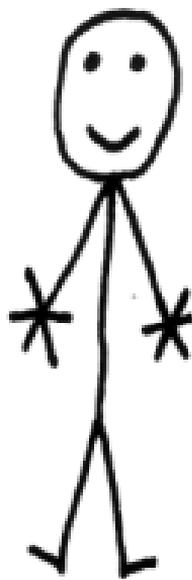


# Lost Kisses #26

~  
Suicide

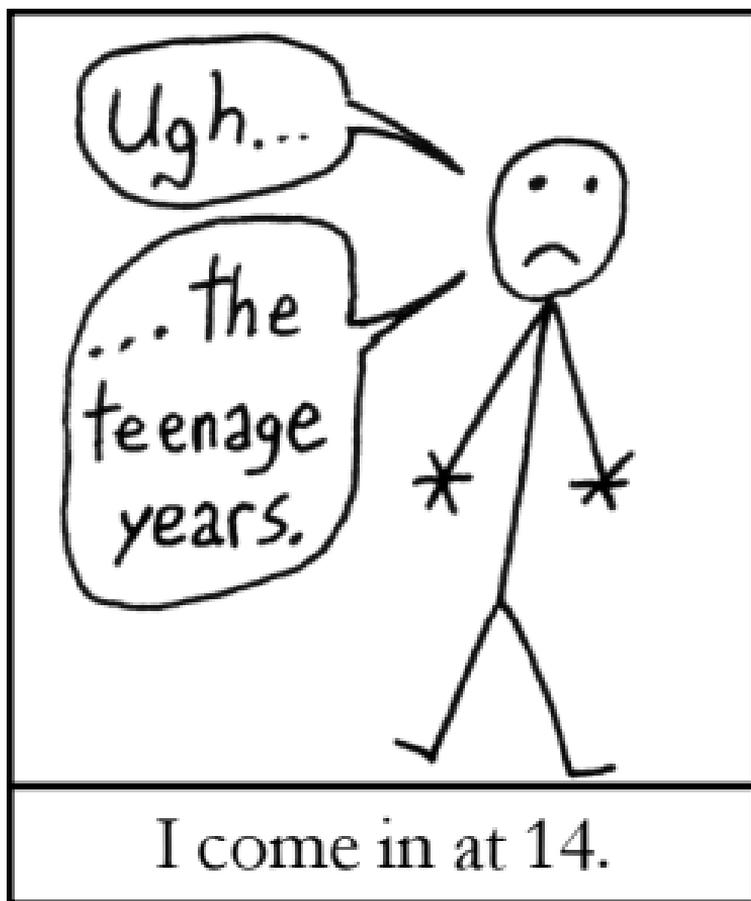
Inspires

~  
Salvation

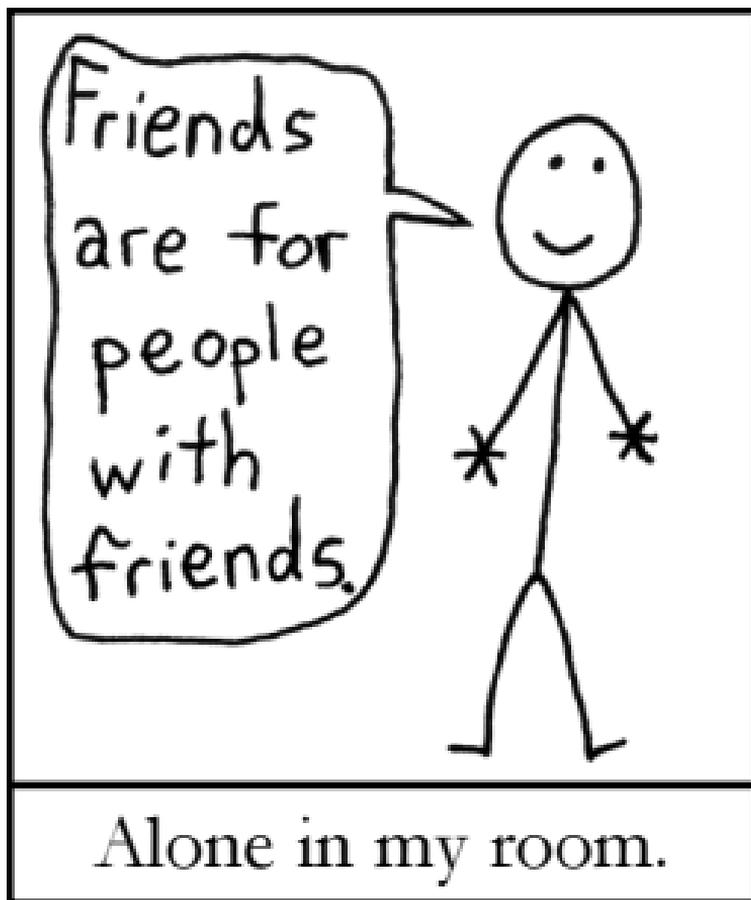


Sent back in time & shifting into different traumatic life moments, our star is on a mission to change the past & save the future before losing his mind.

January 2014



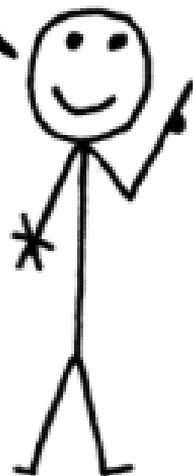
