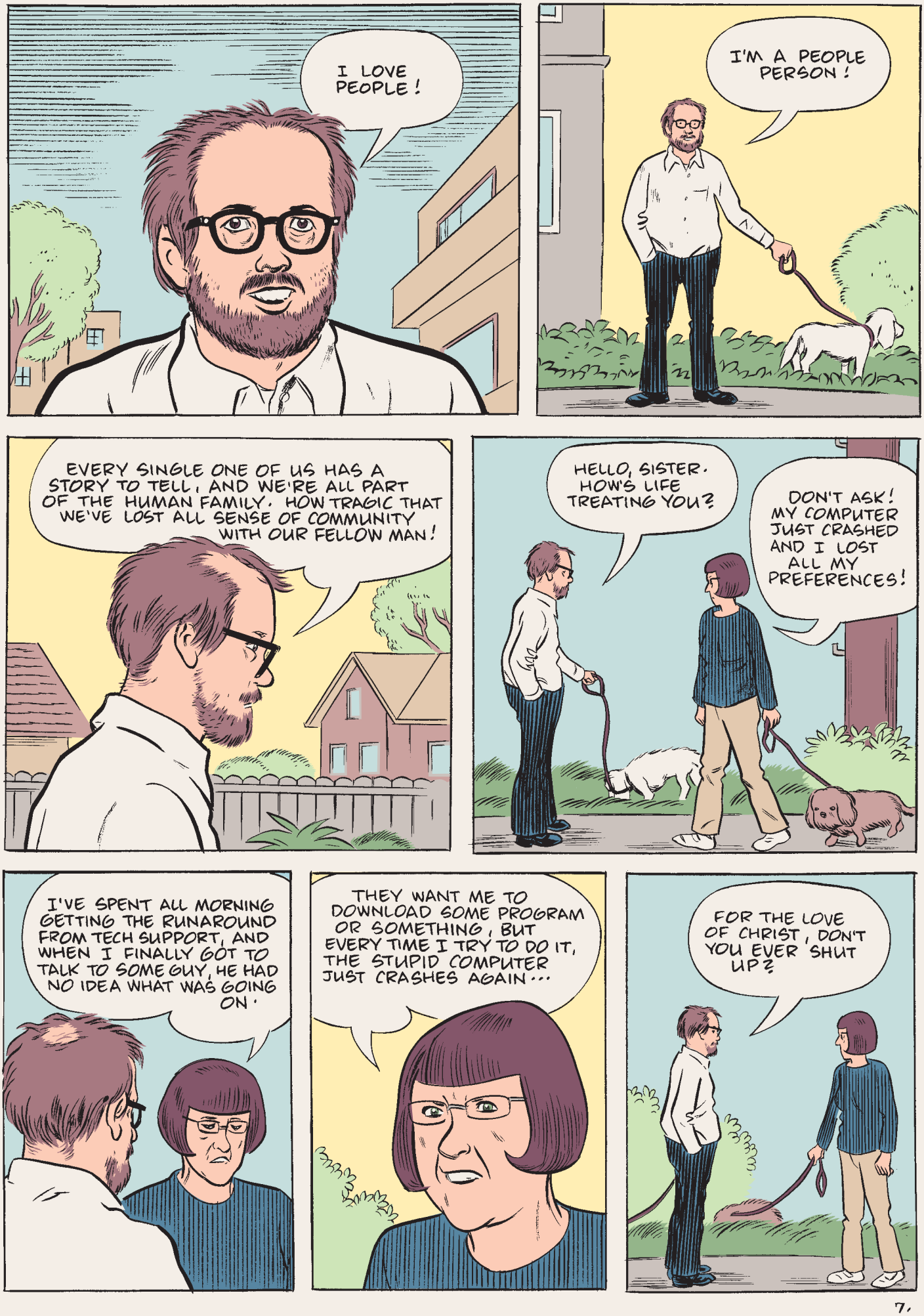
