

Lost Kisses #7

"Keys, Phones, & Barcodes"





I love Caller ID.
It lets me set
my suave level.



I'm not sure who it is,
but I answer it anyway.

Have you noticed
when you go to
another state the
grocery store names
seem like inside jokes?



It's the grocery store.

I lose my keys
a lot. It makes
me feel retarded.



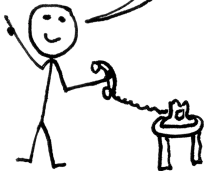
They say I just left
my keys there.

It doesn't take
a lot to confuse
me.



I'm confused.

Hold the phone!



My keys are in my pocket.

Why do veggie
burger prices
vary so widely
by zip code?



Plus I never shop
at that store.

Maybe they
hire a psychic
for such occasions.



← Magi

& how would they know
to call me anyway?

Sometimes I can
hear the gears
of my mind grinding.



Looking at my keys I
figure it out.

Why does the
grocery store
want to track my
buying patterns?



The little shopper barcode
on the key chain.

This barcode
relating me to this
girl is proof barcodes
are satanic.



Which means the keys
at the store have the
same barcode.

Damn this girl's
schemes to get
back in my life!



BWAH
HAH
HAH

Which means they're
my ex-girlfriend's.



I call & I talk to the girl
who answers the phone.

It's hard to be too
observant when
you're self-centered.



It takes me five minutes
to realize it's the wrong
ex-girlfriend.



I play it smooth & get
out of the conversation.

If I saw her
I'd spit in her
face, but I would
not say
a word.



I'd planned to never
speak to her again.

I like to think
I'm not a jerk.



But I guess the non-jerk
thing to do is to call her.

It's funny how
seven random
numbers seem
to make
sense
together.



I think I still know
her number these
two years later.



I wasn't young,
but I was dumb.



I imagine she still lives
in the house I paid half
the down payment for.

Maybe this is
karma magic.



Which makes me think
this is an opportunity
to get back the \$5000
she owes me.

The word key
even sounds like
magic.



I can get the keys...

I am Sneaky
Von Sneakerstein!



...go into the house...

She'll never even miss it.



...& steal the violin
she never plays.



I wouldn't
want anyone
else to break
into her house.

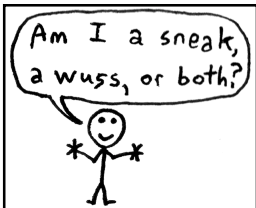


...& lock the door
on my way out.

I wish I lived
in a small town
where there was
no across town.



I drive across town
to the grocery store.



This non-confrontational
way of getting the
money is wussy...

I like the word
"pettifogger" but
I don't want to
be one.



unabridged
dictionary

...& petty.

Sometimes I
remember what's
best to forget.



I haven't thought about
the money in two years.





Driving on these
streets feels
like travelling
back in time.



I should
buy a
DeLorean.

I drive to my old house.

Dear God,
Please let me
know what the
fuck I'm doing.
Amen.



I go up to the door.

I should gouge
my eyes out so
I never see her
again.



I do not want to
see this woman.

I just realized
how much I hate
this girl.



I don't even want
to know for a fact
that she is alive.



Theft just isn't
my deal.



I'll leave
that shit
to the
professionals.

...& just walk away.

I actually suck
at a lot of things.



I suck at confrontation.

Did this all make
good Karma or
bad karma?



Or is it
just
life?

I did the right
thing, didn't I?



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