I come in at 14.



Friends  
are for  
people  
with  
friends.

Alone in my room.

More than I like  
seeing things that  
aren't there,  
I like  
feeling  
things that  
aren't there.



Feverishly hallucinating.

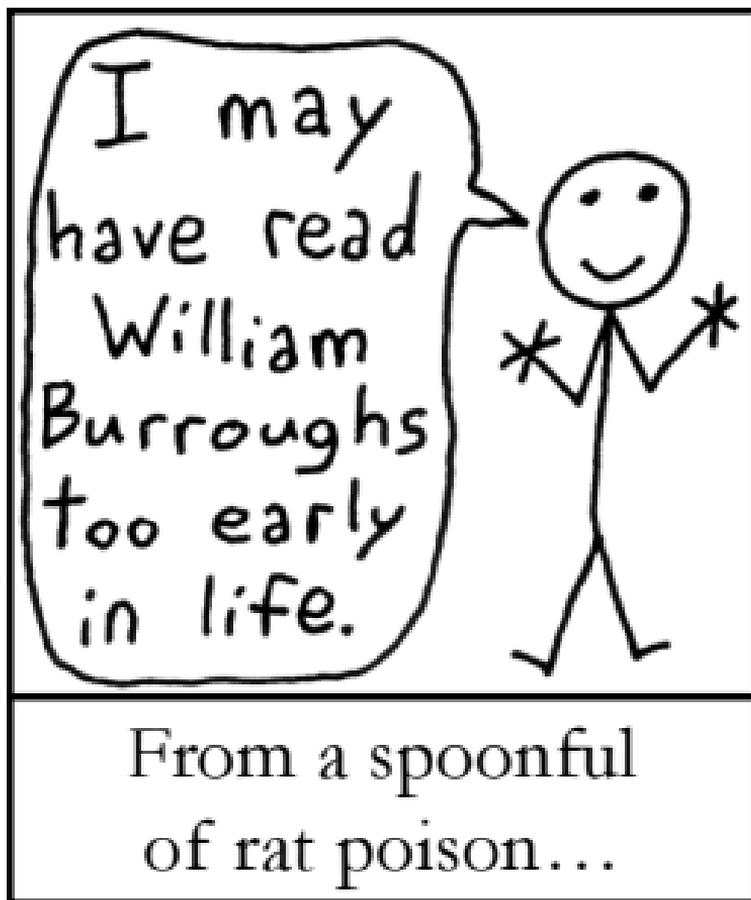


I'm kinda  
into  
consistency.

Nothing unusual  
about that.



But there is the taste  
in my mouth.