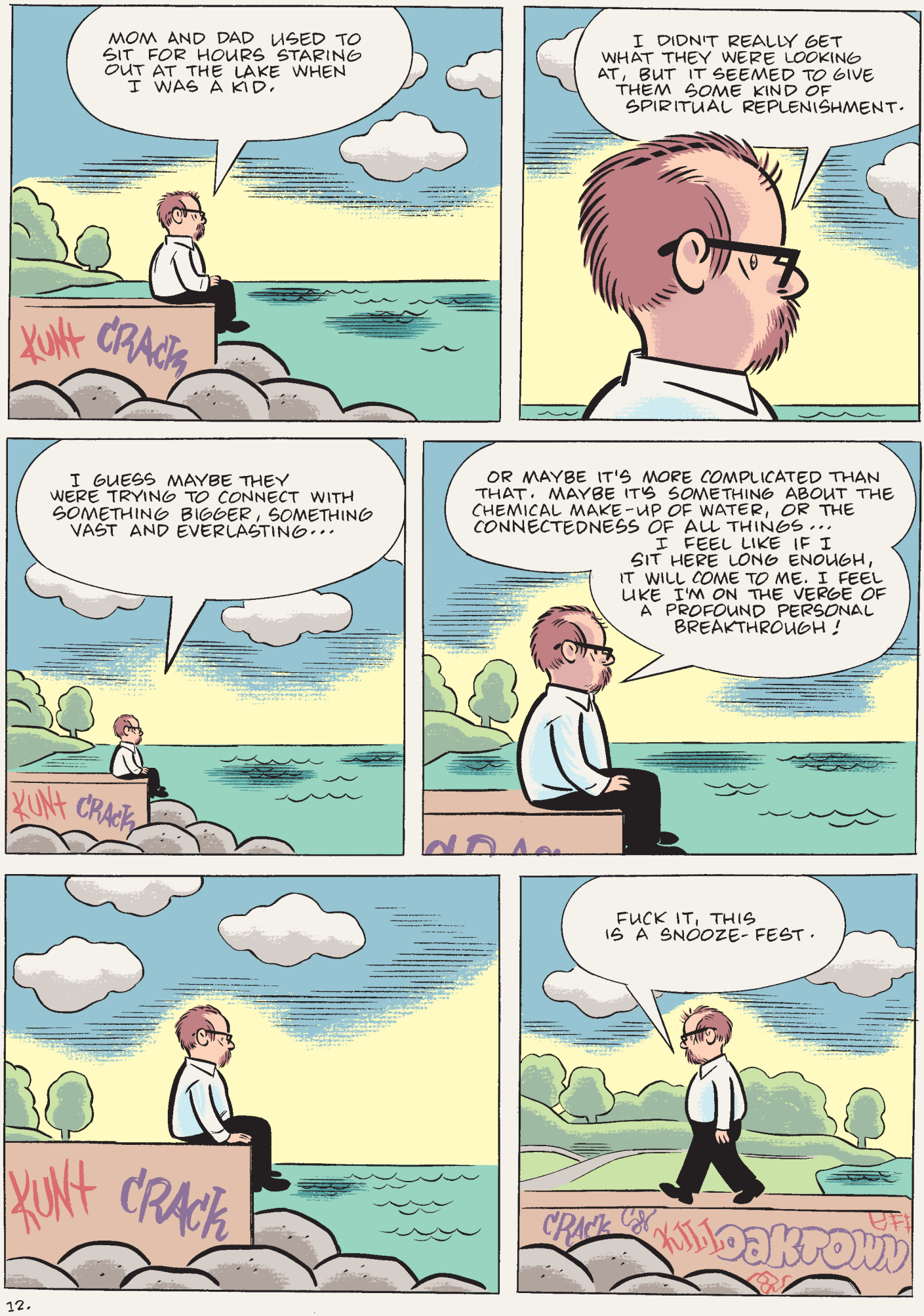

