

i

am

not



okay

with

Charles Forsman

this



***i am not okay
with this***

a comic book by
Charles Forsman

Fantagraphics Books Inc.
7563 Lake City Way NE
Seattle, Washington, 98115

EDITOR AND ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: Eric Reynolds
BOOK DESIGN: Sean David Williams with Charles Forsman
PRODUCTION: Paul Baresh
PUBLISHER: Gary Groth

I am Not Okay with This is copyright © 2017 Charles Forsman.
This edition is copyright © 2017 Fantagraphics Books Inc.
Permission to reproduce content must be obtained from the
author or publisher. All rights reserved.

ISBN 978-1-68396-062-1
Library of Congress Control Number: 2017938235

www.fantagraphics.com
charlesforsman.com

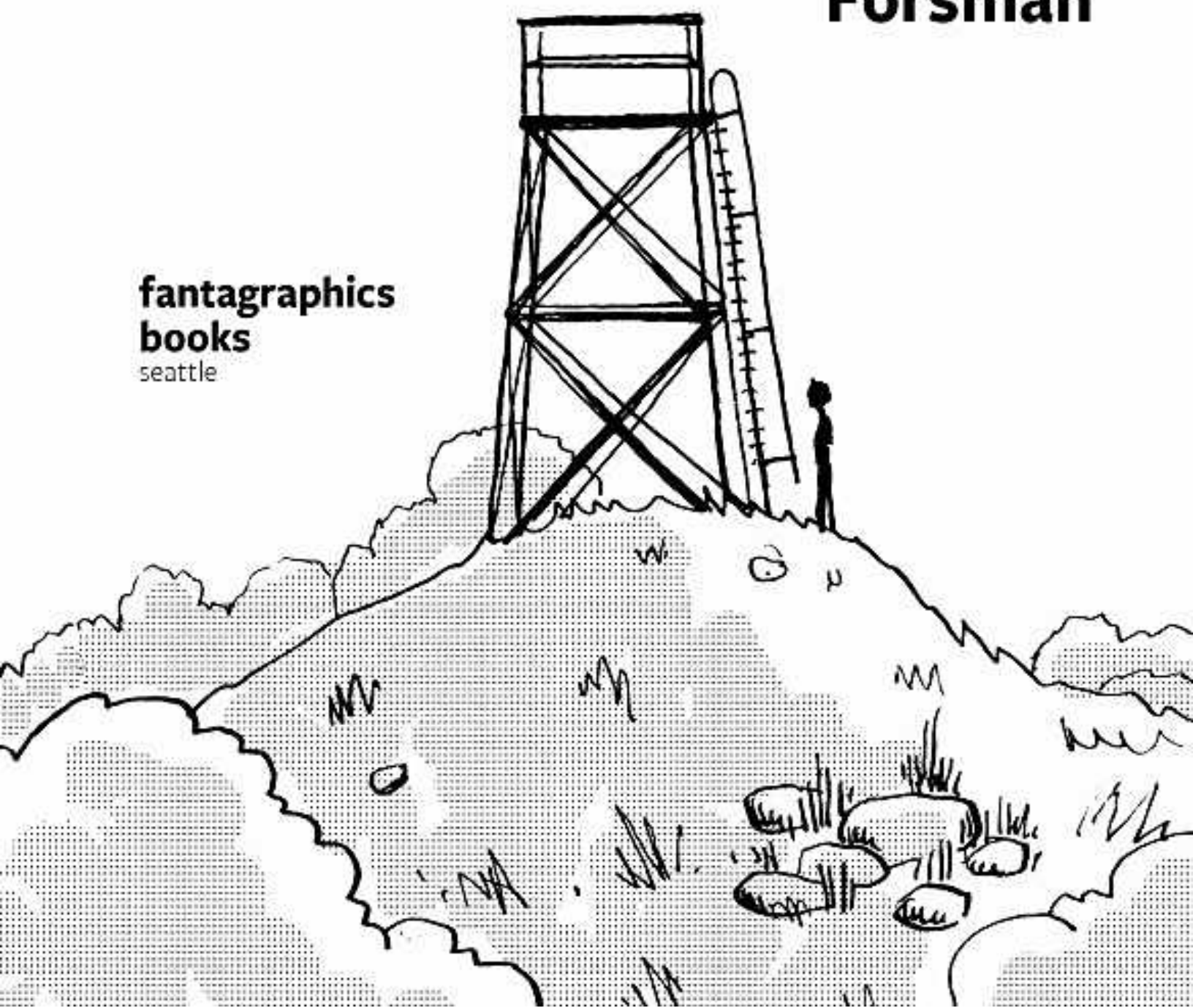
FIRST PRINTING: October 2017
Printed in China

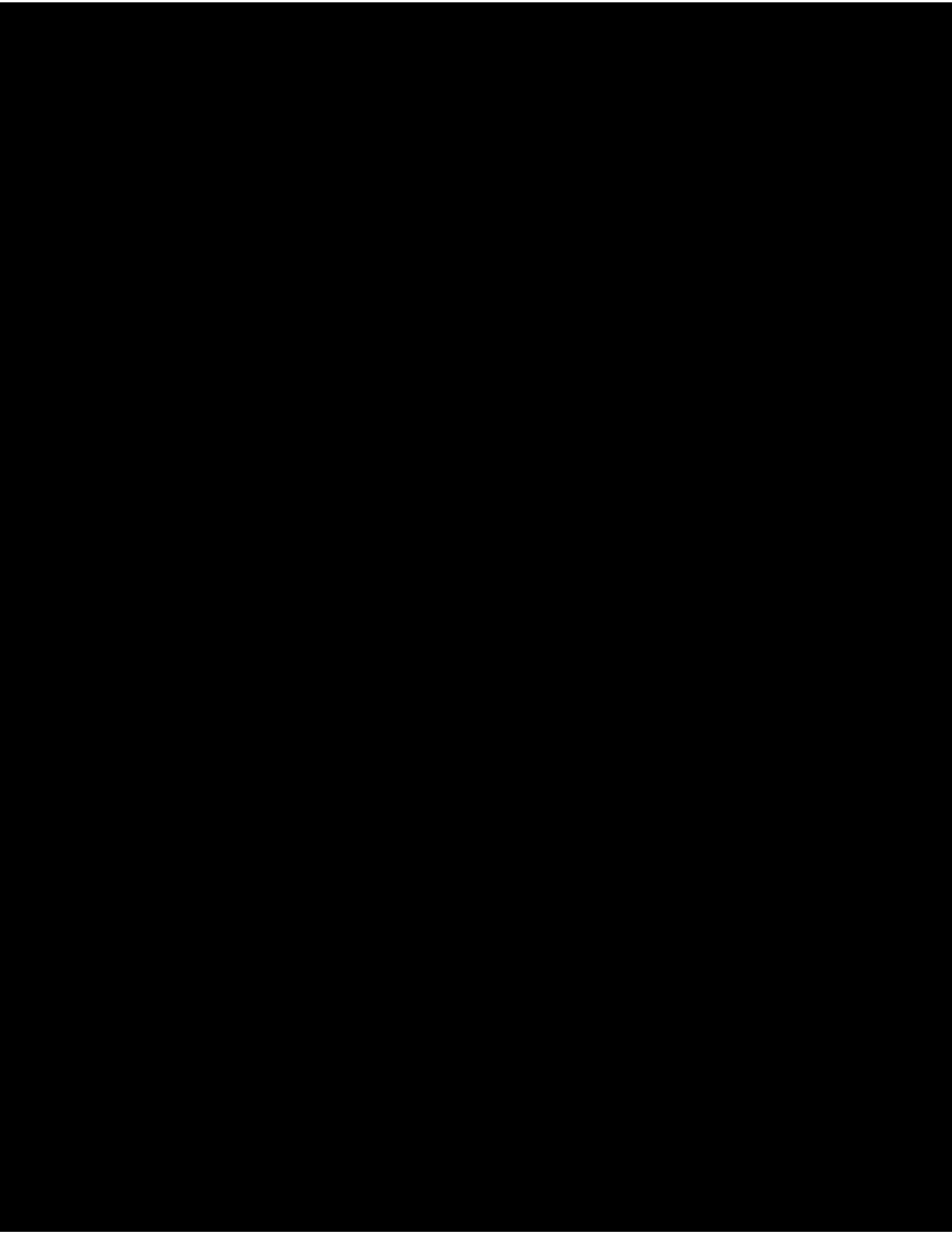


i am not okay *with this*

**Charles
Forsman**

**fantagraphics
books**
seattle





- 1 -





sydney

DEAR DIARY, GO FUCK YOURSELF.

BUT I CAN JUST USE MY PHONE.

ABSOLUTELY NOT! THOSE THINGS ARE WAY TOO DISTRACTING FOR YOUR TEENAGED MIND.



J/K. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO WRITE IN THIS STUPID THING.

WHAT AM I EVEN SUPPOSED TO WRITE IN THIS THING?

ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING! I THINK IT'LL BE THERAPEUTIC FOR YOU, SYDNEY. IT'S IMPORTANT FOR YOU TO HAVE AN OUTLET LIKE THIS.



MS. CAPPRIOTTI MADE ME PROMISE TO DO THIS. SHE SAID IT MIGHT HELP WITH MY MOODS. I CAN LOSE MY TEMPER SOMETIMES.

THINK OF IT LIKE YOU ARE TALKING TO YOURSELF. AND NO ONE WILL EVER READ IT BUT YOU.



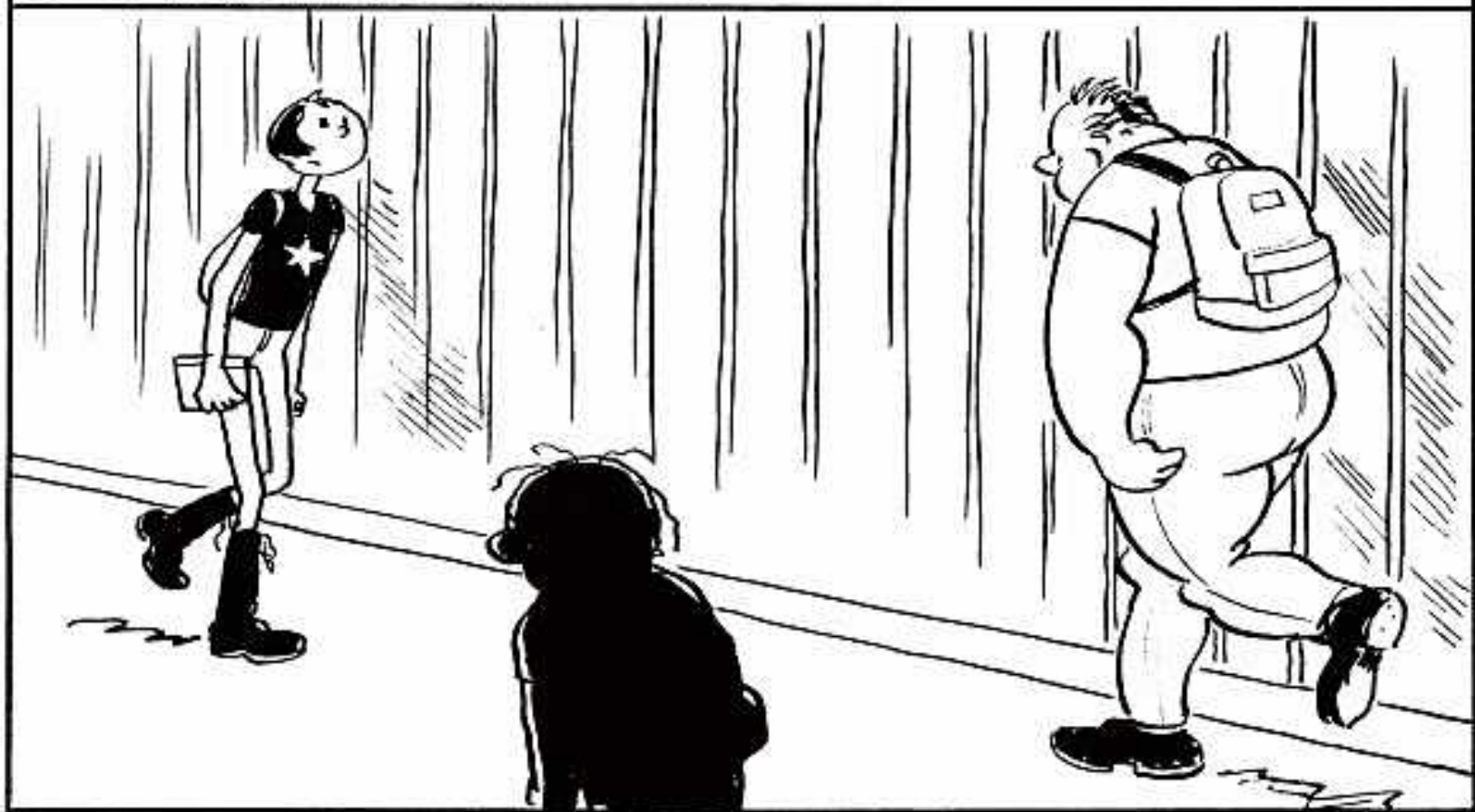
SHE'S PRETTY ALRIGHT FOR A GUIDANCE COUNSELOR, I GUESS. EVEN IF SHE DOES SMELL LIKE AN OLD HIPPIE.

WELL, THANKS. GOTTA GET TO CLASS.

MY PLEASURE, SYDNEY. HAVE A GREAT DAY & REMEMBER MY DOOR IS ALWAYS OPEN.



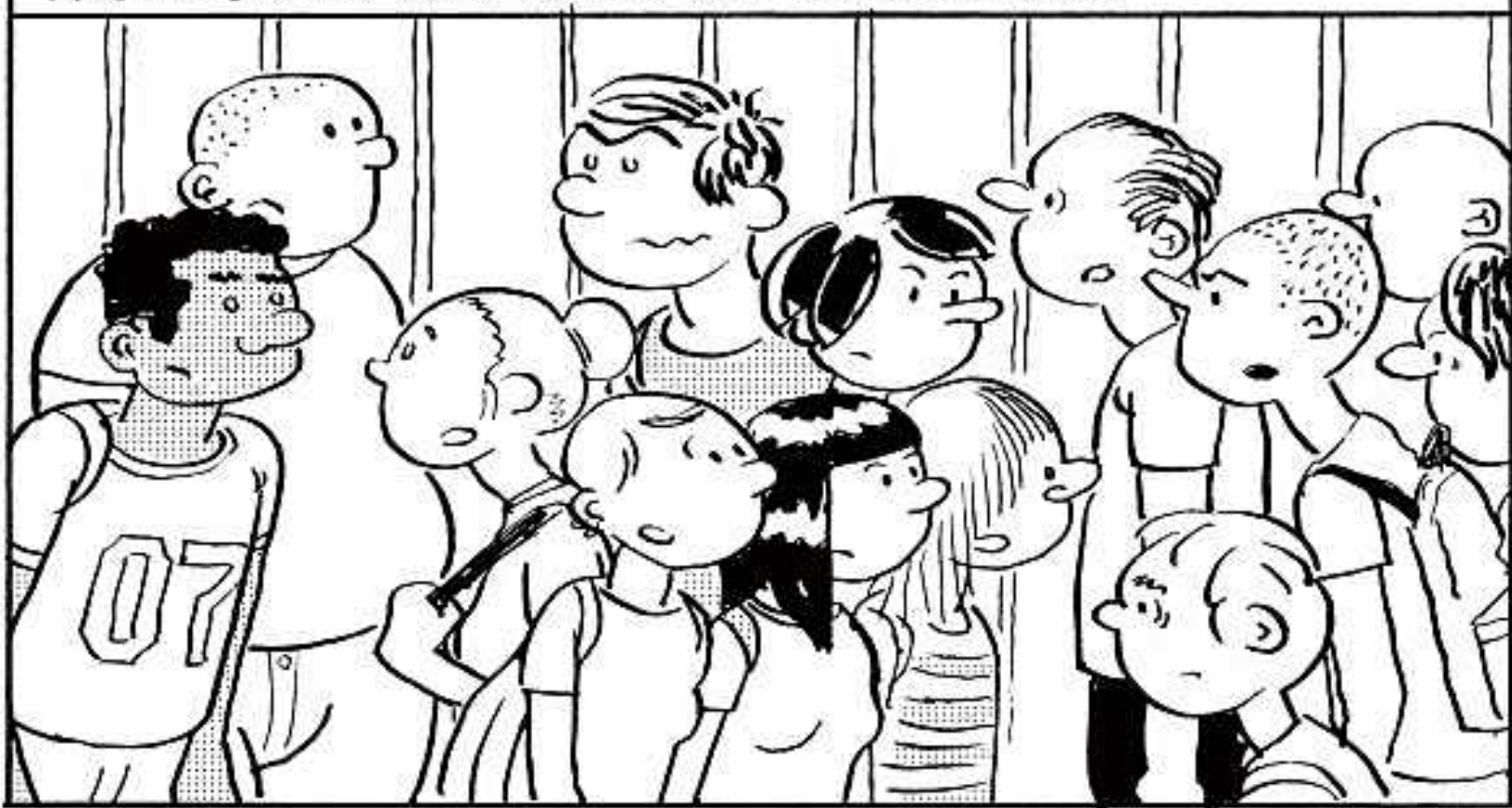
MY NAME IS SYDNEY, I'M A BORING FIFTEEN YEAR OLD WHITE GIRL. AND I'M SUPER-SKINNY.



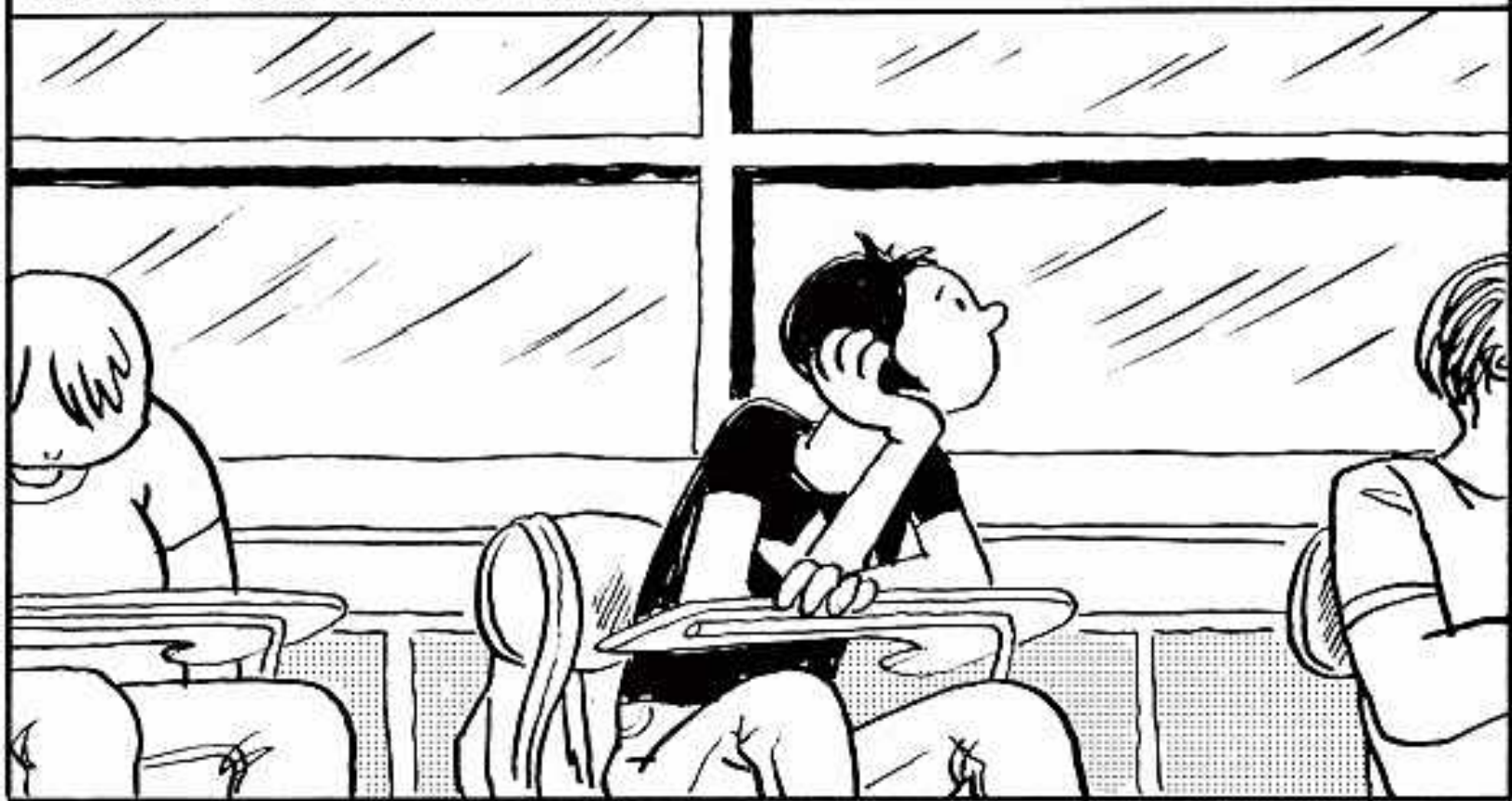
NOT HOT-SKINNY EITHER. MORE UGLY-SKINNY.



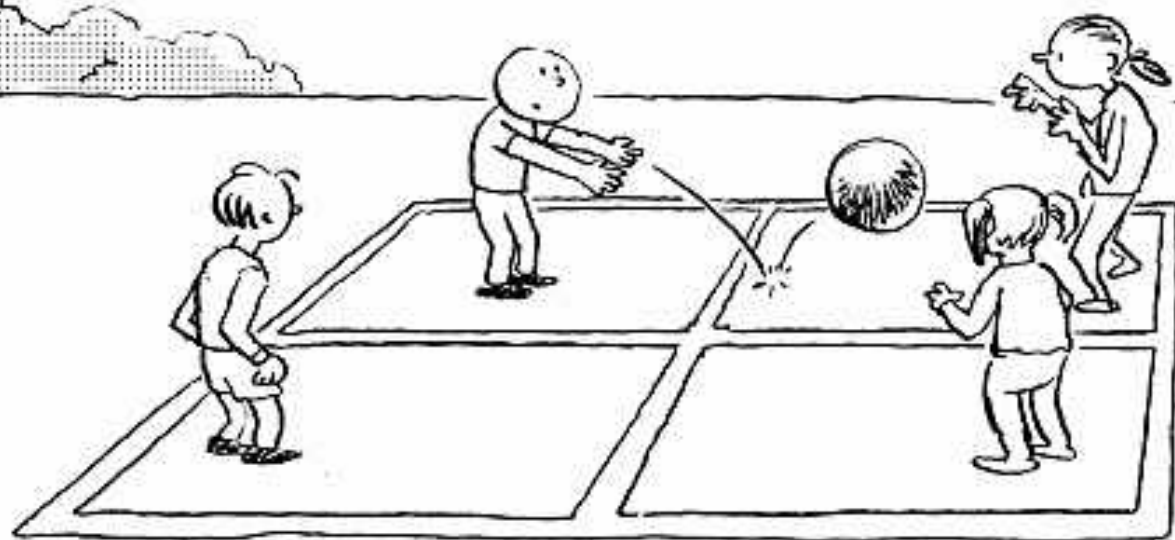
I PRETTY MUCH HATE SCHOOL. EXCEPT FOR LUNCH AND STUDY HALL. LOL. I JUST HATE BEING STUCK HERE ALL DAY WITH ALL THESE JOCKS AND JUNK. IT'S EXHAUSTING.



ENGLISH CLASS IS OKAY. MRS. WOYCIK IS REALLY NICE TO ME. SHE THINKS ALL MY CREATIVE WRITING ASSIGNMENTS ARE GENIUS OR SOMETHING.



I LIVE WITH MY MOM AND LITTLE BROTHER. MOM AND ME
HAVEN'T BEEN GETTING ALONG LATELY.



TO BE HONEST, MOM IS KIND OF A BITCH. SHE REALLY JUST
ANNOYS THE CRAP OUT OF ME.



MY BEST FRIEND IS DINA.



SHE'S A SENIOR AND IS SO BADASS.



BRAD'S HER CURRENT BOYTOY.

UH, DINA, YER GIRLFRIEND IS HERE.



HE'S A PIECE OF SHIT.

OH, HEY, SQUIRT! HOW THE HELL ARE YA?

I'M OKAY.



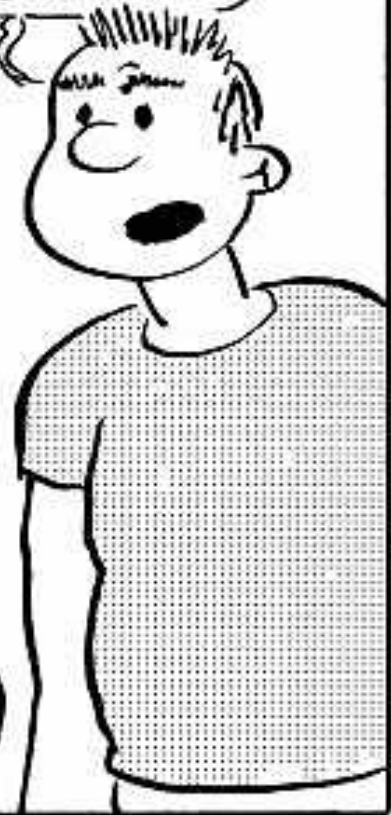
BRAD IS ALWAYS TEASING ME, HE CALLS ME A BEANPOLE AND A DYKE. SO WHAT IF I AM?!

DIDJA LISTEN TO THAT NEW BLOODWITCH ALBUM I SENT YOU?

YES! IT'S SO GOOD!

WHAT'S BLOODWITCH? P.M.S. MUSIC?

SHUT-UP, BRAD.



I MEAN...UGH. I DON'T KNOW.



WHAT I DO KNOW IS THAT I CAN GET OFF THINKING ABOUT GUYS AND GIRLS.

DON'T TELL ME TO SHUT-UP!

YOU LESBOS ABOUT DONE?



THERE IS ONE THING ABOUT ME THAT ISN'T SO BASIC.



I CAN MAKE PEOPLE HURT. LIKE IN THEIR HEADS. I DO IT WITH MY MIND SOMEHOW.



HEY? WHAT THE? YOU OKAY?

YOWWW!!

MY BRAIN!

IT'S TOTALLY FUCKED.



OMG!

WHAT'S HAPP'NIN' TO ME?!

I'M SUCH A FREAK.



OW WOW YOW.

IT'S NO PICNIC FOR ME, EITHER. I GET ALL SWEATY AND ANXIOUS AND SOMETIMES I PUKE MY GUTS OUT.



- 2 -

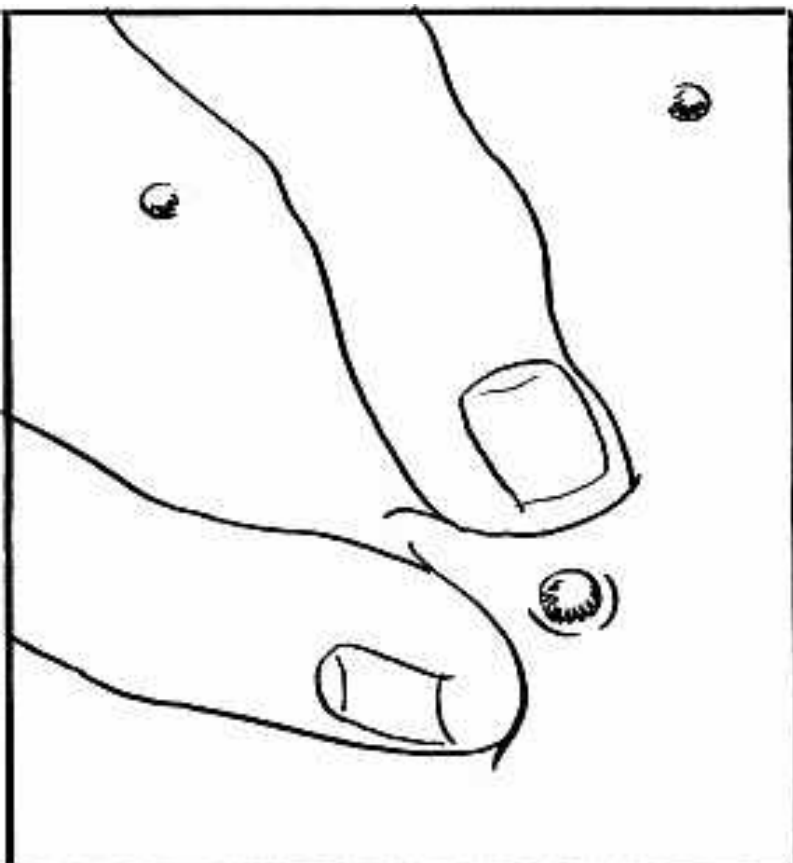




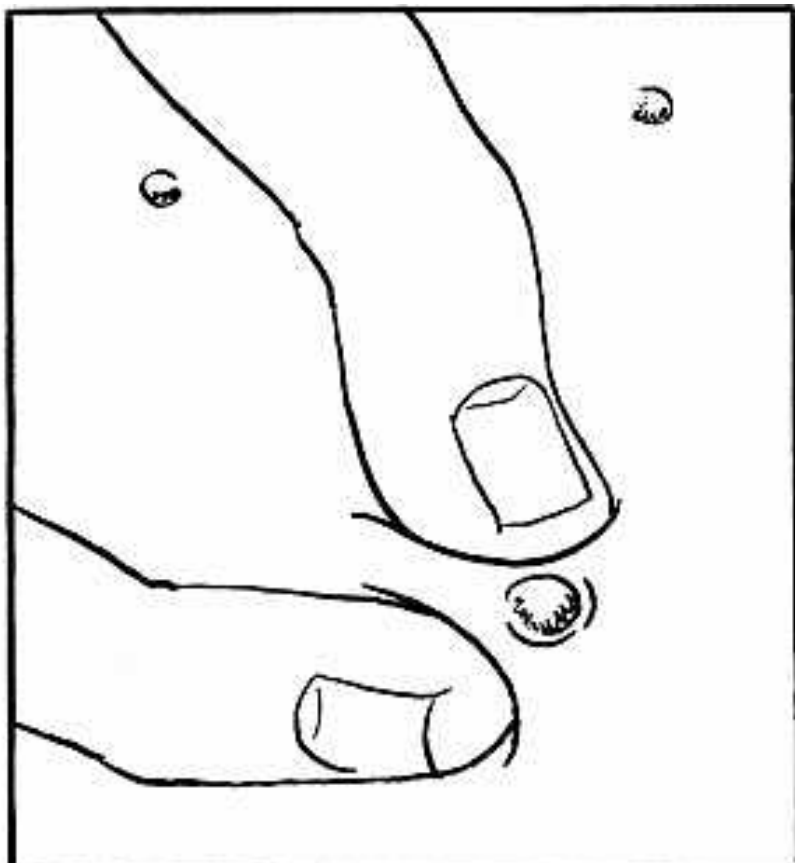
zits



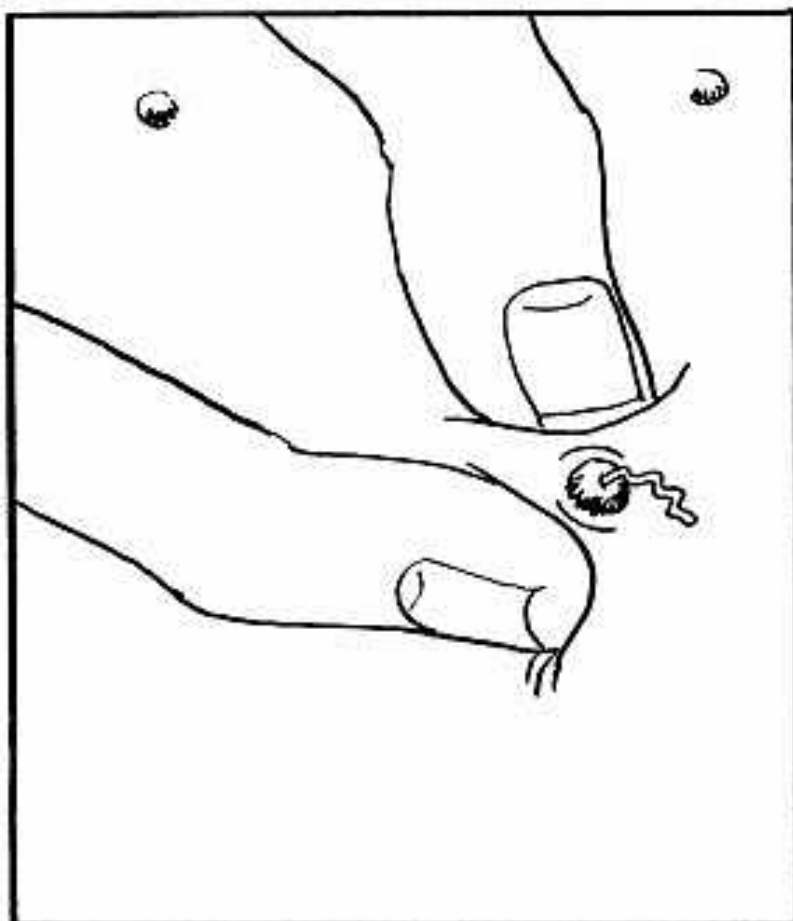
DEAR DIARY, I'M STRAIGHT-UP DISGUSTING. I STARTED GETTING ALL THESE ZITS ON MY THIGHS. SO GROSS.



IT'S PROBABLY PUBERTY OR SOMETHING.

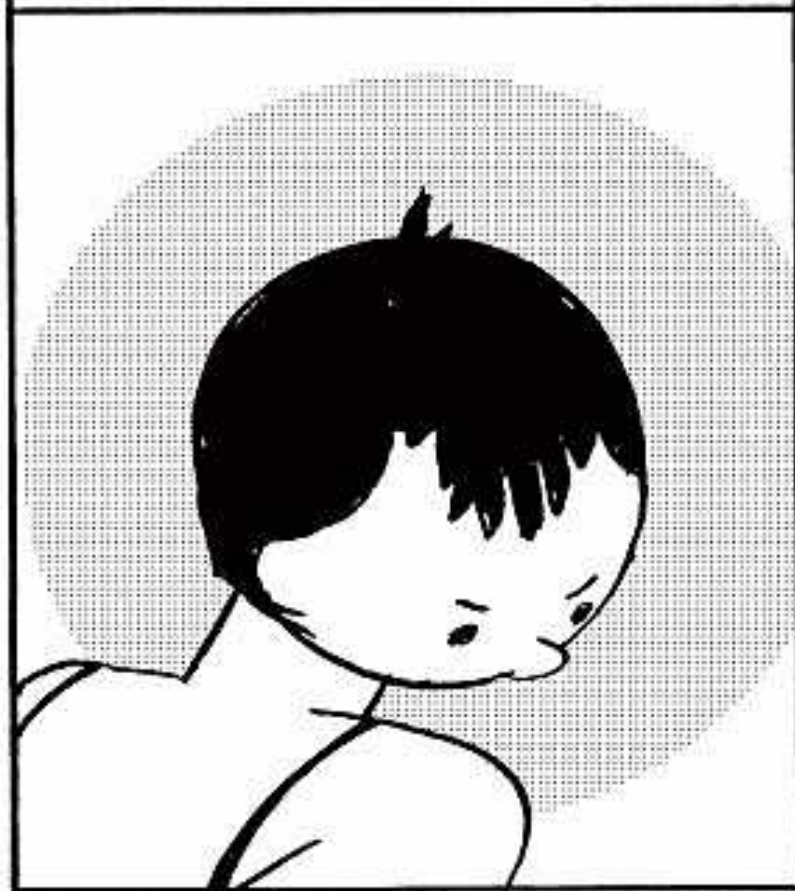


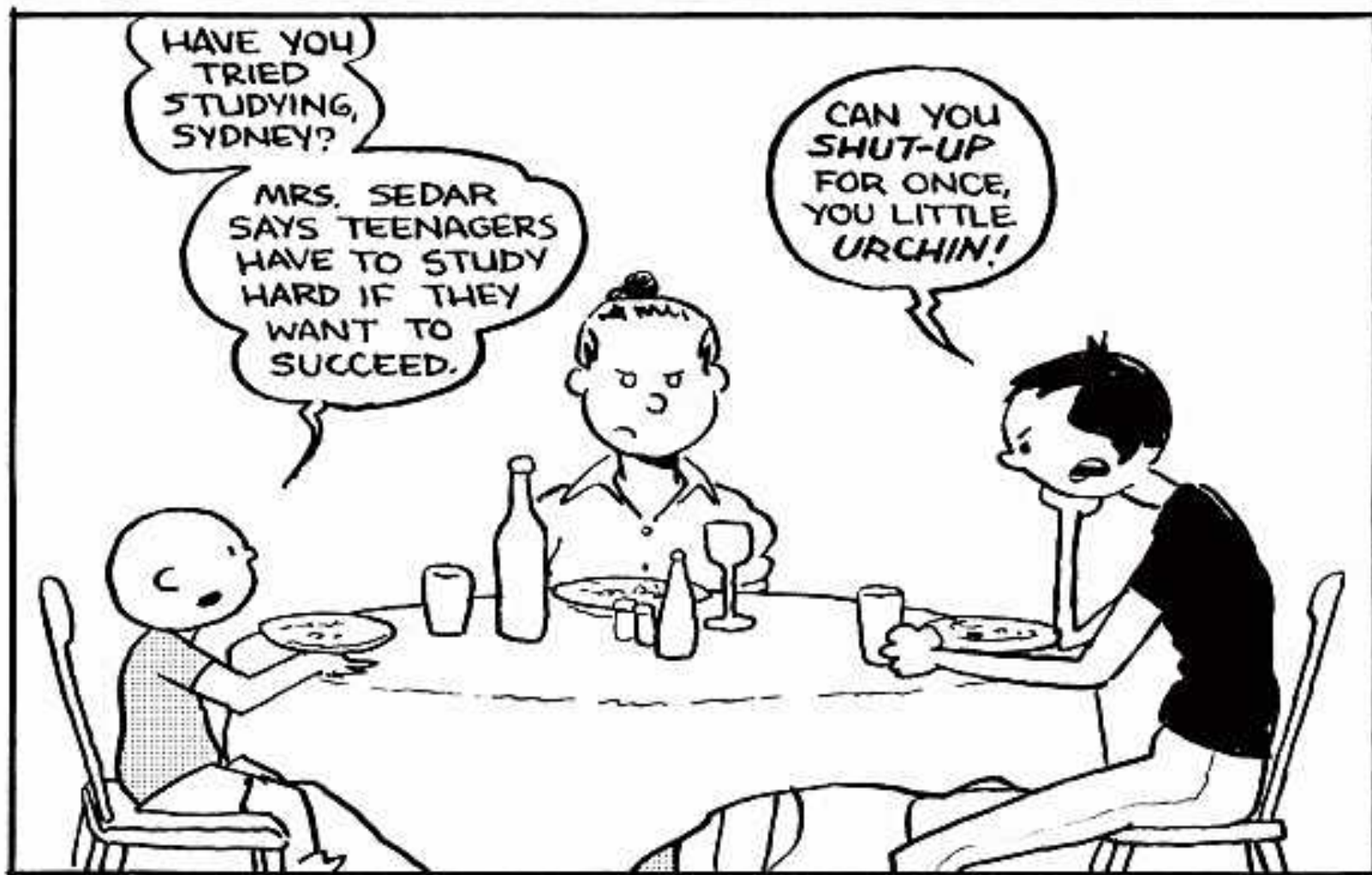
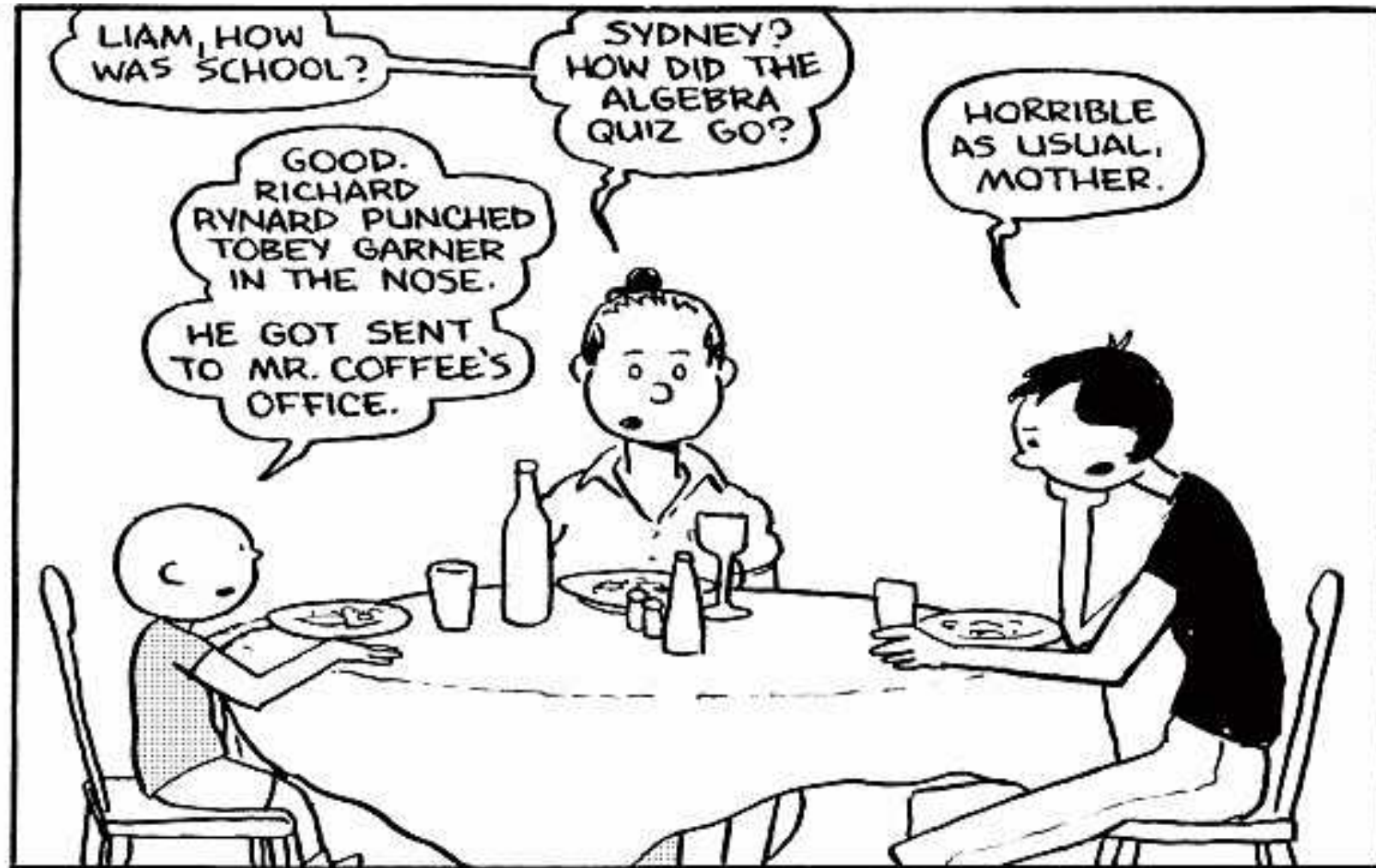
I'VE TRIED ZIT CREAM AND MOM'S SOAPS AND JUNK.



NOTHING SEEMS TO HELP.

THEY AREN'T EVEN THAT FUN TO POP.





SYDNEY!

DON'T TALK
TO HIM LI...

(SIGH)

CAN'T WE JUST
HAVE ONE MEAL
WITHOUT YOU BEING
NASTY? IF YOUR
FATHER COULD
HEAR YOU.

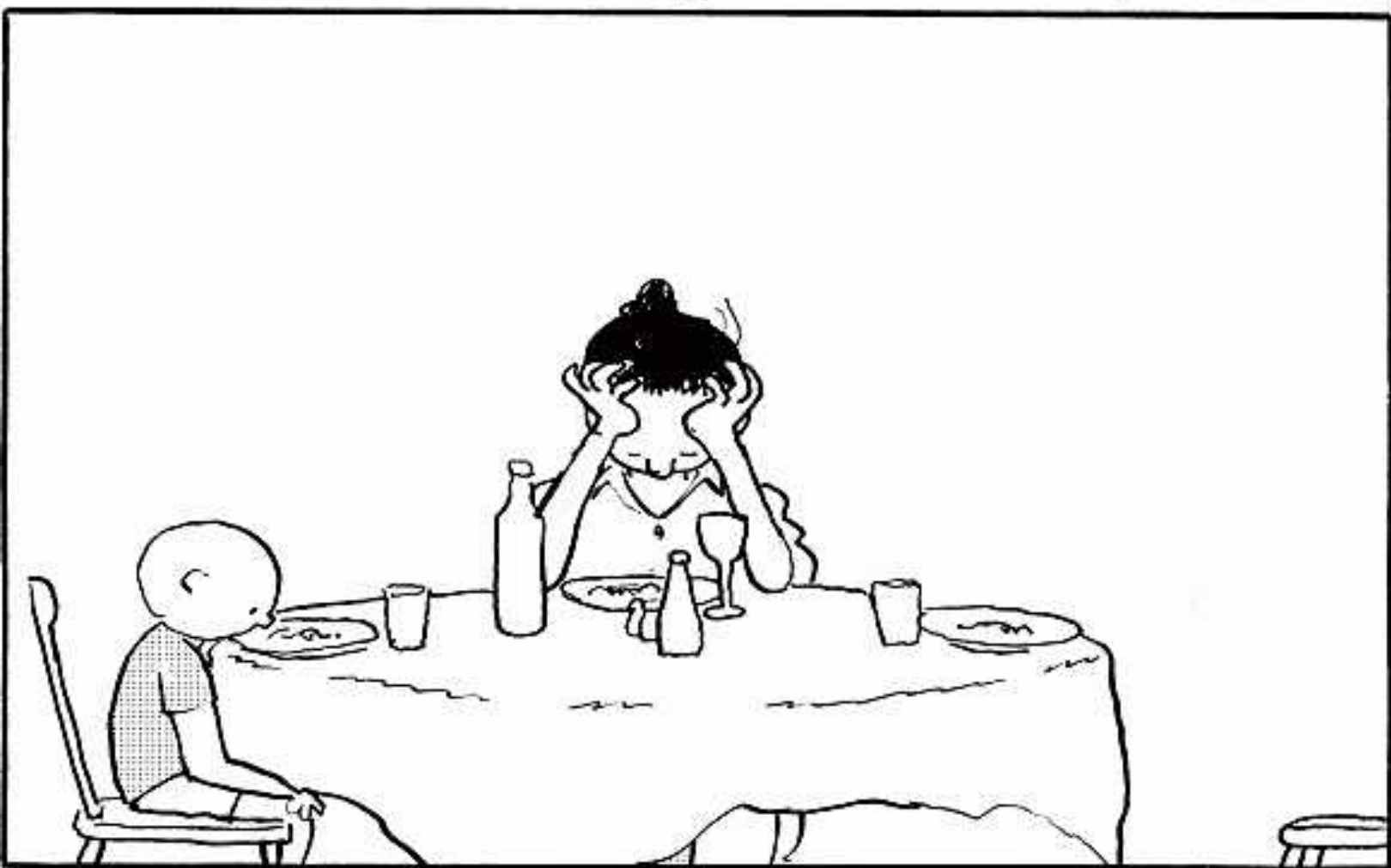


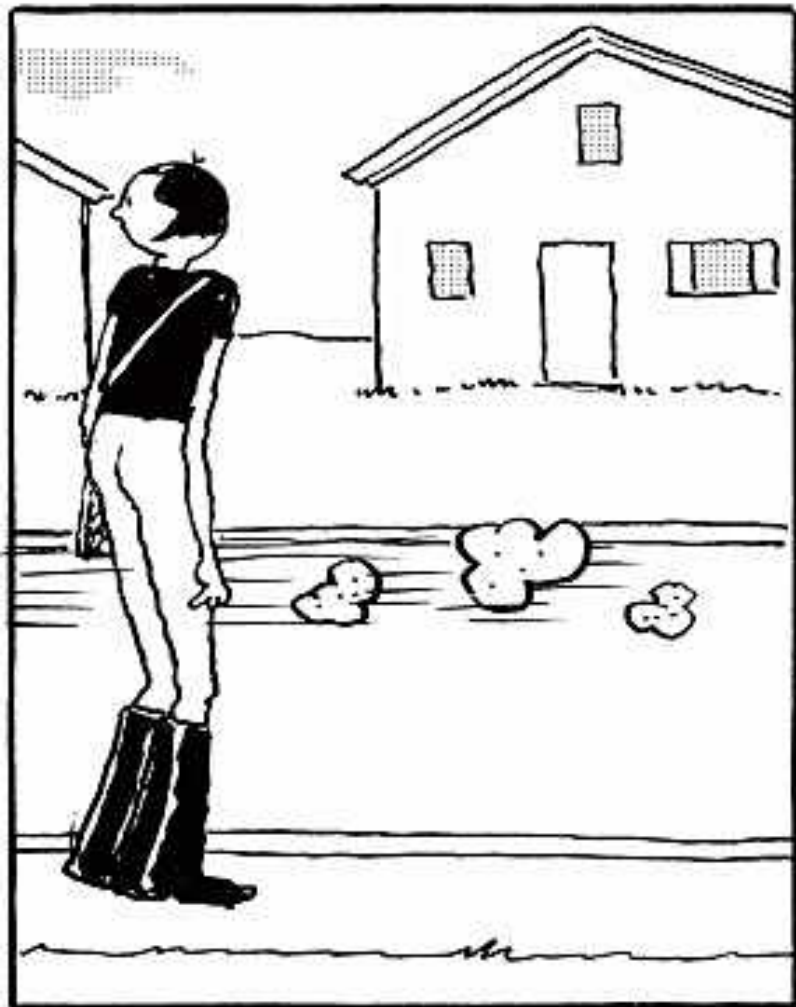
WAIT?
WHAT,
MOTHER?!

IF DAD WASN'T
DEAD HE'D DO WHAT
EXACTLY?!

SPANK ME?!
LIKE A BAD LITTLE GIRL?!

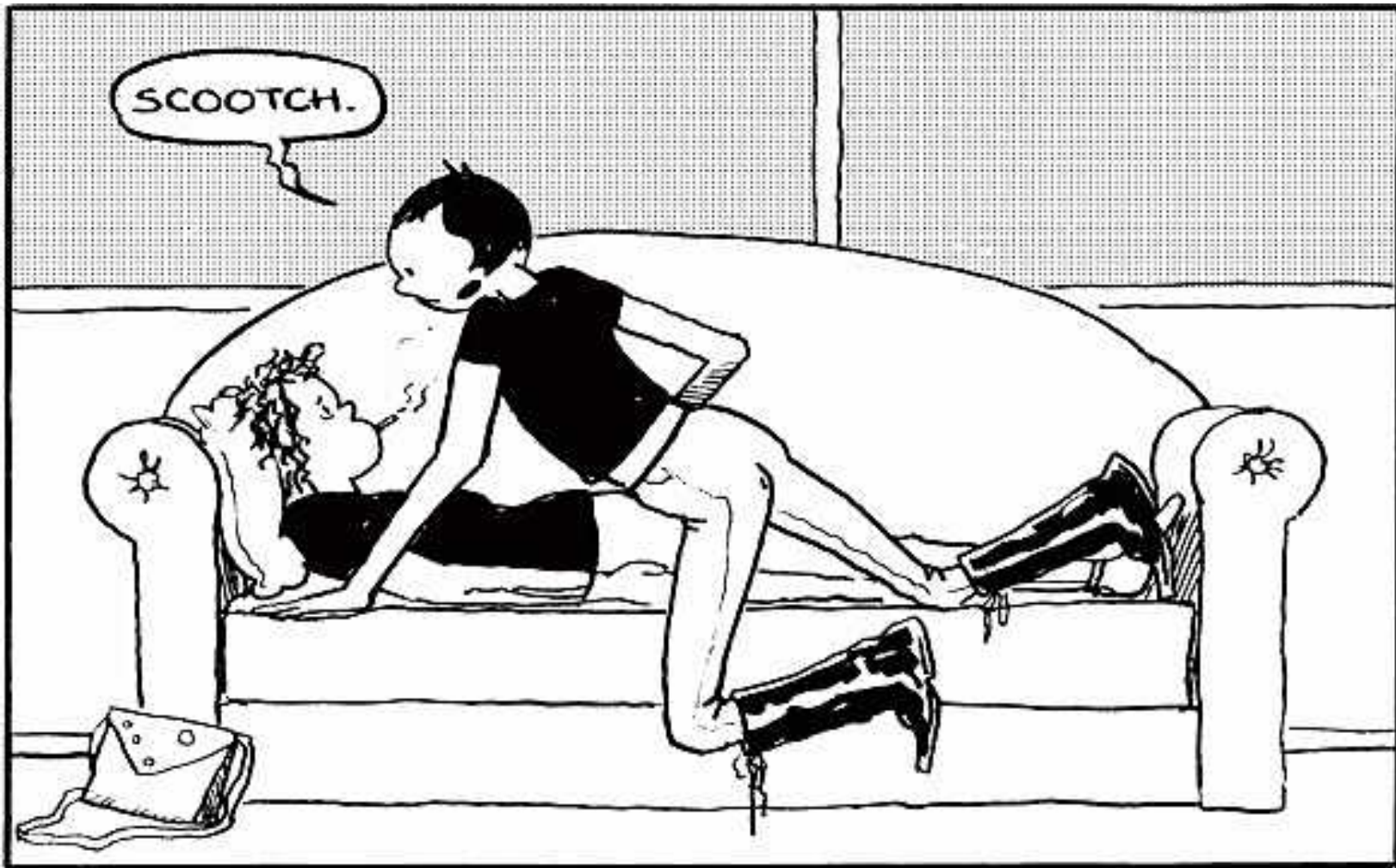








SCOOTCH.



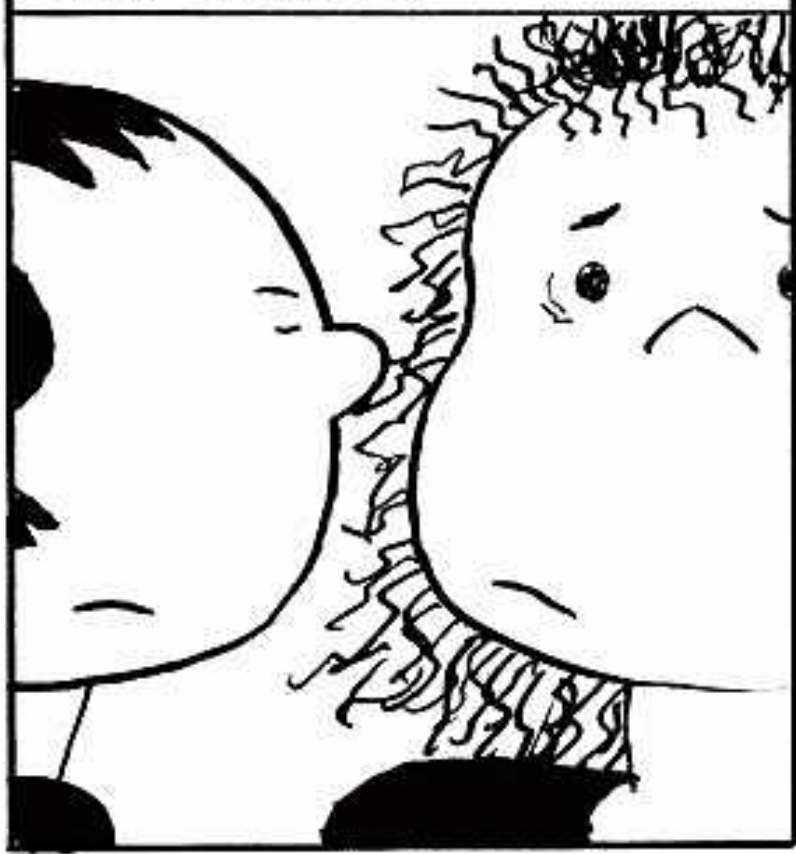
YOU DON'T DESERVE THIS, DINA.



SOMETIMES AT NIGHT I MASTURBATE BUT I HAVE TO BE REAL QUIET BECAUSE WE HAVE SUPER THIN WALLS.



I'VE GOTTEN GOOD AT BEING QUIET. I CAN'T GO ALL THE WAY, THOUGH.



