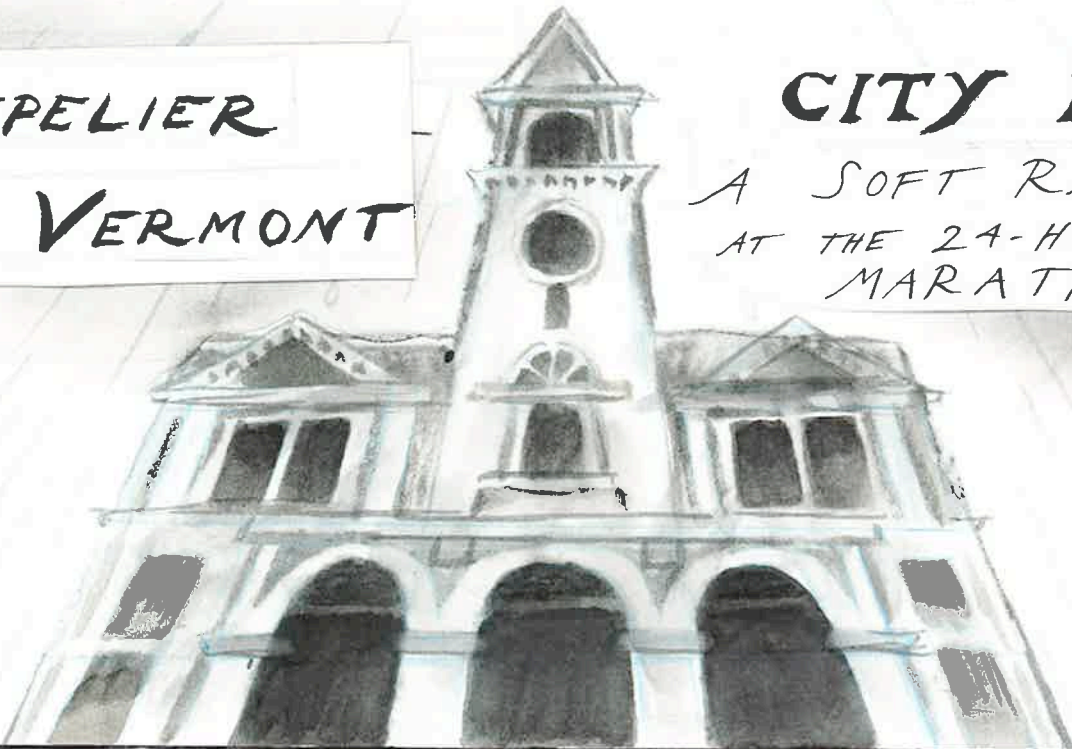


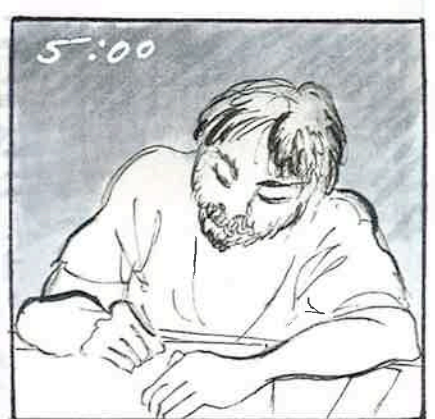
MONTPELIER
VERMONT

CITY HALL

A SOFT RAINY DAY
AT THE 24-HOUR COMIC
MARATHON



At 10:00 AM, participants sit down to work.
24 hours. 24 pages. 1 page per hour. It's a race.



ME? AT 10:30 I'M BRINGING SOME KIDS TO THE 3-HOUR MONSTER COMIC CLASS AT THE LIBRARY.



HURRY UP GUYS!

THEN I GATHER MY STUFF.

AT 4:00, AFTER LUNCH, I'M JUST GETTING MY COAT OFF WHEN A GLASS OF MILK FALLS INTO MY 3 BAGS OF SUPPLIES.