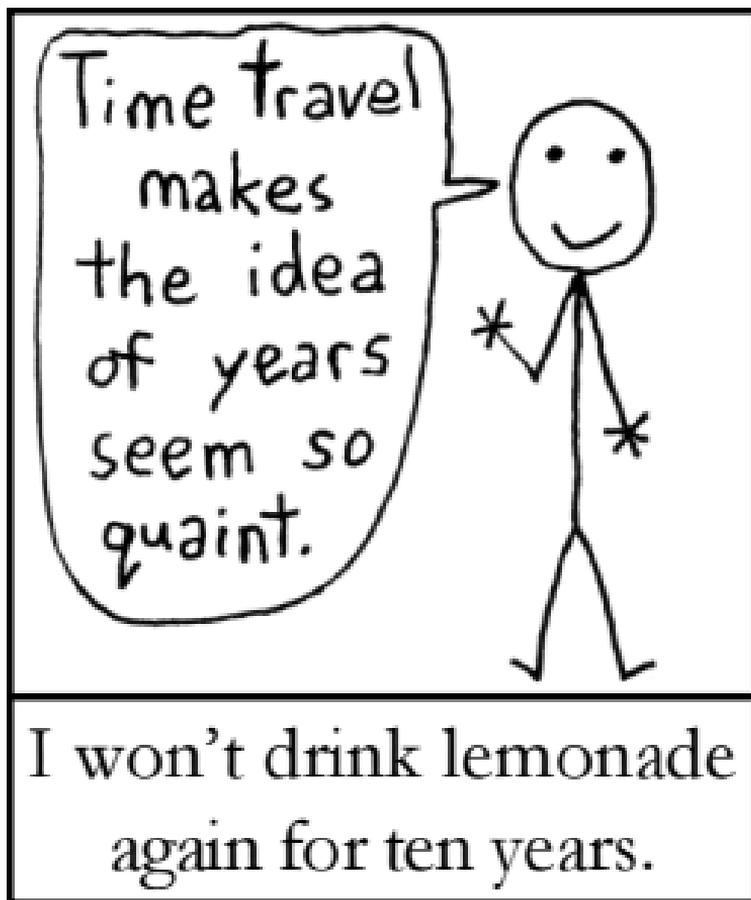


I may  
have read  
William  
Burroughs  
too early  
in life.

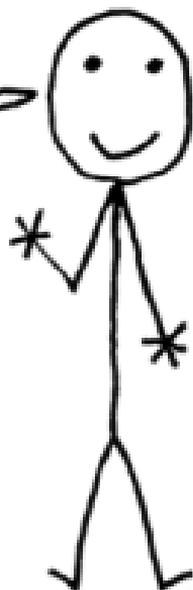
From a spoonful  
of rat poison...



...chased down  
with lemonade.



Time travel  
makes  
the idea  
of years  
seem so  
quaint.

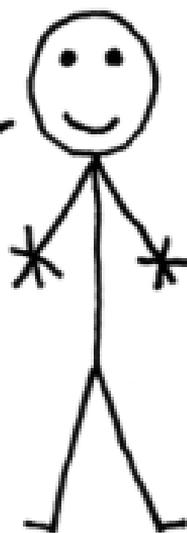


I won't drink lemonade  
again for ten years.



& I'll never try  
to kill myself with  
rat poison again.

Not every  
bad idea is  
explicitly  
my own,  
but I'll take  
both the blame  
& the credit.

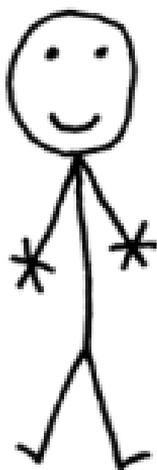


The suicide attempt is  
inspired by LSD.

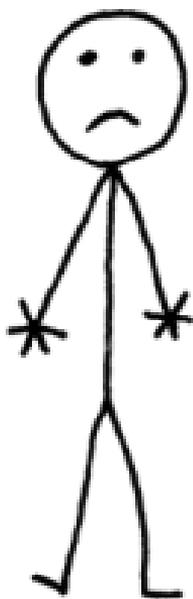


Sometimes the cosmic  
information LSD  
delivers is false.