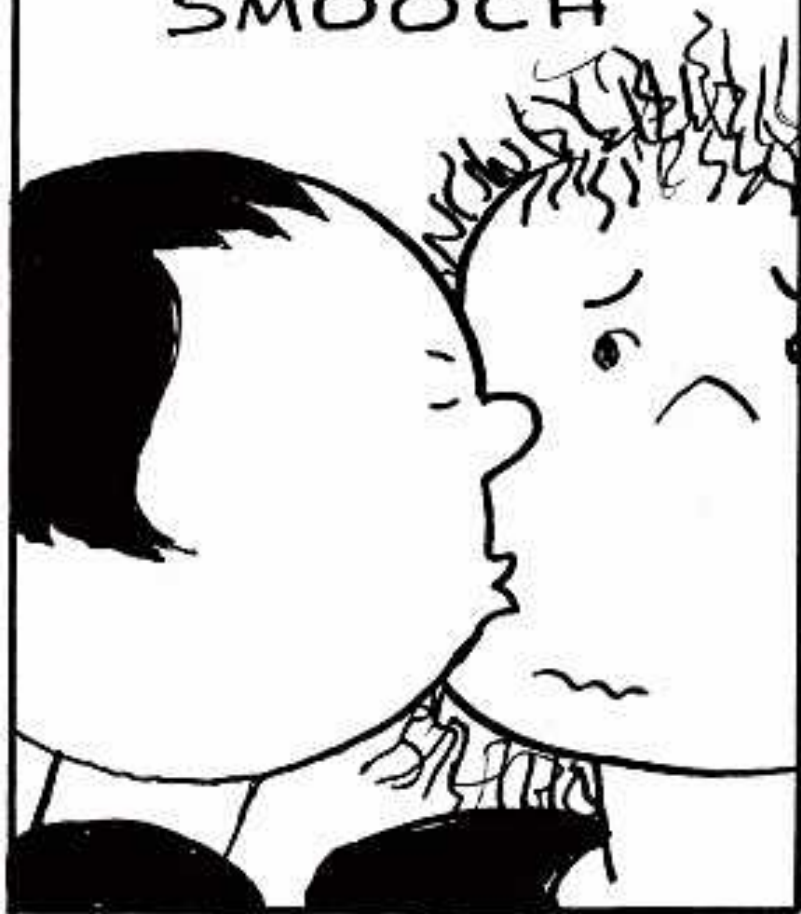
FOR SOME REASON IF I GO TOO FAR MY POWERS KICK IN AND I KINDA BLACK OUT.



THEN I WAKE UP IN A WEIRD PLACE. TIME LOST.



SMOOCH



IT KINDA SUCKS.



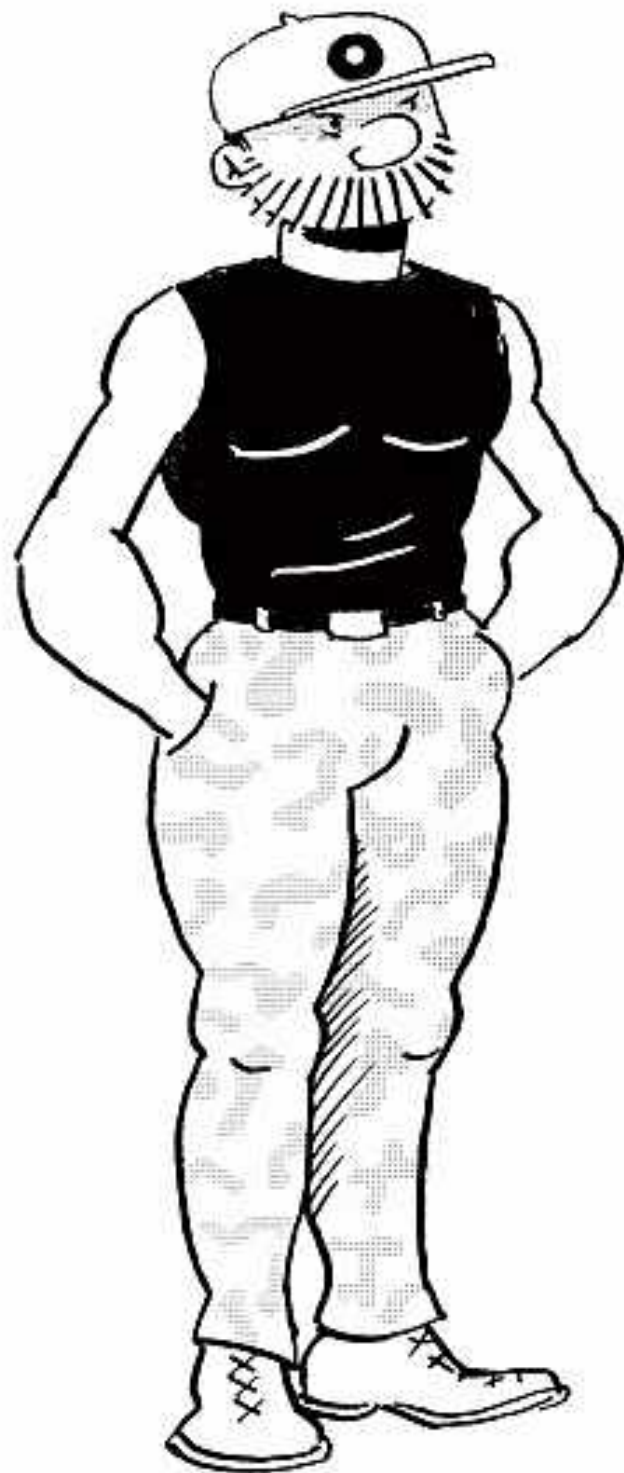
I THINK YOU SHOULD GO.



'CAUSE I'M ALWAYS SO HORNY.



- 3 -



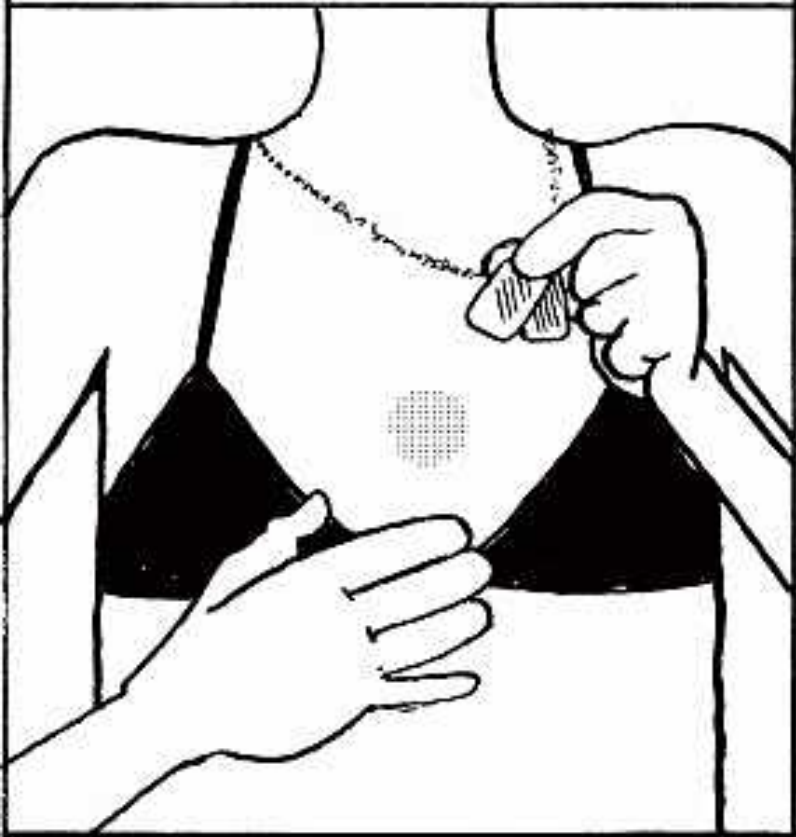
A large, white, five-pointed star is centered on a solid black background. The star has a slightly irregular, hand-drawn appearance. In the center of the star, the word "dad" is written in a black, cursive script font.

dad

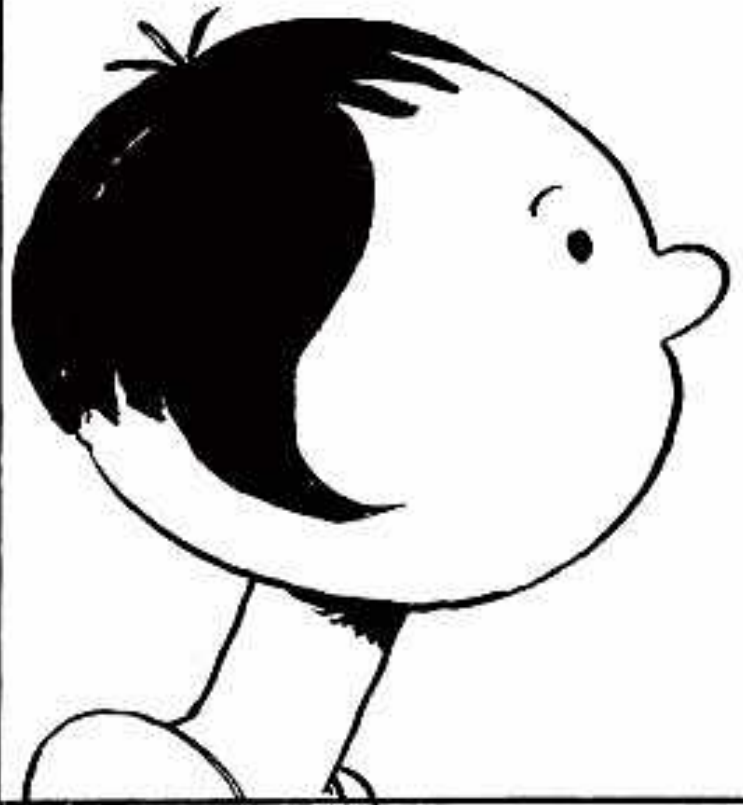
I GUESS I SHOULD TELL YOU ABOUT MY DAD. HE'S GONE.
DEAD. I KEEP HIS DOG TAGS AROUND MY NECK.
IT IRRITATES MY SKIN. THE METAL SMELLS LIKE HIM.



ONE TIME I ALMOST LOST
IT SWIMMING AT THE BLUE
BREECHES.



I LOVED MY DAD, YOU KNOW?
I MEAN, MOST KIDS DO.



BUT DAD REALLY GOT ME. DAD WAS OFF IN HIS HEAD A
LOT BUT HE WAS ALWAYS REAL COOL TO ME.



HIS TRUCK ALWAYS SMELLED LIKE A SKUNK TO ME.
I WOULD ALWAYS ASK HIM ABOUT, BUT HE WOULD JUST
LAUGH AT ME.



NOW I KNOW MY DAD WAS PROBABLY A POT-HEAD.



I FIGURED THAT OUT
LAST SUMMER.



DINA AND ME WENT TO A
PARTY AT RICKY BERRY'S



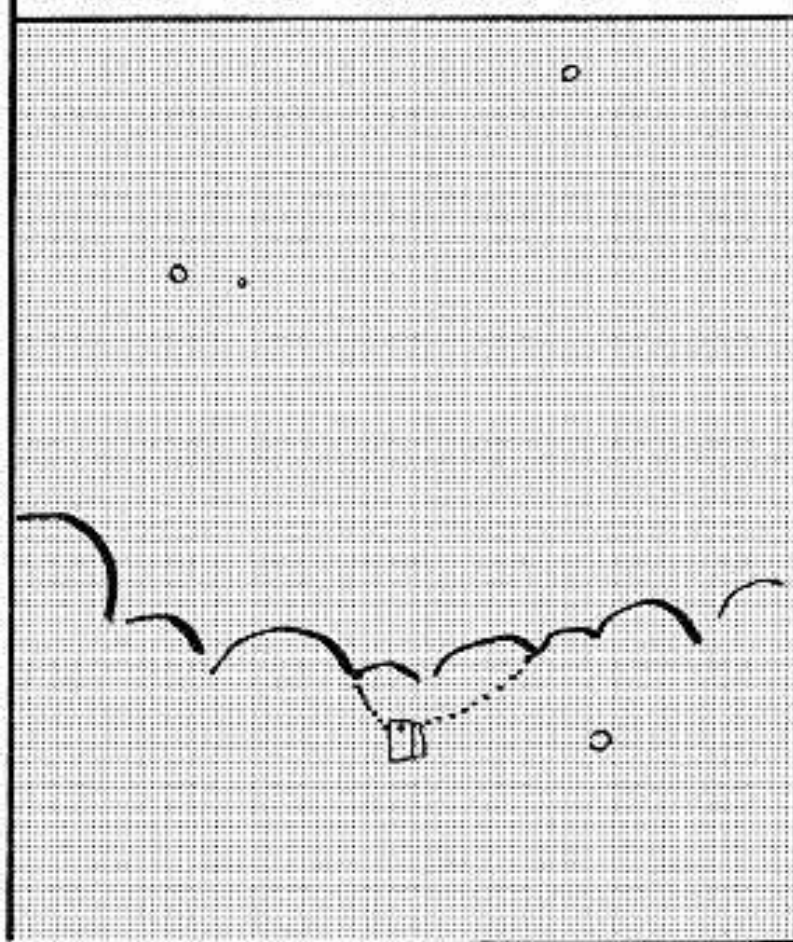
HIS PARENTS WERE OUT
OF TOWN.



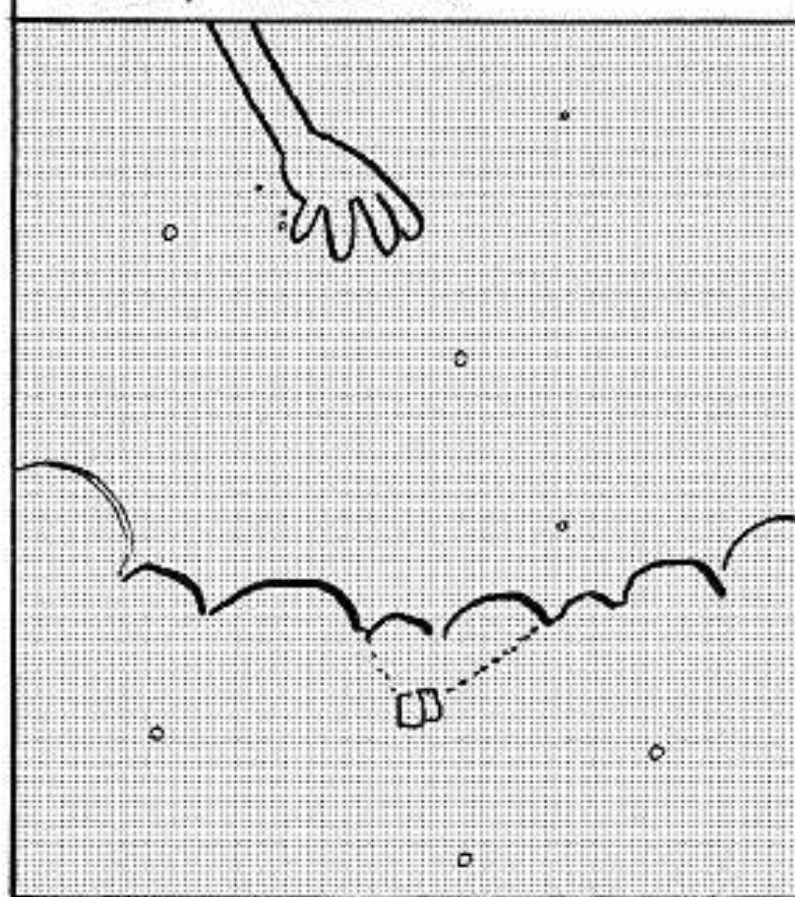
A BUNCH OF SENIORS WERE
GETTING HIGH IN THE SHED.



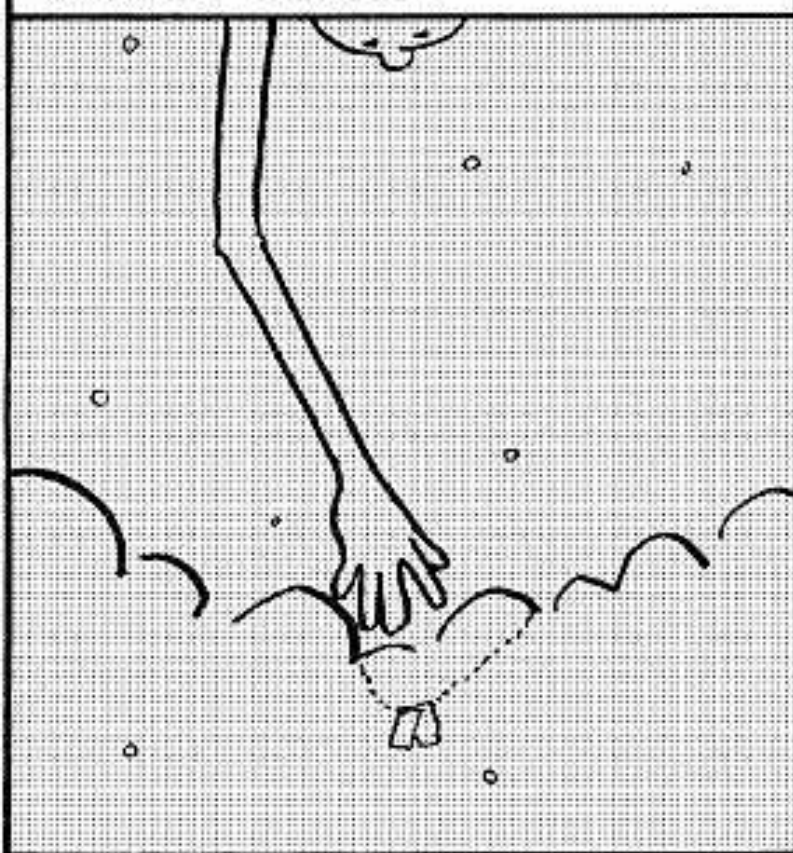
I WAS TOO SCARED TO TRY.



THEY GOT DINA REALLY HIGH, THOUGH.



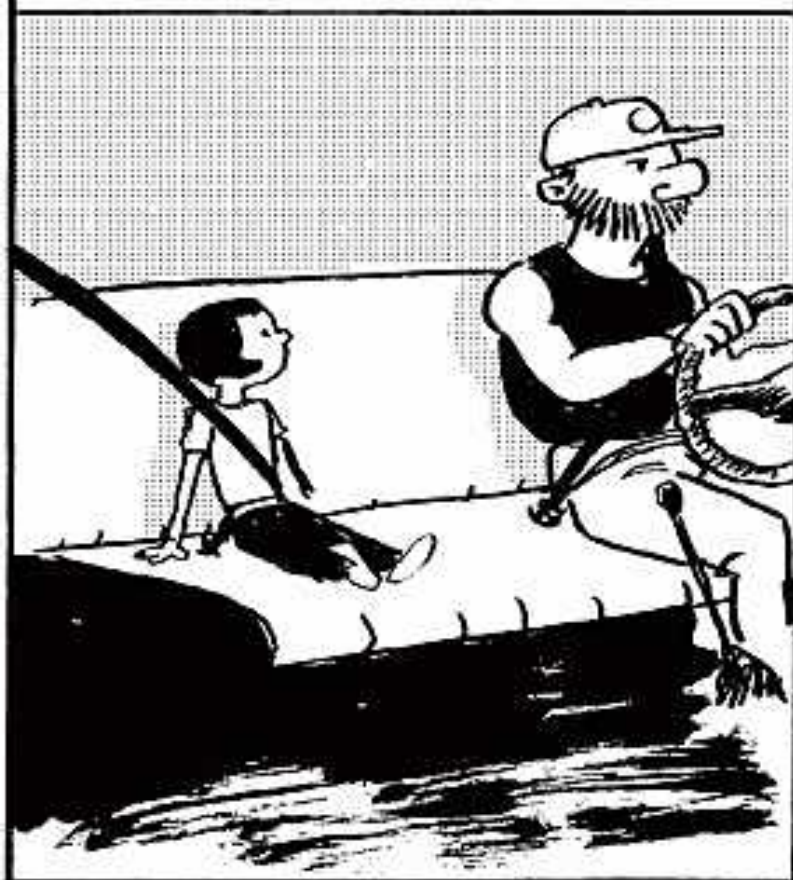
SHE ENDED UP MAKING OUT WITH RICKY UNDER THE DIVING BOARD.



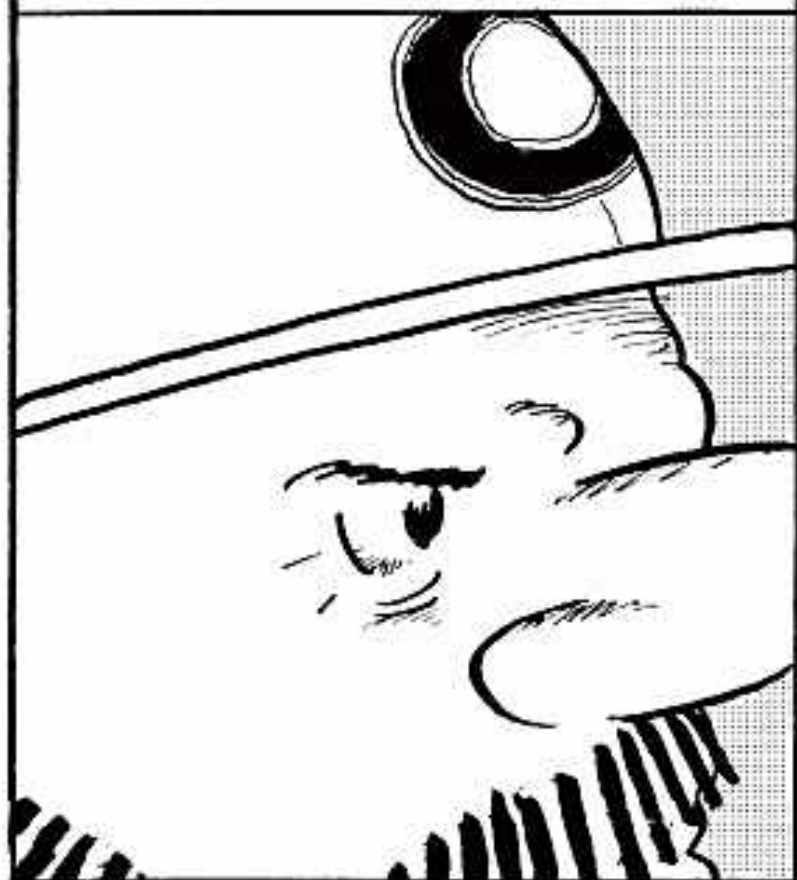
SO GROSS.



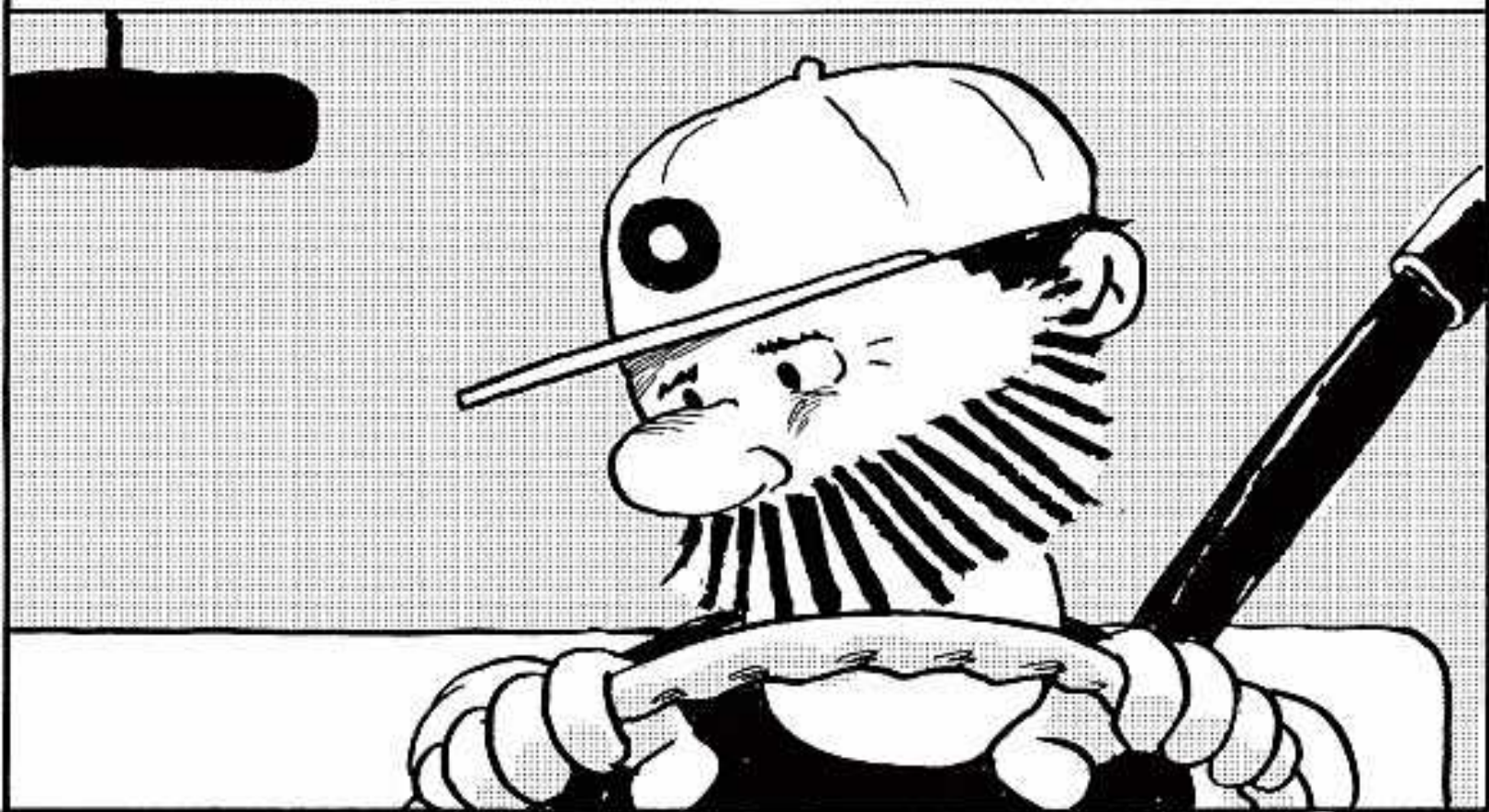
ANYWAYS -- I THINK DAD
SMOKED TO CALM DOWN.



DAD ALWAYS SEEMED TO
BE ANNOYED.



HE WASN'T MAD AT US OR MOM. IT'S ALMOST LIKE HE
WAS FIGHTING WITH HIMSELF.



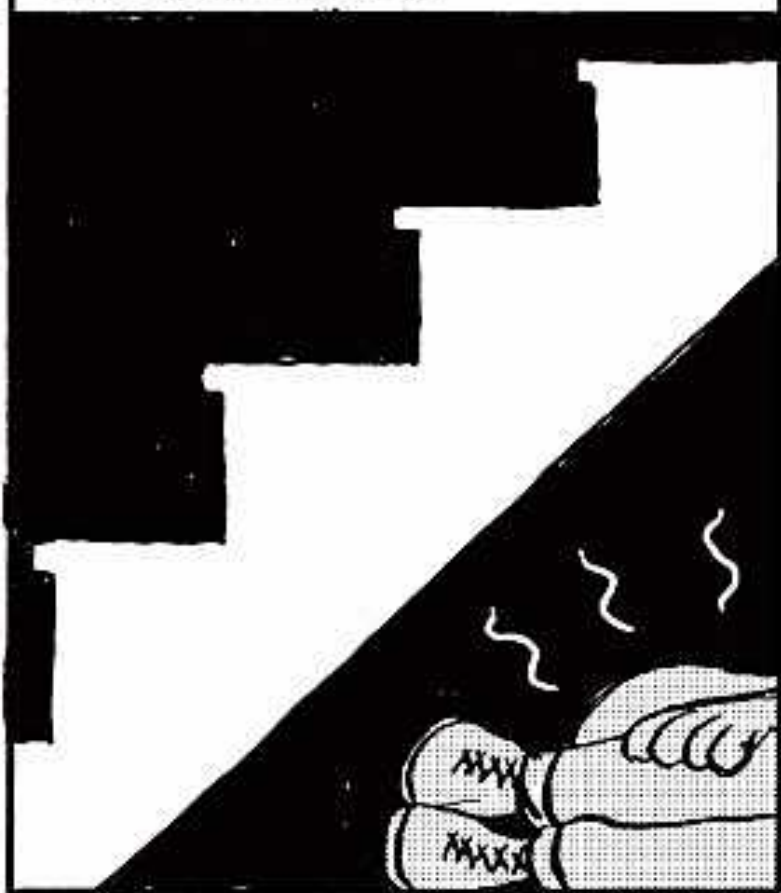
DAD WAS IN IRAQ WHEN I WAS LITTLE. IT PROBABLY MESSED HIS BRAINS UP. I NEVER ASKED HIM IF HE KILLED ANYBODY.



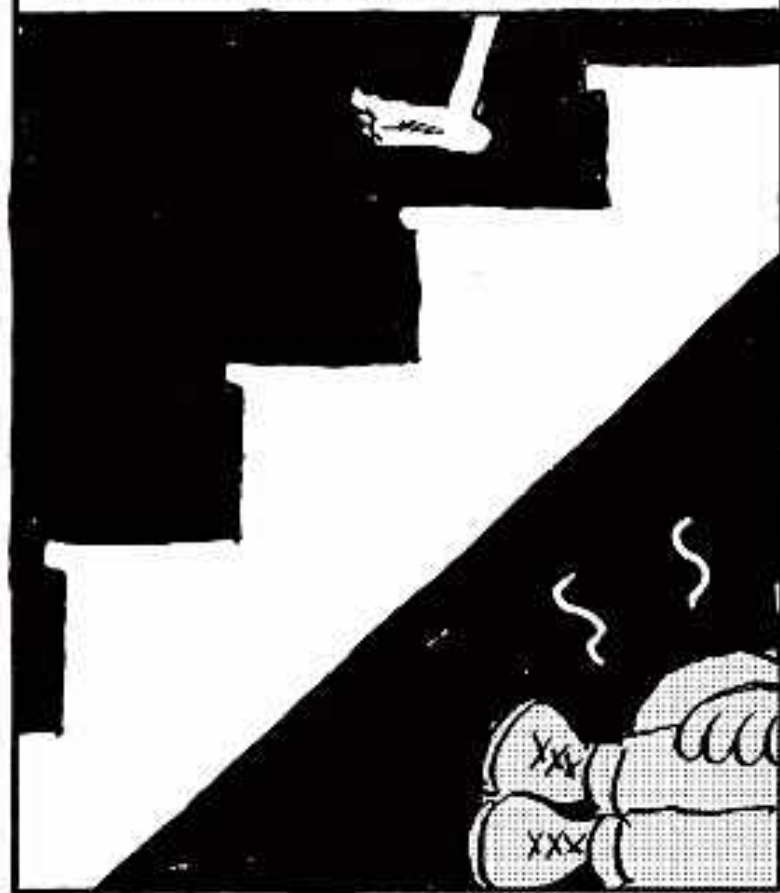
I HATE! HATE! HATE! THAT HE WENT THERE. HOW COULD HE LEAVE ME AND MOM LIKE THAT. IF ONLY HE KNEW HOW MUCH HE MADE HER CRY.



ONE NIGHT I FOUND HIM IN
THE BASEMENT.



HE LOOKED CRAZY. CURLLED
UP IN A BALL AND CRYING.



IT REALLY SUCKED TO SEE
DAD LIKE THAT.



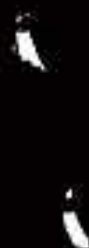
I STILL SEE HIM SOMETIMES
WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES.



HE WAS IN SO MUCH PAIN.



HE PLEADED WITH ME TO
MAKE IT STOP.



I COULD HEAR HIM EVEN
THOUGH HIS MOUTH WASN'T
MOVING.



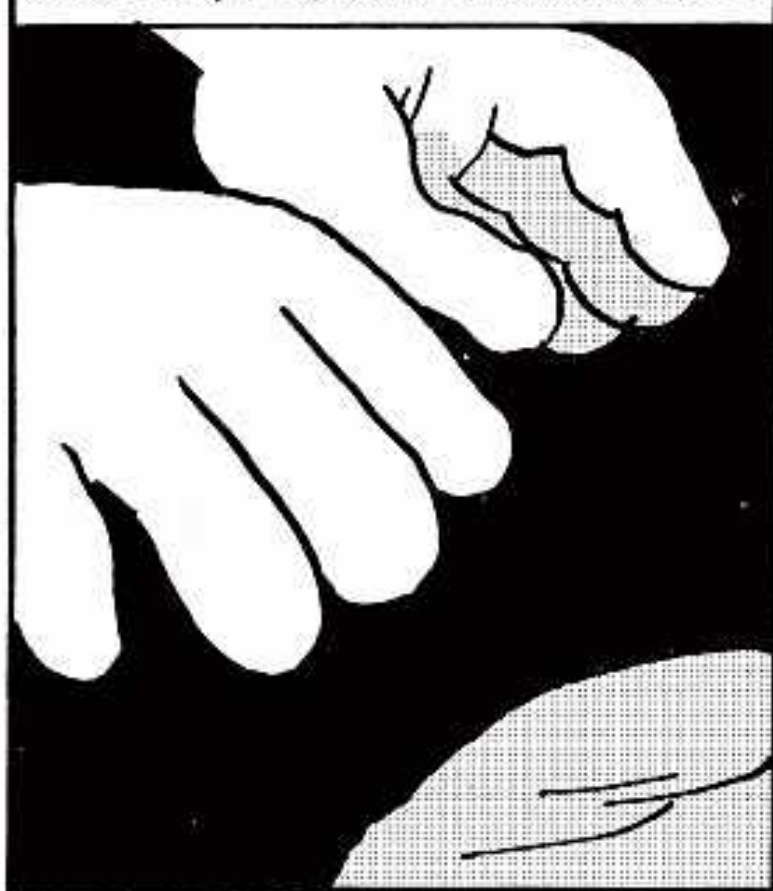
HE WAS LIKE ME. AND HE KNEW.
THAT'S HOW HE KNEW I MIGHT
UNDERSTAND AND HELP.



HE TOLD ME HOW TO DO IT.



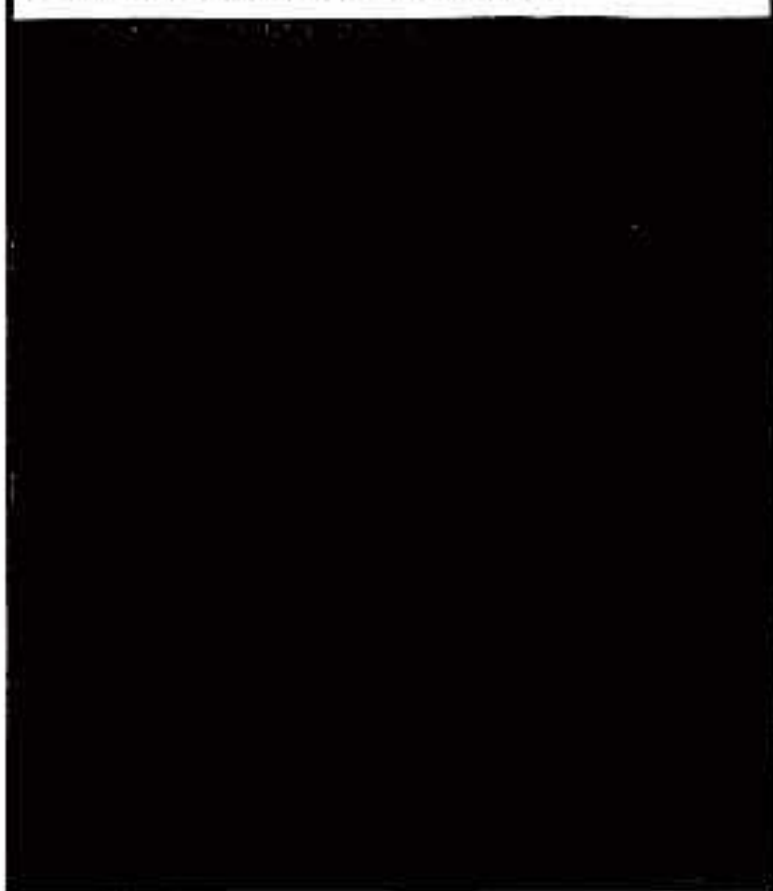
IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN. I WOULDN'T KNOW THE WORDS.

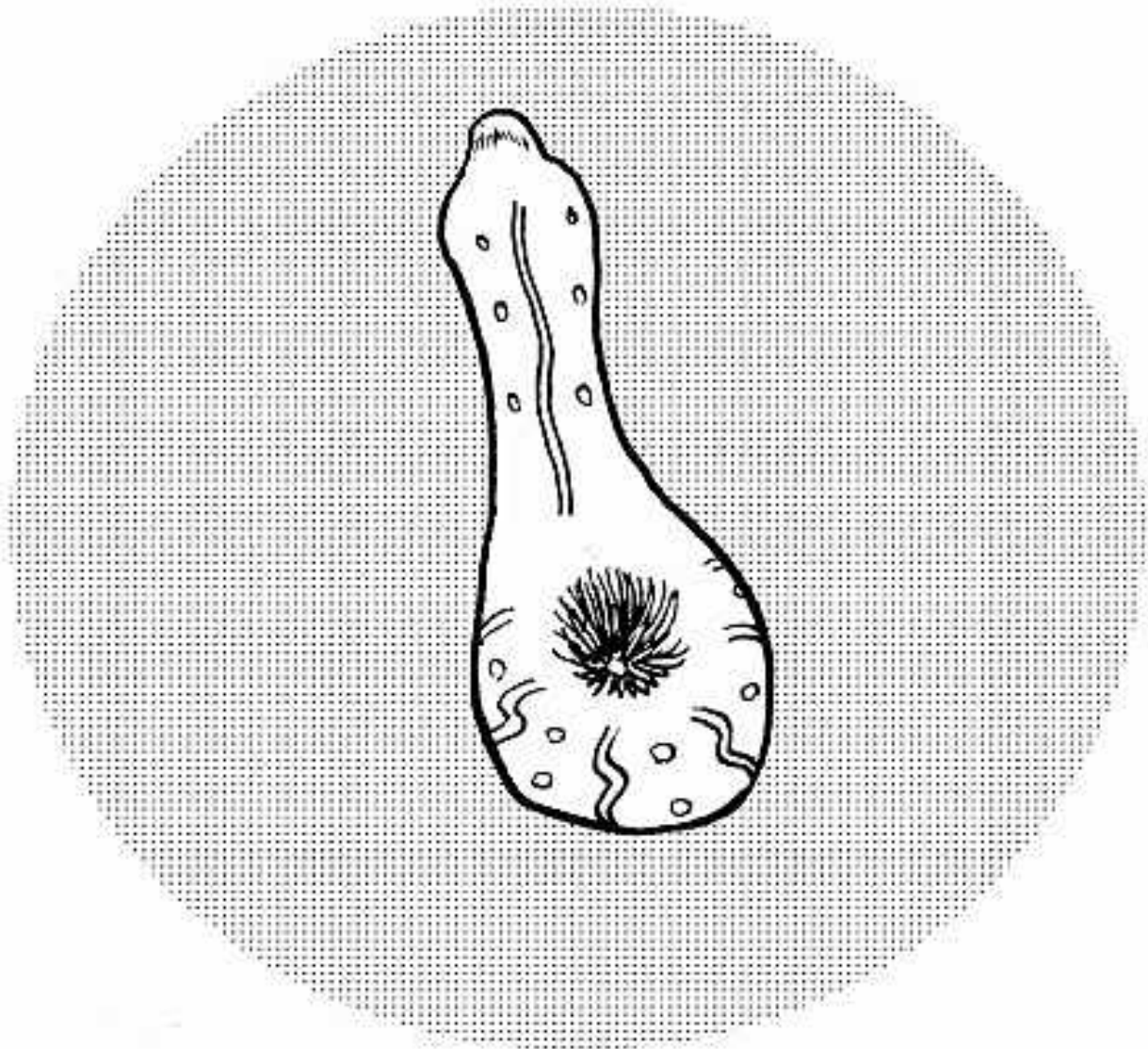


I DID IT. I DID IT FOR HIM.
I SET HIM FREE.



BUT I MISS HIM.
I MISS HIM SO MUCH.

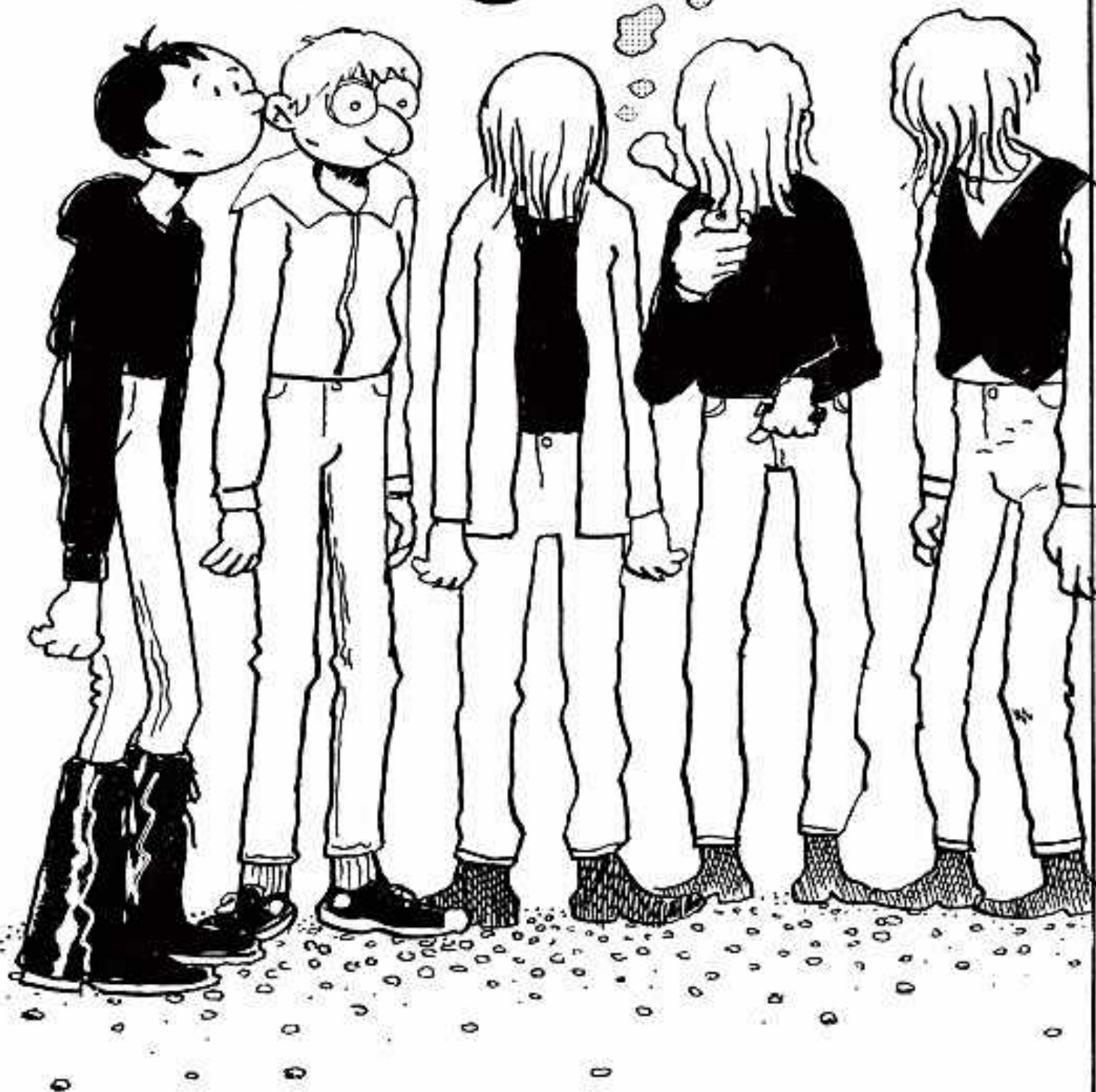






weed

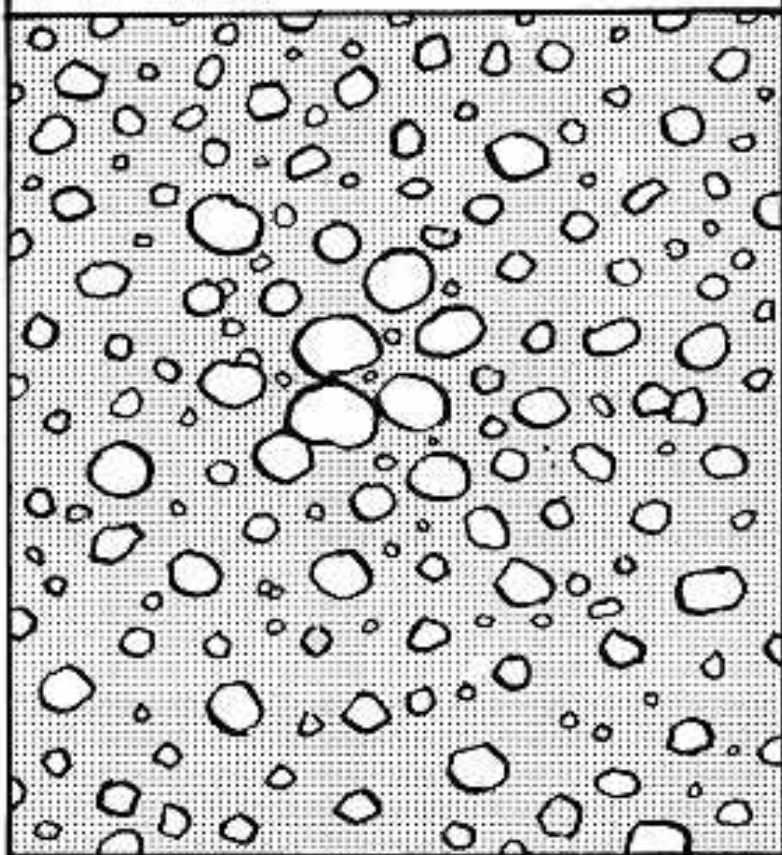
TONIGHT I WAS HANGING OUT WITH A BUNCH OF BOYS IN THE PARKING LOT BEHIND MARCO'S PIZZA. THEY ARE A FEW GRADES ABOVE ME.



THE GROUND THERE IS JUST
A THICK LAYER OF STONES.



I COULD FEEL THEM THEM
SHIFT AND CRUNCH UNDER
MY FEET.



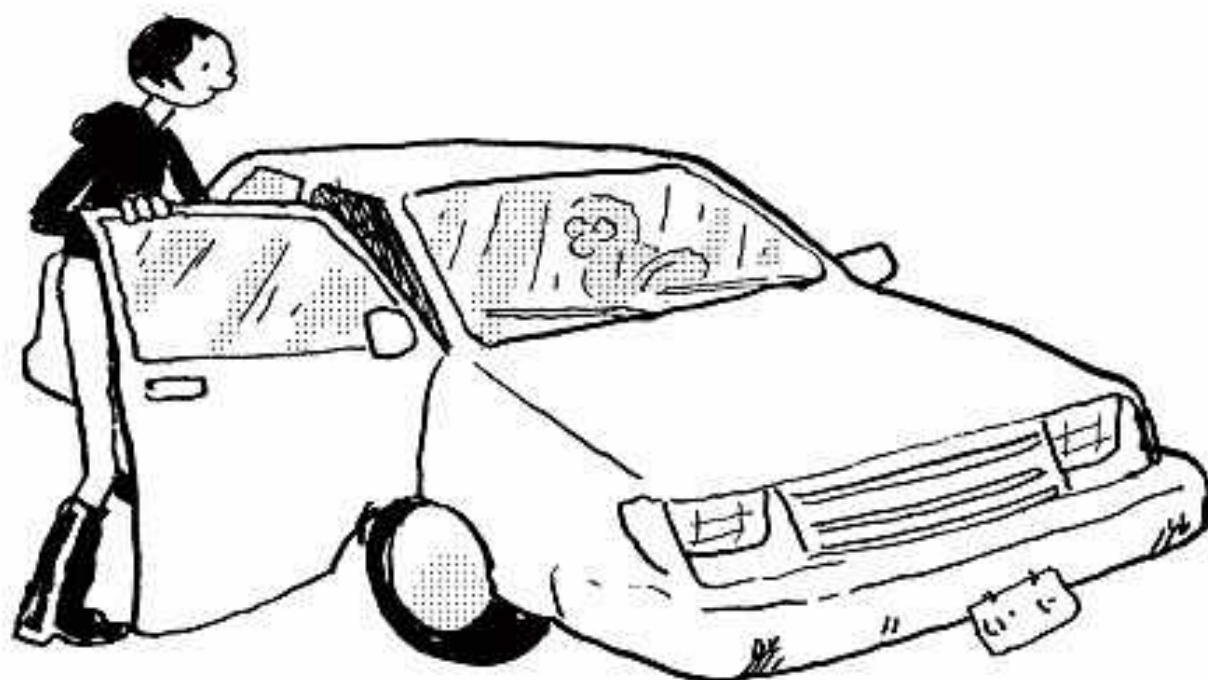
I WAS THERE WITH STANLEY
BARBER, HE LIVES JUST
DOWN THE BLOCK FROM ME.



MOST PEOPLE CALL HIM GOOB.
I'VE KNOWN HIM SINCE WE WERE
KIDS. I STILL CALL HIM STAN.



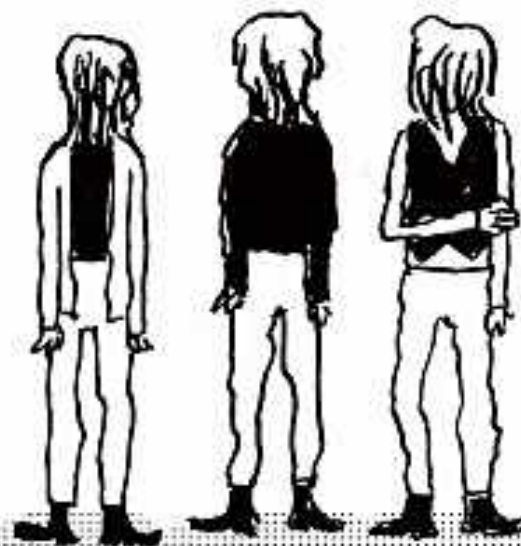
WE HAVEN'T HUNG OUT IN A WHILE BUT EVER SINCE THINGS GOT WEIRD WITH ME AND DINA, I THINK STAN KIND OF HAS A CRUSH ON ME.



ANYWAYS, WE WENT TO THE FOOTBALL GAME TONIGHT.



I HATE FOOTBALL BUT THE WHOLE TOWN GOES. WE MET UP WITH STAN'S STONER FRIENDS.



MAYBE 'FRIENDS' ISN'T THE RIGHT WORD. THEY KIND OF ARE JUST ALWAYS LAUGHING AT HIM.



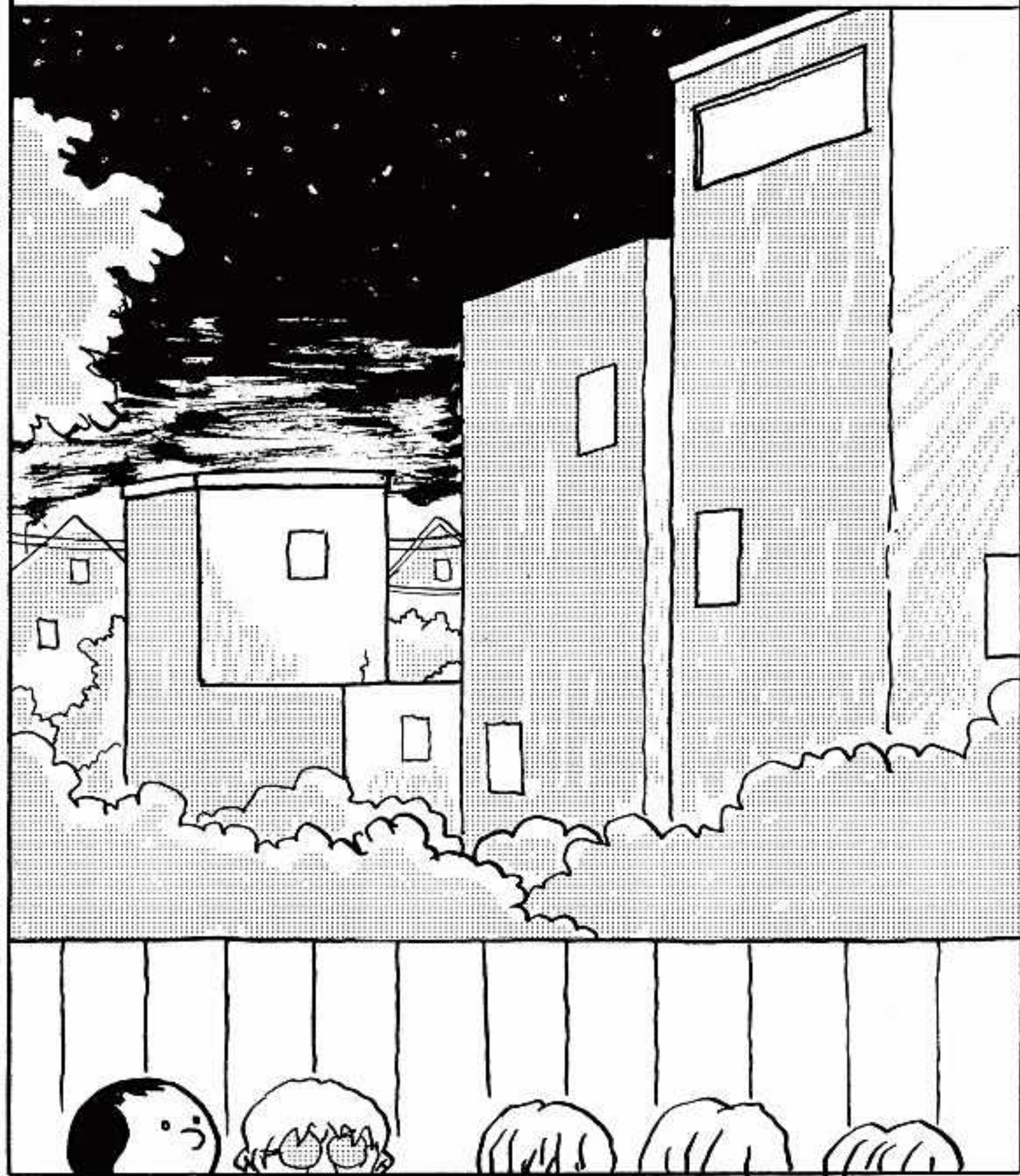
THEY KEPT ASKING HIM TO
DO WEIRD SHIT.



I DON'T THINK STAN GETS
THAT HE IS THE JOKE.



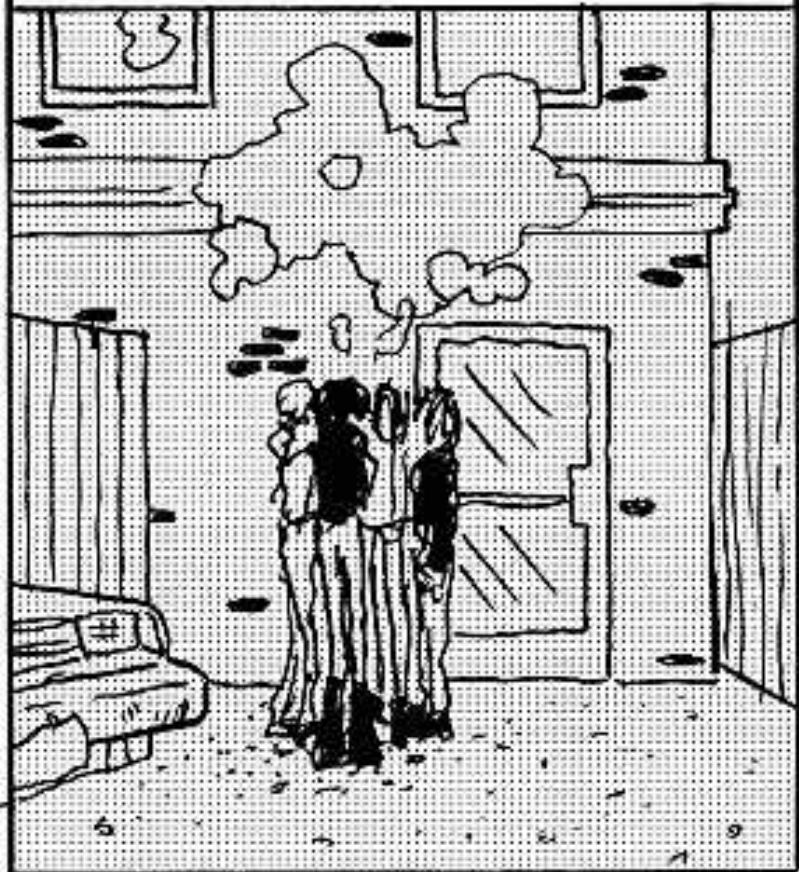
THE SHAGS FOUND OUT STANLEY HAD SOME POT SO THAT'S HOW WE ENDED UP IN THE PARKING LOT. I'D NEVER DONE IT BEFORE, I GUESS I WAS AFRAID OF MYSELF.



