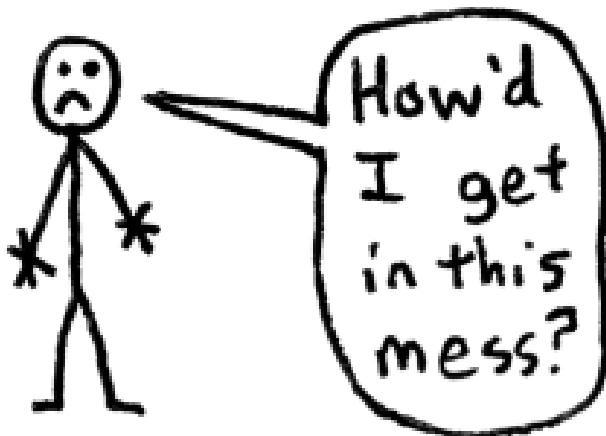


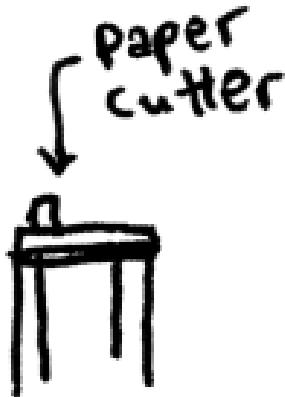
# Lost Kisses #8



How'd  
I get  
in this  
mess?

Confessions of  
a passive aggressive  
killer

It's cool.  
Everybody's doing  
it.



I lost my job recently.

Too much time  
to think drives  
you crazy.



& makes  
you lazy.

It gives me  
more free time.

My friend Richard  
told me if you're  
unemployed you  
should read the  
paper every day.



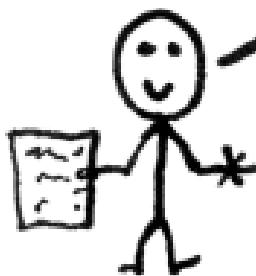
It gives me time  
to read the paper.

Problems can be  
solved, issues  
are forever.



Which is where I run  
into a problem...

I should just  
read the headlines  
like everybody else.



...on page three of  
the local section.

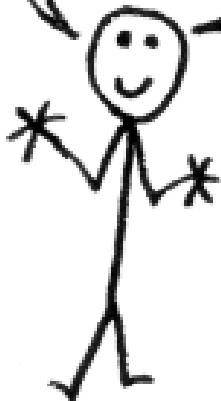
Why can't this  
girl just stay  
out of my head?

I live  
in your  
skull!



It's a story about  
my ex-girlfriend.

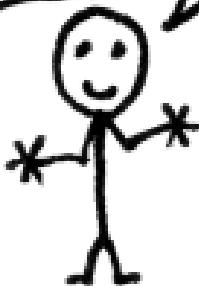
Better her than me.



Oops! I  
meant to  
say, "What  
a horrible  
thing."

Someone robbed  
her house & beat  
the crap out of her.

I always thought  
if I went into  
a coma I'd come  
out with psychic  
powers.



Now she's in a coma.

I think I got  
a clue.



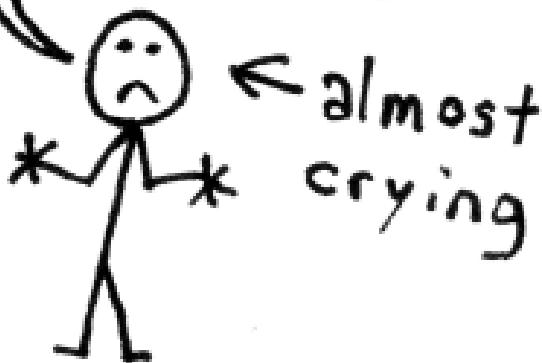
No clues or signs  
of forced entry.

I think I screwed  
up by not robbing  
her.



& I left her keys  
in her door.

Seriously, how  
could I have seen  
this coming?



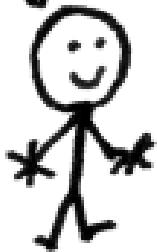
So it's my fault.

Comas are more  
romantic in films  
than real life.



I know the odds of  
coming out of a coma.

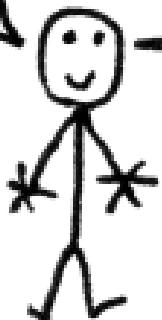
It's just a matter  
of time until she  
dies.



The same  
with me  
I suppose.

Maybe I should go see  
her body before it dies.

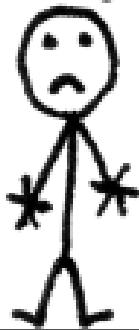
She was probably  
her most attractive  
sleeping.



I loved  
waking up  
early &  
watching her.

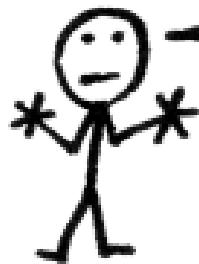
I don't think seeing  
her would help me.

You'd think death  
would close all  
loose ends.



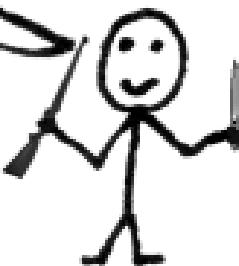
It couldn't  
provide closure.

Oh my God. What  
the fuck is wrong  
with me?



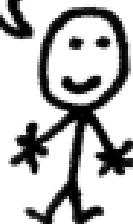
The truth is I  
wish I'd done it.

Would I rather use  
a rifle at a distance  
or a knife close  
& personal?