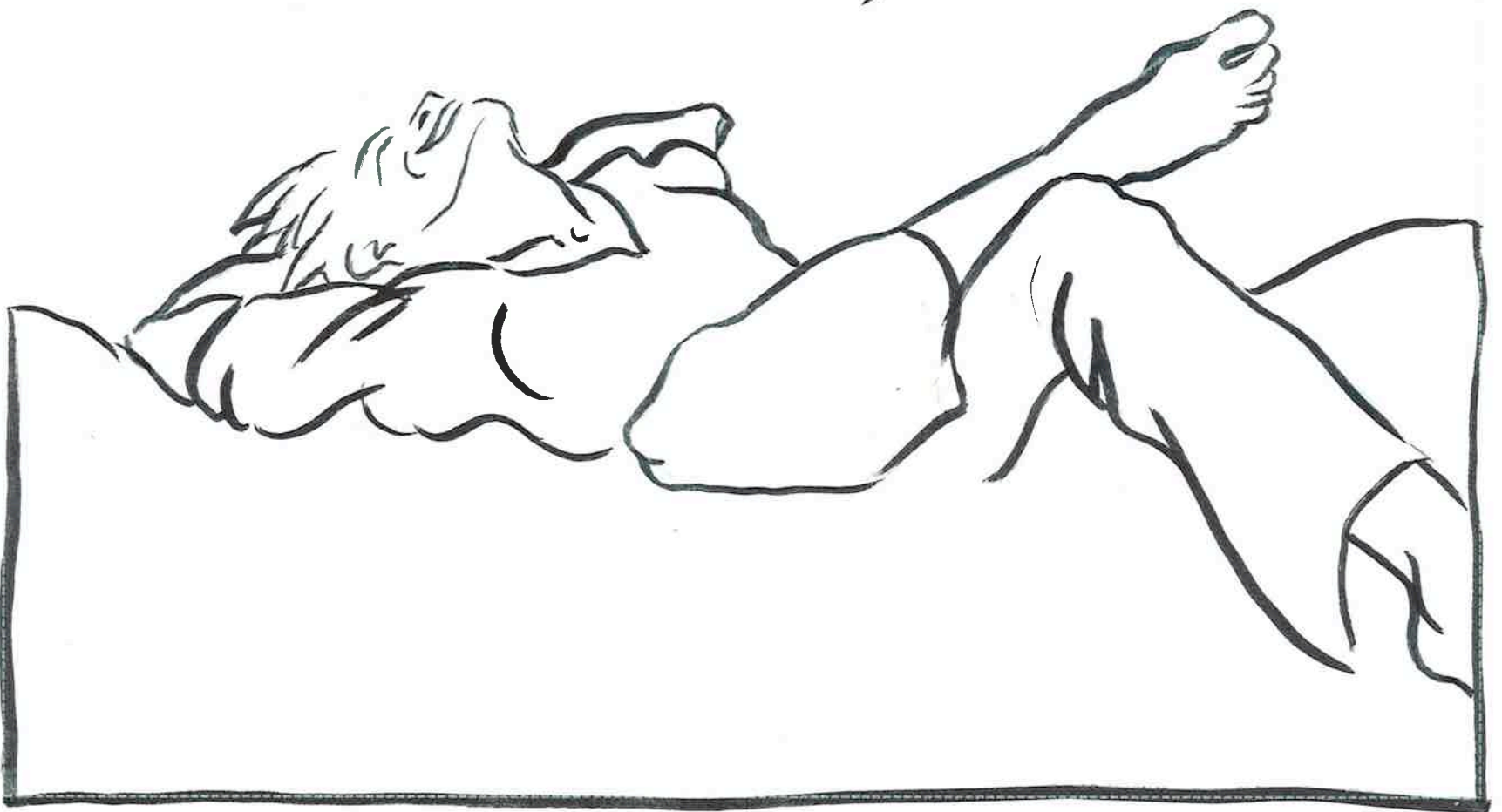


AT 6:00 I DRAW PAGE 1. AM I WORRIED? **NAW.**
THE DAY IS OVER. BUT...