I DON'T KNOW WHY I TRIED
IT. JUST FELT LIKE IT, I GUESS.



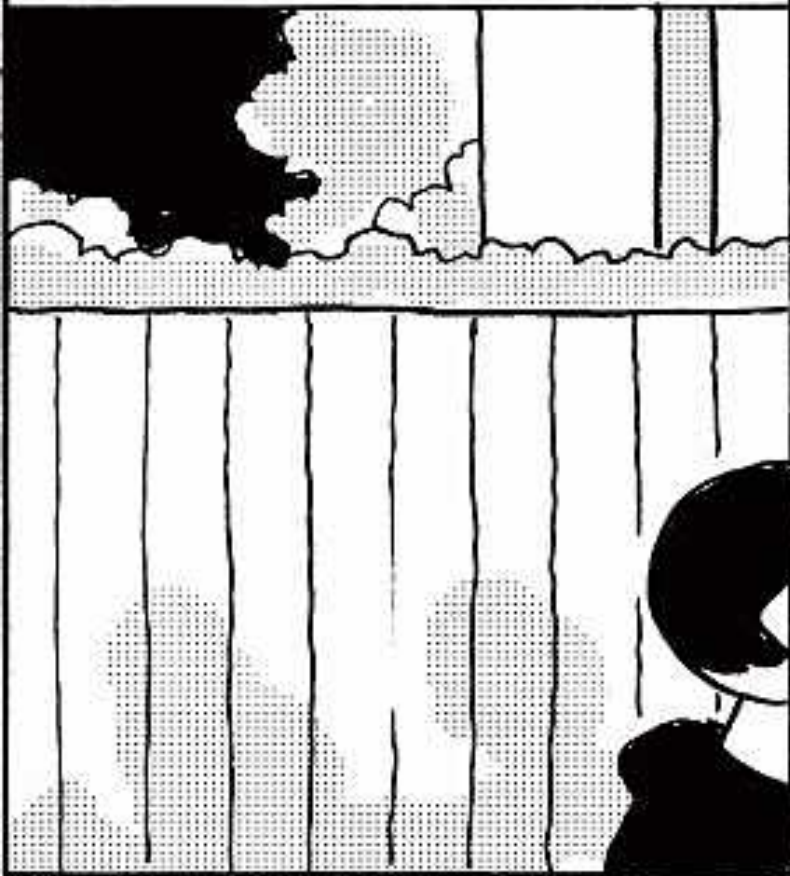
SO I GAVE IT A SHOT. I JUST
COPIED WHAT THEY DID.



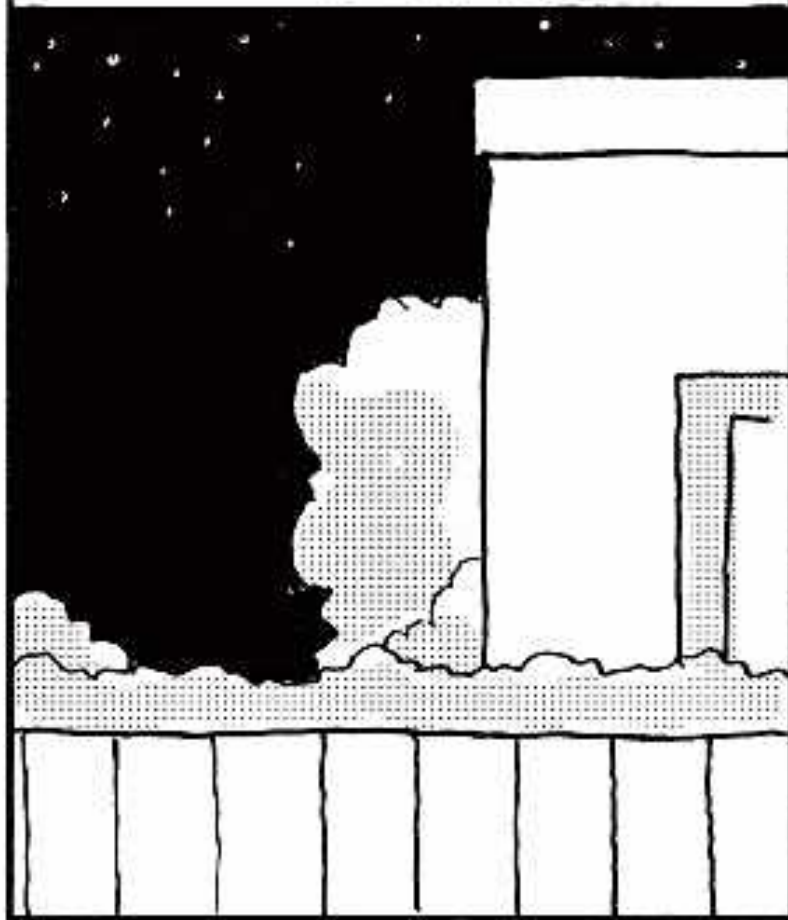
NO ONE LAUGHED AT ME.
DIDN'T EVEN COUGH.



MY EYES FELT HEAVY AND MY SHOULDERS RELAXED.

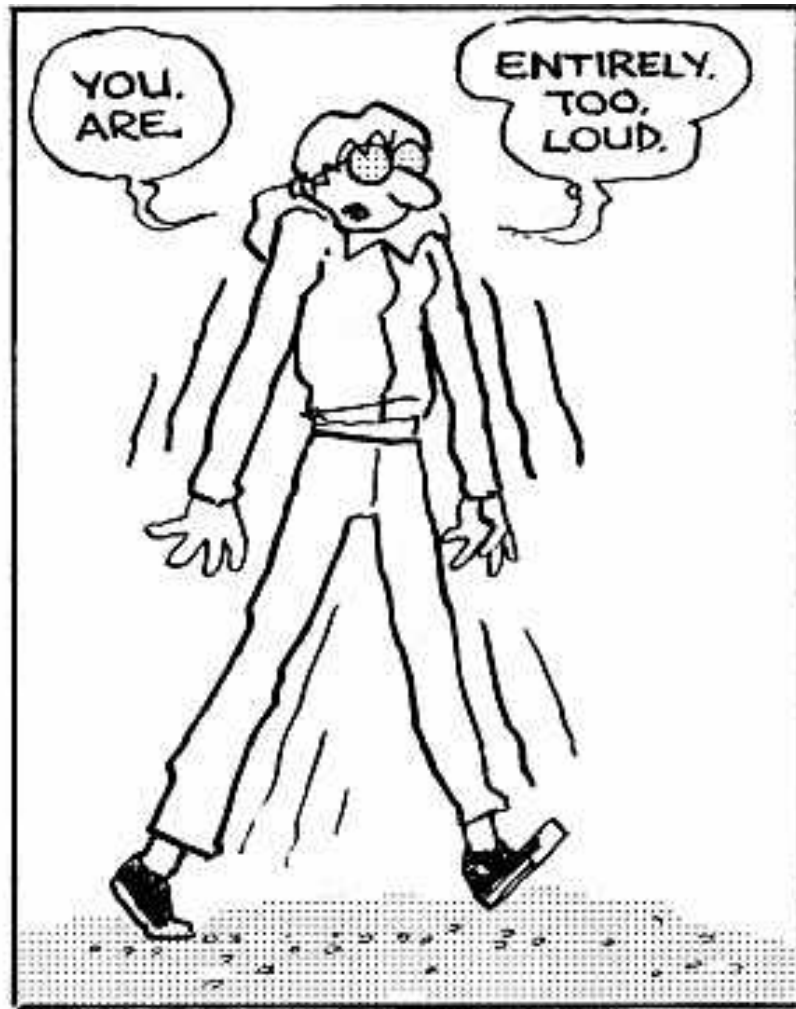
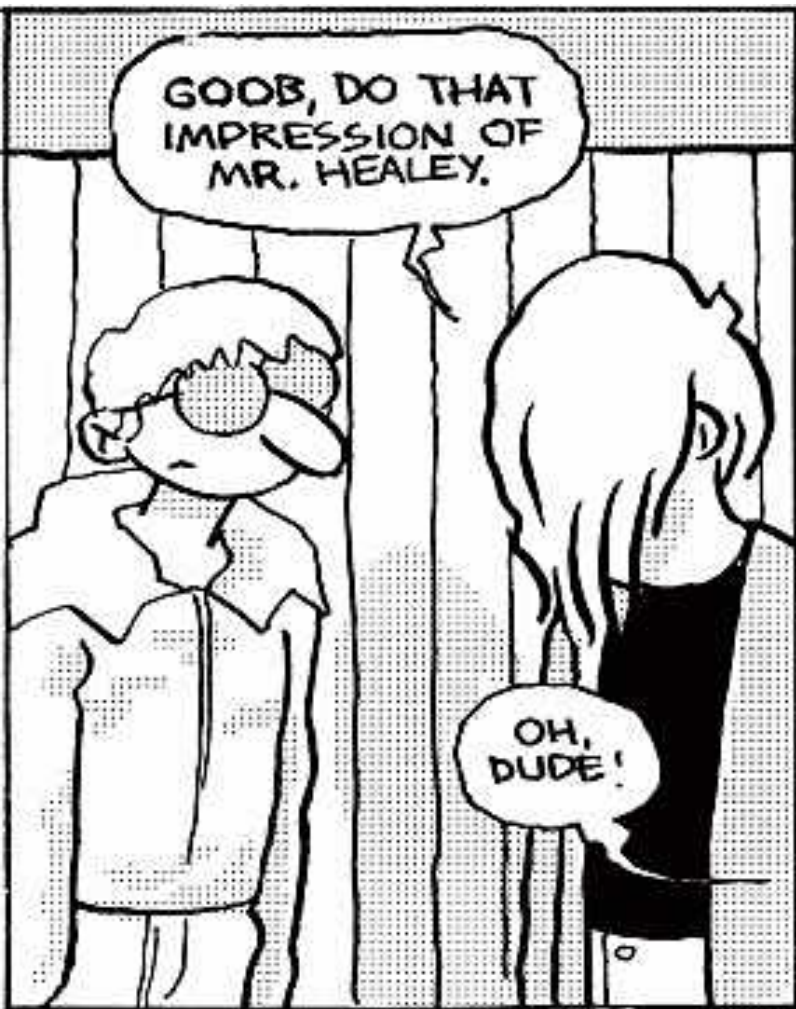


I TOOK ANOTHER HIT.



SOON I FOUND MYSELF LOOKING AT THE STARS.



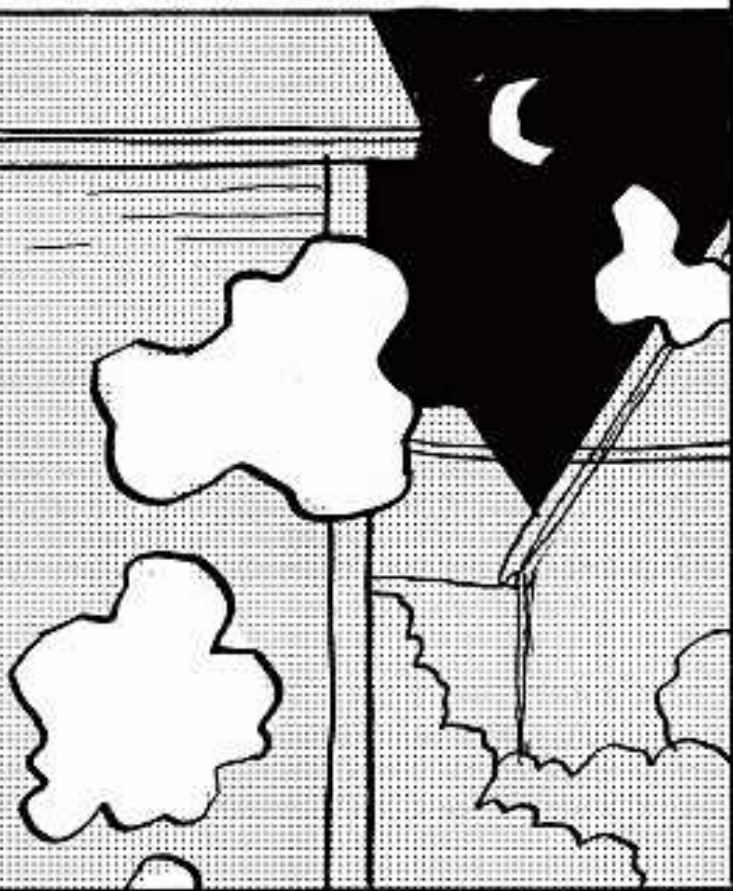




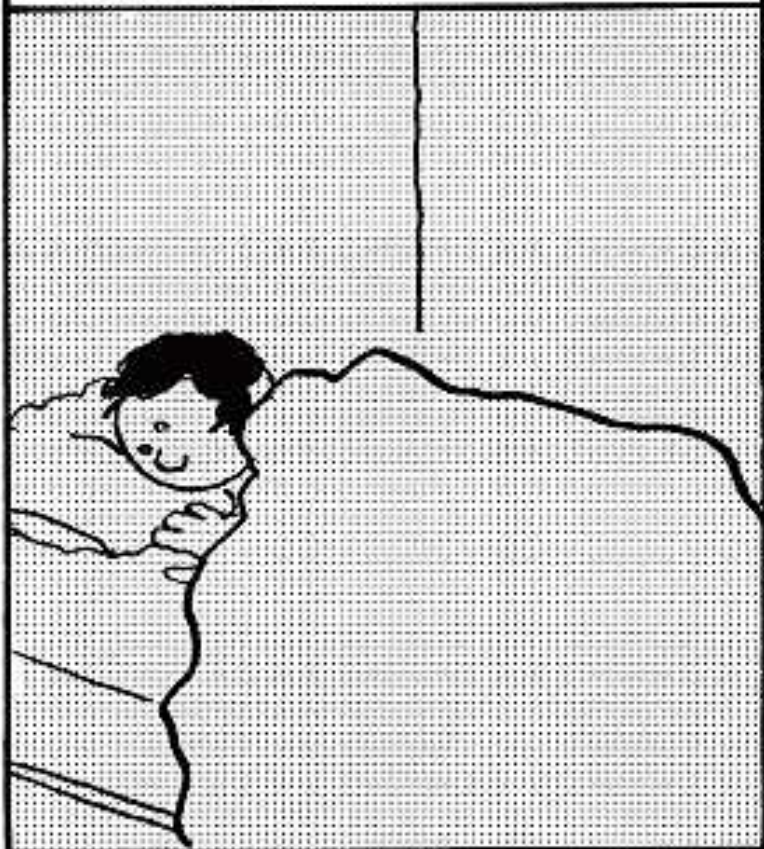
I JUST SMOKED SOME MORE.



I FEEL LIGHT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FOREVER.



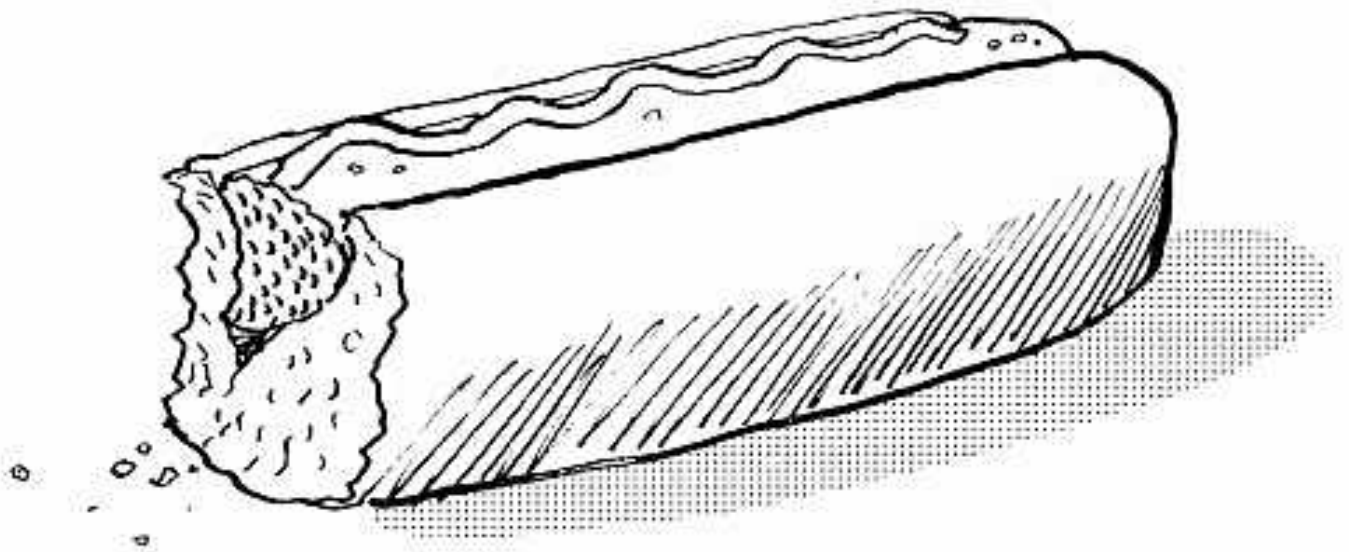
AND I HAVE A FEELING THAT WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES TONIGHT...



...THAT I WON'T SEE DAD HIDING BEHIND MY EYELIDS.



- 5 -





ryan

SO I FUCKED STAN. HE KEPT
HOOKING ME UP WITH WEED.
PLUS, YOU KNOW, VIRGIN.



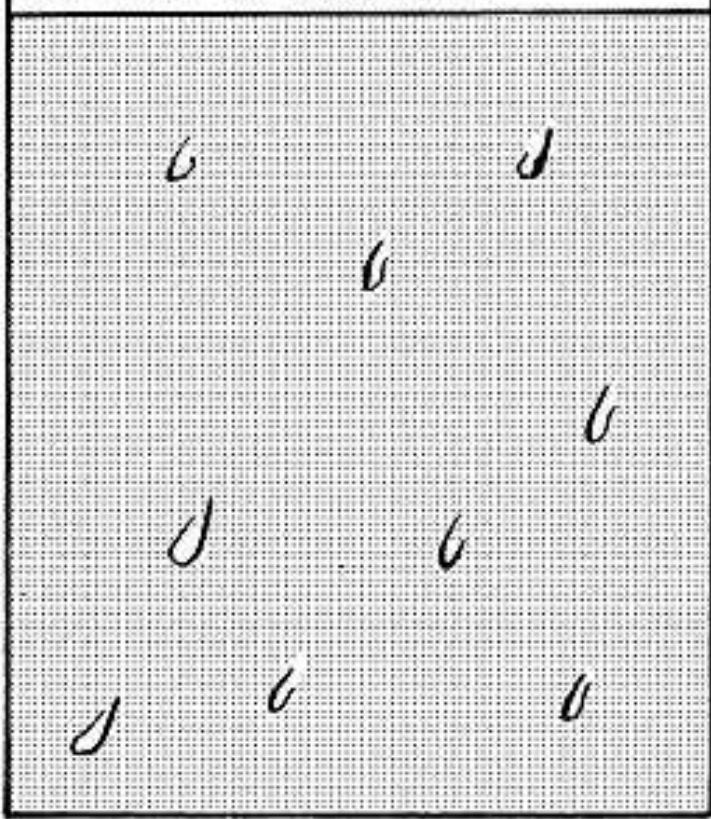
IT WAS SO SWEET WHEN HE
TOLD ME THAT. IT WASN'T A
BIG DEAL TO ME.

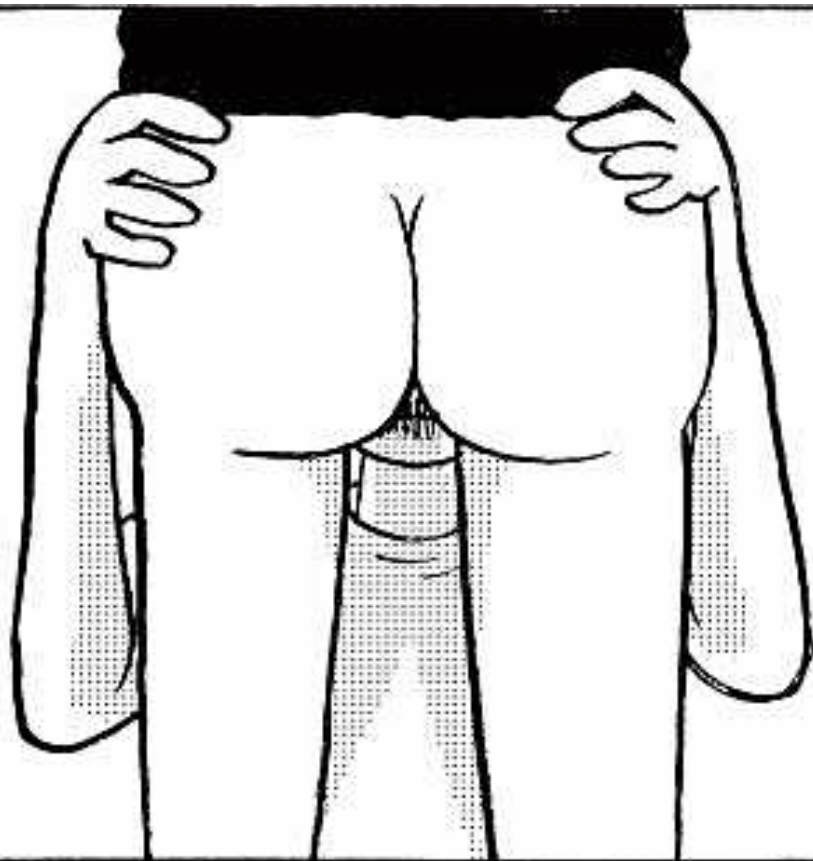


IT WAS A LITTLE TRICKY.
HIS THING WOULDN'T STAY
HARD. MUST'VE BEEN NERVOUS.

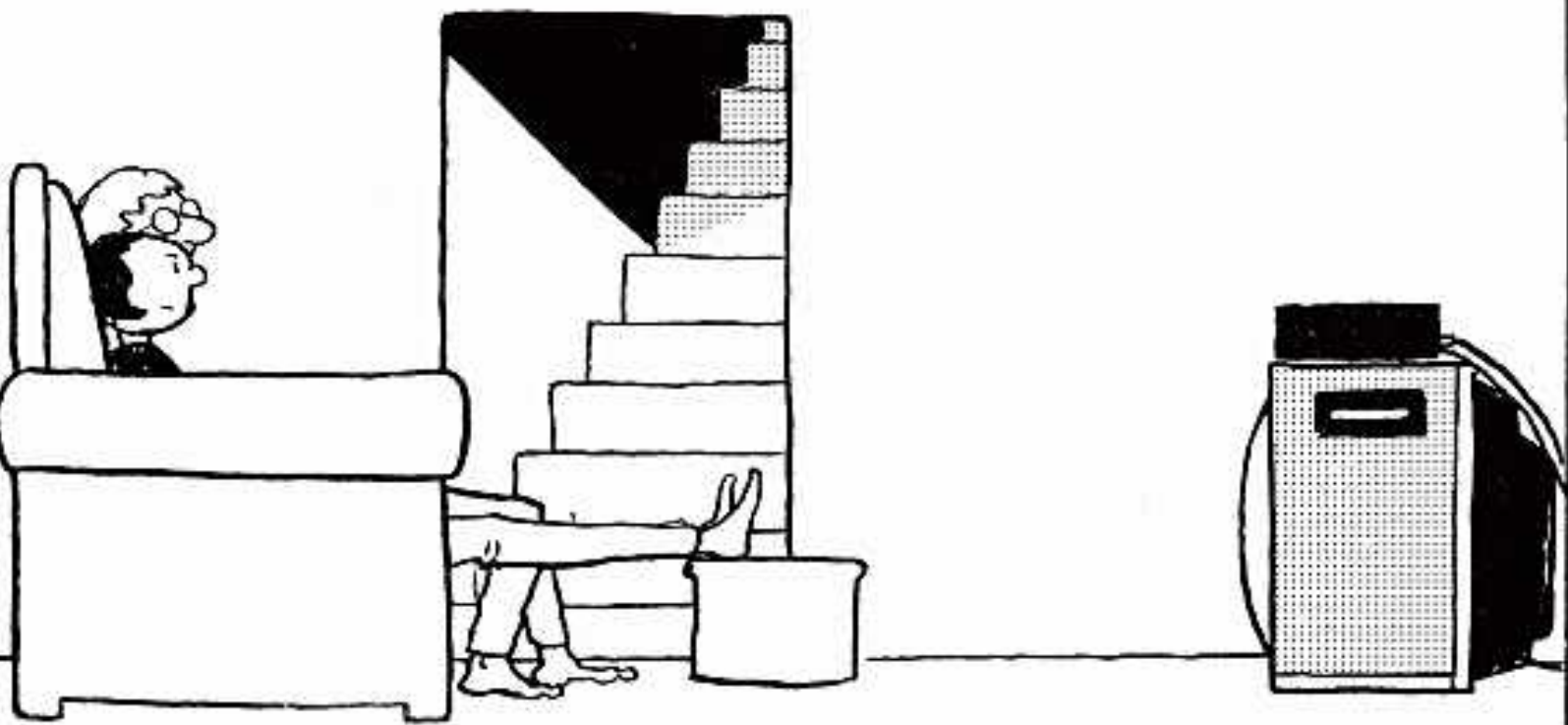


HE ALSO KEPT SWEATING ON
ME BUT IT WAS FUN.





MY FAVORITE PART WAS WHEN HE WENT DOWN ON ME. HE WAS GOOD AT IT. STAN MUST'VE DONE HIS HOMEWORK

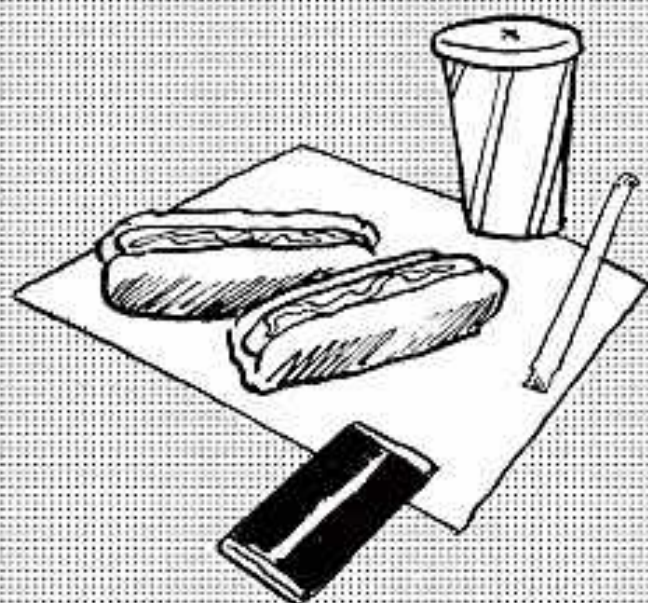


AFTERWARD WE GOT HIGH AND WATCHED A SCARY MOVIE FROM HIS BROTHER'S TAPE COLLECTION.

SOMETIMES MOM GIVES US A FEW BUCKS TO EAT DINNER AT UNI-MART.



WE ALWAYS GET HOTDOGS.



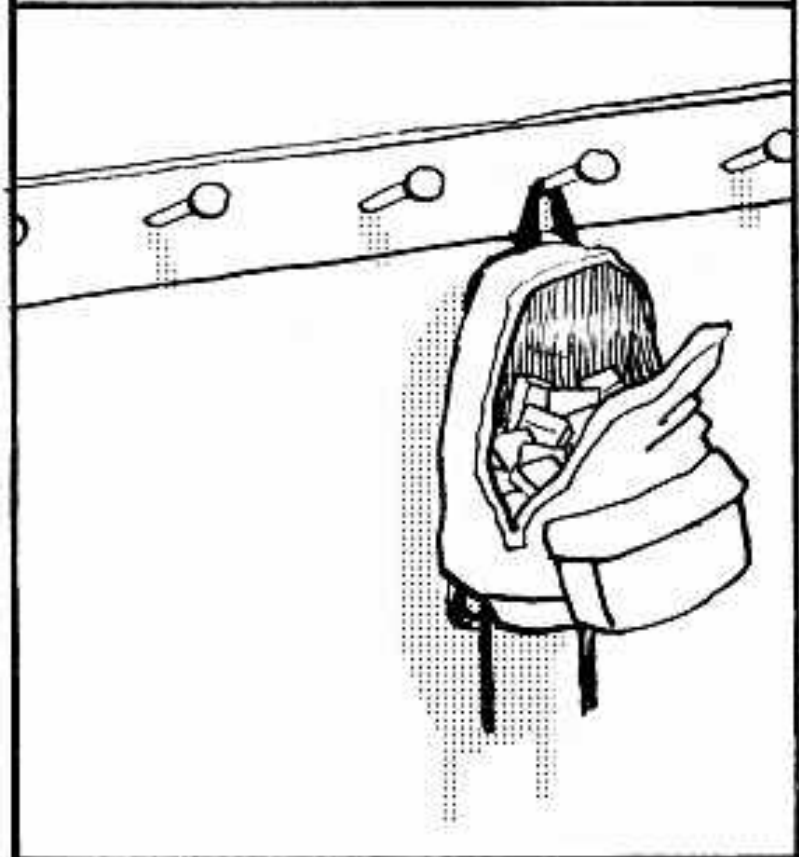
THEY'RE NOT BAD.



LATELY, THERE'S BEEN A NEW LADY WORKING THE REGISTER. SHE SEEMS COOL. NOT LIKE MOST OF THE OTHER TOOTHLESS REDNECKS THEY USUALLY HIRE.



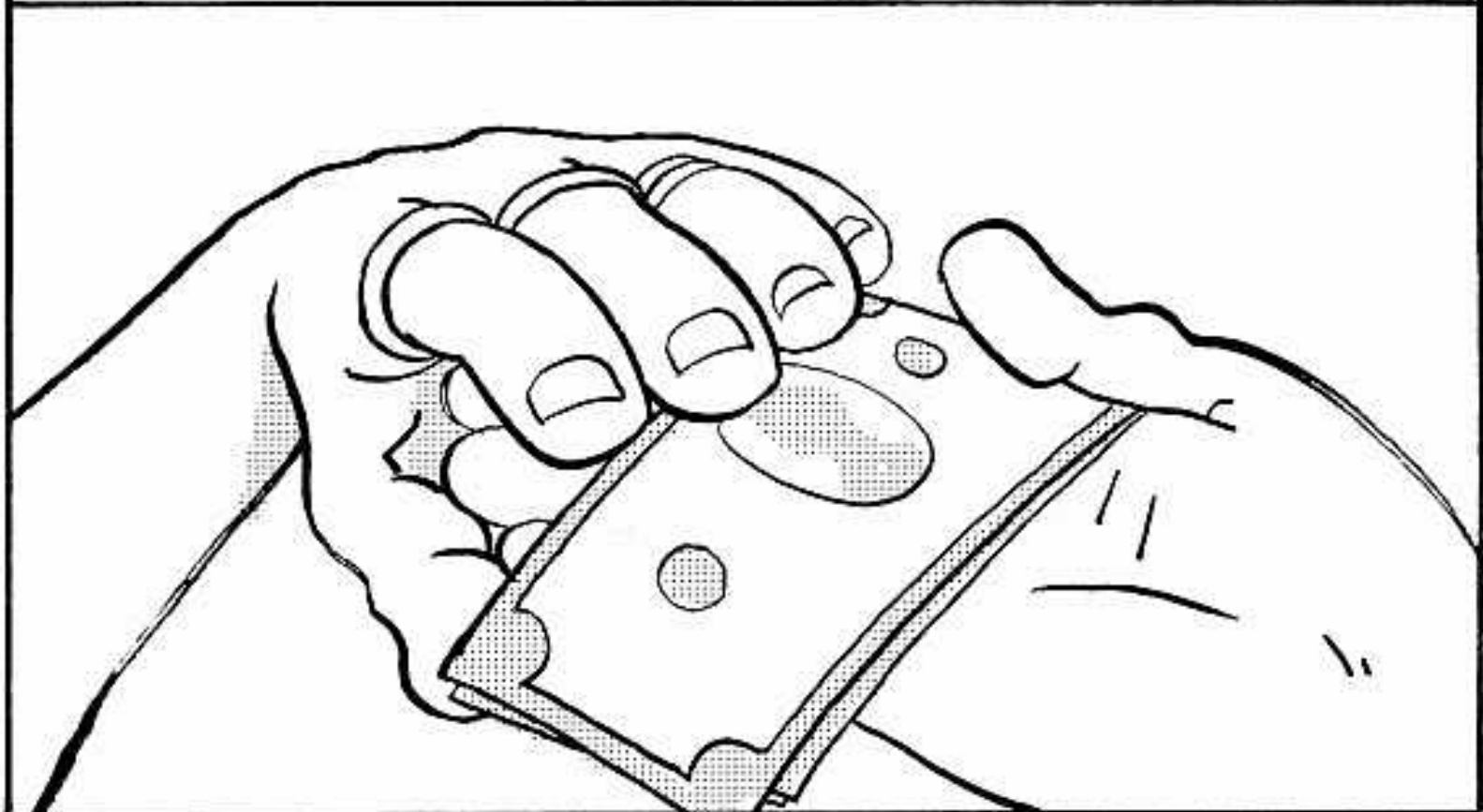
SHE ALWAYS GIVES ME PACKS OF CIGARETTES, I DON'T SMOKE. BUT I TAKE THEM ANYWAY.

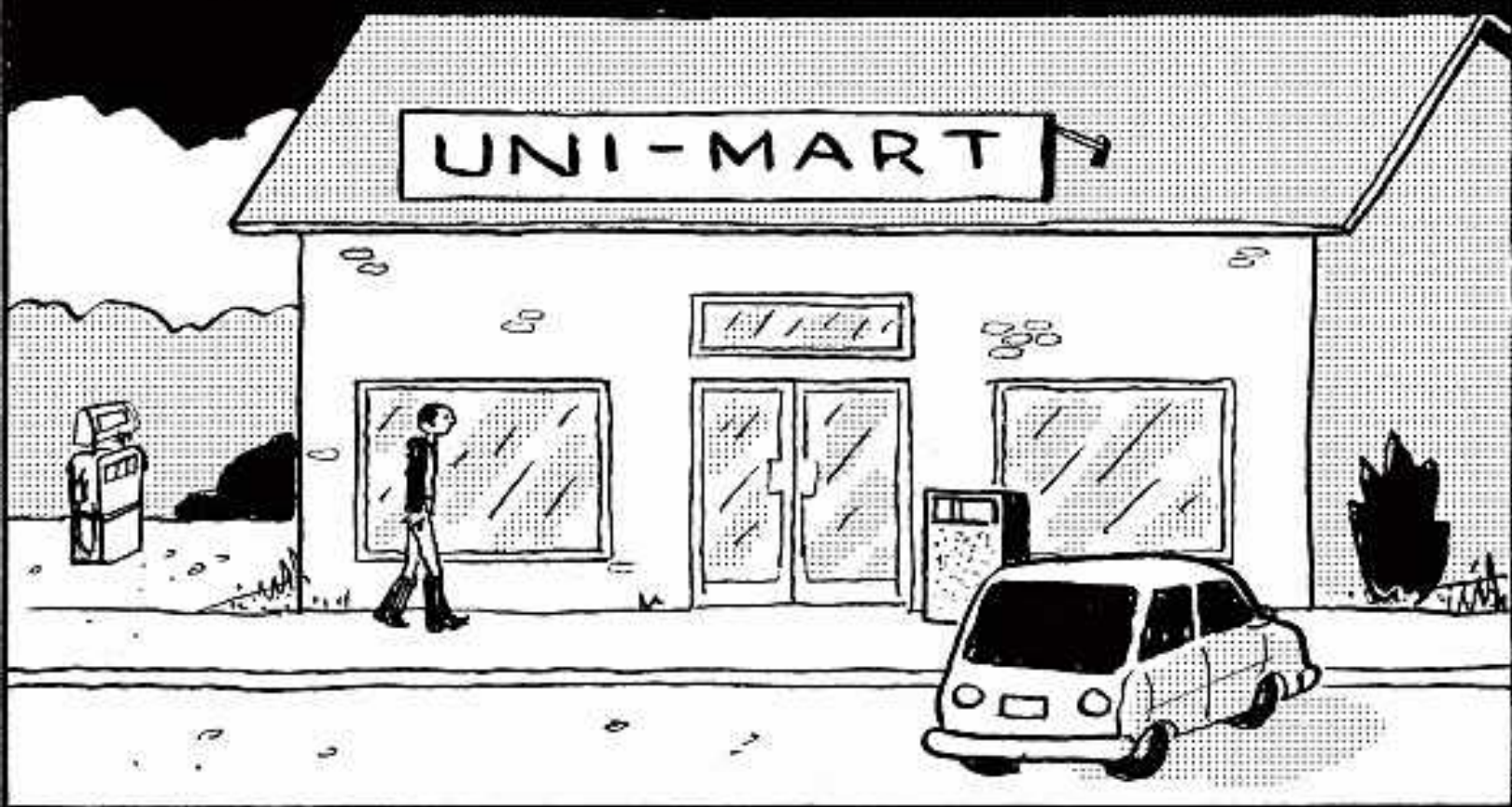


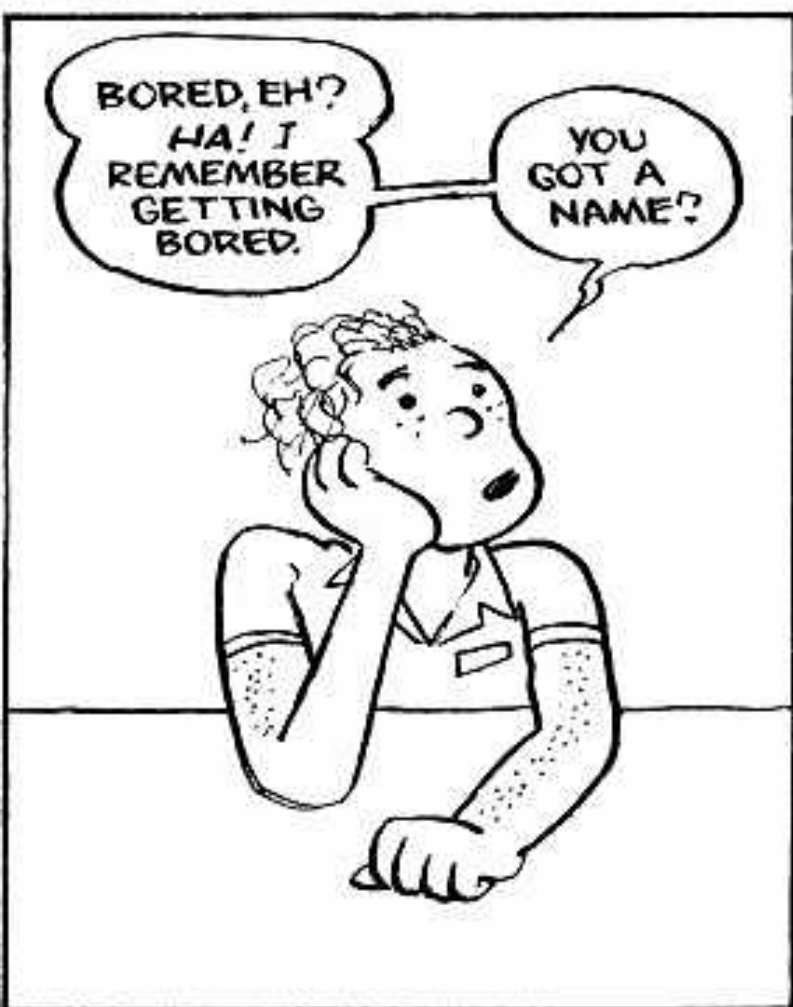
SHE'S GOT PURPLE HAIR THAT WOULD GIVE MY MOM A FIT.



LAST TIME I SAW HER SHE TENDERLY TOUCHED MY HAND.
IT WAS WEIRD BUT I KINDA LIKED IT.

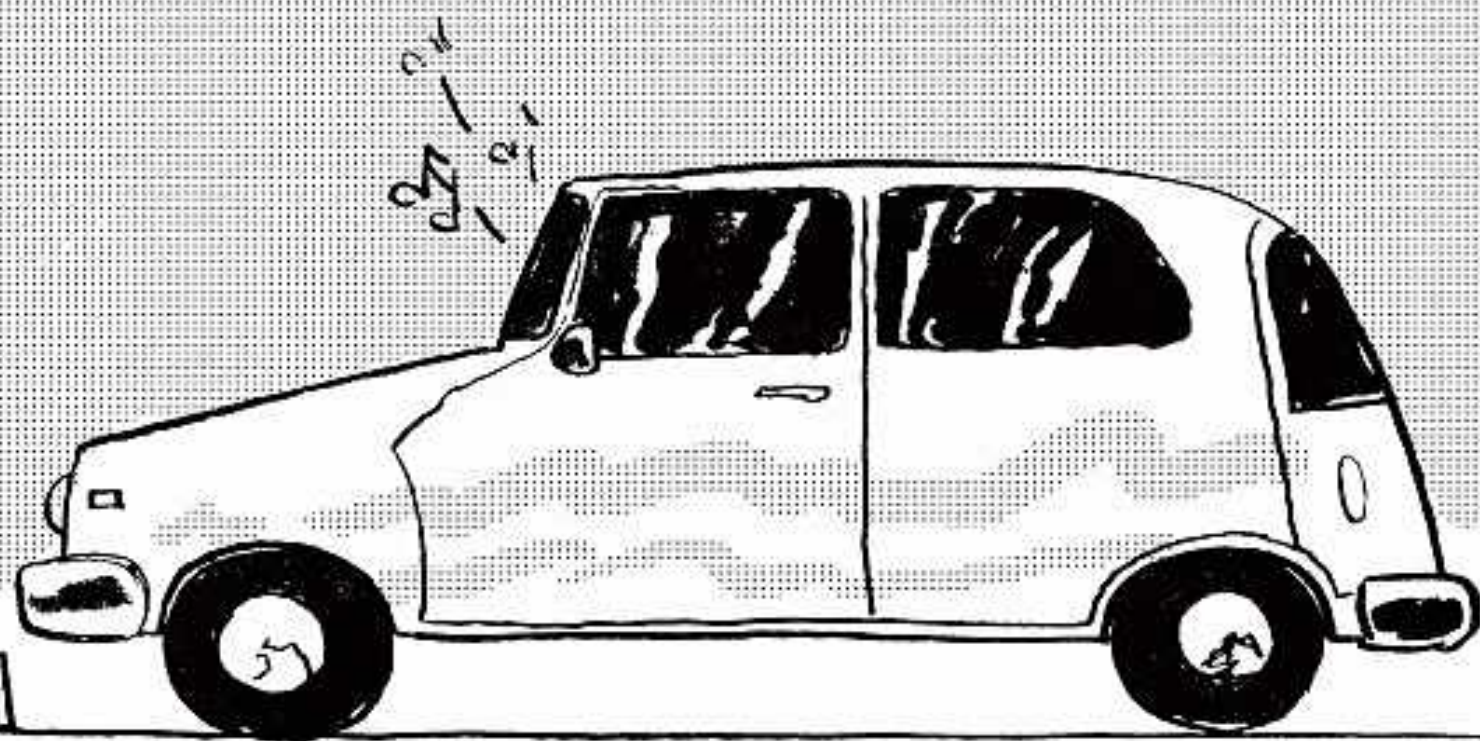




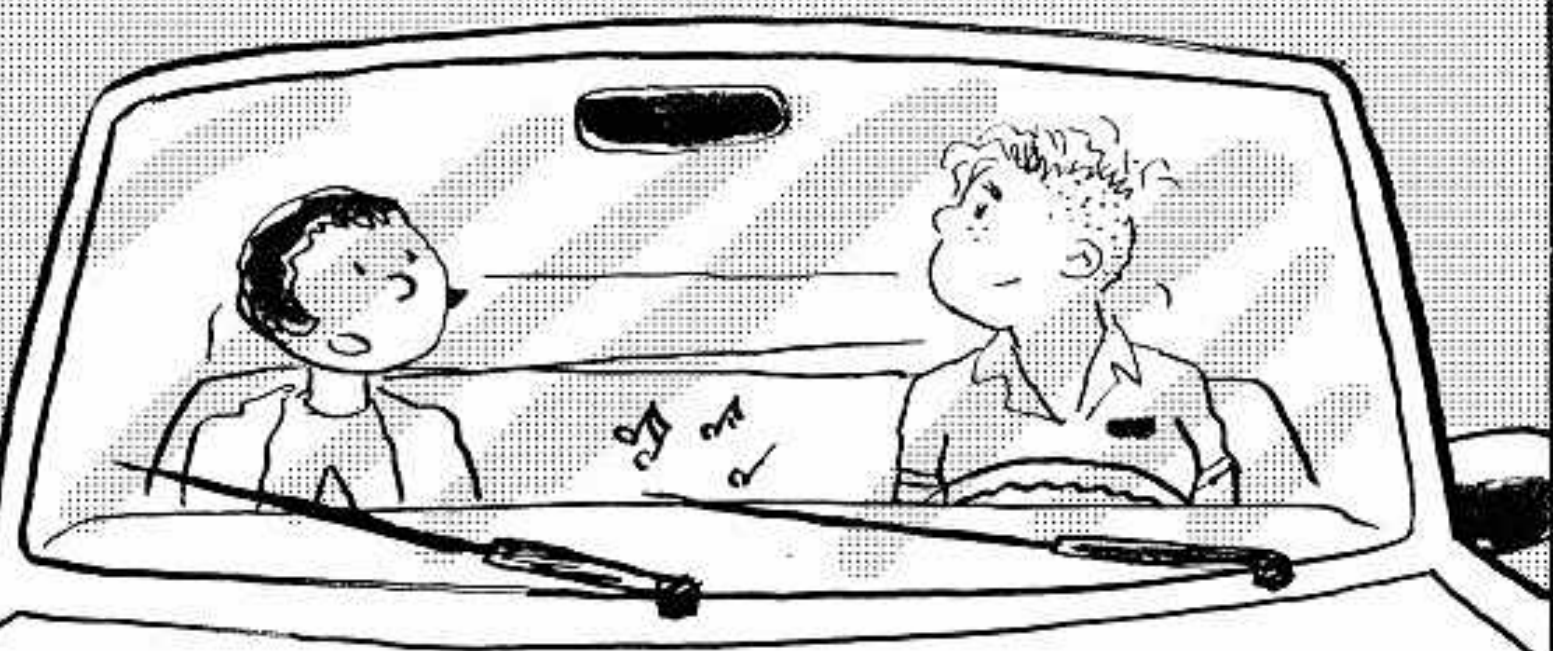




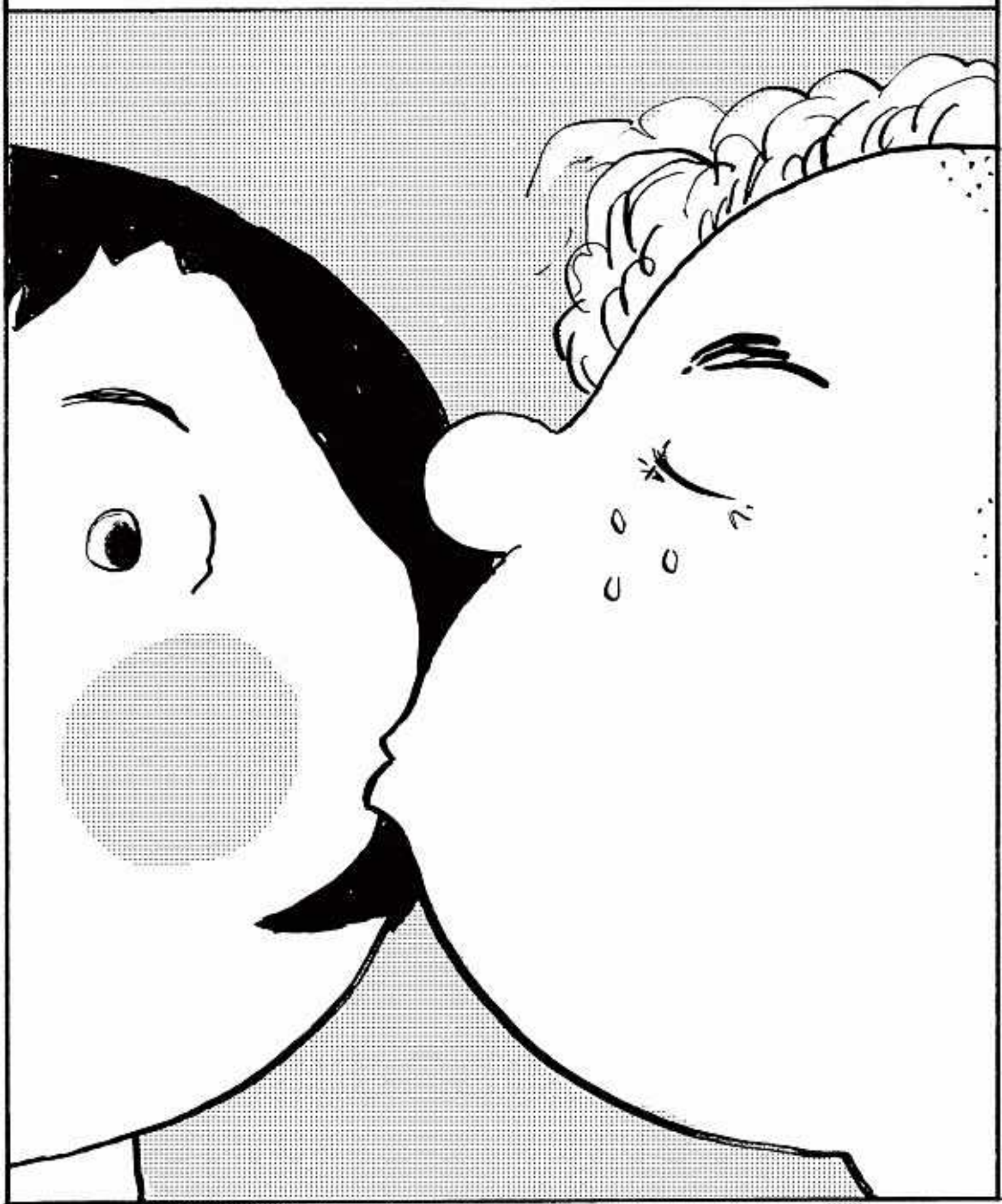
SHE TOLD ME ABOUT ALL THESE MOPEY BANDS AND BOOKS AND STUFF. SHE SMELLED LIKE MENTHOL AND BALOGNA.



I LIKED HOW SHE TALKED TO ME. LIKE I WAS JUST A PUNK KID. I HATE WHEN PEOPLE TALK TO ME LIKE THAT. BUT NOT WITH HER.



HER NAME IS RYAN AND SHE KISSED ME ON THE CHEEK.



- 6 -





2R

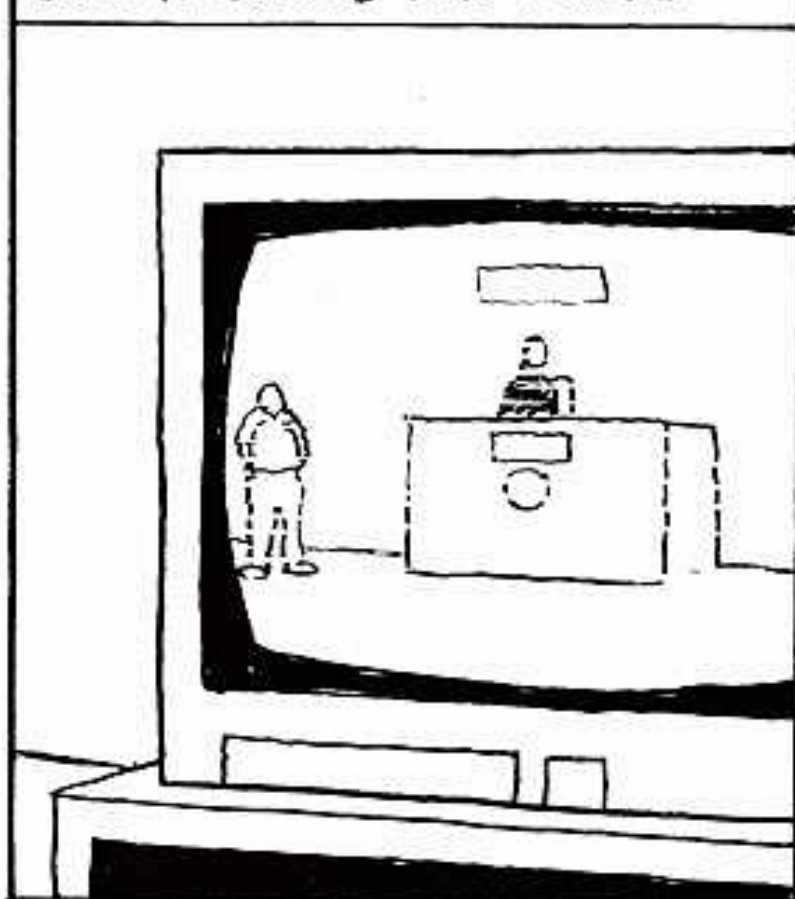
RYAN AND I DID SOME STUFF TODAY. I WENT OVER TO HER APARTMENT AFTER SCHOOL. I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A TINY LITTLE PLACE.



BUT SHE HAD A HUGE BONG.



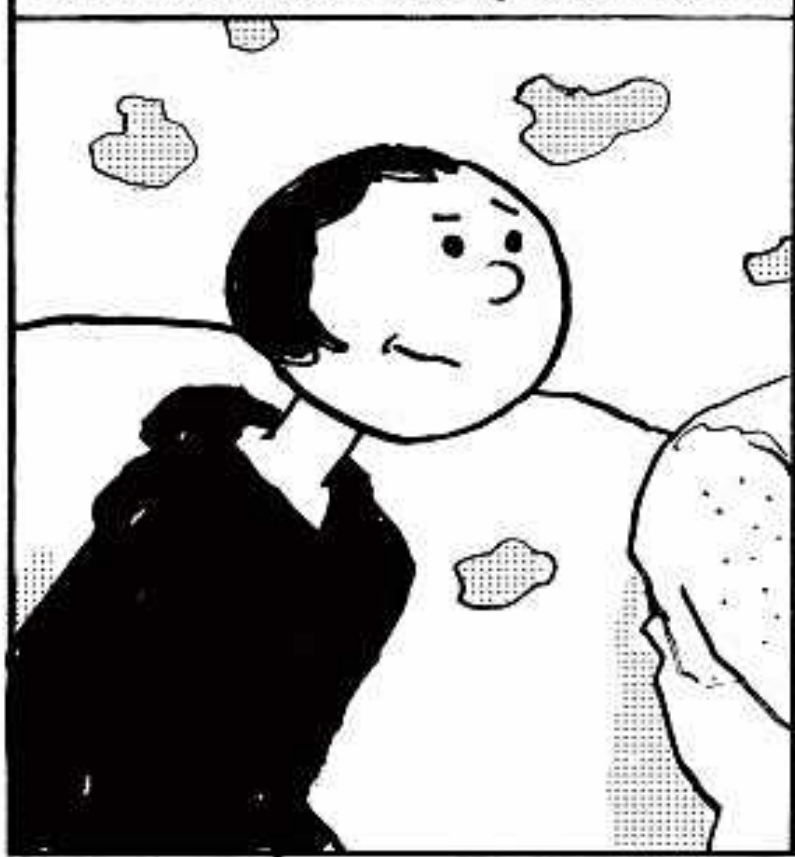
SHE SHOWED ME LOTS OF STUFF. COMICS AND MUSIC.