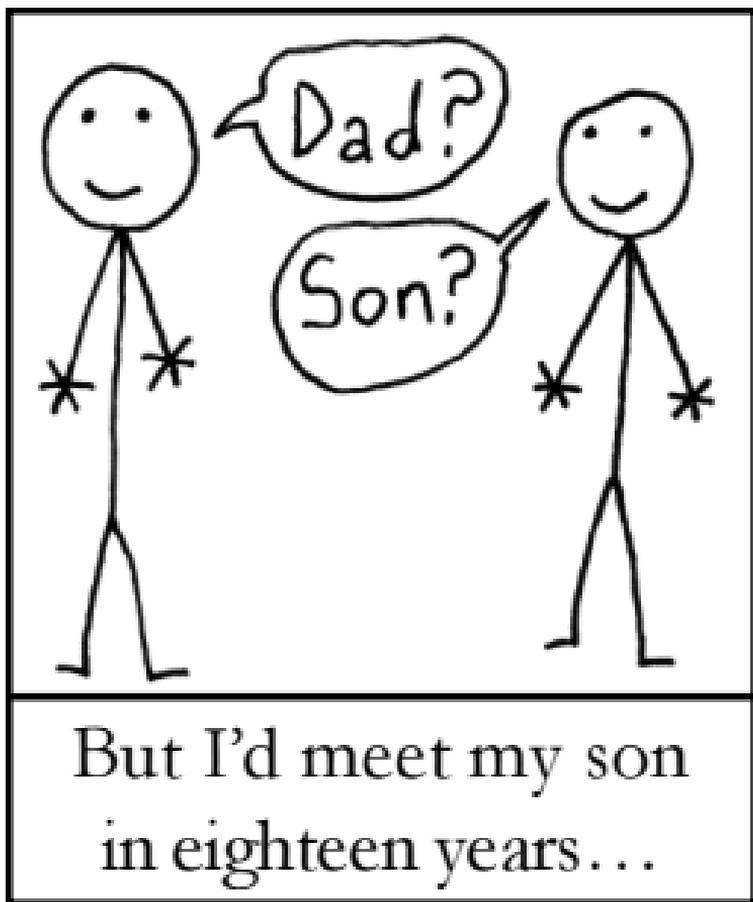
Somehow  
the younger  
you are,  
the more  
possible  
"never"  
seems.



I thought I'd  
never see my son  
or his mother again.

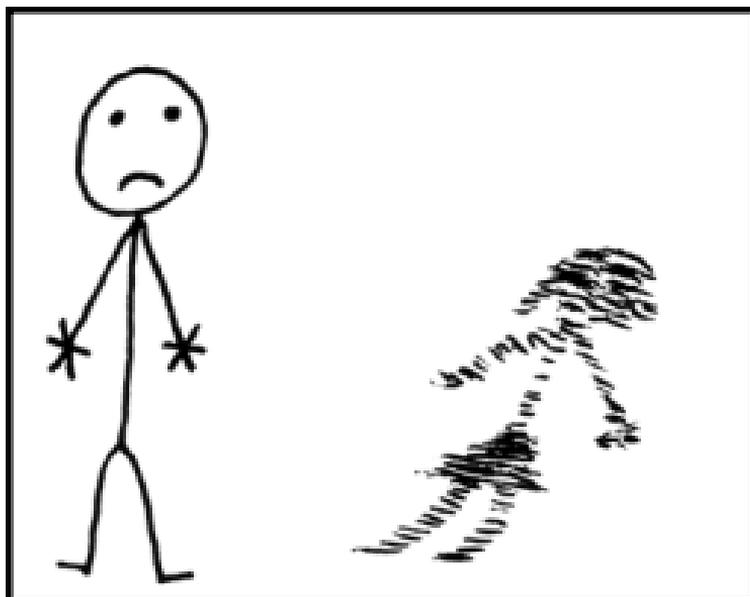


I was right  
about his mother.



But I'd meet my son  
in eighteen years...

