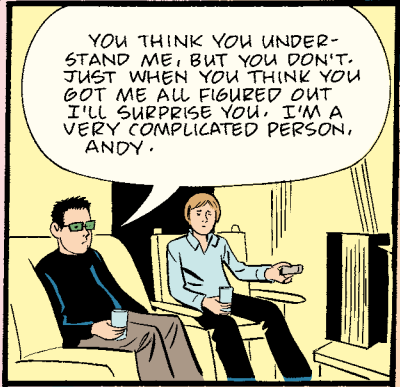
I'LL TELL YOU LATER--
I CAN'T TALK...

WHEN DID YOU
GET BACK,
ANYWAY?

REALLY?
WHAT?



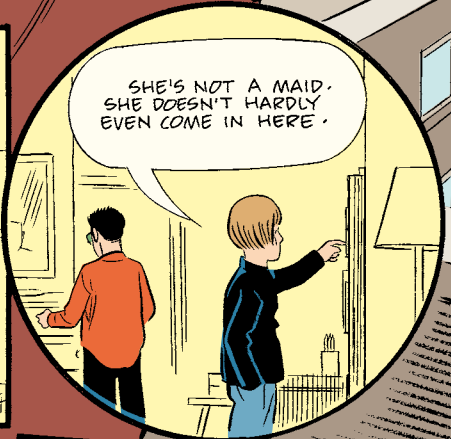




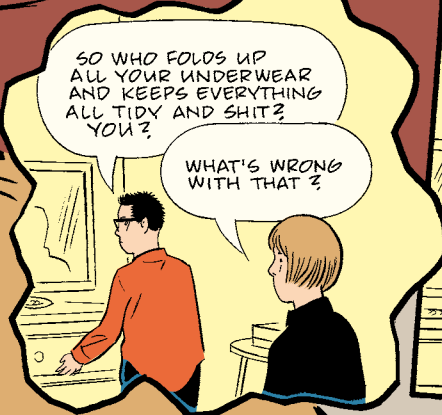
YOU THINK YOU UNDER-
STAND ME, BUT YOU DON'T.
JUST WHEN YOU THINK YOU
GOT ME ALL FIGURED OUT
I'LL SURPRISE YOU. I'M A
VERY COMPLICATED PERSON,
ANDY.



IT MUST BE
NICE TO HAVE A
MAID TO CLEAN
UP YOUR SHIT.



SHE'S NOT A MAID.
SHE DOESN'T HARDLY
EVEN COME IN HERE.



SO WHO FOLDS UP
ALL YOUR UNDERWEAR
AND KEEPS EVERYTHING
ALL TIDY AND SHIT?
YOU?

WHAT'S WRONG
WITH THAT?



MAN, YOU'RE
SOMETHING ELSE.