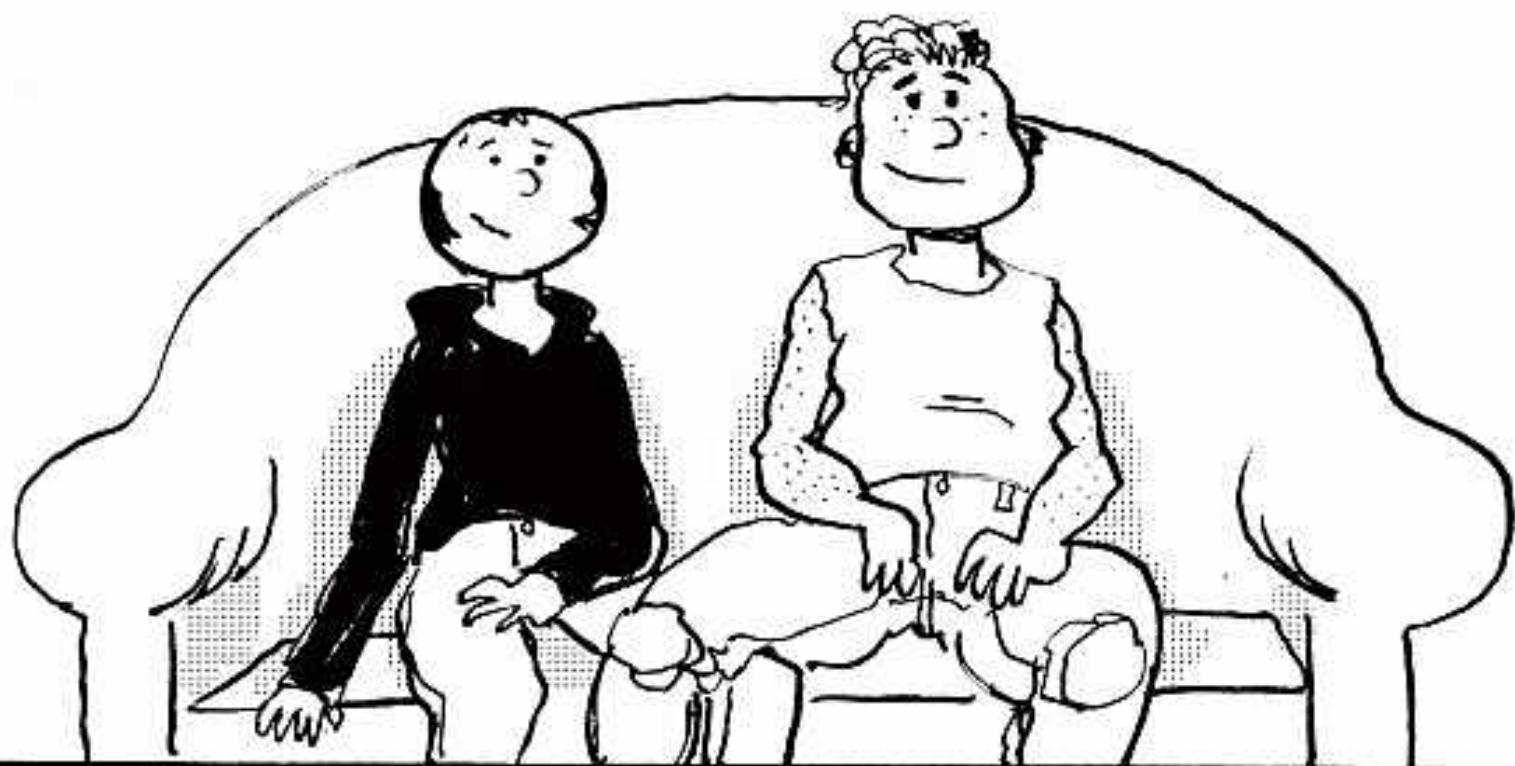
AND THIS IS KIND OF WEIRD.
RYAN LOVES JUDGE JUDY.



SHE SAYS JUDY DOESN'T TAKE ANY SHIT. AND, BOY, DID SHE LAUGH AND LAUGH, AND LAUGH.



I GOT SO HIGH. RIGHT IN THAT SWEET SPOT WHERE I'M REALLY RELAXED AND MY BEAST IS AT BAY.

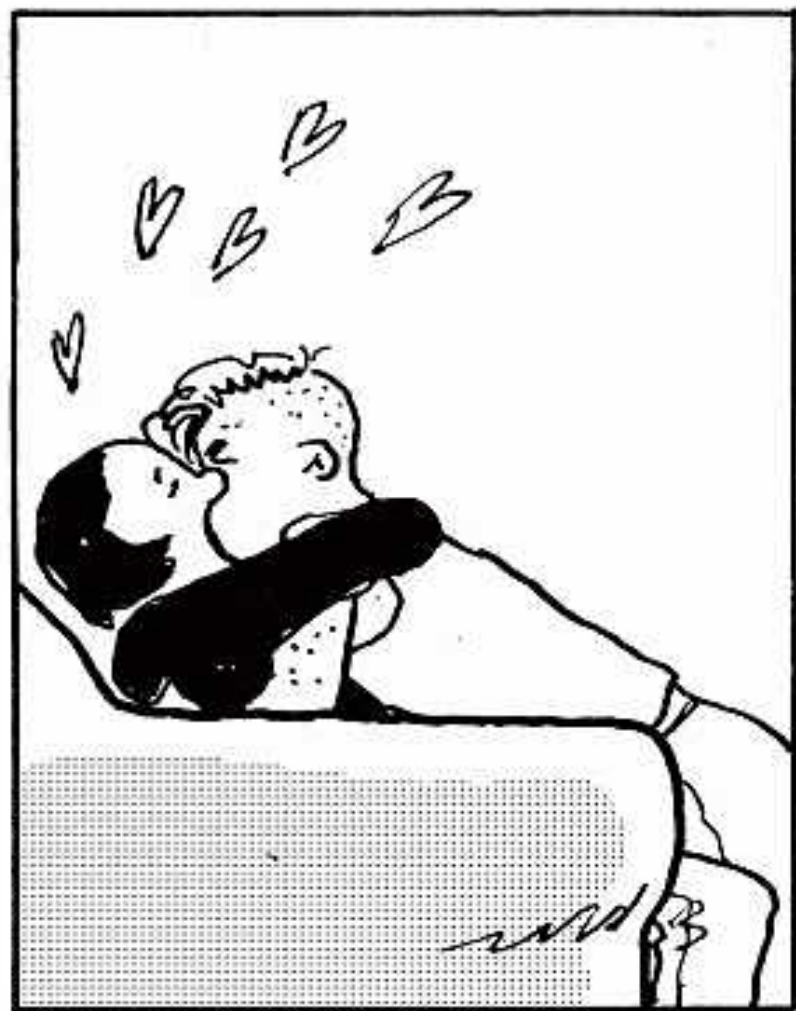
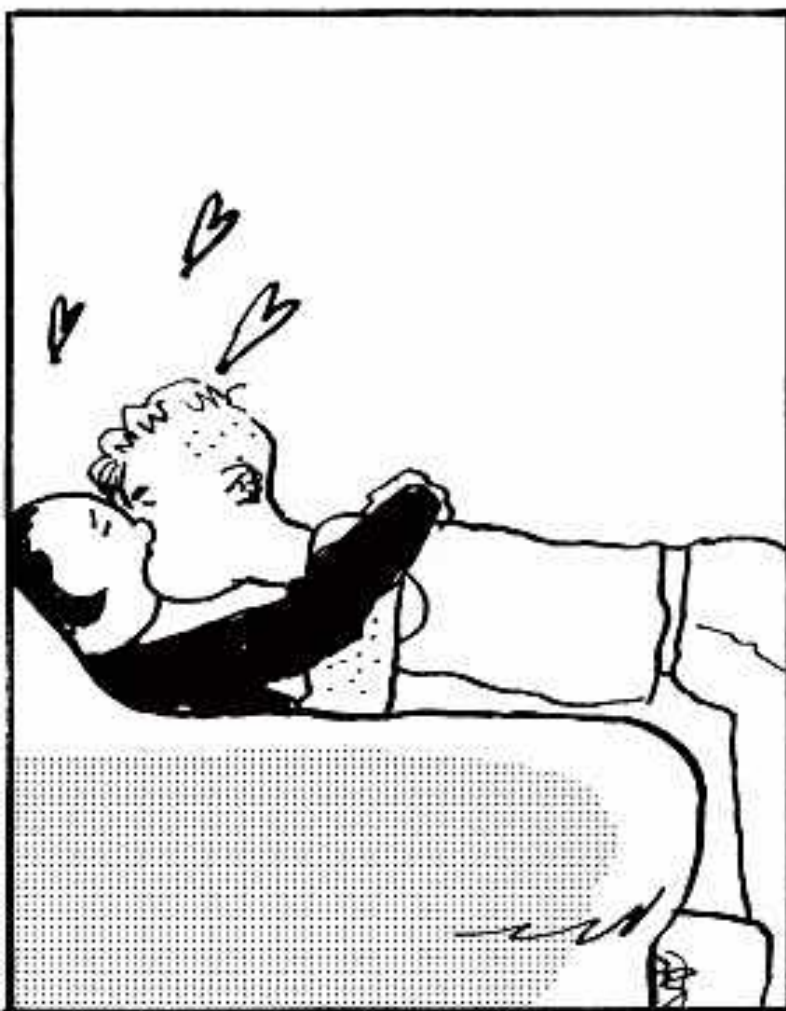


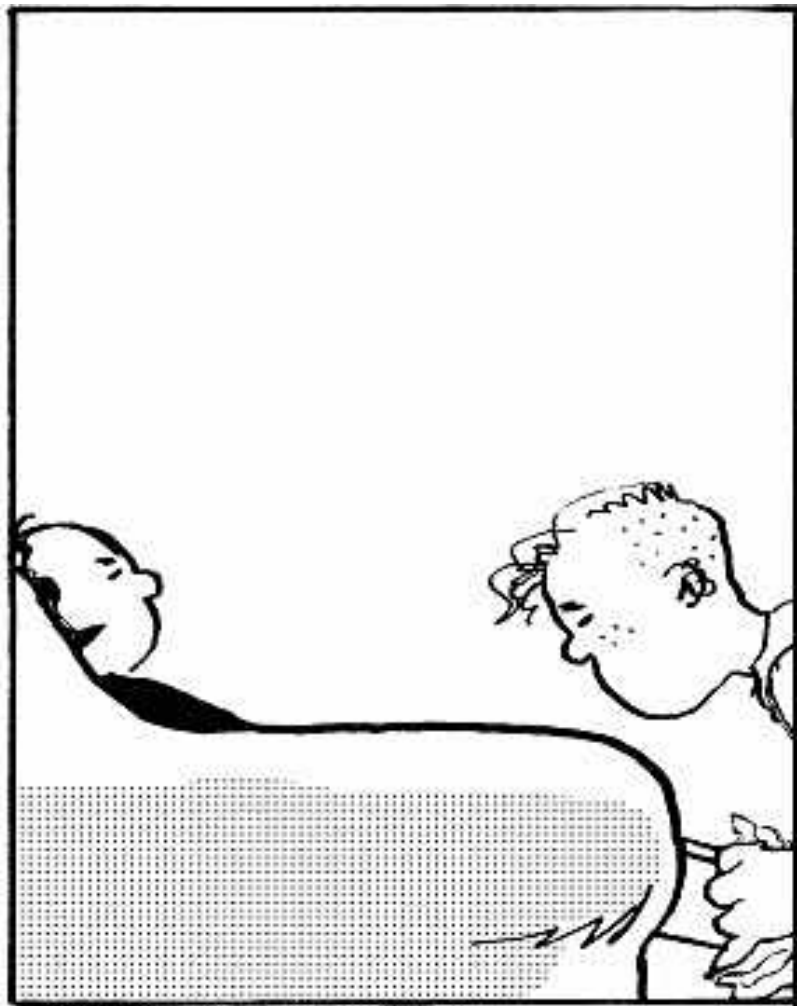
RYAN SMELLED LIKE POT AND HAIRSPRAY.

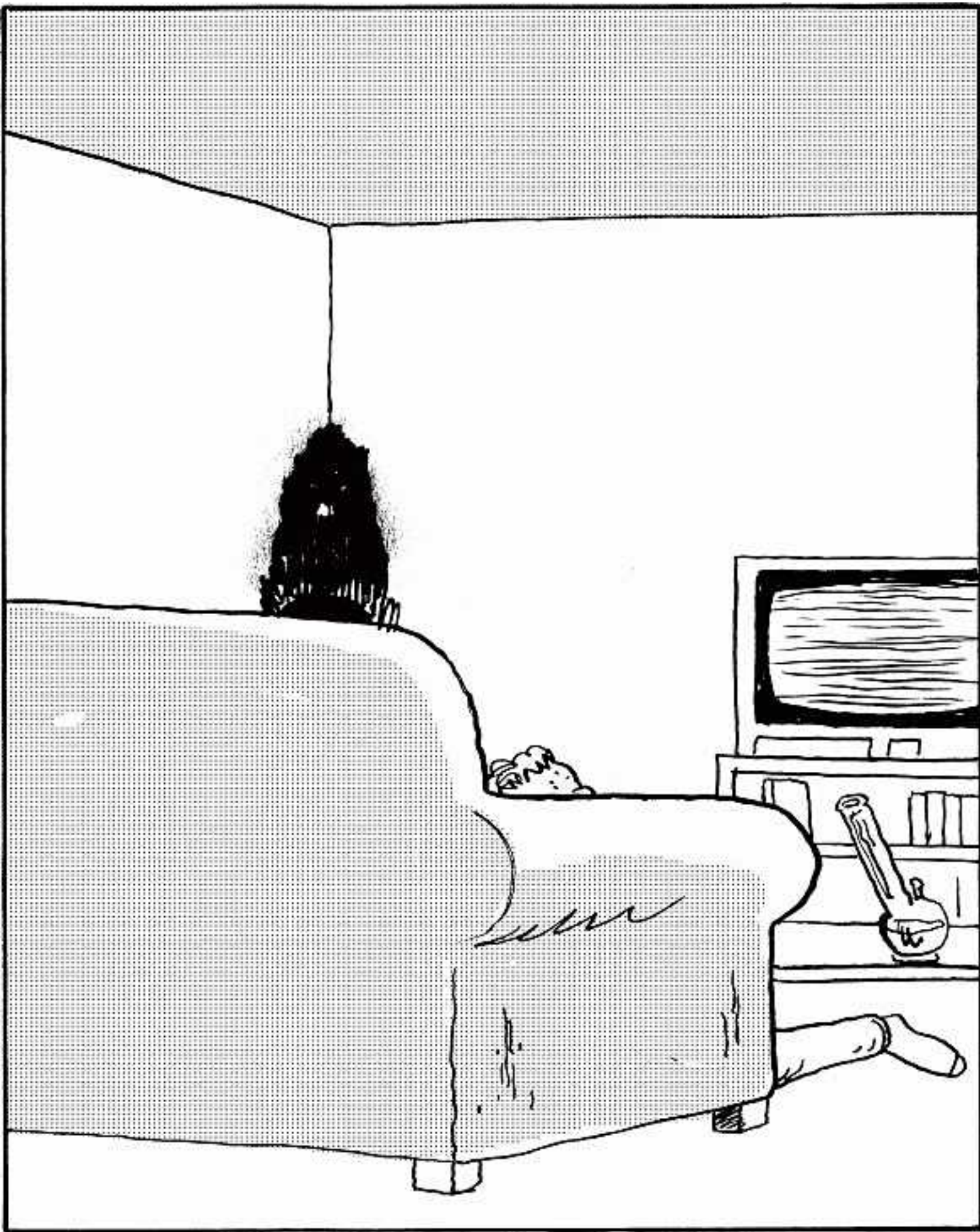


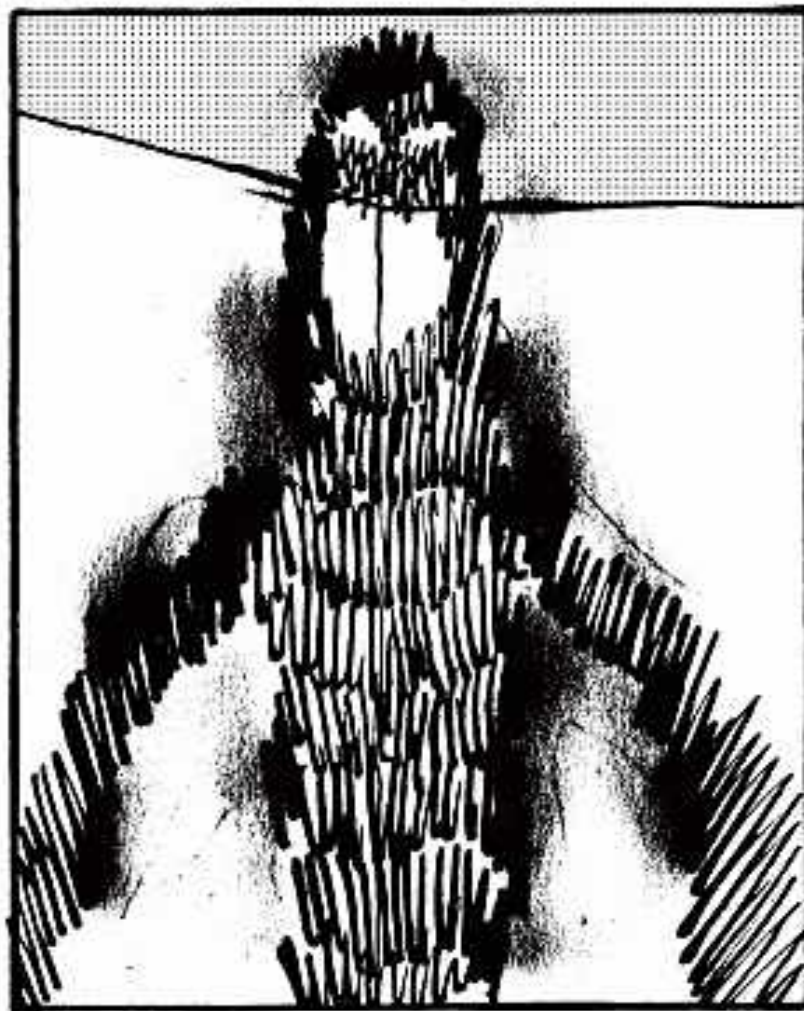
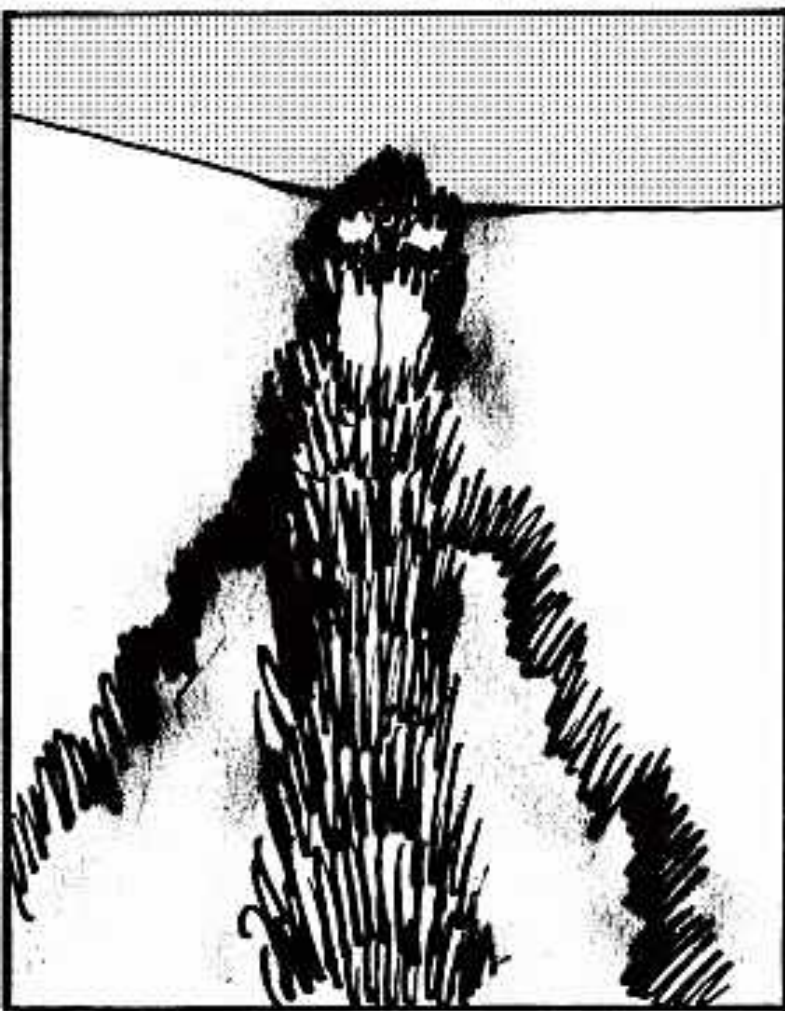
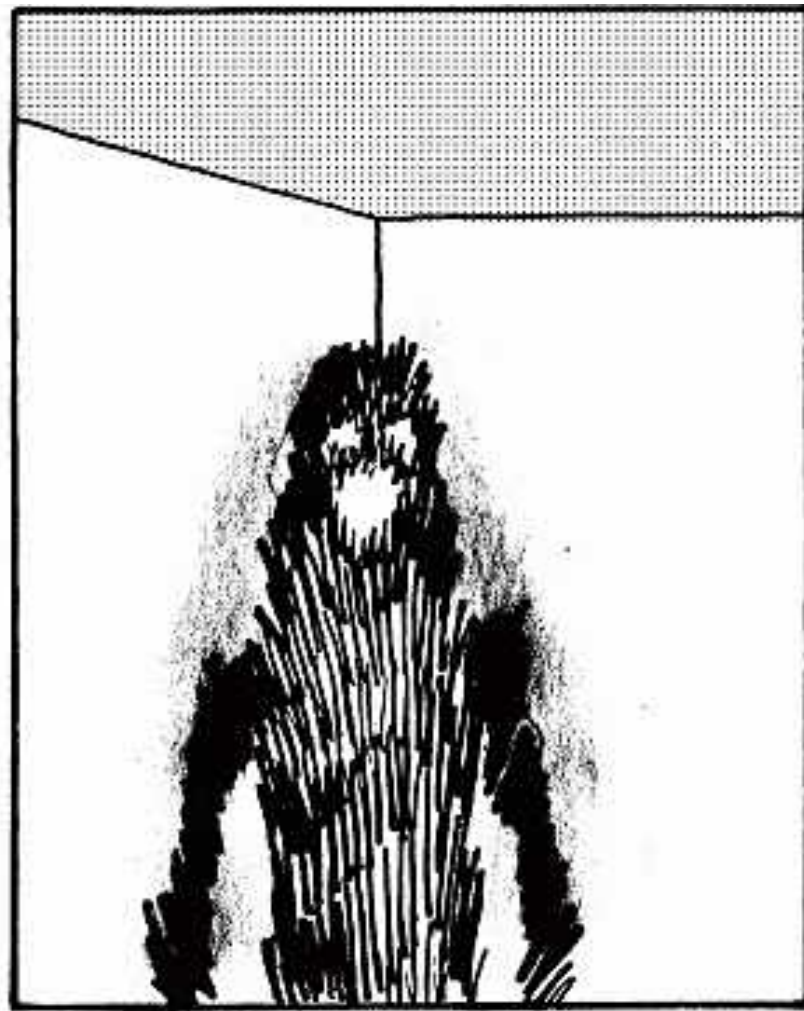
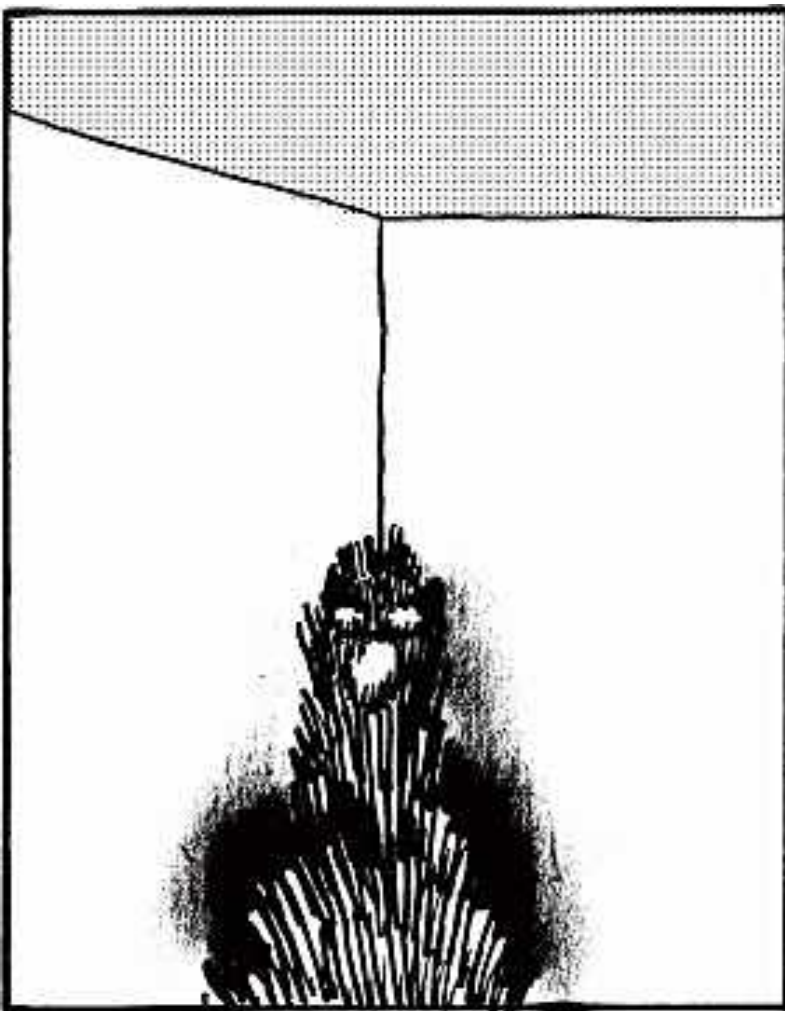
SHE'S SO COOL AND SHE KNOWS IT.



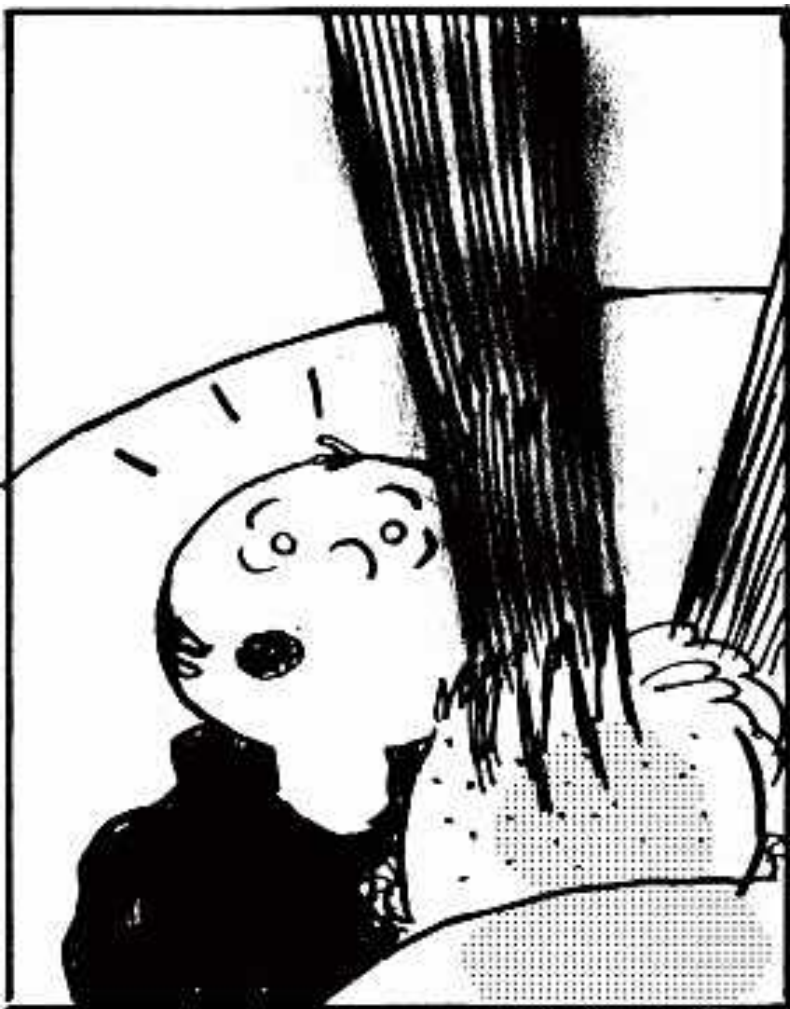




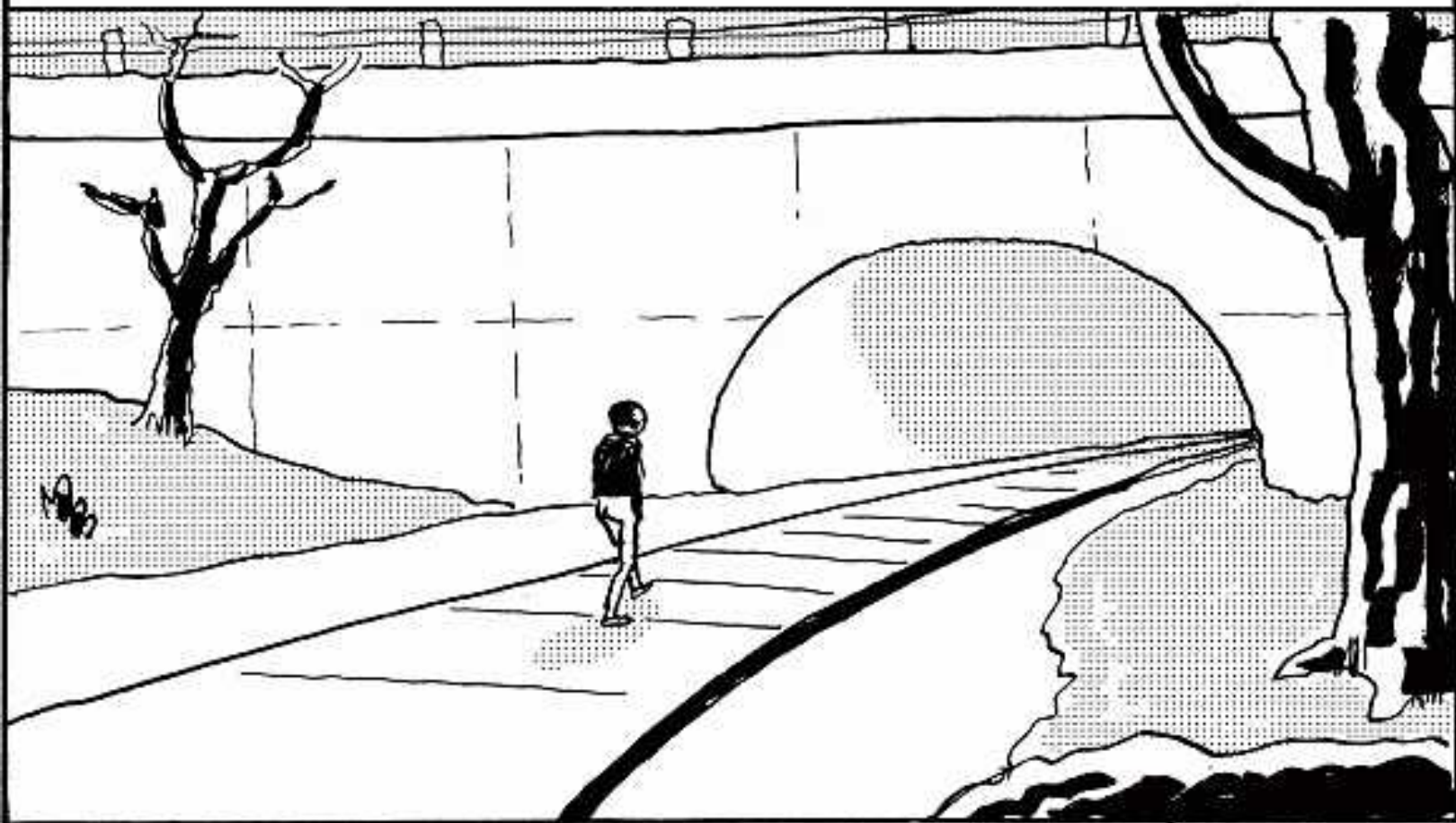




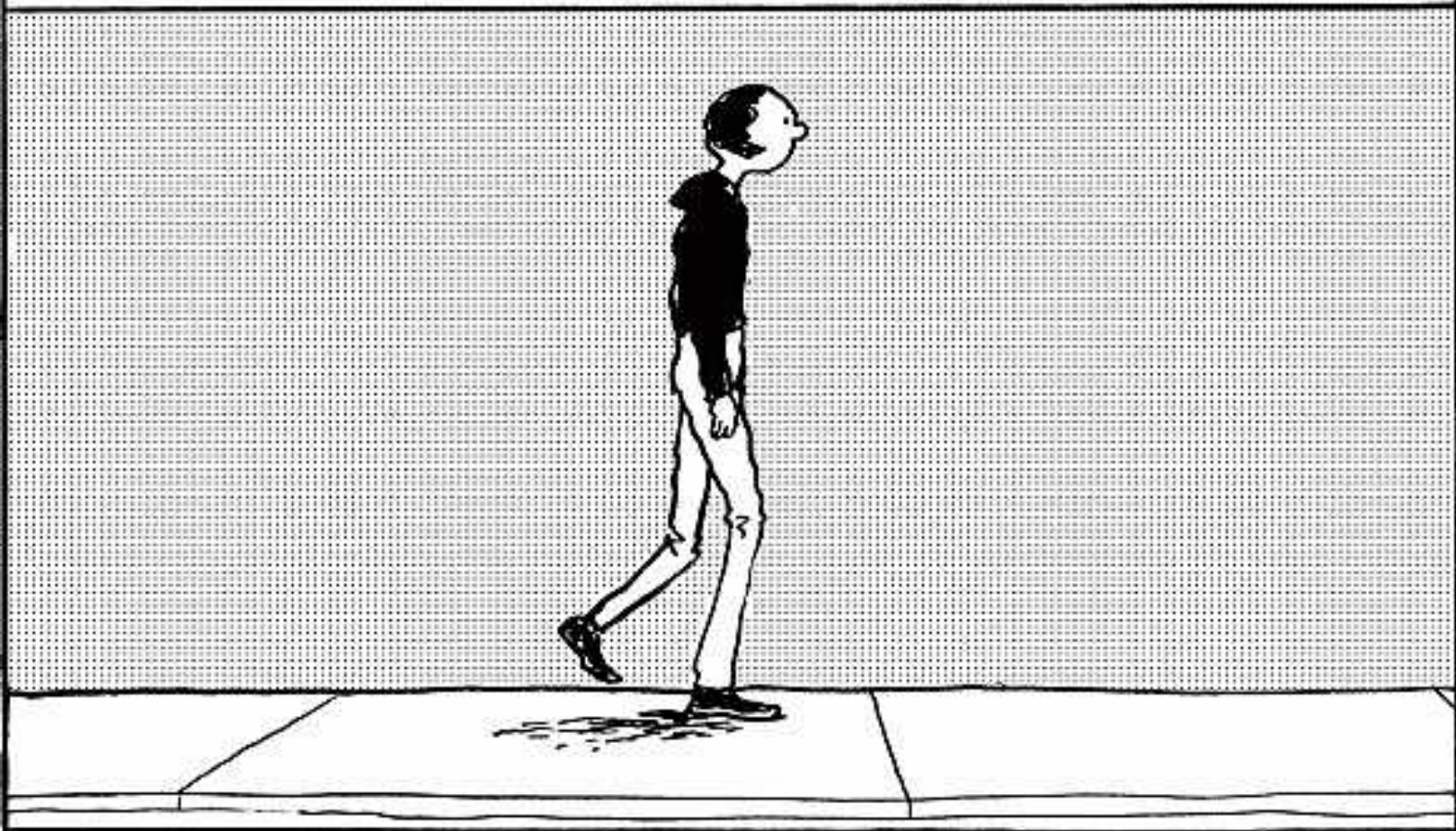




I COULD HAVE REALLY HURT HER.



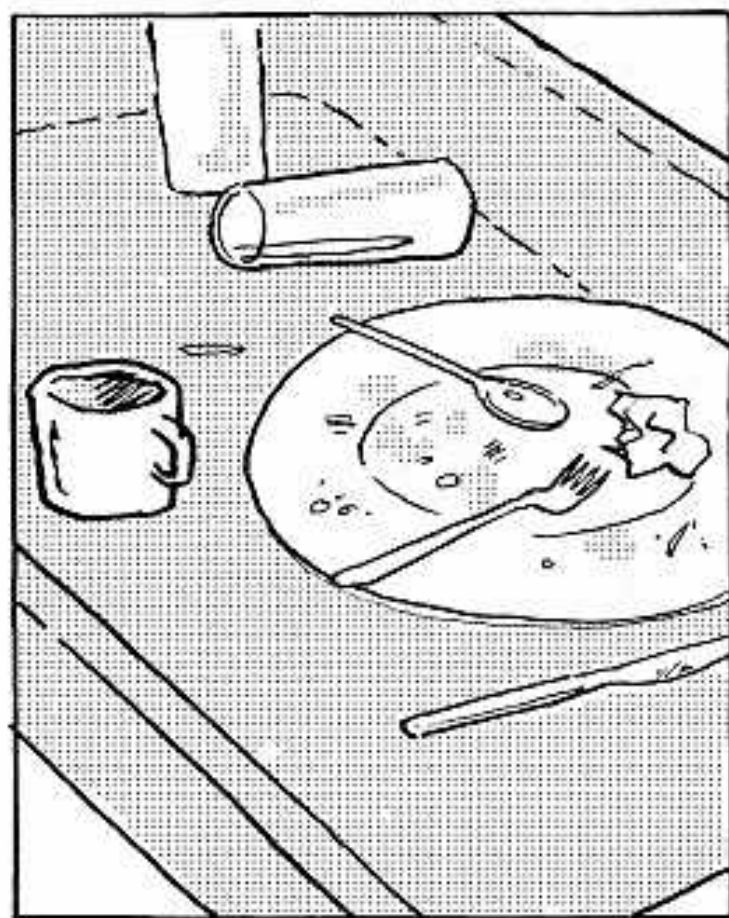
NO MORE SEX STUFF FOR ME. FUCK.









lasagna



I STAYED OUT REALLY LATE TONIGHT. MOM WASN'T HAPPY.




I'M
OUTTA' HERE,
CLINT.




HATE TO
BRING IT UP
BUT DID YOU
FILL THE
KETCHUPS?

I TRIED TO SNEAK IN BUT
SHE CAUGHT ME.



OH
DARN.

GAVE ME THE THIRD DEGREE.



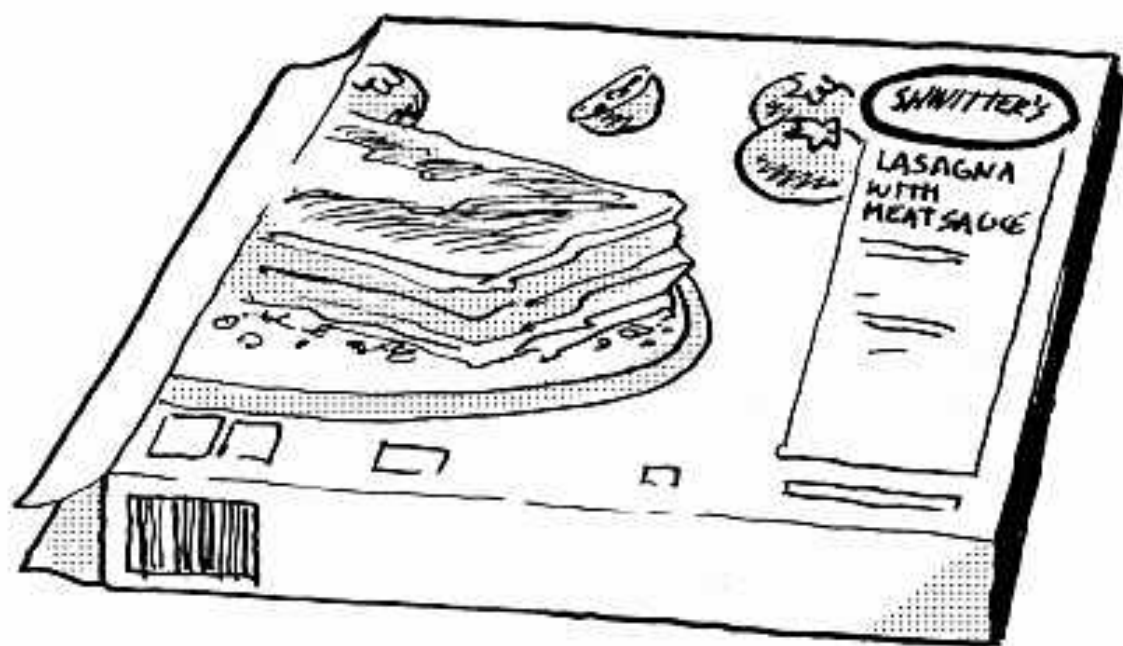
YOU KNOW I DON'T CARE
BUT EARL WILL BE UP
BOTH OUR ASSES
ABOUT IT.



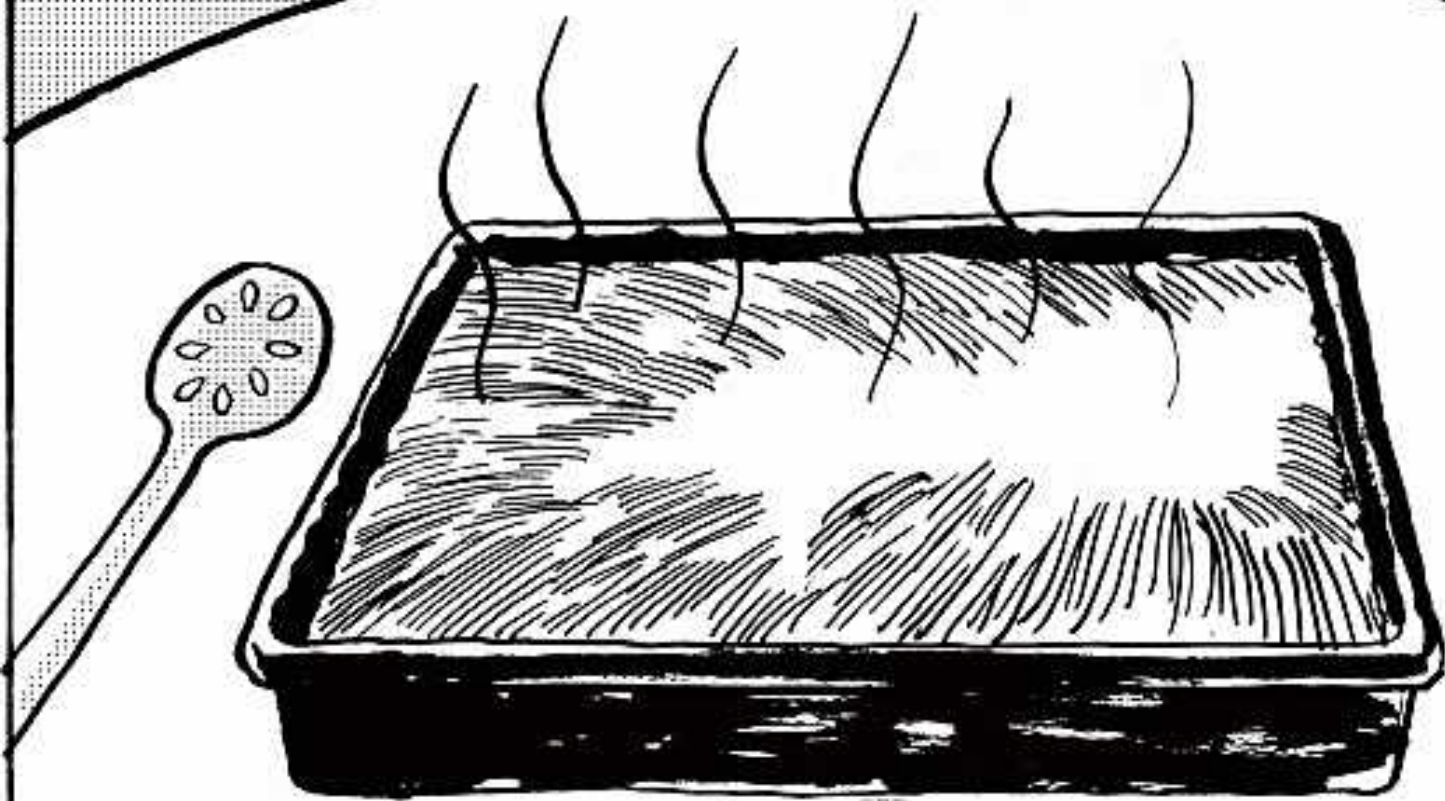
YEAH,
I
KNOW.



SOMETIMES I WISH—NO—SOMETIMES I THINK WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE IF MOM DIED INSTEAD OF DAD.




SHE'S ALWAYS SO SAD. I HATE IT.

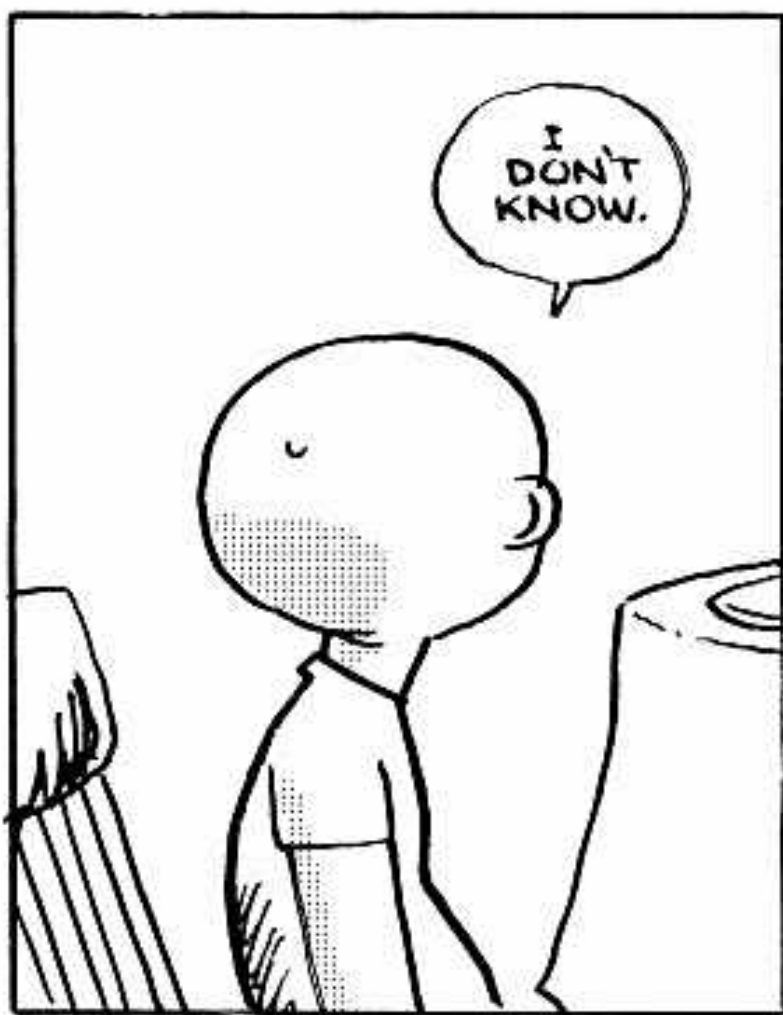




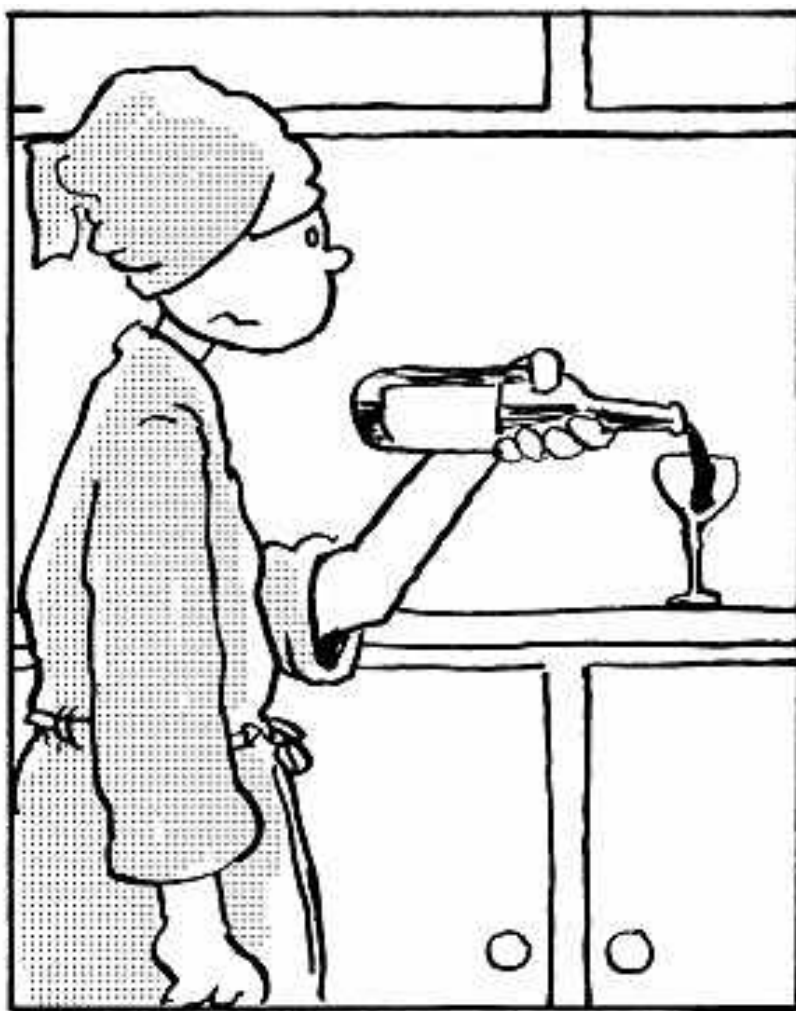
WHERE'S YOUR
SISTER?



HUH?



I
DON'T
KNOW.



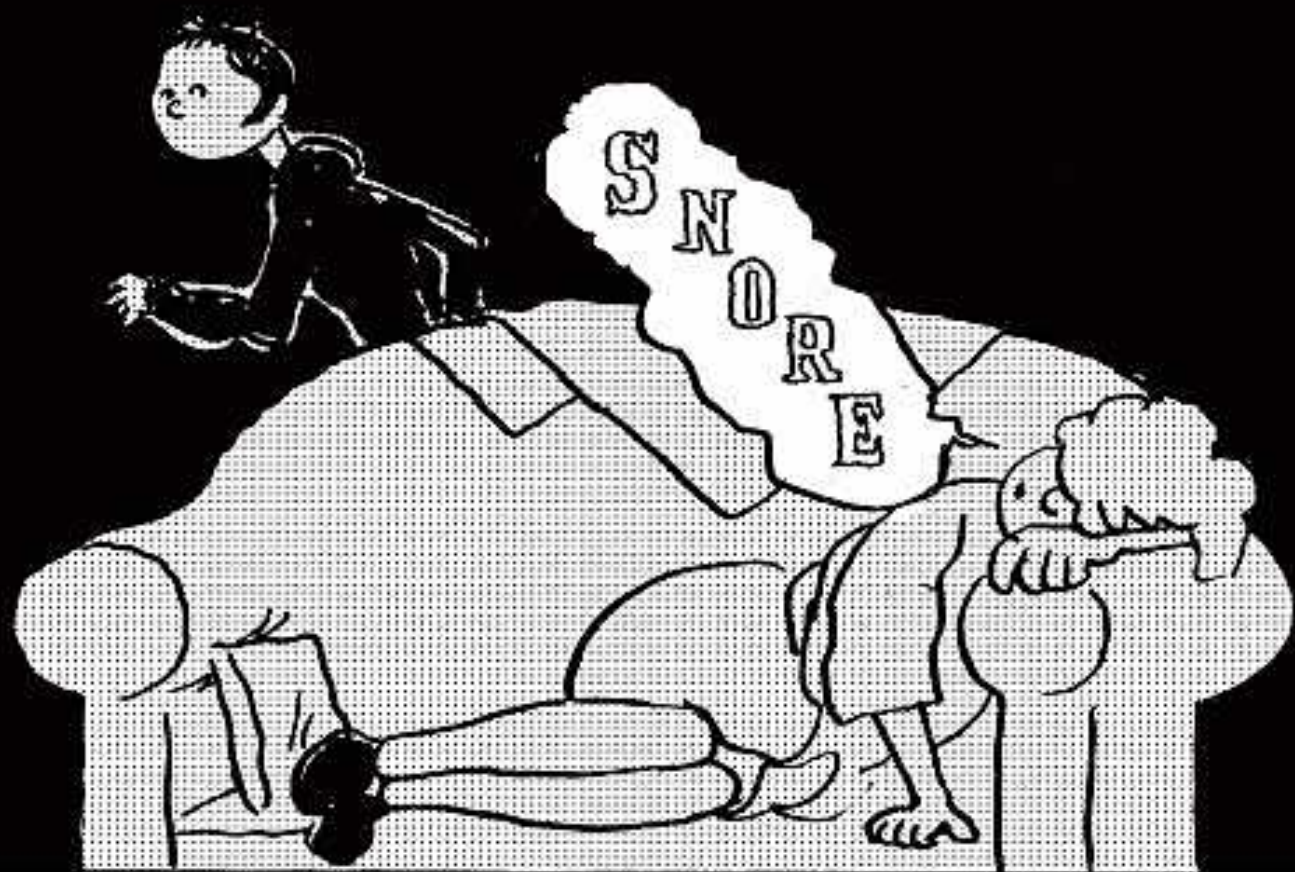
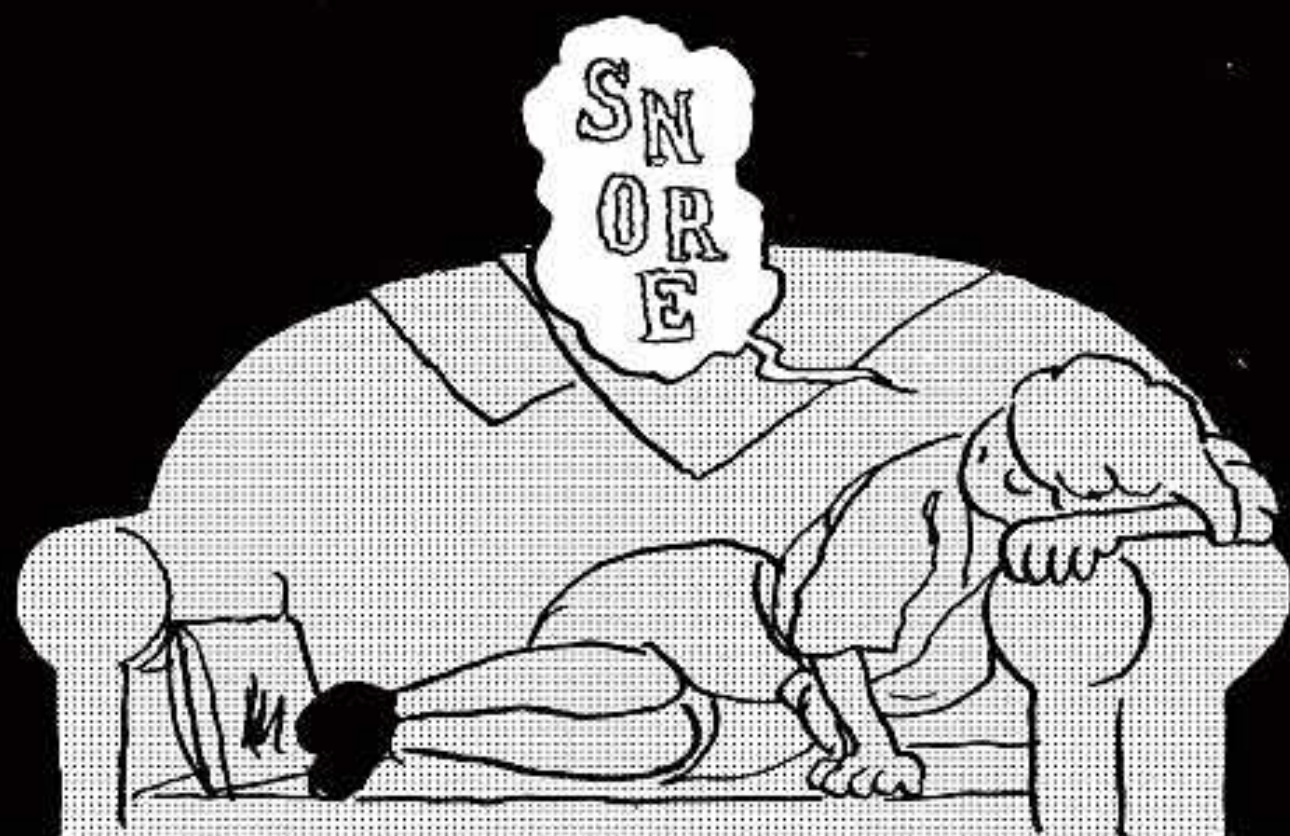


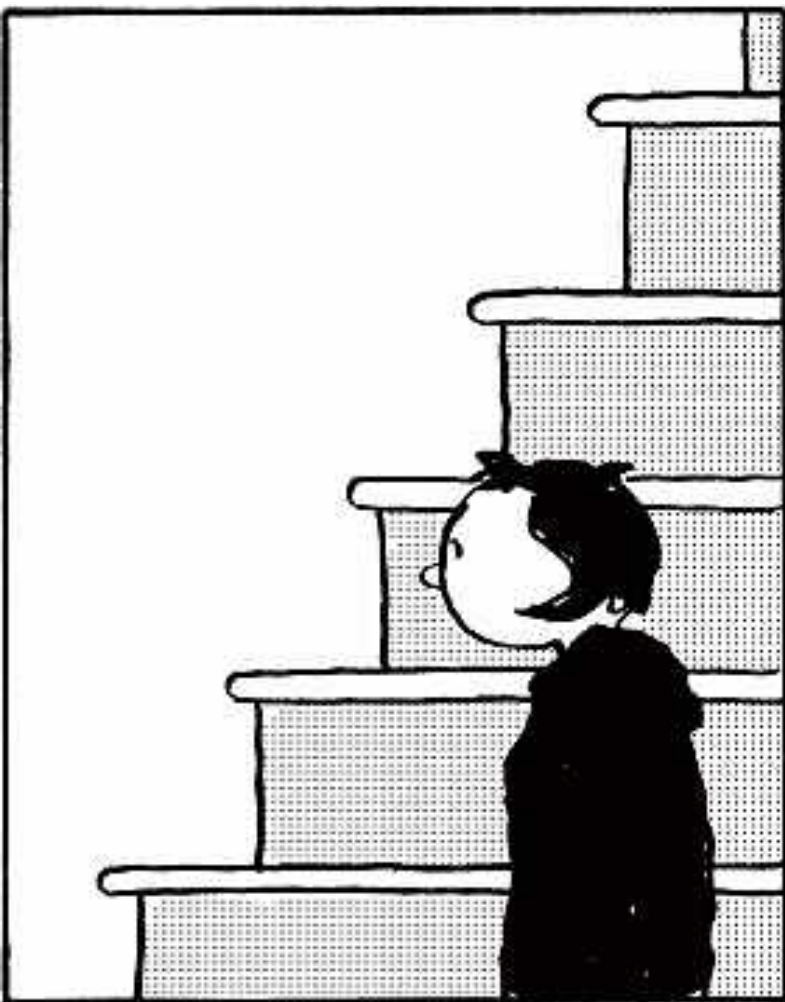
SCOOCH.