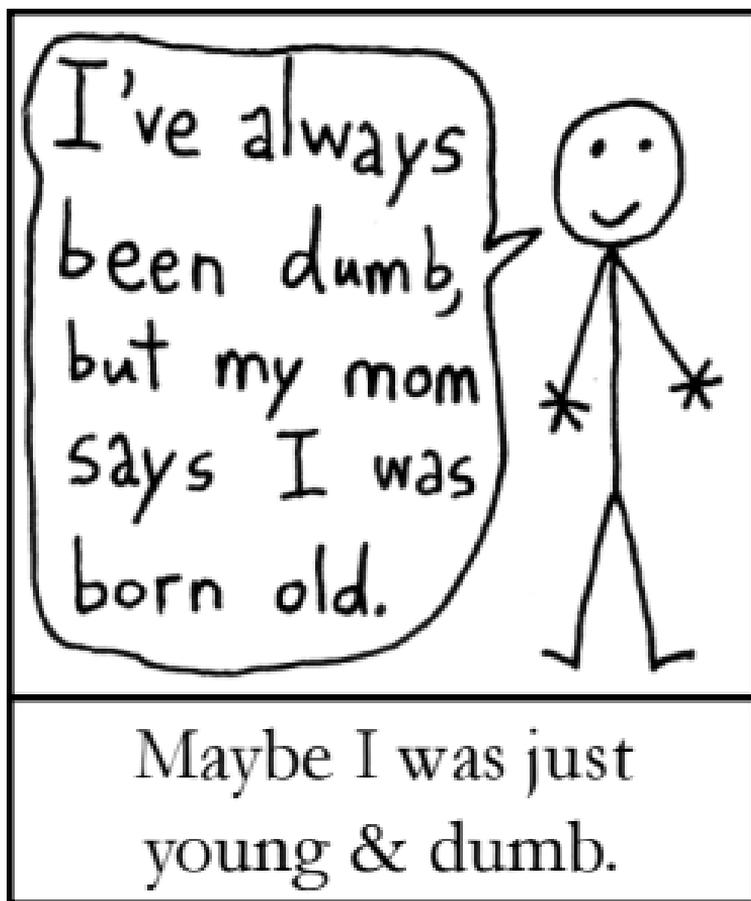




But his mother  
would always cast  
a long shadow.



A missing piece  
of my heart.



I've always  
been dumb,  
but my mom  
says I was  
born old.

Maybe I was just  
young & dumb.



I should  
give up on  
The Cure  
& listen  
to more  
Joy Division.

Or maybe she really is  
the love of my life.

A simple black and white line drawing of a stick figure with a neutral expression. The figure has its arms raised, with asterisks at the ends of the arms. A large speech bubble is positioned above the figure's head, containing the text "I sure am hopeless." in a handwritten style.

I sure am  
hopeless.

Maybe I'm  
a hopeless romantic...

I kinda feel trapped.



...but I think having  
a child with someone  
creates an eternal bond.



That in some  
mystical way...





Alive...

Does this tombstone  
make me look fat?

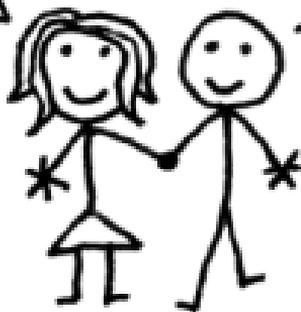


...or dead.



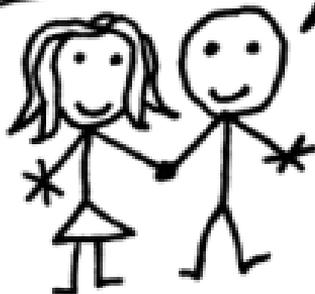


When two people  
become one,  
are they always  
or never lonely?