THE NIGHT IS YOUNG!



AHHH, YEAH...
NOW I'M IN MY ELEMENT.





IT'S MIDNIGHT NOW.
I'VE GONE FOR A LONG FLIGHT - ER, WALK...
I'M READY TO BEGIN THIS COMIC.

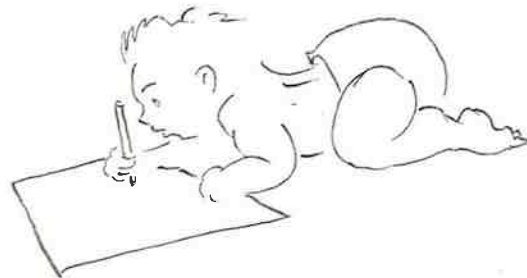
SO... WHAT'S IT ABOUT ?

NOTHING.

this is only a chance for me to loosen up. *Nothing More.*
I USED TO BE AN

☆ **ARTIST** ☆

YEAH. FROM THE TIME I WAS VERY YOUNG. I MEAN,
WAY BEFORE I WAS AN ACTUAL "ARTIST..."



EVEN BEFORE I COULD WRITE, I HAD STORIES
HUNDREDS OF PAGES LONG.

they were my security blankets, my friends, my therapy,

MY ADDICTION



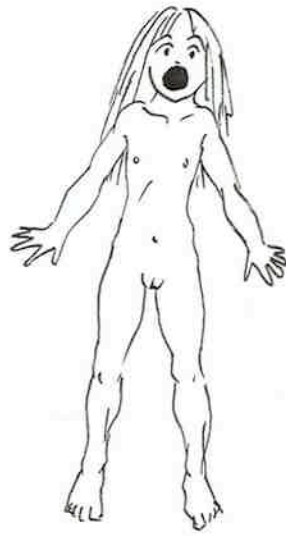
The first place I went
after school.

Sometimes the **ONLY** place.

Then Suddenly... around age 10, I **REALIZED**....

MY STORIES TOLD STORIES...

TERRIBLE, DANGEROUS
STORIES...



ABOUT ME.

SO I DESTROYED THEM IMMEDIATELY.

IT WAS LIKE BURNING
MY FRIENDS



JUST BARELY IN TIME, THANK GOD,
TO SAVE THEIR LIVES.

I DIDN'T STOP DRAWING, OF COURSE.

I JUST PICKED UP NEW STYLES. ABSTRACT. PORTRAITS.
LANDSCAPES. CALLIGRAPHY. I HAD SHOWS.
SOLD A LOTTA PAINTINGS.

I even moved to New York. I EVEN WORE A BERET
(FOR CHRISTSAKES)

BUT ACTUALLY THAT WAS ONLY BECAUSE I LIVED ILLEGALLY IN
AN OFFICE, AND HAD NO SHOWER, SO MY HAIR WAS
ALWAYS DIRTY. AND THE BERET WAS MY ONLY HAT.

I PAINTED SIGNS, LETTERED ON
BOATS & TRUCKS.