WADDA WE WATCHING?

I DON'T KNOW.









A white five-pointed star is centered on a solid black background. Inside the star, the words "baby jesus" are written in a black, cursive script font. The text is positioned in the upper-middle section of the star's body.

baby jesus

I MISS DINA. THAT BITCH.



I HOPE BRAD IS KEEPING HIS NATURAL ASSHOLIC TENDENCIES TO A MINIMUM.



IT MAKES ME SICK TO MY STOMACH TO THINK OF THEM TOGETHER.

C'MON,
LET'S GO!

AW, FORGET
THEM.

I TOLD
JOHN WE'RE
NOT
COMING.

HE IS SUCH A MISOGYNIST PIECE OF SHIT. GOD!!!
FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!!!

WHY?!

I REALLY
WANTED TO
SEE THAT
MOVIE.

I THOUGHT
WE COULD MAKE
OUR OWN MOVIE.

SOMETIMES WHEN I WAS WITH RYAN, I WOULD JUST BE THINKING OF DINA.



WHAT THE FLICK DOES THAT MEAN? GUESS I STILL CARE FOR THE JERK.



I GET FLASHES OF HER MAKING OUT WITH BRAD AND IT'S GROSS AND REVOLTING.



DON'T DO THAT.

DO WHAT?

IT'S LIKE A FLY BUZZING AROUND MY HEAD. UGH. I HATE HIM. WHY CAN'T SHE SEE HOW SHITTY HE IS?



DON'T MOCK ME.

(SIGH)

SORRY, PRINCESS.

I WAS JUST TEASIN' GOD.

IT WAS SO MUCH BETTER WHEN IT WAS JUST THE TWO OF US. WE HAD SO MUCH FUN. LIKE THAT TIME WE WENT TO ROCK 'N' BOWL AND FLIRTED WITH THE DJ.



WE GOT HIM TO PLAY "HOOKED ON A FEELING" LIKE TWENTY TIMES WHILE WE DANCED. WE ANNOYED THE SHIT OUT OF EVERYONE. IT WAS SO GREAT.



UGH. I FEEL KINDA BETTER GETTING ALL THAT OUT.



MAYBE THIS HIPPIY JOURNAL WASN'T SUCH A BAD IDEA.





I HOPE DINA IS HAVING A GOOD CHRISTMAS.

HEY!

YOU'RE
HURTING
ME.

STOP!

SHUT
UP!

STUPID
BITCH!

DAMN! I MISS HER.







hospital

I WENT TO VISIT DINA IN THE HOSPITAL.



SHE WAS ASLEEP WHEN I GOT THERE.



IT LIKE DIDN'T FEEL REAL LOOKING AT HER.



SUCH VIOLENCE.

HEY, NERD.
WHO LET
YOU IN
HERE?

NURSE!

THERE'S
A CREEP
IN MY
ROOM!
HELP!




HEY! SHUT
UP, MAN!

OH, RELAX. THEY
AIN'T LISTENING,
ANYWAYS.








A black and white comic panel showing a young boy with a surprised expression. He is wearing a heavy winter jacket with a fur-lined hood and has his right hand raised. A speech bubble above him contains the text.


I MISSED YOU SO MUCH, DEENS.

A black and white comic panel showing a young girl lying in bed, looking surprised. She has messy hair and is wearing a nightgown. A speech bubble above her contains the text.

MISSED YOU, TOO.

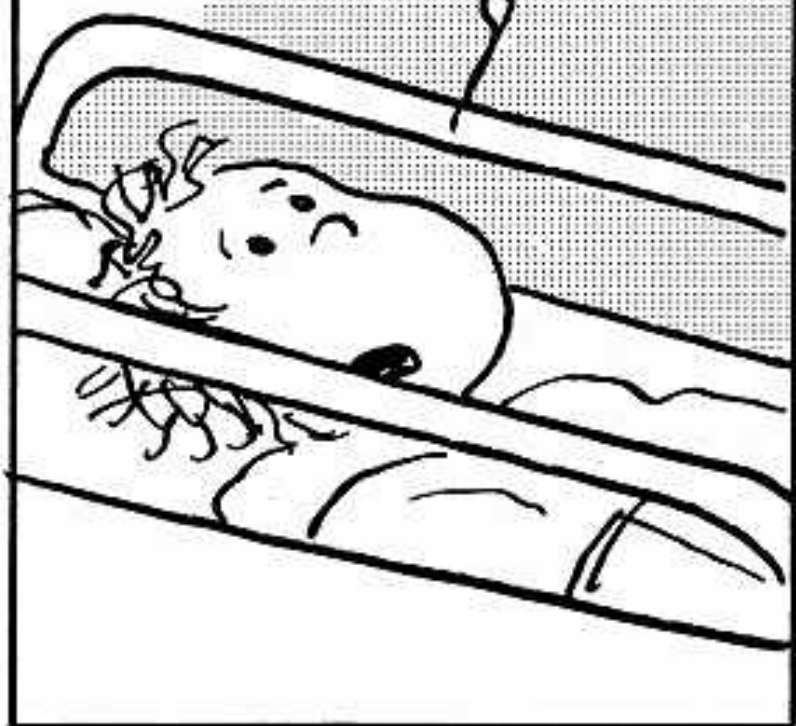
A black and white comic panel showing the boy from the first panel hugging the girl from the second panel. They are both in bed, and the boy is leaning over her. A speech bubble above them contains the text.

I'M SO SORRY I TRIED TO KISS YOU. THAT WASN'T FAIR TO YOU.

A black and white comic panel showing the girl from the second panel hugging the boy from the first panel. They are both in bed, and the girl is leaning over him. A speech bubble above them contains the text.

NO. I DIDN'T HAVE TO BE SUCH A BITCH TO YOU.

HEY, IS MY MOM
STILL OUT THERE?



YEAH,
I THINK
SO.



CAN YOU TELL HER
TO BRING ME MY PHONE?
I'M SO FUCKING
BORED HERE.



YEAH.

SURE.



UH...



HEY, I'LL LET YOU REST.

LET ME KNOW IF YOU NEED ANYTHING ELSE.



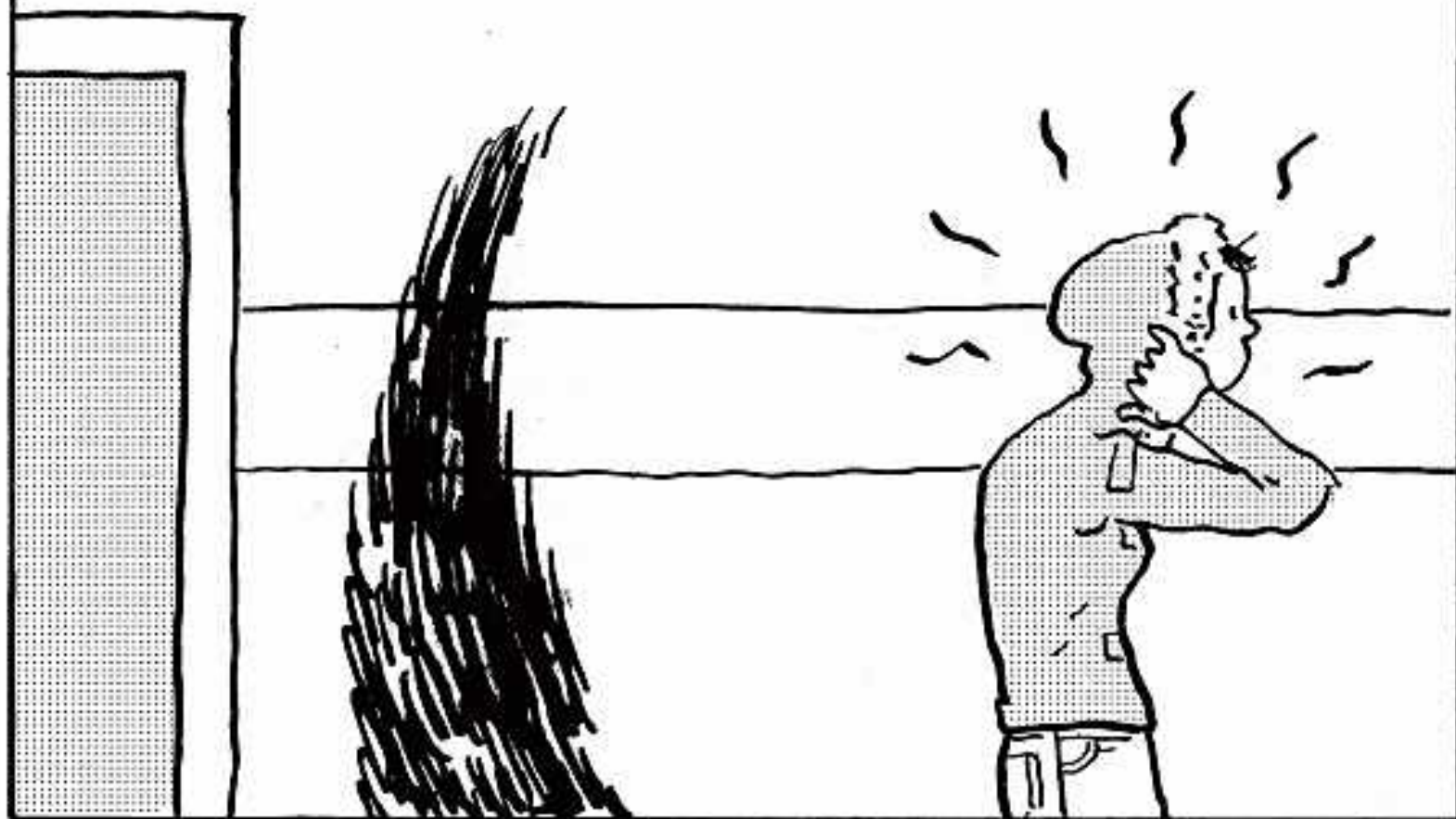
THANKS FOR COMING, KIDDO.



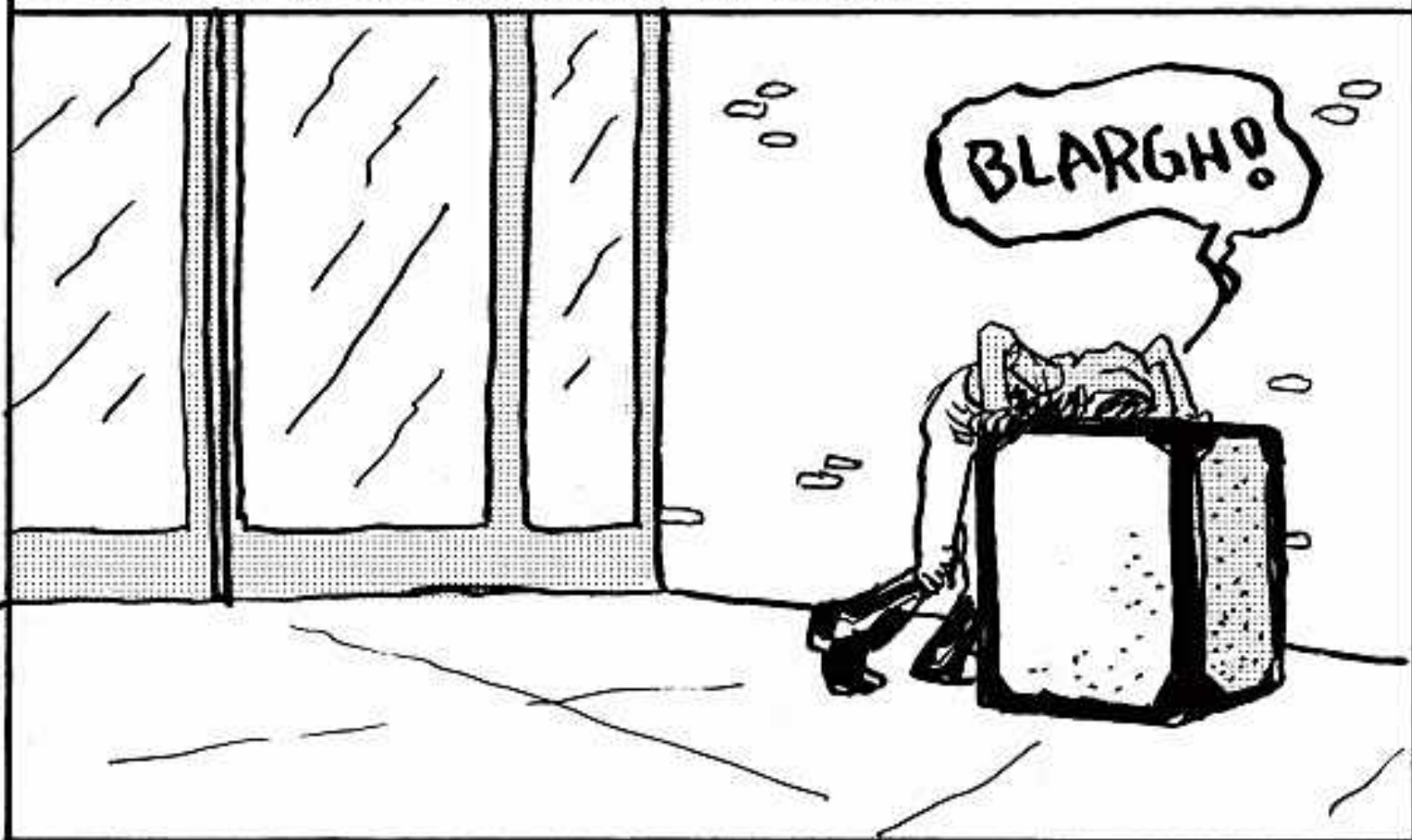
I...I'M SO SCARED...



ALL THIS HATRED, ANXIETY, AND ANGER BUILT UP IN ME.



I HELD IT INSIDE IN FRONT OF DINA.



BUT SOON THE CORK BURST OFF THE BOTTLE.



IT ALL CAME OUT OF ME.



I'M AFRAID I WON'T GET IT BACK ON.



- 10 -



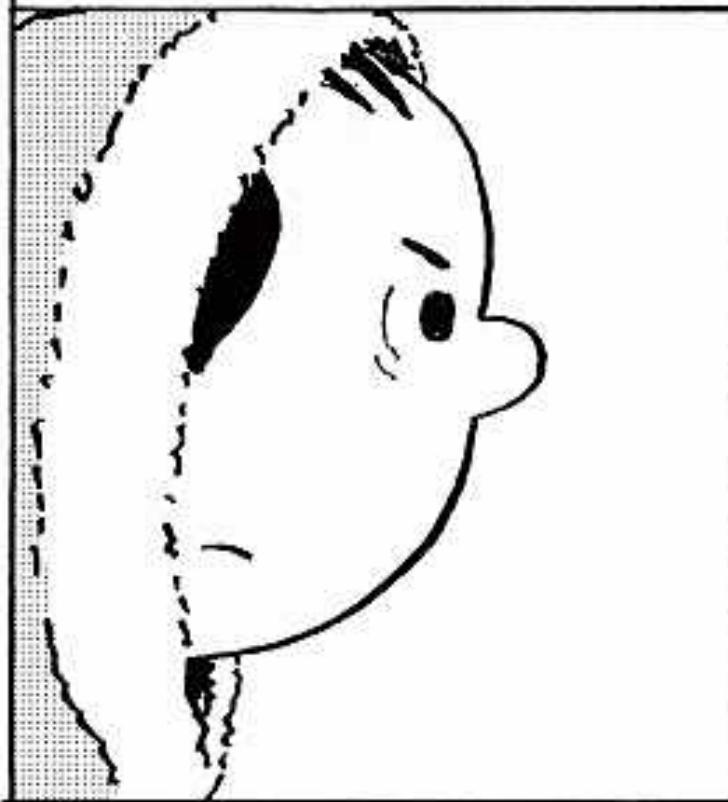


the pussy

I LEFT MY STASH AT HOME WHEN I WENT TO SEE DINA IN THE HOSPITAL.



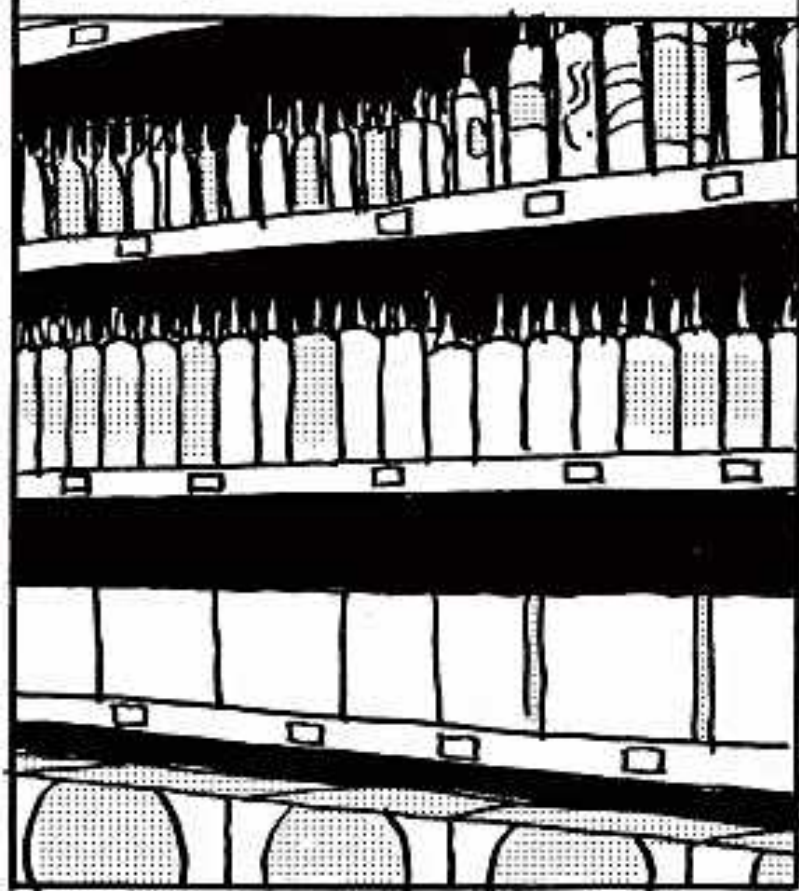
IT DIDN'T FEEL RIGHT TO BE IN THE CLOUDS.



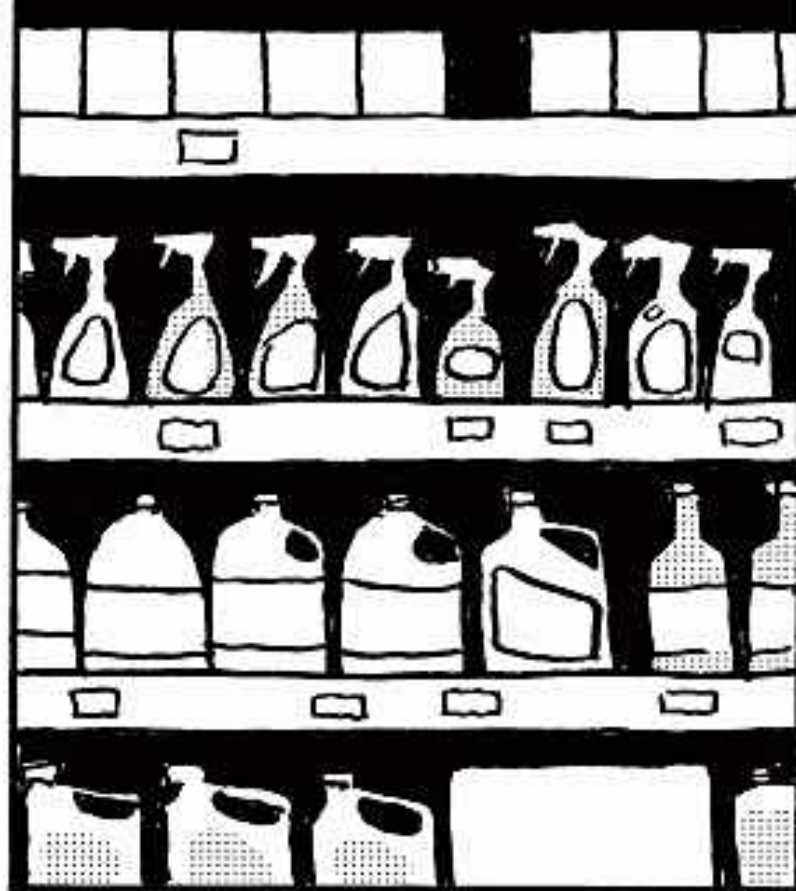
WANTED TO HAVE A CLEAR HEAD FOR HER.



BUT MY CLEAR HEAD COMES
WITH A BLACK CURSE.



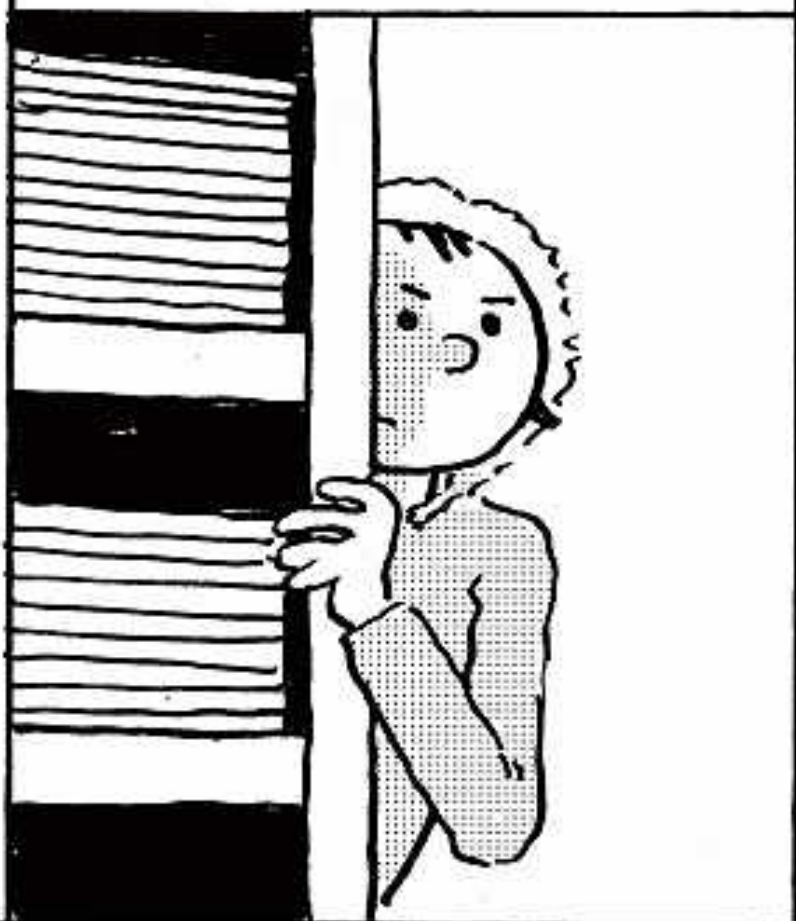
I WAS SO BLIND.




RED, HOT.



ANGRY.





HA! HA!

YOU
PUSSY!

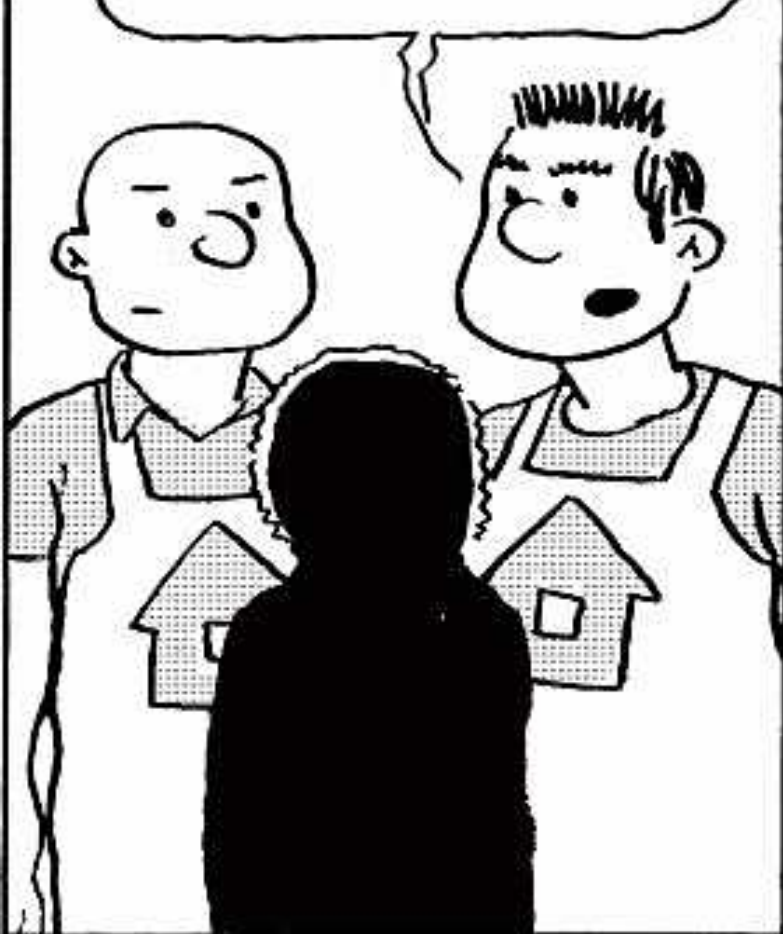
HEY, IT'S THAT
WITCH FROM MY
HISTORY CLASS.

OH. IT'S JUST DINA'S
DYKE GIRLFRIEND.

I WASN'T SCARED. I WAS ROBOTIC.



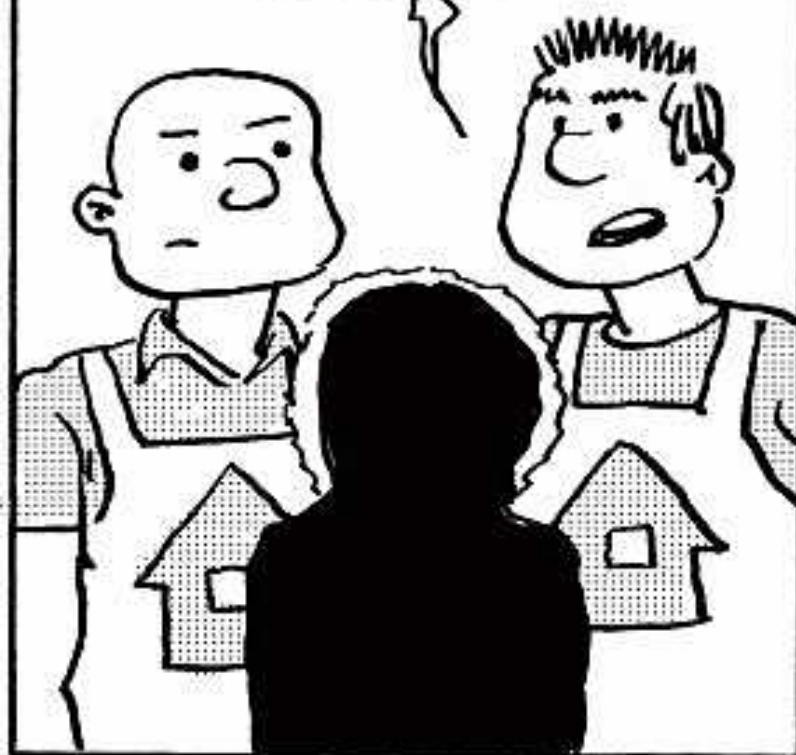
WHAT DO YOU WANT?



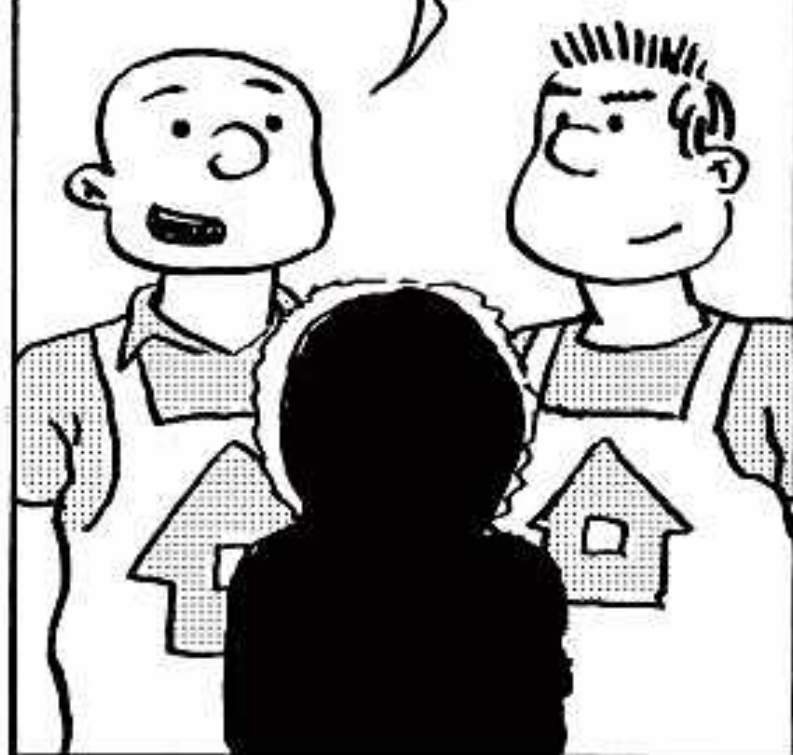
ONLY ONE GOAL IN MIND.



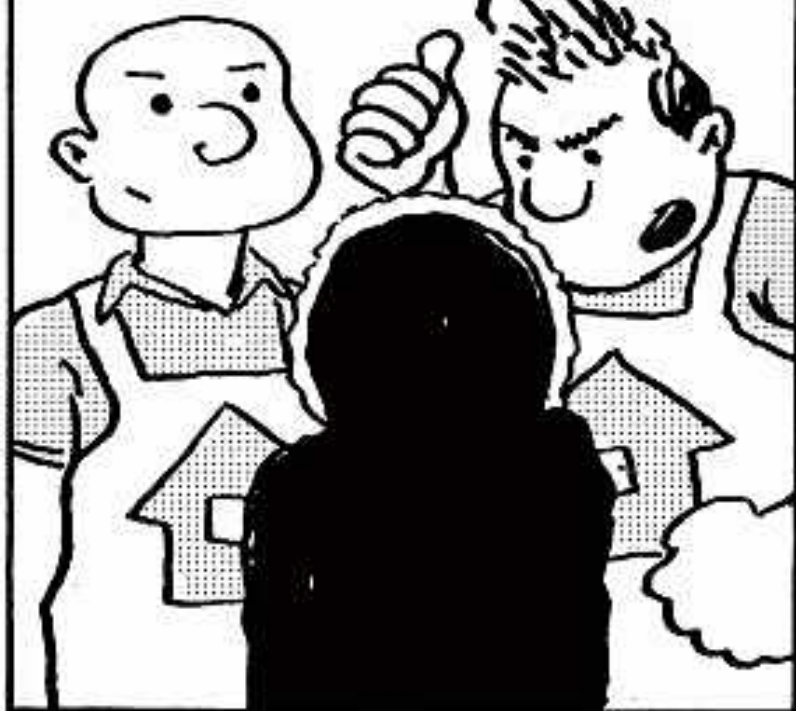
YOU FINALLY REALIZE
YER NOT GAY?
LOOKING FOR SOME
MAN-MEAT?



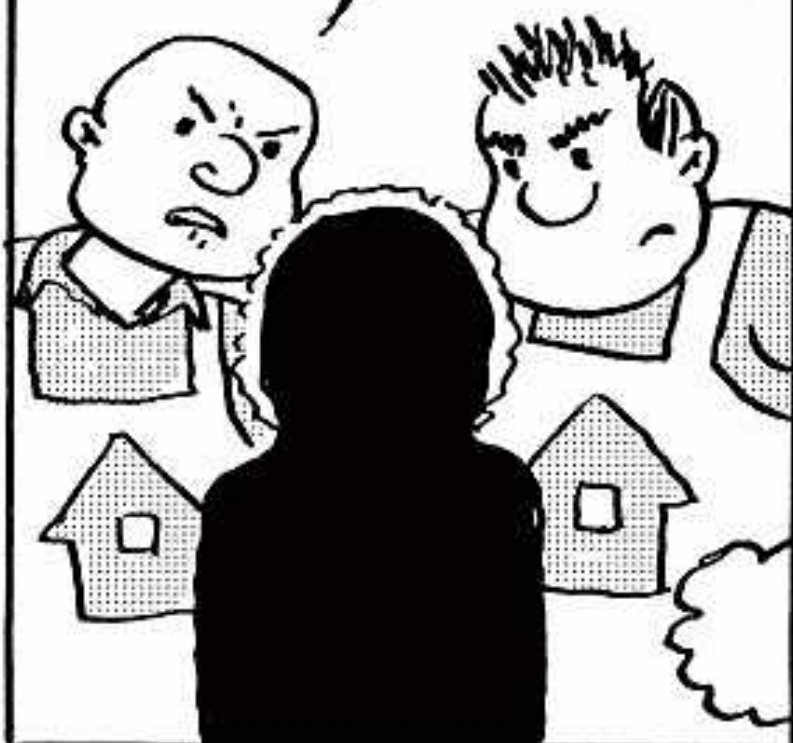
HA HA
YEAH. YOU WANT MY
HOT SAUSAGE,
BABY?



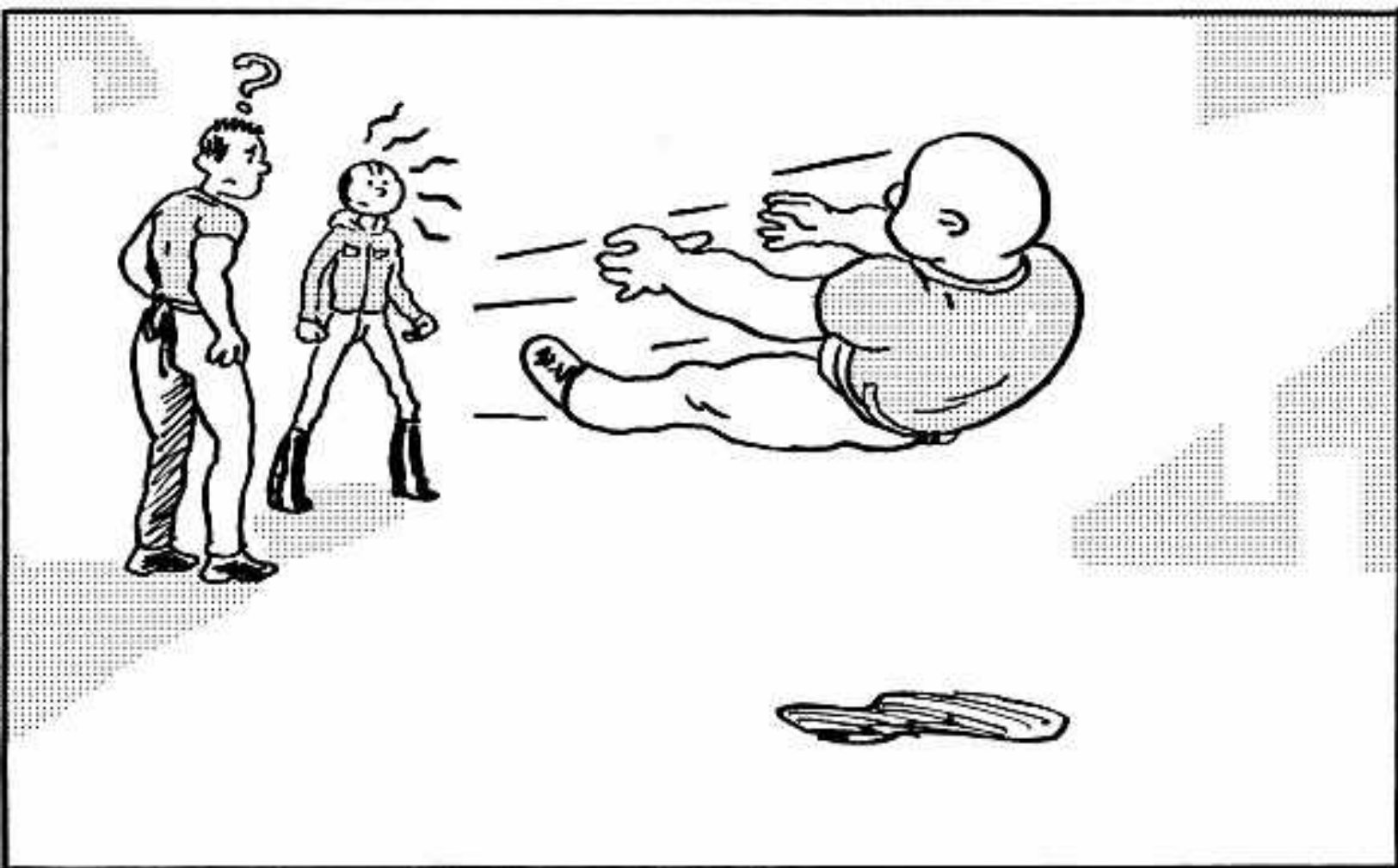
YO!
TAKE A HIKE!
YER SCARING THE
CUSTOMERS.



WOOF!

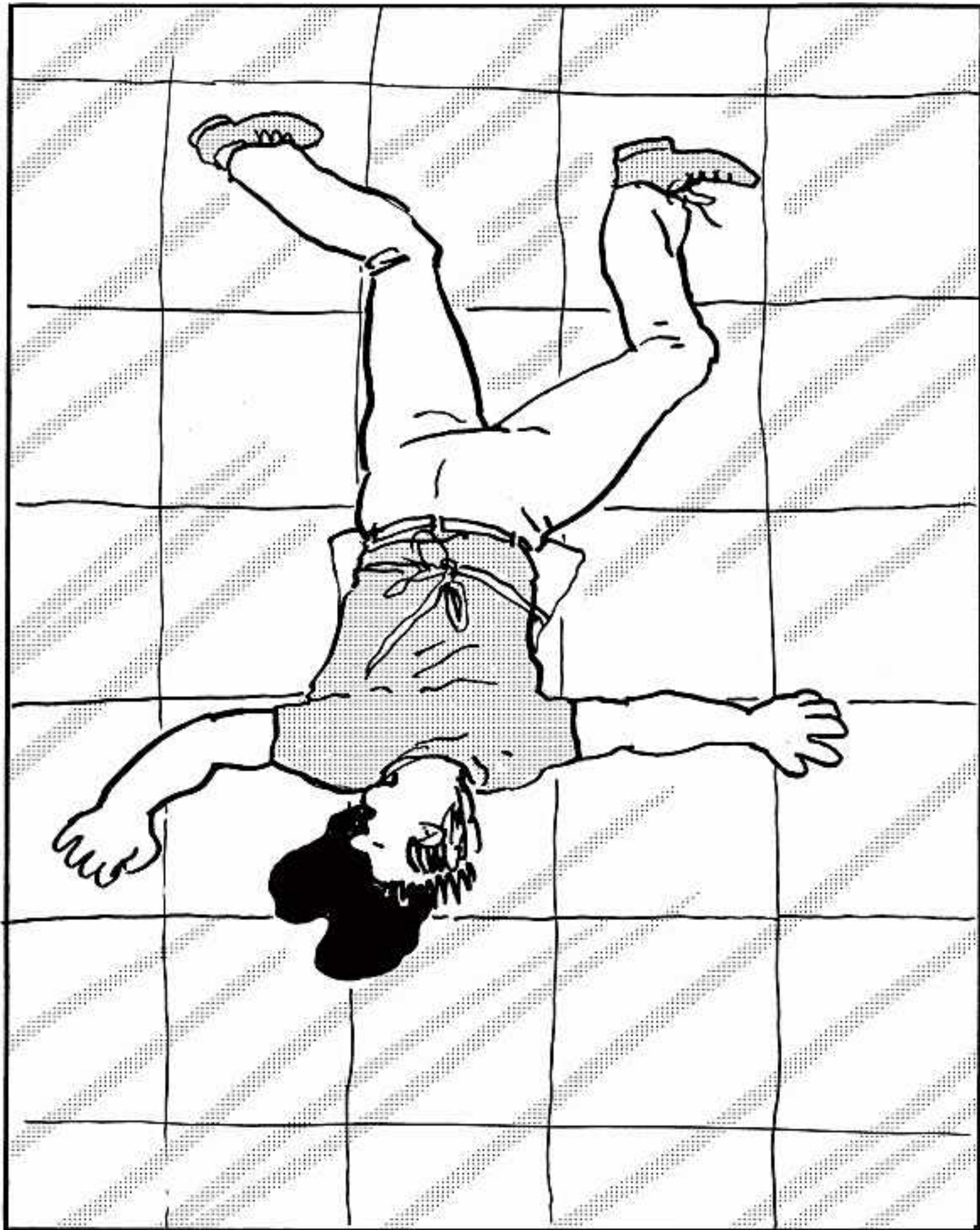














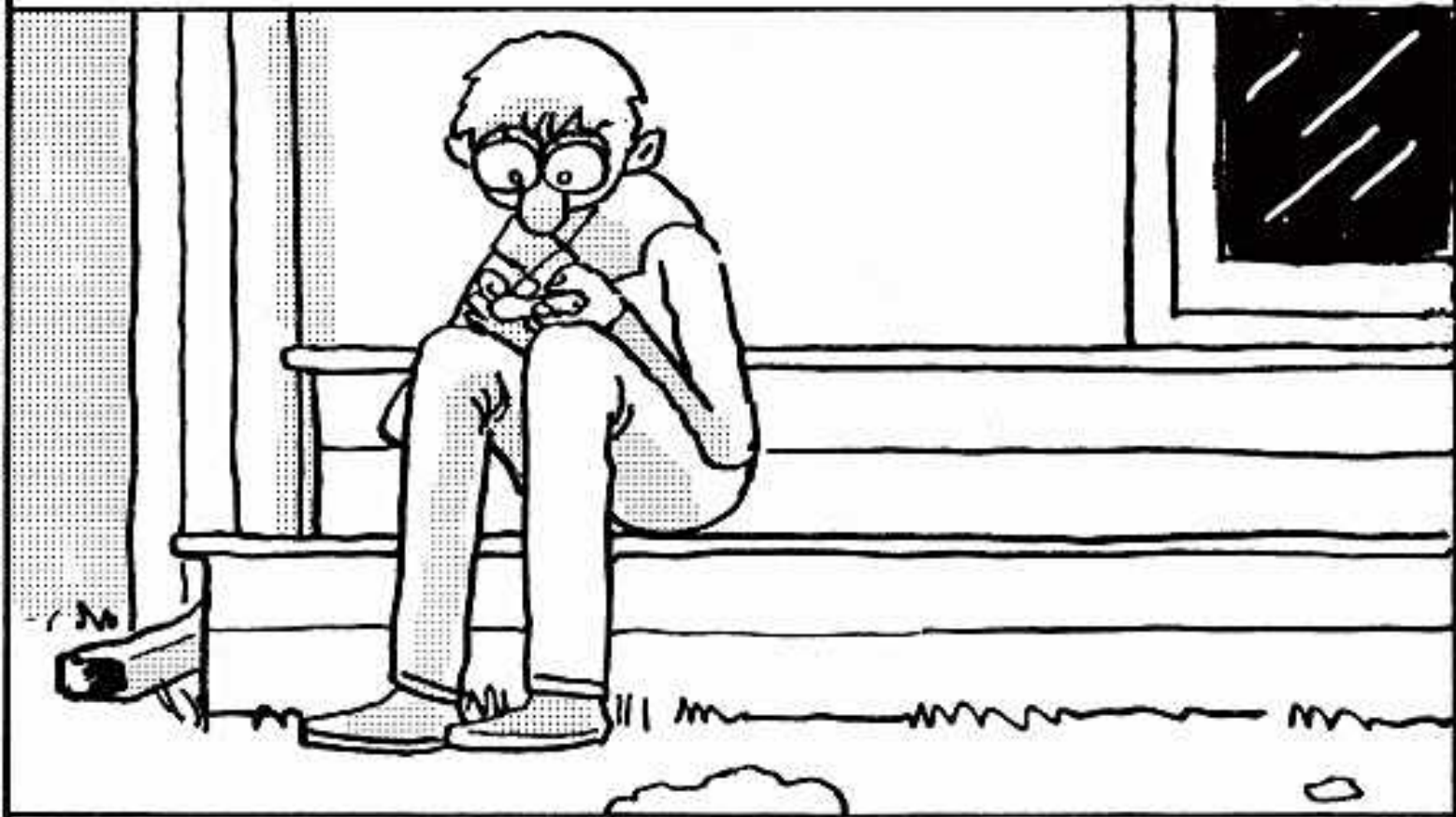


*stanley's
backyard*

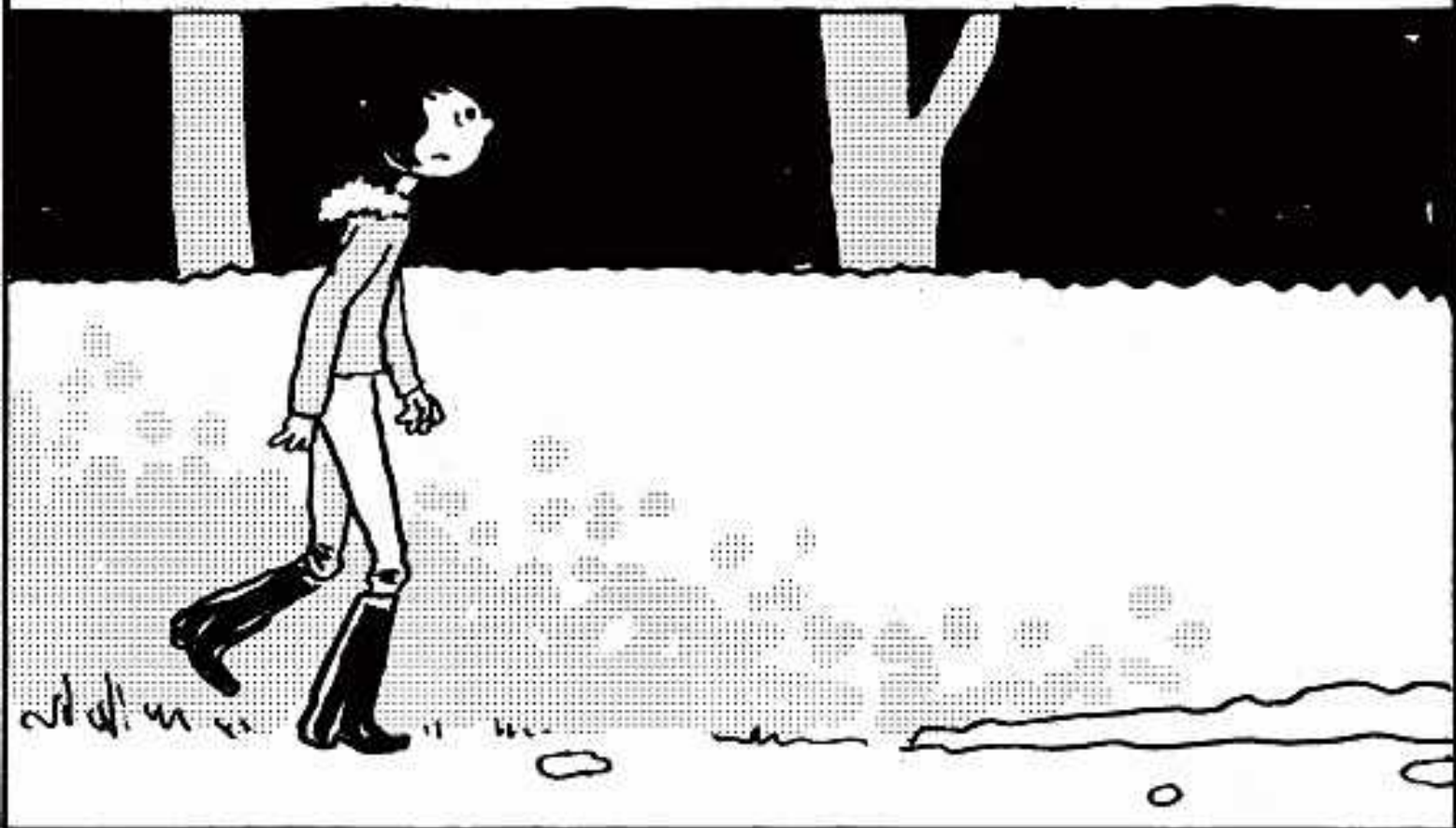
IT DIDN'T HIT ME RIGHT AWAY WHAT I'D DONE. IT KINDA SOUNDS CLICHÉ BUT I FELT LIKE I WAS OUT OF MY BODY WHEN IT WAS HAPPENING.



I WALKED HOME VERY SLOWLY, MEANDERING THROUGH SIDE STREETS AND PEOPLE'S YARDS.



GOOD OLD STANLEY. LOADING A BOWL. JUST WHAT I NEEDED. GOOD OLD STANLEY.





HELLO?



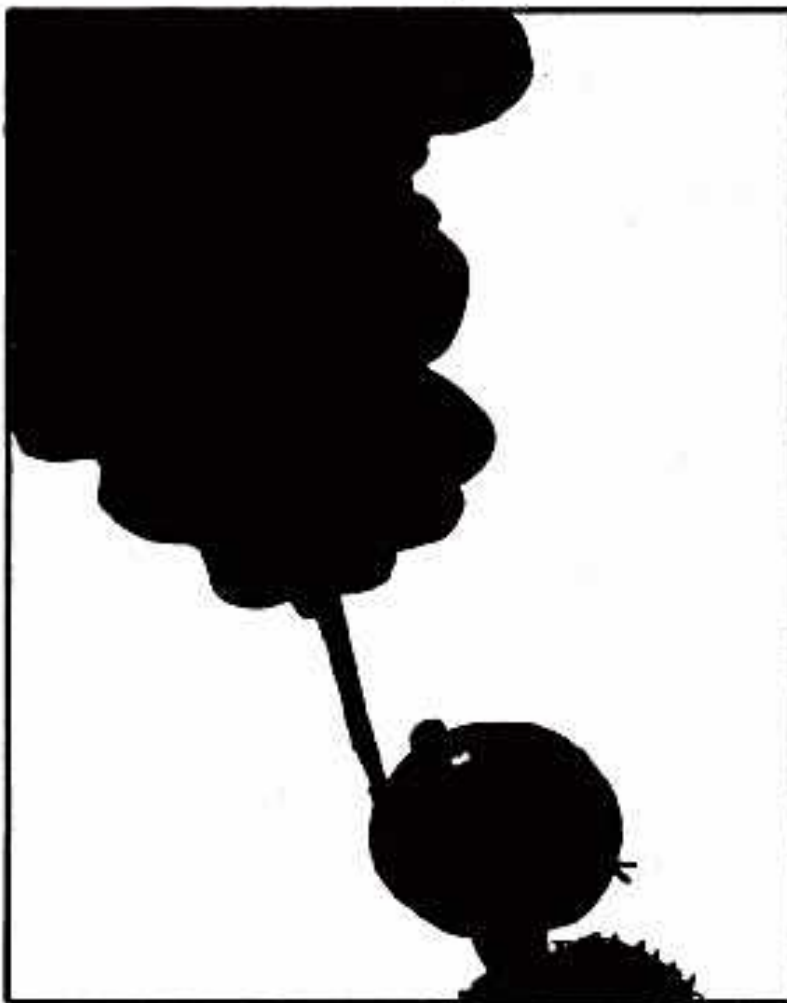
WHO'S THERE?!




I WAS JUST LOADING ONE.
HAVE A SEAT BUT KEEP
IT DOWN. TRYING NOT
TO WAKE THE OLD MAN.



THANKS.





YOU OKAY? YOU'RE
LOOKING A LITTLE
GREEN AROUND
THE GILLS.



JEEZ.
THANKS.

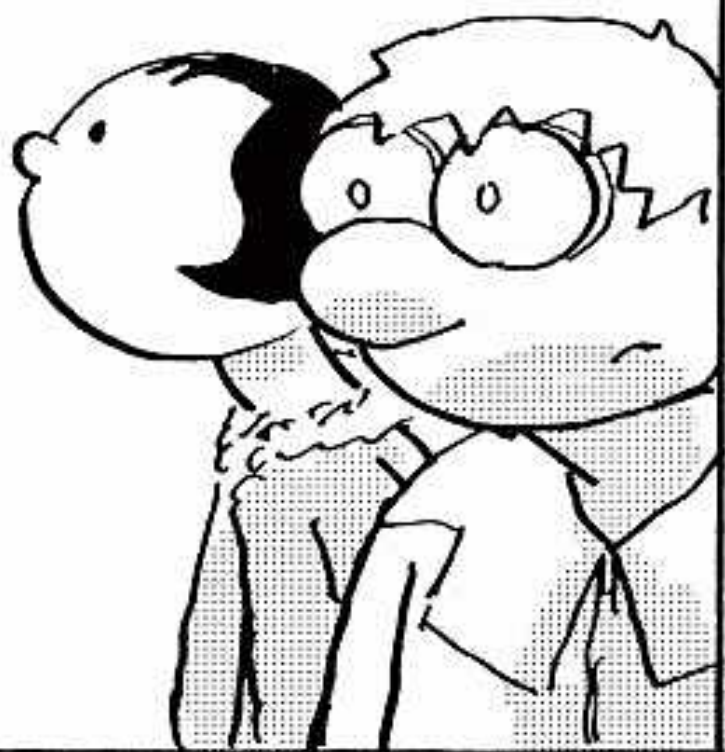


SORRY.



NO, YOU'RE RIGHT.
DEFINITELY BEEN
A WEIRD NIGHT.

YEAH, WELL, JOIN THE CLUB.
DAD GOT REALLY DRUNK AND
PISSED IN THE HAMPER.