I wish I'd killed her...

The world is  
probably better  
off without the  
human race.



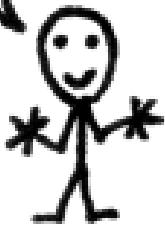
...because I think the  
world is better off  
without her.

I should get a  
white suit to  
upgrade from  
southern gentleman  
to colonel.



But I'm too much  
of a gentleman...

Maybe if my brain  
was smaller than  
my dick I could  
hit a woman.

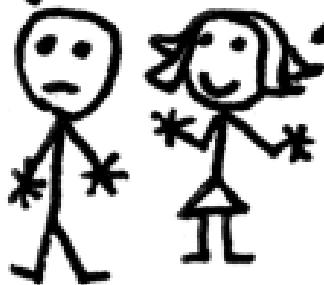


...& not enough of a  
man to hurt a woman.



Even when she literally said, “Hit me, it’s the only way I’ll ever learn!”

She couldn't have  
been wrong all  
the time.



Being  
wrong all  
the time  
is your  
job.

She was probably  
right about that.

I guess if I think hard enough, everything is linked.



There do seem to be some links between love, knowledge, & violence.

By restraint I  
don't mean bondage  
you freaks.



Maybe the restraint of  
violence is what makes  
me a crazy person.

If I could be  
a cat, being an  
animal would be  
okay.



But I like to think  
that restraint makes  
me not an animal.

I don't have control  
of anything else, so  
I may as well  
control myself.



That self-control  
makes me a man.

I guess I'm an  
optimist because  
I can see the good  
in anything.

10% full → ☺



The best thing about  
her death is I won't be  
able to hate women  
anymore.

What's not to like  
about women?  
They're hot!



She's the only real  
reason I have to  
dislike women.

It's the world  
versus me, but  
I'm smart enough  
to beat it.



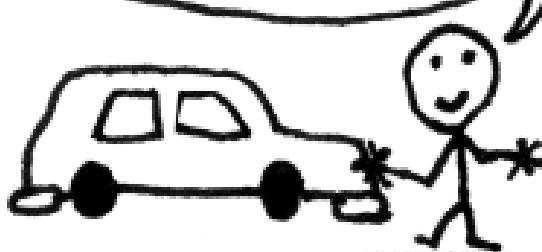
I'm like some  
conspiracy theorist...

I'm an anarchist.  
No government, no  
oppression.



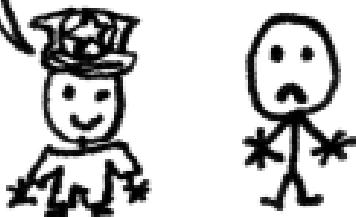
...who thinks the  
government is  
out to get him...

Like you've never  
driven while  
intoxicated.



...because he once  
got arrested for  
drunk driving.

Son, I have to  
arrest you. You're  
a nice guy.



Granted I like to  
think my DWI was  
being a nice guy.

Without alcohol I'd never crash my car on purpose.



Battle  
damage



So maybe this is like when a drunk crashes his car into a kidnapper's van & saves the children.

# FAIRNESS

Me = Alive

Her = Dead



The world leveling  
itself in some  
screwed up way.

Did I kill her or  
did God kill her?

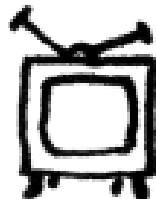
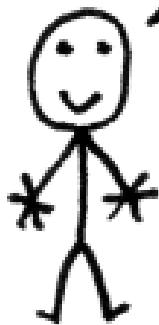


I guess God  
has more  
important things  
to do.

Or maybe I did  
commit a passive  
aggressive murder.

I should stop  
thinking & live an  
unreflective life.

Maybe watch  
some more TV.



It doesn't matter.

I'll never see her again unless her ghost shows up.

I hate ghosts.



BOO!

It's over now.

In my heart I  
made a pledge of  
love until death.



I guess I can  
check that off.

I always knew our  
relationship could  
only really end with  
one of us dead.

I think she's a  
bad person, but I  
know I'm a bad  
person.

I guess they say \*  
the good die young.



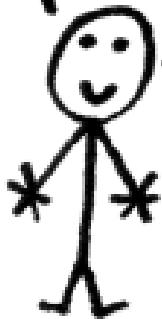
But maybe it  
should've been me...

I know everyone  
has a unique purpose.  
Otherwise our DNA  
would be the same.



...because now I'm  
stuck thinking there's  
a reason I'm alive.

There must be more  
to life than snarky,  
stick figures.

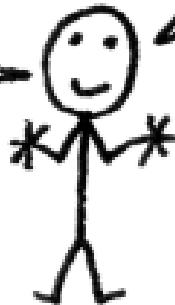


Or not.  
I can't  
be sure.

Now I need to do  
something with my life.

Maybe I can forget  
about girls & focus  
on world peace.

Who am  
I trying  
to kid?



At least now I can do  
something with my life.

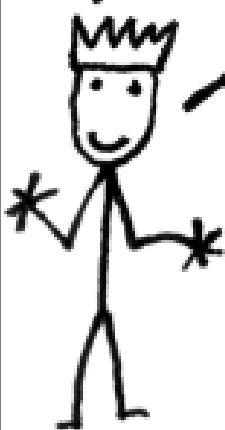
Maybe I could  
try dating a sane  
girl with a good  
moral center.

Preferably  
also hot.



I can move on.

I feel like a  
ransomed king.



Sorry you  
died. Thanks  
for the  
crown.



I'm free.



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