I LOVE PEOPLE!
I'M A PEOPLE PERSON!
EVERY SINGLE ONE OF US HAS A STORY TO TELL, AND WE'RE ALL PART OF THE HUMAN FAMILY. HOW TRAGIC THAT WE'VE LOST ALL SENSE OF COMMUNITY WITH OUR FELLOW MAN!
HELLO, SISTER. HOW'S LIFE TREATING YOU?
DON'T ASK! MY COMPUTER JUST CRASHED AND I LOST ALL MY PREFERENCES!
I'VE SPENT ALL MORNING GETTING THE RUNAROUND FROM TECH SUPPORT, AND WHEN I FINALLY GOT TO TALK TO SOME GUY, HE HAD NO IDEA WHAT WAS GOING ON.
THEY WANT ME TO DOWNLOAD SOME PROGRAM OR SOMETHING, BUT EVERY TIME I TRY TO DO IT, THE STUPID COMPUTER JUST CRASHES AGAIN...
FOR THE LOVE OF CHRIST, DON'T YOU EVER SHUT UP?

HOW DID I EVER WIND UP HERE?
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, FOR GOD'S SAKE. PRETTY FUCKING RANDOM.
I ALWAYS HATED THE OAKLAND A'S WHEN I WAS A KID. ROLLIE FINGERS AND HIS STUPID MOUSTACHE... SAL BANDO... WHAT A BUNCH OF ASSHOLES.
AND YET, HERE I AM.
IT'S KIND OF A BEAUTIFUL PLACE, I HAVE TO ADMIT.
DECENT FOLKS... A GOOD, HONEST AMERICAN CITY, Y'KNOW?
aners
HEY, WHAT'S HE DOING?
JESUS CHRIST, THAT BUM IS TAKING A SHIT RIGHT ON THE GODDAMN SIDEWALK!

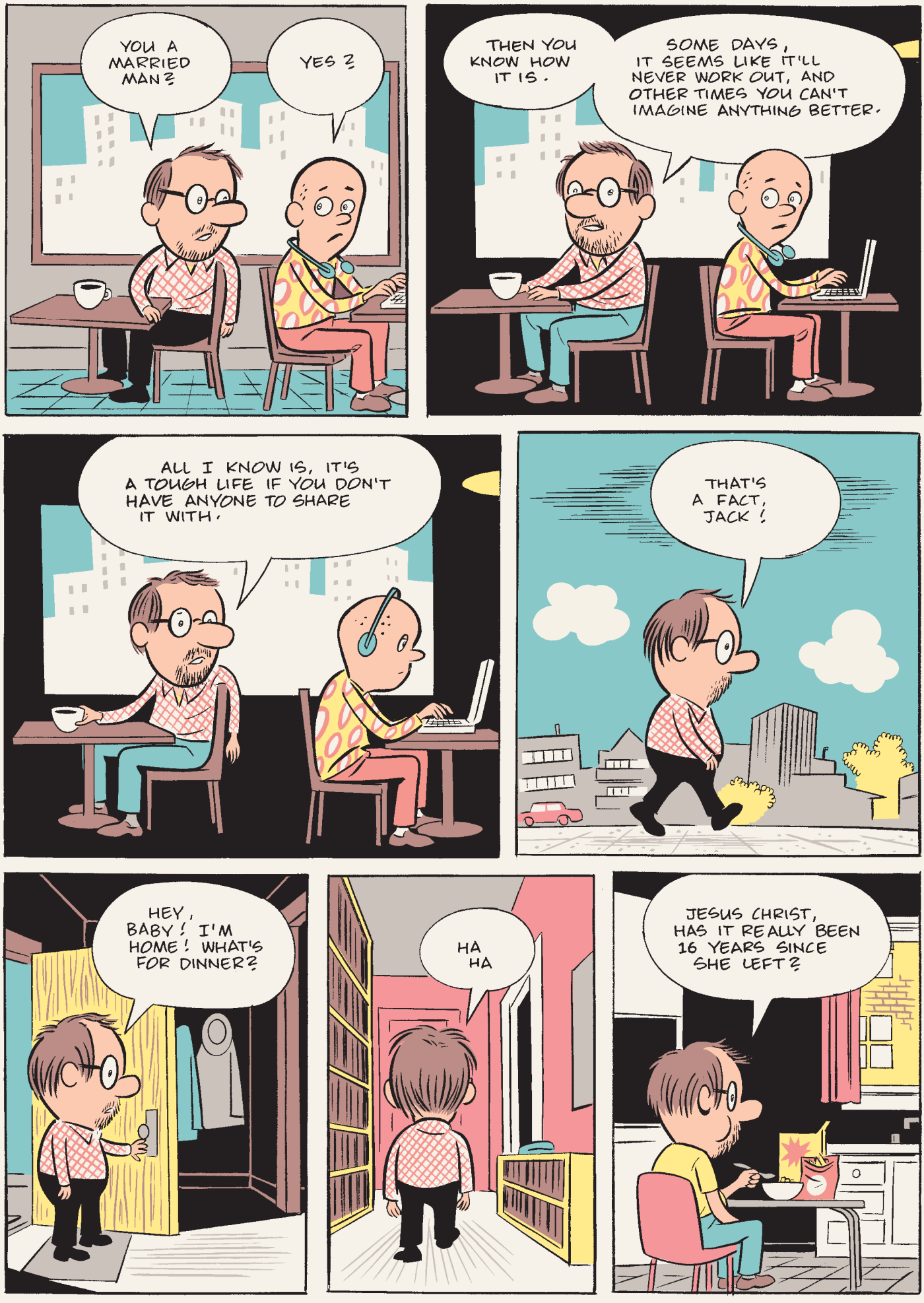
I REMEMBER WHEN MOM PASSED AWAY.
SHE WAS SO SICK... IT WAS ACTUALLY KIND OF A RELIEF AT FIRST.
BUT THEN... IT WAS LIKE... LIKE WHAT IF I TOLD YOU TOMORROW YOU'LL NEVER SEE THE OCEAN AGAIN?
YOU CAN LIVE YOUR LIFE AND DO WHATEVER THE HELL YOU WANT, BUT YOU CAN'T SEE THE OCEAN...
YOU MAY NOT EVEN LIKE THE DAMN OCEAN BUT IT'S JUST...
OH, CHRIST...