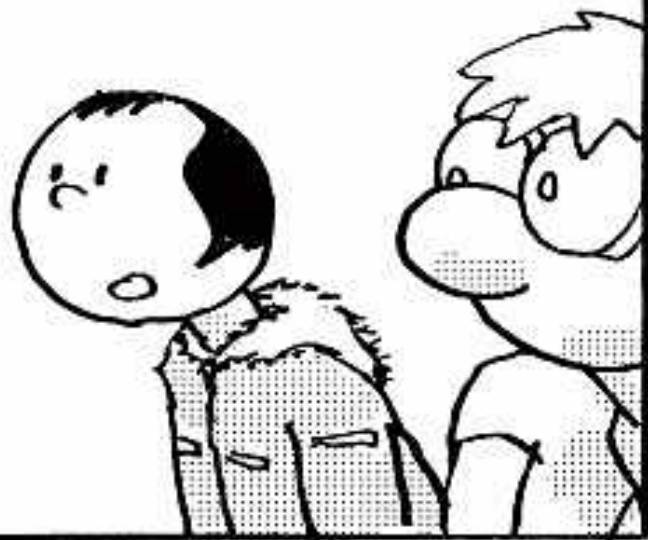


WHAT A FUCK UP, RIGHT?

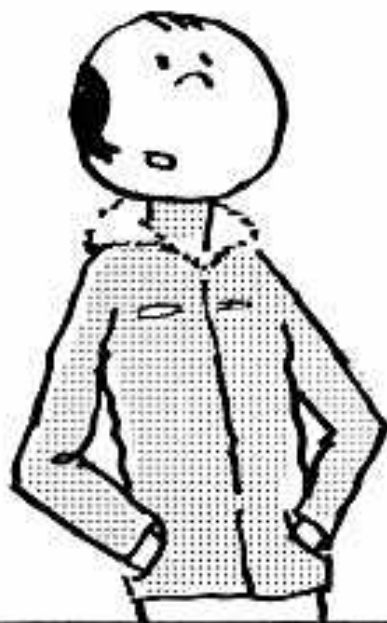




I SHOULD GET GOING.



THANKS FOR... YOU KNOW.



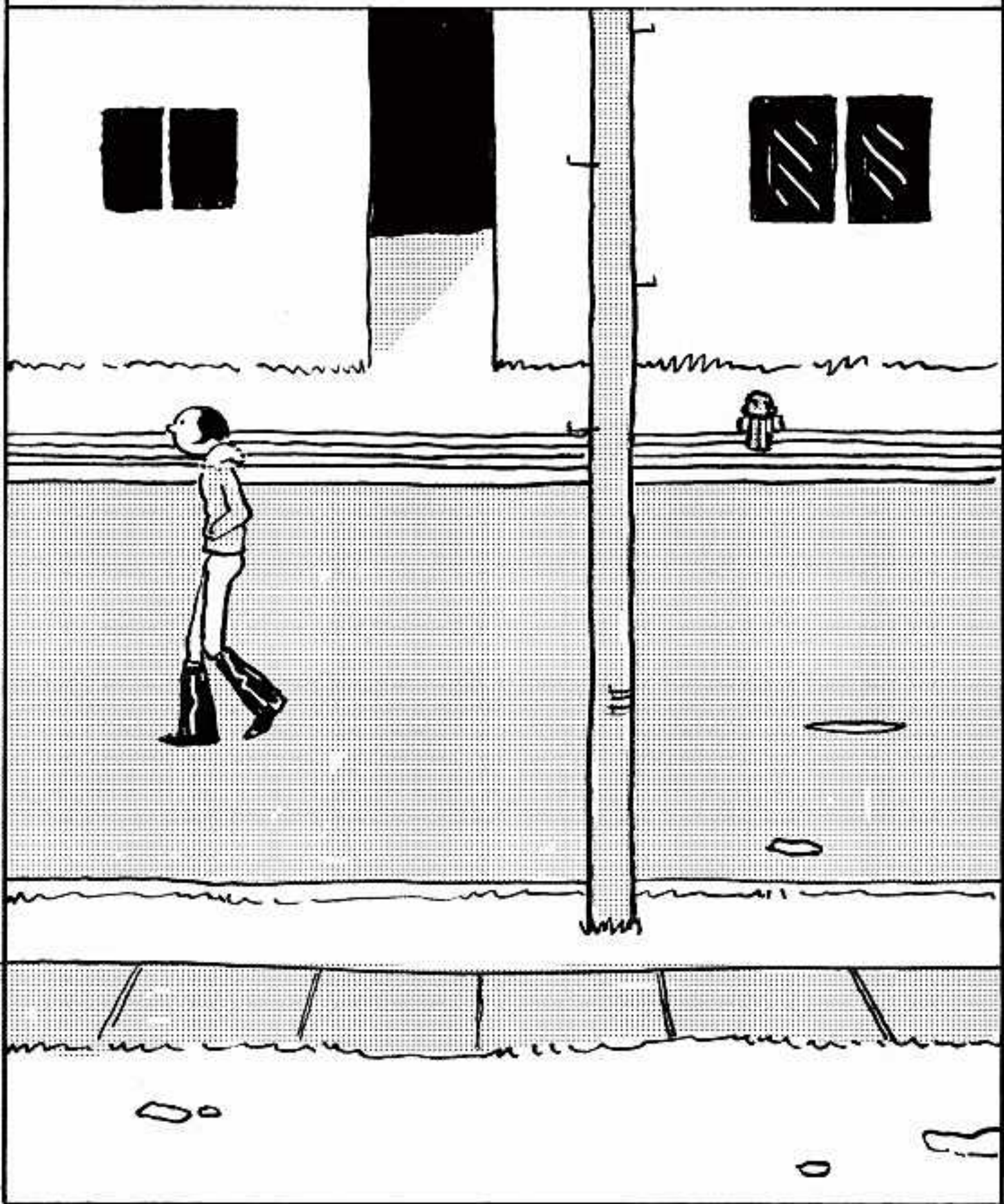
NO PROBLEM.



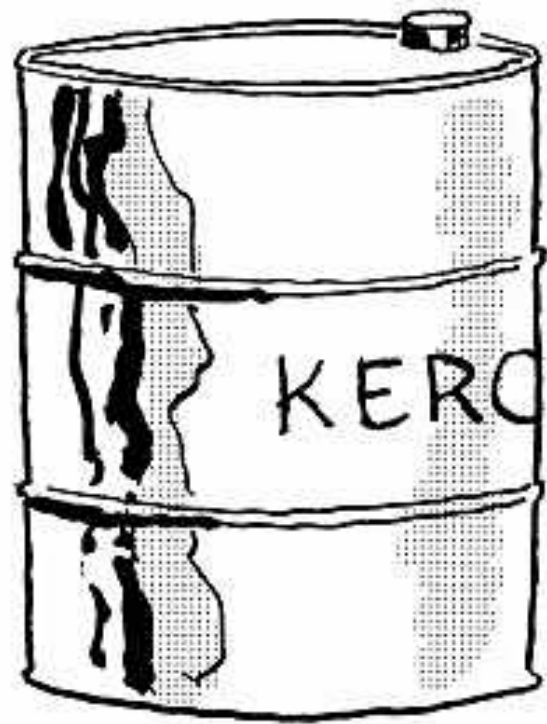
LATER.



I PROBABLY WOULD'VE JUST KEPT WALKING AROUND 'TIL I DROPPED IF STANLEY HADN'T BEEN AROUND.
GOOD OLD STANLEY.



- 12 -



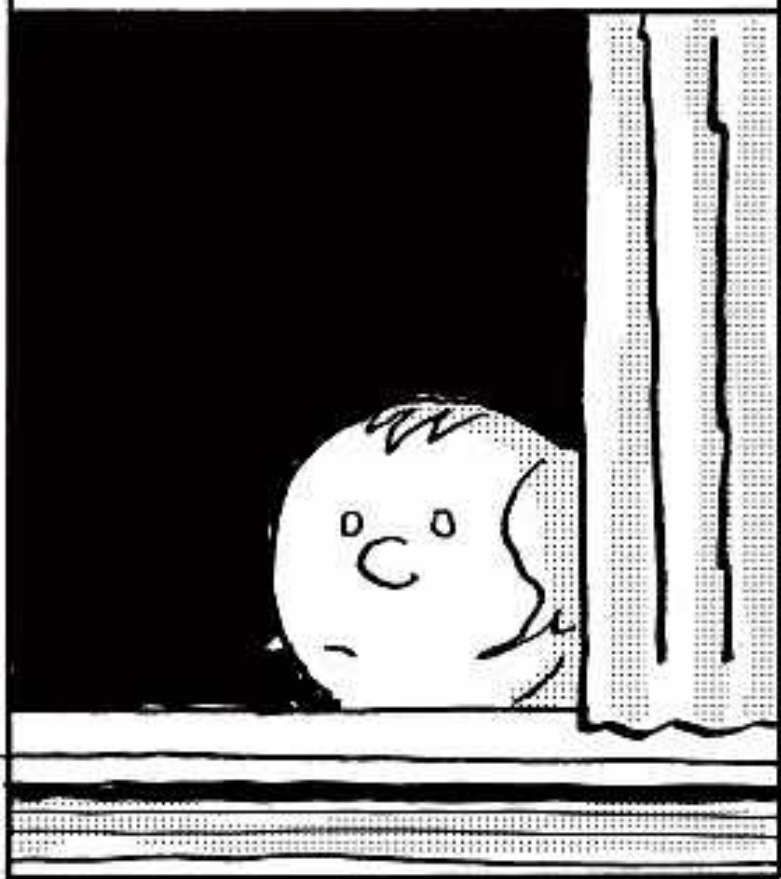


mausoleum

I DON'T HATE MY MOM. I REALLY DON'T.



I GET HOW MUCH SHE DOES
FOR ME AND MY BROTHER.



IT'S JUST THAT I SEE THE
WORRY IN HER FACE.



I SEE IT EVERYDAY.
I HATE IT SO MUCH.



I HATE IT SO MUCH, AND IT MAKES ME HATE HER.
I DON'T WANT TO BUT I DO. SHE'S SUCH A COWARD.



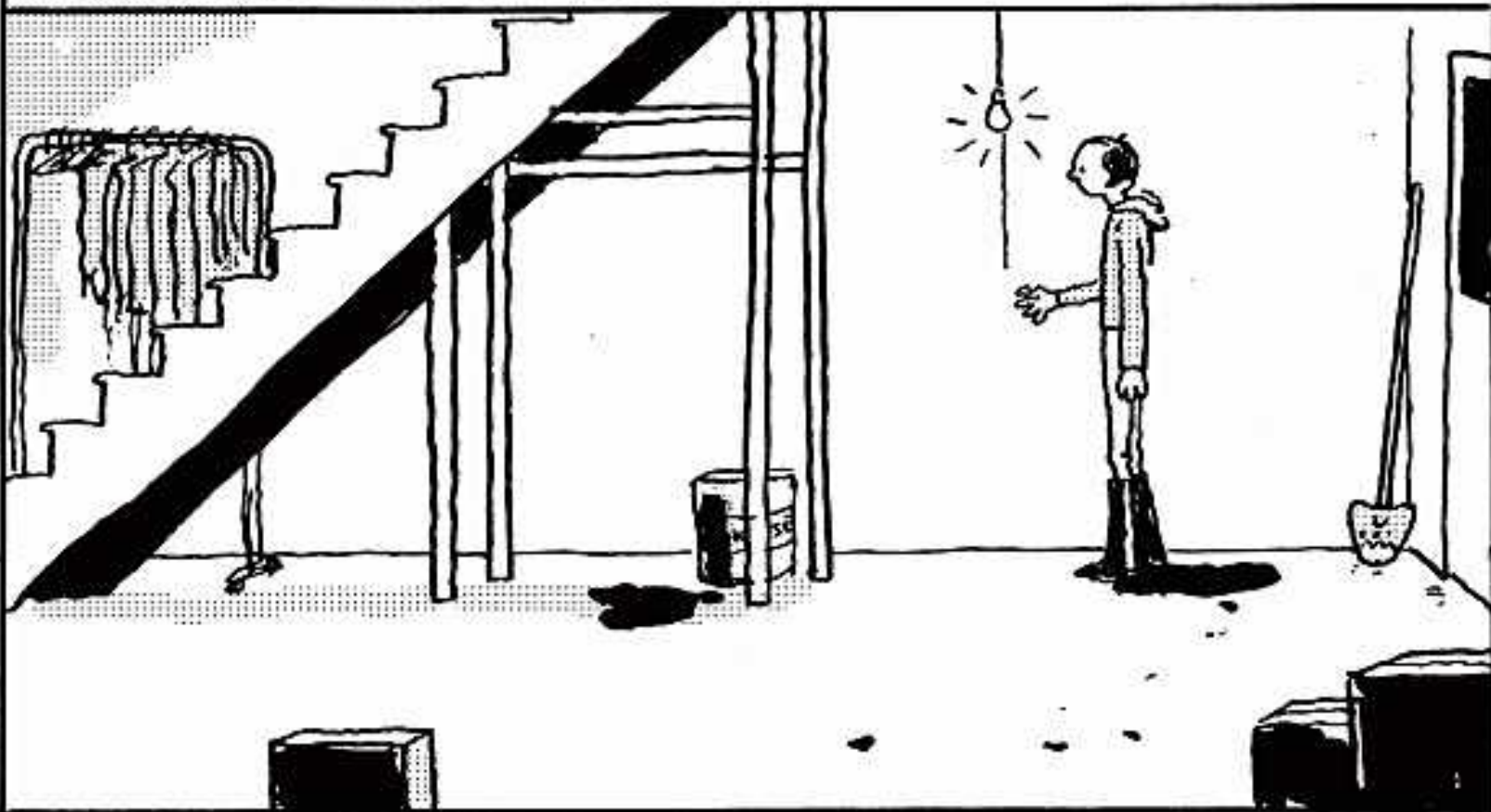
I DON'T THINK WE'VE TALKED ABOUT DAD SINCE HE DIED.



WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?



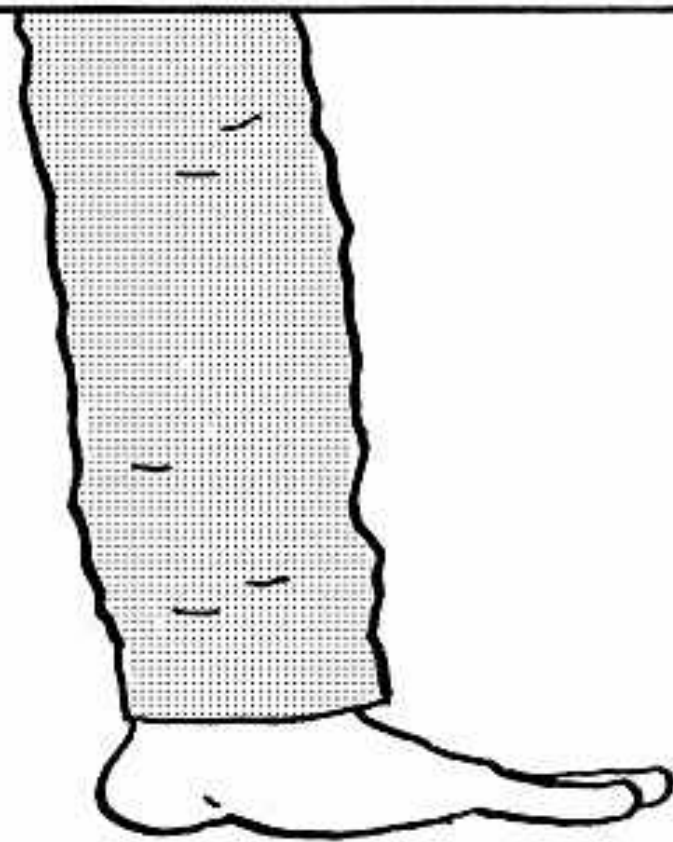
NO WAIT. MAYBE SHE DID BRING IT UP BUT SHE WAS BEING FAKE ABOUT IT.



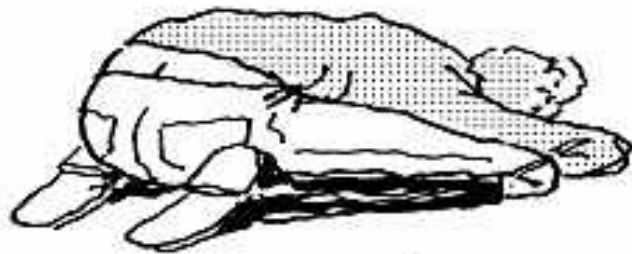
I DON'T KNOW. IT FEELS LIKE THIS HEAVY THING THAT WE ARE ALL TOO AFRAID TO TALK ABOUT.



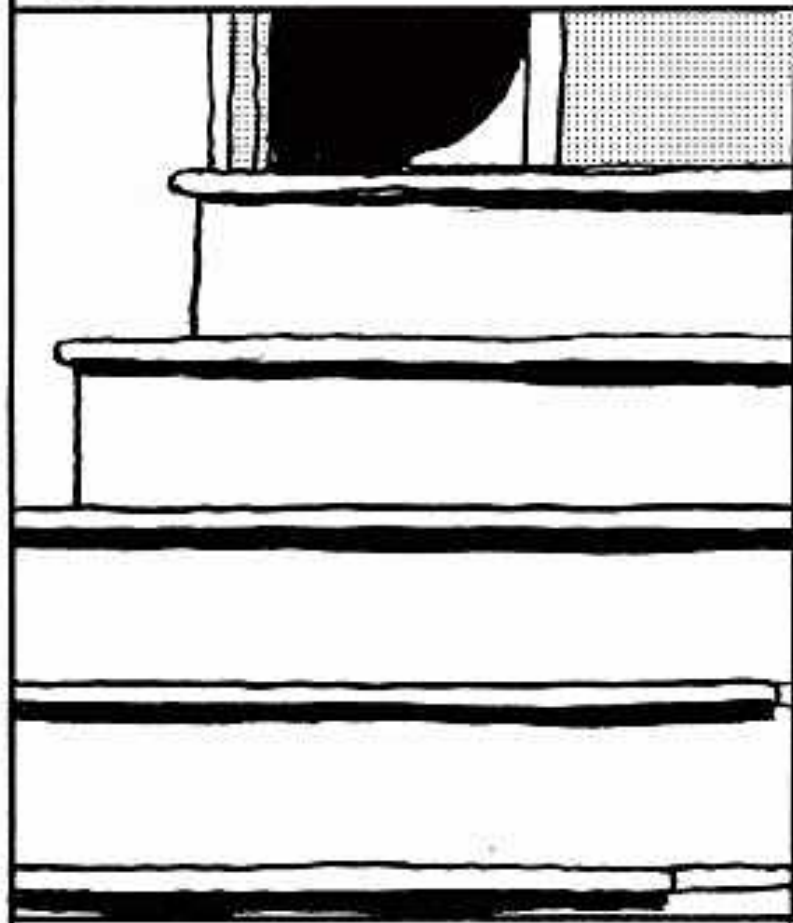
LIKE DAD WASN'T EVER HERE.



HE WAS. DAD WAS REAL.



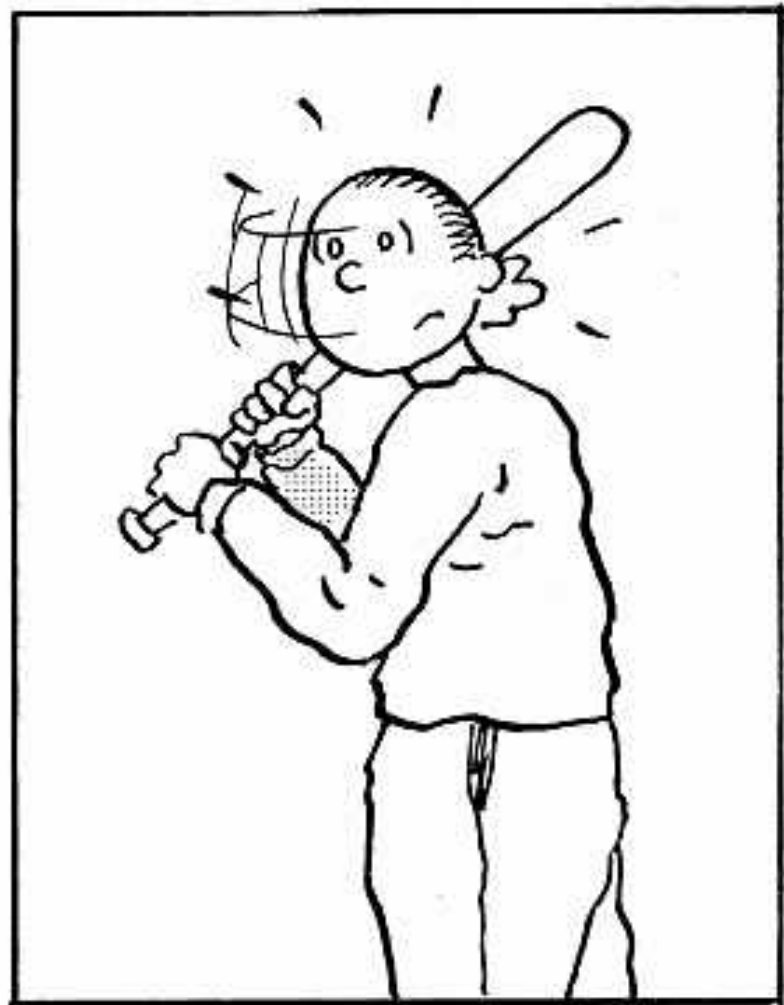
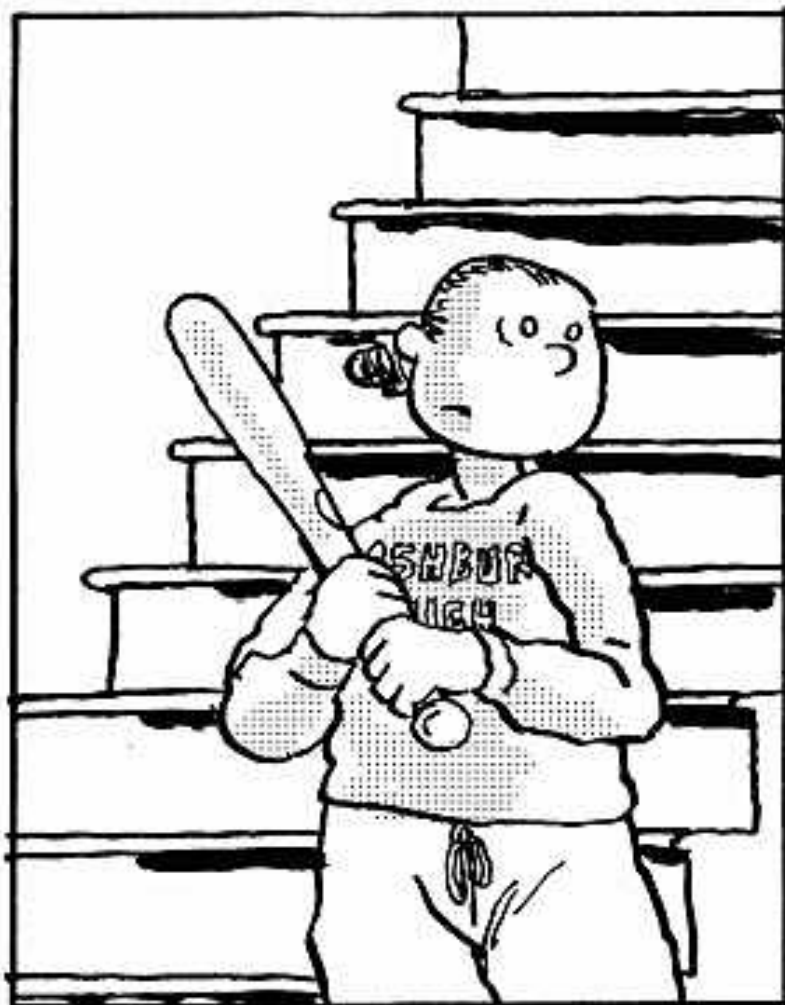
HE LOVED ME.



WHOEVER IS DOWN HERE,
I'VE GOT A SHOTGUN!



AND I
CALLED THE
COPS!



WE DON'T HAVE
A SHOTGUN, MOM.



COME AWAY
FROM THERE.



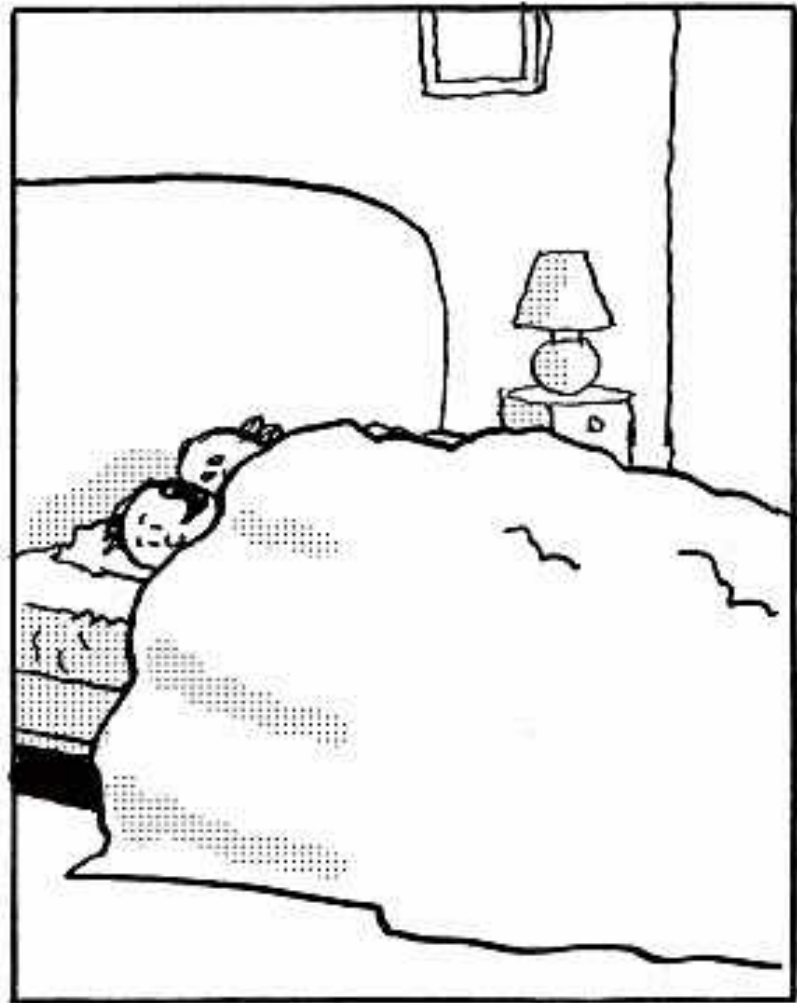
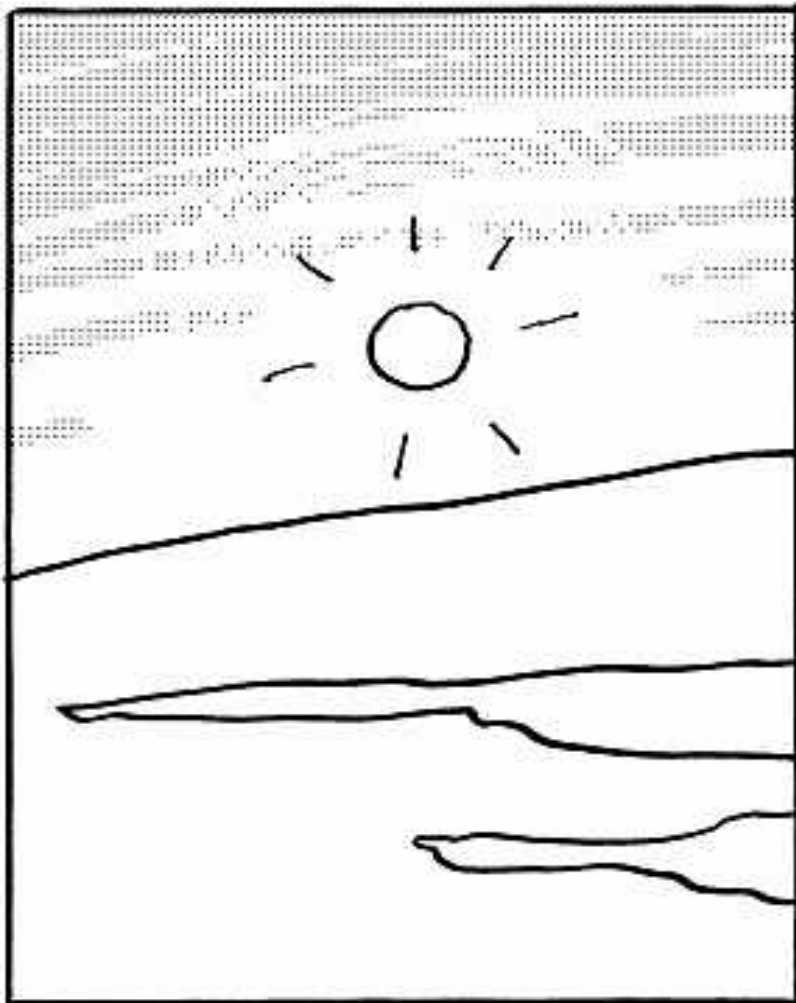
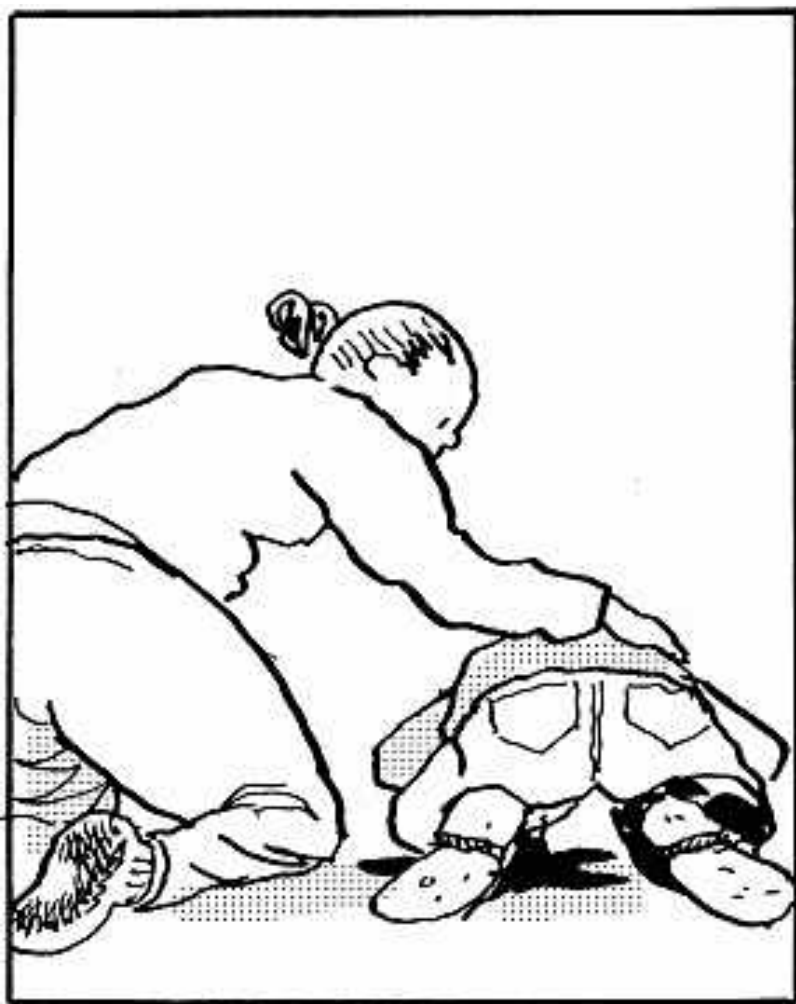
NO.

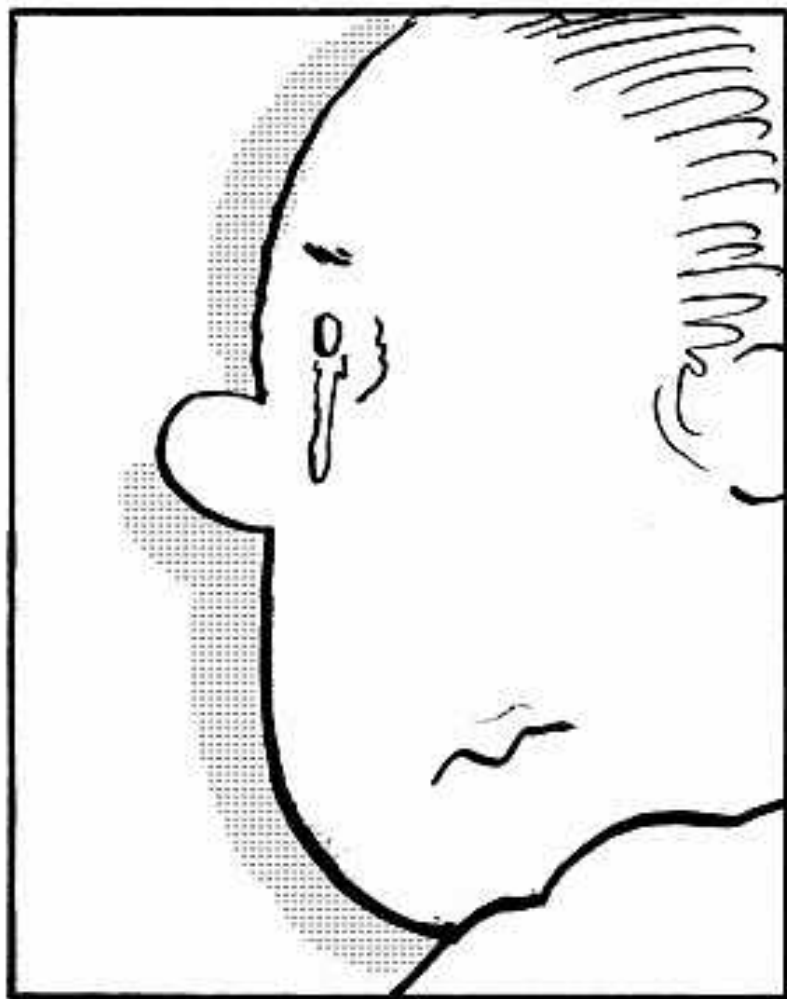
THIS IS WHERE
HE DIED.



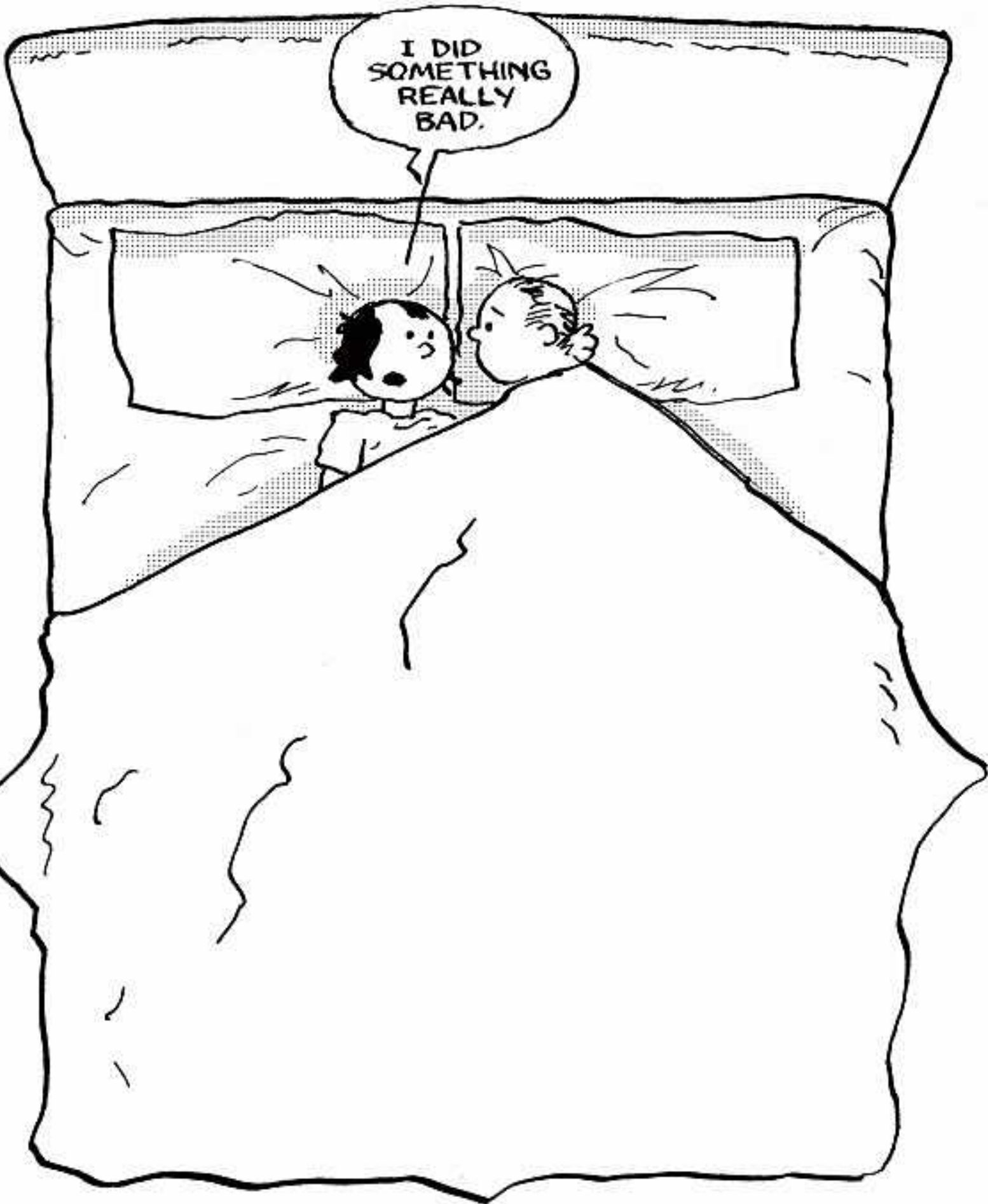
THIS IS WHERE
DAD DIED.

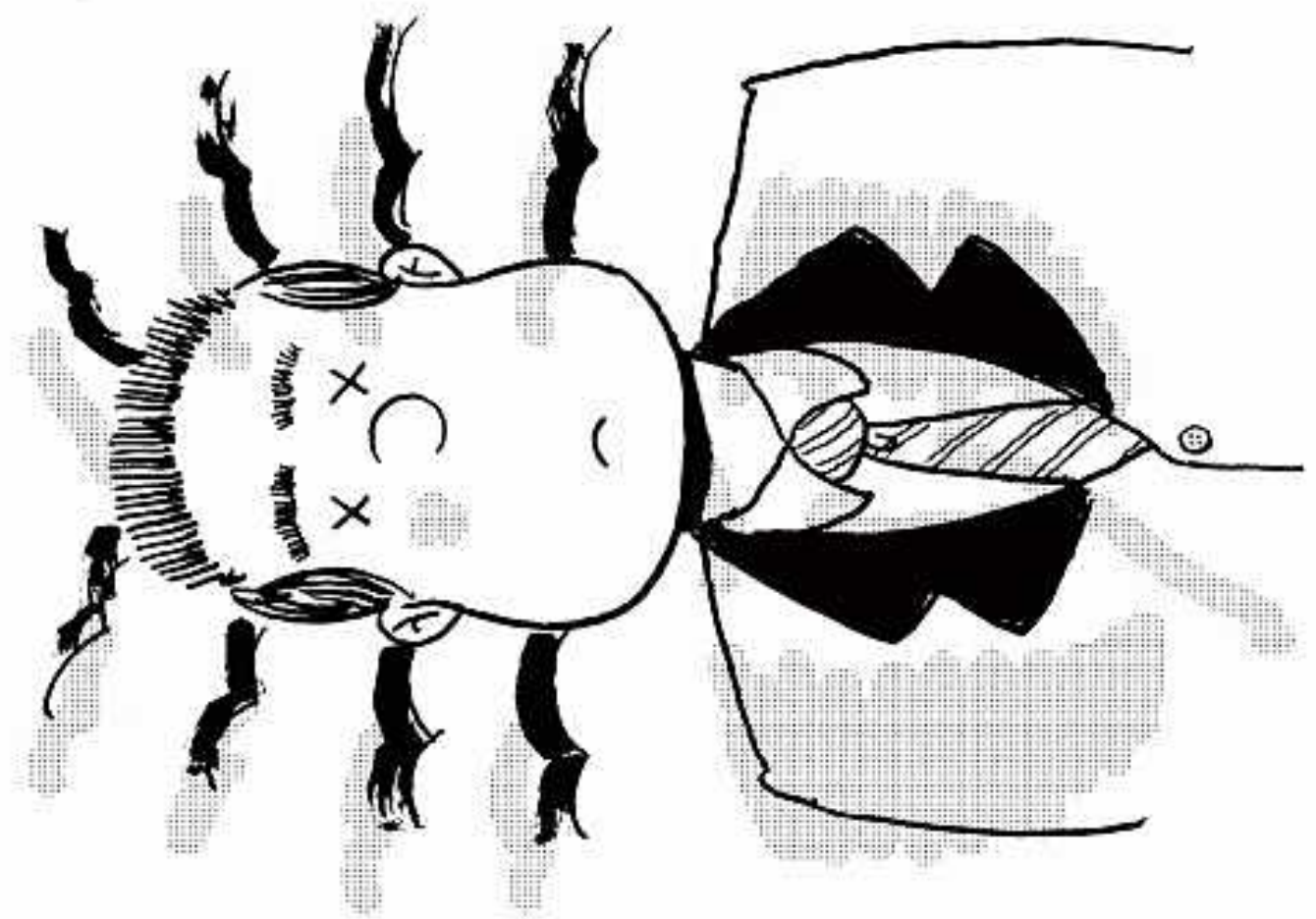






I DID
SOMETHING
REALLY
BAD.

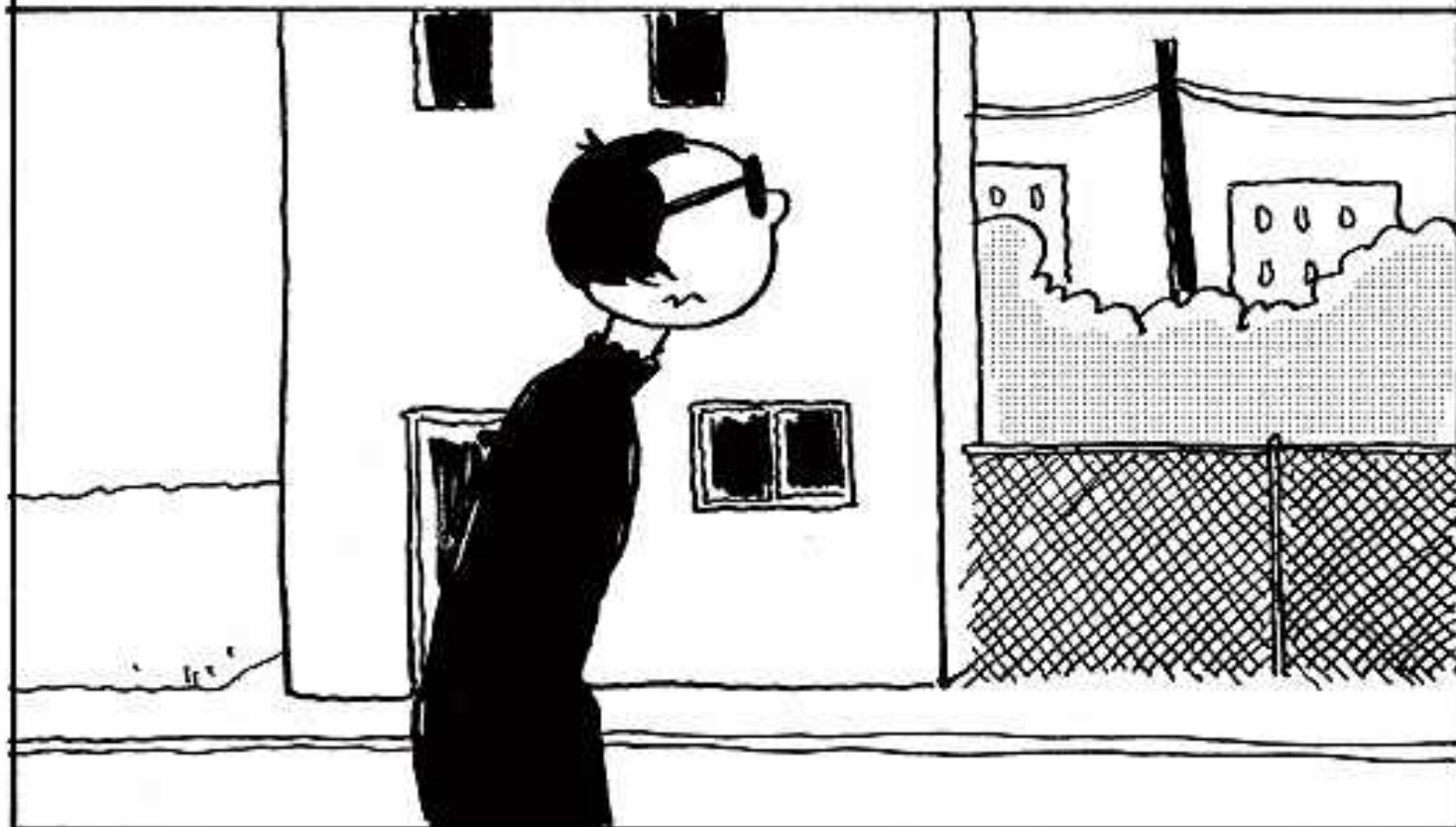




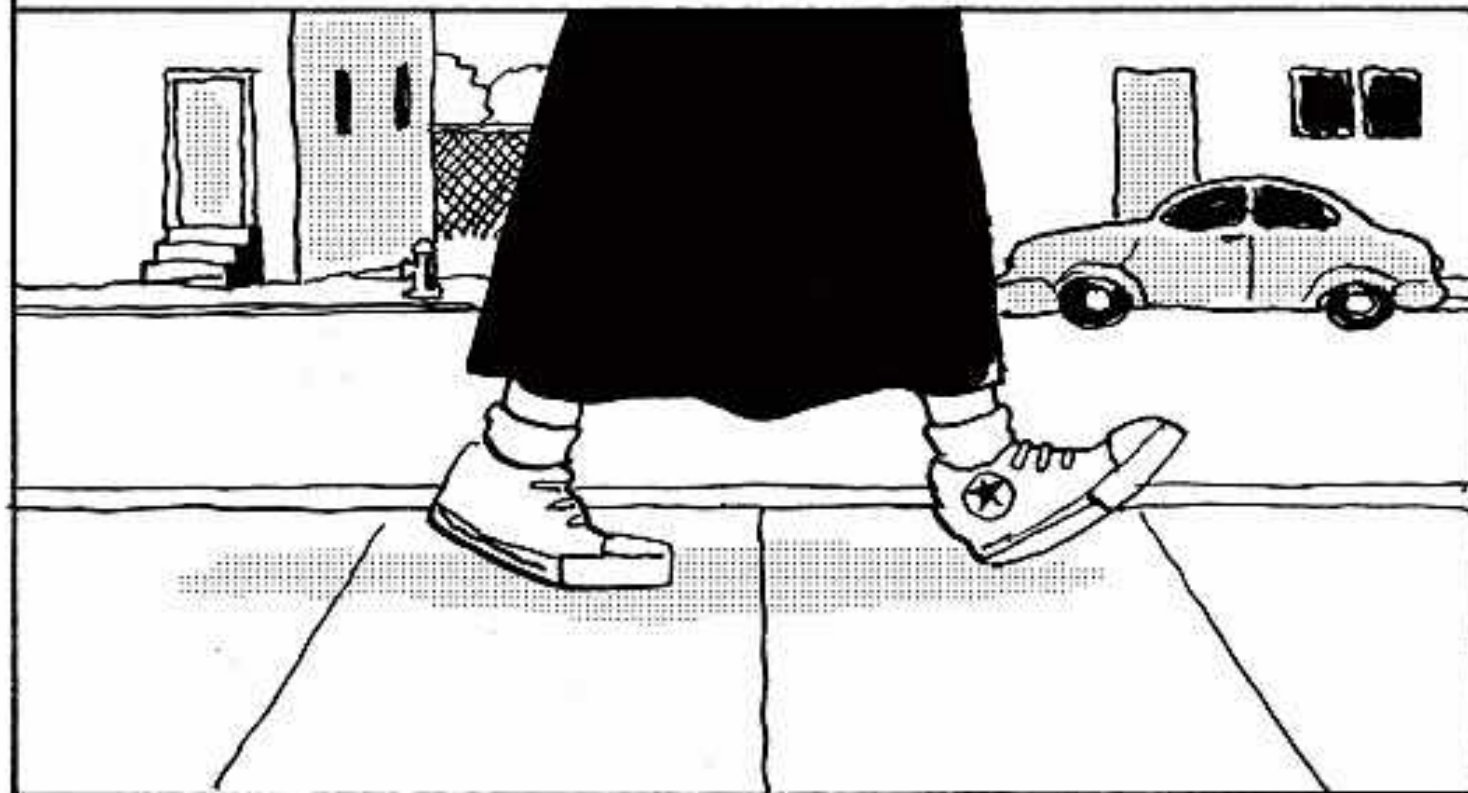


funeral

I DON'T KNOW WHY I WENT.



IT WASN'T LIKE STARING AT A BUG YOU JUST SQUISHED WITH A MAGAZINE FOR GETTING IN YOUR LINE OF SIGHT.



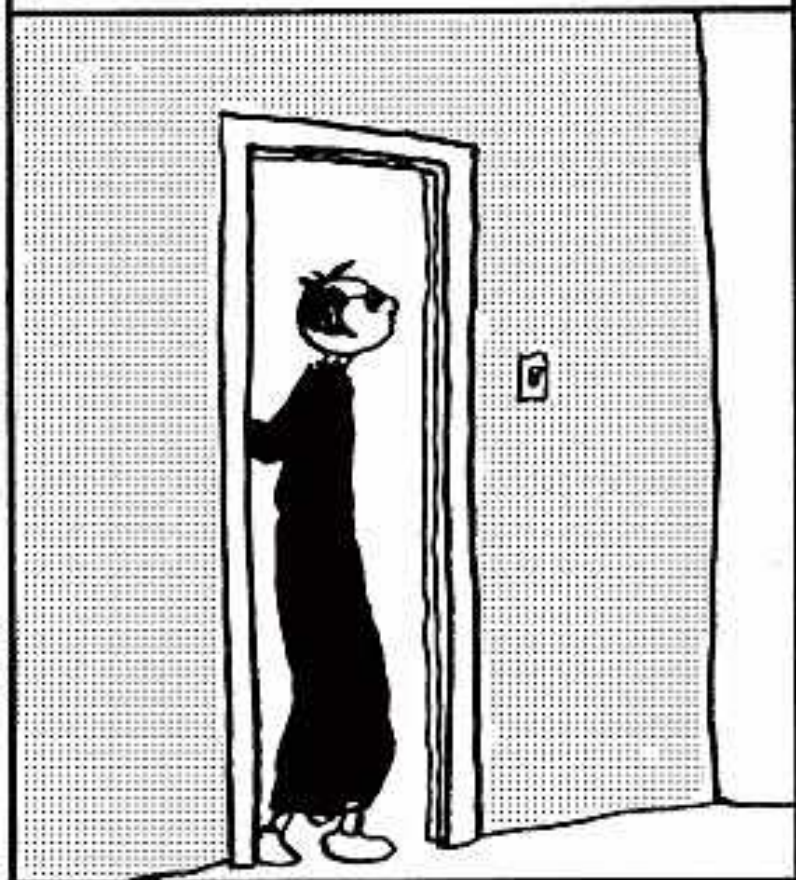
NO.

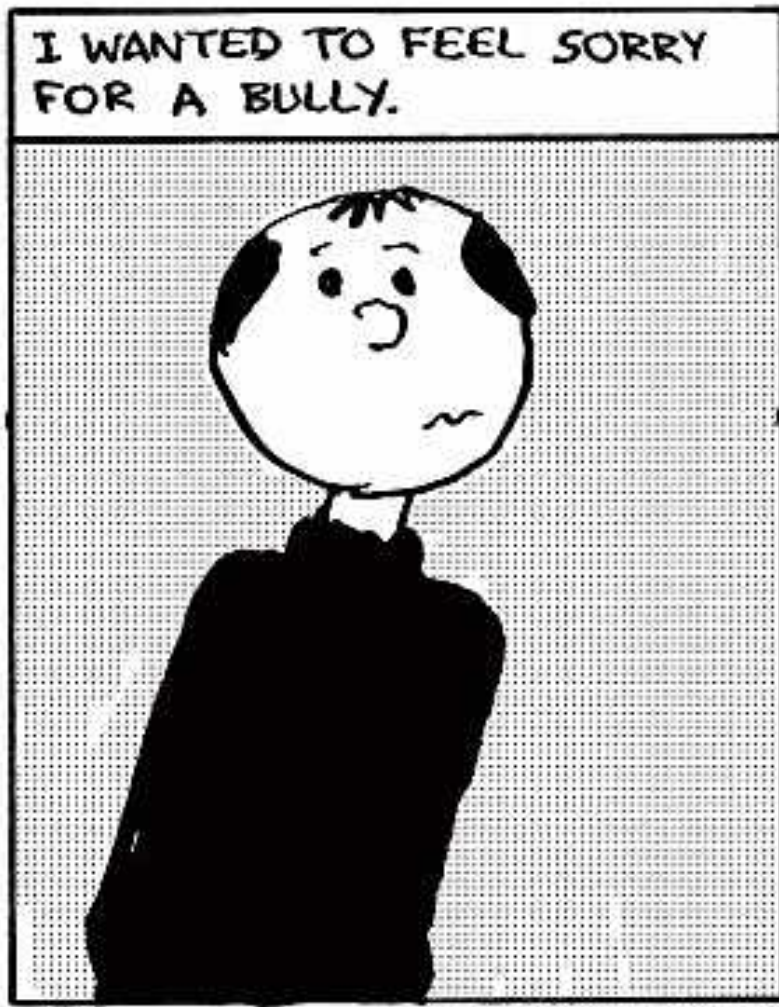
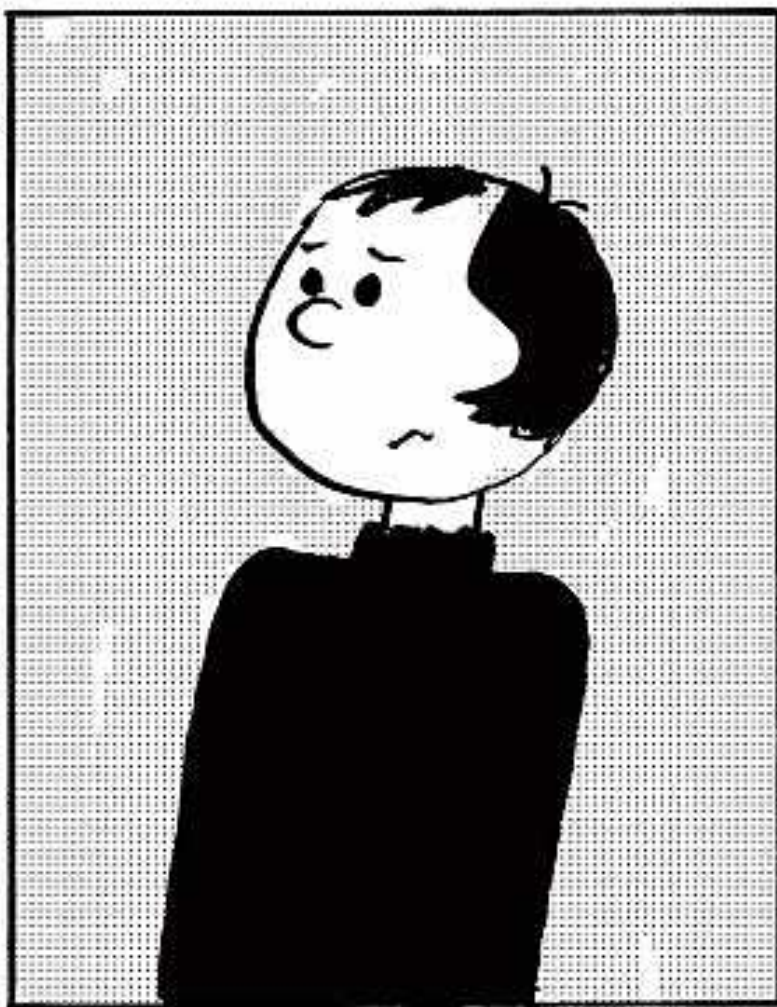
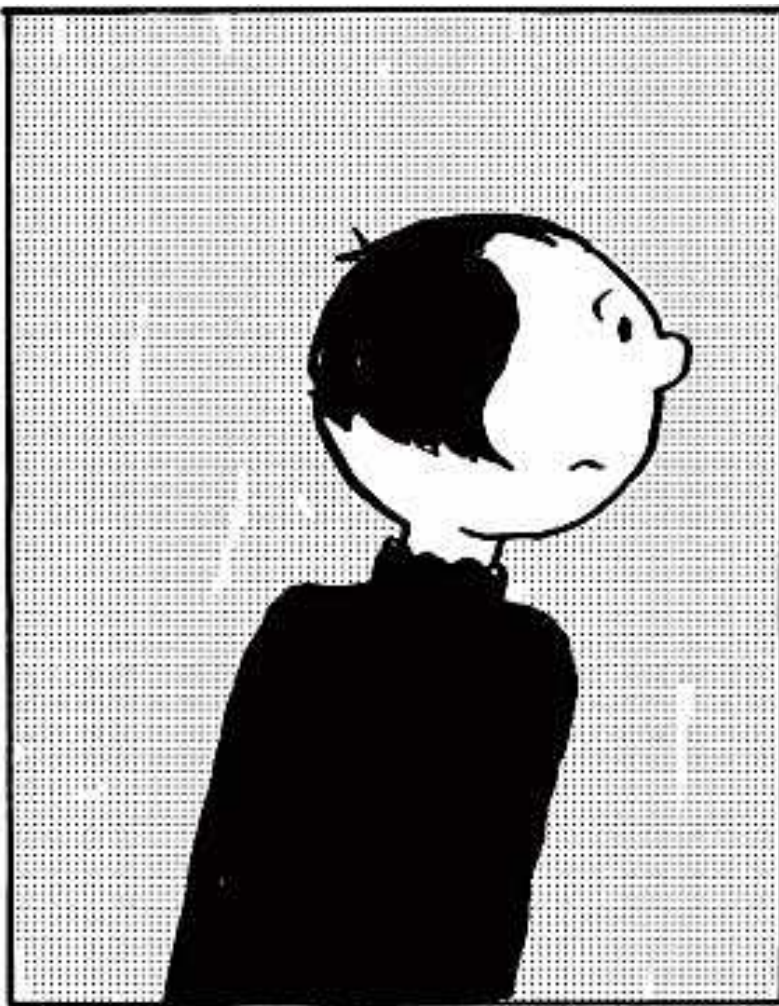
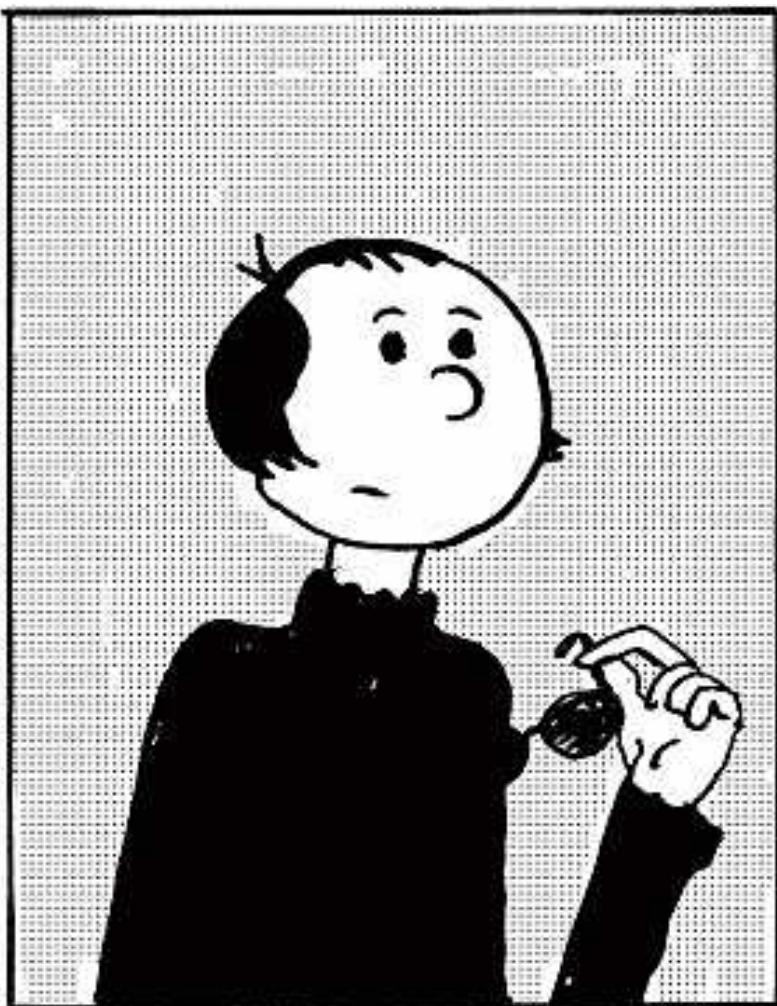


I WAS MORE CURIOUS TO
FACE WHAT I'D DONE.