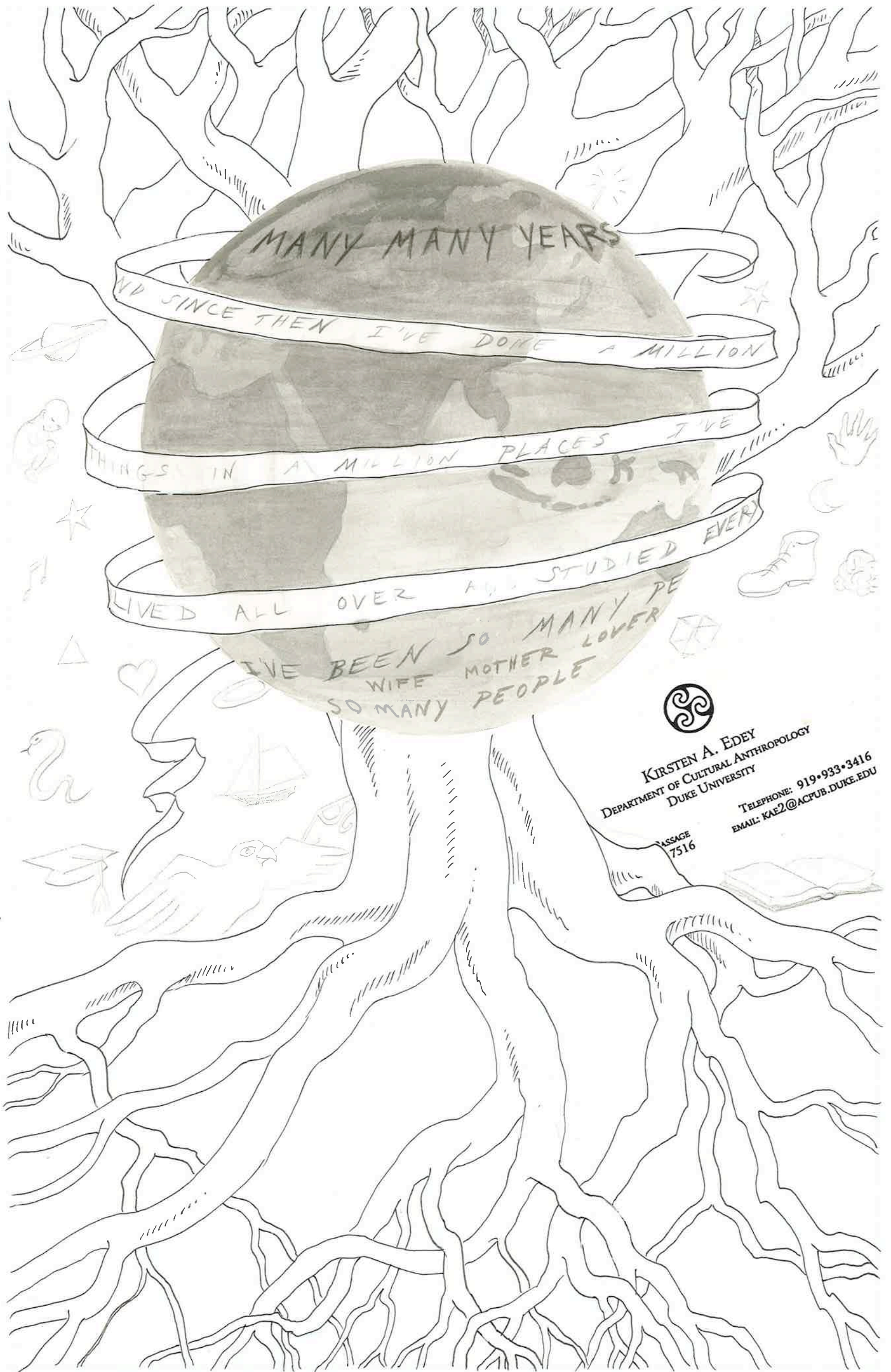


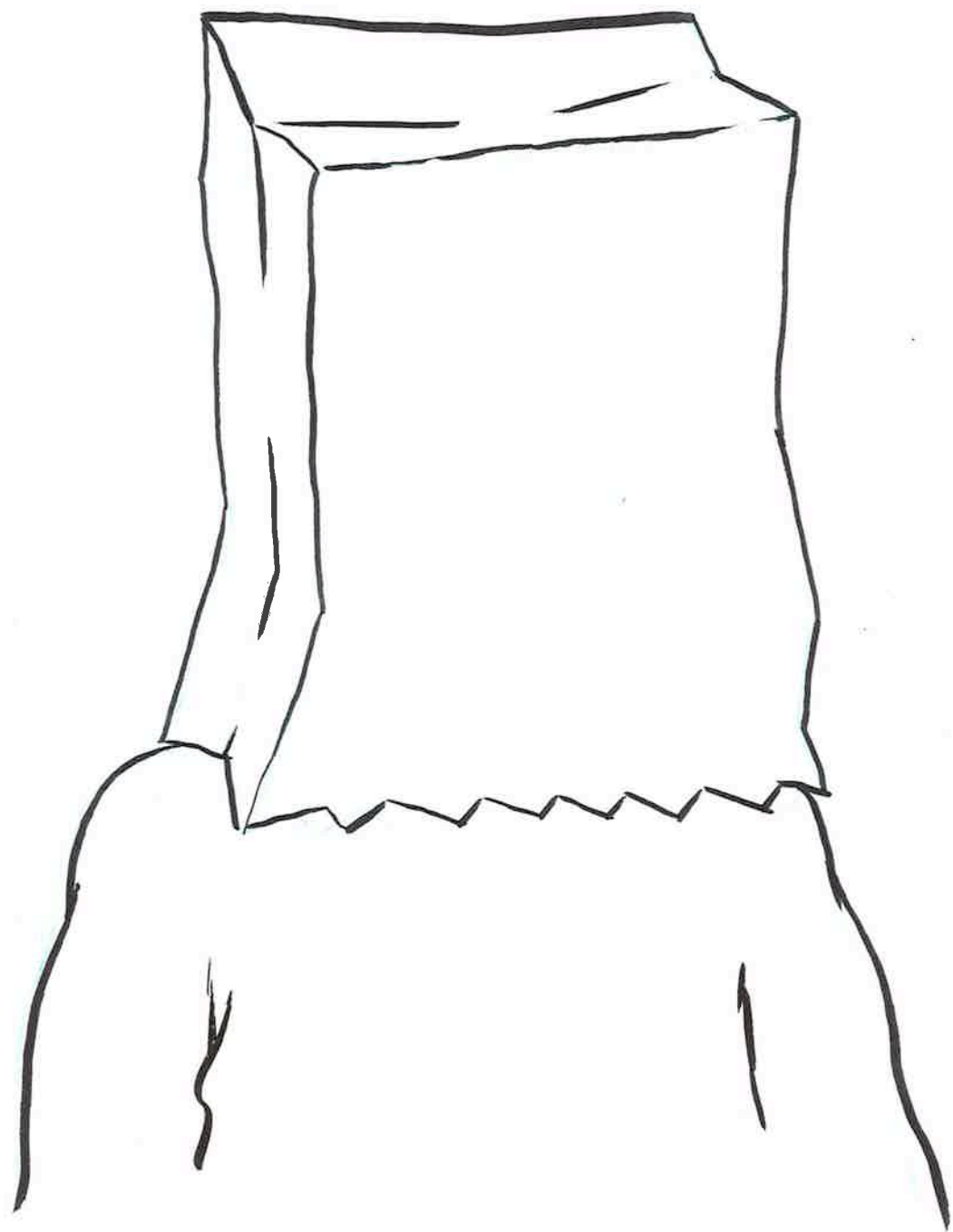
I LOVED THIS LIFE.



Then I grew to hate it. I stopped doing
my own art. I started resenting all
the stupid jobs, the stupid clients,
and my stupid self.

SO I STOPPED. AROUND AGE 25





BUT I STILL DON'T REALLY
KNOW
MY PLACE IN THIS WORLD.

THIS IS NOT A STORY I LIKE TO TELL.

BUT THEN,

AT NIGHT,

here with
other strange
artists
(all artists are strange)



wha -
STOP!

UNHAND ME!

UNWIND ME!