CUTE DOG

TABLE SHARING


MOM AND DAD USED TO SIT FOR HOURS STARING OUT AT THE LAKE WHEN I WAS A KID.
KUNT CRACK
I DIDN'T REALLY GET WHAT THEY WERE LOOKING AT, BUT IT SEEMED TO GIVE THEM SOME KIND OF SPIRITUAL REPLENISHMENT.
I GUESS MAYBE THEY WERE TRYING TO CONNECT WITH SOMETHING BIGGER, SOMETHING VAST AND EVERLASTING...
KUNT CRACK
OR MAYBE IT'S MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT. MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE CHEMICAL MAKE-UP OF WATER, OR THE CONNECTEDNESS OF ALL THINGS... I FEEL LIKE IF I SIT HERE LONG ENOUGH, IT WILL COME TO ME. I FEEL LIKE I'M ON THE VERGE OF A PROFOUND PERSONAL BREAKTHROUGH!
KUNT CRACK
FUCK IT, THIS IS A SNOOZE-FEST.
CRACK

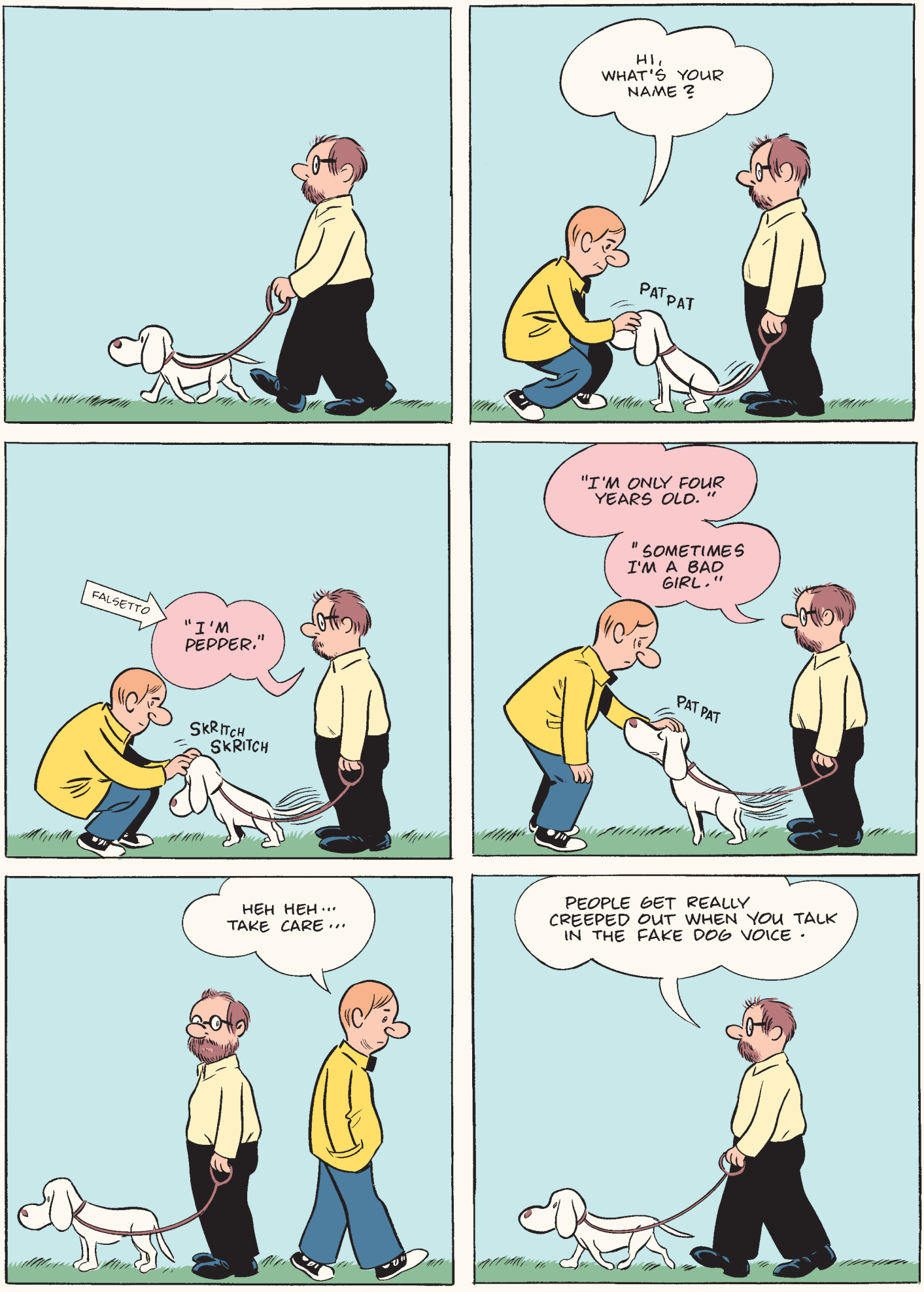
MARRIAGE


YOU A MARRIED MAN?
YES?
THEN YOU KNOW HOW IT IS.
SOME DAYS, IT SEEMS LIKE IT'LL NEVER WORK OUT, AND OTHER TIMES YOU CAN'T IMAGINE ANYTHING BETTER.
ALL I KNOW IS, IT'S A TOUGH LIFE IF YOU DON'T HAVE ANYONE TO SHARE IT WITH.
THAT'S A FACT, JACK!
HEY, BABY! I'M HOME! WHAT'S FOR DINNER?
HA HA
JESUS CHRIST, HAS IT REALLY BEEN 16 YEARS SINCE SHE LEFT?

POST OFFICE