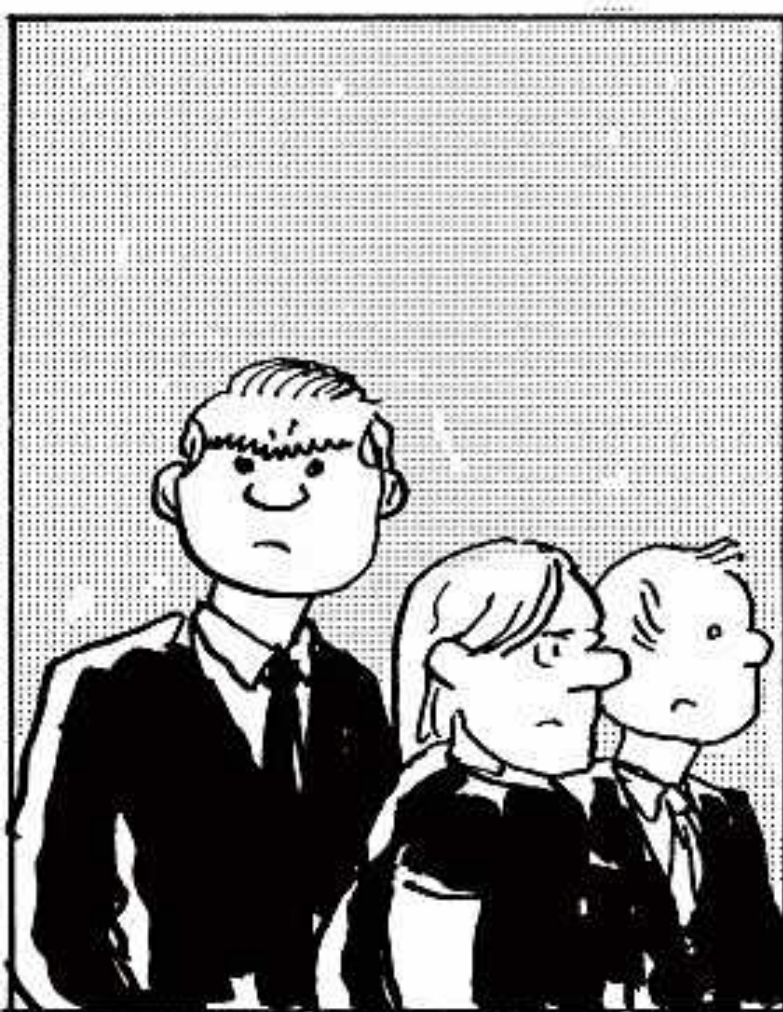
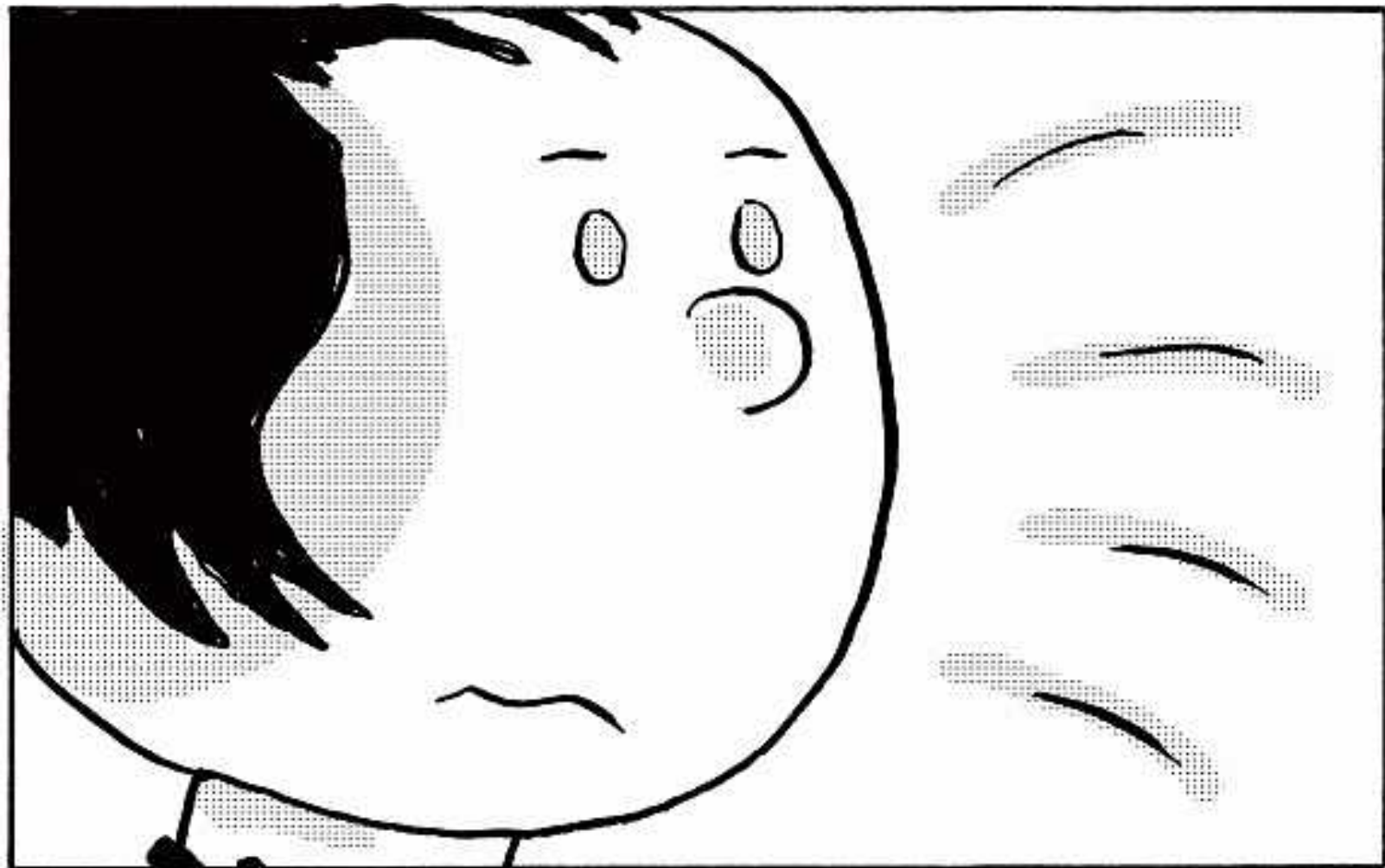
I WANTED TO SEE ALL THE
PEOPLE WHO CAME TO CRY.





IT WASN'T THE FIRST DEAD BODY I'VE SEEN.
BUT NO LESS HAUNTING.





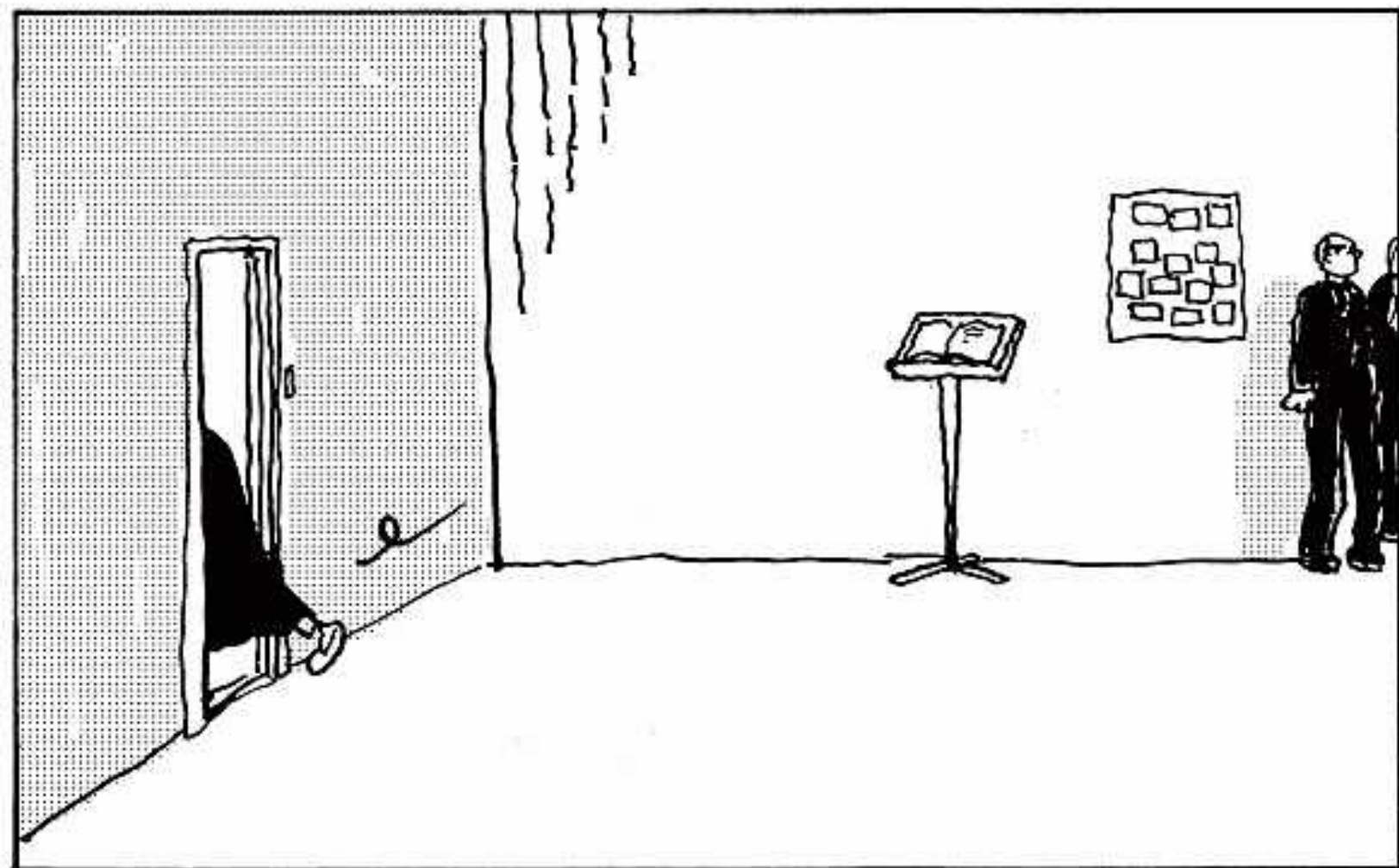
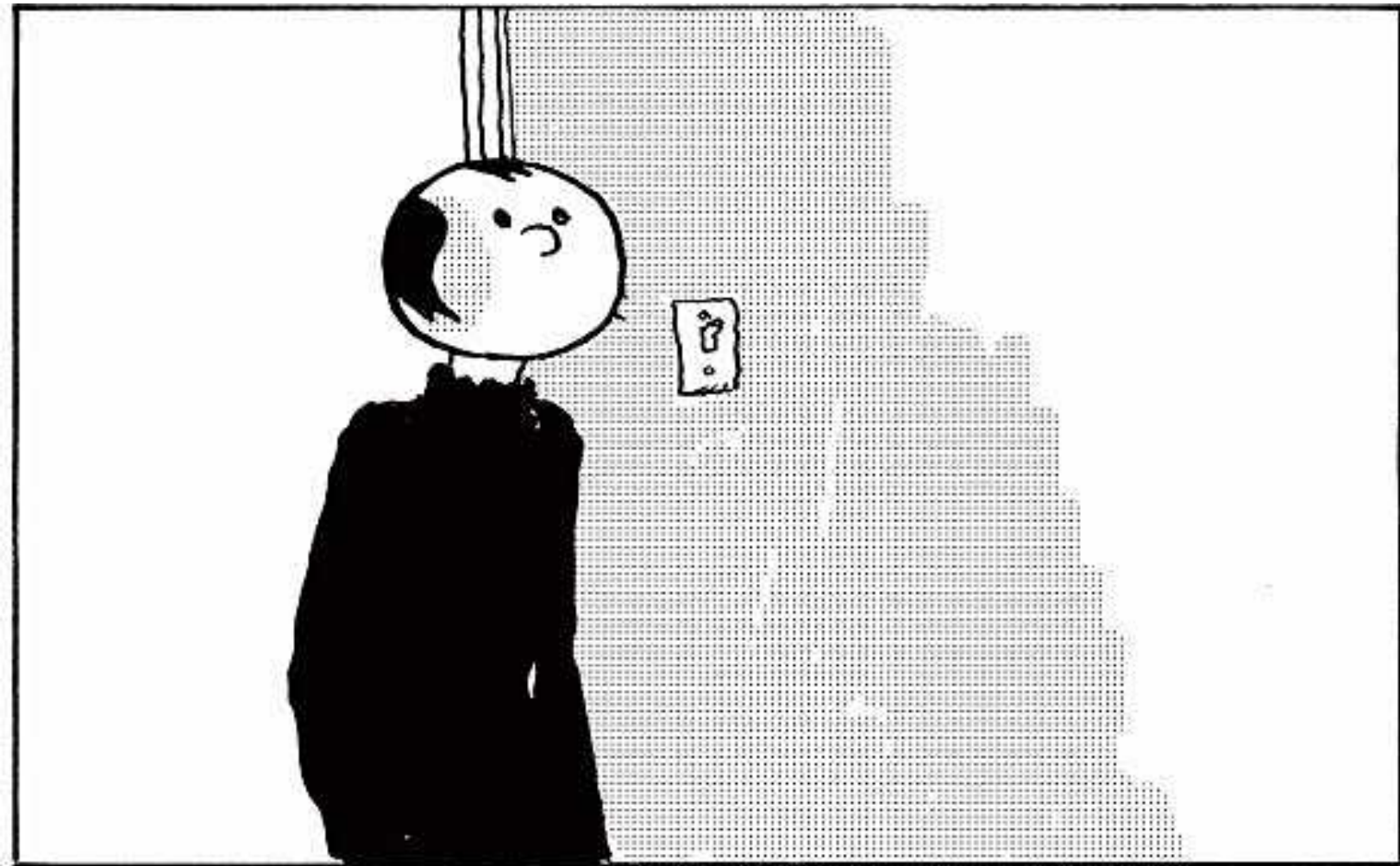
BOO-
HOO!

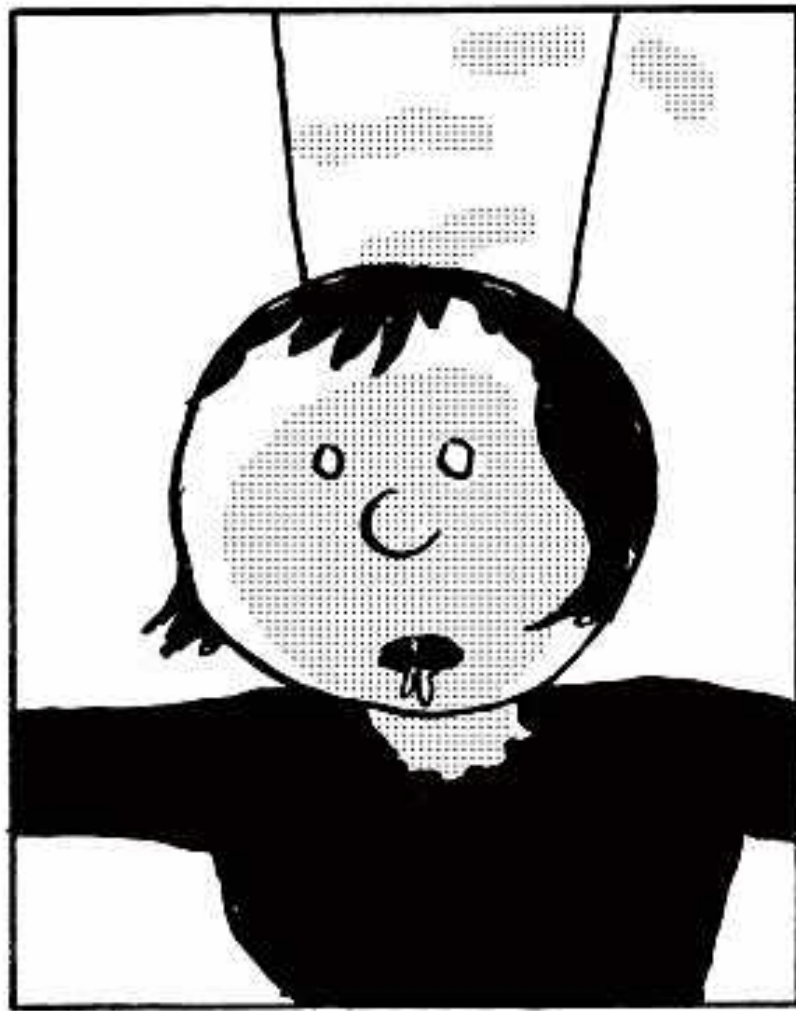


SNIFF!

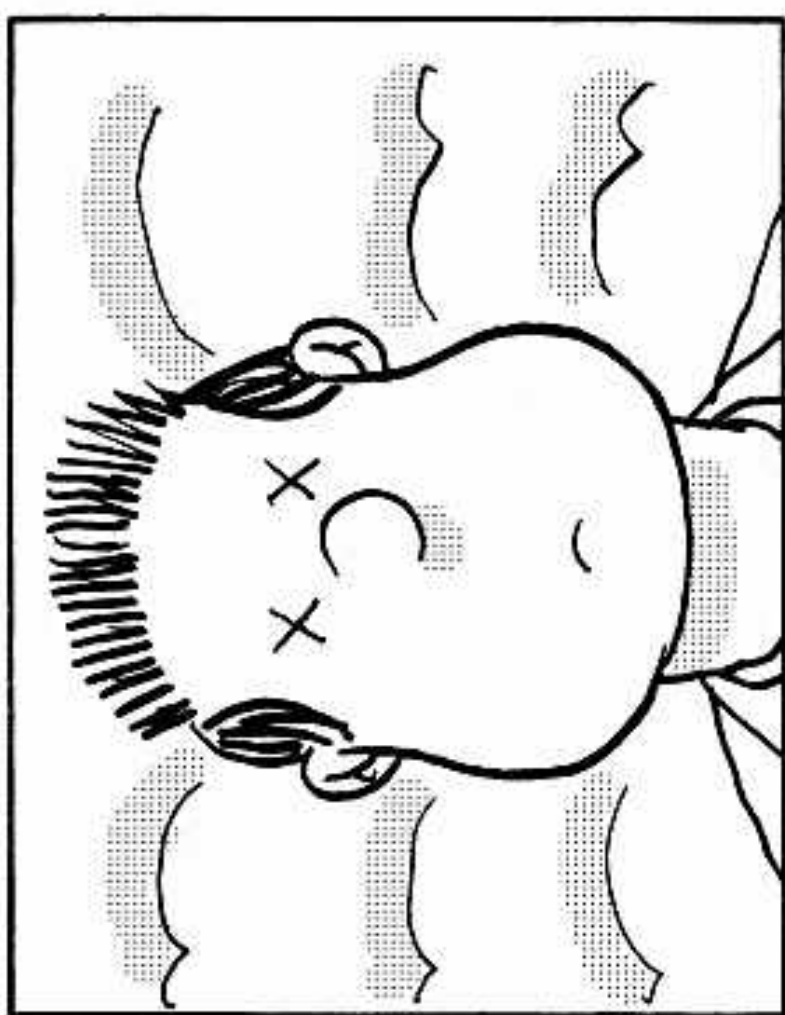
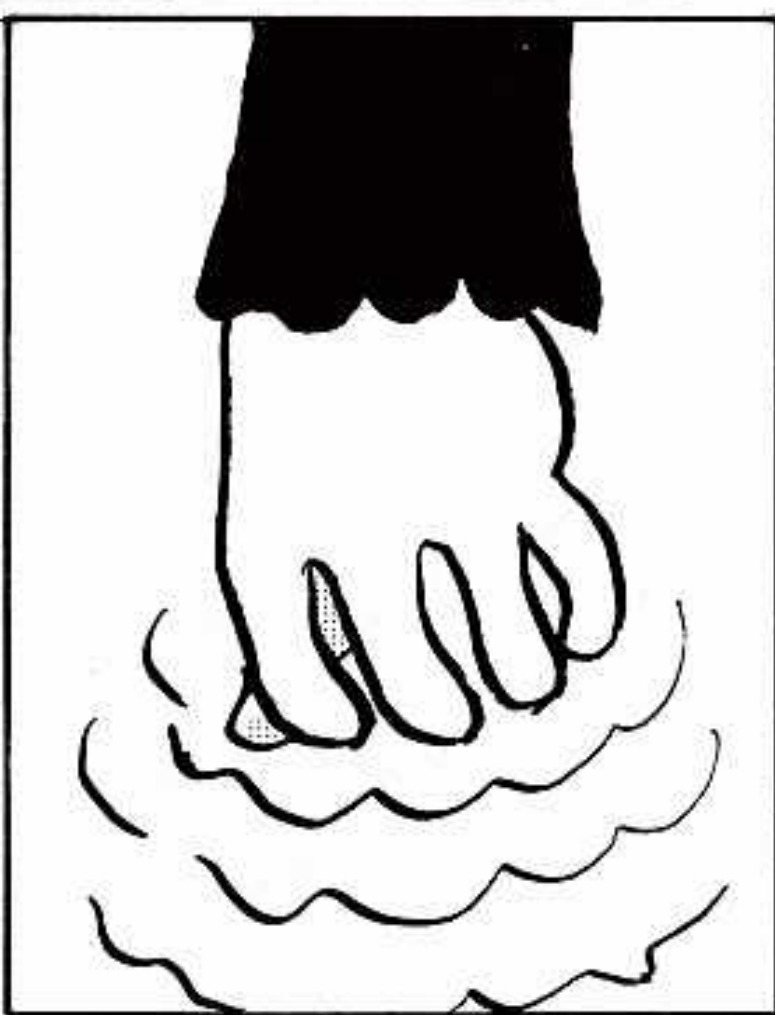
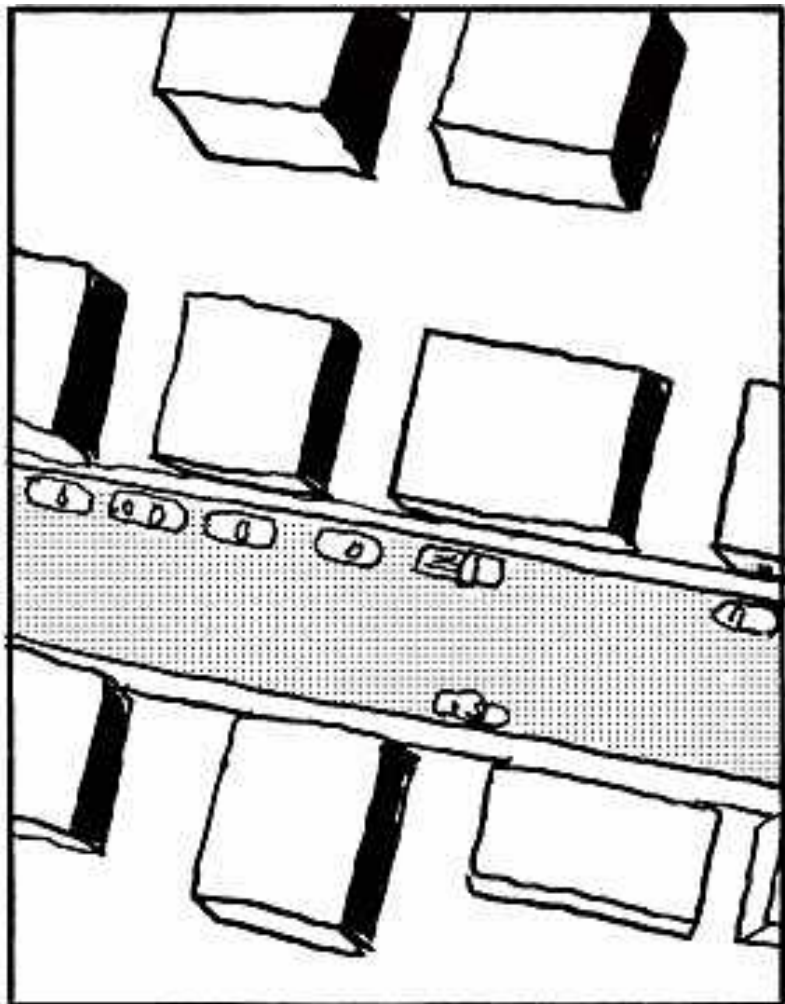
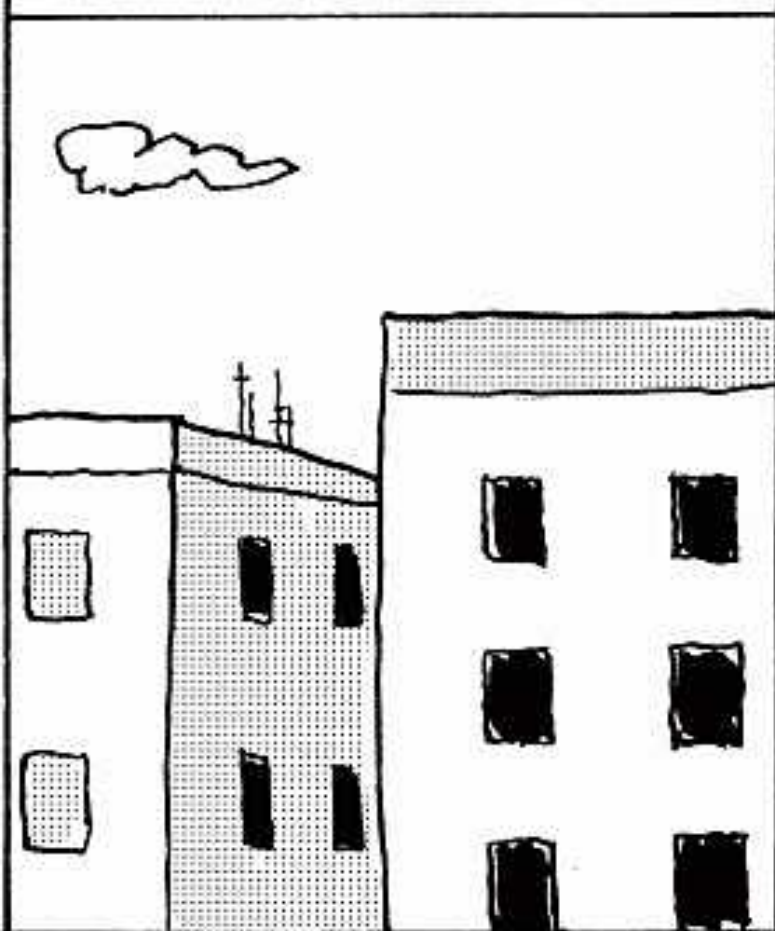
BOO-
HOO!





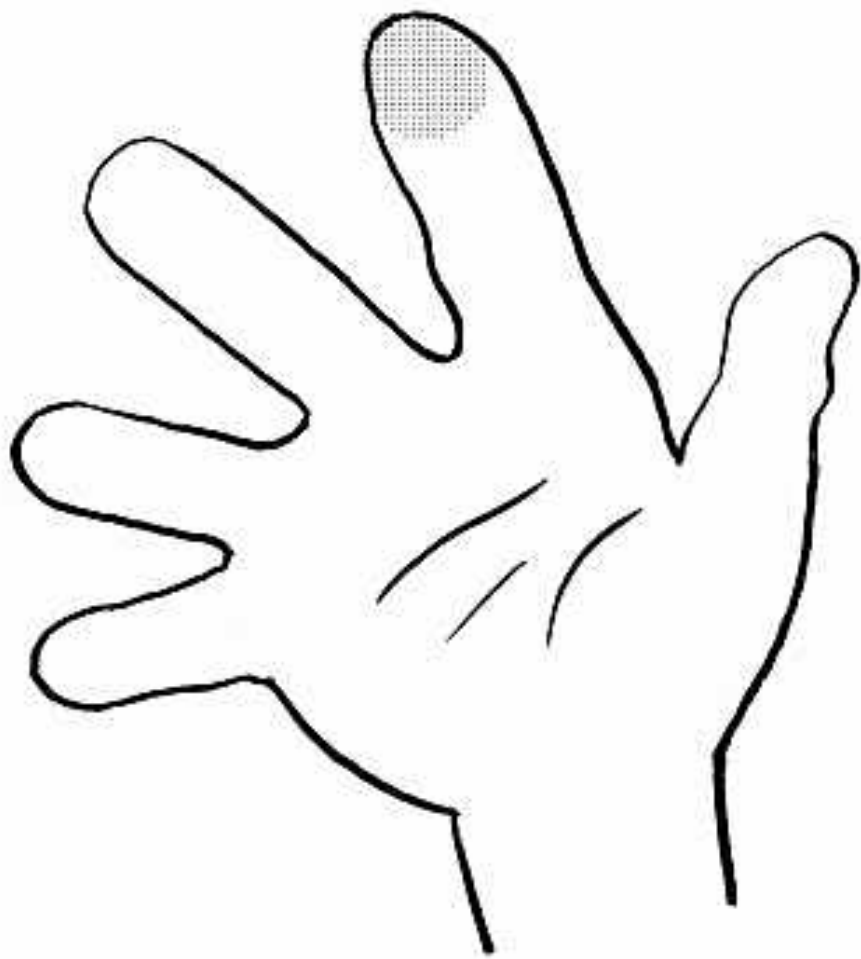


AND SHE STILL LOVES HIM.



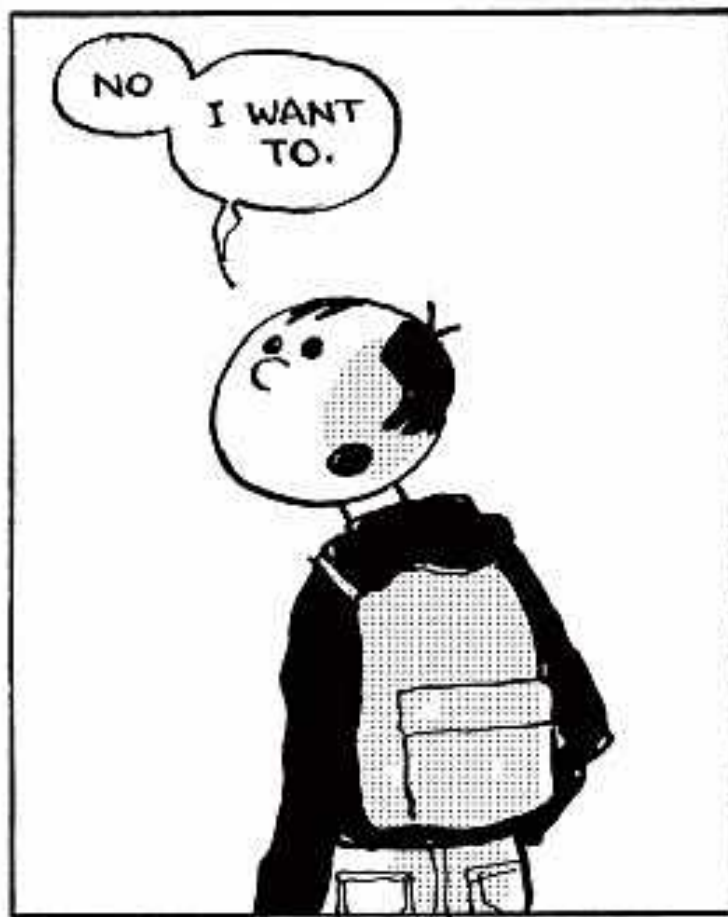


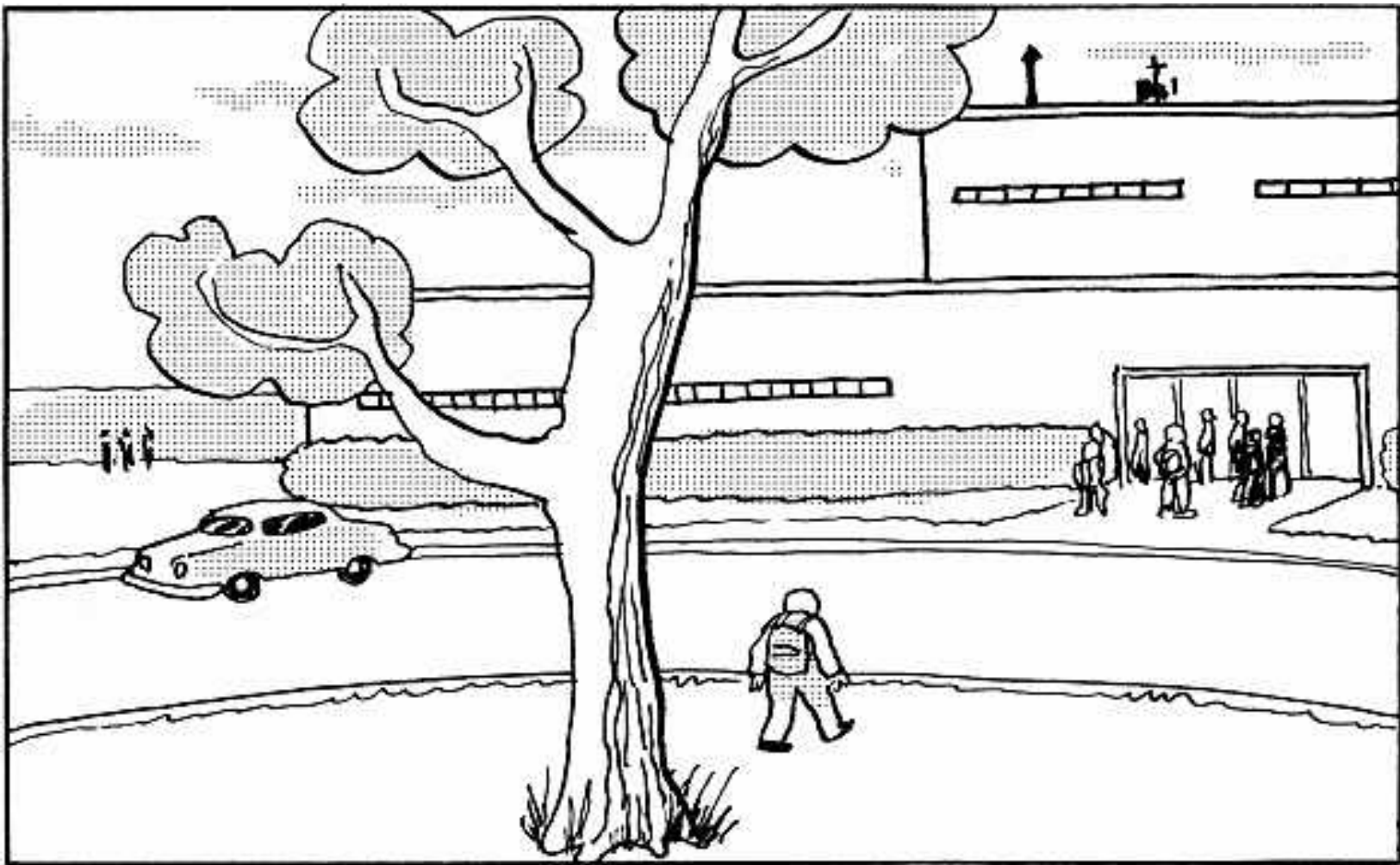
- 14 -






*last
school
day*





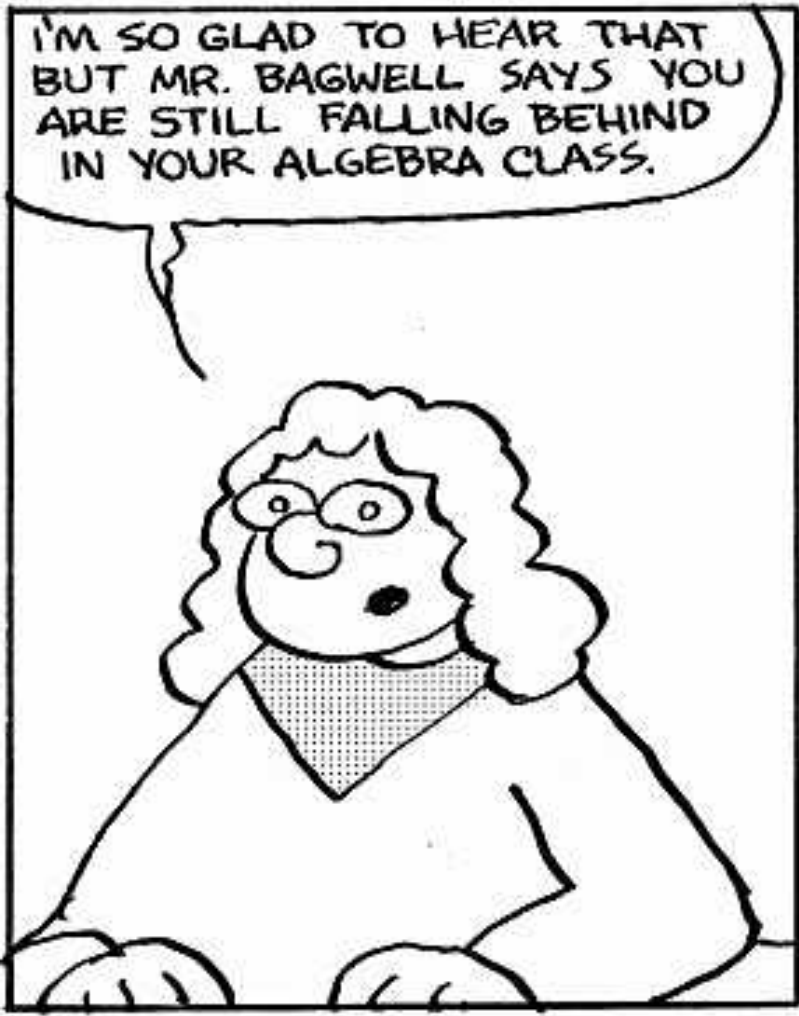


HOW HAS THE JOURNALING BEEN GOING?



OKAY, I GUESS.

I'VE ACTUALLY BEEN WRITING IN IT ALL THE TIME.



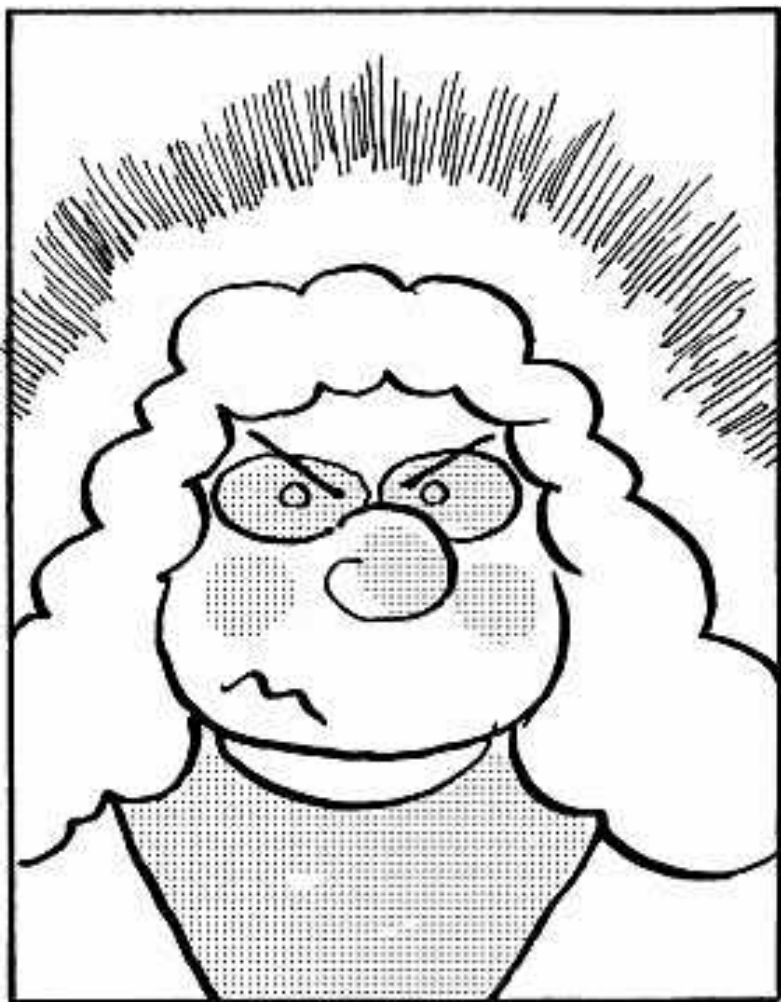
I'M SO GLAD TO HEAR THAT BUT MR. BAGWELL SAYS YOU ARE STILL FALLING BEHIND IN YOUR ALGEBRA CLASS.

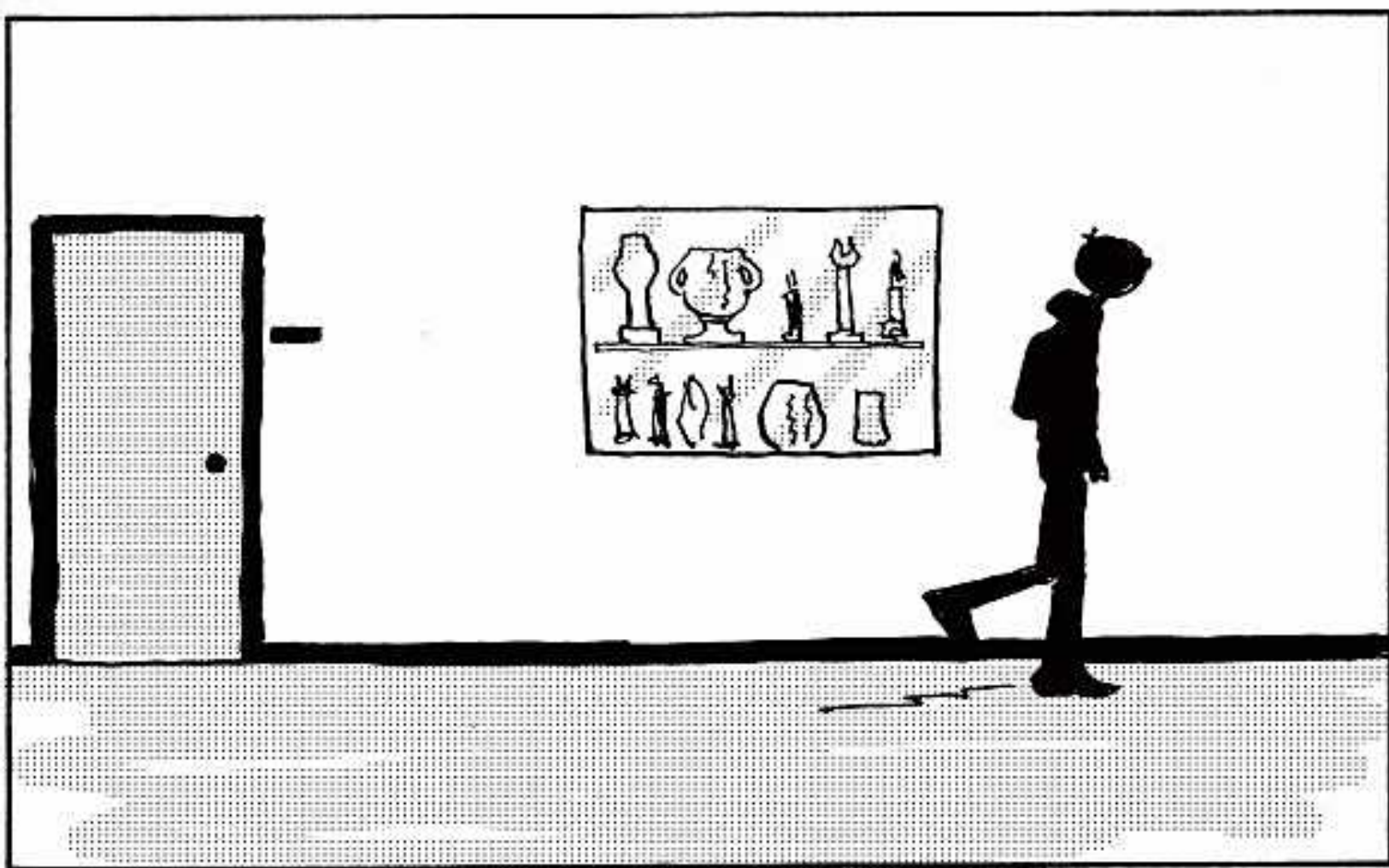
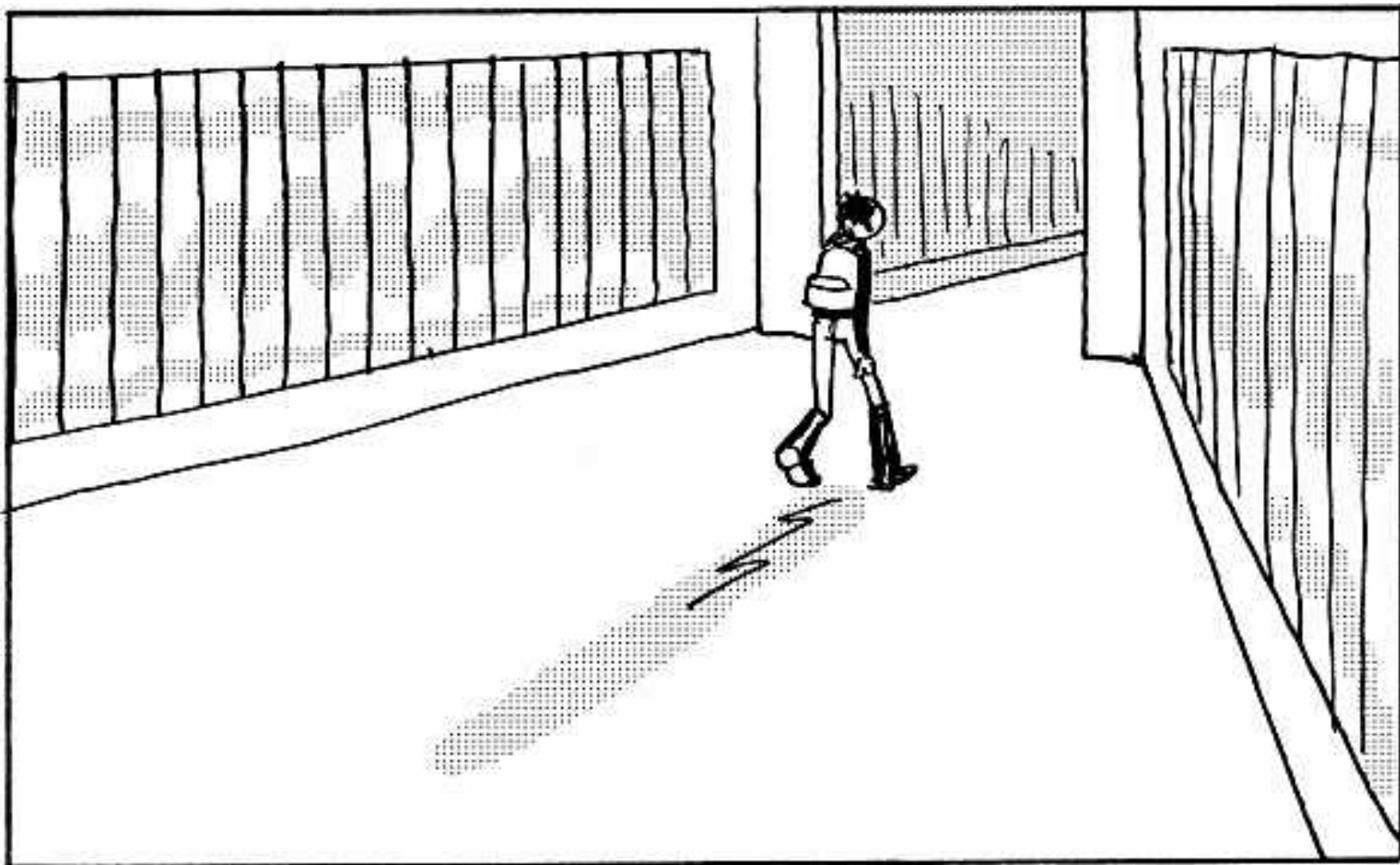


SIGH.

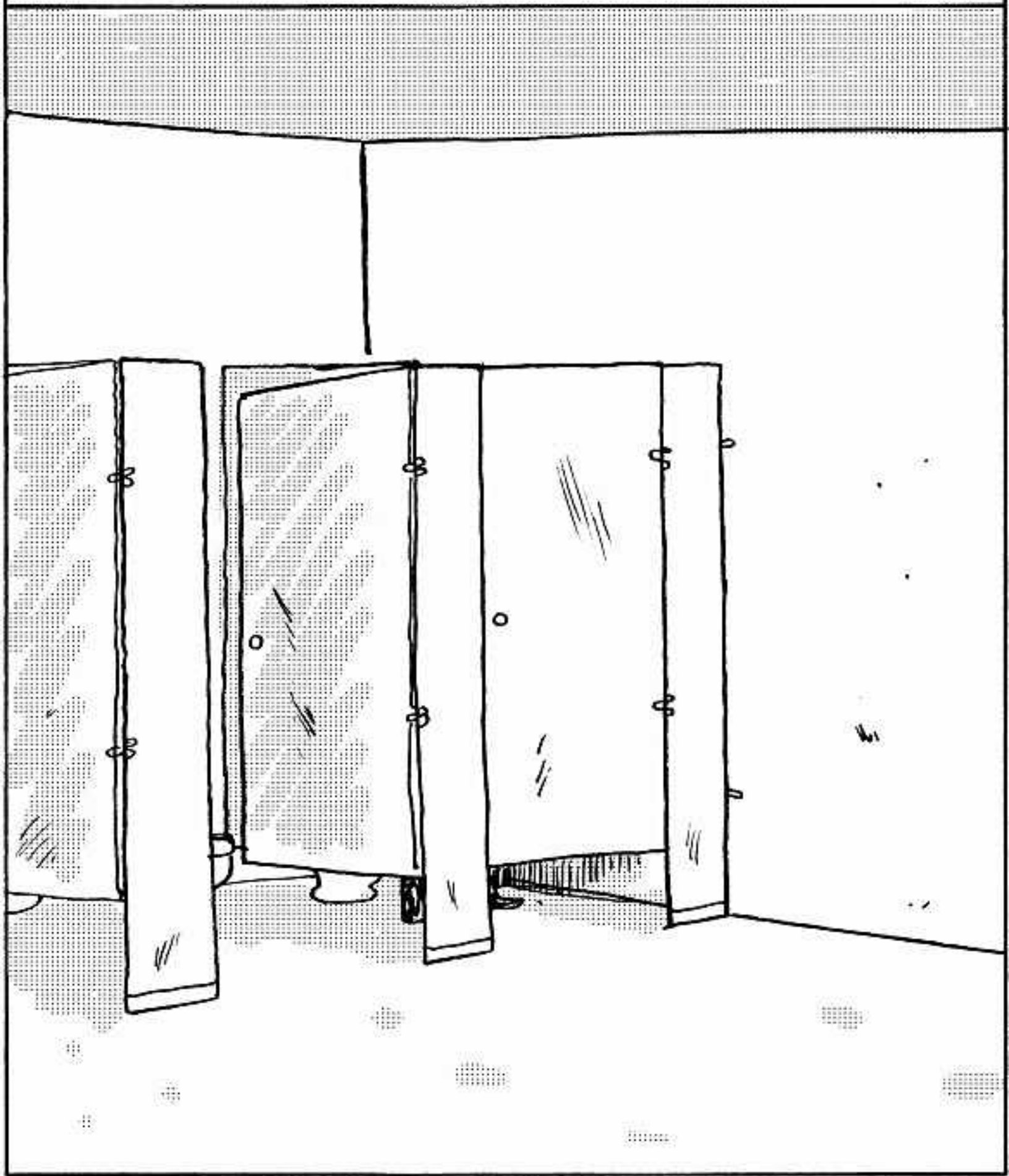
UGH.