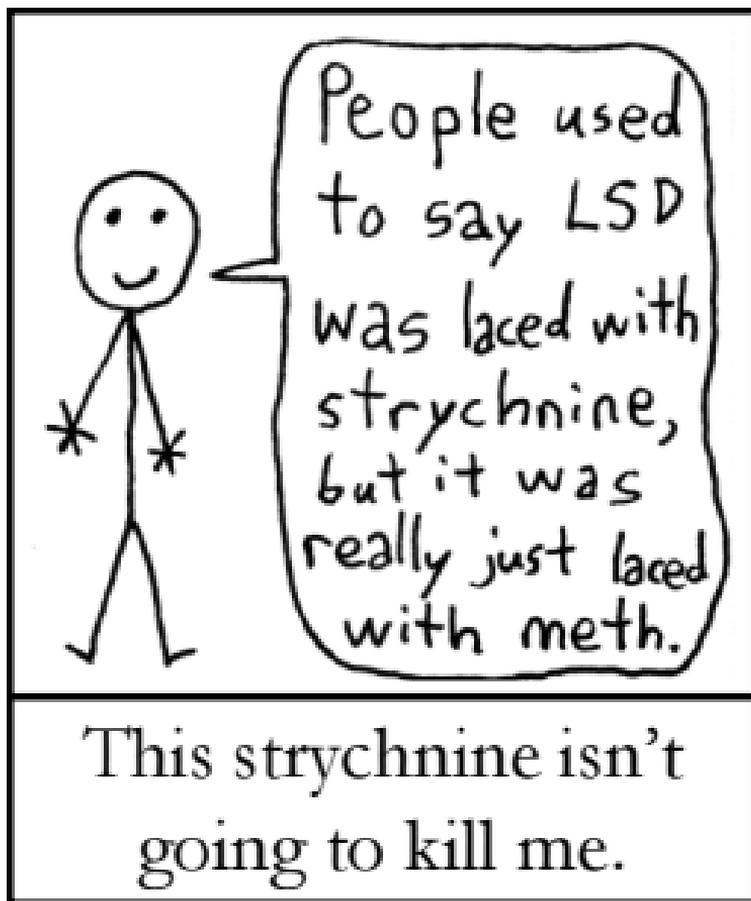


We'll always be one.

They should totally  
make a 1960s  
teen tear jerker  
song about us.



As star-crossed lovers.



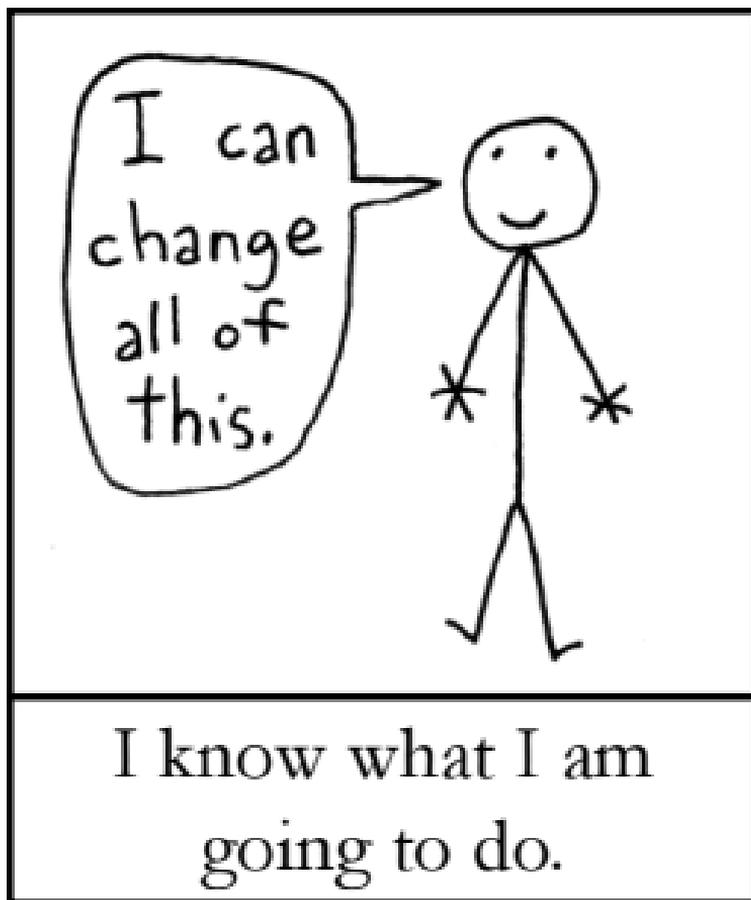
This strychnine isn't  
going to kill me.



The seizures don't  
even scare me.



I have purpose now.



I can  
change  
all of  
this.

I know what I am  
going to do.



I know what I'm going to use my power for.



Misanthropists  
make lousy  
heroes.

I'm not going  
to save the world.



Who needs  
the world  
when you  
can have  
a girl.?

I'm going  
to save the girl.

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Lost Kisses #21-#25

XO #1-#7

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