HOW'S IT GOING, OLD-TIMER?
WHAT?
NOTHING. HOW YA DOIN'?
FRAGILE
HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK THIS WILL COST TO SEND?
I DON'T KNOW.
GO ON, HOLD IT.
IT'S COMPLETELY FILLED WITH DOG SHIT.

DOG VOICE


HI, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
PAT PAT
FALSETTO
"I'M PEPPER."
SKRITCH SKRITCH
"I'M ONLY FOUR YEARS OLD."
"SOMETIMES I'M A BAD GIRL."
PAT PAT
HEH HEH... TAKE CARE...
PEOPLE GET REALLY CREEPED OUT WHEN YOU TALK IN THE FAKE DOG VOICE.

I KEEP FORGETTING THAT MY FATHER IS STILL ALIVE.
I SHOULD CALL HIM RIGHT NOW AND FIND OUT EVERYTHING I CAN ABOUT HIM.
MAYBE I COULD EVEN BORROW A TAPE RECORDER...
NAH, HE'D NEVER GO FOR THAT.
HE'D FIGURE I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO DIE AND CLAM UP...
HE ONLY WANTS TO TALK ABOUT THE SAME THINGS ALL THE TIME - JON STEWART, HIS HERB GARDEN, THE WHITE SOX...
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT HE WANTED FROM LIFE, OR IF HE REALLY LOVES ME. OR ANY OF THAT STUFF... CHRIST, I DON'T EVEN KNOW THE NAME OF HIS HIGH SCHOOL - BASIC SHIT LIKE THAT.
I BETTER CALL HIM TOMORROW OR I'LL REGRET IT THE REST OF MY LIFE.