SO WHAT?

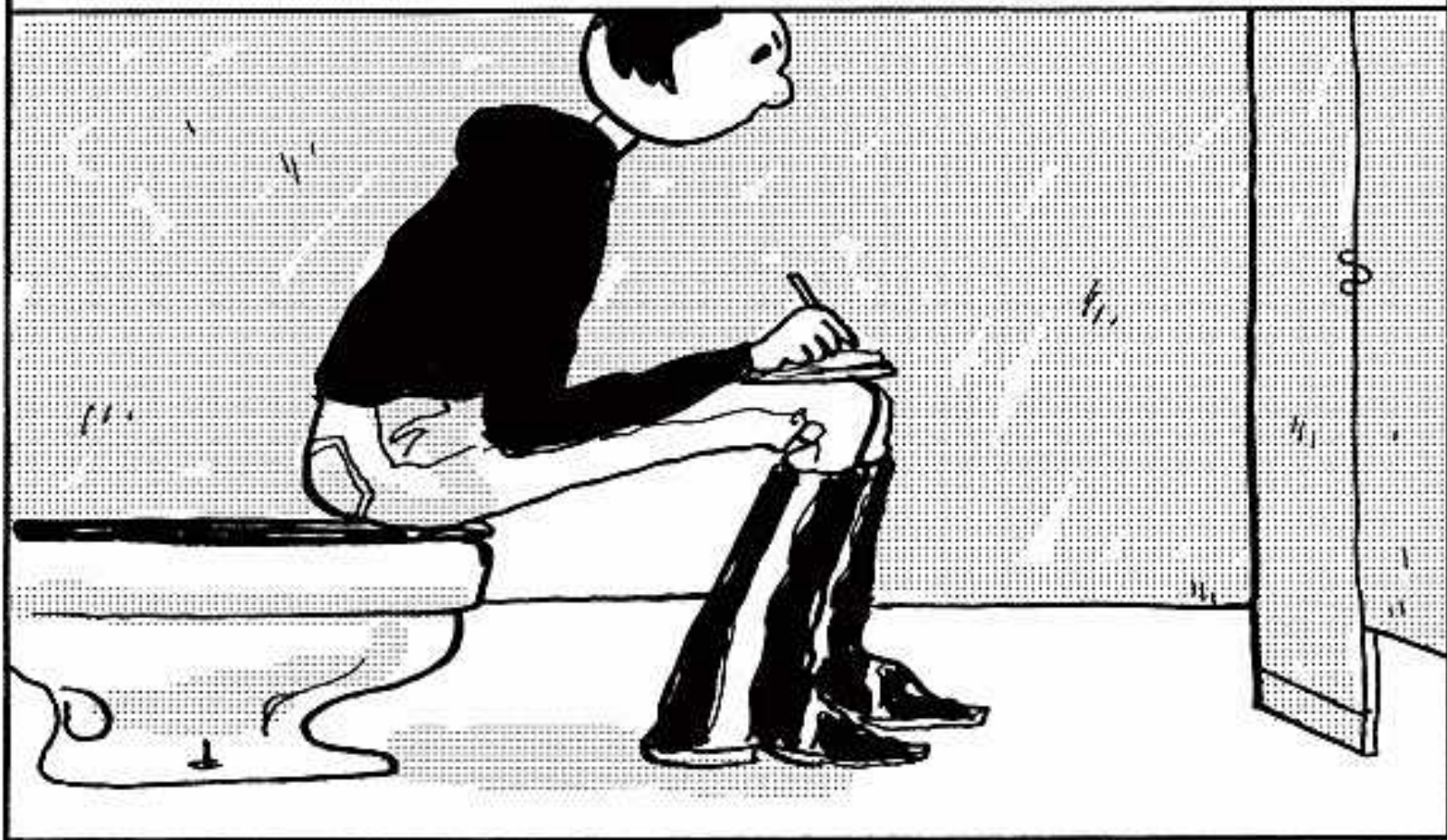




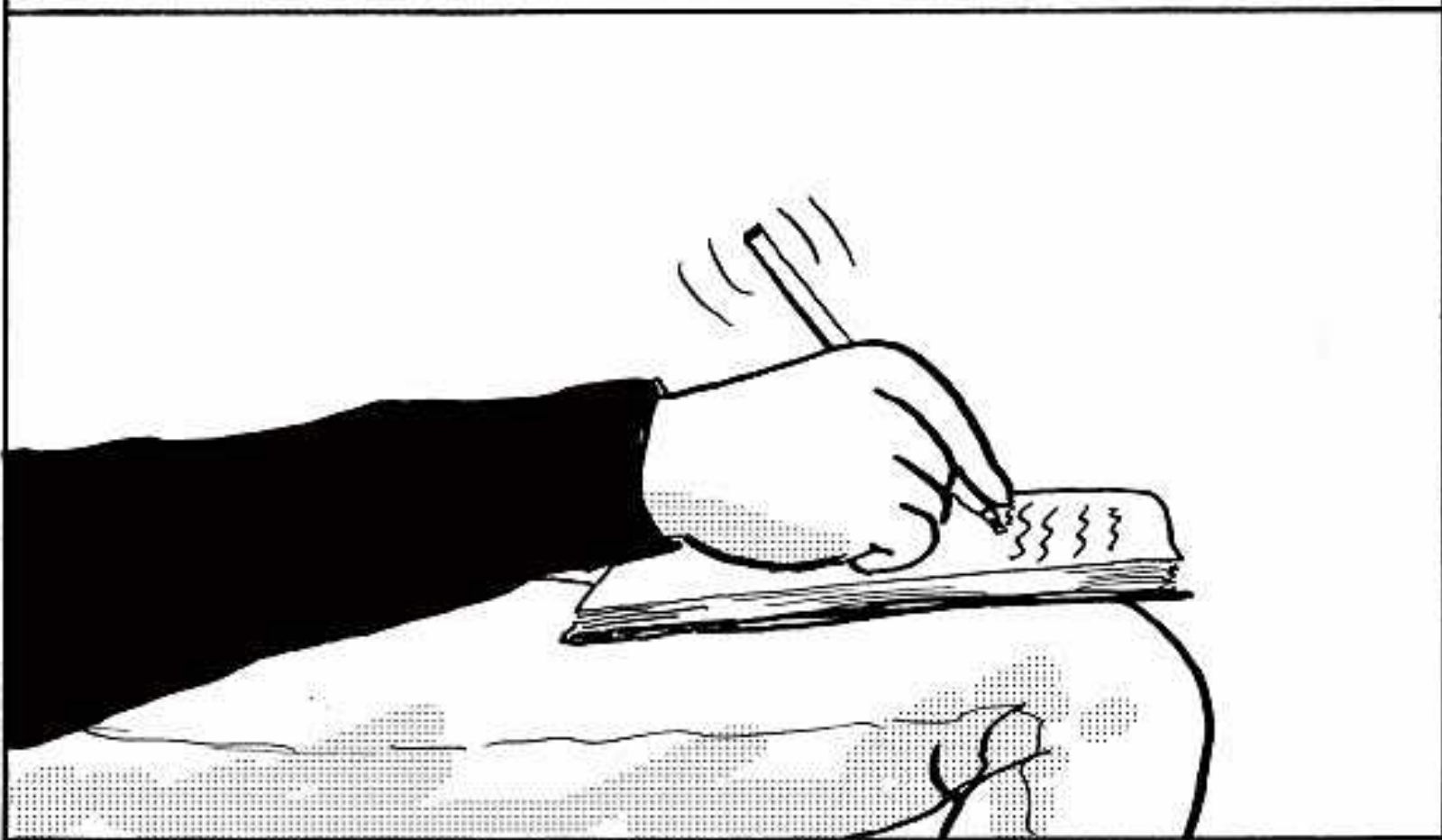
WHY DID I COME TO SCHOOL EVEN?! I GUESS I THOUGHT SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN HERE.



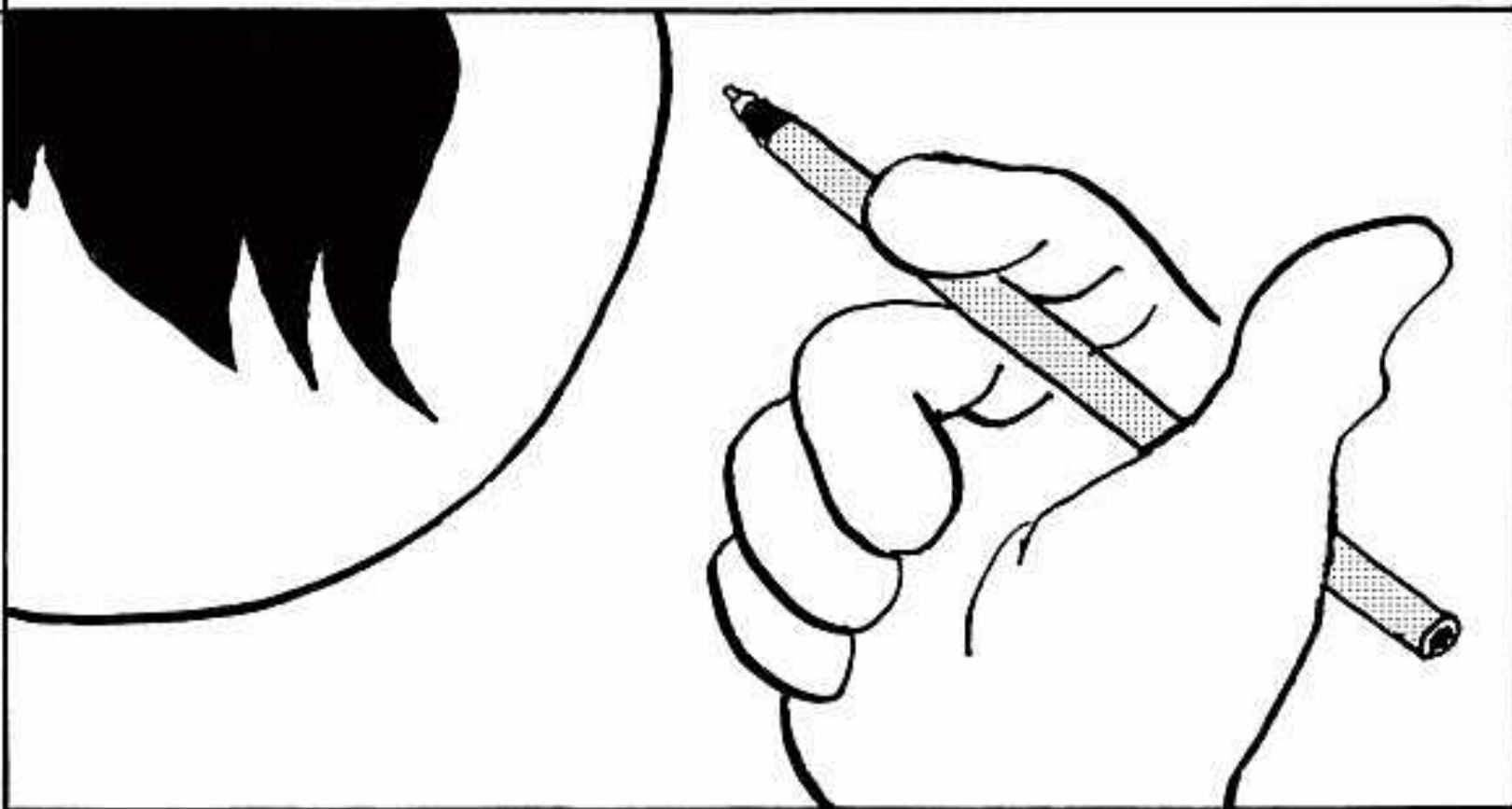
WHATEVER. I DON'T CARE. WHY SHOULD SHE?



I HAVEN'T EVEN TALKED TO HER SINCE I DID IT.



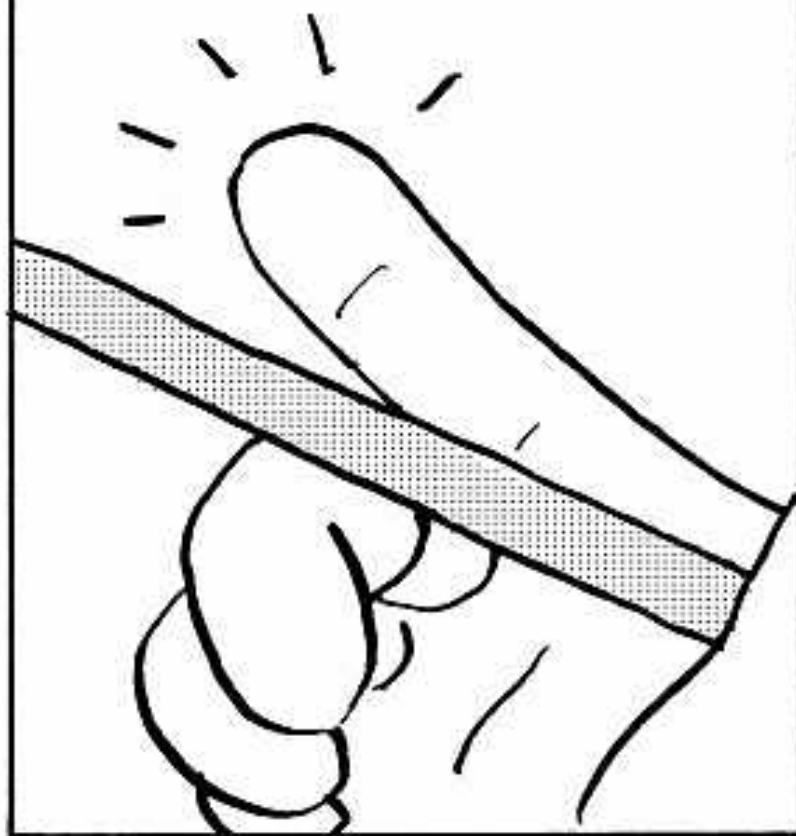
WHAT DID I EXPECT? SHE WOULD JUST MAGICALLY JUST KNOW IT WAS ME?



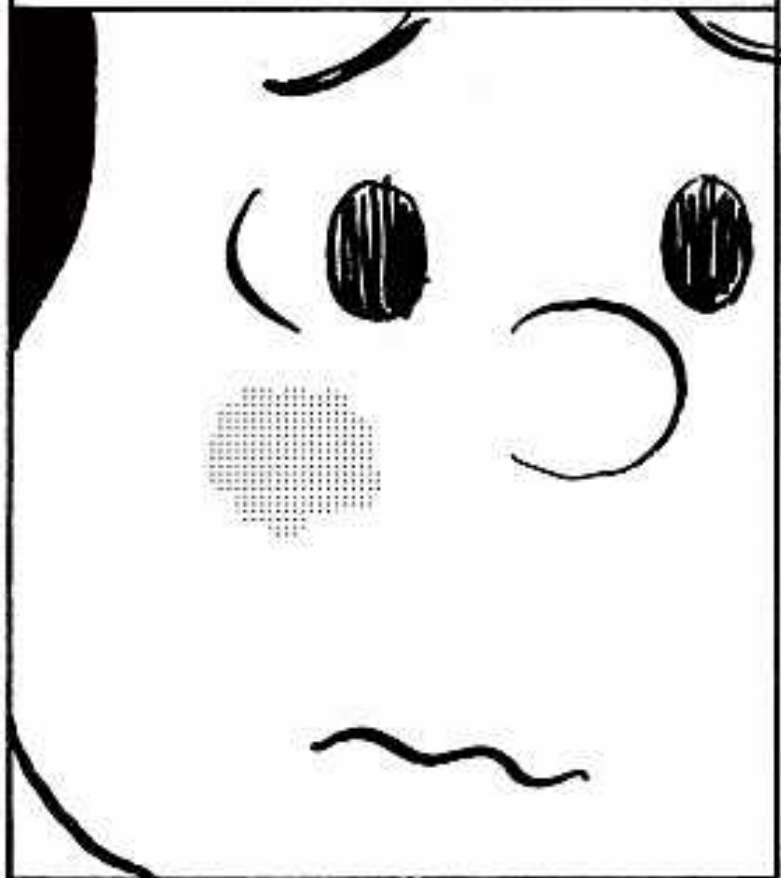
SHE WOULD COME RUNNING TO ME WITH HEARTS IN HER EYES?



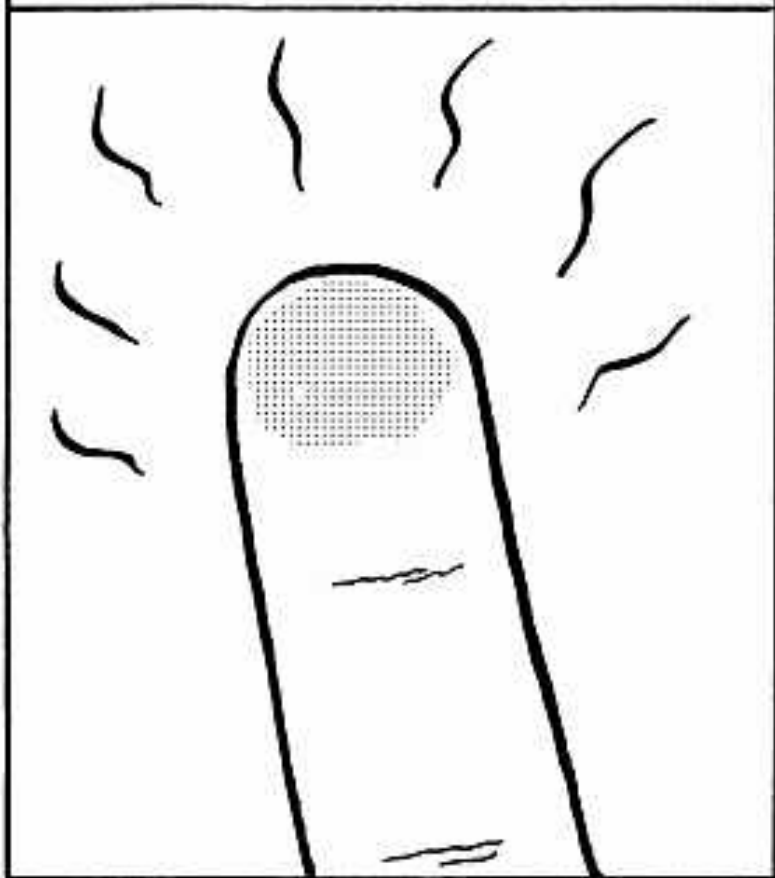
I'M SUCH A STUPID BITCH.



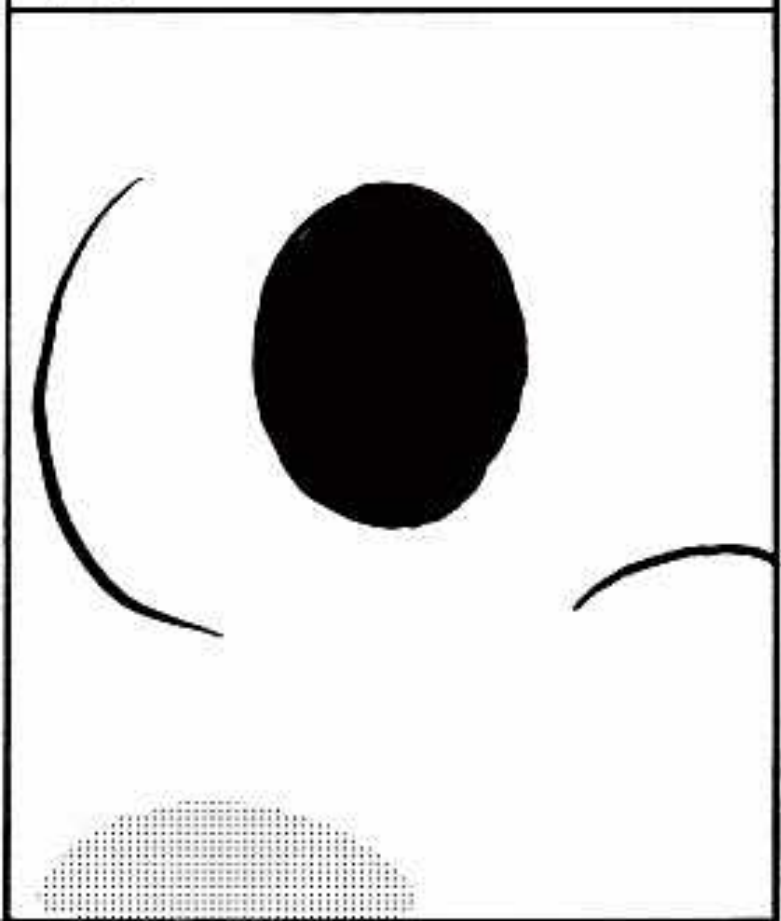
UGLY, SKINNY, TOM-BOY,
BEAN-POLE CUNT!



THIS STUPID POWER IS
WASTED ON ME.



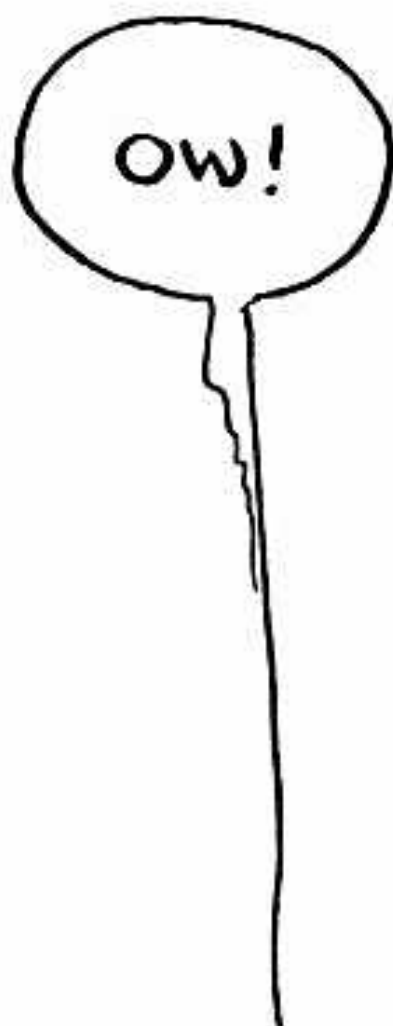
I'M NOT FUCKING SPIDER-MAN.



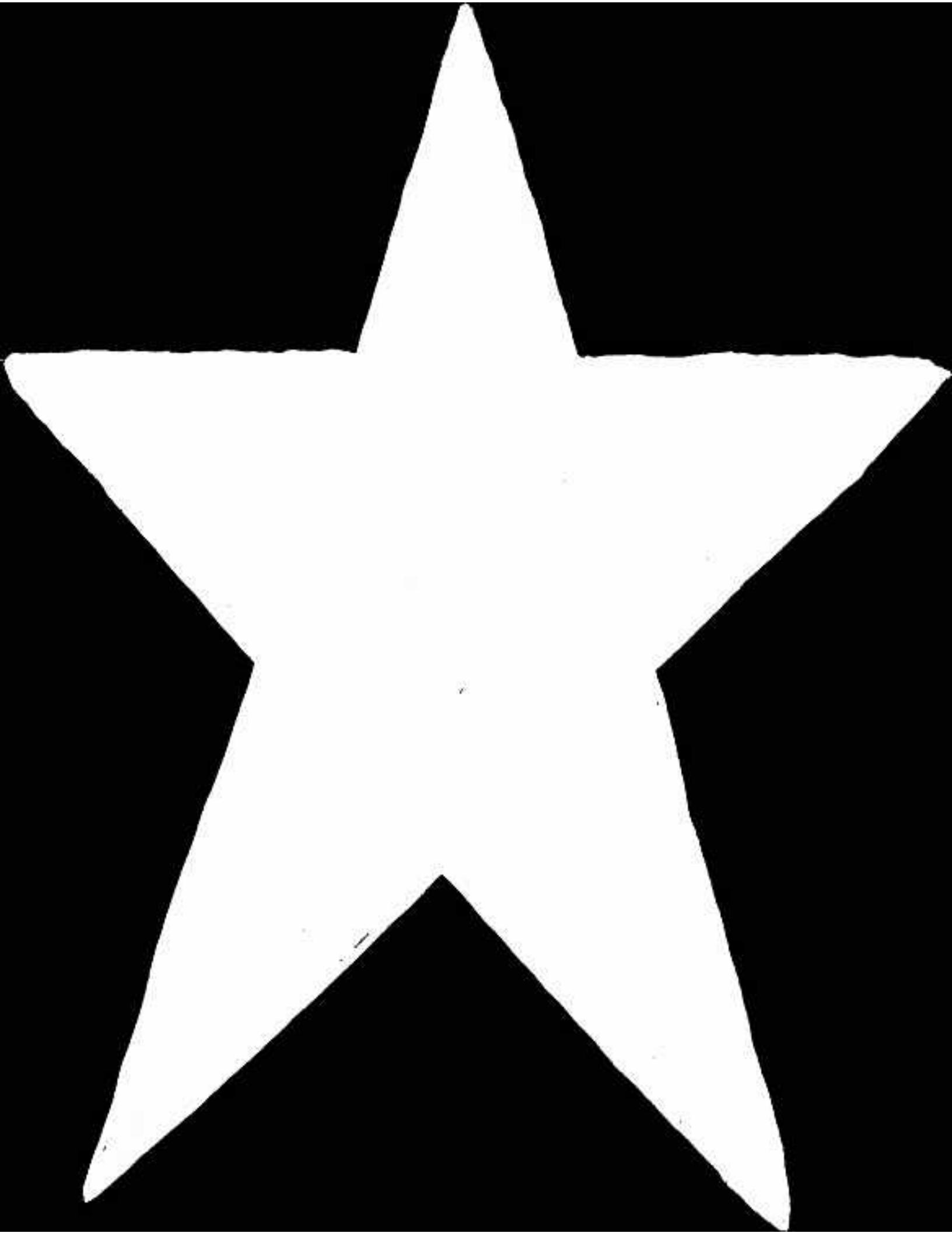
I'M JUST A STUPID IDIOT.



FUCK ME.



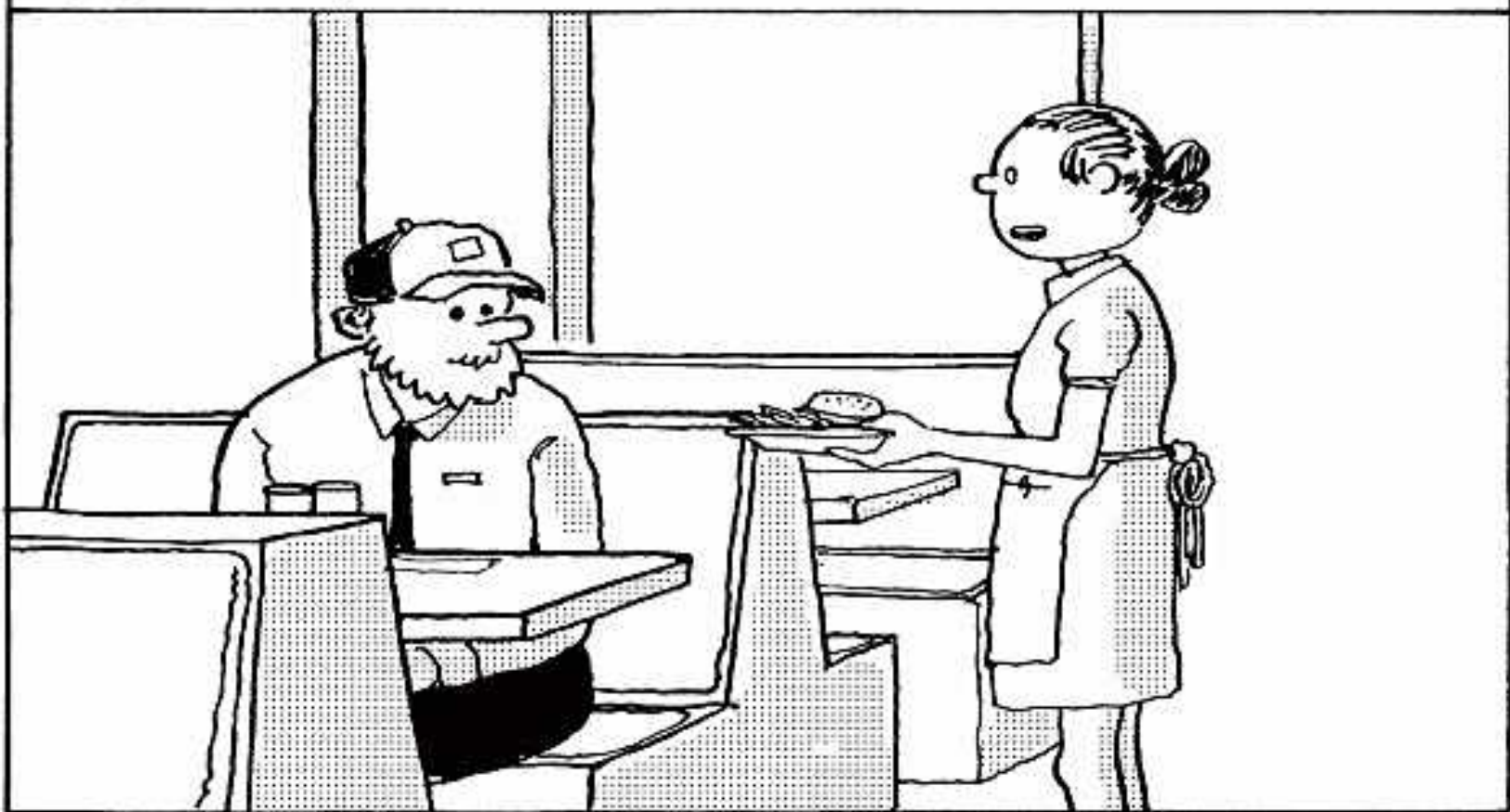
- 15 -



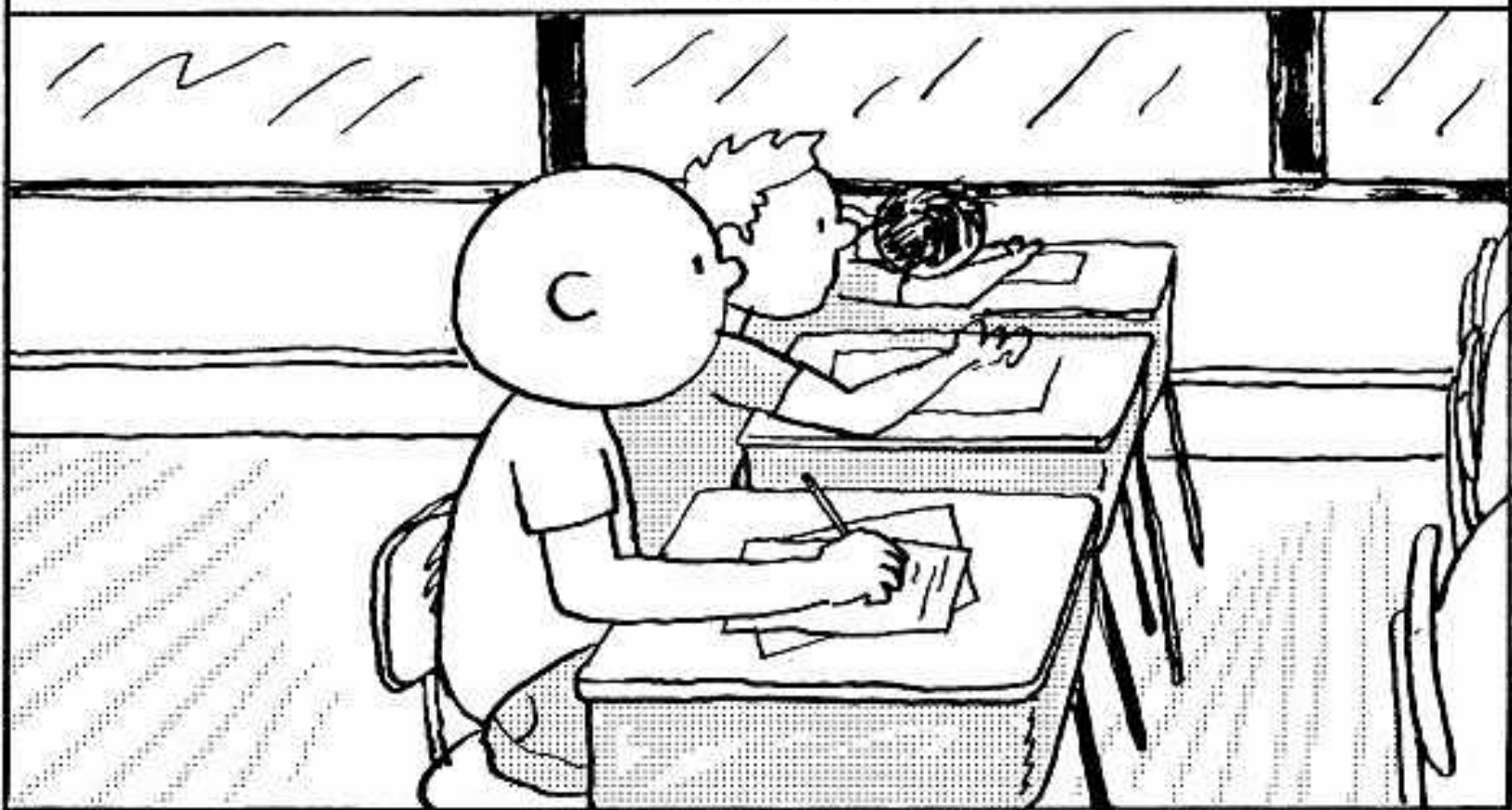
DEAR DIARY, I'VE MADE A DECISION. I'M GOING TO DIE.



I CAN ONLY FEEL THIS BUZZING IN MY HEAD GETTING MUCH WORSE.



AND EVERY WAY I THINK ABOUT IT, I JUST SEE ME BRINGING PAIN TO THOSE AROUND ME.



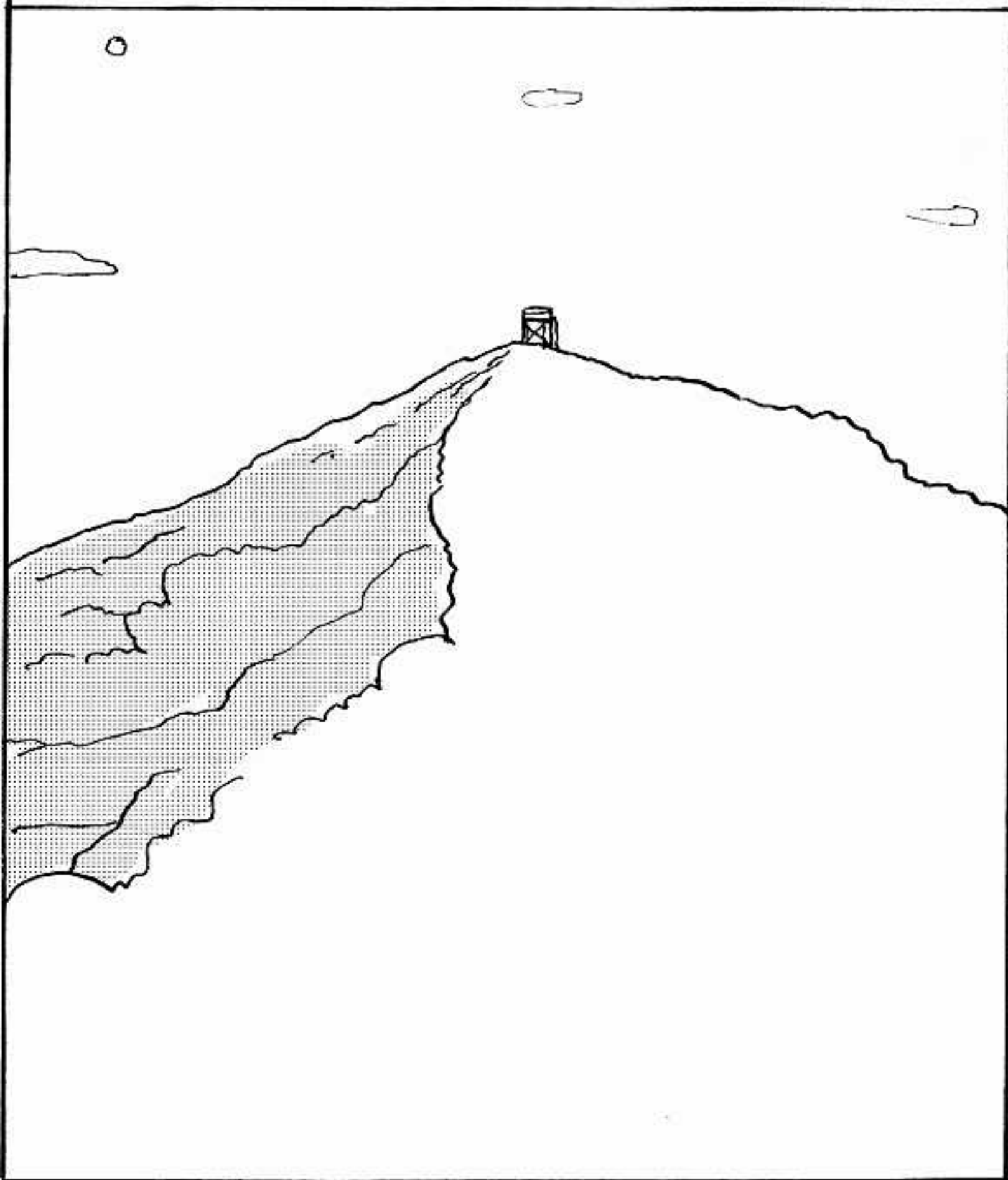
I DON'T WANT TO BE A SELFISH BITCH.



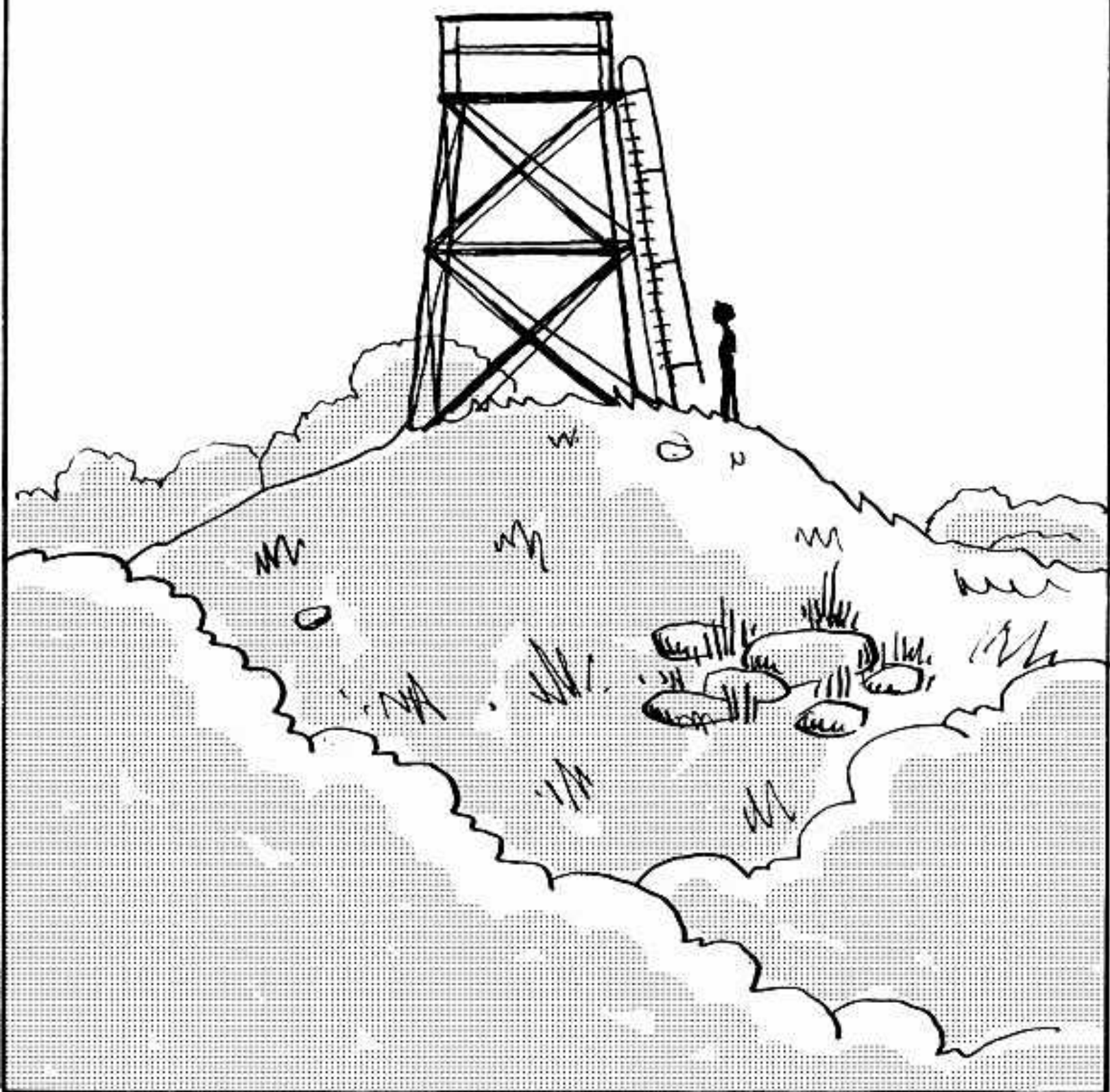
I KNOW PEOPLE SAY SUICIDE IS A SELFISH ACT BUT REALLY,
THE WORLD WILL BE A BETTER PLACE WITHOUT ME AND
MY WEIRD SHIT.



I'VE DECIDED TO CLIMB MT. SUSQUANNA. THAT'S A POETIC PLACE TO DO IT, RIGHT?



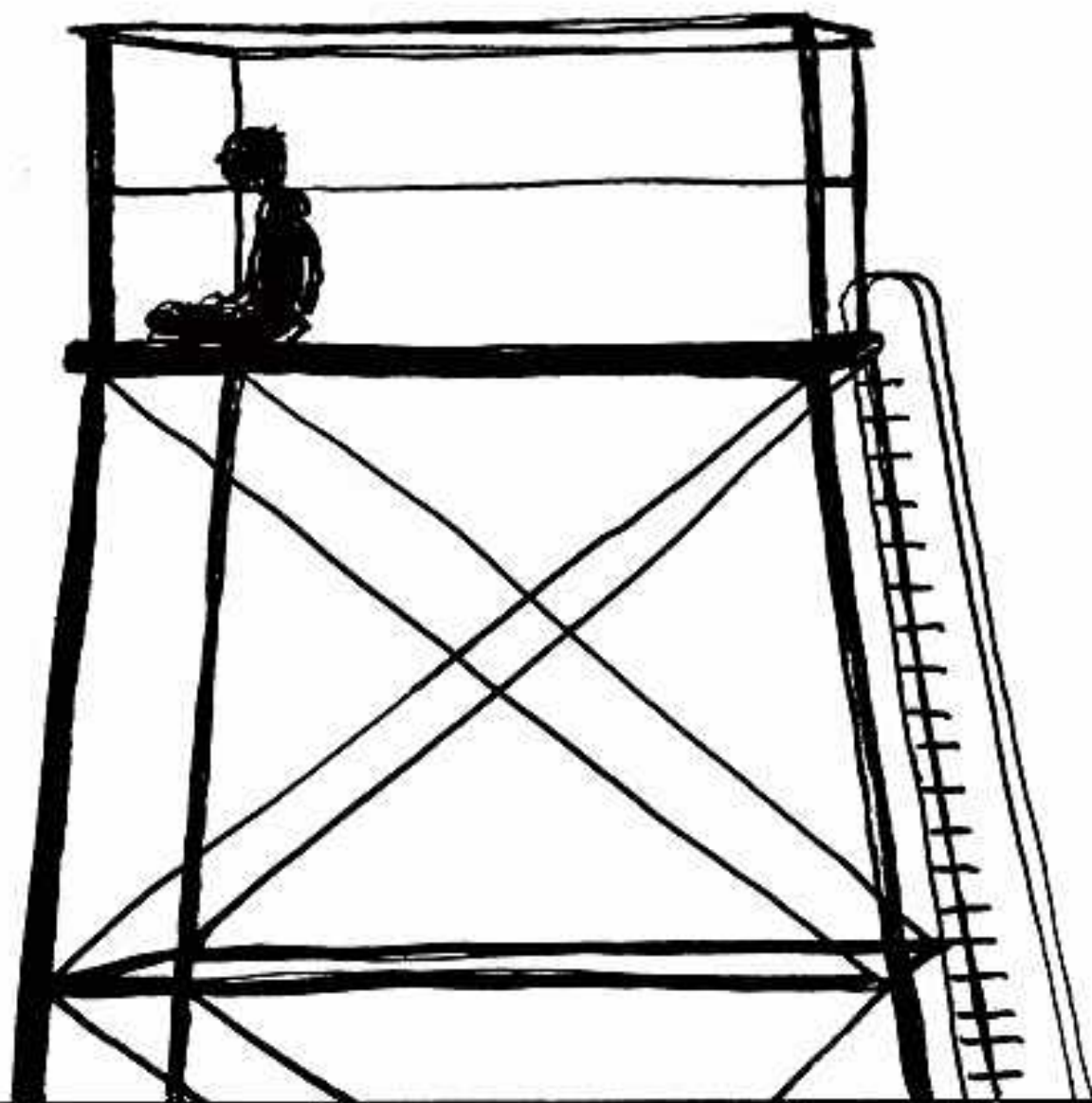
THOUGH I DIDN'T ANTICIPATE HOW TIRING IT WOULD BE.

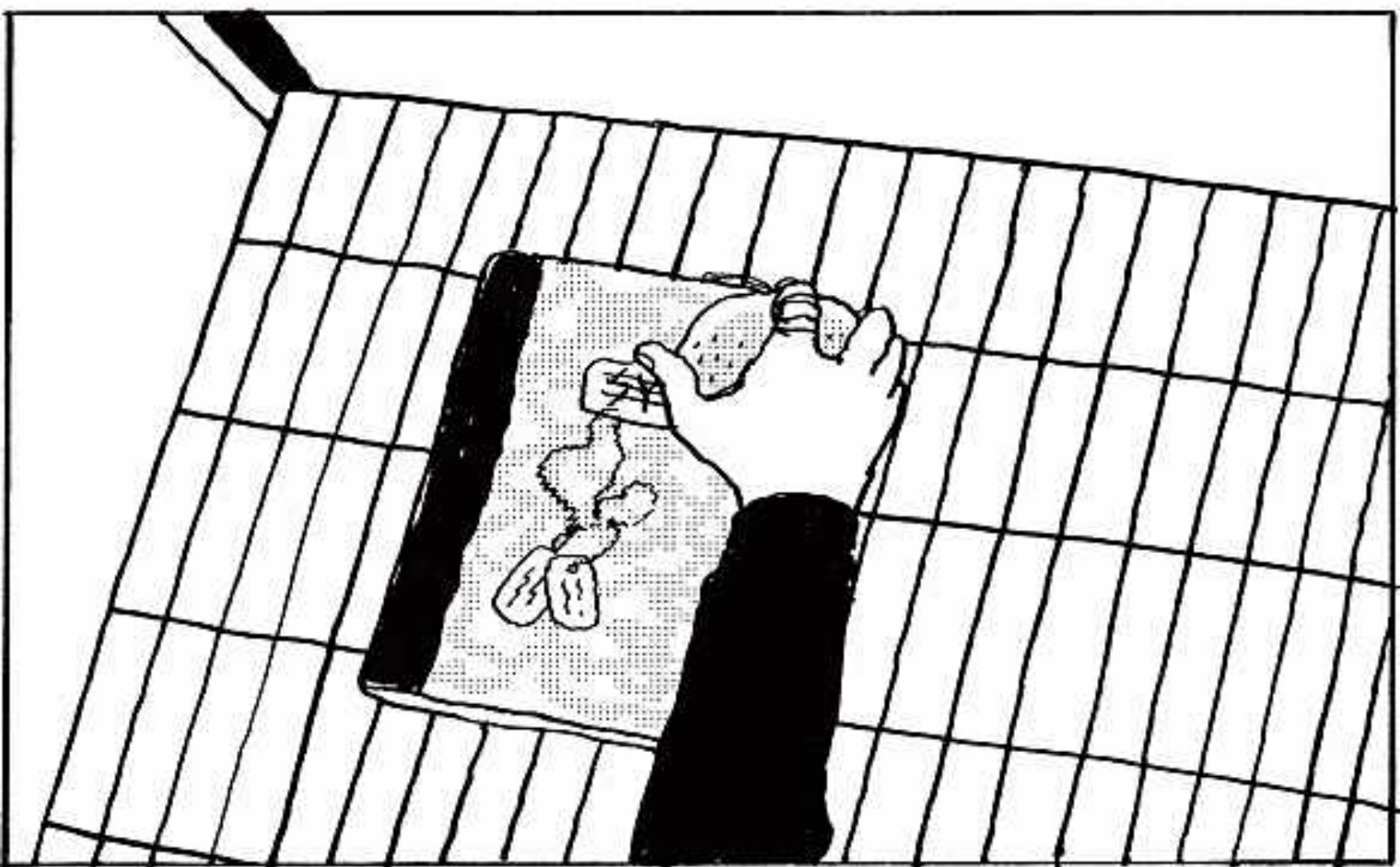
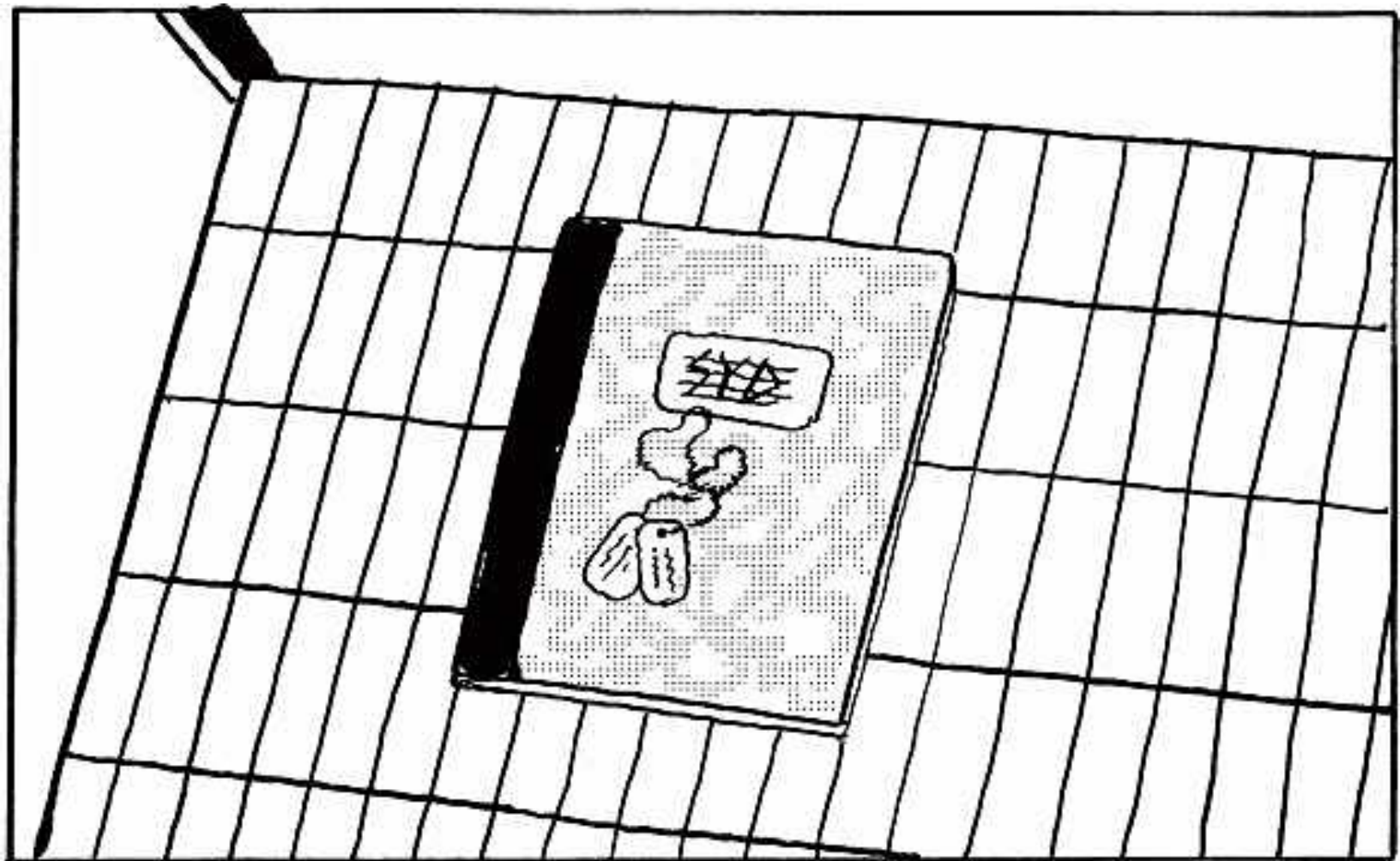


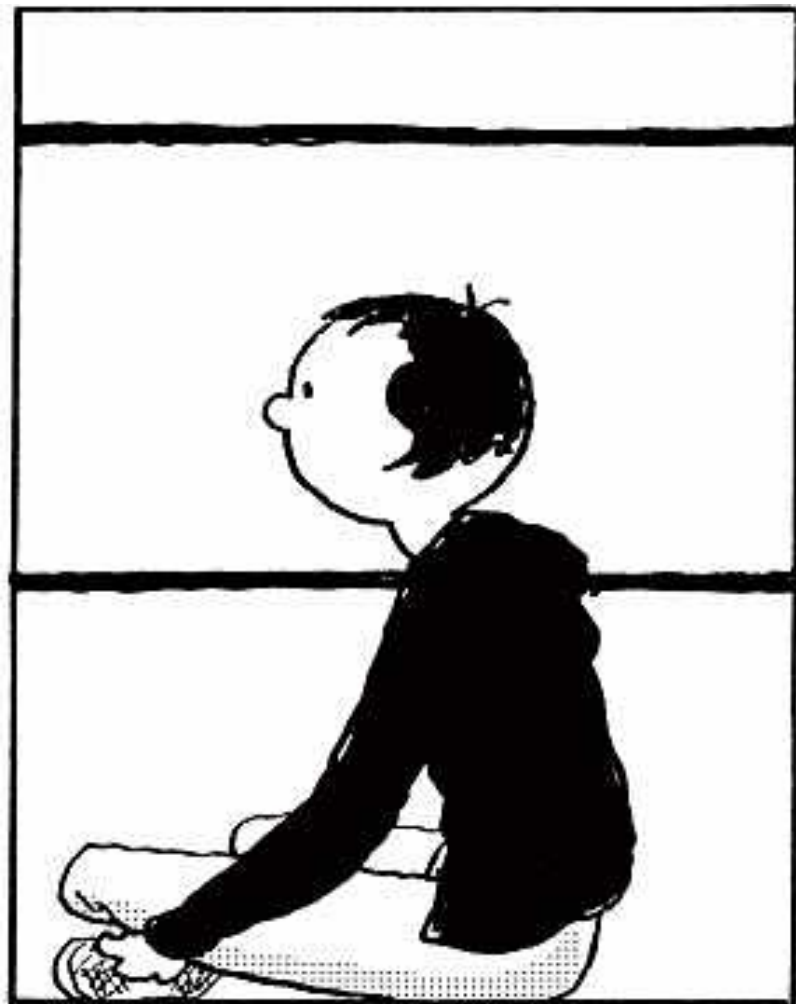
I'M SO SWEATY AND GROSS.



ANYWAY, TELL MY MOM AND LITTLE BROTHER I LOVE THEM.
THIS ISN'T THEIR FAULT, THIS IS MY GIFT TO THEM.







Many thanks to Melissa and
everyone who supported this
story through the Patreon.

-chuck



CHARLES FORSMAN (b.1982) is a graduate of The Center for Cartoon Studies. He resides in Western Massachusetts where he continues to cartoon on a daily basis. His other works include *The End of the Fucking World*, *Celebrated Summer*, *Revenger*, and *Slasher*.

Photo by Chris Anthony Diaz, color by Graham Willcox

“Forsman captures youth, frustration, and that deep, dark feeling that maybe things won’t get better when you get older.”

—PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

Sydney appears to be a normal, rudderless, suburban 15-year-old freshman. But she harbors a secret that threatens to overwhelm her. Cartoonist Charles Forsman (*The End of the Fucking World*) expertly channels teenage ennui while telling a powerful story about the intense, and sometimes violent, tug of war between trauma and control.



\$
14.99



FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS



ISBN: 978-1-68396-062-1

