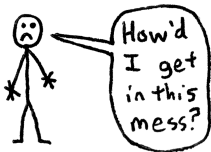


Lost Kisses #8



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.



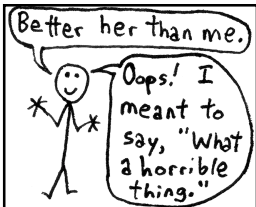
...on page three of
the local section.

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

I live
in your
skull!



It's a story about
my ex-girlfriend.

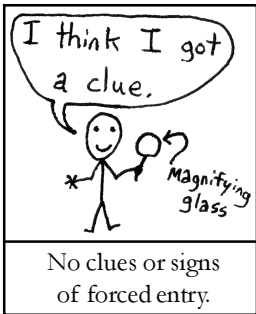


Someone robbed
her house & beat
the crap out of her.

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 screwed
up by not robbing
her.



& I left her keys
in her door.

Seriously, how
could I have seen
this coming?

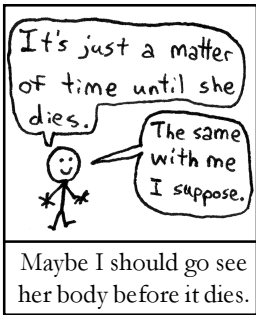


So it's my fault.

Comas are more
romantic in films
than real life.



I know the odds of
coming out of a coma.



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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